

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

MAY  
25 cents

\$15,000 for IDEAS



She doesn't fear the dangerous age



.. although 4 out of 5 are victims of Pyorrhea

What a remarkable woman! She seems to have captured eternal youth with all its charm. While others seek refuge in the shadows, she welcomes sunlight, for she has nothing to hide. Her beauty blooms triumphant over time. . . . To her, the dangerous age of 40 means nothing more than another wonderful year to live. She is safeguarded against that sworn enemy of good health and beauty—Pyorrhea.

If allowed to pursue its course Pyorrhea's poison creeps through the system, ravaging health, leaving in its wake such diseases as rheumatism, neuritis, and anemia. It takes as its victims 4 out of 5 after 40 (thousands younger).

*Don't Wait for Warning Signs*

The warning signs of Pyorrhea are plain. First the gums bleed. Then, if neglected, they recede from the teeth which loosen in

their sockets. But do not wait until this damage is done. Provide safe protection against this insidious enemy. Use Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night. And go to your dentist for a thorough examination at least twice a year.

Forhan's for the Gums prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. It is prepared from the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for fifteen years a Pyorrhea specialist. It keeps the gum tissue strong and protects the teeth from acids which cause decay.

See that you and your family use Forhan's, morning and night. This scientific dentifrice costs a few cents more than ordinary toothpastes. It is worth more, much more. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It protects precious health. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
 MORE THAN A TOOTH-PASTE  
 .. IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



No embarrassing  
 give-away



Forhan's New Antiseptic Refreshant has no lasting tell-tale odor of its own. It keeps you safe from whispering tongues. Try it and you'll always use it.



# Never exactly sick · never entirely well



**F**OLLOW a woman through an average day. Think of her worries and cares, of her social obligations and of the hundred petty duties that clamor for her time.

Borrowing tomorrow's energy for today's tasks, the busy wife and mother is a flagrant offender against the rules of careful eating, prudent exercise and those daily habits which she strives to implant in her family.

Such neglect of Nature's A-B-C's of health leads most frequently to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. And when waste materials do not quickly pass out of the body they ferment and set up poisons which are carried through the body by the blood—causing Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

### How to guard against self-poisoning

Self-poisoning shows itself in dull headaches, weariness, indigestion, irritability.



### MEMO TO MYSELF

*I will do something about this condition which can affect my appearance and my spirits. I am going to lead a more natural life. I am going to eat sensibly and get more rest and sleep. The next time I am in a drug store I will buy a*

*bottle of Sal Hepatica, and I will use it to keep myself internally clean and to keep my blood free of the poisons of waste (Auto-Intoxication or self-poisoning).*

**When even parties seem a drag and daily duties leave you listless and let-down—Auto-Intoxication may be sapping your strength**

It causes thousands of women to drag themselves through day after day, feeling "never exactly sick, never entirely well." They never are in buoyant health. Very few can "put out their tongue" and have it give them assurance that they are in good condition.

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct the stoppage in the intestines and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica is a safe and approved standby. It stimulates the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

Sal Hepatica is really the practical equivalent for the "cure" at the famous springs of Carlsbad, Vichy, Wiesbaden,

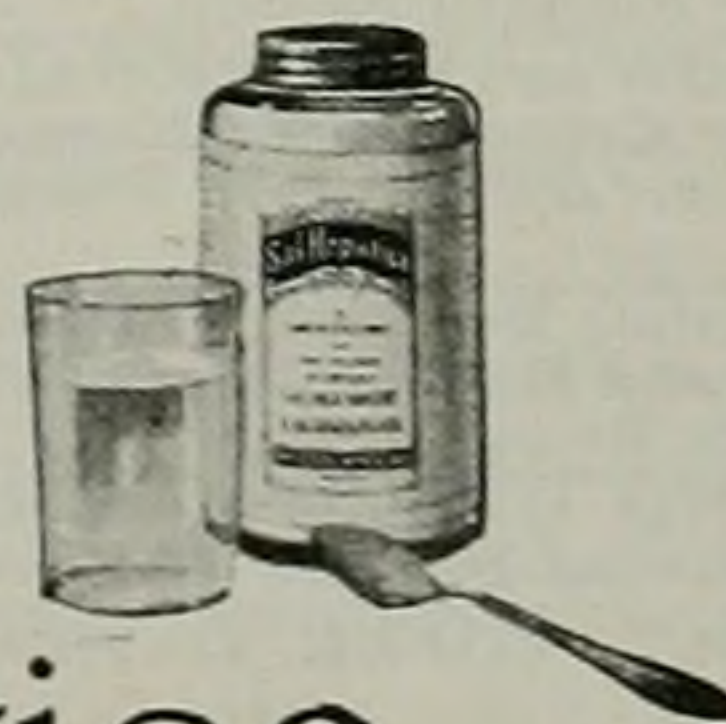
Aix-la-Chapelle, where specialists send their patients to gain their health by the daily drinking of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, fortified with sodium phosphate. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling, effervescent, palatable drink. It is used regularly in hundreds of thousands of homes.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal. It is sold in three sizes in all drug stores—30c, 60c, \$1.20.

Send the coupon for the new booklet on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of this self-poisoning and the many ills which follow in its train. It also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition, and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit.

# Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G57  
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

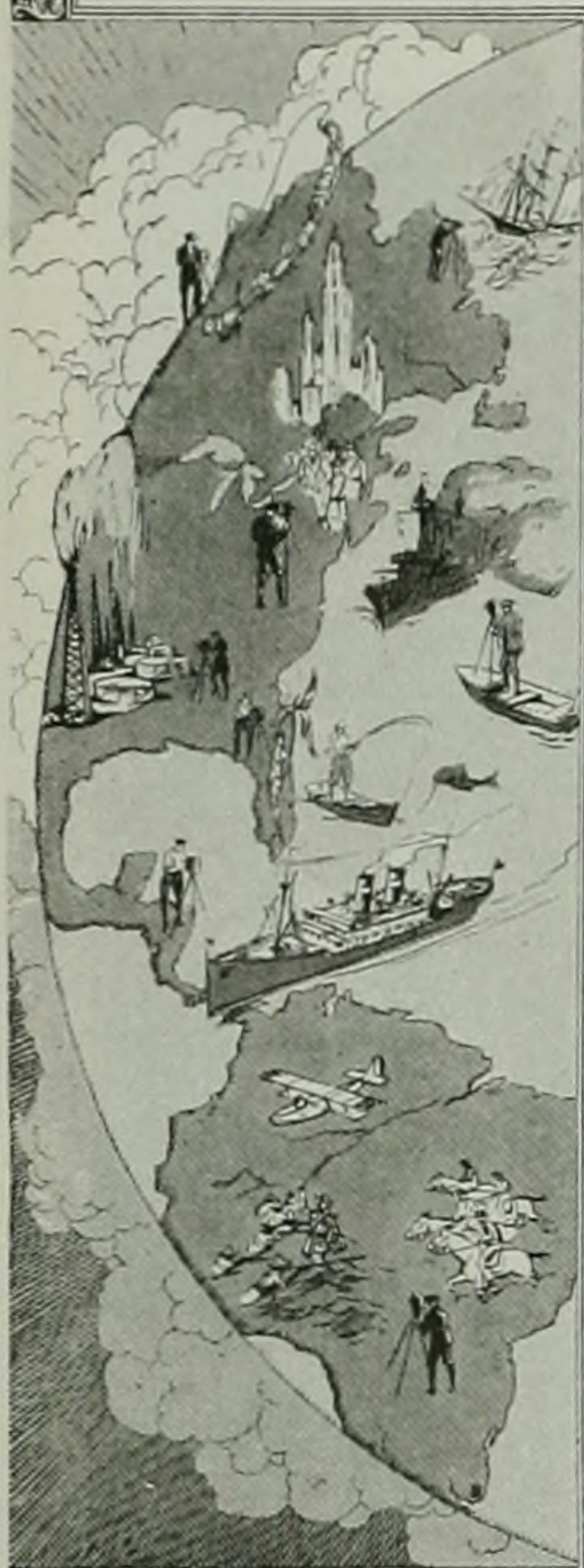
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1927



## Coming Soon! The Twice-a-Week *Paramount News*



Beginning in August and twice weekly thereafter, the name of a new and greater news reel will flash on the screens of thousands of theatres—PARAMOUNT NEWS. It is backed by the power and resources of the largest motion picture organization on earth and produced under the direction of Emanuel Cohen, acknowledged the world's foremost news reel expert. Ask your Theatre Manager to book Paramount News and PARAMOUNT COMEDIES (once a week) and PARAMOUNT NOVELTIES. Only now can you see short features of the same high standard set by Paramount in feature pictures. *Watch for them.*



# Paramount Pictures

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

## Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

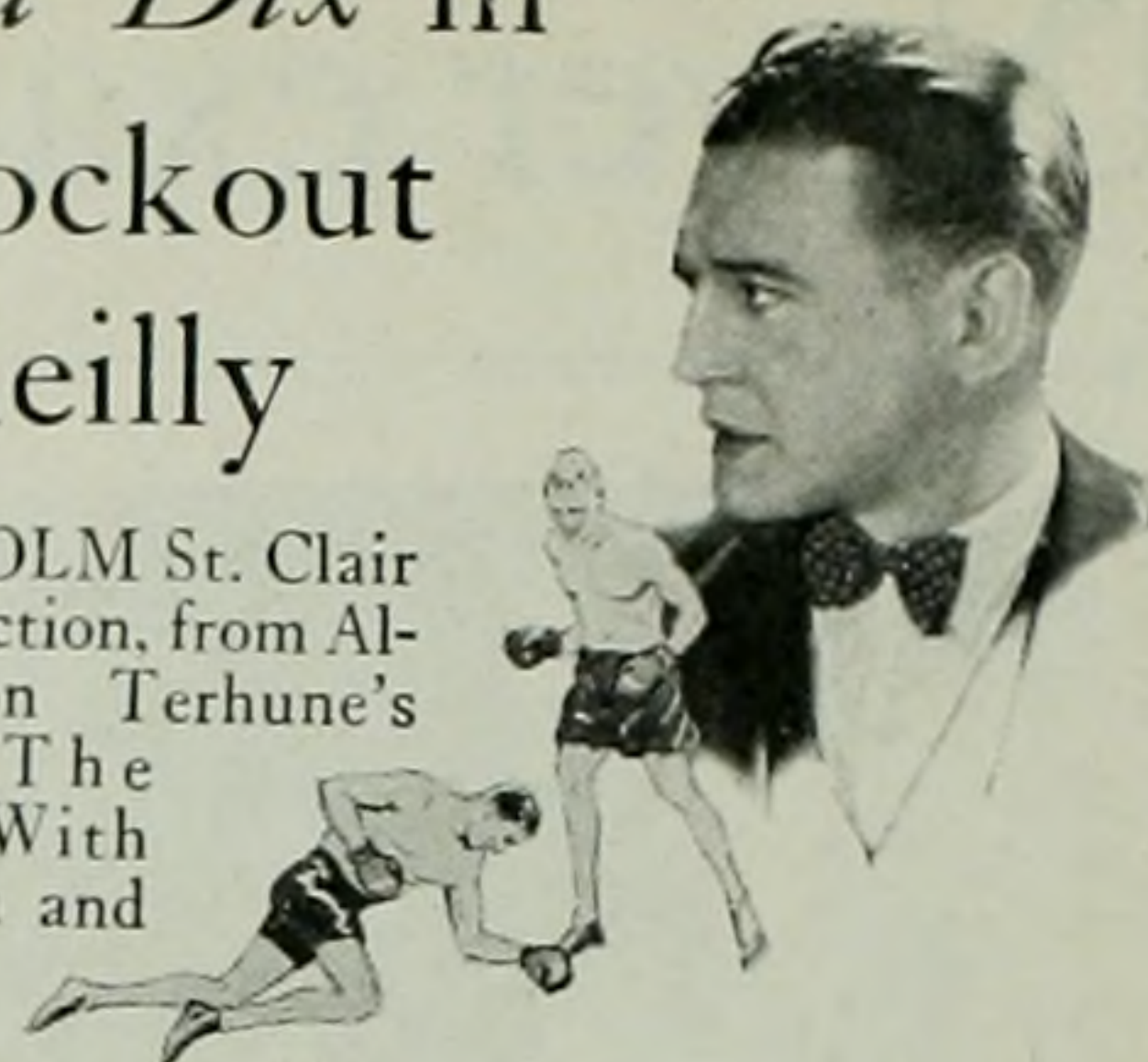
Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
CASEY AT THE BAT	Starring WALLACE BEERY. With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts, Sterling Holloway, Iris Stuart. <i>Directed by Monty Brice.</i>	
BLIND ALLEYS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Evelyn Brent and Greta Nissen. <i>Directed by Frank Tuttle.</i>	
EVENING CLOTHES	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Virginia Valli, Noah Beery and Louise Brooks. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	
SPECIAL DELIVERY	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Donald Keith, Jobyna Ralston and William Powell. <i>Directed by William Goodrich.</i>	
CABARET	Starring GILDA GRAY. With Tom Moore, Chester Conklin and Mona Palma. <i>Directed by Robert Vignola.</i>	
THE TELEPHONE GIRL	Warner Baxter, Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blinn, May Allison, Lawrence Gray, Hale Hamilton. <i>Directed by Herbert Brenon.</i>	
AFRAID TO LOVE	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Clive Brook. <i>Directed by E. H. Griffith.</i>	
TOO MANY CROOKS	With Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes, George Bancroft and El Brendel. <i>Directed by Fred Newmayer.</i>	
ARIZONA BOUND	Starring GARY COOPER. With Betty Jewel. <i>Directed by John Waters.</i>	
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN	Starring ESTHER RALSTON. With Einar Hanson and Raymond Hatton. <i>Directed by Dorothy Arzner.</i>	
Elinor Glyn's RITZY	Starring BETTY BRONSON. With James Hall. <i>Directed by Richard Rosson.</i>	
CHILDREN OF DIVORCE	Starring CLARA BOW and ESTHER RALSTON. With Gary Cooper, Einar Hanson and Norman Trevor. <i>Directed by Frank Lloyd.</i>	
ROLLED STOCKINGS	Charles Rogers, Sterling Holloway, El Brendel, Richard Arlen and Debutantes of 1927. <i>Directed by Monty Brice.</i>	
WEDDING BILLS	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. With Ford Sterling. <i>Directed by Erle Kenton.</i>	
TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. <i>Directed by Luther Reed.</i>	

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

## Richard Dix in Knockout Reilly

A MALCOLM St. Clair Production, from Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Hunch." With Mary Brian and Jack Renault.



## Clara Bow in Rough House Rosie



FROM the Sat. Eve. Post story by Nunnally Johnson, directed by Frank Strayer. With REED HOWES and all-star cast.

## Bebe Daniels in Señorita

THOUGH they called her senorita Bebe preferred being just Bebe, and you know what that meant. With James Hall and William Powell. Directed by Clarence Badger.



## The Whirlwind of Youth with Lois Moran

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production from "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs. With Vera Voronina, Donald Keith and Alyce Mills.



## Ed Wynn in Rubber Heels



EDWYNN, famous musical comedy star, as detective who solves a mystery through sheer stupidity. With Chester Conklin and Thelma Todd. Directed by Victor Heerman.



# The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII

Contents, May, 1927

No. 6

## The High-Lights of This Issue

### Cover Design

Mae Murray—Painted from Life

CHARLES SHELDON

### Close-Ups and Long Shots

The Editor Tells You What's What and Who Without Fear or Favor

JAMES R. QUIRK

### Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

Told Without Exaggeration—Not Press-agented

TERRY RAMSAYE

### Schools of Movie Acting

An Article That May Save You a Lot of Money and a Big Heartache

AGNES SMITH

### "I'm Not Going to Marry," Says Norma Shearer

And She Tells Why

OCTAVUS ROY  
COHEN

### Safe and Seine

"The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc." Is in Paris

ADELA

### The Port of Missing Girls

The Third of a Series of Six Sensational Stories of Girls Who Disappeared from Hollywood

ROGERS ST. JOHNS

### The Great \$15,000 Idea Contest Is On

There's a Fortune Here for Someone. It May Be You

FREDERICK JAMES  
SMITH

### The Amateur Movie Producer

Tells You How to Take Pictures and How to Win \$2,000

### Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 52

Metropolis.....UFA-Paramount  
Stark Love.....Paramount  
Resurrection.....United Artists

Page 53

The Rough Riders.....Paramount  
The Love of Sunya....United Artists  
Slide, Kelly, Slide.....M.-G.-M.

Page 54

White Gold....Producers Dist. Corp.  
Blind Alleys.....Paramount  
An Affair of the Follies

.....First National  
Casey at the Bat.....Paramount  
A Kiss in a Taxi.....Paramount  
The Gay Old Bird....Warner Bros.

Page 55

Rubber Tires..Producers Dist. Corp.  
The Demi-Bride.....M.-G.-M.  
High Hat.....First National  
The Venus from Venice..First National  
Three Hours.....First National  
What Every Girl Should Know  
.....Warner Bros.

Page 135

Ankles Preferred.....Fox  
Let It Rain.....Paramount  
Mother.....F. B. O.  
Love Makes 'Em Wild.....Fox  
The Arizona Whirlwind.....Pathe  
Hills of Kentucky.....Warner Bros.  
Tarzan and the Golden Lion..F. B. O.  
Husband Hunters.....Tiffany

## Exclusive Monthly PHOTOPLAY Features

As We Go to Press . . . . .	6	Reviews of Newest Pictures . . . . .	52
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures . . . . .	8	Shopping Service . . . . .	68
Brickbats and Bouquets . . . . .	10	Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems . . . . .	84
News and Gossip of All the Studios . . . . .	42	Questions and Answers . . . . .	91

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President and Treasurer KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Assistant Treasurer

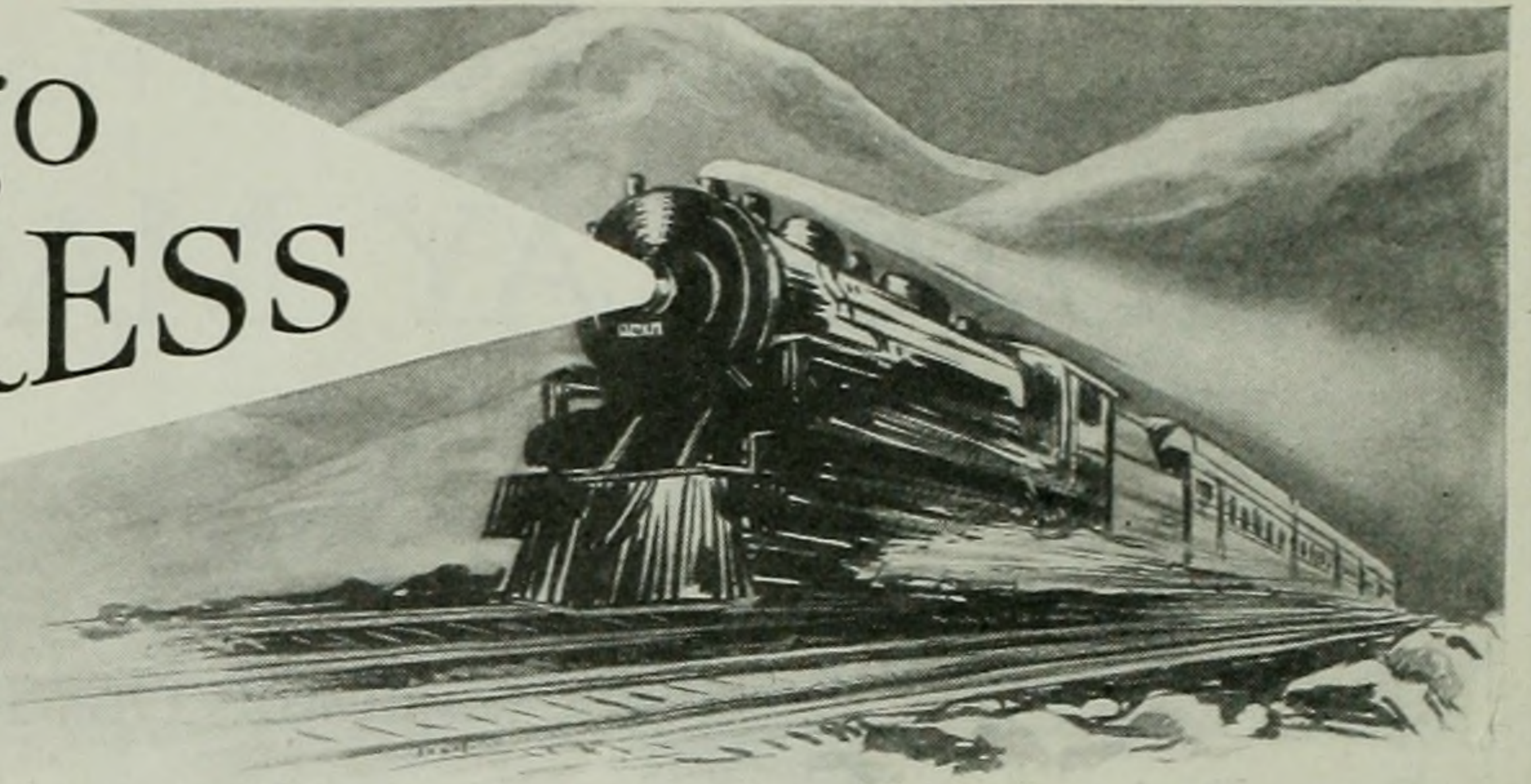
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

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

Copyright, 1927, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.



# As we go to PRESS



**C**HARLES EMMETT MACK killed at Riverside, Cal., March 17, in an automobile accident. Mack was a D. W. Griffith find, being promoted by that director from prop boy to actor. Mack receives his last best performance in *The Shadow Stage* this month, for his work in "The Rough Riders."

**R**OSCOE ARBUCKLE returning to screen in a series of comedies to be filmed in Germany. Yes, they will have American release.

**O**NA BROWN secures divorce from her husband, Clarence Brown, the director.

**O**LIVE BORDEN, finishing "The Joy Girl" in New York, returns to Hollywood with her mother. Makes trip on *S. S. President Garfield* via the Panama Canal.

**D**OUG FAIRBANKS signs F. Richard Jones, formerly a Hal Roach and Mack Sennett comedy supervisor of production, to direct him in his next picture. This will be "The Gaucho," a South American story and it will feature some spectacular whip stunts.

**R**ICARDO CORTEZ is no longer a Famous Player.

**T**HOMAS MEIGHAN denies report that he is to retire from screen. Still under contract to do four more for Paramount.

**S**AMUEL GOLDWYN signs Marcel De Sano to direct four pictures. De Sano will direct Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in their next after "King Harlequin."

**W**ILLIAM FOX resigns F. W. Murnau, the German director. Murnau has returned to Berlin to make one UFA picture before coming back to Mr. Fox.

**W**ARNER BROTHERS sign Flobelle Fairbanks, niece of Doug, who appears in "The Love of Sunya."

**T**OM MIX and Buck Jones both injured by gun wounds while at

work on their newest films. Mix received bad but not dangerous burns about the eyes.

**B**EN TURPIN leaves Mack Sennett to free-lance.

**A** MILLION and a half feet of negative was used by Cecil B. De Mille in making "The King of Kings." Figure it out for yourself. Yes, more than three hundred miles of film.

**G**EORGE MARION, Jr., is now the highest priced title writer in screendom. His weekly salary from Famous Players is \$2,250.

**M**ONTE BELL is to direct Norma Shearer in his own story, "Liberty Bonds," which, by the way, is the story of a girl who sells cigars and cigarettes in a cabaret. Said to be based on the real story of a girl in the Hollywood Montmartre.

**R**ICHARD ROSSOM has been selected by Paramount to direct Louise Brooks and James Hall in "Rolled Stockings." A story of the jazz age, of course.

**C**ORINNE GRIFFITH returns from Europe with her husband, Walter Morosco. Her first United Artists release will be "The Garden of Eden."

**H**ERBERT BRENON has been ill in New York with intestinal influenza. He is leaving Famous Players and is reported to be going to United Artists.

**F**. SCOTT FITZGERALD writes an original story for Constance Talmadge.

**E**D. WYNN does a comedy scene for "Rubber Heels" on the brink of Niagara Falls. And yet people want to go in the movies!

**E**LINOR GLYN announces that Hollywood will be her permanent and official home after this. Despite the fact that she has been in Hollywood right along, Mme. Glyn always has called Paris her home. So that's that.

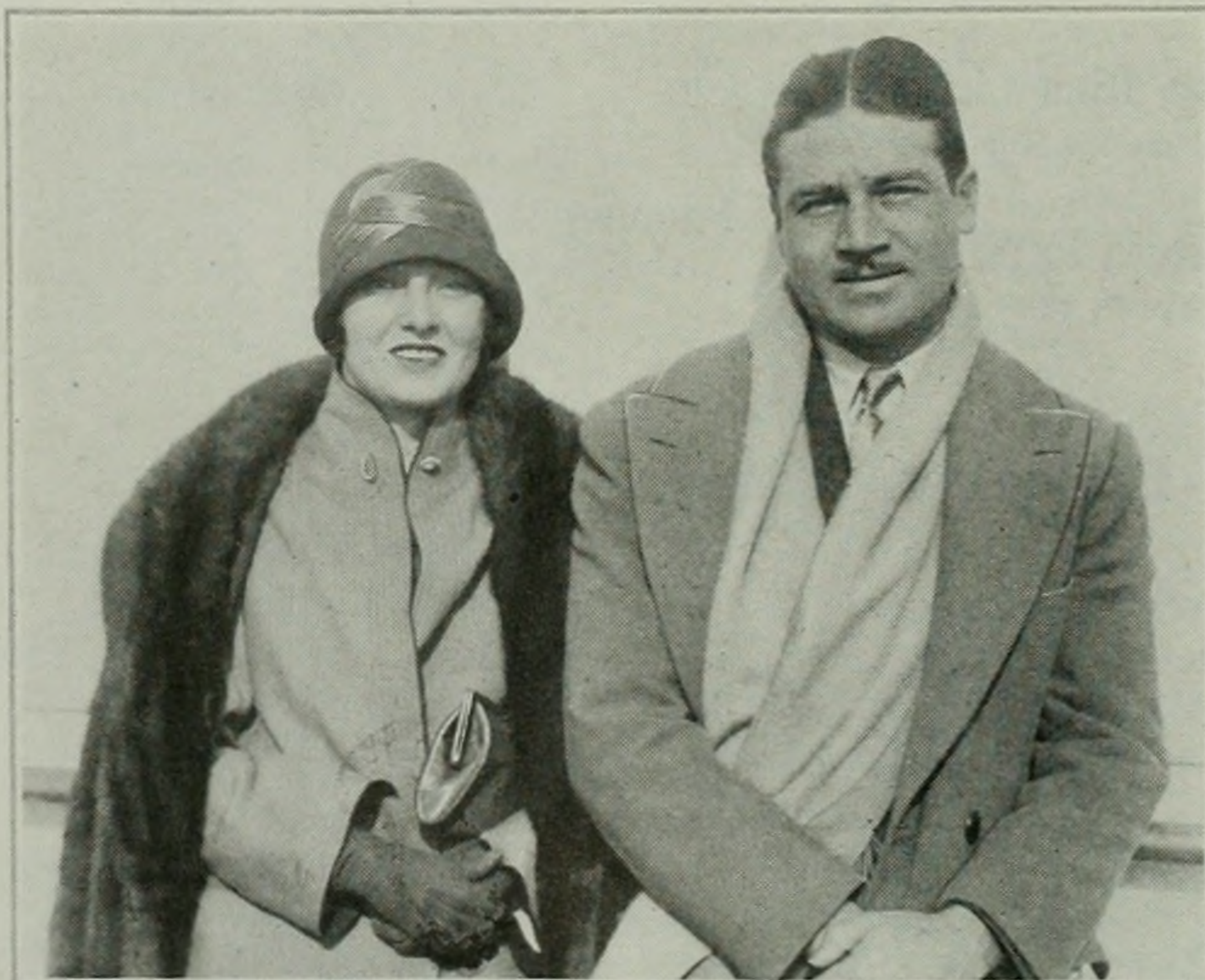
**G**LORIA SWANSON takes her retinue to the coast for her next film. This will be the story of a lady sheik who gets her man more effectively than any member of the Royal Mounted Police. Albert Parker will direct her again. After the desert tale, Miss Swanson plans to do a Russian story based on the women's Battalion of Death.

**D**ORIS KENYON is still seriously ill in a New York sanitarium. She is suffering from a breakdown, following an attack of intestinal flu.

**M**ARY BRIAN will play opposite Richard Dix in his next, to be shot in Hollywood.

**M**ICKEY NEILAN and his wife, Blanche Sweet, have been on a Manhattan vacation.

**N**ATACHA RAMBOVA playing on speaking stage in New York in the melodrama, "Set a Thief." Her spirit communications with Rudolph Valentino first told about in PHOTOPLAY, are appearing in a New York tabloid.



P. & A. Photos

Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, returned recently from a vacation in Europe. Miss Griffith announced that, after one more picture, she intends to appear on the speaking stage in New York





*Horseshoes  
for luck  
and laughs!  
It'll be your lucky,  
laugh day when  
you see*

# MONTY BANKS

## in "Horse Shoes"

*A feature comedy*

"Horse Shoes" got 200 separate, deep-chested laughs from the big crowd at its preview in Los Angeles—that's almost a World's Record!

Now ready for YOUR entertainment!

Ask at your local Theatre  
when it will be shown.



## Pathépicture

TRADE MARK







# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

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

**AUCTIONEER, THE**—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (March.)

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

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

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

**BELLS, THE**—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

**BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL**—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (March.)

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

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

\***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (March.)

**BLONDE SAINT, THE**—First National.—Where-in Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

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

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

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

**CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE**—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

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

**CANADIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

**CANYON OF LIGHT, THE**—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

**CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE**—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

**CITY, THE**—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

**COLLEGE DAYS**—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

**CORPORAL KATE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

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

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"Beau Geste"  
"Ben-Hur"  
"The Better 'Ole"  
"The Big Parade"  
"Old Ironsides"  
"What Price Glory"  
"Variety"

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

**DENVER DUDE, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (April.)

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

**EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE**—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

**EASY PICKINGS**—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (April.)

\***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

**EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS**—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (March.)

**EXIT SMILING**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

\***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as Mephisto and Camilla Horn as Marguerite. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

**FINGER PRINTS**—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (March.)

\***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (March.)

**FLAMING FOREST, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

\***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

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

**FOR WIVES ONLY**—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

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

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

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

\***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (March.)

**GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (April.)

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

**GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS**—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall. (February.)

**GOING CROOKED**—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]





## A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!

**A** GOOD hearty laugh is the greatest tonic in the world—the magic key to eternal youth. It is laughter that helps us to forget our cares, laughter that banishes wrinkles, laughter that brightens our day.

In these nerve-racking modern days the world needs laughter. Each one of us needs it. So if by any chance you've forgotten how to laugh—or think you have—see one of *Educational's Comedies*. You'll find yourself laughing unconsciously, naturally, easily, just as you did in childhood. More, you'll carry the laughs home with you.

The reason for the popularity of *Educational's Comedies* is not hard to seek—they provide a never-failing laugh treat. Most people *do* like to laugh. Convincing proof of this is the fact that in this country alone the number of individuals who see—and laugh over—these sure-fire comedies every day runs into the millions.

*Educational's Comedies* are featured in the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. They lead the field because they

deserve to lead. Never has time, talent or money been spared to make them the best that could be produced. For clean, wholesome fun they are without a peer.

Why not take the whole family to see one of *Educational's Comedies* tonight? Dad and mother and the children. Let them all have a good hearty laugh. It will do them good—and it will do you good to watch *their* enjoyment. Laughs are meant to be shared.

\* \* \*

*Educational's* supremacy in the Short Subject field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is world-famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. These, no less than the mirth-provoking comedies, have earned for *Educational Pictures* the right to be called "The Spice of the Program."

### ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS

(In Natural Colors)

HAMILTON COMEDIES  
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES  
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES  
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES  
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES  
MERMAID COMEDIES

(Jack White Productions)

CHRISTIE COMEDIES  
JUVENILE COMEDIES

With "Big Boy"

TUXEDO COMEDIES  
CAMEO COMEDIES

LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE  
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS  
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES  
CURIOSITIES LIFE  
*The Movie Side-show* *Cartoon Comedies*  
KINOGRAMS  
*The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper*

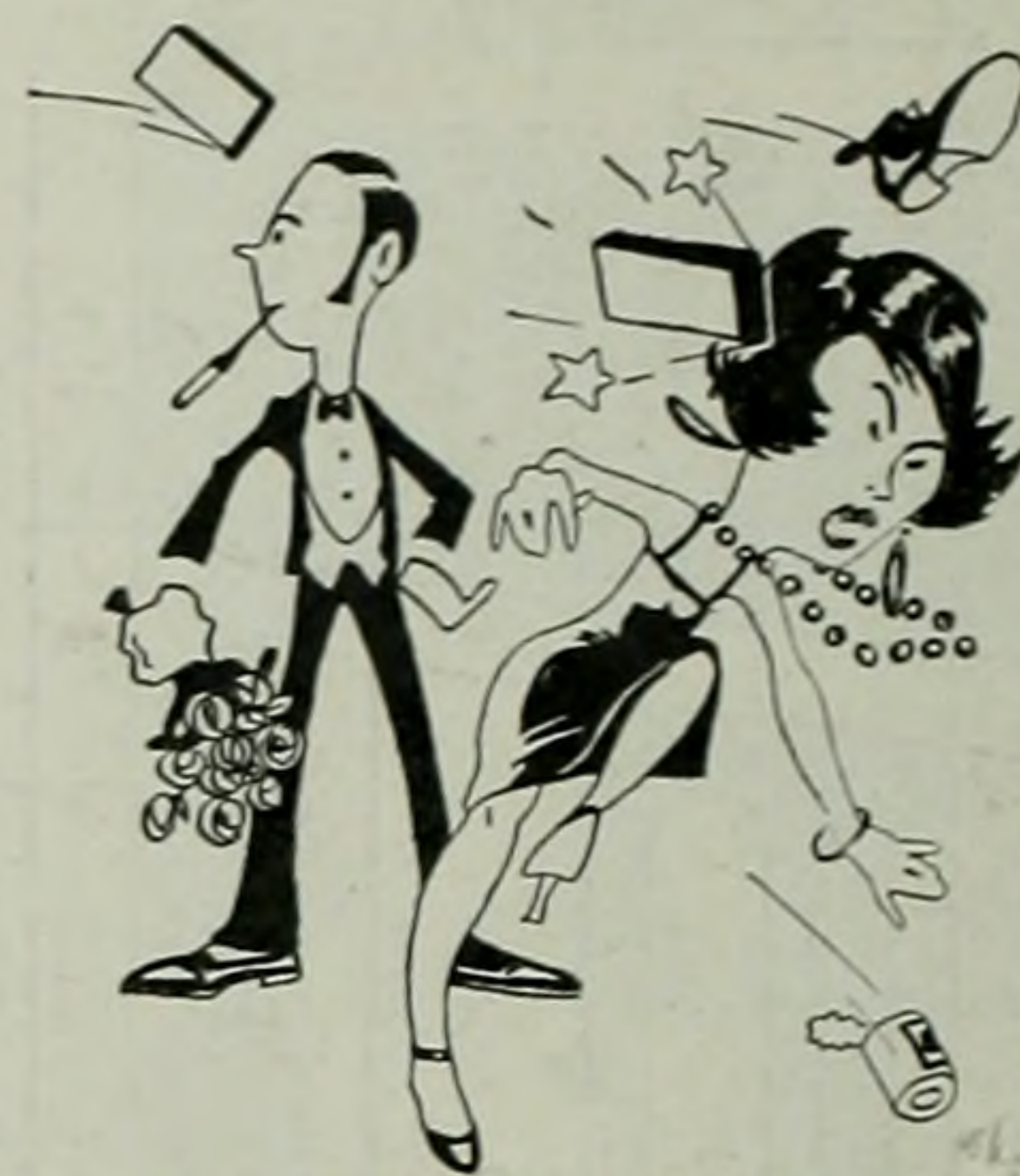
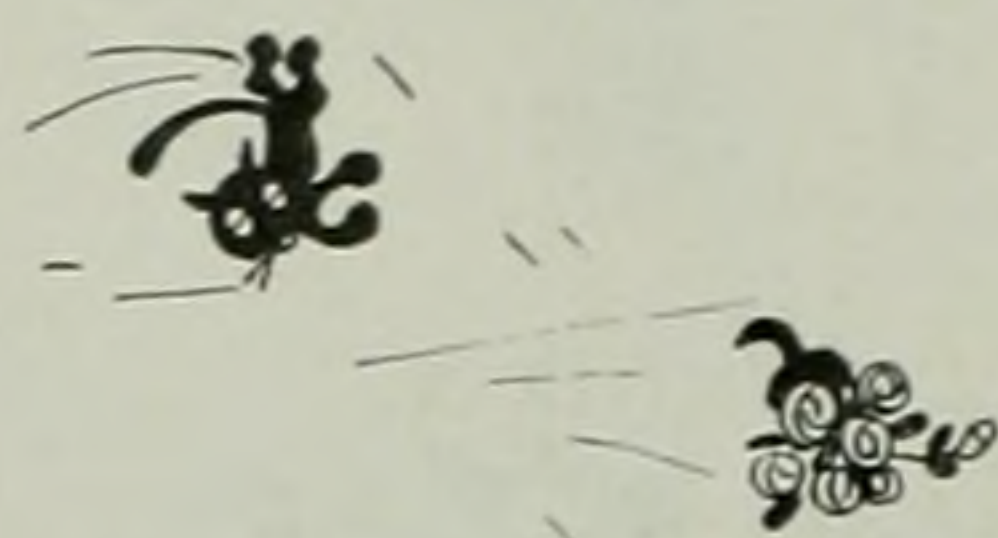


EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.  
E. W. Hammons, President  
Executive Offices  
Paramount Building,  
Times Square, New York, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1927, EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.



# The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



## Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from  
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

### The Monthly Barometer

UNLESS some new fine film hurries along, an excellent runner-up for the title of the best picture of 1927 will be "Beau Geste," that drama of war and sand, studded with fine performances.

"Beau Geste" is being generally released now throughout the country and letters about it came in by scores to this department during the month.

New stars are wanted. Greta Garbo proves this. Greta, despite her recent flashes of temperament, is still leading the race in reader interest. Fan loyalties are not dead. Tommy Meighan, Gloria Swanson, the beloved Rudy, Colleen Moore and the most admired Lloyd Hughes all won hothouses of bouquets during the month.

But the bouquets were just that—loyalties—and not enthusiasm.

With a sweeping bow in the direction of Messrs. Zukor and Lasky, we offer them a bit of free advice.

Look to Betty Bronson.

Betty pulls the same kind of letters, the same sort of love that belonged to Mary Pickford a few years ago. Mary's last picture was not a happy vehicle for her. Betty today is appealing to the child hearts in young and old that were once Mary's. Paramount may kill Betty with miscasting, but rightly handled, your fan letters prove she would be at the box-office the only starlet today competent to follow Mary's radiant path.

If Charlie Chaplin had been editor of this department this month, he would have felt happier. For among the hundreds of letters which were received concerning his troubles, only one was against him. That's really pretty remarkable.

Censors try to make us narrow minded, but the fans are proving they refuse to be stampeded into any petty holier-than-thou attitude.

There were scores of letters this month regarding the contests of PHOTOPLAY. We thank you.

They were not all bouquets, by any means, but we thank you just the same. We aim to please, and your telling us what you want makes it easier for us to give it to you.

THE EDITOR.

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

### \$25.00 Letter

Long Beach, Calif.

In the midst of the most terrible loss a man can experience—the loss of a much loved wife, a moving picture brought me consolation.

The death of my wife left me with a daughter five years old. I was nearly crazed with the responsibility of her care. In my grief she became a burden until I was persuaded by some friends to attend the theater with them. It was the turning point in my life. "Forget-me-not" was showing, and the plight of the little orphan girl awakened a new feeling in me regarding my own daughter. Hitherto *her* feelings had not occurred to me. I realized that as far as I was concerned she was as near an orphan as the child in the picture. I rushed home to give her the love and protection she had been without the past few months, vowing to be both father and mother to her. From that day I have lived for Louise and in so living, my grief over my wife has been lessened.

Louise is nearly twelve now. We are true "pals." God bless motion pictures for bringing home to a stricken man the remembrance of a little girl who needed his love. Without pic-

tures, I would very likely never have awakened to my duty.

FRANK FULTON,  
322 Virginia Court.

### \$10.00 Letter

Flint, Mich.

I landed in this country eleven years ago. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" had influenced my decision to come here.

In Buenos Aires where I came from, movies at the best theaters were cosmopolitan performances three hours long, composed of a French film, with life raw, naked and disgusting. Then an Italian film just as raw and sadly artistic, only *Vendetta* would be the *leit-motif*, instead of sordid apaches and demi-mondaines. By that time if you did not feel like committing suicide you'd be good and ripe for the American film and, oh, a glory of sunshine, open air, freshness and cheerfulness, clean and good, like coming out to light on top of a mountain, after a long ride in a tunnel. You felt reconciled with life, and blessed those good North-American producers.

But now "Tin Gods," "The Great Gatsby" and some others—Oh dear, what was the good to come such a long way through a net of German submarines? We can get morbid enough reading everyday life, but we want a rest at the movies. Life is so. But why choose the ugliest specimen to portray your heroes and heroines? Why be so realistic? Let us go back to the golden path.

We don't want life, but something to make us happy. Let us live.

M. R.

### \$5.00 Letter

Lansing, Mich.

Why all the cry about banning Charlie Chaplin's pictures? What has been proved against him? *Not a dern thing*. I hope there won't be. I wonder if these same people yelling "Ban Him" would like a search-light turned on themselves? Who are they to sit in judgment? Now is the time for the fans to show their appreciation of the many happy evenings we have enjoyed by seeing the splendid pictures given us by this same Charlie Chaplin. If he is "low

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Another picture triumph  
from the De Mille studios

# JETTA GOUDAL *in* "White Gold"

with

KENNETH THOMSON & GEORGE BANCROFT

Adapted by Garrett Fort and Marion Orth

from the play by J. Palmer Parsons

Supervised by C. GARDNER SULLIVAN

A WILLIAM K. HOWARD PRODUCTION

Produced by De Mille Pictures Corporation



A GREAT  
STAR IN  
HER MOST  
DRAMATIC  
ROLE.

*The amazing revelation  
of a woman's soul!*

STARK - REALISTIC - BREATH-TAKING

NEVER has such a tremendous conflict of human and elemental emotions been depicted on the screen—the stark drama of a beautiful woman and three men—one who loved her, one who wanted her and one who hated her—played out in graphic realism on the lonely plains.

Monroe Lathrop, Dramatic Critic of the Los Angeles Evening Express says:—

*"a masterpiece —one of the ten best pictures I ever saw, and I find it hard to recall one which so gripped me in every foot of its progress. Such a co-ordination of brilliant direction and forceful acting is rare indeed, with thought, imagination and fidelity to truth in every scene."*

Coming to Keith-Albee-Orpheum  
and other first-run theatres

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING  
CORPORATION

JOHN C. FLINN, General Manager



KENNETH THOMSON

"Where you go  
I shall go"



GEORGE BANCROFT





# \$500<sup>00</sup> IN ONE MONTH DRAWING

CAREFUL, conscientious training by our faculty made this possible. Today trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—

## Earn \$200 to \$500 a Month and More

Present splendid opportunities in this field never excelled. Publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

## The Federal "Master Course"

includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. No one artist is competent to give instructions in all these branches. That's why the Federal School has established its "Master Course," in which every subject is written by a specialist. No other school can offer a course nearly comparable. No other institution in the country has such an array of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

## The Federal Authors

include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Norman Rockwell and over fifty others. Exclusive lessons and drawings especially prepared by them are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

## Federal Course Gets Results

Federal School graduates have become so distinguished for their high quality work they are in constant demand by leading publishers and commercial organizations.

## Send Today for "A Road to Bigger Things"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this free book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just mail in the coupon below and we will send you the book free.



# Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating  
5107 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

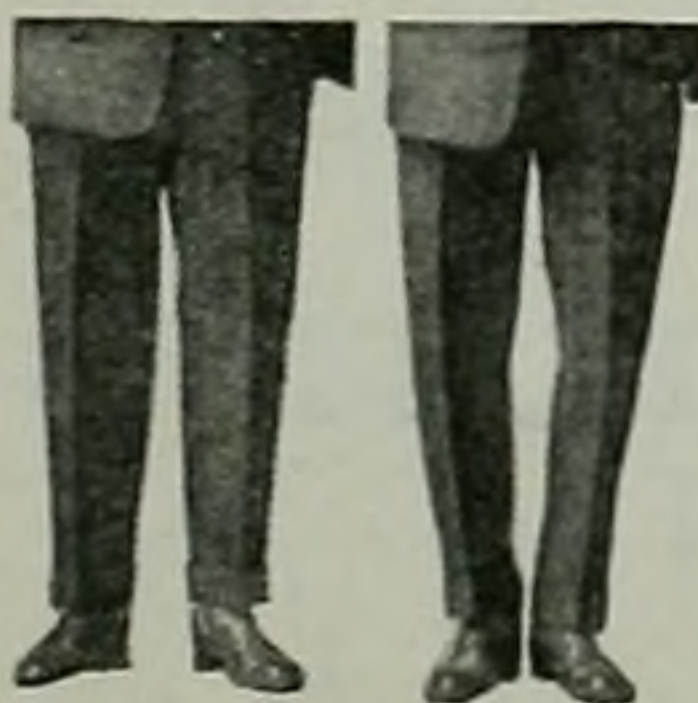
Present Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects Blue Harmony, Oriental, Clime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

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



## BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES UNSIGHTLY

Those afflicted with BOW LEGS should wear the "PERFECT LEG FORMS" and overcome this deformity. Trousers hang perfectly straight. Made of the highest grade Aluminum. Sanitary, light, Durable. Easy to put on or off. Send for booklet showing photos of men with and without the "PERFECT LEG FORMS."

PERFECT SALES CO.  
140 N. Mayfield Ave., Dept. 54, CHICAGO

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

**GREAT GATSBY, THE**—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking *Daisy Buchanan*. (February.)

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

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

**HIS NEW YORK WIFE**—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

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

**\*HOTEL IMPERIAL**—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

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

**IT**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (March.)

**JIM THE CONQUEROR**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (March.)

**JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (April.)

**JOSELYN'S WIFE**—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

**JUST ANOTHER BLONDE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

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

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

**\*KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (March.)

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

**LADIES AT PLAY**—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

**LADY IN ERMINE, THE**—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (March.)

**LAST TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (April.)

**LIGHTNING LARIATS**—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with their version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (March.)

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

**LITTLE JOURNEY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (March.)

**LONDON**—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

**\*LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

**LOVE'S BLINDNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

**LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE**—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (April.)

**LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM**—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (February.)

**LUNATIC AT LARGE, A**—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (April.)

**MAGIC GARDEN, THE**—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (April.)

**MAGICIAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

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

**MANBAIT**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (April.)

**MARRIAGE**—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (April.)

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

**\*McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National.—A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (April.)

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

**MIDNIGHT LOVERS**—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

**MILLIONAIRES**—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

**\*MONEY TALKS, THE**—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (April.)

**\*MUSIC MASTER, THE**—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (March.)

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

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

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

**NEW YORK**—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (March.)

**\*NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

**NOBODY'S WIDOW**—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (March.)

**OBEY THE LAW**—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (February.)

**\*OLD IRONSIDES**—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (February.)

**ONE INCREASING PURPOSE**—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (March.)

**OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE**—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)



# Watch This Column

## Super-Production "Uncle Tom's Cabin"



VIRGINIA GREY as "Little Eva"

After a year and a half of strenuous labor Universal's great revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is now nearing completion. Because of the amazing things that it has been possible to do on the screen, which the limits of the stage never allowed, I am convinced this picture will take rank among the classics of the screen.

I have always wanted to produce this story in a big way, and it was a dream of mine to have much of it enacted in the actual localities in which Harriet Beecher Stowe's story was laid. And now it has all

come true. We have already invested \$1,500,000.00 and scoured the country for the best talent. The result will prove a revelation to you, and exceed your fondest dreams.

Believe me, this is not by any means "just a picture" or in any sense an ordinary production. It is most pretentious and is in reality a spectacle. The cast, as you must agree, is exceptional. JAMES B. LOWE, the celebrated colored actor, is "Uncle Tom." VIRGINIA GREY, beautiful as a dream, is "Little Eva"; GEORGE SIEGMANN, one of the screen's most famous heavies, is "Simon Legree"; MARGARITA FISCHER, famed for her beauty and talent, is "Eliza"; ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE is "George Harris," the slave; LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD is "Lawyer Marks"; MONA RAY is "Topsy" and her acting is a revelation.

When completed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented in the leading theatres as a special attraction. Those who have seen it so far tell me that theatre history will again be written by its success, just as the original play established world's records in its day. So, I commend the picture to you and await with deepest interest your comments.

Coming soon, "The Claw," Cynthia Stockley's fine story, starring NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR. It is a drama of the African veldt. Have your favorite theatre get it.

Carl Laemmle  
President

(To be continued next month)

# UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City

**OVERLAND STAGE**—First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (March.)

**PALS IN PARADISE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull Western? (February.)

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

**\*PARADISE FOR TWO**—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gaiety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (April.)

**PERFECT SAP, THE**—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (March.)

**PLAY SAFE**—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (April.)

**PLEASURE GARDEN, THE**—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

**POPULAR SIN, THE**—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (March.)

**POTTERS, THE**—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (March.)

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

**PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY**—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

**PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT**—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

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

**RED HEADS PREFERRED**—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (March.)

**RED HOT HOOFS**—F. B. O.—A Western with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

**RED HOT LEATHER**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

**\*RED MILL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (April.)

**REGULAR SCOUT, A**—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

**\*RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE**—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

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

**ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS**—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading rôles. (February.)

**ROUGH AND READY**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (March.)

**SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR**—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

**\*SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too macabre for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (April.)

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

**SILENT LOVER, THE**—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)



# Take Off Fat!

—Any Spot  
or over Entire Body!

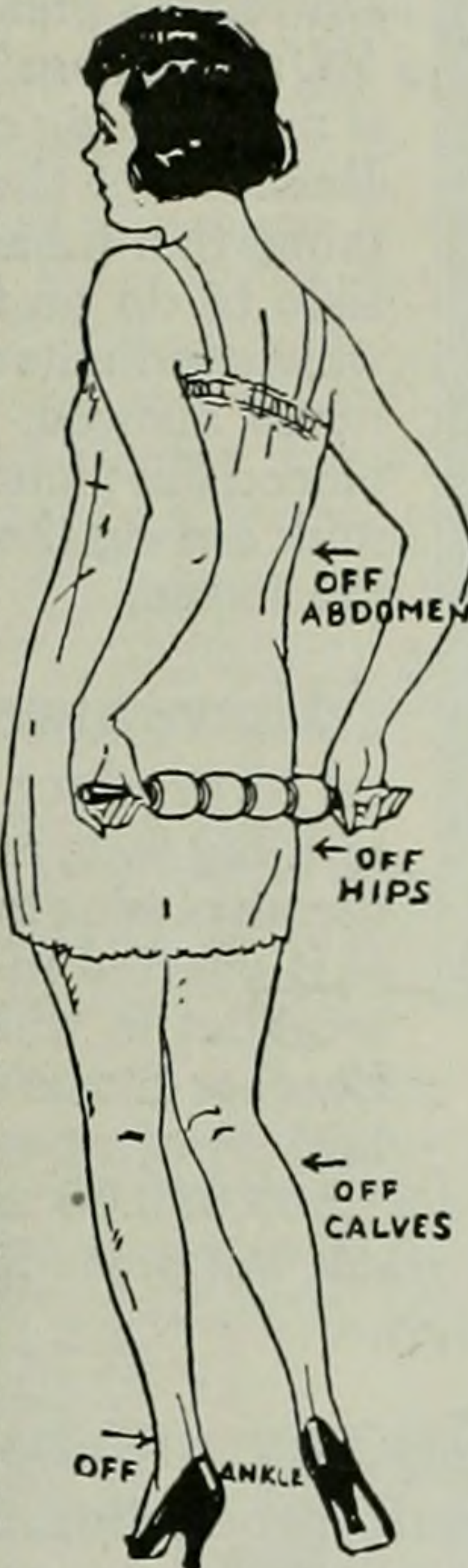
Amazing New-Type Rubber Roller (Cupped)  
Does it! 10 Minutes a Day Will Roll the  
Fat Away—



## THE MAGIC REDUCER

breaks down fat cells and removes fat quickly,  
easily and safely.

A GRACEFUL, slender figure now easy! 10 minutes a day simple massaging with this new type Reducer does it—takes off the fat—at any spot—or over the entire body. Nothing like the Magic Reducer unique rollers—really four rubber rollers in one and each one cupped. Scientific! It actually works as a reducer. Produces a combined massage and suction action that breaks down the fat cells.



### TODAY!

The Magic Reducer is on sale at leading department stores or direct from us. BUY one today, see the results yourself even in a short time. Weigh and measure yourself before starting—then note the difference even in 10 days! Order today at the special introductory price of \$6.50. Send no money, if you wish, but pay postman the price (plus few cents postage) on delivery. Mail coupon or copy it in a letter or on postal—TODAY!

INDUSTRIAL RUBBER Co., Desk P.  
133 Harris Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

You may send me a Magic Reducer. I will pay postman \$6.50 (plus postage) on delivery.

Name.....

Street No.....

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

If you wish you may enclose \$6.50 with this coupon and we will prepay postage.

**SILENT RIDER, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (February.)

**SIN CARGO**—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

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

**SO'S YOUR OLD MAN**—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townner who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

**SPANGLES**—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

**STAGE MADNESS**—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own child later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (March.)

**STEPPING ALONG**—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

**STRANDED IN PARIS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

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

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

**SUMMER BACHELORS**—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (March.)

**SWEET ROSE O'GRADY**—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

**SYNCOATING SUE**—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

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

**TAXI DANCE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (April.)

**TAXI, TAXI**—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (April.)

**\*TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (March.)

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

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

**THAT MODEL FROM PARIS**—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

**THERE YOU ARE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

**THIRD DEGREE**—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (March.)

**TIMID TERROR, THE**—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

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

**TIN HATS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

**\*TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

**UNEASY PAYMENTS**—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (April.)

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

**\*UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (January.)

**UPSTREAM**—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (April.)

**VALENCIA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

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

**WAR HORSE, THE**—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (April.)

**\*WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW**—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

**\*WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

**\*WHEN A MAN LOVES**—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (April.)

**WHILE LONDON SLEEPS**—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

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

**WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (February.)

**WINGS OF THE STORM**—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

**WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (March.)

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

**WOLVES' CLOTHING**—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (March.)

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

Anita Shapes while You Sleep

30-Day Money-back Guarantee

## RESHAPE your NOSE

to beautiful proportions with the perfected ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

Shapes while you sleep. Safe, painless, comfortable. Rapid, permanent results guaranteed. Physicians and users praise it as a priceless possession. No metal or screws to harm you. Small cost. Write today for FREE BOOKLET

Gold Medal Won 1923

ANITA CO. Dept. E-28 Anita Bldg., Newark, N.J.

## DRAW CARTOONS

Turn Your Talent Into Money

Cartoonists earn from \$50 to \$300 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.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARTOONING  
620 Penton Building Cleveland, Ohio

# A FORTUNE FOR AN IDEA

## For a Motion Picture

The Greatest Contest Ever Offered PHOTOPLAY Readers

See Pages 30 and 31



# Let HARRY LANGDON BLOW you to the Merriest Laughs in Years!! *in*



Produced by the  
**HARRY LANGDON**  
CORPORATION



## Look what an EXPERT says about it!

"We thought that 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp' was great stuff . . . We liked 'The Strong Man' equally as well . . . But for pantomime—and motion pictures really are pantomime—LONG PANTS is far ahead of either—Even Chaplin with all his artistry never has done better work! . . . Remarkable pantomime that built and built until the audience didn't have a chuckle left! . . . There isn't any question today about Harry Langdon's standing as a comedian. He is second to nobody, and is building up a following bigger and bigger as each picture is released!"

—Fred J. McConnell, Editor, Exhibitors' Daily Review

For real Radio entertainment tune in on the FIRST NATIONAL TO-BE-WEDS every Tuesday at 8:15 p. m., Eastern Standard Time. Millions call them one of the best features on the air. Stations WJZ, KYW, WBZ, KDKA, WBZA.

## A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



# Join the Stars Play a Gibson



## Gibson

6124-A

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

GIBSON, Inc., 501 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Gentlemen: Kindly send me your free book and complete information regarding your instruments which I understand are used and endorsed by the famous artists—are beautiful in tone and easy to play.

- |                                  |                                    |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banjos  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolins |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitars | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukuleles  |

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

PREPARE FOR AN

# ART CAREER

—thru the only school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the "Meyer Both Way" earn as high as \$10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

**MEYER BOTH COMPANY**  
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 31, Chicago, Ill.

## "Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." The MORLEY PHONE for the

# DEAF

to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Phila.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

brow," as has been suggested, he doesn't show it in his choice of friends, and his pictures have always been clean, never a suggestive, salacious thing.

If the clubs of the country really want to do a service why don't they ban these people who desecrate the home? Charlie Chaplin has never been accused of doing that. Neither was Mabel Normand, but the public was only too glad to hurt her.

When Charlie Chaplin wins his case, as I hope to goodness he will, all the rich, well known men of the country should give a vote of thanks. Sixteen years old isn't what it was ten years ago. And, anyway, a girl much younger, if she had the proper training, knows right from wrong.

MRS. M. K.

### Let's Doctor Our Standards

Berkeley, Calif.

There seems to be a conspiracy in the films against our more or less good friends, the medicos, and I am surprised that official protest has not been made to Czar Will for the nice little gobs of contumely that are persistently cast at the Knights of the Stethoscope. Consider, if you please, any film that boasts of mortality rate—this for example:

Mary is talking to Pa, who sits in an invalid's chair. Pa suddenly folds up. Mary, at first, figures her old Caliph is sleeping; then it suddenly dawns on her that all is not well, and, finally, we can tell by the way she shakes him, chews her fist, and other standard emoting, that the old boy is dead. It seems to occur to Mary to send for a doctor.

This is typical of most all the movie demises. Anyone appears to be able to tell when a person is dead by a mere glance or casual feeling of head or hands.

No one runs for a doctor, except when the director tries to fool us; in this event, the doctor prescribes a speedy end, and—the patient always gets well.

Yours for a more careful diagnosis.

FREDERICK DROWN.

### She's the Girl Friend

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Although I am a poet it is hard to put into words my impressions of this Garbo.

To me she is a pictured combination of the beautiful and the ugly. She is tantalization, realization and the age-old question of femininity modernized.

She is truth. She is falsehood. She is charity. She is selfishness. She is the eternal woman; the temptress that every woman wants to be and every man wants to meet. She is "It," and in my opinion the only plausible, flesh and blood enchantress that the screen has so far possessed.

Yes, verily, I bow to Greta Garbo.

YOON LE DONNE.

### Censor Idiocy

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Just a few words to express my disfavor on learning that the local performance of "Variety" was only one of many versions. Is it necessary for one in his or her desire to witness originality to visit New York City where the destructive work of the censor is least felt?

My discovery came about accidentally as, glancing through a criticism of the play, it spoke of characters entirely unknown to me after seeing the picture.

In this town, one must endure seconds as far as the spoken drama is concerned, but must we also be at such a disadvantage that to see a picture locally may mean something entirely different from the city cousin?

JOHN FIELD DE MOTTE.

### Just Dumb Directors

Atlanta, Ga.

In motion pictures, some of the dramatic actions and emotions have been portrayed in exactly the same way so many times that they have now lost their desired effect.

For example, why does the heroine, on the departure of the hero after a misunderstanding or for a long separation, always stretch out her arms in a pleading gesture and then, seeing that the hero has already disappeared, slowly close the door and lean against same in helplessness, or, in extreme cases, sink slowly and gracefully to the floor?

On receiving a group of letters, why do they always smell these to find out which is the one and only? This is not only silly but monstrous. I'm rather tired of seeing old-time sovereigns sitting at the banquet table, gnawing on huge bones. Enough! Enough!

MARIE POWELL.

### From a Last Year's Cut-Puzzle Winner

Portland, Ore.

Now that I am beginning to breathe normally again after the excitement of the past months—months of photographers, interviewers, congratulations piled on top of congratulations, and the receiving of my check in advance of the designated time, perhaps I can half-way begin to express my appreciation.

As dozens have said to me since the hurdy-gurdy morning of December 9th, when my world was most certainly knocked topsy-turvy for hours, it read like a fairy-tale and I am still pinching myself.

After reading the many, many newspaper articles concerning big people and their achievements I can realize now, just a little, what the big mogul "PUBLICITY" means in their every-day lives. Time has just raced by for me, and likewise, I presume, for my "puzzling colleagues," Ruth and Margaret. Yuletide last year could not help but be one of the happiest for us three, for nothing is nicer than a really, truly 'sprise.

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the \$1,000 check.

VERONICA M. DOLAN.

### Read "The Shadow Stage"

Charlottesville, Va.

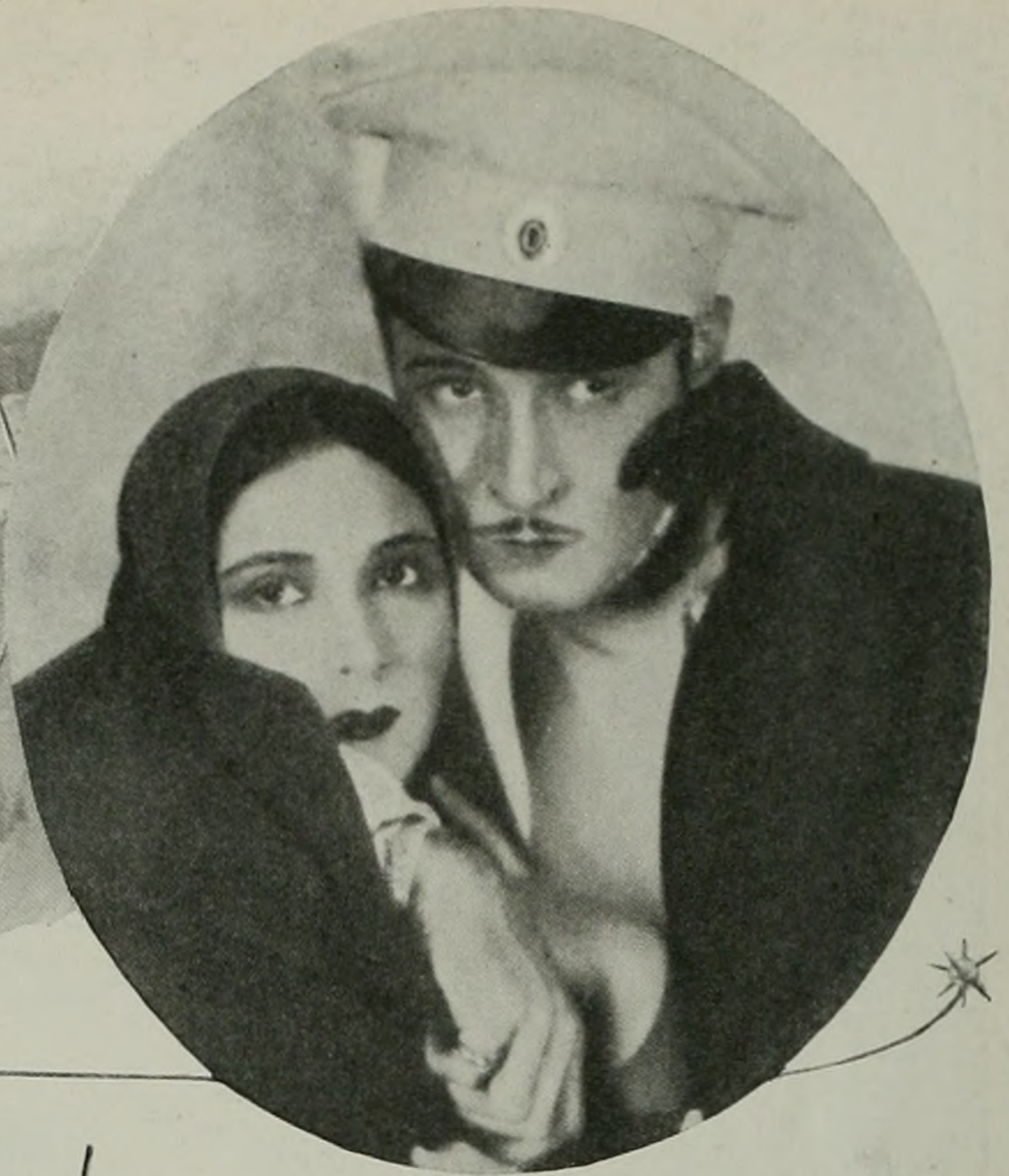
The screen is said to have no critical standards, yet I read six motion picture magazines and three leading New York dailies and find each one possessed of a critical standard, and each one different! Take only two examples. Of the De Mille picture, "Gigolo," New York said the film itself was trash. Washington said it was so good that it was a crime not to have made it into a super-special. The only thing they didn't disagree on was Rod La Rocque's superb performance. Of the U. F. A. picture, "Variety," the dramatic critic of one great New York daily stated that Jannings and Lya de Putti left even the artists of the legitimate stage behind "like so many fish gasping for breath." Whereupon the motion picture of another great New York daily said that Jannings and Lya de Putti gave in "Variety," "some of the weariest ham acting of this or any other season."

This may be very amusing, but does it make any sense? The Film Arts Guild has put out a "Suggested Code for Critics and Public" for the use of supporters of the Little Cinema Theater movement. As an ardent supporter of the Big Cinema Theater movement, I humbly suggest that PHOTOPLAY do the same thing by us. Give us a critical Esperanto to speak in our Tower of Babel.

MISS PHILLIPPA A. BRUCE.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 96 ]





INSPIRATION PICTURES INC and EDWIN CAREWE present

ROD LA ROCQUE

in

# RESURRECTION

by COUNT LEO TOLSTOY  
with

DOLORES DEL RIO

An EDWIN CAREWE production  
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

A picture that throbs  
to the Heart-beat of  
Humanity!

Russia of the Czars . . . Splendor—magnificence . . .  
Petrograd—and its perfumed gallantries . . .  
Pampered Princes — squandering the wealth of a  
nation in voluptuous debauch . . .  
While beyond the snow-fields—Siberia beckons a  
bony finger to the disciples of despair!

You'll find drama of contrast—vast as the Russian  
plains—in this famous romance of a Girl of the  
Soil and a Prince of the Blood—of how, in the  
Shame he brought her, he found his Soul!

You who can feel great emotion will applaud it.  
Watch for the date at your theatre.







*Enchantingly pretty debutantes, with a skin smooth as ivory,  
delicate as cherry blossoms . . .*

**THE FASTIDIOUS WOMEN GUESTS**  
*of the WASHINGTON GOLF and COUNTRY CLUB*  
*tell how this soap has helped them*  
*to gain a clear smooth skin*

*IT'S* May in Washington . . .

Magnolias . . . cherry blossoms drifting  
to the grass . . .

And on the golf course, along the bridle  
paths, laughing voices, the rainbow flutter  
of bright costume . . .

All the familiar figures of the social  
season flocking to the Washington Golf  
and Country Club; enchantingly pretty  
debutantes in new sports frocks from the  
Riviera; the lovely wives from the foreign  
embassies—

Among the distinguished women who  
make up Washington society, one notices  
everywhere the dazzlingly soft, clear com-  
plexion that has given Southern beauty  
its renown.

How do these women, whose lovely

skin is their greatest charm, take care of  
it day by day?

We asked nearly one hundred women  
guests of the Washington Golf and Coun-  
try Club what soap they find best for  
regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "*Woodbury's  
Facial Soap!*"

"*Delicate*"—"healthful"—"*refreshing*,"  
they said. "*It purifies the skin.*" "*Helps  
to overcome roughness—large pores.*"

Women of fine traditions and associations  
everywhere—college girls, debutantes, so-  
ciety women belonging to famous clubs  
and groups—are expressing in overwhelm-  
ing numbers, their preference for Wood-  
bury's Facial Soap for the care of the skin.

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

In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's,  
one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's  
lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake  
is wrapped a booklet containing special treat-  
ments for overcoming common skin defects.

*WITHIN A WEEK* or ten days after be-  
ginning to use it, you will notice an  
improvement in your complexion. Get  
your Woodbury's today—begin to-  
night, the treatment your skin needs!

**YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT** for ten days  
*Now—the large-size trial set!*

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
2209 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me  
the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's  
Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream  
and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin  
You Love to Touch," and instructions for  
the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew  
Jergens Co., Limited, 2209 Sherbrooke St.,  
Perth, Ont.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.





Richee

IT is one of Nature's little jokes that Louise Brooks was born in Kansas, home of the cornflower, the censor and the late Carrie Nation. Yes, Louise has acquired a new hair-dress in Hollywood. It's called the High-brow Bob.

NEW

PICTURES





SOMETIMES it is fatal to be too pretty. Marion Nixon goes on playing the little-girl-who-marries-the-hero, while less beautiful ladies get all the snappy rôles. Who will save Marion from too much sweetness?





Hommel

WHAT is the magic in the name of *Greta*? Maybe there is a law in Scandinavian countries proclaiming that all beautiful girls must be christened *Greta*. Miss Nissen, incidentally, is the screen's original Gorgeous *Greta*.





Hoover

**W**ILLIAM BOYD spent seven long years in small parts, waiting for his chance to make a hit. Cecil B. De Mille rewarded him with "The Volga Boatman," and now Boyd ranks high in the list of sure-fire heartbreakers.





Spurr

**S**PECIALIZING in character studies of ornery old bozos—Wallace Beery. Mr. Beery is at present uplifting American art in a dingus called "Fireman, Save My Child." We wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Beery played a fireman.





Richee

**L**OIS MORAN staged a successful little revolt from flapperdom. The secret of her charm lies in her suggestion of poised and well-mannered youth. And that is a big relief in these days of flaming youth and sophisticated sophomores.



# For Summer Frocks - Sheer Gossard Foundations

SILKEN frocks for Summer fashions need the softest, lightest of foundation garments beneath them. So light that they are almost weightless, giving no restraint, yet skilfully designed to groom and mold the figure to the smartest lines - such are Gossard Summer figure garments, specially designed for Summer wear.



A lovely two-piece Gossard Tedetite, and uplift bandeau, and soft, boneless girdle composed entirely of satin tricot. The pantie frill, attached to the girdle, completes an entire under costume. \$5.00.

## The Gossard Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago - New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires



Early morning hours find Miss Nilsson on horseback along country roads. She is an enthusiastic rider and has learned to ride four horses at one time, in the old Roman style.



“Now my frocks are fresh and new  
 never ‘washed and ironed’ looking”

says ANNA Q. NILSSON



THERE is rest and relaxation for Miss Nilsson in her rose garden. All the hours she can spare are spent in this fairyland setting where roses of countless variety form a fitting setting for her blonde loveliness. The little garden dress she is wearing is kept as fresh as the roses themselves—with Lux!

Her chiffons—even tailored clothes—once suffered from frequent tubbings. Now they’re like new, though washed again and again.

TAILORED clothes are really quite as sensitive to washing as sheer frocks and fine underthings,” said Miss Nilsson as we strolled through her delightful rose garden.

“Riding shirts, crepe blouses for sport suits, simple little garden dresses—all must be laundered often to keep their immaculate, well-tailored look.

“Sometimes in a single laundering mine seemed to lose their soft sheen—their newness. White silks yellowed and colors often dulled.

“One day I found my maid in the midst of washing out some precious silks. *She was not using Lux!* That explained why she had such difficulty in keeping my clothes fresh looking. I instructed her to throw out the soap she had and use nothing but Lux in the future. Now my clothes are never ‘washed and ironed’ looking!”

Later in the day Miss Nilsson’s maid showed me the beautiful wardrobe that is entrusted to Lux! Fine French underthings for bouffant evening gowns, sturdy glove silk for sports wear. White linen tennis frocks, vivid flannel coats, bright woolen stockings. Gay fringed shawls, frivolous chiffon dance frocks, stately robes de style. All kept ready for instant use—fresh, lovely—with Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



If it's safe in water . .  
 it's safe in Lux

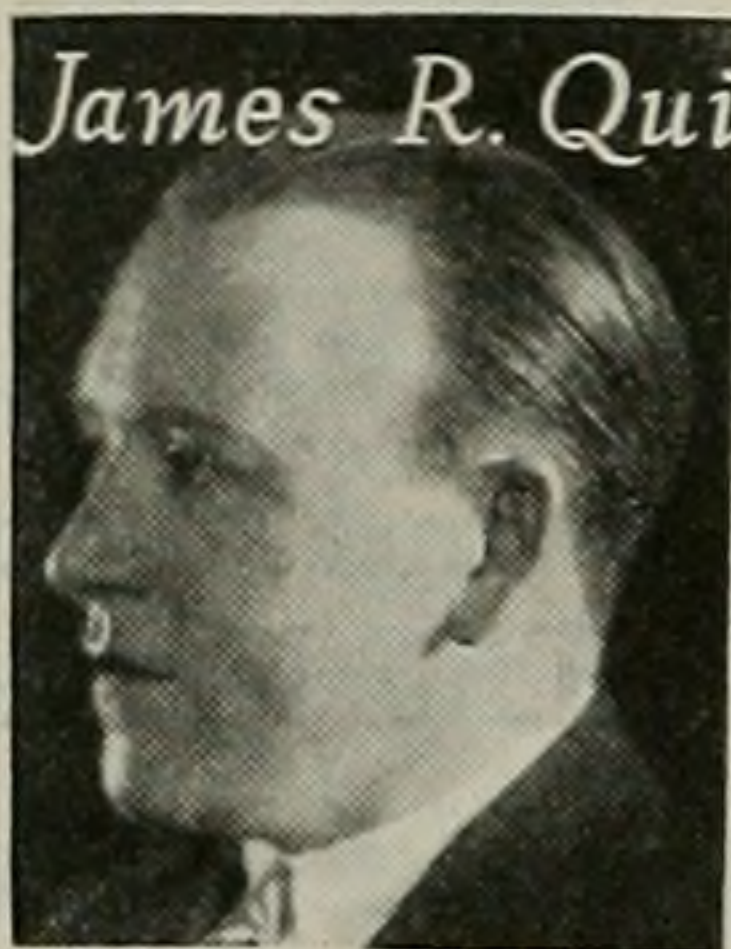


# PHOTOPLAY

May, 1927

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



I HAD just read an interview with Cecil B. De Mille in the morning paper. "Character," he was quoted as saying, "is more necessary to the beginner in pictures than mere looks and ability. A letter from a minister is better than a recommendation from a director."

Turning the page, "Imogene Wilson Signed for Films" was the headline that greeted me. Signed by John Considine, General Production Manager, for United Artists, which is headed by Joseph Schenck. Signed as a co-worker of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Norma and Constance Talmadge and John Barrymore.

I wondered what minister gave her the letter.

AND just a week or two before, the United Artists had joined the Hays organization of producers and distributors. A fine start and a perfectly delightful greeting for Will Hays, who has fought a sincere fight to keep the producers from capitalizing notoriety.

I hate to pick on a girl, but Imogene Wilson's history in New York and Europe for the past three years has been written in newspaper headlines of police courts and other unsavory activities. The producers have gone daft over foreigners recently, neglecting the beauty and talent of this country. But if this is the beginning of a back-to-America-for-stars movement, the public would prefer the foreigners.

The worst of it is the United Artists official who signed her up said he did it because he saw her in a German picture.

That's rubbing it in, and I protest.

BEGINNING with this issue, Terry Ramsaye, the author of "A Million and One Nights," the outstanding work on motion picture history, begins a series of little journeys to the homes and private offices of men who are preëminent in the business of the screen.

Most of the stories of these men are the usual canned product of publicity departments, and in nearly every instance they have been unfairly depicted as combinations of male Cinderellas and captains of industry; supermen, wholly devoid of human foible, courageous Columbuses who visioned new continents, masters of finance, men of destiny, and all that sort of rot.

As a matter of fact, not one of them had the slightest idea of what the business would be today.

OF the entire group, the slightly built figure of Adolph Zukor is the most significant, and oddly enough none is more inclined to attribute his position to the whim of fate or intelligently manipulated circumstances and luck.

So we start with Zukor, who personally conducted the motion picture from a tiny nickelodeon on the lower East Side to the great Paramount Theater, the shining monument to the new art at the cross-roads of the world, Times Square.

A FEW blocks further uptown stands the Roxy Theater, built on the personality of and named for Sam Rothafel. It cost ten million dollars and they call [CONT'D ON PAGE 78]



# Schools of Movie Acting

THE Hollywood Chamber of Commerce says that the film city wants no more extra players to add further burdens to its unemployment problem.

The Will Hays organization warns beginners to stay away from the studios, already overcrowded.

As a result of Ruth Waterbury's recent investigations, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE believes that the novice hasn't one chance in ten thousand of earning a decent living wage in extra work.

But let us not listen to these old crabs who insist on talking common sense. Because we know we have talent and personality; we know we have IT.

Our friends have told us that we are wasting our time at home, in school, on the farm or in the factory.

AND there is a group of kindly, helpful, optimistic gentlemen who are sure that they can teach us to act.

They are confident that "directors are constantly on the watch for such natural ability as you may have."

They proclaim that "twenty-five million picture-play patrons demand new names—new faces—new talent!"

These ringing slogans, of course, mean *you* and *you* and *you*.

Let us turn our backs on the sour-faced statisticians who prove that the present supply of players far exceeds the demand. Let us seek the happy companionship of the gentlemen who run Schools for Movie Acting.

It is easy to become acquainted with them. They are not snippy and aloof like directors and producers. Anyone with a two-cent

By



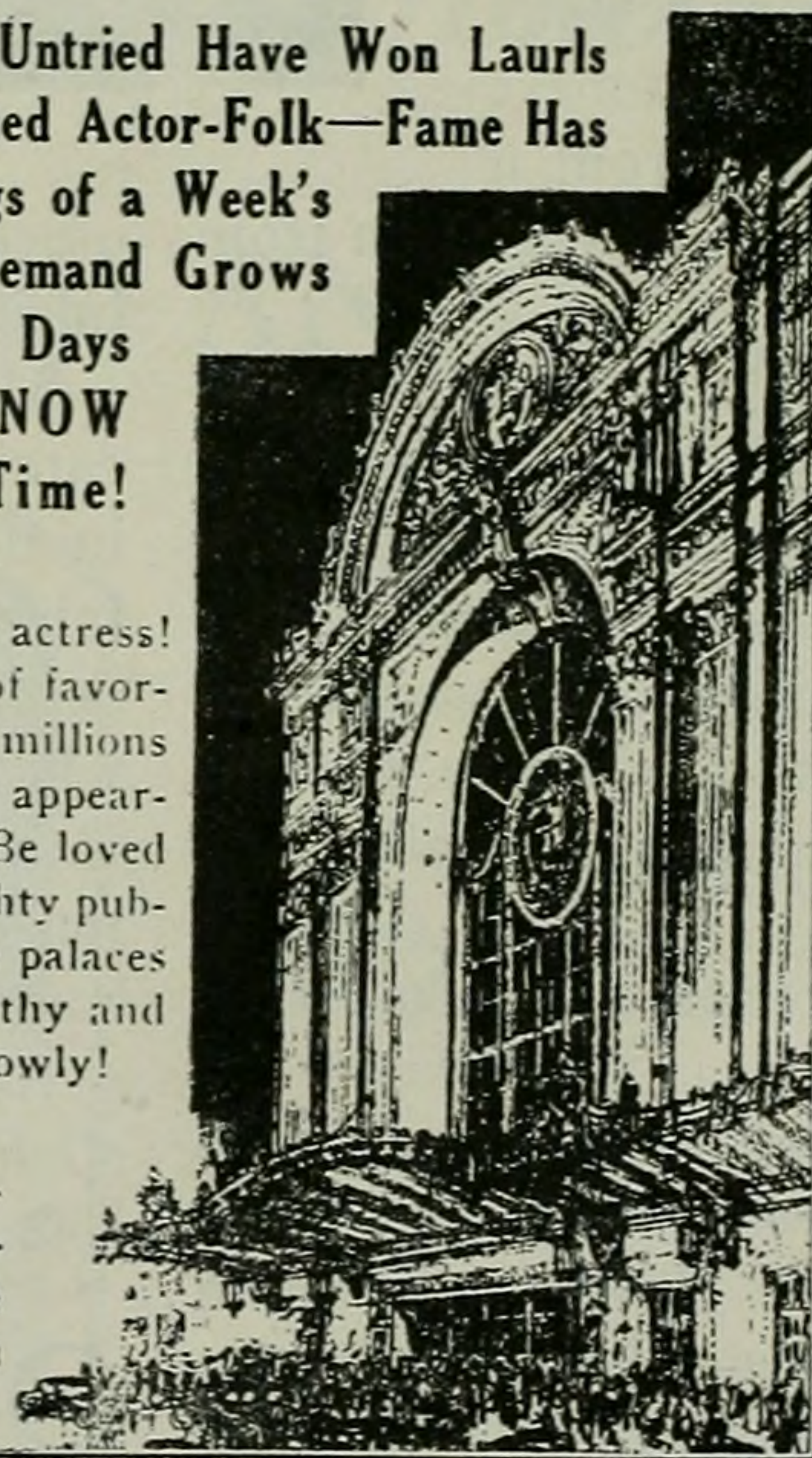
Agnes Smith

## Be A Movie Player! Fame, Fortune and Joy of Succeeding Are United in This Newest Avocation

The Unknown and Untried Have Won Laurls  
With the Experienced Actor-Folk—Fame Has  
Come on the Wings of a Week's  
Passing — the Demand Grows  
—but the Pioneer Days  
Will Not Tarry! — NOW  
Is the Golden Time!

Be a movie actor or actress!  
Join the silent army of favorites of the films! Let millions learn to applaud your appearance on the screen! Be loved and lauded by the mighty public! Be known in the palaces of the great and wealthy and in the cottages of the lowly!

Can you succeed?  
Read this interesting, absorbing story—and then look for the answer in your own heart!



Remember, we give you the first 15 Lessons of the Movie-Acting Course FREE-- AN OUTRIGHT PRESENT OF FIVE DOLLARS WORTH, as an inducement for you to start PROMPTLY. Only \$15.00 to pay altogether. Five Dollars brings the entire first half of the Course-- 15 Lessons free-- 15 to pay for.

And don't overlook the THREE FINE PREMIUMS that will be yours the moment you have paid for the Course.

There's the big MAKE-UP OUTFIT-- 30 articles in an enameled compartment box with lock and key. Material for hundreds of make-ups-- for every kind of make-up under the sun.

The COURSE ON SCENARIO-WRITING is another present you will find interesting and valuable. A knowledge of Photoplay WRITING will help wonderfully in grasping the art of Photoplay ACTING or give the command of a separate, interesting, and lucrative profession.

Two samples of the glittering literary style and free-handed generosity of the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich., purveyors of talent by mail

stamp can get enough promises of fame and glory to take all the joy out of life on the old farm.

Hollywood may be overrun with sheiks and cuties, but hope springs eternal in the movie school advertisements. The R. F. D. man brings the gaily colored prospectus to the bucolic Lillian Gish whose ears never hear the sinister warning sounded by the organizations that cruelly harp on cold facts.

And so let us buy a book of two-cent stamps and embark on a life of adventure. It takes no great literary ability to write a letter.

Let us send a pencilled note to the Film Information Bureau of Jackson, Mich. Jackson, of course, is a live center in this film producing business, just the place for a dramatic school.

THE circulars of the Film Information Bureau are a joy to any home, because they are printed on beautiful green, pink, yellow and blue paper. The racket of the Film Information Bureau is simple enough to be understood by the crudest Bœotian.

The Film Information Bureau teaches movie acting by mail. Now laugh *that* off.

What Price Glory? Let us examine the handsome yellow circular and see what the Film Information Bureau offers and for how much.

The yellow circular speaks: "The Price of this matchless Course of Sixty Lessons is Twenty Dollars. But we are going to make you an outright present of the FIRST FIFTEEN OF THESE LESSONS. (The capital letters are theirs.) When you send in your enrollment we will credit you with \$5.00 (the price



# No money, no education, no experience required! Just pay your money and become a star

of 15 lessons) thus making the cost of the entire Course only \$15.00.

"And please note that while the above is figured on a cash price basis, you need not send all the money at once unless you choose to. We will accept only \$5.00 with your enrollment—the balance of \$10.00 to be paid in two further installments of \$5.00 each.

"Still more! THREE Valuable things FREE!

"When we send you the last 14 lessons of the Course, we will include FREE a Big Professional Make-Up Outfit, containing 30 articles, a complete Course on Photoplay or Scenario Writing, and a year's subscription to . . ." a Motion Picture Magazine (NOT PHOTOPLAY).

(You will not find any Schools of movie acting in Photoplay.)

THESE premiums have a singular interest for us. Now for the *poudre bleu* circular.

The "Big Professional Movie Make-Up Outfit" contains enough make-up to scare the chickens to death, if you should practice your art around the farm. It contains, among other treasures, one box of black wax for "missing teeth effect," as the circular puts it. And it has three shades of crepe hair—enough to give you a fighting chance in a Biblical film.

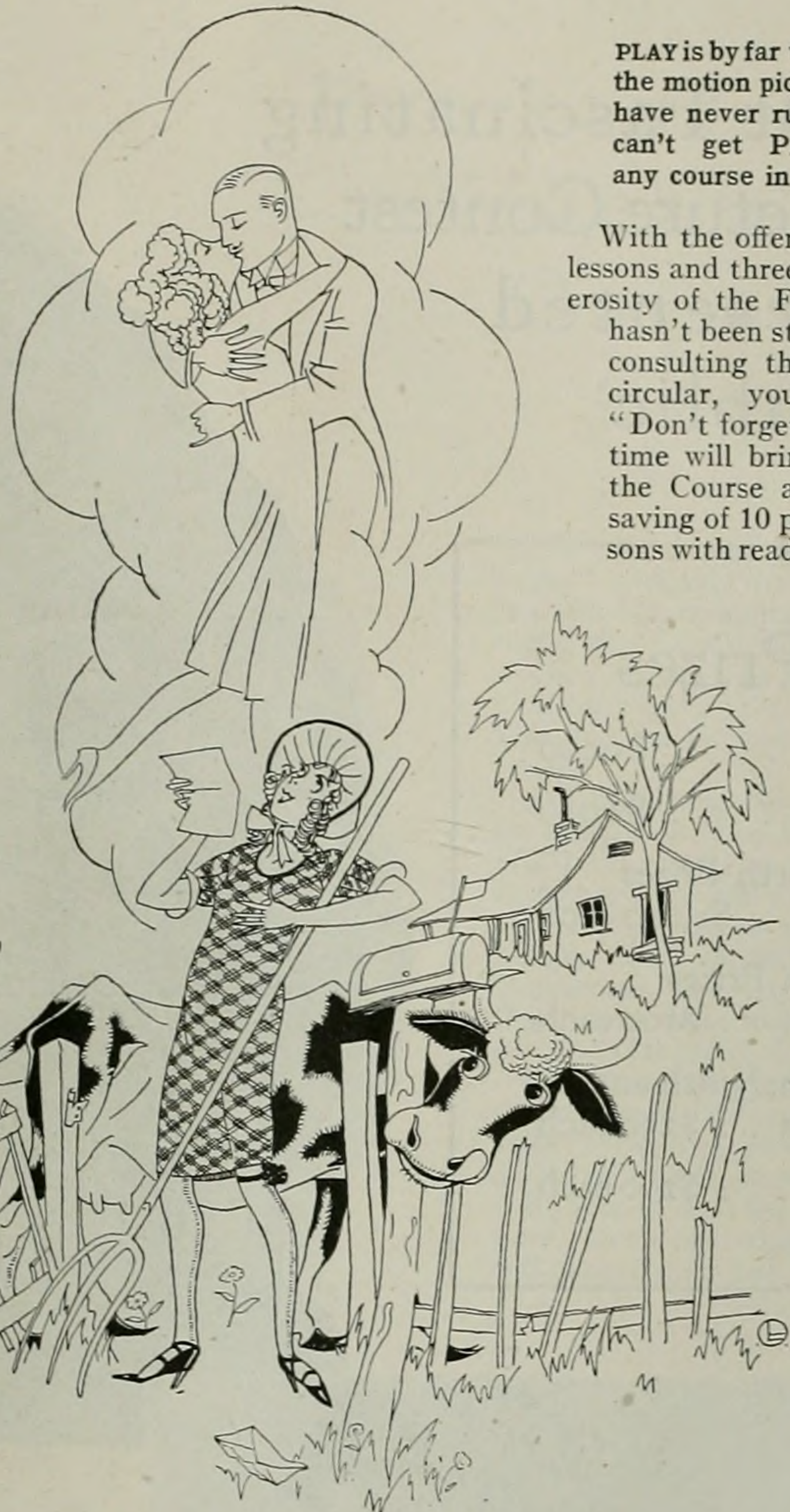
The Course on Photoplay Writing, says the circular, contains "valuable advice by Mr. Lawrence McCloskey of the Lubin Company." The Lubin Company has been as extinct as a dinosaur for nearly ten years. The allurements of a writer's life are touchingly set forth as follows: "No physical exertion required—invalids can succeed. Learn in five days time. Start to write immediately. Each story accepted should mean from \$25 to \$150 for you."

The Film Information Bureau understates the situation.

Any writer, these days, receiving only \$150 for a story would go out and hang himself in Joseph Hergesheimer's barn.

The third premium is the year's subscription to The Motion Picture Magazine, described as a "big monthly magazine of about 200 pages each issue."

That is an inexcusable exaggeration. PHOTO-



"The R. F. D. man brings the gaily colored prospectus to the bucolic Lillian Gish whose ears never hear the cruel facts"

PLAY is by far the largest magazine in the motion picture field and its pages have never run over 156. And you can't get PHOTOPLAY free with any course in Swiss bell-ringing.

With the offer of a complete course of lessons and three free premiums, the generosity of the Film Information Bureau hasn't been stretched to the limit. By consulting the charming *bois de rose* circular, you find this postscript: "Don't forget that \$13.50 sent at one time will bring everything at once—the Course and Three Premiums—a saving of 10 per cent or \$1.50." Persons with ready cash get all the breaks.

Now the Film Information Bureau doesn't want a lot of duds taking its lessons. So to prevent you from wasting your money, it sends you, in return for one slim dime, a "Twelve-Hour Talent Tester," by which you may gauge your fitness for the cinematic art. I advise anyone with a loose dime and a rough sense of humor to get one of these testers.

THE Talent Tester is a lovely shade of *rose-marie*, printed in Valencia blue and bound in another shade of blue, a real *ciel*. I wish I had space to print its text in its entirety, but if you want to get the complete, beautiful document you'll have to send your own dime.

But here, as described by the circular, is the way to

find out if you're equipped by the gods to be a movie star. Here is the test for discovering talent.

"Think of some very sad incident in your life. Carry yourself back to it. Keep a mirror before you. THINK HARD about that sad affair. Do the lines in your face look shadowy? THAT IS ACTING.

"Think of a romance—one you have had, or expect to have." (Come, come, gentlemen) "Imagine yourself experiencing that romance.

[CONT'D ON PAGE 138]

### The Truth from Washington

William E. Humphrey, Federal Trade Commissioner, says: "Some of the glaring instances of the fake advertisements . . . are the disreputable correspondence schools, with their lying statements of special terms and privileges; of impossible accomplishments; of money back if not satisfied; and particularly their dishonest and alluring promises of lucrative positions. By such false and fraudulent promises, so-called correspondence schools, a discredit to the name, are robbing the ambitious and credulous young women and men of this country of not less than thirty-five million dollars a year. This vast robbery, mostly from victims who can ill afford to lose, must end."

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE only publishes the advertisements of reliable, helpful institutions.

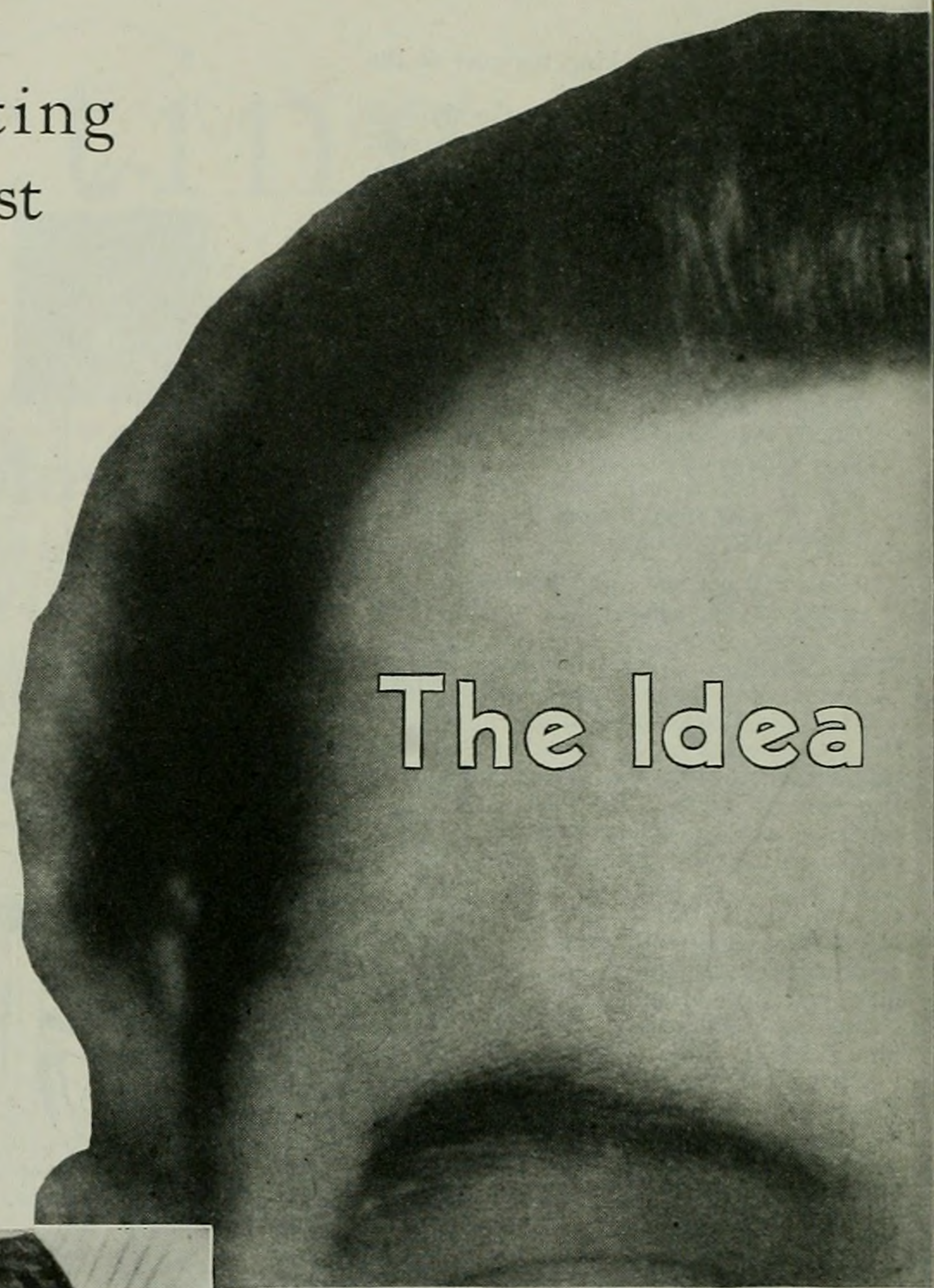


# The Great \$15,000

The Most Fascinating  
Motion Picture Contest  
Ever Presented  
to the Public

## The Prizes

First Prize . . . . .	\$5,000
Second Prize . . . . .	\$2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes . . . . .	\$1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes . . . . .	\$500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes . . . . .	\$250 each
Forty Prizes . . . . .	\$100 each



# The Idea



The success of "The Covered Wagon" was made, not by its actual plot, but by its great theme—the winning of the West by the Forty-Niners—one you will never forget. Besides being the story of a great adventure, it had a stirring patriotic appeal

**H**AVE you an idea for a motion picture? Can you express that idea in 200 words? If you can, you have a chance of winning one of the prizes, awarded by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, in PHOTOPLAY's big \$15,000 contest.

In case you are a bit hazy as to just what constitutes a good theme of a motion picture, here are a few pointers that may be of help to you. To suggest, for instance, a picture dealing with the French Revolution would not be enough. But to suggest some particular phase of the Revolution would offer an idea to work on.

To suggest the story of an invention—say of the aeroplane—is too general. But one aspect of aeronautics—the struggle of the Wright Brothers—might contain the germ of an idea.

These, of course, are obvious examples—too obvious to be used as entries.

Before you submit your idea, be sure that it has never before been presented on the screen. Be careful of religious stories that might offend some

See Rules of the



# Idea Contest *is* On!

Put Your Head to  
Work and Win  
One of the Big  
Cash Prizes

## Factory

The actual plot of "The Ten Commandments" probably has escaped your memory. But you still remember its theme—the application of the Ten Commandments to modern life.

The story of "The Birth of a Nation" may be a bit hazy but its theme is still clear—the Civil War and its terrible immediate effect on the South.

Another thing: everyday men and women are more interesting than historical characters. While the events in the life of a Napoleon, a Caesar or a Lincoln are stirring, the real drama occurs in the lives of the ordinary men and women whose destinies were affected by the Napoleons, the Caesars and the Lincolns. Great men make history; ordinary people live it. And it is life that the screen must reflect.

Now put your brain to work. Remember that originality will count for more than literary ability. Be brief, be concise and be clear—and, above all things, be original.

Be sure to read the rules of the contest carefully. Remember that your chances of success will depend on a full [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

creed. Unless you can look upon religious and racial problems in a big, tolerant way, steer clear of them.

Historical subjects are always acceptable but they are apt to be obvious. Unless you have a new slant, a new angle on some historical crisis, the idea is likely to boil down to a commonplace.

Modern life is filled with problems, with dramatic possibilities, that never have been adequately presented on the screen. What vital public problem is of the greatest interest to you? What is the biggest personal problem of today? Can you translate these problems into dramatic terms, suitable for the screen?

Mere plot construction is not important. If you will look back on the great pictures you have seen, you will find that they were successful because of their themes, not because of their plots.

Perhaps you can't even remember the details of the plot of "The Covered Wagon." But you will never forget that it was a picture of the winning of the West by the Forty-Niners.



The plot of "The Ten Commandments" was subordinate to its religious theme—the application of the Ten Commandments to modern life. Its religious message will be remembered long after its colorful scenes and the details of its plot are forgotten

Contest on Page 82



# "I'm Not Going to Marry"



**N**ORMA SHEARER—favorite daughter of the gods. Bright, proud and gallant. Wearing a sort of shining armor of achievement. But in her heart, what? Adela Rogers St. Johns' story of Norma Shearer is a rarely revealing study of this reticent young person. It's a keen analysis of the reactions of success upon a modern girl



# Says Norma Shearer

To Adela Rogers  
St. Johns

“What, after all, has a girl in my job got to give to marriage?”



As *Kathe* in “Old Heidelberg,” with Ramon Novarro and Lincoln Stedman—a picture that promises new and fresh laurels for the girl whose work comes first

**J**UST exactly what does the cup of success taste like anyway? Is there always a dash, or more than a dash, of bitter in its sweetness?

Does it turn to ashes upon eager lips?

You know how often you hear the price of success quoted as high, almost too high.

This Norma Shearer, for instance.

Beyond question the most successful of our younger screen stars. Bright, proud, gallant, the favorite daughter of the gods. Wearing a sort of shining armor of achievement.

In her heart, what?

It is so difficult to tell about the heart of a modern. Hearts are no longer worn upon the sleeve.

That is not now the fashion.

But one can always ask.

So I asked Norma Shearer, the two of us very comfortable over tea, very relaxed in the chintz comfort of a radiant sunporch. A time for confidences, for questions, for digging down and stirring around the psychological depths.

“Norma,” said I, lazily regarding the ends of my tennis slippers (we had been playing tennis), “has it been worth it? Is it worth it?”

“Is what worth it?” said Norma Shearer.

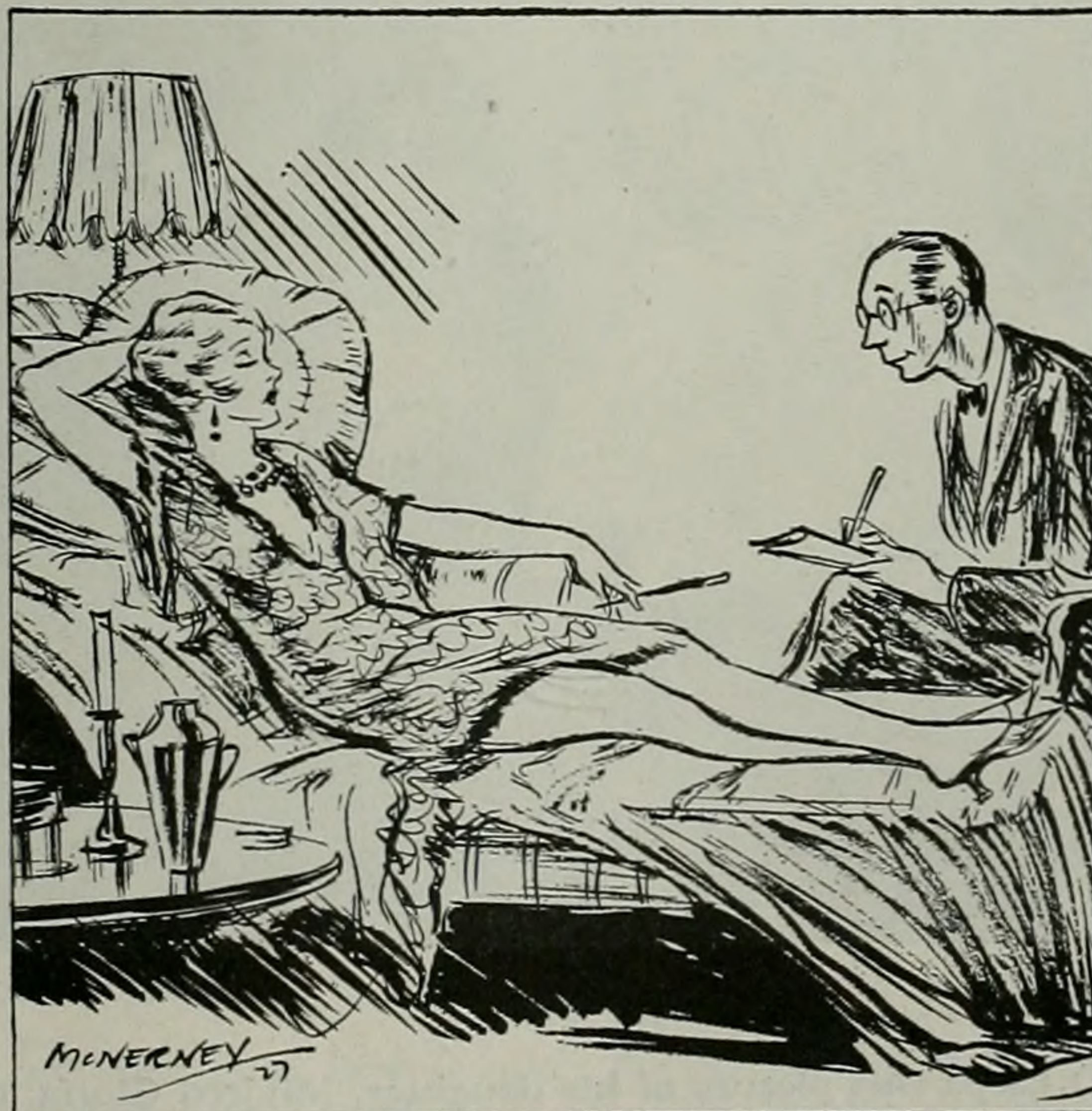
I do adore looking at Norma—so slim, so clean-cut, so coolly self-contained. Oh, a typical modern, that one.

“**I**S success worth it? You’ve had full measure, my girl. You’ve made the bright dream come true. But—haven’t there been sacrifices, hasn’t it been terribly hard work, is it all that you thought it would be when you peered up at it a few years ago?”

She was silent a moment, and very still. Always thinks before she speaks, does Norma.

“There have been sacrifices,” she said, slowly. “Plenty of them. There still are. And it has been hard work, gruelling work. Nobody knows. Sometimes I think the keynote of succeeding nowadays is self-denial. But—I wonder if I can explain to you about success.”

Hesitating, she was unusually lovely, a little softened, her eyes wistful.



Interviewer—“Tell me about your next picture.”

Star—“You may say that it will be my biggest, most important rôle.”

Interviewer—“What is the name of the story?”

Star—“Oh, we haven’t selected *that* yet!”

“Success is like a treadmill. By that I don’t mean in the work alone. But—you never really get anywhere. I am in the same place today in a way that I was when I started. As you climb, new distances open ahead all the time. It looks just as far now to the goal I have set myself as it looked years ago when I was a camera model and wanted to be a motion picture star. The farther you go the farther you want to go, the more worlds you see to conquer and so you never get bored, it never—what was it you said—turns to ashes.

“You call me successful. I suppose I am. But—but—I want to do big things. I want to play big rôles. I’m just beginning. Everyone is, that really desires to do fine work. You’re always straining, always reaching ahead toward the thing you haven’t attained, haven’t accomplished. Don’t you see?”

“Motion picture success is like a woman a man loves but never possesses. It is so uncertain, so fickle, so hard to grasp. No—it never bores you. Here today, gone tomorrow, always dancing ahead of you with new allure, sort of leading you on.”

**W**E sat in silence, stirring our tea, and it was borne upon me how young Norma Shearer was, how terrifically young, to be talking about success. I have seen girls just being graduated from finishing school who looked no younger.

A maid came in. The fitter had come. A secretary came in. Family matters—bills, bungalows for relations, this, that and the other arose. Norma dealt with that quietly enough. Mr. Lubitsch was on the telephone. Would Miss Shearer come at nine the next morning for tests for “Old Heidelberg”? Miss Shearer would. And a maid was instructed to send for the hairdresser to wash Miss Shearer’s lovely tresses. The head of the publicity department was on the phone. Mr. So-and-So of Such and Such a magazine

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]





**H**AROLD LLOYD keeps this picture of his daughter, Mildred Gloria, on the make-up table in his dressing room. It serves to remind him that there is something more important than his newest comedy, more important than his career and more important than all the film business. Gloria has the clear blue eyes and golden hair of her mother, Mildred Davis, Harold's sunny co-worker in his first big successes.



# Collegiate

By  
Peter Street

Drawing by Kliz

When the silent drama is outspoken—  
at Princeton

**M**ANY of our cinema stars dear to the public's heart would be infinitely saddened could they see how they are received on the screen at Dad Struve's Arcade Theater in the quiet little University town of Princeton. The young iconoclasts seem to lack proper respect for fame and consequent name. Necking scenes they greet with loud and disrespectful noises suggestive of osculation, and at outdoor shots in which the background is a painted backdrop they jeer contemptuously with cries of "Fake! Fake!!"

The college attitude is generally similar to that of the class movie hound who sat behind us at a baseball game last year. He realized that the Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, no matter what peril or hazard they undergo in the course of a picture, always come out unscathed in the end.

The batter hit an infield fly and barely beat the shortstop's throw to first; whereupon, over our shoulder came the voice of the screen addict.

"Safe as a Gish!" he cried.

**D**AD STRUVE'S Theater is small and intimate. The young collegians feel perfectly at home there, and at the moving picture theater frequently express themselves more freely than in the classroom.

When a good picture of the "Covered Wagon" type comes to town they are there *en masse*, packing the parterre, bulging from the balcony, seated on newspapers in the aisle. If, let us say, Bebe Daniels, Gilda Gray, Pola Negri or Nita Naldi, is playing, the picture theater is equally crowded, for the boys love to kid the heavy sex stuff.

Fully half an hour before the early show starts, little groups begin to assemble after dinner in various college clubs.

"Going to the first show?"

"No, I've got to study for a test."

"Oh, come on."

"Can't. What's playing?"

"'Passion's Toll,' with Bebe Daniels."

"No, I guess I got to study."

"They say it's warm stuff."

"Oh, all right. I guess I can pass all right."

Duet: "Hey, fellows, it's quarter of seven. Who's going to the movies?" Business of dropping billiard cues, and a body of ten to twenty students makes a somewhat noisy exit midst much general confusion.



"Money back!" is the traditional student cry of disappointment when the hero and heroine of the film fail to meet in a clinch

In the annual vote of last year's Senior Class at Princeton—a vote which records for posterity the likes and dislikes of the graduating class—the Class of 1926 showed the high quality of its taste by picking the "Big Parade" for its favorite motion picture, with "Don Q," "The Woman of Paris" and "The Last Laugh" following in the order named, while many other pictures trailed with a few votes apiece.

**B**RIDGE, Reading, Golf, the Theater, and Drinking preceded the cinema in popularity as a recreation. In subsequent votes listed, only the five or six leading names are given, for the diversity of opinion as to favorites is too great to mention in full.

Norma Shearer was named the favorite actress, and Adolphe Menjou, the suave hero of sophisticated cinema, received the majority for favorite actor. The first four actresses to follow Miss Shearer in popularity were Eleanor Boardman, Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, and Gloria Swanson. The actors beside Menjou to be named were Raymond Griffith, Doug Fairbanks, Reginald Denny, John Barrymore, and Wallace

Beery. Jack Barrymore, who rated as the fifth most popular screen actor, was chosen as the second most popular actor on the legitimate stage.

Miss Shearer also figured in a class vote of another nature. Classes vote yearly on the "best build," which is tacitly understood to mean that athlete in college who has the best physique. Tom Dignan, star Tiger fullback in 1925, won this contest with 147 ballots. A misinterpretation of the term last year included Miss Shearer, who ran last, after a long list of athletes, with one vote.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



# Little Glory's Copy Book

Young Miss Swanson's first  
fling at Art and Belles Lettres

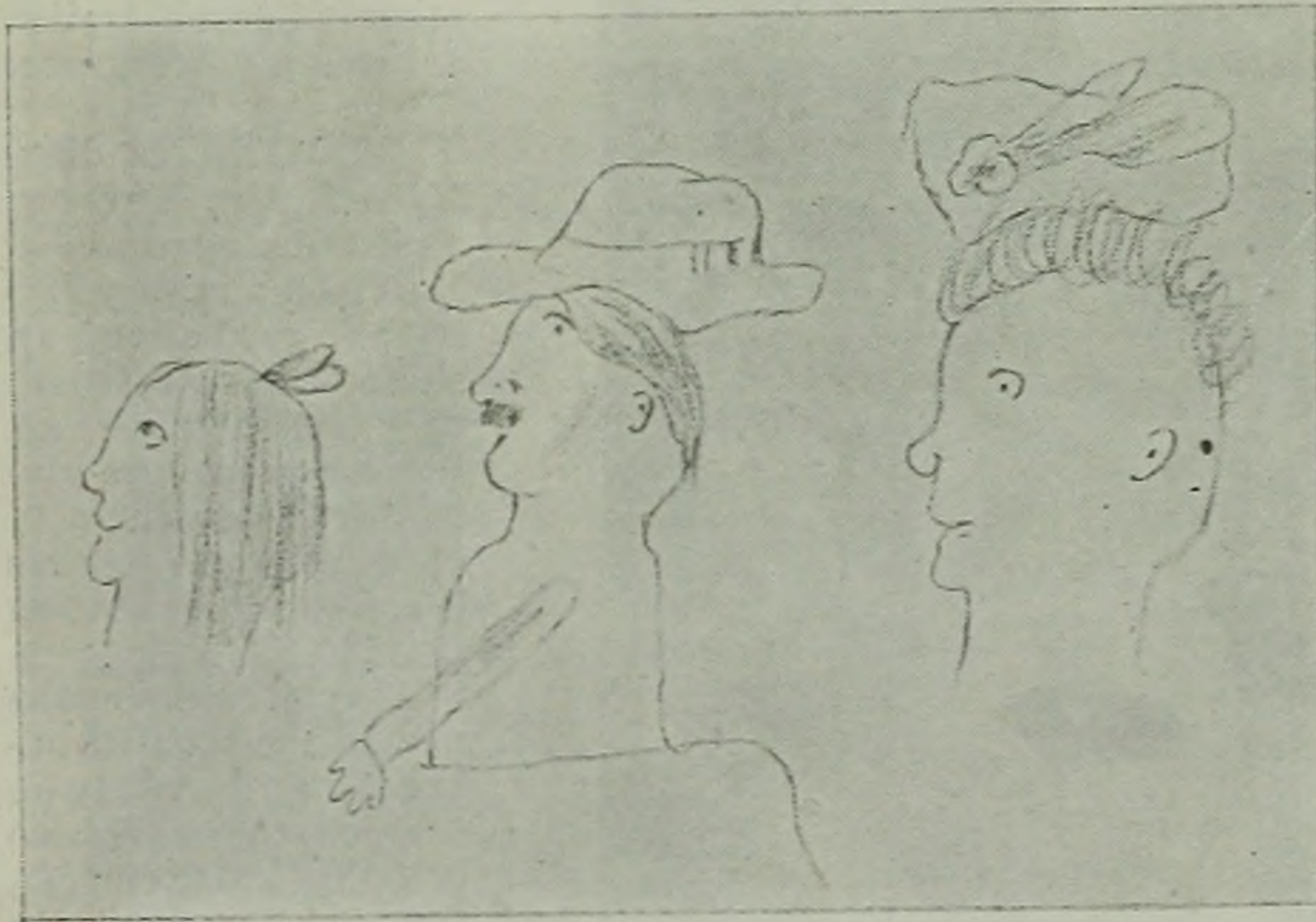
**J**UST before Gloria Swanson set out from New York to Hollywood to make her next picture, she cleaned house. You know how it is when you clean house. Everything turns up, from Grandpa's moustache cup to the postal cards Uncle Ed sent you from the St. Louis World's Fair.

In the bottom of an old trunk Miss Swanson found some old photographs and a copy book, packed away since her childhood in Chicago. Gloria took one look at the photograph, reproduced on this page, and tried to throw it down the elevator shaft. The Marquis de la Falaise rescued it and insisted that the solemn child with the hair-ribbons represents the real Gloria.

The sketch, printed below, was Baby Gloria's penciled impressions of papa, mamma and her young self. And the literature was Gloria's first flight in the field of self-expression.



Cheer up, mothers! This ugly duckling grew up to be the swan of the screen. It is Henry Falaise's favorite photograph of his wife



I am pretty  
Have bird fly?  
I have a pretty cats  
Glory Swanson

My papa is  
good.  
My mamam is  
good.  
And dan the  
baby. Glory

Gloria's philosophy of life—as viewed from the first grade



# Minus the Wand

By Ivan St. Johns

**T**HIS is not a Cinderella story. It's one of those true-to-life yarns with which Hollywood abounds. Laura La Plante's fairy godmother was snoring the day Laura decided to become a motion picture actress and, as far as Laura is concerned, the fairy godmother has been pounding her ear ever since.

A few years ago Laura La Plante was poor, wretchedly poor. Now she eats caviar and rides in a limousine. But there were dried herring and "flivvers" along the way.

She was born in St. Louis during the World's Fair of 1904. Her mother was the daughter of a Missouri farmer, and paralleling the problems of the legendary "old woman who lived in a shoe" the farmer and his wife had so many children they didn't know what to do. They were Yankee stock, healthy and prolific, but very poor.

Rather than remain in the country, where it was all drudgery and no education or play,



Laura La Plante's fairy godmother slept as Laura plodded to fame for seven weary years

Laura's mother went to St. Louis and obtained work as a shop girl. Laura's father was a French dancing teacher.

"About all that I can remember of my life in St. Louis is that we were horribly, horribly poor," says Laura. "I don't know whether my father was a good dancing teacher or not, but I do know that we seldom had all that we could eat or enough clothes to wear. We left St. Louis and came out to Los Angeles when I was nine and I haven't been back. I have heard that it is a nice city. I only know that it meant misery for my mother and my sister and me.

"**T**HERE were times when mother used to send me to the home of a neighbor, a darling old German woman, for a nickel so that she could take a car down town to see if my father had given a lesson that day. A lesson meant that we could have some supper.

"God gave me one jewel in life beyond price," Laura told me. "My mother, whose faith and courage gave me hope and the will to endure failure and whose love and affection have been my rewards for what success I may have achieved in my work."

Laura lived with her mother and sister on "Bunker Hill," near the "Angels' Flight," above the Third Street tunnel for several months after the arrival of the family in Los Angeles.

The Gish sisters, just then coming into popularity, lived not far away. "But in a much better house," added Laura.

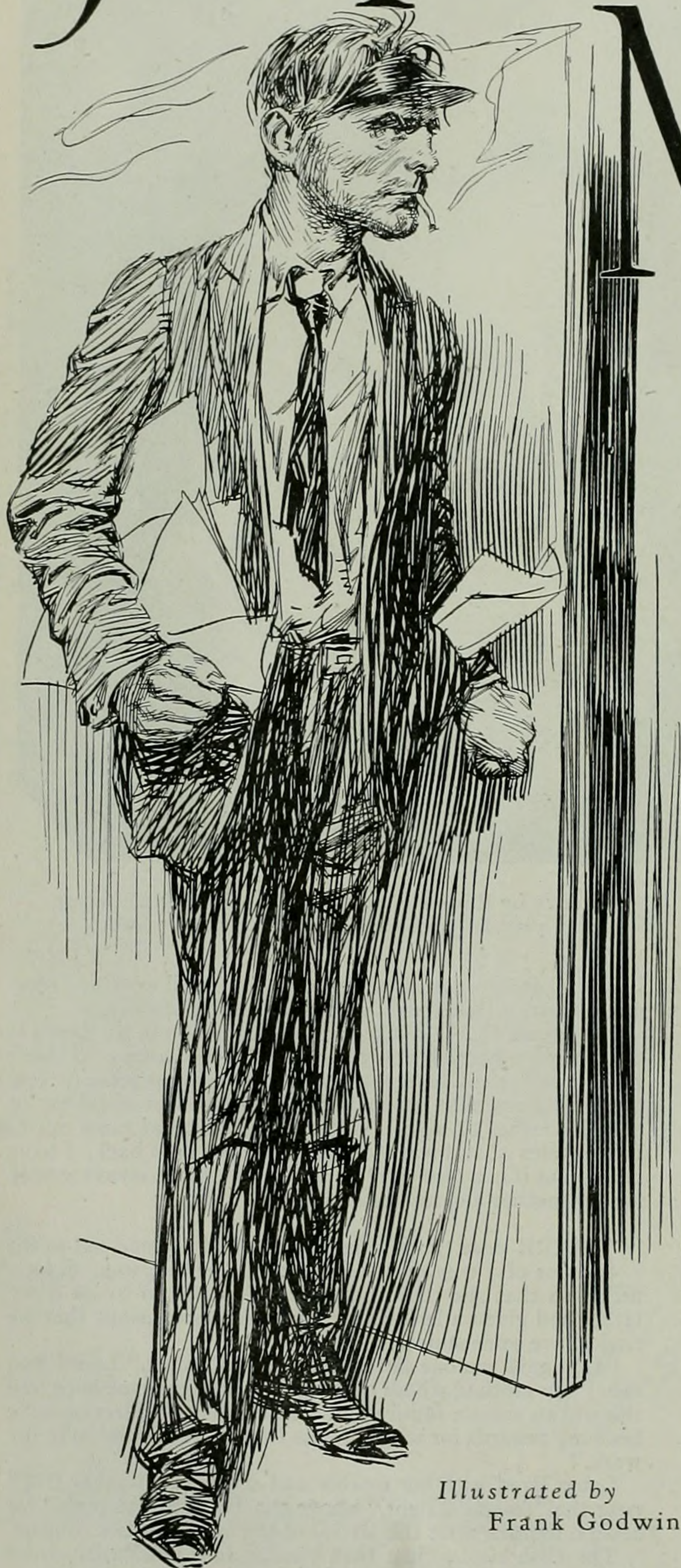
Laura sounded the first dramatic chord in a family far removed from any form of theatrical thought when she voiced her desire to become a motion picture actress. Her mother was in sympathy with the idea, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



See the comic John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue." Regina Cannon, New York critic, says that he's as funny as Joe Jackson, only he hasn't got a bicycle



# The Port of Missing Girls



Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin

Shamus Britt was a master of comedy sub-titles. He had saved many a poor picture. A mild looking wreck, Hollywood whispered that he was a blackmailer, a drunkard and a potential murderer

This is the story of Persis, third of six girls to invade Hollywood. Adela Rogers St. Johns' series of inside tales of the extra girls of moviedom is causing a sensation

“THEY call Hollywood the port of missing girls,” said the press agent, in his best semi-humorous manner.

He was showing young Mrs. Loringdale—Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale, of Rye, New York—through the studio himself, feeling that she was much too important to be trusted to the usual office boy.

Being a snappy press agent, he read the expensive magazines and knew something about Mrs. Loringdale. He had seen her picture often enough—Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale at Palm Beach with her three children, or in her box at the international polo match, or in connection with one of her numerous charities. Rotten pictures, of course, the kind of snapshots that are always out of focus, and he had been inclined to blame them for the fact that as a society leader she fell far short of his conception of the rôle.

But in person she was just as much of a disappointment. Though she belonged to the *creme de la creme*, as he put it, she couldn't stack up beside the stars he'd seen play the part, not for a minute. If he hadn't known who she was he certainly would never have suspected, whereas Sharon Kimm or Nadine Allis knocked your eye out at first glance.

This Mrs. Loringdale was merely a rather tall, slim young woman, with a clear pale skin unadorned by make-up. She wore a dark suit, rigidly tailored, a small sable neckpiece and a small, dark hat. Her feet and hands were nice, small and slim in beautiful shoes and gloves.

You would have noticed her eyes.



# To Hollywood they come, flaunting youth and high hopes

By



Adela  
Rogers  
St. Johns

## No 3

Persis, the minister's daughter, who came from a little white cottage covered with rambler roses in the mid-west

The press agent noticed them with something of a start as she turned them up to his. They were so deep a blue as to be violet, and there was no bottom to them.

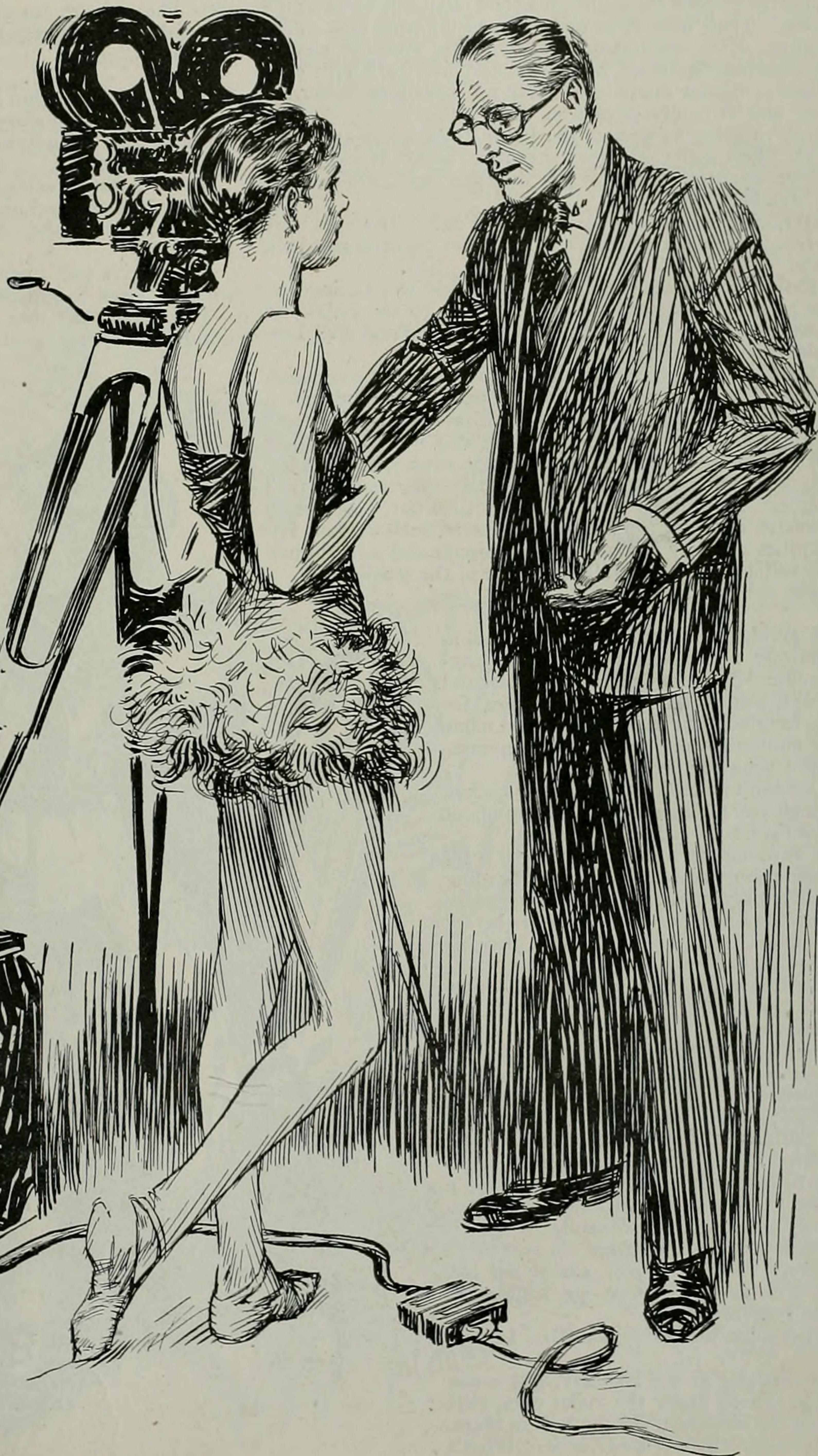
"Why do they call it the port of missing girls?" she asked, in a voice so low that it would have been difficult to hear except for the clear crispness of her words.

"Oh—" he waved his hand, "thousands of girls come out here every year, y'know, to go in pictures. I've forgotten exactly how many, but the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce keeps a report and it'd knock you for a loop. They're always trying to get 'em not to come, but you might as well try to shoo flies away from a honey pot. They say only about one in every ten thousand makes good."

"What becomes of the others?" asked Mrs. Loringdale.

"I could tell you plenty of queer stories about that," the press agent told her mysteriously.

The press agent singled out Gertie Sellman from the mob of extra girls. "Don't go telling any of those cuckoo stories all you girls have got made up about how you got here," he admonished





# Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are face to adversity and

They had paused before a big set, as glittering as a Christmas card, where fifty or sixty girls in frosted costumes of unbelievable brevity were doing a ballet dance. The press agent found her a canvas chair with a famous name printed across the back and she sat down—sat very still, watching. Her gloved hands were motionless. The press agent thought that very odd, for he was used to restless women. He began to be more impressed by her. Maybe *this* was the real thing.

THE group on the set suddenly broke in confusion. The girls came trooping off the set, laughing and talking like school girls at recess. Their bare arms had a greenish-purple look under the lights. They stood about, wise-cracking with the electricians, smoking cigarettes, hollering back and forth with easy familiarity, digging dilapidated make-up boxes from under the scenery and critically powdering their noses.

"They're going to change the lights," the press agent explained, "he's going to shoot the other way. It may take forty-five minutes. Perhaps you'd rather walk around and come back here later."

Mrs. Loringdale did not answer him at once. Her eyes were on the restless flutter of girls, and they had the strangest look in them.

"I should like to meet one of these girls," said Mrs. Loringdale.

The press agent started violently. "One of the girls?" he repeated, and if one could disapprove of Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale there was disapproval in his voice.

"Please," said Mrs. Loringdale, with a quiet air of command.

Much agitated, the press agent went upon his errand. He'd been planning to introduce her to the director and a star and maybe get a picture of her with them and now she'd upset everything by wanting to meet some bum extra girl. Besides, you couldn't tell a thing about these girls—they were all mad as hatters. More likely spill the beans than not. He ran an exasperated eye over the assembly, rejected such obvious impossibilities as Patty Hall and Hazel Dupont and settled upon Gertie Sellman, who was talking to one of the musicians.

Gertie would do.

HE grabbed her by the arm, explained in hurried undertones who Mrs. Loringdale was and how many millions her husband had, and added an impassioned plea for Gertie to uphold the dignity and good name of the motion picture industry by conversation and behavior becoming a lady.

"And don't go telling any of those cuckoo stories all you girls have got made up about how you got here, either," he said.

His introduction was interrupted by a fat and perspiring assistant director bawling through a megaphone, "You gals can go eat. Back on the set at two-thirty. And *be* here."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Loringdale, glancing at the plain little watch on her wrist, "that you both have luncheon with me. Is there a lunch room here?"

There was.

It was past the rush noon hour, and the big, square gray room was almost deserted. It looked rather as though a cyclone or a battle had passed over it. Across the cotton table cloth and the big white sugar bowl and the plated knives and forks, the press agent began to fear that after all he had made a mistake. Gertie's conduct would have been perfectly proper at any funeral.

"I'm low," she apologized, in answer to his glare. "I can't help it, can I, if I feel low? I'm so low today an angleworm wouldn't notice me."

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Loringdale.

Gertie stared at her hostilely, but somehow she melted under the violet eyes, that still had the strongest, shining look in them.

"Oh—I don't know," said Gertie. "What's

the use of anything? I got the heebie-jeebies, that's all. I had a good home and a good job and what the hell I'm doing in this fool place is nobody's business."

The press agent shuffled his feet nervously and upset a salt shaker. But it was no use. Gertie ignored him.

"You couldn't understand," said Gertie, staring at the other woman. "Look where you are and who you are and what you got. What could you know about the kind of things girls like me are up against? You've always had it soft. Everything's been easy for you all your life. Life's tough on a girl alone."

THE press agent shut his eyes and began to pray. Gertie was going to tell her story, which was exactly like nine thousand other stories in Hollywood and had already been told nine thousand times.

But, amazingly enough, it was not Gertie who was to tell a story. It was Mrs. Loringdale.

She looked at the press agent and for the first time she smiled.

"I will give you a new story to add to your collection about what happens to girls who don't make good," she said.

This is the story that Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale told to the untidy little press agent, whose eyes nearly popped out of his



Mrs. Loringdale looked at the press agent and smiled. "I will give you a new story to add to your collection about what happens to girls who don't make good," she said



# made or broken. Persis turned a glorified reaped a rich reward

head behind his thick glasses, and to Gertie Sellman, the extra girl, tinselly white as to costume, and wearing a bright yellow make-up that looked almost like a mask, in the deserted studio lunch room.

## III Persis

THE telephone bell jangled harshly once, twice and again. It paused as though awaiting action, then began once more in short, sharp rings.

Shamus Britt turned a melancholy blue eye on it.

"'Tis an awful thing to be sober," he said sadly. "When I am sober I am a soft-hearted and ineffectual—rabbit of a man. When I am mild drunk I have the courage of a bull. But when I am properly full I am a roaring lion. Now I am persuaded this moment that that impolite son of a bell-ringer is an instrument of the devil, but I haven't got the strength to deal with it according to its desserts. The liquor nowadays has no proper guts in it, but 'tis better than nothing."

He lit his pipe and pulled an old green eyeshade farther down over his eyes.

The telephone continued to ring.

"Bill," said Shamus pathetically, "d'you know any way to stop that ringing? It's getting inside my head and seriously discommoding my high thinking."



Bill turned over in bed.

"Y'might answer it, you poor, high-thinking, wall-eyed parrot," he said bitterly.

Shamus shut his eyes and considered this. Favorably. Bill had almost succeeded in recapturing oblivion when Shamus turned to the broken down Morris chair by the window and spoke.

"Wake up, Bill," said Shamus, "I've promised to go to work."

"What's that got to do with me sleeping?" said Bill.

"Listen," said Shamus mildly. "If I've got to work for the both of us, you might at least get up and drive me there in that tubercular lizzie of yours. I'm not as strong on my feet as I used to be—though my head gets better every year—and it's a long way to Burbank."

Bill slowly unravelled himself from the sundry none-too-clean quilts of the white iron bed.

"Who was it?" he asked.

IT was Irwin Bush. Under more promising circumstances I'd have held no communication with such trash. He's a slave-driving, nickel-pinching ant-eater if ever there was one, and his ways are as oily as his hair. He's got no soul and no appreciation of art—"

"What's that got to do with you?" asked Bill brutally, and Shamus looked pained.

Bill was dressing slowly. Dressing was always a slow process with the last riser in the Britt-McCullough menage. The united wardrobe of its masters could scarcely furnish two complete costumes that would pass public muster.

There can be no doubt about Shamus and Bill.

They were the dregs of Hollywood—the scum of the motion picture industry.

In the mahogany offices of Culver City, in the velvet-hung sanctums of Hollywood itself, along the length and breadth of Poverty Row, they were infamous. The crime does not exist of which they had not been at least accused—they were blackmailers, drunkards if not worse, thieves, roisterers, seductionists and potential murderers and everybody knew it. Their reputations were unprintable and unspeakable and they were capable of anything.

Only one thing kept them out of jail.

If they could be kept sober they were invaluable workmen.

For comedy titles, Shamus had no equal, he being by nature a melancholy soul. And Bill McCullough had gagged some of the greatest comedies ever released. However, they worked only under the pressure of absolute necessity and could never be depended upon to finish anything on time if at all. For this reason nobody hired them if they could get out of it, but in their line they were great—and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



# News and Gossip



Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are going together again. A rumor that they had been secretly married in Mexico agitated Hollywood and movie fans everywhere for weeks. But save your rice. Our sleuths say that it wasn't so

ALL bets are off on the Garbo-Gilbert wedding. For at least five days Hollywood was in a flurry of excitement. Jack and Greta, fairest of Fjordland, were rumored to have trekked to a neighboring hamlet and murmured, "I do." A search of marriage license permits revealed nothing. There is a bleak silence from the two. But Jack's last words for publication were that it was up to Greta to say "Yes."

JOHN ROBERTSON tells a story of a Scotchman who wanted to get married. When the minister arrived at the bride's house—and she was also Scotch—he was asked if he minded performing the ceremony in the chicken yard.

Naturally, the bewildered clergyman wanted to know why.

"Weel," answered the bridegroom, "the rice will feed the hens."

THINGS seem to be at fours and sixes in the Arbuckle family, and there are rumors of a big split. Neither Roscoe nor his wife will say anything, but it is generally conceded that they will both be single before long.

Which reminds me that the boulevard wiseacres also say that Barney Glazer and his wife have come to the end of the trail. We will wait and see if this is true.

And from H. C. Witwer's own lips I have the facts that Mrs. Witwer has seen enough of married life.

SOMEONE writes in to Warner Brothers' studio to inquire if their broadcaster is the man who casts the extra girls.

WITH the closing of the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Long Island, New York gives in—temporarily—to Hollywood as a producing center. The Fox Company will continue to make a few films in Manhattan and so will Robert Kane and a few independent producers. Hereafter New York will have to rely on visiting firemen for its movie producers.

Critics and news hounds from the New York newspapers who have been wont to stir up excitement on studio floors will have to confine their activities to fighting with the ushers in Broadway movie palaces.



Lon Chaney's new surgical characterization—"The Armless Wonder." Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, and watch the marvel of the ages load and fire a shotgun, although he has neither hands nor arms

AND how New York will miss the boys and girls who have hit the Westward trail in private cars and extra fare trains. The gutters of Forty-ninth Street are running with the tears shed over the departure of Mal St. Clair. There wasn't a dry eye in any of the night clubs. Mal is a director by daylight; a play boy by night.

His impromptu orations will be sadly missed along the Canyon of Broken Hearts and Black Eyes.

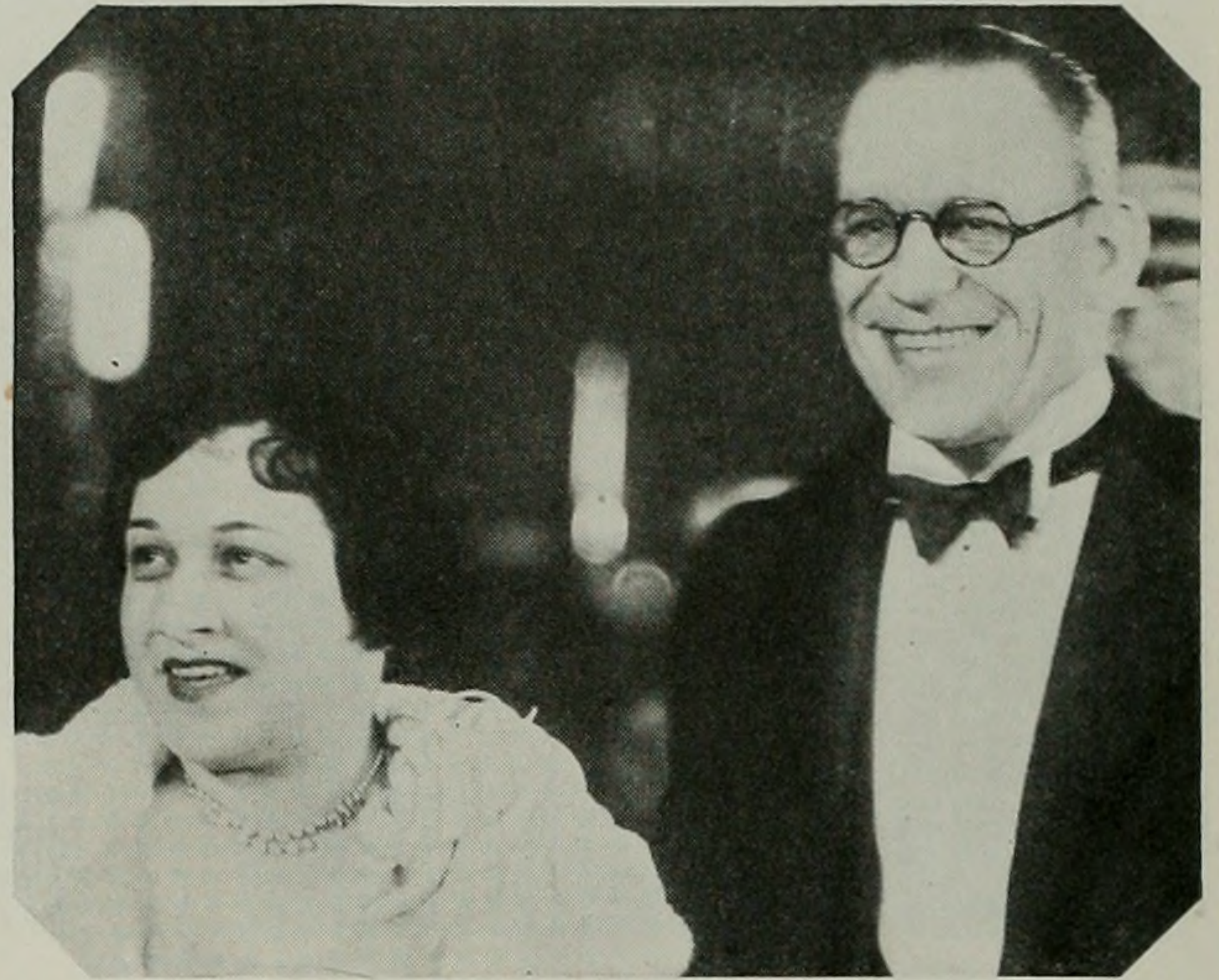
GLORIA SWANSON, too, has gone West. Just after saying she never would make another picture in Hollywood. Gloria was borne westward in two private cars. The Marquis de la Falaise remains in New York. Henry has gone into busi-



# of all The Studios



OOh, look at the terrible tough prize-fighter! Think of the fast footwork that Clara Bow will be able to negotiate in the ring with those high-heeled, white satin pumps. Clara specializes in knockouts



And here is how Lon Chaney looks when he is all dressed up for stepping out. This is the only picture of its kind in existence, because Mr. and Mrs. Chaney have hitherto refused to pose for informal photographs together

YES, this exodus to California makes us break down and sob. Walter Goss, for instance. He's gone too. We choke with emotion when we think of it. Walter is an actor. He feels his parts. He writes scripts, too. And he feels the stories. Also he tells 'em to his friends. Forty-fourth Street, after dark, will miss the splendid sight of Walter Goss in a high silk hat.

THE best little telegram writer in the business. That's the reputation Eddie Cantor is getting. When he heard that the entire Paramount Eastern studio was moving West, he immediately dispatched a wire to Jesse Lasky:

"Congratulations on your decision to close Eastern studios. Thanks a lot for sending on W. C. Fields, one of the worst poker players in the industry. How I need him."

RICHARD DIX and Thomas Meighan do not want to go to California. Richard wants to go to Greenland and make an Arctic story under the direction of Elmer Clifton. Richard would rather be eating gum drops in Greenland any day than drinking chocolate sodas on Hollywood Boulevard. Richard may get his way and make a quick return Eastward.

As for Tommy, if Tommy is sent to California he will be led, kicking and screaming, to the train. Tommy has a swell home in Great Neck, L. I. The boating and swimming season is approaching. Tommy is a home loving lad, as who wouldn't be with such a home?

ALL this shifting of production plans is hard on the rustic community of Great Neck. The Parkers will no longer be among those present this summer, and the John Robertsons have sold their lovely house, because John's contract keeps him in California. The Sound View Golf Club, once the playground of the film set, will now be given over to such prosaic persons as stage actors and brokers.

OLIVE BORDEN says that she and George O'Brien are not engaged; just going together. Nevertheless, George is the only boy Olive ever mentions in her conversation. That is a bad sign. And it may please George to learn that Olive didn't cast serious eyes on any other fellow while she was in New York.

ness; he has ideas about exporting a new small, cheap type of car from France.

Now what is the Mayfair Club going to do?

WHAT will the Algonquin do without Albert Parker, Gloria's director? Who will delight the patrons of George's dining rooms by giving imitations of such historical characters as Mae Murray and Samuel Goldwyn? And who will take the place of Thomas Allen Moore, Gloria's business manager?

Messrs. Parker and Moore were one of the best specialty teams that the Algonquin ever had.

They will be missed.





Vivian and Rosetta Duncan are making their screen debut in "Topsy and Eva," their stage version of the Uncle Tom Blues. Hollywood will miss them when a stage contract takes them to Paris



Dorothy Sebastian went to the beach and got a sunburn that no ordinary powder would conceal. Whereupon Lillian Rosine, make-up expert, came to the rescue and applied a heavy coat of paint with an air brush

**L**EW CODY proved that as a debonair screen lover he was also a devoted husband during Mabel Normand Cody's severe illness with pneumonia when, for days, it was doubtful if she would live.

Day and night, with scarcely any sleep, he remained at the hospital while Mabel fought for her life. It was a mute reply to the rumor that the Cody-Normand marriage lacked permanency.

**H**ERE'S a laugh straight from the lips of Malcolm MacGregor. He was watching Lubitsch direct a scene in "Old Heidelberg."

A line of expert fencers was drilling.

"Lunge!" would say the leader, and rapiers flashed.

Lubitsch was satisfied with the rehearsal.

"All right," and in his German-coated English, Lubitsch repeated the leader's order, "Lun-nch!"

The fencers hesitated, sheathed their rapiers and made a concentrated dash for the restaurant. They thought the little German director had called the noon hour.

**J**ULIEN JOSEPHSON made his first trip to New York recently. Quite out of a clear sky he was handed the script of "Abe's Irish Rose," one of the most important assignments of the year. Julien was born in Roseburg, Oregon, and he was the gentleman so instrumental in shaping the early career of Charlie Ray.

Back of the story of his getting "Abie's Irish Rose" is an interesting sidelight. Julien is a Jew married to a Gentile. Because of this, Anne Nichols and the Paramount officials felt that he could undertake the story with more sympathy and understanding than any other writer in the business.

**T**HE height of something-or-other:

A sign on a blacksmith shop in Hollywood reads: "Wrought Iron Studio."

**J**UST by way of being in fashion, Jack Gilbert spent several days in a local hospital convincing the doctors that his appendix should remain in his abdomen and not be removed for a clinical specimen. Jack won, and the Gilbert torso is intact.

**E**NTER the latest social addition to the films. Joseph Medill Patterson's little girl, Elinor, has been signed by Carl Laemmle to wear grease-paint for Universal pictures. She's been sharing honors with Lady Diana Manners and Iris Tree as the nun in "The Miracle." That's how she happened into Hollywood.

**B**ELIEVE it or not as you may, but there were once girls that innocent. Wally Beery tells of taking a sweet young thing to a cafe back in the days when foam was fashion, not an offense, and ordering cocktails. A cherry floated in the amber liquid and the girl shyly refused the drink. It was only after prolonged questioning that Wally discovered she thought the innocuous cherry was a knock-out drop.

**L**OIS MORAN is to be leading woman in the new John Barrymore picture. They say that John is terribly impressed with her. While Lois' mother was in New York, where she went to get Lois' adopted sister, young Lois was under the chaperonage of Rosamund Pinchot. They say that John didn't allow the two girls to pine away from loneliness.

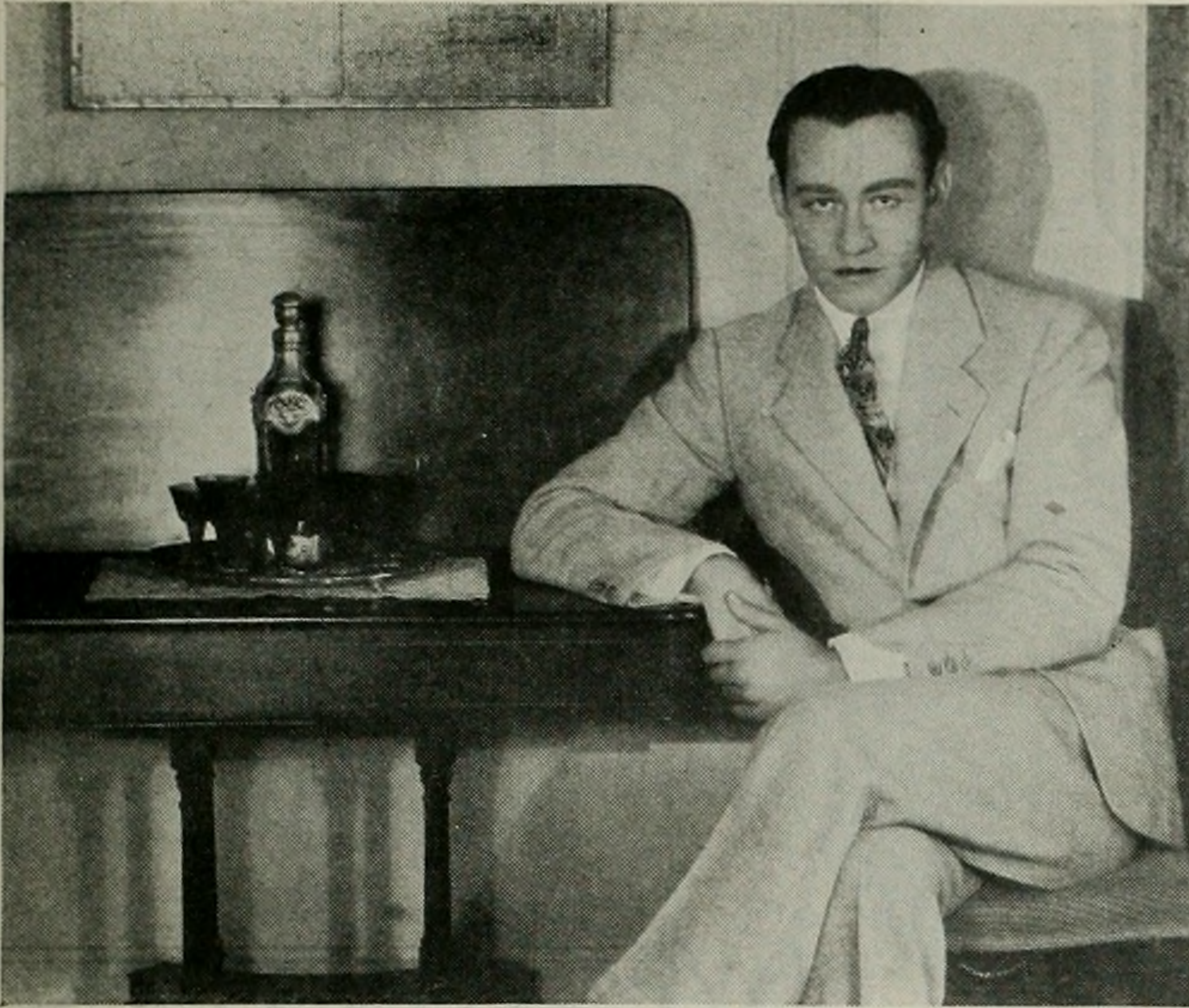
**H**AROLD LLOYD'S visit to New York coincided with the week of the Six Day Bike Race. You cannot tell me that it was a coincidence. Harold spent nearly every evening in Madison Square Garden, hurrying thence after an evening at a show.

Mildred Davis was really too ill to get much fun out of her New York visit. She was awfully worried about leaving the baby out in California. And Harold spent much time on the long distance telephone, inquiring about the welfare of little Gloria.

**T**HERE'S a big debate between Lew Cody and Norman Kerry as to whether it should be called Beverage Hills or Bubbling Hills. Just now it retains the aristocratic name of Beverly Hills.

**T**HE shadow of ill health haunts the life of one of the most devoted couples in the film colony. Doris Kenyon, the talented and beautiful, was forced to leave Milton Sills, her new husband, to go to New York for special medical treatment. Influenza, which postponed her Adirondack wedding, threatens her future health. Because of picture work, Sills was forced to remain alone in the lovely Brentwood Park home he had built for Doris.





Prohibition officers! Here's your evidence. Arrest that man! Conrad Nagel is photographed with a wine bottle and a flock of little glasses. If this doesn't blast Hollywood's reputation, nothing ever will be able to



"This is how I figure the situation," says Ed Wynn. "If Harold Lloyd can make a big hit wearing horn-rimmed glasses, why can't I make an even bigger hit by getting spectacles with bigger rims?"

**R**EGULAR film romance, this. Duke Worne, a young producer-director, thought that Hazel Deane, former Sennett splasher, had dramatic talent and gave her a chance in his pictures. Other producers angled for her services and Duke asked her to become Mrs. Worne. So Hazel said "Yes."

**A**T last the perfect heroine. And an answer to our fervent prayer for a new way in which the maiden may save her virtue. In "King Harlequin," Vilma Banky is a parachute jumper, so it's all in the day's work for her to make an acrobatic leap from the hotel window when the wicked prince pursues her.

There's an idea for some bright promoter to offer a course in parachute jumping.

**L**OTS of fun and telephoning when the long distance connection between London and Hollywood was effected. There was great haste among the film stars to see who would talk first. Colleen Moore and Bebe Daniels are rumored to have tied in the race, with Colleen paying a telephone bill of \$87.00 for the privilege of chatting with a Londoner six thousand two hundred and seventy-five miles distant.

Yes, she asked after the health of the Prince of Wales.

Of course the publicity man worked hard to keep it out of the papers.

**T**HE Irish, God love 'em, will never cease to be sentimental. And I hope they never will. There's Colleen Moore, in this particular instance, who nursed an alley pup to health and sleekness at a cost of \$150.

"You could have bought a pedigreed dog for that price," said Ben Lyon.

"Oh, no!" breathed Colleen, her Irish heart outraged, "it wouldn't have had the soul this one has."

**T**HE Duncan sisters are showing Hollywood something new in the way of opulence. And popularity, too. The opulence is shown in their swanky motor. A Duesenberg, and, dears, it is entirely upholstered in hand-made petite-point. The outside is a heavenly shining blue to match their eyes.

No party is complete without them. They are the most popular twosome to which the colony has kow-towed. Vivian and her tinkling golden notes, as golden as her fluffy hair, and Rosetta, the cut-up, pantomiming her way through their "patio" song. In June the sisters leave to fulfil an engagement in Paris. This contingent, of course, upon the completion of "Topsy and Eva," their first motion picture.

**P**OOOR Iris Stuart, the girl with the beautiful hands, will have to let them remain idle for a whole year while she regains her health. Overwork and nervous strain proved too much for the advertising model who turned motion picture actress with marked success, and doctors advised a complete rest.

**T**ED WILDE'S life is full of babes. Not only did he direct Babe Ruth's first emulsion drama for First National, but his wife presented him with a seven and a half pound babe.

**I**T was over at the Shrine Auditorium where the stars were appearing as "supers" in the charity performance of "The Miracle." Tom Mix wore the severe habiliments of a monk.

"That," said some unknown observer, "is the first costume Tom has ever worn that did not have his monogram on it."

**I**T was a great night for picture fans on the Saturday that Morris Gest gave a benefit performance of "The Miracle," and half of Hollywood's highest price actors forgot starring contracts and joined the "supers" in the gorgeous pageant. There were jolly friars who received thousands of dollars a week and nuns with their own production companies.

Jetta Goudal was a nun, beautiful in severest black and white, as were Irene Rich, Claire Windsor, Elinor Glyn and Marion Davies. Anna Q. Nilsson, Belle Bennett, Natalie Kingston, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, Hedda Hopper, Kathleen Key and Anita Stewart were merry villagers, while Tom Mix, minus Tony, was a dignified monk. Reggy Denny, making his first public appearance since his illness; Conrad Nagel, Edmund Lowe and Morris Gest, himself, were humble burghers in stiffly starched Eton collars and dark homespun suits that closely resembled golf pants.

**H**ERE'S a laugh from the crannies of Virginia Valli's hand-painted secretary. Don't get me wrong. That's the ultra name for desk. Virginia, who is recovering from loss of appendix, pulled forth a handful of telegrams.

"Read 'em," she said. Sometimes Virginia drops her "th's" just like folks. "They're from Marion Davies and her house party guests. I got them the day after my operation."

The first read: "You lost It."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]



# Little Journeys

## To the Homes of Famous Film Magnates



Adolph Zukor's favorite stars—his grandchildren. His son's father-in-law, Marcus Loew, is the father of his daughter's husband. To make it plain, his daughter is the sister-in-law of his son's brother-in-law's sister

*By Terry Ramsaye*

The first of a remarkable series of plain, unvarnished word pictures of the men who rule the motion picture world. Written by the recognized historian of the screen

**A**DOLPH ZUKOR, overlord of the motion picture, multimillionaire, sits in a tense quiet in an office eight stories above Fifth Avenue and looks level-eyed at the world. It is a mad world and he is sane. It is a dizzy world and he is clear-headed. It is a ruthless avaricious world and he has wealth. It is a world of weakness and he has power. And sometimes he wonders, "What of it?"

Zukor is about five feet five, almost slender, taut, poised, alert, seasoned, gray, in his early fifties. He moves with an ease that suggests the boxer. And the suggestion is heightened a shade by something in the set of his shoulders which hints at aggression. His voice is at an even low pitch, so even that there is the impression of a control, once studied and now grown into a habit. He is dressed to an unobtrusive perfection.

Secretaries, assistants, department heads, bankers, and all the routine of the day's callers, pass through that office, pausing their while before a wide desk with a conventional glass top. That desk is always swept clear of papers and detail. On it are one or two framed pictures, family pictures, a bronze cast of one of the first shoes that "Buddy," a grandchild, wore. Behind that desk he listens much and speaks sparingly in work that is made up mostly of decisions.

That baby's shoe immortalized in bronze is something of a clue and symbol. It reveals the deep sentimentality of Zukor, whose outward commercial career has been as barren of sentiment as the icy sheerness of his desk top. It reveals his only major purpose. Adolph Zukor, master of the motion picture, is after all just a hardworking man trying to take care of his wife and family. He has done rather well at it.

Fortune, in dramatic, fantastic projections of his opportunities, magnified like the long shadows of a late afternoon, has come to pattern his screen. He is dramatist enough to know it; philosophic enough to be unsurprised. Also he would not have been surprised if today had found him defeated and obscure. He has been deep in both cups, failure and success. Now he knows that the one is not so bitter and the other is not so sweet, as those who merely sip at them suppose.

Fifteen years ago Adolph Zukor carried a little leather covered book in which he wrote notations of projects he would

like to accomplish and the names of persons of importance he hoped he might one day meet—if only for a word or two.

The names were of the great and famous in the dramatic world, names like Frohman and Kalich and Hackett and O'Neill; and banking names, too, like Kahn, and motion picture names like Kennedy and Marvin and Griffith. Now all the names in the little leather book have been checked off, while cordons of assistants and secretaries take care that too many of those who would like a word or two with Zukor do not push through to his office.

Now on every Zukor anniversary the desk in that office is showered with messages, telegrams and letters that purr with congratulation and blandishment, excuses for the presentation of the names that are signed to them. A trade journal issues a special "Zukor Number," and the great, the near-great, the conspicuous and the inconspicuous of the lesser fry buy space to shout or whisper their names on pages that he will likely see. Some of them spend mayhap a week's wage to do it—there is a chance it might mean just a tinge of his favor—some day.

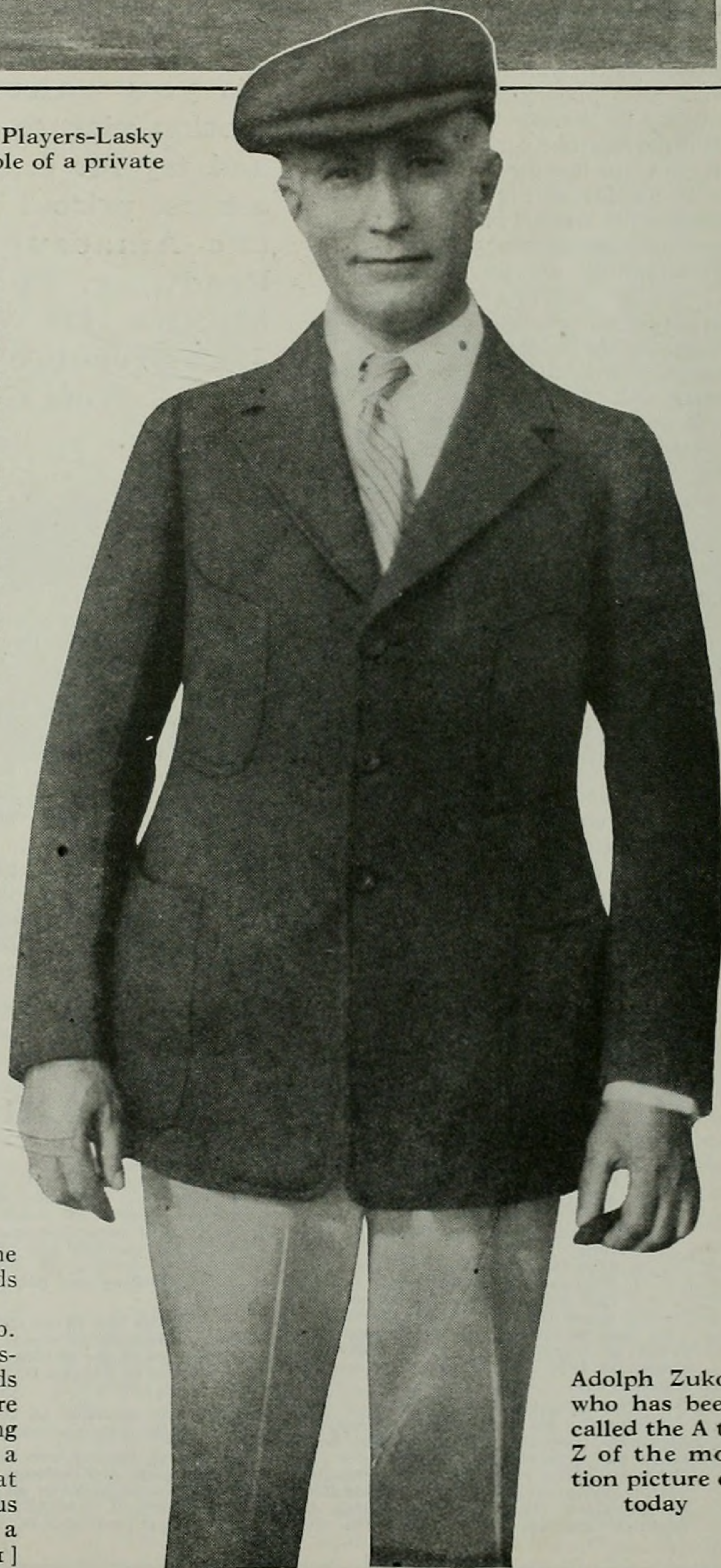
All this Zukor knows and understands. It is a part of the game and he has played it.

**N**EARLY forty years ago Zukor came ashore at Castle Garden, an immigrant from Hungary, with about twenty dollars in his pocket. Today his personal fortune is counted in millions. He has won his battles and holds dominance over the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, a world enterprise, and all of its allies and subsidiaries, summed up in capitalizations that total about half a billion dollars. His home is an estate of a thousand acres. He has energy, health and domestic happiness with the wife of his youth, with his children and his grandchildren. And not so many weeks ago he sat at the opening of the Paramount Theater in the Paramount Building, towering thirty-nine stories into the sky and seventeen millions into the ledger, a triumph of personal policy. In the lobby of that theater is a curious panel of golden mosaic ground supporting an array of incongruous, irrelevant stones. Those stones are relics and mementoes gathered from great and historical structures of the world, from the Valley of the Kings where Tutankhamen





The summer home of the head of the Famous Players-Lasky Company at New City, New York, the nineteenth hole of a private golf course



Adolph Zukor who has been called the A to Z of the motion picture of today

sleeps, from the Great Wall of China, from palaces and castles of Europe, from the Temples of the Aztecs and from the Maori altars of New Zealand. They are in truth fetiches, tokens of tribute wrested from the power and the pomp and the splendor of the ages to add the mite of their possible magic to the mighty pile at "the cross roads of the world" in Times Square—the Pyramid of Adolph I. What more does he want?

**A**MONG other things Zukor wishes his son Eugene would shoot a better game of golf. He wishes that friends would quit giving him trick cigar lighters and match boxes. Also if there is a funny story that is really new he would like to hear it.

Most of all Zukor wants to keep on working, building, attaining. Anyway, short of a complete retirement, he must. He stands in the midst of and on the top of the complex world industry of the motion picture, in about as strenuous a position as a Japanese juggler with ten swords and a battle axe in the air above him. He has to keep going.

In all probability Adolph Zukor thought, when he set forth from the hamlet of Ricse in Hungary at the age of sixteen, in 1889, that it might be something like this. He came, like the European millions who poured in after him, believing that in this New World anything might happen—and for him it has.

His success, and even greater ones, have been proven and found among the unseen possibilities that were then so far ahead at the end of the rainbow. He approached the land of the new open game with a notion of taking a chance, but meanwhile studying the cards, learning the game and learning the players—thereby eliminating chance. Some people believe in luck. Also some people think that poker is a game of chance. The only element of chance is in what the player does not know and can not fathom, about cards and about men.

**I**T is probable that Zukor does not think poker is ruled by chance. His game is not. There are certain men he can always beat and every now and then he promotes his self-confidence by doing it with spectacular completeness.

Zukor is like that about life and business and play. Also he does not seem to mind if the deuces are wild. He uses the cards only for the exploitation of the other fellow's state of mind.

There is more than a simile in this relation of the cards, too. They have had a very definite place in his personal code, his discipline and his technique. And in a most material way cards have had an influence in his destiny. Just for example there was that night in Chicago some thirty odd years ago when young Mr. Zukor, the junior partner of Kohn & Zukor, furriers, got a last minute invitation to fill in a hand at a pinochle tourney at the home of Herman Kaufmann. Zukor was even then a famous player. He won a great many points that night, including a smile from Miss Lottie Kaufmann. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



# Make Your Own

Everybody's doing it, and you will sooner or later. Why Not Now?

By Frederick James Smith

**W**HAT is home without an amateur movie camera?

You may have the most selective and far reaching radio, you may own the newest phonograph, and you may be the proud possessor of the smartest car of 1927, but you are missing a whole lot of the joy of life if your property list doesn't include a good amateur movie camera and a satisfactory projector.

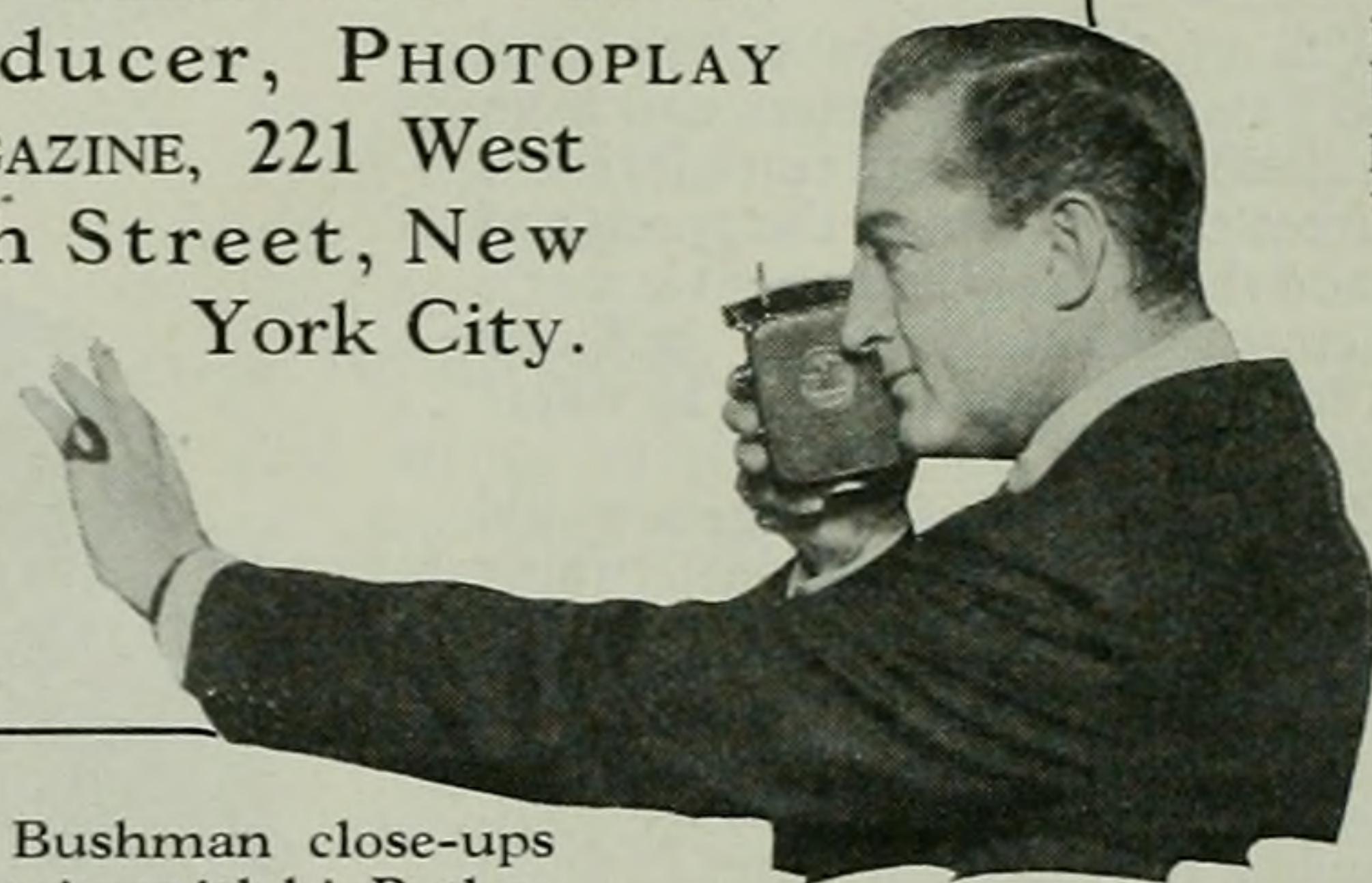
Think of its possibilities. You can film the adventurous progress of the baby from birth to high school, with all the exciting and breathless adventures en route. Think how, in a few years, you will prize shots of grandpa and grandma. You easily can make a priceless domestic film record of your home, something vividly to stir your memories a few years from now.

The old fashioned family album with its stiff and stilted portraits is a thing of the past. The album of 1927 is a thin strip of celluloid and you can transform it into animation any time, via your projection machine. You can trade shots with your relatives and friends, for they, being 1927 folks, will have their animated album, too.

Samuel Pepys kept an immortal diary of the days when Charles II reigned and old London was swept by fire. Just one thing would have made his diary more valuable. An amateur camera. You can make a movie diary at a minimum of cost.

The film letter is another idea advanced by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. No matter what your command of words, you can never explain to Aunt Agatha in Texas about your sister's

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera free and try for one of the big contest prizes? If so, write the Amateur Movie Producer, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Francis X. Bushman close-ups his amethyst ring with his Pathex

new baby, your new car, or your prize Persian, with the vividness of an amateur movie camera. You can actually visit her, taking your house along, for the price of one reel of film.

The club possibilities of the amateur camera are enormous. Imagine the fun of filming an amateur play. Your club can appoint a whole studio staff, a director, a cameraman, electricians and staff workers, besides selecting a complete club cast. The whole thing won't cost as much as giving a club dance.

Besides, you can keep a lasting record of your club activities, a gallery of officers and so on. Club films will add the final touch to your organization entertainments.

Perhaps you think you have screen possibilities. Your

amateur camera will tell you pretty accurately, provided you make-up intelligently. Incidentally, this department of PHOTOPLAY is going to tell you exactly how to make-up properly. Some of the foremost screen players are posing for special make-up pictures now.

Possibly you want to earn money. The amateur camera gives you a new avenue of remuneration. Let us assume that you own any one of the good moderate priced cameras, using standard width film, now on the market. You may be able to sell shots of important or unusual events to the big news reels—and get the thrill of knowing your

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

## Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
  1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
  2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
  3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
  4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the win-

ners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.



# Movies at Home



Alice Joyce is an enthusiastic user of an Eastman Ciné-Kodak

## Want to win a Contest Prize? Then Read This

**T**HE motion picture of the future will develop out of the amateur movie camera of today."

That is the statement of Robert Flaherty, maker of such mileposts of film progress as "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," and it has unusual significance in connection with PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 contest for users of amateur movie cameras.

"The amateur camera has more importance in connection with the progress of the photoplay than any one-thing yet developed in connection with motion pictures," Mr. Flaherty says. "The amateur camera has brought the possibilities of experimenting within the range of everyone. These experiments are bound to have a profound effect upon the making of pictures.

"If he does nothing else, the amateur will take the bunk out of film making. Anyone with a sane viewpoint, average technical ability and a love of sincerity and truth can make an interesting film. Ten years from today we will realize the importance of the amateur in de-bunking the photoplay."

This, at least, indicates that amateurs entering PHOTOPLAY'S big contest have Mr. Flaherty's blessing. This contest was designed particularly by The Amateur Movie Producer department of PHOTOPLAY as a contribution to the progress of the

amateur cinematographer. PHOTOPLAY wants to teach its readers the importance of cutting, editing and titling films—and to convince amateur cinematographers that they are losing more than fifty per cent of the enjoyment of making when they stop short with their rough and untrimmed reel of pictures.

PHOTOPLAY has received many inquiries regarding its contest. Some of these can be answered now. Primarily, the chief items of consideration will be the ingenuity, imagination and mechanical dexterity used by the amateur. Remember, freshness of idea and treatment are of vital importance.

Here are a few suggestions. Avoid trite drama. Avoid obvious titling. Make your own titles. PHOTOPLAY realizes that amateurs can have workmanlike titles made by the various concerns doing this sort of work. The contest editors want you to make your own titles. Remember, if the titles have the appearance of being "store made," it will count against you.

Here are a few more suggestions. Keep in mind those primary rules of advice given by editors to writers: write about the things you know best. The Amateur Movie Producer says: film the things you know best.

If you live in Florida you might make a picture of the life of a rookie at a big league baseball training camp. Or you might get an exciting reel of deep

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]





Russell Ball

No mere "promising youngster." Not just a "clever child." Olive Borden is potentially a big star. She has that combination of magnetism and intelligence that lifts the *prima donna* above the small fry. The story of this hard-working youngster's rise to prominence is like an Horatio Alger story—with settings and adjectives by Elinor Glyn.



# Acquiring a Taste

By  
Francis Clark

## for OLIVE

And oh, how easy  
that is to do!

IT was a tense moment during the filming of "The Monkey Talks." Olive Borden, wearing a wisp of a costume, was in the midst of an important scene, when a stout German puffed on the set and stood watching the proceedings.

All of a sudden a *basso profundo* voice, with a rich Teutonic accent, boomed above the grinding of the camera. A short, emphatic forefinger was pointed at Miss Borden and the voice shouted, "Dere is de only girl in the shtudio fit to look at! Und sotch sax appeal!"

Whereupon Mr. R. A. Walsh's assistants removed Mr. F. W. Murnau's ambassador from the set in direct Irish fashion.

In Hollywood it is correct to murmur that a young lady has "IT." But it is *not* nice to stand before her and bellow to the world that she has "sotch sax appeal."

Nevertheless, that is the sort of a girl Olive Borden is. She arouses latent Columbus complexes. When you see her, you want to shout, "What Ho! Here is a Big Star!"

You cannot dismiss her by calling her "another promising young actress." You cannot patronize her by labelling her as a "clever child." Miss Borden has, for all her youth and comparative newness, the combination of magnetism and intelligence that lifts the *prima donna* above the small fry.

Young Olive is no fidgety ingenue, made flighty by a burst of unexpected success. Nor is she a trembling adventuress into stardom. Nor does she, thank goodness!—try to hide her uncertainty by wise-cracking. In brief, young Olive is no fool.

AND, what is even nicer, her mother is no fool. Mrs. Borden is the sort of mother who can chaperon a pretty daughter without making an army of enemies. She takes the curse off movie mothers.

It's a pleasant story—the tale of these two Southern women who, by courage and tact, won out where so many other unhappy mothers and unfortunate daughters have failed.

Olive and her mother have an amusing way of marking their notches of success.

For instance, when Olive was working in comedies, she had only one dress and the household was run by a colored Mammy, brought on from Virginia.

In "A Dressmaker from Paris," Olive had two dresses.

In "Yellow Fingers," she acquired a personal maid.

In "Fig Leaves," she had added a secretary.

In "The Joy Girl,"—her newest film—Olive went to Palm Beach on location and society personages sought to make her acquaintance.

Mrs. Borden refused the advances of the yacht-owners by discovering that there was no clause in Olive's contract calling for personal appearance in society.

"We are," commented Mrs. Borden, "working women!" The Bordens aren't easily dazzled.

Olive tells amusing stories about her early days in pictures. She relates these anecdotes with a true sense of values, with a shrewd, clear insight into the amazing bypaths of Hollywood life.

She began her career, as you probably know, in comedies. Just an extra girl. But wildly bent on earning her thirty-five dollars a week. It seems that most of the other girls in the same studio were veterans. With some of them, the movies were—ahem!—a sort of side-line. Many of them were so busy with urgent social engagements that they didn't have much time to devote to their careers.

OLIVE'S mind was strictly on her salary envelope and she stepped into all the rôles left vacant by the members of the yachting set. It was surprising how many rôles she picked up that had been cast aside by girls who simply couldn't be annoyed with over-time work.

Lots of girls have worked their way out of Broadway choruses to leading rôles in just this way.

Olive's first chance in a big studio was in "A Dressmaker from Paris." One day someone invited her to call at the Paramount studio for an interview with Mr. Lasky. It was then that Olive acquired her second dress. In anticipation of knocking Mr. Lasky for a row of Rolls-Royces, Mrs. Borden made Olive a new black satin dress, trimmed with strips of fur cut from an old scarf that Olive had worn as a child.

The interview with Mr. Lasky was only one of those Hollywood jokes. Mr. Lasky had not sent for her; he hadn't even heard of her. But the casting director and Paul Bern took one look at Olive and immediately both asked her to be a member of the beauty chorus in "A Dressmaker from Paris."

It's tough to be handed a glorified extra girl part when you are all dressed up to sign a starring contract. But Olive took the rôle, because the Bordens like fried chicken for their Sunday dinner.

When Olive was working in "A Dressmaker from Paris," Lois Wilson walked on the set. The beauty chorus, made up of the best-looking girls in Hollywood, were doing their stuff. Paul Bern asked Lois which girl she considered had the best chance of doing something big.

LIKE Mr. Murnau's assistant, Lois pointed to Olive and said, "That cute little one."

You have no idea—and probably Lois had no idea at the time—how much that meant to Olive.

The appearance in a Paramount picture did a lot for Olive. It lifted her out of the ranks of the comedy girls. Directors gave her small parts and then William Fox signed her up to a contract.

When Olive went to the Fox studio, she brought with her one quality that endeared her to the management. Olive loves to work and to work hard;

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]



"Listen, rabbit, you wouldn't fool me, would you? Little Wallace may believe in Santa Claus or press agents, but enough is enough. Come on, rabbit, and tell Mr. Beery that it's only an adopted egg"





METROPOLIS—UFA—Paramount

A STORY of the City of the Future, weirdly imagined, technically gorgeous, but almost ruined by terrible acting and awful subtitles. The settings are unbelievably beautiful; the mugging of the players is unbelievably bad.

It's a tale of future mechanistic development carried to such an extreme that human beings are merely slaves to machines. The film has daring, originality and some great spectacular melodrama. What a pity that the German producers, themselves, are such slaves to their own technical magic that they forget the human values of their stories! What a pity that American editors distort what is essentially a Jules Verne fantasy with preachy subtitles!

Nevertheless, "Metropolis" is a great spectacle, thanks to the wizardry of its art directors and cameramen.

# The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



RESURRECTION—United Artists

THIS visualization of Leo Tolstoy's tragic story is given an intelligent and sincere telling by Director Edwin Carewe, but its chief bid for lasting film fame is Dolores Del Rio's superb performance of *Katusha Maslova*. Here is one of the biggest things histrionically the pictures have revealed in the whole course of their career.

"Resurrection" is the story of *Katusha Maslova's* degradation and regeneration. An orphan peasant girl, she lives practically as a member of the household in the home of the young *Prince Dmitri Nekhludof's* aunts. On his way to the war front, the young prince pauses over night. *Katusha* yields—and *Dmitri* goes on, to forget. Years pass and *Katusha*, now a woman of the streets, is arrested for murder. *Dmitri* recognizes her and tries to save her. Even his power fails and *Katusha* is sentenced to Siberia for life. *Dmitri* follows *Katusha* but, in the end, she sends him back, realizing that the past has made her future hopeless. You last see *Katusha*, one of a long line of prisoners, trudging through the Siberian snows.

This is a story offering many directorial pitfalls, but Director Carewe has bridged them successfully. He has built two magnificent sequences, one in which *Katusha* gives way to the importunities of the passionate *Dmitri* and, later, when the disheveled and dissolute *Katusha* faces her accusers in court.

Take our word for it, Miss Del Rio rises to genuine heights in both these moments. Rod La Rocque, too, does admirable work, the best of his career, but he is overshadowed by Miss Del Rio's amazing performance.



STARK LOVE—Paramount

A MIGHTY fine picture, in some ways as noteworthy as Robert Flaherty's "Nanook" and "Moana." Karl Brown, who had been Jimmie Cruze's cameraman, obtained Jesse Lasky's backing and took a studio staff into the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. There he rounded up a mountaineer cast and shot a graphic and absorbing tale of the hills.

"Stark Love," despite its garish boxoffice title, is a picture of genuine merit. It is astonishing how well the mountaineers act. Helen Mundy, a school girl hired in Knoxville, Tenn., is excellent as the heroine, while a hill boy, Forrest James, gives an amazingly good performance. An old timer, Silas Miracle, plays the boy's father in a way to outshine Wally Beery's best work. Don't miss this film.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE ROUGH RIDERS  
STARK LOVE  
THE LOVE OF SUNYA  
WHITE GOLD

RESURRECTION  
SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE  
METROPOLIS  
CASEY AT THE BAT

## The Best Performances of the Month

Dolores Del Rio in "Resurrection"  
Gloria Swanson in "The Love of Sunya"  
William Haines in "Slide, Kelly, Slide"  
Jetta Goudal in "White Gold"  
Forrest James in "Stark Love"  
Helen Mundy in "Stark Love"  
Rod La Rocque in "Resurrection"  
Harry Carey in "Slide, Kelly, Slide"  
Charles Emmett Mack in "The Rough Riders"  
Charles Farrell in "The Rough Riders"  
George Bancroft in "The Rough Riders"  
Noah Beery in "The Rough Riders"



THE LOVE OF SUNYA—United Artists

GOOD girl, Gloria Swanson! Your first picture is a credit to you. You didn't select much of a story; in less skillful hands, all that crystal gazing and reincarnation stuff would have seemed a little silly. But that idea of playing three characters in one was a good one. You were great as the wild, wild opera singer. That, Gloria, is your cake. Keep on playing ladies who are sharp, naughty and a little hard-boiled—and beautifully dressed. All in all, your acting was the best you have done.

We liked your "find"—John Boles—and also Andres de Segurola. Young Flobelle Fairbanks is a good little actress. Your director, Albert Parker, did nobly by you and the picture. Do you know, Miss Swanson, you are apt to start a craze for girls wearing their hair brushed off their ears?



THE ROUGH RIDERS—Paramount

BETWEEN Victor Fleming's skillful direction and a half dozen corking screen performances, this story of '98 and the war with Spain becomes a production of fine proportions.

Basically, it traces the career of Theodore Roosevelt from his desk as assistant secretary of the navy to colonel of the Rough Riders, but history is pretty well enveloped in movie romance.

There are two boys in love with *Dolly Gray*. One has known and loved her for years. The other, a chap at the Texas gathering place of the Rough Riders, meets her and falls hard. The first collapses when he is tossed into battle in the Cuban jungles but, in the end, he turns out to be a hero and is killed.

So the other goes back to the girl—and finds she has loved him all along.

A conventional and trite plot, if you wish, but the acting glosses it over. Charles Emmett Mack gives a remarkable performance of the weakling who proves himself. Charles Farrell, who scored in "Old Ironsides," does it again here, as the other lover. In fact, his hit is the biggest scored by a young player in a long time. There are two comedy rôles, *Happy Joe*, a cowboy from the ranges, and the mustached gentleman who enlists rather than lose him as prisoner, no other than *Hell's Bells*, sheriff of Byloe County. George Bancroft hits the gong as *Happy Joe* and Noah Beery is a joy as *Hell's Bells*.

And don't forget how Frank Hopper, ex-book agent, plays Roosevelt. He looks—and is—Teddy.



SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE—M.-G.-M.

HERE is a real baseball comedy, told with some saccharinity but a whole lot of fidelity to the national game. The entire diamond parade is here: the rookies, the coaches, the famous baseball stars, the training camp and the Yankee Stadium. *Jim Kelly* is a riot in his home town, but he finds the training camp grade a little hard. Still, he makes it—and becomes a pitching ace. He is insufferable, however, and disrupts the whole team's morale.

William Haines is the brash rookie, *Kelly*, and he gives a performance calculated to add a great deal to his popularity. A corking bit, of an old catcher, is done by Harry Carey. In the background you will discover such baseball lights as Mike Donlin, Irish Meusel, Bob Meusel and "Push-'em-up" Tony Lazzeri.



**WHITE  
GOLD—**  
Producers  
Dist. Corp.



**CASEY AT  
THE BAT—**  
Paramount

**A** CONVINCING argument against those who believe there is little or no merit connected with the art of celluloid story telling. To William K. Howard belongs the credit for this masterly piece of direction, worthy of the most superlative language. The cast is excellent—George Nichols, Kenneth Thompson, George Bancroft and Jetta Goudal, whose performance ranks among the finest of the year. This is one of the best pictures of the month.

**A** BEST film of the month but crowded over here by the general excellence of the current releases. You know the celebrated poem of the immortal *Casey*, the local Babe Ruth of Mudville. This idea had more possibilities than Monte Brice, the director, extracted. And Wallace Beery, as *Casey*, is labored and frequently seems lost in the proceedings. Ford Sterling, when he has the chance, makes good. Amusing, but it could have been a lot better.

**BLIND  
ALLEYS—**  
Paramount



**A KISS IN  
A TAXI—**  
Paramount

**S**OMETHING is vitally wrong with a picture when an audience will sit and laugh at its serious moments. The director and the cast should not be blamed for this movie-hash. The fault lies in the story. Owen Davis wrote this yarn especially for Thomas Meighan. If we were Mr. Meighan, we would consider Mr. Davis our worst enemy. Of course, Meighan fans will never go back on their favorite and, too, you won't find Greta Nissen and Evelyn Brent hard on the eyes.

**C**LARENCE BADGER attempted to make this a naughty sophisticated comedy, but it resulted in being only a mild little affair of a French maiden who is a waitress in a French cafe. Bebe Daniels is the star of the film, but most of the interest centers about Chester Conklin who has a way of running off with the show. Bebe's costumes are quite homely and she retains a spark of Sennett slapstick. We classify it as just fair.

**AN AFFAIR  
OF THE  
FOLLIES—**  
First  
National



**THE GAY  
OLD BIRD—**  
Warner Bros.

**B**ILLIE DOVE'S first starring vehicle—and may the rest of her vehicles be as entertaining. As you might suspect, Billie is a glorified Follies girl who marries a poor clerk. And the millionaire still pursues her, but he's not a villain, because he happens to be Lewis Stone. It really is a long time since we have seen him in a rôle that fitted him so perfectly. Then—but go see the picture. We liked it immensely and think you will, too.

**T**HE combination of Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray is not to be sneezed at. The story—don't tell me you haven't heard this one. Hubby's wife is home at mother's for a stretch just as the wealthy uncle is due for a visit and incidentally a check. Hubby gets a substitute wife with the usual complications in order to obtain the check—oh, so you have heard it? Anyway Louise Fazenda is worth the price of admission alone.



**RUBBER  
TIRES—**  
Producers  
Dist. Corp.



**A** FAIR little comedy for those who are not too fussy. The Stack family decide to make their fortune in California. So in a little tin-can of the year 1900 A. D. they move merrily along from coast to coast. Of course, there are many break-downs, but a handsome knight of the road always appears at the proper time and lends his assistance. By the time they reach California a nice little romance has developed and it's the end of the picture.



**THE VENUS  
FROM  
VENICE—**  
First  
National

**A** THOROUGHLY enjoyable brisk little comedy featuring Constance Talmadge, Antonio Moreno, Julianne Johnston and Hedda Hopper. Connie is very cute with her distinctive mannerisms as the light-fingered Italian maid who just must take everything she sees. An American artist feels that, if given a decent chance in life, she might reform. Of course she does, but succeeds in stealing the artist's heart. You'll find this quite to your liking.

**THE DEMI-  
BRIDE—**  
M-G-M



**T**HIS is one of those efforts at sophisticated and piquant French farce, relating how little *Criquette*, a school girl, hooks and lands the wily *Phillippe de Brideau*, boulevardier extraordinary, sought after by every pretty woman in Paris. Everyone tries rather hard for verve, but Norma Shearer has charm and Lew Cody is satisfactory as the man-about-town. Dorothy Sebastian does a vivid bit—of a butterfly who has loved and lost *Phillippe*.



**THREE  
HOURS—**  
First  
National

**A** VERY gruesome story that never seems to end. We cannot stress the fact too much that this is a picture which you should overlook unless you enjoy excruciating emotional scenes. There is one scene that is one of the most harrowing ever depicted. This calls for some splendid emotional acting, but, falling into the hands of Corinne Griffith, it becomes inane. John Bowers, looking quite old, is the leading man. Hobart Bosworth has a grand time over-acting.

**HIGH HAT—**  
First  
National



**T**HE inside dope on a movie studio—from the eyes of extra people. Ben Lyon is a lazy extra who doesn't care about working until he meets the pretty wardrobe mistress. Then life to him takes on a different atmosphere. He decides to make good. But just at that time the company's jewels are missing and Ben proves what a hero he is by not only recovering the jewels but capturing the thief as well. It's really nothing to get excited about.



**WHAT  
EVERY GIRL  
SHOULD  
KNOW—**  
Warner Bros.

**T**HE title has nothing to do with the story. It's one of those drag-em-in titles that movie-fans fall for. Now don't be misled, for this is a very poor picture. Patsy Ruth Miller and Mickey McBan are two orphans who are befriended by a wealthy man. His fiancée becomes jealous of Patsy—but what's the use of going on, it's too complicated. Patsy Ruth had better get over the idea that she can do a Mary Pickford rôle. Don't be annoyed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



Donald Ogden Stewart's  
GUIDE to

# Perfect



The famous humorist relates just what happens when a great director finds he is to do a deeply religious picture

"Hmm," the director remarks. "It seems to be some sort of an Egyptian story."

"No, sir," suggests the trembling script clerk. "It's about the life of Christ."

[Mr. Stewart insists upon writing what he calls a synopsis of preceding chapters. An original Stewart manuscript, completely lacking punctuation, is offered to any one who can find these preceding chapters.]

MRS. FINCH and Mrs. Pugh are rival candidates for the presidency of the Woman's Club of South Ethelfoot, Kansas. Both have strong forceful characters and woolen underwear, so the rivalry is intense. Mrs. Finch, however, has been to Europe and also has a slight growth of black hair around her upper lip, which would seem to give her a distinct advantage. All Ethelfoot is agog.

On the night before the election Mrs. Pugh eats something which doesn't agree with her and her cause appears hopeless. The odds shift from 2 to 1 to 18 to 4, with few takers. Mrs. Pugh tries bicarbonate of soda and standing on one leg. The Finch rooters are jubilant.

Meanwhile, out in far distant Hollywood, a film comedian is caught riding on a street car without paying his fare. He is

dragged from the car by a number of indignant passengers, including several outraged ministers, and severely beaten. At the police station he is given the "third degree" and about midnight confesses. The ministers return to their parishes and begin the preparation of next Sunday's sermons. The news is flashed to an eagerly waiting world and when the comedian returns home he finds that his friends have all left.

Election day dawns in Ethelfoot. The hotels are filled and many late arrivals are forced to take the regular *table d'hôte* dinner without cranberry pie.

Mrs. Finch takes the floor when the club members stop talking. "I move," she says, "that we denounce Cigarette Smoking by Members of the Cabinet." This is greeted with applause.

Mrs. Pugh then stands up. "I move," she says, "that we denounce Cigarette Smoking by Members of the Cabinet and the Use of Rouge and Lipstick by the Wife of the Mayor of Tacoma, Wash."

The applause increases as the contest waxes hotter. Mrs. Finch leaps to her feet.



# Behavior in Hollywood

"I move," she says, "that we denounce Beauty Contests."

"I move," counters Mrs. Pugh, "that we denounce Birth Control and Bobbed Hair."

The movements come thick and fast.

"One-piece Bathing Suits."

"War."

"The Nude in Art."

"The White Slave Traffic in Turkey."

By the eighteenth movement, however, Mrs. Finch's better physical condition begins to tell and at the end of the final half hour the score is 61 to 50 in her favor, and her election seems assured.

During the intermission Mrs. Beale sings "Oh Perfect Love" and Mrs. Pugh, still fighting desperately, struggles to her feet and moves that they denounce *that*. She is carried from the room in a semi-hysterical condition and deposited on the porch swing with a strong cup of tea and a soda mint. As she sits there, forlorn and hopeless, the Evening Paper arrives and a large headline catches her eye. "Movie Comedian in Scandal." She picks up the paper and rushes into the house.

"I move," she shouts, "that we denounce Hollywood."

The room is stunned into attention.

"And furthermore," cries Mrs. Pugh, "I move that we demand the barring of all this Movie Comedian's pictures in our city."

Applause begins.

"And furthermore," shouts Mrs. Pugh, "if we hurry, we will be the first Woman's Club in America to do this."

A cheer breaks out and the meeting is carried by storm. Mrs. Pugh is unanimously elected president, and Mrs. Finch is relegated to the Book of the Month Committee. Ice cream and sandwiches are served and all vote the meeting a huge success, especially as, during the next two weeks, other Women's Clubs follow their example. The Comedian is ruined morally, spiritually and financially. He picks up a copy of PHOTOPLAY containing Chapter IX of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood" by Donald Ogden Stewart and thinks that it is very amusing.

Donald Ogden Stewart shoots himself.

This is what he read.

## CHAPTER IX

### "How to Direct"

WE are now ready for the actual directing of the picture. We have a "story," a "continuity," and a "cast." The "sets" are all in place, and the advance "publicity" has been sent to the newspapers. The "schedule" calls for starting the production on, let us say, June 15th. The morning of June 15th dawns and by eight-thirty all is in readiness. The electricians are at their posts, the camera men are prepared to "shoot," the actors and actresses are "made up" and waiting.

This is the time for the Director to begin to wonder what the story is about. He picks up the script of the "continuity" and glances through it.

"Hmm," he remarks, "it seems [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



"I move," Mrs. Beale shouts, "that we denounce Hollywood!"



# Answer this One

By Frances Denton

For Fans Only. A College Diploma won't help you

(Answers on page 140)

1. What actress was burned to death while making a picture in Texas, on a Thanksgiving Day?
2. Name six moving picture actors who are college graduates.
3. Name six women who have won names for themselves as scenario writers.
4. Who played the part of a Chinaman and what woman took the leading rôle in "Broken Blossoms"?
5. What actor went to Annapolis recently to make "The Midshipman"?
6. What actor went recently to West Point to make a picture?
7. What is the little colored boy's name who plays in "Our Gang" comedies?
8. What two well known sisters played together in "Romola"?
9. What well known comedian is a director, producer and scenario writer, as well as an actor?
10. Who directed "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance"?
11. Who played opposite Antonio Moreno in "Mare Nostrum"?
12. Who directed "The Arab"?
13. Who played the leading rôle in "The Phantom of the Opera"?
14. Who took the leading rôle in "Yolanda"?
15. What two brothers are famous directors, known all over the world for their pictures?
16. What was the most expensive motion picture ever produced?
17. What is Mary Pickford's real name?
18. What picture was made recently in Nice, France?
19. What was Gilda Gray's first picture?
20. Who directed "Ben Hur"?
21. Who played opposite Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American"?
22. Who played opposite John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast"?
23. What girl had her hair cut like a boy's to make a picture?
24. What was the name of the picture in which Mae Murray played with John Gilbert?
25. Name the photoplay in which Lois Wilson played opposite Tommy Meighan in 1925.
26. Name the actresses who were on PHOTOPLAY'S Honor Roll for 1925.
27. Who played opposite Richard Dix in "The Quarterback"?
28. What was Rudolph Valentino's first big picture?
29. Who has been Harold Lloyd's leading lady in all his recent comedies?
30. Where were most of the exteriors of "Old Ironsides" made?
31. Who played with Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil"?
32. What was Greta Garbo's first American photoplay?
33. What book was the picture of "The Sea Beast" made from?
34. What was the name of the first steam engine that ran through the Middle West—and name a well known picture by that name.
35. Who played the part of the daughter in "Stella Dallas"?
36. Name a serial in which Allene Ray and Walter Miller played together—a South Sea Island story.
37. What country does Vilma Banky come from and what country does Ronald Colman come from?
38. What three actresses have played in screen versions of "Carmen"?
39. What actress was starred in a film version of "Peg o' My Heart" that was never released?
40. Who are Ernest Carlton Brimmer, Viola Flugrath, Kathleen Morrison, Blanche Alexander, Marion Douras and Appolonia Chalupetz?
41. What relation are Constance Bennett, Alma Bennett and Belle Bennett?
42. What do the following initials stand for: F. P. L., M. G. M., P. D. C., and U. F. A.?
43. What was Douglas Fairbanks' first picture?
44. From what play by what author was "Male and Female" adapted?
45. What was Broncho Billy's real name?
46. Who played the two leading rôles in "The Count of Monte Cristo"?

## An Off-Screen Tragedy

The Vamp Breaks Her Beads







Spurr

**T**HE most piquant profile on the screen. It belongs to Dolores Costello and you will see it next in "A Million Bid." Let's hope the picture won't be another disappointment for those who hope for big things for Dolores.



# Did You

Answers on  
Page 124



One. Time: 1914. Place: A New York Theater. The play: "The Law of the Land." The lady: Julia Dean. Who can name the popular film star seated on the *chaise longue*?



Two. The man on the left is well known to you all. Back in 1892 he and his partner were burning 'em up in a skit called "Finnegan's Ball."



---

Three. The original Messala of the stage play, "Ben-Hur," as produced in 1899 by Klaw and Erlanger at the Broadway Theater. Hasn't changed much, has he?

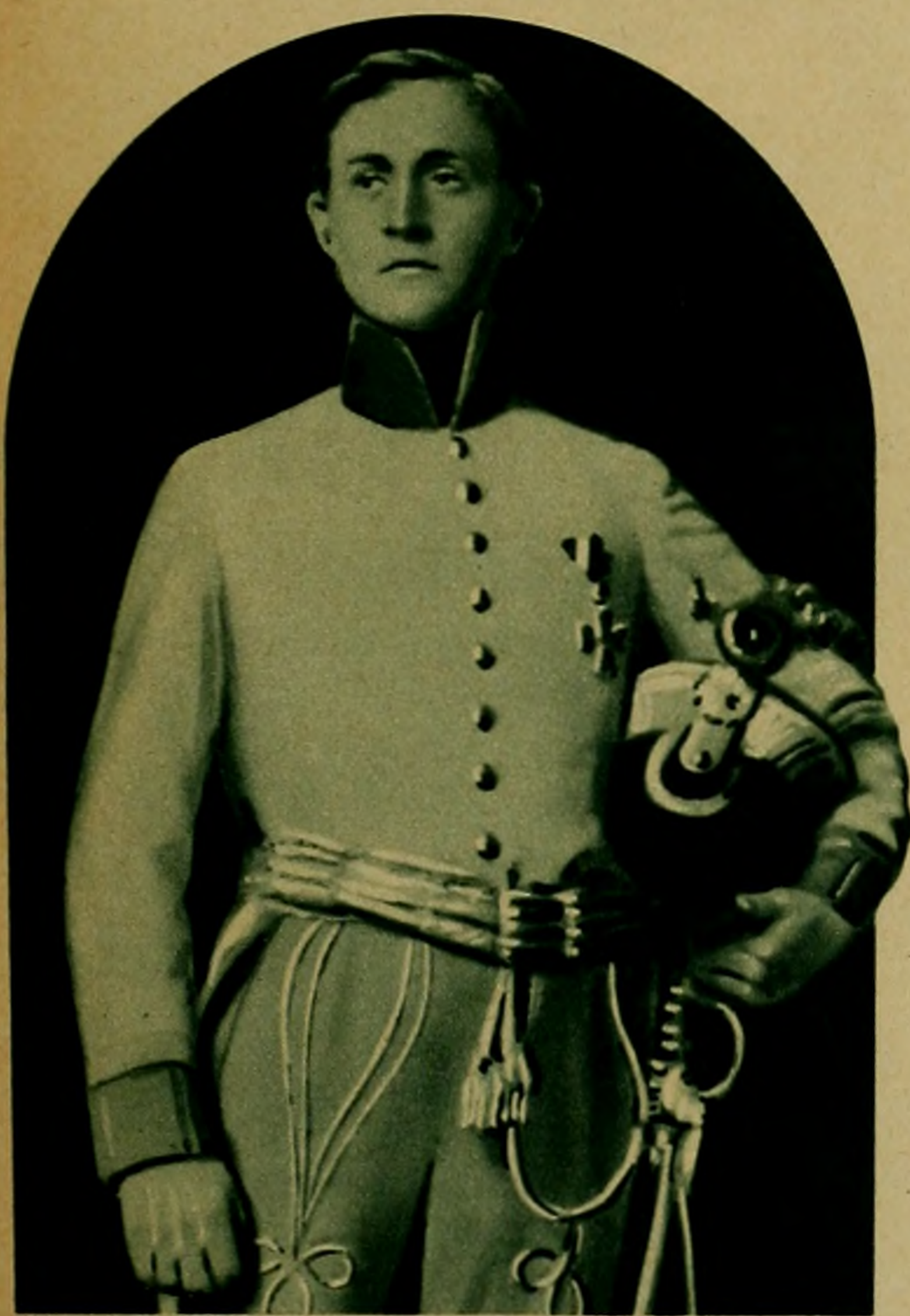
---



# Know them When?



Four. Now a Hollywood character actor. In 1909, he played *Manson* in "The Servant in the House" at the Belasco Theater. Herb Rawlinson was also in the cast. Look closely, please!



Five. Twenty years ago, he was Maude Adams' handsome leading man in "L'Aiglon." Do you remember him? Today he is one of our greatest screen directors.



Six. Another director with a stage background. This man once achieved the glory of being end-man with the Barnes Minstrels.





Ruth Harriet Louise

**M**ARCELLINE DAY will take Dolores Costello's place as leading woman for John Barrymore in "The Beloved Rogue." As you can see, she is the same slender, soulful type. And that is all right with us.



# That Rork Gal

By  
Dorothy Spensley

There's no keeping Sam's daughter  
from greasepaint

I HAVE just met a most sprightly kid. Half-woman and half-child, you want to spank her and send her off to bed at eight o'clock with a lollipop in one hand and "La Vie Parisienne" in the other. She's that much of a contradiction.

One moment she is a woman grown talking soulfully of her dead love, and the next she is a youngster wheedling luncheon money out of dad.

Gee, I'd like to be just nineteen and Ann Rork, Sam's daughter.

But let's begin at the beginning. That's always the best place to start.

"How did you happen to become an actress?"

Ann looked pensive. Ann looked sad. But the soft contour of her round face only succeeded in looking adorably young and bewilderingly pretty. Certainly sorrow had no place in that child's life.

"Well, you see," and a small sigh escaped, "I was very much in love with an engineer. And he died. I had no interest in anything. So dad said then that I might as well be a motion picture actress. It would give me something to do. And I liked it."

Dad is Sam Rork, the producer, who up to the moment of Ann's graduation from Knox College had steadfastly refused to permit his daughter to have a motion picture career. He should have known better. Keep Ann from having a career! It was born in the blood, bred in the bone. He, himself, had been in the show business since he was a little shaver. Ann's mother had been on the operatic stage.

HE thought of the long hours, the hard work, the ceaseless grind of the motion picture studios. He was determined his little girl was going to know nothing about motion pictures. Sam reckoned without Ann. The smell of the greasepaint was incense to her nostrils. Mascaro and lipstick were offerings to the Great God Theater. Sam had forgotten Ann was a roadshow baby.

Ann had been cradled in the top of her mother's trunk, had nestled in the tulle and finery of fancy costumes, had been crooned to sleep by a lullaby, soon to change into the latest musical comedy hit when her mother stepped forth on the stage. Ann took to greasepaint like a gosling takes to the millpond.

"We gave her the odds and ends," said dad, chuckling in-



Papa said "No" to Ann's movie ambitions.  
He should have known better!



"A re-take on that pie, please!"

wardly at that black-haired child's success. "Anything that was left over in the way of a part went to Ann. And she did well by them, too. You know, that kid's really an actress."

But Ann gives a different interpretation to her variety of rôles.

"They are testing me out, like a race horse, to find my gait. But I think I shall finally do light comedy rôles."

ANN'S first rôle was that of *Kitty*, an English girl, in "Old Loves for New." As *Fannia*, a young Sicilian, she and Gilbert Roland ran off with the honors in "The Blonde Saint." In "The Notorious Lady" she's a tropical miss who pops off the villain in the last reel. It was dad himself who offered her the leading ladyship of "His Son."

"I'm glad it's a dress-up rôle," said her father's daughter, tucking in a strand of hair which had reached that troublesome shoulder length. "I can order some new clothes. In my last picture I wore only two shreds of chiffon."

Crimson was the color Ann was wearing today. A crimson blouse and crimson lips. A skin as smooth and pale as a white camelia, and eyes as dark as her hair. Flat-heeled woven peon slippers, the kind that flap at the heel—"Five dollars at Fry's. Why pay more? But they do make my feet look big, don't you think?" A dark blue skirt, girlish in its simple pleats.

"My trainer called me at five this morning. I've been up for hours. He makes me run *blocks*. I've got to reduce. And after I run for blocks I have a Swedish massage. Do you think Swedish massage is good for reducing? Anna Q. Nilsson gave me a marvelous diet. Three meals a day, of course, but such meals! No sugar in tea, or cream either. . . ."

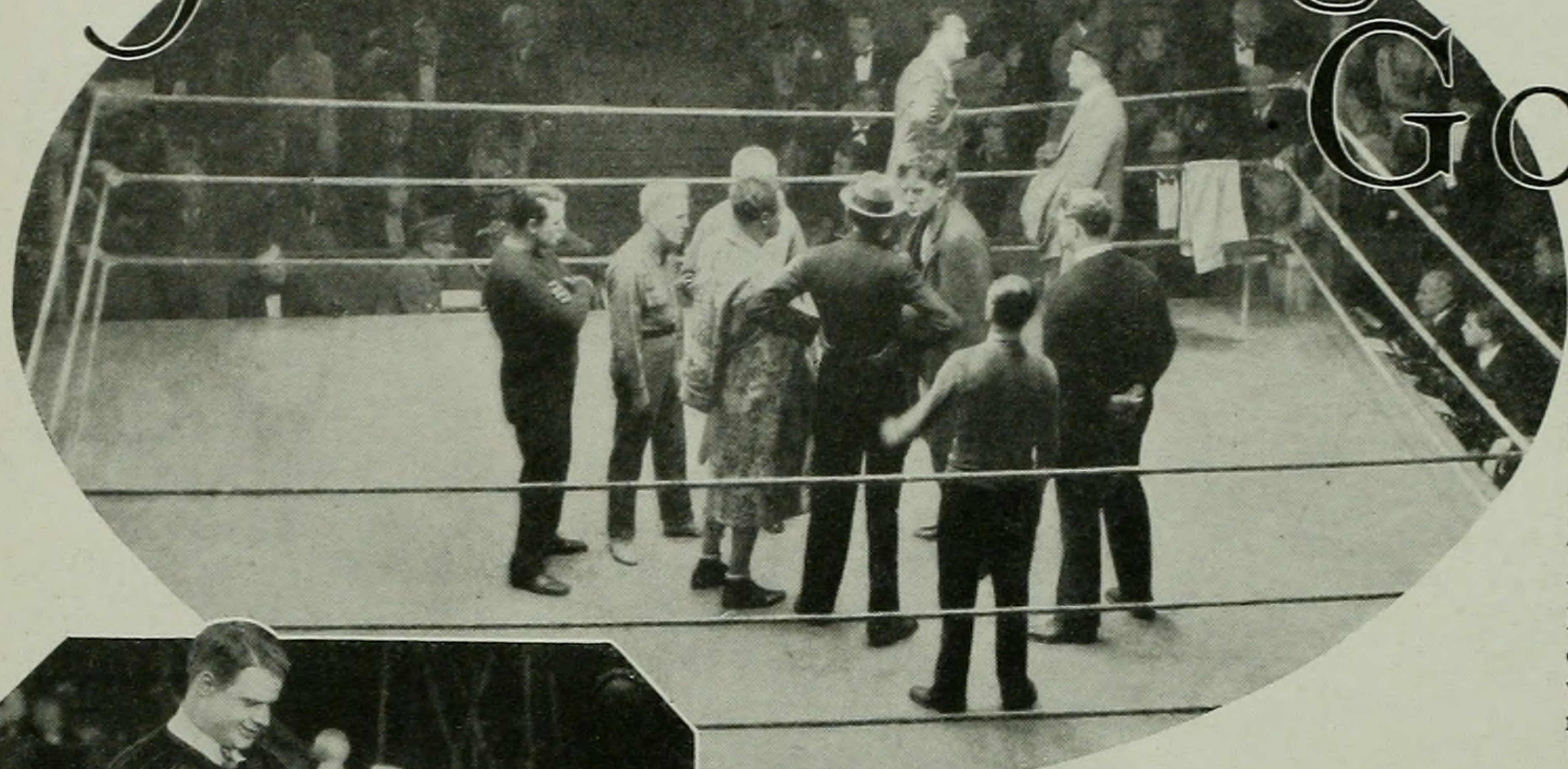
GAY chatter. Conversation with Ann Rork is like a pretty juggling of crystal balls. She was born to grace a governor's mansion. She would talk foreign difficulties with a diplomat. Fabrics for spring with his lady. In Hollywood she talks of production costs and budgets with producers. "I was raised on them," Ann laughs. And she chats of teas and dances with producers' offspring. She is half-woman, half-child, entirely alluring.

"Oh, let me tell you something funny!" Ann was all dimples and confidences. "I was giving a

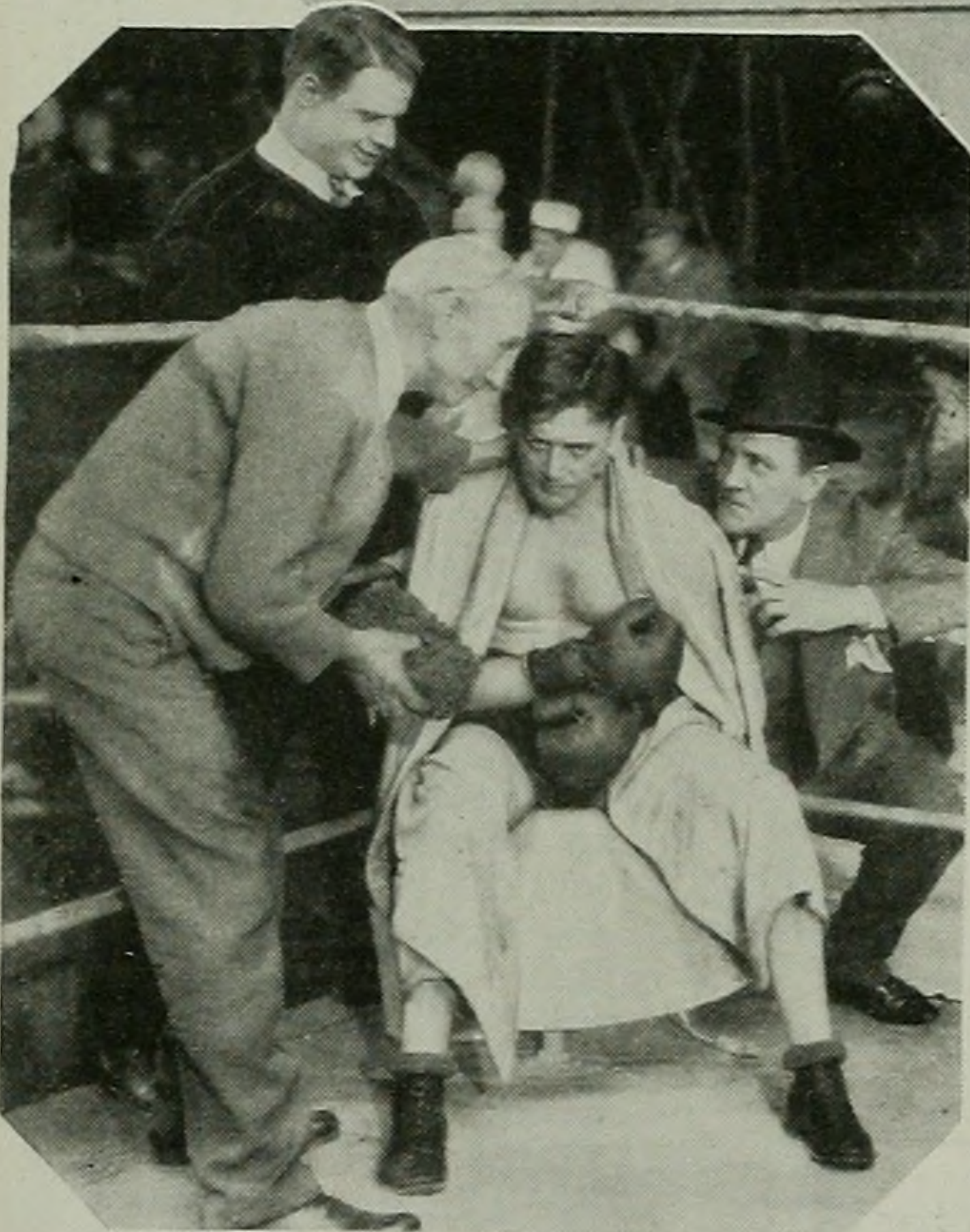
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



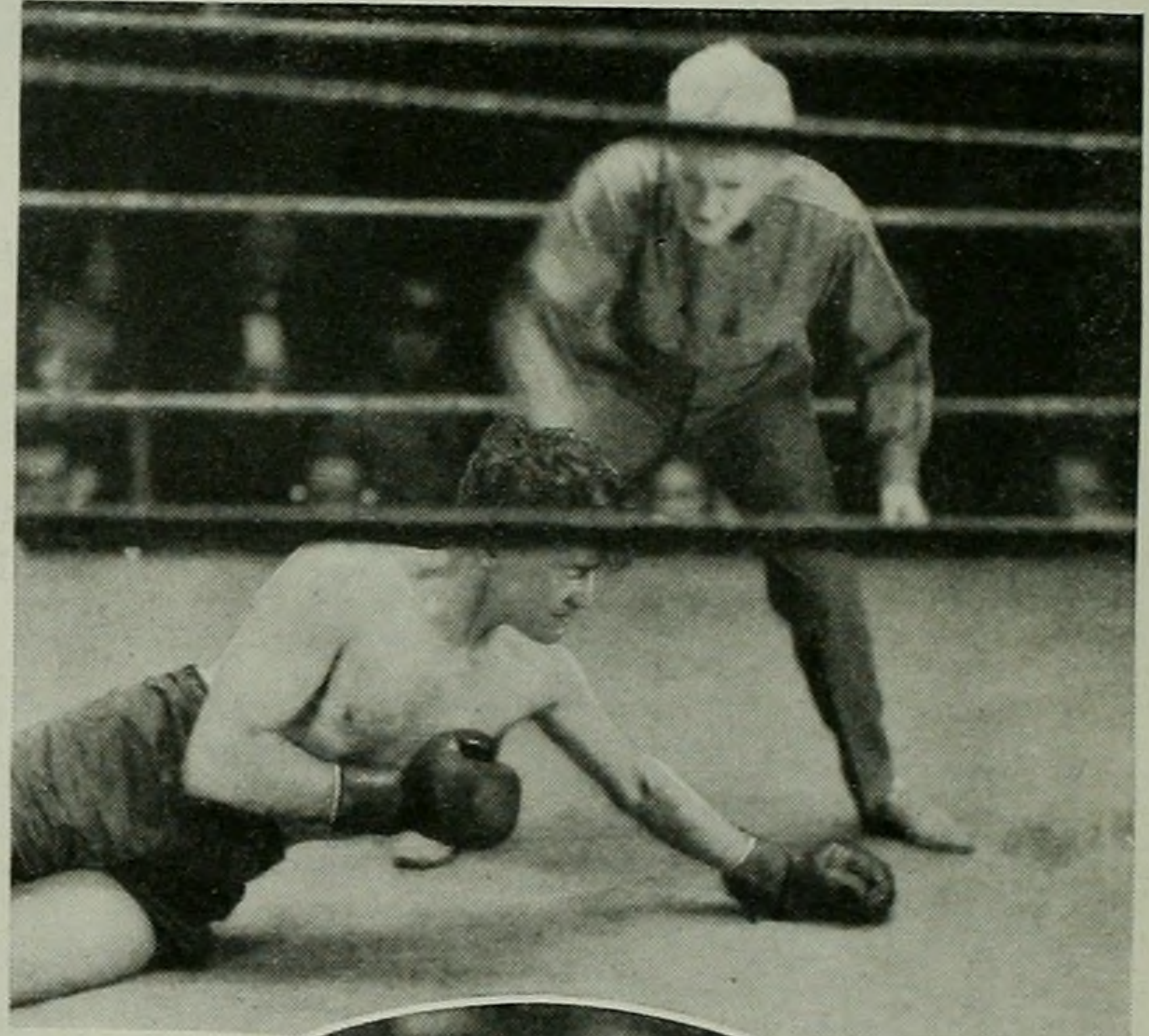
# From Gong to Gong



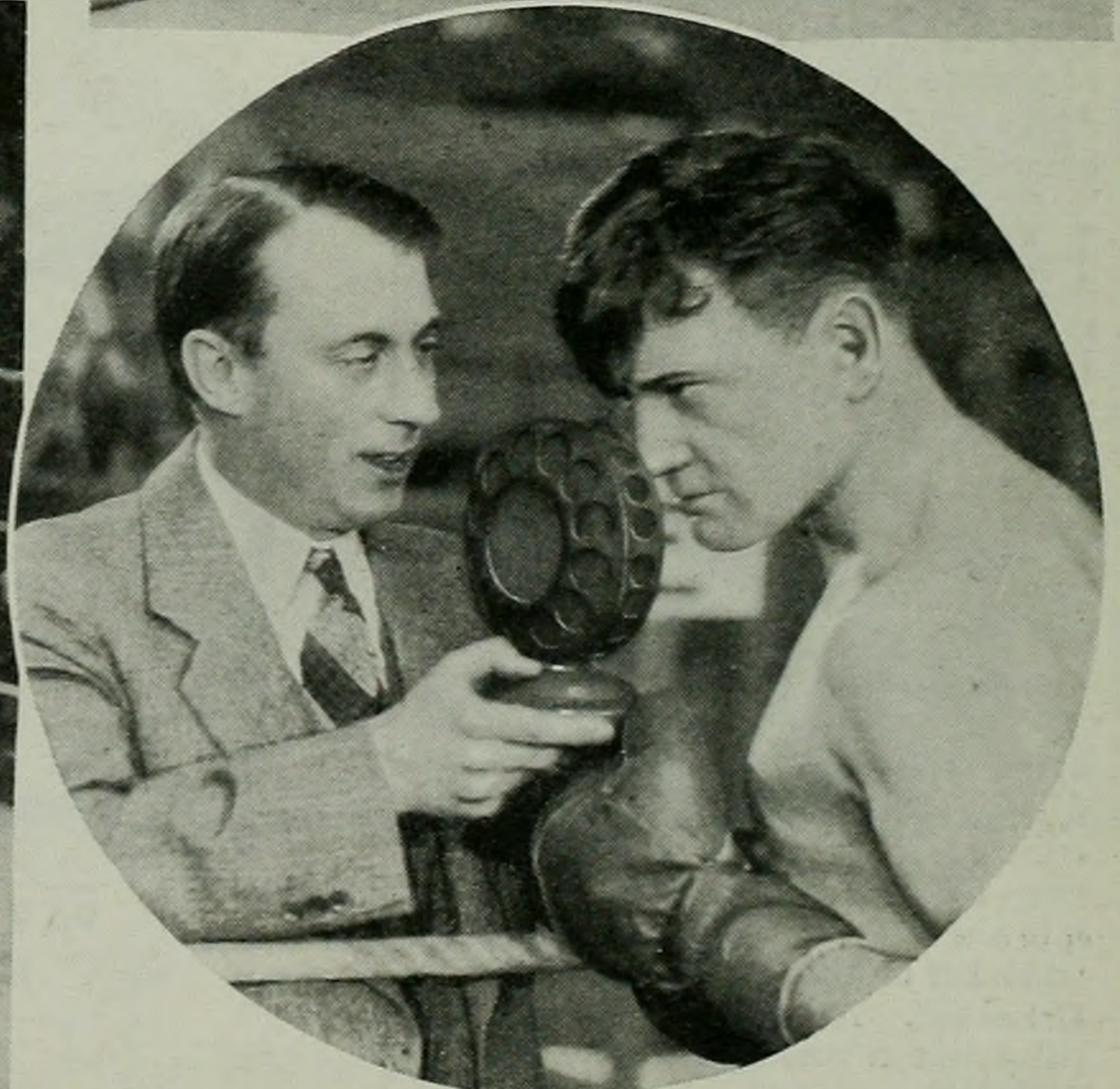
Getting their instructions for the go between *Knockout Reilly* (Richard Dix) and Jack Renault. The gentleman with white hair is Patsy Haley, known to cauliflower cultivators as the best referee of them all



The council of war conducted by Jimmy De Forest. The subtitle is: "Makethatbig palooka kiss the canvas!"

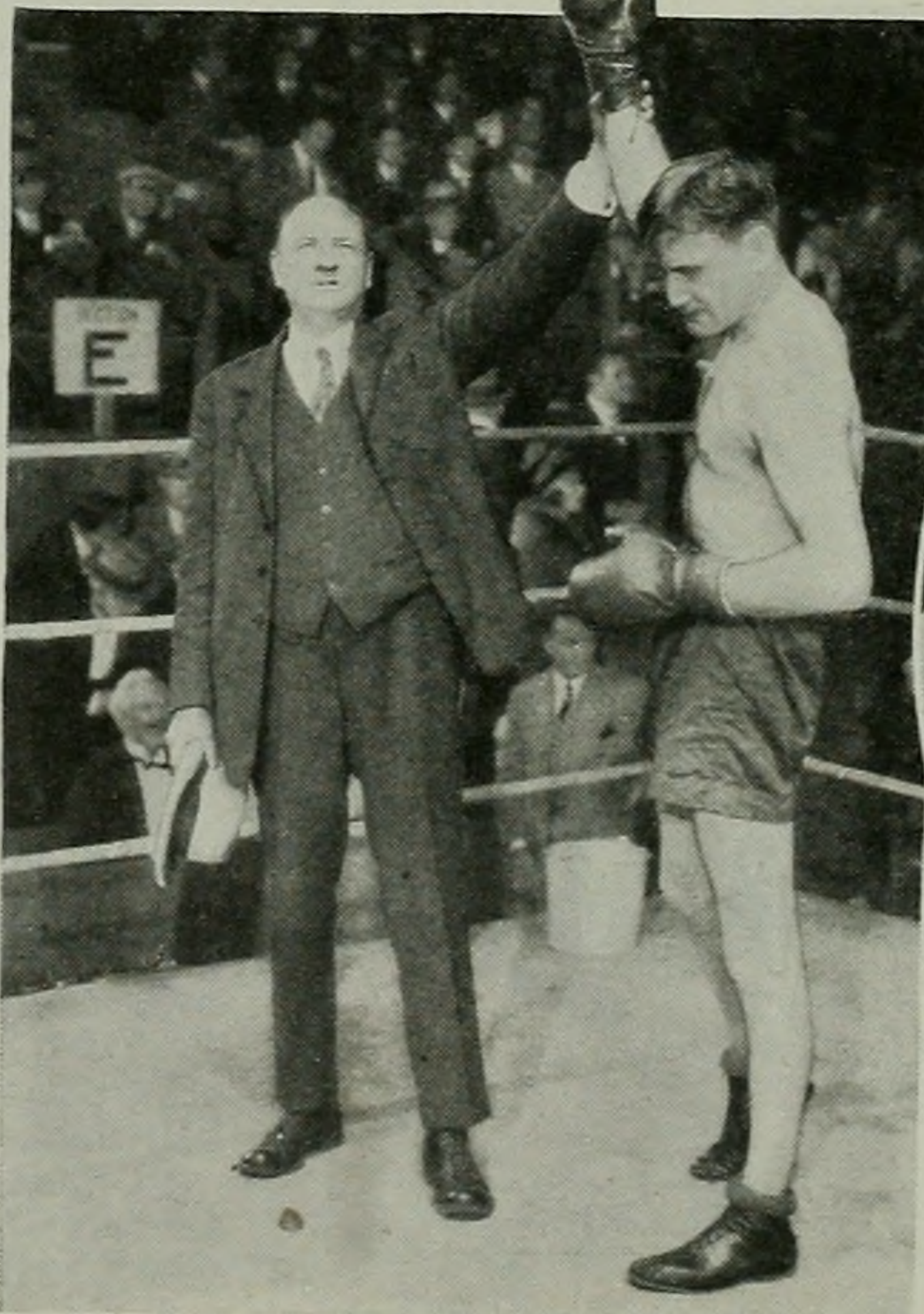


Dix stops a left hook from Renault and falls for the count of nine. Watch yourself, Big Boy!



"Hello, folks, I won." The man holding the mike is Graham McNamee, of course

"The winner!" proclaimed by Joe Humphreys. Joe is making his film debut in "Knockout Reilly." This man with the leather lungs and iron throat has played ringmaster at nearly every important fight of recent years. Yes, sir, he knows his cauliflowers





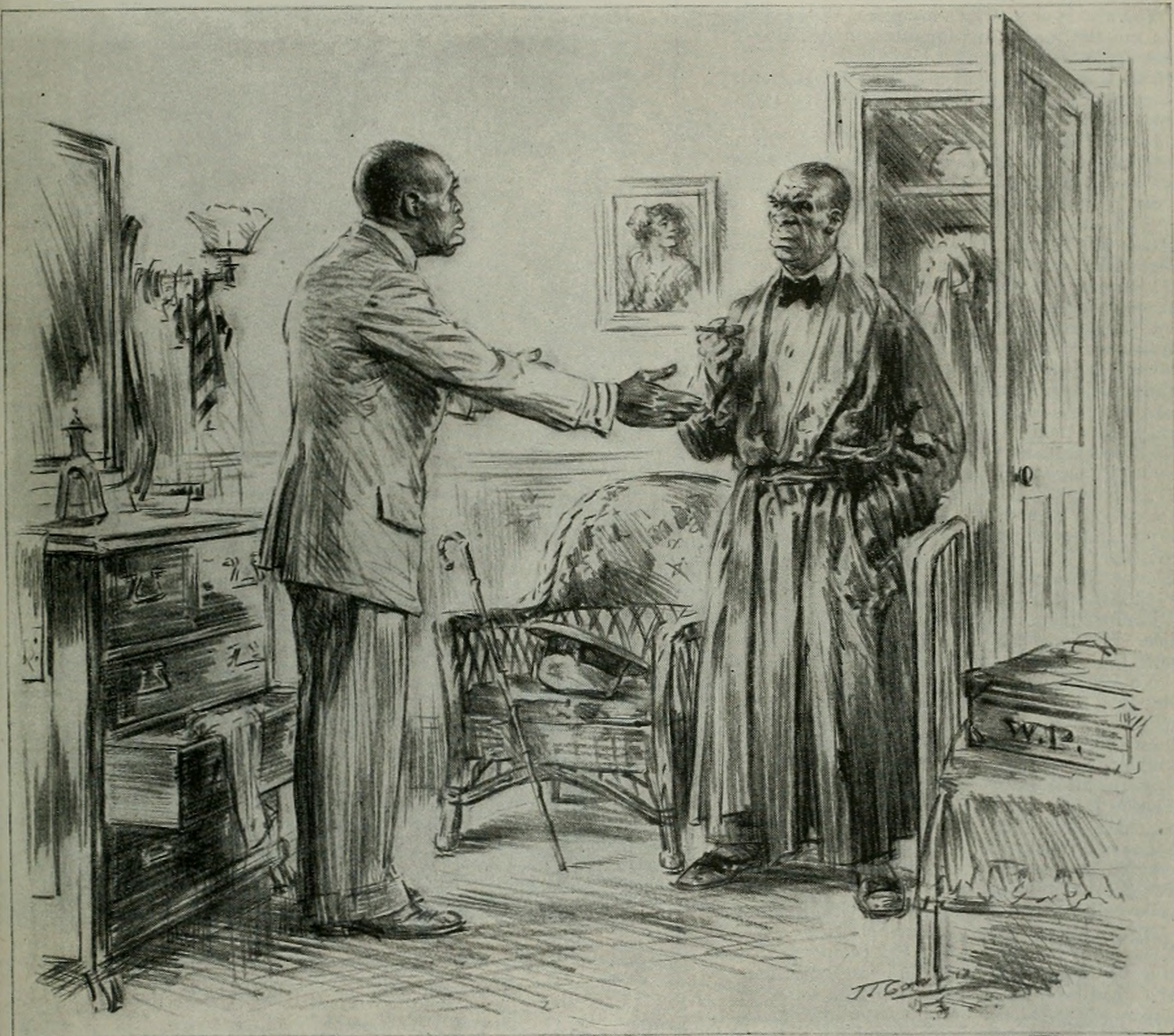
# Safe and Seine



By Octavus  
Roy Cohen

Florian Slappey makes his film debut as a comedian and thereby hangs a tale of gendarmes and dark plots

Drawings by J. J. Gould



Florian was in a quandary. He tried persuasion. "You aint got no right to that letter, Welford. It's mine. I just let you look at it, thinkin' us was friends"

"I THOUGHT," said Florian Slappey bitterly, "that you an' me was good friends."

Welford Potts, star actor with Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., temporarily sojourning in Paris, France, replied with disturbing candor.

"You is dead wrong," he snapped. "We aint friends, nor neither we aint like to be."

They faced each other in Welford's room which overlooked the Rue Druout. From outside the murmur of Parisian traffic came to them: the geeselike notes of taxi horns, the rattle of trucks, the clanging of trams. But these two slender and

elegant young colored gentlemen paid no heed. They were intent upon personal problems as they faced each other across Welford's bed.

About of a size, there was yet a marked difference between them. Florian possessed an insouciance which was at once the envy and despair of the slender actor. Mr. Slappey was no better dressed but he wore his clothes with greater ease. Welford wanted to be the best dressed colored man on the Continent. Florian *knew* that he was!

Mr. Slappey was still disposed to be tactful. "You aint doin' me right, Brother Potts."



# The Midnight Film Company Invades Paris

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I aint. Nor I don't aim to."

"I never meant fo' you to keep that letter I written. I craves to git it back."

"You better crave a diff'ent crave. 'Cause that letter is the most thing you aint gwine git. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"—Unless you pays me one hund'ed dollars cash money. An' I don't mean no francs, neither."

"Blackmail!" withered Florian furiously.

"You also is one. Tha's my price. Either you pays me the money by tomorrow night, else I shows the letter to President Latimer."

"You aint got no right to that letter, Welford. It's mine. I just let you look at it, thinkin' us was friends—"

"Friends! Fumadiddles! Was us friends when you bet me on that hawss race which you a'ready knew how it came out?"

"Sho'ly. That was just a li'l joke."

"SO is this a joke. On'y the joke is on you. I got that letter in yo' own handwritin' espressin' yo' opinion of President Latimer. An' b'lieve me, boy, you sho' better pay me a hund'ed dollars fo' it an' call it cheap or he reads what you think of him an' then one cullud gemmun fum Bumminham, Alabama, is gwine be walkin' the streets of Paris without no job n'r clothes."

Mr. Slappey clenched his fists. "I got a good mind to take it out of yo' hide."

Welford sneered. "Come right ahead, Shrimp. Maybe so you can lick me, but you got to prove it. An' the minute you kisses me one time with yo' fist I yells for a gendarme an' you th'owed in jail. An' you aint even got one idea what these French jails is like."

Florian considered. He had all of his racial fear for the law and its places of incarceration. Even in Birmingham he studiously avoided contact with police. Here in France the very thought of uniformed authority terrified him—and Welford knew it. No less afraid of it than Florian, Mr. Potts understood precisely how formidable a weapon his threat was.

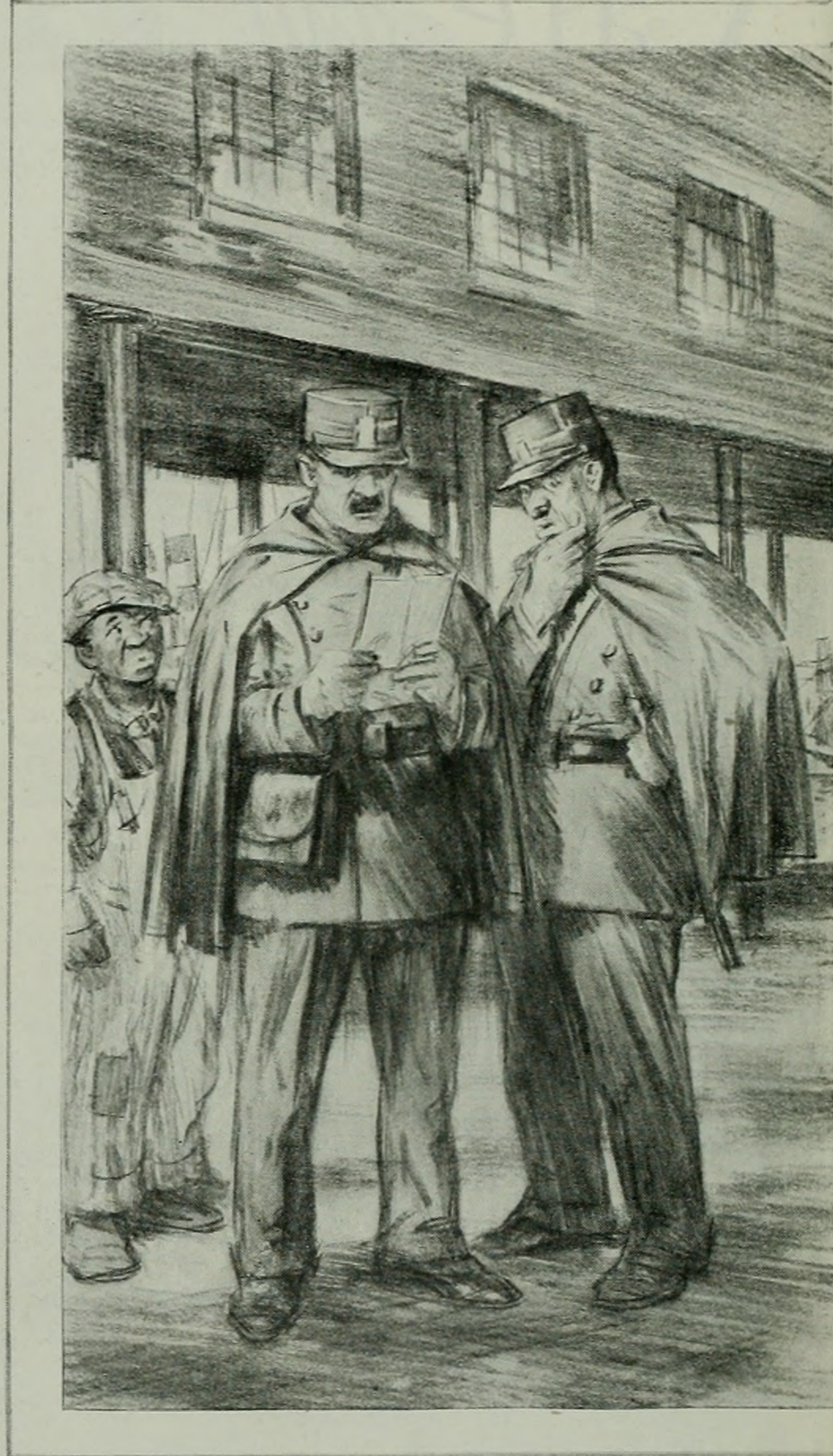
"An' what I said goes constant," he repeated. "I understan' that heah in Paris you gits about *trois* yeahs for salts an' batt'ry. *Comprenez vous?*"

Florian knew that he was defeated. He had to have that letter—yet there was no way he could get it save by the payment of one hundred dollars blackmail money. The very thought was impossible—yet the consequences should the fatal missive ever be called to the attention of President Orifice R. Latimer were ghastly to contemplate.

Ever since the days when the company shot pictures in Marseilles—and until very recently—Florian had been distinctly *de trop* with the other members of the troupe. For months of their European jaunt, Mr. Slappey had ridden high, wide and handsome. Eventually the worms of the company turned and blacklisted Mr. Slappey. They made his life miserable. They inflicted numerous indignities upon him. They impressed him at all times with his own personal undesirability. Until recently. . . .

JUST before the amazing termination of Florian's unpopularity, he had indited a passionate missive to Director J. Caesar Clump expressing his frank and unflattering opinion of Midnight. Most particularly he arraigned President Latimer as an ingrate, a bloated egoist, a nickel's worth of tripe and a strutful buzzard. Being proud of this literary effort, he turned it over to Welford Potts for friendly endorsement—Florian forgetting a trifling trick he had worked on Welford recently, and considering Mr. Potts his very staunch friend.

The letter disappeared. About the same time, Florian concocted a dinner of Brunswick stew and barbecued pork which



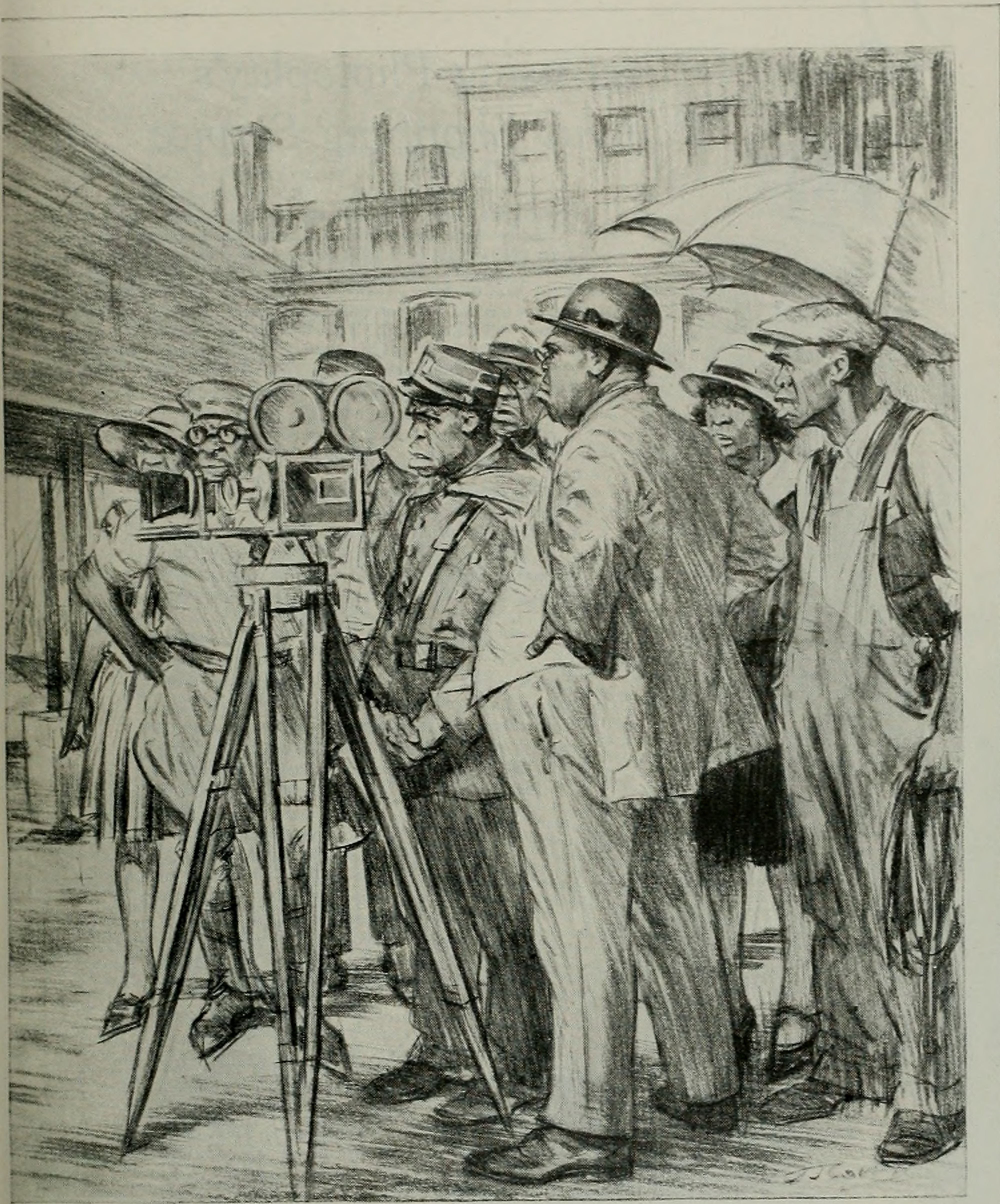
re-won him his place in the hearts of his associates and caused all of their rancor and bitterness to disappear overnight. It was not until today that he even remembered the letter.

Florian was not slow to appraise consequences. Once let the presidential eyes of Orifice R. Latimer fall upon that document and Florian knew that he would be turned loose with startling abruptness upon a foreign and unfriendly city. He had tried Latimer's patience more than once . . . but this was certain to prove the straw to give the camel spinal curvature. Latimer's opinion of Florian was something not casually commented upon.

Mr. Slappey mourned down the street, unmindful of the whirl and color and beauty of the French capital. Nor, for that matter, did Mr. Potts pay any particular attention to what was transpiring outside. He locked the door through which Florian had disappeared and took from his pocket a letter written in Mr. Slappey's handwriting. For the dozenth time—and with



# to do "We're in the Gendarmie Now"



The very formal permit was exhibited to the gendarmes. They read it carefully and held a lengthy conference. Finally they were convinced and immediately their manner changed. They became in an instant profusely apologetic. They bowed and scraped and spoke sweet and honeyed words

a glee no less acute than on the initial occasion—Mr. Potts read the devastating letter.

Director J. Caesar Clump  
Midnight Picture Corporation, Ink.  
Paris, France.

Dear Caesar—

I am writing this to you because I think you are a fare man and not no judas like that fat floppy bowl of tripe Orifice Latimer who is president of Midnight.

I have been geting a dirty deal and it is all Latimers fault. I guess that slab-sided balloom has forgot how I saved his life when we was in Biskra, africa which if I had not done it he would be lieing in the dessert rotig away for camels to eat, etc.

I do not see how a dum bell like him ever gotten to be

president of this compny exopt he is dam lucky. He aint got no brains nor neither sense and he looks like a comick page in a Birmingham newspaper. I am good and sick and tired of geting a raw deal from such a hunk of fatmeat and I wish you would do something about it becaus you have always ben a friend of mine and have lots of fluce.

Also the rest of this compny has got pretty rotten includeing such bums as Opus Randall, Exotic Hines, Forcep Swain and other, etc.

I dont think so much of Eddie Fizz either. He is awful uppity lately.

Yrs. restpfly.

FLORIAN SLAPPEY.

Florian Slappey did not spend a very happy evening. He dressed himself in his ultra-best, polishing off the ensemble with high hat, spats and monocle, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



# How to Dress Like a Star

by using Photoplay's  
Famous Shopping Service

PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service is famous for its smart selections and remarkably low prices. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned immediately and without question direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

Doctors claim American women need to rest more and every girl can afford to relax when a negligee like this dainty self-ruffled one of crepe de chine may be purchased for \$8.95. The material is of splendid quality and the colors delightful, pink, turquoise, orchid, coral, rose, French blue or black. Sizes 34 to 44

There's many a slip needed in the summer wardrobe when sheer frocks come into their own. CLARA BOW shows a particularly useful model of heavy crepe de chine with self ruffles. It may be had in all the needed colors, pink, white, navy, gray, black or tan, in sizes 34 to 44. The price is \$3.95

One can't always be one's self, even in a negligee. Sometimes one has to be hostess and pose a bit and for such informal entertaining nothing could be more original than donning this Mandarin coat of printed crepe de chine, sprawled over with flowers of red, black or green. In sizes 34 to 44, it is a real bargain at \$7.95

What could be sweeter than these swagger pongee pajamas? You know how wonderfully pongee launders. These are in natural colored pongee but you may choose between three shades for trimming, red, jade or blue. Sizes 34 to 42, they are priced at \$3.95

Thousands of readers acclaim with joy this perfect shopping guide. Do not hesitate to use it.





# on an Extra's Income

The hand-made voile frock, light, cool and blessed with the simplicity that gives true chic, is always found in the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman. CLARA BOW is wearing one trimmed with hand-drawn work that may be ordered in any of the spring colors, maize, copenhagen, orchid, rose, green or white. Sizes: Misses' 16-20, 34-44. \$3.95

Changes of costume! A girl simply must have them if she is going to ward off attacks of spring fever. And what could be a pleasanter cure than this practical, serviceable crepe de chine, with hand-drawn work and embroidery, in the newest shades, tan, maize, gooseberry green, queen blue, rose or white? Very worth \$10.95. Sizes: Misses' 14-20, 34-44

Service and smartness! It's a difficult combination to find but flat crepe solves it. Flat crepe literally wears and wears and wears. The model shown in tan, green, blue, flesh or white is the sort of dress every woman requires, and may be had in this case for \$15.75. Sizes: Misses' 16-20, 34-42

A gay deceiver is the little striped frock at the right for while it appears to be two-piece, it's all in one. Furthermore it's washable, of blue, green and rose-tinted silk. One of those treasures that may be worn anywhere, for lunch, dinner or the country club. \$10.95. Sizes: Misses' 14-20

The two piece frock is universally becoming, particularly for figures not so slim as desired. Fluffy GRETA NISSEN likes this dashing affair of sheer crepe ornamented with hand-drawn work. The sizes are: Misses' 16-20, 34-44, the colors gray, navy, tan, flesh or white, and the cost \$15.75







**N**ECKING—Spanish style. One look at the picture and you know why *Carmen* tossed over *Don Jose* in favor of *Escamillo*. Dolores Del Rio is playing the trouble-maker of Seville and you can see she enjoys the rôle. The *Toreador* is Victor McLaglen, who ought to be paying for the job instead of taking a salary. R. A. Walsh who, years ago, guided Theda Bara through the dances of the same tale, is the man who directed this burning close-up.



# She Doesn't Use a Lipstick

## in Public

By Ivan St. Johns

IT was at the Montmartre where so many things begin—and end—in Hollywood.

Somebody said, "I want to introduce you to Joan Crawford." And I said, "Oh, no—I don't want to meet her."

But having been well brought up and seeing a horrified look upon my friend's countenance, I realized that a gentleman doesn't refuse an introduction to a lady without an adequate explanation, so I said, "Oh, yes—Joan Crawford. Sure—I'd love to meet her."

But she was dancing and my friend wandered away and forgot and I was glad.

Because I didn't want to meet her.

I had a perfectly good reason.

I have always liked not knowing Joan Crawford.

She is so mysterious.

Her eyes are long and strangely alight. You look at her one moment and she is a slim, dancing girl, a prom girl, a sub-deb. And then she dances around the floor and comes back as sombre and passionate and deep as an Egyptian poem.

SHE possesses the greatest of all charms—mystery. The cloud of her dark hair, the light of her eyes that are sometimes violet and sometimes blue and sometimes gray-green, the flexibility of her long, red mouth, are all mystery.

When I was younger, I would have dashed to be introduced to such a girl. I would have rushed all over the place looking for someone, anyone, who could introduce me to her. I would have pursued an introduction over a period of weeks if necessary.

But now—well, in the thirties, one cherishes mystery, one cherishes illusion. And, whisper it, for it is not very chivalrous, one has been disappointed too often.

But I did eventually meet Joan Crawford. Hollywood is such a little place. You meet everybody eventually. Here or

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 96 ]



Joan Crawford dances more and better than any girl in Hollywood. Even when she sits perfectly still, you feel that she is longing to dance, that she is humming dance music softly under her breath . . . Man asks so little of woman nowadays. Just to be intrigued by her mystery . . . That is the secret of Joan Crawford's appeal—she is a mystery



# WANTED — Forrest James!



**L**OST, somewhere in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina—A MOVIE STAR! His name is Forrest James and he is a native mountaineer, fond of hunting and fishing. Movie actin' is pisen to him. James was discovered by Karl Brown and played the leading rôle in Brown's folk drama, "Stark Love." He received thirty dollars a week for being himself. When Brown went back to Carolina for re-takes, Forrest James heard he was coming and hit it for the hills. He thinks play-actin' is silly and wants none of it.

James, shown here in a scene with Helen Mundy, has put over a hit that would make the fortune of a Hollywood juvenile.

But the lad is offen the movies. A group of directors have organized a posse and are headin' for the Carolina hills to lasso him. So, Mr. James, if you voluntarily give yourself up, all will be forgiven.

Come to the studios and bring your gun. You'll be treated with respect, and given at least \$500 a week to start.



# The Emancipation of VIRGINIA

By Dorothy Spensley

**V**IRGINIA VALLI was wearing one of those insinuating negligees. Crimson and gold and green brocade, it clung to her legs like a mermaid's scales.

Her black hair was parted in the center and looped back behind each ear.

She walked with a sliding step, geisha-girl like.



See what a little make-up and a bushel of diamonds will do to a sedate gal!



Virginia Valli shook herself free from all contracts—matrimonial as well as professional—now watch her!

If her eyes had been slanted, she might have been a beautiful Oriental lady, incarnated for the moment from the rich embroideries of a fan. But, then again, she couldn't. Her eyes are blue and Irish.

"Virginia," I said, "why don't you do things like 'Wild Oranges'? Why don't you get away from these cut-and-dried parts—these stereotyped rôles you have been doing for years?"

"I can't," then a simple, resigned, gesture, "because no one will let me."

"You did 'Wild Oranges' . . ."

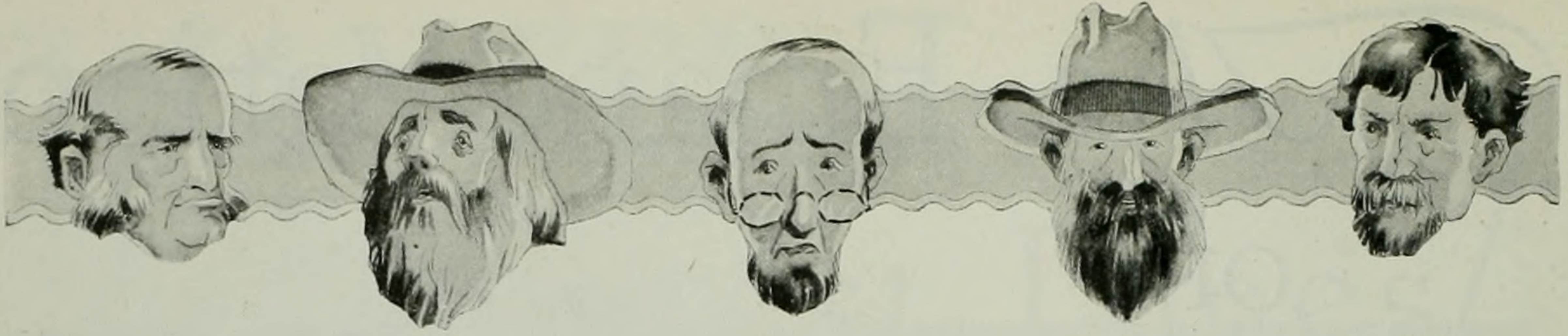
"Quite by accident. They wanted a long-haired girl. I was the only one available. There is a story to that—" The soft curve of her cheek grew more round in a smile. "I was just recovering from pneumonia in Chicago and my hair had been trimmed to almost nothing, to save me from becoming completely bald. King Vidor was the director. He wired me to meet the company in Florida, saying not a word about the requirement of long hair, taking it for granted that mine was still long.

"I got there and King gave one look and groaned. Thousands of miles from Hollywood, ready to start work on a story that demanded a tangle-topped heroine and here was I looking like a Mexican hairless. There was nothing to do. I was fitted to a wig, and we started shooting."

"But," I said, "after 'Wild Oranges.' More mediocre rôles. More dignified, carefully poised, perfect heroines. Nothing that even

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]





# The Pursuit of the Hirsute

A penetrating study showing what a difference just a few hairs make

By Carroll Graham

**H**OLLYWOOD is possibly the only spot in the world where the wearing of a beard may assume commercial rather than aesthetic proportions.

Even in Russia, where the beard is considered the symbol of the honest man, the growing of one is largely a matter of diversion for the wearer.

In Hollywood, however, it is a serious and a remunerative profession. A first class beard in any one of a score of designs, if it is really a distinctive specimen, may bring one a tidy income. One professional beard, to my knowledge, supports a family of fourteen children by renting his whiskers to pictures. He is familiarly known as "Pom Pom."

There are probably four hundred permanent beards in the motion picture industry, as well as a certain number of transient or migratory ones. The permanent beards are well-known to directors and casting offices. Indeed, they are given special listing in all studio directories and booklets.

The income to be derived from a beard varies from \$7.50 a day to several hundred dollars a week, depending largely upon the luxuriance of the beard, the architectural style in which it is trimmed, and the histrionic ability of the actor behind it.

It is not our purpose here to go into the more expensive beards, but to confine our investigations to the great middle-class, the back-bone, so to speak, of the beard-wearers.

These are the gentlemen who depend upon the income from daily work in the studios, which is brought about by their facial caparisons. Any large mob scene is enhanced by the presence of a few beards sprinkled here and there throughout the crowd. They lend dignity and austerity to the scene, and give it a note of reality as well.

In pictures with Ghetto scenes or for photoplays set in foreign lands, the beards are in great demand. It is a common belief, not peculiar to Hollywood alone, that gentlemen of foreign nations are more prone to grow beards than our own countrymen. This is a fallacious theory that has touched everyone. I have re-

ferred to the prevalence of beards in Russia in this article, and, as a matter of fact, none of the several Russians of my acquaintance wear them, nor have they shown any disposition to do so in the future.

Costume pictures and period plays provide constant employment for beards of all description as do stories with Prime Ministers, Grand Dukes, court officials and statesmen in their casts. Almost a hundred beards—all of a profound and serious mien—appeared in a scene in "He Who Gets Slapped." It was supposed to be a gathering of scientists.

The beard, indeed, is so definitely established as a part of Hollywood that directors never refer to one as "a man with a beard." When they want one for a picture they say: "Get me a beard," and describe the type of whiskers wanted. There are fine distinctions between old beards, grand duke beards, artist beards, doctors' beards, comic beards, professorial or academic beards and the other classifications.

Some of the professional beards are old-time actors who have found that whiskers add to their popularity. Some are old gentlemen who first grew their beards for adornment and later found they had market value, and some are men who have deliberately developed beards as a means of livelihood.

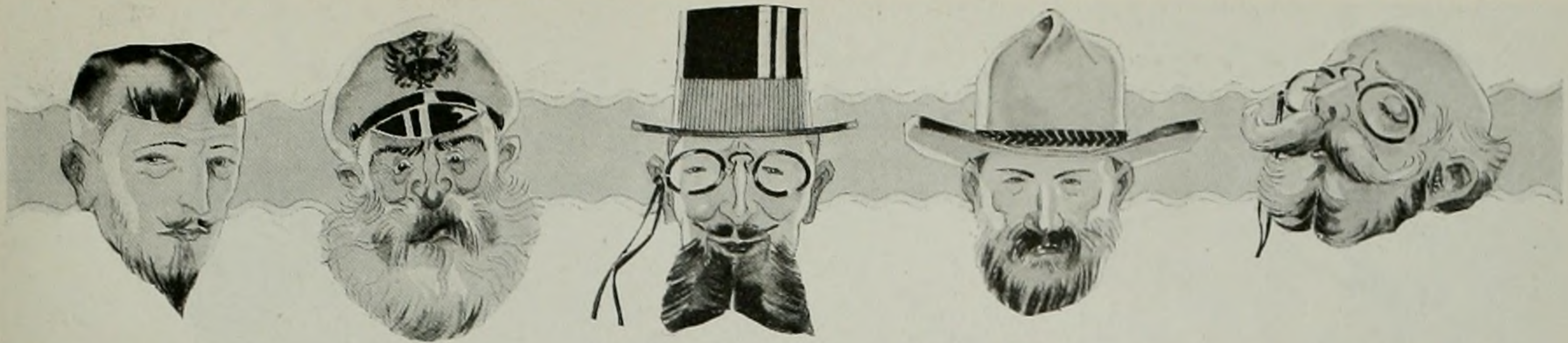
Do not think from this, however, that all professional beards are men of advanced age. One in particular, who possesses a beautiful brindle beard, perfectly suited for biblical characterizations, is only twenty-six years old. He is a meditative soul by nature and demands peace and solitude for his philosophical reflections. By growing a beard he found he could work a few days a week and devote the rest of his time to the development of a new system of metaphysical reasoning. The beard helps in other ways, too. It is not only apt to repel chance acquaintances who might disturb him, but it tends to put him in a ruminative mood by its very design. Despite his youth he looks not unlike Walt Whitman.

The permanent beards are prone to look at the transient beards with



Their artistic chins rebel at the idea of crepe hair whiskers getting the pay check





the feeling of contempt common to the professional in any calling who is contemplating an amateur.

A russet beard of my acquaintance stopped me on Hollywood Boulevard recently. He was in a high state of indignation over the menace of transient beards to his profession.

"Retired farmers," he told me, "come out here from Kansas and Iowa to die. They bring their beards with them, and instead of dying, they start working in pictures for amusement. This works a tremendous hardship on the permanents, who take pride in their work and have made it a life pursuit. Most of the amateurs are financially independent and they will cut prices to work just for the fun of it."

I agreed that from his standpoint the situation could be viewed with alarm, and asked what steps were being taken to safeguard his profession. He replied that he was serving on a committee to investigate the possibilities of forming a Hollywood Beard Union.

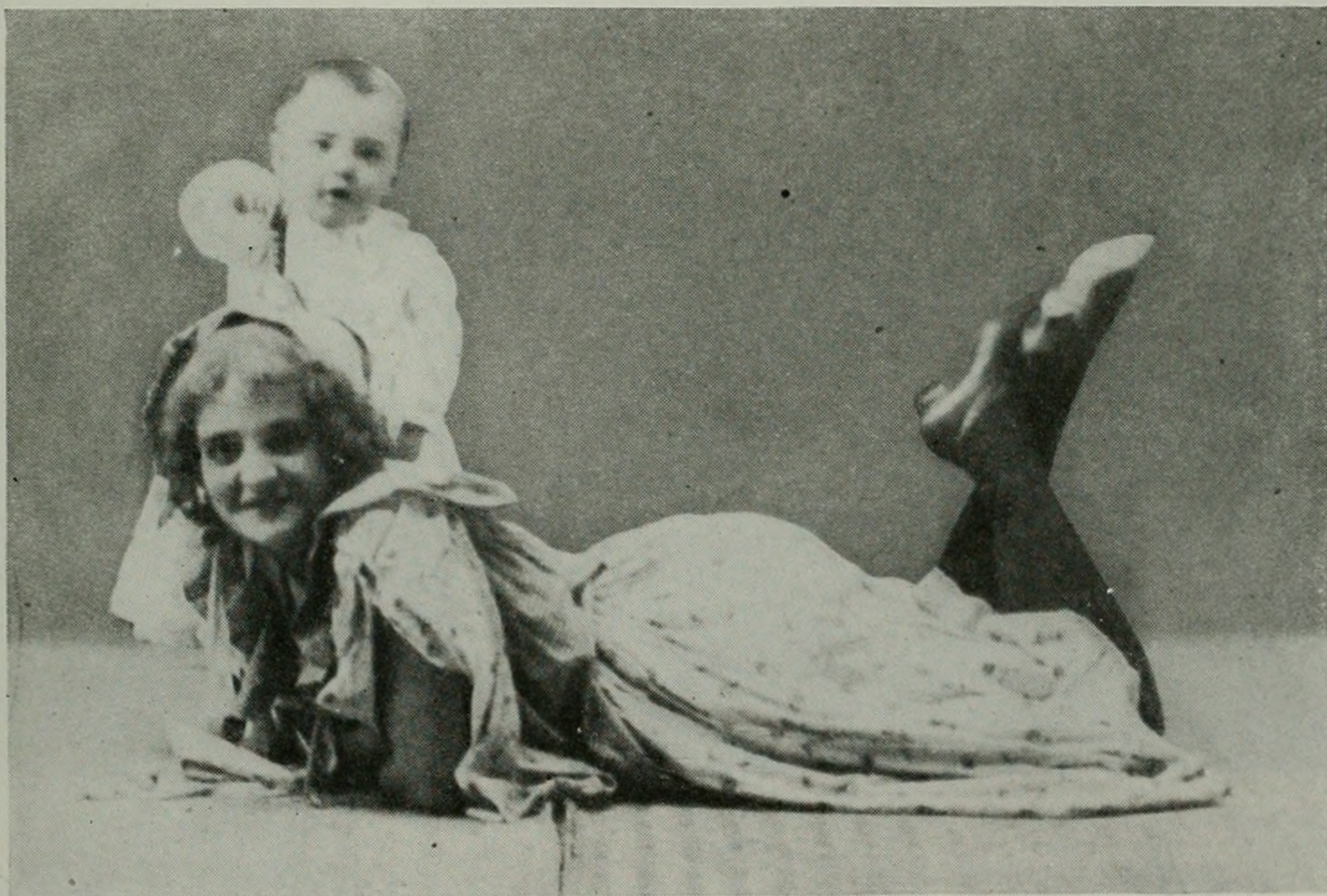
Forward-thinking and public-spirited beards, he said, are advocating a movement to make all the studios operate under a closed shop policy in regard to beards.

"Think," said he, "of the inconvenience we could cause producers if a general walkout of beards was called during a production boom. And mark my words, we'll have to do it if casting directors persist in using scab beards."

The unusually high average of beards among the men of Hollywood has brought about a variation of the game of Beaver, which is so popular in London. Beaver is played there by clubmen who sit by windows facing on the street and wait for beards to pass by. Whoever sees a new one cries: "Beaver," and is paid by his opponent whatever sum has been agreed upon at the start of the game.

However, I digress. The beard is an established Profession and one that is entitled to respect. The beards are an august, dignified body. Ne'er may they shave.

# He was Born a Trouper



HERE is one of the few existing photographs of Jack Gilbert and his mother. It was taken when Jack was two years old. But even at that early age, Jack had had a lifetime of experience in the theater. His mother was Ida Adair, then a popular stock company actress, and Jack was almost born in the wings of the theater. His first cradle was the top tray of a trunk; his first nurses were stage-hands. His first toys were "props"; and his first step was taken in a dressing room.

A glamorous life? Not entirely; because the players were poorly paid in comparison with movie salaries, and theirs was a

restless, homeless life. Most of Jack's childhood was spent in this nomadic fashion.

In the bleak world back-stage, there was little chance for a normal childhood of play and companionship.

Those who remember Ida Adair in her prime say that she was a talented and magnetic woman. Certainly, in this photograph, you can see that her famous son resembles her. But, more important, Jack inherited from his mother a priceless instinct for acting. And the stern education of his early days in the theater has stood him in good stead in his career on the screen.





## *An Artist in Overalls*

There's no dog about Herr Murnau, Germany's finest contribution to our screen personnel. The director of "The Last Laugh" and "Faust" uses mechanic's overalls as his studio smock, and won't work with a gallery. He has just finished "Sunrise" for Fox and is notable by his absence at gatherings of Hollywood celebrities. Twelve hours' work a day is his idea of a rattling good time. There is just a slight possibility that may have something to do with his reputation as one of the few, very few, great directors



# Margot Asquith writes on

## Woman's Instinct to make herself Attractive

*The famous MARGOT, now COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, has written with her own hand and in her own sparkling, inimitable style this article on a subject of universal interest to women.*

“AS long as human nature exists, men and women will want to make themselves physically attractive. The intention to be at your best, to feel brilliant, responsive, triumphant, is prompted by a desire to love and be loved.

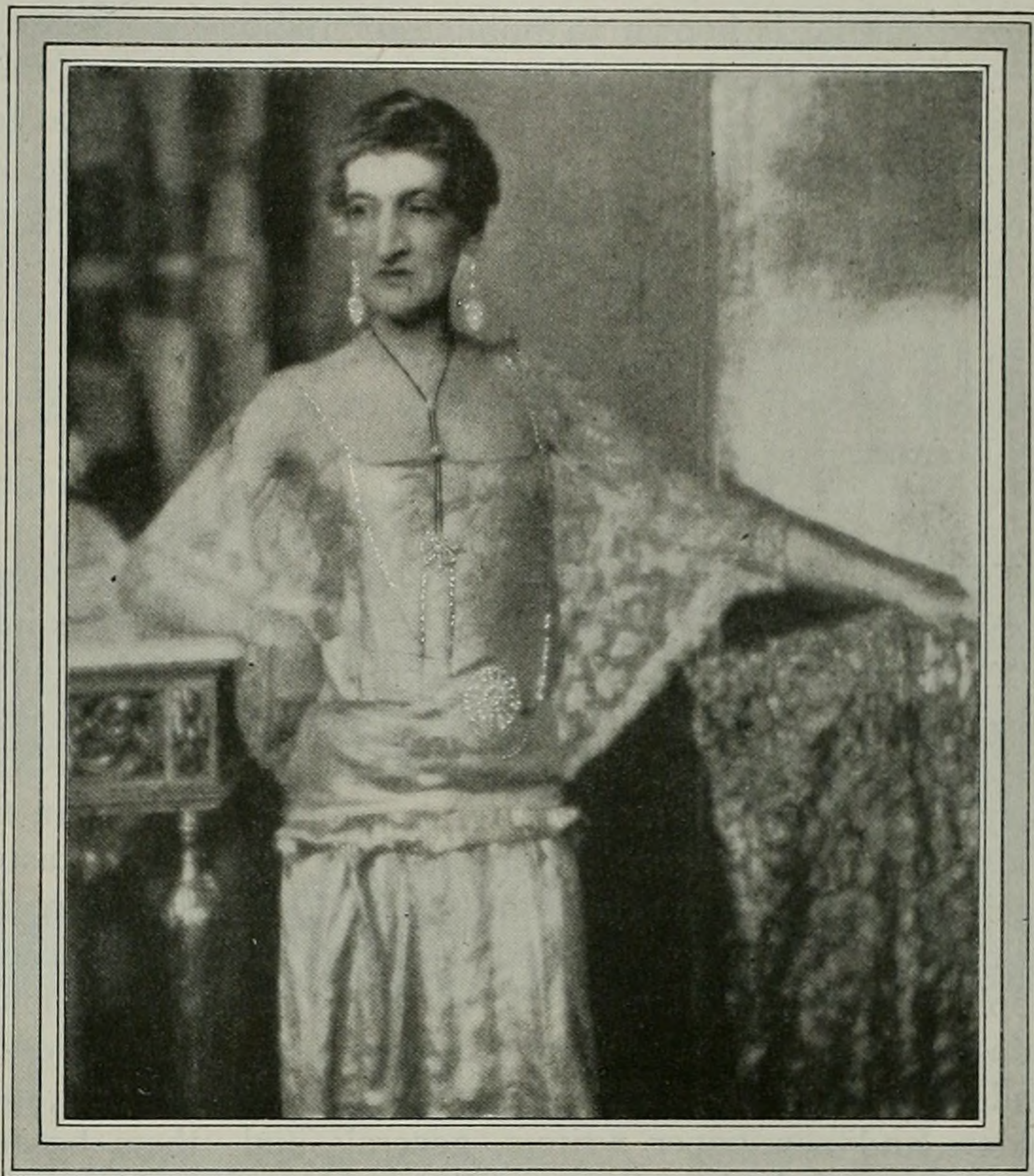
“We have all known women who have more than made up for their lack of features and general homeliness by the play of their expression, the grace of their carriage or the beauty of their complexion. And, fortunately, most of us if we take enough trouble can improve our complexions out of all recognition.

“Those of you who have hunted, mountaineered, or been as much exposed to our inhospitable climate as I have, will know it is almost impossible to prevent your face from becoming like leather, or your chest like a gong, unless you take a great deal of trouble to preserve them.

“YOU do not want to apply creams and lotions that will make your skin soft and susceptible, but something that will make it fresh and impervious.

“I have used Pond's Creams for my skin more years than I can remember; and though I have never been beautiful and I am not young, I have not got a wrinkle in my forehead. When I came in from hunting I always rubbed the Cold Cream over my face, neck and hands.

“Nothing in my life has changed so much as the estimate people place upon a



*The COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH*

*“Margot,” daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, is the wife of the distinguished Statesman and former Prime Minister of Great Britain. She is one of the most vivid and interesting figures of English society, famous for her daring, her wit and her wide acquaintance with the personable of every land.*

woman's age. When I came out, to suggest that a woman of thirty could upset a man's heart would have been looked upon as a paradox.

“Now you see proficiency at golf, riding, fishing, shooting, in women past the age of forty; and they have preserved not only their youth but their complexions.

“My advice is, save your skin—with Pond's—and cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind—and birthdays!”

powder. Wipe off and repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. A little cream left on overnight keeps a dry skin supple.

*Pond's Vanishing Cream, used after every day-time cleansing, gives your skin a new freshness, holds your powder smoothly and protects it from sun and wind.*

Buy your own jars of Pond's Creams and as Lady Oxford suggests, “cheat the devil that lurks in soot, dust, wind.”

*Free Offer* Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. S,  
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

*Margot Oxford*

How you should use these Creams:

Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously at night and often during the day. In a few moments its fine oils bring up from the pores all dust and

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*On Lady Oxford's dressing table are unusual perfume bottles and jade green jars of Pond's Creams.*



# Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

it "The Cathedral of Motion Pictures." "Roxy," as he is known to millions of radio devotees, is to the theater what Zukor is to the films, and the story of his "Cathedral" is an amazing romance of modern business methods.

Roxy started in pictures by borrowing some undertaking parlor chairs and turning a saloon into a store screen show, and developed the art of motion picture theater presentation to the point where he brought the limousine trade to the Broadway picture house when he opened the Capitol Theater.

**H**ERBERT LUBIN, a little fellow, who had been up and down the film rialto and in his luck for many years, financed this veritable palace on a shoestring made of vision, shrewdness and perseverance, and the reputation of Roxy as a master showman.

I saw the slight figure walking around the spacious outer corridors the opening night during the show. Inside was an audience of 6,200 people, millionaires, United States Senators, wide-eyed shop girls, the Mayor of New York, heads of all the great film companies, stockholders and newspaper writers, generals and admirals, and just ordinary folks. A tremendous opening, a triumph of showmanship.

He had a strange light in his eye and he didn't seem very steady on his pins. He is a fragile little cuss, with nerves made of spun glass, and a drink of old fashioned liquor, let alone the paternal poison we get nowadays, would kill him. I stopped him.

"Stewed, Herb?" I asked him.

"No," he said, in a thin husky voice, "I'm trying to believe this."

**N**ORMA TALMADGE has taken her pen in hand and written her life story for the "Saturday Evening Post." It is interesting reading and I am sure that Terry Ramsaye will find the section relating to the early start of Vitagraph Company especially engrossing. Obviously Norma has been reading "A Million and One Nights," because her account of the

start of "Pop" Rock in the film business is just a boiled down version of Ramsaye's researches, originally published in PHOTOPLAY.

All the general and women's magazines have discovered the movies lately, but most of the stuff they are printing was told by the lowly fan magazines years ago. At the rate they are going they will discover Jack Gilbert any day now.

**A**S I write, the House of Commons is wrangling over the Government's film bill which would make British exhibitors use at least seven and a half per cent home productions in their programs.

They are quite frank in admitting that it is the trade influence of American films they fear. Even in New Zealand and Canada, they say, American films play a large part in moulding public taste.

Undergoing a reorganization, one of the great white collar concerns of Troy, New York, complains that the general use of the attached soft collars is ruining their business. Films did that, motion picture actors started wearing them because of their comfort in California, and now millions of men wear soft collars.

The young woman of today spends most of her income to increase her attractiveness. Women spend twenty billions a year on things that were luxuries a few years ago, but are now regarded as necessities.

**E**XTRAVAGANCE? Perhaps. But if that spending influence were removed it would bring about something akin to a national financial disaster. Motion pictures are largely responsible for this. But the totals of savings deposits continue to mount from year to year, so there is really nothing for the graybearded economists who view with alarm the spending tendencies of today to be worried about. If these twenty millions of young women ceased dolling themselves up to coax a second glance from the boys the economists would have something real to be alarmed about.





## DENTISTS SAY THIS TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

*You must protect your charm from the acids which attack The Danger Line*

Not only are white teeth and firm, pink gums vital to charm and beauty, but physical well-being often depends upon their soundness.

With the vital fascination of good health depending on them, it is fundamental that you must guard your teeth and gums. But how are you to know the most effective method of protecting yourself?

E. R. Squibb & Sons asked the dental profession of America to settle the problem. 50,000 dentists were requested to state briefly what constituted the greatest threat to teeth and gums, and what was the best means of combating it.

95% of the answers agree that mouth acids most frequently cause tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum

infection occur at the place known as The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet—where a toothbrush cannot reach.

85% state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in the most convenient and effective form. Each time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of

Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There these particles neutralize the acids already present, and remain for a considerable time, to neutralize any new acids that may be formed.

Squibb's Dental Cream combines all the ingredients necessary for the correct care of your teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser—leaves the teeth beautifully white—relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums—contains no harsh grit.

Protect your health and beauty. Follow the advice of these authorities. Consult your dentist at least once every six months, and meanwhile use Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists—40c a tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York—Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

© 1927

**SQUIBB'S  
DENTAL  
CREAM**

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



Naturally  
Lovable



## "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

—gained and safeguarded, as thousands are doing,  
by following this simple rule in daily skin care

MODERN beauty culture, today, starts largely with choosing a bland complexion soap.

That is the reason millions use Palmolive—a soap made solely to safeguard the skin.

In America, it is the largest selling toilet soap. In France, it is supplanting French soaps by the score!

AS more women become skilled in the ways of beauty, more and more turn to natural ways in skin care.

That means a clean skin; pores kept free of accumulations to perform their functions *naturally*.

Thus modern beauty culture starts with soap and water; its only secret being the **KIND** of SOAP one uses—and how.

Palmolive is a beauty soap. A soap made of bland and soothing cosmetic oils, solely for one purpose; to safeguard the complexion. A soap made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

Used in the following way, it is credited with more beautiful skins, probably, than any other beauty method. Its results you see on every side today.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging

the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



Retail  
Price

10c

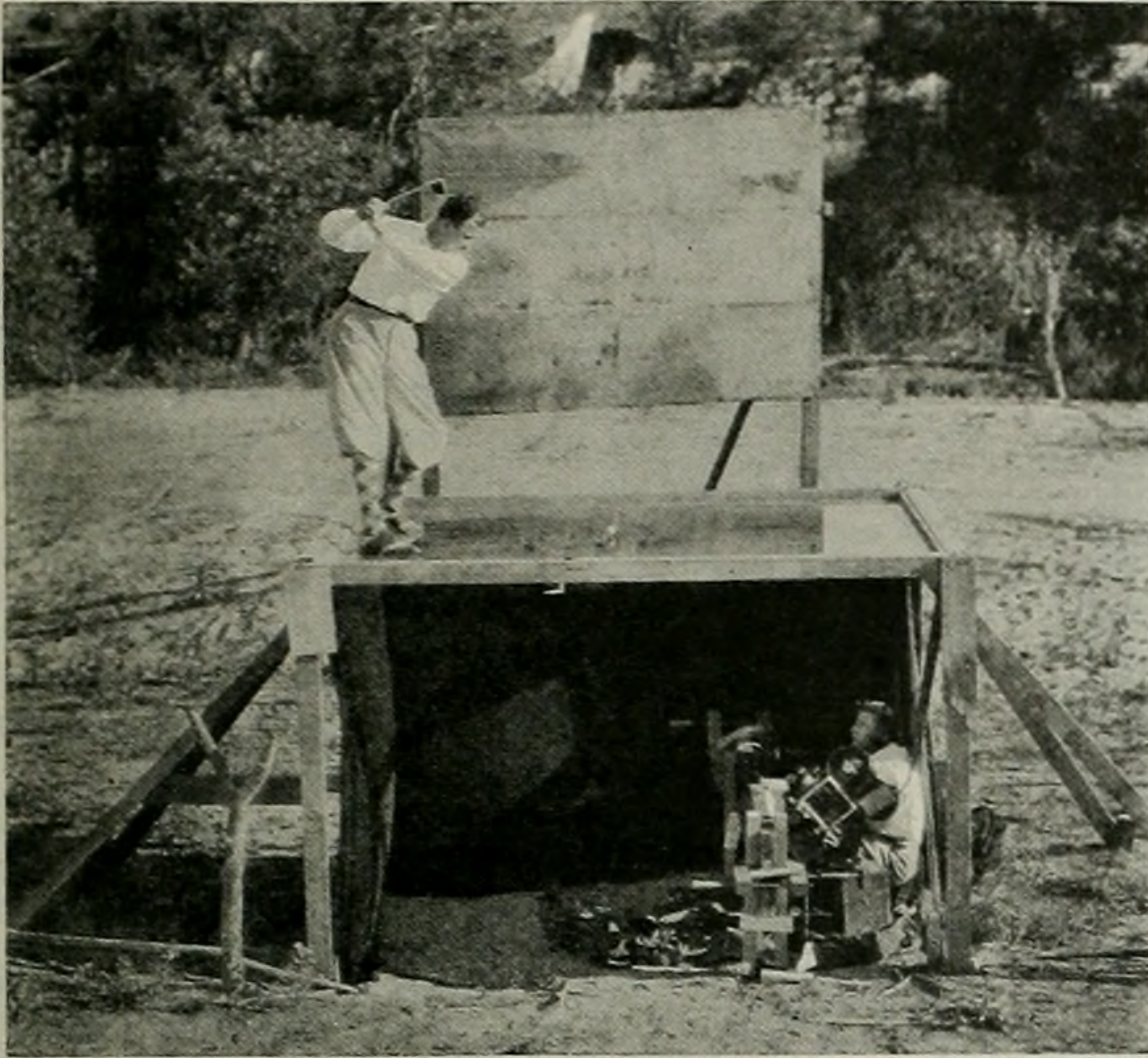
Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



# He Shoots His Golf Through Glass

William A. Seiter, the director, takes his golf seriously. In order to study his own game he has arranged a platform with a glass floor. Underneath he places a cameraman with a slow motion camera. Then he tees off—and that night studies what's the matter with his shots. It's great for everyone but the cameraman



Just above is a glimpse of Director Seiter as he appears to the slow motion camera. Mr. Seiter, who, by the way, swings a mean club, is here shown lining up for a mashie shot. At the left, note the dented backstop. It protects Mr. Seiter's neighbors

## News and Gossip of all The Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

Elinor Glyn." Then came, "Why did you fall off your horse and break your contract? Edward, Prince of Wales," who, needless to say, was not a guest.

Nor was Adolph Zukor, who was supposed to have wired "Congratulations." Other celebrities were not forgotten by Marion's house guests, who gaily sent "Congratulations on successful opening. Calvin Coolidge," and, "It is a good picture that comes out of cutting room with only one cut. Congratulations. George Bernard Shaw."

There were others, of course; but I quickly shoved them back in the hand-painted secretary.

**E**DDIE CANTOR has been having his share of bad luck of late.

Two weeks ago a trained seal bit Eddie on the ear. A few days later a pet bull terrier, working on the same set, took a piece out of one of Eddie's legs.

"You can't tell me," declared Eddie. "I know that seal told the dog."

**T**HIS is a true story.

It was one of those mornings when the Southern California weather was unusually unusual, but despite the high fog Harold Lloyd and Edward Everett Horton were playing their regular round of golf on Lloyd's private course.

Just as Lloyd drove off the third tee a wild duck, flying low and alone as though he were

trying to get home after a hard night out with the rest of the drakes, hurried past.

Harold's ball struck the big mallard full amidships and the bird crashed into a nearby sand trap, dead.

"That's the way to kill ducks," Lloyd shouted jubilantly to Horton.

"I suppose you play golf with a shotgun," Horton replied.

A caddy threw the duck into Lloyd's car and the two comedians finished their round with Lloyd talking all the way about the wonderful duck dinner he was going to have that evening.

As they were leaving the course they encountered Lloyd's gamekeeper.

"You remember that pair of tame mallards we paid \$50 for, Mr. Lloyd?" the gamekeeper inquired.

"Yes," said Lloyd. "How are they getting along?"

"Well, they were both here last night," the gamekeeper replied, "but I can find only one of them this morning."

**A**LL sorts of wealth is stored up for "little Bill," big Bill Hart's five year old youngster, whose mother has just won a divorce.

When he reaches the age of twenty-one he is to receive the five thousand dollar interest each year that his mother received for his support until that time, from the \$100,000 trust fund established for the boy by his father. But when he reaches the mature age of twenty-five, "little Bill,"—who will then be "Big Bill"—can step out, for he then receives the whole one hundred thousand dollars.

**M**Y Derby is doffed to Donald Keith. No flamboyant headlines about his marriage to Kathryn Stickuzza, a boyhood sweetheart. Just a small announcement that they were wedded. It was Donald's wish. He had enough publicity, as I recall, at the time when there was that engagement tangle with Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland.

**"QUESTIONS."** That's Hollywood's most popular pastime. Over at Virginia Valli's new Beverly Hills home the other night they were playing it.

"What author was known by the name of 'Boz'?" Virginia asked Julanne Johnston.

"Charles Dickens," Julanne answered, just like that.

Then Virginia decided to ad lib a bit.

"Who wrote the 'Refrain from Spitting'?"

"The City Health Commissioner." The decision was given to Julanne.

**A**N autobiography of the movies, covering the history of the screen for thirty years, was shown at Carnegie Hall in New York, under the auspices of the National Board of Review. The film was edited and titled by Terry Ramsaye, who has dignified the screen by giving it an orderly history—"A Million and One Nights." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



# \$15,000 in Prizes for Picture Ideas

## Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest— Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in type-writing, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,  
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$5,000
Second Prize.....	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes.....	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes.....	500 each

Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.....	\$250 each
Forty Prizes.....	100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the fullaward will be given to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to make any use of such suggestions in whole or in part. If they con-

tain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of March, when the April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appears on the newsstands.

*Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it*

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]  
Address:

.....



# “A grocer’s simple advice made my son a healthy boy”

“FOR FIVE MONTHS last year my seven-year-old son was so sick I didn’t know what to do.

“Indigestion—terrible intestinal pains—frequent nausea. He suffered misery—looked so sallow and pale.

“And worst of all, nothing seemed to help.

“One day my grocer said to me, ‘Why don’t you give Fleischmann’s Yeast a trial?’ It could not possibly hurt, I thought, so I told him he could deliver two Yeast cakes every day along with the other groceries.

“That was on August 15th. Jimmy began taking them right away and in two weeks’ time he was showing an improvement. His food began to digest. Soon his stomach gave him no more pain. He has got back his white skin and rosy cheeks. Today, thanks to my grocer’s simple advice, he is a healthy, robust boy.”

MRS. JOHN GUINEY, San Jose, Calif.



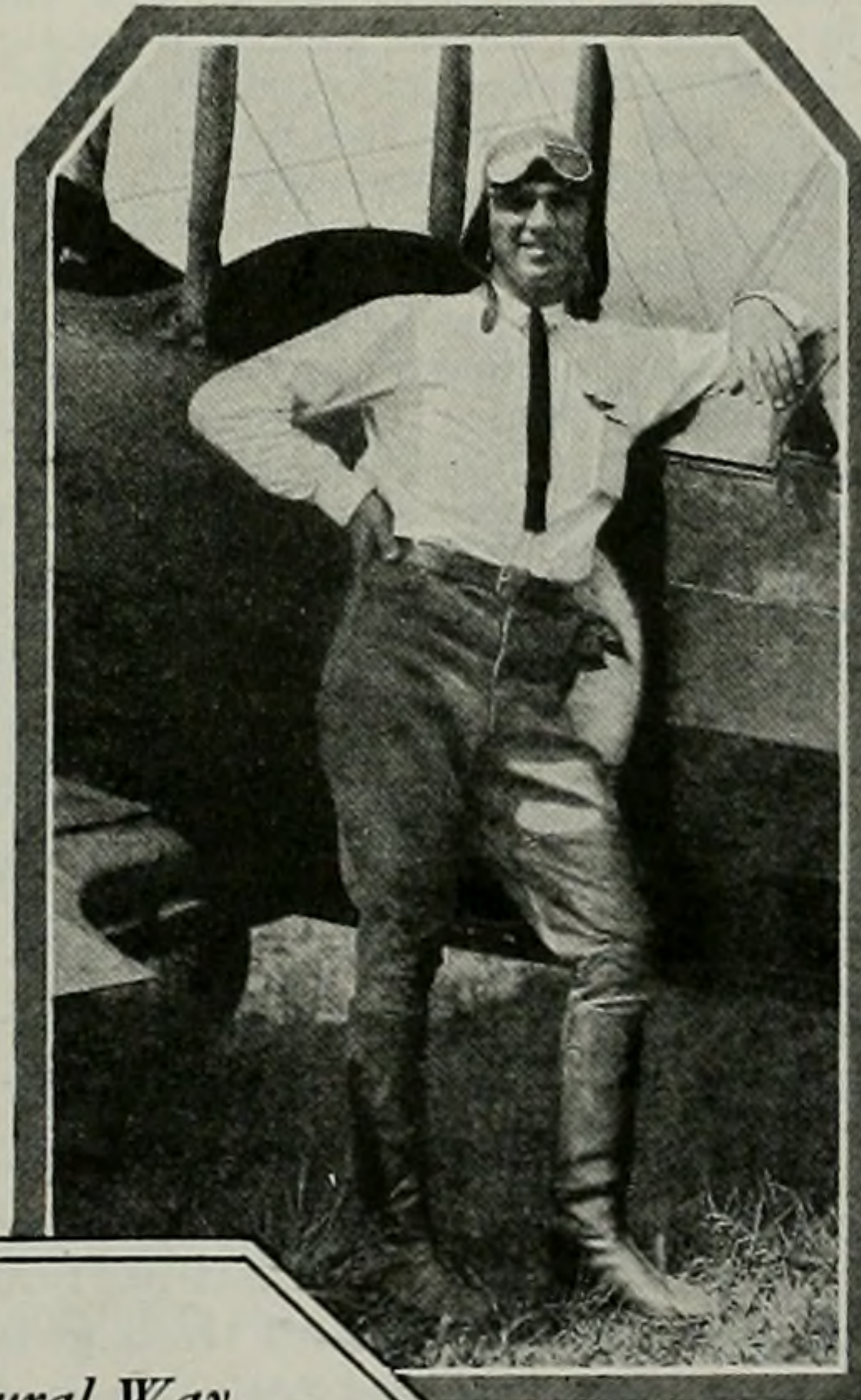
JAMES GUINEY and one of his sisters at their home in San José, Calif.

THERE is nothing mysterious about Fleischmann’s Yeast—unlike medicines, yeast is simply a living plant—a fresh, corrective food.

To keep well the digestive tract must be kept clean and active. That is exactly what yeast does. It tends to counteract intestinal putrefaction, preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It stimulates the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually bringing complete release from constipation.

Start today to eat your way back to health, to rid yourself of constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils, and that constant feeling of weariness.

All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Buy several days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 29, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



“SOME SIX YEARS AGO I became an airplane pilot. Sitting long hours in my plane, irregular meals, the constant strain of the work—told on me. After the first year I began to be bothered with constipation. My system seemed to become more and more poisoned. This lasted for five years—in fact, until I began eating Yeast. In three weeks after I started with Yeast my system began to function regularly. After six weeks I experienced no more heartburn. Today I consider Yeast a part of my daily food.”

R. F. KNOX, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

BELOW

MME. DOROTHY JARDON, *prima donna mezzo soprano of the Chicago Opera Company*

“THE DARK SIDE of operatic and concert work is the constant wear and tear on one’s complexion. Long train trips, changes in food—all had their damaging effect. Loss of color and that sallow look became most alarming. I was panic stricken. At this period a relative suggested Yeast. I ate it daily and my digestion showed improvement—and naturally this was reflected in my face. My old energy returned. Now, when that sallow look threatens I use Fleischmann’s Yeast.”

DOROTHY JARDON, New York City



## This Easy Natural Way to feel yourself again

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation

physicians say it is best to dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous purgatives will gradually become unnecessary.





# Friendly Advice on Girls'



# Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

**DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:**  
I'm seventeen and I've never had a beau. And I'm sure it isn't my own fault. It's my mother's fault. She absolutely refuses to let me have boy friends come to our house, and if the truth be known, she doesn't particularly like me to have girl friends. She is old-fashioned and a darling, but I am beginning to wonder if she isn't too narrow-minded. I am never permitted to go on parties and when I want to go to the movies, I must go with her, or stay home. Mrs. Van Wyck, I love her. I don't want to disobey. But I do feel as though all my life were being choked out of me. Boys, at high school, try to date me. I can never accept. I'm as pretty as most girls. I want happiness. But I fear my mother is killing it for me.

MARJORIE.

A FEW days ago I was lunching with a fellow writer who, like myself, conducts a department of advice to girls.

"I may write on any topic except one," she said. "I can't write a word about girls defying their parents. There's a sharp editorial rule which forbids that."

Coming in from that meal I found Marjorie's letter, above, on my desk. And reading it I was thankful to my broad-minded editor who lets me write as I wish.

A letter like Marjorie's—and I get so many of them—fills me with both anger and pity—pity for an earnest young girl—and anger for a mother who won't see beyond her nose.

I feel very indignantly on this subject of parents who won't let their children grow up.

That is all we are in the world for—to grow to be adult; to know and share the adult experiences of love and happiness. But altogether too many parents, and mothers particularly, are waging bitter battles with their daughters to keep them everlasting babies.

It is wrong. It is cruel. It is vicious. Such mothers might better murder their children at the age of six than keep them at sixteen tied to their apron strings and wrapped in cotton wool.

That is severe, but that is the way I feel about it.

The motivating power of life is to love and be loved. A child loves no one save himself.

You may call it love he has for the nurse who feeds him and the mother who rocks him to sleep. But that is not love. That is the affection that personal comfort creates.

To love you must be grown up—not so much in years or in stature—but in your emotions. A mother like Marjorie's doesn't love her daughter. If she did she would have the girl's boy friends at the house. She would teach her daughter sex hygiene as well as social charm. She would give her the greatest protection in the world—a fearless and educated mind—and know then that she had nothing to worry about regarding the wildness of youth.

Instead this kind of a mother wants to keep her daughter a child, a sort of toy over whom she may rule despotically and absolutely. What chance has a girl to grow up emotionally when her mother refuses her even entertaining callers? Can such a prison be called a home?

The greatest tragedies of life are those poor people who have been denied all the experiences of grown-up existence—love, achievement, birth, the death of someone held dear. It is the sorrows we have never known which break our hearts the hardest. It is the sins we

have never committed that dog our consciences.

Among my friends there is a woman, who, as a young girl, had a beautiful singing voice. Everyone who ever heard her voice exclaimed over the loveliness of it. A great future, that I feel sure would have been realized, was predicted for her. Then her mother stepped in. She couldn't—she just couldn't—let her darling child go away from home to study. She couldn't—really she couldn't—let her darling sing in the church choir and be out in the evenings doing you never know what. So, pretty soon, the girl forgot her ambition and began looking about for love.

He was a nice enough young man she first loved. I doubt that he would ever have burned up any rivers or left any particular tracks on the sands of time—but he was honest, trustworthy, and adoring. Mamma came in again. He wasn't worthy of her child. He was uncouth. He was everything that was wrong. So the daughter gave him up. That was when she was twenty. She sought love many times after that with increasingly less worthy objects, and each time mother forestalled it. She had heart attacks, had acquired a mysterious weakness—such ruses as that. And the girl, because she loved her, sacrificed herself.

She is forty today. Her figure is fat and sodden. All the love of her nature she now takes out on food and cats. She herself has all the clinging affection of a sick Pomeranian. Fortunately her mother left her a little income when she died, for the daughter is completely unable to make a living. The days go by her while she sits and eats and reads confession stories—in which to create the life she never had, a tragic figure of maternal selfishness.

Mother love can be the finest, most generous in the world. It usually is. That is what makes selfish mothers so startling. When a mother who has helped her daughter all the way, who has made home a place for the school gang to gather, who has fixed party dresses and "blind dates," when such a mother advises her daughter against going with certain friends, I feel the girl should stop and respectfully ask "why." But I equally do feel the girl should be answered. No "mother knows best" or "just because mother asks you" should be considered a reply. It isn't. It's treating a girl like a baby. She has the right to know everything. Saturating a girl with fear and punishing her for natural curi-

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]

---

## The Strict Mother Is This Month's Problem

Mothers who love their daughters most tenderly sometimes find it impossible to admit their girls have grown up and desire lives of their own. An obedient girl with such a mother is in a difficult position. Here I'm giving my views on the subject.

What about your complexion and your weight? Both are important to your happiness. I've free instructions on skin care, and a reducing booklet for ten cents. And I'm still answering letters direct if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK





## Now... 2 PACKER Shampoos....

### AN OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for ash blondes and golden blondes . . . for radiant, red-haired girls . . . for those with soft brown or ebon locks . . . alive, sparkly, fluffy hair in half the time.

**T**WO Packer Shampoos now? Yes . . . And one is brand new. It's a golden liquid, called Packer's Shampoo with Olive and Coconut Oils. The other, of course, is Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo.

Since both are liquids—both are quick. A Packer shampoo, in fact, is about twice as quick as the old way which women once considered the only safe way; the old way which meant cutting up a good, pure soap and melting it down to a jelly.

Now it's just a half-minute by the clock from the moment you apply Packer's until you pile up a

### A PINE TAR SHAMPOO

snow-drift of rich lather. Packer's Shampoos rinse out in a twinkling too—leaving no undissolved soap behind to dim your hair's life and lustre.

Most important of all—you can be sure that these shampoos are *good for your hair*. As makers of Packer's Tar Soap for more than 50 years, we have studied intimately the needs of the hair. All our products have been created in consultation with *doctors* who are scalp specialists. We believe we know more about the care of the hair than anyone making hair preparations.

So you know you can with benefit use Packer's Shampoos often enough to keep your hair immaculate always—three or four times a month. Often enough to make your hair so fluffy, so friendly a frame for your face that you are even prettier without your new spring hat—than with it!



#### *Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*

A golden liquid—faintly perfumed. Made chiefly of olive oil, soothing glycerine, cocoanut oil. A caressing, snowy lather which rinses out completely. And the result? Fluffy, gleaming hair with just a hint of a delightful feminine fragrance.



## Now... 2 PACKER Shampoos....

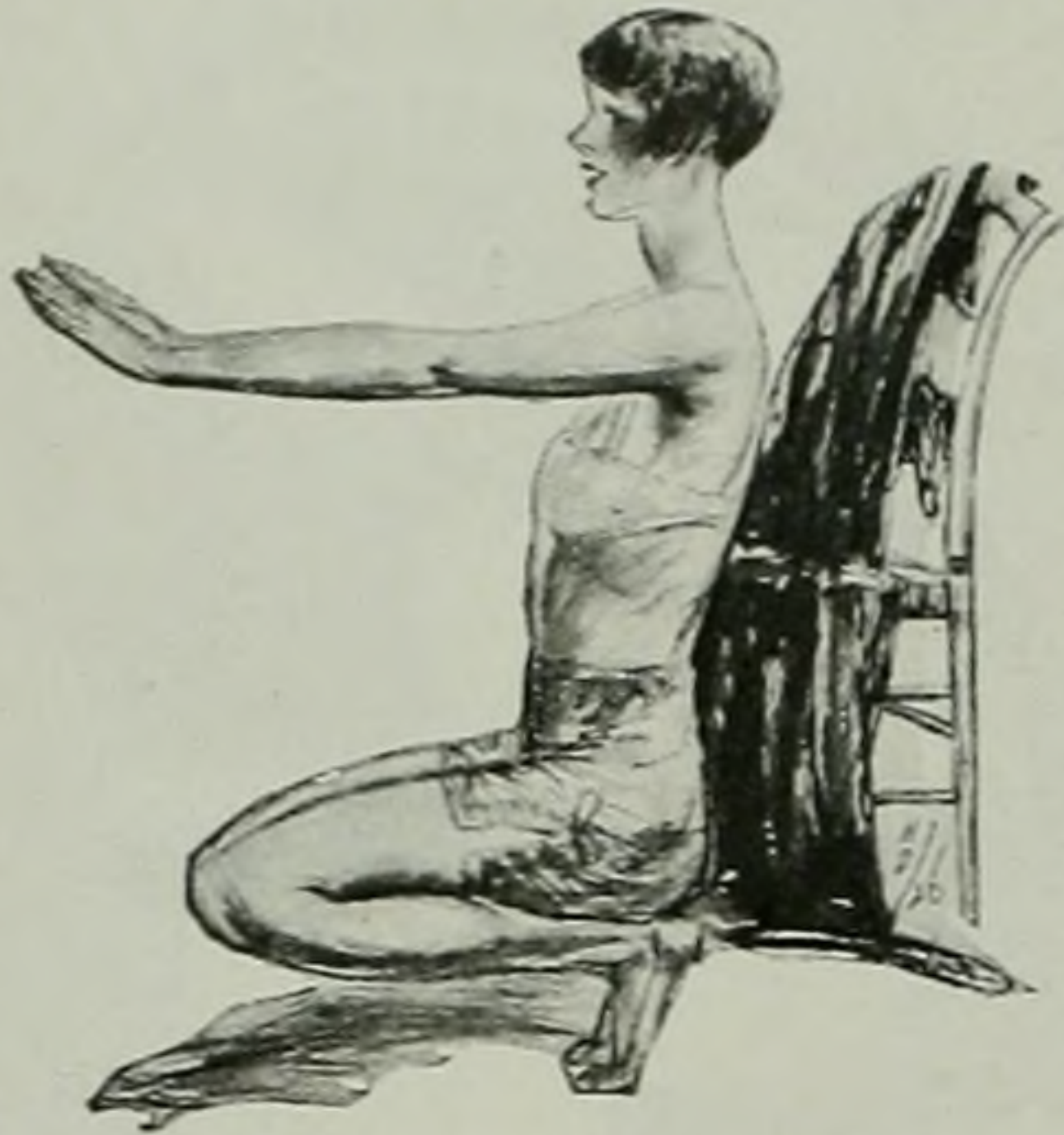
#### *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*

A tar shampoo—but without the tar odor. Rich, cleansing, and oh, so good for your hair. Packer—cleanliness, gentle massage, daily brushing—and your hair can be what you've dreamed it could be—alive, vital—lovely because it's healthy.





# Your gums need calisthenics, too!



**M**ANY of us find time for regular exercise to keep our bodies in trim. And even when the "daily dozen" is omitted, our muscular tissues in the course of a busy day get some work and stimulation to keep them healthy. But our gum tissues get none.

They are robbed of exercise by our modern diet. For these soft, delicious eatables we prize so highly have lost their invigorating properties. They are stripped of their roughage. They fail to keep the blood within the gum walls in lively circulation.

That is why gums soften and become prey to disease. "Pink tooth brush" is only a fore-runner of more stubborn troubles.

## How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings

Very logically, the dentists turn to massage of the gums as the remedy. And, further, thousands of them direct that the massage be performed with Ipana Tooth Paste after the regular cleaning with Ipana.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well-known to the profession. Its special properties enable Ipana to aid in the toning and strengthening of the weak, undernourished tissues.

## Switch to Ipana for one month

You'll find Ipana's flavor a delicious surprise. And Ipana will keep your teeth white and brilliant. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things. But the better plan is to get a full-size tube at the drug store. Use it faithfully for a whole month, and see how your gums respond to good care!

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I 57  
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.....

© B.-M. Co., 1927

# The Emancipation of Virginia

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

suggested that half wild creature of the Everglades. How come?"

"Contracts . . . and things."

There you have it. Contracts, yes, but mostly things. All her life there have been things to bar her from the complete fulfilment of her talents. Indifference on the part of her family when she commenced her career. Economic pressure.

Marital unhappiness. Oppression hung like wet sea-weed on her soul. But all the time there was that brave Irish philosophy that kept her from sinking into a slough of her own despond.

Virginia comes from Chicago, where there are many McSweeneys and Murphys and O'Hoolihans, also Pilsudskis, Olsens and Garibaldis. She had the good fortune to be born a McSweeney, as well as did her brother and sister. She was a McSweeney only until she decided to become a motion picture actress. Then she changed her name to Valli. That was when she was eighteen and through the course at school that taught pothooks and type-writing.

**T**HE family was different. Her mother was sympathetic, but housework and a family drains time. Virginia was playing small bits and parts at the old Essanay Studio on Argyle Street.

There was no scurrying home to tell what she had done at the studio that day. Sometimes there was a question from one of the family, "What are you doing now?"

"Working in pictures." It might have been scrubbing for all they knew.

The little Irish girl had to keep her dreams to herself. She built a sturdy wall of reserve, not to be broken down by indifference. People say Virginia is too cool, too poised, too dignified.

That she lacks warmth. It shows on the screen, they say.

She will never be a great actress until she tears the wall down.

Essanay closed. Virginia got a job as a typist in an insurance broker's office on Michigan Avenue. Typing leases. But not for long. She quit to model hats. One noon she met a man whom she had known at the studio. There was a vacancy in a stock company in Milwaukee, he told her. They wanted an ingenue. Virginia never returned to the hat modelling job.

Dollar by dollar, she saved enough money to go to New York, where she returned to her beloved picture work. It was there she married. She and her husband came to Hollywood. Virginia was not happy, but she kept on with her career.

Picture after picture she moved through, beautiful, talented, reserved.

Still that wall surrounding her, wherein her dreams were cherished.

Her work and her beauty, however, merited her a Universal contract. Under it she was the cool, calmly poised heroine of "The Lady of Quality," "The Signal Tower," "Siege." She made "Wild Oranges," the best thing she ever did, to my way of thinking. In this wild eerie rôle, Virginia forgot herself. Forgot she had a wall built around her dreams and permitted them to peep forth. Back in Hollywood from the Everglades where the picture was made, Virginia became the beautiful lady of poise and cool distinction.

It was then Virginia decided something had to be done to save her work and herself. That there must be some escape from it.

She asked Universal to release her from her contract. They did. Some of the fetters were gone.

Then happened an unheard of thing. Women of Virginia's nationality and creed do not seek divorces.

But Virginia did.

No scandal. No violent charges. Just a quiet divorce and Virginia was free.

At that moment there came an offer from a German film company to make a picture abroad. It was just what should have happened at that time and the rock of Virginia's sturdy little wall began to crumble. Two months in Europe. Weeks in Munich, where the picture was made. Evenings at the opera, at concerts.

Week-ends in Italy, shopping in Paris, a hurried trip to London. An overwhelming sense of freedom, of independence, that she had never felt before.

**V**IRGINIA returned to Hollywood ready to fight for the rôles she was entitled to. But battle, for once, was not necessary. Howard Hawks, a pioneering young director who delights in juggling the marionette strings by casting villains as heroes and vice versa, gave Virginia the rôle of *Gaby*, a Parisian dancer in love with a king, by way of proving his theory. It's about the only colorful rôle she has had since "Wild Oranges," and it helped to knock down all that remained of that uncompromising wall.

Then "Evening Clothes" with Adolphe Menjou. Light, sparkling, gay. So was Virginia.

They say it is Luther Reed's best effort as a director.

There are going to be some surprised producers when they see the new Virginia Valli. And I, for one, predict there will be no simple, resigned gestures as she says, "no one will let me do things like 'Wild Oranges.'" She'll be too busy with vivid rôles.

There's something heady about this freedom.

# Acquiring a Taste for Olive

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

she is not distracted by temperament nor by outside interests. In a year and four months, she has made nine pictures. The only vacation she has taken was to go to the hospital for an appendicitis operation.

Five weeks after the operation, Olive was back at the studio, walking the tight-rope for "The Monkey Talks."

Olive, as you can see, is still unaware that she is a Big Star. She still believes that stunt scenes should be performed without the aid of

a double. She hasn't yet asked for gauze photography. She doesn't want to select her own stories or produce her own pictures. She still thinks that she is awfully lucky to be a star at all and doesn't believe that the public is in her debt because she condescends to make pictures for them.

And all these qualities are the signs of a star who is on the ascendant and not sinking off into a decline. In two years from now, we are going to shout, "I told you so!"



# Peace-of-Mind

## Under Woman's Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Enjoy peace-of-mind under the most trying of hygienic handicaps—utter and absolute protection, plus an end forever to the embarrassing problem of disposal

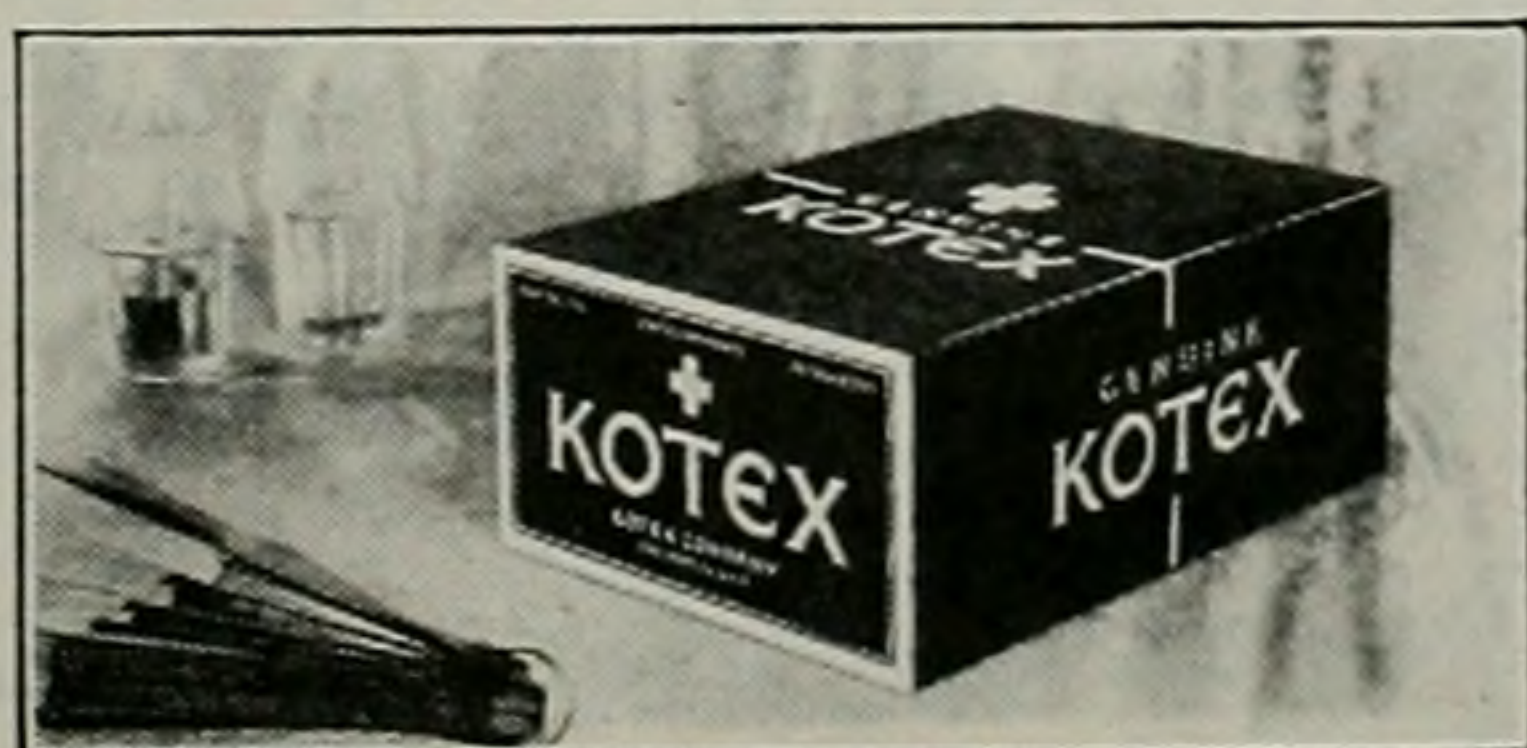
By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

**S**HEER frocks and gay gowns under difficult hygienic conditions used to present a serious problem—women thus were handicapped, both socially and in business. But today, to the modern women, they come as the merest incident.

The old-time "sanitary pad," hazardous and uncertain, has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute. Wear lightest, filmiest things, dance, motor, go about for hours without a moment's thought or fear.

### KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



\*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

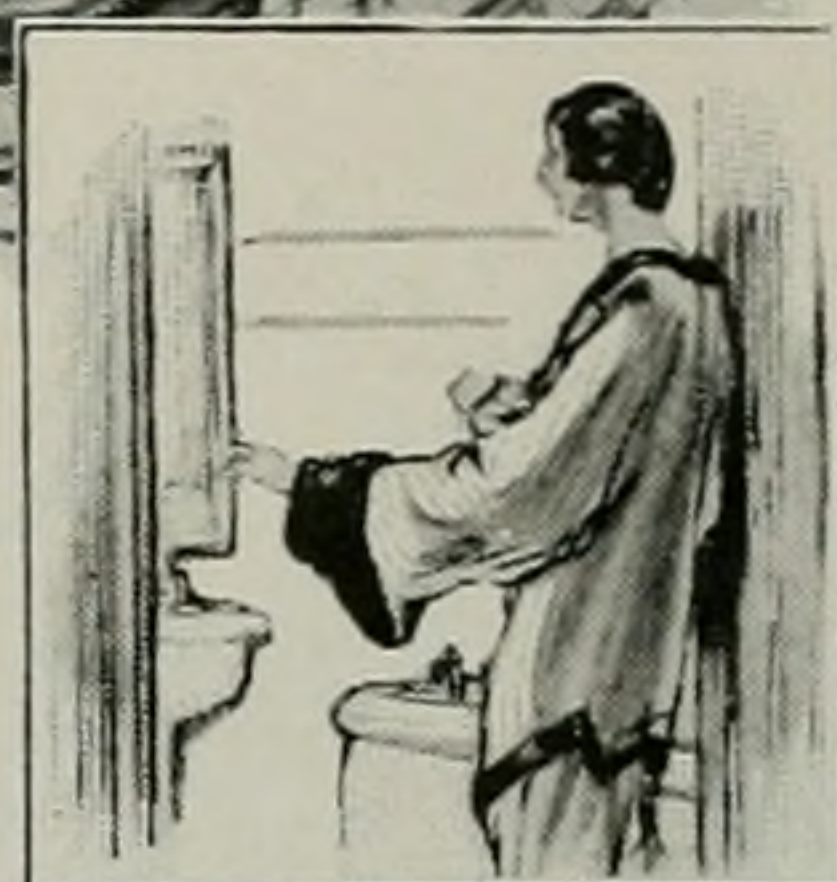
You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

### Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



② True protection — 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,\* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

# KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



# The Most Fascinating Puzzle Contest Ever

Fun for everyone in the family and Christmas checks to the lucky bright readers of PHOTOPLAY

# \$5,000 In Cash Prizes

Assemble the pictures. Make movie names of 128 letters of the alphabet—and win a big check!



Begins in the June Photoplay  
**OUT MAY 15th**

Put Your Order  
in to Your Newsdealer Today





No. 9000—Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold.

Specially posed by Doris Kenyon, First National star



# Unquestionable Vogue ~ ~

# Unquestioned Value



No. 151—  
Iridio-platinum or  
special 18K white  
gold

BECAUSE even romance must face practical facts, Traub has striven as earnestly for extraordinary value as for supreme fashion in Orange Blossom rings. The infinite variety of Genuine Orange Blossom styles allows the purchaser of an engagement or wedding ring—with a definite price in mind—to satisfy

personal preference in the matter of metals, shape and jeweling. Yet in all Orange Blossom rings there is but one standard of quality—the best—and the trade-mark of Traub is its identifying symbol. Genuine Orange Blossom rings priced as low as \$12 are displayed by the better jewelers everywhere.

## TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1934 McGraw Avenue

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK, 576 Fifth Avenue WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO SAN FRANCISCO, 704 Market Street

# T R A U B



TRAUB Genuine  
**Orange Blossom**  
Engagement and Wedding Rings



Wedding rings dug from Etruscan ruins bear the figures of birds embossed on the metal. A scene from our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request

No. 622—  
Groom's ring iridio  
platinum or gold







Mary Astor

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

The Olovnit Princess Slip is a delight and I am charmed with the opportunity to give it my name. It is perfectly made and in such beautiful, stylish colors. You should recommend that it be worn with sport dresses or gowns on any occasion.

I hope the "MARY ASTOR PRINCESS SLIP" will delight other women as it has me.

Sincerely,

*Mary Astor*  
 Mary Astor,  
 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.



Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

**The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.**  
 Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your new spring garments.

Name.....

Street.....

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

# Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

**YOU** can secure beautiful Olovnit garments and hosiery direct from our mills through our money saving plan.

Select your garments in the privacy of your home and they will be shipped from fresh, clean stock direct from our factory, assuring the very latest styles.

Mail the coupon today and our representative will call.



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these 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.

JOHN R., MORRISTOWN, PA.—Call off all arguments! Esther Ralston is twenty-four; Laura La Plante is twenty-two; and Eleanor Boardman is twenty-eight.

E. McL., BOSTON, MASS.—A Richard Barthelmess Club is already in existence. For information, write to T. Sherwood, 188 N. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.

THE RAYMOND KEANE FAN CLUB—Write to Loretta Morgan, 677 S. Grant St., Denver, Colo. Miss Signe Johnson of 567 S. Clarkson—same city—is the Secretary.

P. O. S., NEW YORK CITY—Ricardo Cortez was born in France. Before he went into the movies he was known as Jack Crane. Married to Alma Rubens. Let's see, now: Ricardo was born Sept. 19, 1899.

G. AND M. BROWN—It's pronounced "Mon-jew." Gilda Gray's first name is pronounced with a hard "g" and rhymes with "Hilda." Winifred Hudnut (Natacha Rambova) was Valentino's second wife. He was married twice.

JIGGS, LENNOX-VILLE, QUE.—Well, Jiggs, to tell the truth, I like the cowboys myself. Hoot Gibson is about thirty-five and is married to Helen Johnson. Ken Maynard was born July 21, 1895, and is five feet, eleven and three-quarters inches tall. Just missed being a six-footer. He weighs 180 pounds. Bob Custer was born Oct. 18, 1898. He's married.

B. W. G., BROOKLINE, MASS.—Write to Esther Ralston at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. That's her real name. She has been in pictures since 1917.

A. C. R., CHICAGO, ILL.—I'd have to have a heart of stone not to answer your letter. Lady, you have winning ways! Ramon Novarro is not married. Alyce Mills was born in Richmond, Va., about twenty-three years ago. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Betty Bronson is a native of Trenton, N. J., and was born Nov. 17, 1906. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Betty has brown hair and blue eyes and so has Alyce. Don't pay much attention to all those "rumors of romances of Hollywood." There is more talk than fact in most of these instances.

DAISY, NEW YORK CITY—Sorry to keep you waiting. Agnes Ayres has made some comedies for Hal Roach. She is married to S. Manuel Reacchi.

D. S., DENVER, COLO.—Neil Hamilton's next picture will be "The Joy Girl." Neil's wife is a non-professional. He has brown hair and brown eyes and he was born Sept. 9, 1899.

SHEILA D.—Don't do anything desperate! Clara Bow has red hair. However, it is not flaming red, but a brownish auburn. Ronald Colman has black hair and brown eyes. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. I don't think Norma Shearer intends to swim the Channel. Who told you that one? Thanks for the new nickname. I like it.

JUST JEANNETTE OF GEORGIA—George wouldn't deceive you. That's his real name. Mr. O'Brien is twenty-seven years old and five feet, eleven inches tall; he weighs 176 pounds. Address him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

NICOLETTA, GREENSBURG, PA.—Listen, lady, there won't be any dancing at my wedding. In fact, there will be no wedding. If I told you my age, you'd tell the world. And then everyone would be writing me letters telling me to have my face lifted. However, Nicoletta, I shall announce your Ramon Novarro Friendship Club. All those who wish to join please write Miss Nicoletta de Pietro, 241 W. Otterman St., Greensburg, Pa.

A. S.—Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Olive Borden, in Richmond, Va.; Lya de Putti is a native of Hungary and John Gilbert hails from Logan, Utah. Francis X. Bushman is a Virginian—Norfolk, this time. And Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colo.

MISS MATTITUCK—Ben Lyon was born Ben Lyon. He isn't married. Ben is twenty-six years old and his birthday comes on the sixth of February. Welcome back!

MRS. F. G., TRENTON, N. J.—Alice Terry's hair is reddish brown. That's a blonde wig, for photographic purposes only. She was born about twenty-eight years ago in Vincennes, Ind. Clara Kimball Young isn't making any more pictures, just at present. Lois and Richard are *not* engaged. At least, that's the latest bulletin. Renee Adoree's next film is "Mr. Wu."

**I**n writing to the stars for pictures, *Photoplay* advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

LOUISE, EVANSVILLE, IND.—It's no trouble at all for me to tell you that Colleen Moore was christened Kathleen Morrison. Also that she was born Aug. 19, 1902. Also that Lawrence Gray entered pictures in 1924 and that he is going to marry Marion Coakley.

L. G., DAYTON, O.—Don't blame me. You see, I simply answer the questions that are put to me and have no choice of the subjects. And, seems to me, I answer lots of questions about the younger girls—and the younger boys, too. Now for your favorites: Carol Dempster was born in Santa Monica, Calif., Jan. 16, 1902. She was one of the Denishawn dancers before appearing in pictures. Carol is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes. Not married.

A JACK MULHALL FAN, SECAUCUS, N. Y.—Address him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Blue eyes and dark brown hair. Born Oct. 7, 1891.

DIANA DIETZ, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Norma was born May 2, 1897. Constance, April 19, 1900. Diana is one of my favorite names.

L. I. R., MCCOMB, MISS.—Sure, Mae Murray is a real blonde. Mae says she was born May 10, 1893. At Portsmouth, Va. Five feet, three inches tall. Drop in again.

J. B. C., DAVENPORT, IOWA—I'll say that Roy D'Arcy ought to be flattered to have a whole letter devoted exclusively to him. Roy has brown hair and blue eyes and he was born in San Francisco. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Send the quarter either in stamps or one of those little coin mailing cards.

CAROLYN—You are not the only one. Bill Haines is so popular that, hereafter, he is to be starred. Bill was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. He is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. Not married. Bill was selected back in 1922 as a contest winner and trained especially for pictures. He has certainly justified the faith of those who picked him.

DOROTHY B., PORTLAND, ORE.—Hey, Buster Collier! Here is a girl who says she sent you a quarter for a picture and has never heard a word from you. Buster was born Feb. 12, 1902, and is five feet, ten inches tall. Black hair and soulful brown eyes.

D. A., AMBLER, PENN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the son of Doug's first wife, the former Beth Sully.

I. C. L., WORCESTER, MASS.—Farina is a boy. Mae Murray gives her birth date as May 10, 1893.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 102 ]



## Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

to me to be some sort of an Egyptian story.”  
 “No, sir,” suggests a rather trembling script clerk. “It’s about the life of Christ.”

“Who?” asks the Director.

“Christ,” replies the clerk.

“Jesus Christ?” asks the Director.

“Yes, sir,” replies the clerk.

The Director glances around at the people standing on and off the set.

“What are they doing it in?” he asks. “Modern Dress?”

“NO, sir,” replies an assistant director. “Those are visitors—delegates to the National Ice Cream Manufacturers’ Convention in Los Angeles this week.”

“What’s that got to do with the life of Christ?” asks the Director.

“Well,” begins the assistant, “the Publicity Department—”

“They’ll have to get off the set,” orders the Director. “This is a religious picture—a very deeply religious picture.”

“Yes, sir,” replies the assistant.

The Director retires to his office. Three quarters of an hour later the assistant comes and reports that the set is clear. The Director walks back.

“Now,” he says, picking up the script and examining it again, “we’ll have the three Wise Men walk their camels across the desert—very slowly—remember, this is a religious picture—”

He sits back in the chair which is marked with his name.

“Music,” he says. “Religious music—”

The accordion and the violin start to play “Moonlight on the Ganges” in slow waltz time and the Director watches as the camels file across in front of the camera. When it is finished, he shakes his head.

“Wagon,” he shouts, through his megaphone. “All wrong. Remember—you’re *Wise Men*—”

“How would it be,” suggests one of the leading actors, “if you have them *do* something wise—like, for example, somebody asks them a hard question and they answer it—”

The Director considers, and then shakes his head.

“It was just a suggestion,” says the actor.

The Director raises his megaphone to his lips and the scene starts again. At its conclusion he is sunk in gloom.

“It’s the camels,” he says. “They don’t look right.”

“HERE’S an idea,” suggests a “gag-man” who has been delegated to the picture. “A pretty girl goes by and the camels all look at each other and wink. That will get over the idea that they’re *Wise Men’s* camels.”

The Director considers once more and once more shakes his head.

“It’s too subtle,” he says. “They wouldn’t get it.”

“It was just a suggestion,” says the gag-man.

The Director sinks his head on his chest in thought.

Finally he speaks.

“Have we got any other camels?” he asks.

“Camels that look more religious?”

“We can *get* some,” replies the assistant director.

“How long will it take?” asks the Director.

“Till this afternoon—about four,” is the reply.

“All right,” says the Director. “We’ll work tonight”—and he gets up and goes back to his office for a well earned rest before the continuation of his labors.

## Friendly Advice on Girls’ Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

osity is a relic of barbarism. Truth, in all things, makes us free. Education and right thinking make life joyous.

So, girls like Marjorie, have courage and work your way out of your problem. Be tolerant. Talk to your mothers and try to show them your viewpoint. If they refuse to see it eye to eye with you, discuss it with another older friend, a minister, doctor, or priest—but pick a wise, broad-minded one. If they argue with you and you are sure you’re right, go ahead and face your life, glad-eyed and vigorous.

## A LONESOME NURSE:

My dear, you are judging your looks by the standard of the flappers! Perhaps you can’t be pretty, but you can be interesting and even handsome. For a change, part your hair on the side and wear it low in the back. Don’t try for a fluffy style. You don’t tell me whether your hair is long or bobbed, so I can’t give you more detailed advice. Dark, rich reds ought to be most becoming to you; and they are very fashionable. You also can wear browns, yellow and pale pinks. I can understand your impatience with the “juniors.” Why don’t you select your friends from men whose interests are similar to yours and whose intelligence you respect?

## ADELINE KEANE:

Well, my dear, you do seem to have done enough to remove all the blackheads in the world. Everyone of the treatments you have

been using are good ones. Since the condition doesn’t clear up, it must be a combination of diet, blood condition and general health. Keep up with your facial treatments and eliminate the fats from your diet—cream; candy, pastry, fat meats, butter. Eat all the green vegetables you can—spinach, peas, string beans, carrots. Drink at least ten glasses of water daily. Bathe daily. Get exercise and fresh air. If you really do all that, you will defeat those pesky things.

## D. C. H., MONTCLAIR:

Try this on your dandruff. Half an hour before shampooing, part your hair all over your head and apply olive oil to your scalp—not your hair—rubbing it in thoroughly. Then wash your hair with soap jelly made of castile soap, melted in boiling water. Rinse thoroughly and pour over your hair camomile tea, made by pouring boiling water over camomile leaves and letting it steep about ten minutes. It will cool while you are washing your hair. For both the dandruff and your skin trouble, build up your general health. Get plenty of sleep. Witch hazel is a good astringent and you should use an astringent soap like Woodbury’s. Bathe daily. Drink eight to ten glasses of water daily. Eat green vegetables daily. To have a friend, be a friend. Think to yourself what you demand of friendship from others. Then act that way to others. You don’t need to talk when dancing, anyway. But if you must, ask the boy about himself and let him talk.

Face Powders  
are passé!

They only improve your complexion for a few fleeting moments. You must constantly resort to “touching up” to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty—the “24 hour complexion,” rendered by

GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL  
CREAM

“Beauty’s Master Touch”

It gives to your skin a subtle, fascinating, pearly beauty that lasts. Moisture and perspiration have absolutely no effect upon it. Dance, play and enjoy any activity, fully confident that your complexion is as entrancing and seductive as when you first applied it.

Gouraud’s Oriental Cream is antiseptic and astringent. Its use helps correct many blemishes and skin troubles. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

M-29-7

Send 10c for Trial Size



Ferd. Hopkins & Son  
430 Lafayette St.  
New York  
N.Y.





—“sandwich, coffee, apple pie—an' please hurry it up!”

## Do you gulp lunch?

Do you “grab a bite?” So many of us eat to get it over with. And how we pay about two hours after!

There's a little trick in thwarting indigestion. So simple you wouldn't think it would do any good. But it works! It's simply the eating of a few Pep-O-Mint Life Savers after meals. The peppermint in Pep-O-Mint is a proven digestion aid. Pep-O-Mint Life Savers give it to you in a pleasant and effective form.

\* \* \* \* \*

Indigestion is a miserable thing. So many people suffer this way. If they only knew that simple old method our grandfathers used—peppermint.

—And now it is available in a new and really convenient form—Pep-O-Mint Life Savers; the little candy mints with the hole.

It sounds very simple and old-fashioned. But Pep-O-Mint Life Savers really do the trick. Try them after meals when that heavy, logy feeling comes over you.

5c. a package everywhere.

They are “life savers”



As an aid to digestion

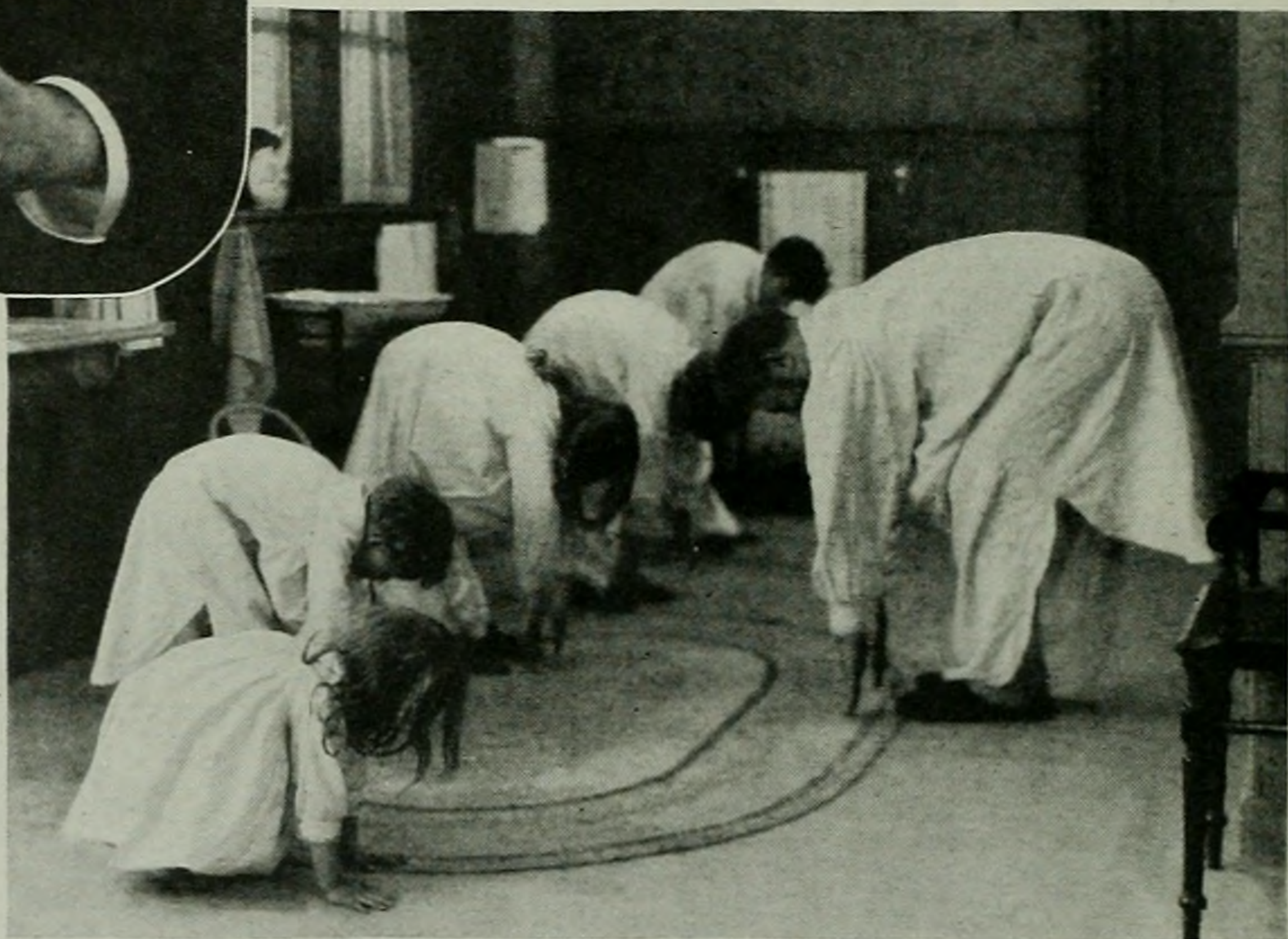




# Making Milwaukee Famous ~ Again

Introducing a citizen of Milwaukee—Emil Jannings in his first American picture—"The Way of All Flesh," a story of a German-American

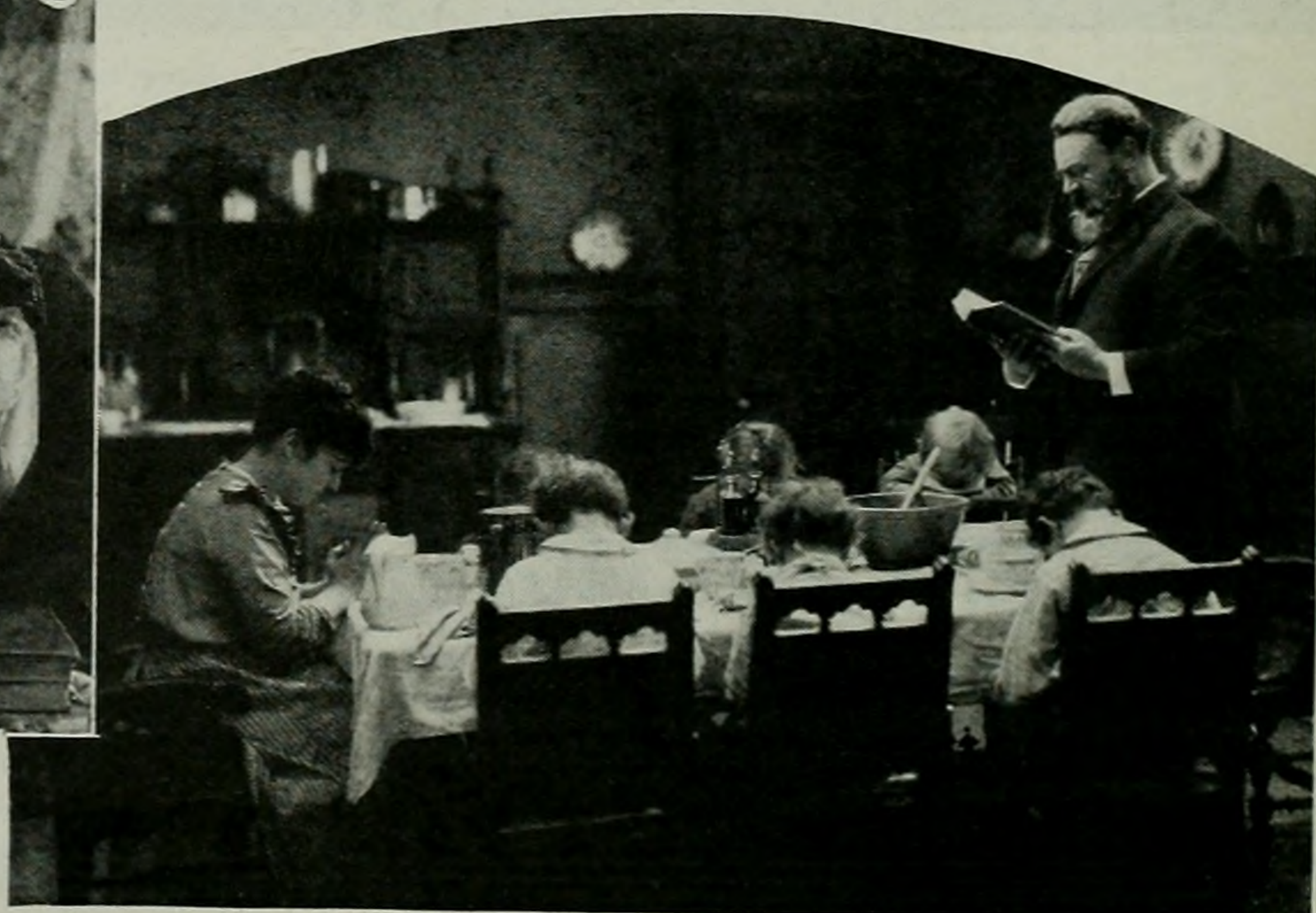
Jannings selected Belle Bennett to play the role of the patient and loving *frau*. Hers is a life devoted to *kuchen, kirchen* and *kinder*!



Poppa and the *kinder* keep up the old customs of the Vaterland. Vas you efer in Cincinnati, St. Louis or Milwaukee, you'll recognize the strict realism of this little scene



Here is a picture of the life of the German immigrant, with its industry, its stern religion and its deep family sentiment





# The same delicious magic you loved in costly French Soaps

From France comes the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

YOU longed for the luxury of fine French soap—for the satin-smooth skin that is the Parisienne's loveliness!

But imported soaps were so horribly costly! You just couldn't use them except as a treat.

So you wrote us—literally thousands of you—"Oh do make us a soap for personal use as exquisite as French soap but please, not so expensive. A soap to caress our skin, luxurious, charming."

And we made Lux Toilet Soap. Made it quite differently from the white soaps you are used to.

Made it by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For centuries the whole world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For France knew that all her incompar-



It tends your skin the true French way

able cosmetics are of little use unless the skin itself is smooth, exquisite.

Your white fingers, pink-tipped, delighted, recognize Lux Toilet Soap in-



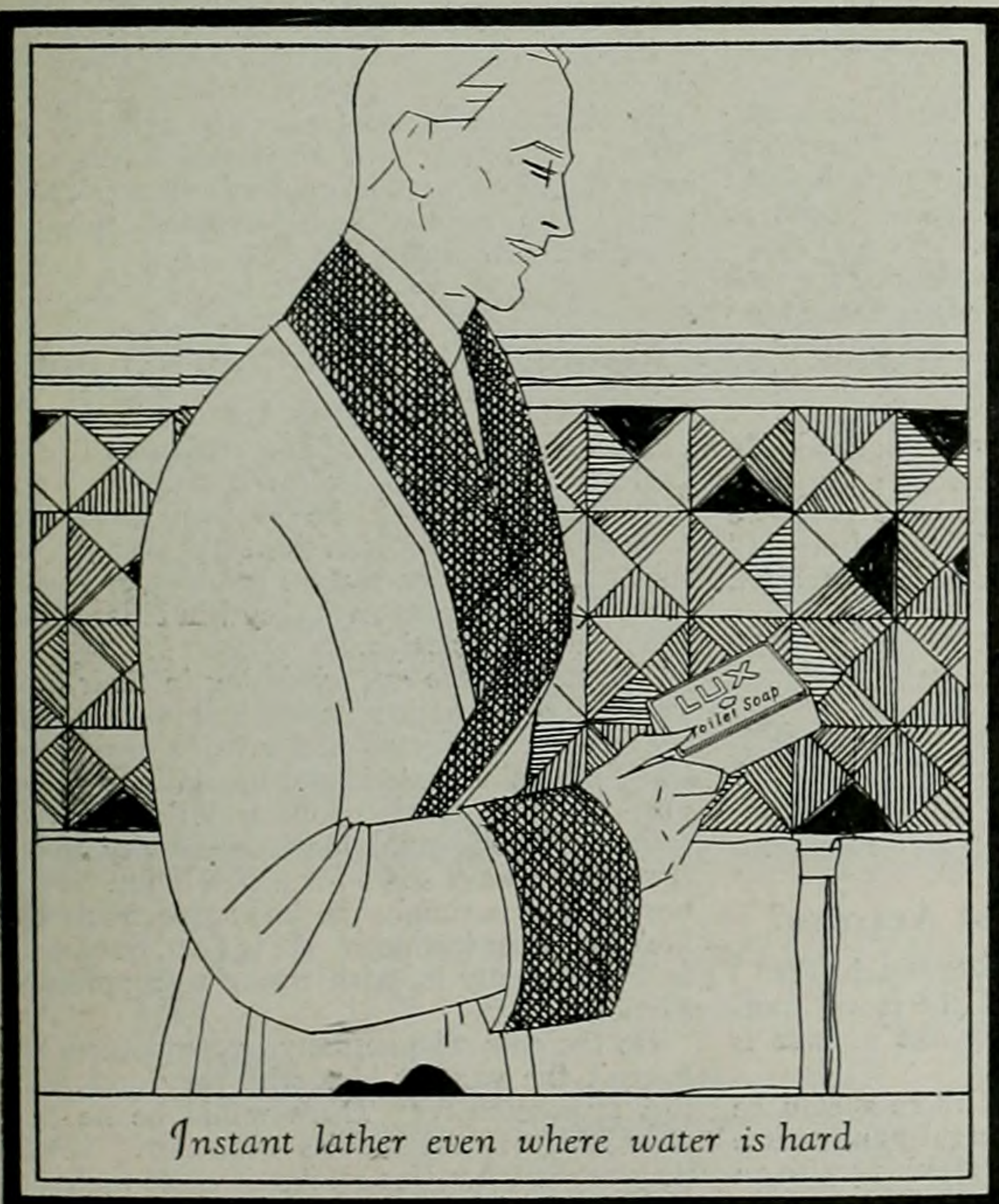
Yesterday · 50¢ for a French toilet soap Today · the same luxury for · 10¢

stantly as true *savon de toilette*, made the famous French way.

Firm, fine-textured, snowy, Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. Its caressing, instant lather (even hard water can't quell it) gives you that same luxurious, cared for feeling you adored after costly imported soap. Its evasive fragrance, like the Bois in Spring-time! You do feel more exquisite, lovelier—more gaily ready to captivate the world.

FRANCE with her passion for perfection—America with her genius for achievement make Lux Toilet Soap, the new *savon de toilette*, at just ten cents! All the family may use this delicious soap.

Firm, generous, Lux Toilet Soap is in your hands, in your deep delicious bath, proudly in your lovely bath room and you know you are not extravagant! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Instant lather even where water is hard



You do feel more exquisite, charming

## LUX TOILET SOAP · · · 10¢





## Resinol Soap wins professional favor

The effect of its  
Resinol properties  
brings warm praise  
from nurses

CRISP, immaculate, clear skinned and wholesome, trained nurses are quick to recognize real merit in a toilet requisite and to adopt its use when they find it produces comfort or other beneficial results. Resinol Soap has won their endorsement through its distinctive Resinol Properties.

They realize at once that these Resinol ingredients make the luxuriant lather soothing as well as cleansing and help to keep the skin soft and natural. They freely express their satisfaction, and in their letters are such statements as:

*"Has always been my preference because it has such a soothing feeling on the skin."*

*"Am delighted with the wonderful lather, and appreciate its healing qualities."*

*"I recommend it to those who are seeking a smooth, natural complexion."*

*"Use it for my patients because it is so refreshing."*

*"As a cleansing agent, I like it very much."*

Why not follow the example of these nurses and begin today to use Resinol Soap. Your druggist sells it. Of course we will be glad to send a trial size cake, free, if you will mail us the coupon below, but a full size cake gives a more satisfactory test.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Dept. 13-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.  
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

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

## She Doesn't Use a Lipstick in Public

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

there—at the Mayfair, or on the lot, or on Hollywood Boulevard.

I met Joan. And found out that she was born in San Antonio, Texas, and that she was playing at the Hippodrome in New York when Harry Rapf saw her and brought her out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that she played extras for a long time and finally fought her way up to a place as one of the most popular leading ladies on the M.-G.-M. lot.

AND as each of these facts sank into my consciousness I decided that facts are brutal things and should never be permitted or told.

But somehow, strangely enough, Joan Crawford survived meeting, she survived even facts. She was still mysterious. She is still. I am grateful for that.

Joan is one of those people whose eyes look sad when they smile, whose eyes are deep and shining, almost with tears, when they laugh. When she is dancing, and she is almost always dancing—for she dances more and better than any other girl in Hollywood,—when she is dancing you feel that she is thinking about fields of daisies in the spring sunshine, or about Keats' poetry, or about the Shanghai riots. But when she sits perfectly still and listens—she listens well, which is a characteris-

tic any woman could afford to cultivate—you feel that she is thinking about dancing, longing to dance, humming dance music softly under her breath.

Maybe all this promise is a mirage, but at least Joan Crawford is one of the few modern girls I have met who doesn't destroy it. She allows you to keep it.

She doesn't use a lipstick in public. Her voice is soft and low—pure Texan, but very sweet.

MAN asks so little of woman nowadays. Just to be allowed to find her still womanly, just to be allowed still to adore her, still be intrigued by her mystery.

If Joan Crawford is the success on the screen that M.-G.-M. insists she is going to be, it will be because she is femininity before the nineteenth amendment. Not that she is old-fashioned. No indeed. But she is more like the days of sedan chairs and trailing skirts, or masks and rosebuds and scented notes instead of telephones. Which is very odd, because she is so modern and does the Charleston so well, and wears the shortest skirts you ever beheld in your life.

But that is the secret of Joan Crawford's appeal—she is a contradiction; she is a mystery. Long may she remain unsolved.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

### Oooh! Colman Fans!

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Has anyone ever caught Ronald Colman expressing love, via the face?

Because I would like to know how he looks. I admire Mr. Colman for his looks and acting ability, but in love scenes he is blah.

In one scene in "The Dark Angel" he is saying goodbye to Vilma Banky. There was Vilma, her beautiful face radiant with the light of love. And there stood Ronald about as affectionate as an Arctic fish.

After a couple of years he stepped forward (I doubt not that he was pushed) and took Miss Banky in his arms and then . . . horrors . . . he had the unromanticness (the only word) to cough!

No other actress on the screen so completely changes her personality with each succeeding picture as Vilma Banky. It is hard to believe that the frail *Kitty Vane* of "The Dark Angel" is also the red-blooded, self-reliant *Barbara Worth* of that story.

Upon seeing an emotional performance by Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt said, "That woman is not acting, she is suffering." And that may be said of Vilma Banky. She does not act, she lives. A real actress and the sweetest personality on our screen today.

BEE PIERCE.

### Who's Our Greatest Actress?

West Palm Beach, Fla.

"Male or female?" we ask the movie spotlight of today and instantly the answer is flashed back—"Male."

It seems unfortunate that there should be such a dearth of feminine sparklers at a time when the movie firmament is gleaming with an array of masculine luminaries. The men we have—consummate actors of force and fascinating personality—but how seldom do we find opposite them women of equal attraction and capabilities!

Almost every week or so we hear about a new actress of either domestic or foreign origin who is purported to be unsurpassed in every way. Hopefully expectant we arrive at the theater only to see Barrymore, Gilbert, Colman, Moreno, or Menjou carry off the honors.

However, there is an actress whom I believe is deserving of this high position. Her portrayals radiate unusual sincerity and enthusiasm, combined with emotional depth and versatility—an actress of extraordinary "appeal," rare beauty, and personality plus—Marguerite de la Motte.

L. B. STOKESBERRY.

### Making Up the Nation's Mind

San Antonio, Texas.

I am not a reformer, a reconstructionist or a radical. And I am certainly against the narrow-minded ways of the present Board of Censors. However, it is perfectly obvious to me that the motion-picture creators, if given free rein, can do whatever they will to lead the thought of this nation.

The movies are overwhelming in their importance to the actions, moral and immoral, of the masses. They do not have to copy life. They may anticipate it and mould it to their purpose. The words of Oscar Wilde are recalled: "The imagination is essentially creative, and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instincts. He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction . . ."

Do the ones who actually create pictures (I haven't the vaguest idea who they are) feel this responsibility? There would be no responsibility if the movies were Art. Since they are not Art (for all Art is quite useless) they will be held accountable by posterity.

This same reasoning cannot be applied to drama since the world of the theater is practically limited to New York City. C. H. F.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 104 ]



# COMMUNITY PLATE

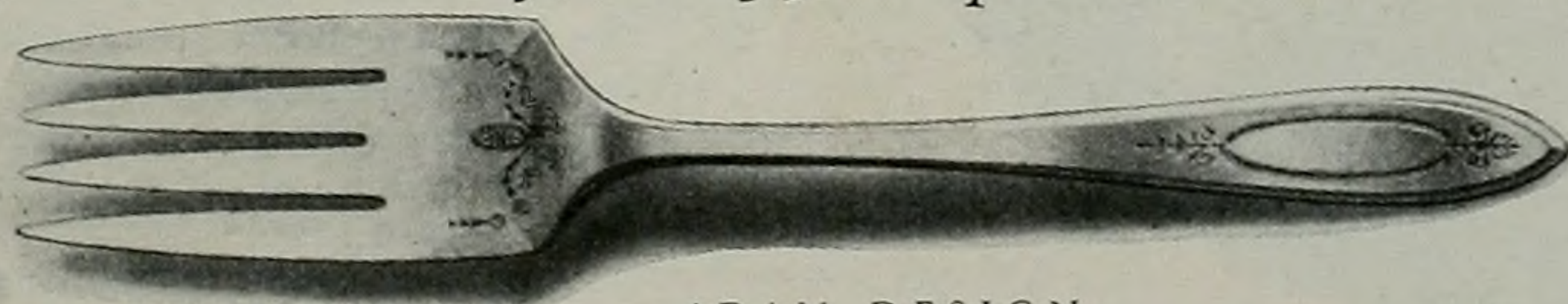
To surround her forever  
with the grace, beauty and  
fineness which her wedding  
gown captures for a fleeting  
day, choose your gift from  
*Community Plate*



*Posed by Miss Marilyn Miller*

© 1927 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

*Complete Silverware Services for the Bride  
from \$35.25 upward*



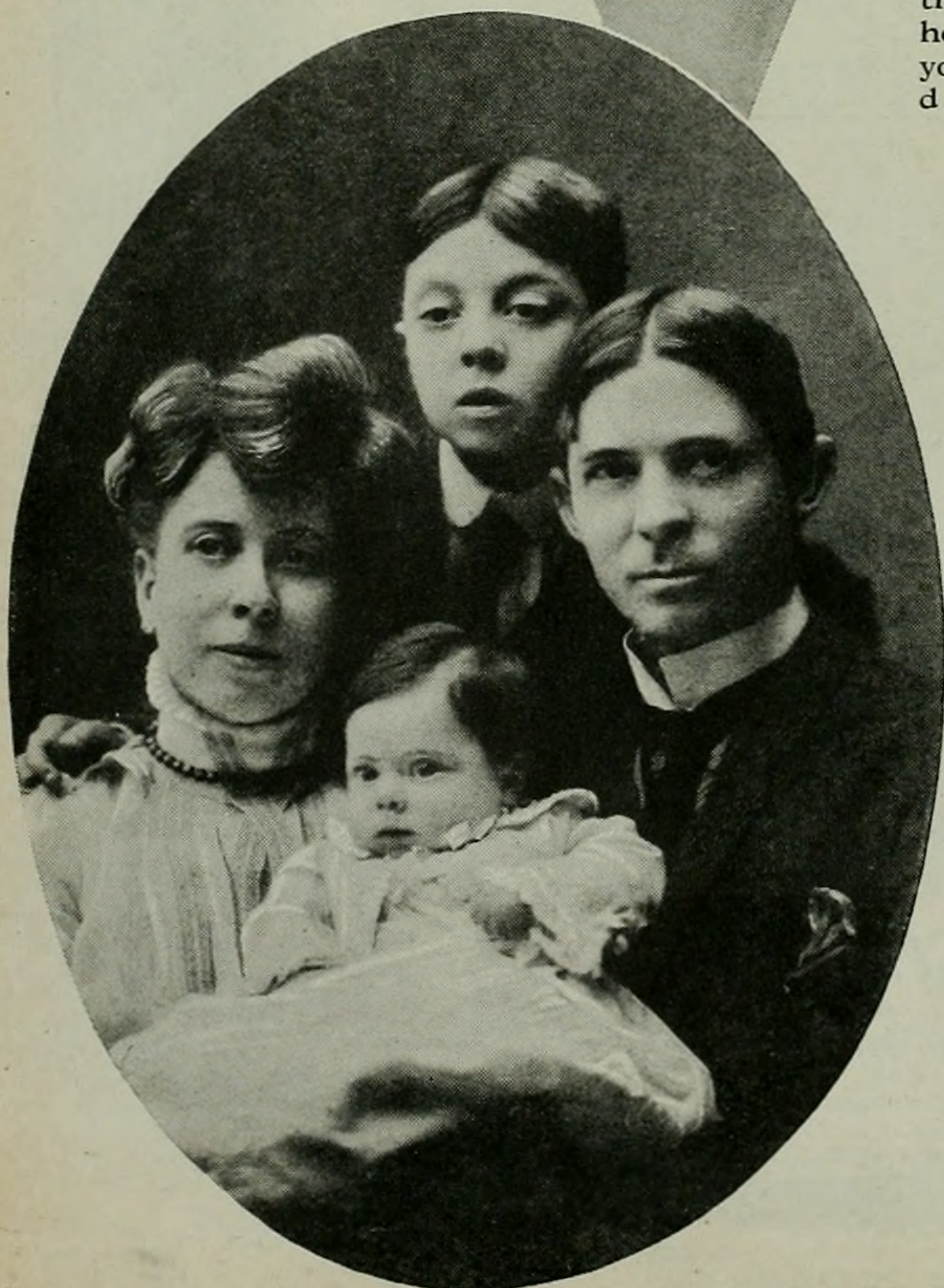
ADAM DESIGN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Buster Keaton was blown into this world in Piqua, Kansas, on October 4, 1895

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Keaton, Buster (aged five), and Harry. Papa Keaton gives an amusing account of Buster's early years as a trouper. Read it and laugh



# The Cyclone Baby

By Joe Keaton

Here is the church in Piqua where Buster made his first public appearance, at the age of 24 hours — the youngest stage debut on record



**T**HE cyclone that hit Piqua, Kan., on October 4, 1895, blew our tent away and almost wrecked the town.

We had a medicine show in those days with a "stock company," playing high class melodrama.

There were four in our troupe and on the nights we essayed to play "Kathleen Mavourneen," which called for a cast of twenty-four, the results were nothing less than astounding.

Between the acts we sold patent medicines, guaranteed to cure everything and stop anything—including cyclones.

But, after the cyclone passed all we had left was the repertoire. The tent and the medicines were gone.

That evening, when I got back to our little rooming house in Piqua, after chasing our tent all over the county, the landlady told me our troupe had been increased to five.

My wife had given birth to a son—our first baby.

I was awfully glad. I could see the time coming, when the little feller got some older, when I wouldn't have to play the bloodhound in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Those people in Piqua were awfully kind hearted. I guess they had to be to put up with cyclones and medicine shows.

Right across the street from our rooming house was a little Catholic church. The next morning the priest came to me and said:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]





F A M O U S F E E T

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

Here's a vital "foot-note"  
A new way to end Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for all feet . . . Here, indeed, is an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, *Blue-jay* in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the *Blue-jay* formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But *Blue-jay* is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored



ANN PENNINGTON says: "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty *Blue-jay* plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet*. "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But *Blue-jay* does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a *Blue-jay*."

way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

The new *Blue-jay* in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with *Blue-jay* Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE New *Blue-jay*





# New



10¢

**Bettering  
the world's best  
candy bar!**

**NEW SHAPE  
NEW QUALITY  
EASY TO EAT**

**TASTE THE *DIFFERENCE* YOURSELF!**



# Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

Not long after that the young man, in the course of a campaign of pressing his attentions, took Miss Kaufmann to Ringling Brothers circus. He made a great flourish of peanuts and toy balloons and cerise lemonade on that occasion. Then while the band was playing "After the Ball" he took advantage of the emotional surge of the moment and proposed, with the result that Miss Kaufmann became Mrs. Adolph Zukor. Her first present to him was a ring, in the fashion of the day, three considerable diamonds set in yellow gold and lots of it. A year ago Mrs. Zukor began a big movement to get that ring discarded in behalf of something more to modern taste. Her husband gave the proposition his most weighty consideration. The ring had been on his finger nearly twenty-nine years, with his full approval. It was not a matter to be lightly decided. There was extensive argument and much deliberation. If it had been a business matter of a few hundred thousand dollars he might have handed down a decision in three minutes. But this was a matter of sentiment, so it took three months. December 25, last, Mrs. Zukor prevailed and now the ring finger of the sceptered hand of Adolph I bears a sapphire set in platinum. Now and again he looks at it, missing the old friendly diamonds.

The old favorite ring has been put away in the family treasure vault, along with the amazing trove of the presents that Zukor has received from friends—an endless array of watches and pins and jeweled dewdads and trinkets, including nineteen match boxes in silver, gold and platinum, engraved and embossed and emblazoned. Each is in a box marked with the name of the donor, appreciated and never used. His personal taste is for efficient simplicity.

And in that matter of garb the whole Zukor doctrine that the best is the best bargain is reflected. In those earlier days when

he could afford just one suit of clothes at a time he spent a hundred dollars a suit. Usually it was blue. Today he trusts no one to do his shopping for him, somehow finding time to personally select every item of his attire—profoundly conservative as to design, but ultra in quality and texture. He has an eye and a touch for such things. They are part of the pictures that men present of themselves and he takes them in at a sweeping glance in his process of rapid appraisal of strangers. He knows cloth and men.

IN the operation of his motion picture interests Zukor's quality policy is frequently reflected, sometimes with spectacular results. Any price for what he deems is necessary to success is a fair price to him. The roster of stars and directors who have been enrolled for their days of glory by Famous Players-Lasky is an evidence. He wants the best and he often gets it.

A few years past Zukor dashed into his office after lunch, flushed up with an idea.

"I have just bought the Rialto and the Rivoli theaters for us," he announced.

"At what price?" asked Jesse Lasky.

"I don't remember right now," Zukor replied, "but we need them to represent us on Broadway."

Zukor expects a certain sequence of occasional mistakes, just as any wise player expects to lose a hand now and again. In a recent conference on tangles in the exhibition situation, one of the home office executives ventured the forecast that a contemplated experiment might cost them a million.

"A million?" said Zukor. "Then go ahead—we can sweat that out—if we have to."

Zukor has sweated out many mil-

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 112 ]

## Pictures of Proven Merit

# PARAMOUNT'S 1926 HONORABLE MENTION

Our Exceptional Releases from January 1st. to December 31st.

Final Scoring of the Years Releases Announced March 1st.

HERE ARE THE PICTURES RELEASED AND THE PERCENTAGE OF THEaters WHICH HAVE SEEN THEM

No.	Title	Studio	In Charge of Production	Director	Writers	Star	Cast	Assistant Director	Cameraman
1	"Behind the Front"	West Coast	Garnett Weston	Edward Sutherland	Stuart Little, Harold Lloyd	Wallace Berry, Raymond Hatton	Pauline Goddard, Pauline Goddard, Pauline Goddard	Richard Johnston	Charles Boyle
2	"We're Navy Now"	West Coast	Joe Jackson	Edward Sutherland	Monty Brice, John McDermott	Wallace Berry, Raymond Hatton	Pauline Goddard, Pauline Goddard, Pauline Goddard	Paul Jones	Charles Boyle
3	"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"	West Coast	John Lynch	Malcolm St. Clair	Alfred Savater, John Lynch, John Lynch	Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	Lee Gaffney
4	"Let's Get Married"	East Coast	Jensensend Martin	Gregory La Cava	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Richard Dix	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	Eddie Craven
5	"The Vanishing American"	West Coast	Lucien Hubbard	George B. Seitz	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Richard Dix	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	Edgar Schaubert, Barry Perry
6	"Mantrap"	West Coast	Victor Fleming	Victor Fleming	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Clara Bow	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	James Howe
7	"The Quarterback"	East Coast	Ralph Block	Fred Newmeyer	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Richard Dix	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	Edgar Schaubert
8	"The Campus Flirt"	West Coast	H.P. Schulberg	Clarence Badger	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Rebo Daniels	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	H. R. Hines
9	"Padlocked"	West Coast	H.P. Schulberg	Allan Dwan	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Tom Mix	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	James Howe
10	"The Blind Goddess"	West Coast	H.P. Schulberg	Victor Fleming	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Eather Easton, Jack Holt	John Lynch, John Lynch, John Lynch	Art Camp	Alfred Gillis

Honorable Mention  
"Dancing Mothers"  
"Aloma of the South Seas"

Pictures Which Have Either Appeared on the Honor Roll or Received Honorable Mention  
"The Sign of the Cross"  
"The Sign of the Cross"  
"The Sign of the Cross"

Pictures Set to Be Released During 1926  
"The Sign of the Cross"  
"The Sign of the Cross"  
"The Sign of the Cross"

THE ANSWER TO TEMPERAMENT—BOX OFFICE FACTS. Paramount built this scoreboard to keep its stars down to earth. It's a cold record of the actual financial returns of its films. Other companies are now taking up the idea





Two lovely lustres to choose from with the convenience of liquid polish

## This Rosy Brilliance in Natural Pink .. or Deep Rose

**J**UST the color of lovely gleaming nails you like best to have in the famous liquid polish made by Cutex!

For the conservative woman the *Natural Pink* catches the color of the nails and gives them a lovely rose petal lustre. And it lasts for days.

For the woman who likes to keep up with the very latest fashion, Cutex makes the *Deep Rose*. It gives an exotic touch of vivid color to the nails and the very high brilliance you see so much. And of course it too lasts for days.

Before a fresh manicure use Cutex Polish Remover to take off the old polish. Each is 35c, or the coupon below and 10c will bring you samples of Polish, and the Polish Remover. Northam Warren.

Mail this  
Coupon  
Today

I enclose  
10c in  
stamps or coin  
for samples.

(Please check  
your choice)

Natural  Deep Rose

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. QQ-5A  
114 West 17th St., New York

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

**RUTH C., TULSA, OKLA.**—Lars Hanson is Swedish. He is about thirty years old and has blue eyes and blond hair. Weighs 150 pounds and is five feet, nine inches tall. Ladies, too, prefer blonds.

**V. L. H., HUMBLE, TEX.**—Ben Lyon and Claire Windsor work for different companies so there isn't much chance that they will appear in a picture together. However, stranger things have happened. Ben is six feet tall and has dark blue eyes and dark brown hair. He was born Feb. 6, 1901. Claire has blue eyes and she is five feet, six inches tall. Born in Cawker, Kansas, April 14, 1897.

**EVA D., CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.**—Gracious, Eva, do you want to work a poor old man into a nervous collapse? Wait a minute! I'll have to put a new ribbon on my typewriter before I can answer your questions. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. That's his real name. He is five feet, seven inches tall and has brown eyes. Little Mary Hay was born Jan. 31, 1923. Dick is a native New Yorker. His next picture is "The Patent Leather Kid." Little Mary is living with her father. Her mother is entitled to have the joy of her company for six months of the year. Mary Astor was born May 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. Not married. Renee Adoree is about twenty-six. Divorced from Tom Moore. Antonio Moreno is thirty-eight. That's his real name. He was not exiled from Spain. Where did you get that idea? He came here of his own free will.

**ANNOUNCING A GLORIA SWANSON CLUB**—For information, write to Miss Hortense Guzman, P. O. Box 2129, Havana, Cuba. I think your club sounds interesting, Hortense, and I think your mother is wonderful to let you have a wing of the house for your club rooms. Giving a tea-dance was a great idea and I am glad it was such a big success. Yes, Gloria plans to make New York her permanent home. Best wishes to your club and my respects to your mother, who must be a wise and charming woman.

**FRISKY FRAN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**—Hope Hampton hasn't "disappeared." She is married to Jules Brulatour and at present, I believe, rehearsing for a musical comedy. Greta Garbo is not married to John Gilbert. Vera Reynolds is divorced. ZaSu Pitts is twenty-nine years old and Virginia Lee Corbin is seventeen. If you need any more help with your book, just apply to yours truly.

**R. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**—Antonio Moreno was born in Spain thirty-eight years ago. Married to a non-professional. Ronald Colman is an Englishman. Twenty-eight years old and separated from his wife. Ricardo Cortez is of French descent. Twenty-eight years old and the husband of Alma Rubens. Milton Sills is forty, and American and married to Doris Kenyon.

**MISS SUNBURN, CAPETOWN, S. A.**—I always like an excuse for writing to someone in South Africa. So you see, our feelings are mutual. Your bathing beach sounds attractive—just like California or Florida. You tempt me to get on a ship headed straight for Capetown. But then who would answer all the questions? Getting down to business. Clara Bow is not married. Born Aug. 29, 1905. Corinne Griffith is twenty-six years old. Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 19, 1898. She was on the stage before she started in pictures in 1921. Married to King Vidor. Write to me again. I mean it.

**ANNE, WORCESTER, MASS.**—I'm always glad to talk about Anna Q. Nilsson. Anna was born in Ystad, Sweden, March 30, 1894. Beautiful blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes. She is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 137 pounds. Address her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

**D. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.**—What pretty hand-writing! But I suppose all the boys tell you that. Ben Lyon was on the stage for five years. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans in 1897. Divorced from Jack Gilbert. Aileen Pringle was educated in London and Paris.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 126 ]



Another one of those get-together pictures. D. W. Griffith visited Constance Talmadge and talks to Connie and his old friend of Biograph days, Mickey Neilan. Griffith gave Connie her first chance as the *Mountain Girl* in "Intolerance"



# Always

IF A MAN GIVES A WOMAN  
more than a passing glance



A canyon-like street. A swirling gale. A girl swept into the arms of a man. Wind-blown, dust-spotted, clothes awry. And then—a smile! Flashing, radiant—a revelation of gleaming teeth! Beauty triumphant!

Thus unexpectedly, women meet beauty's greatest challenge—the SMILE TEST. Could YOU pass it now?

**A**LWAYS—if a man gives a woman more than a passing glance, her beauty is on trial. And with Nature rests the verdict.

The art to which another woman's eye gives quick approval, he too admires—though without understanding. Yet instinctively he reserves his judgment. He seeks some sign of natural beauty, unadorned.

Thus, without realizing it perhaps, but none the less surely, he watches a woman's smile.

For there is but one attribute of beauty that no artifice can adorn or conceal: *gleaming, clean teeth.*

No beauty magic can give this loveliness. Yet it is so easy to have. Yours at the cost of but four minutes a day! Precious moments for beauty.

Get a new Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Use it faithfully each day—two minutes

in the morning, two at night. Thorough brushing—*away* from the gums.

Convex in shape, Dr. West's fits the natural contour of the mouth. Its sloping, tuftless end slips easily between teeth and cheek, with bristles firmly erect for proper brushing. Its widely spaced bristles not only clean the tooth surfaces, but get deep into the crevices between.

Simple care, with Dr. West's brushes, is today bringing the teeth of thousands of women to a brilliant whiteness never before thought possible. The secret is in the sturdy bristles—especially selected to *polish as they clean!*

But if you would benefit from this polishing quality, never try to wear out your Dr. West's. So long-lived is this brush that it may be serviceable months after its special polishing ability has faded. The cost is small, and the benefit great, of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always. Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure of yours by getting a new one today!

For your protection, Dr. West's is packed in a sealed glassine container, inside the usual carton.



There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

© W. B. M. Co., 1927



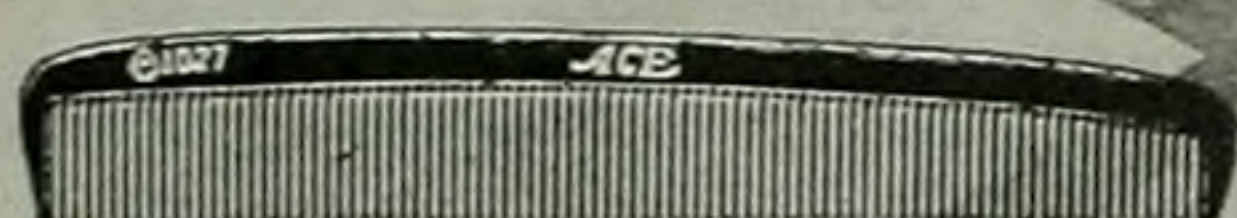
Your hair well  
groomed every  
moment of the day

# ACE <sup>♠</sup> Combs

Hard  
Rubber



The ACE large size 8 or 9 inch DRESSING COMB is necessary even for Bobbed Hair, to properly comb out the tangles on arising.



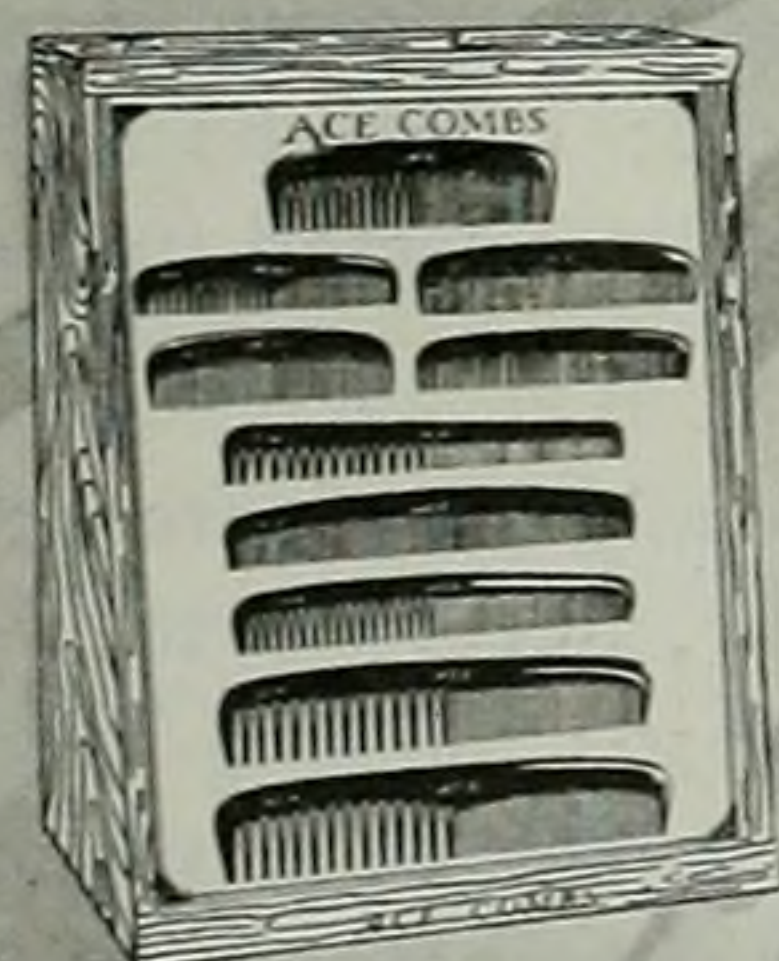
The ACE all fine tooth DRESSING COMB is used for dressing the hair as it imparts the natural close fitting effect that is popular now.



The ACE POCKET COMB is carried conveniently by men and women alike for ready use at any moment during the day.



The ACE DRY SHAMPOO COMB is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. It reveals the natural lustre of the hair.



The ACE COMB CABINET is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

Notice how perfectly Ace Combs are made and polished.

The rubber used for Ace Combs is the purest obtainable.

There is no other material comparable with hard rubber for combs.

Send for beautifully illustrated book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.,  
Dept D4, 11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Name .....

Address .....

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

### A Cheerful Loser

California.

Though it is late to write of it, your recent Cut-Picture Contest was one of the cleanest, fairest contests I ever had the pleasure to watch.

There was as fine a piece of judging as I have ever seen.

While I had entered the Contest, the awards were so outstandingly clear and aboveboard that I can't see how any loser could be disappointed.

I seldom enter contests, but I follow them all, and this is the cleanest, clearest, fairest I've seen.

Maybe some were disappointed, but they could see the reason after reading January PHOTOPLAY.

This is one contest that leaves a pleasant taste instead of bitterness.

A CALIFORNIAN.  
(a loser)

### Anyway, We Get the Money

Kansas City, Mo.

I fail to appreciate this dangerous "menace" of the "foreign invasion," fear of which is being so widely expressed, of late. I do not minimize the admirable technique and originality of such fine things as "The Last Laugh," but it is no secret that it was a box-office "flop" here.

We are being told that even our great American-made productions are really foreign—"Greed," "So This Is Paris," "The Woman of Paris"—all the work of foreign directors. But are these pictures to be considered superior to the heroic scope of "The Big Parade," the epic humanity of "Stella Dallas," or the unique tenderness of "The Dark Angel"?

Mr. Vidor and Mr. King are, unquestionably, not foreign.

We have many methods and ideas which can not be duplicated abroad, or our films would not dominate the European market as they do. Let the "Foreign Invasion" advance; "Made in America by Americans" should not fear the test.

JANICE M. SWARNER.

### Meighan Memories

Moline, Ill.

I went to see "The Canadian," and how it took me back to my childhood in South Dakota. That threshing scene! I am a middle-aged woman, but for an hour and a half I was a twelve year old girl again helping my mother "cook for threshers." What huge quantities we cooked and how quickly everything disappeared!

The great level fields with the white clouds piled in the sky above them seemed my father's farm, and Frank Taylor's shack was almost exactly like ours. And that gate! The times without number I have held the lines over the backs of the great, fat farm horses while father opened the gate!

Once I saw my father stand at the window and watch his crops being ruined, not by snow, but burned to a crisp by a hot wind.

This picture is truly an epic of the prairie farm. I hope that some day Mr. Meighan will make as true a picture of farm life in the corn belt.

MRS. ESTELLINE CURTIS.

### She's Joined United Artists

Yukon, Okla.

I have just seen "The Lady in Ermine" starring Corinne Griffith.

Corinne Griffith is beautiful, no one will gainsay that, but why must she always appear

as spineless as a jelly fish? Why can't she have some of the fire, the emotional strength, of other and less beautiful actresses?

This picture was weak, foolish and insipid. Corinne dragged herself through a thousand scenes with as much interest as the Chief Mourner at a funeral. Truthfully, I believe only the splendid work of Bushman saved the picture from being received with open scorn and disgust by most audiences.

It is time for Miss Griffith to snap out of this "dumb but beautiful stuff."

HARDIN S. RAMEY.

### Who Wants a Picture?

Sutton, Surrey, England.

Are there any readers of PHOTOPLAY who admire Richard Dix who do not know of that wonderful organization, The Richard Dix Club, of 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada? If so, I am sure they will want this opportunity of joining.

I have admired Richard Dix for many years. To me he has always meant two things—a very great actor, and someone for whom I felt a sincere admiration; Richard Dix became, in my mind, someone to be very much admired, yet someone wholly "unobtainable."

A year ago, I joined his club. Before very long, had received a letter from him. A month after the arrival of the first, I received a second. Both were personally signed.

The first I owe entirely to the President; the second to the fact that I am a member of the Club.

DIANA LISTER.

### Read and Weep

Lawrence, Kan.

While nearly everyone is giving praise to Dolores Costello—raving over her beauty and her wonderful acting—let me have my say.

She is not beautiful, but to the contrary has a sad, homely face with a wornout expression on it; her features are very poor.

She cannot act. You may say, look at the success of "The Sea Beast," but Dolores had naught to do with this; John Barrymore gave the picture the little light that it had. As anyone can see, her late pictures, which have had no Barrymore to support them, have been poor. Why? First she has no screen personality, which is essential; second, her actions are mechanical, stiff and unnatural; she is simply a tool of the director; her heart and soul are not in her work.

Why, then, has she gone on to seemingly great success? Why has she risen to seemingly great popularity? Is it because of the influence of her father's fame? Is it because of the huge publicity given her? "Behind the lasting success there is worthiness."

F. M.

### What Happened to Polly?

La Jolla, Calif.

This is a letter putting into words my inexpressible admiration for Pauline Starke; for her marvelous, wonderful, and under-credited acting ability; and for her ravishing beauty. The first time I had the opportunity of witnessing her acting was in "The Little Church Around the Corner," some years ago. I have never missed one of her pictures since. But, somehow she has not been recognized as great as she deserves.

I now wish to voice my protest (although it will not, I realize, do any good) against her new rôles—that of an Elinor Glyn heroine. She is simply not appealing in these rôles. I hope that will soon be discovered.

RICHARD TETLEY.

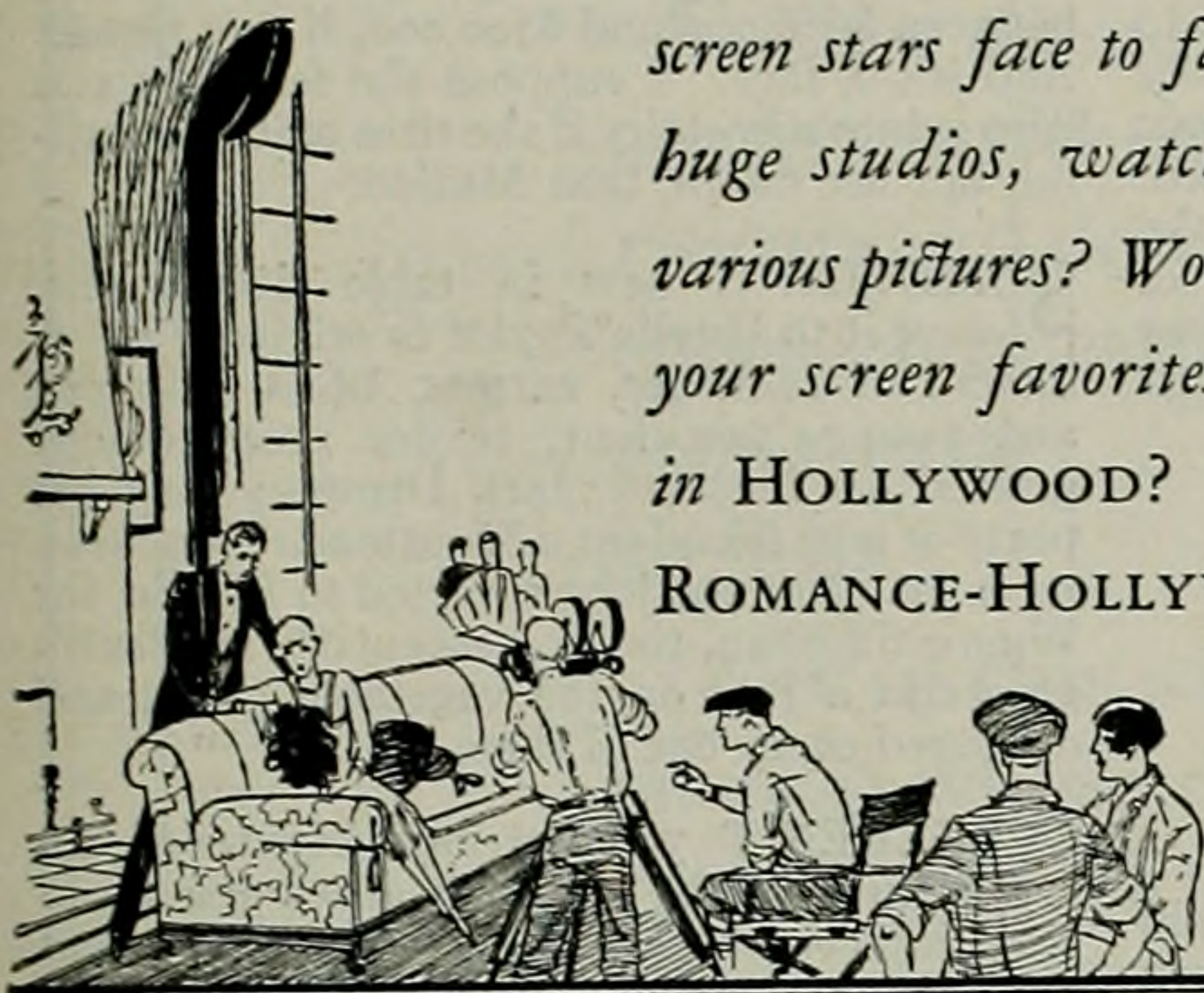
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 122 ]



# HAVE YOU *an* IDEA ~ ~ for a MOVIE? HOLLYWOOD Free!

Have you ever dreamed of meeting the screen stars face to face, of strolling about the huge studios, watching the filming of the various pictures? Would you like to lunch with your screen favorites at the MONTMARTRE in HOLLYWOOD? The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST offers you the opportunity.

A FULL week in HOLLYWOOD with all expenses paid. Introductions to the stars. Limousines to convey you between hotel and studios. A joyful week in the land of romance. All this for an idea for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Read the conditions and start thinking.



## CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:  
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.  
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.  
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to Contest Manager, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



ROMANCE SELECTIONS at \$1.00 contains so many different kinds of chocolates that everyone's preference is easily satisfied. In addition, free of charge, the illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies."



Favorites—ROMANCE SELECTIONS and MISS ANNA Q. NILSSON star of First National Pictures

# ROMANCE CHOCOLATES



# OUTWITTING TIME

*How women of today  
keep young-looking—*

**W**ISE in their generation are those women who, ever on the *qui vive*, gaily outwit a drab, sallow, wrinkled *tomorrow* while still enjoying their glowing, youthful *today*.

For every type of skin . . . for every distressing sign of age, Helena Rubinstein, long acknowledged the world's leading beauty specialist, has evolved a scientific regimen.



Crowsfeet, wrinkles . . . puffy, relaxed features . . . drooping contour, double chin . . . are scientifically prevented or corrected by her famous rejuvenating preparations . . . oiliness . . . enlarged pores . . . blackheads quickly disappear under her guidance.

**Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream**—thoroughly cleanses . . . molds out "tired look" . . . keeps complexion youthful and smooth . . . the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins . . . an excellent powder-base. (1.00)

**Valaze Beautifying Skinfood**—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, purifies—creates exquisite skin texture. (1.00)

**Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion**—firms, tones, braces tissues—imparts alluring finish. (1.25)

**Valaze Pore Paste Special**—penetrative wash which carries away blackheads, corrects excess oiliness, closes pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

**Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)**—richly nourishing and tissue-building—corrects crowsfeet, wrinkles, dry shriveled skin, rounds out hollows. (1.75)

**Valaze Liquidine**—instantly removes oiliness, corrects shiny nose—leaves smooth white finish. (1.50)

THE FINEST OF ALL COSMETICS  
VALAZE POWDERS—ROUGES—LIP-  
STICKS intensely flattering touches of  
beauty . . . safe and protective for even the  
most delicate skin . . . in shades which en-  
hance the charm of every type—1.00 to 5.50.

Dispensed by trained and competent advisers at all  
the better stores, or order direct from Dept. P-5

*Helena Rubinstein*

46 W. 57th St., New York

PARIS:  
52 Rue du Fg.  
St. Honore



LONDON:  
24 Grafton St.  
W. 1.

CHICAGO  
DETROIT

PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON  
NEWARK

{ Write for chart X—it cleverly  
enables you to have a personal  
Rubinstein Analysis of your  
precise beauty needs. }

## News and Gossip of all The Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]

It is too bad that a film like "The March of the Movies" cannot have general release, because it was the most entertaining and instructive attraction of the month.

In particular, we liked "The Great Train Robbery," the first plot movie ever made. This picture, for all its crudity, still has a kick to it. And the home-coming of the *Little Colonel* from "The Birth of a Nation"—also included in this remarkable collection—still stands forth as the screen's greatest acting.

"THE March of the Movies" also serves to remind us that scientific subjects are sadly neglected. The wonders of microscopic motion picture photography are too little used. Personally, this fellow would rather watch the wiggling of the little microbes in a drop of water than sit through the jazz dance numbers that have taken the place of entertaining short film subjects in the big theaters.

**H**ERE'S the inevitable Scotch story, related by Richard Dix.

"How much liquor can a Scotchman drink?"

The answer is "Any given amount."  
Now you tell one.

**H**ERE'S where I give a boost to an old friend. I knew him before he had his own wagon and a Scotch plaid blanket. Caesar's Ghost, as good a horse as ever pawed the ground with his left hoof and slowly nodded his fine white head to the question of "Do you love whiskey?"

He was that beautiful white beast that Norman Trevor rode in "Beau Geste." His name is now Flash—for no good reason—and he's out to carve a career in the rambling celluloids as gallant mount to Gary Cooper, Paramount's new Western star.

**C**LARENCE BROWN is upsetting that one about "a prophet is never recognized in his home base." Right from the printer's ink of a local daily he has snatched young Herbert Moulton for a part in "The Trail of '98." Herb is a pink-cheeked kid, just the kind of boy you'd want your daughter to marry. But there's no chance for your Sally. Herb's engaged to Janet Gaynor, that Fox starlet. They are a couple of nice youngsters.

**I**N addition to all our other troubles this month, Patsy Ruth Miller is severing her connection with Warner Brothers.

**J**OE KEATON, father of the inimitable Buster, went into a haberdashery on the Boulevard the other day and after making his purchases, struck up a conversation with the clerk as to Hollywood's well-dressed men.

"Do you know who is Hollywood's best dressed man?" the clerk inquired.

"No," said Mr. Keaton. "Who is?"

"Buster Keaton," replied the clerk, "because he dresses Natalie."

Ooch!

**C**ORINNE GRIFFITH, Norma Shearer and some of the other girls will have to take a back seat. The reigning Queen of Love and Beauty is Billie Dove. She's knocked all the men in Hollywood for a row of speechless adoring worshippers. To go onto her set is to visit a shrine. It is flecked with devout groups of admirers. Billie is sweet. Billie is beautiful. Billie is pleasant. All that Billie has to do is

smile, blink a lash, and a delirious spell is woven.

My advice to all girls who aspire to be motion picture actresses is to cultivate the charm of the Dove.

**M**ARION DAVIES is building one of those humble little beach shacks you've heard about. Forty-five rooms and twenty baths, that's all. She will have to keep a hotel clerk to parcel out rooms to the guests. It's a Colonial dwelling covering nine lots and cost between \$650,000 and \$700,000, if you please. And it's a fact. I suppose she feels she can turn it into a hostelry if she tires of it. Beautiful, but not dumb, that Marion.

**S**OMETHING new in table decorations. Leave it to Estelle Taylor to originate it. A mound of cabbages, carrots, beets, potatoes and young, succulent, tender green onions greeted her husband, Jack Dempsey, and his party of men friends at a Montmartre luncheon recently. But the joke reverted to Estelle, for Winnie Sheehan, the Fox executive, led Jack's guests in a raid on the vegetable patch and devoured every one of them.

"**W**EREN'T you terribly frightened up there in the clouds?" asked the timid lady interviewer of Harry Perry, who had charge of the amazing camera work in "Wings."

"No, not very," replied the intrepid cinematographer. And then with something of a Will Rogers grin, "But it was awfully inconvenient when you tried to talk. Couldn't get your mouth closed again because of the terrific wind."

**R**EMINISCING is always good sport. Richard Neill and King Baggott, two old-timers in the picture business, fell to it the other night.

"Do you remember," said Neill, "down in Havana when you were Mary Pickford's leading man and one of the prop men brought a supply of cold cream from New York to sell to the actors and the Cuban chef thought it was *Americano* lard and tried to fry eggs in it?"

Baggott went him one better. "Speaking of grease, remember the sea picture you played in and the villain lost his toupee to the waves and you painted a marcel on his bald pate with varnish and axle grease?"

"You bet," replied Neill. "That was the original channel swim bathing suit."

**U**NCERTAINTY, thy name is Hollywood. Ask Fay Wray, she knows. Fay, who is Canadian and pretty and a von Stroheim discovery, had a taxi purring in front of the house to take her to the train and her first trip to New York for a new Lasky picture, when the studio called.

"Unpack the trunks," they brutally said. "East is moving West and the picture is to be made in Hollywood."

**L**OUISE BROOKS and Raymond Griffith were to go, too. They caught Louise just as she was leaving the house for the train, but Raymond Griffith had already left his club and was to meet that train at Pasadena. Much scurrying ensued, a telephone order to hold the train, and Ray was rescued from a fruitless five-day ride just as he was putting his satchels in the drawing room.

Sure. That's the picture business.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 108 ]

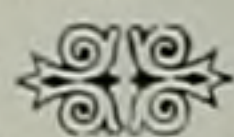


# Voices

**T**HE day is full of voices—meaningless, insistent. They drone upon the street, chatter at parties, hurl snatches of themselves at you from passing automobiles, rise up and down dramatically from open-air platforms, end with question marks at the office, trail after you on street cars. . . . Your ears, forever open, almost have to hear.

Yet in this same room with you are voices of utmost silence, whose every word concerns you. You control them more surely than you control telephone or radio. Open a page—they talk to you quietly. Close a page—they are through. They are the voices of the advertisements. They talk direct to you. Tell of better roofing for your home, more protective paint for its walls. Shoes your youngsters can't scuffle out easily. Salads, delicious drinks, to gratify you. Reinforced hosiery, cooler underwear, purer soaps. You believe in these voices, for they have to be sincere. Else they would not be in these pages—could not have the nation's belief. You buy the goods they proffer, for you know already what those goods will do. And wide belief has lowered their prices. They are economical—sure!

Loose products everywhere in stores are crying out, "Buy me!" But behind the voice of the advertised product is the voice of authority. The voice that tells the why, what, when, where and how of the goods you buy.



*Heed these courteous voices often. Read the advertisements in this magazine.*



## News and Gossip of all The Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106 ]

GET out the flags and bunting. Vilma Banky has made up her mind to become an American citizen. "Eet iss not lack of love for my country," Vilma cooed to me. "Eet iss appreciation of-f all thees country has done for me." Can't you imagine Vilma reciting the Preamble to the Constitution, or whatever one does recite on such occasions, to the judge?

SCORE one for America against the foreign invasion. Andre von Mattoni, who was imported by Universal to *Romeo* Mary Philbin's *Juliet*, has succumbed to an American miss. Elvira Kressler is the girl and they were married a short time ago.

THE *New York World* swears this happened in Hollywood.

One actor hurriedly telephoned a friend: "Come on down quick. There's a naked woman riding down Hollywood Boulevard on a horse."

"Be right down," answered his friend. "It's been years since I've seen a horse."

BREAKING ground for a theater becomes something of a ceremony in Los Angeles. Take the new United Artists Theater, for in-

stance. Mary Pickford tended the galloping steam shovel; Douglas Fairbanks was there, and Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, John Barrymore, Buster Keaton, Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, the Duncan Sisters, the Mayor of Los Angeles, assorted senators, a couple of bankers.

The theater will cost \$3,500,000. They should have had Mr. Mellon there, too.

I TOOK a visitor on Pola Negri's set the other day. She was from the East and wore a lovely silver fox fur. Maurice Stiller was directing and some Scandinavian unknown was doing a bit.

As we arrived on the set, Stiller started to make funny motions. Knowing Pola's temperament, I thought perhaps he wanted us to leave, so I went over and tried to coax him out of it.

But I was wrong. All he wanted was my visitor's silver fox fur—for a couple of shots. In spite of ten years in Hollywood, I let him ask her.

The result was that we left the set long after the dinner hour.

He finally relinquished possession of her silver fox and it cost me three orchids for the ones that had been on the fur but were no longer fit to wear.



## Wake Up!

WAKE up rested, refreshed, invigorated—every morning! You can, if you get the proper rest,—if you are relaxed and comfortable while you sleep. Investigate the bed springs on your beds. Are they noisy, saggy, flabby? Then, for your health's sake, throw them out and equip your beds with

# WAY Sagless Springs

"No Sag In Any WAY"

They are everlastingly comfortable, buoyant, restful. To be sure to get the genuine—look for the red stripes on the frame.

Get the truth about bed springs.  
Write for the Way booklet.

### Way Sagless Spring Co.

859 E. Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit

BURTON - DIXIE CORPORATION, N. Y.  
WAYSAGLESS SPRING CO. Ltd., Toronto  
PARKHILL BEDDING, Ltd., Winnipeg  
Belknap Hdwe. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville  
Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.  
Roberti Bros., Los Angeles



Look for the  
Red Stripes

Two types—  
cable and coil



Look for the Red Stripes



Five times in a few months has Eddie Sutherland been separated from his bride, Louise Brooks. Five times has business interfered with the honeymoon of Eddie and Louise. But now that Paramount has made up its mind to make pictures only in Hollywood, Eddie and Louise can look forward to a happy life together without any more sudden business separations



**E**DDIE SUTHERLAND is the happiest man in Hollywood. The reason? The Paramount Studios have moved West and Louise Brooks does not have to go East for her next picture.

In fact there is no reason for her to go East, so Eddie and his wife are going to be together for quite a while.

Eddie is just one of the very, very few people who are glad that the Paramount Studios have transferred all activities to the West Coast.

**W**HEN Richard Dix was Up State on location, he noticed a thin, underweight little boy watching the company. Between scenes, he approached the starved looking child and said: "You want to grow up to be big and strong, don't you?"

The kid admitted that he did.

"Then you must eat more—drink a lot of milk."

"I can't drink milk," answered the farmer's child, "we ain't hardly got enough milk for the hogs."

**A** DASH of paprika adds spice to any scene. That's what Jackie Coogan thought when, just for the fun of it, he tossed a few smarting particles into the eyes of a fellow cadet at the Urban Military Academy where, betimes, Jackie is learning to be a first-class soldier man. Came investigation, most formal, and Jackie's acting corporalship received several dark marks.

Outside of the demerits, nothing more serious than several large tears welling in his comrade's eyes and deep contrition on the part of Jackie, resulted.

**H**ERE'S a laugh for whippet owners. Charley Chase acquired a lean whippet that was noted for his speed and Charley set about to train him still further for the next whippet race, which, by the by, has become one of Hollywood's popular fancies.

The dog disappeared a week before the races. Strayed away, and no one knew where. Charley frantically inserted an ad in the papers and the day before the races a feminine voice phoned him that she had the dog.

Charley's fleet, slim whippet greeted him looking like a balloon tire. The kind lady had fed him "because he was half-starved and so thin," and he had gained not less than seven pounds. Charley did not enter the dog in the races.

**T**HE vivacious Rosetta Duncan is always responsible for three-quarters of the hilarity at any Hollywood party, but the other night she outdid herself. It was at a musicale and the long-haired artist was pounding out his interpretation of the soul in conflict. There was a long—and pained—pause after he finished, then up spoke Rosetta:

"Have you heard 'The Rhapsody in Blue'?"

"I play nothing but my own compositions, madame." There was hauteur in his tones.

"Well, you want to get wise to yourself, then. How far do you think I would have got if I had only sung songs that I wrote myself?"

**T**HE marital difficulties of Marion Nixon did not end with her divorce last fall. Joe Benjamin, the handsome young prize fighter whom she married, is determined to the point of pugnacity that she shall return to him, and Marion is just as firm in her contention that she shall not.

Several smashed windows in the Nixon home are the result of Joe's attempt at a reconciliation that was not effected.



*The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.*

## Cleanse Teeth of Dingy Film To Brighten Smiles Quickly

*The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest*

**Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free**

**W**HEN teeth lack gleam and whiteness, it is usually because they are film coated.

Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

*Now an effective film combatant*

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

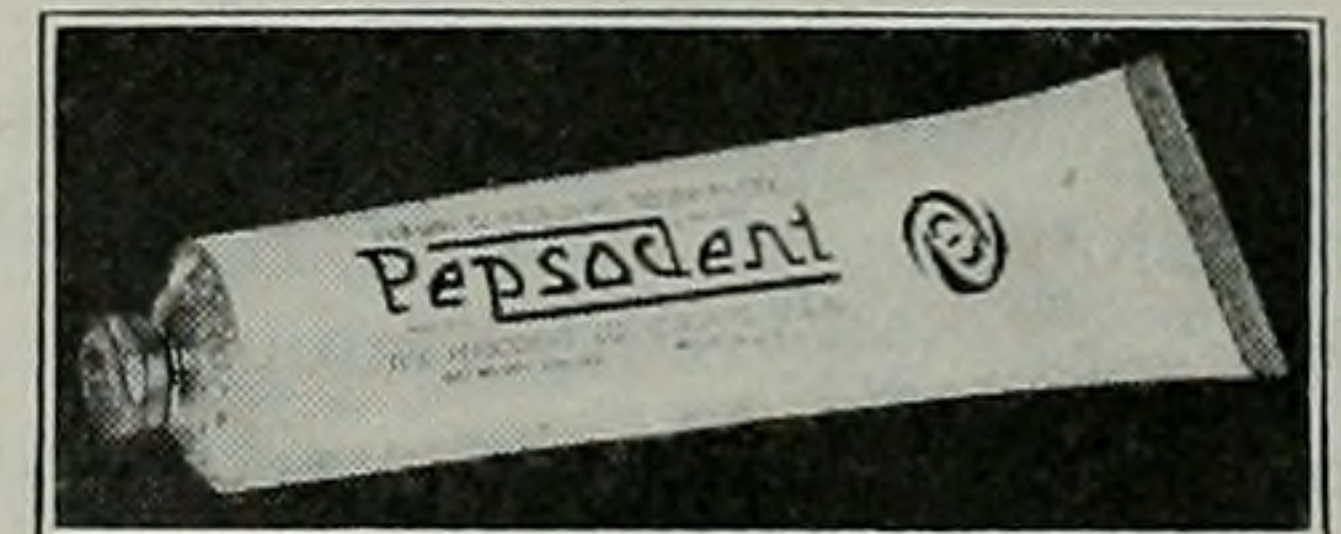
For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in

gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year.

**FREE—10-DAY TUBE**



**FREE**—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1162, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. 2451

**PEPSODENT**

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth





Campbell Studio, N. Y.

## Dorothy Dix a mother to millions ~

**F**ORTUNATE indeed are you if you have a mother of your own—one who prays for your happiness, helps you with wise and loving counsel.

Never let her day go by without a remembrance. Picture the joy she will take in your simplest thought of her.

SUNDAY, MAY 8  
IS MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day is dedicated to mothers—everywhere. Many people are in the habit of sending cards on this occasion to grandmothers; to the mother of wife or husband or friend; to all kindly mothers in the family group.

Surely, a lovely custom—thus to bring joy into the hearts that never lose their love for the little ones who somehow suddenly grew up to be men and women who are so apt to forget.

*Scatter Sunshine  
with Greeting Cards*

**A** FRIEND of Eric Pommer was pointing out the difference in treatment accorded the great director in Germany and more democratic Hollywood.

A huge retinue accompanied him everywhere in Germany. He stalked into conferences to the fan-fare of trumpets. Each act was a rite. Every movement was a ceremony. It was "Herr Pommer," this and "Herr Pommer," that. But since he has been in Hollywood he has been permitted to go his own way without too much adulation.

"I see," said Roland West, who was one of the audience. "Herr Pommer over there but just plain *potomac* over here."

**B**EBE DANIELS has had a lot of tough luck on her latest picture in which she is trying to out-Doug Douglas Fairbanks. First somebody socked her in the eye with a sword and then she tried one of those Don Q swings off of a balcony, hanging onto a piece of tapestry.

The tapestry broke, so Bebe is going around with a limp and a black patch over her eye.

They now call Bebe "Mrs. Mark of Zorro"—of course referring to the patch over the eye.

**D**URING her mother's absence Patsy Ruth Miller was interviewing a Chinese houseboy.

"What is your name," she asked him.

"Fu You Tsin Mei," he replied.

"It is very long. I shall call you John."

"All right, missy. What is your name, please?"

"Patsy Ruth Miller."

"Your name too long, too. I call you Charlie."

Pat showed him a sweet smile and the door.



The third film to be based on the traditional warfare between a sergeant and a private—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a scene from "Red, White and Blue." "What Price Glory" and "Tell It to the Marines" both played on this same phase of army life. There are still other war films on the horizon. Who can remember when war stories were such a drug on the market that exhibitors advertised "Not a War Picture" in front of their theaters?

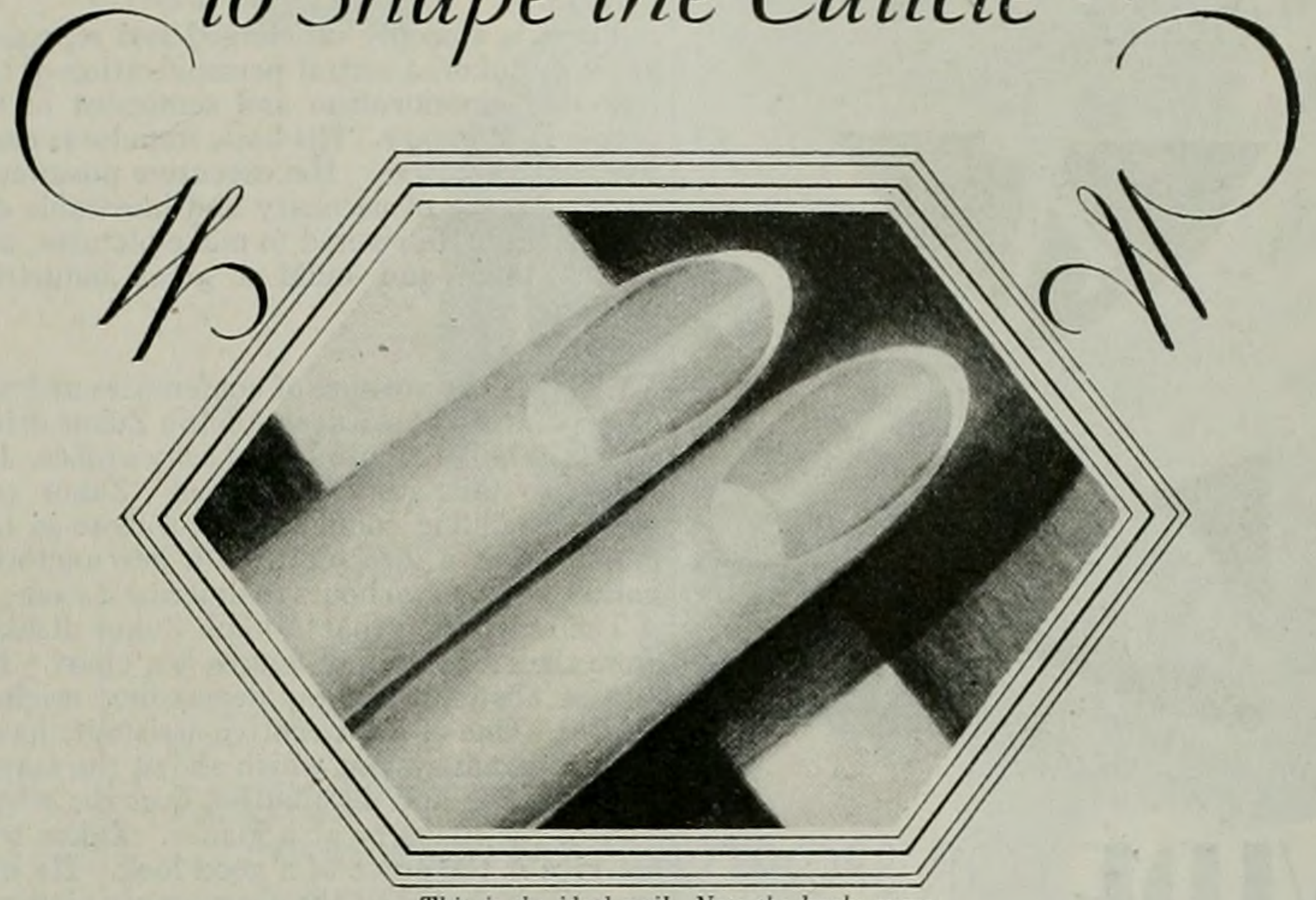




How do you like it? It is Herb Rawlinson's first and he sprouted it for his rôle of Jackie Coogan's dad in "The Bugle Call." A good hair tonic, applied externally, and tender care are all you need. But then, says Herb, you have something to sniff over

# THE NEW WAY

*to Shape the Cuticle ..*



*This is the ideal nail. Note the lovely curve of the cuticle*

*"Remove the dead cuticle .. Supply the missing oils"*

THE lovely Spanish home of the late Thomas Ince has been sold to Carl Laemmle for the neat sum of \$650,000 paid to Mrs. Ince. "Dias Doradoe," it is called, and if heaven has nothing like it, I want to stay right here. It's an adobe hacienda, sprawled gracefully in the center of thirty acres of palm and cactus-planted land, and might have been transported from Old Mexico.

THE Venetian atmosphere of "Three Weeks" continues to pervade Elinor Glyn's pictures. In "Ritzy," wherein Betty Bronson is "the lady," there is a gilded boat in the shape of a gondola and a fat cupid toes the prow of the boat. The royal atmosphere is enhanced by a brace of blue plumes from which silken curtains cascade. Even the hero, Jimmy Hall, runs true to the coloring of blond beloved Paul.

IT was at a local opening of "The Temptress," and Fred Niblo who had directed the alabaster and ivory Garbo was making the usual introductory speeches. Remarking on the beauty of Greta's performance, he further said it was most difficult to direct her, for she spoke not one word of English.

"Do you?" queried Niblo, turning to the box where the Swedish lorelei sat.

"No," answered Greta, slowly, perfectly, "I do not speak one word of English."

STRONGHEART takes the hand-worked dog biscuit this month. Jane Murfin, his owner, told me about it. "Pretzel," as he is known to his intimates, has been vacationing on a valley ranch. Came a torrential storm and he was marooned, minus chow. Miss Murfin had to send dog biscuit and meat by airplane. Now Strongheart looks to heaven for his manna.

NOW you can have nails lovelier than ever before—Northam Warren, the authority on the manicure, has added a new perfection. With Cutex already being used for removing all dead cuticle, he has now especially created two marvelous new preparations for the second step, to supply the cuticle with its missing oils.

What a difference either makes. The cuticle un-nourished by the oils that keep the rest of the skin soft and pliant, dried out by exposure to water and weather, becomes charmingly smooth and pink. Immediately you have the beautiful curve at the base of the nail that makes it almond shaped, giving an aristocratic length to the finger.

BUT remember your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the edges. Even the wonderful new Cream or Oil can't remove that. The thing that will remove dead cuticle is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Then supply the lacking oils to the cuticle with either of these wonderful new preparations.

Try this new way to shape the cuticle—first remove the dead cuticle—second supply the missing oils. Send 10c with coupon below for the miniature set containing samples for several manicures. Or the items separately are 35c. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-5, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Can.



FIRST

*To have lovely oval nails and half moons all dead cuticle must first be removed with Cutex Remover.*



SECOND

*Then massage in either of the marvelous new Cutex preparations, the Cream or Oil, to supply the missing oils.*

*Send 10c for the new way today*



I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Cutex Cuticle Oil, and Cutex Cuticle Remover, together with the other essentials for the manicure.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. QQ-5  
114 West 17th St., New York

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_





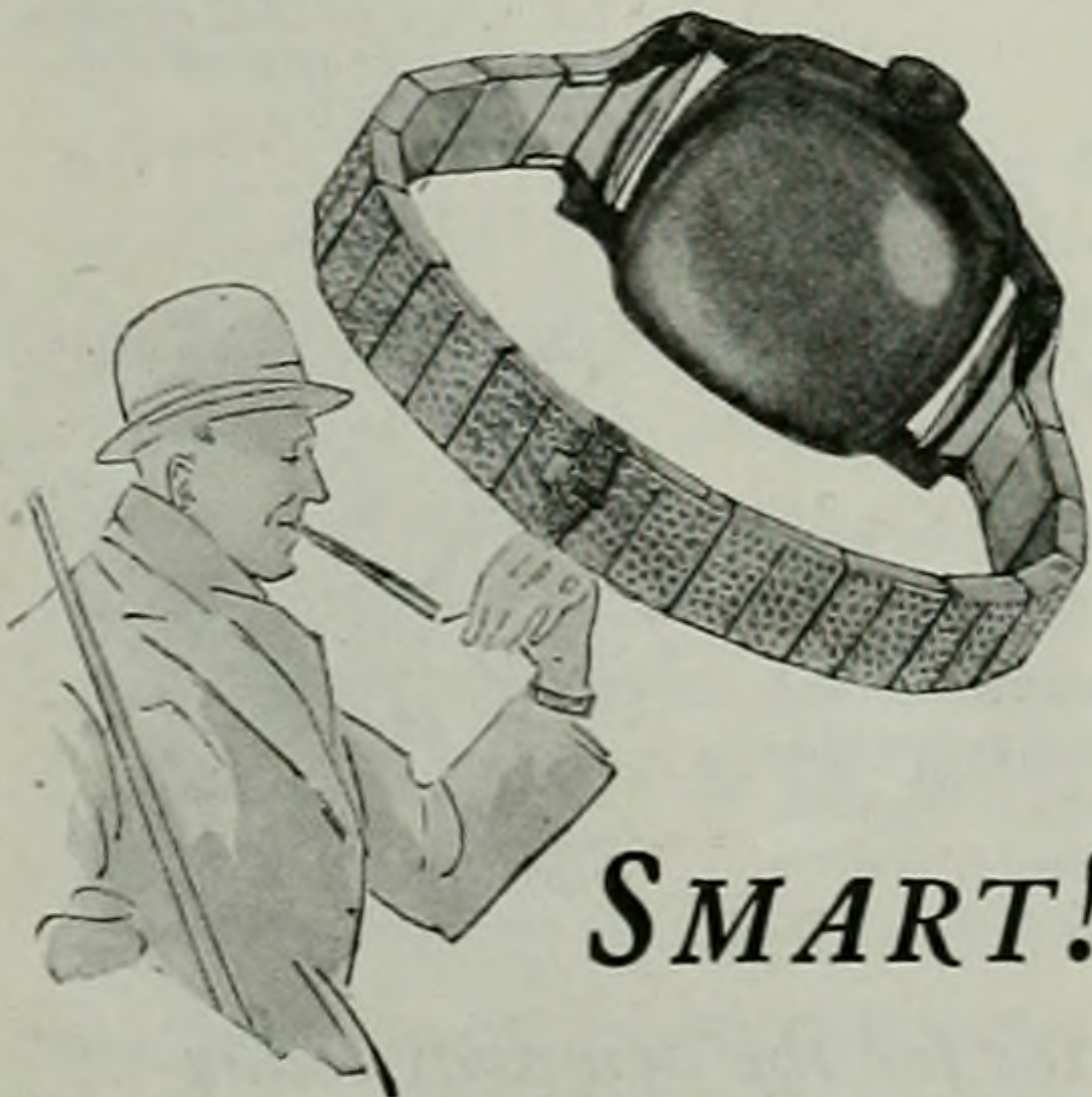
## WIDE FOR SPORTS —WEAR

For those who must be correct in every detail of dress and appointment, what is more appropriate for informal and sports wear than this new wide

### WRISTACRAT

The Flexible Expanding Watch Bracelet

Mannish in its generous width but undoubtedly feminine in its intricate pierced design. You'll note a big improvement, too, in the *center catch*—an exclusive WRISTACRAT feature. Open and off in a moment—without even adjusting the end links—and doubly safe when closed. Ask your jeweler to show you how convenient it is in a design to fit your own watch in 14k gold and 12k gold filled, white, green and yellow.



## SMART!

WRISTACRAT for men is even wider and heavier than for women. Smart in appearance, comfortable to the wrist and outlasts many a leather strap.

The center catch for convenience and safety is incorporated in a wide range of WRISTACRAT designs in white, yellow and green gold.

Literature upon request

LOUIS STERN CO., Providence, R. I.

## Little Journeys to Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101 ]

lions, but it's the grand old average that he plays for.

There is a deeply submerged and repressed artist in Zukor, a sort of personification of the repressed emotionalism and sentiment of his people in Hungary. His basic impulse is creative, not executive. His executive position is an acceptance of necessity and inevitable developments. He wanted to make pictures, not to sell them and build a great industrial machine.

WHEN the pressure of conferences and appointments slackens Adolph Zukor drifts down the hall and into Jesse Lasky's office. He wants to talk stories, pictures. Zukor can bring a banking conference to a close in ten minutes, but a director with a new pictorial notion can get two hours to describe a scene.

The only thing that Adolph Zukor dislikes more than a column of figures is a chart. He refuses abstracted data, demanding original sources. One of his executive assistants has a lucid diagram system which shows the status of production and distribution over the whole field of the industry at a glance. Zukor will not give it the grace of a good look. He has everything that is on the chart amply pictured in his mind.

Evidences of artistic yearnings, so thwarted by business, appear all along the thread of Zukor's career. In that remote day when he was emerging from the apprentice stage of his fur shop experience he was a member of an oddly administered triangle of friendship in Chicago. Adolph and Max and Ignatz, fellow

immigrants, lived together in a West side boarding house sharing good fortune and ill. Always one of them had a job so they always ate, sometimes sparingly. When there was a surplus in the treasury of their common funds they played. It was young Adolph's notion even then that nothing was worth while but the best, so he put in operation a plan by which the amusement balance was allowed to accumulate until there was enough money to give one of them a real good time. Then, by turns, each of the three had his splash of fun, each by himself.

JUST when this plan was well in operation the billboards announced the coming of Sarah Bernhardt in one of her early farewell tours. The treasury held a total of the price for one good seat. They all wanted to go. It was impossible, but Zukor solved the problem. One admission was purchased. Max entered and saw the first act. He took a pass-out check at the intermission and gave it to Ignatz, who saw the second act. Then Ignatz gave his pass-out check to Adolph, who saw all the grand climaxes of the third and last act. He was in at the finish as usual.

There was craftsmanship in Zukor's eager fingers and he presently found a connection and the partnership of the first of his enterprises in furs. He was interested in design and fabrication. He was timid and self-effacing in the presence of customers, maybe a shade conscious of accent. He could think very clearly and boldly, but he had not the assertiveness of salesmanship. This tended to keep him in the



Doing right by the Irish. Kathleen Norris, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks hold a little conference on Mary's new story which will be written by Mrs. Norris. Is the lawn of Pickfair a pleasant place to work?



back of the shop. Meanwhile the progress, the friends, and the rewards seemed to go more to the man out front. Zukor wanted to get on and he was learning lessons in how not to get on. He worked at designs. He took patterns for scarfs and neckpieces home and studied over them at night. He invented a clasp fastener for fur garments. He did everything that could be done about furs, but that was not enough. He came to see that in a larger sense success could come only to those who work with ideas and with men.

ZUKOR ventured forth again, returning to New York and in a new association in the fur trade. Again he seemed to gravitate to the back of the shop. He wanted to get out in front, somewhere, somehow. He was making a living and saving a little. Then he loaned \$3,000 to a friend who invested it in a penny arcade in the Fourteenth street district of New York. The arcade, like those which continue today, presented phonograph renditions of song hits and peep-show motion pictures. The business tottered and the loan was in peril. Zukor went to the rescue of the enterprise and in consequence became in a small way an arcade magnate. There resulted contact with Marcus Loew, William A. Brady and others in the show world.

Zukor's arcade enterprises succeeded and led him into ambitious plans for the exploitation of that curious method of motion picture exploitation known as "Hale's Tours." The Hale's shows were tiny theaters built in simulation of a railway coach, mounted on motor-driven rockers to give an illusion of motion, while pictures taken from trains in motion were projected on a screen at the end of the imitation car. Some of Zukor's friends from the fur trade invested with him. The enterprise failed completely and the investment was lost. It was Zukor's first real defeat. He was stung with chagrin at failure and pained at the loss incurred by his friends. In years after they were repaid, for what was not a debt in a business sense, in stocks which returned them principal and profits extraordinary.

Zukor, when perplexed, walks. He walked many a weary mile, thinking it over. Out of the wreckage of the enterprise he converted the Hale's Tours shows into nickelodeon theaters, inspired by what he had seen of the Davis pioneer enterprise in film theaters with a tiny handbox of a house at Grand Avenue and Diamond Alley in Pittsburgh. The nickelodeons fared well enough for their place and time. Presently Zukor found himself in association with Marcus Loew in Loew Theatrical Enterprises, Inc. He was made the treasurer of the organization. The position was obscure and the work was not to his liking. He was unhappy in the job. He might have plugged along and prospered if there had been harmony. There was not.

IT happens now that things are very different. Mildred Zukor, daughter of Adolph, is the wife of Arthur Loew, son of Marcus. And Loew and Zukor are grandfathers of little Jane Constance Loew and the infant Arthur Marcus Loew.

Back there in 1912 the office help at Loew's nicknamed the quiet little Zukor and cracked jokes behind his back.

Zukor then still had an interest in film exhibition through his Comedy theater, a Fourteenth street nickelodeon. When he heard of the production of a four reel drama with Sarah Bernhardt in the title role, "Queen Elizabeth," produced overseas, he was inspired again as he had been that day he discovered a ten dollar railway ticket to Chicago. Here was a beckoning opportunity to adventure into an unknown field of possibilities. Zukor plunged on the feature picture, which spelled the liberation of the screen from the one-reel minded masters of the nickelodeon era. He, and some associates, bought "Queen Elizabeth" for the United States and began his winning struggle for the reconstruction of the

Los Angeles
Chicago

EDMUND LOWE  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Southern Pacific Lines,  
Los Angeles, California.

Gentlemen:

This is a note of appreciation for the extraordinary attention and care given us on the cross-country journey aboard the Golden State Limited.

It is indeed worthy of praise and a surpassing facility from every point of view.

Someone has said that "people have a right to be epicures if they can afford it", but guests on the Golden State dining car will be epicures in spite of themselves.

Sincerely yours,  
*Edmund Lowe*  
*Lilyn Tashman*

# "We Appreciate

—the extraordinary attention and care given us aboard Golden State Limited"

Edmund Lowe and Lilyn Tashman are enthusiastic in their endorsement of this finer, faster transcontinental flyer. They pay tribute to its surpassing appointments. "Guests on the Golden State dining car will be epicures in spite of themselves" they say.

Travelers of distinction are unanimous in this endorsement. With accommodations and service comparable to a fine hotel or club, Golden

State Limited's 63-hour schedule now saves a business day between Chicago and Los Angeles. Only two business days enroute.

You, too, may enjoy this delightful travel experience. Test this service on your next transcontinental trip. It's the direct, comfortable way across the continent. Any Southern Pacific or Rock Island agent will secure your tickets and reservations on

## Golden State Limited

**Southern Pacific**

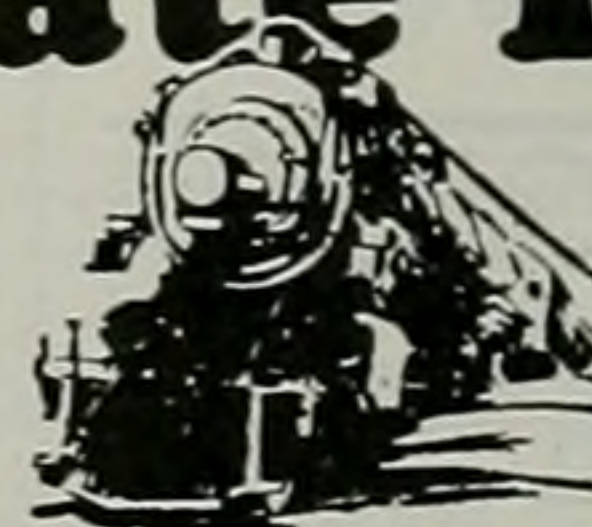
F. S. McGinnis,  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Southern Pacific Company,  
San Francisco, California

Hollywood Ticket Office: 6768 Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles Ticket Office: 212 West Seventh

Rock Island and Southern Pacific Travel Bureaus in all Principal Cities

**Rock Island**

L. M. Allen, Vice-President  
and Passenger Traffic Mgr.,  
Rock Island Lines,  
Chicago, Illinois





**FREE** — *The Kissproof Girl*— send coupon for 12-color art print



# Kissproof Lipstick is waterproof— it stays on!

Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things — and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. *Kissproof* is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

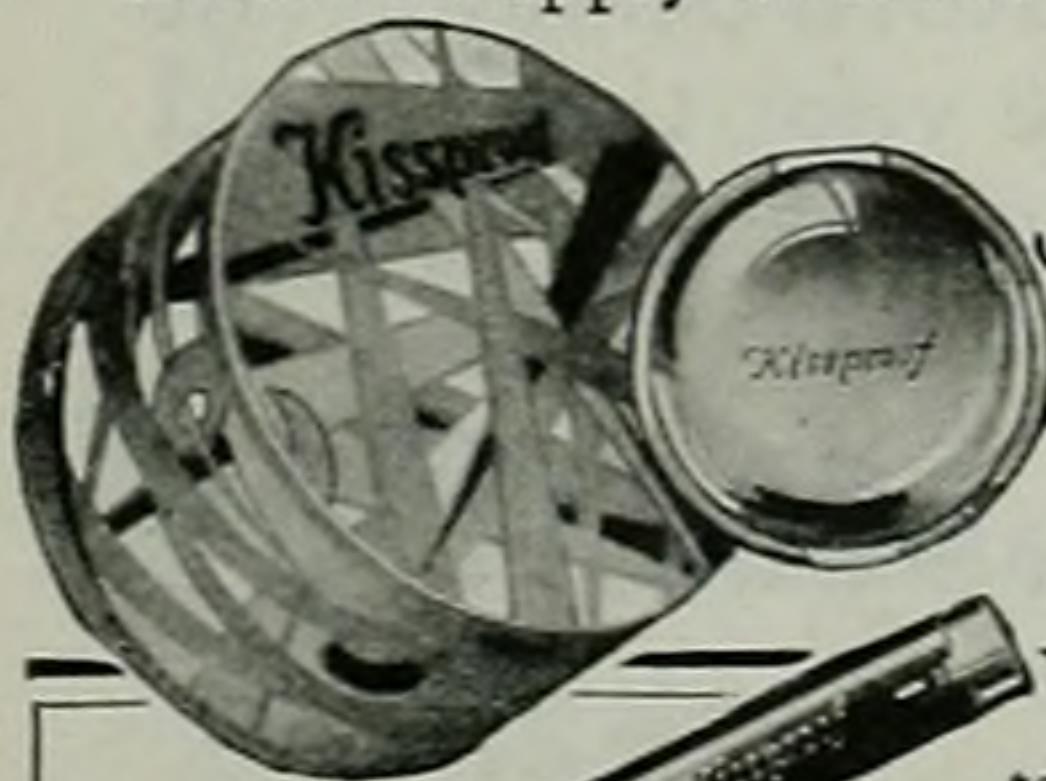
## Flatters every complexion

*Kissproof* is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous — yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

## Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof *Kissproof Face Powder*, a generous supply of *Kissproof Rouge*, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of *Delica-Brow*, the

original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



Send me the *Kissproof Beauty Box* and a 12-color Art Print of the *Kiss-Proof Girl*. I enclose 20 cents to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Check shade of powder.

Flesh  White  Brunette  Ivory

Name.....

Address.....

Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3012 Clybourn Avenue, Dept. 1255, Chicago, Ill.

art and industry of the motion picture—in his hands.

What happened in the years that followed is nearly the whole of motion picture history since 1912, centered about this grim faced determined Zukor. The first of those years were filled with bitter strifes, personal and institutional. Zukor struggled against impossible odds. With his idea and purpose of making the motion picture a great product with a great audience, he first sought out all of the powers in control of the industry of those days. The chieftains of the General Film Company, the great trust, and the bosses of Mutual and Universal, the powerful independent groups, heard Zukor's story and turned him down. He was a little fellow on the outside. Why let him in? If he had had really sound judgment he probably would not have persisted. The odds were too much against him. But there was possibility ahead for vast reward if he won. He won.

**B**ACK in 1916 Zukor was afraid that the Famous Players-Lasky-Paramount combination was going down to defeat before the tremendous onslaught of the then rising Triangle concern. Triangle had more and better players, directors, stars and stories. It had banking connections and the impetus of a fast and furious promotion by Harry E. Aitken. There was a proposal to Zukor that the Famous Players be absorbed in a merger. He came near accepting.

"They had me sitting there with it all on one ace," he recounted recently. "They offered me a million, net, for my interest. That was a lot of money, then. I knew what I could do with a million. It would have been a nice stake for the wife and children.

"But I did not know what I could do with myself."

Zukor sat still a moment, probably still thinking what he might have done.

"You see," he went on, "I couldn't exactly see myself putting that million away and then going out to run a shoe store, or something like that." Another pause—more thinking.

"So I stayed, on my one ace—and played."

Just to elucidate the hands in the motion picture game as it stood then, Aitken of Triangle was holding three jacks, Griffith, Ince and Sennett. Zukor was sitting pat with a queen, Mary Pickford, whom he correctly rated as ace-high.

Zukor's victories have been won quite as much on what he knows and estimates and guesses about men as on his ideas. Those who might have held control and power against invasions by his ambitions and ideas held all of the advantages. They lost because they did not keep on playing the game. They lost as careless winners at poker lose, by too much self-confidence and too much drawing to short pairs. Zukor always plays the game. He waits, and works while he waits.

**I**N the background of Zukor's strenuous career, all through the warring years, has been the refuge of home and the inspiration of family. Always he has had a home, and every day of his life when he is in range of it he sometime touches home base. If he must go from his busy office to some dinner or banquet, he goes home for at least a sandwich at the family dinner table first. And speaking of food he is utterly cosmopolitan and omnivorous. Only one item is barred. He refuses to eat chop suey.

Like many another high tension worker with great powers of concentration, Zukor is given to short recuperative naps. He can shut the door and take that nap anywhere, anytime. A quarter of an hour later he is back again apparently as fresh as from a night's sleep in the country.

At least three times in his motion picture career Zukor has gone broke, but there has always been something stowed away to insure the safety of the household. And that family has always been safeguarded from his personal



## Every stain vanishes!

THESE stains, marks and unsightly incrustations, *how hard they used to be to scrub off!* But this task is no longer unpleasant, for Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl and leaves it glistening white.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Doesn't it sparkle like new?

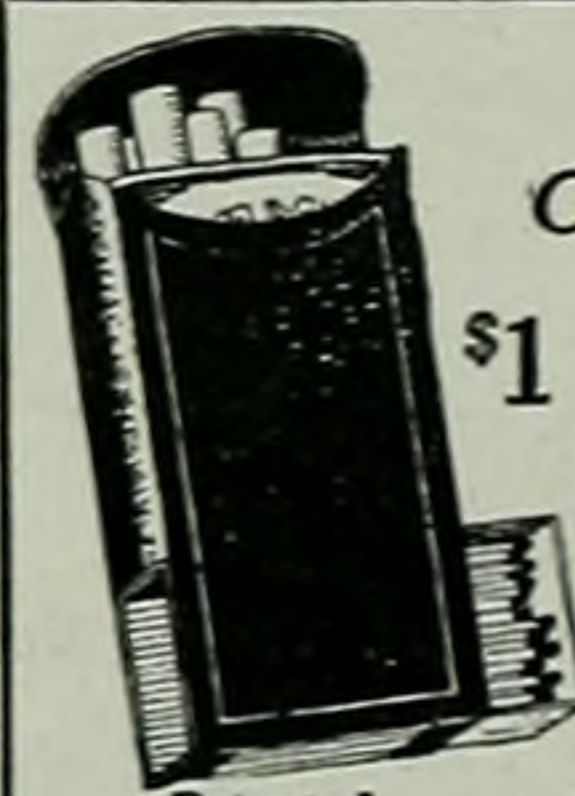
The sparkling cleanliness of Sani-Flush reaches even the hidden trap, where you can't get with a brush. Makes it clean too. And banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. Keep Sani-Flush handy. *Important!*

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio



## ALL-IN-ONE Cigarette and Match Case

\$1 All-In-One holds a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches, always handy—ready for use. No fumbling in pockets. Made of grain finish black leatherette. ALL-IN-ONE with YOUR NAME neatly STAMPED IN GOLD, will be sent prepaid, for a dollar bill or money order. Print name wanted plainly.

Patented  
ALL-IN-ONE SALES COMPANY  
2810 Portland Ave. Dept. 25 Minneapolis, Minn.

## Skin Troubles

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. **WRITE TODAY.**

E. S. GIVENS, 439 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,  
265-C Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.



ordeals of business. There have been times when he was grey-faced and quiet, but none of his doubts and fears crept into the discussions of the family circle. The family is ever in Zukor's mind.

Home for Zukor has been a succession of humble apartments, pretentious apartments, town houses, and now a country estate. Through the winter season he lives in New York in a hotel suite, at the Ambassador more recently. Every night in New York through the theatrical season is a first night for Zukor. He attends practically every opening on Broadway. If it chances to be a comedy every one in the theater will know he is there. He may repress his griefs and curses, but he lets the laughs go wide open.

Playtime has come into Zukor's life only recently, so he works at it like all the rest of his efforts. The country place, a matter of a thousand acres near New City on the west side of the Hudson above New York, bears the impress of his endless striving, and it will keep on bearing it indefinitely. A few years ago when he acquired these acres Zukor began to plan to do things to them. Apparently about all that pleased him with the place was its location. He set about changing everything else, streams, swamps, lakes and hills.

ADOLPH ZUKOR is the most upsetting influence which has swept over that particular landscape since the retirement of the great glacier.

The opening of the summer at hand will find the whole setting of the residences occupied by Zukor and his son remodelled. The dwellings are located in the midst of the golf course. Now Zukor has taken up golf in a serious way. He may be for bigger and better pictures on Broadway, but at New City he is after more and better golf. For the period of his novitiate he was content with a home course of twelve holes. Last winter the golf architects and an army of laborers set about a complete reconstruction of the course and an extension to a full eighteen holes. Zukor's game has become so good he must have a more sporty course. He plays the game denoted by a card of from 90 to 95. He can play a peaceful, quiet game with anyone but his son. He can not agree with Eugene about any club for any shot.

"But, pa, I've had just as good teachers, probably better ones than you've had," protests the son.

"Then you ought to play a better game than I do," replies Zukor the senior, which of course is well calculated to make the young man dub the next stroke.

Also they disagree vocally at the bridge table. All of which merely shows that Zukor sees himself in his son and makes the boy's mistakes his own. He has no such outward impatience with anyone else—because no one else matters quite so much.

MOTION picture stars are conspicuously given to pianos inlaid with mother-of-pearl, Chinese screens, gold-plated plumbing and other demillinery of grandeur. Adolph Zukor's house has plain painted walls and iron beds, as uniform and standardized as a hotel. Of course there is more than simplicity of taste involved. There is diplomacy. Zukor has many guests and there is not enough difference in his guest rooms to let any one deduce discrimination between guests.

It is Zukor's custom to keep himself surrounded over week-ends with interesting people. He has little to say and says it immediately and to the point, but he is probably the best one man audience in America. He therefore gets along amazingly well with actors. By steady listening he has heard quite a bit, now and then.

Further, Zukor is one of our ablest listeners in the tangled jazz symphony of world politics and international affairs. He is considerably more of an authority on world politics than some of our widely proclaimed publicists and diplomats. He has to be. They make speeches,



## “Can a DENTIFRICE Only CLEAN?”

... women ask . . . and then, when they learn that Colgate's quickly brings dazzling white teeth, a health'y mouth, because it is designed only to clean, they—

AT first people are inclined to express their surprise when we say that Colgate's is designed solely to clean teeth.

“What curative properties has it?” they sometimes ask.

And then they hear from their dentist that the only thing any dentifrice can do is to clean; that charm of smile, brilliant whiteness of teeth, sweet health of mouth and gums, come only when teeth and mouth have been made scrupulously clean.

Finally, they realize why Colgate's works towards a permanent and fascinating dental beauty at each brushing . . . because its single purpose is to bring an unequalled cleanness.

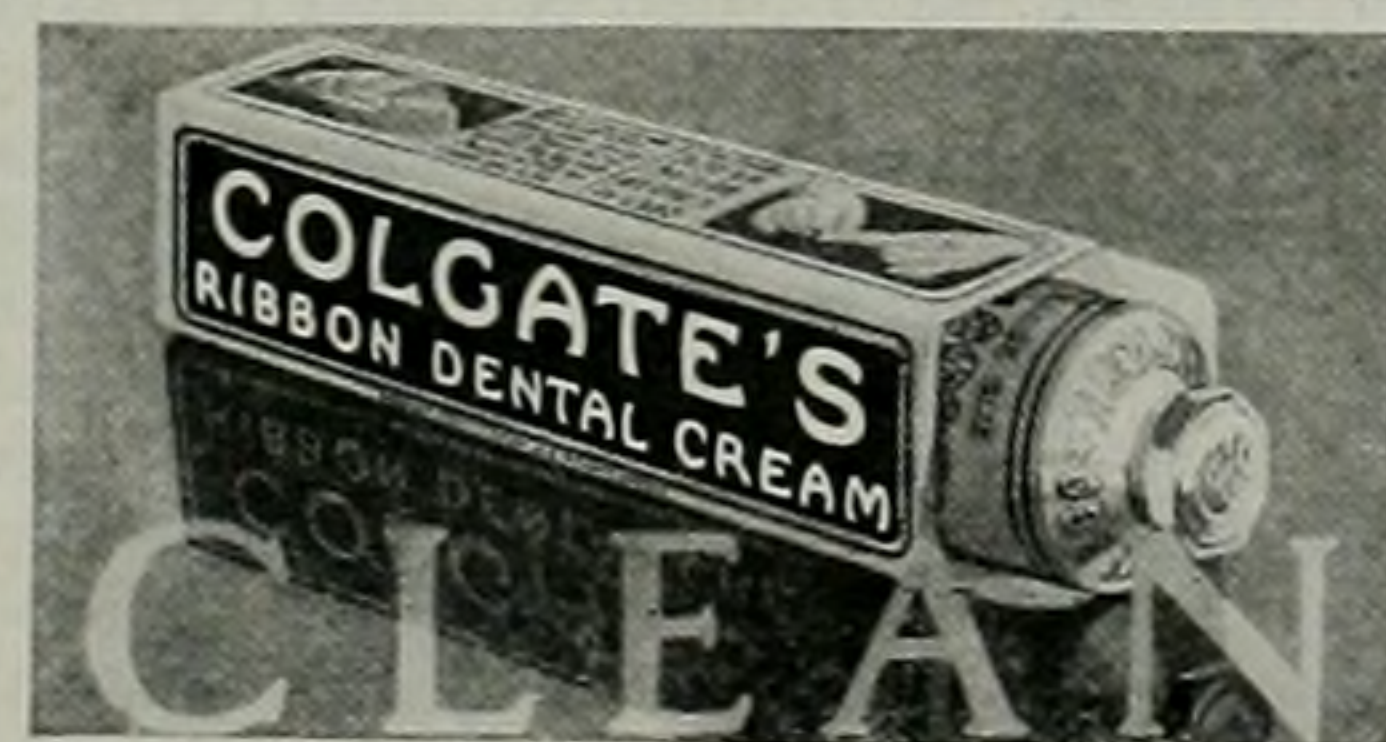
Colgate's even *smells* clean as it expands into a bubbling, sparkling

foam in your mouth. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately scrubs, whitens, polishes each tooth, removing harmful foreign matter, bits of clinging food.

Then, through a detergent-washing agent, this foam bathes in washing waves the entire inner mouth. Simple, isn't it? The causes of decay are first swept free—then washed away.

That is why Colgate's is designed only to clean. And why the ordinary tooth paste that pays half-hearted attention to cleaning—and tries to cure an imaginary gum trouble or tooth disorder—can never achieve the Colgate goal of complete cleanness.

*Colgate's*  
EST. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication — a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-E, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.  
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

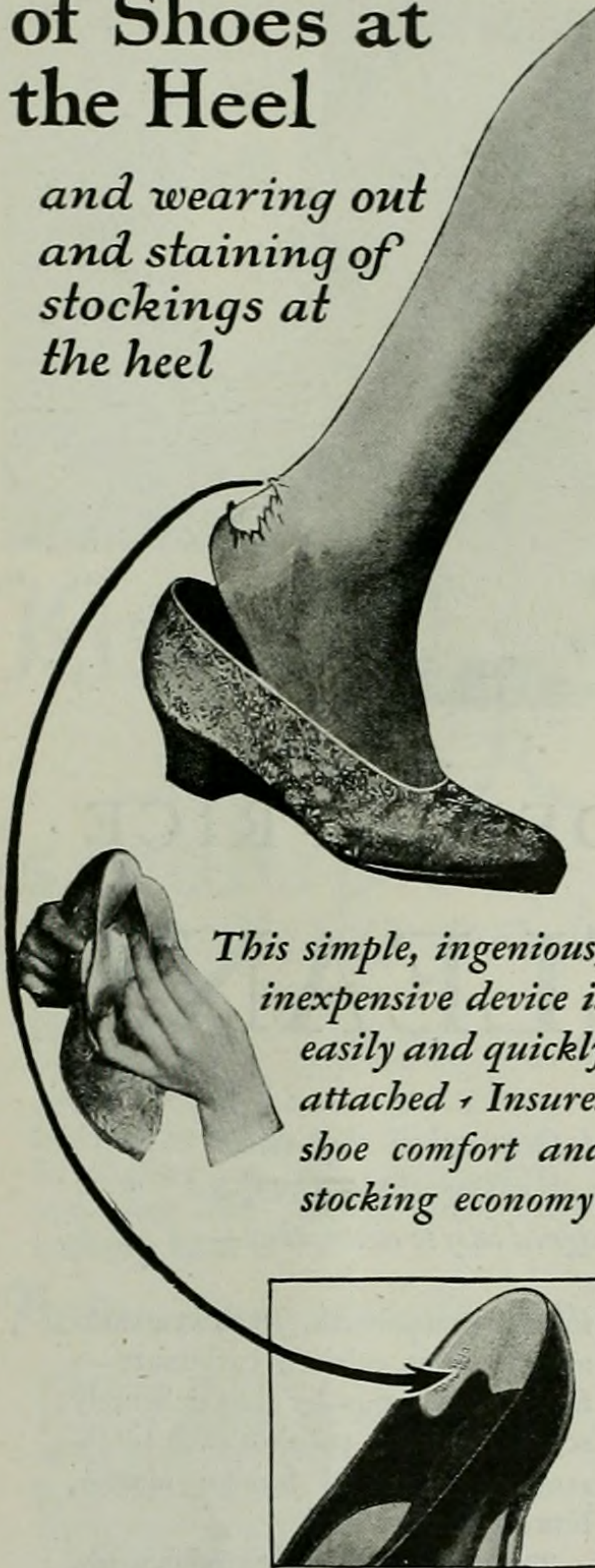
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal



# Prevents Slipping of Shoes at the Heel

*and wearing out and staining of stockings at the heel*



*This simple, ingenious, inexpensive device is easily and quickly attached. Insures shoe comfort and stocking economy!*

Shoes that rub and slip at the heel are not only uncomfortable; they mar the appearance of your delicately colored silk hose by unsightly stains at the heels, and also quickly wear them out, often causing painful blisters or callouses.

All this is prevented by Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber, it fits snugly and invisibly inside the counters of your shoes. Choice of four colors to match linings—black, tan, champagne, white.

Buy a pair for each pair of your shoes! At all shoe and department stores—30c.

## Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

Made by THE SCHOLL MFG. CO.  
Chicago • New York • Toronto • London

World's Largest Makers of Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

and their ideas cost nothing. His do, while he must make money.

The public of the motion picture, which used to be just America, is now the world public. Zukor's merchandise and his merchandising must be international and concerned with internationalism more acutely than any other American product which crosses the seas.

The branches of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, covering the civilized world and a great deal of it that is not civilized, send the home office a flow of reports from which Zukor gleans the world story. Also he is often abroad. He is as much at home in Berlin, Paris, London or Budapest as in New York. Through the world war Zukor was consulted by men in high places in Washington on affairs of which no one else in the motion picture world will ever hear, at least not from Zukor.

Zukor is thoroughly international. He speaks four languages, English, German, Hungarian and motion picture. He can listen in several more. He thinks hard and talks softly.

## Minus the Wand

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

but there seemed no way to make the start.

Shortly after the expression of this ambition, Laura's mother decided to move to San Diego, where she was offered a position which would provide a better living for herself and youngsters. The father no longer contributed to their support. In San Diego Laura studied music, learning to play the violin. She still longed to get in pictures and during a summer vacation she went back to Los Angeles to visit some relatives of her mother.

She was fourteen and pretty, although a little too fat to be a heroine, as she learned quickly enough after a few trips to the studios, where she applied for extra work.

She met this situation with the same high courage which reflected the spirit of her mother and marked her own progress through the years to follow. She climbed hills, rolled on the floor, went without eating, which was not a new experience, and tried every conceivable form of exercise, until she was slender. Then she visited the Christie studios.

"I'm thin now," she said. "Can I have a job?"

SHE not only got a job, but worked steadily for three weeks at five dollars a day. It was a fortune to her and she promptly telephoned her mother and her sister, Violet, that she was established as an actress now and her mother wouldn't have to work any more. She little dreamed that she was to go for many heart breaking weeks without another job.

Her career from those first days as an extra child to a couple of years ago, when she was made a star by Universal, was punctuated with bitter discouragement. But she never lost faith in herself and her mother kept an ever steady shoulder to the family wheel of need.

"For a while it seemed that every bit of good luck that I had was overbalanced with misfortune," Laura told me. "When I played my first lead in a five reel picture, with Charlie Ray in 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' I thought that I was sitting on top of the world. I hadn't given much thought to the theory that the world is round, but I found out after I'd taken a few falls."

Laura is an established star now and a favorite with the exchange lads who sell Universal pictures. Her triumph comes in the announcement that her newest picture to be released, "The Love Thrill," is to play at Roxy's new picture palace in New York. She has just finished "Beware of Widows" and is just a bit provoked because a contemplated trip to Europe must wait until she finishes another picture.

Does she remember when—? And how!

# What \$1.25 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$1.25 addressed to

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-E

750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

and receive the next issue and five issues thereafter.

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department 7-E

750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.25 (Canada \$1.50; Foreign \$1.75), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the next issue.

Send to.....

Street Address.....

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

## YOUR LOOKS AND TALENT NOT EVERYTHING

You Need the

## Movie Make-Up Manual

Many heartaches, many shattered hopes and lost chances are due to lack of knowledge of this art. Learn how to Make-Up Now. Your chance may come tomorrow.

Send Today for "The Movie Make-Up Manual" which tells you in understandable English just how to make-up. Necessary for all Screen Aspirants, and for the Amateur Moving Pictures which are becoming very popular. Also valuable for ordinary photographs. The author of this book has for 15 years been instructor of Screen make-up in the finest Motion Picture Schools of New York and California.

Sent postpaid to any address in the U. S. for \$2.00

Oldridge Studios 28 West 47th St. New York, N. Y.



## Make Your Own Movies at Home

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

camera reporting is being seen throughout the world. You can take pictures about your city or town and sell them to your local exhibitor, who undoubtedly is a progressive showman realizing the value of home stuff.

You can film local industries, the resultant films to be used by salesmen throughout the country in selling home products.

**SUPPOSE** you own a camera using sub-standard film.

You can make money teaching others how to operate their new machines.

You can make family albums for town folks who don't want to spend the money for cameras just yet.

These people would like to have film records of their family for future use.

Try this idea.

We know of one man in Chicago making a steady income right now doing just this thing.

An amateur movie camera will add at least fifty per cent to your vacation this year. You can make an invaluable record of your travels, preserving them for lasting enjoyment.

Naturally, there are hundreds of other ways in which the amateur movie camera can be of enjoyment and of value. Possibly you own an amateur movie camera now. If you have a new idea, either of entertainment or remunerative value to users of amateur cameras, send it to *The Amateur Movie Producer*, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York. Five dollars will be paid for each idea accepted and published.

## Want to Win a Contest Prize?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

sea fishing. In Maine you could get beautiful stuff along the rock bound coast. If you live in forest country, get wood craft or lumbering. An Alaskan amateur might screen the big fisheries.

Residents of colorful cities, such as New Orleans, San Francisco or Washington, might do a reel portraying the spirit of their respective cities.

PHOTOPLAY has had inquiries about animated drawings. Yes, you can enter a reel of animated stuff, provided you do it in accordance with the rules.

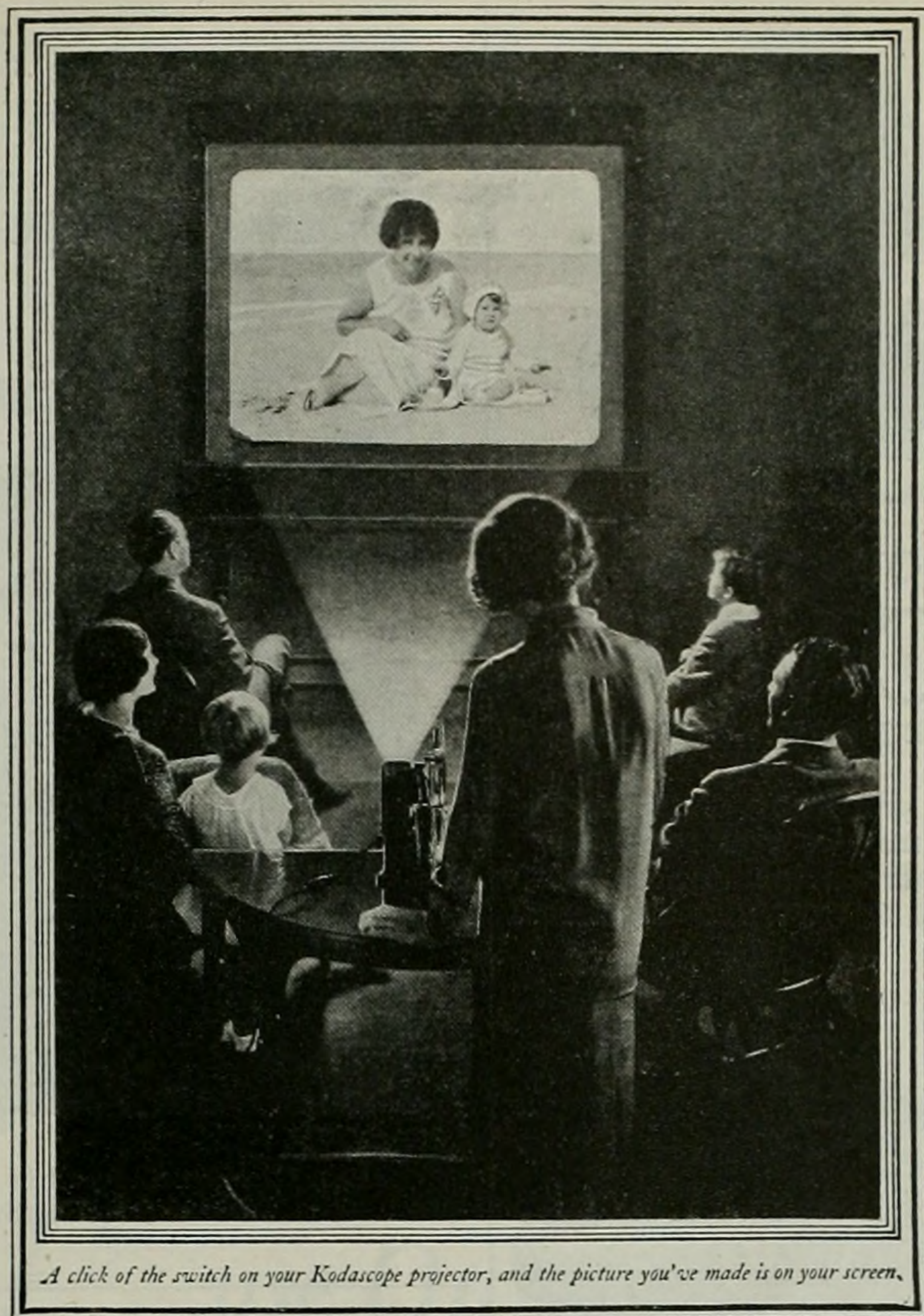
Remember that the contest rules include "any form of screen entertainment within the prescribed length."

**A** READER has written an inquiry regarding a comedy newsreel. Yes, that goes. You can burlesque a photoplay, a news reel or anything else.

This means ingenuity, and ingenuity will be a big item in considering the films entered in the contest.

Better get started on your entry. Don't forget that you can win unusual recognition for yourself—besides a substantial reward. Opportunity is knocking on your amateur camera. Get busy.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 118, 119 and 120



*A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector, and the picture you've made is on your screen.*

# Ciné-Kodak

All the joy of picture making—plus the thrill of action. It is thus that Ciné-Kodak synchronizes with the times. It presents *life*, as it is—change-ful, vibrant, full of motion and of emotion.

*You press the button  
..... we do the rest*



*You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.*



*You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.*

Complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak B for picture taking, Kodascope C for projecting, and Screen, \$140. The price of Ciné-Kodak film, amateur standard (16 mm.), in the yellow box, includes finishing. Write for booklet "Motion Pictures the Kodak Way."

## Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



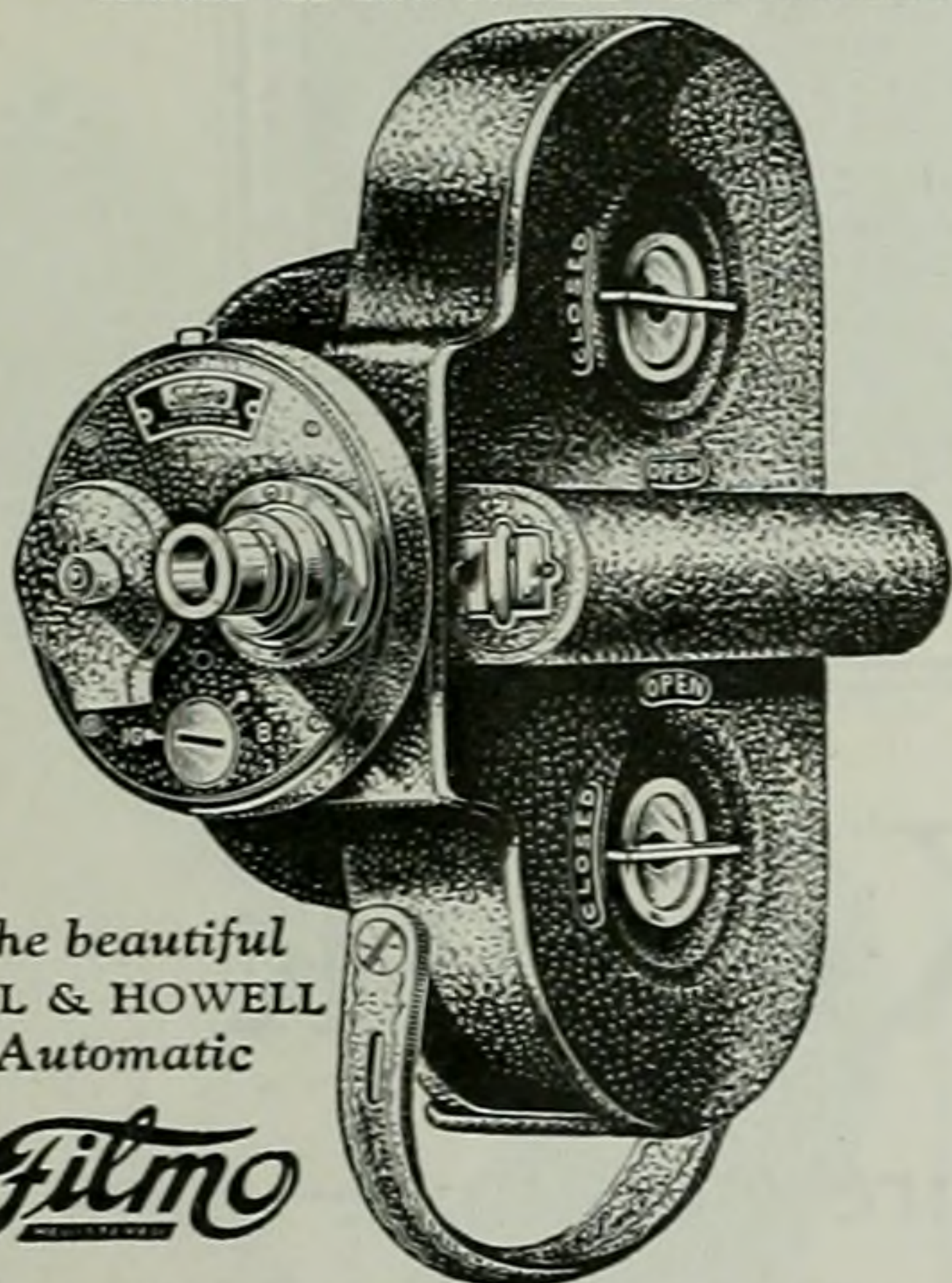


"What You See, You Get"

## Your Own MOVIES

with a real BELL & HOWELL Camera!

Q Did you know that most of the movies you see at best theatres are made with BELL & HOWELL Cameras?



The beautiful  
BELL & HOWELL  
Automatic

*Filmo*



You need no longer envy famous screen stars. Now you can star in *your own* movies. Made possible by the *Filmo* camera shown above. Easier than taking snapshots. Simply hold *Filmo* to the eye and look through the spy-glass viewfinder. Then press the button and "what you see, you get," automatically. No focusing for distance. No cranking. No tripod necessary. Eastman Safety Film (16 m/m)—in the yellow box—used in *Filmo* Camera, is obtainable at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. Original film cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then show your pictures on wall or screen, in your home or anywhere, with the *Filmo* automatic Projector. Designed for amateur use by the firm which supplies professional cameras and equipment to Famous Players-Lasky, Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Associated First National, DeMille, Universal, Vitaphone, Warner Bros., Fox, Kinograms, International and many others. Complete *Filmo* details are given in an interesting Booklet "What You See, You Get." Mail coupon for it. Mark coupon for information on EYEMO Camera if you desire to use standard (35 m/m) film.

FREE  
BOOK

Either Camera is worth  
working for if you are  
entering Photoplay's  
prize competitions.

Mail This to

BELL & HOWELL CO.

1826 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send your *Filmo* book, "What You See, You Get"

Send descriptive circular on The Bell & Howell EYEMO Camera which uses standard (35 m/m) film.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Lon Chaney shows his *Filmo* movie camera to Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden and Prince Erick of Denmark

## Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

IF you are going to know your amateur movie camera thoroughly, it will be necessary for you to keep an exact record of each scene you shoot.

A vest pocket, loose-leaf binder book is now on the market at a very moderate price. This is designed to carry cards numbered from one to fifty, with spaces on each for recording the date, the roll number, the stop number used, footage of film, light conditions, etc. Before starting a scene, the book is held in front of the lens, while the number of the scene is recorded on the film. Later you can check through the binder and find out exactly how you made your shot.

IT is now possible to obtain animated galleries of the screen stars. Reels showing the stars of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, Christy and Fox studios are now to be had at a price but slightly above the cost of a reel of raw film. These reels are in the 16-millimeter width and can be shown on the Eastman Kodascope.

THE city of Washington, with its historical associations and its beautiful national buildings, presents a remarkable natural studio for the amateur movie photographer.

Cameras can be used at will about the capital city.

Major Edwin B. Hesse, superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Department, of the District of Columbia, writes to PHOTOPLAY as follows:

"There are no regulations prohibiting the use of amateur movie cameras in the District of Columbia.

"Cameras are not, however, allowed in the United States Navy Yard—neither are pictures allowed to be taken of the interior of buildings without permission first had from the custodian of same."

THE editor of this department took three reels of film in and about Washington recently. Unusual camera opportunities are offered by the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the White House and the Lincoln Memorial.

At Arlington, too, beautiful shots may be secured.

The only difficulty encountered was met at Mount Vernon, Va.

There a positive rule against the use of movie cameras is in force, although still cameras are permitted.

PHOTOPLAY asked Harrison H. Dodge, superintendent of Mount Vernon, why and received the following reply:

"Due to the fact that the privilege of using moving picture machines here was very much abused, the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association passed a rule against even the bringing of such machines into the grounds."

In a subsequent communication, Superintendent Dodge declined to give specific instances of the privilege abuses. "It is enough to say that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association found justifiable occasions for prohibiting the use of the machines," he says, "and that the rule stands at present as my official guide in the matter."

Thus amateur movie cameras are barred from the birthplace of George Washington, although PHOTOPLAY is bringing the question



before the Mount Vernon Association for a new ruling.

ANOTHER ruling, this time of a federal nature, will be of interest to users of amateur movie cameras, particularly those who are planning a trip outside the limits of the United States. If you take scenes abroad and bring them back, you must pay a duty of three cents a foot on sub-standard film or standard negative.

If you return also with a positive print of your standard film, you will pay an additional cent for each foot.

This is a duty that must be paid, even if you buy the film in this country and take it abroad with you.

PHOTOPLAY asked the Customs Service of the Treasury Department for a ruling and received the following official information from H. C. Stuart, the assistant collector at the port of New York:

"Referring to your letter I have to state that the Appraiser of Merchandise, to whom the same was submitted, reports as follows:

"Motion picture films exposed abroad are advisably classified by this office under paragraph 1453 as follows: Exposed undeveloped negatives 2c ft. Developed negatives 3c per ft. Positives 1c per ft."

"For your further information I have to state that there is no provision in the tariff which exempts from duty, or reduces the rate of duty, on merchandise imported into the United States, for the reason that such merchandise may be imported solely for personal use."

LON CHANEY is one of the most ardent amateur movie cameramen extant. He has possibly the most unusual gallery of notables in the possession of any amateur.

Naturally, he has filmed all the stars of his studio. Besides that, he has shot all the visiting celebrities.

This is a considerable item, since every prominent visitor to America eventually does Hollywood.

Chaney's biggest star to date is the Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden.

Chaney keeps his album in little film cans, alphabetically arranged.

"My biggest fun is yet to come," Chaney explains, "for I plan to take a vacation in Europe soon.

"Then I hope to get every celebrity of note in the old world.

"Another interesting thing is hunting for game with a movie camera.

"I love to camp and to fish but I dislike hunting.

"With a camera you can get all the thrill of stalking your game.

"On my last fishing trip I managed to film a deer at a water hole. I was in a blind but the animal heard the whir of my machine and ran away.

"However, I got nine feet of good stuff at a distance of fifteen feet.

"Hunting with the camera requires all the knowledge of woodlore that hunting with a rifle does.

"One has to learn to keep to the windward side of his game, to judge from tracks how the game travels, and to learn to erect concealing blinds at water holes and other gathering places.

"This last item requires more care than a rifle blind because a bullet travels through almost anything at close range while a tiny leaf can obstruct your camera lens. Volumes could be written on hunting with an amateur movie camera."

LIGHTS for home portraiture and indoor movies are fast getting within the range of every one's pocketbook. A new spotlight reflector stand is being marketed at a price of twelve dollars with \$3.25 additional for 500 watt lamps.

These smaller spots are handy, even if you own one or two bigger indoor lights.

# Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings



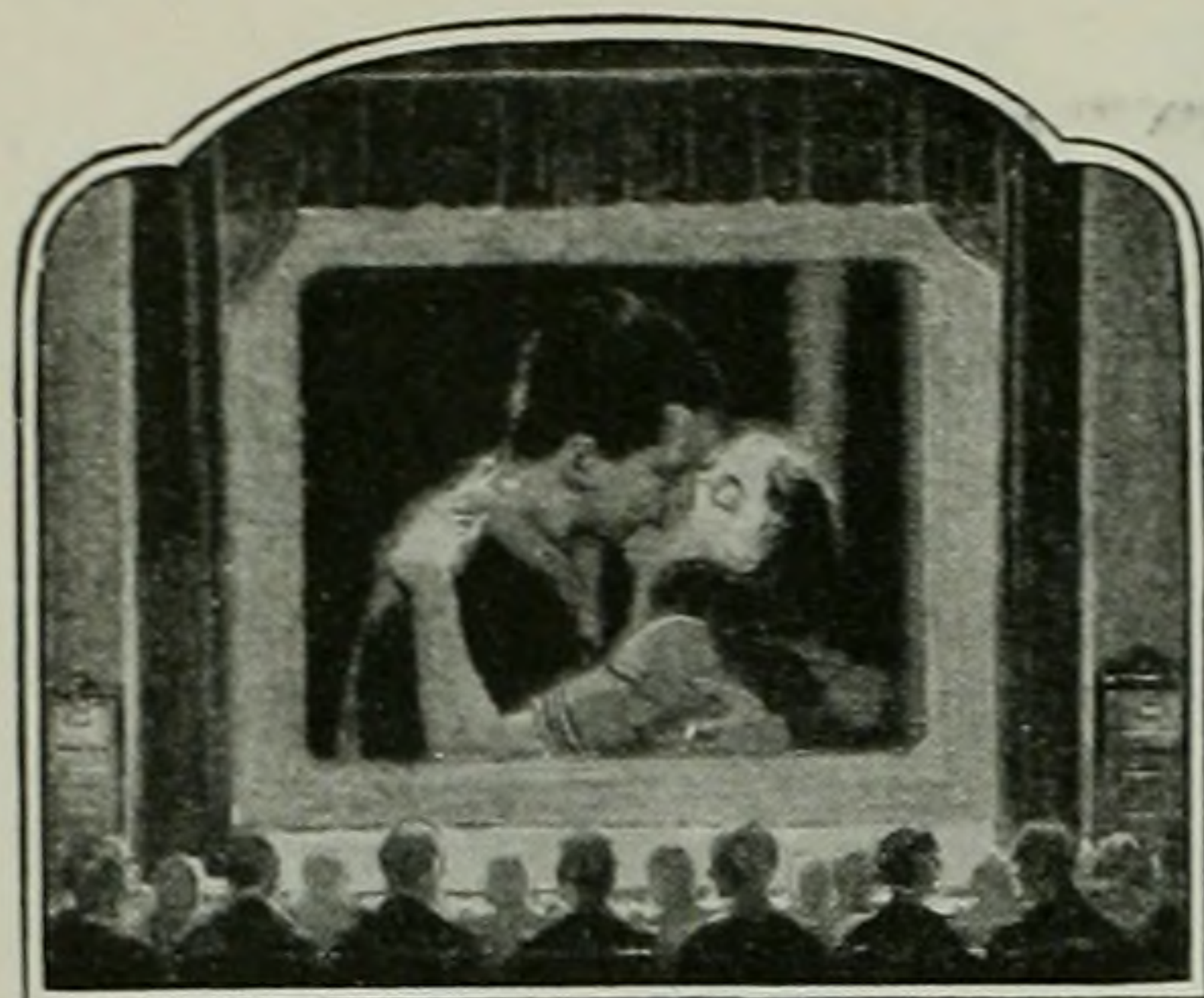
Prominent Artists  
use Onyx Pointex  
to emphasize **STYLE**  
in fashion drawings

IF you would find a true appreciation of the smartness that Onyx Pointex brings to ankle lines, look to the pages of the fashion magazines. For, here you may note how many prominent artists choose the two up-sweeping lines of the Pointex heel to give smartness, trimness, grace to the ankles of the fashion figures that spring from brush-tip or pen-point.

If *you* would be smartly stockinged—wear Onyx Pointex.



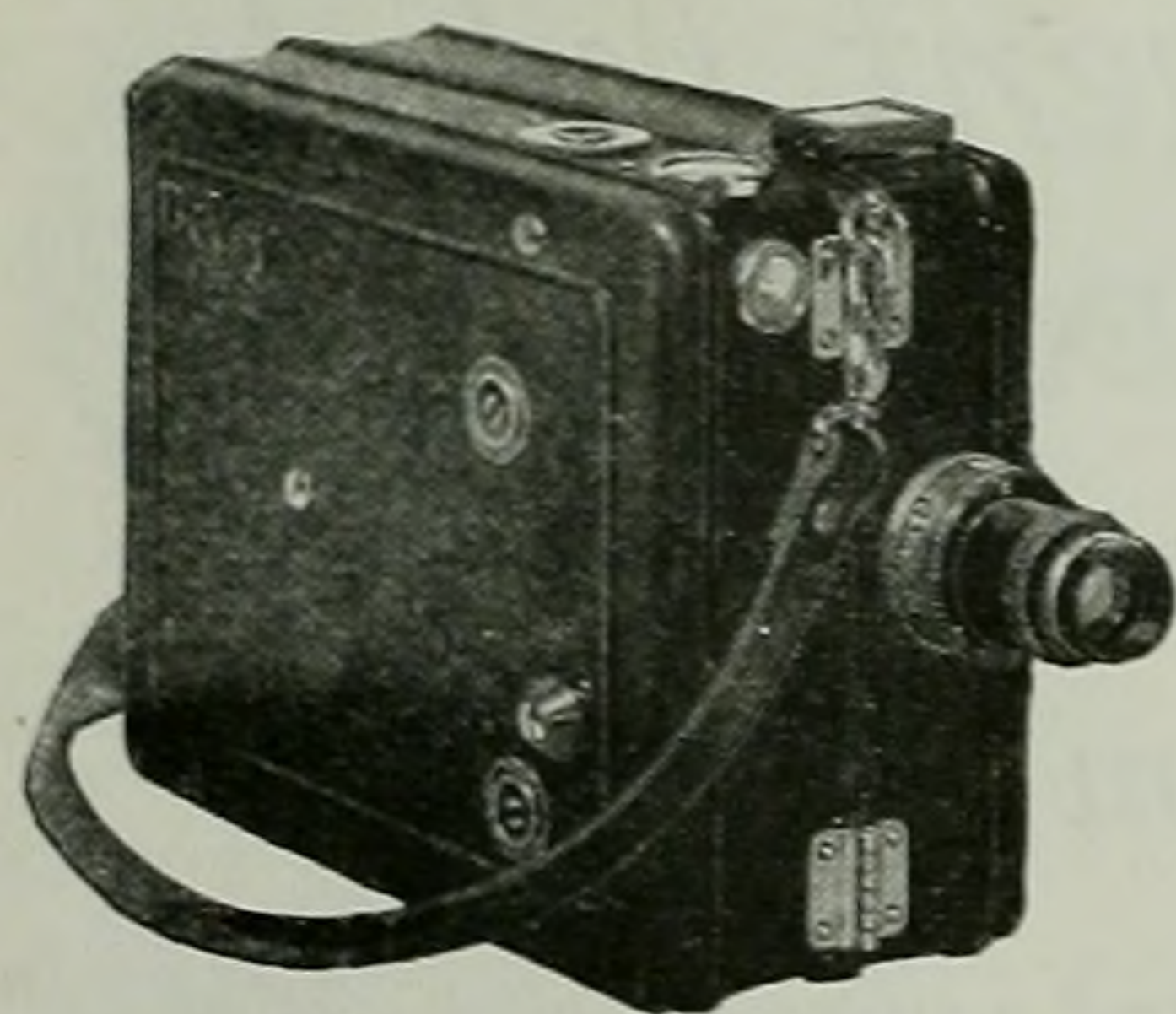




## You Have Seen Movies taken with this CAMERA!

EVERY week movies taken with this remarkable camera appear in many theatres. News reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions are taken with the DeVry. Although designed for the amateur, the DeVry has gained wide recognition among professional cameramen.

Taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking snapshots with a box camera—no cranking—no tripod. Just point the camera, press the button and you are taking movies.

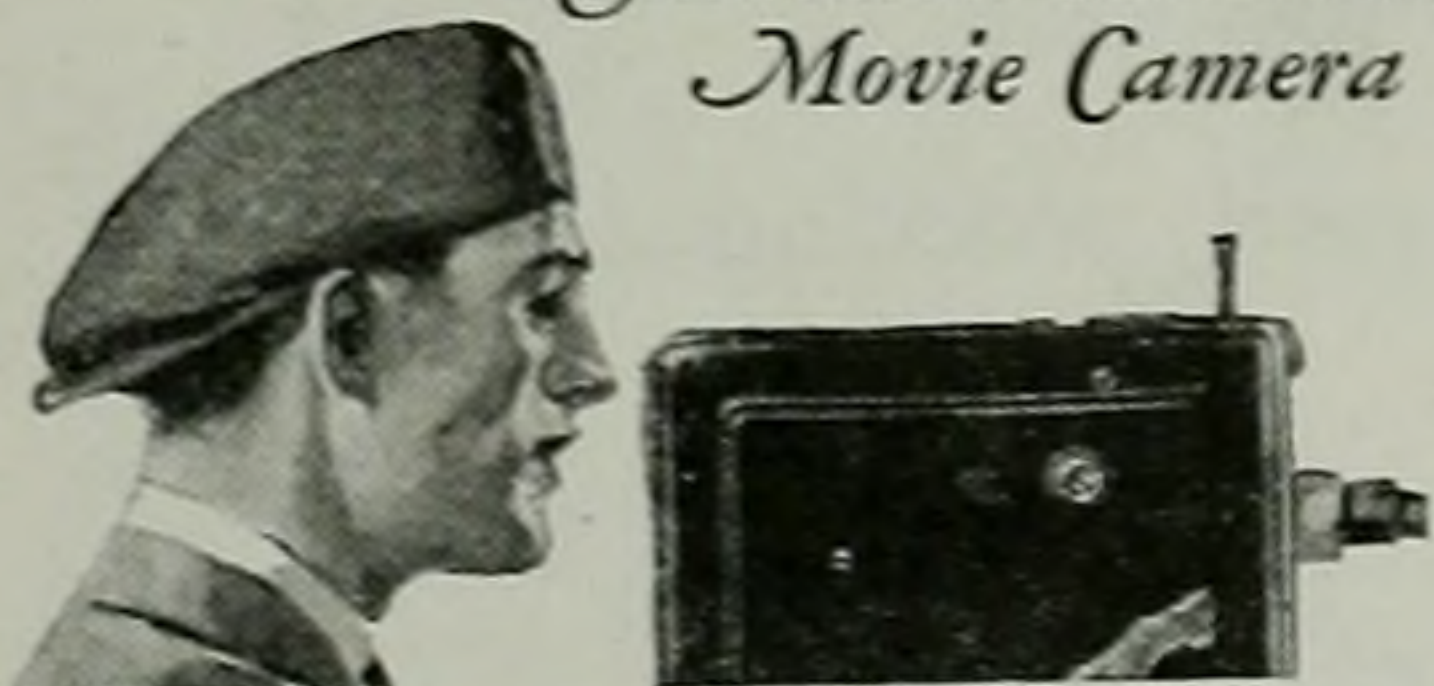


With the DeVry you can "shoot" from any position. It has three view finders instead of one. It loads in daylight—starts and stops smoothly—holds 100 feet of standard theatre size film, the kind professional cameramen use. Movies taken with the DeVry can be projected with the same sharp clearness year after year.

The DeVry sells for only \$150.00. Mail the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new booklet, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

# DeVry

Standard-Automatic  
Movie Camera



C O U P O N

THE DEVRY CORPORATION  
1111 Center Street, Dept. 5-PP, Chicago, Illinois  
Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

Name.....

Address.....

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

# The Amateur Movie Producer

## Exposure—By Gordon B. Wayne

[Over-exposure and under-exposure are the two most common errors of the amateur cinematographer. Mr. Wayne, who is an authority on amateur movies, tells how to correct this fault.]

PROBABLY the most common fault of the amateur cinematographer is over-exposure; running a close second in the other extreme—under-exposure. The amateur movie-maker demands a lens that will not only make good pictures under normal lighting conditions, but which, when occasion requires, will make good pictures under bad lighting conditions. It follows that a lens which is flexible enough to fill these requirements must, first, be "fast"; secondly, the light it admits to the film must be governed by diaphragm openings, or "stops" of varying size. These openings determine the amount of exposure which is given to each scene you photograph; and, unless you have assigned the correct "stop" to each scene, over- or under-exposure will result.

Since all photographs—"stills" as well as movies—depend on exposure, too much thought and study cannot be given to the subject. Too much light detracts from and often ruins the picture; likewise, insufficient light mars the picture. Between the two extremes of too much and too little light, there is a certain latitude to which you should adhere in your picture taking. To confine your exposures to this area of proper light means that your pictures are properly exposed and present a pleasing, natural appearance on the screen; to over- or under-expose will result in a picture that is either too dark or too "thin," or white, when projected.

WHEN a picture is correctly exposed, all the shadow tones and gradations are clearly defined. When you have an under-exposure, however, insufficient light has been admitted to the film from the darker portions of the subject, and the image lacks shadow-detail. If, on the other hand, you give too much exposure, the image is "burnt up," as the professional says, and the finished picture looks thin and washy, especially in the highlights.

Errors of exposure are readily detected on the screen. Correctly exposed pictures are recognized at once; the images are sharp and clear, the shadows and tone-values harmonize to give excellent quality. But, if the projected picture seems blackish or dense and details in darker tones are missing, the fault is one of under-exposure.

The reverse is true of an over-exposed picture which, on the screen, will appear flat, thin and washy, particularly in the highlights and grayish tones.

There is no infallible rule for determining the correct diaphragm opening. It is often difficult to differentiate between a dull day, dark day, or a hazy day; yet proper exposure under each of these conditions requires a different diaphragm opening. The ability to properly judge every kind and condition of light and to set the diaphragm accordingly will, like other worthwhile things, come with practice. But, to determine at the start of your ventures into the field of amateur cinematography, just what condition of light calls for the f.8 stop, or the f.5.6. stop, and so on, there is one iron-clad rule: Follow the exposure guide that comes with your camera.

The rules of this exposure guide are the result of hundreds upon hundreds of experiments conducted by experts under all kinds and conditions of light and, in normal light, you literally "can't go wrong." But, in the early morning or late afternoon, in a "hazy" sun, or on a day that is dull but which closely approaches what the professional photographer would classify as "dark," it is a difficult matter for the beginner to judge the correct stop.

Insofar as exposure is concerned, the amateur's trouble is due not so much to his failure to assign the correct stop, but to his inability to correctly judge the light condition that exists, and to coordinate that condition with the stop which is best suited for photography in the light that prevails at the time.

FORTUNATELY, we don't, as a rule, want to take pictures on dull days; yet there are times when this is desirable. On such occasions, a splendid rule to follow is: If in doubt about which of two diaphragms to use, use the larger. This applies, of course, only to dark, dull days when there is no direct sunlight; over-exposure on such days is not common. But when the sun is shining, but not brightly—in other words, when the sun is "hazy"—the opposite extreme should be adopted, and the next smaller opening used. An excellent way to determine if the sun is "hazy" is to stand in an open space and look about you for a shadow. If a very faint and diffused shadow is cast, you may be pretty sure that the sun is what the photographer terms "hazy"; but if a clearly defined shadow is cast, your subject is getting more light than you would suppose, and unless you stop down, over-exposure is quite likely to result.

It should not be forgotten that correct exposure will come with practice; yet there are numerous ways in which the amateur may hasten the acquisition of the simple little tricks which make the difference between good and poor pictures on the screen. The more observing the amateur at the time of exposure, the less practice he will require. An excellent way to learn quickly the trick of correct exposure is to make a note of the stop used for each scene in a hundred-foot roll of film and to note, also, the condition of the light at the time the picture is taken. The writer has found it quite beneficial to make these notes in a small note-book, and to number the shipping carton to correspond with the note. When the film is returned, ready for projection, they may be used for a critical check-up as the film is projected. A code of abbreviation marks should be used, such as cl. for cloudy, dk. for dark, brt. for bright, brt. sn. for bright sun, etc., and each stop should be written after the abbreviation, designating the condition of light. Thus, f.5.6.—dk.—6, would mean that the sixth scene on the roll was taken on a dark day, at diaphragm f.5.6. It is sometimes helpful, too, to note the time each scene is shot.

But for the ordinary picture in normal light, keep in mind this all-important rule: FOLLOW THE EXPOSURE GUIDE! If you do this, you'll get splendid pictures. And as you make your pictures, if you'll give a bit of thought to this highly interesting subject of correct exposure, your efforts will be amply rewarded each time one of your pictures is projected on the screen.

**\$2,000 IN PRIZES**  
**FOR AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCERS**  
COMPLETE DETAILS ON PAGE 48



## "I'm Not Going to Marry," Says Norma Shearer

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

was in Los Angeles—very important man. He wanted to lunch with Miss Shearer. And Miss Shearer said she would be delighted. Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn's secretary was calling, and would Miss Shearer and Mr. Thalberg come for dinner on Saturday night at eight, and they were dressing. Miss Shearer told her secretary that if she had no other engagement for Saturday night she would be delighted to dine with the Goldwyns.

"I adore Frances Goldwyn, don't you?" she said.

"That seems to be chronic in Hollywood," I remarked. "What is it? She seems the most thoroughly adored person in town."

"SHE'S so sweet and natural," said Norma Shearer, and then more slowly, "and don't you know, too, in a way, she has time for friendships. She has time to do all the little courtesies and pleasant things that make for charm. That lack of time is one of the prices people like me pay. I never have time to do anything. Never. I work too hard."

And it came to me as I thought over the last few moments, that the moment a girl like Norma Shearer achieves great success, as she has done, she becomes the head of a family. Really. I have seen it in many cases. There may be fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles, sisters and brothers-in-law by the score; but a Norma Shearer becomes head of the family and all the burdens incidental to being head of a family fall upon her shoulders. Her word is law. But also she has to settle all family complications, meet all family obligations. Being head of a family, even when that family defers to your slightest wish, is quite a business.

"Are you going to marry Irving Thalberg?" I asked her.

Rumor has been very busy lately in Hollywood with the romance between Norma Shearer and that young genius of the screen, Irving Thalberg. The slender, dark-haired youth who looks like a romantic violinist and is really the shrewdest of producers.

Her eyes widened a trifle, but she answered swiftly, and very honestly.

"No. I am not going to marry anybody. I don't think a woman in my position has any right to marry. I never expect to marry while I am on the screen.

"WHAT, after all, has a girl in my job got to give to marriage? Nothing. How can I be a good wife? How can I fulfill the duties of a wife?"

"Marriage, I believe, depends upon the woman very largely. We aren't quite modern enough yet to ignore the need of woman's time and work and thought devoted to marriage. Eventually of course, with women growing independent as they are, we will have to evolve an entirely new marriage relation, in which the husband and wife are equals. But that hasn't come yet.

"When a man—suppose we say a man screen star—has worked hard from nine until seven under the lights, maybe on a hot day, maybe with everything going wrong, he wants to go home to a wife who is fresh, sweet, interested in him, ready to pet him and take care of him, to soothe him and rest him. Doesn't he?"

"Well, when I've worked hard from nine until seven, I want to collapse, too, and be taken care of and thought about. Can you expect a husband to do that? I'd hate that kind of a husband. Naturally.

"But I couldn't cope with the other thing—trying myself to be a help to some man. It can't be done. I've got nothing left to give. I

*You call in a specialist  
for your baby*



demand this  
*special treatment*  
for **DANDRUFF**



**I**F YOU want a "cure-all," don't pick Wildroot. If you want to get rid of dandruff, Wildroot is your best bet. Without making any absurd claim, Wildroot is offered to you simply as a most effective and *special* dandruff treatment. Wildroot *does destroy* the *dandruff germ*.

#### *NOT a Hair-grower*

Wildroot does not wish to be classed with the so-called hair-growers. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair*. Dandruff is unhealthy. Wildroot fights the dandruff germ . . . removes dandruff.

#### *A Typical Case*

Mr. D. Curro of 1929 61st Street, Brooklyn, says:—"After many years of unsuccessful search

for a dandruff remedy . . . a friend recommended Wildroot. At last I found genuine relief. No more dandruff and itching of the scalp."

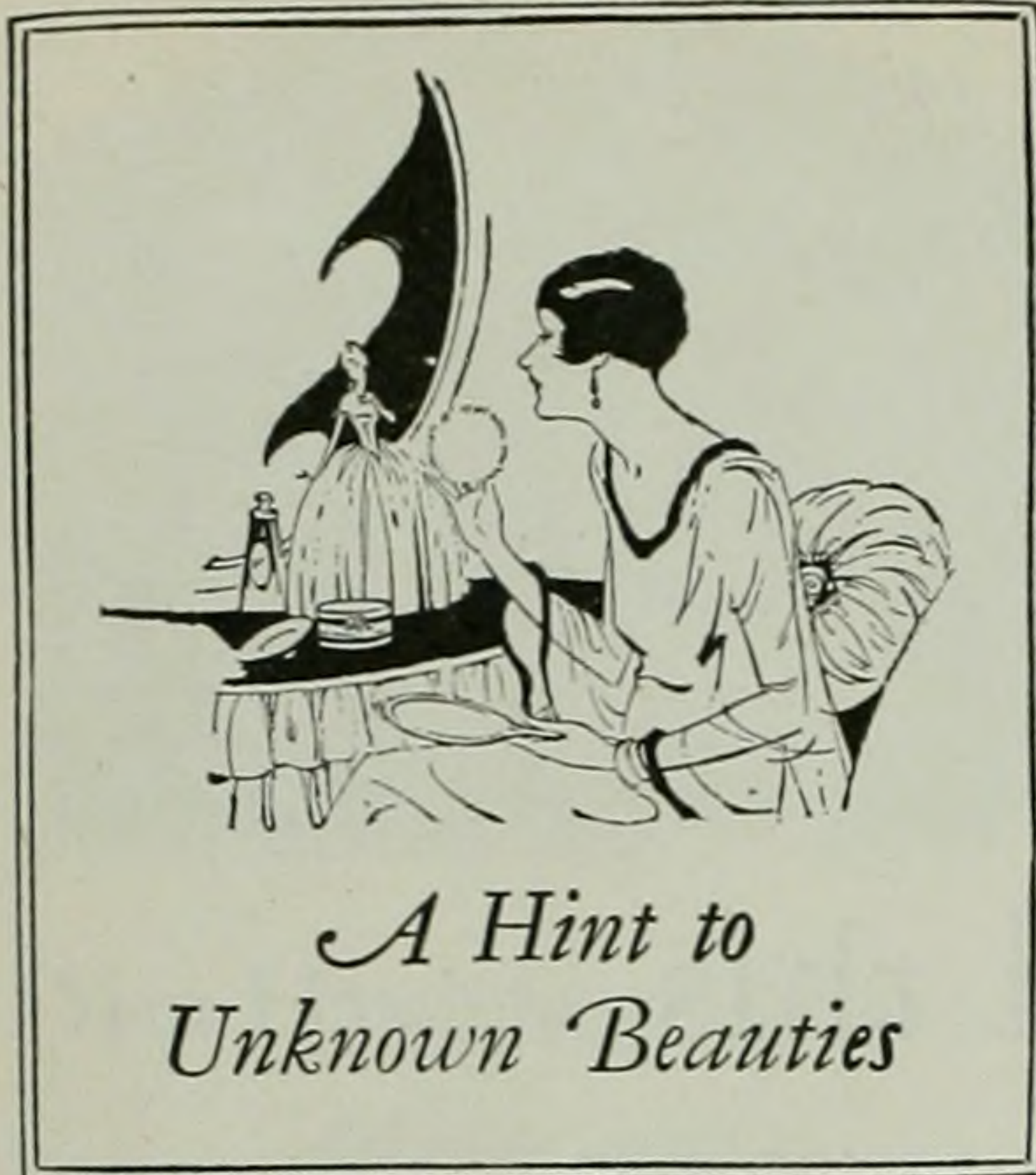
Such experiences are frequent among Wildroot users. They apply Wildroot. The dandruff loosens up and is quite apparent for a few treatments. Then—after faithful use, the dandruff disappears.

#### *Send for Trial Bottle*

A letter and dime to Dept. 3-5-2 Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., will bring you a generous trial bottle. But please do not expect a small bottle to do a complete job. Your druggist has Wildroot in large, generous bottles for people who really wish to *end dandruff*.

**WILDROOT**  
H A I R T O N I C





*A Hint to Unknown Beauties*

**S**INCE beauty is but skin deep—most precious is your skin. Guard its freshness—its youth. Use face powders that are pure, that blend perfectly with your natural coloring.



We suggest Tre-Jur!

The unique powder in Tre-Jur Compacts is quite new to the gentle art of beautifying. It has all the advantages of a heavy powder, in that it stays put—its touch is lasting.

It has all the virtues of the lightest powder in that it is as soft as silken web—blending evenly, smoothly, perfectly with the skin.

It is Tre-Jur's contribution to Beauty known and Beauty still unsung. It lends a note of charm never before known in the world of cosmetics.



Tre-Jur Compacts owe their wide popularity to this new amazing powder. You'll find it

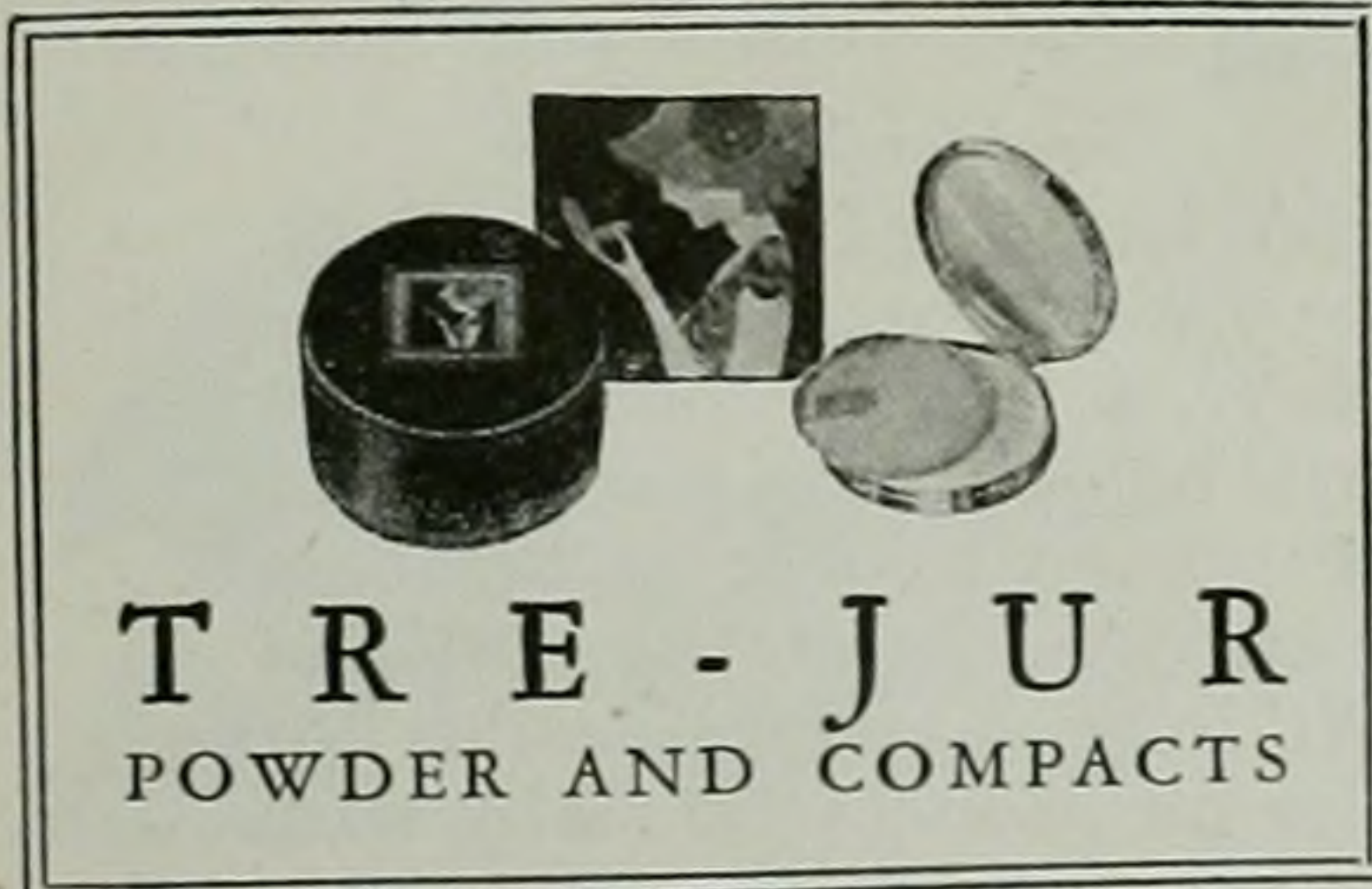


in the beautiful Tre-Jur "Twin" with its ample mirror, puff and powder... (a novel sliding drawer brings you rouge of exquisite quality). You'll find it in the "Thinnest" and in the "Little One"—a petite compact in silver chased

case, amazingly priced at 50c.

If loose powder is your preference, there's the lovely Tre-Jur Round Box—your choice of four perfect shades, in generous quantity, at 50c.

Tre-Jur is sold at your favorite store or by mail from us. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c stamps or coin. House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th St., New York City.



HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc.  
19 W. 18th St., New York City.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the large-size sample box of Tre-Jur Face Powder.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

have no right to marry and bring to it as little as a screen actress who works all the time has to give.

"I would like to marry. I want children. Some day I hope I shall marry. But just now that is one of the things I've had to sacrifice to this thing you call success.

"And another thing is freedom. I suppose they are golden chains, but the chains of public success are there. You are never quite free. You have always to think of that other self of yours, the self that has brought you success.

"You have to think of how she looks and of how much sleep she needs to look well before the camera the next morning. You have to think of how much exercise she needs, in order to keep her figure slim enough for the camera. You have to think of what the people who have been kind enough to love you and come to see you will think of what you do, and that you can't really explain to them why you do it.

"**Y**OU have to keep your head every minute if you are going to stay on top and be what you want to be and go ahead instead of back. And sometimes you'd like to let your heart rule your head. Really—every girl would.

"But—with everything—it is worth it. More than worth it. It's not a bed of roses, by any means. It's hard work, it's great sacrifice, but it's worth it. First of all because you love your work, and secondly because it brings you the fine and beautiful things of life, and thirdly because fame in itself has something deeply satisfying about it—or has had to me.

"I don't think success in itself brings happiness. Not by any means. But the work that success allows you to do, that is the thing that makes it always worth while. Only—only—everyone who starts on this road should be prepared for the sacrifices."

I had never seen Norma so earnest. There was a little flush on her cheeks and her eyes were shining.

We wanted to go on talking. I know I did and I could see by the quickness of her breath that she still had things to say.

But the fitter had come. The hairdresser had come. An income tax expert had come. So I went.

**Brickbats and Bouquets**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 ]

**We Gave Up Long Ago**

Los Angeles, Calif.

I have only one brickbat, but I must throw it. I have just seen "The Winning of Barbara Worth." The historical mistakes in it are terrible. In the first place, we all are led to believe the story is laid in the late 19th century, the time when machines were not known. We see the people crossing the desert in covered wagons. How is it possible, then, for Ronald Colman to appear on the scene in an automobile? Miss Banky dresses in the fashions of '76 and Mr. Colman in our modern style. How do you reason it out? I give up. L. M.

**That Thing Called Charm**

East Aurora, N. Y.

I present a bouquet to Renee Adoree. The other night I was undecided whether I wanted to see "Tin Gods." I like Tom Meighan, but I didn't think that I cared for Renee Adoree. I went—and hereafter I shall not miss one of Renee's pictures.

I haven't been able to discover yet just what "It" is, but if it's pure unadulterated CHARM, Renee Adoree has "It." And as for acting ability, she could put any characterization across.

Above all this, her loveliness shines out. No man, woman or child, seeing "Tin Gods," could help but shed a tear when so much love and loyalty met so untimely a fate.

DORIS BLAKELEY.

**Pathex**  
AUTOMATIC  
MOTION PICTURE  
CAMERA AND PROJECTOR



*A complete*  
**Motion Picture Outfit**  
at a lower cost!

**T**HE Pathex outfit provides all you need for perfect modern motion picture photography and projection at least expense and with absolute safety—for all Pathex film is non-inflammable!

**The CAMERA**

is simple and automatic—just a few seconds to load, then aim and press the button—that's all! All Pathex films are developed free at Pathe Laboratories.

**The PROJECTOR**

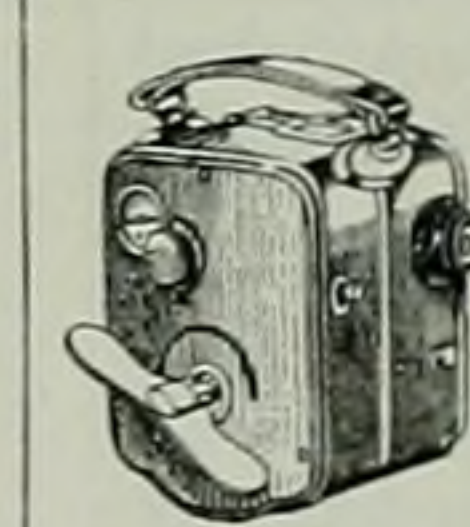
motor-driven, enables you to show your own and Pathex Library films just as easily and conveniently as they are taken. Operates from ordinary lighting current.

**The LIBRARY**

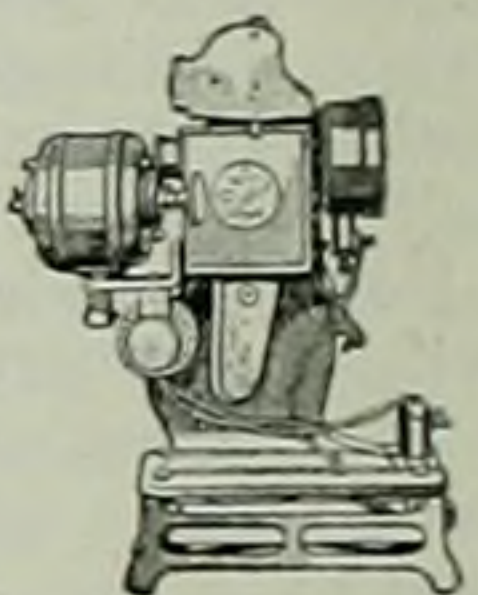
of Pathex films puts at your disposal a vast range of motion picture subjects for use with your own films for ever-ready, up-to-date entertainment of young and old.

**PATHEX, Inc.**

35 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



*Demonstration at your dealer's or write direct to us for illustrated booklet.*



**SEPIA BROWN Enlargements**

Size 16x20 Inches  
Sensational value!  
Made from any size photo or snap-shot you may send.  
**98c** Each  
Sent on Approval!

**Not the Ordinary Black and White Enlargements** but gorgeous golden brown sepia tone enlargements you will cherish for life.



**FREE!**  
SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER  
A hand tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Worth the price of the enlargement. Free with each order. This offer is limited. Order at once

Only 98c—same price for full length or bust pictures, groups, landscapes, pet animals, or enlargements from any part of group picture.  
**SEND NO MONEY** Simply mail photos. In a few days you will receive the enlargements. Pay mailman 98c each plus a few cents postage. Money back if you are not delighted. We pay postage if you send \$1.00 with order. Sepia Brown Portrait offer is limited. Mail photos at once.

Safe return of your own original photos guaranteed.

**STANDARD ART STUDIOS**

1553 W. Madison St. Dept. 85 Chicago

**Wrinkles Go**

like magic! No need having wrinkles today. Modern women must look young. Use Tarkroot as directed, and in your mirror see wrinkles, age-lines, flabbiness vanish in 15 minutes! Face looks 10 to 20 years younger. Great for blackheads, coarse pores, oiliness, sallowness. Any drug store. Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago

**TARKROOT**



## Character Reading

Tacoma, Wash.

Mary Pickford! Here is a soul who knows values, who is one of the finest persons of our day, a woman who has had too much intelligence and too little time to become an adult smart aleck. Fame and adulation have not turned her wise head,—she has been a spectacular person without making a spectacle of herself. Small wonder she is so beloved.

And Ronald Colman! Here is a man. Good looking, possessed of an old world poise so inherently the gentleman is he, a splendid actor who, thank God, does not *act* and the possessor of a fine sense of humor.

The screen has been invaluable in that it has sharpened our ability to read character. The visions are not fooling us any more. We sense character of our favorites through the medium of the screen. We know that such persons as Mary, Richard Barthelmess, Antonio Moreno, Lois Wilson and Thomas Meighan are real persons, possessed of a fine balance and worthy of a lasting regard.

It speaks well for our intelligence that the players whose popularity is built upon lasting lines, are men and women of balance, decency, intelligence and kindness.

JANE L. MOTTAN.

## Romance Requested

Dalton, Ga.

Here's a little hint to producers from one who derives almost as much pleasure from motion pictures as from a library of books.

Don't believe for a minute people like problematic, psychic, or "triangle" plays better than they do romance. Never! When Norma Shearer appeared here in "His Secretary" there was not a person leaving the theater who did not wax enthusiastic over it and beg the manager to have it back again. That elusive, thrilling atmosphere of romance surrounded the heart-hungry stenographer. Valentino's romantic rôles were his most popular ones. The hearts of old men and women, unless they are atrophied, respond to precious memories; the flippant callousness of today's youth melts in the golden crucible of romance. What makes John Gilbert's appeal? His eyes, deep and dark and glowing, radiate romance.

No other recreation can compare with the moving pictures as entertainment for the masses. Persons who never in their lives saw a stage play can see plays now, usually much better and cleaner, by means of the screen.

I like your method of informing your readers of the merits and demerits of new pictures.

L. W. CARTER.

## Humanizing Lillian

Houston, Texas.

Please don't misunderstand me. I think Lillian Gish is an artist. Yet I wish the writers of things cinematographic would cease their effusions about her, in which they allude in chorus to her extreme delicacy, virginal shyness, reluctance to being kissed, and so on. They have for so long described her as a frescoed angel, a waxen lily, an ascetic young saint with a pale-gold halo, that somehow one fears that the public in general may grow a little weary of such rarefied air as Miss Gish must breathe.

Her portrayals of late, though very artistic, have seemed to me a little inclined to emphasize her *spirituelle* quality at the expense of faithfulness to the character. Do let her seem a human being to us again.

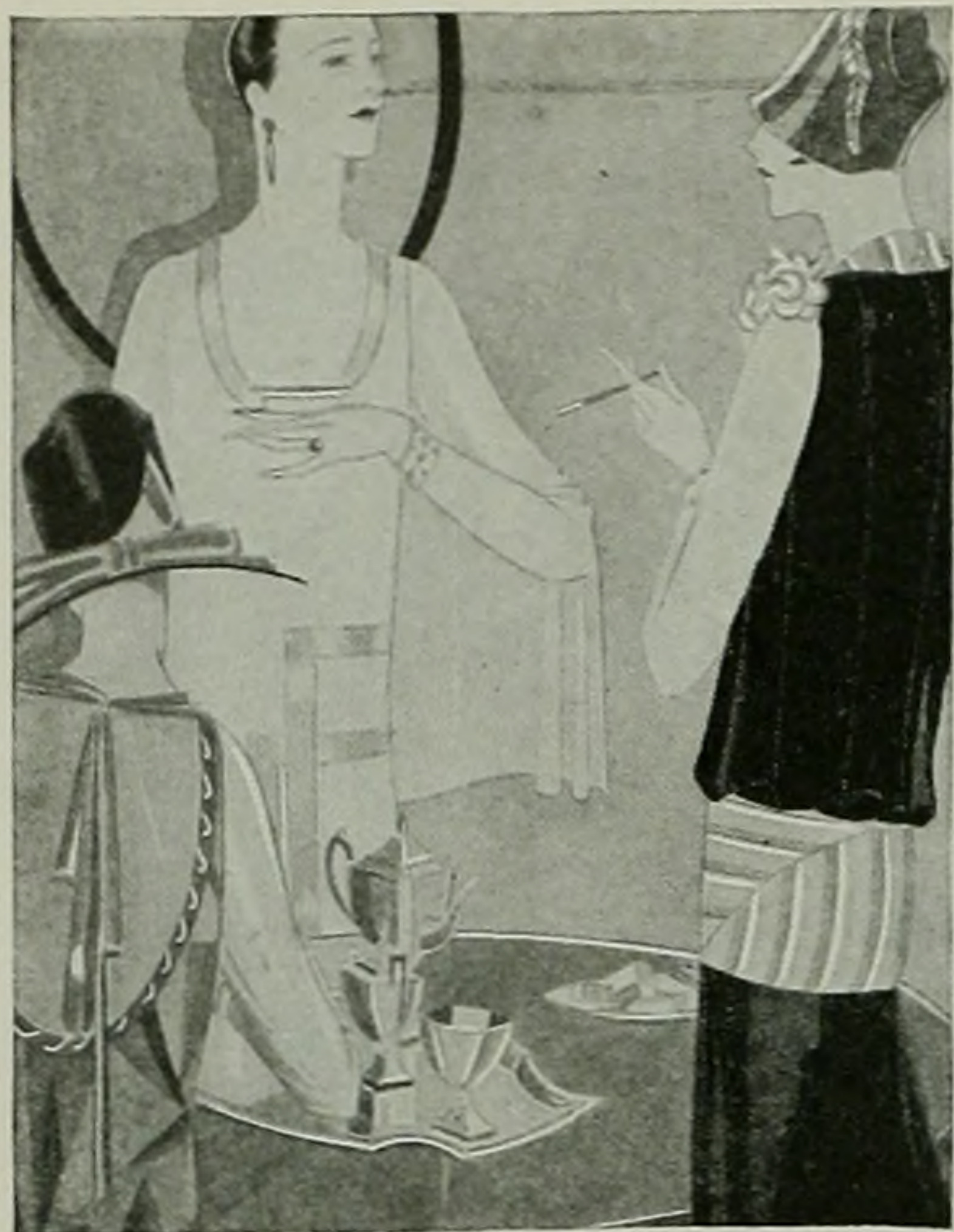
And to the great hordes of motion-picture devotees. Do accord the players a little of the privacy anyone is entitled to. Enjoy them, admire them, satisfy your interest in the details of their lives as well as you can without undue intrusiveness, but don't demand that they order their lives in accordance with your idea of them. They, too, are entitled to "The pursuit of happiness" in their own way.

MRS. OSCAR SUGG.



... here, too, you've felt it. A crowded floor... couples colliding... forms close... a room none too cool... exertion. Nature responds, inevitably, unkindly. The discomfort of dampness under the arms... stains on clothing... odor. What a comfort, then, to know that you've played safe! That, like millions of others, twice a week you use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. Yours is an assurance that soap and water alone can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.





## The Smart Woman

looks the part always. In negligee, in street clothes, dressed for tea, bridge, the ball or opera. One cannot think of the smart woman and superfluous hair in the same breath, so to speak.

Her skin must *always* be perfection—always prepared to meet the discerning glance of man, the more searching gaze of her sister woman—and the most critical eye of all—her own.

# Shavette

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How does she do it? Shavette is the answer. The dainty little toilette aid of the fashionable woman. A few moments' use of Shavette on arm, underarm or limb—and the hair is gone. Shavette removes hair as cleanly as a razor or the strongest depilatory, yet without coarsening or stimulating the growth of the hair or burning or reddening the most delicate skin.



\$3.00

Ask your druggist, department or hardware store for Shavette. If they cannot supply you use the attached coupon

By the makers of the famous "Tree Brand" Cutlery

H. BOKER & CO., Inc.  
101 Duane St., New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed find check or money order for three dollars. Please send me a Shavette

Name .....

Address .....

## Movie Schooldays

Shepherdstown, West Va.

Within the last week I have seen and allowed my nine year old son to see three splendid clean Western pictures—one a serial about Buffalo Bill and the first pony express, some of it authentic. One "Born to the West," with Jack Holt—a splendid picture, entertaining, and well acted, as all of his pictures are. Mr. Holt, a Virginian, is a gentleman born and bred. The third picture is Colonel Tim McCoy's "Winning of the Wilderness"—a picture of General Braddock's defeat in the French and Indian War. It is well acted, most of it authentic, though naturally the story itself is imagination. This picture will do more toward fixing in the minds of children that battle and other events of that war, than a dozen histories would.

Let us have more of these pictures instead of so much "blood and thunder." How much better for our young people to sit in the movies and see these pictures than to run the streets.

LORRAINE TURNER BURWELL.

## Read This, Movie Knockers

Washington, D. C.

My memory of the films goes back to the time when the picture palaces were truly called "nickelodeons."

Mr. Percy Marmont did not enter the profession by influence, but by his own merits. In selecting actors, modern Adonises, without talent, are "null and void." Mr. Marmont is not a visage of a "Greek god." He is a talented English gentleman.

Nettie Leeman, will you go to see the above mentioned gentleman when in a good humor?  
GEORGIA MCKAY.

## Thrilling, Chilling O'Brien

Chicago, Ill.

Three cheers for George O'Brien!

I think he is superb!

He was wonderful in "The Blue Eagle" and "Three Bad Men."

I like him in a picture where he is fighting. When I see him fighting in a picture I always imagine he is fighting just as hard in real life, only in a different way, to reach the heights of fame where he belongs, and enjoy some of the everlasting praises and applause which John Gilbert and Richard Dix are receiving. I personally can not stand either John or Richard.

I hope some one throws the largest brickbat that can be found to anyone who dares to criticize George O'Brien.

George O'Brien is big, strong, thrilling, chilling, and handsome, and can act. What

## Answers to Did You Know Them When?

1. MILTON SILLS. And a daring drama it was, too.
2. CHARLIE MURRAY. Of all people!
3. Of course, you recognized WILLIAM S. HART.
4. HOBART BOSWORTH. Then—as always—a good actor.
5. JOHN ROBERTSON. And what a matinee idol!
6. EDWARD SEDGWICK, the man who made "Tin Hats."

I'm just old enough to feel old, though secretly I consider myself quite a young man.

So boyhood memories include prep. school days when we used to visit—not always openly—a supposedly huge film theater in neighboring Meriden; and recall our New Haven trips, and how the movies joyously filled time while we waited for a trolley, which somehow we sometimes missed.

Jumping the gap to the immediate present. I believe the films are the most up-to-date institution in the modern world.

Through carefree hours spent at the movies, the films do this: by holding the mirror up to life and by providing a visual background for subconscious thought, they can create in us a natural balance of mind and heart and thus go far to help one solve important problems.

GEORGE W. MAYNARD.

## Nettie Threw Many Brickbats

New Orleans, La.

Nettie Leeman, of Sedro Woolley, Wash., you are a pessimist.

Anyone who can not chuckle at the joy-prompting gestures of Mr. Harry Langdon isn't anything to the contrary.

A half-wit could not act as Mr. Langdon does, for the simple reason that to play in Mr. Langdon's manner takes sense.

more can any sane person want? His smile is enough to melt a heart of stone.

Long may both PHOTOPLAY and George O'Brien live!  
MISS CATHERINE BRELL

## For Tolerance

Washington, D. C.

Just a word to those people whose chief hobby is knocking the stars.

It is a well-known fact that we can't please all the people all the time. No person is so perfect that he or she is a universal favorite. We all love to hear folks say nice things about us, to hear them praise our efforts. But when someone utters something mean or nasty it rankles. It inflicts a wound that never quite heals.

Movie stars are human just as we are. They are more sensitive because they are more in the public light, more the subject of wide discussion.

Can't we refrain from knocking those we don't like and save our efforts to praise our favorites? A little kindness and tact in expressing our dislikes, a few sincere words in showing our likes are like balm to soothe those who work so hard that we might have pleasure.

Helpful criticism is welcome at all times; the petty things are better left unsaid.

MARY E. GLOYD.

## A Motion Picture Camera FREE

See Pages 48 and 49



## The Cyclone Baby

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 ]

"I feel mighty sorry for you people stranded here this way. I'd like to do something to aid you. Why don't you give a performance in the church?"

Well, that night the "theater" was packed. With our leading lady temporarily out of the cast, my partners and I had to give them vaudeville—and lots of it.

THE crowd was ready to laugh at anything—even us. I remember I got my silk hat caught in the open flue at one end of the "stage." It was a stove-pipe hat right.

At the end of the act I brought the new baby out and showed him to the audience. It was just like waving the American flag.

So, Buster Keaton made his first appearance on any stage when he was just twenty-four hours old.

It was several years later that we hit Syracuse, N. Y., just like that cyclone hit Piqua.

Syracuse was a tough show town in those days. A crowd of hoodlums had a custom of coming to the theater on certain nights of the week and cleaning up the show.

They would simply run the actors off the stage and sometimes tear up the scenery and the furniture.

Billed as "The Three Keatons," Buster, his mother and I had a burlesque acrobatic set in which my wife and I threw Buster about the stage like a human medicine ball.

On this particular night I had made up my mind that I wasn't going to stand any more abuse from this Syracuse crowd, so, when the racket started, I singled out a big fellow in the front row.

"Stiffen yourself, son," I said to Buster.

Catching him by a valise-handle-like contraption we had fastened between his shoulders, I gave him a fling.

The next instant Buster's hip pockets flattened the nose of that trouble-maker in the front row.

WHEN I received our salary at the end of the week Jules Delmar had deducted the price of a hat. I lost the next week's work and spent \$50 following Jules to New York.

"Now, look here, Joe," he said, when I finally caught up with him. "You can't use your son to club the spectators with. And, besides breaking that fellow's nose, you ruined his new brown derby."

Well, the upshot of it was that Jules and I parted still friendly and he had agreed to pay me twenty-five cents every time we met.

That was more than twenty years ago, but to this day each time I see Jules he hands me a quarter. He has repaid me for that hat many times but we still keep up the game. It's a sort of tradition with us now.

If I don't see him often enough I write him a letter and he sends me a remittance.

The other day I got a letter from him.

He hadn't heard from me for a long time, he wrote, and was inclosing a two-cent stamp on account.

Buster made another decided, if not good, impression during those early days.

It was upon the late Harry Houdini.

The great magician was a little late with his act one night and Buster, still just a boy, was sent on to hold the audience with some imitations.

Seriously, and with no idea of being facetious, Buster announced:

"Mr. Houdini may not be able to appear tonight. He lost the key to his dressing room."

The audience howled and Harry, who once had escaped from a Siberian prison train, and who was supposed to be able to get out of, or into, anything in the world, "burned up."

After that we used to pull the same gag on



# Yes! Really Natural Skin Tone Color from ROUGE!

It is the secret of just one rouge—PRINCESS PAT

SKIN TONE color from rouge—or that "painted look"—which? It is the skin tone color women strive for, the beautiful, subtle tints of natural loveliness. But the utmost care and skill with usual rouges fails of the desired result—as all women know.

Now learn about rouge—as rouge *should be*. The woman who tries Princess Pat Rouge for the first time is instantly aware of a beautiful difference. Instead of the painted look, there is a clear *skin tone* effect, a perfect semblance of soft natural color which actually seems to lie beneath the skin, *and not upon it*.

And most women—entranced with the *actual result*—are curious to discover the secret of this new beauty. It is due to the special ingredients used. *No heavy-bodied color goes into Princess Pat*. Instead, the rarest and most *delicate* of pure vegetable tints—tints which possess *transparency*, as well as *color*. It is this same transparency—in the finished rouge—that makes Princess Pat the one rouge giving Nature's own complexion tints. Apply Princess Pat as *lavishly as you wish*. Color will be *deepened*—but no painted look results. And of course Princess Pat is famous as the most *permanent* of all rouges.

Select Any of the Six Princess Pat Shades Without Regard for "Type"

With usual rouges—lacking Princess Pat's transparency—women have had to be content with just one shade, selected to "match" type—blonde or brunette, for

instance. With Princess Pat giving *skin tone* color, *all* shades harmonize perfectly with *any* complexion.

Words do not adequately describe the beauty of Princess Pat shades . . . BUT—Squaw gives the deep, lovely hue of quickly coursing blood; Vivid, an exotic brilliance, the color of daring moods; Medium, the softly modulated, blushing tone for demure color notes; Theatre, the haughty tints of aristocratic, fashionable artistry; famous English Tint, the very essence of lovely, youthful glow. And there is Nite, the wonder shade for evening use . . . that cannot betray . . . that is always perfect. Nite is a beautiful, strange, violet toned hue by day, changing mysteriously to perfect rose by night. Whether blonde or brunette you find all Princess Pat shades harmonize—something new in rouges.

### 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. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including Rouge. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

## PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT [the famous Twin Cream Treatment], PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, LEMON-ALMOND LOTION, PERFUME, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, TOILET WATER.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.  
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 1255, Chicago  
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (Print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....





Have  
you ever been  
called a  
**Drab Blonde?**  
—depressing, wasn't it?

THE saleswoman slipped the chic little frock over your head, dettly adjusted the hem, and stepped back. Why did a shadow of disappointment cross her face, as she looked at you? Your eyes are always lovely — your skin fresh and youthful. What was it?

Isn't your hair a bit uninteresting? But that is so unnecessary! A Golden Glint shampoo will change all that. It's NOT a dye — it's a glint o' gold for blonde hair. It's NOT a dye — it's a hint of auburn for the darker shades.

And so easy to do by yourself at home. 25¢ at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. \*\*\*J.W. KOBI Co., 646D Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

## Golden Glint

SHAMPOO

—that magic luster for every shade of hair

## When in Chicago



### The Lake Shore Drive Hotel

181 LAKE SHORE DRIVE

on the shores of Lake Michigan  
—BUT—within five minutes of  
the Loop

B. E. de MURG, Manager

him occasionally, for we were often on the same bill.

Will Rogers was with us, too, at times and I believe I heard the Oklahoma cowboy make his first smart-crack on the stage.

It was in the Union Square theater in New York City. Will had a fancy roping act with a couple of cowboys and some horses. One night he said:

"A feller up here doesn't have such an easy time. If he misses a trick, he cain't cuss."

THE crowd laughed and it wasn't long until Rogers got rid of his cowboys and other animals and came out with nothing but his rope, his chewing gum and his wit.

For twenty-seven years we played the vaudeville houses of America, working with all the famous entertainers of the generation.

When Buster was just a baby I bought an autograph album for him and in that book you will find the signatures of most of the great ones of vaudeville history.

Elsie Janis, Louise Dresser, McIntyre and Heath, Bert Howard and Leona Bland, George Munroe, Fred Niblo, Tom Sharkey, James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan and hundreds of others wrote their names and some little bit of sentiment on those pages.

Fred Niblo, now one of the best motion picture directors in the business, was a monologist in 1902 when we appeared on the same bill at Richmond, Va.

"The Girl with the Auburn Hair," wrote those words there twenty-four years ago.

Her tour of the country was one of the greatest exploitation stunts of the past fifty years.

She was the wife of J. J. Murdock, now an executive in the Keith-Albee organization but in those days manager of the Masonic Temple theater in Chicago.

I INDUCED all of the pioneer managers of theaters to write their signatures upon a doily and my wife embroidered the signatures with multi-colored silk.

It is one of our most prized possessions for on it are names like B. F. Keith, Tony Pastor, S. Z. Poli, Henry W. Behman, John D. Hopkins, Charles E. Kohl, F. F. Proctor, Jr., and M. Lehman.

Most of them are dead now.

Poli paid Buster, his mother and me \$40 for working a week in his theater in New Haven.

That was big money in those days.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102 ]

BARBY LOU.—Why should I say horrid things about Gloria Swanson? Gloria is really a very sweet girl, fond of her mother, in love with her husband and a devoted mother to her children. Gloria has a beautiful home in the country so I suppose she has plenty of pets. But about her dogs—I must confess I don't know what breed they are or how many. Gloria isn't planning to retire for some years. Write to her at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EDNA OF PECKVILLE.—Delighted. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Monte Blue was born Jan. 11, 1890; Norman Kerry, in 1894; Dorothy Mackaill, March 4, 1904; Irene Rich, Oct. 13, 1897. I am sorry to tell you that *Peter the Great* is dead.

PAUL H., RANDOLPH, VA.—Edith Roberts and Theodore Roberts are not related. Sally O'Neill was born Oct. 23, 1908. Buck Jones is thirty-eight years old; William Russell was born April 12, 1886; Monte Blue is thirty-seven; and Rod La Rocque is twenty-eight.



## Remove Excess Hair this Pleasant Way

Perhaps you, too, have wanted a pleasant, clean way to remove those annoying hairs on underarms, limbs, etc. Shaving is so messy and, well—"unwomanly."

There *is* an easy, pleasant way, you know.

The modern, smart woman insures herself that necessary hair-free skin loveliness by using De Miracle liquid which quickly and gently washes the hair away. And what an exquisite feeling of cleanliness it leaves!

You will find De Miracle delicately perfumed. And remember too, that every bottle is guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Sold everywhere—60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If your dealer is out of it, we will gladly supply you direct, upon receipt of price (\$1.00), or we will send it C. O. D. (you pay the postman). De Miracle, Dept. 65, 138 West 14th St., New York

## De Miracle Removes Hair



GIVE

Five-Minutes-a-Day  
LOOK

Years Younger—Always

FREE illustrated book proves that proper facial EXERCISE actually regains and retains girlish contours, attractive expression and lovely skin. Unexercised tiny face muscles become weak, flabby, droopy. Then come wrinkles, crowsfeet, hollows, loose sagging cheeks, sallow skin, etc. Happily, like body muscles, facial muscles are live tissue which

*Kathryn Murray's Five-Minutes-A-Day FACIAL EXERCISES*

can soon build up, restore and keep youthful throughout life. Thousands can testify to their true merit. Simple, pleasant, based on 15 years' successful use. Selected to suit individual needs. Inexpensive.

RESULTS GUARANTEED—BOOK FREE

Write for free copy of "Facial Beauty Culture", and grateful testimony of pupils all over world. Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.  
Suite 558, 5 So. Wabash Chicago, Illinois

## MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Latest Novelty 50c Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 3/8 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c, name only. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP, Inc.  
28 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE HARRISBURG, PA.



Banish Pimples  
By Using

Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse  
Ointment to Heal

Try our new Shaving Stick.



ALFALFA, HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.—You take the prize, Alfalfa, for the best nickname of the month! Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Richard has brown hair, brown eyes and he is six feet tall. Raymond Griffith and Dorothy Dalton are not married. Dear me, no! Raymond Griffith isn't married to anyone and Dorothy Dalton is the wife of Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer. Marion Nixon is divorced from Joe Benjamin, a pugilistic gentleman. She is five feet, two inches tall and was born on October 20, 1904. Bebe Daniels is not married.

J. ZAWADZKI, DETROIT, MICH.—Always come to me when you are in doubt. I'll set you on the right track. Here is the cast on "Stella Maris": *Stella Maris*, Mary Philbin; *Unity Blake*, Mary Philbin; *John Risca*, Elliott Dexter; *Louisa Risca*, Gladys Brockwell; *Sir Oliver Blount*, Phillips Smalley; *Lady Blount*, Lillian Lawrence; *Walter Herold*, Jason Robards; *Dr. Haynes*, Robert Bolder; *Mary Heaton*, Eileen Manning.

MERLE L., GENEVA, N. Y.—Has Lew Cody a "sweet personality"? If you mean a good disposition, the answer is "yes." Lew was divorced from Dorothy Dalton. Now married to Mabel Normand. He was born February 22, 1885. George O'Brien isn't married—as yet.

## The Great \$15,000 Idea Contest Is On

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

and business-like understanding of the conditions of the contest.

Then make a list of the best pictures you have seen and analyze just what qualities in their stories have impressed you. If you want to get good practice in summarizing and condensing your thoughts, try to express the theme of any big picture you have seen in 200 words. In this way, you will learn how to reduce the idea of your own story down to a mere skeleton of a theme.

Yes, this is a good contest. Besides the chance of winning one of the prizes, you are getting a fine lesson in writing and an opportunity of testing your ability as a picture critic.

**D**ON'T expect to get a perfect 200-word synopsis the first time you try. PHOTOPLAY realizes that it takes unusual ability to express an idea clearly in 200 words. But PHOTOPLAY also knows that it can be done with a little care and patience. You'll probably have to re-write your idea several times.

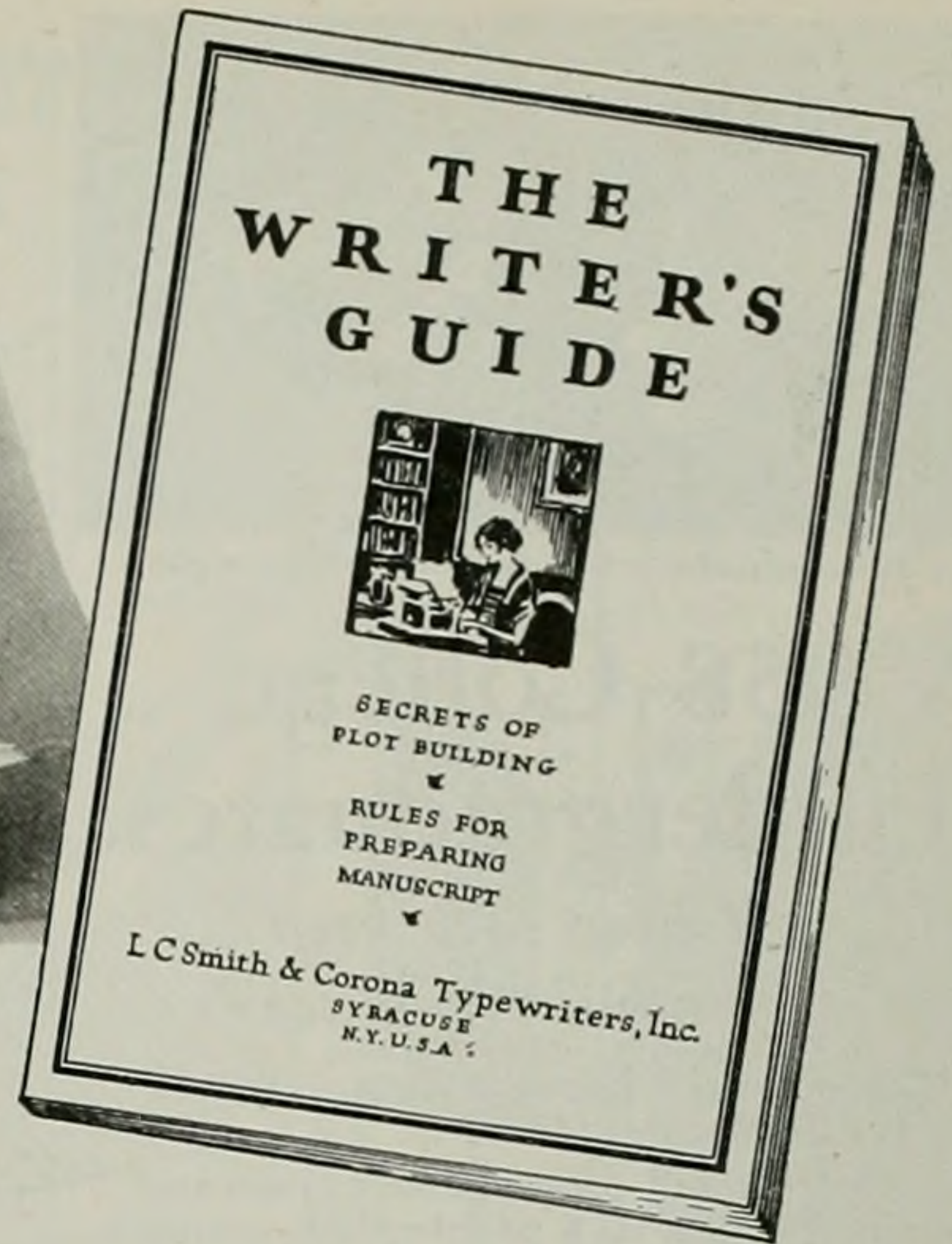
Yes, it is perfectly fair to call in members of your family and ask for criticisms on your idea. Maybe, too, they will have some good suggestions to make. Don't be afraid of criticisms. Remember your idea must be one that would appeal to millions of people—of all races and nationalities, too.

Here are some test questions you may ask yourself when your idea is ready to submit:

- Is this idea strictly original?
- Have I seen it anywhere before on the screen?
- Is it suitable for visual presentation?
- Does it offend any race or creed?
- Does it offend any moral sensibilities?
- Will it have a wide, general and helpful appeal?
- Is it the result of unbiased observation or is it merely a personal prejudice?
- Is it clearly expressed?

Remember that all manuscripts will receive a fair reading and a fair rating. PHOTOPLAY backs its reputation on the honesty of the contest.

Now go to it! And may the best men—and women—win!



# This Book— will help you win part of Photoplay's \$15,000 prize money

### You can own this latest model CORONA

It's the finest Corona ever built—made by the world's pioneer manufacturers of portable typewriters.

A sturdy, dependable writing machine with full-width (10 inch) carriage, twelve-yard, two-color, self-reversing ribbon, variable line spacer, everything you expect in an office machine. Yet it is compact, portable, easy to carry with you wherever you go.

#### Standard Keyboard

Corona has the four-row standard keyboard used in all offices and taught in business schools. If you are accustomed to using a large machine, you will be at home on Corona. If you have never used a typewriter before, you'll find that it is easy to learn with Corona.

#### Buy a Corona on easy terms

A small deposit puts Corona in your home and then you can pay on easy, monthly terms just like rent. Your Corona dealer will gladly accept a used typewriter, any standard make, as part payment. You need not wait another day. Just look up Corona in your phone book and the dealer will send you one for free examination.

This coupon will bring you our latest literature.



**A**RE YOU going to try for a prize in Photoplay's contest for the best ideas for motion pictures? Then you need two things—our free book, *The Writer's Guide*, and a Corona.

All manuscripts submitted in this contest must be typewritten. So of course you need a typewriter—and Corona is the favorite typewriter of successful writers everywhere. They prefer it because it is not only portable but absolutely dependable. Its light, easy touch makes writing almost effortless, and the neat, legible manuscripts it turns out are a joy to the heart of a busy editor.

### Mail the coupon for your free book

The *Writer's Guide* shows you how to construct the plot of a photoplay or story, how to pick your characters, how to prepare and submit your manuscript. If you have any talent as a writer, you can best develop it by doing a little writing every day. Start by entering the Photoplay contest. The *Writer's Guide* and Corona are all the outfit you need. Now mail the coupon.

### L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

Sales offices in principal cities of the world • • Established 1903

Also manufacturers of the L C Smith Typewriter, the Ball-Bearing Office Machine

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc  
520 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Without obligation to me, please send me a free copy of *The Writer's Guide*—and complete information about Corona.

Name .....

Address .....

I own a ..... typewriter

I should like to know its trade-in value .....

*Mail now*





Their hair always in perfect order—right!

## 958 College Undergraduates tell how they keep their hair in place

Clothes in the latest fashion. Hair always in place—right . . .

How do well-dressed college men and women meet this problem of unruly hair? That was what we wanted to find out. So we went all over the country. We actually talked to 958 college undergraduates. And we found:—

The hair dressing college men and women overwhelmingly prefer is—*Stacomb!*

"Stacomb really does keep the hair in place." "Makes it look right—not gummy or sticky looking." "Makes your hair look alive."

All that, yes—and more! For Stacomb is actually beneficial. It keeps your hair in condition; helps to counteract dandruff.

Stacomb comes in two forms now—as a delicate cream in jars and tubes, and in the popular new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER

*Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-39, 113 W. 18th Street, New York. Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:—  
Original, cream form  New liquid form

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .

## New Shampoo for Blondes only!

Lightens Faded Blonde Hair—  
Keeps it Bright—Lustrous—  
Trial Package Free

No more dull, darkened, streaky blonde hair! Blondex, the wonderful new special shampoo for blondes only, keeps light hair from darkening—brings back bright golden color and youthful brilliance to faded, discolored blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for children's hair. Leaves hair soft, fluffy and delightfully silky. Nearly a million users. Why not try Blondex? Sold at all good drug and department stores, or a generous trial package will be sent you FREE if you write to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 55, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Hundreds of big paying opportunities for you in this fascinating profession. Earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Study how under a leading photographer right in your own home. Write at once for my special offer of Professional Camera FREE. Open for limited time. American School of Photography, Dept. 1255, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## The Port of Missing Girls

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

ten good titles and two good gags in a picture may mean the difference between success and failure.

Irwin Bush disliked them intensely. He considered them a blot upon the fair name of Hollywood, which they undoubtedly were, and a dangerous menace which might at any time become involved in some far-reaching scandal for which the rest of the industry would suffer. His eyes as they rested upon them were cold.

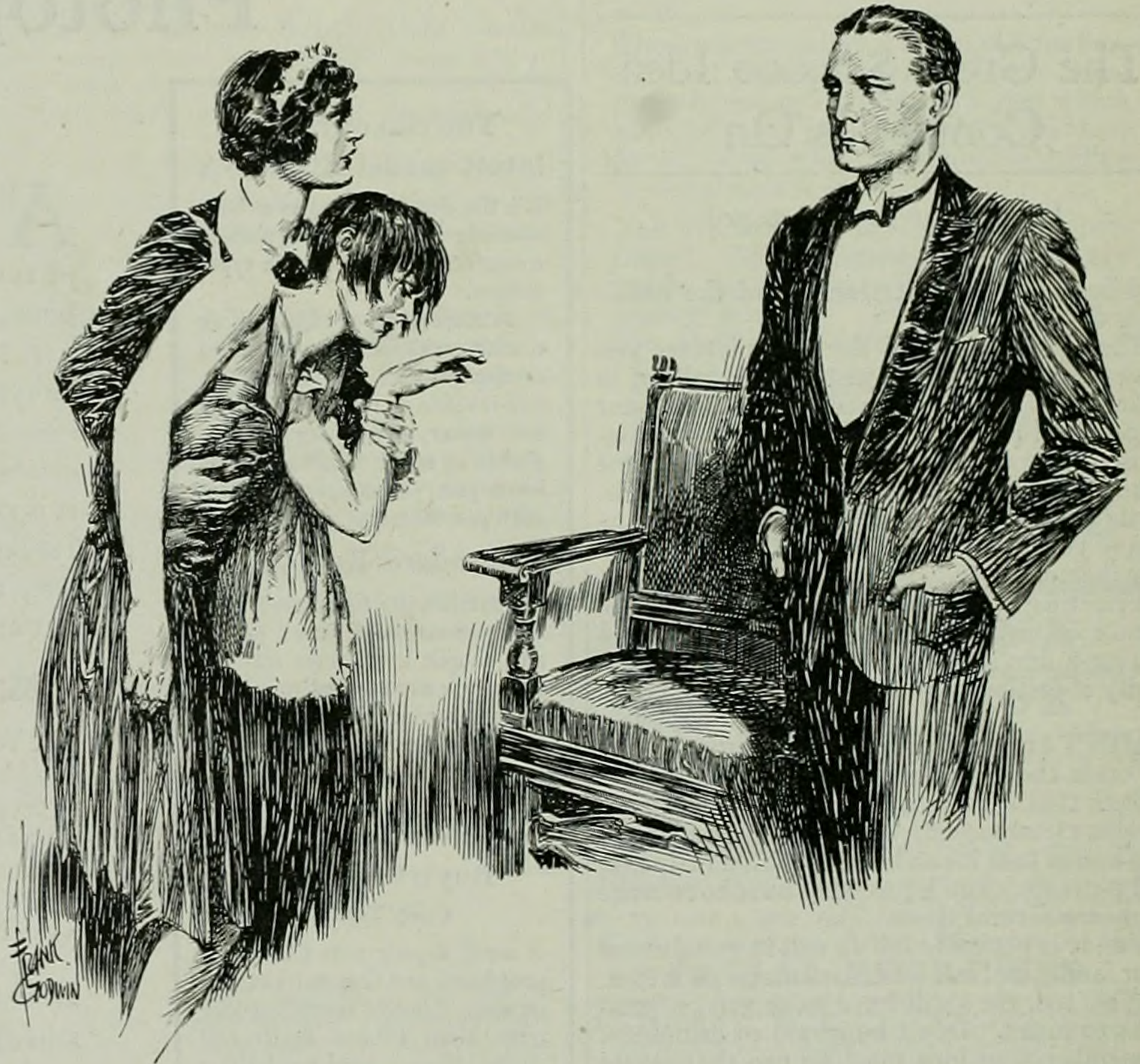
AND yet they were a couple of mild-looking wrecks and gave little outward indication of their inward degradation. A keen reader of men would have spotted instantly the grayish-blue tinge to Shamus' skin and the effort it was for Bill to hold his thin lips clamped together. The casual observer would merely have seen a couple of slightly shabby, not very cleanly shaven men, one tall and thin, the other shorter and heavily set.

"Do you think you can stay sober long enough to finish the titles for this new picture of Kitty Shinn's?" Bush asked.

side the projection room which had been assigned to Shamus for the titling of the new Kitty Shinn picture. They held counsel.

"'Tis a lot of money, five thousand dollars," said Shamus, "I have a hunch there must be something wrong with the picture, or they'd not be giving it to me. There's a hitch in it somewhere. That lily-livered school mistress in there has little use for me, except he knows I'm the best title writer in the business. I've an idea, Bill, to lock myself in that projection room and not come out until I've finished. Go back and tell that snipe to keep an operator on this room all the time, will you? We can live for a considerable time on five thousand dollars, without being beholden to any of these lice in the studios. And the first thing we will do is to get decently drunk. We will get drunk on champagne, Bill, as gentlemen should."

Three days and nights the projection machine in Room 4 purred almost constantly. Shamus Britt sat alone within the cold, dark little room, his eyeshade well down over his eyes. In front of him on the desk, where one



"Poor little thing," said the maid in a heartbroken voice, gathering the girl into her arms as tenderly as though she had been a lost sheep. "Poor little thing. Will you help me with her, please, sir?"

Shamus considered. "How long is it?" "Fifty-eight hundred feet."

"For five thousand dollars I could try," said Shamus with a wicked grin.

"I'll not pay you five thousand dollars," said Bush.

Without a word they turned and started for the door.

Bush called them back. What could you do with such devils, men who cared for neither money nor reputation nor work, who had no decent and accepted standards of value?

In the charming little garden, all abloom now with winter-flowering shrubs and earliest spring lilies, Shamus and Bill stood just out-

shaded light alone broke the pitch darkness, were stacks of white paper upon which he continually scrawled, as the picture passed in review before him time and again.

When he came forth with three days' growth of perfectly red beard, a wild eye and haggard cheeks, he demanded his check instantly and took it with one brief remark. "You should have paid me twice as much for having to look at such a vile picture."

MRS. AMOREST lived on Hollywood hill-top in a Turkish villa entirely surrounded by olive trees. Inside, the villa was furnished almost exclusively in chaise longues and gin.



The public knew little of Mrs. Amorest, but Hollywood knew her well. She was a widow with money and, as she herself put it, she loved a good time. She had moved to Hollywood from Detroit with the sole purpose of furthering this ambition. Her salon was frequented chiefly by would-be actors and scenario writers, or bad actors temporarily out of work. And by those camp-followers and hangers-on who are Hollywood's greatest problem—the people who are not actually of the film colony, but who touch its edges just sufficiently to be called motion picture people when they get into trouble.

MRS. AMOREST liked to refer to herself as a patroness of the Arts and she dressed the rôle. In a huge chair—it took a pretty good-sized chair to hold Mrs. Amorest in those days—she sat wrapped in chiffons and swathed in veils and earrings, with a face not unlike a smiling Chinese idol.

There were not many places where Shamus and Bill were welcome when they reached a social stage in one of their justly celebrated sprees.

Mrs. Amorest's was one of them. To Mrs. Amorest, men were men.

At that, everybody would probably have been all right if the Hawaiian orchestra in the patio hadn't started to play "Oh, Promise Me." Nobody will ever know why a Hawaiian orchestra should begin to play "Oh, Promise Me" at Mrs. Amorest's at three o'clock in the morning. Anyway, it did.

And Shamus Britt, sunk among purple velvet cushions on a chaise longue before the fire, sat up suddenly and stared out into the dim light as though he had seen a ghost.

"For gawd's sake, Bill," he said, in a voice that shook, "don't let them play that song. Don't let them play it, Bill, I ask you."

Bill gave him a stare of unadulterated fury. "Shut up," he said, brutally. "You and your songs."

But Shamus could not shut up. The sweet little old-fashioned melody, poignant on the strings, sang through the room like the spirit of a man's first love in a brothel. And Shamus's windpipe began to go up and down fast and furious.

"Listen, Bill," said Shamus, "I'm nothing but a bum. I'm a low dog. I'm not fit to live. Look what I meant to be—a great writer. Look at the talents I had. And what am I? What am I? Nothing but a drunken bum that's looked down on by all decent people, a disgrace to my name and a misery to myself."

BILL had put down his glass on the floor and was staring at him with complete and utter astonishment.

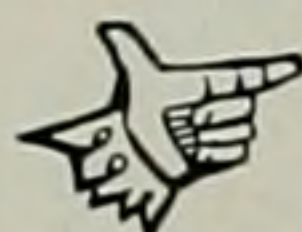
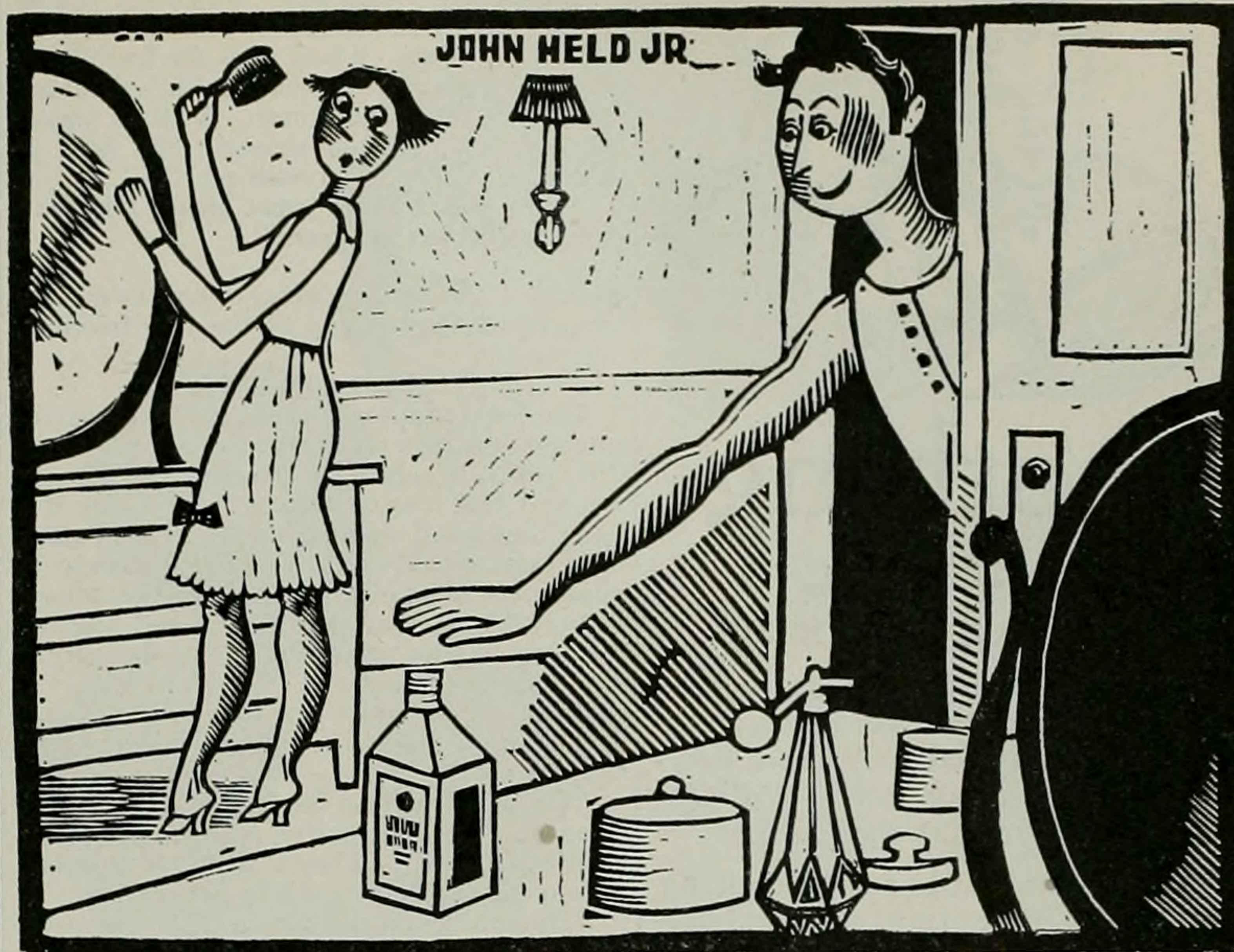
"It's true, Bill," said Shamus, the words pouring out of his mouth. "No use to deny it. But the worst of my crimes you don't know. Because I broke the heart and ruined the life of an angel—an angel from heaven, that's what I've done. A girl that loved me, and was as pure as a lily and as good as a saint. Waiting for me she is still, because she promised me and, well, I know Persis never broke a promise."

"Persis?" said Bill.  
 "Bill, she had violet eyes as pure and as bright as the stars in heaven. And she says to me, 'I'll wait for you, Shamus, because I love you. I'll wait for you always.' I came away and left her, Bill, standing down there by the gate under the apple blossoms, and her eyes followed me up the road with that promise in them. 'I'll wait for you, Shamus,' she said. And I was walking on air and had a gold crown on my head and was going out to conquer the world and come back and give it to her for to play with. And Oh, dear God, look what I am. Look what I am."

He began to weep, noisily and unbeautifully, but with a sincerity that somehow cracked Bill. He took another drink and considered.

"D'you think she's still waiting?" he asked at last.

"I know she's waiting," said Shamus Britt. "Persis promised me she'd wait."



Heroine, apparently brushing hair, peers sidelong into the mirror, and horrors! catches consort in the very act! Wisps of soap at his temples indicate that he has just shaved; a bright glow about the rugged chin reveals that he is about to soothe the razor-scrape with cooling Hinds. A shrill battle ensues, resulting in a score of 0 to 0 at the end of the game—and a separate and distinct bottle of Hinds for each of the contestants.

## "What's hers is mine!"

So says the gentleman thief in hundreds of respectable families. Cautious wives have actually begun to hide their bottles of Hinds Cream. For men are discovering that here at last is a *real after-shave!* The softest, smoothest, soothiest relief for shave-worn skins you ever knew!

If you haven't already discovered Hinds Cream for your shaving tool-kit, snatch it from your wife if you must. But better play safe and send for this sample bottle to try. With it will come a non-theft device that will *keep* your Hinds beside your soap and razor!

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company

### A word to the wives:

Prevent thievery—buy your husband a bottle of Hinds Cream for his own. Show him how to pat it on—and the little trick of rubbing it in until the fingers begin to cling.

# HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors  
 Dept. 337, Bloomfield, N. J.  
 I'd like to have my face feel smooth for once! Send along that sample bottle of Hinds Cream and your non-theft device, too.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_





## Soothing and Refreshing to Eyes after Motoring

When you return from a dusty ride with red, strained, irritated eyes, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as strong and fresh as they look.

*Murine* is invaluable for refreshing eyes wearied by reading, sewing, business or movies. Women use it before going out in the evening to make their eyes more lustrous. Positively contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Begin its use today!

# MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

**Free** Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 27, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for book checked:  "Eye Beauty"  "Eye Care"

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City..... State.....  
 Please PRINT your name and address in PENCIL



## Enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know

It's great to paddle up some slow meandering stream in a sturdy "Old Town Canoe." It's great to get away from the noise and confusion of the highway, to travel slowly and easily amid the cooling shade of overhanging trees. On streams and lakes there are enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know.

Why not plan to buy an "Old Town" this summer? Truly you cannot get a finer canoe or a better looking one. For "Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. They are sleek, fast and remarkably light in weight. And "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. \$58 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 725 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

"Well, then," said Bill, "why don't you go get her, if you feel as bad as all that about it. I'll go with you. Where does she live?"

Shamus put a heavy hand on Bill's shoulder. "Bill, will you go with me? We'll go tomorrow. We've got the money. She lives in Indiana. Will you go with me?"

"Sure," said Bill, "great idea. I haven't been to Indiana for years."

THE Pullman conductor stopped on the platform at the end of the car, frowning ferociously.

"Porter," he bawled loudly.

The porter appeared then, suddenly, out of one of the narrow doors near the end of the car. He opened it only wide enough to let himself out and shut it again rapidly behind him. But even that small opening was enough to allow wild and ribald and disorderly sounds to shatter the quiet in a most indecorous manner.

Very black, that porter. Looked blacker, because of the white teeth his irresistible grin showed through.

"Yes sir," he said, "here I is."

"What's going on in there?" said the conductor coldly.

"Couple gentlemen having quite a hilarious time, sir," said the porter, placatingly. "Nice gentlemen, too. They's from Hollywood. One of them's going back to get married."

"Humph!" said the conductor. "Funny, I haven't seen them this whole trip. Don't they ever eat or take any exercise?"

"Ain't had much exercise, that's a fact," said the porter gently. "Fact is, them gentlemen came off without their collars. Reckon they'll get some in Chicago."

More sounds, probably musically intended. Shouts. And the porter's bell began to ring violently.

"They got an idea they need a tenor, sir," said the porter, and couldn't help grinning if his job depended on it.

"Tenor," grunted the conductor. "You tell them to calm down or I'll put them both off this train."

"Yes sir," said the porter.

THE vicarage of Watsonville was a little, old, white cottage, standing upon the bank of a small stream. A big tree bent its sheltering branches above the rambling roofline, and the tiny latticed windows opened out, welcoming. The cottage wore, that summer, a frill of pink climbing roses across the low front porch, and the picket fence was covered with fragrant, ivory honeysuckle.

Within it was a bare little place, of oddly shaped rooms, that were bare and clean and shining. Its old oak beams were richly dark against the white painted walls, and the old hooked rugs bloomed gaily on the worn floors.

Funny little place, so old-fashioned as to seem of another century altogether. Folks in Watsonville laughed kindly about the little old vicarage and the old vicar. They were so quaint. Of course it wasn't really a vicarage and in Indiana they didn't call the minister a vicar as a rule, but in this case the old names fitted so well.

On the day with which we have to do, Persis took the apple pie out of the oven, put it in the window where the blue gingham curtains fluttered above it, and went across to her father's door. She could hear him inside, in his combination study and bedroom, moving papers and books about, so she knew he was not praying and she knocked and called, "Lunch, father."

He came out, beaming gently, fine and old and threadbare as the cottage itself. He had never been of this age and now he seemed to Persis to be no longer quite of this world.

The table was set in the kitchen and they sat down, smiling at each other.

"I've had a wonderful morning, daughter," said the vicar. "Jesus was a wonderful man. I have been studying his actions under adversity. A glorious experience. Because adversity comes to everyone, to every man and woman. You realize that, Persis?"



## A Few Touching Remarks

Po-Go Rouge—hand made in France—is Nature's only successful competitor! It revives your coloring without marring your skin. It befriends your face without betraying your confidence!

Three colors to suit every taste; *Vif*—a bright, dashing red; *Brique* (naturelle) for fair skins and tawny hair; *Ronce* (raspberry) for blondes and brunettes.

# PO GO ROUGE

Say Po-Go to your druggist in no uncertain tones. He will admire your good judgment. Price 50c. If he hasn't it, write us.

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.  
 565 Fifth Ave., New York City

Made and packaged in France



©1927

## Wrinkles Vanish

### Look Years Younger

Women of 30 or over with children and household cares and a liking for "late hours" show no trace of age when using



### PARISIAN FLESH FOOD

Corrects quickly the most common cause of wrinkles, crow's feet and underdevelopment. The sure, safe, simple way of staying young and happy. Try it today. "Beauty Secrets" and FREE Trial Sample by mail. Please enclose 10c for mailing. *Representatives Wanted.*

Mme. Fuolaire, 303 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

## 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 2 cent stamp) to

THE STAR DEVELOPING SYSTEM, Iron Mountain, Mich.

## WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS Dept. B3. 3900 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.



"Yes, dear," said Persis.

"Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are made or broken. It is the way we manage and receive adversity that determines our lives. If we become embittered, we are sure to lose our happiness. If we are too weak to pray and fight, we are beaten. But if we go forward, as Jesus did, praying and doing our best for our brother and never losing faith in God's loving care, we shall reap from trouble itself a rich reward, as Jesus did."

Persis helped him to the apple pie.

"In Revelation—" he began.

But there was a knock at the door, a rather loud knock, and he paused and looked up inquiringly.

"Someone's at the door, dear," he said.

"All right," said Persis.

**S**HE didn't stop to take off her apron. It was just one of the neighbors, or one of father's flock. She went as she was. Smoothing her hair a little, a smile on her lips.

Two men stood on the porch, strangers.

Persis stood looking at them, a tall, slim girl, with a pale, clear skin, dressed in some simple thing of blue, with a blue checked apron tied around her waist.

"Did you—" began Persis, and stopped.

Something was stirring in her heart. Her breath was coming uneasily. Why should her heart stir and her breath come uneasily because of two strange men on the front porch? A tall, thin, haggard man, and a short, stocky man, both dressed in very new but rather ill-fitting clothes.

"You wanted to see—" she tried again.

This time she stopped because she knew.

"Shamus," she said.

There was a little flutter, a few horribly awkward moments of strangeness and embarrassment. Then the four of them, Shamus and Bill, and the vicar and his daughter Persis were sitting about the room, looking at each other. An odd group they made—a couple of Hollywood bums, a saintly white-haired old man, and a girl with violet eyes.

Bill and the vicar were least disturbed. The vicar because nothing ever really disturbed him and Bill because he was at that stage of intoxication where a man believes utterly in his own power to cope with anything.

"Well," said Bill, "he's come back."

Shamus nodded. He felt better now that he was sitting down. His tongue seldom played him false, but his legs often did. He had had a hunch when he stood there on the porch that they were going to let him down rather badly.

"I'm back, Persis," he said.

"It's been a long time," said Persis.

Her eyes looked frightened, enormous. A new color had flooded her clear, pale skin.

"But you waited for me," said Shamus, looking directly at her for the first time. "You promised."

"I waited," said Persis, and she smiled at him.

**S**HAMUS was changed. He looked older than she had expected him to look. But he was Shamus and he had come back. They were strange to each other now, after this long separation. But she had loved him, her first, pure, half-understood girl love, and surely he had loved her or he wouldn't have come back for her, now that he was a big and successful writer in Hollywood.

There was something—something—that she didn't quite understand about him. Her father, too, had discovered something. But what it was they could not imagine. It never occurred to either of them that the returning bridegroom and his best man were decidedly the worse for a week's drunk.

Persis had never seen a drunken man in her life.

The vicar was praying deep in his heart for courage to let her go cheerfully. A woman, he told himself sternly, should be married and have a home and children. It would be lonely



## Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

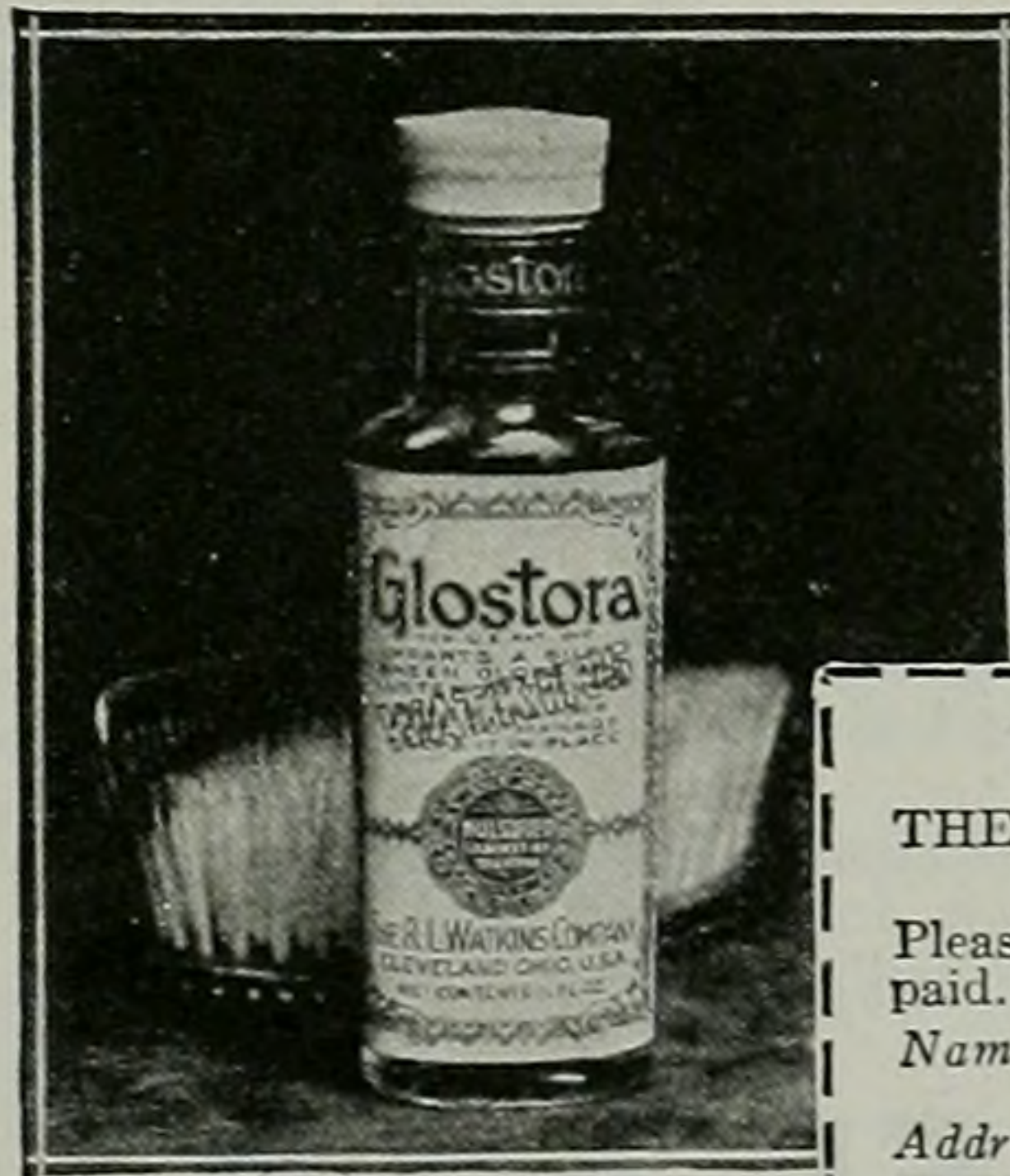
**I**F you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

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.



A generous sample FREE upon request.

Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 27-G-11  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address  
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont.

### Maybelline

**DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY,** makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.  
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



### BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

**C**AN you believe your eyes? Note these actual photographs. The same demonstration on your feet; free if it fails. Pedodyne the marvelous new solvent conquers bunions—pain stops instantly—Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so quickly your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.



#### Trial FREE

Just send your name and address, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

Note These Photos

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. D-161 180 N. Wacker Dr. Chicago, Ill.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY** Convenient Subscription Blank Appears on Page 116





Always on that high plane of both quality and visibility where bath soap *should* be.

*"It floats"*

IVORY SOAP

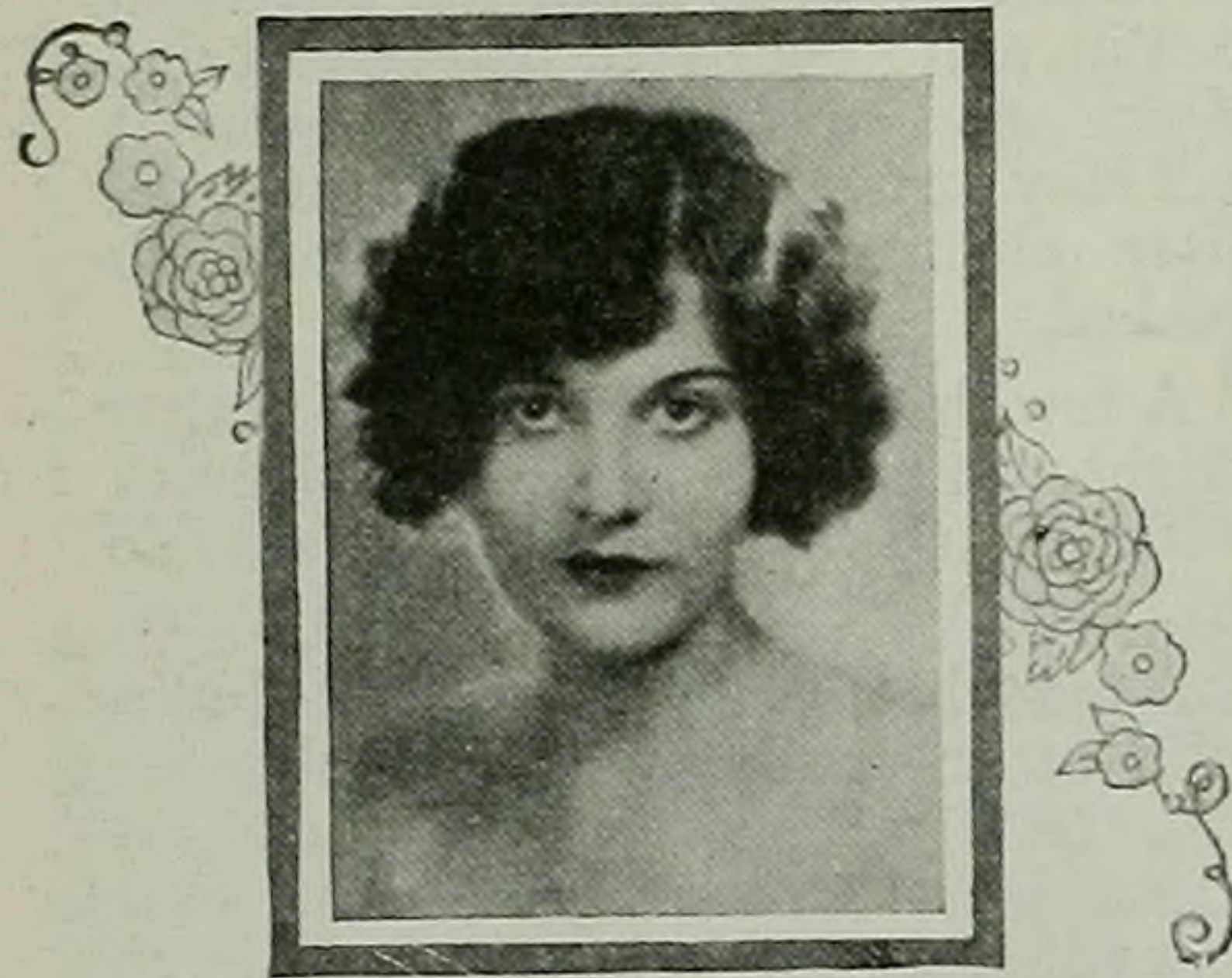
99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

© 1927, P. & G. Co.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY**

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Use the convenient Subscription Blank on Page 116.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



*The new way to have beautiful lips*

THOUSANDS of women have discovered this new kind of lipstick—Tangee—the only lipstick in the world that actually changes color to blend with every type of beauty.

Make this amazing test. Rub Tangee firmly over your lips. It will leave no greasy smear—no artificial coating. Instead it will give your lips the blush-rose glow of Youth—as natural as Nature herself, but far more flattering.

And you can be sure this lovely color is *really* waterproof, and that it will stay on all day without fading or rubbing off.

Ask for it today—and be sure to see the name Tangee on the carton and the chic little gun-metal case! Price one dollar (25c higher in Canada).

Dept. 83,  
The George W. Luft Co.  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York

**TANGEE**

Please send your trial "Tangee Beauty Set"—including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Face Powder, Day Cream, and Night Cream. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Please Accept **FREE**  
10c Package



**You Women are Clever**

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a free package of Del-a-tone to remove superfluous hair, and are now using it in preference to razors, pulling out hair and all other methods.

Removes Hair

**DEL-A-TONE**  
CREAM or POWDER

Del-a-tone Cream is snowy white and pleasantly fragrant—takes only 3 minutes, leaves skin soft, smooth and velvety. So easy to use under arms, face, limbs, back of neck below that trim bob. The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the newer Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). If you have delayed writing send coupon today and prove it—FREE.

The large size economy package is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

The Delatone Co., Dept. 85,  
721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE TRIAL**  
In U. S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:  
 Del-a-tone (powder)  Del-a-tone Cream

Name.....

Address.....

without Persis, but he must not allow her to think of that. He must not be a selfish old man. True happiness lay in the things of the spirit. Old Mrs. Wilson would come and look after him and he would be infinitely better off than his Master had been when He was on earth.

Besides, suppose the Lord should call him? Sometimes he had a feeling in his heart that his stay upon the earth was almost over. And when he was gone, how utterly alone Persis would be. It was right that she should have a husband to look after her, and Shamus had come back, and they loved each other, which was well. The vicar thought of Persis's mother with a smile.

"You'll come to California when we're settled," Persis told him, her eyes clinging to his face.

"If God has work for me there, my child," he said.

But he knew that journey was not the one that lay in store for him.

So he married them. In the little white cottage by the stream. Persis wore the white gown in which she usually sang in the choir.

And all Watsonville went down to the station to see Mrs. Shamus Britt off for Hollywood, that dazzling and distant city that never seemed quite real.

The bride clung to her father for a moment, weeping. "You'll come soon, father," she said.

"God bless you, and care for you, my child," said the old vicar.

He kissed her.

And she was gone.

FROM the little cottage by the stream to the two messy rooms in an old rooming house on a Hollywood side street. From the companionship of the old vicar to that of Shamus Britt and Bill McCullough. From the position of the vicar's daughter in Watsonville to that of Shamus Britt's wife in Hollywood.

"Imagine anybody marrying Shamus," said Hollywood, and laughed.

The sheer, frightful drop stunned the girl at first.

It was a nightmare from which she must awaken.

It couldn't be real, happening to her.

In a panic of ignorance and bewilderment she struggled through the first months, bruised and beaten almost into insensibility by this unbelievable world she had strayed into.

She, who knew nothing of evil, nothing of the world, found herself living in a sink of iniquity. She knew no one in Hollywood, she had no money of her own, she was dependent upon Shamus for everything. Soon she did not know which she dreaded most, his drunkenness or his mad remorse and nerve-racking attempts to do better. His cruelty to her when he was drinking or his weeping over her when he was partially sober. The stark, terrible loneliness of those two rooms, when he and Bill sat day after day drinking and hardly spoke to her, or the companionship of such people as Mrs. Amorest and her friends.

THE side of Hollywood she saw was not Hollywood, any more than Limehouse is London or the Barbary Coast is San Francisco or Montmartre is Paris. It was the seamy side of life, the evil of humanity, that is to be found everywhere. It is to be found in Hollywood, too often gilded by wit and position and artistic accomplishment that permits it to go on existing. But in that Hollywood is no different from any other place, only that its doings are magnified by the glass house in which it carries on its affairs, and that a colony of art must always draw many of those who make art an excuse for evil.

Persis had lost contact with the world she knew, and she could only lie and weep at night, while Shamus tossed in his restless agonies beside her. And then without any warning her father died.

She sat very still, holding the telegram in



her hands. Her throat ached inconceivably. She saw the little white cottage, and her father moving about in his garden, and a girl who had once been herself standing on the low porch—smiling.

The peace of it.  
Now it was gone forever.  
She looked over to where Bill and Shamus sat at the dining room table, wrangling, over some sheets of manuscript.

AND a great longing for one last touch of that gentle hand swept over her, that gentle hand that was still—still. If only she could have said good-bye to him. If only now she could fling herself down beside him and weep away this unbearable load.

That had been denied her.  
Stumbling, she went and got the little Bible he had given her when she was a child in Sunday School, and opened it. Surely God had not deserted her altogether.

"Blessed," it said to her, "blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."

What had her father said to her on that day so long ago when Shamus had returned?

His voice was clear in her heart, clear and comforting. Why, it was as though he spoke to her again.

"Trouble comes to everyone. And by it we are made or broken. It is the way we manage and receive adversity that determines our lives. If we become embittered, we are sure to lose our happiness. If we are too weak to pray and fight, we are beaten. But if we go forward, as Jesus did, praying and doing our best for our brother and never losing faith in God's loving care, we shall reap from trouble a rich reward as did He."

She put the telegram away in the little Book, and turned a new glorified face to the way she knew she must walk.

THREE years is not always a long time. It may slip away in a golden haze of happiness or in the stern joy of work well done.

The next three years of Persis's life moved slowly, strangely, steadily.

Unhappiness had gone from her. They were years of service, that was all. She was married to Shamus Britt. He was her husband. His ways were her ways, his people her people.

As his wife she stood shoulder to shoulder with him, and she brought into his life many things that he had forgotten existed. They were not enough to save him, he was past that, past any hope of redemption. But quietly, strongly, she held him up as best she might. She nursed him. She worked for him.

"I tell you that Mrs. Britt is all but a saint, too good for this world," the landlady where they lived told her best friend. "Such a wife I've never seen, poor little thing, and him hopeless as can be. Lots of times I ain't sure they've got enough to eat, but it's never a whimper you'd hear out of her, and the way she keeps things, and makes all her own clothes, and such a cook—makes him eat, too, which he never used to do. Nothing but a slip of a girl she was when she come here a bride, but now—notice her eyes sometime, when she's in here. They'll show you what's inside her."

And she said much the same thing to Persis herself, when an overdose of some white powder had carried Shamus away at last and ended his wasted life.

"You've nothing to reproach yourself with, and that I must say to you," she said, patting Persis's hand. "You were a grand wife to him, the best I ever seen. He knew it, indeed he did. He'd have been better if he could. But he couldn't. But you was a good wife."

"I tried to be," said Persis.  
She was free again. For all her tenderness of heart, she could not regret that Shamus was gone. There was no bitterness in her thought of him, now. They had been the victims of a strange prank of fate. But she was glad now of her freedom. Only she felt lonely, undecided what to do with her future.  
She had to earn her living.



Regardless of texture of your hair, the Ready-Set never fails. It marcel's your hair while you dress or sleep.



No hot oils. No heat. No wrapping. The Ready-Set is automatic, self-waving, self-adjusting, easy to put on.



## Every Woman Can Have Beautiful Hair

HAIR that is vigorous . . . healthy . . . glowing . . . with all its natural beauty; hair that adds that charm which makes every woman look her best!

Marcel your hair with the Ready-Set—watch it take on new life, a new lustre beyond compare, watch it bring out all the natural beauty of your hair! You will see why its popularity is sweeping the country.

The Ready-Set Marceller is entirely different from any other home waving device. No hot oils to spoil the natural texture of your hair. No heat to injure those tiny, fragile capilli. The Ready-Set is automatic, self-adjusting. Easily and quickly, for a few cents, you can have a beautiful marcel. Save time, save money, preserve your hair—send for your Ready-Set outfit today!

THE READY-SET MARCELLER COMPANY  
1017 Grand Avenue Kansas City, Missouri

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money returned. If you are not satisfied with results in every way return outfit within 3 days and the purchase price will be refunded.

THE READY-SET MARCELLER CO.  
1017 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me your Ready-Set Marceller. I agree to deposit \$2.97 (plus postage) with the postman upon delivery. If you prefer you may enclose \$3 with this coupon and we will mail the Ready-Set Marceller to you post-paid at once.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## WHITEN YOUR SKIN This double-quick way



Nadinola whitens your skin to new beauty—banishes freckles and unsightly tan! Pimples, blackheads, moth patches, oiliness, roughness—they all go—they cannot resist Nadinola, the guaranteed superbleach. You will be amazed how fast it rids your skin of all blemishes—makes it white, lovely, baby-smooth! Nadinola contains the most powerful bleaching ingredients known to science, yet so skillfully blended they cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadinola never fails! Positive, written, money-back guarantee (with simple directions) in every package. At good toilet counters, extra large size, \$1. If you can't get it where you live, write us for extra-large jar—dainty gift sample and beauty booklet free. Send no money—just pay postman on delivery. Address Dept. P, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

## HOW TO MAKE UP

New book, just out—50 illustrations, and complete make-up instructions

## FOR MOVING PICTURES THEATRICALS—MASQUERADES STAGE, STREET and PHOTOGRAPH

Learn how to select and properly apply ALL make-up

"My dear Miss Fleming:  
I'm only too glad to express my gratitude on paper. I used to be unpopular—hadn't a single boy friend. Now—well, I have three of them 'rushing' me at present, and more bids than I can accept! Never thought anyone would call me 'so good-looking'—'striking'—'unusually attractive,' but that's what they say. Your way of making up brings out good points I never knew I possessed, and that's a fact. As you suggested, I'm sending two 'snaps,' one taken before, the other since reading 'How to Make Up'."

W. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"HOW TO MAKE UP" contains the make-up secrets of a famous moving picture and stage actress. A well known actor and actress posed for the 50 descriptive illustrations.

SPECIAL OFFER  
Send \$1 with your name and address to Alice Fleming Dramatic School, MAKE UP DEPT., Suite P, 1819 Broadway, New York City. Regular price \$2.50—so don't delay if you want your copy at the special price.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY Convenient Subscription Blank Appears on Page 116





One minute  
makes you sure

and it's so easy to use  
Deodo every day

by  
LETITIA HADLEY

**D**ID YOU EVER HAVE AN UNCOMFORTABLE suspicion that you were *not* just as irreproachably fresh and dainty as you'd like to be? What woman hasn't! . . . And how impossible it seems, sometimes, to prevent that distressing odor of perspiration, when you're busy and hurried!

But it *can* be prevented so easily—prevented *all day long*. Just by dusting on Deodo, the new powdered deodorant, while you're dressing.

You'll like Deodo—it's so pleasant to use, so fine and white and faintly fragrant. Dust it over the body and rub it under the arms. It instantly absorbs and neutralizes all body odors. It is soothing and healing to the skin. It does not seal the pores nor check essential perspiration.

And it won't damage clothing, no matter how delicate.

Deodo is wonderful to use on sanitary napkins—so effective and so safe! Try it!

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free! Mail the coupon today!



Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT

prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY  
Mulford Building, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name .....

Street .....

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

PHOTO 5-27

"You'd better marry me," said Bill. "Hollywood's no place for a girl alone."

"I'm not a girl now, Bill," said Persis. "I'm nearly thirty. Thank you just the same, but—I don't think I'll marry again."

Shamus's few friends were very kind to his widow. They offered her work in the pictures. She played a few bits badly. And she spent several months as script girl in a cheap comedy company. But she hated it. She knew she could never make good. She was afraid of the bigness of the studio, she disliked the hectic ebb and flow of people. Her one longing was for quiet, peace.

"**T**HAT new maid of yours has the oddest eyes," said Anne Post, finishing her seventh cocktail and lighting herself a cigarette. "Where in the world did you get her?"

Mrs. von Hutton shrugged, "She came, I rather liked her. She's the quietest thing I've ever seen. And very handy. Please, Anne, don't drink any more cocktails. You know perfectly well how Frank is. He hates it. He hates women who drink and smoke all the time. If you've an idea in the world of catching him, I'd advise you to lay off some of that stuff."

Anne's eyes narrowed. "Personally," she said, with a skeptical twist to the corner of her mouth, "just personally, I think that's rather a pose of Frank's. He talks a lot about it, but I notice he—follows me about a bit."

"Don't be misled by that, my dear," said Mrs. von Hutton, crisply. "Frank is a man and you're beautiful. I dare say he will follow you just as far and as fast as you'll let him. But I know my brother better than you do. When it comes to selecting a mother for his children, he'll never marry a gin-drinking, cigarette-smoking—"

"Motion picture actress," said Anne, amused. "But, my dear, I can't see that I'm at all different from the rest of these girls who come here and who are not motion picture actresses, merely young society buds whose chief interest is in horse shows and polo matches."

"You're not," said Mrs. von Hutton. "Frank admires you much more, because you've made yourself what you are, because you're what he calls a working woman. He doesn't bother his fool head about these girls around here. Surely you've seen that. I'm telling you these things, Anne, because I happen to know you're socially ambitious, and that you like Frank, and I'd prefer you as a sister-in-law to most of the wenches I see about nowadays. But it was a mistake to dance the Black Bottom last night. It was, really."

Anne crushed out her cigarette. "The man's a prude," she said, annoyed. "Where does he expect to find this paragon, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. von Hutton. "But he won't marry until he does."

A maid in a dark dress and white apron came into the room just then. A tall, slim girl, very erect and neatly garbed.

You would have noticed her eyes.

"You're wanted on the telephone, Miss Post," she said, "and it's after seven, Mrs. von Hutton, I thought you might want to begin dressing."

"All right, Britt," said Mrs. von Hutton, lazily, "I'm coming."

**F**RANK CARRINGTON shoved open the French window and walked out into the terrace that overhung the beautiful hills and valleys surrounding his sister's house. He loved them. He loved Flintridge. The sheer peaks of the mountains against the sky, the low hung, blue-blazing stars, the pitch-black canyons always thrilled him.

But now he hardly noticed them. He wanted only to get away from that mob inside, from the glaring lights and the noise and the smoke-laden air.

What in the world was the matter with him? Was he getting old—at thirty? Or had present day conditions forced the deep strong

Puritan strain in him to the surface, caused him to throw back to the days of his ancestors?

He didn't know. He was not particularly given to self-analysis—wouldn't have called himself an intellectual heavyweight. But he liked decency, and straight-shooting and clean-living.

These girls—he supposed it was horribly out of date, horribly old-fashioned—but he hated to see girls drink. Those young things, smelling of raw whiskey, flushed and dishevelled and acting either too stupid or too hilarious.

That wasn't for women—that kind of stuff.

That little Anne Post, that he had liked so much at first, for her grit and her gallant sense of humor. What a spectacle she was making of herself now. If women only realized—

**H**E turned and went back into the house. He'd had enough. He was going to bed. It was past two now. This was an infernal bore—whole thing.

Tomorrow he'd pack up and go East, go down to his place in Virginia and stay there by himself for six months, and hunt and ride and do some fishing. He was sick of civilization, if this was civilization.

As for marrying, as for a wife and children—by Gad, he'd stay a bachelor and let the name die out forever, rather than bequeath to his children the heritage of most of the girls he saw nowadays.

He tramped up the stairs and down the long hall, his jaw set and his shoulders squared—a big, solid, lump of a young man, with a square, kind, outdoor sort of face, and kind, steady brown eyes.

At the end of the hall he saw two women and stopped, uncertain.

Then he discovered that it was his sister's maid, and a girl he remembered seeing earlier in the evening, a pretty little thing in a scant orange dress who had made outrageous eyes at him.

The maid was helping her toward his sister's bedroom, holding her with a gentle strength that surprised Frank.

"What the hell——" the girl said suddenly. "I'm not going in there. I'm all right. Get me a little drink and I'll be all right."

"You don't need anything more to drink," said the maid, in a low, firm voice. "You've had more than enough already. I'm not going to let you go down there again—I'm not."

Just as they reached the place where Frank Carrington stood against the wall, the girl keeled and went out completely, her young unruffled head on the maid's black shoulder.

"Poor little thing," said the maid, in the most heartbroken voice, gathering the girl into her arms as tenderly as though she had been a lost sheep. "Poor little thing. Will you help me with her, please, sir?"

But for a long moment Frank Carrington did not answer.

He had noticed Persis's eyes.

**T**HAT'S the way Mrs. Loringdale told the story to the press agent and Gertie Sellman that day in the studio lunch room.

She left out a great many important things.

But, you see, the press agent had known Shamus Britt.

And when she had quite finished, young Mrs. Peter Pell Loringdale laughed and said, "I'm quite sure I don't know why I've told you this. I've never told it to anyone before. I thought it might help—someone."

"Not that I'll ever get a rich husband," said Gertie. "I bet those other girls were fit to be tied when the minister's daughter grabbed him off right under their noses. Well, it just goes to show it pays to be good, if you got the strength. Wonder who Persis was."

But the press agent never answered.

"Time for you to get back to your set, dumbbell," he said, as he walked away with a dazed look in his eyes.

"Frank Carrington, hell," he muttered. "Peter Pell Loringdale."



## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox

THE same old story of the sales-gal told in a slipshod manner. There is not one redeeming feature in this piece—poor direction and lighting, cheap sets, strained comedy relief and a set of supposedly funny sub-titles that are boring. The cast—with the exception of Madge Bellamy and Lawrence Gray—is a false alarm. With proper direction Madge Bellamy may do bigger and better things. Don't even waste a quarter on this.

### LET IT RAIN—Paramount

A GOOD Douglas MacLean comedy that proves life to sailors and marines is not just one joke after another and commanding officers are just as grouchy as ever. Douglas and Wade Boteler are hilariously funny as the rival factions, but at heart they are buddies. The gags are good and here is one case where a set of wise-cracking titles are appreciated. A nice clean picture—the kind the whole family can enjoy.

### MOTHER—F. B. O.

FILLED with all the ingredients to make this a box-office bet. It's a very sentimental affair of the trials and tribulations of a self-sacrificing mother. After years of scrimping, success comes to hubby. The result—papa steps with one of his clients and the son—well, there's nothing like wine, woman and song. Our old friend, the train wreck, reunites the family. Use your own good judgment.

### LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox

AND you will be wild if you sit through this. It's all about the much abused office clerk who suddenly decides to be nobody's yes man. He goes out on a wild tear with a pal and, before he's finished, the head boss is begging him to return. He does, because there happens to be a cute little steno in the office whom he wishes to make a good impression on—which he does. Now laugh that off.

### THE ARIZONA WHIRLWIND—Pathe

A FAST moving Western featuring Bill Cody. We won't tell the story for that would be spoiling your good time. We recommend it to you without any reservations—and that's going some in these days of wild and woolly Westerns.

### HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.

RIN-TIN-TIN is one actor who never falls down on the job. Here Rinty is the hero in a real good action story. He is the leader of a pack of wolves that is being hunted down by the mountaineers of them thar' hills. A little cripple boy helps Rinty escape and, when the opportunity presents itself, the dog proves what a hero he is. Treat yourself to a good picture.

### TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.

THIS wins the hand embroidered toothpick as being the worst picture of the month. The former Tarzan series were enjoyable. But this is filled with such improbabilities that it becomes ridiculous. It is an insult to the human intelligence to expect anyone to sit through this. Need more be said?

### HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany

AN easy way to spend an hour. A nice little story of gold-digging chorus girls who choose their boy-friends from Bradstreets. But all that glistens is not gold and they eventually marry the choice of their heart. Mae Busch, Mildred Harris, Jean Arthur and Charles Delaney head the cast.

COLD CREAM  
FACE  
POWDER  
**Jonteel**

Liggett's  
NEW YORK

# Jonteel

## FACE POWDER

Blends with the skin and stays on. Made with a cold cream base and perfumed with the lovely Jonteel fragrance. Sold only at Rexall Stores. 50c.

SAVE with SAFETY at your  
**Rexall**  
Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign  
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores

THIS SIMPLE WAY  
TO HAVE *Eyes that speak!*

The beauty of eyes is really the beauty of lashes. If your lashes look long and luxuriant, your eyes have a charm that thrills. For it is the frame of dark lashes that gives to your eyes the fairy play of lights and shadows. Make your lashes appear longer and thicker merely by darkening your lashes with WINX, the waterproof liquid. Applied with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle, WINX dries instantly, is harmless, and will not rub or smear. At Drug or Department stores or by mail. Black or brown, 75c. WINXETTE (cake form) black or brown, 50c. U S. or Canada.

**WINX**  
Waterproof

ROSS CO., 241-E WEST 17th St., NEW YORK  
Enclosed are 12c. for a sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge.

OFFER!  
To prove the merits of WINX, mail the coupon with 12c. for a generous sample. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT moist Rouge—waterproof too!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Collegiate

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]



## Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

**Stillman's**  
**Freckle Cream 50¢**  
Removes | Whitens  
Freckles | The Skin

The Stillman Co., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.  
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

During the first term of the year by tradition the Freshman is not permitted to attend the first show, unless, perchance, the Freshman football team beats the Yale yearlings. In that event, however, the first year men gain a special dispensation to attend the first evening performance after Thanksgiving.

At a moving picture show which is said to be particularly good, the students will arrive early with an evening paper to read until the house is darkened for the preliminary news reel. The minute the lights go out the pianist strikes up appropriate music. If it be soldiers marching across the silver screen, the pianist will usually play, "Going Back to Old Nassau"—Princeton's marching song—while the boys stamp their feet in unison, joining in on the refrain. Next the pianist may lapse into a popular song, which the boys will whistle.

ON a first visit to Dad Struve's theater one will notice a boxlike contrivance built of boards from which the strains of the piano-music emanate. One might at first believe that its purpose was to give a greater volume of sound, but the principle of the box, one later learns, is not acoustic.

It is entirely defensive; a battlement, as it were, against flying books, since at times the hapless pianist will play a rambling composition of his own, or mayhap pause a few moments between pieces.

"Music! Music!!" several hundred voices command ominously.

If the instrument does not respond immediately with a strain the boys can sing or whistle, the cries are redoubled, and in extreme cases printed matter is put to a use for which it was never intended.

But now the news reel is finished and the boys have tramped with the soldiers reviewed by King George, have hissed Federal agents in the act of confiscating fifty barrels of whisky, pouring the precious contents into the gutters of New York, have sat in respectful silence through pictures of Florida's latest hurricane, and have applauded the smiling features of the first left-handed woman to swim the English Channel for her kiddies.

For an instant the screen flashes white and then comes the daintily designed title revealing that

## Notorious Players

present

### Flaming Sex with Wandine Willow

from the play

### "HAMLET"

by William Shakespeare

An expectant roar goes up from the lusty-voiced youths following the announcement and a flurry of newspapers shoot high into the air and sink slowly back to earth. The movie proceeds amid fascinated silence until, let us say, the smooth city fellow who plays the villain opens a bottle of champagne.

Someone in the back of the house greets the noiseless demonstration of the screen with a hearty imitation of a popping bottle. Laughter.

In a later chase scene the hero enters one door while the villain goes out the other.

"Catch him! Catch him!" thunders the audience.

"The other door!" adds a solitary voice, and every one takes up the cry, advising his friend upon the screen, who seems a pig-headed sort of fellow and remains deaf to their entreaties.

Several years ago Theodore Roberts of the ever-present cigar was playing at the Arcade. He alternately smoked and chewed his cigar throughout a long scene. It became shorter and shorter, as he shifted it from one corner of his mouth to the other, and everyone was watching the stogie, fascinated, for it even threatened his moustache.

"Hey, mister," suddenly piped a student, "your chew's on fire."

STILL more recently in "Variety" at that point in the story where Emil Jannings, as the circus owner, begins to succumb to the seductive wiles of Lya de Putti, as the dancer, his wife, noticing his increasing interest in the vamp, and his rapidly waning interest in her, calls to him:

"Your soup is getting cold," read the caption "So's your old man," commented a student from the audience.

Last year for the first time smoking was barred at the early evening show for students—it had never been allowed at the second performance attended largely by townspeople—and it was a cause of bitter undergraduate resentment.

The editorial columns of the college paper condemned the ban and there was even talk of a large p-rade (as parades are locally called) of protest.

The first night of the ban on cigarettes and pipes the boys busied themselves by lighting matches during the film, much to the consternation of the solitary usher, who reasoned that where a match was, there also was a smoker.

Usher-baiting is always a favorite sport among the college movie-goers. Dad Struve tells of a night when some wag brought an alarm clock, fully wound, to the theater. He set it off in the midst of the feature film. The usher much distressed set out flashlight in hand to hunt down the miscreant, who upon perceiving his approaching plight quickly passed the clock along the line.

Suddenly the alarm went off in another part of the house.

The usher rushed to the spot too late as the bell sounded in yet another part. Again he rushed toward the sound of the bell amid cheers and laughter, only to have the swiftly traveling clock sound forth in still another place. He dove to the place from which the noise had come.

By this time the whole theater was in an uproar. The film was forgotten.

THE boys were all on their feet shouting and laughing advice not in the least helpful to the frenzied usher, who, flashlight in hand made wild rushes hither and yon, looking for all the world like an enraged firefly. And not until the undergraduates had either tired of the sport, or perchance the alarm clock had mysteriously returned to its rightful but wrong-headed owner, did the flying usher come to rest.

A favorite diversion for upperclassmen before the start of the picture, while the house lights are on and the boys are still filing in, is the Freshman who enters the theater still wearing his little black cap on the back of his head—the distinguishing mark of the yearling. He walks unconcernedly down the aisle.

"Hat off!" cries a sophomore on the lookout for a breach of Freshman etiquette.

The Freshman seldom realizes that he is addressed and is as a rule completely oblivious to the first command. He walks further down the aisle.

"Hat off!" a score of angry voices cry, and should the first year man remain deaf to this warning, the whole theater will roar its protest.

This time the Freshman is sure to under-

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers

# LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. F238  
Dept. N502 108 N. State Street Chicago, Ill.

## DIAMONDS—Cash or Credit

New importations from Europe, brilliant blue white Diamonds of selected quality—all amazing bargains. Specially priced for a short time only. SEND FOR CATALOG

Terms—Pay 10 per cent down—we deliver goods immediately. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

New Diamond Book FREE Write for It!

- No. 68 \$143.75 \$360 a wk.
- No. 832 \$97.50 \$245 a wk.
- No. 842 \$97.50 \$245 a wk.
- No. 833 \$37.50 \$100 a wk.

No. 49—"Wing" design, beautifully engraved. Solid 18-k white gold. 17 jewels, \$35.00. Delivered on first payment of \$3.50, then \$100 a week

17-Jewel Elgin  
No. 15—Green gold, 17-Jewel Elgin Watch; 25-Year Quality Case; 12 Size; Gilt Dial; \$30. \$3 down and \$100 a week

Wedding Rings  
No. 824—The "Elite" 18-k white gold. \$750  
All Platinum, \$25 up. With 3 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 7 Diamonds, \$80; 9 Diamonds, \$100; surrounded by Diamonds, \$200.

## YOU CAN OIL PAINT

Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$50 and more a week. OIL PAINT OUTPUT given. Send now for free illustrated book. PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. G. P., 2926 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.



## For Swollen Veins



### ..rub in Absorbine, Jr.

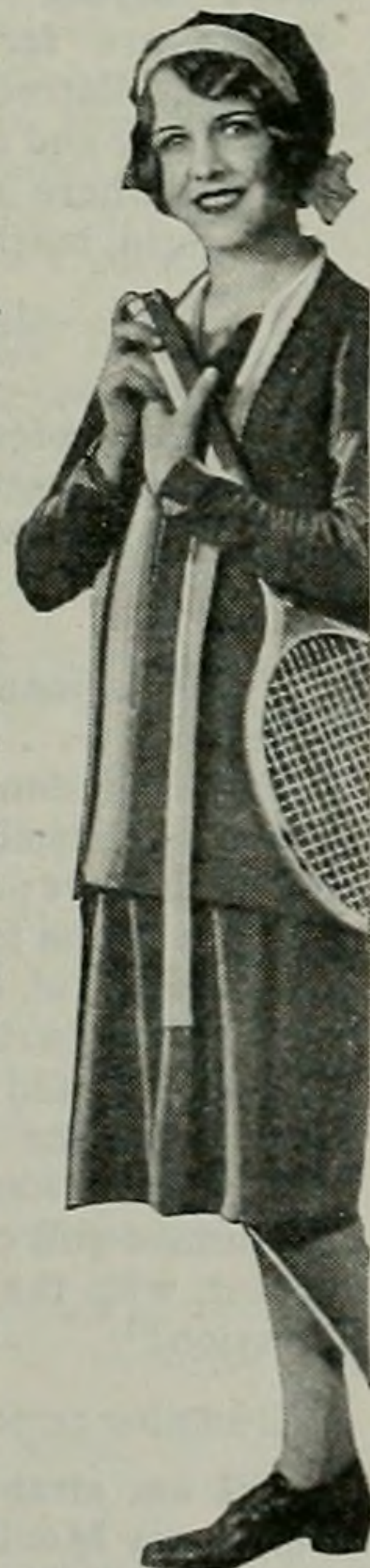
QUIETING relief comes as Absorbine, Jr. penetrates the congested area and stimulates circulation. With frequent applications Absorbine, Jr. has in many instances restored the former smoothness of the skin. Keep it handy—use it freely—it has many other uses.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid



## Easily Trained to Perfect Regularity!

It's so easy to have regular, thorough, and natural movement of the bowels every day! A little calcium—and Nature does the rest. Don't take harsh, habit-forming cathartics. Nor sickening salts. A tiny calcium wafer now and then avoids all need of them. Calcium cleanses the blood, too, and clears the complexion like no lotion could ever do. Pure calcium keeps you in the pink of condition.



## Free!

Almost every drug-store in America has Stuart's calcium wafers in stock. They cost only a dime! Or write for a free box postpaid by F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. C273, Marshall, Mich.

# STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS

stand, and covered with embarrassment, he quickly removes the meagre headpiece amid thunderous applause from the whole audience.

In like manner the undergraduates will advise the hero of the screen should he, upon entering a house, be oblivious of this social usage.

If, let us say, the suave society villain fails to remove his topper upon entering the heroine's silk-draped apartment, the student audience will always take pains to inform him of his error.

When the moving picture show is incompatible with undergraduate taste, pennies are rolled down the aisle, while in extreme cases of boredom the boys will walk out in a body.

"Money back!" is the traditional student cry of disappointment when the hero and heroine of the film fail to meet in a clinch.

But on the contrary, should the hero grasp the ingenue tenderly in his sinewy arms and indulge in one of those kisses which is more or less commonly called "a movie kiss," the undergraduate audience will in a body call, "HOLD it! HOLD it!!" for the duration of the lip to lip encounter.

OFTEN there is no remark at all, for sometimes a well-timed sigh or groan, a cooing noise, or a long, low whistle of admiration will bring down the house.

Many of the quips rely on subjects of local interest for their humor.

An occasional laugh will come when some amateur lip-reader will interpret an ejaculation of the moving picture actor.

The University faculty seldom attend the moving pictures, save when there is a picture of historical interest showing. A few of the professors will attend these shows, largely to exercise their critical powers. They delight in picking out the anachronisms or historical inaccuracies ignored by the moving picture director.

With professors it is an old habit. They do it even to Shakespeare!

Actors and actresses maintain that a professional audience is the most appreciative possible audience before which to play—if you have the stuff. Of course they blame where blame is due, but they are the first and the loudest in praise of noteworthy work. In a large measure this can also be said of the college undergraduate.

His applause when it comes is unmitigated and unrestrained.

His opinions, because of his youth, are sometimes wrong, but right or wrong, they are certain to be violent.

He is equally ready to express a definite opinion of a rival college, his professors, a current novel, or a jazz orchestra. Small wonder therefore that when witnessing the silent drama his thoughts are outspoken.

AT least one student in every class at Princeton is an insatiable cinema hound, making it a point of honor never to miss one moving picture throughout his four years at college. His taste for the silent drama is soon recognized by his intimate friends and at length becomes the common knowledge of his classmates.

For his excessive interest in moving pictures he is always an object of considerable mirth at the graduation exercises of his class.

On the first day of the Commencement week exercises, it is customary for the wittiest man in the class to address the seniors humorously on the peculiar weaknesses of his fellows, whether they be laziness, "high-hattedness," dressiness or just plain talkativeness. At this particular exercise, called the Presentation ceremony, the most confirmed movie-goer is called before his fellow seniors and rewarded for his assiduity by some befitting token, sometimes with a large autographed portrait of his favorite moving picture actress, sometimes with a book—the implication being that he has neglected intellectual pursuits in favor of the silver screen.



## Use Lemon Rinse

for Complete Hair Beauty

A LEMON rinse after shampooing means an absolute cleanliness that rinsing with plain water, no matter how often repeated, can't give. The mild, natural, harmless fruit-acid of the lemon juice cuts the curd formed by the soap, leaving the hair faultlessly clean.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note its delightful fresh cleanliness. See its lustrous sheen. Feel its soft, fluffy texture. Note the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly — at least two soapings — and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about four quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one sure way to keep your hair looking its best. Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 1105, Box 530, Sta. "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

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



Thanks to

ZIP

arms  
that  
charm

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

The lure of a hair-free arm!

How it enchants. ZIP does more than merely remove surface hair. It destroys the hair on the face, arms, body, limbs or underarms, by gently removing the cause, quickly, painlessly and harmlessly—and cannot strengthen fine hair. Like magic your skin becomes adorable.

Good Beauty Shops give ZIP treatments, but beware of imitations—often mere wax preparations—which act like a shave, strengthening the growth by breaking the hair at the surface. ZIP destroys the hair by gently and rapidly removing the cause.

Use ZIP once and you need never resort to ordinary depilatories. Money-back guarantee.

Sold Everywhere. Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon

Madame Berthe, Specialist, Dept. 928  
562 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" telling about ZIP; "Fashion Decrees" and samples Massage Cream, AB-SCENT Deodorant, and Face Powder, for which I enclose 10¢.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_

**If Your HAIR is Gray**

**YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT GRAY OR FADED HAIR CAN NOW EASILY BE RETURNED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR BY ONE BRIEF APPLICATION OF B. PAUL'S HENNA**

**Why Have Gray or Faded Hair USE B. PAUL'S HENNA**


Imparts to the hair the desired lustrous beautifying color of youth. Prepared for fastidious women for twelve years, by Monsieur B. Paul, French hair coloring specialist. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. Absolutely permanent. Turkish or sea baths, perspiration, sun, shampoos, tonics, or waving will not remove this natural coloring. Composed Henna, Herbs and other harmless ingredients. 14 shades. Blonde to black. \$1.60. White Henna for lightening blonde hair grown dark \$2.25. Free Advice and Booklet.

**B. PAUL, Dept. 3-A, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.**

**TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT**

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

**\$2 and it's yours**



All late models, completely rebuilt and re-finished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today.

International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 506 Chicago

**LEARN PHOTO-ENGRAVING!**

Earn \$200 to \$500 monthly. Photography and Photo-Engraving taught in few months by largest college of its kind. Established 1893. Big demand for graduates.

Write for free book.

Illinois College of Photography, Box 757, Effingham, Ill.

## Schools of Movie Acting

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

Does a look of EXPECTANCY come over your features? Do you have a look of PLEASURE? Then you really DO possess the power of expression.

"Think that you are a criminal—escaping the police. Every footfall on the walk or in the hall fills you with horror. Every moment you expect to be arrested. Does your face SHOW this horror? Does FEAR creep into the lines of your features? Then surely you have the power of expression."

The Talent Tester also offers a more elaborate scene, involving a more complicated set of emotions. And then it puts you on your honor to judge of your own talents, your qualifications for enrolling in the course. What could be fairer?

The most primitive baits are held out by the Film Information Bureau to lure along the customers. The glammers and glories of movie life are extolled in the flightiest style in the white booklet, which is profusely illustrated with a fine collection of antique "stills."

Here are some of the choicest gems, extracted at random.

"Remember that the movie actors and actresses are invited to the best homes, attend house parties, week-end parties, receptions, balls, and actually meet the cream of society.

"In our estimation, a genius is only a hard worker who applies himself or herself conscientiously to the task at hand. The photodrama has places for geniuses, but it has more places for good, steady, dependable actors and actresses. . . . Never mind about being a genius. Think about just being a capable actor or actress, first of all, and go into it with all your heart and soul. Go mad over it! Make it the biggest thing in your life, and then you should succeed proportionately!"

Shall we laugh or shall we cry? To continue to dig into the gold mine:

"The photodrama has called to its fold every type and each class of men, women and children. It has searched the highways and the byways for the beautiful and the homely; the physically perfect and the physically imperfect; for the tall and the short; the lean and the fat; the stoop-shouldered; men, women and children of all nationalities, races and colors.

"Even cripples are called upon to play certain parts, and many a little boy or girl has found a lucrative place in the great studios."

Listen to this:

"If a man or a woman intends to enter the law, medicine, dentistry, teaching, or any of the other professions, it is necessary first of all to have a high-school education. But this is not necessary in the art of movie acting or any of the other branches that we have named, and that will be taught to you for the one price."

The Film Information Bureau puts on the loud pedal about the fascinations of studio life

and makes the most blatant appeal to the vanity of its prospective customers. As for instance:

"Your photos eventually occupy permanent, prominent places in the homes of all kinds of folks—from the little hall bedrooms of department store clerks, and the family albums of rural homes, to the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the wealthy."

If, after all these visions of a Mohammedan paradise, you don't send along your enrollment fee, the Film Information Bureau follows up with a green circular entitled "Plain Talk by Our President." Incidentally, in none of the rainbow literature are any names of the officials of the Bureau supplied to the customers.

The subtitle in the green circular is "Questions Answered and Doubts Dispelled by the Head of the Film Information Bureau."

Here are some of the imaginary conversations between the Prexy and his prospective pupils:

"I would like very much to become a Movie-actor, but I am afraid to take a chance." (This from the wavering customer.)

To which the President answers:

"Those people who are always afraid to take chances are the ones who cause the labor market to be over-crowded. If you haven't grit enough to take a chance, then, pray, where are you going to end your days? . . . The person who is always saying that the desirable things are far beyond him—who doubts, discredits and disbelieves everybody and everything, will never get anywhere or have anything in this world, mark that well."

And another—also in the style of Plato's Republic:

"Is the profession of Movie-acting really as attractive and desirable as you have pictured it?"

The answer:

"I am somewhat surprised at this question. . . . Picture a film-studio with hundreds of actors and actresses, working happily in their world of make-believe; all friends, all enjoying life to the fullest—taking trips to all corners of the globe! Think of the countless rich gowns worn by the actresses, and the wonderful costumes of the men. . . . How can this seem like work—when it is crammed full of the heartiest enjoyment, with the best pay of any profession!"

Still another gem:

"I am afraid that there will be too many Movie actors and actresses . . . that the profession will be overcrowded."

"Don't worry about that for a moment," is the cheery reply of the President. And then he begins to talk figures and continues, "You must remember that of all the thou-



sands of young people who long to get into the films, comparatively few have enough gumption to more than dream about it. . . . But you are different. Your ambition is awake. You have proved this to us by writing for our Talent Tester.

"Don't fear for a moment that there will be an oversupply of talent in the Studios. The doubters and hesitators will not be there to crowd you."

The green circular, sent to those who fail to respond to the Talent Tester finally works itself into a note of bullying terrorism. This, for instance:

"I think picture-playing is a grand profession and believe that your Course is all that you claim for it, but I guess I will wait a while—I will put the matter off for a time."

Whereupon the President thunders:

"My friend, go out in the park and look at the shabby down-and-outs sitting on the benches. Visit some of our charitable institutions where all sorts of human wrecks and riff-raff are herded together to eke out a cheerless existence. Take note of the old men digging in the streets and the old ladies scrubbing floors, when they should be spending their declining years in comfort. These are the people who 'just waited'—who put things off!"

Funny, yes, if you are in a position to see the joke. But slightly poisonous if you are a poor, simple Merton, bedazzled by all this talk of easy money and glory in the movies.

The Film Information Bureau is also undoubtedly within the law. The U. S. mails bring the circulars to your door. It's none of the government's business if you want to waste your money. Neither is it the government's business if film publications either through their editorial or advertising columns, want to tell you that movie producers are crying for your presence in the studios.

Of course, this promise to teach movie acting by mail is patent and obvious boob-chasing. What of the other schools that promise to bring you face to face with a real grinding camera? What of the men who say, substantially, "Come to Hollywood and see your face on the screen"?

Is movie acting a trade that can be learned like stenography, plumbing or pie-making?

Granted that it *can* be taught, what of the dear old law of supply and demand? What of the gentlemen whose schools serve to bring ambitious aspirants to Hollywood, when everyone who knows anything about the economic situations there insists, in all sincerity, that Hollywood wants no more boys and girls to add to its unemployment problem?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE again reminds you of its ratio: Only one in ten thousand has a chance for stellar success.

We have seen something of the workings of this "learn acting by mail" business. Now let us inspect the promises of the men who, through a direct contact with the industry, are in a position to get you before the Kleig lights—in their own school.

To get a catalog from the Cinema Schools, Inc., at 1320 Gordon Street, Hollywood, all you need is a two cent stamp. You don't have to send a dime. So I wrote the following letter to the managers of this enterprise:



DU PONT

# Pyralin

—for your fitted bag, too

Toilet ware

LOOK FOR THE NAME—THE SAFEGUARD OF QUALITY



## START to PLAY Very First Day!

Extra Money . . . Hosts of Friends . . . Loads of Fun Now Within Your Reach!

HAPPY DAYS are in store for you if you will only act on this suggestion! Cheery evenings playing catchy music alone or with sweetheart, wife or sister; proud moments as center of interest at gatherings; nights of joy making \$5 to \$25 for work that is "play!" The Deagan Xylorimba is your Opportunity! Wonderful for home, in demand at dances and entertainments, yet easiest of all instruments to play. No teacher necessary—you actually play simple melodies the very first day even if you cannot read a note of music right now!

Earns \$60 a Week--Ralph Smith, Chicago, says: "Played twenty minutes at wedding. Received \$20." L. E. Hallmann, Reading, Pa., writes: "Made \$300 in five weeks, spare time. Had never played instrument before."

### SEND FOR BIG FREE BOOK!

Our new book tells all about the delightful lessons furnished with each instrument; the five day trial that removes risk; the wonderful Deagan easy-payment plan. No obligation--simply fill in and mail the coupon!

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., Dept. 1635, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago  
Please send me, without obligation, full details of the Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Eyes like the Stars

FAMOUS stars of stage and screen in Europe and America use Rimmel's Cosmetique in preference to other eyelash or brow beautifiers. There is a reason, of course! Rimmel's frames your eyes with long luxuriant lashes—without that unwanted "made-up" appearance, bringing you new beauty—truly fascinating. And—it is absolutely harmless. Insist on Rimmel's.

In black or brown at Drug or Dept. Stores  
—or send one dollar to Scales & Lisner, Inc., Importers, 1 West 47th St., N. Y. C.

# RIMMEL'S

Cosmetique  
MADE IN FRANCE SINCE 1834





*"The Palmer Institute would have saved me years of labor."*

*Jim Tully*

## BE AN ALIVE WRITER

"I RECALL writing my first short story," says Jim Tully, author of the brilliant novel, *Jarnegan*, and of work in *Pictorial Review*, *Vanity Fair*, *American Mercury*, *Liberty*. "It was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' I am certain that the Palmer course would have saved me years of labor."

An alive writer! The Palmer Institute specializes in aliveness and in sureness. It can help you give your stories a modern twist, unexpected, spontaneous—help make them sell—the kind of stories that make good motion pictures. Your own special talents are aroused to highest writing strength.

Palmer courses are also endorsed by Charles Kenyon (writer of both the story and the continuity of "The Iron Horse"), Carl Clausen, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Jesse Lynch Williams, Gertrude Atherton, Katharine Newlin Burt, Rupert Hughes, Julie M. Lippmann, Alex McLaren, Frederick Stuart Greene. Use the coupon for details.

**PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP**  
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal. 12-S

CLAYTON HAMILTON - - President  
FREDERICK PALMER - Vice-president

Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.

- Short Story Writing  
 English and Self-Expression  
 Photoplay Writing

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

*All correspondence strictly confidential  
No salesman will call upon you*

"Dear Sirs:

"Will you send me your catalog for your Cinema Schools, Inc. My husband and I are contemplating a trip to your state in the near future and I would dearly love a chance to do some movie acting. Realizing full well that this is impossible for an amateur, I am writing about your school altho I can't spend more than a few hundred dollars. Altho married I am considered attractive to my friends.

"Hoping to hear from you.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Smith.

"P. S. Please excuse pencil."

The spelling and punctuation were slightly off form and the letter was written on yellow, lined paper. Also I gave my own R. F. D. address in Connecticut.

After two weeks of breathless suspense, the catalog of the Cinema Schools, Inc., arrived. It is an evasive volume, printed on handsome, heavy paper and profusely illustrated with "stills." The "stills" have no captions. One doesn't know whether they are taken from professional productions or whether they are pictures of scholars at work.

an engagement, it is in a position to suggest students for minor parts under the supervision of prominent directors. Often in such parts, the aspirant for screen honors has plenty of opportunity to show the degree of talent he possesses, and may find himself on the stepping stone to regular engagements and a successful career as a screen artist."

If you can gather any definite hope from that sentence, you are a Grade A Pollyanna.

The chief charm of the catalog is the old Hollywood stuff—the fascination of the movies—the demand on the part of producers for new faces—the importance of training for screen players—the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

A course in the Cinema Schools costs \$500 payable in advance. You may enroll any time—the school has no terms. Any time, of course, that you have the \$500. If you are under eighteen years old, you must have a chaperone. You pay your own board, your own railroad fare, your own living expenses.

## Answers to Questionnaire

1. Martha Mansfield.
2. Lefty Flinn, "Red" Grange, Milton Sills, Jack Mulhall, Dick Barthelmess, Malcolm McGregor.
3. June Mathis, Alice Miller, Frances Marion, Clara Beranger, Jeanie MacPherson and Josephine Lovett.
4. Chinaman—Dick Barthelmess. Leading rôle—Lillian Gish.
5. Ramon Novarro.
6. Dick Barthelmess.
7. Farina.
8. Lillian and Dorothy Gish.
9. Charles Chaplin.
10. D. W. Griffith.
11. Alice Terry.
12. Rex Ingram.
13. Lon Chaney.
14. Marion Davies.
15. Cecil De Mille and William de Mille.
16. "Ben Hur."
17. Gladys Smith.
18. "Mare Nostrum."
19. "Aloma of the South Seas."
20. Fred Niblo.
21. Lois Wilson.
22. Dolores Costello.
23. Anna Q. Nilsson.
24. "The Merry Widow."
25. "Irish Luck."
26. Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Betty Bronson and Carol Dempster.
27. Esther Ralston.
28. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
29. Jobyna Ralston.
30. Catalina Island.
31. John Gilbert.
32. "The Torrent."
33. "Moby Dick."
34. "The Iron Horse."
35. Lois Moran.
36. "The House Without a Key."
37. Vilma Banky—Hungary. Ronald Colman—England.
38. Geraldine Farrar, Theda Bara and Dolores Del Rio.
39. Wanda Hawley.
40. Richard Dix, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Marion Davies and Pola Negri.
41. None.
42. Famous Players - Lasky, Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer, Producers Distributing Corporation and Universum Film Aktiengesellschaft.
43. "The Lamb."
44. "The Admirable Crichton" by Sir James Barrie.
45. G. M. Anderson.
46. John Gilbert and Estelle Taylor.

The president of the school is E. M. Dailey, whose photograph shows him to be a nice-looking fellow with a dimple in his chin. The director-in-chief is John Ince, of the famous Ince family, a former director. William W. Gregory is general manager and Irene G. Sayers is the secretary-treasurer. There are no other names of instructors or personnel given in the catalog.

There is no list of graduates.

The Cinema School is conservative in its promises. In fact, the text of its catalog is vague. For instance:

"The School is located in a large motion picture studio, one of the oldest in the industry."

Also:

"While the Cinema Schools, Incorporated, does not guarantee anyone

The catalog has no addresses of living headquarters in Hollywood.

But the catalog does say:

"Here the student . . . will be in the heart of the studio district, in constant touch with producers, directors, stars, screen writers, technicians—all the personalities that make up the motion picture profession."

Yes, take your slim savings, and see how "constant" your touch will be with the richest, busiest, most sought-after bunch in the country. You'd be just as lonely stranded in Newport with five dollars.

The School promises—and probably does—give the usual course in screen make up, gesture, deportment and character study. It also teaches the art of "emotional control"—and that is something that's worth a lot in any walk of life.





# Lips To Love!

Alluringly Young — Invitingly Beautiful  
Without a Lip Stick

## LIP-GLO

*Is Liquid Loveliness For Your Lips*

Just a drop of Lip Glo, the newly discovered beauty magic! Instantly, the lips glow with intriguing charm! Exquisite lips, as natural in their cherry beauty as the lips of childhood—and no "inner lip line" to betray your makeup. Just the loveliest lips in the world. Lips that bring you sweetest tribute! Lips that conquer at your will!

**Lasts All Day** Just think! Lip Glo often lasts all day—and always, it lasts four times as long as lipstick! Lip Glo will not cake or smear—will not dry or chap the lips. Absolutely waterproof and tasteless. Does away forever with greasy, unsanitary lip-sticks. Very attractive, convenient container, filled with drops of wonderful vivid beauty!

**Send No Money** Send today at our risk for a generous supply of Lip Glo. Enclose 75c or pay postman on arrival, plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. **WRITE NOW!**  
REVA CORP., 1700 Wilson Ave., Dept. 635, Chicago

It demands, among other things, high moral character. It says:

"Particular emphasis is laid on moral qualifications of applicants. They must fully satisfy the School that they are morally clean and bear an unquestioned reputation for honesty and serious-mindedness."

All sinners are summarily dismissed. All applicants must have their enrollment blanks signed by three character witnesses. The School guarantees no jobs and it politely suggests that women students have at least \$75 a month to live on, during their scholastic life at Hollywood.

Figured conservatively, six months apprenticeship to Art at the Cinema Schools, would cost you \$1,200. In return you get six months' training under the supervision of John Ince and other instructors unnamed.

Then what? I never have heard of any big directors sorting the students of the Cinema Schools—or any other similar institutions—from the other extras. And I have a strong and persistent notion that if the Cinema Schools had any conspicuously successful graduates, their names would be blazoned all through the catalog.

Don't get me wrong. The Cinema Schools, Inc., may be all right. The Better Business Bureau of Hollywood says that it is "Legal and that is just all." Although Major Wyman of the Central Casting Bureau has received many complaints, he can do nothing about it.

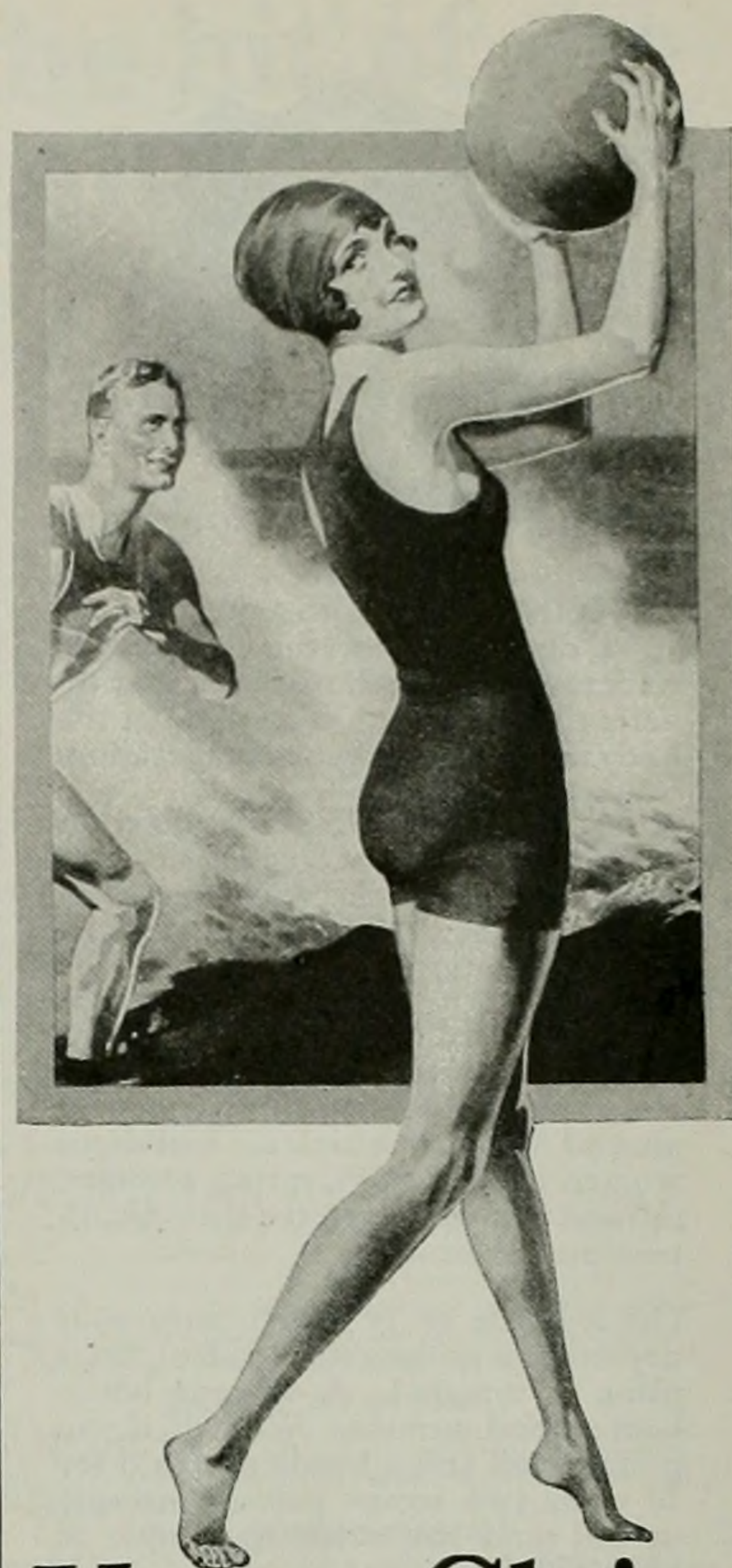
Dorothy Spensley, of PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood staff, telephoned the school for information and was offered a free screen test. The motto of the school is "We separate grain from chaff to find new screen material."

But it is the opinion of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that the probable investment of \$1,200—paid presumably by girls and boys who must work for a living—is far too high when you consider that pitiful ratio of 10,000 to 1. And far, far too high when you consider how long it takes the newcomer in Hollywood to earn \$1,200 in order to break even on the original investment.

Messrs. Daily and Ince may be sincerely convinced that movie acting can be taught. Their school may be conducted in a seemly and business-like manner.

But PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to close its advertising columns to any concern that would try to convince its two million readers that there is even a fifty-fifty break for the movie beginner in Hollywood.

As for the gentlemen who try to teach acting by mail, PHOTOPLAY has shut its doors, haughtily and ritzily, to the shysters, the medicine men and the hokus-pokus hangers-on of the motion picture industry.



# Keep Skin Hair-Free

*Remove unwanted hair with Neet.*

To such unhampered beauty as the bathing suit reveals, the blemish of hair on legs, arms and underarms seems like profanity—spoils the picture. And no amount of personal charm and loveliness can overcome this fault. Hence we have Neet, the dainty cream which removes disfiguring hair—removes it with amazing ease and speed and leaves the skin soft, white and velvety smooth. Unlike shaving, it discourages the growth of hair. Knowing this, women everywhere now use no other method. Test Neet. You'll be delighted. Obtain the ready to use hair dissolving cream, Neet, at any drug or department store.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS



### Very Special

Further insure personal daintiness by using IMMAC—the dainty white cream that rids under-arm perspiration of all odor. Your NEET dealer has IMMAC.

## That Rork Gal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63.]

dinner the other night at the Ambassador and all the boys to be invited lived at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"First, I called Charlie Farrell. You know how the operator at the Club asks your name? 'Miss Rork,' I answered. Then I called Gilbert Roland. 'Who is calling?' the girl asked. 'Miss Rork.' The next was Doug Fairbanks, Jr. 'Who is calling?' 'Miss Rork.' Then I asked for Larry Kent. 'Who is calling?' 'Miss Rork.' The girl paused and said, 'Pardon me, Miss Rork, but are you triplets?' A joyous gurgle escaped Ann's lips. "Wasn't that funny?"

Life is very gay. Life is exciting. Life is a glittering arabesque of adventure when one is just nineteen. Can you wonder why, then, I'd like to be that and Ann, Sam Rork's daughter?

# RUSSELL PATTERSON



Makes a \$150 Drawing in a Few Hours!

—and now teaches you his original methods in a series of 20 snappy lessons — brimful with sparkling interest from the very start — a departure from the purely conventional. This training constitutes the last word in Humorous Illustration,

teaching a New Art for a New Age—a pleasant relief from the old style, standardized instruction. Learn to draw the dashing, peppy types that are all the rage as exemplified by Mr. Patterson's numerous contributions to magazines. Let him teach you his clever technique. What profession could compare with this in its irresistible appeal or sheer earning power? Write now for full information.

**Russell Patterson School of Humorous Illustration**

Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 14  
CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS



## Dry and Odorless



**NONSPI** (an antiseptic liquid) does away with the disagreeable underarm perspiration odors and diverts this perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

A few drops of NONSPI used on an average of twice a week will keep your underarms dry and odorless—also save your clothes from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, as well as by more than a million women, is a year around toilet requisite. Fastidious women use NONSPI, spring, summer, fall and winter to preserve their daintiness and charm.

Get a bottle of NONSPI from your department or drug store today! Start using it tonight! A 50-cent bottle lasts several months. We will, if you prefer, mail you a bottle postpaid for 50 cents (we accept postage stamps) or will send you a testing sample of NONSPI free.

The Nonspi Company,  
2641 Walnut Street,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Send free NONSPI  
sample to

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....

## Skin Ailments

Rashes, chafing, prickly heat, poison ivy, bruises, cuts, quickly relieved by clean, anti-septic, healing ZEMO Liquid. 60c and \$1.00. All druggists.

**zemo**  
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS



### Peel Off Your Skin

if you don't like it, and have a beautiful new skin.

#### Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes; tan, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 5-A, 30 E. 20th St., New York



### DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

**CARTOONISTS ARE WELL PAID**  
We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning  
850 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

### LADIES We Restore Silk Hose

Runners and pulled threads invisibly replaced by our reknitting process. No adhesives used. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just send us your hose. When we return them, if you are pleased send us 40c for each stocking. Otherwise no charge. Illustrated circulars of this wonderful new service FREE. **K. M. LA FLESH CO., 663A, SEDALIA, MO.**

## Safe and Seine

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

and strolled along the Boulevard des Italiens to loiter at the Place de l'Opera. He was immensely worried.

A new ambition had come to Mr. Slappey. Ever since the organization of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., Mr. Slappey had been on its payroll.

Until recently he had resisted the insidious lure of sun arcs and Kleigs, being content to maintain his semi-official position.

**DURING** the European tour a change had occurred. The company possessed limited numbers and on several occasions Florian had been called upon to do tiny bits of acting. The vision of his photographed self on the flickering screen caused him to entertain ideas that he was some punkins as an actor. He wondered how this latent ability had so long gone unrecognized and now was making the life of J. Caesar Clump more or less unhappy with his insistent clamor that he be given a part worthy of his histrionic ability.

At the present moment there seemed every likelihood that his chance had come. The company was engaged in shooting a Parisian slapstick called "You're in Gendarmie Now," a two-reeler in which Glorious Fizz and Opus Randall played the stellar rôles.

In that picture was a very minor rôle—yet one which called for display of talent. It was the part of a French policeman, a comic individual who seemed unable to co-ordinate the action of his two feet and who invariably was chasing somebody.

Florian put in his application for the job, and his friend, Julius Caesar Clump, chief director and production manager, promised to consider the thing.

"It all depen's on Welford Potts, Florian," he explained. "If he is willin' to play the part—I has got to use him on account of him bein' a swell actor. But if he refuses—you gits it."

"When does you ask him?"  
"Tonight. He a'ready said no, but maybe he is willin' to reconsider his mind. I lets you know late tonight."

And even at that moment, while Florian was delicately if mournfully sipping a glass of Madeira at a sidewalk cafe Director Clump and Welford Potts were in heated conference.

"An' fo' the last and most positive time," barked the irritated director, "I ask you—does you does or does you don't?"

**MR. POTTS** was dignified—as befitted an actor of his eminence: "I don't," he answered unequivocally.

"How come not?"  
"Cause I got a contract which reads that I play leads, an' this heah cop part aint no lead. It's nothin' but a bit, an' I aint gwine play no bits while Opus Randall is starrin'. Tha's final!"

Clump pleaded. "Heah us is fo' thousan' miles away fum Bumminham, Welford, an' it seems like to me you'd be willin' to make each an' ev'y pitcher of ours as good as it can be. You is a good actor—"

"That's the one thing I aint nothin' else but!"

"—An' even if this rôle aint as good as Opus's, you ought to be willin' to he'p us make the pitcher the best possible. C'mon now . . ."

"Nothin' stirrin'. Absotively an' posolutely! I aint no minor actor, an'—"

"No!" roared Clump, "you shuah aint. You is just a uppity pig-headed, li'l fool which would cut yo' best friends throat fo' a nickel. Yo'se'f is the fondest thing you is of—"

"Right you is, Live Wire. *J'ai* heaps of respect fo' Mushoor Welford Potts."

Later that night Florian dropped in to Caesar's room and received the happy news.

"Welford refuses to play the gendarme," reported Caesar miserably.

"Hot Ziggity dam!" Florian leaped to his feet in sheer glee. "Then I gits to act?"

"Uh-huh. Rotten as you is—I got to use you."

Mr. Clump's pessimism failed to dampen Florian's enthusiasm: "Man! wait 'til you see me. Ise gwine be swelegant. Always I has knowed I was a good actor, but befo' this I aint been suttin. Tomorrow I proves it."

"I hope so, Brother Slappey. Ise rootin' fo' you, but I got lots of doubt. If it was anybody but Welford . . ."

"Shuh! You aint gwine miss him."  
Mr. Clump blinked.

"You sho'ly got lots of confidence in yo'se'f, aint you, Florian?"

"Uh-huh. I know how good I is. Others just think they knows."

**THE** following morning the company assembled on the Quai du Louvre. The principals were all ready. Welford Potts appeared, strolling languidly, as befitted a screen star temporarily at leisure. He stood on the outskirts of the group and gave ear to Director Clump's incisive orders.

"Us gets a few comedy shots heah," announced the director. "Be shuah, Exotic, that yo' cam'ra gits some good angles on the Seine. We needs the river fo' atmosphere as well as to fall into. After we finishes, heah, mebbe today, we goes to the Lac Inferieur in the Bois de Boulogne an' takes some mo' stuff. But this mawnin' we works right along the river bank."

"We got things pretty well fixed. Glorious, you is playin' the lady lead; Opus you is the star. Enoch plays Glorious's Papa an' Florian Slappey is the gendarme—"

"Hot dawg!" The voice of Mr. Slappey rose clear on the bright morning air of Paris. "I sho'ly is gwine show 'em what a actor I is."

Mr. Potts edged closer. He frowned. He compressed his lips angrily. He was in the position of a man who seeks to do injury to another—and therefore despises the man whom he wishes to discomfit.

Mr. Slappey had steadfastly refused to accede to Welford's extortion—and therefore Welford hated Florian. He wished Mr. Slappey to understand clearly that he was a person of influence and power . . . and he was of no mind to permit Florian the grandeur and glory of a regular part in a regular production. He insinuated himself into the group and addressed the director.

"Who did you say was gwine to play the gendarme?" he inquired superciliously.

"Florian Slappey."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' Ise gwine play it," exulted Florian. "Ise gwine play its back teeth out—tha's what!"

**WELFORD** sneered. "You mos' likely wis gwine bust the cam'ra an' ruin the pitcher." He turned back to Clump. "How come you to cast this feller in them rôle?"

The director was peeved. "Because you was too high-hat to play it, that's why. I ast you—"

Florian snapped his fingers gleefully. "An' also he knowed I was a good actor, Welford. Time my face gits on them American screens, they's gwine be a new star in Midnight."

"Piffle!" Mr. Potts glanced at the elated Mr. Slappey. The situation presented an opportunity too good to miss. "You caint let no such of a tripe actor as Florian play that part, Caesar."

"No? An' who is gwine play it if he don't?" Welford gesticulated.

"*Moi*" he announced in his best French.



"Says which?"

"I plays it," repeated Welford. "I don't crave to play such small parts, but I caint let Midnight git ruint by havin' such a hunk of ham as Florian try it."

"Good!" endorsed the director. "Now we starts—"

But a wild wail of protest emerged from the lips of Mr. Florian Slappey.

"Hey! Wait a minute, Caesar. You done promised me I could play them gendarme. 'Taint fair—"

"Hahd luck, Florian. But business is business an' actin' is actin'. I got my own 'pinion that Welford is doin' you dirt, but he's a star an' if he is willin' to he'p us make t'is pitcher better, I caint say No."

"OH! my gosh!" Mr. Slappey swung around so that he faced his *bete noire*. "Chitlin's!" he muttered. "Fo' one centime I'd bust you so hahd you'd hit in the middle of the Seine river an' never come up no time."

"Boastings what you speaks with yo' mouf!"

"Boastings, is it? Just you try me once. Just try—tha's all. You wouldn't of took this part if you hadn't been tryin' to make me mis'able."

"Right you is, Thin Man. An' Ise gwine make you a heap mis'abler befo' I finishes. Remember I has got somethin' of yours which you don't get back less'n you pays my price. An' if you insults me any mo', the price is goin' up." He turned to his director. "Ise ready," he announced.

"The hell you is," snapped the chief.

"Where yo' coschume is at?"

"The hotel."

"How come it's there? Why aint it heah?"

"Well, I wasn't figgerin' on playin' the part an' so I didn't bring it—"

"An' I thought it was heah all the time," interrupted Florian. "I didn't know you had give it to Welford."

Clump was angry. "Such foddledads! I reckon we got to stan' aroun' an' waste vallible time 'cause you two fellers is qualling with one another. Now I says this an' I says it positive: If you craves to play t'is part, Welford, you hotfoot it to that hotel an' creep into them clothes. An' git back heah in one hour or I gits another uniform an' turns Florian loose on the part."

ORDINARILY Welford would have refused to perform such a menial errand. But the paramount desire of his soul at the moment was to make Mr. Slappey superlatively unhappy. Therefore, without a syllable of protest, he struck off toward the center of Paris, seeking the modest hostelry where the troupe was staying.

He walked with dignity for the first block, then quickened his pace. He was very anxious that Clump should not have a chance to reconsider and cast Florian in the rôle which that gentleman wanted to play.

Welford realized that he had Florian precisely where he wanted him. He knew from past experiences the consuming nature of the acting itch and he realized that there was no method by which he could so depress his temporary enemy as by making it impossible for him to play anything more than background or atmosphere stuff.

He passed through the tiny lobby of the hotel and took the lift to the third floor. There on a hanger in his room, was the uniform of a Paris gendarme.

It was an impressive thing with all its braid and tinsel.

Mr. Potts was whistling gaily as he doffed his own clothes and dressed himself as a Parisian policeman. Patting the tiny sword which nestled in its scabbard against his left hip and adjusting the natty cap at a rakish angle, Mr. Potts threw back one corner of the cape over his left shoulder and passed once more into the busy Rue Drouot.

Welford was very well pleased with himself and the rest of the world. And not the least



Reginald Denny and Dorothy Gulliver, two of Universal's most popular film stars. Denny's latest success is "Fast and Furious." Dorothy Gulliver appeared in "The Collegians."

# "Be the hit of the party with this Lyon & Healy Sax"... says Reginald Denny

"Don't envy the other fellow his good times and popularity. Here is a saxophone you can learn to play quickly and easily. Take my advice and get one!"

*Reginald Denny*

You—who have always wanted to play some kind of musical instrument—pay attention to Reginald Denny's advice. Learn to play the most popular instrument of all—a saxophone. Here is your chance to win pleasant evenings, new friendships, extra pocket money for yourself. If you can whistle a tune you can play this new Lyon & Healy Sax.

### Amazing Beauty of Tone!

You learn quickly because we have simplified the fingering, made it easy for you to play, easy to produce full, rich tones. That's why amateur musicians like Denny prefer the new Lyon & Healy. Leading professional players in famous orchestras are delighted with its accurate adjustment, improvements in key action for hair-trigger finger work, exactness in pitch and resonant and mellow tones. Completely made in Lyon & Healy's own factories and guaranteed by this, the most famous music house in the world.

### Easy Payments!

Learn how easy it is to purchase one of these professional instruments on our special time-payment plan. Many write they pay for theirs out of extra pocket money earned by playing as they pay.

### Free Instructions!

Free Trial Use coupon for details of six-day, Free Trial, Free Lessons Offer. Teaches you to play tunes without learning written music. Not obtainable anywhere else. Free, with a Lyon & Healy Sax.

## Mail coupon today

LYON & HEALY, Inc. Factory Sales Division  
 75 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago  
 Send Free your new Saxophone Book with details of Free Trial Offer, "Easy to Pay" plan and Free Instructions.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
 Instrument \_\_\_\_\_

*Lyon & Healy Continuous Conical Bore Trumpet*

*Washburn Tenor Banjo*

*Lyon & Healy Artist Saxophones*

**Or play one of these!**

Lyon & Healy Trumpet, "Conical Bore" throughout. Easier to play. The most remarkable professional instrument ever produced. In silver with gold bell, \$110.00 in case. Washburn Banjo, the most musical, resonant, far-reaching (by test) professional banjo made. \$60 to \$500.00.

**Lyon & Healy**  
 Everything Known in Music  
 75 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

**"GIRLS YOU CAN'T SEE IT"**

The new S. R. natural Flesh Colored Adhesive Plaster is invisible through a silk stocking and almost so against the bare skin.

**SR INVISIBLE ADHESIVE PLASTER**

is neater than unsightly white plaster and bulky bandages, and it will not soil so quickly. Sticks instantly. Easily removed. Keeps indefinitely.

**Send for this Roll**

Send 40c in stamps and we will mail postpaid a 5 yard roll (one inch width) of this new and better plaster.

The Seamless Rubber Company  
 New Haven, Conn.  
 Fine Rubber Goods Since 1877

**You can now Own a Typewriter!**

**\$3 DOWN and its yours** *Guaranteed for 5 years*

Think of it! You can now get a Genuine Underwood for only \$3 down and small monthly payments.

**Special FREE TRIAL Offer**  
 Don't send any money now, just mail in the coupon for full information about our special free trial offer and special prices and terms.

**Any One Can Operate a Typewriter**

You can learn to write on this machine in a week's time! We will give you FREE a typist's manual and a FREE course in touch typewriting! Write at once, don't delay, send the coupon NOW!

Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co.,  
 2015 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

Do You Want to Know **FREE!** WRITE TODAY to the Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, Inc., 221 W. 57th St., New York City



## FREE IF YOU ARE GRAY



Takes 10 minutes—  
Safe Way to End  
**GRAY HAIR**

RECENT discoveries have been made about gray hair. Now it's proved that original shade and lustre can be regained by a safe and scientific treatment called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Gray streaks disappear. Faded hair regains youth's color and brilliance.

This clear, colorless liquid restores youthful shade in a way no crude dye could possibly do. No mess. No risk to hair. Nothing to wash off.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way gives color that takes its place. 3,000,000 women have used it. This proves its safety. Takes only a few minutes.

We send you free a sample of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. You snip off a single lock of your hair and try it first on that. Thus take no chances.

Or go to the nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color. Your money refunded if not delighted.

### TEST FREE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
1316-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair.

Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....  
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light  
auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address

### HOW to GET on the STAGE

**Realize Your Ambition—**  
*Win the applause of multitudes!*  
Enjoy the poise and personality that marks Screen Stars! Study and rehearse at HOME under my personal direction. Whether you wish to be a professional or amateur MOVIE or STAGE STAR, I can help you. **Instructions for obtaining your first position included in the course.** Moving Picture and Theatrical Producers are daily seeking new talent. **DON'T DELAY—send to-day for my book, "How to Get On the Stage."** Enclose 10c for postage.  
**ALICE FLEMING, Suite P, 1819 Broadway, N. Y.**  
Course approved by Board of Education.

### Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets

Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets \$7, extra high \$9. Stockings \$12.** Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



# \$15,000

IN CASH PRIZES

Complete Details Will Be Found on Pages 30 and 31, This Issue

item of his enjoyment was the rapt attention his snappy uniform attracted from sundry passers-by.

He strutted toward the spot where the company was assembled, keenly alive to the interest he was exciting. And, as a matter of fact, the vision of a negro gendarme was somewhat startling.

He walked with a swagger, taking his own sweet time and revelling in the stares of the populace.

In this manner he reached Place de la Republique. He experienced a trifling difficulty in crossing traffic, and as he reached the farther curb he found himself staring into the amazed eyes of two French policemen.

THESE two gendarmes looked first at the vision and then at each other. Welford frowned. He heard them chatter volubly in French and then—out of the corner of his eye—he saw one of them point toward him and gesticulate wildly.

An uncomfortable sensation smote Welford. It was obvious that they were discussing him and he could tell from their manner that the discussion was not wholly friendly. And suddenly it occurred to him that they considered his uniform suspicious.

As unobtrusively as possible he turned into the broad and busy reaches of the Rue de Turbigo. Fancying himself temporarily out of sight he moved with increased velocity. He crossed the Rue de Vertbois and looked back over his shoulder.

The two gendarmes were close behind, matching his pace with theirs and continuing to discuss him in high staccato.

Welford's annoyance developed rapidly into a mild fear. He moved with greater speed. He leaped across the intersection of the Rue Vaucanson, narrowly avoiding extinction under the wheels of a shrieking taxicab.

But the Frenchmen were after him and now one of them struck terror to his heart by hailing him.

Mr. Potts didn't know what the policeman said, but he knew that the shrill cry was directed at him. He pretended not to have heard and another command was hurled after him.

At no time had the uniformed arm of the law been overly popular with Mr. Potts. But never had it been less pleasing than at the present moment when he was not only in a foreign city but also separated from all his friends. He spoke only a few halting words of French and now he couldn't even think of one of those.

He realized the situation. His costume had excited their suspicions. They wished to question him—and his ignorance of the language made it impossible for him to converse with any native. The inevitable conclusion was that he would be dragged into a Parisian calaboose and there faced by a stern magistrate. The thought paralyzed Welford's brain and galvanized his muscles.

HE never knew when he started running. His instinct simply stepped in and caused him to locomote at top speed. Instantly there came a shrill blast from a whistle. A wild glance over his shoulder indicated that the gendarmes were in full and enthusiastic pursuit.

And then, for the first time in many years, Mr. Welford Potts of Birmingham, Alabama, experienced genuine untingered terror. He ran as he had never run before. With his little sword slapping against his swiftly functioning thigh, with his lungs straining for air and his uniform cape streaming in the wind, he fled through the narrow side streets of that section of Paris hoping to elude his pursuers and come at length to the somewhat doubtful safety of his kind.

As he ran he cursed the mad impulse which had prompted him to accept this insignificant rôle. Even in his mad fear he could vision how elated he would have felt had this experience been the lot of Florian Slappey. He thought

also of how Florian would gloat when he should be overhauled and arrested.

There was that horrid thought again! No doubt now that he faced jail—even though his imprisonment might only be temporary. The idea turned his spine to water. But it gave wings to his feet.

Pedestrians stared at the fleeing colored gendarme. They knew not what it was all about; they realized only that it was both interesting and picturesque.

The chase continued madly through the streets of Paris: the Boulevard de Sebastopol, the Rue de Rambuteau, Rue Baltard, Rue St. Honoré and thence to the Rue du Louvre. Welford's knees were trembling with exertion, his lungs were pumping overtime, he swayed drunkenly as he ran—and always immediately in his wake he saw—or fancied he saw—the pursuing gendarmes.

STARK terror gripped him; horrid fear gnawed at his vitals. Never in all his previous life had he so craved to see the dusky countenances of his associates. He had lost his bearings and it was only by merest chance and luck that he burst eventually into view of the placid Seine.

Now he could look back. The gendarmes were not in view. But even so, Mr. Potts dared not slacken speed. He turned right along the Quai du Louvre and staggered toward the spot where the company was assembled.

As he approached the others much of his terror departed. He slowed to a walk and with the more normal functioning of his lungs, a great agility came to his brain.

He felt that danger had been avoided only temporarily. He believed that he had convicted himself of something by his mad flight through the byways of Paris. Sooner or later the French law would lay its cold and clammy clutches upon him. And then . . . he shuddered.

But an idea came to him. It came suddenly and completely, fairly dazzling him with its magnificence. He tried to walk with dignity as he came to the spot where Exotic Hines was grinding his camera under the megaphoned directions of Caesar Clump while Opus Randall and Glorious Fizz zipped through some live slapstick.

STILL fearful of the gendarmes, Mr. Welford Potts walked straight up to the stern and unhappy Florian. He spoke in a smooth, righteous voice.

"Brother Slappey," he announced, "I has done you wrong."

Florian looked up in amazement. "You bet yo' las' franc you has."

"I is sorry, Florian. Ise awful sorry. Us used to be friends an' I craves that we also be again."

Florian was bewildered—but not entirely unsuspecting.

"I know what you says, Welford—but I don't *compres* what you mean."

"I don't aim to do nobody dirt," expounded Welford unctuously. "'Twa'nt fair fo' me to take away yo' chance to be an actor."

"Hmph! It's only what I might of expected fum—"

"Now Florian—le's us don't fling no mo' dirtiment at each other. 'Cause Ise 'pologizin' an' askin' you won't you assept the hand of friendship, pervided I lets you play the part of the gendarme in this heah pitcher?"

Mr. Slappey could scarce credit the evidence of his senses. His eyes shone.

"You—you mean . . . ?"

"Uh-huh. Just step behine this screen with me an' change clothes. Then you plays the gendarme in this pitcher."

Mr. Slappey emitted a shout of unalloyed nappiness. The scene finished—Director Clump came over to find out what was happening. With oily guile Welford explained his change of heart—and scrupulously avoided any mention of the harrowing experience through which he had just come—and which he feared was not entirely ended.



**Our 50th Birthday Sale**  
 Celebrating our 50th Anniversary, we are offering these big specials at prices unheard of before. Convince yourself; examine the article of your choice without obligation. Simply send your name and address with the deposit mentioned, and your choice will come for approval and a 15 day trial. If you can duplicate your purchase for less money elsewhere, send it back and your deposit will be refunded. If satisfied, pay the balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Our Charge System is simple, easy, convenient. Prompt delivery, no difficulty, no interest charge, everything confidential.

**BUY TODAY**  
 The Modern Way  
 Terms as low as **\$1 Down**

**A.** Gent's 14-karat green gold Ring with white gold top; AA1 blue-white diamond. \$65. \$5 with order \$6 a month.

**B.** True Lovers Knot Engagement Ring, hand carved in 18-karat white gold; AA1 blue-white diamond. \$65. \$5 with order, \$6 a month.

**C.** Artistic design 18-karat white gold Ring; AA1 blue-white diamond. \$50. \$3 with order; \$4.70 a month.

**D.** 18-karat white gold carved Wedding Ring; five blue-white diamonds. \$29.50. \$2 with order; \$2.75 a month.

**E.** 14-karat white gold Gent's Initial Ring; Old English Initial on genuine Onyx. Mention Initial. \$22.50. \$1 with order; \$2.15 a month.

**It's FREE!** Send for our Golden Jubilee Booklet

**L.W-SWEET INC.**  
 427 [1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Over 3000 other Specials in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry in this booklet.

**F.** 17-jewel Illinois Watch 14-karat green gold filled case, \$35. \$2 with order, \$3.30 a month.

**G.** Jolt-proof Gent's Strap Watch 14-karat gold filled 16 jewels. \$25. \$2 with order.

**H.** 14K solid white gold, 4 diamonds; 4 blue sapphires; 15-jewels. \$42.50. \$3 with order \$3.95 a month.

**PERSONAL Appearance**

is now more than ever the key-note of success, both in social and business life. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last four years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book, which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

**M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST**  
 1448 L. W. U. Bldg. Binghamton, N. Y.

**Drafting Lessons** actually **FREE**

**3** to Prove You Can Learn at Home in Spare Time!

If you are now earning less than \$40 a week, go into Drafting! Thousands of fine positions now open, paying \$60 to \$125 a week. I will prepare you at home, then help you to get a good job or refund your money. Write TODAY for 3 Free Drafting lessons and guarantee of job and 50% raise or money refunded.

O. C. MILLER, Director Extension Work  
 American School, Drexel & 58th St., Dept. D-571, Chicago

Comedies, Dramas, Musical Comedies and Revues, Min-strel Choruses, Songs, Blackface plays, Everything for Burnt Cork Shows and All Amateur Entertainments. Monologs, Dialogs, Speakers. CATALOGUE FREE.

**PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods

**T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 7 CHICAGO**

Clump was annoyed, but willing. "Go ahead an' git into them coschume, Florian. An' be quick. Us is losin' time. As fo' you, Welford—it aint gwine do you no good to change yo' mind again 'cause this is the las' shift us makes."

"Don't worry," smiled Welford, "I aint cravin' to be no dinky gendarme—specially when Brother Slappey heah is anxious to play the part."

They moved into the shelter of the portable canvas dressing room, which the company used on location. And there, with a speed which amazed Florian, Mr. Potts shed the garments of officialdom and donned Mr. Slappey's clothes.

**FLORIAN** was absurdly grateful. He was incoherent with his thanks. Welford was magnificent.

"I guess Ise a pretty decent feller, Florian. Libel to git riled up once in a while, but I values our friendship so high . . . I wishes you lots of luck in them uniform."

"Great man what you is! Ol' Big-Hearted Welford . . . tha's what I calls you after this."

"Shuh!" modestly, "I aint doin' nothin' any other brainy man woul'n't do."

"Oh yes, you is. An' I depreciates it tremendous. Nowif—"

"You better git on out yonder, Florian." Mr. Potts was busy donning Florian's clothes. "Sounds to me like Mistuh Clump is terrible impatient fo' you."

Superbly unconscious of his regalia, Monsieur Florian Slappey strutted into full view of the company. They voiced their approval of the picture he presented. And Welford Potts, standing very much in the background, gave himself over to a delicious moment of mirth.

This was indeed a piling of Ossa on Pelion. He didn't doubt for a moment that the gendarmes had not been seen for the last time. Not if what he had heard of the French police was true! He envisioned Florian's consternation when they should come leaping onto the scene and lay heavy hands on Mr. Slappey! He turned his back so that the others might not see the extent of his enjoyment and thereby become suspicious.

**CAESAR CLUMP**, Florian Slappey, Opus Randall and Glorious Fizz were in close conference. Exotic Hines, the cameraman, joined the group.

Heads close together they discussed the action of the next scene—Florian's first appearance in a regular screen rôle.

Mr. Potts permitted his eye to quest along the banks of the Seine. And suddenly his face lighted.

Some distance away he discerned two figures. They were clad in identical costumes and even at this distance he could tell that they were angry. They moved at a pace slightly faster than a walk and slower than a run. They continued to chatter, gesticulate and point. And Mr. Potts could see that the person they were pointing at was the colored man in the gendarme's uniform.

Welford was fairly overcome with glee at the imminence of his triumph. He wiggled with delight.

He pictured the forthcoming scene in every luscious detail . . .

The conferring group split up. Exotic moved his camera.

Florian strutted up and down, preening himself like a peacock.

And into the middle of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, walked two small and wiry and irate Parisian gendarmes. They continued to talk, to frown and to gesture.

Florian smiled genially upon them. But they apparently saw no humor in the situation. With forceful directness they moved to Florian's vicinity and with a startling unanimity



Have you a  
**"YELLOW MASK"?**

**BE ABSOLUTELY** frank with yourself.

Look in your mirror. If your teeth have a yellowish color, be it even faint, they are unlovely. Enamel is a brilliant ivory white—yours included.

*"I brush my teeth," you protest. "Why can't they be white?"*

Because only now has dental science successfully found the means of embodying in a pleasant, tasty tooth paste the one substance that will remove that unsightly yellowish tint.

This substance is known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Foremost dentists use it for cleaning teeth; yours, too, no doubt. And you know what a miracle of beauty he works with it.

Of course, this substance can't scratch or harm the softest tooth surface—or your dentist would never use it.

The name of the dentifrice with this marvelous "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" formula is **ORPHOS Tooth Paste**. Your druggist has it now.

*Says one dentist*

who uses **ORPHOS** in his chair: "8 out of 10 patients ask what it is, stating that they have never had their teeth feel so absolutely clean and smooth after a cleaning." If one usage does this, visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you using it *morning and night!* Exchange your "yellow mask" now for teeth with the sheen of polished pearls. Don't wait. Buy a tube of **ORPHOS** today—or mail coupon for generous 20-Time Tube.

**FREE—20-Time Tube**  
 ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.  
 New York City, Dept. P-1

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....State.....





## \$2500 CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST STORY

of 200 words or less on

### "WHY I USE CURVIT RAZOR"

Ask your Dealer or write us for Plan

Contest closes July 15th, 1927

This contest is limited to persons who used Curvfit Razor prior to the first announcement of the contest.

## NOW! A new curved razor for women only

Curvfit, the only curved razor in the world, is designed exclusively for women. It removes hair safely, swiftly, and gently from neck, underarm, and limb. It's economical! Avoid the use of chemicals!

"Each Woman Tells Another"



Nickel \$1.50 with 6 extra blades Curved to Fit

- No. 4—\$5.00 Gold Plated Razor and Blade Box in Handsome Velvet Case—12 Blades.  
No. 6—\$10.00 Deluxe Outfit—Studded with Beautiful Replica Jewels—12 Blades.

# CURVIT

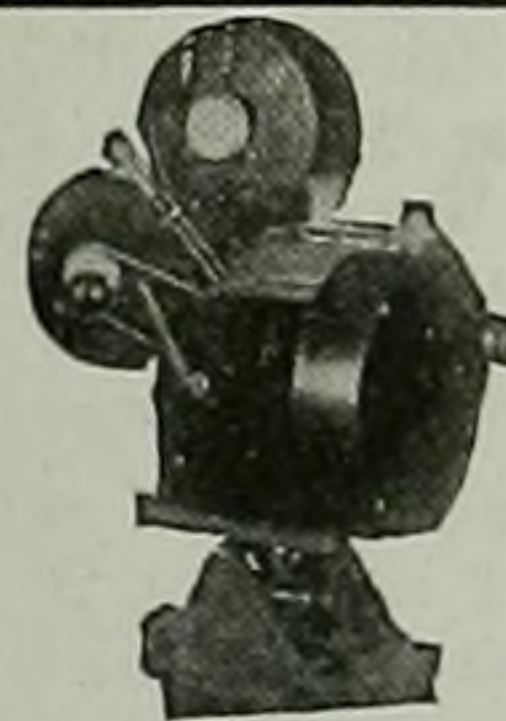
The Woman's Razor  
At all drug and dept. stores

If you can't get Curvfit from Dealer send coupon with price of outfit wanted

CURVIT SALES CORP., 71 W. 23rd St., New York  
Enclosed find \$..... Send post paid your outfit for (\$1.50), (\$5.00), (\$10.00).

Name.....  
Address.....

## CAMERA GIVEN



Your Choice—\$100 Professional MOTION PICTURE Camera or Professional View Camera

Be a Motion Picture Camera-man, Portrait, News or Commercial Photographer. Big money in all branches. Hundreds of positions now open pay \$75 to \$250 a week. Easy, fascinating work.

Learn Photography Quickly  
In your spare time at home you can qualify for a big paying position and you get your choice of these standard professional cameras.

Write for FREE BOOK

Send name and address for big, new, illustrated book on professional photography. Explains amazing opportunities. Write for your copy tonight!

New York Institute of Photography  
Dept. 37, 10 West 33rd Street, N. Y. City



## \$2,000 IN PRIZES

for Motion Picture Amateurs!

See page 48 of this PHOTOPLAY for full rules and details of this big contest.



## MOVIE STARS

Beautiful, Artistic, Genuine Photographs Postcards 15c ea. 3 for 30c. 8x10 size 50c ea. 3 for \$1.25. FREE 7x10 Black Beauty Photo Album with each \$3.00 order. Illustrated Catalog and sample Postcard of your favorite star, 10c. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ARTS & CRAFTS CO. 3668 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 15, CHICAGO

of action, two official hands were dropped on the shoulders of the bewildered Mr. Slappey.

For a moment Florian did nothing. Then his eyes grew very large and very round. His jaw sagged and his knees trembled. He tried to jerk loose, but his involuntary action met with a tightening of steel fingers and a barrage of language.

SAVE for Welford Potts, who stood on the outskirts of the group grinning in his moment of triumph—the actors indicated fright. No one understood what it was all about, least of all Florian Slappey.

President Orifice R. Latimer summoned Ethiopie Wall, a colored ex-doughboy who had joined the troupe in Nice after having resided in France since 1918.

Ethiopie spoke the language with a fair degree of fluency.

He conversed in rapid-fire fashion with the gendarmes, then turned to his chief.

"These fellers say that Brother Slappey has vil'ated the law," he announced.

Florian shivered. "I di'n't do no such of a thing. I never done nothin'—"

The gendarmes broke forth again with words. "They say," translated Mr. Wall, "that when they ast you to halt, you run away fum them an' they chased you all the way fum the Place de la Republique."

"Oooo! What a lie! I never was to no such place . . ." Then an idea smote Mr. Slappey right in the brain. He turned and glimpsed the beaming countenance of the triumphant Welford Potts. He shook an irate fist at that gentleman.

"Friends we is, hey? Soft-heartedness you got! You measly hunk of side-meat! I might of knowed you was up to somethin'."

It was all quite clear to Mr. Slappey. He understood that Welford had stepped into some sort of trouble, had been chased by the police and succeeded in eluding them—and then had caused Florian to don the very garments by which they would recognize their quarry.

Anger struggled with fear in Florian's breast. He burst forth into a torrent of explanation which Ethiopie Wall tried to translate. Welford Potts moved up and down delightedly while Florian sweated with terror. It was most decidedly a large moment for Mr. Potts.

At length Ethiopie made clear what had worried the gendarmes in the first place.

"They craves to know," he repeated, "whether you is a real gendarme?"

"Tell 'em I aint. But—"  
More French conversation. Then, from Ethiopie:

"They says they got to put you under arrest fo' impersonatin' an officer!"

"Oh Gosh! Disaster slaps me in the face, and then kicks me in the pants."

President Latimer broke in on the conversation. "Tell those policemen, Ethiopie, that I is president of this heah company an' neither I aint a fool. Befo' I dressed up one of my actors in them funny clothes I got written permission from police headquarters to do same."

He produced a document from his coat pocket. "Heah it is!"

The very formal permit was exhibited to the gendarmes. They read it carefully and held a lengthy conference.

Finally they were convinced and immediately their manner changed.

From fearsome nemeses, they became in an instant profusely apologetic friends. They bowed and scraped and spoke sweet and honeyed words.

They assured Mr. Slappey that not for anything in the world would they have discommoded so eminent an actor as himself and they craved ten million pardons.

Mr. Slappey made the most of the situation. Fear vanished and in its place came a great sensation of unutterable triumph. He paraded up and down chatting in atrocious French with the gendarmes.

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rate 40 cts. per word.

FORMS FOR JULY ISSUE CLOSE MAY TENTH

## AGENTS AND SALESMEN

AN ADVANTAGEOUS OPPORTUNITY IS OFFERED capable man or woman representative, your vicinity, introducing Tiffany Hosiery and Lingerie direct from mill to wearers. Steady work assuring good income. Tiffany Silk Company, 220 Fifth Avenue, Suite 2546, New York.

DON'T SELL FOR OTHERS. EMPLOY AGENTS yourself. Make your own products. Toilet articles, household specialties, etc. 500% profit. We furnish everything and show you how. Valuable booklet free. Write at once. National Scientific Laboratories, 1958W Broad, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS—NEW PLAN, MAKES IT EASY TO earn \$50.00 to \$100.00 weekly, selling shirts direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for Free Samples. Madison Shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.

YOU ARE WASTING TIME WORKING FOR OTHER people. Let us show you how to control your own business and make \$100 a week. Capital unnecessary; immediate profits. American Products Company, 9202 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

\$50.00 WEEKLY EASY, APPLYING GOLD INITIALS on automobiles. No experience needed, \$1.45 profit every \$1.50 job. Free Samples. "Ralco Monograms," 1045 Washington, Boston, Mass.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. SOAPS, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 2420, St. Louis, Mo.

## HELP WANTED

MEN-WOMEN, 18 UP. U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. \$95.00 to \$250.00 month. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Sample coaching with full particulars free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-102, Rochester, N. Y.

ALL MEN-WOMEN, 18 TO 60, WANTING TO qualify for permanent government positions, paying \$35 to \$75 weekly, home or elsewhere. Write Ozment, 265, St. Louis, Mo.

\$6-\$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW TOPS at home. Experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 131, LaGrange, Ind.

LADIES WANTING HOMEWORK; ANY KIND; spare time; write; enclose stamp. Eller Company, P-296 Broadway, New York.

## EDUCATIONAL

HOME STUDY COURSES BY ALL SCHOOLS ON all subjects, sold complete in fine condition, at bargain prices, because slightly used. Sensational reduction on all standard photoplay writing courses. Money Back Guarantee. Easy terms. Courses bought. Write for free catalog. Economy Educator Service (Dept. P), 202 W. 49th St., New York.

LEARN BOOKKEEPING IN TEN LESSONS. Shelby course is brief, concise, complete. Makes book-keeping easily understood. Price \$3. Write for particulars. Shelby Publishing Co., 605 Cotton Exchange Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.

## OLD COINS WANTED

OLD MONEY WANTED. DO YOU KNOW THAT Coin Collectors pay up to \$100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 75, Ft. Worth, Tex.

## HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, MIN-strel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogues, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 76, Chicago.

## PERSONAL

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS CHARACTER traits. Practical guide to success. Send ink sample of own or friend's writing for expert's personal analysis of surprising facts. 25c (silver). H. Pencraft, Coscob, Connecticut.

## DIRECT TO SMOKER—CIGARETTES

SEND 10c SILVER OR STAMPS FOR SAMPLE package 20 finest mild cigarettes. Delight women. Large tin special smoking tobacco 10c. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 6, Statesville, North Carolina.

## HOUSEHOLD PETS

FLYING SQUIRRELS—RAREST, HANDSOMEST pets for house or park. Unequalled show-window attractions. Fun to raise them. Mated pair and booklet \$3.00, safe delivery guaranteed. Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.

## MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

MOVIE STARS—REAL PHOTOS OF YOUR Favorites. Size 3 1/4 x 5 1/2. 50c doz.; 25 for \$1. List free. H. E. Howry, 424 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

## PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED OR unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 187 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

## SPORTING GOODS, ETC.

ARCHERY TACKLE, SUPPLIES. EAGLE ARCHER Co., 821 Santafe, Denver, Colo.



# GRAY HAIR

IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's  
Liquid  
EAU DE  
HENNA  
Hair Color  
Restorer



will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

## ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots. You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

## Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price \$2.50. C.O.D. \$2.77. In ordering please state color desired; order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. Give full local address.

Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

## HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 240 E, 112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women use Eau de Henna to advantage.

# And They Thought He'd Never Marry

So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood,"



a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any other man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10 cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today. **THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS.**

3906 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 4-E

# Beautiful Eyebrows



enhance the natural beauty of your eyes with  
**MASCARILLO**

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beards and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascarillo has been Standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of \$1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of **10¢**  
CHARLES MEYER, 13 EAST 12th ST., N. Y. C.



# Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet

WM. DAVIS, M. D. 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

# SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.  
**THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL**  
Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

He flashed a radiant smile at the down-hearted Welford Potts.

"Hey—Nothin'!" he called, "What you think now, eh?"

"Hmph!"

"Tryin' to put somethin' over on yo' good friend, Florian Slappey—was you? Well, I anyhow thanks you fo' doin' all my runnin' fo' me."

**DIRECTOR CLUMP** bustled forward.

"Let's get busy," he suggested efficiently. "We has wasted too much time a'ready."

"You aint gwine let Welford play this part, is you, Caesar?"

"I sho'ly aint. Ise had enough shiftin' around fo' one pitcher. You plays the gendarme!"

"Hot dam! Swell actor what I gits to be!"

Florian strutted into camera range, hat cocked jauntily on one side of his head and hands thrust deep into the pockets of his baggy trousers.

Mr. Welford Potts found himself wallowing in the muck and mire of the famous slough of despond.

Everything was wrong. Florian was now an actor—he himself had suffered mental and physical torture by fleeing wildly through the streets of Paris when flight was unnecessary. Worst of all, everybody knew what had happened and Mr. Potts realized that he would never hear the end of it.

And then, just as Caesar prepared to summon Florian to the picture, something happened.

Mr. Slappey thrust a questing hand into his coat pocket. His fingers closed upon an envelope.

His eyes grew round as saucers. His heart missed a beat. Without warning he leaped into the air and gave vent to a large and enthusiastic cheer.

**I**N Welford's haste to outfit Florian in the incriminating garments, Mr. Potts had completely forgotten to transfer from the pockets of his uniform the damning letter which Florian had written. That letter—Florian's own incriminating missive expressing his opinion of President Latimer—had now, by the wildest of miracles, come back into the hands of Mr. Slappey.

Holding the letter in his hands, Florian posed before the crushed Mr. Potts. With deliberate magnificence, Mr. Slappey exhibited the prize to his arch enemy and before that person's saddened gaze the document was torn into tiny bits and scattered to the winds.

It was the crowning touch of disaster for Welford Potts. Gone was his last hold over Florian—gone his ultimate hope of extracting a hundred dollars from the elegant young actor.

And, as though from a great distance, Welford heard Florian's triumphant words of advice—

"Next time, Welford," suggested Mr. Slappey, "don't be in such a hurry to do me dirt that you forgets to take valuable letters out of your pockets!"

# The \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

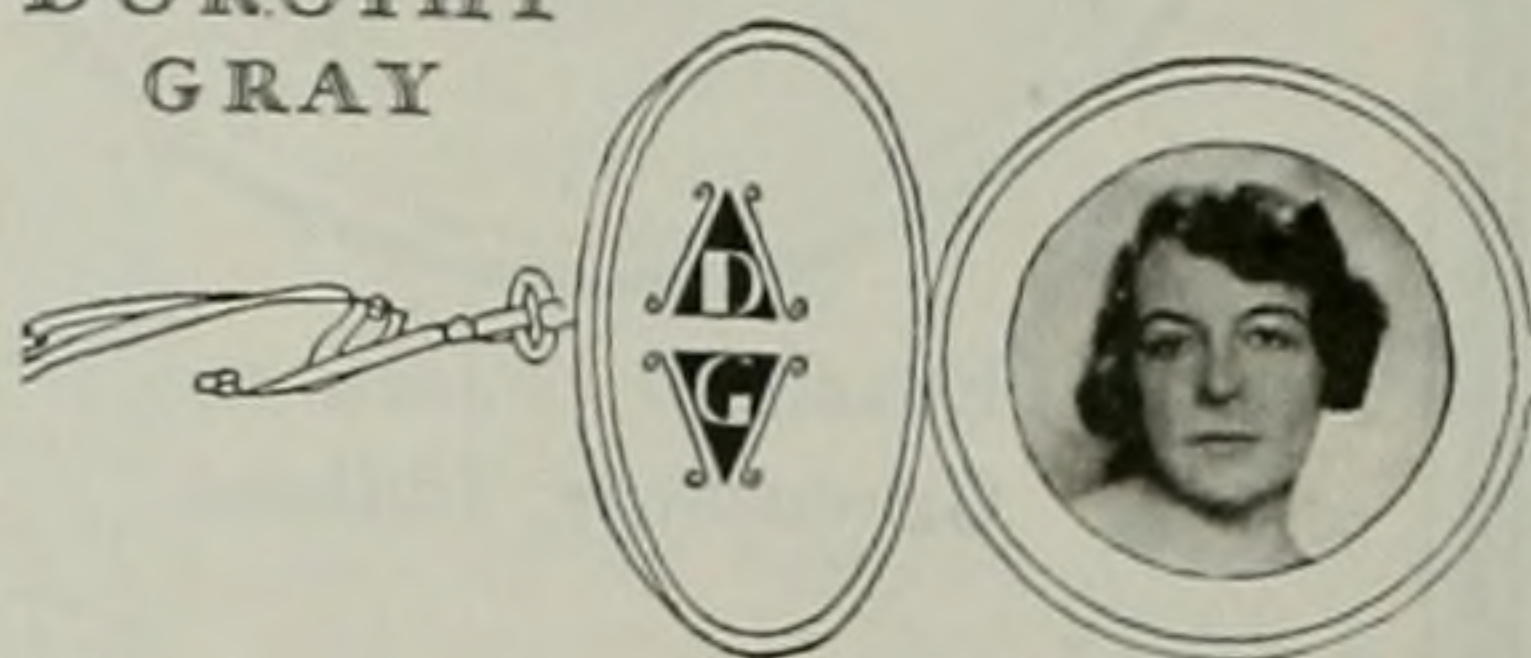
is bringing thousands of letters of inquiry.

Besides the cash prizes, everyone can earn a camera.

Details on pages 48 and 49

Not stereotyped  
"Prettiness" . . . but  
CONTROLLED LOVELINESS  
of every feature . . .

**DOROTHY GRAY**



An important word from the foremost authority on facial aesthetics in New York—Dorothy Gray.

**M**ERE postcard "prettiness" for its own sake is never my objective.

My treatments and my preparations are conceived to *control* and *develop* the intrinsic loveliness of every naturally interesting feature.

Age starts taking toll at three danger-points first: *Watch the chin—the eyes—the throat.*

For each of these "danger zones" I have assembled from my special



Double Chin

Flabby Muscles and Crêpy Throat

Lines and Wrinkles at Eyes and Mouth

preparations, and packed in a dainty box, a complete treatment which you can use at home.

They are: (1) the Double Chin Treatment, (2) the Treatment for Flabby Muscles and Crêpy Throat, and (3) the Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles at the Eyes and Mouth. These complete treatments (or the individual preparations, if you choose to buy them separately) are ready for you in the better *toiletries* departments of the stores.

Do write and tell me of the condition of your skin—and I will do my best as surely as it is done for my personal clients. You may address me at any of my *salons*—though I'd love to have you visit them in person. In New York, at 753 Fifth Avenue, opposite the Plaza; in Washington at 1009 Connecticut Avenue; in Atlantic City at 1637 Boardwalk; and in San Francisco at the White House.

May I send you "The Story of Dorothy Gray"?

Dorothy Gray

I am checking here the information I wish you to send to me—

The Story of Dorothy Gray

The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles

The Treatment for Double Chin

The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat

Name.....

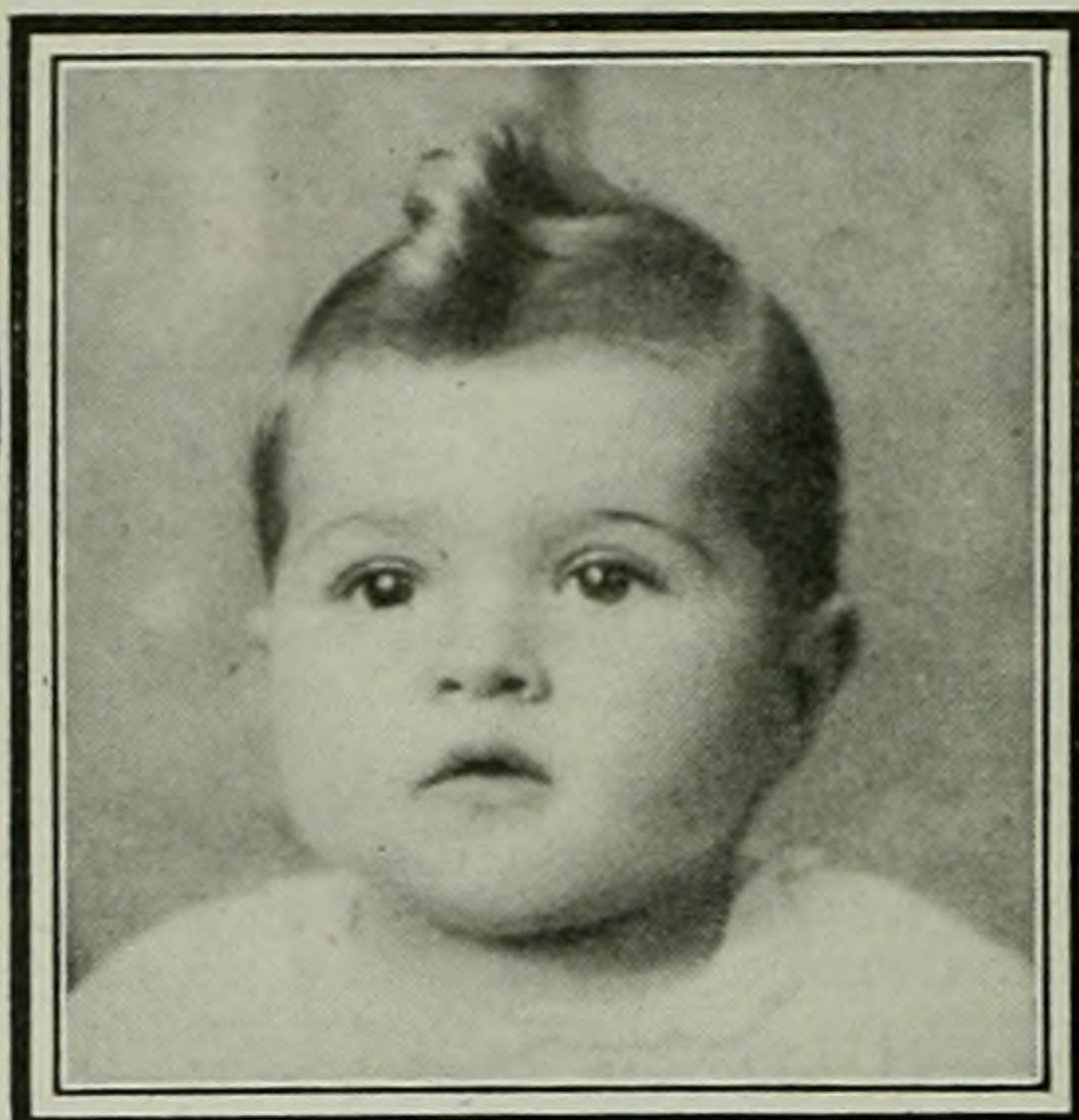
Address..... 93





Elizabeth L. Jackson  
Greensburg, Indiana

Estherea Mae George, Juneau, Alaska



Elna I. Harrington  
Presque Isle, Maine

## Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

Cow's milk contains all the nutritive elements necessary for maintenance and growth. If these elements were in the same proportions as in human milk and of the same character and as digestible, cow's milk as delivered to the household could be substituted for human milk with the assurance of successful results and the matter of the artificial feeding of infants would need no further thought.

However, while all the essential food elements are present in cow's milk, there is a marked difference in relative proportions, in physical character and in digestibility as compared with human milk and for these reasons cow's milk must be modified before it can be applied successfully as nourishment for the bottle-fed baby.

The purpose of Mellin's Food is to adjust these differences and this purpose is accomplished by following the plan which directs the use of Mellin's Food as a milk modifier.

The plan is a practical one, for the entire day's feeding may be prepared in a few minutes by simply dissolving Mellin's Food in water and then adding milk.

*Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"*

**Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.**





## WILLIAM HAINES in SLIDE KELLY SLIDE

**LISTEN** to that roaring grand stand,  
**SPRINGTIME'S** here, Oh boy!  
**BASEBALL**, romance, love and laughter . . . .  
**REMEMBER** William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?  
**THAT** was one glorious football picture!  
**AND** now this happy, handsome star appears in  
**THE** epic picture of the great National pastime  
**WITH** lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!  
**MIKE** Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the  
**MEUSELS** (Irish and Bob) themselves.  
**FOLLOW** the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide  
 with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY  
 An Edward Sedgwick Production  
 An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER  
 Titles by JOE FARNHAM  
 Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK



# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

## A Priceless Prize for the Keenest Eyes! from Ramon Novarro

**YOU** attend an exhibition of a truly wonderful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Settings, action, titles pass swiftly before your eyes. You marvel at them. But when you get home how much of the performance can you remember—and enjoy over and over again?

It's largely a matter of—*eyes*, alert vision, keen observations. Things you merely glance at you rarely remember. But when you really *see* something it stays with you. I want to help you to see—and thus enjoy—more of what M-G-M directors and we ourselves strive to put into our portrayals.

Here are five questions. The best set of answers to them will win a *prize that money could not buy*. The man who sends the best set of answers will receive the guitar I used in "Lovers" and a cash prize of \$50.

And for the best set of answers from a woman, Alice Terry will give the earrings she wore in the same picture and a cash prize of \$50. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph especially autographed by yours cordially,

*Ramon Novarro*

### Ramon Novarro's Five Questions

- 1 In what recent production does Lon Chaney appear without his usual makeup?
- 2 What do you think of M-G-M "Historical Westerns" such as "War Paint" and "Winners of the Wilderness" starring Tim McCoy? (Not more than 50 words.)
- 3 Who directed "Flesh and the Devil"? and name two of his previous productions.
- 4 Name a brother or sister of the following screen players, Marceline Day, Lionel Barrymore and Owen Moore.
- 5 What photoplay holds the world's record for length of run and name two other pictures next in length of run.

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

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

**Winners of the Marion Davies  
Contest of January**

**RUTH TRAENKLE**  
 36 Delaware St. Albany, N. Y.

**RICHARD T. COINER, Jr.**  
 1091 Vaughn St. Portland, Ore.

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



H A V E A C A M E L



## *Why Camel leads the world*

GOODNESS has made Camels the leader of the world that they are today. Goodness means the quality of the tobaccos from which they are made, the skill with which the tobaccos are blended to bring out the fragrance, to produce the mildness, to give that subtle quality and taste that smokers find only in Camel.

Goodness means such a standard of uniformity that the billionth or the trillionth Camel is sure to be just as good as the first. It means the honesty, the truthfulness, the sincerity of purpose to make and keep Camel the leader—the cigarette most preferred by the greatest number.

*Have a Camel!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.