

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JUNE
25¢

The National
Guide to
Motion Pictures

The Real Hell Raisers
of HOLLYWOOD

*Refreshing as cool water
and fresh mint*



LIFE SAVER Fruit Drops
are delicious too!

ORANGE - LEMON - LIME

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a protest from over-coddled gums

*Our gums are soft—
sometimes they bleed—for their health has been
impaired by lack of stimulation from our food.*

HAVE you ever noticed as you brush your teeth, a tinge of pink upon the bristles of your brush?

If you have, it is a sign that your gums need your immediate attention. It does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it certainly does indicate that you should at once begin to look after the health of your gums.

Why gum troubles are so prevalent today

Most cases of "pink tooth brush" and other troubles of the gums can be traced to a dormant condition of the gum tissue, to a lack of exercise and of stimulation.

Our diet is soft and creamy, we eat too quickly. Our teeth and gums do not get enough rough, hard chewing that coarser fare would give. The circulation within the gum walls becomes sluggish and slow.

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How Ipana and massage repair the damage soft food does

To change the culinary habits of our households is a task too radical to attempt. Servants would leave. Guests might not enjoy it. But it is simple, as any dentist will inform you, to keep the gums in health in spite of modern food.

Massage is one great aid. Ipana Tooth Paste is another. A gentle frictionizing takes but a minute morning and night and helps to restore the normal circulation, to relieve congestion and to bring



the gums back to a healthy state. As one authority says:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance."*

And this frictionizing, or massage, is all the better if Ipana Tooth Paste is the agent. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by the dental profession for many years. This ziratol content gives Ipana its remarkable power to aid the massage in toning the gums and in rendering them firm, sound and more resistant to infection.

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The coupon in the corner will bring you a ten-day tube—enough to acquaint you with Ipana's delicious flavor and its unexcelled cleansing and polishing properties. Indeed, thousands use it for these virtues alone.

But the full-size tube from the drug store, providing more than a hundred brushings, makes a fairer and more thorough test of its good effects on your gums. So give Ipana the full 30 days' trial and see if you, too, do not decide that this is the tooth paste you want to use for the rest of your life.

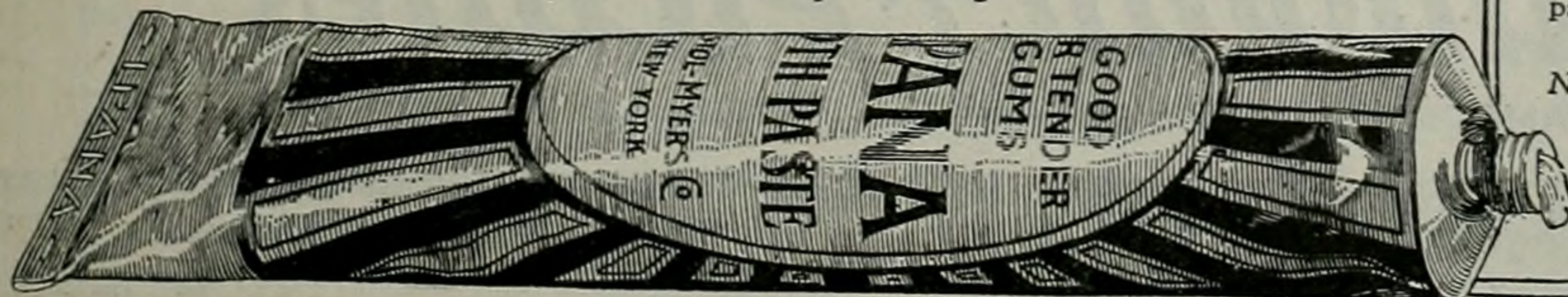
* From a standard text-book on preventive dentistry



Under a regime of modern food—soft and over-refined—our gums grow soft, weak and unhealthy. This page explains the simple method dentists recommend to offset the lack in our diet, and to keep our gums firm and sound.

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—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



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"OLD
IRONSIDES"
with Wallace Beery,
Esther Ralston,
George Bancroft,
Charles Farrell and
Johnnie Walker.

CRITERION
Herbert Brenon's
"Beau Geste"
with
Ronald Colman,
Noah Beery,
Neil Hamilton,
Alice Joyce
Mary Brian.

COHAN
Victor Fleming's
"The Rough
Riders"
with Noah Beery,
Charles Farrell,
George Bancroft,
Mary Astor and
Frank Hopper.

"One of the
Publix Theatres"
Paramount
Clara Bow in
"Rough
House Rosie"
with Reed Howes

"One of the
Publix Theatres"
RIALTO
Clara Bow and
Esther Ralston
in "Children
of Divorce"
A Frank Lloyd
Production.


**Paramount
lights Broadway
—and the Broadways
of the World!**

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"Broadway welcomes you to New York." But even if you never come, its pleasures are yours to enjoy no matter where you are because Paramount—the name that lights Broadway, lights the Broadways of the world!



In August you will see the complete 100% Paramount Program—Paramount Features, Paramount News and Paramount Comedies. Ask your Theatre Manager now to book it and enjoy a complete program of the same high standard as Paramount Pictures.

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"If it's a Paramount Picture it's
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Contents, June, 1927

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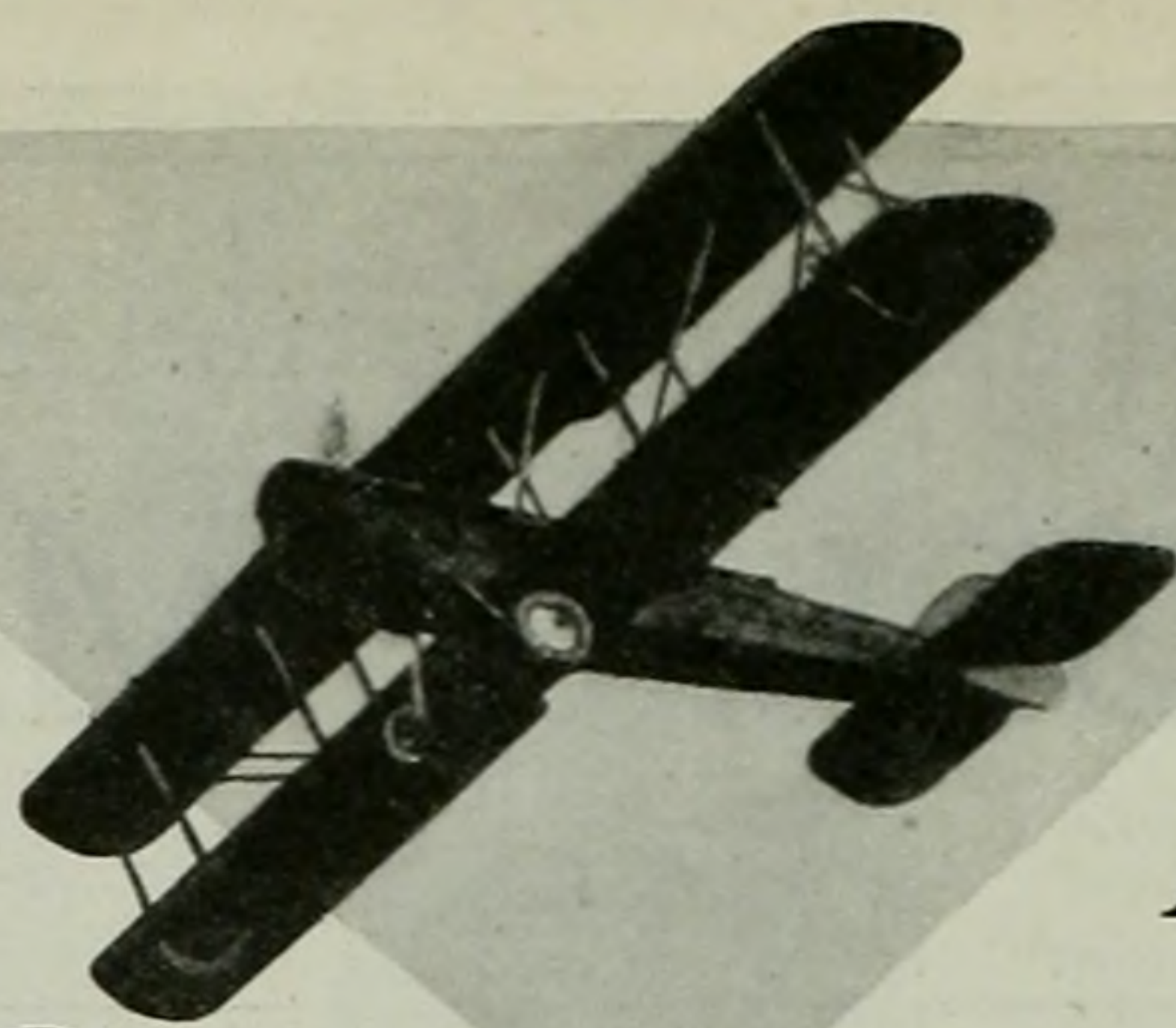
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As we go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

AFTER a period of peace and quiet, Hollywood enjoys another epidemic of front page-itis. In twenty-four hours, the film colony contributed two romantic episodes to the news of the nation as follows:

JOHAN GILBERT invaded the neat Beverly Hills police station and so noisily demanded the arrest of an unknown offender that he was pinched and sentenced to serve ten days on the charge of disturbing the peace. Upon paying a fine of \$25 he was released.

POLA NEGRI announced her engagement to Prince Serge Mdivani, brother-in-law of Mae Murray. The wedding gown is ordered and the ceremony will take place soon in Paris. The Prince, says Pola, is an old childhood friend.

MARY PICKFORD decides to call her next picture, the story of a clerk in a 5-and-10-cent store, "Paradise Alley."

DOUG FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford are reported to be planning to go to Africa with the Martin Johnsons on their next jungle trip. Doug says all shooting will be done with cameras.

CLARA BOW, threatened with breakdown from overwork, takes vacation.

JUANITA CROSLAND divorces her husband, Frederic Alan Crosland, the director.

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE has had her nose altered by Hollywood surgeons.

STORK expected at the Edwin Carewe home.

ALYCE MILLS leaves Famous Players.

CHIRSTIE Comedies to be distributed through Paramount next year, according to report.

RONALD COLMAN wears a monocle and has his mustache waxed in "The Magic Flame," which Henry King is

directing. Vilma Banky is co-star. Miss Banky next will appear with her fiance, Rod La Rocque, in a production called "Chains."

MAL ST. CLAIR chosen to direct the film version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" for Famous Players. No one yet selected for the rôle of Lorelei.

BETTY COMPSON has prominent rôle in "Twelve Miles Out," with Jack Gilbert. Joan Crawford has a leading part.

THOMAS MEIGHAN to do screen version of Sydney Howard's play, "Lucky Sam McCarver."

GRETA GARBO has started work on "Anna Karenina," to be released under the title of "Love," with Dimitri Buchowetzki directing.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS to do "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" after

his next, a college-football story called "The Substitute."

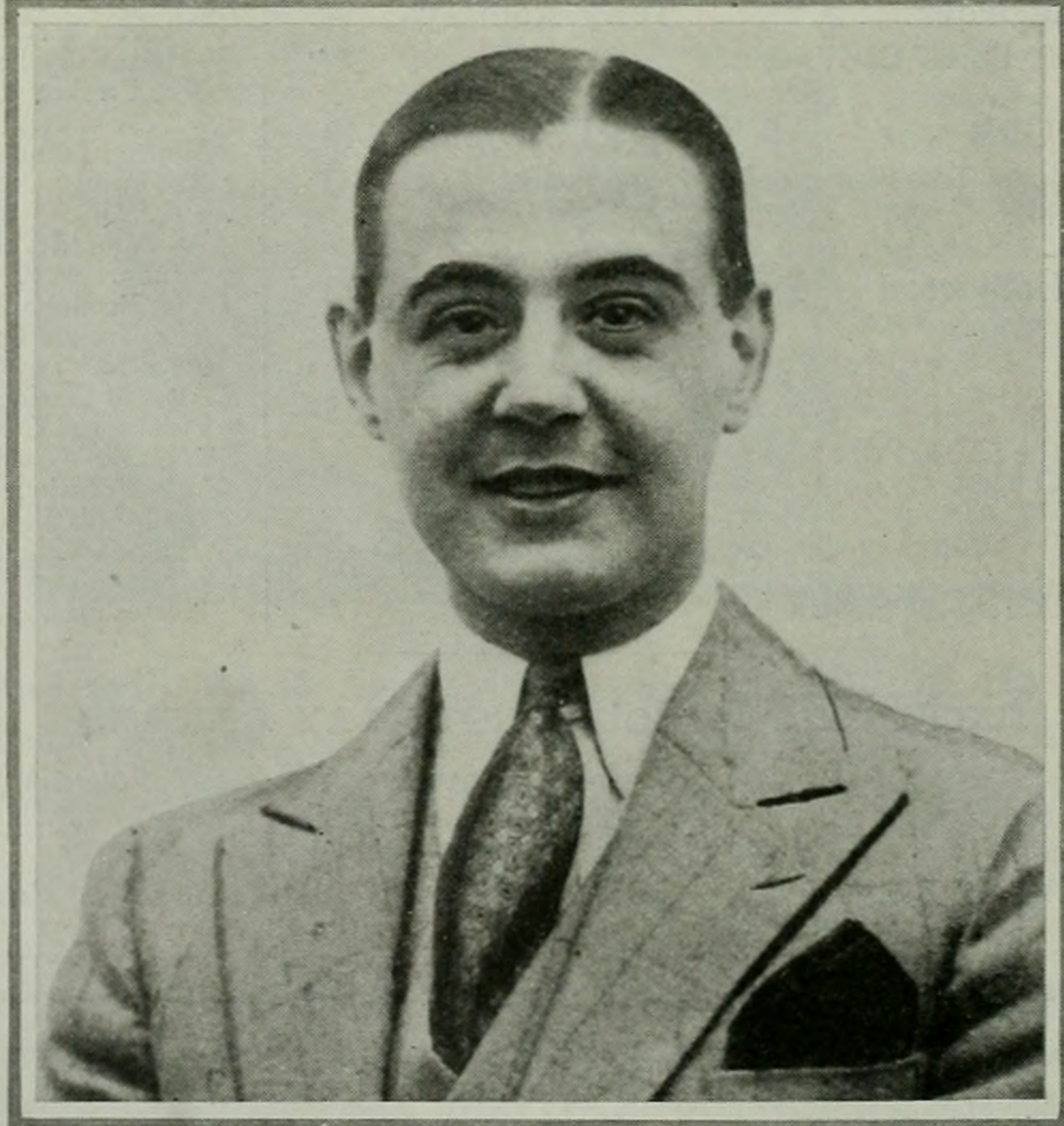
MILTON SILLS comes East to visit his wife, Doris Kenyon, ill in a New York Sanitarium. Sills' next to be roughneck melodrama called "Hard-Boiled Harrigan."

GRETA NISSEN signs long term contract for Fox Films. First to appear in a leading rôle of "The Cradle Snatchers."

HERBERT BRENON is in England, conferring with Warwick Deeping, author of "Sorrell and Son." Brenon will direct this novel for United Artists. Brenon is reported to be trying to secure film rights to Shaw's "Pygmalion" and Kipling's "Gunga Din."

UNIVERSAL signs Lucian Littlefield, the character actor, under one of those long term contracts.

PAULINE STARKE leaving Metro-Goldwyn to free lance.



By the time you read this, Prince Serge Mdivani may be Pola Negri's husband. Pola has set Paris as the place for the wedding, sometime in May. Mdivani is a Georgian prince. His brother, David, married Mae Murray

LILLIAN GISH starts work on "The Wind," Victor Seastrom directing. Lars Hanson is playing opposite. Hanson will next go to Germany to appear in "From Nine to Nine," a special production to be made by F. W. Murnau.

ERNST LUBITSCH is taking his technical staff to Germany to film special shots of "Old Heidelberg" in and about the historic city on the Rhine. No actors are going along.

LAURENCE GRAY has been selected as leading man for Norma Shearer in her next, "Liberty Bonds." This was written by Monte Bell and will be directed by him.

SAM WOOD, who made "Rookies," for Metro-Goldwyn, has been signed permanently by that organization.

REPORTS have it that Red Grange, the football star, and F. B. O. have separated over the salary question. Red wanted more money. There is a possibility, it is said, that Grange will sign with Metro-Goldwyn.

The Star Must Stand
 "On Her Own Feet"

THE star must do exacting work, endless hours of it; she must look pretty; she must have charm and poise; she must be brimming over with personality. She *must* always be at her best. She cannot afford to suffer with foot aches, leg weariness or undue fatigue. Therefore, such a star as Miss Dorothy Mackaill wears

THE
**ARCH PRESERVER
 SHOE**

because this shoe helps her by keeping her feet healthy, vigorous and comfortable. She has found that she can go clear through the most trying day on location or in the studio without the slightest foot annoyance. Further, this shoe helps her maintain her poise and charm.

The concealed, built-in arch bridge gives support so there can be no straining of the delicate foot structure. The flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. There can be no foot abuse.

And yet these necessary health features are combined with the very newest style ideas from Paris and New York.

Write for booklet "A New World."

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
 606 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio



Look for this trade-mark on sole and lining. The Arch Preserver Shoe is made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio, for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Dorothy Mackaill, winsome star of "Convoy" and other First National Pictures, is here seen wearing the "Dorothy" model of the Arch Preserver Shoe named in her honor.



The Selby Shoe Co., 606 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
 Please send booklet T-06 "A New World."

Name.....

Address.....

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



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

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

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (May.)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (May.)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (May.)

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

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter 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.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "Beau Geste"
- "Resurrection"
- "Slide, Kelly, Slide"
- "The Big Parade"
- "Old Ironsides"
- "What Price Glory"
- "The Rough Riders"

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

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

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

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (May.)

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

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 dashingy acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

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

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

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

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

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (May.)

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



WILLIAM HAINES in SLIDE KELLY SLIDE

LISTEN to that roaring grand stand,
SPRINGTIME'S here, Oh boy!

BASEBALL, romance, love and laughter

REMEMBER William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"?

THAT was one glorious football picture!

AND now this happy, handsome star appears in

THE epic picture of the great National pastime

WITH lovely Sally O'Neil and — wow!

MIKE Donlin, Tony Lazzeri, and the

MEUSELS (Irish and Bob) themselves.

FOLLOW the crowd!



Slide Kelly Slide

with WILLIAM HAINES, SALLY O'NEIL, HARRY CAREY

An Edward Sedgwick Production

An original screen play by A. P. YOUNGER

Titles by JOE FARNHAM

Directed by EDWARD SEDGWICK

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"



Where are eyes the keenest?

North, South, East, West?

These rare prizes will decide it!

WHAT a difference there is in eyes—and between merely looking at things and actually seeing them. Thousands of people miss half the enjoyment M-G-M pictures could give them. They do not *see*—and, of course, can't remember—anywhere near all that producers put into settings and players into their characterizations.

Here's a test that'll help you discover how keen your eyes are. If they're as sharp as we hope, they'll win one of our prizes for you! Send us your answers to the six questions below. The possessor of the keenest woman's eyes shall receive the favorite "Aileen Pringle" choker necklace. The sharpest male optics will win the silver-topped "Lew Cody" cane used in "On Ze Boulevard."

To the 50 next best, we'll give our favorite portraits specially autographed. Luck and keen eyes to you all—North, South, East, West!

(Signed)

Film Dingle

Lew Cody

Here are the six questions!

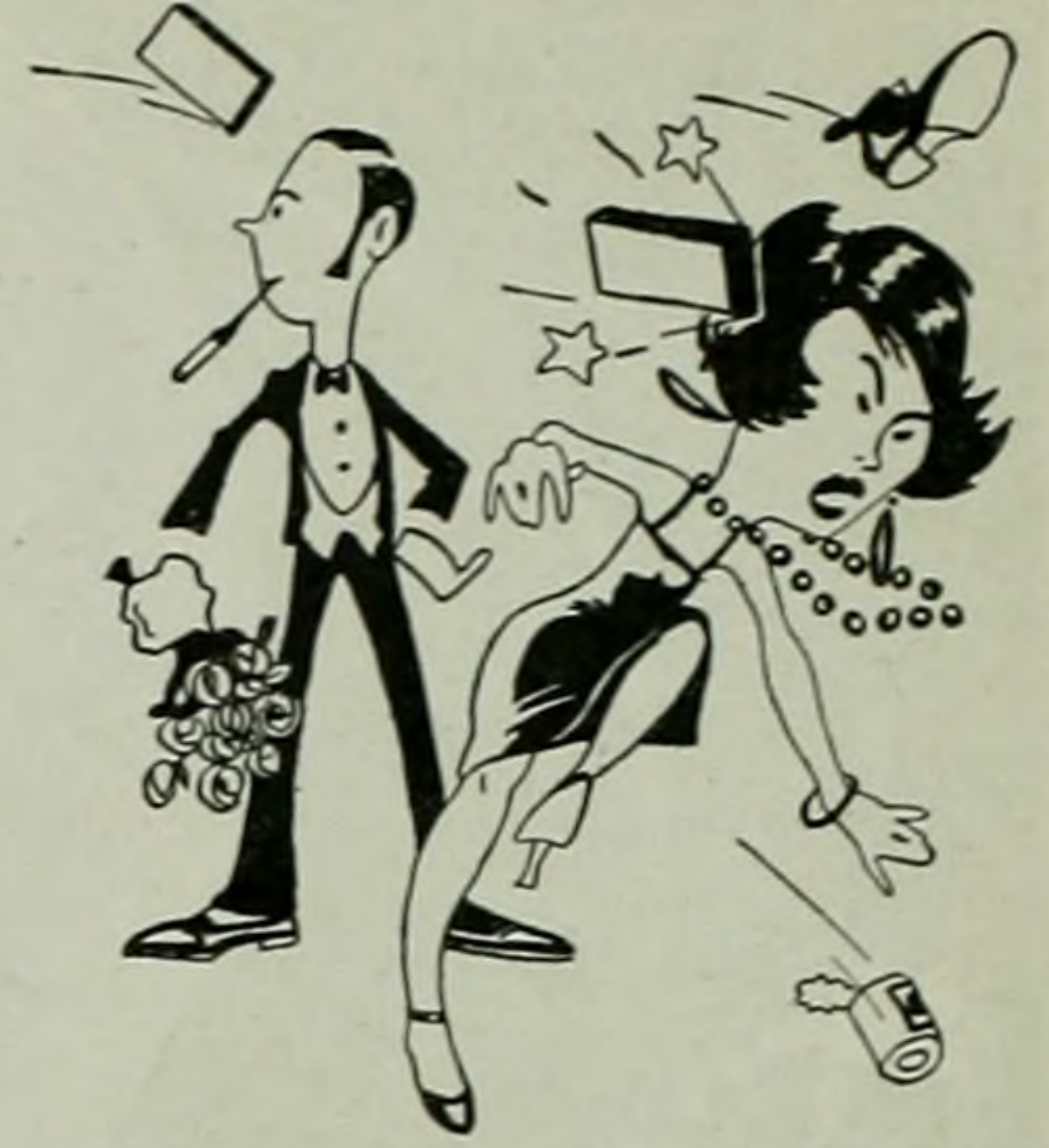
- 1 In what recent M-G-M picture does Lon Chaney play the role of a son, a father and a grandfather?
- 2 With what type of picture has Reginald Barker been long identified?
- 3 Give your estimation of William Haines' work on the screen with particular reference to "Slide, Kelly, Slide." (Not more than 50 words.)
- 4 What M-G-M picture has for its background the Citizens' Military Training Camps?
- 5 Name six M-G-M pictures which will be shown at your local theatre in 1927. Give name of theatre and manager.
- 6 In what M-G-M picture does an imaginary island figure and what was the name given it?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by June 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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

**Winners of
the Joan Crawford Contest of March:**
HARRY D. BROWN, Mayor
Gillispie, Illinois
SADIE M. MOORHOUSE
815 Pacific Ave., Osawatonic, Kansas

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

"FLESH and the Devil" is creating the same interest in the smaller cities that it excited in the metropolitan districts. Many are thrilled by it; a few detest it; nobody ignores it. The Garbo flag flies high. "Beau Geste" wins universal praise. So, too, does "What Price Glory." Not a brickbat has hit them.

"The King of Kings" has established more advance enthusiasm than any picture yet filmed. Apparently the whole fan world is waiting for it.

Careful casting of pictures seems to pay, for, with the exception of Greta Garbo, no particular personality seems headed starward. Letters to this department show a definite, strong and quite new interest in the smaller players. Leila Hyams, for instance, has won an audience by her performance in "Summer Bachelors."

One of the surprises of the month was the score of letters about Leslie Fenton. Madeline Hurlock of the comedies has a fan following and among the Westerns, Fred Thomson is steadily climbing toward the top.

\$25.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

How many people realize that the vast improvement Americans have made in the last decade in general knowledge, dress, speech, manners, and artistic taste, is due to the subtle, yet forceful teachings of motion pictures?

We have acquired a cultural development that has raised us from crudities bound to exist in so fast growing a nation, to refinements that ordinarily take centuries to acquire, and then are passed on only to the socially superior.

Note that Molly O'Grady, like Colonel's lady, now dresses modishly, sips her soup from the side of her spoon, desists from planting her elbows upon the table and gobbling her food; that her home reflects the gracious influence of the artistry so obviously present in motion pictures; and that there gleams in her everyday language much of the impeccable English of the titles and sub-titles of the pictured drama.

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

Yes, the credit for disseminating to America's millions an incalculable amount of illuminative knowledge, that has broadened, enlightened and refined our people to an extent realized by few, goes unquestionably, unequivocally to the motion picture.

H. A. MELVILLE.

\$10.00 Letter

Rochester, N. Y.

We had company for dinner. The soup boiled over on the cat. The cat jumped through the kitchen window, glass and all. My wife screamed. Our little son, Junior, upstairs dressing, heard the scream and ran to investigate, forgetting to fasten his knickers. Three maiden aunts, making us their annual holiday visit, hurried from the living room to the kitchen. As they entered, Junior entered minus his trousers. He had lost them falling down stairs. The aunts screamed.

My wife, forgetting the cat and the soup, spanked Junior with enthusiasm. Thereafter we sat down to dinner. Everything went wrong. The roast chicken I was

carving slipped off the platter and landed in Aunt Alvira's lap. The gravy on its back didn't match her lavender silk dress. The dinner party was like a refrigerator that makes its own ice.

Afterwards we sat in the living room submerged in gloom.

"Whoop!" yelled Junior.

"Are you sick?" my wife gasped.

"No," said Junior, "but Harold Lloyd's in town in 'The Kid Brother.' Let's go."

We all went. We all laughed. We came home happy. The encircling gloom was gone. Even the cat came back, purring.

Wherefore, I conclude, consign life's troubles to the movies and be happy.

M. S. SIMMONS.

\$5.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

I wish to take issue with the letter in your February issue which seems to fear the ominous superiority of European films, in European opinion! There is no worry.

Last summer having visited relatives in those far-off bald, wild Scottish Highlands, which give one that weird feeling of being detached from the earth, I entered the "Acropolis" of Edinburgh. Two things struck me simultaneously on the Main or Prince's street:—Woolworth's Five and Ten Cent Store, and a movie featuring a real United States Wild West Show. I tell you again "There is no worry." If these staid Scotchmen can appreciate our bucking broncos; if these "braw" Highlanders can approve our Western leathers in opposition to their kilts, emblematic of their historic clans; if these Scotchmen spend their money to see a true American show—there is no worry!

ELIZABETH G. CLARK.

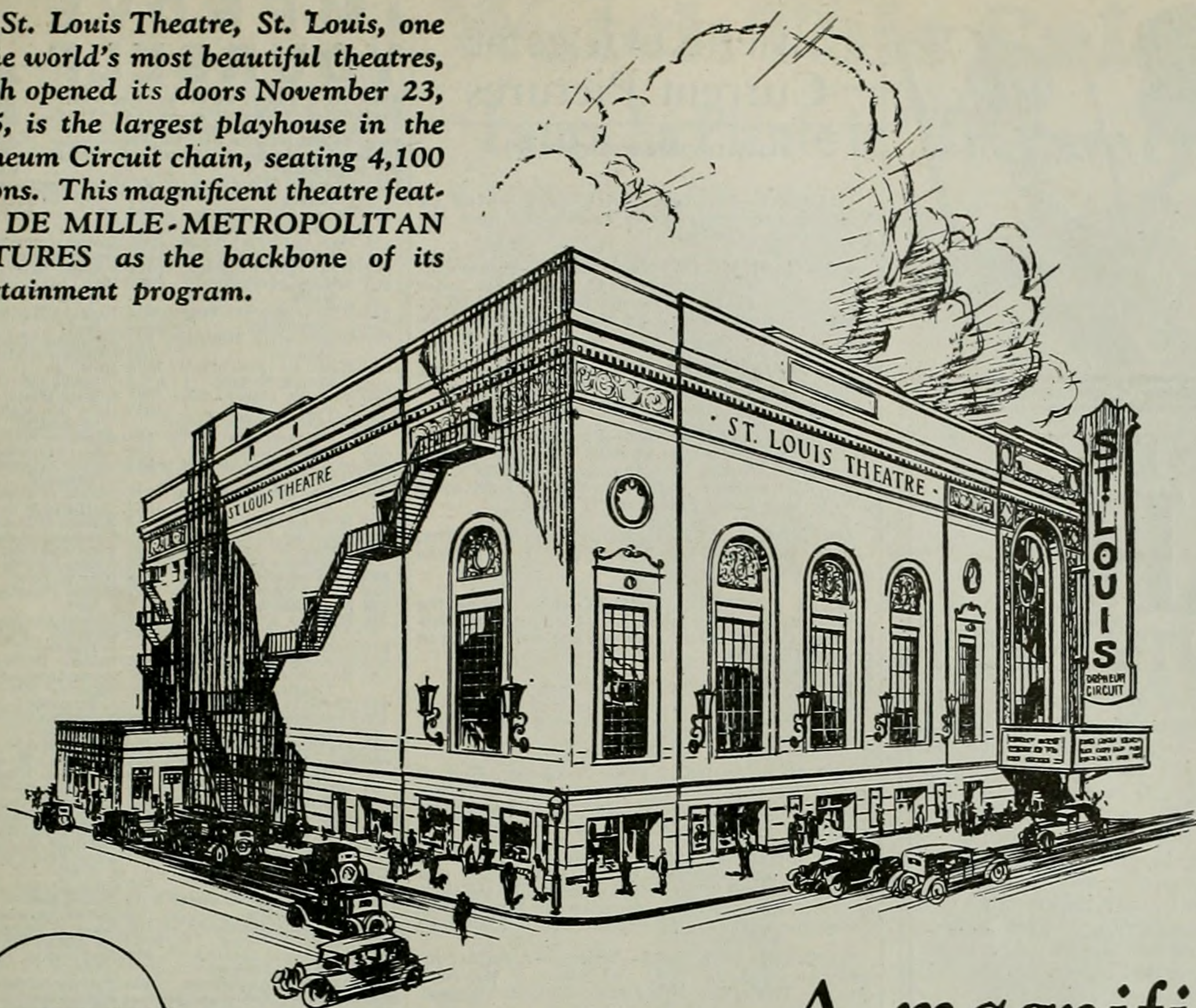
A Little Western

Middletown, Pa.

Where do they get this stuff about Westerns being the death of an actor? What kind of a death? Financially? Artistically? When Lois Wilson begins to shout for Art and says that she has always had an inferiority complex what she really

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

The St. Louis Theatre, St. Louis, one of the world's most beautiful theatres, which opened its doors November 23, 1925, is the largest playhouse in the Orpheum Circuit chain, seating 4,100 persons. This magnificent theatre features DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES as the backbone of its entertainment program.



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JOHN C. FLINN, Vice-President and General Manager



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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 Mullah. (February.)

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

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

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

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (May.)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rint-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (May.)

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

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

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (May.)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor 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.)

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

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

***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.)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (May.)

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

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

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

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

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (May.)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (May.)

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

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

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

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

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—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.)

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

***METROPOLIS**—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (May.)

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

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

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

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved to make him a success. (May.)

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

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

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

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

Watch This Column

Laura La Plante in "The Love Thrill"



"The Love Thrill" is the catchy title for LAURA LA PLANTE'S new comedy, and there are many who tell me it is one of the most delicious farces of the season. It has a very clever plot and in the hands of MISS LA PLANTE, assisted by TOM MOORE and BRYANT WASHBURN, the situations are splendidly developed.

The story was written by Millard Webb and Joseph Mitchell and was directed by Webb. I saw it twice and was unable to criticize it because the details were so capably handled. I'd like to have your opinion of it. Is this the kind of play in which you like to see MISS LA PLANTE?

Briefly, Joyce Bragdon, a beautiful young woman, is a member of an insurance firm about at the end of its string. Seeing poverty staring her in the face, she forces her way into the presence of a wealthy man to sell him insurance and poses as the widow of his best friend, an African explorer, supposed to be dead. All goes well until the supposed dead man appears on the scene. Then is when the fun begins.

Coming soon, "The Claw," Cynthia Stockley's fine story, starring NORMAN KERRY and CLAIRE WINDSOR with ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE. A Sidney Olcott Production.

(To be continued next month)

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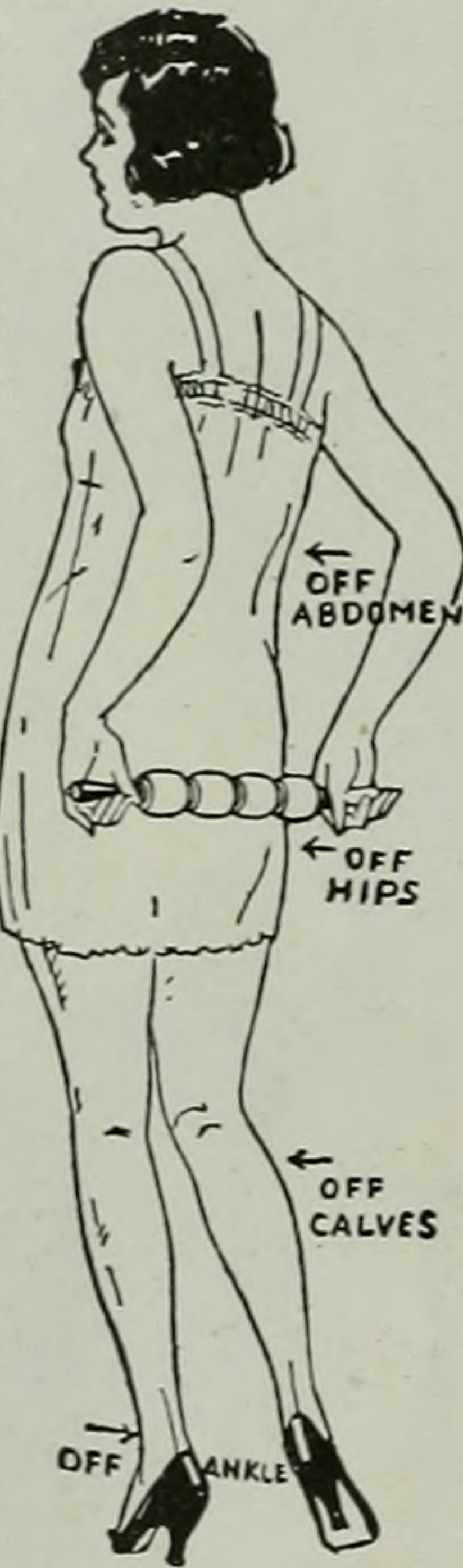
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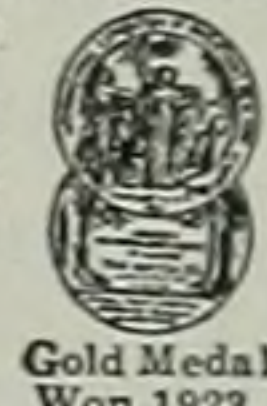
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***NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

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

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

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

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.)

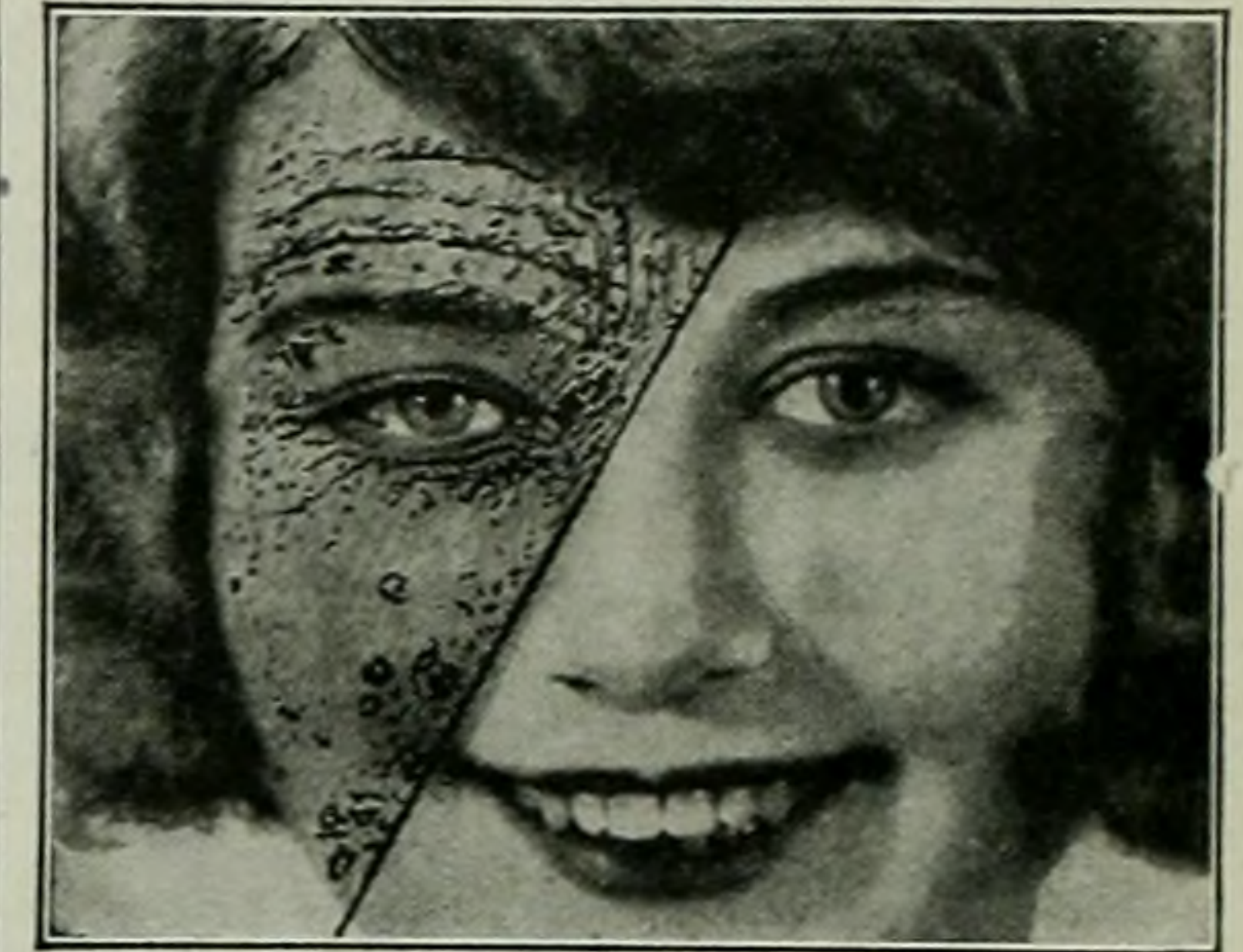
***RESURRECTION**—United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores Del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (May.)

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

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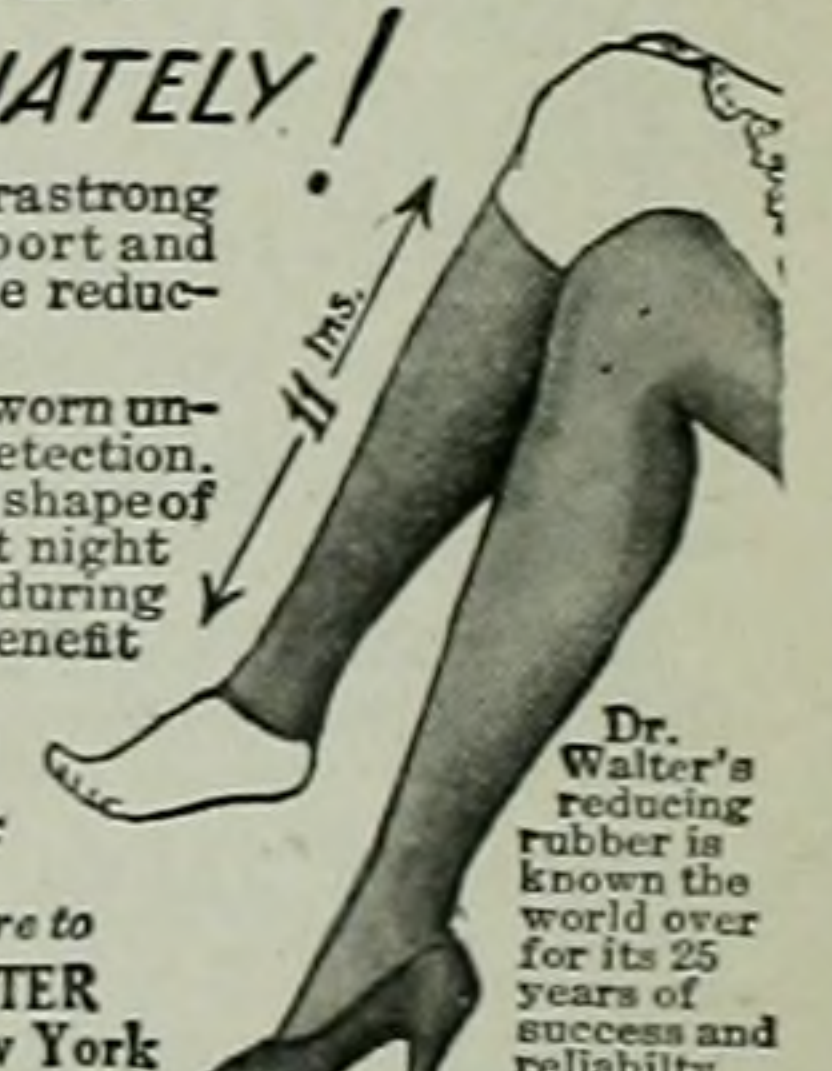
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Send Ankle and Calf measure to DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER 389 Fifth Avenue New York



Sunburn

Cool and soothe the inflammation and distress of sunburn with clean, antiseptic, healing ZEMO. Use freely any time. At all druggists—60c and \$1.00.

zemo FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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 767 Effingham, Ill.

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Six illustrated rules telling how to read Character by the eyes. Learn the truth. Send only 10c stamps or coin.

CHARACTER READING INSTITUTE
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Cruise this summer on the



lake lines



Mackinac Island..
The Summer Wonderland
Chicago... Detroit
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Over-Night Service

On business, pleasure, or vacation, sail between the above points on the luxurious D&C liners—the fastest ships on the Great Lakes. Swift, restful, refreshing, dustless traveling. First class accommodations exclusively. Autos carried. Wireless aboard. Write for Free Illustrated Booklet of D & C Tours

between Cleveland and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit, and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

Round Trip Fares

between	
*CHICAGO and DETROIT.....	\$60
*MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT.....	\$30
*BUFFALO and CHICAGO.....	\$79

	One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	\$3.50	\$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT.....	\$6.00	\$11.00

*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra
On the Mackinac Island and Chicago Division there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.



DETROIT AND CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

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

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

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (May.)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (May.)

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

***SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian 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.)

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

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

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

***SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (May.)

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

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small 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.)

***STARK LOVE**—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

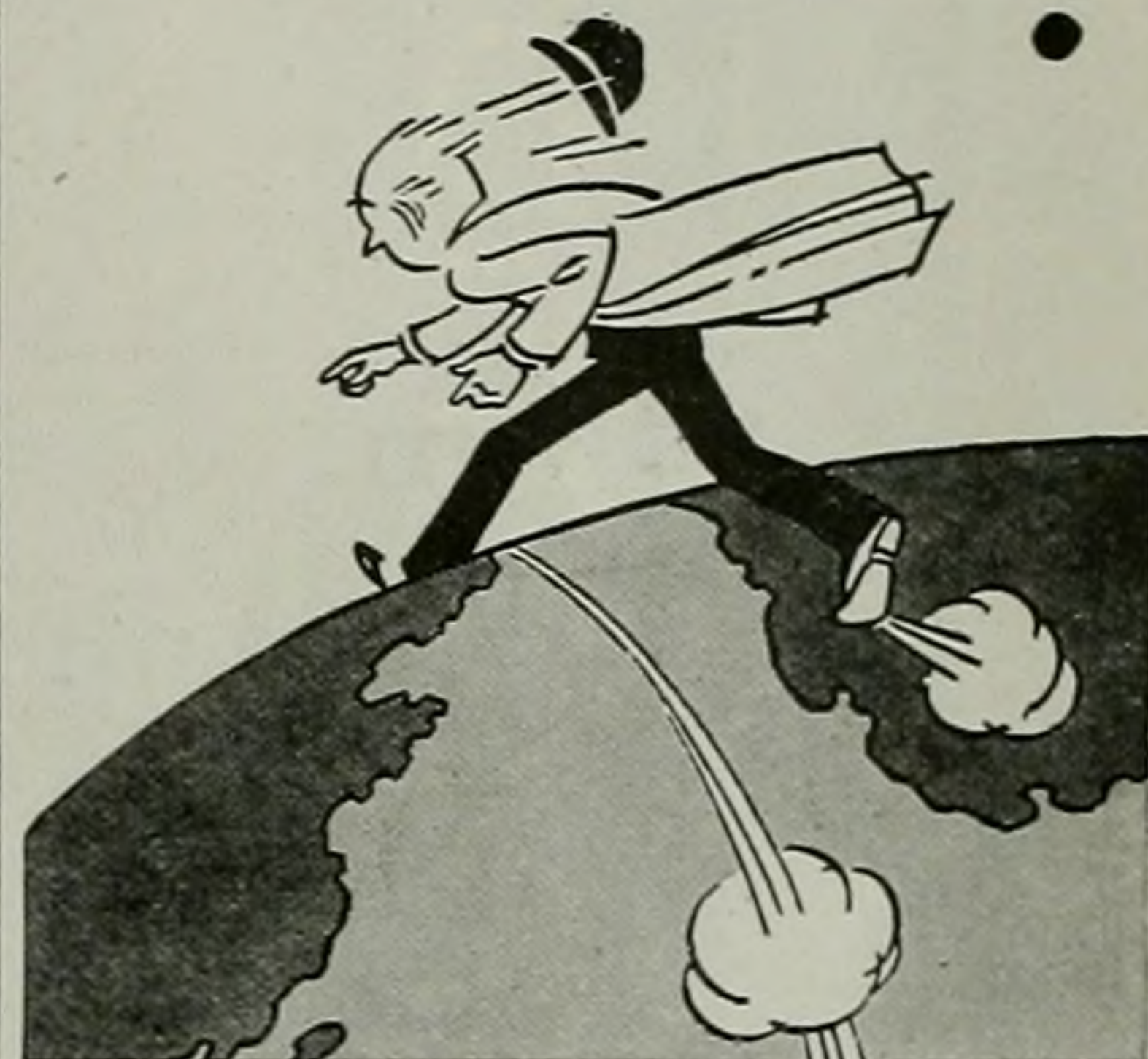
TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.—The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (May.)

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 155]

Round the world in 15 minutes!



Pathé News

Big things are happening in the world of today. You read of them in the newspapers, but you see them in the Pathe News. Can there be anything more interesting than to see history as it happens?

Pathe News was the first news reel. Its news-gathering staff of cameramen, far flung and unique, has been built up and perfected through the ripened experience of fifteen years. That's why it leads all motion pictures today in interest and in prestige.

Make Pathe News a habit
at your favorite theatre

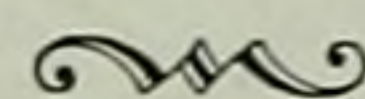
PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York



All over town First National take the guesswork out

THOUSANDS of happy, hurrying foot steps . . . Flashing, eager eyes . . . Boys and Girls together—Dad and Mother too—You can almost *feel* the thrill in the air . . . There's a new Movie at the Royal tonight—and it's a First National Picture!

They're out for a good time, and they *know* they'll get it. No more show-shopping—no more after-the-theatre grouches . . . For



"The Tender Hour"

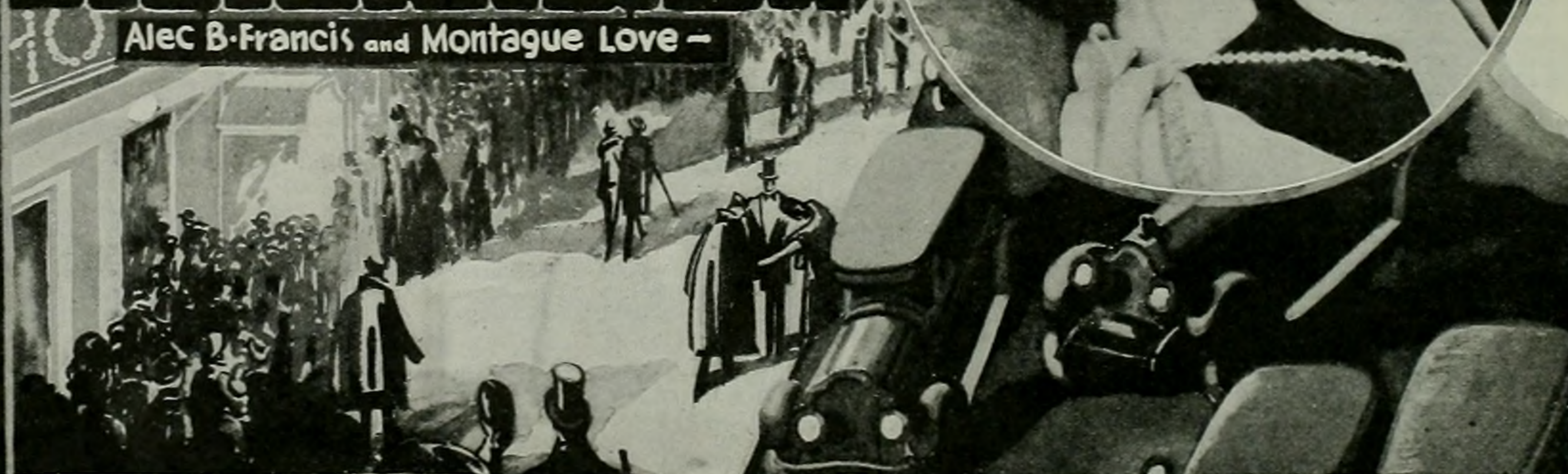
NEW prize beauty of the screen—Billie Dove. See her win Stardom in this pulsing drama of Riviera Romance and Paris Divorce. Ecstatic love scenes that will recall all the great moments of your life! Supreme production of a master director, George Fitzmaurice.

JOHN Mc CORMICK presents

A GEORGE
FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION
by CAREY WILSON
with

BILLIE DOVE -- BEN LYON

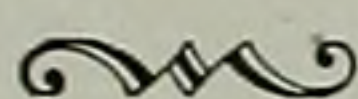
Alec B-Francis and Montague Love -



-the latest Pictures of "Going to the Movies"

"First National" on a theatre's ads or signboards is ironclad FUN INSURANCE!—a guarantee that you'll get your money's worth in either laughs, or thrills, or a famous star's performance—in gorgeous fashions, an unusual story, snappy "lines", or beautiful girls—or all combined!

See for yourself! These two new hit-of-the-hour successes will show you!

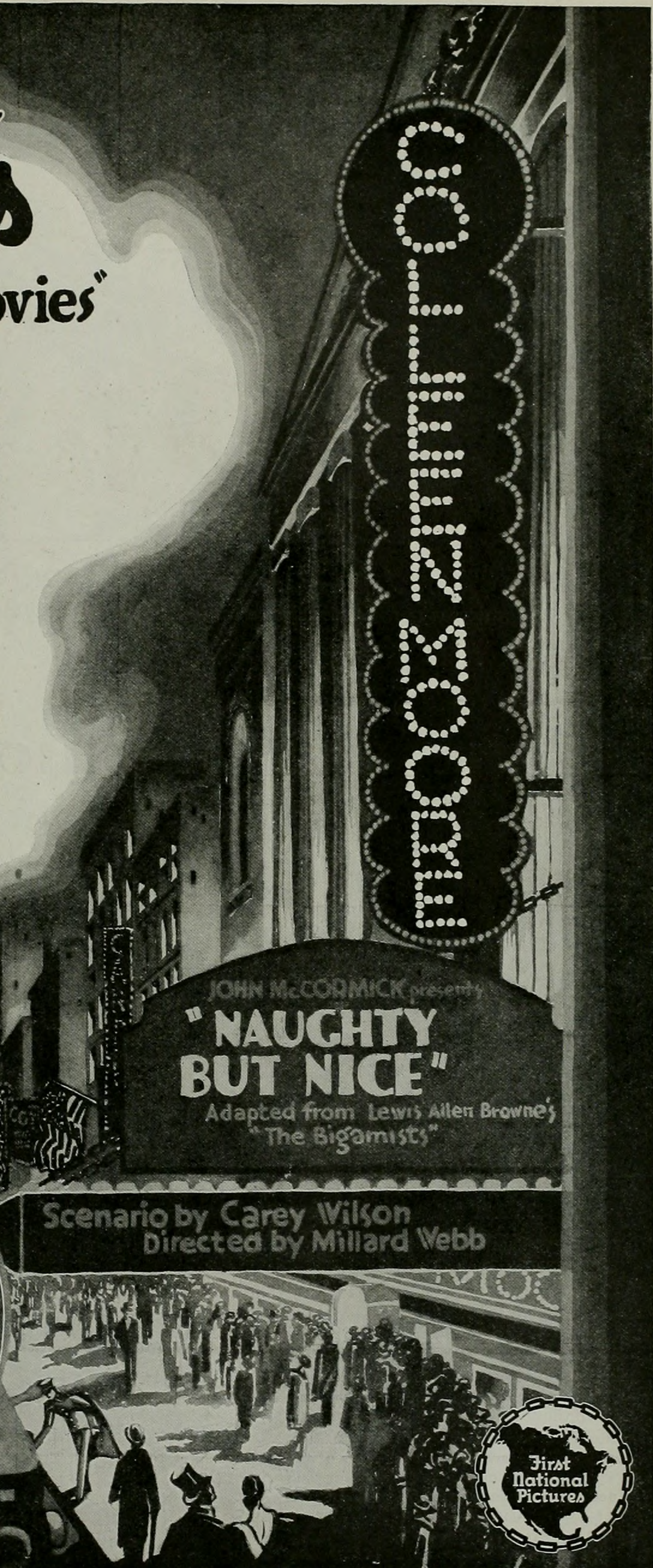


"Naughty But Nice"

She didn't MEAN to do it—but when they found her in the handsome young stranger's hotel room she just HAD to introduce him as her Husband! What a start for Colleen Moore's latest laugh-hit! And the Finish will make you say again: "There's only one Colleen."

Tune in!

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



JOHN McCORMICK presents
"NAUGHTY BUT NICE"
 Adapted from Lewis Allen Browne's
 "The Bigamists"
 Scenario by Carey Wilson
 Directed by Millard Webb





... Like tropical flowers, in their brilliant frocks—how do the women of these exclusive cottage colonies take care of their skin?"



AT THE MOST FASHIONABLE RESORTS

NEWPORT + BAR HARBOR + LAKE PLACID CLUB

+ THE MOUNT ROYAL IN MONTREAL +

*Society women find it
"a perfect soap for the skin"*

NEWPORT, with its white palaces above the sea—Bar Harbor, where the yachts of millionaires flash back and forth like sea-gulls—Lake Placid Club and Mount Royal, with their wonderful winter sports—

Society has made these places her own.

Here, in the season, the most beautiful women in America are to be seen—riding, golfing, swimming, dancing—or, wrapped in furs, against the glittering background of winter, making the loveliest of pictures as they skate, ski, toboggan.

How do these women, accustomed to every luxury, take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to keep the texture smooth, soft, exquisite?

In the fashionable cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor—three-fourths of the 193 women we questioned said they find Woodbury's Facial Soap best for their skin.

Among 208 women guests at Lake Placid Club—nearly two-thirds were using Woodbury's.

At beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal three out of every four women guests were enthusiastic Woodbury users: "Truly the most cleansing and non-irritating soap," they said. "The only satisfactory soap for the face." "Perfect!"

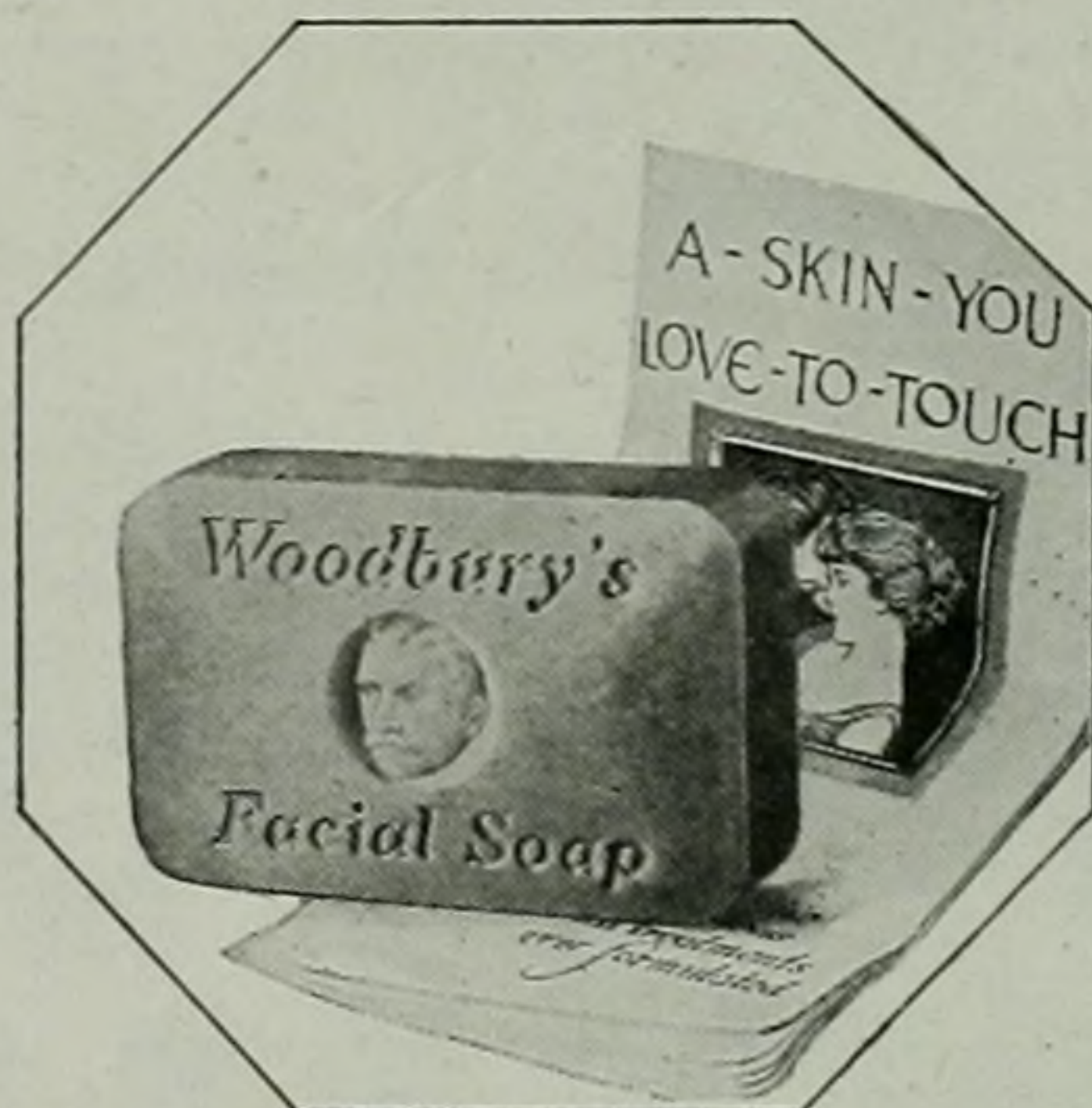
A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater

refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

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

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

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days
Now—the large-size trial set!



Demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2211 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

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

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2211 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



Ruth Harriet Louise

ANY girl with a turned-up nose, freckles and merry blue eyes should have little trouble in playing a James Barrie heroine. So Marion Davies is now appearing in "Quality Street." It's a story that she has always wanted to film.

NEW PICTURES



Ruth Harriet Louise

BECAUSE of her hard-boiled comedy performances in "The Demi Bride" and "Slide, Kelly, Slide," Dorothy Sebastian receives this handsome picture of herself in our critical magazine. Maybe, with this encouragement, she'll keep up the good work.



Russell Ball

AFTER sponsoring the boyish cut, Gloria Swanson goes back to long hair. It is arranged in club fashion at the nape of her neck. Also Gloria is coming out strongly for the uncovered ear. The hair, incidentally, is all her own.



Ruth Harriet Louise

AILEEN PRINGLE played "vamp" rôles until her sense of humor revolted. Henceforth she will devote herself to plots with a glint of comedy. She is to be co-starred with Lew Cody in a series of pictures, the first of which is "Her Brother from Brazil."



Russell Ball

WHEN all the other players hit the trail westward, Ben Lyon returned to New York, just to be different. Robert Kane engaged him for the leading rôle in "Dance Magic," a new picture with a Manhattan background. Ben accepted without a protest.



Russell Ball

AFTER long fidelity to the screen, Alice Joyce is flirting with the idea of going on the speaking stage. Hollywood is too far from Park Avenue where Alice has her home, her husband and her children.



WHEN one is sure of a groomed appearance, the trials of uncomfortable weather become less formidable. Gossard figure garments for summer assure groomed and graceful lines to the most difficult, filmy frocks . . .

Ask your corsetiere to show you model 556 . . . a pliable, lightweight Gossard clasparound, of brocade and elastic, illustrated here. Center clasp, or hooking down the side, \$5.

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

The **GOSSARD** *Line of Beauty*

"My Clothes are no longer the problem they were"

—MARY ASTOR

Sheer frocks, dainty underthings, now are laundered perfectly since her maid learned the secret of keeping them like new!

"I LIKE BEST fragile frocks in the light colors," Mary Astor told me, "but their very sheerness makes it imperative that they be kept fresh and dainty always. That was once a problem in this land of sunshine where we spend all our days out-of-doors!

"My clothes became wind-blown and dusty so quickly and washing was so uncertain—often so ruinous—that it seemed impossible to keep their dainty new look.

"One day last summer I wore for tennis a new frock of apricot crepe with an embroidered jacket. After the game it was so powdered with the dust of the courts that I wondered whether it, too, must be added to my long list of clothes that had never tubbed successfully. Or whether it might be

one of the miracles my maid had lately seemed able to perform!

"The next day I found my precious frock hanging in my wardrobe—lovelier than ever! At my surprised de-

light, my maid told me that she had learned the secret of safe laundering and that secret was—Lux! Since her discovery my clothes are no longer the problem they were!"

As we sat talking in Miss Astor's boudoir her maid came in with an armful of freshly laundered things, and it was evident, indeed, that Lux had solved a difficult problem.

Pajamas and negligees of old-gold crepe, a coral dance-set of triple voile, little tailored dresses of radium silk, and many, many pairs of the open work stockings that go so well with the chiffon frocks Mary Astor loves. Billowing heaps of rainbow-colored bits of loveliness! Kept always fresh and dainty now with Lux.



THE lovely frocks that Mary Astor is famous for are a perfect setting for her demure dark beauty. Frocks so fragile—yet Lux washes them perfectly!



Tennis is Mary Astor's favorite sport and she always dresses adorably for it in the smartest sports frocks



MARY ASTOR'S Beverly Hills home is one of the most charming in that famous colony. Here she comes for occasional days of sunshine—brief holidays snatched from the strenuous life of a motion picture star



"If it's safe in water . . .
it's just as safe in Lux"

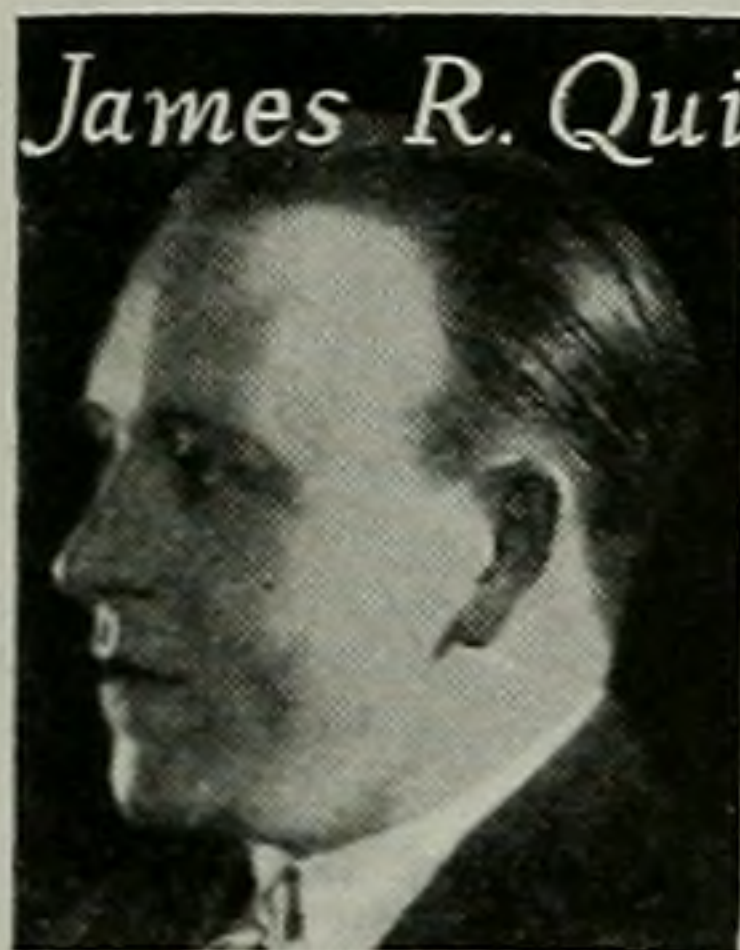
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY

June, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



GO see "The King of Kings" even if you have to miss the Wednesday evening prayer meeting to do so.

Cecil B. De Mille has taken the greatest story of history and woven it into a celluloid fabric of rare beauty and reverence.

He has given us a screen record of the last year of the life of Christ, ending with the crucifixion and His reappearance to His apostles.

He brings Him back to us today as no mere words ever could.

Whether you believe Christ God or man makes no difference. The picture leaves you with a visualized realization of the divinity of His mission.

NO book, no painting, no sculpture is as susceptible of microscopic examination as is a motion picture.

If a man has done a piece of work better than any other man has done it, we have no right to withhold credit because of one or two slight imperfections.

It is possible that someone else could have done the story of Christ better. I will admit it when he does it. But I know of no man in motion pictures today who would have the courage to attempt to surpass De Mille's film Testament.

MANY millions who have never read the Bible will see this picture. It will run on the screens of the world for years.

It will do more spiritual good than all the

well meaning missionaries in Africa and Asia, because it will tell the story of sublime sacrifice and love to the eye that believes what it sees, instead of the ear that is accustomed to strain words through the brain for acceptance or rejection.

TAKE all the missionaries out of China, send a hundred prints of "The King of Kings," and then let China alone to work out its destiny.

"WILL it make money?" some one asked me the opening night in New York.

I hope it makes \$5,000,000 for its producers. And I think it will.

ALL the big producers are in a welter of consternation over the increasing cost of pictures.

Salaries are not the problem now. It is camera time, the time the director takes to shoot his film.

If they could cut down one week of camera time on every picture they could save millions. If you can demonstrate your ability to do it you are worth \$5,000 a week to any of them.

Here is a chance for a good job. Step right up with your solution. The line forms on the right, and don't crowd.

CONGRATULATIONS to Eddie Carewe on "Resurrection." There's a picture! I asked him how he happened to make it after all the pot-boilers he has done.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

The REAL



It Is the Big Butter and Egg Man's Little Boy Who Puts the Sin in Cinemaland

The poor little rich boy longs to meet actresses. Hollywood, not Paris, is his new Mecca. Here is Craig Biddle surrounded by Clara Horton, Marie Astaire, Ilone Marlowe and May West. Philadelphia was never like this!

IT'S the soft sap who gives Hollywood the hard name.

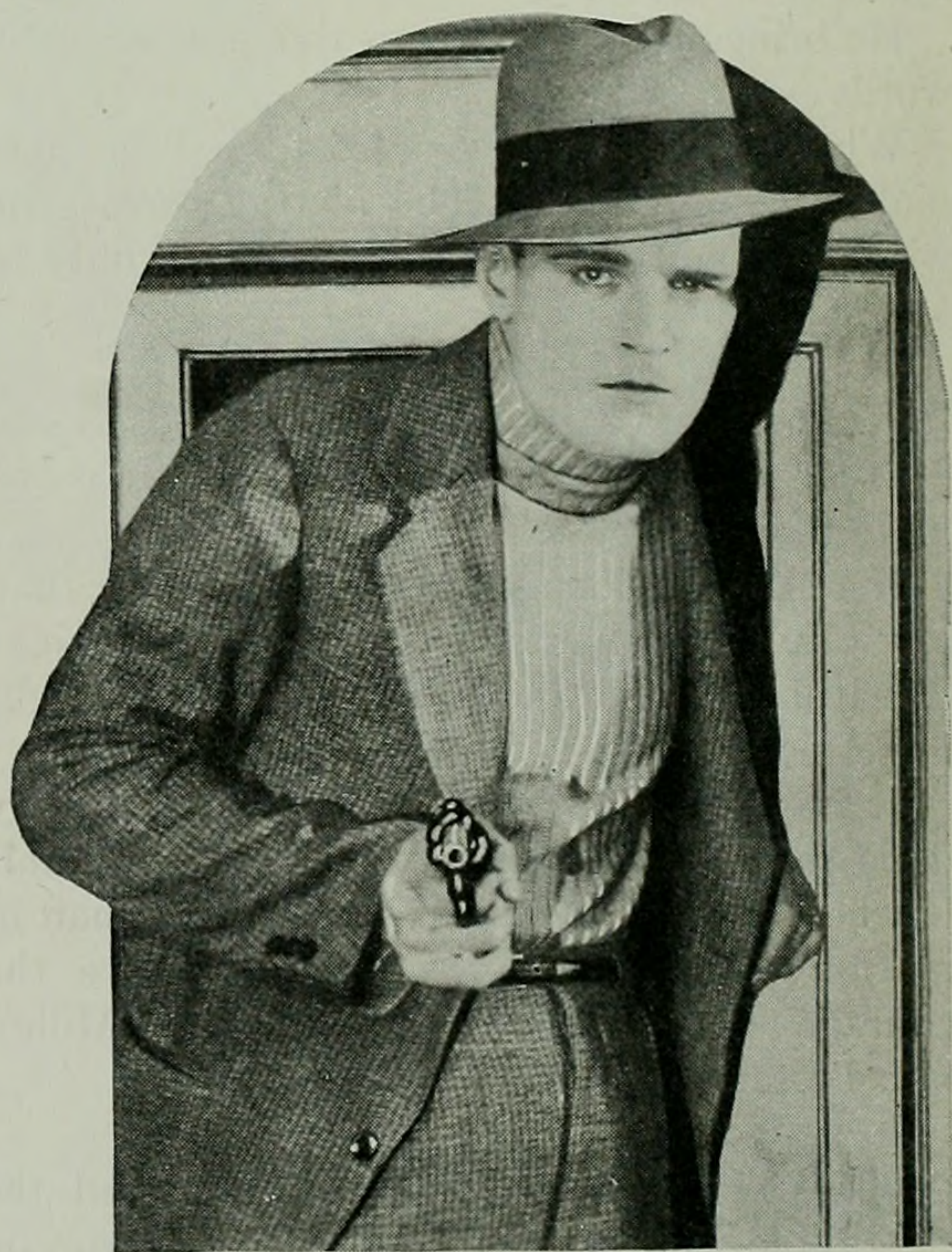
It's the Big Butter and Egg Man's little boy, coming to Movieville with an urge to be seen out with any girl who says she works in motion pictures, who is the real Hell-raiser of Hollywood.

The genuine motion picture people are tame, hard-working innocents compared with these sin-seeking scions. And that's not a defense. The true troupers have less time and more sense than the dollar descendants. The players are there to work.

The college cut-up comes to Cinema Center to give and receive thrills. No longer do the burning boobs go to Paris when they graduate. They go to Hollywood, and Hollywood, because of them, gets the space Paris used to get in the newspapers which retail wickedness to the small towners who never get west of the water tower.

Make no mistake. Hollywood can never again be a sleepy California village. It means too much. It symbolizes too much. Life, with all the vast connotations of that word, is there. The romance and the beauty of Hollywood are there as you have pictured them, and more so. Once in Hollywood you are caught in the magic trap of its atmosphere. It isn't until you leave that you find your thoughts wandering back to the palm-shadowed, fragrant lanes of the most unreal city ever created.

Hollywood is the world's newest illusion. Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, yea, even New York, the magnificent, are dead cities as far as the dreams of the world today are concerned. But these cities raise sin as is sin for all of that, and could give cards and spades in wickedness to the Western village by the sea.



If Jerry Miley succeeds, it will be in spite of his money

Hell Raisers of Hollywood

By
Cal York

Yet Hollywood nights, warm, sweet scented, languorous, are those the world now visions.

So it's small wonder the B. & E. Man's little boy wants to be a knight of those nights. In many cases it's really the nearest approach to ambition the boy has ever shown.

For if all the installments his dad paid on the lad's so-called education had been spent in one place, the boy might be able to show a diploma entitling him to cut hair.

As it is all he has for his four year college itinerary is a ukulele and the first four steps of the Black Bottom.

But arriving in the picture paradise he chatters about fraternities and college and wears clothes as funny as a Harry Langdon feature. He immediately contracts to buy a low-priced but high-g geared automobile and a hip flask as big as Death Valley



Marie Astaire — co-starred with Mr. Cudahy in "Nearly Married"



Michael Cudahy, whom Joan Crawford dubbed "just an adorable fool," and Clara Bow, the girl who burns 'em up and then leaves 'em cold, as Robert Savage can testify

Robert Savage and Clara Bow were saved from matrimony by union hours at the License Bureau



Scotty's canteen and starts in to paint the town red. He doesn't make it even a pale pink. His failure in the latter project, perhaps, may be ascribed to the fact that the coloring matter to be found in a bottle of Hollywood gin is almost as negligible as its alcoholic content. But his exploits do get the town muddied up in the yellow journals.

How he meets a movie girl is not a formula to be detailed here. There are lots of girls in Hollywood and girls will be girls, particularly where a millionaire's son is concerned.

But meet one he does—probably several of them—and what happens thereafter may be as funny as those multi-colored sweaters worn by members of the Hollywood Boulevard Golf Club. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



CHARLIE FARRELL has gone ahead faster than any other young actor during the past season. For three years he belonged to the doughnut dunking brigade of Hollywood. He was living on \$7.50 a week, when a bit in "Sandy" brought him to the notice of James Cruze and he was engaged for "Old Ironsides." Farrell still drives a Ford.

Papa Stops Wondering

Mr. Farrell's little boy finally amounts to something

By Cal York

"I WONDER what on earth you will ever amount to," Papa Farrell used to say to young Charles after the manner of all fathers to all sons everywhere.

Papa Farrell had a chain of motion picture theaters about Cape Cod.

The rich city kids used to go down there during summer vacations and young Charles Farrell used to play around with them.

Like most sons of wealthy parents these rich city kids never had any money—not enough, anyway—and young Charles used to pass them in to his father's movie house.

And Papa Farrell would see sixteen or twenty rich city kids come piling into his theater without the cash receipts being swelled by a single nickel and again he would say to young Charles:

"I wonder—" and all the rest of it.

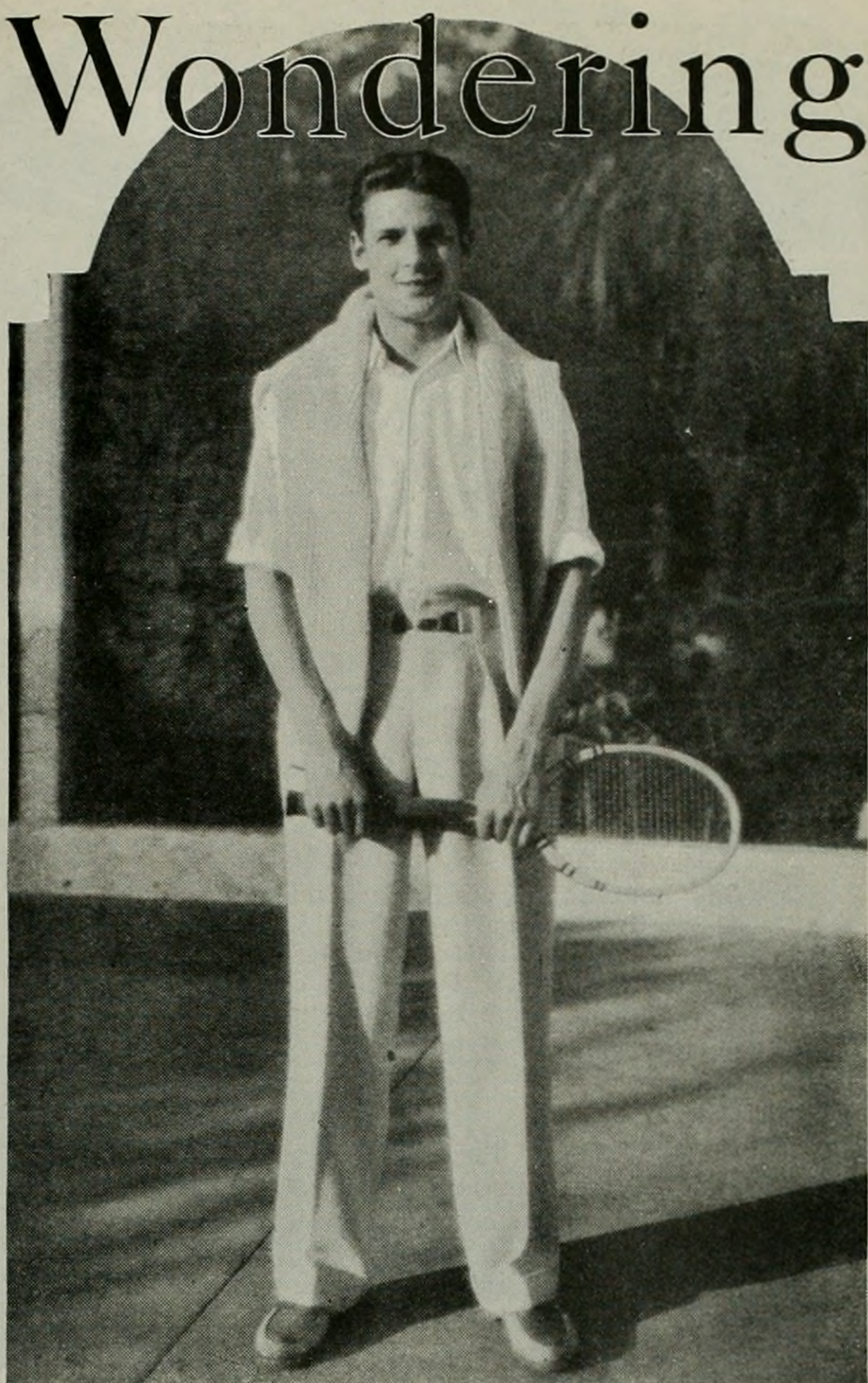
But Charles never wondered.

He knew.

He was going to be a motion picture actor.

"From the time I was twelve years old I knew what I was going to be," he said.

"I used to tell those kids of my ambitions and



His movie ambitions came naturally to him. Farrell hails from Cape Cod, where his father had a chain of theaters

every time I got a black eye or a split lip I knew I was going to have a tougher time getting into pictures."

But Charles didn't know the half of it.

He was still 3,000 miles from Hollywood, where the doughnut is to the actor what rice is to a Chinaman and the Community Chest may mean just anybody's icebox.

After three years at school in Boston, Charles joined a stock company.

"I wonder what on earth—" said Papa Farrell and almost collapsed.

Charles was the company manager, property man, et cetera. He did everything but post the bills.

But the time was to come when his mouth almost drooled as he remembered that nice billboard paste and thought how good it might taste with sugar and cream.

His sole object in joining the company was to reach Hollywood and when they arrived in Los Angeles he quit the show.

And the panic was on.

Of course, he joined the Dunker Society.

There is a legend that one extra man established a world's record by dunking the same doughnut in the same cup of coffee twenty-seven times.

Charles Farrell is said to be that man.

For nearly three years he almost starved.

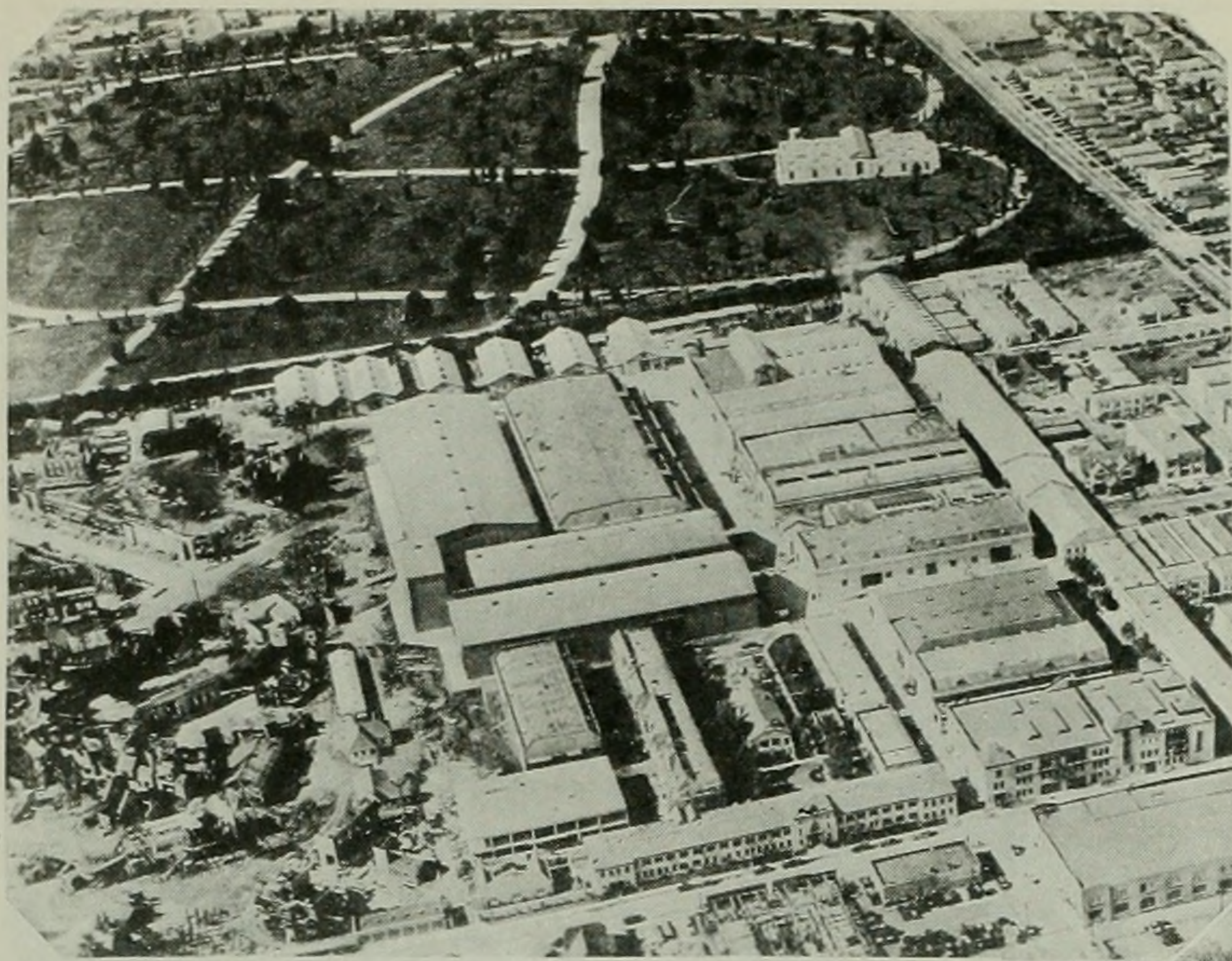
Sometimes he only worked one day a week and if you want to know just how

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



Little Fellow: "Y' can't talk to me thataway. I used to be a Life Saver."

Big Boy: "Aw g'wan! What flavor?"



The Famous Players-Lasky Studios today and, right, the old barn—and original studio of Jesse Lasky—as it stood on the first lot, with Gloria Swanson's bungalow dressing room and the wardrobe building almost hiding it from view

When

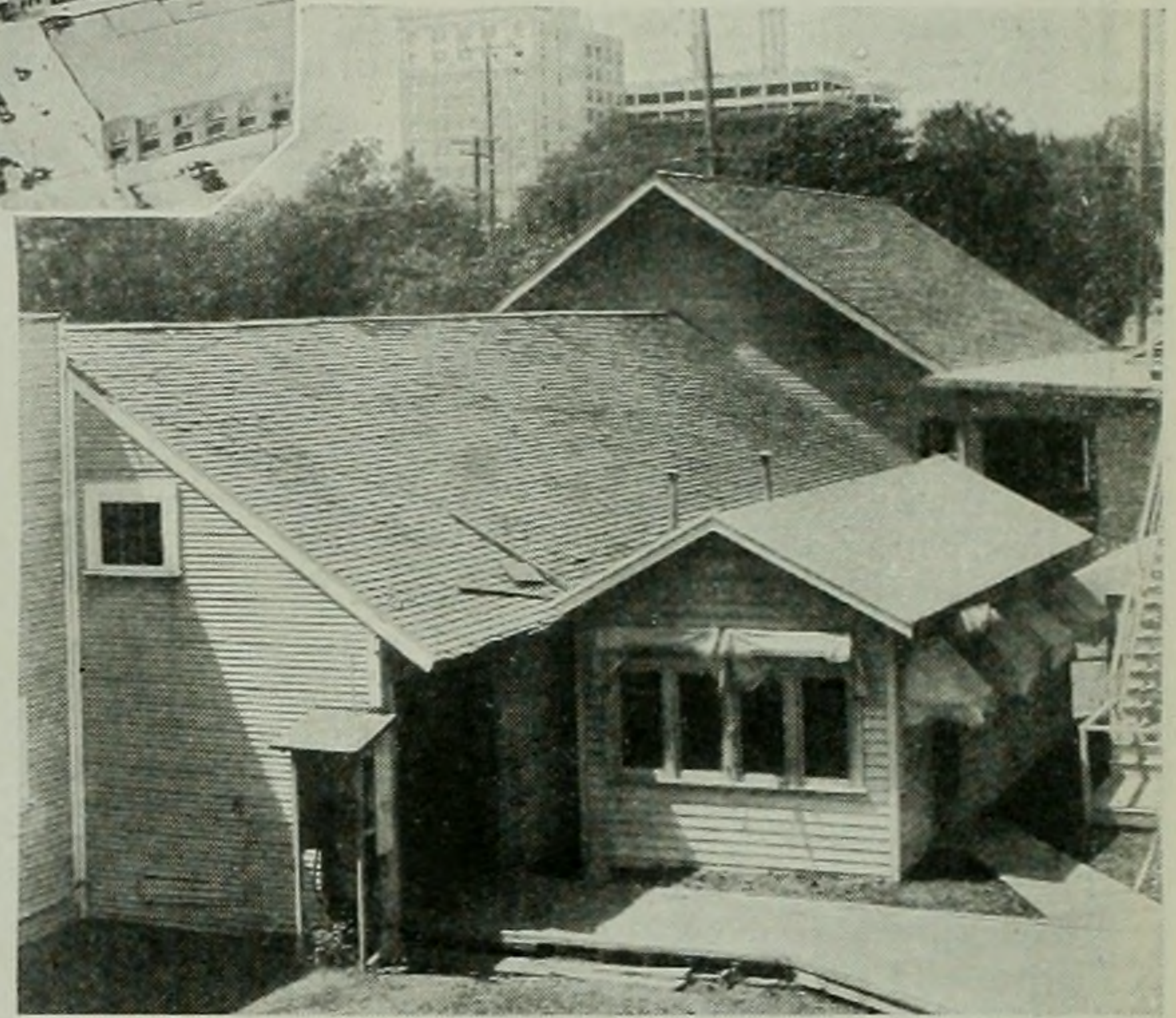
How the Film Capital has changed since the Good Old Days When Cows Chased Movie Stars on the Village Green

HOLLYWOOD! That's the place you used to take tourist friends to see because it was a sweet old picturesque place full of rose-embowered homes set back among tall trees, with wide orange and olive orchards on all sides!

And then, if you had an automobile, you circled through Cahuenga Pass, being careful not to run over the jack-rabbits and coyotes!

Hollywood looked like a town that would be called Hollywood when I first saw it—before the Midas of the Movies came in to turn everything to hard and glittering gold.

What visions of shady glens picked off with cheerful



red berries, of vistas of purple hills, of peaceful, tree-lined streets, cottages smothered in roses, little quaint churches, that name Hollywood conjures up!

Surely there dwelt the fairy godmothers in the golden orange orchards, the dew-covered lawns, the rose bushes that bloomed along Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, where now the granite buildings loom and the traffic cops' whistles have replaced the song of the mocking birds.

Indeed, didn't I know an author out there who moved off Hollywood Boulevard because the mocking birds in the trees around his house disturbed his slumbers!

Just funny little old Main Streets were Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, edged with an occasional rambling, low shop which thrust its ugly face forward from between the rose and lilac bushes; paved not at all, sidewalked with gravel or plank walks.

The Hollywood hills were clad in all their virginal mesquite and live oaks. No gashes yet were cut in their smooth and charmingly wooded sides for the erection of those pink-, yellow- and blue-tinted Italian and Spanish villas. Santa Monica Boulevard and environs were prairies with an occasional cottage, and with Senator Cole's gray frame two-story house the only imposing structure on the thoroughfare.



The Rex Arms, where most of the famous stars resided in their days of struggle. Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Corinne Griffith and many others lived here

Hollywood Was a Pasture

By Grace Kingsley

The Taft Building, at the right, now stands at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Below is the little church which once stood on this very spot. Pepper trees shaded peaceful Vine Street in those days



"You must," somebody said to me one day, "go and see Paul de Longpre's home."

The great painter of flowers had passed away, but lovely paintings still adorned the walls of his pink-stucco Moorish house with its carved windows and arches, and a wilderness of flowers still bloomed in the front and at the sides. Now a huge office building stands on the site.

"When you go to the Lasky studio," I was told thirteen years ago, "you get off the car at a little church at the corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard. The church has a little lawn around it, and there are huge pepper trees all along Vine Street. Dustin Farnum goes there to church."

Long since that little church and its green lawn have gone their way to give place to a tall, frowning office building, with its corner drug-store.

And the many aced home estate which stood opposite the church, a tangle of orange and palm trees, rose-bushes and magnolias, has given way to another business building.

A many-acred olive orchard spread its silver-and-green-leafed charm where now stand rows of apartment houses opposite the old Griffith Studio on Sunset Boulevard near Vermont Avenue. A wide common

nearby, on which grazed a herd of cows and horses during the green winter months, now gives standing room to several business blocks.

I remember Pauline Starke telling me, one morning when she arrived at the Griffith studio, how frightened she had been that morning when a cow chased her across that common! Now they are scarce on sets.



The Hollywood Hotel. In the pioneer period very affluent stars lived here. Thursday nights at the Hollywood were the social event of the time

How the Hollywood Common Became Preferred



affluent they lived at the Hollywood Hotel or the Rex Arms Apartments, the latter a down-town apartment house in Los Angeles, or they rented a house in an orange orchard. Many stars who now own their own town and beach mansions and yachts besides then lived in two rooms—with a bath if lucky; otherwise they took their turns in the general bath-rooms. A few lived in boarding houses, but somehow the theatrical boarding house never got much of a hold in Hollywood.

Cecil B. De Mille resided in a modest little home on Cahuenga Avenue, and used to walk to the studio for exercise, while William de Mille lived in a tree-embowered home on a side street afterward the home of Betty Blythe. A house on Argyle Street, now the dwelling of the Duncan Sisters, once was occupied by Mary Miles Minter, and is said to be unlucky.

The late Wallace Reid dwelt with his

Above, the corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga today. Right, twenty years ago, before the celluloid gold rush, traffic cops and stellar Rolls-Royces. In those days the luminaries hadn't captured Beverly Hills and a hall bedroom was a hall bedroom.

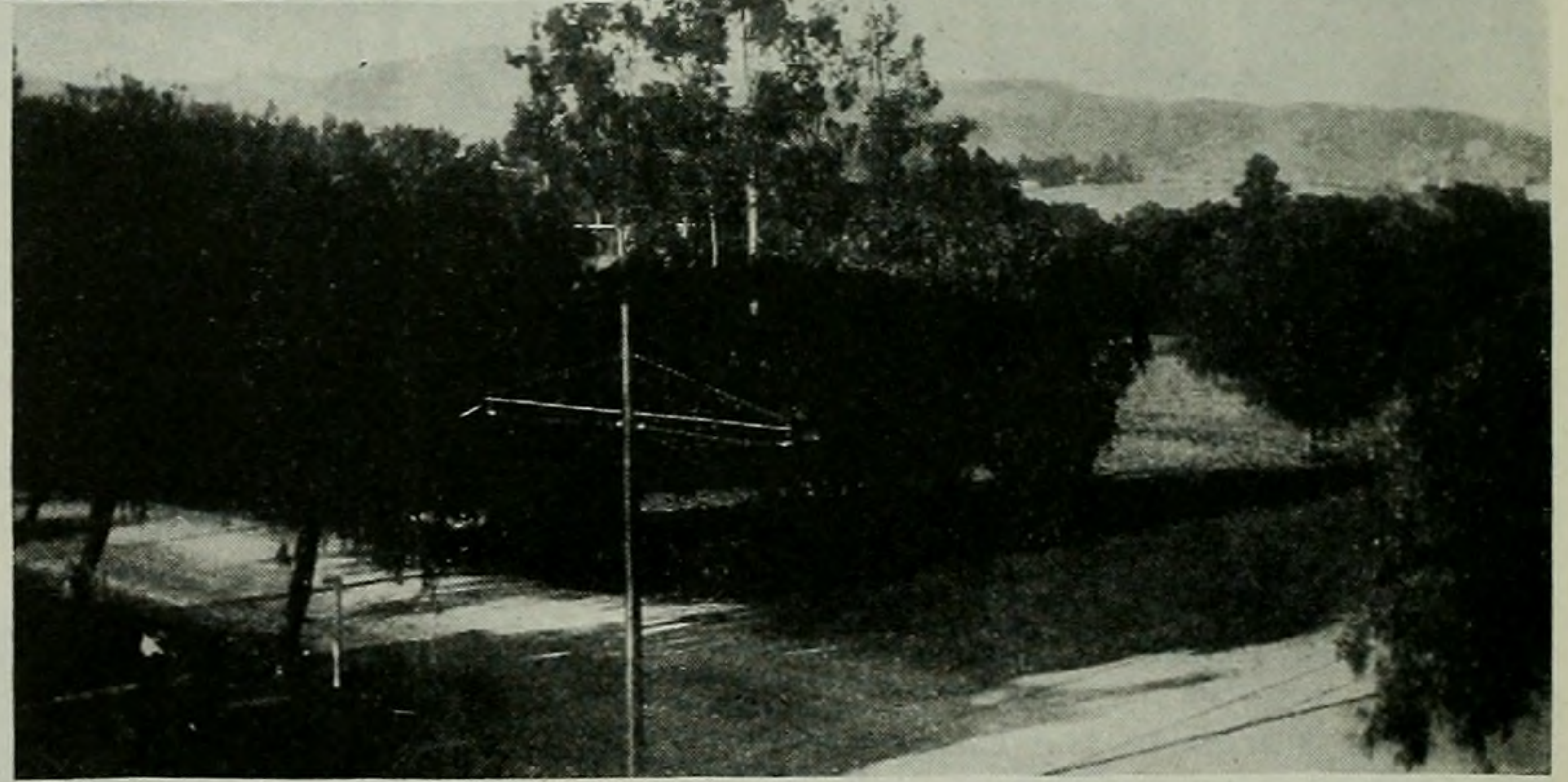
The pre-Spanish villa era

A wide orange grove spread its sweetness on the air where now stands the famous Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

"There is going to be a great ceremony this afternoon," somebody telephoned me one day in the comparatively recent days of seven years ago. "You had better come out."

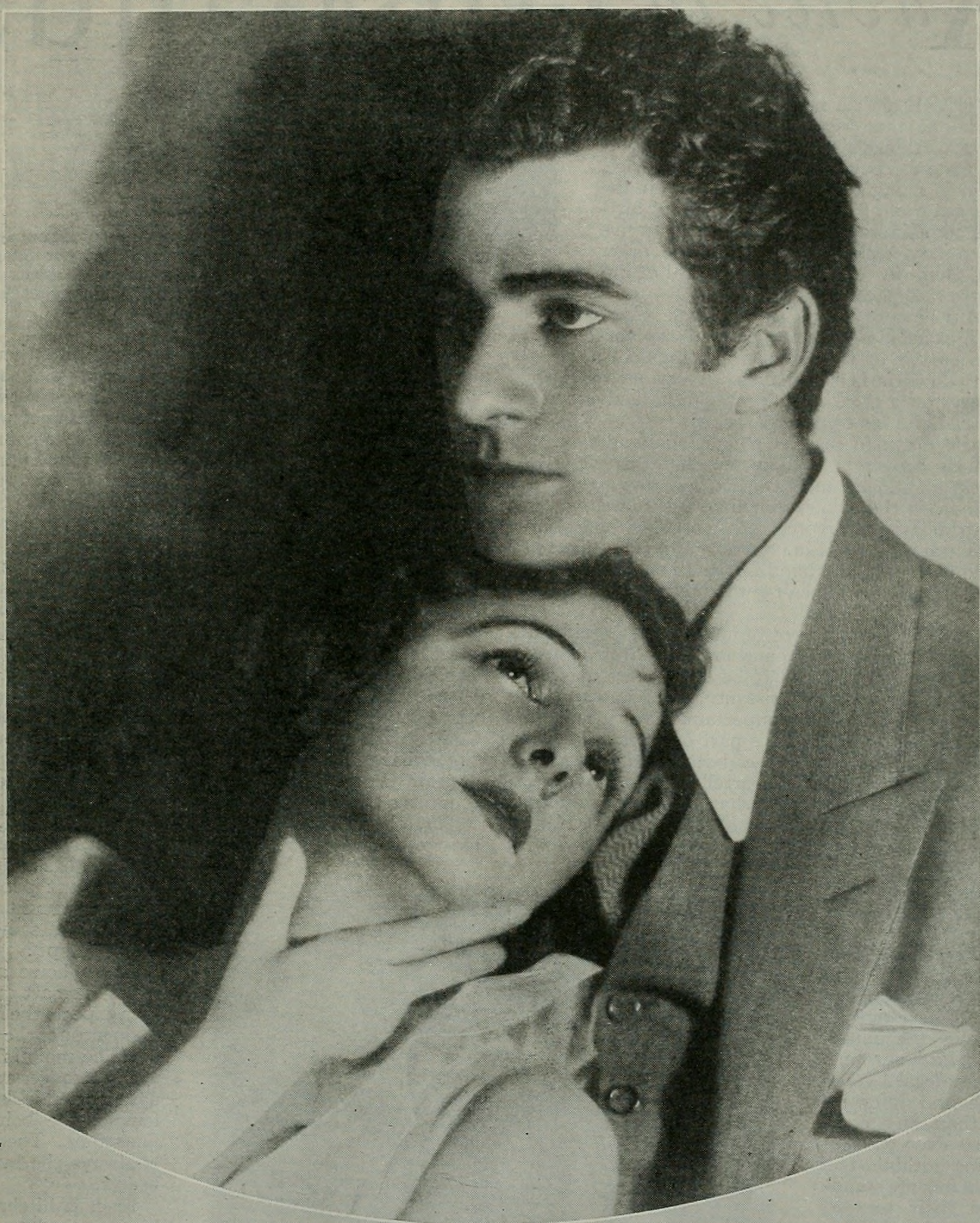
Over there under those orange trees I discovered Anita Stewart, Mildred Harris and other stars, whom I now forget, ready to turn little silver shovels of dirt over as the ground-breaking ceremony of the Egyptian Theater. Sid Grauman stood by and made a speech to a big bunch of film men and exhibitors. A few natives, dwellers in cottages close by, came with the dust of the orchards on their shoes, to watch proceedings. Those natives are all rich now. They have sold their orchards to men who put up business blocks.

Nobody in the olden days pointed out the picture stars' homes for the simple reason that those homes were nothing much to point out. Picture stars dwelt in those long-ago days of twelve and thirteen years ago in cottages, bungalows or apartments, or if very



pretty young wife, Dorothy Davenport, in a little white cottage on Cahuenga Pass, until they built their pretty Italian-and-Spanish home out toward Beverly Hills. Mrs. Reid still lives with her two children in the Reid home.

Noah Beery was one of the first actors to build a picturesque villa clinging to the side of a Hollywood mountain. May Allison built a pretty and rather imposing concrete house on the edge of Beverly Hills, and Pauline Frederick built a wide-fronted mansion in Beverly. Alla Nazimova's house, famous for its bizarre planning and furnishing, which once faced a lovely garden and huge swimming pool, with its flanking aviaries full of birds, has been torn down to make place for a bungalow court. William S. Hart and his sister lived at the Rex Arms Apartments until they built their home-like house [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



POOR Marguerite du Plessis! The fair, frail lady is not allowed to rest in peace in Pere la Chaise. *La Dame aux Camelias* is resurrected again to agitate the screen with her sad, sad story. Norma Talmadge is playing the 1927 version of the girl whom Fannie Brice once described as "a bad woman, but good company." Gilbert Roland is *Armand*—a rôle once made glamorous by Rudolph Valentino.

Advice to Husbands

THERE ain't a man livin' today who'll admit that he isn't capable of doin' two things better'n anybody else—playin' poker an' givin' advice.

Women string along right strong on the advice question. There ain't a lady of anybody's acquaintance who don't put in twelve hours a day seekin' advice and the other twelve givin' it. An' not a great deal of importance attaches either way.

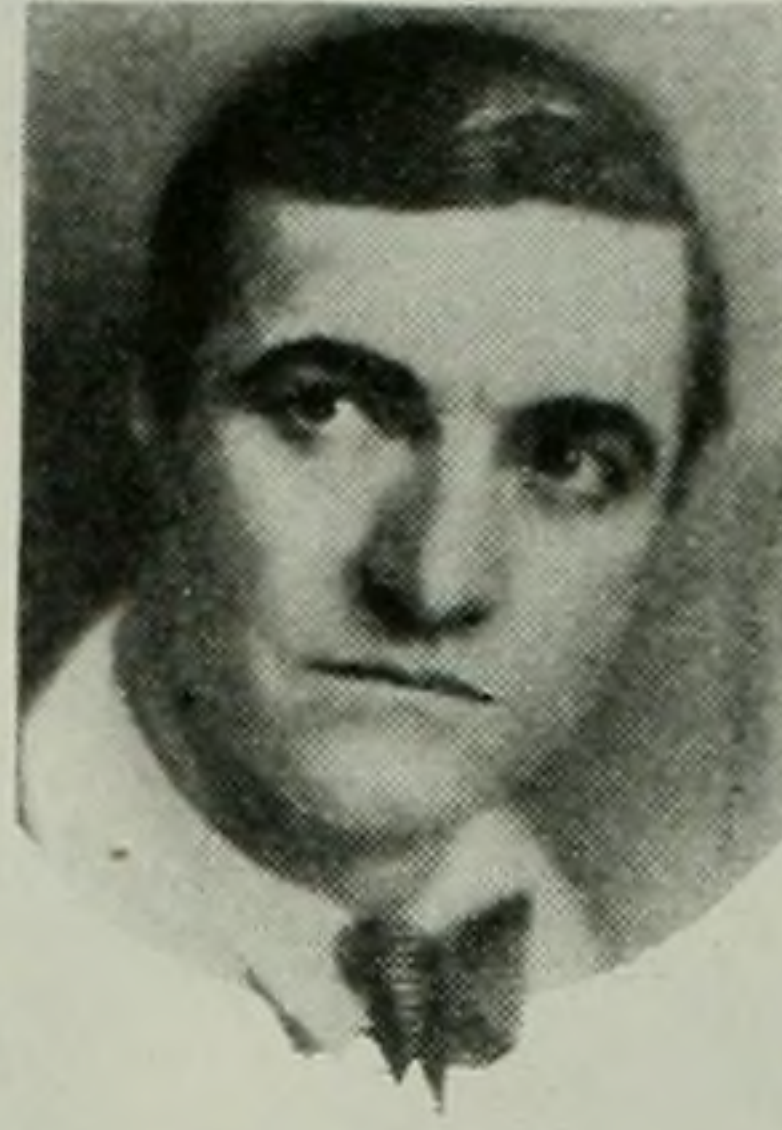
I get a heap of letters an' for some reason I can't exactly cipher out a lot of my correspondents is of the fair sex and inquirin' earnestly what to do with their husbands. Every once in a while a gent writes a none too encouragin' note about wives in general and his own most special.

Gettin' down to cases, I reckon now and then any lady feels herself in need of this here expert advice you hear mentioned and I can see how they figure anybody livin' in Hollywood should be able to write a book on matrimony and divorce with footholds, blue prints, and diagrams throwed in. So, naturally, she takes pen in hand and seeks first hand information, but why a lot of 'em pick on me I haven't got figured out yet.

I'VE got six letters in front of me right now seekin' advice on divorce—three from women, two from men and the last one don't say what he is. Before answerin' any of these here wails for assistance, I've been waiting for the final decision on an important divorce suit just now holdin' the range in this part of the country. In the aforesaid mentioned case, both parties has hired a lot of high-priced, double-barrelled, six-cylinder lawyers an' the battle thus far has been as lively as a cattleman's war or one of them old Oklahoma or Kansas county seat disputes which was generally settled with shot guns and six shooters.

There's one mighty handy thing about this here well-known divorce case. It is great for us folks livin' at close range as it's givin' the inhabitants and settlers more free legal divorce advice and information than any community ever got before for nothin'. The women folk are standin' on their toes a-waitin' to see how many millions the young woman can actually collect, while the men are keepin' books as to how much certain alleged misdemeanors can cost a man.

Daily each court decision or legal shark's opinion on the community property and ali-



By
Tom Mix

mony part of the argument is cut out and pasted up in a scrap book for future reference—wives savin' all decisions in favor of, and the men puttin' by all that are against.

Future household wrangles, from bein' promiscuous and personal in the extreme and dealin' with small matters like the price of the wife's last hat or just what time friend husband returned from a meeting of whatever lodge he uses for that purpose, are a-goin' to sound like a session of the United States Supreme Court in Washington. No longer is the missus a-goin' to quote her mother as a household authority. She's goin' to get out her scrap book and point a finger to a pasted up decision and say—

"Don't you-all try puttin' anysuch foolishness as that over on me. It reads right here that Judge McGuffus held that touchin' on an' appertainin' to community property rights, a wife can claim that, etc., ad infinitum."

BUT husbands ain't so easily silenced nowadays. "Is that so," he'll bust in, wavin' a newspaper clippin'. "Is that so? But all that was way down in the Superior Court. What did the three judges of the Supreme Court have to say when that question came up on appeal? I ask you, what did they do? They throwed it out as a bad law faster'n you could say scat."

There is a lot to say in favor of gettin' married, but most of it has been said. Now the other side of the

question has assumed paramount proportions. Seems like it's about the same as hitchin' up a work team—a horse an' a mare. A smart ranchman expects the horse to do most of the pullin'. The male is naturally stronger and as naturally shields the female, she bein' of finer fibre. The male is always the burden bearer.

Each is hitched to his own singletree an' in a measure is expected to pull a proportionate share of the load. If one of 'em hangs back and shirks, it's bound to be a bad team an' you got to separate 'em and get other team mates.

It's just the same with humans.



FIRST PRIZE CAPTION OF MONTH

"Can you pitch a curve?"

"Say, I can pitch two curves at one time—and braid 'em."

—"Slide, Kelly, Slide"

and Wives

Slightly Prejudiced in Favor of the Husband

Like travel, divorce seems to broaden people. It sure helps to increase their callin' acquaintance. Each new wife brings in a new herd of friends, so by the time a gent has been bedded down for a few years in this town, he's extended his social activities along a lot of widely diverged trails.

I know birds out here who after bein' married three or four times have got to know most everybody in town.

A young feller who has been married so many times that he sends out his alimony checks in alphabetical order told me that the next time he got hitched he was aimin' to marry a girl up Laurel Canyon way, as he didn't know any folks up there and he understood there was some mighty nice ones.

WOMEN folks sure like to talk a heap about it's them that "pays and pays an' pays." When it comes to alimony, howsomever, it's the poor sap that "settles and settles."

I got some fixed and personal ideas on the cuttin' up of the family bankroll, when the great day of liberty comes and the divorce decree is signed and I think these here ideas of mine would go a long ways to lowerin' the divorce rate.

Every now and then, for example, you see an old sprout friskin' around with a nice lookin' yearling. To him she seems to carry a little more class than his missus. In other words, human nature's got him and he's lookin' for a change.

It's my idea that the bunch-quitter should stray off, leavin' the live stock, ranch and Ford to the missus. She helped to accumulate 'em by takin' in washin' maybe or havin' a few boarders on the side, and accordin' to the Injun way of figurin', which is pretty square as a rule, if a buck walks off of his own free will an' accord there is nothin' comin' to him. He's got the same chance with the young squaw he had when him an' the old girl first started out—to hustle another bankroll an' another string of cattle.

If the new gal is on the level, all she wants is the old boy himself, so she'll be perfectly agreeable. But if you was to ask me right out straight, I'd have to admit that I'm afraid when

"There is a lot to say in favor of gettin' married, but most of it has been said."

"Like travel, divorce seems to broaden people. It sure helps to increase their callin' acquaintance."

"Takin' the gold frame from around any man's picture don't enhance his good looks, especially to a young girl."

the old boy slips the heifer the idea that the two of 'em is comin' to the altar with nothing but love to start housekeepin' on, she's apt to fly the coop. Takin' the gold frame from around any man's picture don't enhance his good looks, especially to a young girl.

But it isn't always the missus who fails to measure up to the romantic requirements. Not infrequently the good wife discovers that friend husband ain't what he used to be. Mebbe the pair have got a bankroll big enough so he don't have to work any more and they get a few social invitations which uncover the humiliatin' fact that the male of the species is a little shy on the correct use of the fork. Mebbe he'd rather play pitch with the boys in the bunk house than tackle the elegance and refinement of bridge. Mebbe he calls the butler Al, instead of Parkins.

ABOUT this time the wife, who has dieted until she can wear a 44, meets up with some cake-eater whose only bankroll is a pair of gray spats and the ability to walk into a tea room with more dog than the head waiter. By contrast, the old man looks pretty bad and aided and abetted by this young rustler, the missus gets the divorce idea in her head.

Give her a divorce. If she feels that way, it's comin' to her. Let her be free as air. But she should take her nice young man and go out and make a fresh start. She's not entitled to a dime that she and friend husband hustled together. Bankroll and furniture still stays on the ranch along with the old man an' the rest of the live stock. What the young man with the perfumed handkerchief would say to the divine gift of the missus now weighing around 185, a complexion that can't stand daylight and a fondness [CON. ON PAGE 98]



SECOND PRIZE CAPTION OF MONTH

Enlistment officer: "Full of the spirit of '76, eh?"
Happy Joe: "No, sir, I haven't had a drop of lickin'."
—"The Rough Riders"

Hints to Help You

THOUSANDS of manuscripts have already been received in PHOTOPLAY'S \$15,000 Idea Contest. But the Idea Contest still has many weeks more to run. You have plenty of time to put your brain to work and win one of the big awards, offered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, for the best ideas for a motion picture.

Your idea must be expressed in 200 words. Yes, it can be done. Remember, it will not be necessary for you to relate an entire plot. All you have to do is to summarize an original idea, merely suggesting the groundwork of a story.

PHOTOPLAY is not asking for mere plots. Contrary to popular belief, motion picture producers do not always buy famous novels or stage plays for their plots. They buy them for their basic ideas. The plot, as a matter of fact, is often changed when the picture is produced.

To win one of PHOTOPLAY'S prizes, you do not need a knowledge of scenario technique. Don't try to put your idea in scenario form. You need no special gift of writing, except the ability to express yourself clearly, briefly and exactly.

Do not look to recent books, plays or the screen for your ideas. Obviously, it is not fair to suggest filming a book or a play. The producers have combed the literature of the world for filmable material.

Do not try to reflect anything you have read or anything you have seen in the theater. Take your ideas from life. There are problems of life all around you—social and personal. The last twenty-five years have seen almost a complete revolution in habits of living and trends of thought. Never have social and industrial changes been so swift or so dramatic.

OUT of the enormous panorama of modern life, can you crystallize an idea that can be reflected on the screen? Can you summarize one phase of this vast drama of progress and change that is going on around you? Can you hit upon one incident that is significant of the trend of modern life?

In literature and on the stage, idea books and plays have started wars and social revolutions. Before the Civil War, Harriet Beecher Stowe recognized slavery as the crucial problem of the nation. Her novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," precipitated the conflict. The idea of one, obscure woman helped mould the history of the country.

Charles Dickens dipped into his own bitter experience and wrote "Oliver Twist," and all England awakened to the shame of its treatment of charity children.

Upton Sinclair investigated the stockyards and his book, "The Jungle," changed the food laws. It became known as the "novel that turned the stomach of a nation."

Henrik Ibsen wrote a play of one woman's revolt—"A Doll's House,"—and gave a tremendous impetus to the newborn feminist movement.

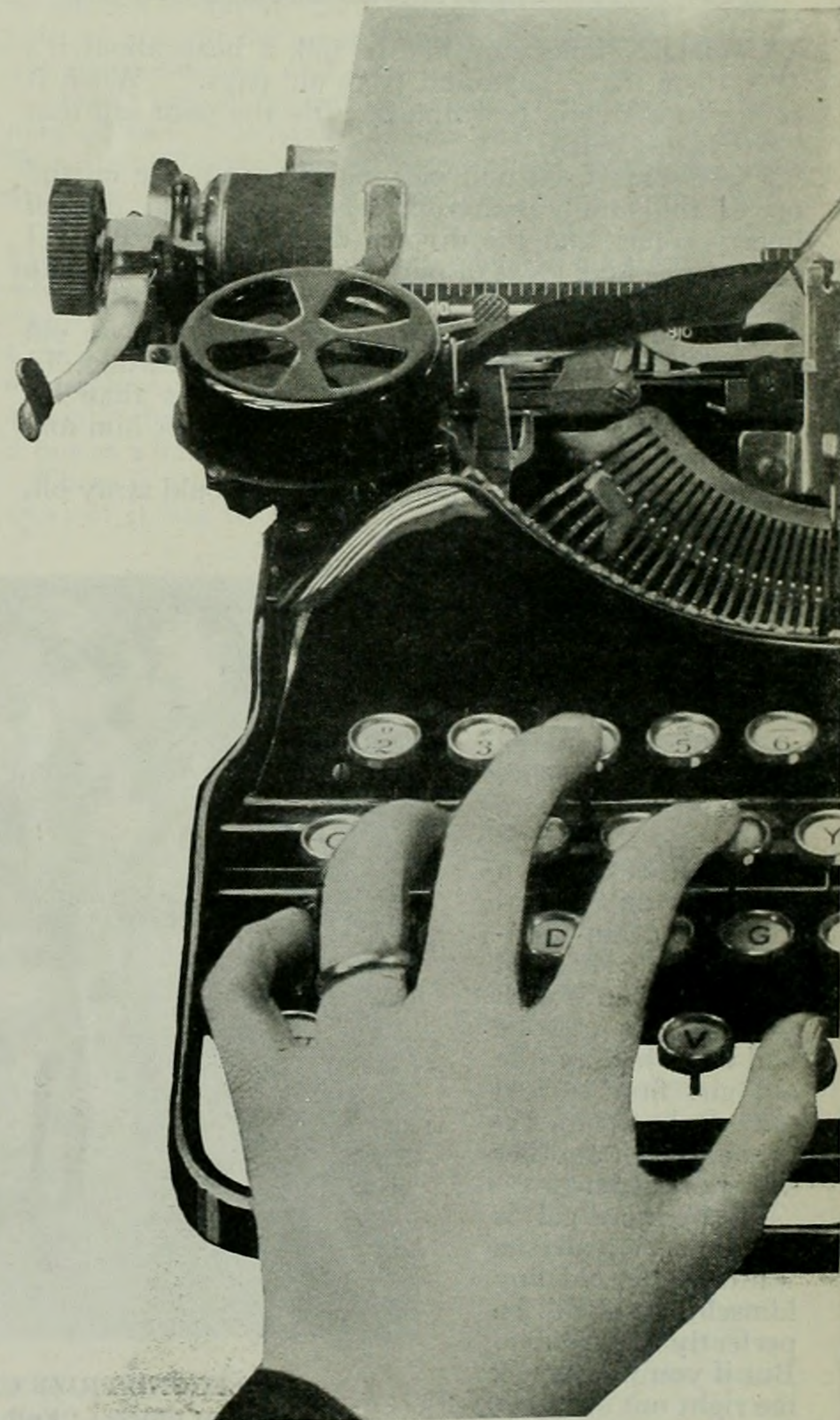
Sinclair Lewis in "Main Street" started a vigorous protest against the standardization of small towns in America.

As an individual living in a changing world, you are surrounded with vital problems. Can you express one of these problems clearly and forcibly enough so that it will influence the millions who may see it on the screen?

\$15,000 in Cash Prizes in the Great Picture

Perhaps there is some incident in history that always has remained in your mind, an episode never depicted on the screen. Can you relate it in 200 words, with merely a general suggestion for its treatment?

In order to present your material in the most advantageous fashion, you will have to edit your idea carefully. You will have to discard all the elements that are non-essential to the basic idea. You will have to search for words that will best convey the meaning of what you wish to say.



Fifty Dollars a Word for the Winner

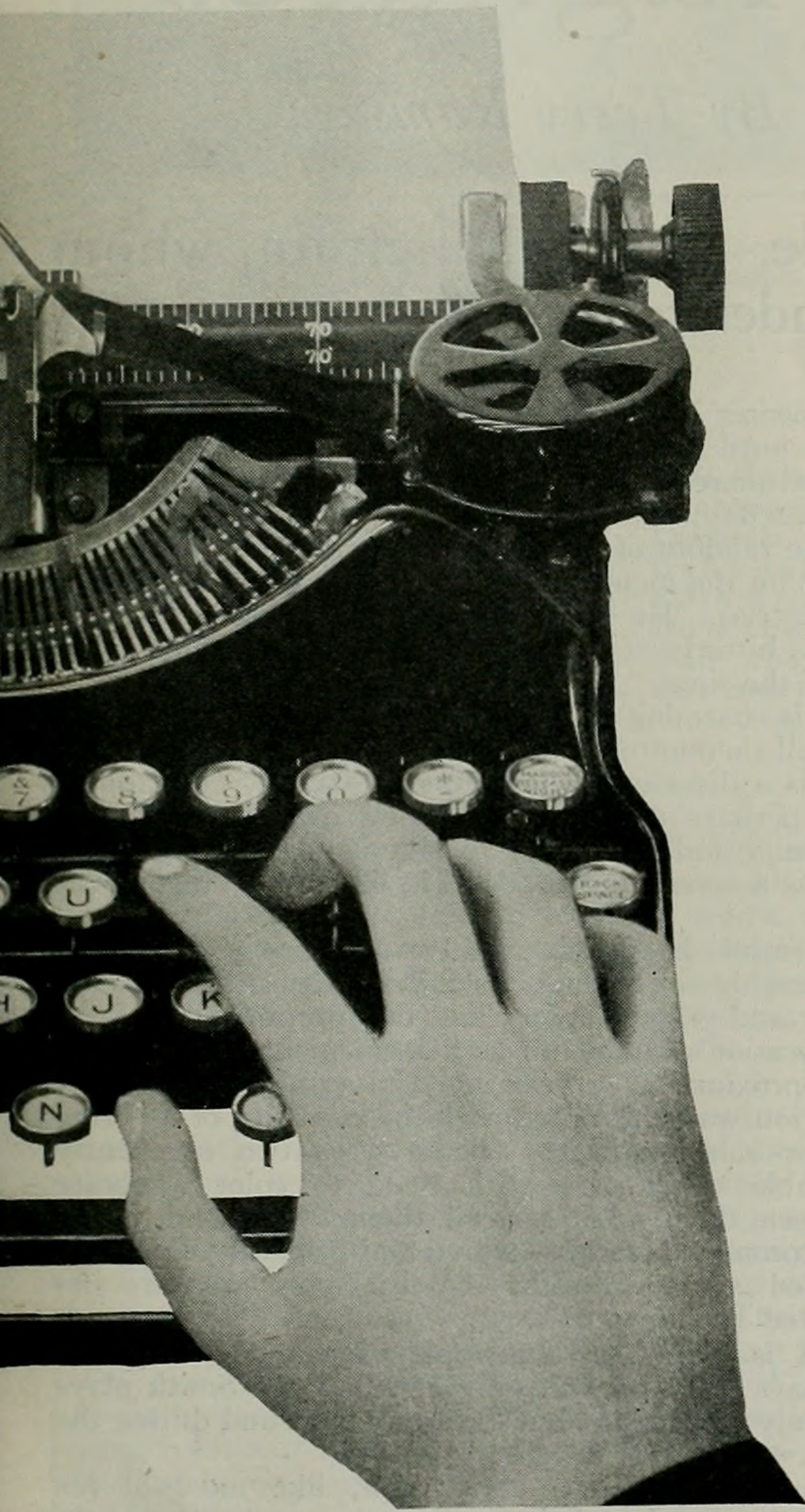
Win \$5,000 *for an* Idea

for Photoplay Readers Suggestion Contest

Try for briefness and try for originality. But don't try for literary effect. This is not a short story contest; nor yet a scenario contest. The business man, with no experience in writing, has just as good a chance as the man who has studied play or story technique. The housewife is on equal terms with the girl who specialized in English composition at school.

Five and ten dollar words won't count against thousand dollar ideas.

Now for the integrity of the contest: A gentleman,



The Highest Rate on Record

By JESSE L. LASKY

First Vice President of Paramount Pictures

CENTRAL ideas are the foundation of all pictures. Before a screen story is written somebody has an idea of a big situation, a timely topic, a tremendous event or famous character around which the story is constructed.

Our biggest pictures have not been from printed books or stage plays but from original ideas. For instance, "The Ten Commandments" was produced by Cecil B. DeMille from an idea suggested to him in a newspaper contest. "Old Ironsides" was produced from an idea suggested to us by Harry Carr, who had just been talking to Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. "The Rough Riders" was written from a suggestion that a good picture could be made around the exploits of Roosevelt's famous Spanish War regiment. "Wings" has just been produced from an idea of John Monk Saunders, who came to us with the suggestion that one of the greatest pictures ever produced could be made about the war in the air among the aviators during the World War. "Chang," that remarkable picture of life in the Siamese jungle, was produced from an idea of Major Merian Cooper's and Ernest B. Schoedsack's.

The bigger the idea, the bigger the picture.

writing from a State prison, wants to know why he should submit ideas to PHOTOPLAY for nothing. If the gentleman knows any market in the world where ideas are paid for before they are read by editors or judges, he is free to take his manuscripts there.

PHOTOPLAY is backing its reputation on the honesty of this contest. All of PHOTOPLAY's contests always have been scrupulously fair—and enormously popular. All manuscripts in this contest are kept in locked steel files. The contest rules are so explicit that there is no reasonable possibility of a misunderstanding.

REMEMBER that to make a good film production, your idea must have wide appeal. Avoid personal prejudices, theories or religious beliefs. That doesn't, of course, prevent your expressing an opinion. But be sure that your opinion is sound, reasonable and acceptable to a large audience.

If you will check up on the big box-office successes—"The Miracle Man," "The Ten Commandments," "Beau Geste," and "The Covered Wagon,"—you will find that they contained a vital message, or were set in a picturesque background or contained an appeal of world-wide interest.

Unless the love story is a part of the theme, you may merely suggest it in your manuscript. In fact, you may omit it entirely, unless you consider it absolutely necessary or have a unique presentation of the situation. In developing a motion picture from an idea, it is easy to weave in romantic interest.

Before you submit your idea, read the rules carefully. A thorough understanding of the rules may save you from disappointment. In the rules, you will find all the requirements of the contest clearly outlined for you. So turn to page 81, where you will find the rules, and study them thoroughly. Then put your brains to work, get busy at your typewriter and see if you can be one of the lucky winners!



Laemmle's characteristic expression—a broad smile. He's always looking for a joke

Little Journeys

To the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

In this second article, Mr. Ramsaye paints a candid portrait of "Uncle" Carl Laemmle, pioneer chieftain, whom everyone loves, but only one man understands.

The plain truth—free from flattery or exaggeration—about the men who rule the movies never has been told before. PHOTOPLAY takes pride in presenting this unusual series.

CARL LAEMMLE, squat, smiling, grey and sixty, a millionaire, saver of pennies and spend-thrift of thousands, a fretful dealer in details swirling through the scope of a world-circling corporation, a personification of commonplaceness so extreme that it marks him with genius and eccentricity, devout and unorthodox, grateful, superstitious, proud and humble. All these are glints of the unusual figure of man who is the president of Universal Pictures Corporation, and oldest of the surviving active motion picture chieftains, both in years and experience.

Formally he is Mr. Laemmle in his own organization, without any of the accent of sycophancy on the "Mister," so common to the inflections of motion picture office conversation. Informally he is most often "Uncle Carl," maybe in part because of his mellowing years, but mostly in reflection of his glowing manner of friendliness and eager sympathy.

Laemmle is to be counted among America's conspicuous successes and yet he will do not at all for a hero in the pattern of the routine and accepted success story. He has broken and continues to break most of the rules. He is so irregular that it is hopeless to try to record him as an example to aspiring youth.

This motion picture chief goes to bed at all hours,

the nearer daylight the better. He is never at his desk until nearly noon, unless he chances to have stayed there all night. He eats the equivalent of nine meals a day, in three installments. His diet is selected at the random of whim from the richest and heaviest items on the menu, from thick soups to an abundance of pastries. He never takes any exercise. He complains bitterly of his health, and feels reasonably well all of the time.

It is charming to record that Laemmle despises golf and all thereunto-pertaining. He holds that for some golf is a disease and for others a vanity. He admits that perhaps a self-controlled few can play golf with impunity and the ability to take it or let it alone, but he has a conviction that it will likely get them in the end.

Laemmle has forgiven not a few erring men in his big machine of business for minor matters like larceny, petty and grand, forgery and misappropriation of the corporation's funds, but he is less lenient about golf.

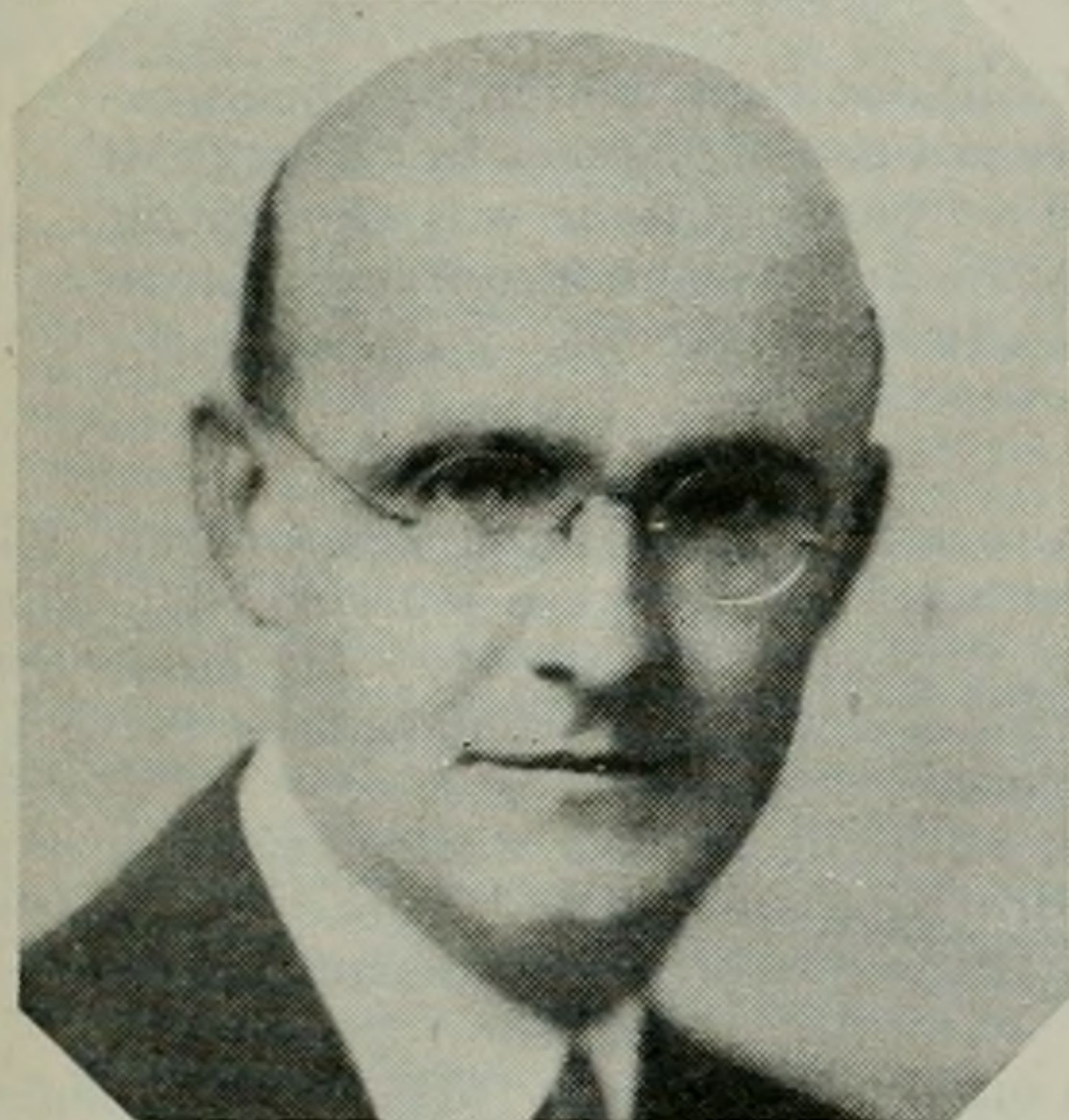
Approximately a year ago Universal Pictures Corporation was confronted with the necessity of selecting a new sales manager. There were two excellently probable candidates, with little to color a choice between them. Let us call them Smith and Jones. The commercial record favored Smith slightly. Laemmle decided against Smith. "Why?" his advisors demanded to know.

"It is like this," Laemmle propounded. "Jones, he plays golf, too, but only on Sunday. Smith plays not only on Sunday, but Saturday even and during the week,—I have it straight!"

Laemmle's feelings about golf, like most of his principles, are founded on personal experience, slightly bitter, the result of his betrayal into the game by a

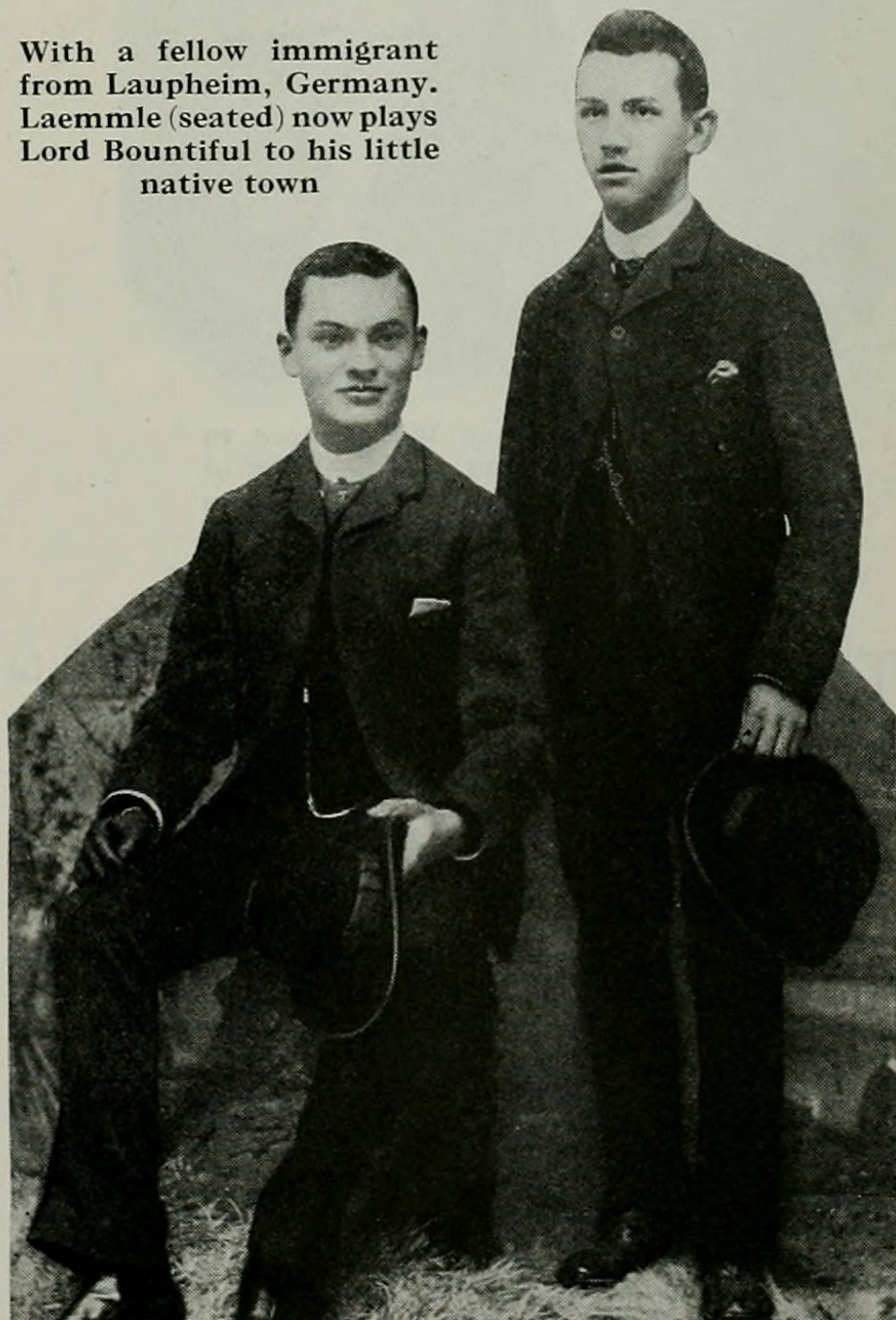


Laemmle likes fried chicken and plenty of it. To insure a regular supply, he established a model chicken ranch at Universal City, in the heart of the studio zone



R. H. Cochrane, who chaperoned Laemmle from Oshkosh to Fifth Avenue. He's the one man who understands Uncle Carl

With a fellow immigrant from Laupheim, Germany. Laemmle (seated) now plays Lord Bountiful to his little native town



trusted member of his staff. Paul Gulick, Universal's publicity director, is a golfer of many years addiction. Some years ago, with that perverseness which characterizes all true addicts, he thought to seduce Laemmle into the lure of the links. It would have been of large usefulness to Gulick by way of explaining why his office should be closed on Fridays in the summer and things like that.

Gulick is bland and soft voiced and plausible. He found "Uncle Carl" in a good humor and at the right moment and, for the time, sold him the golfing idea. Mr. Laemmle went shopping down in the sporting goods zone in Madison avenue and got Abercombie and Fitch into the purchase of three hundred dollars worth of golf tools and appurtenances. Then his tailor did him a costume, plus-fours, minus about \$150.

On two trips to California and three to Europe Laemmle carried all this regalia and apparatus in his luggage, without ever removing a club from the bag. Then came one glorious forenoon in Switzerland. He had breakfasted pleasantly on the verandah of the hostelry, overlooking Lake [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

News and Gossip



"Listen, kiddie," says Will Rogers to Fannie Ward, "as long as I'm Mayor of this town, little girls like you will have to go to bed when the curfew rings. And papa doesn't mean maybe!"

THE romance of the month—Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque.

Vilma and Rod were oh, so anxious to keep their engagement a secret!

Vilma didn't want to tell a soul. So she gave a small dinner and told several of her intimate friends, swearing them to secrecy.

And Rod, at a luncheon, told his intimate friends, also swearing them to secrecy.

By that time, every newspaper in the country had carried the news and so Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn decided to make it official by giving a tea and announcing the engagement again.

Miss Banky starred with Ronald Colman in Goldwyn's "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

"**T**HIS tower goes back to William the Conqueror," a pompous English guide explained to the Duncan sisters on their last trip to the other side of the Atlantic.

"What's the matter?" inquired Rosetta. "Isn't it satisfactory?"



Sheep's Camp at Chilkoot Pass, which has been reconstructed for some of the big scenes in "The Trail of '98." Just such an encampment was the center of the gold fever in the never to be forgotten rush to the Klondike

SOMETHING of a social event, this marriage of Irene Rich and David Blankenhorn. They were married at Carmel-by-the-Sea at the home of the William May Garlands, very prominent in California society, and afterwards went to Del Monte for a honeymoon.

Irene will continue with the picture work, having just renewed her Warner Brothers' contract, despite the fact that her husband is a wealthy realtor with a beautiful home in Pasadena.

I can think of no one more perfectly fitted than Irene to shine as both motion picture and social queen.

AFTER a winter spent in ambush fighting, Greta Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have declared a truce. Greta has signed a new contract and is said to be getting \$2,500 every Saturday night.

Although it is not what Greta wanted, it is a lot of money and will buy a lot of herring and rye bread.

Also Greta is playing "Anna Karenina," an ideal story for her.

And Ricardo Cortez, released from his Paramount contract, has been cast as *Wronsky*—one of the fattest parts that has come his way.

ANICE little story about Mervin LeRoy and Edna Murphy.

Edna's wearing the most gleaming diamond of the season on the correct finger and hand. Mervin is a gag man with the Colleen Moore unit.

"I'd like to announce our engagement," Mervin said to John McCormick, in whom is vested Mervin's faith and admiration.

"Why don't you wait a couple of weeks?" suggested John.

"Well, you see, Edna wanted to announce it to the girls at her club tonight."

"Wouldn't she rather announce her engagement to a director instead of a gag man?" queried McCormick.

of All the Studios



Clarence Brown and his company went to Corona, Colorado, in the heart of the Rockies to get these "Alaskan" scenes. Corona is sixty miles from Denver. An obliging blizzard furnished some Alaskan atmosphere



Sunny California's climate turns into plain bad weather. During the recent floods in Culver City, Julia Faye rigged up this outfit to make the trip to and from the set

"Sure."

"If she waits a few weeks she can."

It was McCormick's way of telling Mervin that he had been promoted to directorship of Colleen Moore's next picture.

EXPERT testimony from one of our most eminent actors who enjoys his rum on the bounding main:

"Yachting is something where you wear a funny little cap and get drunk."

IN spite of reports that she has surmounted double pneumonia and is practically out of danger, all her friends are still very much worried about Mabel Normand.

The little actress, who in spite of the bad luck which has persistently followed her of late, will always be one of Hollywood's best loved daughters, doesn't seem to be getting back her strength.

Even her husband, Lew Cody, has not been allowed to see her lately.

And a sad feeling seems to have crept about that Mabel may not have the resistance and energy left to come back from this serious illness.

Mabel Normand is one of the characters of the motion picture industry. A girl without a personal enemy, with a reputation for sweetness and generosity unequalled by any other film actress. Certainly no one has ever had the prayers of the picture people more earnestly delivered than Mabel.

A ROMANCE of long standing has gone on the rocks, much to Hollywood's consternation. Bobby Agnew and May McAvoy, who have been inseparable for years and years and who lately have been causing all the picture colony to believe matrimony was imminent by going around Beverly Hills looking at houses, have had a definite split.

Nobody paid any attention to it at first, thinking that it was just another of these lover's quarrels which you read so much about, but now that it has endured over a period of

several months it really looks as though it might be serious.

Moreover, Bobby has been seen frequently in the company of a stunning young society girl and May has a multiplicity of escorts. Too bad.

Rather thought those two kids would make a go of it. They're "nice people," if you know what I mean.

TOM MIX was en route home by automobile from a location in the High Sierras and stopped at a little restaurant in a Union Pacific tank-town.

"Will you bring me a napkin?" he said to the waiter.

"Aw, g'wan," replied the waiter. "There's another feller usin' it."

MARY HAY, divorced recently from Richard Barthelmess, hopped off to Greenwich, Conn., and married Vivian Bath. Mr. Bath is an Englishman, son of a rubber magnate of Singapore. He is twenty-one years old. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bath set out for China, stopping off at Hollywood to see little Mary Hay Barthelmess.



Not Douglas Fairbanks in another "Mark of Zorro." Pause and hesitate before you write "fan" letters to this handsome lad. It is none other than Bebe Daniels in "Senorita"

By the terms of the divorce, Mary Hay is entitled to the custody of her child for six months in the year, which probably means that the little girl will spend much of her time on the Pacific Ocean.

Mrs. Bath is through with the stage forever, she says, and will live in Singapore.

And so ends another great love story of the studios.

PART of the day at school had been devoted to explaining the principles of liberty behind the American flag.

Freedom and the rights of American citizens had been strongly emphasized.

Young William Wallace Reid, better known as Bill, had listened attentively.

When he returned home, however, he had some difficulty with his grandmother, whose authority was ably supported by Mrs. Reid.

"Hmm," said young Bill, "the teachers boss me. Grandma bosses me. Mother bosses me. A lot of good the American flag does me."

MUTTERINGS of thunder and flashes of lightning from the "Topsy and Eva" set. Hints of Greta Garbo-ish temperament from the Duncan Sisters. Stories of the untoward activities of Rosetta Duncan who, it seems, has her own ideas as to how pictures should be made.

Anyway, "Topsy and Eva" ran up a huge production cost, even before a quarter of the story was filmed and the Duncan Sisters apparently got as much fun fighting the production staff as they do in battling with traffic cops.

But a long distance conversation with Joseph Schenck, in New York, quelled the trouble and the Duncans buried the hatchet and went back to work.

EVERYBODY is carrying olive branches, these days. I hear that Wallace Beery has patched up his fight with Famous Players and signed a new contract.

For months, Mr. Beery has been hurling thunderbolts all over the studio.

Which reminds me of a swell line pulled by Walter Winchell.



The three ounce bathing suit—introduced by Sally Blane and Doris Hill. It is made of sheerest silk and can be packed into a vanity case, with still room for a compact and a lipstick, but is not recommended by bathing beach censors

Mr. Winchell wrote as follows: "All the Famous Players-Lasky executives are in Hollywood which isn't where Wallace Beery told them to go."

BASHED-IN faces cuddled close to frosted complexions and joy reigned supreme to the tune of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." It was a great night for the clan and the gowns were hotsy-totsy enough to make Chanel see red. Josef von Sternberg was directing "Underworld," a story of life, fast, furious and fevered, in Chicago.

"What's it all about?" questioned Richard Dix, sauntering by.

"The First Ward's Ball in Chicago," replied a ready reference.

"And when do the casualty reports come in?" Richard queried, knowing his election returns.

RAMON NOVARRO is going to become a great tenor, the real successor to Caruso, according to many musical authorities.

Among them is Louis Graveure, one of the most famous singers and teachers in America. Ramon is devoting his entire time to the study of music now, and says that eventually he is going to give up the screen for the operatic and concert stage.

Imagine hearing some of our operatic heroes divinely sung by somebody that looks like Ramon, instead of by the disillusioning fat gentlemen who usually appear. I think it would help opera in America a lot.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG and Arthur William Brown, two of the most famous artists and illustrators in America, have been sojourning in Hollywood on a little vacation and they have been a riotous success socially.

The fact of the matter is that Hollywood gets awfully tired of its own small circle and of seeing the old familiar faces at every dinner party and the advent of two such entertaining celebrities and raconteurs is hailed with joy.

HELP! Eric Pommer, former supervisor of UFA, is now directing a Tim McCoy horse opera.

HARRY REICHENBACH recently celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as a press agent. In summing up some of the things he has learned in his thirty years, Harry listed the following items: "That Clara Kimball Young was the most remarkable star; Alice Brady, the best natured; Francis X.



Long shot of wolf coming through forest. Closeup of Little Red Ridinghood, registering fright. Spoken title: "Help, help!" Clive Brook is shown here reading the popular old script to his little daughter, Faith



Don't step on it, it's Lon Chaney! (Positively the last appearance of the old gag.) Chaney evolved this bit of horror for "Mr. Wu." Coming soon: Chaney as a Japanese Rose Beetle!

Bushman, the most appreciative; Mae Murray, the most intolerant and egotistical; Mrs. Valentino, the least able; Rod La Rocque, the most likable; and Ethel Barrymore, the most exacting."

RUMORS of P. D. C. merging with United Artists and First National going with Pathe. No wonder an actor wonders who he is working for.

"What are you doing now?" Lloyd Hughes asked William Boyd.

"Oh, just merging about," replied Bill.

JANET GAYNOR, sweet as an old-fashioned nosegay, confided her hobby to me the other day. Collecting wedding rings that have bound her to screen heroes. A wide golden band from "The Return of Peter Grimm," a narrow circlet from Murnau's "Sunrise."

She is about to acquire one from "Seventh Heaven," much to the distress of the prop man.

She's not alone in her hobby.

A lot of our movie gals collect them, but they go through more turbulent channels.

THE ultimate in domestic unity. Vivien Oakland Murray wanted to grow tomatoes in their tiny garden. John T. Murray, her doting husband, wanted to buy them in cans. So they compromised and planted sweet peas.

TO many persons deafness is an affliction but it is one of "Uncle" Carl Laemmle's charms.

At his new home in Beverly Hills he frequently sits on the side lines of the tennis courts watching members of the younger generation cavorting while he transacts business with his executives.

The other day a newcomer to his official family shouted himself red in the face, trying to explain his proposition to "Uncle" Carl.

"You needn't shout," Mr. Laemmle finally said, mildly. "I usually hear what I want to hear."

LAURENCE STALLINGS is back in the film epic business again. He is working at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, writing a what-price-big-parade story of the Panama Canal.

In commenting on Stallings' favorite topic of conversation—namely the limb he left in France—a newspaperman remarked:

"I don't wish Larry any hard luck, but I wish that leg of his would grow on again."

INSTEAD of remaining in New York to further the interests of his exporting business, the Marquis de la Falaise accompanied his wife, Gloria Swanson, to Hollywood. Henry, you see, is introducing the Peugeot automobile to America. The Peugeot is a cute little contraption, not much larger than a kiddie car. On the first evening of his arrival in Hollywood, the Marquis sold one to Marion Davies and reports tell me that he is rapidly building up a neat little trade among the other film stars.

Yes, Gloria has bought two for herself.

CHATting with Fred Niblo the other day and he told me the latest on John Barrymore.

Jack's yacht came blowing in first in some sort of race off Hawaii, recently, and Jack was presented with an enormous silver loving cup. It was a handsome thing, round and gleaming.

He looked at it, at the judge and then his upper lip flared in the Barrymore way:

"Gentlemen, you underestimate my capacity."

TOO many scenario writers curdle the continuity. About fifty writers at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio have been trying to re-write Jules Verne's story, "The Mysterious Island." Nearly all the picture has been filmed, but it is said to be in a most unsatisfactory state, in spite of the fact—or maybe because of the fact—that two directors worked on it.

Maurice Tourneur and Benjamin Christianson both found the Verne fantasy completely unmanageable and a regiment of writers has been assigned to fix up the story, so that the film will not be a total loss.

Maybe the officials will finally come to the conclusion that it would be easier to film the story as the late M. Verne wrote it.

I HAND to Madeline Hurlock the carved ivory blunderbus for bravery that amounts to sheer indifference. In her Sennett-ship she has played with more lions than Kermit Roosevelt.

"How did you feel with the lion laying across your body?" trembled the listener, pencil in hand.

"He was rather heavy," replied [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Voilà, Antoiné,

By
Agnes Smith

Some little tips from Paris's
foremost head-worker

IT isn't Mr. Antoine, nor yet Monsieur Antoine. It is just Antoine. And that is fame.

Antoine is one of the reasons why girls leave home to go to Paris. The other reason, of course, is to get a divorce. In settling domestic situations or in arranging coiffures, Paris is still the center of civilization.

This elegant young Frenchman came to New York for a brief but hectic visit to establish a *salon* at Saks Fifth Avenue. The pilgrimage was in the nature of a missionary expedition. Antoine descended upon New York like an evangelist to set up an outpost of True Culture among the heathen.

Don't laugh. Antoine really knows his business. I watched him work. I saw him turn women into ladies and little cuties into charming girls. I also saw him let a woman walk out of his *salon* because she insisted on a tight frizz instead of a soft curl.

I asked him what was wrong with most American bobs. And he answered "*Pas de raffinement.*" In your language—and mine—that means "no refinement."

The secret of Antoine's bobs is simplicity and elegance. When bobbed hair was in its infancy, it was enough merely to have the hair short. The bob was only a fad and not a coiffure. If you were young and slim, your bob became you. If you were older and stouter, the square, curly bob made you look hoydenish and grotesque.

Curiously enough, Antoine's bobs give



the effect of long hair—or rather, of plenty of hair. But, as a matter of fact, most of the hair is shorn from the head before the curling process begins. Antoine, with his little safety razor blade, literally models the hair to the shape of your head.

Briefly, here is the principle of the new bob. The hair is cut short in the back. The neckline which, in unexpert hands, usually makes a woman's neck look like a second baseman's, is shaped into a delicate, fringe-like bang.

The hair is thinned back of the ears—most hairdressers leave it too long and too heavy. Antoine leaves the front and the sides of the hair long. These strands of hair are given a soft curl and swirled back. For an evening coiffure, Antoine catches these long hairs and makes them into soft curls, high on the back of the head.

Antoine thinks that the hairdresser who makes the back of a woman's head look flat ought to be lynched. He didn't say so outright, but he groped around in a haze of mixed French and English to express the same idea.

Of course, Antoine's bobs are as varied as the individuals whom he serves. His price, incidentally, is a measly, insignificant ten dollars, in spite of the rumors that credit him with receiving one hundred and fifty dollars every time he picks up a curling iron.



The exotic bob—extreme but elegant. For the slender face



The full, rounded back of head and soft wave

Antoine doesn't like this hair-cut, although it made Colleen Moore famous. He says it gives the face a common expression. Also it is too heavy for grace



Antoine does like this bob—the property of Billie Dove. The hair is waved softly and the general lines are good. Beware of harsh lines and tight curls



Maitre de Bob

Some of the most attractive of the new bobs have the hair brushed back off the ears entirely. It is a lovely style, if your ears are flat and well shaped. But don't try it if your ears stand out like fans.

Antoine doesn't like the straight cut. It is too severe. To be frank, he told me that it gives the face a slightly common expression. Some of his coiffures are miraculously swirled in the back. I say miraculously, because the clip is so short that there doesn't seem to be enough hair to swirl. But Antoine does it.

The tight wave, or the straight wave, is absolutely out. Antoine's curls, be they permanent or temporary, are soft, wide and natural looking. He can't abide the sight of thick, bushy curls. Any style of hairdressing that destroys the contour of the head is ridiculous in Antoine's eyes.

When he arranges a coiffure, he considers, first, the shape of the head and then the texture of the hair. Weight, height and even age are secondary considerations. For Antoine was once a sculptor and now he literally carves out coiffures.

As for clipping hair with long shears, Antoine would just as soon wield an axe. He clips the hair with short, sharp scissors—something like embroidery scissors—and uses a safety razor blade for shaping. Every hair gets individual treatment.

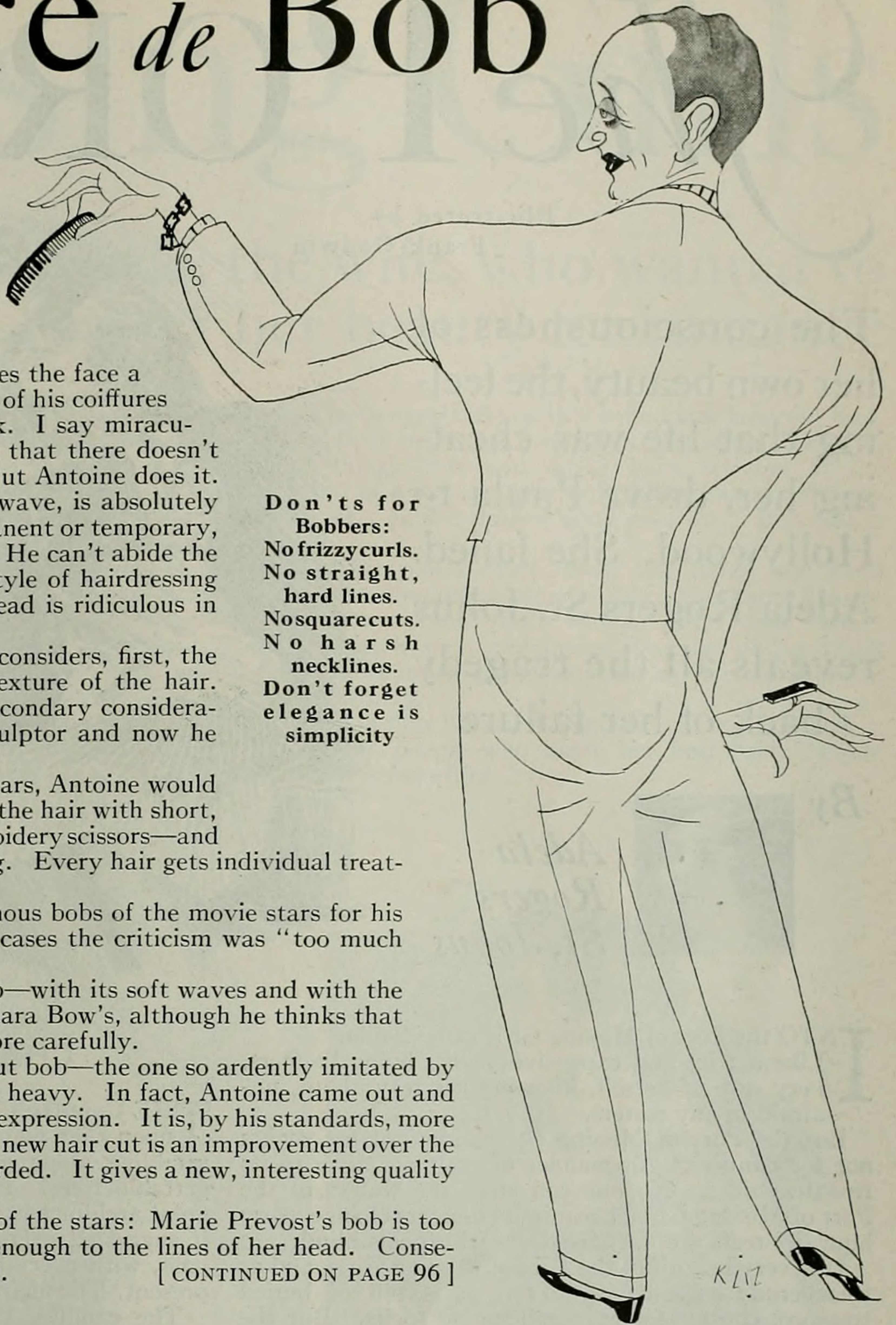
I submitted to Antoine some famous bobs of the movie stars for his inspection and criticism. In most cases the criticism was "too much hair" or "*pas de raffinement*."

He approved of Billie Dove's bob—with its soft waves and with the ears showing. And he also liked Clara Bow's, although he thinks that the hair could be thinned a little more carefully.

Colleen Moore's famous square cut bob—the one so ardently imitated by the younger set—was denounced as heavy. In fact, Antoine came out and said that it gave the face a common expression. It is, by his standards, more than a little vulgar. Louise Brooks' new hair cut is an improvement over the square, short bob that she has discarded. It gives a new, interesting quality to her face.

To continue breaking the hearts of the stars: Marie Prevost's bob is too curly and it doesn't cleave closely enough to the lines of her head. Consequently, it looks fussy and artificial.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Don'ts for Bobbers:
No frizzly curls.
No straight, hard lines.
No square cuts.
No harsh necklines.
Don't forget elegance is simplicity



Clara Bow's bob—piquant, interesting, but slightly heavy



Marie Prevost—cute, but a little artificial and unnatural



Greta Nissen—pretty and effective, but too much hair

The PORT of

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

The consciousness of her own beauty, the feeling that life was cheating her, drove Paula to Hollywood. She failed. Adela Rogers St. Johns reveals all the tragedy back of her failure

By



*Adela
Rogers
St. Johns*



He lost his head a little, then kissed her—violently

INTO the Port of Missing Girls came Paula. Like a trim and expensive yacht, flying banners, very sure of herself, knowing her way about, unafraid in any waters.

But the Port of Missing Girls cares not for yachts nor for banners. All manner of craft are alike to its resistless tides. No one can steer the waters of the Port of Missing Girls, because its dangers change every hour, its reefs are uncharted, its whirlpools blind.

It is very beautiful, the Port of Missing Girls, and as treacherous as a cobra. True, it is full of buried treasure, chests of jewels and magic spells. But the treasure is hard to find, and for the one that finds it thousands are wrecked and ruined.

There are storm signals and warnings for mariners to stay away from its seductive shores. But the tales of treasure go forth and the gay and gallant little crafts come a-searching warning or no.

Hollywood is the Port of Missing Girls.

Paula, it is true, was not exactly a girl. But you would never have known it to look at her. And certainly she was a lady. But then, all kinds come to Hollywood—princesses and peasants, beggar maids and queens, harlots and saints. You never know.

Paula, of course—but Paula's story can be told, shall be told. There are brutal moments in it, for Hollywood is like Limehouse, you must take the bad with the beautiful. You are not going to like Paula. But she belongs to today, she belongs to these stories of the strange, hidden failures of Hollywood.

And I hope that in the end you are going to feel a little sorry for her.

CHAPTER V—Paula—I

THE Country Club had never looked so beautiful as upon that night. It was a beautiful club anyway, rambling along a hillside, under stately and unforgettable trees. It had been an old mansion, and a great architect had remodelled and enlarged it, so that it suggested everything fine and lovely from out the past, with everything dazzling and thrilling from the present. The night of the Hunt Ball, it was at its zenith.

The candles, thousands upon thousands of them, glimmered and glowed everywhere. The light they shed was like melted gold. Masses of orchids, from the Tennyson estate, and baskets of flowers of every shade, filled the room with color and perfume.

Baltimore is famous for its beautiful women. They were all at the country club that night—the beauties. All at their loveliest, all in their finest. The Thomas sisters, vying with each other, the one so dark and the other so fair, both in shimmering white. And the Countess Sparta, who had been little Daisy Carter, home from her triumphs in Rome and Paris and very grand and gracious. Of course Mrs. Arto, startling in jade green, mysterious still after fifteen years' belledom, taking a back seat to none of them. And little Mary Belle Reyson, tiptoe with excitement at this, her first ball, alight from her twinkling toes to her curly head and the prettiest of the debutantes.

Oh, you had your pick of beautiful ladies that night. But the most beautiful of them all, everybody agreed, was Paula Fitzgerald.

Missing Girls

No. 4 Paula, the wife, who wanted to barter her beauty for romance

When she came in, in black velvet, her exquisite little head held high, old Mrs. Everett said aloud to nobody in particular, "My husband would have fancied *her*. She looks a lady, not a strumpet. But for all that I hear she's a fly piece. And not much, certainly, to hold her to her bed and board."

She was looking at Dr. Fitzgerald when she said that, looking at him as he followed his wife across the entrance hall and stood while she mounted the stately stairs.

Well, there were others beside Mrs. Everett, who was a terror of course, who had often remarked that about Dr. Fitzgerald. He did seem an inadequate and unromantic custodian for so much beauty. A little man, and very round. Round as to paunch,

round as to eyeglasses, with a round and innocent face. A nice little man, but even as to profession lacking in those things that you might have selected in the husband of a woman who looked like Paula. He was a dentist. And a darned good one, too. But still, a dentist.

Mrs. Fitzgerald came down the stairs, one hand holding an enormous plumed fan. She knew how to walk down stairs, that woman. Her foot barely touched each step, and under the edge of her black velvet the slimness of her foot and ankle were exquisite and intriguing.

"Who is that beautiful woman?" strangers asked.

And the people who knew her best said, "Paula certainly is beautiful."



Her eager hands flung wide the door. "Eddie—you—what are you doing here?"

Men flattered her, courted her—and made love faced the bitter truth that beauty is

The murmur of her beauty ran through the gay and festive crowd as a wind blows through wheat.

Do you think Paula missed it? How could she? How could any woman? It was not the way the men rushed to her for her dances, nor the rapidity of their cutting in that convinced her of her beauty. It was the way the other women's eyes dwelt upon her for a moment and then slid away.

She was beautiful. She was miserable. She was wasting her life. That, as she lay in bed that night after the dance was over and the lights were out in the Country Club, that was what Paula decided.

EDDIE made a round bunch of covers in the other twin bed. Rather like a little tent, over his paunch. Funny, Eddie wasn't old, nor so very fat and he played golf religiously and took cold showers. But that little paunch persisted. Without his glasses, his face had a naked look—the dawn was coming in at the windows and after the golden glitter of the night revealed things as drab and commonplace.

Paula turned over for the ten thousandth time and gave a dry little sob. One glorious night like that and then—back to the ugly, drab routine of her life. She hated it. She hated Eddie—she did. There was no romance in anything in her life and she was made for romance. A beautiful woman had a right to romance.

Eddie—Eddie talked about Mrs. Everett's new inlays. He talked about old Major Weston's incisors and things like that. He did, actually. Romance didn't exist for Eddie. Practicality was his pet hobby.

While she was seeking a cool place on her pillow, he began to snore. Not loudly, but most annoyingly, with a long, low rumble ending in a startling little grunt. With each rumble, Paula's nerves stretched tighter and tighter, until at last she half-screamed at him, "Oh, Eddie, do stop that noise."

He sat up, blinked at her, and was again asleep, but this time without the snore.

More light came into the room and every familiar detail began to be plain. The bureau and the chiffonobe. The twin beds, the chaise longue, on which she never sat. The two windows, overlooking the house next door. Just a bedroom. Attractive enough, but like a thousand other bedrooms.

Without meaning to, Paula began to cry.

What was there in life? Why go on living?

SHE could see everything that would happen ahead of her all day long, hear every word that would be spoken. As far as her life was concerned she might as well be as ugly as a Chinese idol. Except for rare moments like last night, her beauty counted for absolutely nothing. That wasn't fair. It wasn't just. Like owning a gold mine and never getting anything out of it. Even Eddie had long ago become accustomed to it, never mentioned it.

He was a good man. But she didn't love him. Love him? Allowing her burning glance to touch him for a moment, she felt that she hated him. He tied her to this horrid existence of domesticity and drabness. Of course he made a living, a good living. But that was all.

He didn't make enough so that they could have any of the things that might have made a life without love and without romance bearable—a Rolls Royce, or a chauffeur, or a diamond necklace.

They were in society, after a fashion. The Fitzgeralds had lived in Baltimore a long time. Eddie's mother and father had always known everybody and, as a bachelor, Eddie had been asked to big parties and they were members of the Country Club. But—Paula wasn't one of the inner circle, didn't belong to that little group that she really admired and envied. When Eddie married her she had occupied about the same sort of position in Nashville that he occupied in Baltimore. She had hoped as a married woman to improve her standing, her finances, everything.

Now she knew that she should have waited. It had been a great mistake, marrying Eddie, a terrible, terrible mistake. It had really ruined her life. Why, with her beauty, she could have married anybody—anybody. Her mother had begged her to wait,

marrying at nineteen was foolish anyway. But Paula hated waiting, she never waited if she could help it. She was so eager for life, and she had grown so very tired of

her father and mother and the house where she had been born, and of being told what to



to her. Then they dropped her. And Paula a drug on the market in Hollywood

do and of never having any money of her own. If it hadn't been for her foolish affair with Allen Choate she probably would have had chances enough to marry and marry well in Nashville. But Allen Choate had occupied all her time for two years, had got her talked about, labelled as his girl, and then had calmly gone off to Europe. He had always told her he wasn't a marrying man. But that is one thing no girl can be made to believe about any man she wants to marry.

She thought of herself as she descended the stairs that night at the Country Club. If she hadn't made a really brilliant marriage, some great love affair might have come her way. After all, things were different. Some wealthy man already married might have fallen in love with her, given her everything in the world, adored her, taken her to Paris, to London, and laid the world at her feet. Such an alliance, if one loved and the man was rich enough, might dazzle any girl, and if she was beautiful enough and knew how to handle people, they would understand that love excuses everything.

OR she might have gone on the stage. Her thoughts had often turned in that direction in the old days, but she didn't know how to go about it. If she could have got to New York, and seen some managers, there would have been no trouble about it. Her friends were always telling her that it was a shame she wasn't in the movies. She really was beautiful.

Sleep seemed farther away than ever. She groped for it, desired it terribly. Her head ached, her eyes burned, but there was no sleep near.

Then she heard the patter of little feet outside her door. Running, little feet were always running. They stopped, she heard the door open just a crack, a breathless waiting. Of course, Sonny was peeping to see if she was awake, if he might come into her bed and cuddle. He waited for the sign from her. When it did not come, he closed the door softly and she heard his little feet running down the hall toward the nursery. He was so good. Really, since she was awake, it was a shame not to have let him come in.

But she just couldn't, she was too miserable.

Turning over again, she began to cry, softly, miserably, from the depth of her bitter disappointment in life.

II

PAULA said, "Oh yes, I think this will do quite well."

She went to the window and stood looking down into the street. She tried to seem composed, not to breathe deeply with delight, not to act like a school girl about the thing. But

she could not keep the radiance from her face. The tip of her lovely little nose quivered with ecstasy.

"If you're worried about the noise," said the landlady, "it isn't bad. Nobody minds it."

"I shall love it," said Paula, vibrantly.

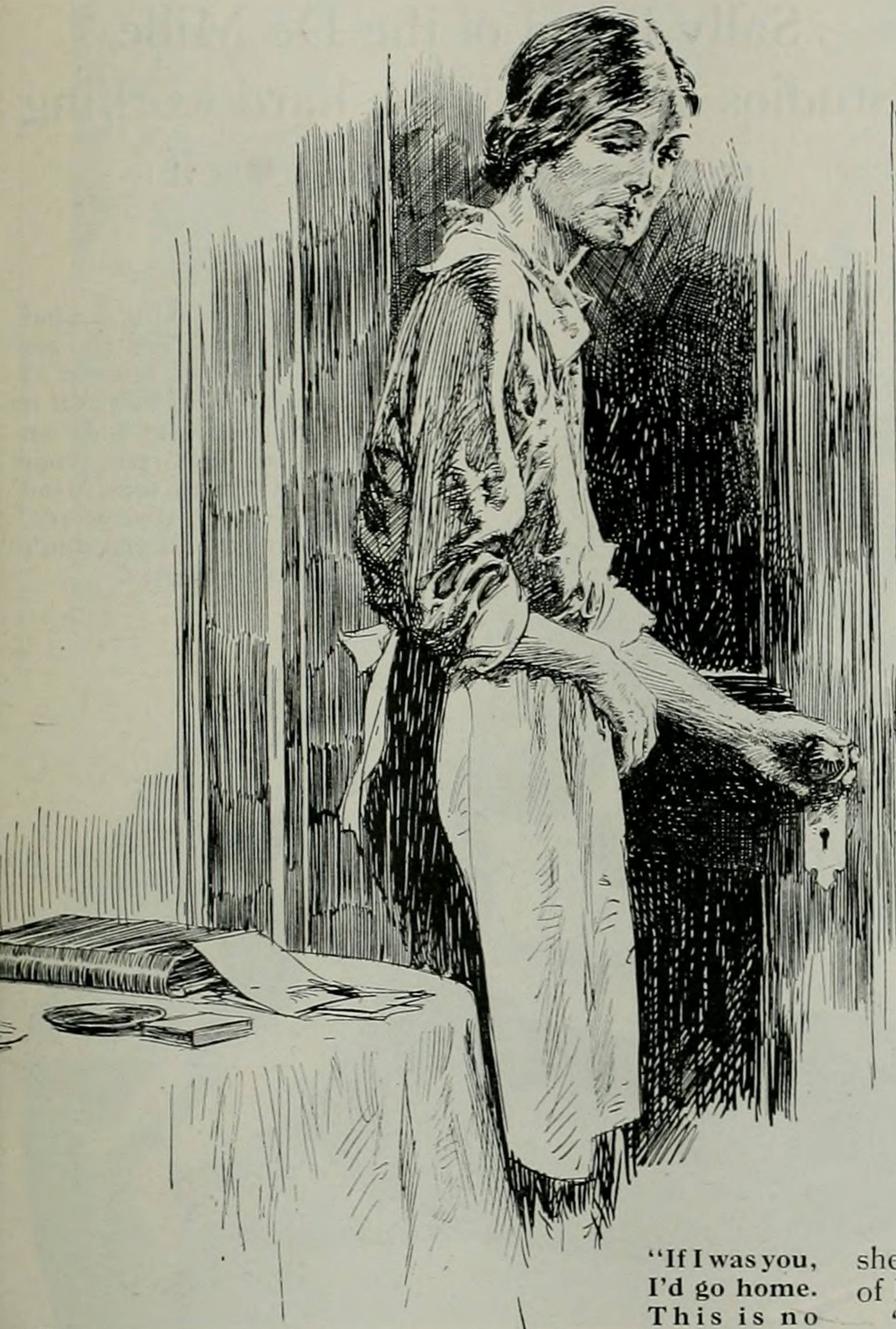
"You're from the South, aren't you?" said the woman, following her into the pretty bedroom, with its green painted furniture.

"Yes, I am," said Paula. Funny, at home they hadn't ever noticed her voice and accent, it hadn't seemed nearly as Southern as lots of the girls'. Out here everybody was always asking her if she didn't come from the South.

"Your first visit to Hollywood?"

Paula smiled at her. Usually she would have resented the familiarity of such questioning, but just now she was too delighted with life to resent anything.

"Yes, my first visit. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



"If I was you,
I'd go home.
This is no
place for you.

You aren't hard enough, or hard-boiled enough to beat this game"

So when the successful young Dr. Fitzgerald from Baltimore came along and proposed to her, rashly and wildly, the second night they met, it seemed to her a heaven-sent opportunity. Escape from Nashville, from the unpleasant gossip and aftermath of the affair with Allen Choate, from the status of an unmarried girl, from her parents.

Now she lay in her twin bed in the brightening dawn and knew that she had been a fool.

If only she had waited. Not wasted herself, thrown herself away on such a man as Eddie.

A Matter of FORM

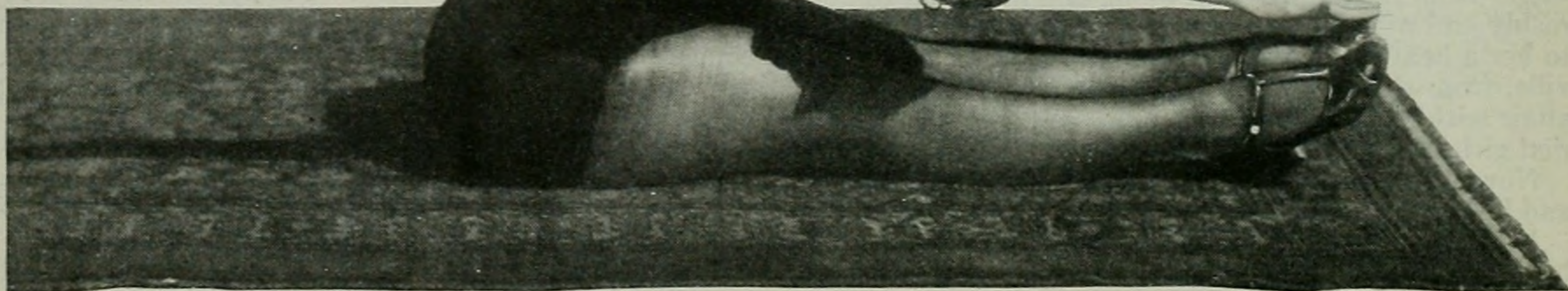
Sally Rand of the De Mille Studios shows what a hard working girl can make of herself

An outline of Sally demonstrating the etiquette of exercise. Position is everything. No equipment necessary except the nap of one rug, one pair of shoulders planted thereon, one pair of hands on hips, one chandelier at which to point toes. So good for that tired feeling—it will positively thrive on this

Figuratively speaking, what could be neater? You can see for yourself what became of Sally's waistline. The stunt is to raise your upper body on your fingers and pat your cranium with your toes. Mind over matter, in other words. Simply wonderful if you don't break your neck



With heels clicked together, outstretch both limbs. Then touch left toe with left hand. Reverse right. After twenty touches sing the national anthem, "Oh, sugar, where is thy sting; oh, fat, thy victory?"





RUDOLF PATERSON

"Cutting" a picture is a fairly delicate operation and quite painful to the author. Many of the weaker authors have been known to die from the effects

Donald Ogden
Stewart *concludes*
His GUIDE to

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

Comes dawn and Jack and Lucille, the dark clouds
behind them, walk into God's Great Outdoors

FINAL CHAPTER

AT the request of hundreds of thousands of readers of this magazine we now come to the final chapter in this series. The preceding installments have directed the aspiring novice in the various arts and crafts of the picture making industry; this final article will endeavor to take up and clarify the remaining necessary steps after the picture has been scenarized, adapted and "shot."

The average length of a "movie" seen in the motion picture houses is from six to seven thousand feet of film, and, as everyone in Hollywood knows, the length of this same picture, when the average director has finished "shooting," is from eighty to one hundred

times that. This, therefore, necessitates the introduction of the art of "cutting."

"Cutting" a picture is a fairly delicate operation and quite painful to the author, even with the use of various anaesthetics, such as ether or chloroform or gin, and many of the weaker authors have been known to die from the effects. The miracles of modern plastic surgery are as nothing compared to some of the results achieved in the present day "cutting room," and many a picture has been known to emerge from the operation with its features so completely changed that even its own father did not recognize it. I myself have seen pictures that went into the "cutting room" as "Silas Marner" and emerged three weeks later as "Aunt Jemima's Cook Book," and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



CABARET—Paramount

GILDA GRAY, idol of the Manhattan night clubs, has her familiar background in this film. Here is the whole panorama of the glittering, sinister life in New York's roaring '40s. Manhattan this season has had a big stage success with this background, "Broadway." "Cabaret" skims the cream off "Broadway" without imitating it in any sense. Miss Gray plays *Gloria Trask* of the Club Costigan. In the offing is an honest young detective and an unscrupulous gent. The evil *Sam Roberts* involves *Gloria's* brother in a shooting.

Chester Conklin is amusing as *Gloria's* father and Tom Moore is a pleasant bull. Miss Gray does the Black Bottom in "Cabaret"—and how! If you live in a censor ridden state you may not see it. That's your hard luck!



CAMILLE—First National

THIS was a boxoffice picture before a single scene was shot. The famous tragedy of Alexander Dumas, fils—the poignant story of the Parisian courtesan who finally found real love only to lose it—is sure fire stuff. Norma Talmadge shifted the background to the present day. This change seems to have affected the story itself but slightly.

"Camille" has one fault. It is too long. Too much footage is given to planting reasons for the mode of life followed by the *Lady of the Camellias*. She is beaten and pursued for over two reels. We suspect that Miss Talmadge will be a popular *Camille*. She has some excellent moments toward the end of the film. Gilbert Roland is the *Armand*. Rather actory but with IT. Supersexy stuff, this.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE KING OF KINGS—

HERE is Cecil B. De Mille's finest motion picture effort. He has taken the most difficult and exalted theme in the world's history—the story of Jesus Christ—and transcribed it intelligently and ably to the screen.

De Mille has had a variegated career. He has wandered, with an eye to the box office, up bypaths into ladies' boudoirs and baths, he has been accused of garishness, bad taste and a hundred and one other faults, he frequently has been false and artificial. One of his first efforts, "The Whispering Chorus," stood until this as his best work.

"The King of Kings," however, reveals a shrewd, discerning and skillful technician, a director with a fine sense of drama, and, indeed, a man with an understanding of the spiritual.

"The King of Kings" is the best telling of the Christ story the screen has ever revealed. De Mille has achieved some tremendous climaxes.

The winning of the Disciple Matthew, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the betrayal of Judas, the meeting of Christ and Pilate, the tortuous way of the cross to Calvary and the Crucifixion provide mighty film episodes as De Mille develops them. De Mille has not hurried from tableau to tableau. He frequently pauses to humanize and reveal his principals. One of the best things in "The King of Kings" is his revelation of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea. For the moment Pilate, puzzled, hounded by the high priests, compassionate and seeking the path of least resistance, lives and breathes.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE KING OF KINGS

CABARET

CHANG

CAMILLE

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

The Best Performances of the Month

H. B. Warner in "The King of Kings"

Victor Varconi in "The King of Kings"

Rudolph Schildkraut in "The King of Kings"

Ernest Torrence in "The King of Kings"

Norma Talmadge in "Camille"

May Allison in "The Telephone Girl"



CHANG—Paramount

MAJOR MERIAN COOPER and Ernest Schoedsack, those two young chaps who filmed "Grass," have returned from the Siamese jungles with this new study in elemental life. It compares favorably with Robert Flaherty's "Nanook" and "Moana" and provides a big dramatic kick of its own.

"Chang" shows the eternal battle between man and nature. The protagonists are a native, his wife and their three children, not to mention a pet white gibbon. Their daily combat with tigers, elephants and other jungle inhabitants equals the tribulations of even a Chicagoan with machine-gun inhibitions. Reviewers are requested not to reveal the meaning of the title, "Chang." So we pass it by.



De Mille-P.D.C.

You are going to be amazed at the complete sincerity of De Mille's direction. Nothing is studied. There is no aiming at theatrical appeal. De Mille has followed the New Testament literally and with fidelity. He has taken no liberties. Frequently, in his groupings, he has followed famous Biblical paintings.

It is difficult to analyze the performance of H. B. Warner as *Jesus*. We can conceive of no more difficult rôle in the whole field of history and literature. Mr. Warner meets the accepted ideas of Christ and gives a very well sustained performance.

The surprise of the big picture is Victor Varconi, as *Pontius Pilate*. Here is an intelligent and splendidly conceived bit of work. Rudolph Schildkraut gives an admirable portrayal of *Caiaphas*, the high priest of Israel. Among the disciples, all well played, Ernest Torrence stands out vividly as *Simon Peter*. It is a fervent and moving characterization. Jacqueline Logan is excellent as *Mary Magdalene* and Dorothy Cummings has several moving moments as *Mary*, the mother.

"The King of Kings" is a tremendous motion picture, one that, through its sincerity, is going to win thousands of new picture goers. De Mille deserves unstinted praise. He ventured where few would dare to venture, he threw a vast fortune into the balance and he carried through without deviating. Congratulations, Mr. De Mille. And a measure of praise, too, to the battery of cameramen, headed by Peverell Marley. **Frederick James Smith.**



THE TELEPHONE GIRL—Paramount

ANOTHER score for director Herbert Brenon. A drama of men and women, utterly devoid of all the cheap trappings without which the average director seems lost. A story of an aristocratic woman who committed an indiscretion in her youth and finds herself in the vortex of a gubernatorial election scandal that threatens to ruin both candidates and her own life and happiness. May Allison, as the woman whose reputation is at stake, gives one of the finest performances of her career. Madge Bellamy is featured in the title rôle and proves she is a dramatic actress as well as a comedienne. The whole cast, which includes Holbrook Blinn, Warner Baxter, Hale Hamilton and Larry Gray, gives to the picture a distinction worthy of the efforts of the director. Don't let the title stop you. See it.

**CONVOY—
First
National**



THE part the United States Navy played in the World War is here, magnificent, real and thrilling, the actual scenes as they actually occurred, and if you can forget the silly conventional German spy-American girl secret service operator plot you will find this very worth your time. The cast is studded with names, Dorothy Mackaill, Lowell Sherman, Ian Keith, Lawrence Gray and Buster Collier, but direction seems to have made them all pretty bad.

**FASHIONS
FOR
WOMEN—
Paramount**



IF Dorothy Arzner, Paramount's first woman director, continues to turn out pictures like this, heaven help most of the directing boys. It was her first effort. She has very little story to guide her—that frail plot concerning the lovely, poor, virtuous girl, who, looking exactly like the rich girl with the sultry past, doubles for her and gets in wrong with the hero. She has the exquisite but heretofore non-acting Esther Ralston to star. But she put them altogether with pure artistry.

**BEWARE
OF
WIDOWS—
Universal**



UNIVERSAL told you. Beware! Here is that familiar fable of the very great doctor deceived by every woman's faint and the dear young thing who loves him but is alienated because the doctor's patients, all widows, stop at nothing when man-hunting. Bryant Washburn and Laura La Plante play the lovers and Laura is beautiful. But recall that there are still starving Armenians to be fed with the quarter you might otherwise spend on this, and do your bit.

**LOVERS—
M. G. M.**



EVERYBODY concerned has been worried over this adaptation of "The World and His Wife," once played by William Faversham. It is a story of the evils of gossip, which finally involve *Don Julian*, his young wife and their youthful friend with tragic consequences. The picture, under repair for months, is fairly good. Ramon Novarro is really excellent as the boy, *Jose*. The film is just out of the Metro-Goldwyn hospital and quite well.

**LONG
PANTS—
First
National**



IN the spring a young man's fancy turns to Long Pants—and when Harry Langdon gets his first pair of long pants he's sitting on top of the world. So much so that he casts aside the little country gal and falls madly in love with the vamp, who is incidentally a bandit. Harry soon realizes his mistake and returns home. Not much of a story for six long reels, but Langdon is always funny and so who cares a great deal about the story.

**ORCHIDS
AND
ERMINE—
First
National**



HERE is an amusing hour for everybody. A nice little comedy, featuring Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall. Another rags to riches story of a telephone operator in a hotel who meets a millionaire—and of course they marry. Colleen, the direction and the titles take the Cinders out of this Cinderella yarn and make it just one grand laugh after another. Jocelyn Lee is quite interesting as a gold-digger. A pleasant way to spend an evening.

EVENING CLOTHES—
Paramount



NOT quite up to the standard of the previous Menjou pictures, but still you will find it enjoyable. Menjou is a wealthy Marquis (though quite dowdy) who marries a very beautiful lady. She despises him so he leaves her and goes to Paris where he becomes a boulevardier. When wife sees all the women flocking around him she naturally realizes she loves him. The supporting cast is fine—Virginia Valli, Louise Brooks and Noah Beery.



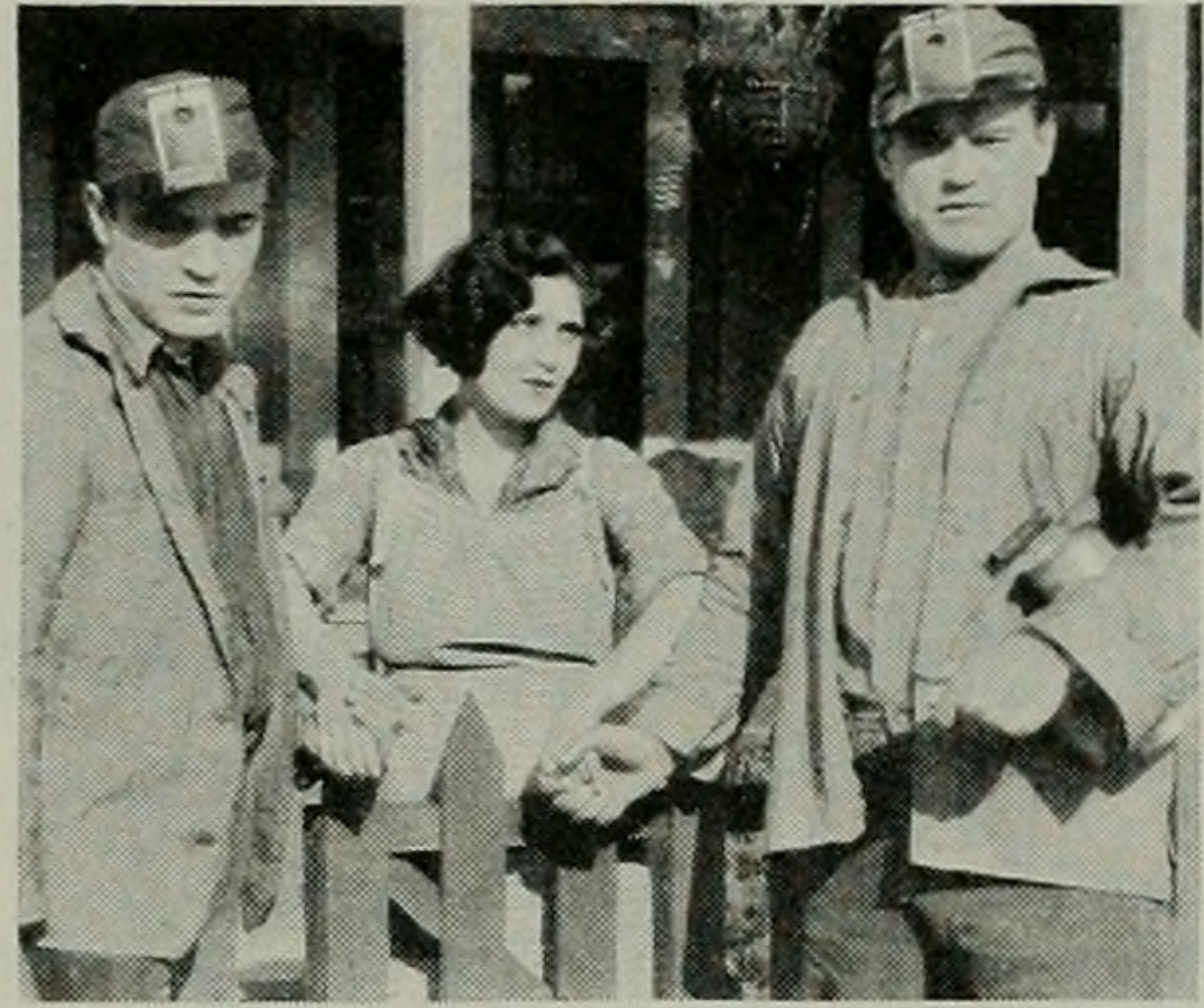
THE YANKEE CLIPPER—
Producers
Dist. Corp.

IT is rather a difficult problem to stretch a boat race over six reels. And incidentally quite boring for those who are viewing it. All the picture rests on is the race between the Yankee Clipper and an English vessel from China to Boston. Who won? Now don't be silly. The picture is badly cast—William Boyd looks no more like a seafaring man of the olden days than Tom Mix does. And Elinor Faire is the poorest excuse for a leading lady.

THE NIGHT BRIDE—
Producers
Dist. Corp.



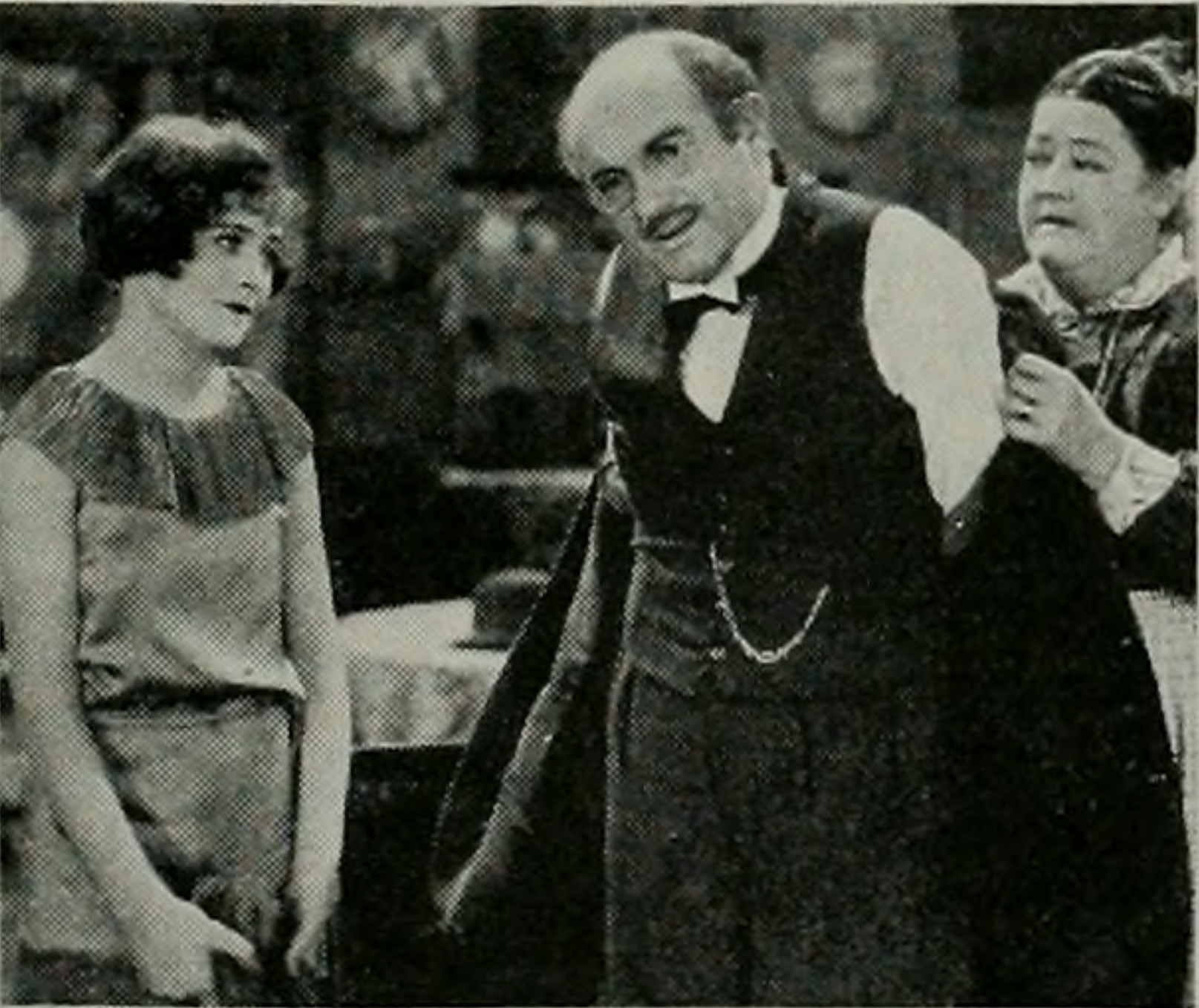
THE usual Marie Prevost farce, not very hilarious and still not very boring. Marie does her usual pouting act as the spoiled daughter of a millionaire who just must have what she wants. And her prize package is a woman-hater. But Marie shows him how grand and glorious it is to love women by broadcasting the fact she is married to him—though she really isn't. Don't worry, Censor Birds, they are married before the final reel!



WHITE FLANNELS—
Warner Bros.

LUCIEN CARY'S Saturday Evening Post story makes excellent entertainment. It is the most human and interesting piece of work seen in some time. The story revolves around the ambitions of a mother to raise her son from the routine of mining life to a college education. Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond give sincere performances. Jason Robards, Virginia Browne Faire and George Nichols complete the cast. We liked it and think you will.

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—
M. G. M.



SOME more corned beef and cabbage and gefultefish is served for your screen menu. Whether this will meet with your approval all depends on your taste. If you're not the type that wears the old silk beaver, you will find this very, very amusing because of the good cast—Kate Price, Sally O'Neil, Tenen Holtz and two cute youngsters who keep things moving. Roy D'Arcy is the villain. His grin comes near spoiling the whole show.



TOO MANY CROOKS—
Paramount

MMILDRED DAVIS' comeback is not successful. To begin with, she has acquired too much weight for a dainty little ingenue. Then a story was selected for her that is just about the silliest thing we have ever seen screened. One thing in her favor is the supporting cast—George Bancroft, Lloyd Hughes and El Brendel. As to acting honors—Mildred poses nicely in every scene, sharing a few with Lloyd Hughes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

Get Your Scissors Out

THE fourth annual cut puzzle contest of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is under way.

Every reader of PHOTOPLAY knows the widespread interest aroused by these big cut puzzle contests. The magazine offices each year were engulfed in an avalanche of solutions from every part of the world. Each year a large staff has required weeks to clear its way through the thousands of answers, giving each solution careful scrutiny.

This year the cut puzzle contest is different from its three predecessors.

The portraits are cut into different and smaller fragments. Each fragment carries a key letter, to aid you in assembling your answers. And, NOTE THIS, you are to make as large a list as possible of players' names, developed from these key letters. During the four months of the contest, 128 key letters will appear. You must use these key letters in building names of well known motion picture players. The size and accuracy of your list will have as much to do with your winning of a prize as your assembling of the cut pieces.

NOTE, too, that elaborately assembled solutions will not help you this year. The editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE feels that too much ornamentation and expense have been put into the submitted solutions. These elaborately created solutions have grown each year and the editor feels that this has become unfair to contest workers who cannot afford the cost of creating expensive solutions. So simplicity is the thing this year. It will count more than elaborateness. Remember that, please.

Note, also, another new rule. Solutions will not be returned in this contest. The contest has grown in size each year until it has become impossible to return the vast number of answers. Last year it took a special staff months to clear these back to contestants who requested their return. Solutions in this contest will not be returned. Hence the new rule with this contest.

The fourth annual contest is wide open. Remember that you can compete without the slightest expenditure. You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY. You do not have to buy a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can trace, if you wish, your pictures from copies of PHOTOPLAY

And Cut Your Way to a Fortune in Photoplay's Annual

\$5,000.00

Cut Puzzle Contest

List of Prizes

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

to be found in the New York or Chicago offices of this magazine, or in any public library.

Neatness, accuracy and originality are the items to be considered in checking your solution.

To be one of the successful prize winners, you will have to use your wits. Not only must you assemble the picture correctly and identify them, but you will have to put your brains to work when you make your list of players from the key letters.

Just to make it clear to you, we will explain that, in the key letters, the complete alphabet is used four times. In addition, there are extra sets of vowels—a, e, i, o and u, making a total of 128 letters. Each letter may be used only once.

For your guidance, you will find a long list

of the names of players on Page 86. These are published to refresh your memory and to show you the correct spelling of the names. In arranging the 128 letters to make the names, remember that abbreviations and nicknames won't count. Use the names of the players as they officially appear on the screen. Tom Mix, for instance, is Tom's accepted name and you do not have to waste your letters by calling him Thomas. But Douglas Fairbanks' name is Douglas and not Doug. See the idea?

YOUR ingenuity in arranging the letters into names of stars and assembling and identifying the cut pictures correctly will count more than an elaborately ornamented solution.

Neatness in presenting the puzzle is important, of course, but expensively decorated answers won't help win any prizes this year. PHOTOPLAY is making this emphatic so that there will be no chance of a misunderstanding.

The list of names must be of recognized film players of some standing. It will not be fair, for instance, to use a name like Abner Ash, on the chance that there might be a motion picture player by that name. The safest thing to do is to consult the list—a long and comprehensive one—which PHOTOPLAY is running for your guidance.

SO get out your scissors and go to work. PHOTOPLAY believes that this new cut puzzle contest is going to be the most fascinating sport this summer. And the most profitable.



RUTH WALKER
Winner of First Prize of
\$1,500 in 1926 Cut Puzzle
Contest

Rules and Conditions of the Cut Puzzle and Name Contest

There is \$5,000 in this Treasure Chest for Photoplay Readers



RULES OF CONTEST

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

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

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. \$5,000 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clues to the identity of each fragment. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

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

8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

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

A Jolly Game to Test Your



Read Rules on Preced

Upper

Who is from Canada?
 Why, of course, A—
 Who is twice married?
 The B is that way.
 Who is called "elfin"?
 The E stands for elf.
 Who is just twenty?
 Why F is, herself!

Lower

Who is unmarried?
 The lady named C.
 Who is from Pittsburgh?
 The lovely, blond D.
 Who went to school?
 Why Miss G did, in France.
 Who thinks of business
 Before (H!) romance?

Upper

Who went to convent?
 The one that's named I.
 Who reached quick stardom?
 J—for whom men sigh.
 Who was in ballet?
 M was—she was good.
 N will not marry—
 (One man thinks she should!)

Lower

Who is from Jersey?
 The K stands for her—
 Who went to High School?
 L—she makes hearts stir!
 Who did pro. dancing?
 O—this is her letter;
 P, through an author,
 Knew stardom, and better!



Wits and Win a Big Prize

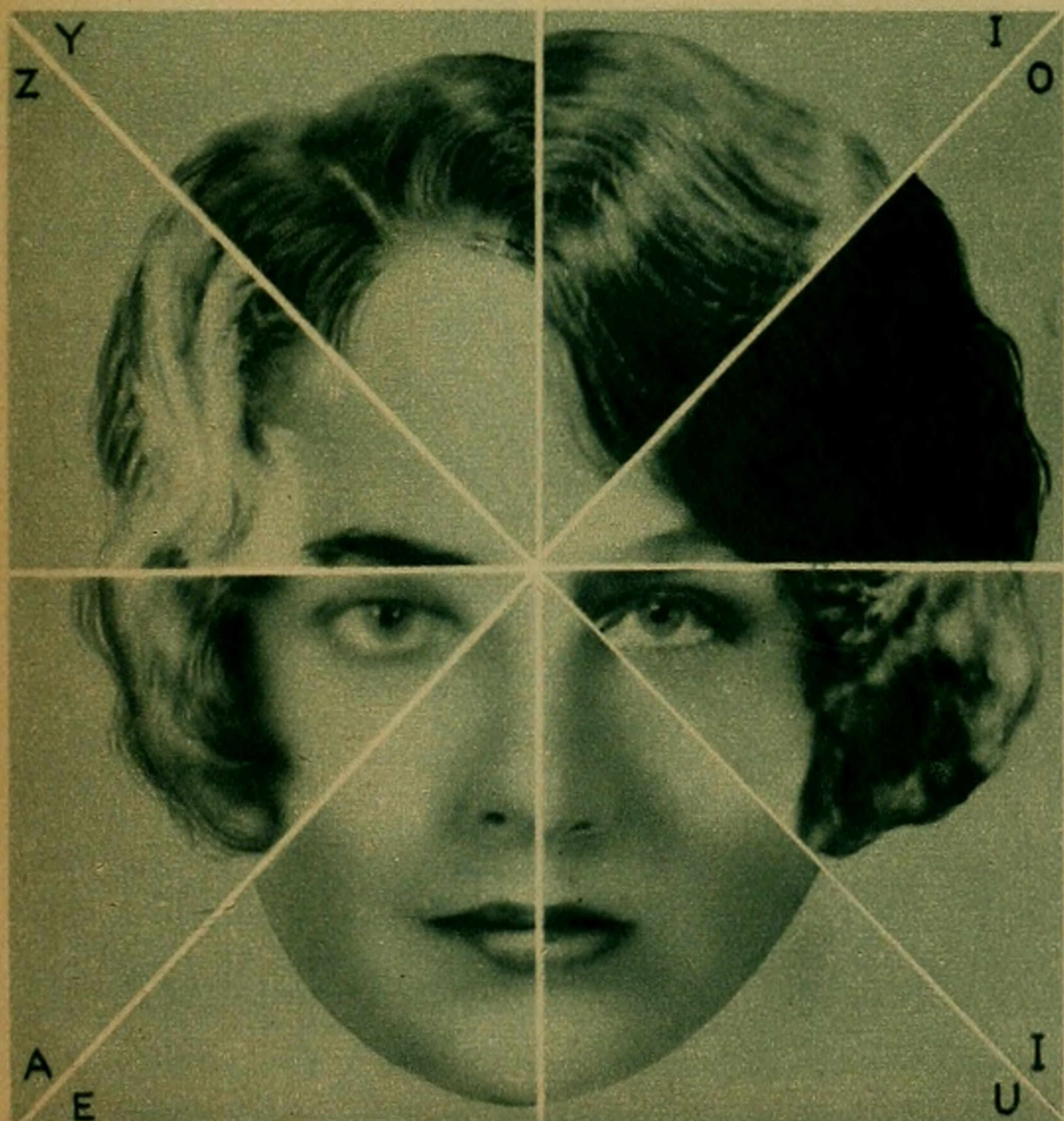
ing Page Carefully

Upper

Who's in her 'teens still?
 Why Q is, the dear!
 Who likes to motor?
 Miss R does, we hear.
 Who won a contest?
 U did, for her charm.
 V is the sort that
 Folk shelter from harm.

Lower

Who worked for Goldwyn?
 S did, to begin.
 Who'll try the stage, next?
 T will—and she'll win!
 Who played in whimsies?
 Young W did—
 Who has blond hair?
 X—a lovable kid.



Upper

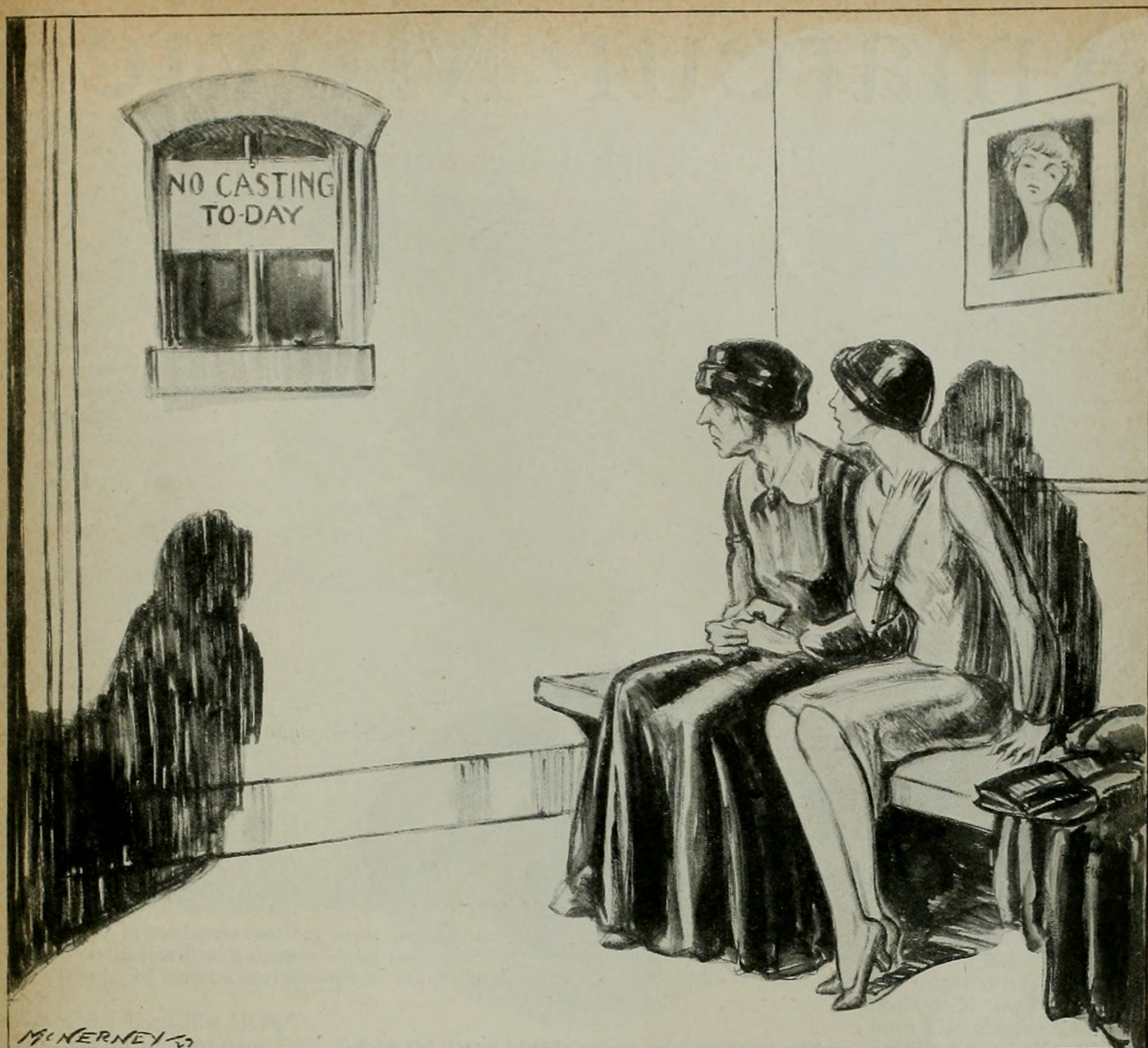
Five years in pictures—guess who?
 Just Miss Y,
 Two years in opera,
 Z, modest and shy!
 Who has brown hair—
 I—And makes it look smart.
 O had the Mardi Gras,
 For her first part.

Lower

Who has no children?
 A, though she's wed twice.
 Who is the girl—E—
 That all folk call "nice"?
 Who played in pictures,
 Of—I—circus life?
 Who of the four is
 The only (U) wife?



MARY PICKFORD,
as seen by a French
photographer. This is
one of Mary's few
"dressed up" pictures. It
shows her as she looks
when she makes her rare
appearances in the social
world of New York or
Europe



Stars Who Never Were—

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE great stars come, the great stars go,
 Some like a sunset, with a slow,
 Rare spread of color and of light;
 Some like a comet in the night.
 The great stars dawn and die—some pass
 Like dim shapes in a looking glass.
 And some there are who laugh and stay,
 Because the public smiles their way!

But what about the ones who peer
 Around the corner of each year,
 With hopes half old, and yet half new—
 With dreams that never dare come true?
 The ones who wait life's great romance—
 Spelled out for them in this word—
 "Chance!"

The ones who never feel the stir
 Of fame—the stars who never were?

This girl who glances from the mob,
 This boy whose pulses feel the throb
 Of keen ambition—this wan face,
 This body, with a dancer's grace . . .
 What of the ones who work and strive,
 Yet never, never can arrive?
 What of the weary souls that wait,
 While genius turns to fear and hate?

The extras—eyes and legs and lips,
 No more! They fade and wonder slips
 Beyond their reach, while others take
 Life's fullness. . . But though hearts may
 break,
 They struggle on, past pain and loss,
 Although their goal may be a cross—
 The gallant ones that never win,
 The stars—the stars that might have been!

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

HAVE you thought of the fun to be derived from a movie club?

Do you realize how simple it is to organize a club and to make photoplays of your own, perhaps for submission in PHOTOPLAY'S big \$2,000 contest?

Talk this over with your friends and see how many of them are interested. Suppose you organize a club of thirty enthusiasts. Of course, you should select officers and make by-laws.

Then check up on the expenses of a movie equipment. You will need a camera, at least one additional lens, a tripod, two or more lights for inside illumination and a set of reflectors.

SUPPOSE you select an Eastman Cine-Kodak B. That will cost \$70. An additional lens for close-ups and special shots will approximate \$50 more. The tripod will run between \$20 and \$35. Two Kirbylites, with their tripods, will total \$109.50. You can build reflectors yourself. Divide this total of \$265 among thirty members. That costs less than \$9 per club member.

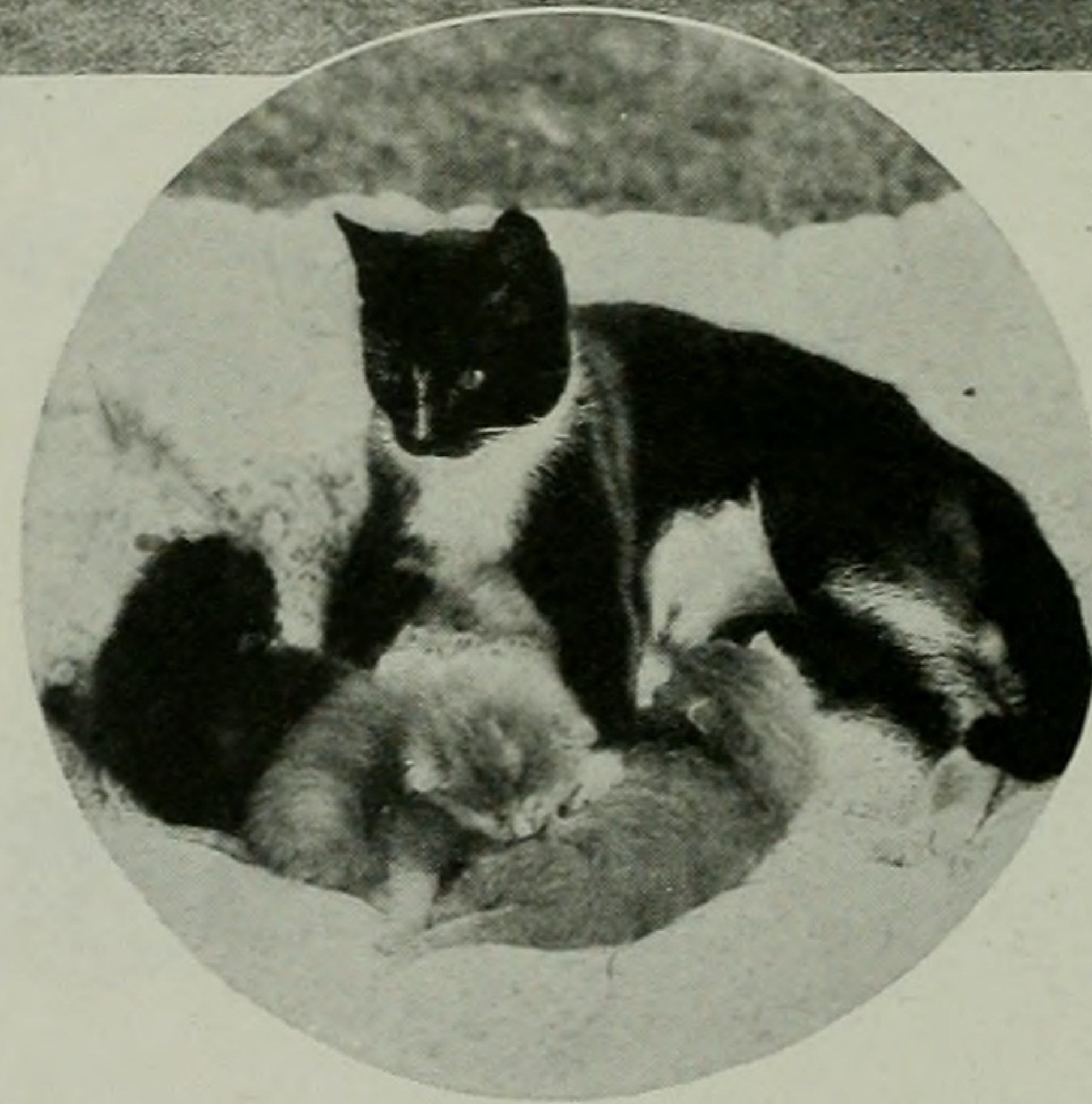
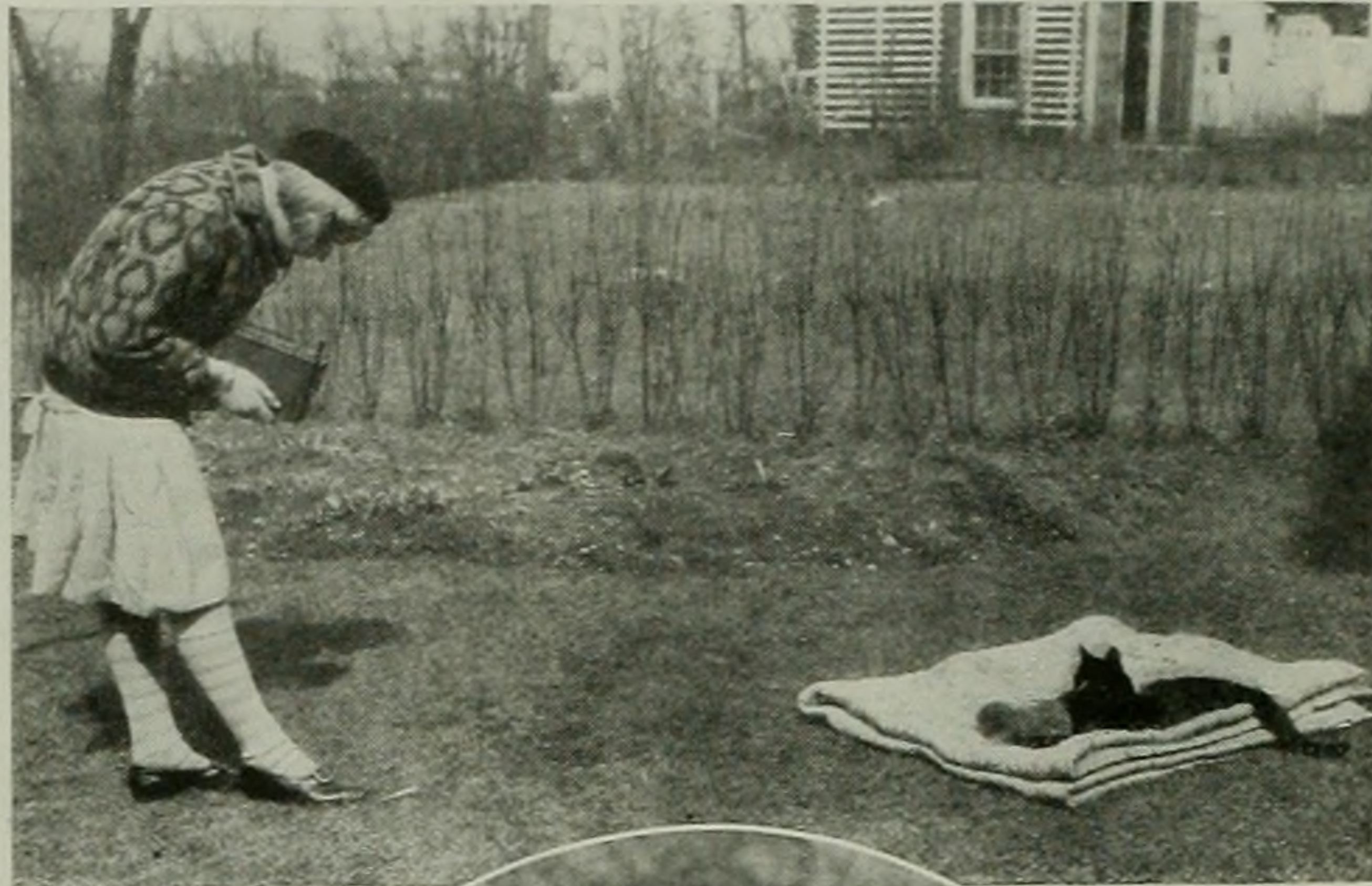
Select a Bell and Howell Filmo at \$180. That changes your total to \$375, or less than \$13 per member. A Pathex reduces the total to about \$230, or less than \$8 for each club member. Or a De Vry, using standard film stock, at \$150. That gives a total of \$335, which means it costs each member less than \$12.

How else could you have so much fun at such a minimum of expenditure?

16mm. film, used by the Cine-Kodak B and the Filmo, costs \$6 a hundred feet. Film for the Pathex runs to \$1.75 per 30 feet.

Standard negative for the De Vry costs \$7.50 per hundred feet and the following positive prints add \$6.50 per hundred feet.

After picking your outfit you should select your producing staff. Pick



The amateur cameraman should watch his backgrounds. Color is a misleading factor. Above, filming a cat and her kitten with a Cine-Kodak B. If they were filmed on the grass, the resultant print would be confusing, greys and greens having the same relative color values. The improvised background gives a well defined and clean cut image



Monty Banks took a Pathex with him to Italy

your production manager first. He should have executive ability. Select your scenarist, who should have some knowledge of story values. Pick your director, who ought to be a person with some experience in making amateur films. Also, he (or she) ought to be a person of decisive judgment. Your club must give him authority, so that time isn't wasted over arguments during or between scenes.

Then you will need an assistant director, a cameraman, two or more amateur electricians to operate the lights, a script clerk to note each scene as it is filmed for possible re-checking, two or three studio aids with some knowledge of carpentry to rip up scenes, a cutting editor, to put the final film in shape, and a member to do the subtitles. The duties of these members of your producing staff will shape themselves as you go along.

YOU will need a location man to hunt up and find the right places to shoot your outdoor scenes. These, of course, should be selected before your club starts on location. Two or three members of your club undoubtedly can play various musical instruments. These members will constitute your studio orchestra.

The cost of actual film will depend on your ingenuity—and how much you want to spend. An amateur organization in California spent \$7,000 in making a picture recently. However, this organization used a fifty foot schooner for a brief cruise. The organization even purchased an old Packard for California location trips. 30,000 feet of film were shot. This was an exceptional expenditure. You can make a motion picture play as cheaply as you wish.

You must count upon shooting enough film, however. To get a good 400 foot story in 16mm. film, you will have to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Everybody's Making 'em



The correct way to shoot an interior. Source of illumination is placed at an approximate angle of 45 degrees about subjects. The camera, a Cine-Kodak, shoots between, while the Kirbylites are directed at their nearest subjects, thus properly lighting scene. The light toned walls help

Here's Your Chance to Win \$2,000

THE movie amateur is the hope of the photoplay's future."

That is the opinion of David Wark Griffith.

"The motion picture business of today is one of America's big businesses. There is no time for experimenting. There is no time to adventure. The commercialized photoplay must continue, necessarily, in a groove," in the opinion of the veteran producer.

"Today, however, thousands of movie amateurs are experimenting. They are trying new things for the love of it. They aren't afraid to venture. Big things are sure to come from the Amateur Movies of today."

Mr. Griffith has high hopes for PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur movie contest.

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment free? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

PHOTOPLAY created this contest largely to teach movie amateurs the full possibilities of their cameras. PHOTOPLAY wants every amateur to know all the joys of creating, assembling and projecting their own pictures. There are about a hundred thousand amateur movie cameras in operation today, but too many of these amateurs merely take pictures, disregarding the fun of cutting, assembling and editing their films.

PHOTOPLAY is planning to show the prize winning amateur films of its contest in one or more of the New York theaters interested in the little film theater movement. These winning films may also be shown in various theaters about the country.

This means that the winners will receive [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Full Rules for Amateur Movie Contest on Page 118



SHE was rich. She was happily married. She had everything she wanted. Dolores Del Rio came to Hollywood seeking neither fame nor romance nor money. She went into the movies "just for fun." But the movies refuse to let her go, because she is one of the great discoveries of the year

A Daughter of the DONNS

By
Ivan St. Johns

ORANGE trees and moonlight, prancing, silver-studded horses, and mantillas caught with shining combs, colors of the rainbow, guitars and ceaseless melodies, flashing white teeth and dangerous dark eyes, balconies, serapes and serenades, dons of the old school and their young daughters, like fairy-tale princesses.

Background of the City of Mexico, that opal among cities.

Two years ago, against this background, moved a charming young woman, the Senora Jaime Martinez del Rio. The Senora del Rio was a reigning beauty, a great favorite with the brilliant and cosmopolitan society of Mexico City, and an idol of the people, who stood aside to watch her carriage pass.

And why not?

For Senora del Rio had been the fascinating, the devastating Senorita Dolores Asunsolo, flower of that ancient and aristocratic and enormously rich family whose name is part of Mexico's history.

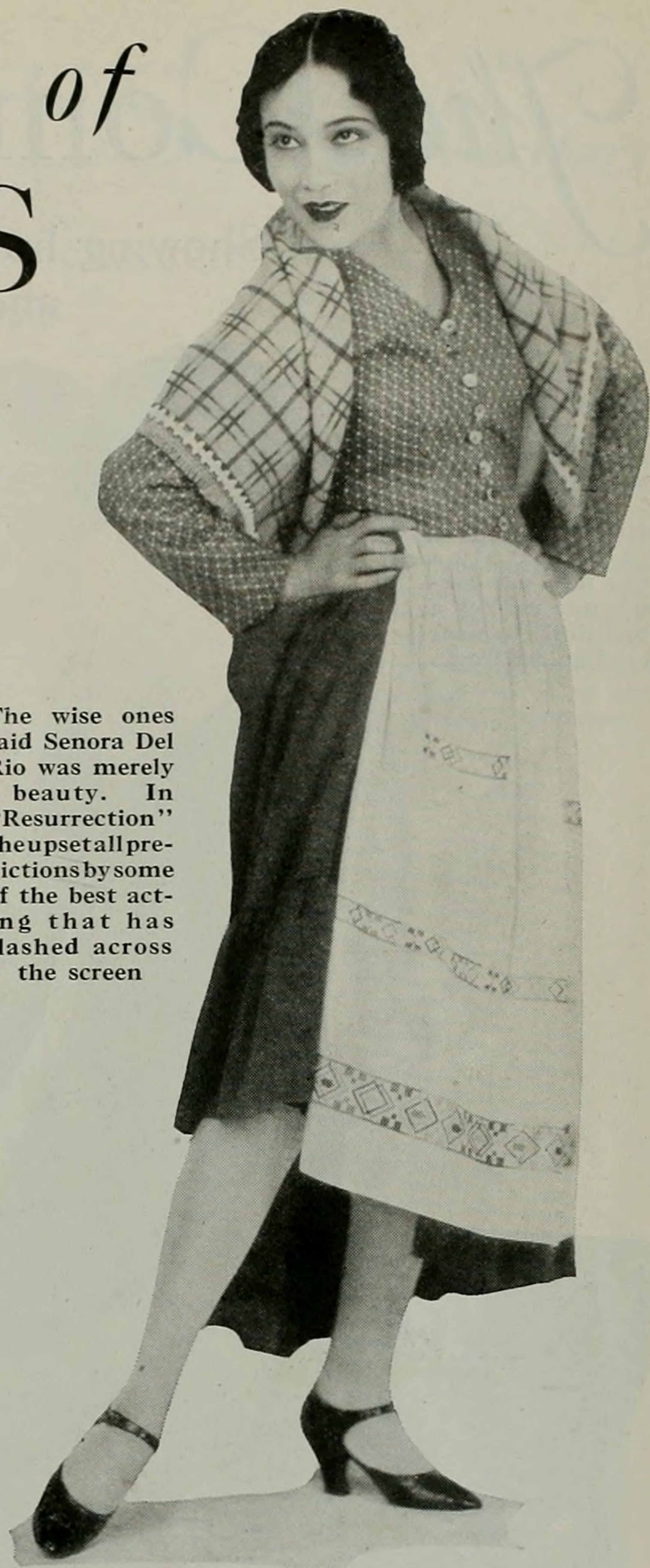
She had been educated in a convent in France, coming home occasionally to cause all hearts to flutter with a glimpse of her blossoming beauty. She spoke five languages, she danced like a dream, she was lovelier than the dawn.



The ingenue: "Have you ever loved a girl before?"

The juvenile: "Sure! Do you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"

The wise ones said Senora Del Rio was merely a beauty. In "Resurrection" she upset all predictions by some of the best acting that has flashed across the screen



And when, at sixteen and upon the very day of leaving the convent, she married the Senor Jaime Martinez del Rio, of blood and fortune equal to her own, there were many broken hearts in the City of Mexico.

But the sixteen-year-old matron soon widened her sway and became one of the reigning belles and beauties of Mexican society.

That, according to tradition, and especially tradition in the City of Mexico, which is of the old world and still clings to its old customs, should be the end of the story.

What more could there be? A beautiful girl has her brief heyday, she marries, for love but also suitably, life has settled itself into a routine and there you are.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

The Commandments

Showing how, unconsciously, the screen has de- and personality—not type. Your selec-

May Allison had to show she was a governor's lady with a past. Here's the gown the director finally chose. Only a troubled conscience makes a beautiful girl wear too dignified frocks



MOST women believe that given enough money they would be smartly dressed.

It isn't true. Cash buys our gowns, but it is our suppressed desires that choose the models. If you have a little picture of your ideal self in your mind, you will soon be buying it costumes, unless somebody picks your pocket on the way to the store.

The trouble is that a woman's ideal self and her real self synchronize one in about every 45,000 cases. And unless this ideal self matches one's personal architecture perfectly, no woman, no matter how much money she spends, will ever be smartly dressed.

Be Yourself and Know Yourself are the two great commandments of smart dressing and between these two hang all the gowns and the fur coats.

The above pearls of great price are writ down somewhat dogmatically, I realize, but it is the real conviction I have about this matter of chic.

Not that I have acquired this wisdom by myself. May Allison showed me the way to it.

It was quite by accident that May and I got to talking about clothes and that we discovered the vast truths I am about to reveal to you.

Of course, it *was* Spring, and while beside the golden beauty of Miss Allison, I am even as the cres-



Here's the contrast, May as the girl before she has been indiscreet

of CLOTHES

By
Ruth Waterbury

veloped a new thought in dressing for character
tion of clothes is a real psychoanalysis

cent of casaba compared to the crescent of the new moon, I, too, am feminine. And furthermore, while in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love, a young woman's fancy, being essentially practical, turns to style and whether or not bows are really going to be worn as generally as forecast.

Now the very Scotch Mr. Burns remarked some time ago that few of us have the power to see ourselves as others see us, even when we are surrounded by mirrors. And so, as I sat in Miss Allison's delightful dressing room at the Astoria Studio of Famous Players-Lasky, while she made up for her rôle in "The Telephone Girl," I imagined myself, in my simple girlish way, trotting about in May's modish and lovely clothes that were hanging about the place. They were obviously most expensive garments.

Looking at them, and looking at her, I inflated my troubled vanity
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

This is the gown that started the discussion. Miss Allison believed she had purchased it for heavy drama in "The Telephone Girl." Director Brenon disapproved. He said it was too smart and charming for a lovely lady who had not told her husband all. May looked again and agreed, the moral being that becoming styles can trick even the wisest girl into unsuitable purchases



The type of gown Miss Allison chooses for her personal wardrobe

French Leave

By



Octavus Roy
Cohen

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

Florian Slappey's first move was to meet Evergreen Tapp when she was walking with the two Farnsworth children on the Promenade des Anglais. At the moment an elaborate sedan rolled past. Beside the chauffeur sat the suspicious Enoch Tapp



THE executive board of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, was sadly in session. Present were President Orifice R. Latimer, Lawyer Evans Chew, Production Manager Julius Caesar Clump, Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz and Florian Slappey. A hearty and enthusiastic effort to exclude Mr. Slappey had met with complete failure and that debonair young colored person now dominated the meeting.

It was evening and the day's work was finished. Other members of the troupe were out disporting themselves in true Riviera fashion. Nice was popular with the colored actors and actresses. They liked France and most particularly they enjoyed this climate which was so similar to that of their beloved Birmingham.

And so tonight most of them strolled along the Promenade des Anglais or up and down the broad

reaches of the Avenue de la Victoire. Others timidly hazarded brass francs in the boule rooms of the Casino Jete Promenade and the Casino Municipal. Still others motored along the Corniche Drive . . . leaving the executives to their problems.

It was not that the troupers lacked interest in the affairs of the travelling company, but how were they to suspect that the defection of the two most unimportant members of the organization could possibly be of consequence?

As a matter of fact ever since Midnight had left Birmingham several months previously for the express purpose of manufacturing zippy two-reel slapstick comedies against a background of old world civilization, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Tapp had been markedly unimportant. Enoch—tall and angular and queerly dignified—had certain comic potentialities. His wife, Ever-

The Midnighters Have a Nice (France) Adventure



are colored Alabamians and are sojourning four thousand miles away from home, substitutions are not easy . . . even in the most humble spots.

The defection of Enoch and Evergreen had grown out of conditions in general and fortuitous circumstances in particular. The situation dated back to Mobile and had nothing whatever to do with any person now connected with Midnight.

Many years previously Mr. Henry Farnsworth of Mobile had entered the employ of an internationally known tourist bureau. He himself was a gentleman of education and culture. The result was that he rose rapidly in the service and eventually was sent to France by his company. He was put in absolute charge of the tourist bureau in Nice. It was a job of consequence, since much travel is booked from Nice . . . that being a city where many tourists pause for a long rest in order to determine at leisure what the next step in their travels is to be.

When Mr. Farnsworth left America for France, he took with him a bride. They settled themselves in Nice, and, in due course of time, two delightful children came to them. Eventually these children attained the ages of five and seven and along with Mr. Farnsworth's material prosperity (considerably enhanced by his American business acumen in the handling of certain private real estate investments) came a terrible knowledge that his son and daughter were decidedly more French than American.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Farnsworth were flag-wavers, but their patriotic senses were deep-seated. It pleased them to hear their youngsters chattering glibly in French—but it was appalling to realize that the children knew scarcely a dozen words of English. They held more than one conference. They even tried a female dragon who claimed to be an English governess. She was discharged summarily and the young parents worried.

It was impossible to consider leaving Nice. Mr. Farnsworth had acquired considerable real estate which he was disposing of to enormous advantage. He had other business irons in the fire. His commercial roots were being buried more deeply each day in the fertile soil of the Cote d'Azur. But bitterly resented the Gallic education of his children—not that he didn't adore France and most things which were

French, but most certainly he wished his son and daughter to be American.

It was then that a miracle intruded into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth. It was a very dark miracle—but from the instant of its appearance, its possibilities were realized by both man and wife. He brought the news home from his office:

"Dear," he announced, "an American motion picture company arrived in Nice today."

She was interested—but only mildly. "There's been one here for a long time already."

"Not this kind."

"What do you mean, Henry: Not this kind?"

He was smiling triumphantly. "This is a troupe composed entirely of negroes!"

She flashed him a quick, inquiring glance. "American negroes?"

green, was pulchritudinous to a degree but certainly possessed of no such amount of histrionic ability as to cause professional jealousy to rise in the bosoms of Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz, Midnight's feminine stars.

The result was that Enoch and Evergreen had been used for unimportant bits—absurdly small and inconsequential rôles—general photographic chores. Therefore, when they presented themselves before President Latimer and Director Clump to announce their resignation, no consternation was spread.

Not then!

But immediately thereafter Production Manager Clump and Director Eddie Fizz commenced to find themselves confronted by problems which hitherto had not existed. When a troupe is limited to twenty-five persons—including orchestra—and all of those persons

Temperament and Jealousy Stalk the Riviera



"I ain't gwine to stay heah," announced Evergreen. "I don't crave to nurse all my life. Tomorrow afternoon Midnight leaves for Marseilles. I is goin' with them. You do what you please!"

"Better than that. Alabama negroes!"

They stared at one another with that rapt wordlessness which expresses volumes between well-mated persons. That she had read her husband's thoughts was shown by her next remark.

"Oh! darling—do you think we might?"

"Perhaps . . . Of course, these aren't the servant type . . ."

"But Henry! If we tried very hard . . ."

"It would be wonderful," he agreed soberly, "if we could get a real colored Alabama nurse for the children. I'm willing to pay what would amount to a heavy wage in America. Of course, we mustn't count too heavily on the chance, because really these people seem to have plenty of money and I've heard of their pictures way over here. It's that Midnight organization which has been so successful in America. They are really remarkable folks."

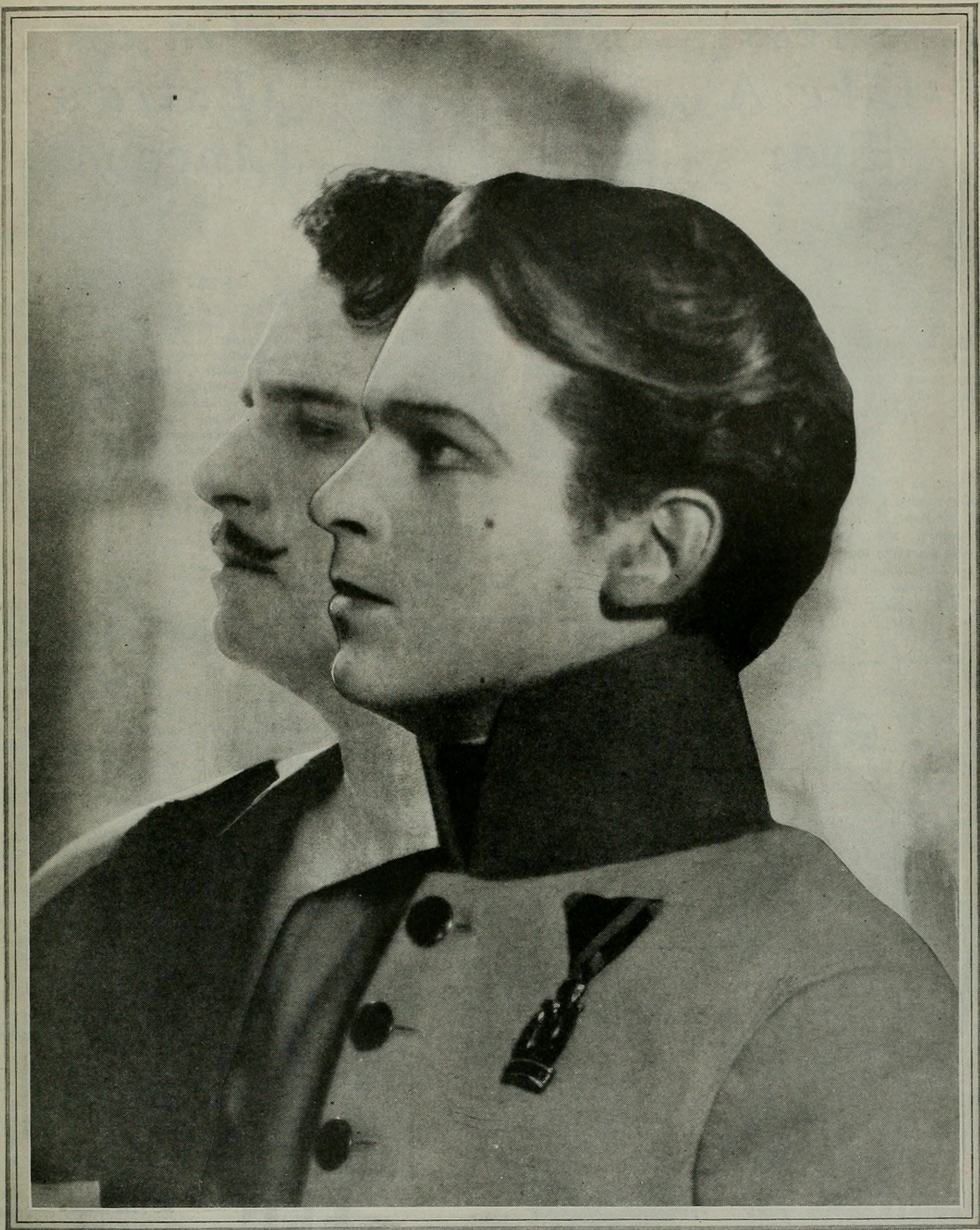
Mrs. Farnsworth sighed. "I'd rather trust my children to an honest-to-goodness colored nurse from Alabama than to the whole French government. And if we can't get one of the women—"

"Perhaps," said her husband. "Perhaps we might get a man. Menfolks are usually more ready to settle abroad than women. And someone who could teach Junior to play American baseball . . . I'll do my best, dear. I'll have plenty of chance to meet them because they're making my office their headquarters. Their president brought in a letter of credit today. He almost wept when he learned I was from Mobile."

So it was that two of the most prominent Americans in Southern France set out deliberately to deprive the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of two of its actors.

Fortunately for them—and unfortunately for the Midnight company—these two persons knew precisely how to proceed. Mr. Farnsworth made it his business to investigate the personnel of the company. He struck up conversation with a dapper little fellow who seemed to have no particular duty except the wearing of gorgeous clothes and dazzling neckties. From Florian Slaphey, Mr. Farnsworth received considerable information.

In the first place he [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



THE Doug & Doug Company. This superimposed picture shows two gold coins struck from the same stamp. Neither photograph was made with a thought of revealing the striking likeness. Fairbanks, Sr., wants to make a story of the crusades. Doug, Jr., is shown here as *L'Aiglon*. He plans to play in the unhappy story of Napoleon's son. Historical leanings run in the family.

Dress Like A Star

Two definite characteristics mark the smart summer mode. The first is the use of printed silks, the second the jabot as trimming. This frock of excellent quality crepe de chine in red, green, copen or black, with white polka dots features both, which makes it doubly chic. In sizes 16 to 18, 36 to 40, moderately priced at \$9.75

Chanel is the Lubitsch of the dress designers. She believes in "touches" and in the model at the right, the most popular of her summer collection, she features the draped-up-in-front skirt, the lavish use of long silk fringe as trimming and the shoulder flower as a contrasting color note. White, rose, beige, powder blue, light green or tan. The price is \$9.75. The sizes 16 to 18, 36 to 40



On an Extra's Income

HOW TO ORDER

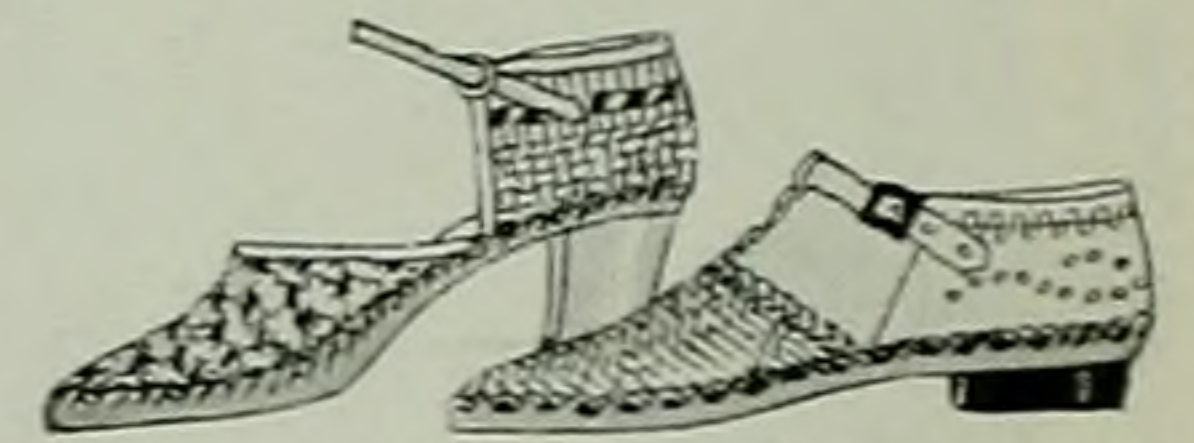
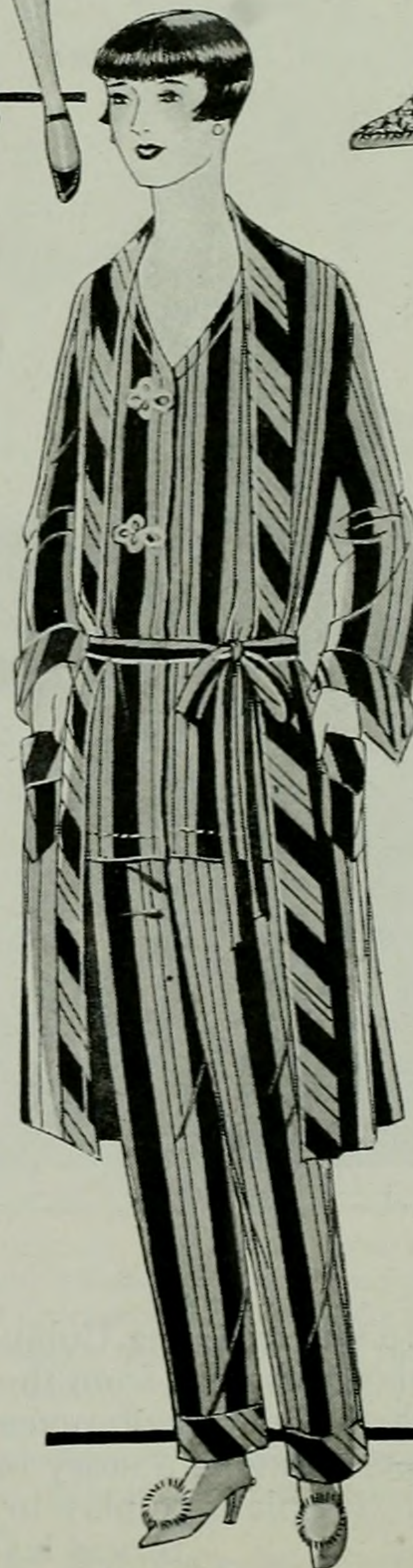
INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. **IMPORTANT:** Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.



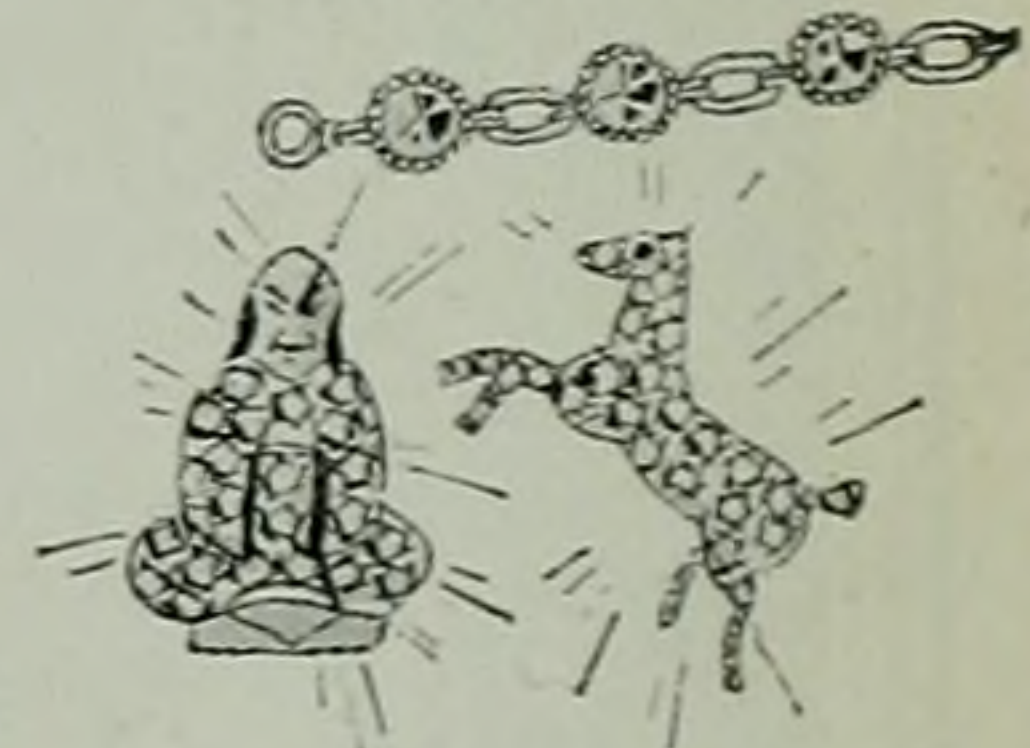
In the whole realm of style, there simply is nothing smarter this summer than the pajama and matching coat ensemble. Furthermore, this combination is not limited to home life but may be as social as one pleases, at the beach or traveling. Of white cotton broadcloth with orchid, rose or blue stripes, small, medium or large sizes, complete for \$5.95

Is there any girl anywhere who doesn't love a Spanish shawl? The one LOUISE BROOKS models so jauntily is quite the most delightful bargain of the year. Beautifully embroidered in same or contrasting shades on a splendid quality crepe de chine, 50 x 50 inches square, with two knot fringe, it may be purchased for the amazing sum of \$9.95. The colors are black with white, or white with black, black with color; white, flesh, peach, maize, red or jade, plain or with colors

The little self-ruffled georgette dress MISS BROOKS wears is another happy bargain. It may be either afternoon or evening dress since its cap sleeves are detachable. Of white, flesh, peach, maize, nile or turquoise blue, 14 to 20, \$15.95



If you would follow in the footsteps of Palm Beach, you must have a pair of these gay colored kid and straw sandals. And you can afford them, too, for in all white, white and black, blue, red or green, beige with brown, red, green or blue, with medium heel, they are \$8.50. In white or tan with flat heel they are \$5.00. They come also as oxfords with crepe rubber soles in all white or tan and brown for \$8.50. Sizes 2½ to 8, widths A to D



The ever-useful little pin for hats, scarfs or what you will, is still with us. The designs run all the way from Buddha to owls, horses, dogs, camels or goats in rhinestones. And the price requires so little pin money, only \$1.00! This newest slave bracelet of silver and blue stones will be a pleasant addition to your collection of small jewelry, \$1.95

Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service



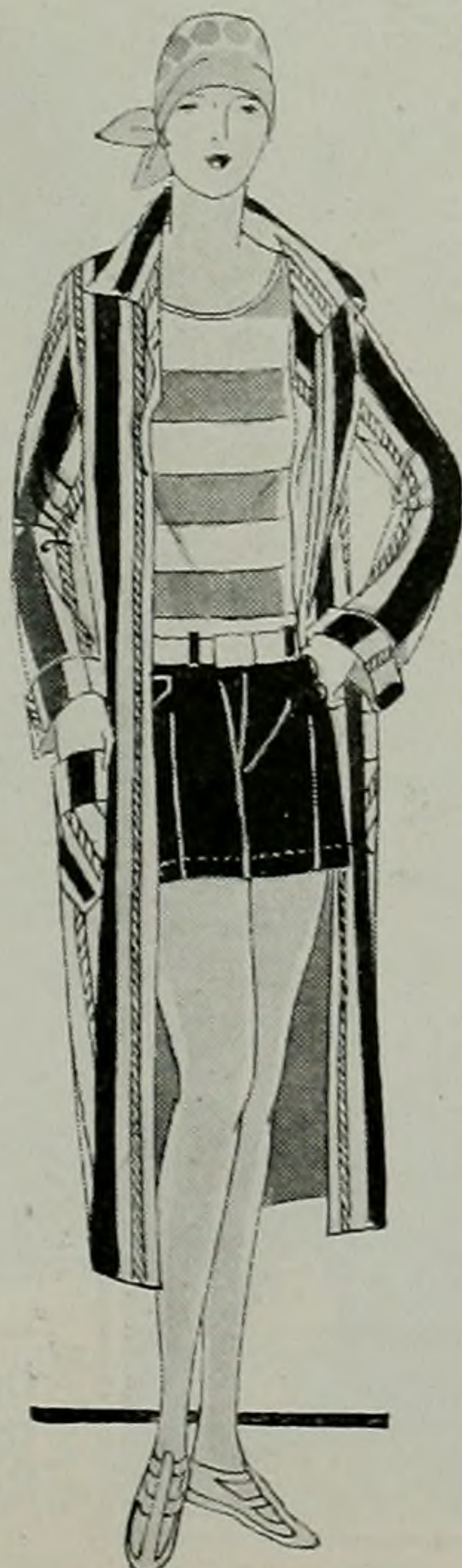
The sports frock at this season of the year occupies the leading position in every smart girl's wardrobe. To be well dressed for any informal outing nothing could be more suitable than this charming costume of washable Chinese Honan—a type of silk Shantung—with a little matching jacket. In white, green, copen, coral or gold. Sizes 14 to 20, \$14.95

Shorts like brother used to wear are featured for sister's bathing suit this summer. The one piece suit is simply not being worn by the lady who knows. The only smart bathing costume is the one here pictured. The shorts are of navy blue flannel, the shirt white flannel with broad stripes of red, green or bright blue. 34 to 42, an exceptional value at \$6.95. Then you must have a beach robe to complete the ensemble. This flattering model of straight line Terry cloth may double as a house bath robe. Brightly striped in rose on navy blue, or blue on rose; small, medium or large, \$6.95

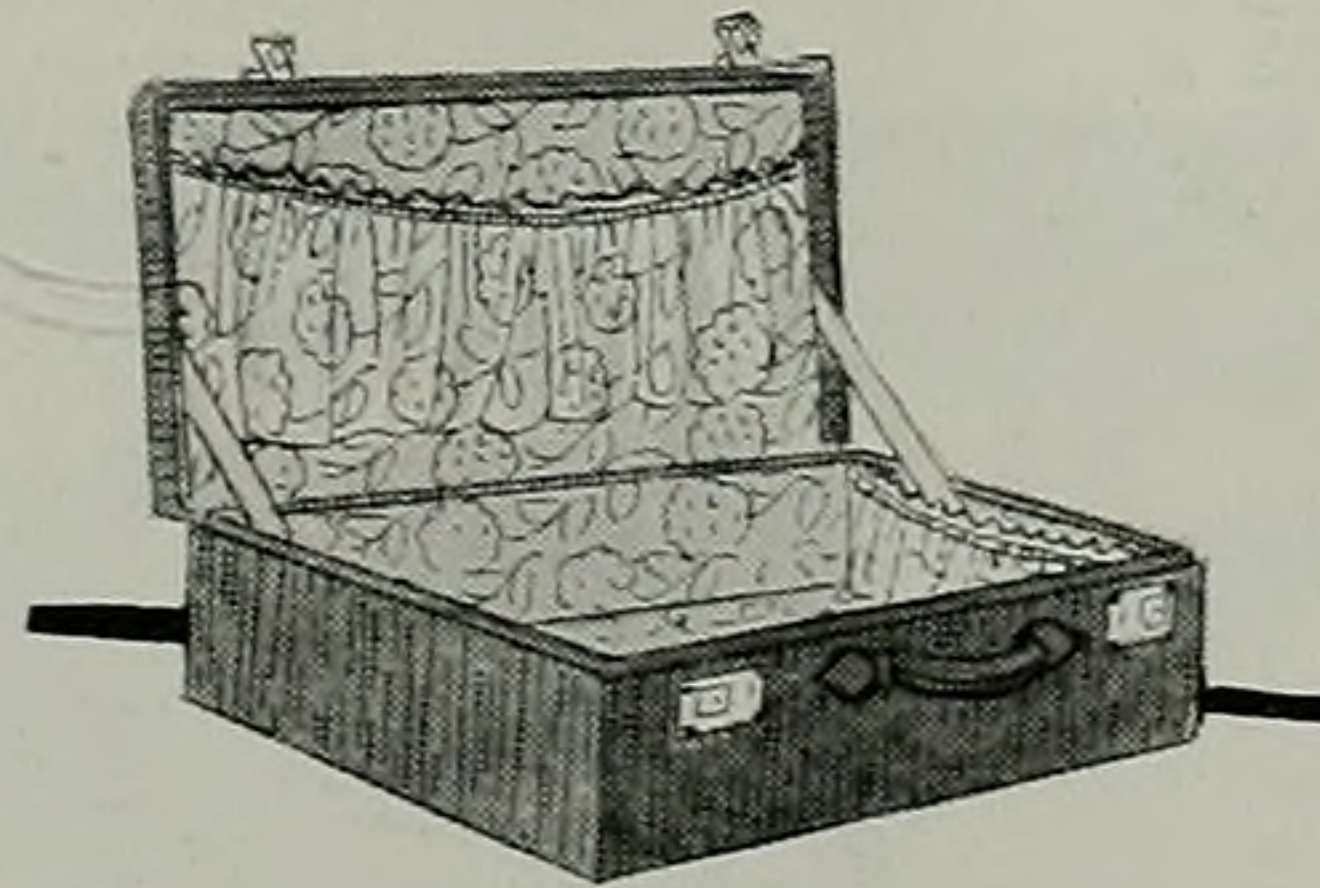


Even underwear is tailored now and nothing is more chic than French panties with a fitted yoke and separate matching bandeau. In crepe de chine in white, black and pastel colors they are \$3.95 the set. In voile, \$2.95. All sizes. But if you still cling to ruffles, this crepe de chine Teddy of georgette should delight you. Flesh, peach and nile are the colors. Sizes 34 to 40 crepe de chine, \$2.95, voile, \$1.50. When warm days come and skirt lengths forbid rolled hose, this ribbon garter belt will prove a most effective as well as a thoroughly attractive lingerie accessory. Medium or large sizes, flesh, peach or nile, \$1.00

Have you tried the new cream perfumes? Their fragrance is subtly French and the lightest touch of them on the skin is sufficient for hours. Furthermore, they do away with all risk of perfume stains. DuBarry or Narcissus scents in purse size boxes, \$1.00

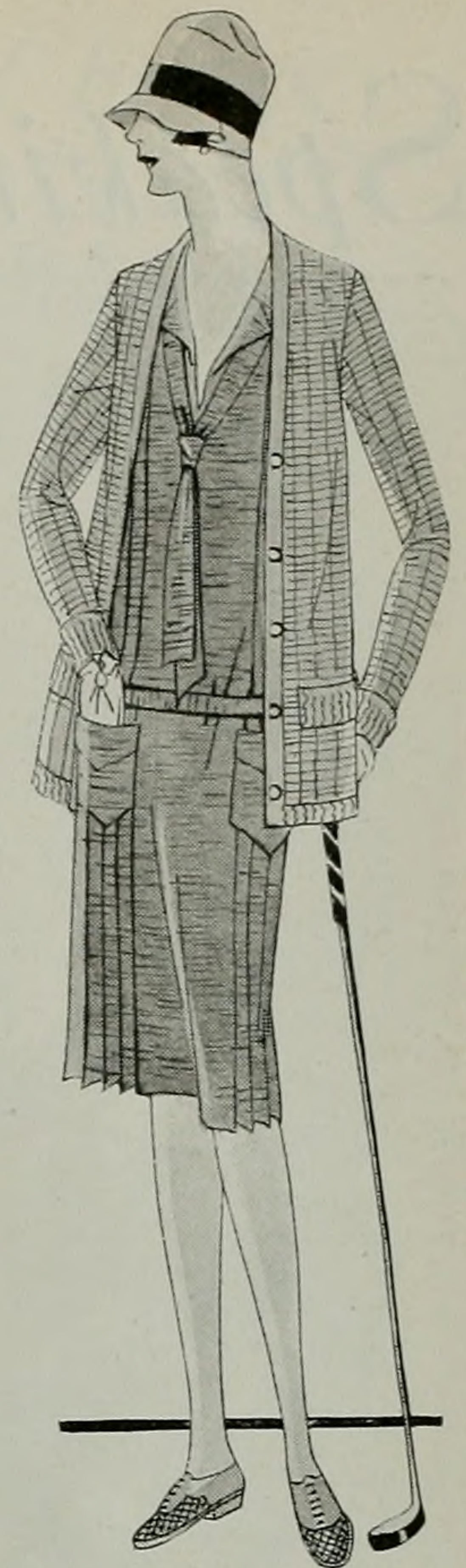


The golf enthusiast, (above right) like her tennis friend, is gowned in Chinese Honan, the popularity of which is due to the ease with which it launders. Perfectly tailored, it comes in lovely colors, blue, cherry, rose, palmetto green or white; sizes 16 to 18, 34 to 42. \$9.75 The cardigan sweater in zephyr wool is separate—but, of course, you need it—in black, white or any summer shade. 36 to 46. \$2.95



Now with the open seasons for week-end visits in full swing this 22-inch size black fabrikoid bag is ideal. Though it is sturdily built with the new rounded corners and colorful lining, it is light to carry even when filled with a week's wardrobe. Price \$6.95

Summer and the smock. The one illustrated is of chambray with embroidered pockets and may be had in rose, green, Faxe blue or orchid: 34 to 44; \$1.95



For sports wear the scarf is a fashion necessity. This one is made up in squares of crepedechine, with air brush designs. In rose, copen, blue, tan or orchid, \$2.95

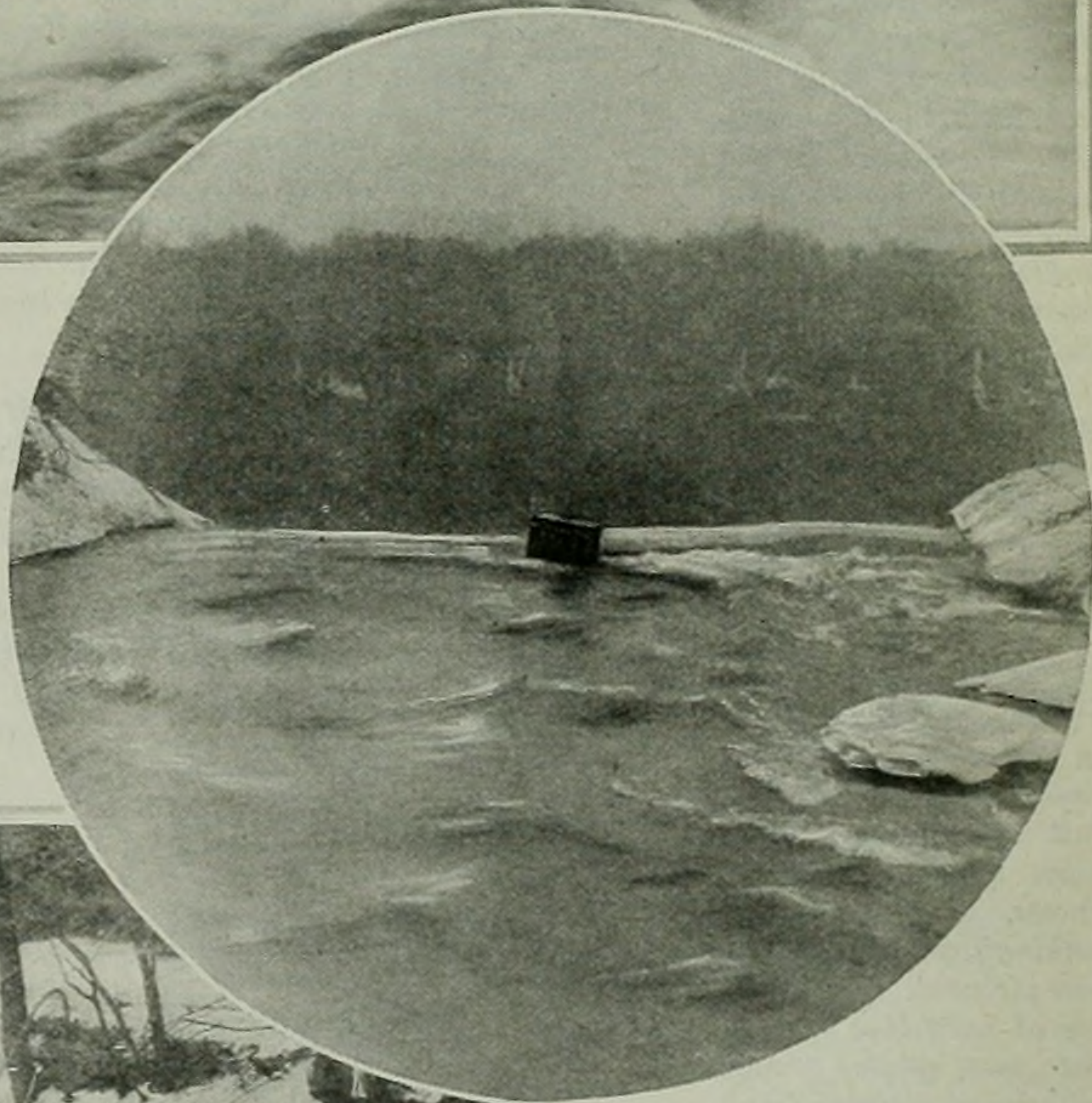


Speaking of Comedy Falls



Ed Wynn was floated out to the brink of Niagara Falls. He is the first man to look over the cataract—and live

THIS is the first time that Niagara has done a comedy film fall. The famous falls were incorporated in "Rubber Heels," which stars Ed Wynn. Wynn left the speaking stage because he was threatened with a nervous breakdown and thought the movies would give him a nice rest. If this is a rest, send us the case of nervous prostration.



Here is the chest, with Wynn inside, en route out to the brink. The close-ups were done with a telephoto lens



Of course, something kept the chest, plus Mr. Wynn, from going over. Here is the life cable

Foremost in the Brilliant Society of Europe

The DUQUESA DE ALBA

The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

DISTINGUISHED and beautiful, high in the ranks of European society are the Duquesa de Alba and the Princesse Eugène Murat.

The Duquesa de Alba, in whose veins flows the bluest blood of Spain mingled with a noble strain from the England of the Stuarts, receives from all Europe tribute to her romantic youth and beauty.

Princesse Murat, granddaughter of Maréchal Ney, Napoleon's brilliant officer, wife of a leading prince of the historic Murat family, is vigorous, original, dominating—French to the backbone.

Different though they are, both have the same pride in maintaining high standards, both believe that a clear, fresh skin should be carefully guarded. "I know of no better way," says the Princesse Murat, "than by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams." The Duquesa de Alba says: "In using Pond's Two Creams, my skin receives the sum of all good care."

Your skin, too, will be clearer, firmer, finer, if you give it every day the following care:

Cleansed, Refreshed, Supple

For cleansing your skin and keeping it fresh and supple use Pond's Cold Cream. Upon re-



The DUQUESA DE ALBA, fourteen times a Spanish grandee, Seventeenth Duquesa de Alba and Tenth Duchess of Berwick. She is, perhaps, the most beautiful woman at the Spanish Court today

tiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine, pure oils penetrate the pores, and remove all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some

of the Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

A Cool, Fresh Radiance

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly—over face, throat, hands. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives you unfailing protection from the irritation caused by dry winds, dust and soot.

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Women of beauty and high position in every land choose these Two Creams



The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT, whose great estate near Versailles, where the exclusive ones of French society delight to visit, is one of the most beautiful in France

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

"I just got mad," he said. "I was sick of making pictures with a lot of swivel chair executives forcing me to work on formulas, and decided I was going to make one as I wanted."

Dolores Del Rio, the Mexican girl he found in Mexico City, put over a performance in this picture that sets her right up among the top-notchers. She is great.

THE wilted tiger lily of Hollywood has metamorphosed into a blushing rose. The funeral weeds of autumn bloom forth as the bridal gown of Spring.

Pola Negri, by this time, is probably the Princess Serge Mdivani, of Georgia, and what is more, she becomes the sister-in-law of Mae Murray.

Ah, well. Ain't love wonderful?

"WHERE is Georgia?" asked a little extra girl of Bill Haines, with whom Pola once admitted she was in love.

"Study your geography, kid," chided Bill. "Georgia is between Zenda and Graustark where all the movie princes come from."

GEORGE ADE, in selecting great Americans of his acquaintance, hands the palm as the most competent organizer to Will Hays.

He says, "The most wakeful and compe-

tent organizer I ever saw in action was Will Hays. When it comes to seeing through a proposition, sizing up men, and ironing out difficulties he is a buzzing dynamo and a wizard for results."

THE English film producers are getting quite touchy on the subject of their failure to compete with America in their own theaters. The cartoon reproduced from "Punch" on this page reflects their feelings. But I notice that director John Bull is using a Bell and Howell camera, made in Chicago.

THE British producers have bills up in Parliament to foster their own film industry. But the fly in the ointment of their hopes

consists in the fact that they must have a genuine export trade demand first. And if American films are giving knock-out competition in the tight little island itself, what can be done about such competition in world markets? The English, being good business men and computing their economics as carefully as their ha'pence, know they're licked before they start.

GETTING back to Cecil B. De Mille, what enterprising theological seminary is going to make the front page at commencement time by handing him the degree of Doctor of Divinity?



Uncle Sam: "Hello, Britisher, going in for film-making? Don't forget our old song, 'We've got the sun, we've got the stars, and we've got the money too.'"

John Bull (registering dogged determination): "No matter; I'm going to have a try."

—Punch.



Stay Young with Your Daughter

As scores of mothers do by keeping that schoolgirl complexion, the result of natural ways in skin care. *The daily rule to follow:*

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE present generation recognizes charm only in Youth; with every daughter wishing, in her heart, for her mother to retain, above all things, her youthful allure.

Most mothers know how true that is. And those wise in modern beauty methods know too that natural ways in skin care are the most effective known for holding back the hands of time.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

That means soap and water—a clean skin, pores cleansed regularly of age-inviting accumulations. Beauty experts advise it. Skin specialists urge it—but always, of course, with the *Right Kind of Soap*. That is the important point.

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in this treatment. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

H A V E A C A M E L



To you—experienced smokers . . .

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity—your vote—shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them,

Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful—smoke invitation ever spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

\$15,000 *in* Prizes *for* Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest—Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in 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 whatsoever by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to make any use of such

suggestions in whole or in part. If they contain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas will be received at any time up to close of Contest.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]
Address:

.....



LOIS WILSON still stands for cleaner pictures. She is all dressed up for the song "White Wings They Never Grow Weary." Lois wears this costume in "Broadway Nights," the story of a cabaret girl who keeps the Great White Way white.

“Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy”

“I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING all my strength. I had a terrible case of constipation. I was very thin; my skin was sallow, and I was extremely nervous.

“I had been taking several different kinds of medicines but all in vain.

“After reading a number of Fleischmann’s Yeast advertisements I decided to try this much talked of food, and immediately I purchased a number of cakes.

“Several weeks passed and I began to see my complexion clearing up, my old pep and vitality returning. I gradually regained my normal weight and I am now enjoying wonderful health. I feel it is due entirely to Fleischmann’s Yeast and I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of relating my experience.”

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started eating yeast. Today one person in every third American family is making this remarkable food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant everyone to feel you must keep your system clean—and active. That is what yeast does. It purifies the entire digestive and intestinal tract, counteracting putrefaction and preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens weakened intestinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish processes of elimination.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is the easy, natural way to banish constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils and that

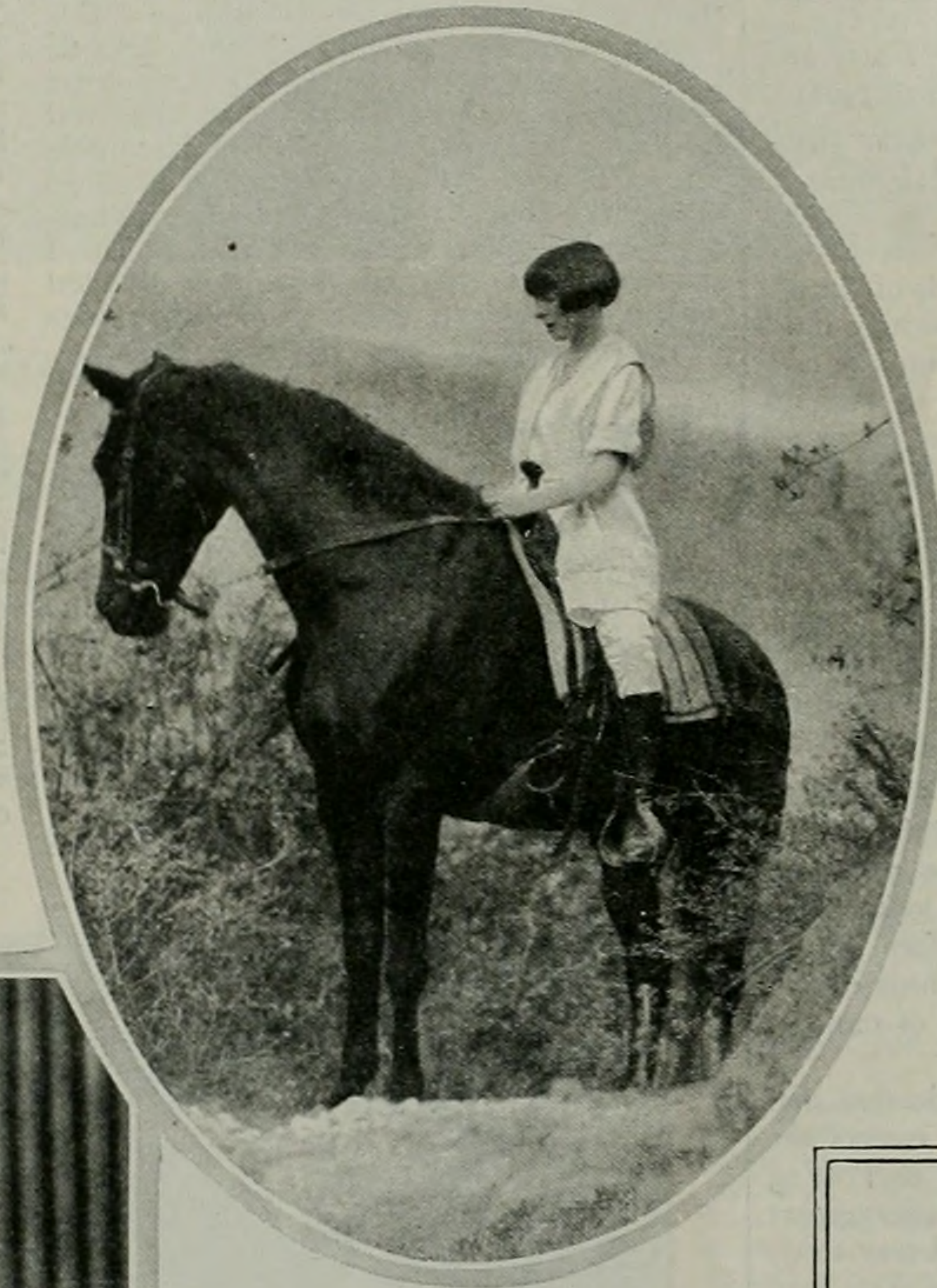
constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann’s Yeast. Buy two or three days’ supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 30, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



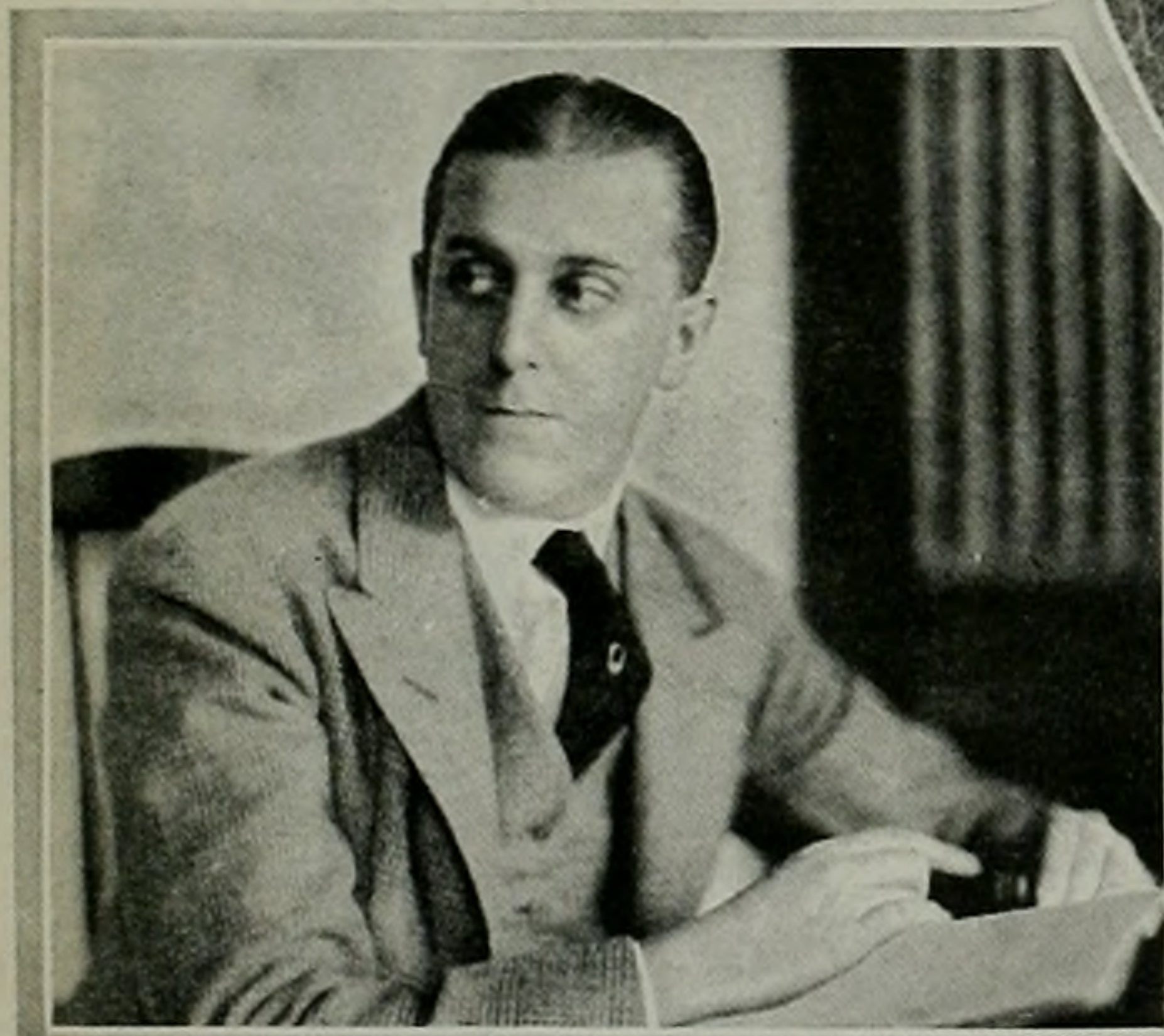
MRS. CORA M. GREGORY in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas



LEFT

MISS JEAN McLEAN likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it. She was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful boils. Her mother writes, “My daughter Jean had such a bad boil on her leg that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then she had another boil—on her arm. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. This time the boil came on her eye but after this third one she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn’t had a boil since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble with boils.”

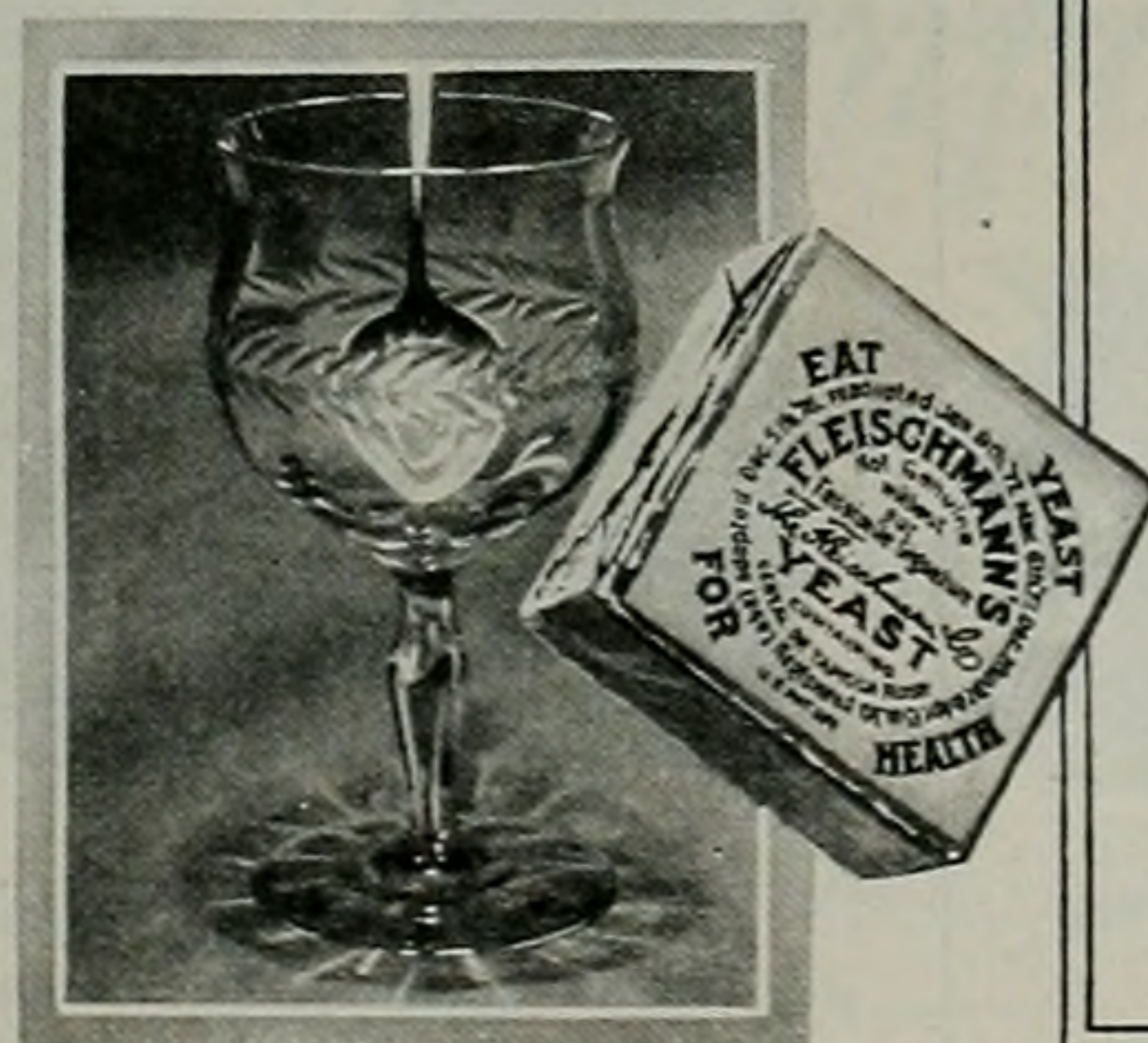
MRS. DANIEL McLEAN, Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.



JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, Well-known Theatrical Producer, N.Y.

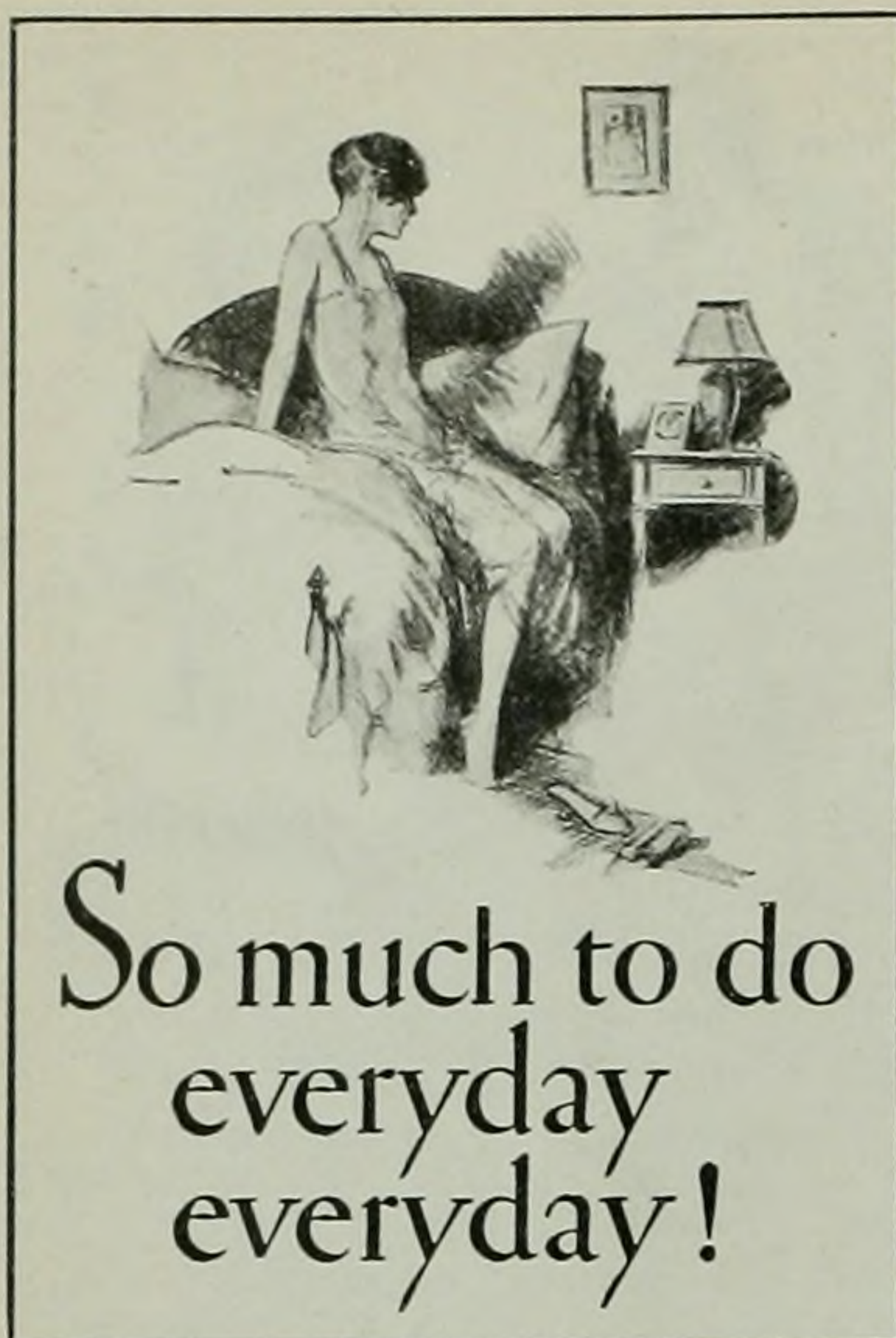
“THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann’s Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally.”

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City.



Keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann’s Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



So much to do everyday everyday!

Why our hurried, nervous lives, our pleasures and our work, induce Auto-Intoxication, the self-poisoning that lowers vitality and keeps us miserable and depressed.

* * *

In these quick-step times thousands of American women are on the go from morning until night. Somehow they manage to run a household—to bring up children and to rush to parties and to dinners. They are active in society and in clubs. They work hard and they play hard.

But under the pressing demands of this twentieth century life—too many of us—men and women alike—neglect to take care of our physical selves. We are irregular in our habits—we exercise only in spurts—most of us eat more than we should.

* * *

And so, headaches, indigestion, and that "tired feeling" are common—and all too often the food we eat remains within us for longer than a day, fermenting and setting up a form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication. This self-poisoning is at the root of most of our modern ills.

In keeping clear of Auto-Intoxication and its bad effects, the first step is to correct the stoppage and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. Sal Hepatica, an effervescent saline combination is the approved way to do this quickly, safely and thoroughly. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

* * *

Send for the new booklet on Auto-Intoxication which tells you how to keep feeling physically fit.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-67, 71 West St.
N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



© 1927

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

means is that she has an inhibition and it is a Publicity one, too, that goes by the ugly name of Ego.

Lois, we remember you in pictures where you had been plain to the point of painfulness, but, oh, so real, and when you suddenly appear standing before us, satin enveloped figure with hips that sheened so svelty, a little stab runs through us. Of beauty, yes; of sex appeal, yes; and yes, too, like suddenly coming upon one's sister stark naked. GRACE YORDI GORDON.

Maybe It's Prohibition

Princeton, N. J.

One question has been bothering me for some time. It is, "What is it in America that seems to stifle the genius of artists who come here from other countries?" Something is wrong. The most glaring example is Pola Negri. No one will deny that her European pictures were masterpieces, and that, as yet, she has done nothing in this country that can rank with them. Lya de Putti is another. Certainly she gave great promise in "Variety," but she has not lived up to our expectations. Lubitsch has made fine pictures in this country, but none as fine as those he made in Germany. Whatever this genius-deadening thing is, I sincerely hope that all those now afflicted with it soon escape, and that Emil Jannings will never experience it. E. ISETT KELLY.

Easier on Home-made Sheiks

Syracuse, N. Y.

It is gratifying to note the return of the American hero. With the growing popularity of William Boyd and others of his type, the future of motion pictures looks promising. Boyd typifies the clean-cut ideal of manhood.

What a relief, after the foreign invasion of sexy, feverpitch lovers, who put silly notions into the heads of sentimental girls and made us boys hot under the collar. Just why we have imported so many of these

delirious Don Juans is not clear, though it isn't so difficult to understand "how they got that way" at \$5,000 per. But the girls seem to forget that love-making is the actor's business, that he gets paid for his physical and mental exertion, that it is to him what selling is to the salesman, what executive ability is to the commercial leader, and that off the set he is probably as unromantic as any other individual.

Certainly we want romance on the screen, it is an essential part of life, but for heaven's sake let's bring it back to normalcy and quit kidding the girls. E. B. HILL.

A Cooling Colman

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three years ago I saw "A Thief in Paradise." It was the first time I saw Ronald Colman, and I felt sure that here was our coming matinee idol.

Since then I haven't missed a picture in which Colman played. But—where is the Ronald Colman who seemed such a promising idol? A few mediocre performances, and his popularity started to wane. Then he played in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Under Lubitsch's direction he seemed to be coming back. But Goldwyn again laid hands on him, and in an effort to star his latest importation, Vilma Banky, Colman is again being neglected, and used merely as atmosphere.

In "Beau Geste" he gave a marvelous performance. He seemed to be making a comeback under Brenon's direction. But Goldwyn cast him in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and he lost hundreds of fans. He had nothing to do except appear on the scenes to shade off the monotony of the light Vilma against a light background of sand and sky.

I feel sure that if Mr. Goldwyn would release Colman from his contract or stop using him as an ornament in a Banky picture, he would be a truly great star, and not an extra playing bits now and then.

JEANETTE LOEB.



It is pretty soft to make a point with these pillow dice, as Warner Baxter demonstrates to Mrs. Baxter. Properly used, these ornamental little cushions will pay for themselves in no time



When you take off your hat....
are you prettier?

DOES your hair gleam and shine and catch the light? Is it so alive, so soft, that it enhances your features, your coloring? Does it make you prettier?

Here are 2 Packer Shampoos to make your hair lovelier—to restore it to fluffiness, to burnish it with little natural lights:

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

2. Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians and others specializing in the care of the hair. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two

shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's can help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two applications, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Use coupon.

Now 2
PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and other scalp ills requiring special care. And so scalp specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-F
 Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil

Pine Tar

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree	Jack Daugherty	Ben Lyon
Robert Agnew	Billie Dove	Bert Lytell
Mary Alden	Louise Dresser	Marc MacDermott
Ben Alexander	Dorothy Dwan	Dorothy Mackaill
May Allison	Helen Jerome Eddy	Douglas MacLean
Don Alvarado	Robert Edeson	Arlette Marchall
Robert Ames	Snitz Edwards	Percy Marmont
Richard Arlen	Leon Errol	Tully Marshall
George K. Arthur	Elinor Faire	Shirley Mason
Gertrude Astor	Douglas Fairbanks	Ken Maynard
Mary Astor	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	May McAvoy
Agnes Ayres	Virginia Browne Fair	Tim McCoy
George Bancroft	Farina	Malcolm McGregor
Monte Banks	Charles Farrell	Victor McLaglen
Vilma Banky	George Fawcett	Thomas Meighan
John Barrymore	Julia Faye	Adolphe Menjou
Lionel Barrymore	Louise Fazenda	Patsy Ruth Miller
Richard Barthelmess	Rockcliffe Fellowes	Tom Mix
Barbara Bedford	Leslie Fenton	Colleen Moore
Noah Beery	Casson Ferguson	Matt Moore
Wallace Beery	Helen Ferguson	Owen Moore
Madge Bellamy	W. C. Fields	Tom Moore
Belle Bennett	Lefty Flynn	Lois Moran
Alma Bennett	Ralph Forbes	Antonio Moreno
Constance Bennett	Harrison Ford	Jack Mulhall
Enid Bennett	Allan Forrest	Edna Murphy
Andre Beranger	Johnny Fox	Mae Murray
Holbrook Blinn	Earle Foxe	Carmel Myers
Monty Blue	Alec B. Francis	Conrad Nagel
Betty Blythe	Betty Francisco	Pola Negri
Eleanor Boardman	Robert Frazer	Anna O. Nilsson
Olive Borden	Pauline Frederick	Greta Nissen
Hobart Bosworth	Dale Fuller	Marion Nixon
Clara Bow	Greta Garbo	Mabel Normand
John Bowers	Pauline Garon	Ramon Novarro
William Boyd	Janet Gaynor	George O'Brien
Evelyn Brent	Hoot Gibson	George O'Hara
Mary Brian	John Gilbert	Gertrude Olmstead
Gladys Brockwell	Claude Gillingwater	Pat O'Malley
Betty Bronson	Douglas Gilmore	Sally O'Neill
Clive Brook	Dorothy Gish	Mary Philbin
Louise Brooks	Lillian Gish	Jack Pickford
Edmund Burns	Gaston Glass	Mary Pickford
Neal Burns	Huntly Gordon	ZaSu Pitts
Mae Busch	Jetta Goudal	William Powell
Francis X. Bushman	Gibson Gowland	Marie Prevost
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.	Red Grange	Aileen Pringle
David Butler	Ralph Graves	Esther Ralston
Eddie Cantor	Gilda Gray	Jobyna Ralston
Harry Carey	Lawrence Gray	Charles Ray
Mary Carr	Corinne Griffith	Vera Reynolds
Cyril Chadwick	Raymond Griffith	Irene Rich
Helene Chadwick	Kit Guard	Lillian Rich
Lon Chaney	William Haines	Jason Robards
Charles Chaplin	Creighton Hale	John Roche
Sydney Chaplin	Georgia Hale	Charles Rogers
Ethel Clayton	James Hall	Gilbert Roland
Ruth Clifford	Neil Hamilton	Ruth Roland
Lew Cody	Einar Hanson	Alma Rubens
Buster Collier	Lars Hanson	William Russell
Ronald Colman	Kenneth Harlan	Tom Santschi
Betty Compson	Mildred Harris	Joseph Schildkraut
Chester Conklin	Johnny Harron	Rudolph Schildkraut
Lige Conley	William S. Hart	Dorothy Sebastian
Edward Connelly	Raymond Hatton	Norma Shearer
Jackie Coogan	Phyllis Haver	Lowell Sherman
Clyde Cook	Holmes Herbert	Milton Sills
Al Cooke	Jean Hersholt	Pauline Starke
Hal Cooley	Walter Hiers	Myrtle Stedman
Gary Cooper	Johnny Hines	Vera Steadman
Virginia Lee Corbin	Jack Holt	Ford Sterling
Anne Cornwall	Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Ricardo Cortez	Reed Howes	Gloria Swanson
Dolores Costello	Jack Hoxie	Blanche Sweet
Helene Costello	Lloyd Hughes	Constance Talmadge
Ward Crane	Gardner James	Norma Talmadge
Joan Crawford	Emil Jannings	Richard Talmadge
Dorothy Cumming	Julanne Johnston	Lilyan Tashman
Frank Currier	Buck Jones	Estelle Taylor
Bob Custer	Leatrice Joy	Conway Tearle
Viola Dana	Alice Joyce	Lou Tellegen
Karl Dane	Raymond Keane	Alice Terry
Bebe Daniels	Buster Keaton	Fred Thomson
Mickey Daniels	Donald Keith	Ernest Torrence
Roy D'Arcy	Ian Keith	Ben Turpin
Frankie Darro	Doris Kenyon	Tom Tyler
Marion Davies	Norman Kerry	Virginia Valli
Marjorie Daw	Kathleen Key	Victor Varconi
Alice Day	Natalie Kingston	Alberta Vaughn
Marceline Day	Cullen Landis	Florence Vidor
Priscilla Dean	Harry Langdon	Johnny Walker
Marguerite de la Motte	Laura La Plante	George Walsh
Dolores Del Rio	Rod La Rocque	Henry B. Walthall
Carol Dempster	George Lewis	H. B. Warner
Reginald Denny	Margaret Livingston	Bryant Washburn
Lya de Putti	Harold Lloyd	Lois Wilson
William Desmond	Jacqueline Logan	Claire Windsor
Dorothy Devore	Bessie Love	Jane Winton
Elliott Dexter	Montagu Love	Grant Withers
Richard Dix	Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray



LIKE NARCISSUS SWOONING IN THE NIGHT

(Letters from Lovers: VIII)

LAST night, in one dazzling moment, I realized how marvelous you are. The very room that held you breathed a delicate, indescribable fragrance, like the Narcissus, swooning in the night. Your arms were moulded moonlight. Your eyes were jewels of haunting fire. I felt as if you were a vision from some bewildering, unforgettable dream. And the miracle of it was that you were real.

FROM HER DIARY:

"I am so happy. He has not said it—but I know that he loves me. Somehow last night he was transformed. Is it possible that the new Narcissus temple incense could have helped?"

WOMEN have known for ages that, when the air about them is suffused with the subtly intoxicating fragrance of so exquisite a flower as Narcissus, their appeal is made even more alluring by the spell it works upon the senses. Vantine's has newly created a Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, so that this heightened charm may be achieved by all modern women who will burn it. The new Narcissus Incense may be had, with eight other fragrances, at every drug and department store.

Know the magic of Narcissus Incense
Send 10c for nine sample odors

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



*Utter protection and security, plus an end to
the problem of disposal*

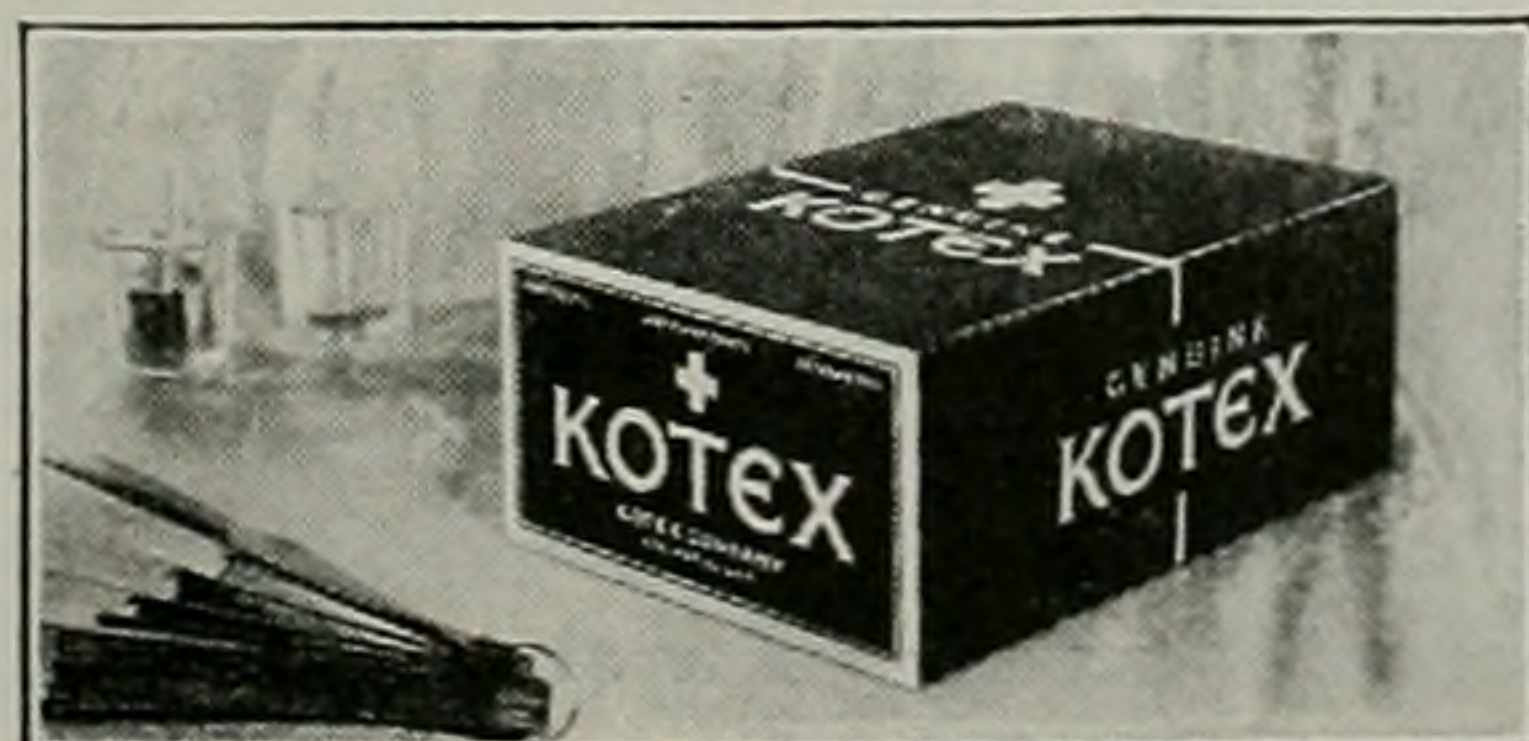
By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

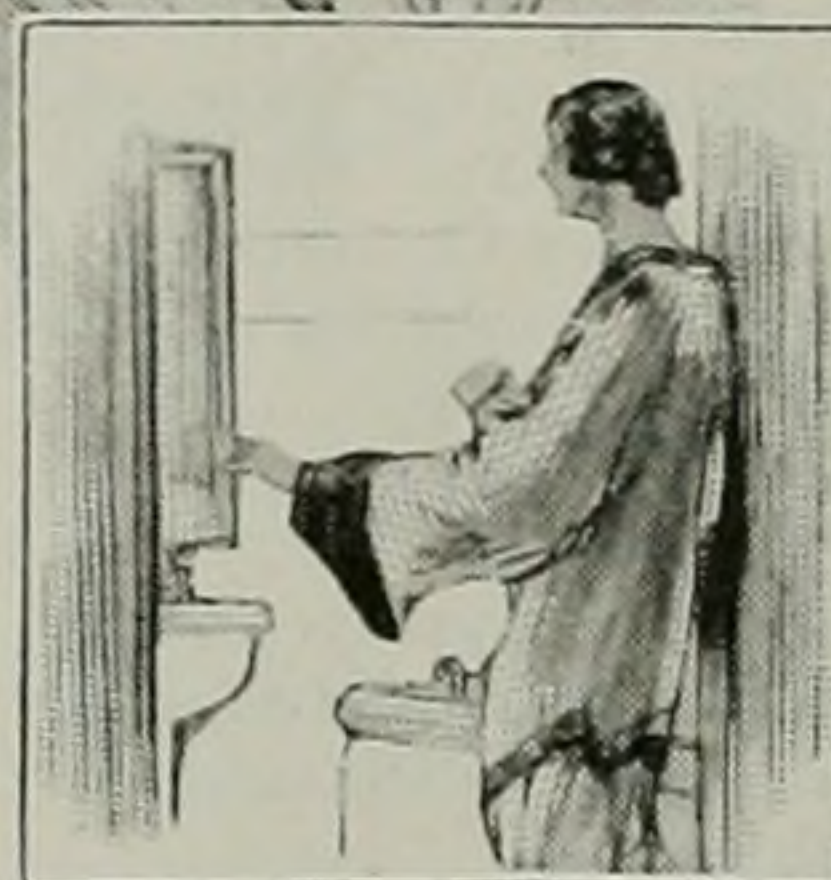
It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Easy Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"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

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARY LOU, VANCOUVER, B. C.—The top of the page to you! I hope you feel honored. Ronald Colman is thirty-six years old and five feet, eleven inches tall. Separated from his wife. Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton. He is twenty-five years old and six feet tall. Neil Hamilton is married to a non-professional. He is twenty-six years old and is six feet tall.

E. C., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—Warwick Ward was the villain in "Variety." He's an English actor and I don't think he has played in this country. Lya de Putti is pronounced Le-ah de Pooti. The "u" is sounded as in "use."

M. M. F., AUGUSTA, Ga.—I'll use my influence about getting a picture of Mr. James Hall in PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 22, 1900. Not married. Give him a chance, he's just a young fellow yet.

LAVINIA J., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Lady, if I live to be one hundred years old, I'll never forget that Charles de Roche played Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments." Call off the argument.

HELEN E., DAYTON, O.—Vilma Banky is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. That's just perfect, isn't it? Jack Gilbert weighs 160 pounds and is one inch shorter than six feet. Mary Brian is nineteen years old.

MICKEY, CONCORD, TEX.—Welcome, debutante! Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has black curly hair and dark brown eyes,—very melting. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for the cast of "Johnnie Gets a Haircut." And drop in again anytime.

A. B. B., NEW YORK.—George Walsh is, like yourself, a native New Yorker.

N. S., CORBIN, KY. — Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. Write to First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., for his photograph. Clara Bow works at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Laura La Plante may be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Don't forget to send a quarter for those photographs!

B. R., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Ralph Forbes was only loaned to Paramount for "Beau Geste," hence the mix-up about your letter. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. Address him there and you'll have better luck.

V. R., DETROIT, MICH.—Sorry, Virginia, if I have neglected you. Renee Adoree is French.

E. A., SILVERTON, ORE.—It's no bother to answer questions. That's my hobby in life. Will you think me conceited if I agree with your kind criticisms? Kenneth Thomson was the man whose work you admired. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., about twenty-eight years ago. He's five feet, eleven inches tall.

TUBBY, DETROIT, MICH.—There is a George O'Brien Fan Club already in existence. Write to Leonard Eury, Bessemer City, North Carolina, for information.

J. RAMIREZ, PANAMA.—Your faults in English are very few. Not many Americans can write foreign languages as well as you foreigners can English. Rex Ingram directed "The Four Horsemen," and Alice Terry was the leading woman. Louise Brooks is nineteen years old and Olive Borden is one year older. Carmel Myers is twenty-six and Lya de Putti is twenty-three. As for deciding which is the most beautiful of all the girls you mention, I wouldn't dare risk an opinion. I would get too many letters of complaint. Richard Dix's newest picture is "Knockout Reilly." He is thirty-one years old.

HELENE HAAS, IRVINGTON, N. J.—That's a good girl! Marion Davies' real name is Marion Douras. She is an American, with a touch of Irish. Virginia Lee Corbin is not "forty or fifty." What a terrible thought! Virginia was born on December 5, 1909, and only a few years ago she was a child star.

PAT., WINNIPEG, CAN.—Yes, Pat, that is Ben Lyon's real name. He was born on February 6, 1901, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write again as soon as you like.

In writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

T. L., PARKERSBURG, ILL.—Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat, the director. Billie is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Born on May 14, 1904. Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She was born on January 14, 1901.

BRUNHILDE.—I think it's a nice name. Obviously, you were named after Richard Wagner's heroine and I hope you see your namesake sometime in one of the music dramas of "The Niebelungen Ring." Your suggestions are good. I'll pass them on for further consideration. Yes, that was Richard and Mary you heard broadcast. At least, they did broadcast recently. Stick to your course in nursing, my dear; it's a great profession for an intelligent girl. Much nicer, I can assure you, than kicking around the studios looking for a chance day's work. Write to Miss Carolyn Van Wyck at 221 W. 57th Street, New York. And send to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazine. Yes, they cost a quarter.

CHRISTINE M., MIAMI, OKLA.—Fred Thomson makes a hit with all the girls. He was born in Pasadena, Calif., on April 28, 1890. Married to Frances Marion, the scenario writer. They have a new baby son. He started in pictures in January, 1920. John Bowers was born in Garrett, Ind., on Christmas Day, 1888. He has black hair and brown eyes. They say that Mr. Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte are married. But they haven't actually 'fessed up to it.

A LAWRENCE GRAY ADMIRER.—That's his real name. He was born in San Francisco on July 27, 1899. Five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. You'll see him next in Ed Wynn's picture, "Rubber Heels."

LAZY MAE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Here's the answer to your last question! Olive Borden is five feet, one and one half inches tall and she weighs 105 pounds. William Farnum has retired. His last picture was "The Man Who Fights Alone." Eric von Stroheim also directed "Blind Husbands," "The Devil's Pass Key" and his latest unreleased film, "The Wedding March." "The Merry Widow" was reviewed in the October, 1925, issue of PHOTOPLAY. If you wish a copy of this issue of PHOTOPLAY send twenty-five cents to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company for a copy. The address is 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



No. 7610—Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold

Specially posed by Claire Windsor, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star



No. 88-5S—Popular style and price—5 quality diamonds

Often Imitated - Never Duplicated

OF COURSE Orange Blossom is widely, and cheaply, imitated—an unconscious tribute to the vogue of this beautiful pattern and the position of leadership held by its originator. Yet the purchaser of an engagement or wedding ring may quickly and surely identify genuine Orange Blossom, by the trade-mark of Traub stamped on

the inner surface. Throughout the rise of decorated rings to their present universal popularity, this symbol has stood for supreme quality as well as for matchless style and beauty. Ask to see the latest and most distinctive Traub creations, displayed by all the better jewelers. Priced as low as \$12.

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TRAUB Genuine
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No. 622—Groom's ring, Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold

The hexagonal wedding ring of 15th century France bore this inscription: "It is spoken—she holds me." A scene from our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request



About the graduation gift

*a few things that son or daughter
would like to have you remember*

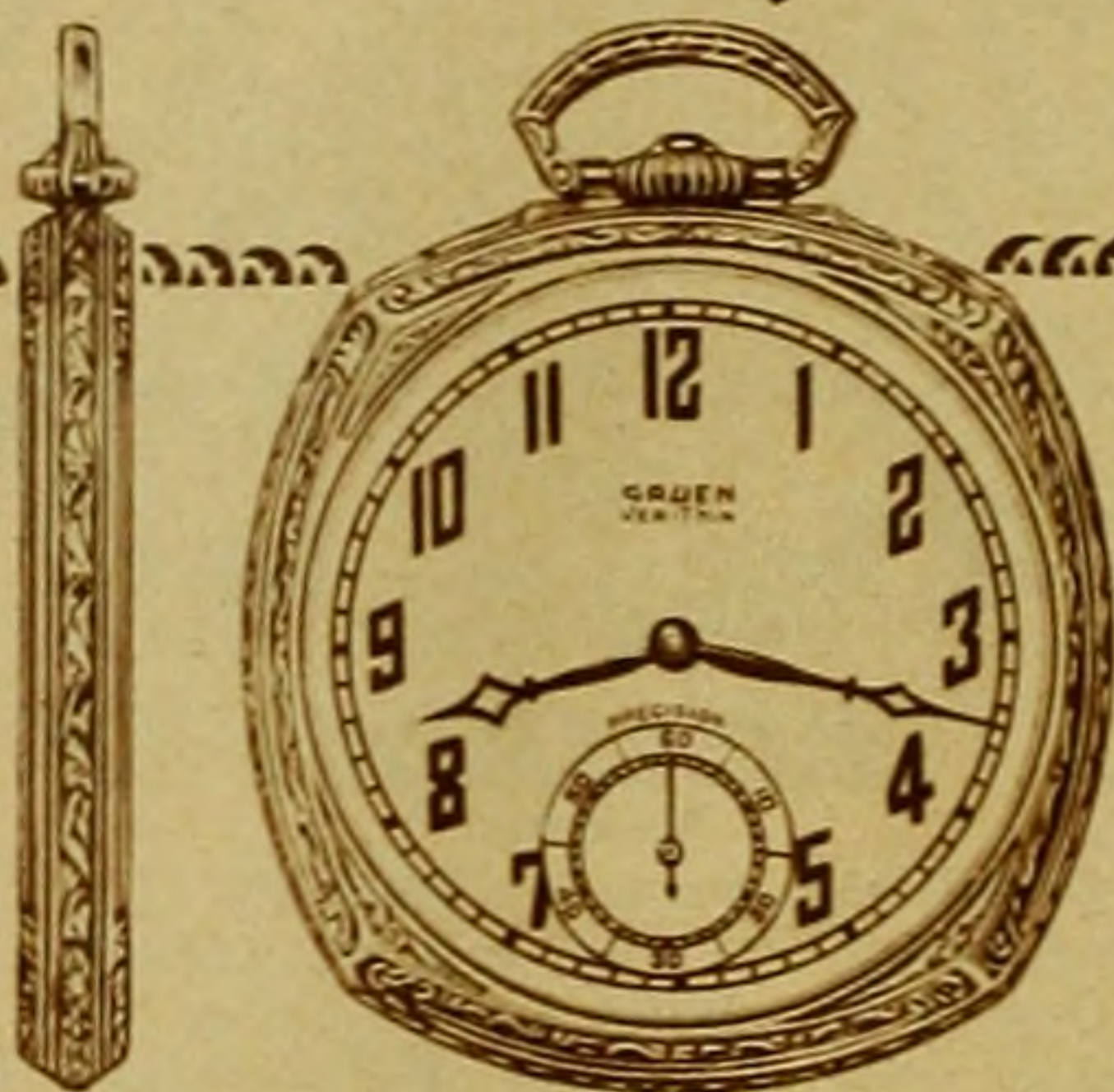
WISELY, for the graduation gift you will select a good watch. For a good time keeper has always been the favored gift for graduation.

If it is a young man who is graduating, you will in all probability select a pocket watch as giving the greater assurance of permanence.

If it is a young woman, you will of course consider her taste for the dainty, not forgetting, however, the importance of durability.

In either case, you will give much thought to style, for the person who is to receive the watch is young.

But what is the style in watches?



The newest Gruen creation
Gruen Paris Square VeriThin, \$60
17-jewel PRECISION movement
Other Gruen Pocket Watches, \$500 to \$25

For men, the trend is decidedly away from the round watch. Watches in other shapes have been steadily gaining in popularity. There is every likelihood, too, that they will continue in favor, for a man now looks for distinction in his

watch, just as in his home, automobile, or personal apparel.

The woman's preference is for the rectangular wristlet. For maximum service from a watch in this shape, it should be of the Gruen Cartouche type of construction. That is, it should have an oblong movement, taking advantage of all possible space for greater size and strength of parts.

Representative of the present styles in fine timepieces are the Gruen Watches pictured here.

You can see them at any Gruen jeweler's—always one of the very best in your community. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

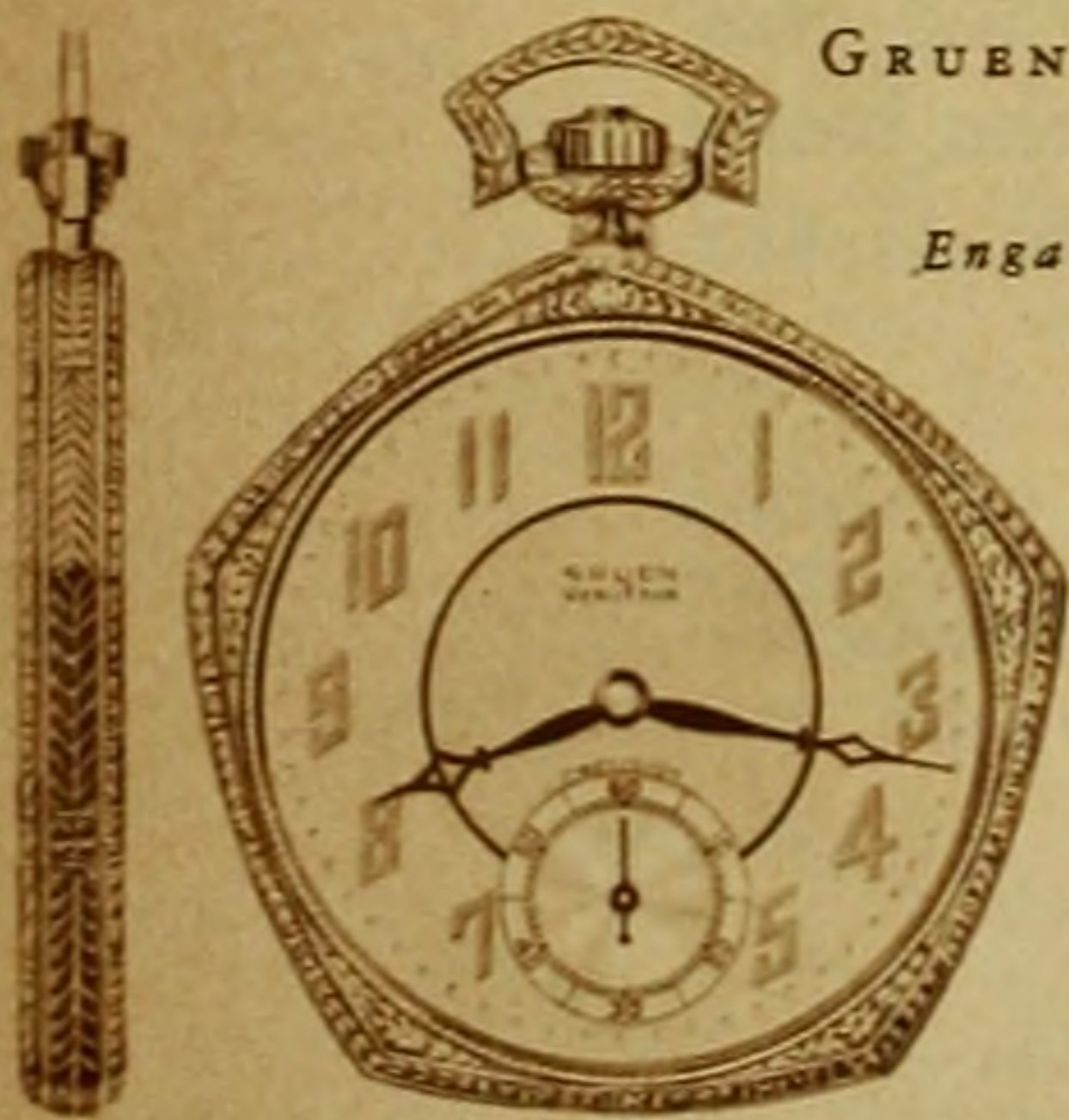
GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD, TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

BRANCHES IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

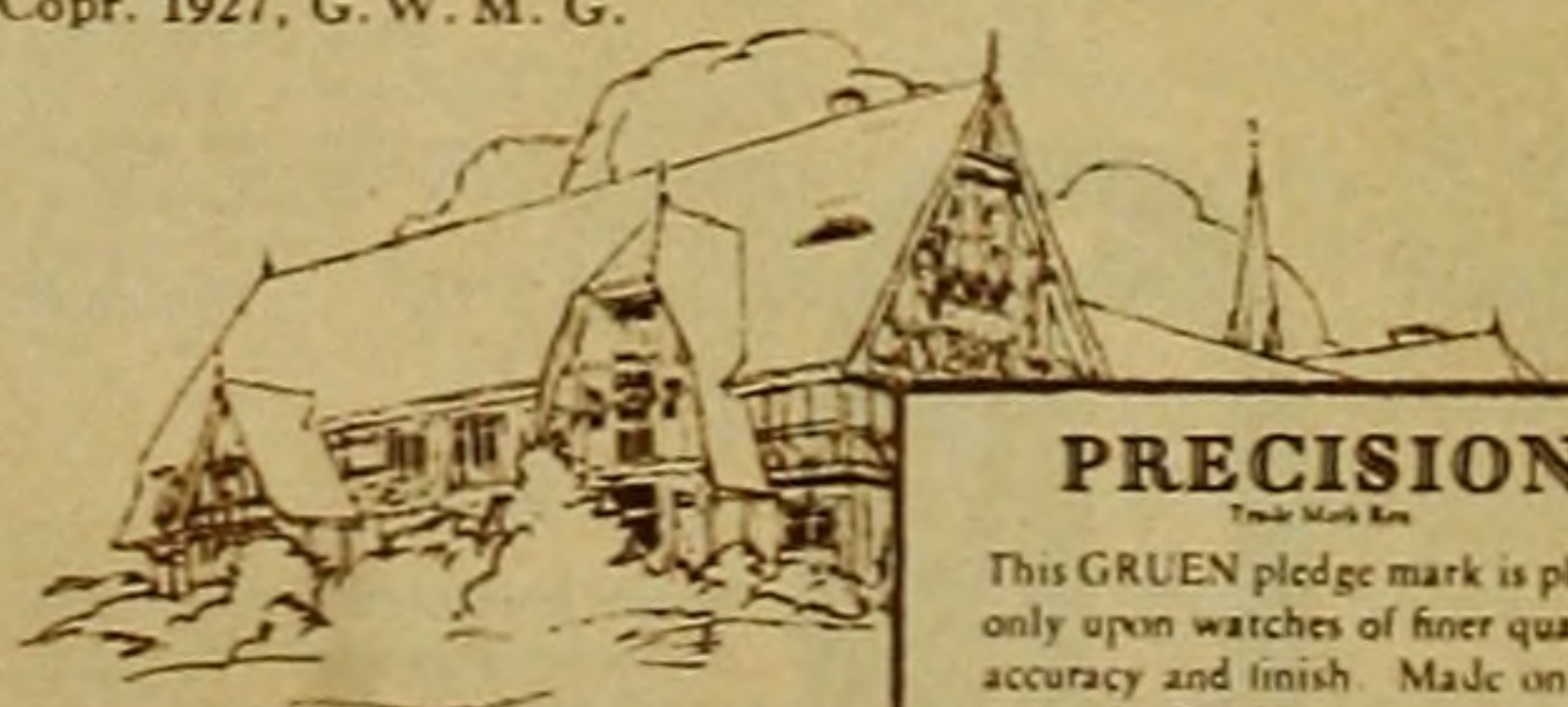
Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, \$75
17-jewel PRECISION movement
Other Pentagons, \$500 to \$100



Newest Gruen Cartouche
Solid gold, with smart leather strap, \$42.50



PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Pay a little more and get the best

Look for the name PRECISION on the dial



You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character



Gruen Cartouche, \$35



Gruen Cartouche, solid gold, \$50



Gruen Strap, \$35

Friendly Advice

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



Dear Carolyn Van Wyck,

I'm just desperately in love with a boy of eighteen. He is the most gallant, courteous, wonderful boy in the world. He is handsome and charming with beautiful manners, quite unconventional with an I-don't-care complex and adores me. He has given me some beautiful presents and has simply been perfection. We are mad to be married, but my parents refuse to let us even be engaged. They say I am too young. I'm sixteen and I hate my home. I want to get away and have a home of my own. How can I wait? Don't you think a girl should marry young?

DORIS.

No, Doris, I do not think a girl should marry young. I do not approve of youthful marriages for either girl or boy. Oh, my dear child, have you any conception of what marriage means, what love means, what the adjustment of two very human beings living together means to a youngster of your age?

In the cities we get the general idea that people are marrying older, using more discretion, judging the matter of matrimony more carefully than they used to. But statistics prove this optimistic viewpoint false. The facts are that Americans have been marrying more and younger every year since 1890. There are living today in the United States 343,000 women who began their marriage careers as child brides, as girls less than fifteen years old. All of these marriages were contracted within the last thirty years. Nearly every one of them failed. There can be no doubt of their effect on our divorce rate.

I feel that every intelligent person must be against marriage between boys and girls of less than twenty. Before that time one has reached neither mental nor physical maturity. For the wife such marriage almost always means being worn out by thirty-five, and frequently it means being cast off then. For the young husband it means wage slavery, the lack of all freedom to bargain with life, due to the family re-

sponsibilities he has assumed. For the children of such a marriage it means poor health. Few girls of sixteen are strong enough to be mothers. Even if you are intensely modern and you both work and defeat the economic problem and you have no children, you have no guarantee of

How Young Should a Girl Marry?

Will early marriage stop flaming youth? In the rapid social development of today, should a girl marry at her earliest opportunity? Many girls write me asking me to answer "yes." Instead I answer "no," and here you find my reasons for doing so.

Are you over-weight? Send ten cents for my reducing booklet. Advice on care of the skin and answers to personal problems I will send you in exchange for a self-addressed stamped envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

marital happiness. Before twenty—even before twenty-five—a girl's mind simply isn't prepared for marriage. That's all there is to it.

You, romantic little Doris, are regarding marriage exactly as a child regards bonbons displayed in a candy shop window. They are sweet. You want them and stretch out greedy hands for them, not considering

the price of them or what they may do to your digestion.

Now I can be new-fashioned about lipsticks and bobbed hair, about petting parties and hip flasks, and all the other silly excitements that do not matter, but about marriage I am as old-fashioned as Eve or Martha Washington. And I feel that marriage is not sweet confection to be consumed and forgotten.

In this case the possible husband is young, handsome, courteous, unconventional. He sounds as though he might make a charming husband. Or he might not. That is not so terribly important.

What is terribly important is the girl and her attitude. The boy one marries, his position in life, his will to power or his failure has little to do with the success of a marriage. The wife has everything to do with it. A good wife must adapt herself. She must have wisdom and understanding. She must be a mother, a child and a sweetheart to her husband. When a woman loves deeply enough, she does these things, sometimes instinctively, sometimes deliberately, but either way she does them.

But I do not believe any girl of sixteen is capable of doing them. She simply doesn't know enough about love or life to do them. And if she marries the average boy of seventeen or eighteen and by some deep intuition does them, he won't know enough to appreciate such qualities. It is nothing against either partner. It is merely a matter of not being grown-up sufficiently.

So wait, Doris, and all the girls with the same hasty impulses, until you have lived a little longer. Know more men. Give yourself some chance. Learn what love is, and what it demands. Learn what you are willing to sacrifice to make a man's happiness. And give him a chance too, to live, to grow, to marry you because he loves you truly, and not because you were on a hot necking party together.

Marriage in its full beauty is like a fortress against the world. You two are com-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Change your beauty regimen —for the warmer weather

RISING temperature brings in its wake new beauty problems for those chic creatures who desire to keep cool-looking, *distinguée* and fair-faced, the summer long!

Refreshing tonics to revive wilting, fatigued skins—sunproof creams that prevent freckles and tan—a special liquid to absorb excess oiliness and shine on nose—a cream to smooth away “squint lines”...all these and more, **Helena Rubinstein**, the internationally famous beauty scientist, has originated to protect and beautify the skin during warm weather!

Daily beauty aids—for summer care

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—cools, soothes—molds out “tired look”—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, purifies—creates exquisite delicacy of texture. Ideal companion to all Rubinstein preparations. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Sunproof Cream—Applied before exposure, prevents tan, freckles, sunburn. (2.00)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—richly nourishing—corrects crowsfeet, “squint lines”, wrinkles, dry skin. (1.75)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—shine on nose—leaves smooth, white finish. (1.50)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

FLATTERING BEAUTY TOUCHES

Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective—wide range of flattering tints. (1.00 to 5.50)

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Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

P-6

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Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

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|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dry Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Enlarged Pores |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oily Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Double Chin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Average Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Puffy Eyes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles | <input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crowsfeet | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan, Freckles |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sallowness | <input type="checkbox"/> Pimples, Acne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads | <input type="checkbox"/> Hollows |

Name

Address

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

Dealer's Name.....

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

even more extraordinary examples than that are being witnessed every day. Let us, therefore, take just a few minutes to explain how this remarkable work is accomplished.

In the first place, in “cutting” a picture it is always necessary to keep in mind who is “starring” in this particular vehicle. This will enable you to get rid of at least eight or ten thousand feet of film on which some girl other than the “star” has managed to register her personality, or her acting ability. “Stars” must be protected from the intrusion into their pictures of any one who can act, and a very good bit of advice to young men and women contemplating a career in Hollywood is, “Don’t ever let the ‘star’ or the ‘cutter’ catch you doing any good work.”

THE second consideration in the “cutting” of a picture involves the elimination of all “censorable” material. The various moral standards of censorship throughout America are pretty well observed by the producers in the preliminary preparation of the scenario, etc. for the picture, but even with the best intentions in the world scenes occasionally creep into the film which, if released, would offend the taste of the second cousin of the governor of Ohio—or whoever happens to compose the local Board of Censorship in the various states—and these scenes must, of course, be eliminated. This is done in the “cutting room” and by this means several more thousand feet are eliminated.

Then, after this, the “story” must be “built up”—not necessarily the story which they originally planned to “shoot,” but more often the story which one of the studio executives now decides is the *real* story of the picture. The reason an executive can do this is due partly to the fact that he is an executive, and partly to the fact that he has no idea as to what the author and the director have been trying to do. The original story is, therefore, changed and becomes an entirely different story and in this interesting process several more feet are “cut.”

Now the picture may be ready for “titles,” and for this purpose it is generally customary to call in an expert “title writer.” A “title writer” is a gentleman or a lady with a good memory and a year’s subscription to various magazines, as successful title writing is largely a matter of remembering other successful titles or adding new ones as fast as they appear in “Life” or “Judge.” This applies more particularly, of course, to “humorous” titles, and for the prospective “humorous” title writer it will also be necessary to purchase a large filing cabinet in which to keep all “ideas” as fast as they are published.

It must not be supposed, however, that as soon as the young man or woman has learned a lot of jokes that he or she is an expert “title writer,” because another fundamental necessity is the ability to adapt these jokes to the screen. Thus,

for example, if you decide to use the joke about the sad looking dog:

He (proudly)—I got this dog at a sale.

She—A sale of *what*?

you must change it for screen purposes until it reads somewhat as follows:

Title: It was Spring in Tahiti—and if anybody had come along just then with a dog and said that they got him at a sale, Ralph Kennerly would have asked—“A sale of *what*?”

That title not only uses the joke, but also gives a feeling of Tahiti in Spring and a pretty fair idea of Ralph Kennerly’s character. In this manner titles are very valuable.

Titles can also be used to help along the plot of the story, as—for instance:

Title: So he took the letter and put it in the desk, not knowing that, thirty years before, his grandmother had died in that room and left all her money to an orphan asylum in Brooklyn.

So much for titles. They are becoming increasingly important in the motion picture world, especially as all producers are now convinced that any bad picture which they have made can be “saved” by calling upon the services of an expert “title writer.”

YOUR picture, let us say, is now “cut” and “titled.” It should next be shown at a “pre-view” in one of the theaters in or around Hollywood. This is for the purpose of getting an audience’s reaction to the opus. If the reaction is good, you release the picture; if bad, you call in a “gag man.”

A “gag man,” like a “title writer,” exists for the purpose of improving pictures which are weak. A “gag” is a bit of comedy introduced into the picture without any reference to the story, plot or characterization, and it is this complete independence of the “gag man” which renders his task a fairly simple one. Like the “title writer” also, his success depends largely upon a good memory. Thus, for example, if you have “pre-viewed” a picture dealing with the life of General U. S. Grant and the audience didn’t seem to be very favorably impressed, you call in a “gag man” and he begins somewhat as follows:

“Look. Remember that sequence where Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox Court House? Well, it’s too heavy. You need a gag there. Wait—I’ve got it. Listen—Just as Lee is about to hand his sword to Grant a monkey has escaped from a zoo up the road and comes in the door. Lee doesn’t see the monkey and the monkey runs up, grabs Grant’s hat, puts it on and takes the sword. Then he runs out the door and you go into a chase. It’ll be a wow.”

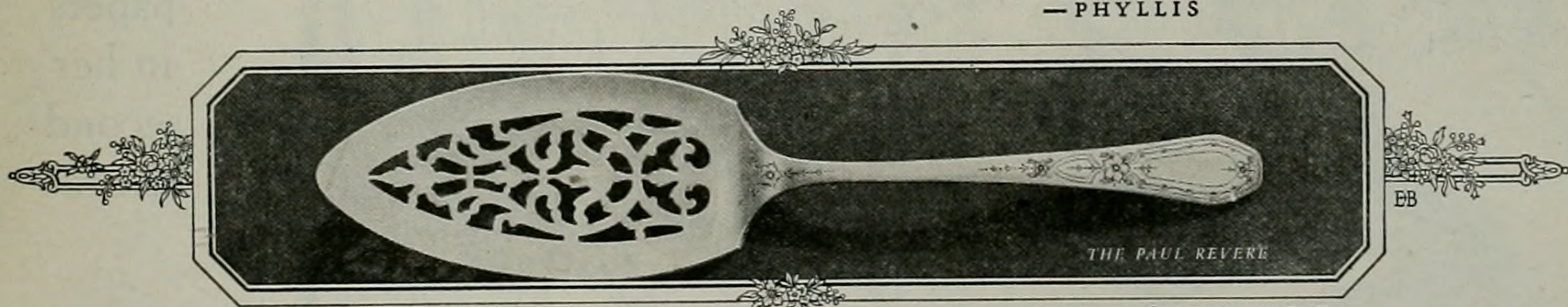
This scene is then “shot,” whereas the “gag man” goes on living. And with that characteristic episode it would perhaps be well to bring this series on behavior in Hollywood to a close.

COMMUNITY PLATE



"... My dear! It's a silver gift to dream about—the Community Plate you gave me!... If Paul Revere could see the pattern named after him he'd stage another midnight ride . . . he'd just HAVE to tell the neighbors about it!"

— PHYLLIS



This new, Early-American pattern of Community Plate is on radiant display at your jeweler's NOW

A service for six in the PAUL REVERE design costs \$35.25 · ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED

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How Good Is Your Memory?

HERE'S another guessing game. How many plots of pictures can you identify? The following brief synopses are pictures that have been widely presented. Test your plot intelligence by seeing how many of them you can remember.

1. A vulgar but kind-hearted woman marries a perfect gentleman and their child takes after her father. When the mother sees that she is ruining her daughter's life, she steps out, thus leaving the girl free to eat with a fork the rest of her life.

2. A Spanish sailor loves a dancer who is coveted by a nasty old Governor, in no nice way. The Governor has the sailor imprisoned, but the dancer Toscas him to freedom. They get married.

3. An English girl goes riding in the desert and is kidnapped by an Arab and held prisoner in his tent. But the abductor turns out to be a gentleman and a Nordic and marries the lady.

4. An Indian, who has been getting a rough deal all his life, falls in love with a school teacher. He goes to the Great War to fight the White Man's battle and gets an even rougher deal. He doesn't marry the girl, but dies.

5. A couple of marines—old-time enemies—carry on their private battles amid the fighting in France. They both love the same girl, but when orders come to start for the front, the fighting habit proves stronger than the love urge and they leave the girl flat.

6. An English gentleman is kidnapped by freebooters and carried away to sea. After being captured again by Spaniards and cruelly treated, he goes violently Moorish

and becomes a highly successful pirate, raising the devil all over the Spanish Main.

7. In order to inherit a fortune, an Irish lass masquerades as a boy and poses as the ward of the other claimant to the money—a handsome young man. After giving Robert Fulton financial aid in launching his steam boat, the girl marries her guardian.

8. A French scientist, disgusted by the dishonesty of his patron, turns circus clown and falls in love with a bareback rider. But the girl loves a handsomer guy and the clown sacrifices his life to unite the couple.

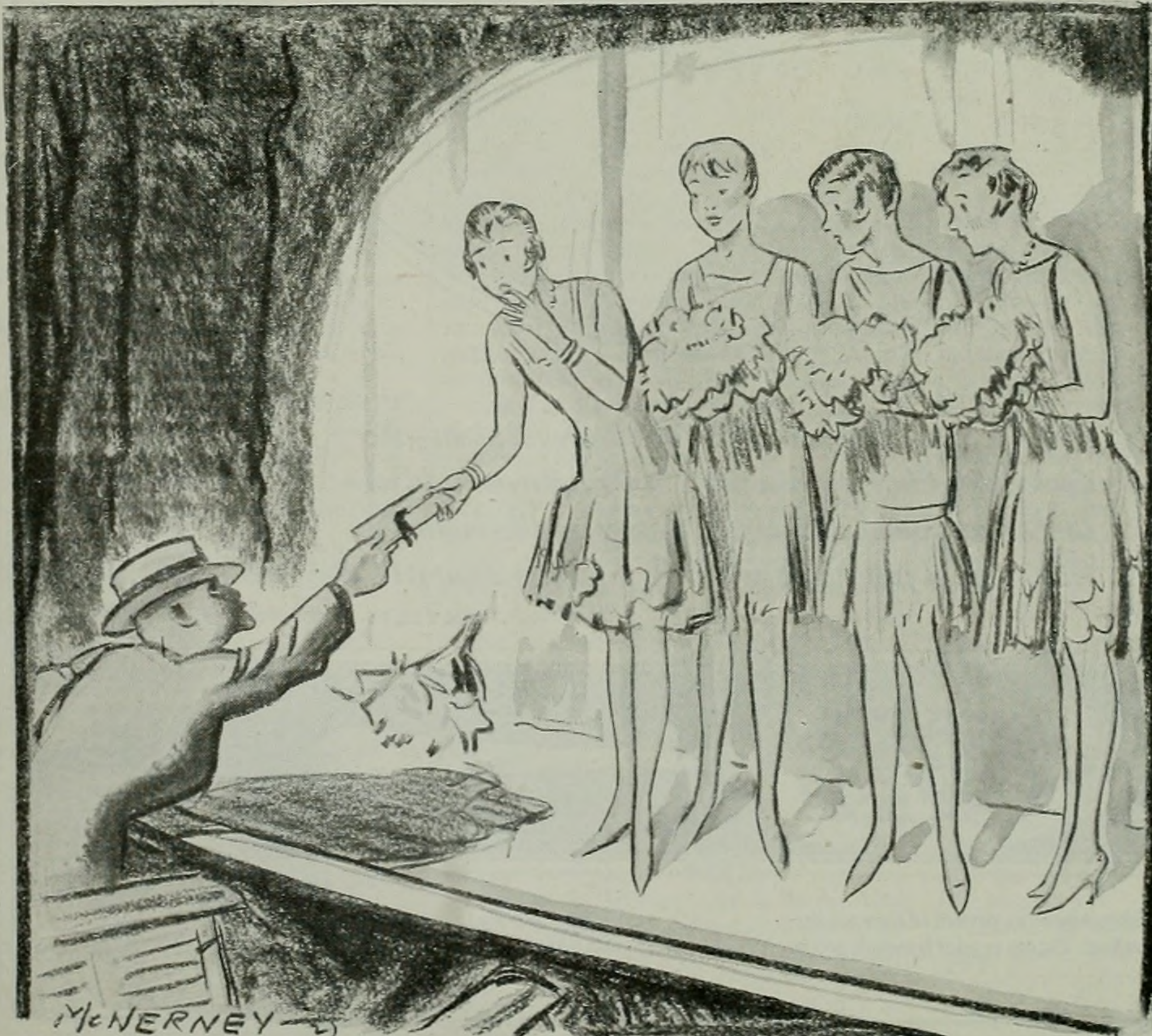
9. A boy wants to be the most popular man in college, but instead is the college boob. His chance to be a hero comes when he is put into a football game as a last-minute substitute. He wins for dear old Alma Mater by a "gag" touchdown.

10. A trapeze acrobat deserts his wife for a beautiful girl. Later, the girl plays false with him with another performer and the acrobat murders his erstwhile pal to the great delight of the audience.

11. A country girl is living handsomely in an apartment with a rich gentleman when her childhood sweetheart appears on the scene. Upon learning that she is "that sort of woman," the boy friend kills himself. The girl reforms in the country for the benefit of the censors.

12. A school teacher, married to a farmer, is left a widow. In order to educate her son as an architect, she raises big, juicy vegetables. Later, when the grown son falls into the clutches of a "vamp," Mamma busts up the unfortunate affair.

Answers on Page 146.



Off Screen Tragedies

A baby star is served with the papers in her second divorce



And he said it with Flowers

LOVERS' QUARRELS are like June Showers. Before they're well under way, the sun comes peeking through the clouds.

Consider, then, this scenario featuring the plight of poor Paul: He wants to tell her—well, you know how it is. Words start bravely on the tongue, but trip before they

reach the tip. Fine phrases falter and fail. Then comes inspiration! Our hero reflects that flowers have a way of saying things that stumbling words cannot convey

A messenger scampers away . . . moments passthe tinkle of a telephone a gladsome voiceand all's well with the world!

Send for this Book

Send 10c to cover mailing costs, for beautiful helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers*. Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., N.Y.C.



By wire ~ anywhere

Telegraphing flowers was instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association which sends flowers by wire to all parts of the world.

Say it with Flowers

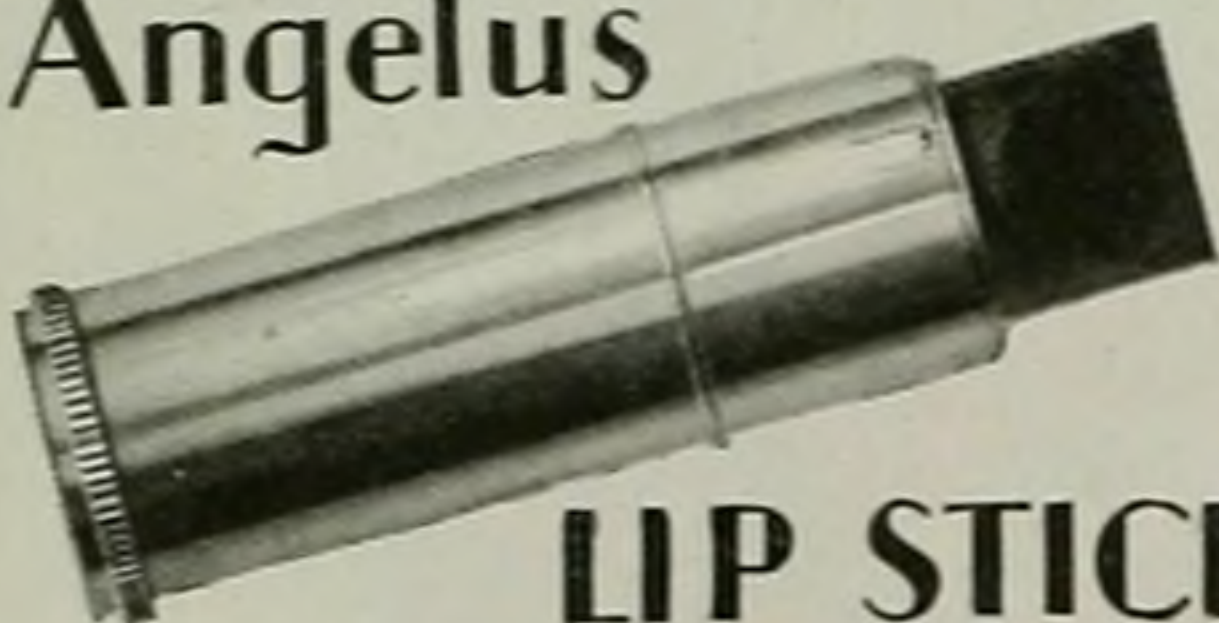
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Angelus ROUGE INCARNAT

The popularity of Angelus Rouge Incarnat—the famous paste-rouge for lips and cheeks—and Angelus Lip Stick, is due to their marvelously flattering colors and wonderful indelibility. They stay on. In the lipstick, Louis Philippe has created two fascinating new shades—Sun-Orange and Framboise (Raspberry). The smartest women everywhere use and adore Angelus Rouges!

Angelus



LIP STICK

Especially during Spring and Summer when you are exposed to sun, wind and dust, your skin needs Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream. Its whitening effect, its thorough cleansing of the pores, protect and promote the youthful beauty of the complexion. And its lemon odor is so gloriously refreshing. Angelus Beauty Aids will be found at all drug and department stores.

Angelus LEMON CREAMS



Louis Philippe, Inc.,
320 West 23rd Street, New York City.
Please send your generous sample tube of

- Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream
 Angelus Lemon Vanishing Cream

I enclose 10c for each item checked to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

Name _____

Address _____

Voila, Antoine, Maitre de Bob

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Marion Davies' bob in "Tillie the Toiler" is ideal for the rôle she is playing—that of a stenographer. Because it is just an ordinary bob, pretty enough, but too heavy and quite without distinction.

When I showed Antoine the photograph of Greta Nissen, he exclaimed, "Here is a pretty woman!" Who hasn't? Greta, too, has allowed the hairdresser to spare too much of her blonde hair. But the bob is soft, natural and alluring. But Miss Nissen should sacrifice more of her hair in the interests of art.

Bebe Daniels' bob is artistic but, like most other native-cut bobs, it needs more trimming. May Allison's coiffure makes a graceful frame for her face; it gives her more sweetness than *chic*.

Antoine thinks that American coiffures, like American clothes, have too little individuality. Women select their gowns, their hats and their bobs in too much of a hurry. While as individuals they may be attractive, as a crowd they all look alike.

The same thing goes for their coiffures. All shapes and sizes of heads are clipped and curled in the same fashion. Consequently this monotony threatens the very existence of the vogue of the bob.

As for returning to long hair: Antoine

says "no." He has really nothing against long hair. He does not work exclusively with bobs. Long hair, with the proper care and treatment, can be made attractive and smart. Of course, it is an affectation like trailing skirts. In spite of the agitation for the return of long hair, Paris remains indifferent—even cold.

I finally cornered Antoine on the long hair question. He was inclined to shrug it off. But he finally came right down to the heart of the matter and blurted out, "It is not clean."

"Women," he added, "are accustomed to the frequent, easy shampoo. It was not always so. It used to be considered dangerous to wash the hair as often as once a week. That is nonsense. Frequent shampooing is good for the hair. Long hair may be pretty—ah, yes! But it is too much trouble to keep clean and in good condition.

"The bob has done away with artificial hair. It also is doing away with artificial coloring. Women are learning that naturalness and simplicity are the very keynote of true *chic*. The bob may have both dignity and grace. It is suitable to all types and all ages. Why return to a fashion that is less practical, less satisfactory?"



Antoine would just as soon use an axe as cut hair with long shears. He does his clipping with little embroidery scissors and then shapes the hair to the head with a sharp razor blade



Would an unscented June be truly JUNE to you?

Is your response to fragrance keen or dull?



What does the word "June" make you think of? Some will think only of "pretty days" and outdoor games. Others will think of brilliant color, grasses green and trees a-blossom—yet remain "blind" to the real June.

For it is to those gifted with perceptive nostrils that June yields her rarest charm. These will think of flower-fragrance; of the perfume rather than the color of blossoms; of sweet woodland scents and a whiff of honeysuckle in a twilight breeze.

These scent-conscious people are acutely sensitive to impression through odor. An agreeable scent literally delights them. Its absence leaves them vaguely dissatisfied. A faint odor hovering about a package of old love letters brings back other days more vividly than a picture. They revel in the *natural* scents—of driftwood burning in a

fireplace, of a bake-shop when the ovens are opening, of a bath in a flower-essence soap.

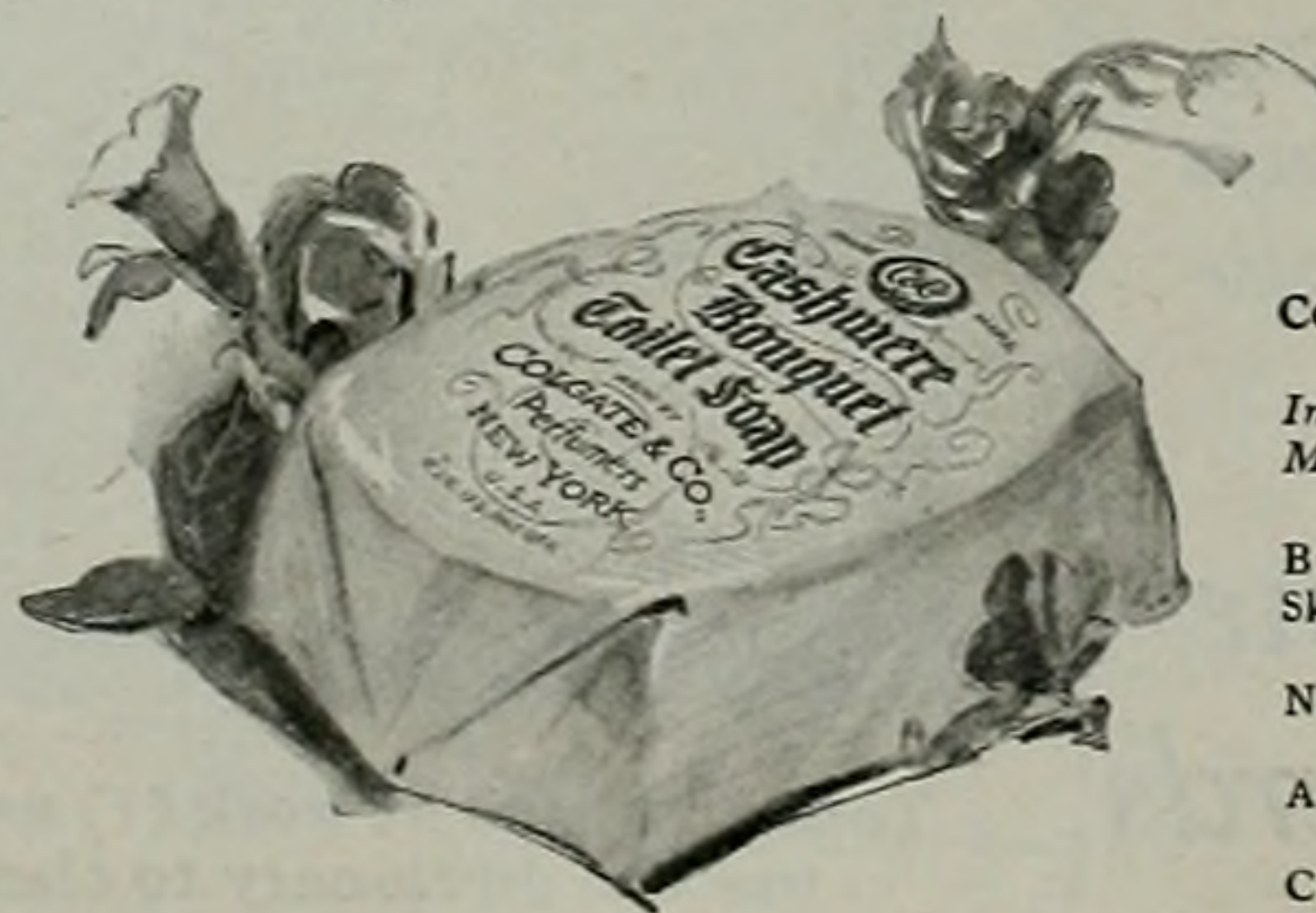
The flower-essences which make Cashmere Bouquet so delightful to well-bred nostrils also aid in the cleansing action of the soap—their presence gives to Cashmere lather a finer detergent quality.

It seems strange to mention dirt in the same breath with a soap so dainty and delightful as Cashmere Bouquet, but the essences make Cashmere Bouquet remarkably effective in loosening and removing from the skin and pores every clogging particle that stands in the way of a smooth, soft, and immaculately beautiful complexion.

If your nose is perceptive to the sensuous joys of agreeable scent, you will find in Cashmere Bouquet Soap an individual satisfaction which less sensitive people will never know.

THIS FREE SAMPLE CAKE WILL PLEASE YOU
— OR LEAVE YOU INDIFFERENT

To help you test your responsiveness to the magical allure of scent in the intimate things you use, we will send you free of charge a generous sample cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap together with a book of valuable beauty secrets, called, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin." The advice in this book is endorsed by a famous skin specialist. Send coupon today. The price of a full-size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap is 25 cents at drug stores. Cashmere Bouquet is "Hard-Milled," and one cake lasts a very long time.



Colgate
Est. 1806
FREE SAMPLE

Colgate & Company
(Dept. 32-F), 595 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose Street,
Montreal.

Please send me, free, a sample-size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Advice to Husbands and Wives

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



© Wide World

“Friendship an aid
to Success”

says

Flo Ziegfeld

“THE more numerous your friends, the greater your chances for success,” says F. Ziegfeld, famous producer of Rio Rita, Ziegfeld Follies and other successful musical comedies.

Never let a memorable occasion in the life of a friend pass without some word of congratulation or encouragement. Greeting Cards make it easy for you to keep friendships alive. They express the proper sentiment for every occasion.

Birthdays, anniversaries, the arrival of little ones, and many other occasions throughout the year call for a message of recognition from you. Greeting Cards cover all such occasions appropriately.

*Scatter Sunshine
with Greeting Cards*

for Biltmore board, with only him to hustle the coin, is another matter. It's my idea the old girl would still be hangin' around when the sexton locked up the church.

Once in a while you read where the wife elopes with the family chauffeur. That's perfectly all right, but she should slip out happily, departin' in the chauffeur's own flivver, leavin' the Rolls-Royce in the garage.

Finances is mighty important in this world, let me tell you. The fine flavor of romance can't be sustained to any extent with folks that have been thrown out of the lap of luxury by its upheavals. An' I contend these matters would pass off much better if a few laws regulatin' things as I have outlined 'em here could only be put into operation.

In-laws have been frequently mentioned in divorce courts. An' there is one place in which I'd like to call your attention to the difference between the advice of a man and a woman.

Did you ever notice the difference between the way a father and a mother advise their offspring in times of matrimonial distress?

Says the old man to his son:

“Young feller, if you want to keep that nice girl you married, it's about time that you mended your ways. She was a heap too good for you to start with, an' I

told you so—an' I'm warnin' you that if anything happens I'm sure goin' to string with your wife. I thought you had better sense than to take a chance of losin' a real fine little woman like that for the dregs of a skittle of beer, a couple of Ace fulls and a chorus girl or two. You behave yourself.”

Says Mama to her darling daughter:

“I warned you not to marry that man in the first place. I always told you you could do better and this proves it. Next time I hope you'll listen to your mother. But you would have your own way, no matter what I said and now it's too late. If he tries another thing you don't like, you come right home. I'll tell that young man what's what so he'll never forget it.”

Might be a good thing, while we're at it, to pass a law obligin' in-laws to submit all their advice and counsel to the court before presenting it to the interested parties.

I'm for the ladies. The two folks I love best in the whole world is of that species. But I got to say this. The women could easily have everything their own way. Men are just a lot of kids—all you got to do is praise 'em and kid 'em along. Mrs. Mix has got me thinkin' I'm one of the smartest guys ever sat a pony. Maybe she's kiddin' me. But I like it and it's had mighty satisfactory results all along the line.



Tom Mix hard at work (?) as a journalist. You will note Tom does not use the dictionary to check up on his spellin', but as an arm rest



Here is a way to sparkling loveliness
Youthful Beauty
 instantly

with these youthful shades of Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
 Famous Beauty Specialist

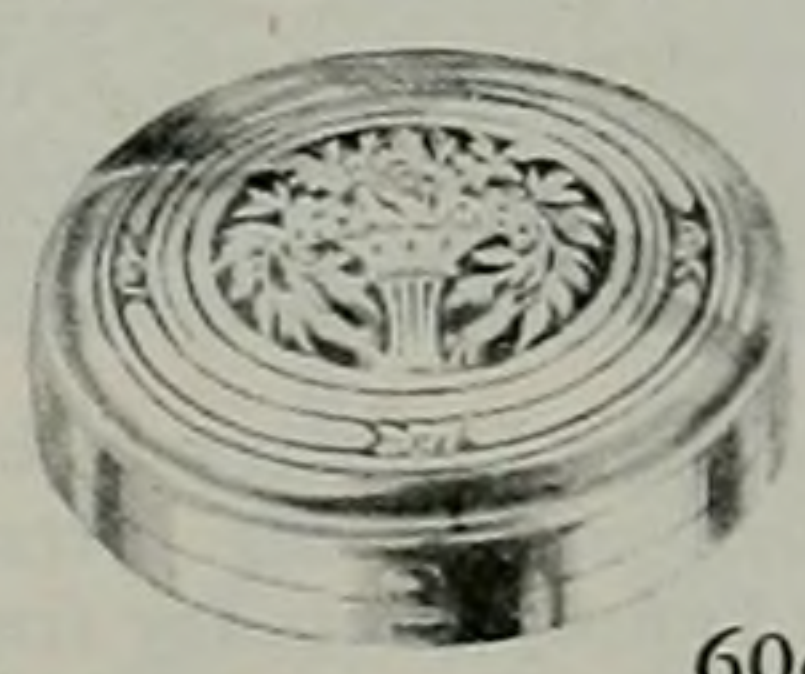
USED together, these two toilettries give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity, and for its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian

Beauty Powder. Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares must be your very own.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



60¢

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian
 Beauty Powder
 and Bloom



Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
 2810 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer—enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade wanted _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested

BOURJOIS

Paris · Rue de la Paix · 28 · France



For Luxurious Loveliness

Bourjois created Manon Lescaut Powder to adorn luxurious loveliness in exquisite settings!

Its diaphanous lightness and clinging smoothness embody an idea of excellence cherished devotedly by skilled generations of Bourjois artisans.

Thus, the fastidious woman of today prefers Manon Lescaut Powder for the gracious distinction of her charm.

Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges—including Mandarin and Ashes of Roses*—suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

BOURJOIS, INC.
Paris and New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MANON LESCAUT

Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocree, Mauve,
Peaches* Powder, Peaches-and-Cream* Powder.

Papa Stops Wondering

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

thin is the piece of ham in a Harvey house sandwich just try to spread \$7.50 out far and wide enough to cover the family budget for a week.

Once he almost "got a break."

He was working for Mack Sennett and they began to talk about a contract.

But some son-of-a-gun changed the subject. Over on the Fox lot Charles' experience was the same.

Warner Brothers made the same mistake. They had Charles corralled once and let him go.

Then came a part in "Sandy," at Fox's.

"It was just a little bit, but it happened to go great," said Charles, modestly.

FOX didn't hesitate that time. Somebody hustled Charles into an office somewhere and handed him a dotted line.

And, then, lads and lassies of radioland, what do you think Charles did?

He rushed right out and bought himself a what?

Another doughnut?

No, sir.

He bought an automobile.

A Packard?

No.

A Cadillac?

No.

It was a Ford—a Ford roadster.

And he still drives it.

That is Charles Farrell.

He has gone ahead faster and farther than any young actor during the last year, but he has done it in the same Ford automobile.

"It's easy to go from a Ford to a Lincoln," said Charles, "but it's heartbreaking to go from a Lincoln to a Ford.

"I'll keep my Ford a while."

JAMES Cruze wanted a man for a part in "Ironside." He must have youth and freshness; a certain wistful charm without appearing effeminate; a gentle manliness with assurance.

Again, that is Charles Farrell.

Executives at Lasky's didn't want to give Charles the part because he was under contract to William Fox, but Cruze stood pat with the result that the industry was treated to the spectacle of one big producing company making a star of another company's contract player.

But Lasky seemed to like it, for Farrell was borrowed again to play a leading rôle in "Rough Riders." And critics say "Rough Riders" is Charles Farrell's picture.

Now Fox is co-starring him with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven."

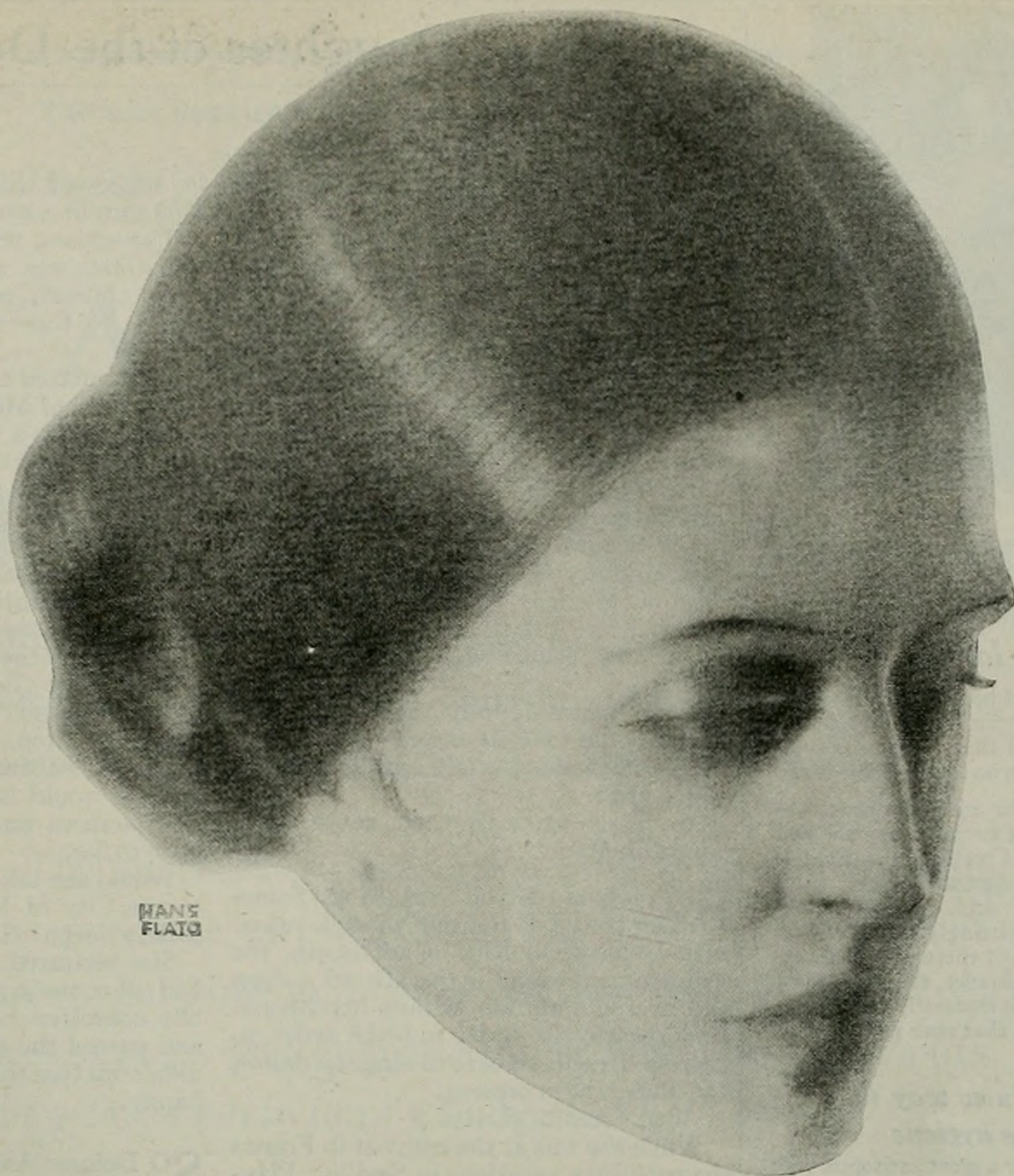
In those three productions Farrell will have three pictures on Broadway.

But he still drives the Ford runabout.

And Papa Farrell has quit wondering—and worrying.



Billie Dove and Ben Lyon try to bribe Director Fitzmaurice to let them quit work early. Mr. Fitzmaurice is not impressed. He knows that it is only property fruit. And have you ever tried to bite a calico apple stuffed with cotton?



HANS FLATIG

Gray hair belongs to yesterday - today there's Notox!

TO say that the modern woman wants to be gray, is to say that she wants to be old — which is nonsense. Not so long ago she had her doubts about hair recolorings—well founded fears of that “artificial” look—fears of marring her hair’s natural beauty—

But today, there is Notox!

Notox is the final outgrowth of determination—the determination to perfect a means for recoloring hair that would be positively safe, absolutely sure, entirely natural. For years, the Inecto Laboratories studied Nature’s method and probed her processes of coloration — knowing that to fight disease, one must first understand it.

And remember that gray hair really *is* a disease . . . It is called *Canities*—the loss of natural coloring. Notox recolors hair in the

only natural way—it replaces the lost coloring *inside* the hair shaft—not outside, mind you, as did the old faulty restorers, but in the *inner fibres*, so that it can shine thru the hair’s translucent outer covering with all its original lustrous beauty and sheen.

It is for this reason that Notox defies detection—it is for this reason that its results are *permanent*. Undetectable, safe, permanent—and so convenient—it is small wonder that hundreds of thousands of women have found in Notox, the perfect corrective for gray hair.

The best time to use Notox is when you are beginning to be gray. This means you never need to be gray at all—you never need know the marring touch of inferior dyes—you never need know the self-reproach of waiting too long.

“At the sign of the first gray hair”—*Notox!*



INECTO RAPID NOTOX is unchanged by any sort of waving, shampooing, permanent waving or steam baths. It is so easy to apply that thousands of women use it with perfect success in the privacy of their own homes.



INECTO RAPID NOTOX is sold and applied in beauty shops, and sold in drug and department stores. Upon request, we will recommend a beauty shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied.

Mfgd. by **INECTO, INC.** 33 W. 46th St., N. Y. C. and Notox Ltd., 10 McCall St., Toronto Canada. (Sales Representative, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y.)

NOTOX



A Daughter of the Dons

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

But the story of the beautiful Dolores del Rio was only beginning.

Adventures lay so dazzlingly thick ahead of her that they sound like the Arabian Nights.

And all because she went to Hollywood.

Now let me stop right here and tell you that it takes exceptional beauty and exceptional talent to be noticed in Hollywood. Those who come seeking so rarely find. Those who come offering are so rarely accepted.

The Senora del Rio came—merely to visit Hollywood. She had met, in the City of Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Carewe, and they had become friends. Senor and Senora del Rio desired to travel.

What more natural than that they should come to Hollywood? As for pictures, they had never entered the Senora's lovely head.

At least—at least—she never mentioned them.

BUT, let me tell you something. Something that I found out when I talked with Dolores del Rio. Underneath, the temperament of an artist stirred a deep and secret ambition within her breast. Underneath, the desire to be an artist, to express herself, to act, to sing, to dance, had always been present.

Why, listen to this:

While she was at the convent in France she spent her vacations in Seville. Playing, going into society, driving, flirting, as did the other girls? No indeed.

Taking dancing lessons from the great Alonso himself. Working endlessly at her dancing, and the great Alonso was so pleased with her work and thought it so exceptional that one day he singled her out of a class for personal instruction. He never praised, the great Alonso, but he nodded over her work daily, and taught her the most difficult steps, gave her the final polish.

And, after that, she went to Madrid and studied the art of the dance with Bilbainitta, the famous danseuse.

Doesn't it sound as though she were preparing herself all the time for a future of some kind, an artistic future?

Even after she was married, she and her husband made frequent trips to Europe, and there it was the opera, the theater, the great musicians, the great paintings, that held Dolores. The Riviera, Paris, all the dazzling gaieties which she knew so well, never satisfied her.

So she came to Hollywood.

And Edwin Carewe, appreciating the rare quality of her beauty and sensing that artistic and creative craving with-

in, suggested that she appear for him in a picture in a small part, "just for fun."

The senora, who was all of twenty by this time, was a little shocked, then a trifle amused, and then intrigued. It *would* be fun—to appear in a motion picture.

How amazed and delighted her friends in the City of Mexico would be!

It would be a real lark—an adventure. She spoke to her husband and he shrugged, laughed. Why not? Yes, quite an adventure.

But when the pictures got Dolores del Rio they refused to let her go. Without her solicitation, almost without her consent, she was swept from one great part to another, from *Charmaine* in "What Price Glory"—a rôle coveted by most feminine Hollywood—up to her great ambition, *Carmen*.

It soon became apparent that Senora del Rio would have to make her choice. The pictures wanted her. A career was open to her.

Would she take it or would she go back to the City of Mexico and her life as a society queen?

She hesitated. It was a struggle. It had all come so swiftly, so unexpectedly. She consulted her husband. He smiled and passed the decision back to her. It didn't matter to him, as long as she was happy.

SO Dolores Asunsolo del Rio, who was born in a magnificent old Spanish ranch home which had belonged to her forefathers over three hundred years, became a motion picture actress. In less than two years she reached the top, the very top—and with it *Carmen*.

Always, that had been her dream, to play *Carmen*. And she is the first Latin woman who has ever played the part on the screen.

"I am so very happy," she says, in her quaint and delicious English, all of which she has acquired in the time since she came to Hollywood. "I am so glad all this has happened to me. I love it. I am the luckiest girl in the world. I hope everybody will love my *Carmen*. It is more than just me—I feel that a Spanish girl should play the rôle, and I want to justify my belief."

She says, and you can see it, that she can hardly believe her great success yet, could hardly credit it when Metro-Goldwyn selected her to play the lead in "The Trail of 98," which is considered one of the plums of the year.

And now she is to be starred by United Artists.

"It is a dream—a secret dream, come true," says Dolores.

When women confide

—complete and exact knowledge may be lacking

THERE is a natural bond of womanhood which leads to certain confidences, but it should be remembered that wrong information may be worse than no information at all.

Ask your physician for enlightenment concerning the practice of feminine hygiene and especially the effects of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Unfortunately countless women unwittingly run the risks which follow the use of these compounds—the deadening of membranes, the scarring of delicate tissues. This is especially regrettable when it is understood that such risks are entirely unnecessary.

Zonite the new way in feminine hygiene

During the World War a great antiseptic was discovered, comparable in strength with the old poisonous preparations but non-poisonous and harmless to human beings. And today this product, under the name Zonite, is obtainable in practically every drugstore on American soil.

Zonite will not injure delicate tissues. And it can be used confidently. For, despite its non-poisonous nature, it is an extremely powerful germicide. In fact Zonite is *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied safely to the body. Compared with peroxide of hydrogen it will be found *more than forty times* as effective.

Free booklet for women

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed by women. Vast numbers of them have written for the attractive booklet giving concise, scientific and accurate information on the practice of feminine hygiene. Every self-respecting woman ought to have a copy, to read and to pass on to a friend. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

Zonite

At all drugstores

In bottles: 25c, 50c and \$1

Full directions with every package

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY 17-F
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- Feminine Hygiene
 - Use of Antiseptics in the Home
- Please print name

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Another Big Contest!

See page 58 of this issue for PHOTOPLAY'S new \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

A buying guide

BEFORE you order dinner at a restaurant, you consult the bill-of-fare. Before you take a long trip by motor-car, you pore over road maps. Before you start out on a shopping trip, you should consult the advertisements in this magazine. For the same reasons!

The advertising pages are a buying guide to you in the purchase of everything you need. A guide that saves your time and conserves your energy; that saves useless steps and guards against false ones; that puts the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in family budgets.

The advertisements in this magazine are so interesting, it is difficult to see how anyone could overlook them . . . fail to profit by them. Just check with yourself and be sure that you are reading the advertisements regularly—the big ones and the little ones. It is time well spent . . . always.



*Avoid time-wasting, money-wasting detours
on the road to merchandise value. Read
the advertising "road maps"*



Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties
help to keep the skin
soft and healthy.

DUST, dirt, steam—a combination sure to have disastrous effects on the complexion of the housewife who is not ever watchful to prevent them. "But how can I take time for long, systematic beauty treatments," says the busy woman, "when I have countless household duties to perform or superintend, and I must find some time for rest and social activities?"

There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive *Resinol* properties found only in Resinol Soap, make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and *soothes* at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

Read what some of the enthusiastic users of Resinol Soap write about it:

"It has a very soothing effect on my skin—all other soaps I've used irritated it."

"Use this soap continually, it makes my skin so soft."

"Would not feel my face was clean if not washed with Resinol Soap."

"Am 50 years old—my skin is clear and without a wrinkle. Give Resinol Soap the credit—I've used it for 20 years."

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and try the easy Resinol way of caring for your skin.

If you are now annoyed by blotches or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear. It has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Free trial on request. Mail coupon today!

Dept. 14-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap and Ointment, so please send me sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

ABBA G., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you those addresses. Satisfactory?

A. G.—Laura La Plante is twenty-two years old. Norma Talmadge is an American—very much so. Ricardo Cortez is of French descent. As for me, I was born in Patagonia, of Irish-Swiss ancestry.

HELEN S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the addresses.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

plete in one another. When your children come they are an extension of your feeling of love and safety. Through them you have another interest in life. You become a family rather than Mr. and Mrs., but safe within this oldest of human bonds the three or the four of you are a unit of happiness against the loneliness of life.

DISGUSTED SALLY:

Feeling as you do toward your father, you should leave home, Sally. You are self-supporting and you should be self-respecting. How can you respect yourself when you have to "sneak" dates? I don't like it. It isn't good for you or any other girl. There is a lure about under-cover affairs that traps many girls into false standards. Don't be put in this class, Sally. If your father refuses your having boy friends at your home and you feel you must have them, even against his orders, then get out of the home. Be independent or obedient. Don't sit on the fence any longer. That's my advice.

JENNIE:

Your mother is right. You can safely let your reducing go for another year. In the meantime, however, I see no objection to your going on a simple diet. Stop eating candy and pastries, white bread, starchy foods of all kinds and substitute green vegetables in their places. This will contribute to your general health and cut down the calories. For colors wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; sapphire blue; orchid, burgundy and dark red, canary yellow and all pinks.

WORRIED, CANADA:

The more often the hair is washed, the oilier it becomes. This is simply the natural reaction of the oil glands of the scalp. If you are troubled with excessive oiliness, it is better to brush the hair vigorously every night and morning than to shampoo it too frequently. Brushing is cleansing, you know.

DOT, DORCHESTER:

Ear rings have a tendency to make a girl look older, but you may risk wearing them on days you are feeling rested and have an urge toward dignity. The small pearl buttons are considered smarter than pendants for day time wear, the reverse being true for evening. Powder with a pink tinge and a not highly colored paste rouge will be best for you.

GLORIA:

It depends entirely upon yourself whether a dramatic course by mail will be of any

value to you or not. It would seem to me very difficult to learn so complex an art through correspondence, but you may have the stuff that makes good under any circumstances. That's nonsense about rouge causing bad complexions. It's careless and improper food that brings a muddy skin. Always use cold cream as a basis for your make-up.

ARLETTA:

Your father must have been very hurt by your mother's running away from him. That makes him guard you too zealously. You must understand how natural this reaction is in him. Talk your social problem over with him. Tell him how much you want to have your boy friends visit you, but how thoroughly he can trust you, how deeply you desire his approval rather than your own happiness. I believe he will give in to you then.

V. S.:

Here is an excellent treatment for curing blackheads. The skin must be thoroughly cleansed at night. Remove the surplus grime first with a good cold cream. Given a few moments massage, the cream penetrates the glands and softens the blackheads so that they may be readily removed. After removing the cream with a soft towel, wash the face with good, pure soap and hot water. Scrub it hard around the nose, chin and forehead, where blackheads usually come. Rinse when thoroughly clean with warm water, followed by cold. Then pat the skin with witch hazel, followed by a rub with ice. If there are any blackheads that may be squeezed out, do so by gently pressing the part between the fingers protected by a clean bit of cotton. Do but a couple at a time, followed by a cold water rinse.



Master barbers are insisting that men wear girlish bobs and European tailors are advocating a return to satins and ruffles in men's clothing. This is Edward Everett Horton's idea of how the well-dressed man of 1930 will look



Present-day dental findings urge the importance of starting early in children the habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent. Gleaming smiles, the reward of daily care, bring charm and popularity in later life

Mother! Look for Film Every Day—on Child's Teeth

The film on teeth to which authorities ascribe many of your own and your children's tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

TEETH and gums are imperiled, say many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing has been advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previous methods. These are embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

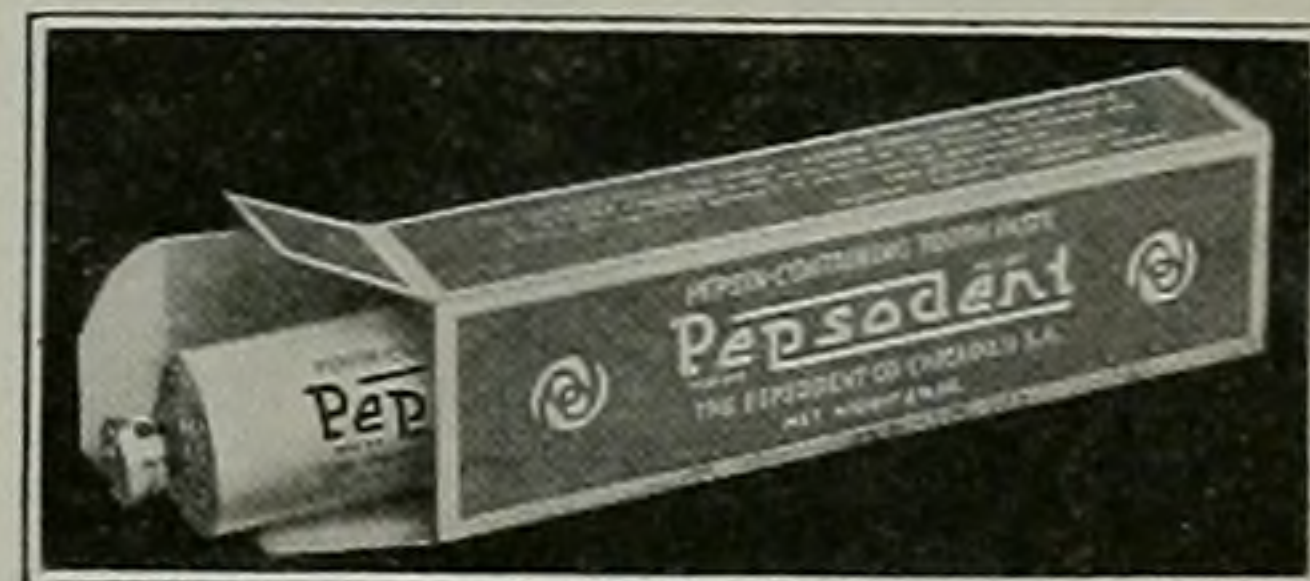
For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then removes it; then polishes the teeth in

gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 1204, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. 2480

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



Jack Mower as
Shelby



Arthur Carew as
George Harris



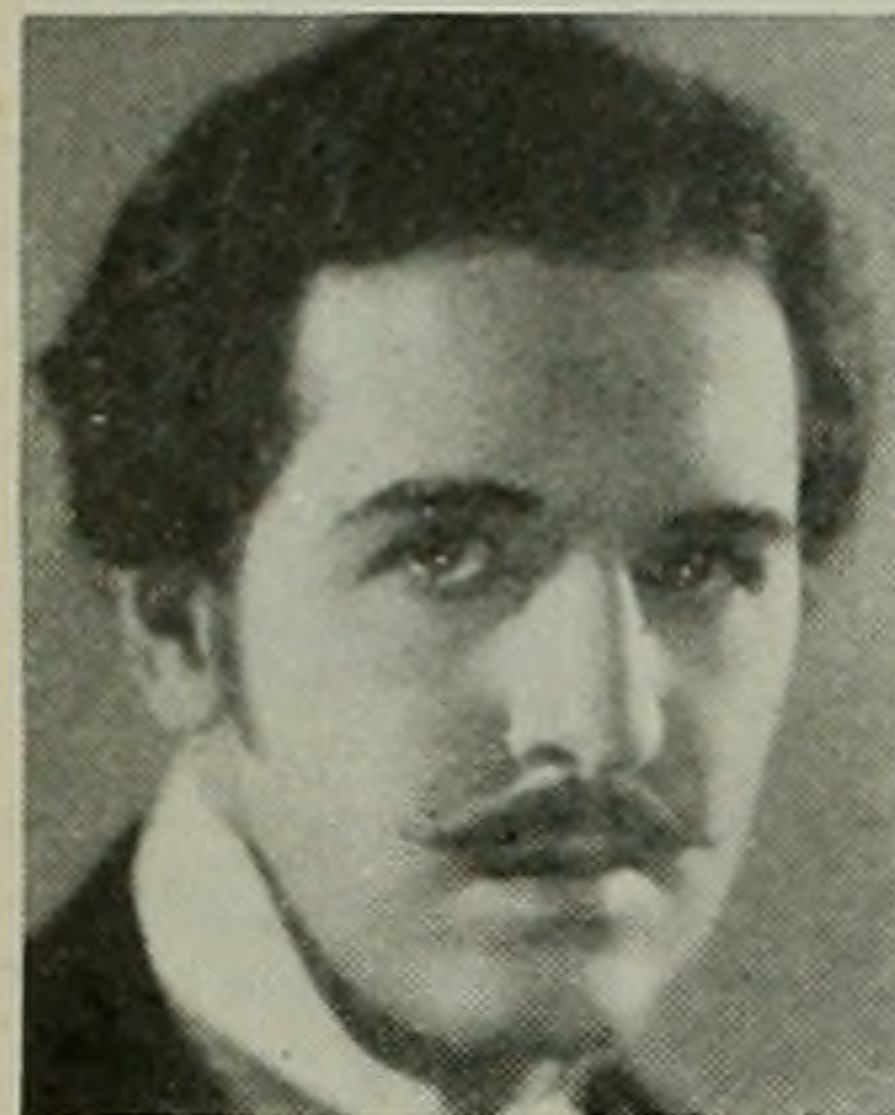
Virginia Gray as
Little Eva



Mona Ray as
Topsy



Lucian Littlefield
as *Marks*



John Roche as
St. Clare

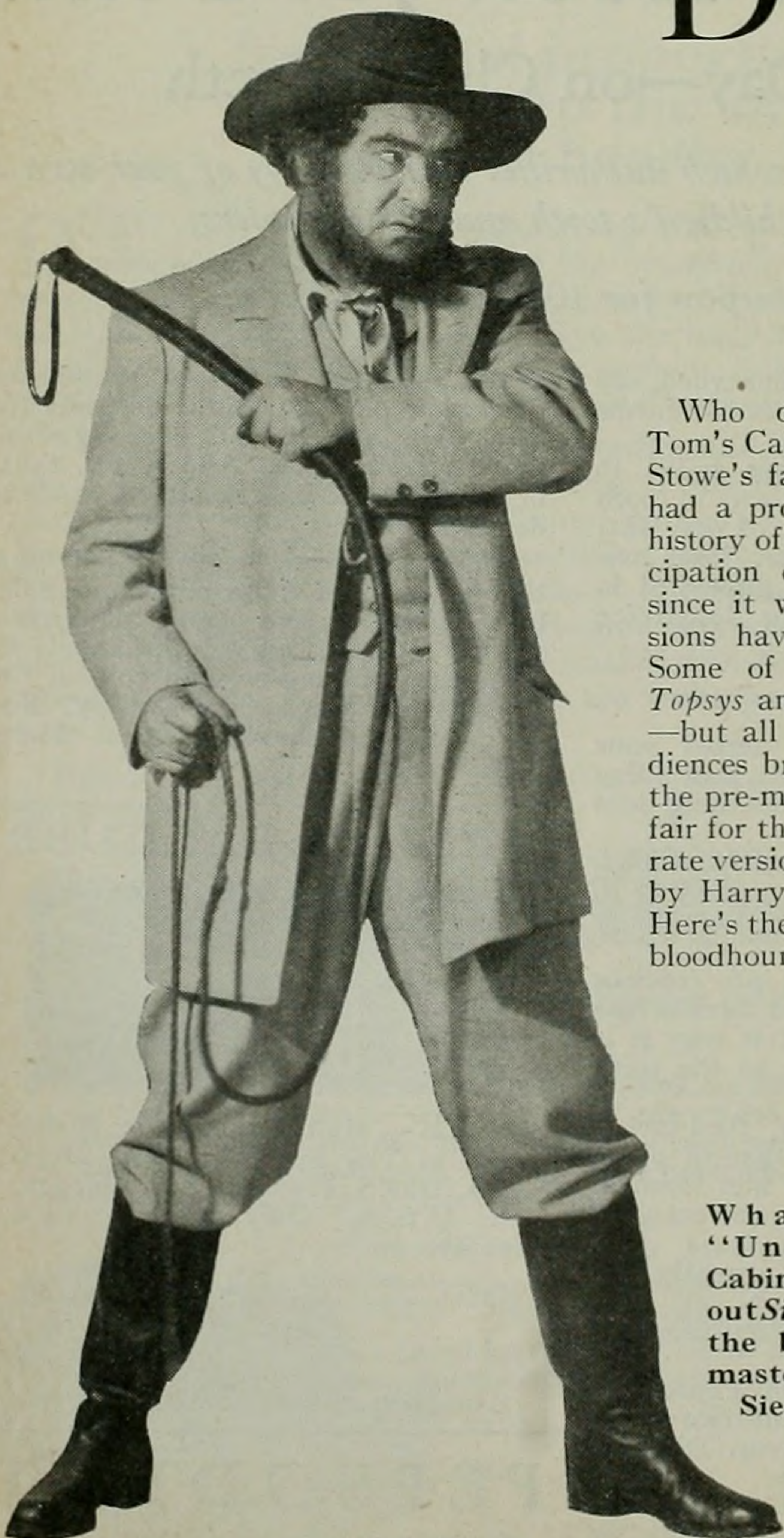
They're Selling Uncle Tom Down the River



Margarita Fischer
as *Eliza*

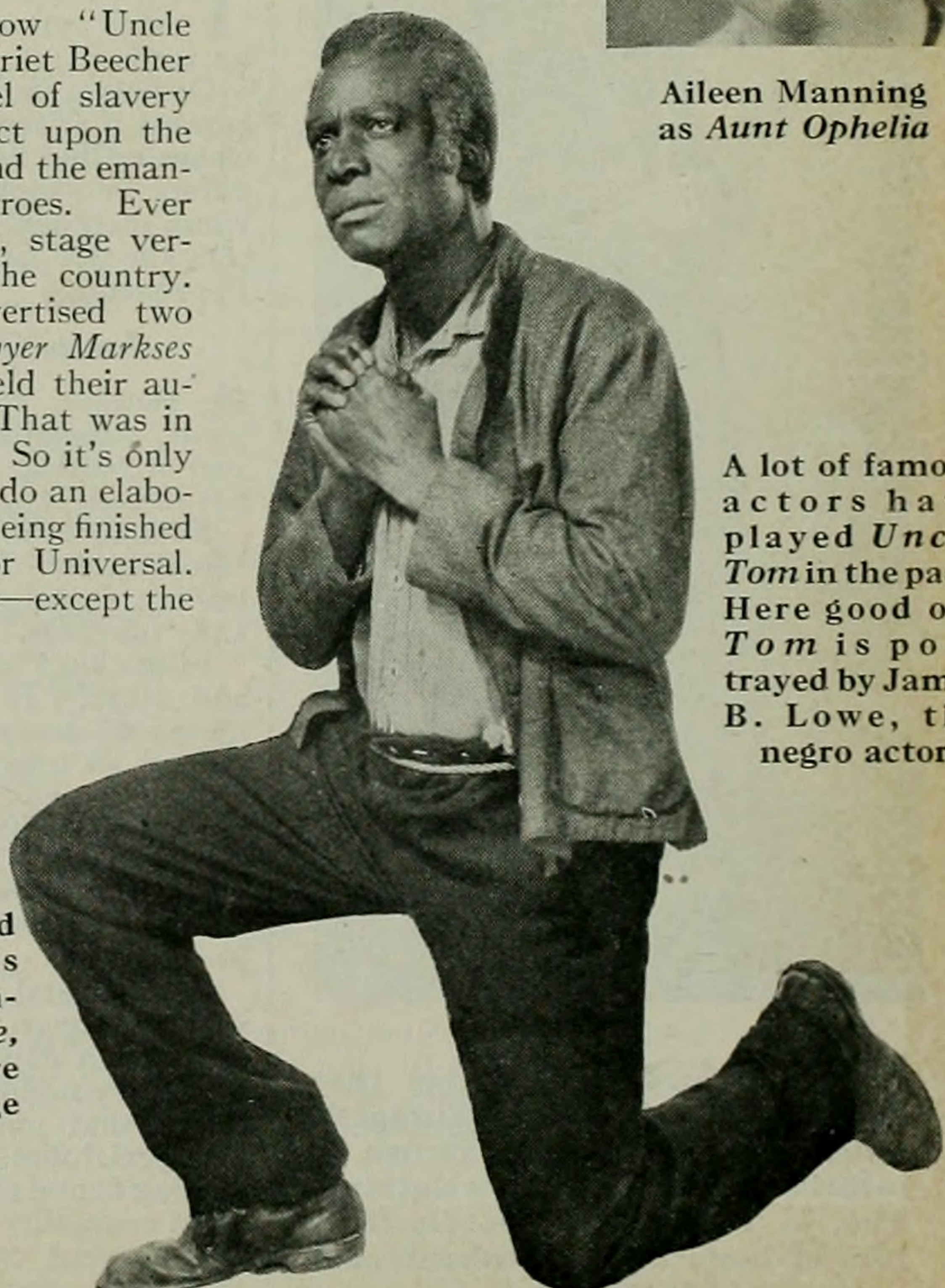


Aileen Manning
as *Aunt Ophelia*



What would
"Uncle Tom's
Cabin" be with-
out *Simon Legree*,
the brutal slave
master? George
Siegmann is
Legree

Who doesn't know "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel of slavery had a profound effect upon the history of America and the emancipation of the negroes. Ever since it was written, stage versions have toured the country. Some of them advertised two *Topsys* and two *Lawyer Marks*—but all of them held their audiences breathless. That was in the pre-movie days. So it's only fair for the screen to do an elaborate version. This is being finished by Harry Pollard for Universal. Here's the whole cast—except the bloodhounds.



A lot of famous actors have played *Uncle Tom* in the past. Here good old *Tom* is portrayed by James B. Lowe, the negro actor



CLARA BOW, now appearing in "Children of Divorce," a Paramount production.

Piquant Eyes

ARE SMART, CLEVER, CHARMING

TODAY, the clever woman knows beauty's secret of giving her eyes a deeper loveliness by luringly darkening her lashes. She knows a world of fascination lies in teasing, lustrous eyes, veiled by a fringe of dark, luxuriant lashes.

Have *you* tried applying WINX to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? Winx is the wonderful eyelash beautifier. If you haven't used it, there's a thrilling experience in store for you.

Touch up your lashes ever so lightly with liquid WINX—immediately your eyes become fascinating, beguiling. Use Winx and you have the assurance that it will not smear or streak the face; and no matter how warm the dance or theatre, Winx stays on beautifully. It is *waterproof*—even while you swim. And when you cry (if cry you must), do not fear, for Winx is tearproof too. Winx is harmless and dries instantly....Black or brown, 75c. U. S. or Canada.

After powdering, trace a bit of WINXETTE (the solid-form eyelash darkener) through the eye-brows, thus adding charm to the face. Black or brown.

OFFER!

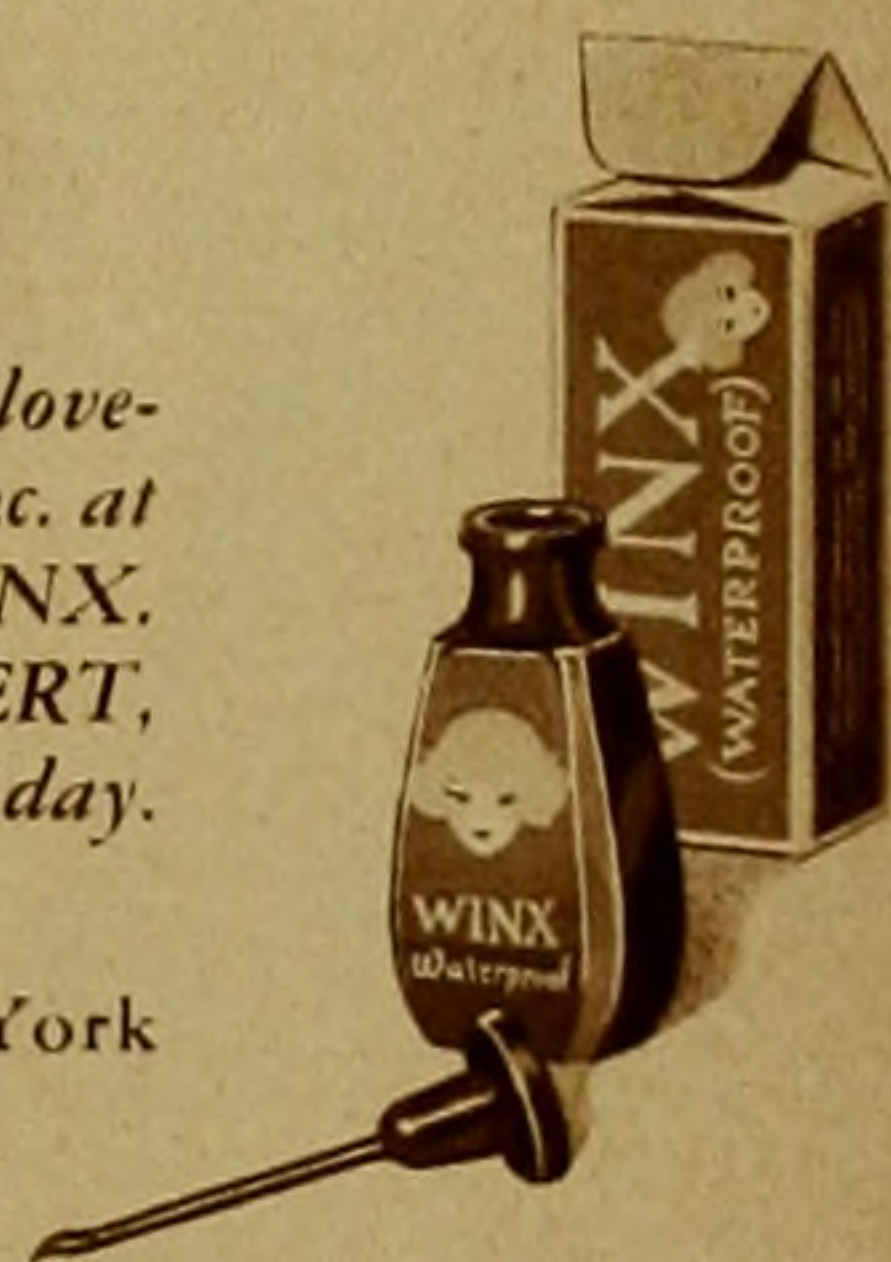
Try this way for "lovelier lashes—lovelier eyes." Mail coupon with 12c. at once for a generous sample of WINX. Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT, the waterproof Rouge that lasts all day.

ROSS COMPANY

241-F West 17th Street, New York



PERT! Do you know it? It is the moist Rouge that gives such charming natural rosiness. Waterproof, and lasts all day.



ROSS CO., 241-F WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK

Enclosed find 12c. for a generous sample of WINX.

Another 12c. brings a sample of PERT moist Rouge.

Name _____

Address _____

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Please PRINT Name

WINX
Waterproof



Billie Dove

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

It is so hard to select the one Shaughnessy garment that I like best because they are all so beautiful and so lustrous.

Olovnit pajamas are just beautiful and I would be delighted to have them named after me.

If the women of America only realize how pretty, how stylish and how serviceable the "BILLIE DOVE PAJAMAS" really were, you would not be able to make them fast enough.

Wishing you the greatest success, I remain

Yours sincerely,
Billie Dove

First National Pictures



YOU too—can enjoy these beautiful pajamas. They are sold with all other Olovnit garments—direct to you by our factory representatives. Orders are filled from fresh stocks of new Summer styles and colors.

Mail the coupon today and see the complete line of Olovnit garments and hosiery.

Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your new summer styles.

Name.....

Street.....

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



PROVING that there is something in the old saying that it's lucky for boys to look like their mothers. Feature for feature, William Haines is the very picture of the lady who is proud to be his mother. Mrs. Haines journeyed from Virginia to visit her son. You may be sure that she agrees with all the nice things that the critics and the public have been saying about Bill this last year

News and Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



**NEW
wonderful
FACE
POWDER**

AN entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large

Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere. If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo ask him to get it, or use the coupon below.

Mello-glo
THE NEW FACE POWDER

Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book.

MELLO-GLO COMPANY
201 Devonshire St. Boston, Mass. (Dept. B)

Name.....
Address.....

Please write here name of your favorite store:

Madeline, patting the black sheen of her hair, "and then he slowly turned his head my way. . ."

"Yes—" breathlessly.

"And I discovered he had halitosis."

Picture-making, you will see, is not all honeysuckle and breath lozenges.

AN off-screen tragedy: The wife of Nijinski, the famous Russian dancer, plays a "bit" in "Old Heidelberg." Nijinski has been hopelessly insane for many years.

IT was at a downtown theater and a super-spectacle was slowly rambling to its ultimate clinch.

Needless to say the plot was painfully garbled.

"I say," said the bewildered man with the octagon-shaped lenses, "how did all these scenes happen to be thrown together?"

"It was written by one of the highest priced scenarists in the business," whispered the man with the bifocals.

"You don't mean to say it was pre-meditated!"

UNLESS you are a blonde in Hollywood you might as well toss away the mirror and sit down to peel the dinner potatoes.

The only alternative is to be a brunette. Or a red-head. Even Our Gang demands its perfect blonde for leading lady. And gets it.

Miss Jean Darling, age four, dimpled and cherubic, has the hearts of the Gang in her fat baby hands.

She'll be a great success when she gets through wiggling, says Hal Roach. It may be funny when you're training a motion picture camera on her, but try and get a reposeful portrait. Just a young St. Vitus who can't stand still a minute.

Maybe she'll be the second Gilda Gray.

YOU can close Ellis Island as far as I'm concerned. I want my foreign invasion to come from south of the Rio Grande. You've seen Dolores del Rio. Wait until you see Lupe—it's short for Guadalupe—Valez. Hot tamale!

Black, shining, wonderful eyes and a voice as harsh as a young parrakeet, that's Lupe. Graceful quick movements and hair like polished tar. Straight from Mexico City with five Chihuahuas, seventeen years of life and a watchful mommer. Lupe is the latest Hal Roach comedy find.

"There he is! The flower of my heart! The light of my life! I *lofe* heem!" It was just Lupe greeting a new acquaintance. Is she popular on the lot? Is she? Ask me another!

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON comes of a newspaper family. Once he went into an editorial room seeking a job.

"I'm looking for a job," he told the editor.

"Fine, just take a seat," the editor said.

After a few minutes had passed, Horton said:

"Have you an assistant?"

"I can't tell yet," the editor replied. "I just sent him out to the anteroom to see a man and I expect to hear a gun go off any moment."

NEW YORK is as dead, filmally speaking, as a summer resort in winter time. The arrival of Cecil B. De Mille for the opening of "The King of Kings" helped things a little. Ben Lyon, headed for Manhattan, switched off and went to Boston. Marilyn Miller was playing there in "Sunny," in case you need an explanation. And Pola Negri passed through on her way to Europe for a vacation.

Charlie Chaplin is playing the man-about-town, in a quiet way. He is doing



This attractive residential street is really a row of dressing-room bungalows on the Famous Players-Lasky lot. The dressing rooms are designed in various styles of architecture so that exteriors can also be used as backgrounds for pictures

no work but clowns occasionally at a dinner party. Charlie won't finish "The Circus" until his matrimonial affairs come to some sort of settlement. The Ku Klux Klan has suppressed a few showings of his comedies. But, as Will Rogers once said, I am not going to again make cracks against the Klan. I am nobody's fool.

HAVING surprised everyone by divorcing her husband, the former Mrs. Clarence Brown packed up her diamonds and marched off to Paris. Ona Brown declares that she is through with Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the movies in general. She is going to live in Europe. I doubt it. You cannot keep 'em in Patee once they have had a taste of movie life.

TOM J. GERAGHTY, who is now conducting a chatter column in *Variety* (the theatrical sheet, not the picture), tosses off this one: "A girl from Pomona came to town on the interurban to see Morris Gest's production of 'The Miracle.' Next day someone asked her how she liked it.

"She said, 'I didn't get to see the picture, as they had a very dreary prologue that ran on and on. I stayed until after 11—and the prologue was still going.'"

RING LARDNER, who was invited to the Naked Truth Dinner given by the New York press agents, sent the following telegram: "Sorry unable to attend your dinner. This is the children's night out and I have to stay home and take care of the nurse. It is a matter of real regret as I have always yearned to be at a banquet where most of the speeches were in a foreign language."

THE meteor now flashing most brightly in the Hollywood sky is Dolores Del Rio. Senora Del Rio is now a full-fledged star and her first independent production will be "Romona." Of course Edwin Carewe will direct her. Credit Carewe with this important discovery. They say that Carewe will make a small fortune from "Resurrection." And Senora Del Rio, married to a wealthy Mexican, is already in the big money class.

GILDA GRAY has changed her mind about making a film version of "Marie Odile." It was, you remember, solemnly announced by Gil Boag that Gilda would appear in the rôle of the French nun, created on the stage by Frances Starr. I have an evil suspicion that Mr. Boag was spoofing us a bit.

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., translator of "The Captive," is selecting stories for Miss Gray, and it was he who suggested the substitution of a story called "Passionate Island," instead of "Marie Odile." Somehow or other Mr. Hornblow, as adapter, felt that he couldn't introduce a snappy dance into the story of the nun.

IT'S all very well to be the life of the party, but when you can be the life of the hospital, that's really a feat for any man to be proud of.

Reggie Denny spent a number of long weeks in a Los Angeles hospital lately,

The gracious gift of France . . . Smooth Skin

By this very method
the finest French
toilet soap is made

"**M**AKE a new toilet soap as marvelous as French soap—but not so costly," you begged us!

So we made the soap you wanted—made Lux Toilet Soap—by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

For years the world has looked to France for fine toilet soaps. For beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be smooth, exquisite for true loveliness. So Lux Toilet Soap is made quite differently from other white soaps you are used to.

Firm, fine-textured, satiny, Lux Toilet Soap is true *savon de toilette*. The instant bubbling lather caresses your skin giving you that delicious satin smooth luxurious feeling you



YESTERDAY 50c for a French toilet soap
TODAY—the same luxury for 10c

adored after costly imported soaps. It tends your skin the true French way. Somehow you do feel more exquisite.

France's passion for perfection—America's genius for achievement! Lux Toilet Soap, generous, long wearing, is just 10c! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

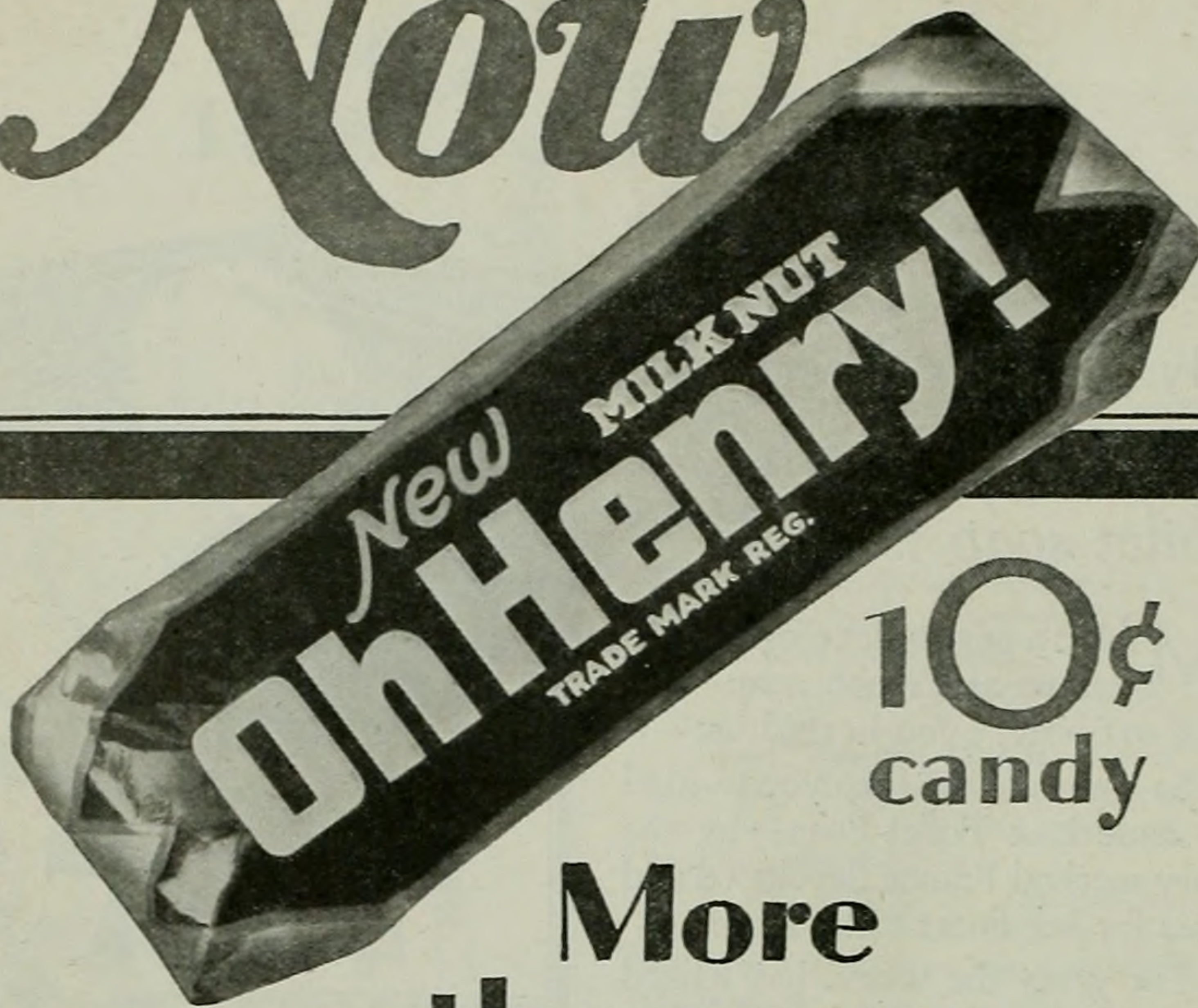
Already America has bought
tens of millions of cakes



Instant lather even in hard water

LUX TOILET SOAP

Now



10¢
candy

**More
than ever,
the World's Greatest
Dime's Worth**

**NEW SHAPE
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MAKE THIS AN OH HENRY! SUMMER

What \$2⁵⁰ Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews with the casts of current photoplays.

The **truth** and nothing but the **truth**, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a Money Order or Check for \$2.50 if in U. S., its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba (\$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries), for the next twelve issues, addressed to

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Dept. 1-F, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

result of an accident and two major operations. But a pal of mine who had a room right across the hall told me that Reggie never lost his delicious sense of humor and that every morning his latest witticism went the rounds and cheered everybody up.

IN the adjoining hospital room was a middle aged man, who seemed to be entirely cured of his illness, but who didn't go home. He worried Reggie a little, walking restlessly up and down the hall, and apparently never sleeping at night. So finally Reggie, in that irresistible smiling way of his, asked his neighbor to come in and visit.

Soon he had the whole story—a disastrous story of betrayal by a friend in business, which had left this man penniless and stranded.

He couldn't leave the hospital because he didn't have money enough to pay his hospital bill.

Reggie got his lawyer, looked into his business troubles, paid the man's bill and straightened out the whole matter.

"And incidentally saved my life and reason," the man told my friend.

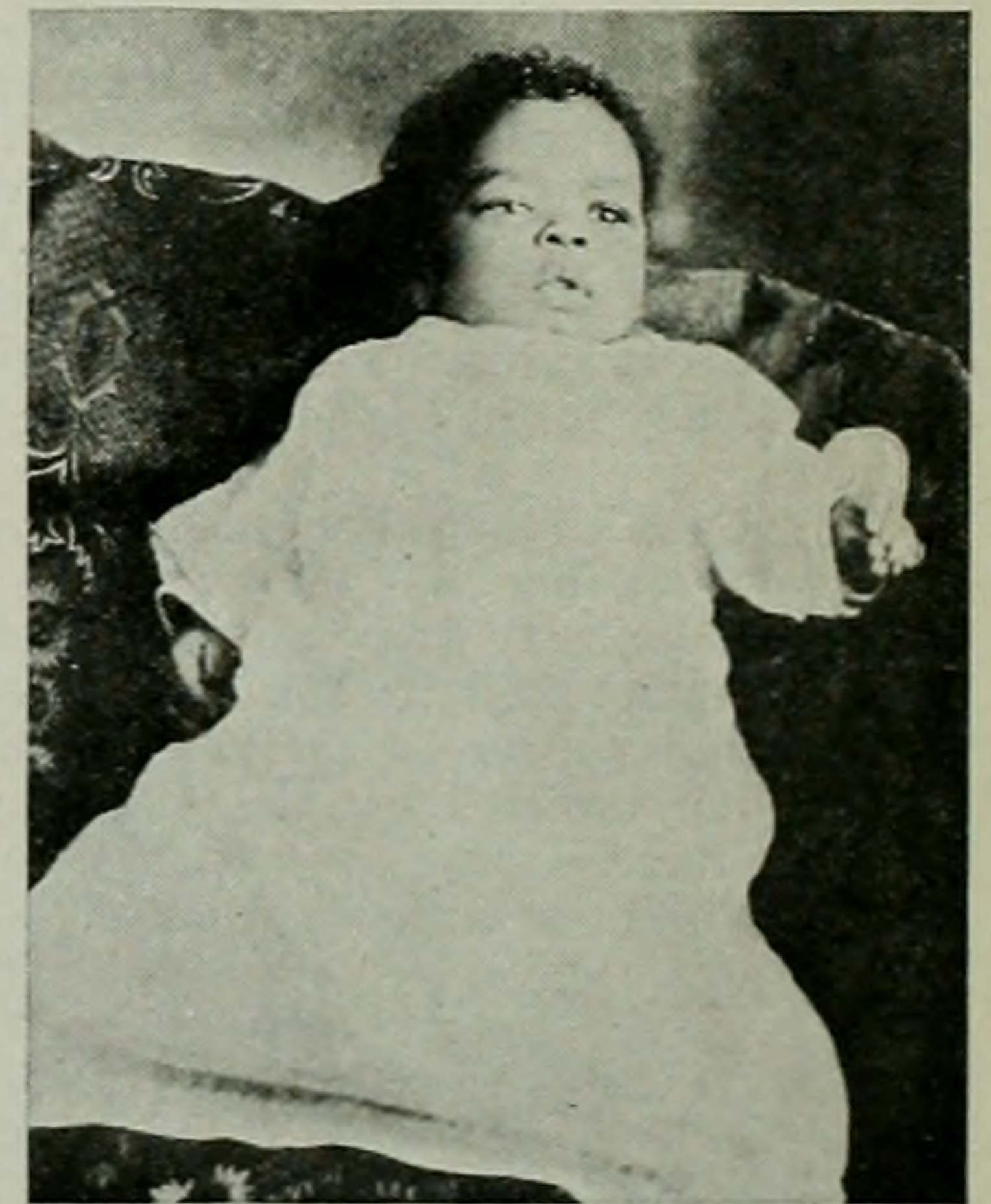
THOSE Gallerys—Tom and his wife, ZaSu Pitts, you know. They are reducing their friends to absolute nervous wrecks, all because of their radio. It has a special broadcasting connection upstairs. The instrument, itself, is in the living room. There the fun begins.

For instance, Lloyd Pantages whose father owns a variety house in Los Angeles was a guest of the Gallerys.

"Pantages Theater on fire. 2-11 alarm turned in. Every available engine in the city responding to call," came the sonorous voice of the announcer.

Tom and ZaSu had excused themselves previously "to go and prepare a bite to eat."

Young Lloyd paled, rushed to the tele-



Picture of a copper mine, a few months after birth. When Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins admired little Allen Clay, Jr., they thought of him only as a very fine pickaninny. Little did they realize that the chocolate drop would some day be the devastating Farina of the movies

phone and called a local paper. But ZaSu was on the telephone extension upstairs. She verified the radio report.

By that time Lloyd was halfway to his car and Tom had to chase him three miles before he finally caught up with him.

And they both lived to play a similar prank on Erich von Stroheim the following evening.

AFTER a five year separation—and also a divorce—Mrs. William S. Hart announces that she will gladly return to her husband, if invited. For the sake of her son, she will forgive all. Up to the present writing, Mr. Hart has made no effort to see her. The former Winifred Westover also tells the world that she plans to return to pictures.

“ARE you related to the bride or the groom-elect?” a busy usher asked a young man at Joe Jackson’s and Ethel Shannon’s wedding.

“No,” the young man replied.

“Then, what interest have you in the ceremony?” said the usher.

“I’m just one of the defeated candidates,” the young man answered.

DOROTHY GISH and Inspiration Pictures are no longer pals. The contract existing between them has been called off by mutual consent. Dorothy has returned from England and has gone to California to see Lillian and her mother. Inspiration wanted to place Dorothy in American pictures, but Dorothy likes to work in England.

She has a lovely home in London—in the Mayfair section—and she is going right back. Fog or no fog, she will continue in British-made films.

IF you don’t believe that Boston is still the Hub of Culture, read this excerpt from the beloved Transcript’s review of Gilda Gray’s picture, “Cabaret”:

“Miss Gray’s Black Bottom is an exercise to conjure with. It leaves not one flexor inactive nor an extensor untroubled. It summons the gluteus maximus to prodigious devolutions, inspiring sympathetic tremors in the ischial region. Every digital tendon responds. Palmaris and biceps take up the story. The whole activity culminates in a profound disquiet of the pectoralis major.”

To sum up, how she did shake!

ESTELLE TAYLOR has a new play-house. Let other stars collect their Goyas, fine linens and Chinese embroideries, Estelle is busy telling the architect to be sure and make the fireplace big enough, with that effective mosaic border. The house is as large as the English cottage where she and Jack live and the second floor is to be an immense ballroom with small anterooms for billiards and cards at the rear. It can also be converted into a little theater. Downstairs is allotted to the cars and the servants’ quarters.

“But I have to be on the job all the time,” explained Estelle, “because if I left Jack alone he would have it outfitted like an athletic club.”

Golden State Limited



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Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:
You must indeed be proud in your achievement of such a train as the Golden State Limited. Its many courtesies and conveniences make a positive pleasure of the transcontinental trip.

Ben Lyon
(Ben Lyon)

De Luxe California Train

An “achievement” that insures a trip of “positive pleasure” to every patron.

Try it next time. It’s a practical demonstration of the value of the little P’s and Q’s of individual travel service.

Only 63 hours between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Shortest and quickest between Chicago and San Diego.

Tickets and reservations at

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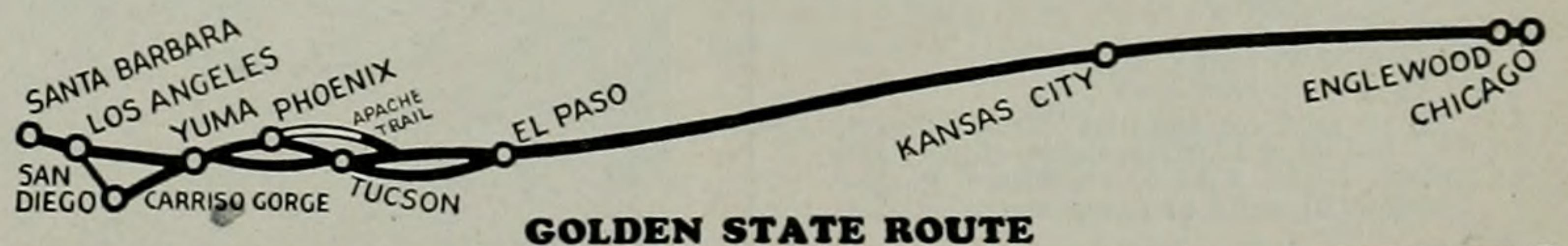
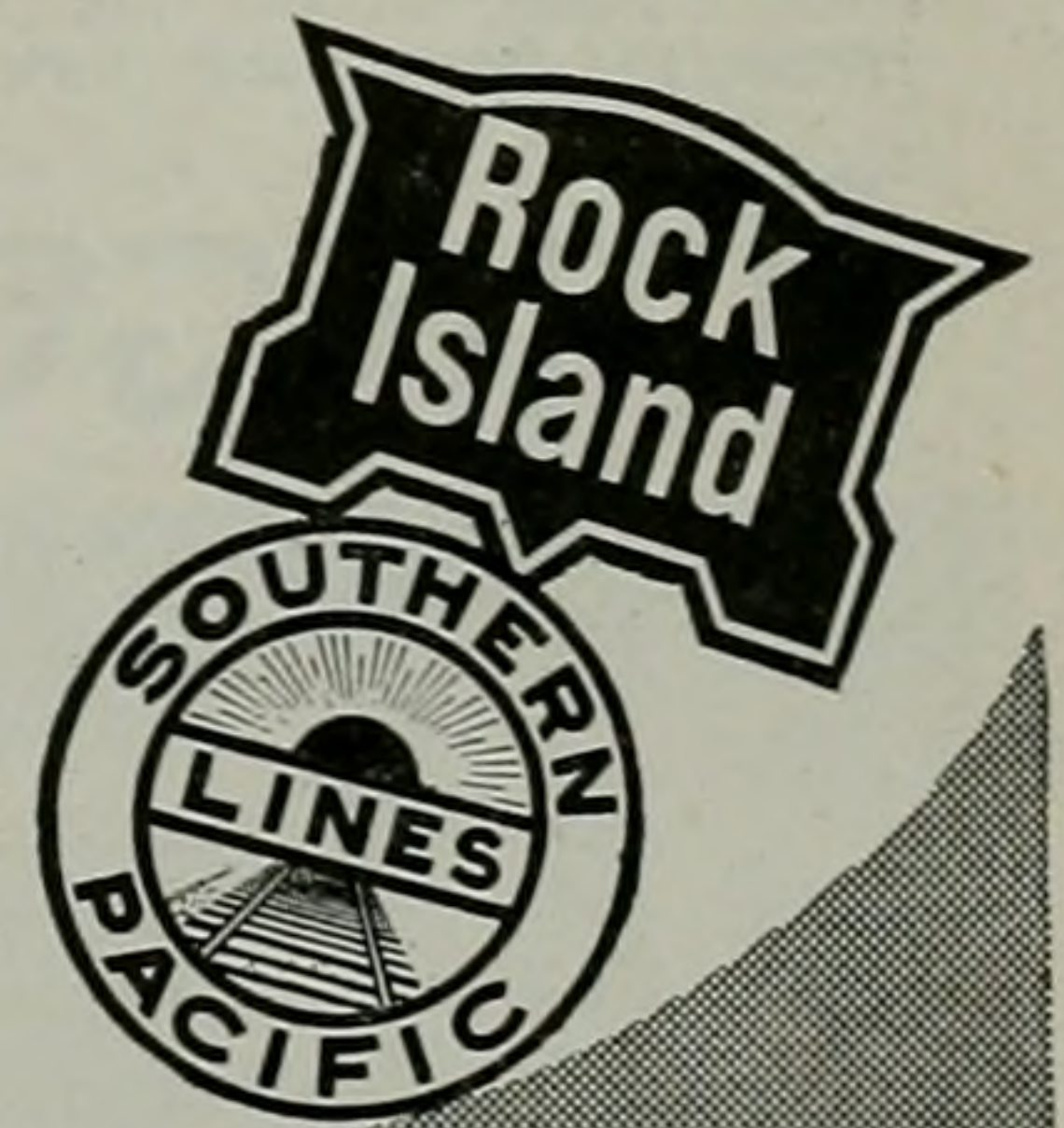
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Phone Metropolitan 2000

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Make your lips lovelier!

YOU'LL discover this remarkable thing when you try Tangee.

You run the little stick of orange magic firmly over your lips. For a second or two nothing happens. Then, gradually, your lips begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick—but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom. . . .

Once more you rub the lipstick over your lips. . . . The color deepens—becomes richer—astonishingly lovely!

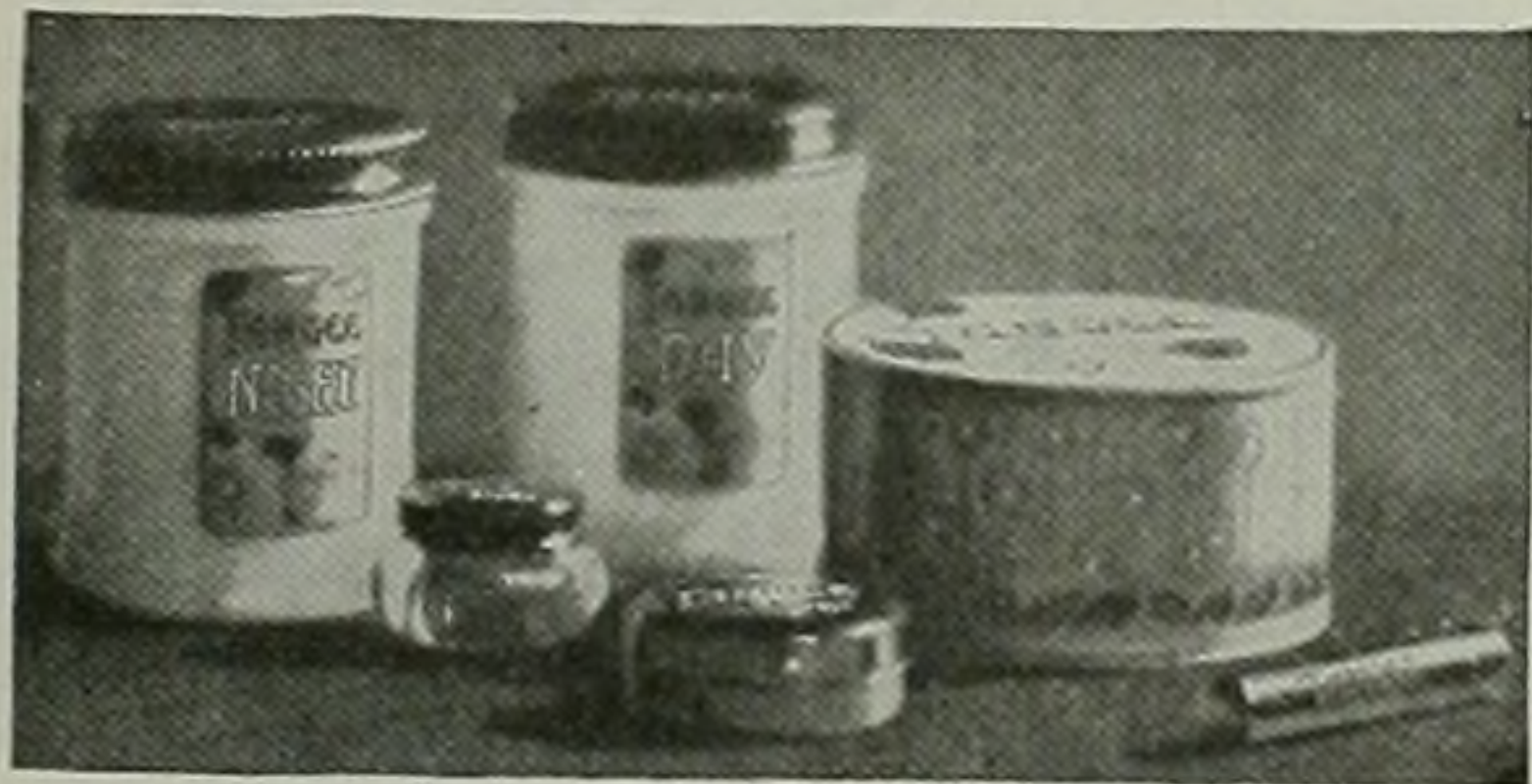
And yet there'll be no trace of grease or pigment. No unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely bloom, so beautiful and yet so natural that it seems a part of your lips. . . . And, indeed, it is a part of your lips, for it is as permanent as the day is long.

Naturally, women who have tried Tangee prefer it to the old-fashioned kind of lipstick—for Tangee is the only lipstick in the world that changes color as it is put on, to give you Nature's own lovely glow. . . . Ask for it today, and be sure to see the name Tangee on the box and on the chic little gunmetal case! Price one dollar. Sold everywhere.

Other Modern Aids to Loveliness

Tangee Crème Rouge \$1, and Rouge Compact 75c, the same color magic for the cheeks; Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to improve and protect the complexion, \$1 each; and Tangee Face Powder in the five shades of Nature \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE



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The George W. Luft Co.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Can't you imagine some of our best known screen bantamweights having a large evening, so to speak, on the parallel bars if Jack had his way? Most of them have more than a speaking acquaintance with dumb-bells, anyway.

IRVING ASHER says a negro woman, working in a picture of which he was production manager, could not read or write and every night, when she signed the payroll, she placed a cross opposite her name as her signature.

One night, however, when the day's work was over and she went to draw her pay, the negress drew a circle instead of the usual cross.

"How's this?" inquired the paymaster. "You have been signing with a cross and now you make a circle."

"Well, you see, boss," the negress replied, "I got married last night and changed my name."

ONCE upon a time Hal Roach made a complete two-reel comedy in twenty-four hours to win a bet with Harold Lloyd. It took everyone on the lot to help him, even directors were drafted to service as prop men. Which prompts us to ask if Harold is acquainted with Erich von Stroheim.

PITY the tragic plight of poor Charles Chase, that eminent comedian, according to his press agent:

"Charley Chase, Hal Roach comedy star, is recuperating at Palm Springs since the completion of his latest offering, 'What Women Did for Me.' Forty-two hand-picked beauties in their 'teens supported him in this production."

And still they say actors do not take their work seriously.

CLOTHES may make the man, but not so with Milton Holmes. He's one of the four new De Mille stock play-

ers, young and brunette, who got his start in "Wings," the Paramount aviation epic. When the uniforms were doled out Milton got a shabby misfit that caused him no end of disappointment among the tailored outfits of his fellow extras.

But William Wellman, only a kid himself, an ex-aviator, now directing the picture, spied him:

"Who is that boy over there?" pointing out Milton. "Why, he looks just like I did when I went into the service at eighteen."

And so Milton got the job, as the comics would have it. He got ninety-six jobs, as a matter of fact, for they made him the favorite corpse of the troupe. He died as a Frenchman, he died as an American, as a German, an Italian. He died his way into a good contract with De Mille.

"I'VE got out of visiting all our relatives," Dorothy Dunbar told her new husband, Tom Wells.

"How?" inquired Tom.

"I've asked them all to come here," said Dorothy.

BY direct wire from the Producers Distributing Corporation salesman in that grand and glorious old state of Washington.

"So you won't book 'The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary'?"

Adamant exhibitor: "Nope."

"It's May Robson's first motion picture. She's played it on the stage for thirty-two years."

"Nope. Sorry."

"Think of all the people who have read the book."

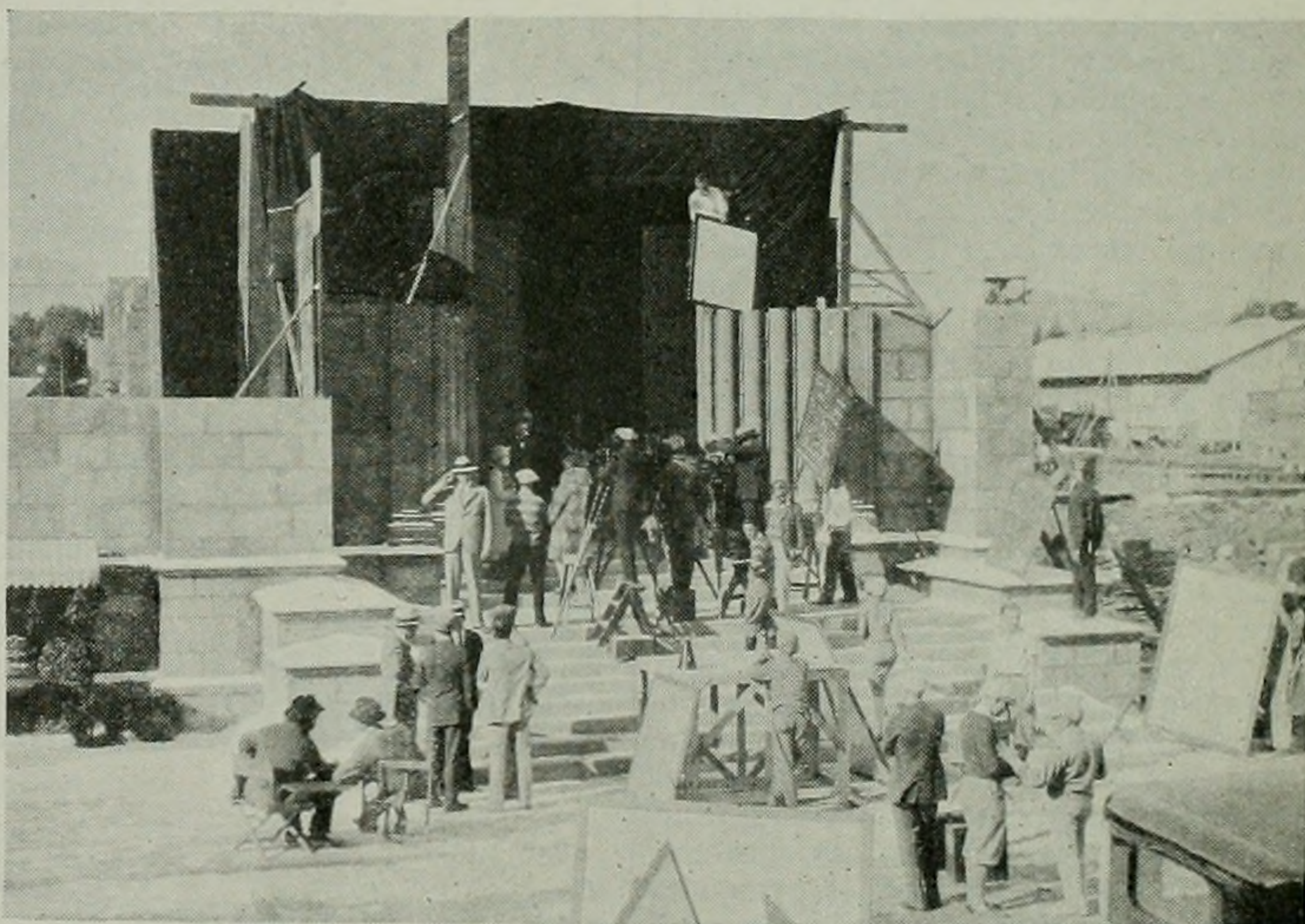
A negative head shake.

"A great cast, too. And lavish settings."

"Uh uh."

"Why not, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I'll tell you. The name's too long. Couldn't get it on the front of my theater."



A small section of a big city street scene, built on the back lot of the Famous Players-Lasky Studio. The upper portion of the building will be shot through glass. Notice the drifting snow on the steps. It is salt and will not melt under the California sun

Madam Glyn had the right idea when she labelled her gelatin product "It." It could play the smallest theaters.

IT was at a dinner party that the approaching wedding of an actor was being discussed.

"Why, I thought Mr. So-and-So was married," said a woman guest.

"His wife died," the man at her right explained.

"Died," she exclaimed.

"And wives so seldom die," said Gareth Graham, the bachelor title writer.

HEAR marvelous things about Norma Shearer as *Kathie* in "Old Heidelberg."

And thereby hangs a tale.

Of course "Old Heidelberg" is a great love story.

Ramon Novarro was selected for the rôle of the Prince by M.-G.-M. Then there was a search for a director and Lubitsch was secured. Then they wanted the right *Kathie*. And decided to co-star Norma Shearer.

It didn't seem a Norma Shearer rôle, the sweet and gentle and naive daughter of the old Heidelberg innkeeper. And at first Mr. Lubitsch, so they say, had some trouble about it. Finally, however, finding Miss Shearer adaptable and intelligent, he succeeded in divesting her of every one of the Shearer mannerisms. Now he declares she is the perfect *Kathie* and that it will be her greatest rôle.

WILL ROGERS, our wandering, wise-cracking ambassador, is going to park his chewing gum and lariat in Hollywood long enough to make a picture. "The Texas Steer" with Will as a Texas cattleman elected to congress is to be the opera and if Jack Dillon, the director, doesn't burst his sides laughing at Will's remarks, Sam Rork should have it ready for release by fall.

DAVE BUTLER, who admits he's a great squash player, has sprouted whiskers and a French uniform for "Seventh Heaven." He goes to war and comes home minus an arm. Naturally, he had it bound to his body for the latter scenes.

It was after a particularly tiring day when the bound arm had throbbled unmercifully that he met Lon Chaney at the Stadium fights, with:

"Hello, Lon! Gee, I never knew what a great actor you were."

DEFINITION of a supervisor, furnished by Douglas Furber, formerly of Charlot's Revue, now with M.-G.-M.: "A supervisor is a man who knows just what he wants—but can't spell it."

THE Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, are sharing a duplex dressing bungalow with the Barrymore brothers, John and Lionel, in a building that was previously occupied by the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance.

If Joe Schenck could round up a few other celebrated brother and sister teams, the Farnums and the Gishes, for instance, he could afford to change it from United Artists to United Families.



One aim . . . One claim to CLEAN

*To clean teeth and clean them perfectly
—that is what Colgate's is made to do*

THE Colgate idea of a dentifrice is the same idea that dentists have—something made simply and solely to clean teeth. Because Colgate's is made only to clean, it does that one thing superlatively well.

Why Colgate's cleans better

Since the real function of a dentifrice is to *clean*, everything in the Colgate formula works on this principle. The moment it is brushed on your teeth, two things happen:

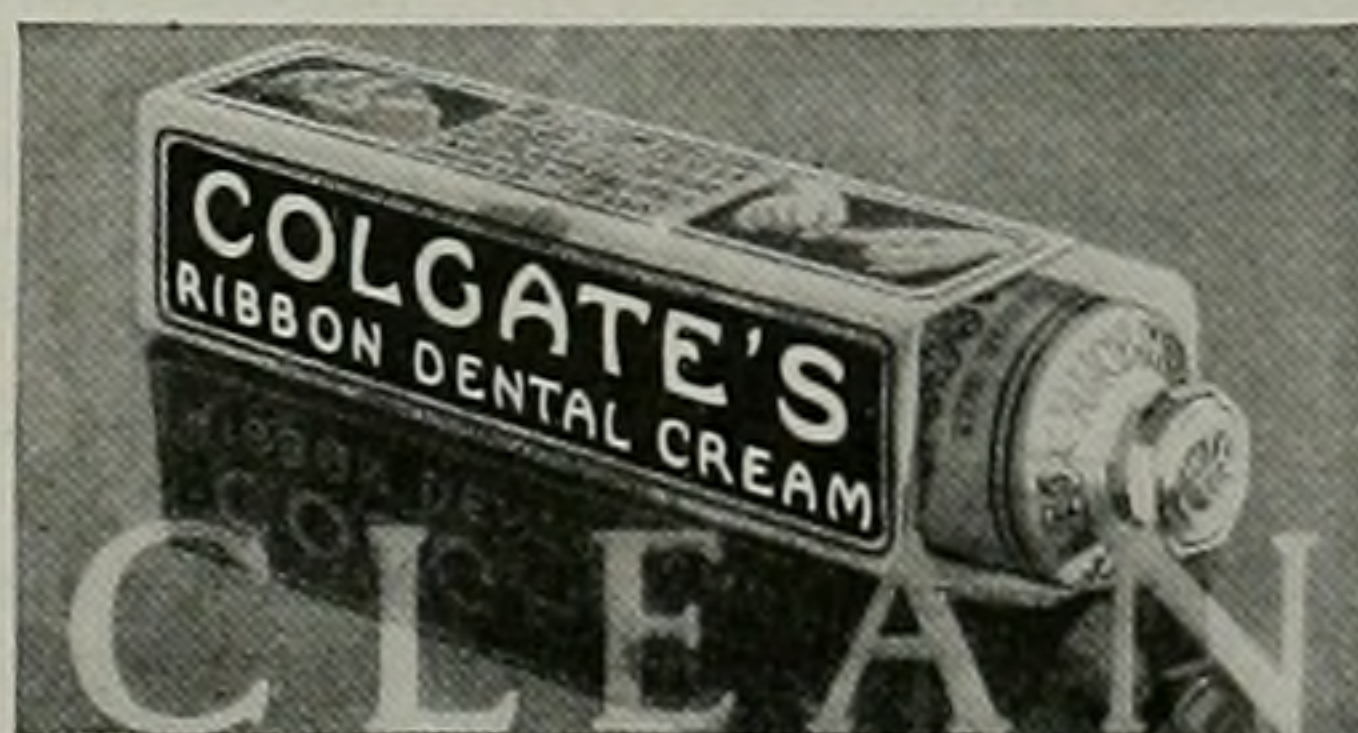
1. It expands into a delicious, bubbling, sparkling foam. In this remarkable foam is calcium carbonate—a finely ground powder that delicately, *safely* scrubs off all bits of food and harmful foreign matter,

polishing each tooth to dazzling cleanness.

2. Then, in a detergent-washing wave, this foam sweeps through the entire mouth, washing away all impurities and leaving teeth, tongue, gums, cleansed and fresh. Thus, the very *causes* of tooth decay are removed.

Your dentist will tell you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you fear disease of teeth or gums, go to a dentist for treatment rather than trust a "patent medicine" dentifrice. Rely on a dentist to cure. Rely on Colgate's to *clean* and keep your teeth healthy.

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Est. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

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Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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A census of opinion reveals this new manicure as the ultra mode.

Alluring, lustrous nails . . . Everywhere feminine nails now gleam with this new manicure . . . the wonderful gift of Glazo.

No buffing. Just a flick of the brush over the nails and, instantly, they glow with irresistible loveliness. Not for an hour or a day, but for a week Glazo lustre keeps its enticing beauty. Neither soap and water nor work can dim its radiance. And it will not crack, peel or turn an ugly brown.

Make sure that you get Glazo, the originator of this vogue. Then you will know that your hands and nails are of the latest mode.

Like the most expensive imported polishes, Glazo comes complete with separate remover. This Glazo Remover insures better results and prevents unnecessary waste of the precious Glazo Liquid Polish.

You can get Glazo in the toilet goods department of your favorite store. The dainty twin bottles hold the secret to fascinating, fashionable hands. Ask for Glazo by name. The Glazo Company, 406 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St. W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Original Liquid Polish Complete with Remover . . . Fifty Cents

GLAZO

Nails polished with Glazo are more beautiful, more fashionable. No buffing necessary.



Try Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

THE custom house officers must have thought Frank Borzage an antique collector when he steamed into the New York harbor recently. He had acquired, on a trip to Paris, one asthmatic ancient taxicab answering to the name of "Eloise," a complete French street cleaning apparatus with pipes and nozzles, and trunks of provincial costumes for "Seventh Heaven" which he is making for Fox.

"Eloise," to me, was by far the most interesting of the importations. A gentle dear when not aroused, with convex sides and a general air of discreet poverty. She was a courageous young taxi in the stormy days of 1914, and gulped many poilus into her tummy to careen to the front with them, there to fight the boche.

Frank says "Eloise" is the least temperamental of any foreign star he has directed.

BILL HART'S pet hobby is collecting guns used by famous killers of the early west and he has a great collection. The latest piece of artillery to be acquired and one of which Bill is proud, is that used so successfully by Billy the Kid, undoubtedly the greatest slayer of the Southwest. The Kid, who met a violent end at the age of twenty-one, had twenty-one notches on his gun, one for every year of his short life. And these were all white men, for the Kid refused to count Mexicans.

HELEN FERGUSON must be getting away behind on her sleep. Every day she works in a studio, every night she acts out on the stage at one of the new Hollywood legitimate theaters.

WHEN he was last in Hollywood, that eminent actor and profound savant, Mr. Gene Tunney, told his friends that the moving picture industry will have to do the best it can without any assistance from him until after his next fight. Don't break down and cry.

ALTHOUGH there are almost as many flower gardens in Hollywood as there are service stations and real estate offices, Taylor Holmes has followed Kathleen Clifford into the flower shop business and they are both making money.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, he of the crooked smile and careworn eye, is responsible for the breaking off of an engagement between one of the rising young actors of Hollywood and a young actress. And what's more to the point he's proud of it.

The rising young actor, after a none-too-successful struggle with the films, was cast in the leading part in a spoken drama at one of Hollywood's newest theaters. This part he played so well he attracted favorable attention from movie producers who until then had had little difficulty restraining their enthusiasm about him. And several of them made him some of those "dear old flattering offers" to trade his movie services for checks larger than he'd seen before.

These offers were very welcome, because the new celebrity is the sole support of a sizable family of brothers and sisters. But he wasn't the only one they were welcome to.

A young movie actress at once declared herself in on the good news and it wasn't long until the boulevard heard that she and the rising young actor were engaged.

It was then that Eugene O'Brien, one of the most romantic of screen lovers, proved that he is not without his realistic side. Talking to the r. y. a. like an Irish uncle he convinced him his first duty was not to his Jenny-come-lately fiancée but to his own family and his own career.

The engagement is off and a certain young movie actress, just a nice little girl who is trying to get along, is off one Eugene O'Brien for life.

DURING the filming of "Old Ironsides," the list of injured among the extras grew to formidable proportions, but in making "The King of Kings," C. B. de Mille had better luck than fell to James Cruze, who directed the story of the valiant Constitution. The only man who was hurt during the shooting of "The King of Kings" was a visiting Knight of Columbus from Chicago, upon whose hand fell a section of the Wall of Jerusalem.

MARION DAVIES' huge new home on the beach at Santa Monica, which will be completed in time for the summer season, has more imported marble in it than in any of a dozen other homes of screen luminaries at the famous resort. And speaking about Santa Monica, Lillian Gish has a fine new home there although, apparently, this fact has escaped the attention of George Jean Nathan, who, once upon a time, was said to be engaged to marry Dorothy's sister.

Nathan dropped into Santa Monica the other day, shocked the natives by staying in bed until eleven in the morning, each day of his visit, spent all of his time at his hotel and went his way without having gazed upon the interior splendors of the Gish establishment so far as anyone seems to know.

LEACH CROSS, who, as a pugilist, used to knock teeth out of the mouths of his foes and who, as a dentist, used to knock teeth into the mouths of his friends, has opened a night-and-day restaurant in a new hotel on Hollywood Boulevard owned by the Christie Brothers and associates. It's getting a big play from picture celebrities.

VIRGINIA VALLI and Julanne Johnston have just returned home after taking Honolulu by storm. Virginia was ordered on an ocean trip to recuperate after a severe operation and Julanne went along to keep the semi-invalid from being lonely. Miss Valli has fully regained her health.

HERE'S the latest yarn on Fanny Brice.

She recently signed a three picture contract with F. B. O.

When Fanny called at the studio to discuss her first vehicle and found the title was "Clancey's Kosher Wedding," she balked and balked hard.

"No Jewish comedies for Fanny," was the star's ultimatum. "I want to play 'Cleopatra' or 'Joan of Arc' or something of that sort."

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

take 15 or 20 reels of 100 foot length. Make at least several takes of every scene and, when you cut your film, select the best shot. To get a good drama into 1000 feet of standard film, you will have to expose 15,000 to 20,000 feet of negative. Remember that professional companies, with unlimited resources of lighting, settings, etc., frequently run to 200,000 feet of negative in making a 6,000 to 7,000 foot feature picture.

Select your story first. Consider it from every angle. Is it fresh, logical, human, does it develop upward steadily, is there a dramatic climax, can it be told in the required length of film?

Then work out the story in continuity form. Put each scene on paper with tentative subtitles. Study it over. Does it still pass all the questions we have noted? Then start working.

SUPPOSE a number of scenes take place in an old-fashioned garden. Shoot all these at the same time. A number of other scenes develop in a library. Get all these at the same time. This clears up a lot of material easily and saves you from the possible need of revisiting an exterior location or rebuilding and re-arranging an interior setting.

When the final continuity is ready, your production manager should work out a schedule sheet, with the number of the scenes to be taken listed under the proper dates.

You will have a lot of fun. And the whole thing won't cost as much as an ordinary club dance and entertainment.

REMEMBER, too, that your club can earn its camera and all necessary equipment free. Line up your club and write to The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Here's Your Chance to Win \$2,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

recognition throughout America, aside from winning substantial prizes. Besides all that, you will be a real film pioneer.

PHOTOPLAY receives a large number of letters every day regarding its contest. Many of the inquiries are fully covered in the rules, published on page 118. Be sure to read the rules carefully and fully, before you write to **PHOTOPLAY**. Other questions, wherever considered legitimate, are answered immediately.

Better get started on your film for the contest.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 118, 119, 120, 121 and 122

Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings

Lines

Sweeping Gracefully
Above the Heel

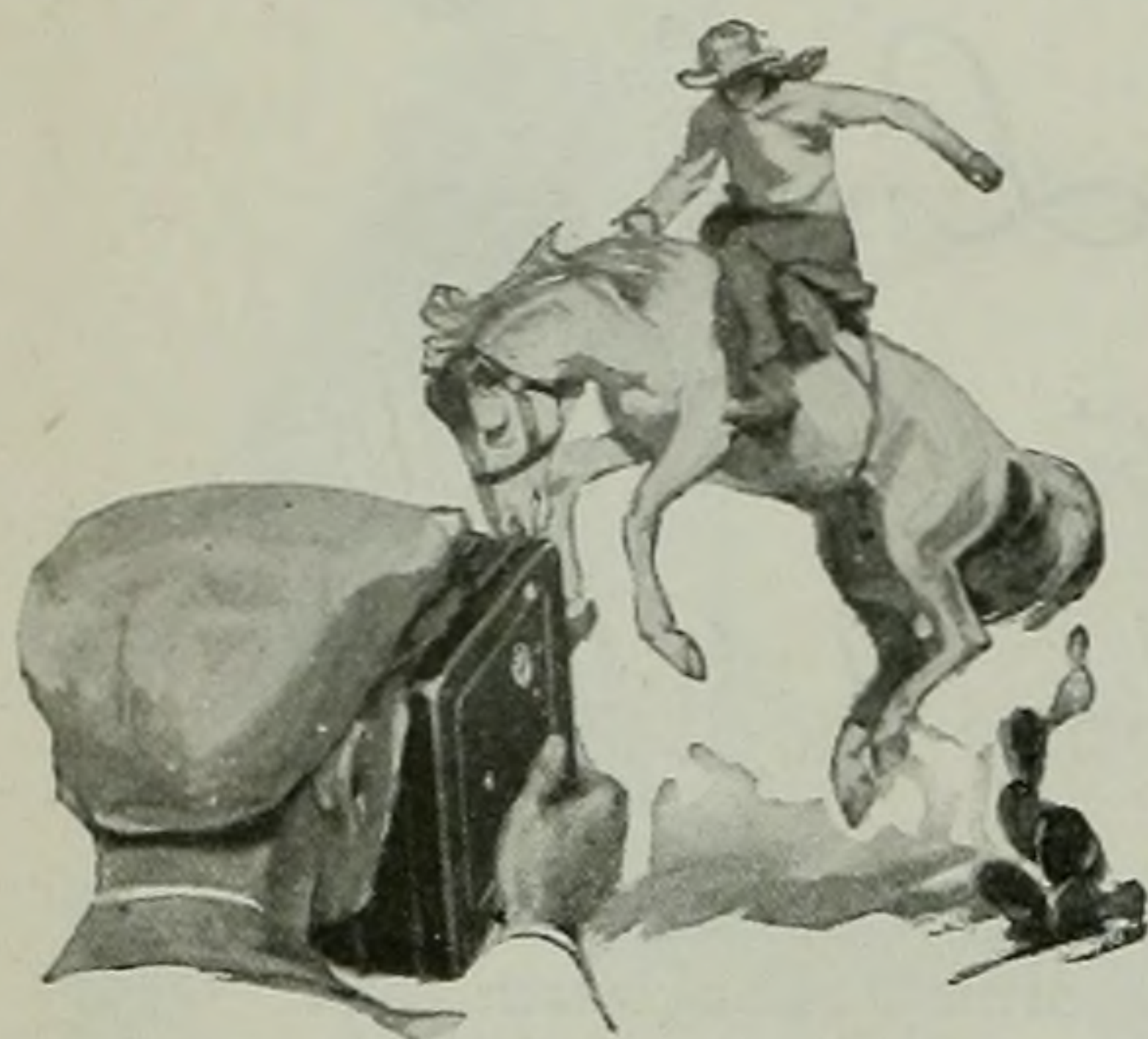
Sweet scent of orange blossoms—the majestic measures of the Wedding March. Then the tossed bouquet—laughter—carnival.

Clumsy, indeed, we would be to say that no wedding is successful unless the bride wears Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings.

But we do say that the bride who loves and knows pure silk, and who appreciates the subtle grace of the Pointex heel is among those who *would* have a charming wedding and who *will* remain charming.



Even professional cameramen endorse the DeVry



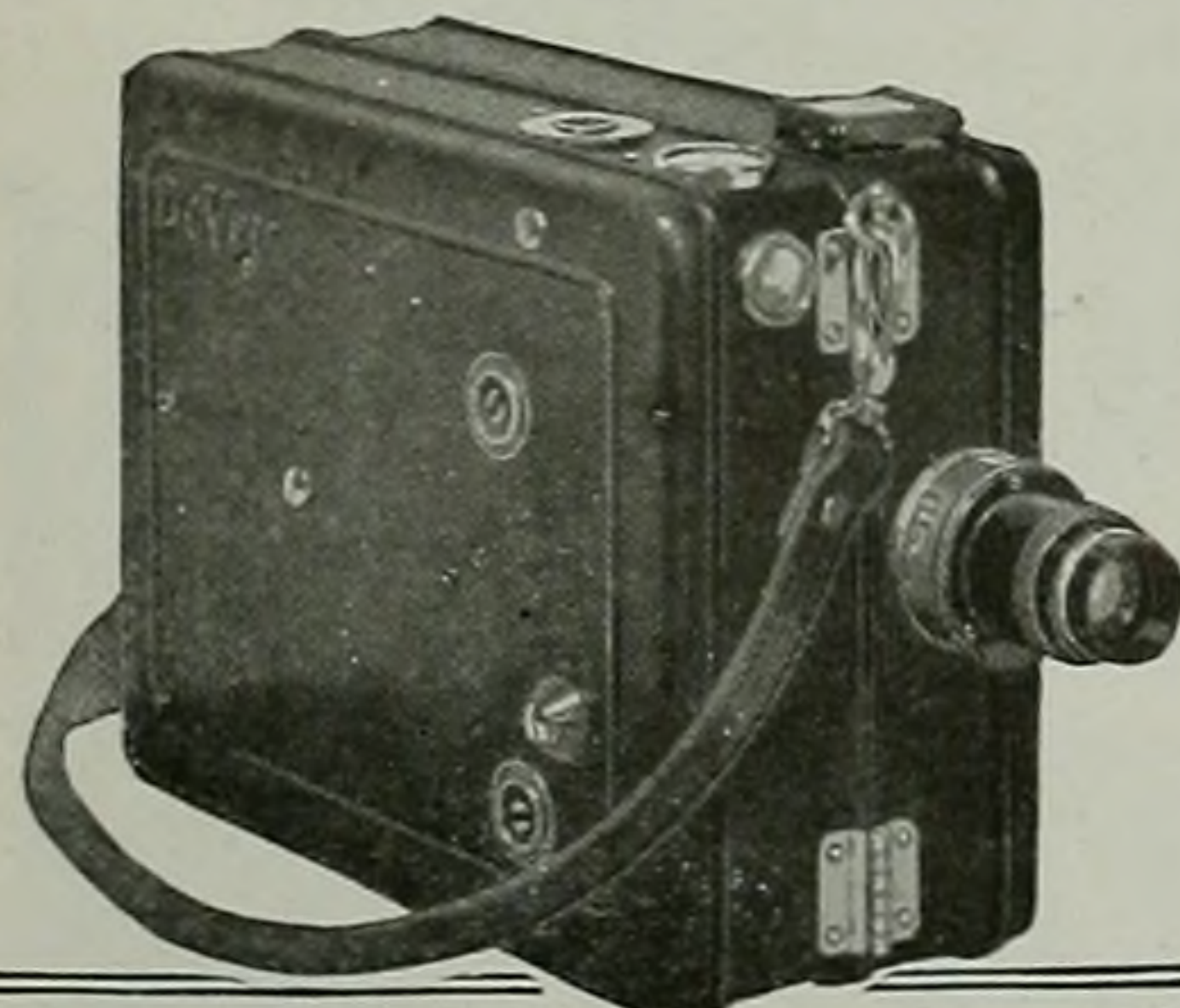
ALTHOUGH designed for *personal* movie making, the DeVry standard film automatic movie camera has won wide acceptance among professional cameramen. Every week news reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions, are taken with this remarkable amateur camera.

And yet, taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking a snapshot. No cranking—no tripod—Just point the camera, *press the button* and you're taking movies—movies of permanent feature film brilliance because the DeVry uses Standard film, the kind that's used in Hollywood.

Send for Free Booklet

The DeVry takes 100 feet of film without reloading—has three view finders instead of one—can be loaded in daylight and is amazingly free from ordinary camera vibration. Yet the price is only \$150.00—less than the cost of some "off-standard" film cameras. Send the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new book "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

DeVry
Standard—Automatic
MOVIE CAMERA



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THE DEVRY CORPORATION
1111 Center Street, Dept. 6-PP, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

Name

Address.....

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



Mary McAllister, whose work in "One Minute to Play," the football picture featuring "Red" Grange, won her baby star recognition by the Wampus Club, uses her DeVry to film the antics of her pet pup

Amateur Trick Photography

By John Arnold

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Cameraman; Photographer of "The Big Parade"

THE movie amateurs can vie with the work of the professional cameraman these days. The Eyemo, Filmo, Pathex, De Vry, or Cine-Kodak all have potentialities for photography that the professional might envy.

To get the best results depends on two things—one within control—the other a

matter of judgment. The first is knowledge of the camera, the film, the lenses, and composition;—these can be learned and are therefore controllable factors.

The other factor is conditions for photography—beyond absolute control for the amateur, who must therefore use his judgment as to the best time of day

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

- \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 - \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 - \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 - \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 - \$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.

- The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.
- 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.

- Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

to take his different scenes, and so on. Of course the amateur can partly control his light conditions, as I will explain later—but only partly, without the apparatus of the studios; arc lights, Cooper Hewitts and so forth, which run into big money.

In a studio nothing is left to chance. The lights are carefully adjusted, arranged for best photographic effect, and then a "test" film of a few feet is taken to check the results. The amateur can't do this, exactly. But I believe that the amateur should at first lay out what he proposes to do, outlining various conditions under which he expects to "shoot" and utilize a film trying different angles, exposures and lightings, until he knows what gives him his best results.

In this regard—a few pieces of pasteboard, from a foot square to three feet square, painted with aluminum paint or covered with tinfoil, and a mirror about a foot square, with a piece of gauze to shade it, can be utilized as reflectors. By catching the sunlight on these one can "kick" it under the shadow of a hat brim at a face, or pick out any spot not well lighted. These are invaluable aids. Once the reflectors are in place they can be kept there by being propped up by a stick.

The aluminum paint gives the dullest reflection, the tinfoil the medium, the mirror the intense—and different thicknesses of gauze or cheesecloth can regulate the intensity of the mirror's reflected light. These are much like natural spotlights.

ONE thing the amateur can do as effectively, almost, as the professional is to work out what we call "trick angles." To illustrate what I mean, let us take the shot we made in "The Show" of John Gilbert and Renee Adoree, where she pleads with him to give up his evil life. Tod Browning, the director, and I hitched a camera on a beam about twelve feet from the floor and pointed the lens straight down toward the floor—then moved it out on a slight angle so that a line drawn from the lens to the floor would have struck that floor about four feet from where a weight dropped to the floor from the same lens would have hit. Thus it gave a sort of birdseye view of the two—just enough at an angle to take in their forms in a slight perspective. Had we pointed straight down we would have had the tops of their heads and shoulders—working it at a very slight angle gave us their whole bodies in a strange and almost uncanny effect.

With a small camera such as amateurs use, no tripod is necessary—and this makes experimenting with strange camera angles a little easier than in the case of studio equipment, which is very heavy—albeit very certain in effect.

The amateur can make what we call "truck shots" by using a child's small wagon, fixed with old bicycle wheels, and moving it back and forth on two tracks made by laying down level boards with guides on the sides to keep the wheels from slipping off (this can be nailed together easily). By this one can film the face of a person, then draw back the camera until the whole body is disclosed—or any effect of that kind, often seen in the films. Of course, one must be careful that the track doesn't show—a little



Safeguard your health

4 out of 5 needlessly suffer

Neglect your teeth and gums, and you open wide the door to vicious Pyorrhea. That is the simple reason why four out of five after forty (and many younger) suffer its dread effects, paving the way to serious sickness, loss of health and beauty.

So dangerous and yet so unnecessary! With reasonable care, you need never fear the ravages of Pyorrhea. Make it a rule to see your dentist twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

Forhan's used in time, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

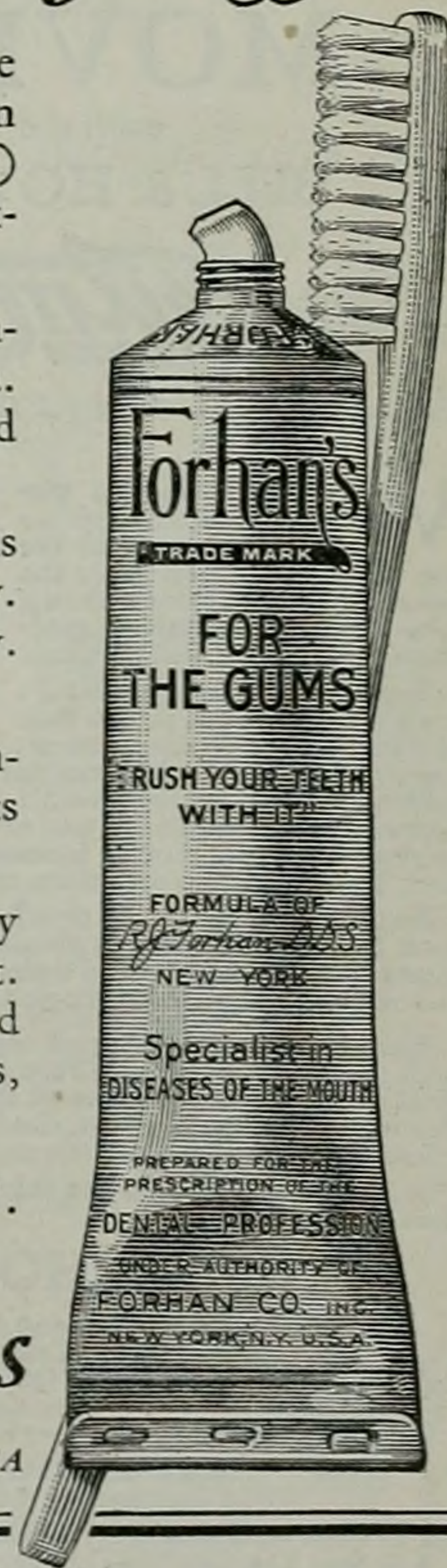
Start the Forhan habit today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children this habit. It is pleasant tasting. It is health insurance. Safeguard youth and health—get a tube today! At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

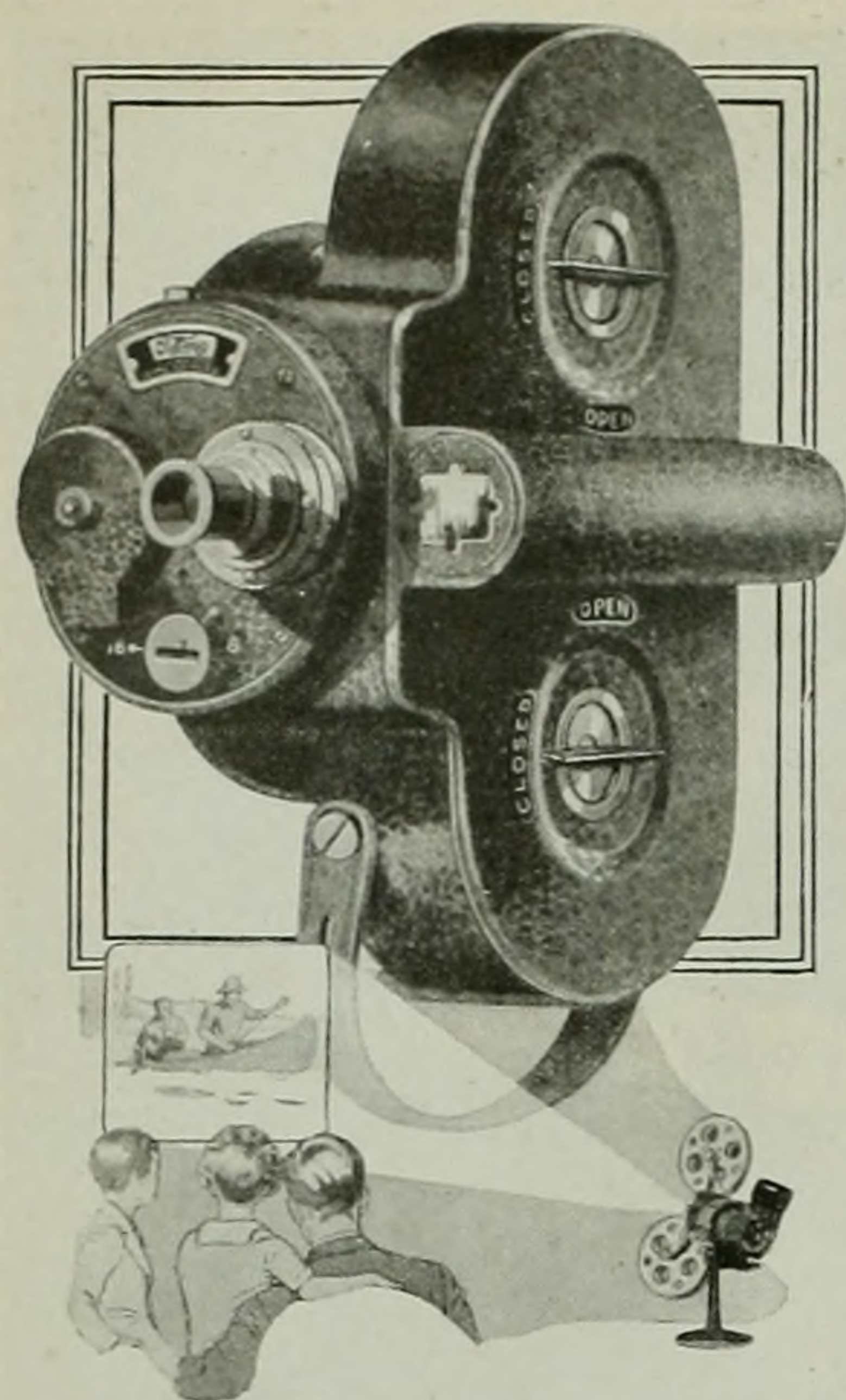
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You can be sure of this



Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic. It is refreshing and odorless. Try it.



How to have YOUR OWN VACATION MOVIES

with the
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Filmo
REGISTERED

Automatic Camera and Projector

VACATION motion pictures—that catch and recreate every detail of the big thrills—are taken with the beautiful Filmo Camera shown here. Easier than taking snapshots. No special skill required.

Simply look through Filmo's spy-glass viewfinder, press a button, and "what you see you get," automatically. No focusing for distance. No cranking. No tripod required. Although made by the world's largest producers of professional movie cameras and equipment, Filmo is the original automatic motion picture camera for the amateur. Thousands now own them, and find their use easy.

Eastman Safety Film [16 mm.]—in the yellow box—used in Filmo Camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. Original film cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Then show your movies on wall or screen at home with the remarkably simple Filmo Automatic Projector. Brilliant, flickerless pictures of theatre quality result. For variety of entertainment, choose from Filmo Library—hundreds of subjects at little more cost than raw film.

Mail coupon for complete information and nearest dealer's name.

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[] Please send descriptive Filmo booklet "What You See, You Get" and my nearest dealer's name.
[] Send circular describing your Eyemo Camera using standard (35 mm.) film.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Ariel Vargas, the well-known International news-reel cameraman, is using a Bell and Howell Eyemo in the Chinese battle trenches

experimenting will do this. Just get into the wagon with the camera, watch in the view-finder as someone pulls you back—and you will learn to stop when the track comes into sight, or tilt the camera to avoid it. Of course, if you are on a wooden floor you will need no track.

AS a matter of fact, we professional cameramen are sometimes using the small cameras for difficult shots, such as work in crowded spaces, in airplanes, or where a compact box is handiest. I, myself, have used an Eyemo in airplanes, and I saw Tony Gaudio make some quite remarkable shots in the ballroom scenes in "The Temptress" by being rolled on a small truck affair, while he held an Eyemo to his eye. Also Andre Narlatier used an Eyemo for some of the close shots in the train scenes in "Exit Smiling"—so you may see that the amateur camera in some respects is close enough to the professional equipment to be used by the professionals.

In some cases, of course, standard film was shot—but the narrow amateur film

would have given the same effects on a smaller screen, such as amateurs use.

I BELIEVE that the amateur cameraman will work out many an interesting shot by trying trick angles. Of course, one has to be very careful about foreshortening in such work, even in the professional camera. In some cases I have seen foreshortening used to advantage—the Germans do it now and then in their pictures with good effect;—Lon Chaney had a good example of this technique in the first view of his made up face in "The Phantom of the Opera," and Tod Browning has used it with several of his Lon Chaney pictures.

Anything that gets a weird effect involves either focus, lighting, or foreshortening. The amateur can work out many of these things.

Try different backgrounds, different methods of reflecting light at your objects to get certain results, and watch current photoplays and note effective shots. Then consider how you can duplicate them with the amateur camera.

Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

THE recent experiences of the Colgate University students in making a motion picture drama, "Room-Mates," will be of interest to movie amateurs everywhere.

Motion pictures first caught the interest of the Colgate University body when it was learned that Howard E. Richardson was a student. Mr. Richard-

son had had several years' experience writing and producing photoplays for the Eastman Kodak Company.

FIRST Mr. Richardson filmed the Colgate-Syracuse football game, a classic of the up state college gridiron season. This attracted so much attention among the students and the alumni that the

Alumni Association voted to promote a play of college life to be made by the university students.

Russell F. Spiers, a member of the faculty and head of the Colgate dramatic clubs, directed while the photography was in Richardson's hands. Mr. Richardson wrote the story too. A popular local girl was secured as leading woman and the students filled out the other rôles.

So the story developed. Care was taken to include all the university landmarks, such as the new dormitory, Andrews Hall, the Beta Theta Pi Frat house and so on. A number of exteriors were shot in picturesque spots in and about the college town, Hamilton, N. Y.

WHEN "Room-Mates" was shown at the annual Alumni Association banquet, held at the Hotel Commodore in New York recently, it caused quite a sensation.

Now movies at Colgate are to be an annual event, the Mask and Triangle club producing a photoplay each year.

The making of "Room-Mates" developed a class under the instruction of Mr. Richardson, who writes PHOTOPLAY:

"I HAVE trained someone in each branch of the work so that on next year's production the fellows can go ahead and do each job independently. As the filming of a photoplay is an annual event, each year every man will have an understudy to take up the work on the succeeding production."

USERS of the Cine-Kodak, Model A, will be interested in the new single portrait attachment. This attachment takes the place of the regular crank, the shift requiring but a few seconds, and but one frame of the film is exposed at each turn of the crank.

This greatly simplifies the making of animated titles, cartoons and moving drawings.

Striking studies of opening flowers, etc., can be achieved with it.

AMATEUR movie cinematographers may be glimpsed about New York every day. A number of little theater groups are making their own dramas, for exhibition in their group theaters.

Robert Flaherty, who filmed "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," is shooting an experimental atmospheric picture of Manhattan. It is still in its first stages. If it shapes up, Mr. Flaherty intends to release it.

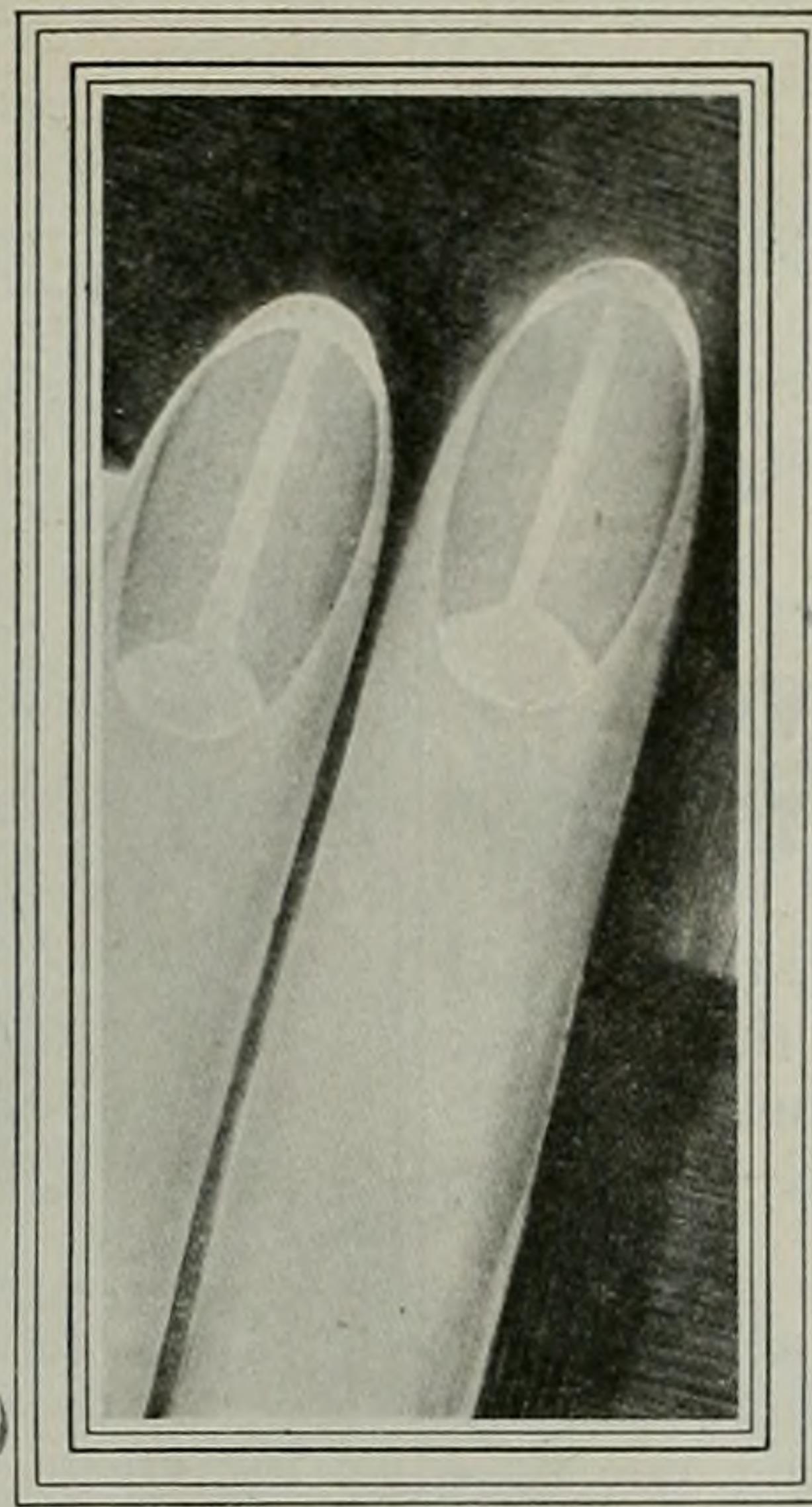
He has two future trips in mind, one of which he will start next Spring.

One is a trip to Labrador, the other to the Southwest. This last is to make a study of the American Indian.

IF you have a motion picture club and you are making film dramas, you will soon find that a graflex is almost an essential. You will want to make action stills of your various scenes—and nothing but a graflex will do the job well.

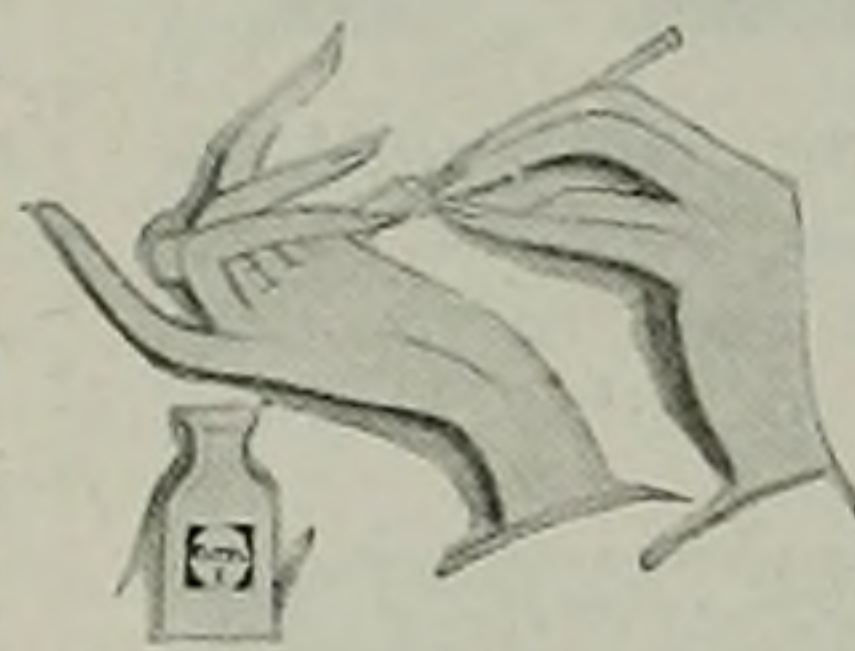
These stills constitute an important record of your picture. They show, among other things, just how your characters were dressed in the varying sequences. Thus, if you have to retake any scene and find it necessary to make additional scenes, you can check your

This is the ideal nail, note the beautiful curve of the cuticle that gives the almond shape.



A NEW METHOD that Perfects your Manicure

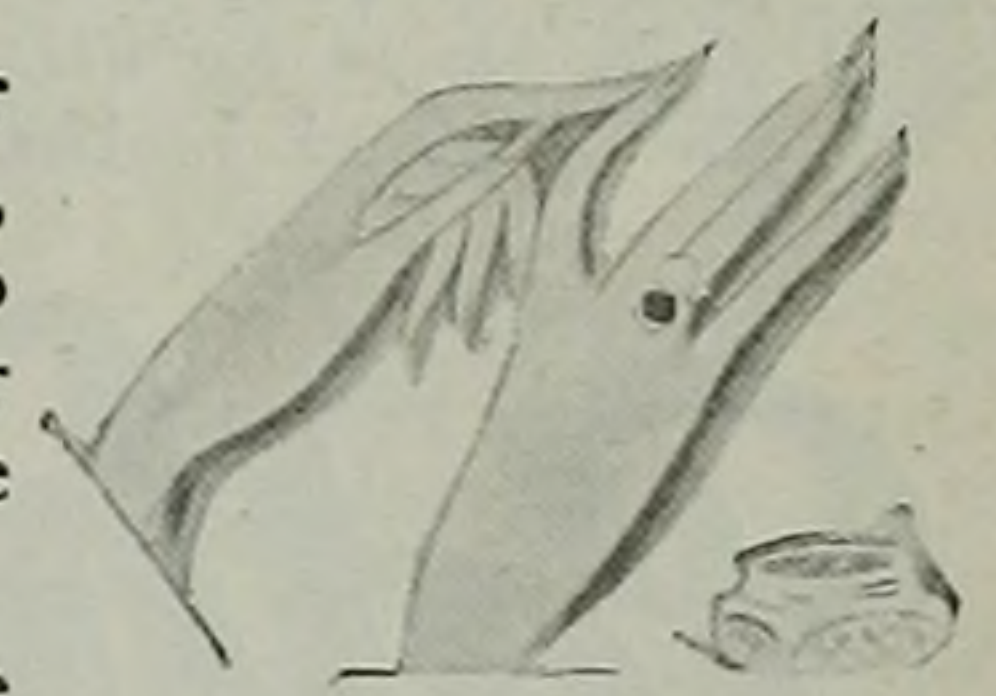
"Remove the dead cuticle ·· Supply the missing oils"



FIRST

Your nails cannot look pretty if ugly dead cuticle clings around the edges. The only way to remove it is with the safe antiseptic—Cutex.

AFTER perfecting Cutex for removing all dead cuticle, Northam Warren has created two marvelous new preparations for the second step—supplying the missing oils.



SECOND

Supply the oils the cuticle lacks with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. It is rubbed in after the Remover to keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

One manicure with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil and your cuticle is smoother. Soon it will look better than you ever thought it could. So pliant it is easily trained to the beautiful curve that makes the nails almond shaped, the fingers look long and slender.

BUT your nails can't look nice if old dead cuticle is left clinging to the nails. The thing that removes it is just the familiar Cutex Cuticle Remover. First every shred of dead skin is wiped away with this safe antiseptic. Then the Cream or Oil is massaged over the cuticle, the nails, and under the tips. If the cuticle is very bad put it on every night at first.

Only by supplying these needed oils can you have the lovely ovals that give the nails the desired almond shape.

Send coupon and 10c for samples of Cutex Cream, Oil and Cuticle Remover and see what magic this new method works. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-6, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada. Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.



*Mail
the coupon
for the
new way
today*

I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream and Oil and Cutex Cuticle Remover with other essentials for the manicure.

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*Keep forever
the thrill of today!*

Pathex catches all the life and action of the moment so easily, simply, and inexpensively. Just a few seconds to load—then aim, and press the button!

Non-inflammable film, and free development of all you take, gives you the utmost in safety and low cost operation.

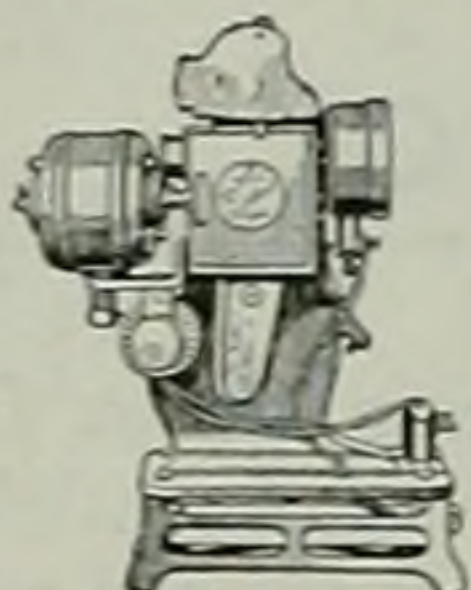
New complete Motor Driven outfit—lowest price of all. The projector shows your own pictures and a wonderful variety of films from the Pathex Library.

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Look Years Younger

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Corrects quickly the most common cause of wrinkles, crowsfeet and underdevelopment. The sure, safe, simple way of staying young and happy. Try it. Send for "Beauty Secrets" and FREE Trial Sample. Please enclose 10 cents for mailing.

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Take Off Unwanted Hair

with a treatment sold on the commonsense and honorable plan of keeping it eradicated by occasional applications. **LOW COST. WONDERFUL GUARANTEE.** Hair growths on face, arms and under arms quickly disappear. Send for full information today.

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716 Met. Life. Bldg., Dept. C, Minneapolis.

Subscribe for Photoplay
Use the Coupon on Page 142

How to Make-Up Correctly



Cold cream is first applied, being patted on face and wiped off with a towel. Use good cleansing cream with a lemon base



Grease paint is rubbed from stick. Here No. 2 1/2 pink is used. It is blended into the skin and must not be applied too thick



After grease paint is blended to form a light coat over the skin, two fingers are used to remove it from tops of the eyelids



Generous amount of No. 7 cream powder is next applied with a large puff. This is patted on. Eyelids must always stay moist



Lips are made up with tip of little finger. Shape into cupid's bow and taper down at end. Rouge upper lip more than lower



Eyelashes are touched up with camel's hair brush and black mascarillo. Treat the eyebrows the same. This completes job

(Posed by Carmel Myers Expressly for PHOTOPLAY.)

costuming to the last detail. They constitute a record of your settings, too.

The remaking of scenes happens continuously in professional studios and amateurs will be confronted with this problem, too. The graflex becomes an insurance against mistakes.

Many interesting films are now on the market for home showing.

The Filmo Library, prepared by the Bell and Howell Company, provides amateurs with shots of movie studios, charming animated views of the stars, film golf lessons, scenics, and natural history studies. These can be purchased.

The Kodascope Library, prepared by the Eastman Company, includes many films that can be rented.

Real Hell-Raisers of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Take Robert Savage, for instance. That boy arrived in Hollywood with the reputation of having been to his college football team what the other wing is to a bird.

But Robert went home in the custody of an older brother after he had attempted to commit suicide because the girl he attempted to marry one day "smart cracked" him the next.

A mere whistle stopped that flaming youth, a five o'clock whistle plus Clara Bow. Clara and Robert reached the marriage license bureau a few minutes after it had closed. Those minutes saved Clara from promising to love, honor and annoy Robert for the rest of their lives or the duration of the war.

The next day, when the bureau was open, it was all off. Clara had changed her mind. And thus another sheik bit the dust.

But it was Hollywood that got the blame.

CONSIDER, next, the cruise of the Cudahy. For three generations the Cudahy family has been a noted one in America. Young Michael Cudahy, only nineteen, and with an income from a trust fund reported to be \$1,600 a month, journeyed to Hollywood.

Mike met, among others, Marie Astaire. Marie has frequently done her bit before the camera. That made Marie a real movie girl to Mike. On New Year's eve he started hunting a marriage license in her company.

"Applesauce" or its Santa Ana variation was the only reply made by an irascible clerk before dawn New Year's day when the two applied at his home for the necessary papers. "You'll not be married in this county," he snorted, and slammed the door.

Rebuffed but not discouraged, Michael and Marie started on a journey that led through half a dozen Southern California counties in search of the elusive permit.

The search developed into a chase, with its attendant columns of newspaper stories, which ended in young Cudahy's arrest at his mother's request.

"Just an adorable fool," Joan Crawford dubbed him, when she read of his escapade in the newspapers. Joan was one of the girls who had traveled about with him. Joan's friendship, in fact, led to a near battle between young Cudahy and the equally immature son of a shoe manufacturer from St. Louis.

Accounts of the encounter vary but one witness admits a blow was struck.

The neighbors had to rush in to stop the apologies.

A beautiful girl, two boys, and money. It might have happened anywhere. But happening in Hollywood it provided the professional reformers with more material.

Harry Crocker of the San Francisco Crockers came to Hollywood and took a few lessons in clowning from that ace of the clowns, Charlie Chaplin. Then he



L'élégance Française

A woman, exquisite, sought after, alert! Her keen individuality finds in the inimitable Djer-Kiss odeur a refreshing complement; her knowledge of that Continental law which never mixes odeurs, leads her to choose Djer-Kiss in *all* her toilettries—face powder, rouge, talcum, sachet, bath crystals, eau de toilette, and vanities.

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Face Powder Djer-Kiss in tints which flatter blondes, brunettes, and all the skins between! Parfum Djer-Kiss—an elixir that banishes weariness. Dainty "Silver" Compact—for carrying without spilling loose powder, and rouge.

*The Djer-Kiss: The final beautifying touch has been made! In sheer admiration of her loveliness—she gives herself an approving little kiss.



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use an Ace Dressing
Comb (8 or 9 inch
size, wide teeth).

to dress the hair

And to acquire that
close fitting effect that
is popular now, the
Ace all-fine tooth
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The Ace Pocket Comb
is carried conveniently
by men and women
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Comb is used at night
before retiring to
remove dust and
dandruff from the
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Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and
Combing."

Name

Address

became an assistant director. Now he is
hiring out from time to time as an actor.
So much for the terrible influence of
money in Hollywood where real work is
concerned. It doesn't mean a thing.

Craig Biddle, the younger, hit Holly-
wood bolstered up by the purse and
prestige of the Philadelphia Biddles, that
which there are no more of. The West,
said the East, would certainly be im-
pressed.

Despite his unusual length, Craig sank
without a trace.

About the only attention the news-
papers paid to him was to report his en-
gagement from time to time to some girl
who hoped to be, or said she had been, a
motion picture actress.

THERE was, likewise, young Jerry
Miley, a nice enough boy. But even
the ever-flowing black gold from the Miley
oil wells has not been able to secure Jerry
more than a few minor parts in pictures.
He's working hard and maybe we will
hear something from him. At least, he
has done better than any other rich
man's son.

For the most part, when a society John
comes to Hollywood, he becomes a jay.
Extra men and young actors, seriously
working at the profession, can not hope
to compete socially with the young Butter
and Egg boys. Their meager salaries won't
buy enough gasoline to fill the play-boy's
cigarette lighter. But while the society
son lands in the papers, the regular lads
land on the lots.

A glance at the extra list may show the
names of most of these amiable idiots
but it would take an act of Congress to
get a day's work for most of them.

Over-generous parents provide abund-
ant finances and in a round-about way
purchase the resultant publicity their son
and Hollywood receive. But the dollars
they throw at the boy's head are boom-
erangs.

A few struggling little extra girls may
flatter them but for the real movie girls
these loose-ends of society have nothing.

The only way they can teach the baby
stars lessons in deportment is by hor-
rible example.

Their gin is terrible and their love-
making is either stupid or rough. In
either event, it's crude. But a hungry
girl will stand a lot of boredom, for with
one or two of them on her staff, she can al-
ways be sure of going to the Ambassador
on Tuesday, Montmartre on Wednesday
and the Biltmore on Saturday.

However, she wouldn't marry one of
these coal-oil Johnnies on a bet—not
even to pay off the mortgage on the old
homestead.

For no girl who ever hopes to get any-
where in motion pictures wants a mill-
stone in place of a wedding ring. And no
director who hopes to make a box-office
riot will have a poor actor in his cast, no
matter how much money he flashes.

WHEN the girl gets enough to eat,
she leaves the boy flat. The whole
town laughs at him, and the casting offices
report "nothing today."

A week later back in the home town
the Big Butter and Egg Man's little boy
tries to explain his attempt at a mid-
night marriage with a beautiful, though
quite unknown, screen actress.

Sunday comes.

The society columns bulge and the
Bingville Bugle runs a special story about
why boys leave home and the vice of
Movieville.

But out in Hollywood there is another
re-possessed automobile on the used car
row, while along the Boulevard the pop-
corn stands still weave their way among
the most beautiful ankles in the world
and the cool breeze continues to blow
down over the mountains, bearing with
it the perfume of mimosa blossoms and
scattering rose petals.



Allow us to present Flash—the horse with the mind of a man. He
will be Gary Cooper's faithful friend in all future screen adventures
of Paramount's new Western star

The Commandments of Clothes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

by that money meditation listed above. Given the price, I reflected, I wouldn't look like a writer but like May. Maybe.

For I have always yearned to appear more like an actress than like what is generally termed an intellectual woman. The average member of the writing sisterhood seems to feel that given an ability to parse, the hang of her skirt doesn't matter. And considering that all good editors are men, that shows just how dumb we pen-pushing Paulines are and why when we marry our soul mate almost always turns out to be a clinging oak.

Thus I dreamed myself inside May's Patou coat while she explained the character she was playing.

Said charming May, and anything she says takes on added importance due to the soft Southern slurring of her voice: "This is a glorious part and the clothes are most important to it. It's a girl, you see, who has committed a single indiscretion, gone away on one of those week-end parties which are long remembered but never mentioned. That's the first part of her story. Five years pass and meantime she marries a politician who becomes governor of a great state. She hasn't told him of her experience and that, of course, provides the drama.

"WHEN Herbert Brenon gave me the part, I puzzled over it a great deal. Clothes reveal character. Every actress must realize that. I wanted to tell what kind of girl this one was the moment I walked on the screen. I wanted her clothes to express her to the audience before she had made a gesture or before a caption had uttered a single word for her. So I bought this coat and little round hat for that entrance—smart, naive and a little silly, don't you think they are?"

The hat was one of those little round felts. You know the kind of felt hat that is displayed in a fashionable milliner's window, in lonely, snobbish simplicity and which is always priced fifteen dollars higher than you dared imagine? This was such a hat. The coat was of bleached beaver, and that's a new fur, golden as grain and girlish as a hair-ribbon, and it was banded about with a little golden belt.

"They're swell," I murmured aristocratically from the depths of my envy.

"This negligee was a problem," May continued. "It had to look expensive and yet I had to buy a simple model because during the scenes where I wear it, I emote. And let me give you a rule. Never try emoting if you are wearing frills or draperies. You simply can't. Their bobbing around will ruin any big moment.

"And then this dress . . ."

"Oooh . . ." I interrupted.

"Yes, I feel that way about it, too," Miss Allison sighed rapturously.

There was absolutely, from the masculine point of view, nothing to it. Just black tulle and lines, but what black tulle and what lines, particularly on a golden



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

Your Hair Looks Twice as Beautiful —when Shampooed this way

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use. See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair. Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes the hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it can-

not stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

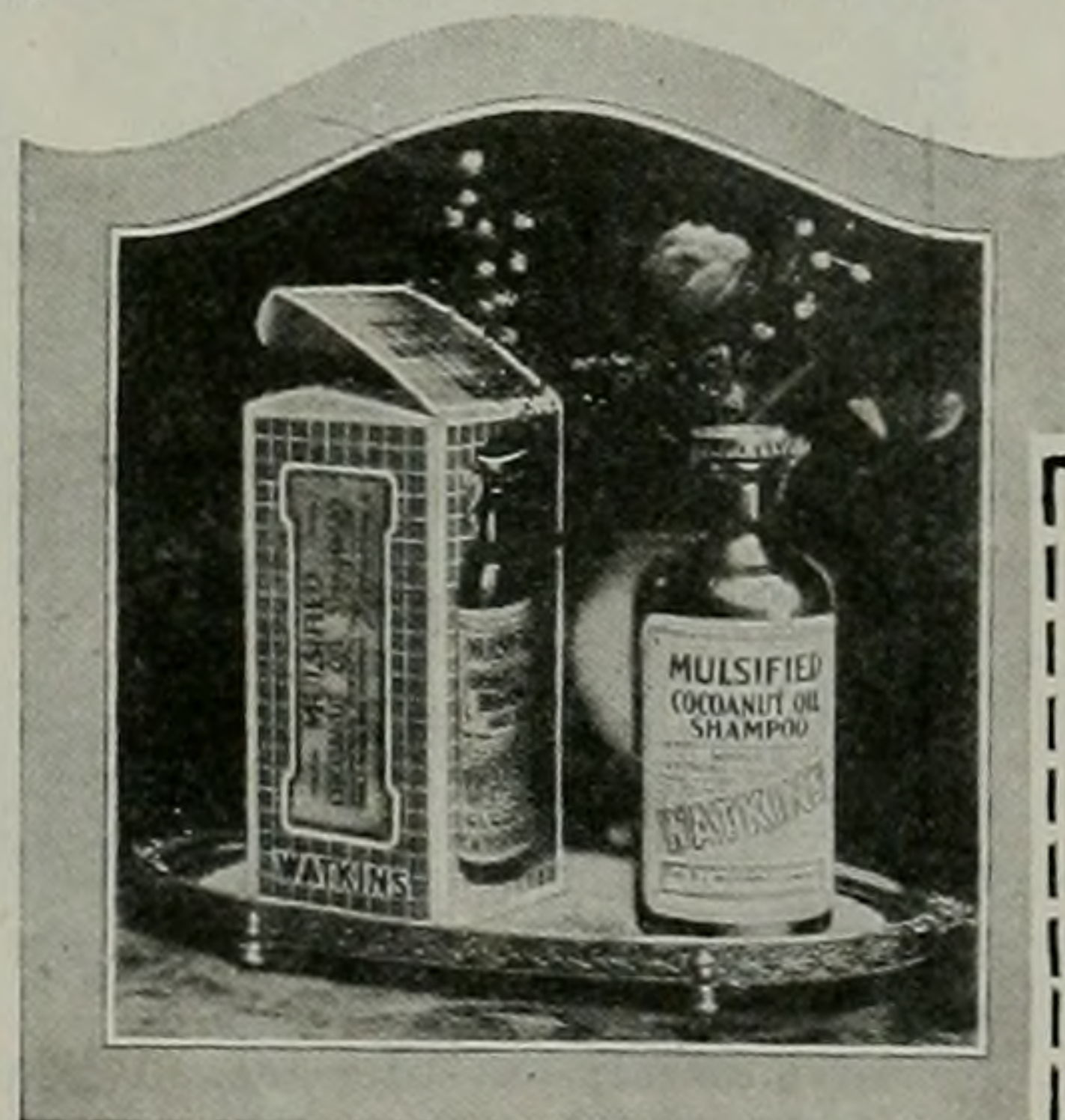
Just Notice the Difference

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

It keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage, and makes it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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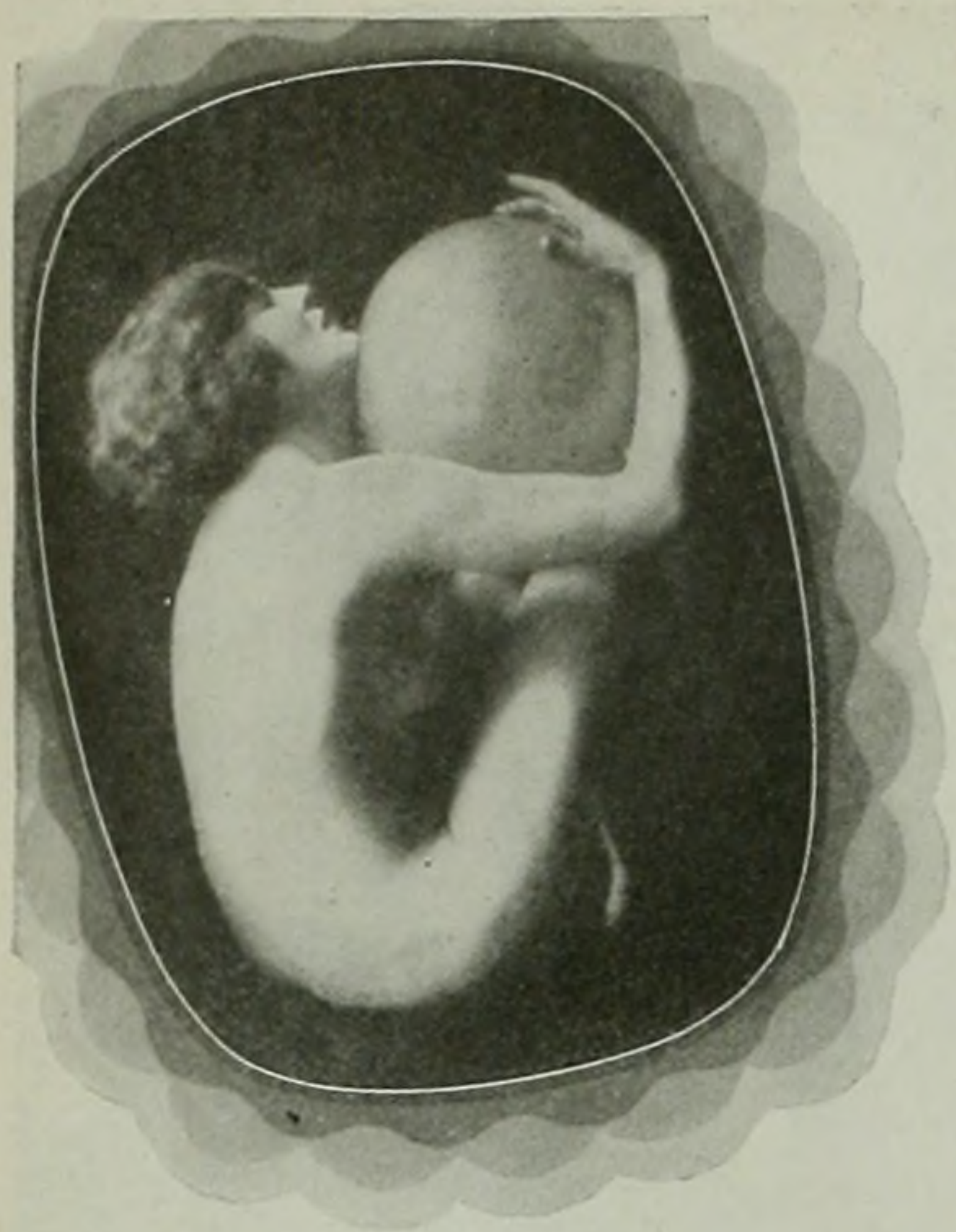
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"She was fair—divinely fair—
—fit love for gods."—MILTON

X-BAZIN Cream DEPILATORY

THERE is no beauty like that of smooth white skin, "divinely fair."

But the fairest skin is no longer beautiful if blemished by a shadow of unlovely and unwanted hair.

Fastidious women have always used a depilatory—for the last century the famous X-Bazin Powder formula has been their choice. Today, there is a new perfected product—X-Bazin Cream Depilatory. Easy to apply—it quickly removes the faintest shadow of unwanted hair from even the delicate skin of the face. It will not coarsen or darken later growth, has no unpleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless. You will never know the luxury of a perfect depilatory until you have tried this new cream. HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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Wash off Like Soap"

X-BAZIN POWDER STILL
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE—50c.
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SMOOTH, WHITE SKIN almost overnight!



Let Nadinola give you a smooth, white, beautiful skin—almost overnight. Un-sightly tan, freckles, pimples, moth patches, black-heads—Nadinola banishes them quickly, surely. While you sleep it makes your skin smooth, soft, velvety-white! Nadinola never fails. It contains the surest bleaching properties known, yet cannot harm the most delicate skin. Positive, written, money-back guarantee (together with simple directions) in every package. At good

toilet counters, extra-large size, \$1. If your dealer can't supply you, write us for extra-large jar, with dainty gift sample and beauty booklet. Send no money—just pay postman \$1 on delivery. Address Dept. P, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

blonde. One of those subtle dresses. The devilishness of sixteen. The guile of a girl whose aunt had become a Countess. It was the sort of dress every woman spots when she sees it on another woman. Every man spots it, too, only he doesn't know it's the dress that attracts him. He thinks it's the gal's charm.

"I'M wearing it for the big scene," May said. "I shopped and shopped for it. I had to show that five years had passed in the girl's life, that she had become a governor's wife, that she was sophisticated and not a dub."

Just at that moment a call came for Miss Allison from the set and she slipped the black dress over her head hurriedly. It fell in impudent tulle flounces just below her knees and it made her in that instant look as aristocratically exotic as a drawing by Henry Raleigh.

"Wait here till I get through this scene," she begged. "I won't be long. It's a sort of dress rehearsal, really, as Mr. Brenon hasn't seen this gown."

In five minutes she was back. Her great blue eyes were worried. "He doesn't like it," she said with the melancholy of all the Russians.

"He's—he's crazy," I sputtered. "Not like that dress? How can he fail to?"

May began slowly unhooking it, and sat down to powder her nose meditatively.

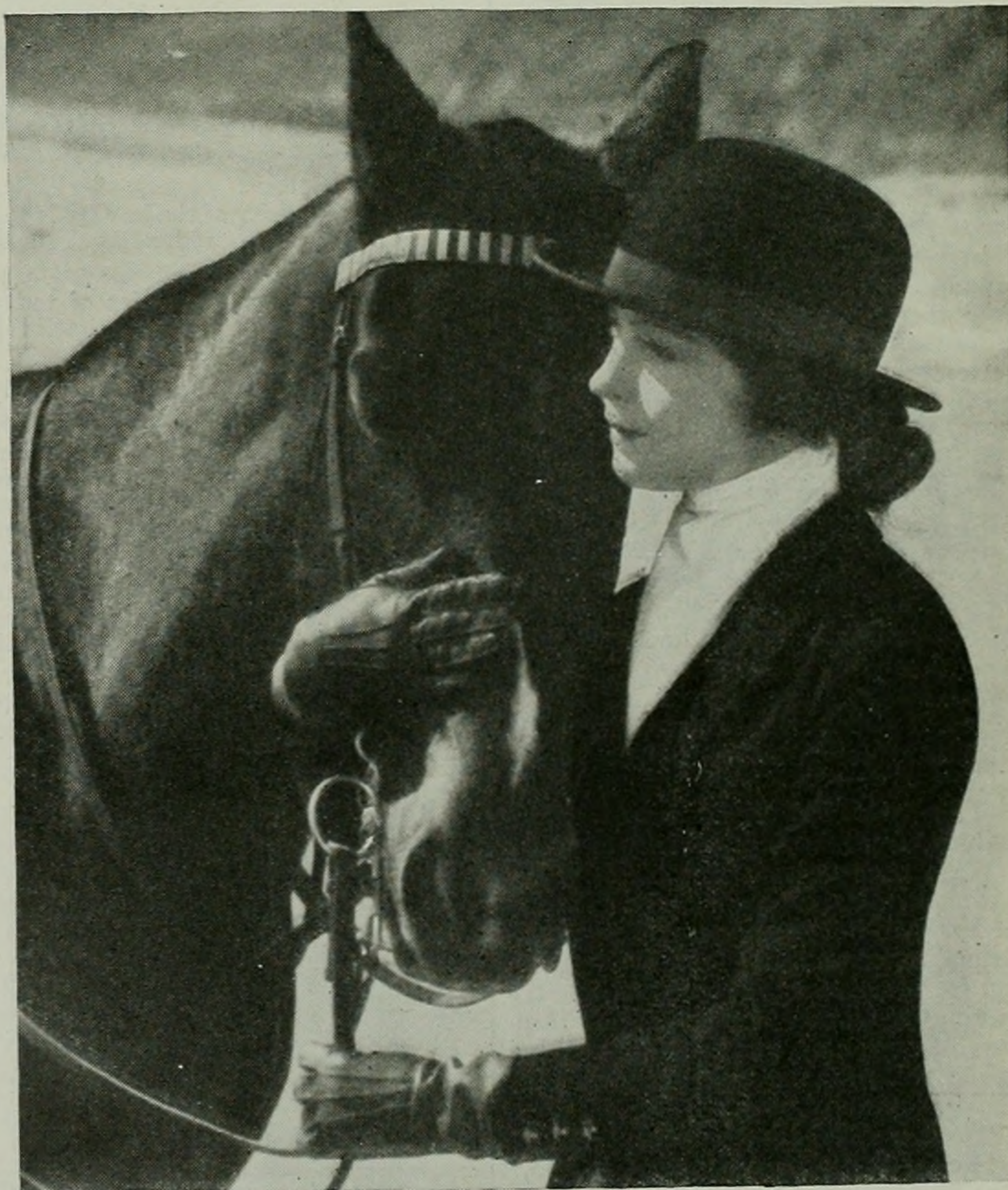
"No," she mused at length. "He's not crazy. We are—you and I. Don't you see what happened? I bought that gown for myself. My own personality got the best of me. I figured this girl would be smart in every way. I reasoned it all out with myself, why I should buy that dress for this scene—and how falsely! Mr. Brenon is right. The dress is all wrong.

Don't you see that girl would be afraid of appearing too chic? She's committed one act which haunts her night and day. So, outwardly she'd be struggling to overcome that fear, attempting to show everyone she was poised and secure, and she would show that through her clothes. In other words, she's got to be dignified. Black was the right color, but it's got to be velvet—for dignity and maturity—smartly made, of course, but a little matronly."

She sprang up suddenly. "Come quickly," she cried. "We'll have to take a taxi to New York—thank heaven it is New York where all styles are possible. I'll change this dress at once." And then she laughed. "Isn't it awful the way we dress our ideal of ourselves without knowing anything about it?"

And then it was that I knew I was to be visited by a little stranger, that a brand new idea was to be born to my lonely brain.

The taxi hurled itself across the great length of Queensboro Bridge, high over the river, above the busy tugs and Black-



An off-screen picture of a lady who avoids cameras—except professionally. Need we tell you that when Lillian Gish goes for a canter in the mountains back of Santa Monica, that she rides side-saddle and wears a long divided skirt?

well's Island as May plotted a raid on Lucile's and I hurled myself toward style conclusions.

So here they are:

You don't have to be yourself to be well dressed. If you know yourself well enough you can be anything you will. Clothes can be a disguise, a mask against the clever observer who would otherwise know more about you than you yourself know.

If you understand yourself well enough, you will understand other people, particularly men, better.

You will be sophisticated in an old-fashioned garden and demure in a futurist drawing room.

You will wear dimity when dining with a capitalist and pearls with a poet. For nothing is so potent as contrast.

But don't think you know yourself, if believing you're just a girl who wants to be a good wife and mother, you discover you always buy tailored suits, collars, untrimmed hats and brogues. You aren't even on speaking terms with yourself then, but you should be with a psychoanalyst.

MOST women dress what they want to be instead of what they are. Don't do it.

Dress your faults and your good points will shine forth. Cover your too broad hips and let your slim waist do its stuff unhindered.

Start investigating why you choose certain models all the time and refuse others. The matter of personal taste means more to a woman today than ever in the history of clothes. Formerly we had styles as fixed, as exacting, as a censor's morals. Today styles are what you will, all things to all pocketbooks. Therefore, every girl's responsibility for her appearance is greater. Once ruffles meant youth and severe lines age, but the mode today is ageless.

Now styles do not demand that you dress differently at sixteen or sixty. And that's the joker.

Your personality does. The woman of fixed social position dresses with compelling dignity. Beside her, note the sad effort of the climber to disguise herself as the real thing.

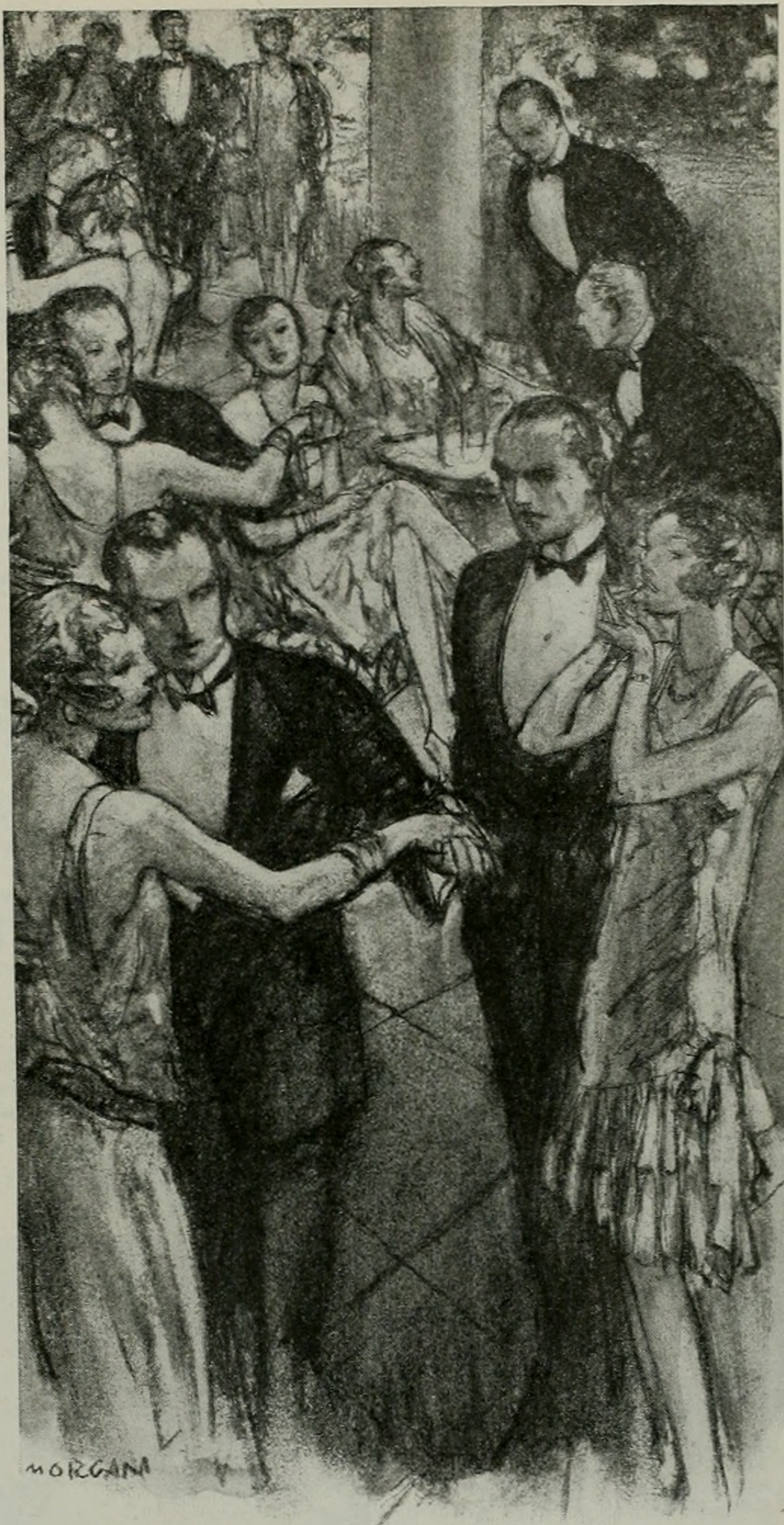
Remember extremes are unmanageable. If your hair is cut in an exaggerated boyish bob, don't buy evening clothes designed for Little Bo-Peep. If you do, you'll have to summon two sets of Sheiks, one for your boyish personality and one for the sweet young thing, and are you that popular?

It is more important to dress your personality than it is to dress your physical type. Gloria Swanson is only five feet three but long before she married Henry she looked like a Marquise—because she felt that way and gowned herself accordingly.

Know yourself and you can be what you will. Will yourself to be a personality.

But above all, know that nothing is more important to this end than the clothes you wear.

Eve had nothing for months but a lot of grapefruit and Adam. But the moment she dressed up in her fig leaf she became the mother of a family and the First Lady of the Land.



... you know those evenings. Warm ... a live crowd ... music ... one must dance a little ... proximity. Perfect, these circumstances, for one of Nature's major unpleasantnesses. Moisture under the arms ... stains ... undainty odor. Comforting, then, is your security. Your precaution, the same that millions of men and women the world over regularly take, can not fail you even here. Twice a week you use your Odorono for checking excessive perspiration. And your assurance is complete—as soap and water could never make it—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



Another Hint to Unknown Beauties

'Twas a Frenchman who said—

"A woman powders her nose, not to please the man who loves her—for he is blind. But to intrigue those who may love her—and there are so many men."



Though you be unknown to fame, yet within your heart there surely lurks a longing for loveliness. Moments come when you wish to be at the peak of charm.

Then a touch of Tre-Jur Powder, and your skin is satinized! It looks fine-

pored, velvet-smooth, transparently fair!

For this pure, fragrant powder smooths on as gently as the caress of a baby's palm, and leaves a pearly radiance.

Light but loyal, it clings but never cakes. Ever flattering, ever faithful, whether you use it from the smart box of Loose Powder which is priced at 50c

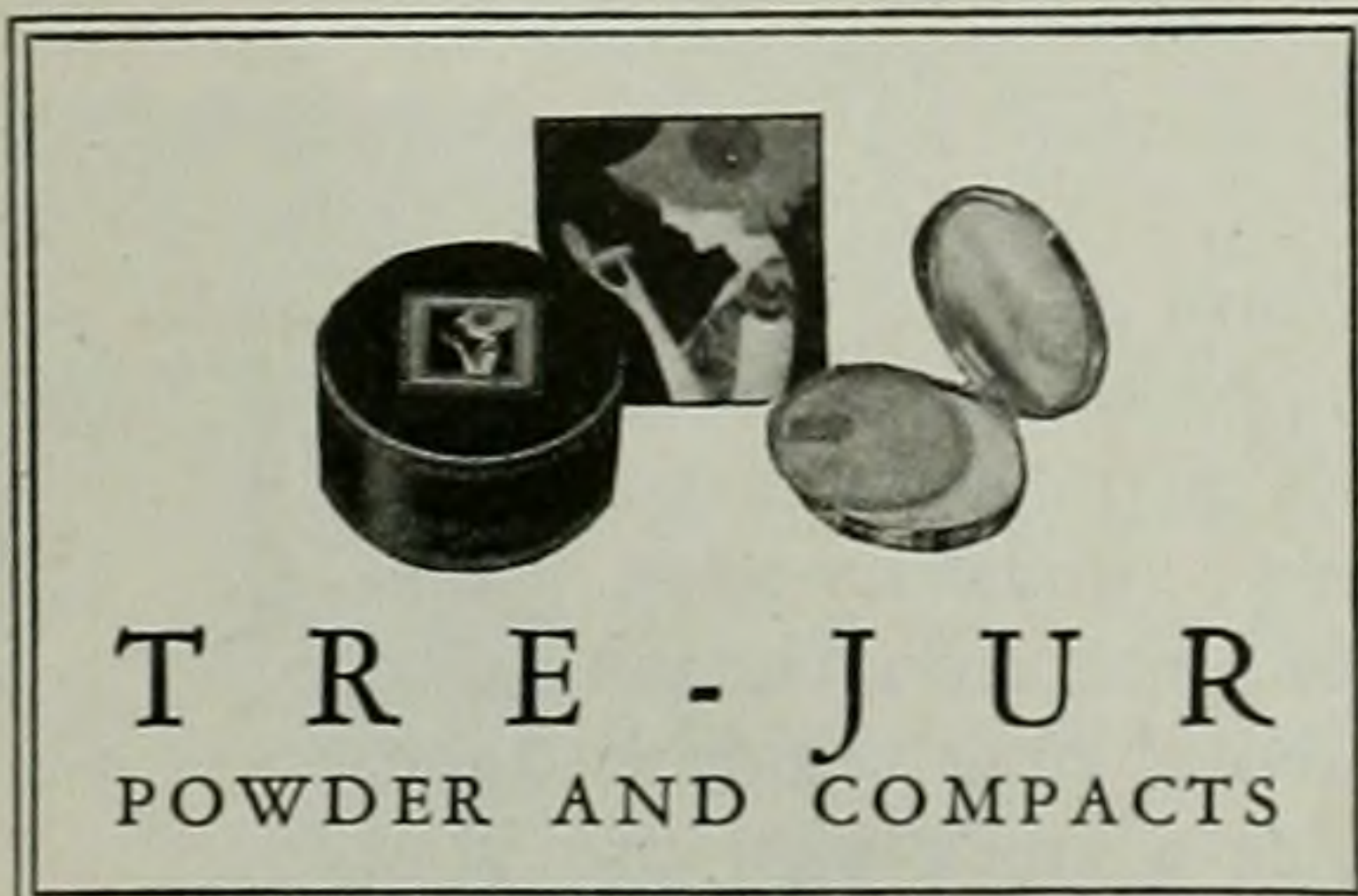


—or from one of those famous Tre-Jur Compacts. There's *The "Thinnest"*, just the depth of a silver dollar and that's what it costs. *The "Twin"*, with generous plaques of both powder and rouge, also at \$1.00—Or America's Compact favorite, *The "Little One"* priced at 50c.

Each is a pledge of Money's Most and is sold at your favorite store or by mail

from us, with refills always available.

A liberal sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder in your own shade, sent for 10c, stamps or coin.



HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc.
19 W. 18th St., New York City.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the large-size sample box of Tre-Jur Face Powder.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Constance. There had been delicious mountain berries, dead ripe and with the Alpine dew upon them, clotted cream from one of the most contented of cows, an omelette with garden herbs, a great pancake served with a compote of Italian preserves and a full liter of coffee. The air was a-sparkle and the lake rippled merrily. In the distance was the golf course, lushly green with the seductive velvet of young Alpine grass. Against this background moved the gay figures of the players, tall Englishmen with their striding, swinging companions, jaunty Viennese, noisy, happy Americans. It was as pretty as a picture postal card and there seemed to be fun in it.

LAEMMLE hastened to his suite and lathered himself in the plus-fours, for the first time since they had been fitted. He unpacked the clubs and with a caddy-instructor stepped forth into that picture. Golf had him.

Hours later the puffing president of Universal Pictures Corporation of New York, London, Paris, Shanghai, Tokio, Des Moines and elsewhere, was at the ninth hole. He was weary and sore, of soul and body. The sun was gone and the sky was murky. Rain began to fall. He was a mile or more from the hotel. There was no shelter.

Laemmle was just a woebegone, unfunny bedraggled little man, wilted and shivering when he reached the hotel. He refused both the hot cognac and warm sympathy of the *maitre de hotel* and went to bed. He had a fever, a cold, and something akin to pneumonia. He stayed in bed for three weeks. Much

of that time was spent in glowering at the bag of golf clubs standing in the corner, while he dictated poignant cablegrams to his New York office.

When Carl Laemmle was well and fit again he had arrived at a decision about golf and an opinion about golfers. It may be stated to be final.

In the field of banking, the law, real estate, cloaks and suits, and even some parts of the motion picture industry, the ambitious up-and-coming young man may yet with profit take up golf, according to the current custom, hoping to meet influential men on the links. But if any young man desires to make the social acquaintance of Carl Laemmle with a view to position in the Universal Pictures Corporation, it is earnestly advised that he eschew golf, seeking rather to perfect himself in the snappy technology of stud poker.

HOWEVER, in proof of Mr. Laemmle's lack of deep bias, it should be recorded that Mr. Gulick continues with Universal. He golfs surreptitiously, on Sundays, and his golfing magazines are mailed to his residence address—not the office.

This Laemmle is a man of little things. Here again he breaks all the rules of the standard pattern of American big business hero. He appears to have the impression that, if he pays heed to the minutiae, he can trust his organization to take care of the big, broad operations. They can hardly overlook the millions if he takes care of the dimes. He is a chronic fuss-budget.

Laemmle tries to read every bit of



The camera goes back to second childhood and slides down the banisters. When Laura La Plante walks up and down stairs in her new film, "Beware of Widows," Wesley Ruggles and his cameraman follow her on this little chute-the-chutes

paper that drifts through his offices, contracts, letters, ledgers, publicity stories, press books, poster lines and inter-office memoranda. Executives hide their work from him lest the delays of his consideration choke up the flow of business. He has a painful curiosity about figures. Abstractions and summaries mean nothing to him. He wants to see the particularized items in remotest detail. It was necessary when his business was born and he will never know that it has grown up—a typical attitude of parents.

Inevitably Laemmle's memory is an amazing file of statistics. If he chances upon a report on, say, the gross business of the Des Moines exchange for April 1927, he instantly knows by how many dollars it differs from the figures for that same branch for April in 1925 and '26. Also he wants to hear why—even if he knows.

THERE is a peculiar selectiveness in Laemmle's arithmetical acuteness. His eye is for the minor items. Let there be a dispute of twenty cents and his ire is lighted. But an issue of two hundred thousand dollars can be tossed over for settlement between the accounting and legal departments. "Uncle Carl" is poisonously accurate in the immediate vicinity of the decimal point only.

Further, while a business argument can hardly wrest a nickel from Laemmle's grasp, an address to his emotions can reach deep into his pocket. Not so long ago a young Polish actor scraped an acquaintance with Laemmle at Universal City, telling a tale of ambition, artistic hopes and hard luck. Laemmle within the hour gave the youth a six month contract and sent him to the studios to await a part. No part to the taste of the Pole was offered, so he languished in idle, artistic discontent. As the end of his six month period approached he again saw Laemmle, this time relating the sad story of the death of his mother and want in the family in Poland. Thereupon the contract was renewed for another six months at Universal City, doing nothing at all, at an advance in salary in token of his patient devotion to hope.

Laemmle's characteristic expression is a smile, broad. He is always looking for a joke, the broader the better. No sharp, swift wit for "Uncle Carl." Fast ones do not register.

It is a mistake to be really funny with Laemmle. He has no keen powers of discrimination. There is the interesting and humorously unfortunate case of Hy Mayer, the cartoonist, and able maker of animated comedies drawn in cinema-line. Once upon a time Mr. Mayer was seeking an important contract with Universal through Laemmle. He told "Uncle Carl" a wonderful line of stories—just to prove how funny he could be. Laemmle laughed until his sides were sore and tears spattered on the glass topped desk. He asked Mayer to return again and again. The conferences were riots of laughter. Laemmle formed the habit. He started laughing when Mayer entered the office and kept at it until he bowed him out again with eyes swimming in a mist of merriment. The parleys never got anywhere. The project was just naturally laughed to death. If Mayer had thought to have gone in to see

You go to a *SPECIALIST*
to save time and trouble.



be sure you get this
special treatment for
DANDRUFF



LIKE many other serious problems—*dandruff* deserves expert treatment. You can easily find many preparations that claim to "cure" dandruff. One *special* dandruff treatment has stood the test of years. It is called Wildroot. And it *works*.

The hardy dandruff germ

Dandruff is, indeed, a stubborn condition. The pernicious germ that causes dandruff is a "hard-to-kill" little fellow. Wildroot is *special*ly designed to fight this germ—to chase him out of your scalp.

Such is the story of Wildroot. Not a "hairgrower." Not a "cure-all" . . . but a *special* remedy. An expert at removing *dandruff*.

There is no magic about Wildroot. It must be used faithfully. One treatment will not end a stubborn case of dandruff. But, as you use Wildroot day by day, you will see the dandruff loosen up . . . and gradually disappear.

ONE WOMAN WRITES:

"I have used Wildroot Hair Tonic for a number of years, and find that nothing can equal it for dandruff."

(Signed) Mrs. Mabel Smith
70 Washington Street
Malden, Mass.

Send for a Trial

Ten cents and the coupon will bring you a small bottle of Wildroot—enough for you to test its pleasant feeling on your scalp—enough to loosen up some of your dandruff. Then get a large bottle of Wildroot at your druggist's to really *end your dandruff*.

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Face Powder
Complexions
won't last here

The fleeting beauty they render cannot stand wind, moisture or perspiration. End this constant necessity of "touching up." The "24 hour complexion" instantly gives your skin an alluring, pearly beauty that lasts throughout the day—unaffected by moisture, wind or perspiration. Far superior in every way to face powders.

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ORIENTAL
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Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City



SMART

Always in good taste, a Meeker Made leather accessory will enrich any costume. Milady is confident that none can be more stylish—any smarter—any more beautiful or of finer quality. Dozens of new designs, all hand laced and hand colored—imported steerhide.

**MEEKER
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Handbags—Under Arm Bags—Purses—Vanities—
for sale by the better dealers everywhere

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc., Joplin, Missouri
Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U.S.A.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B3, 3900 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.



Elinor Glyn has a habit of dropping over to Eddie Cantor's set for five o'clock tea. It is so like dear old England—except for Eddie's face. Eddie is beginning to fear that he has "IT,"—and here he's been happily married for so many years

Laemmle at half-mast, on crutches, he could have written his own contract. But Laemmle can not hold a pen when he is laughing—and this was not a joke.

There is an undercurrent of wistfulness about Laemmle and his love of a laugh. He is anxious to be happy and he is not always certain about it. There is possibly a dim notion, in very hazy focus, within him, that maybe he is himself a bit of broad humor.

CERTAINLY there is whimsy enough in the outlines of Laemmle's career to make him know that Fate has prankish moods, which are not all unkind. There he sits, immigrant son of a small German merchant, gaudily enthroned, after embattled years, among nickelodeon-born grandeurs of plaster and gilt and mahogany officing on Fifth avenue at Fifty-seventh street, where August Heckscher's boasting tower holds a golden bantam against the sky.

And in what a fantasy of sequences has he achieved this eminence! Carl Laemmle, aged 14, son of Julius of Laupheim, Germany, landing at Castle Garden on St. Valentine's Day of 1884 to start a life. He had an impossible but hopeful beginning here as an errand boy, handicapped with an alien tongue, working for a New York druggist. This was followed by another such job in Chicago and then by a plunge into the Northwest with a job at \$4 a month as a hand on a Swede's farm in South Dakota. But Laemmle did not work the first month out. The Swede set the youngster at the unkosher job of feeding the hogs, there-at he quit. There were more petty jobs, with endless nights of study the while.

Then a new sequence began, bookkeeping for Butler Brothers, wholesale general merchandise concern, in Chicago; clerking and checking for Nelson Morris & Company in Chicago's packingtown—hogs are not so bad when they are dead—more bookkeeping for jewelers and then at last an accounting job in Samuel

Stern's Continental Clothing House in Oshkosh. That was a goal. In the clothing store Laemmle rose to manager-ship and married Recha, niece of the owner. He was settled for life—almost. He was in the business and in the family—almost. But all the rest of the staff was in the family, too. He could not really be the boss. They ignored his rulings, and sometimes they laughed at him. Sometimes, to be sure, they had a laugh coming.

The best laugh of all came near the end, just when Carl had set out on a master stroke of exploiting a Puritan holiday with a "Great Thanksgiving Sale—a five pound turkey free with every \$25 purchase." Down the street a competitor, probably Blazeheimer & Bernstein, stepped forth with an offer of the same kind of turkey with every purchase of \$22.50 or more. Rabid competition ensued. The purchase requirement went down and the turkey went up. At the end of the week Laemmle won, by cutting the required purchase down to \$3.98 and raising the turkey to fifteen pounds. It was a great victory, but very hard on the Continental Clothing Company's net profits and Carl Laemmle's internal standing—to say nothing of the turkey population of Wisconsin.

WHEN the laughing was all over up at Oshkosh, Carl Laemmle was unhappy. He took his pen laboriously in hand to write a few lines seeking advice and sympathy from Robert Cochrane of Chicago, a friend-by-mail. This Cochrane was with the Witt Cochrane advertising concern, which supplied the Continental and many another such clothing house, with a canned service of ready made advertisements. Robert Cochrane wrote fine letters to the customers. These letters were laden with pithy, punchy words. They were as personal as Lydia Pinkham and as virile as Elbert Hubbard. So Laemmle knew he had a friend in Chicago, anyway, no matter who laughed in Osh-

kosh. He told that friend about it. "I am 39 years old," he wrote, "and I have \$2,500 and maybe I should be in business for myself."

Laemmle's letter was in the Saturday morning mail. Monday he got a reply, a manly, noble, brucebarton epistle: "Be your own master before you turn forty. Do it now! It can be done!"

On Tuesday morning Laemmle was in Chicago with his wife and his \$2,500, looking for a place to be his own master. He was in a hurry to beat that fortieth year deadline. He had Cochrane's word that it could be done.

Also it was done, to Cochrane's surprise, beginning with Laemmle's entry into the motion picture industry as the timid but hopeful proprietor of "The Whitefront" a five cent film theater on Milwaukee avenue. Just incidentally, little Sammy Katz, a Western Union messenger boy, got a night job there playing the piano, and grounding the technique of Publix presentations of today.

THERE was a long trail, brambled with troubles ahead in the evolution of the industry, with struggles in the courts, wars with competitors and stockholders and trusts and whatnot, coming at last to a climax so casual that it was tremendously dramatic. It was only a few years back, on the eve of St. Patrick's Day in 1920. The last struggle in Universal was nearing a close. There was a conference in the old offices at 1600 Broadway between three men, worn and bitter with tedious argument, Carl Laemmle, president, Robert Cochrane, vice-president, and against them Patrick A. Powers, dominant opposition stockholder, about to cash his interest at the end of eight warring years. Everything was settled for the delivery of Powers' interest to Laemmle and Cochrane, except one final and relatively trivial item of \$7,500. In this last jot on the score remained the seed of strife all anew. Agreement seemed impossible.

Laemmle was, as always when under stress, sitting and fuming, stewing in the juices of his anguish. Powers, bitter, unrelenting, was laughing, laughing, laughing, a ringing derisive camouflage expression of his inner stresses.

Finally Laemmle looked up at the towering Powers with a grin and the grin ran into a smile and the smile broke into a laugh. Cochrane sighed in relief. When Laemmle does that the crisis is always over.

"Pat—we'll never get anywhere this way. Let's match for it."

"I am not a gambler," Powers retorted to Laemmle's proffer.

"It's the only way out—take a chance, just for once," Cochrane urged. At last he prevailed. But it was not to be done there. This was a solemn event. There should be no listening walls, no possible special influences. It must be left to the Gods on neutral ground.

Together the three men went into the hall of the noisy Mecca building and rode to a floor above, where they turned a key and entered the idle, dusty office of the defunct Jungle Film Company, where once a fortune had poured in to them from the Paul Rainey African Hunt pictures. There were piles of tattered posters, and jumbles of discarded files.

A Simpler Way to Remove Cold Cream

That's Cheaper to Use than Soiling and Ruining Towels

NOW
REDUCED
IN PRICE

Due to volume production, the price of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs has been greatly reduced. With 30% more 'Kerchiefs in each box as well, the present price of Kleenex is scarcely more than half what you paid before.

230 LARGE
HANDKERCHIEF
SHEETS . . . 50c
(Big size—90 sq. in. each)



PLEASE ACCEPT
a 7-day supply of this new and
utterly different way to try.

HERE is a beauty discovery of major importance, according to virtually every leading beauty specialist in America—the only way yet found that removes cold cream thoroughly from your skin.

It ends the soiled towel method every woman detests. It ends the use of cloths, harsh paper substitutes, etc. It ends, too, the expense of laundering, often ruining, your towels.

The use of soiled towels is judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus rub dirty cold cream back into the skin. That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads.

To use cold cream effectively you must remove it all from the skin. Only super-absorbent Kleenex 'Kerchiefs do this properly.

Harsh paper makeshifts, harsh fabrics are a mistaken idea; they are injurious to the delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes and you'll note an amazing difference quickly in your skin.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchiefs beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

Ends—Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.
—The expense of ruining and laundering towels.

Keeps—Your make-up fresh hours longer than before.
—Lightens darkish skin several shades—quickly.

For COLDS

Never again use a Handkerchief



They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion

MANY doctors advise that KLEENEX 'KERCHIEFS be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex every time and discard AT ONCE germ breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.



Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

Professional size: Sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 50c

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., P. H. 6
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Big Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Sparkling cleanliness

A VERY necessary task, yes. But a hard task, a disagreeable task—no! Use Sani-Flush. It quickly removes every stain and mark, all incrustations. And the closet bowl shines as bright as a new pin.

You need only sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. No scrubbing, no scouring. And what used to be an unpleasant task is over and done with in no time at all.

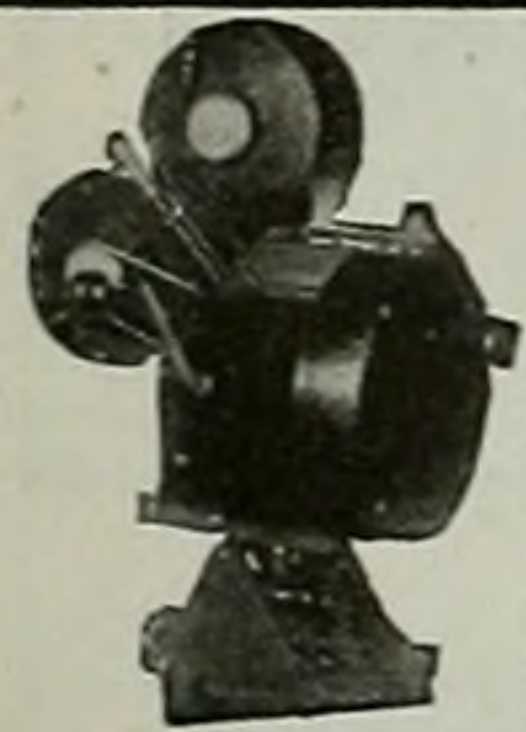
The nice part is that Sani-Flush cleans the whole bowl, even the hidden, unhealthful trap. It banishes all foul odors. Harmless to plumbing connections. A necessity in every bathroom? Assuredly!

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
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CAMERA GIVEN



Your Choice—\$100 Professional MOTION PICTURE Camera or Professional View Camera

Be a Motion Picture Cameraman. Portrait, News or Commercial Photographer. Big money in all branches. Hundreds of positions now open pay \$75 to \$250 a week. Easy, fascinating work.

Learn Photography Quickly

In your spare time at home you can qualify for a big paying position and you get your choice of these standard professional cameras.

Write for FREE BOOK

Send name and address for big, new, illustrated book on professional photography. Explains amazing opportunities. Write for your copy tonight!

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. 37, 10 West 33rd Street, N. Y. City



"Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear 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.

The sounds of Broadway were hushed and muffled in the long closed office.

Laemmle ran a trickle of change through his fingers and selected a twenty-five cent piece. He tossed it spinning in the air and slapped it down on the edge of a battered desk.

"You are matching me!"

Powers tossed a coin and brought it down on the desk under his hand beside Laemmle's.

Laemmle uncovered his coin—"Heads."

Powers raised his hand and revealed—"Tails."

The war was over down to the last cent of millions.

"I knew I'd win, Bob," Laemmle confided to Cochrane that night at dinner. "You know I always do when they match me,—that's 'Laemmle Luck.'"

He does well to believe in "Laemmle Luck." When there is no other way, he does it that way. That is one of the reasons why his offices are strewn with the printed slogan: "It Can Be Done!"

BUT those bedizened offices in Fifth Avenue do not hold Laemmle long or often now. Mrs. Laemmle died nearly ten years ago and these days his life is lived in an orbit of travel rather than at the locus of a home. Laemmle has taken to the sunny side of life and the world, California in winter and the playgrounds of Europe in the summer. Only the seasons between are passed in New York. There is a pretentious apartment in New York's West End avenue and recently he acquired the estate of the late Thomas H. Ince in California for his winter residence. His daughter, Rosabelle, is the chatelaine of his establishments. His son, Carl, Jr., is now beginning to busy himself in the affairs of the Universal Pictures Corporation.

This son has not always been Carl, Jr. For the first sixteen years of his life the boy was Julius, bearing the name of his grandfather, for there is a Jewish custom which forbids that the son shall wear the name of his father. A few years ago Carl Laemmle reluctantly yielded to the argument of his associates and admitted that the institutional value of his name, long proclaimed to the world with Universal pictures, was a property that should be handed down to his son. So by process of law the son became Carl, Jr.

It would be difficult to decide what place is most of all home to Laemmle. There are familiar associations for him in most of the capitals of Europe and all across the United States from Los Angeles to New York, by way of Chicago and Oshkosh.

But the occultations and perihelions of Laemmle's orbit may be forecast with almanac accuracy. It is certain that he will be at Carlsbad in Germany in season to take the waters, and in Monte Carlo to take chances. Sometime between he will touch at Laupheim, the home of his boyhood. He will be in New York about the time the motion picture sales season starts, and he will be in Lexington, Kentucky, on Derby Day, absolutely without fail. Also, without fail, he will meet there with J. J. Murdock, of the Keith-Albee vaudeville circuit, friend from the days of the motion picture wars of two decades ago. Their hotel suites are reserved on standing annual order.

It is the law of the calendar. Meanwhile sprinkled in between will come Rome, Nice, Paris, Longchamps, London and maybe Epsom Downs.

Laemmle's visits to Laupheim are occasions of sentiment. Just as Adolph Zukor has become patron saint and benefactor of Ricse, in Hungary, Laemmle is the Lord Bountiful to Laupheim, donor of gymnasiums, public buildings, shade trees, and many a private charity. The cathedral at the nearby city of Ulm owes the preservation of its ancient spire to Laemmle, and at Ginsberg is a nunnery saved from ruin by his largess.

There was one unhappy day for Laemmle at Laupheim just after the war. The town was buzzing with gossip of his visit and the word was passed that he had made a picture entitled "The Kaiser Beast of Berlin." A mob stormed through the streets crying for vengeance for betrayal of the Fatherland. The American consul was alarmed and urged Laemmle to flee, offering a peasant woman's garb as a disguise. This did not appeal to Laemmle, but he slipped away. Now that the fevers and hates of the war have cooled all is forgiven and forgotten between Laemmle and Laupheim. When he last visited his home the village priest was at the train to greet him with an address of welcome.

There are, however, certain indications that Laemmle has a design to make California his home if retiring days ever come. By way of preparation he engaged some years ago in a great uplift movement with reference to the fried chicken of California. The poultry of the Los Angeles region was dry and tough and unhappy. Laemmle's well being demands a ration of fried chicken at regular intervals. After a few struggles he issued a volley of orders and established a model chicken ranch at Universal City, in the heart of his studio zone. Since then there has been a continuous supply of first grade chicken for the Laemmle table and a widely extended influence toward bigger and better broilers all over Southern California.

THERE you have measure of the range of Laemmle ideas and ideals, from the gothic architecture of Ulm to the chicken of Hollywood. Laemmle never lets an idea, or anything that resembles one, even slightly, escape. He carries a neat little book with perforated leaves. Most men put their memoranda into a note book. Laemmle tears his out and stuffs the page in his pocket. The next morning there is a snowy shower of memoranda to be converted into orders, telegrams and letters by a secretary.

Beyond travel and fried chicken Laemmle has few diversions. His increasing deafness makes the drama of the speaking stage unavailable and his eyes are worn with much reading in the relentless work and study of his youth and the routine of years of office application. He seeks his thrills in games, the cards and dice. He craves excitement and action and scorns draw poker, preferring stud, with anything "wild" you like.

As an affectionate tribute Robert Cochrane, his associate, confidant and mainstay in business, gave Laemmle the best birthday party of his life a few years past. The first floor of the Cochrane

residence at New Rochelle was swept clear of its furnishings and was refitted in lavish completeness as a gambling house, with all of the games and glories that Canfield might have imagined. "Uncle Carl" was turned loose to play what and where he chose. He had a tilt at everything from stud poker to baccarat and faro and roulette. He had a delightful evening and he lost only \$6,000.

Cochrane understands Laemmle. In fact, despite Cochrane's retiring modesty, it becomes apparent that he has had much to do in the creation of the accepted Laemmle personality, through twenty-and-odd years of writing his advertisements and utterances, forming his policies into words and maintaining the institutional front, all that long, long way from Oshkosh to Fifth avenue.

It was Cochrane whose startling, crisp advertisements in the days of the film wars carried broadcast the Laemmle smile and ringing words of humorous challenge.

PERHAPS it was then that Laemmle acquired the picture habit. Now wherever he goes he is photographed. He is a confirmed addict of the "still." He has been photographed in front of all the historic buildings and monuments of the western hemisphere. For every stone in Adolph Zukor's "Hall of Nations" in the Paramount theater on Broadway there is a photograph showing Laemmle in front of the pyramid, hotel de ville or palace from which the stone was taken. Laemmle has posed with a major faction of "Who's Who" and a rather large part of the telephone book, the great and near great, including scenario writers, William Jennings Bryan, Will Hays, assorted presidents, crowned heads, swelled heads and California's prize rooster. No other motion



Somebody had a real moment of inspiration when she invented a square powder puff, with corners that will fit into the curves at the side of the nose and the corners of the eyes. Leila Hyams is shown here using this practical new addition to the make-up table

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow**. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "may-bes!" New growth or no pay. **And you are the sole judge.**

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public**. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely **new way**. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I **know** I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Read These Amazing Testimonial Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot,
5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results. Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.



Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send \$1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Lucille Young, E-1256 Lucille Young Bldg. Chicago, Ill. Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name _____
St. Address _____
City _____ State _____



Even outdoors—hair in perfect order!

Hair Unruly - - ?

To keep it in place use the dressing more people rely on than any other

Outdoors, indoors, hair in place, well-kept, right! . . .

Once you may have thought this impossible. Try what you would, your stubborn hair got out of place an hour or so after you combed it—looked even worse than before.

But now!—Thousands of men and women, today, keep their hair in order easily, delightfully. The dressing which they use—which more people now use than any other! is—*Stacomb*.

Your hair will never look gummy, with *Stacomb*. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. *Stacomb* keeps your hair in condition. Helps to counteract dandruff.

Stacomb now comes not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER *Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. M-40, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of *Stacomb* as checked:—
Original, cream form New liquid form
Name.....
Address.....

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IN GORGEOUS SEPIA BROWN
98c Each
Size 16x20 in.
Sensational Value



Made from any size photo or snapshot you send. If you order more than one, the price is only 85c each. You may send different pictures to be enlarged.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

NOT ORDINARY BLACK and WHITE but gorgeous golden brown sepia tone enlargements you will cherish for life. Same price for full length or bust pictures, groups, landscapes, pet animals, or enlargements from any part of group picture.

GIVEN!
SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER
A hand tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Worth the price of enlargement. Given with each order. This offer limited. Order at once

SEND NO MONEY
Simply mail photos. In a few days you will receive the enlargements. Pay mailman 98c each plus a few cents postage, or 85c each if you order more than one enlargement. Money back if you are not delighted. We pay postage if you send remittance with order. Sepia Brown portrait offer is limited.
Mail photos at once

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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. 125-A, 3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

picture man has been photographed so often or so variously. But, contrarily, although he will put a fortune on a race horse he will not be pictured with one.

This persistent posing with great men and great places is not at all the commonly observed index of vanity. It is just an expression of Laemmle's abounding, all comprehensive interest and easily stirred enthusiasm. He is abundantly pleased to be alive and to meet everybody. He wants to be friends, in a big broad way. He did not expect to get rich when he started out from Oshkosh but he hoped to do something. Now it has all turned out rather well. So he smiles.

The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

I shall bring my maid and little boy tomorrow. We're at the Biltmore just now."

"You expecting to stay long?"
The woman was watching her, Paula realized suddenly, taking her in from her brown oxfords ornamented with snake-skin to her very smart and simple hat.

Haughtily, Paula said, "I expect to remain permanently."

"I thought you was a tourist."
There was a pause. Paula looked into the closets, flung open the drawers of the dresser. Then she made ready to go.

"Your husband coming out to join you?" said the landlady, following her to the door.

"My husband and I are—separated," said Paula. She flung up her little chin in her very best Southern lady manner.

"Then I suppose you've come out here to go into pictures," said the landlady, following her down the hall.

The hall itself was very pretty and very dignified, with fern baskets along the walls and charming little high windows. The apartment was delightful, too, and the fact that it looked out over so much of the city thrilled Paula. But she began to wish, nevertheless, that she had not taken it. She didn't like this flat-voiced landlady.

"Yes," said Paula, "I have."
"God pity you," said the landlady, and somehow before Paula could answer, she was gone.

PAULA walked into the sunshine and hailed a taxi. And in two minutes she had forgotten the landlady altogether. She could remember nothing for long, so swamped was she in the dizzy amazement of the step she had taken, of this astonishing thing that had come to pass.

There were still times when she couldn't believe it.

It had all begun, really, on the morning after the Hunt Ball at the Country Club. Her dissatisfaction had crystallized then, her misery had welled up into active force, her boredom had cried out actively.

But that she should actually have had the courage to take this great step, to leave her home and her husband and come to Hollywood to go into the movies seemed like some glorious dream. She would wake up presently and hear Eddie snoring in the bed beside her.

At the mere thought she pressed her nose to the window of the taxi and stared out, to reassure herself. Hollywood was still there. It awaited her. She had had the courage to take the great plunge and now only fame and fortune lay ahead of her. She was quite sure of that.

Fame—fortune—romance—adventure—she had come to the land of all these things.

Her beauty was her passport, her purchasing power, her lodestone.

III

"I THINK it's because you're not shop-worn and because you're a lady," he said, "and then, of course, you are very beautiful."

Paula drew a deep breath. It was difficult for her to breathe because her heart was beating so hard. Her hand lay in his, palm against palm, and his arm about her slender waist bent her toward him.

The lights were very low, and the air was sweet with incense, and with Paula's own favorite perfume. But she was conscious just then only of the scent of the gardenia in his buttonhole.

Two o'clock in the morning, in a soft-lighted, sweet-scented Hollywood apartment, and she was being made love to, divinely, divinely, by the screen's greatest lover.

How many times, from an audience seat, she had watched him, with his suave and charming smile, his delightful air of breeding, his gallant manner, wooing some screen beauty. Always he had thrilled her. The perfection of his grooming, the air of distinction all suited her taste perfectly.

That gardenia in his buttonhole. Why, it had become a symbol of romance to millions of women all over the country.

Now she, Paula Fitzgerald, was actually in his arms, he was bending his distinguished head toward her, smiling down at her with that wonderful smile.

Her voice trembled, it grew very Southern in moments of emotion.

"You—you are very sweet to me," she said. "I don't see why you—you who could have anyone—should waste your time with me."

Her eyes upturned were heavenly incense even to a great screen lover.

He lost his head a little, then kissed her—violently.

When she was in bed, tingling still with emotion, she realized that she had been a little frightened. He was—a little difficult, really. And Paula assured herself that she did not mean to be a fool.

* * *

Across the little table he said, "You are so darn beautiful, Paula. But you've kidded me just about as long as I can be kidded. After all, this is Hollywood—and there are a lot of other beautiful women around."

Paula lifted her eyes. They were lovely, but they were hurt, proud, wary.

"Then perhaps you'd better take me home," said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

At the door, he said, "Good-night, my dear," and started down the hall, whistling a little and swinging his stick.

Paula swayed against the door, sick, dizzy, hurt.

Once she started to call him back, but pride held her silent.

She let him go.

Which surprised him very much.

* * *

When Sonny came into her bed the next morning, he said, "Mother, when is Daddy coming? I want to see Daddy. If I had a wish, it'd be to see Daddy."

Paula kissed him silently. There were circles under her eyes. But she was very beautiful.

IV

SHE had been made love to by any number of men. She had been courted. She had been flattered.

Since the screen's great lover, there had been a young producer, a very famous Western star, and an extremely clever exploitation man, and a scenario writer, and any number of others.

They had made love to her. But for all that she had no work, she had no money, and she had, so far as she knew, no chance of getting either.

The knock on the door stirred her from her seat enough to make her say, "Come in," without much interest.

It was the landlady.

Paula looked at her once, and did not speak. What was there to say? She knew why the woman had come.

But the landlady, without being asked, came over and took a chair opposite her.

"Things breaking bad?" she said.

Paula did not answer her.

"Well," said the woman, slowly, "that's Hollywood. I know it like a book. I been everything in this town. You don't remember me, I guess, but I used to be a star—one of the first, back in the days before we even had names. I been up, I been down—not once, or twice, but a lot of times. But they can't get me up or down again. Not me. You're different. But you haven't got a chance."

The antagonism in Paula had died under the slow, measured words.

"What'd you mean, I haven't got a chance?" she said, breathlessly. "Why haven't I? I *must* have."

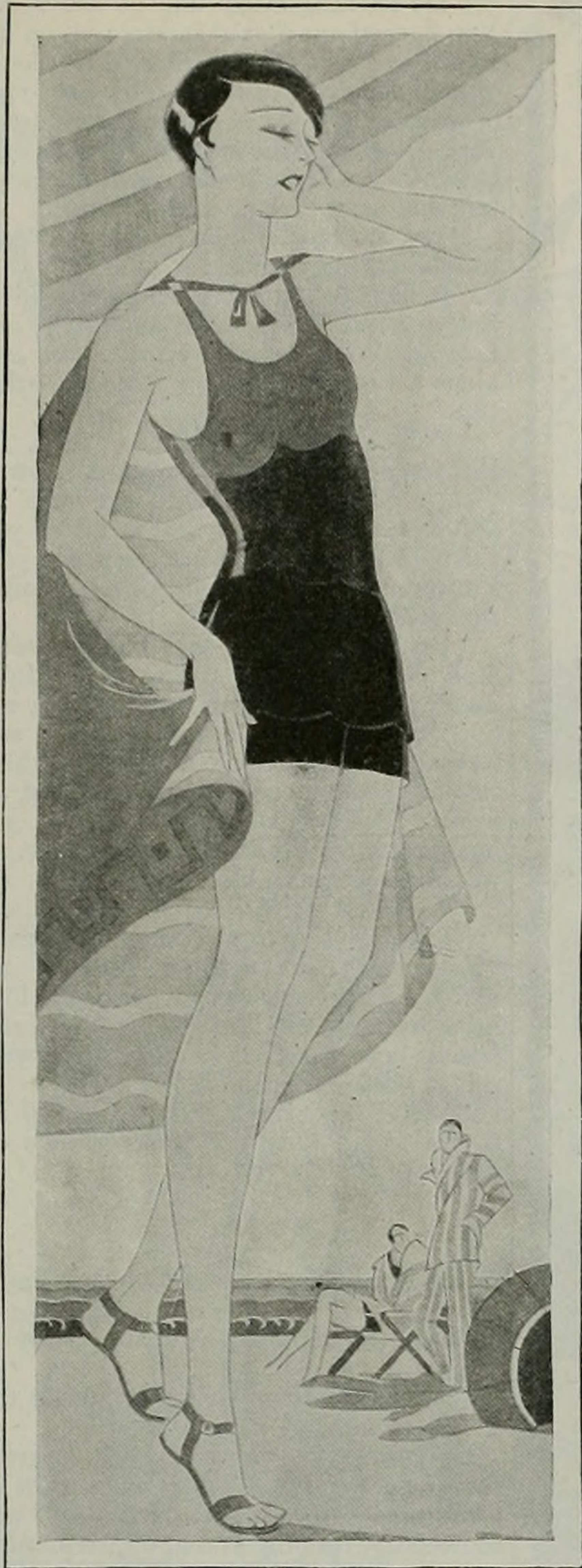
"Well, you haven't," said the woman. "The market's glutted. I know you're beautiful. What of it?"

"I thought," said Paula, bitterly, "I thought screen success was founded on beauty."

"Whatever give you that idea? Look 'em over. One in a hundred isn't a beauty. Besides, you're too old. This game is like baseball. Or prize-fighting, you're through at thirty."

"I'm only twenty-six," said Paula hotly.

"Well—that's too old to start. Nope, beauty is a drug on the market. So are women—as women. You can't sell yourself in Hollywood. Get that. What the deuce do men want to buy what they can



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she takes her Shavette to the shore with her. Today the smart woman must be as smart in her beach costume as in her ball gown.

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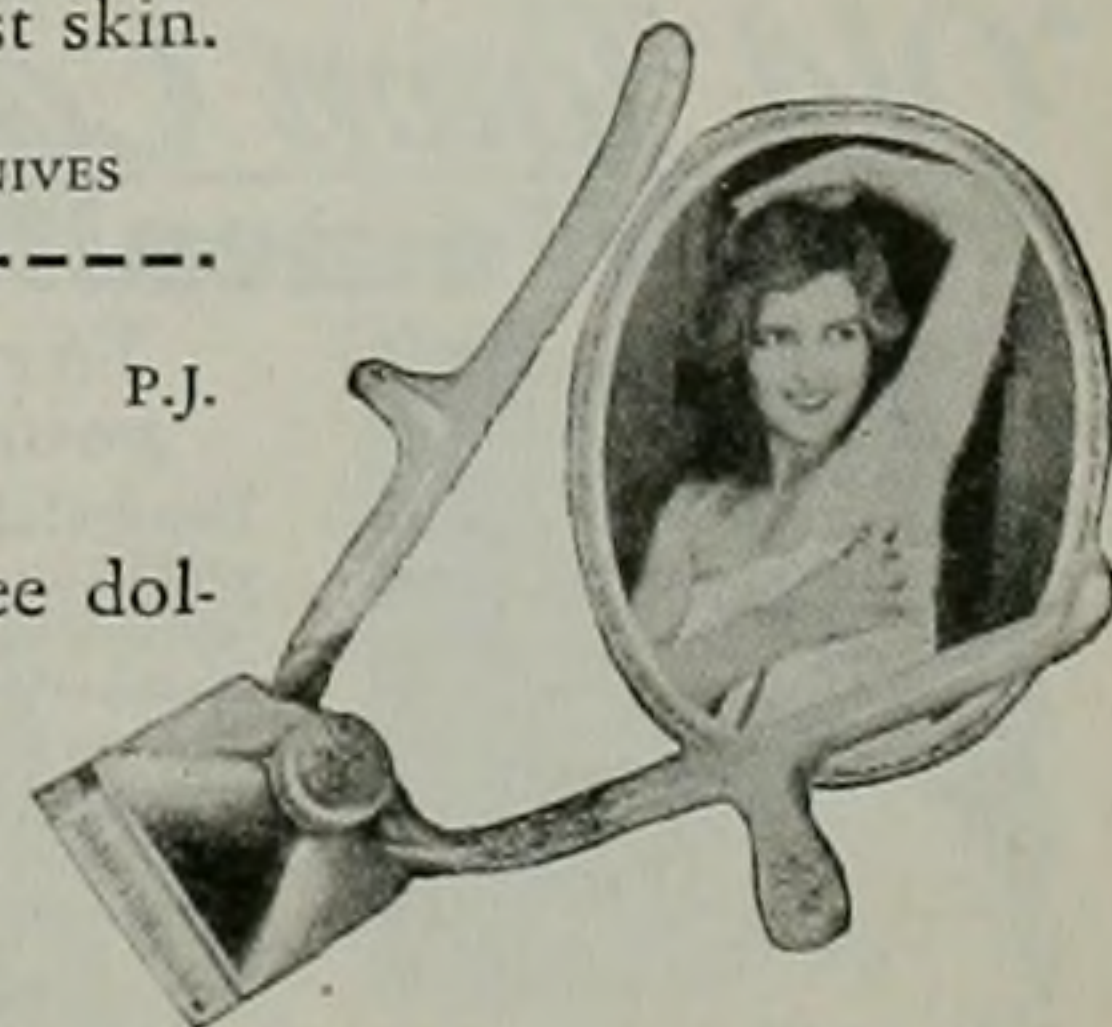
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get for nothing every day of the week? You figured out if you couldn't get on the screen and be a big hit, there'd be plenty of men delighted to take pretty good care of you, didn't you? I know your sort. Well—not in Hollywood. What's the best offer you've had—not counting sloppy talk and compliments and flowers?"

Hysteria took Paula with a violent trembling, but she beat it off.

"A nice young press agent offered to pay my rent," she said, laughing, "and I could do anything I wanted five evenings a week if I let him come the other two."

"Well, you did better'n most, in Hollywood," said the woman, slowly. "Cash offers of any kind are rare. I don't need the rent. But if I was you I'd go home. This is no place for you. You aren't smart enough, or hard-boiled enough to beat this game."

"I can't go back," said Paula desperately. "I can't, I can't. You don't understand. I walked out and left my husband. I told all my friends I was coming to Hollywood. I'd be a laughing stock. I could never hold my head up again. Besides, I don't suppose my husband would take me back now. I wouldn't—in his place."

"Well—all right."

"I know I can win yet," she said. "Everyone has been so kind to me really. You—you've got a very low, hard outlook on life. I know I have friends here, they'll help me, they'll make things possible for me."

"Yeh?" said the landlady, getting up to go. "Not any use wasting time on you—yet."

V

THERE was no snow outside, but Paula could hear now the merry laughter of crowds, the hustling feet, the rush of motors.

It was Christmas Eve. She could tell it—she could feel it.

Christmas had always been a great time in Nashville. They made a lot of Christmas—down home. Everybody was so friendly, running in and out, trimming each other's trees, giving presents. Why, folks you hardly knew sent you the nicest presents. And flowers—when she was a girl at home in Nashville sometimes she had as many as fifty bouquets.

She remembered the lights on the snow at home at Christmas time, streaming out of all the windows, and from the continually opening doors. And, in Baltimore, there were so many pleasant customs, and on Christmas Eve everybody went calling.

Last year, she and Eddie had trimmed Sonny's tree—

She got up and went over to the little tree in the corner of the room and moved a few of the bright baubles about. It was a very little tree. She was afraid Sonny would be disappointed. Last year, his tree had reached clear to the ceiling of the drawing room, and Eddie had arranged all the strings of colored lights so beautifully.

There weren't any lights on this little tree. If Sonny cried—

Her gaze wandered to the door.

It was—sort of lonesome. Of course, it was silly of her to feel that way. This

wasn't—the South. Folks out here didn't make nearly so much of Christmas. And of course in Nashville there had been her father and mother and all the boys and girls she'd gone to school with. And in Baltimore there had been Eddie.

He was a great one to make a fuss over holidays and birthdays. Especially Christmas. Last year he had spent two hours arranging Sonny's electric train. There wasn't any gift like that for Sonny tonight. She was sorry. But—but she just hadn't had enough money.

Funny—spending Christmas Eve alone.

SURELY somebody would come, or call her up, or send her a little package to be opened in the morning. Suppose she, Paula Fitzgerald, didn't get a single Christmas present. There must be a package somewhere from the folks in Nashville. But the mails were so crowded. All the things from the East had been delayed. That was why her family package didn't come, nor Eddie's for Sonny. Surely, surely, Eddie had sent something—not to her but to Sonny.

She went in and looked at him where he lay asleep at last, in her bed. His hair was dark against the pillow. This bedroom wasn't like his nursery at home.

She wandered back again and the sight of the little tree took her by the throat and she buried her face a moment in her hands. It looked so—so forlorn. She never had had any knack of doing things like that. And then, it was just awful how much all those little glittery things cost.

Nobody was coming to see her—nobody was going to send her a present, not even flowers.

All those men who had made love to her. What did they care? This proved it. Here it was Christmas, and where were they? Home with their families, looking after their wives and children. And she was alone.

In the morning, she and Sonny would wake up alone, and they would be alone all day long. They would eat turkey she would have to cook alone. The gaiety of—she must not let herself think of last year, of the pretty little house in Baltimore, of Eddie bustling down to light the fire and the tree, of the colored servants standing about in the background, and the long, happy, thrilling day with people coming and going.

Tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

And just then there was a knock at her door.

A timid knock, but unmistakable.

Color flamed into her cheeks.

Somebody had remembered her. She had a friend. She wasn't just a beautiful woman to be made love to, to be tempted, and then forgotten.

She went softly, expectantly. Maybe it was only flowers, or a little gift, or maybe somebody—she ran over three or four names in her mind—maybe somebody had come to help her decorate Sonny's tree.

Her eager hands flung wide the door.

Eddie stood there, Eddie, Eddie, wrapped in a fur coat, his arms so full of bundles that she could see only his eyes, timid and pleading behind their glasses, and his gray felt hat.

They stared at each other.

"Eddie," said the beautiful Paula

Fitzgerald. "Eddie—you—what are you doing here?"

He came in and set the bundles down on the table.

"I know I didn't have any business to come," he said, slowly, and his voice pleaded, too. "I know what you told me the day you left. I know I'm not good enough for you, Paula, and I know I didn't give you what you wanted. I expect you're pretty busy, too, and have got a lot of—of wonderful friends and everything and I want you to know I won't interfere. But when I thought of not—well, I thought maybe you might like me to help you trim Sonny's Christmas tree, or something. I—I just couldn't bear to spend Christmas away from you and Sonny."

"You came three thousand miles to—help me trim Sonny's Christmas tree?" said Paula, softly, her eyes enormous, her lashes wet.

"Sounds silly, doesn't it?" said Eddie, deprecatingly. "I suppose it does sound silly—to you."

"Eddie," said Paula, "do you know what it sounds like to me? It sounds like the very angels that sang on—that first Christmas, that's what it sounds like. Oh, Eddie, take me home—take me home."

"You were sure born under a lucky star," said the landlady, flatly.

"Wasn't I, though?" said Paula.

And she had never looked so beautiful.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

ALL ABOARD—First National

AN amusing Johnnie Hines comedy that will meet with the approval of all audiences. This is the first time Johnnie has had such a capable and charming leading lady as is Edna Murphy. Johnnie becomes a conductor of a tour through the Sahara. Now there happens to be a wicked sheik who has designs on Edna. He kidnaps her and of course it's up to Johnnie to do the rescuing act. Good entertainment.

SPUDS—Pathe

LARRY SEMON thinks he is a good enough comedian to do without a story or situations. And of course you know otherwise. Larry has been doing this for years and it is really about time that he got wise to himself. Perhaps that is why he has turned his talents (?) towards directing for Paramount. This was apparently intended to be a hilarious travesty on the war but one is never quite sure whether it was meant to be comedy or pathos.

THE BRONCHO TWISTER—Fox

THERE is nothing unusual in this shoot-up-the-town Tom Mix feature. It is now an accepted fact that Tom always accomplishes the impossible so you must overlook a number of the absurdities you will find here. Tom meets the girl, protects her rights from her brutal father and his gang. After cleaning up the gang Tom proceeds to blow up the house—just for the fun of seeing some fireworks. None of this is likely to keep you awake nights.

THE BROKEN GATE—Tiffany

A GOOD cast—including Dorothy Phillips, Buster Collier, Florence Turner and Jean Arthur. But not much of a picture,

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Don't let a change in food and water rob you of one single glorious vacation hour.

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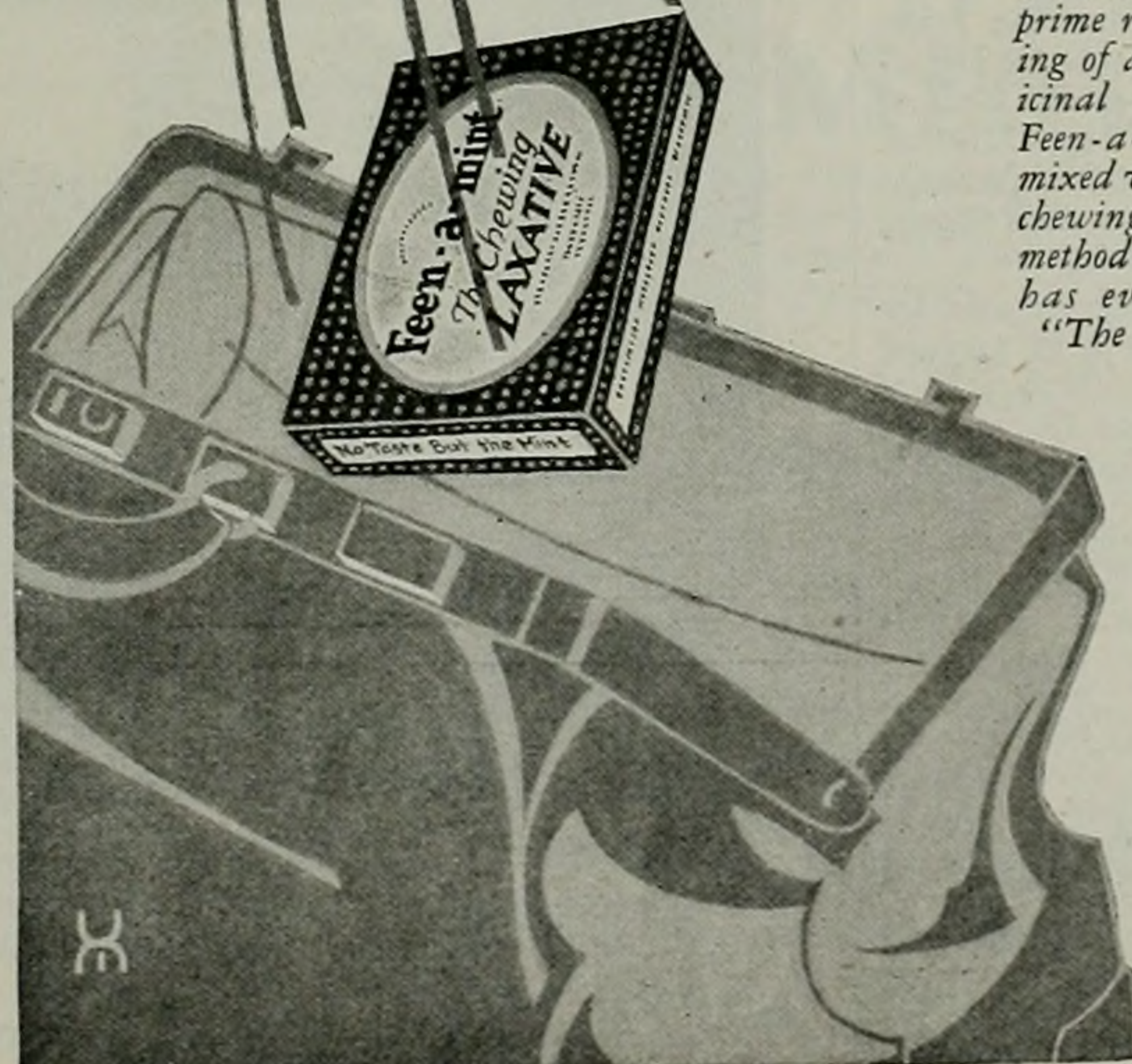
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Between Courses

Ann: You knew Peggy's engagement is broken off?

Betty: Yes—and it was no surprise to me. I've seen it coming for some time.

Ann: Why, Betty, I don't understand! Mart seemed positively infatuated!

Betty: Yes, I know—at first before he knew her! But no man would stand for Peggy's utter disregard of personal daintiness—even though she is as pretty as a picture.

PEGGY is but one of many girls apparently unaware that men observe and appreciate daintiness in women above *everything*.

In this day of revelation, it is quite unpardonable to display offensive hair on face, arms, under-arms, and legs. It's such a simple matter to remove it with Del-a-tone Cream—quickest to use of all depilatories! Just three minutes after applying this fragrant white cream, direct from its handy tube, the hair can be washed off *completely*. Not a trace of the offender is left, and the skin is, if anything, whiter than before—many prefer it to shaving, pulling out hair and other methods. Then, too, you will find that Del-a-tone, used repeatedly, discourages the regrowth of hair.

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unfortunately, because of the weepy story and weak direction. The setting is a gossip small town interested solely in the life of *Aurora Lane* and her nameless child, who is supposedly dead. Lots of complication, and of course, finally, vindication. The sentimental passages somehow do not seem to register their pathos. Grownups only.

MEN OF DARING—Universal

THIS, they tell us, is a super Western. Really, there is not much to distinguish it from the usual Western except that there is more of it. Jack Hoxie is cast in the likable rôle of a carefree hero who helps the pioneers reach the gold regions by protecting them from the attacks by the Indians and a most villainous gang. There's plenty of action here—things start at a gallop from the beginning and keep up until the final hitching post is reached.

HEY! HEY! COWBOY—Universal

THE title doesn't lead you to expect much. The result is you are not disappointed. Once again we have Hoot settling a war between ranchers. Hoot does it in the usual way with the heroine as the reward. This picture has one great advantage—it enables you to see all the Westerns for a single admission. There are, however, more agreeable ways to spend an evening.

ALTARS OF DESIRE—M-G-M

AUNTIE MAE MURRAY must have tried to borrow Fanny Ward's youth secret in order to fill the rôle of a little Southern ingenue. But Fanny doesn't tell everything, for somehow Mae failed to register. Soft-focused close-ups constitute the whole picture. They fit Auntie's style of beauty. One grand feature is Andre Beranger—his interpretation of a French count is delightful. Conway Tearle, Robert Edeson and Maude George complete the cast. Stay away.

THE NOTORIOUS LADY— First National

A FLAT piece of cinema hash dating back to the days of weepy melerdrammers. Lewis Stone is again the self-sacrificing hero

who dashes to Africa to forget his wife. And you naturally know they will meet eventually, but not until Lewis has suffered from the dread fever and after a successful diamond expedition. Nothing but a nice new story could pep this up.

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe

THIS starts out very slowly and only until the final reel does any action take place. Which is quite unusual for a Rex, the Wild Horse, feature. Rex's uncanny intelligence makes you sit through this until the very end. Nothing more. Barbara Kent is a very charming leading lady and shows a great deal of promise. Theodore Von Eltz is the hero. For Rex fans only.

THE SEA TIGER—First National

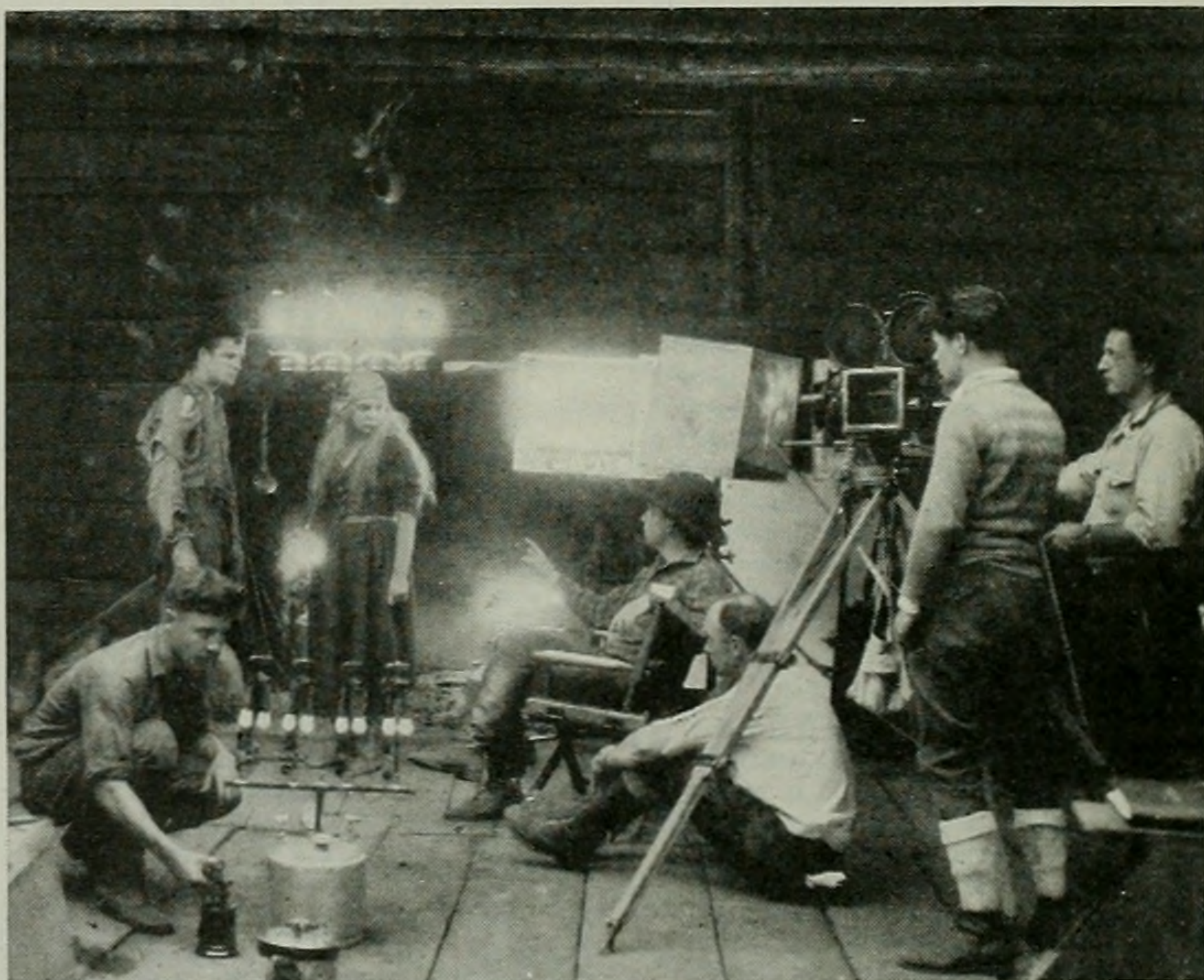
IF you like some sizzling fights here's your red meat. Every one in the cast encounters some pugilistic exercise with some other member. Even to the women. Of course the fights all start over the women and the women fight over the men. Just a lot of nonsense—if you care to waste your time, go ahead.

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.

IT is rather unfortunate that May McAvoy's first vehicle for Warner's is such an amateurish effort both in direction and supporting cast. May's performance is always worth-while but Hedda Hopper's dates back to the vampish days of Theda—all that was missing was the tiger rug. Malcolm McGregor was present—that's about all. As for the story, it's all wet—another depiction of the fast and boozy set. Don't waste your good time and money.

HORSESHOES—Pathe

THE funniest of the Monty Banks efforts to date. Banks has a good sense of humor and with proper stories and direction he should develop into a comedian of the first class. Here Monty is an aspiring lawyer whose good luck charm is a horseshoe. In his first case he is hopelessly outwitted by his opponents but a horseshoe is found in the nick of time and the day is saved. Lots of fun for everyone.



Karl Brown turned a Carolina mountain cabin into a studio by using special gas lights. The equipment was carted over miles of dirt roads into the depths of the hills. In the background, you see Forrest James and Helen Mundy, who star in "Stark Love." The tank, in the foreground, supplies all the gas for the lights

THE BELOVED ROGUE—
United Artists

IF the famous François Villon could see himself as he is burlesqued on the screen, he would probably writhe in agony in his grave. All the charm and romance in the life of the roguish Villon has been turned into regular slapstick comedy. Though lavishly mounted, this has little to offer. John Barrymore is in this picture.

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN—
Fox

THERE is absolutely no reason why this picture should have been produced. It was made in Germany and the entire cast is composed of German actors. Evidently this is a sample of foreign sophistication—to us it is just cheap. Not worth your time nor money and of course it is not for the children.

DOWN THE STRETCH—Universal

IT'S the usual racing yarn with just one little exception. A new angle is injected here—the hardships and trials of the jockeys to keep their weight down. The final race is here with the hero winning nobly. Bobby Agnew is the heftiest looking jockey that ever weighed in. Marion Nixon is the girl. Fair.

THE RIDIN' ROWDY—Pathe

THE usual Western—villains will be villains and the hero has to save the gal. You'll find plenty of hard ridin', lots of fightin' and shootin' and some pretty crude romantic scenes. Buffalo Bill, Jr., is the star.

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National

A FAIR comedy if you don't take it too seriously. Jack Mulhall is a wealthy man's son who tried to make good after his father disowns him. A wealthy man pays him \$150 to appear in jail in his place—and what happens in jail is nobody's business. Life is grand and glorious in jail and when he is released he finds himself president of a milk-bottling concern. Of course there's a girl in the case—don't be silly—but go find out where she comes in.

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox

YOU'LL find this full of pep and quite enjoyable because Buck Jones is in it. How did 'j'ever guess that Buck's our favorite? Buck is out to avenge his brother's death. He encounters a villainous gang trying to steal the land away from Spanish settlers. And you know our big brave heroes could not stand around and see such a thing go on. The leader of the gang turns out to be the murderer of Buck's brother—so everything is settled and Buck takes unto himself a wife.

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox

THE best of the recent Tom Mix features. It is taken from one of the late Gerald Beaumont stories and is full of action and hard riding—the kind the young boys delight in. Tom is a ranger who rounds up the most villainous gang that ever rode a range. Sure there's a girl in the case—Marjorie Daw. Grown-ups will like this too.

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.



For the strength and welfare of your hair—for intensifying its natural color—for keeping it delightfully soft, silky, with a gleamy gloss and sheen—use Liquid Silmerine regularly. It's a toilet requisite. **For straight hair—men, women, children**—Silmerine is the ideal dressing. Keeps hair smooth and neat all day and evening—without being greasy or sticky. Makes unruly hair easy to manage.

For keeping the hair wavy or curly—even under most trying conditions—Silmerine long has enjoyed a splendid reputation. Use with utmost confidence. Large bottle, with adjustable cap, \$1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

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Liquid Silmerine *Gives a neat, well-groomed effect*

Bring out the hidden beauty

Do you know that just beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon? Mercolized Wax will gradually, gently, peel off the devitalized surface skin, revealing the youthfully fresh, white and beautiful skin underneath. It leaves no trace but that of increased loveliness. The new complexion is a perfectly natural one, not to be compared at all with a make-up.



It hastens Nature's efforts. Shedding worn-out skin is Nature's way of renewing the complexion. Tiny cutaneous particles come off day by day. When this skin shedding begins to lag—as it does in time—complexion troubles begin. Nature may then be assisted by simply applying Mercolized Wax. The Wax actually destroys the mask of dead scarf skin—causing no discomfort. It makes the pores breathe; livens up the whole countenance. All of a sudden you seem to have lost 10 to 20 years from your age.

Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics? Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make folks turn a second time to look at you in passing. And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact. Try it today—95c a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

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Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and bagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good



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or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

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an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

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For Ideas for Motion Pictures

SEE PAGES 38 AND 39



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 your teeth's foe?

Do your teeth have a dingy, yellowish tinge? They should be a pearly white—because that is enamel's natural color.

Then why, you ask, do mine have that yellowish cast despite daily brushing?

Because of a "liquid cement" in your saliva. This is called Calculus. It glues to your teeth—then hardens into a glassy mask. It completely veils the lustrous enamel. And worse, it is an absorbent . . . drinks in coffee, food and tobacco stains like a blotter absorbs ink. These discolor it—give it that yellowish tinge.

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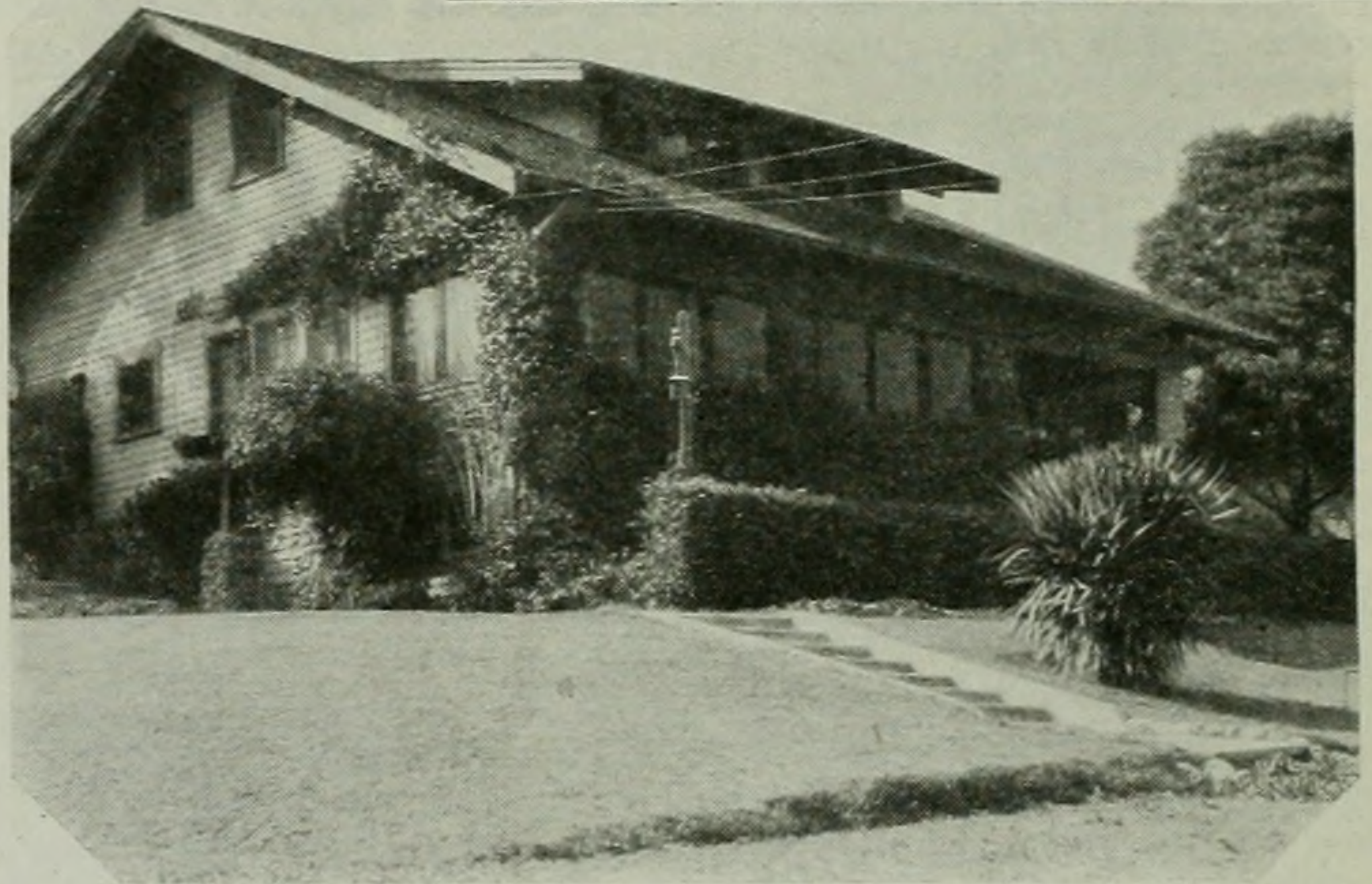


When Hollywood Was a Pasture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

Today Cecil De Mille has the magnificent home in Laughlin Park, adjoining Hollywood, pictured at the right. The estate overlooks Hollywood and commands a magnificent view of the mountains

Below is Mr. De Mille's first Hollywood home, at 2127 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood. The director then earned \$75 a week, which meant that he walked to work



near Wallace Reid's, while William Desmond likewise dwelt at the Rex Arms until he married pretty Mary McIvor, his leading lady, and went to live in his colonial mansion across from Bill Hart's.

The Rex Arms was famous at one time for housing many picture stars, including Mary Pickford, Mary Alden, Lew Cody, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, Allan Dwan, Corinne Griffith, Pauline Busch, and many, many others. Mary Alden held a sort of salon in her apartment, where foregathered the leading newspaper people, scenario writers and stars, always sure of an excellent dinner and good talk, Mary being an exceptional hostess and conversationalist.

Thursday night was the great night at the Hollywood Hotel in the old days—and still is!

Those Thursday nights, to be so famous later, all began when Richard Carle, noted light opera star, and his wife were stopping there. One Thursday night

Mrs. Carle sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. There gathered around her the other theatrical and picture people then living at the house, with the result an impromptu musical entertainment, after which everybody danced. It struck the proprietor next morning that that sort of thing might be made an institution, and so the next Thursday he advertised a dance.

The hotel is a rambling old stucco and frame building, with wide verandahs, long, restful vistas of reception rooms, and a lovely court filled with flowers, fountains and ferns.

Viola Dana and Shirley Mason went to live there, after which the place rapidly became popular as the home of the movie stars. May Allison, H. B. Warner and his wife, Anita Loos and her mother, Marjorie Daw, William H. Crane, de Wolf Hopper and his wife, Hedda Hopper, Ann Luther, William Farnum, Herbert Rawlinson, Louise Closser Halé, Alice

Lake, Bert Lytell, Henry Walthall, Milton Sills, Edward Connelly, Elinor Glyn, Major Rupert Hughes, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Betty Blythe, Conway Tearle and his wife, Constance, Norma and Natalie Talmadge and their mother, Sir Herbert Tree and his daughter Iris, and hundreds of others dwelt there at one time or another.

All the smart people of filmdom used to come to the Hollywood Hotel on Thursday nights, as I said before, and one beheld there Charlie Chaplin, the Gish sisters, Anita Stewart, Jack Conway, Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, Priscilla Dean, Earle Williams, and many others aside from the regular denizens. Fortunate tourists who chanced to be staying at the Hollywood Hotel had ringside seats at the Thursday evening dances, which were held always in the lobby, while still others who didn't belong and couldn't get in by hook or crook, stood outside on the verandahs, pressing their noses against the window panes, and gazing longingly within.

THIS gathering was really the progenitor of the present brilliant Mayfair and Sixty Club affairs, held at the Biltmore and the Ambassador Hotels.

"You must come to the Blank Theater and see my newest picture," the late Harold Lockwood said to me one evening.

We went.

The Blank Theater—a tawdry, cheap little theater on Hollywood Boulevard—was the finest theater in Hollywood in those days! An orchestrion furnished the music after ten o'clock in the evening, when the regular organist and the three-piece orchestra went home!

There were no theaters of the spoken drama then—if you except a tent show where a stock company held forth in "East Lynne" and shows of the like classic ilk—where now flourish El Capitan Theater, the Wilkes, the Music Box, the Hollywood Playhouse; added to which are Grauman's Egyptian and Chinese Theaters for pictures, elaborately beautiful and unique, together with other handsome movie palaces.

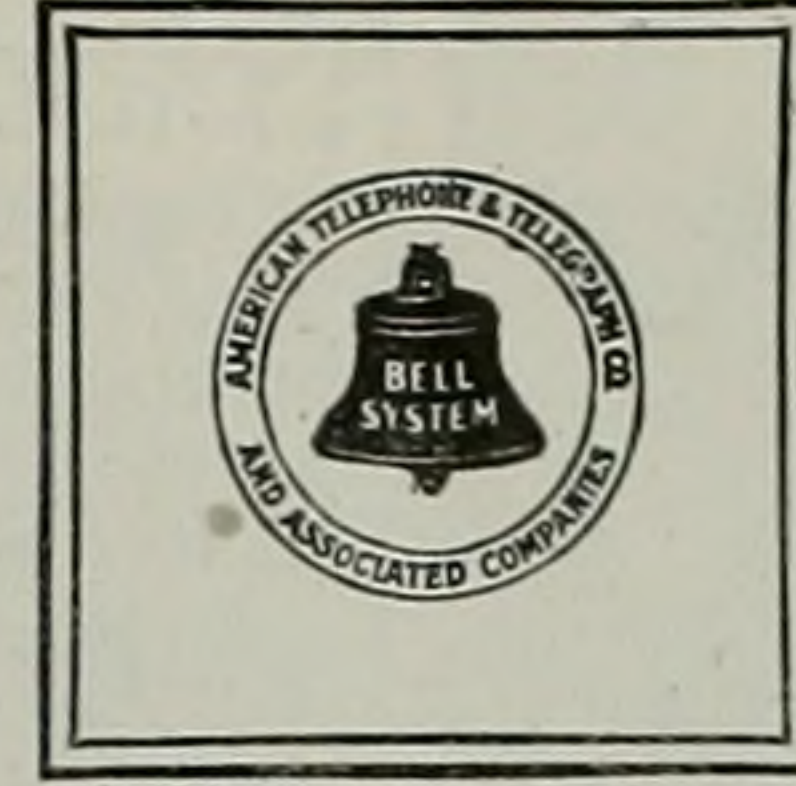
And now the Warner Brothers have begun work on their skyscraper-theater building on the corner of Hollywood and Wilcox Boulevards, where once stood the old Beveridge mansion surrounded by its orange groves, lawns and rose gardens.

Somehow most of the picture stars of the old days lived with their mothers and families in bungalows or apartments. The Gish sisters lived with their mother in a modest apartment; Mae Marsh dwelt with her mother and numerous brothers and sisters in a two-story house; Blanche Sweet lived with her grandmother in a little apartment; Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Colleen Moore and Pauline Starke never were separated from their mothers.

Movieland always was a home land. This was partly due to the fact that most of the picture people had been on the stage and had had to live in hotels most of their lives.

"I never had a home in my life," said De Wolfe Hopper, "until I came west."

He stayed at the Hollywood Hotel for a little while, then took a house for himself, his wife and his small son, William De Wolfe Hopper, Jr.



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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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Dustin Farnum's house in Hollywood was one of the show places in the old days. It is still very beautiful, with its wide, airy rooms, gracefully arranged, its morning rooms, and its wide gardens. Lya de Putti lives there now.

William Farnum long ago bought a splendid estate at the top of LaBrae Avenue, where he still lives whenever he is in Hollywood.

Tom Mix and Vicky Ford, as soon as they were married, built a modest home in Hollywood, where they lived for many years—long after Tom began making his comfortable \$10,000 a week salary.

Neither Tom nor Victoria cared especially for a large house, until Mrs. Mix one day driving in Beverly Hills discovered for sale the palatial house they now occupy.

IN the old home place of the Mixes, I remember, Tom used to go out in the garage when he had to write a screen story. He would take a certain old automobile to pieces out there—working on his story mentally as he worked on the car—and when the car was put together again, his story was finished, too!

Nobody I think in those days owned a car, and I remember the Gish sisters one day complaining because, being bashful youngsters, they hated being stared at as they rode back and forth to and from the studio on the street cars!

The first car at the Lasky studio was owned by James Neill, who proudly exhibited an old Buick to me one day.

The people at the old Ince studio—more properly Inceville, since it was a little cluster of buildings down the coast from Santa Monica, where were housed a lot of cowboys—used to ride to the studio a horseback.

Roy Stewart, William S. Hart, Charlie Ray, Reginald Barker, always came a-horseback, and even the girls did the same, including Mildred Harris when she worked there, Pauline Starke, Rhea Mitchell, Gladys Brockwell, Louise Glaum and other actresses.

That old studio by the way was one of the most interesting that ever decorated filmland. Riding down the coast road by the sea, you came suddenly upon it, with its village sets of houses and churches, its huge barns for the horses, its rambling, ugly old rough-board executive buildings and dressing rooms, and its picturesque tepees where dwelt the Indians whom Thomas H. Ince used to employ in his pictures. Rigged out in their bright clothing, bedecked with beads and feathers, they were a picturesque lot of human beings. The studio buildings were in a sort of canyon, with the tepees atop a hill.

Minnie, the famous old Indian actress, was then alive, and I remember one day when I was eating in the greasy little cafe at the studio, seeing Minnie, broad and buxom, sitting on a stool at the lunch counter, having her beans and bread. I chanced to laugh as I was looking at her absent-mindedly while I talked to Bill Desmond. She thought I was laughing at her, and glared sullenly, even making a pass at a knife that lay on the counter. Bill went over and explained to her that I was laughing at a joke of his, told her I wished to meet her, and Minnie and I were friends from that time on.

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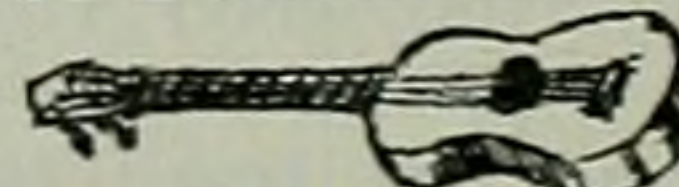
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The movie studios, those houses of magic in which were spun the charms that made Hollywood a unique place in the world as well as a city of wealth, were for the most part funny old tumble-down places in the old days. Thomas H. Ince had not yet begun even to dream of the great, beautiful studio with its wide lawns, its glass stages, its dressing room suites, which later became the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, nor of the splendid Old Colonial mansion studio built still later by him and which now is the Cecil B. De Mille studio.

Somebody came rushing into my office one day to tell me of the great studio which Universal was to build. Universal at that time was housed in a rambling bunch of buildings at Sunset and Gower Streets in Hollywood. But the new studio was going to be so big it was to be called Universal City. It was to have a real administration building of immense size—all of ten rooms, I believe—with large gates and walls, flower gardens, fountains and dressing rooms that would be comfortable and airy, and there were to be all of three stages. This paragon of studios was to be opened with great feasting and many brass bands by President Carl Laemmle and other Universal officials, including Isadore Bernstein, then director general. The studio was to be located on the Universal ranch over in San Fernando Valley, a place overrun with jack rabbits, coyotes and mountain lions. Duly the place was so opened.

The Griffith studio, where D. W. Griffith dreamed out "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms" and "Intolerance," was merely a studio by courtesy. Actually it was a brown frame cottage that had been converted into a studio, and Griffith had his barely furnished office in a room which had been a bedroom. He had a little plain office desk at which he never sat down, I am told.

Back of it were some bare outdoor stages. Here, I believe, diffusers were first used—great sheets of canvas worked on wires and overhanging the stages, which were pulled about as the sunlight changed on the set. Nobody worked with Kleigs in those days.

I found Lillian Gish, I remember, in her dressing room, which she had just been painting with white paint!

WHAT funny, bare places those dressing rooms were, to be sure! Little like the beautiful, luxurious bungalows and dressing room suites occupied these days by the stars.

I remember how Helen Ware, who had just come from the Eastern stage to work for Griffith, laughed when she saw the old-fashioned wash bowl and pitcher—there was no running water!—in her dressing room.

"I thought they only had those in museums!" she exclaimed gaily.

The Lasky studio was an old barn! There was a sort of raised place at the back which they had used to wash buggies on, and this was turned into a stage. I went out there one day to meet Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille. Mr. De Mille had just come west and was working on one of his first pictures, and Jesse L. Lasky was making his first visit in the west.

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PHOTO. 6-27

He was hoping, was Mr. Lasky, he said, to make a go of this new concern, and he told me some of his plans. The projection room was a long room which had been used to store wagons.

Lucien Littlefield was telephone boy, and sometimes played small parts. When he did there was nobody to answer the telephone in the office!

Aside from the small space occupied by the stage, the lot was a lemon orchard. One day somebody went out and cut down a lemon tree, and it is said that Mr. De Mille chided the cutter because he said the orchard should be preserved, as it wasn't likely the studio would ever need all that space.

Famous Players was not affiliated with Lasky at the time, but had its studios at the old Senator Cole residence, after the senator left.

It was indeed a year or two after the Lasky organization started before Famous Players came west.

The Vitagraph studio was just a bunch of rambling old buildings, and it rained into the dressing rooms in winter time. Corinne Griffith was one of their principal stars, and she lived at the Rex Arms.

Now Corinne has a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills.

It would seem that nearly all those Rex Arms people moved out to Beverly. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have their beautiful home, Pickfair, in Beverly.

By the way, how the tourists do congregate around the entrance to Pickfair!

Mary told me only last week that they had had to remove a hot-dog stand from before their gates!

French Leave

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

learned definitely that there were certain members of the troupe whom it would be futile to approach. His quest narrowed down eventually to four: Sam Gin, Willy Trout, Enoch Tapp and Evergreen Tapp. His heart missed a beat when he learned that the Tapps were obviously unhappy.

"What did they do in Birmingham, Florian?"

"Well, suh, Cap'n—Evergreen used to be a nurse in a big house on Highland avenue. That was befo' she thought she become an actress."

"A good nurse?"
"Judgin' by her actin', I should say yes."

"And Enoch?"
"Oh! I dunno. He wukked at a heap of things. Mostly he butted and chauffed."

Henry Farnsworth knew that the sun was shining upon him.

"And they are discontented?"
"That's the one thing they aint nothin' else but."

"Why?"
"Hmph!" Florian shrugged. "Actors is actors, Mistuh Farnsworth. An' them which plays leads always high-hats them which fills in. Enoch an' Evergreen just plays bits, an' ev'ybody orders 'em aroun'."



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"Are they good, honest, reliable people?"

"Cap'n, tha's the most thing they are. They got to be to hol' their jobs."

Mr. Farnsworth did some deep thinkin'. "How do they like France?"

"They is crazy 'bout it, but they talks French *tres* rotten. Seems like they caint git their tongues twisted right to say French words—like I can."

"I see . . . I see . . . They're not homesick?"

"**N**OSSUH. Single folks, an' folks which is ma'ied but their wives aint along—they is the ones what git homesick. But not no couples. I reckon Enoch an' Evergreen woul'n't like nothin' better than to live all their lives in France."

The Mobilian glanced approvingly at Florian. "And how about you, Florian?"

"Me? I reckon one place is good as 'nother fo' me."

"What kind of work did you do before you became an actor?"

"Oh! A li'l of ev'ything. I mos'ly disported myse'f."

"At what?"

"Well, I shoots a good cue an' I used to play baseball an'—"

"Did Enoch ever play ball?"

"Pretty good. He played once on the lodge team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise when us beat The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

Mr. Farnsworth slipped a hundred franc note into Florian's eager palm. "This has been an interesting conversation, Slappay. And I'm delighted to do anything I can to make your stay in Nice pleasant. Tomorrow I'm going to bring Mrs. Farnsworth down to watch the picture-taking. She is from Alabama, too, and will be mighty interested."

Florian watched the gentleman disappear across the Place Massena. He nodded with vast approval: "Hot diggity dawg!" he reflected. "He sho' is quality folks."

Mrs. Farnsworth accompanied her husband to the Jardin du Roi Albert where the company was engaged in shooting some particularly farcical stuff. Prominently in the foreground were the two directors, the cameraman and the four stars: Opus Randall, Welford Potts, Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz. Florian stood off to one side chatting with Enoch and Evergreen Tapp and, at a signal from the Farnsworths, he brought the unhappy couple over with him.

They talked idly for several minutes, then Florian was summoned by Director Clump. Immediately as the Farnsworths were left alone with Enoch and Evergreen the conversation became more pointed. By the time Florian rejoined the group the eyes of the elongated negro and his young wife were shining. That night the Tapps walked along the shores of the Mediterranean and discussed the matter.

"Evergreen," announced the husband, "Ise all fo' it."



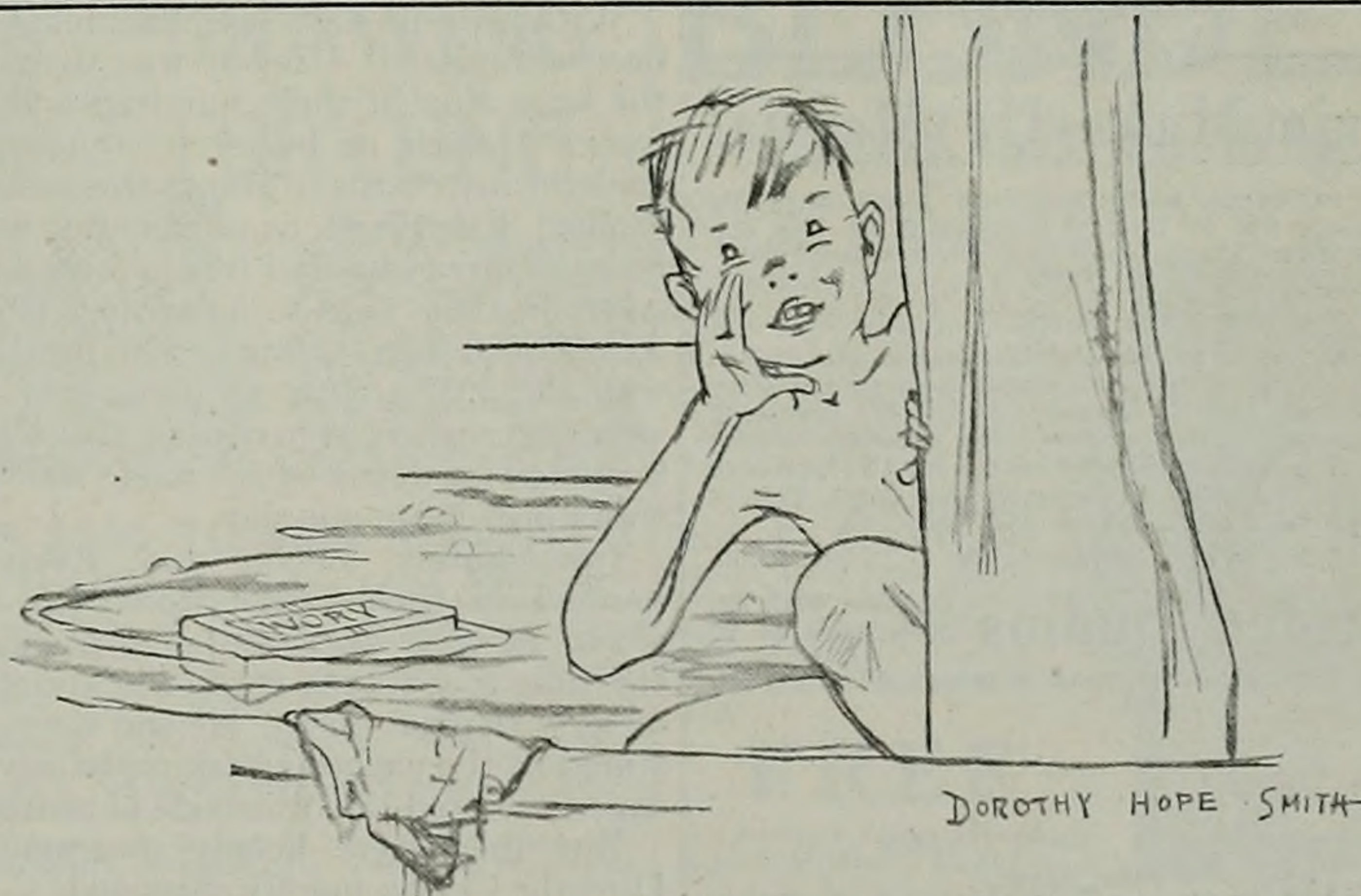
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"I reckon you would be, Enoch. Likin' France like you do an' hatin' all these actors."

"I don't hate 'em. But they has gotten pow'ful uppity right recent. Always tellin' us where to git off at. Aint you kind of sore?"

"I'll say I is. Actin' is one thing, but bein' stepped on is somethin' else. Ise sick of the way Sicily an' Glorious superciliouses me all the time, an'—"

A DREAMY, faraway look came into Enoch's eyes. "I'd sho' love to buttle again, Evergreen—honey."

"Uh-huh. An' they say they got swell rooms fo' us with private bath an' steam heat an' ev'ything."

"Aint you tootin'? An' just think of what us could say to these actor folks when we resigned. Coul'n't us just tell 'em where to git off at? An' woul'n't they tear their hair out by the roots an' beg us to stay?"

That was the clincher with Evergreen. She loathed to abandon her professional

understan' how us brung you along, 'ceptin' on'y that we had to have somebody to fill in. Pussonally, I wishes you-all luck, but if you aint better servants than you is actors, I regrets to think about these swell white folks that has hired you."

Thus the departure of Enoch and Evergreen was shot through with bitterness instead of triumph. It was almost as though they had been discharged. The only salve to this unhappiness was the contentment that came to them in their new job.

In the first place, they instantly became devoted to the Farnsworth children. Enoch particularly fell in love with them. The only fly in their ointment was a psychological one, and Evergreen alone was victim to it. After all, there was a certain pride in being an actress. It gave one a feeling of accomplishment which could not come from a menial position—however pleasant that position might be. Therefore, even from the first, her happiness was tintured by doubt.

Answers to How Good is Your Memory

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. "Stella Dallas" | 7. "Little Old New York" |
| 2. "Valencia" | 8. "He Who Gets Slapped" |
| 3. "The Sheik" | 9. "The Freshman" |
| 4. "The Vanishing American" | 10. "Variety" |
| 5. "What Price Glory" | 11. "A Woman of Paris" |
| 6. "The Sea Hawk" | 12. "So Big" |

career, but she thought of stepping from under the feet of Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz . . . "I think us better make a 'gagement to talk things over with Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth, Enoch. Wukkin' fo' them is the most thing I craves to think about."

Within four days arrangements had been completed. Enoch was to receive the huge sum of three hundred and fifty francs a week as butler, chauffeur and athletic instructor to Henry Farnsworth, junior. Evergreen, as nursemaid, was to be paid three hundred francs a week. In addition they were to have their private rooms, plus heat, water and all meals. It was also made clear to them that they were not expected to learn the French language—a detail which made the situation much more popular.

Immediately Enoch and Evergreen handed in their resignations. A large crowd of their associates was present at the time and Enoch made the announcement with great gusto. He and Evergreen stared at the gathering triumphantly and eagerly waited the broadside of protest.

But they were keenly disappointed. Director Clump merely shrugged.

"All right," he said calmly.
"What you mean: All right?"
"I mean if you-all two is fool enough to quit—we is willin'. You aint much good nohow."

Enoch blinked rapidly. "Who says we aint?"

"Well, is you? An' if so—how?"

"Us—us acts all the time—"

"Sure, you act terrible. I never could

But the most amazing aftermath of their defection from the Midnight ranks occurred in the company itself. It became astoundingly apparent that Enoch and Evergreen were the most important unimportant people in the world. Had Midnight been at home the recruiting of new players would have been a simple matter.

Here in France the situation was appalling.

FORCEP SWAIN, Midnight's imminent author, was driven nearly to distraction. "Dawg-bite it! Caesar—I can't compose epics without you let me use plenty of characters."

"You aint got to use 'em wholesale."

"That's what you prognosticate. But folks have to be in stories. You can't just write scenarios about stars. Now in this picture there are only six minor rôles. If you look back over my files you'll see that is a heap less than we've been using—"

"But there's two wimmin extra—an' we aint got but one."

"It aint my fault you accepted Evergreen Tapp's resignation, is it?"

"No, but . . . well, you got to write one female part out of this story."

"It caint be done!" Forcep was very positive. "The whole story depends on the hero having him a connubial partner and if he aint got one, then there aint any story."

"But Forcep—"

"Don't but me, Slim Boy. I am paid to auth—not to cast your pictures."

J. Caesar Clump confessed himself beaten. Forcep was right, of course, and Clump was too honest to argue. It was queer about Evergreen . . . he hadn't paid any attention to her from the time they left Birmingham. It had been a case of do this and do that and do the other thing. Sometimes she made up to play two or three bits in a single slapstick comedy. She was pretty and eager and she registered well. There was one way out . . . the production manager approached Lithia Chew, wife of the ponderous Lawyer Chew. She announced that she was quite willing to star in a Midnight picture provided it was a serious, lit'ry presentation. She couldn't consider falling in ditches and being hit by dishpans. As for playing the sort of stuff Evergreen Tapp had been doing . . . Lithia Chew became highly insulted.

And so a meeting of sorrow had been called and Director Clump stated the situation calmly.

"We has got to have 'em back!" he announced. "Else we might as well pack our luggage and sail fo' the States."

There was a solemn silence, broken eventually by the harassed president—Orifice R. Latimer.

"Aint you kind of zaggeratin' things, Caesar?"

"ZAGGERATIN'! Me? Great sufferin' tripe! Orifice, it caint be zaggerated. A'ready we is wastin' time. We has doubled Magnesia Jones ev'y which way, but we caint make her two wimmin in one scene no matter how much genuses we is. Exotic Hines has went most crazy fixin' his cam'ra so folks won't know how much work Miss Jones is doin'. Sicily Clump an' Glorious Fizz is playin' leads an' ev'ybody knows them. Us needs another cullud woman—an' by Golly! we got to have her."

"You can get along without Enoch, caint you?"

"Sure. I can use the orchestra boys fo' what he would do. But we caint get Evergreen 'thout Enoch on account of them bein' ma'ied to each other. An' Evergreen says she never was no mo' happier than she is in that new job—"

"Where at d'you git that stuff?"

The question was asked tauntingly. All eyes focussed upon the speaker—in a hopelessly superior fashion. His bright little eyes flashed about the room: "You-all is the dumbest bunch I ever did see. Trouble is you is all ma'ied, an' therefore you don't know nothin' 'bout wimmin."

"Hmph! I guess you know such a lot 'bout them, huh?"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I do. A man as 'tractive as I which has steered clear of them all these yeahs is bound to know all there is to know an' I ask you sapheads—where did you git the idea that Evergreen Tapp wasn't achin' to come back to Midnight?"

The voices of Lawyer Chew, President Latimer and Director Clump rose in chorus. "She told us!"

"Tol' you! Sho'ly she did. 'Cause when she resigned you made it look like she wasn't wanted. I don't hardly reckon you tol' her you coul'n't git along without her, did you?"

"No-o . . . But—"

"Boys!" announced Florian firmly. "You don't know nothin' an' you acts



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according. Now listen: I happen to understand them folks pretty good. Ise willin' to admit that Enoch Tapp would be happy in that job fo' the rest of his life. He's one of them easy-goin' fellers which craves a good bed, good eatments an' lots of spare time. But Evergreen is different. She's a woman and she's got ambition. If you all had of told her when she resigned that she was valuable to the comp'ny, she never would of lef', 'cause any girl would rather be a bum actress than a good nurse . . . an' would rather be a good actress than anythin' in the world.

"BUT what happens? You make her think she aint wuth shootin'. An' now there aint nothin' for her to do but play proud an' tell you where to git off at."

They were staring at Florian wide-eyed. One or two nodded slow approval.

"Do you think you could git her to come back, Florian?"

"Sho'ly. Handlin' diplomatical things like that is the most thing I shines at. But I don't do it like you all think. I goes to her an' tells her that the comp'ny is most likely gwine to bust up less'n she comes back. Ise gwine say that she's the most impawtant pusson in the whole troupe an' we caint git along 'thout her. Ise gwine offer to double her sal'ry an' also hint that maybe she plays better parts—"

"Oh! My Gawd! Florian . . . you caint—"

"All right. Handle it yo' own way an' see where it gits you. Evergreen aint never comin' back to this troupe 'til we gives her a high horse to ride on. Now if you all is willin' . . ."

They discussed the matter from every angle. The more they delved into it, the more apparent it became that Florian's reasoning was sound. At least it could do no harm to try—and they were unhappily certain that their own methods had been uncouth and wrong. Furthermore they were keenly conscious of their need for Evergreen. As for Enoch—

"Shuh!" announced Mr. Slappey, "you don't need to have no worriment 'bout that feller. He's crazy 'bout Evergreen an' wherever she goes—also he goes."

"Soun's good," agreed Latimer. "There's a li'l bonus in it fo' you."

"Hot dam! Bonuses is the fondest thing I is of. But I warn you, this aint gwine be no swif' job."

"Don't make it too long. Us aint gwine be in Nice but ten days longer. Then we moves to Marseilles—"

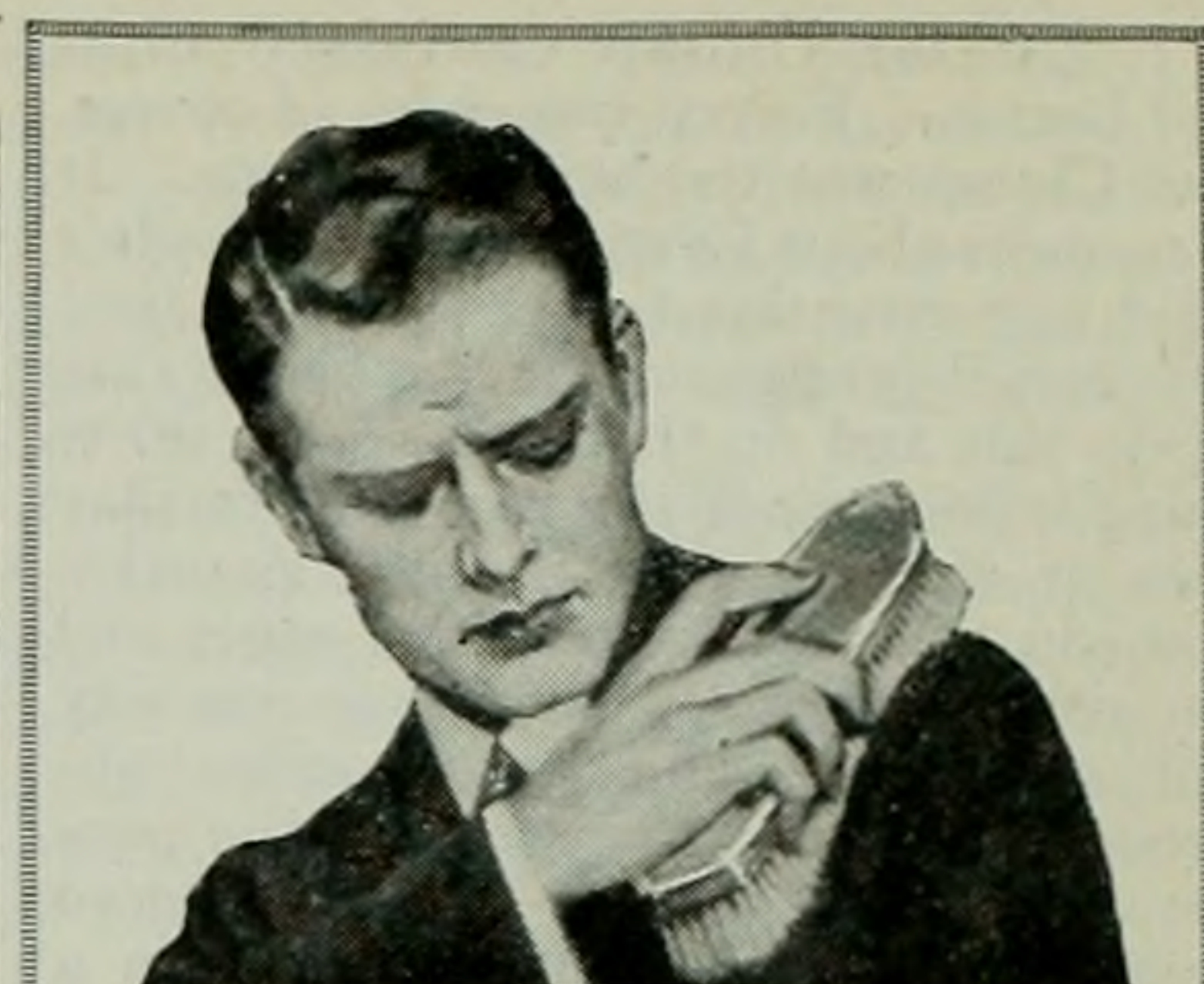
"Just sing yo'se'f to sleep, Brother. When us depahts fo' Marseilles, Enoch and Evergreen is gwine be with us. You watch my smoke."

And watch Florian's smoke they did, although at first it was a mere bit of haze in the distance.

Florian's first move was to meet Evergreen when she was walking with the two Farnsworth children on the Promenade des Anglais. He chatted with her casually and then dropped a few remarks which caused her eyes to sparkle. He told her that she was terribly missed from the Midnight ranks.

"Not really, Florian."

"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg!"



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"Does Director Clump say so?"
 "Gal! You must ought to heah him. An' President Latimer . . ."
 "They wasn't thinkin' such when I an' Enoch departed."
 "Tha's just the point," chuckled Florian. "Up 'til that time they thought you-all wasn't doin' nothin'. Now when they tries to find other cullud gals to play their pitchers—they is entirely out of luck."

"I'm glad of it!"
 "An' aint you sort of honin' to be back?"

A faraway, wistful look appeared briefly in Evergreen's fine eyes. "Well, I aint sayin' I aint, Florian. Co'se, Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth is the swellest folks I ever wukked fo' . . . but just the same it seems terrible to 'bandon a career like mine."

"It sho' was," agreed Mr. Slappey. "Terrible!"

Florian was entirely too adroit to press his advantage further at the moment. He bowed magniloquently and walked away—blithely unconscious of a certain fact.

At the very moment that Mr. Slappey was most immersed in his conversation with the fair Evergreen, an elaborate sedan had rolled past. At the wheel sat the chauffeur and beside him the long ebony figure of one Enoch Tapp. Inside the car was Mrs. Farnsworth.

Mrs. Farnsworth beamed with approval at sight of the neatly capped and gowned Evergreen with her children. But Enoch experienced no thrill of pride at the glimpse he caught of his wife.

"That po' shrimp, Florian Slappey," he muttered viciously to himself. "Whatever a gal sees in him . . ."

Evergreen did not mention to Enoch her meeting with Florian . . . and so the seeds of a deep, dark jealousy were planted. And that was only the beginning.

The fact that Enoch was a witness to their second interview was no matter of coincidence. He deliberately shadowed his wife. He did not know—and would not have believed—that she did not expect to meet Florian. The fact was that they met in front of the Casino Municipal as though by appointment. Florian bowed and fell into step beside Evergreen. Enoch, his face dark as a thundercloud and the soul of him all shrivelled into a little green ball, bethought himself of homicide.

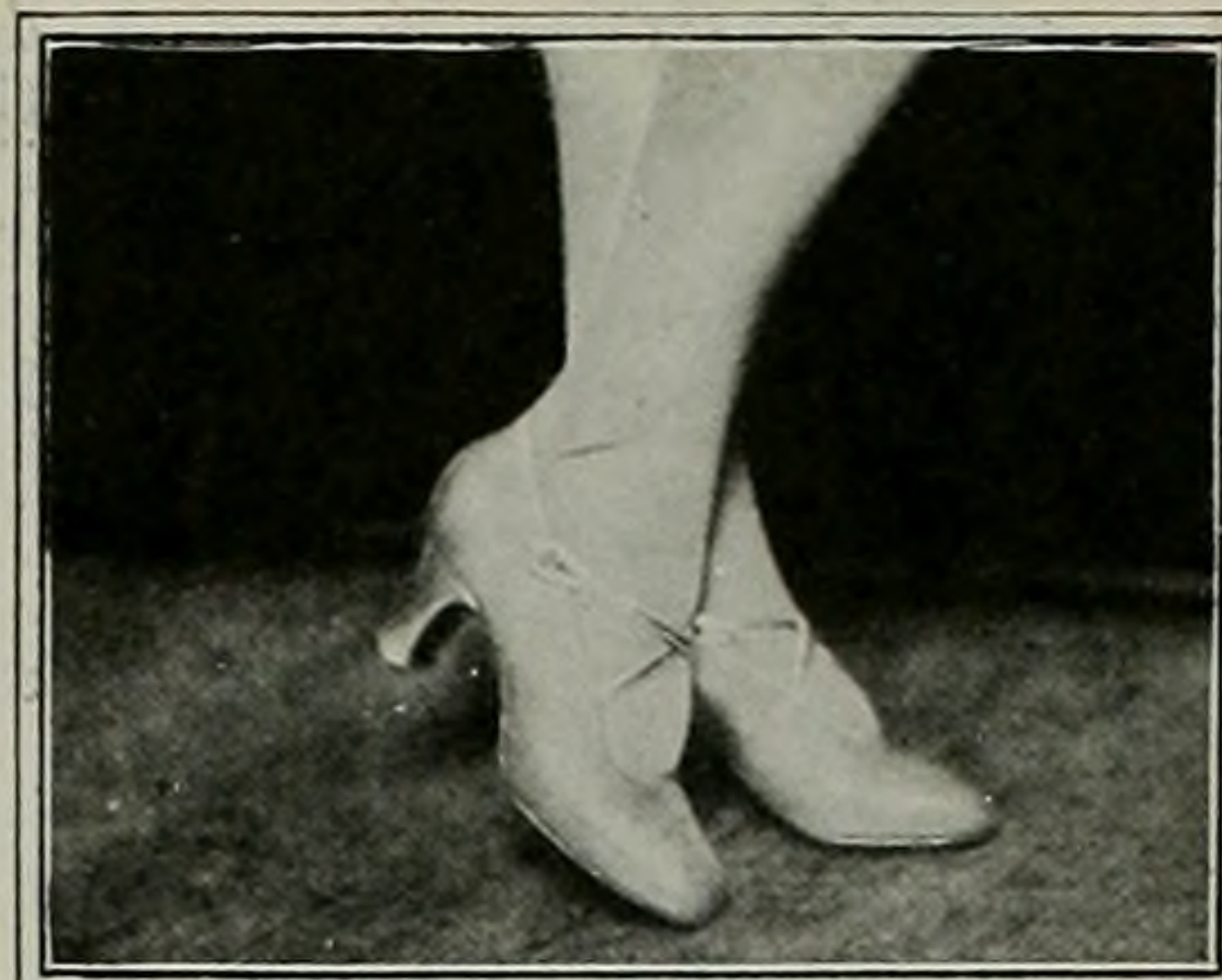
Enoch was frankly and unblushingly in love with his wife. Too, he was acutely conscious of his own physical imperfections—and through the few ecstatic years of their married life had never quite understood how he managed to retain her affections.

Florian was everything that Enoch was not—and would like to have been. He was easy of manner, suave, polished and an elegant dresser. No man in all Birmingham wore such exquisite checks or such glorious sox. Mr. Slappey was incontrovertibly the champion Beau Brummel of the Alabama colored persuasion.

Florian picked up the conversation where he had left off a few days previously. He started by informing Evergreen that, without her, the Midnight company was unable to function. He maintained that

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every member of the troupe, from President Latimer to little Excelsior Nix—the "chile progeny"—spoke of no one but Evergreen from morning to night. It was all balm to Mrs. Tapp's wounded soul.

"Puttin' it that away, brother Slappey, I might's well confess that I craves to be back in the comp'ny pow'ful bad."

"Hot dam! Then why not come?"
She shook her head doubtfully. "I caint."

"Why not?"

"Enoch."

"Who he?"

"My husban'. I never seen him so happy as he is now. I an' him just 'bout run that house an' we gits treated grand. You see, Florian—Enoch aint got no burnin' ambition which I has, an' s'far as I can tell he woul'n't like nothin' better than to remain where he is at fo' the rest of his nachel life."

"Shuh! Gal—you can do plenty with him, does you crave to."

"Nope . . . not less'n there was special 'ducements."

"There is!" announced Mr. Slappey triumphantly. "President Latimer tol' me to tell you that does you join us again, you gits double the salary you was drawin' befo'. Also Enoch."

HER eyes sparkled. From that instant Evergreen Tapp was converted. The company had made the amende honorable, and under such conditions Mrs. Tapp could not see her way clear to forsake a career for which she felt herself preeminently fitted.

"We got a week left," explained Florian, "befo' us goes to Marseilles. Don't try to rush Enoch. Take it easy. Just tell him that you got reasons fo' wantin' to return back to Midnight. Git him all wukked up . . . an' then the last thing you spring on him can be 'bout gittin' two times as much sal'ry."

Evergreen promised—and kept her word. But the manner in which Enoch greeted her renewed interest in the motion picture profession filled her with horrid doubt and blank uncertainty.

Enoch's single track mind found but one solution. He had twice seen his wife enthralled in the society of Florian Slappey—therefore Enoch presumed that Mr. Slappey was the magnet which was attracting her again into the fold. He probed with subtlety and her evasion filled him with greater certainty and a more pervading misery.

"Funny," he suggested, "that you has changed aroun' all of a sudden."

"There's reasons," she retorted.

"What do you mean: Reasons?"

"We-e-ell—I has 'scovered a few things since I left away fum there. An' I yearns to go back."

"I suppose,"—jealously—"that you craves to go 'thout me, eh?"

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf, Enoch. Co'se I don't."

"Hmph! Tha's what you say!"

"How come you to talk with such silliment, Mistuh Tapp? Has I ever—"

"Oh! shut up!" Enoch's green-eyed fury robbed him of tact. "Us stays where we is at. You has played in yo' las' movin' pitcher!"

Hurt and miserable, he walked away. Evergreen stared after him with anger and amazement. This was a new Enoch,

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a Mr. Tapp of unsuspected firmness. She telephoned Florian Slappey at the little hotel on the Rue d'Alger where the troupe was living and made an appointment for that night.

"I got heaps to 'scuss with you, Florian. Meet me right by the entrance to the Casino Jete Promenade."

FROM the butler's pantry, Enoch heard the conversation. But instead of trailing them that night, he sat alone in his room and brooded upon the stark tragedy which had come into his life.

He considered manslaughter and suicide. But eventually he decided upon a greater sacrifice. He merely wanted to be certain. . . .

Evergreen reported her difficulties to Florian. "Try him again," advised Mr. Slappey cheerfully. "We got a few mo' days . . . an' we got to have you."

"Ev'y day I gits mo' anxious to join back," she admitted. "But I never did see Enoch so contrary."

"Gal! You got to win him over. Tha's all. Now, go to it!"

Evergreen went to it, but it was a losing job. Twice more she held clandestine meetings with Florian Slappey and, on both occasions, the vigilant husband had knowledge of trysts. But it was not until the night before the day when Midnight was due to leave Nice for Marseilles that the storm really broke.

For days Evergreen had been on the verge of hysteria. The very impossibility of her doing as she wished consumed her with an overweening passion to return to the company. She was convinced that she would be unutterably miserable should she remain in the employ of the Farnsworths—no matter how royally they treated her.

And Enoch was bewildering. He was cold and distant and bleakly angry. She couldn't talk to him and he wouldn't talk to her. His brain was in a turmoil. He was wavering between an instinct to exterminate Mr. Slappey and a desire to bring real happiness to Evergreen. And the girl—never suspecting that her husband was victim to torturing ideas—grew resentful of his moodiness and finally declared herself pointblank.

"I aint gwine stan' it no mo', Enoch!"

"Says which?"

"Says I aint gwine stay heah. All you does is mope aroun'—an' not even so very much of that. Besides, I don't crave to nurse all my life, an—"

"What you tryin' to tell me, gal?"

Her eyes blazed defiantly. "Tomorrow afternoon Midnight leaves for Marseilles. I is goin' with them!"

Enoch blinked rapidly. "Y-y-you don't really mean that?"

"It's the honestest thing I ever said."

"B-b-b-but how 'bout me?"

"You do what you please. If you is mo' crazy 'bout buttlng than you is 'bout me—why you stays. Otherwise you joins Midnight again."

He stared at her with peculiar intentness. "I got an idea," he remarked slowly. "I think Ise goin' with you-all."

She started forward with a glad cry—her arms outstretched. "Oh! you sugar man . . ."

He stepped away from her embrace. "Lay off me, gal. You know good an' well I aint yo' sugar man!"

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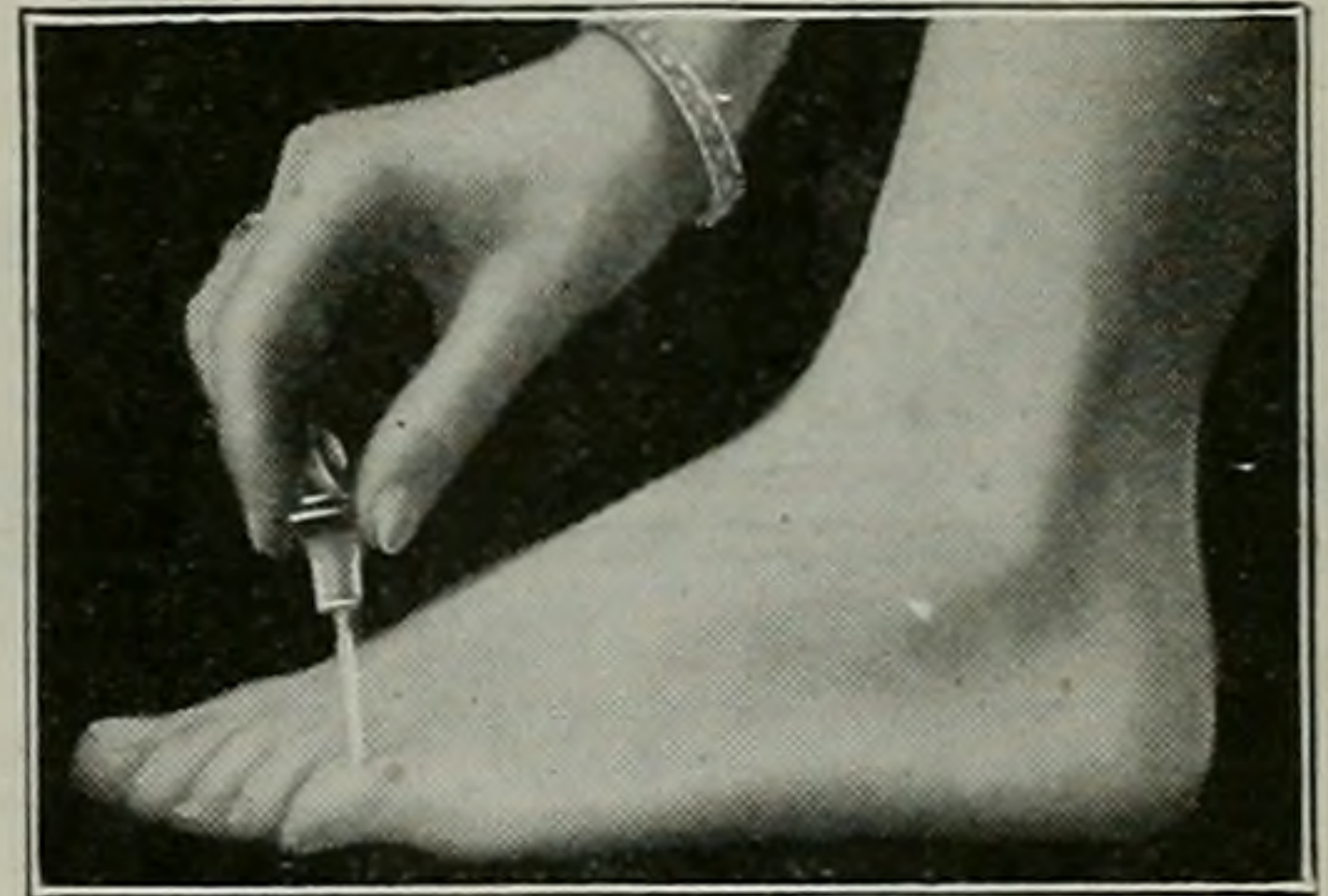




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She was puzzled—but even her bewilderment crumbled before the joy which possessed her. She went immediately to the Farnsworths and informed them that the call of her career was too great. They shook their heads and quite honestly confessed that they had hoped to keep such a marvellous couple.

"If ever you wish to return, Evergreen—you or Enoch or both—just send us a wire."

APPARENTLY everything was serene. Evergreen reported her success to Florian who, in turn, passed the glad tidings along to President Latimer and Director Clump. The organization held a celebration and it was agreed that from this moment forth the returning troupers were to be treated with a deference befitting their actual importance.

That night Florian left the little hotel on the Rue d' Alger and turned right on the Avenue du Marechal Foch with the idea of testing his luck at boules. But at the dimly lighted intersection of the two streets a terrible figure stepped from a dark doorway and confronted Florian.

"Mistuh Slappey . . ."

"Ise him!" Florian's eyes widened. "Well dawg-gone my gol' tooth if it aint ol' Enoch Tapp."

Fingers of amazing strength were wrapped around Florian's arm. "I claims to make talk with you, Feller. Alone an' pussonal."

Mr. Slappey shook his head. He sensed tragedy—but didn't know why. The two men, one tall and angular and very strong; the other short and slim and wiry . . . moved toward the deserted stretches of the Quai St. Jean Baptiste. Florian was conscious of a tension and his nerves became jumpy. Never before had he seen Enoch so grimly positive. Mr. Slappey simply could not understand it—and Enoch did not bother to enlighten him.

They stood on the Quai together,

Enoch staring fixedly at the dry bed of what had once been a river. Finally he turned smouldering eyes upon the dapper figure at his side and delivered a pointed speech.

"Evergreen is gwine to Marseilles with you-all."

"Uh-huh," nodded Florian, "I know."

"I is goin', too."

"Tha's good."

Enoch bent forward at the waist and transfixed Florian with a lethal stare. "Do you know why I is goin', Florian?"

Something informed Florian that everything was not quite pleasant.

"Wh-why?" he stammered.

Enoch's voice came raspingly: "To make sure that you marry Evergreen."

THE explosion of seven tons of T. N. T. immediately abaft Mr. Slappey could have made no more profound impression. The debonair little colored man jumped as though he had been shot and glared wildly at his companion.

"Wh-what's that you said, Brother Tapp?"

"I said Ise gwine stay with you-all until I make sure that you is ma'ied to Evergreen!"

"Goodness, goshness, Miss Agnes! What kind of craziment is that which you utters? Evergreen is yo' wife."

Enoch answered with sepulchral finality: "I is gwine divorce her in Marseilles. Then you has got to marry her."

Florian's brain was whirling dizzily. He clutched the stone wall for support. "B-b-b-but, Enoch—I aint cravin' to marry Evergreen."

"So!" Mr. Tapp's voice boomed like sudden death. "I always thought you was that kind of a feller, Florian Slappey. But this time you drawed the wrong man. I guess I aint gwine stan' back an' leave you tell me you wont marry Evergreen. 'Cause, Florian, Ise gwine to Marseilles an' Ise intendin' to stan' near you with a gun. An' any time you make a move to



One of those embarrassing situations. How was Agnes Ayres to know that Mme. Sinew, the muscle dancer, had left her likeness on the screen? It is all strictly in fun, and Agnes must expect things like this, because she has gone into comedies. Need we explain that just the northern part is Agnes?

git away or do anything but what I say—
Ise gwine blow a tunnel th'oo yo' car-
cass."

"Oh Golla . . . Enoch, you is makin'
a terrible mistake."

"You is makin' all the mistakes,
Florian. An' if you make just one mo'
you is suddenly gwine to be aint. Ise got
an itch in my trigger finger an' death in
my heart. On'y fo' Evergreen I'd blow
you right up right heah. But if she wants
you—an' she does—she's gwine have you
at the point of my gun."

MR. SLAPPEY stared into the eyes of
a man demented. A great horror
gripped him. There was something awfully
wrong—he didn't know precisely what.
He seemed on the verge of happening to
two catastrophes: one was extinction and
the other almost as bad—a marriage to
Evergreen Tapp.

Florian did not dislike Evergreen. He
was, in fact, mildly fond of her; but his
philosophy did not include a hankering
for marriage. Thus far in his career he
had scrupulously and successfully avoided
feminine entanglement and now—out of a
clear sky—he was literally being shot into
a marriage with another man's wife.

He tried to argue and saw that he
might just as well waste his words on the
mountainside. His protests trailed off
hopelessly, then gathered for a final
verdict.

"My Gawd, Enoch—you is sho'
dumb!"

"I aint so dumb as not to shoot
straight."

Mr. Tapp turned and stalked away.
Florian stared after him. Then he sud-
denly felt that his legs would not longer
support him and he seated himself on the
pavement.

Mr. Slappey knew men and their
moods. He knew when they were serious
and when they were bluffing. Enoch
Tapp was in deadly earnest. Florian had
seen the look of insanity in his eyes . . .
the lurking jealousy, the fierce battle to
restrain himself from eliminating Mr.
Slappey then and there.

"Oh, Lawsy," groaned Mr. Slappey,
"either I gits ma'ied or kilt or bofe!
Think of havin' that crazy man hangin'
'roun' me all the time. . . ."

Florian realized that never before had
he stood in such stark and imminent dan-
ger of ceasing to exist. Cold sweat stood
out on his colorado-maduro brow; he
trembled as with palsy; his teeth clicked
like drumsticks on an oak box.

"Th-there aint nothin' I can do," he
groaned, "an' I sure got to do it quick!"

The following morning there was much
gleeful excitement among the Midnight
trouper. Once again the company was
to move. Their visit to the Riviera had
been delightful, but new places, new
scenes, new adventures lay ahead and
their hearts sang.

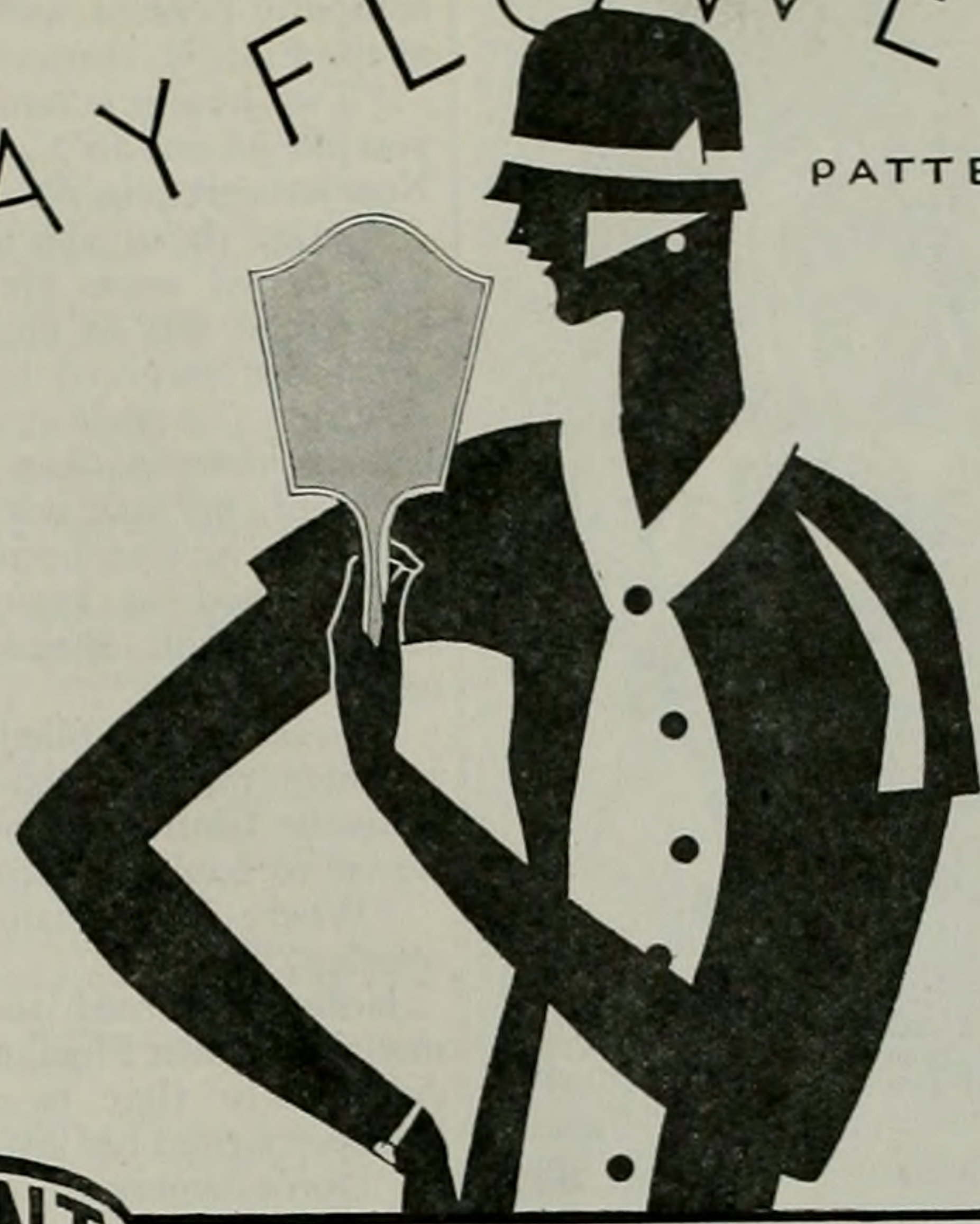
The little hotel where they had been
staying rang with the racket of packing
and chatter. They speculated about
Marseilles and discussed the epochal trip
to Africa they were to make after com-
pleting their scheduled picture-taking in
the French seaport.

At one o'clock they bolted a light lunch.
A few minutes later President Latimer
assembled them in the hotel parlor.
He announced that they must move im-

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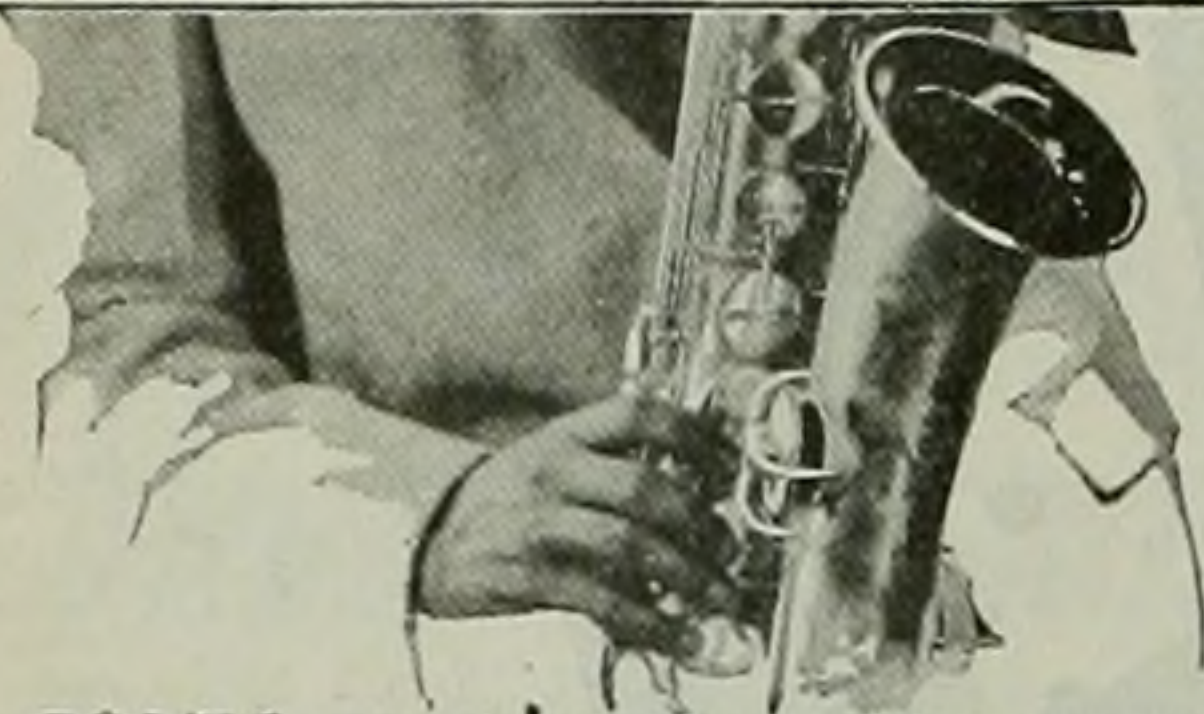
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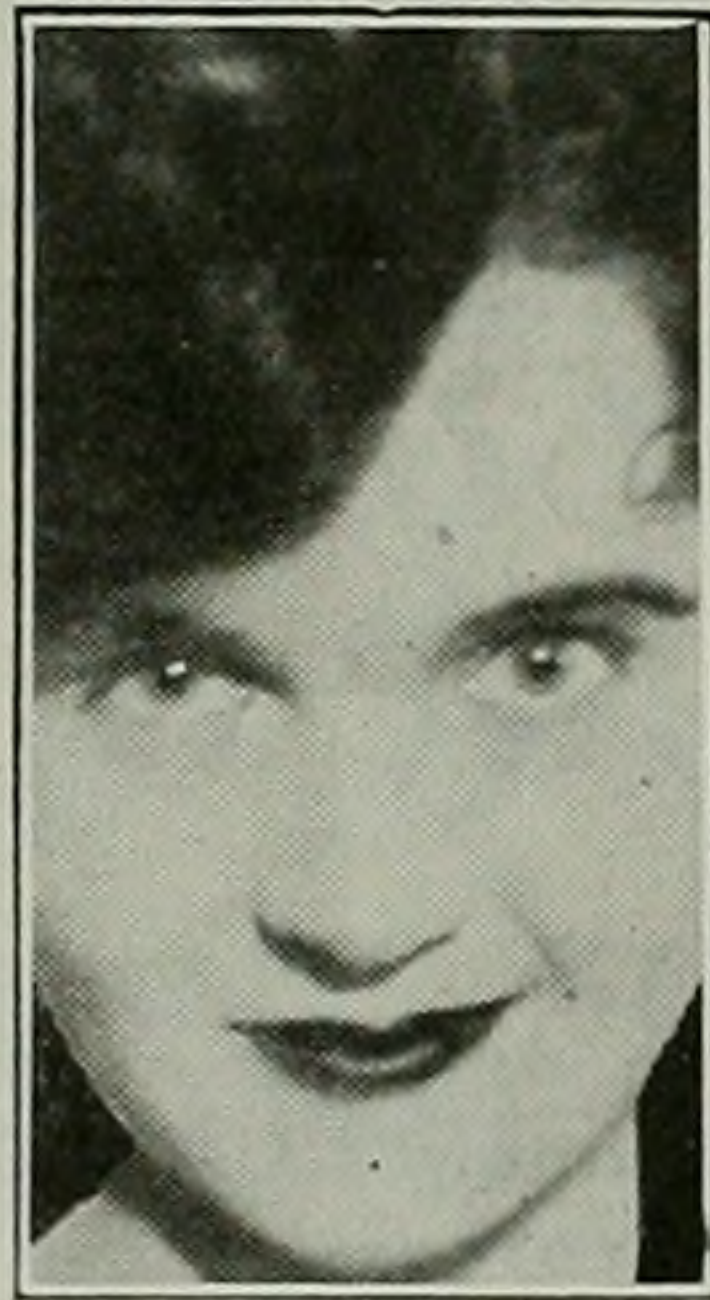
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mediately. The train was reported on time and he wished to have the entire company present well ahead of schedule at the P. L. M. station.

"Two busses is outside, folks. Half of you pile on one an' t'other half will follow. Now let's git goin'."

Among those who moved out with the first crowd were Mr. and Mrs. Tapp. Evergreen was in fine fettle. The company had received her royally and she swam on the crest of a wave of triumph. Enoch, however, was glum and reticent. Even so, he was not so abysmally unhappy as he had been the previous day. He climbed in beside Evergreen and stared straight ahead as the bus rolled off.

The second bus filled rapidly. President Latimer rode in that bus and so did Director Clump. Just before giving the signal to start, Clump looked around.

"Where is Florian Slappey at?" he queried.

Nobody seemed to know. Someone mentioned that Florian had not been seen since early that morning. President Latimer jerked his head impatiently.

"Don't worry 'bout Florian. He's mos' prob'ly waitin' at the station fo' us right now."

THEY reached the Avenue de la Victoire and swung right toward the railroad station. The driver was ordered to take time: the passengers wished to feast their eyes for the last time on the glorious little French town where they had so thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

They passed through a region of little shops and came eventually to that section of the city where handsome residences rear their imposing forms behind stonework and shrubbery. And it was as they were passing one of the most stately of these residences that Director J. Caesar Clump uttered a shout.

"Yonder is where Mistuh an' Mis' Farnsworth live," he explained to the crowd. Then his face grew livid and he yelled for the chauffeur to cease driving. He pointed a trembling finger toward the Farnsworth doorway.

Guests were arriving at the Farnsworth home. As they mounted the front steps, the door of the mansion opened and a slim figure, agleam with gold-braided livery, stepped out and stood rigidly at attention.

"Great Wiggilin' Tripe!" gasped Director Clump. "Just look at that!"

They followed the direction of his eyes, and a chorused gasp escaped them.

They were staring at the slim, uniformed figure of the Farnsworths' new colored butler.

It was Florian Slappey!

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

***TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. 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.)

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

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

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

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (May.)

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

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

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

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

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy 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.)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (May.)

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

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

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

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (May.)

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

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

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

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you 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.)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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



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M. EVELYN MCEVILLY,
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[SEAL]



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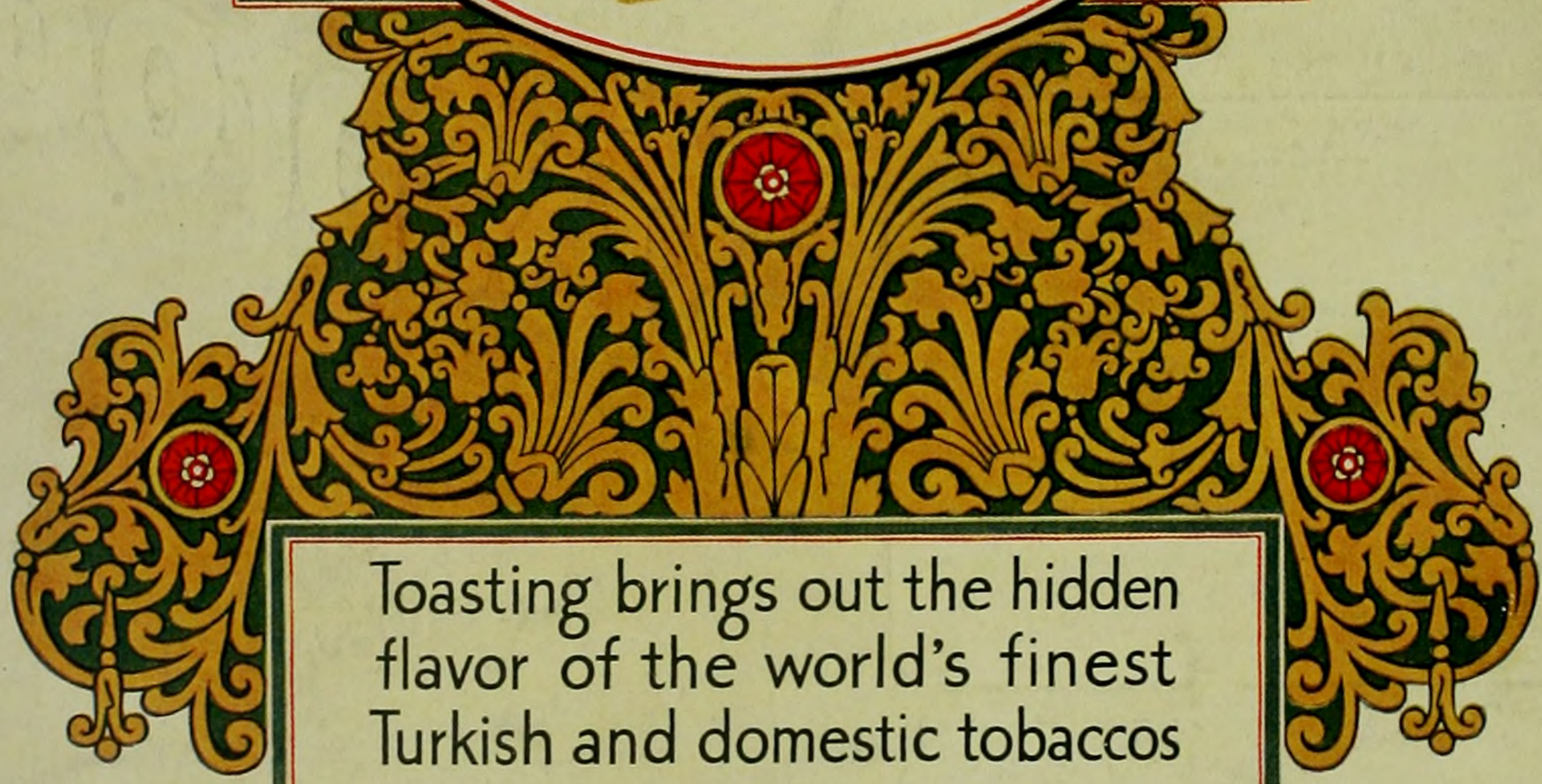
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