

# PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 25 CENTS

*The National  
Guide to  
Motion  
Pictures*

Turn The Pages  
Now To

LADIES *in* HADES

*Charles Sheldon*



# THE BIG PARADE OF STARS

IN THE YEAR OF "THE BIG PARADE" AND "BEN HUR"



JOHN GILBERT

*The Man of the Hour!*

IN his forthcoming vehicle—"Fires of Youth"—the emotional power and superb acting that have lifted Gilbert to the topmost pinnacle of stardom will thrill you to the cheering point! You'll always remember his wonderful performance in "The Big Parade", "The Merry Widow" and "La Boheme". And you'll never forget his dashing bravado in "Fires of Youth". Watch for it. It's another M-G-M masterpiece!

## The Big Parade of Stars

GRETA GARBO, NORMA SHEARER, MARION DAVIES  
LON CHANEY, WILLIAM HAINES, JACKIE COOGAN  
RAMON NOVARRO, LILLIAN GISH, KARL DANE  
AND GEORGE K. ARTHUR, TIM McCOY  
LEW CODY AND AILEEN PRINGLE

# Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*"More stars than there are in heaven"*



The big gun of the screen

★  
**How Keen  
a Movie Mind  
Have You?**

*Win one of these rare prizes!*

THE motion picture is as much a part of modern life as the automobile or eating or sleeping. It isn't enough to see motion pictures. You ought to *know* something about them—and be able to talk intelligently about them.

For the best answers to my questions below from a man, I am going to give the handsome Chinese slippers I wore in "Mr. Wu". And Renee Adoree will present to the author of the best answers from a woman the stunning jade bracelets she wore in the same picture. Both winners will also receive \$50 in cash. And for the next 50 best sets of answers I will send my favorite portrait especially autographed.

Keen eyes and keen wits! Here's hoping you have them!

*Lon Chaney*

Lon Chaney's  
Six Questions!

- 1 What is the meaning of "Metro"?
- 2 What M-G-M players will appear as starring teams next season and in what types of pictures?
- 3 What are the story subjects of "The Crowd"—"Slide Kelly Slide"—"Annie Laurie"—"Trail of '98"?
- 4 What M-G-M picture has contributed most to the uplift of motion picture standards—and how? (Not over 100 words).
- 5 What was the ancient Chinese ritual expounded in "Mr. Wu"?
- 6 Name the various sources from which M-G-M obtain their picture story material.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York**. All answers must be received by August 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend 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 Ramon Novarro  
Contest of May

MISS GLADYS ANN WAGSTAFF  
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GEORGE E. SHEWELL  
473 West King Street York, Pa.

Autographed pictures of Ramon Novarro have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.





# Wake up your gums! Stir them to life and health!

*You can do it with brushing, with massage, and with IPANA*

**E**VEN in summer, when we revel in the outdoor play that keeps us physically fit, our gums get no relief from the year-round life of ease and luxury that keeps them dull and dormant!

For our food is too soft—it yields too easily to our teeth and gums. These smooth ices, these rich creams and flaky pastries so alluring to warm-weather appetites are stripped of all roughage, all coarse material. They have lost the power to stir and to invigorate our gums as hard, fibrous food once did.

Robbed of exercise, our gums are lulled into a lethargy. They become soft, weak and sensitive—prey to those gingival troubles that attack so many thousands today.

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—and how Ipana and massage  
correct it**

Sometimes a tiny weak spot in the gum wall gives way, and "pink tooth brush" appears—as the forerunner, perhaps, of some stubborn gum trouble to come. Take care immediately. Start to build your gums back to sound, perfect health.

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the profession. In fact, the dentists of America, through their professional recommendations, first gave Ipana its start toward the nation-wide success that it has attained today.

And its use is so simple in technique—so effective in results! Just massage your

gums lightly with the brush and Ipana after the usual cleaning with Ipana—or, if at first your gums are sensitive, rub them gently with Ipana on your finger tips. This friction will rouse the dormant circulation within the gum walls and speed a copious supply of fresh, clean blood to nourish the depleted tissues.

And because of its content of ziralol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana will help to strengthen and to harden your gums, rendering them more resistant to the onset of disease and infection.

**Start with a full-size tube  
from your druggist**

Ipana has a delightful taste and a cool, refreshing flavor. Ipana will make your teeth cleaner, whiter and more brilliant. The ten-day tube the coupon brings will quickly prove these things.

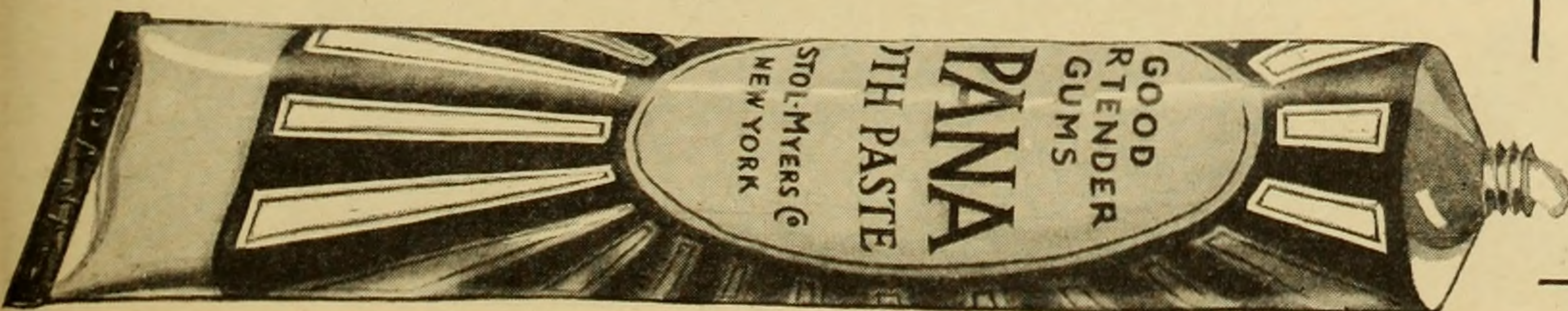
But a full-size tube from your druggist, containing over a hundred brushings, makes the better test of Ipana's power to help your gums. So give Ipana the full month's trial—then you can fairly decide if it is the tooth paste you wish to adopt for life.

*TRUE, you cannot easily change your habits of eating—but with Ipana and massage twice a day you can do much to offset the damage that modern food brings to your gums.*



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 &  
**"SHORT SOCKS"**  
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 &  
**CLARA BOW** in *"HULA"*  
 A Paramount Picture  
 &  
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the whole show!

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Tell your Theatre Manager that you want to see Paramount Pictures—and you want them in the *whole show!* That's *two hours* of the best motion picture entertainment in the world. Paramount is the "whole show" in 1927-28! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."

# Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

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IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII

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No. 3

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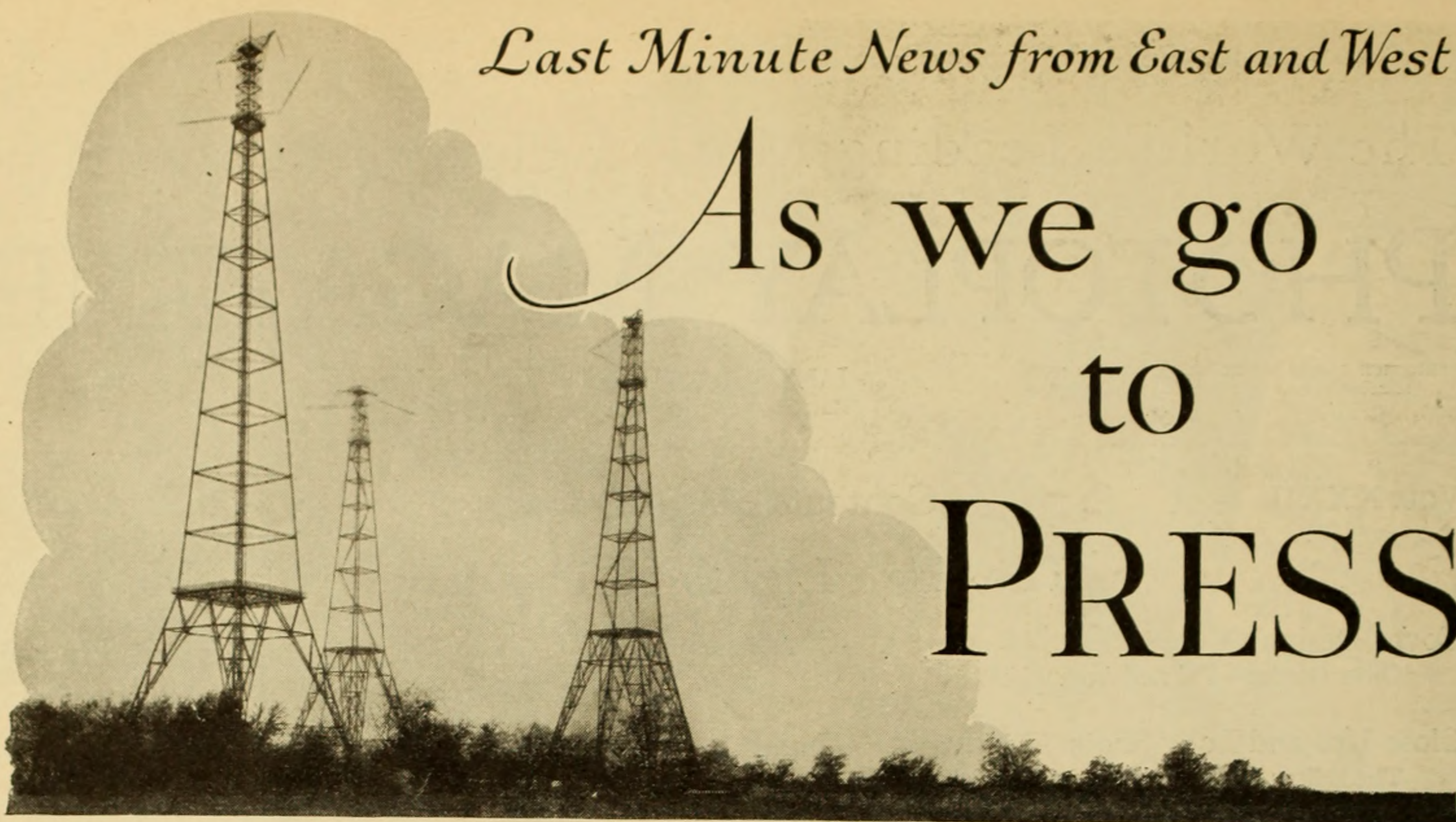
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# As we go to PRESS



**D**AVID WARK GRIFFITH announces that his first United Artists story will be based on "La Piava," by Karl Vollmoeller, author of "The Miracle." This is a story of Paris in the '70s and particularly of the court of Napoleon III. Estelle Taylor has been signed for the leading rôle.

**F**AMOUS PLAYERS dedicate "Wings" to Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

**G**ERTRUDE EDERLE signed to appear in "Swim, Girl, Swim," Bebe Daniels' comedy of the Catalina swim.

**I**SABELLE SHERIDAN, a cousin of Mary Pickford, makes her debut in Miss Pickford's "My Best Girl." Miss Sheridan, who is also from Toronto, is a graduate of the University of Southern California.

**A**LMA RUBENS and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, are going abroad for a vacation.

**A**FTER "Anna Karenina," Greta Garbo will do "The Divine Woman," based on Gladys Unger's "Starlight."

**R**OBERT FLAHERTY signed by Metro-Goldwyn to direct Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows on the South Seas." This will be made in the South Seas with a part professional and part native cast.

**B**ETTY BALFOUR, English star, wins film popularity contest conducted by London *Daily Mirror*. Harold Lloyd was second and Mary Pickford third.

**R**ENE ADOREE gets name part in Metro-Goldwyn production of operetta, "Rose Marie."

**J**ACQUELINE LOGAN re-signed by Cecil B. De Mille.

**L**OIS MORAN signs starring contract with William Fox.

**C**HARLES MURRAY to be starred in "Down Went McGinty" by First National.

**C**ECIL B. DE MILLE signs Lois Weber to direct for him.

**N**INE stitches required to fix up Tom Mix's right leg after his horse threw him against a boulder during a scene of "Tumbling Rovers."

**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN buys stage comedy, "Tea for Three," for use of Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle.

**E**DWIN CAREWE plans to present Dolores Del Rio in "The Lady From Hell." Miss Del Rio's husband, Jaimie Martinez Del Rio, is one of the authors.

**W**E'VE had "Slide, Kelly, Slide." We're to get "Swim, Girl, Swim." And now First National announces "Smile, Brother, Smile."

**A**NNA RORK and Bobby Agnew call off their engagement. Still "good friends," however.

**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN buys the operetta, "The Student Prince," which was based on "Old Heidelberg," now being filmed by that company. The film version, which stars Ramon Novarro, will be released under the title of "The Student Prince."

**D**AMON RUNYON has written a newspaper story for Reginald Denny's use.

**F**LORENCE VIDOR has purchased a home in Honolulu.

**C**OMING events: Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin in Victor Hugo's story, "The Man Who Laughs."

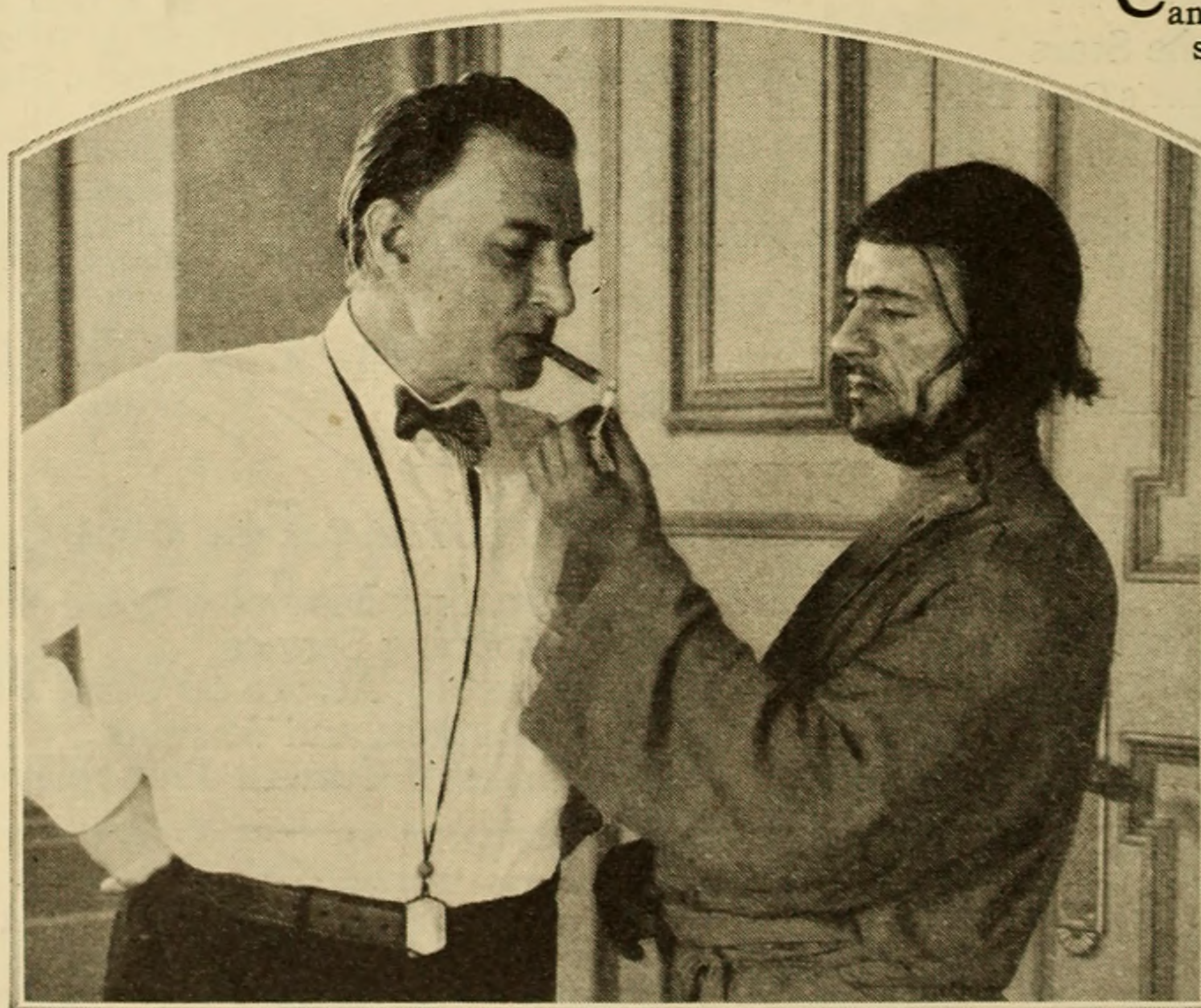
Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell in "Alias the Lone Wolf." The comic strip "Bringing Up Father" is headed for the flickers, and also "Lovelorn," based on the Beatrice Fairfax column.

**R**ONALD COLMAN says he is not engaged to marry Betty Jewel. Moreover, he has taken steps to stay a divorce action from his English wife, Thelma Ray.

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and Helene Costello are going together, which brings forth the usual engagement talk.

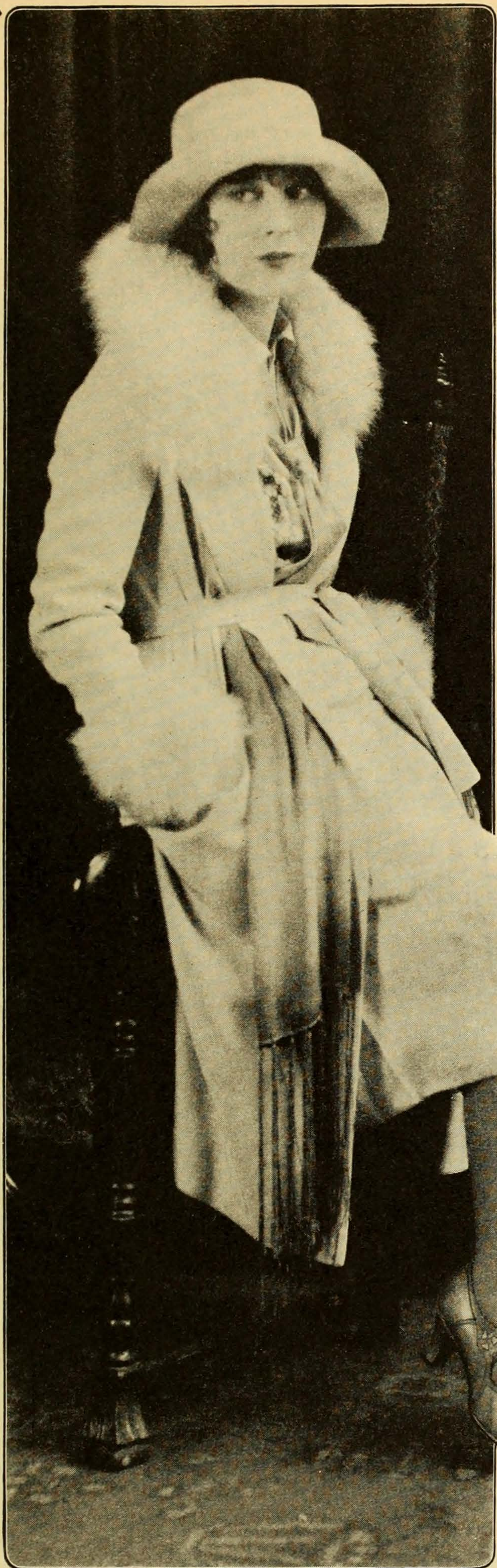
**I**MOGENE WILSON is playing in Herbert Brenon's production of "Sorrel and Son" under the name of Mary Nolan.

**D**AVID BUTLER, the actor, has been made a director by William Fox.



First photograph of Lon Chaney, made up as a Russian. With him is Benjamin Christianson who will direct him in "Terror"





## The Stars Know the Value of Good Feet!

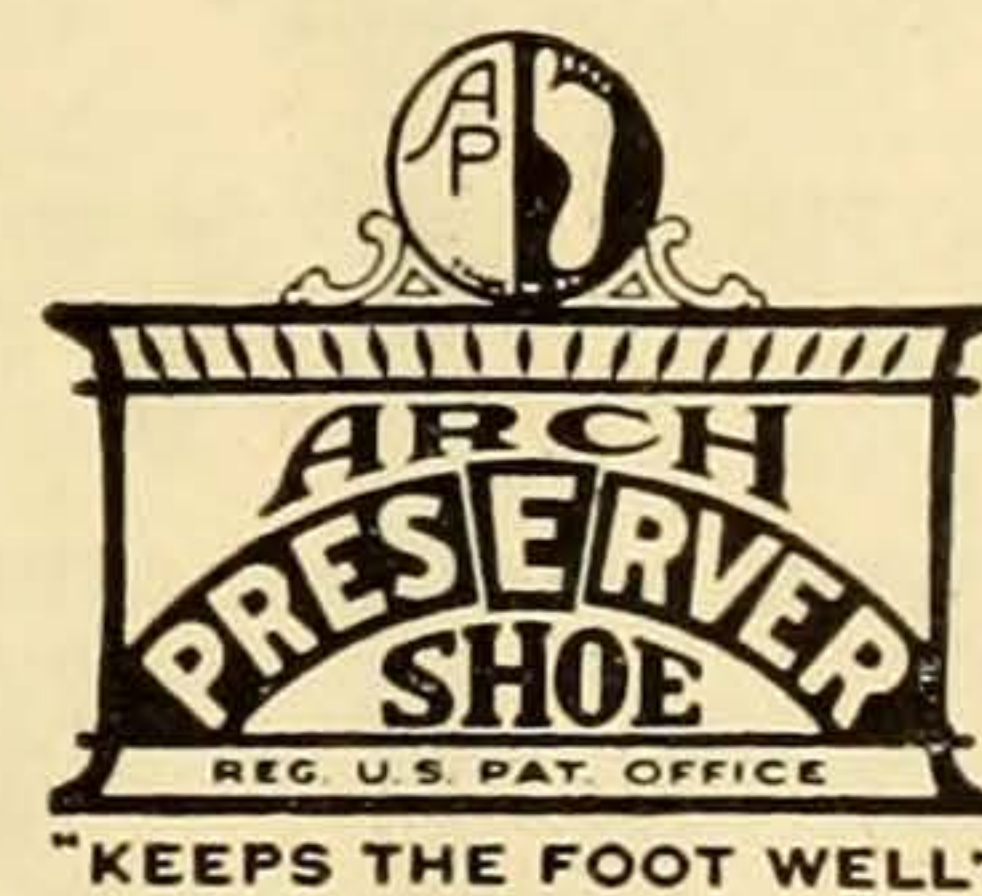
SUCH stars as Jobyna Ralston demand constant "support" from their feet in every scene. They know that the way they stand or walk has much to do with their poise and charm — with their "personality." And just as active, comfortable feet help, so would achy, bothersome feet hinder them and ruin the finest talent. Therefore, to secure active helpful feet they wear

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because this shoe not only gives the very smartest fashions, but keeps their feet free from the slightest annoyance or discomfort. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents strain; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching. These are patented, exclusive features.

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Jobyna Ralston, the exquisite Paramount star who is now appearing in "Special Delivery," is here seen wearing the Jobyna model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

**ALL ABOARD**—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (June.)

**ALTARS OF DESIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (June.)

**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.)

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

**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 role. (March.)

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

**BELOVED ROGUE, THE**—United Artists.—John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (June.)

**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.)

**BEWARE OF WIDOWS**—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (June.)

**BITTER APPLES**—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (July.)

**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.)

**BROADWAY NIGHTS**—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (July.)

**BROKEN GATE, THE**—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (June.)

**BRONCHO TWISTER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (June.)

**BRUTE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Another western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (July.)

**\*CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (June.)

**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.)

**\*CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (June.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "The King of Kings"
- "Beau Geste"
- "Resurrection"
- "Chang"
- "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.

**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.)

**\*CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (July.)

**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.)

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

**\*CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (June.)

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

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

**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.)

**CLAW, THE**—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (July.)

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

**CONVOY**—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (June.)

**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.)

**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.)

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

**DOWN THE STRETCH**—Universal.—Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (June.)

**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.)

**EVENING CLOTHES**—Paramount.—Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (June.)

**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.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]



*Jacqueline Logan as "Mary"*

# The Blood Ship

*Hobart Bosworth as "A. Newman"*

*Richard Arlen as "John Sheve"*

## The Picture That Has Everything!

*Walter James as "Capt. Swope"*

*Fred Kohler as "Fitzgibbons"*

**The Book**—by Norman Springer—a sensation. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle called it "The greatest sea tale I ever read."

**The Picture**—an even greater sensation. From the screen this virile romance seems to leap at you—a pulsating enthralling story of human emotions.

**The Setting**—a white-winged ship at sea, storm-tossed by the elements—its human cargo the prey of greater storms, worse conflicts—all against a background of amazing splendor.

**The People**—an evil-crazed captain, a bestial mate, the barely human riffraff of the fo'castle—a man of mystery, with a sinister motive—a brave young lover, daring death and worse—and a woman, beautiful, desirable, in constant terror, despair—and hope.

**The Actors**—Hobart Bosworth gives an even greater characterization than those in "The Sea Wolf" and "Behind the Door"; Jacqueline Logan, whose portrayal of Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings" took press and public by storm; Richard Arlen (by courtesy of Paramount), and an all-star supporting cast.

**The Director**—George Seitz—a genius in cinema art; and

**The Company**—COLUMBIA PICTURES which will present "The Blood Ship" as the first of the Perfect Thirty pictures for the coming season.

# COLUMBIA PICTURES

1600 Broadway New York.

See the "Perfect Thirty" for Perfect Entertainment

## The Perfect Thirty

\***THE BLOOD SHIP**  
Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen.  
(Courtesy Paramount).

\***ALIAS THE LONE WOLF**  
By Louis Joseph Vance.  
Featuring Bert Lytell.

\***SALLY IN OUR ALLEY**  
Featuring Shirley Mason.

**VIRGIN LIPS**  
A sensational story by Jack Lait.  
**MODERN MOTHERS**  
By Rachel Crothers. Sets audiences aflame with excitement.

**LADY RAFFLES**  
By Alfred Henry Lewis.  
Featuring Priscilla Dean.

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**  
By Pierre Dumond, who knows the ladies that gentlemen prefer.

**SPORTING AGE**  
By Charles K. Tennant. A romance of life in high gear.

**STAGE KISSES**  
By George Bronson Howard. A story of love fakers of both sexes.  
**SO THIS IS LOVE**  
By Gertrude Atherton, author of "Black Oxen."

**THE COLLEGE HERO**  
By Willard Mack, author of "The Noose" and "Tiger Rose."

\***FORGOTTEN WOMEN**  
By Louella Parsons.

\***SAY IT WITH SABLES**  
By Dorothy Howell.

\***SAN FRANCISCO**  
Featuring Betty Compson in a society-underworld spectacle.

**BY WHOSE HAND**  
By Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool" and "The Enemy."

**FASHION MADNESS**  
A story with a startling climax.

**BRIDGE**  
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Gripping mystery drama by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the master of melodrama.

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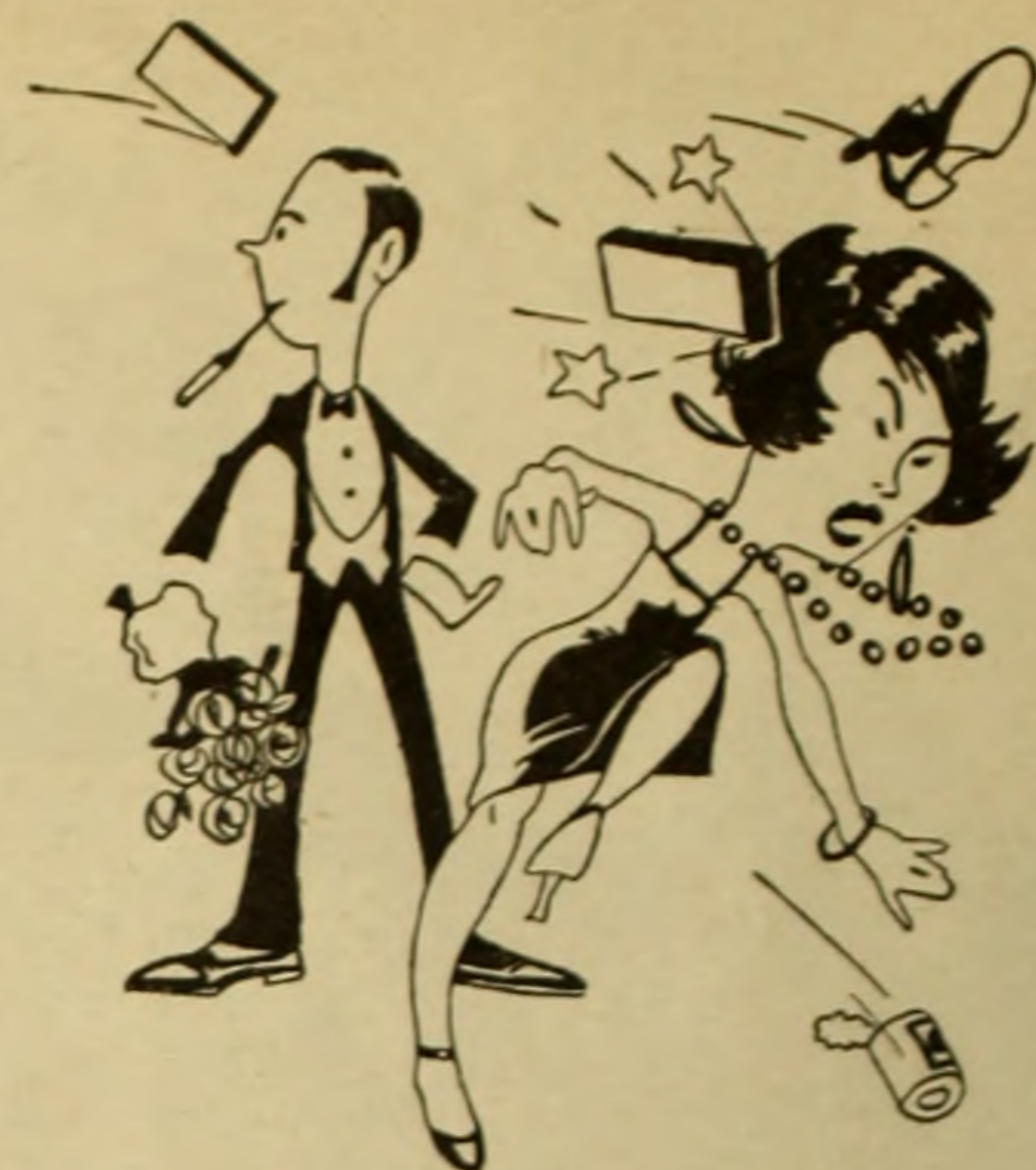
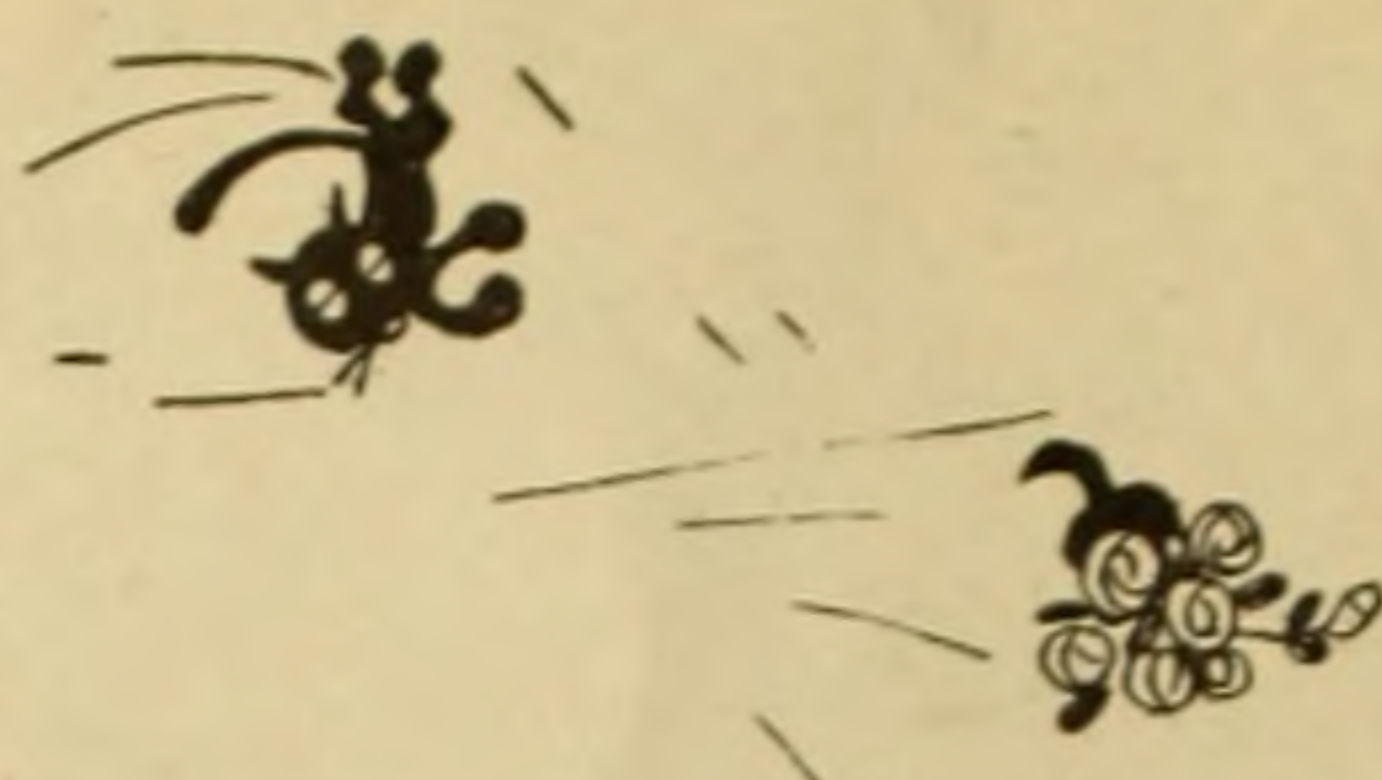
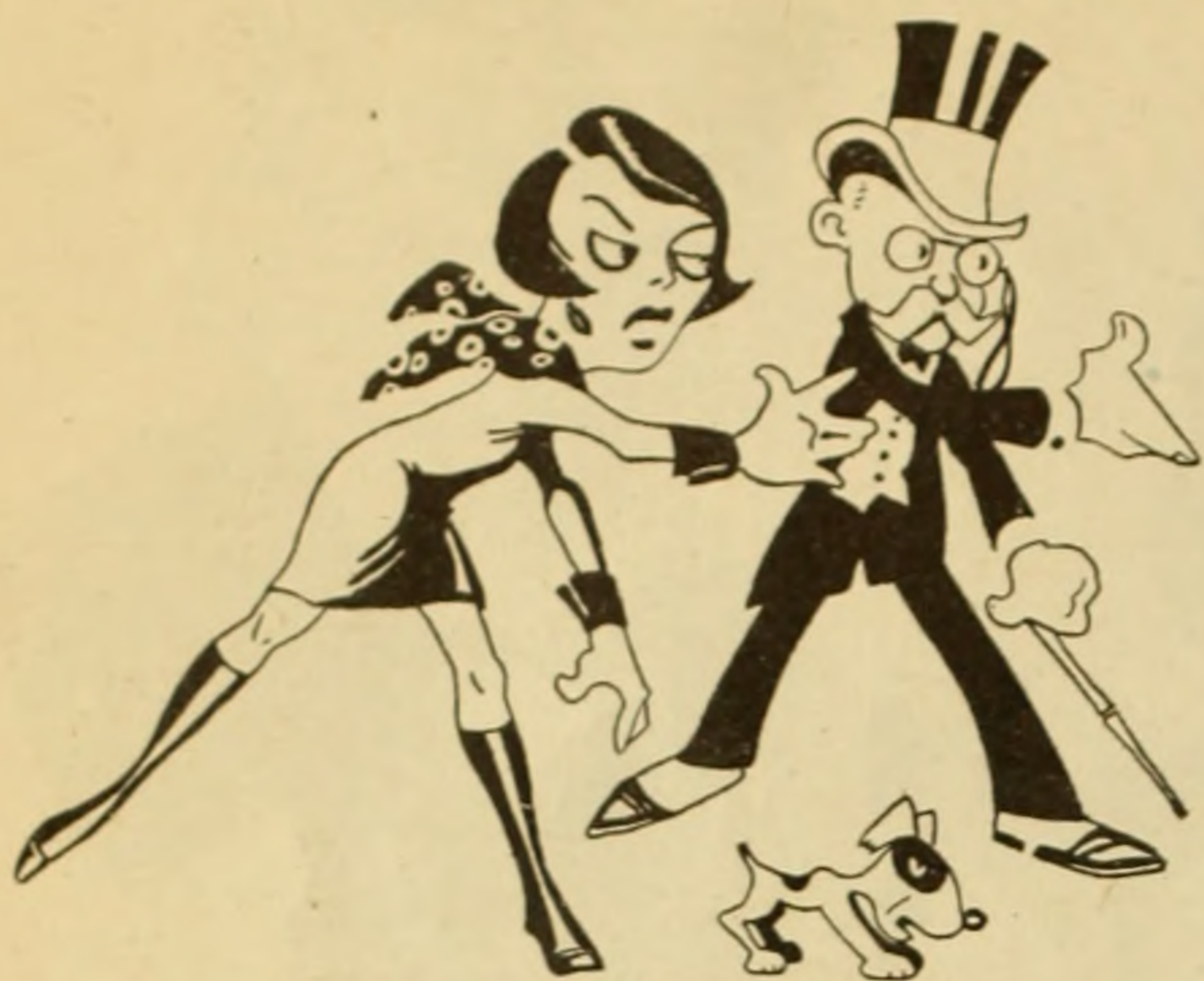
**THE TIGRESS**  
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# The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



## Brickbats *and* Bouquets

LETTERS *from*  
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

### The Monthly Barometer

**T**HE most bouquets this month go to Lon Chaney.

The most brickbats are hurled straight at reformers and censors.

Greta Garbo still leads the discussions, with Dolores Costello as a close second.

Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Vilma Banky, John Gilbert, William Boyd and William Haines are the most universally praised stars.

Letters about Valentino come in with every mail. Who says the public is fickle? "Beau Geste," "The Fire Brigade," "Flesh and the Devil" and "The Rough Riders" seem to be the most popular pictures.

What have you to say for yourself?

#### \$25.00 Letter

Twin Falls, Idaho.

The people in this town were crying for movies on Sundays. The churches were fighting against it, predicting the town would be damned. But the people won. And has it helped the town? It has. The town was "dead." Tourists and salespeople who have to stay over Sunday now have a place to go. People do not walk around mournfully with folded hands. The town is alive.

There are a certain number of people who do not care to go to church. You could hardly drag them there. Some resent being preached at and others are timid about religion.

Sunday movies will keep these non-church people from places of questionable amusement, keep young lovers from joyrides, and give them a place to go.

Cowboys and farmers, who live where they haven't much chance for education and amusement, can get to their home town theater on Sunday, their only day off. Who knows but that some one's life might be converted if they happened to see "The Ten Commandments" or some subject from the Bible? Bible Stories, told in a way that people can understand, will do them as much good as sitting in a church pew.

AGNES LYON

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.

#### \$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

I am a college student and I spend a few enjoyable hours each week at the neighborhood theater. We students have been pictured by the movies, and pen and brush, as being a disgrace to civilization, to our parents, to our ancestors and to ourselves. We learn through John Held, Jr., and a few directors that we go on wild parties every night, drink like fish, drive snappy roadsters and that we could give John Barrymore a few pointers in the technique of necking.

Say, you have us all wrong!

The movies have been as responsible as anyone in trying to force this rot down the throats of the public. If you ever have been through college you certainly know that real college life is much different than that of reel life. But all is forgiven, for you have apologized by giving us that excellent picture, "The Quarterback." It sure patches up the punctures.

There is college life, as is. If Gregory La Cava is responsible for turning over the new leaf, here's my mit, Greg. In this comedy, the gatherings of the students of

both sexes are true to life. The students were having a great time and conducting themselves as clean-minded young people should.

JOHN LEONARD.

#### \$5.00 Letter

Providence, R. I.

When Longfellow wrote that a happy home was one wherein there was music, he merely repeated what has been said by all wise men. Most parents give their children music lessons, but the children, in the past, became apathetic and finally quit. The cause was not so much incompetent teaching as the lack of opportunity to hear music that became more vital by virtue of having a story fit it. In almost every instance, the movies supply pictures that furnish this program quality so necessary for people to play with imagination.

"Humoresque" and "The Volga Boatman" are two of the many pieces that have been more interesting to people since the pictures were shown. Even jazz fiends have come to me to learn classical music that they heard played in the movies.

The music teacher must thank the moving pictures, since there is always some scene that fits the interpretation of every piece, and the pupil, after seeing the picture, plays with more pleasure. Moreover, parents listen more readily to the playing of their children, which means more general happiness in the home.

ARTHUR A. SCHWARZ.

#### The Artist Behind the Make-up

Philadelphia, Pa.

There have been so many quips current concerning Lon Chaney—the "don't-step-on-the-spider kind"—the flip references to the "man of a thousand faces," that there is a tendency to think of him merely as a master of the make-up box, and of the weird terrifying features which putty and distortion can create. The main thing about him is being overlooked;—that, aside from being at the top of his class in visualizing his character, he is an artist. Chaney can put life

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Joseph P. Kennedy  
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GEORGE SIDNEY

in

CLANCY'S KOSHER  
WEDDING

*Year's Greatest Comedy*

LOIS WILSON  
GEO. K. ARTHUR

in

THE GINGHAM  
GIRL

*Broadway Musical Comedy  
Filmed to Perfection*

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*World loved novel*

THE HARVESTER

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GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S  
*Epic Tale of Youth*

FRECKLES

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AL COOKE and KIT GUARD

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A LEGIONAIRE  
IN PARIS

*Side-splitting Comedy!*

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RALPH INCE

in

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juvenile star and Bob Steele! Not to  
mention, RANGER, the police dog, and  
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Genius of Great Directors! And  
many Crisp and Vigorous Stories of  
Romance and Adventure Are  
making F B O a Factor of Stupen-  
dous Interest in the Humming  
World of Motion Pictures!

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piness, embracing Thirty Great  
Special Productions for 1927-28!  
And see them all!

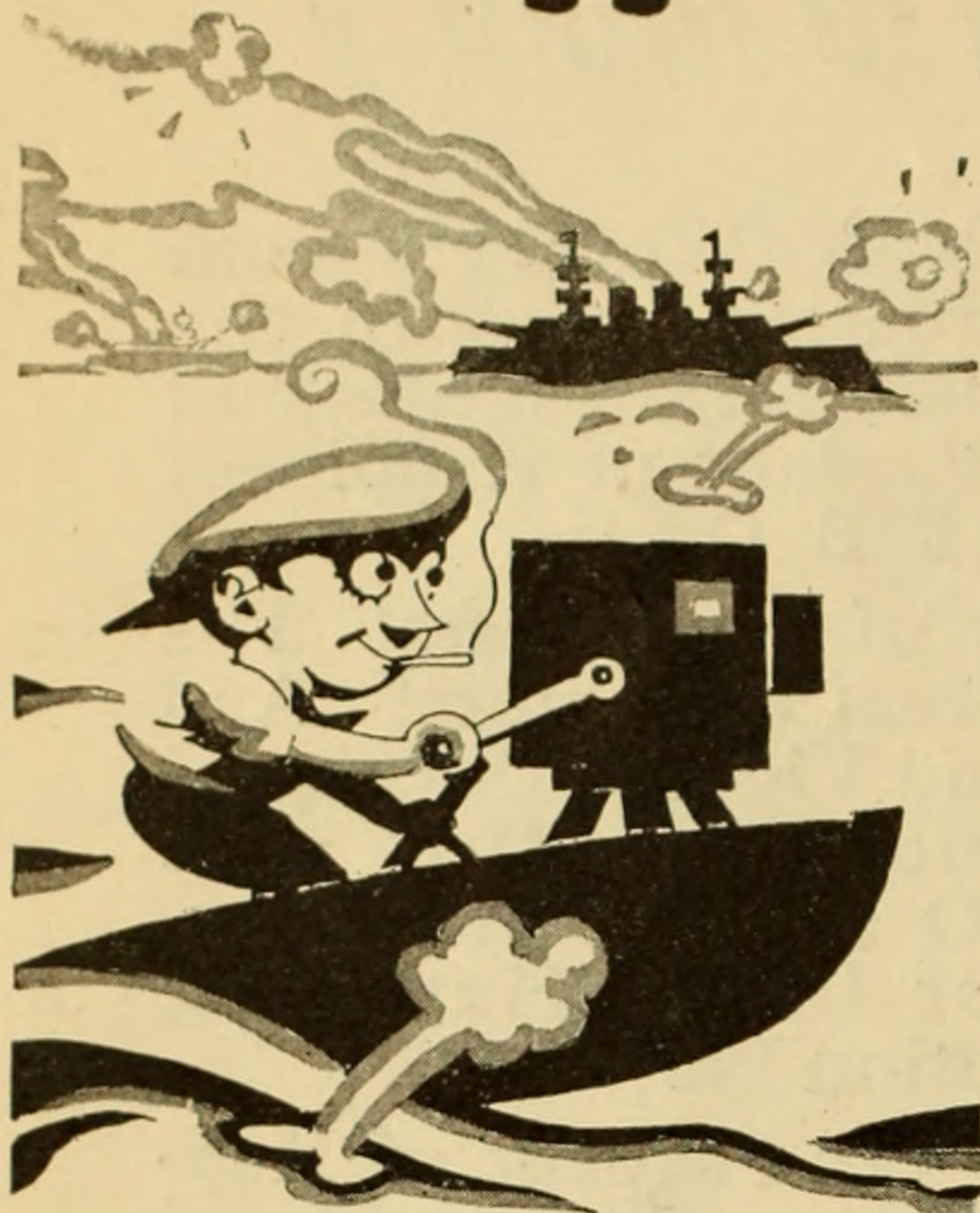
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

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

**FASHIONS FOR WOMEN**—Paramount.—Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eye-ful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (June.)

**FIGHTING THREE, THE**—Universal.—A mixture of a western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (July.)

**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 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.)

**FRISCO SALLY LEVY**—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—. Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (June.)

**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 tots. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (April.)

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

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

**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.)

**HEART OF SALOME**—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (July.)

**HEART THIEF**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light role, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (July.)

**HEY, HEY, COWBOY**—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (June.)

**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.—Rin-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 FIRST FLAME**—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date but Harry is funny. (July.)

**HORSESHOES**—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (June.)

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

**IS ZAT SO?**—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (July.)

**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 Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

**\*KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (July.)

**\*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.)

**\*KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (June.)

**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.)

**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.)

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

**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.)

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

**LONG PANTS**—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (June.)

**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 THRILL, THE**—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (July.)

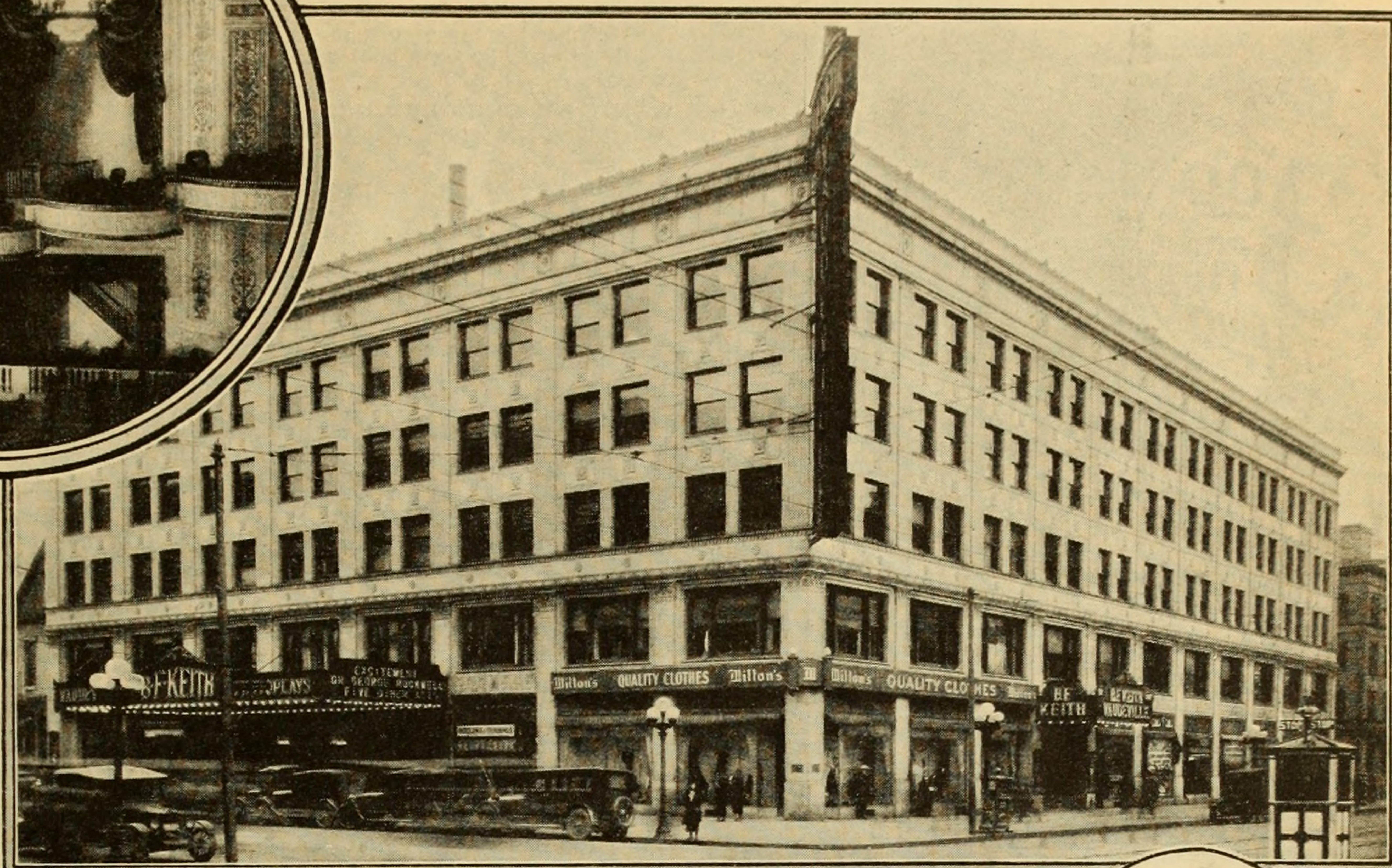
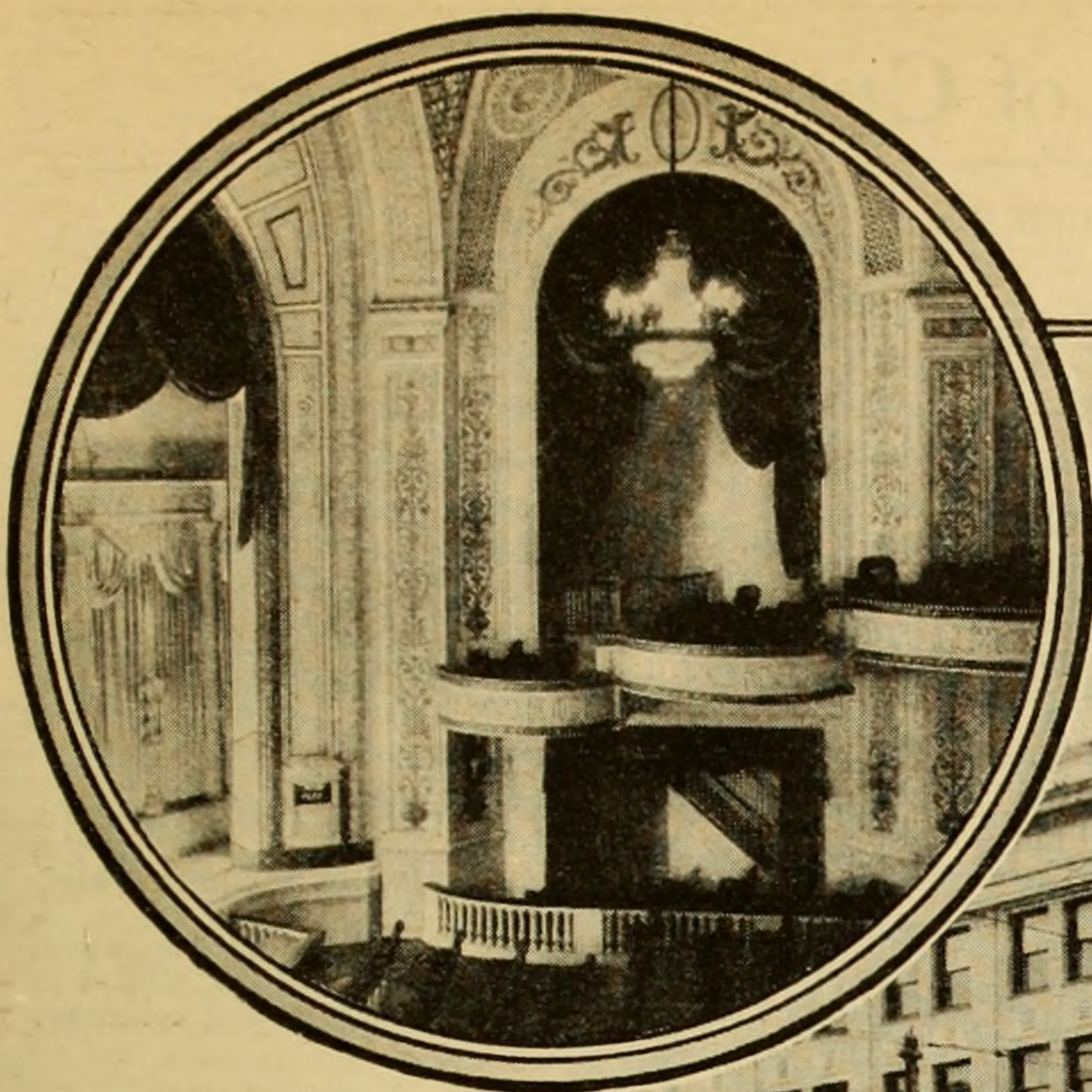
**LOVERS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (June.)

**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.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



This superb theatre at Dayton, Ohio, is typical of the Keith-Albee palaces, which are housing De Mille Pictures.



# Palaces of the Public

**T**HE chain of Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit Theatres, stretching across the country, embodies all that is best and most beautiful in the modern picture playhouse. They are true palaces of the public. The entertainment offered in these theatres is in perfect harmony with the magnificent setting, for in these Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit houses are shown the super-pictures made by Cecil B. De Mille and his organization.

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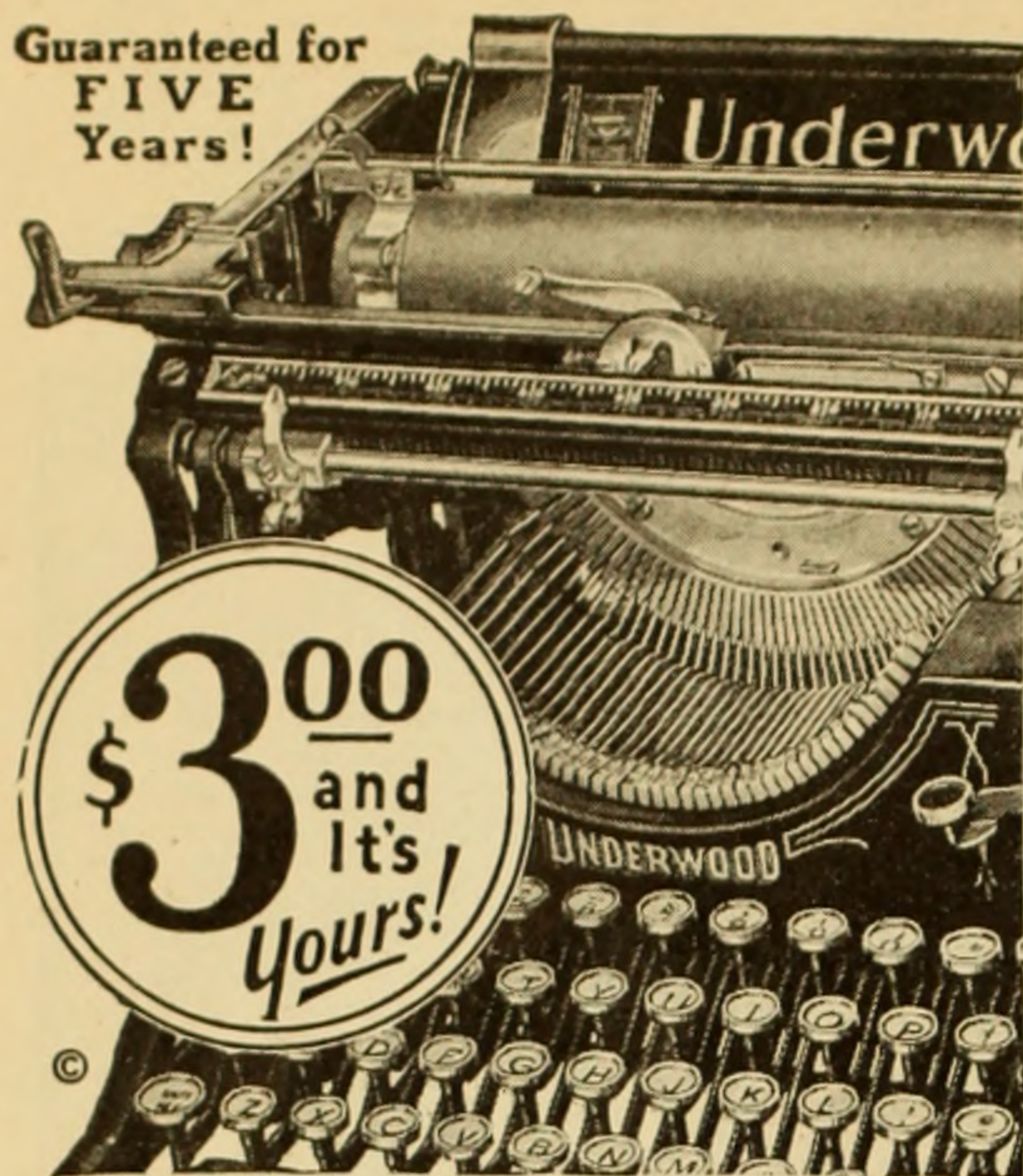
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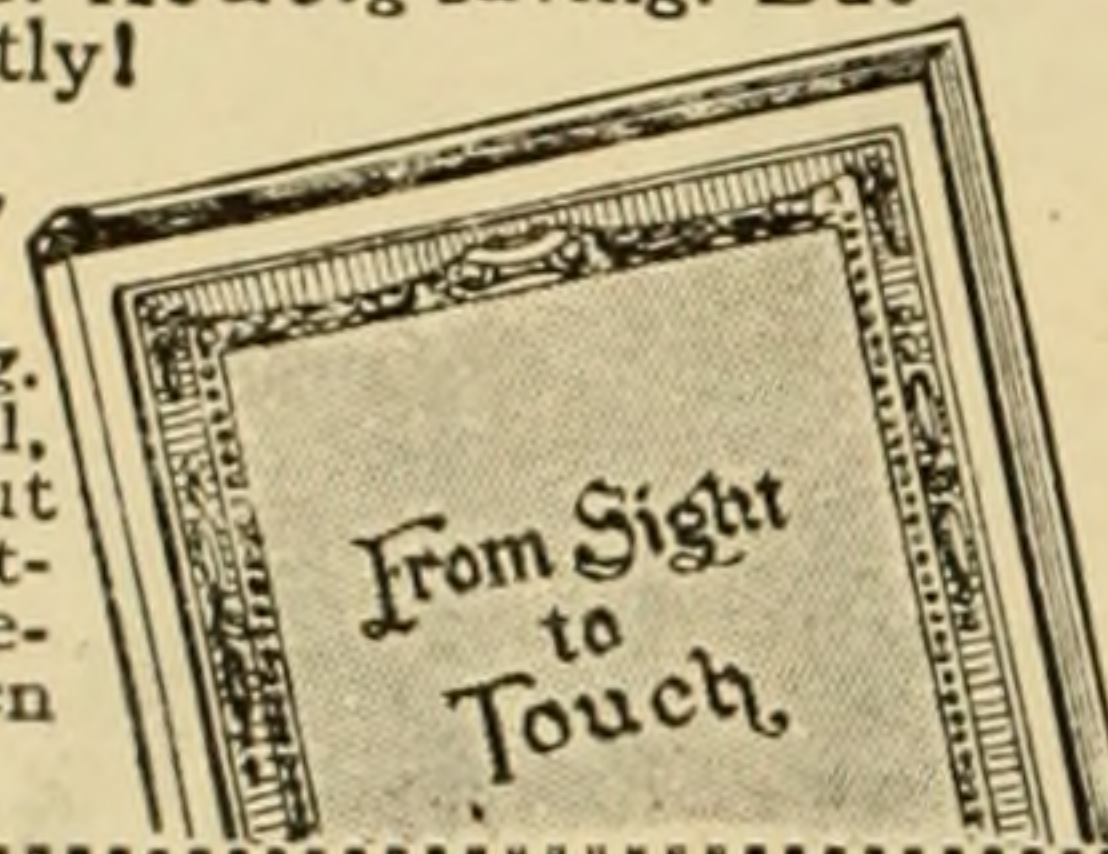
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

**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.)

**MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN**—Fox.—Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (June.)

**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.)

**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.)

**MATINEE LADIES**—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (June.)

**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.)

**MEN OF DARING**—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (June.)

**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.)

**MISSING LINK, THE**—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (July.)

**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 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.)

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

**NIGHT BRIDE, THE**—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (June.)

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

**NO MAN'S LAW**—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (June.)

**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.)

**NOTORIOUS LADY, THE**—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (June.)

**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.)

**ORCHIDS AND ERMINE**—First National.—Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (June.)

**OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER**—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (June.)

**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 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.)

**PIRATES OF THE SKY**—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (July.)

**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.)

**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.)

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

**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 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.)

**RICH BUT HONEST**—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (July.)

**RIDING ROWDY, THE**—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (June.)

**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.)

**ROOKIES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (July.)

**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.)

**SEA TIGER, THE**—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (June.)

**SEE YOU IN JAIL**—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (June.)

**SENORITA**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (July.)

**SEVENTH HEAVEN**—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (July.)



**\*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.)

**SPECIAL DELIVERY**—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (July.)

**SPUDS**—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (June.)

**STAGE MADNESS**—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own che-ild 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.)

**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.)

**\*TELEPHONE GIRL, THE** — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (June.)

**\*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.)

**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.)

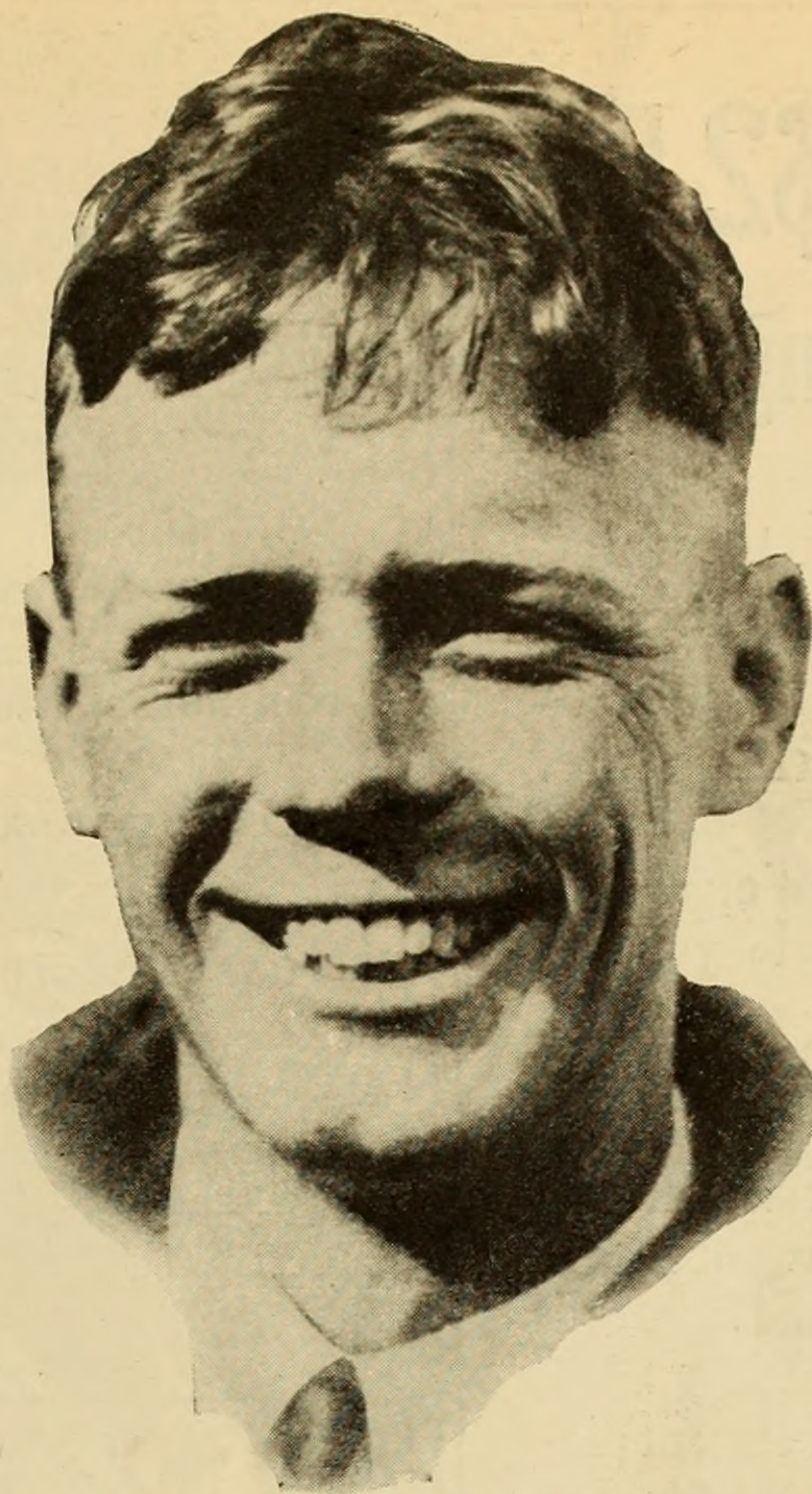
**TIMID TERROR, THE**—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

**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.)

**TOO MANY CROOKS**—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (June.)

**TRACKED BY THE POLICE**—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (July.)

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



## OUR "LINDY"

Today I devote this column to a tribute to Charles Lindbergh, or "Lindy" as the whole world now affectionately knows him, the courageous young King of the Air who, without blare of trumpets or elaborate preparation, hopped across the Atlantic alone, attended only by a bottle of water and half a dozen sandwiches.

Was ever a hero so simple and unaffected? The people of the universe were not prepared for what he did. The usual ballyhoo was lacking. "Lindy" simply stepped into his plane and flew to France. By this act of unadorned daring, he accomplished more than diplomats and ambassadors could. He amazed Kings and Presidents. There was none too great to do him honor.

While the world was ringing with "Lindy's" praises, Chamberlin and Levine flew to Berlin, and again there were wild demonstrations of approval for individual courage.

It is rather wonderful how the International News Reel Service secured moving pictures of the wild scenes in Paris and Berlin and brought us here at home face to face with the triumphal progress of these daring bird-men.

Just watch International News Reel in your favorite theatre hereafter and note the great skill and courage required to picture the highways and byways of the universe.

Ask us for a list of Universal's forthcoming productions for Fall and Winter. It will prove a revelation. We want you to be informed of our pretentious offerings so you can be sure to see them. Have you written to me lately?

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle  
President

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**  
730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City



# What \$2.50 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 of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

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.

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00; Foreign \$3.50), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for one year (twelve issues) effective with the next issue.

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Street Address.....

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**UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (July.)

**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.)

**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.)

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

**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 SAGE**—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (June.)

**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 FLANNELS**—Warner Bros.—The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (June.)

**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.)

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

**YANKEE CLIPPER, THE**—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (June.)

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

and sympathy and understanding behind even the most gruesome features.

GEORGE DEVON.

### A Small Towner Speaks

Red Hook, N. Y.

"This production, which opened at the Theater last evening will make a hit in small towns."

HAS MADE A HIT, Mr. Critic. I do wish you city folks would realize that some of the small towns, such as this, invariably get the good pictures first.

This is a town of about twelve thousand and we may not have a miniature Roxy or Capitol. We lack the music and atmosphere of these "palaces" I admit, but we always see the pictures a few days and sometimes a week before they reach these theaters. When an advertisement of a theater in a nearby city says, "Direct from the — of New York" it makes us smile.

WILLARD THOMAS.

### The May-December Stuff

Cincinnati, O.

Someone is making an awful mess of things by placing stars such as Colleen Moore with Conway Tearle, and Mary Astor opposite Lewis Stone. Place them according to their Ability, Beauty and Youth.

MAY ALLEN MILLER.

### Please Pass the Salt

Peoria, Ill.

If some extra clouts his wife on the bean, you can be sure the papers will have it, WELL KNOWN ACTOR ARRESTED FOR WIFE BEATING. The movie industry is made up of thousands of people, so why should the actions of a few tarnish the good reputations of a multitude of others?

Celebrities and people of importance who are continually in the public eye must indeed be mindful of the things they do and say, as newspapers are always ready to pounce upon some petty fault or transgression of theirs, magnify it, and spread it

all over the front page for the dear public's delectation. Let's take things of this sort with a grain of salt.

LOUISE KRAMER.

### We Thank You

North Guilford, Conn.

One of the best things about the movies is PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which keeps us so well posted and gives such unbiased opinions of pictures. Whenever we contemplate making the twenty-five mile trip to town to see a movie, our first question is, "What does PHOTOPLAY say about it?"

When the newspapers print items about any of the stars, I always say, "I'll believe it when I see it in PHOTOPLAY." Somehow Studio News and Gossip seems to ring true and human, without being sensational. One paragraph there often gives a much clearer idea than columns of newspaper "story."

MRS. GEORGE W. LOVEDAY.

### What Every Woman Knows

Orange, Conn.

Why not give the screen a change for awhile? Bring something out on the screen that is true to life, instead of all this fairy tale stuff. I am writing this letter to criticize "Orchids and Ermine." The picture was worth seeing, but who ever heard of a rich man marrying a poor girl who is not at least refined? But this is what happened in the picture. It is true that rich men often become acquainted with poor, unrefined girls, but when it comes to marrying one, I believe the picture is an exaggeration.

MILDRED MUNGER.

### Rin-Tin-Tin, the Educator

Cradock, Va.

Pictures like those featuring Rin-Tin-Tin will never grow old or lose their charm. To develop in children a love for animals is a step forward in the moral growth of a child. Moving pictures of this sort will always elevate the child.

MRS. BLANCHE C. TUCKER.



# “Who do you think you are—my FATHER?”

“What do you mean—insulting this young lady!—What business is it of yours if she IS my fiancee! I'll marry whomever I please... Even if you are the famous Pierre of the Ritz—what right have you to interfere in my affairs?”

WHAT RIGHT! Two words with a world of heartbreak for him they called The Prince of Headwaiters... Crushed—disgraced—center of all eyes in the suddenly hushed hilarity of New York's riotous rich. One word—out of the past—and this young heir to millions would be at his feet—sobbing—begging.... But HIS SON must never know the truth!

What can possibly be the outcome of such a tensely fateful situation? Theatre audiences everywhere are thrilling to the climax of



**The Greatest Heart-Drama of the Year!**

SAM E. RORK presents

# The Prince of Headwaiters

with **LEWIS STONE**

Lillian Tashman - Priscilla Bonner - Robert Agnew  
Ann Rork - John Patrick

Adapted by - JANE MURFIN

From the Liberty Magazine story by Viola Brothers Shore and Garrett Fort

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON PRODUCTION



**A First National Picture**

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"





# Nearly 5000 COLLEGE GIRLS

FROM THE LEADING WOMEN'S COLLEGES AND STATE UNIVERSITIES



*A lovely rose-leaf complexion—what girl of twenty does not believe supremely in its importance!*

*say it's "marvelous"... "wonderful for the skin."*

Thousands of girls—

Girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed — from north, east, south, west—

In endless bright variety — they pour through our colleges and universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful adventure, and admiration, the approval of others, more desirable than they ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does not believe supremely in the importance of a lovely, smooth, rose-leaf complexion?

Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn

Mawr over half said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Of 804 girls at Barnard and Wellesley, 415 found Woodbury's "the only soap for their skin."

At the four great universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, Woodbury's was from 3 to 5 times as popular as any other toilet soap.

*"Absolutely satisfying," they say*

And in Canada, too—at her leading colleges, Toronto and McGill, two-thirds of the girls replying to us found Woodbury's Facial Soap "wonderful," "absolutely satisfying."

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 than is commercially possible with ordinary soap.

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

Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the improvement it is beginning to make in your complexion!

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

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2215 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10c—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, 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, 2215 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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Richee

# NEW PICTURES

**T**HE Girl of the Hour—Clara Bow. She is the Super-Flapper of 1927—the most modern of modern girls. Please credit Clara with creating an original and distinctive type of screen heroine. Also with daring to be herself.





Ruth Harriet Louise

**E**LEANOR BOARDMAN started her professional career as an artists' model. Hence she is tired of playing the merely pretty girl. In King Vidor's new picture, "The Crowd," Miss Boardman will be seen as the plain wife of a plain, everyday man.





**T**HOMAS MEIGHAN gets a lucky break. His next picture will be directed by James Cruze. It is called "We're All Gamblers" and was adapted from the clever play by Sidney Howard, "Lucky Sam McCarver." Make a note of it, please.





**C**HARLES ROGERS is getting to be too important to answer to his nickname of "Buddy." This young graduate of the Paramount School has a featured rôle in "Wings." Mary Pickford has chosen him to be her new leading man.





Boris

**F**OR a time Gilda Gray threatened to go in for the serious drama and the world looked very, very black. But now it has been announced that Gilda will play in a shimmy opera called "The Devil Dancer." We heave a sigh of relief.

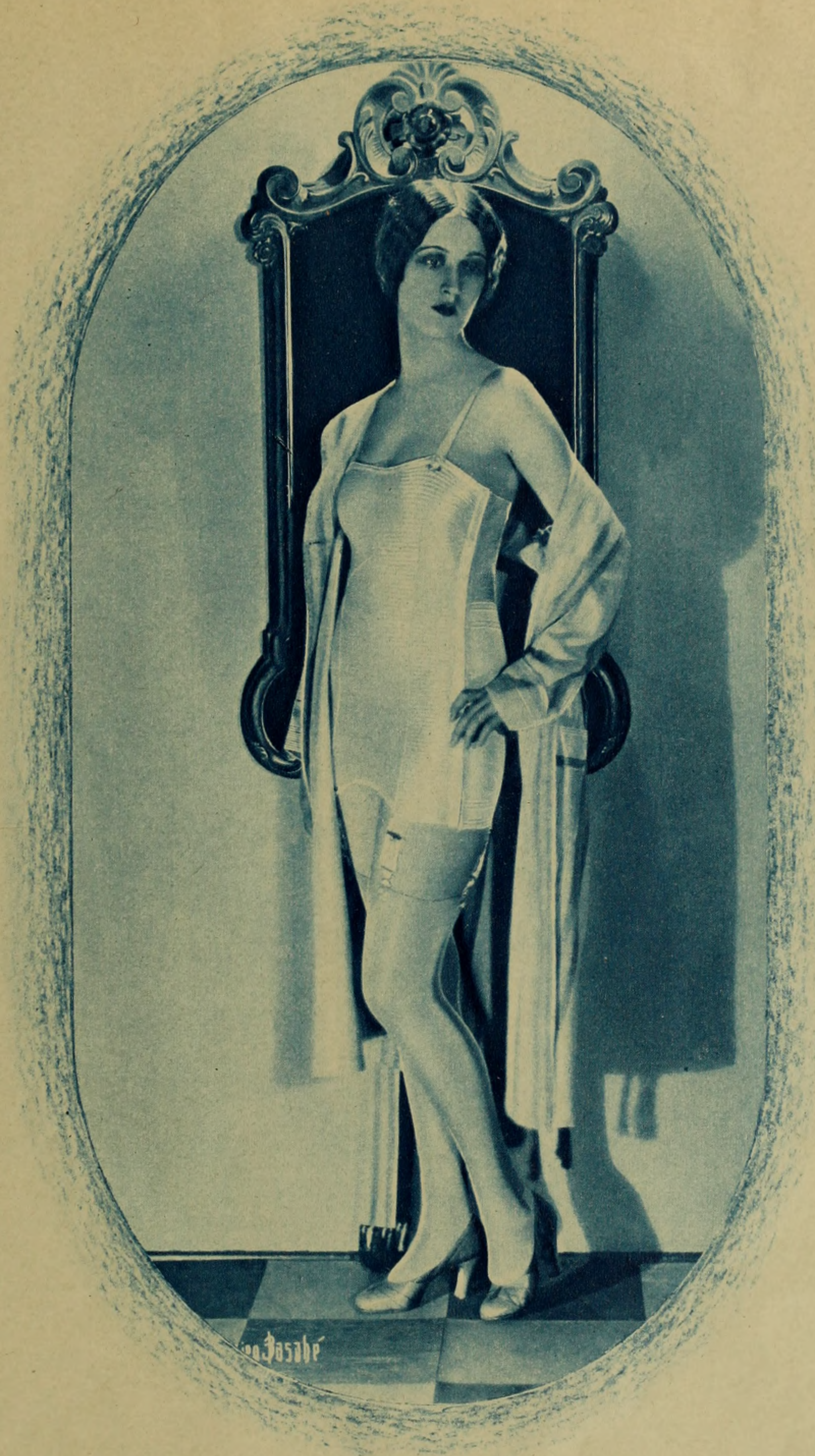




**T**ERRIBLE influence of Hollywood on a nice little Chinese girl. Anna May Wong wears this costume—or lack of costume—in “The Chinese Parrot.” What do you suppose the folks in the old country will have to say about it?



# THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL'S WARDROBE ~~~Gossard~~~  
figure foundations! Model 6622, a lovely, supple  
combination of striped satin tricot, particularly~  
designed for the figure and wardrobe needs of  
the smart co-ed, is shown here. \$10.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires



*"It is such fun to have lovely clothes stay fresh and new-looking" . . .*

*says* **RENÉE ADORÉE**

**I** LOVE CLOTHES," laughed Renée Adorée, "especially fussy, frilly, feminine ones—the kind that seem so impractical.

"But it breaks my heart to have them look soiled and shabby from wearing. Life here in Hollywood is dreadfully hard on them.

"At first I used to depend upon having most of my clothes dry cleaned. But oh, the time it took!

"Of course I knew that nearly everything one buys nowadays is supposed to be washable but I dreaded the attempt. I had heard of such disastrous results from washing. But my maid assured me that my clothes would wash perfectly in Lux. So then and there I gave her an arm-load of frocks and told her to prove it!

"The results were wonderful! Now all of my sports clothes and most of my tailored things go into her tub. But her greatest triumph comes when she gets one of my truly feminine frocks. What she can do with the help of Lux is almost too good to be true. And she says it's so easy—as long as a fabric won't run in plain water anyone can get perfect results with Lux."



*True daughter of France, Renée Adorée—the vivacious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star—was born with that marvelous flair for clothes so characteristically French, coupled with a joyous humor that is all her own.*



*Two things Renée Adorée can never resist are a playful dog and a beautiful negligee. She often indulges her passion for both at the same time, knowing that she can depend upon Lux to keep the negligee exquisitely fresh no matter how hard she wears it.*

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



*Now the big package  
— it's so convenient!*

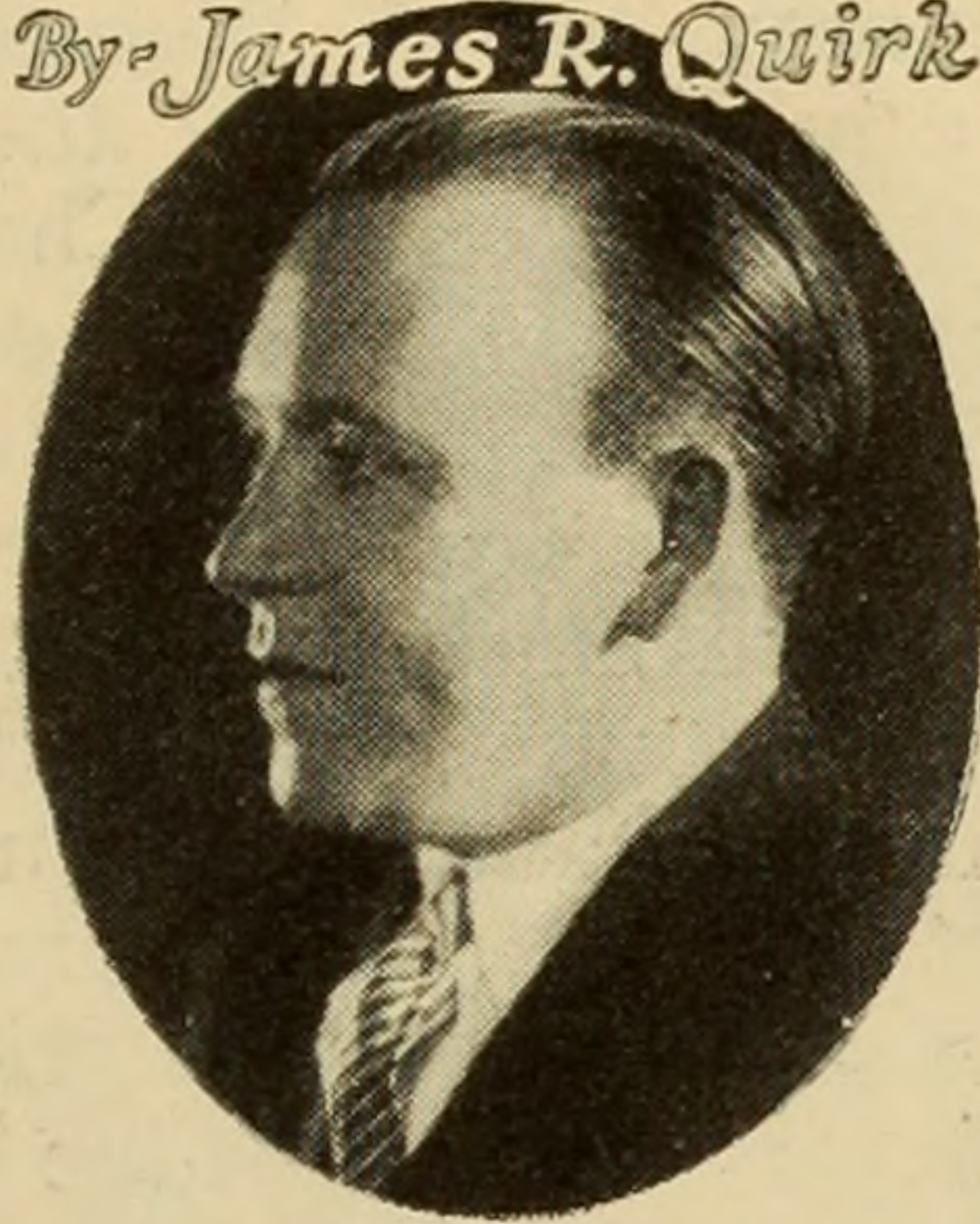


# PHOTOPLAY

August, 1927

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WE understand that Corinne Griffith is realizing that making your own pictures, being independent, having free expression for your art, and all that sort of thing, is not what it is cracked up to be.

Her first venture with United Artists has proved a one hundred per cent flop. The picture, on which many thousands of dollars had been spent, was junked after only two weeks' studio work.

Her glorious dream of profits has not materialized.

A PRODUCER recently consulted Harry Reichenbach, who was the acknowledged wizard of motion picture exploitation, but who reformed and went into the advertising business, on the problem of putting over a star who was popular in the small towns, but was not so well known in the large cities.

"Have you any idea of how to do it?" asked the producer.

"Sure," said Harry. "Just make a good picture."

Simple, isn't it?

IT has become very apparent that we were voicing the opinion of millions of motion picture devotees last month when we urged exhibitors to give us more pictures and less vaudeville, so-called atmospheric prologues and yodelling.

Hundreds of readers have taken the trouble to write the editor and cheer on the "Back to motion picture movement," as one of them described it.

"Why hasn't some paper said it before—we've all been thinking about it," wrote another.

I told him if he were really interested and wanted to help to write to his exhibitor. He will tell you

quickly enough that the public can dictate the kind of show they really like and want to see.

You will find he is a pretty reasonable chap. Drop him a note.

CECIL B. DEMILLE told the students of the Harvard School of business administration an interesting story of his first efforts at unusual lighting effects. In the early days in California they depended on sunlight entirely, but one day while making "The Warrens of Virginia," he borrowed a spotlight from a theater and used it on close-ups of one of the principal characters.

He lighted half the face, the other side going dark.

When the picture reached the New York distributing office there went up a terrible howl.

"How do you expect us to sell a picture for full price when you shot only half the man?" wired the salesman.

De Mille got mad and wired back:

"If you fellows are so dumb that you don't know Rembrandt lighting when you see it, don't blame me."

"Rembrandt light—great stuff—my mistake," wired the salesman, and he sent his men out to charge the exhibitor twice as much for it—and got it.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 80 ]



# EXIT - *This Way*

Seven gates to oblivion are open to the  
your door and walk, do not run, to

**T**HERE is no certain way of getting into pictures, but there are plenty of sure-fire ways of getting out of them. The entrances may be concealed or bolted, but the exits are plainly marked and wide open.

Consider the stars who have made their exits from the movies. Some were edged out; others walked out willingly and slammed the door behind them.

To sum up the case of the old-timers, there are seven royal roads to oblivion. To help out any little stars who want to take the toboggan, here are seven guaranteed ways of flopping.

1. Get yourself mixed up, even remotely, in a scandal involving a serious crime or a breach of morals.

2. Work up a hotsy-totsy temperament and overrate your own importance.

3. If you are a woman, marry a man who is antagonistic to your career or who is a tactless manager.

4. Overplay your type.

5. Allow yourself to be starred before your abilities warrant the promotion.

6. Take too much time off between pictures and allow the public to forget you.

7. Make a string of plain, bad pictures. Most producers can help you in this way.

And may we remark, at this stage of the story, that these rules for failure do not apply exclusively to movie stars? You can try them out on your own boss.

The most obvious—and most tragic—case of bad publicity was, of course, "Fatty" Arbuckle. When Roscoe fell into error, he ruined his own career and nearly dragged the whole movie business with him. Roscoe recently scored a personal hit in the stage revival of "Baby Mine" in New York. In a lesser degree, Mary Miles Minter made the same dreadful mistake. Little Mildred Harris'

*By Agnes Smith*

unfortunate marriage to Charlie Chaplin and the subsequent publicity didn't do her a bit of good.

When it comes to drawing moral lines, the public is as fussy and unreasonable as your maiden aunt. It forgave Charlie his first divorce; it probably will forgive him his second one. But although she tried movies and vaudeville, Mildred Harris never made any progress that lived up to the flying start she got in the old Triangle days.

A good raging case of temperament, accompanied by a swollen head, a high hat and enlarged ego, is an easy way of removing your name from electric lights. Once a star tries to be producer, director, business manager, costume designer and scenario writer, she is heading straight for the land of Has-Beens. I say "she" advisedly, for one strong-minded woman on the loose is worse than fifty actors fighting for close-ups.

**W**HEN things were breaking for Alla Nazimova, she was earning \$10,000 a week. Having Madame around the studio was like living in Kansas during the cyclone season. Nazimova knew more about making pictures than Cecil B. De Mille, Irving Thalberg and Jesse Lasky all rolled into one—God forbid!

Nazimova launched her own company and announced that she was going to have her own way. She got it. And it finished her in pictures. She tried the stage, with indifferent success. Then she went into vaudeville. At present she is in England.

The lady has talent. But in her black, bobbed hair there is more than a sprinkling of gray.



Alla Nazimova  
Temperament



Mary Miles Minter  
Bad Publicity



Clara Kimball Young  
Mediocre Pictures

Olga Petrova was accused of temperament. In reality, Petrova was ahead of her day. At a time when the blonde cutie was carrying the screen by storm, Petrova made the fatal mistake of wanting to make pictures with some sense to them. Now she is living at Great Neck, L. I., writing plays.



# Out

## movie stars—Choose the nearest exit

Pauline Frederick was not exactly a victim of temperament. At one time Miss Frederick earned \$15,000 a week and was virtually her own manager. She was a great actress, but a poor business woman. She married frequently and unhappily and her enthusiasms were misdirected.

Miss Frederick, too, is in England, enjoying an astonishing success. The English aren't so fickle as Americans. Miss Frederick left Hollywood because she refused to play secondary rôles.

Perhaps she was right; certainly she never has forfeited the loyalty of her public.

Occasionally a



**Louise Glaum**  
Overplayed Her Type

Agnes Ayres married Manuel Reacchi and gallantly gave up her career. She had a young daughter and she thought she was happy in her home. But something went wrong and Miss Ayres has lost both her husband and her career. She is playing minor rôles at but a fraction of her former salary.

The marriage of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne was doomed from the start. Our dear old maiden aunt, the public, disapproved of it. It was all right for Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne to be in love with each other, but it was wrong for Mr. Bushman to get a divorce to marry Miss Bayne.

The Bushmans had hard sledding and not many marriages thrive on adversity. Then came the divorce and, oddly enough, Auntie Public once more welcomed Francis X. and was coolly indifferent to the charming and deeply wronged Miss Bayne. Figure it out, if you can!

Let us consider the happier cases. Not so long ago, Wallace MacDonald was having luncheon in New York. He pulled out his watch and showed a group of friends the picture of a pretty girl, carefully pasted in the case.

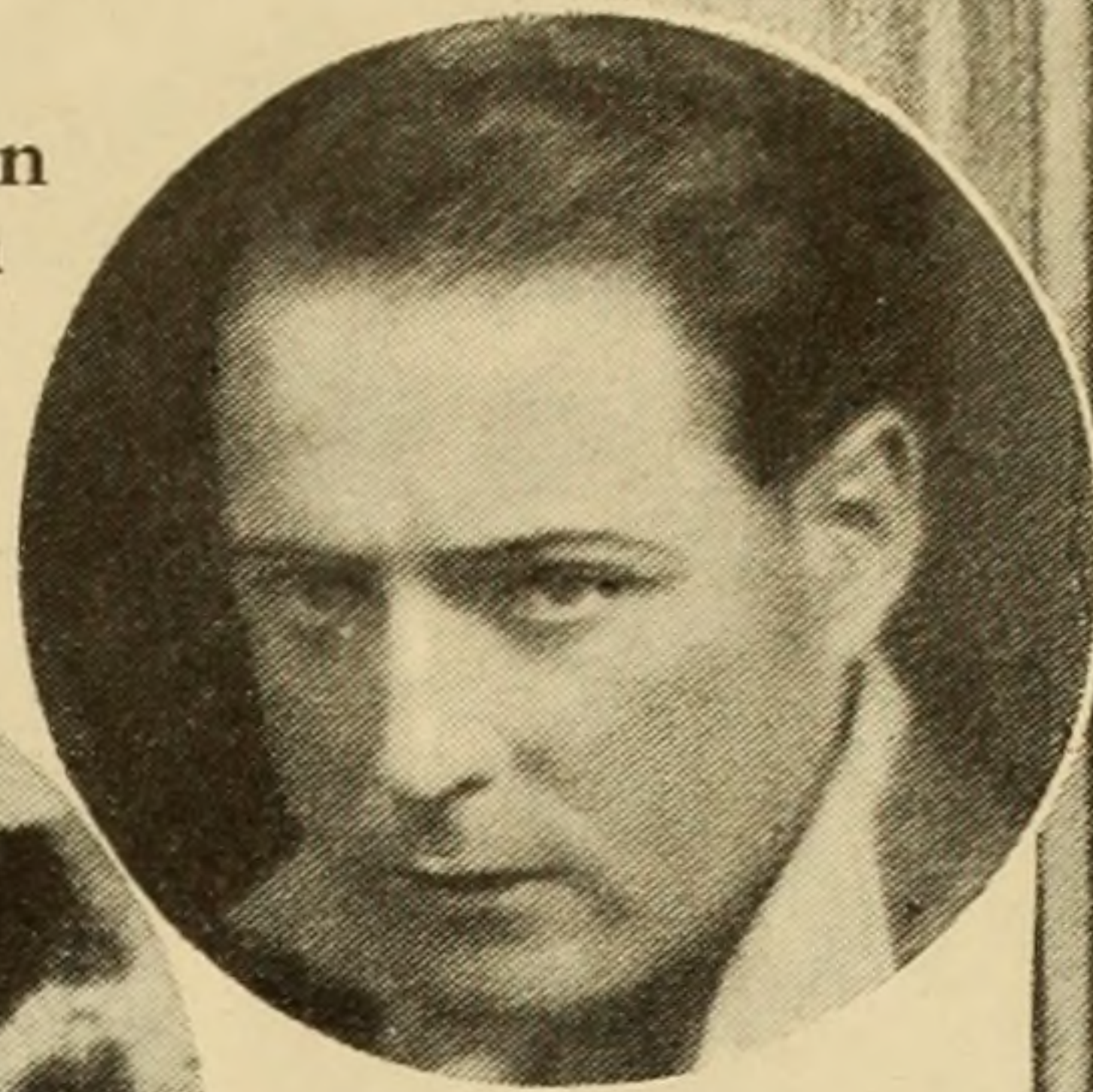


**Mae Marsh**  
Home Life

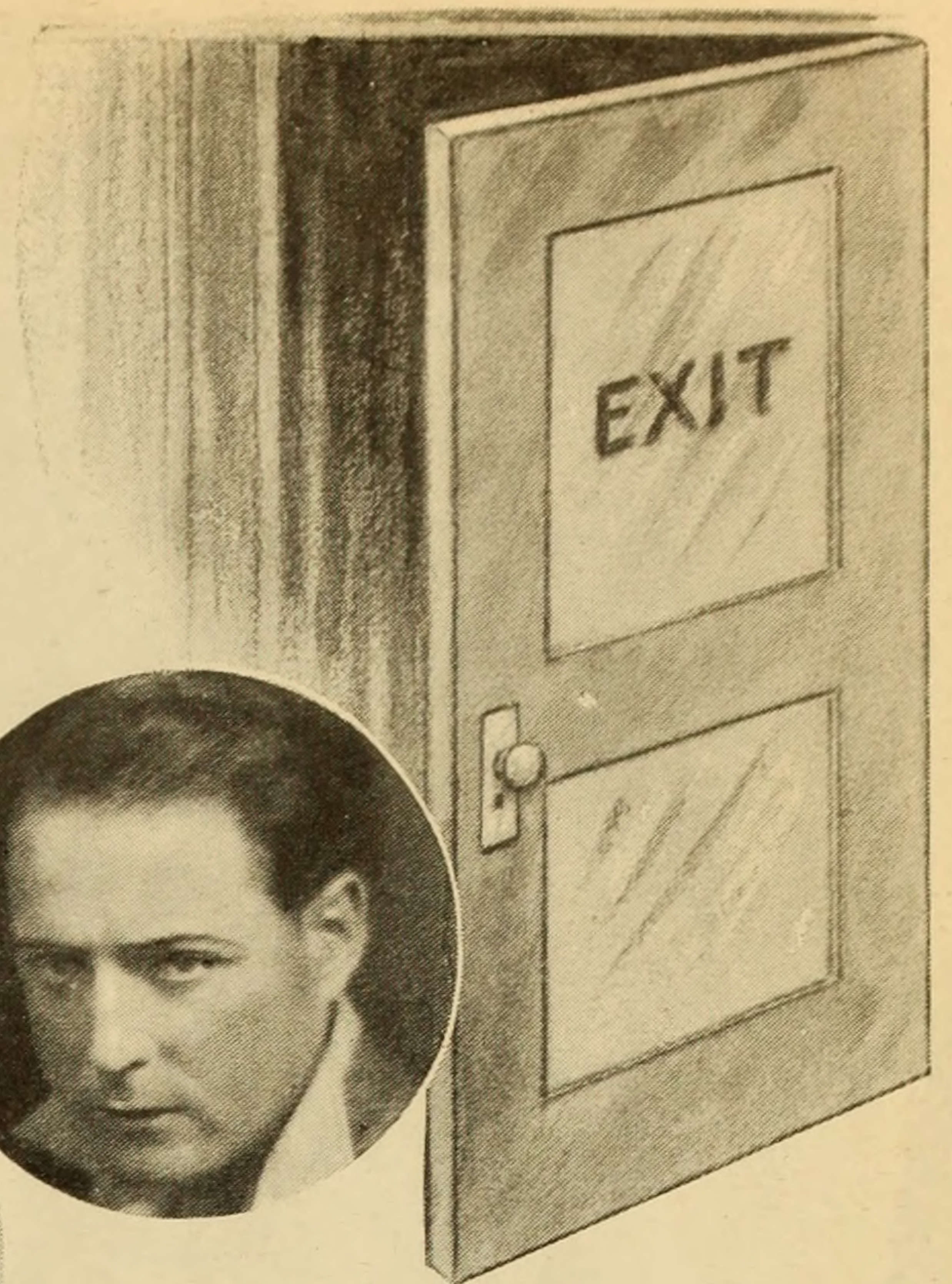
star will voluntarily and willingly give up her career for marriage. Sometimes her marriage brings her lifelong happiness. Too often, however, it turns into pitiful failure and the girl tries in vain to make a come-back.



**Beverly Bayne**  
Marriage



**J. Warren Kerrigan**  
Indifference



"Remember her?" he asked.

The girl was Doris May.

"She's not going back into the pictures," announced Mr. MacDonald. "I'm the head of the family now."

And there's Mae Marsh who fell in love with her press agent, Louis Lee Arms, and promptly lost all interest in her work. True enough, she made pictures after she married, but she had grown plump and the old spark was lacking. D. W. Griffith gave her a single come-back in "The White Rose," but Mae's Irish heart is concentrated on her home and her children.

Perhaps she has faint regrets. Perhaps the success of girls with lesser talents rankles a little. After all, hers was once the rarest talent on the screen and hers was the greatest sacrifice.

Pretty little Louise Huff married Edgar Jones and had a little daughter. When the marriage ended in the conventional divorce, Louise tried the screen and also the stage. Then she married again—this time to Edwin A. Stillman—and has another daughter. The screen is very far away.

**ENID BENNETT** is Mrs. Fred Niblo and is now starring in the rôle of wife and mother. Dorothy Dalton, another star of Triangle days, is Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein.

June Caprice married Harry Millarde, the director, after vainly trying to be another Mary Pickford. June was a nice little girl, but not another Mary. However, life has its compensations; there is now another little June Caprice.

Louise Lovely is married to William Welch and permanently off the screen. Francelia Billington—remember the girl in "Blind Husbands"?—married Lester Cuneo. And the marriage turned out tragically. Cuneo committed suicide. Rubye de Remer, the blithe blonde, married Ben Troup, a millionaire. Gloria Hope is happier as Mrs. Lloyd Hughes than in the days when she was trying for film fame. Zena Keefe also chose matrimony—and oblivion. Marguerite Clark retired gracefully when she married H. Palmerston Williams and left only pleasant memories behind her. Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld and has a charming young daughter. So it goes with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



# LADIES *in* HADES

By  
*Frederic Arnold  
Kummer*



*Illustrated by Gordon Ross*

**E**VE was getting terribly bored with Hades, which was only natural, since she had been there longer than anyone else.

Even Satan, she complained, wasn't as attentive as usual, although he *had* been away in Hollywood most of the winter, the papers said, and was thinking seriously of going into the picture business himself.

Not that the charming ladies of the screen attracted him, he confided to Adam, lovely as they were. His interest in pictures was a practical one—he wanted to be abreast of the times, keep in touch with the public.

Women, as women, had ceased to interest him, he said, since they had become so much like men. He found them entirely too hardboiled, and much preferred good honest demonesses of the Lilith type. They might be a little old-fashioned in their methods, but at least they did not try to show how much they loved you by putting arsenic in the soup.

Adam was always very busy nights. He told Eve that he'd been sitting up with a sick dinosaur





**E**ve, Cleopatra, Sappho, Helen of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Delilah, Potiphar's Wife, Phryne (the gold digger of Athens), Thais, Scheherazade, Lucrezia Borgia and Salome—twelve famous dames of history and legend—organize a club in the interest of truth.

**A**t the first meeting Eve tells the true story of the episode in the Garden of Eden.

**N**ext month, Scheherazade, celebrated *raconteur* of Arabian Nights, will read a paper on "Should Wives Be Padlocked?"

Adam admitted that he felt the same way about it himself, but hoped Satan wouldn't mention the matter, as Eve always made such a fuss when he wanted to go out, nights.

"I used to think," Satan went on, looking rather worried, "that I knew all there was to know about wickedness, but the way things are going now, if I don't watch my step some battling blonde is going to be given my job. Well, maybe a woman *could* handle it better. I've always been too tender-hearted, myself." He hurried out.

"Can I see you a minute?" said Eve, who was waiting for him in the front hall.

"If it's about pictures," Satan remarked hastily, "I may as well tell you there's nothing doing. The public wants youth."

"I don't think it is very polite of you," Eve said, pouting, "to remind me that I am the oldest inhabitant. I'm not interested in pictures. What I want is somebody to talk to."

"I shouldn't think you would have any lack of listeners, my dear," Satan observed, grinning. "There's not a man in the place who isn't crazy to have you tell him the story of the Downfall. I was talking to a bunch of fundamentalists down at the ferry yesterday, and you were the first person they asked for."

Eve continued to pout, dusting her nose with the latest thing in asbestos face powder.

"Sometimes, my dear Satan," she said, "you show a strange lack of knowledge of our sex. When a woman really wants someone to talk to she doesn't want a man



Adam said the blonde hairs on his shoulder probably belonged to an elephant. But the real secret was Lilith, a particular aid of Satan's. Lilith was devoting her spare time to teaching Adam the art of love

—she wants another woman. You ought to know that."

Satan glanced at his watch. He had agreed to make a speech at a prohibition meeting and was already a trifle late.

"I thought women liked to talk to men," he said.

"Not when they want to talk honestly—to tell the truth. You can't tell men the truth about women—they wouldn't understand it. Take that little story about the apple, for instance. The poor dears actually believe—"

"Just a moment!" Satan glanced about to see that no one was listening. "What *really* happened in the Garden of Eden is a matter between ourselves, not to be discussed in public—at least when there are any men around. As Hell's leading citizen I have to be careful of my reputation."

"Isn't that just like a man. Anybody might think—"

"Exactly. If you want a woman to talk to, why bother me? Our latest census shows a large preponderance of your sex here in Hades, any one of whom—"

Eve, who had been scribbling on a platinum pad, glanced up.



# You Can Learn About Men From Them

"I have decided," she said, "to form a woman's club."

"Splendid!" Satan gave a sigh of relief. "A sort of *salon*, I suppose. An excellent idea. Artists and all that. There must be any number of women down here with the creative instinct who would be delighted—"

"There you go again. What makes you so stupid this morning? You know as well as I do that no woman was ever given the ability to create anything, not even a child, without the help of some man. Those ancient fables may go down with the younger generation, but why spring them on me?"

"I thought a club of artists—"

"Ridiculous! The only art that women really know anything at all about is the art of love. My club is to be made up of experts in it."

"I see," Satan interrupted. "A gathering of great lovers. If you haven't decided on a name yet, why not call it the Gold-diggers Club?"

"Do try to be serious. I want to bring together, for purposes of honest discussion, those few women of the world who have made themselves famous—"

"Infamous, I guess you mean. They are all here."

"I KNOW. But the place is getting so crowded I never see them. Here's a little list I've made. I've put my name down first, which is only right, because if it hadn't been for me there never would have been any such thing as Original Sin to begin with, and no Hell for you to rule over, either, if you come down to that. I think you owe me a great deal, although I must say I get precious little credit for it."

"I always thought," Satan said sardonically, "that the idea of the Downfall was mine."

"Well, you couldn't have put it over if it hadn't been for me. But to come back to my club. I hoped you might suggest a few names. There's Cleopatra, of course, —a delightful creature—I haven't seen her for ages. And Sappho. And that charming Helen of Troy. By the way—I understand she is having quite an affair with Lord Byron. Have you heard anything about it?"

"My dear Eve," Satan replied, "I have been accused of almost every crime on the calendar, but there is one to which I have not yet descended — I never gossip. I leave that to you women. Even a devil has got to draw the line somewhere."

"Oh, well — you needn't be so nasty. I'll find out for myself. Do you think Salome would be a good one to ask?"

"She's certainly had a lot of publicity."

"I know. As a dancer. But somehow I've never quite believed that story about her refusing half of Herod's kingdom just for a man's head. No man in the world ever had a head that was worth it."

"You might consider the Queen of Sheba," Satan suggested.

"Of course. She's a dear. And I'm crazy to hear all the details of her affair with Solomon. He must have been quite a sheik. As for the rest"—she paused. "Of course, my dear Satan, I may be boring you, but even so it is hardly polite to yawn in a lady's face."

"Sorry. Must be the heat. A little sultry today, even for me. I'll speak to the Head Stoker about it. And now, if you don't mind, I'll be running along—"

"VERY well. But you get the idea, don't you? A woman's club. I may say a super-woman's club. No men allowed. That will give us a chance to discuss things frankly—something we could never do, with men around. Think of it—all the important women of history telling about their love affairs the way they really happened, instead of the silly accounts you find in books. Why—if our minutes are ever published—"

"They won't be, my dear."

"But—why not?"

"The reason should be obvious, I think, even to you. Most of my male guests are here because of certain beliefs they hold concerning women. I am stern, perhaps, in my punishments. I have stripped these poor devils of every other illusion. But their belief in women I have left them. Not from sentimental reasons—I trust I shall never be accused of anything so childish as that—but because they had to have something to cling to in order to make even Hell possible."

"Really, Satan," Eve [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

"Why is Adam getting all this attention?" demanded Eve. "I should like to know something about this art of making love myself"







**N**O young leading man can hope to be a full-fledged star until he has appeared in at least one desert picture. Charles Farrell grows a little moustache, thereby adding to his years and sex appeal, and plays a suave Arab in "Prince Fazil." And, since Arabs seem to prefer Nordics, the blonde is Greta Nissen.





NOT so long ago, Jetta Goudal couldn't get a contract because she had the reputation of being hard to get along with. Cecil B. De Mille took a chance with the dynamite and, for three years, they've never had the shadow of a quarrel.



# Jetta Lives Down Her Past

And now she dares anyone to accuse her of being too temperamental

By Francis Clark

**I** DO not drink. I do not smoke. I do not use bad language. I never gossip. I never talk about people behind their backs. I do not have love affairs. I am not greedy about money. I never quarrel about salary. And yet I have a bad reputation!"

There, in her own words, you have the problem of Jetta Goudal. And there, too, you have an interesting sidelight on this tricky business of making a hit in pictures.

This, then, is the strange story of Miss Goudal. I do not mean where she was born, how she came to this country or how she went into the movies. But it is the odd tale of a funny girl who met up with Old Man Success and then deliberately slapped the suave gentleman's face.

Several years ago, Miss Goudal made a great, big hit in "The Bright Shawl." She had looks, she had ability and she was an exotic and lovely type. She was snatched up immediately and given large parts in important pictures.

Then the stories began to fly. The Goudal person had temperament. She had a terrible disposition. She ate directors for breakfast; she devoured stars for dinner. The girl, with everything else in her favor, simply wouldn't listen to reason. She deserved to be spanked and sent home.

It isn't so easy to get along in the movies. Not only must you register with the public, but you must make a hit with the people in the studios. Jetta could register with the public, but she simply couldn't get along with her co-workers. It was generally conceded that a girl who could act so uppity in the face of a great chance for success must be off her nut.

The Jetta Goudal of today can tell funny stories of those unpleasant days when the tales of her temperament were used to frighten Baby Stars.

"I was," she says, "out of work. I could not get a part anywhere. The dreadful stories of my temperament had

killed all my chance. It was unfortunate, too, because I had no other way of earning my living. I really, seriously speaking, had to have some sort of work.

"At that time, Cecil De Mille was starting his own company and he sent for me. He asked me if I would work for him and named the salary. I accepted it immediately, no haggling about money. Then he asked me about these rumors of temperament. I couldn't answer him at first; I just began to cry. Finally, I promised him that I never would say or do anything that a lady wouldn't do.

**A**H, but it is very hard to live down a bad reputation. At first, as soon as I stepped on to a set, everyone began looking for trouble. And the stories of temperament kept following me. Once I read in the newspapers that I had been ordered out of the studio.

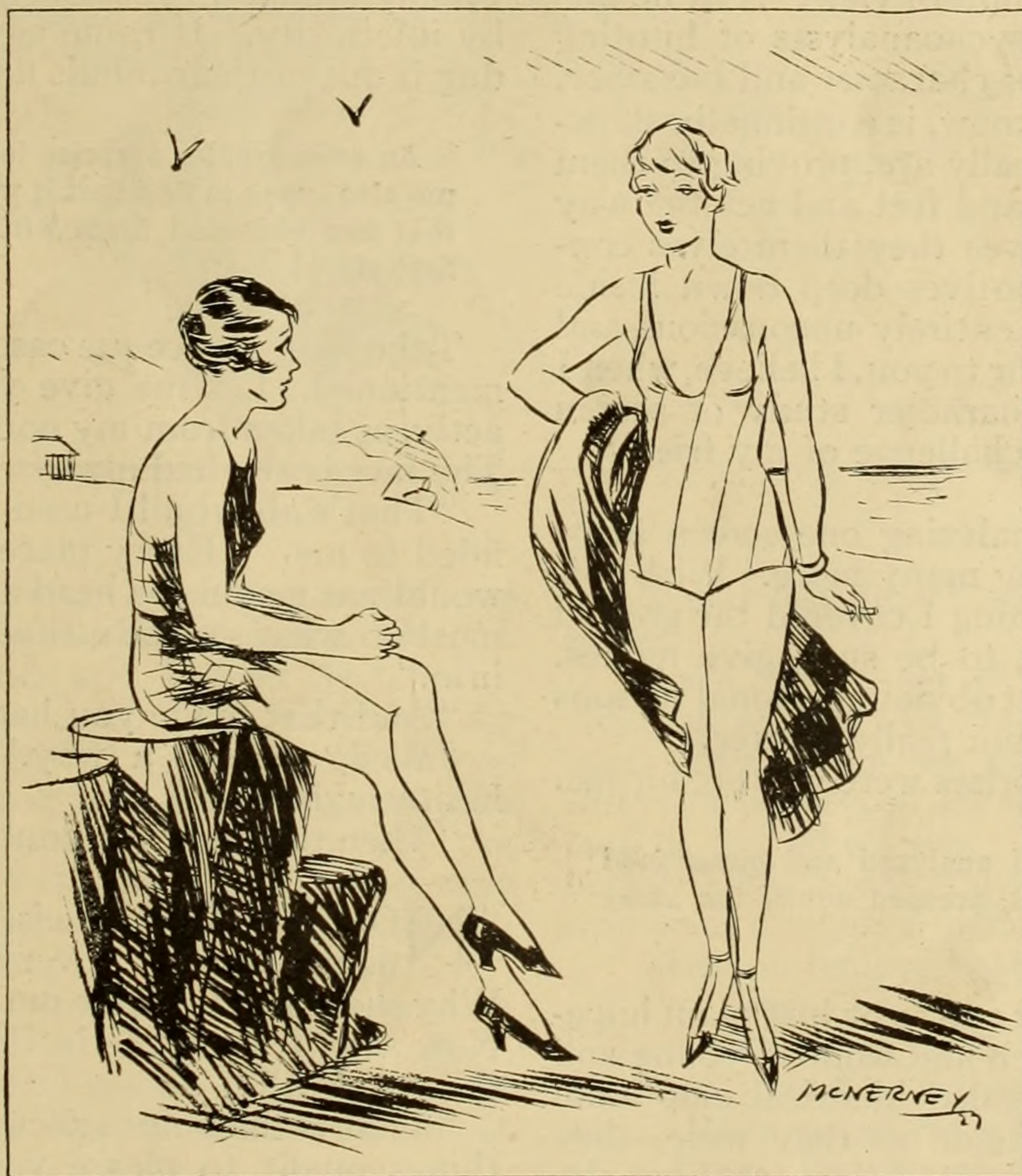
"I went to Mr. De Mille and showed him the clipping. 'You are still here, aren't you?' he asked. 'But,' I insisted, 'what a terrible thing to say!' 'You are still getting your pay check? Then don't worry about anything you read.' That would end the argument.

"Another time I complained to Mr. De Mille that people were writing unkind things about me. 'Well,' he answered, 'you ought to read some of the things that have been written about me!'"

Miss Goudal's hard experience taught her a lesson. She will not, under any provocation, say a mean thing about anybody. Before she speaks, she remembers the stories told about her and she holds her tongue. In Hollywood, if you don't gossip, you are a social loss.

So Jetta doesn't live in Hollywood; she lives in Los Angeles and keeps much to herself. She is abnormally sensitive and all those stories of her temperament have made her shy. The air of mystery about her is becoming to her. And I think she appreciates it.

"I will not give every detail of my life; I will not tell everything about myself," she says. "Once [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



"Wouldn't your mother be astonished to see you in that suit?"

"Wouldn't she, though? It's hers!"



# Have All Actors an

A Famous Psychoanalyst finds that inferiority fears plus infantile fixations are what make most actors act

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

**W**HAT makes men and women want to act?

Why does it grip them like a frenzy?

How can one explain that all actors are so different?

These questions were put to me some time ago by a man who is financially interested in pictures.

"You psychoanalytic fellows are always finding hidden reasons for the strange things people do," he said. "Well, tell me the why and the how of Hollywood."

It was an unexpected challenge but a fair one.

I had to agree that such an investigation had fascinating possibilities.

Although I knew personally several movie actors and actresses the thought had

never occurred to me before of trying to solve the riddle of the actor from a scientific point of view. And he was right when he accused the psychoanalysts of hunting always for the secret springs of character and behavior.

Mental analysis, you must know, is continually showing people up for what they really are, proving to them that they are made to think and feel and act the way they do, not because of motives they themselves consider valid but because of motives deep down inside themselves of which they are entirely unconscious and unaware. This will become clear to you, I believe, when I tell you the results of the character study of screen people I made, following the challenge of my friend.

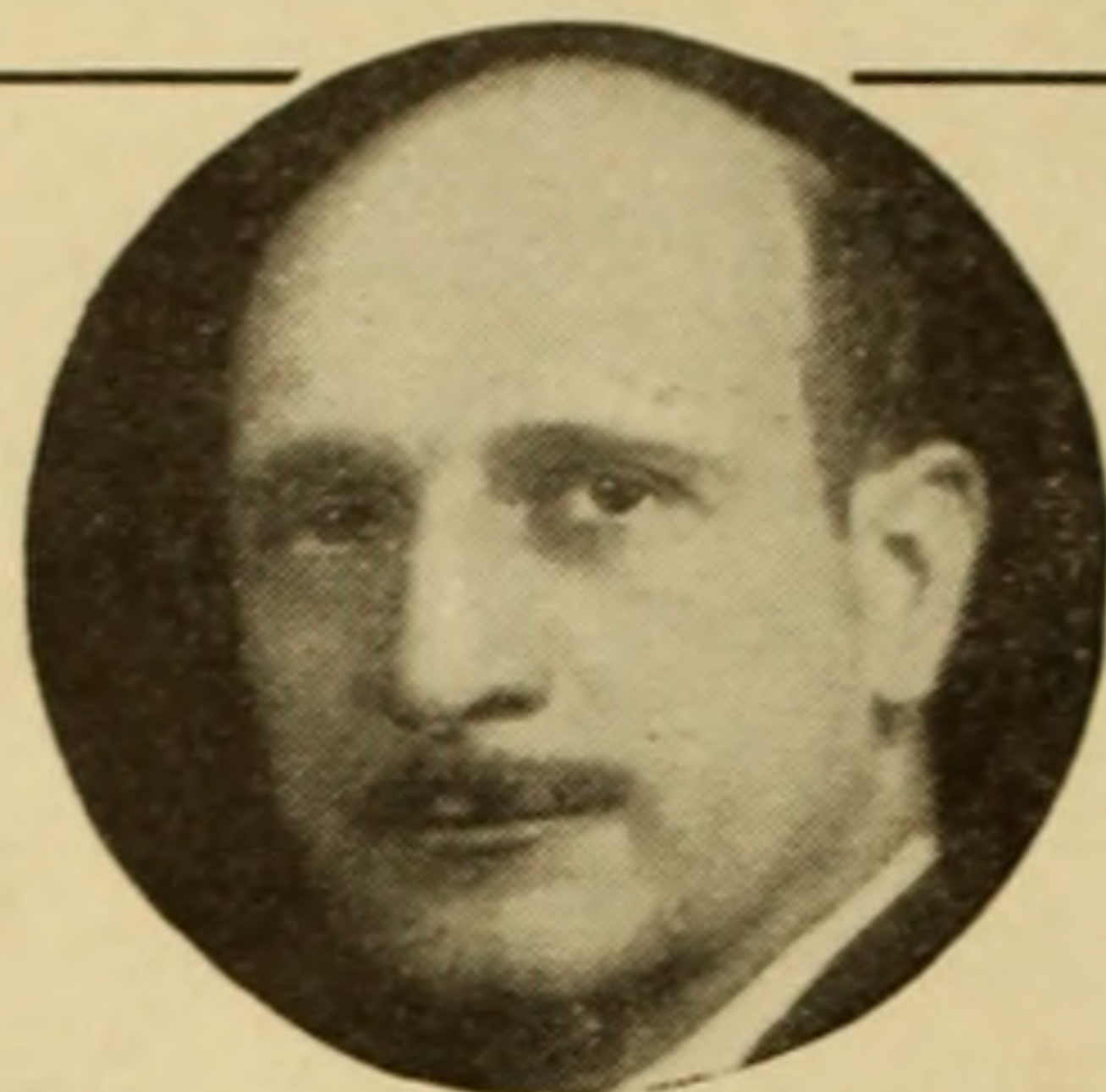
**I** STARTED in by psychoanalysing one screen actor and I ended up by analysing many more. With this method and extensive questioning I covered the ground rather thoroughly. I cannot, to be sure, give names. Not only professional ethics but obvious personal reasons as well forbid. But that does not really matter.

The point is that many surprises were in store for me.

I discovered that all actors I analysed and questioned were built of the same material, pressed out of the same mould.

Whether stars or regulars or extras or just plain hopeful aspirants for a chance—men and women, young and old—each and every one revealed identical emotional mechanisms. The truth is, made as they were, they could not possibly help themselves being anything else but actors. It was plain to see why movie people do the things they do.

I soon became convinced that actors belong in a class by themselves and are fundamentally different.



**T**HIS is the first of a series of six articles by Dr. Bisch, giving a psychoanalyst's view of the movies. They are the most interesting articles PHOTOPLAY ever has published. Dr. Bisch is Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital.

Can you imagine a screen celebrity feeling inferior?

Well, that is the first startling fact I ran up against.

Doesn't it seem absurd that a renowned and stately beauty, one who carries herself like a queen, wears her clothes with the chic of a Parisienne, and sends a thrill of admiration through all who behold her entering a drawing room—isn't it a bit ridiculous that such a person should be suffering from self-depreciation, from ideas of incompetence, from fear of failure—in short, inferiority?

Yet that is a true case. Rather pronounced I will admit. But true nevertheless and true of all the actors I studied. Every single one of them was fighting some degree of inferiority.

And here is another strange thing. None of the actors I analysed knew consciously that he or she was haunted by inferiority. It came as a complete surprise when I dug it out of their minds and proved it to them.

An even greater surprise to them—and I must confess to me also—was to find that it was really such inferiority fears that had obsessed them with wanting to be actors in the first place!

Take for instance the case of the young woman I have mentioned. Let me give you part of her analysis exactly, as taken from my notes. I said she was a beauty. The fact is she had always been a beauty.

"That's about all I used to hear as a child," she confided to me. "Every place they took me to somebody would pat me on the head and pinch my cheeks and tell mother what a beautiful creature I was growing into."

"And that made you happy?" I asked.

"Well, yes—in a way." I noted that she replied hesitatingly.

"Then there is some doubt in your mind?" I went on.

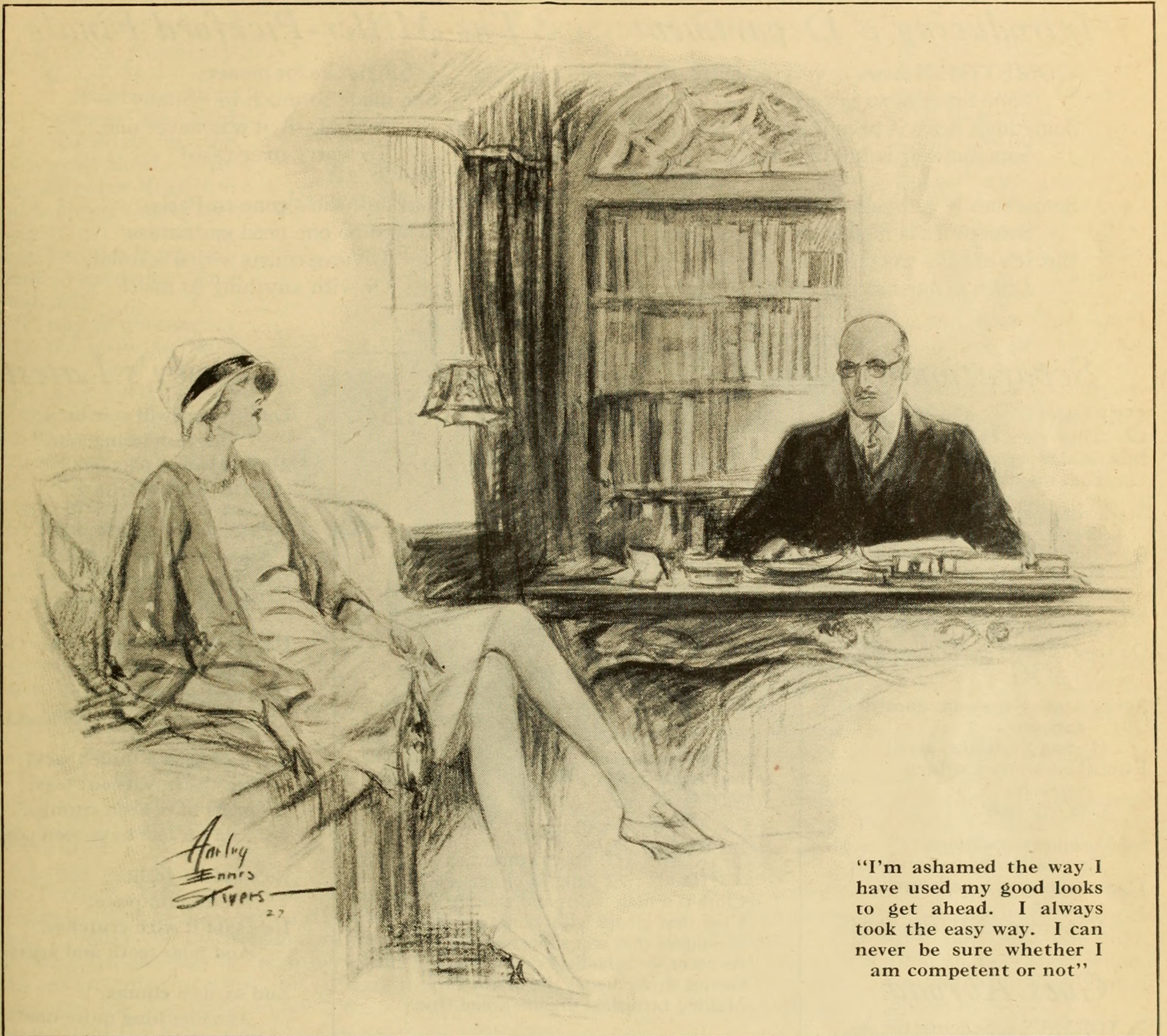
"**N**O, I can't say there is," she answered. "That is, no definite doubt. Every woman likes to be admired. Why shouldn't it please me to be made such a fuss over? Now they feature me in the magazines. I'm a star in the movies!"

"That is the point exactly," I continued. "All these things ought to please you. They would please the average woman. But I suspect there is something upsetting you, something which does not make you feel certain whether you are satisfied with life or not, whether you have got out of life what you really wanted to."

"I don't know," she replied reflectively.



# Inferiority Complex?



"I'm ashamed the way I have used my good looks to get ahead. I always took the easy way. I can never be sure whether I am competent or not"

"You gave me the hint when you hesitated about liking to be praised for your good looks when a child," I continued. "And why did you defend yourself a moment ago? You asked me why you shouldn't be pleased at being fussed over. If you were so sure of yourself why do you question it? It's little slips like these that count in psychoanalysis. They are the 'dead give-aways,' the hints that lead to the discovery of what a person really feels in contrast to what he merely thinks he feels."

My subject looked at me with a puzzled expression for a moment.

"Is that the reason why I'm always dreaming about something I want, and when I get to it and it's almost in my grasp it vanishes?"

"Tell me one of those things you nearly succeeded in grasping."

"I'm thinking of the dream I had a few nights ago," she replied. "It was a huge book. I've dreamt about that book several times."

"Now what does book make you think of?" I persisted.

"Book makes me think of school—college." She stopped talking. Then suddenly she cried: "I see it all now. My father just came to mind. He was almost sorry I was pretty. He was afraid I'd get conceited and neglect my education. Strange I never thought of it before but father would often say to me that a beautiful woman is a menace unto herself."

"And you believe that?" I inquired.

"Yes, I do. That is I do now. I'm ashamed the way I have used my good looks to get ahead. I never took the hard road like father did. I always took the easy way. I can never be sure whether I am competent or not. I can't be sure whether my work is appreciated or not. Sometimes I hate myself. Since we started this analysis I understand many things about myself I didn't know before. I certainly understand how scared I really am of myself—of my own inferiority bugaboo."

I have purposely gone [CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]



# Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

## *Introducing a Department*

SOMETIMES news is very naughty.  
Sometimes news is very nice—  
Sometimes news is proud and haughty,  
Sometimes it is full of spice!

Sometimes it is touched with sadness,  
Sometimes it makes joybells chime;  
But it's always worth the hearing—  
*Listen to our news in rhyme!*

## *Separations*

SEPARATIONS, separations,  
They keep Hollywood alive,  
It is on star separations,  
That the daily papers thrive.

Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan,  
They are going lonely ways—  
Once they planned to live together  
All their days.

Lefty Flynn—the football hero,  
And Viola Dana, small,  
Do they care for being married?  
Not at all!

Agnes Ayres—she once turned  
native—  
(It was a mistake, alas!)  
Even these warm southern  
wooings,  
One day pass. . . .

Separations, separations,  
They in Hollywood abound;  
They make gossip, and—well,  
gossip  
Makes the reel of life go round!

## *Goes Abroad*

NORMA'S gone across the sea,  
Diamond garters at her knee;  
Why? It's quite a mystery!  
Pretty Norma Talmadge—

Maybe it's to buy some clothes,  
Or a play—or goodness knows—  
Does it matter why she goes?  
*She's our Norma Talmadge!*

## *The Miller-Pickford Finale*

It can not be for money,  
She made so much in "Sunny"—  
And Marilyn was never one,  
To worry over cash!

But still she's gone to Paris,  
Where no one need embarrass  
Divorce courts with a scandal,  
Or with anything so rash!

## *Chaney's Latest*

Lon Chaney will star in  
"The Wandering Jew,"  
All Hollywood tells us  
The story is true.

He's given us gangsters,  
And skeletons white,  
He's given us monsters,  
To fill us with fright—

He's given us robbers,  
And given us freaks,  
He's broken his body,  
And puffed out his cheeks.

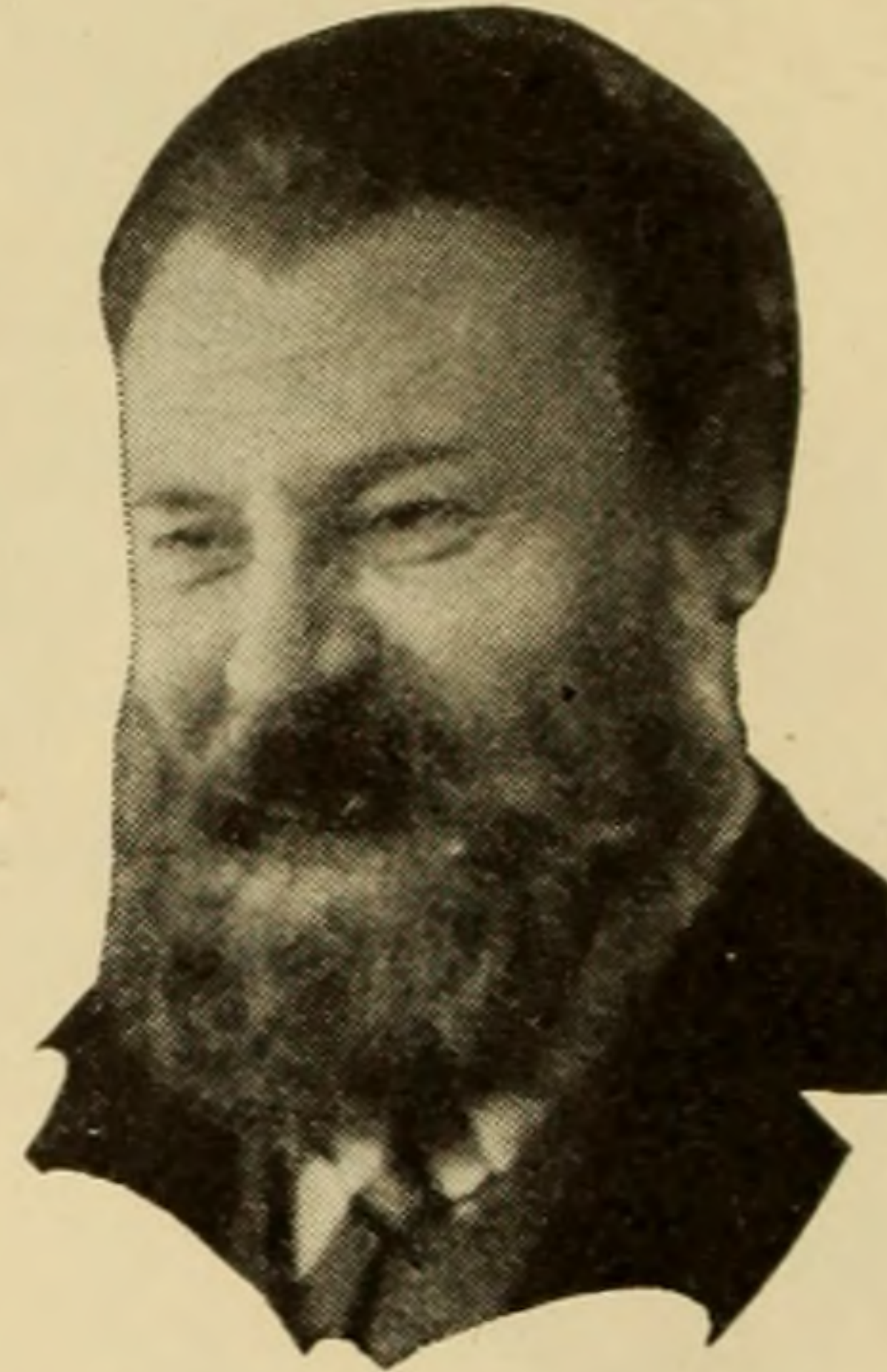
Oh, he's been a hunchback,  
He's been without legs;  
His arms have been stumps,  
And his feet have been pegs.

He's been a gorilla,  
A museum piece,  
He's said it with crutches,  
And false teeth and grease.

And so, as a climax,  
As something quite new—  
They've handed him this one,  
"The Wandering Jew"—

He's done men from China,  
He's done a Marine,  
But now, as his latest . . .  
*(Why bring in Levine?)*

## EMIL JANNINGS *as August Shilling* *in* The Way of All Flesh



*A Sonnet Impression  
of the Month's Best  
Performance—*

DROOPING, heavy, careworn body,  
Hands that hang at either side;  
Clothes a little worn and shoddy,  
Eyes that gleam with gentle pride.  
Shoulders that can show emotion,  
As no other shoulders do—  
Genius, from across the ocean,  
Making tarnished dreams come true.

Tragedy—not glaring, shrieking,  
But the groping sort we know;  
Tenderness, tongue-tied, but speaking.  
In each smile that dares to glow!  
Humbleness and faith that reaches  
To all hearts that living teaches.

## *A Tribute - - - - Robert McKim 1887 - 1927*

HE played so many villains on the screen,  
He sneered so often in the hero's face,  
That we had set him down to film disgrace,  
To being "most unkind" and "very mean!"

And yet he was a prey to circumstances,  
He started as a villain—and, no doubt,  
He often vainly longed to turn about,  
To play the lead in pretty, light romances!

We like to think that he is smiling now,  
That all the parts he plays are pleasant rôles,  
That deal with happy hearts and joyous souls.  
That he is always called to take a bow!

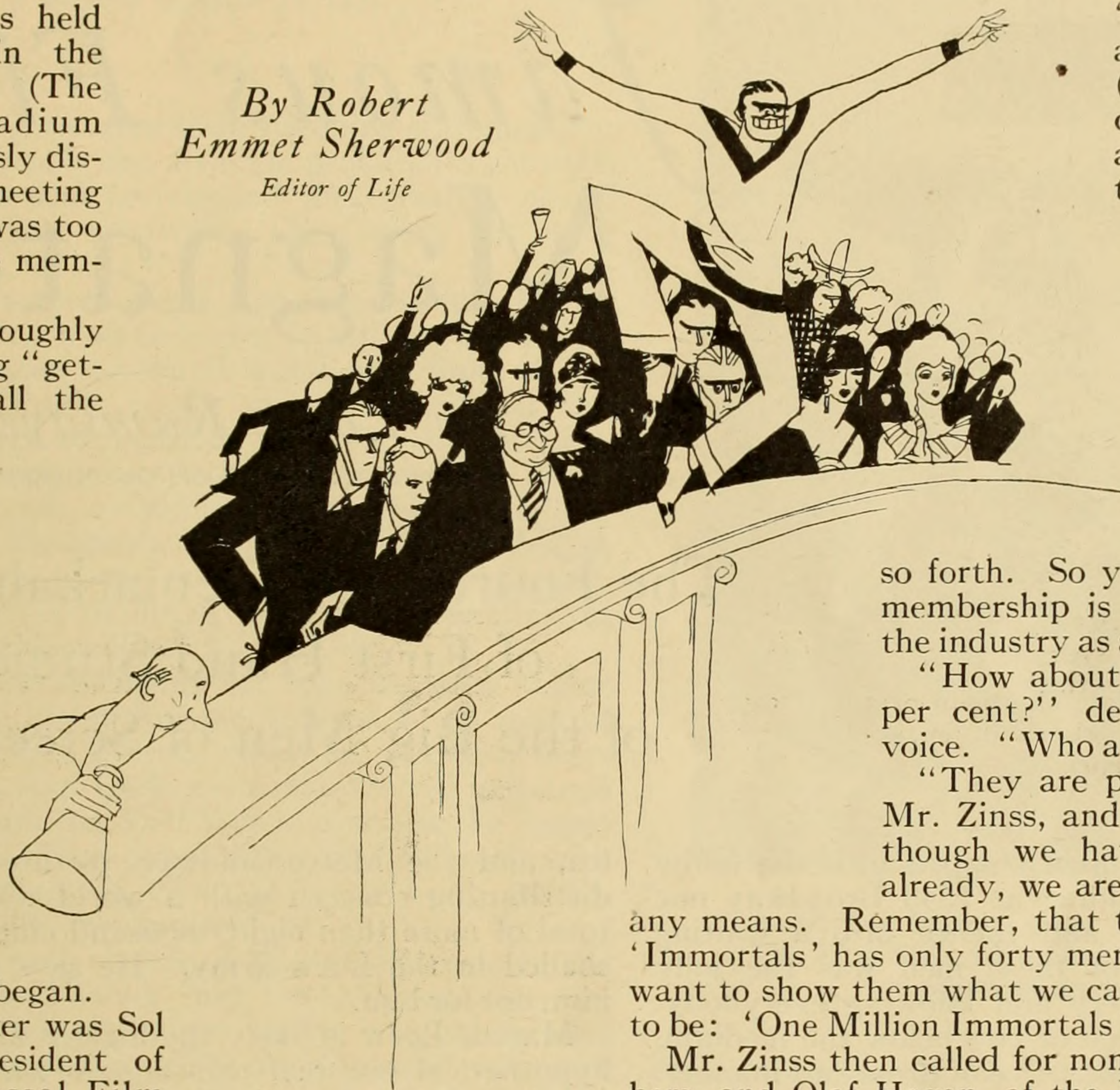
And, at his passing, may the world recall,  
That he, in ugly places, never shirked,  
That honestly he lived and played and worked,  
And was the meanest villain of them all!



# "One Million Immortals by 1928"

## The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Discusses Plans for the Future

By Robert  
Emmet Sherwood  
Editor of Life



point a voice was heard to ask, "Who are the few odd?" but the interruption was ignored.) "Of these, four per cent are actors and actresses." (The same voice inquired: "Who says they are?") "Two and one-third per cent are directors, assistant directors, assistant-directors and so on. One-eighth of one per cent are camera-men, technicians, carpenters, designers, scenario writers, supervising editors and

so forth. So you will all see that our membership is truly representative of the industry as a whole."

"How about the other ninety-three per cent?" demanded the persistent voice. "Who are they?"

"They are press agents," answered Mr. Zinss, and then continued: "Although we have made great strides already, we are not as yet satisfied by

any means. Remember, that the French Academy of 'Immortals' has only forty members at the most. We want to show them what we can do. Our battle-cry is to be: 'One Million Immortals by 1928!'"

Mr. Zinss then called for nominations for new members, and Olaf Hogan, of the Nifty Comedy Studios, suggested the name of June Dawn, the newest Nifty Comedy bathing girl.

"Miss Dawn is an Immortal if I ever saw one," said Mr. Hogan—and to prove his point he paraded the girl before the Academy. She wore the same one-piece bathing suit that had adorned her shapely form when, as "Miss Bemis Junction," she had won sixty-fourth prize in the Topeka Beauty Contest.

SEVERAL press agents from other studios jumped up to protest that, if Miss Dawn were elected, then several of their employees ought to be admitted also.

Pandemonium reigned for awhile, and insults were hurled to and fro freely, but order was finally restored when someone suggested that elections to the Academy should be conducted along the same lines as those followed in the selection of Wampus Baby Stars; that is to say, the press agents should get together and fight it out among themselves.

Following this unpleasant incident, the Anaesthetic Committee was kept busy silencing the next eighty-six speakers, all of whom gave the same speech; then came the big event of the day. Miss Eunice Fripp, the world-famed ingenue, arose to give the "Key-note" address.

"My dear, dear friends," said Miss Fripp, after the cheering had subsided and the audience had filed quietly

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 119 ]





# Little Journeys to

## The Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates

By *Terry Ramsaye*

Author of "A Million and One Nights"



Marcus Loew as he is today, the head of a hundred million dollars' worth of entertainment enterprises

The Fourth of a Remarkable Series  
of First Hand Studies  
of the Big Men of Screendom

A CERTAIN two men stepped into the lobby of the office building at 1540 Broadway one recent morning, and thence into a waiting elevator. One of these men was the jolly mixer type, tall and cheery and knowing everybody. His companion was an inch or two below the medium, slight, grey and most unobtrusive of dress and manner.

"Twelfth, Bill," said the tall one, with a nod to the elevator operator.

"Howdy," responded that uniformed factotum. "How's tricks?" He slammed the gates, flicked the signal panel clear and threw the starting lever. As the car shot upward he turned and addressed this tall man whom he knew as the occupant of an office above. "I been here two years and I ain't seen the big boy yet—I'd like to meet him just once—that guy Loew."

"Then just turn around, Bill."

The operator flushed, jammed his car and stood stuttering in confusion as he faced the little man before him. Marcus Loew grinned and stuck out his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Bill—come in and see me some day when you are not too busy."

Now it begins to look as though Bill and "that guy Loew" are going to be good friends. And that is the kind of a guy Marcus Loew is—inconspicuous, quiet, good natured, and easy to overlook in a crowd, meanwhile one of the most extraordinary of men and extraordinary in success. His interests include the Loew Theatrical Enterprises, with nearly four hundred theaters in the United States, some seventy-and-odd theaters in Europe and South Amer-

ica, and the Metro-Goldwyn picture producing and distributing concern with a world wide business. A total of more than eight thousand employees are marshalled in the Loew army. He says they work with him, not for him.

Marcus Loew is likely the highest authority on that hypothetical but real person so often mentioned and never seen, the Average Man, alias the Ultimate Con-



Here is a real life study in contrasts. Marcus Loew was born in the tenement shown above, at the corner of Avenue B and Fifth Street



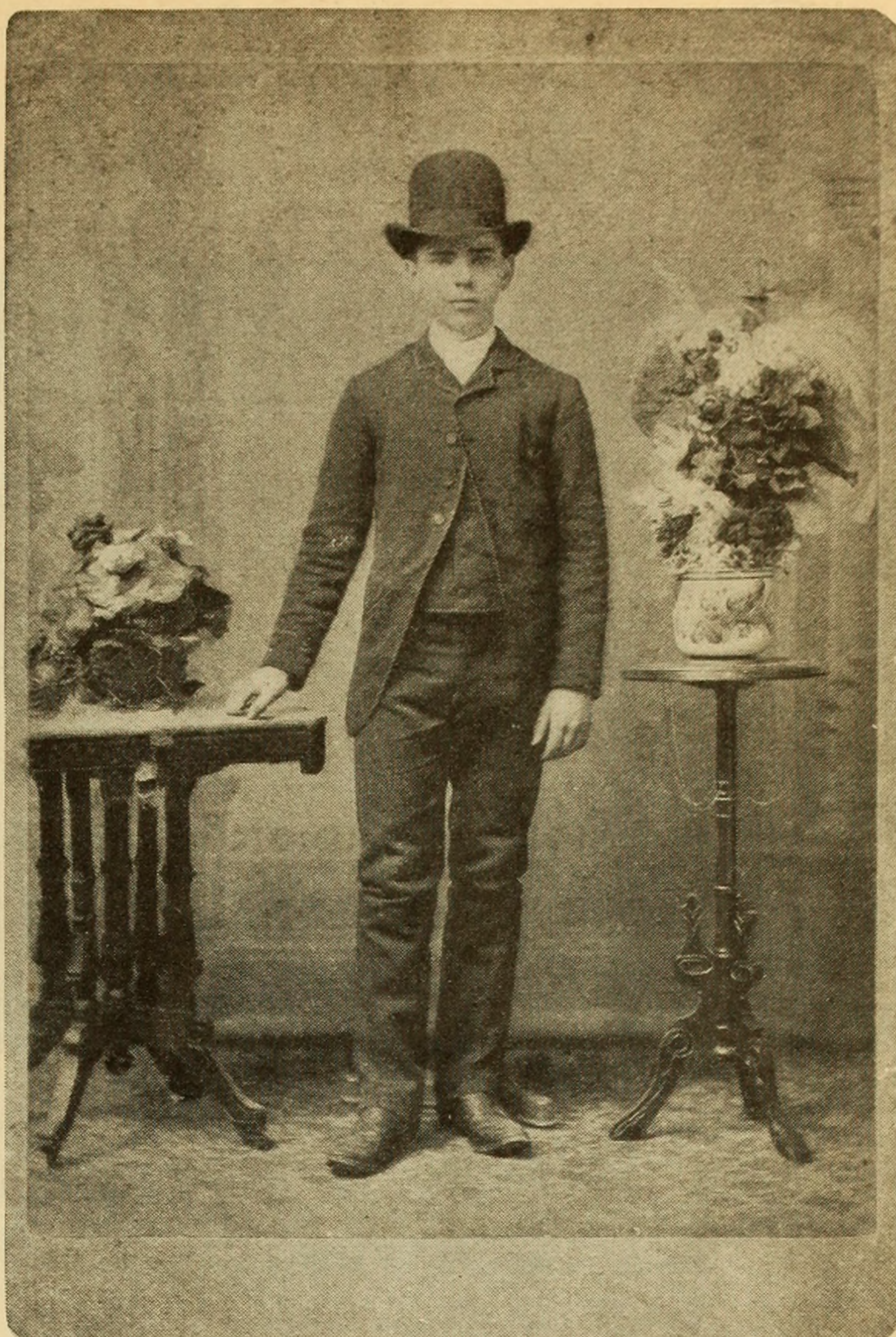
*Marcus Loew is the richest man in motion pictures. He was born in a Manhattan tenement and his business career was started when he graduated himself from the third grade of a public school on New York's East Side*

sumer, sometimes referred to in sweeping statements as The Public. There is also an acute probability that this entirely hypothetical person and the certainly actual Mr. Loew are close relatives. They surely get along well together.

About twenty-three years ago Loew started with peep show arcades in an endeavor to interest and please this Average Person a penny's worth at a time. Then Loew and the Public began to get acquainted and presently by steps of about five cents each the entertainment developed into the modern institution of the motion picture with an admission price in the vicinity of fifty cents. Meanwhile both Loew and his friend, the Public, have grown more prosperous, especially Loew, who has accumulated a fortune estimated at from thirty to forty millions.

The dotted line of destiny for Marcus Loew begins down among the noisy tenemented red brick rows of Avenue B and Fifth Street, where he was born fifty-seven years ago, and leads with many turns and stops and starts up from the East Side and across the Sound to the grandeurs of his ducal estate of Pembroke with its wide green acres at Glen Cove, on Long Island. Here is spectacular contrast indeed.

But one can search the life of Marcus Loew down the years between and never find anything spectacular, peculiar or eccentric whatever—unless it might be that there is a sensational quality in persistent common sense. No other rich man in America's array of multi-

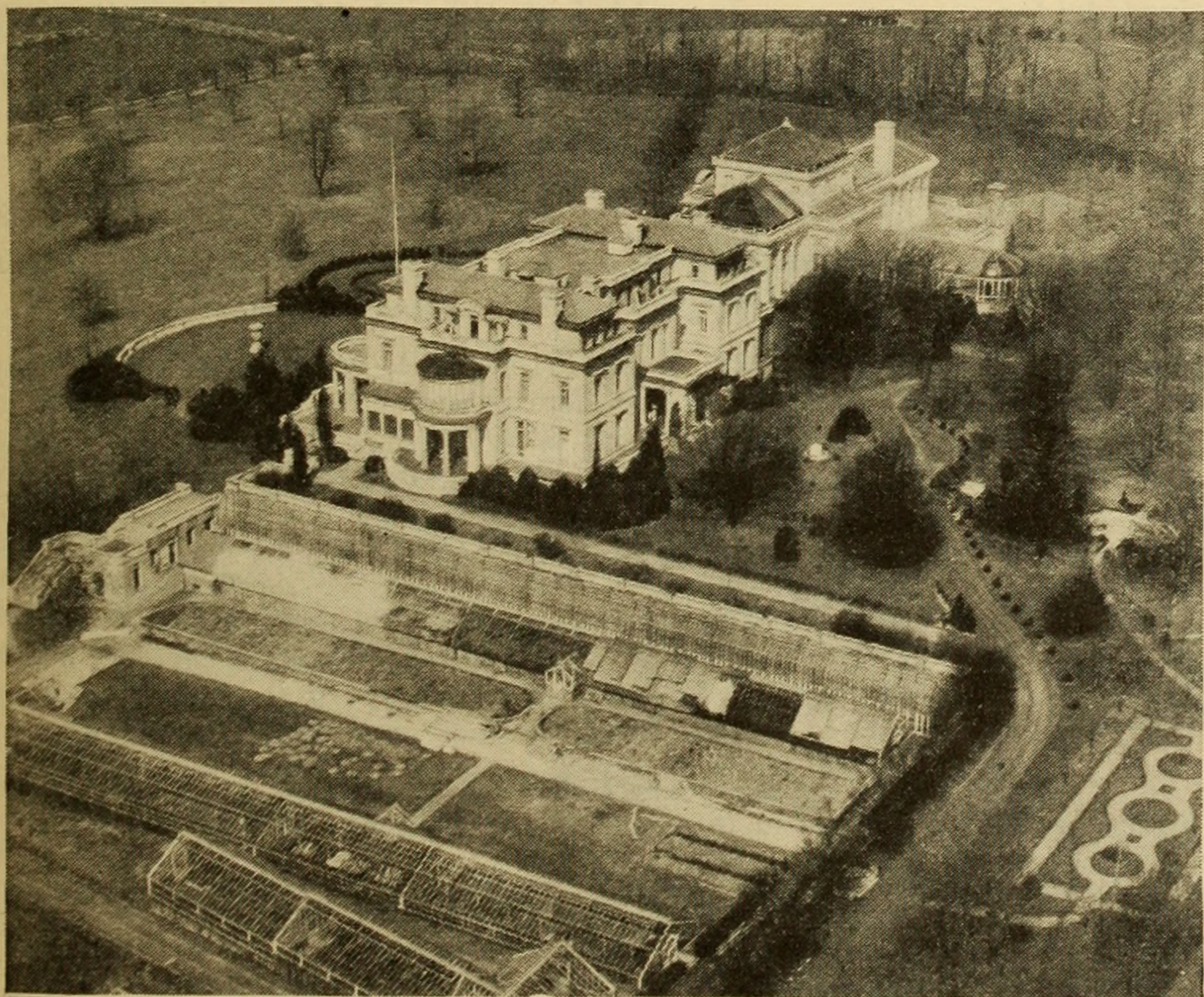


**At sixteen Marcus Loew became the publisher of The East Side Advertiser. This photograph was posed on Avenue B in 1886**

millionaires is so much the plain Average Man as Marcus Loew. He is that unbelievable, contradictory personage, an unspectacular showman, the untheatrical master of theaters, the unmoved movie magnate. It is a further amazement that even his modest unaffectedness has no coloration of pose. That is the reason he is the richest man in the motion pictures.

Marcus Loew has lived through a perfect Horatio Alger life scenario from Bowery newsboy to uptown multimillionaire without a moment's disturbance of his poise, being all the while his simple but alert self, taking "the breaks" as they came, and now and then going broke on the way. His story is so entirely typical of the stereotyped fictional form that one has a constant suspicion that it can not all be true, but it is. Every step from Avenue B to millions has been logical, and, looking back at it, so easy that any one might have done it. Any one might, too, and Loew was the one.

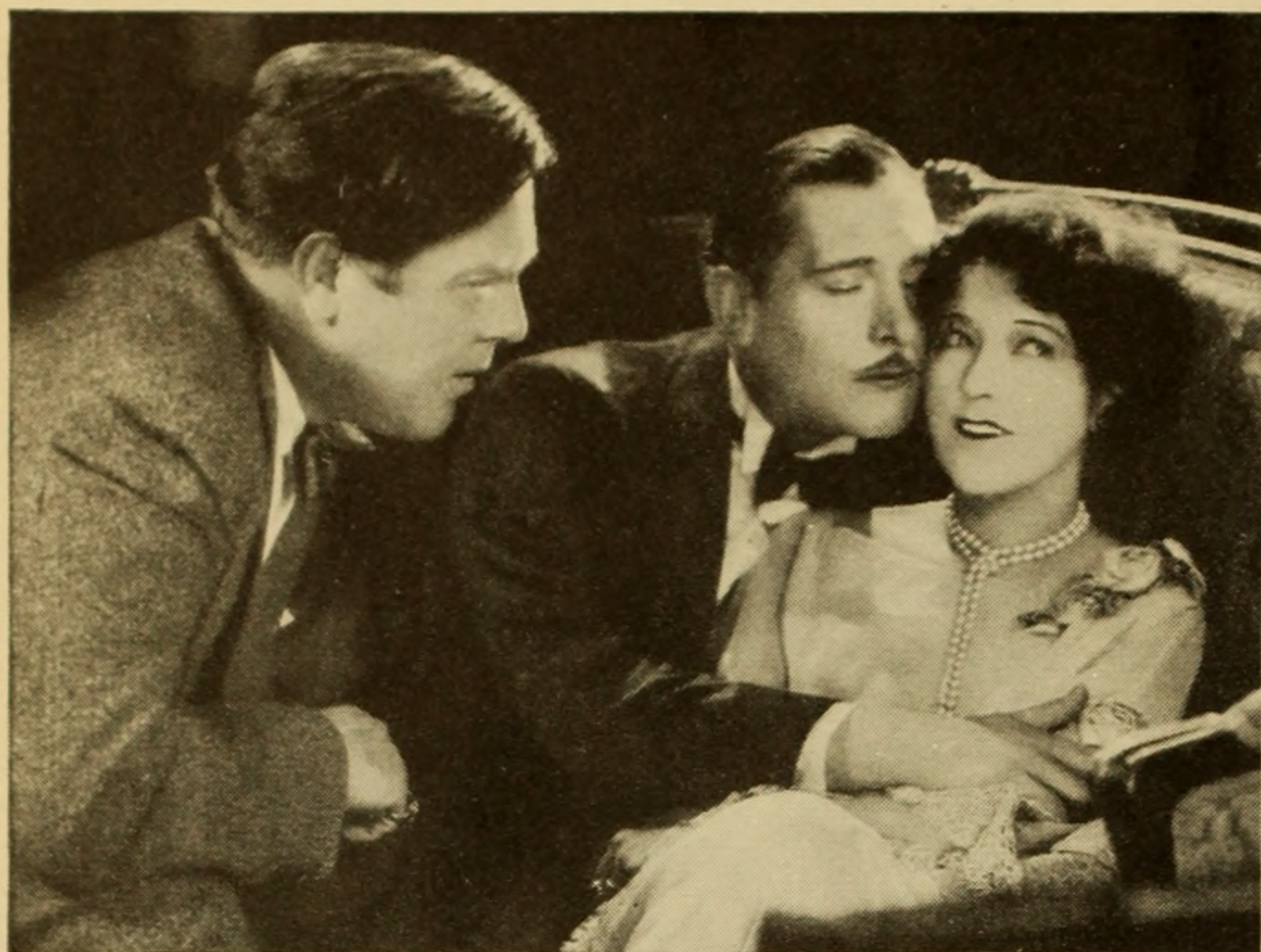
The other evening I sat with Loew on the after deck of his motor yacht *Caroline* as it sped up the Sound bearing him homeward to Pembroke. I ventured a tentative word about success. Loew pulled off his yachting cap and looked at its still unfamiliar pretentiousness whimsically a moment. [CONT'D ON PAGE 126]



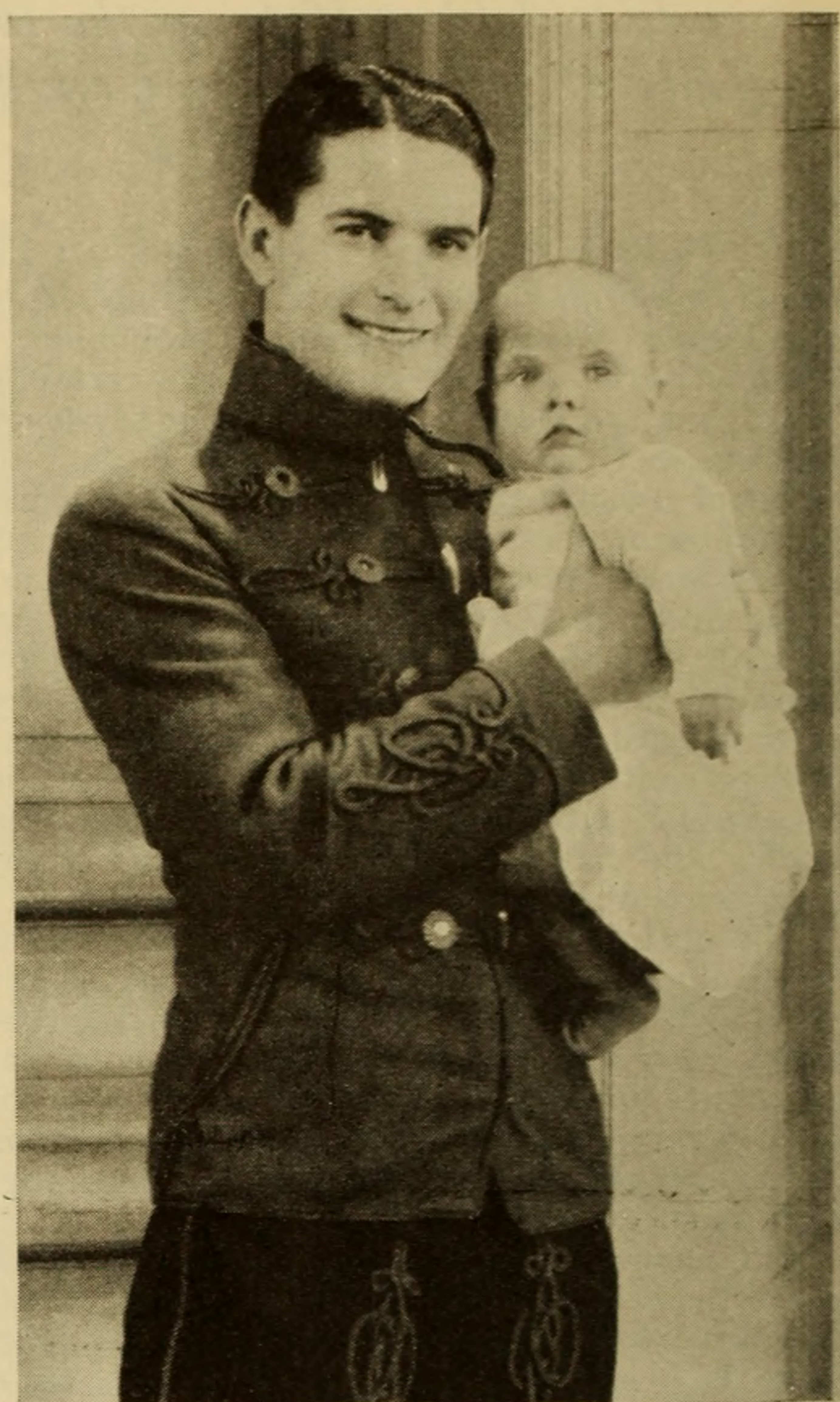
**And here is Pembroke, Marcus Loew's Long Island 40-acre estate with its large gardens and greenhouses—and its slip for the millionaire's private yacht**



# Gossip of All *the*



No privacy at all! "Just a little more IT, please," says Robert Leonard to Lew Cody. "And a little more uncertainty, Miss Pringle." Here is the way those melting, alone-at-last close-ups are chaperoned by the director



Donald Reid Hughes, aged seven months, pays his first visit to daddy at the studio. And all work stopped for hours while Lloyd Hughes introduced his son to his fellow workers

**S**Ocial shipwrecks: Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, Mrs. Beery and Wallace Beery, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Mr. Vanderbilt, Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh, Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reacchi, Mrs. Costello and Maurice Costello, Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford.

**S**OME divorces may be announced in a formal two lines. Others demand more extended comment. The Costellos, for instance. Maurice and his wife weathered the first storm of success that hit the family when Papa was matinee idol for Vitagraph. But with the success of their daughters, Dolores and Helene, the curse of movie stardom blighted the family happiness.

Maurice, it seems, objected to the presence of John Barrymore in the Costello bungalow. According to Maurice, Jack was a serpent in the Eden of his home life. He wanted his wife to tell Dolores' beau to go and do his wooing elsewhere.

**S**MART gal, that Greta Nissen. Especially the way she side-steps the easy familiarity of the studios. One of the actors, a nice boy and affectionate, put his arm about her, between scenes.

Greta looked up at him, her slanting Nordic eyes narrowed, and then, sweetly, she said:

"What iss ze excuse, please?"

**B**EBE DANIELS and Charlie Paddock wish to rise and announce that they are no longer engaged to be married.

When I heard the news, I didn't faint with surprise.

Now, maybe, we'll learn about Bebe's engagement to Jack Pickford.

**T**HE big parade of revolting stars has Colleen Moore as an addition to their ranks. Colleen followed the walk-out of her husband, John McCormack, from the First National studio. And all is much too quiet along that Potomac.

Richard A. Rowland, vice-president and general manager of First National, who has just appointed Watterson Rothacker to the position of general manager of the studios, says nothing. The publicity department "trusts there will be no trouble."

Colleen's contract, unaffected by the resignation of McCormack, calls for five more pictures.

Looks as though a couple of lucky lawyers are about to make a great deal of money.

**W**ATTERSON ROTHACKER, the new power in First National, is considerable boy. Not so long ago, he sold out his own business for \$2,000,000. Rothacker's film laboratories in Chicago were built up by him single-handed and were an important factor in the industry.

With his two million in cash, Rothacker was looking forward to a life of leisure when his friend, Richard Rowland, asked him to take the First National job. For two weeks, Rothacker hesitated between the enormous salary and the prospect of going to live in Italy.

P. S. He took the job.

**H**E was a young Hollywood man about town and was asked to explain the sudden popularity of a rapidly rising blonde baby star.

"Oh," he said, "she gazes up into your eyes and she has that nothing that men love."

**I** HEAR that Corinne Griffith, United Artists' most recent acquisition, is looking around for other business affiliations. Corinne's venture as an independent star brought her a lot of grief and some financial strain. Hobart Henley, her director, walked out of the studio, after only a few weeks' work, and



# Studios

By Cal York



What famous characters in history do these comedians represent? You're right, they are Trade and Mark, the cough drop kids. Al Cooke and Kit Guard are back of the whiskers

similar other unfortunate events marred the start of the picture.

Dissatisfaction in a company always runs into money, and when a star is her own producer, the money comes out of her own pocket.

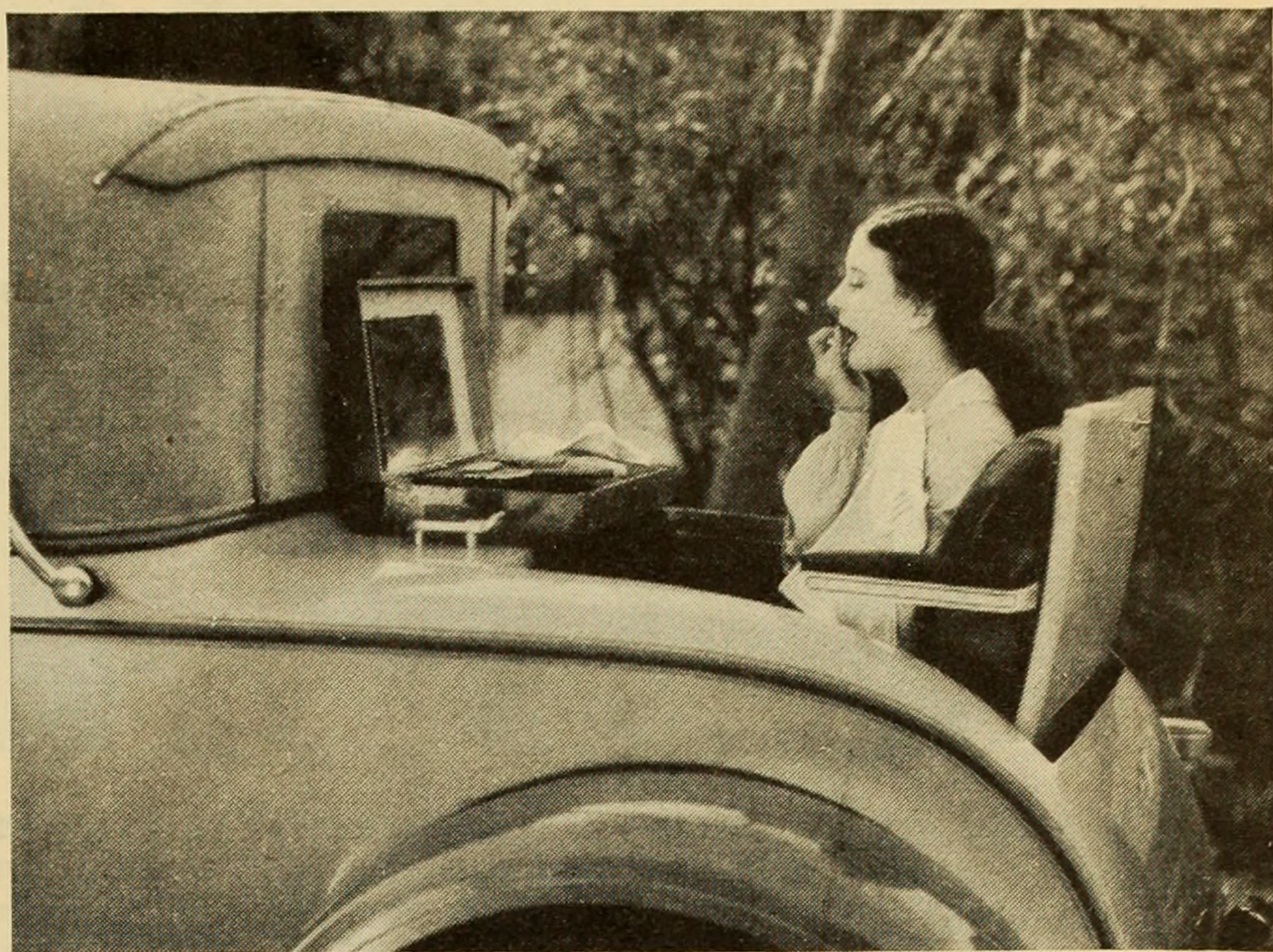
"WHAT are you going to do in a case like this?" questioned Ray Hatton, a brave boy in blue for "Fireman, Save My Child." "We worked all morning to get the building to blaze properly so the che-ild could be saved. We poured kerosene and prayers over it. The fire engine we had borrowed from the city waited. And waited.

"At noon the building commenced to burn fine. We were all set to shoot the scene. Then came a 2-11 call from downtown and the fire engine galloped off to answer it.

"And we spent the rest of the afternoon putting out our blaze."

LOOKIT what Cupid netted this month! Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, not of Georgia, and Marie Vivian Pergain trekked to Santa Ana to murmur "Yes." The Prince is a one-time Negri leading man. Remember him in the Hergesheimer story that Pola made—"Flower of the Night"?

Claude King, recently of Broadway and the British Army, more recently of "Mr. Wu," also motored to Santa Ana, the film's Gretna Green, and took unto himself a wife. She's Evelyn Greet, and charming, of Broadway and footlights.



Marceline Day has a miniature dressing room in the rumble seat of her car. She puts on her make-up on the way to the studio. This trick allows Marceline an extra half hour's sleep in the morning and gives the tourists something to write home about

THE month's most unimportant news note. Lena Malena, formerly Lena Linda, originally Sascha Bragowa of Berlin, has told Martin Kirschner, German banker and textile magnate, that she cannot marry him; that she would rather have a one-room apartment and a contract with C. B. DeMille in Hollywood than all the castles on the Rhine.

And after him following her all the way from Berlin! It is to weep large, salty tears.

HERE is a tragedy—and a mystery. Einar Hansen was found fatally injured, pinned beneath his car on the ocean road near Santa Monica. Earlier in the evening, he had given a dinner party for Greta Garbo, Maurice Stiller and Dr. and Mrs. Gustav Borkman.

No traces of the car that struck him have been found. Hansen died in the hospital, without being able to give his version of the accident.

When Hansen left on his last ride, he took his dog with him, a dorman terrier. The dog stood watch by his stricken master for two hours and when the accident was discovered, the dog tried to fight off the rescuers.

Hansen was unmarried. He is survived by his parents, who live in Stockholm.

THE warm reception that "Fatty" Arbuckle received when he made his appearance on the stage in New York must have done him a lot of good. Although the revival of "Baby Mine" was in itself nothing to cheer about, "Fatty's" presence in the cast made it an occasion and all the newspaper critics had nice things to say about him.

OF course, "Fatty" had to make a curtain speech. He told the audience that he was recently motoring on Long Island when he heard the warning whistle of a traffic cop and was ordered to draw up at the curb.

"What's yer name?" bawled the cop."

"'Fatty' Arbuckle," he answered.

"Gwan wid ye," yelled the cop, "yez had trouble enough!"

QUOTING from a First National press story on Dan Kelly, the casting director:

"Kelly knows 5,000 players by name, 5,000 more by sight





Heep much cheerio! Chief Seginitso, a 100 per cent American, went to Australia and came back with a monocle and an English accent. He is one of the red men playing in "Drums of the Desert"



The perfect Latin type and the perfect Nordic, Dolores Del Rio and Claire Windsor. They are just as different as two feminine beauties could possibly be. Perhaps that's why they are great friends. Make your own choice

and can recite offhand—despite the recent changes in Hollywood exchanges—nearly 1,500 'phone numbers."

And yet they pay a guy money for a job like that.

IT really was the height of swank. His press agent introduced me. And there we stood, near the Lasky lot, myself and he who was a horse's double.

No, not a taxicab. He was merely a nice, pleasant retiring horse, named "Moron," and he is going to double for "Flash" in the long shots.

"Flash" is the latest equine star. He is signed to support Jack Luden, he of the cough-drop daddy, when Jack begins starring in Westerns for Paramount.

"Flash" may be new to the film business, but obviously he knows his oats.

NOLA LUXFORD has become Mrs. William Bauernschmidt, Jr., of Baltimore and that leaves New Zealand without a Hollywood representative, for she will make her home in Baltimore, where her wealthy husband has interests.

REGGIE DENNY tells it. Jogging along in a local from a point along the coast where they had been making "Beware of Widows," two bright-eyed boys, late of Iowa, boarded the train at Long Beach, and took the seat behind Reggie. Presently they drifted into a weighty conversation:

"You know," drawled the first, "I think Sid Grauman is making a great mistake in building that new Chinese theater."

"Yeh? How'sat?" queried the other.

"Because I don't think there are enough Chinese in Hollywood to support it."

HENRY KING moaned, Sam Goldwyn tore his hair and Ronald Colman gnashed his teeth. Only Vilma was placid.

"Look!" cried Henry King.

"—at the Italian street carnival scene," continued Sam Goldwyn.

"—it's supposed to be the hottest weather of the year," concluded Ronald.

"And look!" again cried Henry King.

The smooth hills of Culver City, masquerading as the olive hills of southern Italy, were covered with whitest artificial snow. During the night Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had pow-

dered the landscape to take Alaskan scenes for "The Trail of '98."

Such are the little things that make producers goofy.

CHANGING days, these. Time was when pop used to park his feet on the old base burner, corncob pipe between lips, and growl when anyone dared open the window. But times do change. Consider Janet Gaynor's friend who belongs to one of those pay-as-you-enter bridge clubs.

Three hearts was the bid when one of the feminine foursome felt a cool breeze on her neck. Turning to the man who had opened the window she said,

"Would you mind closing it? There is a chill wind."

To which the man replied, punctiliously, "Certainly, madam. We only opened it because the smoke from your cigarettes annoyed us."

YES, yes, the girls do change when they reach Hollywood. A year ago Thelma Todd was a Paramount school girl in Astoria, L. I. She came from Massachusetts and her accent was most Bostonese. She wore black velvet, a slow smile and dignity. Once she had been a school teacher. The aura hovered over her. Her beauty was like unto that of vanilla ice cream.

I saw her for the first time after she came west, the other day on Wally Beery's "Fireman, Save My Child" set. A newer but a lesser Thelma, less in many ways, less weight, less skirts, less eyebrows, less accent. But her hair had gathered more gold, her lips more color, and she was very busily and thoroughly chewing gum.

TALKING to Bebe Daniels the other day. She was waist deep in plans for her two new beach houses. That makes three she has in all, one blue Italian palace for herself, the others she will rent. A young financial wizard, our Bebe.

Also a bridge addict. Of the latter we were talking.

"My mother plays by Work," said Bebe. "And grandmother plays by Foster."

"And you?"

"I listen to both of them and play by ear."

OUR Special War Correspondent, assigned to cover the battles on the Greta Garbo set, has a hot dispatch this month. It seems Norman Kerry was supposed to play *Wronsky* to Greta's *Anna Karenina*. Norman, you remember, succeeded





The girl behind the goggles is Lillian Gish. She wears this head-gear between the sandstorms of "Winds." In case you want to make your own sandstorm, all you need is an airplane propeller, a lot of dust and a hot day



Ruby McCoy is the cigarette girl at Hollywood's Montmartre. One night, Monta Bell listened to her adventures and went home and used them for the script of "After Midnight"

Ricardo Cortez. And then, all of a sudden, it was announced that John Gilbert was to have the rôle. The script is being rewritten and \$100,000 worth of film is to be scrapped. "Love" is indeed wonderful, what with John playing a mere leading man to Greta.

And it is all Wronsky.

NOW that Tom and Victoria Mix have apparently agreed to call it quits, Tom has staged a little reunion with Ruth Mix, his daughter by his first wife. Young Ruth, who is a fine horsewoman, has been playing in vaudeville, but her dad has decided to establish her in pictures.

So you will see father and daughter together in a film called "Thee Little C."

HOLLYWOOD continues to be the lodestone of the Bennetts. Here's Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard, sister of Constance, former dancing partner of the late Maurice, playing leading lady to "Buck" Jones in "The Broken Dollar."

Which reminds me as I walked on the set the other day, I heard the prop man refer to it as "The Busted Shekel."

AS usual the grey and orchid confines of Madame Helene's were sprigged with tourists when Wally Beery entered the other noon. They flock there, you know, to gape at their favorite stars.

Wally entered, and stood hugely silhouetted against the bright oblong of the door.

He rubbed his hands together, briskly, and his great voice boomed out:

"Well, now we will see the actors eat!"

Twittering among the tourists. Then a shrill voice at the table adjoining mine:

"My! I didn't know Emil Jannings could speak English so well."

And such, children, is fame.

LISTEN to the horrid story of dirty work at the crossroads that Conway Tearle has to tell. About two years ago, Tearle raised his own salary from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a week and notified the producers to that effect. Well, the result has been that Tearle has only worked a couple of weeks since August, 1926.

Tearle furthermore declares that the movie producers are trying to freeze him out and he wants to know why so. Tearle has put the problem up to the newly organized Academy of

Artists and Scientists which is surely the strangest situation faced by any Group of Immortals. That's making a mountain out of a mole.

THEY say that Johnny Hines and May McAvoy are going together. Can I believe my ears?

WE come to the ultimate in this specializing age. Otherwise how could you account for the sign "Jack and Bill, Thrill Specialists" on their malformed car?

Investigation reveals that the platforms on the hood and the rear of the "thrill specialists'" car are perches from which valiant cameramen record mile-a-minute auto races for the eventual delight of countless millions. So, of course, Jack and Bill who rent out this chariot are "Thrill Specialists."

"WILL you give me a lift to the studio?" It was Harrison Ford talking to a friend. "My car has broken down and I've got a hurry call."

"Sorry. Mine's not in use either."

"What's the matter? Having the valves ground?"

"Nope. Just having the finance fixed."

Try that on your coupe.

GLORIA SWANSON has purchased Jeanne Eagles' stage success, "Rain." Or has she? Anyway, thereby hangs a tale. "Rain" was barred from the screen by Will Hays, but Gloria, acting as an independent, purchased the film rights to the hot tale of the naughty girl and the minister.

All very well and good and brave. But Gloria immediately announced that the erring cleric would not be presented on the screen as a gentleman of the cloth. Which will be like filming "Thais" and making *Athanael* a race track tout instead of a monk.

So "Rain," if it is filmed at all and filmed in that spirit, will probably be all wet.

HOWEVER, other complications may keep "Rain" from the screen. The other producers who were forbidden to touch it, do not think it fair of Gloria to go poaching on banned territory. And the stage producers, who were led to believe that the story was to be made by someone not connected with a big releasing organization, are dissatisfied with their part of the bargain.

All in all, a tangled mess. Gloria hasn't found being her own boss particularly smooth sailing. I [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]





**T**HE Walrus introduced the great motion picture director, Noel Sand. "Mr. Sand has a sequence in his new picture that shows the story of Launcelot and Elaine, you know, dear."  
"And you must come and be my lily maid," he said looking straight into her eyes as no man had ever looked before

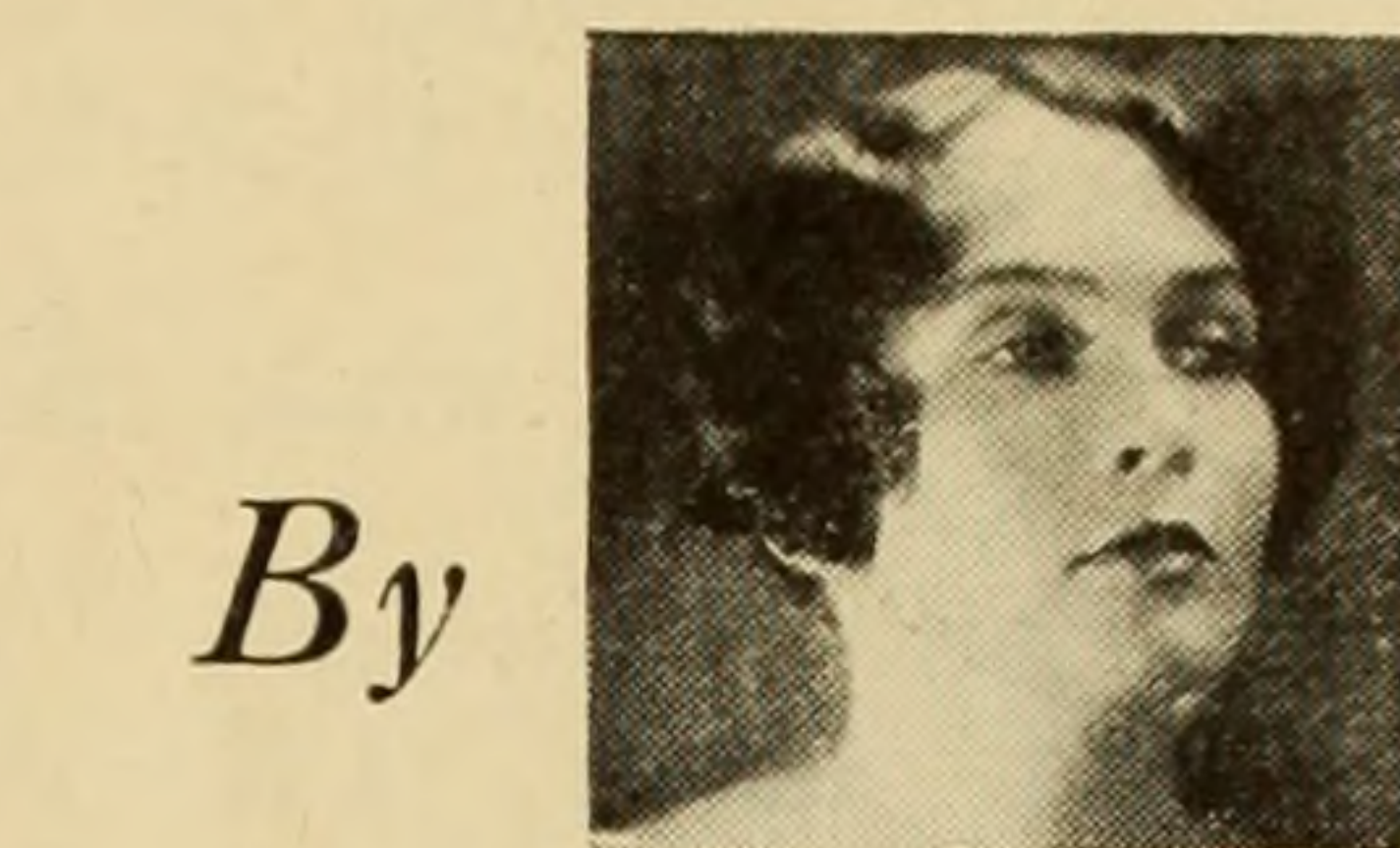


# The Port of Missing Girls

No. 6

Marilyn: the lily maid who was not brave enough to face the perils of life without love

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin



By

*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

Author of "The Sky Rocket"  
and "Free Souls"



Marilyn

**H**OLLYWOOD is the port of missing girls. About one out of every ten thousand—for the movie game is at least a ten-thousand-to-one shot—finds the thing she came for. Find success.

They come from far corners of the globe—from here, from there, from everywhere. Wearing gingham, wearing silk.

They come questing, as all youth will and must, seeking glory, romance, wealth, fame, adventure, the bright and beautiful things of life. They are lured by the golden surface of things, the glitter of stardom and the sparkle of success. What do the rest find?

Greta you may remember, found love and stark tragedy and waste, until at last she found herself back where she started from upon the bosom of Mother Earth.

Little Patty wears the scarlet letter of failure.

Persis, of the violet eyes, was led by a strange fate through the mire of Hollywood's lowest dregs to the pinnacle of what is called society.

Judy King, after rocking the pillars of the motion picture industry in her attempts to become a star, became instead what nature had intended her to be all along—a very good waitress.

Paula was lucky enough to have a husband to go back to when her beauty proved what beauty so often is in Hollywood—a drug on the market.

But Marilyn—Marilyn, the lily maid.

Marilyn has waited until the very last, because somehow I have not wanted to tell her story. I am reluctant now. It hurts. For Marilyn alone did not come to get, she came to give. With what a high head, what a high purpose she came, bearing her lilies. And how she was beggared and bedraggled before she took her way out alone.

And anyway, I like light stories, flippant stories, stories that can be frivolous even in the midst of tragedy.

But Marilyn insists upon being told. She gives me no peace. Oh, Marilyn, Marilyn, where are you?

## VI—MARILYN, THE LILY MAID

**U**PON the green terrace lawn of the Hollywood High School in the sunshine of a spring afternoon, sat half a dozen girls, waiting for a limousine in which they all intended to ride home.

Cute, they were, nothing could be cuter. Funny,

saucy little faces, with round, red mouths and bright, wise eyes. Sleek, smart, boyish and wind-blown bobs. Bright, tight little sweaters and infinitesimal skirts. Long, slim, cunning legs in sheer and woolly stockings. All cut from the same piece. Like so many kittens, as full of pep, as full of mischief—and in the end as helpless.

"Laugh this one off," said the girl in the orange sweater, "Romeo and Juliet for the class play. Is that a wow?"

**V**AL laughed. "That's the Walrus's idea," she said, digging her heels in the turf. "The Walrus hasn't had an idea since Romeo and Juliet was considered the great love drama of the ages. You gotta give the woman credit. The idea is so old it's new."

"I've then it," said the one with black hair cut like a medieval page boy's. "I thaw Jane Cowl in it. Mother made me. I bet she'd never then it herself. Becauth it hath some hot spots in it, just the same. That one where they've just gotten out of bed in the morning and are trying to make up their minds whether someone is coming or it's only the milkman's Ford."

"I'm sick of sex plays," said Peppy Quick, whose name was one of the school's perpetual jokes, "I'd just as soon do Romeo and Juliet as The Green Hat. Why don't they do a comedy?"

"If they do Romeo and Juliet the way the Walrus would like to see it done, it'll be a comedy, my girl," said the orange sweater, taking out an orange lipstick and squinting into a mirror the size of a quarter.

"I thought The Green Hat was musty myself," said a very little blonde in a very little voice. "I'd like to see the color of a man's eyes I'd drive



Lenore



# The Child who was Crushed by Hollywood

an Hispano into an oak tree for. Women in books take their sex too seriously."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned I can take it or let it alone," said Peppy, and rolled over on the grass, roaring with laughter.

"The reason the Walrus wants to do Romeo and Juliet is so her darling Marilyn can play Juliet, you hams," said a dark girl with a superior nose. "It'd be right up her street. For four years the Walrus has cultivated Marilyn's talent and she wants it to go out in a blaze of glory that'll do them both credit, if you see what I mean."

There was a little silence, while they considered the point.

"Well," said the orange sweater, "if Marilyn wants to play Juliet, let her play it. I'll vote for it. There's one good line in it I remember—something about my forefather's bones. I always liked that."

"If Marilyn wants to play Juliet, the whole darn class'll vote for it," said Peppy. "Don't they always?"

They always did.

Nobody knew exactly why. For Marilyn had gone through her four years at Hollywood High School quietly, seeking nothing, asking nothing. But there

had grown up around her, as there sometimes will around a girl at school, a sort of idolatry. She could do no wrong.

"There's Marilyn now," said Peppy. "Yell up and ask her if she wants to play Juliet."

Val acted as yell leader. "Hi—Marilyn," she shouted.

A girl in white coming down the broad steps of the administration building stopped and looked in the direction of the sound. Then she raised one hand in a little wave and came toward them.

She was a slim young thing, all in white. A little dowdy, you might have said, by comparison with the honed-to-the-minute perfection of the other girls. Her pale-gold hair was caught at her neck and fell in long curls almost to her waist.

Her face was not beautiful, though the girls who watched her soft approach saw it so. If you have seen the faces of the Botticelli angels, you know Marilyn's face perfectly. The wide, glowing eyes, the fine spiritual brow, the gently curved cheek were all there.

It was easy to see why she had won herself so unique a place among these hard boiled young moderns—nay, rather, why that place had been thrust upon her. In her was some answer [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Marilyn moved near Noel and took his face between her hands. "So life is like that," she said. "I am sorry it was too late for you and me, Noel"



# This is *NOT* Lon Chaney



**N**O, indeed, this is not Lon Chaney. Nor is it Jack Barrymore playing John Barrymore in a comic make-up. Nor, yet again, is it Charlie Chaplin doing one of those clowns with a breaking heart. Guess again. It's Ronald Colman. Honest! Colman is the *Pagliaccio* of "The Magic Flame," goldwynized from "King Harlequin" of Frank Lothar.





## One month left to put your brains to work in PHOTOPLAY'S great Idea Contest

**O**NE more month left to submit your manuscripts to PHOTOPLAY'S great \$15,000 Idea Contest.

You have until midnight of August 15 to get your ideas to this office. If you live at a distance allow plenty of time for your manuscripts to reach us by mail.

Now is the time to begin getting that idea down on paper. Now is the time to take advantage of PHOTOPLAY'S search for new and original screen material and win one of the big prizes offered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Writing for the screen heretofore has been almost closed to amateurs. Film companies obtained most of their material from stage plays, published stories or scripts written to order in the studio.

But PHOTOPLAY'S contest opens an opportunity for you to write for the screen. Unlike other contests for stories, you do not need any literary experience, any literary gifts. All you need is an idea and the ability to express it clearly and concisely.

Remember that no technical knowledge of writing scenarios is required. Nor do you need to know anything about story building or plot construction. Do not get the impression that the contest is as complicated as all that. Even if you never have written any-

thing in your life, except personal letters, you have an equal chance in this contest.

What PHOTOPLAY wants in this contest is big themes, vital ideas suitable for the screen. They may be of historical interest, modern problems, or imaginary situations. But they must be original and they must not be obvious.

Literary style is unimportant. Education doesn't matter. If the idea is there, expressed in two hundred words, it has a chance of winning one of the prizes.

In fact, it is better not to be too technical, too literary. Be simple, be direct, and be sure of what you are writing about. Don't try to be pretentious and don't plunge into something that is over your head.

**T**HE big idea may be the idea that is nearest home, so simple that it has been overlooked. Some of the greatest pictures have been built on the simplest themes.

Don't try to express too much in those precious two hundred words. Strip the idea of all trimmings and decorations and set it forth plainly.

Study the pictures you have seen, analyze them and try to find out the qualities that have made them successful. Find the messages in back of them. Pick out their themes. Then see if you have a message or a theme, back in your mind, that you would like to see presented on the screen; that would influence and give pleasure to others.

Don't worry too much about the plot. In big pictures the theme comes first; the plot is secondary. The plot is built from the theme, not the theme from the plot.

Once you understand these points, the contest is simple. Everyone has an idea of some sort for the movies. PHOTOPLAY wants to bring these ideas to the surface and choose among the best of them. And you have as good a chance as anyone.

Here are some last minute tips which may be a great help towards winning one of the prizes.

In the first place, be sure that your manuscript is typewritten. This condition is stated in the rules, but many of the contestants have overlooked it. It isn't a

### Last Minute Hints

Be sure that your manuscript is typewritten.

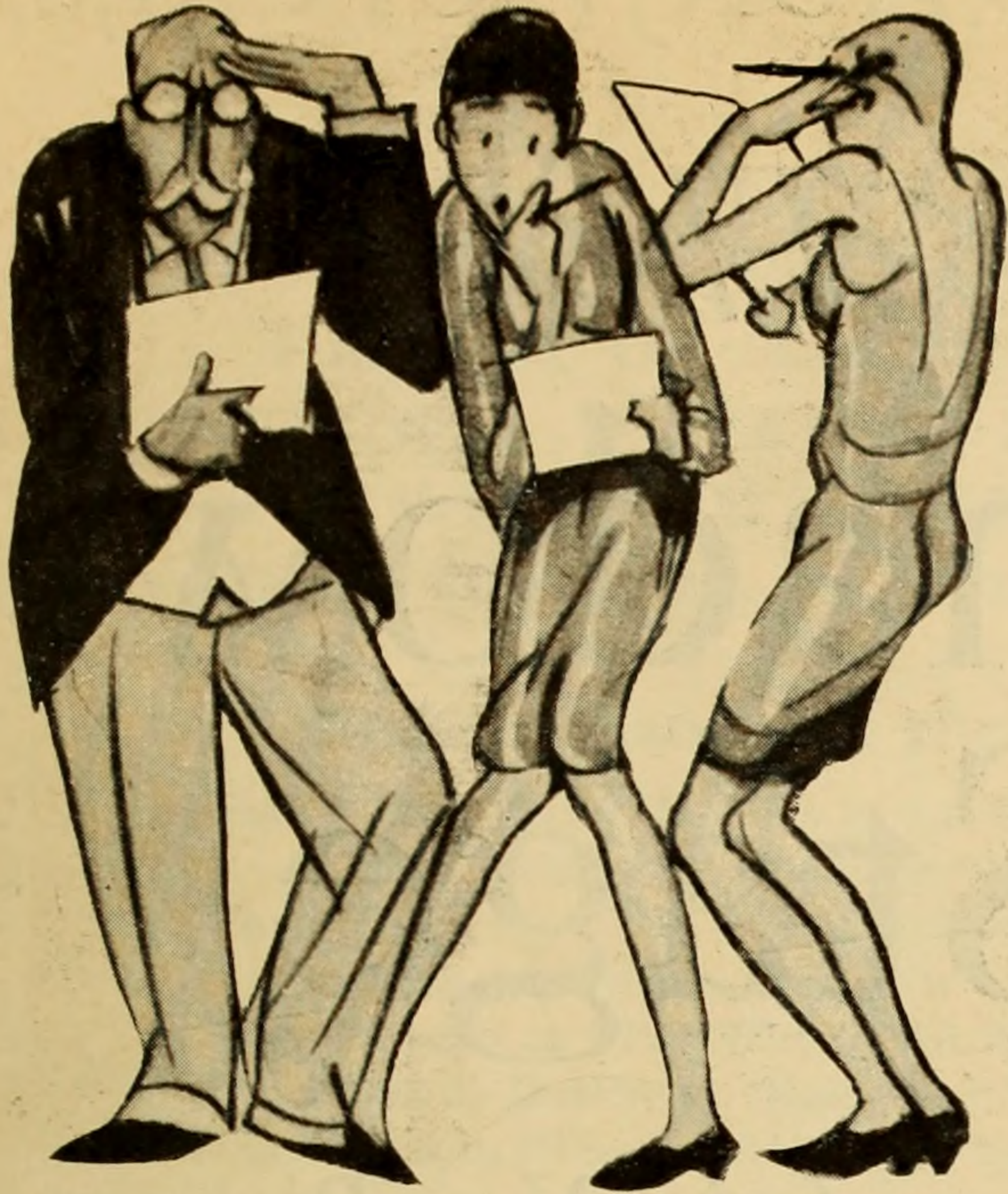
Be sure that the idea does not exceed two hundred words.

Be sure that your idea is entirely original.

Be sure to sign the coupon and attach it to your manuscript.

AND READ THE RULES ON PAGE 82





# Last Call to Win \$15,000

Read these last minute hints. They may help you land among the prize-winners

difficult condition, because typewriters are available to everyone. Moreover, it is a general rule in magazine offices and scenario departments that neatly typewritten manuscripts receive the most considerate attention.

If you haven't a typewriter in your home, ask your husband or father to have the manuscript copied in the office. He will be glad to do it when you tell him you are trying to win a \$5,000 prize.

**I**N the second place, be sure that you sign the coupon which you will find at the bottom of the page on which the rules are printed. Too many contestants have failed to observe this small formality and consequently their ideas cannot be considered by the judges.

If you have forgotten to sign the coupon, submit your idea again—surely you will be able to remember it. Attach the coupon carefully to the manuscript. Those of you who have overlooked this rule, still have time to rectify the mistake. But remember, the coupon and the idea must be received together. The judges have thousands of manuscripts to read and the idea must be submitted in exact accordance with the rules.

And count your words, please. Your idea must not be told in over two hundred words. It may be briefer, of course, but it must not be over two hundred.

Do not suggest books or plays. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation wants original ideas. The company probably has read most of the books or plays ever written and has considered them for filming. Suggesting your favorite novel or favorite play isn't thinking up an original idea.

Now for a few hints: Thousands of ideas have been received dealing with Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris, and the flood in the Mississippi Valley. Naturally these two happenings would have occurred to thousands—and also the editors of scenario departments. Strictly speaking, current events are not original ideas. If you have submitted ideas on the Lindbergh flight or the flood, you are at liberty to send in another suggestion.

Generally speaking, it is unsafe to take your idea

directly from the front pages of the newspapers. Everyone reads the newspapers and so your idea can scarcely be personal property. However, by using your brains, news events may be adapted and given a pictorial and dramatic angle, provided that they are not too obvious.

Already PHOTOPLAY'S Idea Contest has circled the world. This gives you an indication, not only of the widespread interest in the contest, but of the vast and varied audience that views pictures. Ultimately, your idea must contain something of interest, not only to local audiences, but to peoples all over the world.

**B**EFORE you put your idea on paper, visualize it. Is it dramatic? Is it pictorial? Is it sympathetic? Has it general interest? Can it be effectively produced on the screen? And, most important of all, would you go to see it if it were advertised at your local theater?

As we have said before, do not be afraid of inviting outside criticisms and suggestions. Test out your idea before you submit it and get the reactions of your family and friends.

Once your manuscript is received in the PHOTOPLAY office, it will be read by no one but the judges. One contestant, writing from Claremore, Okla., asks us not to show his manuscript [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

## \$15,000 in Prizes

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





CRADLE SNATCHERS—Fox

THIS is rough and racy. As last year's stage comedy by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell, it carried enough blushes and it was supposed that the screen would hesitate about trying it. However, here it is—with very little punch pulled from the rowdy humor.

Three matrons decide to make the errant hubbies jealous by hiring a trio of boys to act as *Romeos*. The boys are conscientious and believe in giving their patrons their full money's worth. The film has plenty of laughs, thanks to Howard Hawks' direction and the excellent work of the cast. Louise Fazenda and Joseph Striker, a highly promising young actor, do fine work. This comedy is for adults. Keep the children and grandpa locked up when it plays your neighborhood house.



THE WORLD AT HER FEET—Paramount

THE battle of the sexes smartly waged under the intelligent and adroit direction of Luther Reed. Occasionally there is a strain on the muscles of the long arm of coincidence in piling up the dramatic situations, but the smooth narrative justifies it.

A beautiful and successful lady barrister, played with distinction and poise by Florence Vidor, almost forfeits her husband in her quest of independence. Love finally triumphs over career, an amorous blonde, a jeweled bracelet and other difficult complications.

Acting honors go to William Austin, the *de luxe* divorce detective, for pleasant clowning.

Again more clever George Marion, Jr., titles. You must see it.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



THE WAY OF ALL FLESH—Paramount

EMIL JANNINGS' first American picture is a powerful psychological drama. It is not pretty nor is it sweet. It is life inescapable and grim as a Dreiser novel.

It concerns the weiner and pretzel existence of a respected, God-fearing German bourgeois suddenly thrust into sin and sorrow, his transgressions magnified a thousand fold through the lenses of his smug piety. Every character clue is indelibly marked. Jannings' performance is superb.

*August Schilling* is a respected Milwaukee cashier of twenty years ago. He has his frau, his six little kinder, his morning turnverein in his clocklike existence. He is esteemed in his community until his bank sends him to Chicago to dispose of some valuable bonds. He meets the Delilah who, after her fashion, filches the bonds and disposes of his fine blond beard. In the skirmish to regain the papers *Schilling* accidentally slays a man.

Psychologically it is the beginning of the end. The way of all flesh is downward. In *Schilling's* creed there is no alternative. Broken, self branded, he wanders the streets, finally to read that a dead man has been identified as the missing cashier. Still, for *Schilling* there is only exile. Eventually he returns to his home, a broken down, shattered old man. Unknown to them he bids his family a poignant and lonely farewell.

Jannings' remarkable performance, of course, overshadows that of Belle Bennett, his wife, and Phyllis Haver, his seducer. Victor Fleming directed superbly. You must see this fine picture.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

THE UNKNOWN CRADLE SNATCHERS

THE WORLD AT HER FEET

THE WOMAN ON TRIAL MAN POWER

## The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh"

Mary Philbin in "Surrender"

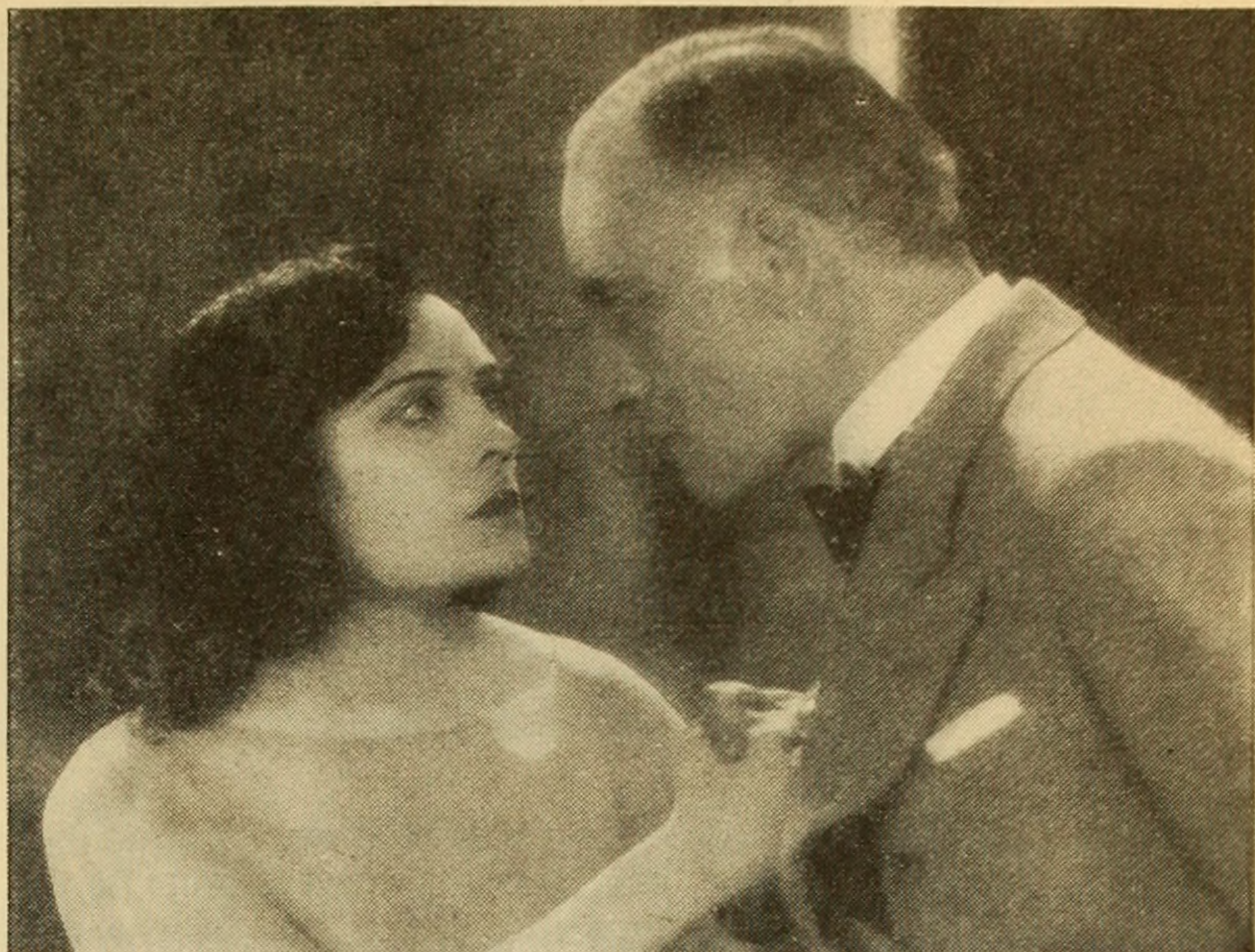
Phyllis Haver in "The Way of All Flesh"

Renee Adoree in "Mr. Wu"

Belle Bennett in "The Way of All Flesh"

Nigel de Brulier in "Surrender"

Lois Moran in "The Whirlwind of Youth"



THE WOMAN ON TRIAL—Paramount

TO Director Mauritz Stiller goes the glory of this extraordinarily fine film. His compelling, vivid treatment turns a melodramatic story into a penetrating character study of a woman and the three men in her life.

*Julie*, a Parisian shop girl, loves *Pierre*, a consumptive artist, sacrificing herself to a loveless marriage to secure money enough to send *Pierre* to a sanatorium. Her husband, *Latour*, turns her out when he discovers her on her only trip to *Pierre's* bedside. *Julie* kidnaps her baby. *Latour*, traps her in a compromising situation. *Julie* kills her betrayer but in the end is happy.

Pola Negri has the rôle of *Julie*. The *Latour* of Oscar Beregi is a striking characterization. Not for the children but for all adults interested in better movies.



THE UNKNOWN—M.-G.-M.

SOME of the New York critics said that Lon Chaney has overreached himself in playing the armless *Alonzo* of "The Unknown." (No punning intended, of course.) We think you will like it as an unadulterated shocker.

*Alonzo* is the armless star of a small circus. He isn't really armless, for he keeps his real ones strapped to his sides. Still, he has developed great skill in using his toes in place of his fingers.

In fact, he is the star knife thrower of the show.

*Estrellita*, a beauty of the circus, is loved by *Alonzo*. The girl has a complex against arms, grown out of her hatred of men.

So she is drawn to the "armless" *Alonzo*.

To gain her heart, the knife thrower hies himself to a hospital and forces a surgeon to amputate his arms. Thus his distorted mind fancies to win the girl. When he returns to the circus, he finds that *Malabar*, the circus strong man, has overcome *Estrellita's* complex. In fact, she is in love with *Malabar*. So *Alonzo* starts out to eliminate the strong man.

See "The Unknown" and follow the story from there.

Like the other Chaney pictures directed by Tod Browning, this has a macabre atmosphere. If you wince at a touch or two of horror, don't go to "The Unknown." If you like strong celluloid food, try it. It has the merit of possessing a finely sinister plot, some moments with a real shock and Lon Chaney. Besides, Joan Crawford is an optical tonic as *Estrellita*.



MAN POWER—Paramount

RICHARD DIX is the idol of flapper America. A man's man, but tender, he strides with virility through the stock situations of a typical *Satevepost* story, perfects the tractor, saves the valley from destruction by flood and wins the blonde. Even the villain has a black, black mustache. Despite the rutted plot, there are some finely tense scenes as Dix and his trusty tractor wallow and slide over muddy mountain trails, hauling dynamite to save the dam. It is entertaining and starts with a bang-up thrill, but Richard deserves better stories. Mary Brian is the heroine, which makes it worthwhile for the boy-friend, and there are several fine pieces of character work by George Irving and Charles Hill Mailes. Oscar Smith, erstwhile bootblack at the Paramount studios, shines as well as a gentleman of color.



# Photoplay's Review Department Must

**ROUGH  
HOUSE  
ROSIE—  
Paramount**



**R**EAL good entertainment—a *la* Clara Bow. The story is just as hard as the title, but, through the vivacious personality of Clara Bow, it develops into being one of the most enjoyable pictures of the month. *Rosie's* a goil from Tenth Avenue who endeavors to become a lady in society. Through a ritzy boy-friend she finds society a lot of cracked ice and she returns to her prize-fighting hero. Good stuff.

**WEDDING  
BILLS—  
Paramount**



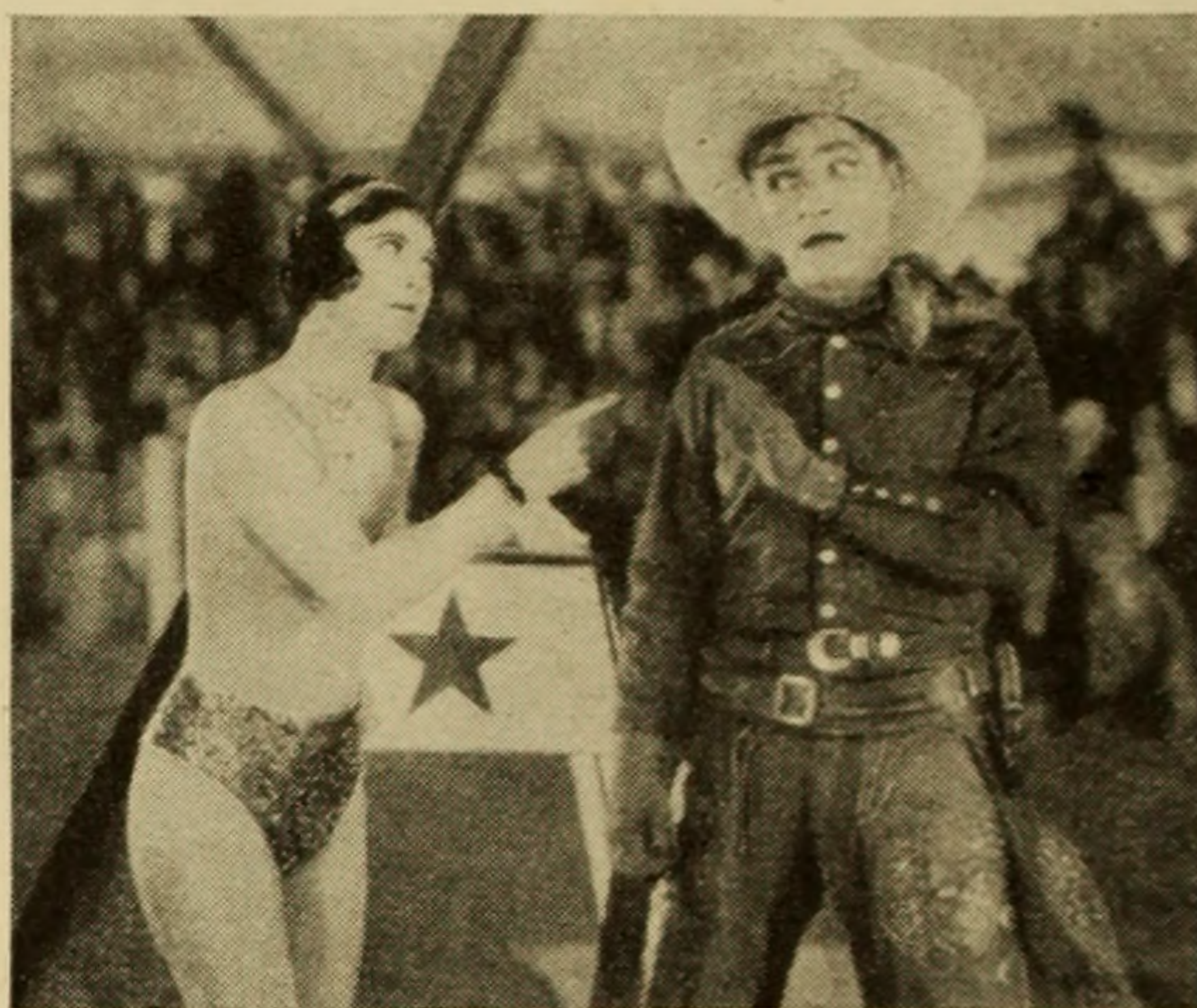
**T**HIS is a right smart comedy. It is swift-moving, clever and full of deft characterizations. There is one precious gag when Ray Griffith uses football technique to rob a safe, and then doesn't get the necklace. Ray is the perpetual best man, innocently involved in a friend's amour. You can imagine the situations. George Marion, Jr., did well by the titles, and Griffith, after this, deserves to be high-hat.

**TILLIE THE  
TOILER—  
M.-G.-M.**



**M**ARION DAVIES is *Tillie the Toiler*. Really, she toils not, neither does she sin, and she spends seven rather interesting reels showing what a soft sap *Mac* is, and that a Lorelei Lee of the keyboard can get more free lunches than a chorus girl. It's amusing, yes, and entertaining. And in certain languid spots, where it needs it, the wise-cracking titles of Ralph Spence buoy it up.

**THE CIRCUS  
ACE—  
Fox**



**A**PICTURE the kiddies will look upon as a great treat. Tom Mix is one of those brave *hombres* who always rescue the little leading lady of a circus. Now there's a villain who frames Tom because he, too, has designs on the said gal. And how Tom outwits the villain is nobody's business. No need of just sending the children to see this, for even grownups will find it entertaining. And that's saying a lot.

**LOST  
AT THE  
FRONT—  
First National**



**S**EE this by all means. Charlie Murray and George Sidney. That tells the whole story. This is not an artistic production, it's just a plain low slapstick comedy—but it's a perfect riot. You get the idea that the director threw caution aside and made the whole picture just for the fun of it. And if you accept it in the spirit in which it is offered, you'll get an evening of pure enjoyment.

**MR. WU—  
M.-G.-M.**



**T**HE good old *Madam Butterfly* theme is here with variations. Lon Chaney is the oriental *Mr. Wu*, as well as his own honorable father. But the picture isn't Lon's by a thousand yen. The honors go to Renee Adoree, who gives a touching performance of his daughter, *Nang Ping*. A gory story and one that is not likely to equal most of Chaney's films in popularity.



# Be Good — So Many Imitate It

**SURRENDER**  
—Universal



**THE WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH**  
—Paramount



**U**NIVERSAL and Director Edward Sloman deserve congratulations on their courage in filming this solemnly beautiful portrayal of Jewish life. The story, of a Rabbi's daughter who sacrifices herself to save her people, due to its almost reverent treatment, emerges a tensely realistic portrait of racial conflict. Ivan Mosjukine is an interesting prince. Mary Philbin and Nigel de Brulier give performances you must not miss.

**T**HE screen version of A. Hamilton Gibb's popular novel, "Soundings," will be a disappointment to its readers. But those who haven't read it will find this a really fine picture. Lois Moran gives a splendid performance as a young girl budding into womanhood. She falls in love with a young philanderer and not until we reach the war episode does the hero become a noble character. We're quite sure you'll like it.

**SERVICE FOR LADIES**  
—Paramount



**A MILLION BID**  
—Warner Bros.



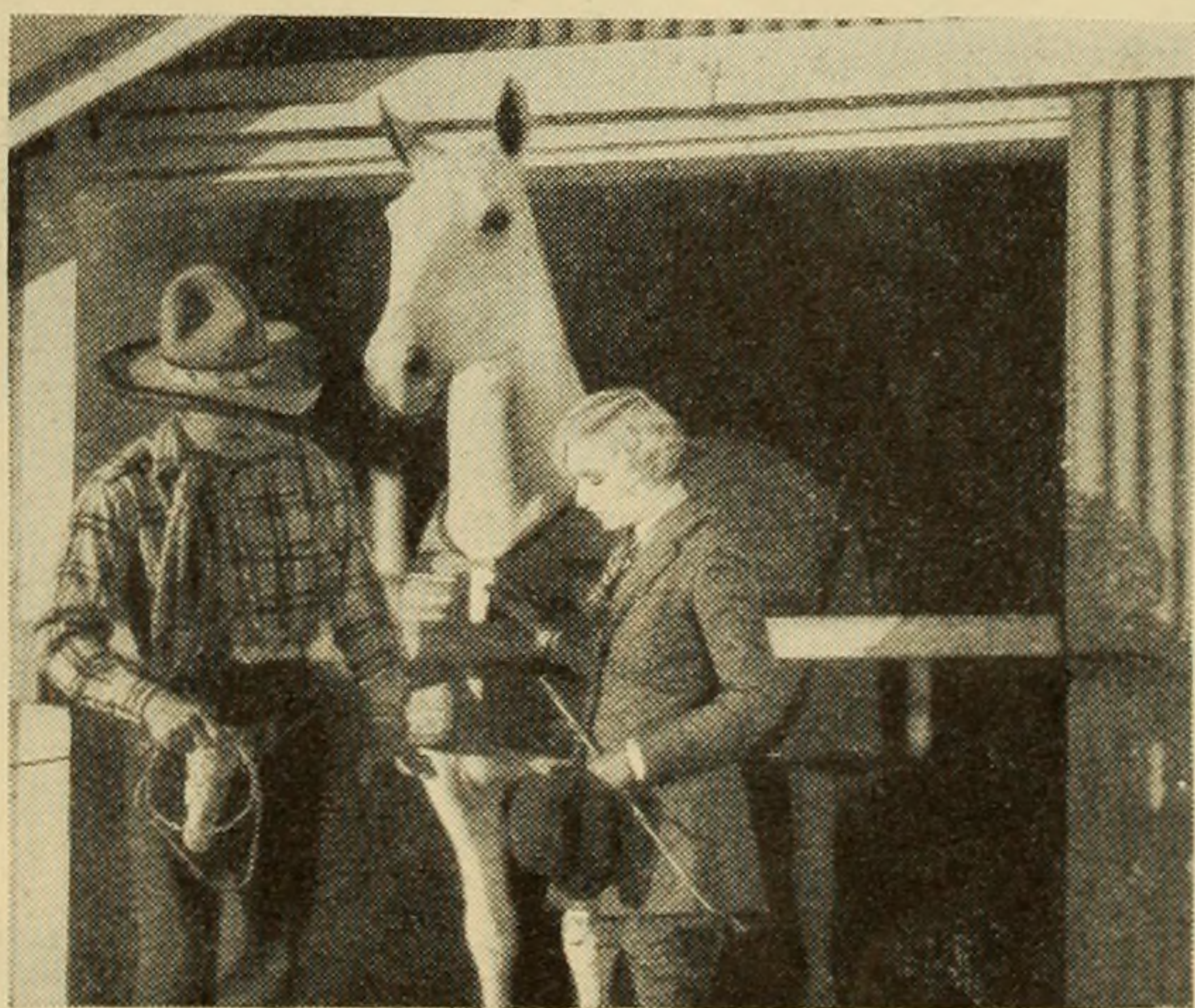
**A**N amusing little story in which Adolphe Menjou is again a waiter. This time he's *Albert*, the best head waiter on the Continent. Life is caviar to *Albert* until *Miss Foster* of America strolls along and they get all involved in love and the *caste* system. Don't expect to see another "Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Nevertheless it's a light and frothy sister who can be depended upon to add mild gaiety to a quiet evening.

**Y**OU know the story about the gal who was offered to the highest bidder and the struggling doctor who is shoved in the background for future use. Michael Curtiz, the director, is a hound for camera angles and, between the weepy yarn and the angular photography, one becomes groggy. Dolores Costello, Malcolm McGregor and Warner Oland at least give credible performances.

**THE SUNSET DERBY**  
—First National



**SILVER COMES THRU**  
—F. B. O.



**B**USTER COLLIER is a very famous jockey who is seriously injured while riding Mary Astor's horse. When he again returns to the saddle he is afflicted with cold feet. Mary's papa is in desperate straits for money so Queenie must win the derby. Collier fights his cowardice very dramatically and wins the race and Mary's love. Not the least bit exciting—not even the race. Buster Collier does some terrible acting.

**A**REAL good entertaining Fred Thomson vehicle. Sure, Silver King's in this one, too. Fred protects Silver when he's a young colt from the attacks of a wildcat. They become great pals and Silver shows his loyalty by winning the cross country race, in spite of all the handicaps, so that Fred may appear as a glorified hero in the eyes of a certain little blonde lady. We'll guarantee this one. [CONT'D ON PAGE 104]



# Slanguage of

Words do not always mean  
the Holly-



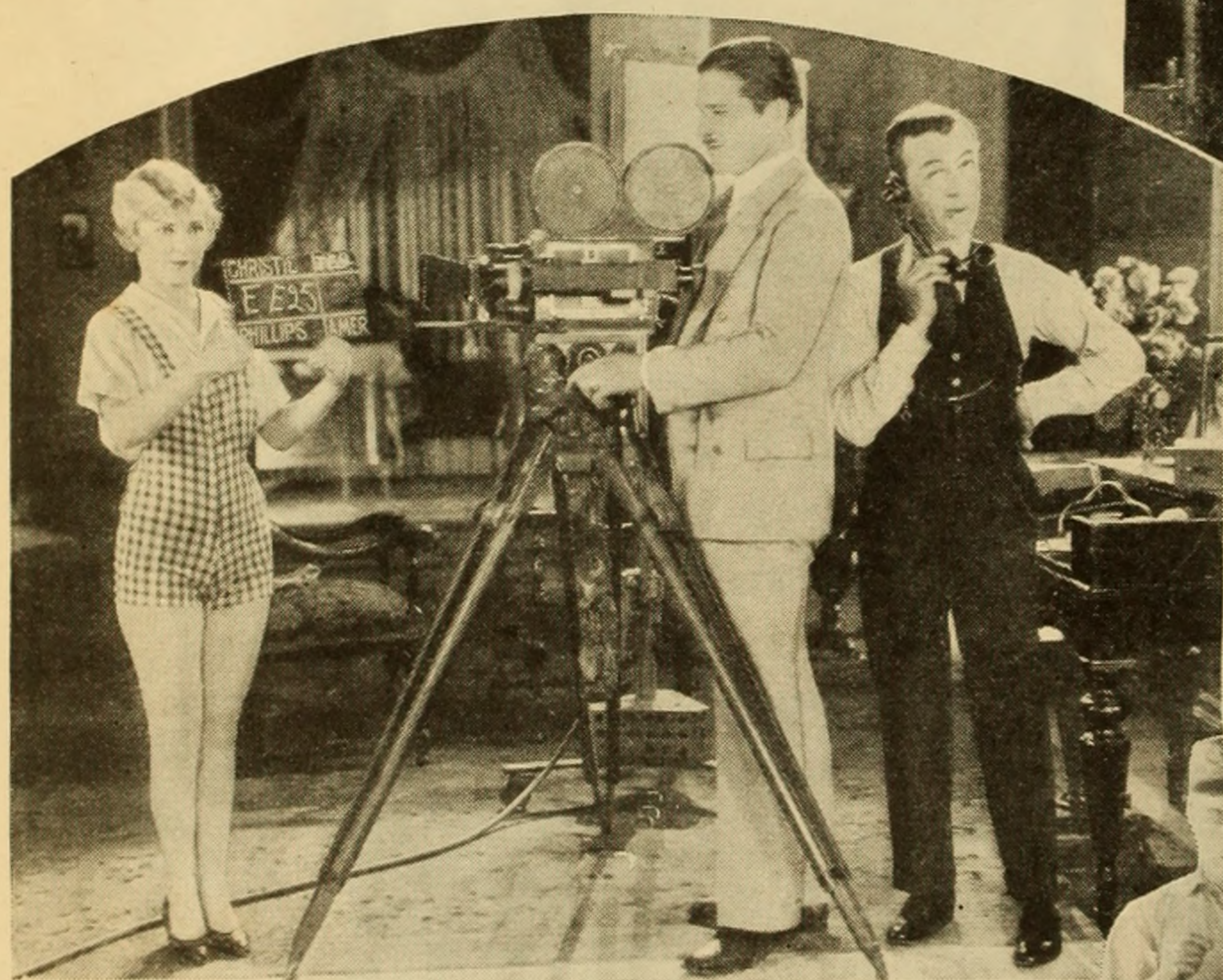
(Bobby Vernon, Bill Perry, Ann Christy)

"Shake 'em," said the juicer  
To Ann and Bob one night,  
But Bobby didn't know he meant  
Intermission for the light.

"Just mask that light," Sir Phillips said,  
"Tis plain that is your duty,"  
Neal Burns is full of helpfulness  
Miss Marion of beauty.



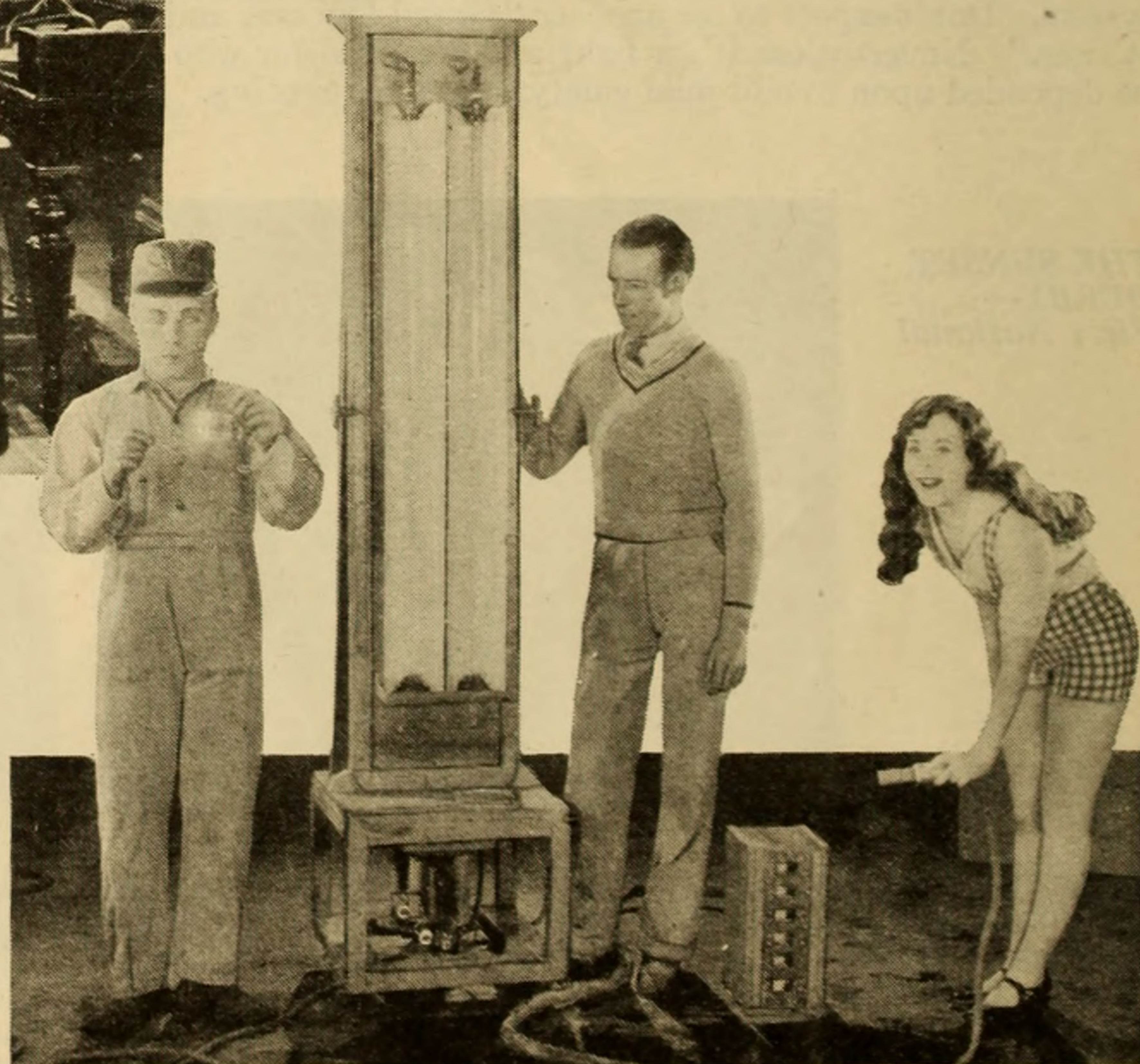
(Edna Marion, Alex Phillips, Neal Burns)



(Edna Marion, Alex Phillips, Neal Burns)

"A Number," called the cameraman,  
To mark the scene securely.  
Miss Marion's will help the cutter,  
But Neal's is wrong, Oh, surely!

"Light that bank," is often heard  
On movie sets and stages.  
While Ann is doing it just right,  
B. Vernon's fit for cages.



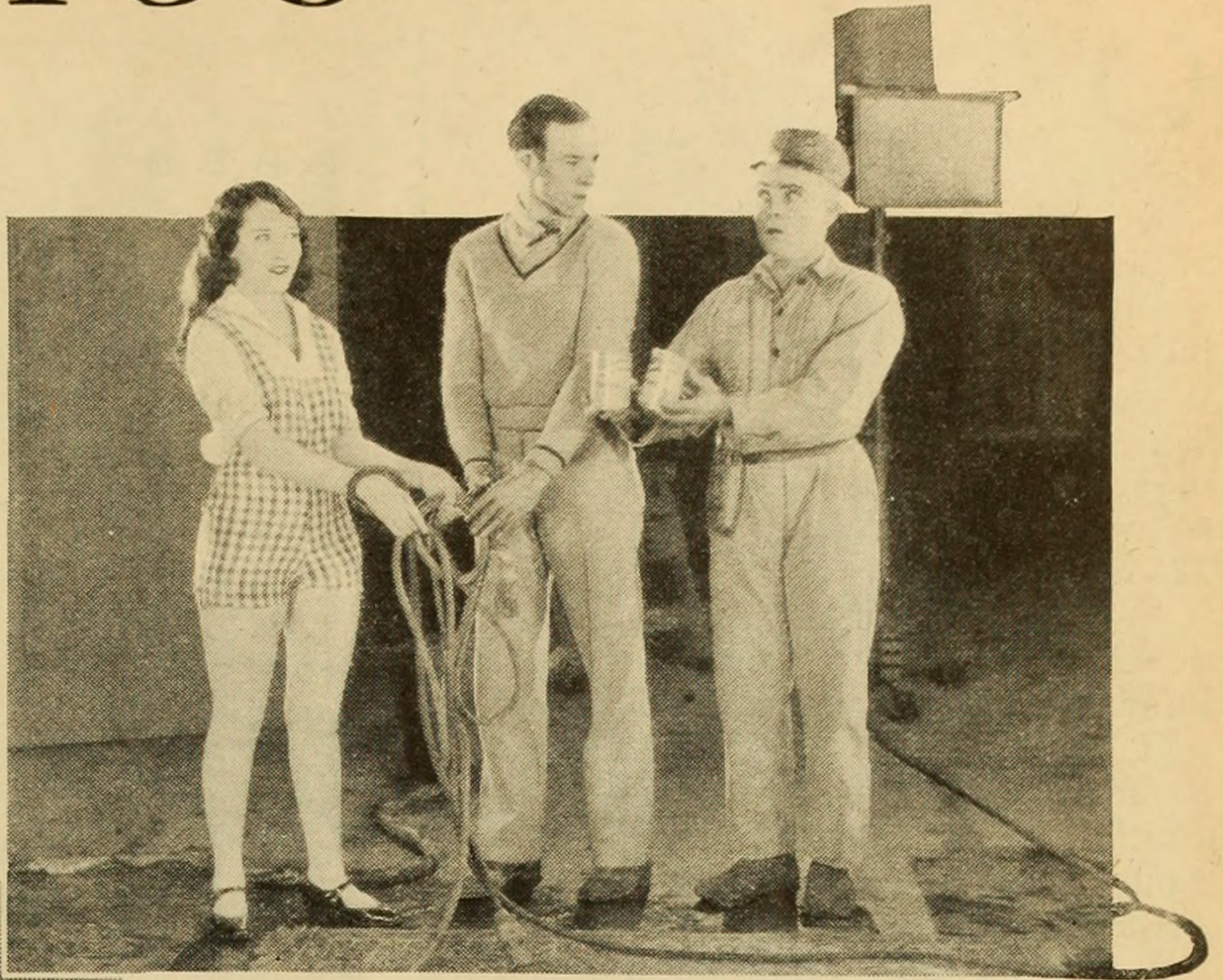
(Bobby Vernon, Ann Christy, Bill Perry)



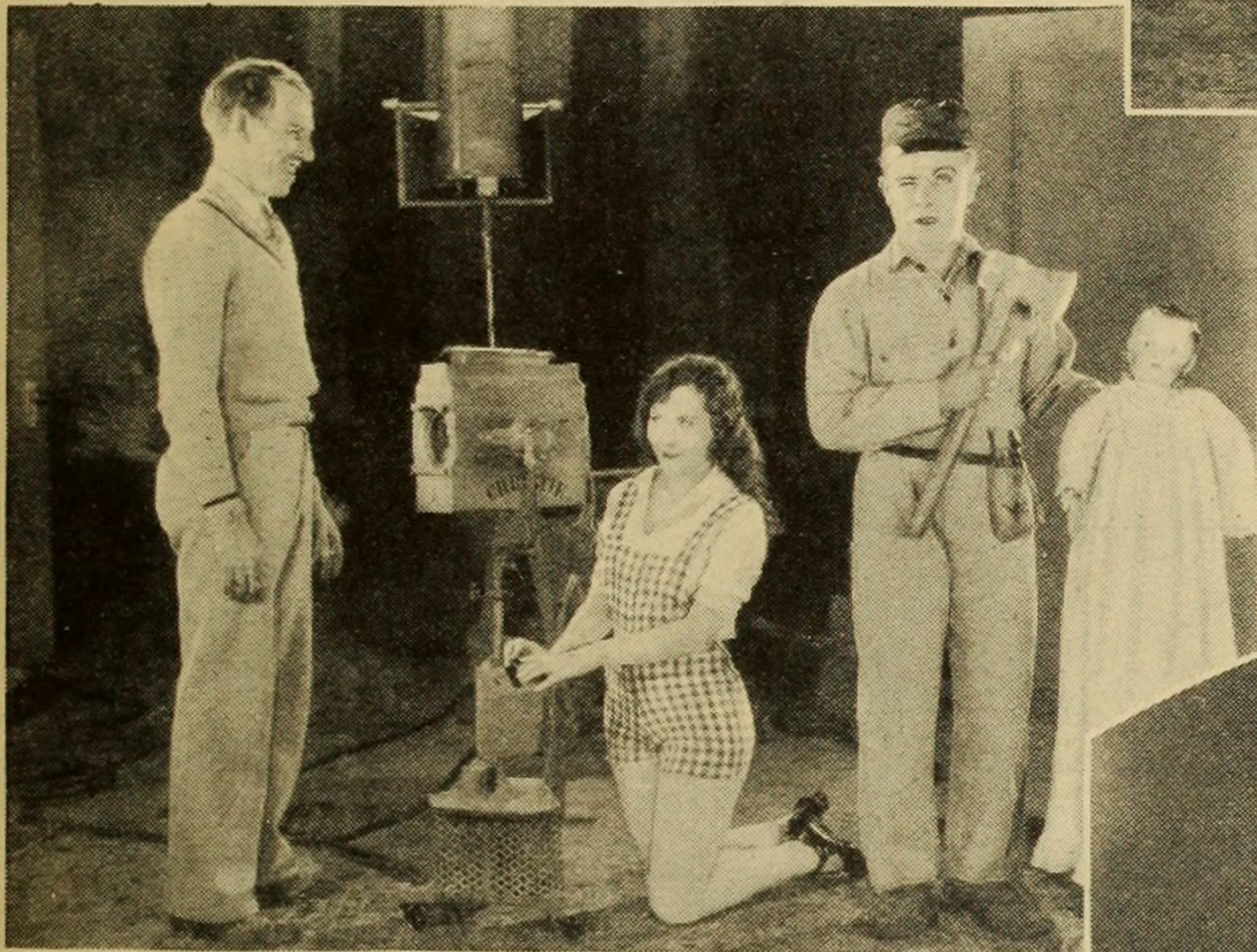
# *the* Studios

what they sound like before  
wood Kleigs

"More spaghetti," said Bill Perry,  
To Ann, when he craved cable.  
Bobby Vernon did his best,  
The best that he was able.

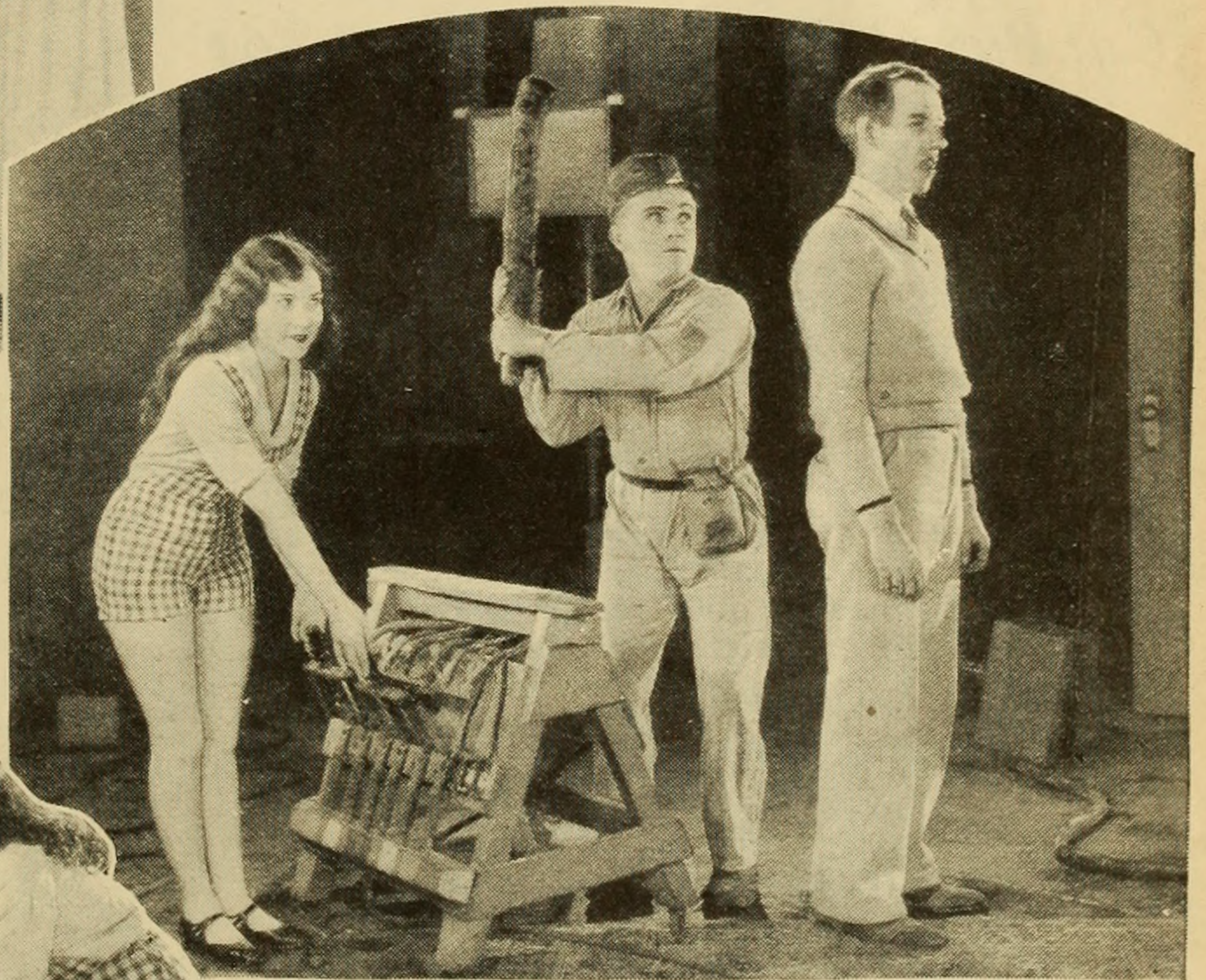


(Ann Christy, Bill Perry, Bobby Vernon)

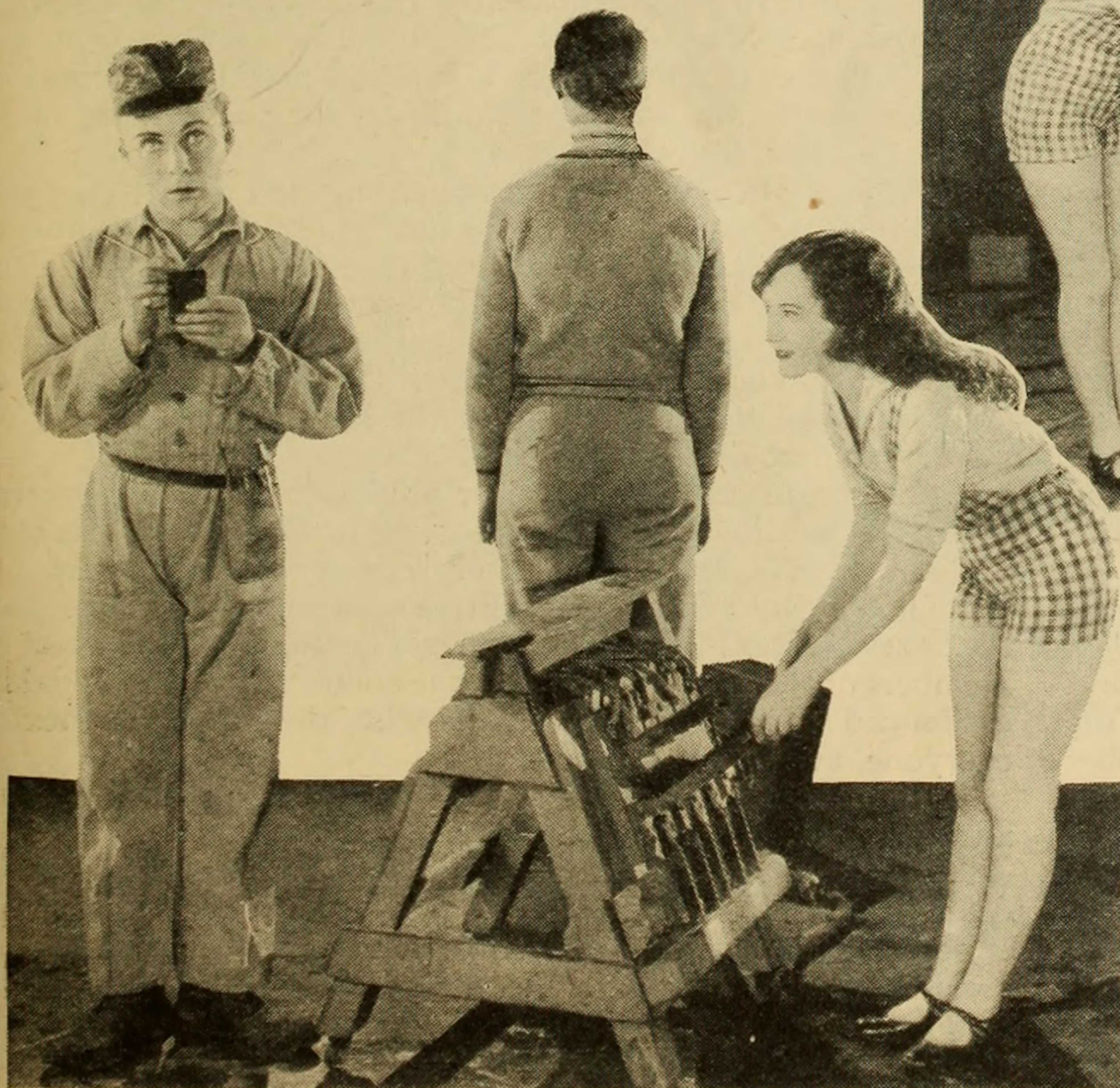


(Bill Perry, Ann Christy, Bobby Vernon)

"Bill the Baby!" was the order  
Which fell on waiting ears.  
Ann Christy doused the baby spot,  
Bob's eyes were filled with tears.



(Ann Christy, Bobby Vernon, Bill Perry)



(Bobby Vernon, Ann Christy)

"Hit 'em!" was the cry from Perry  
Craving bright illumination.  
While Ann is bidding his command  
Bobby thinks of ruination.

"Save 'em," said the chief 'lectrician,  
Who thought his aids quite nifty.  
Ann Christy promptly doused the arcs,  
While Bobby got real thrifty.



# How to Win \$5,000

ONE more issue of PHOTOPLAY will conclude the cut puzzle and name contest of 1927!

In order to give contestants one additional month to work out the assembly of key letters into motion picture names, PHOTOPLAY is here presenting the total number of key letters used with the 128 fragments of stars' portraits. In the boxed space on this page you will find the 128 letters.

From these 128 letters you are to develop as many names of well known players as you can. To show you exactly how this is done, the name of Richard Dix has been checked from the 128 key letters. You will note that his name uses one A, one C, two D's, one H, two I's, two R's and one X. Thus, should you create the name of Richard Dix as one of your list, you would check off these letters as indicated. You can not use them again in creating a player's name.

These letters, as you doubtless have noted, are appearing on the various portrait fragments. The re-

A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	X
B	B	B	B						
C	C	C							
D	D								
E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F	F	F	F						
G	G	G	G						
H	H	H							
I	I	I	I	I	I	I	I	X	X
J	J	J	J						
K	K	K	K						
L	L	L	L						
M	M	M	M						
N	N	N	N						
O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
P	P	P	P						
Q	Q	Q	Q						
R	R								
S	S	S	S						
T	T	T	T						
U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U
V	V	V	V						
W	W	W	W						
X	X	X	X						
Y	Y	Y	Y						
Z	Z	Z	Z						

mainder of the key letters, making the total of 128 as shown, will appear on the cut puzzle fragments in the final contest installment published in the September PHOTOPLAY.

You can now start work on the key letter portion of the contest. Get busy now and test your ingenuity in creating names of well known players from the 128 letters. You are not limited to the list of players published on another page of this issue. The name must be that of a recognized screen player, that is all. It must be spelled correctly. That is an important item to consider. Watch your spelling.

Be sure to note that elaborately assembled solutions will not help you this year. The editor of PHOTOPLAY feels that too much ornamentation and expense have been put into the submitted solutions. These elaborately created solutions have grown each year until the Editor feels it imperative to call a halt. Neatness, yes—accuracy, of course, but not expensiveness.

Note also that solutions will not be returned in this contest.

*Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61*

*Star Names on Page 100*

## 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.





**J**UST five feet tall, but one of the biggest girls in pictures. Janet Gaynor is only twenty-one years old and has the face of a child but oh, how she can act! In "Seventh Heaven," Miss Gaynor's performance is one to make the critics ask for a new deal of adjectives.



# Another Set of Cut Puzzle

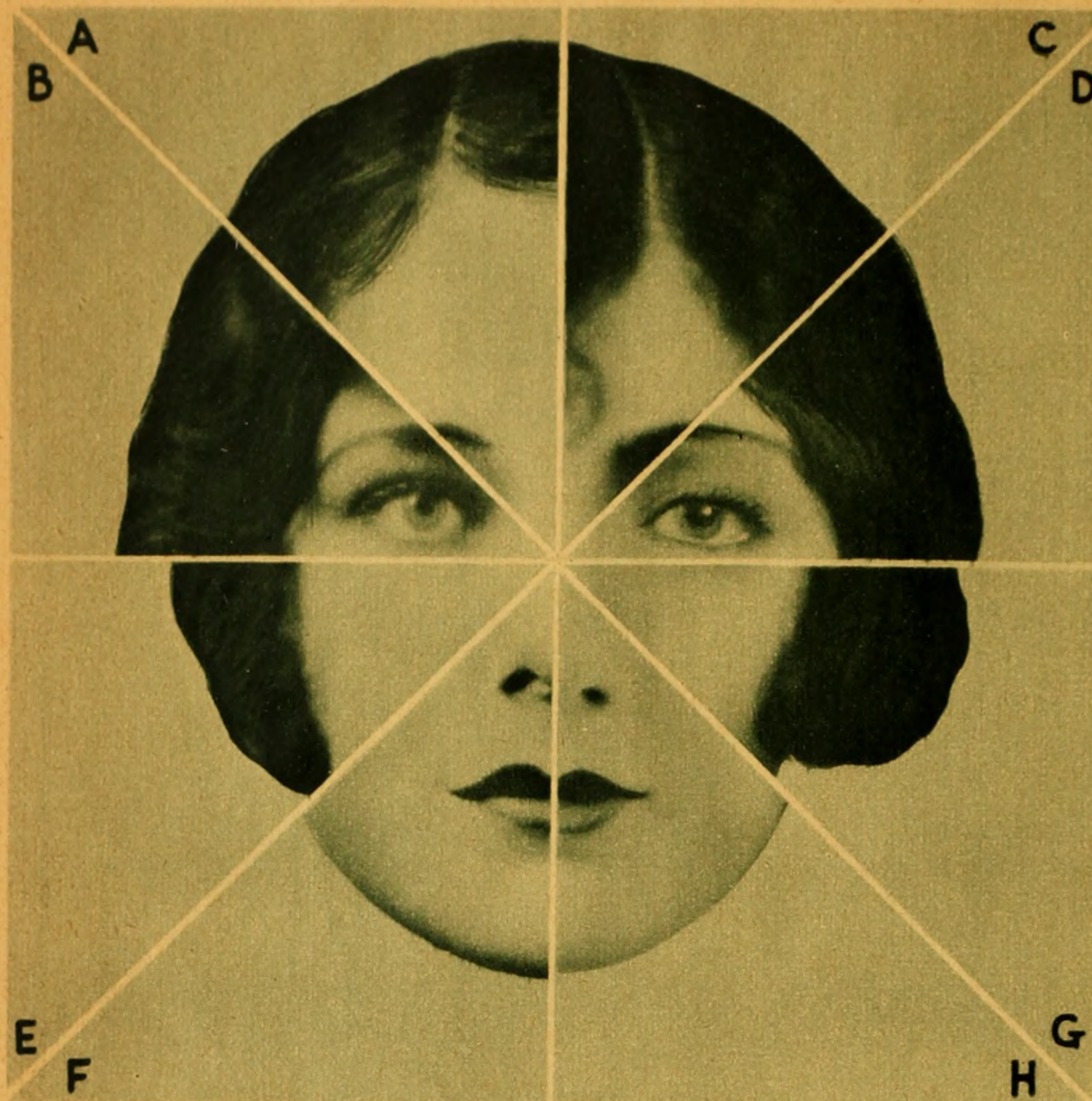
Be Sure to Read

*Upper*

Who studied art?  
 Why, Miss A did, of course.  
 When we gained B,  
 Oh, then France had a loss!  
 Who was a dancer?  
 C danced for five years  
 D was a hit on the stage,  
 (So one hears!)

*Lower*

Who is not twenty?  
 E, bless her dear heart!  
 F won a contest,  
 And got her first part.  
 G is divorced  
 From the first man she wed  
 H, sounding "Irish",  
 Comes from Texas, instead.

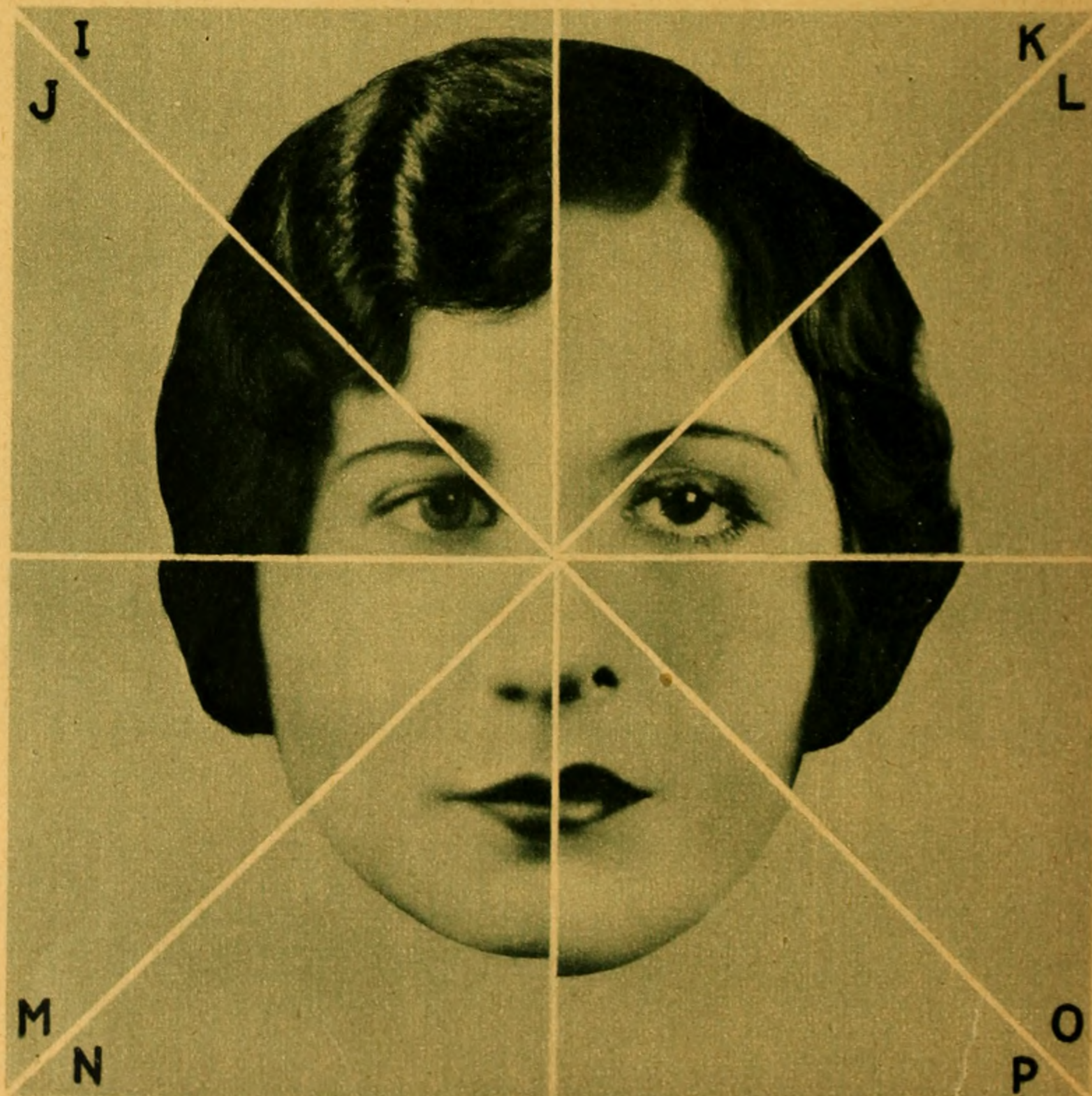


*Upper*

Who played with John? I  
 (With Doug Fairbanks, too);  
 J has brown hair,  
 Though her eyes are quite blue.  
 Who was a "baby star,"  
 K was. . . Also  
 Miss L had that honor,  
 Just one year ago!

*Lower*

Whose hair is auburn?  
 M has ruddy locks;  
 N played the lead  
 In a script full of shocks.  
 O was in Barrie's  
 Best picture by far.  
 P has played twice  
 With the "greatest" screen star.





# Pictures to Test Your Wits

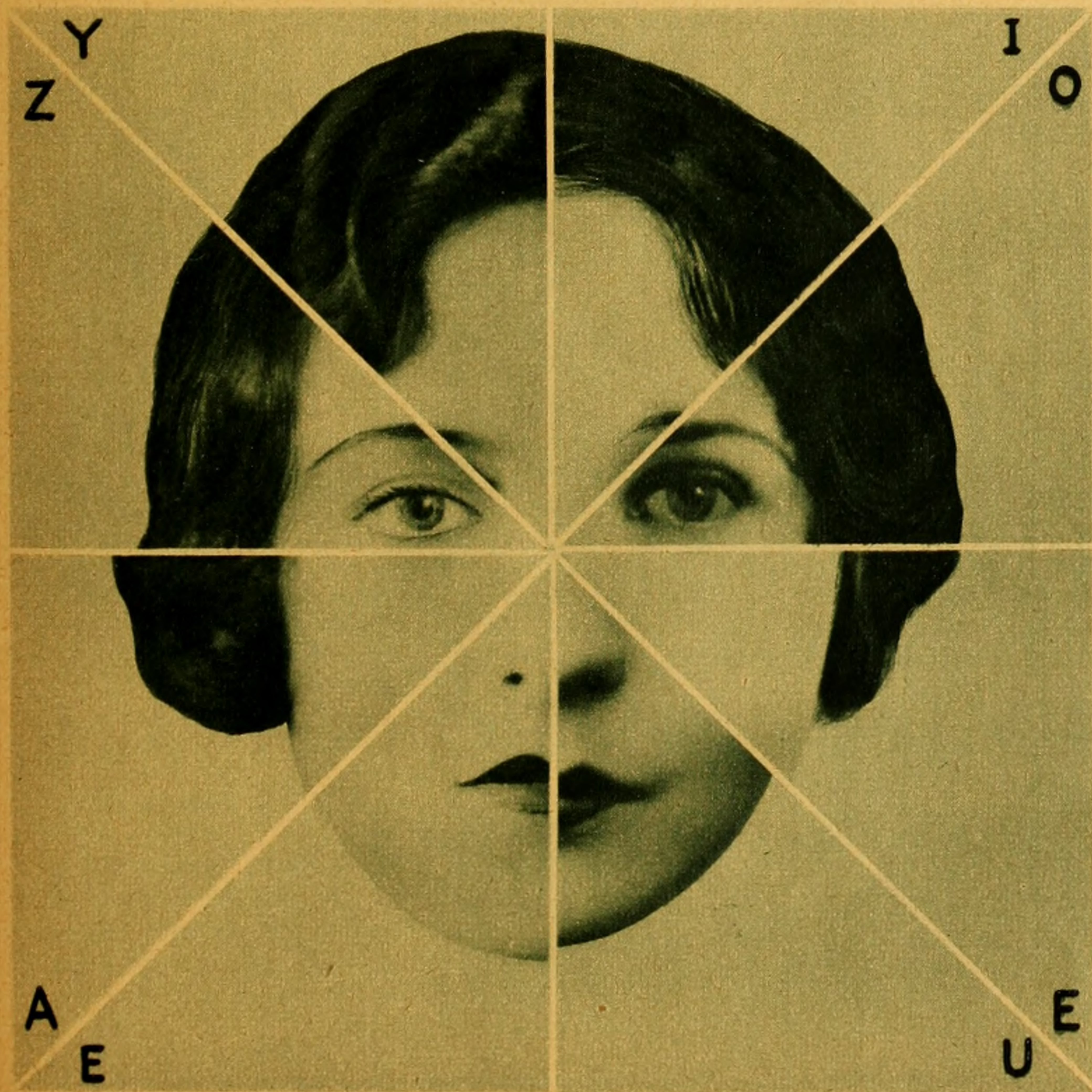
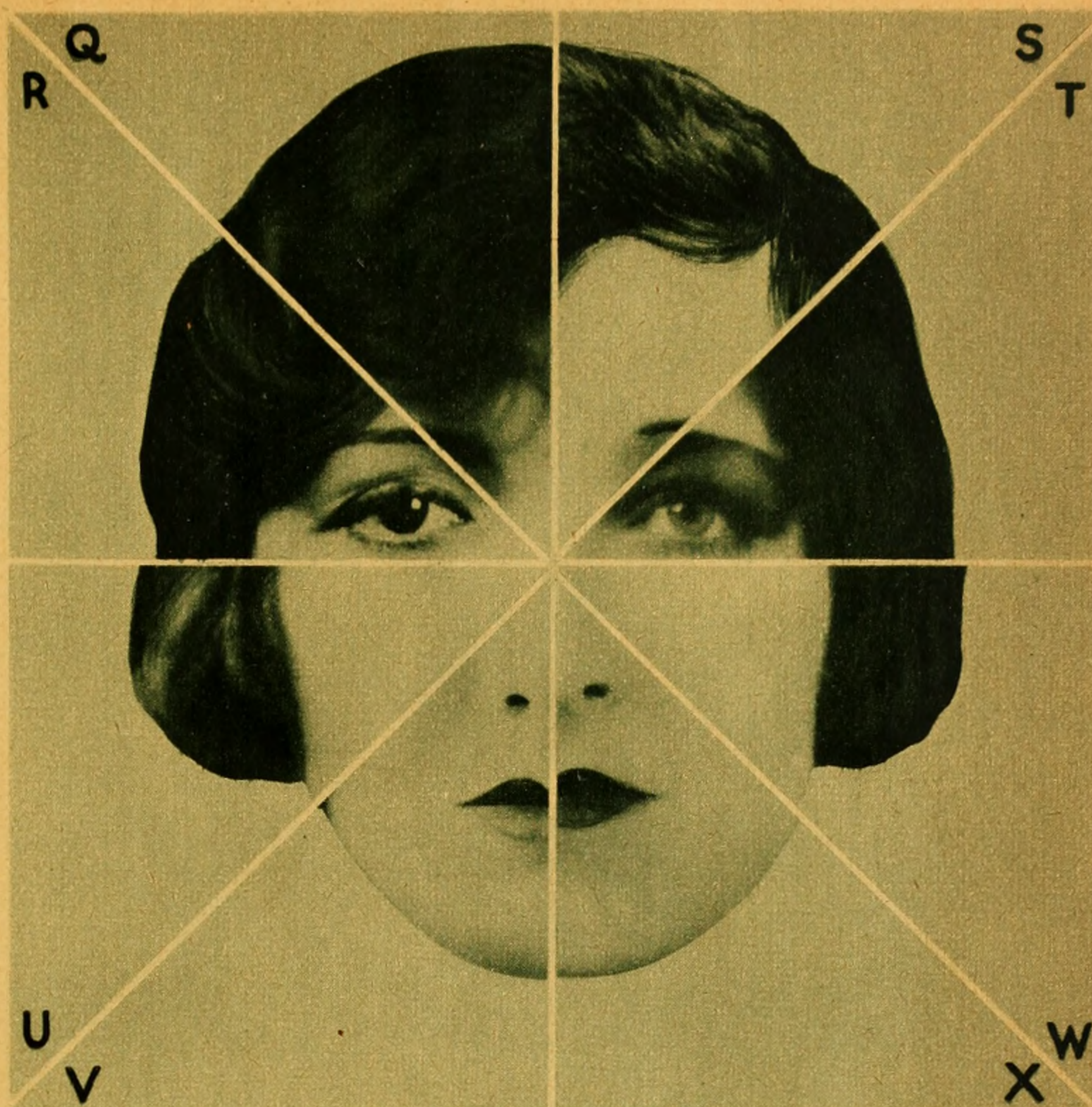
Rules on Page 58

*Upper*

Q was divorced,  
 From a man now re-wed  
 R, at the first,  
 Went too slowly ahead.  
 Who changed her name?  
 S—the first and the last.  
 T, all this year,  
 Has made good, *very fast*.

*Lower*

Who knows a king?  
 U—she knows him quite well.  
 Who measures five feet?  
 V's name we won't tell.  
 W came from  
 A state in the east  
 X studied fine arts,  
 For two years, at least.



*Upper*

Y's been in pictures,  
 Since she was sixteen;  
 Z came from Philly,  
 Just guess who we mean!  
 I played with Gilbert,  
 (We won't tell which play);  
 O is unmarried,  
 And staying that way.

*Lower*

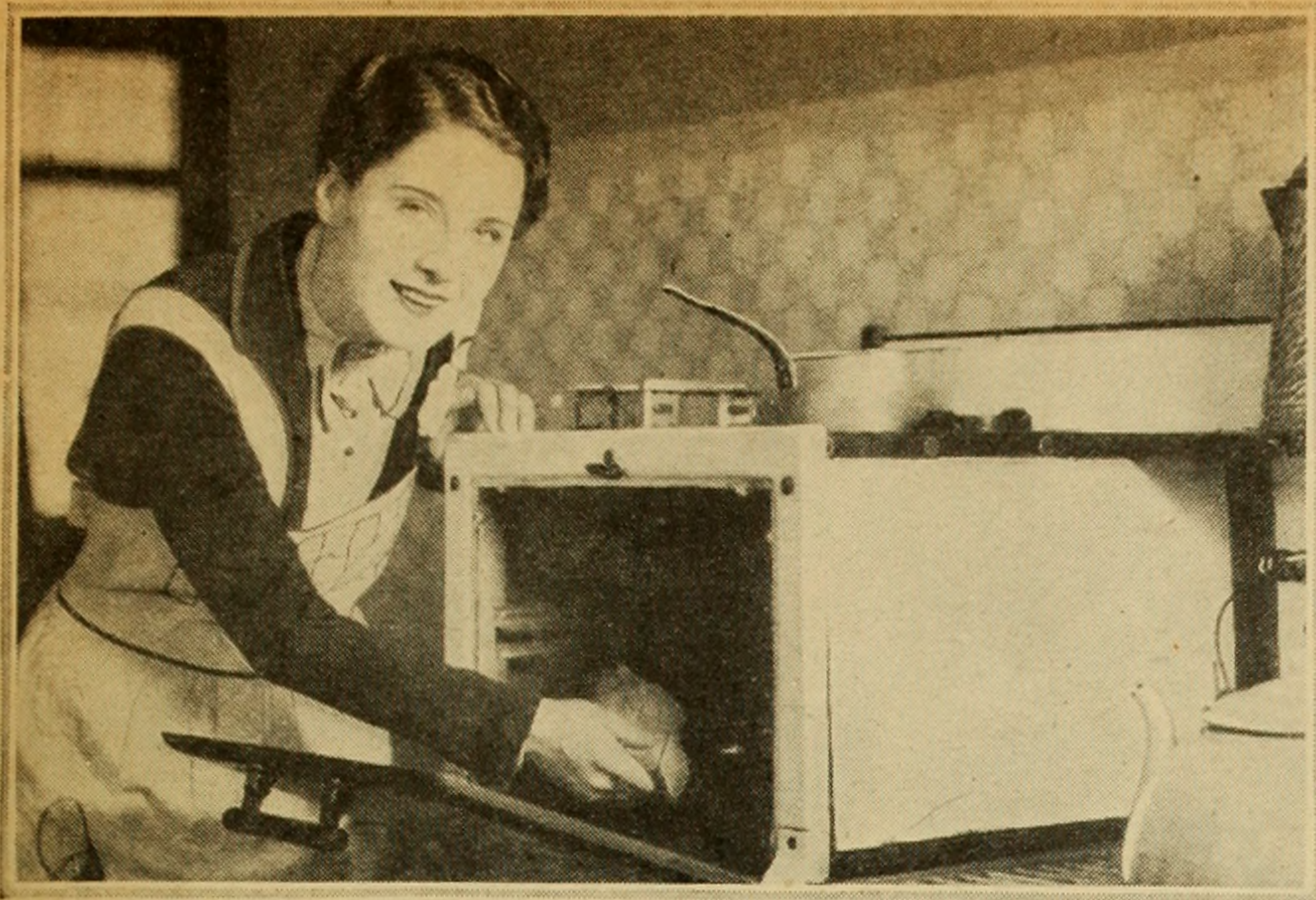
Who knows her music?  
 A knows every scale  
 E says her husband's  
 Directing can't fail.  
 E (on the right side, this time)  
 Can now vote,  
 U's acting brings up  
 Your heart in your throat!





NO, the villain pounding at the door is not George Siegmann, Lowell Sherman nor Eric von Stroheim. Lillian Gish, in this scene, is being pursued by Old Man Wind. And "Wind" is the name of Lillian's new picture. It's a story of the too wide open spaces.



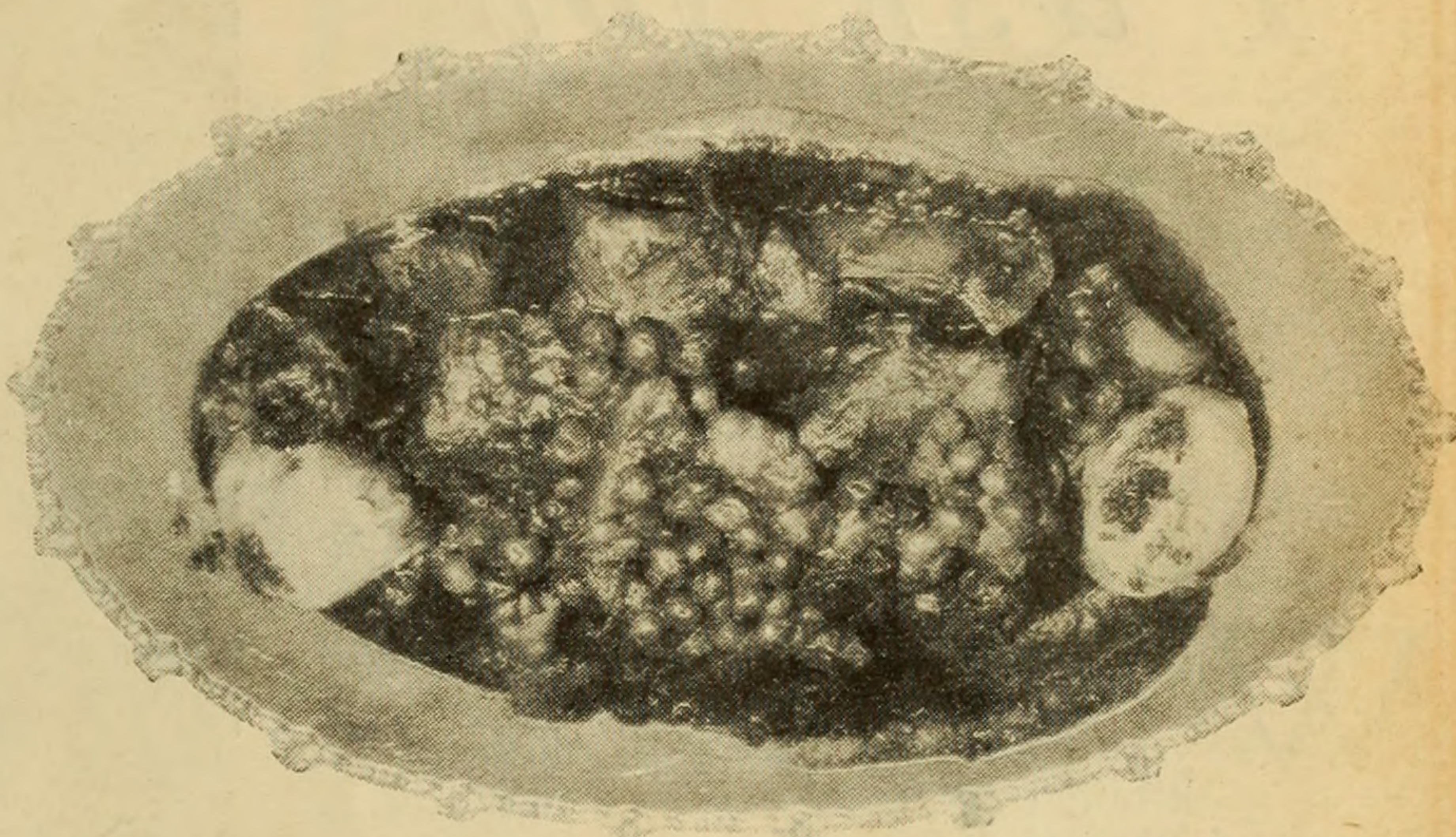


# Favorite Recipes *of the* Stars

Umm, My—What a Cook Book!

DO our movie stars like good dishes? Foolish question! They engage the best cooks in all California. PHOTOPLAY got from each of one hundred stars the recipes of their favorite dishes, each to his own nationality. PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book is an international potpourri of tasty dishes. Cast your eyes on the two printed on this page. And try them tonight for dinner. Then see what's in the kettle below. For twenty-five cents, the Cook Book will be mailed to your home. It's impossible to give all the recipes to you in the magazine.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



**Hungarian Goulash—Vilma Banky.** 2 lbs. stewing meat, 2 cups cooked tomatoes, 2 stalks celery, 1 bay leaf,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, 2 onions, 1 blade mace, 4 whole cloves, 8 chili peppers.

Have meat cut in small pieces, dredge with flour and put in sauce pan in which you have melted fat. Cook slowly for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover with boiling water and let simmer until meat is tender. Cook other ingredients for 20 minutes, adding one cup of boiling water. Rub through sieve, season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour. The broth in which the meat is cooked should be also used for sauce. Place meat on platter, cover with sauce. Cooked carrots, potatoes, sliced bell peppers should be placed around the meat.



**Lemon Pie—Douglas Fairbanks.** 1 cup sugar, 3 level teaspoons cornstarch,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water, grated rind of one lemon, juice of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lemons, 3 egg yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoon butter, pastry crust.

Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt in top of double boiler. Add boiling water and stir. Cook over fire until boiling point is reached. Remove from fire and allow to cook 20 minutes over boiling water. Mix grated rind and lemon juice and egg yolks, slightly beaten. Add butter and stir. Cook for two minutes. Cool and turn into a cooked pastry crust. Spread meringue and bake 8 minutes in a moderate oven.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 100 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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



# Does it Pay, Girls?

*I ask you*

By  
Rose Pelswick

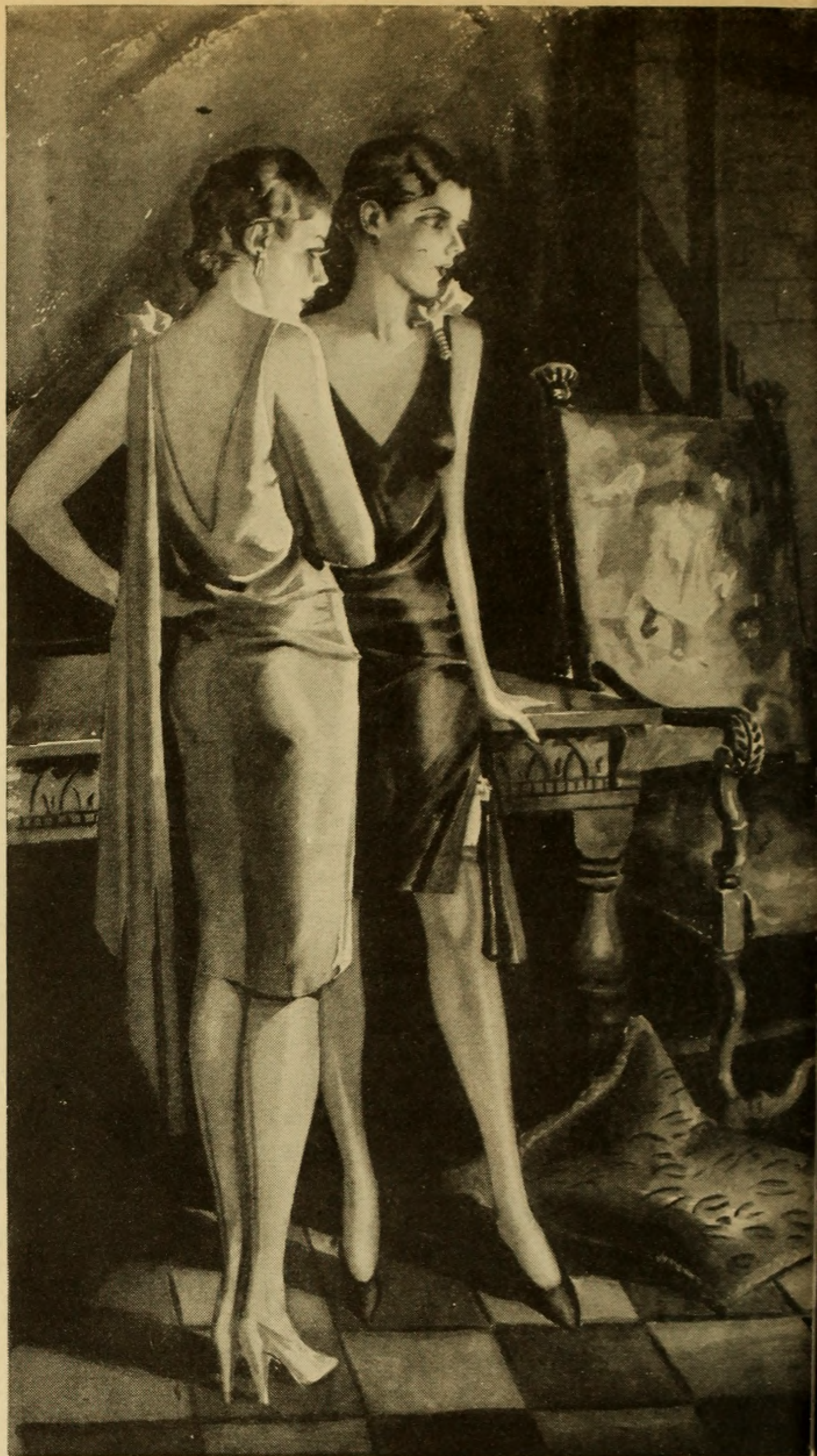
WHEN that super-special production, "Gallop Grandmothers," comes to your town, you'll see me. It'll be in the biblical sequence where Roman toga salesman is throwing a orgy for some Babylonian models. And when you spot a blonde in a one-piece veil acting as if she had a jag on, you'll know it's me. Only it wasn't acting, dearie, it wasn't acting.

Don't get me wrong—I don't mean for you to think that us movie actresses go in for having jags. Hollywood's just as nice and quiet a place as any other town. You can take your excitement or leave it alone. I could tell you things that happened in the one-way station in Ohio I come from that would make as good front page reading as any of the riots that's supposed to headline Hollywood. I could, but I got something more important to broadcast. I just brought in the jag business to show you that when it comes to being good, does it pay?

I'm a natural blonde and I've got dark brown eyes, and my figure— Well, I won a beauty contest with a photograph that was posed in a bathing suit.

The home town gave me a great send-off. I got a piece in the paper, and under my picture they subtitled, "Our loss is Hollywood's gain." Freddie Blake, the boy I used to go around with, begged me not to let Rudyard Crane make advances to me, and my aunt took me aside to tell me what every young girl should know—that success isn't worth it if you have to pay the price, and that I should always be my own sweet self.

When I think of all that now, I register a hollow laugh. Not let Rudyard Crane make advances to me? Say—I'd been in Hollywood six months and the nearest I got to even seeing him was his picture in a movie magazine till the day that—but I'm coming to



that. And my aunt telling me to be my own sweet self—well, I'm coming to that too.

I landed in Los Angeles with a little money and lotsa ambition. The company that ran the beauty contest was very nice to me, and they let me loose in the studios where I saw all the sights and was finally given a small part in a picture. I got \$7.50 a day for a month, and after that—if I should break down and tell you how little the producers cared about giving me jobs, you'd probably stop reading right here and crawl off somewhere to cry yourself to sleep.

I drifted from one studio to another. I started in at the biggest one and couldn't even get by the doorman. At the next one the casting director told me to write down my name and address and they'd let me know if they needed me. The third one, the second assistant electrician asked me to go out to lunch and, when I said no, he walked off without giving me a chance to change my mind. Then I tried the comedy lots and got work here and there. Once I got \$30 a day when I doubled for a star and got hit by a steam roller while I was doing the Black Bottom on roller skates.





## The story of a Hollywood cutie who tried to shift her personality— and found the going hard

"Look," exclaimed Rudyard Crane, pointing straight at me. "There's an example. Rouge, curled hair, rolled stockings. Blasé. Nicotine on one finger and lip rouge on the other. Giddy moth. Looks like a chorus girl. Probably sell her soul to get a leading rôle. Bah—I'm going to the beach tomorrow and think. I want to be alone."

You've seen Rudyard Crane in pictures—and dearie, believe me he's even better looking in the flesh, as we call it in the movies. His eyes have so much soul and expression that every woman, when she sees him, hopes her second husband'll be like him.

They stopped right in front of where I was standing, but not facing me, and I got a earful of the dialogue.

"Have you found a girl yet?" asks Sam.

Rudyard shakes his head.

"No," he answers. "And I've looked everywhere. I've sat in on screen tests and gone to see every picture I've had time to see, and even looked through the photographs in the casting director's office. And I couldn't find one."

"Well," helps Sam, "you'll simply have to take Carmel Delight. We've got her under contract anyway, and she packs 'em in at the box-office."

"Oh, you don't understand," comes back Rudyard wearily. "This picture is going to be the greatest thing I've ever done. I'm going to stake my future and my reputation on it. It's my career—everything."

JUST then another man joins them. It's J. Z. Royce, the eastern production manager who just got in from New York on one of his inspection visits.

"What's the matter?" he inquires thoughtfully after the necessary salutations was over with.

"Crane's looking for a certain type of girl and he'll never be able to find her," explains Sam.

"What do you mean?" demands Royce.

All this time, see? I was standing right in back of

But, as they say, it was all for art. Most of the other girls was in the same fix. Three of us lived in a sort of studio club, and we wore each other's silk stockings. On Sundays we'd walk along the beach hoping that a director would come along and give us an argument about signing a contract. And our salaries, combining the best features of each, wouldn't have paid for the moth balls for a fur coat.

It's a great life—if you weaken just a little. I'm not handing out any advice, but if anybody tells you it's easy to break into pictures just laugh 'em off, dearie, laugh 'em off.

I was hanging around the studio one day, wondering how I could get the director's eye. I was one of the extras in a film that showed what was wrong with the younger generation, so I wore a black satin dress that came above my knees and my sheer hose was rolled. I'd just had a wave put in my hair and I looked like what re-tired the tired business man.

All of a sudden I noticed a couple of the girls had stopped talking. I looked up. There was Rudyard Crane walking toward me with his director, Sam Malloy.



She was a bathing beauty back home, but she was just another blonde to Hollywood



"Please," says Rudyard, "I'd like to talk to you if I may." I shrinks away. "But I don't know you," I gasps. "I've never met you and I do not speak to strangers."

them, but they paid as much attention to me as they did to the goldfish calling to its mate on the table next to them.

"Mr. Royce," says Rudyard, "I got an idea for a story. My contract allows me to choose my pictures and my leading women, and this production that I have in mind is the dream of my life. And I could go on with it right away except that I can't find the girl to play the leading rôle."

"What kind of a girl?"

Rudyard was still for a minute, and then he looks up like he was in a trance.

"She's gotta be young," he starts off. "She must be pure and lovely and unsophisticated. The story deals with a girl who has just come out of a convent. Her mother is a famous theatrical star who has abandoned the child when she was a baby. Then the girl grows up. Her mother takes her out of the convent and brings her to Broadway. She goes on the stage, though she doesn't want to, and refuses to catch up with the dizzy pace around her. She is so lovely, so white, so wonderful, that she is of another world. Everyone around her becomes purified by her presence, and she decided to go back to the convent. I want to

call the picture, 'The Blight of Broadway.' But to play the part, the girl has to be in real life just what she's supposed to be in the picture, or else the acting won't ring true."

"And where," drawls Sam, "do you expect to find her—in a glass cage or something?"

"Don't be cheaply cynical," responds Rudyard. "This is to be an idyll. It will represent the tenderest illusions every man carries in his heart. And I have thought so much about it that if I can't find the girl, and can't do the story, I'm through with pictures."

"I think I understand what you mean," yesses Royce, because Rudyard is the company's box-office ace. "But, she'll be hard to locate. Have you tried here in the studio?"

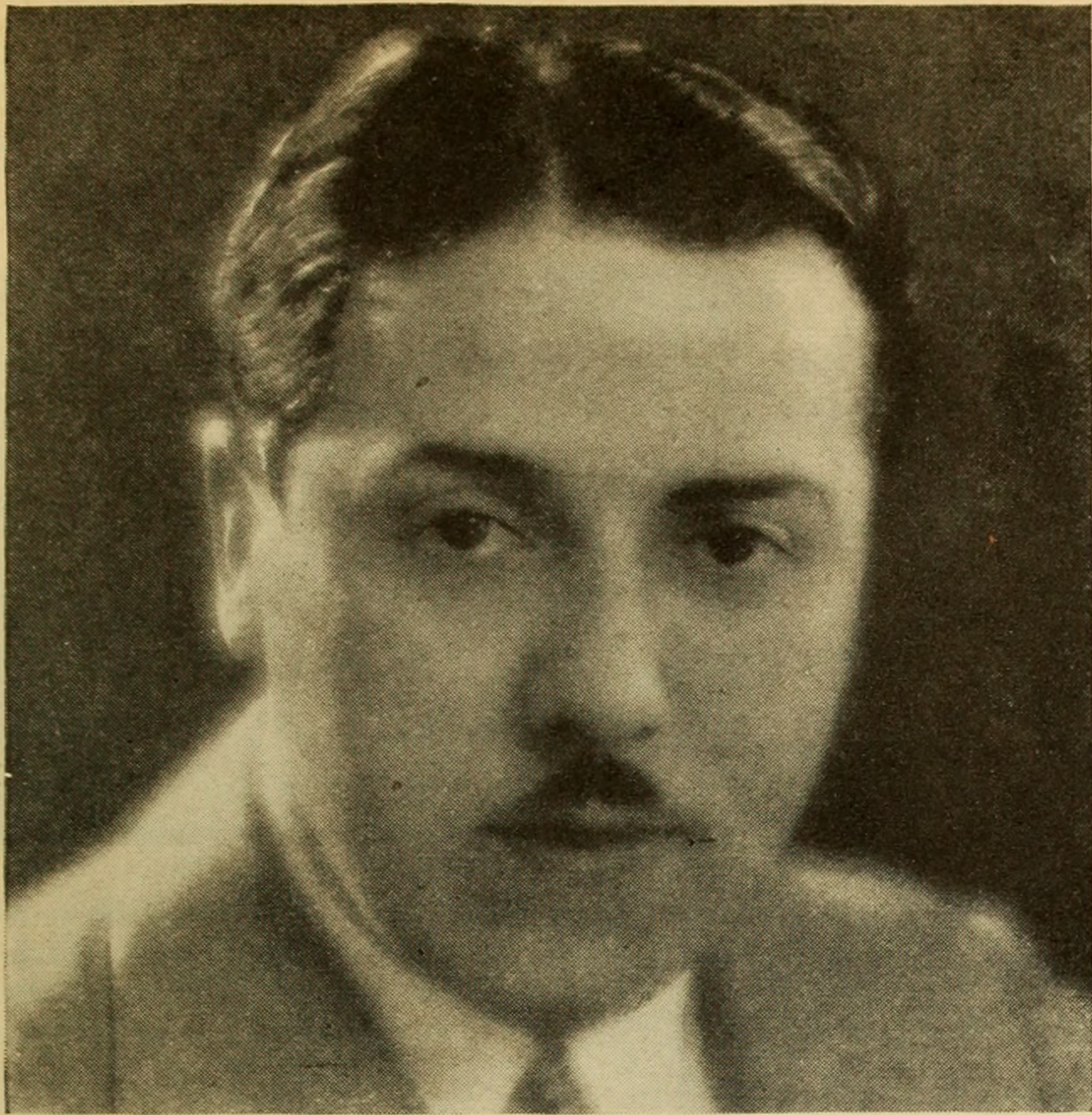
Rudyard shrugs his shoulders.

"Here?" he laughs. And it wasn't a refined laugh. "Look at 'em—from the stars down. Nice girls, no doubt, but worldly. Worldly, I'll leave the stars out because they've been in the grind too long. But look at even the extra girls."

He turns around suddenly and spots me. Getting the cue I smiles the soulful smile that used to panic 'em back home.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 135 ]





# Open, Ceseñe!

## And Monty Banks' Home Town Turned Out

*By Dorothy Spensley*

**W**E will go direct to Ceseñe. That's where Monty and I went, mentally. And we will not bother with the olive groves of southern Italy, the vineyards, the azure Mediterranean sky. Perhaps it is well. I am always getting Venetian nights mixed with doge days, and this story concerns a little comedian who comes from northern Italy.

Five feet six of comedianhood. Thirty years old and unmarried. Rollicking hair, black and glossy, parted in the center. It's a symbol of character, that hair. Of the spontaneity of his Latin temperament, through which runs a clear sharp line of business ingeniousness. Monty is a comedian, but Monty is also a business man. He would not have his own producing unit with Pathe if he were not.

He would still be a dancing dandy at Dominguez Cafe, in New York, as he was ten years ago, or a stunt man, doing other people's hazards—or a film cutter or a prop man. But those days, as they say, are gone forever, and here is Monty in ice-cream pants, throwing cigarette ashes out of the window with a careless flick of the fingers, and telling me about the big time he had in Ceseñe when he went back, two years ago, in the first flush of his success.

You know how it is when you go back to the old home town. The bunting, the banners, the band. The mayor and the key to the city. The delegations and the children's chorus. Ceseñe has 50,000 souls and not one stayed home to stir the spaghetti on the day that Monty returned.

Was not the good Lord amiable, whispered the natives under the swaying red, green and white bunting, in the case of Mario Bianchi, who left Ceseñe with a few lire and a smile, such a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

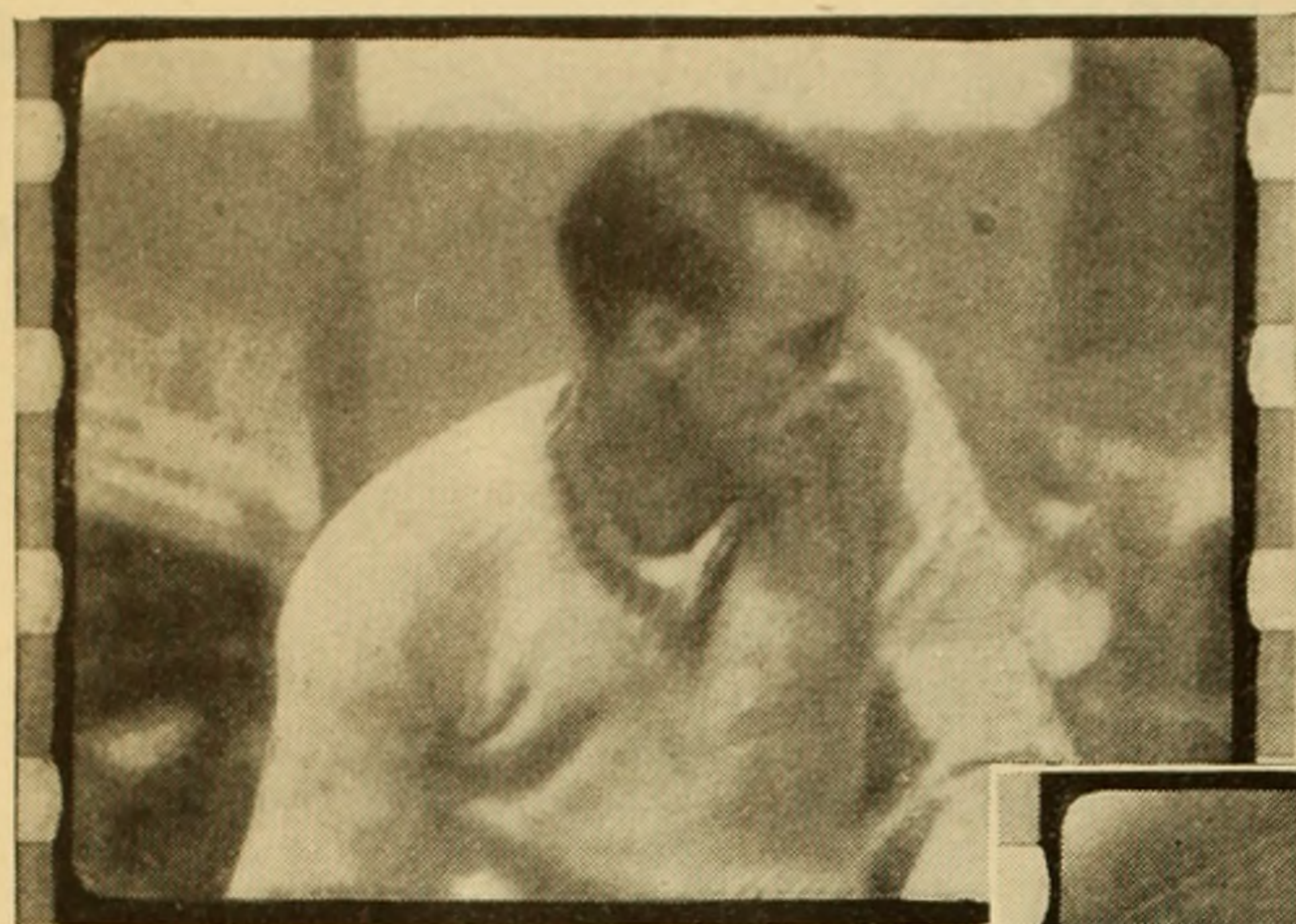


Five feet six.  
Thirty years old  
and unmarried. A  
comedian—and  
also a business  
man. Otherwise he  
would still be a  
dancing dandy in a  
New York cafe, as he  
was ten years ago.  
Or just Mario  
Bianchi, back in  
Ceseñe

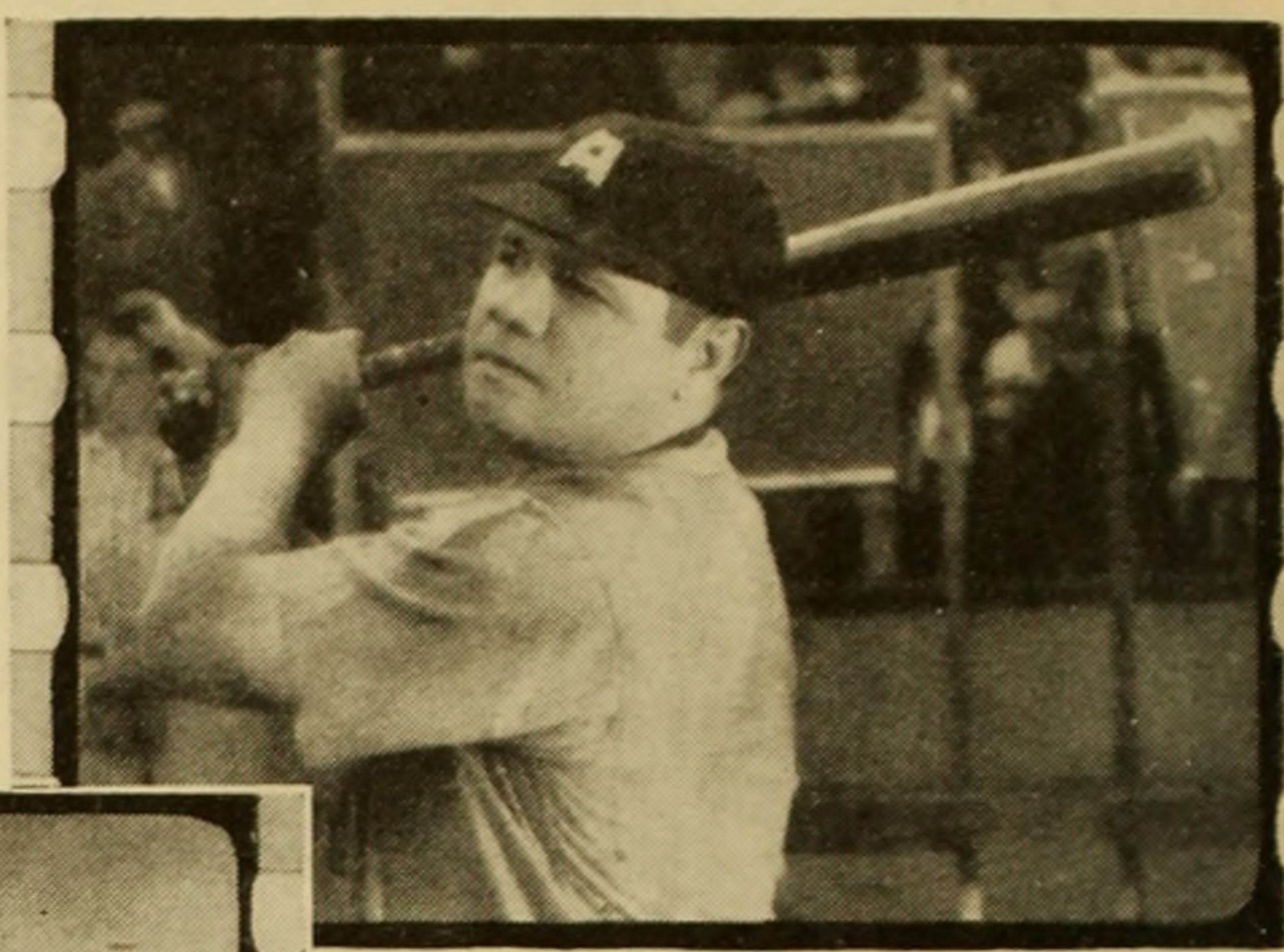


# Amateur Movies

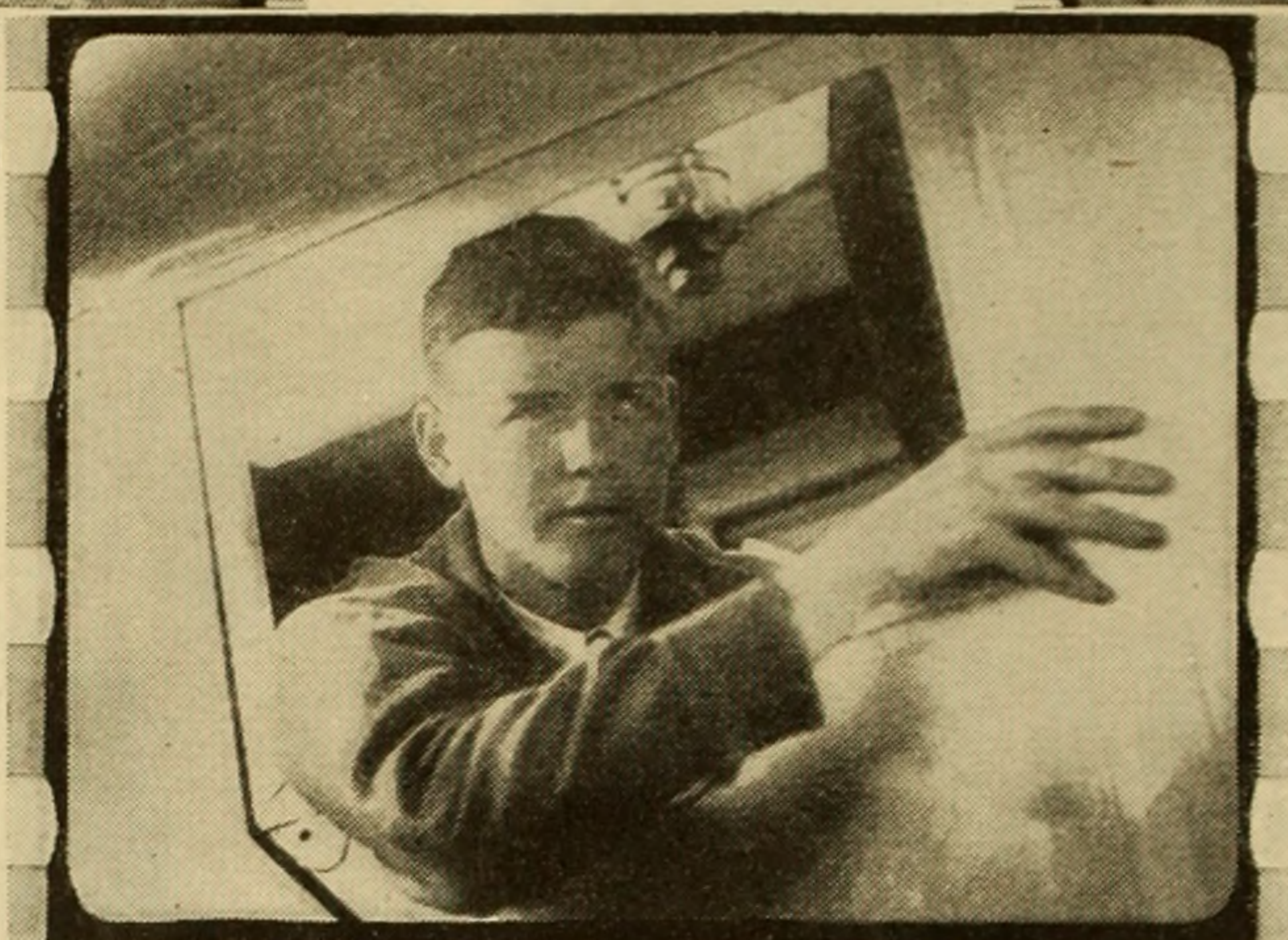
By  
Frederick  
James  
Smith



You can get interesting shots of sport events. Here's Bill Tilden, the famous tennis star



Take your camera to the ball game and get Babe Ruth hitting one of his homers



Suppose you were lucky enough to take your camera to Roosevelt field. You would have caught Colonel Lindbergh

**J**UST what is the future of amateur motion picture making?

PHOTOPLAY has just put the question to the foremost men in the field of amateur cinematography and their answers will be of keen interest to every user of an amateur camera.

PHOTOPLAY asked two questions. It asked for a general prediction as to the future and a more specific prediction as to the number of amateur cameras likely to be in operation by the end of 1928.

Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, is naturally highly enthusiastic over the possibilities of amateur photography. He says:

**A**MATEUR cinematography shows every sign of becoming the next great public diversion to follow radio broadcasting. There are already hundreds of thousands of the best minds we have in the country interested in amateur cinematography. These persons have become intensely interested in developing what can be done with motion pictures. Their interest is not only contagious, but it brings to bear upon cinematography an entirely new influence.

"The result of this new influence will be to develop entirely new forms and types of motion pictures. No man at this date has an imagination wild enough to be able to predict within ninety per cent of what is going to be accomplished by the enormous public study of cinematography.

"I would not hesitate a moment to predict that there will be one million amateur motion picture cameras in use by the end of 1928. We have another great industry in the making which will compare with the radio industry."

The Amateur Cinema League is the first and only national association of amateur motion picture makers.

"I can estimate the future only by a comparison with the past," says Roy W. Winton, managing director of the league. "It seems certain that personal motion

picture making and showing will exceed personal still photography in volume as much as motion picture showings have exceeded lantern slide showings. Expense is bound to be adjusted to meet demand."

T. B. Carrigan, editor of *Amateur Movie Makers*, published by the league, estimates

that there are 65,000 users of personal motion picture equipment, employing films of all widths, and he believes that by early 1929, this number will have increased to hundreds of thousands. Mr. Carrigan declares that this ratio of increase will remain fairly constant until the cost of equipment is lowered, or until more manufacturers appear in the field and carry on national advertising campaigns similar to those now conducted by present makers of amateur cameras.

Here is the prediction of J. A. Berst, general manager of Pathex, Inc., makers of the Pathex camera:

**J**UST as the snapshot camera took hold on the public and became a very practical hobby, so also do I believe that, in due time, the amateur motion picture camera will be used as largely as the amateur still camera. Therefore, I believe that, by the end of 1928, the number of amateur motion picture outfits will approach the number of amateur still cameras in use. There is practically an unlimited field for the amateur motion picture camera, as now there are in use only about enough outfits to cover a city the size of Pittsburgh.

"Amateur motion picture photography is constantly improving, due largely to the fact that the amateurs are emulating the professional movie makers. The amateur motion picture makers, at least a large percentage of them, have made filming more than a mere hobby and are striving very hard to secure good screen effects.

"As the amateur naturally is called upon to show his efforts on the screen, he is upon his mettle to put forth his best efforts to create

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

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



# How to Make Your Own

## More tips to help you win contest prizes

**H**IRAM PERCY MAXIM, Samuel L. Rothapfel and Nickolas Muray have been invited to be judges in the \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest sponsored by PHOTOPLAY. They will act with James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, and the managing editor of PHOTOPLAY.

Mr. Maxim is president of the Amateur Cinema League, the first and only national organization of amateur movie enthusiasts.

Mr. Rothapfel is one of America's foremost exhibitors and a man of national reputation.

Mr. Rothapfel did more than any other one person to lift the level of motion picture presentation to its present high status. At various

times he has been managing director of the Strand, Rivoli, Rialto and Capitol theaters in New York and he is now managing director of his own house, the Roxy, one of the outstanding landmarks of Manhattan.

Mr. Muray was asked to participate as a judge because he is one of New York's foremost photographers and deeply interested in amateur motion pictures. He has been experimenting with amateur photography for years.

The contest opened on June 1st and films are now being submitted. These indicate an unusually high level of amateur cinematography and the winning films will undoubtedly be fine examples of motion picture making.

Here are a few more suggestions:

*Don't rush your contest film.* Take plenty of time and get it into best possible shape. Make revisions, study your sub-titles and re-shoot scenes where necessary. Put your best into your picture. Well-planned ideas,

carefully executed, make for success in this contest.

Remember that you have until midnight of December 31st to get your film before the judges.

Another point: don't go beyond what you can logically spend on your contest film: Stick to simplicity.

Remember that originality is the thing. Freshness of idea and treatment will carry you further than anything else in this contest.

Again, be reminded that your contest film need not be in one reel, provided its total length comes within the specified footage.

This department receives so many letters concerning this point that it is advisable to mention it again.

If you are planning to film a dramatic story do not "shoot" a story from any published book of amateur motion picture scripts and do not adapt your story from any produced professional photoplay. You will be wasting film and time. Your contest effort must be wholly original.

You can send any number of contest efforts and you can send them in at any time, provided they reach this office before December 31st.

When you get your film into its final shape, study the contest rules. Read them through carefully and check each one with a pencil. Be sure that your film

meets every requirement before you send it away. PHOTOPLAY receives letters every day which are answered in the rules. **BE SURE TO READ ALL THE RULES.**

Do not have your subtitles made by a professional title maker. Your contest contribution should be wholly original. You can put your name and address as a tag to the film or in the form of a title.



**Don't go on your vacation without an amateur movie camera. Here's how you will look in celluloid catching that record trout**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# No Convent Belle

Lois Moran was  
a ballet girl at  
the Paris Opera

*By Dorothy Spensley*



Lois, at the age of eighteen, looks like the kid sister of the girl pictured below

AND here all the time I've been deceived, misled by popular belief.

I thought Lois Moran had been stolen from some grey-walled French convent and brought to this country, unworldly, inexperienced, to be an unsophisticated daisy in a field of blasé buttercups. But daisies do tell and Lois is no exception.

It did, I will admit, spoil the mental picture I had of Sam Goldwyn as a plumed Launcelot rescuing the fair damsel and rushing off with her to the screen Camelot of Hollywood.

"Tell me about the convent," I said to Lois, immediately. And she smiled. "Convent?" Lois said in her small gentle voice.

"The convent in Paris where Sam Goldwyn found you."

"Oh, but I was in no convent in Paris. Whatever gave you that idea?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Yet this photograph shows Lois as she looked when, a child of fourteen, she made her first screen appearance in a French film





*Rudolph Valentino* Born May 6, 1895—Died August 23, 1926

Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,  
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,  
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,  
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

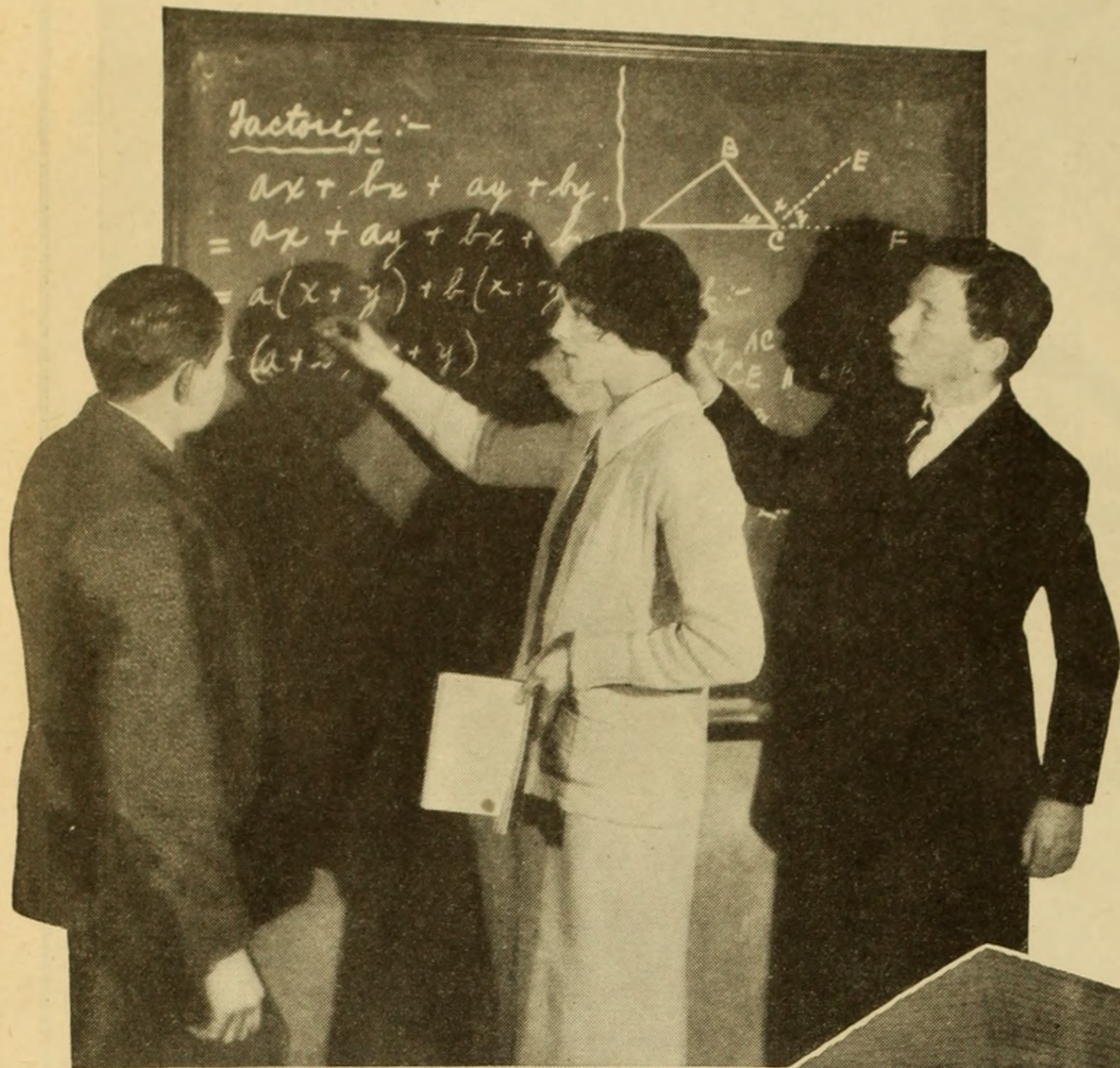
Forget my frailties: thou art also frail;  
Forgive my lapses: for thyself may'st fall;  
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—  
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

—James Beattie



# The Little Kleig

Los Angeles has  
dren who never,



Close-up of an algebra lesson conducted by Rachel Smith of Paramount

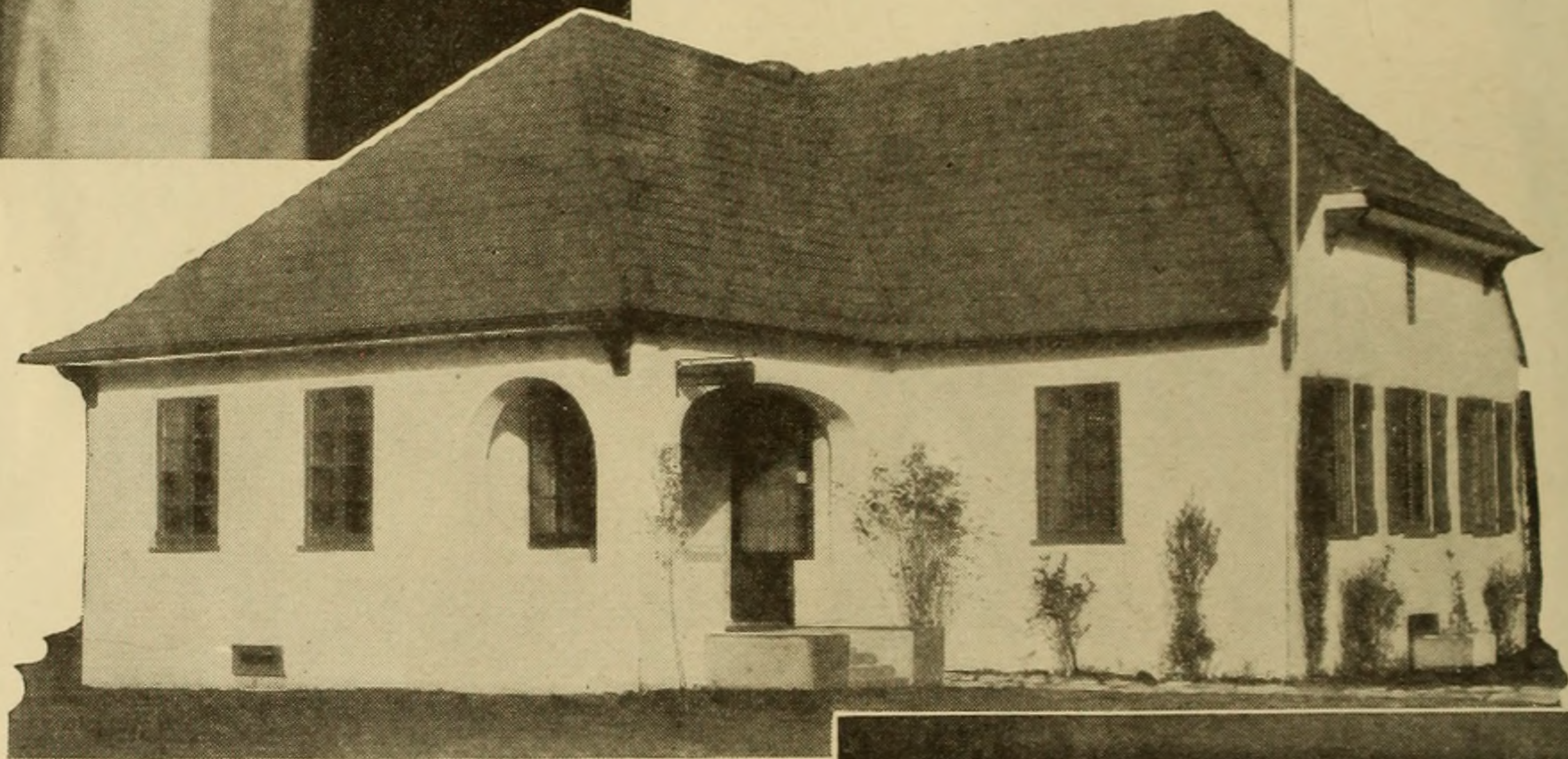
**T**HERE are at least 2,200 children in Los Angeles who study hard at school, work earnestly to make their passing grades, and who never, never play hookey.

These are the 2,200 children of school age who hold permits to work in pictures. If they don't attend school regularly and make good grades in their studies, the Board of Education has the right to revoke their permit to work. And with these little troopers, the loss of work not only means, in some instances, a terrible financial blow, but in every case, a moral disgrace.

With the co-operation of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, the Board of Education has solved one of the strangest problems ever confronted by a group of educators, and this business of educating the little troopers has become a regular part of studio life.

The De Mille Studio has a school room but no regularly assigned teacher, using one of the seventeen teachers detailed to special assignments by the Board of Education.

The law of California insists that every child over the age of eight and under the age of eighteen have three hours of schooling and one hour of supervised recreation daily. All directors using children in pictures must make allowances for this provision in their schedule work.

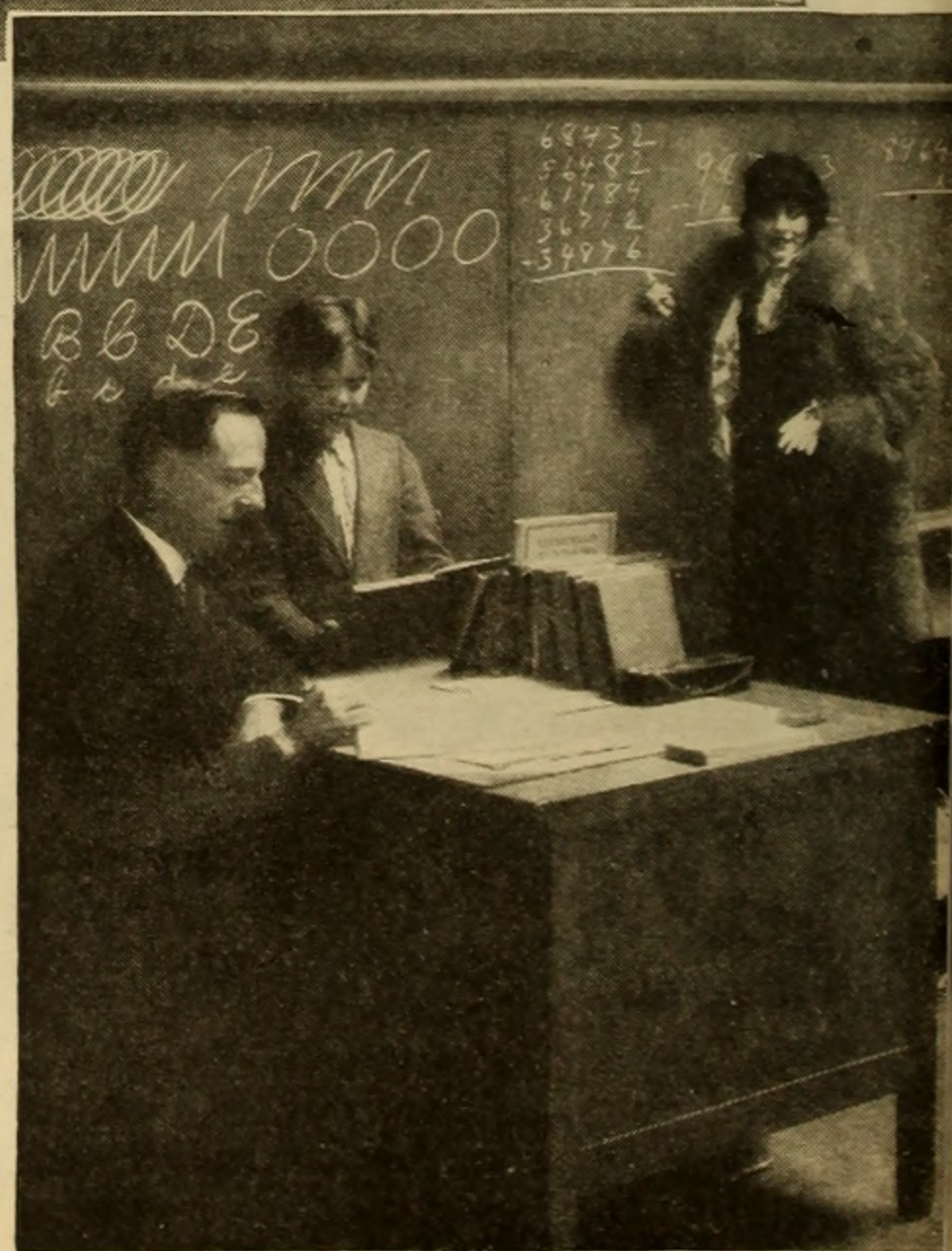


Paramount's school building for its little troopers

The children of "The Auctioneer" cast at the Fox Studio are instructed by Z. A. Farrel and Mrs. Mary Sparks. Olive Borden, at the blackboard, dropped in for publicity's sake

Since it is considered wiser to set regular hours for lessons, most of the studios hold classes from eight in the morning until noon. The children are free to work before the camera in the afternoon.

At the end of the school day, the teacher fills in duplicate forms showing the progress of her pupils. One copy is mailed to the grade school in which the child is registered and the other goes to the Child Welfare Department of the Board of Education. Raymond B. Dunlap is the director in charge of this interesting phase of the Board's work. And Mr. Dunlap says that





# Schoolhouse

## 2,200 school children never play hookey

these professional children are brighter than the average school child.

At the end of the year, Mr. Dunlap's department makes a detailed report of each child. This report not only tells the age, grade and school standing of the child, but it contains a record of the child's health, the number of days it has worked, and its studio earnings.

If you think that these school rooms are less serious than the classes in the little red schoolhouse, you are mis-



Mrs. Mary Ganahl with *Buster Brown* and *Mary Jane*



"Our Gang" likes to study on the set. Mrs. Fern Carter turns the studio floor into a classroom

taken. The work seldom proves a distraction. However, Mrs. Carter, in charge of "Our Gang," allows her pupils to study on the set. She finds that they work harder when they know that they are not missing anything.

The Paramount Studio boasts the only schoolhouse, a five-room building, with two large classrooms, a library and a workroom for the teacher. It also has a rest room for parents where they may wait for their children, and a kitchen and dining room where parents may prepare their children's meals.

Until just recently, when she passed her eighteenth birthday, Sally O'Neil was instructed by Miss Pearl Long at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. Miss Long is still called by the studio when any children are used in the pictures.

Mrs. Mary West has been resident teacher at Universal for almost three years. Universal has a single room fully equipped. When a child goes on location, Mrs. West arranges for the Board of Education to send a substitute teacher with the company.

The De Mille studio has one room, attractively decorated and fully equipped. Here the forty children, used in "The King of Kings," worked daily under the direction of a teacher supplied for the occasion. Junior Coughlan, the child actor, has a private tutor.

Martha Sleeper, a featured member of the Hal Roach comedy company, is still a school child, under the ruling of the California law. However, she is so much farther advanced in her studies than the members of "Our Gang" that she is allowed a private teacher. And so that makes her actually a Baby Star. Farina, incidentally, is the youngest member of the "Our Gang" class. Farina entered school last Fall.

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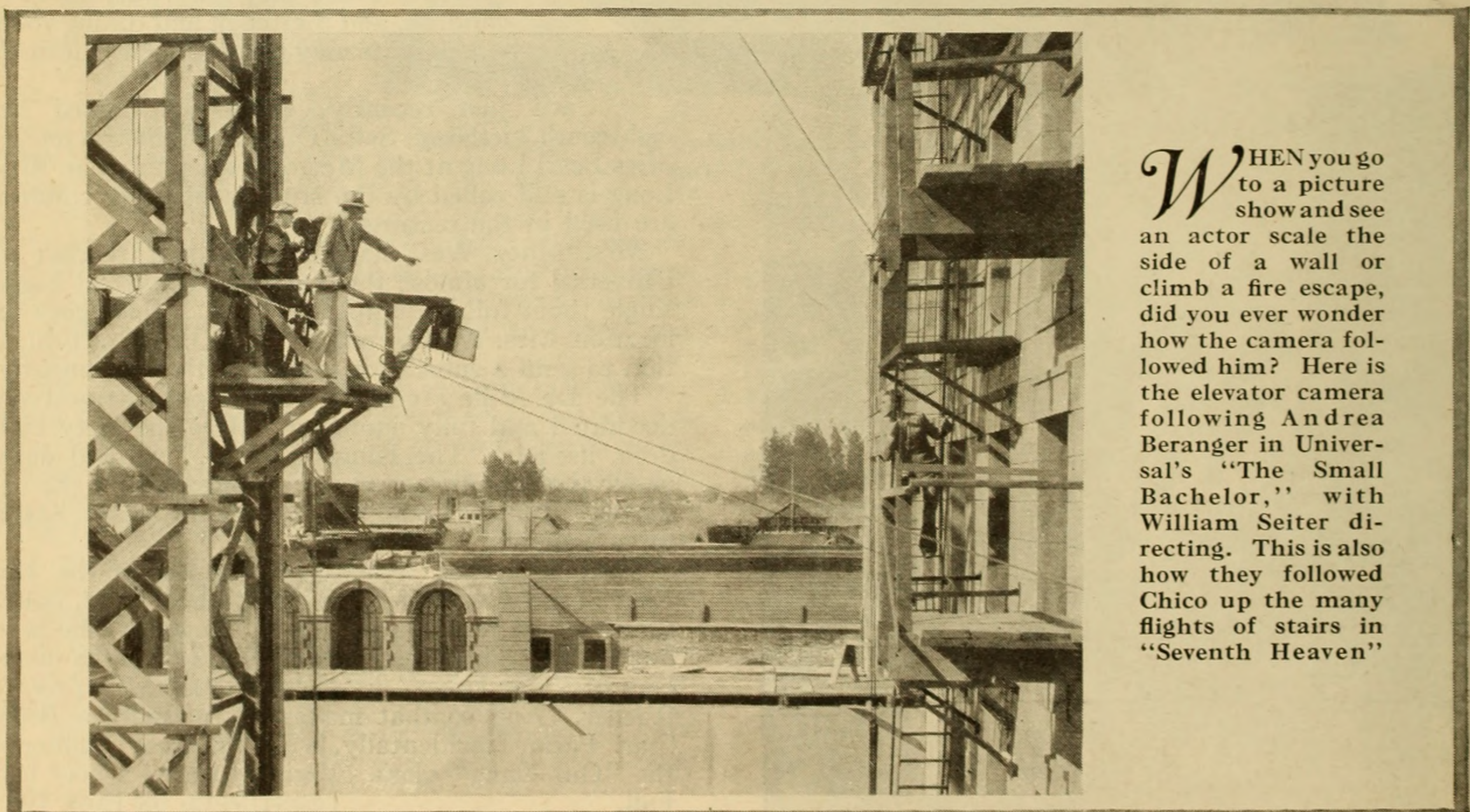






Our Club as it is today! Five years without a quarrel or a catty remark. It sounds like Utopia, but that is the record claimed by Our Club. It's an organization of thirty young motion picture players, you will remember, and it was sponsored by Mary Pickford. This is its fifth birthday party and, if you look closely, you will see at least one of your favorites in this smiling and happy group

## *The Elevator Camera in Action*



**W**HEN you go to a picture show and see an actor scale the side of a wall or climb a fire escape, did you ever wonder how the camera followed him? Here is the elevator camera following Andrea Beranger in Universal's "The Small Bachelor," with William Seiter directing. This is also how they followed Chico up the many flights of stairs in "Seventh Heaven"





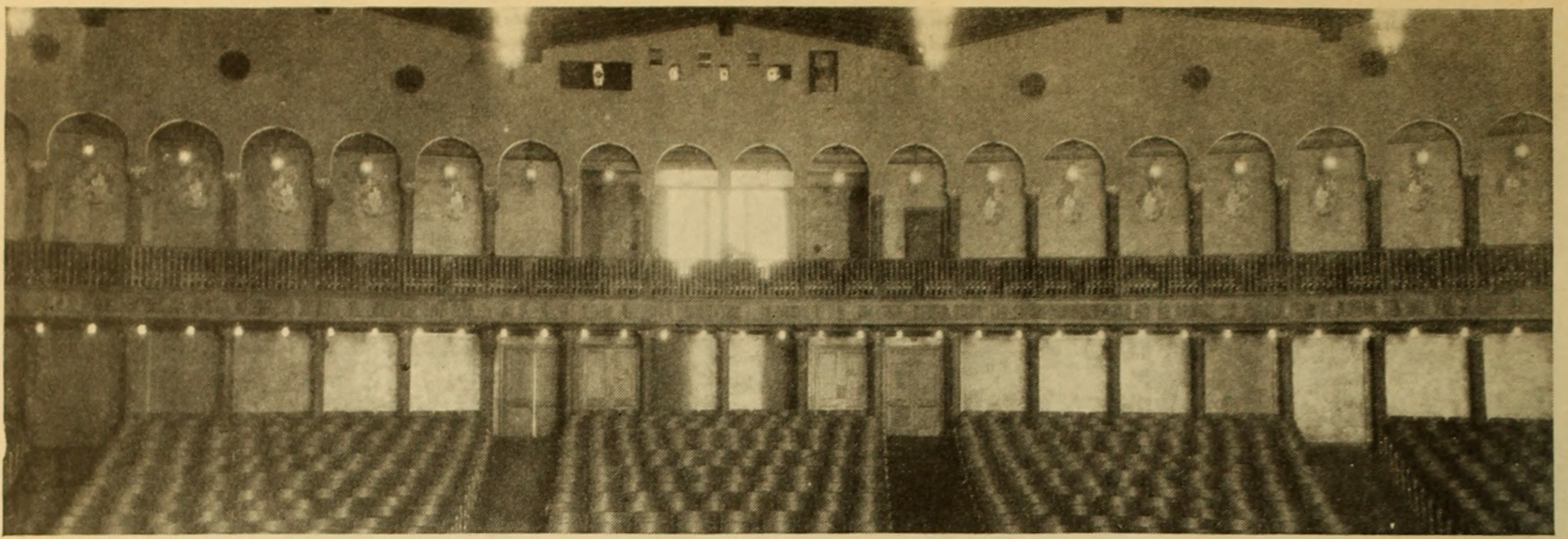
Commencing at the lower left, you will find Helen Ferguson, Ruth Dwyer, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ruth Roland, May McAvoy, Anita Stewart and Billie Dove. The middle row, left to right: Lillian Rich, Lois Wilson, ZaSu Pitts, Julianne Johnston, Laura La Plante, Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, Gertrude Olmsted and Edna Murphy. The top three are Virginia Fox, Kathleen Key and Mildred Davis Lloyd

## *The Newest in Bathing Togs*

**W**HICH will you have? A Sing Sing swim suit or something smart in checks? the Paramount Junior girls ask you. Louise Brooks, Sally Blane and Nancy Phillips show you that trunks and jackets should match or you just aren't in the swim. It's the dernierest cri in Hollywood. These girls do not wait for Paris. They start things themselves







The Diamond Horseshoe of the Palm Beach Theater, showing the 26 \$1,000 apiece boxes

# The *Millionaires'* Movie Theater

By *Sidney Curtis*

**A** THOUSAND dollars to attend the movies!

This is not the story of a millionaire movie fan who was stranded upon a desert isle where his favorite pastime had not as yet penetrated, nor yet of a fabulously wealthy maiden lady buying a private review of "The Sheik." It is the story of the newest vogue in Palm Beach, Florida.

In this famous resort, where the wealthy foregather during the winter months, the movies have been invested with unwonted dignity, with the erection and operation of the new Paramount Theater.

The twenty-six boxes, since named "The Diamond Horseshoe," were offered at the price of one thousand dollars each for the season of thirteen weeks. And they were no sooner offered than they were taken. So seldom one encounters such a bargain, you know.

The list of patrons who subscribe for the boxes reads like a page lifted from the social register. It includes such notables as: A. J. Drexle (Tony) Biddle, Jr., Rodman Wanamaker, Edward T. Stotesbury, John N. Willys, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Henry C. Phipps, Florenz Ziegfeld, Harris Hammond, Louis G. Kaufman, James P. Donahue, W. L. Kingsley, Anthony R. Kuser, Thomas Chadbourne, J. Leonard Replogle, John C. King, Col. E. R. Bradley, Mrs. John Shepard, Preston Pope Satterwaite, Mrs. Henry Rea, W. R. Reynolds, Edward S. Moore, Paul Moore and Alexander Revell.

The flower of disclaimed but existent American aristocracy may be seen in these boxes any evening during the season. Beautiful women, exquisitely gowned and tastefully bejeweled, give verisimilitude to the implied comparison of the "Dia-

mond Horseshoe" of the Paramount, and of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

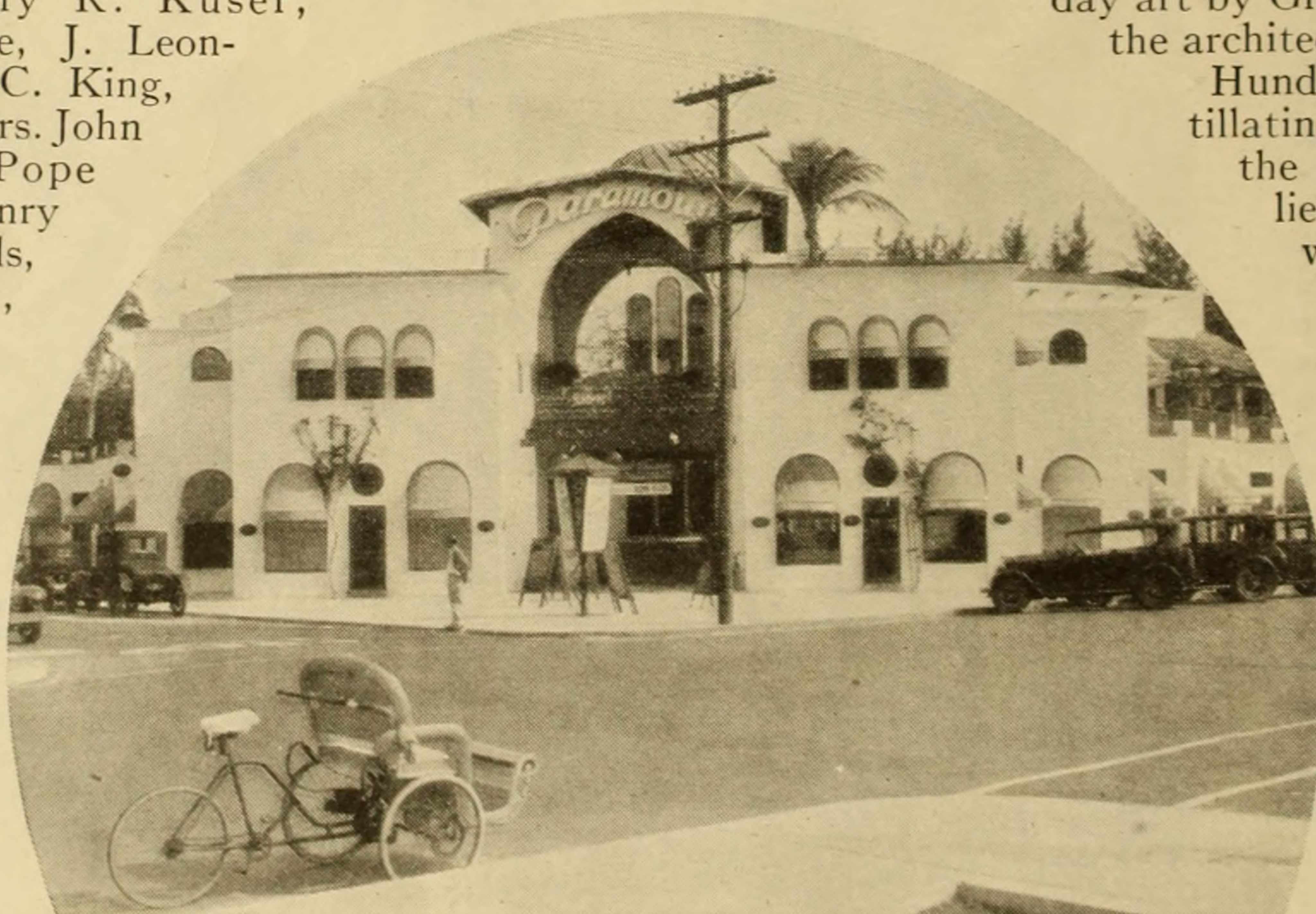
As for attending the showing of a film in anything but evening dress, whether one is seated in a box or in the orchestra—it simply isn't done.

In the first place, the Paramount is the pet and hobby of the elite, a vision designed and crystallized for the elite by the elite. J. Leonard Replogle, "Tony" Biddle, Edward F. Hutton and Arthur C. F. Keleher, noted in social and financial circles, were the builders and Joseph Urban was the architect.

A courtyard, reminiscent of old Castilian haciendas, enclosed by the most exclusive of shoppes, forms a strikingly beautiful setting for the jewel of Palm Beach, the Paramount. Built on Spanish lines, the theater proper is, nevertheless, distinctively Urbanesque in architectural design.

Within, the attention is immediately caught and held by the marine murals on either side. Queer, vari-colored denizens of the deep are pictured in their natural haunts among the equally strange and exotic subaqueous plants. Unusually adroit is the execution of this really captivating example of new day art by Gretl Urban, daughter of the architect.

Hundreds of gleaming, scintillating points gathered in the many-tiered chandeliers of wrought iron with glass pendants, depended from the fluted, cerulean blue ceiling, light the interior of the theater. Behind the boxes of the "Diamond Horseshoe" are club rooms especially designed for box patrons. A private foyer, luxuriously furnished with deep, comfortable chairs and lounges is also at



The Millionaires' Theater was designed by Joseph Urban, while the interior decorations and curtains are the work of his daughter, Gretl

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 117 ]





**U**NTROUBLED by the sophisticated subtleties that beset him on the screen, Adolphe Menjou looks into the blue eyes of Kathryn Carver and asks her an important question. Adolphe wants to know if she believes that second marriages are more successful than first ventures.



# Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

**D**ON'T park your will power and personality outside when you enter a shop.

Have your mind made up as to what colors are most becoming and what styles show your figure to best advantage.

Then, don't permit a saleswoman to sell you something totally unsuited—all because, "It Is the Latest Thing from Paris—So Chic."

**M**ANY of those "Frenchy" things were conceived in little factories close to the East River, New York City.

An expert saleswoman can develop your inferiority complex until you dare not raise your feeble voice in protest when she says, in tones of withering scorn, "But YOU would not wear one of those cheap hats."

With flushed face, you say, "Of course not," and struggle out of the shop with a couple of hats marked, "Made in France," on which you have spent most of your allowance.

**I** DON'T mean to disparage imported things, but if you shop judiciously, you can avoid extravagant prices and be smartly attired as well.

There are some conscientious saleswomen with experience and good taste who will try to fit you becomingly and at moderate prices. When you find a jewel of this sort, stay by her.

**E**VERY woman feels the need of an occasional shopping "spree." To buy recklessly, with utter disregard for cost or durability, is oftentimes essential to one's complete happiness—for the moment.

Regrets come afterwards, but, oh, the sublime joy of possessing that diaphanous thing so alluringly displayed and so magnificently worn by the haughty model.

Take the dress—if you *must*.

**M**ATURE reflection will convince you the color is wrong for your skin and it will not last more than two wearings, but you will be a wiser and better buyer for the future.

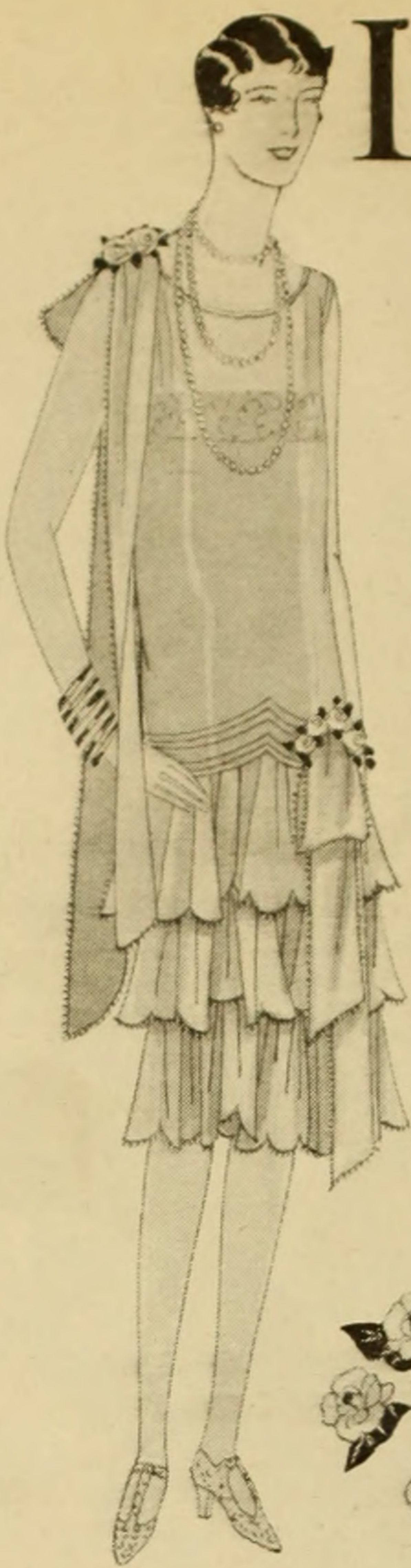
Your "shopping hang over" may breed a lasting temperance in the matter of clothes selection.

**S**LEEVELESS frocks will be the vogue this summer—daytime as well as evening.

Belts can be had in every known material and color. They add new life to last summer's frock and with shoes in matching shade of kid, you have a snappy outfit.

**N**EVER buy only one pair of hose in a certain shade. To economize, get a neutral beige that will blend with most any shoe, but buy at least two pair. When one stocking gets a "run," the odd one is not thrown away. It can be added to the other pair. Some shops are now selling three hose instead of two to the pair.

# Let Photoplay



A chiffon evening dress that will make the success of any dance. It has the new ruffled skirt, so ideal for dancing, and the ruffles are picot edged. It comes in Nile, flesh, maize, powder blue and white. Sizes 14-20. And only \$25.00

The most attractive novelty of the month—a Zip-over sport shirt to wear over your bathing suit, after tennis or for golf. It's of knitted wool with a wooly lining. State color preference. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at \$2.95



Indispensable—a smart, fold-over pocketbook of convenient size and in colors to match any costume. You may order it in black, brown, tan, green, blue, red or grey, with assimilated tortoise shell clasp to harmonize with the bag. \$2.95

That finishing touch to any well-planned costume—a cluster of gardenias. The flowers are white, flesh, maize or orchid, to suit your taste. And, which is important, merely 95c

This tunic frock is of becoming printed crepe de chine, with a gay design in assorted patterns. State the color you wish to predominate—white, navy, tan, green or rose. Sizes 34-44. Priced at \$12.75

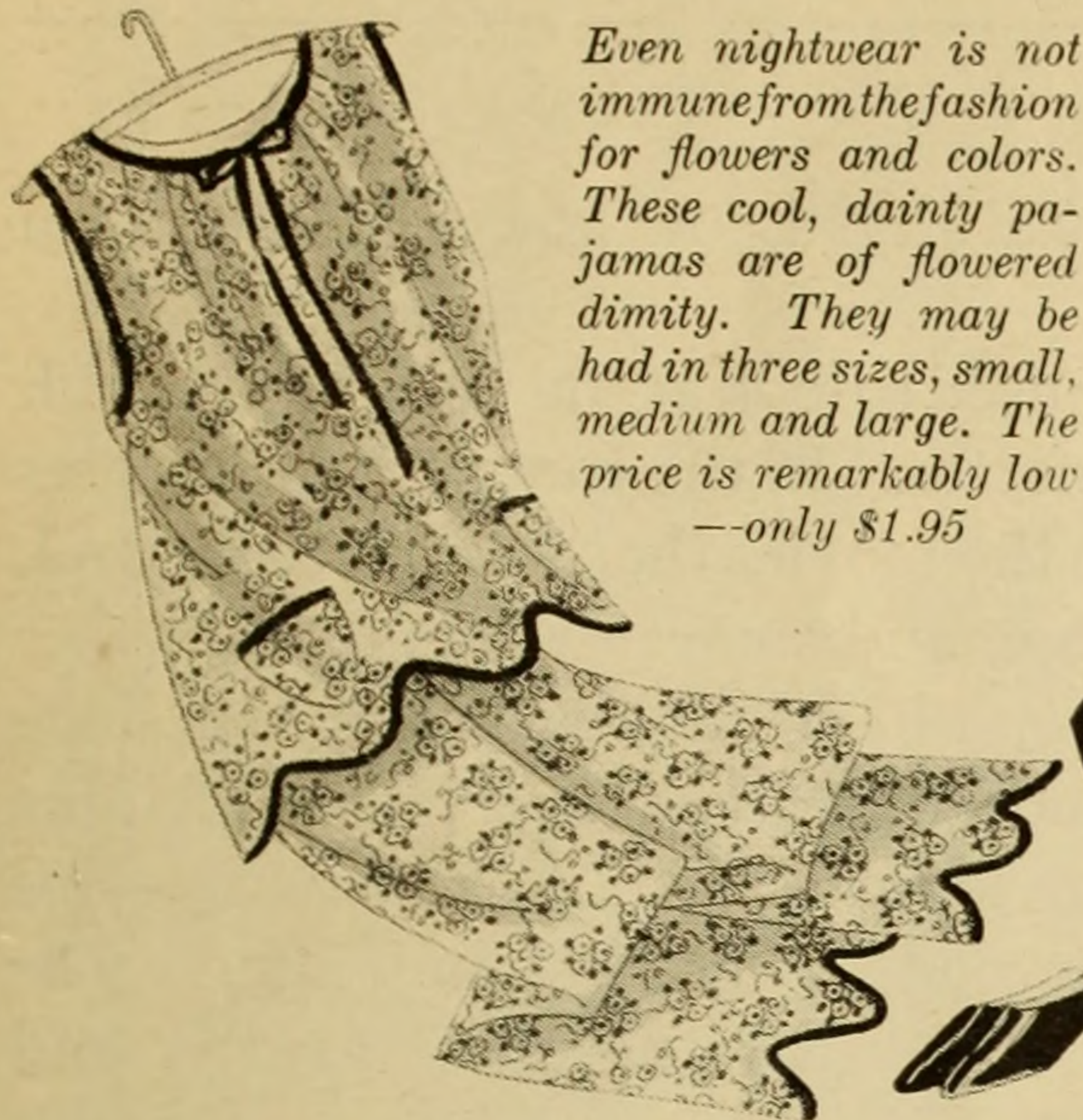
An ideal mid-summer two-piece frock in crepe de chine. Please note the graceful, pleated frill and the becoming neckline. You may order it in maize, Nile, powder blue, peach or white. Sizes 14-20. For \$15.00

The useful and smartly tailored knitted sweater suit is an unusual value at \$12.95. It is of silk and wool and comes in attractive combinations of colors—white and orchid, green and white, blue and white or corn and white. Sizes 14-20



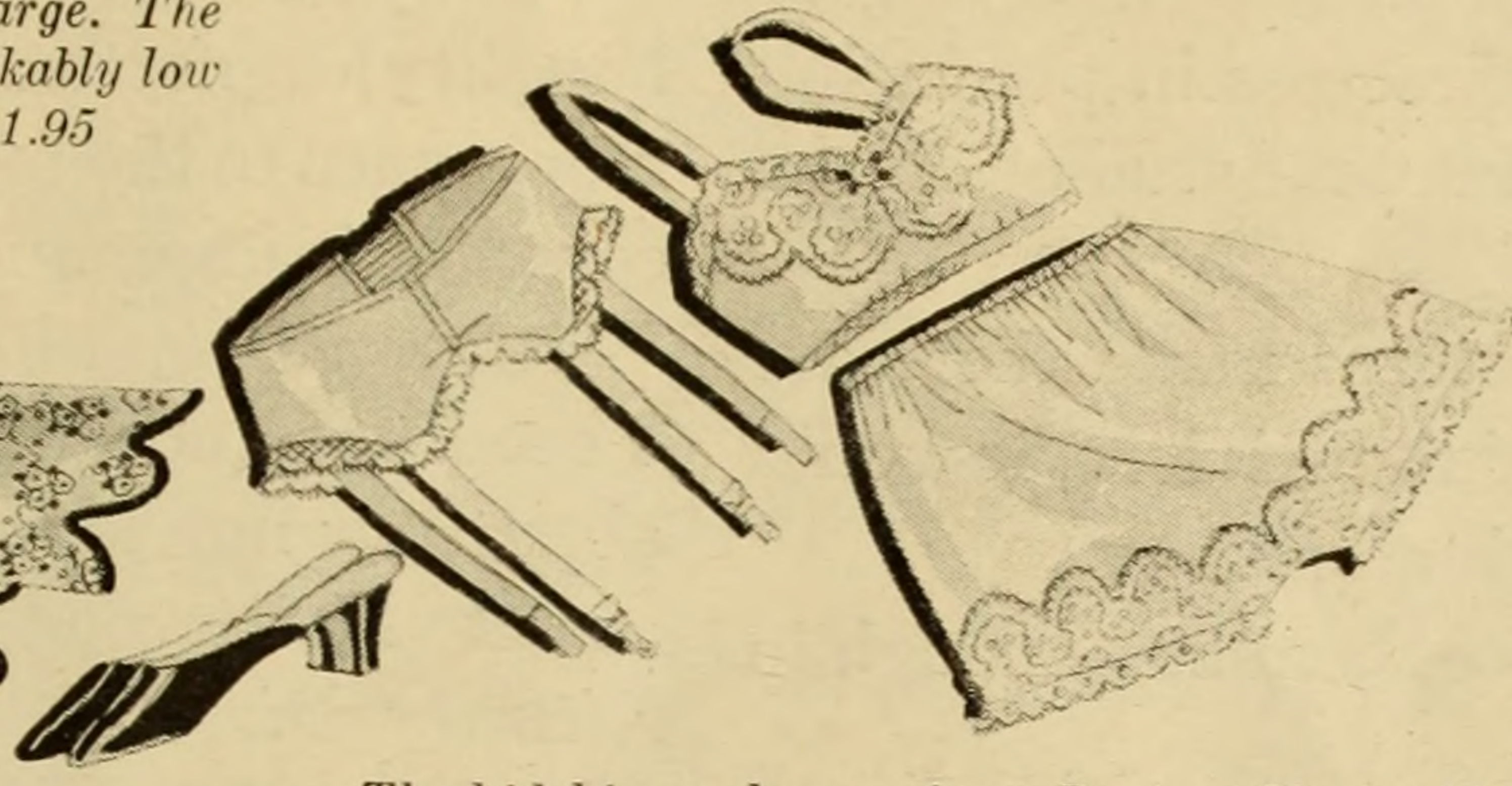


# Do Your Shopping



Even nightwear is not immune from the fashion for flowers and colors. These cool, dainty pajamas are of flowered dimity. They may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. The price is remarkably low—only \$1.95

Thousands of readers are delighted with this service



The kidskin mules are from Paris. Obtainable in red or blue, with lining to match. Or black with lavender, beige, rose or powder blue satin lining. Sizes 3-8. Price \$3.95. Or you may have them in satin at \$3.50. The colors are pink, rose, lavender, turquoise blue or delft blue. Or in black satin with lavender, turquoise blue, green, gold or pink lining. Sizes 3-8

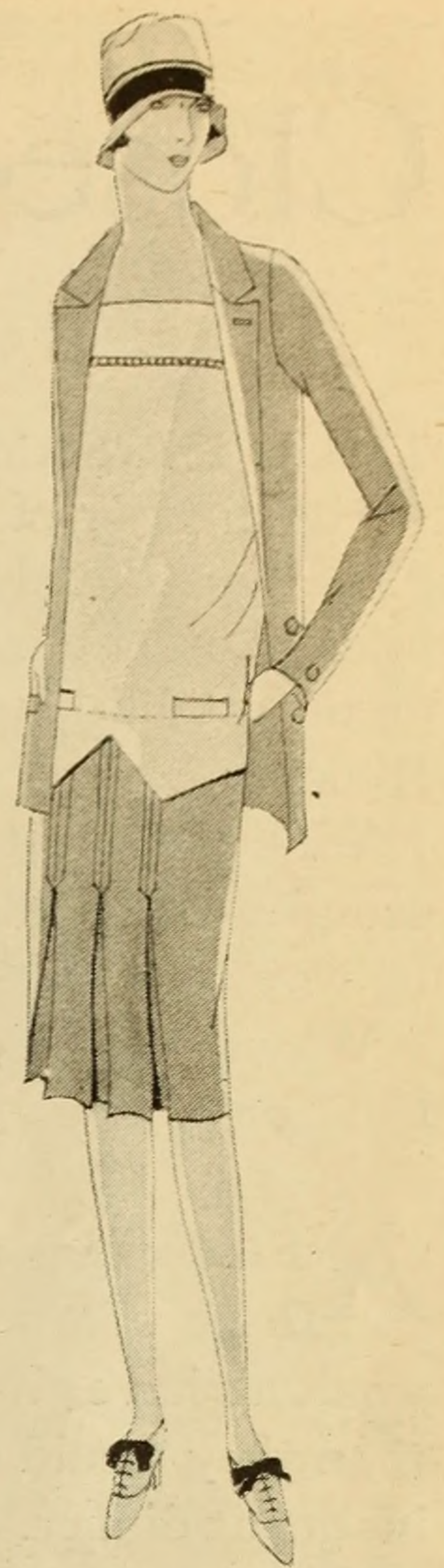
The printed house dress is so attractively designed that you may find it convenient to order several of them. The vestee may be had in blue, green, tan, red, or gold to match the flowers in the print. Sizes 36-46. Priced at \$1.95

The modern successor of the kimono—the Coolie coat. A smart and colorful garment for beach or boudoir. It is made of crepe and comes in green, tangerine, maize, orchid or copenhagen. Only \$2.95

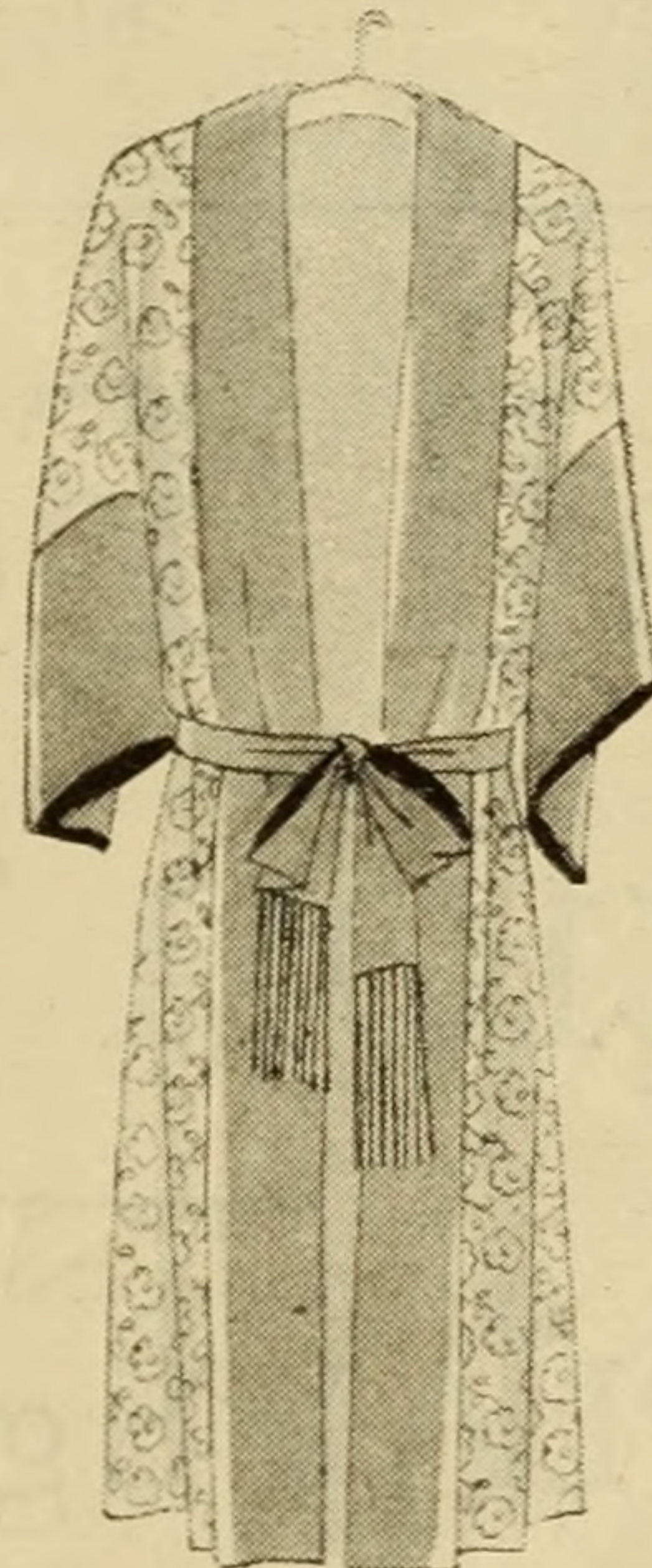
The correct and chic dress for tennis. It is of white pique. Moreover, it is well tailored and has a conveniently full pleated skirt. Sizes 16-18 and 36-42. The cost is \$5.95

The smallest excuse for a corset, a satin girdle to hold up your stockings trimly. In white or flesh. Sizes 25-32. And the price is \$1.50

The crepe de chine dance set is unusually low priced at \$2.95. It is beautifully trimmed with lace and may be ordered in white, flesh, Nile or peach. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38

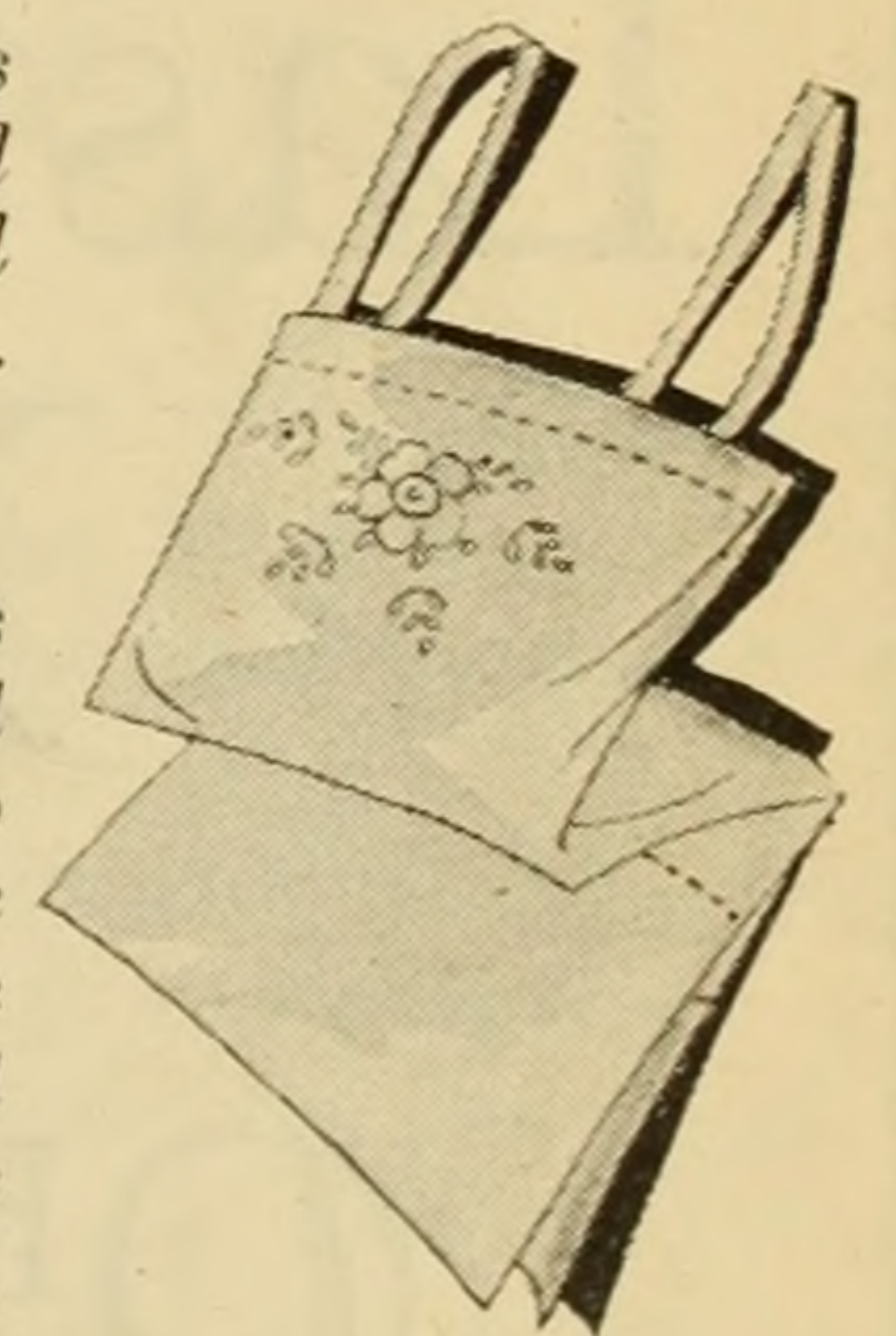


A flannel suit with the new pleats in the front of the skirt, in all navy, chamois, Queen blue, olive green, corn or flesh, or with colored coat and white skirt. Sizes 14-20. \$14.95. The Vionnet blouse in white, flesh or blue linen. Sizes 34-44. \$3.95



Few women ever have enough crepe de chine slips to go with all their frocks. This slip may be ordered in flesh, white or all street shades. \$3.95. Sizes 34-44

This lace negligee is really charming and it would be difficult to duplicate its value anywhere at the price—\$10.95. It is lined with crepe de chine in pink, orchid, Nile, coral or turquoise blue. Sizes small and medium



## How to Order

**I**NSTRUMENTS: 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.



# Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James  
R. Quirk

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

REX INGRAM, whom you may remember as director of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Scaramouche," is trying to interest other American directors in producing on the establishing of permanent studios on the Riviera.

Well, if his last two pictures made there are samples of the influence of the Riviera, it would be wise to let well enough alone.

Why not? We can make them bad enough in California.

A FEW years ago the editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Outlook*, and *Vanity Fair* wouldn't have given space to movies any sooner than they would entertain their chauffeur and his gal at dinner.

Now they realize that even nice old ladies, members of the Union League Club and Park Avenue debutantes join "just we folks" at the cinema, and each in its best editorial manner frantically starts to get aboard. But "dig-

nity" doesn't always know how to climb down off its stilts.

*Vanity Fair* used to look at the pictures through haughty lorgnettes. In the June issue it devotes more space to the movies than to correct apparel, contract bridge, and smart motors combined.

*The Outlook*, which has been yawning since Theodore Roosevelt died, becomes solicitous about our movie fare, and *The Journal* gossips about Hollywood, over its knitting. *The Literary Digest* "dishes the dirt" avidly, and *The New Republic* writes ponderous critiques for ponderous people.

First thing we know Ben Turpin will be sitting in the Knickerbocker Club window looking out through a monocle on the common folks parading on Fifth Avenue.

If it goes much further, PHOTOPLAY, in self defense, will put in departments on how to make over grandma's wedding gown for little Gertie's graduation dresses, heavy thoughts on heavy politics, and what the well dressed footman should wear.

## Last Call For Ideas For Motion Pictures!

PHOTOPLAY'S great \$15,000 contest comes to a close at midnight, August 15. Be sure to submit your idea for one of the big prizes offered before that hour. Read details on pages 50 and 51 and the rules on page 82.





Waida

+ + + + Chosen by women of rank, they offer you wise lore for keeping all your loveliness + + + +

LOVELINESS and a way to make this loveliness endure! The shimmering beauty of firm, clear skin—how to keep it undimmed for many years! These are every woman's heart's desire!

Everywhere lurk the enemies of a naturally lovely skin—sun that parches; wind that harshens; dust and soot that coarsen; late hours and just the years that etch implacable lines.

To be serene in all one's youth and loveliness, one must have a daily method that can be depended upon to counteract these foes. The leaders

H. M. VICTORIA EUGENIA  
*Queen of Spain*  
H. R. H. HENRIETTE  
*Duchess of Vendome*  
Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT  
Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH  
Miss ANNE MORGAN  
*The DUQUESA de ALBA*  
*The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT*

of the fashionable world who *must* be secure in beauty, have learned that Pond's Two Creams offer precisely this.

For a gentle cleansing that frees the pores, use Pond's Cold Cream, often during the day and always before retiring. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. For a dry skin, leave some of the cream on overnight.

For a velvet flower-like finish, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after each cleansing except the bedtime one. It gives you a new allure, holds your powder reassuringly, and protects the skin from all irritation.

FREE OFFER: Try these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's—for a gentle cleansing, an exquisite finish. Mail coupon for sample tubes of each—to acquaint you with their purity, fragrance, fine texture.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. V, 114 Hudson St., New York City  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# \$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.

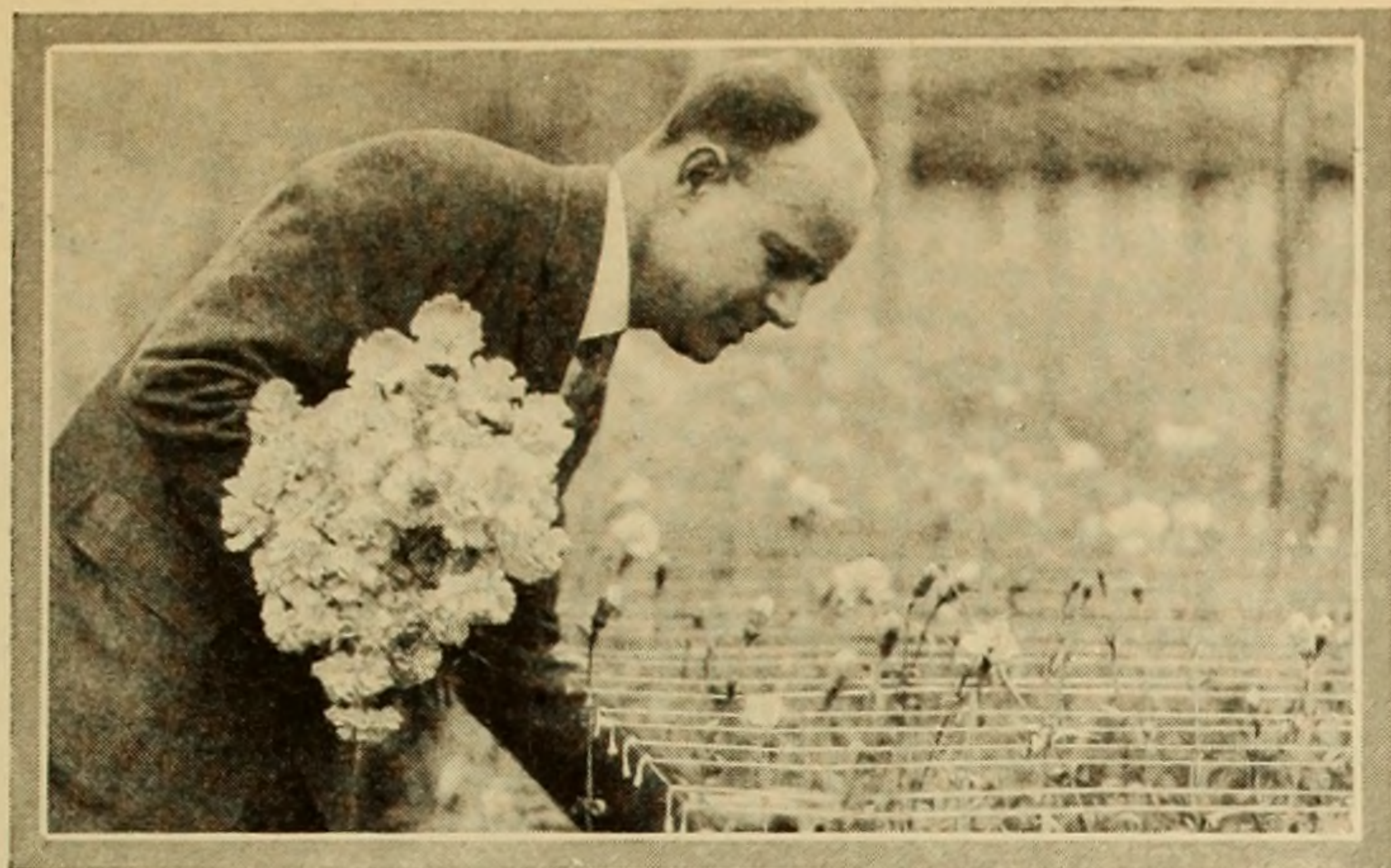
I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]

Address:

.....





MR. G. HAYDEN DUNN, whose hobby is raising flowers

## "I once thought I would always be ill"

"UP TO THE TIME of the War my life had been uneventful, tranquil.

"Then—the trenches. Cold. Forced marches. Hunger. Thirst. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When I returned I was a physical wreck. For four years I fought in vain to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last I began eating it—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

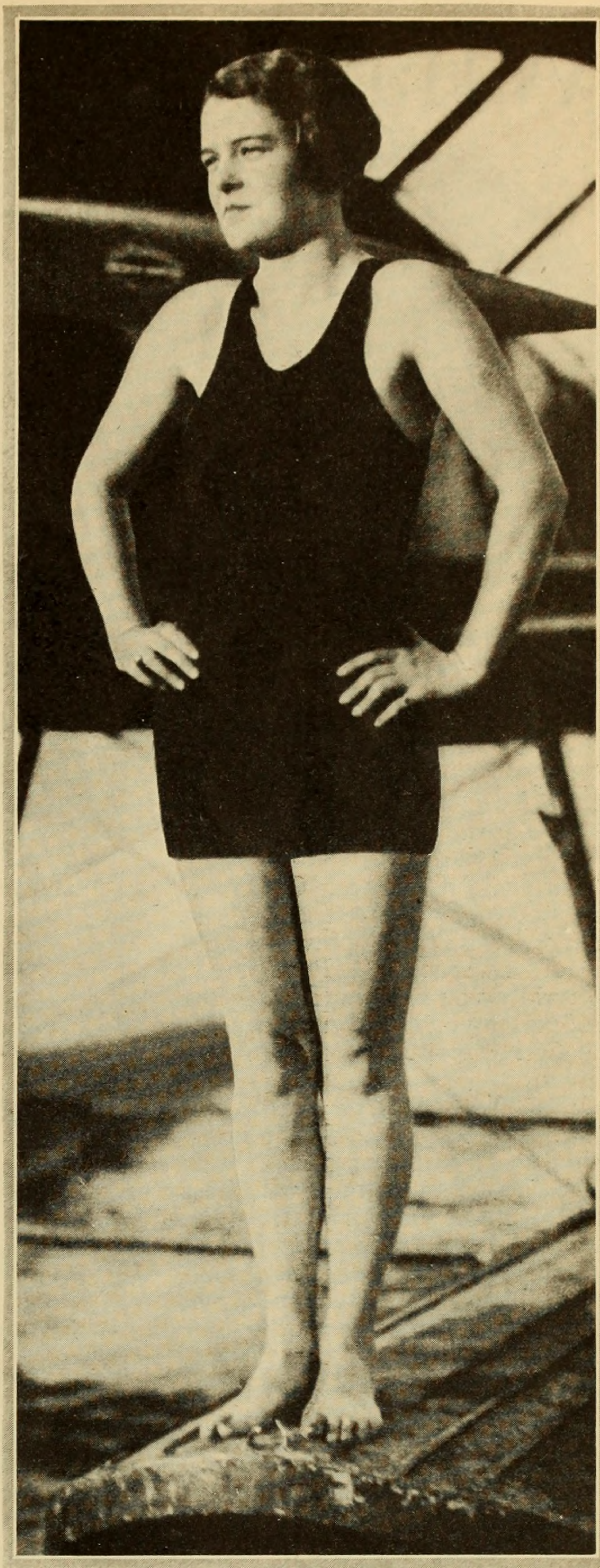
"My favorite pastime is working with the flowers and vegetables

around our home. Now, no matter how strenuous my day has been, I still have energy left to indulge this hobby in the evening."

G. HAYDEN DUNN, Medford, Mass.

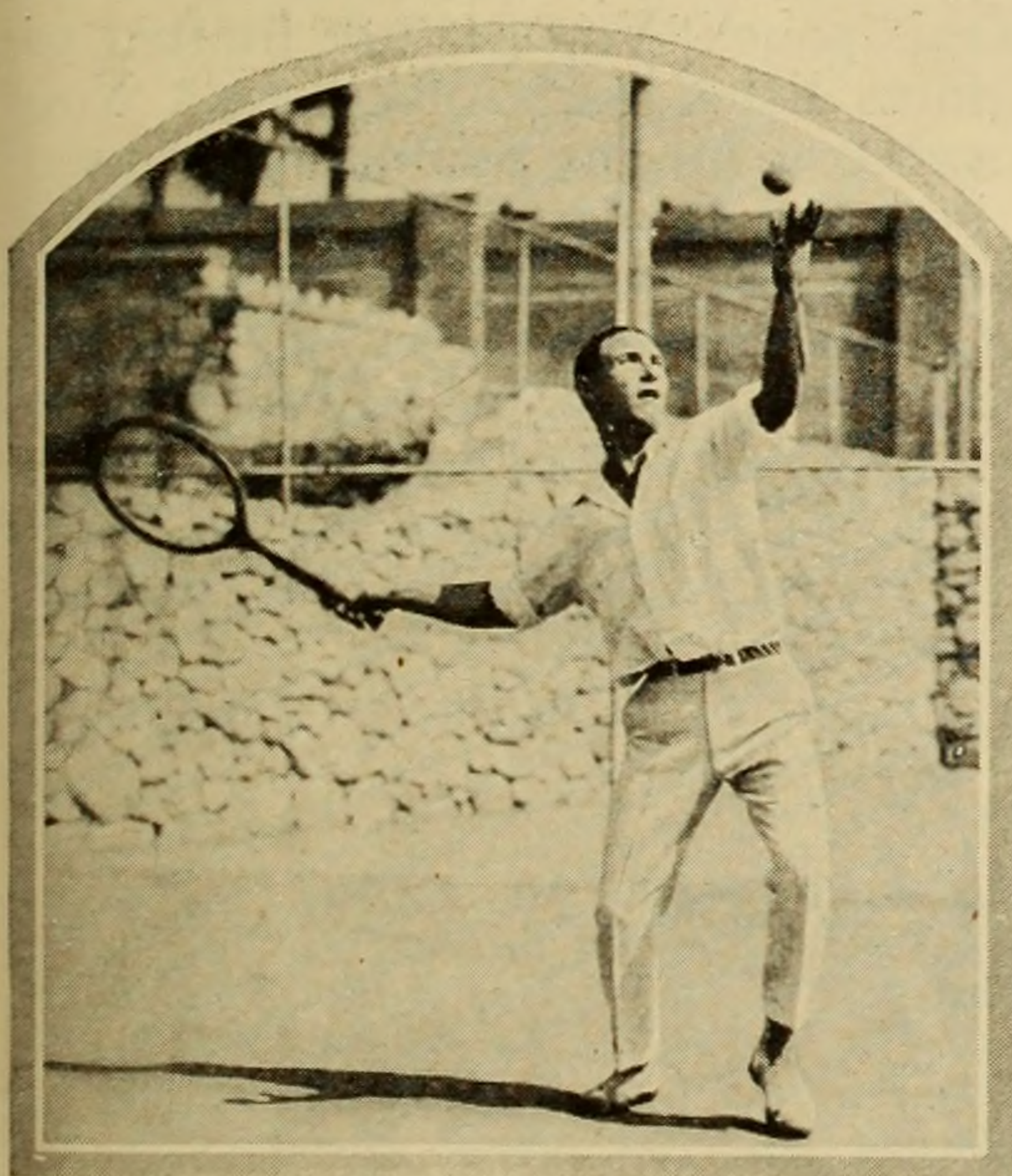
**F**LEISCHMANN'S YEAST is composed of millions of tiny living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. They keep the whole intestinal tract clean, checking the absorption of poisons into the blood. They strengthen the muscles of elimination, banishing constipation and its evil results, an unhealthy skin and stomach disorders.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 32, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

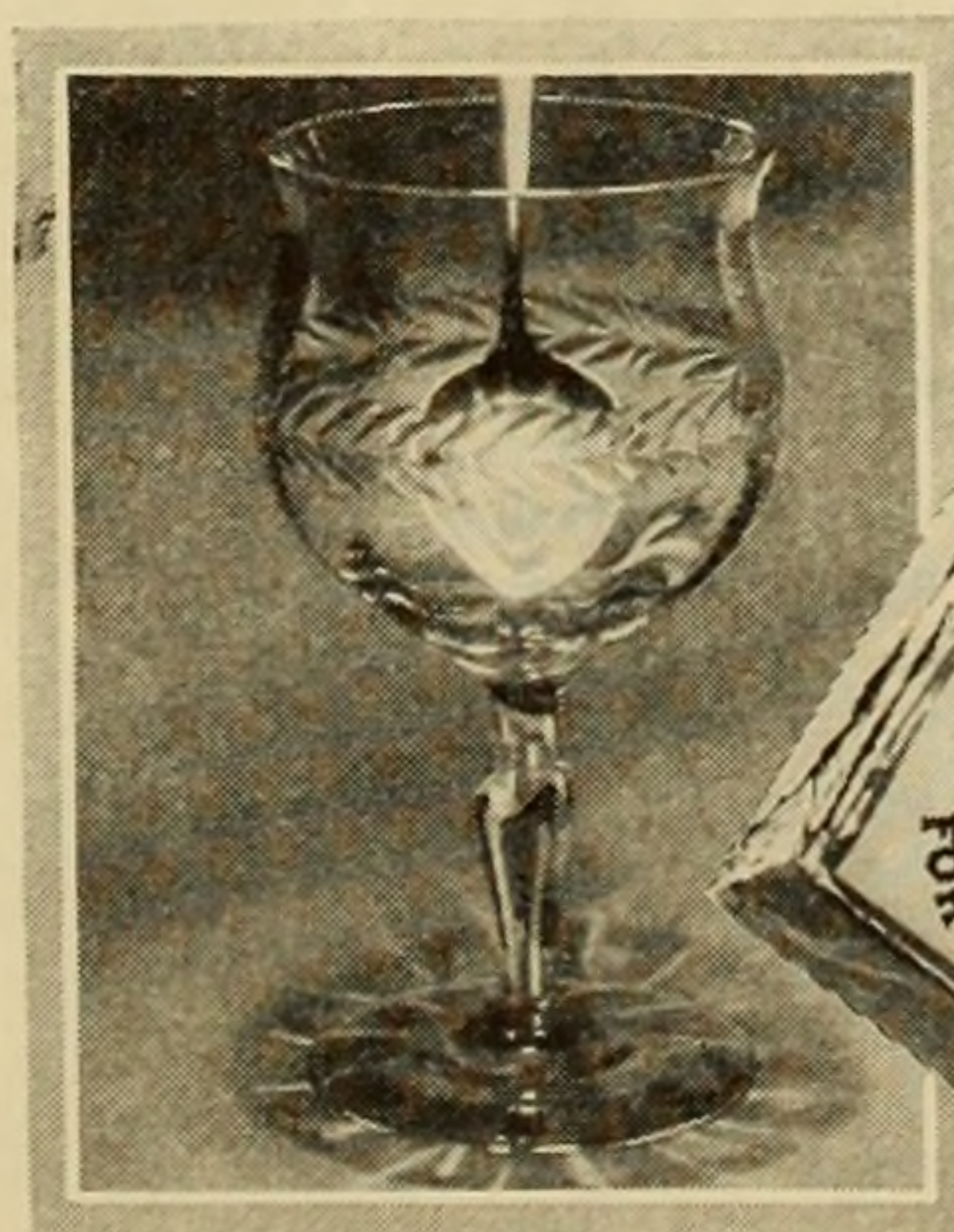
CHRISTINE INGLIS,  
Vancouver, B. C.



LEFT

MR. DE PASZTHORY is an all-round athlete. At the University of Southern California he won the middle-weight wrestling championship. He writes: "Ever since high school days I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion was upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY,  
Pasadena, Calif.



### For the health that can be your —do this:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it 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.



# What was *the* Best Picture of 1926?



The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor

## 1926?

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!



The Award of 1925

## Seventh Annual Gold Medal Award

**H**AVE you mailed in your vote for the best motion picture of 1926?

Better do it at once. Of course, you have participated in at least one or two of the previous gold medal awards of PHOTOPLAY. Naturally you will want to see the production you consider the best of the twelve months receive its just reward.

In 1920 PHOTOPLAY awarded its first medal of honor. In the intervening years the readers of this magazine have voted upon the best picture of the various years. The sanity and good judgment of these awards is proven by the list of gold medal pictures, the cream of six years of motion picture production. The half dozen awards constitute a veritable list of the six best pictures of six years.

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal of Honor is now recognized as the highest reward of merit in the world of motion pictures. It is the only award in all filmdom coming directly from the screen fans themselves. The conferring of the award rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY. The medal was created as an opportunity

- Winners of  
Photoplay Medal*
- 1920  
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"

to encourage the making of better pictures. Each year it has been given to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY's readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

There is no question but that the selection this year presents unusual problems to film fans. The year of 1926 offered a large number of noteworthy productions. It was a distinguished year in film making.

For your assistance in making a selection, a list of fifty prominent photoplays of 1926 is presented on this page. You are not limited to films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released between January 1, 1926 and December 31, 1926.

Another suggestion: vote as early as possible. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach the PHOTOPLAY offices not later than October 1, 1927.

Vote now! Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures.

### Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

- |                                     |                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>American Venus</i>               | <i>Irene</i>                  | <i>Silence</i>                  |
| <i>Aloma of the South</i>           | <i>Kid Boots</i>              | <i>Son of the Sheik</i>         |
| <i>Seas</i>                         | <i>Kiki</i>                   | <i>Sorrows of Satan</i>         |
| <i>Bardelys the Magnificent</i>     | <i>La Boheme</i>              | <i>Sparrows</i>                 |
| <i>Beau Geste</i>                   | <i>Love 'Em and Leave 'Em</i> | <i>Stella Maris</i>             |
| <i>Behind the Front</i>             | <i>Mantrap</i>                | <i>Strong Man</i>               |
| <i>Ben-Hur</i>                      | <i>Marriage Clause</i>        | <i>Temptress</i>                |
| <i>Better 'Ole</i>                  | <i>Men of Steel</i>           | <i>That Royle Girl</i>          |
| <i>Beverly of Graustark</i>         | <i>Moana</i>                  | <i>Three Faces East</i>         |
| <i>Black Pirate</i>                 | <i>Nervous Wreck</i>          | <i>Tin Gods</i>                 |
| <i>Brown of Harvard</i>             | <i>Old Ironsides</i>          | <i>Tramp, Tramp, Tramp</i>      |
| <i>Dancing Mothers</i>              | <i>One Minute to Go</i>       | <i>Upstage</i>                  |
| <i>Don Juan</i>                     | <i>Padlocked</i>              | <i>Variety</i>                  |
| <i>Faust</i>                        | <i>Quarterback</i>            | <i>Waltz Dream</i>              |
| <i>For Heaven's Sake</i>            | <i>Return of Peter Grimm</i>  | <i>We're in the Navy Now</i>    |
| <i>Grand Duchess and the Waiter</i> | <i>Road to Mandalay</i>       | <i>What Price Glory</i>         |
|                                     | <i>Scarlet Letter</i>         | <i>Winning of Barbara Worth</i> |
|                                     | <i>Sea Beast</i>              |                                 |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





*When you take off your hat ...*

# less...or more charm?

What happens when you take off your most becoming hat? Are you less pretty . . . just as pretty . . . or prettier?

It all depends on your hair! Your hair *can* shine and make your eyes shine. It *can* be soft and flattering. It *can* make you prettier.

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair lovelier — to make it fluffy, sparkling with life and lustre:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, coconut

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 coconut 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 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 treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

## Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

### PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-H  
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil                       Pine Tar  
(If you wish samples of both types, send 20 cents)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address



# When the Doctors Disagree

If the newspaper critics cannot get together, what are the poor audiences supposed to think?

## "MR. WU"

"The picture is artificial, superficial, 'pifficial'." DOROTHY HERZOG, *The Daily Mirror*. (N. Y.)

"'Mr. Wu' can be heartily recommended as an exquisite production." IRENE THIRER, *The Daily News*. (N. Y.)

## "IS ZAT SO?"

"The screen version seems to us pointless and vulgar slapstick." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *The New York Tribune*.

"If you liked the stage play, you'll get as much of a kick out of the film." ROSE PELSWICK, *New York Journal*.

## "ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE"

"'Rough House Rosie' is all but smothered under the saccharine and slapstick of the current screen formula." ALISON SMITH, *New York World*.

"As a picture, it is one of the snappiest of Clara Bow's recent productions." KENNETH TAYLOR, *Los Angeles Express*.

"No little credit goes . . . to George Marion, Jr., whose titles are far and away above the average." DON KRULL, *Los Angeles Herald*.

"George Marion, Jr., is evidently writing too many titles or else playing too much golf, for his *mots* . . . are weak sisters indeed." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *New York Sun*.

## "THE TENDER HOUR"

"It is rather disappointing to think that 'The Tender Hour' was directed by George Fitzmaurice who has, after all, some accomplishments of quality and dignity to his credit." EDWIN SCHALLERT, *Los Angeles Times*.

"There is no denying George Fitzmaurice can crowd more evidences of wealth and splendor into one reel of film than any director in existence." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

## "WEDDING BILLS"

"Griffith is amusing enough but not particularly original." JAMES DETARR, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"Griffith's work is always delightful." ELEANOR BARNES, *Los Angeles Illustrated News*.

## "THE CLAW"

"A picture which rather causes a grown-up to feel as if he had burst into an entertainment for ten-year-olds." MORDAUNT HALL, *New York Times*.

"The acting is good, the story absorbing and the jungle scenes interesting." *Chicago Daily News*.

## "BEWARE OF WIDOWS"

"The best thing about this production is the unexpected twists encountered every time you believe the climax has arrived." HAROLD FLAVIN, *Motion Picture News*.

"Every time-worn situation ever seen on the screen turns up in this piece." REGINA CANNON, *New York American*.

## "THE LADY BIRD"

"Miss Compson imbues the stilted plot and theatrical situations with a semblance of reality." GREGORY GOSS, *Los Angeles Examiner*.

"An exciting, intriguing crook play." *Los Angeles Times*.

## "SPECIAL DELIVERY"

"Mr. Cantor goes through all these actions with an artistry that marks him as a better motion picture actor than a stage artist." *Evening World*.

"The sad spectacle of a headliner in the world of musical comedy taking an emphatic flop in the world of motion picture comedy." *Daily Mirror*.

"Too much Cantor and a continuous series of practically unconnected comedy scenes makes the picture strain for laughs." *Variety*.

"Full of spontaneous gags which make for instantaneous giggles and guffaws." IRENE THIRER, *Daily News*. (N. Y.)

## "THE CLIMBERS"

"At the Colony this week a good actress (Irene Rich) may be seen going blooey." QUINN MARTIN, *The World*.

"Irene Rich gives a sincere performance and looks most attractive." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

## A Little Lesson in Modern Chemistry

"I'm taking a cocktail,  
Jenkins. Coffee is just  
poison to me"



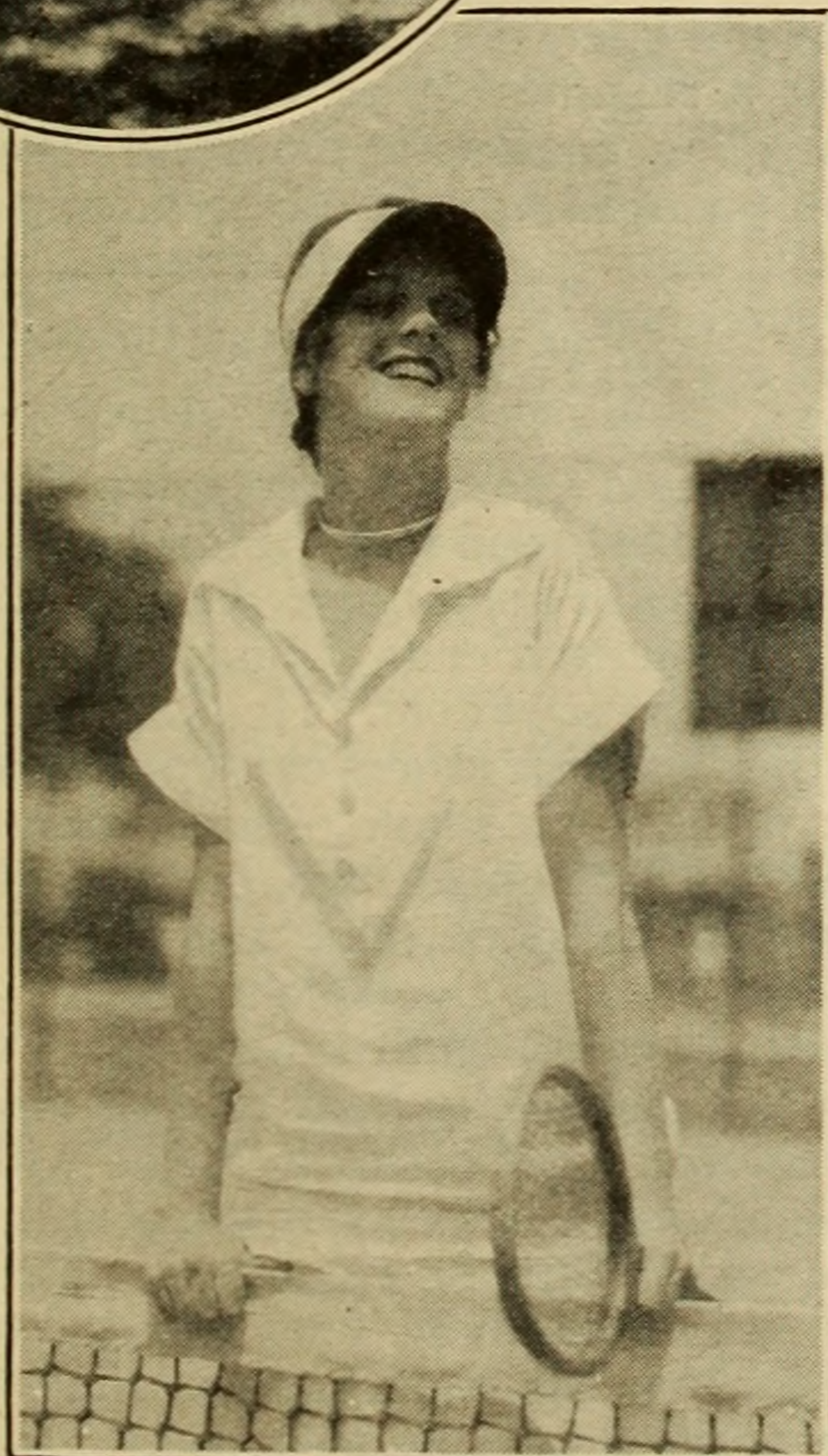




(Above) COATS OF TAN may cast their shadows on the Anglo-Saxon skins of Roger, Jane and Ann Adams, but smiles remain undimmed with Pepsodent a daily habit



(Above) A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions, Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows her confidence of success



(Above) A FUTURE TENNIS CHAMP at Beverly Hills is Betty Mar, whose brilliant play has won innumerable admirers—whose winning smile, thanks to Pepsodent, has gained her countless friends and widespread popularity.

## Glistening White Teeth

Are Teeth Kept Free of Film  
—Every Day in This Way

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

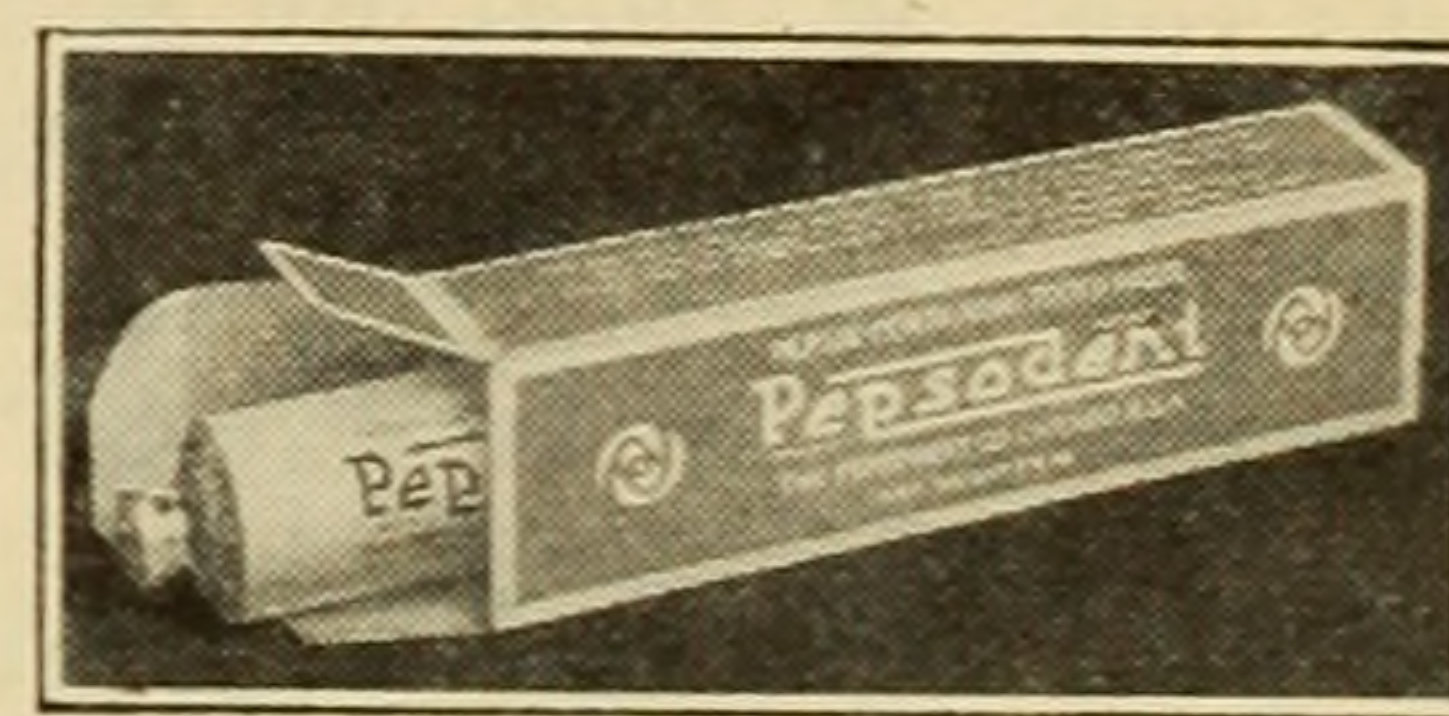
THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. To do so, obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern findings.

how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent to firm and harden them.

### FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,  
Dept. 1251, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,  
191 George St., Toronto 2, Can.  
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.1, Eng.  
(Australia) Ltd.,  
137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W.  
Only one tube to a family 2542

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note

**PEPSODENT**  
The Quality Dentifrice — Removes Film from Teeth



# Carl Laemmle As I Know Him

*By Robert H. Cochrane*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which recently mentioned me as "the only man who understands Carl Laemmle" has sent me an invitation to tell what I know about this amazing man who is small in stature and a giant in intellect. I accept the opportunity willingly, but what a job PHOTOPLAY has set apart for me. There is so much to tell of "The life and adventures of Carl Laemmle," that I hardly know where to begin.

It is not always given to the public to know a man of Laemmle's calibre. The public can see the result of his efforts, but it can't see behind the scenes, nor can it know of the unceasing labor, the exhaustive thought, the obstacles, the heartaches incident to producing it.

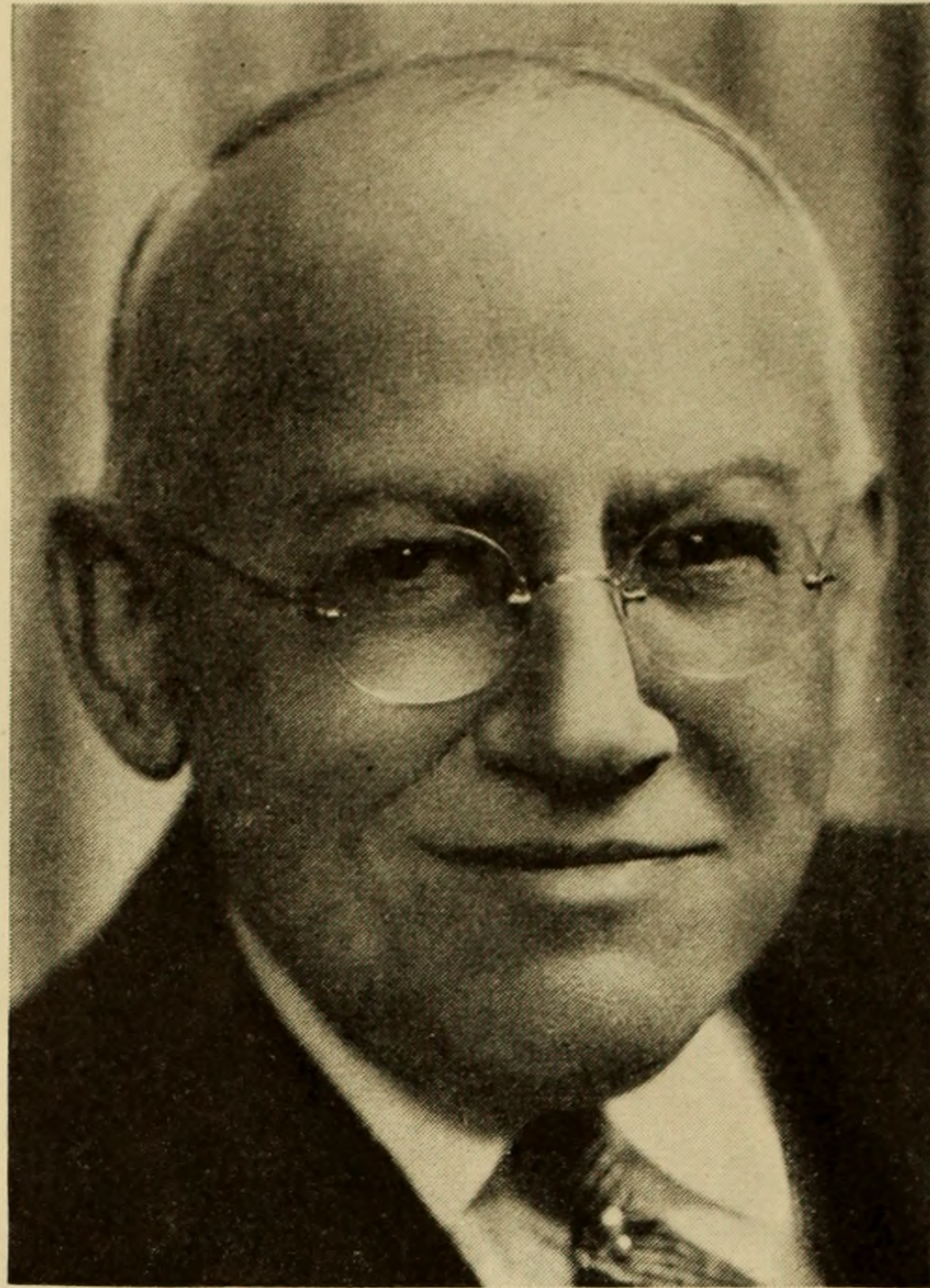
Looking backward to the days of our earliest association, I see Carl Laemmle as the embodiment of patience—a brave soul who never faltered and who met discouragement with a smile and invariably a remedy. I can see countless nights of toil, miles of conversation, myriads of suggestions, but never a suggestion to quit. I have

never known a man who faced as many trying situations as he did without dropping into "the slough of despond."

His courage amazed me. I, who at that time had had little or no experience in business matters, having been a newspaper reporter and advertising man, could not conceive how any man could face the perils that Laemmle faced and still remain whole. I could not understand how any man alive could frequently be plunged into the very depths of despair and have the nerve to fight himself free. It was freely predicted on all sides that he could not succeed—that his ideas were wild. His ambitions were laughed at, his ideas ridiculed.

TO all of these he gave no heed. It was as if they had never been spoken so far as he was concerned. In the back of his head was that great determination to succeed and all hell and competition couldn't stop him. He knew no hours. He ate his meals only when nature demanded that the furnace be replenished. Often we worked till midnight and into the early morning hours. Never did he seem to tire or lose interest. He had a goal ahead and he was bound to reach it. At times when I, a much younger man, felt tired to the bones, this little man was eager to go on and on until the problem before him had been solved.

We dealt with many queer people—many who were more cunning than square, and to the fact that Laemmle was the soul of honor himself can be traced some of our mistakes. He believed the world was honest. He believed what every man said. Thus many took advantage of him. When he was urged to punish or prosecute, he invariably shook his head. He hadn't the



Carl Laemmle, a brave soul, who never flinched in the face of discouragement but fought on to success

heart to cause anyone unhappiness. He often said to me: "I can't do it. He has a wife and children. They would be the ones to suffer."

A thousand times people got money from him on the plea of pressing need. Many of them lied to him, and some *he knew* were lying. Yet, he was too kind-hearted to refuse them and thus he threw thousands of dollars away—and he never would admit that it was wasted. There is no limit to the number of times he took the initiative in relieving human distress. Time and again when news reached him that some old friend needed help, I have seen him drop everything long enough, at least, to reach for his checkbook.

I WOULD hate to try to estimate how many thousands of dollars he has given away—how many hours he has put in seeking out the objects of his charity.

Loyalty to his friends, deep sympathy for the human race, were shining characteristics. Sometimes when I told him his sympathies were misplaced and his money thrown

away, he would answer: "Well, it can do no harm and I won't miss the money." Nothing on earth could stop the operations of his kind heart. Surely, it was rather a remarkable attitude for a busy business man, struggling against a thousand discouragements, yet as the years went on and he amassed wealth and reached the very pinnacle of success, these humane characteristics never changed. He is the same today and he will always be the same.

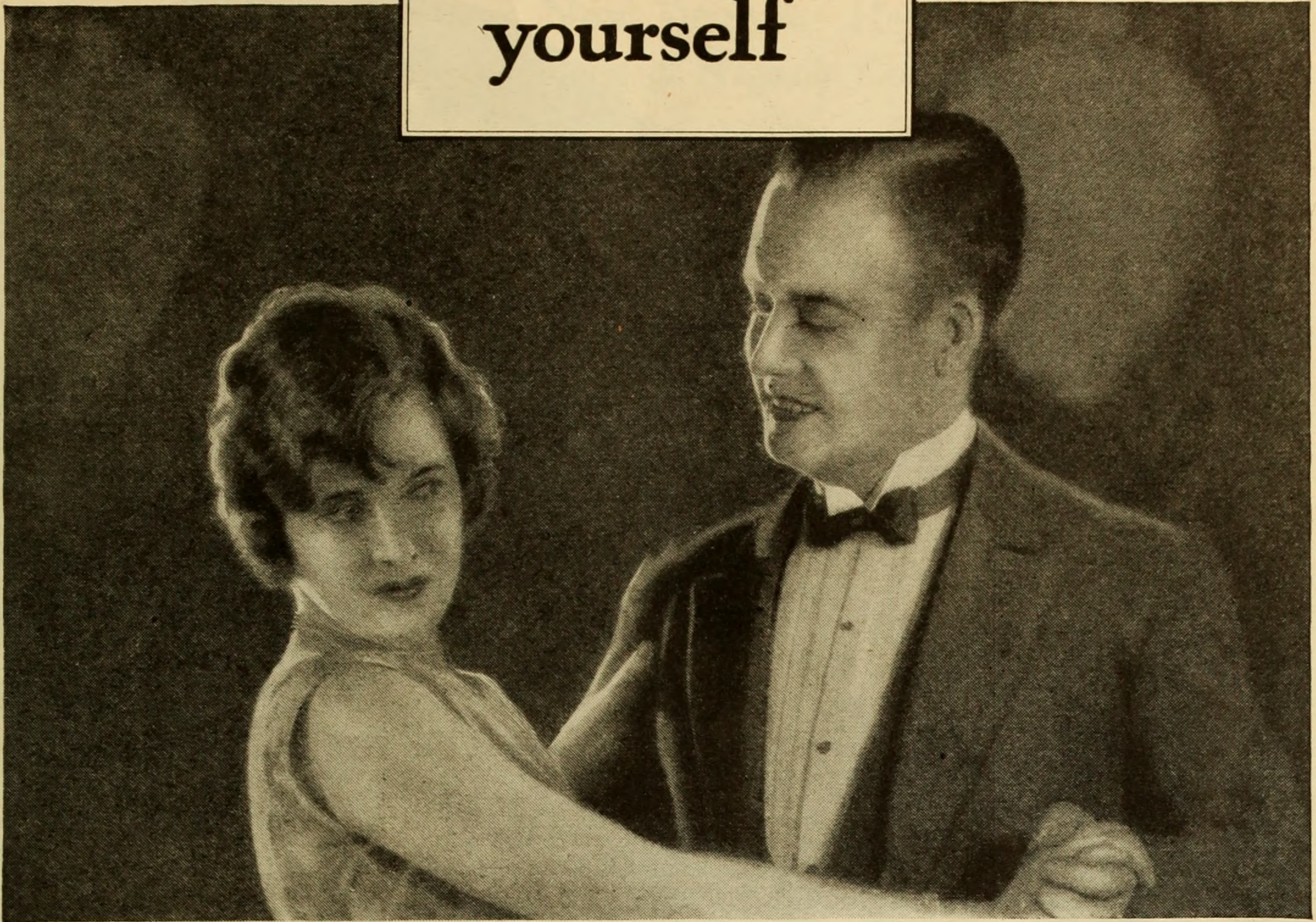
DURING these years of struggling, he enjoyed few pleasures. He found most of his diversion, and all of his happiness, with his family. Occasionally a game of cards with intimate friends at home; that was about all.

His vision is remarkable. He seems to have the gift of seeing things which others can't or don't see. He will stand out against his whole organization at times, and nine times out of ten he will be proved to be right. Some people have called this "Laemmle Luck," yet we all know there is no such element in life. Rather let us call it vision, analysis and brains allied with common sense. It has frequently been said of him that he will take big chances. Of course! So he will! Why not? What business man has ever made a notable success in any other way? But the chances he takes are not due to any gambling instinct. They are due to his extraordinary vision—to his confidence in his own judgment, plus the courage to execute his ideas.

As a worker, Laemmle is the closest thing to perpetual motion I have ever seen. During the more than twenty years I have known him, I have seen him work like a truck horse day and night. [CONT. ON PAGE 118]



don't fool  
yourself



## It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any en-

$\frac{1}{3}$   
Had Halitosis  
200 dentists declare that about every third patient is frequently halitoxic—and further declare they have been forced to use Listerine in self-defence.  
*Face to face evidence*

gagement with nice people.

Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis. And its antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office, so that you may always be sure. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?  
What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?



# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

on

## Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I live in a small city, and most of the girls in my crowd work. I, myself, am a wage earner. We are all eager to get a good time out of life, but here's the trouble. Many of my friends pay their own way when they go out with boys. The boys, you see, don't make much money. And they argue that, if the girl pays her share, they can have snappier parties. Somehow I can't seem to do that—perhaps that is why my friends have more dates than I. I'm not entirely manless, but I wonder if I'd have more fun if I were less old-fashioned on this money matter. Please tell me. *Do you think a girl should pay her own way?*

MYRTLE.

TWENTY years ago—even ten years ago—Myrtle's problem would have been an obscure one. In the charming yesterday—when girls took a certain pride in being feminine—such a thing as the sharing of expense was unheard of! I can not help wishing that the old order might return!

For it seems to me that it is a man's privilege to give—and to give gladly and graciously—to the girl whom he admires. Just as it is a girl's privilege to accept, from him, the courtesies—either small or large—of life.

All through the centuries a man's tribute to a woman has been the tribute of giving. A man, you see, is seldom subtle! He has to depend on the obvious thing—and the obvious thing is a certain amount of expenditure! He does not part with his money because he has to—but *because he wants to!* Because it is the only term into which he can translate his sincere admiration. And all through the centuries women—ininitely more subtle than men!—have accepted this admiration by accepting the gifts and luxuries and pleasures that money alone can bring!

I am not suggesting that the modern girl should be a—shall we say “gold digger”? I admire the girls who work—and who want to play fair in money matters. But I am suggesting that they hold fast to the prerogative of their sex—that of graciously accepting, rather than sharing in, a romance-killing, too matter-of-fact way.

There is much talk, nowadays, of boys and girls being good “pals.” And—to a certain extent—that almost undefinable thing called “platonic friendship” has found a place in their lives. But when a man wants a sweetheart—or a wife—he is apt, very often, to turn from the pal girl to the girl who makes him feel big and strong and protective and masculine. And no girl, sharing the expense of a party, has ever made her escort feel big and strong and masculine! She is more apt

to make him feel dependent. To place him—at first unwillingly, later less unwillingly—in a class with the often despicable, and always spineless, *gigolo*.

A girl who loves a man—and who earns as much, or nearly as much, as he does—can in many ways spare him expense. But she can be clever about it—haven't I said once before that women are more subtle than men? Rather than pay the half of elaborate entertainments, she can prefer more simple ones. Bus rides, for instance, in place of taxicabs. Bridge, of an evening, rather than the theater. A walk in the country instead of a Sunday at the beach or the casino. But, of course, you understand!

Men—there's no changing this fact—like to own a sense of importance, of power. And paying the dinner check, tipping not wisely but too well, bringing an occasional nosegay

of valley lilies or a box of French bon-bons, is their way of flaunting this sense.

And so, Myrtle, continue to be old-fashioned! The worthwhile men will appreciate this nearly extinct quality. And the worthwhile men are the only ones that count, in the final analysis.

On trivial “dates,” leave your purse at home. Don't deny your escort the privilege and pleasure of being a real escort. Of course, if you are with a crowd there is no reason why the expenses of the party should not be shared equally by everyone, but going with a large group is quite different from being the only one! And then, too, if you are engaged—and are saving for the future! but that is also another matter—something to talk over with your fiance, as well as with me!

And, for those girls who are married, and are still working—a class too large to be ignored! For them there are, I think, an entirely different set of rules. Marriage is a partnership—and partnership means, always, sharing. Need I say more?

Only this:

Use your extra money to make yourself more attractive. Your charm will do far more toward paying your share of a party than your currency.

BRAVE-IF-I-HAVE-TO-BE.

If the man you are in love with returns your love, he would be doing the other girl a real injustice in marrying her. Even though they are engaged. No true happiness can be built upon duty—when love is absent. The only fair thing to do, I think, would be this: Let him go to the girl and explain fully the situation, asking frankly for his release. When it has been granted it will then be time for you to think of your own affairs.

ELSIE D.

With your reddish brown hair and hazel eyes, you will be loveliest in green, pale yellow and the flattering shades of beige. Wear full skirted frocks—they are most becoming to very slim figures. And, about your weight. It should not be hard to gain fifteen pounds. Eat plenty of potatoes, butter and sugar. Twice a day drink a glass of milk that is one-half cream. Sleep regularly and do not take too hot baths. Neither should you over-exercise.

## To Pay, or Not to Pay

### Is This Month's Problem

THE high cost of entertainment used to be exclusively a man's problem. But today some girls feel that they should do their share. They argue that sharing brings them equality with the other sex. But they forget that, though they gain equality, they lose a certain feminine appeal.

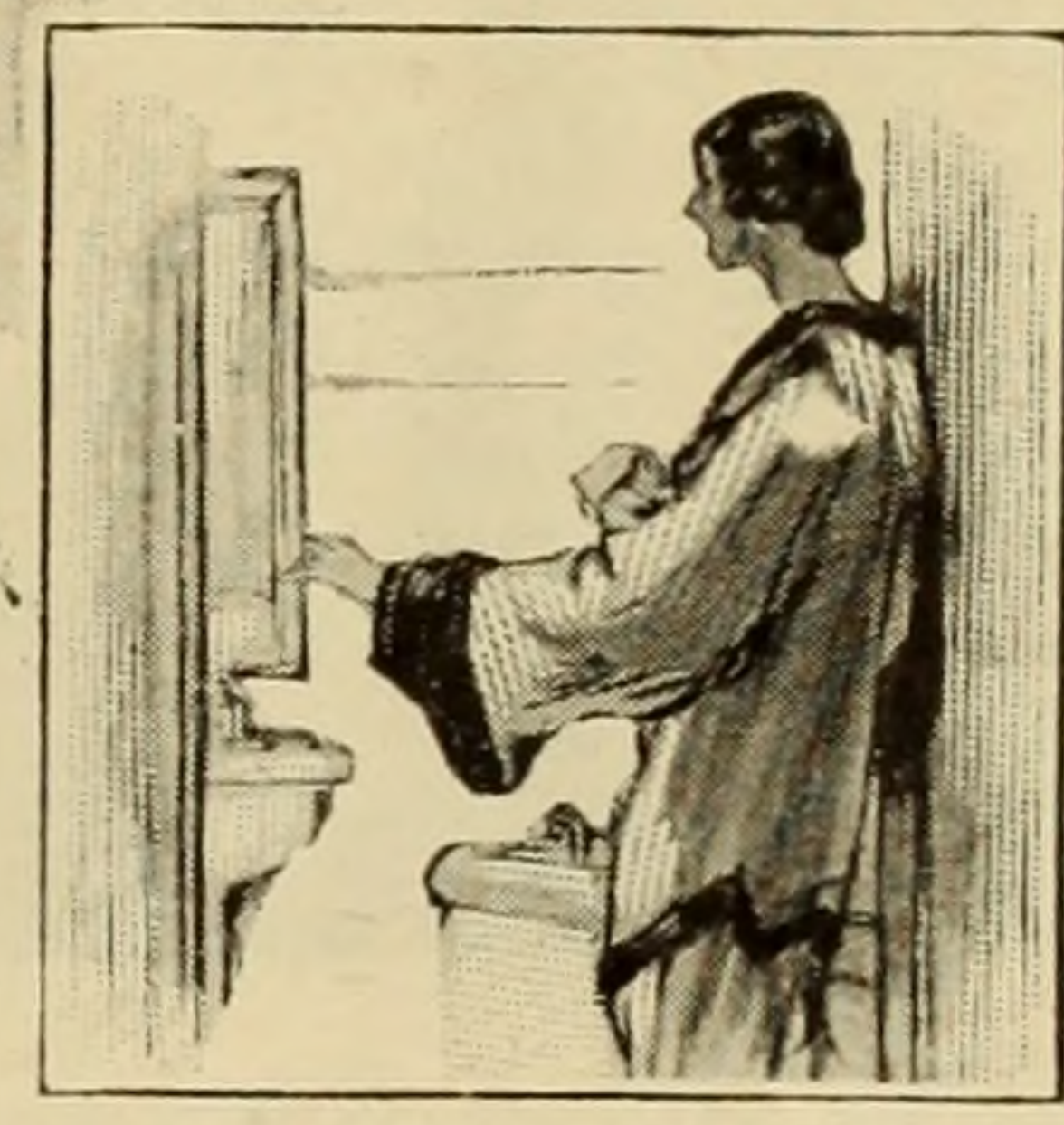
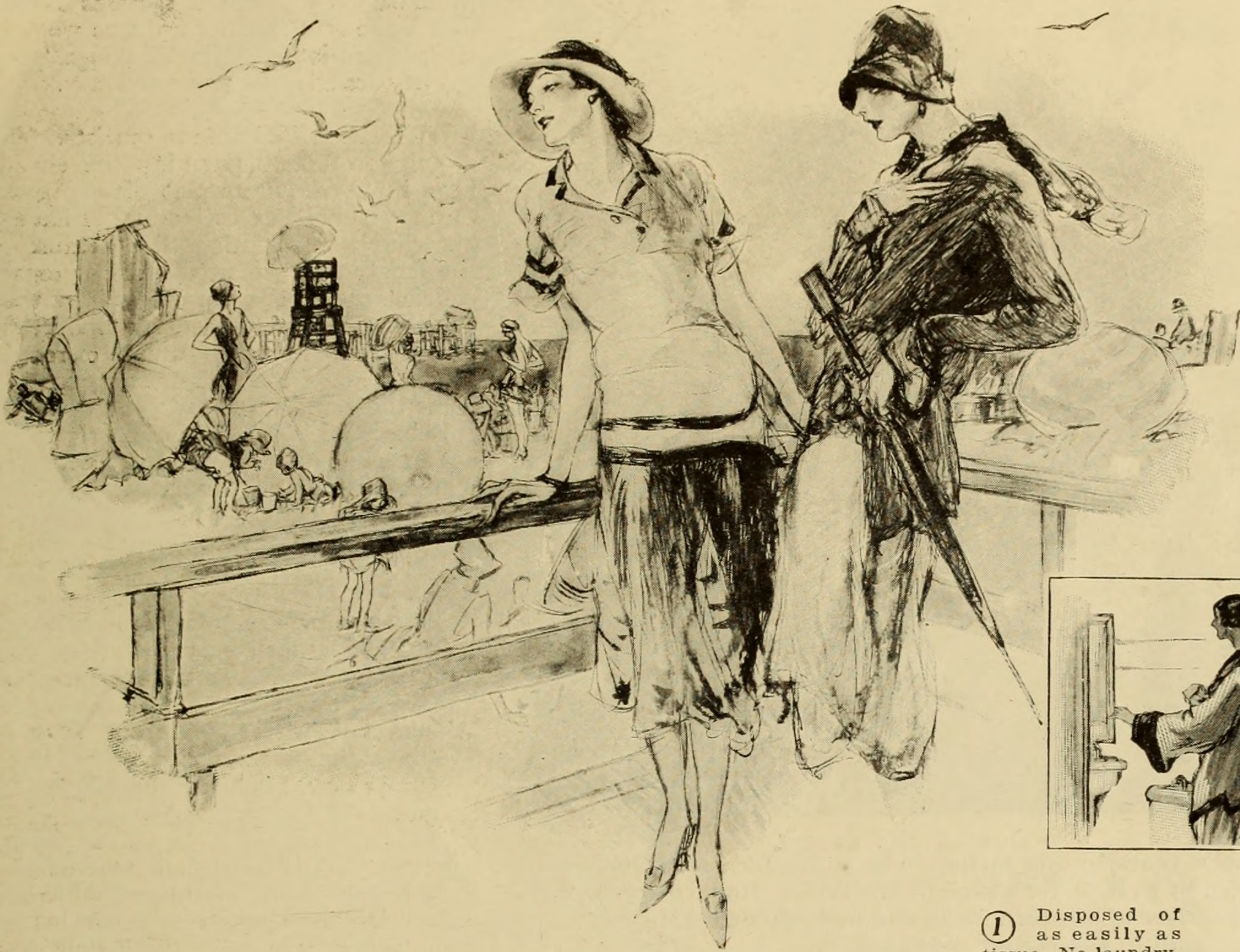
So many people feel that they are over-weight. In the summertime, this problem is most easily met, and too solid flesh can be made to melt away. Ten cents will bring you my booklet of instructions on reducing. Advice on personal problems, or rules for careful grooming will be sent in exchange for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write me when you have questions to ask concerning hair, skin, clothing or your own especial worry—whatever that may be.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



# Misty Summer Things

Wear Them Now Without Hesitancy  
Under Most Trying of Hygienic Conditions



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."

*This Remarkable NEW Way Provides Utter Protection Regardless of Circumstances, and Offers Besides Freedom Forever from the Embarrassing Problem of Disposal*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THESE adorably, dangerously light things women used to fear—wear them now in full security; dance, motor, go about for hours in them without an instant's doubt or fear!

The hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" have been supplanted with scientific and positive protection. Once you try this new way, you'll never again invoke the embarrassments of the old.

*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.

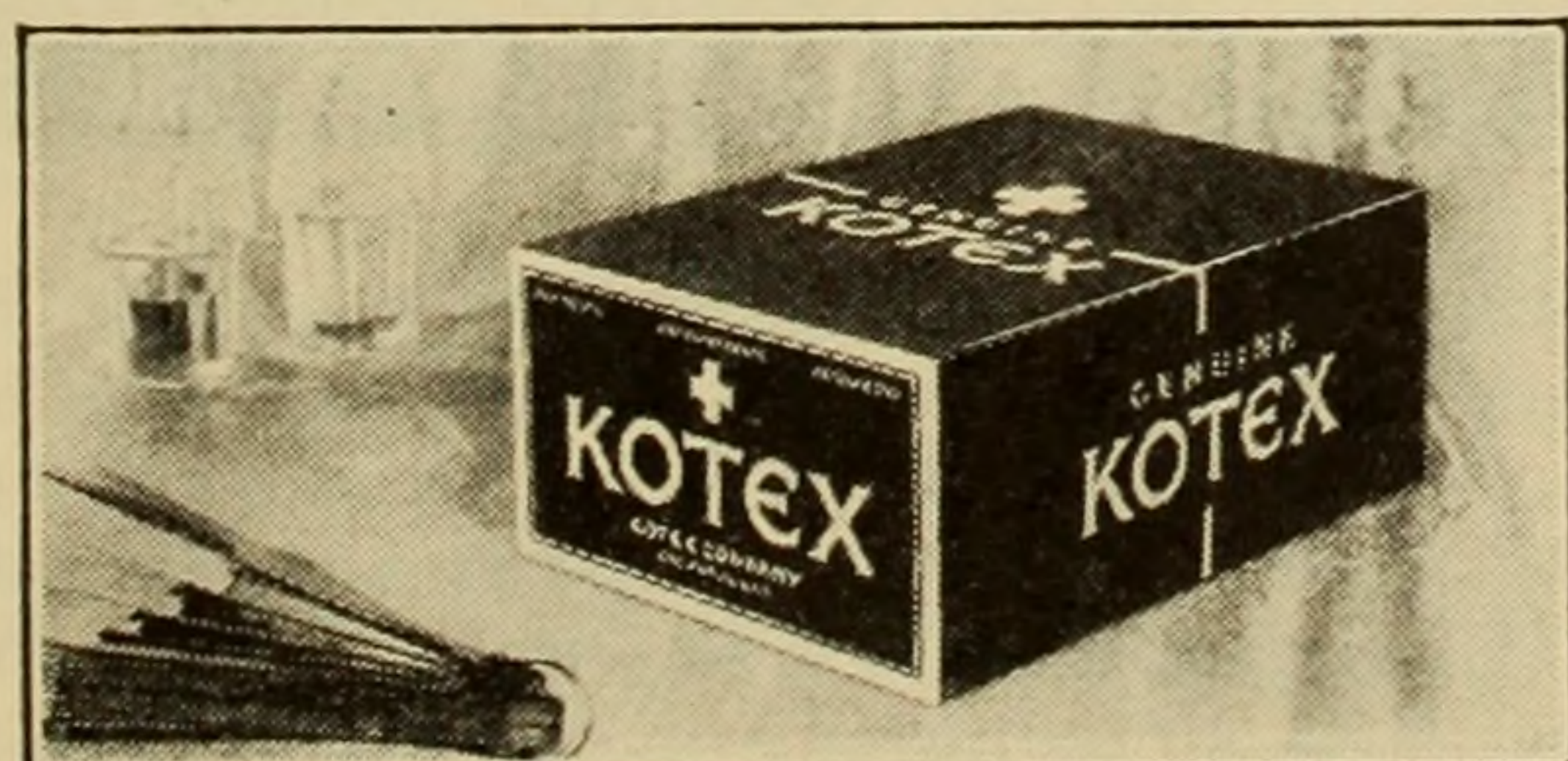
*Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex*

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, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



\*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

## KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

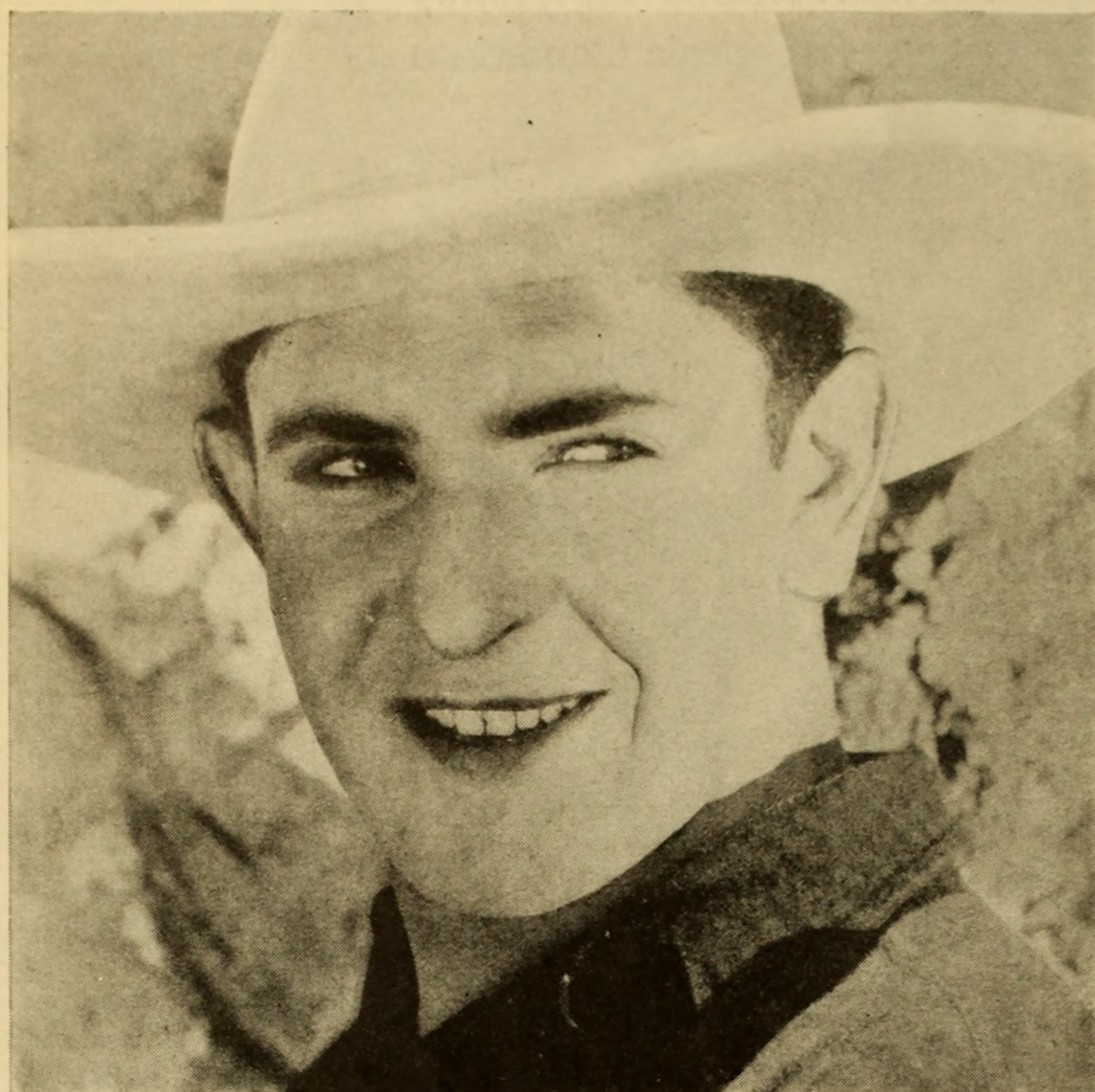
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]



Trained for fifteen years by his father to be a Western star, Bob Steele is signed up by F. B. O. for a series. His father, Robert North Bradbury, is supervisor of Western units and he knows that there's gold in them thar mountaings

wonder if she ever sighs for the old regular, reliable pay check.

**M**ANY a star has dyed for her art but the doggonest sight I ever saw—and I saw it at F. B. O. on a day when naught but a few drops of water had passed my lips—was a police pup who came calling with his master on a casting director. Just to be original the owner had bleached the dog and touched up his eyes with mascara.

Try that on your nightmare.

**"RIP VAN WINKLE"** is scheduled for the next year's P. D. C. program. Off-hand, Bill Boyd says he can think of at least twelve actors well qualified for the rôle of the sleeping beauty. And they wouldn't even have to wake up. Which has all the earmarks of a somnolent wisecrack.

**F**OUR invalids this month, but all nicely recovered now, thank you, so save the flowers and continue to send only the kind thoughts.

Renee Adoree was the first. A brave little trouper, she refused proper medical attention when an influenza germ bit her, pleading that she must finish the picture in which she was in the midst. Pictures

meant nothing to George K. Germ and he sent Renee to the hospital, where quantities of flowers and messages from

friends drove attendants nearly frantic.

Then Louise Dresser decided to have her appendix removed and Viola Dana went beneath the knife, and Jeanie MacPherson suffered a nervous breakdown, the result of her arduous work in the preparation of "King of Kings."

They are all quite recovered now.

**D**ISTRESSING note to tourists. The sight of stars pursuing the elusive bean about restaurant plates is soon to be rare to the point of extinction. I have it on reliable information that because of the length of time necessary to prepare delicious concoctions in public inns, they are installing tiny kitchenettes and iceless refrigerators in their dressing rooms, where Hilda or Hannah or Hortense prepares the viands.

Bebe Daniels is one of the first to inaugurate the plan on the Lasky lot. And many more are following suit.

**W**HEN Chester Conklin heard that Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the Lasky comedian, purchased a shoe shop in Los Angeles, he gazed at his co-star sadly.

"Some men have all the luck," Chester sighed. "Now George can take any girl for a ride and when she starts walking home he can always say, 'I did it for the wife and business.'"

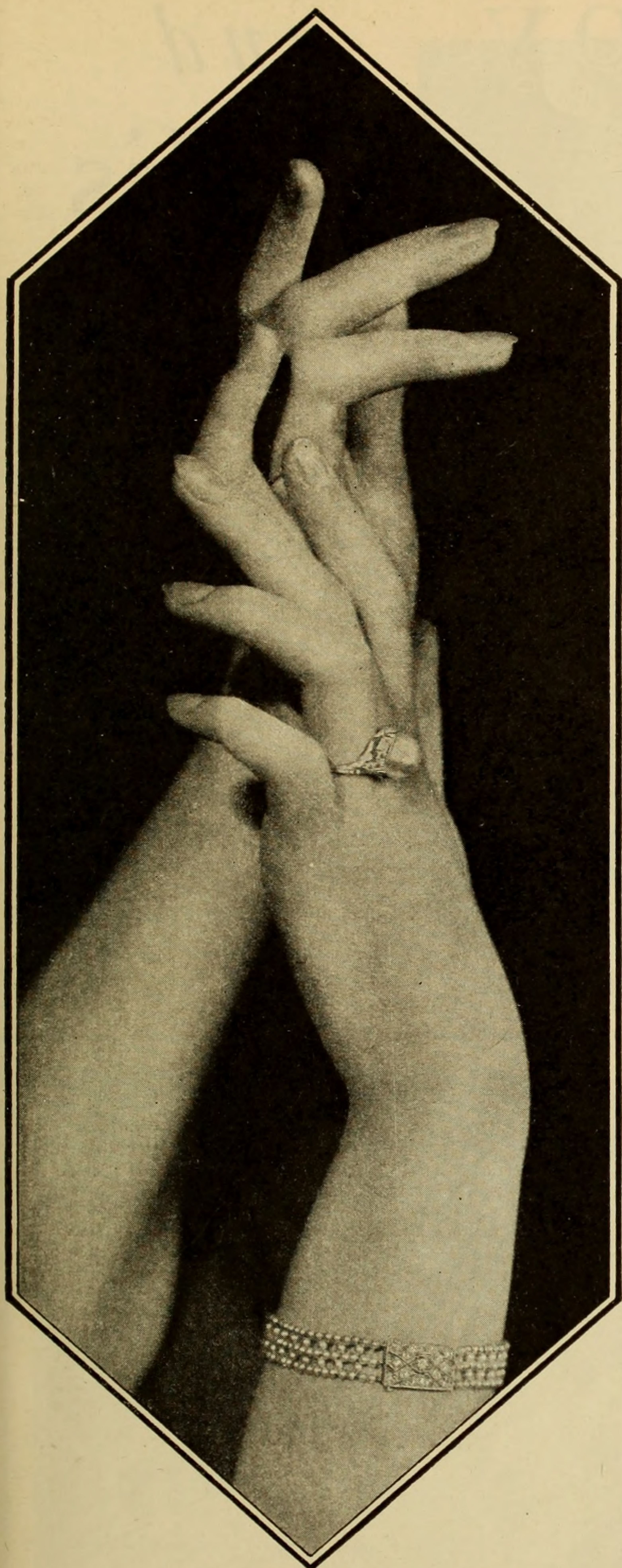
**A**DD to the wrecked matrimonial barques that of Kathleen Collins and Guinn Williams, both engaged in the manufacture of Western motion pictures. Kathleen is a leading lady and Guinn is known as "Big Boy," a two-gun actor. She wants her freedom. "Big Boy" wants it, too. It's up to the judge.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 106 ]



All sit tight and we'll tell you a true story. The gentleman in the mask is the strangest technical adviser ever employed in a studio. He is an ex-highjacker and he is hired to instruct Jack Gilbert and Director Jack Conway in rum-running technic for "Twelve Miles Out." He has now reformed—hallelujah!—but he doesn't want to be recognized, so he never appears without the mask. On the level!





*A Don Diego Photo*

*Created in  
our Paris  
Laboratories*

# Técla Pearls

*Aristocrats of Simulated Gems*

ONLY RIVALS OF GENUINE  
OCEAN PEARLS SINCE 1896.

Perfectly matched Técla collars,  
possessing all the characteristics  
nature endows upon its finest  
jewel creations, \$25.00 and up.



*Beginning September First, Tecla Creations  
Can be Procured Exclusively at the  
Following Retail Stores:*

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Bullocks . . . . .                      | Los Angeles, Cal.   |
| B. Forman Company . . . . .             | Rochester, N. Y.    |
| Denver Dry Goods Co. . . . .            | Denver, Colo.       |
| Frederick and Nelson . . . . .          | Seattle, Wash.      |
| Frank R. Jelleff, Inc. . . . .          | Washington, D. C.   |
| Gladding Dry Goods Co. . . . .          | Providence, R. I.   |
| J. L. Hudson Company . . . . .          | Detroit, Mich.      |
| Kaufmann's . . . . .                    | Pittsburg, Pa.      |
| Lebeck Bros. . . . .                    | Nashville, Tenn.    |
| La Salle & Koch . . . . .               | Toledo, Ohio        |
| Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co. . . . .        | Houston, Texas      |
| Marshall Field & Company . . . . .      | Chicago, Ill.       |
| Meier & Frank . . . . .                 | Portland, Ore.      |
| Mermod-Jaccard & King . . . . .         | Hot Springs, Ark.   |
| Miller & Rhoades, Inc. . . . .          | Richmond, Va.       |
| Mermod-Jaccard & King . . . . .         | St. Louis, Mo.      |
| Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney . . . . . | St. Louis, Mo.      |
| R. H. Stearns & Co. . . . .             | Boston, Mass.       |
| T. Eaton Co. . . . .                    | Canada              |
| The White House . . . . .               | San Francisco, Cal. |
| The Higbee Company . . . . .            | Cleveland, Ohio     |
| Z. L. White & Co. . . . .               | Columbus, Ohio      |

## Técla

398 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

*Only Gold, Platinum,  
and genuine Diamonds  
used in Tecla Settings*

NATIONAL TÉCLA WEEKS : : SEPTEMBER 1ST TO 15TH



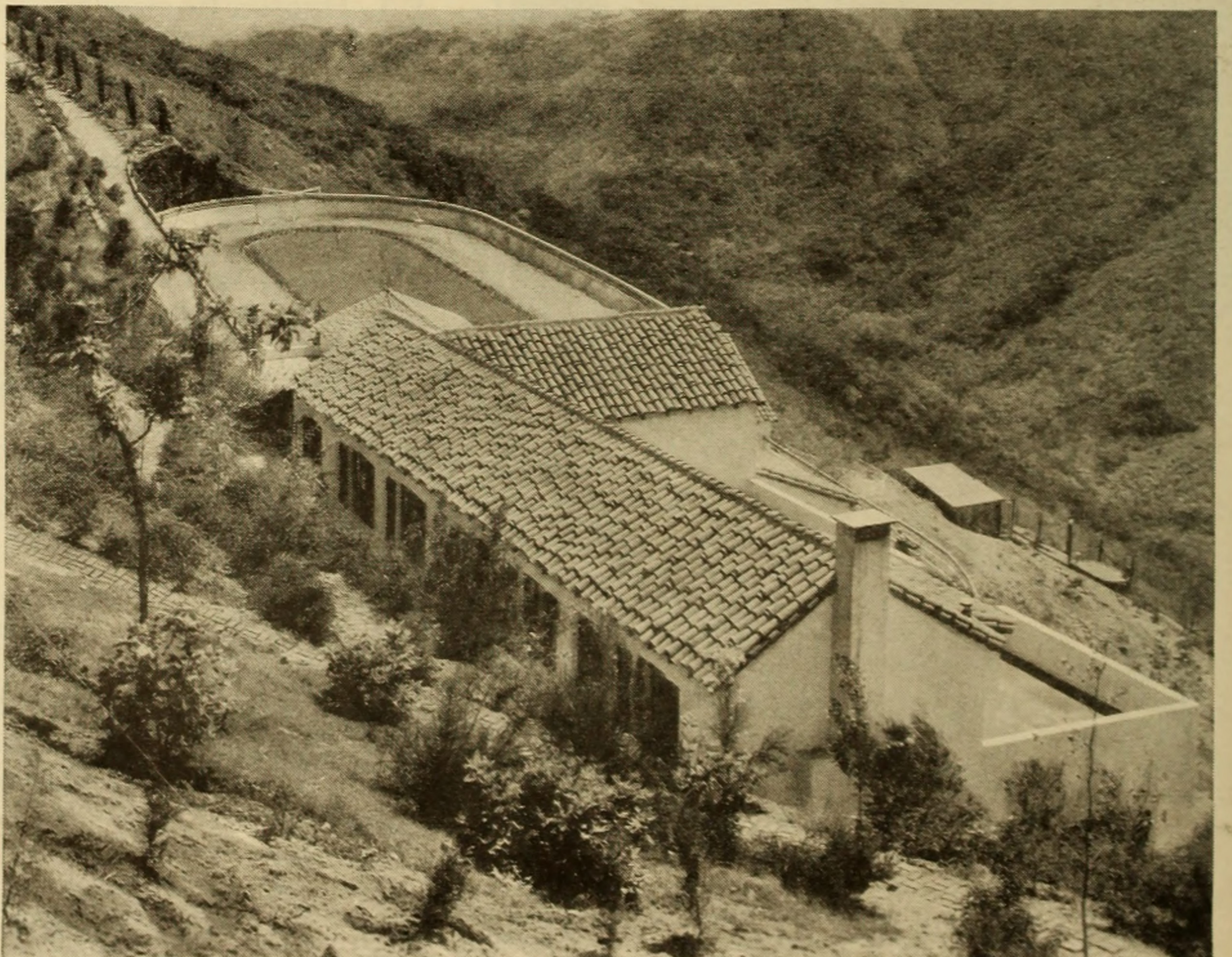
# A Cow-Boy and His Barn



Not to mention  
the prize horse,  
Silver King

Fred Thomson has just become a Famous Player, along with Silver King. He is going to do a picture based on the life of Jesse James, which will be followed by one on Davy Crockett

Here's the barn where Silver King lives. Thomson, his wife, the famous scenarist known to films as Frances Marion, and Silver King are breadwinners de luxe. Each one brings down the highest salary in their class. Thomson has landed with a crash as a cowboy star, Miss Marion is one of the two highest paid women writers in filmdom, and, as for Silver King, he earns more oats than fifty thousand ordinary equines







*Mother's fondest wish  
for her Girl Baby*

—“That Schoolgirl Complexion”

*The Ideal Baby Soap*

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for “Castile” soap that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.

THE rule in skin care, under modern teachings, is the same in infancy as maturity—correct skin cleansing regularly with mild and gentle soap.

Priceless complexions are thus cultivated from the earliest days of childhood; natural loveliness invited and protected with nature's own *proved way*.

The only secret is to know *what kind of soap* to use. A true complexion soap must be chosen. Others often are too harsh.

Thus soothing Palmolive—a soap made for one purpose only, to be used freely and lavishly on the skin—is the ONE soap purchased for toilet use in thousands of homes where correct skin care is an object.

*The baby's bath—how to give it*

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive 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 what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive blend*—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.



Retail Price

10c

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

3593

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



H A V E A C A M E L



## *Camels—created for enjoyment*

THE people of this modern age are the busiest workers of all time. But they are wise enough to seek relaxation, and they place Camel first among cigarettes.

For Camel is the modern word for *enjoyment*. In your work and in your play, through busy days or restful evenings, Camel will answer your every mood.

The world's largest tobacco organization secures the best of everything for Camels. The choicest tobaccos grown.

Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

*"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



# *Hoot Mon!* He's *the* Best Guy in Hollywood

Everybody's for him, including Minnie, the elephant

*By Ruth Waterbury*

**N**ORMAN KERRY is the finest guy in Hollywood.

Ask any one at any studio and they all make the same reply. They're his buddies from studio messengers to Minnie, an elephant, who weighs two tons.

Today Norman is one of the highest salaried leading men, which means he earns more than many a star. He has a big estate in Beverly Hills, walled off into elaborate sunken gardens and an awning-shaded swimming pool. He recently stole "Annie Laurie" from the \$8,000-a-week Lillian Gish. But he'll lend his money to anybody.

He will if he can get the money away from Gus.

Gus is a typical Kerry fixture. The two men have known each other for years. They started working, side by side, for Norman's father, who was in the leather goods trade in New York City. They went together into the theatrical agency business.

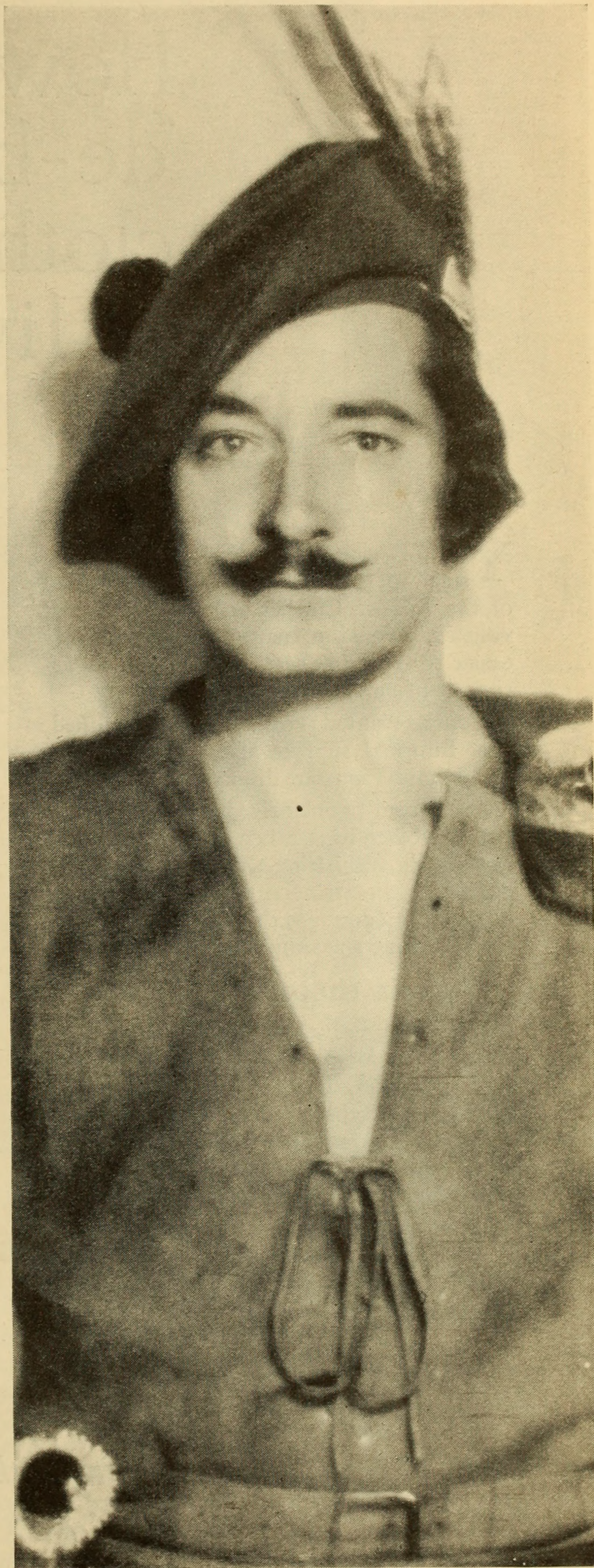
They invaded Hollywood together. When Norman got the break, Gus appointed himself bookkeeper, confidential adviser, official alibi and guardian angel.

**A**FEW years ago Gus got worried about the money Norman was loaning and giving away. Whether he started out with five hundred dollars or only fifty cents, the result was always the same—he came home broke. So Gus asked his idol to enter into an arrangement whereby all checks had to be countersigned by the self-appointed manager before they could be cashed. Norman readily agreed and tied himself up so that now he has to go to Gus for every cent. Gus arranges contracts and invests the savings. Norman never bothers to look at the books Gus keeps. He says his name alone is enough to make him an ideal manager. Gus' surname is Messer.

In such simple things he finds delight. Six feet two, broad-shouldered, extremely handsome, Kerry's energy is practically limitless. Days are not long enough for him.

He never rests. When he gets home from the studio and a bell rings, Norman springs to action like a fire horse. He has so many friends, door bells and telephone bells ring constantly. As a result he averages about four hours' sleep a night. Most people require at least eight. When Norman gets six hours' sleep, he rides before sunrise to work off his excess pep.

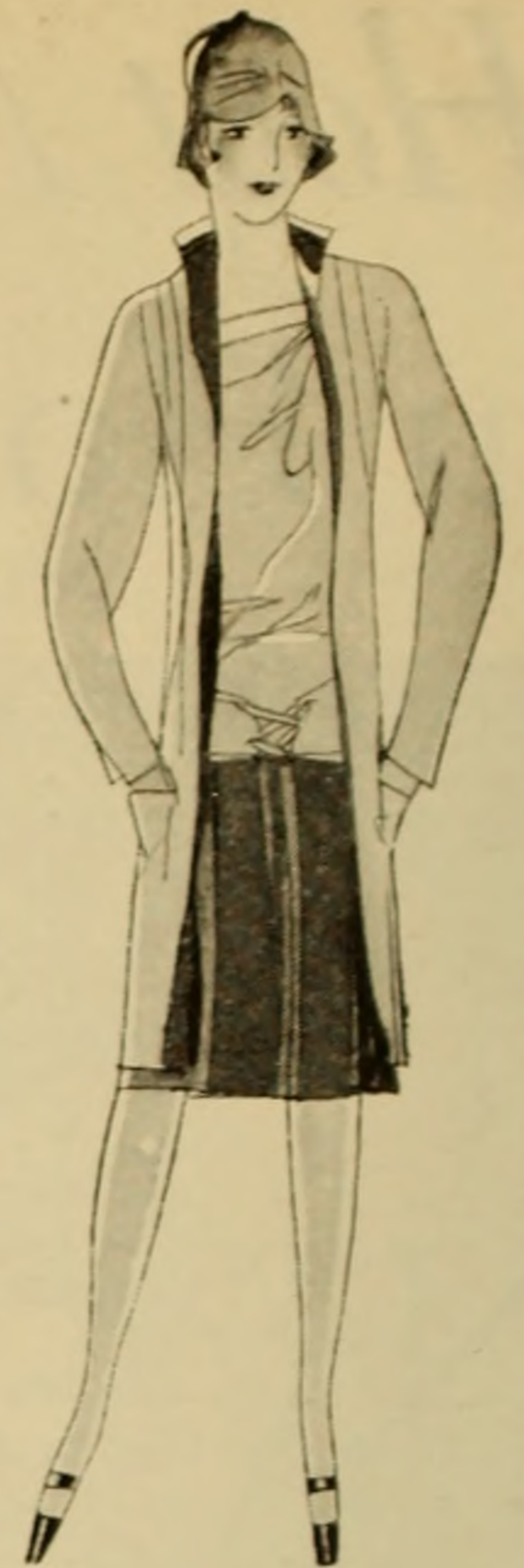
There is no sport at which he doesn't excel. He rides perfectly. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]







# How Youth "de-bunked" clothes- and living



YOUTH demanded simple clothes instead of these fussy, elaborate styles of the 1900's. Clothes more expressive of youth's own slim, natural grace—clothes easier to wear in the thousand-and-one activities of modern women!

Youth wanted entertaining simplified, too. Informal suppers and tea-dances—for stately mid-Victorian dinners and cotillions!

And haven't you noticed how our modern young women have taken simplicity for the keynote in furnishing their homes? Youth has taken the artificiality out of American taste. Today down to the smallest details of appointment, the simplest taste is the best.

## Even in choosing toilet soap

Where thirty years ago, on bathroom toilet stands you found gaudy-colored soap in florid wrappers, today you see the well-bred simplicity of Ivory. Ivory is a favored soap in Boston's quietly beautiful Back Bay, on Chicago's select North Shore, in the distinguished homes that line North Washington Square, New York City.

These thoroughly modern women of cultivated taste like Ivory's delicate, unpretentious whiteness. This is just another

proof of Ivory's refinement, of course. It means absolute purity in the oils that go into Ivory's blending. Ivory knows no artificial "make-up."

## Lather that is royally lavish

They enjoy Ivory's gentleness, too, the soft indulgence of its lather. And the smooth freshness of skin that results when the royally lavish suds have been rinsed away. They like the courtesy with which Ivory floats—so that they can always keep it within reach!

And being really sophisticated, these women are not misled by Ivory's modest price. It is Ivory's own good taste that is responsible. Its lack of tinsel, bright colors, strong perfumes! They know that if they paid a dollar a cake, they could buy no finer soap.

If you have never tried Ivory won't you let us contribute to the acquaintance? Until September first we shall be very glad to send you—free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family, Guest Ivory. Simply send your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. 450-H, Cincinnati, Ohio.

# I V O R Y   S O A P

*The best taste is the simplest taste*



# 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.

M. M. J., CORAL GABLES, FLA.—For your particular benefit and for Clara Bow "fans" in general, let's have it understood that Clara was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-two years ago. Address her at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Her latest picture is "Rough House Rosie." How do you like leading off the column?

"BOOTSIE," ATLANTA, GA. — William Haines is the lad's real name. He has one sister. Yes, that was really a picture of his mother. In case you should get up courage enough to write for his picture, address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

NANCY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The name of the actor who attracted your attention in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" is Bobby Doyle.

"SIS," GALENA, ILL.—Alice Joyce has not left the screen permanently. She may go on the stage, however, but that doesn't mean a farewell to movies. Helene Costello is Dolores' sister. Address her at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Kenneth Harlan's latest picture is "Polish Blood," with Lya de Putti. Write to him at Universal City, Calif.

MISS P. S., VANCOUVER, CAN.—Laura La Plante was born Laura La Plante. Pretty name, isn't it? She is married to William Seiter, the director. Write to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. She is twenty-two years old.

B. C., DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Here they are again! Jack Gilbert was born July 10, 1897, at Logan, Utah. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Jack weighs 160 pounds and is five feet, eleven inches tall. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Greta has light brown hair and blue eyes.

A BETTY BRONSON CLUB.—Han Jungeling, of Amsterdam, Holland, wants the Betty Bronson Friendly Club announced "with a big hurrah." The members are asked to send in photographs with their names written on them and some appropriate message. All the photographs will be sent to Miss Bronson on her birthday, as greetings from her friends. Quite an idea! Han writes excellent English. The address is Han Jungeling, Ceintuurbaan 181, Amsterdam, Holland.

ELEANOR S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—No, they are not engaged. Alyce Mills is free-lancing, at present.

HORTENSE M. GUZMAN, HAVANA, CUBA.—Sorry I couldn't come to your dance, but it was nice of you to invite me. I am glad to hear that the Gloria Swanson Fan Club is such a success, thanks to your kind parents. Write to me again.

LOUISE A., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Natacha Rambova's real name is Winifred Hudnut. She is not working in pictures at present. Sorry, but we can't give home addresses. Valentino was five feet, eleven inches tall and weighed 154 pounds. No one, that I know of, is looking for a successor to Valentino. Everyone realizes that no one could take Rudy's place.

M. I., PINESVILLE, KY.—Joan Crawford's next picture is "Twelve Miles Out." She has played in "The Taxi Dancer" and "The Understanding Heart." Her real name is Lucile Le Sueur and she is not married. Brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, Joan is a comer. Also, I would say she has "IT," although I am not an expert like Elinor Glyn.

BOBBY C., WICHITA, KAN.—What, fighting with your sister! Ronald Colman is married to Thelma Raye—but separated. Does that end the quarrel? Gary Cooper has black hair and dark blue eyes. He weighs 180 pounds and is six feet, two inches tall. Born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Mont. Not married. Bob Custer was born Oct. 18, 1898, at Frankfort, Ky. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes and is married.

D. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., twenty-seven years ago. Ronald Colman was Norma Talmadge's leading man in "Kiki." I bet you knew that all along. Mr. Colman came to this country from England in 1922. He is married to Thelma Raye, but they are separated.

**I**N writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

X. L. H., MAGNOLIA, ARK.—Are those the correct initials? Lois Wilson was the heroine in "The Vanishing American." At this moment of writing, Clara Bow is not married.

A. B. M., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Billie Dove is twenty-four years old and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Bebe Daniels is an American, born in your own state.

M. A. W., UTICA, N. Y.—"Ben-Hur" was filmed in Rome and at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, at Culver City, Calif. Quite a trip, wasn't it? Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight years old.

T. B. R. CLUB, SEATTLE, WASH.—James Hall is twenty-six years old and five feet, ten inches tall. His first picture was "The Campus Flirt." Address him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

G. N., BOLOGNA, ITALY.—"What does Elinor Glyn mean by this 'IT'?" Well, G. N., that's a puzzler. By "IT," Mrs. Glyn means sex appeal, personality and that quality in a man or woman that attracts others.

B. Z., CLEVELAND, O.—Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno played the principal rôles in "The Temptress."

M. R. K.—Write to Aileen Pringle at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

R. W., HOLYOKE, MASS.—Betty Bronson is twenty years old and has brown hair. She isn't married. Betty uses her own name in pictures; where could she find a prettier one? Address her at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

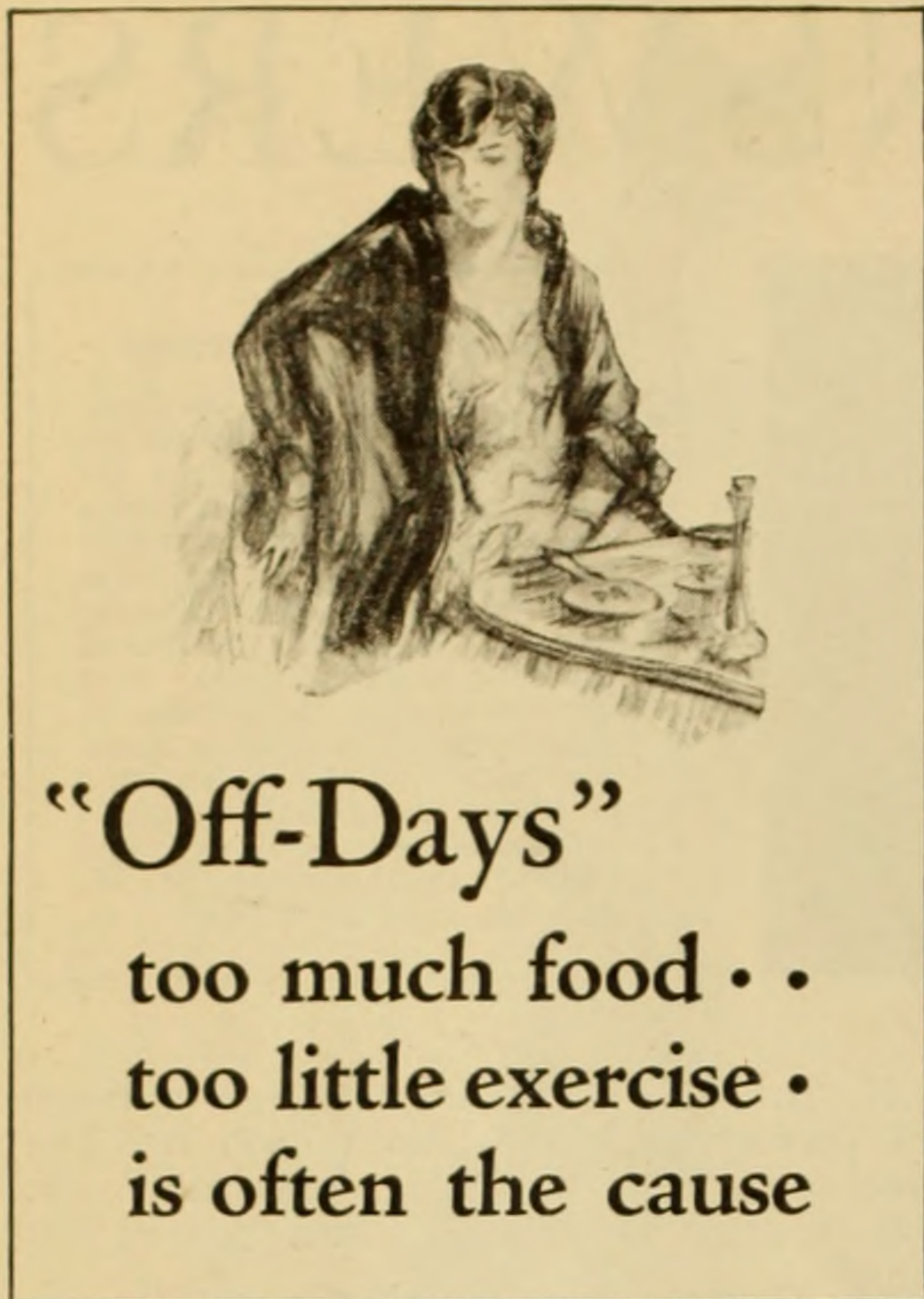
F. H., LEXINGTON, KY.—Joyce Compton and Alberta Vaughn both use their real names in pictures. Write to Miss Compton at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

M. E. W., ADAMS, N. Y.—Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. That's her real name. She has two sisters—Diana Kane—also in pictures—and Janice Wilson.

L. Y., GERING, NEB.—Enclose a quarter with your photo request. Gloria Swanson is twenty-nine. John Gilbert and Jack Gilbert are very much one and the same person.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 144 ]





## "Off-Days"

too much food • •  
too little exercise •  
is often the cause

*We all have our "off-days"—days when we pay the price of our sedentary lives, of our irregular habits of eating and exercising. Self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) is often to blame.*

NEARLY every one of us has some pet physical trouble—indigestion, fatigue, "nerves", headaches—to mention just a few of the common ailments traceable to neglect of nature's health rules.

Our quick-step lives throw our digestions out of kilter—food remains too long within us—fermentation sets up and a condition of self-poisoning results. This is the real cause of many, many ills of modern life.

To neglect the effects of self-poisoning is dangerous, for all too often they are the warning signs of more serious ills to follow.

The first step in safeguarding your health and in keeping free of self-poisoning is to keep the intestines clean. And the best way to do this is by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places throughout the world—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden or Aix. To these Spas physicians from all over the world send their wealthy patients to regain health through drinking the natural waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as these health-giving waters. It sweeps away wastes and intestinal poisons, promptly, safely and thoroughly and helps keep you physically fit.

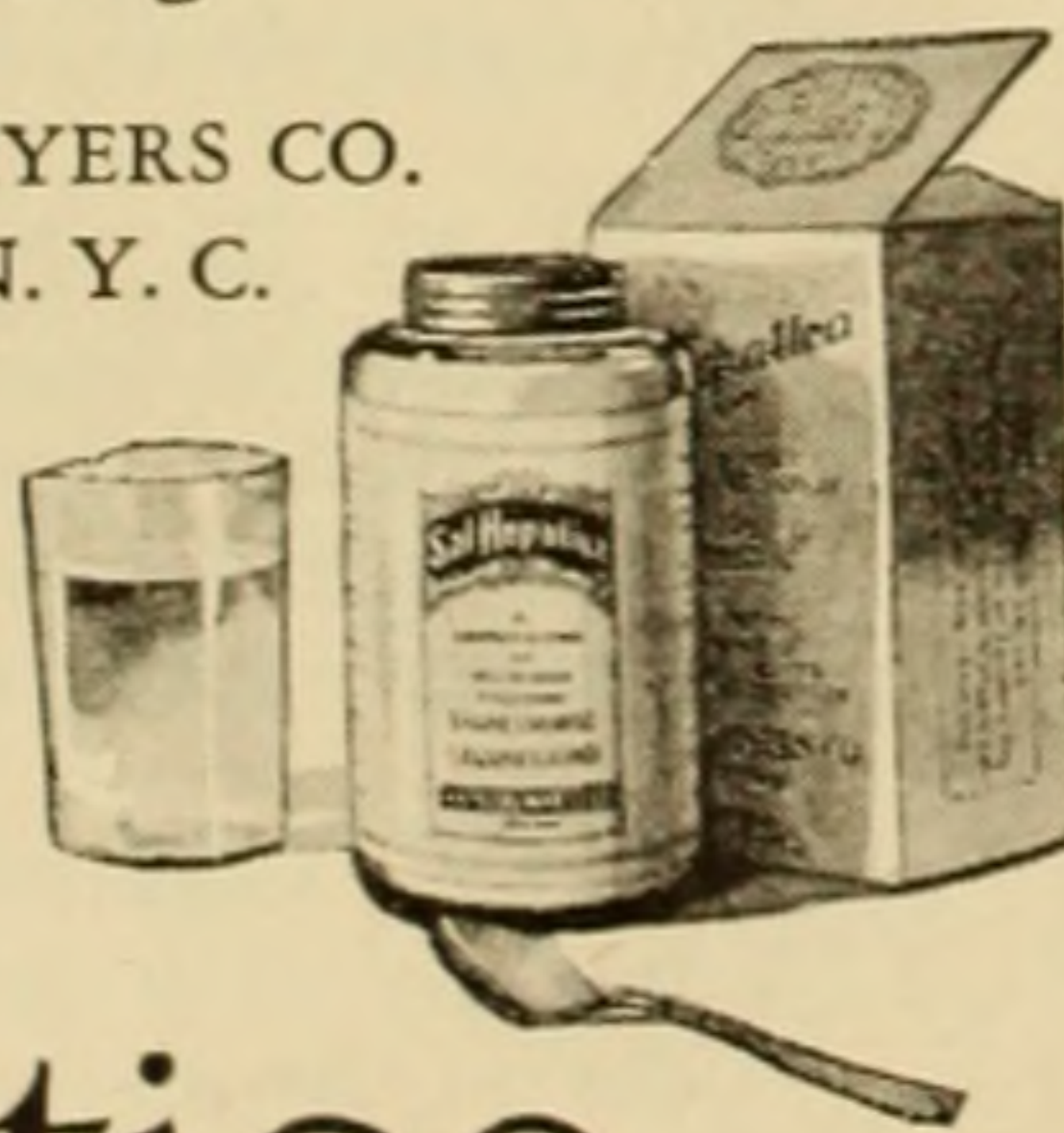
There is in all probability, a bottle of Sal Hepatica on your bathroom shelf right now; it is the standby in millions of homes. Sal Hepatica may be taken on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

\* \* \*

Send for our new booklet which tells how to safeguard your health and correct the ills which spring from self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. G-87, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

# Sal Hepatica



© 1927

## 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 Marchal
Robert Ames	Snitz Edwards	Percy Marmont
Richard Arlen	Leon Errol	Tully Marshall
George K. Arthur	Elinor Fair	Shirley Mason
Gertrude Astor	Douglas Fairbanks	Ken Maynard
Mary Astor	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	May McAvooy
Agnes Ayres	Virginia Browne Faire	Tim McCoy
George Bancroft	Farina	Malcolm McGregor
Monty 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
Monte 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



# Is your nose perceptive to the sensuous joy of agreeable scent?

Do flowers delight only your eyes, or do your nostrils vibrate with ecstasy at a breeze bearing a breath of violet or rich perfume of budding hyacinth?

There are people to whom scent makes no appeal, just as there are the "color-blind" and "tone-deaf." And there are others—you may be one of these—who are acutely sensitive to fragrance—just as the artist is to color or the musician is to sound.

If you have a nose for delicate odors, you will take a keen delight in perceiving a delicate essence in everything you use intimately—a delight that others less finely conscious will never know.

Scent-conscious people declare that books have aromas subtly their own—that homespun smells different from broadcloth—that a letter written in pencil can be told blindfold from one written with ink—and that they would as soon walk in a garden of paper flowers as bathe with a soap that carried no message to the nostrils.

By that they do not mean that



books, or flowers, or soap should be artificially scented. The distinguished fragrance known as Cashmere Bouquet is more than a fragrance. The flower essences that make this fragrance also increase the cleansing action of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

It is a very happy coincidence that the flower essences in Cashmere Bouquet that impart this delicate, dainty freshness also serve to make a lather that

removes from the pores the clogging dirt and surplus oils that stand in the way of a soft and lovely skin.

If you are scent-conscious—if you have been favored by Nature with the gift of high perception to agreeable scent—you will find in the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet Soap a satisfaction that will be unknown to those whose noses are insensitive to the magical charms of scent.

*This free sample cake will please you  
—or leave you indifferent*

To help you test your responsiveness to the allure of agreeable odor, we will send you free a generous sample cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, and a book of beauty secrets, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin." The advice in this book is endorsed by a famous skin specialist. A large cake of Cashmere Bouquet is 25c at drug and department stores.



*Colgate*  
Est. 1806

#### FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Colgate & Company (Dept. 32-H),  
595 Fifth Ave., 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."

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**BOURJOIS**

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## Subtly Alluring

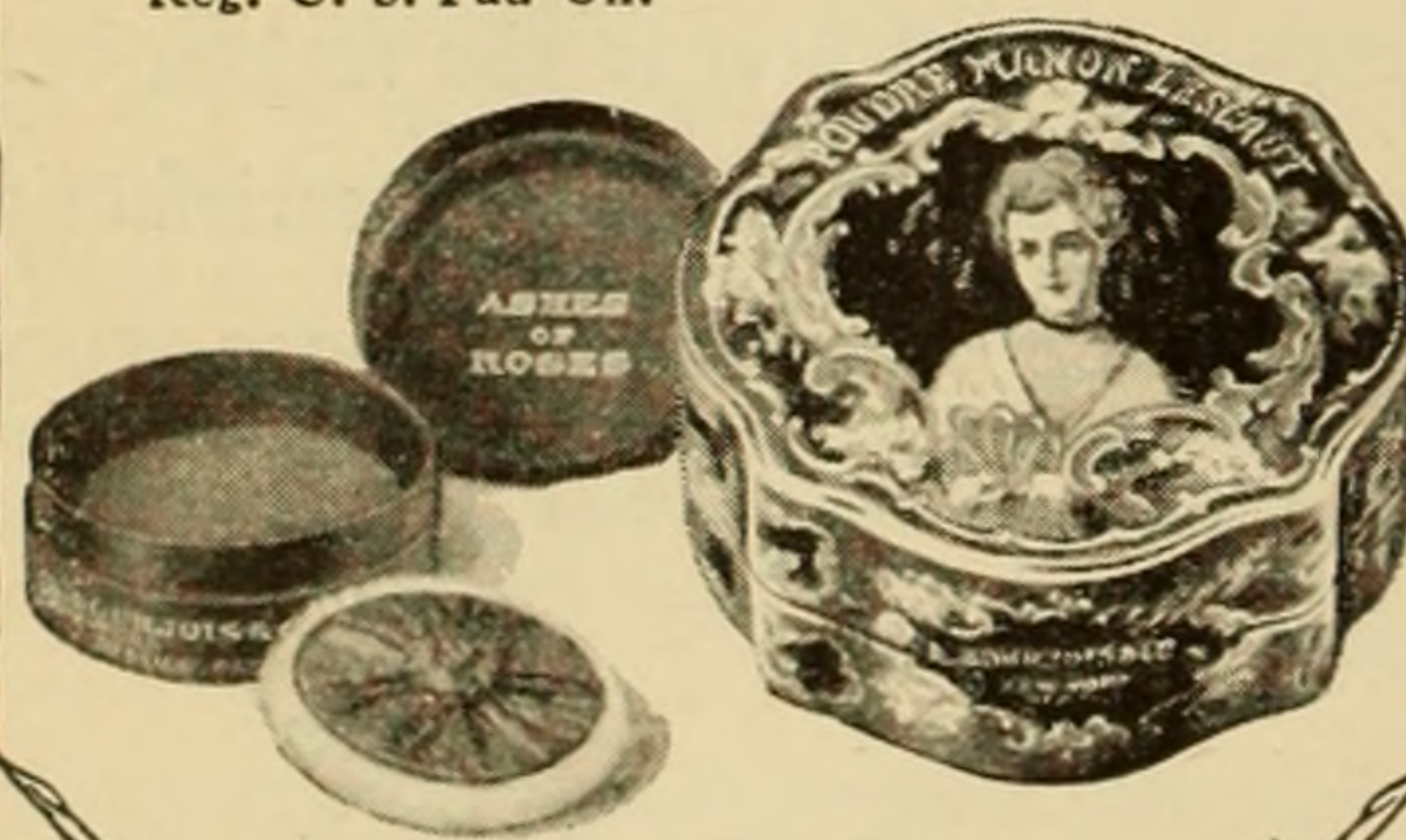
In the chiffon fineness and clinging persistency of Manon Lescaut Powder, Bourjois interprets the subtle charm of lovely worldliness. And a loyal line of artisans has cherished in its blending the unchanging tradition of delicate skill—the exquisite heritage of fastidious purity.

Thus is the fascinating woman of the world serenely assured of her loveliness! She completes the rare perfection of her presence with the luxurious distinction of fragrant Manon Lescaut Powder.

*Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges — including Mandarine\* and Ashes of Roses\* — suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

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# MANON LESCAUT\*

## Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocrée, Mauve, Peaches\* Powder, Peaches and Cream\* Powder.

## Open, Ceseñe!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

broad Italian smile, and now was the greatest motion picture actor in the world? *Si si!*

**H**E was such a good boy, even if he did now call himself by name of Monty Banks. Sending money to his father, invalidated by the war, and fine presents to his mother. And money, also, to his sister whose husband was killed in battle. She, with her two small bambinos. And gifts to the other sister, the pretty black-eyed one, who was to be married. Yes, Mario was a good boy.

But changed. Maybe it was the little mustache. He was too much of a strippling to have it before, assuredly. But changed. That English tweed suit, and the wrist watch, and the debonair straw hat. Yes, there was a change. You noticed it as he stood talking to the mayor. The mayor in his high hat with a bulging frock coat. They were embracing. Now they were drinking goblets of golden champagne. The mayor had his arm around Mario's shoulders. Mario was pounding the mayor's back.

But he was different, older, maybe, than when he used to entertain them with his eccentric dances at the little theater where his father had been musical director and his mother had sung and danced. His funny falls. How they missed them!

It was almost over. Mario was descending from the grandstand. There had been no speech. Step by step, he came, bowing, waving greetings. Suddenly, without warning he fell.

One of those good old eccentric comedy falls. Legs a thousand places, arms flying, debonair straw hat rolling, and the broad

Italian smile of little Mario Bianchi beaming. The crowd, his crowd, his people, screamed, they wept with joy, they shouted. Their Mario was back, and unchanged. The good Lord was indeed amiable.

It was the countersign of allegiance, of fellowship. Mario had not forgotten them. It was better than any speech.

**N**OW we come to Monty Banks, the business man, the negative cost of whose film is regained by shekels culled from foreign distribution, and whose box office returns in the United States are clear profit; who would rather spend three months in writing and gagging a novel comedy idea, than a year in shooting a vague and undeveloped plot; who builds his laughs first for children—

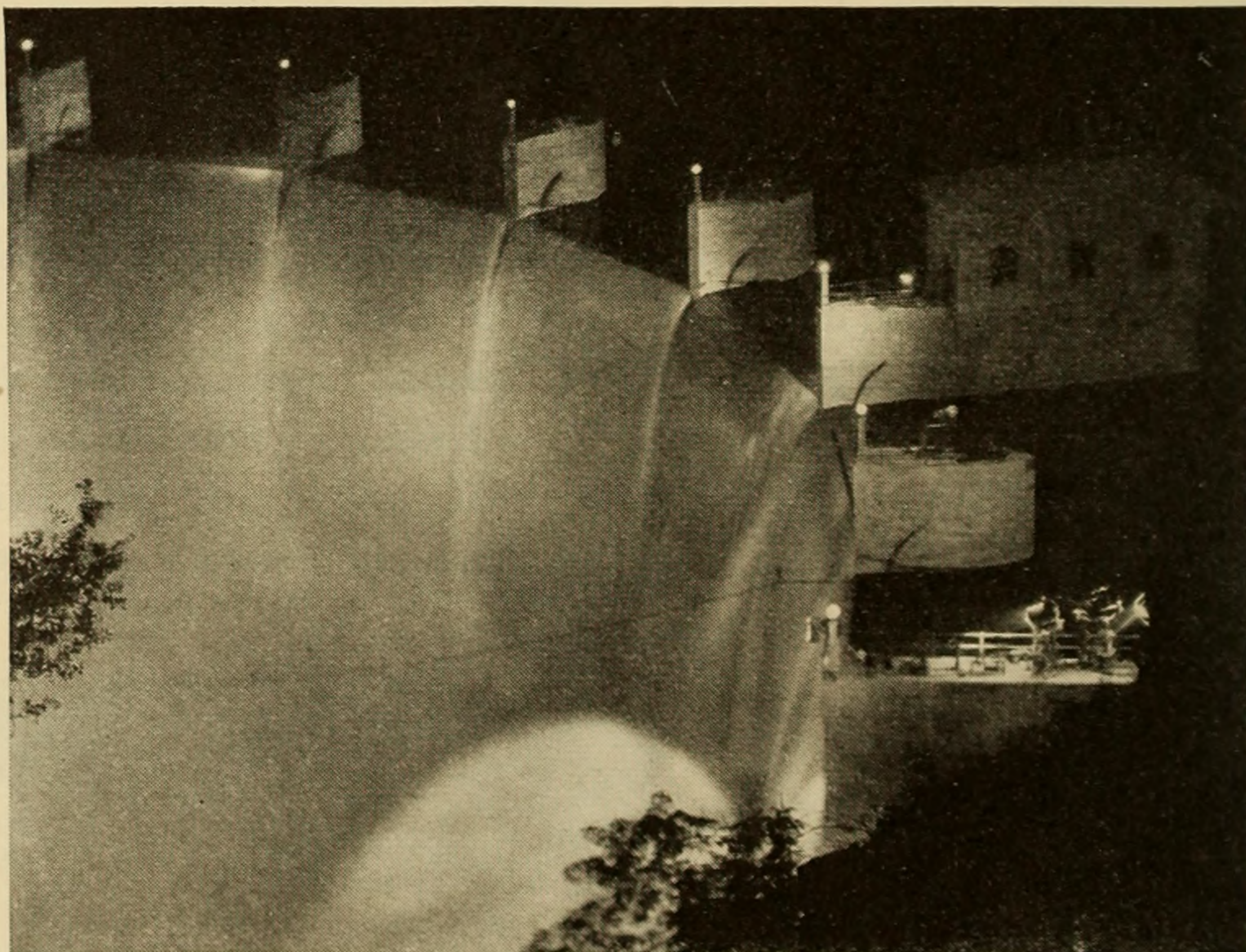
“Then for women, because a woman will bring a man to the theater. And lastly for men. They are led by women. Just like I am,” and he smiled ingratiatingly.

Monty and his assistants write the stories, Monty cuts, edits and practically directs his pictures. He is climbing up, by hard work, by hard-earned knowledge of pictures, into the ranks of the big league comedians. The Chaplins, the Lloyds, the Langdons. Maybe you don't see him at first run theaters—yet. But you will, for they are laughing at him in small theaters all over world.

And it's harder to make them laugh than cry.

“You can peel an onion and make 'em cry, but there isn't a vegetable grown that'll make 'em laugh,” says Monty.

If there were, he'd be growing it. In the meantime he's substituting himself.



All lit up and doesn't give a dam! After a week's work, the Melone Dam—twenty miles from Sonora, Calif.—was illuminated in this spectacular fashion to be used as a background for Richard Dix's latest picture, “Man Power”



# Mary Garden,

Marvelous Opera Prima Donna,  
always careful of her precious voice,



© Fernand de Gueldre, Chicago, Ill.

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—“It’s toasted”—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

## “It’s toasted”

Your Throat Protection

writes:

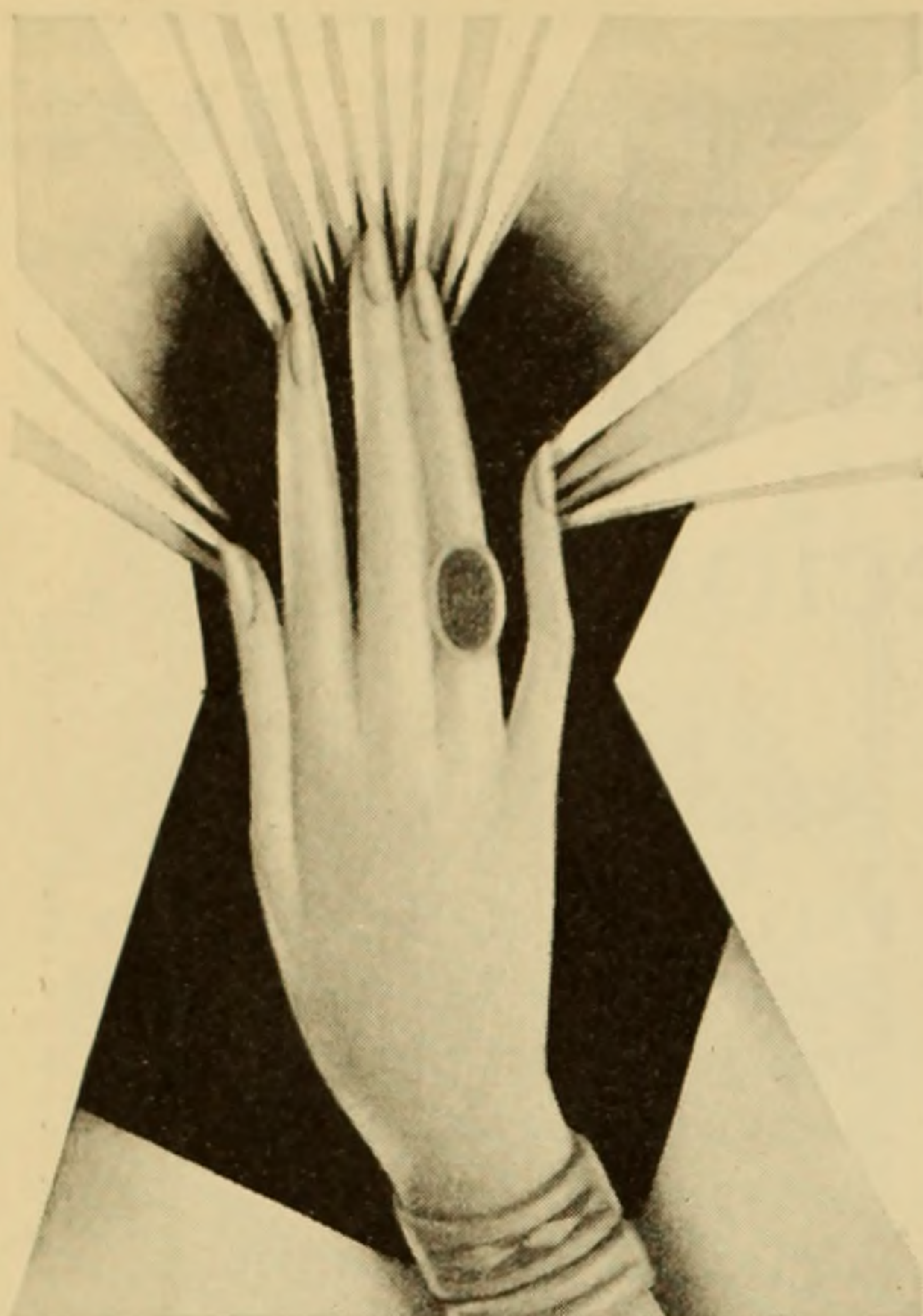
“My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes—which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment.”

*Mary Garden*



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.





FOR A SMART BRILLIANT POLISH

## Used by smart Parisiennes

THE smart Parisienne uses the Liquid Polish perfected by the greatest authority on the manicure—Northam Warren. And it is more used here too than any other.

So you may have becomingly tinted nails without fussing, he makes Cutex Liquid Polish in two lovely tints.

**Natural Pink**—matches the rose petal color of the nail itself.

**Deep Rose**—is a rich vivid color, exotic and intriguing.

Both last for days. Before a fresh manicure take off the old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Each is 35c. Or 10c and the coupon bring you a sample of the tint you prefer and the Polish Remover. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

# CUTEX

## Liquid Polish



MAIL  
COUPON  
TODAY

I enclose 10c for samples. Check your preference of color.

Natural Pink  Deep Rose

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. QQ-8.A  
114 West 17th St., New York

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### THE STOLEN BRIDE—First National

THE first American picture of Alexander Korda, the Hungarian director, is not a balloon-tired vehicle for Billie Dove's starring debut, but it establishes Korda as an excellent director for women. The story is the one about the young countess, in love with the commoner, her stern parent and the marriageable huzzar. It is farcical material, treated seriously, and the mood is authentically Hungarian. Armand Kaliz is delightful and Miss Dove enchantingly beautiful.

### DEARIE—Warner Bros.

CALLED an epic of mother love, this is a preposterous drama wherein you are asked to believe that a sweet, slightly *passee* mother of the daytime would be the red hot momma of New York's leading cabaret by night, driving strong men mad by her beautiful voice. And she is doing it all for her selfish sonny boy. Irene Rich struggles valiantly as mother to Buster Collier, and is pretty awful. Save your money.

### GOOD AS GOLD—Fox

A RIP-ROARING Western. Buck Jones stages a number of holdups, does a lot of shooting and whatnot—but all for a purpose, dearie. He's not the bad man you are led to believe. He does it to expose other thieves. Our Western heroes certainly are brave guys in these days of gun fights.

### THE TENDER HOUR—First National

MARRIAGES to suit mama and papa are the vogue this month. Billie Dove marries a Duke or something-or-other so papa will get control of his rich oil lands. Billie really loves an American boy and after a lot of silly supposedly dramatic nonsense, they find consolation in each other's arms. Several thousands of dollars are thrown to the four winds on gorgeous settings that have no meaning. Another good hour gone wrong.

### FIGHTING LOVE—Producers Dist. Corp.

JETTA GOUDAL and Victor Varconi are worthy of your attention here. The picture, on a whole, is a slow, monotonous

affair of a girl whose auntie insists that she marry the wicked governor. And instead the girl marries her dead father's best friend for protection. Now he happens to have a very handsome officer attached to his staff and you know the inevitable. But it's nicely worked out. La Goudal is very grand.

### IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.

MAY McAVOY is another victim of poor stories and direction. Here May is an ambitious hash slinger who is engaged to a pool room habitue. May falls for his bulliness and gives him all her earnings so they can be married. But he marries someone else and May then realizes her love for some struggling laborer or is it future mayor?—we forget. In plain language—this is terrible.

### SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox

A PICTURE that will be of interest to all feminine movie-goers. *Anastasia Jones* runs a beauty parlor. Her husband discovers a beauty clay and *Anastasia* becomes the famous beautician of Fifth Ave. In her rise to fame, she forgets all about the plodding husband and becomes enamoured with a gold-digging he-male specie. She is suddenly brought to her senses by the scheming of her daughter.

### CLOSED GATES—Sterling

HERE'S a fair little yarn though you really mustn't expect too much, for it is the war again. George Newell, a careless wild son of a millionaire, disgraces his family. The war enters at the proper time that he may redeem himself. He loses his memory but through the care and love of a Red Cross nurse he returns to his family, is forgiven, and everybody's happy. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in the cast.

### SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.

LOUISE FAZENDA is worthy of better stories than this. Louise is one of the finest comediennes on the screen but Warner's idea of comedy is Louise dressed in horse and buggy costumes. Plots mean nothing to them. Clyde Cook is the hero(?) and in a straight comedy rôle like this he certainly is painful. We'll guarantee you'll be bored—need more be said?

## The Little Kleig Schoolhouse

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

The Fox Studio encourages visitors to its school room. There is a Guest Book for strangers to sign, because the teacher believes that it is good policy to impress upon sight-seers that the California law takes good care of its little Thespians.

When the movie children are not working, they attend the regular grade schools. Their studies are so arranged that, with the co-operation of the teachers, they continue their regular course of study when they go to the studio, without a break in the scholastic routine. In Hollywood, the presence of these young-

sters in the schools excites no comment or curiosity from the other pupils. As long as they are in the class room, they are just youngsters and the teachers preserve strict impartiality in instructing and disciplining them.

The system of insuring the education of the young movie players has proved so successful that Los Angeles has instituted a school for stage children to provide instruction for the little members of the travelling companies that play there. Thirty-four ambitious children already have been enrolled.



## *Why are there so many charming women today?*

**N**EVER before have there been so many charming women.

WHEREVER you go, you find them. Vivacious, happy, beautiful, delightfully dressed in the most exquisite taste.

CLEAR, pink-and-white complexion, luxurious, well-kept hair, gleaming teeth, trim athletic carriage—these are almost universal characteristics of American women of today.

WHY?

AT first thought it may sound absurd, but one of the most powerful teachers has been advertising.

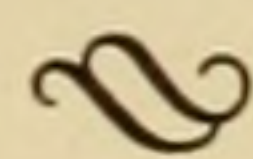
ADVERTISING has helped to teach us all that the real basis of beauty is health and cleanliness. We are the greatest users of soap and water in the world.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to care for our teeth, our hair, our feet, our hands and our complexions.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to dress—how to choose colors and fabrics and becoming styles.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to talk, how to entertain.

ONE reason why so many women are charming is because so many women are reading advertising. From advertising they are learning the secrets of great beauty specialists. They are getting health information of inestimable value. They are learning the secrets of becoming dress from the famous designers of Paris and New York.



*Advertising is one of the biggest reasons why  
so many women are so charming.*

*Read advertising regularly*





The  
sure, safe  
way  
to end  
dandruff



**G**ET a bottle of Wildroot from your druggist and use it regularly. Dandruff will disappear . . . we guarantee it . . . for Wildroot has been the acknowledged special treatment for dandruff for 28 years. Your money back if it fails.

There may be other ways to get rid of dandruff temporarily, but Wildroot is sure—and safe. It does its work without irritating the tenderest scalp, nor does it leave your hair harsh, dry and brittle.

Your druggist and barber sell and recommend Wildroot.

## WILDROOT HAIR TONIC



— SEND COUPON—TRIAL BOTTLE —

Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. 3-8-6

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a  
TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

Name.....

Street.....

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

## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

**A**ND to keep the scales balanced, here's an engagement. The former Mrs. Creighton Hale and John Miljan are to trip to the altar some time within the year and take the solemn, solemn vows. Miljan, just to make the matter clear, is one of our best heavy men and if you didn't see him in "The Yankee Clipper" it wasn't our fault.

**N**O, Rosetta Duncan is not going to marry William Beri, technician at the Mack Sennett Studios.

She's not going to marry anyone until Vivian marries and then it will be a double wedding.

That's that, and don't you dare hang any romances at the Duncans' door.

But, I insisted upon murmuring plaintively, how about the perfumes and the flowers that are showered upon Vivian by Nils Aster, her leading man and Sweden's gift to the American cinema?

**A**GAIN we point with pride to Hollywood—the home of the motion picture; the dwelling place of beauty, art and Lew Cody.

And now—and now, friends, the first American city to introduce the divided skirt for evening wear. It's safe, sane and sensible.

It was Billie Dove, our beautiful Billie, who wore them (plural is right, because they're really pants) to the rose shower that Jack Dempsey gave Estelle Taylor on her birthday.

And every girl in the party wanted to borrow the pattern.

You don't notice them much, really, because they're half hidden beneath the showering tulle of the skirt. They're made of lace and chiffon and are the length of the ordinary petticoat. Right smart, we'd say.

**S**PEAKING of Wedgwood, which we were not, but that's all right, here is a story that Vivian Duncan told me.

A beautiful blonde of Broadway was dining with a big brown derby man from Louisville. He was obviously impressed.

"You . . . you remind me of a bit of old lace," he said adoring her ivory and gold coloring.

She was wordless while a piece of filet mignon slipped easily between her lips.

"No! You are more like a piece of old Dresden china." He swam in a poesy of feeling.

The beautiful blonde looked at him.

"A piece of old china, heh? Well, you aren't so blankity-blank good-looking yourself!"

**W**ORK is the best escape from sorrow, even in Hollywood. Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack, widow of the talented young actor, who was killed recently in an automobile accident at Riverside, California, is planning a return to pictures.

For three years prior to her marriage Mrs. Mack played screen rôles for an Argentine Company under the name of Dolly Lloyd. She also did a few bits for D. W. Griffith.

This time she plans to use her own name, Marianne Lovera.

A beautiful girl, of French and English parentage, she deserves the good wishes of every fan.

The death of her husband, who was just at the start of a distinguished career, was a great tragedy.

**T**HE saddest news of the month, to me, is the parting of that fine film family, the Noah Beerys. Mrs. Beery is living at the Hollywood residence, while Noah remains on his beloved ranch in a nearby valley.

No divorce action has been commenced, so perhaps it is just a little matrimonial squall, to pass in fair weather.

**P**ERVERSE are the uses of publicity. Stars used to lose jewels and make the first page.

Then they lost cars, dogs, husbands or what have you, and reaped a harvest of clippings.

But city editors got sore, particularly when they saw the star a few nights later hung with the jewels so recently gone forever and now a star can lose her mind and cruel editors won't give her an inch of space.

**A**LL of which brings us to Olive Borden and her fur coats.

She lost them. Rather, they were stolen, some \$15,000 worth of them. The story was on the up-and-up. I know, because I had seen the coats, and I saw the weeping Olive and the empty closet where the coats had hung the night Olive and Mother went to the theater and the maid went out and somebody else stole in. But not a newspaper would print the story.

Remember when Olive had only one dress?

"**T**HERE is," said the actor at First National, gazing across the room toward a rival player, "a character in 'The King of Kings' that reminds that fellow of himself."

**A** NEW Grauman theater, resplendent, beautiful, ornate; a new De Mille film, on which no person in all Hollywood has gazed even for a moment; a warm, star-studded blue night; all combined to make the opening of "The King of Kings" the greatest film opening the movie capital has experienced in years. Forty thousand people stood lined off behind ropes, hundreds of police battling to keep them in line, two thousand motor cars were massed within two blocks; color, beauty, wealth, jewels, everything, everybody.

Sartorially, the note was white, white chiffon gowns and white ermine wraps. Leatrice Joy, Dorothy Cummings, Lya de Putti, Sally Rand, Patsy Ruth Miller,



Alma Rubens, they all affected it. But there were two beautiful exceptions, Mary Pickford and Vilma Banky. Mary wore a lovely gown of gold sequins, her wrap of peach colored velvet with a dyed fox collar.

Vilma, with a bright aureole of love shining about her, wore a gown of char- treuse green and silver.

**GIRLS**, First National is about to be good to you.

It is about to show you John Westwood, and John is the handsomest college boy in America.

Some time ago First National Pictures started a contest in the colleges. Camera- men from that studio visited every uni- versity in the country and took film tests of all the most popular men. The tests, some 14,261 of them, were weeded out to twenty. Then a group of critics, among them two representatives of PHOTOPLAY, thank you, viewed those twenty tests and selected John as pre- eminent.

Mr. Westwood is a Princeton man. Nine other campus sheiks will come to Hollywood with him, the nine other sur- vivors of the contest. They have ten weeks and a fair salary on which to make good.

Their first picture will probably be the next Richard Barthelmess starring vehicle.

They are all handsome, but if John doesn't knock the femmes for a bunch of lilies, these eyes did not know their onions.

**AND** there is Charles Delaney, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's new- est contract player, who said, after reading the morality clause in his contract, that he blushes when he kisses his wife.

**RUTH DWYER**, that's Monty Banks' leading lady, brings forth a new fad. Finger nails to match your dinner dress. I saw her at Montmartre the other night gowned in a slim golden sheath of a dress, her fingernails glistening like molten metal.

She looked like a golden idol from Siam. The following night she wore green and her finger tips were as the apple leaf.

It's all right with me, Ruth. But don't start chewing betel nuts so your teeth will match your hair.

**THE** next time somebody offers you a letter to somebody else that will surely get you into the movies and make you a star, look to the ink of the signature.

For thereby hangs your career.

The ink trick was invented by Dave Allen, head of Central Casting Bureau.

Dave was continually annoyed by sweet young things who called on him bearing letters from Mr. Whosis of the Whatnot Studio asking Dave to put the dear on Central's casting list. And Dave, who is daily forced to listen to heart- breaking stories of hundreds of really talented girls who simply can't find enough work, welcomes an inexperienced film aspirant as cordially as a star wel- comes a new wrinkle about the eyes. However, he'd get the novice a day's work, if possible, only to have Mr. Whosis call, in nine cases out of ten, and

# Golden State Limited

## De Luxe California Train

The first trip—a matter of chance. After that—a matter of course.

Only sixty-three hours Chicago—Los Angeles.

Shortest and Quickest, Chicago to San Diego.



**Rock Island**

Universal City, Cal.

Mr. L. M. Allen, Vice President  
Rock Island R. R.  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

When I made my first trip to California I travelled on the Golden State Limited be- cause Universal happened to route me that way.

Now, however, I always request accom- modations on your train because I have learned from experience that the Golden State Limited is superior, both in all around comfort and in service.

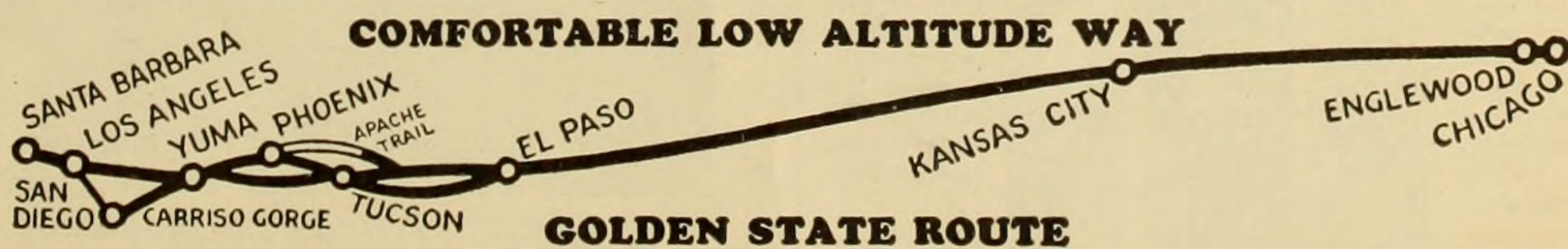
Sincerely,

*Mary Philbin*  
(Mary Philbin)



Tickets and reservations at

Hollywood Ticket Office 6768 Hollywood Boulevard, Phones Granite 1801-1802	Los Angeles Ticket Office 212 West Seventh Street, Phone Metropolitan 2000
B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines 809 Van Nuys Building Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, California	
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Southern Pacific Lines 165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800 or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street Phone Cortland 4800, New York City	P. W. Johnston General Agent, Passenger Department Rock Island Lines 723 Knickerbocker Building Broadway and 42nd Street Phones Wisconsin 2515-6, New York City (240)





# INSTANTLY!



## Alluring, Lustrous Nails Now so Fashionable

Smart society's edict makes this new manicure a part of the perfect toilette.

Each finger tip a jewel of unsurpassed loveliness . . . . Nails gleaming with the lustre of tinted pearls . . . . Is it any wonder that smart women of fashion have decreed lustrous nails as an emphatic part of fashionable grooming?

Glazo set this vogue . . . . the wonderful liquid polish that gives, instantly, a rosy, alluring lustre to nails that are dull.

No buffing. Just a light brush of Glazo over the nails. Quickly they assume a lovely lustre. After a week this Glazo finish is nearly as fresh as the day you applied it. Neither soap and water nor work can harm it. It will not crack or peel or turn an ugly brown.

Be sure that you get Glazo in dainty twin bottles. The polish in one. And in the other—Glazo Remover that insures the most charming manicure, and saves precious polish.

The better shops and stores everywhere sell Glazo. Ask for it by name. The Glazo Company, 408 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.

say the letter meant nothing and had been written only to get rid of the gal.

Thus Dave worked out the scheme studio officials are now following. A green ink signature on a please-give-this-little-girl-a-chance letter means "I don't mean a word of it." Blue ink signifies, "give her a day's work, if possible, and then break the bad news." Black ink, alone, demands action.

**O**UR solid aluminum loving cup, given monthly for the most effective garbling of the English language by the foreign artists, goes to Lya de Putti, who murmured plaintively to Director James Young when he kept her, long after lunch hour, in the cinema embrace of Kenneth Harlan:

"When you have hungry in the stomach you can't loving."

The second prize in the same contest, a barrel of primrose bath salts, goes to Ivan Moskine (nee Mosjoukine) for his remark as he left the home of the Kordas after a most charming party:

"I must give revenge!"

Meaning, of course, that he must repay the pleasures of the evening in like fashion.

**K**ING VIDOR brought a company to New York and spent several weeks filming street scenes for "The Crowd." Eleanor Boardman, who is playing the wife of a poor clerk in this picture, had to eat most of her luncheons wearing the make-up and the get-up for the part. Well, she dresses that way anyhow.

**J**AMES MURRAY, the former extra boy and theater doorman, plays the leading rôle in Mr. Vidor's piece. Murray has five sisters and seven brothers and a mother and father. Whenever Vidor wanted a mob scene, he just invited the Murrays around to watch the picture.

And Murray, after a long struggle for recognition, has the time of his life being a somebody. He's beginning to dress like Rod La Rocque.

**O**VERHEARD at "The King of Kings" opening. Producers and stars and directors, but mostly producers, crowded the entrance of the Chinese Theater. Up piped an observing fan in the sidelines:

"Gee, there are more Jews here than there were at the Crucifixion."

**N**OW it can be told. The younger of the Beery brothers was not named Noah for nothing. The truth has come to light. Noah has just purchased a million fish. A million fish, not to sell, not to fry, but just to catch. Darned clever, these film stars.

Noah, as may be judged, is an Izaak Walton devotee. Nothing delights him more than a fishing rod, a supply of flies and the right kind of trout stream.

Trout streams are rarely found in California, but is a film favorite to be held down by a fact like that? I should say not.

First Noah found a brook, 92 miles from Los Angeles, fed by four streams. He bought said brook. Then he bought a million trout and had them dumped therein. Next he hired two Hollywood realtors to talk to the fish and get them to take an interest in the property. And the rest was easy.

**A** LITTLE lesson on the technical director, folks. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has had full share of them recently. Not the usual technical director, spectacles and lugging an encyclopedia, but real authorities on customs and things.

Clarence Brown has assisting him the original "Cherokee Kid," Scott Turner, now in his early seventies, but still as keen-eyed as when golden nuggets



Everyone get ready for a good, old-fashioned cry. Here is *Little Eva's Death Scene* from Universal's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." *Little Eva* is played by Virginia Gray. This particular bit has caused more tears than any other moment in dramatic literature



dripped through his fingers. Long and yellow and tapering, those fingers, through which at least fifty million dollars have passed over Alaskan card tables. He, of course, is helping in the gambling scenes in "The Trail of '98."

Then Sir Esme Howard, England's distinguished ambassador, called on Marion Davies the other day and inspected the "Quality Street" set, marking it perfect except for an audacious directory hanging in front of a chapel. This is never, never done in jolly old England. So the directory was immediately dispatched to parts unknown, and Sir Esme saved the day.

Last, but ah not least, is the masked marvel who directs the rum-running activities of Jack Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out." He's a hijacker, some say. Others, a master bootlegger. But every morning he appears on the set, swathed in a mask, to show the Jacks—Gilbert and Conway—how the prohibition pirates violate the Eighteenth Amendment.

**I** PAUSE to become exuberant. I chortle and crow with glee. Hollywood comes along with a concentrated boost and puts Los Angeles over the top on her Mississippi Flood Relief Benefit. Is it not to boast?

Sixty-eight thousand dollars collected in one grand and glorious night at the Hollywood Bowl, with every big star in the industry there. Gloria Swanson, a vivid personality in white. The Talmadges, Norma and Constance; those other celebrated sisters, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, with their famous song and patter; Doug and Mary, John Barrymore, Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, Ramon Novarro, Claire Windsor, Greta Garbo, Estelle Taylor, William S. Hart, Lew Cody, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, Dolores del Rio.

High up in the mountains, at Lone Pine, if you will be technical, "Buck" Jones and his troupe of cowboys staged a benefit performance that filled the theater and started the Inyo County relief fund on its record-topping way.

Never could the great heart of the theatrical and motion picture world beat for a better cause. And never did it respond more readily or with greater feeling.

**L** ESSONS in personal appearances. If I were a star I'd take mine from Charles Farrell. Of course, all stars are not tall and tanned and youthful, with charm and a boyish white-toothed smile.

At the "Seventh Heaven" opening, Charlie stepped from the cast line-up on the stage—Dave Butler, Marie Mosquini, Ben Bard, Emile Chautard, Gladys Brockwell, Albert Gran—in answer to the mad thunder of applause.

He bowed. The applause sprayed over him like surf. He bowed again. A tidal wave of it engulfed him.

Charlie grinned, shifted from his right foot to his left, and then spoke:

"It's a great night for a growing boy!"

Then Janet Gaynor stepped onto the stage, a small figure in a quaint robe de style frock, all tulle skirt, it seemed, to receive great bunches of bouquets and deafening applause.

Those two kids, and all the glory that was theirs.



## Women who ask questions

Learn that the most and least a dentifrice can do is

# CLEAN

**I** NQUIRING women—women with eager, hungry, questing minds—who ask the doctor and the dentist "Why?"—they make good mothers, good wives, good shoppers.

Very soon they have the same ideas on care of the teeth that all dentists have. They use a dentifrice and see that their family does, for the same reason the dentist gives—to keep teeth *clean!*

For *treatment* of the teeth they go to the dentist and see that their children go—twice a year. They avoid self-medication. They use a dentifrice to clean, and they employ a dentist to cure.

They know that modern dental authorities agree that the one and only function of a dentifrice should be to keep teeth clean. This is the reason Colgate & Co. made Ribbon

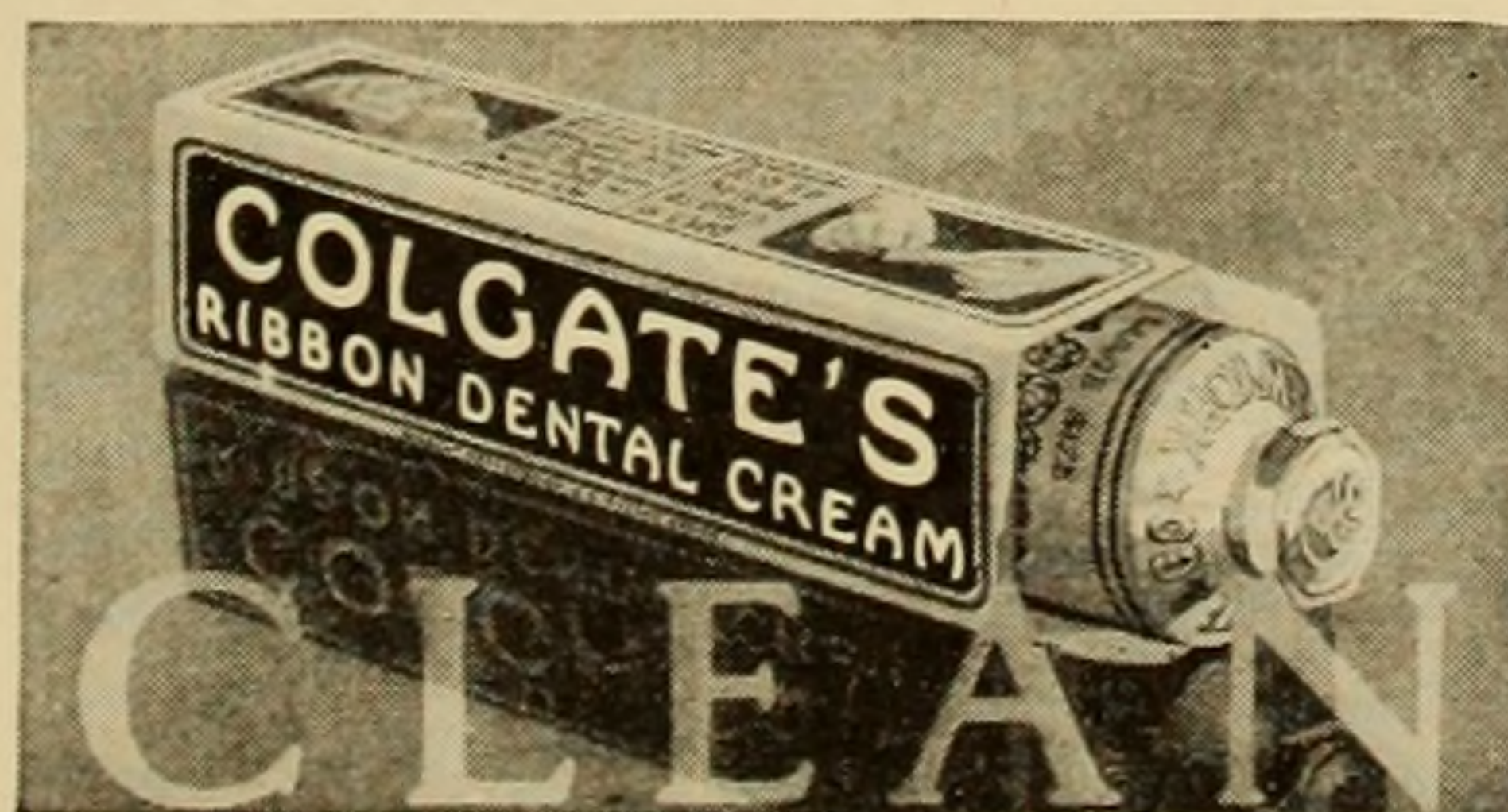
Dental Cream with the sole object that it shall clean teeth and clean them better.

Colgate's cleans by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Next, this foam in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums—washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure your teeth—rely on Colgate's to clean your teeth.

*Colgate*  
Est. 1806



FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-H, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.  
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

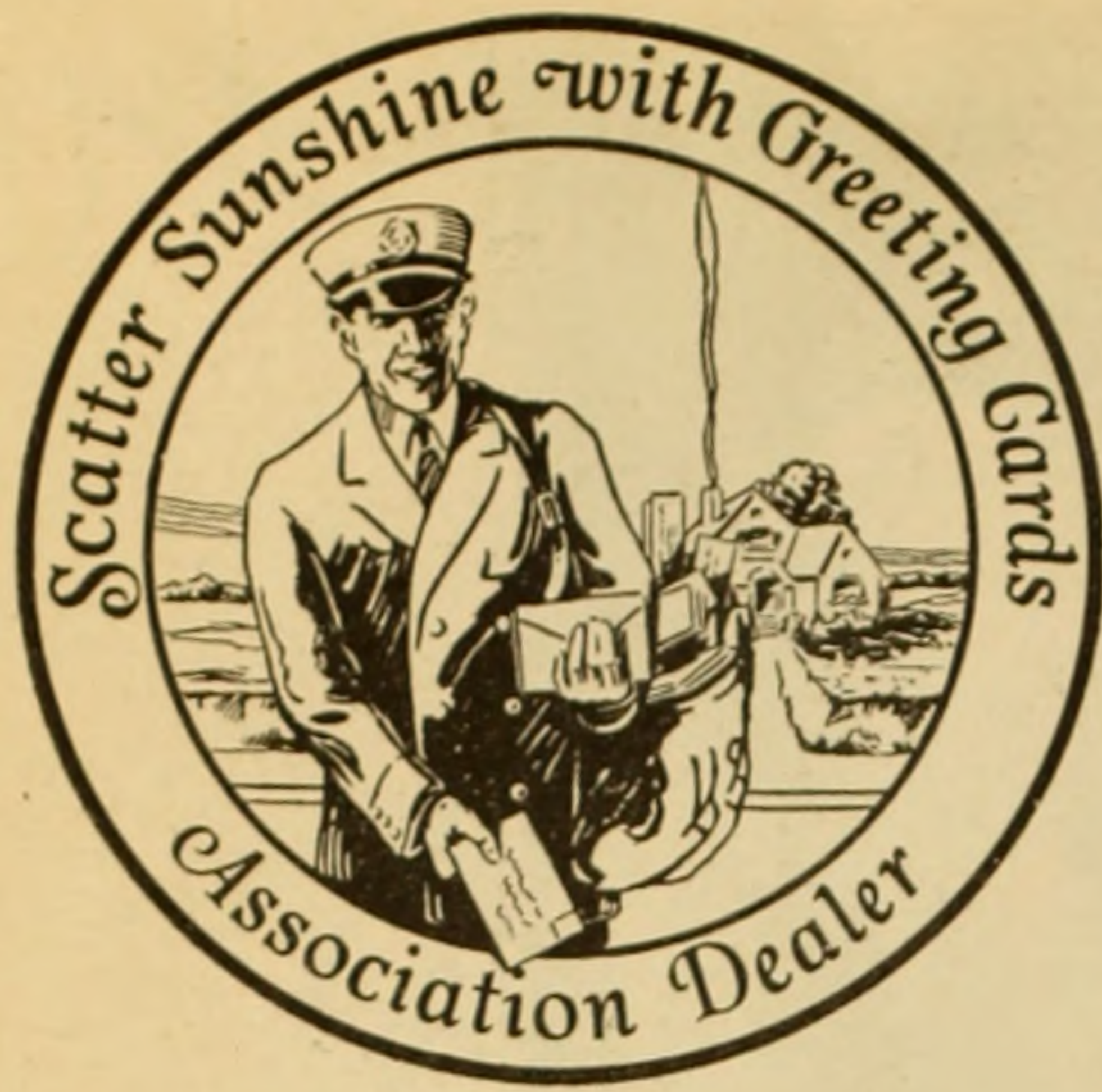
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal



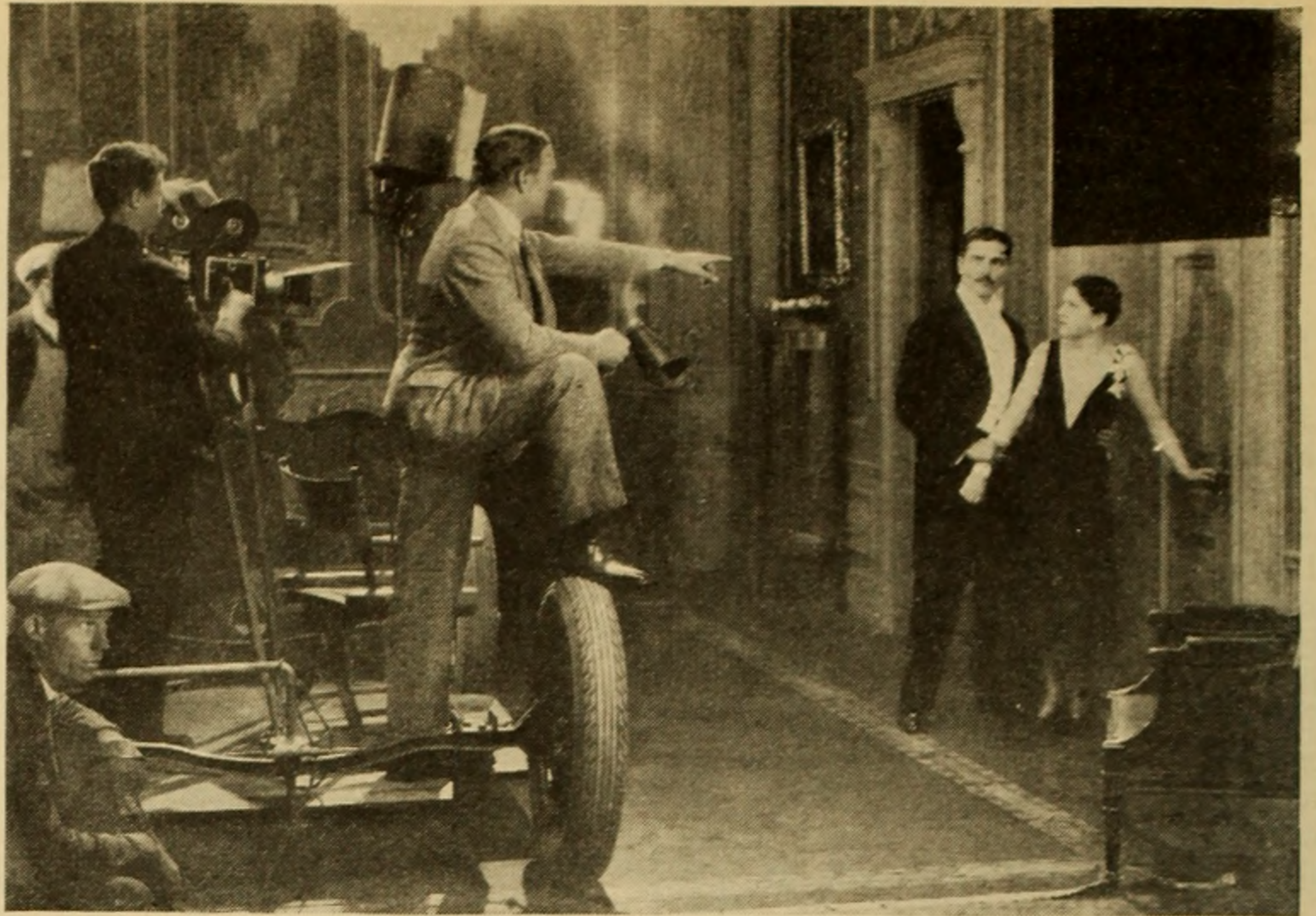


*This is the seal  
adopted by the  
Greeting Card  
Association*

The members comprising the Association seek to employ the best artists, the best writers, the best minds to create their product, so as to enable you truly to scatter sunshine with Greeting Cards.

Perhaps not every merchant who sells cards manufactured by the members of the Greeting Card Association will display this Seal, but wherever it is shown you will find a complete assortment of Greeting Cards for all occasions—cards to meet social obligations promptly—cards to keep friendships warm.

*Scatter Sunshine  
with Greeting Cards*



Smoking hot drama, directed by Henry King, for "The Magic Scene." Ronald Colman, with the monocle, is getting tips on how to keep Shirley Palmer from walking out, out into the night

**C**ENTRAL Casting Bureau, which places all the extra people, sends out this statistical note.

In the past fourteen months, it has taken in, for extra players' salaries, three and a half million dollars. This sum was paid by the studios, through Central, to nearly 400,000 people who make up the crowds when *Knockout Reilly* swings a wicked left or *Red* has only a minute to play.

Before Central was organized by the Hays office, small casting offices got ten per cent of the extras' meager wages. Central takes no commission. In other words, these fourteen months, the bearded boys and blondined girls got \$350,000 between them, they wouldn't have had otherwise. And when you figure that out into shoes, and stockings, to say nothing of pork and beans, it does justify Central's existence pretty thoroughly.

**H**AROLD LLOYD, Mildred Lloyd and young Gloria are recovering from pleurisy. . . . Charles Farrell fell off a horse and smashed his right foot. . . . Al St. Johns bought a \$90,000 home. . . . Adolphe Menjou says he is going to join United Artists. . . . Henri de la Falaise is going to Europe soon. . . . Pola Negri has gone back to Hollywood. . . . Ben Lyon is in New York and very lonely, but he's sailing for Paris.

**C**LEVER patter from first night stages if you will list to the chirp of Marceline Day, darling of "Rookies," who stepped upon the Million Dollar Theater stage and bowed. Silently she bowed again.

"Say something," prompted Al Boasberg, master of ceremonies.

Marceline tip-toed to him and whispered in his ear.

"She says," repeated Al, impressively, after a moment's thought, "that the 'phone number is Granite 8651."

Followed Lincoln Stedman:

"When I entered the theater two people knew what I was going to say—

God and myself. Now only one knows and that one is not me."

A lariat of applause drew him back. Linc smiled and was silent, but only for a moment. He winked, broadly.

"That number Marceline Day gave you? Well, it's wrong."

**W**HERE to park little Ophelia? That is the question. Or perhaps you don't have a monkey in your home. That is a different matter. Jack Barrymore solved the problem for us. On the outside of one of the deep-alcoved windows of his dressing room is constructed a little wooden cage, five feet high, two feet broad, in which his little simian playmate frolics.

**I**T'S all settled now and scandal is averted. Patsy, the Pekinese pup belonging to Estelle Taylor, was gone for a whole day. Spud, Ray Griffith's canine, was also missing. Marriage license bureaus were watched. Roads guarded. No trace of the missing couple.

Lassie, the wire-haired terrier belonging to Marie Prevost, told reporters she thought Spud was a "delicious sap."

At tea-time Patsy returned, insouciant as ever. She had been to the beauticians having a finger wave.

And there goes a swell tale.

**H**OWARD GREER, who makes those lovely, slithery, star-dusty costumes that you see glide by on the screen, has been wooed into the marts of commerce. Backed by a number of prominent persons, including Florine Williams, widow of Earle Williams; Ed King of F. B. O., and others, he is to have an ultra-smart shop opposite the Hollywood Athletic Club where imported mannequins will strut his personally designed gowns.

**D**ON'T pity the poor plasterers on a day like this. Not when Eddie Carewe and Dolores del Rio are each building \$250,000 homes. Dolores' will be an exact replica of her Mexico City



home, arising on a three and one-half acre tract near the symphonic loveliness of the Hollywood Bowl.

The Carewes' home is in a tree-lined canyon—very exclusive, that section—and a generous nursery is planned, for little Sally Ann Carewe, their small daughter, is expecting a sister or brother.

**F**ORMERLY all roads led to Rome. Now they lead to Hollywood.

Two people met the other day on Hollywood Boulevard for the first time in fifteen years. He was a magazine writer come out to do titles for First National pictures and she had just finished a starring rôle.

"Oh, do you remember? . . ." she said, and then they cut back to Birmingham, Ala., where the man, Sidney Lazarus, then a manufacturer, had helped select the girl, Lois Wilson, then a stenographer, as winner of a beauty contest.

Both left Birmingham shortly after that time, Lazarus to forsake business for writing. Both of them have lived in New York for the last few years. But they had to wait until they both got to Hollywood to meet again.

**S**TATISTICAL NOTE: It is estimated that 400,000 fan letters pass through the Hollywood post office monthly. And Colleen Moore's press agent steps up promptly to say that Colleen receives 15,000 of them; Billie Dove 9,180, Richard Barthelmess 6,500, Harry Langdon 4,000. And so forth. Combined with the influx to Culver City, where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the De Mille and Hal Roach studios are located, I would say fan letter writing was one of the popular sciences.

**I**F you have wondered, as I have often wondered, not where prize beauties come from but where they go, here's the locale of one of them.

Fay Lanphier, the Miss America of 1926, the "American Venus" gal for whom Paramount predicted such a future, the greatest beauty and so forth and so forth, is about to play in a Hal Roach comedy. It's called "Were Women Ever Wild?" and Fay has thrown away her bathing suit and put herself to grass, wearing a hula skirt and a leopard skin brassiere for the rôle.

**C**AKE-EATER makes good. At last the drug store cowboy can absorb his strawberry soda with manly vigor. He has been vindicated. Vindicated, I repeat, by Benjamin Christensen, the director, who gave a fat rôle in "Terror," Mister Chaney's new opus, to Mack Swain, because Swain could eat three large, gooey, glucose chocolate cakes at one sitting. And not suffer any ill-effects.

But I'd like to be present when you called Swain a "cake-eater."

**C**ISSY FITZGERALD has a new rôle. That of defendant in a \$50,000 alienation of affections suit instituted by her daughter-in-law of two months. Cissy has countered with a number of claims, one that the girl was not divorced from her first husband, which makes matters all wrong, and therefore her marriage to Osmond Tucker, Cissy's young son, is illegal.



## The French secret of Smooth Skin in this new toilet soap at 10¢

**A**T LAST you can have a toilet soap as fine, as caressing as costly imported soap—but blessedly *reasonable* in price!

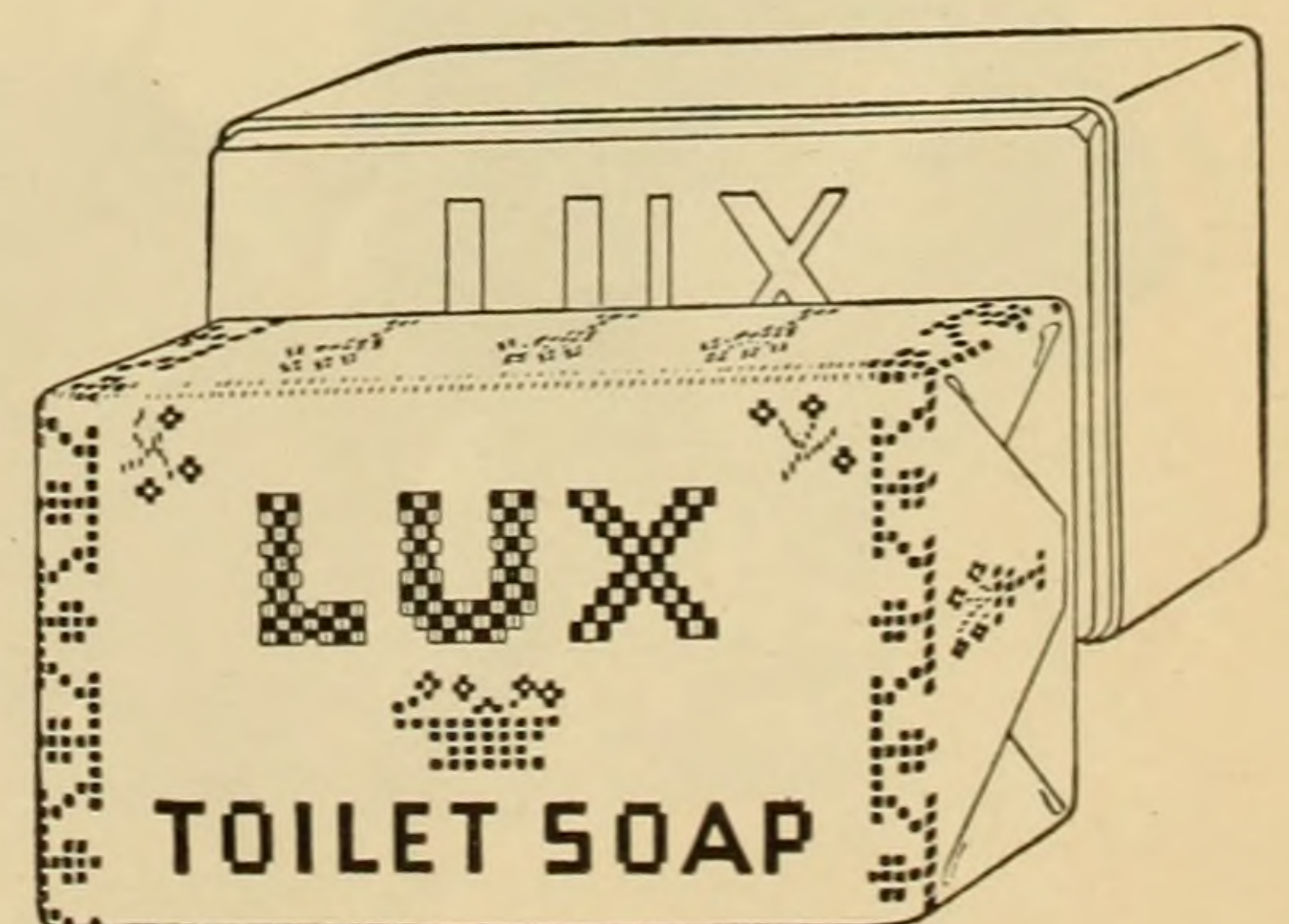
Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

It tends your skin the true French way—beauty-wise France discovered the secret of that incomparable loveliness—*Smooth Skin!*

Such instant caressing lather even in hard water! Firm, fine-textured, Lux Toilet Soap wears and wears to an exquisite wafer—and you do feel lovelier after the luxury of this delicately fragrant white toilet soap!

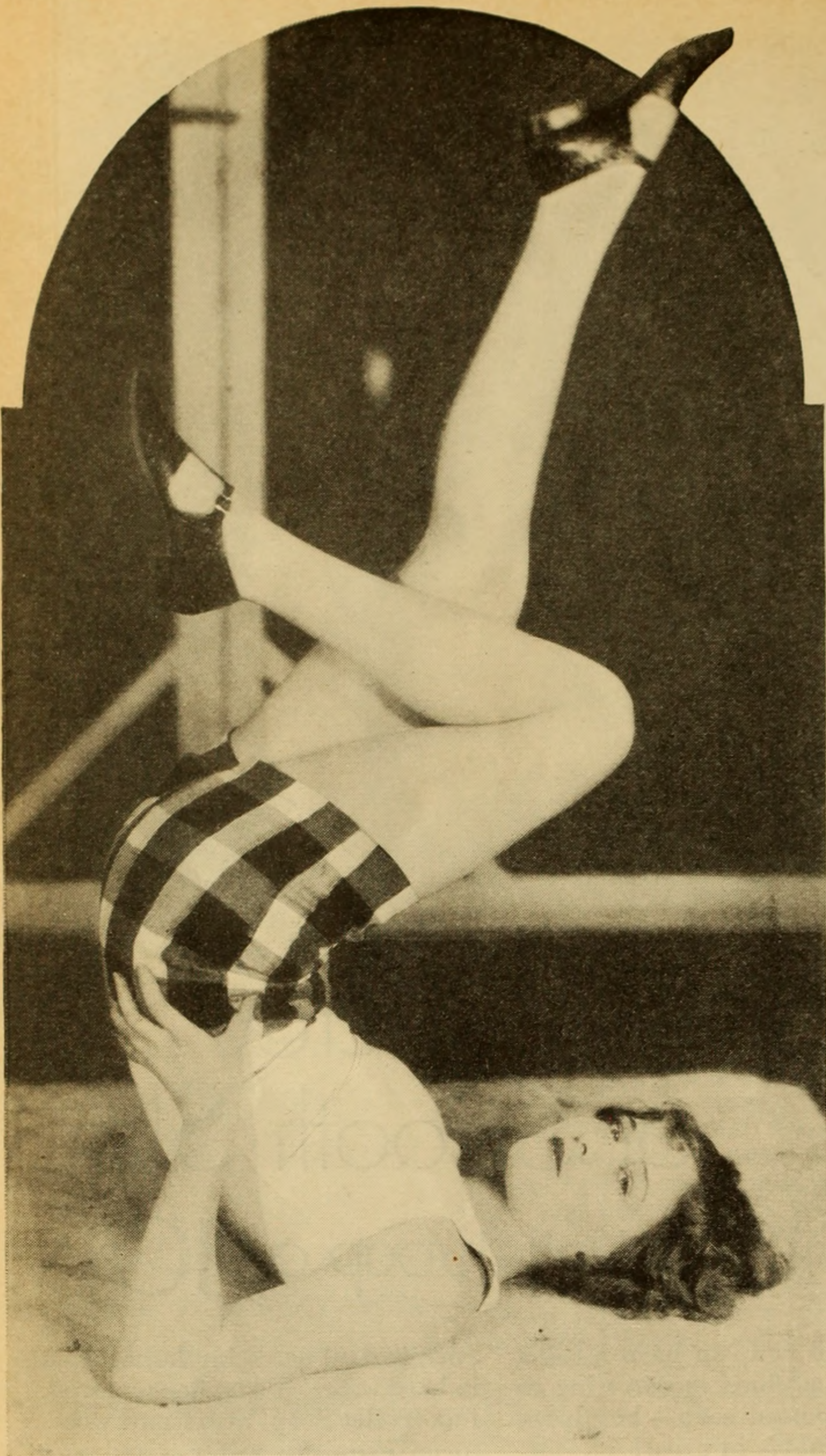
Instead of costing fifty cents or a dollar as imported soaps do, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold! America's genius for achievement makes it possible. Made by the makers of Lux, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX Toilet SOAP



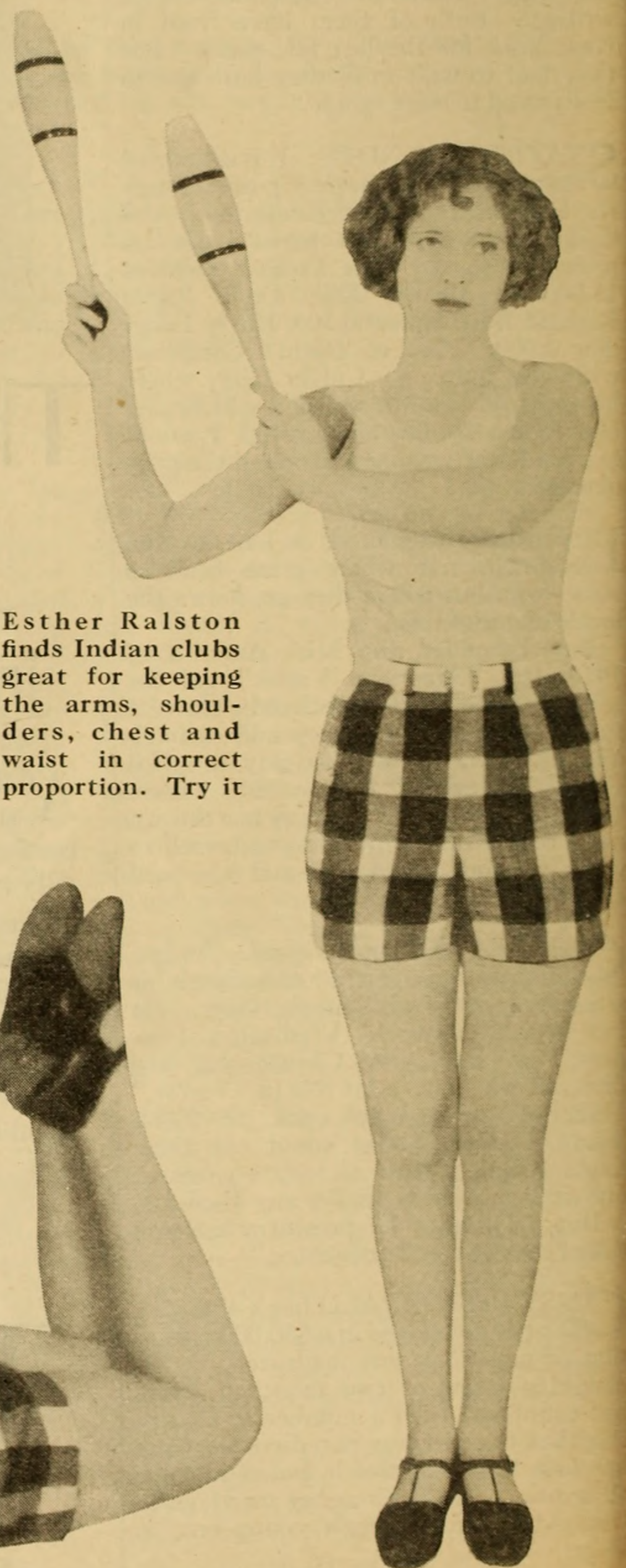
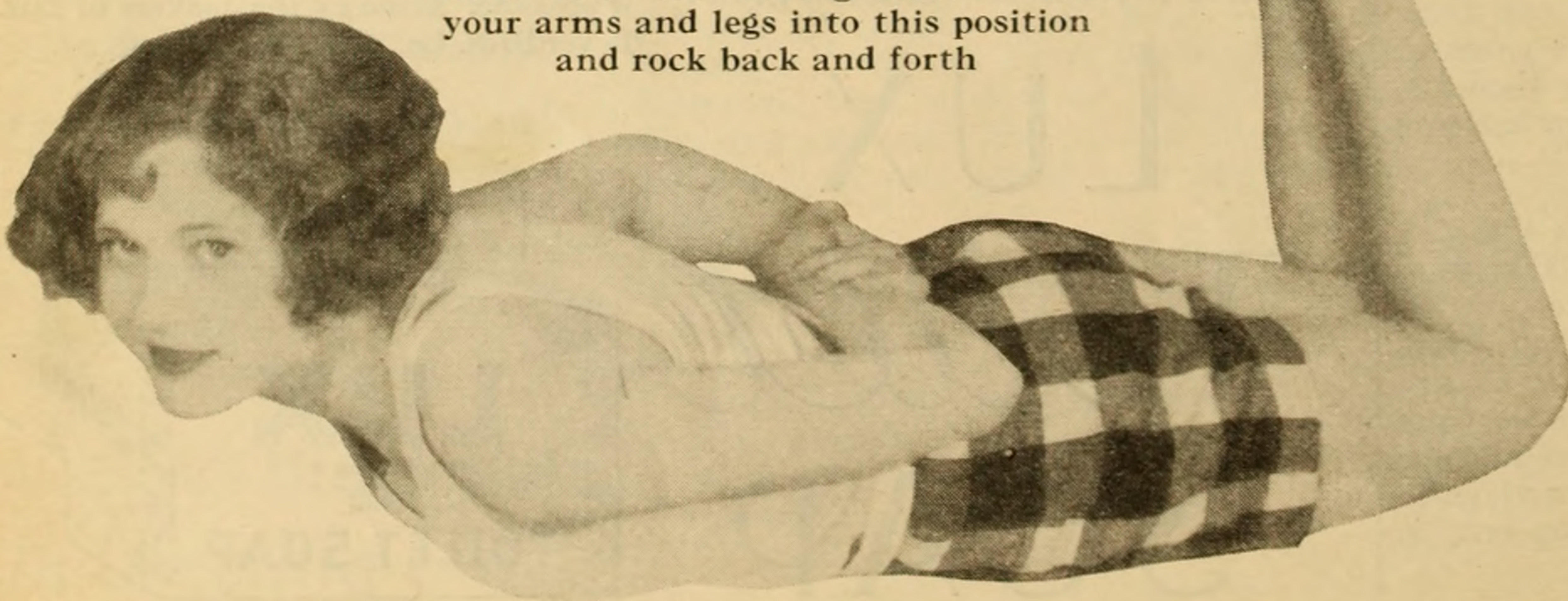


# Good *at* Figures



"The Bicycle" is one of Esther Ralston's favorite exercises. It helps mightily in keeping down the waistline. Simply brace your hips as shown—and pedal an imaginary bicycle with a fairly rapid, even movement

If you really want to keep thin, try this. It's "the rocking horse." Get your arms and legs into this position and rock back and forth



Esther Ralston finds Indian clubs great for keeping the arms, shoulders, chest and waist in correct proportion. Try it





### F A M O U S F E E T

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

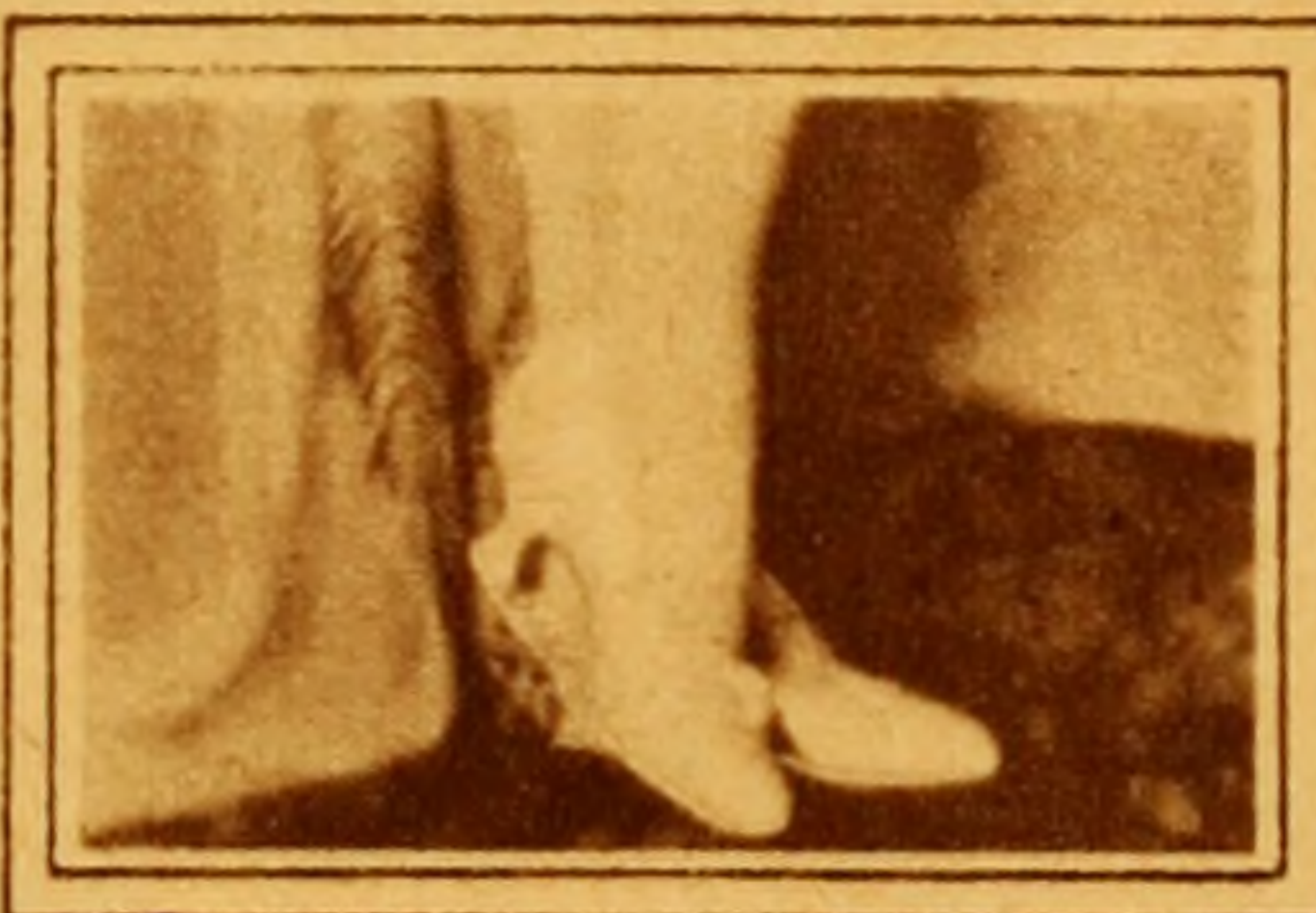
## Here's a vital "foot-note" A new way to end Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for all feet . . . Here, indeed, is an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, *Blue-jay* in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the *Blue-jay* formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But *Blue-jay* is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored



ANN PENNINGTON says: "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty *Blue-jay* plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet*. "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But *Blue-jay* does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a *Blue-jay*."

way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

The new *Blue-jay* in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

*For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with *Blue-jay* Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

## THE New *Blue-jay*







Marie Prevost

Mr. W. J. Shaughnessy,  
Shaughnessy Knitting Co.,  
Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

You don't know how much I appreciate the honor of having one of your Olovnit garments named after me.

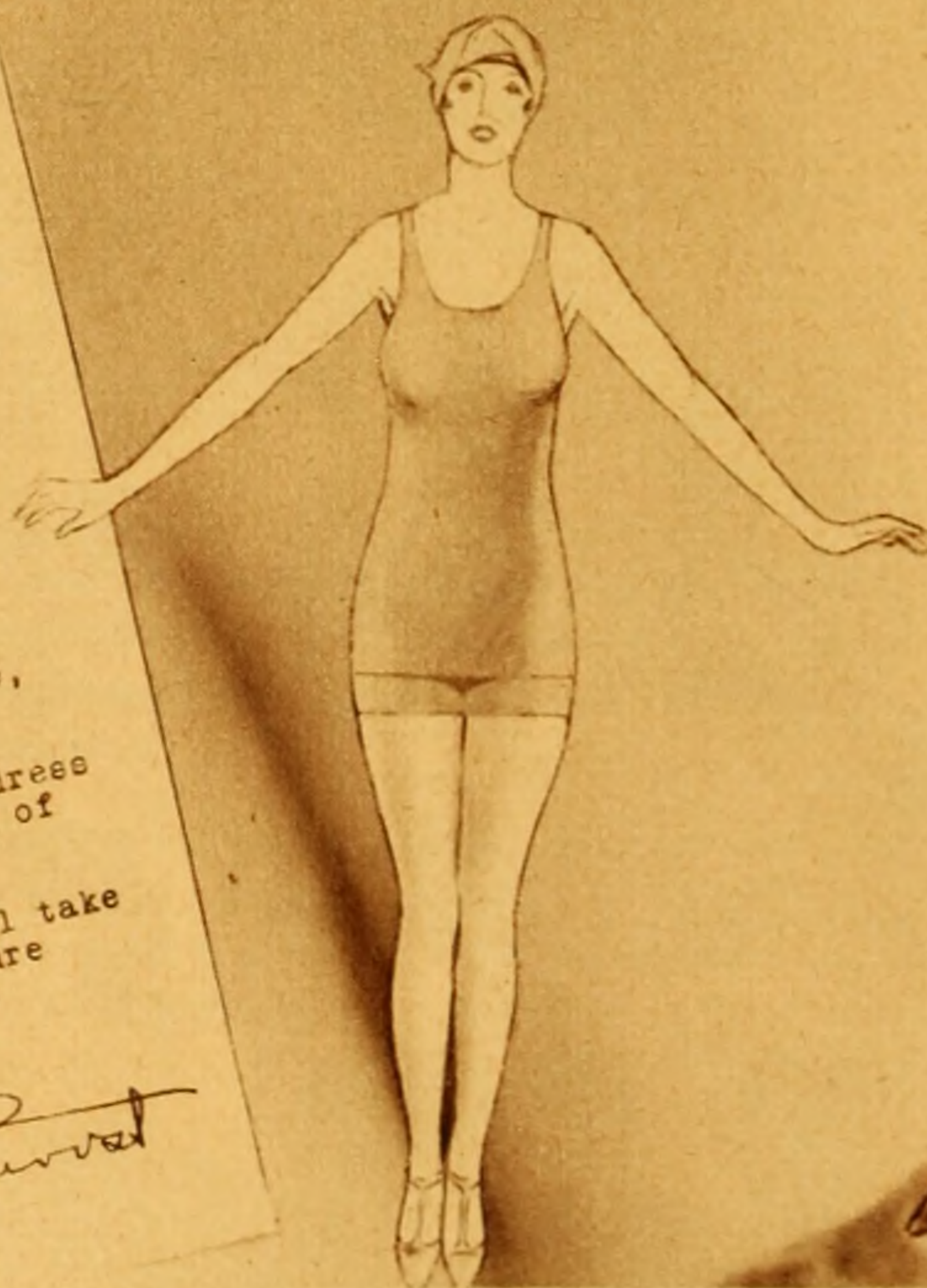
They are all so beautiful it is hard for me to select one, but it will be the "Marie Prevost Bloomers". They are so pretty, so well made and so comfortable, every woman will appreciate them.

They can be worn under the daintiest dress and do not bulge and spoil the effect of even close fitting gowns.

I know that discriminating women will take advantage of the opportunity to secure this wonderful Olovnit garment.

Sincerely,

*Marie Prevost*



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.....

# Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

**B**ECAUSE they are sold direct to you through our factory representatives — you can have those beautiful garments that are selected by your favorite "stars" — at a price that is exceptionally reasonable.

Just think, beautiful, dainty undergarments, hosiery, bathing suits, etc., — sold direct from the factory — at factory prices.

We will have our representative call and show you samples of the complete line — send the coupon today.



# The Youngest Rancher

IT'S a Paradise for a boy who is twelve—going on thirteen. And the strange part of it is, that the boy, just hovering on the edge of his teens, earned it all himself.

Jackie Coogan has achieved every actor's dream of Heaven. He has bought his own ranch. The ranch is in San Diego County, California, and it is a big, rambling estate of hundreds of acres.

The ranch may not be much on style, but it is long on equipment.

Jackie, being one of the youngest farmers in the world, has all the latest improvements—caterpillar tractors, rotary plows and harvesters as big as steam engines.

Farming is the best sport in the world, if you do not have to work at it for a living.

Jackie has his own



Jackie Coogan and one of his favorite houn' dawgs at the ranch in San Diego County



Why own a ranch, if you can't wear the costume that goes with it?

menagerie—horses, dogs, cows and pigs. It is his ambition to raise enough produce to feed his live stock.

Oh, yes, Jackie will make more pictures. Between farming and going to school at the Urban Military Academy, he's going to star in "The Bugle Call," a story of the Civil War.

In spite of work in the studio and the distractions of his ranch, Jackie is attending school regularly for the first time in his life. Heretofore, he has always studied with tutors and, in many studies, he is farther advanced than other boys of his age.

However, his parents felt that the discipline of a military school would be a good thing for him.



Your hair well  
groomed every  
moment of the day  
with

# ACE

hard rubber  
Combs

## on arising

To comb out the tumbled hair without pulling or breaking, 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 Dressing Comb is used and recommended.

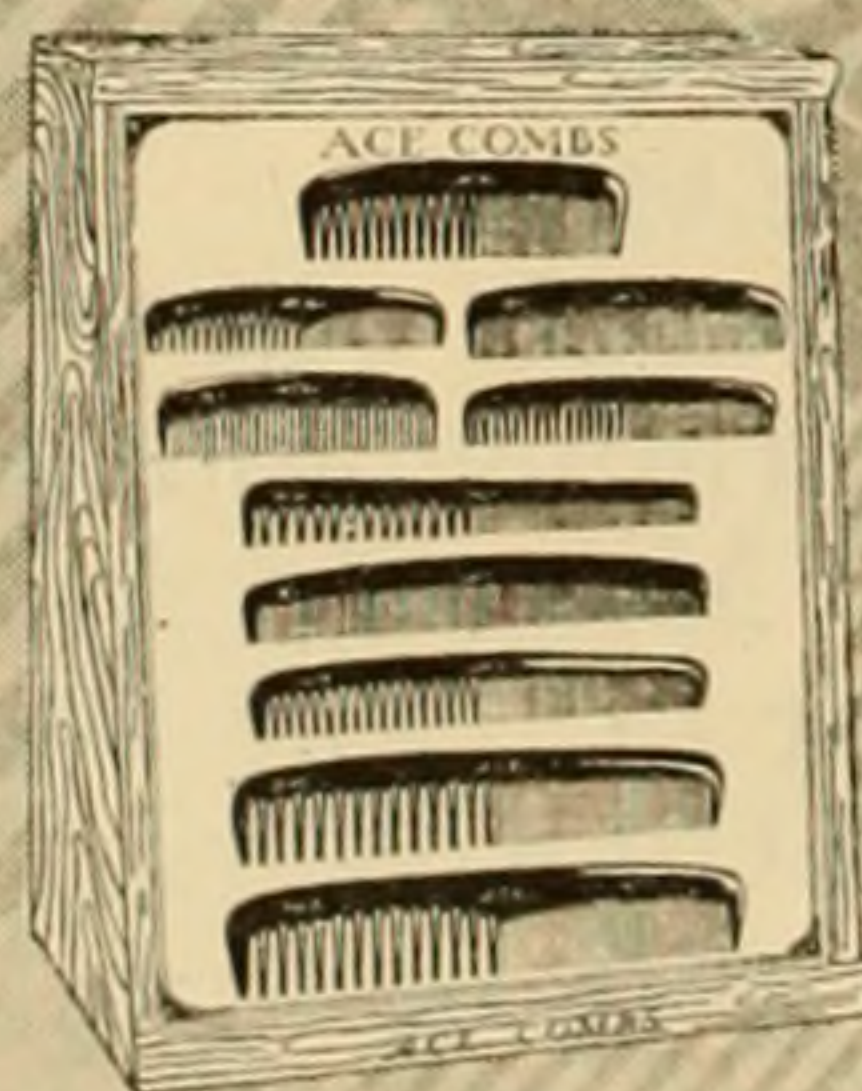
## during the day

The Ace Pocket Comb is carried conveniently by men and women alike ready for use at any time.



## before retiring

The Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. This reveals the natural lustre.



The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.,  
Dept D7, 11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Name .....

Address .....

## Exit—This Way Out

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

the winners and losers in the matrimonial gamble.

The bitterest fade-outs of all are suffered by the stars who overplay their type. There is little justice in their failures. The public loved that strong, silent look on William S. Hart's face. Then suddenly it decided it had seen enough of that strong, silent look. It adored Louise Glaum in those spidery costumes. The adoration turned to indifference.

THEDA BARA was encouraged to become wilder and funnier. When Miss Bara obliged, the public laughed. It demanded hot stuff of Leah Baird, Virginia Pearson and Rosemary Theby. The Misses Baird, Pearson and Theby got hot and the public got cold. Miss Baird is writing scenarios. Miss Pearson is married to Sheldon Lewis. Miss Theby is married to Harry Myers and works now and then—mostly then.

Sessue Hayakawa was a clever actor, but unfortunately a Japanese. He was obliged to play one type of story, and our racial prejudices are so built up that we don't want to see an Oriental marry a white girl. So Mr. Hayakawa always had to lose the beautiful Nordic. This cultured gentleman plays occasionally on the stage and in vaudeville and has just bought himself a home in Great Neck, L. I.

The boys and girls who allow producers to star them before they have earned the position usually vanish from public notice as quickly as they jumped to prominence. Or else they have a terrible time trying to live down the false start.

Katherine MacDonald was widely cracked up as "the American Beauty" but merely being beautiful wasn't enough. After a series of pictures, Miss MacDonald faded from stardom, and then married. She is said to be sighing a little for another whirl at the films.

Lila Lee was thrust into stardom as a mere child. Lila grew up so fast that she outgrew her dresses and the stories that had been selected for her. If she had taken the grade more slowly, she would be an established star today. However, Lila is married to James Kirkwood and has a young son. She and her husband appear on the stage together.

A little blonde girl, Miss Dupont, never lived down the dreadful name that the producers picked for her. Dupont is a good name on ammunitions, but it is no monicker for a star. And the lack of a first name was fatal, because the public likes to get intimate with their favorites and the name Miss Dupont was too ritzy a label. Miss Dupont had her little fling in "Foolish Wives" but made a quick fade-out when she tried to be a star.

A star can't say "au revoir" to the public; it must be "good-bye." J. Warren Kerrigan allowed absence to make the heart grow colder. Kerrigan came back to prominence in "The Covered Wagon," but he has done little since then, preferring the peace and quiet of his hillside home near Hollywood.

Pearl White went to Paris about five

years ago and forgot to come back. She loves France and she can't see the idea of risking her neck in any more serials. Carlyle Blackwell migrated to England, made a few British pictures, and married an heiress.

Bad pictures are the surest exit of all. Even a star with the personality of Geraldine Farrar couldn't stand a string of mediocre productions. Clara Kimball Young allowed herself to be mismanaged into oblivion. Miss Young today is still attractive and many of her contemporaries at Vitagraph are getting large pay envelopes every week. Miss Young has gone into that Land of Exile for all picture people—vaudeville.

Anita Stewart allowed herself to be killed off by trivial pictures. She is still young, still pretty, but she has fallen out of the race. Although professionally mismanaged, Miss Stewart is a shrewd manager of her personal affairs and has saved a great deal of money. Wanda Hawley couldn't stand the combination of stardom and silly pictures.

Have we forgotten anyone? Surely, plenty of them. Some of the former stars we have purposely omitted. They have gone to Adela Rogers St. Johns' Port of Missing Girls. And others have gone to the just as tragic Port of Missing Men.

And oh, yes, there is Natacha Rambova. Miss Rambova made one picture, "When Love Grew Cold," and broke all records by walking out of four out of the seven exits at once.

But let's be cheerful. There is an eighth exit. And that's the gate that leads to success in some other line of work. It may be a blow to our vanity, but sometimes film people actually discover that there are other things in the world besides movies. Mary Lewis left Hollywood at the height of the boom and the former Christie bathing girl landed at the Metropolitan Opera House.

CRANE WILBUR got tired of being a pretty fellow in the films and took to writing plays. Carter de Haven appeared in light domestic comedies with his wife. The comedies were not so riotous. Mr. De Haven is now in the real estate business and last year he promoted the Hollywood Music Box.

What with her Five Grand a week from her night club and her dozen diamond bracelets, the Two-Gun Woman, Texas Guinan, is shedding no tears over her lost movie salary. Ruth Roland's profits from real estate are larger than any film money she ever made.

Anita Loos stopped writing scenarios and subtitles and dashed off "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The book and play will earn her a million dollars. Irene Castle quit the films and stopped dancing. She married and has a little daughter. Mrs. Castle is now in business. She acts as fashion adviser for dress manufacturers and she has a fine business reputation. Fannie Ward's celebrated face is no longer on the screen, but she makes big money in vaudeville and she has a flourishing beauty shop business.



Even when kid stars outgrow their jobs in the movies, they don't always lose the old grip on the pay envelope. Jane and Katherine Lee are a stock act in vaudeville and Wesley Barry conducts a jazz band.

As the New York theater programs advise, choose your own exit. Walk, do not run, towards the door you wish to use.

## The Millionaires' Movie Theater

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

their disposal. All are done in brilliant red. Against the background of deep green, they present a superlatively attractive appearance.

Discrimination and good taste have been shown in selection of the seating facilities for the "Diamond Horseshoe" and for the three sections below, in which beauty and a maximum of comfort have been combined.

Considered from any angle, the Paramount is a theater not to be placed lightly in a general category of "first class picture houses." It is unique and of its own class exclusively.

The booking and buying of pictures for the Paramount is in the hands of the Publix Theatres Corporation, and first run features only are shown. Music is by a twelve-piece orchestra, augmented by the latest type Wurlitzer pipe organ. It is one of a group of six theaters in the Palm Beaches controlled by the Stanley company, of which Stanley C. Warrick is general manager.



Seattle, Wash.

Once my only ambition and desire was Paris and clothes. Now it is love, a cottage and children. The motion picture, "Subway Sadie," brought about a great change in my life.

This picture was a repetition of my life. I was a buyer in a large department store and my chance to go to Paris was at last realized. At the time, I was engaged—but what a trivial thing compared with Paris!

Three days before sailing time, I went to a theater near my home and saw "Subway Sadie." The boat on which I was to have sailed went without me. I married. Now I am so happy with my husband and the little girl in our home that all my silly, selfish dreams of Paris and clothes have vanished.

How can I ever thank motion pictures and what they have done for me! They helped me to my present happiness. Probably I would have been in Paris now, with plenty of beautiful gowns but no sincere love and true joy, had it not been for "Subway Sadie."

Mrs. N. P.

SUDDEN downpour. Clothes sodden—powder streaked—make-up ruined. A proffered umbrella. A smile, radiant with the loveliness of clean bright teeth. Natural beauty triumphant. THE SMILE TEST . . . could you pass it now?



# When BEAUTY depends solely on your SMILE

## What then?

To every woman moments must come that test *true, natural* beauty. When all the little artifices and aids-to-beauty fail.

Each time you smile is such a test. For then *natural* loveliness is revealed. Or its lack uncovered. In a moment or two you have been judged. Strictly judged, if by a man.

*Only sparkling cleanness of teeth can give true beauty here. If they lack that you cannot conceal the fact. If they have it, no adornment is needed.*

This is the one natural loveliness all women can have. It is simpler than any other care you take.

SPEND but 4 minutes daily, using a Dr. West's Tooth Brush, brushing away from the gums. Two minutes at night, two in the morning.

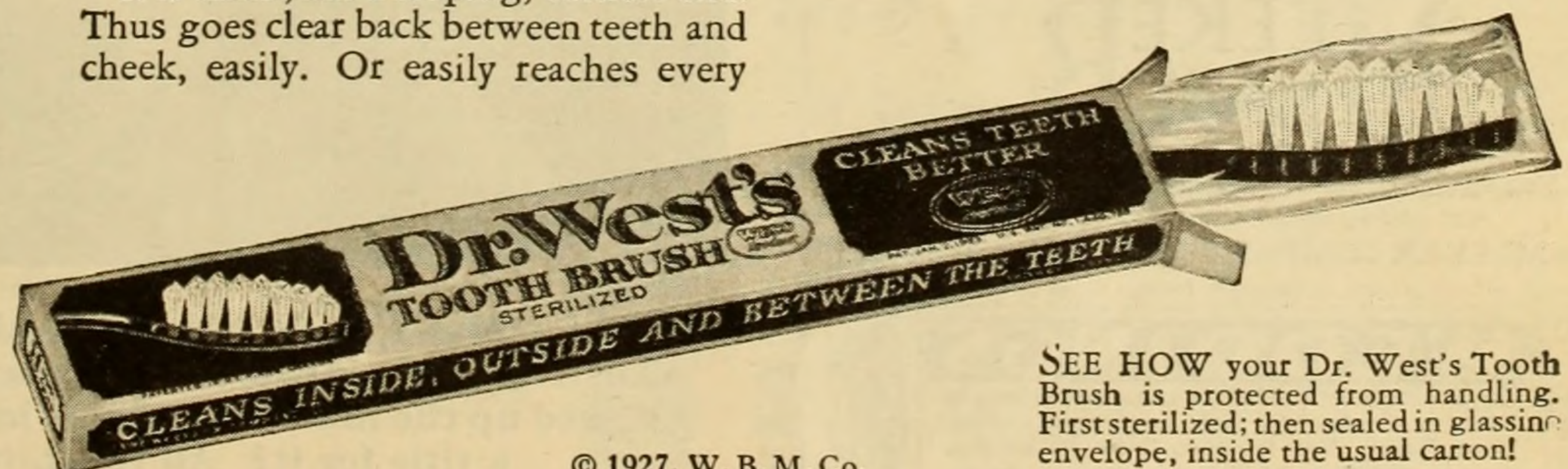
By tens of thousands, women are finding that this famous brush not only *cleans thoroughly*—but *polishes* as it cleans. See why this is so:

It is small, has a sloping, tuftless end. Thus goes clear back between teeth and cheek, easily. Or easily reaches every

part of the inner jaw-curve. But bristles always remain erect—for cleaning and polishing. The brush-body is double-convex in shape (end-to-end, side-to-side). And the pointed bristle-tufts have extra space between them. Thus you clean crevices, and spaces between teeth, otherwise left untouched.

Don't try to wear out your Dr. West's brush. It is durable; may still *look* serviceable after the splendid polishing ability is impaired. That's why dentists, using Dr. West's for their own teeth, get new brushes monthly. This being sure costs little; benefits much!

You can make no better investment today than a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for each one in your family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.



SEE HOW your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is protected from handling. First sterilized; then sealed in glassine envelope, inside the usual carton!

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.



## Carl Laemmle as I Know Him

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



*Powder Complexions  
fade quickly*

Try giving your skin a bewitching, pearly beauty that far surpasses Face Powder complexions. A lasting, entrancing appearance that will not rub off, streak or show the effects of perspiration. Highly antiseptic and astringent, helps correct blemishes, tan, flabbiness, redness, muddy skins, etc.

**GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL  
CREAM**

sc16      Send 10c for Trial Size  
Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York City

His is a restless spirit. When things so shaped themselves that it seemed as though his goal in life had finally been reached, his insatiable desire to keep going has caused him to find a newer and greater goal and harder and harder work.

Not realizing that he has unusual qualities of mind and an abnormal desire for work, he is sometimes impatient with others who do not show the same desire to work their heads off. He doesn't golf, swim, dance or skate; he is too restless to enjoy the theater; he never has time to read books, because he carries home with him a stack of papers and letters which would be a day's work for the average business man. He has never quite understood why others cannot find all of their play in their work.

THE Laemmle I know is at once the shrewdest and still the most gullible of men. Try to take an unfair advantage of him in a business deal and he will drive a bargain as hard as nails. But approach him on his softer side, lay yourself wide open to him, put the cards on the table and tell him the honest truth and he at once becomes the easiest man in the world to trade with. Do him a wrong and he will forgive it. Do it again and he will forgive again. Do it again and he will begin to suspect that you are not the sort of person he cares to do business with.

Keenly sensitive to criticism, nevertheless if it is fair he will profit by it. If unfair, he suffers genuine mental anguish,

regardless of the importance or unimportance of the critic.

Laemmle never tires of meeting men in public life or men who have made their mark in business affairs. He asks them questions, but he does it with such earnestness or with such a disarming smile that no one is ever offended by even the most personal queries. He invariably comes away from such interviews loaded with new ideas to apply to his own problems. He figures that if a successful business man applies certain principles to his own business, there is no reason why the same principle cannot be applied to the successful producing, selling or exhibiting of pictures.

There is none of the show-off in his nature. He will sit at the foot of the very humblest if he believes this humble soul can furnish one lone idea which can be converted into reality. Turning thoughts into things, making ideas into actualities—that's his hobby and he gives it a ride during all of his waking hours.

TO complete the picture, take his amazing knack of making friends. I don't know what his formula is, but it is successful. He is not a big man physically, but he has accomplished so much by his daring and his fighting and his persistence that those who have never met him think of him as a six footer. Once a big strapping Californian called at Laemmle's office and met him for the first time. Not long before he had received a letter from



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No fooling, this is His Imperial Highness, Archduke Leopold of Austria, being introduced to Mary Philbin. Eric Von Stroheim has signed up the Archduke to play in his next picture. May we suggest a title for it? All right, then, it's "Falling Arches"



Laemmle, a letter of the fire-eating type which Laemmle had written when annoyed. When the Californian was introduced he exclaimed, "What! Do you mean to tell me you're Carl Laemmle! Why I thought you were at least eight feet tall, had fists as big as a prize fighter's and that you would give a fellow a sock on the nose if he looked hard at you. Why, say, you wouldn't hurt anybody if you could." There was in his tone a touch of that strange affection which Laemmle attracts almost instantly from man, woman or child. Call it magnetism, charm or what you will, Laemmle is full of it and yet totally unconscious of it.

Yes, I understand Carl Laemmle. I understand him to be a remarkable man, the soul of honor, the very embodiment of courage, persistence and work—a man with vision and a gentleman of the old school.

## "One Million Immortals by 1928"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

out, "the object of this Academy is to give the motion picture its due. For years and years, newspapers and magazines have maintained a conspiracy of silence against the art of the cinematograph; indeed, there are many people who don't even know that there *is* such an art. It is our duty to convince them that ours is not only an art but a science, as well. And, incidentally, I want to announce that at our next meeting the Committee on Research will tell us just what Art and Science are.

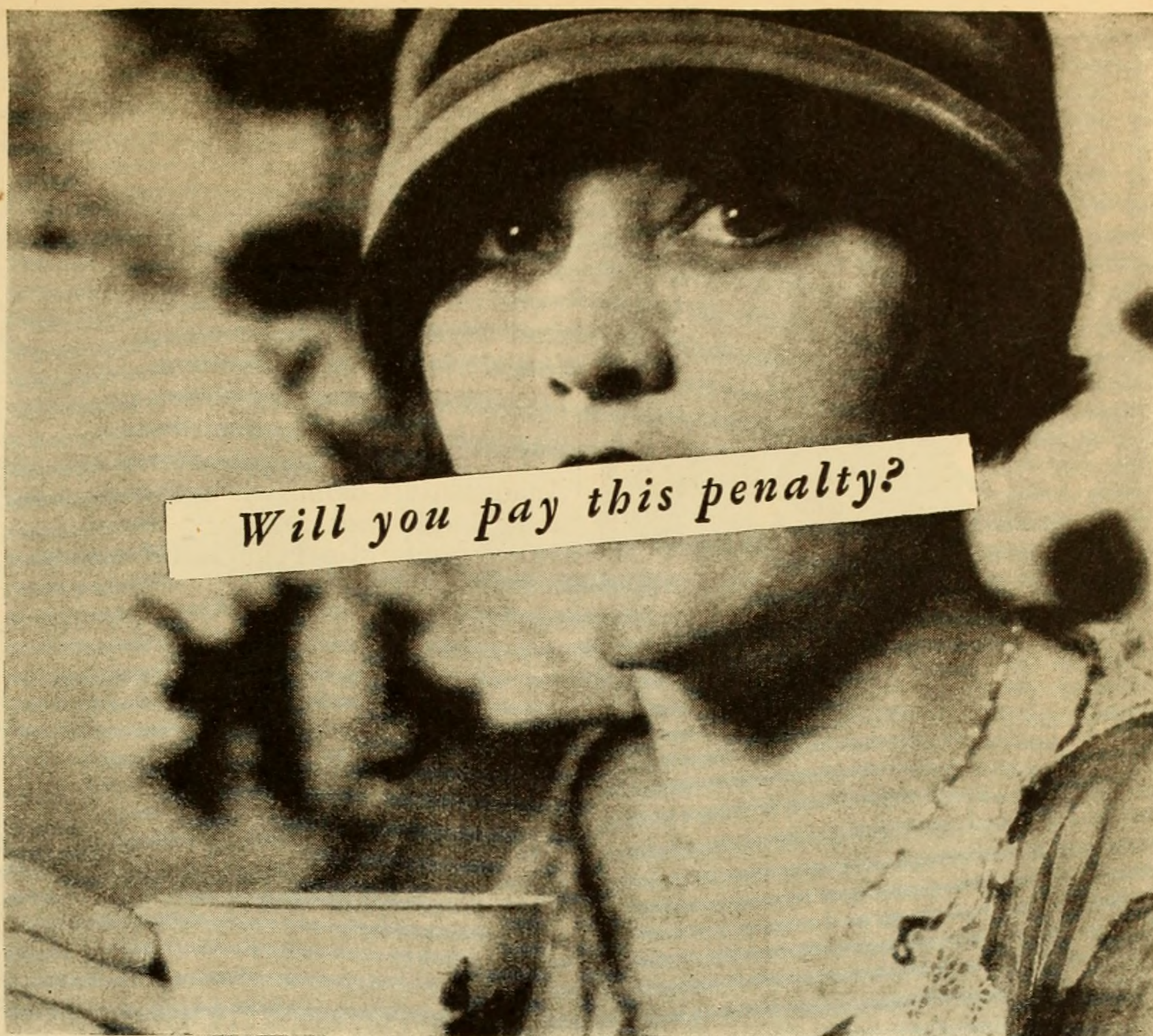
"It is our duty, my friends, to help the public to realize the truth about Hollywood. We want them to know that there is no crime in our community, no parties, no divorces—nothing, in short, but purity and domestic happiness and good, clean fun. With that end in view, we have drawn up the following rules and regulations:

"First. Every male member must kiss his wife no less than three times a day after meals. Still and movie camera-men will be on hand to see that the caress receives due publicity. For those whose husbands or wives are out of town, doubles will be furnished from the Central Casting Office.

"Second. Every Hollywood home must be equipped with a time-clock, and husbands are required to punch this clock before 8 P. M. each day. Anyone who mistakes his wife for the clock, and punches her, will be suspended from the Academy for a period not to exceed one week.

"Third. While it is the Academy's purpose to do all in our power to discourage Sex in all its forms, nevertheless the public's wishes must be considered. Members are therefore urged to develop 'IT' to the fullest extent, and for that purpose our distinguished fellow-academician, Mme. Elinor Glyn, has consented to deliver instructive talks over the radio every morning at 7 A. M.

"Fourth. Members are forbidden to



## Pyorrhea penalizes 4 out of 5

What a grim penalty Pyorrhea exacts for neglect! It spreads its poison through the system, undermines health, destroys precious youth and beauty. And four persons out of five after forty (and thousands younger) get caught in its relentless grip.

Yet with reasonable care, you need never fear Pyorrhea. If you have tender, bleeding gums see your dentist at once for an examination. And start the habit of using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

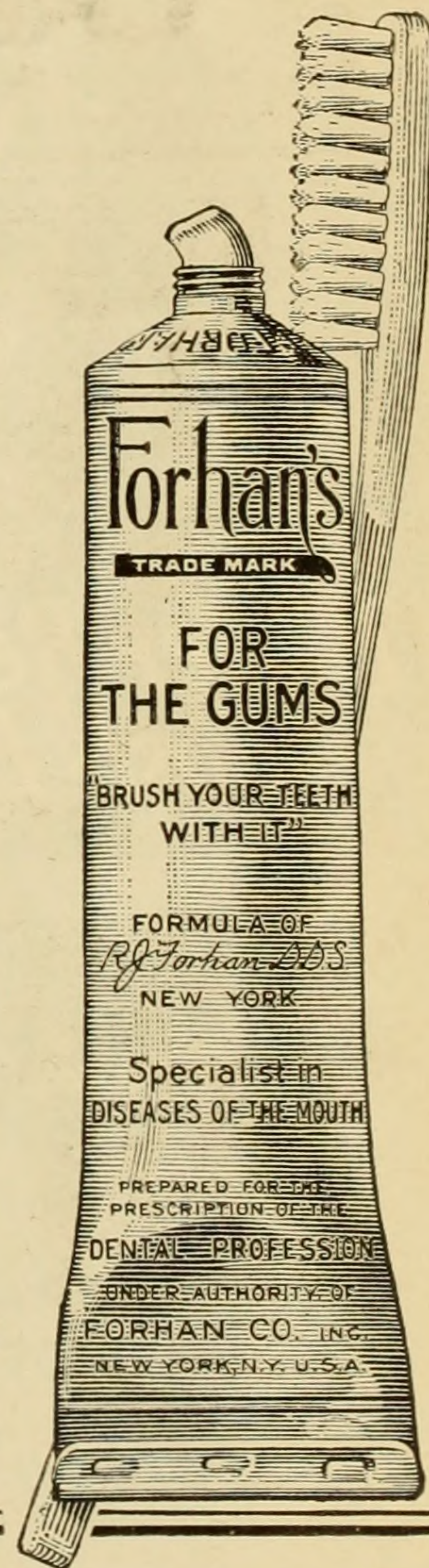
Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Safeguard your health. See your dentist twice a year. Start using Forhan's today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children the same good habit. Play safe—get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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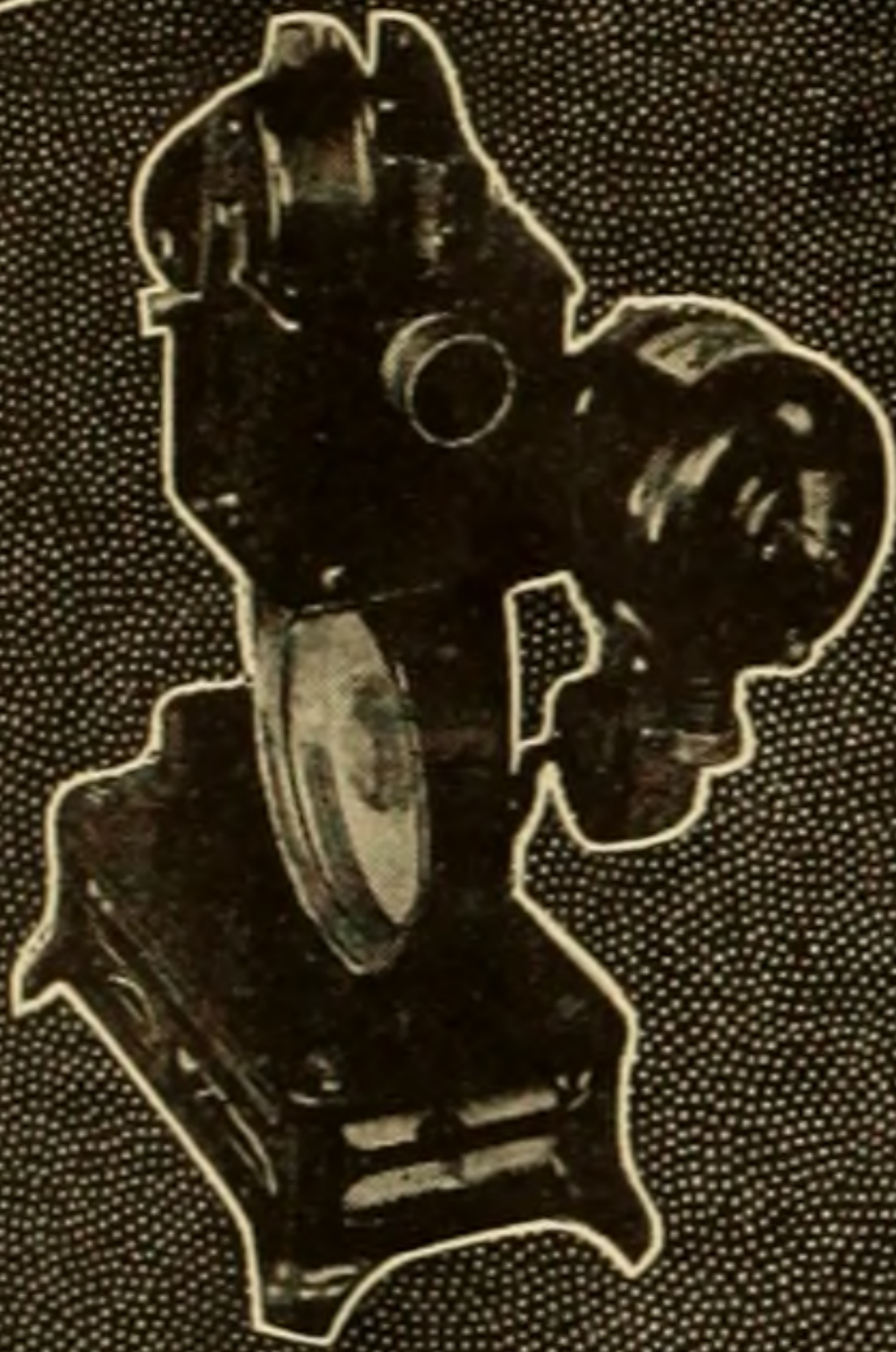
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drink, chew, smoke or use profane or abusive language. Every member should bear in mind that some day he may be called upon to play in a Cecil B. De Mille Biblical Super-Feature and should act accordingly.

"Fifth. Members are reminded that literature, so-called, is filled with ideas that may well be harmful to them in their work. They are therefore forbidden to read anything whatever except the *Film Daily*. This ruling, however, does not prevent members from posing for photographs surrounded by their books."

At this point, it was discovered that the Anaesthetic Committee had gone crazy and chloroformed itself.

As a result, Miss Fripp is still talking.

## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 ]

credible cinema subjects. I believe that the future of amateur motion picture photography will run a close parallel to the progress of the parent art, as the so-called amateur equipment today is being perfected mechanically and compares most favorably with the so-called professional equipment. With the highly perfected outfits now available and the better ones which will be available from time to time, the conscientious amateur movie maker should be able to secure surprising results that will add considerably to the art of the screen.

"Perhaps some of those who become schooled in the use of the amateur outfits will obtain sufficient experience for future activities along professional lines and bring forth new genius in filmdom."

J. H. McNabb, president of the Bell and Howell Company, manufacturers of the Filmo and Eyemo cameras, goes even further than Mr. Berst in his prediction:

"I CAN see a motion picture camera and projector in as many homes in the future as we now see the smaller still cameras," he says. "In fact, I have predicted the day when still pictures for the amateur will be as uncommon as a one-cylinder automobile."

"I would conservatively estimate the number of motion picture cameras in operation at the end of 1928 in the neighborhood of 50,000. Projectors possibly a few thousand more."

A. E. Gunelach, vice-president of the De Vry Corporation, makers of the De Vry Camera, estimates the number of amateur cameras likely to be in operation at the end of the next year at 100,000.

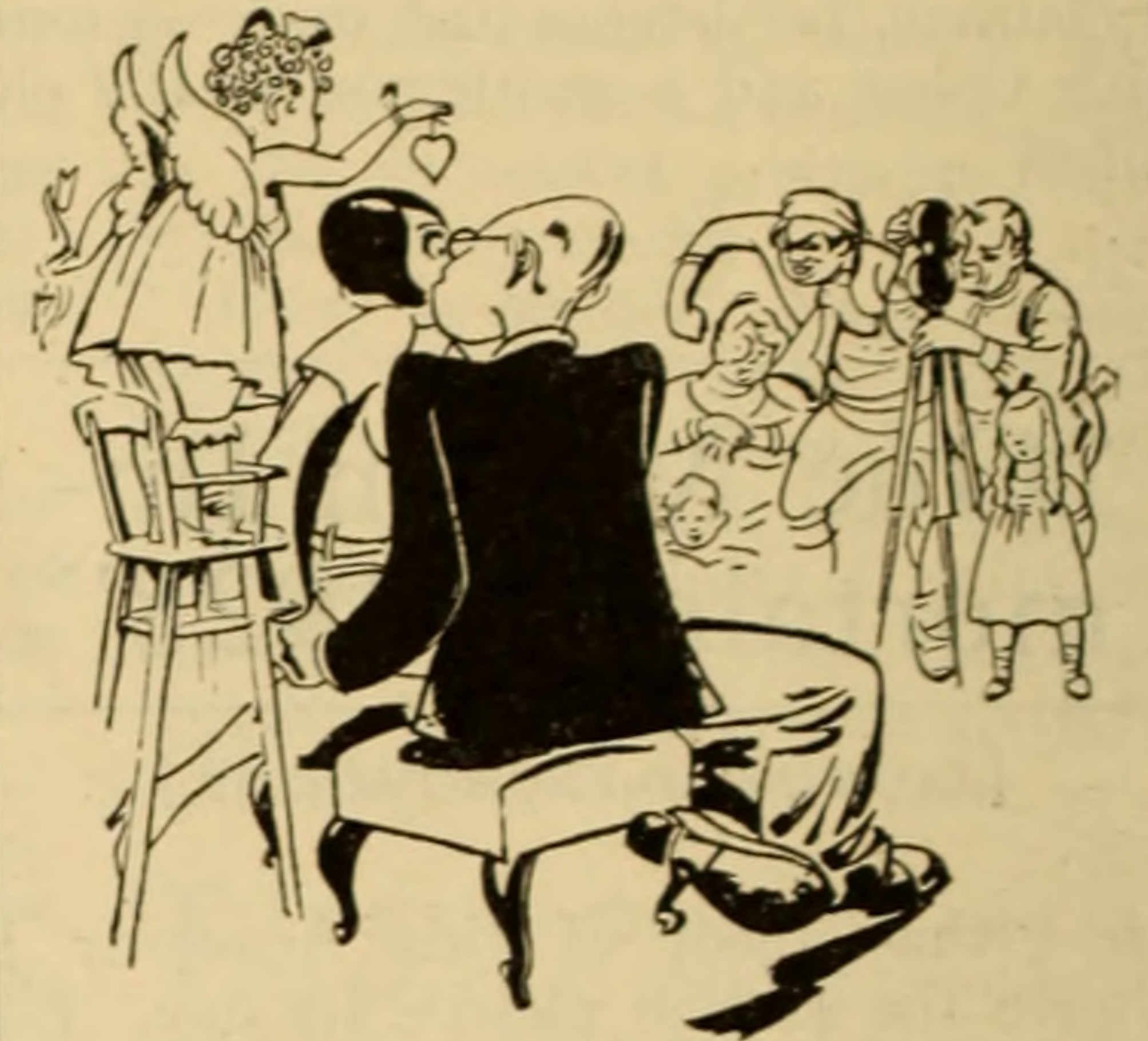
The future, he believes, depends entirely upon the cost of film. Mr. Gunelach believes that the cost of film for amateur cameras must drop within the near future, the development and extent of the amateur motion picture making depending wholly upon how quickly this occurs.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 121 and 122

# The HOME MOVIE SCENARIO BOOK

By

MORRIE RYSKIND  
C. F. STEVENS  
JAMES ENGLANDER



## 20 NEW PLOTS

for the

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## Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

THE return of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, after his historic and memorable flight across the Atlantic in a monoplane, marked a high point in the progress of amateur motion picture photography.

In the days just before Lindbergh reached New York, the metropolitan dailies were studded with advertisements of amateur cameras.

"Get your own film of Lindbergh," was the slogan.

The New York dailies noted the number of amateur cameras at Lindbergh's City Hall reception, during the parade up Fifth Avenue and at the time he was presented to Governor Al Smith in Central Park.

The presence of so many amateur enthusiasts was highly significant of the advancing strides of home movies.

THE amateur movie camera is still barred at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

PHOTOPLAY brought the matter to the attention of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, at their recent annual session, noting the fact that home movie cameras are prohibited while all sorts of still cameras are permitted.

After the annual session, Mrs. Frances Johnson Rogers, the corresponding secretary of the Ladies' Association, reported to PHOTOPLAY that a concession for home motion picture machines could not be granted.

"The ruling is most positive against any film reels being taken at Mount Vernon," Mrs. Rogers stated.

There the matter still stands. You can use your movie cameras anywhere about Washington or Arlington without question—except at Mount Vernon. The fact that Mount Vernon is maintained by the admission fee taken at its gates and that these visitors frequently want to make pictures for their homes, for preservation for their children and their children's children, seems to have nothing to do with the case. The Ladies' Association of Mount Vernon still looks upon the motion picture, even when it is made by John Smith for the edification of all the little Smiths, as something menacing and possibly sinful. Take your Kodak when you go to Mount Vernon and leave your movie camera home for this year, anyway.

THE Eastman Kodak Company got a lot of newspaper space recently when it announced its Kodak Cinegraph Library of movies for the home.

In other words, you can now buy 100 foot screen dramas in 16 millimeter safety stock and give a motion picture show in your own home.

The Bell and Howell and the Pathex films have been available heretofore, but the new film library of the Eastman Company has unusual interest.

The first month's release includes Charlie Chaplin's "The Adventurer" and John Barrymore's "Beau Brummel." A



# The sportswoman finds in Resinol Soap an invaluable toilet accessory

Its special Resinol properties make it singularly refreshing and protective to the skin.

THE keen exhilaration of the great outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness and softness of the skin through sun, wind and dust.

A fitting supplement to the exercise of the sportswoman is the regular use of Resinol Soap. Enjoy the outdoors—swim, motor, play golf or tennis—but safeguard your complexion with this delightful soap whose particular Resinol ingredients protect the delicate natural oil in your skin, thus helping to offset the parching effect of salt water, sun or wind.

Get a cake or a box of Resinol Soap from your druggist and begin its beneficial use today. You will like its distinctive Resinol fragrance, its thorough yet gentle cleansing and the velvety softness it gives your skin. In hot weather a Resinol bath is especially refreshing and helps one to avoid chafing, prickly heat and unpleasant perspiration odors.

Resinol Ointment, prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating serious skin troubles, is now widely used for clearing away pimples, and other minor blemishes. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, etc.

Now the new and larger box of samples is ready for you. Send 10c with the coupon below and we will mail your box at once.

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For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

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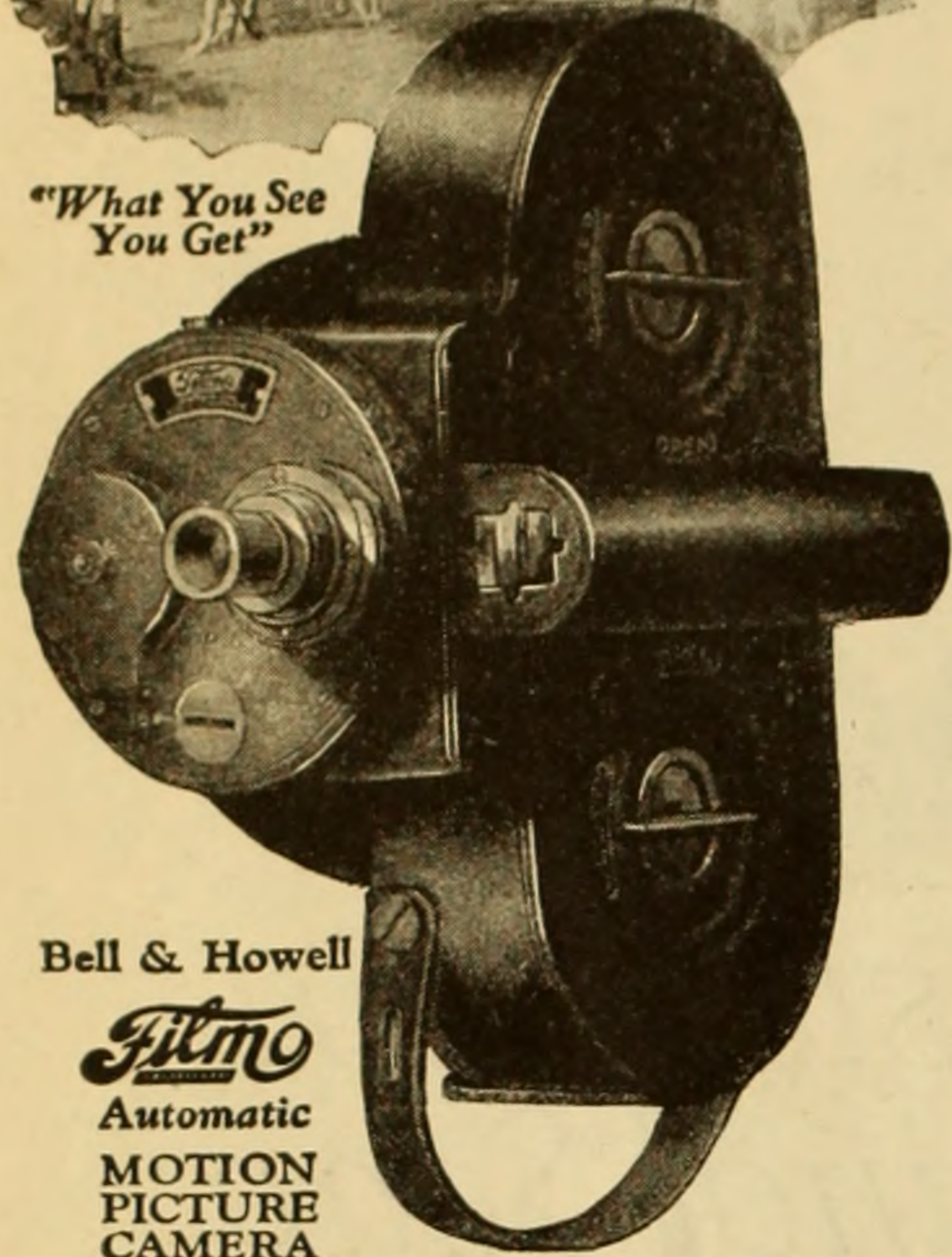
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This is the original automatic movie camera for amateurs. Made by Bell & Howell, whose cameras are used in making nearly all theatre movies. Makes taking your movies easier than taking snapshots. Simply look through spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. Filmo Automatic Projector shows the movies just as easily. Write for fully descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See, You Get," and nearest dealer's name.

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**THE VAUV COMPANY**  
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special release was a film showing Lindbergh's history-making flight to Paris.

The Eastman Company has just put a new speed Cine-Kodak on the market. This new Cine-Kodak is fitted with the Kodak Anastigmat f. 1.9 lens, which is over three times as fast as the f. 3.5 and about ten times as fast as the f. 6.5. With this ultra fast lens, porches, even shaded ones, can serve as studios. The camera costs \$150.

**A**N interesting announcement may be expected shortly from the Victor Animatograph Company of Davenport, Iowa, manufacturers of the well known Victor camera.

A new Victor camera will be ready for distribution shortly, combining some features new to the Victor.

**N**EW ENGLAND readers of PHOTOPLAY will be interested to know that the J. B. Hunter Company, of 60 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., is providing a special service for amateur movie producers who contemplate entering films in the PHOTOPLAY \$2,000 Contest. This company employs a motion picture director to give advice on make-up, photography, scripts, titles, locations, casting and other items going into the making of a contest picture.

If you are in or near Boston, you can take your films to the company's projection room and secure constructive criticism.

The Hunter Company recently photographed the annual Cotton Ball at the Hotel Statler in Boston, with a Bell and Howell camera, special shots being obtained of Mrs. Alvin T. Fuller, wife of

Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, in her costume of Madame Du Barry.

**S**EVERAL months ago, PHOTOPLAY's Amateur movie department mentioned a Chicago man who developed a steady income from making family movies. This brought a large number of inquiries for further details.

F. Balkin, of the sales department of the De Vry Corporation, makers of the De Vry camera, states that a number of photographers are making a good living in this way. They usually sign up to make ten-foot shots of a child at intervals of three to six months, depending upon the local condition or circumstance, and to furnish the customer with the ten feet of film printed, with one postcard enlargement. The customer saves these lengths, and, at the end of the year, has from twenty to forty feet of pictures. If the purchaser desires to have this film projected, the photographer either rents him a projector for an evening, or has him call at his studio, where he runs off the film.

In the same way family pictures are made and assembled.

The usual charge for this work depends, of course, upon the facilities of the photographer and the overhead he has to contend with. The usual charge is from \$3 to \$4 for the ten feet of film, with the postcard enlargement. Two dollars is the usual rental charge for a projector for one evening.

This is an interesting and remunerative way of earning money, based, naturally, upon the use of the De Vry camera and projector which utilizes standard width film.



Maud Fulton, playwright and actress, has been engaged to play an important rôle in "The Gingham Girl" for F. B. O. She is conferring with her director, David Kirkland



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## Last Call to Win \$15,000

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

to Will Rogers. Mr. Rogers, you know, is also a native of Claremore.

All manuscripts are kept in steel files in the PHOTOPLAY office and are regarded as confidential documents. Those which do not receive prizes will be destroyed, unless the authors have asked for their return.

And, this is most important, if you want your manuscript returned, be sure to send stamps with it. Otherwise, PHOTOPLAY cannot be responsible for its delivery back to you. In a contest of this size and importance, that is only a fair and reasonable request. If your manuscript is valuable to you, it is certainly worth a two-cent stamp.

As we have emphasized, this contest is strictly honest, and so, for your own protection, we must ask you to read the rules carefully and conform to them in every particular.

ONCE again may we warn you not to become too deeply involved in setting forth the details of a plot. You'll find your two hundred words all used up before your idea is expressed. Nearly all the ideas received so far that have exceeded the word limit could easily have been condensed by omitting unessential details.

Tell your idea without too much editorial comment. Merely give your slant on its treatment. And make it snappy! Avoid too obvious sermons. Great pictures, of course, have great messages. A big picture must have a big theme. But its treatment must be vivid and dramatic, not dry.

With one month left, there is still a chance for everyone. If you learn that, for some disregard of the rules, your first manuscript isn't eligible for a prize, you still have time to make good your mistake.

There is still plenty of time. Put a new ribbon on your typewriter and set your brains to work. And good luck!

## Ladies in Hades

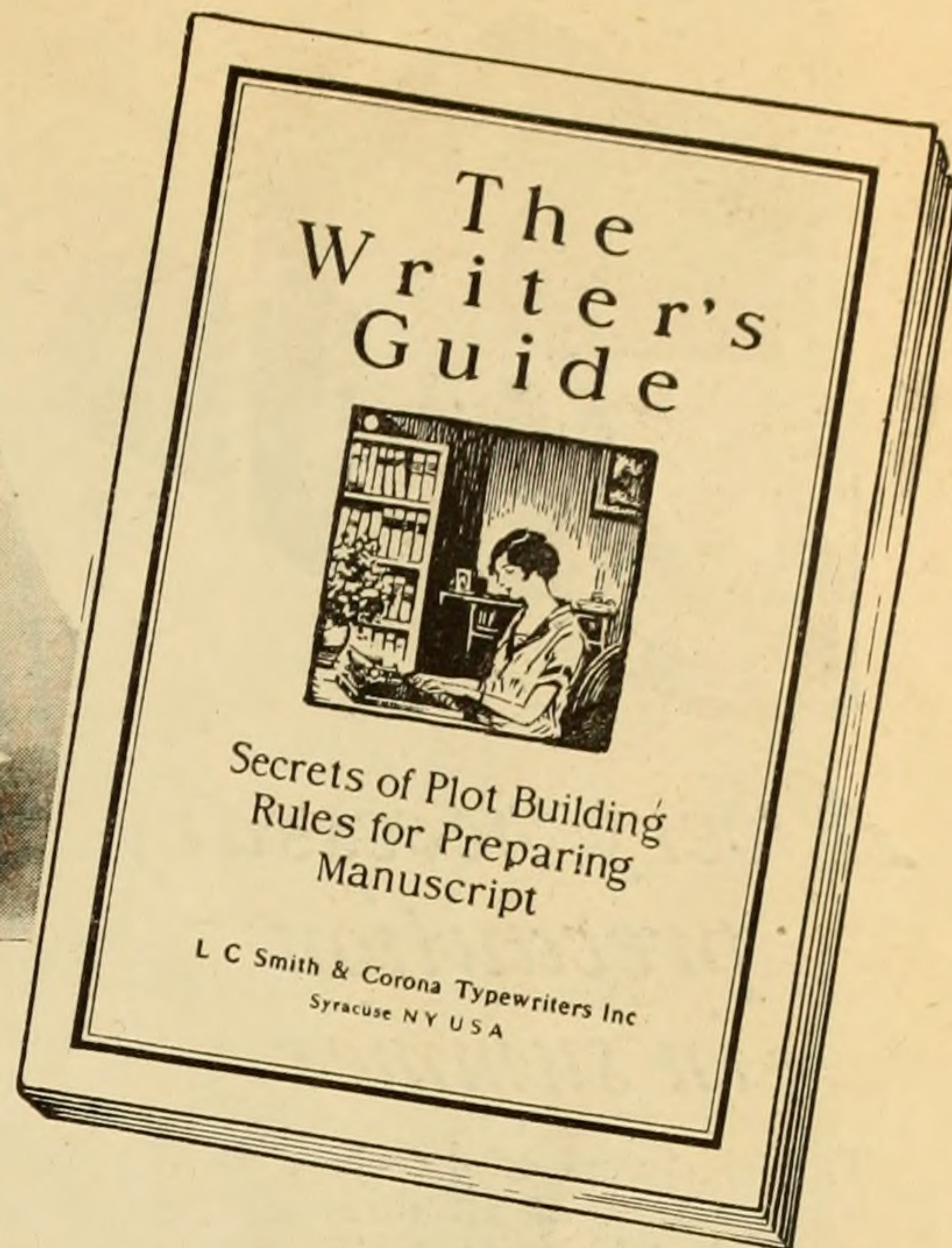
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

laughed. "I've never seen you so excited."

"I have reason to be. These poor wretches think that in having sinned, as they called it, in having renounced their hope of Heaven for the sake of some women, they have sacrificed themselves on the altar of Love. What do you suppose would happen, if I were to let you undecieve them? I'd have a revolution on my hands before morning."

"Then you think they really believe in women?"

"Of course they do. Why knock all the props from under them? Only a woman could suggest it. Instead of being able to blame their downfall on what you and



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Do you want to be a writer of short stories? Here is a new book which helps you construct your plot—tells how to pick your characters and how to prepare your manuscript.

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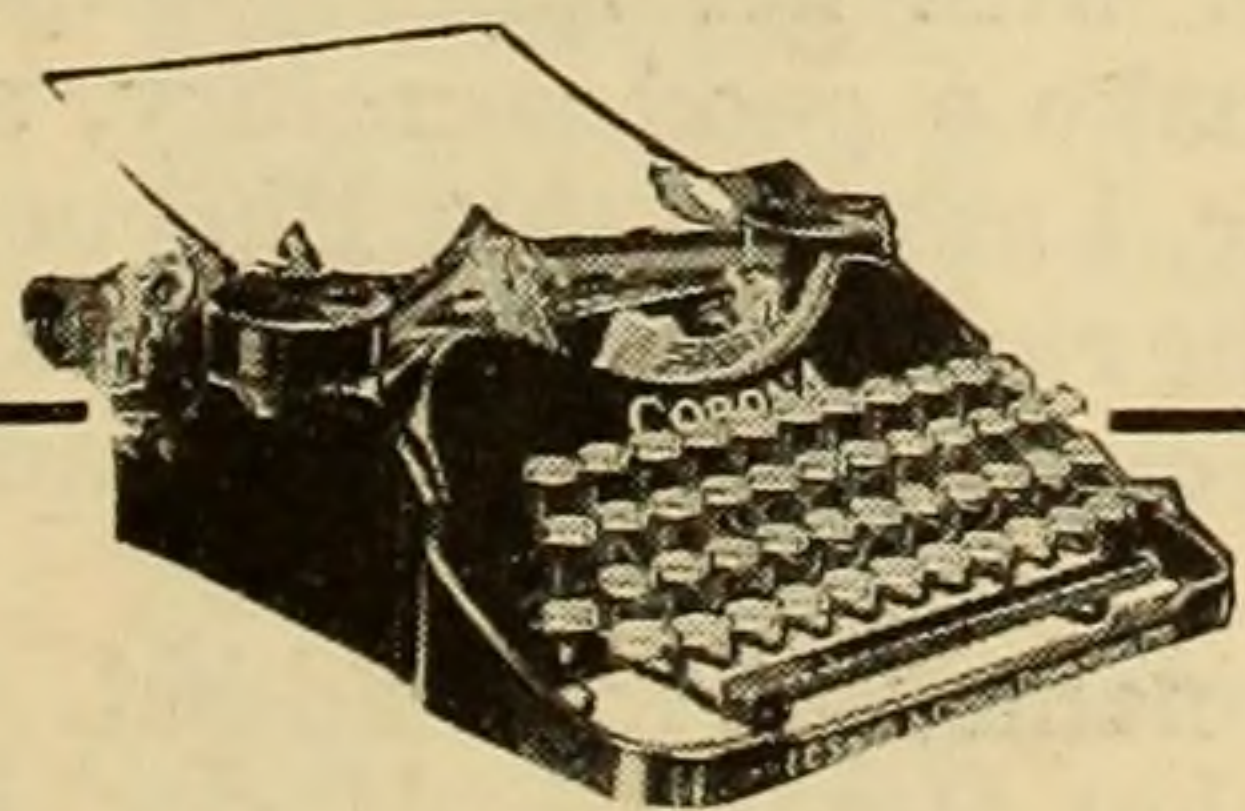
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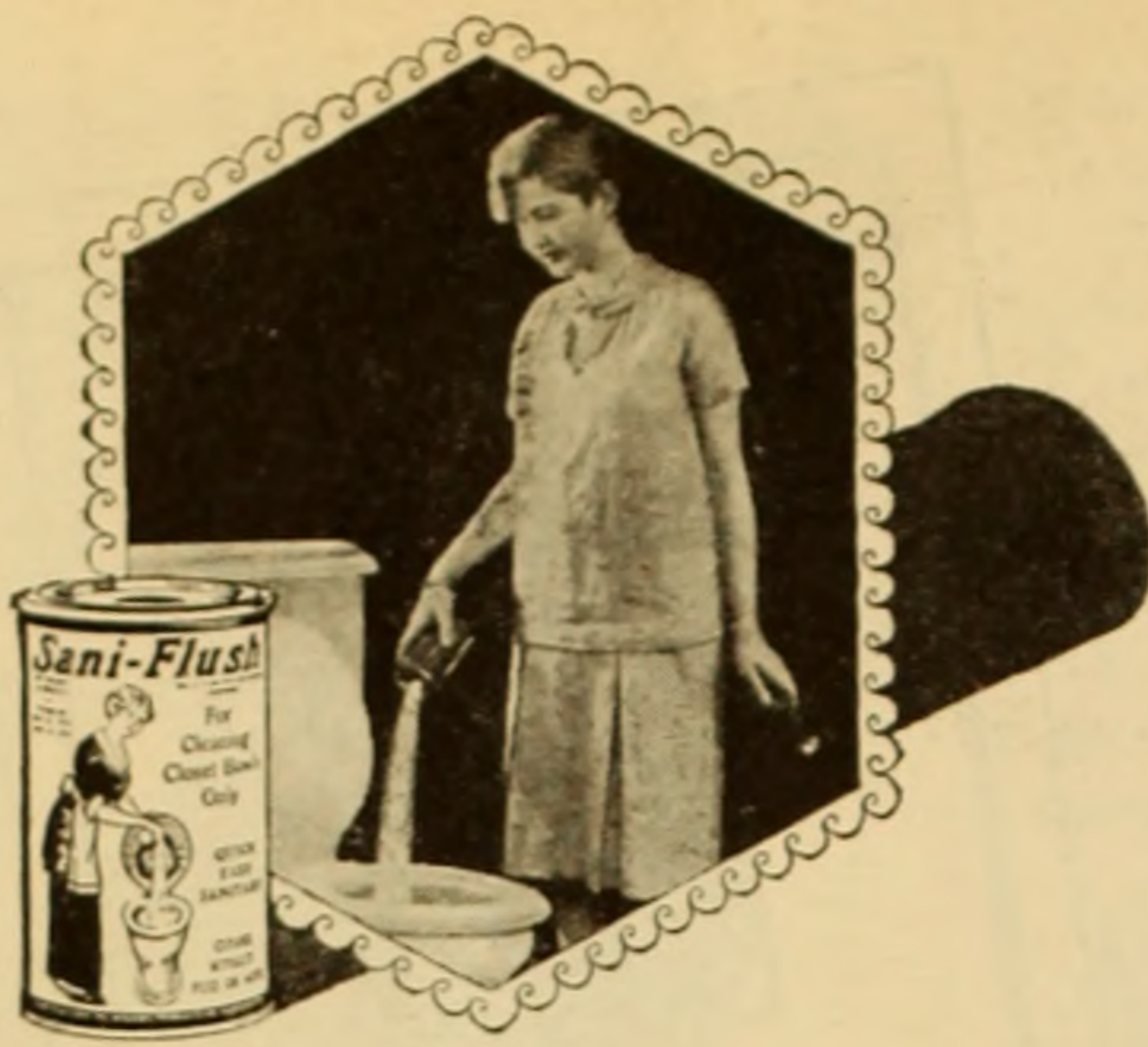
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Easy to use, of course. And the use of Sani-Flush has taken the drudgery out of every necessary duty. Harmless to plumbing connections. Keep a can of it handy. Use it often.

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.

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Adam did, they would be forced to admit that the fault was their own."

"Well, why not tell them the truth?"

"Tell them the truth! My dear child—if I did that, the place would soon become so much like Heaven that there would be no point whatever in keeping up both institutions. Please remember I am known as the Father of Lies. Form all the women's clubs you please. Tell each other the truth, if it amuses you. But if you ever attempt to make your insidious discussions public I shall certainly have them suppressed. Good morning!"

"If that is a threat, old dear," Eve called after him, "it is the nicest thing you have said to me today. Run along now and make your speech in favor of more and better bootleggers, or whatever it is, but don't forget to send me that list. I have decided on twelve charter members—" Satan, however, had already disappeared in a cloud of brimstone.

THE first meeting of the Club was held at Eve's house, overlooking the Styx.

It was a large and rather imposing mansion in the early Babylonian style which she had persuaded Satan to have the under-demons build her while waiting for a fresh crop of sinners.

It was stupid, she said, to have them sitting about doing nothing, and thought that as the first lady in Hades she deserved a little consideration.

"Will someone please turn off that radio," she announced, as she took the chair. "I can't hear myself think."

"Sorry, my dear," laughed Salome, who had started the thing. "Just trying to get the latest details of that sash-weight murder."

"Such an affair would interest you," Lucrezia Borgia said, her patrician nose in the air. "I call it disgusting. So crude. In my time ladies were much more particular about their murders. There was a little shop in Rome, I remember, not far from the Colosseum, where you could get the most delicious perfumes. Absolutely deadly, my dears. One drop on a rose, a lace handkerchief, and the thing was done. Husbands were no more trouble to get rid of in those days than old shoes."

"Order—order!" Eve cried, "while I read the list of charter members. Sappho, The Queen of Sheba, Mrs. Potiphar, Lucrezia Borgia, Delilah, Salome, Cleopatra, Phryne, Thais, Helen of Troy, Scheherazade—twelve in all, including myself. It is a pleasure to find everyone here. I suggest that we first elect officers, and decide on a name for the club."

Cleopatra, having caught the chairwoman's eye, rose. As the best dressed woman in Hades she made a charming figure.

"I think Eve should be our first president," she said, "because she started the idea. Sappho, with her literary experience, would make a good secretary, and as for treasurer, I am told that Phryne, in her day, was the richest woman in Athens, so I guess she ought to be able to handle our funds."

"As for a name," Thais added, "it seems to me that 'Ladies in Hades' is a good snappy title. It carries the address as well, you see, which would make it handy for our private correspondence. I have a couple of friends in Heaven who occasionally write—"

"Move it be adopted," cried Salome. "Also the officers as named." The motion was carried without a murmur.

"Just the same," Helen of Troy whispered to Mrs. Potiphar, "Eve needn't think she is the whole show. Most women start arguments of some sort, I suppose, but I am the only one in the place who has had a war fought about her."

"Since we are going to be perfectly frank about our love affairs," said Eve, once more calling the meeting to order, "I suppose I may as well start out by telling you girls what really happened in the Garden of Eden. There has been a lot of talk about apples, and snakes and things like that, but I'm sure you will all be interested to know what actually occurred. I speak, of course, in confidence.

"In the first place, I may as well confess I never really liked the Garden. It was pleasant enough, for a while, sitting around doing nothing, but I hadn't a thing to wear, and life was dreadfully unexciting. There was something lacking, if you see what I mean."

"Another man, of course," Thais murmured. "We all get that way, at times."

"Adam," Eve went on, ignoring the interruption, "said he wasn't at all surprised. Being a woman, he said, it was perfectly natural that even Paradise wouldn't satisfy me. So far as he personally was concerned he liked the place, and enjoyed looking after it, he said. Just the same, I never saw him do anything but sit around and play with the animals. I couldn't even get him to cut the grass.

"In the daytime, that is. But he seemed to be very busy, nights. The first time I asked what kept him out so late he said he had been sitting up with one of the dinosaurs, who was sick.

THAT went, for a while, but when I pointed out that the dinosaurs couldn't be sick all the time, he said he was looking after a tree. It was a very particular kind of a tree, he said, and had to be pruned, and dug around and watered a lot or he would never get any apples off of it.

"I told him if he had to be wet nurse to an apple tree he had better arrange to do it in the daytime instead of staying up till all hours of the night, but he said no, this tree was a very unusual sort of a tree and could only be cultivated at night. He was sorry, but it wasn't his fault if it was that kind of a tree.

"I couldn't understand why he should want to bother about apples, anyway, with all the other fruit we had on the place, but when I told him so he acted very mysterious, and said these apples he was raising were something very special and if they turned out as well as he expected he thought seriously of going into the apple growing business on a large scale. There was a demon he had met, he said, who had very kindly offered to explain everything to him, but there wasn't any use in trying to discuss it with a woman, and it was a business matter anyway, and no woman could be expected to understand anything about business.

"I told him there was one kind of business I could understand and that was monkey business, and if he thought I was going to spend the rest of my life sitting



around waiting for him to come home he was very much mistaken.

" 'I would like to taste one of these apples you are always raving about,' I said, but he only got more mysterious at that, and said they weren't ripe yet, and anyway you weren't supposed to eat them even if they were.

"This struck me as peculiar, to say the least, so when Satan stopped by after supper to see how we were getting along I told him what Adam had said.

" 'Do you know anything about this apple tree?' I asked.

"Satan said he certainly did, and if I hadn't any engagement the next evening he would be glad to show it to me. So I told him to stop by for me around eight.

"When Adam got home that night he seemed all tired out.

" 'Tough job, this apple raising business,' he said.

" 'Are you sure that is all you are trying to raise?' I asked, picking a blonde hair off his shoulder. 'Where did this come from?'

"He seemed very much surprised at that, and said it looked like an elephant's hair to him. The blonde kind of elephant, he said, with the long curls. He had met a couple on the way home, he explained, and stopped to play with them.

"I DIDN'T say anything more at the time, but when Satan came around the next evening, I told him about it.

" 'Blonde elephants, eh?' he laughed. 'The boy is learning.' But he would not tell me what he was laughing at.

" 'Suppose we go and take a look at that tree,' I said. 'I am anxious to taste one of these apples of Adam's. They certainly do have a wonderful effect on the imagination.'

"So we took a long walk about the grounds, and presently we came to a big tree all surrounded by bushes.

" 'Look through,' Satan said, pointing. I did. There was Adam, with a creature I had never seen before, sitting on his lap. She was kissing him.

" 'Well,' I told Satan. 'So this is the way you raise apples, is it? Who is this bobbed-haired hussy and what is she doing here with my husband?'

" 'She is a particular friend of mine named Lilith,' Satan whispered, 'and she is teaching him the art of making love.'

" 'Is that so?' I said, feeling very angry. 'And why, may I ask, is Adam getting all this attention? I should like to know something about this art of making love myself.'

" 'Come along,' Satan laughed, 'and I will teach you all about it on the way home. I am sure you will find it interesting.'

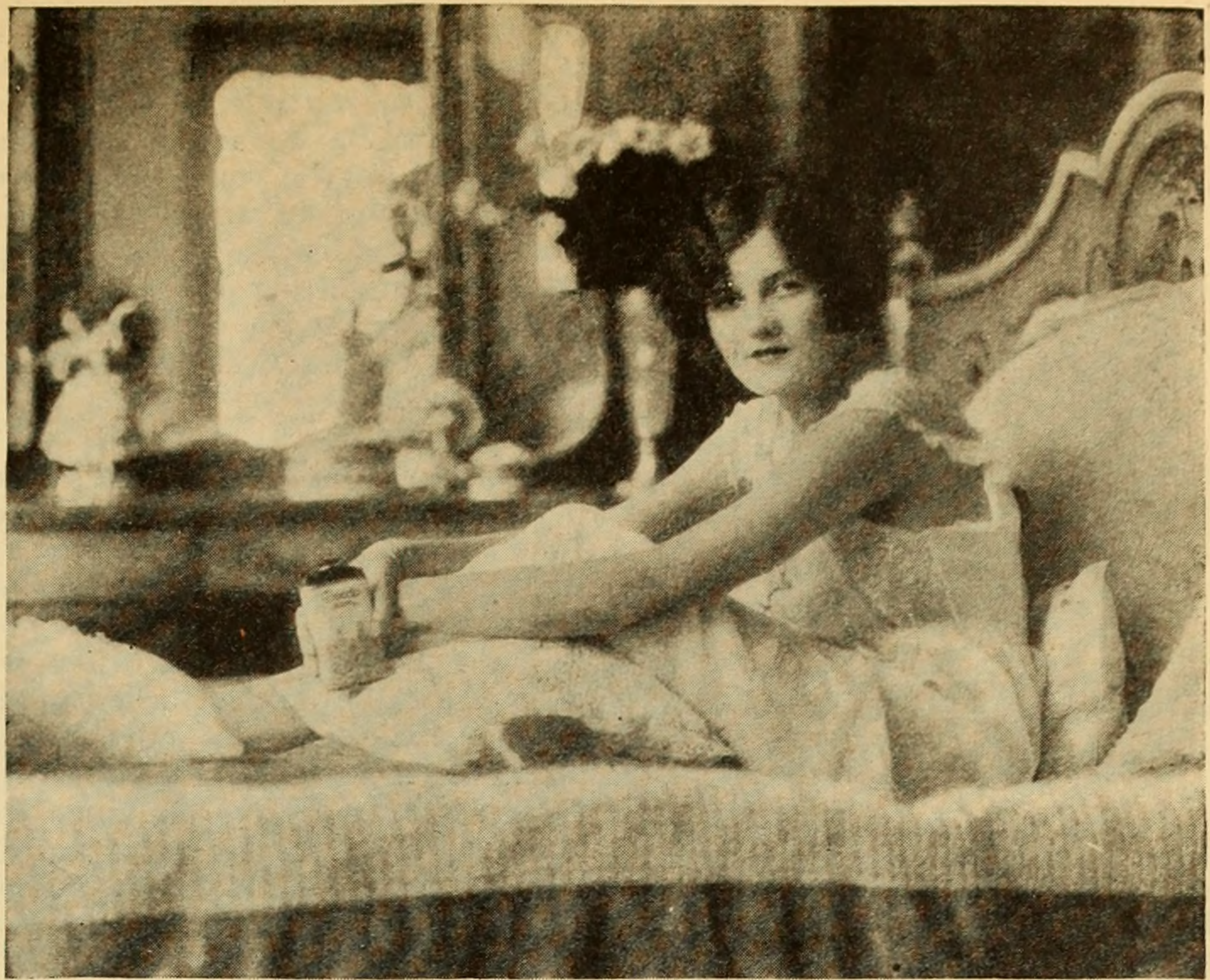
"I did. Very interesting indeed. And every time I thought of Adam and that Lilith creature I got more angry.

" 'Shall I say anything to Adam about this?' I asked Satan, when we got home.

" 'Certainly. For then I feel sure he will stop running after Lilith and the rest of my cute little demons. But please keep my name out of it.'

"It was rather late when I got in, but luckily Adam hadn't come back yet. So I pretended I'd been asleep.

" 'Look here,' I said, sitting up in bed, 'this apple raising business is all very well, but I have decided that from now on you



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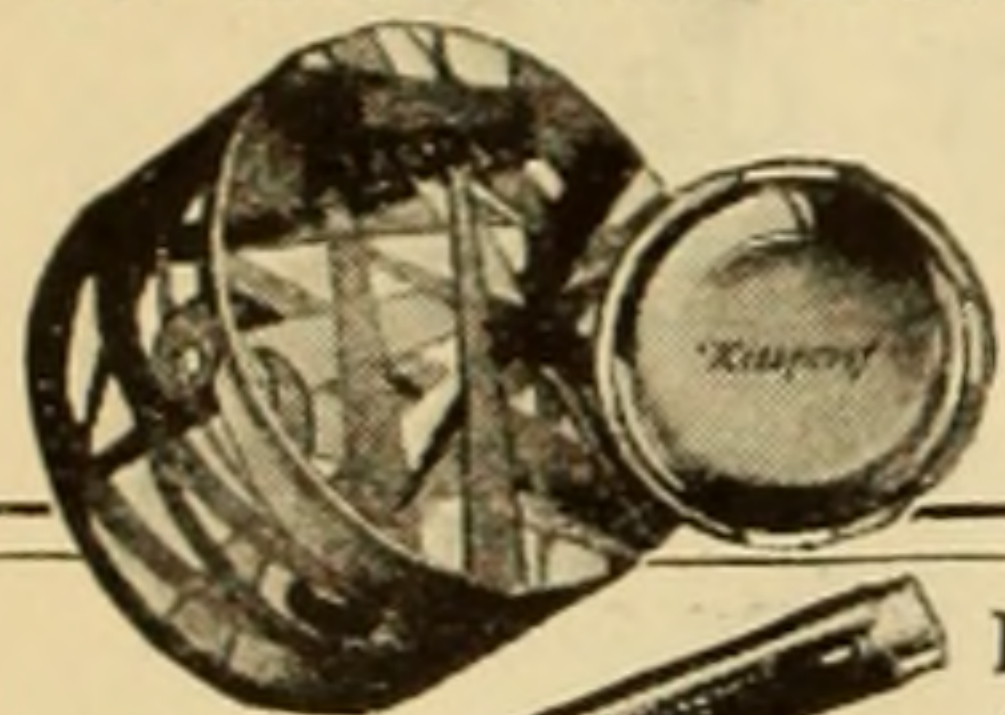
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are going to conduct your horticultural experiments at home. And to pay you back for the terrible lies you have been telling me I have made up my mind that instead of apples, you had better devote your spare time to raising a few beans and potatoes and cabbages and things like that. I am getting pretty sick of a fruit diet anyway, and it will keep you out of mischief to practice your daily dozen with a hoe.'

"SO I put him to work, and he has been at work ever since. He raised quite a nice kitchen garden that summer. Satan and I used to sit on the grass and tell him how to do it.

"He asked me once, after we had moved away from the Garden and bought a nice little place of our own on the Euphrates, how I came to know so much about the art of love making. He had been thinking about that a great deal, he said. I told him I had met a wise old serpent who had given me lessons, which wasn't a bit worse than his story about the blonde elephants."

"My dear Eve," Sappho laughed, running a comb through her bobbed hair, "your story interests me deeply. I have always wondered what the first man did nights. Now I see he was just like every other husband. Aren't men the limit? How about supper?"

"It's all ready," Eve said. "And Satan has very kindly sent over a case of champagne."

"Oh, boy," the Queen of Sheba murmured. "Solomon used to say that wine

was a mocker, but I'll tell the world it has helped me to grow old disgracefully."

"You said a mouthful, queen," Salome glanced at her silver mirror. "Age will tell. I am not the woman I used to be, a couple of thousand years ago. Let's eat."

Marie, Eve's French maid, threw open the dining room door. She had been listening at the keyhole, her eyes like gooseberries, and what she had heard had upset her. It would upset anybody, she reflected, to be sent to Hell as the result of a passionate love affair with a young American aviator in Paris, and then to learn that love was after all not precisely a sin. She began to feel that she had been treated unjustly, and wondered if any of these great ladies could tell her what she ought to do. But none of them paid any attention to her.

IT was perhaps a week later that Cleopatra, who had been doing a little shopping, ran into Helen of Troy in front of Anne Boleyn's Waffle Shoppe.

"I hear," remarked the famous Egyptian headliner, "that our friend Scheherazade is going to give us a little talk at our next meeting on the question, 'Should Wives Be Padlocked?'"

The lady who had had a war fought about her, laughed.

"That dame ought to know," she said, "having kidded her husband by telling him bedtime stories for a thousand and one nights. It certainly takes the long distance broadcasting record. What do you say to a cup of nice hot tea?"

## Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

"Do you know if anybody had told me twenty years ago that I was ever going to be worth as much as a hundred thousand dollars I would have known he was crazy? I have been fortunate. I got into a new business that I did not know anything about, and neither did the public. The business and I grew up before things got violently competitive. And I have had the help all the way along of a great many very capable men. Also I have had luck—there is a great deal in luck."

The *Caroline* slackened her express speed softly and came to an imperceptible stop in the home slip. A motor truck with supplies stood on the dock. Loew pointed at the name painted on the truck, spelling it out: "P-E-M-B-R-O-K-E."

"That was the name of the estate when I got it three years ago, and I left it that way," he explained, "so that, if anything serious should happen to me over on Broadway, all I would have to do would be to paint out the P-E-M."

Loew likes his mild little jokes and he sprinkles them through his conversation.

The lavish wide expanse of Pembroke with its Georgian palace surmounting a landscaped velvet green hill above the Sound was spread before us, a curious setting for its grey little city-bred master, the newsboy from Avenue B. This day

and Loew's ownership is in itself a strange aftermath in the history of Pembroke and the man who built it, a complete antithesis of the ordered career of Loew.

Acquisition of Pembroke's grandeurs has been the only spectacular gesture, if one may call it that, in the life of Loew. Also Pembroke became the final chapter in the high drama of the life of that DeLamar who built it as a dream Eden in futile attempt to make quick won riches make dreams come true. DeLamar came, so the tradition goes, from somewhere in Europe, an unhappy, twisted, homely little man, seeking opportunity in America. He accumulated a hard won twenty-five hundred dollars.

Somewhere west was a lost hope of a silver mine into which fortunes had been poured in vain. Somehow propinquity brought DeLamar a chance at the hopeless mine and he put all of his twenty-five hundred into it, and made a strike that brought him millions. Through his life he, the homely one, had carried a vision of a fair woman, an idealization, so the story runs, built on a glimpse of some old master's painting in a European museum. He found and won the fair woman of his vision and built Pembroke to enshrine her loveliness.

But the dream, so valiantly pursued,



crumbled and faded like a mirage, in spite of all the materiality of elaborated stone and begilded acres, leaving DeLamar disappointed and disillusioned to death.

So for years Pembroke stood, the ghost of a dream, shuttered and dark above the Sound, with a handful of caretakers on monotonous routine rounds through its echoing halls, while exotic gardens, undisciplined, ran riot outside and the dust deepened within.

Now and again there were interludes of a strangely artificial gaiety to break the silences there. Pembroke's millions in imposing architecture made a setting especially attractive to the makers of motion pictures. It was a perfect set and symbol of extravagant wealth, a fact in realization of those fantasies of luxury which can be labelled as of the De Mille school. So motion picture companies now and then made Pembroke a location.

Some years past a Metro company went to Pembroke to film "A Society Scandal," which was the first independent starring vehicle for May Allison, after the dissolution of the once famous Allison-Lockwood screen duo. When chance and the hectic evolutions of the motion picture industry delivered Metro into the hands of Marcus Loew, he saw the picture and, in it, Pembroke.

Loew was fighting his way into the security of his present position then, and when he attained it he also attained ownership of Pembroke. It is said that he paid five millions for the place, which is but a fraction of what DeLamar poured into its magnificences of architecture and gardens with their collection of priceless shrubs gleaned from all over the world.

FOR three years Marcus Loew has lived in this palace at Pembroke, adventuring through and exploring its magnificences, delighting boyishly in his discoveries, in a sense of possession and in the delights that it gives to his unceasing succession of guests. Slowly he has converted it from a palace into a residence, and in time he will make it a home.

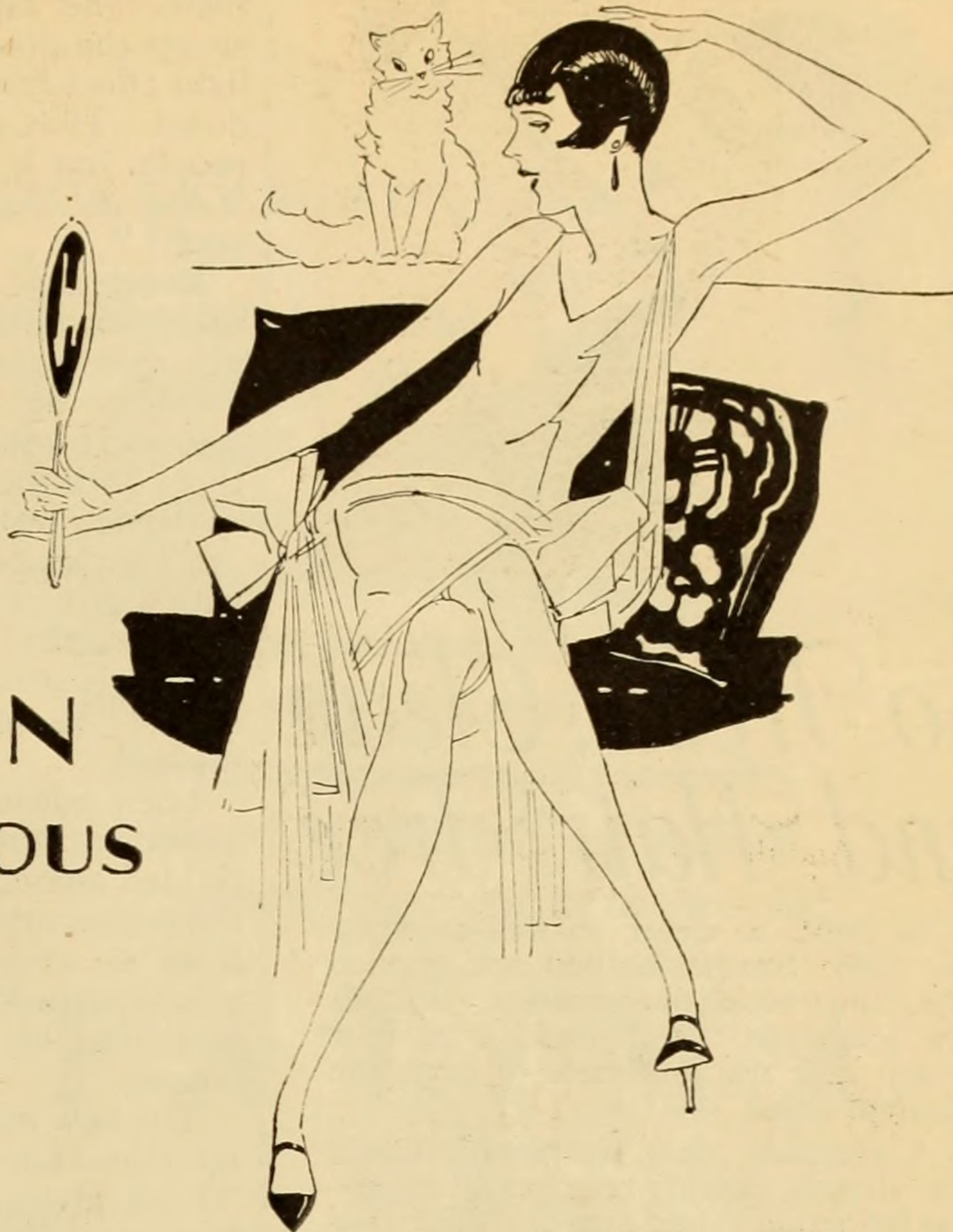
"When I first got this place three years ago I used to stand at my bathroom window up there and look at what I had here for twenty minutes at a time, every morning," Loew remarked, as we cut across the lawn to a new vantage of view. "But I've got over that now and I can only see the place through the interest that other folks take in it. That's the way I enjoy it, through my guests. And I like especially to have my old friends enjoy it."

Loew just automatically has no swank about either his success or Pembroke. He knows most exactly all about himself, and he knows also precisely about the status and character of Pembroke. So at once he disarms the gesture as a gesture. Even against all this improbability he is quite himself.

A conservatory a city square long and with its walks bordered with towering palms and tropic plants, here and there drooping into pools and fountains, housing too a vast tiled bathing pool, is one of the most ornately pretentious details of Pembroke.

Loew pointed to a dismantled fixture high above the swimming pool.

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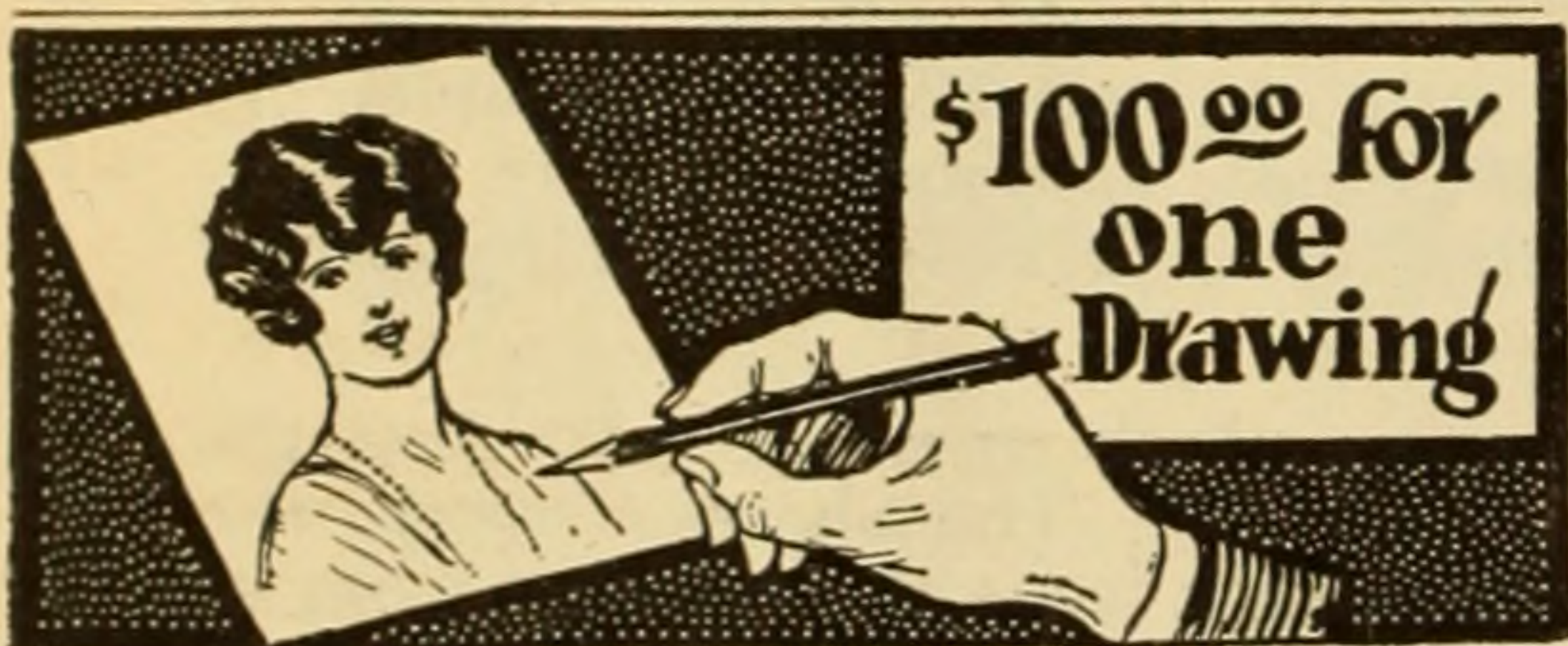
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"I found a revolving spotlight up there," he said. "It was designed to sweep the pool, cutting through a moonlight effect from the side lights. I took it down. That might be all right for some people, but if I had it people would say 'Look at Marcus Loew and his movie stuff.'"

Every now and then Loew finds something new about Pembroke. First among his discoveries were two considerable dwellings on a remote side of his forty acres. He did not know that he owned them until the occupants approached him as the new owner.

"That's nothing," remarked Loew with a grin at the story. "I have a waterfall, too, that I didn't know about until Buster Keaton climbed the rocks at the end of the conservatory and found the tanks."

Loew pushed a button in the wall and a moment later the babble of a cataract tinkled among the palms. At the end of the conservatory the water came pouring from an arched grotto, cut entire from a mountainside in France and imported to Pembroke, with all its stalactites and mosses.

The new master of Pembroke professes no close familiarity with these things. "I am always learning about this place from my visitors," he observes. There may have been just a tinge of banter in that because of a certain happening of three years past. It seems that Howard Deitz, of the Metro-Goldwyn organization, was making Loew's acquaintance at close range and went to Pembroke for a week-end.

Together on Sunday morning they explored the conservatory and gardens, while Deitz kept Loew in constant surprise as he exclaimed and pointed to rare exotic specimens.

"Magnificent *cypripedium!*" And, excitedly: "Why here's the finest *odontoglossum* I have ever seen. Marvelous!"

This naturally deeply impressed Mr. Loew with Mr. Deitz's erudition in general and his botanical knowledge in particular.

LOEW stayed impressed until he later learned from a caretaker that Deitz had been up at the still hour of dawn carefully studying the tiny label tags affixed to the plants. He continued to be impressed with Deitz, but on new grounds, not as a botanist.

"After all, it looks just as though this place had been built for me," Loew went on whimsically, pointing to a stained glass window at the conservatory entrance. The center of the design in glass portrayed a parrot in a ring-perch, a precise presentation of the famous Metro trademark, but fabricated many years before it.

"And that is not all," continued Loew leading the way below and opening the door on a room that proved to be a miniature motion picture theater, with its walls frescoed with representations of many famous players.

"This was just made for my purposes," Loew said with a wave at the big screen. "I get the estate staff in here and try out pictures on them and they give me a better slant than all the experts can. I get my department heads about the place here and the superintendent to tell me

how the pictures go with the help—because they might try to 'yes' me if I asked them direct."

The landscaped grounds about are as rich with ornate surprises. A wealth of copper beeches, most ornamental of trees, lines the drives, with interspersed magnolias, ginkos, holly and all manner of rare shrubs. Single specimens in that vast planting cost the builder of Pembroke as much as sixty thousand dollars, in his endless world wide quest for rarities. A system of picturesque little waterways and lakelets bright with lilies gives variety to the vistas, and home to a colony of what Mr. Deitz would call *Rana Catesbiana*, but designated by Mr. Loew and other laymen as bullfrogs.

PEMBROKE in its vastness is operated with a businesslike system, with a general manager and many departmental organizations, from carpentry to gardens. Loew is interested in the business belowstairs with its intricacies of heating and cooling systems, electrical plants and boilers.

The staff numbers some forty servants, laborers and overseers.

Loew keeps a business eye on some of his costly farming operations, with large areas under glass, producing out of season fruits, flowers and vegetables. His favorite flower is the cantaloupe.

"One thing," he remarked while inspecting an arbor covered with vines and ripening fruit, "I can 'cut a melon' any time I want to. That means a great deal to a picture man."

Ahead was a long, glass covered gallery of peaches and nectarines, trained against a wall like vines.

"See that orchard?" he motioned. "We used to keep steam heat on that and we had peaches as big as a tea cup in May. I kept figures on them and I found that those peaches averaged about ten dollars each. From now on those trees will just have to struggle along and do the best they can on plain sunshine. I can trim them, but they can't trim me."

Two years ago Loew strolled into his greenhouses one morning to find a scene of devastation. Thousands of panes of glass had been knocked out and the ground was dotted with huge hail stones. He picked up one of them and went back into the house to see Mrs. Loew.

"Look at that," he said, holding out a dripping hailstone. "They used to sell shaved ice snowballs as big as an egg to the kids on the East Side for a penny apiece. Now see what I get for nothing—thousands of them as big as baseballs. One more present like this and we move back to town."

Pembroke is also home, for at least part of the year, for Loew's twin sons, Arthur and David, and their families. The sons are twenty-nine years old and engaged in their father's business. Also they take their turn in line at the office when they want to talk business affairs with their father. Arthur Loew married Mildred Zukor, daughter of Adolph Zukor, president of the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

So it comes that Arthur Loew's children have two rather wealthy grandfathers. This joining of the families in marriage has given rise to a considerable impression that the Loew enterprises and the Zukor



concerns were at a commercial understanding, whereas in fact it has likely served only to accent the rivalries.

Adolph Zukor is an occasional visitor to Pembroke and there is a nice neighborliness with an exchange of fruits and flowers between Zukor's New City estate and Pembroke. But when Farmer Loew and Farmer Zukor sit on the verandah and talk, they studiously avoid the affairs of Broadway. They can agree on crops, but on pictures, never.

Once not long ago pictures did creep into a Pembroke conversation for a moment. Zukor was in a spoofing mood and, referring to a conspicuously unsuccessful Metro picture, suggested: "You might have a revival of 'Old Lady 31'."

"Yes, Adolph," responded Loew, "and that would be a good time to run a double bill and put on Caruso in 'My Cousin'" —which was probably the most complete failure in Famous Players history.

**M**ARCUS LOEW'S business career began in his early boyhood when he graduated himself from the third grade of the public school. He rented the right to vend newspapers on the corner in front of Bill McGurk's saloon on the Bowery. It was a percentage contract with half a block protection on both sides. Young Marcus early decided to expand the business and sub-leased the corner to another boy. He took in other corners, by conquest and purchase and developed the chain idea.

He made his first contact with the show business in this period by a handsome deal whereby he got a free admission to the National Theater in the Bowery in exchange for sweeping the house after the day show.

Presumably working for admissions then founded Loew's present conservatism about issuing passes. Every annual pass to every Loew theater is signed by Marcus Loew himself. It is the one minor detail of his business with which he concerns himself.

"I'd rather hand out the admission price out of my pocket than issue a pass," Loew said to one of his theater executives. "Our business depends on friends. If a man gets a pass this year and next year for some reason he does not, because of a change of job or something, he gets offended and we've made an enemy. After years of that we would get a lot of them." Members of Loew's own family cannot break the anti-pass rules for Sundays and holidays.

Young Mr. Loew became a newspaper publisher at the age of sixteen. He was a printer's devil on the East Side when the notion infected him. He persuaded the boss to let him launch the East Side Advertiser. Then Marcus forthwith traded advertising space for a suit of clothes and a derby hat. After that the lad became an office boy in a fur concern and in time a partner in a fur business.

Last year Loew was in Dayton, O., looking over theater properties when he diverted the party into a sordid, rundown street of shacks. "Looking for a hotel," he explained.

"The good hotels are up this other way," his companion insisted. But Loew kept on. In front of a dismal, dingy rooming house he stopped and stood, looking thoughtfully.

"That's the one," he said. "I just

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wanted to see if it was there. One day, years ago, when I was selling furs I stopped there, and I didn't have the price to get out. Then that day I got a big order. That was real luck."

A chance acquaintance with David Warfield was to prove the determining factor that influenced all of Loew's subsequent career. Warfield through a friend had become interested in the possibilities of the Mutoscope, the old peep show device on which the later famous Biograph company was founded. Loew and Warfield went into arcade peep show enterprises, becoming partners and lifelong friends. The only argument they ever had was over a nickel in settlement of a pinochle score. Also Adolph Zukor emerged from the fur business into the arcade amusement field and was for a time connected with Loew in his enterprises. It was the foundation of fortune for both of them.

**L**IFE has been just one thing after another for Loew. The arcades developed into nickelodeon theaters and they prospered. Loew extended his nickelodeons into many neighborhoods in many cities. Then he took, most unwittingly, the plunge that opened his larger career. Over in Brooklyn he acquired a long dark and neglected theater, a much more pretentious establishment than any motion picture nickelshow. He proceeded to open the house in nickelodeon fashion which meant installation of a projector and a piano, and putting a pair of one-sheet posters out front announcing the films.

This house, the Royal, was on a side street where traffic was light. Few passed and only one man stopped. He paid a dime and got the exclusive benefit of the show. Marcus Loew counted the house, and then stopped the lone patron at the door, offering back his dime.

"It was a mistake. They should not have sold you an admission. This was a dress rehearsal," Loew explained, eager to alibi the failure.

"Never mind, I got my money's worth," the patron replied and walked on.

That day a stage hands union representative called and explained to Loew that he would have to have five men back stage.

"No," said Loew, "one eight dollar a week boy can raise the curtain."

There was a hot argument which Loew closed.

"I'm running the house. If you'll put up half the money I'll let you run the backstage."

The next day the vicinity of the theater for blocks was picketed and patrolled by union sandwich men who bore banners proclaiming that Loew's Royal was unfair to union labor. The theater immediately picked up an astonishing business. Everybody now knew it was open and where it was.

The union pickets put the house over for Loew. Also it made an advertiser out of him, and that week he began using space in *The Brooklyn Eagle*. He has been an advertiser ever since. Further, it taught him something about the habits of people and traffic movement. To this day he will let no one decide on the location of a theater for him.

Loew is a student of crowds. He ad-

heres to a proven policy, unmoved by spectacular competition. His New York Theater in Times Square, unpretentious and apparently inconsequential in comparison with the grandeurs of the Paramount, the Capitol and the Roxy, is one of the most profitable theaters in the world.

It makes an annual profit of a half million a year, without fuss, stress, noise and effort—because he has made that theater a habit with the patrons.

If you chance by that theater you will observe a frame on the Broadway wall in which are displayed current news photographs that have nothing at all to do with the show inside. It is there to stop the casual strollers long enough to let them yield to the impulse to enter the theater. That's a Loew idea. Also when weather permits the theater door is open enough to give the people passing on the sidewalks a glimpse of the screen and an echo of the music. Which is another Loew idea.

Marcus Loew controls the Capitol, the first of the super-theaters on Broadway. It is profitable and it goes its own way under its own management. It has a value to the prestige of Loew pictures, but Loew's name is not on it or permitted to be used with it. "The name would not do the Capitol any good, and the Capitol would not do the name any good," observes Loew. "It is not representative of the policy that the public associates with the name of Loew."

**L**OEWE is not in the market for glory for Marcus Loew. Once upon a time there was an imposing function on the state-house steps at Indianapolis in connection with the dedication and opening of a Loew theater. There was an august array of officials and bedecorated Elks and leading citizens. Marcus Loew got lost in the back row of the crowd when the governor began his address of welcome and congratulation.

Terry Turner of the Loew theater organization, dismayed, rushed to the rescue and sought to bring Loew forward in range of the address.

"Come on, Mr. Loew, the governor is congratulating somebody else."

"Never mind," responded Loew, standing his ground. "We will probably get the theater open just the same."

When Loew attended the party which signaled the opening of the Loew-State theater in Cleveland he discovered that the doorman at the Statler Hotel ballroom was an old friend from his fur shop days. Terry Turner relieved Mike, the doorman.

Then Mike and Marcus sat down on the red carpeted steps and talked old times half way through the ball.

Aboard the *Caroline* at breakfast, office bound, I ventured to ask him if he had noticed any difference between one million dollars and a lot of millions.

"There isn't any—except this," he replied. "With a million or two a man can be independent. When he gets more it bosses him and he has to work for somebody else. About ten thousand people own stock in Loew concerns. I'm working for them now. It was easier when I just worked for myself. Now I have to make good for them."



## Jetta Lives Down Her Past

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

people know all about you, they aren't interested any more. This business of letting everyone share in your private life is silly and cheap. It is like being photographed in one's bath-tub.

"Nevertheless, I read everything that is written about me. If I were a big star, I should ignore criticisms and go my own way. But I am not a big star and so I read my criticisms and try to profit by them.

"I READ all my 'fan' letters—yes, and check up, through them, the success of my pictures.

"I am not temperamental, I am merely particular about my work. I want to do my best and I want everyone around me to do his best. Perhaps I am living down my bad reputation. I hope so. But when I read of others—of Greta Garbo, for instance—I am very sorry.

"No one realizes what damage such stories can do. No one, that is, but the players who suffer from them. Unfortunately, in the movies, one's reputation can overshadow the merit of one's work.

"Perhaps I take myself too seriously. But I feel very strongly that I cannot work and play at the same time. So I choose to work. I live a quiet life—almost a recluse. I like to enjoy myself, but I give up many pleasures because I feel that I cannot eat my cake and have it, too.

"We players in the movies are well rewarded, in money and in fame.

"No other class of artists is so generously treated.

"The least we can do, in return, is to be honorable and conscientious about our work.

"If that is temperament—make the most of it!"

## Hoot Mon! He's the Best Guy in Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 ]

swims perfectly. He is a tennis ace. At the parlor sport of wise cracks he is triumphant.

The stories about him are multitude. One concerns his biting the dog. He had evidently read the newspaper rule that if a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is.

It is told that Norman attended a party where a yapping poodle kept nipping at his ankles. Finally the actor could stand it no longer. He picked up the beast and bit it on the leg.

"Now that you have learned how disagreeable biting is," Norman told the dog, "go and repent."

Probably he did it in the spirit of a father who spanks a child, for love of

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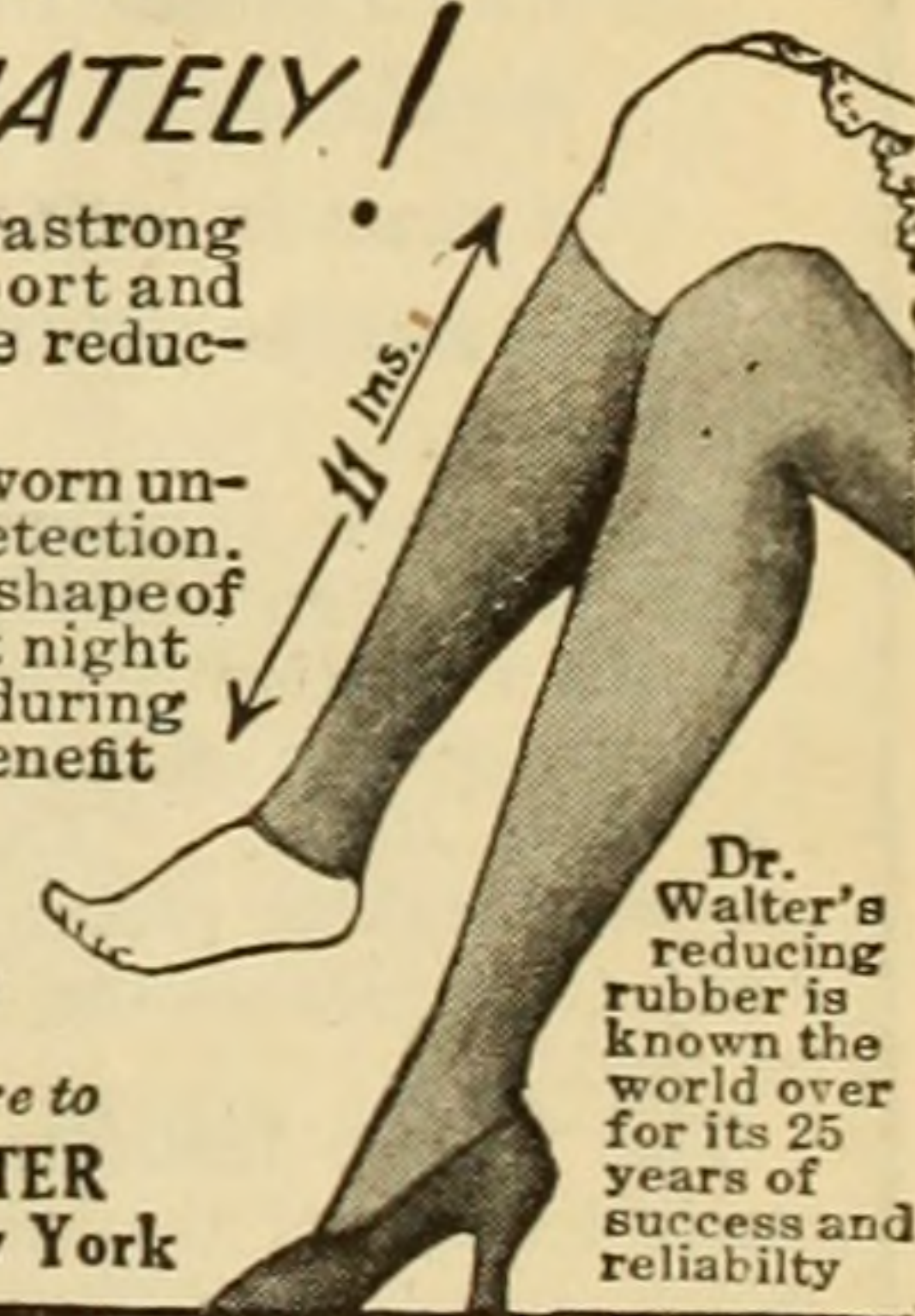
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animals is his predominant trait. At his home, he has a heterogeneous collection of pets—birds, monkeys, dogs, and a cat that swims. Norman insists it's the only swimming cat in the world.

Minnie, the elephant, to whom he is devoted, was first brought from vaudeville to play with him in "Lorraine of the Lions" and for weeks he fed her peanuts, making friends with her before they began working on the picture.

**T**HAT was three years ago, but since then he has visited the pachyderm every week with gifts of peanuts and bananas. She will probably never appear in another film with him, but that makes no difference. He and Minnie are pals.

He claims he can tame any animal. While playing in "The Acquittal" he tried to get chummy with a wolf at the Universal zoo. The animal bit him, sending him to the hospital with an infected hand. But as soon as he was released, Norman hurried back to the zoo, to talk to the wolf again. Now it has a dog-like affection for him.

Norman had proved he could pick screen material. He started many players, including Rudy Valentino, on the road to success. He advised Richard Dix to take up the new motion pictures. He took a little of his own advice and headed for Hollywood. Landing he went down to the Universal studio to visit his friend, Art Acord. As he crossed the lot, he was spied by James Young, the director. Young declared he was just the type for the lead in a film then in the making. Norman had never seen a movie camera, much less faced one. But when he saw Young was not joking, he argued he was worth \$125 a week, and got it.

He strolled into the dressing rooms and

beheld Kenneth Harlan, a dancer, whom he had known on Broadway. "Make me up, Ken," he ordered. "I'm this company's new leading man."

That started him. Though he has occasionally made pictures for other companies, he has always remained loyal to Universal. "I hope to stay with them always," he says. "When I get bored acting I can go play in the zoo and besides, they spoil me and let me have my own way."

Kerry probably has less conceit than any living actor. While he enjoys the praise "Annie Laurie" is winning, he hasn't seen it. He rarely sees any of his productions and never views rushes. He has no publicity agent. Neither does he read his press notices. Still, when Jack Pickford tried to tease him by saying he didn't think his Scotchman in the Gish picture was half what it was said to be, Norman murmured, "No? And what have you been so good in lately?"

Kerry is not a person who likes change. He has stayed in California ever since he returned from the war. His wife goes to New York every few months, Norman never. He once loved Broadway. His people, whose name is Kaiser, are still there. But he never goes back.

**"S**O many of the boys I knew there have died," he explains. "That keeps me away. It's the only thing I can't face in life—the thought of death. It's uncomfortable and I love life too well."

He has one ambition. He wants to do a story of the Vikings discovering America. "They were great people," he declares, "people full of enthusiasm, daring, and they were beautiful two-handed drinkers. I'd enjoy doing such a characterization, particularly the latter part."

## No Convent Belle

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

"All the publicity that went out about you before you made 'Stella Dallas.' The stories that you were a shy and retiring violet of a girl, a fragile blossom of a thing who knew nothing of the world, whose contract would be cancelled if Sam saw you rouging your lips, blooming your cheeks. You rode a bicycle to and from the studio, even, and scorned the cushioned splendor of limousines."

Lois laughed.

**T**HAT was the only convent I attended was one in Pittsburgh. I was dancing in the ballet at l'Opera in Paris when Mr. Goldwyn came to town. He was looking for a *Juliet* for Ronald Colman's *Romeo*. I read the advertisement in a Parisian paper, and answered it.

"Mr. Goldwyn talked *Juliet* to me, but he really had in his mind the part of *Laurel Bud* in 'Stella Dallas.' It was then I signed the contract and came to Hollywood."

"Yes, but how about the minus-the-paint clause and the bicycle riding?"

Beneath the black felt hat, rather large, that Lois wore and above the black taffeta dress, flower-sprigged, and dainty with tiny puffed sleeves and velvet rib-

bons, her face was as innocent of artificial coloring as Mother Eve's. A faint dash of powder, yes. No mascaro frilled her eyes.

"I don't use any make-up to speak of, really. And bicycle riding—that's splendid exercise. Everyone does it abroad. Especially in England, where they ride to and from work. It's awfully good exercise, you know."

That's where the convent legend started. With the first picture of Lois pedalling to the studio grew the story that she was just a little convent bud. It was watered with the paint and rouge abstinence story and Lois grew into the Lady Galahad of Hollywood.

**T**HE fact that she had danced a couple of years in Paris, had made two motion pictures abroad, had traveled the length and breadth of the continent by the time she was sixteen was submerged in the swath of publicity about the "sweet old-fashioned" girl who had come to astound the motion picture colony.

She did astound it, because it was soon discovered that Lois Moran was a most amazing contradiction. And she still is.

She rarely goes to film parties when she



is working, because she must be in bed by nine o'clock in order to be thoroughly refreshed for the next day's work.

She does not drink nor smoke, and the lipstick container in her vanity is still empty.

She is not priggish. She is tolerant.

I have seen her spellbind a cavorting crowd by doing the Charleston. And doing it so well, with such spirit and abandon, that they stood about in little silent, gaping groups.

I saw her, one night at a party, completely ensnare the brilliant John Barrymore, while languishing, more exotic ladies of the screen patted marcelled and looked annoyed.

"And the next morning's paper said you were to be John's leading lady."

"We didn't even mention pictures," laughed Lois.

They probably talked stage, although I didn't ask her, and Lois by that magic charm of hers had John telling about his experiences on the boards. That's one of her flattering secrets. To direct the conversation to you—to things you are interested in. John undoubtedly found himself discussing Pirandello with her, for he knew that she did not think the Italian playwright a hair tonic. He found himself chattering in French with her. And it was by sheer force of her own personality and not by matching cocktails with him that set the other women's teeth to gnashing.

There are darned few actresses in Hollywood who can do it.

To begin with, Lois Moran and her mother are inseparable.

"She understands me," says Lois, with a bright little jerk of the head. "It's nice when mothers do."

THEY are from Pittsburgh, those two who look and act so much alike. After leaving the convent which accredited her with high school honors, Lois and her mother went to Europe. They made their way, lazily, through England, through France, Germany—"you must see Munich," a pretty pink flare of excitement came to Lois' cheeks, "and its open air concerts, its galleries. It's a perfectly joyous town."

In Paris the two hesitated. This was the place for Lois to perfect the things she wanted to express.

"First came dancing." Lois' small left hand was official scorekeeper. The index finger bowed.

"Second came the stage." The middle finger was crooked.

"Third came the screen." Down went the ring finger.

"Fourth came the violin." The little finger sank.

"For two years I danced at l'Opera. Not with the large chorus of a hundred or more who are used in the older operas, but in the newly formed group of thirty who dance in the modern operas. Our technique was different—interpretative, emphasized by soft flowing chiffons, instead of the tulles and fleshlings and routine toe-and-dip of the classical ballet."

Dancing, her first aspiration, was fulfilled.

It was then that a French motion picture concern offered Lois a contract for three pictures. The first was made in Italy—"The Gallery of the Monsters,"

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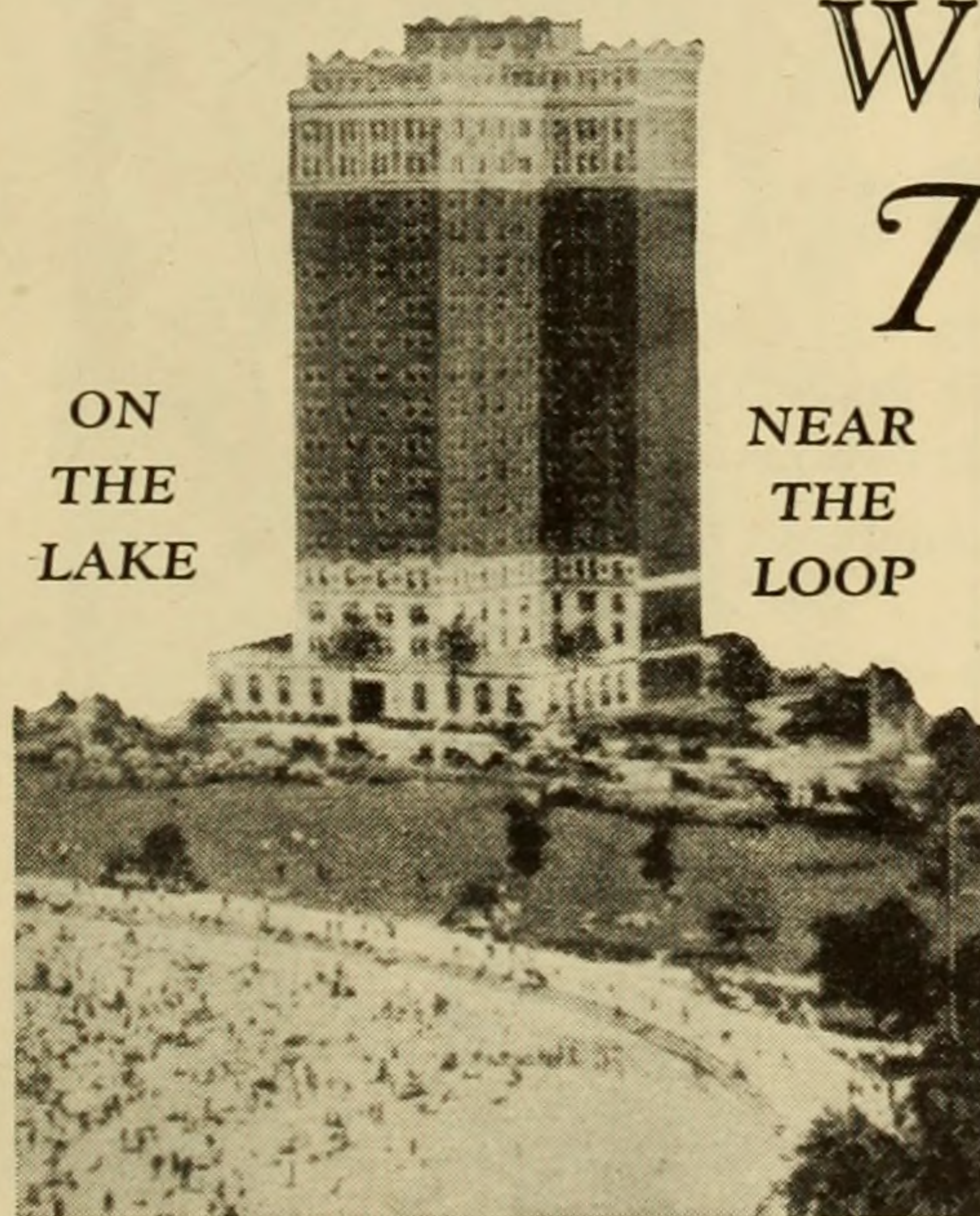
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Either form in black or brown, 75c everywhere

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a story of a circus sideshow with Lois, not fifteen, in a black wig, as a forlorn little mother with a baby. It smacks of the pioneering hardships of the Gish girls and Mary Pickford, pigtailed kids in smocks off-screen, who, by the direction of Griffith, were matronly martyrs in early motion pictures.

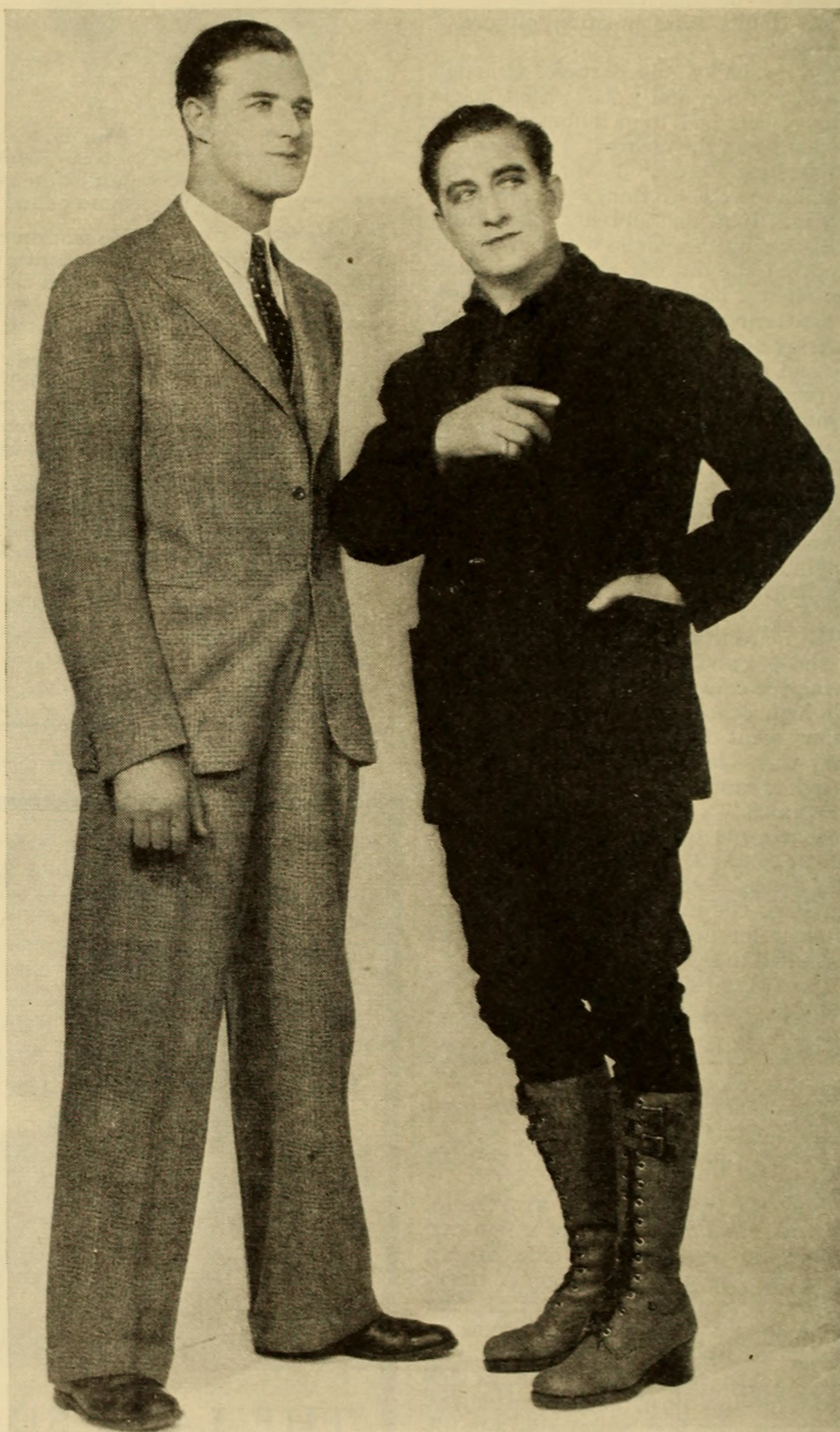
In France, as in America, it is hard to raise money for the cinema. A year passed before Lois and her mother went on location to Spain where "The Living Dead Man" was made. The little company could raise no more money. The third picture was not made and Lois wrote her letter to Sam Goldwyn. Not as

a shy little maiden seeking freedom from her cloistered garden, but as an independent person who knew just what she wanted and how to go about getting it.

"Why did you neglect the stage? That's second on the list."

"I've juggled them a bit," smiling, then with that flattering, confiding bit of charm—"I think it's better, don't you, to have screen experience first? It's really valuable to the stage."

Of course I said yes. One does. You would have declared, while looking into the blue frankness of her eyes, that toe-dancing was the only training on earth for missionary work, if she had asked you.



Francis X. Bushman has always been considered one of the tallest men on the screen. But ranged up besides Francis X., Jr., he looks small. So the younger generation scores again. Both Bushmans are working at the Universal Studio

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## Does It Pay, Girls?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

He pointed straight at me.

"Look! There's an example. Rouge, curled hair, rolled stockings. Blasé. Nicotine on one finger and lip-rouge on the other. Giddy moth. Looks like a chorus girl. Probably sell her soul to get a leading rôle. Bah—I'm going to the beach tomorrow and think. I want to be alone."

And with a look at me that woulda curled up the flowers on the wall paper, he walks off.

Wouldn't that slay you? That was the thanks I get for looking the way I thought they wanted me to look. Here me and the rest of the girls made up like vamps because we'd been told it takes sex appeal to get a job. I was sore—through and through. It's just like when you go out with a man. He tells you he likes you because you're a regular fellow. Because you can play the game and laugh. So you laugh and play the game. You're regular and a good pal. And then what happens? He marries the girl with glasses and stringy hair whose father owns a buttonhook factory in Grand Rapids.

THAT night when I got home I looked at myself steady in the mirror. So I was a giddy moth, was I? I looked like a chorus girl, did I?

Well, I'm not going to make no references to chorus girls. They don't need no references.

After I calmed down a bit I remembered there was a dance at one of the bungalows that night. So I put some cold cream on my face, and while I was rubbing it in, and looking at myself, all of a sudden I got the Great Idea.

I'm like that. Psychic, I suppose you'd call it. Just out of a clear sky I get ideas. Like the time of the beauty contest. All the other girls in my crowd back home sent in pictures of themselves made up like a Broadway leading lady, and I put on my bathing suit and won the prize.

It was still early, so I dashed out to a store and bought a lot of things. When I came back I hid them under the bed, and when my roommates trooped in I said I had a headache and they should go to the dance without me.

Mimi borrowed my evening wrap and Flo took my string of pearls and they went off. It was nine o'clock—and the first time I'd ever gone to bed in the middle of the day like that since I'd come to Hollywood. But I needed the beauty sleep and by the time I'd dozed off, I had the idea all set.

Came the dawn, as they say in the subtitles. The girls had already gone for the day, so I got outa bed quickly and dragged out the props. There was a white muslin dress, a big floppy straw hat with flowers, some heavy face cream, heavy white powder, low heeled patentleather slippers, lisle stockings and a book.

I spent half an hour brushing my hair to get the waves out, and when I was through it was as straight as a censor's idea of morals.

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## Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

And when I got through dressing, honest, I didn't know myself.

The dress was perfectly plain, with a high neck, and woulda come down to my shoe tops if I'd had high shoes on. There was a wide blue sash around the middle, and the slippers were like a kid's. I took off my rings and scrubbed my hands to get the nicotine stains off. And then I put on the hat which was a big panama with a blue ribbon hanging down the back.

And my face, dearie, my face! No mascaro or lip rouge. I only put on the heavy powder over the vanishing cream, and my eyes looked bright after the long night's sleep.

I WALKED over to the beach, very slow, so as not to get any color in my cheeks. After a few minutes I see Rudyard walking with his head down, deep in thought. So, picking out a nice cool looking spot I sit down and open the book I'd brought along.

The place I was sitting he had to stumble over me, and when he looks up he says, "I beg your pardon."

I look up too, slowly. I open my eyes wide and give him a close-up to mean I'd never seen him before and don't care much about a encore. Then, just as slow, I cast my eyes down again and concentrate on literature.

He starts to walk on, but from the corner of my eye I see he was going to come back. He does.

I keep on pretending to read. He walks around me, and then sits down with another, "I beg your pardon."

I try the slow look again. He stares at me and I move away from him with my hands fluttering like I was the frightened bird you read about that lives in a gilded cage.

"Please," says Rudyard, "I'd like to talk to you if I may."

I shrinks away. "But—but I don't know you," I gasps. "I've never met you and I do not speak to strangers. It is not the custom in my country."

That settles him. "Who are you?" he asks eagerly.

"I am the Senorita Esmeralda de Conti," I answers, looking proud but still frightened, see? The heroine in a picture I played in once had that name.

"Spanish!" he breathes.

"Si si," I replies, hoping he didn't know the language because that's all the Spanish words I know.

Rudyard stares some more. "I am sorry I do not speak Spanish. But your English is perfect. Do you live here?"

"No, senor," I checks. "I would not live where it is the custom for strange men to accost unescorted ladies."

"I am sorry," he palpitates. "I am sorry if I have offended you, but I have a reason to wish to talk to you. I will explain, with your permission. Where do you come from, Senorita?"

"I just left the convent in my so dear Spain," I gurgles. "My aunt—my duenna—she lives in Mexico and she had to come here on business so she left me alone on the beach for a few minutes, where I could read and commune with the beauties of nature."

"Oh," he gasps. I could hear him say "The perfect type" under his breath, and when he leans closer to me I draw away.

I didn't want him to get the white make-up.

"Please," he then says gently. "You are wonderful. You—you're like a dream I never expected to come true." He looks at the book in my lap. "Essays by Emerson," he reads. I was glad he told me what it was because I hadn't had a chance to look at it. I'd asked the clerk at the store for something high-brow, and this is what she gives me.

"Do you like Hollywood?" he questions in the same tone of voice.

"Senor," I murmur sadly, "it is a den of wickedness. My duenna, she tells me how wicked it is. I do not even want to see any of it, or know of it. The picture people—they are—she says they are impossible."

Rudyard nods. "They are."

"Who are you?" I insinuates, batting my eyelashes innocently.

"I," he admits, "am Rudyard Crane."

"Rudyard Crane?" I repeat softly. "That is a nice name. But what is it that you do?"

He looks at me for a minute like I was crazy. Imagine anybody—even a girl in a convent—not knowing who Rudyard Crane is. If anybody in the studio had pulled that line on him, he'd thought he was being kidded or something and let loose the temperament. He's got the idea that there isn't a person in the world that doesn't know his name or hasn't seen his picture. And that's true—there isn't.

So, not knowing exactly what it was all about, he hesitates and then comes out with,

"I—I am a motion picture star."

At that I sit up straight and register contempt and scorn. "An actor!" I ejaculate. "Senor—and you dare to talk to me!"

I flash my eyes to go with the purity of the white muslin dress, and clasp the book close to my heart.

"Please," he begs, "please don't run away. You are wonderful. I want to talk to you. You are an ideal I have been seeking almost in vain."

WE was both still for a moment. In back of us the waves was beating on the shore, and I'd bet there wasn't a girl in Hollywood—or in the entire country at that—who wouldn't have sworn off smoking for a year to have been in my place.

"Senorita," he finally breaks the silence. "I would like to ask you something. Please do not misunderstand me. If your duenna was here, I am sure she would not object to my question."

This was my cue.

I give a good imitation of a lady thinking and nod my head.

"Thank you," he says, as grateful as if I'd been the G. M. giving him a new contract.

"Senorita, I have had for a long time a wonderful idea. It is a story by a famous French author. I would like to film it. It is the one ambition of my life."

"Then why do you not, as you say, film the story?" I nifties with an ingenu stare.

"Because I have never seen a girl who could play the principal rôle, and not only look the part, but also feel it through and through. I despaired of ever finding a girl like that—until today."



"Senor!" I gasps.  
 "I am sorry," he apologizes again, almost ready to burst into tears. "I do not want to hurt your finer sensibilities. You are to me an incarnation of an ideal—a Cecilia come to earth."

I didn't know who Cecilia was—that Follies girl he was supposed to have been mixed up with was called Maybelline—so I didn't say nothing.

"Would you—that is, could you—be persuaded—if I talk to your duenna—that is, would you consent to play in a picture?" he asks humbly.

I stand up. "You forget yourself," I replies, and I was so full up with the part that I almost meant it. "You are presuming."

"I know," he admits. "I realize. But listen—please listen to me. This girl I have in mind is of an unworldly purity—beautiful—virginal, unsophisticated. The story will show her coming into the midst of our hectic civilization, and with her purifying presence, make the world better and more beautiful. By playing that part you will shed light and beauty, and the world will thank you."

"Senor," I ad-libs, "what you say is impossible." An extra girl would sell her soul to get a leading part in a picture? "I am the Senorita Esmeralda de Conti. In my blood is the blood of a long line of aristocrats. If my duenna knew I was talking to you, she would put me on a diet of bread and water. You say I am beautiful and good? So be it. You want me to contaminate myself then in the studio of which I hear there is such a wickedness?"

"Think it over, please—please," raves Rudyard. "If you should change your mind and realize you will be helping to make the world more—"

"Adios, senor," I says. "You are mad."

And with that for a curtain speech I went away before he was able to say anything or follow me.

WHEN I got back to my room, I locked the door and did a couple of cart wheels. It worked, dearie, it worked so far! The first part of the Great Idea had come out perfect. Now all I had to do was clinch the argument. I put the props in a suitcase and didn't go out that night because I wanted to think and rehearse the finale.

The next morning I take the suitcase and go to the studio. There I make a dash for Rudyard's combination dressing room and office.

I know his personal secretary—she's been out on a couple of parties with the gang, so I tells her I want to see Rudyard.

"Tell him," I direct her off-hand, "that the Senorita De Conti wishes to speak to him. She has reconsidered."

The secretary looks at me strangely, but she's used to all forms of insanity, having been around the studio for five years. So she says,

"Sorry, dearie, but Crane's gone."

"Gone?" I echoes.

"Yeah. He's sailing for Spain. Took the train for New York early this morning."

My knees was weak. I sat down.

"I'll tip you off why he went if you won't tell," she offers. "I heard him and Royce talking just before he left. It seems that yesterday he met a girl he thought was perfect for this film he's been raving about. But she sold him the idea that movies are all wrong so, with a rush of conscience to the head, he broke his contract and said he was going to quit acting for a year at least. He's heading for Spain to read and rest and think things over in the right kind of atmosphere."

"I got the idea he thinks he'll see her there again, and said she's too wonderful for him to think of ever getting anybody like that to ever act."

I sat and stared at her dumb-like for about five minutes. Then I got hysterical. I took my suitcase and threw it out of the window. I asked her for a cigarette and smoked up.

And somehow I managed to stagger back to the club.

Good? I was so good I talked myself out of a job. Does it pay? Go on—ask me!

I WENT to the studio the next morning in a tight fitting dress of black sequins. The moment the director got an eyeful he gave me a bit in the picture because he said I was just the type. And when that super-special production, "Gallop Grandmothers" comes to your town, you'll see me. The Babylonian model that's the life of the orgy and acting like she's got a jag on is me. Only it wasn't acting, dearie, it wasn't acting!



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GONE is the old idea that the most intimate concern of a woman's life should be shrouded in mystery. And a franker, cleaner, more wholesome life is the result.

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## The Port of Missing Girls

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

to the ever-present spiritual hunger, the desire for the good-in-man that dwells in every heart. Because of the very modeling of her face, because of some line in the setting of the eyes, because of the aura of pale-gold curls, there was in her face that fine and spiritual something that the mob will always follow, usually without knowing why, and often in the end only to burn and crucify.

Upon her sweet lips platitudes became truths. Her sincerity gave life to old fashioned and fundamental things such as virtue and honor and made them more than subjects for wisecracks.

"Hi—Marilyn," said Peppy, and the girls rose and clustered around her, sweetly, beautifully, softened somehow by her presence. "D'you want to play Juliet in the class play?"

"I'd love to," said Marilyn, in her sweet, gentle voice.

She might look like an idealized Joan of Arc, but she did not act like one. Otherwise, no doubt, they would have cast her forth into outer darkness. She had a sweet, ready laugh. Played a good game of tennis. Drove her own roadster with speed and efficiency. But there is no denying she was different. You had



# New Safe Way TO END GRAY HAIR

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1. You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear.



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a feeling with her always that she trod not upon the earth but upon clouds.

"That settles it," said the little blonde. "Darling, if you want a balcony, you shall have a balcony."

"I like the tomb better," said the orange sweater. "'Member about bloody Tybalt in his shroud—no—festering in his shroud? That's what I call language."

Marilyn laughed and left them. They watched her, silently, with adoring eyes from which all precocious knowledge had strangely fled. They were very sweet just then, like young quails in the sunshine. Maids adoring their shy young queen.

"D'you know what she always reminds me of?" Peppy burst out. "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astalot. I hated that dumb poem in English third, but—I don't know. She's like that. Funny, ain't it?"

"I tell you what it is," said the dark girl, who had been most silent. "Marilyn's got ideals. We haven't. You know how her folks are—all that money and that big house and she's the only child and her mother writes poetry that gets published and her father has something to do with stars. Not movie ones. Real ones, in the sky. What'd you call 'em—astronomers? They've got her chucked full of ideals."

"Yeth," said the medieval page, "but my mother thath that ideals are dangerous nowadays. What do you do with them, anyway?"

"Gosh, I wish you wouldn't lisp like that," said Peppy. "You only do it because you think the boys think it's cute."

### THE night of the class play.

Everything was gay, very tense. The lovely big auditorium, classic in its lines and severity, buzzing with many voices. Young things everywhere, coming and going. Youth rampant. Hurried whisperings and sudden shouts of laughter. Restless feet, shuffling on cement. Excitement and disorder.

An undercurrent of older voices, slow, heavy, like the muffled drums in a symphony.

Music, fighting the noise with pretty melody.

Through it all, something deep and very sweet—a feeling. Because they waited for Marilyn. For Marilyn as *Juliet*. Young things, waiting for the great child-lovers, *Romeo* and *Juliet*. But above all, waiting for Marilyn as audiences used to wait for the Duse, with reverent awe mixed with their pleasure.

Nothing could well have been more innocent, more charming than that scene. There was not one thing to suggest anything dark, anything evil, moving to menace the idol of that gay hour.

How he came to be there at all, nobody ever quite knew afterwards. Except that, as he himself said, he loved youth. Hated feeling youth slip from him as few men have hated it. For that matter, they were all glad enough to find him there, felt honored by his presence.

Never lovelier, their Marilyn, startled by love in the mazes of the dance, sighing upon her moonlit balcony, the pale-gold caught in a little cap of pearls, awakening from her bridal night as whitely innocent as a vestal virgin.

A strange *Juliet* she gave them, tiptoe

with adoration true enough, but hardly of *Romeo*, hardly of anything human as a dark-eyed boy. Tiptoe and starry-eyed for love's self, she seemed. And read the matchless lines with music in every syllable.

Her talent showed to its best that night. Some of the greater moments, the tragic moments, she knew to be out of her reach, was wise enough for that. And she did not attempt them in the tragic manner, did not give them depths, but played them rather as a distraught child, who scarcely knows the meaning of the words horror and death have called to her lips. Grace she certainly had, moving sweetly through another age. Her pathos was very moving, she brought tears easily. Died like a young martyr.

The Walrus, sitting in the very back row, was pleased beyond her expectations. She had been right. The girl really had talent. Genius, perhaps, if the depth of soul was there.

Watching her favorite pupil take the fatal potion with lips that quivered though her hand did not, she mused how strange it was to find this passion for acting in so young and sweet and dreaming a girl as Marilyn. Passion of any kind seemed so far removed from her. Perhaps the very placidity of her own life stream, its narrow if beautiful confines, had turned her whole mind upon expressing the joys and loves and tragedies of others.

NOT St. Cecilia or Joan the Maid, her idols. The Walrus, herself burning with a secret fire behind her dark, thin, undesired face knew the idol and whose shrine they both worshipped. The Duse. Every word of the great actress's life, every smallest detail of her existence, Marilyn had read, only half understanding the tragic, violent chapters of d'Annunzio's appearance. She and the Walrus had sat spell-bound before Duse's last great performances, had seen that frail, dying woman surmount every physical obstacle, every betraying handicap of age and weakness, and stand before them in triumphant glory, a supreme artist, able still to create her great illusions.

And from her, Marilyn had caught some torch, some dream of acting as an art worth working and bleeding for. A higher vision than the stage wins from most devotees today.

After it was over, triumphantly over, after the applause and the flowers had literally swamped the stage and Marilyn had stood before them for half an hour, making her swaying bow over and over again, the Walrus came to her behind the scenes.

The noise was still going on in the auditorium, they could not seem to stop. Bursts of applause, excited voices in wild conversation, stamping feet, whistling. It drifted back through the drawn curtains.

With the dramatic teacher was a tall, dark man, lithe as a drawn sword, swift as the wind in the willows, afire from within. Lancelot in his face, it might well be—Lancelot, that Judas of idealists, Lancelot, the great knight, the great lover, stained with guilt. Oh yes, he might well play Lancelot to a lily maid, his Guinevere inevitable.

Remember, she was still tiptoe. It was



her great night. The flame had been alight all evening. Upon her lips had been words of love, words of passion. She had given herself, her imagination, her soul, with all her virgin best to the part of a lover. A harp in the wind.

Presentations were commonplace enough. The sort of thing usual enough among well-bred people. Her mother was there, in tears of joy. Her father, little better. People crowded her on every side, the flowers in her arms and those massed about her feet sent up waves of perfumes.

The Walrus introduced the great motion picture director, Noel Sand. She was all a-flutter, with the compliments he had paid her star pupil. She saw doors opening ahead.

She said to Marilyn some trite words that seemed hardly to register. "Mr. Sand has a sequence in his new picture that shows the story of Lancelot and Elaine, you know, dear."

"And you must come and be my lily maid," he said, looking straight into her eyes as no man had ever done before.

"I will be your lily maid if you want me," she said.

**H**OW deep he led her into love's mysteries no one will ever know now.

It does not greatly matter.

At least, she loved him with that rarest of all emotions, a pure and perfect passion. No weak nor sentimental girl's adoration. But the burning brightness of a woman's one real love.

And from the very first. He was to her Galahad and Lancelot—all the knights of her dreams, and they had been many.

Hollywood, that knew him, found it strange that the lily maid could have loved Noel Sand like that. But you must remember that she did not see him as they saw him, tied to his deeds, inseparable from his life.

She knew only the Noel Sand Hollywood had always forgiven for everything. The dark, flaming, swift Irishman, with his gay, sweet words, his dreaming eyes, his contagious laughter and his responsive tears. She saw the sheer Irish poetry of his soul, for that he had and no one can deny it. She had of him the quick response to beauty, the gorgeous emotions that could lift one clear away from earth.

There was no way for the lily maid to know that he trampled his dreams beneath filthy feet, that his visions were more often defiled than honored, that he had words as gay for any harlot and tears as hot from too much whisky. There was not time for her to see, before she loved him utterly, that the poetry of his soul had never found its way into his life. Lily maids know nothing of the coarser, earthy passions that make of Lancelot a great sinner rather than a great saint.

They hadn't been working on the set two days, until everybody in the company knew the state of things. Marilyn had no wisdom with which to hide the cuckoo-note in the voice, the caress of the eyes in every fleeting glance, the love-shades and love-tones. And if she had had the wisdom, would have seen no occasion to use it. And when had Noel Sand ever checked or harnessed an emotion, ever denied himself a second's pleasure in all his rotten, selfish life?

Because she had won every soul on the set, as she had won the boys and girls of her high school days, there was much protest among them. It wasn't fair. She was so young, so strangely innocent. She was the lily maid. They knew Noel Sand. This adoration of his was a thing of the moment. They had seen so many of them.

Very lovely she was, in the pearls and white satin and lilies of Elaine, the fair, Elaine, the lovable. Magic was in her, too, because of her love. A woman in love has always a strange power over men. Everything of the world seemed to fade away from her presence. Noel Sand, with that great genius of his for things of the moment, for the unreal, became for the moment, part of her dream-world.

And then Lenore Springs came back.

That dark and queenly and disillusioned lady, with the unforgettable face. A haggard beauty. Her eyes ceaselessly tormented, ceaselessly watchful beneath her contemptuous brows. Her strange, lovely mouth half open between a smile and a sneer. Tortured, scornful, vivid as lightning and as dangerous. Greatest of the emotional stars, and aware of it. Slave to that undying love of hers for Noel Sand, yet queen of everything else she touched, by sheer brute strength of will and self-control. A strange woman.

She had not been in the Lancelot and Elaine fairy tale that was to break the modern part of her story.

**C**OMING back, in the middle of those days of white magic, she looked once upon the lily maid, once upon her lover. Her lip curled. It was plain enough that she knew all there was to know. It may be, that knowing him as she did she did not even need to look.

But she watched Marilyn.

Jane Seabury—fine old soul that she was, a character actress with a heart as big as all outdoors—said to that universal confidant, Eddie Symons: "Something must be done about that girl. She's a baby. She'll get badly hurt."

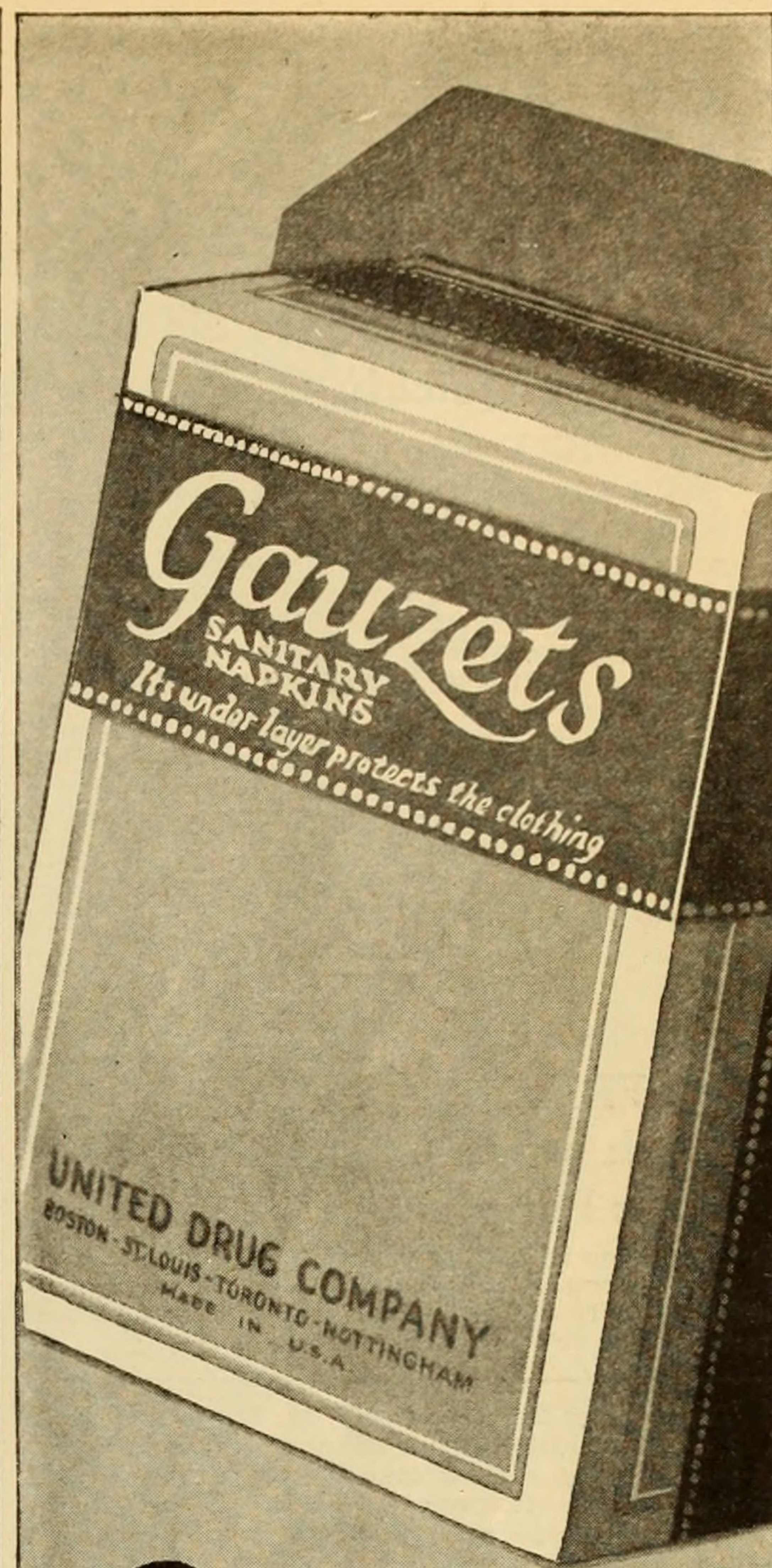
"I daresay," said Eddie, who was an excellent scenario writer and took most things calmly. "Girls usually get hurt. If you don't mind a bit of a paradox, it won't hurt her to get hurt. Make a woman out of her. She wants to act—she has talent. We need girls like her in the movies. She's all right."

"I don't know," said Jane Seabury. "I was a girl once."

"You stole that line from Mrs. Tanqueray," said Eddie.

"Why not?" said Jane. "Everybody else has. Seriously, she's a sweet and lovely thing. Most unusual. I've not seen a girl just like her in these parts. Girls who are too rudely disillusioned sometimes do strange things. Noticed that? They don't find life worth living. And Noel is—really—of course, personally, I adore him, how can one help it? But it's quite safe for me. He wouldn't have me on a bet. It isn't safe for that child. Do you suppose she knows about Lenore?"

"My dear, you'll be asking me next if I think she knows where babies come from," said Jack. "My answer in both cases would be no, I don't. She is probably the only person in the world today who doesn't know about Noel and Lenore



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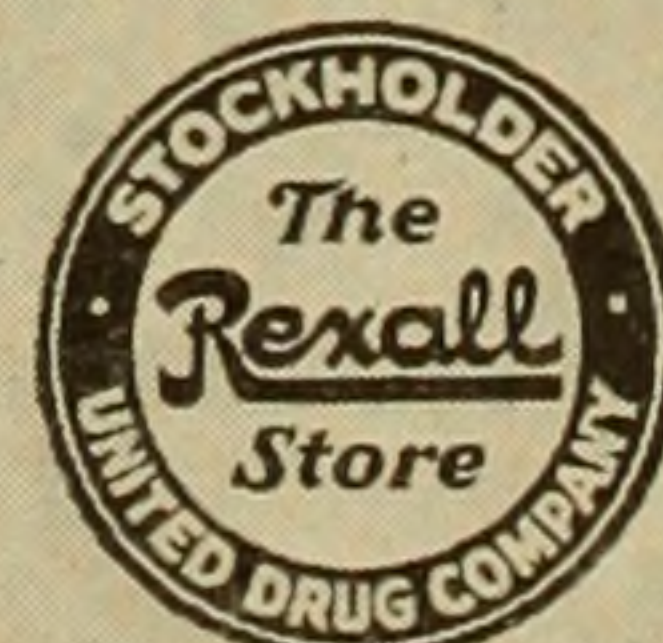
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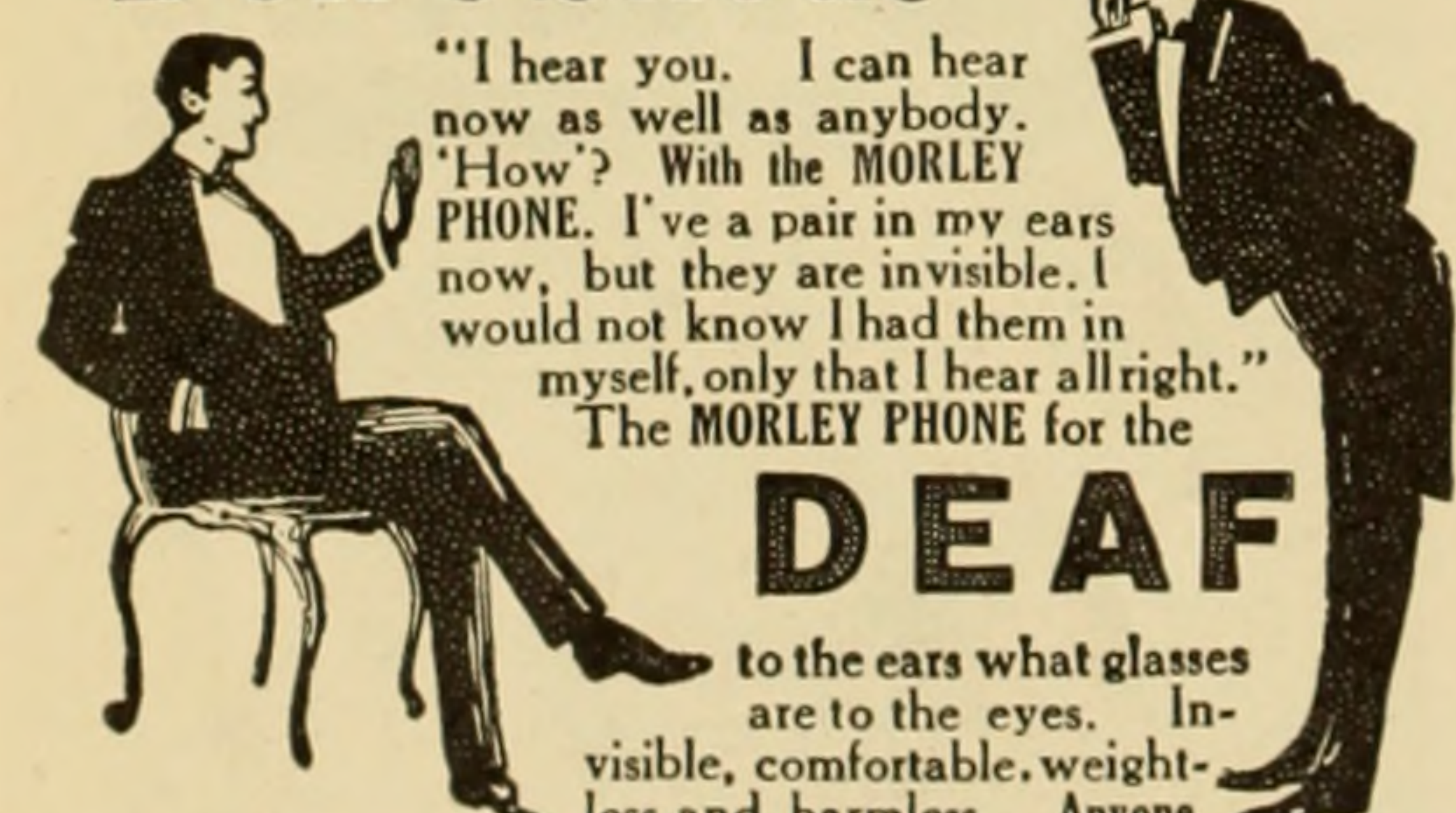


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and who doesn't know where babies come from. But there you are. She is so darn sweet that I forgive her. I sent her lilies of the valley the other night and I respect any woman who can make me as sentimental as that."

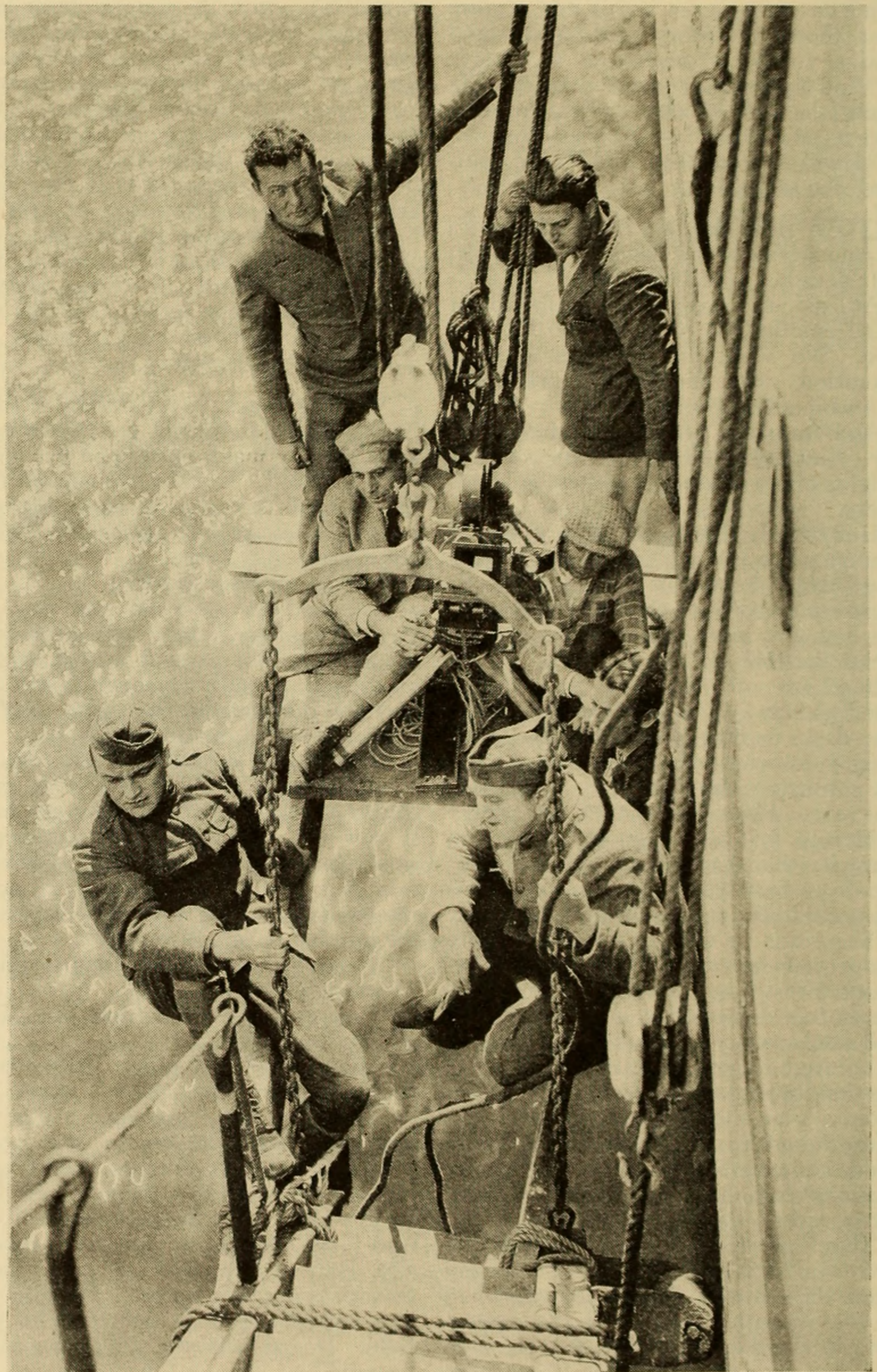
Jane ignored that. "A girl like that ought not to be in motion pictures," she said. "It's no place for them."

Eddie Symons, the universal confidant, was suddenly serious. "My dear, good Jane," he said, "there are men like Noel Sand in every business in the world. Things like this happen in Limehouse, they happen in Paris, they happen in Minnesota. Life is life. I think you are right—we don't want girls like Marilyn in motion pictures. They are too innocent. And pictures are too

swift—they are too tense. With us everything is brought to the surface, intensified, magnified. We are an emotional colony. No one can come to Hollywood and not be changed in some fashion, either by being caught in the maelstrom of its emotions, or by being bored to death intellectually. A girl like Marilyn shouldn't be thrown into violent contact with life in any form or any place. She isn't prepared for it. A girl nowadays shouldn't be brought up like a—lily maid in a tower."

"The funny part of it is," said Jane, "that of course Noel really loves Lenore."

"I shouldn't go so far as to say that," said Eddie, summoning the waitress and demanding a check, "but she is the only woman who will ever satisfy him and hold



Just one of those sea scenes that look so simple on the screen. William Boyd and Louis Wolheim are in the foreground and Director Lewis Milestone is back of the camera, at the left, perched on an improvised platform. They are working on a film called "Two Arabian Knights"



him. Noel loves nobody but himself, if you will forgive an ancient platitude."

"Somebody ought to tell that child," said Jane.

"I'd as soon murder a baby," said Eddie, as they started back on the set.

And because she too felt like that, Jane waited. Waited and hoped that the thing would end somehow. But it did not. She hoped that painfully infinite look of shy, hungering, pure passion would fade from Marilyn's eyes. She hoped that Noel would draw back, now that Lenore had returned. But he did not.

It was the knowledge that Lenore was getting ready to act that drove Jane at last. For Lenore was as brutal as—as Guinivere herself.

"You mean," said Marilyn, "that they are in love with each other now? That they—they belong to each other in a kind of way?"

"Yes," said Jane. "He loves her. I thought you knew. Everybody knows. It is one of the recognized things in Hollywood. He strays away. But he always comes back. He loves her. He has for years and years."

"But she is married to Mr. Frantz."

"Yes."

The girl put one hand to her breast in a gesture infinitely childlike, infinitely pathetic. Oddly enough, she did not doubt. She looked into Jane's honest old eyes—and perhaps there was a lodestone of truth within her own soul. Perhaps she knew truth for truth when she heard it.

"I see," she said.

On the set that afternoon she went to him quietly. "You won't need me after today," she said, smiling at him.

"No," he told her gaily. "But you've made good, Marilyn. Your work was lovely—lovely. You've added a great deal to my picture, dear."

His heart was warm toward her. So sweet—so sweet. Why, he felt young again with her.

"You are so sweet," he said.

"Will you come to see me tonight?" she asked simply. "There is something I want to ask you."

He made some rapid calculations. "I'll come," he said.

HE had expected to find her in the garden, where she usually waited for him.

She was not there.

He found her in the music room—a long, low, gold room, with stained glass windows half hidden by curtains of yellow velvet. There were great pots of cyclamens in the corners.

The cyclamens reminded him of a poem, and he sat down beside her and took her hand and said it to her, very beautifully—

"Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in the hush of an eastern spring, She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the gleam of the Angel's wing— And because she was so beautiful and because she could not see, How fair were the pure white cyclamens, crushed dying at her knee, He plucked a rose from the Eden Tree where the four great rivers meet, And sheltered her bosom's thorny pain with its petals dewy sweet.

And though through many a cycle past that Rose in the dust hath lain With her who bore it upon her breast where she passed from grief and pain, There was never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of her years be done, Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose but once beneath the sun!

The years may bring her joy and pain, fame, sorrow or sacrifice.

The hours that brought her the scent of the Rose, she lived it in Paradise."

HER eyes had never left him. They looked almost black. They were burning black. But her lips were gentle and the soft curve of her cheek was as white as the Angel's wing of which he had told her.

"I love you," she said, gently.

There is, of course, no pride in real love, no modesty.

All those things are of self, and must be burned up completely in the divine fire.

It stopped him, though she had said it before, and he kissed it back to her.

For there was something in her eyes that he had never seen before in all his life and was never to see again.

"Will you tell me the truth, please?" she said.

"Of course."

"Do you love me?"

He looked at her. That child. Why, she was only a child. The slim, little-girl body, that had caught his fancy because it was just that.

The pale-gold curls, caught with a ribbon at her neck.

The face of a Botticelli angel, turned to him. Hands laid palm against palm in her lap.

A wave of pure nausea swept him.

"Child—child—" he said, and could not take his eyes from her though his voice broke.

"You love—her?"

Truth was dragged from him. Yes, truth was dragged from him. That much her god did for Marilyn.

It dragged the truth from Noel Sand when no human being would have thought it possible, for he was not yet tired of the lily-maid.

It dragged the truth from him and saved her the unspeakable humiliation that might have been hers had he lied—the ignominy that he would have heaped upon her had he had time to tire of her, the crawling in the mud, the defamation and bitterness and broken pride of womanhood.

"As much as I'm fit to love anybody, I suppose I love Lenore," he said. "I don't think I know much about love. But—we belong. She belongs to me. I belong to her."

"Then why did you want me to love you?" said Marilyn, piteously.

It was the only time she cried out.

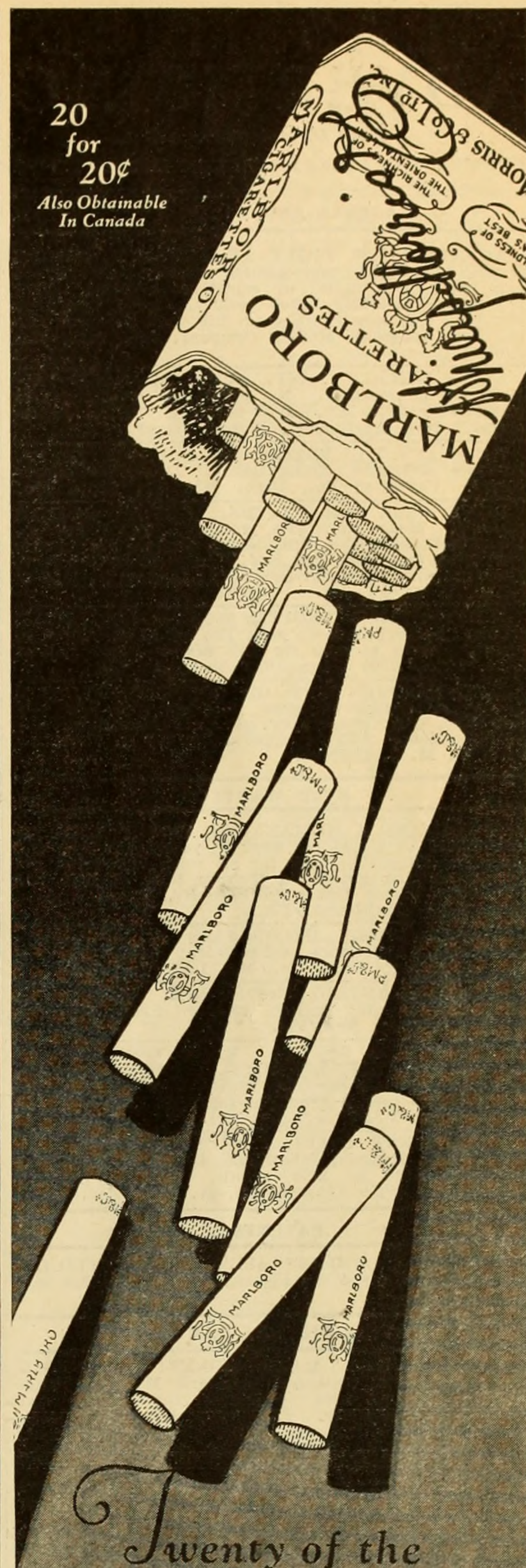
"Dear Heaven," said Noel Sand, "because you are so sweet and young and pure and beautiful.

"Because I'm rotten enough to desire innocence, and a man doesn't go deeper than that.

"Because you are everything in the world I've thrown away and can never have because I've gone too far even to want them for long.

"Because I'm in hell where I belong and you're a star in the sky.

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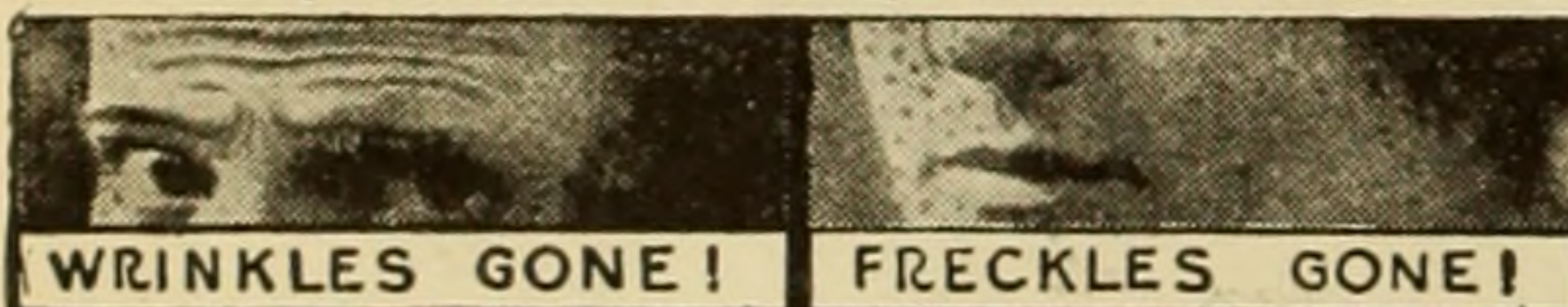
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"Because I'm a man and you are—a lily maid."

She moved near him, and took his face between her hands. Little cool, slim hands, like the pointed hands of a plaster saint.

Strange look, that, from a girl of seventeen, a girl such as Marilyn, to a man who had just laid bare before her the depths of his degradation. It was more like the strong, pure look of a woman of thirty to the one man of her life, the man whose every fault and failing she knows and still loves.

"So life is like that," she said, looking—looking at him. "I am sorry it was too late for you and me, Noel."

She had the courage to go and leave him there.

**T**HEY could tell only a little of what she had done, afterwards.

Evidently she had washed her hands very carefully, and dried them on a fine linen towel of exquisite embroidery. Touched them with the sweet perfume she always used.

Then she had laid out her books—her few favorites—on the little table at the head of her bed. The Life of Duse, Romeo and Juliet, Keats, the story of Launcelot and Elaine—open. She had taken off the little white dinner frock she wore and put on a kimono of pure white silk. She had taken the ribbon from her curls and combed them out, so they lay like a frame upon the pillow.

She had knelt, too, before a little ivory crucifix, knelt long, for the print of her knees was still in the velvet cushion.

And there must have been one ghastly heart-broken moment of weeping, for the blotting pad on the desk where she sat to write was wet, wet with tears, and the little letter was sadly blotted.

Little she had to say—

"I am not brave enough to go on without love, now that I have known

love. I am not brave enough to live in the same world with him, when I know he does not love me, nor ever could have loved me. I came too late for him to love and he lived too long before I came to be what I most dreamed to love in him. I thought life and love would be so different. So let me go. God will understand."

Peppy found her.

**C**AME in, casually smoking a cigarette. Said, "Hi—Marilyn," and then saw her.

She went in one dash to the bed. Touched the cold little hands laid palm against palm, in that last awful, heart-broken prayer.

Touched the pale-gold hair spread on the pillow.

Saw the one great burn, across the gentle lips and the curve of the cheek.

"No—" said Peppy, in a whisper. "No—Marilyn—not Marilyn."

But Peppy was game.

She powdered over the burn, with her own powder puff. Smoothed the silken coverlet. Read the note carefully, to be quite sure it would not hurt more than necessary.

"Well," said Peppy bitterly, "only the good die young."

But that night when her sobs had gotten beyond control and rang in agony through the house and her mother went and took her once more into her arms and held her against her breast, Peppy could only say,

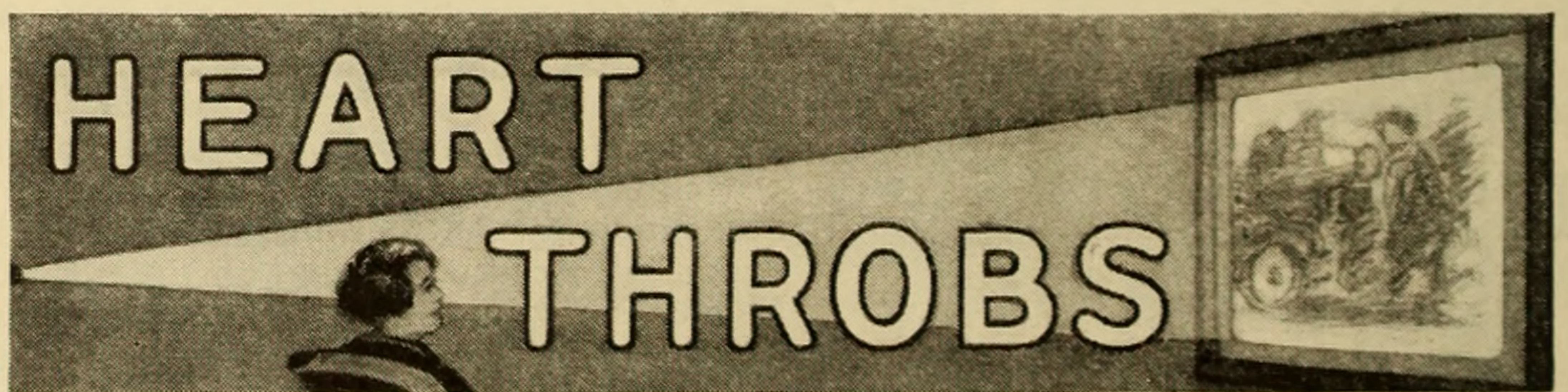
"Oh Mama—not Marilyn. Not Marilyn."

"Hush—my darling."

"Mama," said the godless Peppy, "do you think God wanted her?"

"Maybe he did, my darling," said her mother.

"Well," said the hard-boiled Peppy, and wept as only a child can weep, "she'll make a beautiful angel."



Philadelphia, Pa.

So many unkind words about the movies and not a little scorn! But let me show you another side of this question.

Six years ago my ten year old son was pronounced a diabetic. Insulin was unknown and that terrible disease was fatal to a child. Loss of strength soon made it impossible for him to share the sports of his comrades and the one thing that made him forgetful of the miserable sugarless diet was moving pictures.

My prayers during that year held the names of many an actor and actress and a heart-broken father and mother blessed them and wished them well.

On a never-to-be-forgotten evening we witnessed Mr. Harold Lloyd's "A Sailor Made Man." My darling laughed and chuckled throughout the performance. He would turn to me a thin, white little face and whisper, "Oh, mother, isn't he funny?"

I laughed with him.

At midnight, he became very ill and the next night passed away.

Since then there has been little laughter in our desolate home, but we always make a pilgrimage to the pictures of Mr. Lloyd and our love and gratitude go out to the one who gave our dear child his last happy evening.

Mrs. H. W.



# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lajos Biro and Jules Furthman. Continuity by Jules Furthman. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *August Schilling*, Emil Jannings; *Mrs. Schilling*, Belle Bennett; *August, Junior*, Donald Keith; *Mayme*, Phyllis Haver; *Little August*, Philippe de Lacy; *Little Evald*, Mickey McBan; *Charlotte*, Betsy Ann Hisle; *Elizabeth*, Carmencita Johnson; *Karl*, Gordon Thorpe; *Heinrich*, Jackie Coombs.

**"UNKNOWN, THE"** — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Tod Browning. Scenario by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by M. Gerstad. The cast: *Alonzo*, Lon Chaney; *Malabar*, Norman Kerry; *Estrellita*, Joan Crawford; *Zanzi*, Nick de Ruiz; *Cojo*, John George; *Gypsy*, Frank Lanning.

**"CRADLE SNATCHERS"** — WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the stage play by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. Scenario by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Susan Martin*, Louise Fazenda; *Ann Hall*, Dione Ellis; *Joe Valley*, Joseph Striker; *Henry Winton*, Nick Stuart; *Oscar (Swede)*, Arthur Lake; *Ike Ginsberg*, Sammy Cohen; *Ethel Drake*, Ethel Wales; *George Martin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Kitty Ladd*, Dorothy Phillips; *Roy Ladd*, William Davidson; *Howard Drake*, Franklyn Pangborn.

**"WORLD AT HER FEET, THE"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Georges Berr and Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Luther Reed. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Jane Randall*, Florence Vidor; *Richard Randall*, Arnold Kent; *Alma Pauls*, Margaret Quimby; *Dr. H. C. Pauls*, Richard Tucker; *Detective Hall*, William Austin; *Client*, David Torrence.

**"MAN POWER"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ray Harris and Sam Mintz. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Tom Roberts*, Richard Dix; *Alice Stoddard*, Mary Brian; *Randall Lewis*, Philip Strange; *Judson Stoddard*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Plomaine*, Oscar Smith; *Henry Van Berg*, George Irving.

**"WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Elsie von Koczian. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: *Julie*, Pola Negri; *Pierre Bouton*, Einar Hansen; *Gaston Napier*, Arnold Kent; *John Morland*, Andre Sarti; *Henrietta*, Valentina Zimina.

**"MR. WU"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Henry Maurice Vernon, Harold Owen. Continuity by Lorna Moon. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Mr. Wu*, Lon Chaney; *Mrs. Gregory*, Louise Dresser; *Nang Ping*, Renee Adoree; *Mr. Gregory*, Holmes Herbert; *Basil Gregory*, Ralph Forbes; *Hilda Gregory*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Ah Wong*, Mrs. Wong Wing; *Mr. Muir*, Claude King; *Loo Song*, Anna May Wong; *Little Wu*, Sonny Loy.

**"A MILLION BID"**—WARNER BROS.—Story by George Cameron. Scenario by Robert Dillon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Dorothy Gordon*, Dolores Costello; *Geoffrey Marsh*, Warner Oland; *Dr. Robert Brent*, Malcolm McGregor; *Mrs. Gordon*, Betty Blythe; *George Lamont*, William Demarest; *Lord Bobby Vane*, Douglas Gerrard; *The Gordon Maid*, Grace Gordon.

**"SERVICE FOR LADIES"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ernest Vajda. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Albert Leroux*, Adolphe Menjou; *Elizabeth Foster*, Kathryn Carver; *Robert J. Foster*, Charles Lane; *King Boris of Lucania*, Lawrence Grant.

**"TILLIE THE TOILER"** — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Agnes C. Johnston, Ed. T. Lowe, Jr. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photography by Williams Daniels. The cast: *Tillie Jones*, Marion Davies; *Mac*, Matt Moore; *Pennington Fish*, Harry Crocker; *Mr. Simpkins*, George Fawcett; *Mr. Whipple*, George K. Arthur; *Sadie*, Estelle Clark; *Bill*, Bert Roach; *Bubbles*, Gertrude Short; *Mr. Smythe*, Arthur Hoyt; *Ma Jones*, Claire McDowell.

**"CIRCUS ACE, THE"**—WILLIAM FOX. Story by Harry Shumate. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: *Tom Terry*, Tom Mix; *Millie Jane Raleigh*, Natalie Joyce; *Kirk Mallory*, Jack Baston; *Job Jasper*, Duke Lee; *Gus Peabody*, James Bradbury; *Boss Canvas Man*, Stanley Blystone; *Durgan, the Killer*, Dudley Smith; *Sheriff*, Buster Gardner; *Clarence*, Kangaroo.

**"WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Photography by G. O. Post. The cast: *Nancy Hawthorne*, Lois Moran; *Heloise*, Vera Voronina; *Bob Whittaker*, Donald Keith; *Cornelia Evans*, Alyce Mills; *Lloyd Evans*, Larry Kent; *Curley*, Gareth Hughes; *Jim Hawthorne*, Charles Lane.

**"SUNSET DERBY, THE"** — FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the story by William Dudley Pelley. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Mollie Gibson*, Mary Astor; *Jimmy Burke*, William Collier, Jr.; *Sam Gibson*, Ralph Lewis; *Mike Donovan*, David Kirby; *Jock McTeague*, Lionel Belmore; *Bobby McTeague*, Burt Ross; *"Lucky" Davis*, Henry Barrows; *Skeeter Donohue*, Bobby Doyle; *Peddler*, Michael Visaroff.

**"SILVER COMES THRU"**—F. B. O.—Story by Frank M. Clifton. Adaptation and continuity by Lloyd Ingraham. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: *Fred*, Fred Thomson; *Lucindy*, Edna Murphy; *Zeke*, William Courtright; *Stanton*, Harry Woods; *Mrs. Bryce-Collins*, Mathilde Brundage; *Silver King*, Himself.

**"ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Nunnally Johnson. Adapted by Max Marcin. Directed by Frank Strayer. Photography by James Murray. The cast: *Rosie O'Reilly*, Clara Bow; *Joe Hennessey*, Reed Howes; *Kid Farrell*, Arthur Housman; *Ruth*, Doris Hill; *Arthur Russell*, Douglas Gilmore; *Lew McKay*, John Miljan; *W. S. Davids*, Henry Kolker.

**"WEDDING BILLS"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Grover Jones, Keene Thompson and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Erle Kenton. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Algernon Schuyler Van Twidder*, Raymond Griffith; *Miss Bruce*, Ann Sheridan; *Tom Milbank*, Hallam Cooley; *Miss Markham*, Iris Stuart; *Mlle. Mimi de Lyle*, Vivien Oakland; *Mr. Markham*, Tom S. Guise; *Judson (Valet)*, Louis Stern; *Detective*, Edgar L. Kennedy; *District Attorney*, John Stepling.

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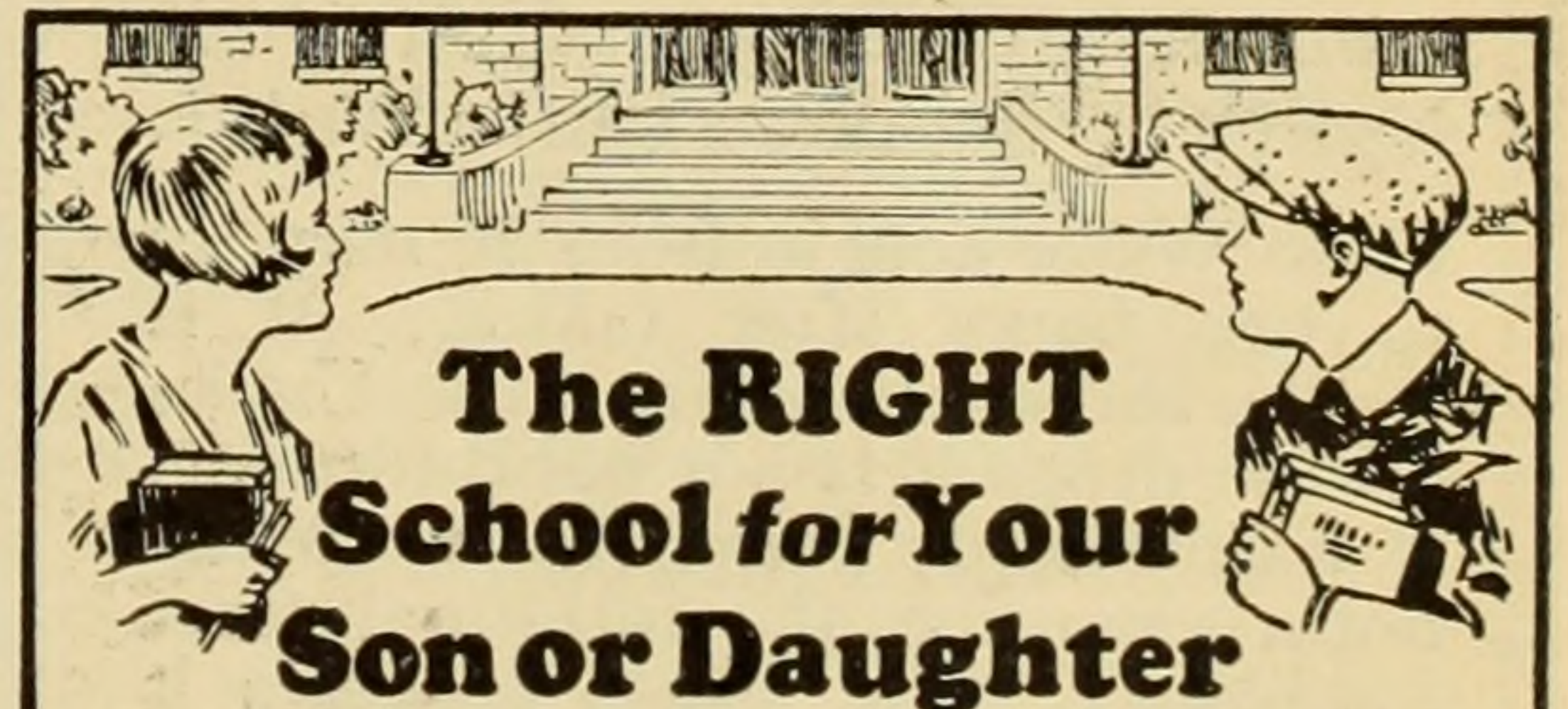
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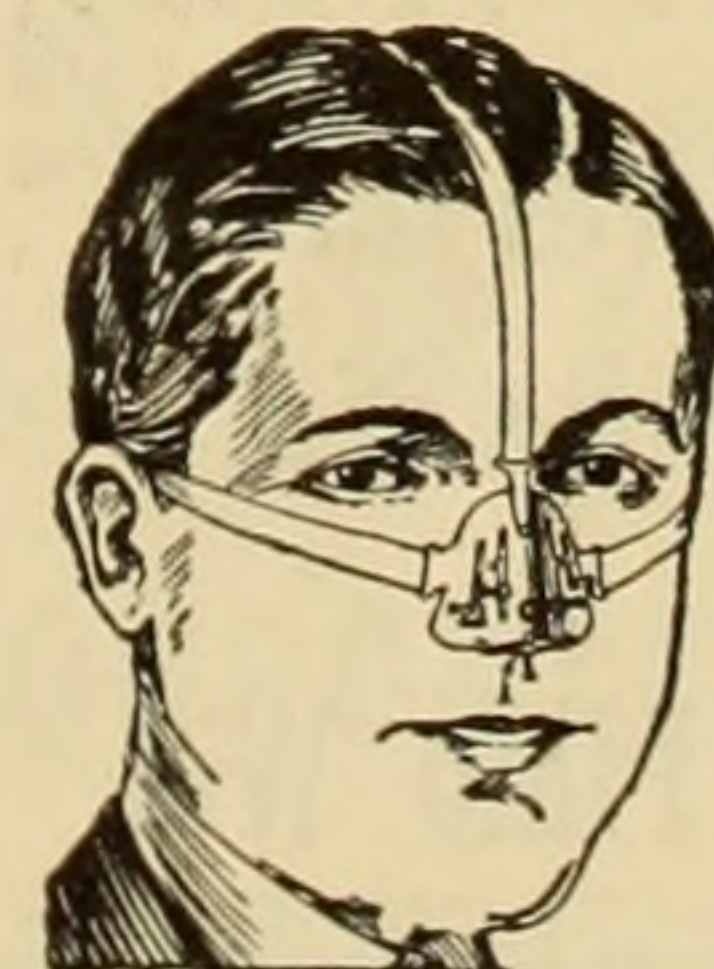


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## Meeting the World With a Smile

How easy it is to do this if good health is our companion. With the step elastic, the spirits buoyant and the pulse-beat full and strong every breath is a delight, and existence an ecstasy and how easy it is to enjoy good health. If we are only careful to correct at once anything that interferes with the normal functioning of nature. If you have a feeling at times of dizziness, or foul breath, a sallow complexion, inertia, headaches and a sense of undue fullness, remember, these are nature's signals of distress. It shows that there is not complete elimination of waste, and the system is becoming poisoned. This is a serious matter which no one can afford to neglect. This is why so many women are safeguarding their health by drinking Pluto Water.

Pluto Water acts in from 30 minutes to two hours after taking. It is gentle, thorough and natural. Unlike drastic drugs it is not habit-forming. It washes away poisonous accumulations, cleansing the intestinal tract completely. For scores of years it has been America's physic—nature's own remedy for eliminating waste—healing, soothing and invigorating.

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**WATER** Physic

When Nature Won't Pluto Will

"LOST AT THE FRONT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Del Lord. The cast: August Krause, George Sidney; Patrick Muldoon, Charlie Murray; Olga Pietroff, Natalie Kingston; Von Herfiz, John Kolb; Adolph Meyerburg, Max Asher; The Inventor, Brooks Benedict; Captain Kashluff, Ed Brady; Captain Levinsky, Harry Lipman; Two Russian Girls, Nita Martan, Nina Romano.

"FIGHTING LOVE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORPORATION.—Story by Rosita Forbes. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Nils Olaf Chrisander. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: Donna Vittoria, Jetta Goudal; Gabriel Amari, Victor Varconi; Filipino Navarro, Henry B. Walthall; Dario Niccolini, Louis Natheaux; Princess Torini, Josephine Crowell.

"SIMPLE SIS"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Melville Crosman. Directed by Hermon C. Raymaker. Scenario by Al Kenyon. The cast: Sis, Louise Fazenda; Jerry O'Grady, Clyde Cook; Edith Van, Myrna Loy; Oscar, William Demarest; Buddy, Billy Kent Schaeffer; Mrs. Brown (Buddy's Mother), Cathleen Calhoun.

"IRISH HEARTS"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Melville Crosman. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Byron Haskin. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: Patsy Shannon, May McAvoy; Tim O'Shay, Jason Robards; Emmett, Warner Richmond; Clarice, Kathleen Key; Patsy's Father, Walter Perry; Restaurant Proprietor, Walter Rodgers; Taxi-driver, Les Bates.

"TENDER HOUR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Carey Wilson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Marcia Kane, Billie Dove; Wally Mackenzie, Ben Lyon; The Grand Duke Sergei Sergeivitch, Montague Love; Gorki, the Kalmuck, Constance Romanoff; Vicomte Rene Laguste Chinilly, Alex. B. Francis; Tana, the Maid, Laska Winter; Rough-house Higgins, T. Roy Barnes; Pussy-finger, Buddy Post; The Wrestler, George Kotszonaros.

"SLAVES OF BEAUTY"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Scenario by William Conselman. Directed

by J. G. Blystone. The cast: Leonard Jones, Holmes Herbert; Anastasia (Tacy) Jones, Olive Tell; Paul Terry, Earle Foxe; Goldie, Margaret Livingston; Bob, Richard Walling; Dorothy Jones, Sue Carol; Irish Woman, Mary Foy.

"CLOSED GATES"—STERLING.—Story by Manfred Lee. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: George Newell, Jr., Johnny Harron; Alice Winston, Jane Novak; Mary Newell, Lucy Beaumont; George Newell, Sr., Sidney De Grey; Harvey Newell, Leroy Mason; Martha Roberts, Rosemary Cooper; Bridget, Ruth Handforth; Pat, Bud Jamison.

"GOOD AS GOLD"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Murray Leinster. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Scott Dunlap. The cast: Buck Brady, Buck Jones; Janet Laurier, Frances Lee; Sheriff John Gray, Charles French; Thomas Tilford, Carl Miller; Timothea, Adele Watson; Henchman, Arthur Ludwig; Buck Brady (as a boy), Micky Moore.

"SURRENDER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Alexander Brody. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: Lea Lyon, Mary Philbin; Constantin, Ivan Mosjoukine; Joshua, Otto Matiesen; Rabbi Mendel, Nigel de Brulier; Tarras, Otto Fries; Russian General, Daniel Makarenko.

"STOLEN BRIDE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Carey Wilson. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: Sari Thurzo, Billie Dove; Ferenz Pless, Lloyd Hughes; Capt. Von Heinberg, Armand Kaliz; Franz Thurzo, Frank Beal; Ilona Tazmadi, Lilyan Tashman; Lieut. Kiff, Cleve Moore; Papa Pless, Otto Hoffman.

"DEARIE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Carolyn Wells. Adapted by Anthony Coldey. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Sylvia Darling, Irene Rich; Stephen (Her son), William Collier, Jr.; Ethel Jordon, Edna Murphy; Samuel Manley, Anders Randolph; Luigi, Richard Tucker; Paul, Arthur Rankin; Max, David Mir; Manley's friend, Douglas Gerrard; State Manager, William Demarest.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]

PARAMOUNT FAN, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Nita Naldi is in Europe—Vienna, I believe. Samuel Goldwyn has no connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Gilbert Roland is twenty-one years old and his real name is Luis Alonzo.

"CELERY-FED," SANFORD, FLA.—Now just what does that mean? Since I have kept you waiting, I'll rush the news to you that James Hall is not engaged to Bebe Daniels. His first picture was "The Campus Flirt." His latest is "Rolled Stockings." Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. To continue with these important matters: Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, the stage star. He is twenty-five years old. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Am I forgiven?

W. H., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Blanche Mehaffey was born July 28, 1905; address her in care of Tiffany Productions, 1328 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Billie Dove's birth date is May 14, 1903, and you can reach her at the First National Studios, Burbank,

Calif. Madge Bellamy was born June 30, 1903, and she receives her mail at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. None of your favorites is married.

MISS E. B., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Molly O'Day is Richard Barthelmess' leading woman in "The Patent Leather Kid." Alan Forrest is married to Lottie Pickford. He is thirty-six years old and has black hair and brown eyes.

LOVER OF WESTERN PICTURES, WEST POINT, NEB.—Address Fred Thomson at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Reginald Denny's most recent picture is "Fast and Furious." Reginald has been recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

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.



G. S., RICHMOND, VA.—Allene Ray and Walter Miller are married—but not to each other. Address them in care of Pathe, at the Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the addresses you want.

RITA, EL PASO, TEX.—So you want me to tell you who I think is the most beautiful girl in the world! Do you want to start another war? I'll pass on to your safer questions. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. Bebe Daniels is an American. At present, Jack Dempsey is a gentleman of leisure. He's training for another chance at Mr. Tunney.

## Have All Actors an Inferiority Complex?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

into detail in this case to show you how psychoanalysis works, how one resurrects buried memories that motivate us without our conscious knowledge.

**Every actor whose mind I probed had some such similar conflict in childhood. In every instance the conflict led to secret feelings of guilt or self accusation or even shame. Always it led to disguised inferiority fears in later years.**

One man through the psychoanalytic process was able to recall that his mother neglected him as a child, preferring society to the care of a youngster. This made him feel that he wasn't wanted.

Another was an orphan. In the orphan's home all self-confidence and pride were crushed out of him.

A third, a woman, was continually scolded until she became convinced that whatever she did was wrong.

The list could be extended indefinitely. I found inferiority specially marked in all actors.

But why should inferiority make people want to act?

Because in all acting people pretend and make believe!

When you act a part you are that part!

Besides, acting singles out the individual, makes him feel important, gives him the opportunity of drawing attention, even praise.

**Acting, in short, is the most likely job that will actually make an individual feel superior as an antidote for any inferiority fears he may suffer deep down inside his emotional self.**

Inferiority also explains why the "acting bug," when once it inoculates a person, takes hold of him like the fever of a disease.

Contrary to what they appear to be, actors at bottom lack self-reliance and individuality. To try to be something which actually they are not—an acting rôle of importance—is for them a means of escape from themselves. To submerge themselves into a part gives their inner character the support and kick it so strongly craves. Their system demands such comfort as much as the parched throat of a fever patient demands water.

I was also able to work out two other interesting emotional mechanisms in my actor subjects.

**Actors are, in reality, children at heart!**

**Their inferiority carries with it what psychoanalysts call "an infantile fixation."**

Have you ever noticed how children like to act when at play? Have you observed their strong imitative tendencies?

Well, actors are grown-ups who have never lost that. They probably have a stronger imitative instinct than most people to start with. And whereas in the average it largely disappears with the passing of years, in the actor type of mind it persists strongly and hitches up in collusion with their inferiority fears.

**The other mechanism I brought to light in each of the groups I psycho-analysed was also a kind of infantile fixation.**

**Children like to show off, to strut about proudly, to pretend.**

**So does the actor when he plays in a picture.**

Children like to run around nude or with very few clothes on.

Cannot that exhibitionistic trait be said to exist in many of the female members of the acting profession?

My studies likewise emphasized the strong "narcissistic" or self-admiration habit that most actors fall prey to.

This worship of self operated as a conscious defense reaction or compensation to the unconscious inferiority fears.

And strange as it may seem—but perfectly reasonable and logical when you come to consider it—the stronger the inferiority was on the unconscious level the stronger was the narcissism on the conscious!

Incidentally, the characteristic unconscious inferiority and the infantile emotional make-up of actors also throws light upon their fickleness in love.

**Stage people have been noted for marital unsteadiness and boldness in breaking ordinary moral standards for centuries.**

**Rigid observance of codes and customs means emotional control and emotional adjustment. But this latter, it is plain, the actor type of mind specially lacks.**

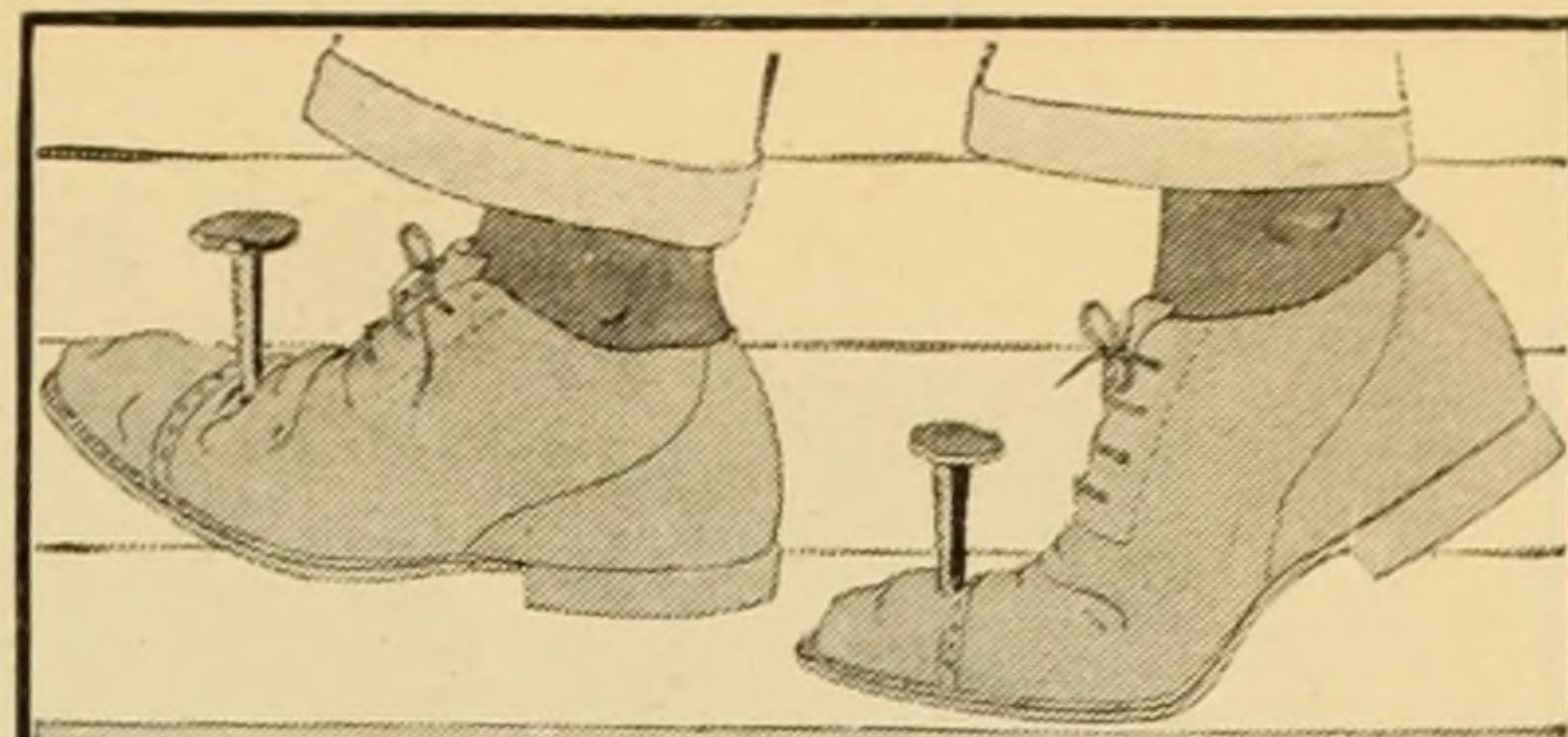
The actor is never absolutely sure of himself! He cannot always depend upon himself! He is unable to fix his emotional desires upon any one single object and gain lasting satisfaction from it!

Hence the actor changes his jobs or his wife or husband, as the case may be, with much less fuss than most of us do.

The actor, first and last, is suffering from unconscious inferiority fears!

This, in conclusion, is my scientific contribution to solving the riddle of the actor.

I am rather afraid the actors themselves will not like it!



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Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is a real reason why some people of seemingly less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put over your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there so mysterious about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it.

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*rouge stays on*  
*and you look*  
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**LOVELY**

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*Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre.  
Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen  
which makes Your Hair so much admired.*

**T**HE 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 it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances, which catch the dust and dirt and cause the hair to become coated. This coating dulls the hair and therefore hides its life and lustre. It covers the natural color and beauty of the hair and pre-

vents it from showing. To have beautiful hair you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali 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.

## *A Simple, Easy Method*

**I**F you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips,

so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

## *Just Notice the Difference*

**Y**OU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

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