

# PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

JANUARY  
25 CENTS

*The National  
Guide to  
Motion Pictures*



*Eleanor  
Boardman*

*Charles Sheldon*

**Winners of \$5,000.00  
Cut-Puzzle Contest**

*In this Issue*

***10 Years Hence*  
What Will The  
Screen Stars Be Doing**



# GRETA GARBO

in

## THE DIVINE WOMAN



**The M-G-M**  
**"Look, See and Remember"**  
 Contest  
**Win Norma Shearer's**  
**\$50.00 This Month!**

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

Come now, you folks who see below the surface, and have a try at answering these questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman I will send a check for \$50.00 and the tiara head-dress worn by Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman." To the writer of the best set of answers from a man I will send a check for \$50.00 and the beret cap worn by Lars Hanson in the same picture. To the writers of the fifty next best answers, whether from men or women, I will send an autographed copy of my latest photograph.

Yours sincerely,  
**NORMA SHEARER**

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

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

**METRO**  
*Goldwyn*  
**MAYER**

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

### Norma's Five Questions

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

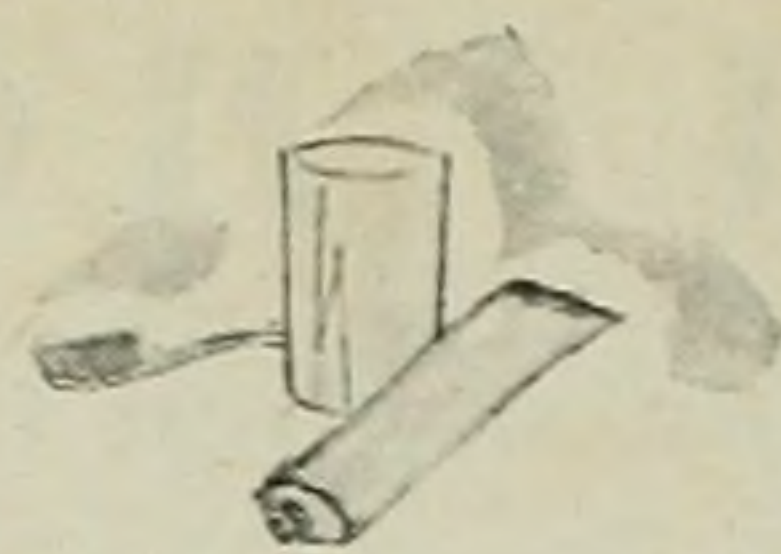
Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by January 15th. Winners' names will be published in later issue of this magazine.

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 Big Parade" Contest  
 of October  
**WILLIAM H. DILLARD**  
 U. S. Coast Guard Cutter Tallapoosa  
 Mobile, Alabama  
**ELIZABETH COLLIER**  
 Wills Point, Texas

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next  
 50 prize winners





# Don't let your gums 'sleep' their health away!

*Modern soft food makes gums dormant and flabby—Ipana and massage restore their vigor and their health . . .*

**F**IVE minutes' check-up with any authority—your own dentist, for example—will quickly convince you that there's little mystery about troubles of the gums.

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

## WHY MODERN FOOD IS SO BAD FOR OUR GUMS

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

But we have thwarted that plan of nature's! For we demand only soft, rich foods—delicately prepared—daintily served. Roughage

in our food would only make us grumble at the cook. So our gums are robbed of activity by the refinement of our diet—deprived of the invigorating friction they need. Year after year, they lead an artificial life of ease—year after year, they 'sleep' their health away!

## HOW IPANA AND MASSAGE BUILD FIRM, HEALTHY GUMS

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

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

And thousands of dentists ask their pa-

tients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both massage and ordinary brushing. By its use, they say, we can more quickly rouse the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the ill effects of our diet.

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

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

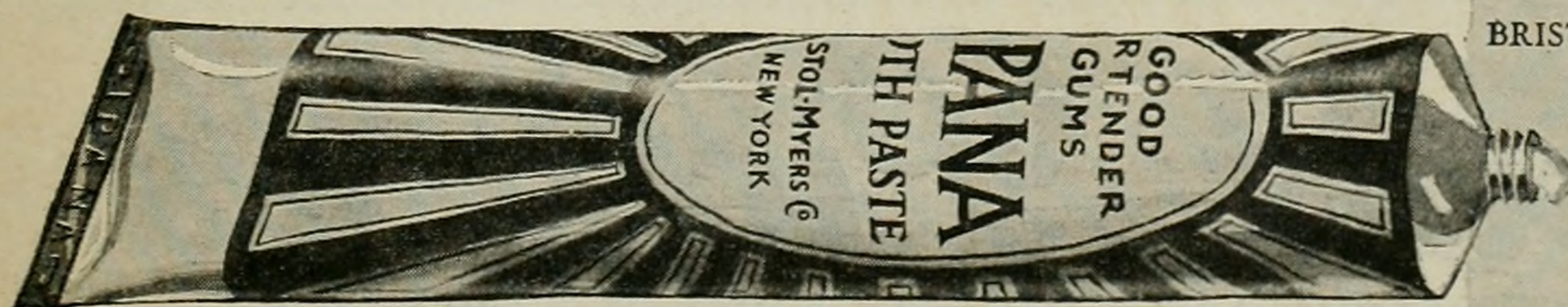
The ten-day sample the coupon brings will quickly prove these things.

## MAKE A 30-DAY TRIAL OF IPANA

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

# IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I18, 73 West Street, New York City

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....

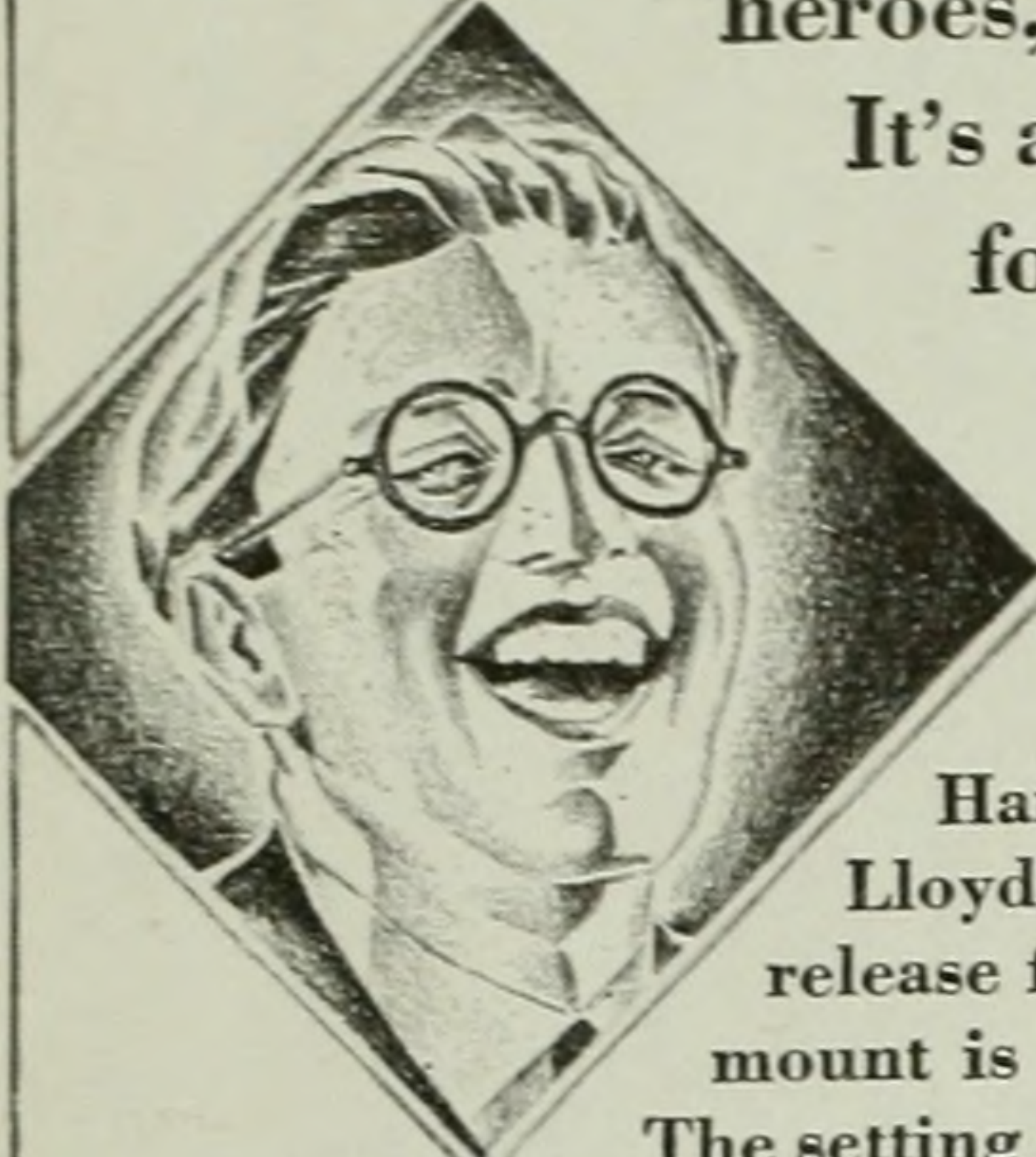


# stars of a new world


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

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

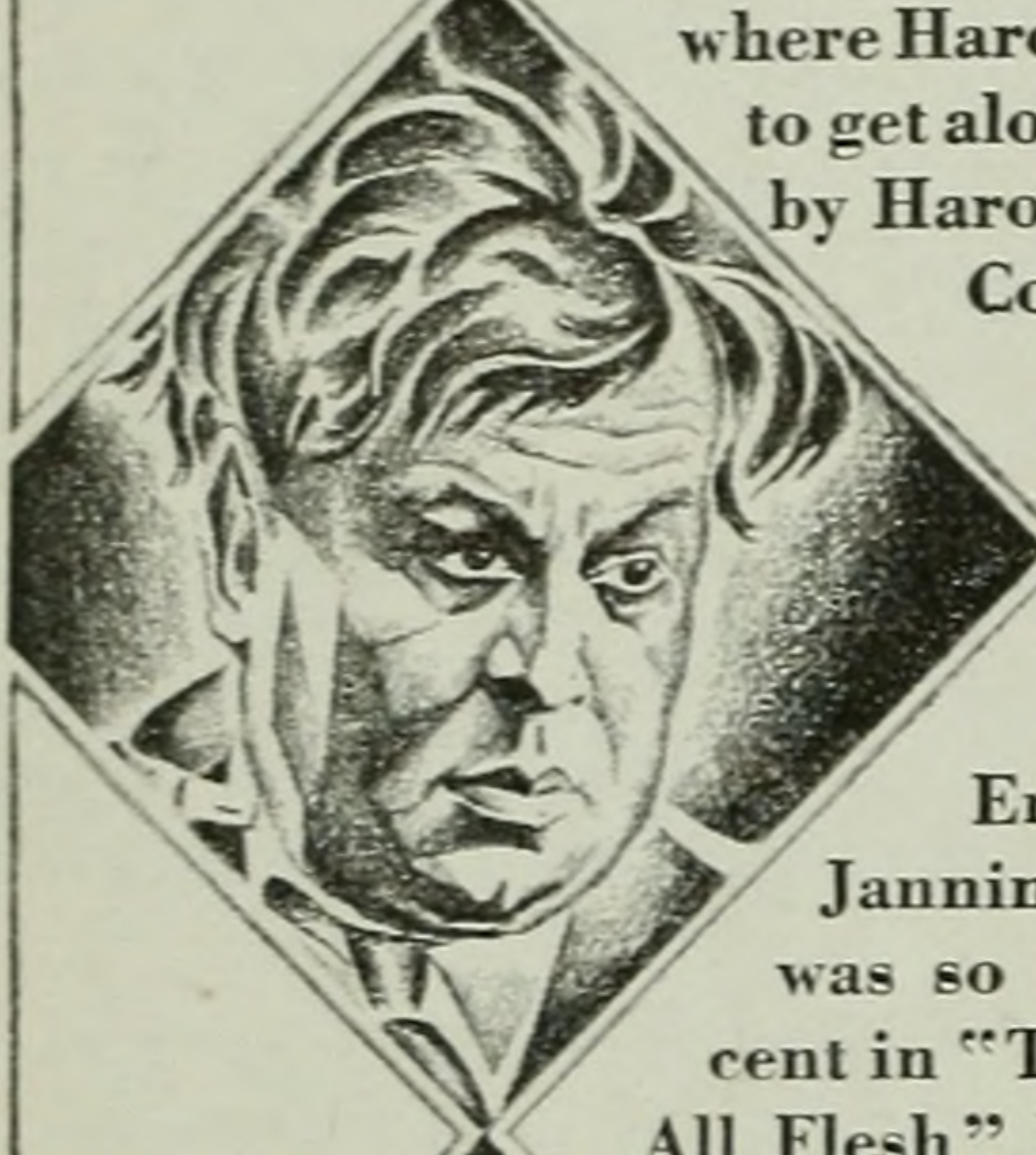
keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.



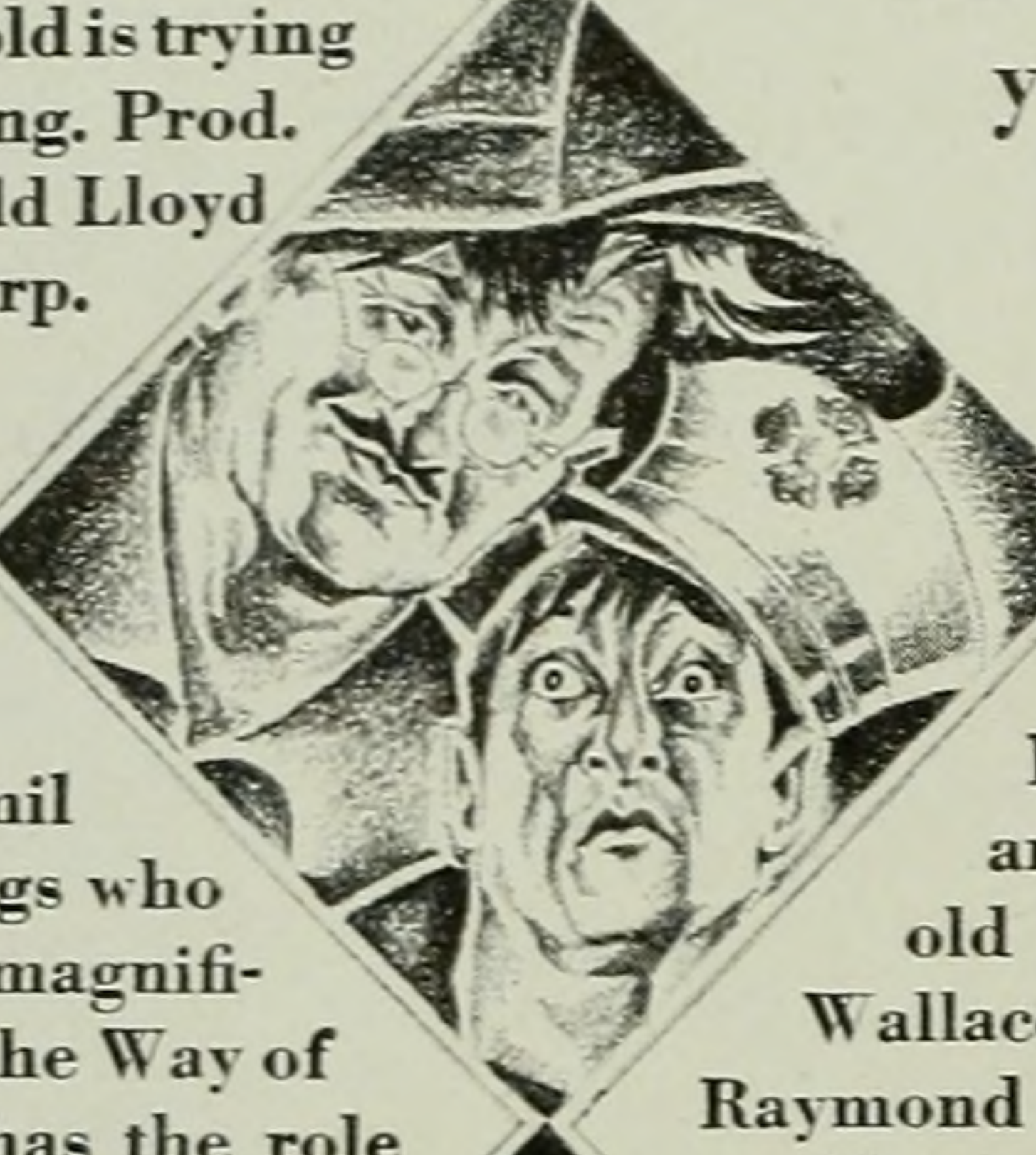
Harold Lloyd's next release for Paramount is "Speedy". The setting is New York, where Harold is trying to get along. Prod. by Harold Lloyd Corp.




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




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



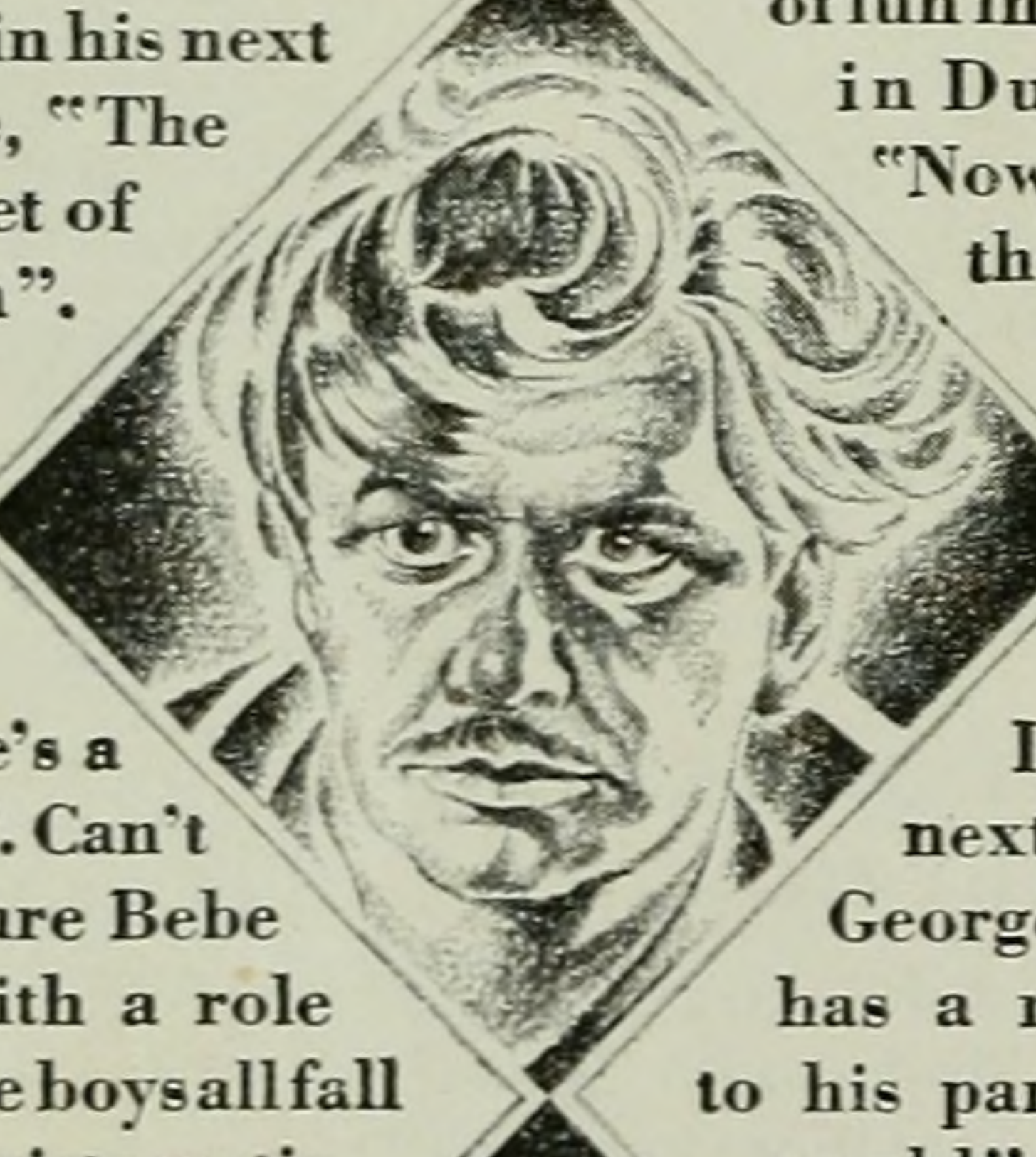
Here are our old friends, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton a riot of fun in "Now We're in Dutch" and "Now We're in the Air".



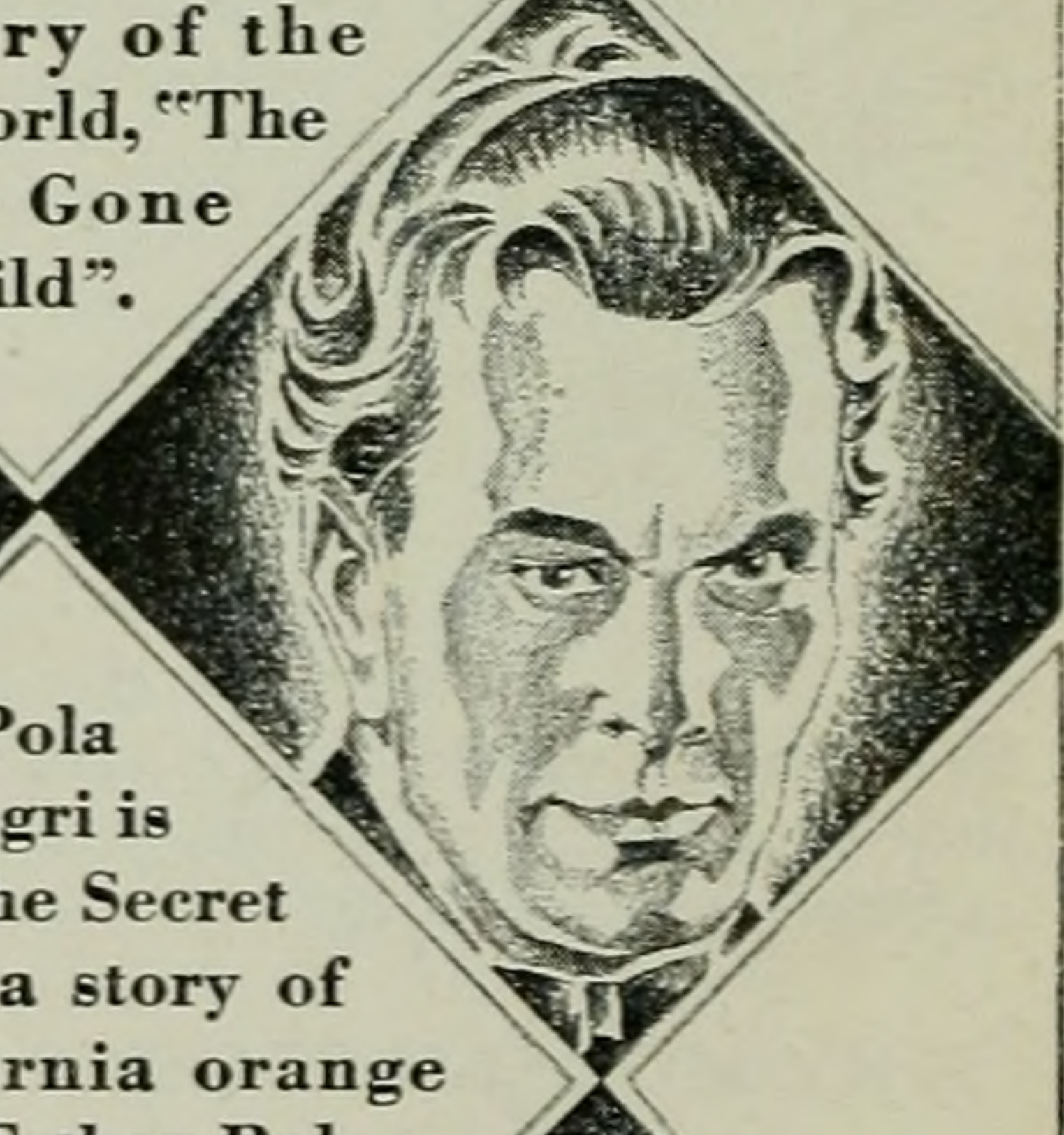
"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic role. Thomas Meighan is in a story of the underworld, "The City Gone Wild".



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




In his next picture, George Bancroft has a role similar to his part in "Underworld". It thrills from start to finish. "Honky Tonk".




Pola Negri is in "The Secret Hour", a story of the California orange groves. Esther Ralston is starring in "The Spotlight".



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



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



"Two Flaming Youths" are these two boys, W.C. Fields and Chester Conklin. You've no idea what a great comedy team they make together!

# Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg. N. Y.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

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For  
January  
1928

VOL. XXXIII

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 2

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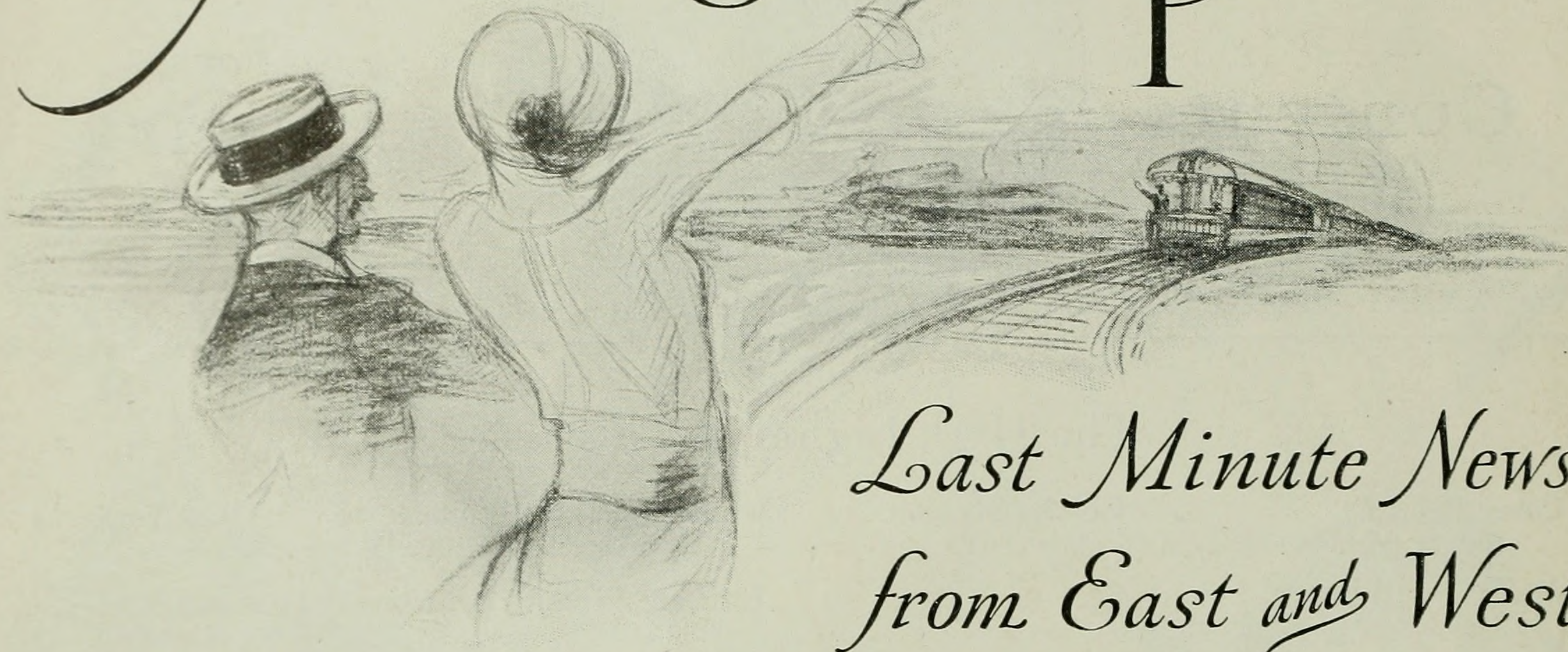
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# As we go to Dress



## Last Minute News from East and West

**N**OAH BEERY has left Famous Players-Lasky. He believes he will have opportunities for more varied rôles by free lancing.

**B**USTER COLLIER and Dorothy McCarthy aren't married—yet. Buster is back on the coast, playing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

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

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

**I**RENE RICH is completing her Warner Brothers starring contract.

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

**D**IRECTOR Monta Bell has sailed for Europe.

**C**HARLIE RAY is in New York and is planning to invade the speaking stage.

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

**J**ASON ROBARDS and Hope Maine Robards are divorced. They were married in 1914.

**C**LAIRE WINDSOR has been signed by Tiffany-Stahl Productions.

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

**R**EPORTS of a split between Gilda Gray and her husband, Gil Boag, are denied.

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

**J**ULIA FAYE has sailed for a two months vacation in Europe.

**M**AURITZ STILLER, the Swedish director, is leaving Paramount to spend three months abroad.

**D**IRECTOR Tod Browning is leaving Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**H**OLLYWOOD anticipates an engagement announcement from Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, the violinist.

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

**Y**OU will see Gary Cooper in full dress in "Doomsday," opposite Florence Vidor. He is deserting definitely cowboy chaps.

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

**T**HE daughter of Mrs. Emil Jannings, Ruth Maria, fifteen years old and now in school in Germany, is coming to Hollywood to go into pictures. Ruth Maria is Emil's step-daughter.

**G**RETA GARBO is to get John Colton's story of the South Seas, "Heat," originally announced for Lillian Gish. And Clarence Brown is to direct her.

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

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

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

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

**M**AY McAVOY and Dolores Costello, too, will be emoting on new lots.

**M**ARIE PREVOST has won a promise of a divorce from Kenneth Harlan in the Los Angeles courts.



Fannie Ward, the perennial flapper, has returned from several months in Europe. PHOTOPLAY caught her picture on the *S.S. Leviathan*





MARIE PREVOST



LEATRICE JOY



PHYLLIS HAVER



JETTA GOUDAL



VERA REYNOLDS

# THE ROMANCE OF THE ROLES THEY PLAY

YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURS, ALSO

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

You May See Now

**ROD LAROCQUE**  
 in  
**"The Fighting Eagle"**  
 Donald Crisp, Director

**LEATRICE JOY**  
 in  
**"The Angel of Broadway"**  
 Lois Weber, Director

**JETTA GOUDAL**  
 in  
**"The Forbidden Woman"**  
 Paul Stein, Director

**MARIE PREVOST**  
 in  
**"On To Reno."**  
 James Cruze, Director

**WILLIAM BOYD**  
 in  
**"Dress Parade"**  
 Donald Crisp, Director

**VERA REYNOLDS**  
 in  
**"The Main Event"**  
 Wm. K Howard, Director

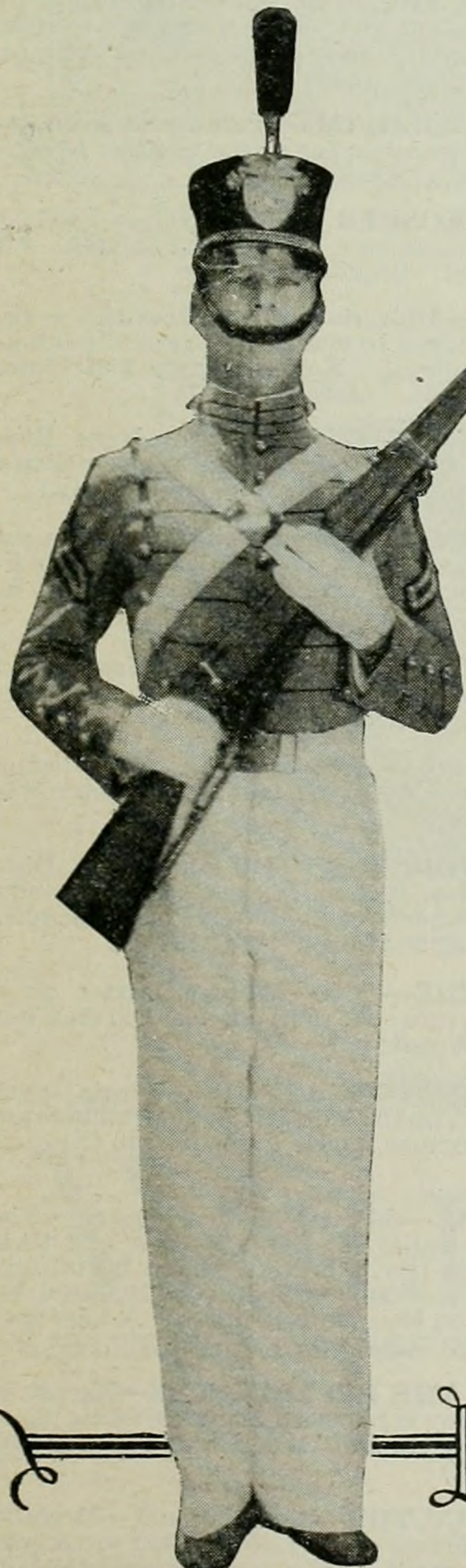
Watch For

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

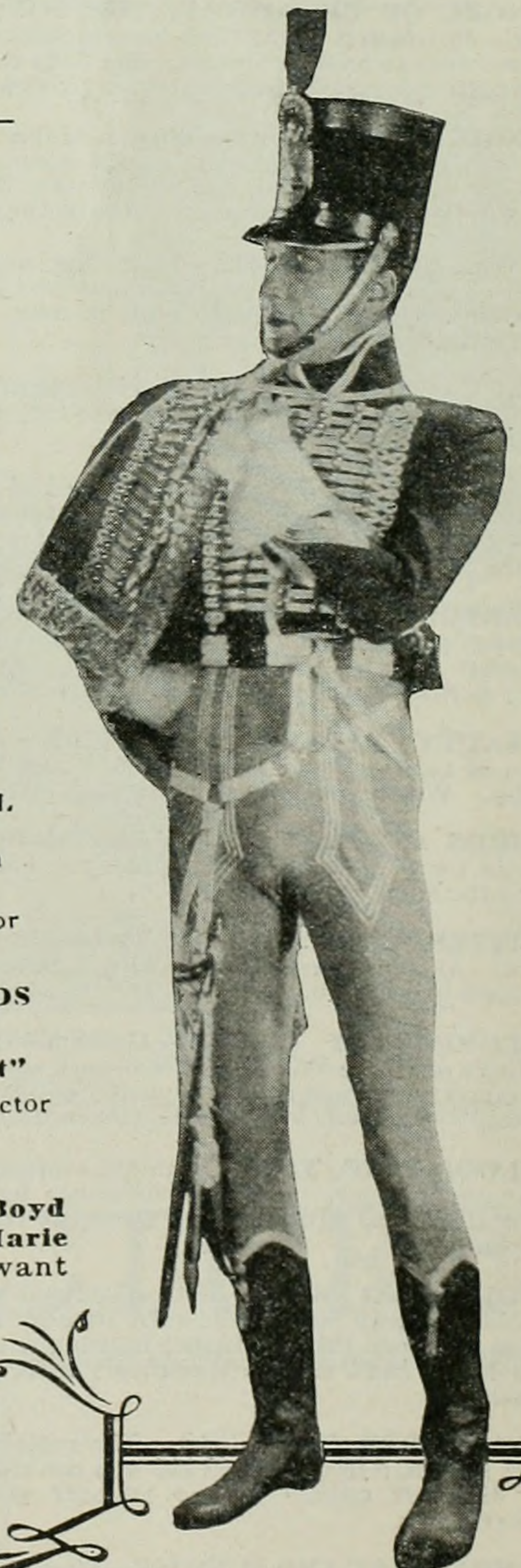
**PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.**

De Mille Studio Pictures—Pathe News—Pathe Westerns  
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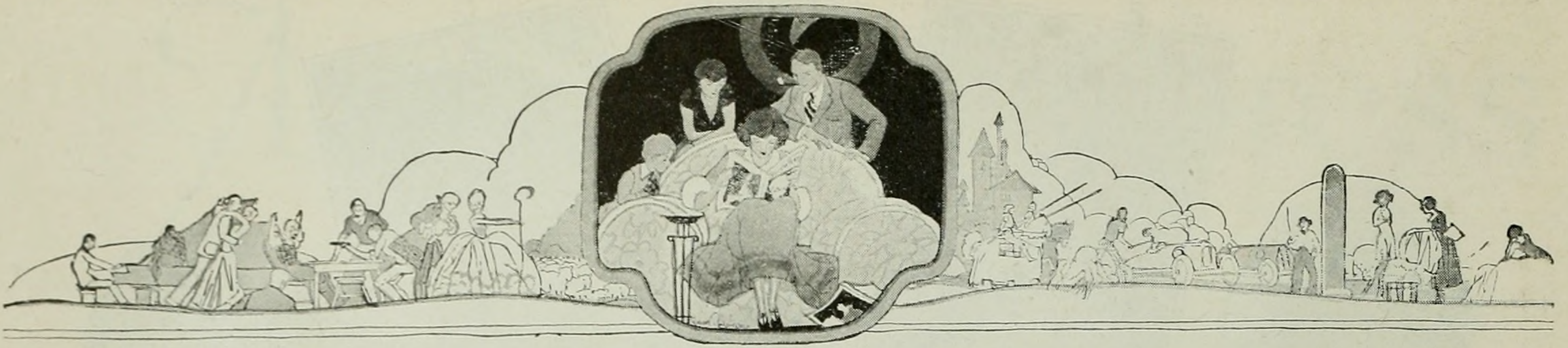


WILLIAM BOYD



ROD LA ROCQUE





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

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

**AFTER MIDNIGHT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (October.)

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

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

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

\***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.)

\***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.)

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

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

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

**BEAUTY PARLOR, THE**—FBO.—A swell series of two reels, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (September.)

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

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

**BLONDES BY CHOICE**—Gotham.—The adventures of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no appeal." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)

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

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

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

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

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

**BROADWAY MADNESS**—Excellent.—Proving that people who go to the deuce on Broadway always reform at the first whiff of country air. (December.)

**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.)

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

**BUSH LEAGUER, THE**—Warner Bros.—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the owner's daughter. Need we say more? (November.)

\***BUTTONS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A sea story, with Jackie Coogan as a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with gallant work by Jackie. For the whole family. (December.)

\***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.)

\***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.)

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

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

**CIRCUS ACE, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (August.)

**CITY GONE WILD, THE**—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a lively meller of the Chicago Underworld. Good stuff. (October.)

**CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING**—FBO.—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye!" (October.)

**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.)

**CLOSED GATES**—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (August.)

**COLLEGE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not overwhelmingly funny. (November.)

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

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

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

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

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

**CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE**—Rayart.—In which a bad boy is reformed by an energetic papa. It's good stuff. With Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

**CRYSTAL CUP, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in the drama of a man-hater that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (October.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

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

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 ]



# Meet the *Rising Stars* of Filmdom in FOX PICTURES!



Janet Gaynor

Already these brilliant young stars have won the plaudits of screen critics all over the world for their impressive performances in one or another of the outstanding pictures of the year—"WHAT PRICE GLORY," "SEVENTH HEAVEN," "SUNRISE," "LOVES OF CARMEN" or other recent Fox releases.

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

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

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



Olive Borden



Dolores Del Rio

*Be Sure and See*

OLIVE BORDEN and ANTONIO MORENO in  
"Come To My House"

JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in  
"7th Heaven"

DOLORES DEL RIO and VICTOR McLAGLEN in  
"Loves of Carmen"

GEORGE O'BRIEN and LOIS MORAN in  
"Sharpshooters"

MADGE BELLAMY in  
"Silk Legs"

JUNE COLLYER and WILLIAM RUSSELL in  
"Woman Wise"

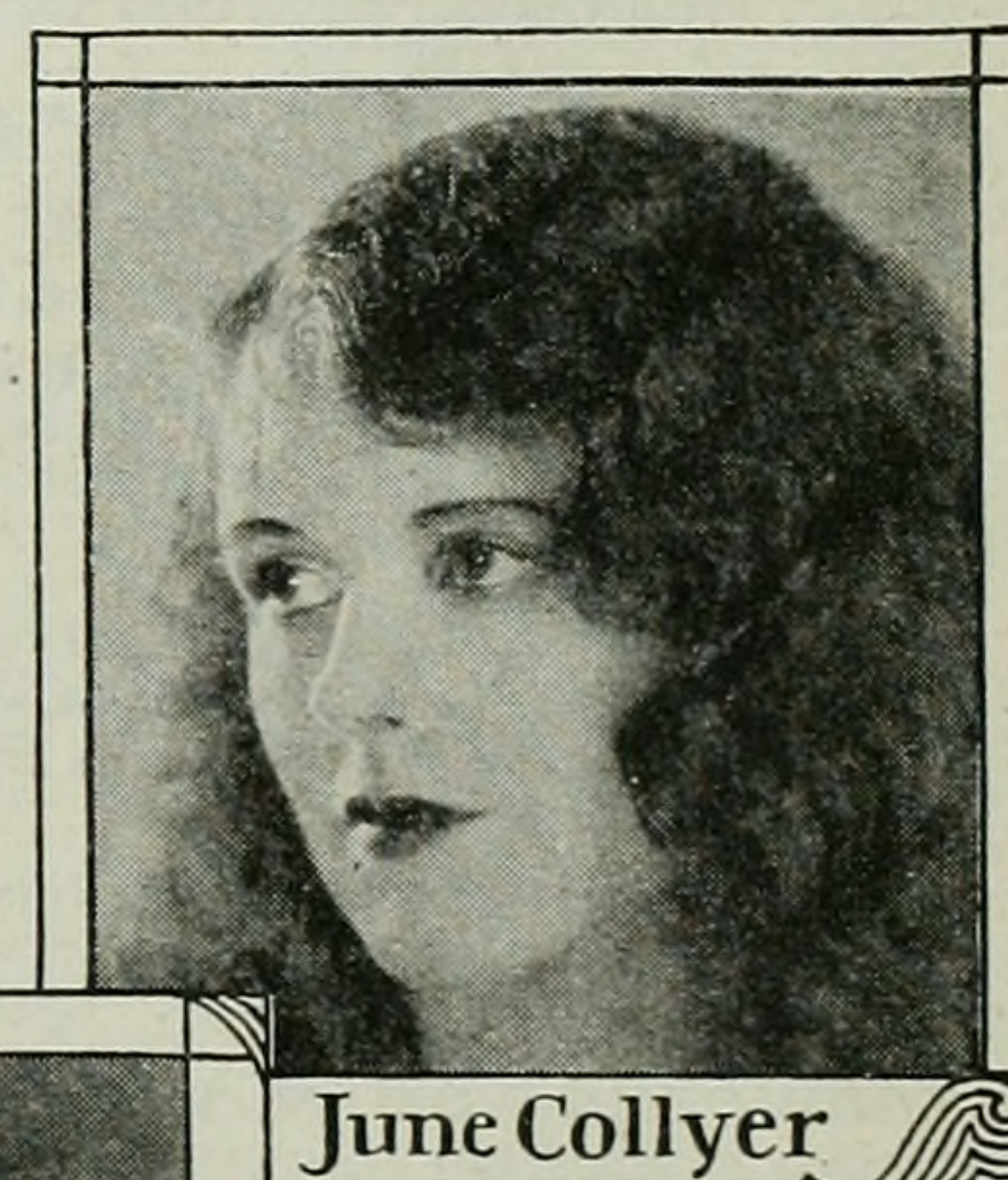
MADGE BELLAMY and MARY DUNCAN in  
"Very Confidential"



Madge Bellamy



Lois Moran



June Collyer



Mary Duncan

# WILLIAM FOX PICTURES





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

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

**DEARIE**—Warner Bros.—A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (August.)

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

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

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

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

**DROP KICK, THE**—First National.—It is now Richard Barthelmess' turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who's next? (November.)

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

**FAIR CO-ED, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies at her very funniest in a pretty fair college yarn. The gal is a real comic. (December.)

**FAST AND FURIOUS**—Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (September.)

**FIGHTING EAGLE, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (September.)

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

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

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

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

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

**FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Dramatic doings in Morocco, well played by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schildkraut. Worth your money. (December.)

**FOURFLUSHER, THE**—Universal.—Pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

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

**GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram's best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Hichens romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

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

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

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

**GINGHAM GIRL, THE**—FBO.—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (October.)

**GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE**—Warner Bros.—Life and love in the underworld, agreeably acted by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

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

**GOOD AS GOLD**—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (August.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

**HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE**—Fox.—A youthful, refreshing story of "prep" school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

**HIS DOG**—Pathe-De Mille.—Fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone blah. (October.)

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

**HOOK AND LADDER No. 9**—FBO.—Some good newsreel shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December.)

**\*HULA**—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (October.)

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

**JAWS OF STEEL**—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin draws a bad one. (December.)

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

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

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

**LADIES AT EASE**—Chadwick.—A bum imitation of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December.)

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

**LES MISERABLES**—Universal.—The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and settings prove that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

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

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

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

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

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

**\*LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (September.)

**MADAME POMPADOUR**—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (October.)

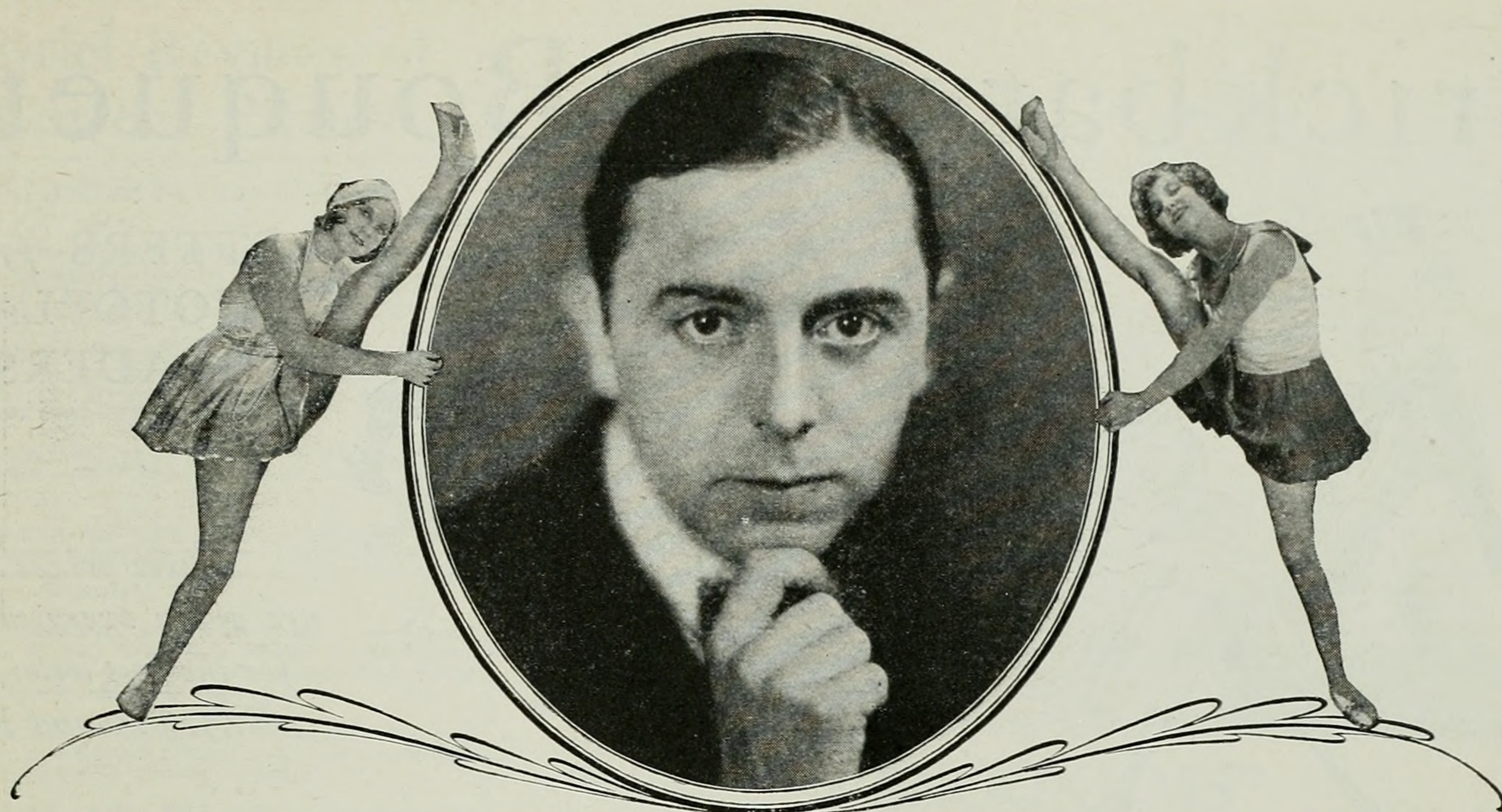
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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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# An Impression of LUPINO LANE

by JAMES R. QUIRK



EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



**LLOYD HAMILTON**  
Your Old Fun-Making Friend, in *Hamilton Comedies*



**"BIG BOY"**  
Greatest and Funniest of Child Comedians, in *"Big Boy"-Juvenile Comedies*



**LARRY SEMON**  
Daredevil Clown Comedy Star, in *Larry Semon Comedies*



**FELIX THE CAT**  
Rollicking Cartoons, by *Pat Sullivan*

**KINOGRAMS**  
Livest of News Reels

**CAMEO COMEDIES**  
They'll Land You in Laughland

**LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE**  
Some Sense and Some Nonsense

**CURIOSITIES**  
The Movie Side-Show Funny and Fanciful Produced by *Walter Futter*

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

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

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

His pantomimic ancestry is long as a transcontinental railroad ticket. His Lupino grandfathers were Pierrot-ing on the London stage in 1700. His Lane grandmothers were the Desdemonas of their day. He himself is one of the original theatrical mergers. He was supposed to

get a fortune from his grandmother for twisting his names so that the first should be last and the last should be first. But the old lady broke his heart by leaving him nothing but a good recipe for tumbling without breaking his neck.

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

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

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

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



**DOROTHY DEVORE**  
The Only Girl Making Her Own Series of Short Comedies Today, in *Dorothy Devore Comedies*



**CHARLEY BOWERS**  
The "Wizard," Putting Mysterious Fun Tricks into *Bowers Comedies*



**JOHNNY ARTHUR**  
Farceur Supreme, Featured in *Tuxedo Comedies*



**JERRY DREW**  
One of the Mirth-Making Favorites of *Mermaid Comedies* (Jack White Productions)



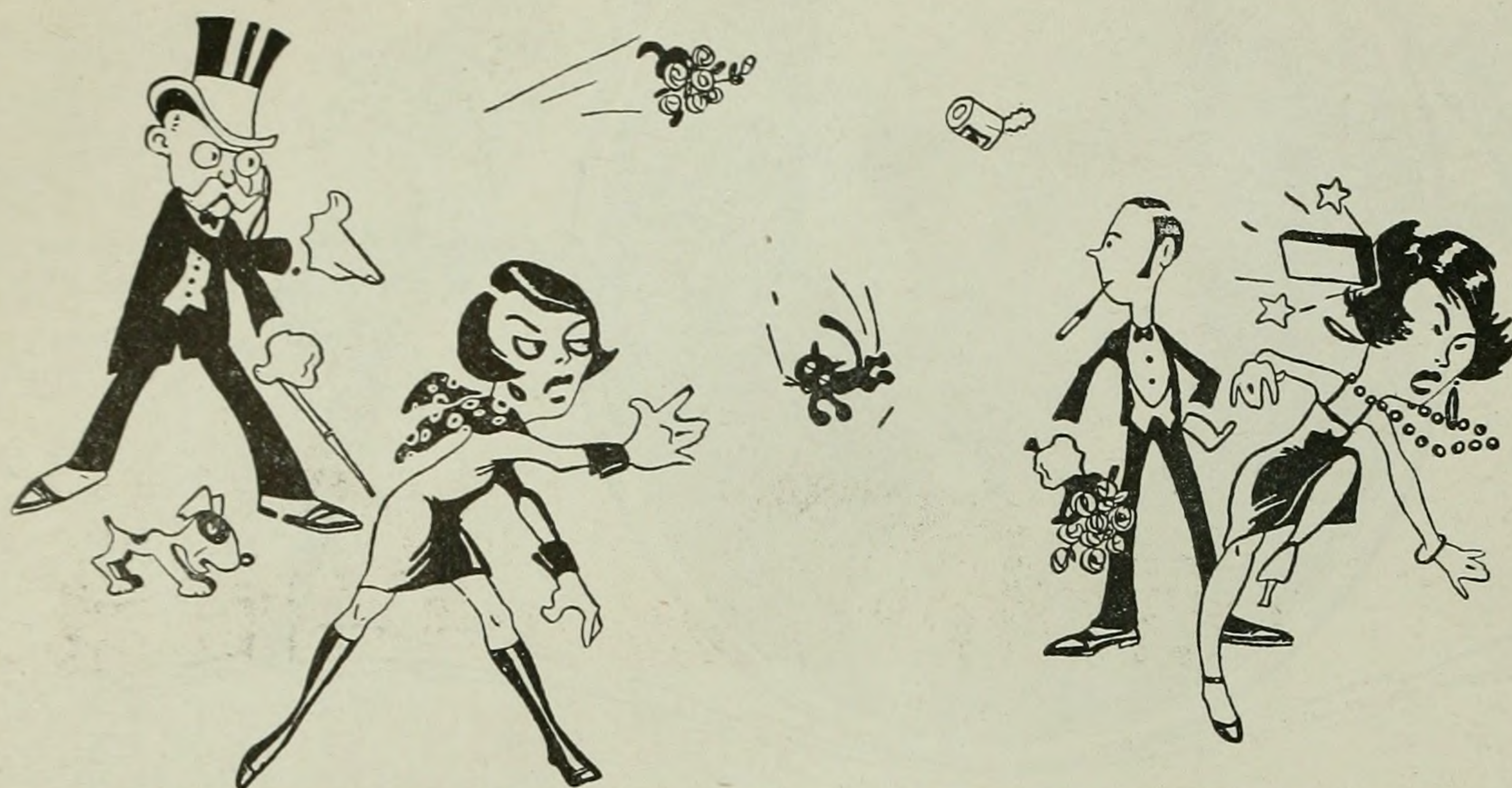
**OUTDOOR SKETCHES**  
By *Robert C. Bruce* Show You the Wonders of Nature



# Brickbats *and* Bouquets

LETTERS *from*  
PHOTOPLAY  
READERS

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



## The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

### The Monthly Barometer

**B**OUQUETS — in cartloads — for "Seventh Heaven," "The Way of All Flesh," "Captain Salvation," and our prize winner, "Beau Geste."

Brickbats—by the ton—for Irish-Jewish comedies, cheap vaudeville, local censors and also for the detractors of Renee Adoree, Corinne Griffith, Mary Pickford and Anna Q. Nilsson.

Lon Chaney and Emil Jannings lead all the handsome boys in the number of bouquets received. But John Gilbert, Richard Dix and Charles Farrell still pull plenty of warm adjectives.

Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo are the Big Three among the girls.

PHOTOPLAY's department *Brief Reviews of Current Pictures* is voted the most useful regular feature of the magazine, with the *Shopping Service* and *Favorite Recipes of the Stars* tied for the second place.

What have you to say about pictures? This space is reserved for your criticisms. PHOTOPLAY will print your letter whether it agrees with you or not. The shorter the better.

### \$25.00 Letter

Baltimore, Md.

When I stop at a soda fountain to order a chocolate nut sundae, the clerk doesn't insist that I first eat a dish of spinach. Vaudeville, like spinach, is one of my pet aversions, but I do enjoy the movies. I don't like acrobatic dancing. I don't like mushy ballads screeched to the accompaniment of a languidly flirted feather fan. I don't like jazz bands when they go in for exaggerated orchestration and comedy. However, I find the films, in general, interesting, and such exceptional productions as "White Gold" and "Captain Salvation" thoroughly delightful.

PHOTOPLAY recently suggested, in an editorial, that there may be a few people who are not eager to sit through forty minutes of wise-cracking and soft-shoe dancing to see the advertised feature picture. I hereby appoint myself a committee of one to state that our name is legion. We have but one alternative: swallow the padded program or stay away entirely. Very few of us

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.

can run to the theater at eleven in the morning or six in the evening. During the popular hours we don't choose the particular moment at which we will enter. We wait meekly, in herds, for the privilege.

Here's to the good old days, when movies were movies and vaudeville was on the other side of the street!

FRANCES SHATTUCK.

### \$10.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

While dining in a Los Angeles restaurant one evening, I met a crippled man who was bubbling over with his good fortune in obtaining a few days' work in pictures. But to him the outstanding event of that particular day was when a lovely lady drove up to where about fifty of the crippled "boys" were working on location, and treated them generously to ice cream. Afterwards they learned that she was the famous actress, Lillian Gish.

Tears came into the poor fellow's eyes as he told me of this slight experience. Pondering afterwards on how these boys had been touched by her thoughtful act, I took the liberty of writing Miss Gish and telling her how much it was enjoyed and appreciated.

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

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

VINTON A. HOLBROOK.

### \$5.00 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEE HAMILTON.

### Those Pesky Censors

Houston, Tex.

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

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

MRS. RICHARD J. LINDLEY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

\***MAGIC FLAME, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (September.)

\***MAN POWER**—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (August.)

**MAN'S PAST, A**—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (October.)

\***MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the picture. (November.)

**MILLION BID, A**—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (August.)

\***MOCKERY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

**MOJAVE KID, THE**—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (October.)

**MOON OF ISRAEL**—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (September.)

**MR. WU** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (August.)

\***MY BEST GIRL**—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played with "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children, of course! (December.)

**NAUGHTY BUT NICE**—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (September.)

**NEST, THE**—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

**NEVADA**—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (October.)

**NO PLACE TO GO**—First National.—Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

**NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)

**OLD SAN FRANCISCO**—Warner Bros.—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (September.)

**ONE ROUND HOGAN**—Warner Bros.—Wherein love saves the championship for a prizefighter. With Monte Blue and Leila Hyams. Not so bad. (December.)

**ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER**—Paramount.—It is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and Theodor von Eltz. (November.)

**ON TO RENO**—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but Marie Prevost, aided by James Cruze, should do better than this. (December.)

**OUT ALL NIGHT**—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made farce. (December.)

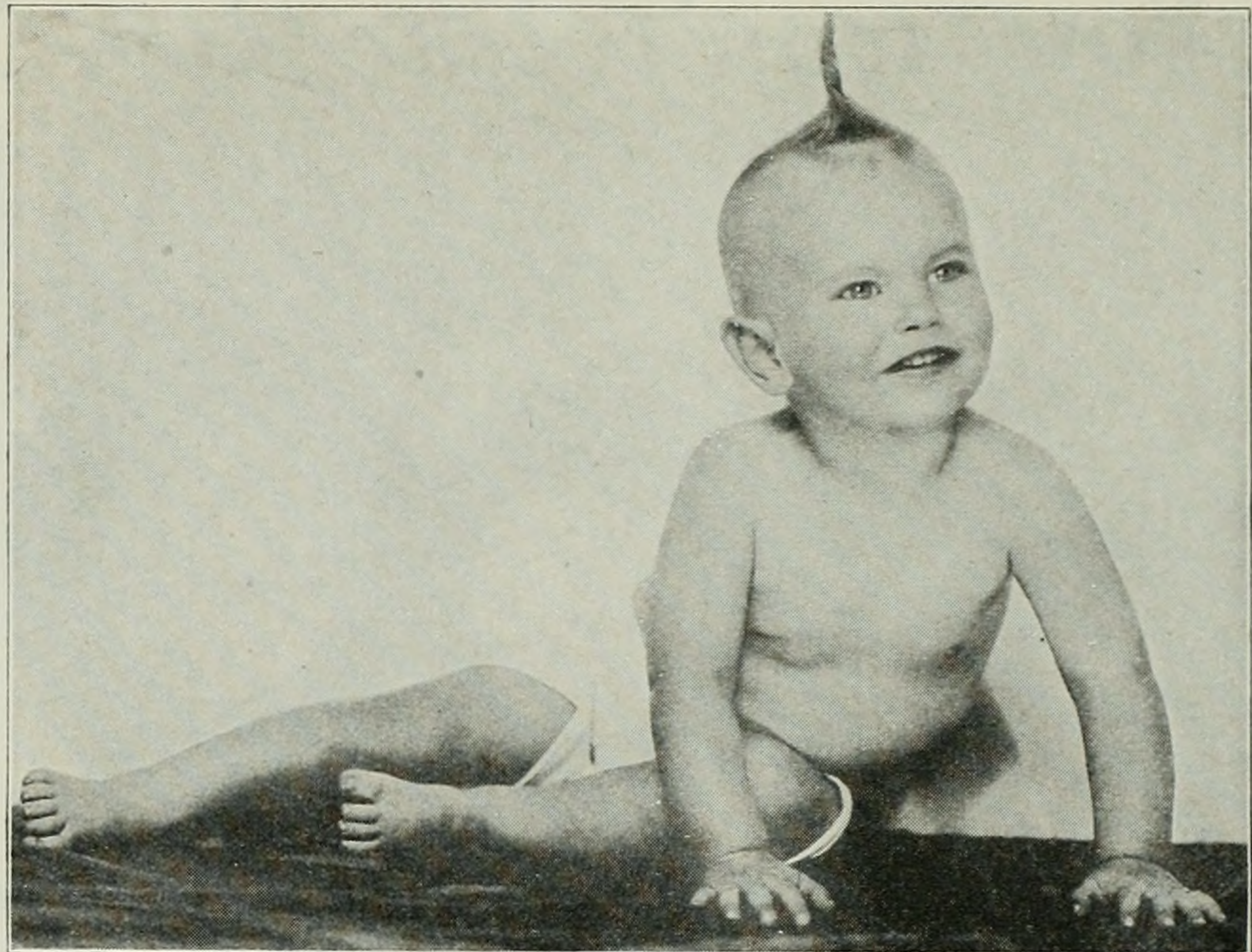
**PAID TO LOVE**—Fox.—A sprightly, charmingly directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (October.)

**PAINTED PONIES**—Universal.—More breath-taking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (October.)

**PAINTING THE TOWN** — Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (September.)

**PARIS OR BUST**—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as a boy who knew he was a flyer "because his mother gave his father the air." Anyway, you'll laugh at it. (December.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 126 ]



### "SNOOKUMS" From Universal's Short Comedies

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued next month) *Carl Laemmle*  
President

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



*You won't like it* — NOT MUCH!

COLLEEN

MOORE

in HER WILD OAT



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

Presented by **JOHN McCORMICK**

Adapted from the story by **HOWARD IRVING YOUNG**

**A MARSHALL NEILAN**

Production



**First**



**"Let's go  
to the Movies!"**  
(especially if  
it's one of these)

**NORMA TALMADGE**  
in "Camille"

**CONSTANCE TALMADGE**  
in "Breakfast at Sunrise"

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**  
in "The Patent Leather Kid"  
An ALFRED SANTELL Production

**"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN  
OF TROY"**  
with Maria Corda—Lewis Stone  
—Ricardo Cortez

**"THE GORILLA"**  
with  
**Charlie Murray—Fred Kelsey**  
Presented by Asher, Small and Rogers,  
Directed by ALFRED SANTELL. An  
ALFRED SANTELL Production

**"THE SHEPHERD of the HILLS"**  
by **HAROLD BELL WRIGHT**

**"A TEXAS STEER"**  
with  
**WILL ROGERS and Great Cast**

**"LOUISIANA"**  
with **Billie Dove and Gilbert  
Roland**

**ROSE of the GOLDEN WEST**  
with **Mary Astor and  
Gilbert Roland**



**National Pictures**

Take the Guesswork Out  
of "Going to the Movies"



# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



ON

## Girls' Problems

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

Dorothy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dorothy works, so most of her dresses must be simple, straight little one or two piece dresses with a full blouse and a tight hip line, in her case, to make her figure more

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### Distinctive Dressing Is This Month's Problem

**W**ITH hats the same tight little shapes, with dresses the same slender models, it's hard for a busy girl to find distinctive clothes. Read how color helps the clever girl.

I will be glad to give advice to specific types or answer letters on any subject relating to beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without postage, in the columns of the magazine. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope—and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck.

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symmetrical. Since her skin is good, she can wear black, which is always smart, and most practical for business hours. But she can also gain distinction for herself about her work by wearing over her simple dresses gay colored smocks, that are inexpensive and afford an actual saving of her gowns.

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

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

Dorothy's shoes should match either her dress or hat. Her handbag should match either her coat or hat, and the coat preferably because the two will be more used to-

gether. If her silk-socking allowance is limited—and whose isn't?—she should buy only nude shades which blend with everything.

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

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

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

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

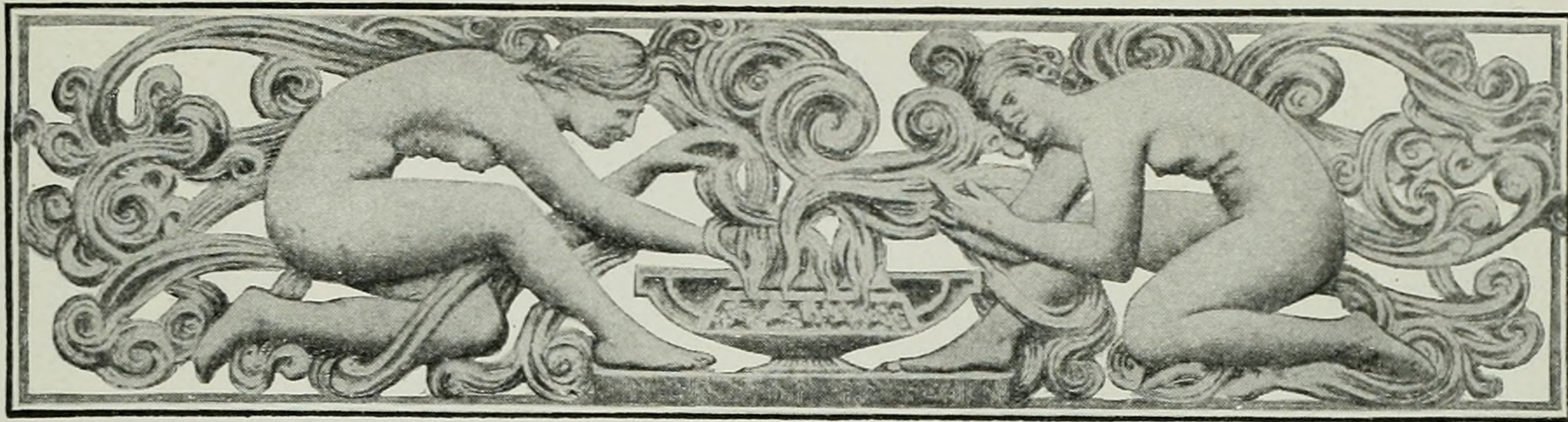
After all, the most important single thing to spend on clothes is thought.

HELEN WATERS:

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

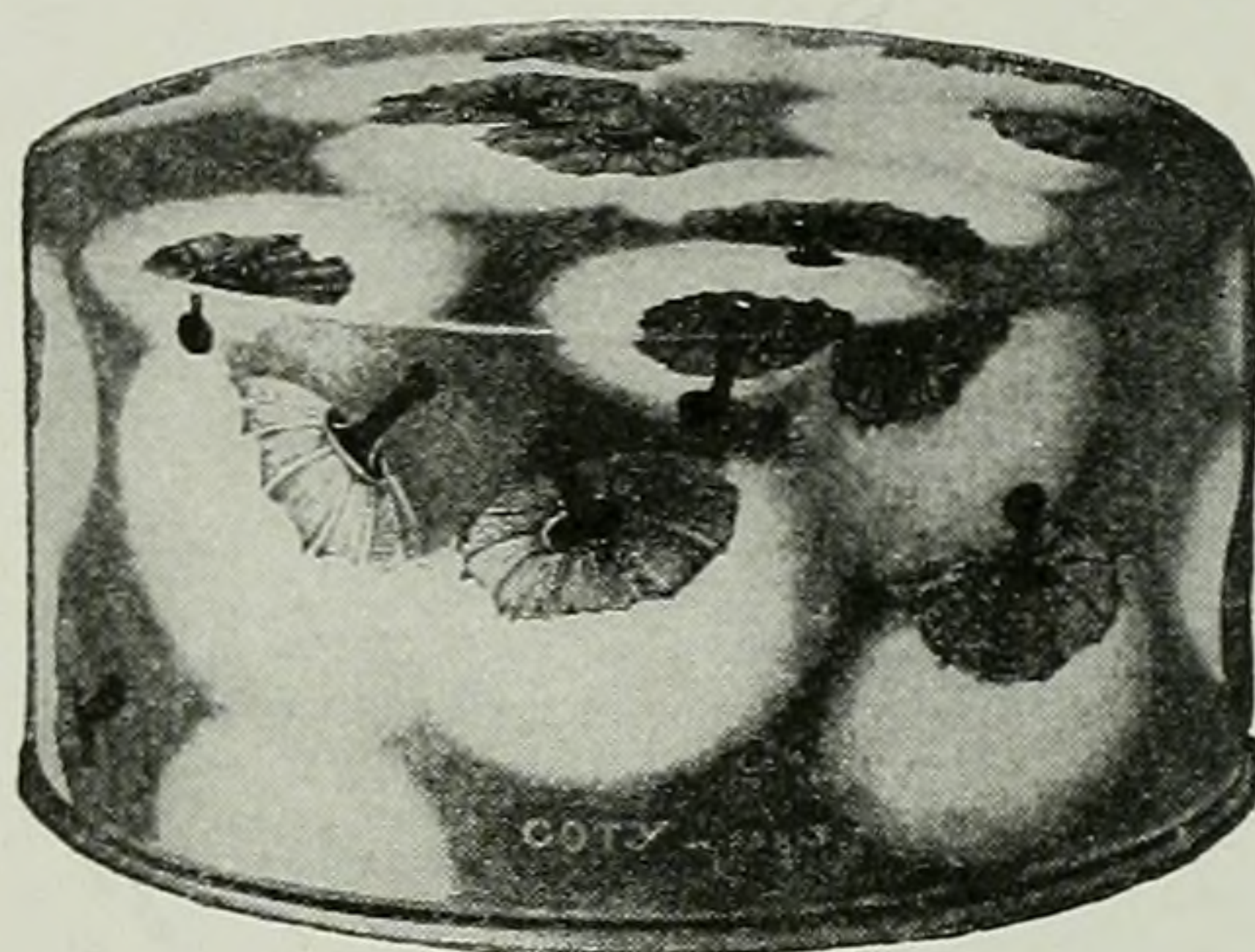
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]





# BEAUTY REQUISITES

# COTY



*Introducing the new  
"Colcreme" COTY*

*—to give true youth and  
beauty to the skin—created*

*at the express demand of thous-*

*ands of American women, especially*

*for the American complexion. And the*

*COTY Rouge Box, new and exquisite as*

*a jewel. "Colcreme" COTY, the supreme*

*COTY Face Powders and Rouges, together,*

*complete the perfect trinity of radiant loveliness.*

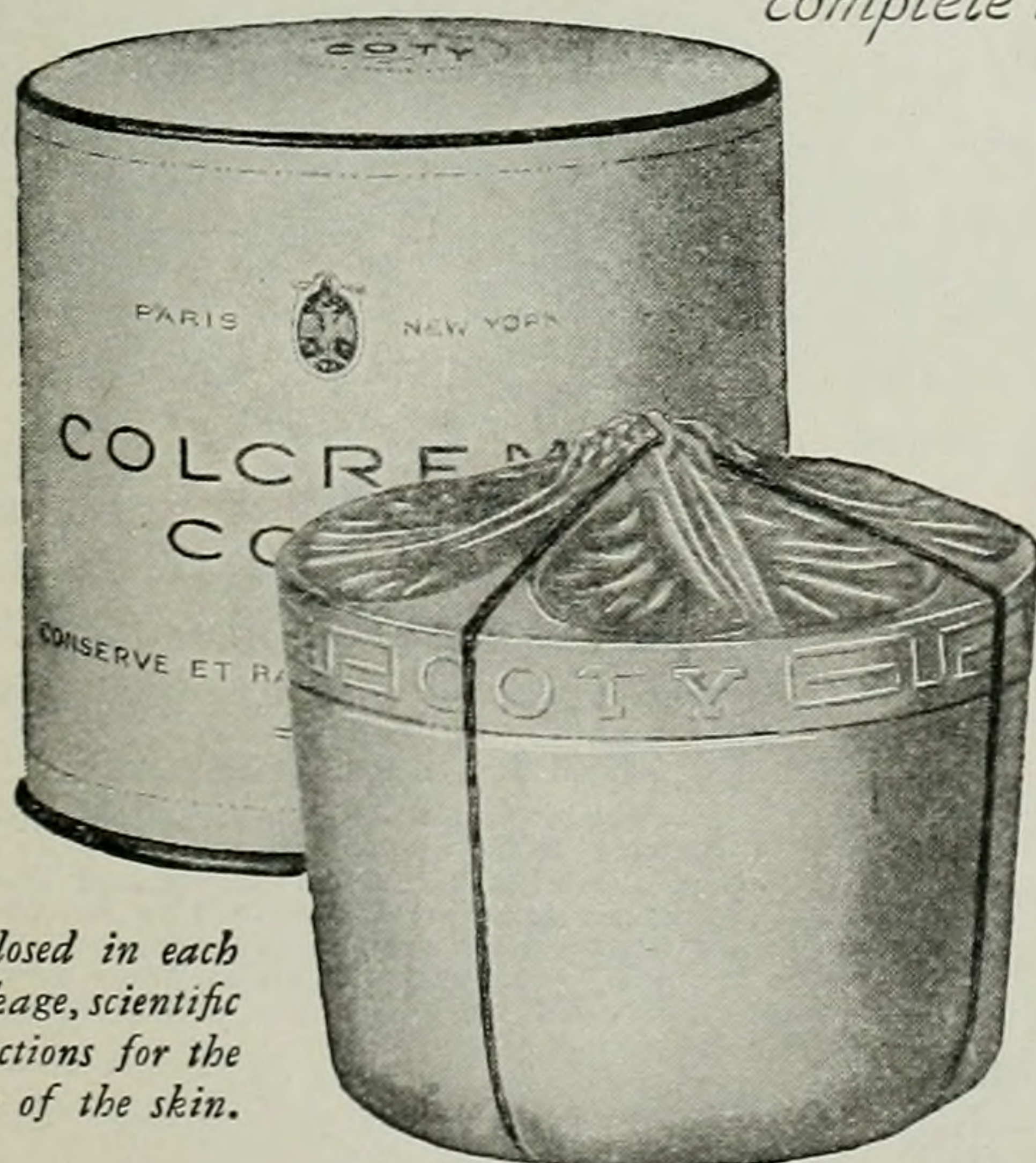
**"COLCREME"**  
*Cold Cream by Coty*

*New Creation!*

**ROUGES**

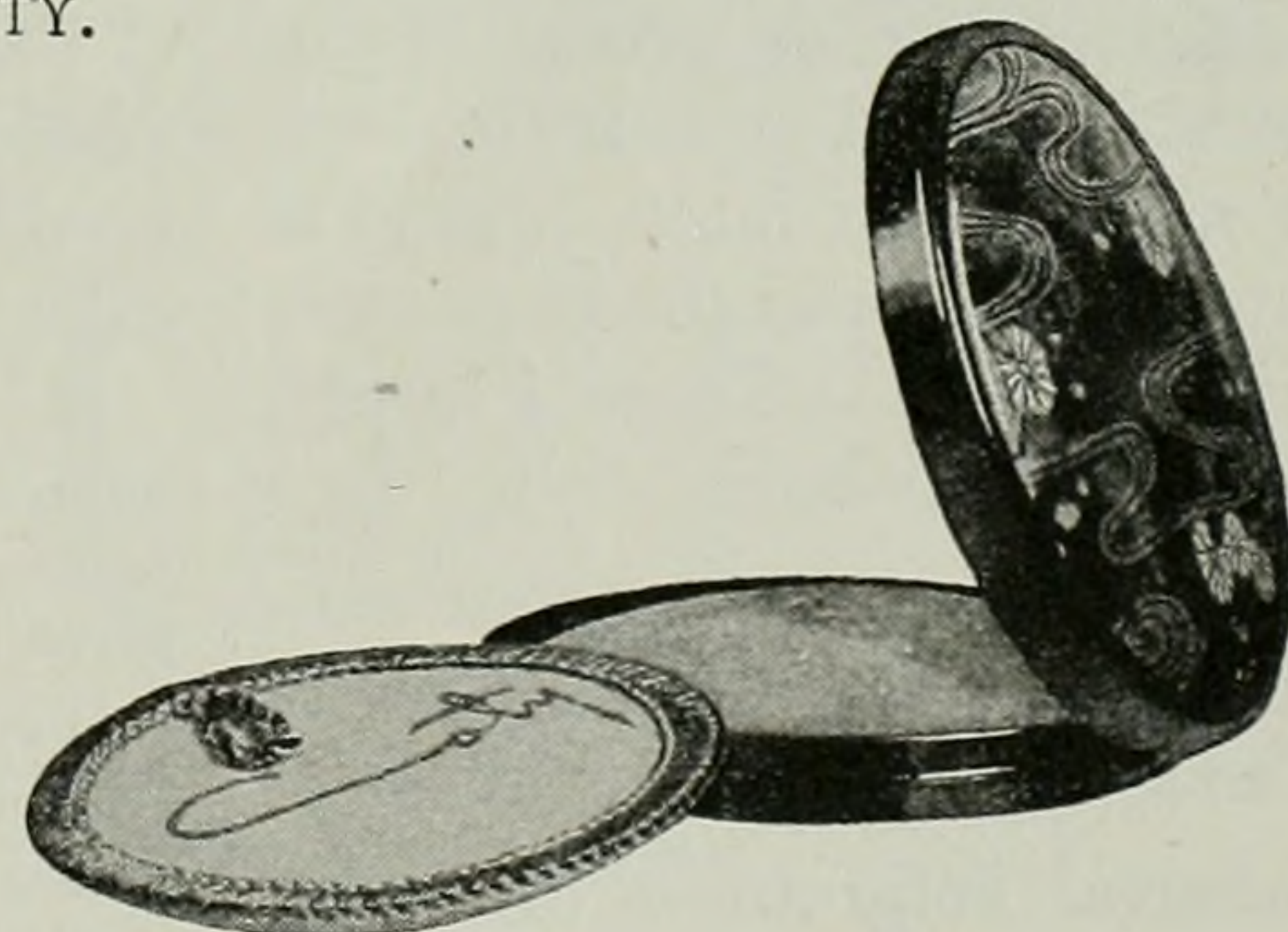
IN NEW EAST INDIAN BOX

*New Creation!*



*Enclosed in each  
package, scientific  
directions for the  
care of the skin.*

**"COLCREME" COTY—IN A LOVELY  
FROSTY GLASS JAR WITH A  
DUST-PROOF INNER ALUMINUM  
CROWN TO GUARD ITS PURITY.**



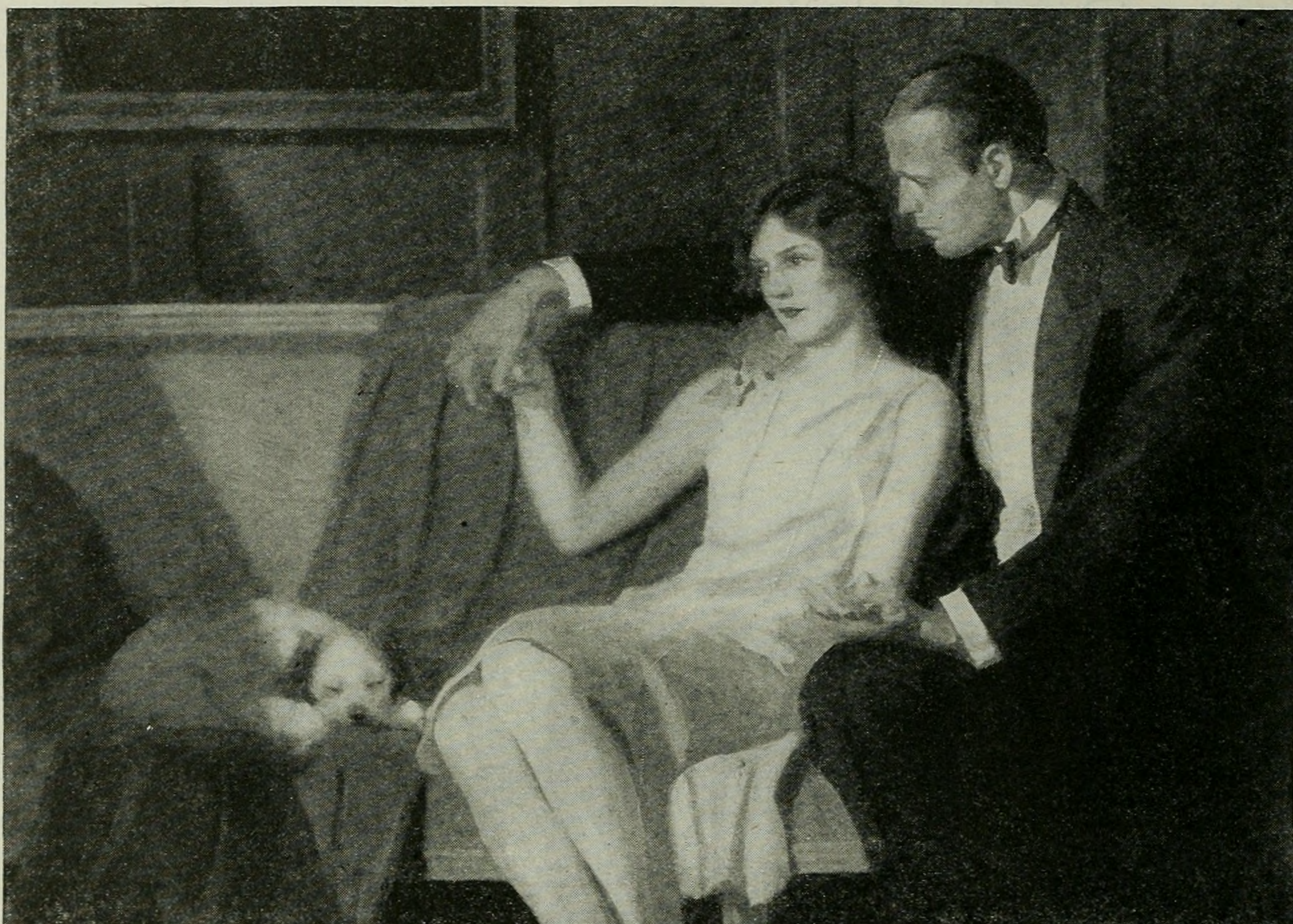
**ROUGE IN FIVE GLORIFYING TONES**  
*Bright — Light — Medium — Dark — Invisible*

**COTY** INC.  
*714 Fifth Avenue, New York*  
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal



# Youth and Love

**KEEP THEM BY KEEPING A BEAUTIFUL SKIN**



*The loveliest girls in America today say that nothing keeps their skin so soft and fresh as Woodbury's...*

*DO YOU REALIZE what wonderful power the skin has to renew itself—to keep its youth and freshness, given half a chance?*

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

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

The wonderful helpfulness of Woodbury's in keeping the skin smooth and clear, and in overcoming complexion troubles is a matter of such general ex-

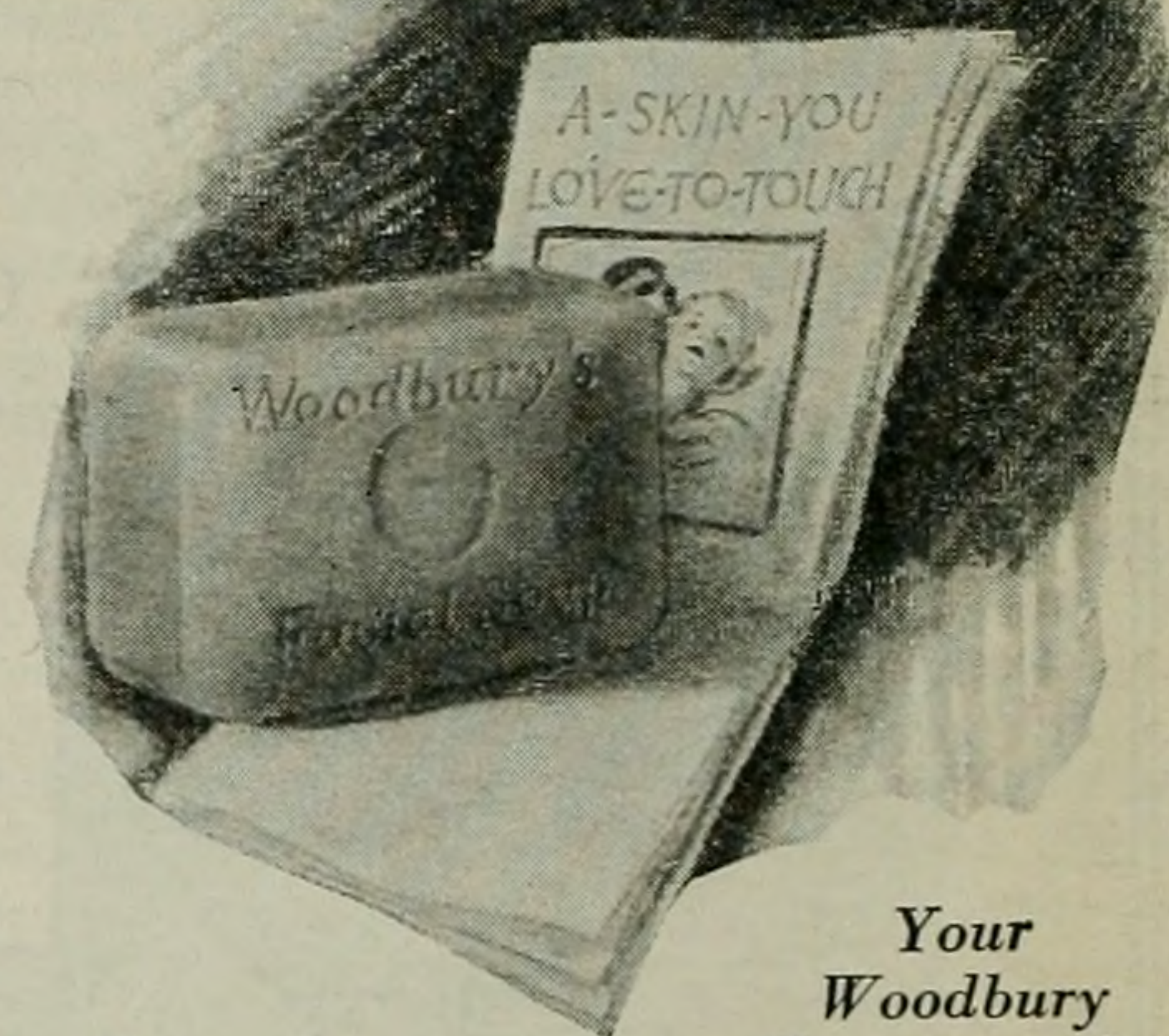
perience that today thousands of college girls—society debutantes—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels, are testifying that Woodbury's is "the only soap they can use for the face." "A perfect soap for the skin."

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

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

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

*You too can have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"*



**Now—the large-size trial set**

**Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days**

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
2201 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

© 1927,  
A. J. Co.





Richee

# NEW PICTURES

**S**ALLY BLANE is one of the youngsters selected by Paramount for special training. A little over a year ago, Sally was Miss Betty Jane Young of the Ramona High School. In one year she has played in six films.





Carsey

**W**ILLIAM BOYD is the best of Cecil B. De Mille's recent discoveries. Not only is the blond Mr. Boyd easy on the eyes, but he's a comedian of no mean ability, as witness "Two Arabian Knights."





Rahmn

"MY BEST GIRL" brings back the Mary Pickford of old. It is a picture innocent of complexes, sophistication or subtlety and confidently recommended to those who hanker for a movie of the Age of Innocence.





Duncan

**H**OLLYWOOD is wasteful of beauty. Myrna Loy, for instance, surely has something to contribute to Art. But, for the most part, she is relegated to the ungrateful task of vamping in minor operas.





Ruth Harriet Louise

A DRAMATIC episode in the life of Sarah Bernhardt forms the basis of Greta Garbo's new picture, "The Divine Woman." You will see the spectacle of a French actress interpreted with a Swedish accent.





**P**ORTRAIT of a brave lad—Conrad Nagel. At the risk of talking himself out of pictures, Mr. Nagel fearlessly made himself the spokesman of the embattled actors in the recent salary-cut rumpus with their bosses.



# The Gossard Line of Beauty



Perfect  
to the Last Detail

Just as the fashionable woman realizes the ultimate importance of small essentials, so does Gossard design make foundationwear perfect to the most minute details. From the original design, created by Gossard artist-stylists, from the exquisite fittings made by trained Gossard corsetieres, from the careful selection of materials by schooled experts, down to the achievements of skilled artisans, Gossard garments are led on a pathway of impeccable quality to the peak of accepted fashion.

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

*HWG*

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Sydney, London, Toronto, Buenos Aires





# *New .. Charming .. Shuglov*

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

## The Footgear Protection That Really Fits

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



**\$500** a pair

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

**T**HERE'S this about Shuglov, that you've never found before in any style of footgear protection—it fits. There's none of the bulk and weight of old methods. Warmth and protection are assured without them.

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

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

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

**THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY** of N. Y. AKRON, OHIO

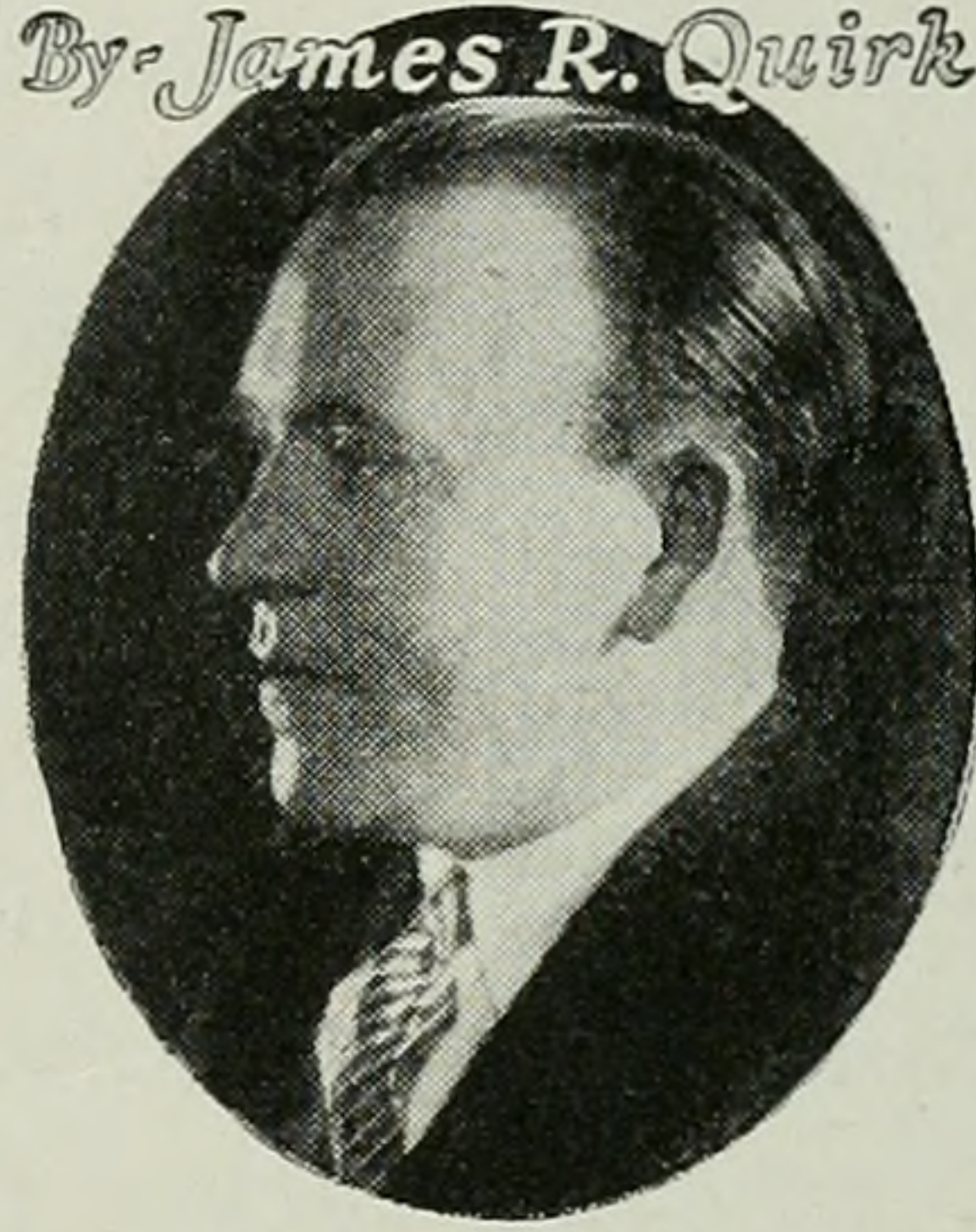


# PHOTOPLAY

January, 1928

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



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

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

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

STRIPPED of all pretense, presentation is a substitute for good picture entertainment. It is served up on the same principle that inspired French chefs to invent piquant sauces to smother a questionable fillet. Then they became so intrigued with their art of camouflage

that even the tenderest and juiciest steak was lost in a sea of paprika gravy, truffles, mushrooms, and condiments.

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

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

Of course, he drew a record crowd to his temple, "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" he devoutly calls it, when the great war picture was exposed there to his congregation.

"How's 'What Price Glory' going?" someone asked the Reverend Roxy, one Sunday afternoon as he was about to conduct vesper service.

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

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

"BEAU GESTE" suffered painfully from the crude surgery of presentation mad exhibitors. I happened to see it for the fourth



time recently, in a small West Virginia town. The print had made the rounds of fifty larger cities and towns and was butchered almost beyond recognition.

There ought to be a law against motion picture mayhem.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A few more pictures like "Three Is A Crowd," and he will be sent to that limbo of lost movie souls, vaudeville.



# When RUDY Was A Boy

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

By  
Hiram Kelly Moderwell

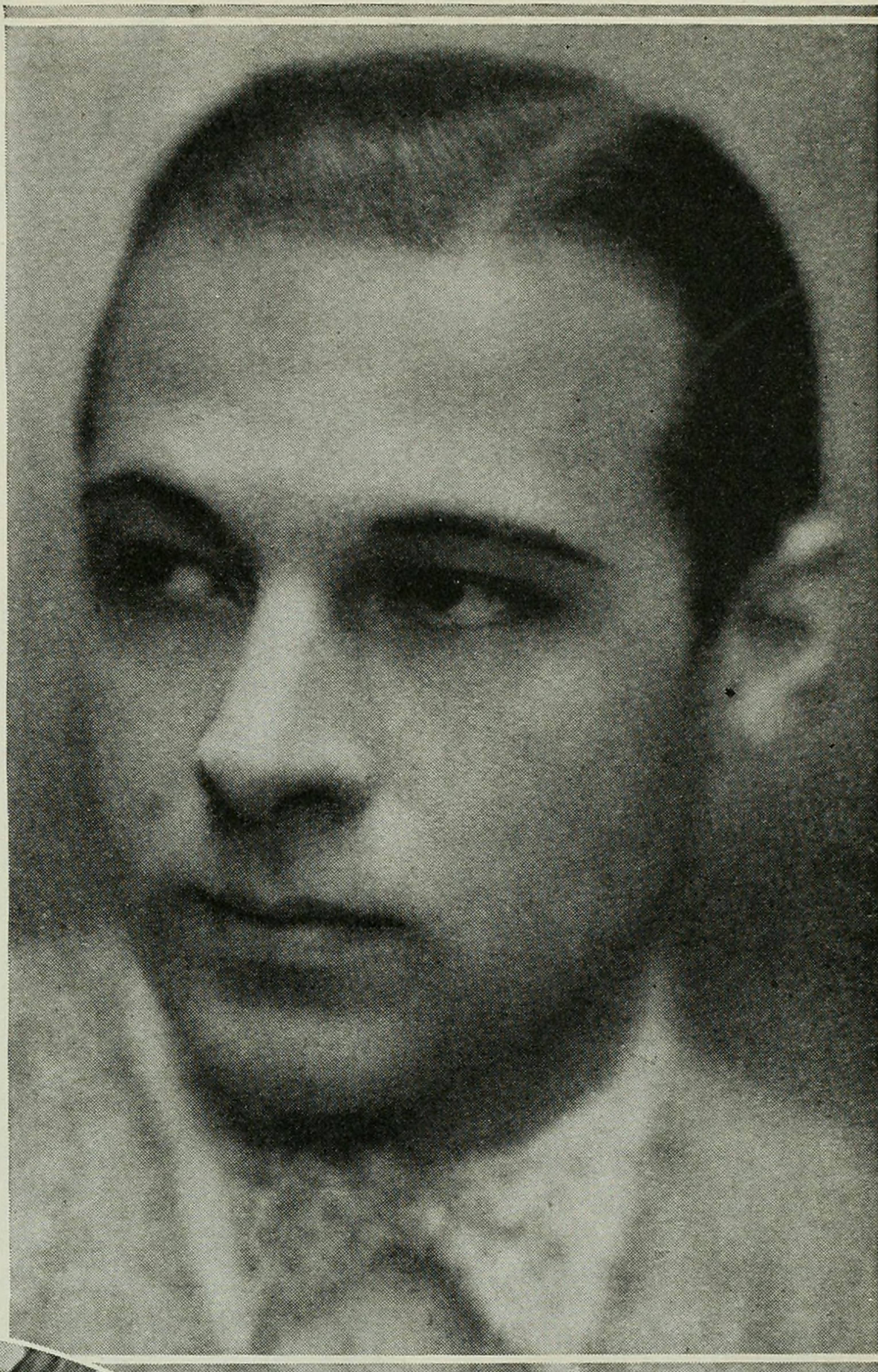
*(Mr. Moderwell is a well known author, as well as being special representative of a leading Chicago newspaper in Rome, Italy. Mr. Moderwell spent weeks investigating and checking the early days of Rudolph Valentino in the little south Italy village of Castellaneta. He talked with Rudy's boyhood friends, the family doctor, the nurse, Rosa, and others who knew the screen star intimately. Mr. Moderwell has obtained a wealth of interesting facts about the childhood of the ill-fated film idol.)*

**W**H O is the most beautiful woman in Castellaneta?"

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

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

Bing! Rodolfo's fist lands on the boy's jaw. Another blow and another. The boy is on the ground, blubbering and half uncon-



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



Valentino was born in the small room above the door of this white corner house

scious. He knows the required answer, but his loyalty forbids him to give it. Rodolfo lifts him bodily and throws him into the town fountain. The boy sinks, rises to the surface, and Rodolfo, red with rage, pushes him under again.

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

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

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

The villagers of Castellaneta are full of such reminiscences as this about their Rudolph, who was born in their town and lived there until, at the age of twelve, he moved

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



# The Man Who

Bill Farnum's grim and

*Four years' illness and idleness cost him over two million dollars*

**H**IGH-UP in the Hollywood Hills there is the home of William Farnum. From the great stone gallery that runs across the front of the house this star has been gazing down over the lights of Cinemaland for more than a year watching and waiting for something. Just what that something was he, himself, could not definitely say. He had a hope however that it was going to be a summons to come down from his roost and again take his rightful place in the ranks of those who provide the entertainment for the world.

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

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

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

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

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





# Fought Alone

By  
Frederic  
H. Schader

courageous battle for life

Photography by Stagg

*Now Bill is making pictures again, looking better than ever*

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

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

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

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

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

The contract with William Fox was about to terminate and William Farnum wanted to make a trip abroad. He did, and when he returned he entered into a new contract with the same organization which called for his appearing in five productions. For each of these he was to receive a flat sum of \$65,000. The last of these five pictures called for nine actual days of work on the part of the star, which will give you a rather definite idea of the earning power of Farnum four years ago.





Having completed the five picture contract with William Fox, he went over to the Paramount studios to appear in a single picture for that organization. That picture was "The Man Who Fights Alone." His leading lady was Lois Wilson.

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

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



PHOTOPLAY'S little editorial about him brought a flood of inquiries to Mr. Farnum, a flood of requests to come back

in legion, his pictures avidly awaited and the producers were vying with one another for his services.

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

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

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

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

Then came a long, long period of convalescence, almost a year in fact, the greater part of which was spent at the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



From the heights of his Hollywood home, he wondered if the public and the studios had forgotten him



# We Are Public Opinion



If we must have censorship, PHOTOPLAY suggests this group of ideal censors. They know their politics





**I**N 1917 Francis X. Bushman was on the film heights. Then everything was swept away. The suddenly revealed knowledge that he had a wife pushed him from his pedestal. "Don't marry," Bushman says to his fellow stars. "While the whole world loves you, don't marry! I never want other stars to suffer as I suffered."



# What Killed Francis X. Bushman?

"Marriage," he says,  
"Murdered My Career"

By  
Ruth Biery



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

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

He was a god; a world worshipped hero.

This was in 1917.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

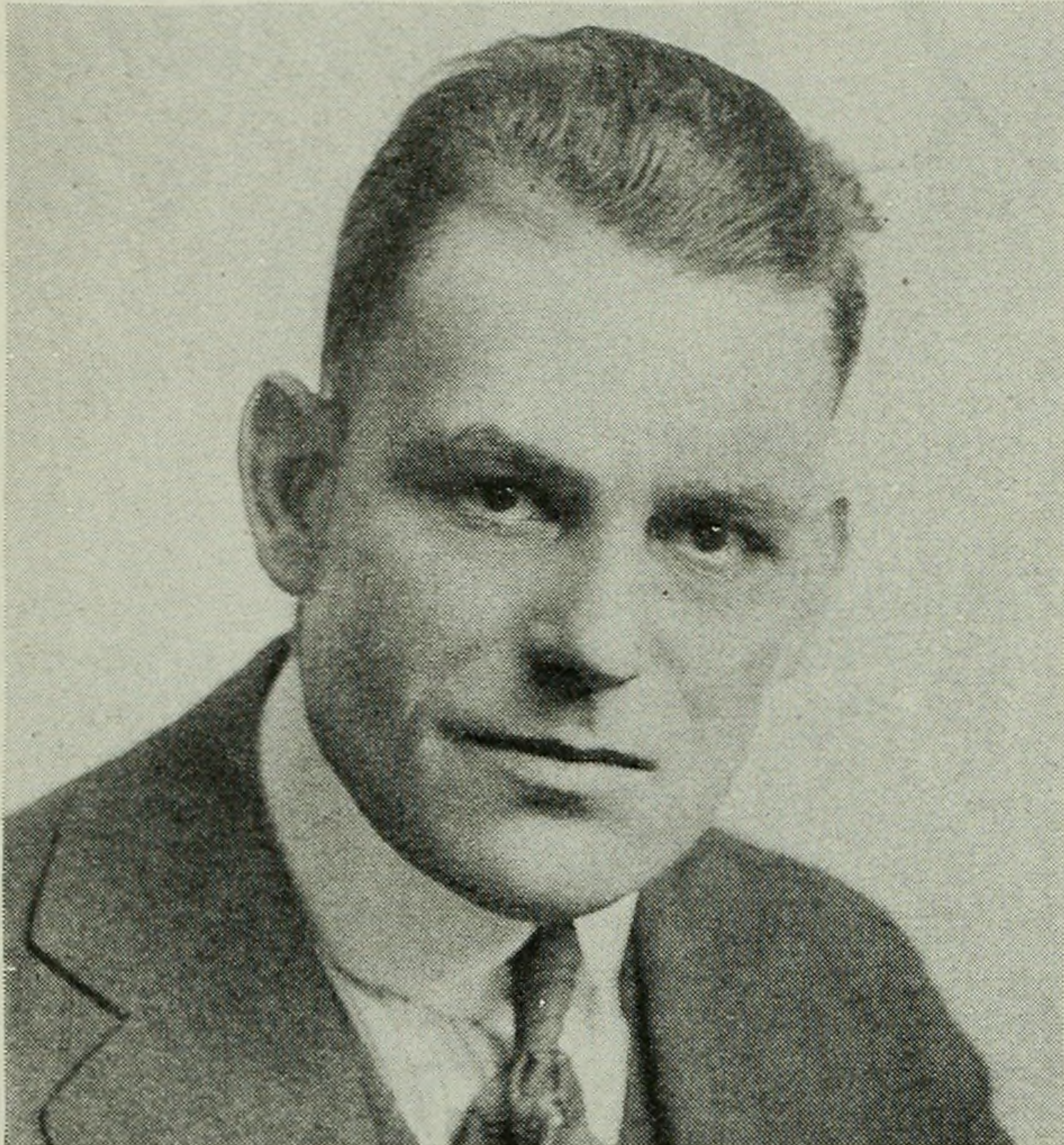


Mr. Bushman, with Beverly Bayne, at the apex of his success, in "Romeo and Juliet"



# The True Life Story

Further revelations of the career



The song-and-dance man who wanted to be a comedian. Lon Chaney as he came to Universal

heard a voice calling me. Up against the roof of the stage, some thirty feet high, was a monster bat, waving a friendly hand at me.

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

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

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

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

Holmes started them out through the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Sparce, lonely, amusement-starved towns they struck. They went on through Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Arkansas and Texas.

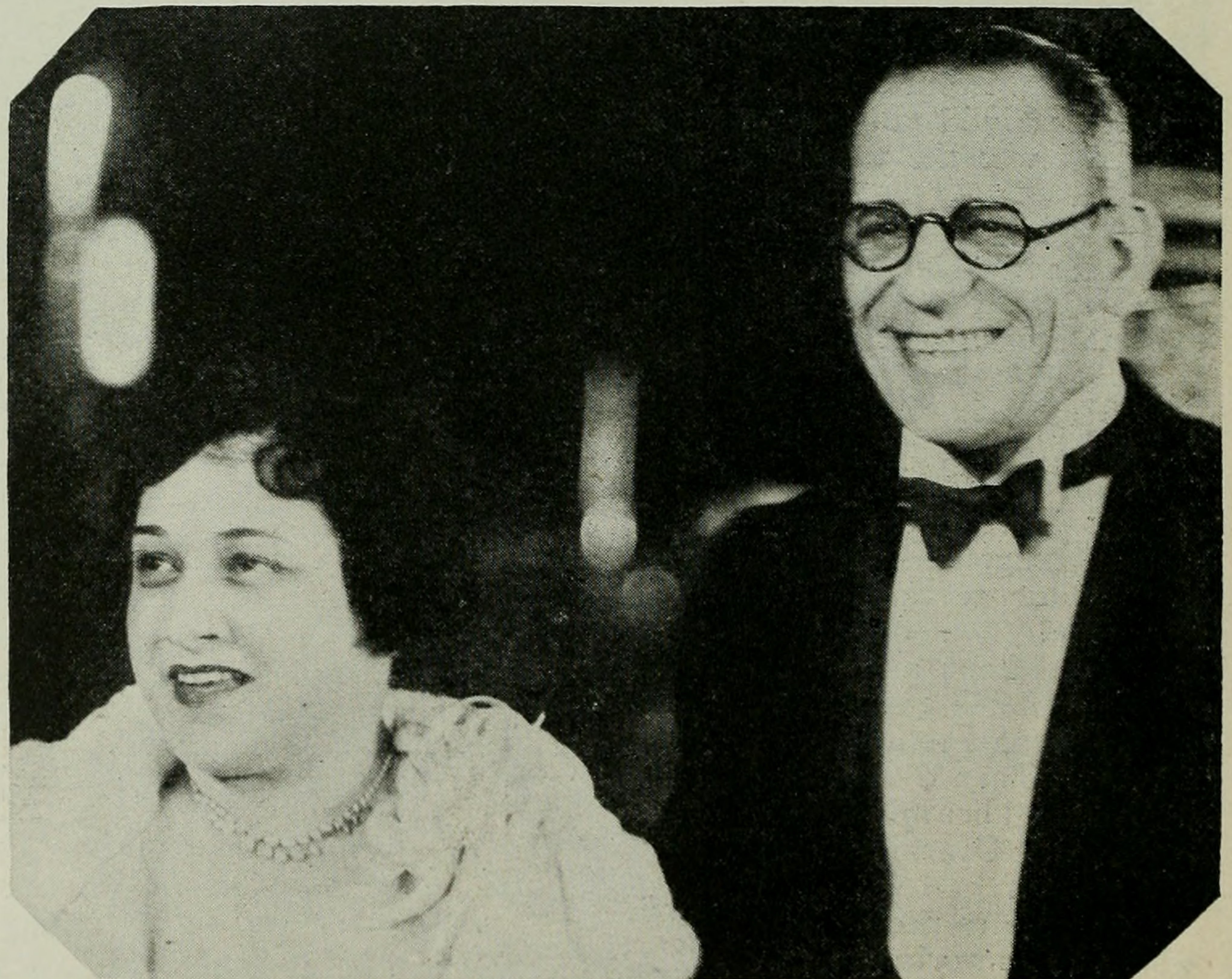
I DID not get the story of Lon Chaney's childhood in a single talk with him. It took many hours of many days, but those days brought me something I value highly, Lon Chaney's friendship.

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

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

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

Arriving one day at the studio I was told he was in his dressing room. I did not find him there. On the company stage I observed Tod Browning, his director, and the Kleigs were blazing. Suddenly I



The only picture of Mrs. Chaney Lon has allowed the public, snapped the opening night of "Tell It to the Marines"



# of LON CHANEY By Ruth Waterbury

## of the mystery man of the movies

Lon loved it. It was all new to him. There were such things as automobiles, electricity and large cities, he knew, but he never saw a town that boasted them. The company traveled along in a caboose that could be attached to any freight train. There were twenty-three of those terrible actors and they had to take turns cooking their meals over the car's wood-burning stove. Lon insists that the trains crept along so slowly they made a practice of shooting quail in the fields as they passed, then hopping off to retrieve them, and of catching the train in a walk.

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

For footlights they used coal-oil lamps and when the script demanded a light change some performer would have to walk down stage, and adjust the lamp wicks. It was fortunate that neither actors nor audiences

possessed a sense of humor. Lon remembers one scene in their first play, "Said Pasha," in which the lights had to go out during a love scene. The lover entering worked his way to the front of the stage, turned out all the lamps and hurled his hot words at the heroine. But the plot required that *Pasha* should discover his daughter in the arms of her sweetheart. Since he could do no discovering in darkness, he had to go down and light the lamps before he could act surprise at the sight that met his eyes.

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

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

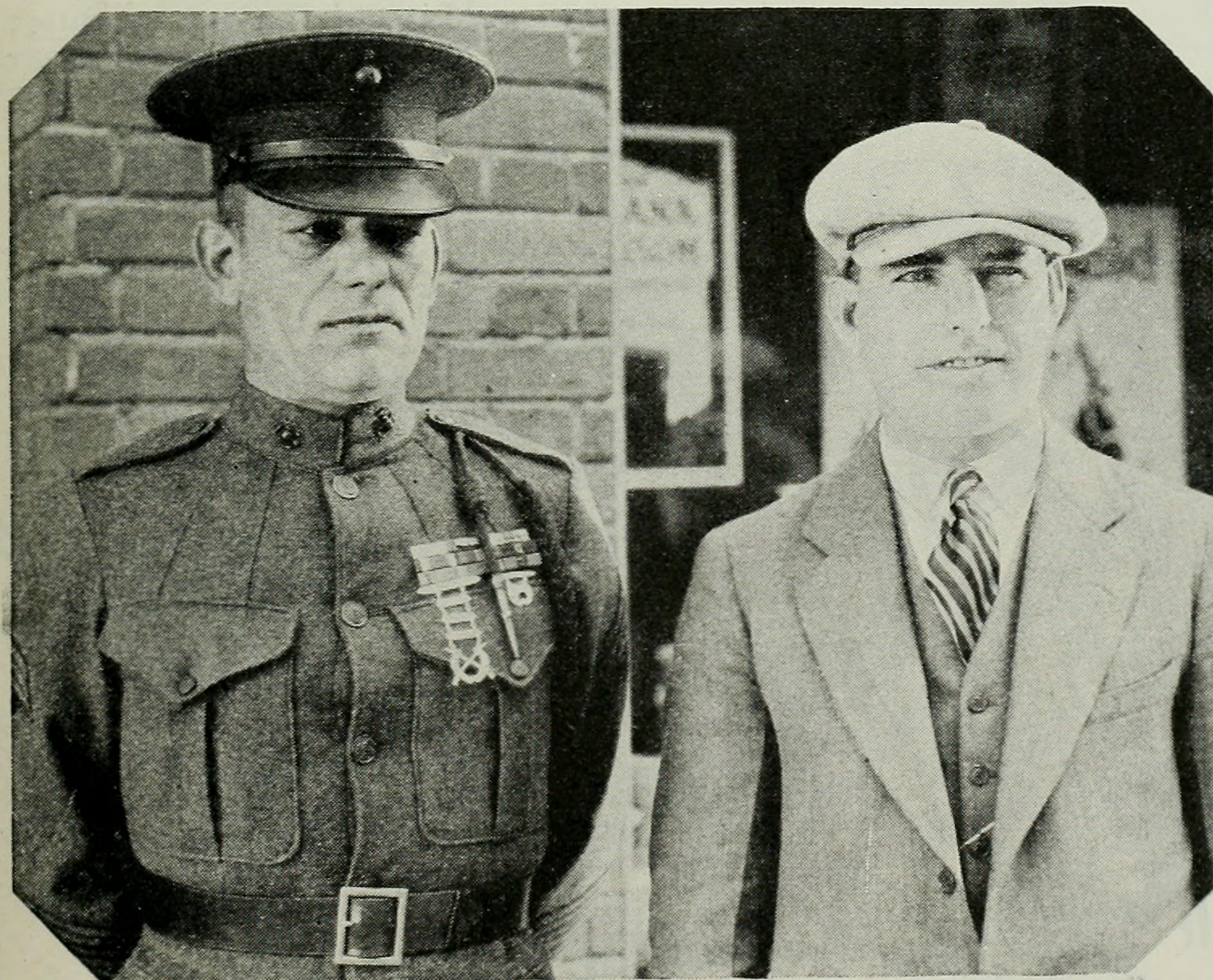
**A**S the original road builders had pushed on, those tawdry, tired pioneers of laughter followed their vague dream. Rough traveling, sleeplessness, loneliness, the lack of proper food. The youngsters counterbalanced it all with their optimism, the elders with the resignation of failure. It wasn't until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

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

But they simply had to have a Christmas.

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

All through the show that night, all the next morning—for wonder of wonders, this was a two-day stand—the company was busy devising Christmas gifts. As Christmas week is the worst the show business knows, they were poorer than usual. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



Lon and his youngest brother, George Chaney, who is now editor of a small California newspaper



Illustrated by  
Russell Patterson

# Making A

Don't miss this—the first of a  
which our hero starts out to

*A year ago Tom Mix started writing; first for VARIETY, then for PHOTOPLAY, then for LIFE; and now he is a regular contributor to all three. He doesn't write for publicity. He doesn't need that. He writes for money. He doesn't need that either. But many magazines are now bidding for his manuscripts.*

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

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

THE EDITOR.

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

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

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

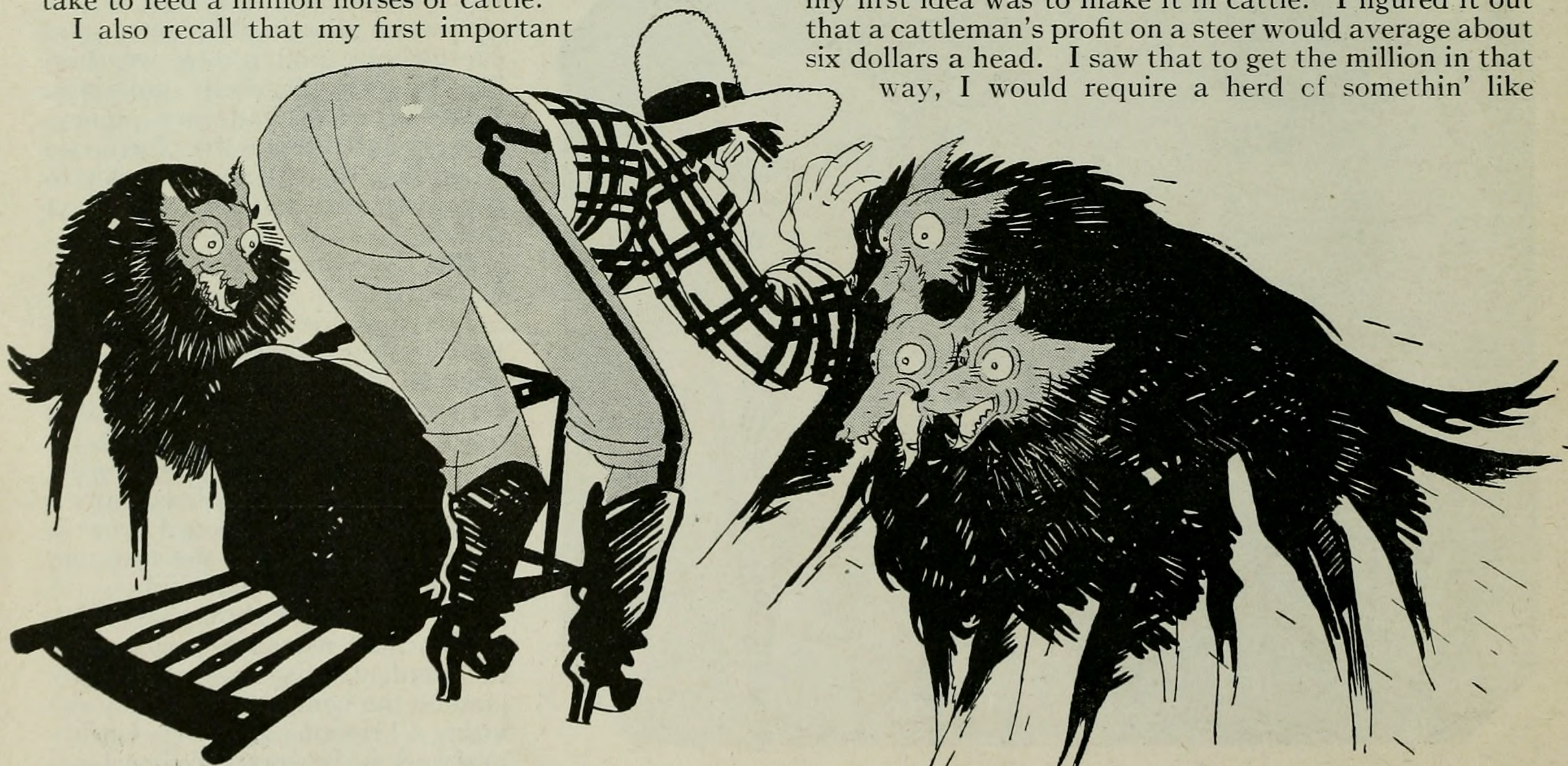
I also recall that my first important

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

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

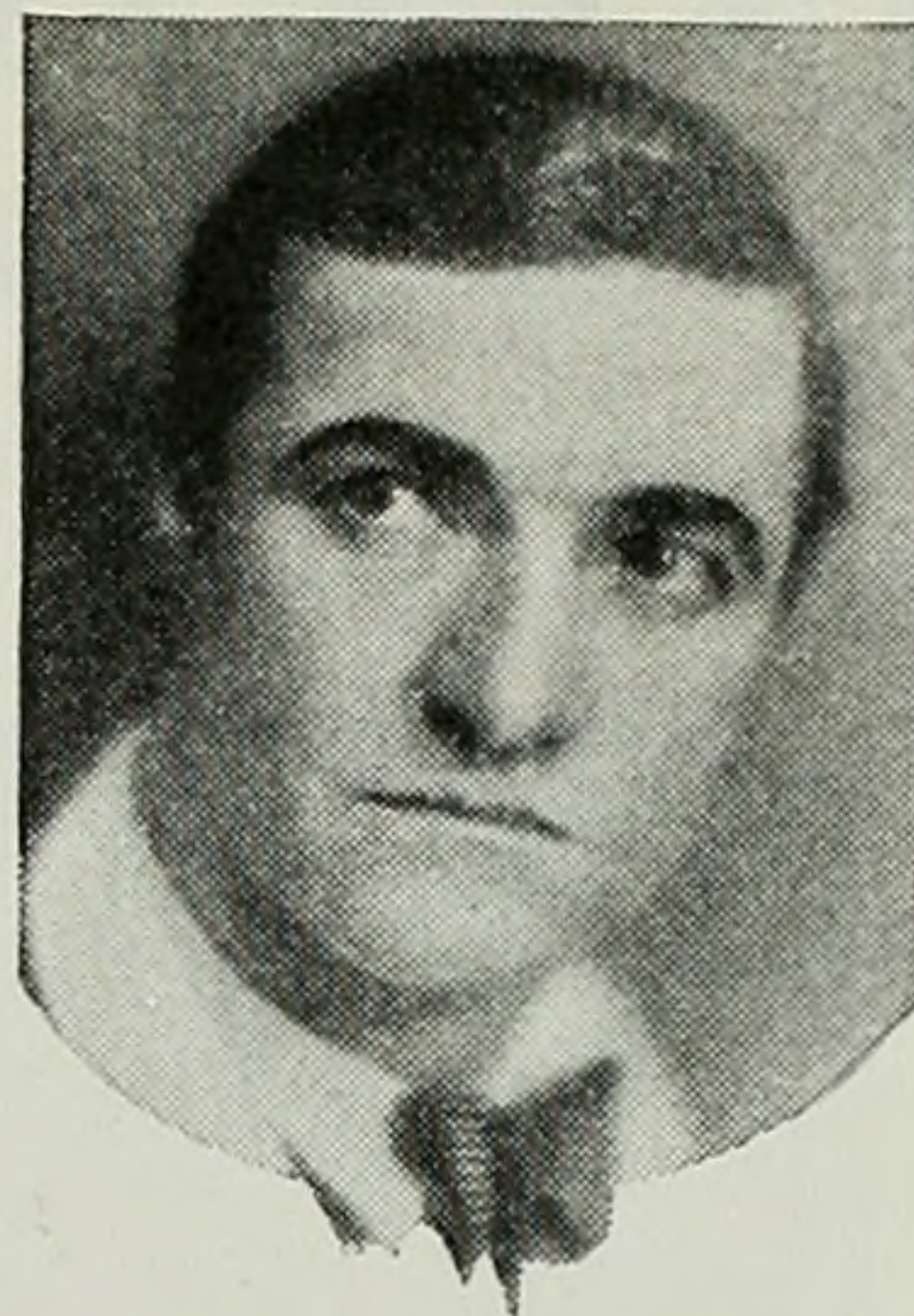
**A**LTHOUGH that was many years ago, later in life, I had the pleasure of tellin' that same little mother that the gypsy's prophecy had come true—I had the million. In passin', I'd like to add that my father and mother are still alive an' happy after fifty years of married life. No, they don't live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

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





# Million



By  
Tom Mix

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

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

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

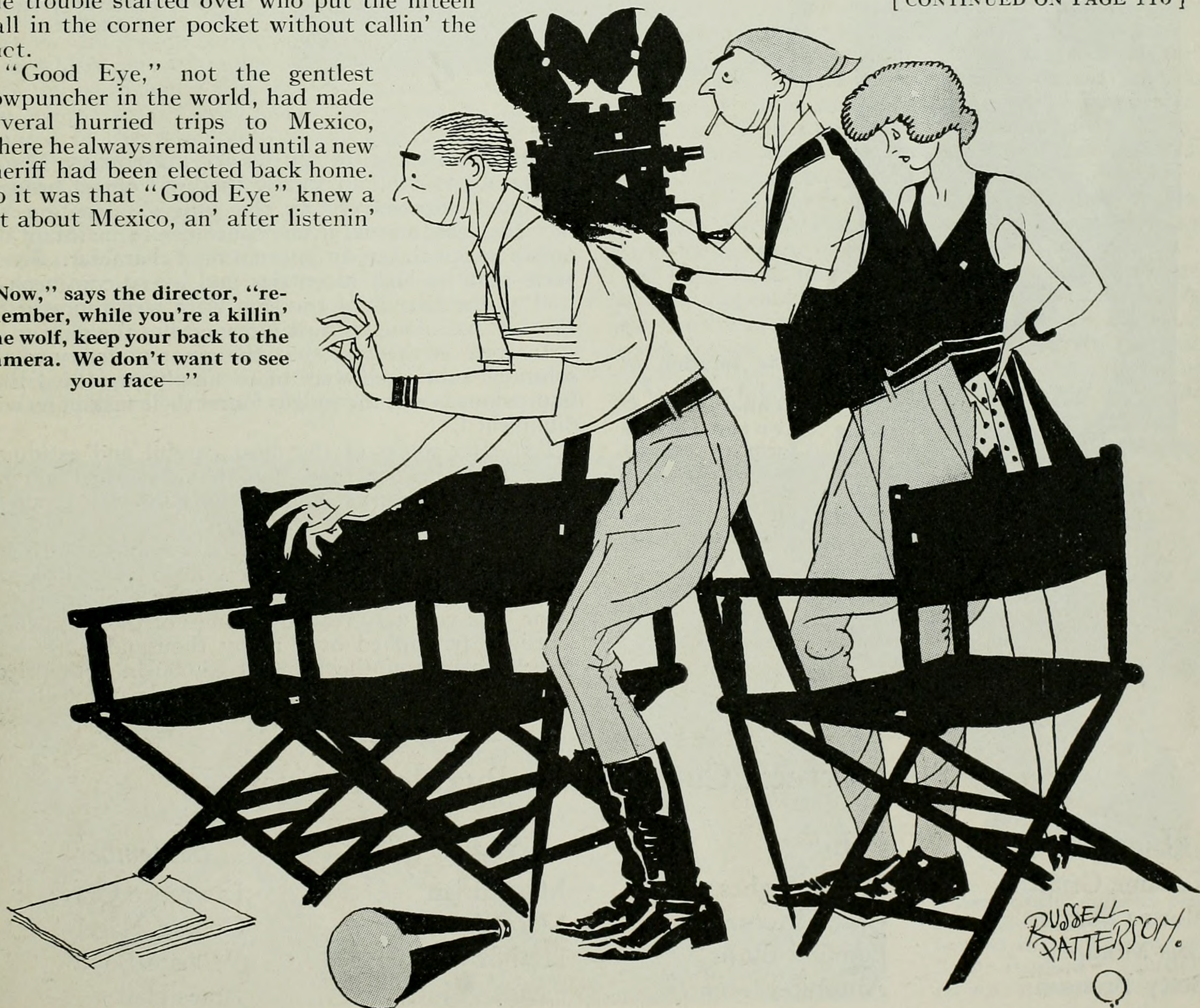
"Good Eye," not the gentlest cowpuncher in the world, had made several hurried trips to Mexico, where he always remained until a new sheriff had been elected back home. So it was that "Good Eye" knew a lot about Mexico, an' after listenin'

"Now," says the director, "remember, while you're a killin' the wolf, keep your back to the camera. We don't want to see your face—"

to him I decided that if I was a goin' to get that million, I had to get together fifteen or twenty kindred spirits an' ride down an' take Mexico, stuff a million in my pocket an' go on my way, leavin' "Good Eye" an' the boys what was left. At the time "Good Eye" an' me planned our revolution, I figured that if the rest of the inhabitants were like the border peons I knew, "Good Eye" an' me, with our gang, could take the country easily. An' I'm not so certain to this day, that I wasn't right.

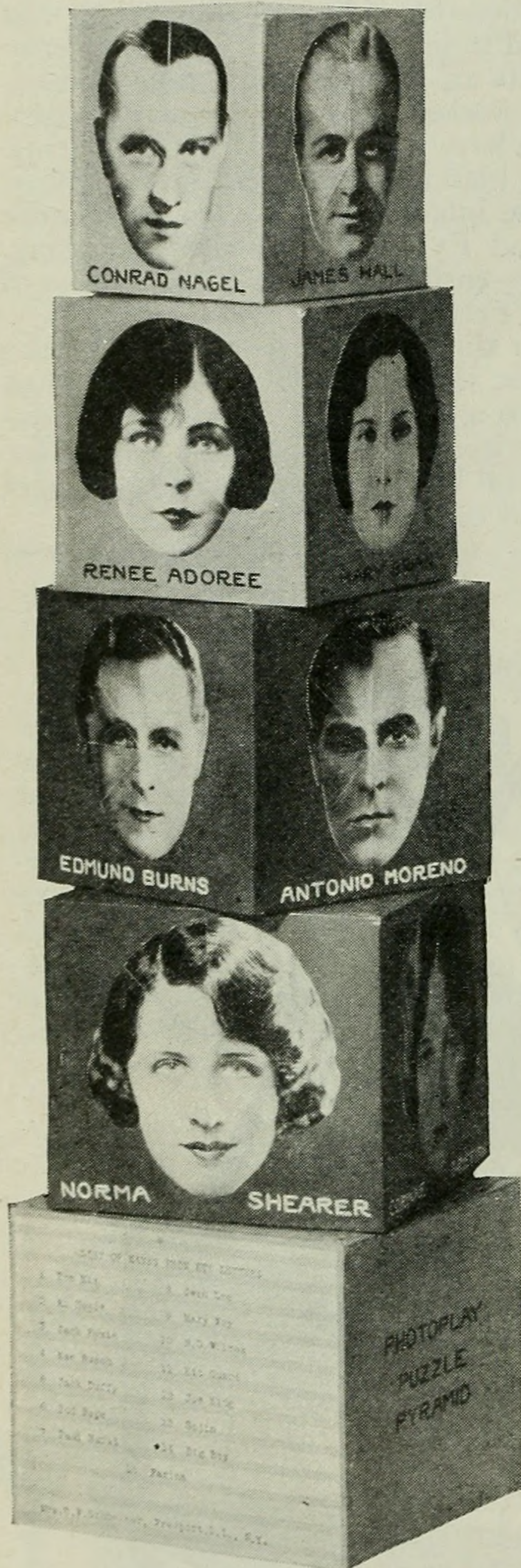
One of the singular things in that connection is that many years thereafter, the first \$500 in gold that I had ever seen, was paid to me in Juarez, Mexico, by Francisco Madero, for services rendered when he was leadin' a revolt against General Porfirio Diaz, then president of the republic. But I'll tell of that later.

Back in the line camp, "Good  
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 110 ]





# Winners of \$5000



Ruth Curry won second honors and the \$1,000 prize. The solution, a colored butterfly, is shown at the left

The solution of Mrs. C. F. Schneiker, presented in the form of colored blocks, shown at the left, carried off first honors and the \$1,500 prize

THE avalanche of entries in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's fourth Cut Puzzle Picture Contest brought most impressively to the judges' attention the fact that this annual event continues to maintain not only a national, but an international character. Every state sent its host of entries and every continent as well as the islands of the seas were well represented. PHOTOPLAY, along with pictures, girdles the globe.

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

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

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

## The Sixteen Correct Cut-Puzzle Answers

*June*  
Corinne Griffith  
Norma Shearer  
Lois Moran  
Betty Bronson

*July*  
Lloyd Hughes  
Owen Moore  
Edmund Burns  
Antonio Moreno

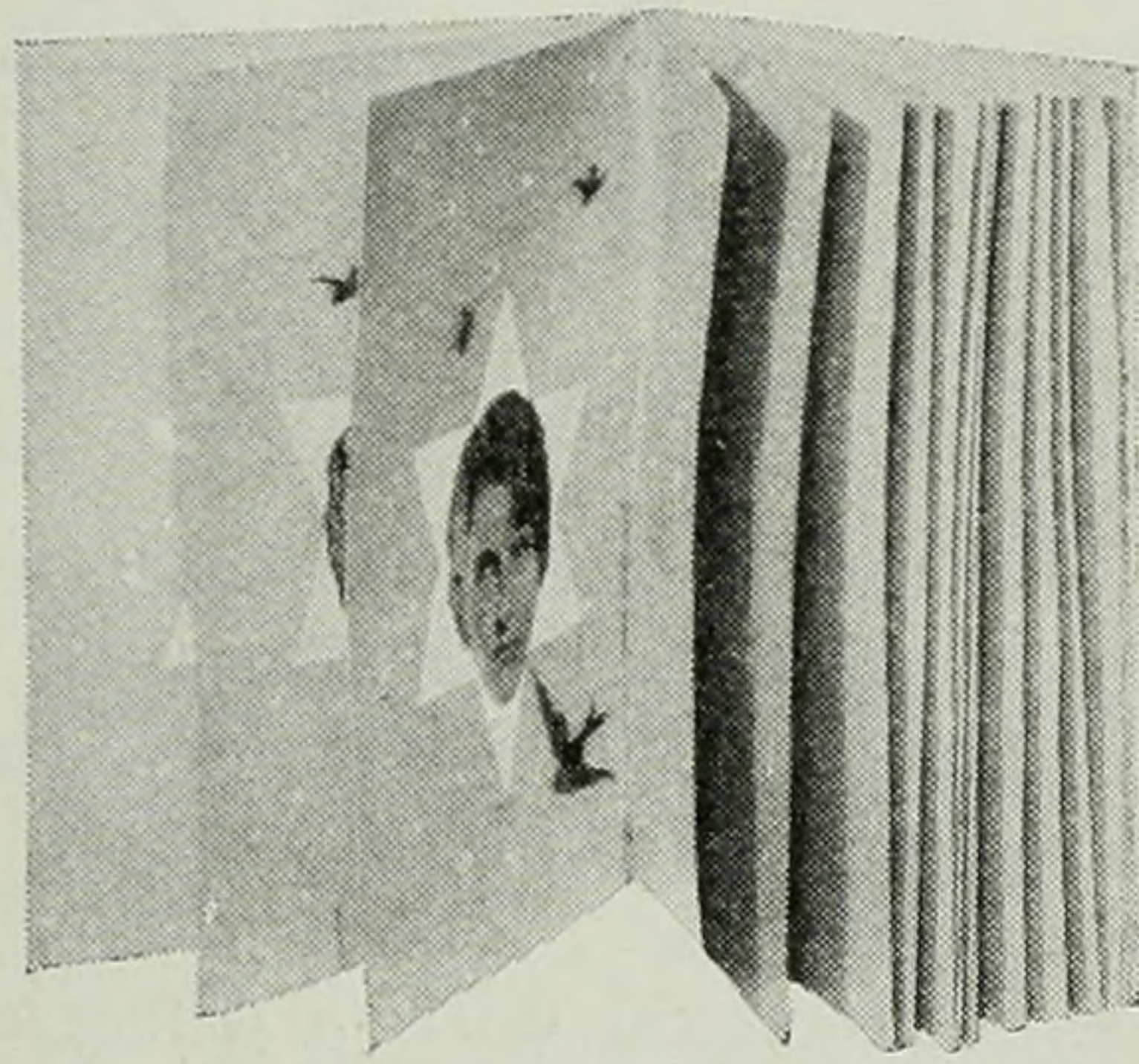
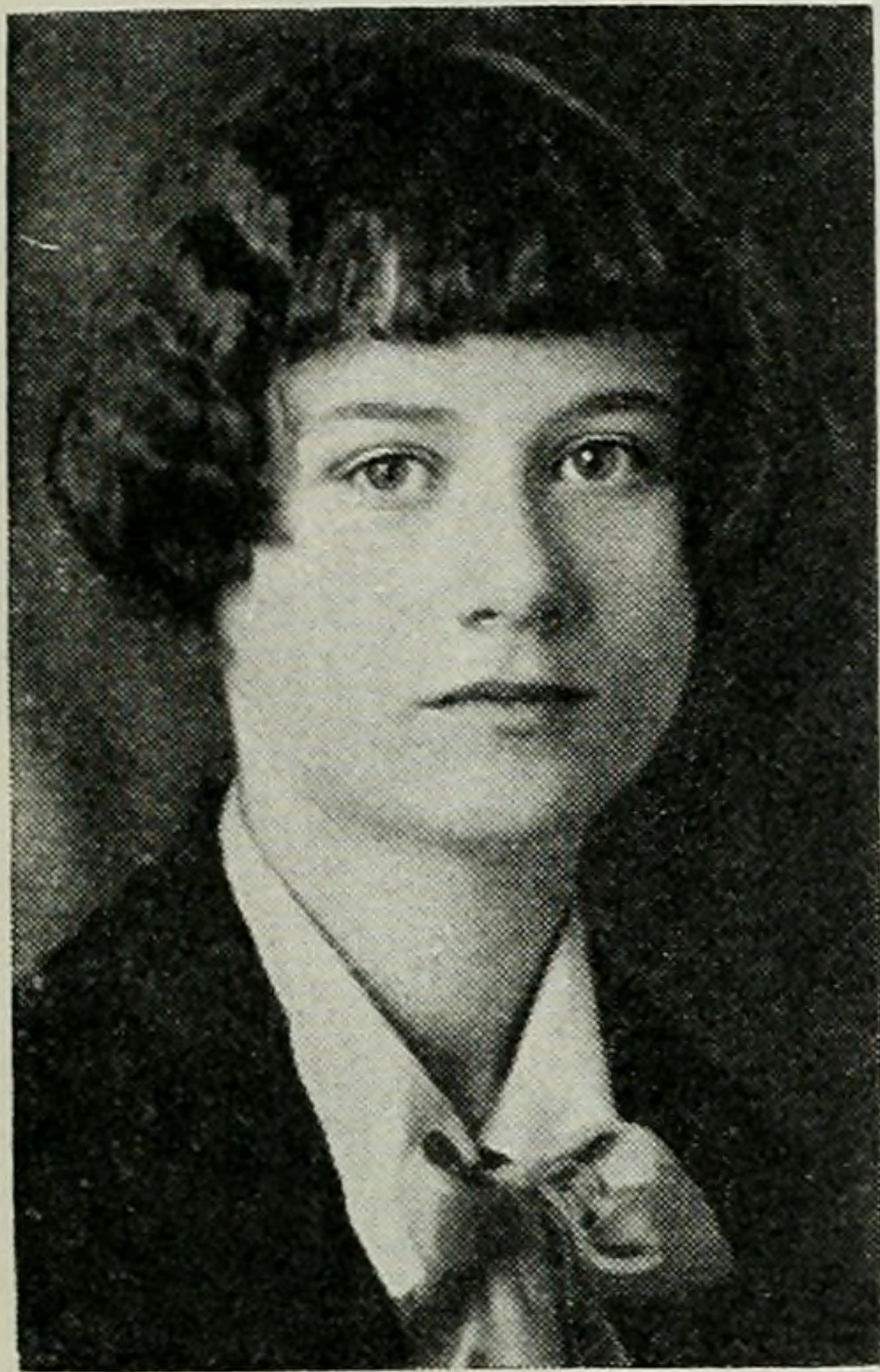
*August*  
Mary Brian  
Mary Astor  
Eleanor Boardman  
Renee Adoree

*September*  
Lawrence Gray  
Conrad Nagel  
William Boyd  
James Hall



# Contest

# Photoplay's Fourth Cut Puzzle Awards



Frances E. Heggstrom, winner of the \$500 prize, and her book of solutions

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

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

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

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

One factor stands out strikingly, and that is, it is obvious that motion picture fans everywhere are becoming better acquainted with the faces and names of motion picture actors. Many minor actors and

**The Prize Winners**

**First Prize \$1,500—Blocks**  
 MRS. C. F. SCHNEIKER  
 30 N. Bergen Place, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.

**Second Prize \$1,000—Butterfly**  
 RUTH CURRY  
 4006 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.

**Third Prize \$500—Book**  
 FRANCES E. HEGGSTROM  
 Red Wing, Minnesota

**Fourth Prize \$250—Peacock**  
 EMIL PAULSON  
 335 East Colfax St., Denver, Colo.

**Fifth Prize \$125—Album**  
 SALLIE CARROL  
 P. O. Box 185, Redwood City, Calif.

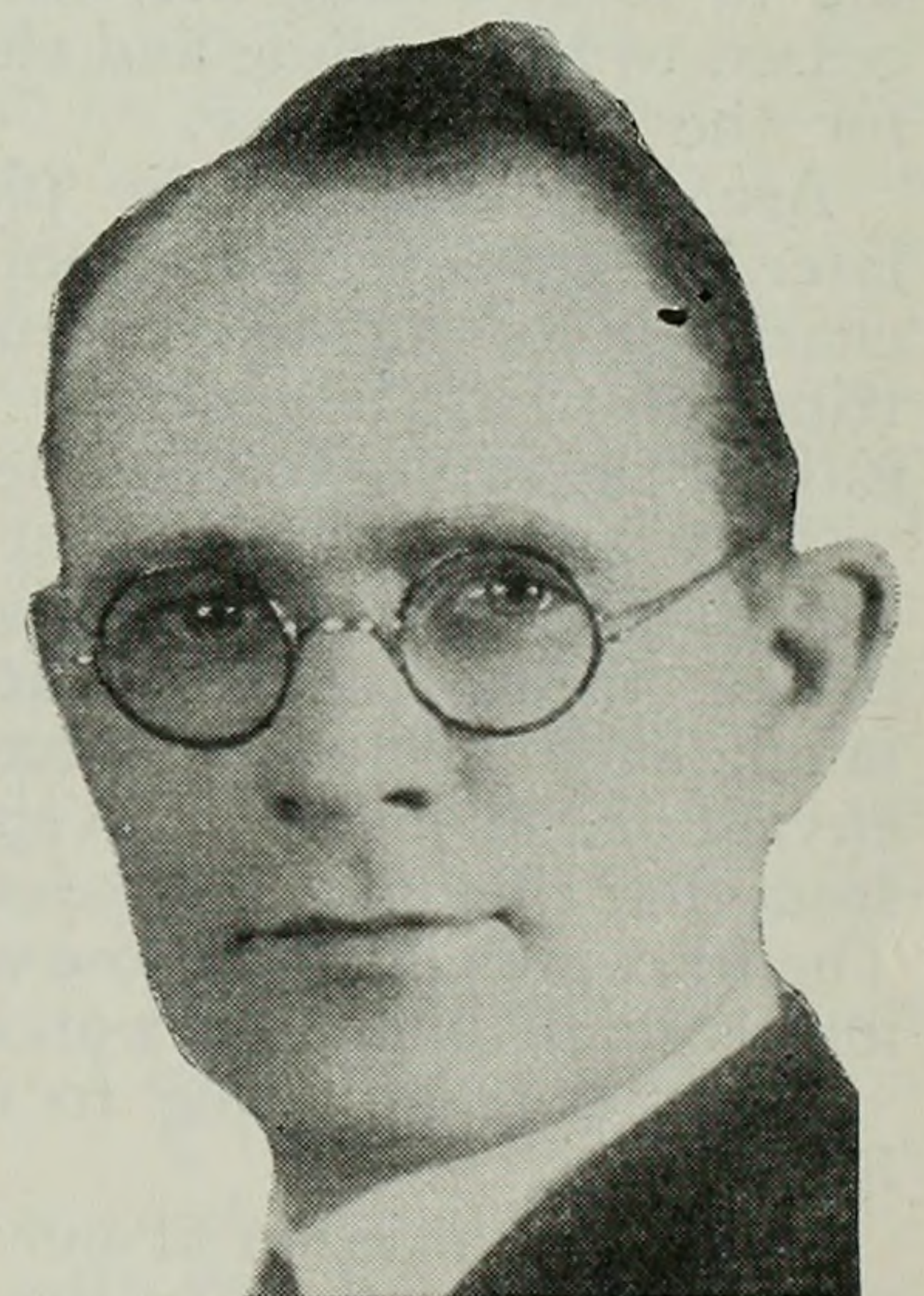
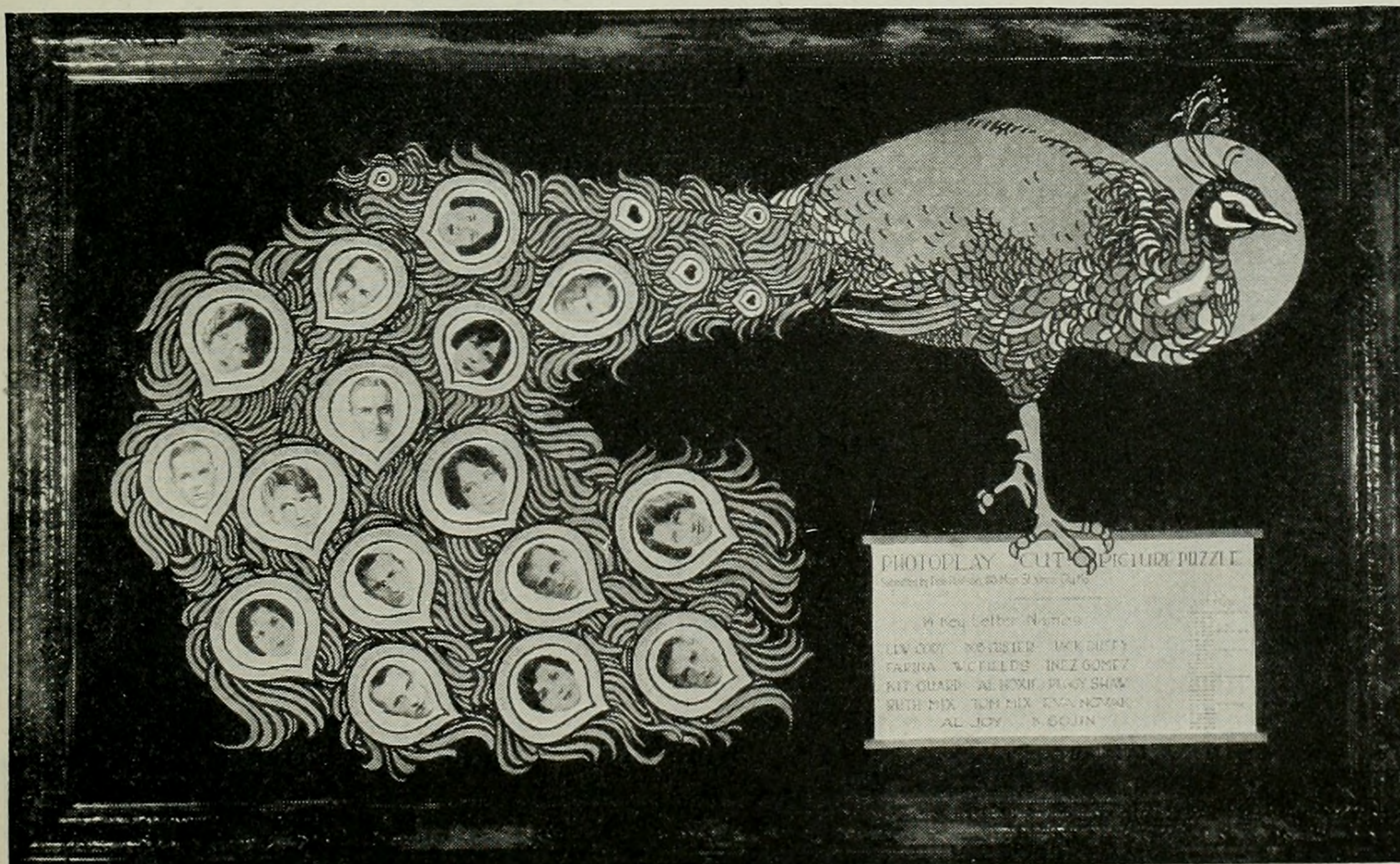
[ ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 90 ]

actresses were well represented in the lists of names formed from the key letters.

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

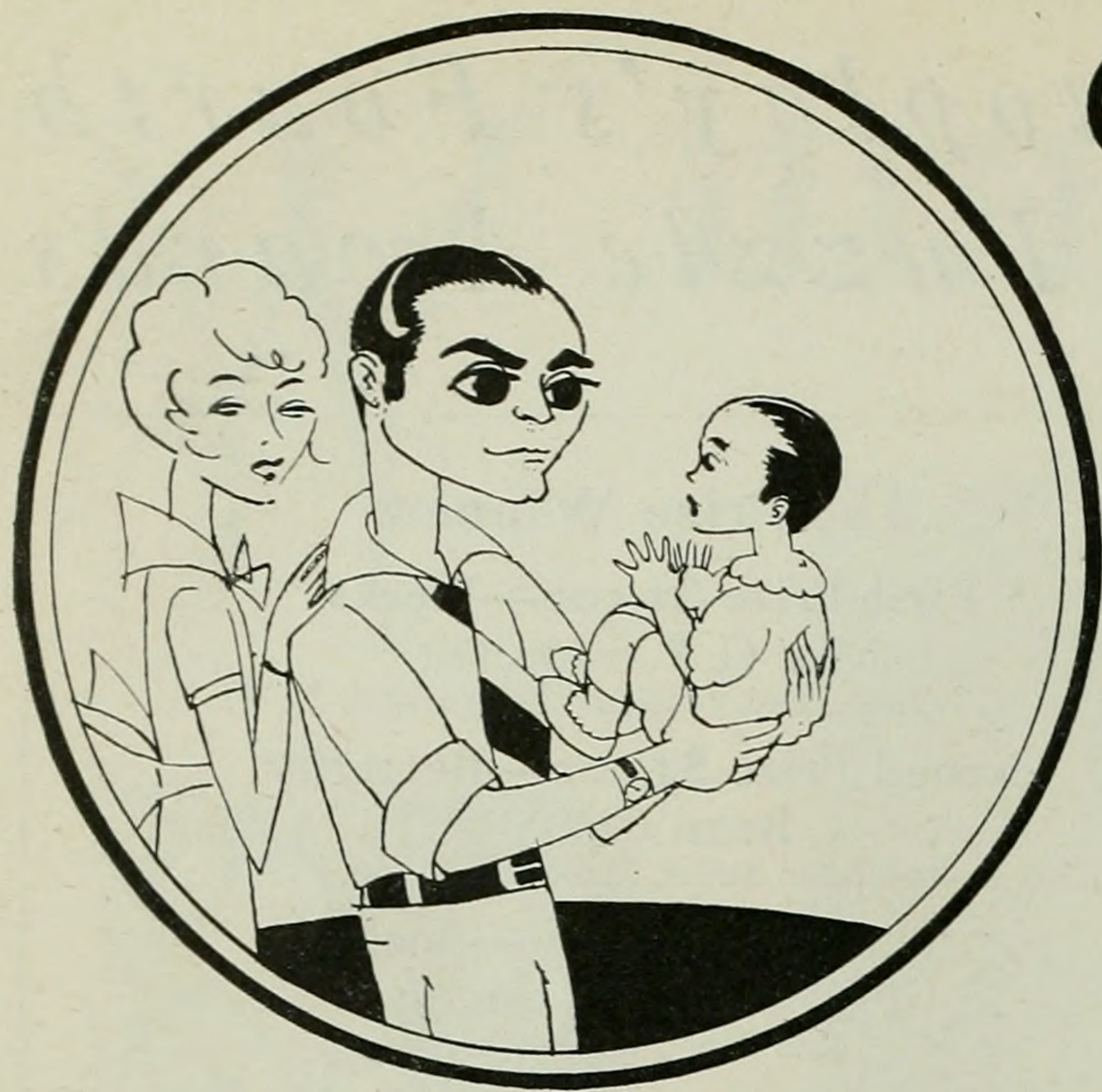
The first prize of \$1,500 goes to Mrs. C. F. Schneiker, 30 North Bergen Place, Freeport, Long Island, New York, for her nest of blocks and list of players.

"I have been interested in the contest each year, this one appealing to me particularly because of the new feature in your presentation of making names of screen players from the key letters," Mrs. Schneiker writes PHOTOPLAY. "That was most absorbing, and my back numbers of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]"



A beautifully colored peacock, mounted in a frame, formed the background for Emil Paulson's solution. He is awarded the \$250 prize





**Wanted by Richard Barthelmess: A happy family and a producer's job—in Europe**

# Ten Years Hence

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

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

**T**HESSE top-notch motion picture stars of ours, riding on the crest of the fame wave, known in every corner of the earth, so rich, so universally admired—what does the future hold for them?

What are their own ideals for themselves? Are they evolving a philosophy of life? Are they content to live in the present, to let tomorrow take care of itself?

Deep down in their hearts they know that stardom in motion pictures cannot endure forever. They know that they are in the cruellest of all professions, in which "old age" comes earlier by ten or fifteen years than in any other—a profession depending so desperately on youth, on appearances, on continued charm, on a fickle public's adulation. They have seen the stars of former days drop out one by one and become mere has-beens.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, goodness, I have never thought of anything but pictures," she said in answer to my searching question. "I have never been quite satisfied with

**Wanted by Colleen Moore: Two children, a 125 foot sailing yacht and no superfluous avoirdupois**





# The Paradise the stars hope for is a home in France, children—and an occasional fling at Art

*By Alma Whitaker*

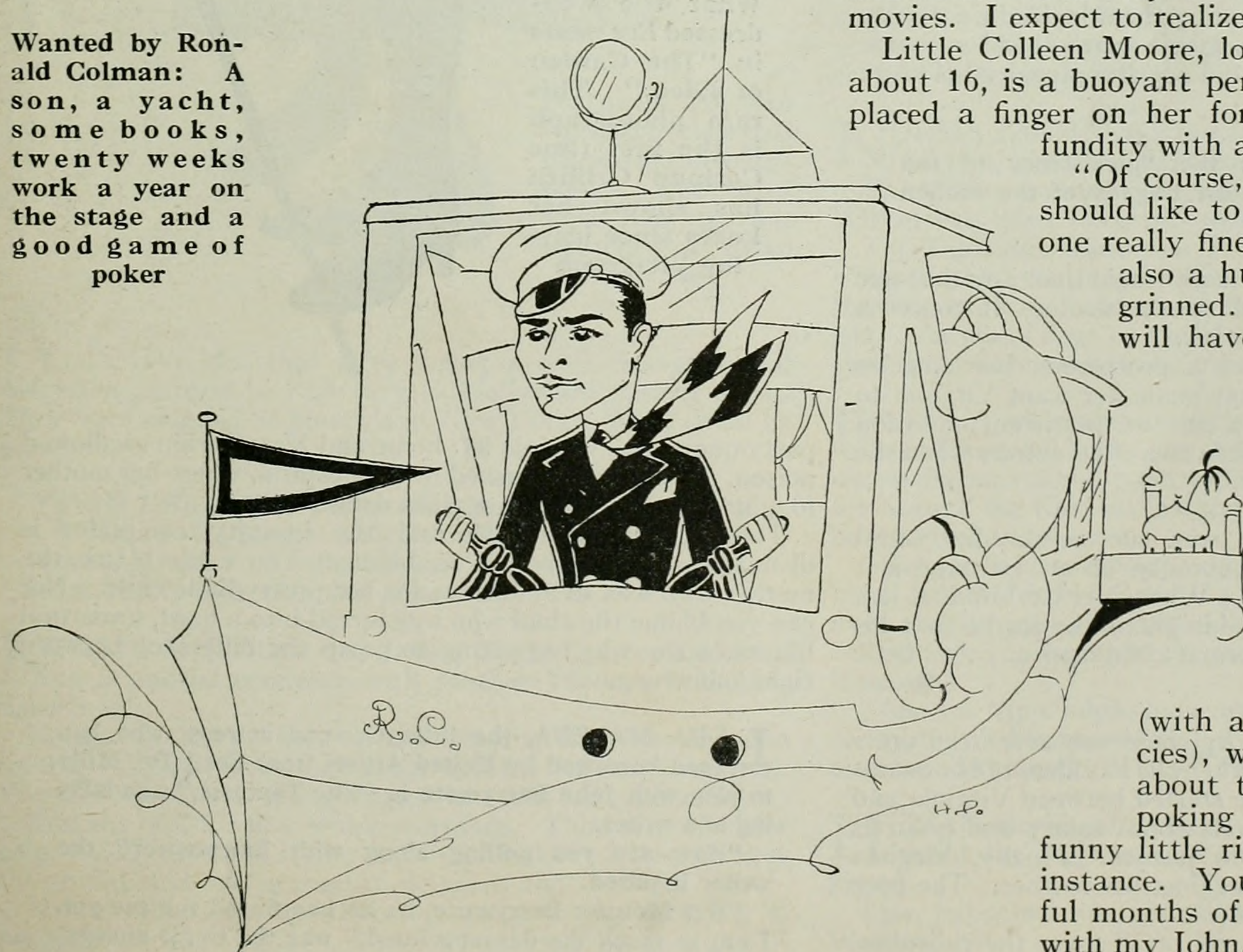
any picture I have made yet, so all I can think about is making better ones. But I would like to go on the stage. I should have to learn, of course. I wouldn't try to do it just on my picture reputation. Oh, I should always have to work. I couldn't consider life without work.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

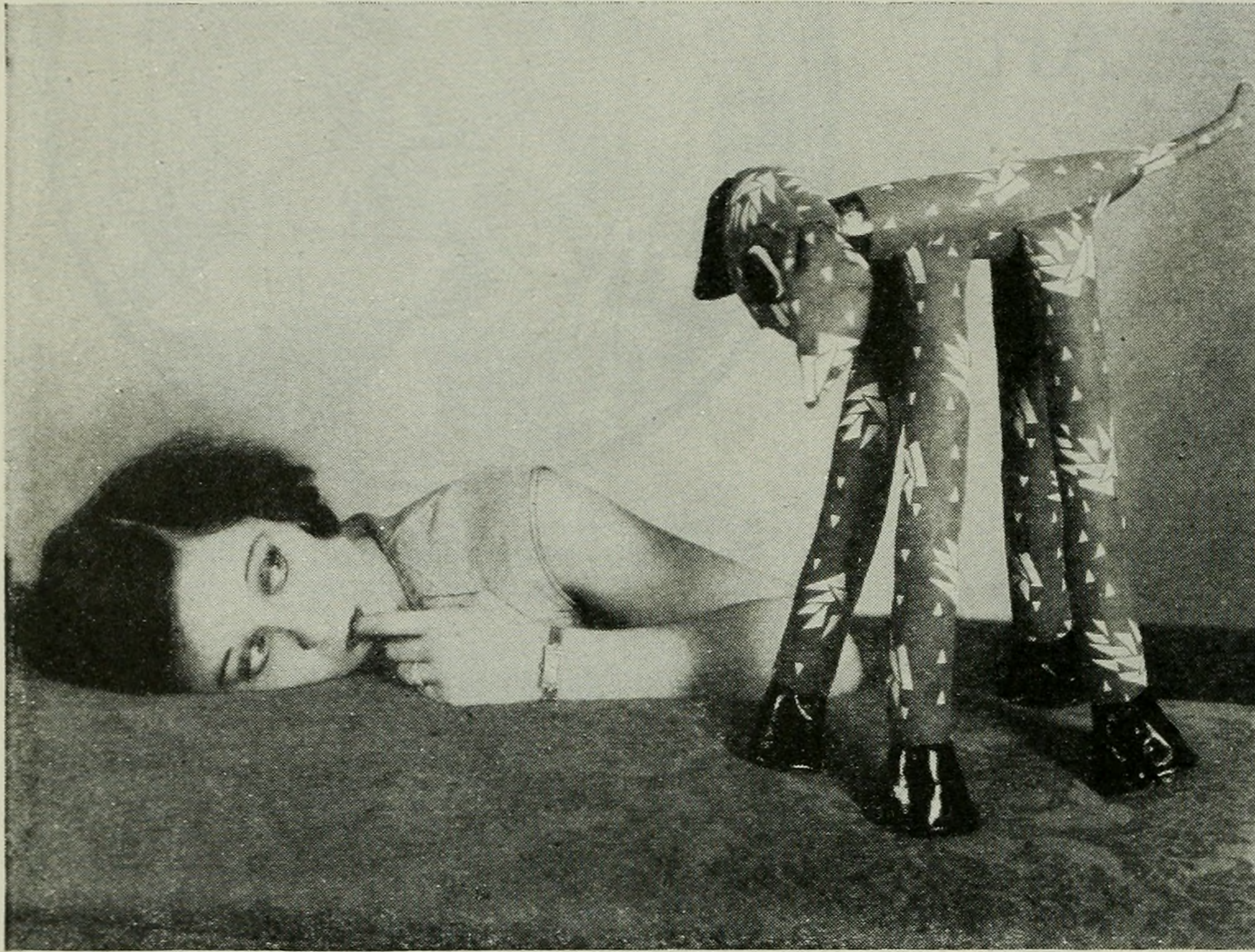
Little Colleen Moore, looking a wisp of a girl of about 16, is a buoyant person to interview. Colleen placed a finger on her forehead and registered profundity with a naughty twinkle.

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

"Yes, ten years from now, I hope I will be on a 125-foot sailing yacht (with a good engine for emergencies), with my John, and drifting about the seas. I want us to be poking into queer harbors and up funny little rivers, maybe the Nile, for instance. You know I had four wonderful months of such cruising this summer with my John, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108 ]



# Gossip of All



"If you'll give me a chance in pictures," says Joan Crawford's poochiepet puppy, "I'll prove that I've got more brains, more IT and a better camera face than Rin-Tin-Tin." What supervisor will "discover" him?

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

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

**WILSON MIZNER** says the "persistency of the uninspired" is the greatest tragedy of the motion picture industry.

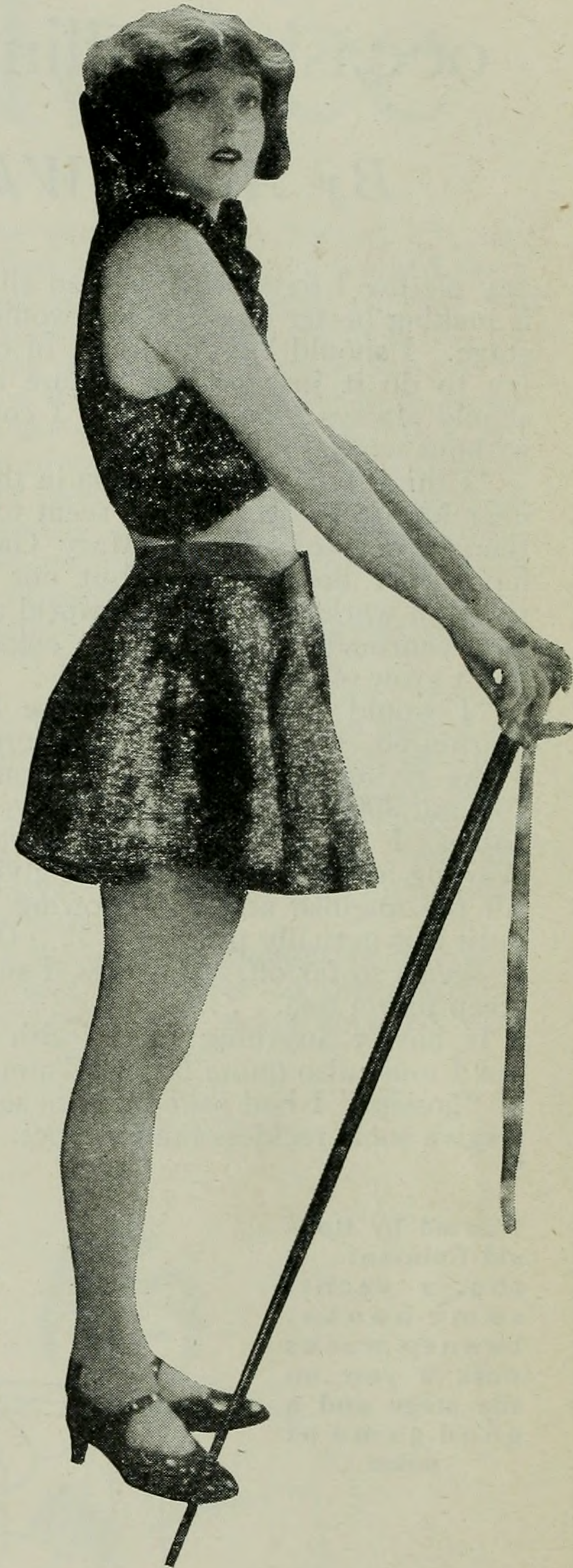
**H**ERE is a Hollywood story, more tragic than any that our Hown Adela Rogers St. Johns ever wrote. It concerns Virginia Lee Corbin and her mother.

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

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

**T**HAT was tragedy No. 1. Virginia is now seventeen years old and has reached the age when she has ideas of her own—right or wrong. And so trouble started between Virginia and her mother. There were quarrels about salary and quarrels about Virginia's right to go to parties. Finally, Virginia brought an insanity complaint against her mother. The poor woman had tried to kill herself.

Then came the bitterest quarrel of all, over the ridiculous



What the well-dressed *Eve* wears in "The Garden of Eden." This rare photograph is the first time Corinne Griffith has shown her knees since leaving Vitagraph

party question. Virginia left home and Mrs. Corbin swallowed poison. And Virginia rushed to the hospital, where her mother fought a wavering fight against death.

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

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

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

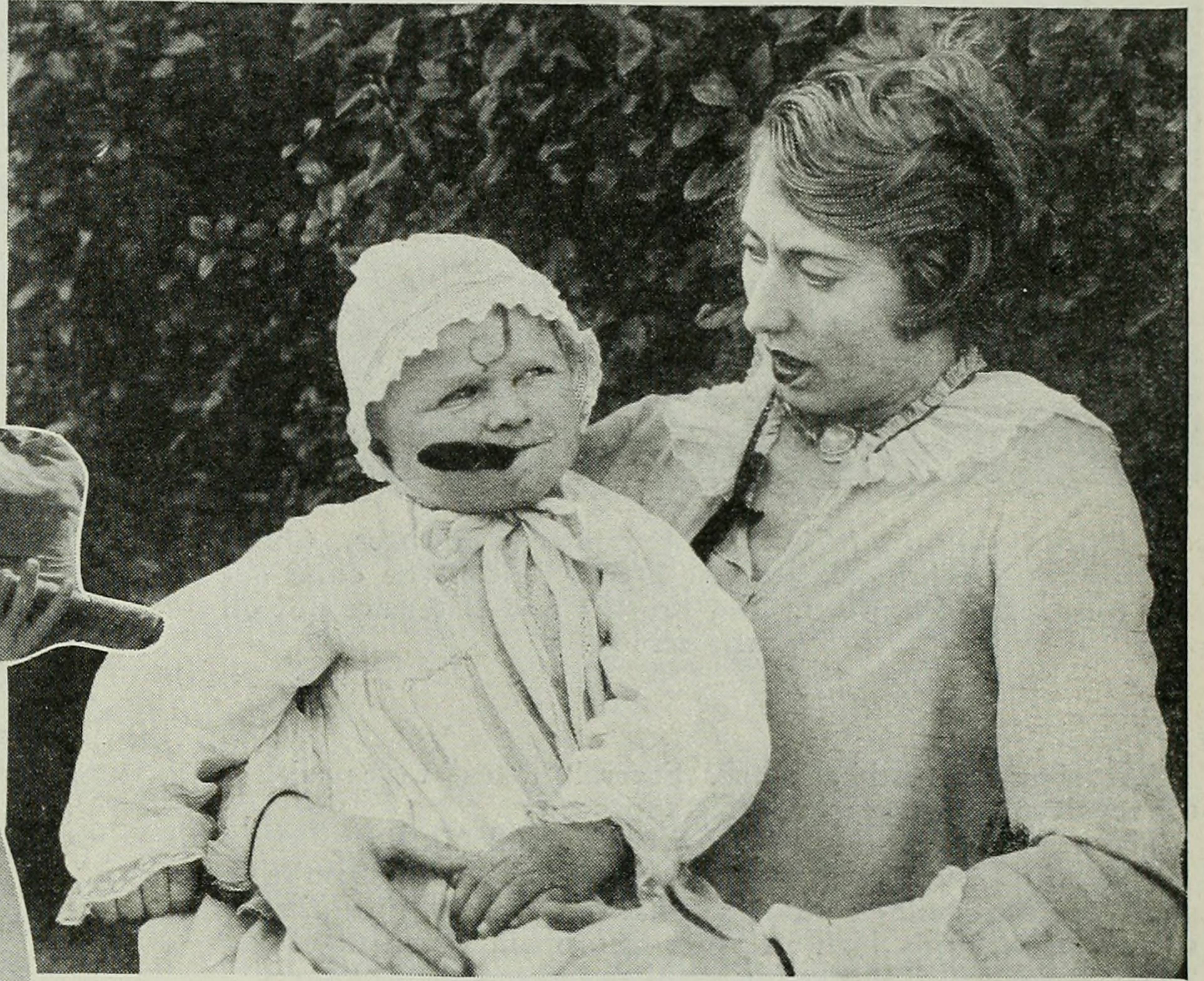
"But Meester Barrymore, he no has flirted mit me yet. I am so much the deesappointed," was the tragic answer.



# the Studios *By* Cal York



**Dolores Del Rio wanted to take this papoose to Hollywood. Big Chief and his squaw shouted a heap big "No!"**



**What's the younger generation coming to? It's enough to make Charlotte Greenwood believe the things she's heard about the movies. The "baby" is Harry Earles. Remember him in "The Unholy Three"?**

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

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

**N**ORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg have taken up their nuptial residence with Mother Thalberg and little sister Sylvia.

Norma was very wifely on the morning of the honeymoon return. "I'll put in Irving's collar buttons and cuff links, now. You don't need to do it any longer," she told her mother-in-law.

And she did, for four whole mornings. Then she called for help, "You can do it, if you want to, Mother. I have to be at the studio, and you're used to doing it, and——"

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

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

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

**N**ORMA TALMADGE is making a home for sister Natalie's children, while Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton are in the east. The kiddies arrived with their little black terrier, "Scotty." Within two days "Scotty" was missing.

The Talmadge house was in an uproar. An advertisement was rushed to the papers which made the mistake of carrying the true name and address of the owners. The procession began! As many dogs as the Pied Piper had rats paraded with their inquisitive masters before the Talmadge front door-step.

**F**INALLY, when the eleventh hundred child arrived with a huge Dane, evidently her own, and as evidently used as an excuse for mama and papa and all the brothers and sisters to see Norma, the Keatons and the household equipment, Norma became disgusted.

"But the advertisement said definitely that it was a tiny black Scotch Terrier, answering to the name of 'Scotty.' Why have you brought this huge Dane?" she demanded.

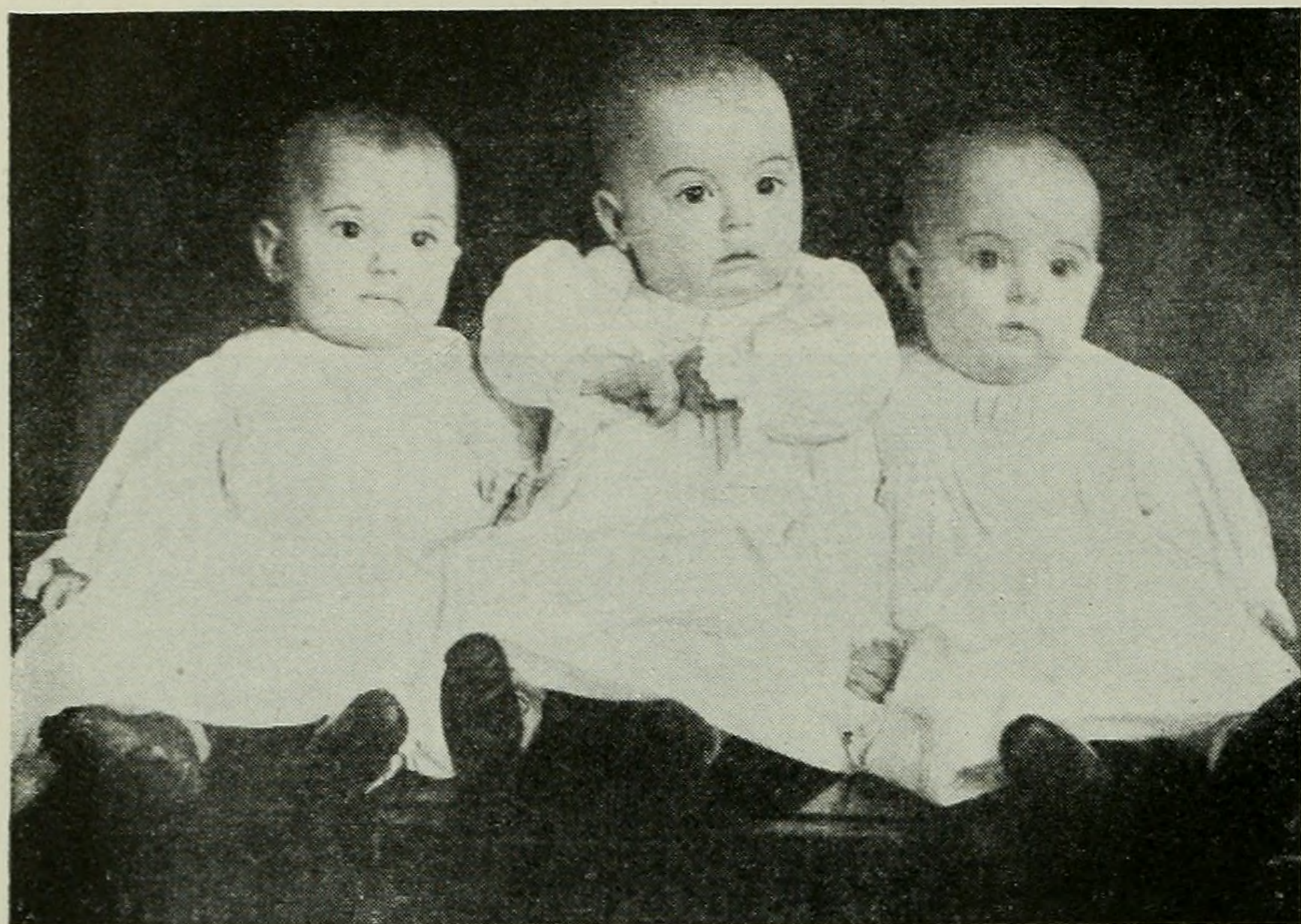
"Because it answers to the name of 'Scotty'," was the lisping answer.

"And the paper might have made a mistake in the rest of the description," Mama added. A Hollywood boulevard policeman found the real "Scotty" and returned it.

**H**UMAN stories often skirt motion picture sets, that far exceed the poignancy of the box office attraction being filmed.

This happened on the Florence Vidor "A Celebrated Woman" set.





Joyce Coad (at left) is the only triplet in pictures. She is now nine years old and one of the best of the child actresses in Hollywood. Her brother and sister are not on the screen

A revolver was used in a scene. Several "takes" were made, the revolver exploding in each instance.

The head electrician came to Director Frank Tuttle:

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

They received their signals.

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

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

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

And *that*, my lads, is fame!

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

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

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

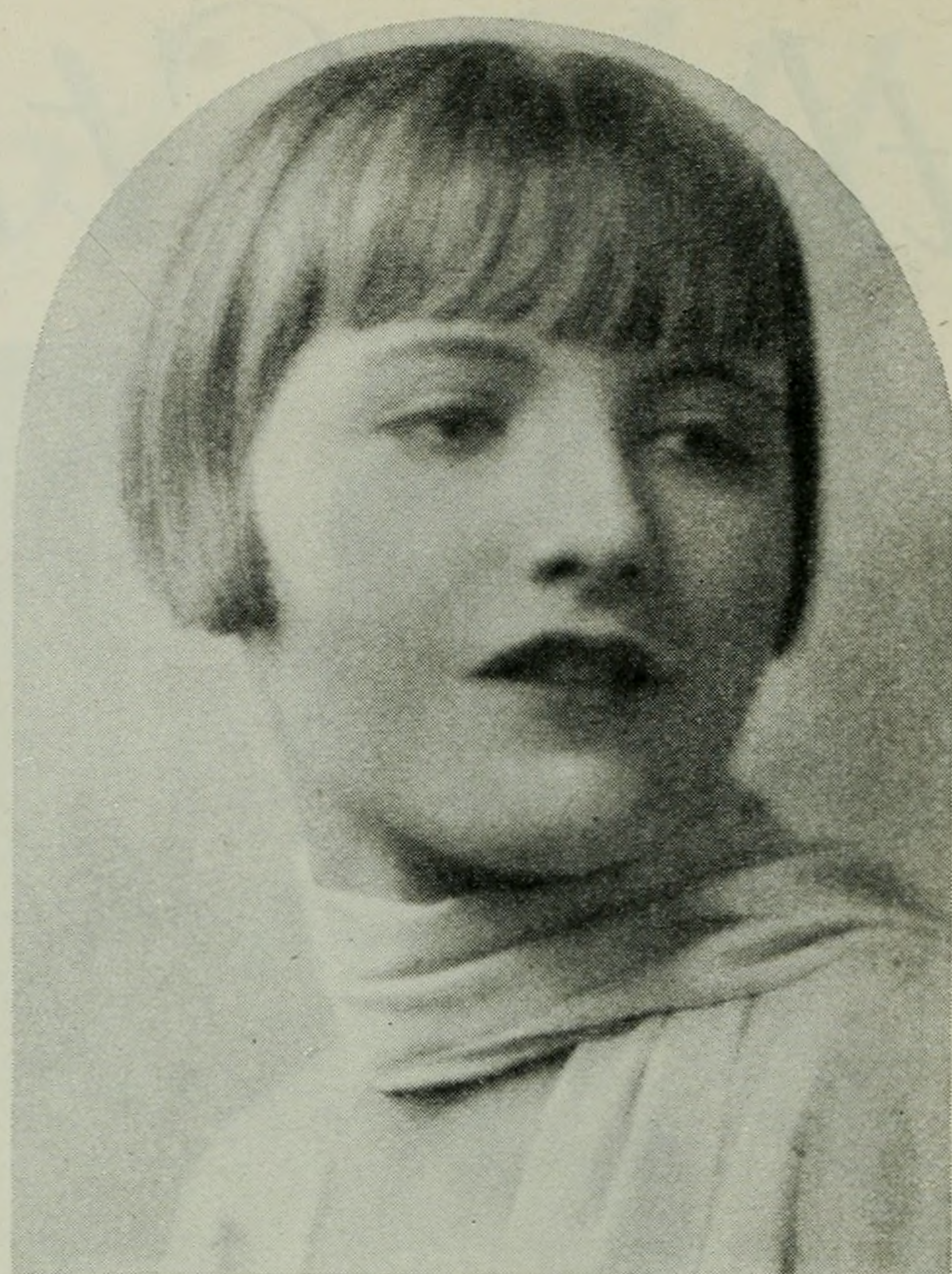
We wonder if the well-known director to whom she is reported engaged has heard this story.

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

**A**ILEEN PRINGLE was welcomed to New York after months of absence with a lit'ry tea given by Fania Marinoff and Carl Van Vechten.

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

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



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

**M**ARCELINE DAY is one Hollywood girl who never even had a beau, they tell me.

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

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

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

**I**T was almost coincidentally with Constance Talmadge's return to New York that "Buster" Collier, formerly Connie's heaviest beau, staged his near-elopement with Dorothy McCarthy. Miss McCarthy is the girl who sings cute little songs with her sister in George White's shows.

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

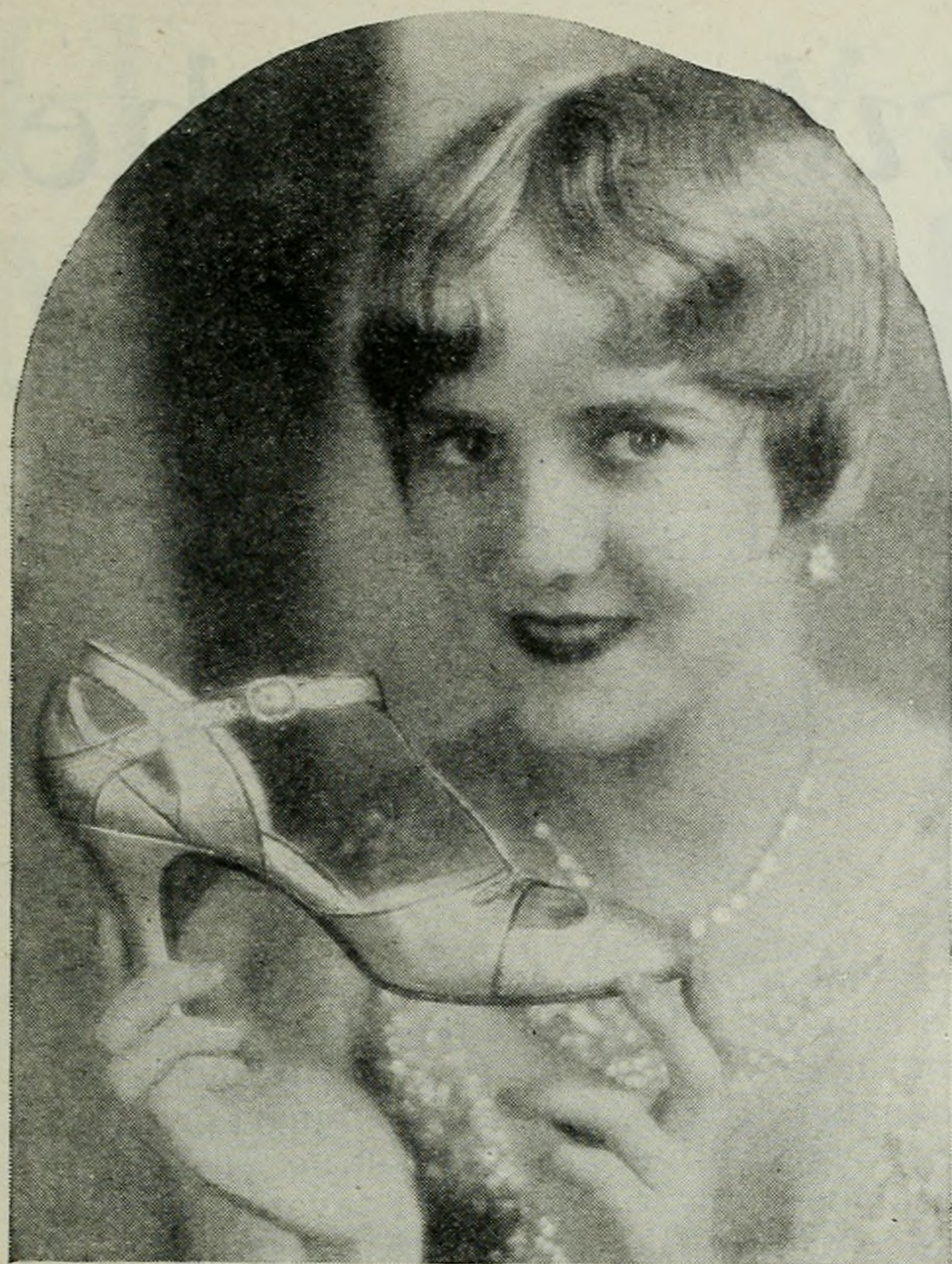
But anyway, as a solace to two romantic hearts, the episode was given stories and photographs in all the newspapers.

**C**ONNIE TALMADGE'S new beau seems to be Ben Finney. I always wonder why newspapers are so insistent on referring to Ben as a movie star. Ben hasn't been before a camera in several years and the only pictures in which he achieved any sort of prominence were "Miama," and "The Heart of a Temptress."

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

**S**PEAKING of a non-professional party, which was blowed in Hollywood, Wilson Mizner declared, "The breaths of everyone present was enough to start the windmill on an old Dutch print moving."





Kicks at \$90.00 per, of silver kid, with veins of red and rhinestone buckles. Contributed to Ruth Taylor by Mr. Eisman in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



The Irish invade Greek territory. Mickey Neilan is directing Colleen Moore in "High Life," a comedy glorifying the American lunch wagon and the home of hot dogs and indigestion

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

Take the case of Renee Adoree, a capable and good-natured trouper. Miss Adoree was promised the title rôle in "Rose-Marie," as a reward for past excellences. She started work in the picture and thought she was giving general satisfaction.

But one day, in the costume department, she happened to hear that Joan Crawford was being fitted for costumes for the rôle. On Friday, so our spies say, Renee was given notice that she was out of "Rose-Marie."

On Monday, Miss Crawford stepped into the picture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You must be in love!" we answered.

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

**E**MIL JANNINGS has developed sex appeal!

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

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

**O**NE Hollywood director has solved the secrets of Victor McLaglen's interpretation of the toreador in "Carmen."

McLaglen asked what he was to play next. They told him "Car-men." So Vic looked it up and found car-men meant motormen or gripmen and that's the way he played it.

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

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

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

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

"What about those rumors, Ruth?"

She tossed her blonde head coyly.

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

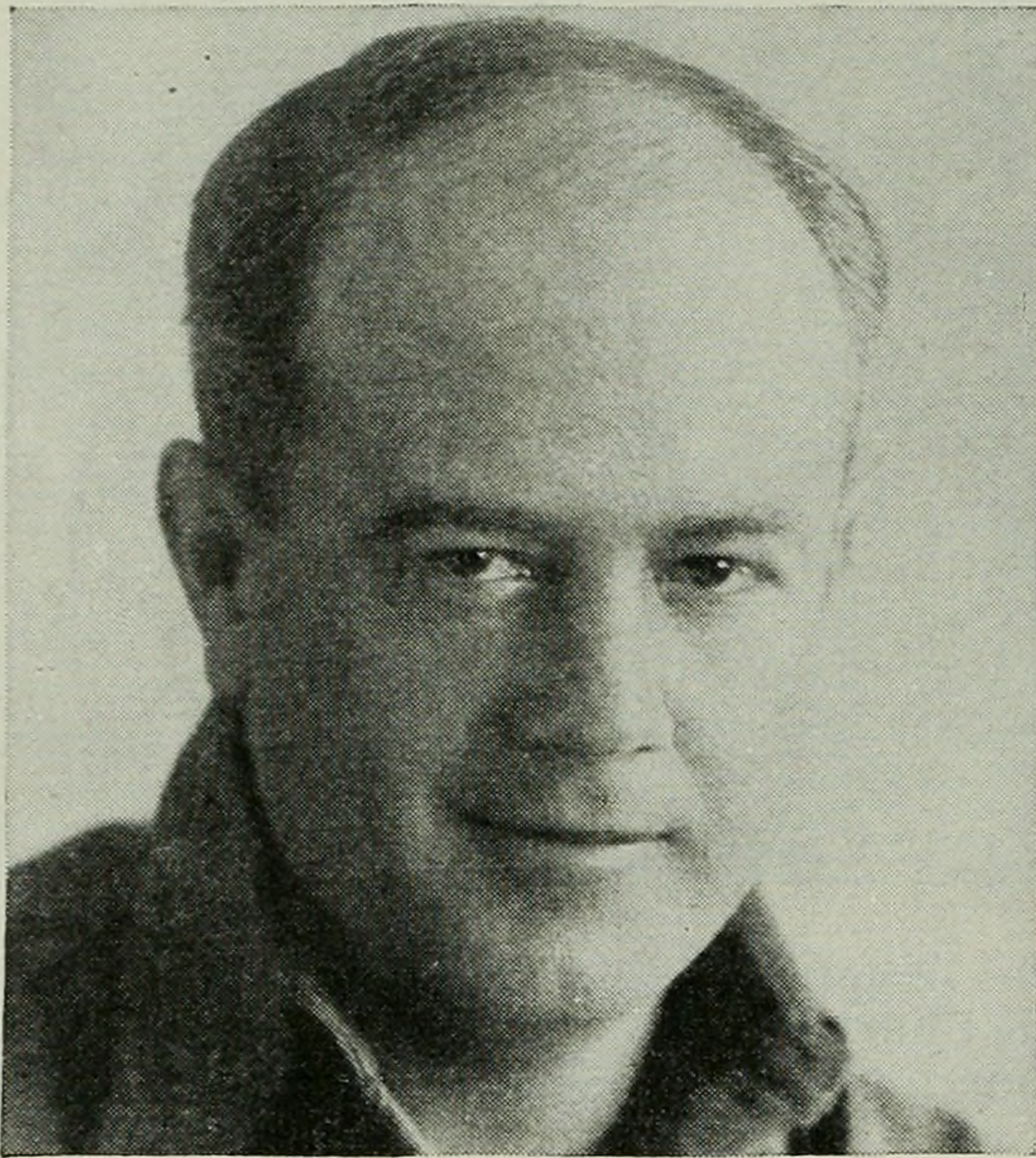
With tears in her eyes she told me. It was a part Anita Loos forgot to "write in" for her.

**N**ILS ASTOR is the latest actor to "go Hollywood." This recent Swedish gift to the screen has just received an especially-built car, which demands an especially-built garage to house its huge length. The upholstery is genuine pigskin, sewed together by hand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



# Intimate Visits to the

Martin Johnson now calls Nairobi, British East Africa, home. Then, too, the Johnsons have a "country place" at Lake Paradise on the border of Abyssinia



The story of Martin Johnson, the farm boy who ran away from his Kansas home to become one of the world's best known explorers with a camera

**T**HERE is no telling where this story will end, but it begins in a woodshed in Independence, which is a town in that portion of the Great American prairie called Kansas, and the time is about thirty years ago.

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

From time to time there were lulls in the labor as the youngster paused to regard the strange foreign labels on some of the cases, or to straighten out and decipher stray bits of circulars or to examine wisps of curious grasses and mattings and papers and remnants of packing material. The boxes were discards from the

receiving room at his father's jewelry and notion store in the village and they came, it seemed, from many strange, far away lands and ports—Shanghai, Tokyo, Christiania, Singapore, Mukden, Beirut, Liverpool, Melbourne, Manila.

This was young Martin Johnson's favorite Saturday morning diversion. His schoolmates looked upon the woodpile as an institution of slavery, but for Martin it was the threshold of fanciful adventure. He day-dreamed over these far away places and all the exotic sights and scenes the grotesque, many colored labels suggested. Martin preferred his woodshed adventures and his merry collection of shipping labels and seals to any possible excitement of town lot baseball and like pastimes of his set. Probably Martin's teacher in the Independence public school may have noted that the lad was a star in geography, and most likely indeed she may also have observed that he was not quite so good in arithmetic. His mind was continually on the large



Mrs. Martin Johnson on the recent Johnson expedition into the African wilds. These Lumbwa girls must wear long veils of skin over their faces for a period of several months before they are married



# Homes of Famous Film Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"

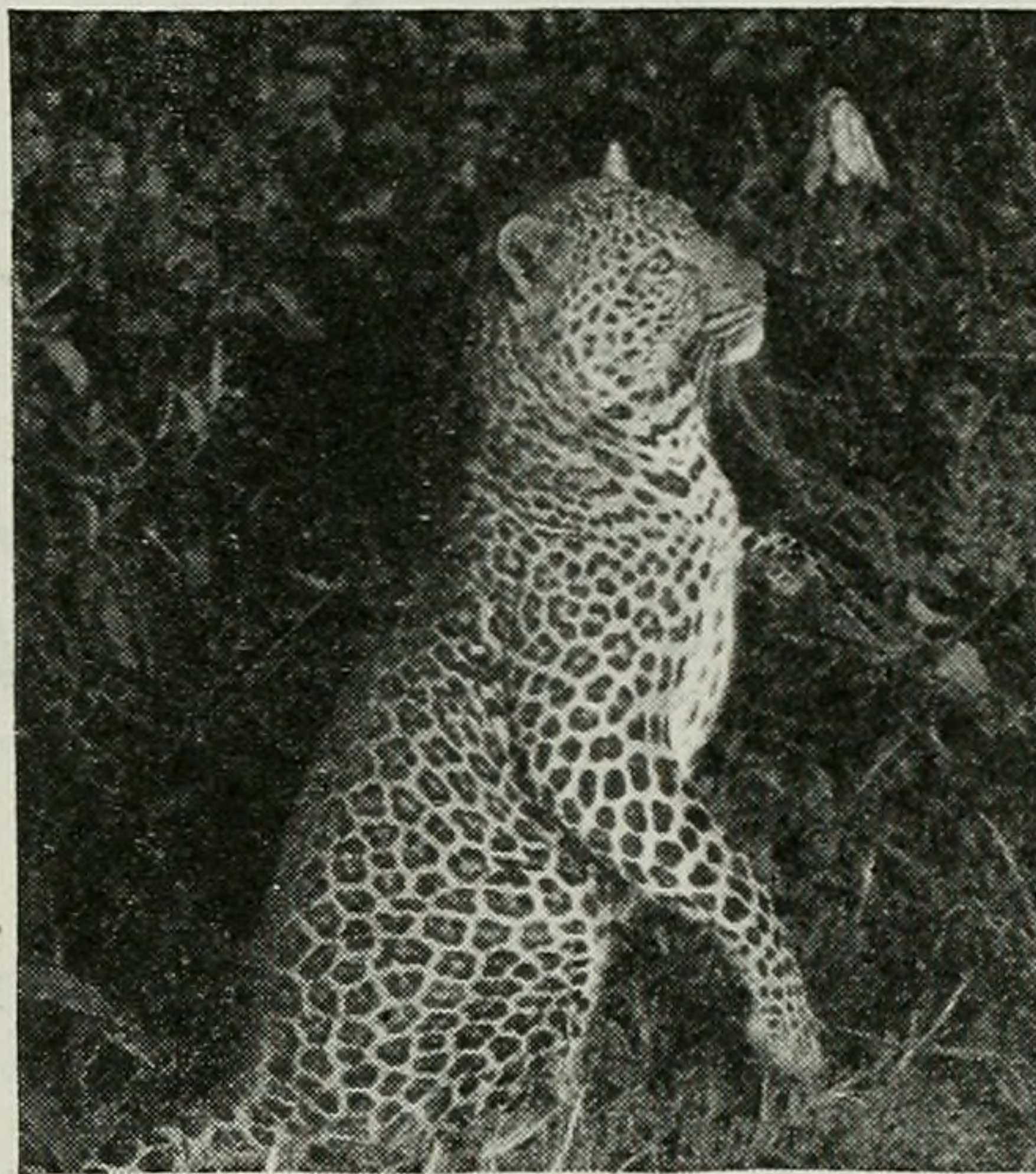
and remote Elsewhere and lands of his glamorous fancy.

All of this did not make Martin highly social. He was given to exploring the country about for and by himself. He knew a great deal about the fishing and the birds and such wild life as might be found in the scrub oak and hackberry groves along the Kansas streams.

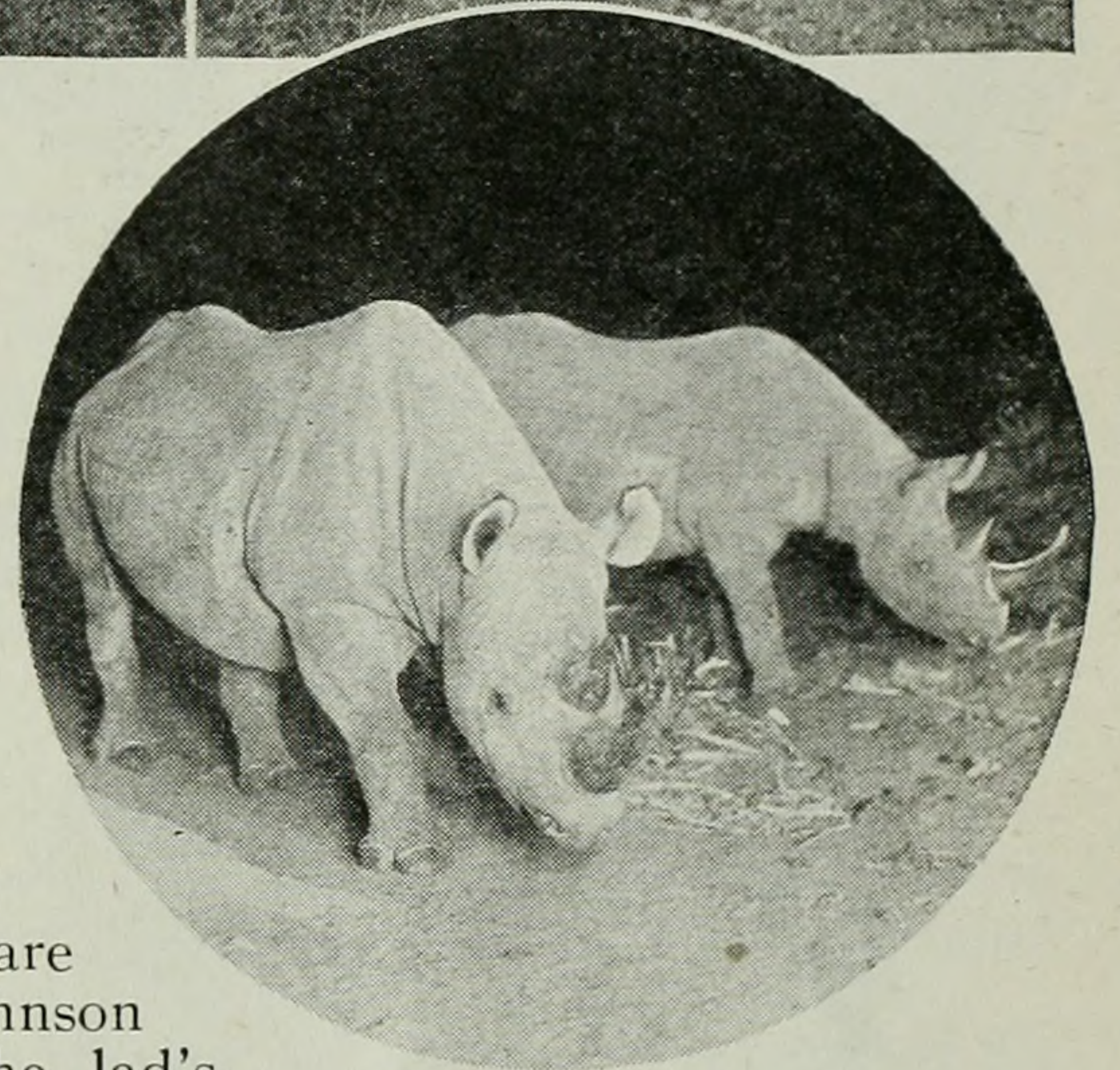
Presently young Mr. Johnson arrived at the milestone age of fourteen years and made a momentous decision. He would wonder about those far away places no longer. It is just possible that there was a certain heritage in the abundant red blood of him that had an influence. Martin's



Osa Johnson in her African hunting costume



A few Johnson close-ups, showing a leopard at home, two rhinos on their way to water at Lake Paradise and a hyena taking his own picture, having just stepped on a camera trap



father, the jeweler and watchmaker, was a square jawed, firm set Johnson from Sweden, and the lad's mother was of the pioneer stock of western Missouri. Now wherever there is blue salt water is the home of the seafaring Swede, and as for the maternal side of the house remember that the slogan of Missouri is "Show Me!" So it came that Martin Johnson, fourteen and eager and husky, decided to just go and see and go and see until he had seen it all.

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

Martin managed to see large [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



An interesting shot of some long African drinks. Otherwise a herd of giraffes drinking at Lake Paradise





# Give Them A Hand ~

**A**S the year of 1927 draws to a final fade-out, PHOTOPLAY surveys the twelve months of stirring scraps and daring deeds and thinks it fitting to make a rôle of honor of those outstanding personalities who have contributed so much to the life of the party.

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

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

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

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

**To Tom Mix:** For literary progress.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



# Strictly Business

By Harrison  
Wainwright

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

However, a fourth lady, who looked so ravishingly beautiful and bewilderingly classy, gave him no

time nor chance to grow timid. Her glorious blonde curls swung jauntily across the alabaster smoothness of her fair brow as she flashed a fascinating smile of recognition.

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

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

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

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

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

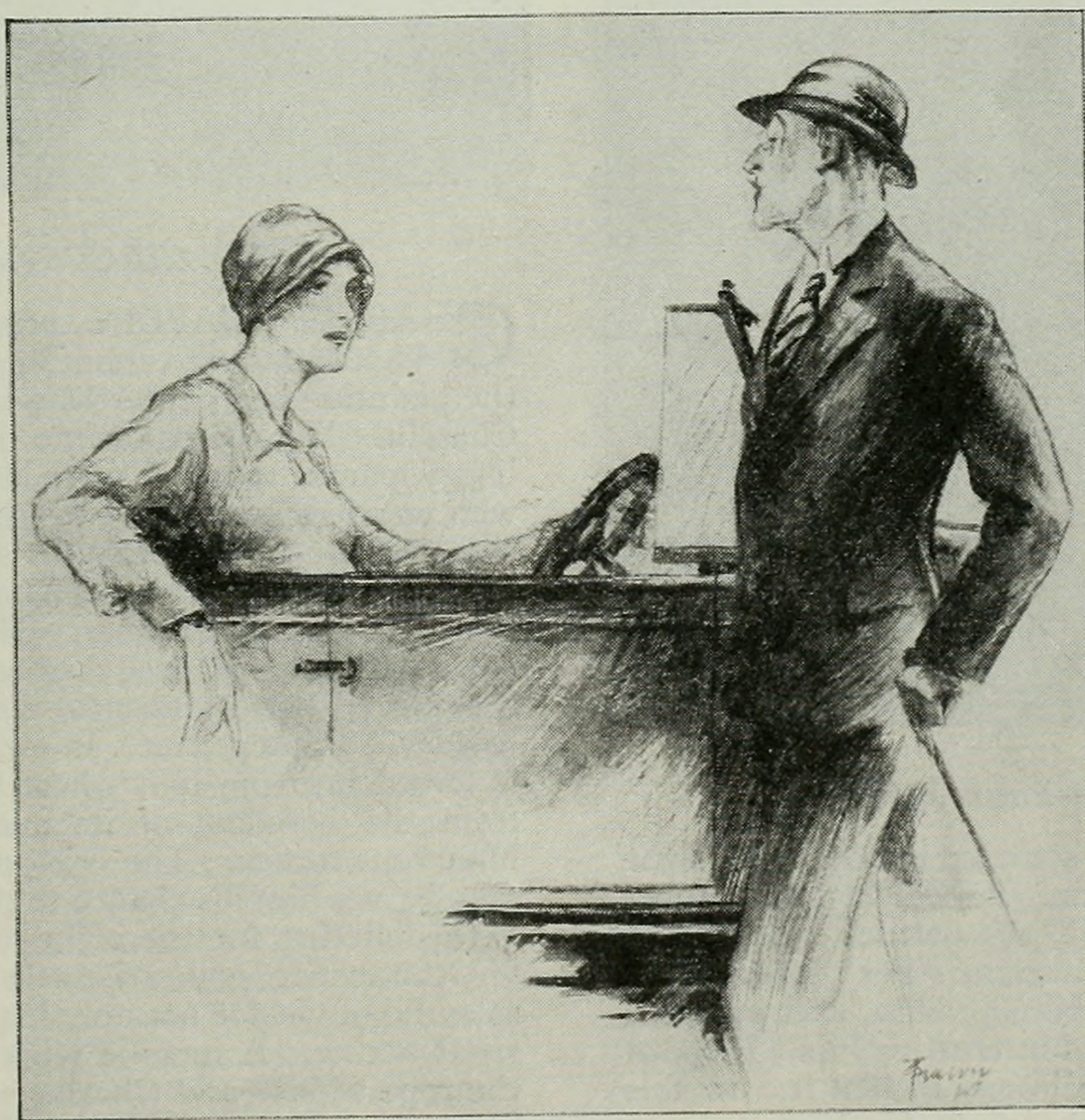
"'Pon my soul! What a silly ass! He must be paying alimony," ejaculated Sir Bently Bingham, with feeling.

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

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



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





**THE GORILLA—First National**

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

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



**THE CIRCUS—United Artists**

CHARLIE CHAPLIN turns circus performer in a story which teems with spontaneous humor and yet maintains the plaintive heart interest we have learned to expect from Chaplin. Here is the same old inimitable Charlie of the baggy pants, the well worn derby and the capable shoes, who wanders penniless onto the circus grounds hungry for just one hot dog to allay his several-day famine. He gets his first bite at the hands of a baby hanging over the shoulder of an unsuspecting father. This is a gag, of course, but a typical Chaplin gag, touched with humor and humanness.

A pickpocket complicates the situation by disposing of his loot in Charlie's pocket. In escaping the police the comedian is forced into the tent where he saves the one ring circus from the boredom of its audience by his unintentional humorous antics. The cries of the crowd for "the funny man" gives him his chance to play in the show.

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

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

But the story is all Charlie's, and it's for the whole family.



**SHE'S A SHEIK—Paramount**

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



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CIRCUS	SORRELL AND SON
THE GORILLA	SHE'S A SHEIK
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY	
THE GAUCHO	THE DEVIL DANCER
GRANDMA BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS	
MAN, WOMAN AND SIN	UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

## The Best Performances of the Month

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

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124



**SORRELL AND SON—United Artists**

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

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

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



**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY—  
First National**

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



**THE GAUCHO—United Artists**

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

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



# Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead



**GRANDMA BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS—Fox**

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



**THE DEVIL DANCER—United Artists**

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

**THE SPOTLIGHT—Paramount**



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

**GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warners**



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

**THE SYMPHONY—Universal**



**J**UST an attempt to produce another "The Music Master." The task has not been particularly well carried out. The story is that of a German composer who comes to America to gain fame and fortune, but first serves as a comedy offering in a midnight cabaret. Later the father's symphony is played in the gigantic Hollywood bowl. Trite and somewhat stilted. Jean Hersholt is starred and gives a great performance.



# of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**THE  
CHINESE  
PARROT—  
Universal**



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

**A TEXAS  
STEER—  
First National**



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

**WILD  
GEESE—  
Tiffany**



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



**MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—M.-G.-M.**

ASIDE from being a Jack Gilbert picture, this has interest in that Jeanne Eagels, star of "Rain," plays opposite. Miss Eagels has been in pictures before but here every effort is made to put her over in a Greta Garbo way. Possibly there is more interest in President Coolidge's dramatic debut in Mr. Gilbert's support. In "Man, Woman and Sin," too. My, my!

The story is one of Washington newspaper life and the early part has a lot of inky authenticity. Director—and author—Monta Bell knows his city room. After that the film disintegrates into cheap melodrama. An innocent young reporter falls in love with the society editor, maintained in luxury by the newspaper owner. The cub kills the boss but, in the end, is saved from hanging or whatever is done in such circumstances. Miss Garbo needn't worry over Miss Eagels.



**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Universal**

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

(Additional reviews on page 121)



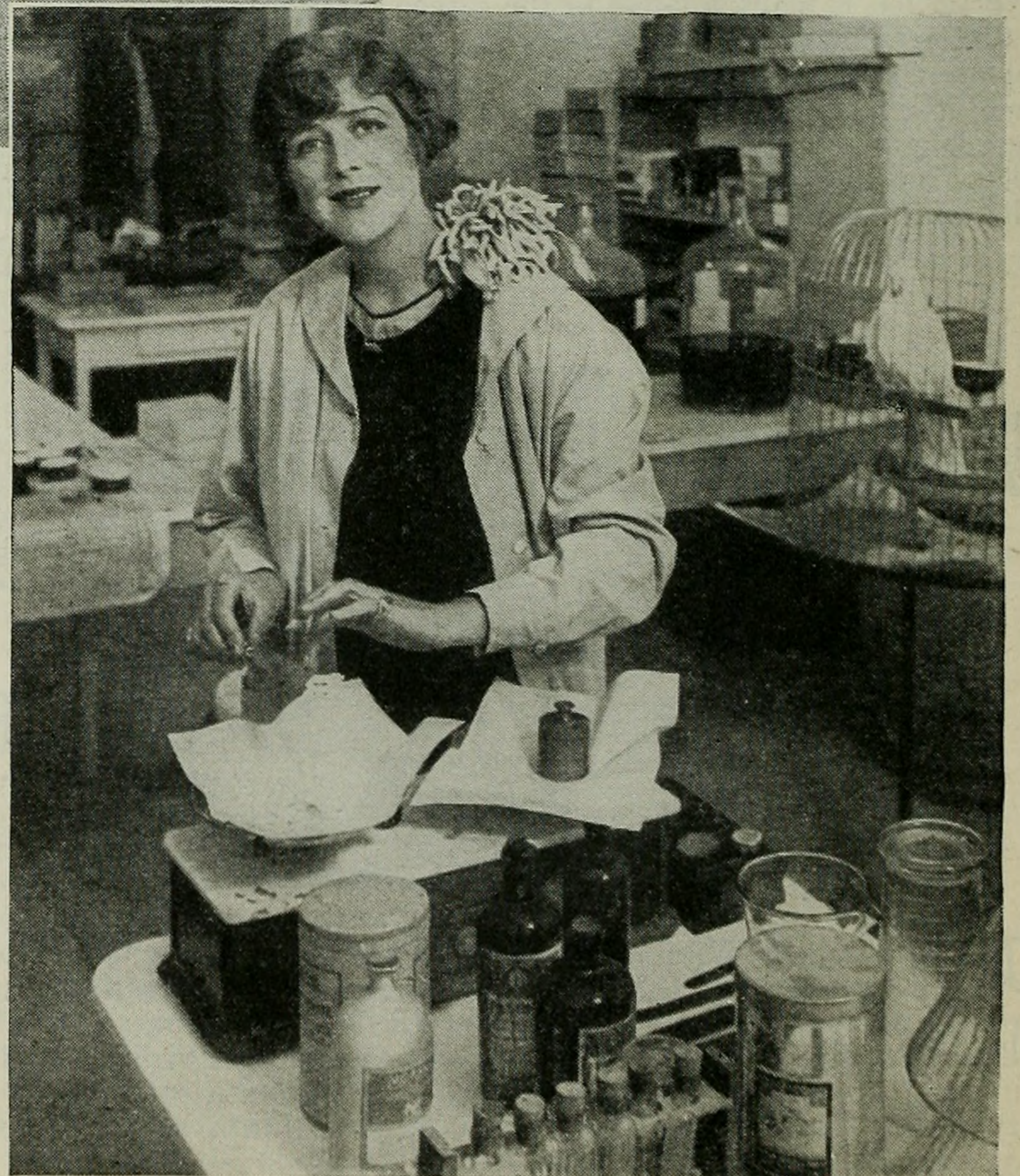
# Their Business



Some stars put  
motors and expen-  
ones invest the

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

Katherine MacDonald is no  
longer on the screen, but she  
has capitalized her reputa-  
tion in this beauty shop  
where she personally super-  
vises the making of creams  
and lotions



**I**T'S no disgrace, my dear Lord Cholmondeley, to be "in trade." Russian princesses, Park Avenue matrons, English women of title and even movie stars all find it convenient to garner a little extra spending money. You'd be surprised at the stars who have side-lines that make them independent of the fickle camera.

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

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

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

James Hall runs a doughnut shop on the Venice Pier. Pauline Garon owns a cleaning and dyeing establishment. Lon Chaney has an apple orchard. Robert Gordon finds it more profitable to be known as the Orange Juice King of Los Angeles than continue as a picture actor.



# Side-Lines

Viola Dana transferred the ownership of her beauty shop to her sister, Edna Flugrath, who is seen supervising a bob. The shop has a large clientele among the professionals

their money in imported  
sive houses, but the wise  
surplus in a paying trade



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



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



# Are You Giving A Holiday Party?

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

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

Here is the menu:

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

Miss Garbo dictated the following recipe for her salad:

4 oz. cold roast beef	1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar
4 oz. boiled potatoes	1 tablespoon chervil
4 oz. apples	1 hard-boiled egg
4 oz. pickled herring	24 olives
3 anchovies	12 oysters
1 tablespoon chopped gherkins	oil and vinegar

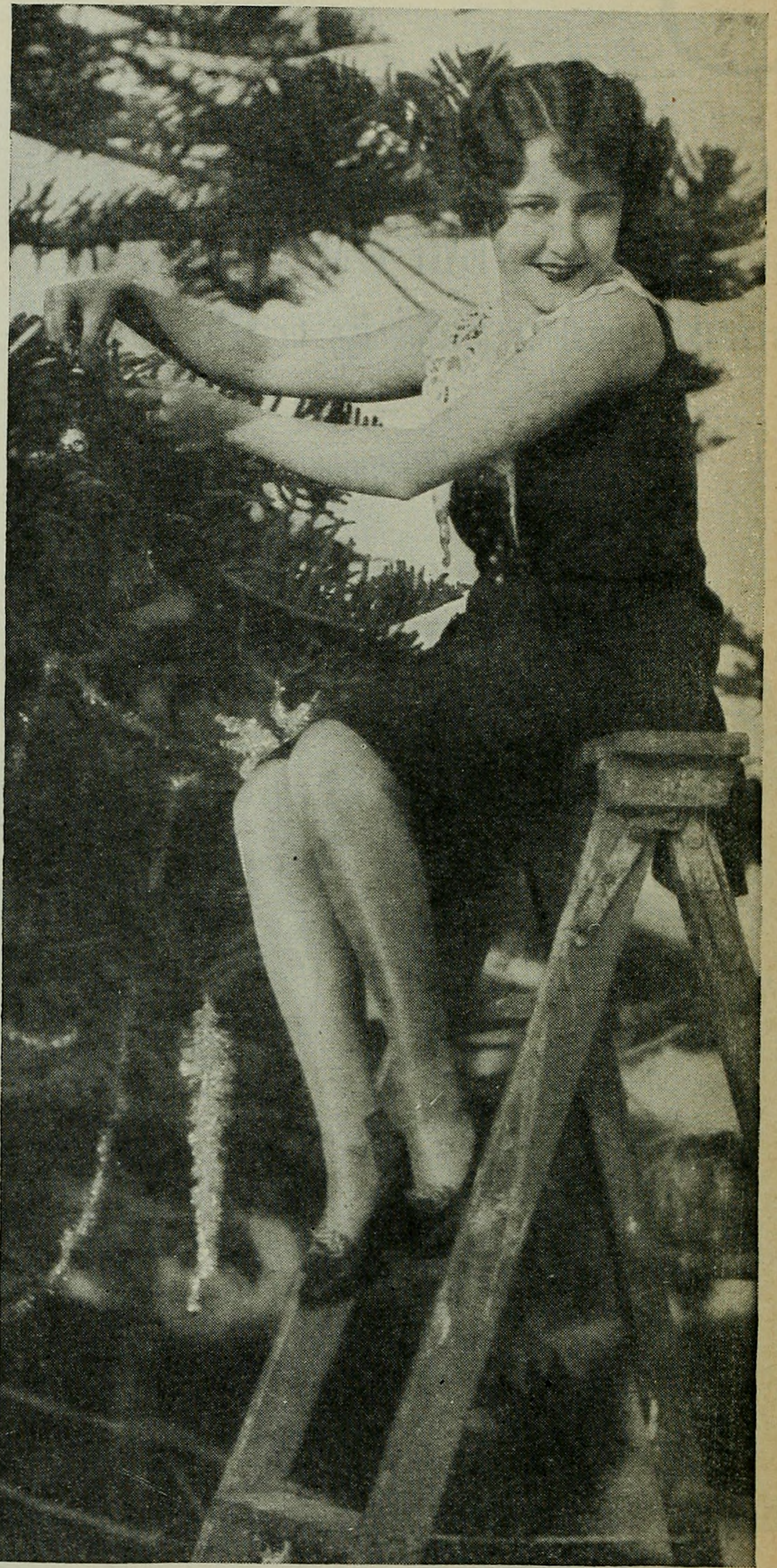
Chop beef, potatoes, apples and herring into small cubes. Chop anchovies. Mix all the ingredients together except the oysters. Pour over mixture of oil and vinegar to taste. Place oysters over the top. And there you have it! Men, naturally, will love it.

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

May McAvoy's peach sherbet: Boil 2 cups water and 1 cup of sugar for twenty minutes; let cool and then add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup peach pulp, juice of 1 orange and juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon. Freeze the mixture and serve with slices of fruit. You may use canned peaches.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



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.





Hommel

CAN this be the girl who wanted to be a school teacher? Oh, Hollywood, what have you done to Thelma Todd, who once planned to advance the cause of learning in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!





**T**HIS is Mary Nolan, who refused to be licked by the Ogre of Public Opinion. As Imogene Wilson, the studios were closed to her. Adopting a fighting Irish name and a spirt to match it, the girl won out.





Richee

ANOTHER girl who found it lucky to change her name. As Katherine Hill, she was merely just another pretty girl. As Kathryn Carver, she's a promising actress and the fiancée of Adolphe Menjou.





**N**O wonder First National finds Dorothy Mackaill one of the most useful members of its organization. Dorothy can play anything from tragic heroines to pert flappers—and make 'em like it.



# Our News Reel in Rhyme

## Item

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

## Notice!

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

## The Old Window Game

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

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

## Marilyn Gets Her Decree

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

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

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

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN in the Leading Role of "The Circus"

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

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



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

## Ramon Novarro Has Other Plans

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

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

## Contract—Marriage?

Buster Collier wanted to wed,  
But now he's waiting four months instead.

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

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

Why all they could do was face about—  
It'll be four months 'til the things run out!



*A Beautiful  
Christmas Story  
of Twin Brothers,  
a New Wife,  
and a Mother's  
Memory*



# A l w a y s A

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

She had loved festivity—the little mother. Gift days had been more to her than just days of giving. They had been ceremonials. They had been *occasions*. When the boys were small—round eyed twins with worn knickers and stubby shoes—she had actually

suffered to give them gala Christmases. Suffered the wind, in a thin coat, so that they might have bags of pink and white popcorn. Gone lunchless, so that they might have twisted canes of sugar candy. A widow—frail and not very efficient—she had done sewing to give her boys the fun of life. Perhaps she was not able to give them, always, the necessities—but she never stinted them when it came to pleasures. What though their shoes were shabby—so long as there was a flower on the meagre dining table? It was the little mother's creed!

And—although there were those who criticised—the little mother's system was extremely successful. Where other boys left home early to live their own lives, her sons stayed beside the fireside, of an evening, to read to her. They did not go out with the young, vivid girls—



Standing in the doorway, in her pretty negligee, Winifred was crying. Crying great tears that ran down her cheeks. Great tears that were not in the least angry tears. "I've been so stupid! How was I to know that a tree could mean—so much—"

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



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

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

It was Jerry, the grey-eyed twin, who answered. Somehow Jerry's jaw had a firmer line than his brother's. Somehow Jerry's eyes were just a shade more deep.

"She'd feel hurt—" he said, and he spoke with a conscious effort—"she'd be hurt to think that we'd forgotten, so soon, the things she spent her whole life teaching us. Mother—why, she gave us beauty. She gave us—" he choked, here—"the joy of things. I—I can't help feeling that somewhere, up in heaven, she's trimming a Christmas tree this night. . . . For the little angels. . . ."

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

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

Perhaps he couldn't!

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

But the rooms knew only the gentle phantom of

# Tree

By  
*Margaret  
Sangster*

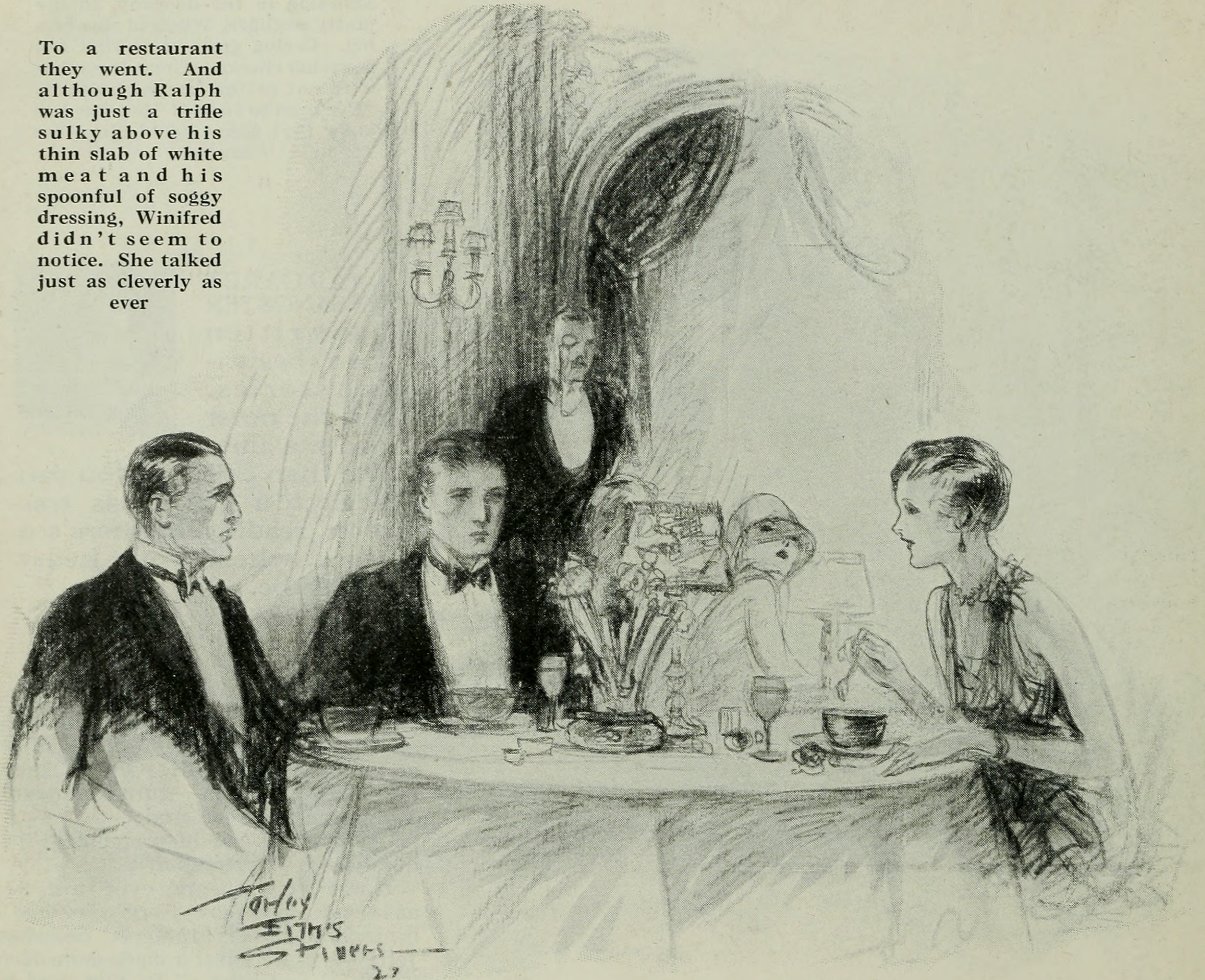
who eyed them from the houses that lined the street on which they lived. With a laughing jealousy they fought instead for the attentions of their mother. And the fact that they were stay-at-homes did not mean that their lives, in business, were either starved or cramped. For when the twins were thirty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

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



# Christmas—and a Shining Tree of Memories

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



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

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

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

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

Jerry found himself stumbling forward. Found him-

self touching the slender fingers. They were as cool as the voice had been.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Winifred was speaking again.

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

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

**T**HIS is the last call for films in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest!

The contest closes at midnight on December 31st. All films mailed before that hour and fulfilling the other contest rules will receive the careful consideration of the judges.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many a beautiful and valuable shot has been spoiled by the amateur's failure to following the ex-

posure guide's admonition to "use the next largest opening when in doubt."

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

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

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

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 98 ]



Try out the screen personality of your pet dog in your home made movies



Paul Poiret, the famous Parisian costume designer, experiments with an amateur camera

Full Rules of PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Contest on Page 98



# What Does Acting



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

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

The point, however, is not how often actors—and I shall use this term to include actresses as well—must shift their viewpoints and feelings from one type to another. For the higher they climb the more likely are they to become identified with a certain general type of character.

The point really is this. The acting profession never allows its members to be themselves, to reveal themselves as they

**H**OW do you suppose it feels always trying to be somebody else, always pretending to be something which you are not?

What do you suppose this continual shifting of personality does to the actor?

One week he may be a rough, gun-toting Mexican desperado. A few weeks later he may be a silk-hatted society dandy, smashing the hearts of admiring young women. The actor's contract may call for the part of a coal miner in one film. For another he may be asked to do a white goods salesman in a department store.

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

Even type parts are like that.

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

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

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

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

After making a thorough examination and finding nothing wrong, the physician said:

"My man, all you need is distraction and amusement. The circus happens to be in town. Go and see X. He will fix you up all right. He will make you laugh."

"But," replied the clown sadly, "I happen to be X myself!"

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

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

## Says Dr. Bisch:

**"ALWAYS** being somebody else makes the actor lose his own personality.

"My work with actors has convinced me that a screen villain's viewpoint of life is so strongly influenced by his villainous acting that he automatically watches himself lest he display villainous tendencies in his everyday personal associations.

"Sometimes this reaction—and often it is entirely unconscious to the actor—takes the form of what in psycho-analysis is called a 'defense reaction.'

"In a defense reaction you do exactly the opposite of what you fear you may do or be suspected of doing, and you do it in an exaggerated way.

"I have seen it affect men and women of the screen so much that they lose their sureness and force. They allow the feeling of the moment to dominate them. Their will power weakens. They vacillate and change. They become passive. Often they are undependable."



# Do To *the* Actor?

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

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

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

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

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

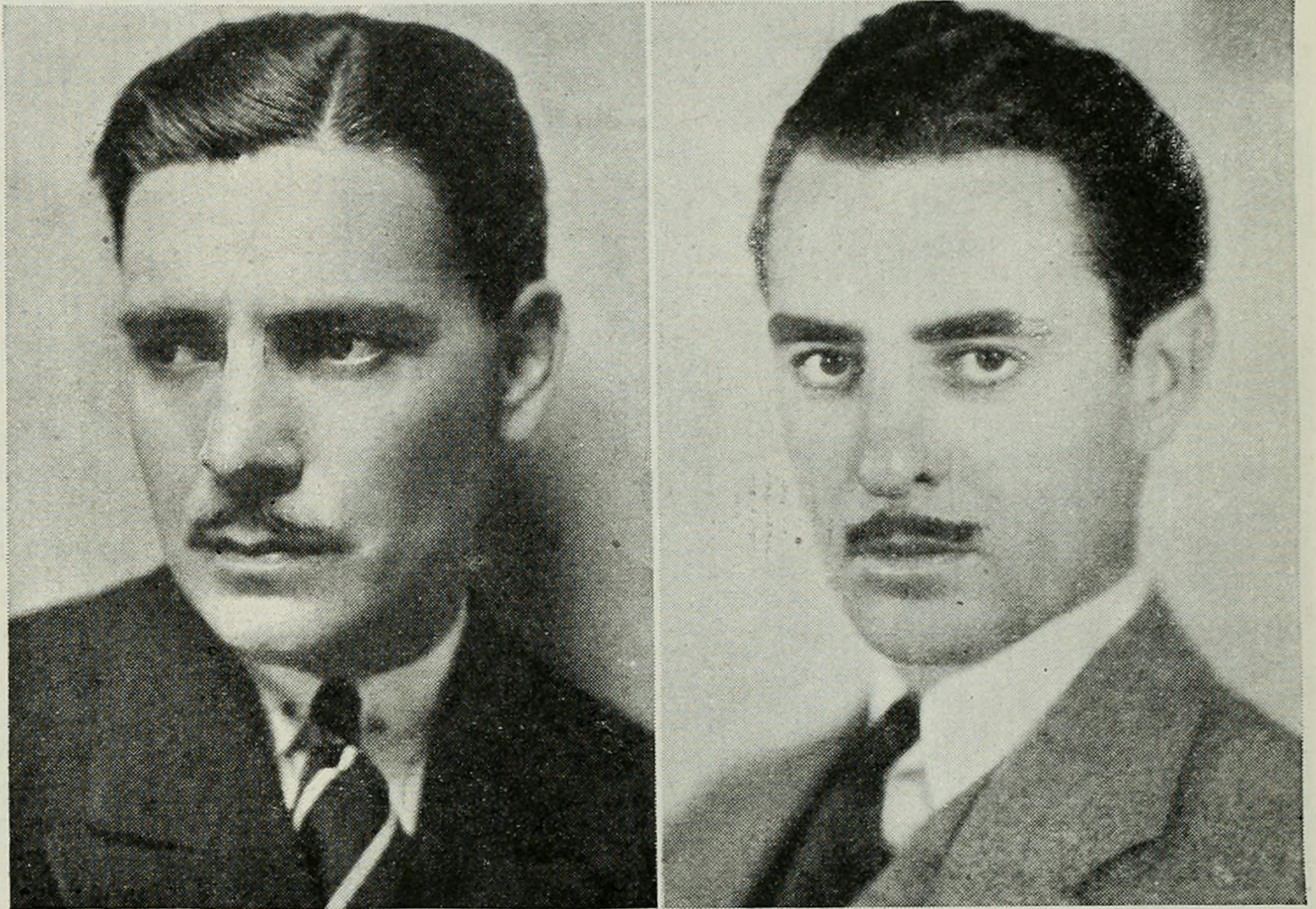
Here is Miss B, for instance.

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

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

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

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that so much," she replied. "I gave up hope of playing parts I like years ago. I must do what I'm told to do. That's part of the game. It isn't that. The thing is that playing this particular kind of



Perhaps the lack of success in private life encountered by John Gilbert and Ronald Colman is due to their defense reactions

rôle so often is actually changing me. That's what is getting on my nerves.

"The other day I met a man at a tea whose acquaintance I would have liked to cultivate. We were making fine progress. We were talking about places we had visited abroad, about the beautiful jewelry designs one

sees over there, finally about a collection of jade ornaments he has made. And then, all of a sudden, the thought popped into my mind, 'What if he thinks I'm fishing for something? Maybe I am giving him the impression that I want him to give me a piece of jade for a present!'

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

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

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

To be sure, this actress' suspicions were unfounded. Her friends considered her anything

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 104 ]



Comedians are usually serious folk off the screen. Charlie Chaplin is a shining example



# Personal *and* Household



Showing how many a snappy  
vaged from the remnants

*By Lois*

**T**HE By-Products of the Wardrobe Department” of the Paramount studios might have been a good title for this story.

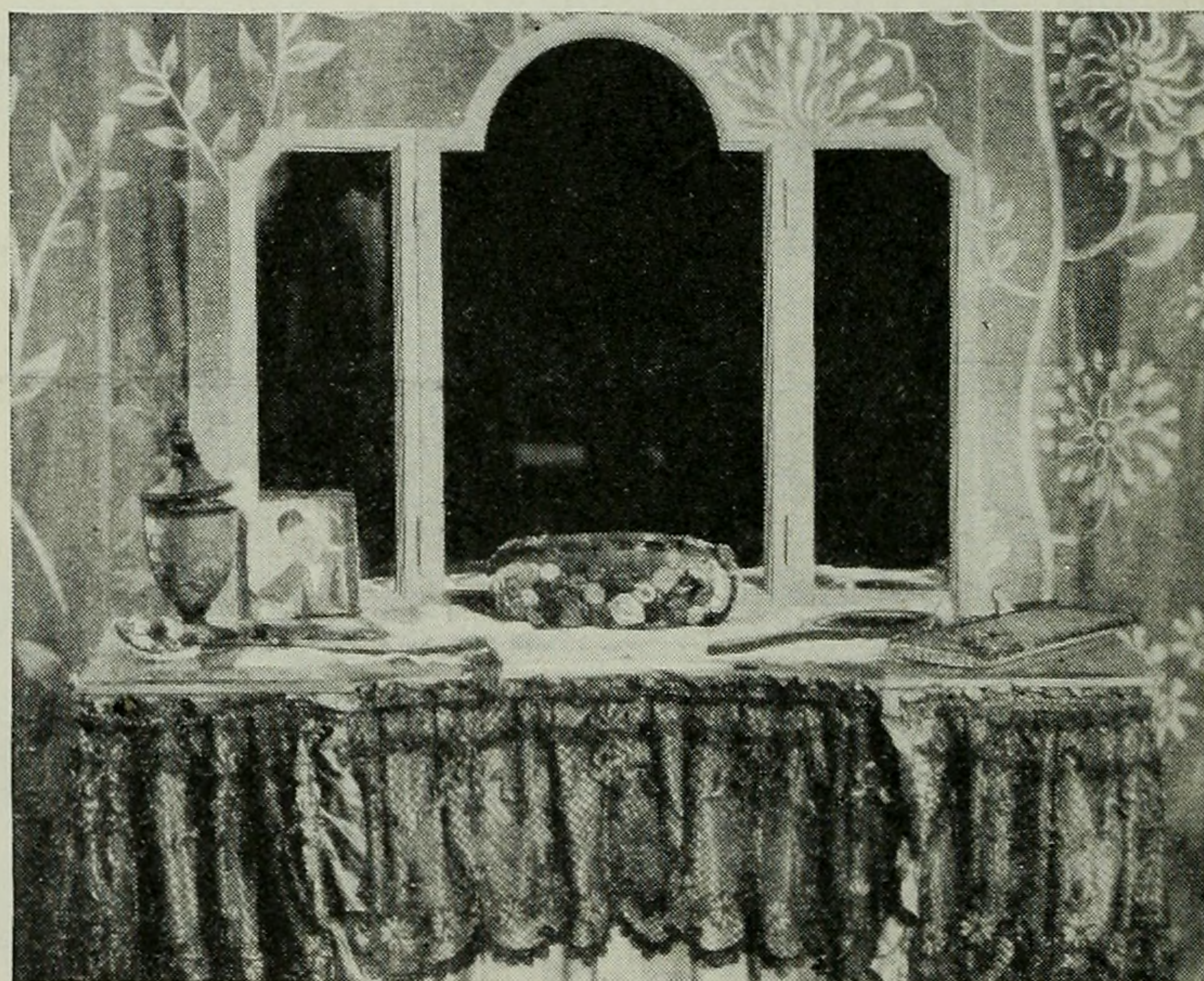
Although there has always been some use made of the remnants and left-overs from the gorgeous—and the plain—creations made for the motion picture people, it remained for the economy wave among the producers to develop a regular “by-product factory” in connection with wardrobe, drapery and set departments.

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

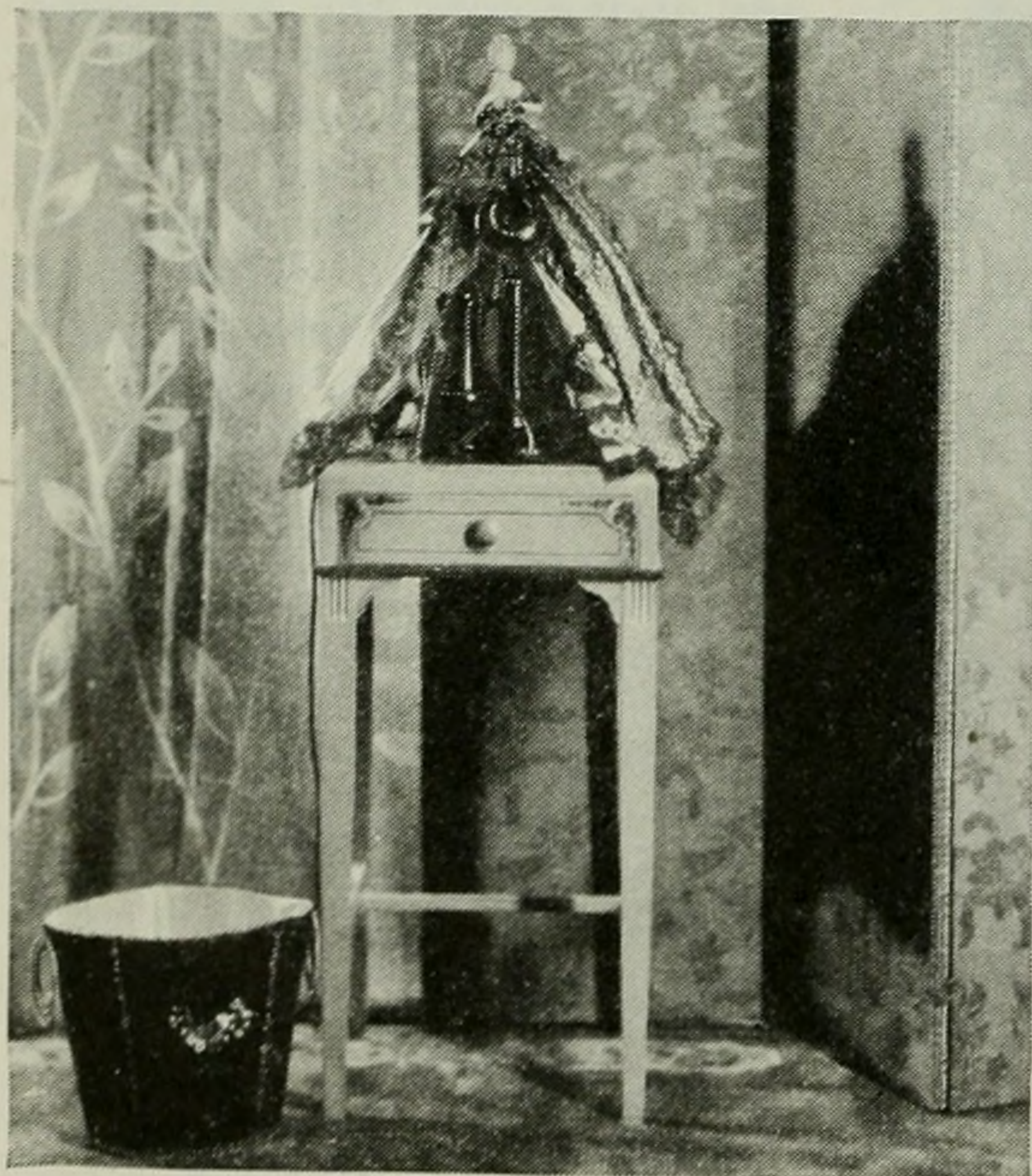
Naturally, there are moments during a lull in production activities, when not every one of these young women are busy.

Now Clara Bow’s bag, but formerly an evening dress, a hat and a cast-off rhinestone pin

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

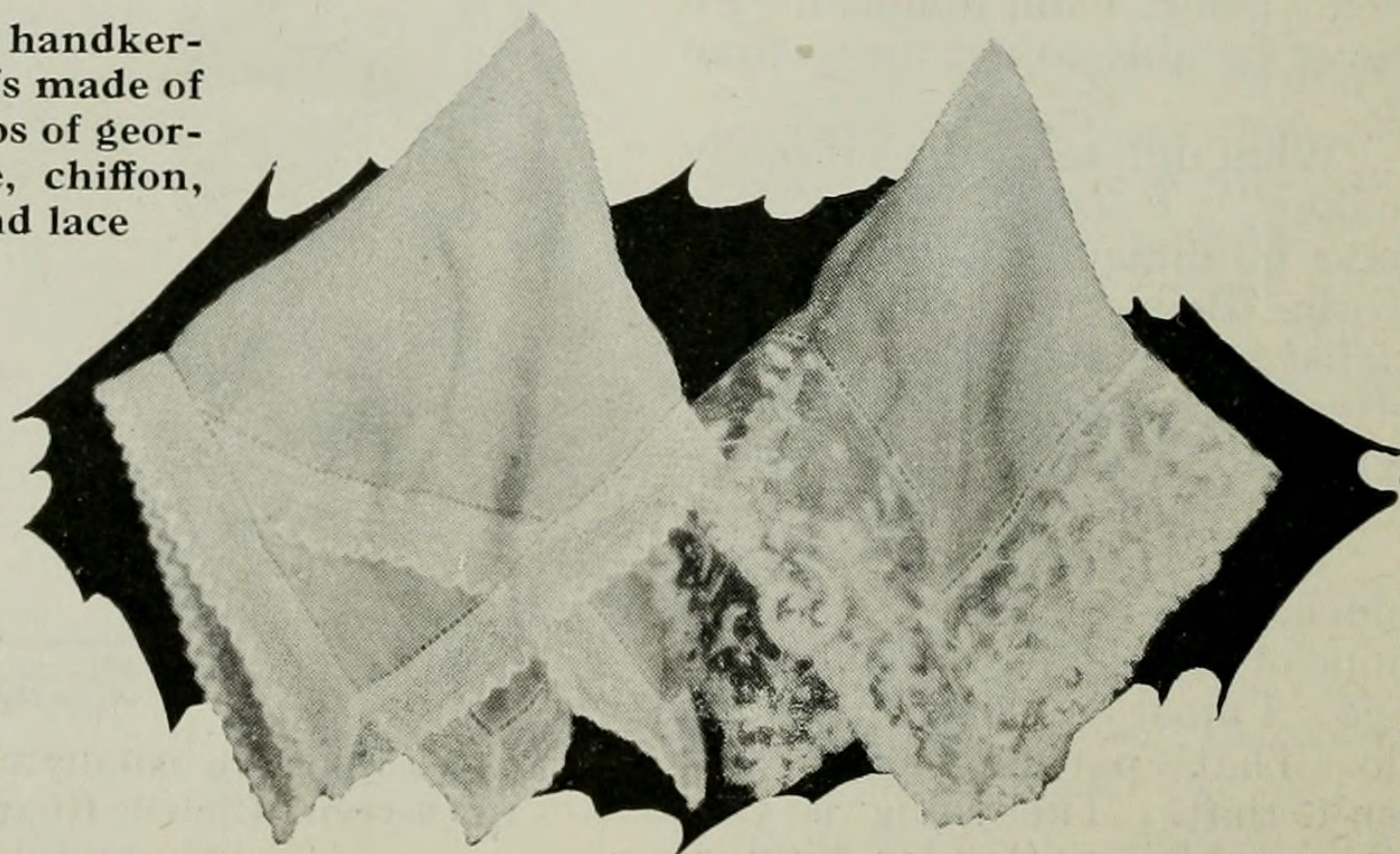


A complete dressing table, all made from the by-products of the costume department



The waste basket was once a lamp shade; the telephone cover, Mary Brian’s dress

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





# Scrap Knick-Knacks

costume accessory may be salvaged in the lowly rag-bag

## Shirley

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

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

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

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

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

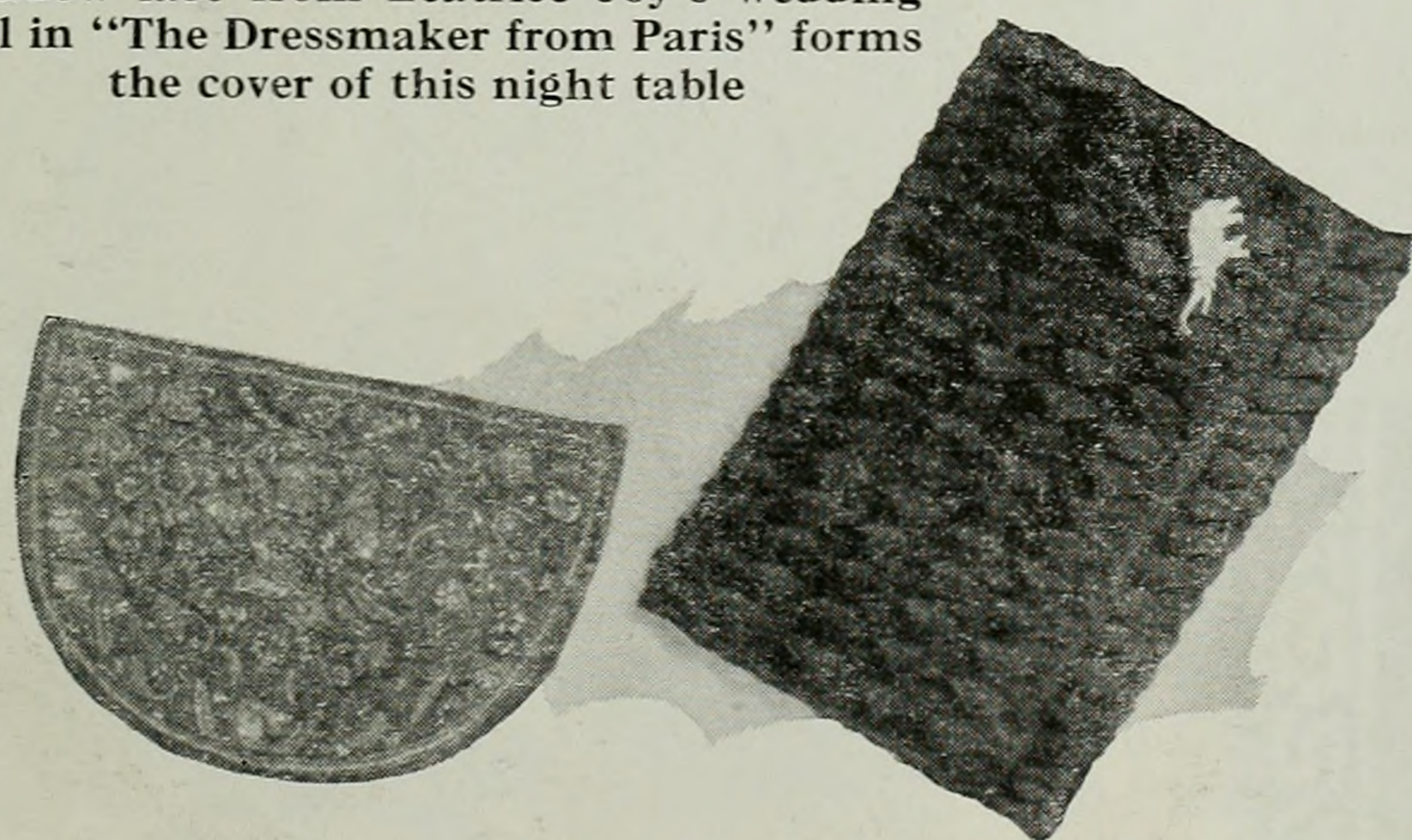


Mary Brian's scarf is two yards of chiffon edged with pearls from a Leatrice Joy headdress



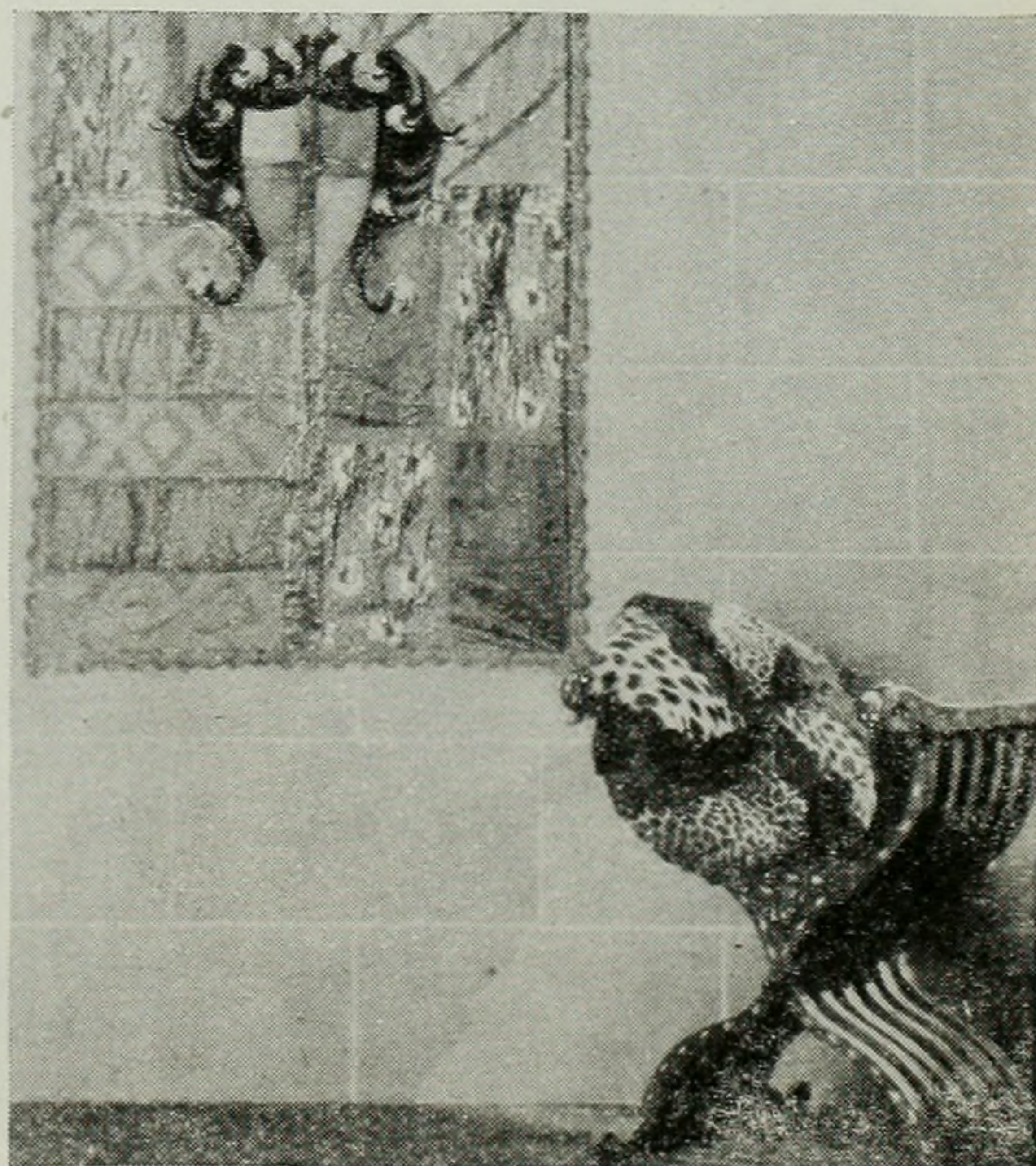
Shadow lace from Leatrice Joy's wedding veil in "The Dressmaker from Paris" forms the cover of this night table

**T**O make Mary Brian's headdress shown above: Cut a leaf pattern from heavy brown paper, trace it on buckram and cut out. Then cover with heavy metal cloth. Below: The gold brocade in the wall covering was worn by Greta Nissen.



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

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



A heraldic wall covering from the rag bag and pillows cut from old fur coats



# Some useful tips from the Paramount Studio's sewing circle



Josephine Dunn's parasol—an umbrella frame, enameled pin, and covered with one of Esther Ralston's costumes

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

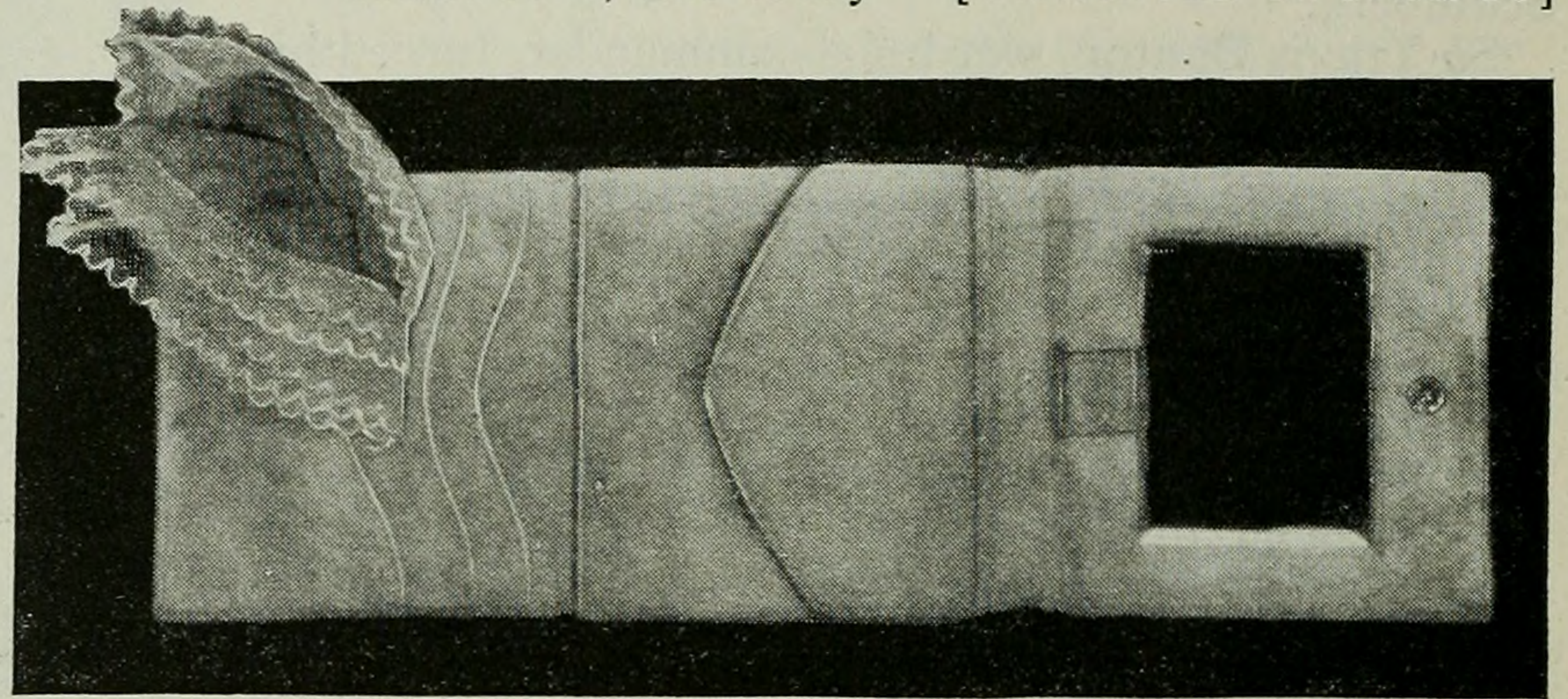
"Go ahead," was the order.

Alice dived into the old dress department.

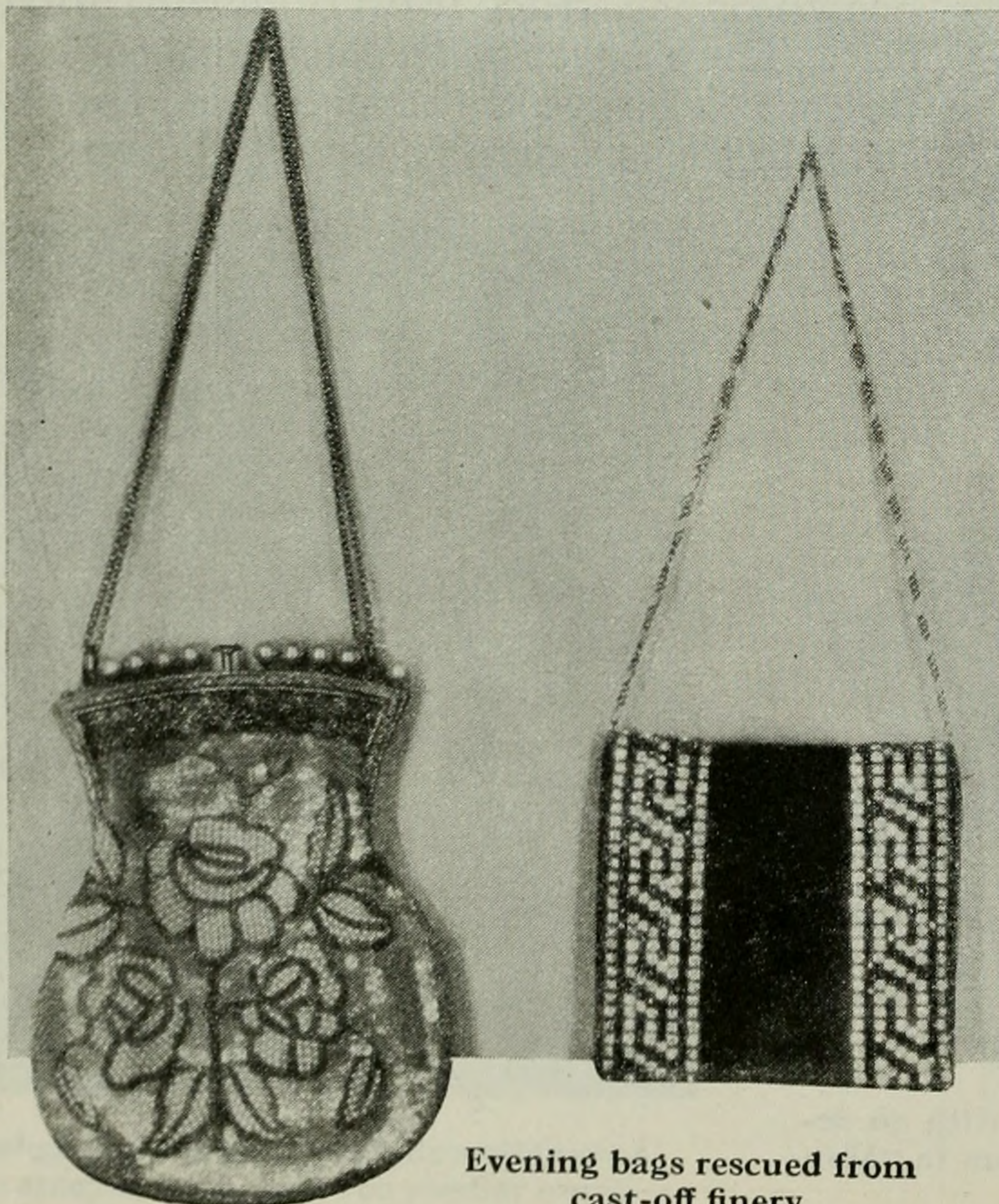
In this group are the gowns which were originally designed for the stars and feature players, then made for the "atmosphere" extras, and finally relegated as useless, but kept from the incinerator on general principles.

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

True, it took her several hours to glue the fine lace on the old framework, but today [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



The inside of black envelope bag shown on the preceding page. Even the chiffon handkerchief was made from a costume headed for the incinerator



Evening bags rescued from cast-off finery



Nita Naldi's gown in "The Ten Commandments" now is a fan for Shirley Dohrman





*W*HICH do you prefer, the pert, sharp prettiness of the flapper or the calm, modelled perfection of the classic beauty. Maria Corda, Europe's idea of the Eternal Feminine, is due to revive an interest in the classic type in her first American picture, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."



# Who's Who in the Hollywood

By  
de Bru

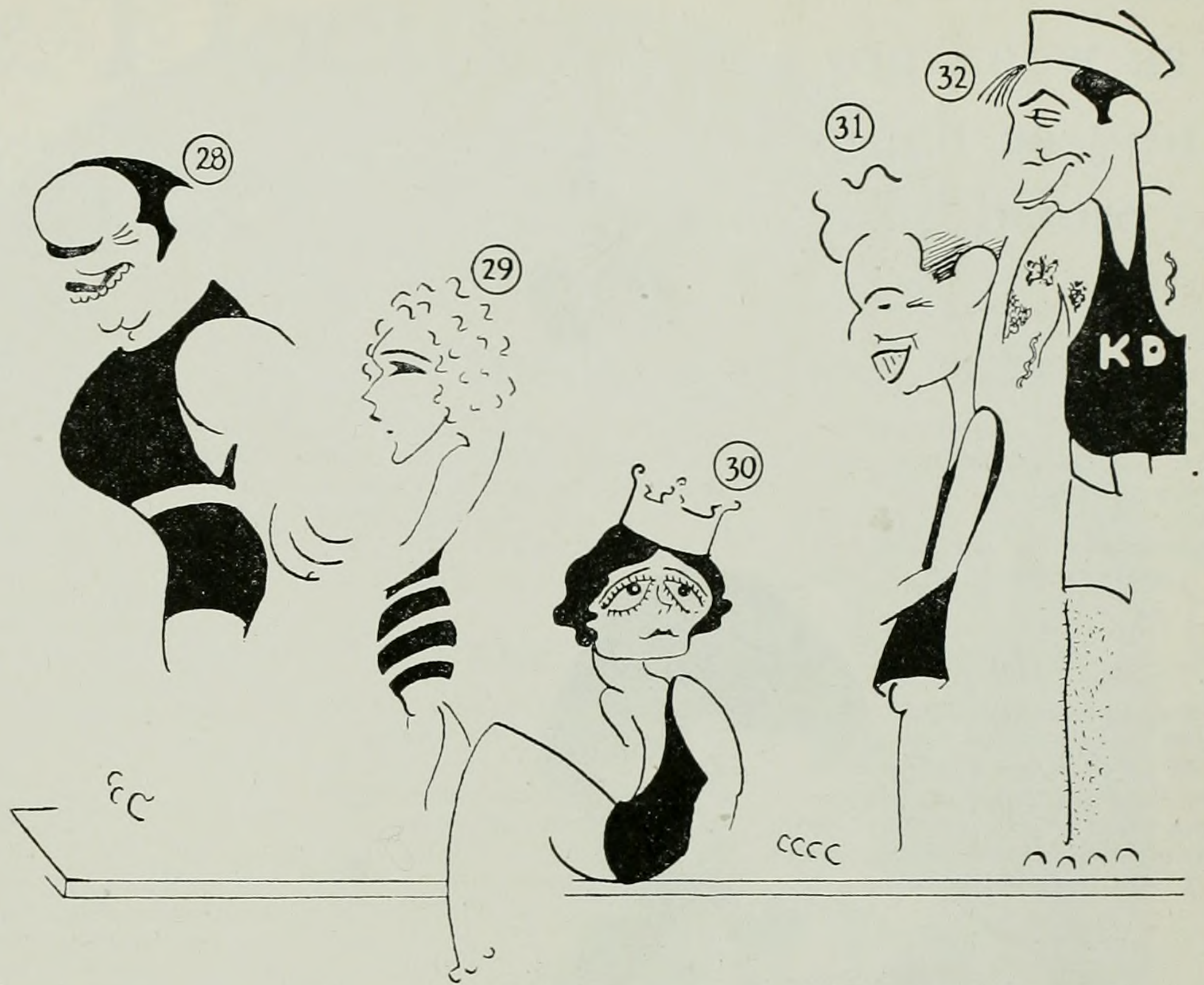
- |                       |                       |                          |                     |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 1—Victor McLaglen     | 17—Robert Frazer      | 33—Tom Mix               | 48—Gloria Swanson   |
|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





# Social Swim

More Sheiks than the Sahara. More bathing belles than a beauty parade. To be of the elite every day in Hollywood you have to be all wet in the Swimming Pool of the Hotel Ambassador



de  
**Orú**  
Holly  
Wood





Picture of a totally imaginary occurrence. Do you think the gallant lads of Hollywood would let Joan Crawford languish under the mistletoe? Or do you think they even need the encouragement of the little plant?



# When *the* Doctors Disagree

Read 'em and you know as much as you did before

## "DRESS PARADE"

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

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

"William Boyd, the star, does one of those imitations of William Haines that are sufficiently obvious to be called plagiaristic." *N. Y. Sun.*

"Hugh Allan plays Bill's rival and appears terribly conceited over the good looks that a munificent nature provided him with." *N. Y. American.*

## "TEA FOR THREE"

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

"Miss Pringle is a clever actress who has a calm, easy manner before the camera and she fits well into such rôles as 'Tea for Three.'" *N. Y. Graphic.*

## "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"

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

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

"George O'Brien, who shone so brightly in 'Sunrise,' has dimmed his star somewhat in the current offering." *N. Y. News.*

"Virginia Valli is not at her best in this picture... She does not screen well, and the part is not particularly suited to her talents." *N. Y. Graphic.*

## "THE HIGH SCHOOL HERO"

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

"This reviewer... laughed longer and harder during the first half of the fray than he has laughed since the days of 'The Navigator' or 'The Strong Man.'" *N. Y. Evening Sun.*

## "THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN"

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

"Jetta Goudal is prepossessing in the early scenes, but afterward she seems to be devoting too much thought to her appearance. There are moments when she looks quite pleased with herself." *N. Y. Times.*

## "THE CRYSTAL CUP"

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

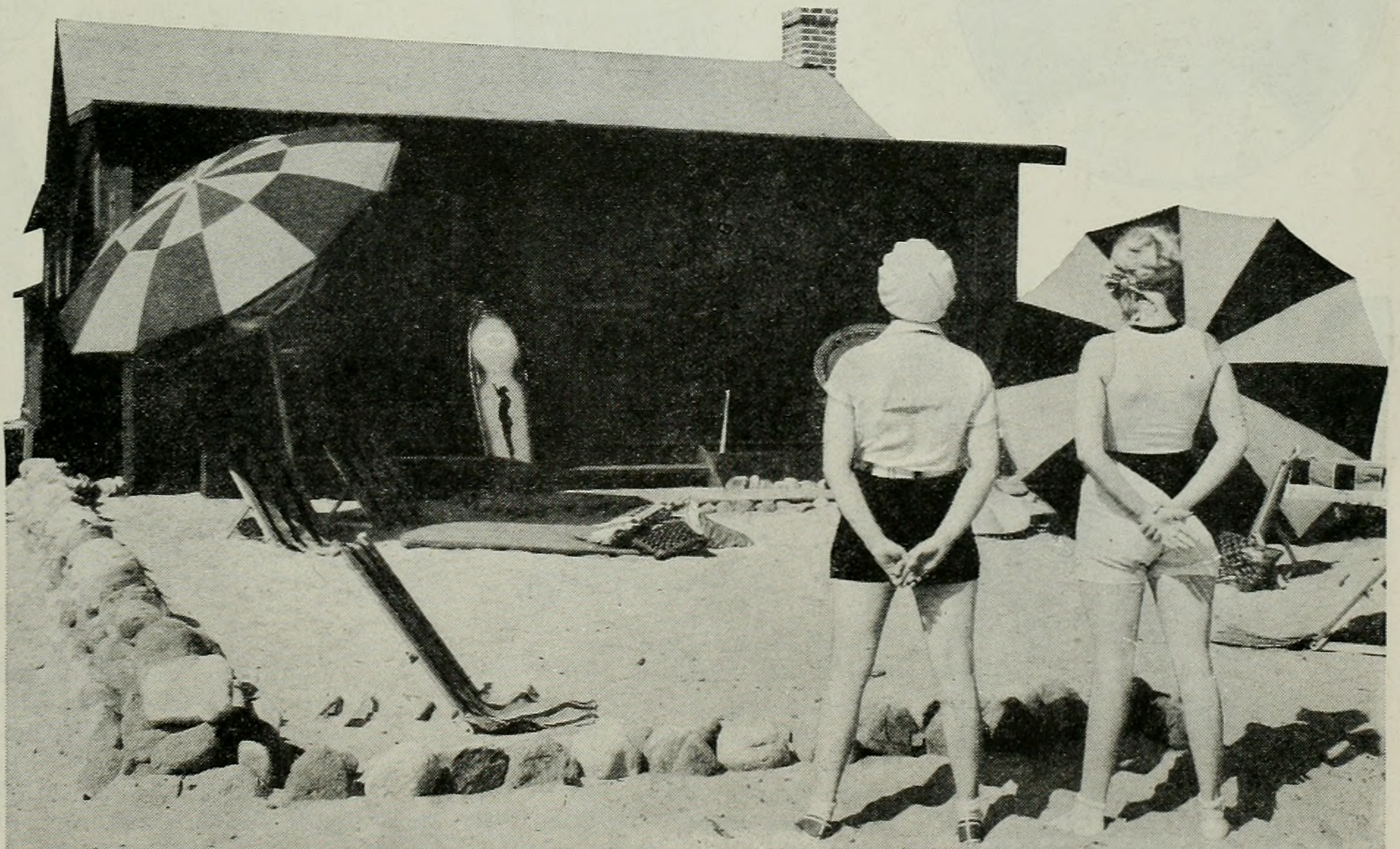
"This young actress (Dorothy Mackaill) can look beautiful or unattractive as the camera catches her at various times, but 'The Crystal Cup' is one of those films where she is shown to advantage and where her acting is on par with her appearance." *N. Y. Graphic.*

## "THE ANGEL OF BROADWAY"

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

"Lois Weber... has done a fine piece of work. It is an excellent picture, and though we are sent out with our lesson learned, we certainly relish it for its entertaining values." *N. Y. Morning World.*

When Marie Prevost selected a site for her beach cottage, she picked that section of the sands where first she romped as a bathing girl. Here are Marie and her girl-friend, Phyllis Haver, speculating on the vast benefits of the drama



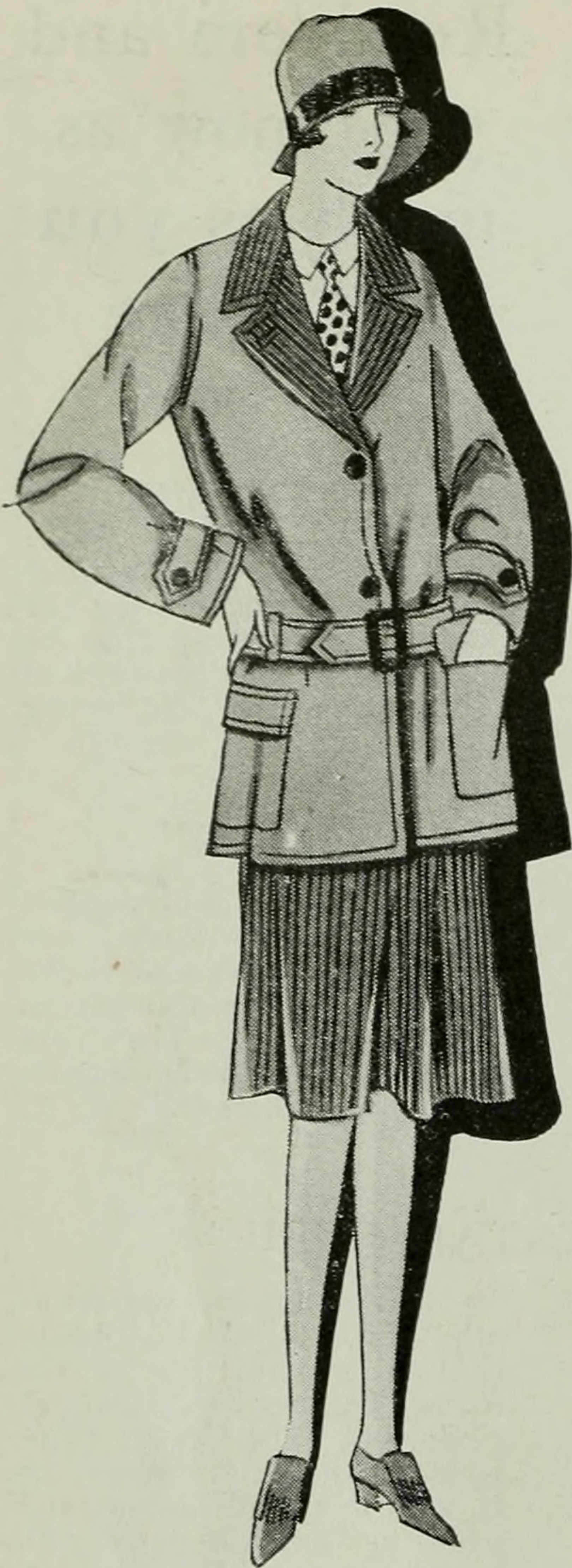


# Shop Through

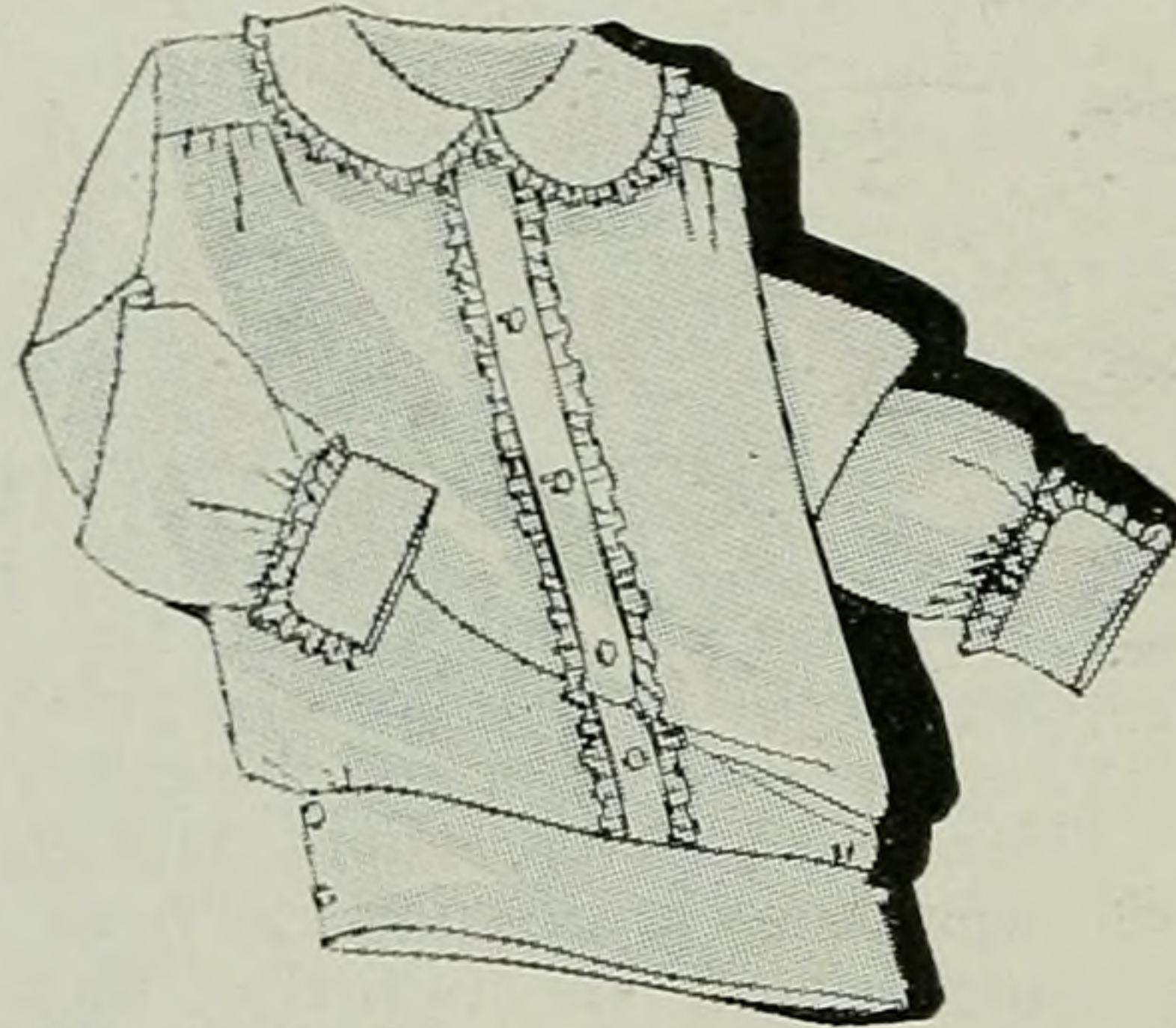
## How to

**T**HOUSANDS of women are delighted users of Photoplay's Shopping Service, which is at the disposal of every reader. It is simple to order.

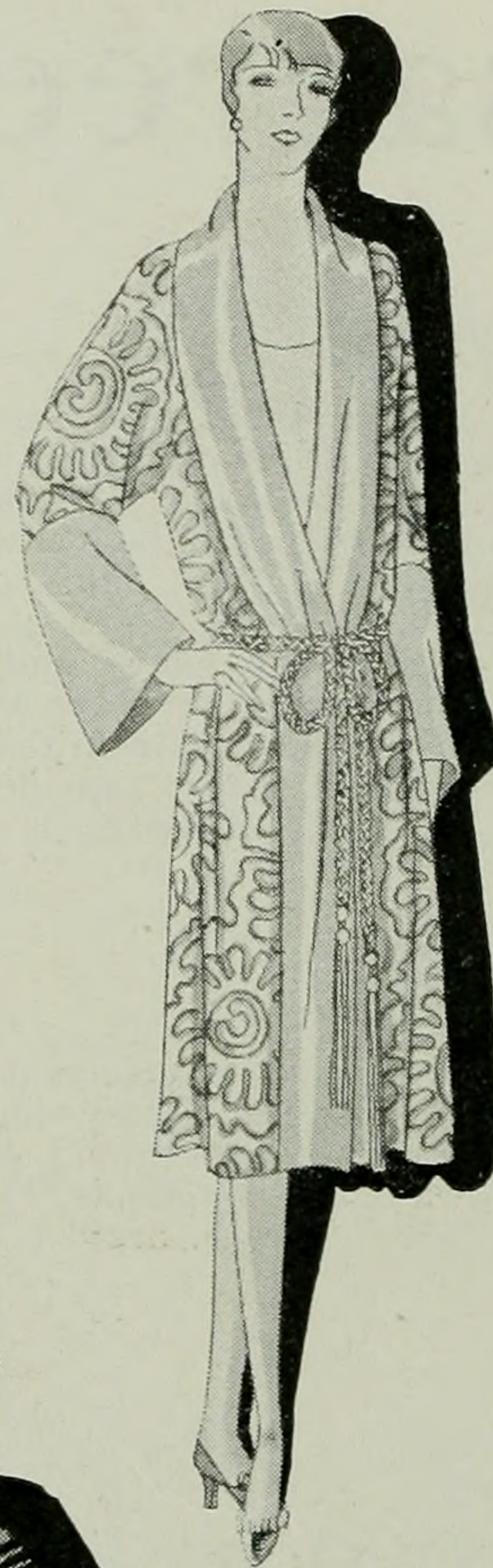
Any article may be returned if not entirely satisfied.



For winter sports the suit at left is ideal. The skirt is of corduroy and coat of Duro gloss leatherette faced with corduroy—the deep pockets add to its practicability. May be ordered in green, red, blue or black. Sizes 14 to 40. Price \$9.75



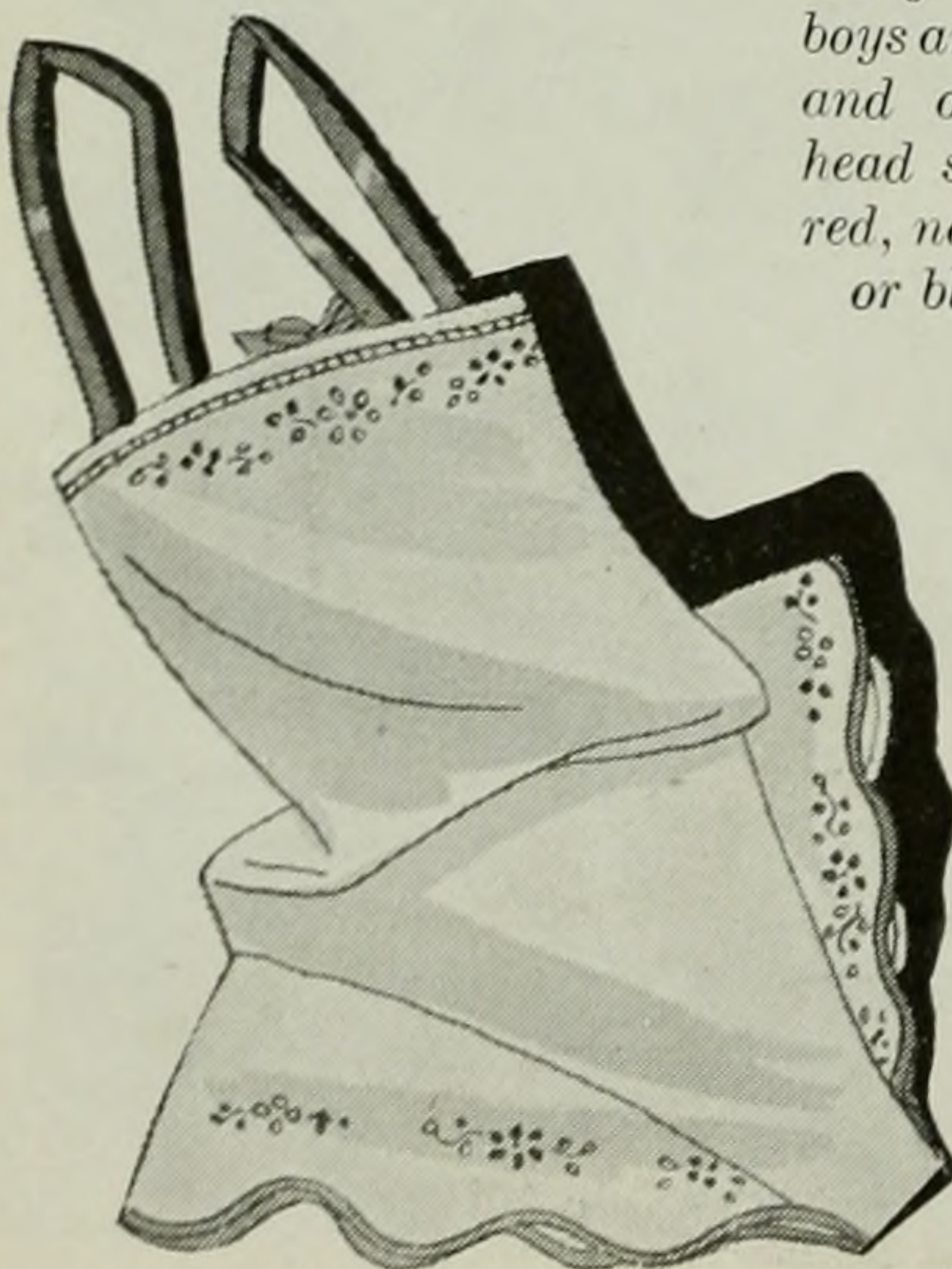
Above is the ever useful overblouse of white broadcloth trimmed with narrow frilling with either sports or Peter Pan collar. Nothing takes its place for sports, school or office. Sizes 34 to 42. Price \$2.00



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



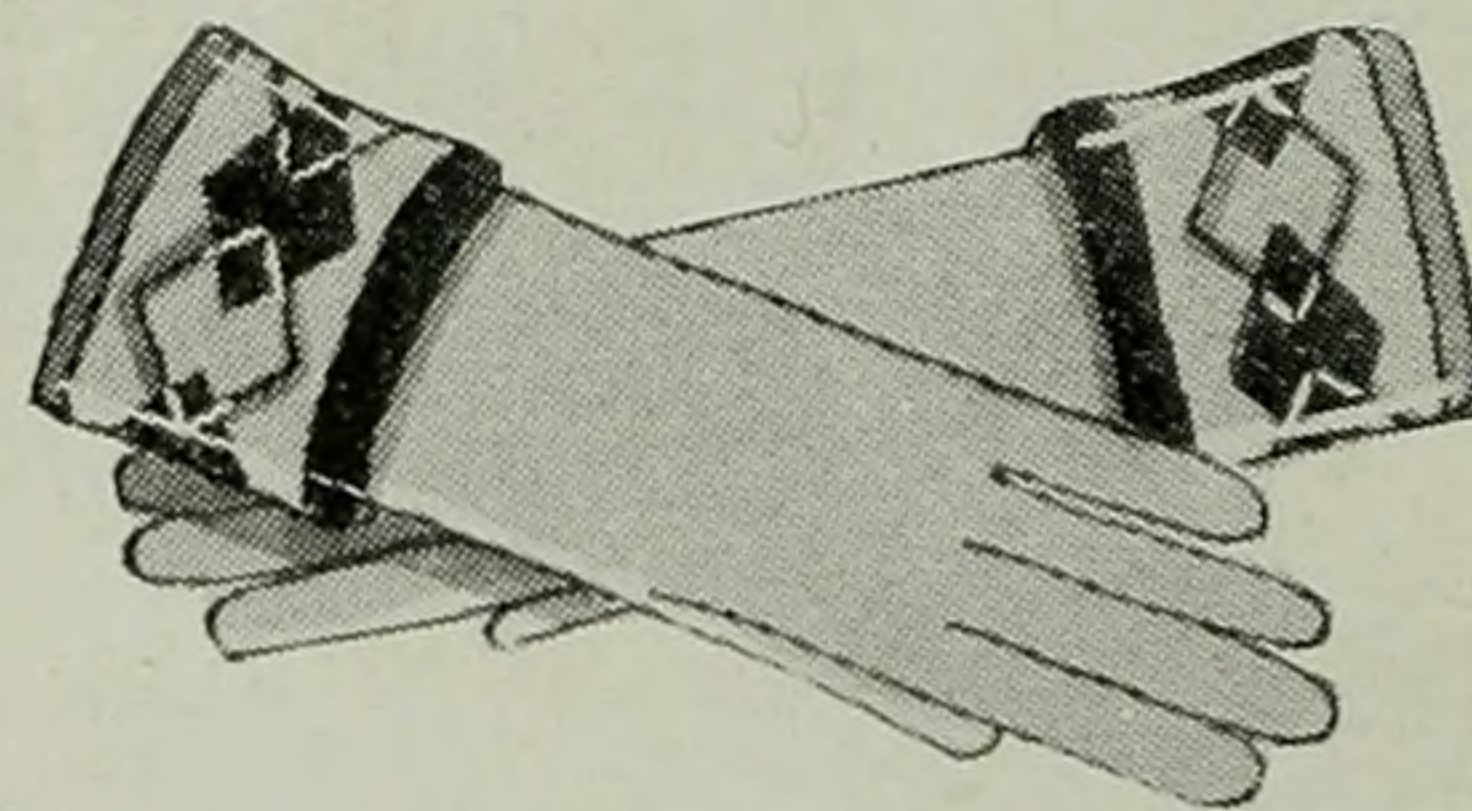
French Beret tam exceeds its popularity of last year and is being worn by both boys and girls, young and old. Fits all head sizes. In tan, red, navy blue, green or black. \$1.75



Crepe de chine teddy at left answers the demand for something new. Delightfully embroidered with French knots and bound with contrasting color. In flesh, peach or Nile. Sizes 34 to 38. Price \$2.75



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



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



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



# Photoplay

*Fifth Avenue Fashions  
for Limited Incomes*

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Send check or money order, together with size and color of article desired. Stamps will not be accepted. No articles will be sent C. O. D. Order direct from Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

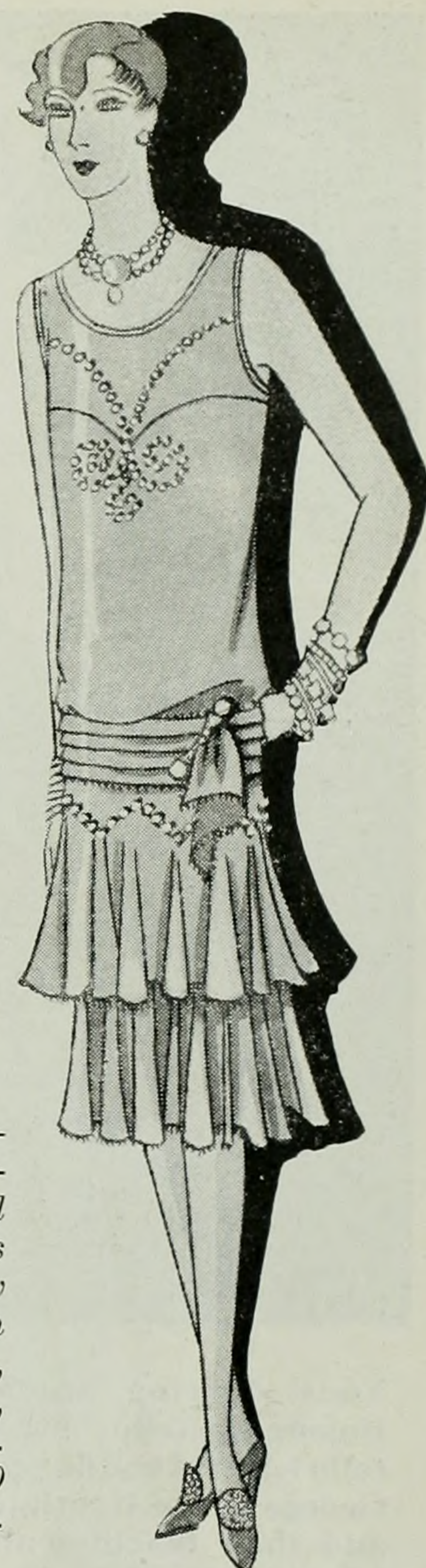
*At right a fascinating nightrobe of crepe de chine trimmed with creamy tinted lace. In flesh, peach, Nile or orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. At the unusual price of \$3.75*

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

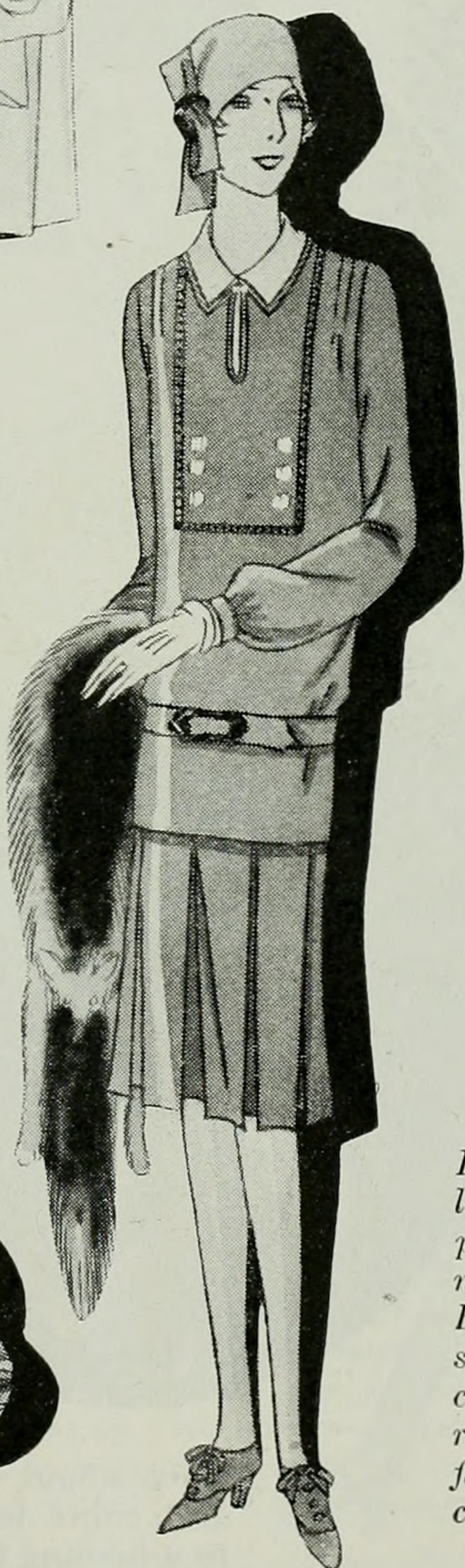
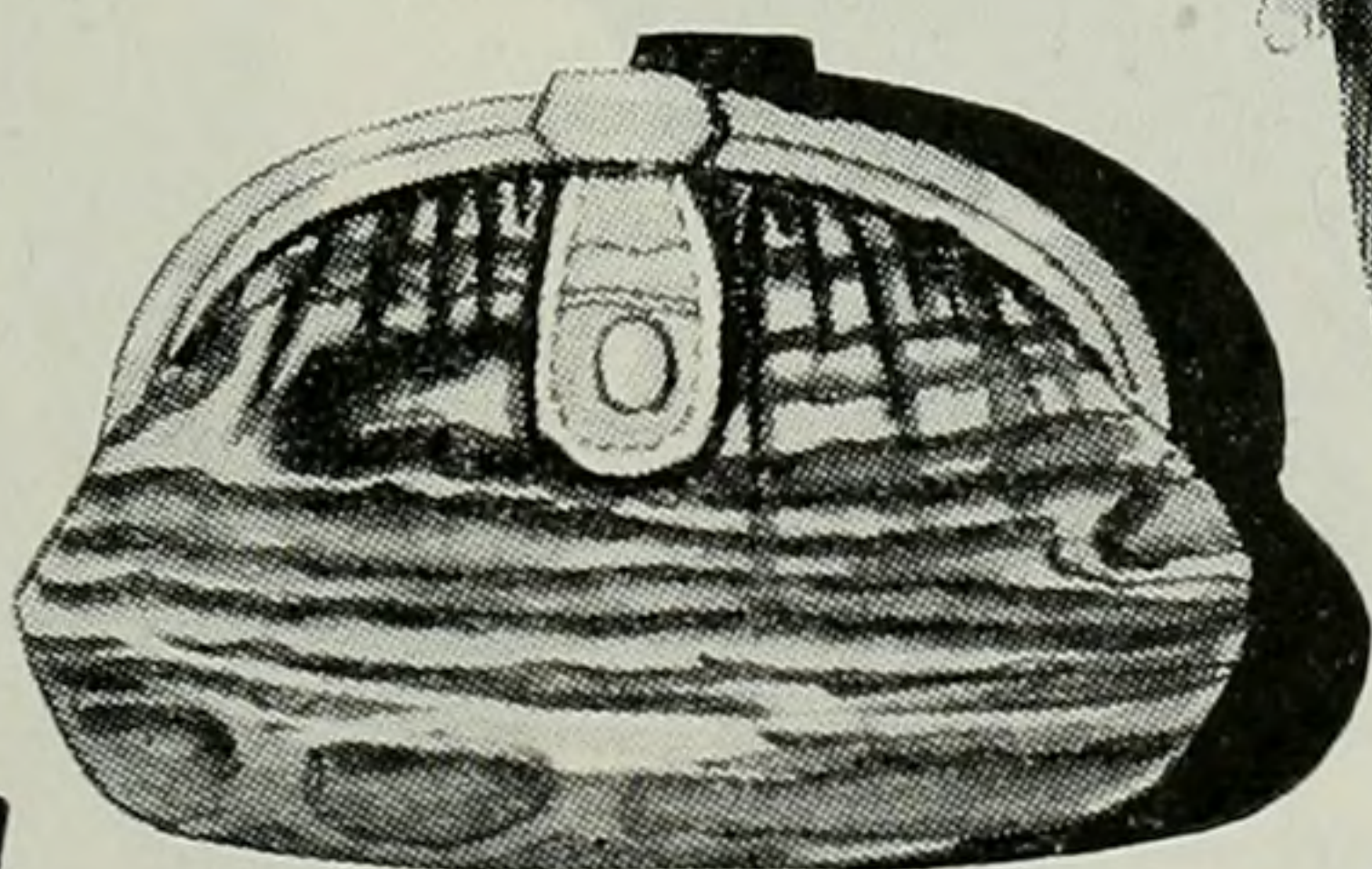


*For holiday parties the frock at right is so smart and so inexpensive — only \$15.75. It is discreetly trimmed with rhinestones and the skirt has two full circular flounces. Comes in black, cocoa, white or Nile. Sizes 16 to 40*

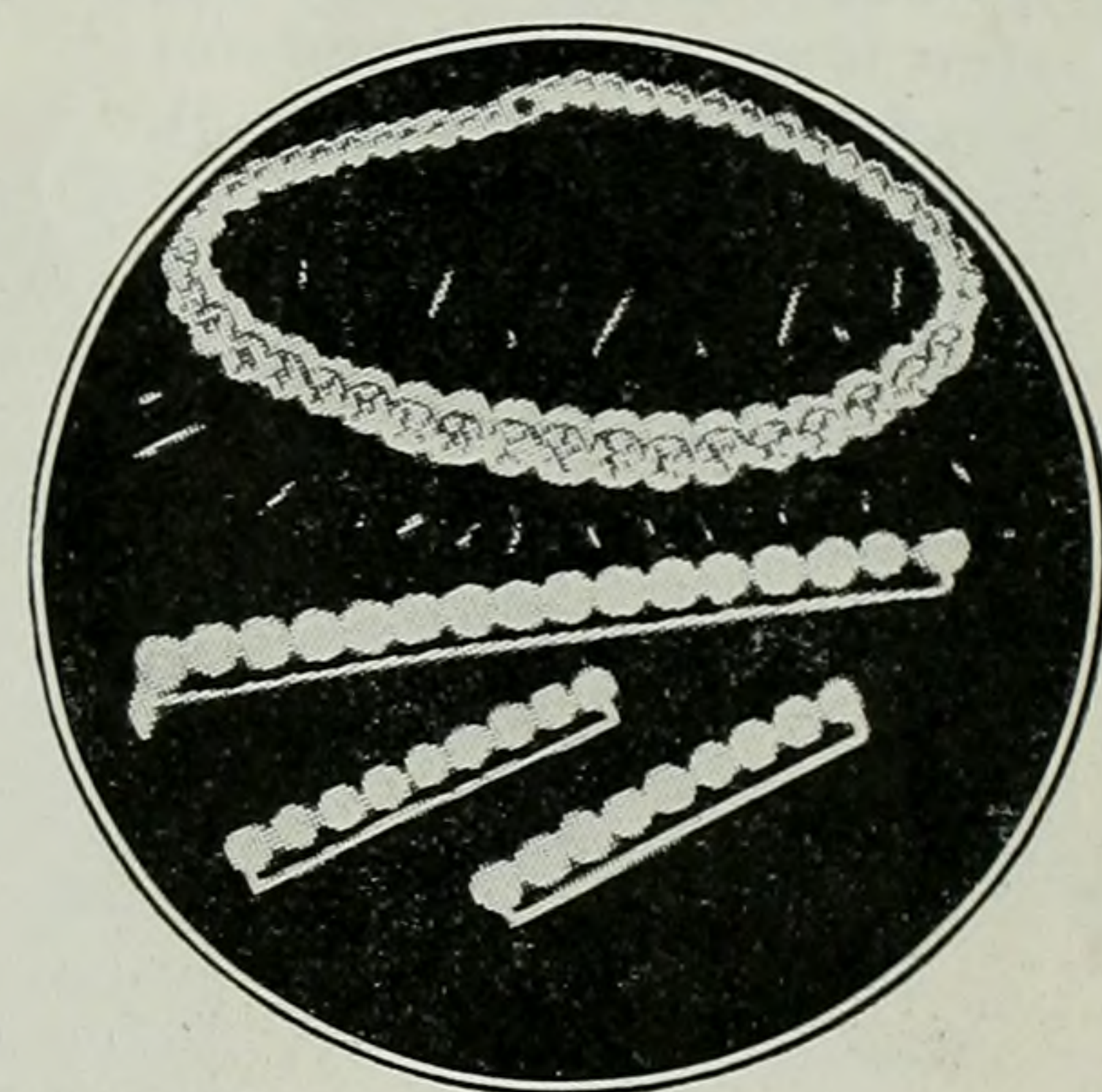
*Crepe de chine, always so good for informal wear, is used in the one piece dress at left in the new rose glow, Chin Chin blue, almond green, beige, navy blue, black or white. Misses sizes 14 to 20 — Women 34 to 40. Price \$9.75*



*Below is one of this season's most fashionable pocketbooks. May be ordered in either velvet or moire in black or brown with frame of simulated shell. Price \$3.50*

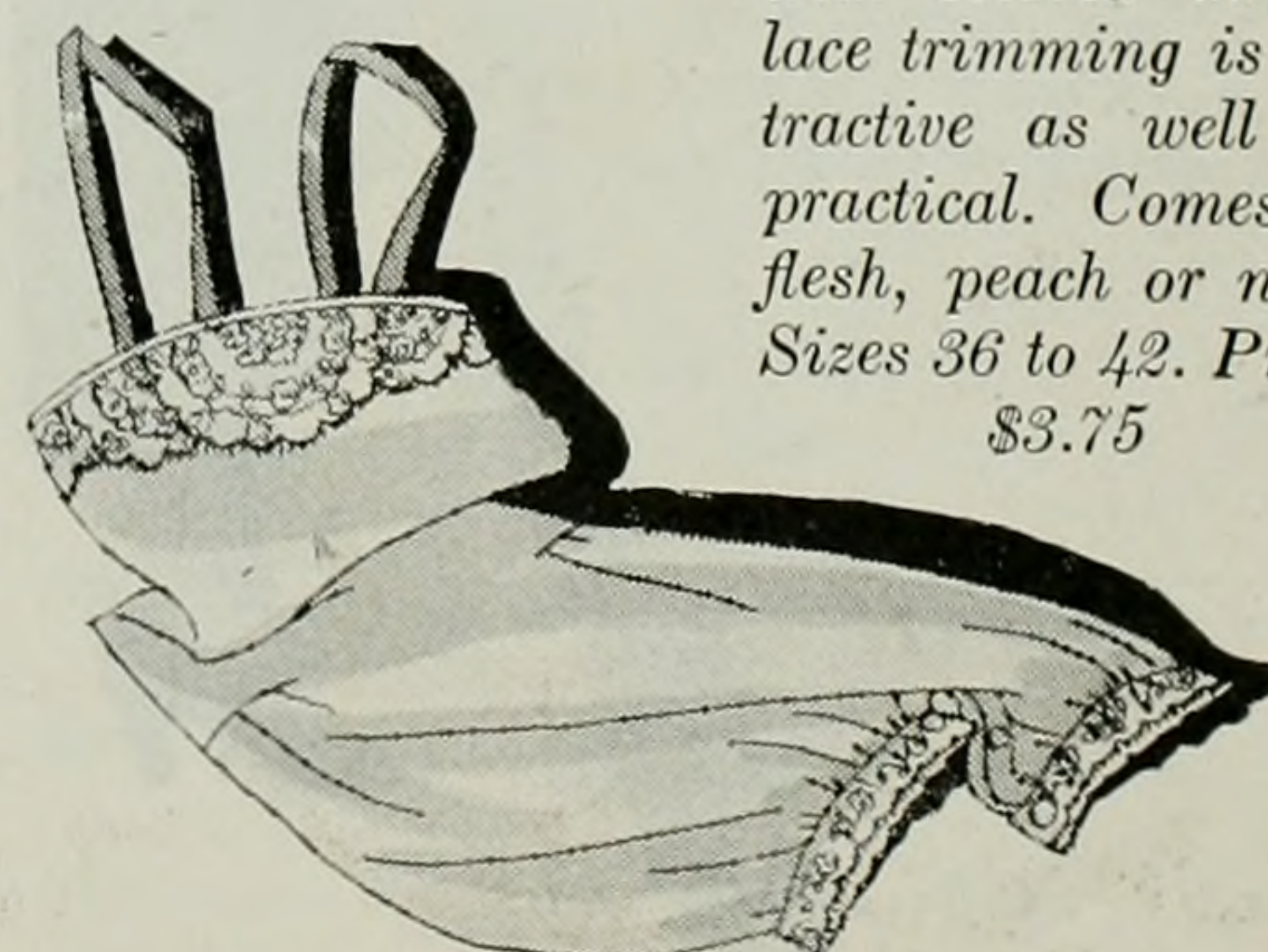


*In circle above the collar and cuff set of pearl pins will also fill other needs. Price 95c. Fashion decrees rhinestone jewelry—this choker necklace of rhinestones in silver finish setting is a charming requisite. Price \$2.95*



## Any Article May Be Returned

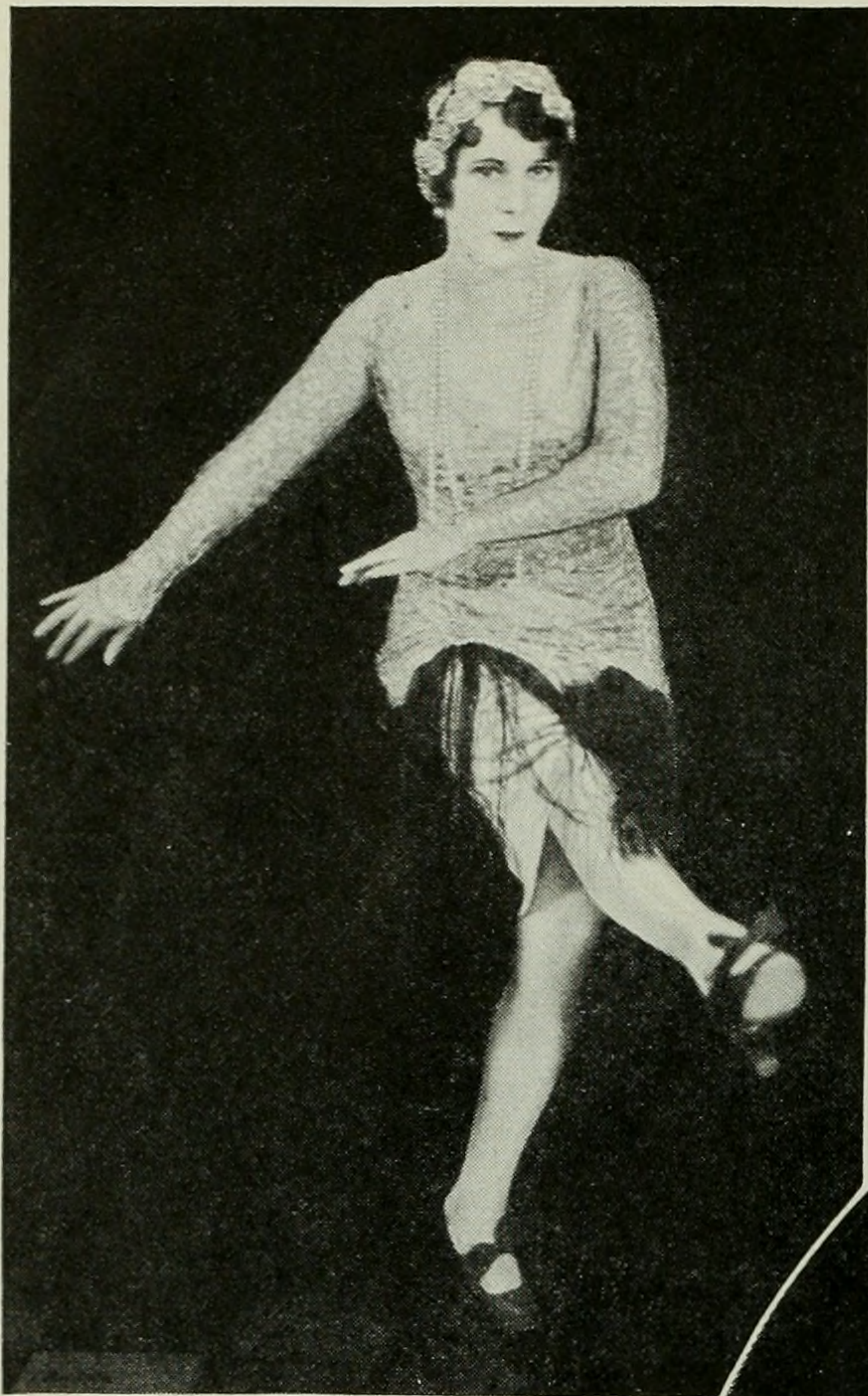
**I**F you are not satisfied with any purchase, return it and your money will be refunded immediately. Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.



*Bloomer combination of crepe de chine with colored thread lace trimming is attractive as well as practical. Comes in flesh, peach or Nile. Sizes 36 to 42. Price \$3.75*



# The New FIVE STEP



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



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



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

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



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

Take up the rugs and try Broadway's newest, fastest dance



# The Beautiful Henriette

## THE KING OF BELGIUM'S SISTER

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

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

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

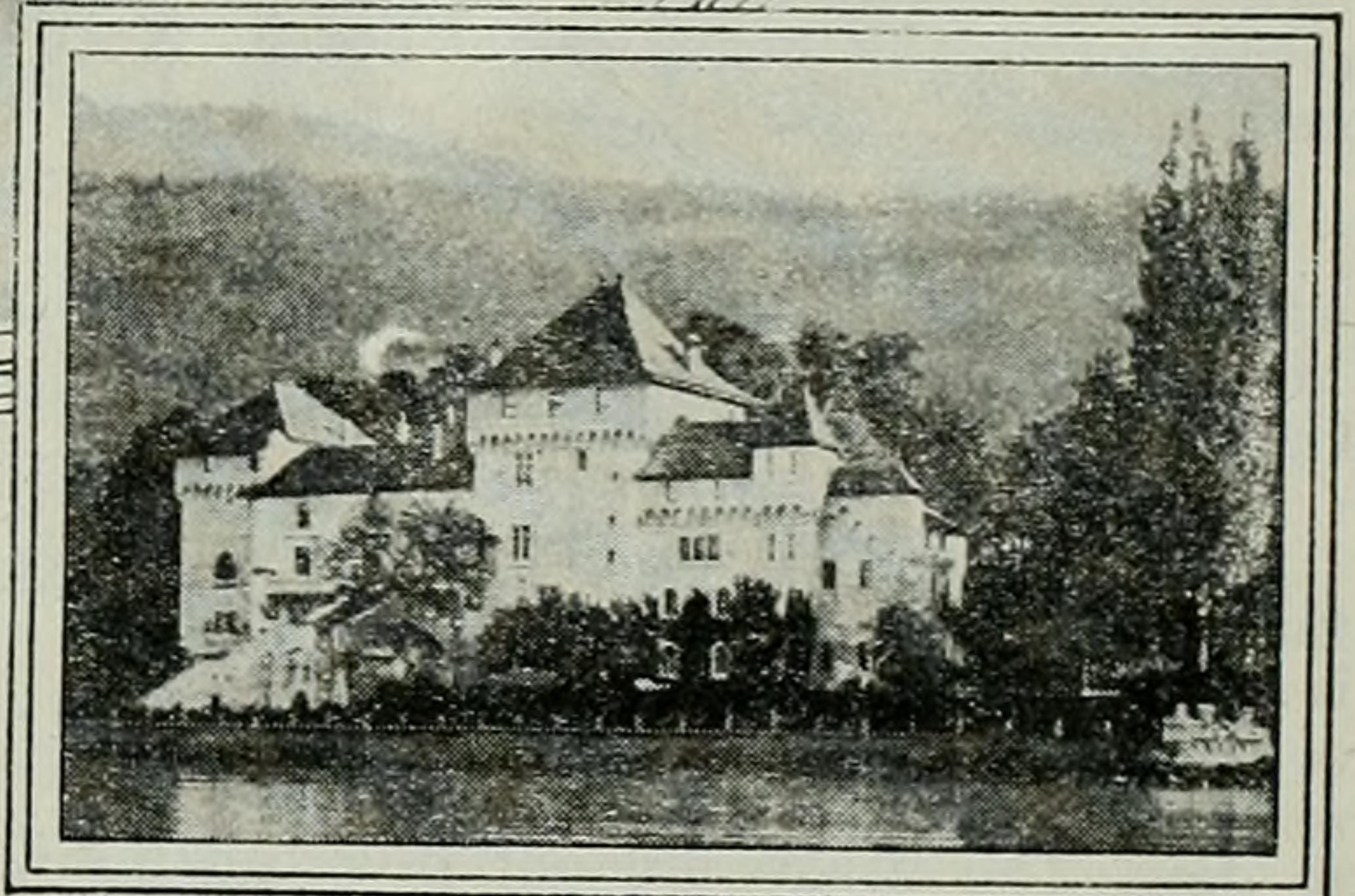
For your own skin apply Pond's Creams each day as follows:

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

For an exquisite radiance, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly after every daytime cleansing with the Cold Cream, always before you powder. It adds a glowing finish to your



*Her Royal Highness, the DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, born Princess Henriette of Belgium.*



*Chateau de Tourronde on Lake Geneva is one of five imposing homes maintained by the Duchesse de Vendôme.*

skin, takes your powder naturally and gives protection from winds, dust and soot.

### Two Delightful New Preparations by Pond's

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

remove every lingering trace of oil and dirt the Cream has brought to the surface.

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

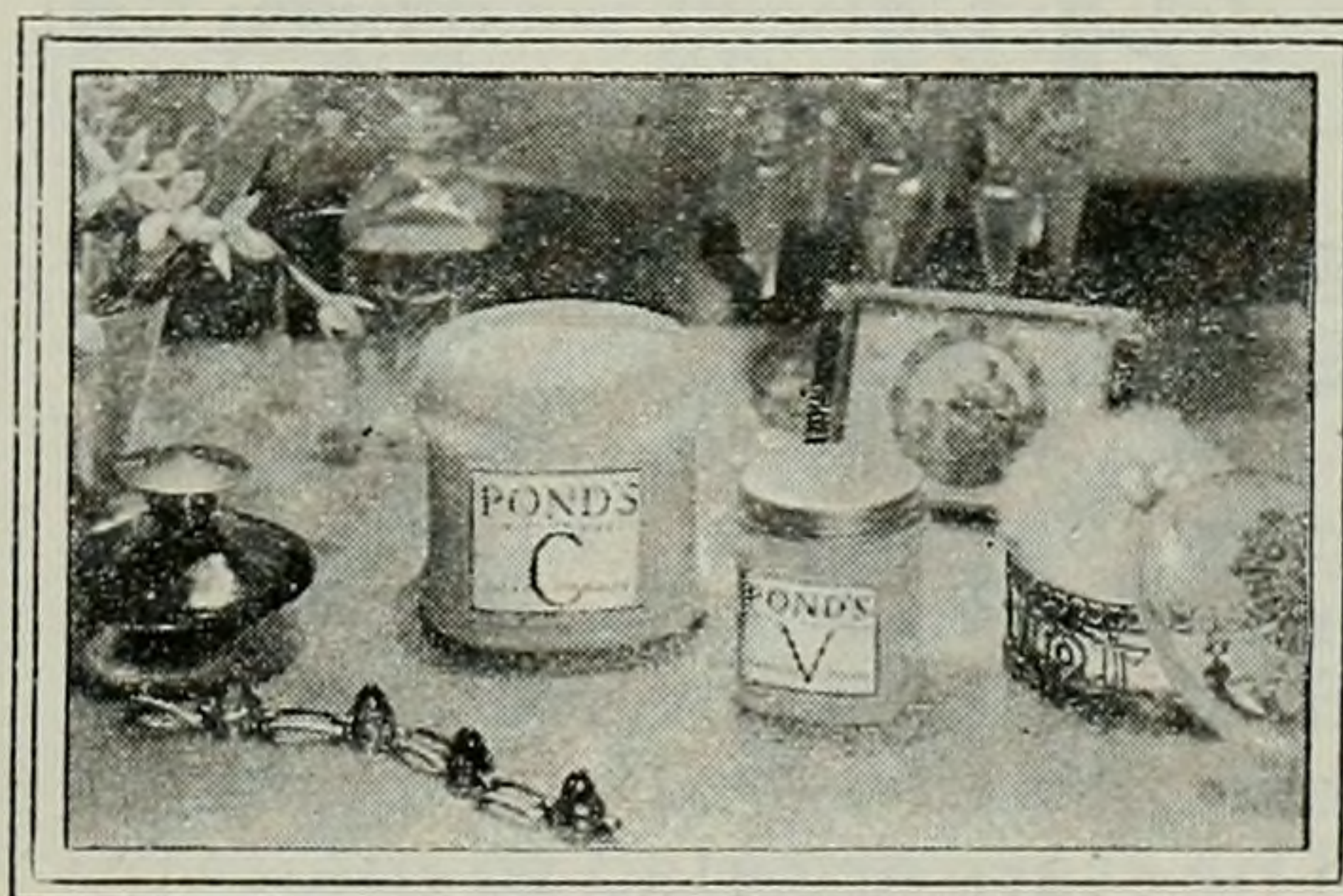
**New! 14¢ Offer:** Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14c) for tubes of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

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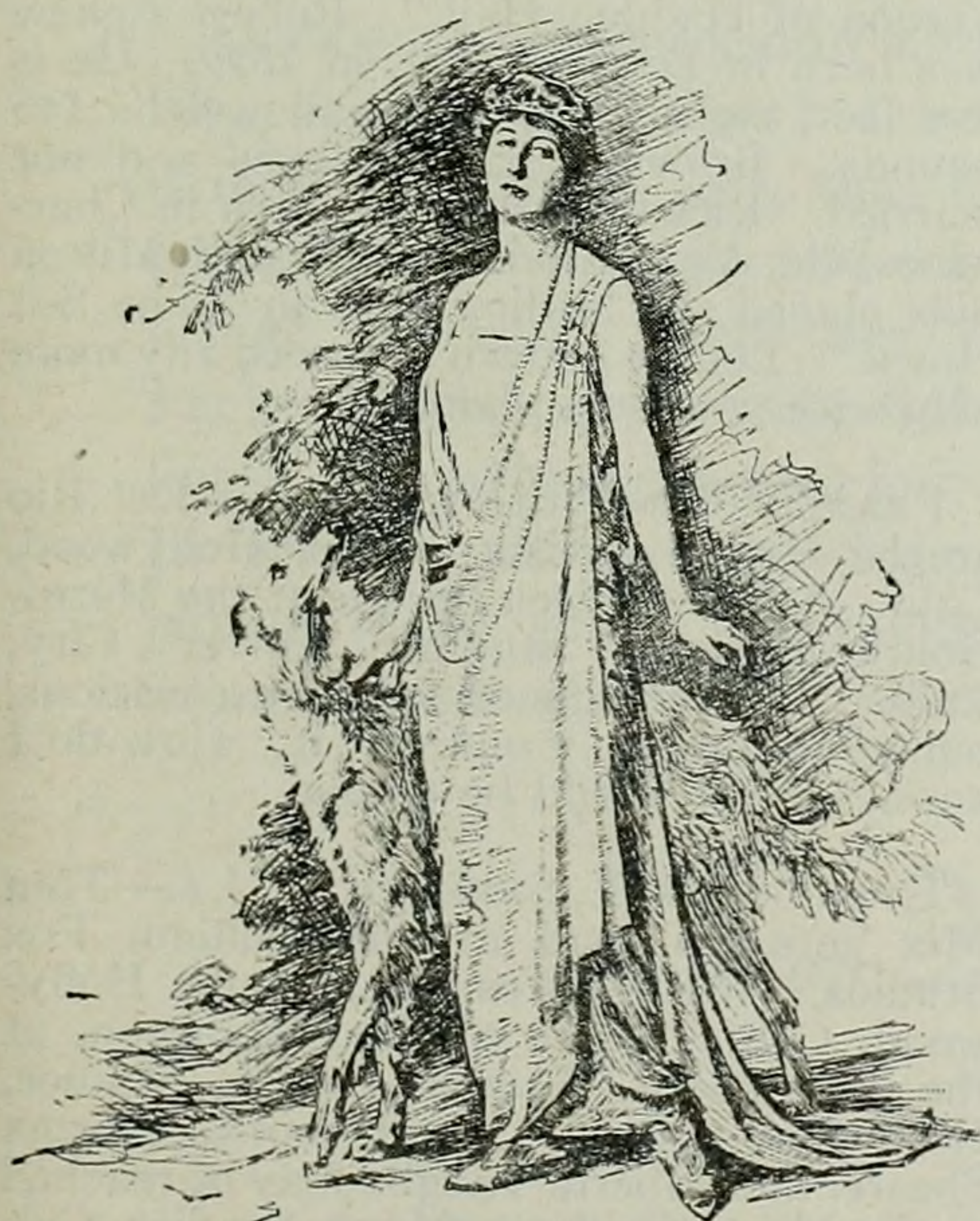
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*These Two fragrant Creams lend a special enchantment to beauty.*



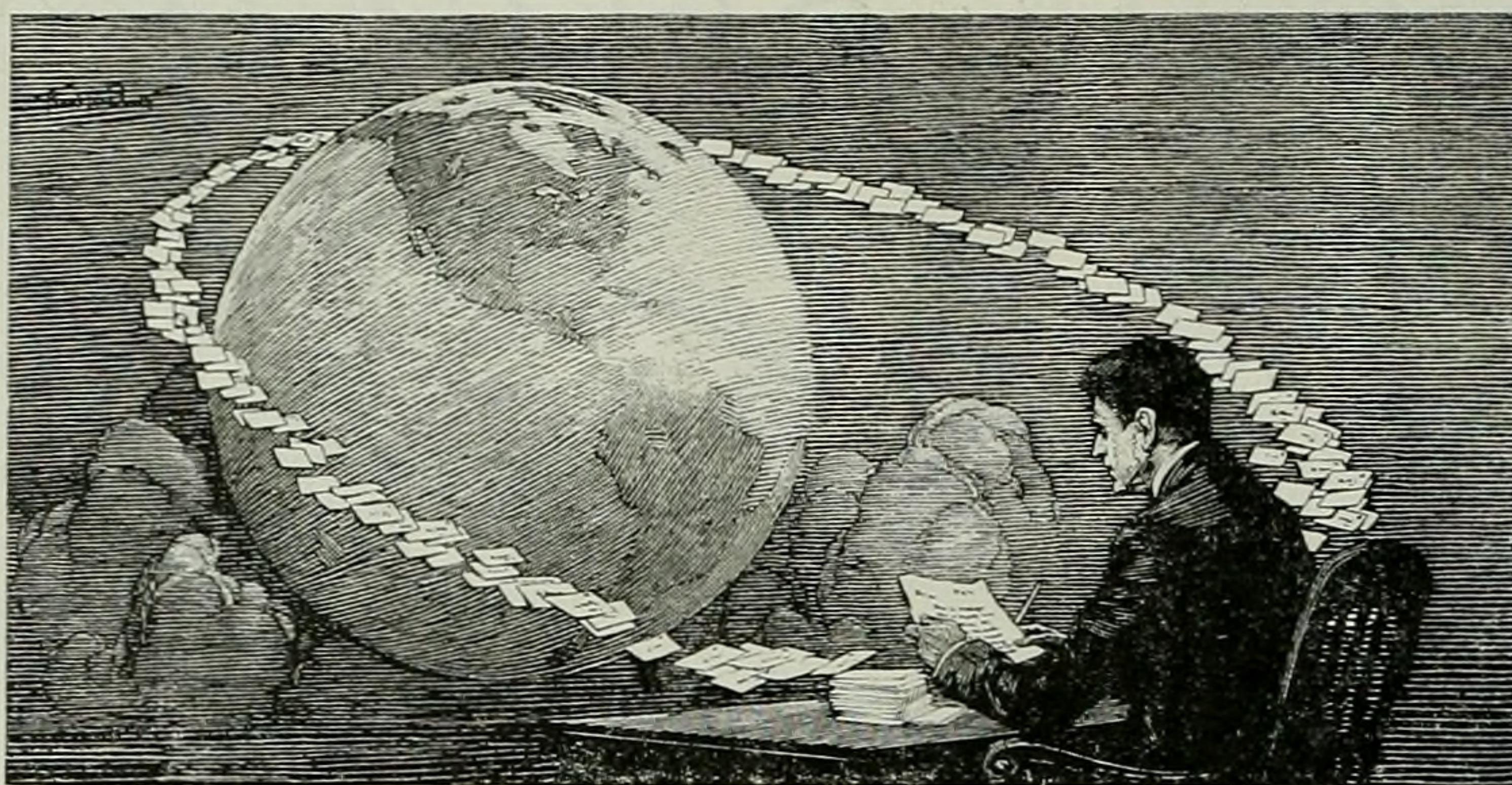
THE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME, sister of the King of the Belgians, is the wife of a Prince of the famous Maison de France. In her salon the aristocracy of Europe mingles with men and women who have won distinction in the field of arts and letters. The above portrait of Her Highness hangs in her Riviera home, Chateau de St. Michel at Cannes. The center photograph reflects the fair features characteristic of her family, the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.



# 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.

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

JEANNETTE C., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Joseph Striker played the Spanish boy in "The Cradle Snatchers." Striker also appeared in "The King of Kings," "A Harp in Hock," and "The Wise Wife." Patricia Avery played *Enid* in "Annie Laurie."

P. C., SOUTH BEND, IND.—Are you inclined to the occult and mystical? Your hand-writing tells me so. Victor McLaglen was born in London and he was a soldier before going into pictures. Also he was a rather formidable heavyweight boxer. Not married.

M. P., WINCHESTER, KY.—Tim McCoy was born on April 10, 1891. Write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. Can that be all you want to know?

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

FRENCHÉ, MADISON, WIS.—"Buster" Collier is appearing in vaudeville at present, doing a turn with his Pa who is William Collier, Sr. Buster was born in New York City. Your handwriting proclaims a kind nature. Is that true?

JUNE, DULUTH, MINN.—I didn't say that Mae Murray was thirty-four years old. If you'll look carefully, you will find that I said that Mae gave her birth-date as 1893. Think it over! Lois Moran is five feet, one and a half inches tall. Mary Brian is an even five feet. Louise Brooks is five feet, two inches. Colleen Moore is two inches taller than Louise and Dolores Costello is the same height as Colleen. Sally O'Neil is just as tall as Lois Moran.

E. L. S., UNION CITY, CONN.—Are you a little careless in keeping your appointments? My sharp eyes tell me so. Barry Norton played in "The Heart of Salome" and Robert Agnew was *Redfern*. Alberta Vaughn was born on June 27, 1908; Bebe Daniels on January 14, 1901, and Marie Prevost in 1898. Marie is separated from Kenneth Harlan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah.

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

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

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

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

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

SANDYL, LA JOLLA, CALIF.—The oddest name of the month. Very pretty, too. Bebe Daniels is five feet, five inches tall and Billie Dove is the same height. George K. Arthur is an inch taller.

BERNICE D., ROME, ILL.—Donald Reed played *Paul* in "Naughty but Nice." He's twenty-four years old.

M. S., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Mary Pickford, not Marion Davies, played in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He is five feet, eight inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes and not married. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Va. Enid Bennett and Milton Sills played the leading rôles in "The Sea Hawk." Let me know if you need any more help with your scrap-book.

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

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]





*Can you take off your hat...*

# and be your prettiest?

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

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

of consultation with physicians.

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, 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—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two shampoos are gently cleansing for *dry* hair; and so

quick and safe, you can use them on *oily* hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier*!

**Send 10c for Sample and Manual!**

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

## Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

OLIVE OIL      PINE TAR



**PACKER'S TAR SOAP**

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.

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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  
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To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address



# When Rudy Was A Boy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

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

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

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

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

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

**T**HIS strain of cruelty is in the authentic sheik. It is a trait which captures many women's imagination. They will deny it, of course. But secretly they love to dream that the man who loves them is a man whose passions are so uncontrollable that all who incur his displeasure are in danger of suffering for it, even they themselves.

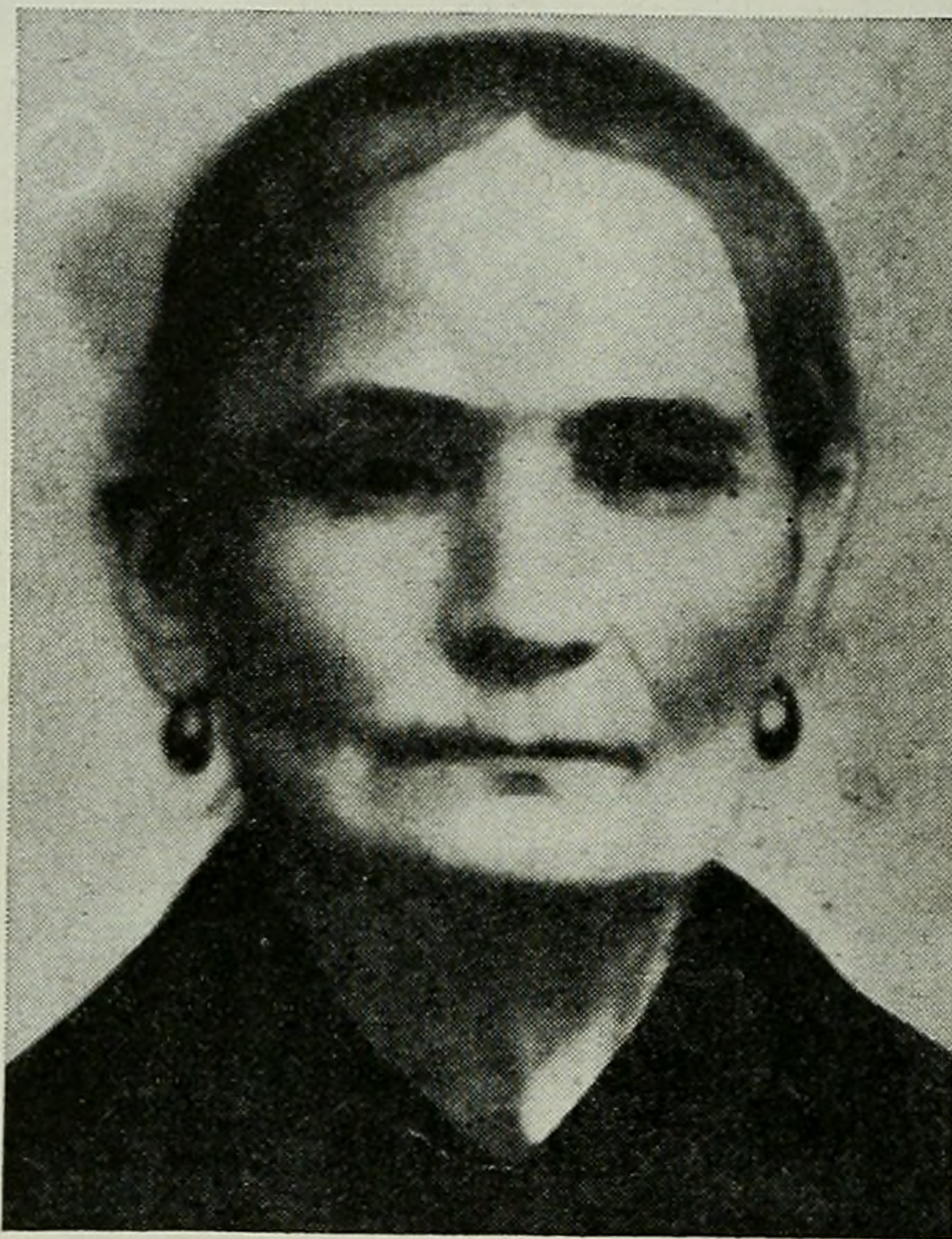
What else is the make-up of this sheik? Physical strength, of course. But not merely the prizefighter's brawn. The prizefighter is not supposed to have much discrimination in the selection of his sheba. Rather, what the woman craves is that sort of strength which we call vitality. This, physiologists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

duce energy, daring, and endurance far beyond the ordinary.

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

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

Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi, Rudolph Valentino's father, came of excellent family.



**Rosa, Valentino's babyhood nurse, who tells interesting tales of Rudy's childhood**

He was the son of a famous civil engineer who built some of the most difficult railroad bridges in south Italy. But some gypsy streak, whether in his blood or merely in his temperament, made Giovanni Guglielmi a wanderer. He came to Castellaneta with a circus. There he fell in love with Donna Gabriella Barbin, a school-teacher of French extraction and, it was said, of noble family. He settled down perforce and took up his trade of veterinary, which took him all over the region curing the peasants' donkeys or writing them their love letters. He was a "gran' signore," perhaps the most eloquent and learned man of the village.

But the gypsy streak got into his son Rodolfo, and with it restlessness, unruliness, defiance. The father punished with terrific severity. He would lock him without supper in a dark closet and listen unmoved to his passionate beating on the door. The legend of the father's severity still exists in Castellaneta. More than any other one fact, it explains what sort of boy Rudolph became.

This violent antipathy—relentless struggle between father and son—is a commonplace of early childhood. Modern

psychology has a name for it; it is the "Hamlet complex." And it is, the psychologists say, nothing less than an infantile form of jealousy—the boy's resentment of the fact that his father is the favored admirer of his mother. The child struggles against this, not fully realizing the cause of his emotion, but stubbornly refusing to acknowledge the humiliation of inferiority to his rival.

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

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

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

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

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

Candy was his boyhood passion. He could never get enough sweets. Perhaps this is to be explained by the fact that

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 118 ]



# Office heat... chilly street... sore throat!

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

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

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

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that

lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

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

## Gargle when you get home



*In the THROAT  
and nose more  
than*

**50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

**Watch your  
throat!**

**ITS NAME ALONE.**  
The name Listerine Tooth  
Paste is a guarantee that  
it is the best paste that  
scientific knowledge could  
achieve.

Large tube—25c

# L I S T E R I N E

*-the safe antiseptic*



# Personal and Household Knick-Knacks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

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

Shirley Dohrman won the honors in the picture shown.

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

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

A good idea for an old umbrella frame for any woman! The price of the tulle is

negligible in comparison to the original purchase cost of such a sun covering. And winter is a good time to make it in preparation for the summer season.

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

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

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

What these girls have done, any woman can do.

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

An old shoe buckle would have done as well.

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

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

## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

### LONESOME:

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

### JACKIE:

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

### PERPLEXED:

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

### META B.:

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

### STUMPED:

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



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

### MARY K.:

Use a lipstick very carefully upon your too thick lips. You can alter their shape, to all intents and purposes, by doing this. I cannot recommend any apparatus for shaping the mouth.

### MITZI:

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

### D. B.:

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

### BROKEN HEARTED NAN:

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

### NONA:

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

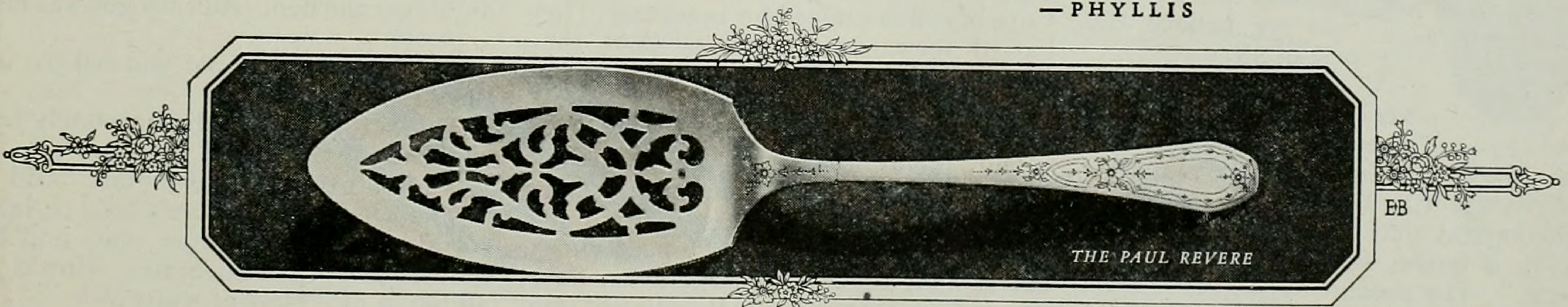


# COMMUNITY PLATE



*"... My dear! It's a silver gift to dream about—the Community Plate you gave me!.. If Paul Revere could see the pattern named after him he'd stage another midnight ride . . . he'd just HAVE to tell the neighbors about it!"*

— PHYLLIS



THE PAUL REVERE

© 1927 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

This new, Early-American pattern of Community Plate is on radiant display at your jeweler's NOW

A service for six in the PAUL REVERE design costs \$35.25 · ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED



# What Killed Francis X. Bushman?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

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

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

This time I did interrupt the silence. "Then what would be your advice to young men like Richard Dix, John Gilbert—"

"NOT to marry!" He flashed out his answer without a second's hesitation. "While they are at the height of their popularity, while the whole world loves them, they should not marry."

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

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

"What about love affairs?" I queried.

"That is different! Girls and women of today do not hold love against a man. They expect it. In a way it adds to their hero's glory. Girls of today even hope that they may be among the ones to receive such affection. Why, I get hundreds of letters from women anxious for just such an experience. That is where

the world has changed since I was a hero. The boys of today have it on me there. Ten years ago gossip hurt; today it helps. But marriage— No! Never."

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

He did smile for a moment.

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

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

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

"I thought, of course, Beverly was going with me. Then just a few nights before I left we were at a party. Someone said, 'Bush, is Beverly going with you?' and I answered, 'Yes.' Then she answered 'No.' She said, 'Italy stinks and is dirty. Why should I take Richard out of kindergarten here—' So I sailed without her."

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

"We were on the boat coming into New York. At a celebration breakfast. We were laughing and joking, eating and drinking, when about forty reporters and cameramen boarded the ship. We were all so pleased because 'Ben-Hur' was receiving so much attention. Then I noticed

they were swarming toward me. I felt so very proud. I had staged a comeback—"

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

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

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

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

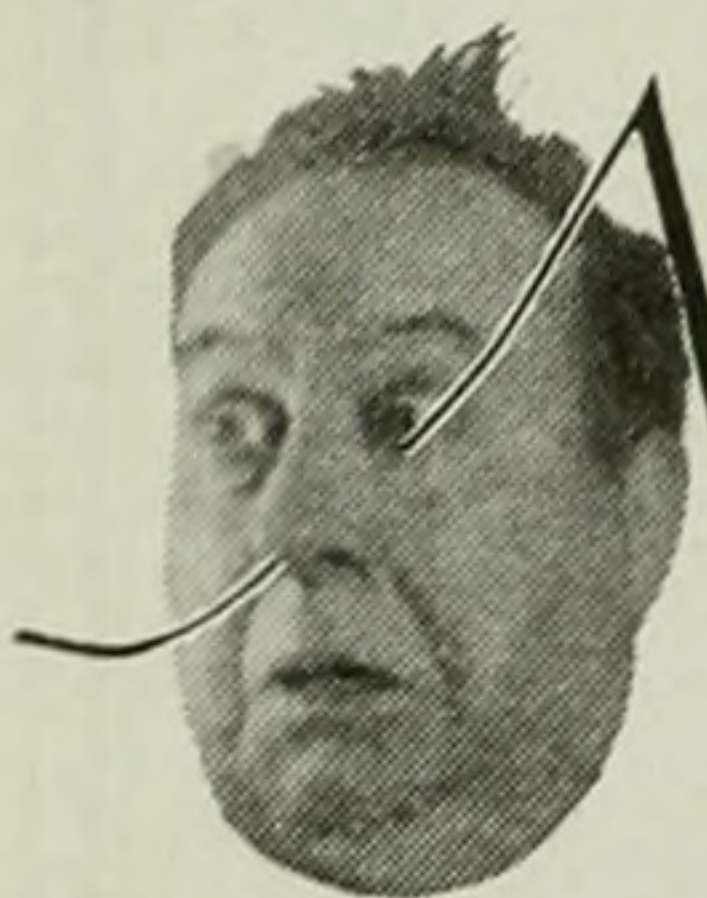
"Do you still love Beverly, Mr. Bushman?" I breathed the question.

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

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

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

## Why Mack Swain Entered the Movies



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

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

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

Mack, as boss, decided the troupe could

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

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

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

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

The hen disappeared somewhere into the eastern horizon.

The actors trailed disconsolately back to the ranch house.

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

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





# LENORE ULRIC

“I always  
choose the  
Lucky  
Strike”

*Lenore Ulric*



# “It's toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



# Winners of \$5,000 Contest

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

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

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

**R**UTH CURRY, 4006 Main Street, Kansas City, Missouri, awarded second prize of \$1,000, has submitted solutions in all four of PHOTOPLAY's contests.

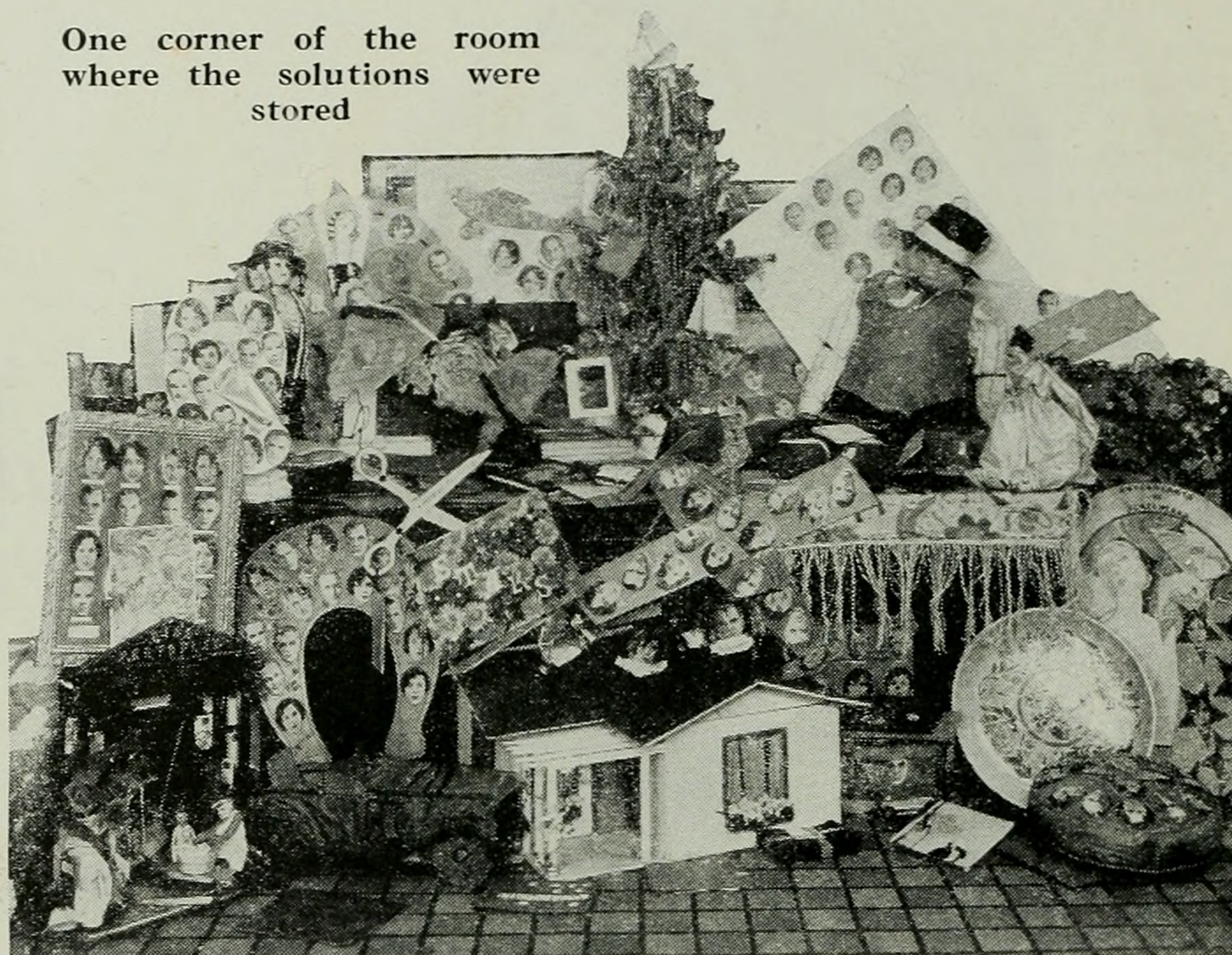
"As for using the prize money," she writes PHOTOPLAY, "if my butterfly wings its way into the 'Big Five' group, then the whole prize goes into my savings account, for it sadly needs encouraging."

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

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

"My ambition is to be an author—I

One corner of the room where the solutions were stored



mean a writer of good books—and if I win a prize I will use the money to further my education along that line."

And then she asks: "Will you allow me to try again next year?"

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

Emil Paulson, 335 East Colfax St.,

Denver, Colo., awarded fourth prize of \$250, informs PHOTOPLAY he has always desired to further his education in art, and plans to use his prize money for that purpose.

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

## Additional Cut Picture Puzzle Contest Winners

### FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

F. W. DUNBAR  
2739 Girard Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.  
MAY HEWITT  
Apopka, Florida  
MARIE MORGAN  
733 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.  
ALICE GELZINIS  
14 Vinton Street, South Boston, Mass.  
RUSSELL THOMPSON  
526 Clifton Road, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.  
BESSIE F. CONNERS  
176 Lafayette Street, Salem, Mass.  
ALICE SHOOK  
2451 24th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.  
MRS. D. P. HARRIS, JR.  
318 West Broadway, Fort Worth, Texas  
ANNA GARR  
409 North Union St., Kokomo, Indiana  
EDWARD F. BLACK  
400 Maine Street, Quincy, Illinois  
MARIE J. BOGNER  
2934 Euclid Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana  
MRS. VIDA L. HANNAFORD  
18 Lewis Place, Lynn, Mass.  
MRS. PAT CORBETT  
421 Union Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.  
MRS. HARRIET E. FERGUSON  
3330 West Franklin St., Richmond, Va.  
MRS. NELSON PRICE  
"Benecia," Old Wharf Ave., Wraysbury, Bucks, England

MRS. F. H. FLANAGAN  
P. O. Box 742, Dallas, Texas

JOY PALMERTON  
2930 21st Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

RUTH SWEARINGEN  
1421 East Sixth Ave., Topeka, Kansas

HELENE SPEAKER  
1812 Fairfield Ave., Fort Wayne, Indiana

EVELYN L. SVEDEMAN  
336 Savin Hill Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

### TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

FLORENCE M. LEWIS  
320 Rosedale St., Rochester, N. Y.

MISS GERTRUDE MCGUINNESS  
McLean Hospital, Waverley, Mass.

ANDRE LAMKIN  
4125 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

ANNA V. NORMAN  
6157 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CHESTER B. WESTOVER  
35 E. Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. S. T. ISETT  
Llanerch, Pennsylvania

MISS JOYCE MOORE  
4337 West 48th St., Cleveland, Ohio

DANIEL C. REID  
14 W. Packer St., North Woodbury, N. J.

PEARL CONERY  
23 Cottage St., Jersey City, N. J.

H. F. MONROE, JR.  
210 S. Peterson Ave., Louisville, Ky.

CATHERINE PERRY  
3325 Memorial Ave., Lynchburg, Va.

MABEL M. JOHNSON  
43 Maple Ave., Ballston Spa, N. Y.

ELSA B. HOFFELD  
1356 Lexington Road, Louisville, Ky.

MERRILL DEMARIS  
34 Pierce St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

MARGARET EMBLETON  
316 University St., Salt Lake City, Utah

GRACE V. TROTTER  
4232 Edmondson Ave., Dallas, Texas

MRS. O. P. STITES  
Slocums, Rhode Island

MRS. ELIZABETH T. O'BRIEN  
1230 Jefferson St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

JEAN PAT BELT  
Route 1, Midway, Kentucky

CATHERINE MEERS  
1300 West 73rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. C. W. MYROSE  
Route 2, Pleasantville, N. J.

MRS. DAN ALLEN  
Box 605, Livingston, Montana

MISS SIMONE ARCHAMBAULT  
4291 Chambord, Montreal, Canada

CHARLES P. AMENT  
57 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

KATY ZAHN  
50 Wilson Street, Newark, Ohio



# Wild Hours of WAITING

*Then by wire came something  
that explained all!*

## A Real-Life Story

by ELINOR BRADFORD

**W**HEN Bob said six o'clock he usually meant 5:53, but the little clock on Jane's dressing table had ticked its way to 6:22, and he hadn't kept his promise to telephone. . . . They would be late for that dinner appointment. . . . and the theatre. . . . *Why didn't he call?*

It was a very vexed Jane who telephoned Bob's office. . . and his bachelor quarters. No answer! Had he forgotten? Perhaps (horrible thought!) he had even gone out with that cute little girl in the accounting department. . . .

An hour later worry got the upper hand of jealousy. Jane decided definitely that dear old Bob had been killed or mortally wounded in an automobile accident. It was about that time she started calling the hospitals. . . then the police station. And finally, just as she was wondering, tearfully, how to locate the morgue, Sarah came in with a package and a yellow envelope. From Bob, of course. . . but how mysterious!

Really, though, it wasn't so mysterious after all. The telegram explained everything. . . .

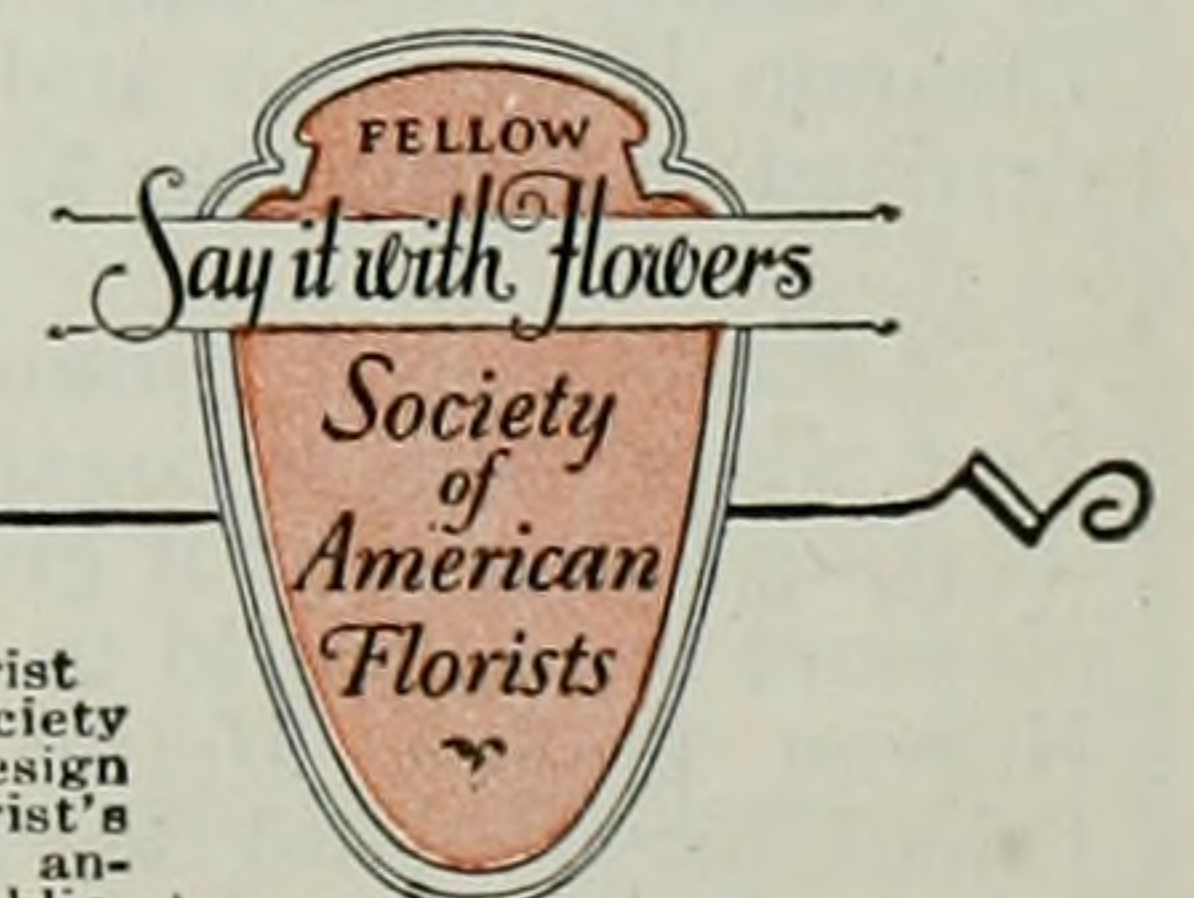
CALLED TO DETROIT THIS NOON. TEN MINUTES TO CATCH TRAIN. ASKED RALPH TO TELEPHONE YOU EXPLAINING. SIGNED COOPER CONTRACT THIS AFTERNOON. MEANS A SURE RAISE FOR ME, AND A WEDDING THE MINUTE YOU NAME THE DAY. CAN'T TELL YOU IN A TELEGRAM HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, SO I AM SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS. BOB.

And after that? Well, the flowers had a great deal to say. . . and Jane was an appreciative audience.

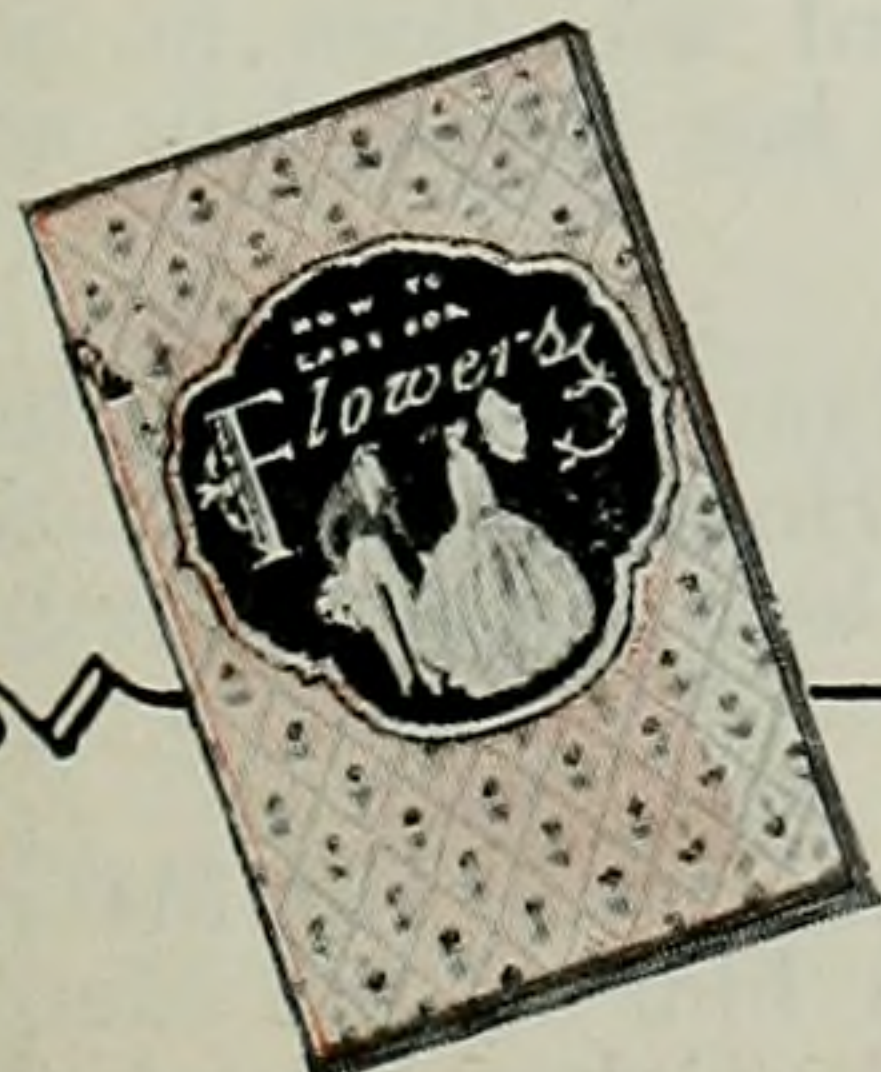


*The Sign  
of a  
Good Florist*

# Say it with Flowers



The sign of a good florist. Membership in the Society is indicated by this design displayed on the florist's window and on his announcements to the public.



Send 10c to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: "How to Care for Flowers," Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.



# Strictly Business

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Sir Bently Bingham looked the maiden full in the eye and she smiled encouragingly. He thought in a hazy way of Lady Hazel Buttercup Bingham, but decided that six thousand miles, and three of them rolling blue ocean, was a sufficient distance to be safe from marital wrath, blame or disapproval.

"IT all sounds like a dashed excruciating fine idea to me," agreed Sir Bently. "We'll call it a jolly go."

The lady smiled happily. Somehow her smile seemed to potently carry a subtle suggestion that she would profit enjoyably from the transaction, and she nodded her head in eager acquiescence when Sir Bently asked: "And may I presume, my dear, that you would visit me occasionally for a cup of tea?"

"You bet I would," heartily replied the lady of the classy gray roadster. "But my old man might doubt I was drinking tea though, but business is business."

"Gracious me! Married? You don't mean to tell me you are married," said Sir Bently dubiously, and a little perturbed.

"Yeh," answered the maiden laconically. "But my old man's okeh," she added. "He don't object to nothing."

Sir Bently Bingham chuckled heartily. "Very thoughtful and obliging of him," he thought. He had gathered from the London music halls that his American cousins were extremely good to their wives, but such rare and unparalleled generosity as this really tickled his British funny bone.

"Just as you say, old bean. That's all right with me if it is with your old man," gleefully chuckled Sir Bently. "And now, my dear," he said with a wink, "please give me your card so that I might keep in touch with you."

THE classy blonde maiden of the classy gray roadster again smiled happily, as a stock and bond salesman will when they sign on the dotted line. She opened her bag and presented Sir Bently Bingham with a large pasteboard card.

The aristocratic visitor from England took it in his left hand and, holding it well away from him, stared at it. He opened his eyes wider and ceased to chuckle as he read:

"Alice Blaxenburg—specialist in Hollywood rentals."

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

MRS. F. B., EUREKA, UTAH.—Dick Sutherland is appearing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was born in Paducah, Ky., the home town of Irvin Cobb. Dick weighs 240 pounds and is six feet tall. He has brown hair and gray eyes.

H. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Leo Duncan is the owner and trainer of Rin-Tin-Tin. Richard Arlen is leading man for Bebe in "She's a Sheik." Thomas Meighan has no children and Beth Sully was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife.

ESTHER C., LINWOOD, PA.—Mae Murray is now dancing in vaudeville, so I do not know her address. Write to Mary Carr at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. And Charles Chaplin may be addressed at 1416 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH J., OSWEGO, N. Y.—Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this Well of Pure Truth.

E. M. L., DAYTON, OHIO.—Barry Norton was *Mother's Boy* in "What Price Glory." Take note, please, all you other fans who asked the same question.

B. M., LOS GATOS, CALIF.—William Haines played opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney." That's the boy's real name.

S. U., SAVANNAH, GA.—Charles Rogers is not married. John Gilbert's first wife was Olivia Burwell, a non-professional. I hear that Clara Bow and Gary Cooper aren't keeping company any more. Gary was born in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were married on September 8, 1926.

"CHARMAINE," BORDENTOWN, N. J.—You write such a coaxing, wheedling, entreating letter that it gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to tell you that Barry Norton played *Mother's Boy* in "What Price Glory." And Ben Alexander is sixteen years old. Address Barry Norton at the

William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. And if you don't write to me again, I'll go into a decline.



Lewiston, Idaho.

**Movies made my life a success instead of a miserable failure.**

I was the only child of a darling widow who, in her loneliness, heaped too much affection on me, thereby making me a mean bully. At the age of fifteen, I was sent to reformatory, in spite of poor mother's tears.

There I stayed for three years, becoming more bitter daily. On being discharged, I would not return home, but as quickly as possible, put fifteen hundred miles between myself and home.

Having roamed three years, finally two years ago, I staggered half-intoxicated into a theater and saw "The Ten Commandments."

The poor little mother, her grief and finally her sad death caused by her adored, ungrateful boy! These scenes awakened sentiments that had long since been dead.

I returned at once to mother. She was delighted beyond any expression. I held my head high, got a good paying job and mother and I have "lived happily ever after."

Besides, I am engaged to the sweetest girl in the world. If we ever have any kiddies, I'll see that they see and study every good movie possible.

I'm for movies every time. Long may they Live!

I. K.

L. L. D.—Richard Dix is not married. Born in St. Paul, Minn., on July 18, 1895. His next film is "The Gay Defender." Richard is six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes.

MINNIE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Irvin Willat is Billie Dove's husband. Billie is twenty-four years old and is five feet, five inches tall. She has brown hair and eyes to match. Norma Talmadge's husband is Joseph Schenck. Doug, Jr., is Fairbanks' son by his first wife. Mary Pickford has no children.

R. J., GRISWOLD, IOWA.—Always glad to oblige an old friend. Gwen Lee is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Phyllis Haver is an inch shorter and weighs 126 pounds. Vilma Banky is just as tall as Phyllis and four pounds heavier.

BLUE EYES, GRANDVIEW, WASH.—Norma Shearer has a sister; she isn't on the screen. Marion Davies has three sisters. Their names are Ethel Douras, Rosemary Van Cleve and Rene Lederer. Marion's real name is Douras.

K. L., NORFOLK, VA.—Aileen Pringle played opposite John Gilbert in "His Hour." Carmelita Geraghty's latest picture is "My Best Girl." Write to S. George Ullman, 1410 Broadway, New York, for a photograph of Rudolph Valentino. Vilma Banky's address is in care of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 6800 Washington Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

D. S., MARTINSBURG, W. Va.—John Manners played *Lord Montgomery* in "Tip-toes." Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair and blue eyes.

R. K.—Madge Bellamy was the leading woman in "The Iron Horse." Madge used to have dark brown hair but she dyed it blonde.

M. E. B., MARSHALL, TEX.—Tim McCoy is married. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.



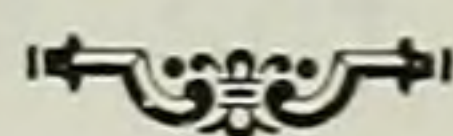
## *The second time*

**I**T'S home, but it isn't perfect. You know more now than when you first hung up those curtains and moved your furniture in. You have lived with those walls, bookcases, radiators, cups and saucers long enough to know their merits and demerits. The kind you would buy the second time, and the kind you wouldn't buy. If you and Sarah could start all over again, you'd profit from that experience. Avoid what has proved unwise—study advertisements, home-furnishing pamphlets—let the potatoes scorch and the lima beans boil dry—just comparing new refrigerators, radios, patterns of delicate china. You'd want to make sure what you bought this time would please you as much tomorrow as today.

**Y**ET day by day you are making that home-place over. "We do need some new curtains." "Hadn't we better get some butter-knives?" The only difference is a gradual instead of a wholesale affording. And by knowing the advertisements you know the future of what you buy.

*Experience usually deals with the past. With advertisements, it deals with the future! You buy the now and the will-be when you buy advertised wares.*

**READ** the advertisements to know what is advertised—what is certain to satisfy you.



***Reading advertisements prepares you  
for happy, safe choices first times as well as  
second times—every time you buy***



# Give Them A Hand

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50 ]

To King Vidor: Because he directed "The Crowd" and discovered James Murray; and just because.

To Paramount-Famous-Lasky: Because it has made the most consistent line of pictures of the year.

To Richard Barthelmess: Because he made "The Patent Leather Kid."

To Richard Rowland: Because he picked the story and chose Al. Santell to direct it.

To Herbert Brenon: Because he directed our Gold Medal winner for 1926, and topped his notable directorial career with "Sorrell and Son."

To Marion Davies: Because, as a comedian, she is getting better and better; because she is the most popular woman in Hollywood; because we like her.

To Mary Pickford: Because she has made another one of her old-fashioned pictures, and just because.

To FBO: Because, without extravagance and without shouting, it has given the public what it wants and what it is willing to pay for.

To Maria Corda: Because she has introduced the undress of the Greeks to compete with the undress of the flappers.

To Dolores Del Rio: Because she has the versatility to combine a terrible "Carmen" with a beautiful "Resurrection."

To Ruth Taylor: Because she outwitted all the well-known blondes of Hollywood and captured the rôle of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

To Laura La Plante: Because she allowed her husband to direct her in a picture after one year of matrimony.

To Irving Thalberg: Because he snatched ten days from business to honeymoon with his new wife, Norma Shearer, and took with him only too four manuscripts to read.

To Lois Moran: Because she resisted John Barrymore.

To Marceline Day and Mary Philbin: Because they broke their "beaules" record in favor of James Murray and Fred Kohner, respectively.

To Rin-Tin-Tin: Because he hasn't bitten the Warner Brothers—yet.

To Aileen Pringle: Because, although she lives in Hollywood, she has kept her sense of humor and still remains the true pal of the intellectuals, and just because.

To Janet Gaynor: Because she is a great little actress, a nice little girl and, incidentally, one of the lowest paid stars in the business.

To Louis Wolheim: Because he has established himself in the ranks of the comics.

To Emil Jannings: Because he has kept his acting perspective in Hollywood; because he gave 'em the unhappy ending and made 'em like it.

To Wilson Mizner: Because he has shaded all the other wits in Hollywood, so that none of them will sit at the same table with him at dinner parties; because he condensed in fifty words one of his plays that ran three years on Broadway; because he said that the trouble with Hollywood was the persistency of the un-inspired; because he roars at the pseudo-intellectuals who would lionize him.

To Conrad Nagel: Because he had the

courage to stand up on his hind legs and fight the Battle of Ten Per Cent.

To Louise Brooks: Because she has beautiful legs; because she also had business acumen enough to have her contract renewed just as everyone was saying, "Too bad they didn't sign Louise again."

To "Buddy" Rogers: Because he has refused to break up any home, no matter how beautiful and alluring the lady.

To Florence Vidor and Frances Marion: Because they refused publicity—and thereby got it.

To Ben Lyon: Because, in spite of romantic disturbances, he has snapped back to work.

To Francis X. Bushman: Because he made a come-back; because he is one of the few stars who is a good radio speaker.

To Cecil B. De Mille: Because he interested the clergy in motion pictures; because he built up a good organization regardless of cost.

To Jetta Goudal: Because she is a good actress, even if she does argue too much.

To Dorothy Dwan: Because her mother is her press agent and gets more publicity than many of the bigger stars; because she played in four pictures with Tom Mix.

To Phyllis Haver: Because she has achieved her five-year ambition and made good in drama; because she landed a leading part in "Chicago."

To Pola Negri: Because, while working at the studio, she finds time personally to supervise the construction of a large apartment house.

## IDEA CONTEST WINNERS!

THE full list of winners in PHOTOPLAY's big \$15,000 Idea contest will be published in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Q This issue will be on sale at the newsstands on January 15th.

Q If you entered this contest watch for this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Q You may be one of the lucky winners!

Q A full list of winners in PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest is announced on pages 40 and 41 of this issue.



H A V E A C A M E L



## *The cigarette you can be fond of . . .*

SEEK and search wherever you will, you'll never find a smoke like Camel. So loyal and so fine. Camels reveal the delicate tastes and fragrances of the choicest tobaccos grown. That is why they never tire. Why each succeeding Camel tastes more smooth and mellow mild.

Millions upon millions of smokers have learned to rely upon this supreme tobacco quality. They are modern smokers in

the most particular sense and they place Camels first. They demand goodness and enjoyment. They have elevated Camels to the highest popularity ever known.

If you smoke for pleasure Camels will prove the cigarette that you can really enjoy, you can like Camels so much, because they're always so satisfyingly mellow. So smooth and mild.

*"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



# My dear! It's simply Wonderful



Sally O'Neill, Metro-Goldwyn Star says, "The STAR-Rite Vim-ray is very popular, and many of my friends find it beneficial to health and beauty."



Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn Stars, discussing the STAR-Rite Vim-ray. Joan Crawford says, "I believe the STAR-Rite Vim-ray is beneficial to beauty and health."

Thousands of women are saying this today about the new Vim-Ray home beauty service

SCREEN stars keep their lovely complexions, in spite of arduous work and the ravages of make-up, by sunshine... sunshine... and more sunshine. Outdoor play to keep them fit... and California sunshine to stimulate the delicate skin tissues... keep the pores open and normal... and keep their beauty above par... always.

Science has given you a new, dependable ally in Vim-Ray. Vim-Ray never disappoints. Ten minutes' daily use is enough. It leaves a natural healthy glow on the skin and a feeling of refreshment and rejuvenation.

You will find new uses for Vim-Ray every day... with your face creams... with your hair tonic to make your hair thick and glossy... as a hair dryer and to set



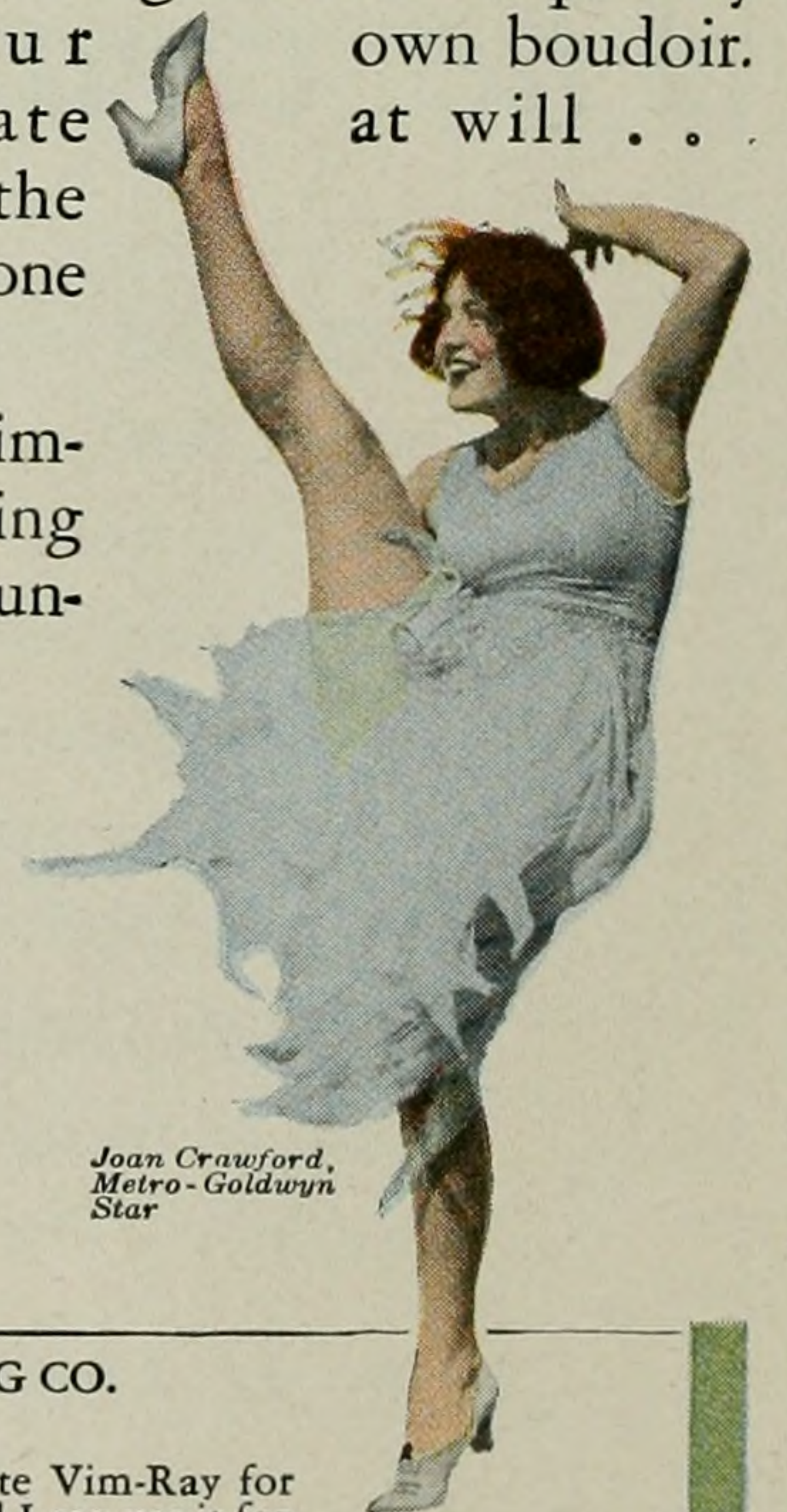
a finger wave... to dry your skin instead of toweling which has a tendency to roughen.

Vim-Ray enables you to indulge in luxurious sun baths... day or night... in the privacy of your own boudoir. Regulate at will... enjoy the

benefits of sunlight with none of its disadvantages.

Easy to use... and imparts a sense of soothing comfort that is worth a hundred times the price.

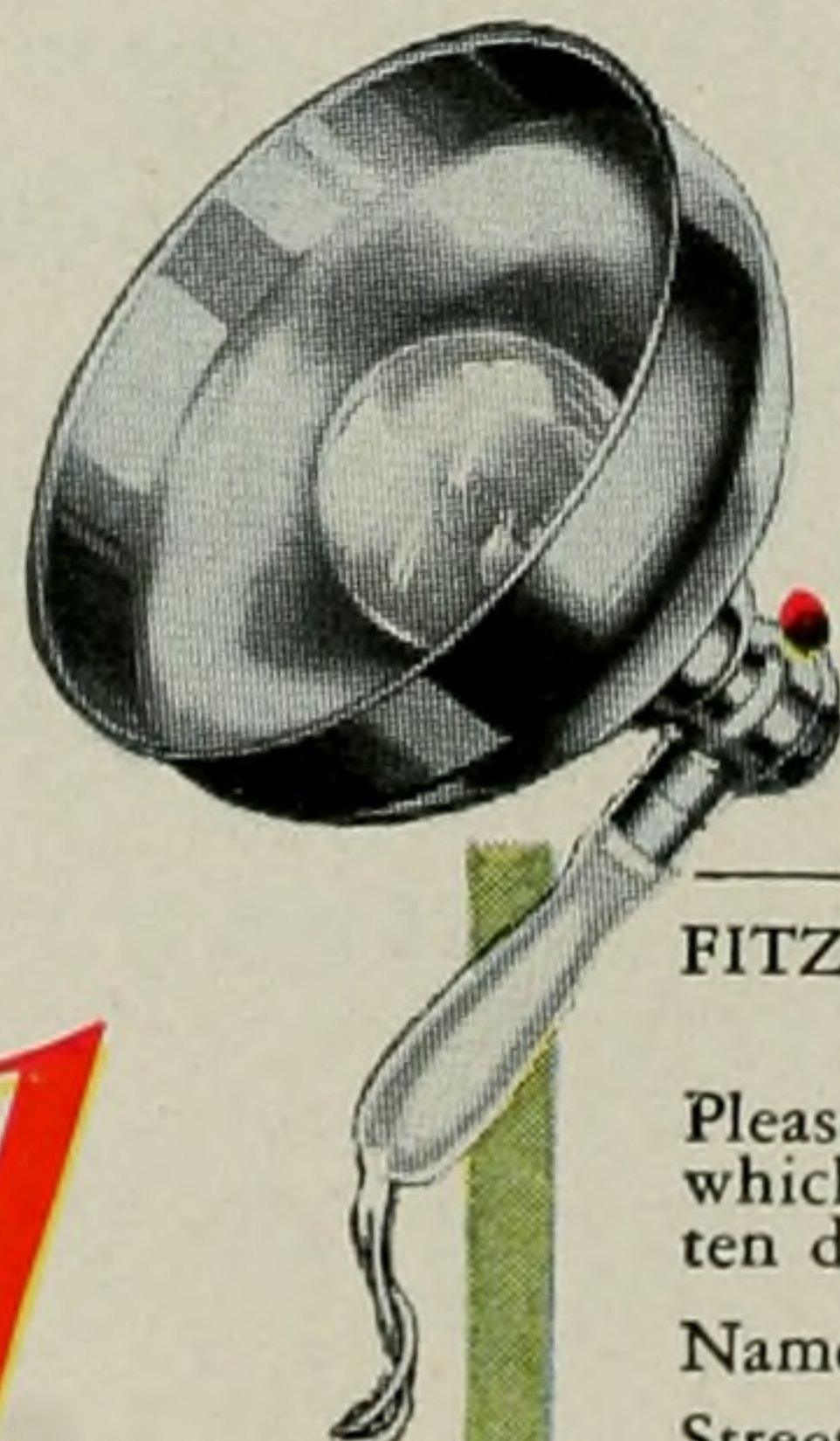
Renée Adorée, Metro-Goldwyn Star, says, "It will not be long before every home will have a Vim-ray. It's a wonderful beauty and health aid."



Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn Star

## STAR-Rite

NEW HOME BEAUTY SERVICE



\$6<sup>50</sup>

# Vim-ray

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.  
Canadian Fitzgerald Co., 95 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO.  
Torrington, Conn.

Please send me one New STAR-Rite Vim-Ray for which I enclose \$6.50. I understand I can use it for ten days free and have my money back if I am not satisfied.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
Dealer's Name.....



# The Man Who Fought Alone

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

Farnum home at Sag Harbor, Long Island. When the following September came around William again thought that he had sufficiently recovered his strength and vitality to return to the public. He felt that he owed Arthur Hopkins and those players who were to have been in the cast of "The Buccaneer" with him a debt for having forced them out of an engagement through his illness, so at the beginning of the theatrical season of 1925, he again started rehearsals of the play.

**T**HEN after five weeks of actual playing, after the rehearsal period was over, it was found that the star could not possibly endure the hardships of traveling "on the road" with the play. It was closed down and the star returned to New York, again to enter a hospital and this time remained there for nine weeks.

When he finally emerged his physicians informed him that under no consideration must he try to do any kind of work. A complete rest for a full twelve months was ordered and Farnum informed that if he did not heed the advice the physicians would not be responsible for the result. That was almost eighteen months ago. Part of that time was spent in the East

on Long Island and part of it in his home in the Southern California hills.

For the first few months in the East the enforced period of inactivity was not so irksome, but, as the months passed and renewed strength poured through his veins, Farnum began to fret and fume.

He had been too active in his earlier days to lose the desire to do things. His days of broadsword fighting, those of deep sea fishing and other active out-of-door sports came crowding back and he wanted to be up and doing. Finally he was permitted to work off some of the excess energy through golf.

But even golf isn't enough for William Farnum—as a matter of fact, had rowing, boxing, bowling, hunting, fishing and hiking all been rolled into one it would not have been enough, for William Farnum is an actor, from a line of actors, and the theater is his place. That is the one and only thing that will complete the cure for him. And it seems that the cure is about to take place, for William Fox and Winfield Sheehan have welcomed William Farnum back to the studios. His first picture is to be Donn Byrne's "Hangman's House" and John Ford is directing it.

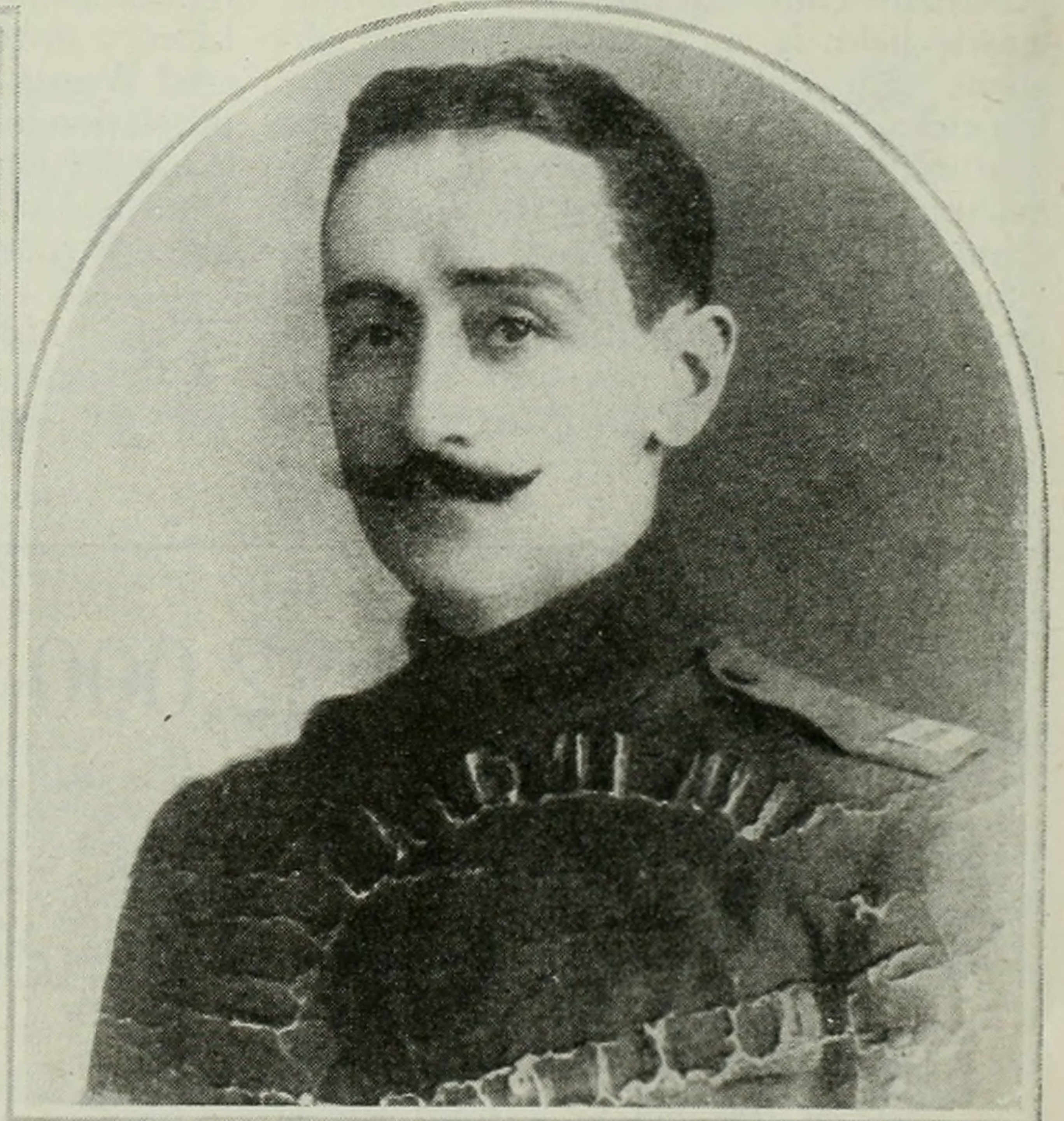
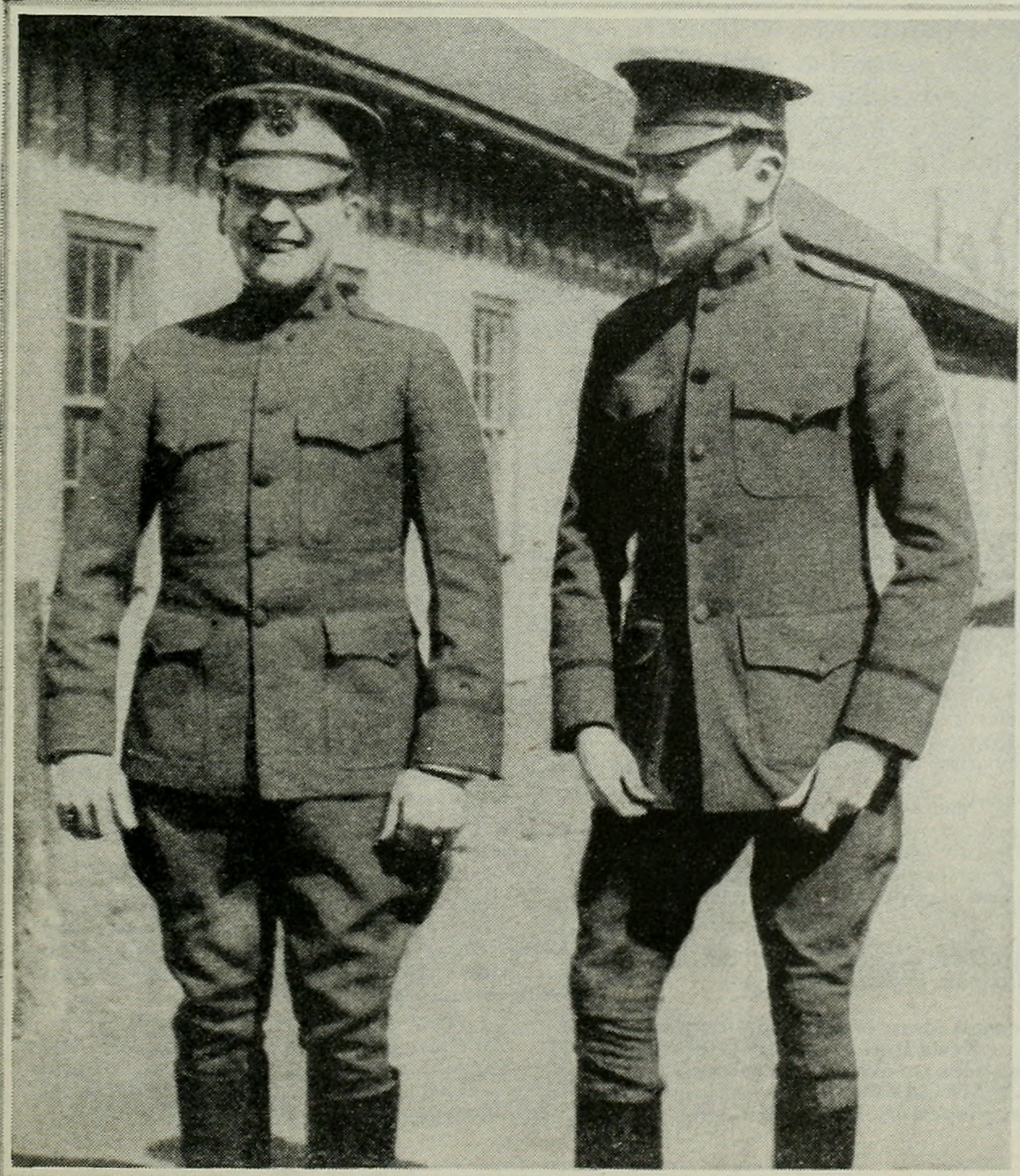
The call of the studios did not come

along, however, until Farnum had been sitting for month after month looking down over Hollywood and wondering if they would ever send for him again.

He told me the other afternoon that the watching and waiting were much harder to bear than the long weeks in the hospital, for in the sickbed he felt sure that he would get well, while here, back in his full strength, he dreaded what the picture producers were going to do. But it was only a few days after the October issue of PHOTOPLAY appeared before he began to get a telephone call or two; some came from producers, others from artists' representatives. Then finally the call from his old studio. That cheered him more than anything else.

**O**F course no matter how wealthy one is, four years of enforced idleness, coupled with illness, represents a lot of money. In loss of salary it represents to Mr. Farnum just \$2,080,000. In addition to that, his nurses and doctors cost him in the neighborhood of \$250,000 while the overhead of his homes amounted to \$150,000. Possibly William Farnum's \$2,330,000 doctors' bill is the greatest pill that any one man ever had to swallow.

## They Called Him Captain



It's an extraordinary fellow who can look interesting in a passport picture. Above is the photograph that identified Captain Adolphe Menjou when he went to France to serve in the Intelligence Division. At left: Adolphe and brother Henry as army officers



# Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

## Down With Abie and Mike!

Washington, D. C.

Please do away with those tiring Irish and Jewish comedies. They have been worn threadbare. There is not enough originality in them to keep the interest of the public for long.

MARJORIE REARICH.

## Pity the Poor Orphans!

Washington, D. C.

What a menu is to the hungry diner, PHOTOPLAY's Brief Reviews are to the movie fan. If you're in the mood for soft music and romance, you won't enjoy seeing Leon Errol wobble around on his funny legs for a couple of hours. I know a well-meaning lady who took a gang of orphanage youngsters to see "The Way of All Flesh!" You probably got a Brickbat from her the next day.

"Bigger and Better" movies we probably do need, but I believe the heaviest brickbats are traceable to a haphazard selection of pictures. By making use of PHOTOPLAY's varied and extensive menu, even the most exacting person may find a palatable dish.

LENNA A. PEDIGO.

## In Defense of Renee

Jacksonville, Fla.

If Renee Adoree is just "a fat peasant girl," as some unintelligent and unsympathetic correspondent recently stated in your magazine, then for the sake of all that is good on the screen, give us more of her kind.

SHERWOOD THAXTON.

## She's an American Now

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Hard-Boiled of Pittsburgh is wrong

in her estimation of Miss Vilma Banky. They say this is a country of justice. I think there is a certain clique of people who make it their business to throw brickbats at every European actress who comes to the United States. I am glad America has Miss Banky for a star.

MISS C. A. PALMER.

## No, No, Mr. Stephenson!

Havana, Cuba.

I have noticed editorials in many magazines deploring the entry into American films of alien actors and directors. It seems that the writers of these articles want the movies tagged "For Americans Only."

Does anyone regret the part Valentino played in the American industry? Is the performance of Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" detrimental to American interests?

T. D. STEPHENSON.

# Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

from your audience's enjoyment of the picture.

THE new Model B Kodascope 16 mm. projector threads itself. Just the snapping of a switch and a twist of the wrist—and one of the amateur projector's most trying tasks is done.

The new model, which is the latest Eastman contribution to the amateur movie field, is equipped with an attachment that automatically performs the threading operation. Another exclusive feature, already mentioned in this department, is the framing device which frames the picture without shifting the illuminated area on the screen. It is not necessary to readjust the levelling screw after framing.

The new model is also fitted with a me-

chanical, high speed rewind, and a safety "still" picture attachment that eliminates all danger of blistering or burning the film. The motor is reversible and may be switched to forward or reverse at will, without a pause in the picture.

A NUMBER of highly popular Paramount Pictures are now available for rental from the Eastman Kodascope Library in the 16 mm. size. "The Covered Wagon" will soon be available for projection in your own home. Photoplays starring Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou and others are now available.

THE Motion Picture Club of the Oranges started work on October 15th on a one-reel comedy, entitled "And

How!" The complete picture, with the exception of the developing and printing, is being done entirely by the members of this amateur group. The picture is being shot on standard film and some stunts are being attempted, such as the shooting of night scenes in rain with an f 1.5 lens. Homemade arc lights are being used on these scenes, as well as on the interiors, which occupy about half the action of the comedy.

The story concerns a young married couple and a former girl friend of the husband. Beatrice Traendly plays the bride, Alfred Fontana is the husband and Margaret Ervin enacts the friend. The scenario and continuity were written by Russell T. Ervin, Jr., who is directing, editing, photographing and titling the comedy. A man's size job, indeed.

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

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

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

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



# MEN and WOMEN

This Amazing Book will show you how to get BIG MONEY!

*This is your Big Opportunity!*

There is no need to deprive yourself of the good things of life. If it is a question of money, then Mr. Walsh's famous book "The Key to Big Pay" offers you the quickest solution of this problem.

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Mr. Walsh's famous book, "The Key to Big Pay" has helped thousands of men and women, in all walks of life, to become successful. It is not an Aladdin's Lamp such as we used to read about in our younger days, but a book dealing entirely in facts that quickly convince you of the great possibilities that this new field of endeavor offers you.

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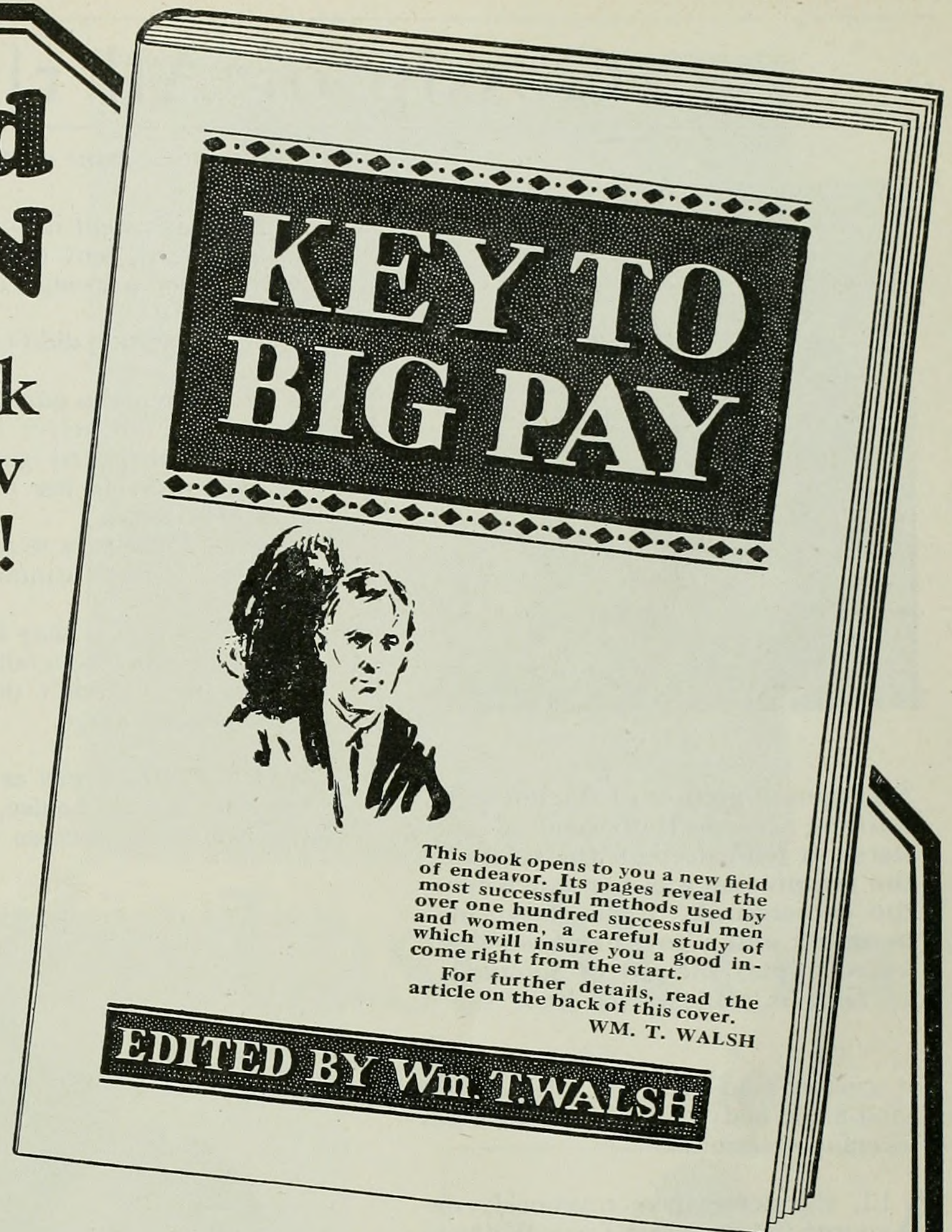
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WM. T. WALSH

**EDITED BY Wm. T. WALSH**

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The pages in this book will reveal the secret to big pay, and it goes to you absolutely at our risk. If you are not 100% satisfied with the book and magazine, return the book to us and your money will be promptly refunded.

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# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]



An unposed picture of the hardest working actor in Hollywood. Jean Hersholt fell asleep on the set and the temptation was too much for the cameraman. Jean, born in Denmark and a goy, has been selected to play the rôle of Solomon Levy in "Abie's Irish Rose"

Not custom-made, if you please, but a hand-made body, like an imported hat or evening creation!

ALL the newspapers ravenously devoured the news that Louis Wolheim intended to have his well-known map renovated. Wolheim solemnly announced that he was tired of being homely and was calling on a facial specialist to have his map redecorated.

Whereupon, United Artists stepped in with an injunction to prevent Louis from tampering with his features, and the whole thing began to look like the inspired proceedings of a press agent.

THE newest sizzling epithet in Hollywood, to be hurled as a curse at an enemy, is "Poison at the Box-Office!"

LOTS of film and society notables attended the opening of Marion Davies' comedy, "Quality Street," at the Embassy Theater in New York. Among the social lights were Constance Bennett, now the wife of Phil Plant. Please note that I said "social," not "film." For Constance no longer considers herself among the movie celebrities. And the film persons who knew Connie when she flapped before the camera are hereby warned not to run up and kiss her when they meet her in the Ritz.

Death by freezing is horrid torture.

SOMETIMES directors show uncanny flashes of common sense. Sophie Tucker, vaudeville and night club noisemaker, is now in Hollywood. Tod Browning, directing "The Big City," thought it would be a swell idea to get Sophie to appear in a night club scene.

Sophie said she would love to—for

\$5,000. Browning went into a faint and when he recovered, sent to the Central Casting Office for a woman to play the part.

No, the extra woman didn't get \$5,000.

EXACTLY one and a quarter yards of forty-inch chiffon velvet is used for one of the sophisticated gowns which Olive Borden wears in her new picture, "Come to My House."

"Excuse me," she says to all who seek her on the set. "But I cannot get up in this costume."

Which proves that it may be all right for a few shots of her delectable figure in the picture, but wouldn't do even for Olive in everyday usage.

RALPH FORBES was explaining to Ruth Harriet Louise, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's famous woman

photographer, his opinions of fastidious dressing.

"I would not think of sitting at my desk unless I were dressed for letter writing!" he explained earnestly.

Which may or may not throw light upon Ruth Chatterton's divorce intentions.

SIX years ago a Brooklyn boy was engaged by Hugo Riesenfeld to sing at the Criterion Theater. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Eiseman, movie fans from far Rockaway, heard the boy sing Tosti's song, "Moonlight," and were so impressed with his voice that they sent him to Italy to study for cpera.

Frederick Jagel, the boy who made his début in the movie theater, has now made a tremendous hit at the Metropolitan Opera Company. His first appearance in



Hollywood's most famous pig goes on to further adventures. This is the porker that Bebe Daniels won as a prize at a party given by Jack McDermott. Bebe presented him to Marion Davies and Marion gave him to Captain Morley Drury of the University of Southern California. The pig is now the mascot of the football team



"Aida" placed him among the foremost tenors. And Mr. and Mrs. Eiseman, who happened to hear the boy at the movies, were the proudest members of the audience.

Jagel, you must remember, sang at the movies in the days when theaters specialized in young, unknown singers with good voices instead of elderly vaudevillians with no voices at all.

**E**LSIE JANIS has joined the lists of the women scenario writers. While the musical comedy, "Oh Kay!" was playing in Los Angeles, Elsie lost her voice and had to withdraw from the cast. Then John McCormick bought the rights to the show for Colleen Moore and asked Elsie to try her hand at adapting the script.

**L**EWIS MILESTONE, that ex-cutter, who has just won his first spurs as a director, was so excited about the opening of his heart-child, "Two Arabian Knights," that he arrived with a party of twenty celebrities more than thirty minutes late, dug in his pockets and found he had forgotten his tickets.

"Sorry, sir, but they must have thought you weren't coming and sold them over. There isn't an empty seat in the orchestra."

So Gloria Swanson went to the gallery, while her Marquis-hubby found a hole in the rear of the balcony. Lila Lee discovered that a couple of electricians in the balcony had forgotten the girl friend and took the empty place between them. Mervin Le Roy posted himself on the stairs. Everyone but the host found some kind of a position.

Milestone stood dejectedly in the rear of the building and watched his picture carry the crowd into roars of laughter, while he remembered with longing the irresponsibilities of being a whistling cutting-boy.

**A** HOLLYWOOD theater announces in electric lights, "Titles by Ralph Spence," being the first time on record a title-writer rated billing.

But if the titles were NOT by Ralph Spence, THAT would be news.

**D**OROTHY GISH very silently returned to England to continue her series of famous sirens of history for a British company. Dorothy's new contribution to historic portraiture will be "Anne Boleyn," the recounting of the life of a lady who lost her head.

Ricardo Cortez is also making pictures in Europe, with a French company. Ricardo is playing in a dingus called "The Orchid Dancer," directed by Leonce Perret who once made films in these parts.

**T**HEY have had orchestras play on the sets during the filming of pictures for some time now, but it remained for Ramon Novarro to introduce the vocalist as an accompaniment for emotional acting.

"Every musical instrument is merely an imitation of the human voice," he is said to have argued.

Lillian Rosine was the singer borrowed from the costume department to sing in



## "the Last Word in Transportation Service"...

Thus "Chic" Sale, famous vaudeville and musical comedy star, describes the "Golden State Limited."

"Go Golden State" is a slogan of stage and screen celebrities who besides expecting the utmost in travel service, know, too, that this de-luxe 63 hour flyer covers the distance between Chicago and Los Angeles on the fastest schedule available.

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the new picture, but the real thrill came when Novarro sang, according to Renee Adoree and others in the picture.

His voice is as good as any which was offered in the Grand Opera, they tell me,—which, by the way, Novarro attended every night during its Los Angeles season.

**T**HE widow of a certain prominent screen actor is spending the winter in New York. The lady is a non-professional and wealthy in her own right and so she has flocks of suitors who send her flowers, candy and perfume.

Even the life-sized photographs of her late husband which decorate her apartment cannot dampen the ardor of the gentlemen who are begging her to cut short her widowhood.

**T**HE press agent for the Roumanian royal family rushes to tell the world that somebody or other has pronounced the Princess Ileana a perfect physical specimen of glowing girlhood. The dispatch also adds that Ileana is interested in amateur movies and is filming a picture about intimate life in a palace.

All of which not only sounds sinister but positively menacing.

**B**ESS MEREDYTH has one of those new talking-machines which changes its own records. And it's a good thing, she tells us, because "Changing phonograph records, lying to people about my whereabouts, and keeping off creditors used to keep my secretary busy and now she does have a little time for work while the twelve records are playing."

Oh, yes, Bess does all of her scenario writing to music. Good inspiration for scenarios as well as acting, she assures us.

**"H**ERE'S a news item for you. Sam Jaffe, our production manager, has a new baby."

"Boy or girl?" we queried.

"Just a minute, I'll telephone and find out." She hung up the receiver looking a little flurried.

"The news item I saw was just an advance notice. Mrs. Jaffe is going to the hospital Wednesday afternoon at three P. M. and the baby is going to be born Thursday morning at eight A. M. And it will be a boy."

Wonderful, how these movie people have scientifically developed systems.

**H**ERE'S one on the New York critics, to say nothing of the United Artists scenario and executive departments.

"Camille," Norma Talmadge's latest, was released with screen credit for the authorship going to Alexander Dumas.

Now, all those who know their literary onions realize that papa Dumas, who wrote "The Three Musketeers," swung a very different pen from Dumas fils who scribed "Camille."

Yet it was released in New York with the credit going to the father, and not a critic seemed to know the difference.

And a Frenchwoman did the scenario for United Artists!

**S**AYS Irene Thirer of New York's *Daily News*: "Al Jolson is scheduled to film 'Pagliacci,' based on the opera. The picture will have Vitaphone accompaniment and will be based on Puccini's opera." What we would like to see would be "Carmen" with a Vitaphone accompaniment based on Richard Wagner's opera.

**W**E were saved from knowing the deep secrets of Clara Bow's future by the United States Government.

Just as Hamid Bey, that weird Oriental who buries himself for six hours in the ground, then comes to life prepared to tell all about the unknown, was being sought by the Paramount publicity department to reveal things to the fair Clara, the government decided it was time for Hamid to return to his own country.

Safe to say, that this future-telling business wouldn't have become a fad in the Cinema City. For what actress wants to know where she will be ten years from now, we ask you?



**Another miracle in this age of invention. Joan Crawford carries a hand-bag with a wooden handle in which is concealed a lip-stick and a vial of perfume**

**O**BERVED on the M.-G.-M. lot Milton Work, the bridge expert, playing a rubber of bridge with Marion Davies, King Vidor and Jane Winton between the shooting of scenes on "The Patsy."

**C**OMMENDABLE candor on the part of Pearl White: "If my old serials were to be re-issued now, I don't think they'd stand a ghost of a show."

Thus the truthful Miss White in answer to the flattering queries of ship news reporters.

**A**LTHOUGH the representation of the figure of Christ is forbidden on the stage or screen, the city of London has made an exception of "The King of Kings" and has permitted De Mille's film to be presented in that city.

**O**F course, we've always known that Gil Boag won the silver toupee as a publicity man, but his stock went to even a higher figure when he tried to slip in a film advertising his wife's new picture "The Devil Dancer" at John W. Conside's opening of "Two Arabian Knights" in Los Angeles.

Only John happened to see Gil in the lobby.

"What you doing with that film, Gil," he queried.

"Gilda's picture opens here right after yours. Thought I'd show a bit of it, John."

"Think again! You're not showing anything here tonight."

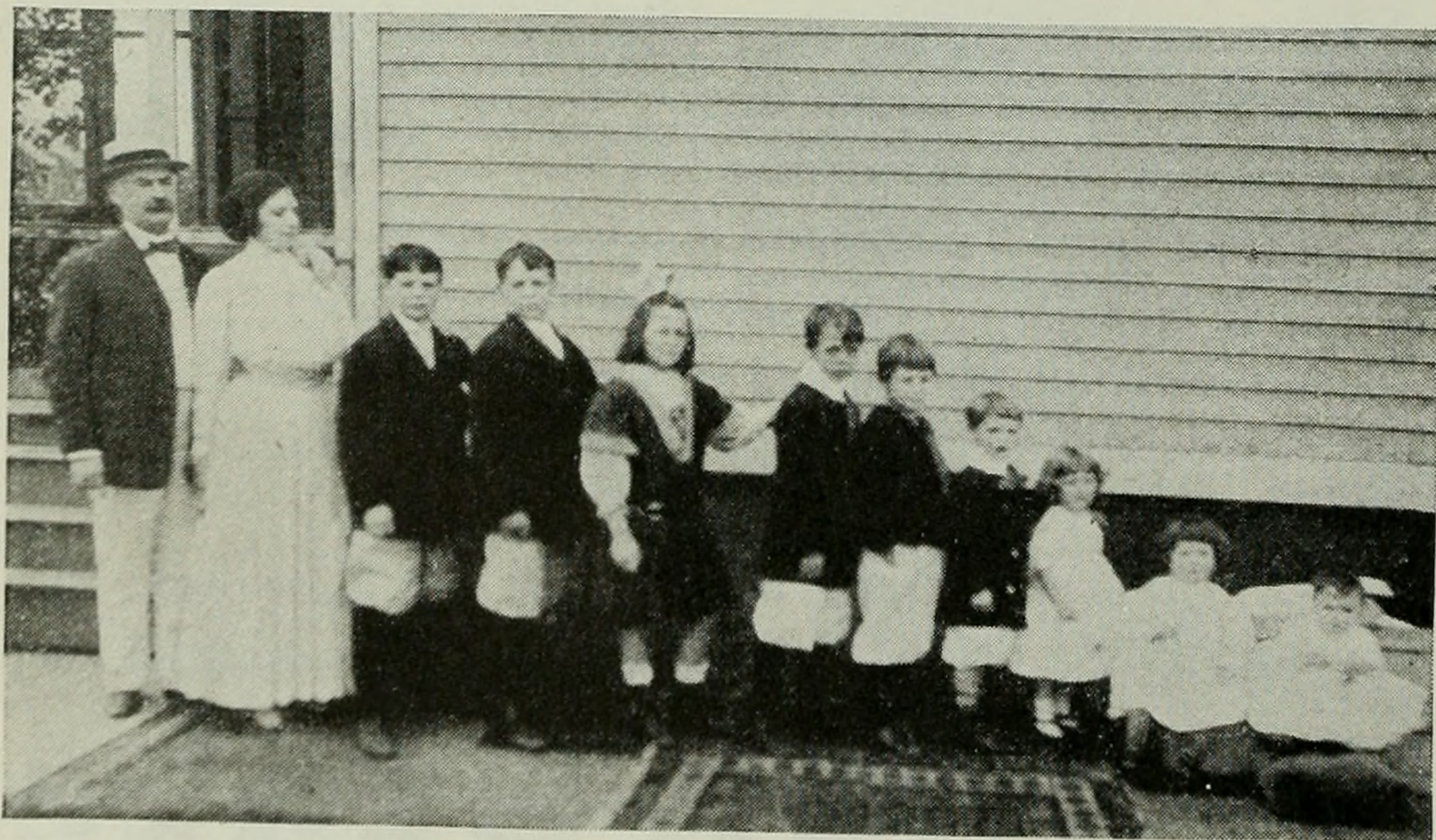
Blankety-blank-blank—then a lot of more blanks.

Friends jumped between them, after a large side-show crowd had gathered.

Gilda Gray's new picture was not shown.

**T**HE trail of newspaper folk seems to be leading to Hollywood these days. Not as writers. No, indeed! As fullfledged actors, if you please. Just glimpse this list of ex-reporters who have succeeded in making themselves good copy for their former compatriots to wrangle about.

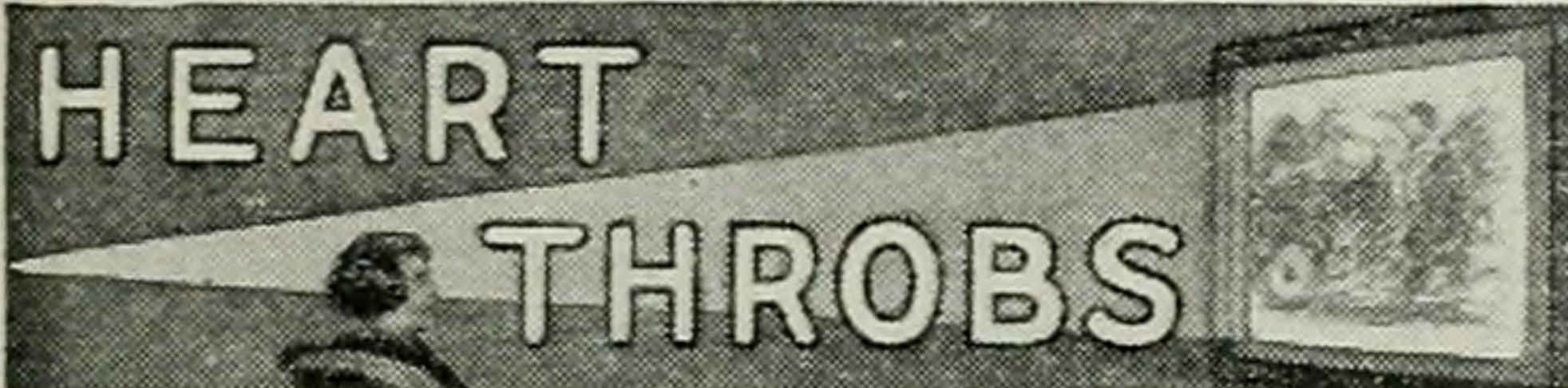
Herbert Moulton of the L. A. Times broke into the game in "The Trail of '98"; George Goforth, the big man who



**The Noonan family, once an important percentage of the population in Bayonne, N. J. Two of the nine children of Judge and Mrs. Noonan are now famous in the movies and four others have announced that they are candidates for stardom. The baby at the extreme right is now known to you as Sally O'Neil. The next in line is her sister, Molly O'Day. The third from the right is Isabelle, now playing small parts. And three of the boys are also in pictures**



held up the little baby to the Tibet Chief-tain in Gilda Gray's "The Devil Dancer" and is now working in John Gilbert's "The Cossacks," was formerly an Associated Press representative; Grant Withers, until recently of the L. A. Record, had a part in "Bringing Up Father"; Roland Drew used to tramp the streets of New York digging up news, but is now playing the Spaniard in "Ramona"; Larry Grey, now in the thousand dollar a week class, formerly pounded the typewriter on the San Francisco Bulletin; J. Ferrell McDonald, Fox player, plugged on the Denver Post; and Betty Blaire, now playing in a Lon Chaney picture, was club editor of the Minneapolis Tribune until she got the Hollywood fever.



Pueblo, Colo.

Thirty years ago I was enjoying some of the prosperity that at that time was flourishing around such mining camps as Cripple Creek and Leadville, Colorado. But a few years later I had a little misfortune, just enough to make me lose confidence in myself, and that finished me. Three years ago, I was down and out and all in.

It was in August, 1924, that my daughter bought me a ticket and prevailed on me to go to the theater with her and see "The Covered Wagon."

While watching the heroic characters in that play, I became embarrassed. To see those grim old characters actually accomplishing things that I was then too cowardly to undertake, really made me ashamed of my weakness.

The psychological effect that that picture had on my mind cannot properly be explained. I fully decided to use the heroic characters of that play as honorable examples the rest of my life. I rolled up my sleeves and went to work with a determination that I had not had for years. A few months later I was doing well, or "having good luck" as some men would say.

During my success thirty years ago I planned to build me a good home. But a few years later I gave up all hopes of ever having a home of any kind, much less the elaborate one I had dreamed of.

Today I own and live in that home. As I write this letter in the den of the home of my dreams, I look at the good books, pictures and other things I have always wanted, and my accomplishments of only three years seem almost like a miracle.

But it isn't. The mind is the creator of every good and evil thing in this world. Put a man in the proper state of mind and he can accomplish almost anything. I can easily trace my recent success to that moving picture I saw on the night of August 4th, 1924. So I say, three cheers for all such noble pictures as "The Covered Wagon." B. F. C.



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You may take Sal Hepatica at any time but for the most prompt action it should be taken half an hour before any meal, preferably before breakfast. Its use helps to keep the body in perfect condition to battle the germs of not only colds and grippe, but many more of the minor ills of life.

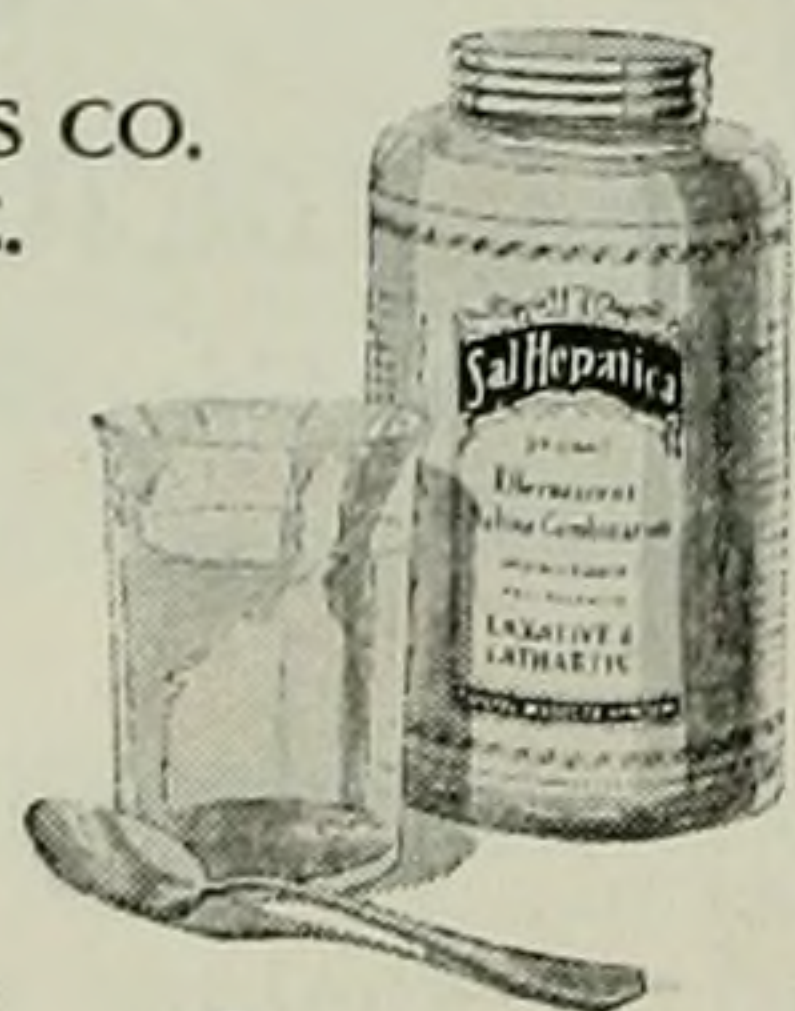
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# Sal Hepatica

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## What Does Acting Do to the Actor?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

but a gold-digger. She was very highly esteemed—most unselfish and most trustworthy. I personally made inquiries to settle these points. Still, she *thought* they did!

And to think a thing is to make you behave in accordance with that particular thing.

The effect of acting the same kind of rôle year in and year out is not necessarily as striking in the average actor as in the case of Miss B. Still, there can be no question but what too frequent type parts do have a similar influence.

**T**HE man who plays the villain undoubtedly is anything but a villain. The woman who plays a dissolute street female is probably most refined and cultured.

Nevertheless my work with actors has convinced me that such a screen villain's viewpoint of life is so strongly influenced by his villainous acting—and the same holds true for the wayward woman or any other screen part—that he automatically watches himself lest he display villainous tendencies in his everyday personal associations.

Sometimes this reaction—and often it is entirely unconscious to the actor—takes the form of what in psychoanalysis is called a "defense reaction."

In a defense reaction you do exactly the opposite of what you fear you may do or be suspected of doing, and you do it in an exaggerated way.

**T**HE mental analysis of an actor friend of mine revealed the fact that although he is always playing the ardent lover in pictures, in private he is most shy and timid and as cold as an iceberg.

What his wife told me is amusing. She said: "If Frank would only court me with one twentieth the amount of passion he shows with these movie queens I'd consider myself a very lucky woman."

"I love my wife, all right," the actor countered. "And I also know how to make love. But I do it so much it sickens me. I want to do anything but that when I get home."

This was a conscious and deliberate defense reaction.

Defense reactions may be set up against any part the actor happens to be doing. As a general principle it may be said that what the actor is compelled to do as an actor he will react to in an opposite way as a private individual.

Where the actor has not been identified with a certain type part, I have found that his character becomes exceedingly pliable, often so much so that it amounts to absolute unreliability.

Always being somebody else makes the actor lose his own personality.

I have seen it affect men and women of the screen so much that they became rather spineless. They lose their sureness and force. They respond too readily to environment. They allow the feeling of the moment to dominate them. Their will power weakens. They vascillate and

change. They become passive. Often they become undependable.

Actors will admit that themselves. Their work makes them that way.

Women, of course, are fundamentally more pliable than men.

A woman by nature willingly subserves her individuality to her husband or her child or to a cause.

That is why directors in the end have more success with women than with men. Women have more little vanities to be catered to, but, unless they harbor a strong personal dislike to a director, their characters are much more responsive all the way through.

**W**OMEN are less markedly affected by acting than are men. Women are always acting more or less, anyway, whether they be professionals or not.

When they change from a private status to a picture career the change is not so great after all. Acting also tends to make actors jealous of each other.

In the first place, competition is keen. Secondly, any art that depends so strongly upon the individual's own efforts is bound to lay unusual stress upon the personal equation.

One finds the same thing true in all artistic endeavors. There is no abstract, non-personal standard to go by. The actor is forced always to depend upon himself. For success or failure he must in the end hold himself accountable. Hence his ego continually makes him compare himself with other actors. Hence he becomes very critical of others and, if he is not careful, jealous of others.

Acting makes actors excessively optimistic. The actor always feels certain that the production he is in will be a great triumph.

This is another variety of defense really. The actor himself is so helpless in the face of the commercial elements that go into film production as well as the whims of the public—over all of which he exercises no control whatever—that he must needs be excessively hopeful in order to be able to put forth his best efforts.

Never depend, therefore, upon what an actor tells you about the picture he is playing in.

The emotional factors are such that he cannot gain the proper detached perspective to form an unbiased, critical opinion. Lastly, actors on the whole are a nervous lot.

I have still to meet one who is not a neurotic. Each and every one is high-strung, keyed-up, over-emotionalized.

It is acting that does that to them.

**Y**ES, acting has its hazards like most other worthwhile occupations. Indeed, it can undermine and wear and tear in a surprisingly short time.

I don't claim that actors are to be pitied. Far from it.

I do say, though, that they are not specially to be envied.

They deserve everything they get!



## Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

sections of geography in the rough. He paused a bit in his rambles in that wild region known as Chicago and from the advantageous position of a bellboy in the old Saratoga hotel in Dearborn Street he studied the life of "the Loop."

**B**UT young Martin was destined for places far over the sea, some of those shipping label places he had studied in the woodshed in Independence. So it came in time that he slipped ashore from a cattle boat in Liverpool and presently found himself living in Whitechapel in London, with, among and after the manner of costers and cockneys.

There is a certain previously unwritten economic and social law to the general effect that the less one has to live upon the more one really lives. Young Mr. Johnson did a deal of living in Whitechapel, cautiously conserving his resources and continually whetting the edge of eager experience. This shortly brought him in touch with one of the pungent personages of Whitechapel, whom we may as well label as Bill, since his name has been lost utterly under the potpourri of intervening Johnson memories.

Now Bill took this young Johnson under his wing in Whitechapel because the lad was an American. Bill had known a certain other American whom he deemed of large importance. This other American was an erratic two-fisted chap named Jack London, who came telling strange tales of the Barbary Coast and the Klondike and other unbelievable places, the while seeking yet other tales to him just as wild and fantastic.

**A**FTER a while the wonders of Whitechapel palled on Martin. He began to think a shade wistfully about home, mother and mince pie. One quiet, dark hour in the night he slid down a mooring hawser on a slip at Liverpool, swung into a cargo port and felt his way up the companionways and in the shadows until he came to the boat deck of the liner. With a jug of water and a box of ship's biscuits he took up quarters in a life boat, most carefully adjusting the tarpaulin cover against discovery by the deck watch. When the tide turned in the early morning the big liner nosed into the Mersey, cast off her tugs and headed for Hoboken, with one Martin Johnson aboard but exclusively withholding his name from the passenger list.

Through the long days Johnson lay a-drowsing in his hiding place, that life boat set in its cradle with the davits and blocks creaking with the roll of the ship overhead.

By night Johnson emerged and cautiously roamed the ship, dodging about in the shadows and playing hide and seek with the sailors on watch, as he went to fill his water jug. On one of these nocturnal adventures Johnson picked up a fragment of an American newspaper

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which he bore back with him to his hiding place. In the tedious hours of the next day he read this paper, which he found to be a section of the New York Times. In it, to Johnson's vast interest, was a story about this Jack London of whom he had heard so much from Bill in Whitechapel. The story announced London's plan for the now historic cruise of the *Snark*, the yacht with which he proposed to go around the world, sailing first from San Francisco and out through the Golden Gate into the South Seas.

JOHNSON tore out that bit of a story and stowed it in his pocket. Almost hourly he reread it and built fancies on that prospect of adventure.

When the voyage was over and the ship tied up safely in the port of New York, Johnson slipped over the gang plank one auspicious moment and faded into the waterfront. His first purchase was a dollar's worth of ham and eggs and coffee. His second was twelve cents worth of postage, a two cent letter stamp and a special delivery. Then with a bit of hotel stationery and a lead pencil he most carefully composed a letter to Jack London, just as one adventurer to another, suggesting that one Johnson would be a valuable addition to the *Snark* expedition. Martin made passing reference to Bill in Whitechapel and "The People of the Abyss," and told something of his runaway adventures.

There were two important aspects of that letter. First it was an effective job of writing in that it said a number of things with great directness and accuracy; and second, it bore a special delivery stamp. Johnson gave his address as Independence, Kansas, and hurried across the Hudson shortly to make arrangements with a railway company to go home and get the reply. He was sure there would be one.

NOW a whole series of coincidental facts, chances and happenings began to conspire concerning the destiny of our adventurer. Johnson's letter was one among thousands written to London seeking a share in the projected cruise of the *Snark*. The London bungalow was littered with stacks of such letters, most of them unopened. But this particular letter so laden with the whims of fate came, not in the regular mail, but all by itself in the hands of a special delivery messenger. And it chanced that it was put into the hands of Mrs. London. And she, instead of tossing it into the closest convenient heap, spent one idle moment reading it. It made an impression on her.

Now at this precise juncture entered Jack London, in a mood of petulance and disappointment. He had just come from an inspection of the *Snark*, which was even then outfitting for the cruise. It appears that in the enthusiasm of an abundance of goodfellowship and warming wines the chef of the Bohemian club in San Francisco had volunteered to ship as the *Snark's* cook for the world's cruise. But it also seems that on this day only two weeks before the sailing the celebrated chef had gone to inspect the galleys over which he expected to preside and then and there fainted and made a scene expressive of his contempt of the

rude and tiny craft. What the chef had heard around the club had led him to expect a yacht of liner dimensions and Ritz appointments. What he found was a little ruffian of a smack. What he said was in broken hearted but profane French. What London said was in the most simple, limpid American. In other words the deal was off. The *Snark* had no chef.

LONDON had no more than given voice to his lament when Mrs. London offered Martin Johnson's letter.

"This sounds like that boy might have something in him," she suggested.

London glanced through the letter. "Wire him that if he can cook he can sign up for twenty a month."

When Martin strolled up the home street in Independence for the welcome home there was a job already waiting to take him off to the end of the world again.

Martin sent London a wire that indeed he could cook. Then the young man went into intensive training under his mother's skilled tutorship to make good on that boast. When that brave day the *Snark* put to sea Martin Johnson was aboard as the official sea-going cook, trained on the prairies of Kansas.

THE cruise of the *Snark* encountered many adventures and came to an end far short of the intended circumnavigation of the world, but that was all just a contribution to Martin Johnson's destiny, anyway. When the expedition paused, hesitated and ended in the Society Islands of the South Seas, Martin went ashore and went *fa' Tahiti*. He got a grass house on the rim of a silvery beach fringed with feathery cocoanut palms. There was sunshine and fruit and fish and nothing to do and a great deal of time and space in which to do it thoroughly.

When now and then Martin tired of the play of the palms and the surf he did himself up in his natty white ducks and went to chat for a while with the traveller guests on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel in Papeete, to get the news of the world he had left behind.

On one such day in 1908 Johnson met two puzzled and marooned French cameramen from the Paris office of Pathe. They had been assigned to cover the cruise of "The Great White Fleet," that American naval gesture of President Roosevelt's, but they had failed to connect because of the lack of adequate credentials. There they were on the beach at Papeete with cameras, miles of film and nothing to do. Johnson was curious about the cameras. The obliging Frenchmen taught him how to operate them and allowed him to picture the natives and South Sea life. The film that he made they sent back to Paris to explain their long absence. But they incidentally had made a cameraman of Johnson.

In due season Martin again felt the call of home, mother and mince pie. He went back to Independence and arrived to find himself in the way of being a celebrity, what with the publicity which had attended the Jack London-*Snark* expedition. Also he had learned about the films and the nickelodeon wave of motion picture theater development that was sweeping the country. With a partner



Johnson became a motion picture magnate with a string of storehouses, all named "The Snark" and numbered from 1 to 10. The Snark circuit was one of the earliest of the theater chains.

While Martin was film magnating on the Snark circuit he stepped into the ticket booth to check up receipts one night and chanced to catch a merry smile and a hello from a diminutive and decidedly pretty girl in the line of patrons. He abandoned the statistical and fiscal matters in hand and dashed out to see about this more important matter.

ALMOST immediately there was a threatened storm. It seems that it was all a mistake. The girl, Miss Osa Leighty of Chanute, had thought he was someone else. She was sorry, also haughty.

But to a young man who had learned things all the way from Whitechapel to Papeete, this was no serious difficulty. He did a great deal of talking.

So soon they were married.

Now the Snark circuit of nickelodeons began to hit heavy going and rough weather.

But Martin Johnson had become something of a showman now. He had found that he could entertain his audience with pictures and talks about the South Seas and the Jack London expedition. Now to meet the crisis on the Snark circuit he hurried away to Kansas City and got booked into small time vaudeville with a South Seas talk and pictures. The pictures, it must be confessed, were stray fragments of Hawaiian scenics which had nothing to do with the South Seas but Johnson had imagination and many ardent words. The act was a mild success. Presently Martin Johnson blossomed out on the big time of the Orpheum circuit, and when his lecturing career began to wane he became the editor of the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

But Johnson was not to be held to the staid ways of business too long.

Came a dawn which found Martin and Osa aboard ship bound for the South Seas with a tiny bankroll and a camera.

A succession of extraordinary expeditionary and adventure pictures followed, notable among them "Captured by Cannibals," and "The Headhunters of the South Seas." There were other excursions into the savage Solomons and to Borneo and all manner of the remote places with exotic names like Suva and Raratonga and others with no names at all.

WITH a showman's flair for a dramatic feat, or else with a scientist's curiosity concerning reactions of primitive men, Johnson went back to the South Seas to revisit the royal old cannibal chieftain, Nagipate of Malekula, equipped with a projection machine and portable electric light plant to show the natives motion pictures of themselves and of the white world.

More recently the Johnsons have abandoned the South Seas for the lure of Africa where they have made their home on the danger trails, producing a number of adventure and animal pictures, latest among them "Simba," a dramatic study of the wars of the lion and the native herdsmen of Tanganyika.

Osa, who if it had not been for that picture show incident, might easily have

been just a "home girl" with a small town life, is a full partner in the adventures and exploits of her husband, with many, and many a feat of daring to her score and a collection of trophies of which any sportsman might be proud. She, with her rifles, stands guard over the photographic daring of Martin's pictorial pursuits.

"WE have to let them get close for the pictures," she explains, "because one doesn't miss when they are very close."

But the Osa of the game trails is not after all one of these manly women given to flat heels and a collar and tie. Every African sojourn is followed by a shopping spree on the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue. Her picture work is done in khaki, but she has a star wardrobe for entirely personal reasons and delights. She turns lightly from double barreled heavy bore elephant rifles to the utterly female consideration of things in chiffon and *lame* and *bianchiani* and *Rodier*.

Meanwhile the photographic attainments of the Johnsons with their extraordinary records of the wild life of Africa have given them a status quite beyond the mere approval of the box office. Martin Johnson has become world famous as the adventure-photographer. Each of his motion picture negatives, after its theatrical career, goes into the collection of priceless record archives of the American Museum of Natural History, a tribute to their sincerity, authenticity and acute realism without screen hokum.

Now Martin and Osa call Nairobi in British East Africa home. There they have a residence which looks for all the world like a Long Island villa, and up in the deep of the "blue," which of course means "out back of beyond" up at Lake Paradise near the border of Abyssinia they have what might be called their "country place," a headquarters camp for their camera *safaris* on the big game trails of the elephant and rhinoceros country. The Lake Paradise camp suggests not at all the American idea of a hunting camp. It is in fact a little town, built of, for and by photography, with houses for the Johnsons, film darkrooms and laboratories, and houses to care for two hundred black porters and garages for the motor cars with which the Johnsons go racing over the veldt.

Johnsonburgh-on-the-Lake is a little oasis of civilization in a wilderness ruled by savage beasts and more savage men. It is five hundred miles from Nairobi which is considered a metropolis with its fifteen hundred whites. Up at Lake Paradise the Johnson gardens are looted for sweet potatoes by the grazing elephants and chattering baboons try to steal the electric light bulbs out of the bungalows. Leopards raid the chicken pens and lions waylay the black porters.

THAT is the place that the Johnsons call home. And it must be home because they always go there for the purpose of getting ready to go away somewhere else in quest of excitement.

All of which shows what can happen to a boy who dreams dreams in the woodshed and to a pretty little girl who makes a mistake and smiles on the handsome stranger at the picture show—in Kansas.



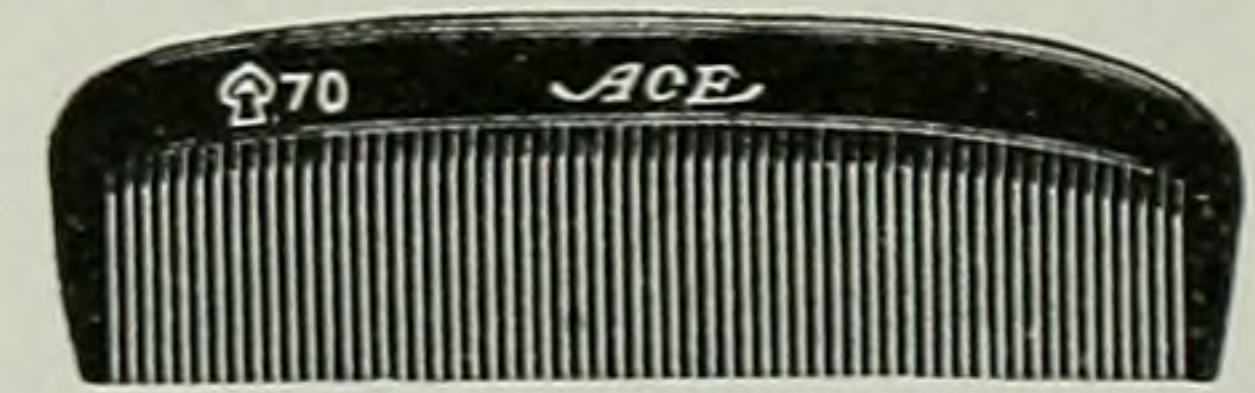
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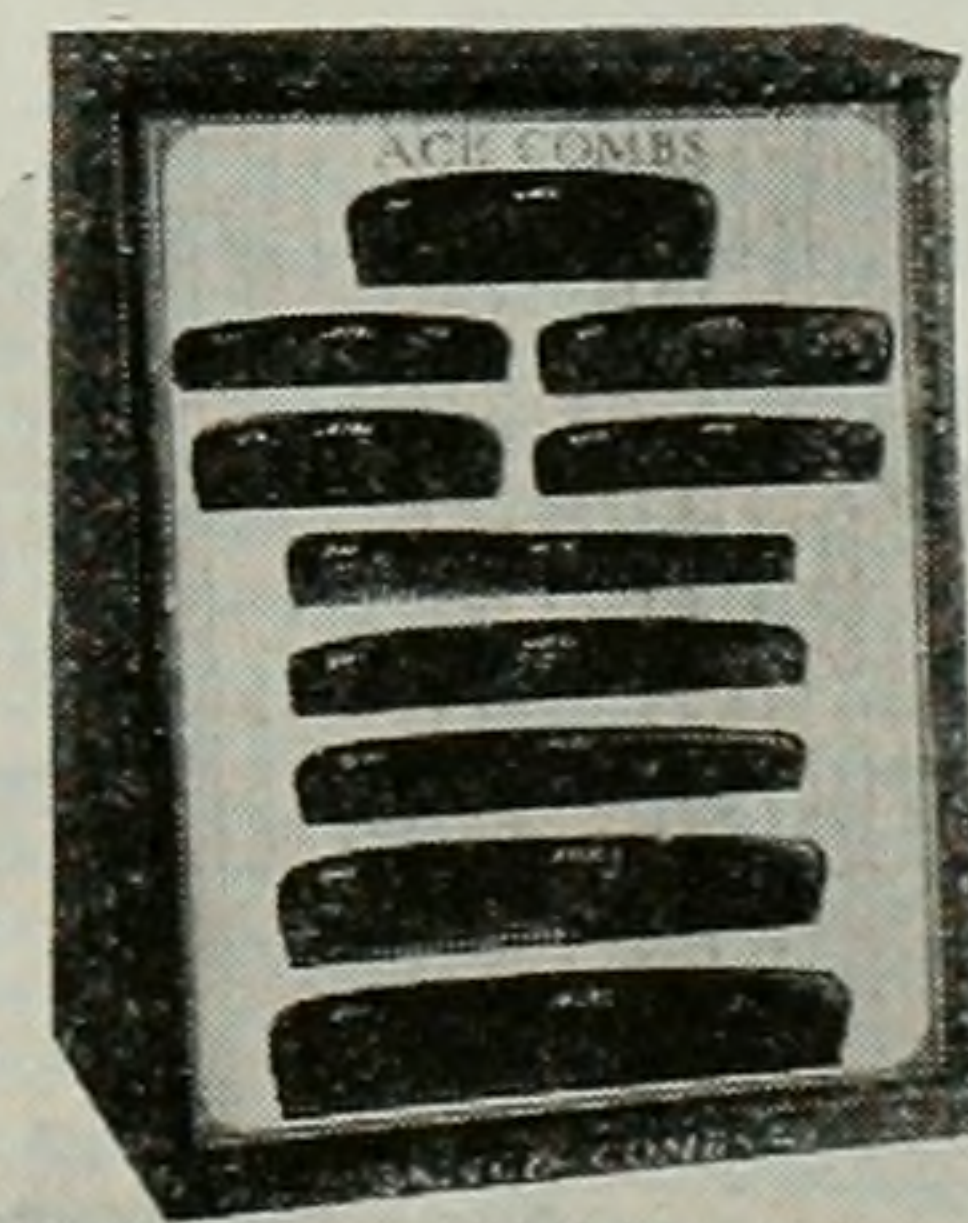


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## Ten Years Hence

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

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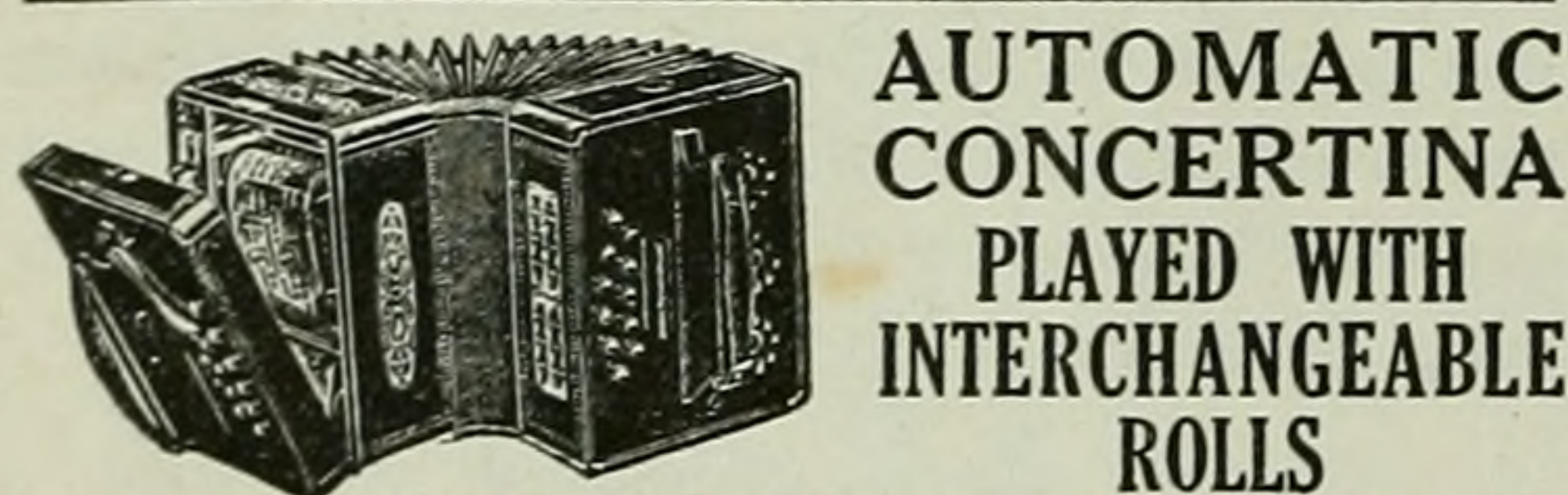
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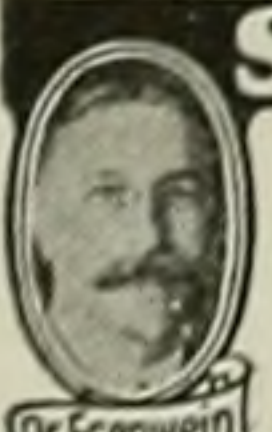


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my first real vacation. I think we must have a headquarters home in Beverly."

"And what," I asked severely, "will you do with the children?"

Colleen dimpled joyously. "Oh, we will leave them at home with mother in California," she bubbled, "it's the best climate in the world for children."

"But you know, what I probably really shall be doing ten years hence," laughed Colleen, "is being nice and plump and matronly, utterly absorbed in a possible two children, and telling my John we must put off the yachting cruise until the children are a little older."

**I**TOLD Colleen's fortune with the cards—just for fun. The cards told that this little Colleen is curiously beset by other people's financial worries. She cannot make a move, or change her plans a fraction without affecting somebody else's pocket book.

The cards also told of a contented but slightly wistful old age for Colleen, with her interests affectionately concentrated on one man.

When I confronted Dick Barthelme with my question, he looked serious.

"I don't expect to be acting then, but I would like to be in the producing end of the game—perhaps in Europe. But I would like to have made at least two more pictures as good or better than 'Tol'able David' and 'Broken Blossoms.' I think Europe will be doing big things in pictures ten years hence."

"I hope I shall be surrounded by nice intellectual friends, and be happily married with a little family. No, I am afraid I have no ambition to found orphanages or museums or libraries or homes for sick cats. I shall still want to be making pictures, preferably independently. My contract with First National has 18 months to run, and I am fairly independent here, of course."

Dick looks such a very romantic young man—but I did catch him lunching off corned beef and cabbage, and talking stern business with directors and business managers. Dick will have achieved matrimony by the time this story appears, and he already has little Mary, aged 4, towards the founding of that happy family.

**I**CAUGHT Gloria Swanson on a day when she was "all mother." She had completed *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain" a few days before,—a rôle she adored. It was her little girl's seventh birthday and a big cake was being carried in by a haughty butler. The little boy and girl were telling about a moving picture they had been shown at school, and another they were to see later.

Also the Marquis had just arrived from the East.

So it was difficult to get this maternal-wifely Gloria to concentrate on ten years hence. Today and the immediate tomorrow were so enthralling.

"Ten years hence?" mused Gloria. "Oh, I would have to be doing something."

I should die if I were inactive. I won't care what it is so long as it is interesting. The stage, perhaps, as an experience, but I should not expect to make the same success as in pictures."

Gloria, too, wants to be living in the South of France, even as Norma, even as Menjou.

Gloria hopes she will not become a grey-haired grand-dameish mother, not plump and maternal either. There was a worried little wrinkle in her forehead as she tried to envision herself ten years hence. Being anything but the same Gloria was rather disturbing.

"But I am going to work hard and make a great many pictures in the next three years," says Gloria.

**T**HEN I tackled Douglas Fairbanks, with his newest picture "The Gaucho" about to be released, and a new one sizzling in his head.

"Search me," laughed Doug boyishly. "I haven't an idea what I'll be doing ten years from now. I never think about it. I just live each day as it turns up. I am even a bit vague about yesterday. I'm a little afraid of tomorrow. I am always getting very enthusiastic about something, getting involved in all sorts of schemes—and then sweating to carry them out or crawl out from under. My besetting sin is making rash promises."

"Ten years hence . . . umph. I am greatly influenced by Mary. She has such a sane, well-balanced head. I shall probably be doing what Mary thinks advisable," grinned Doug, who does really consult Mary about every little thing.

"I have a lot of wanderlust to get out of my system yet. So far our traveling has only whetted my appetite for it. We've done Europe pretty well, now there is the Orient and the tropics. I have some illusions about China, for instance, that I don't want dispelled. I am going to try to arrange to see China only by night."

"I have young Doug, too, you know. He is writing some quite good poetry now, and trying out on the stage. Good at title writing too—he titled 'The Gaucho' for me so well, that Sam Goldwyn wanted the name of my title writer when he saw a preview. I put one over on Sam, told him the fellow was a shy, sensitive chap—better make business arrangements through me. So young Doug got \$250 for editing a few titles for Sam, who never would have believed a seventeen-year-old boy could have been worth that."

Doug had a good chuckle over hoodwinking Sam Goldwyn about young Doug.

**P**RESENTLY he was discussing the nasty age controversy that has been raging—about scrapping men at forty in big business. . . .

"I am forty-four myself, but in the main I agree with Durant. Here on the lot we notice it. Under forty men move by their own momentum, but after forty we have a sense of having to pull and push



them—mentally. But, of course, I am one of the numerous exceptions," grins Doug.

"Ten years hence I'll be fifty-four . . . umph! I wonder what I will be doing. Dashed if I know."

Doug, like a veritable school-boy, can't keep still. He is the embodiment of activity. It will take more than ten years for Doug to ossify. He is no more capable of contemplating settled-down retirement than a twelve-year-old.

In the meantime Doug and Mary are regarded as co-sovereigns by numerous crowned heads. The King of Spain, the Prince of Wales, Mussolini, all correspond with them as fellow rulers. The King of Spain wanted Doug to make a picture in Spain and offered to appear personally in it.

They entertained the young King and Queen of Siam not long ago, the country which "Chang" depicts. Doug says the King of Siam is very up-to-date and Siam has had airplane postal service for years.

So Doug and Mary may easily settle down to simple ruling monarchy in Filmland ten years hence, and do their domain infinite royal credit in the job, too.

WHEN I interviewed John Gilbert, he had just rushed up from his yacht, down in the Los Angeles harbor and looked properly romantic in immaculate white flannel pants and rich white sport sweater. John is just naturally dazzling, smile, eyes, teeth and all. Yachting thrills him. He calls his recently acquired schooner "The Temptress." The motor boat is "The Vampire." The sail boat is "The Harpie" and the dinghy "The Witch." Which selections give a peep into John's present psychology.

Ten years hence John will be forty—just thirty now, the age Sir Conan Doyle says that all men will be in heaven. (Sir Conan likewise says all women will be beautiful up there!) Sir Conan was devising John Gilbert's idea of heaven.

John was emphatic in saying he would be producing pictures, if not still acting in them, ten years hence. He says he has done everything in pictures, writing, directing, titling, acting. His main quarrel with his own producers now is not that his pictures are poor, but that they could be so infinitely better. But while he is saying that he is making all sorts of naughty dangerous comments on the side, and grinning impishly at indiscretions he knows we will protect him from.

Yes, John hopes he will be married ten years hence, but children . . . oh, Lord. Well, maybe a couple of little Gilberts—if the house is big enough for safe retreats.

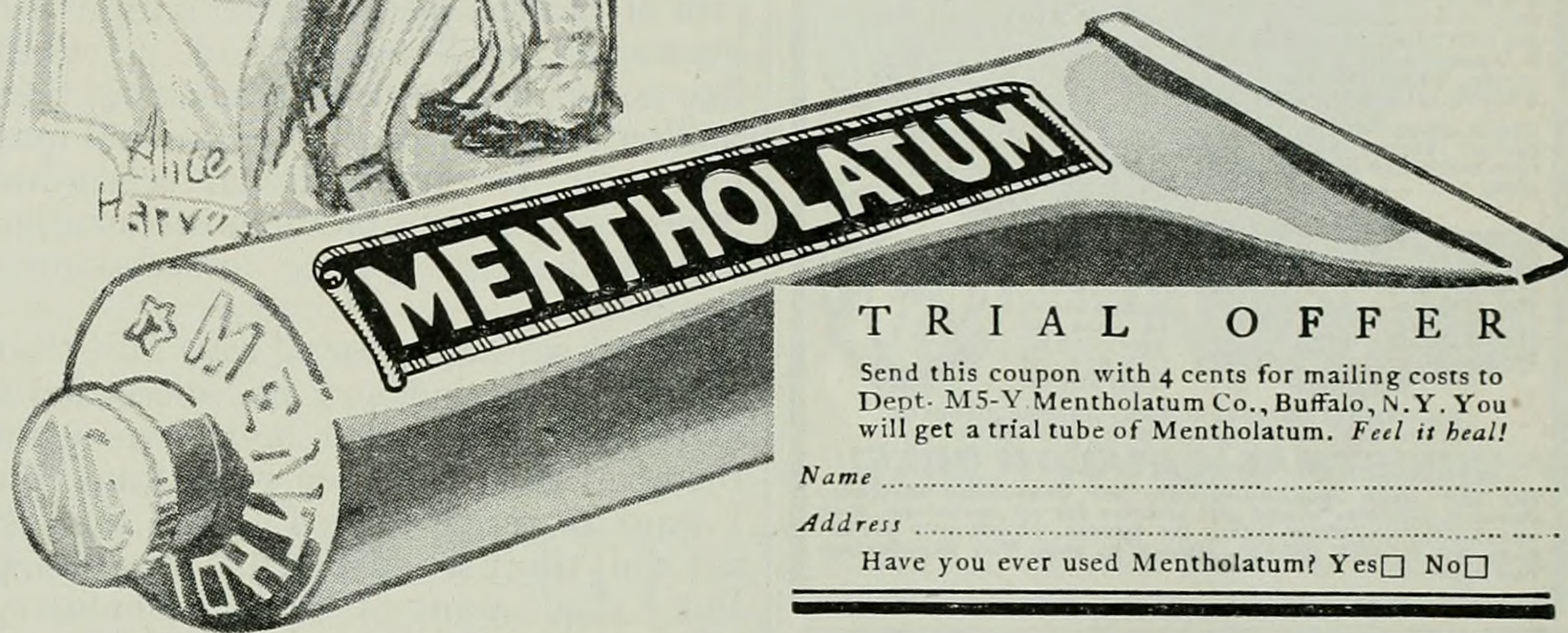
"Preferably little Gilberts," grins John. He says he goes to see his little girl at the home of his former wife, Leatrice Joy, "but somehow, although she calls me 'Daddy,' I can't feel properly paternal," confesses John.

A VERY different person is Ronald Colman, all gentlemanly reticence and polite discretion, intermixed with attractive half-embarrassed little smiles.

Ten years from now Ronald will be a trifle over forty. "So perhaps I shall not



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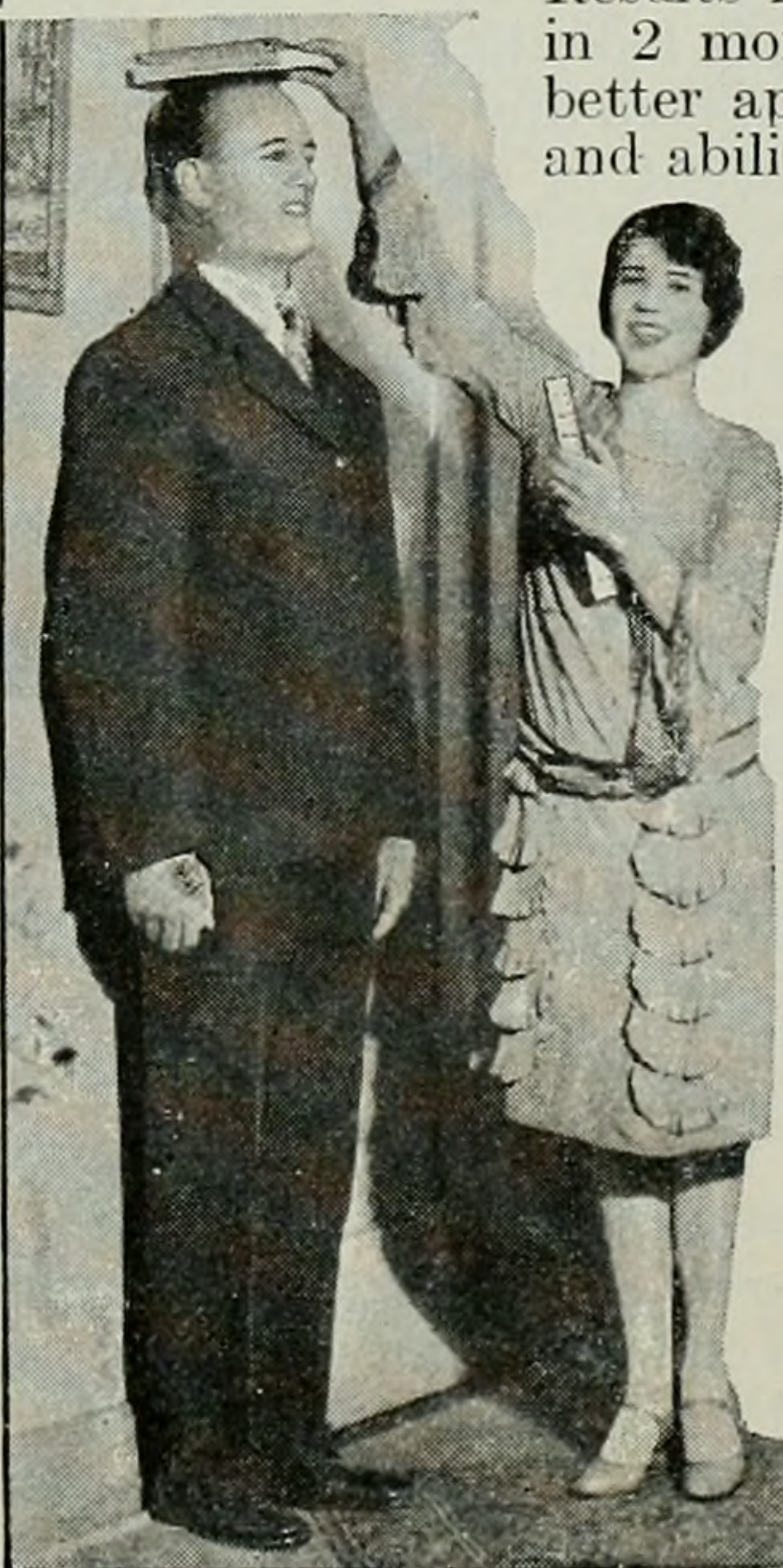
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be acting on the screen. Oh, no, I could never do my own producing. I hold producers in proper respect. But perhaps I shall be back on the stage. I should like to be living in Southern Italy, and maybe own a yacht by then, for trips to the Orient and the tropics—and only working say, twenty weeks in the year instead of fifty-two.

"I should like a fine library—oh, not necessarily rare first editions. I should like to have a son. . . . (Ronald's wife lives in England.)

"I hope my best virtue will be charity, and that I shall only indulge the more gentlemanly and discreet vices. Yes, I do like a game of poker. . . ." he admits deprecatingly, "a mild gamble, and, and. . ."

Ronald's pet sport at present is tennis, which he is so proficient in that he gives some of California's champions a first class fight.

**R**ICHARD DIX, Paramount's star, says he will be a motion picture director ten years hence. "Only the surface of motion picture potentialities has been scratched," said Richard. "I would like to do my part in advancing them further as a universal international force for good, for international peace and understanding, new methods in education, and with far greater entertainment qualities.

"I am an actor now," says Dix, "but no star in the industry has succeeded in maintaining his or her popularity up to the age I shall be in ten years from now. I want to retire while I am at the top, not wait till it is whispered I am slipping. But I don't want to leave the industry.

My desire to direct grows upon me and I feel sure there will be a place for me.

"I also expect to be married and be the father of four children, two boys and two girls," laughs Richard. "I shall be living in Southern California if I have my way, in a nice roomy Spanish type house on a ranch where I can breed blooded horses. I should like a trip to Europe and the East at least once a year."

Although Dolores del Rio is too young to include in this story—only twenty-two now, after two brilliant years in pictures, she has her future all marked out. Dolores is burning to be a stage actress. She is deliberately, earnestly intending to attack the stage as her supreme ambition. Ten years hence Dolores expects to be among the Ruth Chattertons, Lenore Ulrics, Florence Reeds and Helen Menckens. Some of them desert the stage for pictures to make money. Dolores is making money in pictures with intent to desert them for the stage.

**M**AE MURRAY, now returning to the stage after ten years in pictures, is buoyant and youthful as ever. Mae comfortably wipes the next ten years away like a mere tomorrow. After a spell of stage appearances and enchantment with her dancing, Mae intends returning to the screen in her own productions. Mae also gave me to understand that she was very happy with her husband. "He was the love I was waiting for all my life," she said. "And we were married in the Roman Catholic Church because they do not countenance divorce—and so my former marriages did not exist for them."

## Making a Million

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Eye" an' me spent the long nights a plannin'. Everything pointed to sad days ahead for Mexico, until an old cattleman I knew came a visitin' our camp. As he had been down in Mexico, I asked him what part of the country would be the quickest and easiest to make a million dollars in. "A million," he said, "why son, there ain't half that much money in all Mexico. There ain't a million dollars anywhere, except in two places—Washington an' Texas." So that was that.

**I** LOST my last bit of respect for "Good Eye" when he proposed that him and me get the million by goin' out to Australia an' raisin' sheep. I told him I didn't mind bein' a bandit as we had planned, or even a first class pirate or a good bankrobber for a few days in order to get the million, but I made it plain to old "Good Eye" with much Texas word-trimmin's, that I was a cattleman an' hadn't sunk as yet to the low down of bein' a shepherd.

The only way to get to Washington, where the other million was, I figured was for me to hold office, an' I knew there wasn't much chance for a twenty-six year old cowhand to go office seekin'.

So it was that I drifted around, always with the million in mind, doin' a little

ranchin' here, a little cowpunchin' there an' sheriffin' quite a bit now an' then.

One day I found my way into Southern Colorado an' was a livin' near Canon City. Remember, I was livin' near Canon City and not in it, as that's a town where a lot of the citizens are plumb permanent, stayin' there by the year on the state's invite. A little somethin' of no great importance except to three or four of us happened about that time, which made it necessary for me to go south, an' until I reached the state line, do most of my ridin' at night. As an eagle would fly, it was about 450 miles to El Paso, an' that was where I was headin' for. I made a few quick, night horse trades as I went along, but I usually left a better horse than the one I rode away. In about four weeks I got to El Paso, and friends.

**A** BOUT this time across the Rio Grande, Madero was a fightin' the Mexican Federal forces and he organized an outfit of half a dozen Americans willin' to take a long chance. I was among the first picked an' strung along with the insurrectos. We Americans captured a few machine guns in the battle an' takin' of Juarez an' for this service, Madero in person, paid each of us Americans \$500 in gold. When I felt how much the \$500 in gold weighed,



I abandoned my original idea of luggin' my million around with me. But I'd made a good start—all I needed now was the trifle of \$999,950.

Madero wanted me to go into Mexico with him, promisin' that when he became president—which he did—that I could have a big government job, such as chief of police or chief of the supreme court, or somethin' like that. I told him I wasn't a lawyer an' couldn't be a supreme court judge, but he said the Mexican Supreme Court would never meet anyway so that wouldn't make any difference. I decided that Juarez was as far below the border as I wanted to troupe. I didn't mind, I explained, shiftin' state lines now an' then as occasion demanded, but I didn't like to get very far away from that big sign a readin' "U. S. Border."

**A**BOUT this time, several white jacketed friends of mine—not barbers or waiters—told me there was a man 'round El Paso a lookin' for me. I replied that if the visitin' brother was from Canon City, or anywhere in Colorado, me an' him had nothin' in common but an argument. One day—entirely by accident—I run into this inquirin' gent. He said he had been hired to look for me—that the Selig Polyscope Company of Chicago, stood ready to pay me good money to come there an' help 'em make a movin' picture. How much was there in it? I wanted to know.

"There's millions in the movin' picture business if you go at it right," the man told me.

That word million decided me. There was millions in sight an' I only wanted one of 'em. Personal, I didn't care who got the rest as long as I got my one, so to Chicago him an' me went.

Now this wasn't exactly my first tie-up with the movin' pictures. A company came down to a little ranch of mine in Oklahoma an' used my place an' stock to make a film showin' the life an' uses of a steer. It was one of the early educational pictures. Me an' my cowboys appeared in it, an' it was this same concern that wanted me to go back to Chicago.

Once there, a feller out at the studio asked me if I could kill a wolf with my bare hands? "I dunno about that," I told him, "I might if I got the first hold, but who wants to kill a wolf with his hands? I'm willin' to shoot 'em one at a time or by the carload, but I'm not hankerin' to wrestle with 'em. What's in it for me?"

"Big money," the gent proceeded, "you see, it's thisaway. In the story we are about to make, a man has been licked in Wall Street by the human wolves, an' bein' broke, his wife quits him, an'—"

"**W**HAT did you expect her to do?" I put in, but the man paid no attention to what I said an' went on.

"This busted Wall Street gent," he says, "after a losin' of his bankroll slips away into Colorado, an' finds himself a little hideaway spot in the mountain. One day he meets up with a bunch of timber wolves an' takes refuge in an old deserted shack, where the wolves corner him. The Wall Street gent, still husky, puts up a battle with his bare hands, strangles the biggest wolf an' the rest of

the pack goes sneakin' away. Then, says this man to himself, I've met the real man eatin' wolf an' licked him. I'm a goin' back to Wall Street and whip the human wolves that put me on the run. Thereupon, so the man told me, this feller goes back, puts the Injun sign on the Wall Street wolves, recovers his bankroll an' lives happy ever after.

Bein' much interested by this time, I inquires if the wolf whippin' gent got his wife back?

"Hell, no," says the studio man, "this story is a goin' to have a real, happy endin'—she don't get back."

"Now," he rambled on, "we got a fine young man to play the Wall Street gent, except the killin' of the wolf with his bare hands. That's where you come in as a double for the leadin' man." Then he told me they had the wolves, fresh from Montana, out in a pen. I took a look at 'em an' they was sure wolves all right. Four were about the average size, one a little runt an' one old boy, bigger'n the rest by twenty pounds. I decided that it was the little feller that was goin' to be out of luck. So far as I was concerned, the big one had nothin' to worry about. The picture man said there would be big pay an' a lot more for me in the future.

Now, says I to myself, here is where I get my million dollar start. To get a million, you first got to be where a million is, an' now I'm right in that town, so I told the studio feller he could turn his wolves loose an' me an' them would have it out.

**I** WAS introduced to the leadin' gent of the picture. If I had taken a good look at this bird an' his hair, this story would never have been written, an' mebbe I'd never got the million. They built the shack in one of the studio stages, and I helped 'em rig somethin' like a shute up to a window, an' the wolves was to come in on me thataway.

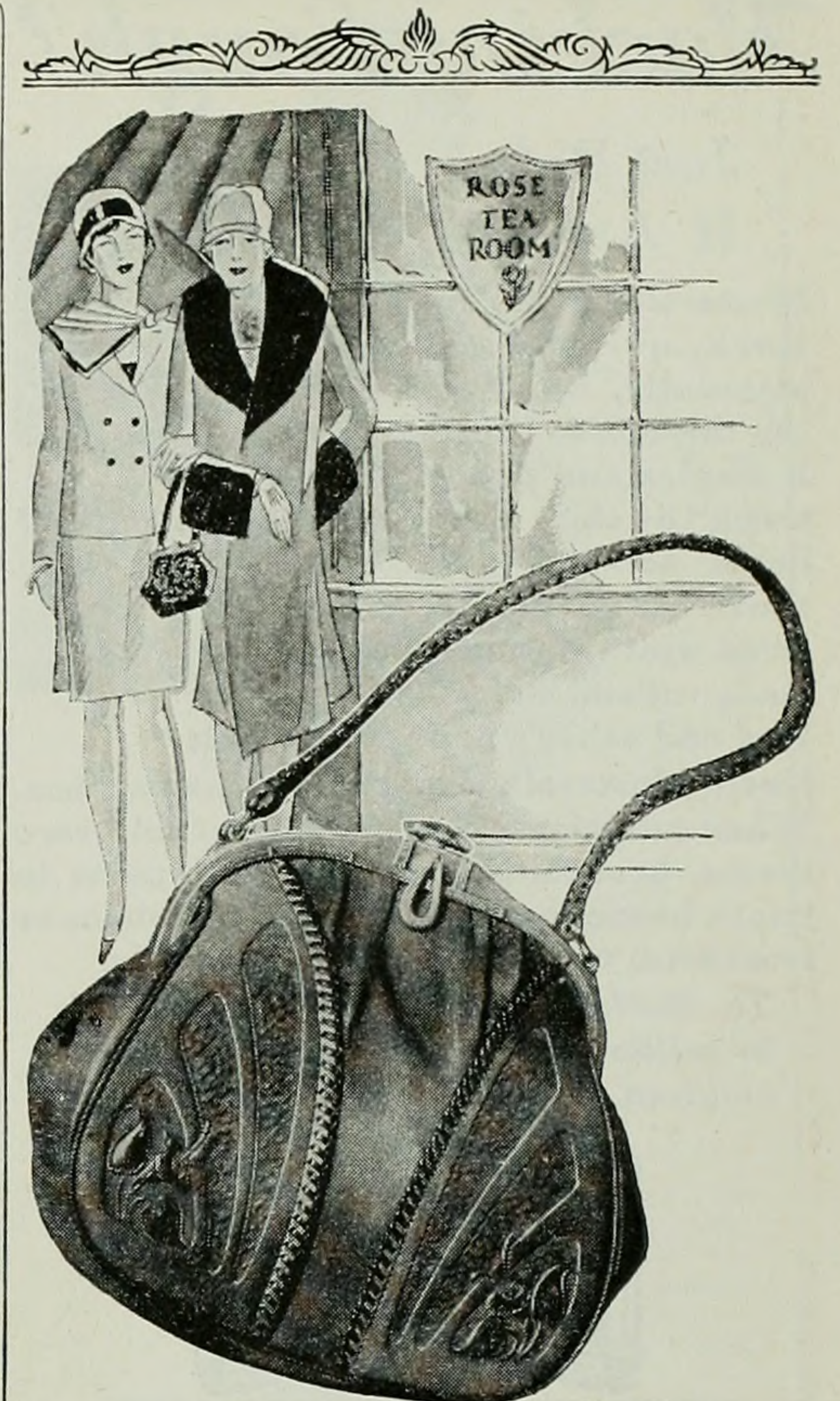
Before day light, I sneaked over to the wolf pen an' slipped in about ten pounds of raw meat for each wolf an' made it my business to see that the biggest one got the heaviest hunk. I had to put on the hero's clothes. A dapper little feller said he was there to curl my hair. Now I've been in a few tight places where I thought my hair was curlin' but to have a bird do it with a pair of pincers was like a wet saddle blanket to me. Anytime, I told him, that I had to get my hair curled to fight a coupl'a wolves, it was time for me to get back to the west where I belonged, exceptin' of course, the state of Colorado.

The director explained that as the leadin' gent had curly hair, I'd have to get mine fixed that way. Havin' a little Injun in me, I was never very strong on the curly hair stuff, an' what I suffered with that bird a twistin' my hair around with a pair of tongs, no one will ever know. At last they got me fixed.

I was afraid to take a peep in a lookin' glass for fear I'd take a punch at some one, havin' both the director an' the curly haired leadin' gent in mind.

"**N**OW," says the director, "remember while you're a killin' the wolf, keep your back to the camera. We don't want to see your face—keep your back to the camera."

Everything was set. I got up near the

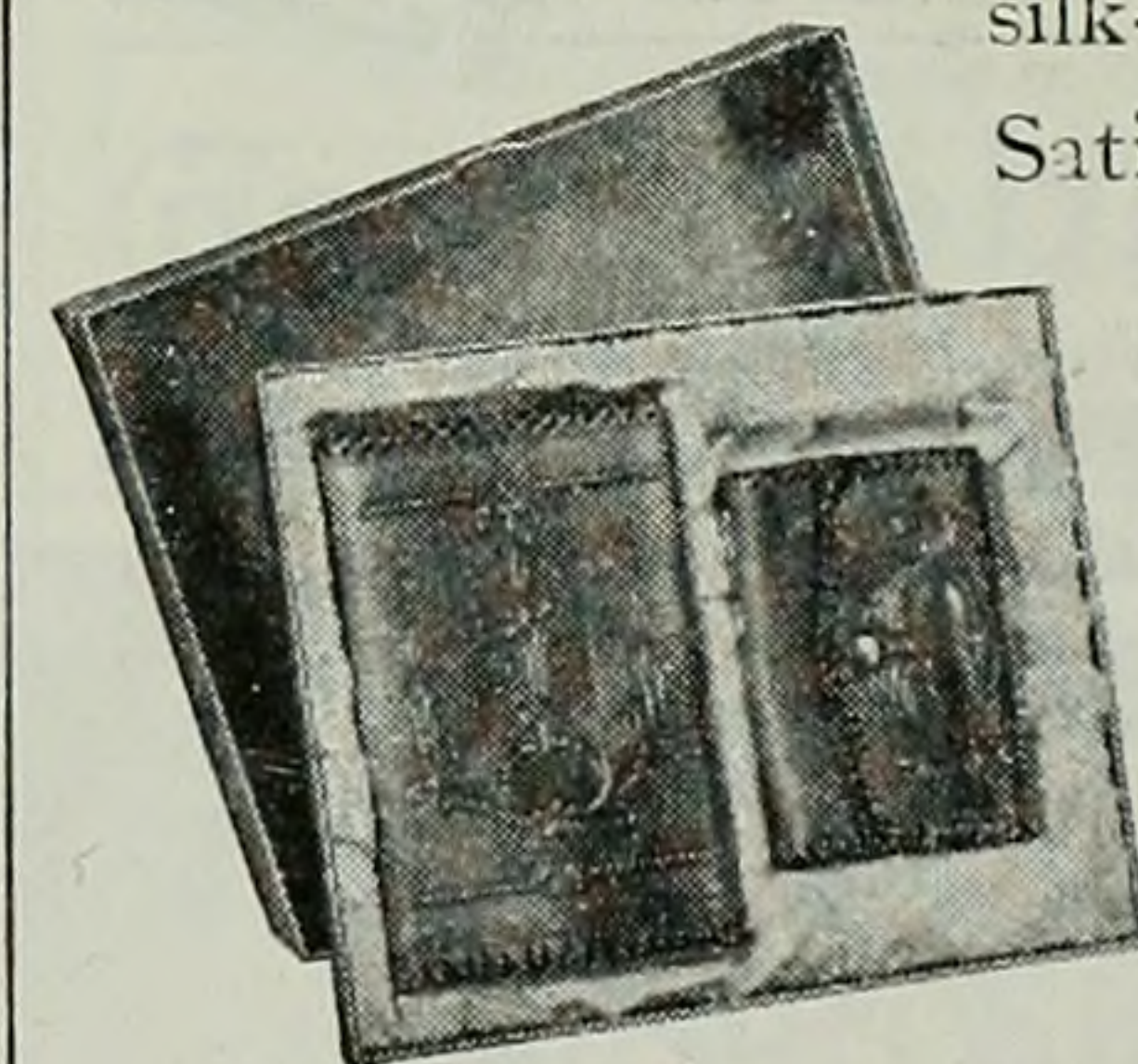


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# Always a Tree

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

"Honest to goodness, Jer—" he chuckled, "the woman proposed to me! Out of a clear sky. And so we hopped a taxi—and went to the first J. P. I'm not one to take a joke. And—here we are—"

TO Jerry's eternal credit he made no remonstrances. To Jerry's everlasting goodness! He did not say that he was disappointed in the lack of preparation, in the fact that he had not even let his smile falter—he wore it in as jaunty a manner as one wears a new top-coat.

"Well," he said briskly, and there was only warmth in his tone, "well, you stole a march on me, old man! I—I'll do the same by you, some day. And now; you'd better take your—bride—upstairs—and get ready for dinner. I'll tell Annie" (Annie was the lady of color, who came in, by the day, to scrub and to cook) "to set an extra place at the table."

But Ralph was all at once faltering. "Where will I take her?" he questioned, almost helplessly. "To what room, I mean?"

Still briskly Jerry answered. "Why, you and Winifred will have our place," he said, for the twins had shared—as they had shared everything—a broad, many windowed bed-chamber; "you will have our place, of course . . ."

Winifred, self-possessed, cool as ever, was moving already in the direction of the stair. But Ralph still lingered.

"And where will you stay—Jer?" he asked, a trifle wistfully. "It's kind of—well, rough on you! Pushing you out—"

But Jerry had interrupted. "Oh," he told his brother, "I'll camp out in—" he faltered, somehow, over the loved name, "in mother's room. For—awhile!"

WINIFRED fitted, rather well, into the home. That first night, at the table, the conversation was gay—almost brilliant. Ralph's blue eyes were dancing at the thrill of the moment. Jerry's grey ones were not too blank. But it was Winifred who dominated the conversation. It was she who asked the questions—who supplied most of the answers.

"I believe," she said, at the last—over Annie's really excellent coffee, "I believe that I married Ralph because of the picture that he painted of your lonely lives together. Living in such a womanless way. I declare—I expected to find the place a perfect hurly-burly—undarned socks on the piano, and shaving soap on the sideboard. And when Ralph opened the door, well I couldn't believe my eyes. The place is so neat! And flowers all about—"

It was Jerry who tried to explain—"We used to do a good bit of the work for mother," he said, "before we could afford help. We got in the habit of being neat. And mother was fond of flowers—"

Winifred laughed. Her cool little laugh worried Jerry—had worried him from the very first.

"Oh, flowers are lovely in their place,"

she said, "but of course they're not—necessary. . . Ralph has told me of your mother. She must have been a quaint, childish person. She's been dead several years, hasn't she?"

HELPLESSLY Ralph tried to meet the grey eyes that were suddenly trying—just as hard—to avoid his own. It was only after a long moment that Jerry spoke. And then—

"Mother?" he said; "yes, perhaps you're right. She had the quaint simplicity of a child. But neither Ralph nor I have ever let ourselves think of her as—dead—"

After that, a little bit silently, they went into the living room. Went rather silently, but it wasn't long before Winifred's crisp voice was filling the four corners with her thoughts.

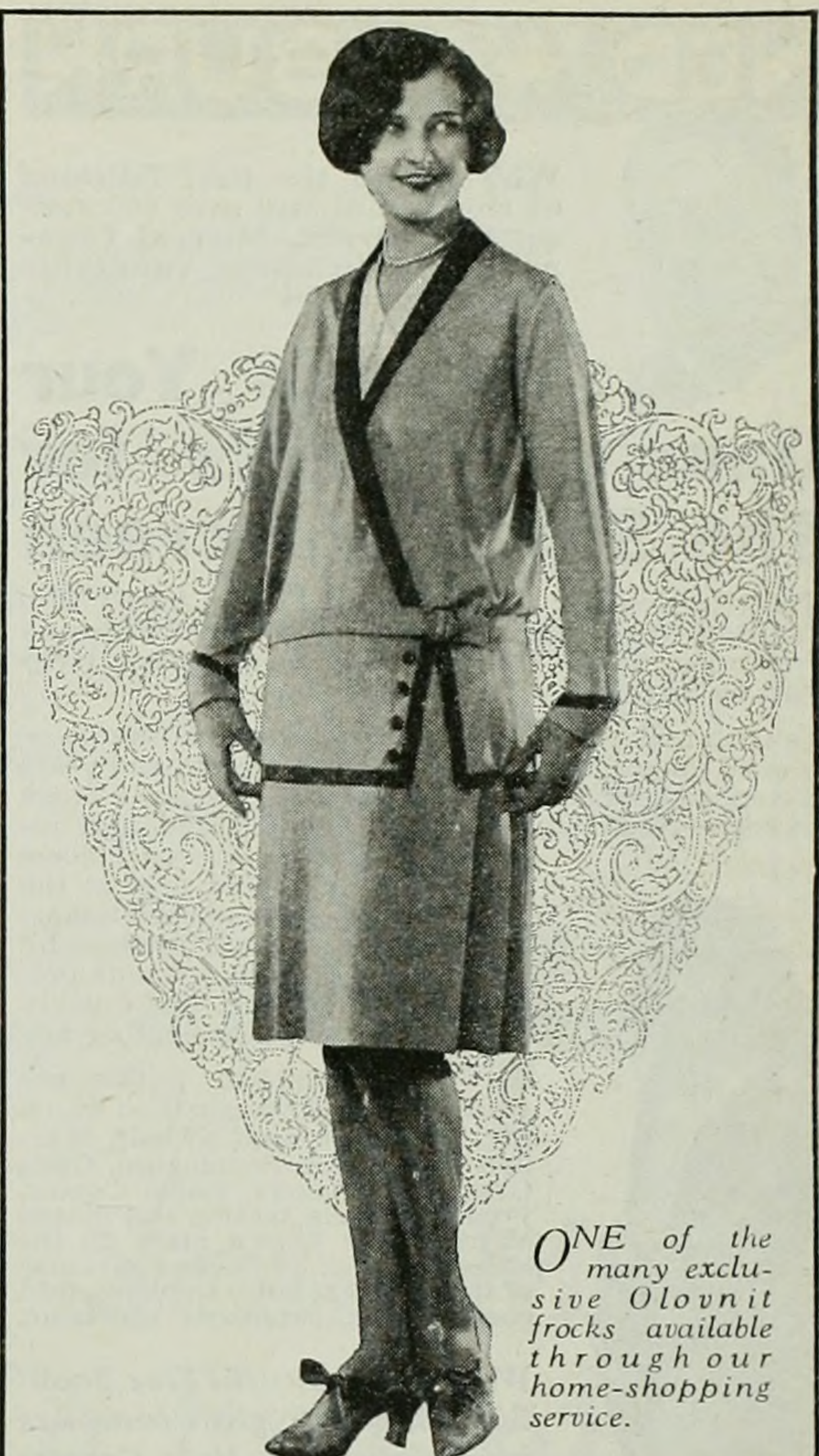
Somehow, although Jerry had meant to move out—to give up the house to Ralph and Winifred—he didn't go. As the months crept along he found himself staying on in his mother's room. Watching beside the drama that was Ralph's marriage.

Jerry had meant to move away—to take a bachelor apartment in the more modern part of the town. But the appeal in Ralph's eyes had stayed him. An appeal that never found its way into words. It was as if Ralph were asking something dumbly, as a dog begs. Something that his brother could only answer by continuing to occupy a room in the home.

It was not that Ralph was unhappy. Certainly his marriage had been of his own choosing. Winifred was clever, she was attractive, she was charming. She and Ralph loved each other—of that Jerry was sure—very deeply. He had seen their fingers touch in passing. He had seen Ralph pause, on his way out, of a morning, to take her into his arms. Quite fiercely. He had even seen the look in Winifred's level eyes as she smiled across the coffee pot, at her husband.

BUT—it was the changing of the little things! The constant, ceaseless changing. The very coffee pot over which Winifred smiled! It had been squat and dully shining, in the mother's day. A pewter coffee pot that had long been in the family. At Winifred's advent the pewter somehow disappeared. And a shiny nickel one that worked by electricity took its place. And, following the coffee pot went the oval braided rugs, and the familiar, old-fashioned portraits that lined the walls. Of course, the blue and mulberry Chinese rug was charming. Of course! And the Wallace Nutting prints—Jerry supposed that one, in time, might get used to them! Indeed the changes were all things that one might get used to—superficial things. But they made the home very different. That was why Ralph's look begged that Jerry stay on. Jerry was the last link to an old content.

Winifred had come in the summer. At



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the twilight of a drowsy day. When autumn had swept across the land her presence lay in every corner of the little home. Her ledgers, her small filing cases—in which were placed the household bills and receipts—crowded the very roses from the table. Her French grammars—she and Ralph were taking a home course in French, against a trip abroad—were side by side with the old books of verse on the mahogany shelf. The frilled calico curtains—the little mother had made them with her own wrinkled hands—had been supplanted by velour. But, most of all, Winifred had spread a layer of matter of factness over the quiet room. Draining the sense of latent magic from the place.

ON the first small anniversary of their marriage—when they, for a month, had been man and wife—Ralph came home, bearing orchids and a gift done in white tissue. Winifred accepted them with a small cry of pleasure—but bewilderment lay across her face. And—

“Why the party?” she questioned, as she raised her face for a kiss.

Ralph's expression was also one of bewilderment.

“But don't you remember?” he queried.

“Just a month ago, this very day—” Winifred was laughing.

“Sentimental boy!” she said, gently.

“It was sweet of you!” She paused, momentarily. “But orchids and this—” she had opened the box—“this jade! Why, they're far too lovely. And too expensive. They would have gone quite a long way toward an electric washer—”

Oh, she wasn't ungracious. Not that. Only—Jerry, entering at that moment, and seeing his twin's fallen face, told himself that she didn't understand. Winifred had come of people who went in for necessities rather than beauties. Her mother—Jerry could almost see Winifred's mother—would never have understood the creed of the mother who had sacrificed to purchase candy canes!

WHEN Thanksgiving came they went out for dinner. It was Winifred's idea.

“There's a football game,” she said “on Thanksgiving afternoon. And all three of us want to go. It will be easier—and cheaper—to dine at a restaurant. I've never been in favor of those huge meals, anyway. They're epochs of gluttony! And we'd never get to the game, in time, if we had to worry our way through one of them!”

It was Ralph who protested. Ralph, who had let the small changes pass without comment, spoke for the first time.

“But,” he told his wife, “Thanksgiving—without a turkey? It wouldn't be right. Ever since we could afford it we've had turkey. Lots of times—” he laughed out, suddenly remembering the first scraggly turkeys—“lots of times when we couldn't afford it!”

Winifred had answered. Coolly, logically—as she always answered.

“The trouble with you boys,” she told the twins, “is that you're all bound up in custom! Why keep Annie over the stove all day and make ourselves late for a good game? And, incidentally eat too much? And have stacks of dinner left over—so that for a week we'll have

to live on turkey hash and turkey soup! It will be much simpler to go to a restaurant.”

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

And they all cheered up when they got to the game—for it was a very exciting game.

And, coming home in a taxi, Ralph had his wife's hand in a clasp that was a flag of truce between them.

BUT, beginning at Thanksgiving, Jerry began to wonder ahead to Christmas. Winifred, who laughed at the old order—with her laugh that was like a bell chiming over fields of snow. Winifred who thought anniversary presents too costly, and Thanksgiving turkeys a waste. Winifred—what would she say to the so juvenile Christmas that—to the boys—was more than a Christmas? What would she think of a candle, set in the window to light the Holy Child on His way? What would she think of the festoons of green upon the walls, the strung popcorn? Would she remind them, mirthfully, of their mounting toll of years—when they mentioned the hanging of stockings? Would she scoff at the tinsel trimmed hemlock branches? That were—in some curious way—a tribute to dear memory?

Jerry wondered, but he did not put his wonderings into words. He waited. And the week before Christmas he had done with waiting. For Ralph, looking up from the French grammar that Winifred has thrust into his hands, had grinned at his brother. And:

“I've been looking at trees,” he said.

Winifred glanced at the two of them, across the French grammar that she held.

“A nice harmless pastime!” she told her husband. “I can't think of any more innocuous way—”

Ralph interrupted.

“Don't be silly,” he told her. “I mean Christmas trees. We're going to have the biggest tree in town, this year!”

WINIFRED laid down her French grammar. Carefully, as she did everything—so that the place might not be lost.

“But you're joking!” she said slowly. “Why, Christmas trees are the stupidest things in the world! They clutter up the room. The needles from them get into the rugs. The trimmings for them cost a—small mint of money. We never had a Christmas tree—at home—”

Jerry did not speak. After all, Winifred was Ralph's wife. He drummed on the arm of his chair with a nervous hand.

It was Ralph who broke into excited speech.

“But we've always had a tree,” he told his wife. “Always we've—”

Winifred interrupted. Was there a touch of scorn in her practical voice?

“Next thing,” she told her husband—but her eyes were on Jerry—“next thing you'll be telling me that you two babies hang up your stockings!”



Ralph was flushing. But Jerry answered.

"We always have," he told his brother's wife. Simply, like that.

WINIFRED was laughing. The scorn had gone out of her voice. It was the indulgent voice, now, of a kindergarten teacher.

"It's just as well that I married into this family," she said. "You two would never have been able to manage alone—much longer. We won't—" there was a note of finality in her voice—"we won't mention the tree, again."

But Ralph, for once, was not to be silenced.

"But we've always trimmed it, Christmas eve," he said, slowly. "Mother—she loved Christmas—and all the fussy little things about Christmas. She would want us, I think, to keep up the tradition—"

Winifred had not mentioned the little mother since that first night of her homecoming. She was not slow to learn certain lessons. And her voice was kindly, tolerant, when she spoke.

"Your mother has gone on," she said, "to a place where Christmas has ceased to be—important—"

Ralph started to speak. And thought better of it. But Jerry knew that his brother was remembering a certain conversation that they had held on the first holiday after the little mother's going. For that reason he tried to say something lightly. Only the lightness stuck in his throat.

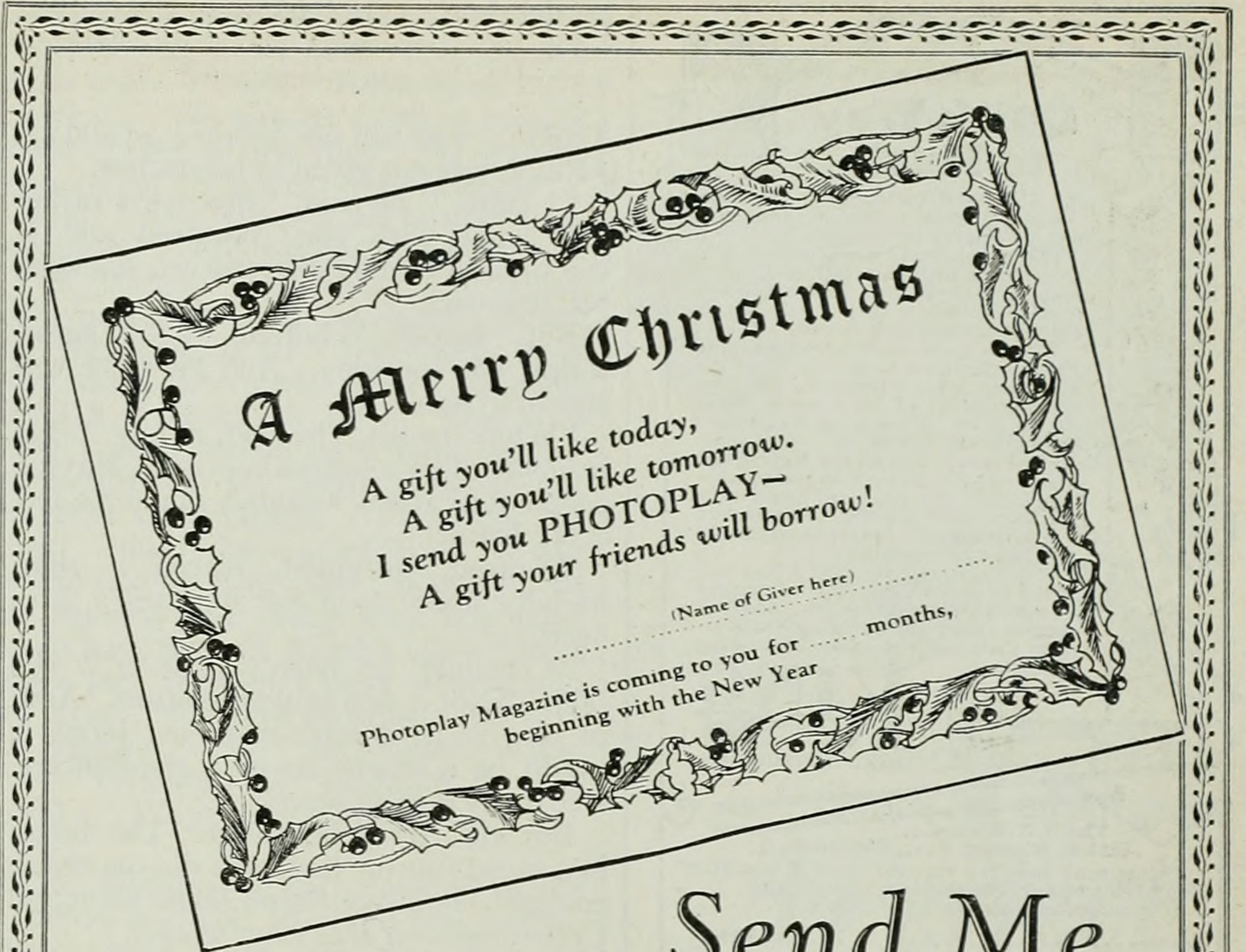
"After all," he said, "it's a pretty custom. Trimming a tree. It helps to fill Christmas eve—"

Winifred answered.

"But I've made plans for the filling of Christmas eve," she told him. "I've tickets for a concert. We'll all go, together."

IT wasn't that they lacked initiative. Not that. Neither of the twins would have failed to assert himself had it been a question of business that confronted him. But this—this question was not one of business! It was intangible. Precedent concerning a Christmas tree is hard to explain. Especially if the explanation must be made to a young woman who is able to meet whimsicality with matter-of-factness. Who can bring logic to play upon the most involved reasoning? And so, during the week that preceded Christmas, neither Ralph nor Jerry spoke of the matter that lay heavily upon their hearts. Any mention of it would have made a serious matter (serious, at least, to them!) seem more stupid. They resigned themselves, apparently, to the concert that Winifred had chosen for them. Only when the time arrived, they didn't all go together. For, after the forcedly cheerful Christmas eve supper, Ralph suddenly felt a dizziness about the eyes. He said that the lights bothered him—that his head ached abominably.

"A fussy day at the office," he explained to Winifred (an explanation that rather puzzled Jerry, as Ralph had been away from his desk during the whole of the afternoon). "No—don't worry. I'm not ill. I'll take a couple of asperins, and put an ice bag on my forehead. And



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by the time you're back from the concert—for you two must go along, without me!—I'll be much better—"

**JERRY** watched his brother anxiously. Ralph was not given to headaches.

"I think," he said, "that we'd rather stay home with you, Winifred and I! We wouldn't enjoy the concert, knowing you were sick—"

But, before Winifred could agree, Ralph was speaking. And his voice was almost irritable.

"What I want," he said, rudely, "*is to be alone*. I've a headache—see? Having people fuss about wouldn't make me feel a bit better."

Winifred, unruffled, placed a slim, friendly hand upon her husband's forehead.

"Certainly he hasn't a fever," she said. "Not a sign of temperature. And, so long as he doesn't want us, Jerry, it would be a shame to miss the concert. I've really perfect seats!"

But still Jerry hesitated. The break in a loved routine had been disconcerting enough. To leave Ralph home alone, on Christmas Eve, was even worse.

"Are you sure, old chap," he queried, "are you certain—?"

His twin's voice held an angry note. "Oh, for heaven's sake—" he said, "I'm out of my cradle. Go along, the both of you—"

And there wasn't anything else to do.

**ALL** during the concert—which was a good—Jerry found himself thinking of his brother. And of the little mother. And of other Christmas Eves. He found himself, when the music swung around to the carols, shading his eyes with a shaking hand. The whole thing was so—so *wrong*. He couldn't help feeling that Ralph, in the choice of a helpmate, had made a grave error. Somebody who could play—who, at least, understood play should have stepped into the place left vacant by the little mother.

And yet, even while he fostered the thought—Jerry was conscious of Winifred's charm. The decision of her, the poise, the vivid conversation that never grew tiresome. All of these things were important. Perhaps, in the final analysis, they would be more important than the little lovely things. Who was he to judge?

On the way home he was not talkative. Winifred chided him, gaily, for his lack of words.

"I believe," she told him, "that you're mourning the stocking that Santa won't fill!"

And—  
"I believe I am," Jerry answered her, soberly.

They found Ralph asleep on the living room sofa, when they came into the house. So calmly, peacefully asleep—in his best pajamas and his woolly bath robe—that Winifred tiptoed past him. And beckoned Jerry to do the same thing.

"Poor boy," she said, as they gained the stairs—"he's worn out with the pain. He was probably waiting up for us, and couldn't quite make the grade. I won't waken him—" she cast a really tender glance back across a silken shoulder—"the headache might come back, if I did—"

Jerry nodded his head in agreement. "I'll bring an extra blanket down," he said, "and throw it across his legs. If he wakes he'll understand."

**WINIFRED** was hesitating on the landing of the stairs. And quite suddenly, she spoke.

"Jerry," she questioned, "do you think that Ralph is happy? Do you think I'm a good wife to him?"

Oh, there were many things that Jerry would have liked to say! Perhaps that moment would have been the time to say them. But can one, by the saying of a few words, change a woman's whole viewpoint? And so Jerry answered as he knew that he was expected to answer.

"Of course, Ralph is happy, Winifred," he told his sister-in-law—"of course, you're a good wife."

But some twenty minutes later, when he came tiptoeing downstairs with the extra blanket, he wasn't so sure. Now that Winifred's brightness was shut away in her room, as he bent over his brother's quiet, relaxed form, he felt suddenly years the older of the two. There was something so pathetically relaxed about that resting body. Something so quiet about the sleeping face. Something in the droop of the eyelids that was so childish, so—

Jerry's train of thought went crashing to sudden collision with reality! For one of his brother's eyelids had raised, ever so lightly, in a wide-awake wink. And Ralph's finger—touching his lips in a gesture that begged silence—was eloquent.

**JERRY'S** hand had loosened on the blanket—it was sliding, to the floor, in a heap. Ralph's covering joined it, as he struggled noiselessly to his feet. In sheer bewilderment Jerry followed as his twin tiptoed in the direction of the kitchen. It was only when they had reached Annie's spotless domain, only after the door of the kitchen had been closed, that Ralph spoke. Spoke as he switched on the light.

"There!" he said. That was all. But his hand was pointing in the direction of the kitchen table.

And Jerry, following the pointing hand, was seeing, upon the table, a tree. A brave evergreen tree with pointed branches. Not a very large tree—but a pretty one. Untrimmed, as yet. But with a great box of tinsel, of colored glass bulbs, of silver and gold icicles, lying beside it.

"I brought them all this afternoon," Ralph was saying; "I left 'em on the back porch; and Annie carried them in—while you and Winifred were at the concert. And then, I got undressed and, when I heard you coming, I played possum. And—"

Jerry was groping for some mode of expression. Which he couldn't quite find. "But," he said, rather foolishly, "*your head?*"

Ralph was smiling.  
"Invented for a special occasion, that pain," he told his brother. "When Winifred said I hadn't a temperature I like to died, laughing. And when you were too dumb to get the drift of things—" He chuckled delightedly. And then, all at once, he turned serious.

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"Jer," he said slowly, "Winifred's my wife. I love her—and I wouldn't do a thing to make her unhappy. But you and I—" Suddenly Ralph had ceased to be the less vigorous of the twins, suddenly his chin had as firm a line as his brother's chin—"You and I have a tryst to keep. A tryst that we'd made before ever I met Winifred. We planned, always, you and I—" He didn't say any more. For Jerry's hand, reaching out to clasp his own, made other speech quite unnecessary.

AND so, together, they set a candle in the kitchen window. And together, with the light of memory standing in their grave eyes, they strung the silver tinsel across the gay branches of the tree. Just as they had in other years. And so absorbed were they in their task that they did not hear the swinging in of the kitchen door. Ralph started, and dropped the star that he was holding in his hand, at the sound of a cool, crisp voice.

"I heard Jerry go down the stairs," it said, "and I didn't hear him come back. It worried me. I was afraid that something was wrong. I was afraid—"

For the first time since Winifred's homecoming the cool voice faltered. For Winifred, standing in the kitchen doorway, in a rosy negligee, had noticed the tree. And—

"But what—" she queried, "what are you doing?"

What were they doing? The twins, staring into each other's blank faces, were suddenly echoing Winifred's question. Quite absurdly conscious of a stealth that was childish in the extreme. Seeing themselves as Winifred must see them. Men who, in a few years, would be middle-aged. But men who still played with the spirit of make-believe; with a handful of glittering toys. It was Jerry who finally spoke their answer.

"Of course, you think that we're fools—" he said slowly. "I guess we are, rather. Only—just this, Winifred. We weren't trying to hurt you. Or to be smart. We didn't even exactly mean to sneak away by ourselves. Of course—" the words were coming even more slowly, "of course, we didn't mean to tell you what we'd done. As soon as we'd

finished with it we would have—" Oh, it was hard to go on—"have taken the tree to the cellar, I think. You'd never have known . . . We weren't going to carry it inside, to get on the rugs. We weren't planning to go against your wishes."

Ralph broke in upon his brother's explanation. Ralph took up the story.

"Of course," he said, "you think we're insane. I don't suppose I blame you for thinking it! But—well, *we've never been without a tree.* And it has come to fill a place in our lives. That if it weren't filled, would have fairly hurt—with emptiness. I—" he tried to laugh, but the effort was a failure. "There's no use lying! I didn't have a headache. It was just an excuse. Only don't blame—" no one hearing that guilty little boy note, would have guessed Ralph's age—"don't blame Jer! He didn't know what was in my mind. Not until he came down with the blanket. I—" he paused—"I'm sorry, Winifred. I wouldn't for the world . . . Why—why, darling . . ."

FOR standing in the doorway, in her pretty negligee, Winifred was crying. Crying great tears that ran down her cheeks. Great tears that were not in the least angry tears. Tears that told a story of realization, of an understanding that had come in time. For a moment she—the self-possessed, the poised—seemed to be fighting for composure. And then all at once she gave up. And:

"But I've been so hard," she choked, between sobs, "so stupid! To think that I made you afraid—of—me! To think that"—her breath came in small gasps—"you had to come off, by yourselves—" All at once her arms were reaching toward her husband—"Oh," she cried, "how was I to know that a tree could mean—so much—"

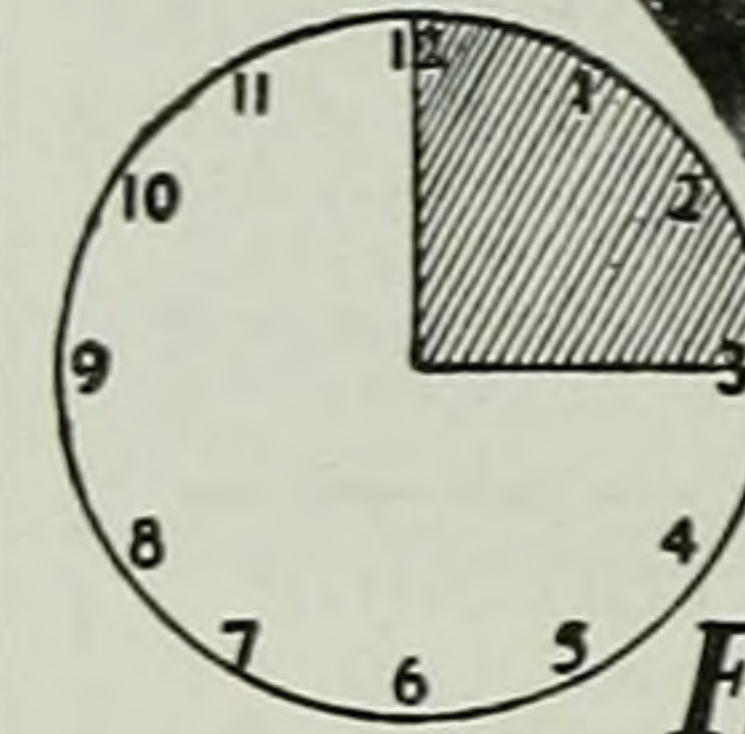
And, as she came stumbling forward, into the kitchen, there was nothing cool about her—nothing chill. It was as if something had melted, in Winifred, for all time.

As Ralph went swiftly to meet that stumbling, hesitant woman, he saw only his wife.

But Jerry—there beside the tree—could almost glimpse another figure in the shadows. A fragile, old little figure with a gallantly lifted head.



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# When Rudy Was a Boy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

sugar is the physiological supplier of energy—and his supervitality required an extra supply.

His desire for sweets, and for demonstrating his cleverness and daring, made of him, the townfolks say, an accomplished thief. But not a thief of the ordinary acquisitive type. The candy which he stole was distributed with signorial generosity to his friends. And once, at least, it served his passion for inflicting pain. He offered a piece of candy to a smaller boy, and then, when the first bite was taken, snatched it back; the boy broke into tears, and was consoled with another piece of candy, whereupon the process was repeated, until little Rodolfo had sated his lust for power.

OF course, Rodolfo organized a club of "bandits" with headquarters in the many caves of the romantic gorge of Castellaneta. He was, needless to say, leader of the gang. He used to ask the boys of the town, his fists clenched the while, whether he was not a greater bandit than Musolino, the legendary Robin Hood of Calabria. The boy who denied it nursed his bruises at home.

But there was one person, above all others, to whom he loved to give his candy. That was his nurse, Rosa. Rosa has no last name. At least she has forgotten it and the townsfolk never knew it. Rosa was, next to his mother, the idol of his boyhood.

Rosa, when I finally found her in Castellaneta, was placidly riding her donkey on her way to her vegetable garden. She is now nearly seventy and she showed an old woman's suspicion of a stranger. But once her confidence had been obtained, she poured out reminiscences of her Rodolfo.

ROSA didn't like sweets. But when Rodolfo brought her a gift of candy, he insisted on her eating it. For the true sheik must dominate not only his rivals but also the woman he loves. Sometimes he stole bright colored ribbons for her, and she would accept them in order, the next day, to return them to the original owner. Any boy to whom Rosa was friendly received a beating. The youthful sheik showed the jealousy which is but the other side of romantic love. Once, in a jealous rage, Rodolfo threw at Rosa one of the copper kettles in which Italian women carry water on their heads. She bears the scar on her chin to this day.

Rosa told of the time Rodolfo rode bareback a wild donkey whom nobody else could mount—and stayed on. She told of the time he stretched a rope from the balcony of his house to that of the house opposite, and walked across it, fifteen feet above the pavement. She told of the days he played hookey, and of his long periods of absent-mindedness.

A bully and a dreamer. Such a boy could hardly be a favorite in the town.

Castellaneta breathed a long sigh of relief when he left.

When he returned, one day two years

ago, in a high-powered motor car, accompanied by his sister and sister-in-law, nobody wished to recognize him. He asked for Rosa; she could not be found. He sought out the family which had been friendly with his father and mother; they were cool to him. It is a point of honor in Italy that those who become rich shall give money to their native town, and Valentino had failed to do so. He found one woman who gave him a cup of coffee. He wrote a grateful line in her visitor's book, cleared away the vines and photographed the grave of his baby sister Bice, in the village cemetery, took a snapshot of the central square, visited the monument to the Unknown Soldier, and—within two hours of his arrival—departed.

But now Castellaneta is proud of him. Within twenty-four hours of his death the following handbill, printed in enormous letters and deeply bordered with black, was posted everywhere in the town:

### FELLOW CITIZENS:

*The efforts of science were unavailing to rescue from the claws of death that son of ours who, in faraway America, was able to evoke all the ardours of our land and was proclaimed the sovereign of the cinematographic art.*

*RODOLFO GUGLIELMI has died, invoking the sweet name of mother.*

*Sublime interpreter of earthly passions, he fascinated people by his great gifts of mind, and in varied, living expression he was unique, a majestic master of mimicry. Every day newspapers and magazines from every corner of Europe and America report the delirium of acclaiming multitudes.*

*No one was able to excel him and his magnetic expression entranced masses of spectators, who everywhere fervently adored him.*

*He was the genuine expression of our countryside and of our spirit.*

*He was the son of the veterinary surgeon, Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi, who did so much good in our town, and of his gifted wife, whose noble qualities of heart everyone knew. Rodolfo Valentino, as he called himself in art, was born in this land of sun.*

*Now he is no more and we feel the need of commemorating him.*

**HE BELONGS TO US AND THE EYES OF ALL THE WORLD ARE FIXED ON US EXPECTING THAT HIS REMAINS MAY BE WORTHILY PRESERVED IN HIS NATIVE SOIL.**

*The sincere expression of our sorrow goes to his memory, the sorrowful greeting of all our citizens, who will forever immortalize his genius.*

*Everywhere great honor being rendered to the hero of art, such as few in the world have received, and Castellaneta remembering him sorrowfully offers him the last and best tribute of affection.*

*The Committee.  
Castellaneta, Italia.*



# The True Life Story of Lon Chaney

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

Some of the women made rag dolls from bits of old dresses—not that anybody wanted a rag doll. It was the best they could devise. Lon could sketch a bit. He made caricatures of each member of the company and for the helpless ones who couldn't think of anything to make or how to make it, he drew extra sketches so that everyone had something to give, something to get.

THEY made a brave show of it that night. They danced. They sang. But the homely, dreaming boy who was their second comedian stayed back in the shadow so they couldn't see the tears of homesickness in his eyes.

Eventually they got back to Chicago, the Mecca of all barnstormers. Lon looked about the agencies but he could only sign for another tour. He got \$14 a week as second comedian with "The Cowpuncher."

Only one night of that hinterland heira stands out in Lon's memory. It was the performance when the understudy took the sick leading lady's place. Lon had to rush to her rescue in a scene where she was holding the villain at bay with a small revolver.

There was a real bullet in the gun. Nervous over her part, as she pressed the gun in Lon's hand, the girl pulled the trigger. Lon had five acts and seven scenes to go through before he could have his hand treated. He was a trouper. The show went on. But to this day his right hand bears the scar.

The next year he was out with "The Beggar Prince." In Champaign, Illinois, the prima donna lost her voice. The theater manager finally solved the problem of who was to take her place when he suggested his wife's sister. Lon saw the girl come to the theater, a lovely blonde youngster with a magnificent voice. He watched her through the four hour rehearsal she had for the rôle which she sung that night. It was her professional debut and Lon stood in the wings and envied her the bright future he saw ahead of her.

TODAY, as successful as she has been, she must, nevertheless, envy Lon Chaney. For she is Myrtle Stedman, a fine competent actress, but far from stardom.

"The Beggar Prince" stranded in Columbus, South Carolina. Now when companies strand, Equity sends for them and that is all there is to it. But twenty years ago stranding meant the troupe was absolutely broke. All that saved this group was the fact that William Cranston, a Canadian manager, was aware of their existence. He sent them fare enough to reach Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then routed them westward through the mining camps, the dance halls, and the snow-bound hills, westward to Vancouver.

The Canadians had some critical faculty. They flocked to see "The Beggar Prince" because they had seen

no play for months and months. But when the same troupe tried to repeat the tour from West to East the Canadians knew more. The company had added two new bills to the repertoire, "The Royal Chef" and "A Knight for a Day," but the public stayed away with great force. Again they stranded. By organizing a benefit and playing three days in one town they finally eked out their return fare to Chicago.

Back in Chicago, out of work, in debt, all that lay ahead of him another road tour with stretches when a few dollars could be accumulated to be followed by stretches when those dollars had to be spent. Lon was not so lonely now but he was more frightened. For he had married a girl of the troupe and he loved her. But they were both out of work and there was a baby coming.

ALL the tenderness and compassion of his boyhood days came into flower. He wanted to take care of that girl-wife. He wanted to give her luxuries. He wanted to prove himself the greatest song-and-dance man in the world for her. But in his secret heart he knew just what he was, a bum comedian, lucky to sign on with a ten-twenty-and-thirty outfit that would tour the tanks.

I tried to get Lon to tell me more about his wife but there I met with flat refusal. He is proud of his son and his son's wife. "Gosh, they're great kids," he says. But his love for his wife he holds inviolable from the public. Finally he showed me her picture, taken on one of their seasonable camping trips into the High Sierras. A little broad, smiling woman holding her morning catch of fish. I asked Lon if she wasn't less than five feet tall. "Four feet ten," said Lon, "and being part Italian she eats too much spaghetti." He grinned reminiscently. "She's courageous," he said finally. "We've gone through everything together. Let it go at that."

Lon tramped the streets of Chicago hunting a cheap room. When he found it finally in one of the city's shabbiest districts, he installed his wife in it and went searching food.

HE went to a saloon. He was no drinker then, anymore than he is today. But the musical director of "A Knight for a Day" had a piano-playing job in a saloon that boasted a free lunch. He and Lon were pals and he loaned the comedian a daily nickel with which to purchase the glass of beer that led to the free lunch. The lunch offered husky sandwiches. Lon would eat one for himself, smuggle away one for his wife. That way they lived until he got the post of stage manager with "The Girl in the Kimono."

They had to take the baby on the road with them. There was no help for it. Lon worked hard. He wanted the second comedian's place but a better man than he held it. The actor's name was Lee Moran. He is still a comedian in two reelers.



## Sister Susie and the Steno' Job

She finished High School—with honors! Then business college gave her a "training" in six months and she started out to beat typewriters for a living.

Fine! But Susie was temperamental. Grinding drudgery might do for the type of girl whose ONLY aim is an early marriage. For Susie it was killing. So Sister Susie "took up the Saxophone."

Now Susie was just an average girl. You could never call her gifted or talented. But *within a week* she was playing tunes and in *six months* she could handle her Saxophone like a veteran.

Then things happened. First, a little club orchestra. Next, a local sextette. Then, some "home town" entertainment;—a sharp-eyed scout from a well-known booking office—a contract—and little Miss Susie hit the "big time" vaudeville, drawing down as much cash weekly as the salaries of half a dozen stenographers.

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John Chaney was in Los Angeles, manager of a theater, with a permanent home, a permanent address. When "The Girl in the Kimono" folded up on the road, Lon headed for the Pacific Coast. He knew that nothing worse than what he had gone through could lie ahead of him and at least the weather would be kindly.

There was a tabloid musical comedy stock company playing at the Olympic Theater on Los Angeles' Main Street. Seven shows a day, from one thirty to eleven at night, seven days a week. Wages, thirty-five dollars.

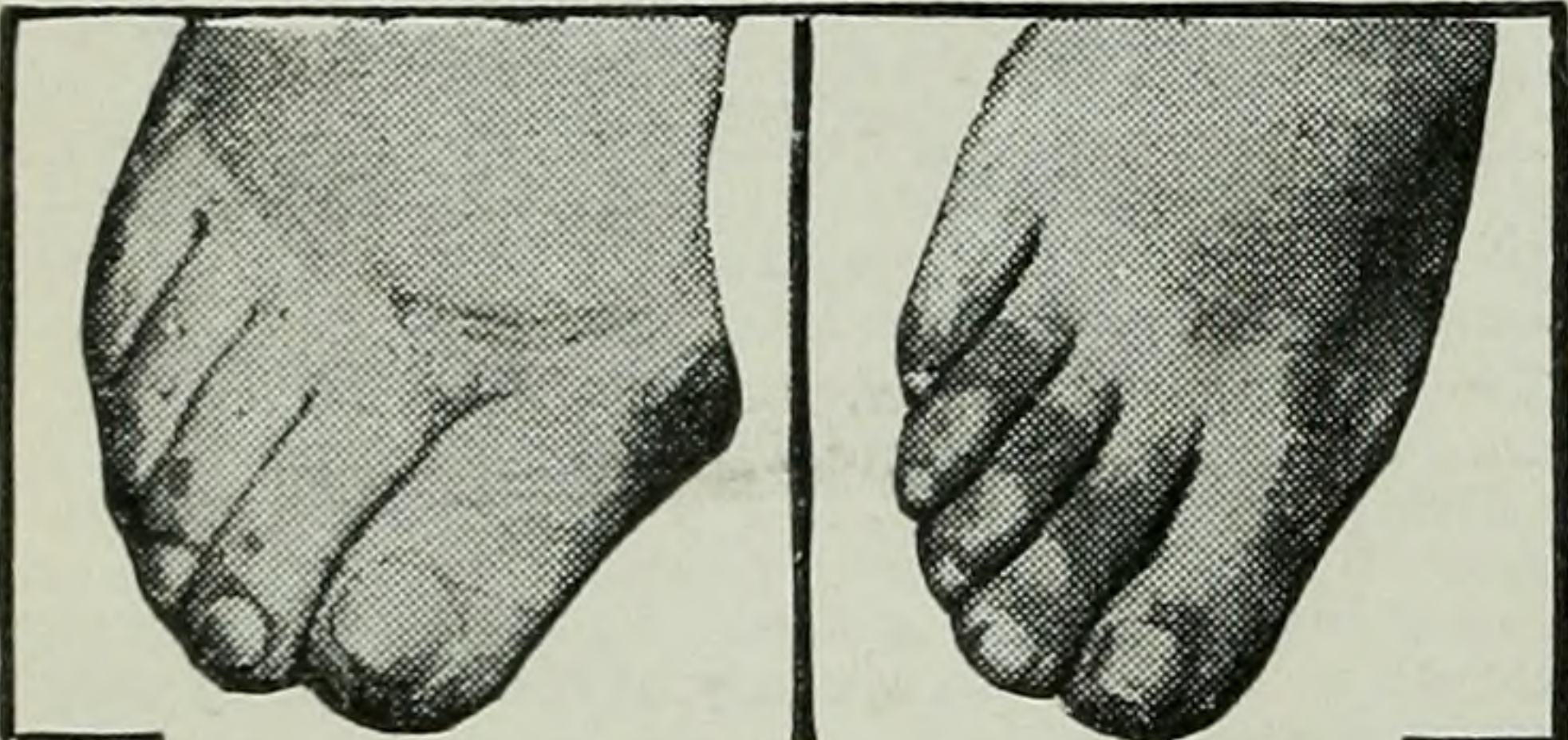
Killing, prostrating work, but permanent. Lon played there six months. Then he joined the Grand Opera House Company across the street. The leading comedians there were Roscoe Arbuckle and Robert Z. Leonard. The soubrette

was Francis White. Lon played German comedy, Jewish comedy, old men, young men, all the bits. He knew enough about make-up that he could play five rôles in one bill and not have the audience be aware of it. He was something terrible.

Slowly he began to improve. The showmanship that is like a lucky talisman for his career today began operating. He got his first reward when Dill of the producing firm of Kolb and Dill sent for him.

"The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" was going on tour and Dill wanted Lon as stage manager. Lon had to break up his home but he could not resist a part that had actually been offered him, that he hadn't had to beg for. When he got to San Francisco and Kolb and Dill decided they were going to center their producing activities there and wanted Lon as stage manager, he was in heaven.

In the two years in San Francisco he not only made a living wage with Kolb and Dill but earned a little on the side. Once he staged "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" at the Alcazar Stock Company. Lon as song-and-dance man staged the dances. He had to put the leading man through his steps and the leading man was nice about it but he kept Lon in his place. The leading man's name was Bert Lytell.



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Together they made good, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney, in "The Miracle Man." They both went up in the electric lights. Then Betty got a bunch of bad releases, while Lon went steadily, consistently ahead. Now they are reunited again in Lon's next picture, "The Big City"



A little money gave Lon poise enough to look once more toward the future. He kept hearing of the moving pictures down the Coast. The three Chaney's packed up. Lon was going to try his luck again.

Lon hunted up his friend, Lee Moran, who was working out in a suburb of Los Angeles called Hollywood. At the corner of Sunset and Gower Streets behind what had been a cattle corral was one ramshackle building. This was the Universal Film Company. Lee got Lon a chance there at three dollars a day.

The comedy man strutted his stuff. He quite truthfully believed there was nothing he could not do by way of pulling laughs, no make-up he could not don. The lack of word gags to get over the slap-stick, which bothered the others, troubled him not at all. He was back in the dumb atmosphere of his childhood where he clowned for his mother's amusement. They signed him for a company making one-reelers in which the other players were Louise Fazenda, Max Ascher and Gale Henry.

He was making very little more than

he had been when he started out from home, twelve years before. He was thirty years old. But he was a trouper. He saw only happiness ahead. He saw fame. He so thoroughly believed in himself as a comedian he couldn't know he was to find no success until he changed his acting completely. And he certainly would have believed no one if they had told him that his success was to come through one woman's keenness.

Today that woman is a scenario writer, one of the finest. Then she was an actress, not one of the finest. Yet even then she had perception. Her name was Jeanie Macpherson and she was the first person who insisted that Lon Chaney, the comedian, be cast in one of her pictures in a tragic character rôle.

He thought he was going to be terrible in Jeanie Macpherson's picture. Actually it was the turning point of his career, leading to "The Miracle Man" and stardom. Read how Lon Chaney found success. In the February issue of PHOTOPLAY.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany

A LONG step toward stardom is achieved by two people in this picture. They are Alice Day and Eddie Gribbon, while Johnnie Harron is right behind them. The locale is laid in Vienna before and after the World War—that latter period being most deftly covered in less than 100 feet of film and in a most effective manner. Harron and Gribbon are the performers in a beer garden—the former a sleight-of-hand manipulator and the latter his assistant. They are on their way to success but the war intervenes. On their return from the front they join the starving throng in the bread-line. It is there that the thought comes to the pair that the dexterity of the fingers of the one might be employed to effect their salvation from starvation. Harron turns pick-pocket and Gribbon disposes of the loot. The tale is about half told before the heroine enters. Then Alice Day appears and she, too, has turned crook to keep alive. She tries to lift Harron's watch but he catches her, feeds her and falls in love with her. The advent of the girl creates a triangle situation which brings the picture to an end with a most effective twist that will be adored by audiences. There is a lot of colorful atmosphere and a sustained suspense to the story and the manner of its unfoldment that will grip the fans.

### THE WISE WIFE—Pathe-De Mille

THIS is a fair comedy—though not original—of domestic troubles and triangles. Hubbies do have a weakness for peppy flappers, so friend wife gets herself all modernized and lets Cupid do the rest. You won't be bored for the cast boasts of Phyllis Haver, Jacqueline Logan and Tom Moore.

### THE RACING ROMEO—FBO

ANOTHER of the motor maniac yarns where the hero just must win the race. The story is slim and the comedy gags obvious. The chief claim to your attention is Red Grange and a cute little pup. Jobyna Ralston is the girl. As you might suppose, this is very poor entertainment.

### THEIRRESISTIBLE LOVER—Universal

A FROTHY piece of nonsense concerning a handsome bachelor who has escaped from the matrimonial ties. And into his life comes a sweet young thing who changes everything—and there you have it. William Beaudine's skillful direction makes this real good entertainment. Norman Kerry and Lois Moran head the cast. You really shouldn't miss this under any circumstances.

### RAGTIME—First Division

THIS is nothing but an old song revamped with a tin-pan alley composer as the hero and a charming debutante as the heroine. Pass this up.

### EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Fox

THE celluloid version of Felix Riesenberg's popular novel is filled with all the ingredients that make good movie entertainment. It has a realistic background of New York and tells the tale of a river waif who fights his way to the top step of the ladder of success. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli give splendid performances. Allan Dwan directed. We recommend this to you without any reservation.

### THE COLLEGE WIDOW—Warners

DOLORES COSTELLO goes collegiate and vamps a flock of football players. They all enter her daddy's school and what a team old Whozis has. They win the big game—Dear Old Alma Mater is saved—and incidentally pop keeps his job—that's why Dolores did all the vamping. Trite stuff.

### LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox

THE let-down in the last half of this picture spoils it for being a truly hilarious comedy. The first half is one laugh after another. Virginia Valli learns that even a poor department store stenographer must dress to hold her man—and attract others. Lawrence Grey portrays a boy worth holding, while Earle Fox makes an attractive third to the triangle. Nancy Carrol and Hallam Cooley are a joy to behold as the jealous, nagging young married pair.

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## THE LOVELORN—M.-G.-M.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX brings her experiences with "The Lovelorn" to the screen in a simple heart-interest story which is lightened by deft touches of comedy. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day, interpret sisters fall in love with the same man. Had soulful, serious Molly listened to Miss Fairfax's advice, she would have saved herself and her flapper sister, Sally, much suffering. Larry Kent gives a creditable performance as the coveted man. James Murray and Charles Delaney are the stand-by-lovers. Assures an evening of light, pleasant entertainment.

## MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—Pathe-De Mille

ANOTHER dear old stage farce has been resurrected for the screen. It contains all the old situations and strenuous physical comedy that was in vogue a quarter of a century ago. In this case, however, it isn't the action or the situations that provoke the laughs—the titles do the trick and they are far-fetched and verging on the double entendre at all times. Funny nevertheless. E. Mason Hopper was selected to direct the picture, which has Franklyn Pangborn and Elinor Fair as its principal features, with Ethel Wales and Ben Hendricks given lesser screen credit.

## ON YOUR TOES—Universal

THE sequel to "The Leather Pushers" series gives you another fight with many thrills. Also, proves what an excellent athlete Reginald Denny is. Many humorous situations arise in Denny's efforts to live up to the aristocratic ideas of his Grandmother. She would have him teach aesthetic dancing, but the fighting blood of his ancestors conquers, even as he teaches the "Tunney Back Step." Mary Carr is the pleasing Grandmother, and Barbara Worth, the girl of his eye, looks like she is worth fighting for. Plenty of laughs.

## MAN CRAZY—First National

THIS is another of the series of pictures with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall co-featured. The picture is founded on the story, "Clarissa of the Post Road." It is the type of light fiction tale that most fans will like. The heroine springs from stock that holds great family pride, the hero likewise. However, the heroine has the urge to do things. She maintains a quick lunch on the post road; the hero, with similar ideas, owns and drives an express truck between New York and Boston. Neither suspects the true identity of the other. Finally it is disclosed who they are and there is a happy ending. Dorothy Mackaill is responsible for a fair performance while Jack Mulhall is as always—likable. Edythe Chapman scores as a stern grandmother.

## BUCK PRIVATES—Universal

JUST another laugh at the World War. It is the Americans occupying Germany after the Armistice, with two buck privates falling in love with the village belle. Her father is a rabid pacifist and willing to fight to gain his point. Lya De Putti is the belle and both Malcolm McGregor and Eddie Gribbon fall in love with her. But daddy throws them both out of the house; in the end, however, McGregor wins her favor, while Gribbon is captured by ZaSu Pitts who gives the picture some of the greatest laugh moments.

## IN OLD KENTUCKY—M.-G.-M.

A KENTUCKY DERBY is always good for thrills and this one does not disappoint you. Also, it makes plain the effect the war had on one young man—James

Murray. The change from a clean, admirable fellow, to a dissolute, irresponsible gambler, is beautifully done. Proves that Murray's work in "The Crowd" was not "a happen so." John M. Stahl gives us remarkable negro atmosphere and a portrayal of their love of the white people that has not been equaled. Helene Costello neither acts nor looks pretty—a combination that is fatal. Eddie Martindel does good work as the father and Wesley Barry does an exceptionally nice bit as jockey.

## THE CABARET KID—Peerless

A FOREIGN made picture, with locale in England and France. An enmity of long standing between two aristocratic English families is straightened out through the association of the younger generation. Accidentally, the girl meets the boy aviator. The development of their love affair will interest you, but the story is disconnected. George Hackathorne is lovable as the boy, and Betty Balfour (the Mary Pickford of England) plays sympathetically.

## MUM'S THE WORD—Fox

ANOTHER fast-moving, two-reel comedy, with that youthful team, Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart . . . the boy who "for years had been looking for a Sunday girl and all he had ever known had been weak sisters." A new director, Eugene J. Ford, handles the megaphone. The tempo of this clean comedy would indicate that he will make good.

## IF I WERE SINGLE—Warners

ANOTHER highly-amusing, domestic comedy, starring May McAvoy, with Conrad Nagel as her leading man. In this case, Nagel promised to "love, honor and behave." The complicated situations keep you delighted, and Nagel proves that he is a comedian of first order. May McAvoy's work is very sincere. The music teacher, Andre Beranger, is screamingly funny, with his refined effeminacy and overstrained gracefulness. Merna Loy is the capable vamp. The flappers, the brides, and the long-married will love this clean comedy.

## THE MAIN EVENT—Pathe-De Mille

A HACKNEYED story of a prize fighter, his devoted father and a traitorous girl who reforms is made under William K. Howard's direction quite human. Every scene has been handled with imagination and directorial cleverness yet the performers are never lost beneath the camera tricks. Vera Reynolds, in fact, gives her best performance to date and Charles Delaney and Rudolph Schildkraut, the reliable, are excellent.

## ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia

IT is interesting to again see Bert Lytell on the screen impersonating the famous "Lone Wolf" character, Michael Lanyard, which he created ten years ago. There are mystery, intrigue, and romance, and the denouement (which can't be told) is startling enough to satisfy. Bert looks marvelous and gives a beautiful characterization and Lois Wilson falls for him hard. Lois' work shows marked improvement also. A crook picture the family will enjoy.

## HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount

FLORENCE VIDOR again makes a picture in which she looks beautiful and keeps you interested. The story is of a wealthy American girl, who goes abroad. She is fortified by all that wealth can furnish and thinks there is nothing in Italy that cannot be purchased for a price. She encounters a few obstacles. Also, she adds a husband to her entourage, in the person of



Tullio Carminati, who quickly proves a thorn in the flesh. He came of a family who "import tiger cubs for the thrill of taming them," and his ring bore the inscription, "We Shall Be Obeyed." When Florence learned this, she wanted to "put cyanide in his orange juice." Instead she taught him how to obey. See the picture and learn the art. Incidentally, the sets are gorgeous—and Carminati is a real man.

**OPEN RANGE—Paramount**

WITH a thrilling Western by Zane Grey, Betty Bronson in the leading feminine rôle, Lane Chandler, on his white horse "Flash," this could never be termed a "typical Western." It is far above the average. We have surprise attacks by the Indians, an up-to-the-minute rodeo, cattle stampedes, runaway horses driven by Betty, and villainous work done by Fred Kohler. The picture is exciting and you need not be afraid the family will be disappointed.

**A BOY OF THE STREET—Rayart**

THIS is the story of love between a young boy and his older brother, the latter having the responsibility of the child's upbringing. For the boy's sake, the older brother steals, and for the boy's sake he goes straight, and thereby wins the girl the kid brother has selected for him. Betty Francisco is the girl and Johnnie Walker plays the older brother. The title rôle is played by little Mickey Bennett, who scores another home-run. This boy is a trouper.

**BRASS KNUCKLES—Warners**

NOVEL story of the underworld, co-starring Monte Blue and Betty Bronson. Fans will like Monte in this rôle and he and his pal, George Stone (the sewer rat in "7th Heaven"), furnish some good laughs without comedy gags. Bill Russell is the

menace. Three underworld gangsters changed their lives because of the influence of a sweet child, whom they had adopted. She had to grow up before the picture was finished. Because of her trust in him, Monte was compelled to be worthy of the place of "Daddy." He thought he had only parental love for her, but when she stepped out with his chum, the awakening came. Consistently good work by all.

**THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—M.-G.-M.**

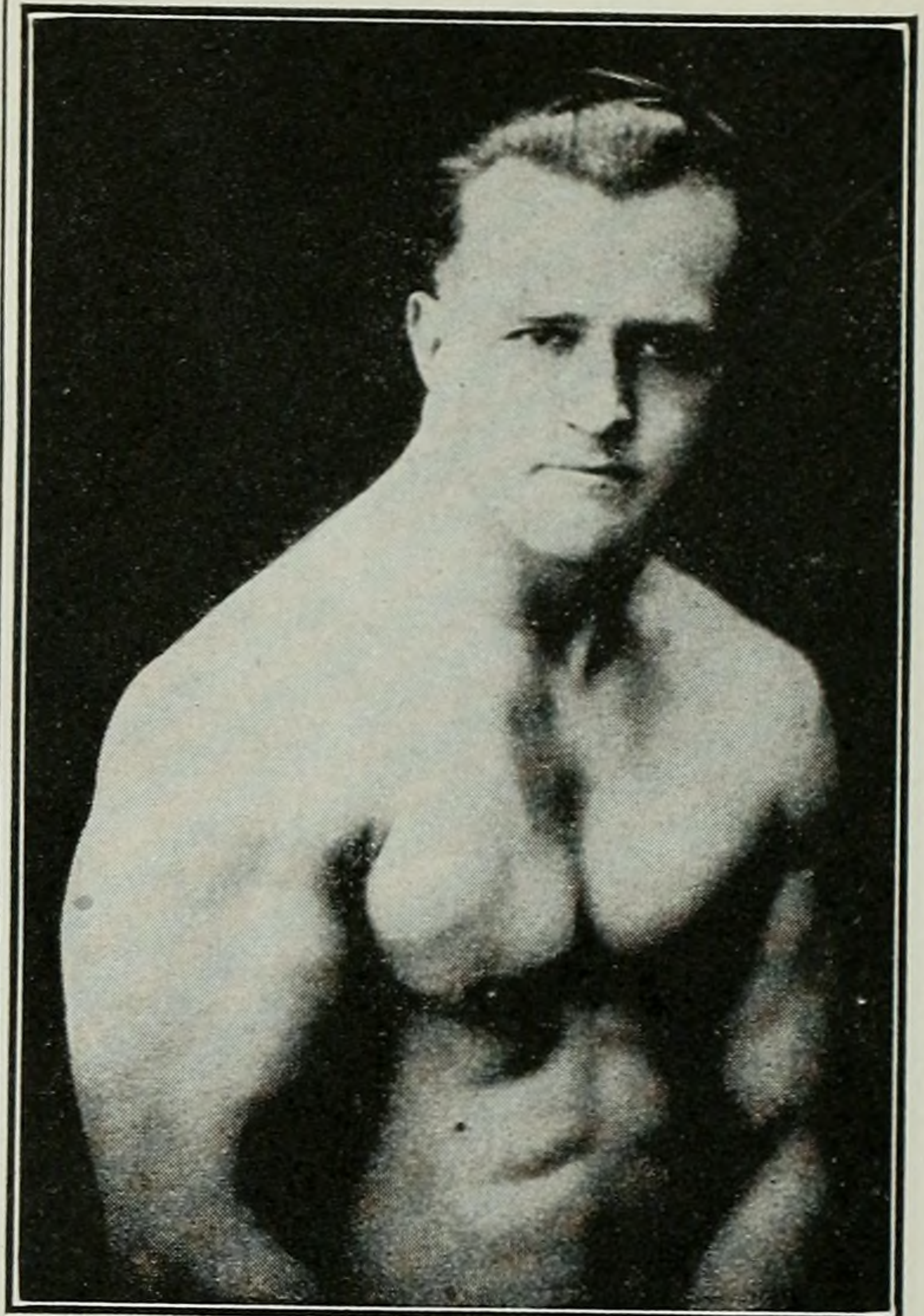
THIS latest two-reel comedy of Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel is a burlesque of the recent Dempsey-Tunney fight. It is slightly reminiscent of the old pie-throwing days, except for the lavish scale with which it is done—more than three thousand pies being used in one sequence. You can guess what a "soft" production it is.

**HOOF MARKS—Pathe**

STEP right up, boys and girls, and meet your new boy friend, Jack Donovan, Pathe's newest Western star. Jack seems to be a nice big brave hero, has a nice personality and can ride like a streak of lightning. Now as for the picture, it's just another of those cattle stealing episodes wherein the hero is right smart and captures the rustlers and the gal's heart. Drop in and see Jack!

**THE HARVESTER—FBO**

APPEALING to youngsters who look upon the late Gene Stratton Porter as their favorite author, but grownups will be bored to tears. If you're one of those meanies who must know what it's all about—here goes. A herb grower has a dream girl. He builds a home for her—hoping some day to meet her. He finally does and woos and wins her. There's a lot of mystery bunk that's never explained. You know just as much about the picture now as we do.



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What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

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"CIRCUS, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Written by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *Charlie*, Charlie Chaplin; *The Equestrienne*, Myrna Kennedy; *The Vanishing Lady*, Betty Morrissey; *Rex, King of the High Wire*, Harry Crocker; *The Circus Proprietor*, Allan Garcia; *The Merry Clown*, Henry Bergman; *The Tent Master*, Stanley J. Sanford; *The Magician*, George Davis; *The Property Man*, John Rand; *The Pickpocket*, Steve Murphy.

"SORRELL AND SON"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Warwick Deeping. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photographed by James Wong Howe. Scenario by Esther B. Meehan. The cast: *Sorrell*, H. B. Warner; *Kit*, Nils Asther; *Kit, as child*, Mickey McBan; *Dora Sorrell*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Fanny Garland*, Alice Joyce; *Florence Palfrey*, Carmel Myers; *Serg. Major Buck*, Louis Wolheim; *Roland*, Norman Trevor; *Dr. Orange*, Paul McAllister; *Molly*, Mary Nolan.

"SHE'S A SHEIK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John McDermott. Continuity by Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Zaida*, Bebe Daniels; *Captain Colton*, Richard Arlen; *Kada*, William Powell; *Miss Fowler*, Josephine Dunn; *Jerry*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Joe*, Billy Franey; *The Sheik*, Paul McAllister; *The Major*, Al Fremont.

"PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by John Erskine. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Helen*, Maria Corda; *Menelaus*, Lewis Stone; *Paris*, Ricardo Cortez; *Eteoneus*, George Fawcett; *Adraste*, Alice White; *Telemachus*, Gordon Elliott; *Ulysses*, Tom O'Brien; *Achilles*, Bert Sprotte; *Ajax*, Mario Carillo; *Malapokitoratoreadetos*, Charles Puffy; *Hector*, George Kotsonaros; *Aeneas*, Constantine Romanoff; *Sarpedon*, Emilio Borgato; *Aphrodite*, Alice Adair; *Athena*, Helen Fairweather; *Hera*, Virginia Thomas.

"GRANDMA BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS"—FOX.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by John Ford. Photography by George Schneidermann. The cast: *Joseph*, James Hall; *Grandma*, Margaret Mann; *Von Strom*, Earle Foxe; *Franz*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Andres*, George Meeker; *Letter-carrier*, Albert Gran; *School Master*, Frank Reicher; *Inn Keeper*, L. J. O'Connor; *Von Stromm's orderly*, Michael Mark; *Johann*, Charles Morton; *Burgomaster*, August Tolaire; *American Girl—Ann*, June Collyer; *James Henry*, Wendall Franklin; *Johann's girl*, Ruth Mix.

"GORILLA, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From play by Ralph Spence. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Garrity*, Charlie Murray; *Mulligan*, Frank Kelsey; *Alice Townsend*, Alice Day; *William Townsend*, Tully Marshall; *Cyrus Townsend*, Claude Gillingwater; *Stevens*, Walter Pidgeon; *Marden*, Gaston Glass; *The Reporter*, Brooks Benedict; *The Cook*, Aggie Herring; *The Buller*, Syd Vrossley; *A Sailor*, John Gough.

"GAUCHO, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Elton Thomas. Directed by F. Richard Jones. The cast: *Lead*, Douglas Fairbanks; *Madcap lead*, Lupe Velez; *Spiritual lead*, Eve Southern; *Dictator*, Gustave von Seyffertitz; *Padre*, Nigel de Brulier; *Commandante*, Michael Vavitch; *Dancer*, Carlotta Monti.

"DEVIL DANCER, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Harry Harvey.

Directed by Alfred Raboch. The cast: *Takla*, Gilda Gray; *Stephan Athelstan*, Clive Brook; *First Devil Dancer*, Anna May Wong; *Sadik Lamas*, Sojin; *Grand Lamas*, James Leong; *Hassim*, Michael Vavitch; *Isable*, Martha Mattox; *Tana*, Anna Schaeffer; *Takla's Mother*, Barbara Tennant.

"MAN, WOMAN AND SIN"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Monta Bell. Scenario by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Monta Bell. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Al Whitcomb*, John Gilbert; *Al Whitcomb, as a child*, Philip Anderson; *Vera Worth*, Jeanne Eagels; *Mrs. Whitcomb*, Gladys Brockwell; *Bancroft*, Marc MacDermott; *Star Reporter*, Hayden Stevenson; *City Editor*, Charles K. French.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Directed by Harry Pollard. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Uncle Tom*, James B. Low; *Eva St. Clair*, Virginia Grey; *Simon Legree*, George Siegmann; *Eliza*, Margaret Fisher; *Cassie*, Eulalie Jensen; *George Harris (slave)*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Haley*, Adolph Milar; *Mr. Shelby*, Jack Mower; *Mrs. Shelby*, Vivian Oakland; *Tom Loker*, J. Gordon Russell; *Geo Harris (Slaveowner)*, Skipper Zeliff; *Little Harris*, Lassie Lou Ahern; *Topsy*, Mona Ray; *Miss Ophelia*, Aileen Manning; *St. Clair*, John Roche; *Lawyer Marks*, Lucien Littlefield; *Uncle Tom's wife*, Gertrude Howard; *Mrs. St. Clair*, Gertrude Astor; *Adolph*, Rolfe Sedan; *Mammy in St. Clair House*, Marie Foster; *Lieutenant*, Francis Ford; *The Doctor*, Geoffrey Grace; *Landlady*, Martha Franklin; *Phineas Fletcher*, Nelson McDowell; *Mrs. Fletcher*, Grace Carlisle.

"GOOD TIME CHARLIE"—WARNER'S.—Story by Darryl Francis Zannuck. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Rosita Keene*, Helene Costello; *Good Time Charlie*, Warner Oland; *Bill Collins*, Clyde Cook; *John Hartwell*, Montagu Love; *John Hartwell, Jr.*, Hugh Allen; *Elaine Keene*, Julianne Johnston.

"SPOTLIGHT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rita Weiman. Scenario by Hope Loring. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Lizzie Parsons*, Esther Ralston; *Brett Page*, Neil Hamilton; *Kane*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Ebbetts*, Arthur Housman; *Maggie Courtney*, Arlette Marchal.

"SYMPHONY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Sven Gade. Directed by F. Harmon Weight. The cast: *Franz Hausmann*, Jean Hersholt; *Elsa Hausmann*, Marion Nixon; *Leopold Ostberg*, George Lewis; *Sol Levy*, Roscoe Karns; *Kline*, Torben Meyer; *Schmidt*, Andrew Arbuckle; *Mr. Ostberg*, Charles Clary; *Mrs. Ostberg*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Miss Ostberg*, Patricia Carron; *Conductor of Symphony*, Alfred Hertz.

"WILD GEESE"—TIFFANY.—From the story by Martha Ostenso. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Phil Stone. The cast: *Amelia Gare*, Belle Bennett; *Caleb Gare*, Russell Simpson; *Judith Gare*, Eve Southern; *Sven Sandbo*, Donald Keith; *Mark Gordon*, Jason Robards; *Lynn Archer*, Anita Stewart; *Martin Gare*, Wesley Barry; *Ellen Gare*, Reta Rae; *Charles Gare*, Austin Jewel; *Mrs. Klovatz*, Evelyn Selby; *Mr. Klovatz*, Frank Austin; *Bart Nugent*, Bert Starkey; *Parson*, Jimmie Mack.

"CHINESE PARROT, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Earl Derr



Biggers. Scenario by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Paul Leni. The cast: *Sally Phillimore*, Marion Nixon; *Sally Phillimore (older)*, Florence Turner; *Phillip Madden*, Hobart Bosworth; *Jerry Delaney*, Hobart Bosworth; *Robert Eden*, Edmund Burns; *Martin Thorne*, Capt. Albert Conti; *Charlie Chan*, K. Sojin; *Alexander Eden*, Fred Esmeilton; *Maydorf*, Ed. Kennedy; *Louie Wong*, George Kuwa; *Prospector*, Slim Summerville; *Prospector*, Dan Mason; *Nautch Dancer*, Anna May Wong; *Gambling Den Habitue*, Etta Lee; *Jordan*, Jack Trent.

"A TEXAS STEER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Charles H. Hoyt. Titles by Will Rogers. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Maverick Brander*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Ma Brander*, Louise Fazenda; *Brassy Gall*, Sam Hardy; *Bossy Brander*, Ann Rork; *Farleigh Bright*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Dixie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Fish-lack*, George Marion, Sr.; *Othello*, Bud Jaimison; *Knott Innitt*, Arthur Hoyt; *Bragg*, Mack Swain; *Blow*, William Orlamond; *Yell*, Lucien Littlefield.

"A BOY OF THE STREETS"—RAY-ART.—From the play by Charles T. Vincent. Continuity by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Charles J. Hunt. The cast: *Ned Dugan*, Johnny Walker; *Mary Callaghan*, Betty Francisco; *Jimmy Dugan*, Mickey Bennett; *Lewis Wainright*, Henry Sedley; *Dan Gallagher*, Wm. H. Armstrong; *Patrick Gallagher*, Charles Delancy; *Rags*, Himself.

"ON YOUR TOES"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Kane Halliday*, Reginald Denny; *Mary Murphy*, Barbara Worth; *Joe Murphy*, Hayden Stevenson; *Mello*, Frank Hagney; *Grandmother*, Mary Carr; *Mammy*, Gertrude Howard.

"RACING ROMEO, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Byron Morgan. Directed by Sam Wood. Photography by Charles G. Clarke. The cast: *Red Walden*, Harold ("Red") Grange; *Sally*, Jobyna Ralston; *Aunt Hettie*, Trixie Friganza; *Sparks*, Walter Hiers; *Rube Oldham*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Silas, the chauffeur*, Warren Rogers; *Motion Picture Director*, Ashton Dearholt; *Leading Lady*, Jerry Zier.

"OPEN RANGE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by John Stone and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Clifford Smith. The cast: *"Tex" Smith*, Lane Chandler; *Lucy Blake*, Betty Bronson; *Sam Hardman*, Fred Kohler; *Brave Bear*, Bernard Siegel; *Jim Blake*, Guy Oliver; *Red*, Jim Corey; *Sheriff Daley*, George "Buck" Connors.

"MUM'S THE WORD"—FOX.—From the story by Arthur Greenlaw and Lew Breslon. Directed by Gene Forde. Photography by George Meehan. The cast: *The Girl*, Sally Phipps; *The Boy*, Nick Stuart; *Detective*, Fred Spencer; *Detective*, Morris Cannon; *Father*, Harry Dunkinson.

"RAGTIME"—FIRST DIVISION.—From the story by Joseph Mitchell. Scenario by George Drumgold and Jean Plannette. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: *Ted Mason*, John Bowers; *Beth Barton*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Steve "Slick" Martin*, Robert Ellis; *Yvonne "Goldie" Martin*, Rose Dione; *Max Ginsberg*, Wm. H. Strauss; *Mrs. Mason*, Kate Bruce; *Prof. August Schultz*, Bernard Siegel.

"MAN CRAZY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Written by Grace Sartwell Mason. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Clarissa Janeway*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Jeffery Pell*, Jack Mulhall; *Grandmother Janeway*, Edythe Chapman; *James Janeway*, Phillips Smalley; *Van Breamer*, Walter McGrail; *Danny*, Ray Hallor.

"MAIN EVENT, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Paul Allison. Continuity by Rochus Gliese. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Glory Frayne*, Vera Reynolds; *Regan, Sr.*, Rudolph Schildkraut; *Margie*, Julia Faye; *Johnnie Regan*, Charles Delaney; *Red Lucas*, Robert Armstrong; *Slug—Nutty Fighter*, Ernie Adams.

"IRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Evelyn Campbell. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: *J. Harrison Gray*, Norman Kerry; *Betty Kennedy*, Lois Moran; *Dolly Carleton*, Gertrude Astor; *Lawyer*, Lee Moran; *Hortense Brown*, Myrtle Stedman; *Mr. Brown*, Phillips Smalley; *Jack Kennedy*, Arthur Lake; *Mr. Kennedy*, Walter James; *Smith*, George Pearce.

"HONEYMOON HATE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice M. Williamson. Continuity by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Gail Grant*, Florence Vidor; *Prince Dantarini*, Tullio Carminati; *George Banning-Green*, William Austin; *Miss Molesey*, Effie Ellsler; *Bueno*, Genaro Spagnoli; *Pietro*, Marcel Guillaume.

"NIGHT LIFE"—TIFFANY.—From the story by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Anne*, Waif of the War, Alice Day; *Max*, Sleight-of-hand artist, John Harron; *Bick, his coadjutor*, Eddie Gribbon; *Manager of beer garden*, Walter Hiers; *War profiteer*, Lionel Braham; *His wife*, Kitty Barlow; *His daughter*, Dawn O'Day; *His daughter*, Audrey Sewell; *Amorous maid*, Patricia Avery; *Amorous swain*, Earl Metcalf; *Merry-go-Round Manager*, Snitz Edwards; *Beer Garden Waitress*, Violet Palmer; *Landlady*, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"WISE WIFE, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Adapted by Zelta Sears and Tay Garnett. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Frank Good. The cast: *Helen Blaisdell*, Phyllis Haver; *John Blaisdell*, Tom Moore; *Helen's Father*, Fred Walton; *Jenny Lou*, Jacqueline Logan; *Carter Fairfax*, Joseph Striker; *Jason, the butler*, Robert Bolder.

"BUCK PRIVATES"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Melville Brown. Directed by Lieut. Stuart N. Lake. Scenario by John B. Clyner. The cast: *Anne*, Lya De Putti; *John Smith*, Malcolm McGregor; *Hulda*, ZaSu Pitts; *Major Martman*, James Marcus; *Sergt. Butts*, Eddie Gribbon; *Capt. Marshall*, Capt. Ted. Duncan; *Cupid Dedds*, Bud Jamison; *Mose Bloom*, Les Bates.

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"—FOX.—From the story by Felix Riesenberg. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *John Breen*, George O'Brien; *Becka*, Virginia Valli; *Pug Malone*, J. Farrell Macdonald; *Channon Lipvitch*, Dore Davidson; *Mrs. Lipvitch*, Sonia Nodalsky; *Josephine*, June Collyer; *Gerrit Rantoul*, John Miltern; *Gilbert Van Horn*, Holmes Herbert; *Judge Kelly*, Frank Dodge; *Grogan*, Dan Wolheim; *One of Grogan Gang*, John Dooley; *Policeman*, John Kearney; *Fight Second*, Edward Garvey; *"Flash"*, Frank Allsworth; *Engineer*, Gordon MacRae; *Engineer*, Harold Levett.

"MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the play by H. A. de Souchet. Adapted by Red Taylor. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Dewey Wrigley. The cast: *William Valentine*, Franklin Pangborn; *Bernice*, Elinor Fair; *Charles*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Arabella Mott*, Ethel Wales; *Marion*, Jeanette Loff; *Judge Belmore*, Tom Ricketts;



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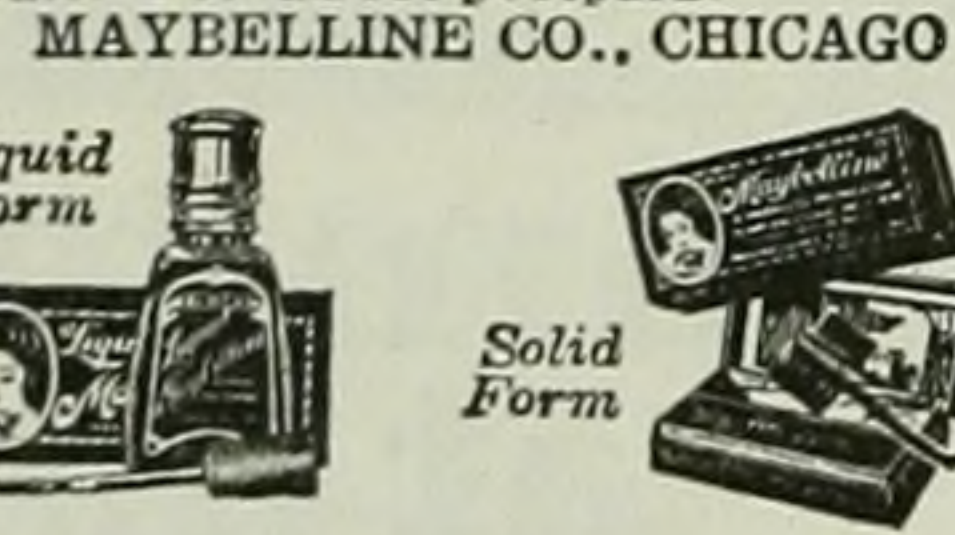
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R. Austin Webb, Lewis Natheaux; *Bogus Hindu Prince*, Tom Dugan; *Hindu Prince's Valet*, George Ovey.

"COLLEGE WIDOW, THE"—WARNER'S.—From play by George Ade. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Jane Witherspoon*, Dolores Costello; *Billie Bolton*, William Collier, Jr.; *Prof. Jelicoe*, Douglas Gerrard; *Hiram Bolton*, Anders Randolph; *Prof. Witherspoon*, Chas. Hill Mailes; *Jack Larrabee*, Robert Ryan; *Jimmie Hopper*, Sumer Getchel; *Don White*, Big Boy Williams; *Flora*, Grace Gordon.

"IF I WERE SINGLE"—WARNER'S.—From the story by Robert Lord. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Ed Du Par. The cast: *May Howard*, May McAvoy; *Ted Howard*, Conrad Nagel; *Joan Whitley*, Myrna Loy; *Claude Debrie*, Andre Beranger.

"BRASS KNUCKLES"—WARNER'S.—From the story by Harvey Gates. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Zac Harrison*, Monte Blue; *June*, Betty Bronson; *Stanley Lamont*, William Russell; *Velvet Smith*, Georgie Stone; *Detective*, Paul Panzer.

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by Charles Dazey. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by John M. Stahl. Photography by Maxmilian Fabian. The cast: *Jimmy Brierly*, James Murray; *Nancy Holden*, Helene Costello; "*Skippy*" Lowry, Wesley Barry; *Mr. Brierly*, Edward Martindale; *Mrs. Brierly*, Dorothy Cummings; *High-Pockets*, Stephin Fetchit; *Dan Lowry*, Harvey Clark; *Lily May*, Carolynne Snowden; *Uncle Bible*, Nick Cogley.

"CABARET KID, THE"—PEERLESS.—Directed by Graham Cutts. The cast: *Fay Wynchebec*, Betty Balfour; *Jack Trebarrow*, Geo. Hackathorne; *Mary Wynchebec*, Haidee Wright; *Minnie Wynchebec*, Marie Wright; *Rivoli*, Cronin Wilson; *Sir Trevor*

*Trebarrow*, Morton York; *Sullivan*, Clifford Heatherly; *Orphanage Matron*, Irene Tripod; *Janitor*, A. G. Poulton; *Seaman*, Benson Kleve.

"LOVELORN, THE"—M.-G.-M.—Written by Beatrice Fairfax. Directed by John P. McCarthy. The cast: *Sally*, Sally O'Neil; *Molly*, Molly O'Day; *Larry*, Larry Kent; *Jimmie*, James Murray; *Charlie*, Charles Delaney; *George*, George Cooper; *Allan*, Allan Forrest.

"HARVESTER, THE"—FBO.—Written by Gene Stratton Porter. Directed by James Leo Meehan. The cast: *David Langston*, Orville Caldwell; *Ruth*, Natalie Kingston; *Henry Jamison*, Will R. Walling; *Dr. Carey*, Jay Hunt; *Nurse*, Lola Todd; *Dr. Harmon*, Edward Hearn; *Granny Moreland*, Fanny Midgley.

"HOOF MARKS"—PATHE.—From the story by Joseph Anthony Roach. Scenario by Joseph Anthony Roach. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: *Cal Wagner*, Jack Donovan; *Rawhide Smith*, Edward Brady; *Harold Cole*, Edward Cecil; *Sam Trapp*, William Steele; *Alice Dixon*, Peggy Montgomery; *Henrietta Bowers*, Peggy O'Day; *Marie Hudson*, Peggy Shaw.

"ALIAS THE LONE WOLF"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: *Michael Lanyard*, Bert Lytell; *Eve de Montalais*, Lois Wilson; *Whitaker Monk*, William V. Mong; *Phinuit*, Ned Sparks; *Popinot*, James Mason; *Liane Delorme*, Paulette Duval.

"LADIES MUST DRESS"—FOX.—From the story by Victor Heerman. Scenario by Reginald Morris. Directed by Victor Heerman. Photography by Glenn MacWilliams. The cast: *Eve*, Virginia Valli; *Joe*, Lawrence Gray; *Art*, Tom Cooley; *Mazie*, Nancy Carol; *George Ward, Jr.*, Earle Foxe; *Office Manager*, Wilson Hummell; *Mr. Ward, Sr.*, William Tooker.

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

\***PATENTLEATHER KID, THE**—First National. Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prize-fighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (September.)

**PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A**—Pathe.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (November.)

**POOR NUT, THE**—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of over-drawn characterizations. Not so much. (September.)

**PRICE OF HONOR, THE**—Columbia.—An old-time, tear-jerking, heart-stirring melodrama, well presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more widely touted extravaganzas. (December.)

**PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE**—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (September.)

\***QUALITY STREET**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. (October.)

**RED RAIDERS, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard does his version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (October.)

**REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE**—Pathe-DeMille.—May Robson plays the screen version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. (October.)

**RENO DIVORCE**—Warner Bros.—Ralph Graves wrote the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was too much for him. A fair film with May McAvoy as its ornamental heroine. (November.)

**RITZY**—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (September.)

**ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Joseph Conrad's novel comes out as an unreal movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

**ROLLED STOCKINGS**—Paramount.—The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (September.)

\***ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Flappers will be more interested in the romantic love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor than they will be in the story. It's a beautiful picture. (November.)

**ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE**—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (August.)

**RUBBER HEELS**—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (September.)

**RUNNING WILD**—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (September.)

**SAILOR IZZY MURPHY**—Warner Bros.—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrills and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (November.)

**SAILOR'S SWEETHEART, A**—Warner Bros.—They have nerve to call this "comedy." Don't do it again, Louise Fazenda! (December.)

**SATIN WOMAN, THE**—Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preachments—if you care for them. (October.)



**SECRET HOUR, THE**—Paramount.—A white-washing of that fine play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which proves that you can't make pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

**SECRET STUDIO, THE**—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (September.)

**SERVICE FOR LADIES**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (August.)

**\*SHANGHAI BOUND**—Paramount.—Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambunctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (October.)

**SHANGHAIED**—FBO.—Eat-em-up love story about a sailor and a dance-hall girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

**SHIELD OF HONOR**—Universal.—Help yourself, if you like crook stories. (December.)

**SHOOTIN' IRONS**—Paramount.—Jack Luden and Sally Blane in a jitney story of the great hokum places. (November.)

**SILENT HERO, THE**—Rayart.—A new dog—one Napoleon Bonaparte—in the same old story. But you'll like Nap. (October.)

**SILK STOCKINGS**—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (September.)

**SILVER COMES THRU**—FBO.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (August.)

**SILVER VALLEY**—Fox.—Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has IT. (December.)

**SIMPLE SIS**—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (August.)

**SINEWS OF STEEL**—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

**SINGED**—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (September.)

**SLAVES OF BEAUTY**—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (August.)

**SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE**—First National.—Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (October.)

**SOFT CUSHIONS**—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway gags in a Bagdad harem. A lot of wise-cracking and a real hit by a newcomer—Sue Carol. (November.)

**SPRING FEVER**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines and Joan Crawford in a mildly funny comedy built about the golf mania. (October.)

**STOLEN BRIDE, THE**—First National.—A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer—there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (August.)

**STRANDED**—Sterling.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. . . . It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

**\*STUDENT PRINCE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of the best love stories ever written. Unfortunately Norma Shearer is mis-cast and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**\*SUNRISE**—Fox.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything but talk. Short on story interest but long on beauty. (December.)

**SUNSET DERBY, THE**—First National.—A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (August.)

**SURRENDER**—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (August.)

**\*SWIM, GIRL, SWIM**—Paramount.—Credit Bebe Daniels with another personal hit in a story of college life. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (October.)

**TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE**—UFA.—Proving that when the Germans make a bad one, they can equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings can't save it. (October.)

**TEA FOR THREE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second of the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, neatly and subtly acted. (November.)

**TELL IT TO SWEENEY**—Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Bancroft in a comedy that is just plain nickelodeon. (November.)

**TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS**—Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and such-like, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (September.)

**TENDER HOUR, THE**—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (August.)

**THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE**—Universal.—Or the Birth of a Popular Song. A comedy with an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Plante's best. (December.)

**THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE**—Universal.—A satisfying and well-made picture, with Francis X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson doing fine work. See it. (October.)

**THREE'S A CROWD**—First National.—Harry Langdon attempts too much in this one. The boy's good, but he's not Chaplin yet. Better luck next time. (October.)

**TILLIE THE TOILER**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (August.)

**TIME TO LOVE**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste— (September.)

**TIP TOES**—British National.—Dorothy Gish in another English picture that is just a filler-in. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (October.)

**TOPSY AND EVA**—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (September.)

**TUMBLING RIVER**—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (October.)

**TWELVE MILES OUT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (September.)

**\*TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**—United Artists.—Proving that there can be something new in war comedies. Bright! Original! Entertaining! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

**\*UNDERWORLD**—Paramount.—Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (September.)

**\*UNKNOWN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (August.)

**VANITY**—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (September.)

**WANTED, A COWARD**—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

**\*WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (August.)

**WEDDING BILLS**—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (August.)

**WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS**—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (October.)

**WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER**—Warner Bros.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (September.)

**WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE**—Paramount.—A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (August.)

**WHITE PANTS WILLIE**—First National.—Some snappy celluloid dedicated to the Art of Johnny Hines. (October.)

**\*WIND, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (November.)

**\*WINGS**—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (September.)

**\*WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE**—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (August.)

**WOMEN'S WARES**—Tiffany.—Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

**\*WORLD AT HER FEET, THE**—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (August.)

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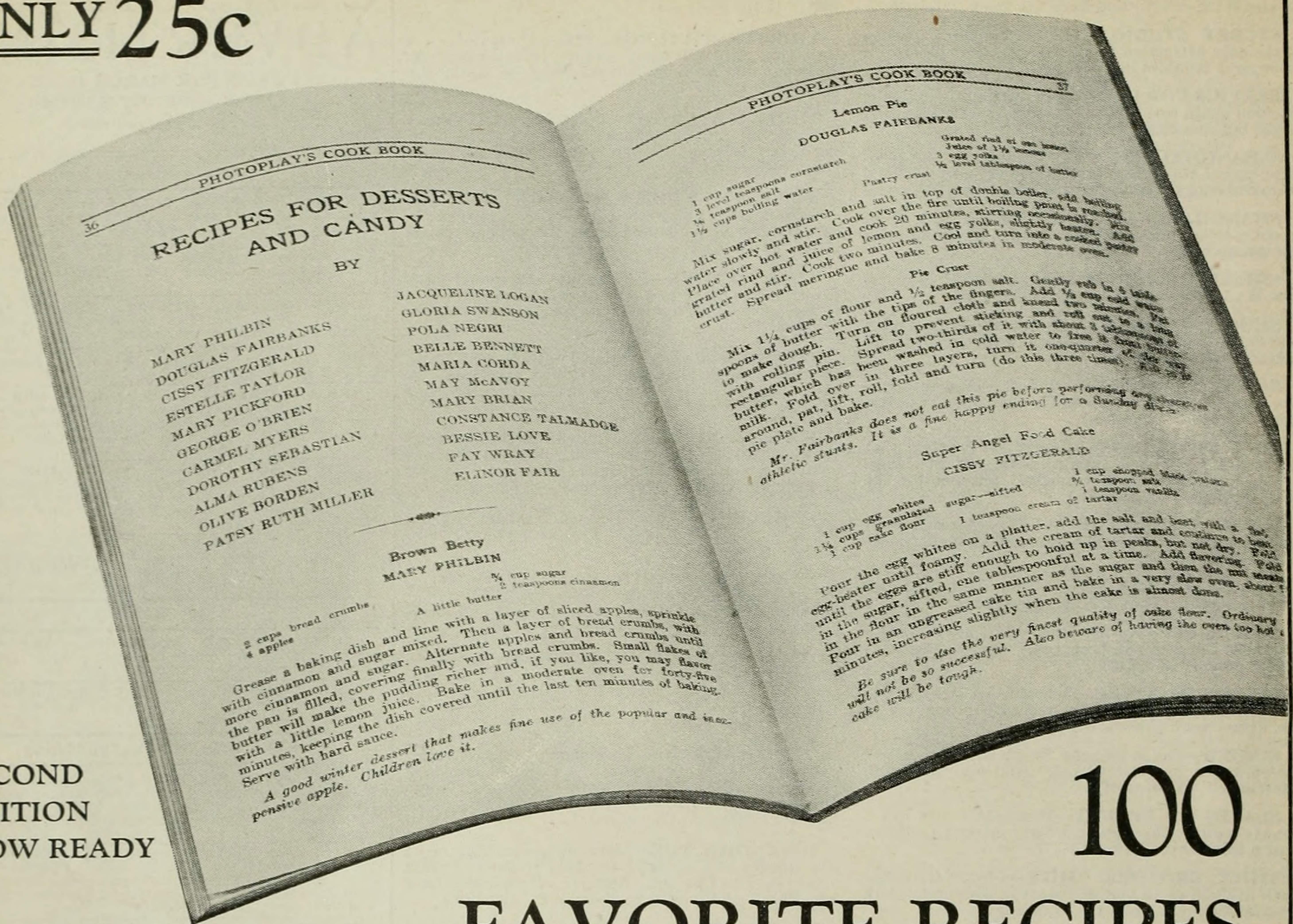
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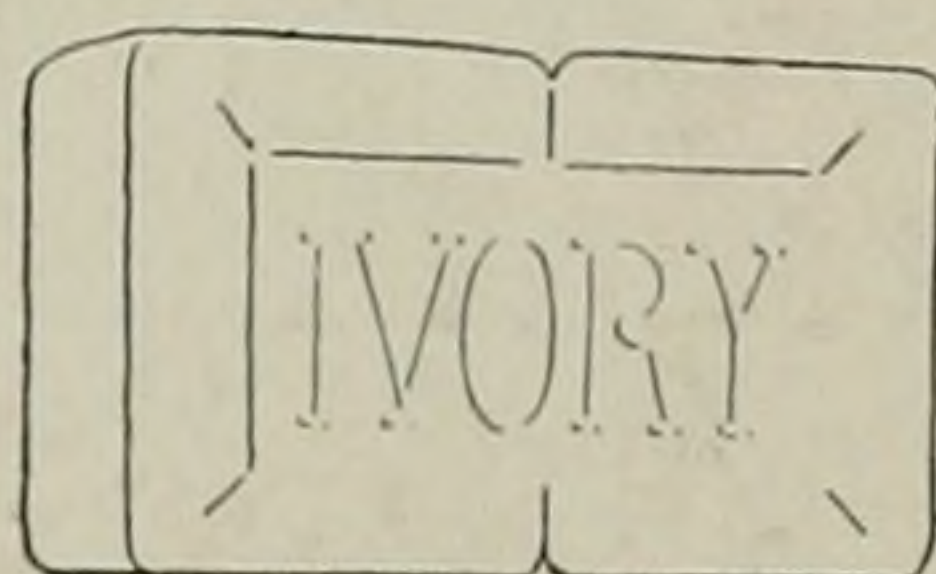
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