

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

NOVEMBER

25 CENTS



Corinne
Griffith

Charles Sheldony

The

Studio Murder \$3,000.00 in
Mystery Cash Prizes

Concerning fair, white hands and how to keep them fair and white



Hands that reach up in tenderness can be as soft and cool as moonflowers . . . if they guard their youth by using a kind soap in all their working hours!

LOVELY hands that speak a welcome . . . hands that express your every mood, now eloquent, now listening, now tender, now gay! Do you ever wonder how you can *keep* them soft and smooth when they are busy all day? Don't be discouraged. You can!

You may have thought that you must use rough-and-ready kitchen soap for your household tasks in order to keep things shining and spotless.

Yet you know that strong soap burns the skin, parches it into tiny lines and roughens its smooth texture so that lotions can't repair the damage.

Ivory—whenever hands touch soap

May we suggest that if you use Ivory whenever you use soap, your house

and everything in it will shine and sparkle, and your hands will be *protected*—all at the same time?

Ivory will cleanse everything a stronger soap can cleanse—and much more pleasantly and safely. Ivory makes silver and china shine. Its pure, bland suds safely removes tiny finger marks from creamy woodwork or washes cheerful housedresses to smiling clean-

liness. And it *never* leaves "laundry-soap" odor behind. But even more important, Ivory helps your hands stay smooth and white. For all that, when you use Ivory for any soap-and-water task, you are merely giving your hands a bath with as pure and fine a toilet soap as you can buy . . . Ivory's purity protects sensitive complexions and the skin of tiny babies . . . and if you wish, it can keep your hands lovely to say the pleasant things that fair white hands can say so well.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

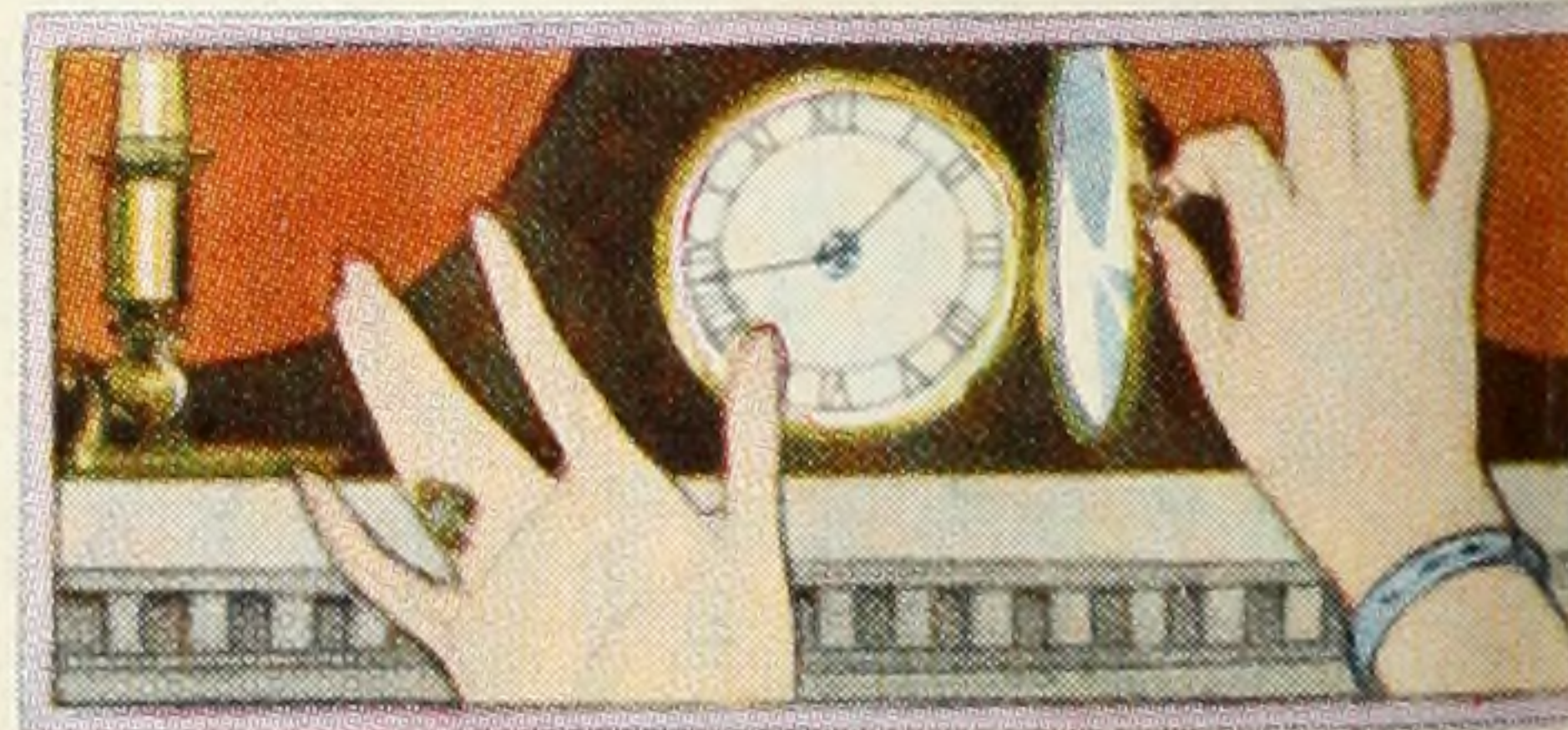
Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hair, for figures? Send a post card for *the Art of Being Charming* to Winifred Carter, Dept. 45-K, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches · 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure · "It floats"



Hands that set a charming tea table should themselves be ready for the occasion. They will be—if they use gentle, pure Ivory.



Quick, dextrous hands which keep a home bright also keep their own charm—when they use soap, they touch only Ivory.

An interview between you and your dentist

Subject:

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"



YOU: "Doctor, the other morning I noticed that my toothbrush 'showed pink'. Is that a bad sign?"

DENTIST: "It would be if that 'pink toothbrush' were a daily occurrence. But the only trouble with your gums is they're a bit tender."

YOU: "What causes that?"

DENTIST: "Lack of exercise—not enough hard old-fashioned chewing in the food. Fruits peeled, vegetables stripped of fiber, soups, souffles—how can your gums help getting soft and tender?"

YOU: "But I can't very well live on husks and—"

DENTIST: "Well, there's no need for that. Simply massage your gums. After cleaning your teeth, brush your gums lightly. If they are sensitive to brush, at first, use your fingers."

YOU: "How does massage help, doctor?"

DENTIST: "It stirs the circulation in the gum tissues. The fresh blood carries off impurities and firms up the gum cells."

YOU: "It sounds simple enough."

DENTIST: "It is. And if you want to do a bet-ter job, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, squeeze out some more Ipana and brush your gums lightly, or rub them with a little Ipana on your fingertips. Do this twice a day for a month and your gums will be as hard and healthy as anybody's."

This, of course, is an imaginary interview. But thousands like it are taking place each day. For Ipana's history from the very beginning is a history of professional endorsement.

Dentists quickly recognized Ipana's marvelous cleaning power, the sense of health and cleanliness it gives the whole mouth. But more than that, dentists saw in Ipana an aid to them in their fight against these widely prevalent troubles of the gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the profession. Ipana's content of ziratol helps to tone the gums—to make them firm,

healthy, and more resistant to the gingival troubles brought on by our modern soft diet.

While the coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent, a thirty-day trial makes much the fairer test.

Try Ipana for a full month

So get from your druggist a full-size tube—ample for 100 brushings. A full month's use of Ipana will demonstrate not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefits to your gums as well. Then very likely you, too, will decide that Ipana is the tooth paste you wish to use for life.

A FEW EXCERPTS FROM PROFESSIONAL STATEMENTS

Dentists agree that soft food is the cause, and massage the remedy, for gum disorders

From a famous specialist:

"There is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to bring an extra flow of blood to the maxillary structures, or to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gingivae (gums)."

From a dental journal:

"In the absence of proper foods, with consequent faulty mastication, the tissues do not receive their necessary stimulation and we must substitute artificial stimulation to raise resistance."

From an authoritative text:

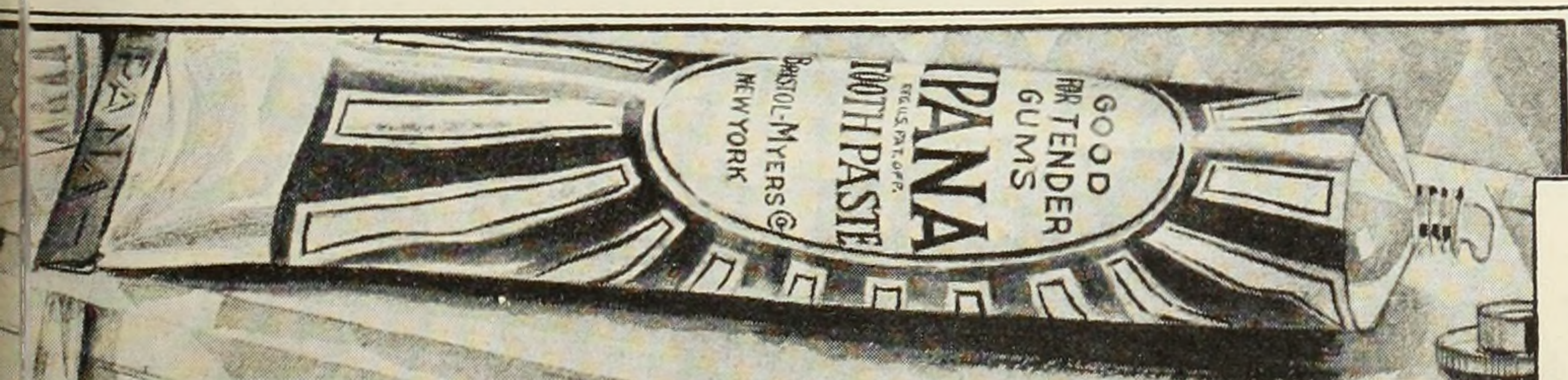
"Massage (of the gums) moves along the sluggish blood stream and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."

From a recent paper on gum disorders:

"When health has been restored to the gingivae, beauty returns in large degree to the mouth. The complexion (appearance) of the teeth should, and frequently does, improve during treatment."



Gone from the menu—departed from our diet—are the roughage and coarse fare that once gave gums healthful stimulation



IPANA Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-118
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

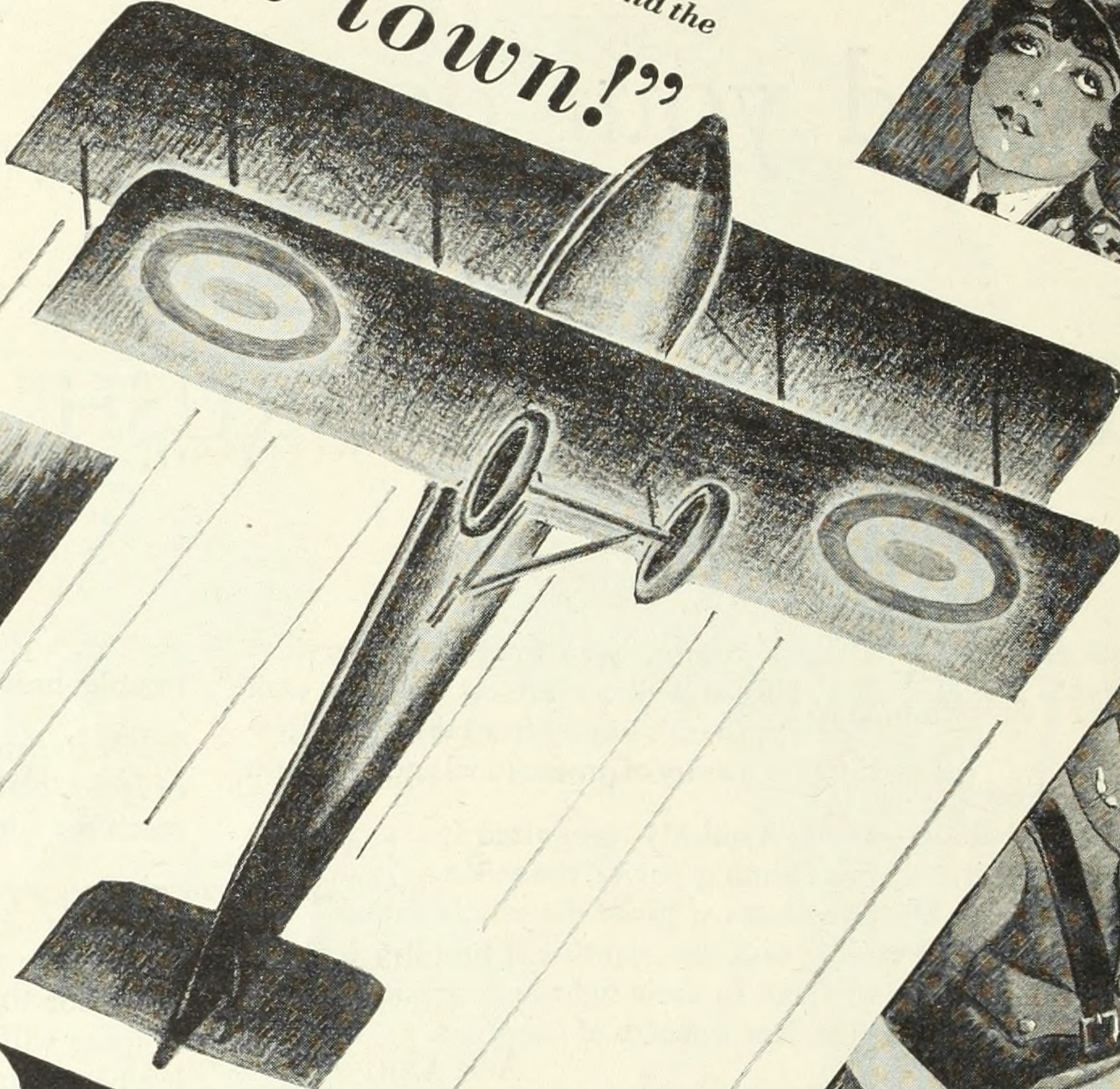
Name

Address

City..... State..... ©1928

"best show in town!"

NOW in motion picture theatres at popular prices, after thrilling New York and the entire Nation for over a year at \$2 admissions. Paramount—and the



WINGS

GRS

¶ First of all motion pictures to introduce sensational sound effects, "Wings" is still unsurpassed. ¶ Never has such an amazing photoplay of aviation and romance been produced! You soar in the clouds with the flying fighters, you hear the shriek of planes falling in battle, the thrill of a lifetime! ¶ Watch the newspapers for announcements of "Wings" showing in your city. ¶ Lucien Hubbard Productions. Directed by William Wellman. Story by John Monk Saunders. With Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper. ¶ Silent or with sound "best show in town."



Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN
WESTERN EDITOR

Contents

For
November
1928

Vol. XXXIV

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 6

The High-Lights of This Issue

Cover Design	Charles Sheldon	The Stars That Never Were	
Corinne Griffith—Painted from Life		Margaret E. Sangster	46
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	6	A Real Story of an Extra with One Quality Hollywood Cannot Fake	
A Guide to Your Evening's Entertainment		Gossip of All the Studios	Cal York 48
Cricketbats and Bouquets	8	What the Film Folk Are Doing and Saying	
The Voice of the Fan		Won by a Nose	Dick Hyland 53
As We Go to Press	10	How Gloria Swanson Refused to Cut Off Her Nose	
Last Minute News from East and West		The Shadow Stage	54
Heat-less Recipes	13	Reviews of the Latest Silent and Sound Pictures	
You'll Find Them in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book		Ask Dad—He Knows	Katherine Albert 59
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems		The Story of the Man Who "Found" John Mack Brown—George Fawcett	
Carolyn Van Wyck	18	An Innocent Gringo in Mexico	Herbert Howe 65
PHOTOPLAY'S Personal Service Department		And Even There He Hears Film Fables	
Close-Ups and Long Shots	James R. Quirk 29	The Movies Are Like That (Fiction Story)	
The Editor Tells You What's What and Who Without Fear or Favor		Dudley Early	66
How Talkies are Made	32	All the Romance Is Not Written in the Script	
Or What Took the Silence out of the Silent Drama		Going Light in the Head	68
The Studio Murder Mystery	The Edingtons 34	When the Pictures Call for a Blonde That's What the Directors Get	
A Most Fascinating and Baffling Story—And There's \$3,000 in Prizes for the Best Solutions		How Stars Meet Their Household Problems	70
Wilson Mizner Turns Informer		By Turning Awkward and Idle Corners Into Useful Nooks	
Wilson Mizner	40	Amateur Movies	Frederick James Smith 74
And Puts the Spotlight on Raoul Walsh		First Announcement of Judges in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Contest	
The Story of a Dancing Girl	42	Questions and Answers	The Answer Man 83
The Conclusion of Joan Crawford's Interesting Narrative of Her Life as Told to Ruth Biery		What You Want to Know About Films and Film Folk	
Immigrant	Katherine Albert 45	Casts of Current Photoplays	144
The True Story of How Eva von Berne Was Turned Into Star Material		Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue	

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 14

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.
Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City
Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England
JAMES R. QUIRK, President
ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.
Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1928, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACROSS TO SINGAPORE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Villainy on the high seas, complicated by Chinese deviltry. A rousing melodrama, well played by Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Ernest Torrence. (June.)

***ACTRESS, THE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from "Trelawney of the Wells," one of the most delightful of stage stories. After a series of pert, modern stories, it is good to see Norma Shearer return to her old-fashioned charm. (June.)

ADORABLE CHEAT, THE—Chesterfield.—Nickelodeon fare. Lila Lee looks as pretty as ever and she's the only bright spot in the film. (June.)

AFTER THE STORM—Columbia.—Thrilling sea story with good human situations. Hobart Bosworth, Charles Delaney and Eugenie Gilbert head cast. (June.)

ALEX THE GREAT—FBO.—The funny adventures of a country boy who comes to New York to "Press his pants with the Flatiron building." With "Skeets" Gallagher. (May.)

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

ALMOST HUMAN—Pathe-De Mille.—Original twist in this film. It's a story of human beings, told by three dogs. Entertaining and different. (June.)

APACHE RAIDER, THE—Pathe.—Leo Maloney gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (May.)

AVENGING SHADOW, THE—Pathe.—Introducing a new dog star, Klondike. Klondike has looks, brains and IT. (June.)

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

BABY MOTHER, THE—Plaza.—Humorous and appealing child story with Priscilla Moran and her dog, Dinty. (June.)

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

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

BARE KNEES—Gotham.—Proving that the flappers are not as bad as their big sisters. With Virginia Lee Corbin and Jane Winton. (May.)

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

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

BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE—Artlee.—An authentic record of two big naval engagements between Germany and England. The picture tries to be a "Potemkin"—but misses. (May.)

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

BEAU BRUMMELS, THE—Warners.—Shaw and Lee in over-ripe vaudeville. Noise film. (Oct.)

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

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

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO.—The young master gets familiar with the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May.)

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

BLACK FEATHER, THE—Wm. Pizer.—Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "background." Some of the characters seem demented. (May.)

BODY PUNCH, THE—Universal.—All the makings of a good picture and some ring stuff that big with the men. You'll like it. (May.)

BOOKWORM, THE—Warners.—Harry in a really funny Vitaphone sketch. (Oct.)

BRANDED MAN, THE—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why do your reading at home? (August.)

BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE—De Mille.—Starring the Grand Canyon of Colo. And what a great, big canyon it has grown. Nice scenery, but the picture offers little interest. (May.)

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

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

BRONCO STOMPER, THE—Pathe.—It is on Coleman's turn to outwit the villains in this Western. Some good pictures of a rodeo. (May.)

BURNING GOLD—Elbee.—A story of deeds in the oil fields. (August.)

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

BURNING UP BROADWAY—Sterling.—The doings of bootleggers and such, made very ill. Not worth the talents of Helene Costello and m Hardy. (June.)

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

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

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

CAME THE DAWN—Hal Roach-M.-G.-M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some d moments in a haunted house. A short comedy, it funny. (May.)

CANYON OF ADVENTURE, THE—First national.—Ken Maynard sets the Western scenery again. A good one. (June.)

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

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

CAUGHT IN THE FOG—Warners.—The 1t gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

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

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

Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "The Godless Girl"
- "Wings"
- "Sorrell and Son"
- "The Circus"
- "The Patriot"
- "Love"
- "Abie's Irish Rose"
- "The Trail of '98"
- "The Patent Leather Kid"
- "The Noose"
- "Speedy"

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.

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

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

BIG NOISE, THE—First National.—Concerning a city election. And just about as interesting. (May.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

HERE! HEAR!
the Modern Movie Miracle!
 WILLIAM FOX presents
FOX

MOVIE TONE

**HEAR! and see the
 Orchestra
 play**

**HEAR! and see the
 Desert Sheik**



**HEAR! and see the
 ORIENT**

**HEAR! and see the
 Gondolier sing
 of Love**

Best to HEAR!! Best to SEE!!

IT'S coming your way! Another Fox masterpiece—**FAZIL!** A picture with an enthralling story dramatically narrated by Howard Hawks. East loves West and West loves East..Greta Nissen and Charles Farrell. See these two daring lovers, who first find themselves through the song of a Venetian gondolier and then lose themselves in the maze of reckless romance. Follow them through the busy Western World—the mysterious East. See Her conquer over His harem. See Him undecided between breaking Her heart and breaking His laws! Witness one of the greatest climaxes in moving picture story—the final scene beside a desert oasis—where Greta Nissen will make you forget Cleopatra!

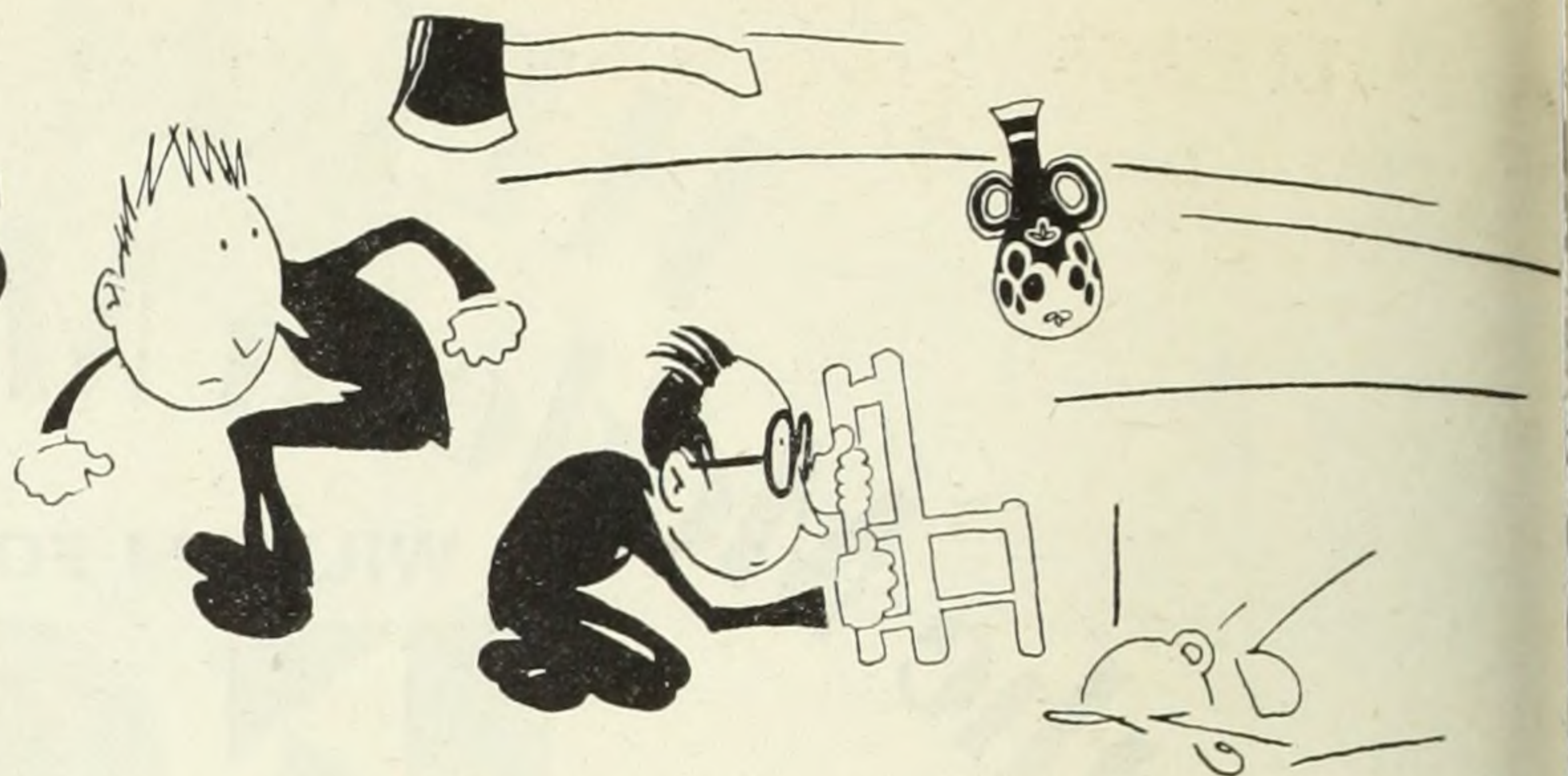
FAZIL is indeed an amazing picture to see! And—it is also an amazing picture to **HEAR!** In **FAZIL** you will hear that astonishing movie miracle—**FOX MOVIE TONE.** It puts **SOUND** into movies—realistic, true-to-life sound! In **FAZIL** you hear the gondolier sing his Venetian Song of Love. You hear the voices of the desert. You hear a full symphony orchestra, as though you were sitting in a great moving picture cathedral on Broadway. Fox Movietone doubles your movie fun. You won't believe your own ears! It's as true to your ears as it is to your eyes—because the **SOUND**, like the scene, is **PHOTOGRAPHED.** Watch for Fox Movietone in your town—See a Fox Movietone, you'll hear a great show!

FOX MOVIE TONE—The Sound and Sight Sensation

Brickbats

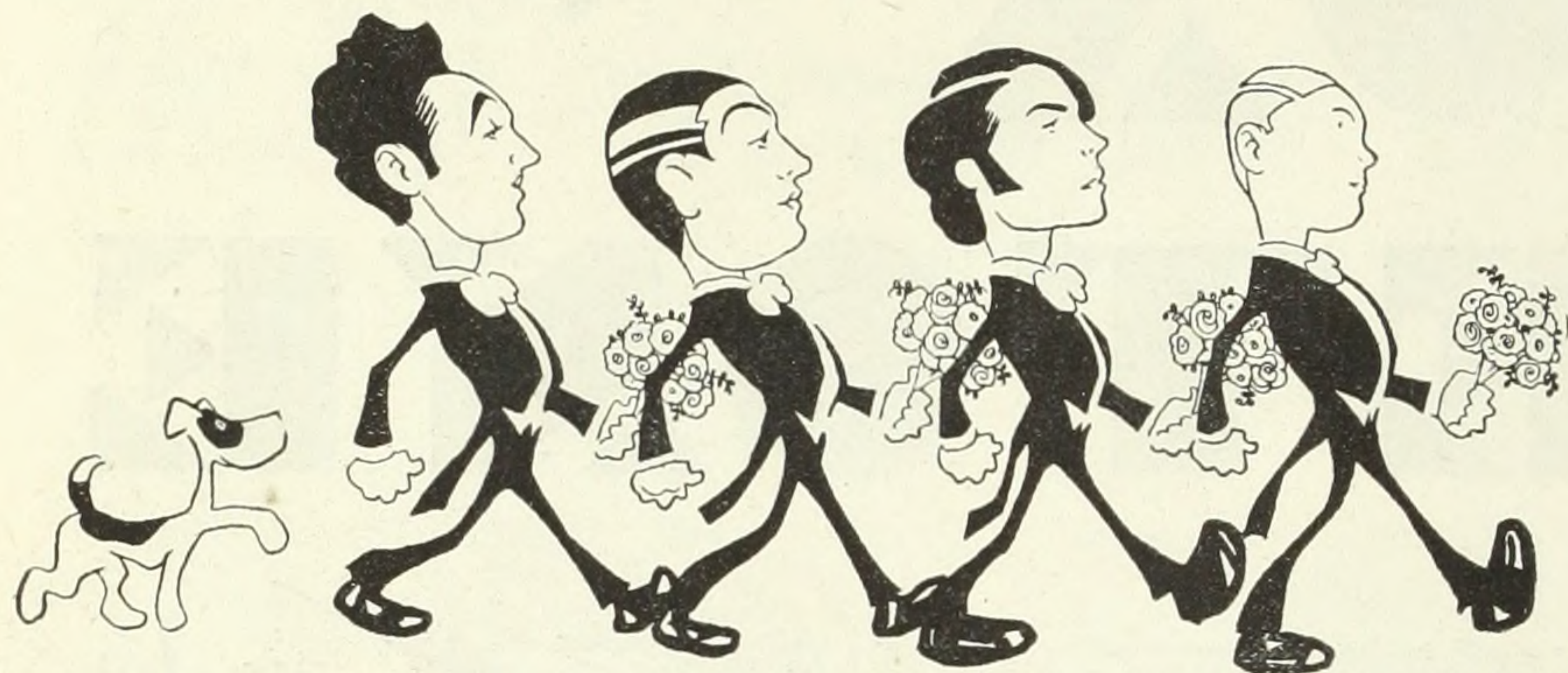
Three prizes
are given every month
for the best letters—
\$25, \$10 and \$5

and



Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY
READERS



The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their View.

The Monthly Barometer

THE talkies have the field. Opinion is equally split into three factions. The pessimists declare that the new invention is a pest. The optimists hail it as the greatest innovation of the age. The happy mediums believe that it is open to improvement. Take your choice. The talkies are also responsible for the sudden rise to popularity of Conrad Nagel. So far, he is the outstanding success of the noisy drama.

John Gilbert's *Life Story* is unreservedly praised. Mary Pickford's bob has caused no hubbub. Emil Jannings receives the most enthusiastic letters among the men stars, while Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Joan Crawford are the leaders among the girls.

Western pictures and stars are given some hot roasting, the only exception being Tom Mix. The most popular of current films are "The Cossacks," "The Last Command," "The Legion of the Condemned," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Lights of New York," and "Sorrell and Son."

\$25.00 Letter

Baton Rouge, La.

With the popularity of the automobile, people believed that railways were doomed. It was found, however, that each had its part to perform. Radio became the thing. Who wanted "canned" music when he could tune in and get the best of music? One's favorite musician, however, might not be "on the air," hence the phonograph's advantage. Phonographic reproduction is much improved because of the advent of the radio.

Talkies will not destroy the silent drama. They will not force the silent movies into oblivion. What are the advantages of silent pictures? For one thing, a person does not have to strain his ears to catch every word. Then, too, there is a relaxation that does not come with listening to speech. A beautiful woman, a handsome man, a word or two. The woman is no longer beautiful; the man no longer handsome.

The advantages of the talkies? Let's illustrate with our friend the phonograph. On this machine Al Jolson is not so wonderful, for the reason that much of his effectiveness is in his facial expression as he sings. Second, the small towns will get to hear famous musicians, singers and orchestras which they have been

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

unable to hear. Third, the best stage artists will contribute part of their time to movie production.

The talkies will have the effect of elevating the silent drama to a higher plane. Movies will become less mechanical. Fewer and better movies will be produced.

JOE NORGRESS.

\$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

Before coming to California, I had heard from all sides the many dangers of the movie studios for young girls. Outsiders also have the idea that everybody "high-hats" the beginner on the set. I hope the people of this same opinion will have the opportunity of reading this and learning the truth, at least as I have found it, of working in pictures.

The first day I worked as an extra I knew very little about the game. I knew no one on the set and was naturally lonely, but I hadn't been alone over five minutes when a girl and boy who were sitting in a car asked me to join them. When we were called to work, they told me just what to do. All day other people were asking me how I liked it and giving me "pointers."

We worked until eleven o'clock that night and I, not being accustomed to the California weather, had not brought a coat. Everyone

tried to find one for me. Other times I have worked, it has been the same, each one trying to make the other comfortable. Electricians, prop boys, all of them, finding places for us to sit, buying candy, treating the gang.

If everyone could know the true facts of movie work, I am sure their impressions would be the same as mine; just an interesting healthy and harmless occupation.

MISS LYNN SOUTTER.

\$5.00 Letter

Jersey City, N. J.

By this time, all the ranches out in those wide open spaces must be free from either mortgages or villains and are now in safe hands. During the past five months I've seen exactly thirty-two ranches freed from mortgages either by the hero playing the rôle of *Old Generosity* or foiling the villain, or by discovering oil on the premises.

Each of the old reliable Westerns has the same old plot, the only difference being in the names of the characters. Isn't it about time the scenario writers invented something new instead of telling the same story over and over again?

Westerns, I like, but for pity's sake I don't want to know what is going to happen before even seeing the picture.

Another thing! There is the meek heroine with a little gun holding at bay six or seven big strapping brutes. If one of them ever sneezed, he'd blow the gun off the set. Too bad that Jules Verne isn't living, or I'd let him juggle with the mystery of how the sleek-haired hero of the galloping tintypes knocks out four men, jumps on his steed and saves the day.

It's the bunk.

GEORGE E. ODELL.

That Melting Voice

Syracuse, N. Y.

I always looked upon Conrad Nagel as rather a cold fish. A nice man, a good actor, but no personality. But when I heard him speak on the Vitaphone, I completely changed my opinion of him. He has a warm, sympathetic and charming voice. If there are any more like Conrad out in Hollywood, the talkies have nothing to worry about.

SARAH ANN CURTIS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

A PULITZER prize winner as a stage play and the talk of New York for a year, "Craig's Wife" the *different* type of picture you've been waiting for! It is the most poignant study of a domestic tragedy ever written—this tale of an adoring husband and his luxury-loving wife whose heart was so full of the love of material things that it had no room for love! If you're married or ever expect to be, go see "Craig's Wife"! It's coming soon to your favorite theater—watch for the announcement!



Pathé presents

Craig's Wife

with

**Irene Rich
Warner Baxter**

A William C. de Mille Production

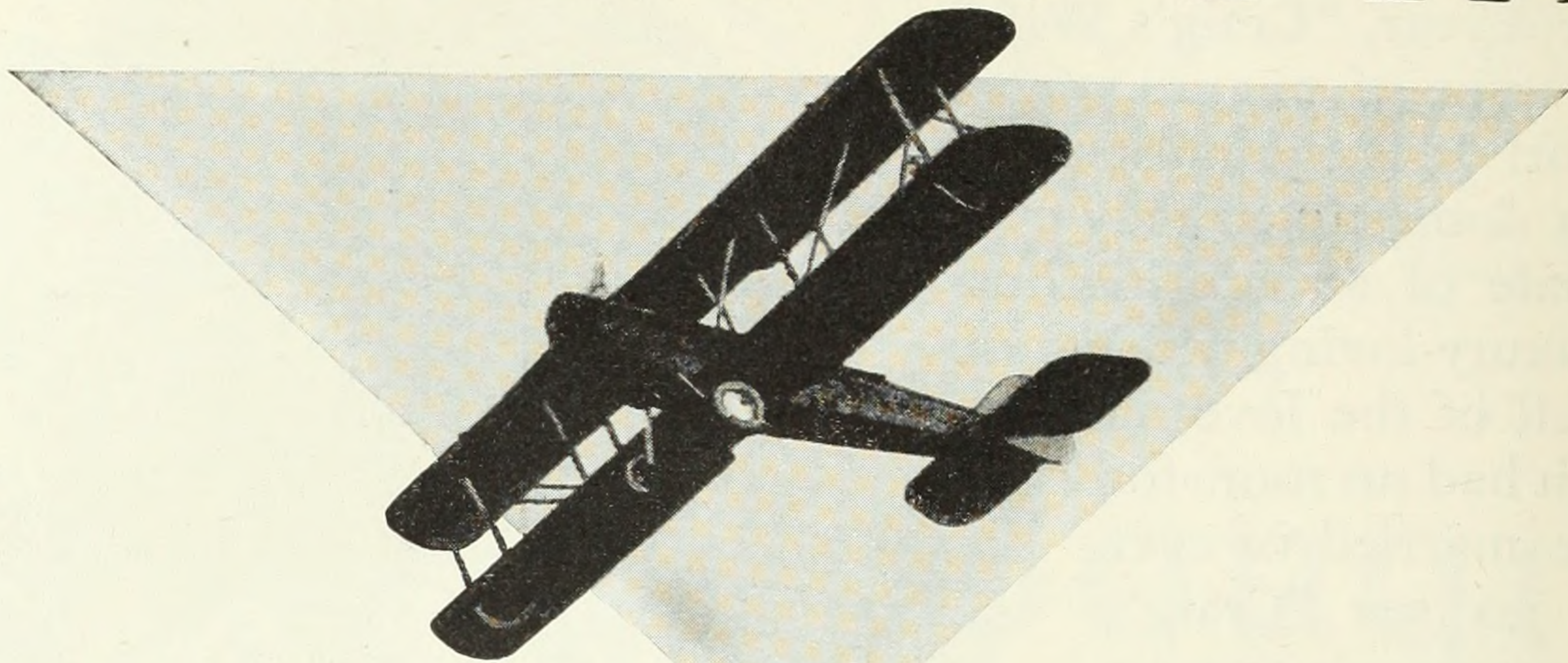
Adapted by Clara Beranger
from the great stage success by George Kelly

Pathe'



Picture

As We Go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

WHILE abroad Marion Davies received a high honor from the French Government, that of Officer of Public Instruction. This decoration is known as the "Academic Palms," because the owner has the right to wear the purple ribbon with a tiny symbolic palm branch. In Spain Miss Davies received the Order "Por le Merite" from General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator.

AGAIN the impossible happens. An unknown extra girl becomes leading woman over night. The lucky girl is Gladys Belmont, of Pueblo, Colo. She gets the rôle of Corn Blossom, the Indian heroine, opposite Richard Dix in "Red Skin." Miss Belmont is now on location at Gallup, New Mexico.

WHO is Jack Gilbert going to sign with? That's one of the much discussed items in Hollywood right now. His contract with Metro-Goldwyn expires in December. He has been unhappy with his recent rôles and says he won't resign. United Artists is said to be after Gilbert. In the event that Jack leaves Metro-Goldwyn, it is reported that Nils Asther will be groomed for his place on the program.

RUTH ELDER seems to be in and out of pictures. Her contract has not been renewed by Paramount, despite the fact that her work opposite Richard Dix was liked. The Hollywood moguls believe that her publicity value has waned and that the story of a pending divorce from her husband has not helped her.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is back on the FBO lot after five months' absence, due to a broken hip.

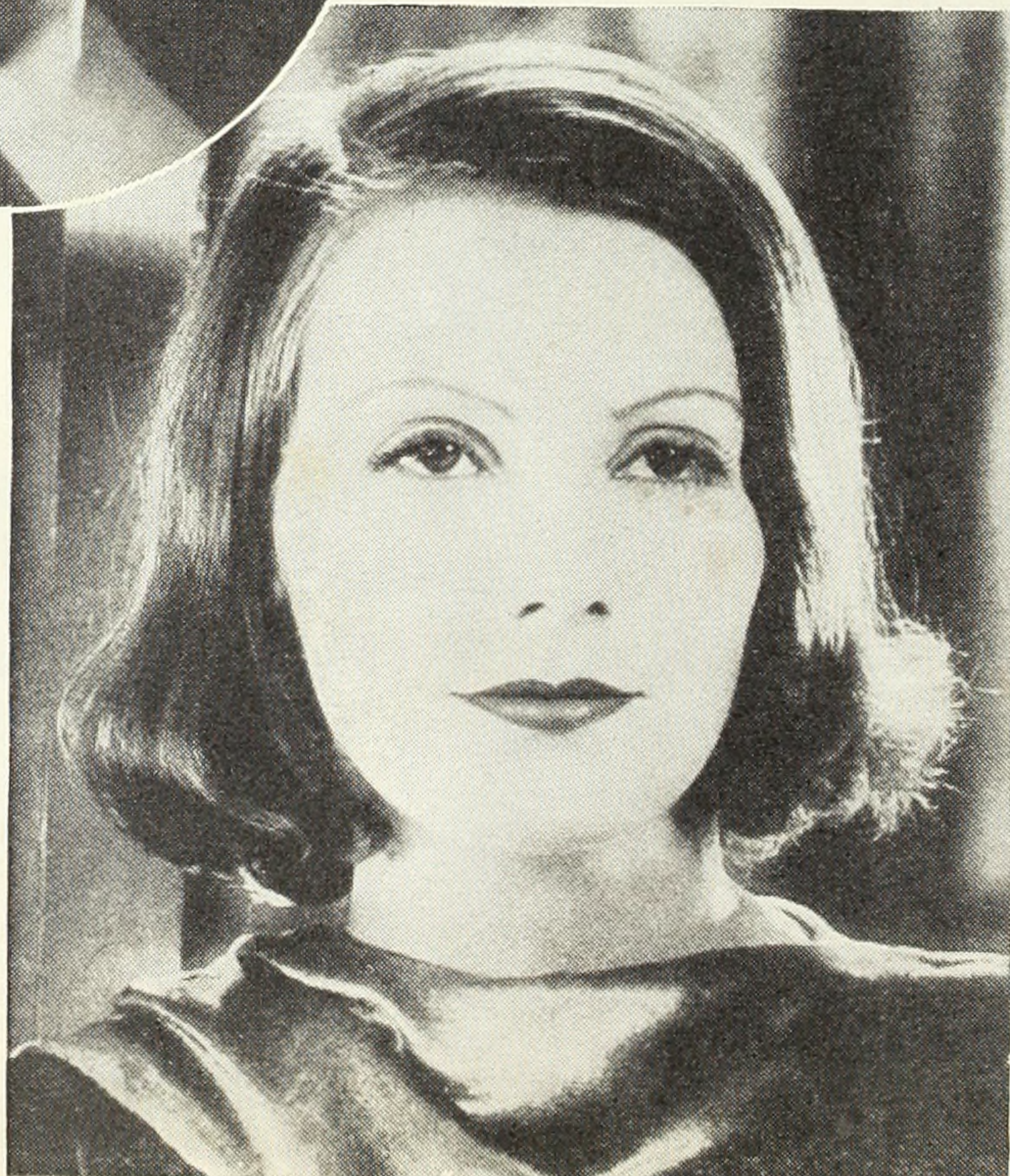
HENRY KING has selected Eleanor Boardman for the leading rôle in the big Inspiration film, "She Goes to War," by Rupert Hughes.

DORIS MAY has filed suit for divorce against her husband, Wallace MacDonald. Says he continually criticized the food. Renee Adoree decided not to file suit for divorce, after all, against William S. Gill.

KARL DANE married a Russian dancer, Thais Valdemar, last May but the news just became public. Karl's real cognomen is Rasmus Karl Thakelsen Gottlieb.

AL JOLSON secretly married Ruby Keeler, musical comedy dancer, in New York, September 21, and sailed the same day for Europe.

Anything Greta Garbo does is news. Here is a preview of her new hairdress, as she wears it in "A Woman of Affairs," with three inches trimmed off. The oval reveals Greta's old way of dressing her hair. Whisper: "A Woman of Affairs" is really Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," which was reported to be banned from the screen by Will Hays



JAMES MURRAY seems to be definitely out of Metro-Goldwyn. He was given a third and last chance in the leading rôle of "The Mysterious Island" but failed to show up when the shooting was to start. So Lloyd Hughes got the part. "The Mysterious Island," by the way, was almost finished by Metro-Goldwyn a year ago. Then, after the production cost had gone to a high figure, the film was shelved. Now it is being re-shot with a new cast.

MARCELINE DAY says she isn't engaged to Richard Dix. And Ruth Elder says she's not engaged to Ben Lyon.

MARIA CORDA has been given a one-year contract by First National. She made "Helen of Troy" but, after the film began to flop, First National did not take an option on her services.

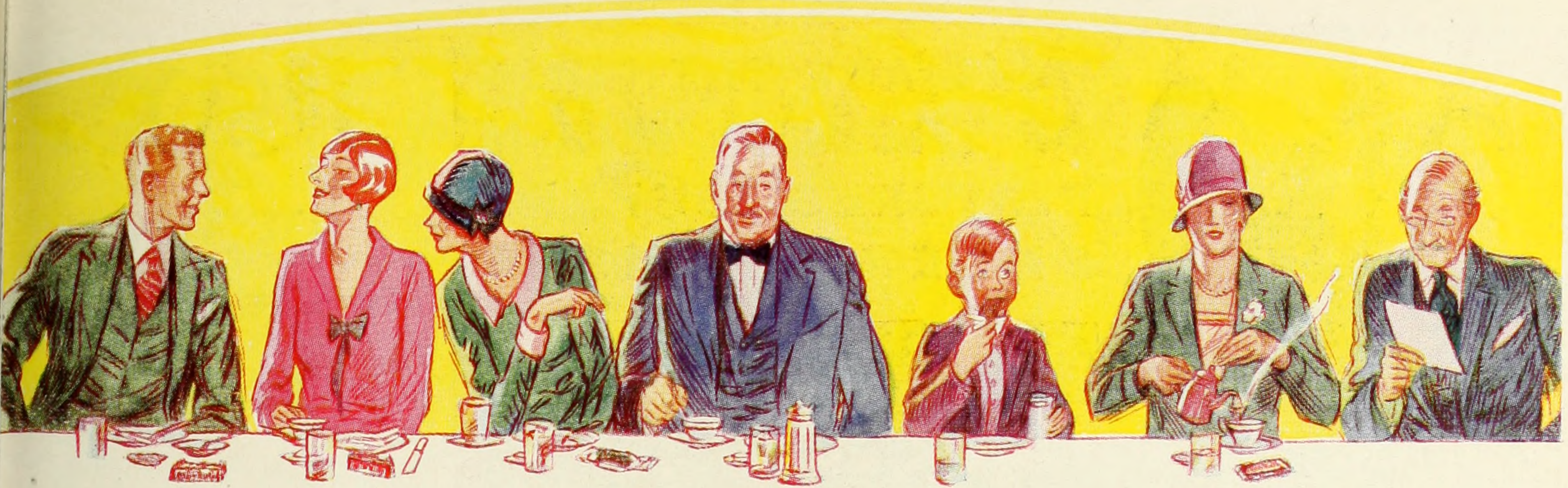
PRINCE GEORGE of England was the big Hollywood visitor of the month. He had met Lily Damita on the Continent and she was one of the dinner guests at Piccadilly fair, when the prince was entertained there. Other dinner guests were Jack Gilbert, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Claire Windsor and Jetta Goudal.

PAULINE FREDERICK has signed a long term Warner Brothers contract and, after playing an engagement on the stage this winter in New York, she goes to Hollywood in the Spring for the talkies.

HOLLYWOOD has had an epidemic of minor casualties. Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch was thrown from her horse in Beverly Hills and had a narrow escape from death. Hans Kraely was thrown from his horse and suffered a broken wrist. Jack Barrymore sprained his ankle on the first day of mountaineering for his new picture, the exteriors of which are being shot at Banff.

THE fireworks on D. W. Griffith's set of "The Love Song" have subsided. Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez, who were quarreling every time they met, have kissed and made up. It was a hot battle while it lasted.

THE Warner Brothers have taken over the old Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, Brooklyn, for the talkies.



Thousands save on lunch this tasty way

They know their **Baby Ruth**

Here's a real way to make your lunches more delightful, and save money too: eat Baby Ruth for dessert. It's delicious and satisfying. A generous tasty treat of dollar-a-pound quality candy for five cents.

Daily, thousands are finding it the most enjoyable dessert they can buy.

Because it is made of purest chocolate, nuts, milk and sugar, dietitians say Baby Ruth makes a light lunch more invigorating than a heavier meal—that it supplies all the extra energy you need for hard work and play. Because you eat less and feel better, it's a healthful way to control your weight.

Baby Ruth is famous for flavor and *guaranteed fresh*. Treat yourself at lunch today. 5c does it.

In dainty slices—the popular guest candy of today



© 1928, C. C. Co.

C U R T I S S
CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO SCHNERING, President
Also makers of Baby Ruth Gum "with that old-time Peppermint Flavor"

MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA'S MILLIONS



LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!

Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that's something else again!

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like "The Big Parade", "Ben Hur", "Tell it to the Marines", "The Merry Widow" and "White Shadows of the South Seas".

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

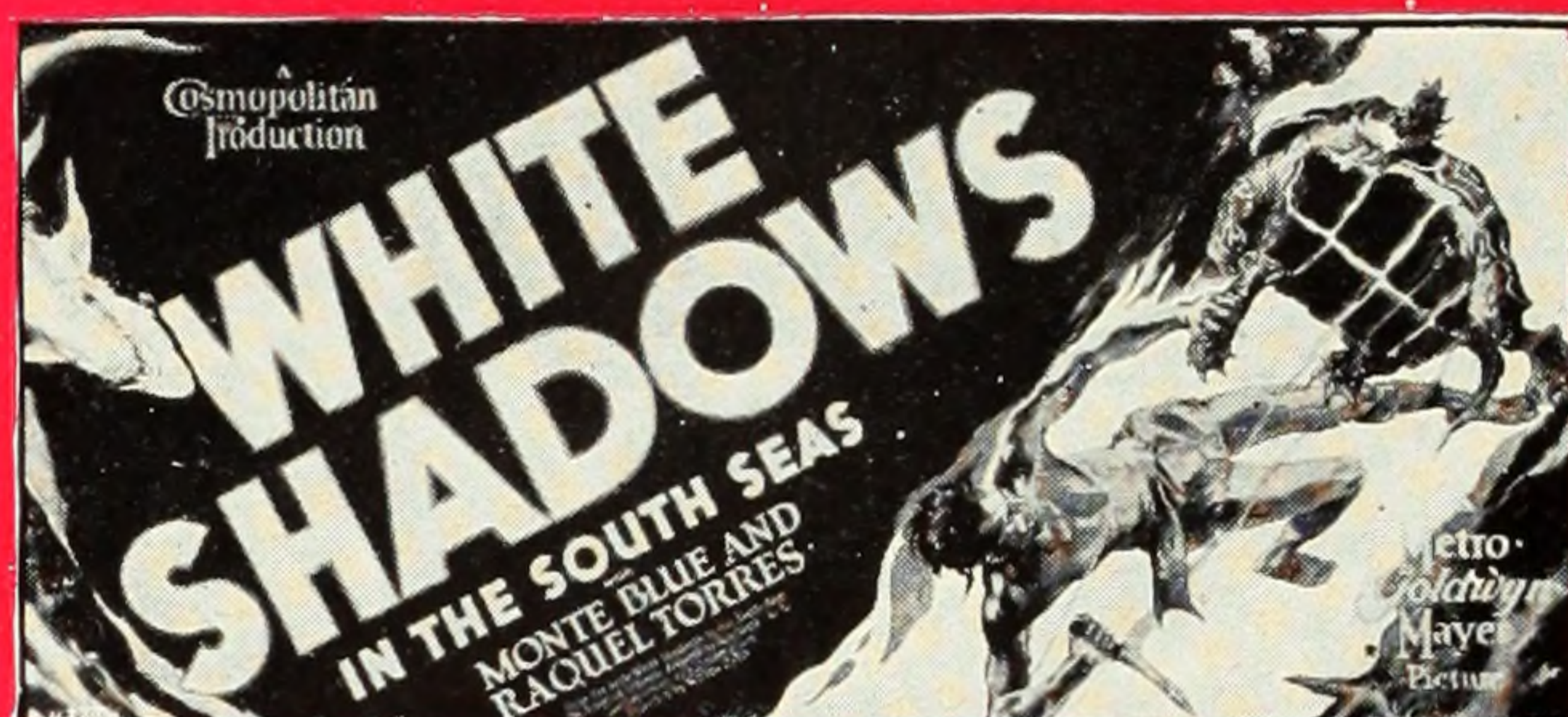
If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

M-G-M sound or silent, will always mean

More Great Movies

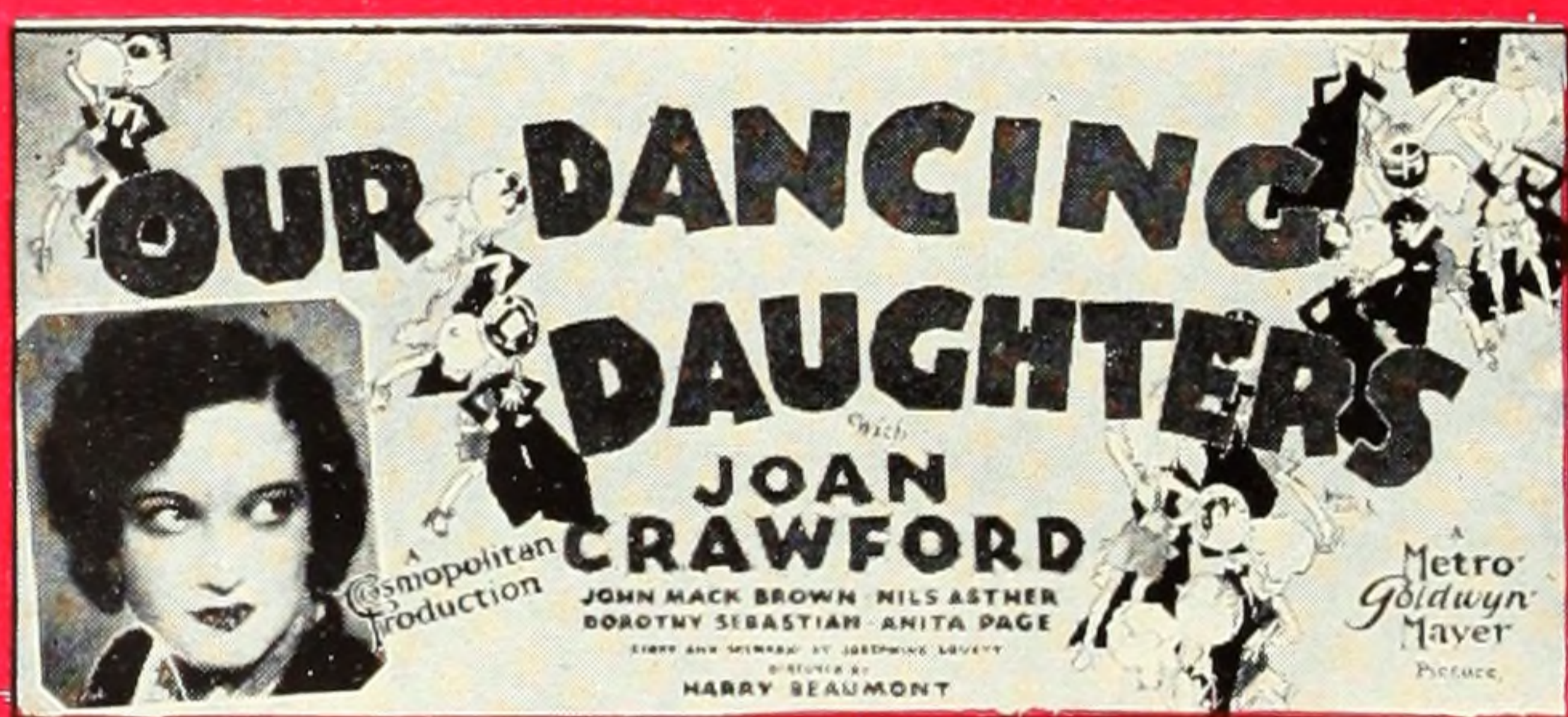
HERE ARE THE FIRST OF THE NEW M-G-M PICTURES—SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT



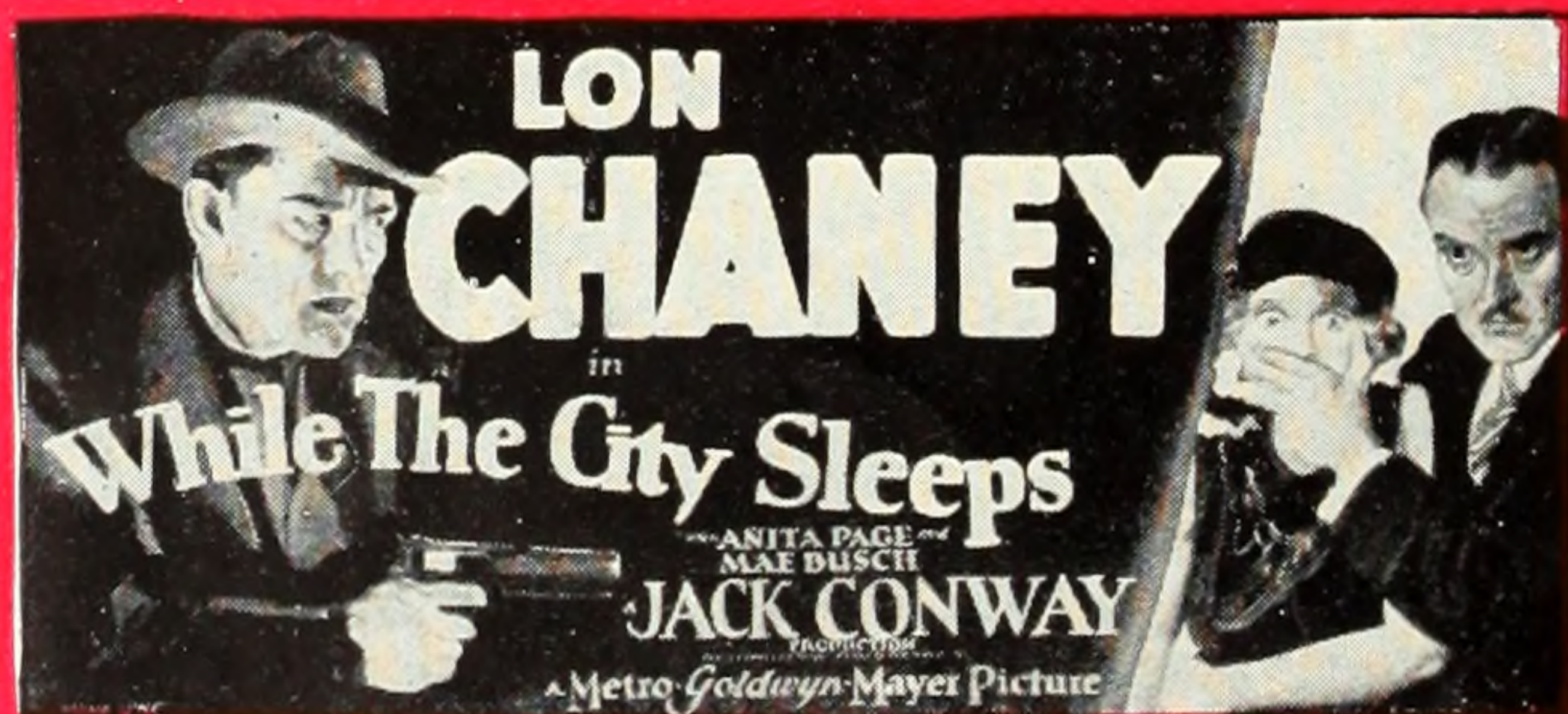
Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at \$2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.



Laughs—tears—thrills—you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!



Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.



Lon Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

\$50
for the
keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive \$50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give \$50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

Sincerely,
Joan Crawford.

- 1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
- 2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime ditty?
- 3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public's heart and fancy?
- 4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
- 5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
- 6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's "frozen face" is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 75 words.)

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 November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"More Stars than the GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN there are in Heaven"



Meat-less Recipes

Two delicious dishes from PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book that will add variety and interest to your menus



Photo by Otto Dyar

No, Charles Rogers cannot cook; but he's an expert taster. Although Hollywood restaurants are all very well, Charles' mother has come on from Olathe, Kansas, to give Charlie home cooking. Read his favorite recipe for nut and potato croquettes on this page

If you want a clear, smooth complexion, try cutting down on meat for a few weeks and notice the improvement. Meat once a day should be the limit for anyone. Meat only four or five times a week is even better.

It is perfectly possible to plan a satisfying and attractive meal without including a meat dish. The best substitutes for meat are cheese and nuts. Nuts combined with potatoes, as in the recipe furnished by Charles Rogers for croquettes, and macaroni with cheese, are two dishes that may be substituted for meat and potatoes for luncheon, Sunday night supper, or for a light family dinner.

Here is Charles Rogers' favorite recipe for nut and potato croquettes. Charles does *not* go in for cooking after he leaves the studio, but he got the recipe from his mother, who is his favorite cook.

2 cups hot riced potatoes	Dash of pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ egg yolk
3 tablespoons cream	Few grains cayenne	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt	Few drops onion juice	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream
Yolk 1 egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped pecan meats

Mix the first seven ingredients and beat thoroughly until well blended. Cook bread crumbs in one-fourth cup of cream to make a thick paste, and cool. Then add one egg yolk, additional salt and nut meats. Shape potato mixture in nests, fill with nut and crumb mixture and cover with the rest of the potato mixture. Roll until of the desired shape and flatten the ends. Dip in one-half yolk of egg, then in cracker or dry bread crumbs, rolled very fine, and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper, stand in circular form on serving dish and garnish with parsley.

Clarence Brown, the director, contributed an excellent recipe to PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, for baked macaroni, which I am going to reproduce. You'll find it a little different and very much more delicious than plain macaroni with cheese.

1 box macaroni	1 can tomato sauce
1 cup grated cheese	2 cups mushrooms
1 cup bread crumbs	1 cup chopped green olives
	1 cup chopped ripe olives

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and pour cold water over it. This is important; it keeps the macaroni from sticking. Butter a large baking dish—and you'll need a good-sized one—and place a layer of macaroni, a layer of grated cheese, a layer of mushrooms, a layer of bread crumbs and a layer of olives; alternate the layers until all the ingredients are used. Pour tomato sauce over this. Sprinkle cheese and bread crumbs over the top. Bake until brown.

In PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book you will find a number of other recipes that are pleasant variations of more commonplace dishes. There are one hundred and fifty recipes in the new and enlarged edition of the Cook Book, and all of them represent the taste of the best cooks in Hollywood.

Just fill out the coupon to the left, enclose a quarter and the Cook Book will be mailed to you immediately.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

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

CHINATOWN CHARLIE—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the gags and builds up the plot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May.)

CHORUS KID, THE—Gotham.—Goofy but amusing story of chorus girl, played by Virginia Browne Faire. (June.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COUNT OF TEN, THE—Universal.—Something different in the way of a prize-fight story, with James Gleason, stage star, stealing the show. Charles Ray, too, deserves mention for a good performance. (May.)

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

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

CREAM OF THE EARTH—Universal.—The romance of a week-end butterfly and a shy college youth, beautifully acted by Marion Nixon and Charles Rogers. A Grade A picture. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

DESERT PIRATE, THE—FBO.—Filled with the usual clap-trap of the orthodox Western but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darrow. (May.)

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

DEVIL'S CAGE, THE—Chadwick.—No use bothering your pretty little head about the inconsistencies of a plot like this. (June.)

DEVIL'S SKIPPER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lots of meat in this picture, what with slave ships, piracy, mutiny and revenge. Also a remarkable performance by Belle Bennett. (May.)

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

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Weird story, in three episodes, about the curse of a diamond, probably written about the supposed curse of the famous Hope diamond. Some fine acting by Eleanor Boardman, Lena Malena and Conrad Nagel is wasted. (June.)

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

DIZZY DIVER, THE—Paramount-Christie.—Thanks to the wonders of science, audiences may now learn how a chocolate pudding sounds when it hits the face of a comic. (Oct.)

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

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

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

DOWN SOUTH—Warners.—The Brox Sisters croon some songs. (Oct.)

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

***DRESSED TO KILL**—Fox.—A tale of the underworld that holds your attention every second. It's all action and suspense. And splendid work by Edmund Lowe, Mary Astor and Ben Bard. Recommended. (May.)

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

EASY COME, EASY GO—Paramount.—Rich Dix as the innocent partner of a crook. A bright fast-moving comedy and Richard's best in months. (June.)

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

ESCAPE, THE—Fox.—An ancient melodrama that should have been allowed to rest in peace. With Virginia Valli and William Russell. (May.)

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

FAITHLESS LOVER, THE—Krelbar.—The débuts again. But aside from that, this is just a lot of mediocre celluloid. (May.)

FALLEN ANGELS—Universal.—Norman Kerr drags through some gloomy doings in the rôle of a man who must play dead. Interesting but hard cheerful. (May.)

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

FANDANGO—Educational.—Lupino Lane in hilarious burlesque of all the Spanish pictures ever produced. (June.)

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

FANGS OF JUSTICE—Bischoff.—A regular old home week of hokum. (May.)

FASHION MADNESS—Columbia.—Once more the frivolous debutante is dragged off to the woods by the he-man hero. Claire Windsor is the girl this time. (June.)

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

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

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

FINDERS KEEPERS—Universal.—Laura La Plante, who deserves a better fate, wastes her talent and charm on a lot of trite gags. (May.)

FIRE AND STEEL—Elbee.—Hot yarn of steel furnaces, with the young inventor, the jealous foreman and the girl. Ho-hum! (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

	Page		Page		Page
Air Circus, The—Fox.....	54	Guardians of the Wild—Universal....	116	Show Girl—First National.....	56
Annapolis—Pathe.....	57	Haunted House, The—First National..	116	Sinners in Love—FBO.....	84
Awakening, The—United Artists.....	56	I Forbid—Fan-Maid Pictures.....	84	Sisters of Eve—Rayart.....	84
Beware of Blondes—Columbia.....	84	Kid's Clever, The—Universal.....	117	Smoke Bellew—Big Four.....	84
Black Butterflies—Quality.....	116	Lightning Speed—FBO.....	117	Son of the Golden West—FBO.....	117
Brotherly Love—M.-G.-M.....	84	Little Wildcat, The—Warners.....	117	Striving for Fortune—Excellent.....	116
Captain Swagger—Pathe.....	84	Me, Gangster—Fox.....	54	Submarine—Columbia.....	56
Crash, The—First National.....	84	Morgan's Last Raid—M.-G.-M.....	117	Take Me Home—Paramount.....	56
Danger Street—FBO.....	117	Mother Knows Best—Fox.....	55	Times Square—Gotham.....	84
Docks of New York, The—Paramount..	55	Night Bird—Universal.....	117	Virgin Lips—Columbia.....	117
Dog Law—FBO.....	116	Out With the Tide—Peerless.....	117	Waterfront—First National.....	54
Dry Martini—Fox.....	55	Port of Dreams—Universal.....	117	Water Hole, The—Paramount.....	116
First Kiss, The—Paramount.....	84	Romance of a Rogue, The—Carlos....	116	Wedding March, The—Paramount....	56
Fleet's In, The—Paramount.....	56	Rough Ridin' Red—FBO.....	84	West of Zanzibar—M.-G.-M.....	57
Fury of the Wild—FBO.....	117	Show Folks—Pathe.....	84	Win That Girl—Fox.....	116
Grain of Dust, The—Tiffany-Stahl....	117				

Sound Pictures

	Page		Page		Page
A Spanish Serenade—Warners.....	57	Hollywood Bound—Warners.....	57	Overtones—Warners.....	84
Assassin of Grief and Remorse, The—Warners.....	84	Jest Moments—Warners.....	84	Question of Today, The—Warners....	84
Ducks and Deducts—Warners.....	84	Lemon, The—Warners.....	84	Sex Life of the Polyp, The—Fox.....	57
Foys For Joys—Warners.....	84	Madelon—Universal.....	57	Synco Syncopators, The—Warners....	84
Happy Jester, The—Warners.....	84	Morrissey and Miller Night Club, The—Warners.....	84	Ted Doner—Warners.....	84
				Worrier, The—Warners.....	84

A New Idea in Screen Magazines

Read the Story
See the Movie



Screen Book is the new movie magazine—a new kind of magazine—a big surprise—a real treat for movie fans.

First, *Screen Book* gives you the COMPLETE book-length novel of this month's outstanding motion picture. This month it is the **Red Dance**. This novel alone would cost \$2.00 in a book store.

Screen Book also gives you in the same issue the COMPLETE stories in shorter form of other important movies-of-the-month. The November issue (*just out*) also contains 6 full-page gravure portraits of prominent stars for framing.

The book-length novel and the shorter novels are all richly illustrated with dozens of actual scenes from the movies.

SCREEN BOOK gives you an opportunity to live again the tense, wonderful moments that thrill you so.

se
le
oupon
oday!

Also—

In This Issue

In addition to the complete novel of "The Red Dance" and the 6 gravure portraits, the November issue of *Screen Book* (*just out*) contains the following complete movie stories in shorter form:

EXCESS BAGGAGE

Starring William Haines—Josephine Dunn
This is the story of a show-girl who puts love before ambition. Her lover is a man who would rather die in a cause than her unhappiness. But she is not satisfied to "excess baggage" in their double act. Later, because of a lucky experience, dramatically described, he comes the "excess baggage." The thrilling adjustment and climax with love triumphant over a thousand obstacles makes a marvelous story—fully told and richly illustrated in November *Screen Book*.

THE WOMAN DISPUTED

Starring Norma Talmadge
The lives of ten thousand soldiers hang in the balance. A strange circumstance makes it possible for a woman of the streets to save their lives. Surely this sacrifice would mean nothing to her. Why did she hesitate? What was it but simply one more scarlet adventure added to hundreds of others? Could the love of a true man actually have purified her? Read this thrilling story of war, love, passion in November *Screen Book*.

THE RED MARK

Starring Gaston Glass—Nina Quartaro
The guillotine! That was the answer. In this way the Governor could and would dispose of his rival for the hand of a simple country maid. No law, no force, no authority to stop this ruthless disposal of an innocent lad. But with his neck bared to the descending blade, the most amazing discovery halts the execution! Read in November *Screen Book* this picturesque, terrifying but beautiful story of a passionate love.

HERBERT BRENON

A Living Declaration of Independence
Herbert Brenon's name is the hallmark of quality and accuracy on a picture. He is one of the leading half-dozen directors of the screen. Readers of November *Screen Book* will be tremendously interested in the character sketch of this master director, who made *Peter Pan*, *Beau Geste* and *Sorrell and Son*.

This Month's Feature— The Red Dance

Starring Dolores Del Rio—Charles Farrell

Screen Book's big surprise this month is the complete (\$2.00) book length novel, richly illustrated, of **The Red Dance**, the most popular picture in New York.

This is the story of the revolt of a peasant girl of the Russian steppes. She seeks vengeance in strife and revolution. Her hand is raised against the Order to

which the man she admires belongs. His hand is raised against hers. Strangely enough, a passionate, enduring love develops out of the fierce warfare and deeply emotional struggle.

Screen Book gives you this complete fascinating booklength story with dozens of large pictures from the movie in beautiful rotogravure.

Full Page Gravure Portraits of Charles Rogers, Mary Pickford, Dolores Costello, William Boyd, Bebe Daniels, Janet Gaynor

Screen Book

Magazine

FOR NOVEMBER NOW ON SALE

25¢

AT ALL NEWS STANDS

\$1 for 5 Issues

SCREEN BOOK
225 Varick St.,
New York, N. Y.

OR, USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

TODAY—at the next newsstand get *SCREEN BOOK*, November issue—just out! Investigate this new kind of movie magazine. Save and send this bargain coupon in case the news stand is sold out. By subscribing you are assured of not missing the COMPLETE (\$2.00) movie-novel-of-the-month for the next five months.

I enclose \$1 for which please enter my subscription for *Screen Book* Monthly Magazine for 5 months, beginning with the November issue (*Just Out*), at the special get-acquainted rate of \$1 for 5 issues.

Name.....

Address.....

\$351⁰⁰ CLEARED ~ IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from California man reports \$11275 sales in three months; New Jersey \$4000 profits in two months; Pennsylvania \$3000 profits in four months. Ira Shook \$365 sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5 and 7 more by August. Iwata bought one outfit and 10 more within a year. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers all over town. It's a good old world after all". Kellog, \$700 ahead end of second week.



Wholesale or retail. Big profits either way. No town too small. Business is pleasant, fascinating and dignified. You manufacture a food product

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS

Furnish secret formulas, raw material and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

Build a Business of Your Own

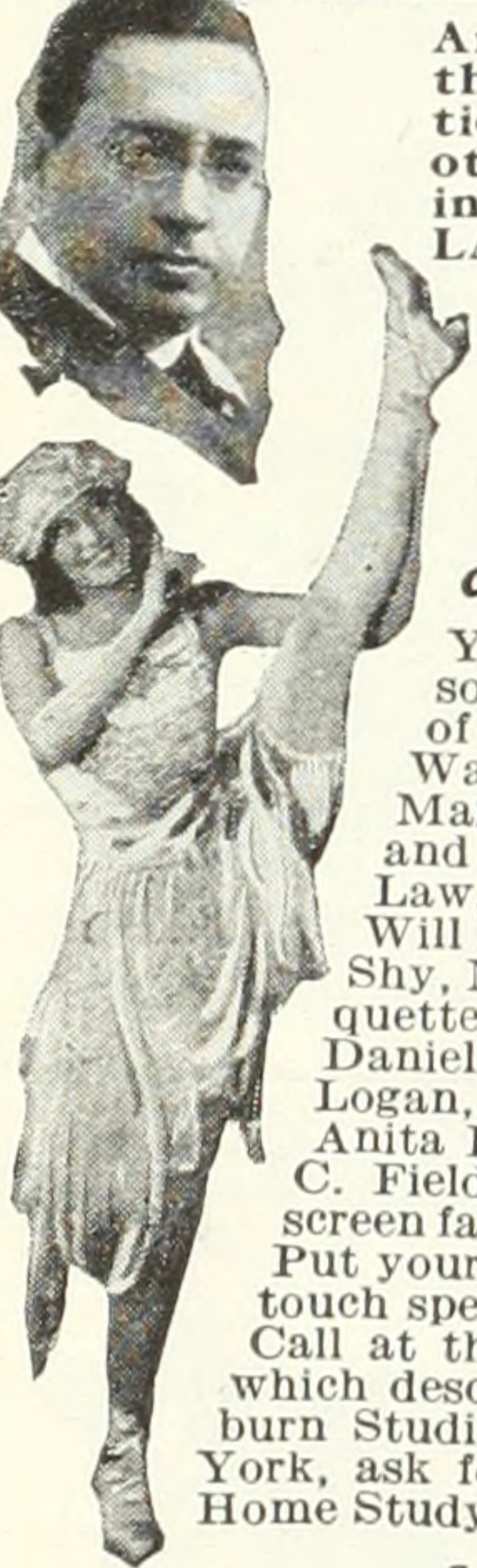
No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

Profits \$1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
1148 High Street Springfield, Ohio

NED WAYBURN



America's Foremost Dance Authority, who staged the Best Editions of the "Follies" and over 600 other Musical Shows, Offers Training for SUCCESS and POPULARITY in

Every Type of STAGE and SOCIAL DANCING

at a Surprisingly Low Cost

You can become a highly-paid and sought-after dancer under the guidance of this Wizard Star Maker. Let Mr. Wayburn add your name to this list: Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Fred and Adele Astaire, Gilda Gray, Evelyn Law, Ada May, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Oscar Shaw, Marx Bros., Gus Shy, Marion Davies, Billie Dove, Lina Basquette, Dorothy Gish, Bessie Love, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, Josephine Dunn, Jobyna Ralston, Anita Page, Jack Mulhall, Noah Beery, W. C. Fields and hundreds of other stage and screen favorites whom he trained and directed. Put your career in the hands of a man whose touch spells SUCCESS. Call at the Studios or write for booklet UO, which describes Star Making at the Ned Wayburn Studios; or, if you cannot come to New York, ask for booklet UHO on Ned Wayburn's Home Study Courses in Stage Dancing.

Special courses for reducing and building up

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

Costumes, Scenery
and other Stage
Equipment to rent
Entertainment
Bureau

1841 BROADWAY (Entr. on 60th St.)
New York City. At Columbus Circle.
Phone Columbus 3500

Make Money Wearing This FREE CAP



Just Wear This Beautiful Hand-Tailored FREE Cap Which I Give to Producing Agents and Make Big Money in Your Spare Time!

I want to give you a Cap. I know your friends will be delighted with its class, style and fit and you will make a generous profit taking their orders. These caps are genuine hand-tailored, made to individual measure. Nine out of ten men will order right away. Big profit on every sale.

\$20 A DAY EASY FOR YOU
SEND NAME QUICK—NO MONEY

Allen made \$40 in one day. Tobias made \$17 in 4 hours. You can do as well. Send your name right away and I'll tell you how to make \$20 a day, also secure a Taylor Cap for your use. Write at once. J. W. Taylor, Pros., Taylor Cap Mfrs., Dept. 45-L, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Brief Reviews of Current Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT ANNIE—Warners.—This one starts good but goes goofy. However, Louise Fazenda is a show in herself. (May.)

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

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

FOOLS FOR LUCK—Paramount.—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin in a comedy that is only fairly funny. (June.)

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

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

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

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

FRENZIED FLAMES—Ellbee.—For the boys—of all ages—who like to chase fire departments. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOOD-BYE KISS, THE—Mack Sennett.—The daddy of screen comedy fights the war in his own way. And the old boy hasn't lost his cunning, because there's real entertainment in this here picture. You'll like Sally Eilers. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

***HAROLD TEEN**—First National.—All your old friends of the comic strip come to life on the screen. It's a joyous show and lots of fun for the kids. Arthur Lake walks away with the honors. (May.)

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?—Universal.—The amusing love affairs of an Irish soldier. Tom Moore plays the Irishman and Bessie Love gives a fine performance of a French girl. Good fun. (May)

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

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

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

HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL, THE—First National.—A humorless and hackneyed story of stage life, which even Billie Dove cannot save. (May.)

HEART OF BROADWAY, THE—Rayart.—Cabaret melodrama. Pauline Garon, Robert Agnew and Wheeler Oakman head the cast. (May.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOLD 'EM YALE—Pathe-De Mille.—Rod La Rocque cuts loose as a foot-ball star. Why be critical about a picture so full of laughs? (May.)

HONOR BOUND—Fox.—Realistic but repellent story of a man who goes to a prison mining camp to protect a worthless woman. With George O'Brien and Estelle Taylor. Too much grief. (June.)

HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS, A—Fox.—A mortgage is always a mortgage. This one is on the Old Ranch instead of the Old Homestead. Tom Mix and Tony are the mortgage lifters. (June.)

HOT HEELS—Universal.—A small town boy goes butter-and-egging for a hick musical show. Glenn Tryon and Patsy Ruth Miller are a good team. (May.)

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

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

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

IN A MUSIC SHOPPE—Fitzpatrick Fox.—Incident in the life of Stephen Foster, attractively presented in Movietone. (Oct.)

INTERVIEW, THE—Fox.—Clark and McCullough in an old act that fails to register. (Oct.)

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

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

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

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

LADY BE GOOD—First National.—How Dorothy Mackaill can dance! And what a snappy comedienne! Don't forget that Jack Mulhall is featured with her. A neat little show. (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

With H. B. Warner,
Victor Varconi, Ian
Keith, Marie Dressler.
Produced by Frank
Lloyd, who made
"The Sea Hawk."
Presented by Richard
A. Rowland.

Now
the art of
picture making
enters a new
phase!

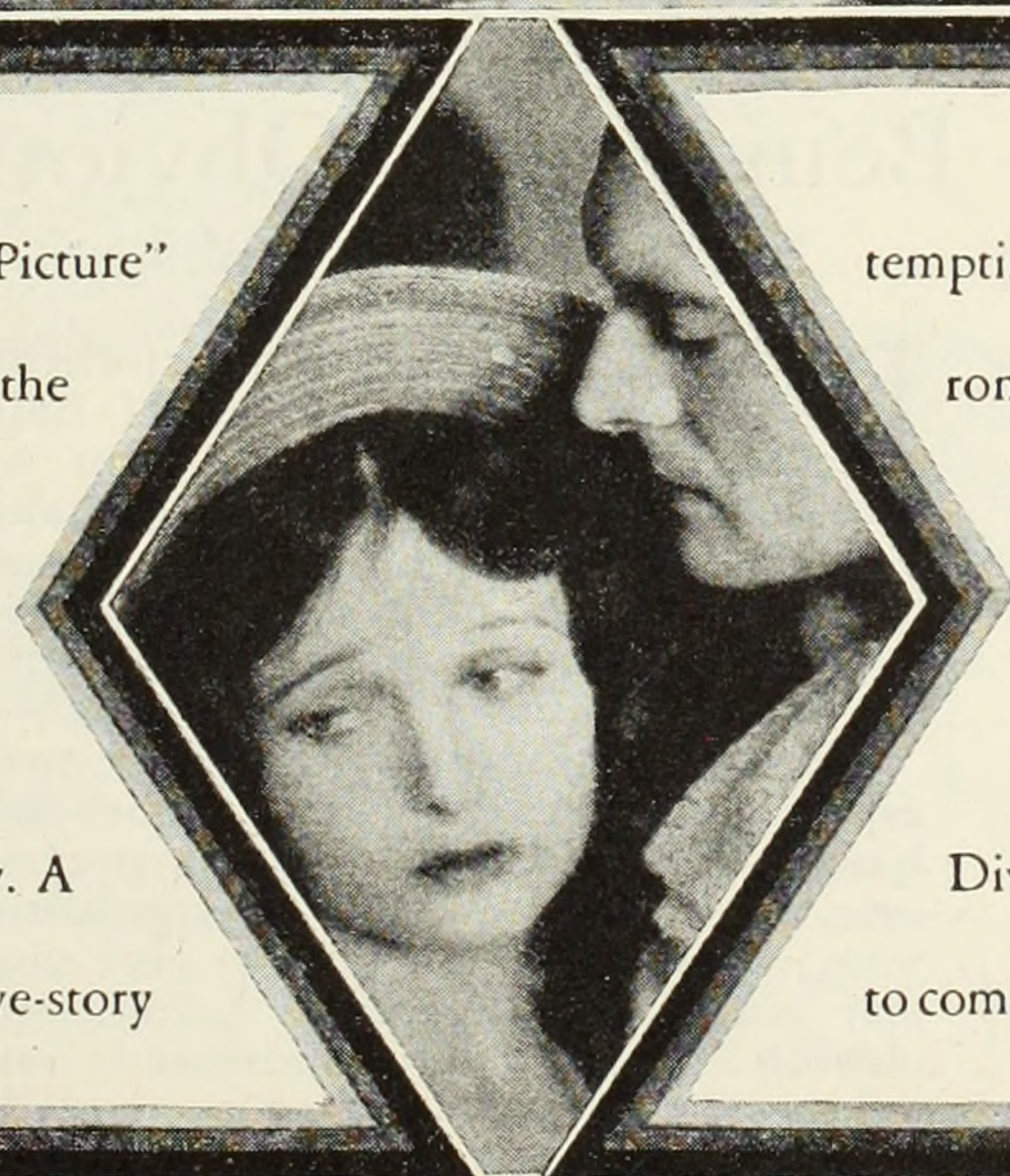


Corinne
Griffith
in
The Divine
Lady



so glorious it made an un-
known author famous over-
night--her novel the season's
sensation. One of the most

PREPARE to discard all
your old ideas of what perfect
screen entertainment should
be. For with First National's
"The Divine Lady" the phrase "A Great Motion Picture"
takes on new meaning. So fabulously rich are the
materials in this mighty special that they forced
an entirely new conception of the scope of
cinema art! . . . A fortune spent to re-enact in rich
detail the most colorful naval combat in history. A
cast of thousands in breathless battle action. A love-story



tempting sirens the world has known, living again a high
romance that changed the destiny of nations. And
unbelievably thrilling sequences in Sound! . . .
Yes, you will need an entirely new standard
by which to measure the true greatness of "The
Divine Lady." For there is nothing in screen history
to compare it to--or which can be compared to it! Watch!

A F I R S T N A T I O N A L P I C T U R E
T A K E S T H E G U E S S W O R K O U T O F G O I N G T O T H E M O V I E S

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

on

P Girls' Problems



The siren isn't always as dangerous as she looks, as you will find out from Marion Davies in "The Cardboard Lover"

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

Please, oh, please, don't condemn my letter as being foolish or oversensitive! Please, also, don't think of me as a jealous little cat. It's only that I love the man to whom I am engaged. And that I don't want to lose him—or his affection.

I am not working—I am—well, I suppose you would call me a "home girl." I am moderately pretty—in a rather healthy, outdoor sort of way. You know the type—light brown, fluffy hair, grey eyes, a clear skin, a nice smile. I think that I am easy going; I also think that I have more than an average amount of good temper. I am not a stupid conversationalist (neither am I a brilliant one). And I have a fair sense of humor. And though I have no great fortune to spend upon my clothes—I dress well, in a simple, semi-sports style. And—this is the most important thing of all—I have been engaged for six months to the nicest man (I think!) in the whole world. And our wedding date is set, tentatively, for a time two months hence.

My fiancé owns his own business. It is a rather new business—but he is doing so well with it that he has quite an extensive office force. Including a private secretary. And it is about this secretary that I am writing.

I have, ever since my engagement, made a point of keeping away from my lover's office—I have interfered in no way with his working time. I think this a wise rule for a man's women-folks to follow. But yesterday I (at his own invitation) stopped in at his office. And I arrived just as he was dictating answers to the correspondence of the morning. And the private secretary, to whom he dictated, took away my breath.

Miss Van Wyck, she was one of the most stunning girls I have ever seen! A regular "vamp"—as alluring as Greta Garbo, though in an entirely different manner. Dark hair, parted and slicked back from the ears. A gorgeous olive skin with reddened lips, long ear-rings, and a tight black satin dress which showed every line of her lovely figure. The skirt was short—and this made the most of her beautiful legs. And the scent she used and the way she raised her lashes and looked

at my man! Oh, I don't see how he could help being aware of her. *Being more than interested in her.*

Last night my fiancé and I went to the theater. And I broached the subject of the girl.

"She's so pretty!" I said casually.

And my lover answered, just as casually.

"I've never especially noticed her looks," he said. "But she's been with me for more than a year, now, and she's never misspelled a word. And that's important!"

And we let the matter rest, there.

Only, Miss Van Wyck, do you think that his impersonal attitude is real? Or do you think that it is a mask? To me that girl would be irresistible—were I a man. How can I be sure that she is not irresistible to the man I love?

Can you give a ray of comfort? Oh I hope you can!

HELEN T.

BUT, of course, Helen, I can give you a ray of comfort! And I am glad for your sake—and for the sake of the other sweethearts and

Being Too Obvious Is This Month's Problem

DO not think that extreme clothing and jewelry and modes of hair dressing alone will enable you to stand out from the others. If you make yourself too conspicuous you may defeat your own purpose. Often it is the charming, natural girl who wins the most attention—and holds it.

Can I help you with your own especial perplexities, I wonder? Beauty, health, or happiness — some aspect of one, or all, of these may be troubling you. If so I will be glad to give you any aid that is possible. Letters enclosing stamped self-addressed envelopes I will answer by return mail, those without postage in Photoplay.

For information regarding the care of the skin send a stamped envelope; for my booklet on sane reducing methods, send ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

wives who will read this—that you have written so frankly to me.

The ray of comfort, you see (and, certainly it is more than a ray!), is in your lover's own speech, to you. Which, if I am any judge of human nature, was in no slightest way a mask. He was speaking the utter truth when he told you that he had never especially noticed the girl's appearance. For—"she's been with me *more than a year*," he said!

And, Helen, you and he have only been engaged for a matter of six months.

Which proves that the private secretary had more than half of a year in which to attract your lover's attention before even you entered the equation. Before ever you became a part of his life. And certainly, if he were going to be attracted, to lose his heart to her, it would have happened long ago. Before, in fact, he had declared himself to you. And had become your prospective husband.

If her type had appealed to him, the appeal would have been immediate. So immediate that your type would never have registered. You, of course, can appreciate the logic in this.

I wonder if you have seen Marion Davies in her latest success, "The Card-Board Lover"? If you have missed this fine, and rarely amusing picture, be sure to see it as soon as possible. For it, also, will contribute to the comfort that you desire. In it you will see a girl, not unlike yourself, win a man away from another woman—who—in the essentials, is not unlike the private secretary.

In it you will see sweetness, and a sense of humor, and good temper, triumph over too evident sex appeal. Sex appeal with all of the trimmings of scent and ear-rings and tight satin frocks, and raised lashes and short skirts!

"The Card-Board Lover" teaches a lesson. A lesson that you can apply to your own life. It teaches that the obvious siren is not always the dangerous girl. That common sense and good temper are more important than blatant beauty—and that a good laugh has saved many a love affair!

You are the type, Helen, which your lover admires. He has proved that fact by choosing you out of a whole cityful of other girls. Including, always, the private secretary who has caused you such serious misgivings. You, who are wholesome and healthy and charming, have won his heart. Your only serious competitors for that heart (although I doubt if you ever, really, have any) will be of your own sort.

Once, when I was a small girl, I found a box of candy left open upon a table. It was a very huge box of candy, and it was very highly colored. And, at my age, candy was in the nature of an adventure to me—I had, in my

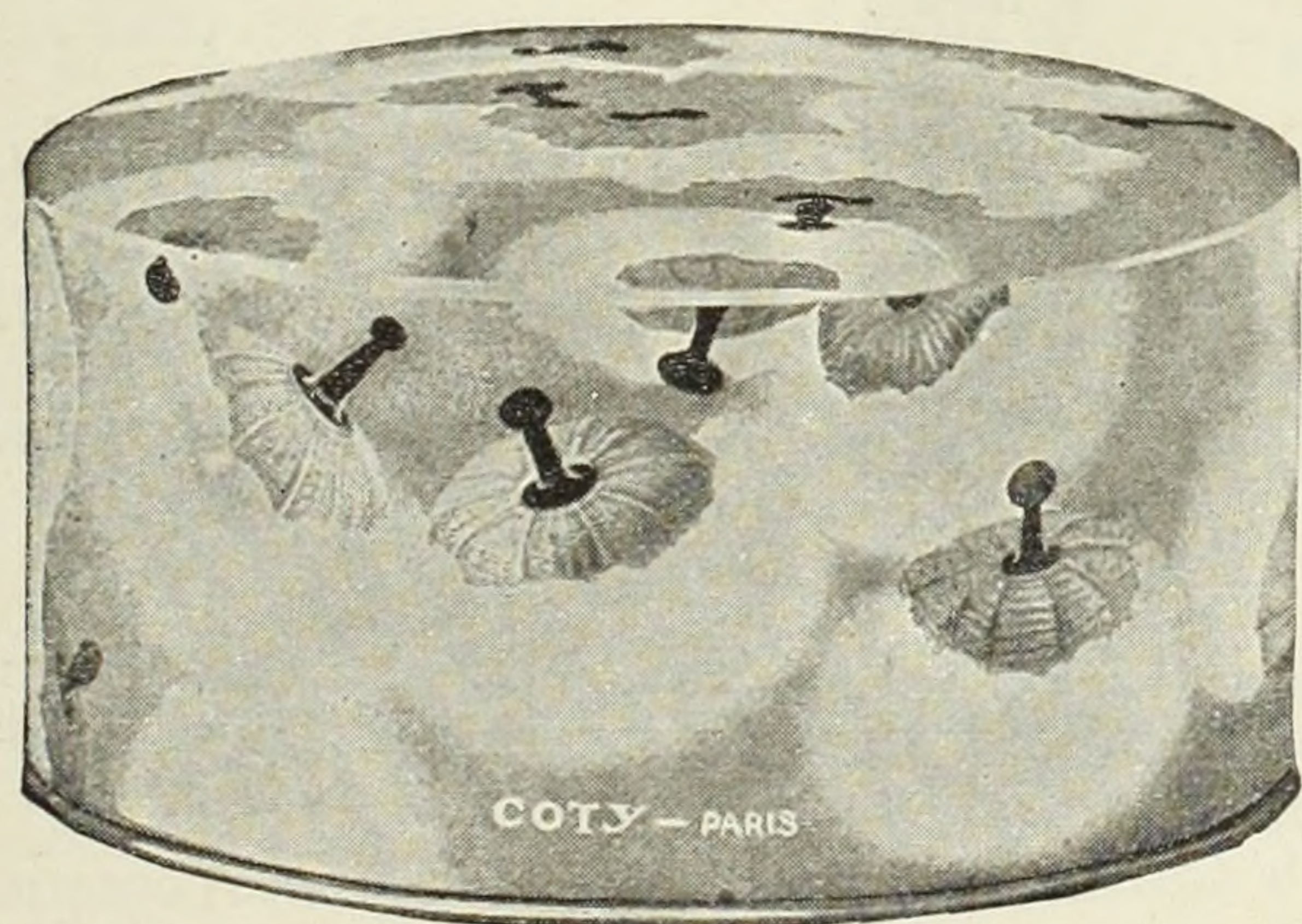
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



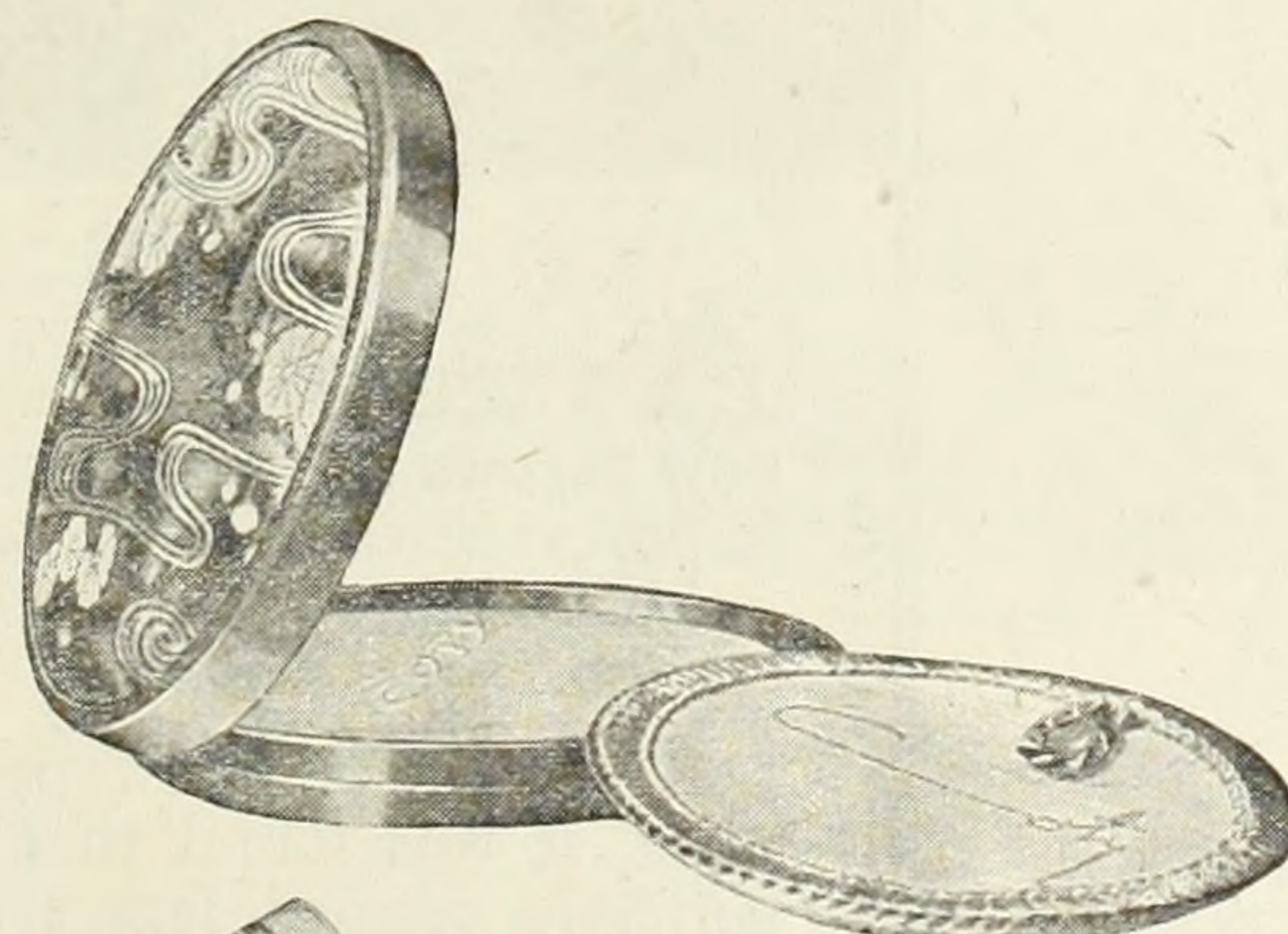
COTY

FACE POWDERS
LIPSTICKS
ROUGES

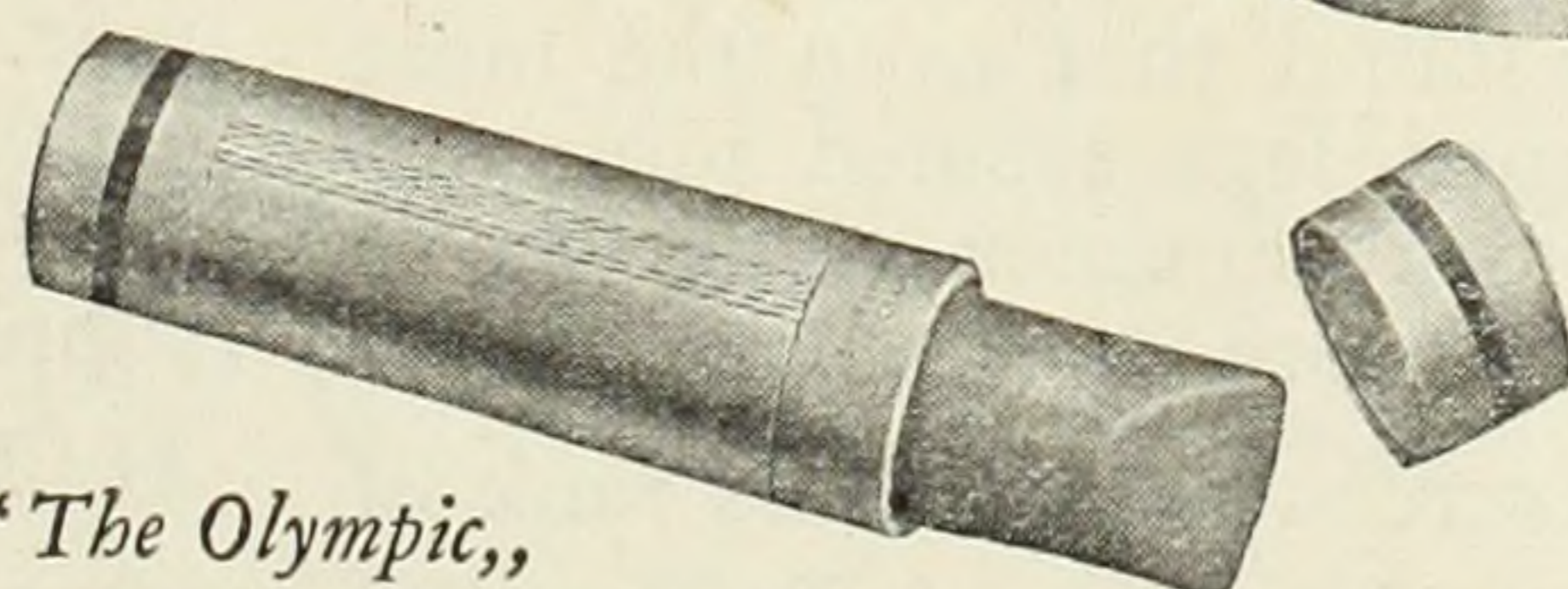
Glorious colouring, in the subtler true harmonies, is achieved with the COTY Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Use them together for perfect make-up.



ONE DOLLAR
and
ONE DOLLAR FIFTY
(Double Size)



ONE DOLLAR
Refills — Fifty Cents
Bright, Light, Medium,
Dark and Invisible.



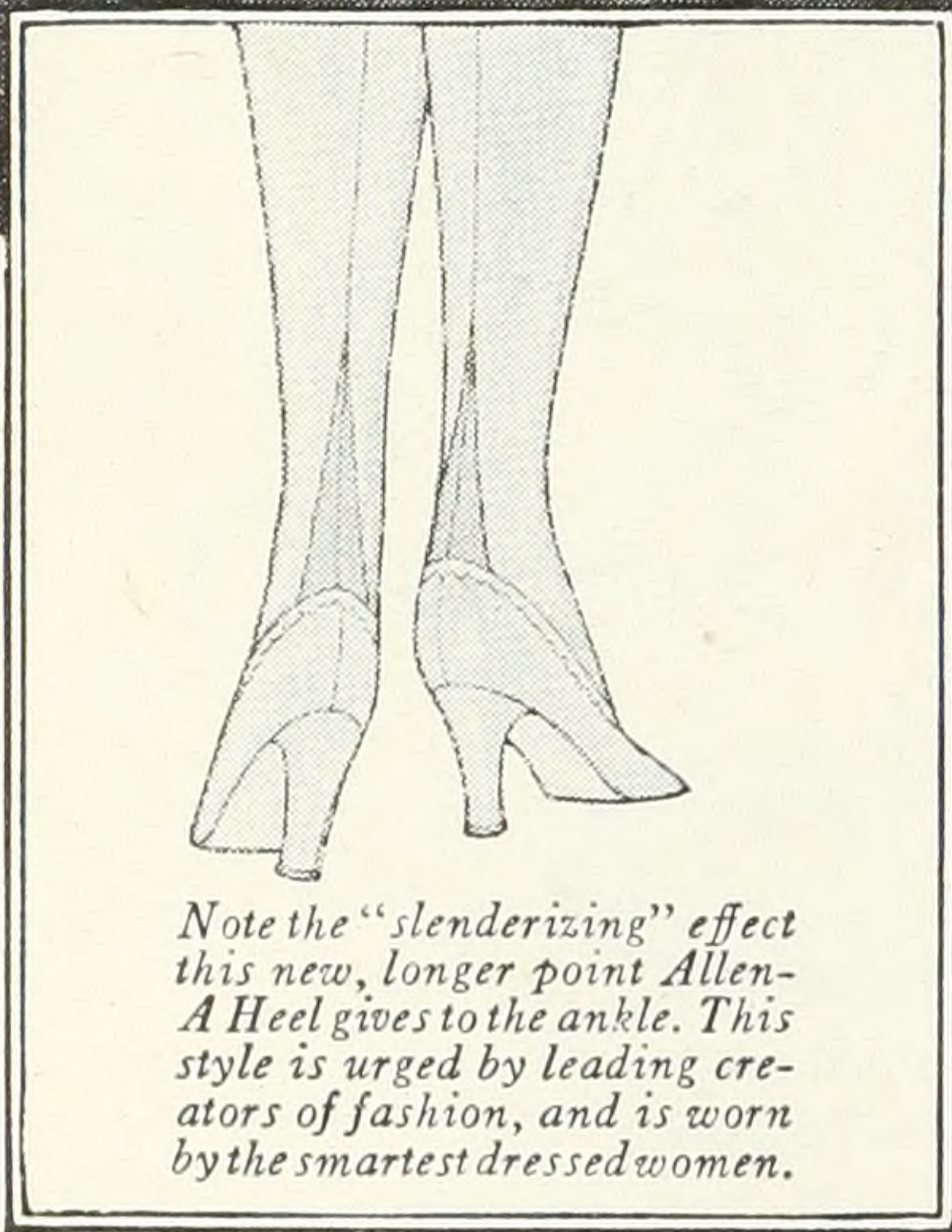
"The Olympic,"
ONE DOLLAR FIFTY
Refills — Fifty Cents
Light, Medium, Dark, Cerise
and Invisible.

THESE EXQUISITE BEAUTY REQUISITES
ARE CREATED IN YOUR INDIVIDUAL SHADE

"FINESSE OF BEAUTY," A guide to greater loveliness with Coty creations, on request — COTY INC. 714 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Found!

by Screen Stars



Note the "slenderizing" effect this new, longer point Allen-A Heel gives to the ankle. This style is urged by leading creators of fashion, and is worn by the smartest dressed women.

A RECENT discovery of screen stars now throws an entirely new light on the importance of hosiery to *shapeliness of ankle and leg*. It means much to every woman.

For, when a certain type of hosiery was worn, it was found that even the most perfectly formed legs seemed more attractive. Ankles slimmer. Legs more graceful. Knees more rounded.

That is why screen stars of the rank of Esther Ralston are turning to this new type of hosiery.

Miss Ralston selects this new Allen-A hose* that women the country over have asked for. A gloriously clear Service Sheer, with the smart Allen-A Heel. *And very reasonably priced.*

It is full-fashioned to hug ankle, leg and knee creaselessly. It has an extra-fine, soft lisle foot that wears amazingly. And

*—A Certain Type
of Hosiery that
Makes Legs More
Slender and Shapely*



Hosiery

For men, women
and children

ESTHER RALSTON
PARAMOUNT FEATURE PLAYER
*selects this lovely new
creation with the smart
Allen-A Heel*

the Allen-A Heel not only makes the ankle appear marvelously slender, but reinforces the heel as well.

You will find this Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3750. Only \$1.50 the pair. If your dealer does not carry it, simply send us his name—a postcard will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from \$1.50 to \$3.00 the pair.

Allen-A

Hosiery



Hommel

NEW PICTURES

HOW do they get into the movies? Some walk in, some fall in, and some fly in. Ruth Elder's courage in attempting a flight over the Atlantic won her a chance on the screen. Hers was a face too good to be limited to the news reels. You'll see her in "Moran of the Mounted."



Bull

*A*NITA PAGE tripped into the movies. Anita, just out of Washington Irving High School in New York, was discovered by that eminent patron of the arts, Harry Thaw. Imagine Miss Page's embarrassment when she discovered that there was no public panic to see a Thaw production. But while Hollywood gave the cold shoulder to Harry, it opened the door to his talented and ambitious protegee.



Carsey

BILLIE DOVE danced into the movies by way of the Ziegfeld Follies. Long before she was known on the screen, Billie had her picture on magazine covers; her first step to fame was as an artists' model. Her beauty gained instant recognition, but Miss Dove was obliged to work for six years before she obtained enough experience to establish herself as one of the leaders in screen popularity.



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE scene shifts to Stockholm, Sweden, where a shy, obscure girl named Greta Garbo is studying for the stage. Mauritz Stiller, the greatest director in her country, visits the school to borrow a pupil to appear in one of his pictures. Suppose, oh suppose, that Stiller had chosen the wrong girl! The screen of the world would have lost its most vivid and fascinating feminine personality.



SHORTLY after the war, Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, wrote a story for the screen. William Fox, the producer, wanted a French girl to play the leading rôle. In New York was a young dancer named Renee Adoree who was anxious to try her fortune in the movies. And the day that Miss Adoree stepped into the studio for a screen test, was a lucky one for motion pictures.



Richee

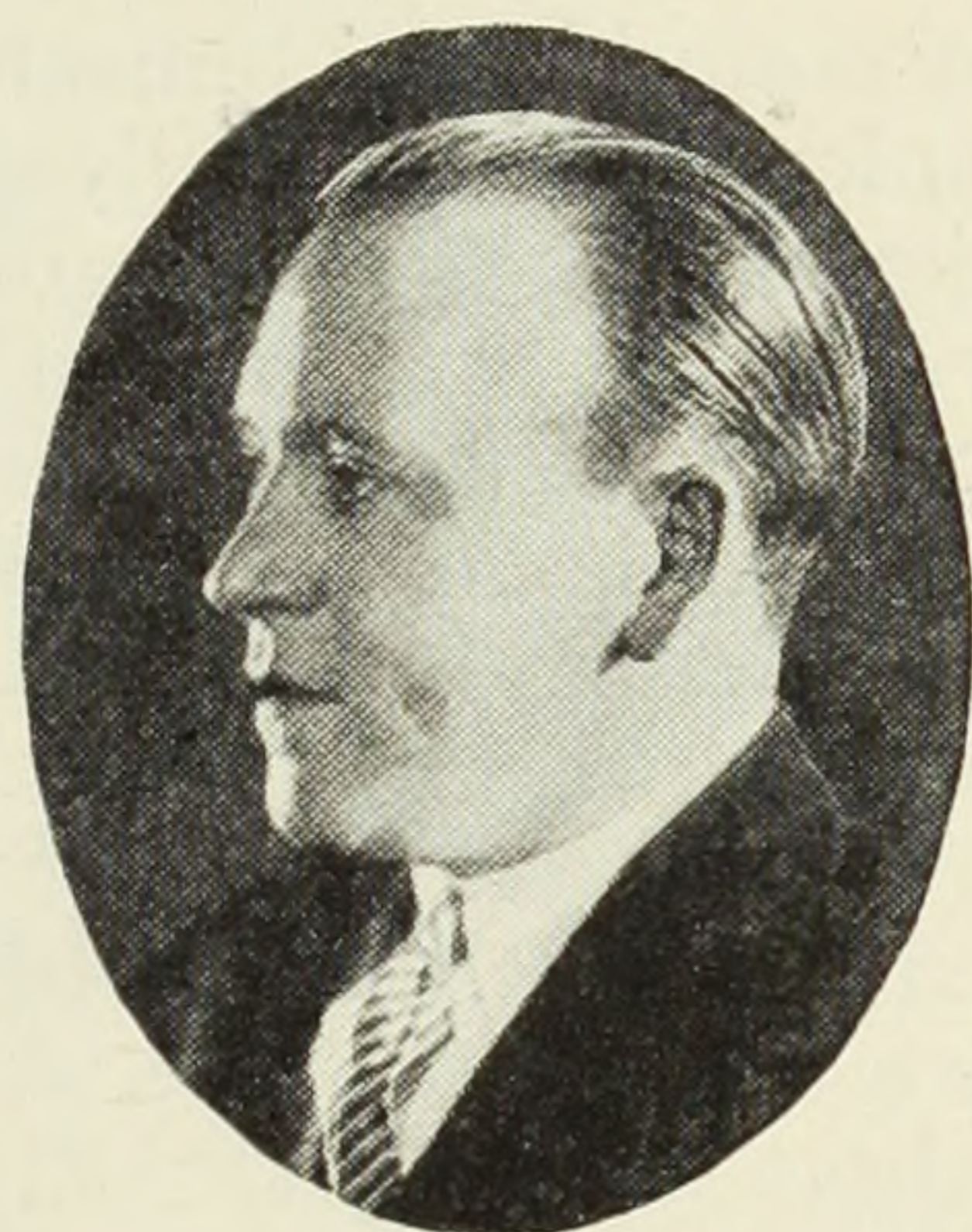
NEIL HAMILTON got his start "posing for animal crackers," which is Broadway for posing for advertisements. It's a humble art but plenty of ambitious youngsters have made it a spring-board to fame. After that, Hamilton played for four years on the stage and then D. W. Griffith made him a regular member of his company. His first picture was "The White Rose." Do you remember it?

PHOTOPLAY

November, 1928

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



PHOTOPLAY readers were singularly calm in face of the news that Mary Pickford had bobbed her curls. In fact, some fans were cruel enough to say that, five years ago, the event would have been news, but today Mary's bob is of no more interest than Jackie Coogan's long pants. It's an odd sidelight on movie popularity, gleaned from PHOTOPLAY'S letters, that the dead Valentino is of more interest than the living Mary.

Poor Mary is facing a new public that no longer believes in "America's Sweetheart," a public that thinks the very word "sweetheart" is a little ga-ga. For years Mary, as a human being, has been withdrawing from the public. In trying to remain a legend, she has sacrificed her human appeal.

IDOL worship is no more. There are no longer any gods and goddesses on the screen; just human beings of varying degrees of interest. PHOTOPLAY'S circulation is increasing because this magazine is not trying to create gods and goddesses; it is concerned with the men and women of the screen and their pictures.

Clara Bow and Greta Garbo are not saints in the eyes of the public, nor are they trying to pass themselves off as criterions of manners and morals. They are popular because they are interesting and because their names carry the guarantee of pictures worth seeing.

John Gilbert and Emil Jannings can draw

huge audiences in any theater in this country or in Europe. There are no wings sprouting on Gilbert. But he can act. Jannings is no sample of moral and physical perfection. But he is a great artist and, as such, he spreads more glory on the movies than if he were received socially in every court in Europe.

TO go back to the tragic case of Mary Pickford: Mary is thinking of making "Coquette," which is the story of an unmarried girl who is going to have a baby and who kills herself.

Bland Johaneson, the really intelligent motion picture critic of the *New York Mirror*, says that if Mary makes the picture one of three things will happen: 1, the girl will be really married; 2, it will be a dual rôle film with an angelic twin sister; 3, the story will be so completely changed that there will be nothing left but the title.

But none of these makeshifts will do. Mary must make, not only an adult picture, but a picture with artistic sincerity. It must be more than a good picture; it must be a great one. Mary's name means just exactly fifty per cent less than it did five years ago.

A MIRACLE has happened. An author has come out of Hollywood singing the praises of the movie makers.

Usually they come leaping from the film capital with their shirt tails afire, snarling and

moaning. The adapters have beaten their brain babies to death. The producers have crucified their masterpieces on a cross of celluloid. To the average novelist and playwright Hollywood is just another name for cyanide of potassium.

NOT so Bartlett Cormack, author of "The Racket," brilliant melodrama on the beer barons and policemen of Chicago.

Cormack tells the world that Howard Hughes, the producer, is a prince, and Director Lewis Milestone is a wizard. The cast, from Tommy Meighan down to the fourth assistant extra man, was the spirit of cooperation and helpfulness.

The filming of "The Racket," to Cormack, was one sweet spring song.

The author's only peeve is against the censors, state and local, who cut out some of his stinging dialogue from the titles.

THE lightning of the talkies has struck its first actor, knocking off most of the grease paint, and the boy must still be dizzy from the bolt.

Conrad Nagel is the first actor really made by sound sequences. Vitaphone found that he had a splendid recording voice, and now he has to buy roller skates to go from stage to stage where he is in demand for talking films.

Nagel, for years, has been a stock leading man around Hollywood; a reliable piece of trade goods to be taken off the shelf, dusted and put to work pretty regularly. He never burned up the flappers and the postoffice department never cursed the bulk of his fan mail. Nagel is now commanding five thousand dollars a week when he is borrowed from Metro-Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract. His voice has done it.

IF there is one thing that will sour us on sound pictures in these pioneer days when all should be sweetness and light, it is the frantic rush of the movie producers to synchronize films made in the good old silent way.

With all the magnates skinning their shins to get aboard the talk-and-sound bandwagon while the molten gold flows, most of them have tagged on scores, and even talking scenes, long after the picture was out of the hopper.

IN "White Shadows in the South Seas" a yellow boy cried, but the bawling was done by some white gentleman in a New York studio. In "The Perfect Crime," here and there, characters stop talking but their lips move on. Are these "screen whispers"? And if anything could dim the glory of "The Patriot," the Janings masterpiece, it would be the eleventh hour synchronization, with 10,000 howling Russians in the Palace square and five or six strong Americans bellowing before a microphone.

The word Phono (from the Greek) means sound. This has no connection with the American vulgarism *phony*, but it would be too bad if some wag called the current variety of sound pictures "Phonies," and it stuck.

THEY held a memorial service for the late Rudolph Valentino out in Hollywood on the second anniversary of his death.

Some of Rudy's fan admirers, who hold his memory ever green, turned up to honor the greatest of filmdom's great lovers. But the only actor of any note who graced the scene was H. B. Warner, who spoke feelingly of the dead star.

The other notables of the lots were conspicuous by their absence.

What a different picture from that presented at Rudy's funeral!

Thousands of pushing admirers, hundreds of police trying to keep order, black-swathed Pola Negri and her hysterics and tears.

NEW gods glitter on the Hollywood Olympus—little Time wears off the gold paint on the idols of day before yesterday. Perhaps it is as well that Valentino was spared the heartbreak of change and decay.

But the fans remember. Every week, two or three letters come to the old studio. They are addressed "Rudolph Valentino."

WHEN discord breaks out in a happy Hollywood home, look out for the fair weather pals—the parasites who batten on successful actors in the film colony.

Hangers-on helped to do for nice, big Wally Reid, and their unholy handiwork has been noted in dozens of lesser tragedies.

Tom Mix blames the parasites for the unhappiness that has come between his pretty wife, Victoria Forde and himself.

"Hollywood parasites fastened around us," says Tom. "These gossips came to my house, drank of my cellar, partook of my food, played their bridge games, enjoyed their parties, swam in my swimming pool, played on my tennis court and then went away leaving only cigarette stubs, empty bottles and empty lives."

Perhaps if Mr. Will Hays were to give filmland a good going over with a few tons of insect powder, there would be fewer hurt hearts and shattered lives in Hollywood.

PARAMOUNT has passed out the medals. A gold one goes to Josef von Sternberg for his direction of "Underworld," and its mate in silver to Clarence Badger, who made "It" and Clara Bow simultaneously.

No highfalutin' mention of "cinema art" in Paramount's awards. The trinkets went for good, workmanlike box office pictures that brought in a tidal wave of doubloons.

The first started a vogue for gangland movies that still rages today. The second made a little red-head the biggest dollar puller in pictures. What directors could do more for King, Country and stockholders?

ONE of our dear Christian readers in Winnipeg, Manitoba, sends me a couple of pages from a red-hot religious sheet published up there some place, traveling under the modest name of "The Messenger of God."

Taking for granted a wild newspaper yarn that some of the pagan motion picture producers were to reproduce a screen version of the murder of little Marian Parker by William Hickman, God's special editor drools as follows:

"Our feelings for the time being are transferred to the grief-stricken parents who speedily know the complete story of how their own very child was strangled, and the child's body of their own flesh, cut in two, and part scattered to the winds of the air."

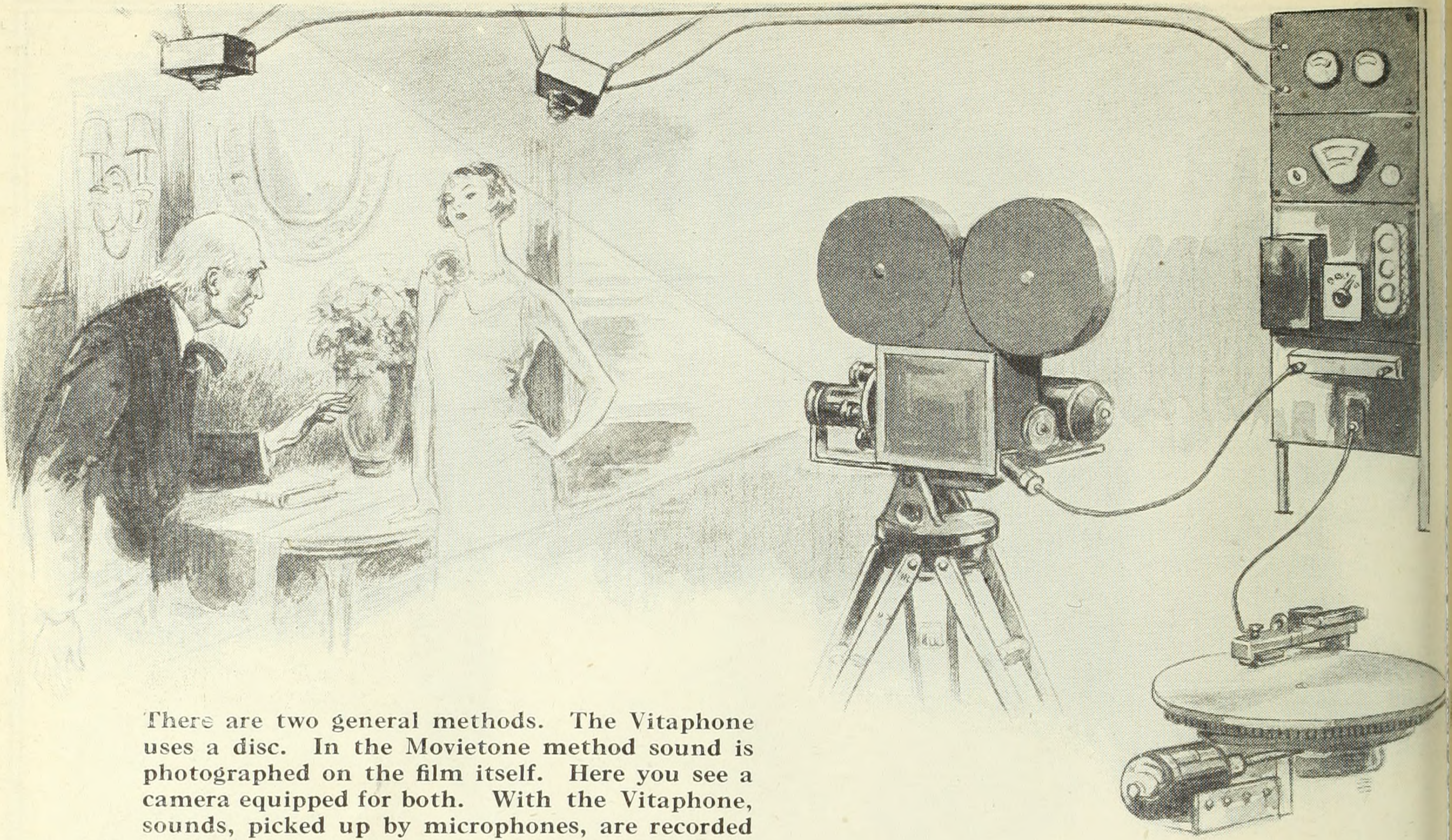
The movie is of absolutely no use in the world, it is a positive curse, it is Sodom in a nutshell, a day and night school of ill-fame, the recruiting office for an America without homes, the most convenient fountain for the white slavers to seize their powerless victims, and the sooner this mad invention is voted out of the world the better."

The quotations are given exactly.

It seems that this chap is more fitted to be a title editor of a second-rate movie concern than he is to be God's special editor. He qualifies one hundred per cent. He doesn't know what he's talking about and he can't write it.



LOOK what Mary Brian has gone and done to her hair! She takes some water every morning and combs out the fluffy waves that have been the envy of American girls for three years. Mary says that sleek hair is much smarter than curls—and also that it gives her an opportunity to appear a bit more sophisticated.

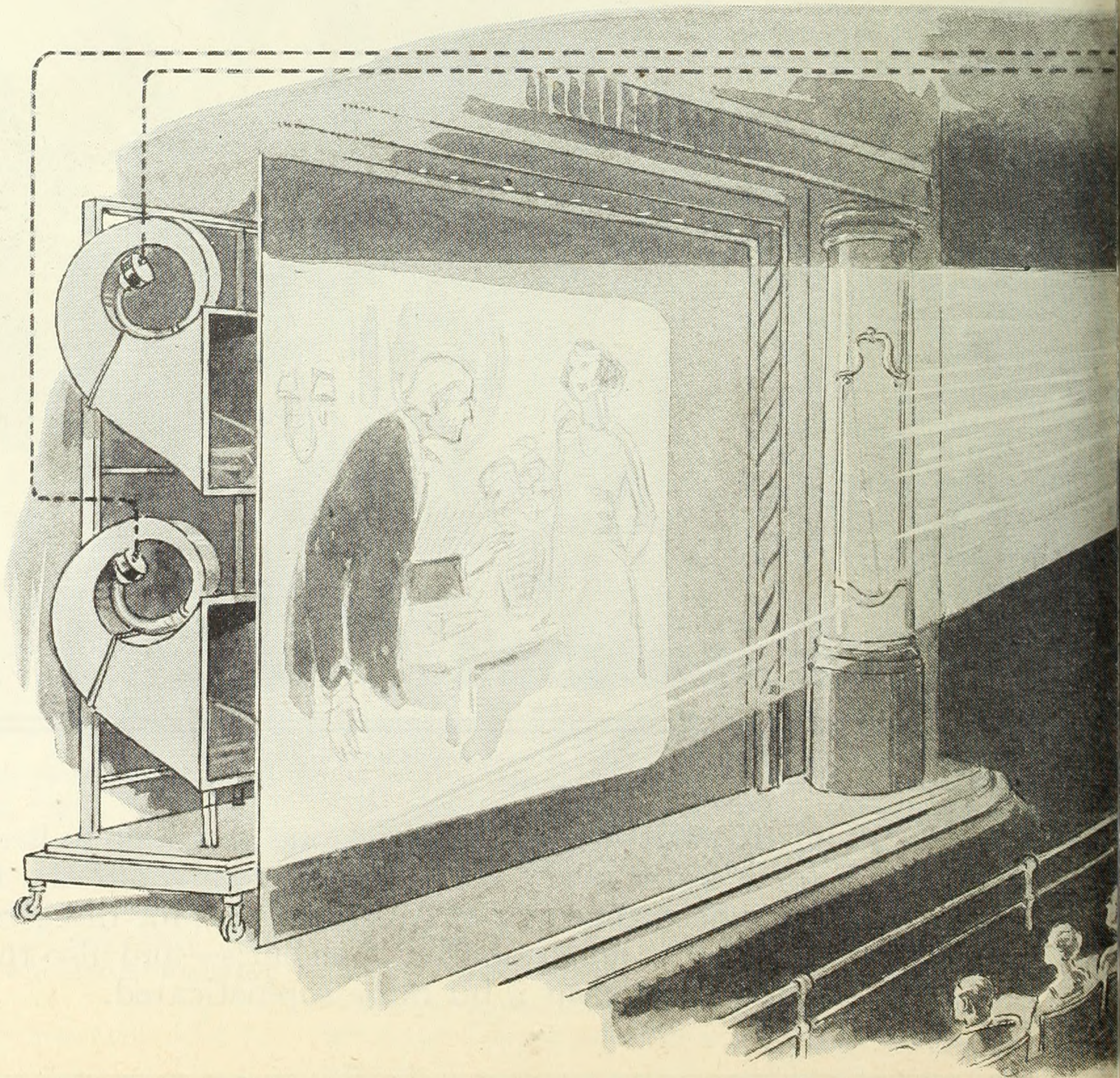


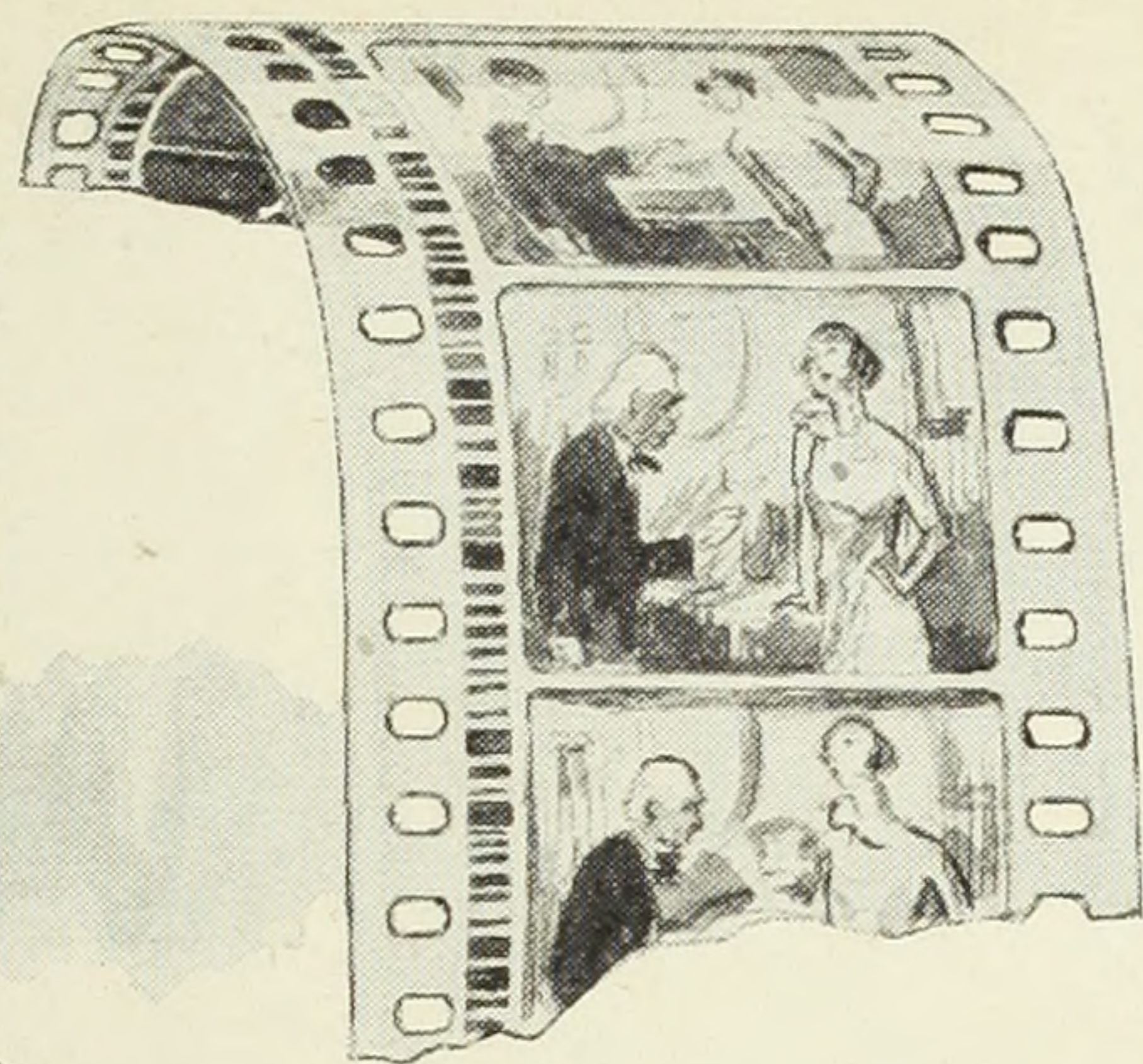
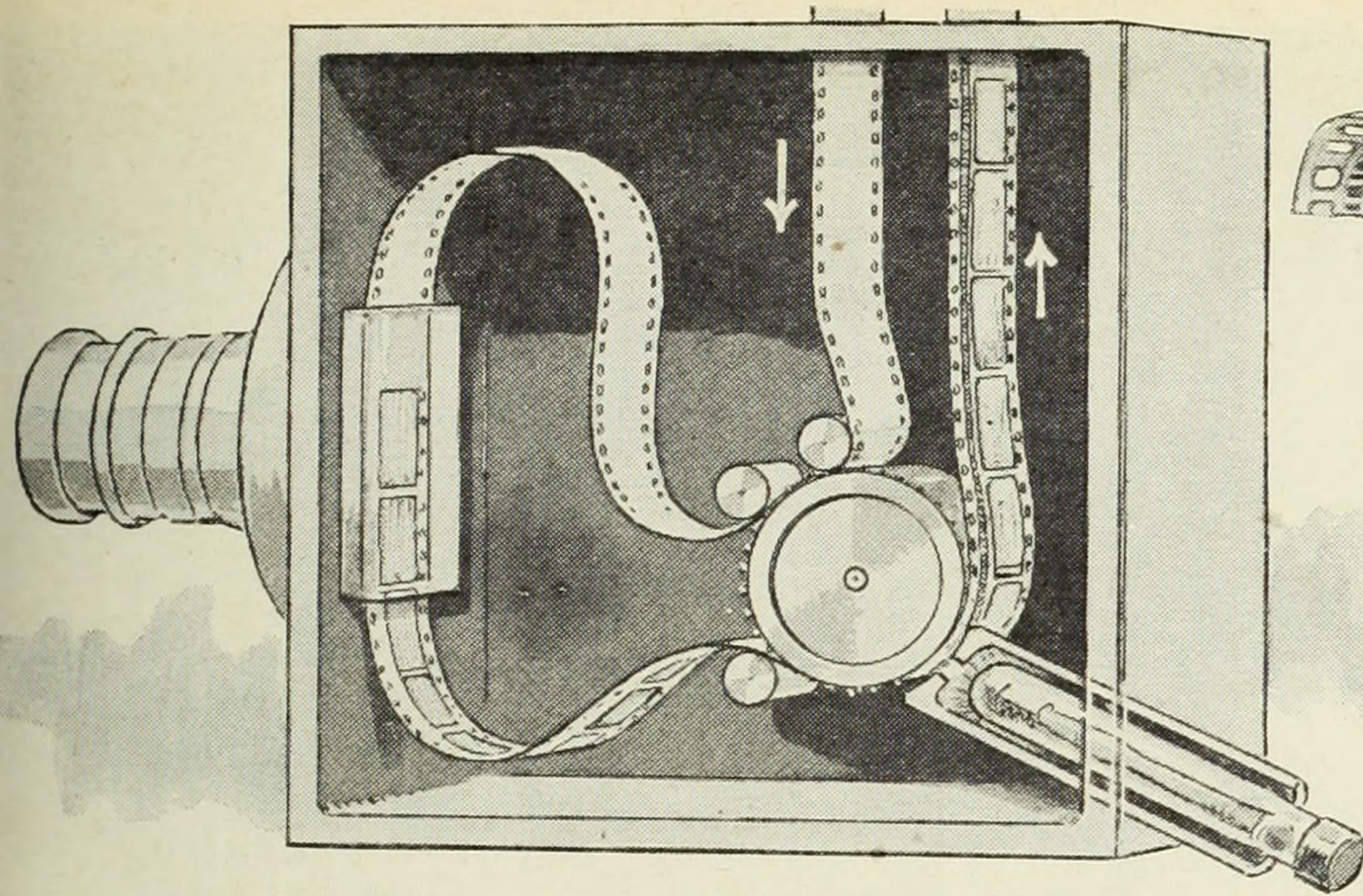
There are two general methods. The Vitaphone uses a disc. In the Movietone method sound is photographed on the film itself. Here you see a camera equipped for both. With the Vitaphone, sounds, picked up by microphones, are recorded on a disc of soft wax

How TALKIES

Do you want to know how sound is synchronized with film action? Here is a simple explanation of the best 1928 methods

You can thank any number of inventors for sound pictures. Into their creation has gone the best ideas of the screen, of radio, of the telephone and so on. For the simple presentation of the Vitaphone and Movietone methods shown on these pages, it has been necessary to eliminate many items. Many vital parts of the camera and projector are not shown and certain essentials of a sound film studio are omitted. But, if you look across these two pages, you will see, for the first time in condensed and easily understood style, exactly how the talkie comes to you

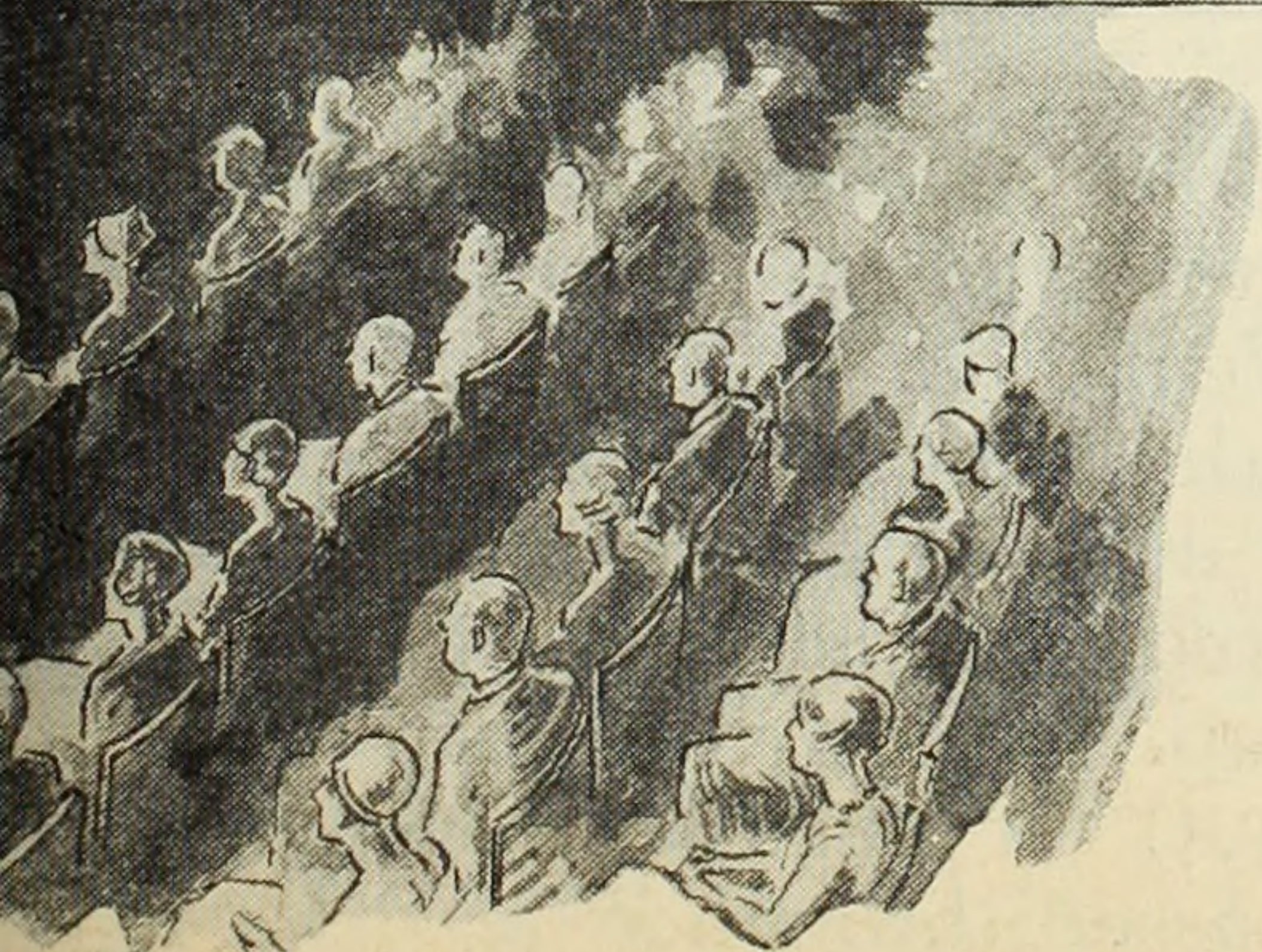
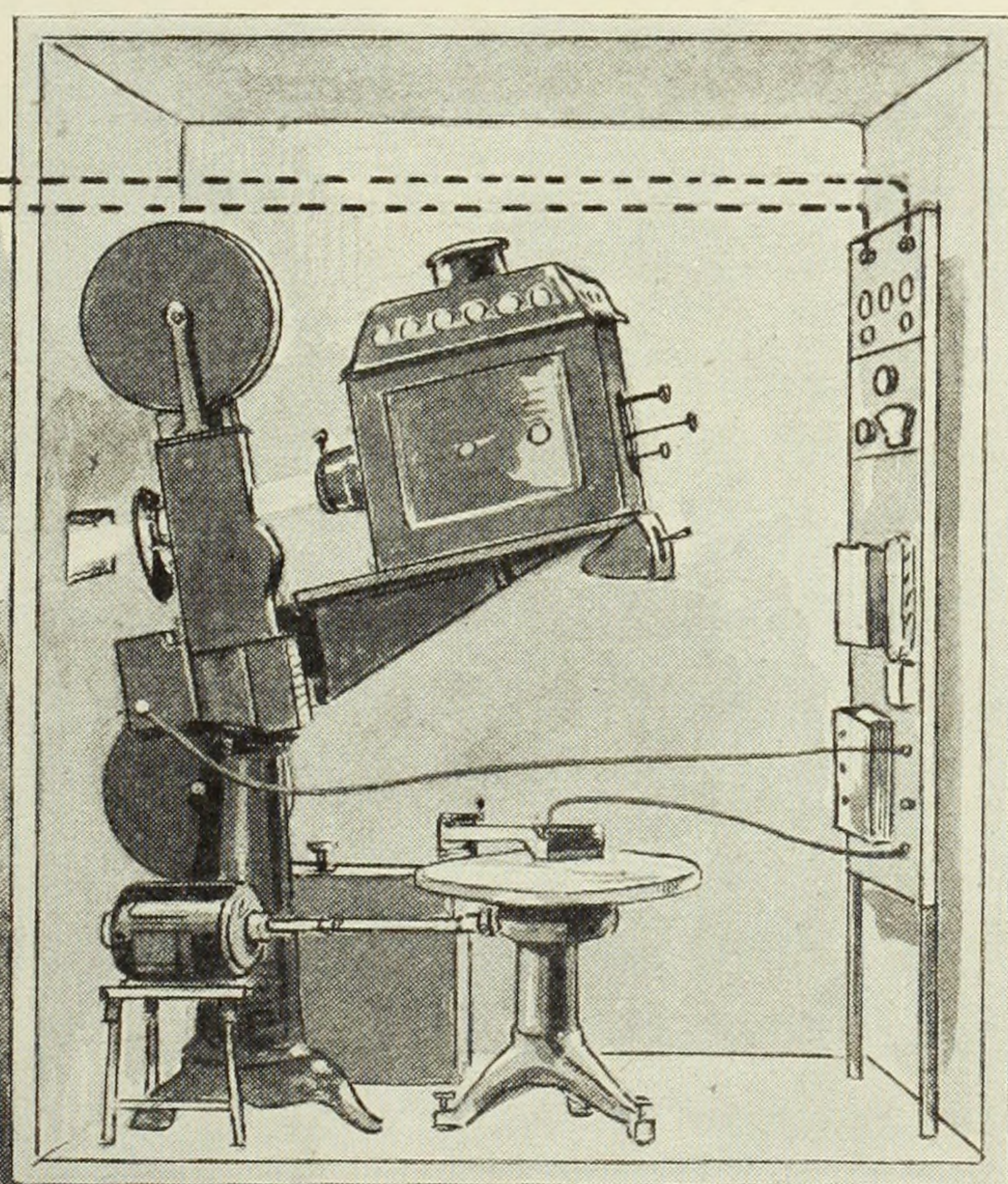
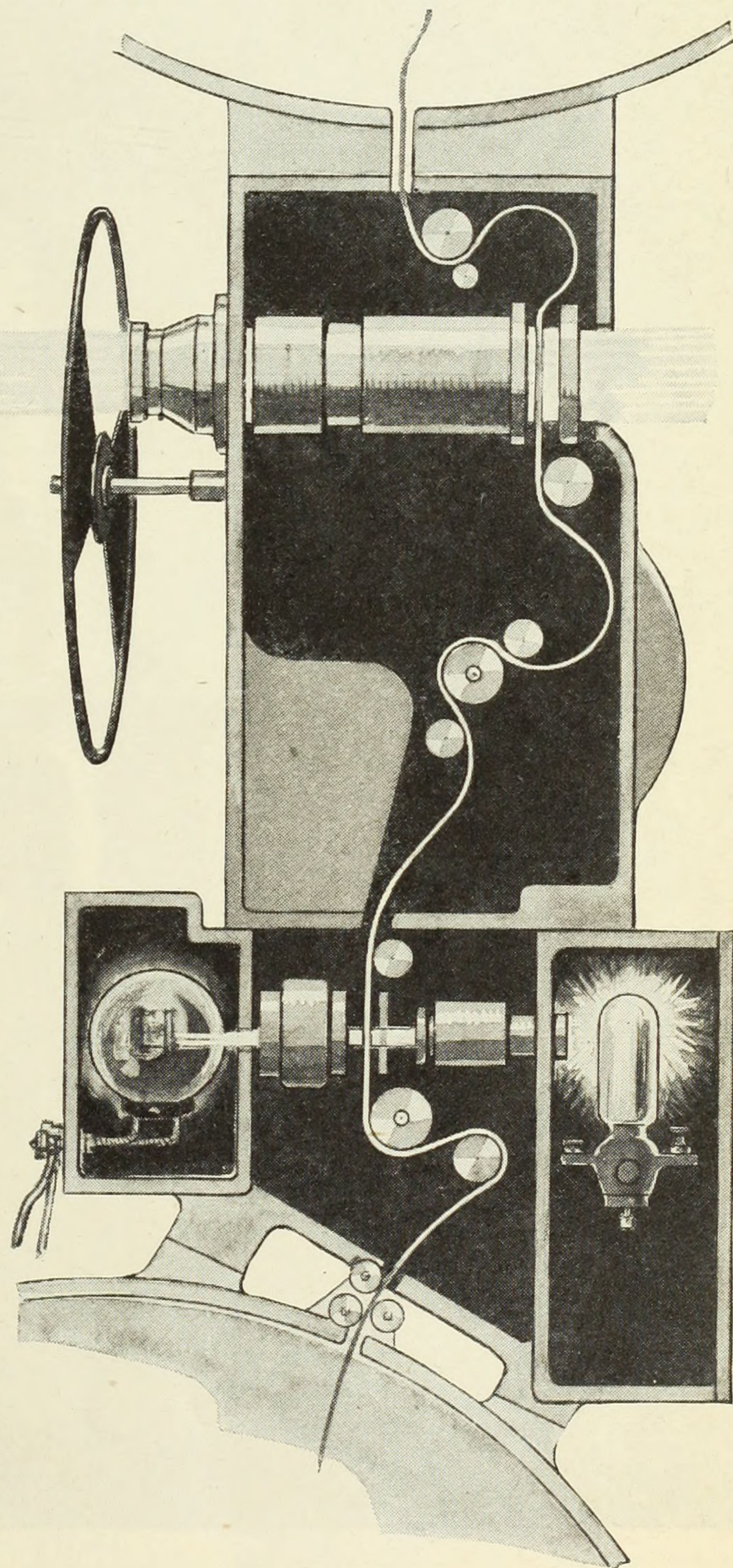




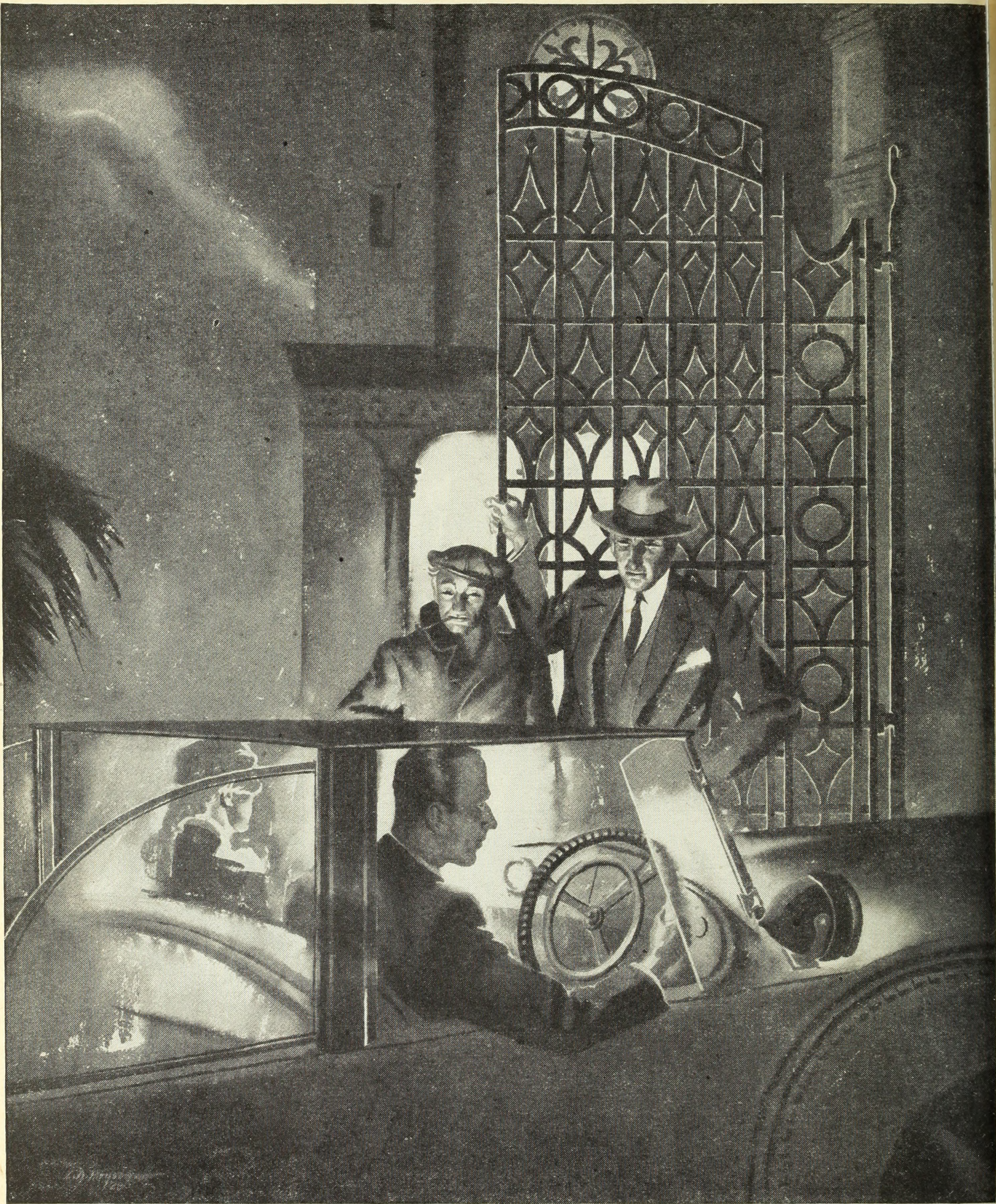
At the left you see a bit of Movietone film. The little margin just at the edge of the pictures is the sound track. Note that standard film is used for Movietone. When this film runs through the projection machine, shown directly below, the process is reversed. An ordinary projector is used, plus a sound reproducing unit

Above, a camera with the Movietone equipment simplified. The sounds are caught by microphones having the property of changing sound vibrations into electrical vibrations. These vibrations are amplified and, in turn, vary the intensity of the recording light. This recording light is contained in a glass tube inserted at the back of the camera in such a way that the variations in light fall directly upon a narrow strip of the negative film. This occurs at the exact moment the motion picture itself is being recorded. A light-tight barrier, not shown here, is between the narrow strip edge and the rest of the film

Are Made



The Movietone sound reproducing unit, shown attached to projector at right above, has a light which is focused on the sound strip of film. This sound record passes before the rays, interrupting the constant light according to the photographed vibrations. The variations hit upon a photo-electric cell, are translated back into sound vibrations, amplified and carried to horns behind the screen. The projection booth, at left just above, is equipped for both Movietone and Vitaphone. Note the disc upon the Vitaphone turntable, operated by the same motor that runs the projector. Wires carry the sound vibrations from the disc to the loud speakers behind the screen. In either case the voices or sound effects are exactly synchronized with the action on the screen



\$3,000 in
PRIZES
for
Solutions

"*W*E finished about twelve o'clock," Franz Seibert told the captain of detectives. "Went out to my car, which I had driven to the west side entrance of the stage. Hardell did not return to his room. He was very tired. He left the lot in his costume and make-up. We drove immediately to the gate, and out. It must have been about 12:15 when we passed through."

The Studio Murder Mystery

Illustrated
by
C. A. BRYSON

By
The EDINGTONS

Nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000.00, for the best solutions to this fascinating and baffling Hollywood studio murder

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Dwight Hardell, a leading player of the Superior Films Company, is found murdered on Stage Six. The discovery is made by an office boy who is escorting visitors through the studio. Hardell lays in the exact position which should have been occupied by a dummy.

During the night of the murder Franz Seibert, the director, and Hardell have been at work in the otherwise deserted studio upon some intimate close-ups. Hardell is known to have left the studio in Seibert's car. This is observed by both Lannigan, the night watchman, and "Scot" MacDougal, the gateman. They left at exactly 1:17 A. M. Hardell, it appears, returned later—secretly—and met his strange death.

It is known that Billy West, Seibert's assistant, and Yvonne Beaumont, a Parisienne leading woman of Superior, were in the studio during the evening, although neither were required there by their duties.

The murder may mean financial disaster to Superior Films and Abraham Rosenthal, its head, is desperately trying to keep the murder a secret as long as possible. He calls in the police.

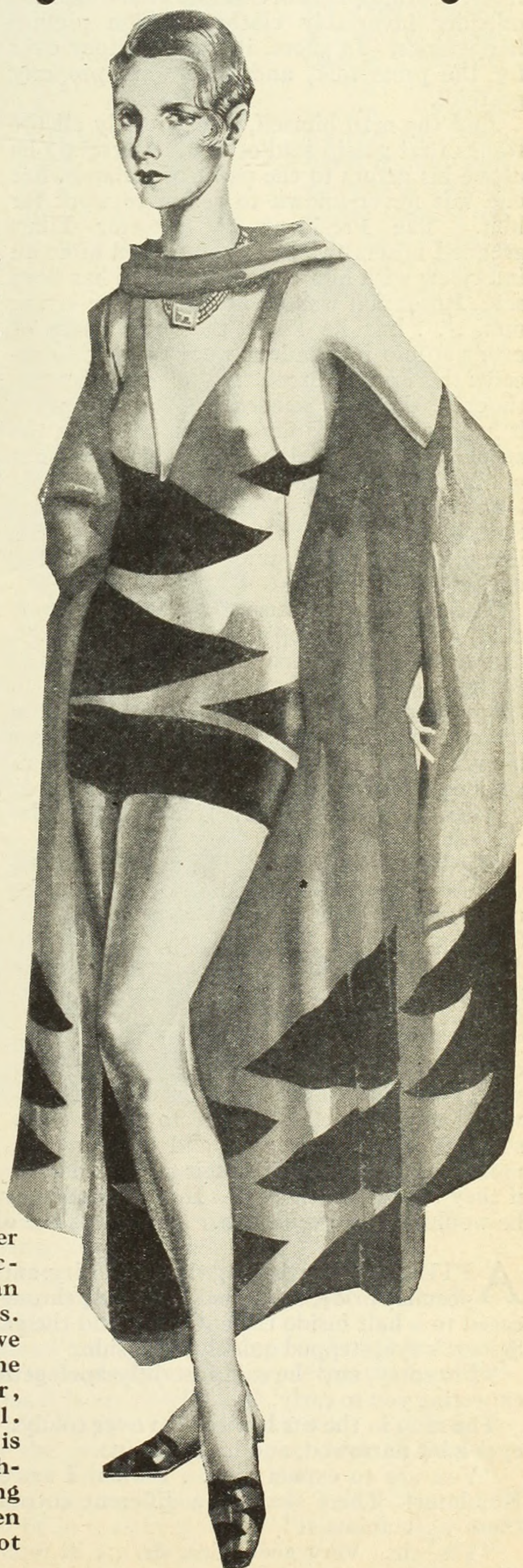
Here is a suggestion: Keep a notebook of your suspicions. Check them down each month and, when the time comes to send in your solutions, you will have a summary of clues.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are some people who have the faculty of making myths of themselves. Such was Franz Seibert, the most outstanding figure in motion pictures when this affair of the murder of Dwight Hardell occurred.

People who had never seen him, and who had never set foot on a studio lot, said with bated breath that he was the demon of a man who drove his actors unmercifully, swore publicly at women, for whom he had no respect, and spent the producers' money like water . . . but that they would walk ten miles to see one of his pictures! Ah, yes, the public said these things, and flocked like honeybees about

The pretty daughter of "Scot" MacDougal, the gateman of Superior Films. She is said to have been in love with the murdered actor, Dwight Hardell. Miss MacDougal is employed as a bathing girl by Killing Komedies, but often visits Superior lot



Full \$3,000 Contest Rules on Page 38

How Good Is Your Detective Skill?

the pot, to gloat over the sex intrigues—the subtle, insidious, suggested emotional orgies, induced by the Seibert touch to a film!

There were certain motion picture publicity writers who said that Franz Seibert “knew his onions.” That he was wise to the fact that wickedness is irresistible—and that the man deliberately created this famous aura about himself to assist in the filling of his pockets!

THEY were for him, because to link his name with a news story automatically threw into it all the atmosphere of excesses with which the outsider invariably clothes motion picture happenings. In short, it put the story over for the press folk, and they were properly grateful.

And the man himself, was he truly all the things that gossip said of him? Certainly he drove his actors to the point of collapse, but one was never known to refuse to work for him. The President of Superior Films groaned miserably, both before and after an interview with him . . . because, as has been said, Rosenthal was naturally a peace-loving man . . . but he knew that the doors of every studio in filmdom were waiting to receive this erratic director. Women whispered shocking things of Seibert, but boasted openly if he gave them his favor. Underlings in the studio thumbed their noses at his back, but quaked visibly before the stare of his cold blue eyes. Even MacDougal, the grim Scotch gateman, felt better when Seibert's limousine had rolled, undelayed, through the entrance.

This morning, because of a mob scene to be shot, a crowd of people was surging through the main gates when the royal purple of Seibert's great car bore swiftly and silently down upon the entrance. Perforce, the director was made to wait, while his chauffeur blew his horn uselessly. The day gateman stepped out quickly into the elbowing mass.

“Get a move on, there! Can't you see Mr. Seibert's waiting?”

He shoved the fat backs of Russian mothers, who stolidly refused to be hurried. He swore under his breath at insolent-eyed Czechoslovaks, Jews, Roumanians, Armenians, Japanese and Italians . . . all ragged and dirty from habit . . . the scum of the foreign quarters . . . secure in their possession of type. They did not need to worry. They had no competition. They knew it. Perhaps it would be that same haughty director who would shortly yell at them to make them surge forward, backward, and make angry, mob-scene gestures with their arms and lips. What mattered if they annoyed him now? If he needed them for his picture, he would have to use them. What was the difference?

AFTER slowly satisfying their curiosity, and displaying their peculiar pride, they finally shuffled through. Seibert's car eased to a halt inside the entrance, and the gateman, catching Seibert's eye, stepped quickly to its side.

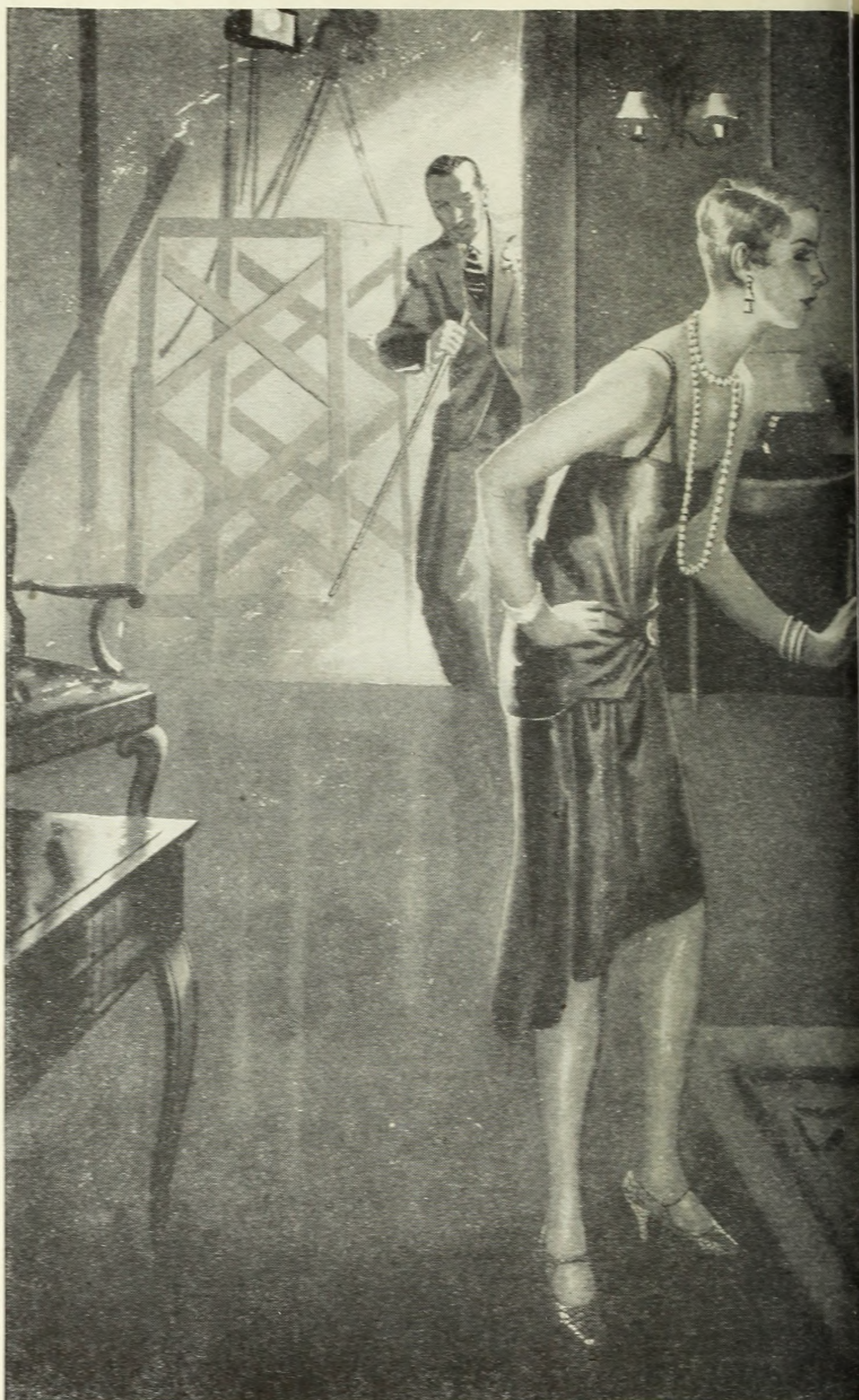
“I'm sorry, sir,” he said instantly apologetic. “We weren't expecting you so early. . . .”

The man in the car looked him over coldly. He said, his icy eyes a bit narrowed, and his lips taut:

“You are to expect me . . . when I arrive! Not sooner. Not later! There shall be a different entrance hereafter for these . . . animals!”

“Yes, sir. Very good idea, sir. . . .” replied the gateman agitatedly.

Seibert's chauffeur slid the car softly to its habitual parking place in the drive, jumped out, and stood at military attention while his master alighted. Then he handed him a long white



box, touched his cap, and closed the car door. Seibert, the box under his left arm, a slender, polished cane swinging in his right hand, proceeded to his private office. Anyone witnessing the little scene might have excusedly thought himself in Europe in pre-war days, and even Seibert himself, though dressed in the latest fashion of civilian attire, carried always with him the impression of the military. A white gardenia in his lapel, one looked instead for a red ribbon across his breast, for the medals and decorations of the high military executive about his person.

He went directly to his office, and he did not exchange greetings with a soul on his way. Any other director, coming into the studio of a morning, would have been greeted in that bantering fashion popularly known as “kidding,” and which is an outstanding and charming characteristic of motion picture fraternization. But not Seibert. He neither gave, nor received, pleasantries. Most of those he passed pretended to be concerned elsewhere, for people do not like to show themselves snubbed. A few new employees, daring to look at him smilingly, felt themselves left strangely chilled, and oddly reduced to thirty cents in their own opinion.

Watch for Crime Clues and Win \$3,000



The story told by the director, Franz Seibert, casts suspicions upon the daughter of the Superior Films gateman. She is a bathing girl at another studio. "I happened to come upon Hardell and the girl in a darkened corner of the set," said Seibert. "The girl was reproaching him . . . accusing him of being untrue, I think. There were the usual recriminations. . . . She is a fiery young woman"

"Even a cat may look at a king," said a little extra girl under her breath, adding, "Gee, brother! I'd hate to meet you in a dark alley on a dark night!" Facetious words, and the girl . . . as many others . . . felt as though swept by some mysteriously menacing force. . . . something more insidious and overwhelming in its insidiousness than that which could be put forth by mere mortal. Through all this aura of disturbed reaction, Seibert stalked unperturbably.

MR. SEIBERT has arrived, Mr. Rosenthal. Will you talk to him?"

"Ach, Gott, yes!" replied the president reluctantly. And from the other end of the wire the terse announcement:

"I shall finish the picture today." Like an Oracle of Irrevocability came the statement, without preliminary greeting, without culminating modification. With the other directors nearing completion of their works, he did not give to the head executive the courtesy of identifying

himself. But Rosenthal had not expected him to do so. Now he pulled the receiver closer,

"Ah . . . yes . . . good morning, Mr. Seibert. Will you please come over to my office right away?"

A silence . . . then, "I am in my office."

Five words, terse, imperious. But they told Rosenthal a chapter. They said:

"You know where I am. If you wish to talk with me, come here. I do not go to anybody's office, not even the president of the studio, unless it is my special wish."

This morning the chapter failed to register. Pushing his fat lips closer to the mouthpiece, the president of Superior Films bombarded the director's ear painfully,

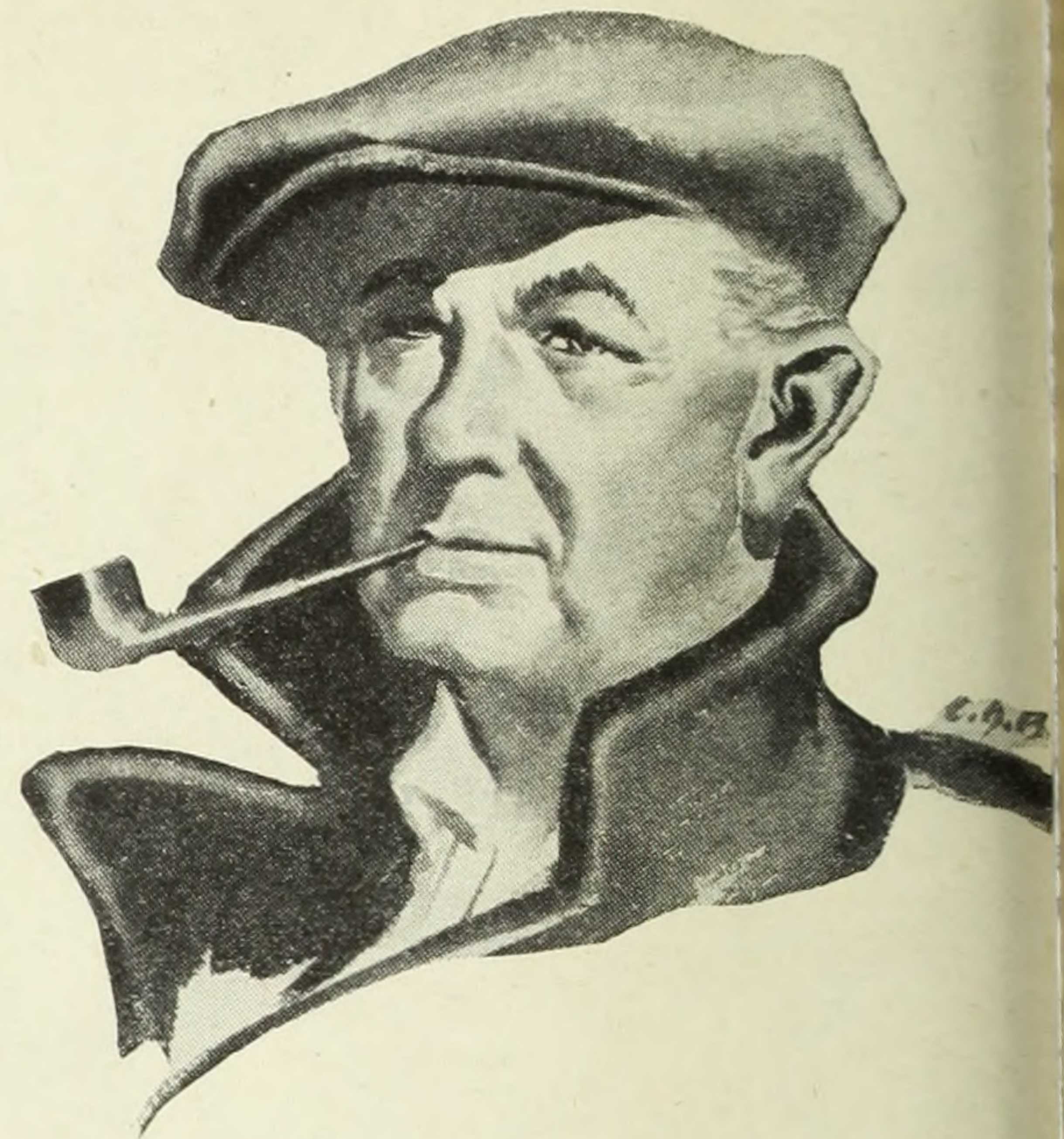
"Don't I know it you are in your office? Well, also I am in my office! I shall be in it right along. Also you shall be in it . . . right away . . . in my office . . . right away! I would see you here. It is very important, and I will not go over there to see you . . . understand, Mr. Seibert?"

Without waiting a reply Rosenthal put up the phone, and sank back into his chair.

Here is an Absorbing Study in Crim



Left — the gate-man, "Scot" MacDougal. A trusted employee of Superior Films and an important character in the murder mystery. You will hear more of him as the police make their extended investigation



Right — Lannigan, the night watchman. Irish, superstitious, with a strong belief in banshees and spooks. Does Lannigan know more about the crime than he is telling? We shall see, as the investigation progresses

"Now, go ahead. Blow up and bust. For vonce I don't care. I haff other troubles," said the president complacently.

FOR a long moment Seibert remained unmoving. He was staring down at his hands, clad, as usual, in their immaculate white gloves . . . a habit of his known throughout the picture world. It was said that during the filming of difficult scenes he had been known to ruin five dozen pairs of brand new, made to order, imported, white kid gloves! Now he spread his fingers slowly, and every seam in the well-made kid split with a splitting noise like the tearing of tissue paper. Deliberately he opened the white box and got out another pair, and put them on. This pair he also destroyed in the same manner. He ruined them with calculated, methodical movements, and there was something uncannily menacing in the way in which he did it.

manner . . . straightened the gardenia, and put on his hat. For a moment he stood stiffly at parade, then picking up his cane, he went out of his office.

Ignoring all except a woman star, to whom he bowed briefly from the hips, he walked calmly past the executive building and the open window of the president's office, and thence across the spacious green lawns, to the side door of Stage Six. Here he was accosted by one of his property boys.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Seibert, but we've been given orders not to let anyone on this stage."

The director tensed instantly, blazing fury in his cold eyes. Whether subconsciously or otherwise, the cane was raised menacingly toward the young chap standing on the stage steps.

"I don't know why, sir . . . and . . . I'm sorry, sir . . . but I'm only obeying orders. You can't go in, Mr. Seibert. . . ."

The boy was all but incoherent in his nervousness. F

When but one pair of gloves remained . . . and on the floor lay a heap of tattered, snowy-white hand coverings, he rose to his feet. Going to a full length mirror, he smoothed on the last pair with fastidious nicety, adjusted his coat in a similar

Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

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

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

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

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

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

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

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

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

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

Win \$3,000 by Solving the Mystery

Mr. Seibert came up the remaining steps, and when the lad kicked against the door, barring it against him, he raised his hand and brought it down vindictively upon him.

"You have evidently lost your senses. Stand out of my way," he ordered furiously.

He swung the door open, and his form darkened the passage, there was a movement in the dim interior. An army coat was pushed into his stomach, and he found himself looking into eyes as insolently ruthless as his own.

"WHERE did you think you was going, bo?" drawled a voice that had the soft, slipping quality of fine edged steel. Without waiting for answer, the voice continued, in a lower tone:

"Eat it! The kid gave you the orders. They go—and you get it!"

There was a singing exultation in the words, an old, and repressed joy of battle in the eyes that so boldly gleamed upon him and yet the director did not move. Instead he said calmly, "It seems you do not know me, my man. I am Franz Seibert."

"Sure, I know you, but your name's sauerkraut for all of me! You raise that cane an inch higher . . . 'my man,'" he sneered . . . With a quick change of tone he jabbed the cane into the director's ribs.

"Go on! Do it!" he snapped fiercely, "smash me in the face with that damned cane, and I'll make it a pair . . ." gesturing emphatically to the interior of the set, where the stark figure of the man still lay.

Seibert lowered the cane quietly . . . lifted his monocle and pushed it into place. Unblinkingly, and thoroughly, he scrutinized the man before him.

"I shall remember you . . ." he said, and turning went with a heavy step back the way he had come.

"And I'll remember you with a slug in your guts, you lousy son of a bitch!" the guard yelled after him. To a companion on the set he called,

"Hey, Bill! Come here! Take this poor kid over to the hospital. He's hurt bad." Then to the youth, now sobbing with pain, rage, and humiliation,

"Where'd he get you, buddy?"

"Right in the face, damn his rotten soul!"

"Get the kid's mind, kid. Some day somebody'll shove that stick down his filthy throat!"

"And I slaved my heart out for him . . . him and his rotten crew . . . the dirty —!"

"You said it all," agreed the ex-army man.

"HERE it is. My contract! I wash my hands of this place, and of you! Am I, Franz Seibert, to be insulted, and ordered about like a common property boy?"

"Perhaps you think that I, who hire you, should come to your office when I wish to see you?" inquired Rosenthal, quietly holding the pieces of torn paper which had clung to the hair of his ear.

"I am not referring to that," replied the director coldly.

"Well, then, I do not understand, myself, how anyone else could be ordering you about, Mr. Seibert," returned the director blandly, still calmly removing the remnants of the contract which had adhered to him in various places. After he had made a little pile of the torn pieces on his desk in front of him he added:

"Now that you have thrown your contract in my face . . . I wished to cancel it, it does not matter anyvays!"

"It matters . . . enormously . . . to me, that I am ordered about by you, without . . ."

"My set," interjected Rosenthal quietly. For an instant the director stared at him in white fury, then decided to ignore the interruption.

"An insult and by an ignorant nincompoop with a gun, on the day I am to finish my picture! On the day that the artistic touch is to be put to my *masterpiece* . . . for it is yours!"

"You have agreed with me that it is that. I know that I know that Superior Films will make a fortune out of it. Now exactly . . . what I am worth to your organization!"

"Yet you dare to allow me to be insulted in this mysterious manner! Insulted, like an *ordinary workingman*! I, Franz Seibert, to be ordered off a set! It is unthinkable!"

"Mr. Seibert," said the president, his big brown eyes holding the icy blue ones, "I requested that you should come directly to my office. I wished to explain to you. But did you do it? You did not. You walked deliberately past my office! You said to yourself, 'I will show him that he cannot order me, Franz Seibert, around!' Well, when you went right by my office, I saw you! I also saw you go offer to Stage Six, because I had an idea that is just what you would do. I could have sent a boy after you, and stopped you, but I did not. No . . . I let you have your lesson. Also, I said to myself, 'Now, he will come back here and say to me he has been insulted!' Well, Mr. Seibert, maybe last week that would have made me very much upset. But not now. Not now. I have other troubles, besides which you become . . . a nothing!"

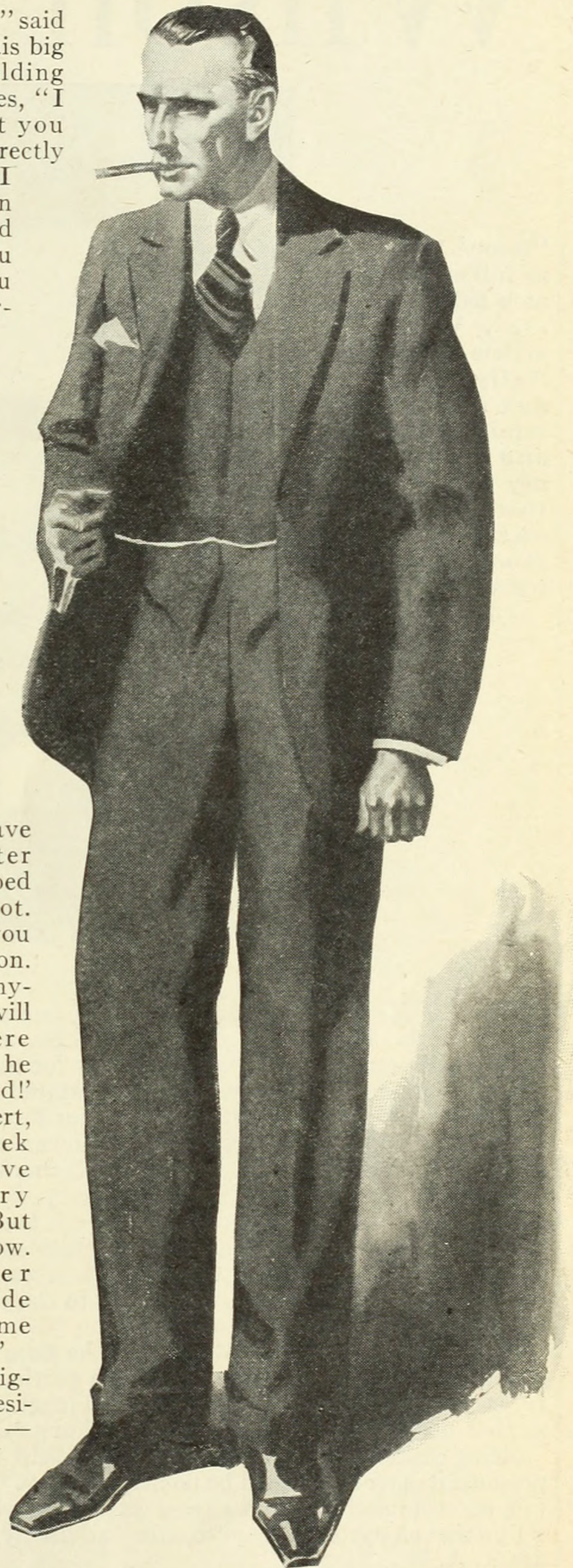
There was dignity in the president's speech — and justice. If Seibert had a moment of regret at his lack of courtesy to the head executive, he could not show it now. He must hold up his position. He said frigidly,

"I am not concerned with your troubles, Mr. Rosenthal . . ."

"But that is where you are very much wrong. You will be very much concerned in this, Mr. Seibert . . . very much . . ." said the president, calmly.

Ignoring this also, the director continued,

"I demand that you explain to me the reason of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]"



Smith—the captain of the Los Angeles detectives. Men are men to him. Nothing less, nothing more. In each is a possible law-breaker. In each a possible quarry for his chase. Incisive, brief of speech, keen of analysis, he often hides his own deductions under a misleading mask. Do not be sidetracked by his deliberate and beguiling methods

Wilson Mizner Turn Inform

"Raoul Walsh is as full of muscles as a fish market. . . . When this article appears in Hollywood, I'll get myself an armful of bricks and go back on my hill." And that's the way an author writes about the director who is filming his story



Inform

Puts the spotlight
on Raoul Walsh,
the director

By
Wilson Mizner

RAOUL WALSH, barricaded by cameras, was hard at work. But I just had to see him. So, crashing through all interference, I waited politely for the scene he was directing to come to an end and stated my business.

"I have been asked to interview you for PHOTOPLAY. Your public craves news of you and I seek information."

"Turned informer?" he queried, his manner belligerent. "I was born hating whistles—factory, tin and police—and—" As he stopped for breath my apprehensive eye luckily caught the "office" he gave a stage hand, and as a chandelier crashed onto the spot I had occupied a splinter of a second previously, I decided to go off by myself, preferably to the top of some hill and interview him from there.

He's a lovely boy, this Walsh, but he does seem to think lightly of murder, and what makes him particularly menacing is that if he ever does commit one, he will juggle the plot around so that his comedian will probably get hung for it.

Being cautious, I write this without his help, for, leaving the personal danger aside, he'd be no help anyway. Getting him to talk about himself is about as easy as picking a bass solo out of a Lynnhaven oyster. I say "oyster" advisedly, for his initials are R. A. W.

So I must lean on my memory, an old and tottering support, and go back a term of years—about two misdemeanors and a felony. I can see this Raoul, then a blue-eyed boy, playing "lead" in "The Romance of the Underworld." The play was opening in Chicago that night and the author, Paul Armstrong, and the entire troupe, were "fit to be tied" with suspense and nerves.

The set of the first act was a hotel room. Raoul had a piece of business here in which he went to an old-fashioned telephone to convey some information to the hotel clerk supposedly at the other end of the wire. This speech of his was a vital one to the plot, and consequently to the success of the show. As he took off the receiver, the whole damn' telephone came off the wall. There was an instant of horrified silence, broken only by the "pit-pat" of perspiration dripping off the author.

Then the astounding thing happened: Walsh waited for the laugh, then, to increase the hilarity, got down on the floor with the box and improvised a speech roasting the bum hotel that

would have second-hand equipment such as a dilapidated phone he was now trying to get through. Then passing quickly from anger to intensity, he spoke the important speech.

Right there the veriest sucker should have known he'd direct—not necessarily pictures, but something—a hot-dog stand or a shooting-gallery at least. For here, surely, was an exhibition of invention, a fairly important attribute, for without it Ford would have ended up with a wheelbarrow and the Wright brothers with a toy balloon.

As I came on his set the other afternoon Raoul was busy taking a scene in which a silly looking negro burglar steals a banana from his master's dinner table and then eats it. The man acted the part perfectly, even to disposing of the entire fruit, and I was much surprised when Raoul called: "Come on, now; let's take this scene again." Once more the orchestra struck up a tune and the cameras clicked.

He must have taken this little episode eight or ten times, and as two takes are about the limit for him even in an important spot, I began to fear the hot lights had turned him a bit "corky." On investigating, I learned there was no film in the camera and the camera men were simply stalling.

I ASKED Archie Buchanan, Raoul's able production manager, for enlightenment.

"The poor guy's broke and hungry," Archie explained, "and Raoul's trying to get him his breakfast without embarrassing him."

More of this kind of invention might make life less irksome. When we think how rarely we stagger on a man who can be kind while he's doing a kindness, it makes us gulp back something akin to a sob at these satirical bananas and that rollicking and tumble director who could make drab mercy so merry in masquerade.

I might touch further on these qualities of gentleness which the daffy optimist classifies as feminine. But what a chump he'd be! For not so long ago Raoul Walsh had all the earmarks of a champion middle-weight fighter. And right now he's as full of muscles as a fish market. So I want him to work with me—on me.

Now with the reviewer's effrontery, let's put the acid on the man's personality.

As to general appearance and facial contours, see accompanying photograph. (Kind of cadgy way of ducking a description, eh?) As to his dress, I was going to say he had one; that would get me slugged.

His favorite breakfast food is the New York Racing Food and his pet essayist is John I. Day, sports editor of the New York Press.

His weighty reading is confined to the imposts picked up by stake horses.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]



ALICE TERRY plays hostess to all movie stars who visit the Riviera, where her husband, Rex Ingram, has his studio. When Rex is in the mood for working, Alice plays in a picture. Her newest is "The Three Passions." The Ingrams make a neat income by renting their studio to foreign companies.

The Story of

“I have achieved happiness,” says Joan Crawford, announcing her coming marriage to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



“Find the work you love and put your heart and soul in it,” says Joan Crawford. “I did not want to enter the movies. But now there is no lure in the world potent enough to tempt me away. I have found the right man—and my childhood, my chorus girl days, my movieland struggles—none of them matter”

Joan Crawford's earliest recollections were Lawton, Oklahoma. Her supposed father, Hen Cassin, owned a small theater there in Lawton. Here the child Joan dreamed of becoming dancer. Joan subsequently discovered that her real father's name was Le Sueur, her mother having remarried. Joan was put in the St. Agnes Academy in Kansas City.

Later Joan earned her living taking care of children in a boarding and day school. She was treated so badly that she ran away. Dancing always attracted her and soon she was a chorus girl. Her adventures finally led her to Broadway.

I DIDN'T go in for the so-called Butter and Egg Men in New York City.

Oh, of course, I went on some of the parties.

There is one wealthy man in New York whom we all knew. All you have to do is to say his name to any chorus girl in the city and she'll come back with “Ain't he grand?”

He lives for the chorus girls and the chorus girls live for him. But he is a collective friend and not one of us would have the right to claim him.

Jack Okie (he played with Clara Bow in “The Fleet's In”) and I were great pals. We were in the show business, growing up together. This was just a case of two kids going to supper walking home, talking things over. A sweet comradeship which comes into the life of every woman and should be cherished as one of her valuable memories.

I had been in New York perhaps six months when I had my first big heart palpitation. He was a well-known actor. I cannot give you his name for he is now happily married and far be it from any sincere woman to dig up memories from the past to confront a man when he is happy. I know now I did not love him. But I thought that I did.

He was famous. He had his own production company. I, a chorus girl, was proud to be seen with him.

He answered the cry which comes to most women: It will be such an honor to “catch” him.

I DON'T know where this affair would have ended if the doorman hadn't handed me this note, late one afternoon: “Please, may I see you?” Signed, “Another chorus girl.”

A lovely young thing was waiting outside. “I am Mary Orr. Won't you go to dinner with me?”

And it was over the dinner table that she told me: “I have been going with _____ (the actor) for over a year. I was engaged to him until you came along. I am not asking you to give him up. He means my life to me. I just don't want you, too, to have your heart broken.”

I saw him once after that. But I saw Mary

Dancing Girl

As told to

Ruth Biery

by

Joan Crawford

often. She is one of my best friends and undoubtedly saved me from much suffering and humiliation.

After this experience I was a little unhappy. I doubted the sincerity of all people. Another fault of woman! One man proves untruthful and we immediately think that all men must be of the same measure.

TURNED to Ray. I would like to quote to you from his letter written November 9, 1924, Kansas City.

Dearest girl, have you, too, begun to hunger for sincerity? It is a rare thing to find exposed in this day and age, isn't it? But, do you know, there is as much desire in the inner-self of the average person as there ever was?

New York, as I gather, is like a melting-pot of all classes and a cesspool of all licentiousness. It is only natural that those with more money and better morals should be drawn to that gathering place of beauty which is the theatrical world. You yourself have told me of the numbers of girls of your knowledge who have succumbed to the temptations of easy riches, which indicates that the stage attracts many who are ready to pawn their bodies for the sensual pleasures—and they usually lose their pawn ticket. So the cads who infest the stage and you work in are not fit examples of all New York, dear. They are but the flies who buzz around the sugar bowl. There must be many good people in the city who are as good as the others are no good. Have you looked for them?

Buenos noches, Carissima, and may God bless you and give you the aid I cannot. Your

Do you wonder that this man continued to hold my respect and interest?

But this letter made me lonesome. I decided to go home for Christmas.

Harry Granlund was a friend of mine. Every one in New York knows Granny. He gets them together when they need it.

Harry needed extra work now to get money for his fare. He took me to Harry Richmond, who gave me a chance singing and dancing in his apartment after my show was finished. I think I was as proud of my trips to the music sellers, asking "What new songs have you?" as I was of being promoted from the back row to the front of the chorus.

Two days before I left, Granny called me up and said, "Harry Rapf is in town."

"What's that to me?" I answered.

"He's looking for new faces for the movies."

"Let him look!"

"But wouldn't you like to go into the movies?"

"No!"

Little did I know that I would owe my deepest appreciation and most profound respect to this very Harry Rapf.



"I have said that I would never marry," says Joan Crawford. "But then I had not met the man I wanted to marry. I made that statement in all honesty. But there is always one man who answers every need for a woman. I am going to marry Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. This is an announcement of our engagement"

But Granny insisted, so I took the test. And never thought of another thing about it until I received a wire in Kansas City: "You are put under a five year contract. Leave immediately for Culver City, California."

For the second time I jumped a show without giving the two weeks' notice. Nothing was said in the telegram about salary but money was sent for my transportation.

I don't know why I started for California on that New Year's Day, 1925, rather than for New [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Immigrant

The True Story of how *Eva von Berne,*

plump, too unsophisticated,
too unaware of her own
beauty, was
turned into star material

By
Katherine Albert



How hair-dressing, diet and ambition to succeed in pictures transformed Eva von Berne from the plain little *mädchen* you see below into a beautiful and interesting girl



The M.-G.-M. publicity department had its doubts when Eva arrived from Vienna. She was plump, had straight, stringy hair and she wore a jersey dress with a rumped satin bow at her throat. Would you have pictured her as star material?

LAST June a liner deposited a poor, bewildered, little Austrian girl on the docks of Hoboken.

She wore a two-piece, dark green jersey dress with a rumped satin bow at the throat. I distinctly remember her hair, since it played such an important part in her career. It was dark and stringy, with no curl in it.

We of the M.-G.-M. publicity department who met her looked at each other, shook our heads, and whispered, "Not so hot!"

The reporters were told: "She's a find. Norma Shearer saw her picture in a magazine in Vienna and insisted that Irving Thalberg give her a test. Only girl signed up abroad. Her real name is Eva von Plentzner. She has never been on the stage or screen. Studied dancing. Went to a convent. Is but seventeen years old."

The publicity department had hoped that she would be sophisticated. She was simply young. We had hoped that she would be tall and willowy like Garbo. She was plump. Perhaps she would arrive with some strange animal, a gnu or a wolf or a griffin. She clutched in her hands a tiny stuffed dog made of orange colored velvet. It had a white fur collar.

There were people everywhere—and cameras. She posed for hundreds of stills on the boat and equally as many in her room at the Hotel Warwick. An interpreter had been engaged for her and she gave out dozens of interviews.

She took it all with a surprising amount of composure. There was reason for her poise. Eva was well born. On her luggage was emblazoned a small coronet just above the initials E. v. P. For publicity purposes I would have exchanged the coronet on her one small steamer trunk for twenty plain pieces of luggage if they had been filled with clothes.

I unpacked for her. A funny little ecru dress. Two figured silk frocks. A plain black taffeta evening gown. That was all.

I called her and her interpreter away from the reporters. "You will buy clothes?" I questioned.

Eva shook her head. "Der iss no money!"

I found one of the boys in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

The STARS That

To the Manner Born

The dark extra had one quality that Hollywood cannot fake. She was a lady. Who was she and why did she turn her back on fame?



IV—TO THE MANNER BORN

A CURIOUS group, these stars that never were! An amazing group. Combining all the beauty of the lost and aching ages. Combining all the charm—all the pathos—of the world's greatest romances. And yet—beauty without fulfilment. Charm and pathos without an audience!

Some say, and rightly, that there are extra people who would have set the world afire. Had anyone taken the trouble to apply the match of destiny to the dry tinder of their ambition and talent. Certainly many extras, given the chance, have succeeded splendidly. Have won their way through to a clean-cut and splendid triumph. No—we won't go over the list of their names. Not again! For you know them well.

As you would have known the dark woman, she of the Greek profile and the beautifully poised body, had the critics been able to give her back to you. For the critics praised her swift entrance, and her even more swift exit, in the Vandergift reception scene, in "Murdered Millions." A story of the smart set—that. The smart set, so called! A film of the four hundred. In which three hundred and ninety-nine were poor imitations—in which the dark woman, alone, was real!

When the director saw that scene in the cutting room, swore, and rang for a messenger boy. And sent a swift telegram which came back, at the end of the day, with "unfound" written across the face of it. When the star saw that scene, the cutting room, she sobbed aloud.

For the dark woman, in a simple grey crepe dress, had made the star—for all her velvet and chinchilla and pearls—see cheap. As cheap as a fragment of tinsel on a last year's Christmas tree!

IT'S easy enough to get extras for a cabaret scene. For a mob or the crowd in a college stadium, or the thronged tangle of a slum. It's easy to get extras to portray an audience—or a group of actors back-stage. But when you're filming society—society with a capital S—it isn't easy to get extras who look like the genuine article. Your boy, in his well-cut dress suit, is just an extra boy, making believe. Your girl, in her debutante gown, is just an extra girl playing pretend.

And so, when the dark woman passed the casting director

Never Were

By
Margaret E.
Sangster

Illustrated by Everett Shinn



"Didn't anyone tell you," the star asked, "that we wanted extras for a reception? You're dressed for a business office. But then, maybe you haven't any other clothes." "Oh, yes," replied the dark woman, "I have other clothes. But this is the way one dresses for an afternoon reception"

"I'll lend you a string of beads, dearie," said a sympathetic wardrobe woman, "so as you won't look out of place! It's a society tea they're shootin'. You didn't know that, did you?"

From under those dark, level brows the woman in the grey gown looked down at the wardrobe woman. And when she spoke, though she had an accent strange to the studio, her voice was gentle.

"Why, it's kind of you—about the beads," she said, "but I never wear that sort of thing. Really."

AND the wardrobe woman subsided.

"I felt kind of like she was putting me in my place," said the wardrobe woman, "not being mean to me, y'understand. Not that. But sort of like she couldn't help it."

Yellow grease paint—strangely colored lip rouge! Silently the woman applied them, after the directions that the make-up expert offered. She went seriously about the business of accenting her regular features—not for her was the scattering fire of motion picture gossip, of laughing innuendo that flew about the long dressing room. Not consciously above the others, was she—oh, not at all! Only one could tell

that she did not, actually, listen to the talk. That, to her, it lacked both fire and interest. She was only absorbed in the matter of doing her face as well as possible. Her long, delicate fingers smoothed each rough surface carefully, painstakingly. She—the novice—was ready before any of the other extras; she was well in front of the long line that went out, at last, to the set where the Vandergift reception was being filmed.

You who saw "Murdered Millions"—you remember that reception, with its massively built up drawing room, with its heavy, carved furniture and its even more heavy velvet curtains. You remember the gowns of the beautiful women who trailed across the heavy oriental rugs—you remember their beaded lashes and their drooping hats. The script called for a "fashionable crowd in the late afternoon," but some of those women wore dresses that would have graced a formal dinner—some wore gowns that were fluffy enough, inconsequential enough, to have belonged in any boudoir. That is why the director broke off his sentence— [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

grated window, he hired her. Although, to him, she seemed plain, almost to the point of dowdiness. Although, to her frock seemed inexcusably devoid of ornamentation. It was some instinct that made the casting director give her a slip of paper—some instinct, and the woman's non-negotiable way of glancing at him, from under dark, level brows. It was as if his decision, in regard to her fate, didn't matter at all.

"HE'S different," said the casting director to his assistant, "while his eyes followed her slim back, "and I don't know why, either!"

She was different. In the room where the other women were having screen make-up, she stood out sharply. Her grey gown, cut along the simplest of lines, was dove-like in that place of peacocks and paradise birds. Was almost aggressively noticeable, because of its lack of drapery and trimming. She wore no jewels, save only the slimmest platinum ring, set with a square-cut green stone. But—



Etiquette note: Don't wear diamond bracelets while horseback riding. It makes the horse shy. Here is a slave-bracelet, worn by Raquel Torres, that was fashioned after the bit of a horse

IF you can speak, and not call "birdie" "boirdie"—
 If you can laugh, and make it sound like fun—
 If you will not refer to "poifect loidy"—
 Hey, hey! You'll be in talkies yet, my son!

UNLESS Edwin Carewe wants to send his *Trilby* into oblivion as fast as he lifted her to fame, both Mr. Carewe and Dolores Del Rio had better try to keep off the front pages of newspapers. The latest publicity farce was a near-duel that was supposed to be staged in Paris between the gray-haired director and the late husband of Dolores, Jaime del Rio.

It seems, according to the newspaper stories, that Jaime objected to the fair name of Del Rio being dragged into the dust and he considered Dolores' excursion to Paris with Carewe nothing less than an insult. Anyway, that was the story, although this old cynic has a hunch that Jaime made no such squawk.

For one thing, Jaime is no fool and for another, he is interested in Consuelo Pani, daughter of the Mexican ambassador in Paris.

IF I suspect publicity in the whole affair, I may be pardoned because both Dolores and Carewe love the limelight and only a few months ago they were mixed up in a kidnapping that was bona fide only in that it was an attempt to kidnap space in the newspapers.

Hollywood stars who have been involved in divorces should not ignore the conventions of the world at large by parading their trips, even chaperoned by a mother, as this one was, in the newspapers. This isn't prudery or hypocrisy, but plain commonsense. There are certain social conventions that obtain all over the world and to create publicity by ignoring them just isn't done.

BEFORE she sailed for Europe, Dolores let it be given out that she was going to visit the Queen of Spain. Now as a woman who was educated in Spain, Senora Del Rio certainly ought to know that the Spanish Court is Catholic and that a divorcee has no more chance of being presented at a Catholic Court than the Pope has of being elected Governor of Tennessee.

Gossip The

By Cl



Nodiet would me
 her slim, so My
 O'Day went ta
 hospital and ha
 surgeon remove
 pounds of fl
 from her hips.
 dotted line in
 cates where
 doctor took a tk
 in Molly, after
 reducing exerc
 had failed

GRETA GARBO has changed her mind about being able to drive an automobile. After taking one panicky look at the instrument board of a Hispano-Suiza and being bewildered by the maze of intricate gauges, levers and whatnots, she tossed her hands in despair.

"I said I could drive a car, not a locomotive!" she announced.

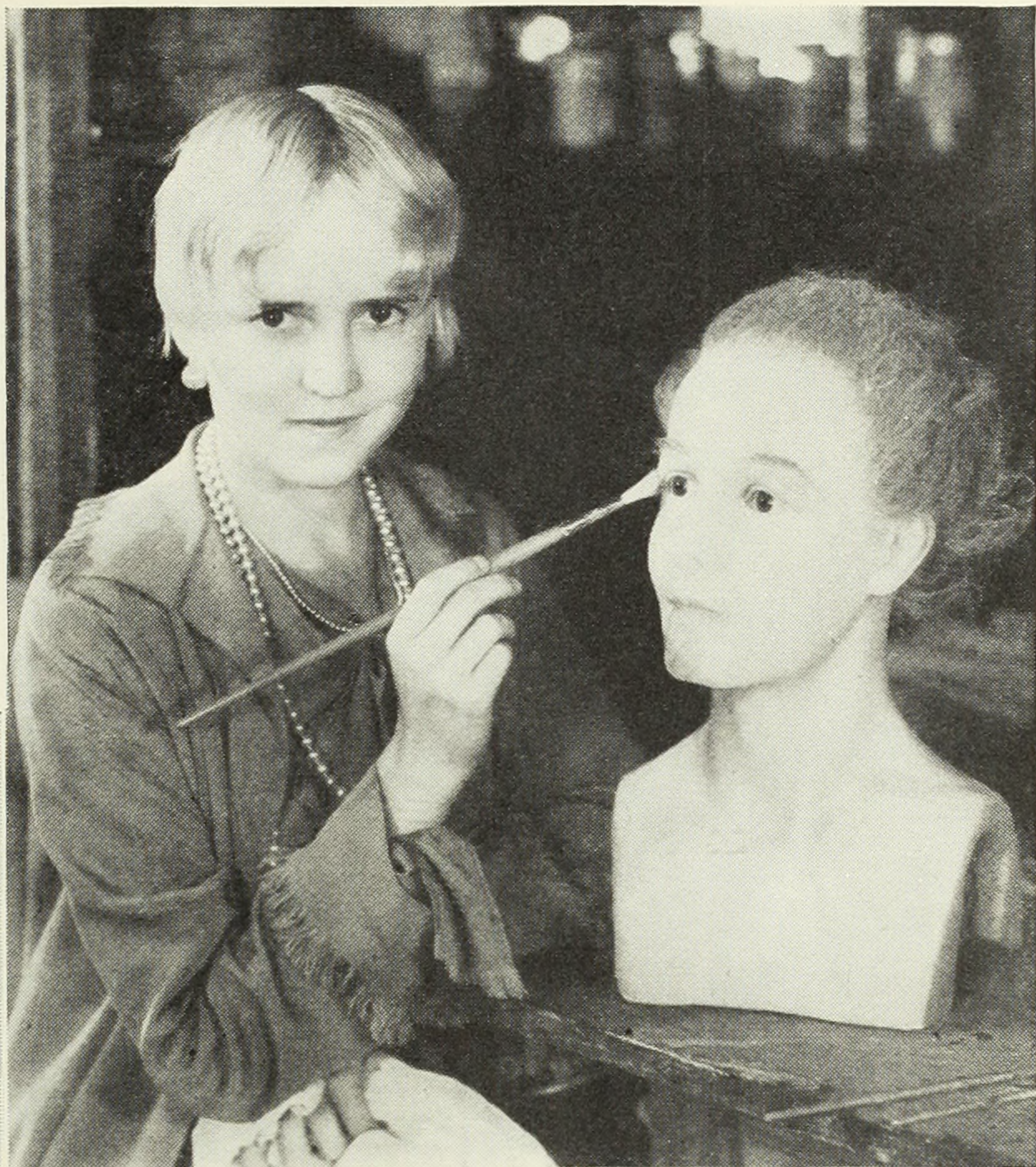
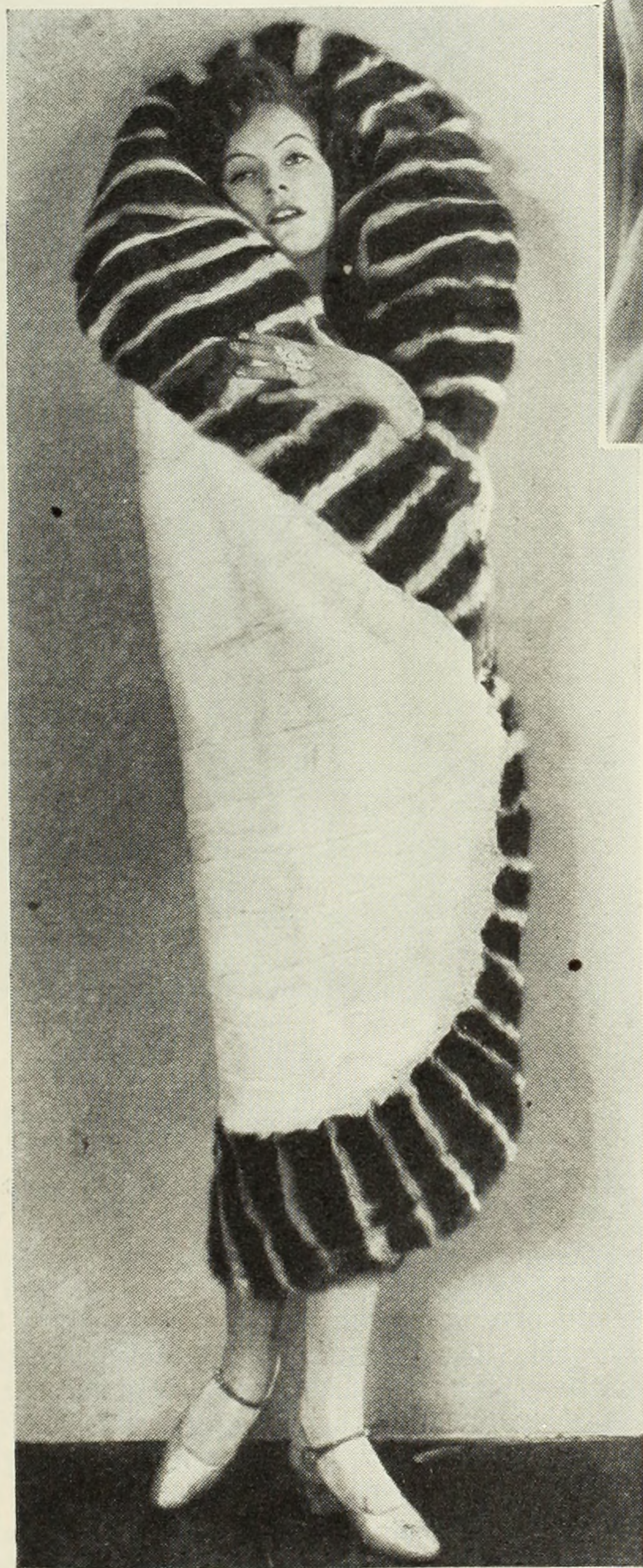
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, stealing Gene Tunney's stuff, unearths this description of the talkies out of Shakespeare: "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

YOU can never tell about these bachelors. Once Nils Astor made the statement that he was essentially a lone wolf and that women meant nothing in his life. But the lone wolf seems

f All Studios

rk

Keep Greta warm out in California. The last word in various wraps—ermine coat and collar and r of sable. Ultra-high col- which is the newest thing, rired to top eta's head



Wax heads, reproduced from life, are used in the studio as wardrobe models. Ruth Taylor is adding that school-girl complexion to a model of Claire Windsor made from a plaster of Paris cast

ensnared by one Fay Webb, the "still picture" girl on the .-M. lot. y is the daughter of the chief of police of Santa Monica and g the time that she has been under contract to the studio as done more work for the still camera than for the movies. eading rôles seem to pass her by while the publicity depart- works her overtime. Be that as it may, she and Nils are about together at the various places where people get seen together.

OW here's a romance of which Hollywood approves. Buddy Rogers, whose name has been connected with e Windsor's, is literally rushing Mary Brian off her feet. ne of those nice romances, too, because Buddy always les his mother on the parties.

JOHN GILBERT'S contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gives up the ghost in December. Jack, of course, has been dissatisfied with his work at the studio and has made no secret of the fact that he wants to make a change. I say "of course" because I never yet have met a star who was completely satisfied with the existing contract.

Naturally, other companies are frantically bidding for his services and offering all kinds of money and other inducements. Whenever a contract expires in Hollywood, there are a lot of hard feelings between the producers and players and many tales of dirty work at the crossroads.

IRVING CUMMINGS, suffering from an attack of tonsillitis, announced from the hospital that he was having his voice lifted for movietone.

GRETA GARBO plans to go to Europe to spend Christmas with the home folks in Sweden. The sleuths say that there is more than love of home and country back of this move and that Greta is really being strategic. The romantic ones have it that unless M.-G.-M. comes to terms with Gilbert, Greta will remain idle in Sweden until her contract also expires.

Such love seems almost too good to be true.

GRETA, the screen's hottest mama (M.-G.-M. slogan department please note), is habitually cold.

The hottest day of the year she sat on the set wearing a serge suit and a large fur coat.

Director Clarence Brown said, "You can take off the coat, Greta, I'll let you know in plenty of time for the scene."

"No, thanks," declared Greta, "I just feel good now."

ENTHUSIASTIC Madame Glyn Holds reticence a mortal sin.

She would, if she could have her way, Refer to Clara Bow as "they."

HOLLYWOOD used to be quite satisfied with a mere engagement rumor, but now-a-days nothing less than a secret marriage will do. Well, if you must have your secret marriages, we'll give the girls and boys a hand by rumoring them. There's



P&A

Jacqueline Logan and Larry Winston eloped to Mexico. But Jackie's divorce from Ralph Gallespie wasn't final, so the Los Angeles authorities asked her to postpone her honeymoon

little Ruth Taylor who, it is said, has been married to a wealthy real estate man named Toplitzky for three months.

Rumor also has it that Clarence Brown and Dorothy Sebastian are married. If this is so then it's completely hopeless for all the adoring swains who have confided to us a great and undying devotion for Dorothy.

JIMMY MURRAY crosses his heart, hopes to die and says he's going to be a good boy from now on.

The kid, once an usher at the Capitol Theater, New York, went haywire after his hit in King Vidor's "The Crowd," and all the folks said it was just too bad that he should toss away a grand start. Jimmy seemed bent on painting a colorful past rather than a rosy future.

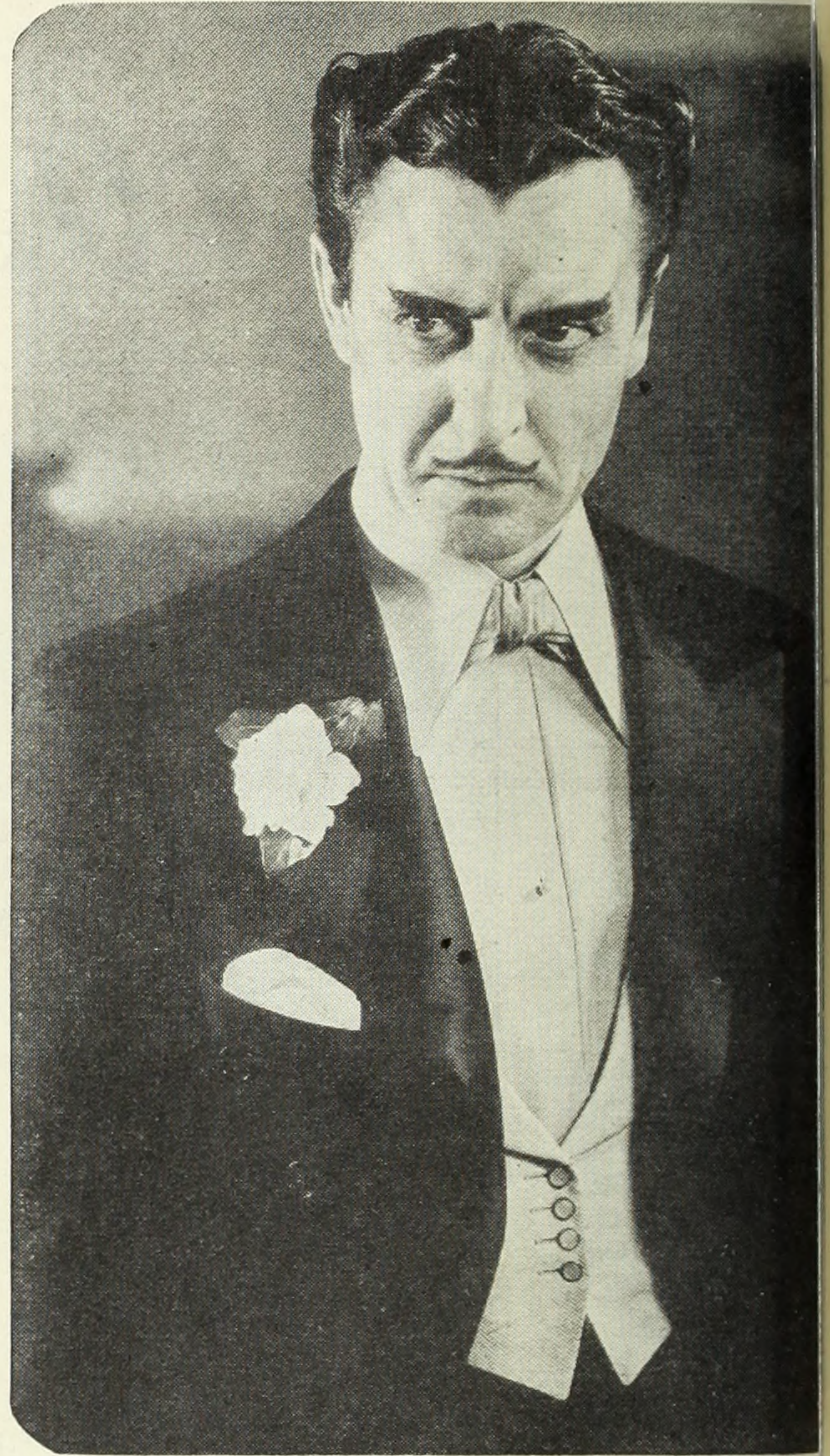
Now he's raised his right hand and said "Never again!" Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has forgiven and forgotten, and given him the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." And as far as Jimmy Murray is concerned everything is both hotsy and totsyt now.

ACCORDING to Patsy Ruth Miller, a gentleman is a man who can wear gray spats, a derby hat and a cane and *NOT* look like a motion picture actor.

BEHIND the story of the way Texas Guinan, blonde queen of the Broadway night club racket, came into Hollywood sweet and low is another yarn of hearts bowed down.

You remember the background—Tex, champ whoopee girl of New York, came to Hollywood expecting a big dinner with mayors, a thousand cover charges nollé prossed and a welcome befitting one of the best free-press agented hostesses that ever okayed a check. She had signed with Vitaphone to do talkies. But Hollywood ran out on her. The Mayor of Los Angeles reneged, the club where the party was to be held crawfished, and all that met Tex at the deppo was a couple of hired hands and a lot of office ballyhoo. Not like dear old Gin Gulch, back east, where Tex yells "Hello, sucker!" and the big sugar dads give and give all.

John Gilbert goes to the devil. This satan make-up is the result of the hero's misdeeds "The Mask of the Devil." Only an evil and heaven-defying spirit would wear such a collar and such a tie with a formal dress suit



THE story within a story is this: A certain young man, a hip powered promoter and go-getter, had a crush on Tex back east, but she gave him ozone, and he went west to forget in go old movie style. When he learned she was coming west to into pictures he sensed a chance to climb back in the limelight. So he went ahead 24-sheeting Hollywood and signing up dinner and arranging the greatest welcome in the history of the film world. He promoted not wisely, but too well, and when the whole planned party fell around his ears with a crash, he was farther off from the flashing smiles of Big Tex than ever.

Moral—to swipe from Tex herself—give a little girl a great big hand, but be sure it doesn't reach out and smack you down.

THE movie actor's new slogan, according to Mark Hellinger: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we dialogue!"

ECHOES of the Tom Mix-Weavin' Will Morrissey go s thunder among the pink stucco walls of the film colony.

Little did George Beban know what he was letting himself in for when he mailed Italian bids to a nice calm *fiesta* at the Casa del Bebano.

The low-down on the punch-trading seems to be that Weavin' Will, stage comic and cabaret entertainer, was looking for what he got, and that Big Tom, dismounted, avoided mingling with the comedian at least ten times for the sake of Beban's whoopee.

ONCE Tom unlimbered his rights and lefts, though, wasn't long for Will and his wife, Midgie Miller. When the couple turned up at the station house to complain, they were

the shortest road to the movies is by way of Mexico. Mona Rico was in Hollywood only six weeks, when Ernst Lubitsch discovered her. She will be given an important rôle in John Barrymore's newest picture, "King of the Mountains"



An engagement that goes on forever. Ruth Roland and Ben Bard set the Hollywood record for constancy, although they can't make up their minds to set a date for the wedding

emptly tossed into the cooler to heal up and get back their legs.

Tom Mix went on his merry way as one of Hollywood's chief greeters.

"If I had nothing to do but flatten Mr. Morrissey every morning before breakfast," allows Tom, "I'd consider my time fully unoccupied."

which seems to indicate that Mr. Mix figures Weavin' Willing but a cheap push-over.

Perhaps one thing wrong with strictly film parties is that now and then a comical wise-cracker wangles in.

THE morality clause that is a part of every film contract has caused anguish to many a star.

When Charley Delaney read his contract over, his particular clause made such an impression on him that he went home that night, kissed his wife on the cheek and slept in the garage.

RED hot report is raging along the celluloid rialto regarding strife between Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal. It seems Jetta has reverted to temperament, thereby proving this to be one of the incurable ailments. Even D. W. Griffith, expert in feminine affairs, has found her a brimming dish. The title of the film featuring this tempestuous pair is "The Song."

What an elastic imagination it took to conceive that one—work of an optimist, positively!

We understand that Jetta has stolen at least one forced march on Lupe. The billboards will proclaim her name in type as large as William Boyd's. A smart compromise on the part of

Griffith, we suspect,—Jetta gets the big type and Lupe gets the big rôle! Who says Griffith isn't a master!

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is being groomed to be next year's genius. His papa wants to crown him with the laurel wreath recently worn by Irving Thalberg.

Genius or not, Junior Laemmle isn't so much with the girls. Junior developed a crush on Sue Carol, which was a bold idea when you consider that Sue's thoughts are all for Nick Stuart. While Sue was working at Universal, Junior was most conspicuous on her set and requested the orchestra to play "Sweet Sue," over and over again.

ONE morning Alice Day happened to be working on an adjoining set. Alice, you know, was once Junior's girl friend, but that's all over. The orchestra was playing "Sweet Sue," and when the song was ended, Junior asked for "When Day Is Done."

Imagine his embarrassment when he discovered Alice standing behind him.

Junior's luck with the girls is simply terrible. Who remembers his "great discovery," Dimples Lido, who got fat on him and was shipped quietly back to Europe?

I STARTED as a modest film—

A boy, a girl, a row.

They hired five thousand extra men,

And I'm an epic now.

TO continue with the geniuses: Since her marriage to Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer is the prima donna of the M.-G.-M. studio. This is fine for Norma but not so good for the other girls on the lot. Norma is making her first talkie, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which is also one of the prize stories of the year. And, naturally, Thalberg is more ambitious for his wife than for any of the other stars on the premises. Yes, Geraldine, a long story could be written of the girls who were hoisted to fame by marrying their producers. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



PROVIDE that all
seducti
girls aren't born
the other side
the Atlantic. M
Duncan is a nat
of Virginia and v
educated at C
nell. The Fox Co
pany considers
one of the best
its group of pro
ising young peop
Her stage ex
rience — remem
Poppy in "T
Shanghai Gestur
—naturally equ
her for the talk

Won by a NOSE

How Gloria Swanson said "no" to De Mille and refused to cut off her nose to spite her face

By Dick Hyland

I HAVE just discovered that Gloria Swanson won success by a nose.

And no Derby winner, coming down the home stretch amid clamoring thousands, ever fought harder to tip its nose out in front than did the stic Gloria.

For, once upon a time in the dim past, they wanted Gloria to "bob" her hair. And thereby hangs a tale. One of the unknown tales which go to make up the glamorous, intriguing history of Hollywood.

So this is a story about a nose. Gloria Swanson's nose and how — but let's begin where I did. It's easier that way. Leon Gordon, one of America's best portrait painters, is "doing" Gloria in his studio at the Ambassador Hotel.

"Come and see it," he urged me. "Actually, I am having fun working. Gloria is wonderful to paint. She is so sympathetic, and an appealing subject. The girl is really an artist. She is a personality."

I agreed with Mr. Gordon and promised to come. In addition to the attractive portraits lining the walls of the studio,



Here Gloria is just another pretty girl



That pert, imperfect tip on Gloria Swanson's nose gives character to her whole face. In the circle you see Gloria with a straight nose

Leon has a most wonderful supply of imported paint, so I didn't find it hard to promise.

There is one, a Russian paint called *vod* something or other, with which it is possible to obtain the most astonishing effects. Going up to his studio in the elevator I got a break. I met Harrison

Fisher, whose heads on the cover of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* speak for themselves. Knowing that he was not only interested in painting but almost as much of an authority on foreign paints, including the Hawaiian *okuli how* and the rare one obtained from the Mexican century plant, as was Leon himself —but you can guess the rest. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Impolitely snubbed



Permanently waved



A pointed rebuke



THE AIR CIRCUS—Fox

THIS is a collegiate sort of flying film, with an aviation training school for a background. There's no war. Two kids want to be Lindberghs. One of the lads loses his nerve. His mother has not wanted him to be a flier, because his big brother has been killed in the skies over Flanders. So the boy looks like a flop. Then his pal starts off in a plane with his girl on board. Their landing gear falls off. Who will warn them? None other than the boy who has feared the air. Thus the two parachute to safety.

David Rollins does excellently as the boy who was afraid and Arthur Lake is delightful as his pal, *Speed*. Louise Dresser gives a moving performance of the mother and Sue Carol is attractive as the girl. There are several talking sequences in "The Air Circus" but they do not add particularly to the film.



WATERFRONT—First National

MEET the new Jack Mulhall! Not the dapper salesman you know, but a greasy-faced, tobacco-chewing, grimy oiler of the good ship *West Wind*.

What, you turn away! Better look again, for the personable creature that shines through this handicap proves he has attraction plus.

Now don't take the story seriously. Some things must be built for fun. *Skipper Andrews* lives along the San Francisco waterway and dreams of the day when he and his daughter, *Sallie*, can enjoy secluded farm life. *Sallie* loves the sea and waits for a sailor lover to take her away. When *Breezy O'Connor* blows into port, Dad recognizes the danger signal and rises to meet it. Dorothy Mackaill, co-star, plays the bewitching *Sallie*. If you miss this, don't ask for another gloom chaser.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



ME, GANGSTER—Fox

HERE is a picture as sentimental, as melodramatic, as pointedly moral as any picture ever made, yet it is completely absorbing. Raoul Walsh has the knack, possessed by Griffith in his heyday, of making the characters of a sticky story pulse with life.

The picture is outstanding for another and a more important reason. It brings a new player, a very fine, very compelling actor to the screen, one Don Terry, a young college man discovered by the author of the piece, Charles Francis Coe, in the Montmartre Cafe. Terry's performance stands out as one of the unusual and moving gestures of the cinema. He is not handsome, he is definitely a type, yet there is a rugged charm about him that gives him a niche higher than your sleek haired, amorous puppets.

The story is related in a novel form. It is "The Diary of Me, Gangster" and the subtitles are shown in handwriting, written in the first person. It is the boy's story, of course, yet there are splendid performances given by June Collyer, who makes the most of a weak rôle; by Anders Randolph and by Gustav von Seyffertitz. It is an injustice to relate the plot, since it is an ordinary one of the son of a wardheeler who finds that crime doesn't pay. Such trite phrases as "the straight and narrow path," "going straight," etc., are plentiful. But it is the absorbing interest of the prison scenes, the fascinating development of the situations and the absolutely perfect characterization of Terry that make it a splendid contribution to the art of the cinema. It may not touch your heart, except in one prison scene, but it will hold you spellbound.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

ME, GANGSTER THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK
THE AIR CIRCUS WATERFRONT
DRY MARTINI MOTHER KNOWS BEST

The Best Performances of the Month

Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best"

Louise Dresser in "Mother Knows Best"

Don Terry in "Me, Gangster"

Betty Compson in "The Docks of New York"

George Bancroft in "The Docks of New York"

Baclanova in "The Docks of New York"

Fay Wray in "The Wedding March"

Albert Gran in "Dry Martini"

Vilma Banky in "The Awakening"

Tastes of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144



THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK—Paramount

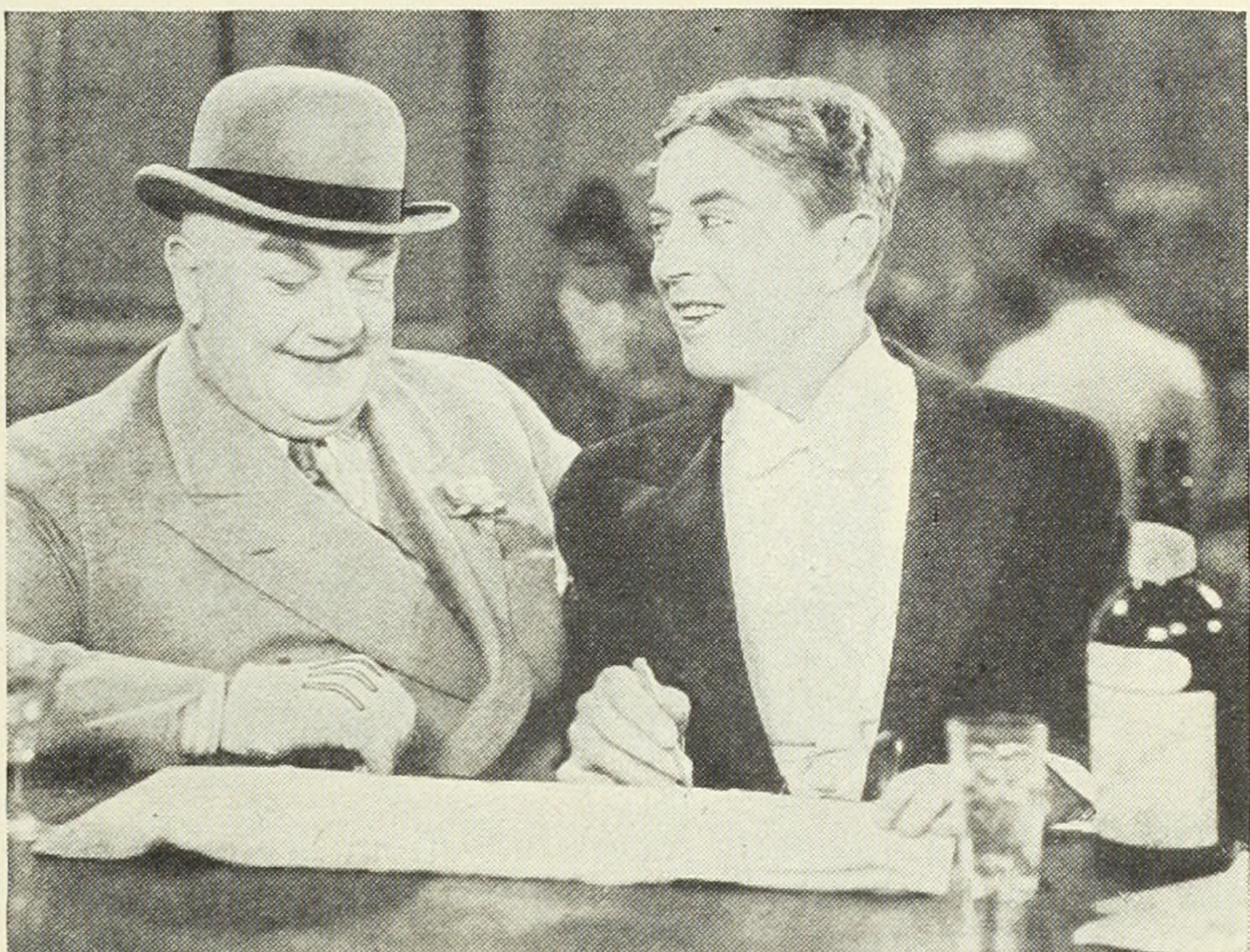
IF you will ignore the inartistic ending, added as a sop to the box office, you will find here a picture that observes Aristotle's three unities of time, place and action.

Von Sternberg, the mad young director who made "Underworld" has selected a situation unlimited in dramatic value—a wedding in a brothel! He has given his story that subtle emotional undercurrent, rare to the cinema.

George Bancroft plays the rôle of a coal stoker, as simple and as cruel as a child, who plucks a woman from suicide and shows her a good time. The trouble with her is that she has had too many good times. To him, the wedding is a gag, the outcome of a drunken moment. To her, it means release from sordidness and her only chance for respectability. They are both pitiful, for there can be no common understanding between them.

If you are one of those blessed with an appreciation of the beauty of realism, then this will be more beautiful to you than a story of young love in a garden. It has power and tenderness.

Betty Compson, as the woman, does as fine a piece of work as the screen has witnessed. Duse could not have been more poignant. Imagine her combining bitterness, womanliness and beauty in one strikingly artistic performance. Baclanova, strange and vital, is touched with the same poignancy. Of course, Bancroft is excellent, while Mitchell Lewis and Clyde Cook leave nothing to be desired. Yet it is a director's picture and had it not been for the fatal "tag," it would have been as worthy an effort as has appeared. Dramatic, living, powerful!



DRY MARTINI—Fox

YOU know the suave, sophisticated sort of stuff done by Director Harry D'Arrast. This is in the smartest D'Arrast manner, with many of the scenes laid in front of the Ritz bar in Paris. A mellow old expatriated American dwells pleasantly in the French capital—until his daughter comes to visit him for the first time in ten years. Daughter is a little too sophisticated for the old fellow and lands Willoughby Quimby and his friends in all sorts of tribulations.

Albert Gran is delightful as the conservative old playboy, Willoughby Quimby, while Matt Moore is excellent as a perpetually bunned young American. Mary Astor is admirable as the daughter. A neat bit is contributed by Jocelyn Lee, who plays Georgette, something more than friend to the elderly Quimby.



MOTHER KNOWS BEST—Fox

WHEN Edna Ferber's short story, "Mother Knows Best," first appeared, it was suspected generally that the Sally Quail of her fiction was really Elsie Janis.

Madge Bellamy plays Sally in this splendid film adaptation and time and again she suggests Elsie Janis. It's quite uncanny. The film adapters have made some changes in the Ferber story. There is a happy—and logical—ending. *Mama Quail* still maneuvers her daughter to fame—and she does it unyieldingly, lovingly and even tragically.

You will like this picture. It is genuine and moving. This performance marks Miss Bellamy as an actress of the very first rank. Then, too, her imitations are delicious. Louise Dresser's work as *Mama Quail* is superb and Barry Norton is handsome and appealing as the song writer who loves Sally. The dialogue is a splendid sound addition.

Watch Photoplay's New Sound Reviews

TAKE ME HOME
—Paramount



BEBE DANIELS departs successfully from her usual acrobatics in this natural comedy of back-stage life. The story is simple: a hard-working chorus girl loves a country boy who imagines himself a second Houdini and nearly starves to death. Lilyan Tashman, as the temperamental star, is vivid. Neil Hamilton plays the country boy with sincerity. Marshall Neilan's smooth direction gives naturalness.

THE WEDDING MARCH
—Paramount



YEARs of work and millions of dollars wasted on a story that, in its present form, was hardly worth telling. The beauty of many of the scenes is nullified by a pig-sty atmosphere. The Corpus Christi procession to St. Stephan's, with Franz Josef in all his mediaeval glory, is beautifully presented. But there are other scenes that will repel audiences. Von Stroheim is awkward, but Fay Wray's work is her best yet.

THE FLEET'S IN!
—Paramount



THIS is a story of the navy but it isn't all wet. It starts out with a bang like a cannon but ends up with some melodramatic slush. Clara Bow is always interesting and James Hall gives the finest performance of his career as the gob who mistook a good gal for a bad one. Jack Oakie, a newcomer, has a funny face and knows what to do with it. You simply mustn't miss it.

THE AWAKENING
—United Artist



BYRON and Banky make their co-starring bow. The story is World-Warish and Germanesque. Plot ingredients are soldier-prince, ruined girl, nunnery, bullets. If they keep Byron in soldier suits, he'll succeed. Splendid restraint and delicacy in love-making show him as a lad with the right idea. Banky is lovely and appealing. Louis Wolheim rides off with the picture in a death cart.

SHOW GIRL
—First National



THIS is a "yes" and "no" picture. Like "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the production misses the piquant quality of the book. Stripped of its sharp humorous observation, the story is a melodrama of a night club dancer involved in a scandal for publicity. Alice White dances away with the honors in her first starring vehicle. If you haven't chuckled over the book, you'll scream with laughter over the picture.

SUBMARINE
—Columbia



HERE is a perfectly good picture gone movie. The situation is tremendous, a group of men trapped in a submarine, but the production is too mechanical. The characters need a life line. They fail to behave like human beings. A faulty story keeps this from being the picture it should be. Nevertheless, it should be seen because it is so spectacular and because of the fine handling of the key situation.

For the Latest Talkie Developments

WEST OF ANZIBAR
—M.-G.-M.



ON CHANEY goes cripple again for the sake of the public, but not for art's sake.

Remembering his fine performance in a straight rôle in "Tell It to the Marines," it seems a great pity that such a good actor should indulge in charlatan tricks.

The story is a composite of "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Congo."

Revenge, dope, crooks—all the tricks! There is color and little else.

It is all very false and movie.



ANNAPOLIS
—Pathe

A PLEASANT rehash of "Classmates," "The Midshipman," and "West Point," dealing, of course, with the ever-interesting admirals of the future in *The Cradle of the Navy*.

So colorfully done that it's easy to take. John Mack Brown is the youthful undergrad who's nobly rolled out for his rival's misdemeanors, and Jeanette Loff is a most romantic heroine. Billy Bakewell and Maurice Ryan, roommates of the cadet and the cad, are irresistible wags. Very stirring in spots.

[Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 84]

Sound Pictures

HOLLYWOOD SOUND
—Warners



SOMEONE who does *NOT* know his Hollywood wrote this legend of the Cinema Capital.

George Jackson, a country boy with hay sticking out of his ears, falls for a movie queen who swoons every time our hick hero appears.

For several years, Gladys Brockwell has been inflicted with heavy, dramatic rôles, but in turning talkie, she also turns to farce and makes a tremendous go of it.

She's really an amazingly clever comedienne.

MADOLON—Universal

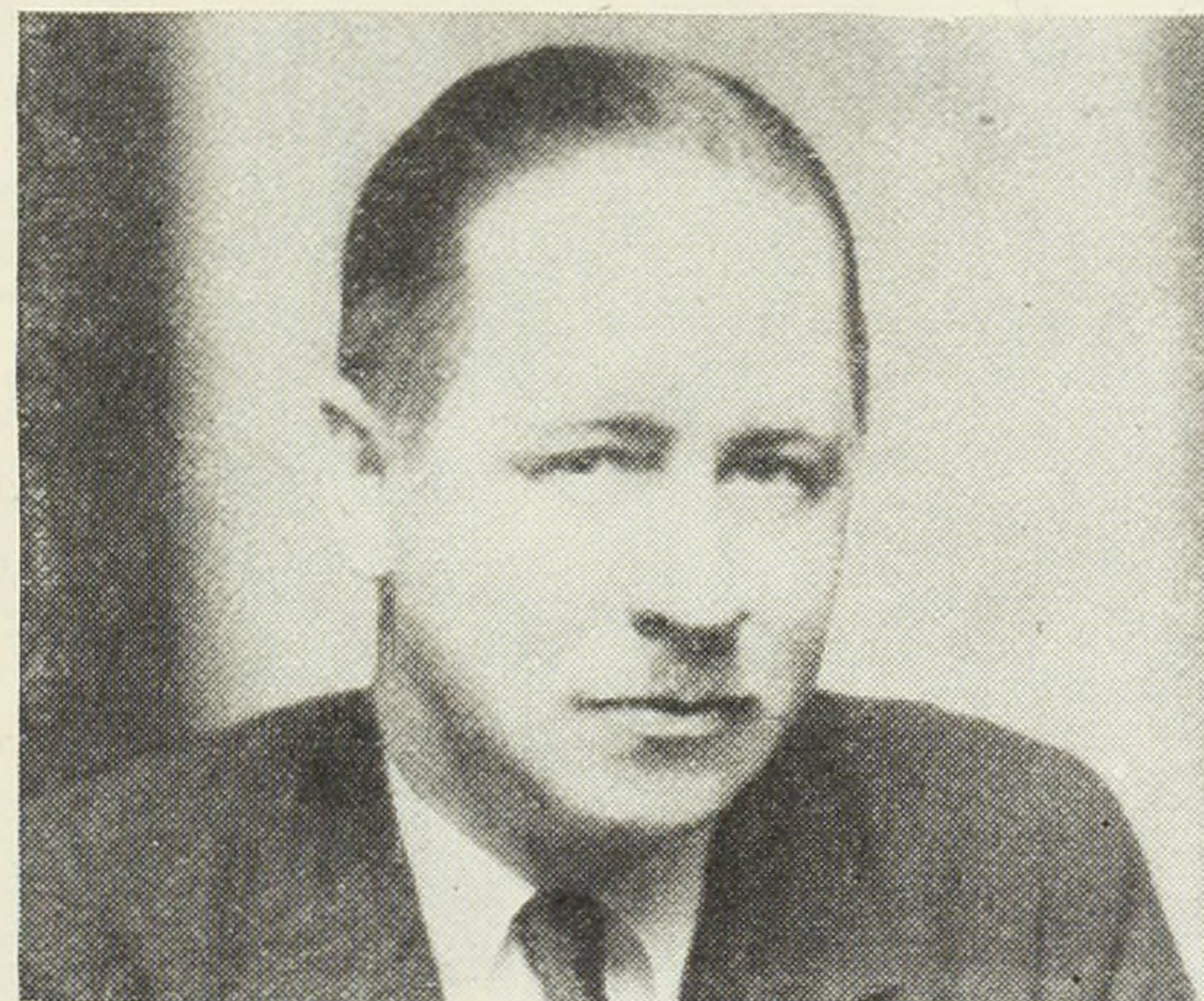
THE best you can say for it is that it talks. It also sings and makes whoopee with sound. It's Universal's idea of a full-length talkie.

Their first born, featuring war, Walter Pidgeon, song and raps.

The story is terrible, the acting worse.

Germany never had a chance, with the doughboys singing as they do in this.

This horrible example should be a museum piece, valuable because it shows how not to make a talkie.



THE SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP—Fox

THE most daring scientific lecture of the year is here brought right into your theater, so the kiddies can hear all the dirt.

That eminent authority on the mating instincts of the lower animals, Mr. Robert Benchley, talks straight from the shoulder and thousands of young men and women may be kept from making the fatal mistake, thanks to the frankness of Mr. Benchley.

This short subject is the second Movietone satire made by Mr. Benchley who will become the Francis X. Bushman of the talkies if he doesn't look out.

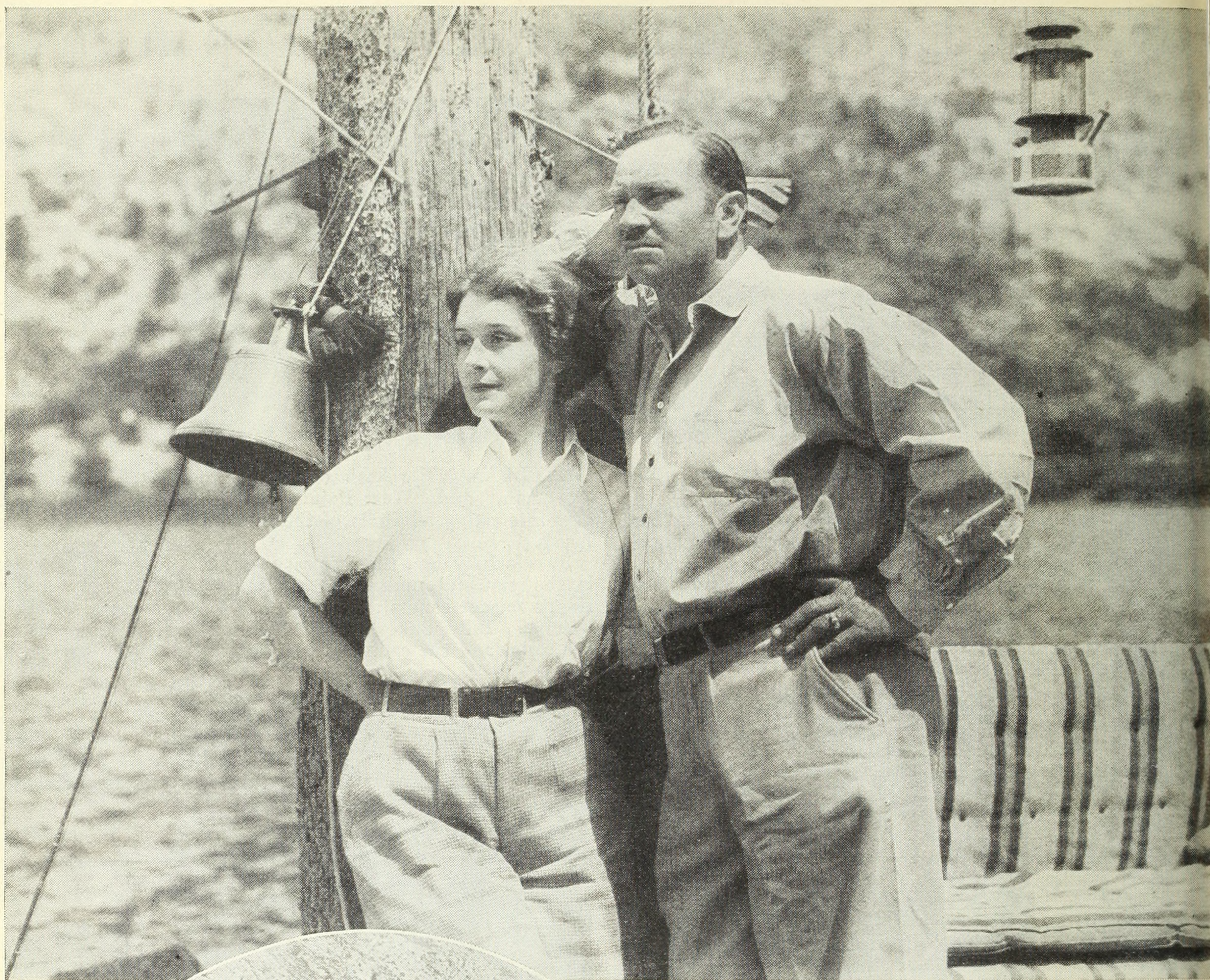
Be sure to see it.

It is one of the best and most amusing talkies released so far. And take grandma.

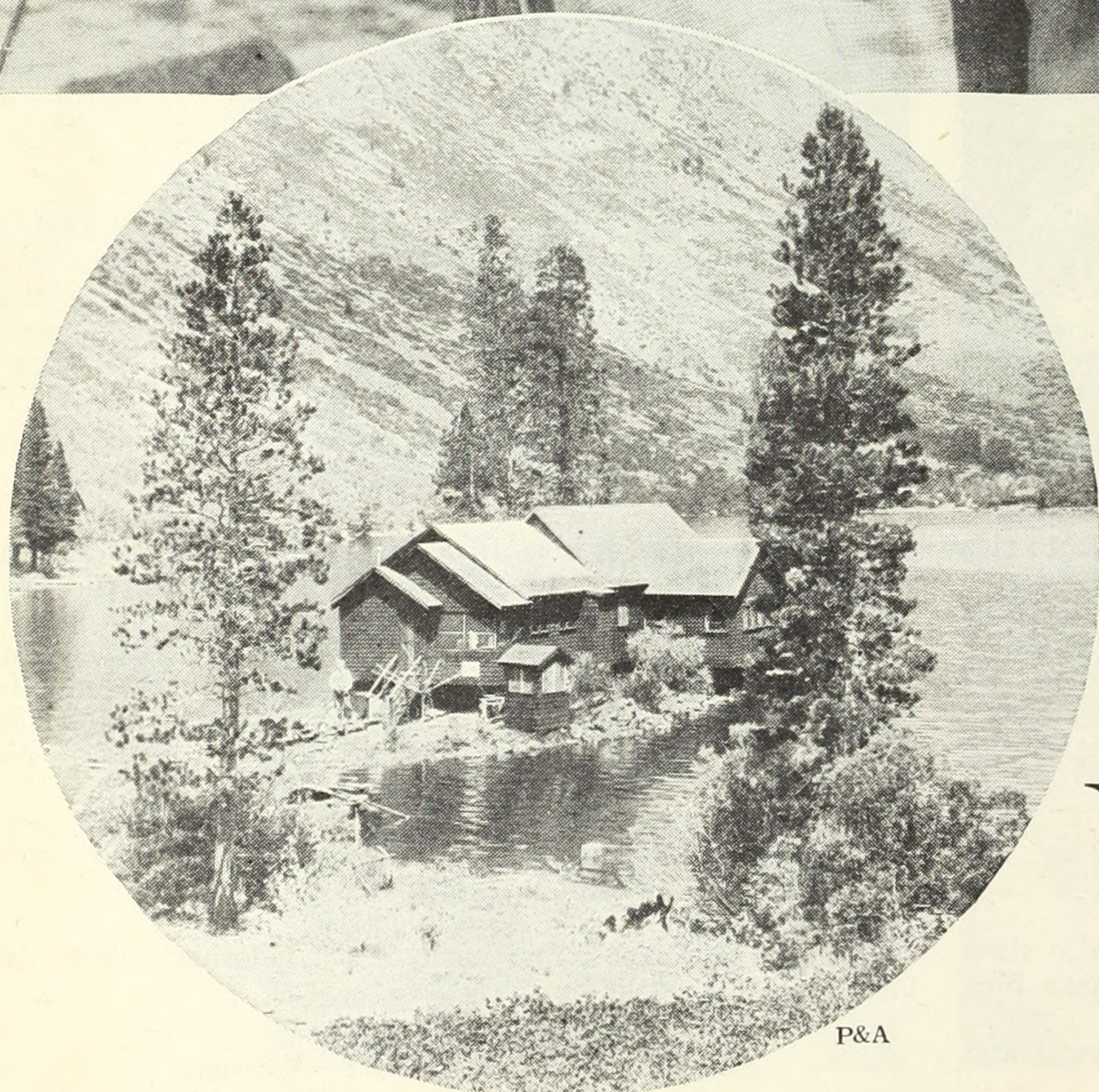
A SPANISH SERENADE—Warners

XAVIER CUGAT, violinist, presents his gigolos in a musical sketch with a Spanish atmospheric setting. Constant improvement has advanced the Vitaphone to the stage where it can now record perfectly the intricacies and variations of Spanish music.

[Additional reviews of sound pictures on page 82]



When Wallace Beery completes his dirty work at the studio he flies—literally—to his camp at Silver Lake. And there Mrs. Beery—Rita Gilman—broils him a steak and asks him if he's been a bad boy all day. The camp, one of the most picturesque in California, was purchased by the wages of sin



P&A

The Beery camp—seventy-five miles from a movie or a railroad or a telephone. Directors wishing to reach Wallace must radio for him. His mountain home is 7,600 feet above sea level in the Sierras

Where a Villain *is a* HERO



The friendship between George Fawcett and John Mack Brown started at a football game in Alabama. Fawcett advised the athlete to go to Hollywood. When Brown arrived, Fawcett spent his evenings training him for his new career

Ask Dad—He Knows!

By Katherine Albert

A BEAUTIFUL gesture has been made in Hollywood! George Fawcett, dean of character actors, graduate of the University of Virginia, one of the few film players with a notable place in "Who's Who," has passed on his experience and technique to a good looking football player from Alabama.

As successful as Fawcett's life has been there was one thing lacking. He could not point with pride to some handsome, talented fellow and say, "My son!"

And then, along came Johnny Mack Brown. It was in Birmingham. Fawcett was "on location," playing the rôle in "Men of Steel." Johnny was playing another sort of game. He was the star performer on the University of Alabama's football eleven.

The game ended. The gridiron hero was brought over to meet the cinema stars who had attended the event. Fawcett looked at the kid. "You ought to come to Hollywood, son, and have a try at pictures," he said. He used the word "son" as naturally as if the boy had been his flesh and blood.

Johnny Mack turned as crimson as the colors he had just carried to glory.

"Why, thanks," he stammered, "that's awfully nice of you, but I'm not an actor. Gee, I'd be scared to death out there. They don't need me. All I can do is to run around with a pigskin."

His modesty impressed the older man. Here was a kid who didn't know it all.

Johnny Mack arrived in Hollywood some months later. On the gridiron, he had been a star. In Hollywood, he was just another good looking boy. His name had appeared in headlines

on the sports pages of every big newspaper in America. His arrival in the film capital was announced in an obscure paragraph in just one morning journal.

But Johnny did not worry. There was George Fawcett to back him up. What if there were days and nights of mob scenes, in mud-holes or knee-deep in dust? What if there were disappointments and months of waiting? Fawcett was there with a willing, guiding hand.

And did Fawcett respond? He did—and how!

Instead of hobnobbing with cronies who had trod the boards with him, Fawcett gave his evenings to instructing the boy in the ways of the fickle Muse of the drama.

NO other lad would have accepted it all with better grace than Johnny Mack. He is pliable and appreciative and when at last he did get a part—a very small one in "The Bugle Call"—Fawcett, swelling with pride, burst a couple of buttons off his vest and accompanied the boy to the set.

Johnny was nervous. Johnny fidgeted with his tie. Johnny smoothed his hair and peered into his make-up box.

The veteran actor found himself remembering the first time that he had faltered through Hamlet's soliloquy. Fawcett had jerked at *his* tie. Fawcett had smoothed *his* hair. He was re-living his own boyhood in the theater.

He stopped remembering and yanked Johnny behind a set.

"Forget yourself, boy," he counseled. "No one is paying the slightest bit of attention to you."

The Kleigs spluttered. Camera shutters whirred. An assistant director barked a command. But Johnny was filled with courage.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

Charlie Farrell Confesses

about

Margaret

A palpitating and shattering romance about a heart of gold beneath a hulk of tin

As told to
Robert Fender

Drawing by
Stuart Hay



"Kid," said the cop, "I'm not going to give you no ticket. If you hang onto that crate you'll have more punishment than you deserve. It'll be worse than a jail sentence"

I CLAIM to be master of any Ford loose. The most ornery machine in existence is just so much nothing when compared to my chariot. When I bought my heap it was said to be the most dangerous steed on the range. Now it eats out of my hand.

Bend down close, and I'll tell you how I "broke" Margaret—for Margaret's her name.

Before things began to come my way, I would make daily calls on all the studios in an effort to get a "bit"—anything to do. Hollywood is probably the most spread-out town in the world, and I spent most of my time on street cars and busses. Spent most my money on them too—just to give you an idea of how much money I had.

Came a day when I thought I was never intended for the movies. I had just fifty dollars left, and so I decided to plunge, and at least make a graceful exit.

I bought Margaret for thirty dollars.

Now I knew that even at thirty dollars Margaret was no bargain.

I think I bought her out of pity as much as for any other reason.

There she stood—her headlights looking sad-eyed up at me. She seemed to say, "Come on and buy me. We're both a little battered and maybe we can get to be good friends."

At any rate, Margaret became mine and from that time on, Hollywood hardware stores stocked up on baling wire.

As Margaret and I started out of the second-hand car lot, the future appeared to brighten up.

But not for long. No sooner had we cleared the curb than she seemed to grow tired. She sighed—wheezed—and stopped—

Followed a death-like silence.

I roused myself, and lifting her hood, looked inside.

Later I did away with that hood. It grew tiresome lifting it up fifty times a day.

But I didn't know so much then. I thought Margaret just needed a little coaxing and that we would soon be skimming on our way.

You see I had never had much to do with second-hand Fords.

Poking around inside the car I found that Margaret's stay had become unfastened.

Now Margaret is a big girl and old enough—oh, older—to take care of herself.

I looked again.

"If I only had a piece of wire—baling wire," I thought.

I looked under the seat.

Ah—success!

The second-hand dealer had been more than kind. He had left nearly a dozen pieces—enough, I guess he thought, for Margaret and me to get clear of his establishment.

I HOOKED Margaret up.

Then, with breath suspended, I commenced "winding" the crank.

Once more, success!

Margaret rattled and fumed like the best of 'em.

I tried low gear—we moved.

Then high gear—we kept moving.

And then with a beautiful birdlike motion we took off at the maddening pace of twelve miles an hour. No ocean hopper could have been more thrilled than I as Margaret and I roared along the streets.

"Look, folks," I wanted to shout.

"Look—this is Margaret—and she's Mine!"

I didn't say these things, but people looked just the same. Margaret spoke for both of us. She snorted and sneezed—but this time she kept going.

We rounded a corner, and before I noticed that the traffic sign said "STOP," we had crossed the street.

A nearby policeman roused himself, and somehow I pulled Margaret up to a dead halt.

He eyed my buggy carefully, and then,

"What d'ya call it?"

"Margaret," I whispered.

"Pretty name, Margaret," he said. [CONT'D ON PAGE 146]

FAY WRAY took the title of "The Wedding March" seriously. After working for almost two years in Eric von Stroheim's story of apple-blossom time in Vienna, Miss Wray staged her own wedding march with Jim Monk Saunders, the author of "Wings."





DOROTHY MACKAILL plays the rôle of a tugboat captain's daughter in "Waterfront." And she falls in love with a sea-farin' gent who works on a ferryboat, played by Jack Mulhall. The harbor scenes for this nautical but nice romance were filmed within the Golden Gate of San Francisco.



Dyar

IT'S no use to waste your pity on the poor sailors when Clara Bow goes for a cruise on the schooner *Diablo*. If this sort of thing keeps up San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, will soon be the most popular port in the world. Appropriately enough, Clara's current picture is "The Fleet's In."



Spurr

MARY BRIAN is all mixed up in a sensational murder. Mary is one of the witnesses in "The Canary Murder Case," in which Ruth Taylor is the beautiful victim. That handsome slicker, William Powell, plays *Philo Vance*, the Social Register sleuth. You will soon be summoned for jury duty in this important case.

An Innocent Gringo

in MEXICO

Our War Correspondent is Kidnapped by Bandits and hastily Returned—Latest from Hollywood Front, where Talkies are being Massed for Battle

By
Senor
Herbert
Howe



Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR JIM:

The reason you didn't hear from me last month is that I was kidnapped by bandits in Mexico. They intended to hold me for ransom, little knowing the cost to keep and general overhead to say nothing of the indifference of friends and relatives; but when they saw by my passport I was from Hollywood they giddyapped off in all directions reaching for help.

If I could collect off them were their serapes and sombreros, as well as a little more time I could have sold them some of my stock and had their shirts too. Which shows that we Americans lead in every industry the world over.

American Bandits Best

The only bona fide go-getting bandits I met down there were Americans. One offered me a silver mine belonging to the Mexican government. I traded him Roxy's Theater for it. I can't beat us gringos. The other Americano was hoosed by the Mexican authorities for misrepresenting himself as a motion picture director. If similar justice were meted

You can't get away from Hollywood. Near Mexico City there is a new sub-division which is advertised "Hollywood in Mexico." If Cortez and his men could pass that way again, Herb Howe fears there would be another Noche Triste, or Night of Tears

out in Hollywood there would be few movies, and no talkies to date.

Why should we give the Mexicans all the banditti honors in pictures? That, by the way, is what they would like to know.

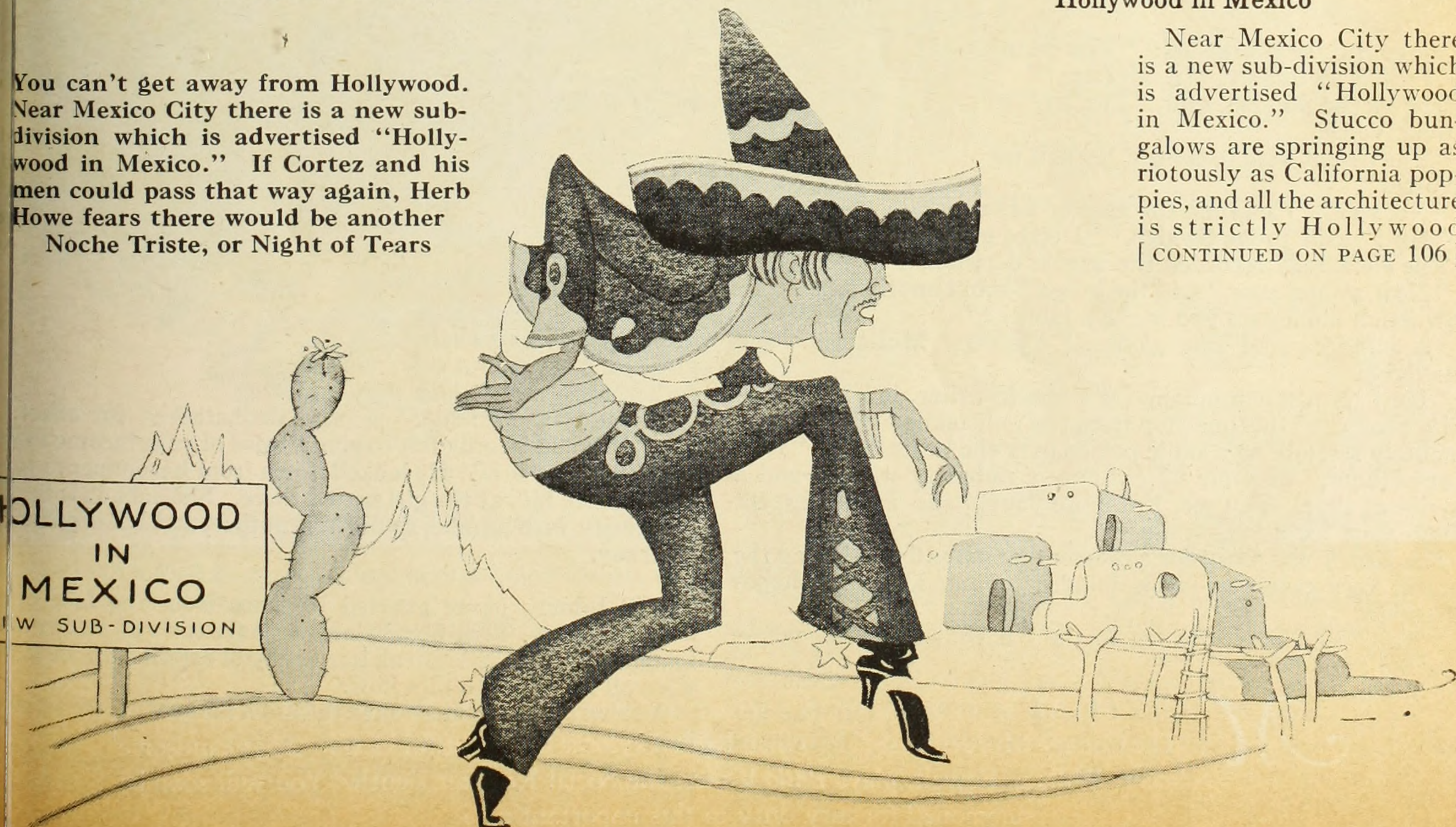
You Can't Get Away from IT

Crossing the line that frees you from prohibition jokes, I toasted myself with a drink of tequila which is reputed to have torn up the whole tribe of Toltecs, but which seemed to me a very soft drink indeed compared to the goof punch served in certain Hollywood salons. A few minutes later I glanced out the car window and saw Wally Beery's head sticking out of the bulrushes. I feared I had contracted the tequila tremens and was seeing Wally instead of the customary pink elephant, but when a fellow passenger corroborated my vision I concluded Wally was merely sneaking the border, as is the custom of us Californians on murdering somebody. Then we saw the cameras grinding and the company on location for "Beggars of Life."

You can't get away from Hollywood.

Hollywood in Mexico

Near Mexico City there is a new sub-division which is advertised "Hollywood in Mexico." Stucco bungalows are springing up as riotously as California poppies, and all the architecture is strictly Hollywood [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



The MOVIES are

Sometimes the best of the romance
is played after the final fade-out

IT was approaching four o'clock in Los Angeles, and Judge Swidge, with one eye on the clock, was hearing the last case of the day, that of McLane versus McLane, a petition for divorce.

The very young husband was on the stand. He glanced nervously around, fidgeted in his chair, wetted his dry lips, and passed his hand through his hair in a nervous gesture. His eyes were filled with pain as they met the disconcerting glances of hostility from the morbid audience.

Mrs. John McLane had preceded her husband on the stand. When her testimony was concluded, she had withdrawn with the goodwill of the crowd, as the feminine half of a splitting human team invariably does.

Mr. John McLane wetted his parched lips again and awaited the questioning of the honorable court. "Are you represented by counsel, Mr. McLane?"

"No, sir."

Judge Swidge proceeded: "You heard your wife's testimony, Mr. McLane?"

The victim nodded, said, "Yes, sir," in a weak voice.

"You do not wish to contest her suit for divorce?"

"No, sir!" This time the answer was emphatic.

"Hm!" said Judge Swidge. "Decree granted."

The clerk duly recorded the august decision.

"Now, young man," said the judge, "about another matter—how much money do you make a month?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars." Johnny McLane's voice quavered.

"Hm! Not much money for a movie writer, is it?" Curiosity prompted this question from the judicial lips. Something remotely resembling a smile passed over the boy's face. "But, Your Honor," he said, "I am only a publicity writer—and a novice at that. You see, I'm quite young, and I can't expect much more for a long while yet."

His Honor was silent for a moment, apparently weighing the matter very carefully in his mind. Johnny McLane's hopes ascended.

"Well," said Judge Swidge, finally, "a young man like you—how old are you?"

"Twenty-three." Meekly.

"Twenty-three!" exclaimed the judge. "My, but you are precocious—married and divorced at twenty-three. You are on the way to becoming a second Nat Goodwin."

The audience snickered at this. Johnny McLane squirmed in his chair, blushed, and perspired some more. The judge



leaned back in his chair, placed his finger tips together, and tried to look very imposing.

"Well, Mr. McLane," he said deliberately, for effect, "think it would be only fair to give a third of your income to your wife. Don't you?" He looked down from his eminence to the table before him at the girl seated there. She acknowledged his generosity with a smile, as did her mother, and her eaglebeak attorney.

BUT Johnny never averted his gaze from the face of the magistrate. That face below was only too well known. His imagination recalled it in all its variety of expression. And they were all repellent to him now.

A third of his income—fifty dollars a month! How would he live?

Judge Swidge leaned over and looked at the document before him. "Hm! 'Non-support'—so the citation reads," he said. "Bad! Hm, very bad! Yes, fifty dollars."

Like That

By
Dudley Early

Illustrated by
De Alton
Valentine



Johnny could not repress a feeling of admiration for Mary, though he felt it to be flagrant disloyalty to his new love; and it angered him that he could feel anything but distaste for his ex-wife. But all the justice within him demanded that he respect and admire Mary

II

Five years . . .

Louie (Louis R.) Schlank, president of Premier Pictures, Inc., was admitted by all qualified to pass judgment to be among the leaders in the motion picture industry. It was said of him that his judgment in choosing lieutenants was infallibly good.

On a very lovely morning in June he was sitting before his desk in a characteristic pose: his body slumped far down in his heavily stuffed, leather-covered chair, and his three chins reposing restfully on the stiff bosom of his shirt. He was awaiting the arrival of someone. Presently there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" called Louie, and the chief of his scenario department entered. He crossed the room and sat down in a chair beside the desk.

Louie looked at him for a long while through half-closed eyelids, before asking: "How old are you, Johnny?"

"Twenty-eight," answered Johnny McLane.

"Ah! twenty-eight," sighed Louie dreamily, "how vunderful!"

"Wonderful?" repeated Johnny in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, so vunderful." Louie sighed again, "Vunderful to be the general manager of such a big company as I vill haf, at twenty-eight!"

Johnny's eyes widened. He gulped. He asked wonderingly: "You mean that you're making me general manager, Mr. Schlank?"

"Vell, vy not?" came back Louie belligerently, as if his acumen had been questioned. "Ain't I got the right? And ain't I getting old? Don't I need some smart young feller to look after details while I concentrate on expanding?"

He smiled paternally, reached across the desk and patted Johnny's arm. "My boy," he said, "you are a smart young feller. You vork hard. You haf imagination; vidout it a man is a goop—you are no goop. So I am giffing you a big job."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

Johnny made a gesture of protest; words tumbled from his mouth: "No, no, Judge! That isn't true! I didn't know—you didn't tell me what grounds they were going to sue on, till it was too late to change it!"

His Honor was exasperated. "Then you wish to contest the decree?" he asked brusquely.

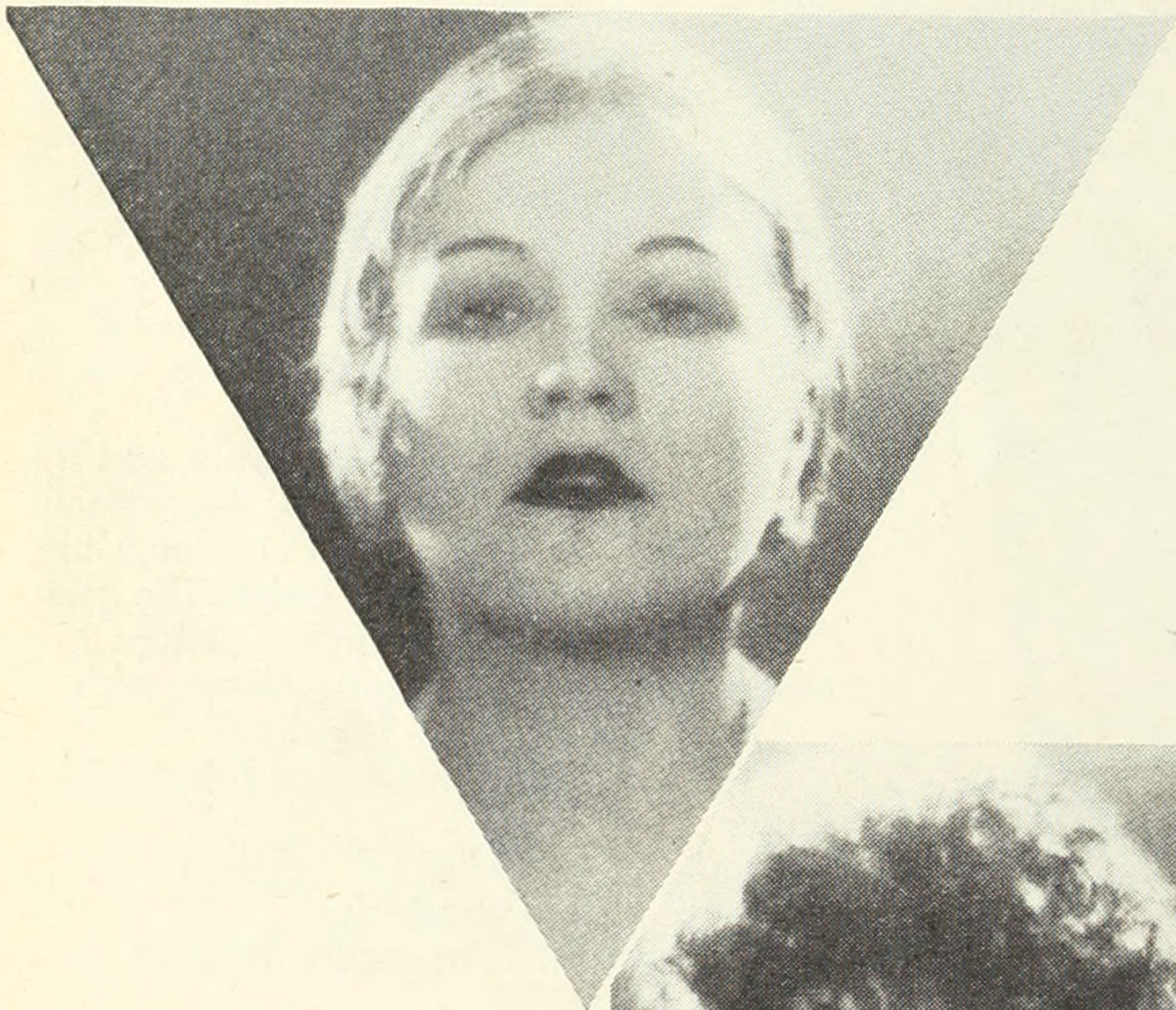
JOHNNY slumped back in his chair, shook his head impotently. "No," he said listlessly.

"Fifty dollars a month maintenance money, then, until the decree is granted," decreed Swidge, and rising from his chair, started for his chambers.

GOING LIGHT *in the* Head



Gertrude Olmsted was a one-picture blonde. The peroxide was applied for "Becky." But Gertrude believes that blondes are born and not made, so she let her hair grow back to its natural chestnut brown, at the request of her director-husband, Robert Z. Leonard



The title of the picture was "A Blonde for a Night." Rather than change the title, Marie Prevost went goldilocks. And doesn't she look like Phyllis Haver? In spite of the pleadings of her friends, Marie went back to her natural curly brown hair. She didn't know herself when she looked into a mirror



Carmel Myers has tried all colors. When Carmel was a kid, her hair was red. But she grew tired of being called "carrots," so when she went into the movies she dyed her hair. Now she's blonde, which is nearer the natural color than the hair you've been seeing on the screen

When the picture calls for a blonde, the girls are willing to dye for their Art

ew years ago Madge Bellamy achieved a new personality by emerging as a blonde. After a few pictures, Madge decided that the new personality wasn't worth the worry and upkeep. Her little fling over and she's gone back to dark hair. All of which proves that there is no satisfying 'em



Pauline Starke went peroxide because she was cast in a color production and she wanted to supply that golden touch. But she likes her new hair so well that she is going to stay that way. Because most of the leading men are dark, blonde heroines are preferred by way of contrast



Vera Reynolds has no alibi. She turned blonde just because she preferred to be that way. No picture requirement forced her to the decision; she simply thinks that light hair is more becoming than dark hair. And, in Vera's case, it is true. So there you are!

How STARS Meet



Esther Ralston had two large closets in her bedroom. She only needed one. So she turned the extra space into a dressing room, thereby keeping the powder dust, rouge and cold cream jars out of the bedroom itself

THE homes of the film folk high on the exclusive hills of Beverly may look like summer hotels gone de Mille, but their interiors are less forbidding.

There is hardly one that does not boast some interesting nook where one may enjoy a cup of tea or a book or an hour of gossip. Yes, the stars *do* do these things as a relief from their strenuous work at the studios.

However, these nooks, although built for comfort and happiness, represent, very often, some household problem solved.

All of us have moved into a new home only to discover that our drapes are too short or too long for a certain window or that the awfully interesting little slipper chair doesn't suit the west corner of the bedroom at all. Sometimes our old homes become a bore and we long to make some startling change in them.

Mary Pickford has the most original way of meeting these household problems. In

Transforming awkward ners into useful and

her beautiful home, there is an inviting fireplace in almost every room. But there is nothing more uninviting and forbidding looking than a fireplace in the summer. It yawns at you and is ugly.

Of course, there are screens to be had but even these are sometimes awkward, so our Mary originated the idea of having a sliding mirror placed in front of each fireplace. In the summer-time it makes an attractive asset to the room, giving it a bright cool look and in the winter the mirror may be drawn back so that a cheerful wood fire can crackle on the hearth.

THERE are other interesting devices at Pickfair. One is so typical of all husbands that I must tell you about it. Douglas, it seems, has the unhappy habit of forgetting to close the screen doors. This caused Mary no little worry, so she worked out the idea of having the door separate in the middle and automatically slide back after you have gone through it. Now Doug does not need to bother to shut the door. It closes of its own accord.

There were far too many books at Pickfair—not too many to enjoy, but too many to be placed gracefully about the rooms. A special case was made with



Joan Crawford had too many book-shelves and not enough books. What was the use of buying a lot of books just for show? So she arranged her small library in this futuristic fashion to cover the wide open spaces

Their Household Problems

ward and idle corners and beautiful nooks

By Lois Shirley

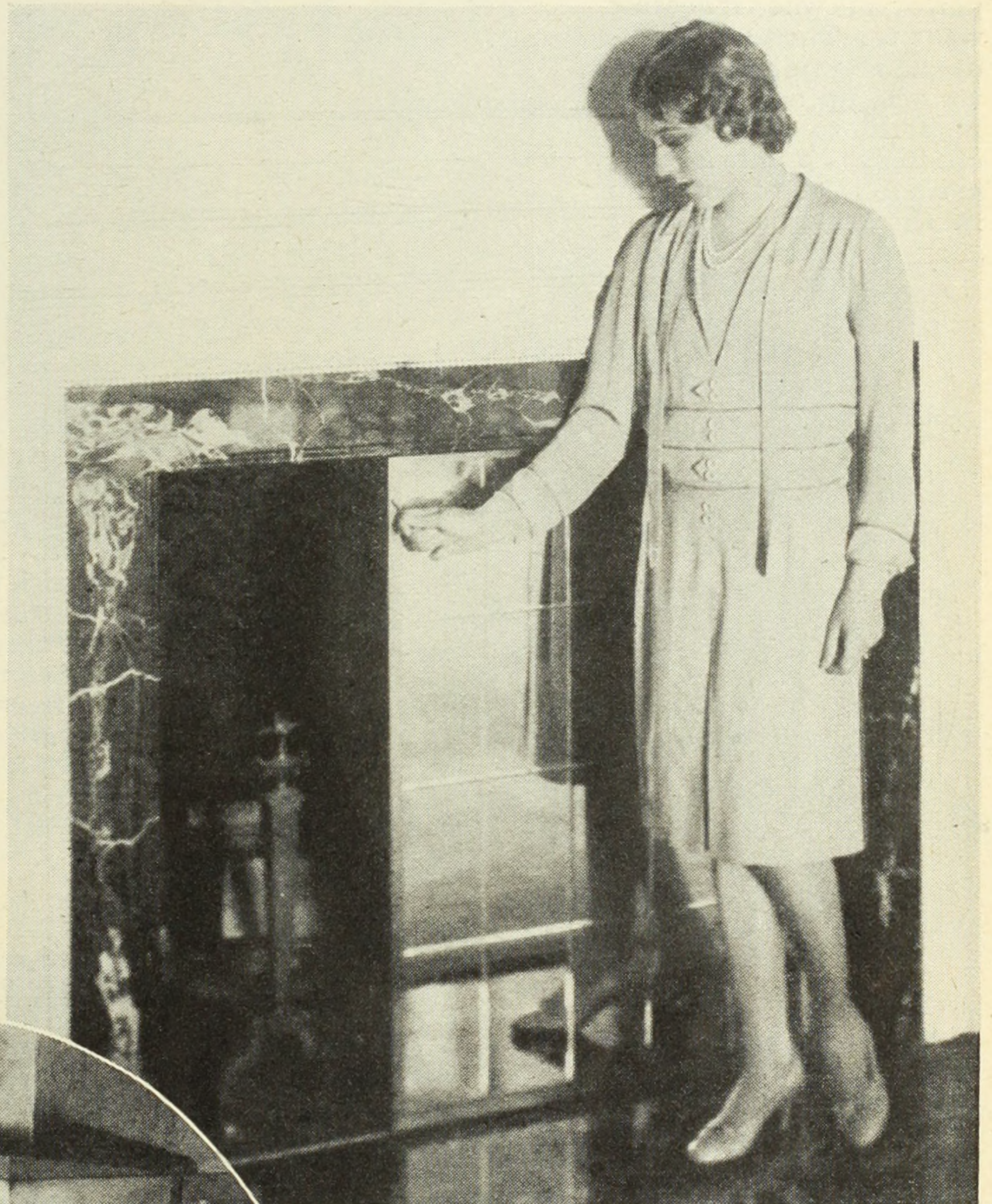
drawers that slide back into the wall, layer upon layer.

Books have troubled many a home maker. You have either too few or too many. Did anybody ever have enough to fit exactly into the book shelves?

When Joan Crawford moved into her beautiful Spanish home in Beverly Hills, she found that there was too much space on the shelves for the books she owned, yet her library was by no means limited. Here's the reason for all the book shelves. Herb Howe had built the house and you know these writer folk. He, I imagine, had a lot of space so that he could preserve old copies of PHOTOPLAY.

WELL," said Joan, "I told all my friends that I didn't have enough books for my shelves but nothing seemed to happen. People can't take a hint in Hollywood."

But you can't stump Joan Crawford on a household problem or any other sort of problem. The day of futurism is upon us. Joan arranged the volumes so that one row went diagonally across the shelf and the other in the opposite direction, forming an interesting cubist pattern. Now Joan



What is worse than a black, yawning fireplace in summer? Mary Pickford equipped all the fireplaces in Pickfair with sliding mirrors which are less awkward and just as decorative as screens



This modern version of an old-fashioned wardrobe is of red lacquer with designs of silver. It was made to fit a useless corner in a guest room of Aileen Pringle's home. As you can see, it is a model of convenience

doesn't want any more books since this arrangement is so unique.

The futuristic craze brought Colleen Moore an especial sort of bookcase. She can certainly go in for higher literature by perching on the top shelf and just to make it all more decorative and ornamental she leaves a space for two porcelain birds. The lower shelves conceal from view those big awkward volumes that all of us have and keep, but that none of us want to show off.

You may judge by all this that the stars have books only for decorative purposes. It isn't true, of course, but when Lilyan Tashman found that there wasn't a single picture or any group of pictures that was suitable for the south wall of the den, she had one side knocked out and two rows of books with a shelf for vases put in.

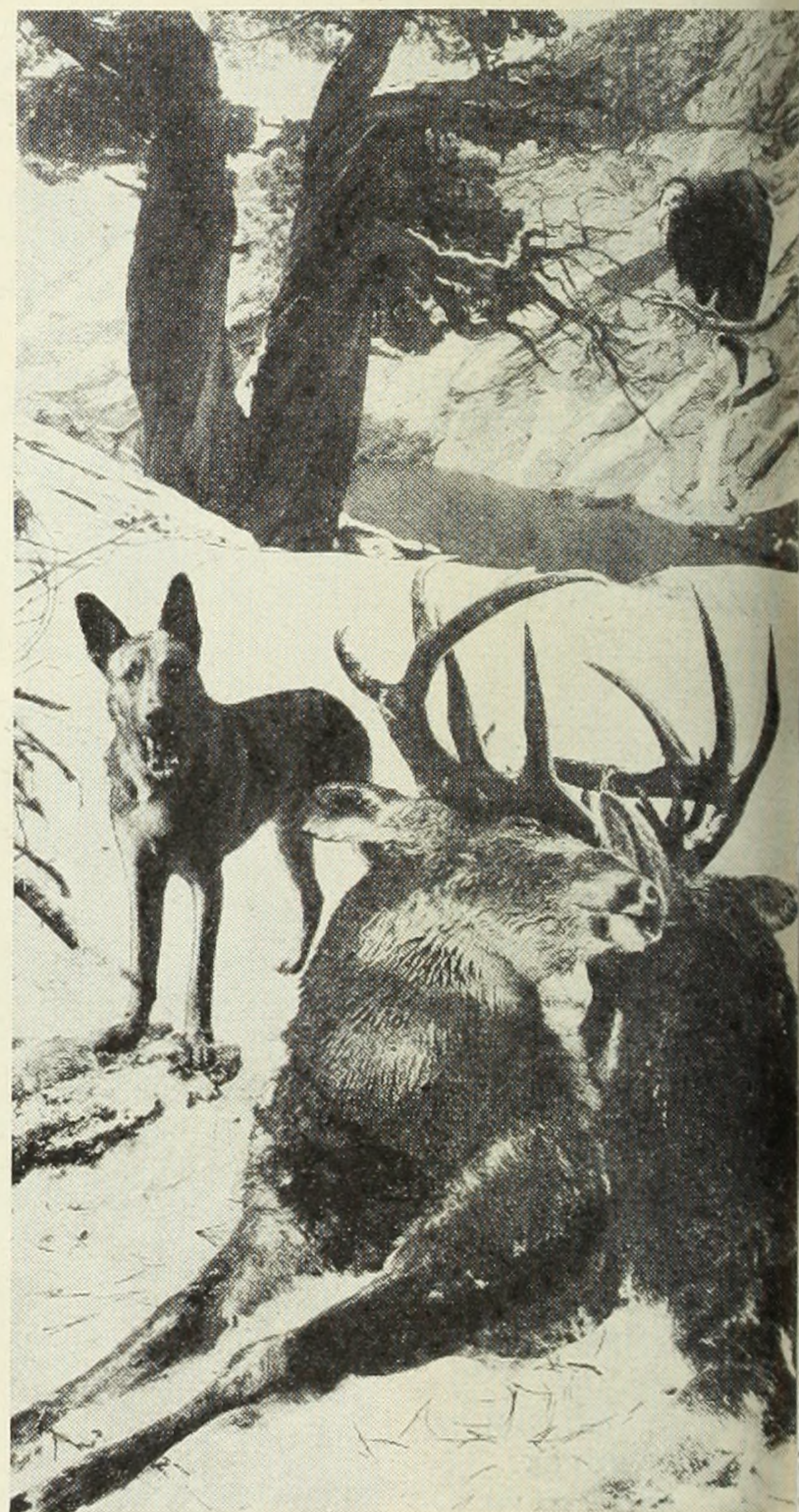
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

Not So Dumb-

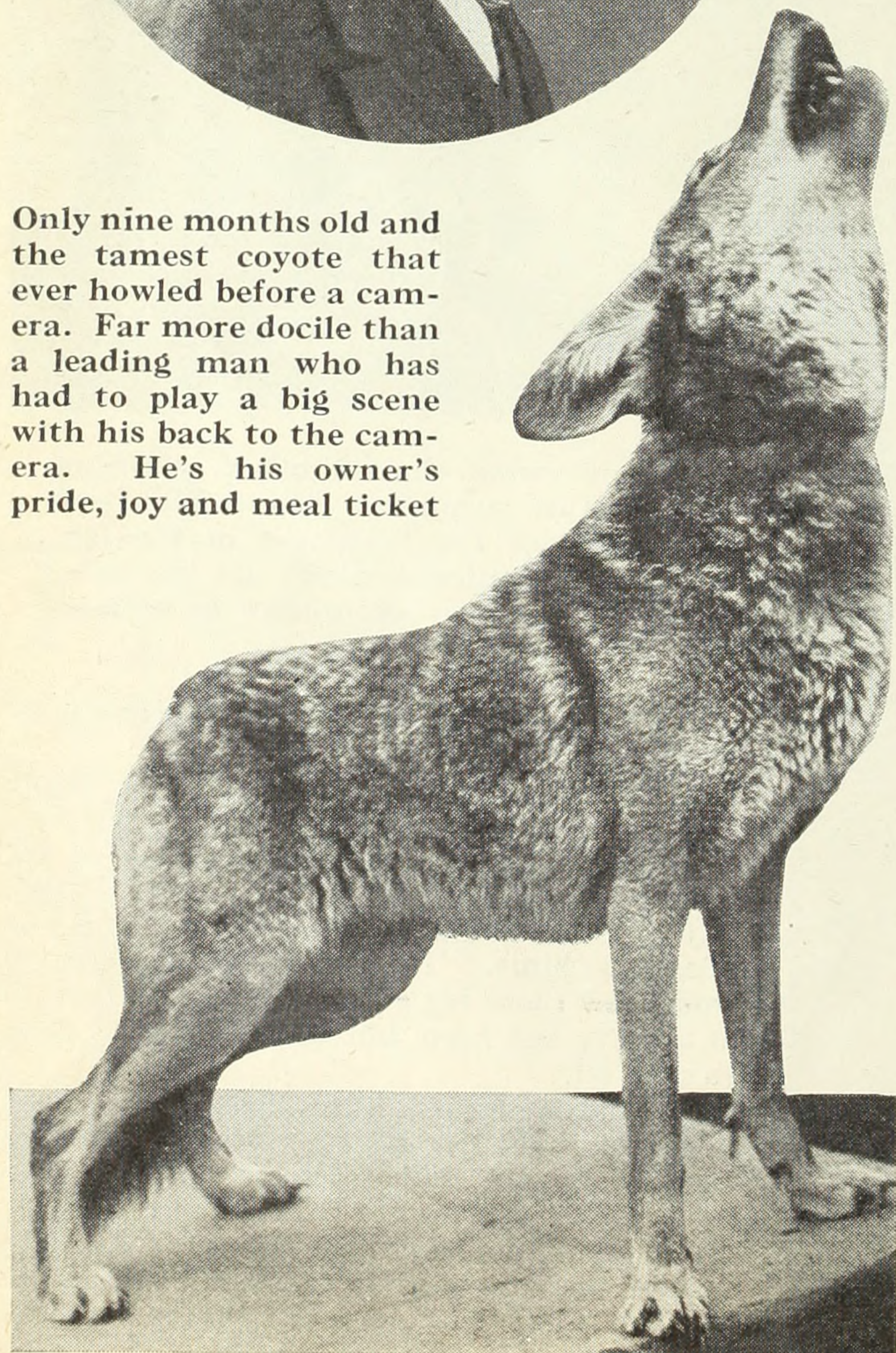
Below: Try to make a parrot talk when it doesn't want to. Then you'll understand what the director was up against when he tried to get Polly to chatter in Jimmie Adams' ear. A piece of gumdrop in the parrot's beak did the trick



Above you see Puzzums doing her stuff. This engaging little trick will support the cat during all her nine lives. Puzzums has now left the Sennett Studio and is free-lancing. Those comics are merely a training school for a great artist



Only nine months old and the tamest coyote that ever howled before a camera. Far more docile than a leading man who has had to play a big scene with his back to the camera. He's his owner's pride, joy and meal ticket



Battle to death between elk, a tragedy of the woods, staged in a studio and not a real tragedy. The wolf (really a police dog) and the trained buzzard wait for their prey. A grim scene on the screen, but harmless in the studio

INTRODUCING some great artists who are paid only in meat, tin cans, or bird seed. Many of them are members of Jack Slotkin's Animal Casting Office, also known as Hollywood's Noah's Ark.

- Here are some of the requests that Slotkin has to meet:
- One fifteen-foot snake for gag business.
- One pig, stout, with light make-up.
- A swarm of bees—not camera conscious.
- One trained goat.

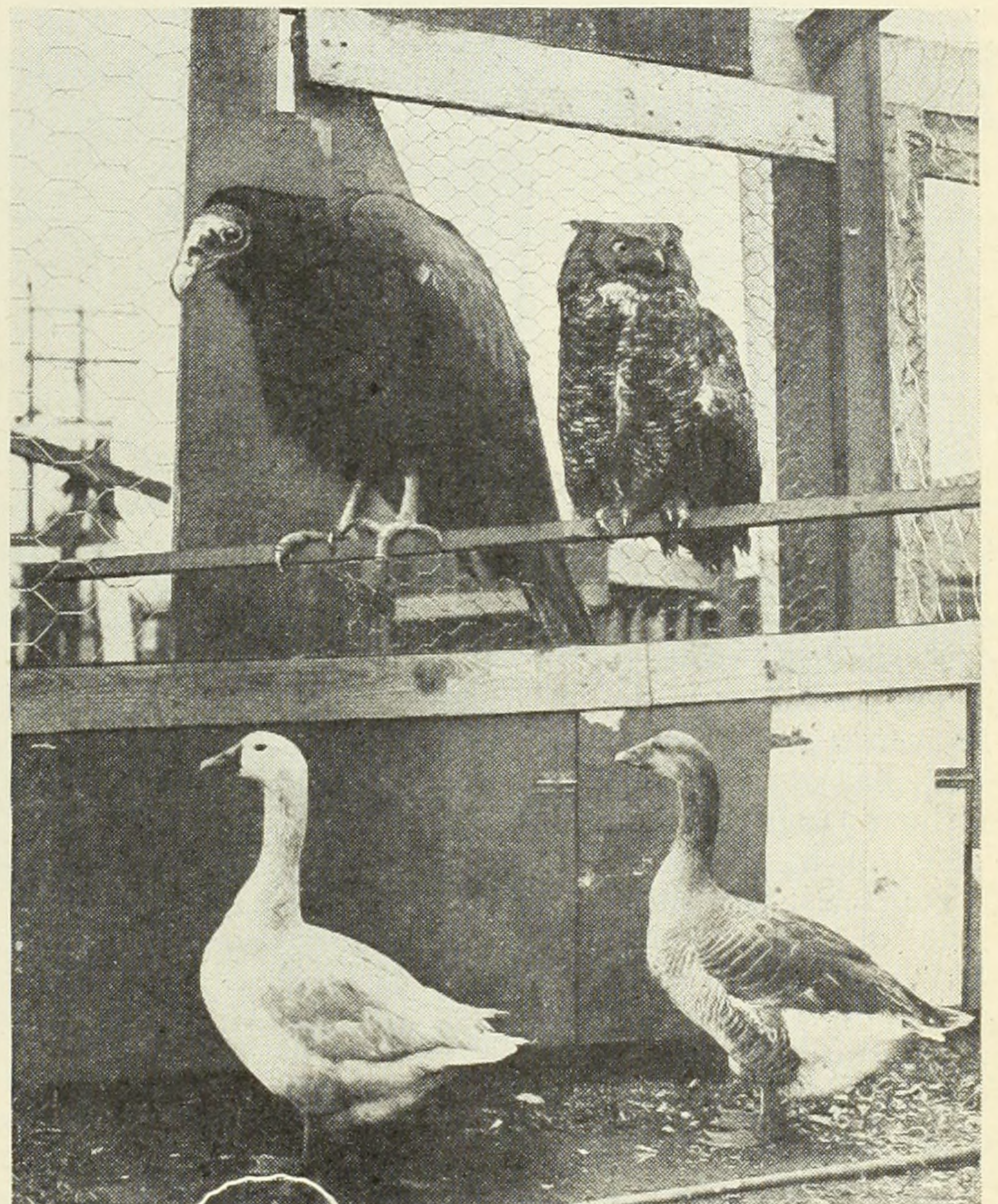
Don't feel sorry for the animals you see on the screen. Holly

These Animal Movie Actors



Above: "Is yo' sure, Boss, that skunk ain't wild?" asks the dark-skinned comic when Jack Slotkin, animal director, puts his good pussy through a few of his tricks. It takes perfect faith to play with a pet like this

On the right: Waiting for their call, a buzzard, an owl and a couple of geese. They all hope that some scenario writer will put them in a dramatic scene. These birds are always kept in good condition for a sudden call



Above: An intimate little home scene such as this often takes hours of patient waiting on the part of the director and cameraman. The trick is to keep both the baby and the dog quiet at the same time. Try it yourself, if you think it's easy!



A goat noted for his marksmanship. Once a comedy director turned and bowed to some friends when Billy was all set to go. What followed was never shown on the screen

God is kinder to dumb creatures than to humans. Animal performers are carried to and from the studios by automobile and are specially fed while they are working. Those death scenes, shown occasionally, are carefully faked. Trained animals are considered too valuable to be exposed to danger or cruel treatment. Cruelty is strictly against the rules, as it takes the spirit of the animal and frightens him out of doing his best work.

No wonder the human players sometimes envy the studio animals!

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

First Announcement of Judges in \$2,000 Contest— World News of Amateur Club Activities

HAVE you started your contest film?

Better get busy. A half year is none too long to build a celluloid prize winner.

PHOTOPLAY is happy to announce a portion of the distinguished jury of judges for its second amateur movie contest.

Colonel Roy W. Winton, managing director of the Amateur Cinema League and a leader in the amateur movement, has accepted an invitation to be a judge.

So, too, has Stephen F. Voorhees, vice-president of the league. Mr. Voorhees, aside from being an amateur film enthusiast, is the leader of the modern school of architecture in the United States and has to the credit of his firm the New York Telephone Building, which won the nation prize of the American Institute of Architects. He now has two great buildings under way.

Wilson Barrett, executive secretary of the National Board of Review, will be a judge. For years Mr. Barrett has been foremost in the battle for better pictures. His organization has taken a vital part in the improvement of the screen and Mr. Barrett himself is interested deeply in amateur film making.

King Vidor, the famous director, will be the only representative of the professional photoplay on the jury. Mr. Vidor is considered by many to be the best American director. He made "The Big Parade," winner of PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal for 1925, and he directed many other noteworthy films, including the recent much talked about production, "The Crowd."



A scene from the Australian amateur production, "Pearl of the Pacific," now being filmed. The Australians have had government co-operation and are making an elaborate standard-width film. Special lighting equipment is used in the jungle

You may enter as many contest films as you wish, provided each one meets all the rules, which will be found on page 123. Panchromatic film and the new Eastman color film may be used entirely or in part, provided it is safety stock.

Another thing—if you sell or obtain remuneration in any way for your contest film, it can not be entered as an amateur contribution. However, if you do sell film now and then you are not lifted out of the amateur ranks. PHOTOPLAY, not being as finicky as a national tennis official, considers a movie amateur to be a person who makes most of his films for his own amusement.



Here is part of the lighting equipment used in night sequences of "Pearl of the Pacific." The plant is 90 HP Petrol set direct, coupled to 450 amp. 110 Volt generator mounted on a truck

James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY, will be a judge, as will the managing editor of the publication. Other judges will be announced next month completing the jury.

BEFORE you start planning your contest film, read the rules carefully. They are simple and direct—but your contest entry must observe every rule to be eligible for consideration by the judges.

There are some early inquiries to be answered here. Officers and directors of the Amateur Cinema League, other than judges, may enter films in the contest. To be these notable amateur pioneers, because they have won distinction in the league, would be unfair.

LAST month this department referred to "Masque," the production of the Peabody Cinema Club of Nashville, Tenn. This effort contains many very interesting movies

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

The Pose-Killer

Jack Mulhall throws a few verbal bricks at the high hat. He's an Irishman, so who has a better right or a surer aim?

By Mark Larkin



Not a new foreign discovery, nor yet a baby star. The pretty girl is Mrs. Jack Mulhall. It's one of their few pictures taken together. Mrs. Mulhall gives Jack the monopoly on cameras

ACK MULHALL has found the secret of success, and he is willing to pass it along, without charge, to anyone who is willing to absorb it.

"There is only one way to succeed," says Jack. "Just yourself. Don't pose, don't pretend, don't put on a high hat."

This has been Jack's creed ever since he started on his own. After fifteen years in the films, he has found that it still has merit.

In San Francisco Bay not so long ago, a freighter came in from the Orient—a typical tramp, scurvy-looking and dirty, with the black paint peeled off in flakes the size of your hand, and the size of the side of your house. She wallowed low in the water, loaded to the gun's by gluttonous owners.

At the rail on the fo'castle stood an oiler, grimy as the ship itself. His face was smeared, a sweat-towel was wrapped around his neck, the corner clutched in his teeth, and one of his cheeks protruded in a manner that indicated the telltale chew of tobacco. Occasionally he spat over the side.

He was contemplating San Francisco rising on its numerous hills and devising ways and means of entertaining himself, once he got ashore.

His name, oddly enough, was Jack Mulhall—a greasy oiler! At least that was his rôle, and a starring part at that, in "Waterfront," the current Mackaill-Mulhall attraction for the West National.

They asked him why he didn't put on make-up.

He answered: "I am going to be an oiler on a freighter, not an actor on a set."

Fifteen years ago he began to practice this creed—when he had not entered pictures. Don't judge from this, however, that he is an old man. He began when he was a kid, and if you looked into his laughing Irish eyes—as blue as the lakes of the Emerald Isle—you'd still call him a kid.

THE day I saw him, Jack was dressed in white flannels, with a blue sweater that matched his eyes, and a blue tie that was a shade lighter.

"I get a great kick out of some of the celebrities that I knew in the days when," said Jack. "Many of them are wearing high hats today. And I, being contrary-minded, can't help but make a fall out of some of 'em, especially when they try to high-tail me. I always try to think of their most embarrassing moment and remind 'em of it. And, believe me, that always comes under the hide."

A director whose greatest asset was a pose of importance annoyed Jack very much because he was constantly making it appear that only by virtue of his own superior intelligence was Jack able to get anything over on the screen. Having stood this for several weeks, Jack finally rebelled. He waited till the director approached him in his best condescending manner to remark, "Jack, my boy, I have a great idea."

He got no farther than that. Jack's Irish ire broke bounds.

"NOW listen," said Jack, the whole company standing by with ears cocked, "you never had an idea in your whole life. Let's come down out of the clouds. Be yourself. And from now on just go ahead and make the picture and eliminate the boloney."

And they did, from then on.

Jack got his inspiration for being himself out of a stokehold. It happened when he was in his 'teens and was working his way back from Europe, where he had gone, adventure bound.

"You can't put it on with the 'black gang' on a ship," he announced. "They get wise to you in a hurry."

Another thing that Jack sets up as an axiom is the matter of delicacy.

"On this last location in San Francisco," he said, "we had with us a man with the toughest mug I ever saw. Even Louis Wolheim would have won a beauty prize alongside of him. We cast him because of his face, and because of his experience as a longshoreman. As we sat at lunch one day, one of the party made remarks that were not particularly fitting for the table, and the man with the ugly pan pushed back his chair and went outside.

"Something in his manner seemed ominous. Someone else followed him out to find out what the trouble was.

"The stevedore type was trembling with rage. And he was waiting for the man who had made the off-color remarks to come out so he could 'teach him a little manners,' he said.

"So you see, you can't always tell from a man's looks what's in his heart. And consideration for others has saved many a black eye."

REELING AROUND

with

Leonard Hall

Art Gets a Break

*"Sennett Will Make Forty Comics in Sound!"
Art, at the news, leaps ahead with a bound.
Oh, for the squish of a fresh lemon pie!
Oh, for the smack of a sock in the eye!*

Said with a Smile

WILL ROGERS may make a talkie for Paramount . . . That smacking sound you hear is the gum . . . And Rin-Tin-Tin has waggled through a new Vitaphone called "The Outlaw Dog" . . . Ye gods, now it's the "barkies" . . . "If shoes pinch, you can't be graceful," says Betty Compson in a fashion tip . . . Which is as profound as saying that if you're a vegetarian you can't eat pig's knuckles . . . Add Hollywood lingo . . . When a girl gives her sweetheart air she is said to have "cradled" him . . . And anyone showing symptoms of mild Hollywood insanity is said to be "going ditchy" . . . But don't ask why . . . The day Heywood Broun, New York columnist, was to take a Movietone test he turned up with shiners on both eyes . . . Times squareheads crack that he made a phonograph record instead . . . By the way, if you get anatomical in your home movies and send the negative to the Eastman people for development . . . All you will find of your pet "art" will be a lot of empty frames . . . "Naughty, naughty!" say the nice Eastman people.

Boiled Shirts or Else

New York picture house ushers are all steamed up over their uniforms as field marshals in the Nicaraguan Army.

The Hebrew Ushers' Union serves notice that it wants dinner coats instead of the gaudy monkey-suits.

"People salute us like admirals or generals," says the secretary. "The uniforms are ridiculous."

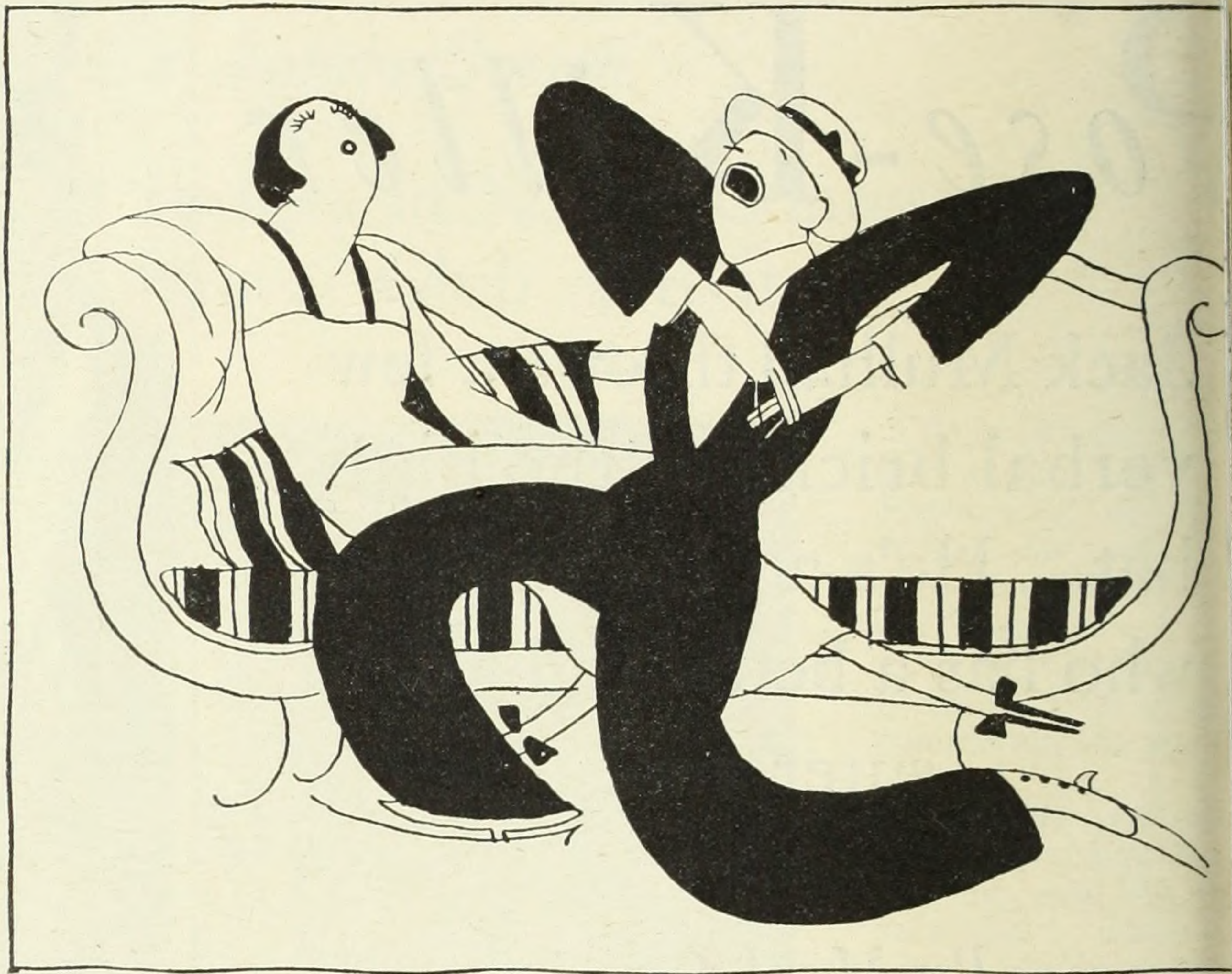
"Waiter, can you find two down front?"

Hearts and Flowers

Jascha Heifetz, great fiddler, and Florence Vidor, fine screen actress, spliced . . . And yet you never can tell . . . The kiddies may be saxophone players . . . Ronald Colman and his new French starring partner, Lily Damita, are said to be making goo-goo eyes in a big and constructive way . . . Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton have been sitting out fox trots all fall . . . Reported that D. W. Griffith and his wife, cleft for years, have patched it . . . So have Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost . . . So have the Gaylord Lloyds (Harold's brother) . . . And so the bluebirds cheep in Hollywood . . . and the doves of peace have run out of olive branches . . . Another dangerous blonde was retired from circulation when Thelma Todd yessed young James Ford, actor on the Fox ranch . . .

Greeting Cards

Happy returns to Buddy Rogers, just turned 24 on two wheels . . . Norma Shearer, whose spouse, Irving Thalberg,



The John—"I love you, love you, love you!"

The Jane—"Let's make this sequence without sound!"

rolled a gray Rolls-Royce up to the door as his share of the whoopee . . . Colleen Moore, not only because each has just winked past another milestone, but because they have been married just five years without a shot fired in anger . . . Clara Bow, 23, and HOW!

The Simple Life

*Hollywood's darkened at ten every night—
Never an orgy and never a fight—
Crammed with intelligent, virginal frails—
Surely, and I am His Highness of Wales!*

The Month's Best Bets

Rivet an eye on two Mexican gals, both hot tamales . . . Lupe Velez, because Old Fox Griffith, directing her, is all hot and bothered over her possibilities as stellar material . . . Mona Rica, a newcomer who walked smack into a job in a John Barrymore film and has Lubitsch hysterical, and a dunder und blitzen about her.

Getting Personal

Greta Garbo speaks baritone . . . Paris' prefect of police one M. Chiappe, permits smoking in all picture houses . . . While Charlie Farrell won't admit he's to step off the deep end he's building an elegant tepee near that of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston . . . Nobody has dared to call her "a meat Jobyna," and no wonder . . . Estelle Taylor wore black rimmed cheaters while rehearsing with Husband Dempsey in "The Big Fight" under Belasco's baton . . . Movies sign their first Greek actress—Elene Aristi . . . If she flops, there always the beanery in the background . . . The late George Siegman left \$20,000 to his widow in a 14-word will . . . Buster Collier has invented gold suspender buckles containing space for a girl's photograph . . . In the case of most of the movie lads, you couldn't see the galluses for the gals . . . The United Press checks up on Dallas, Tex., and found that on normal Sunday 53,149 people went to the movies and 37,149 went to church . . . that makes Dallas something or other . . . And Los Angeles now has the world's biggest movie house . . . It has seats for 6,457 title-readers-aloud . . . That licks the Roxy in New York by a couple of hundred foot-tappers . . . And as Jack Gilbert so touchingly says, no matter how you bend it, it's still a pretzel.

St. Moritz, society's winter playground in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world, like a glittering jewel.



AN
MERICAN-BORN MARQUISE
animates Europe's most brilliant
Winter Playground



The Marquise de Polignac, formerly Miss Nina Crosby of the exclusive Newport set, married into an aristocratic French family. Here she is ready for skiing, but hatless—the latest vogue at St. Moritz.

EVERY SEASON at St. Moritz, one of the most striking personalities is the Marquise de Polignac. Her wit and verve make her an immense favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in the snow-clad Alps, enjoy winter sports under the ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac is an indefatigable sportswoman! Like the rest of the smart world, she is all day in sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow.

Fascinating though this life is, the contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold, brown all skins rapidly—burn them black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac

manages to keep her complexion fine, clear, smooth.

When asked about it, she said:—"I like to take part in all the winter sports. But the cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results. In warmer countries, I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin.

"In fact," she concluded with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

THIS is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

FIRST—she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over her face and neck at least twice a day, and when retiring.

SECOND—with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues she removes the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Madame de Polignac, who spends two months of the season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe figure, well-poised head, sincere grey eyes and sun-tanned skin make her a striking example of a fine type.

On her dressing table, in her traveling bag, wherever the Marquise goes, go Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in her choice containers of sea green glass.

THIRD—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face with that gorgeously fresh feeling.

FOURTH—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty.

MAIL COUPON WITH IOC—For Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

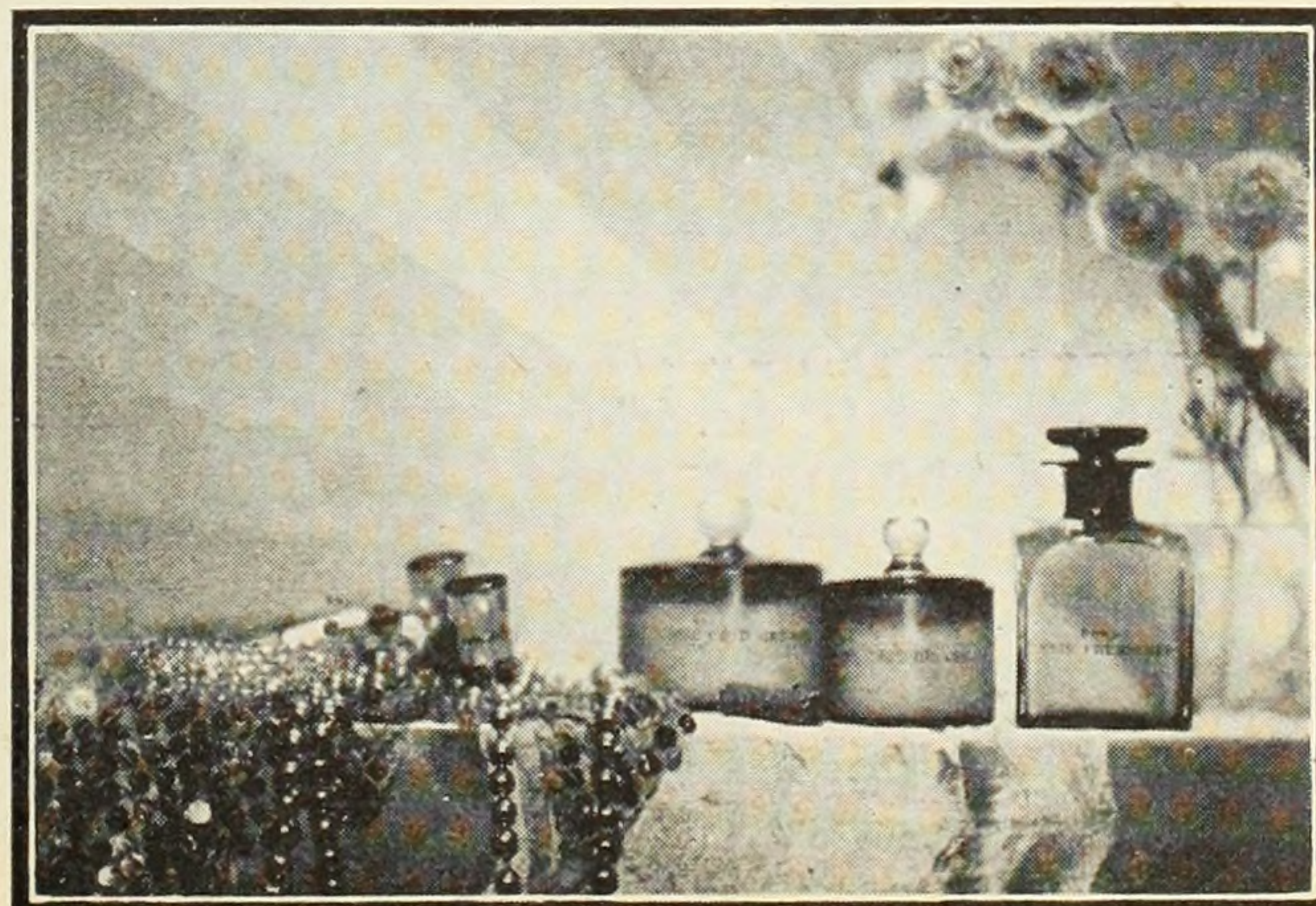
POND'S EXTRACT Co., Dept. L,
 114 Hudson St., New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1928, Pond's Extract Co.

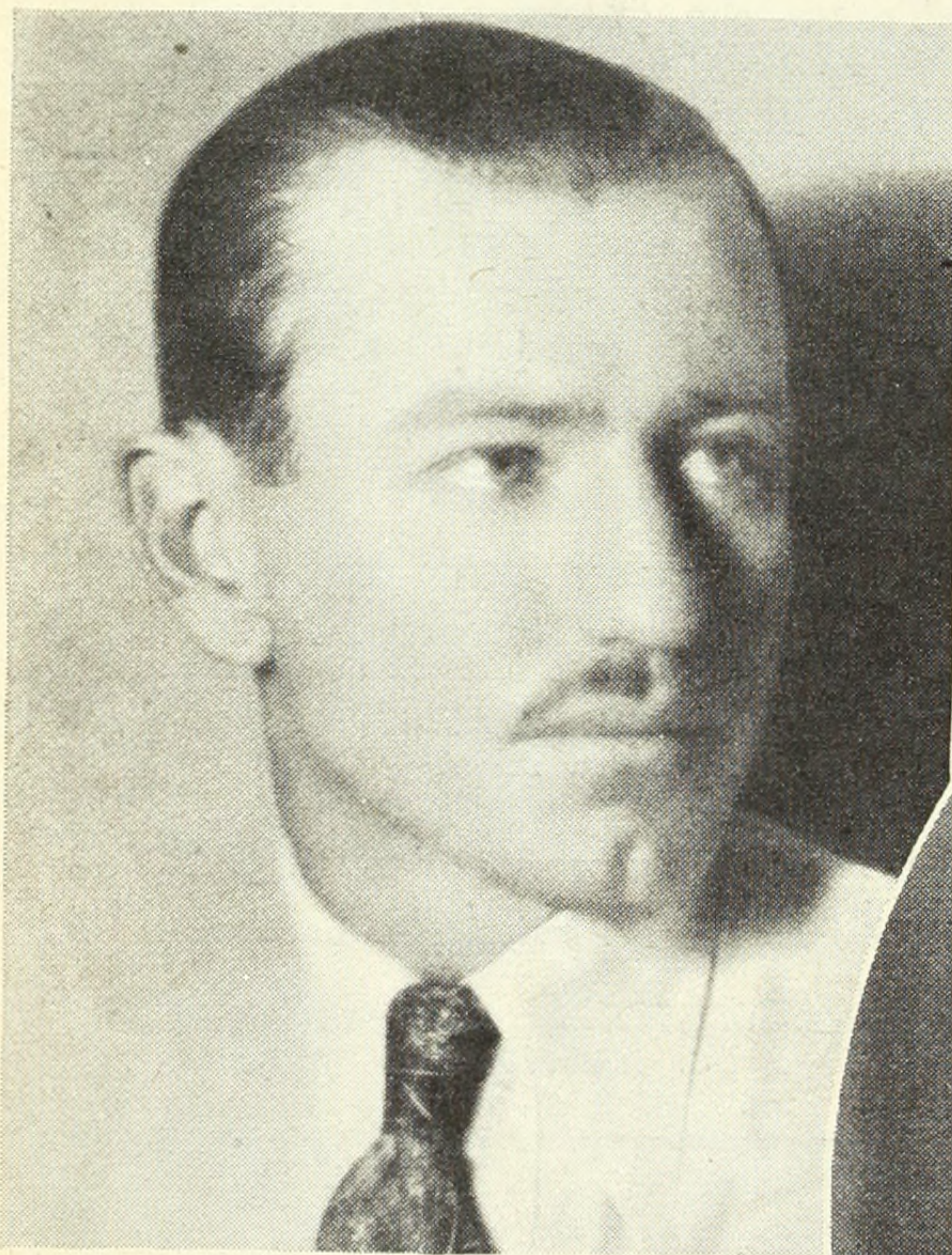




Josef von Sternberg separated bad scenes from good ones for years before he out-poverted Poverty Row with "The Salvation Hunters." At first being a director was mostly grief for Josef, but he finally clicked with "Underworld"

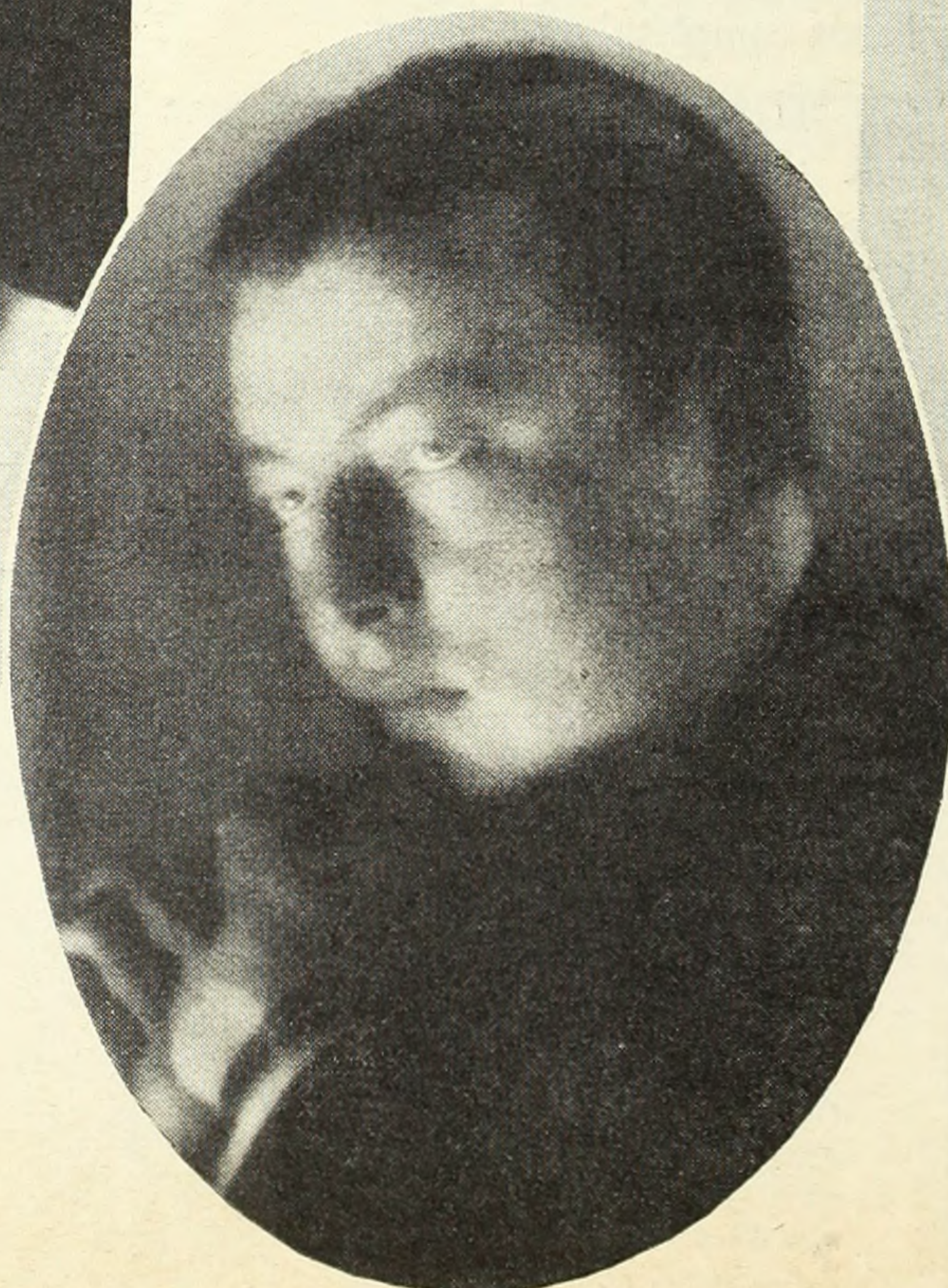
Off the Cutting Room Floor

Some directors act their way to fame. Others talk themselves into jobs. These boys cut the road to success with their little scissors



Above is a picture of Robert de Lacey who learned about directing from watching the mistakes and successes of others in the cutting room. Since he has been directing, he's made twenty of FBO's biggest box-office successes

The nice looking young fellow below is Lewis Milestone, ex-cutter, who made "Two Arabian Knights," one of the comedy wows of the season. He's been assigned to direct Thomas Meighan

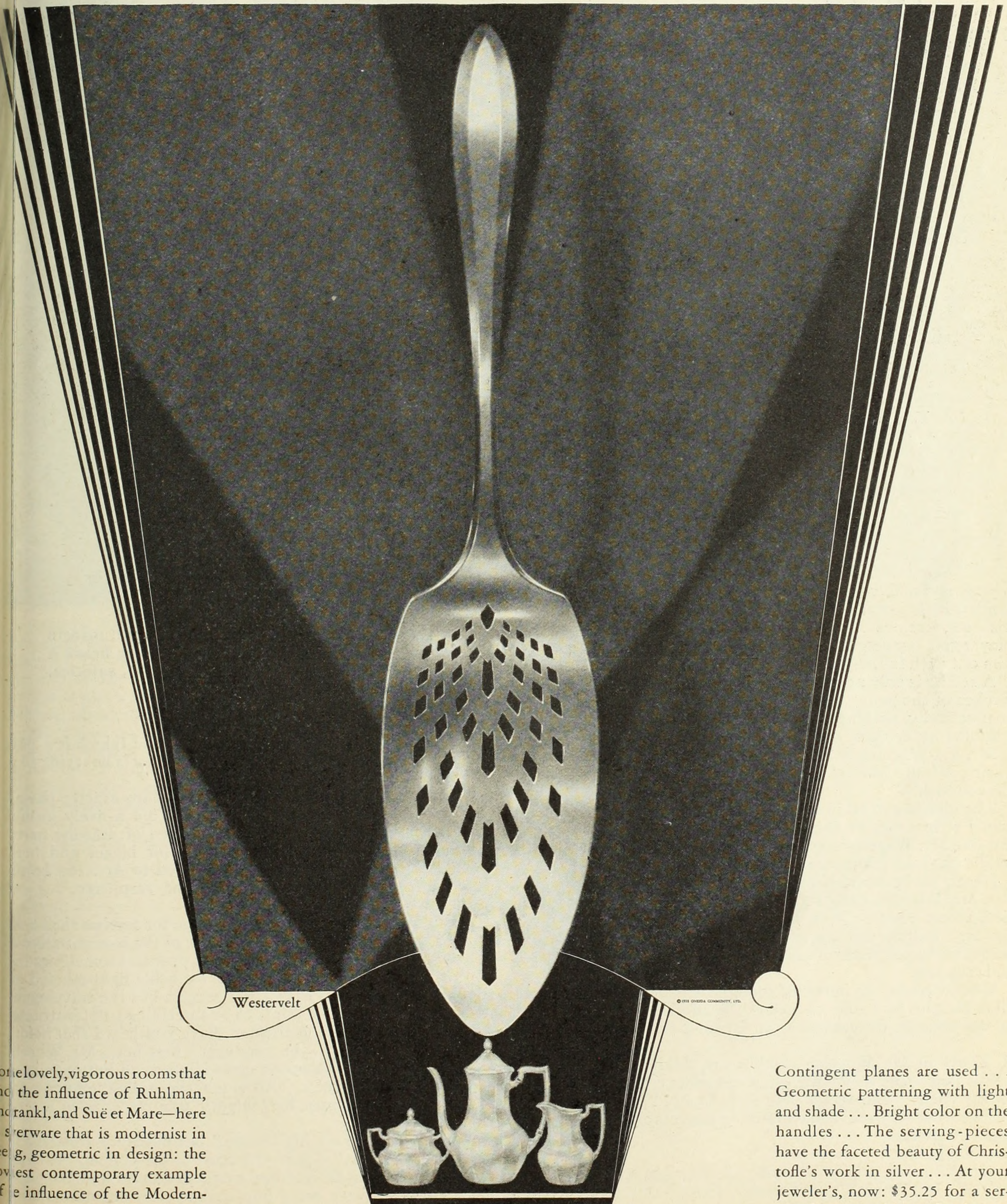


Arthur Ripley, former scissor wizard, now director and supervisor for Harry Langdon. With these four successes, you will understand why producers look for new directors, not among actors as was formerly the custom, but in the lowly cutting room

Announcing

THE PATRICIAN·MODERNE

Silverware of Tomorrow - The Sensation of Today



Westervelt

© 1931 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

... lovely, vigorous rooms that
... the influence of Ruhlman,
... Frankl, and Suë et Mare—here
... silverware that is modernist in
... design: the
... geometric in design: the
... best contemporary example
... of the influence of the Modernist
... Movement on silverware. It
... is a bright breath of today ...
... tomorrow ... which freshens
... able with delightful effect.

Contingent planes are used ...
Geometric patterning with light
and shade ... Bright color on the
handles ... The serving-pieces
have the faceted beauty of Chris-
tofle's work in silver ... At your
jeweler's, now: \$35.25 for a ser-
vice for six ... \$40.00 for the tea-
set (3 pieces) ... Community Plate
is guaranteed for fifty years.
Oneida Community, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

COMMUNITY PLATE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

One Man Movies

Ed Wheelan is the only film producer who can make his stars work for nothing—and like it

By
Frances Clark

HIS work is a producer's dream of joy. He sits in his studio within a fifty-cent taxi jump of Times Square and makes his own pictures. He writes his own stories, designs his sets, creates his stars. If a player gets temperamental, he blots him out with ink.

A retake is only a matter of a few strokes of the pen. The overhead is practically nothing. He is untroubled by censors, competition, high salaries or the talkies.

Mr. Ed Wheelan is a comic strip artist who has been producing Minute Movies for release through newspapers all over the country.

The idea began all in fun; it was just a trick of presenting a comic strip series in the terms of movie technique. You can imagine Mr. Wheelan's embarrassment when he found that his public was taking him seriously.

Hazel, his beautiful heroine, exists merely on ink and paper. But Mr. Wheelan daily receives letters asking if Hazel is married, where she was born, how much she weighs and how tall she is. Ralph, the starry-eyed hero, gets requests for his photograph, proposals of marriage and ardent letters of advice and criticism.

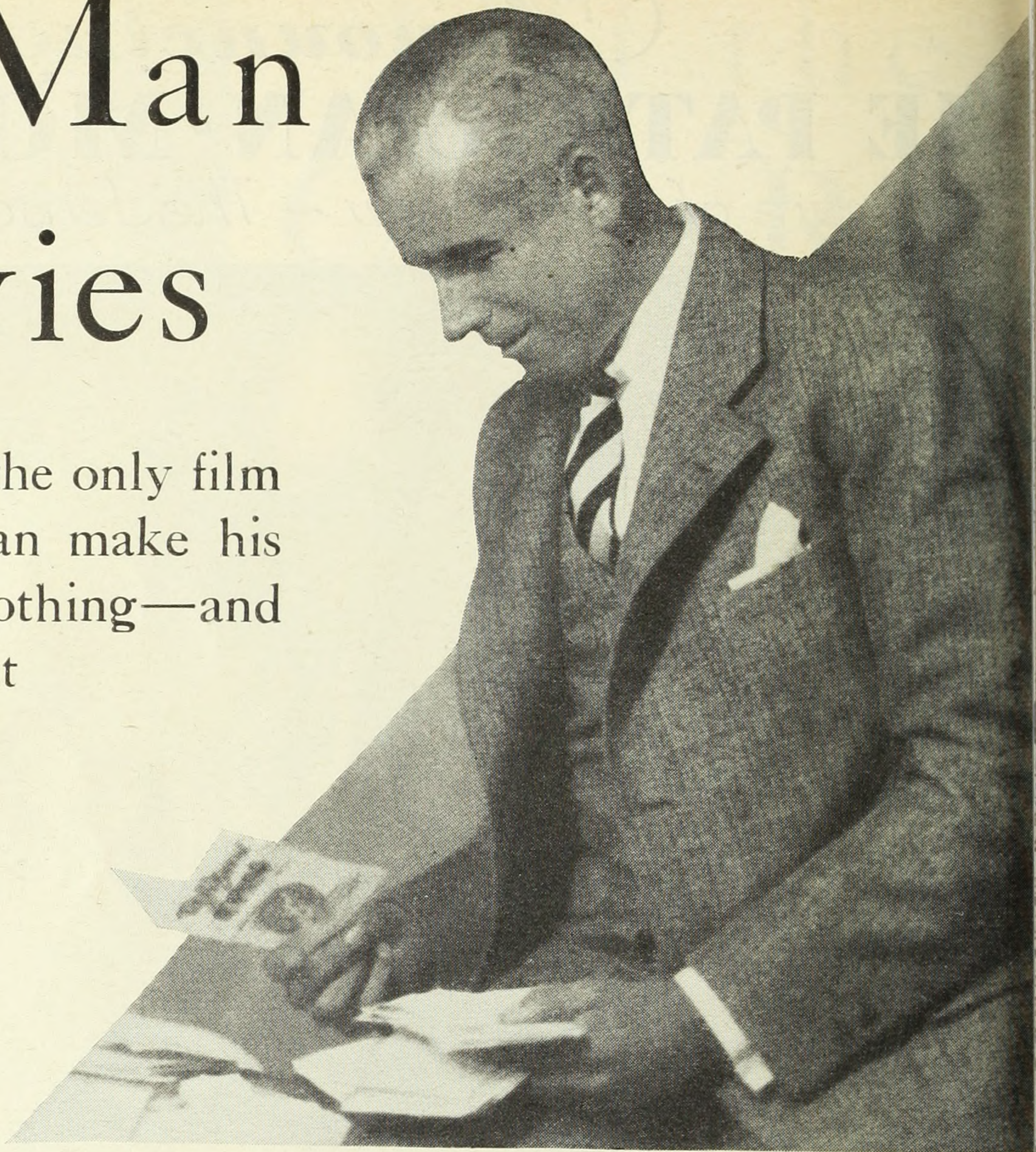
When Claude, the imported foreign sheik, threatened to steal all of Ralph's best rôles as well as the affections of the heroine, he was roundly denounced as an intruder and an upstart.

MOST of Mr. Wheelan's public are children and yet, on a minor scale, they represent a complete cross-section of the movie mind. The screen has so influenced them that they believe what they see; a movie star on paper is as real as a movie star on celluloid.

And why not?

Mr. Wheelan originally used his drawings to satirize the movies. But you can't satirize the movies. Or rather you can, but you can't get away with it. You can't kid Santa Claus or George Washington and the Cherry Tree or Little Red Riding Hood.

Mr. Wheelan discovered that the movies belong to that class of fiction that is truer than the truth.



Mr. Wheelan writes his own stories, designs his own sets, directs his own films. With a stroke of his pen he can make or break a star. He doesn't have to worry about censors, overhead, salaries, competition or the talkies

When Mr. Wheelan tries to get funny and take a few pokes at the movies, his public rebukes him. What's he trying to do? be a smart-aleck?

The problems of these Minute Movies are exactly those of the Two Hours Movies. Mr. Wheelan did a lively business in westerns and serials, but he grew tired of drawing narrow escapes and thought he would go in for bigger and better things. Like other producers, he aspired to Art. So he produced a costume drama—and got the raspberry.

HE also enjoyed a brief, stormy rage for foreign sheiks, but his audiences demanded the return of the honest, native-to-the-soil hero. Comedies sometimes go over and sometimes they don't. Too often he is called down for being light-minded and frivolous. News reels have a fair success but the travelogue is not so good. The public wants to be entertained, not instructed. And where, ladies and gentlemen, have you heard that before? Serials are, perhaps, this producer's best bet. Mr. Wheelan has tried to educate his public up to Higher and Better things—but with small success. Although the action may be fast and furious, there must be romantic interest or even a serial will die on its feet.

Mr. Wheelan gets a big fan mail but mostly it concerns his stars. A great deal of it is addressed to his puppets, although the producer himself receives many brickbats and bouquets. His stars are always being implored to send out autographed pictures of themselves. But Mr. Wheelan is never asked for his own photograph. And that's where the kids don't know their onions, because Mr. Wheelan is really a very good looking fellow—perhaps, with due apologies to Hollywood, the best looking producer in the business.

Washing the Face... Your most important beauty treatment

OLIVE OIL, in this facial soap, removes dirt and make-up an utterly different way. And this, beauty specialists agree, is the most important step in combating sallow, oily skin and blemishes.

MANY of the dangers that threaten complexion beauty today come through abuse of naturally lovely skin. Rouge, powder, face creams, added to create beauty, remain to destroy it. How? By clogging the pores! By imprisoning dirt, dust and oil secretions that must be removed thoroughly every single day, to retain the fresh color and firm, smooth texture of a youthful skin. Many of the women who think "this cannot apply to me" are even now abusing their complexions, inviting skin troubles dermatologists will have to correct tomorrow.

The effect of olive oil on the skin

Modern beauty science has an answer to this problem! Wash the face thoroughly, twice every day, with this olive oil soap treatment! The facial oil in this remarkable soap softens and gently eliminates oily masses which form in the pores, thus finishing blackheads and similar irregularities. Olive oil softens tender skin, keeping it supple, smooth, delicate to touch. The rich, balmy lather penetrates every pore, stimulating a wealth of hidden color, bringing out radiant freshness.

Start this treatment now

To discover your own possibilities of beauty, begin this very day to follow a treatment thousands of women find most effective. These two short rules are an infailing way to enduring loveliness:



At night: make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil, secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.



In the morning: repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Retail Price 10c

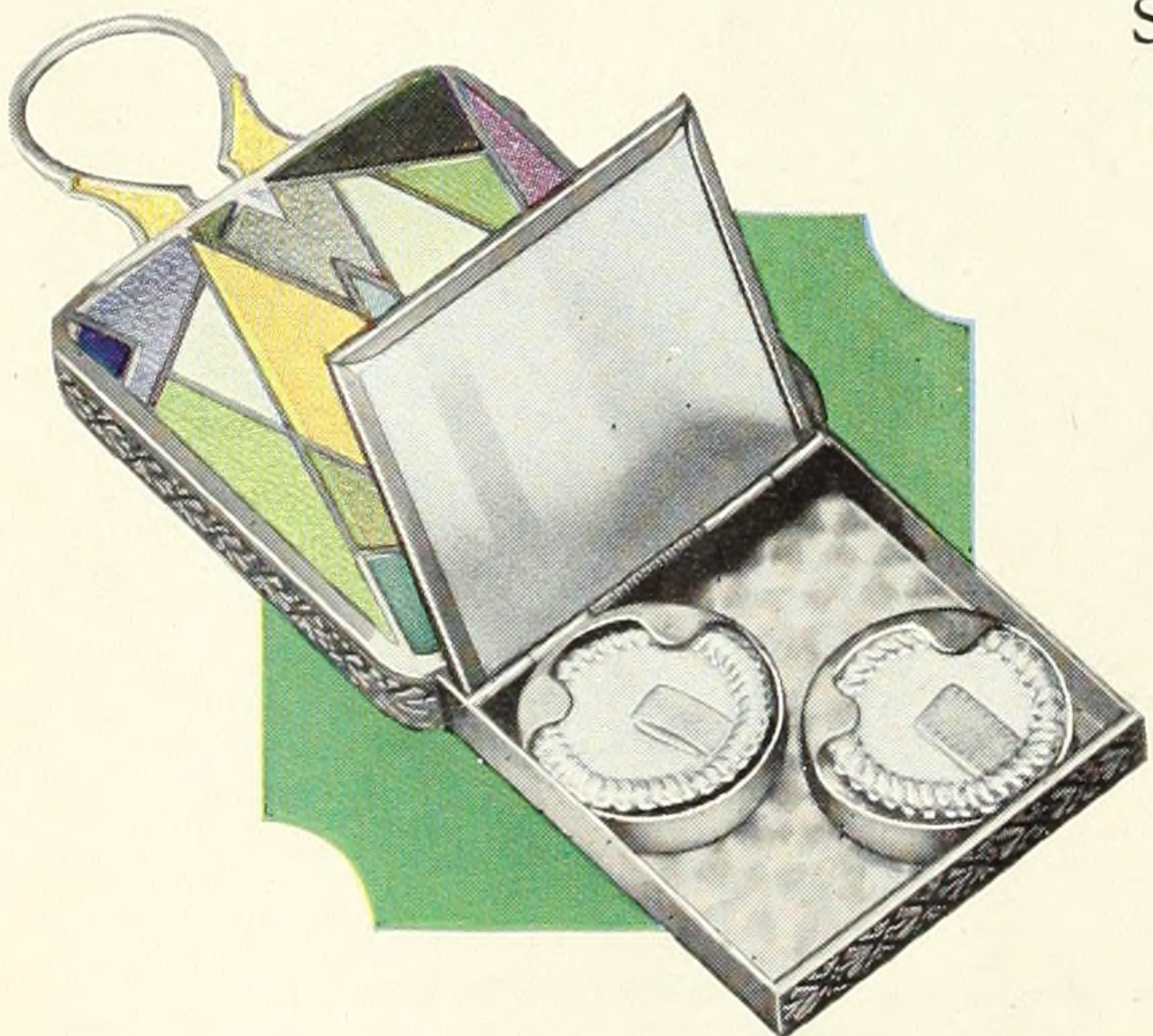
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over WEA and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



NEW . . . a smartly conceived Vanity
by the makers of SUREFIT Metal Watch Straps

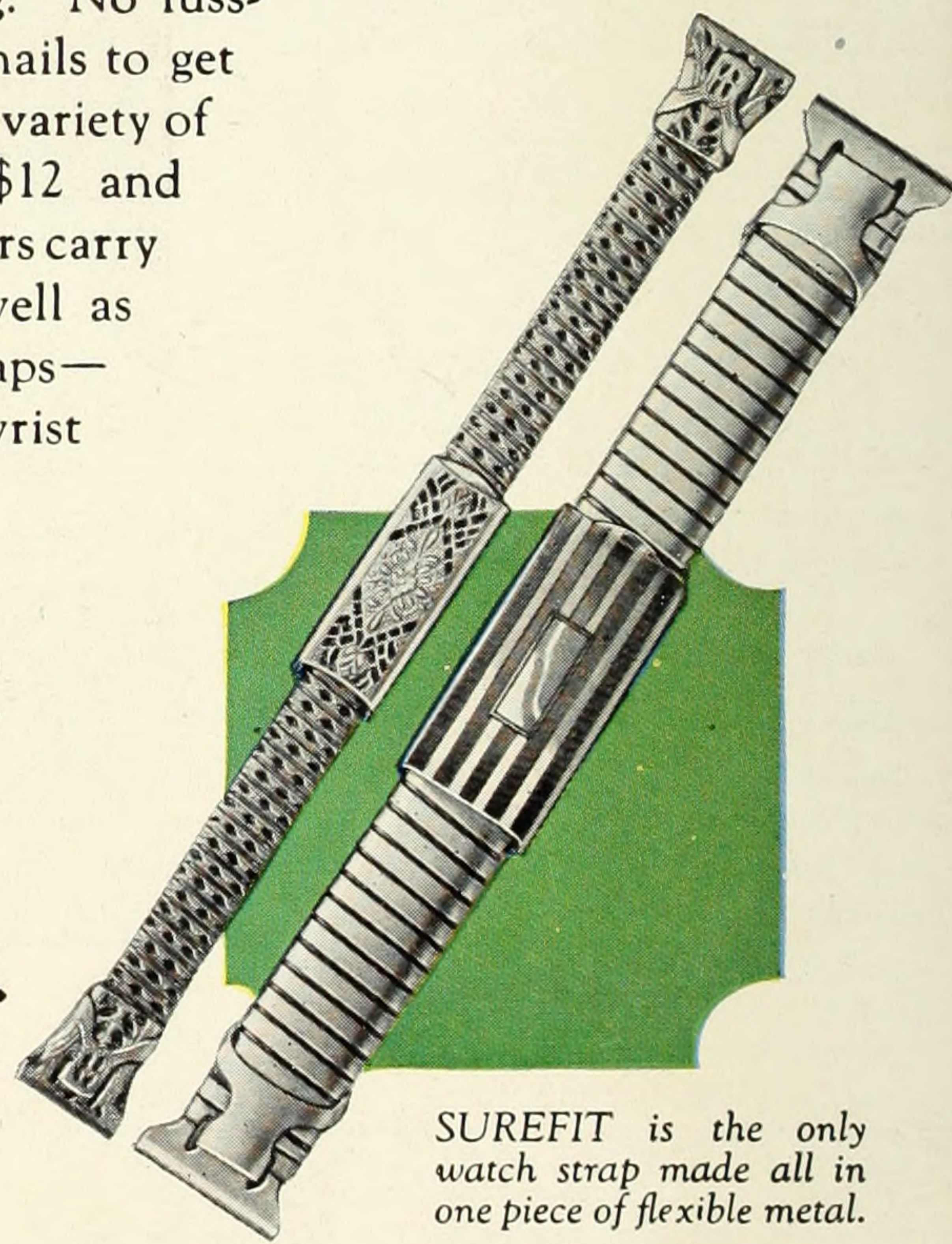
You simply press the button and . . . *voila* . . . there you are. The tiny beauty box slides outward . . . the mirror flips up. It is charming. No fussing with clasps or breaking finger nails to get at one's rouge and powder. In a variety of smart modern art designs at \$12 and \$16.50. Most progressive jewelers carry the new VOILA Vanity as well as SUREFIT Metal Watch Straps— for men's and women's wrist watches.

"Simply press the button and . . . *voila* . . . there you are."



If your jeweler cannot supply you, write direct to us, giving us his name.

Bliss Brothers Co.
Attleboro, Mass.



SUREFIT is the only watch strap made all in one piece of flexible metal.

Voila'
pronounced - Vwahla'
ANITY
TRADE MARK
"Opens at Your Finger Touch"

Patents applied for

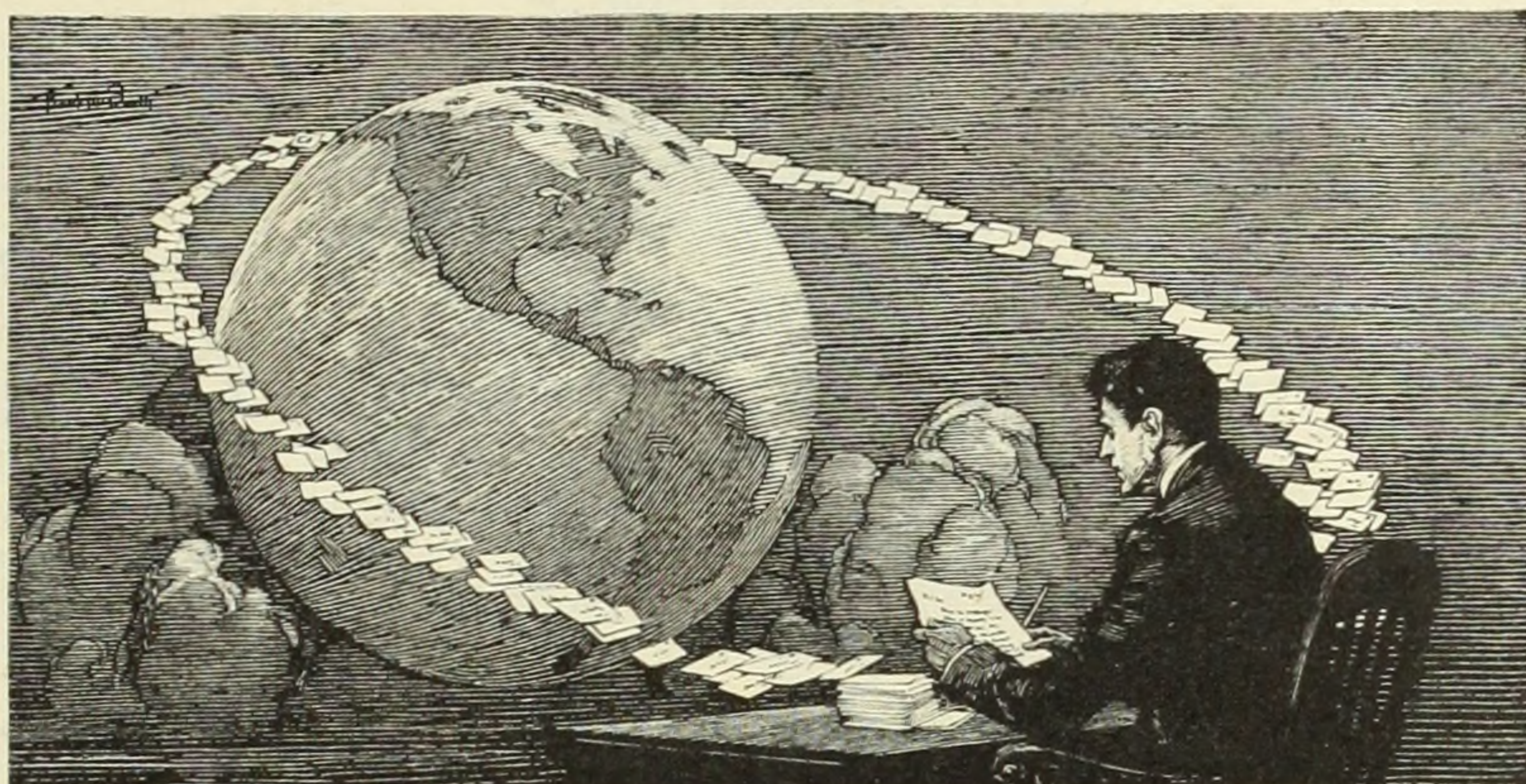
SUREFIT
Metal Watch Straps
for **MEN** and **WOMEN**

Patented Sept. 24, 1918 and July 22, 1919

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 and 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.

P., VANCOUVER, CANADA.—First place to strangest question of the month. You : "There is a rumor going around here Dorothy Mackaill gave a wild party at h her husband, Jack Mulhall, was shot." my friend, is sheer insanity. Jack hall is *not* Dorothy's husband. Jack was hot. And Dorothy is about the last per in the world to give a wild party. Outside at the story is true. No, Joan Crawford is a sister of Norma and Constance Talge. Gary Cooper was not in the cast of e Last Outlaw." Sorry to contradict you mpletely.

W., DETROIT, MICH.—Marie Prevost was ied to "Sonny" Gerke. Kenneth Harlan r second husband. You are correct on the othy Dalton-Lew Cody-Mabel Normand le. Lew is Mabel's first husband. Miss on was married first to Mr. Cody and then rthur Hammerstein.

UISE C., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Greta o's first name is pronounced "Gray-ta." rnklin Adams says, "Greta Garbo hath an."

LIZABETH T., COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.—Nils er and Mary Astor are not related. Mary's name is Lucille Langhanke, and she comes Illinois, while Nils is a native of Sweden. res Costello is older than sister Helene. res is five feet, four inches tall.

VA A., DETROIT, MICH.—More of those ds who deal in misinformation. Your d has Gloria Swanson confused with Mae ray. Gloria has a daughter and an oted son, and there never has been any tery about it. It was Mae who recently ounced the birth of a son.

C., CLARKSDALE, MO.—Bull Montana is y-one years old, but young for his age. His t recent picture was "Good Morning, ge." At present, Bull is resting.

. D., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—The Life Story on Chaney started in the December, 1927, OPLAY, and continued in the January and uary, 1928, issues. Write to Photoplay ublishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Ave., ago, Ill., for back copies. They are ty-five cents apiece.

GNES C., ASTORIA, L. I.—I don't like to t a family fight, but your sister is wrong. y Philbin played opposite Lon Chaney in e Phantom of the Opera," but Patsy Ruth er was the girl in "The Hunchback of re Dame."

. L. H., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Does Nick art prefer blondes or brunettes? Well, at present moment, Nick prefers Sue Carol. married—as yet. Nick is twenty-two s old.

CORINNE MCLEOD, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.— Marguerite Courtot married Raymond McKee and retired from the screen. The McKees have a son, born in July, 1926.

J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Don Alvarado's wife is a non-professional. Don was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1903. That's the Indian town where the trains stop on their way to the coast. Out in Albuquerque, Don was known to the neighbors as Joe Paige. He's five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Charles Delaney is not married. Write to him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Donald Keith was born September 15, 1905. His real name is Francis Feeney. He is six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes.

ENTER the first talkie hero. Conrad Nagel was the target of the most persistent questions of the month. Mr. Nagel was born March 16, 1897, and his next picture will be "The Redeeming Sin."

Now for the six others: Madge Bellamy is twenty-five years old, weighs 112 pounds and is five feet, three inches tall.

Charles Rogers' next picture will be "Just Twenty-One." In real life, Charles is just three years older than the title of his picture.

Neil Hamilton has brown hair and brown eyes and was born in Lynn, Mass.

Rénée Adoree has brown hair and blue eyes and was born in Lisle, France.

Anita Page is eighteen years old and her newest pictures are "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Gold Braid."

Lupe Velez was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City, nineteen years ago.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

S. M. C., NEW SMYRNA, FLA.—Lupino Lane was born June 17, 1895, in London, England. Lupino is a descendant of a famous English theatrical family. Write to him at the Educational Studios, 1250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

LOUISE S., DAYTON, O.—Pooh, pooh for money! I love my art. I just adore telling you that George Lewis is twenty-four and married; that Nils Asther is Swedish, not American; and that Mr. Asther has hazel eyes and brown hair. But as to the state of Richard Dix's heart, I can only tell you that he is single, but I won't swear that he never has fallen in love. How could a man live in Hollywood and not fall in love every now and then?

GRACE H., VALPARAISO, IND.—Can't the good name of even a dog be free from scandal? No, Grace, Rin-Tin-Tin is *not* savage off the screen. A well-trained police dog is like a well-trained soldier; it only fights on orders. Theodore Roberts is returning to the screen in John Gilbert's picture, "The Devil's Mask." Irene Rich gives her age as thirty-four and Lewis Stone is forty-nine. Antonio Moreno has not left the screen. His new film is "The Air Legion." Jack Holt may be seen in "Submarine."

MISS FIFTEEN, CLARINDA, IOWA.—Will you promise to write me again on your sixteenth birthday? Yes, Ben Alexander is really good-looking and Nils Asther is also really good-looking. And you have neat tastes in men. But Clara Bow is not married to a Denver man—nor anyone else. That item in the newspaper must have referred to another Clara Bow.

B. D., ROME, ILL.—Barry Norton is twenty-three years old and his next picture will be "Four Devils." Gilbert Roland's next is "A Woman Disputed." That's George Lewis' real name.

P. S., UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—No such thing; they're still happily married. Ernest Torrence did not play in "The Sea Hawk." Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TOD B., CINCINNATI, O.—Any relation to Richard? Marion Nixon is Barthelmess' leading woman in "Out of the Ruins." Molly O'Day isn't making pictures at present; she is reducing, at the request of directors who don't like plump girls. You've mixed Marie Dressler with Louise Dresser. Miss Dressler played in "The Patsy," but it was Miss Dresser in "Padlocked." Your guardian is right, but you probably won't listen to me any more than you will listen to him. The Paramount School is not in existence any more, and there are no schools of movie acting that I can recommend.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE FIRST KISS—Paramount

THE first vehicle starring Fay Wray and Gary Cooper in youthful romance. This is all about a handsome young Chesapeake Bay fisherman who turns pirate in order to give his brothers the opportunities he thinks they deserve. Of course, there's a girl who loves him and everything ends happily. The work of the principals is pleasant enough and the backgrounds are charmingly photographed.

BEWARE OF BLONDES—Columbia

AN American jewel agent, en route to Honolulu with a famous emerald, is warned of a female yegg, a blonde, who is death to emeralds. Aboard ship, he falls right into the arms of a mysterious but beautiful blonde woman. From there the picture simply seethes with intrigue. Dorothy Revier is gorgeous.

SMOKE BELLEW—Big Four

CONWAY TEARLE returns to the screen, after a prolonged absence, in an Alaskan picture which smacks of "The Trail of '98." The Jack London story makes an interesting program vehicle, with a few blizzard scenes which would do credit to a larger production. Tearle is good; Barbara Bedford adequate. Average movie entertainment.

CAPTAIN SWAGGER—Pathe

THIS picture just missed being a great comedy. In fact, some of the work of Rod La Rocque and Sue Carol is so delightful we can easily forget the shortcomings. Most people will enjoy having the penniless aviator reform under the persuasion of the attractive

cabaret girl. Much of the picture is amusing, although marvelous comedy situations slip into conventional routine.

SHOW FOLKS—Pathe

THIS is no "Excess Baggage," but it is another yarn about the struggles of theatrical people. No mental effort on your part is required. Everything that should happen next, happens next. The personality kid, Eddie Quillan, proves amusing.

BROTHERLY LOVE—M.-G.-M.

SATIRE on prison reform. It begins in a ladies' barber shop and ends in the penitentiary. A football game between two rival prisons with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur on opposing teams furnishes the gags. Love interest is supplied by Jean Arthur, who, as the warden's daughter, justifies Dad's theory of brotherly love by marrying a prisoner, otherwise George Arthur.

ROUGH RIDIN' RED—FBO

BUZZ BARTON covers himself with glory despite the asininity of the story. Buzz lopes in on his trusty charger (the size of a Shetland) and, wholly oblivious to the cinematic ruin strewn about him, makes a big killing. Such are the advantages of youth, red hair and horse sense.

SINNERS IN LOVE—FBO

ATRICK ending takes the curse off a dizzy melodrama about a little gal from the country alone in the big city. The plot sickens—er—thickens as it goes along. It's so familiar you can keep time to it, but Olive Borden does

her best with her beauty and ability. The picture is mediocre.

I FORBID!—Fan-Maid Pictures

A SOFT, over-ripe Kosher film. The daughter of one of those sentimental Jewish families marries a Gentile, and Papa Rabbi owns her. Mamma's heart breaks, papa heart breaks, brother's heart breaks, daughter heart breaks, everybody's heart breaks—everyone's! Terrible!

SISTERS OF EVE—Rayart

ANOTHER mystery story. A millionaire husband disappears on his honeymoon. The cruel wife proceeds to have a good time, with his money and her beauty. But, alas, a lack! His brother and her sister take a hand. Betty Blythe is the vamp and Anita Stewart is the young sister, while Creighton Hall gives the best characterization as a conceited snob. Thrills enough.

TIMES SQUARE—Gotham

ARTHUR LUBIN brings it on himself. When he plays a part so strongly reminiscent of Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer" as "The Singing Fool" he invites comparison and well it just isn't fair, that's all. Lovely Al Day is okay. "Times Square" has merits of its own—if you don't mind a road companion Jolson.

THE CRASH—First National

WHAT a relief! Good melodrama that isn't "underworld." Milton Sills plays a tough wrecking boss who marries a travel agent. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Sound Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE WORRIER—Warners

THIS inconsequential skit, which might be called an old-fashioned talkie, is certainly nothing to worry about. Richard Carle overdoes his characterization.

THE LEMON—Warners

THE Vitaphone, in its quest for originality, landed this one. It's a comedy dialogue, of slightly Yiddish influence, that's really funny. Hugh Herbert's a Jewish lawyer who gets his trusting client in and out of years of grief in five minutes.

THE HAPPY JESTER—Warners

ED LOWRY, a crooning tenor, turns loose a little canned music and gets over with a bang.

THE ASSASSIN OF GRIEF AND REMORSE—Warners

THE title doesn't mean a thing, except as a compliment Al Herman can't live up to. He's a fellow who blacks his face, dons trousers two feet too short for him, adopts a worried expression—but he isn't Dixie's gift to the Vitaphone.

OVERTONES—Warners

IT'S one thing to listen in on two middle-aged women, each jealous of the other, having a tea fight. But it's quite another to hear their

respective inner-selves snarling at each other while honeyed words flow on the surface. Just what IS the Vitaphone aiming at, anyway?

THE SYNCO SYNCOPATORS—Warners

OTHER people are fast proving Paul Whiteman a great man by their increasing madness to imitate him. The jovial Dick Rich, he of the booming tenor, takes to the Vitaphone, carefully made up like Mr. Whiteman; he gives the famous Paul a couple of nonchalant digs and goes on his merry way.

THE QUESTION OF TODAY—Warners

AUDREY FERRIS shows amazing promise in her first Vitaphone adventure. She represents modern youth, gaily and humorously, in what would be without her a dry, bucolic sermon against the new generation.

THE MORRISSEY AND MILLER NIGHT CLUB—Warners

NOW that Will Morrissey's on the Vitaphone, why have a night club? Midgie Miller and her Kit Kat Club girls—well, see it yourself. It's simply swell!

FOYS FOR JOYS—Warners

THE famous Foy family go Vitaphone, with Charlie, the eldest brother, acting as master of ceremonies. The outstanding number in

their sketch is a clever burlesque on the habit of making movies. The various numbers of the Foy regiment pull some interesting caricatures of film favorites.

TED DONER—Warners

THE smiling and affable Ted Doner, head man of countless musical shows, brings his debonair personality to the Vitaphone with success. Backed by what the varieties would call a "sparkling bevy of beautiful girls," Ted goes through some songs and dances.

DUCKS AND DEDUCTS—Warners

BERT SWOR? Never heard of him? Well, you'll hear plenty when this Vitaphone sketch gets around. He impersonates a ducky in flashy clothes, president of some two-by-one poultry research association, who is confronted by his fellow members who demand an explanation of the treasury's disappearance. Bert explains. And what Euclid couldn't do with figures that chap does.

JEST MOMENTS—Warners

YEAH! Moments like everybody's bound to have, sometime during their lives. But why tell the world? Why not make some effort to keep the secret. The delirious Klei Brothers evidently believe in broadcasting their shame.



Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astrigent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and no drying alcohol). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



Select the shampoo your hair needs

cute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

<p>Check Sample Desired</p> <p>For 10c enclosed send sample of Packer's</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Olive Oil Shampoo</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Tar Shampoo</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Tar Soap</p>	<p>Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-K, Box 85, G. P. O., New York City: Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>City _____ State _____</p>
---	--

The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

this happening . . . the reason I am grossly insulted, and ordered off my set! Why, without a word to me, my property boy . . . my *property boy* is given authority over me?"

A vein on Seibert's temple had started to fill, and showed blue-black against the fair skin of his sandy complexion.

"I was trying to tell you," said Rosenthal patiently, "that if you had come right away offer here, you would have found out for yourself why you cannot go on that set. Why should I wish to insult you, Mr. Seibert? I asked you to come here first, so that I could save you some unpleasantness . . . so that I should explain to you . . ."

"EXPLAIN! Explain! Will you then, kindly start explaining, and not talk so much about it! Can you give me any adequate reason why I should be ordered off my own set?"

Being a peace-loving man, Rosenthal might not have responded in the fashion in which he did, had he not found that there are times when violence is necessary. Jumping to his feet, and inclining his ponderous body over his desk, he brought his fat fist down upon it with his famous resounding crash.

"Why should you *not* be ordered off that set, if I see fit? Are you running this studio? Are you its president? Ordered off *your* set! Ach, not! *My set!*" Bang! "*Mine!* You say you are Franz Seibert, and you are insulted because you cannot go on that set. All right. I am Abraham Rosenthal, and I cannot either, and I haff more sense than to go around yelping I have been insulted! You are Franz Seibert, yes, but do you know what only that means to me?"

It means that you are just one off my directors, and I am hiring you, and I am paying you more money than you haff ever earned in your life before!" Bang! "I, Abraham Rosenthal!" Bang! "The head of this studio! You throw my contract in my face! All right! I take it back," grabbing wildly at the torn pieces. "Sure, I take it back! I am money ahead ven I do not haff to pay your salary, and that is good business. You are through anyways. You are through directing that picture for the reason why I phoned you to come offer here . . . there is a dead man on your set!"

HIS fat arm swung out against Seibert's reply, and his brown eyes glared back ferociously into the other's frigid stare.

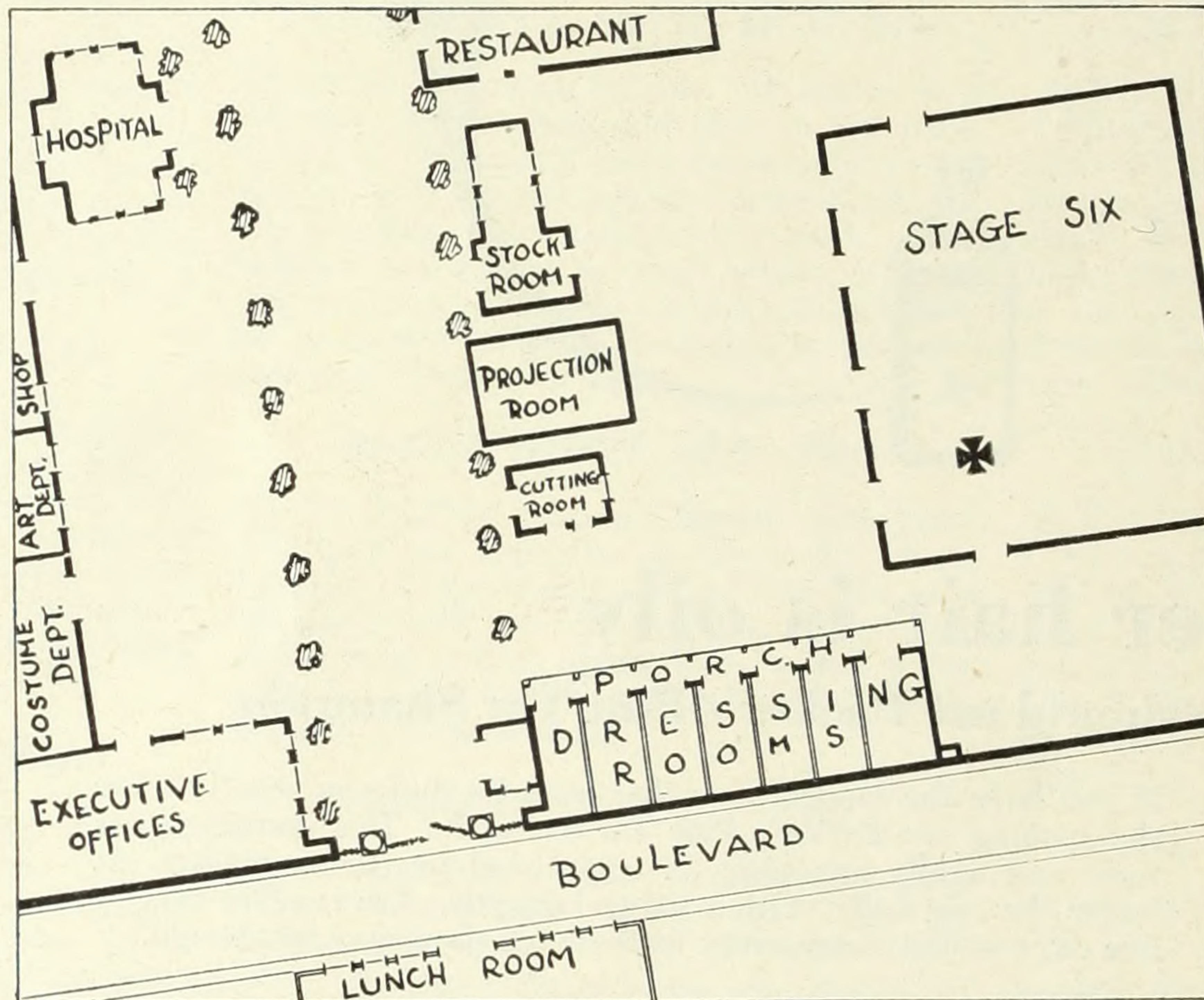
"So, you shall not go on that set. You shall not do anything until we see what the police will say. Meantime, also, you will tell nobody! You will not go howling all over my lot that you haff been insulted! You will keep this murder to yourself! I forbid you to talk about it. Not a word. I, Abraham Rosenthal, forbid you on my lot to talk about it. Now get out, I am busy!"

Rosenthal fell back in his chair and drew out his handkerchief. It was voluminous, and bordered with purple. He mopped his head thoroughly. It had been, for him, a wearying interview. After a moment he looked up to find Seibert still remained, and was looking at him with slightly scornful expression. It was as though he said,

"Quite a display of feeling, but you do not think for one moment that it has impressed

ME, do you?" Rosenthal, looking at him, caught some of this. He repeated, with an insistence into which he put his last ounce of ferocity, "I haff told you to get out! Vell, I mean it! Get out!"

"Will you be good enough to put down that mop rag and talk a little less like a wild man? I can make no head or tail of your attempted explanations. What man has been found dead on my set, and who says it is a murder?" was the quiet retort of the director.



This is a map of the Superior Films Studio, as printed in the Los Angeles newspapers. The cross marks where the body of Dwight Hardell was found on Stage Six. Save this. It may help you solve the mystery

"You will learn all that later. I do not wish to witness any more of your temperamental brain storms!" snapped the president, and he waved the director toward the door.

"I will not leave this room until I am given some reasonable, understandable excuse for this morning's affront!" said Seibert with a cold finality that Rosenthal was forced to yield to.

"All right," he said, and sighed resignedly. He was now in for it. No escape. "It was Dwight Hardell . . . your heavy! Now don't go crazy. I don't suppose anybody murdered him just to insult you. Don't start anything, or I will haff you thrown out! I haff enough troubles without . . ."

"A little self-control might make you feel better, Mr. Rosenthal," said the director pointedly, and with a lack of the wild outburst the president had fully expected. Instead, Seibert added quietly,

"I now understand perfectly why I was not allowed on the set! The guards were police orders, of course."

"No. I thought of that myself. The police haff not yet arrived," returned Rosenthal quickly.

"Very right of you. Correct," and Seibert leaned back in his chair, his strong fingers gripping his chin and pulling at it in a reflective manner. A meditative look crept into his eyes, slowly kindling in them the fires of that insane genius that Rosenthal had had experience with on other occasions. The director began torturing his gloves, straining them through tensely gripping fingers in a frenzied manner. He commenced a queer moaning:

"Hardell! Dwight Hardell! And I didn't get that last scene! Another day's work to do! My picture . . . my picture. . . . O the fool . . . the utter, inconsiderate, idiotic fool . . . to be killed last night!"

"Seibert, I told you not to start anything!" yelled Rosenthal instantly, jumping to his feet. "Stop it! Stop that boo-hoing! What foolishness you are saying! Do you think the poor fellow wanted to get himself murdered? Anyways, what is all the fuss about? You ain't

got no picture any more. . . . Rosenthal tried to force the remaining scraps of the torn contract upon him. Seibert waved them away with a melancholy smile.

"That is all forgotten! I retract my action! But this . . . this is terrible! My God, man, do you realize that I've got to have Hardell for the last scenes? I've got to have him! The picture is ruined . . . ruined . . . and I've put my heart, my brain, my very life-blood into making it the greatest screen play of the age!" He commenced to pace the floor.

"AND now, because of the removal of one actor . . . or puppet . . . all is ruined! All my hopes, all my dreams . . . all my labor . . . gone!" He groaned, and split the last of his day's supply of white gloves.

"Now, now, Seibert, sit down and we will talk this over. First off, I never did agree with you that those last scenes are necessary . . ." Rosenthal held up his hand to silence the director's intended protest. "No, and the head of my editorial department said to

me only the other day, 'I think Seibert is going just a step too far with that last sequence. Better finish it as we first wrote it . . . the way it will be a perfect thing . . . an artistic triumph!' That is what my editorial head said to me! Now, about Dwight Hardell. Billy Vest told me only last night he thought two of the scenes you shot yesterday were all right . . ."

"All right! All right! They must be better than 'all right'! They must be *perfect!* It is the key situation of the story! The entire structure rests on it! That scene must be transcendental! It must clutch the very souls of people, and raise them to . . ." he shook his clenched fist over his head, the other hand gripping his hair . . .

"NOW, now, Seibert, that is only your way of looking at it. Another way is, if that picture you haff made cannot go off without that scene being like you say, then it is a bum picture. No, don't interrupt me. I know what I am talking about! If that picture has to haff such a scene—played with such a transcendentalness—to be a success, better we throw the whole thing in the ash can! Vell, you see, we do not agree with you. I do not. My editorial head does not. That is a good story, and it will make a good picture, without all this extra stuff you are talking about. Anyways, I was telling you, Billy Vest tells me that two of those scenes are all right. All right . . . that means all right . . . that means they will go off. Now, that leaves only the extra scenes you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

the first sign of SORE THROAT

Listerine, *quick!*

It has
amazing power
against germs

*Kills test bacteria
in 15 seconds*

YOUR youngsters and you are likely to have colds and sore throat this winter. Wet feet, bad air, sudden changes of temperature bring them on.

Using simple means, why not do your utmost to prevent such ailments?

Millions of mothers have found that the systematic use of Listerine full strength as a gargle keeps the mouth so hygienic that germs make little headway. They have further found that once sore throat does develop, Listerine is a very effective means of checking it before it becomes serious.

This is easy to understand. Colds and sore throat are caused by germs. Listerine, full strength, as shown by countless tests in laboratories of national repute, has amazing power against bacteria.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

So, at the first sign of throat irritation use Listerine. Keep it up. If improvement is not rapid, consult your physician, as many serious diseases manifest themselves first with sore throat symptoms. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Tell your husband about
the new cool
LISTERINE
SHAVING CREAM
He'll like it.

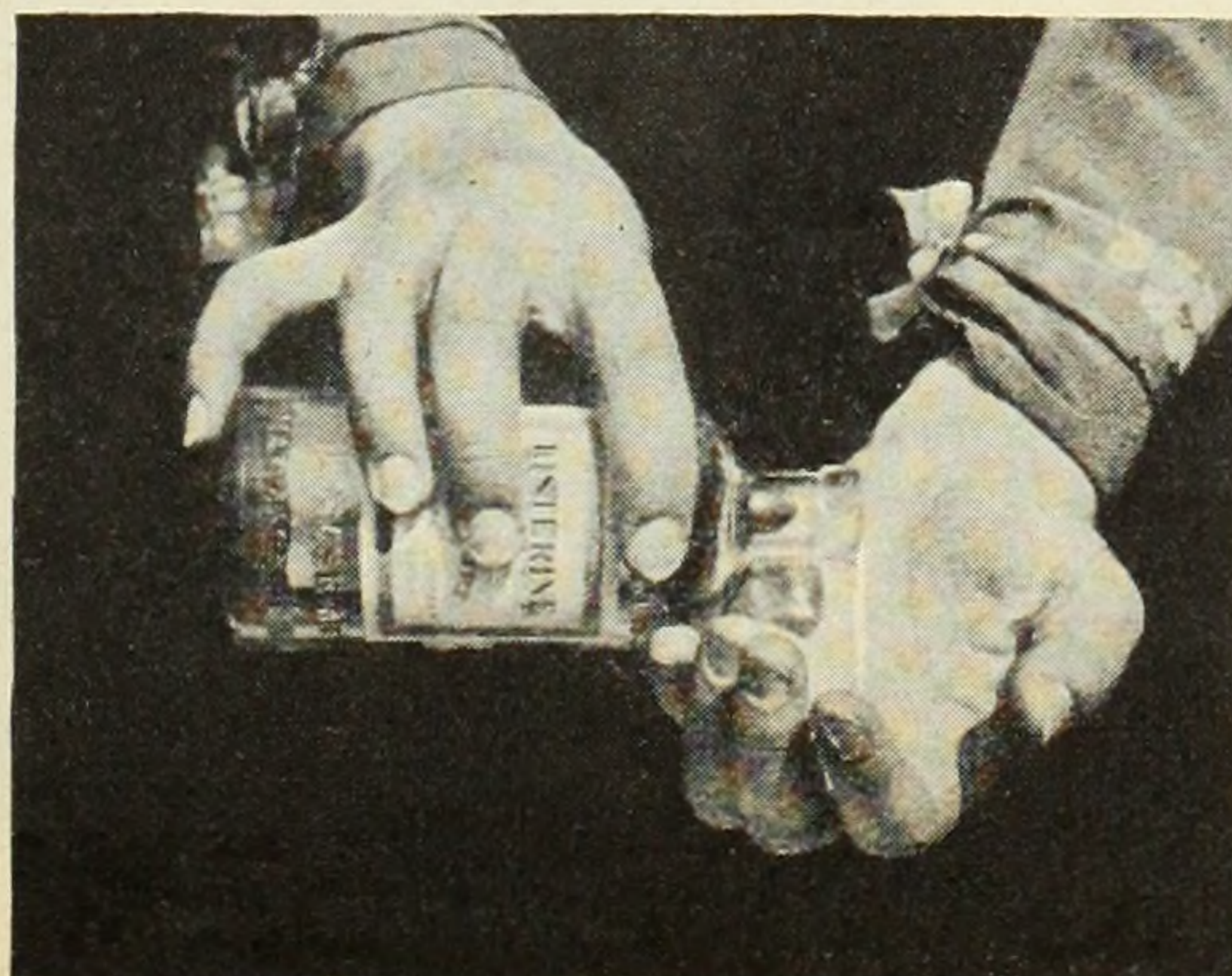
Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

ons of ordinary colds start when germs, ed by the hands to the mouth on food, k the mucous membrane. Being very ate, it allows germs foothold where they pp quickly unless steps are taken to r them harmless.

u can accomplish this by rinsing your s with Listerine, as many physicians do, e each meal.

only a little Listerine for this purpose— et it dry on the hands. This simple act spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

is particularly important that mothers ring food for children remember this ation.





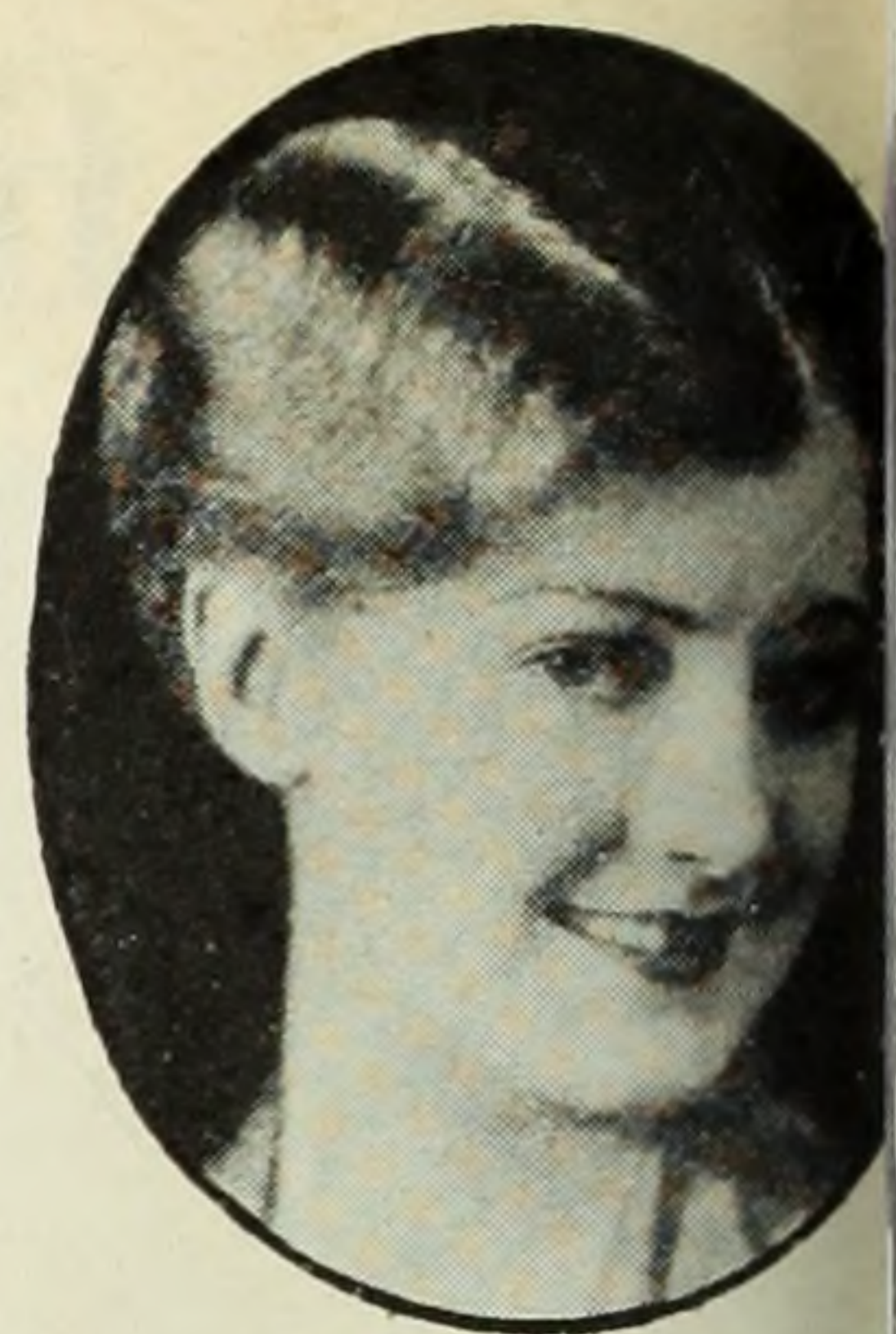
Carmel Myers
Independent



Mary McAlister
Independent



Kathryn McGuire
Independent



Josephine Dunn
M. G. M.

“Smooth skin even more important than beautiful features”
say Leading Directors



Sally Phipps
Fox Films



June Mariowe
Universal



Aileen Pringle
M. G. M.



Nancy Phillips
Independent



Claire Windsor
Tiffany Stahl



Dorothy Phillips
Independent



Elinor Fair
Pathé De Mille



Margaret Quimby
Independent



Rita Carewe
Independent



Jean Arthur
Paramount



Marie Prevost
Pathé De Mille

There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap.

96% of all the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with
Lux Toilet Soap.

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or \$1.00 a cake . . . no



Nancy Carroll
Paramount



Pauline Starke
Independent



Betty Francisco
Independent



Yola d'Avril
First National



Gertrude Olmsted
Independent



Doris Hill
Paramount



Gwen Lee
M. G. M.



Mae Busch
Independent



Vera Voronina
Paramount

Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like velvet" say
9 out of 10 Screen Stars

BECAUSE they must face the all revealing lights of the close-up, smooth skin means even more to them than to other girls! Screen stars guard it carefully.

They use Lux Toilet Soap in their own luxurious bathrooms and also in the dressing rooms of all the big film studios.



Sally Rand
Independent



Thelma Todd
First National



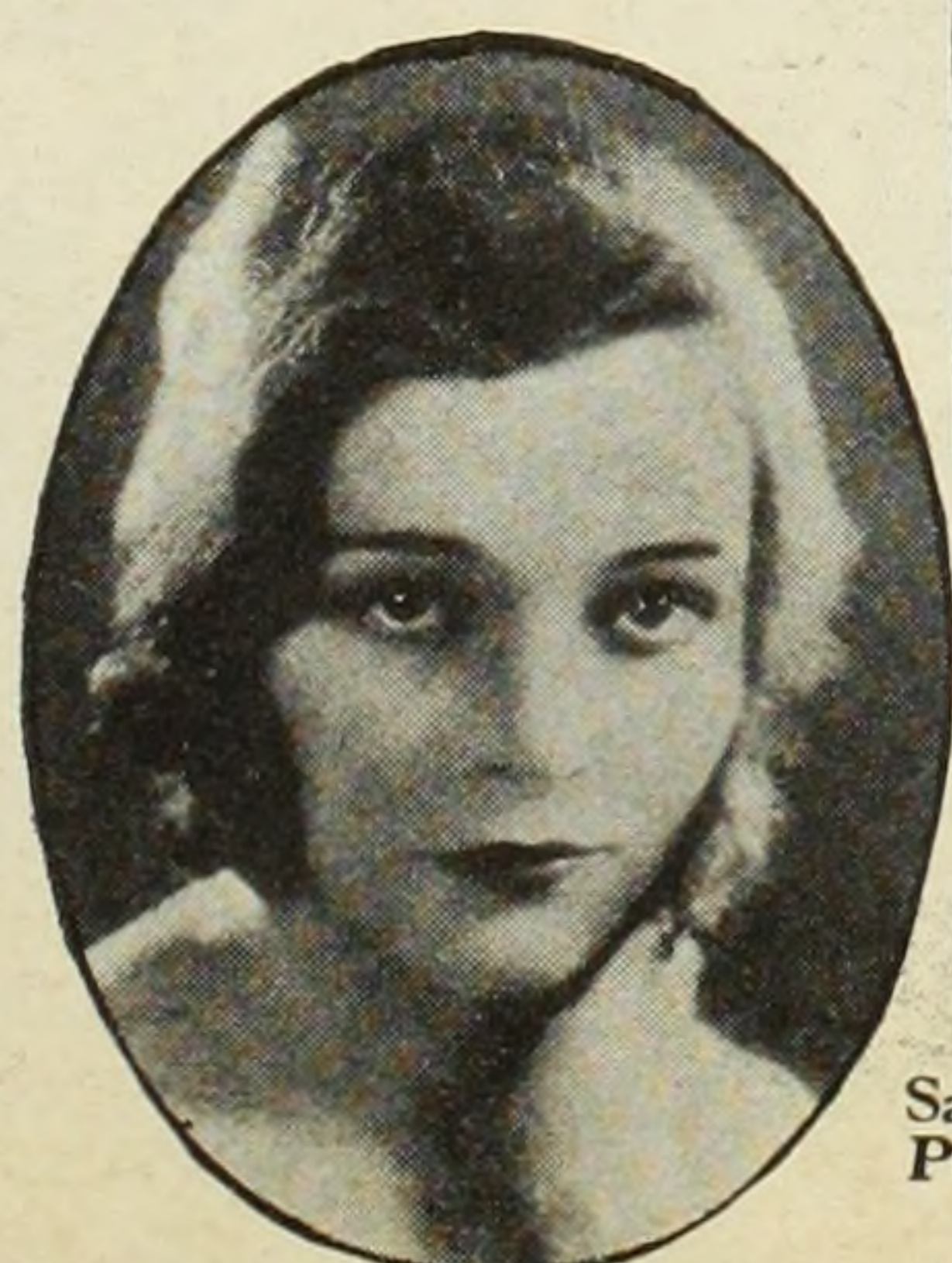
Evelyn Brent
Paramount



Marian Nixon
Universal



Olive Tell
Independent



Sally Blane
Paramount

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

NORMA TALMADGE, for instance. Until recently, the Talmadge-Schenck alliance was the most powerful one in the film world. The Talmadges and Schencks were a remarkable example of family and business loyalty.

But it's all over now. The domestic and business alliance was broken up by one handsome Mexican boy, Gilbert Roland. It is really a romantic and dramatic story. And I suspect that there are a lot of heartbreaks in it. Certainly it hasn't been easy for Joe Schenck to watch his wife and partner drift away from him. Nor has it been exactly pleasant for Peg Talmadge, Norma's mother, to see the family broken up.

POOOR Constance Talmadge has also been a victim. After months of waiting in Hollywood for a starring picture to come her way, Connie has gone to Europe with her devoted mother to make a foreign film, "The Venus." She will work at Rex Ingram's studio at Nice, France, but Ingram will not direct her. To a certain extent, Norma and Joe put Connie across. The kid was talented, yes; but not all talented girls have the exploitation and the opportunities that fell to Connie's lot.

OVER on the Riviera, Connie will be placed in the odd situation of being in daily association with her second husband, Captain Alistair MacIntosh. Ali MacIntosh is the general manager of the Ingram studio and, incidentally, very much on the up and up in Riviera social circles. But don't look for a reconciliation. The Captain recently married Leila Emery, an American girl.

Before departing for Europe, Connie made the routine denials of her engagement to "Buster" Collier. They say that there is another romance in the offing. This time the man is a wealthy non-professional from Chicago.



Flash, the dog star, is superstitious. During the filming of "Honeymoon," a black cat crossed his path. Not to be jinxed, he adopted the pussy for luck. Nobody is going to put the high-sign on Flash

THEODORE ROBERTS was paid \$50,000 for one day's work in "Ned McCord's Daughter," a Pathe picture. A week's work was accomplished in one day, due to the fact that Roberts knew his stuff. A cheaper actor might have bungled the rôle and cost more money, what with the delay and high cost of over-

AND now Hollywood has a pawnshop! What a thorn in the side of the chamber of commerce that must be! For years without number they have boasted that Hollywood was a city without pawn shops. And now, either by accident or design, this offending institution has located itself almost directly opposite the impressive studio offices of Sam Goldwyn!

ARE pictures getting more perfumed and less he-man? Over on the Pathe lot long ago, they had a terrible time trying to find a man who could roll a cigarette with one hand to double for Alan Hale in a close-up.

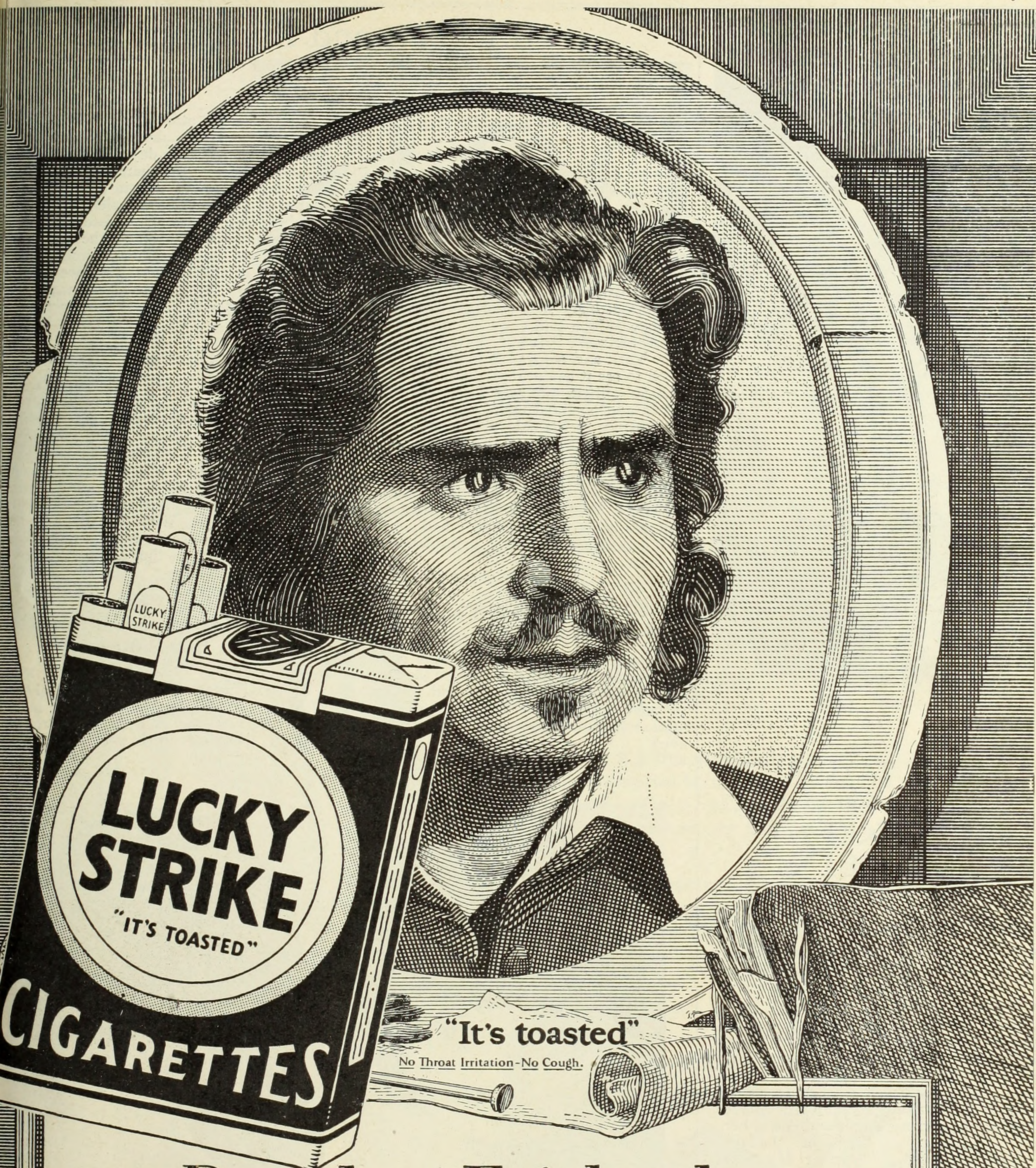
At last they dug up a gnarled old cow boy man who could do the trick, only to find that his hand was so knotty that it couldn't possibly pass for Hale's under the eye of the camera.

Yes, sir, the flickers aren't what they used to be. Makes us tarnation sad when we remember how Bill Hart used to roll up the mags with one hand while he kept a bead on the man with his six gun with the other fist.

THE boys and girls have a pet name for Emil Jannings on the Paramount lot. The mobs that storm the casting department call Unser Emil "The Extras' Friend." In all of Jannings' pictures unusually large numbers of extra people are employed. In "The Sins of the Fathers," between two hundred and six [CONTINUED ON PAGE 52]

"Just before the battle, Mother." All was innocent whoopee at George Beban's Italian fiesta until Will Morrissey (fourth from the right) made cracks about Tom Mix (second from the right). And then the fists flew. Doesn't this little party look sedate enough?





Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" says—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

Douglas Fairbanks



Ruth Taylor, star in
Paramount Pictures

Diminutive

RUTH TAYLOR

finds she needs her

**MEEKER
MADE R
H A N D B A G**

on many a trip...many a shopping tour

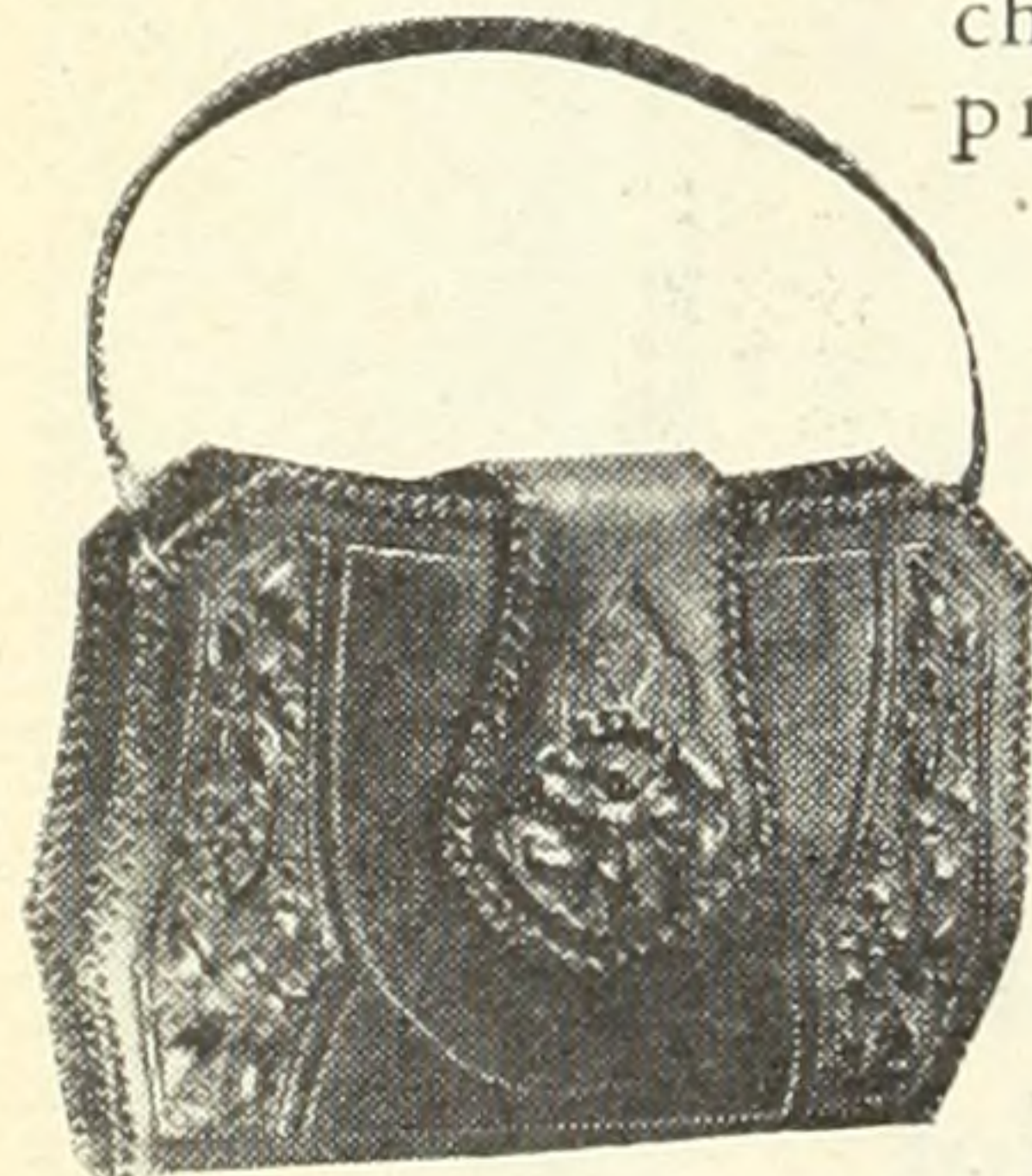
YOU remember Ruth Taylor in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Miss Taylor made herself famous in this entertaining screen play.

Her clothes must reflect a personality as well as their wearer. Perhaps a very small part of her very charming personality is her tastefully chosen apparel and accessories. It is needless to say more about Miss Taylor's choice of a Meeker Made Handbag besides the fact that this was her

choice. "Ladies prefer Meeker Made Quality."

Tooled... hand colored... hand-laced

Handbags
Underarms
Vanities
Billfolds
Novelties



**MEEKER
MADE R**

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER GOODS

by

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

Largest Mfrs. of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

Where the Screen Is the Goat

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here in this smoky town perhaps the authorities think the soot and fog and dirt will hide the ridiculousness of their censorship. The play, "The Captive," banned from such sin-loving cities as New York and Los Angeles, was permitted to play, unmolested. At a movie house there appeared a practically nude hootchie-kootchie dancer who danced brazenly and disgustingly in a prologue to a motion picture.

The picture? "Hula." Having seen this in New York and enjoyed it immensely, I ventured to see it again under local exploitation. The poor little film was so cut, bandaged, pieced and operated upon, that it bore little resemblance to the enjoyable play I had witnessed in the East.

I tried to remember what had been so immoral in the picture and could not recall a single instance that had upset my puritanical principles. Yet the censors had strained the film of any warmth while they had permitted such ugly suggestiveness to be displayed in the prologue.

BLANCHE D. PETRIK.

Sound and Fury

Baltimore, Md.

I am a grandfather, and I have seen the moving picture grow from a toy to the greatest form of entertainment in the world. I venture to make a prophecy: The popularity of the talking picture will be comparatively short-lived.

In the quiet atmosphere of the movie picture theater, men and women seek surcease from the noises of the day. For myself, I am interested in what the characters do, not what they say. Most of us can stand the siller words on the screen, "Gerald Von Wrotter you have destroyed my love forever." Few of us would be able to stand the same words coming from the screen in a high falsetto.

Hamlet said, "The rest is silence." Before the talking picture is done with, many of us are apt to cry out in anguish, "The silence is rest."

LOUIS VOGLE.

For Cheaper Movies

Glendale, Calif.

We used to have to stand in line, even at dinner time, in order to get a seat in a movie theater. Now it is rare to find a completely sold-out house. I may not be a wizard at finance, but if the whining theater owners want to fill their houses, let them put the admittance price down where millions more would feel they could afford to go. What man with a moderate salary can take his wife and three children to many shows when the cheapest seats are seventy-five cents?

J. E. BRYANT.

Maybe He Swiped It from the Roadhouse

Englewood, N. J.

It was interesting to note in "Hold 'Em Yale," that the learned professor had his pantry shelves stocked with exactly the same

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



A*B. The evolution of the engagement ring; or a little chart of the high cost of living. When mother was a girl, any ring would do, just so long as it was a solitaire diamond. And now nothing less than a rock will convince a girl that she ought to give up freelancing and sign a contract. This little sermon in stones is posed by Louise Brooks who—believe it or not—never wears jewelry herself

Modess

PRONOUNCED MŌ-DESS

Until you try it, such soft comfort seems beyond belief

YOU'LL be delighted to discover at last a sanitary napkin of superlative softness and comfort. Modess is so infinitely finer in every way—so free from chafing—so safe—that you are certain to be enthusiastic in your preference.

The center or filler is unlike that of the ordinary napkin. It is not in stiff layers with square edges but is a soft, yielding mass like fluffy cotton which form makes it more highly absorbent. This filler is an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson. It disintegrates instantly when flushed away. Modess has smoothly rounded sides that cannot chafe.

The Johnson & Johnson gauze is specially softened and then for added comfort is cushioned with a film of cotton, giving a velvety softness. As a further protection, the soft back is rendered resistant to moisture by a method unknown to others.

The easiest and quickest way to learn how much better is Modess is to buy a box at your druggist or department store but we shall be glad to mail one Modess for you to examine. Just fill out the coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.



One Modess free for examination

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey (Dept. 16)

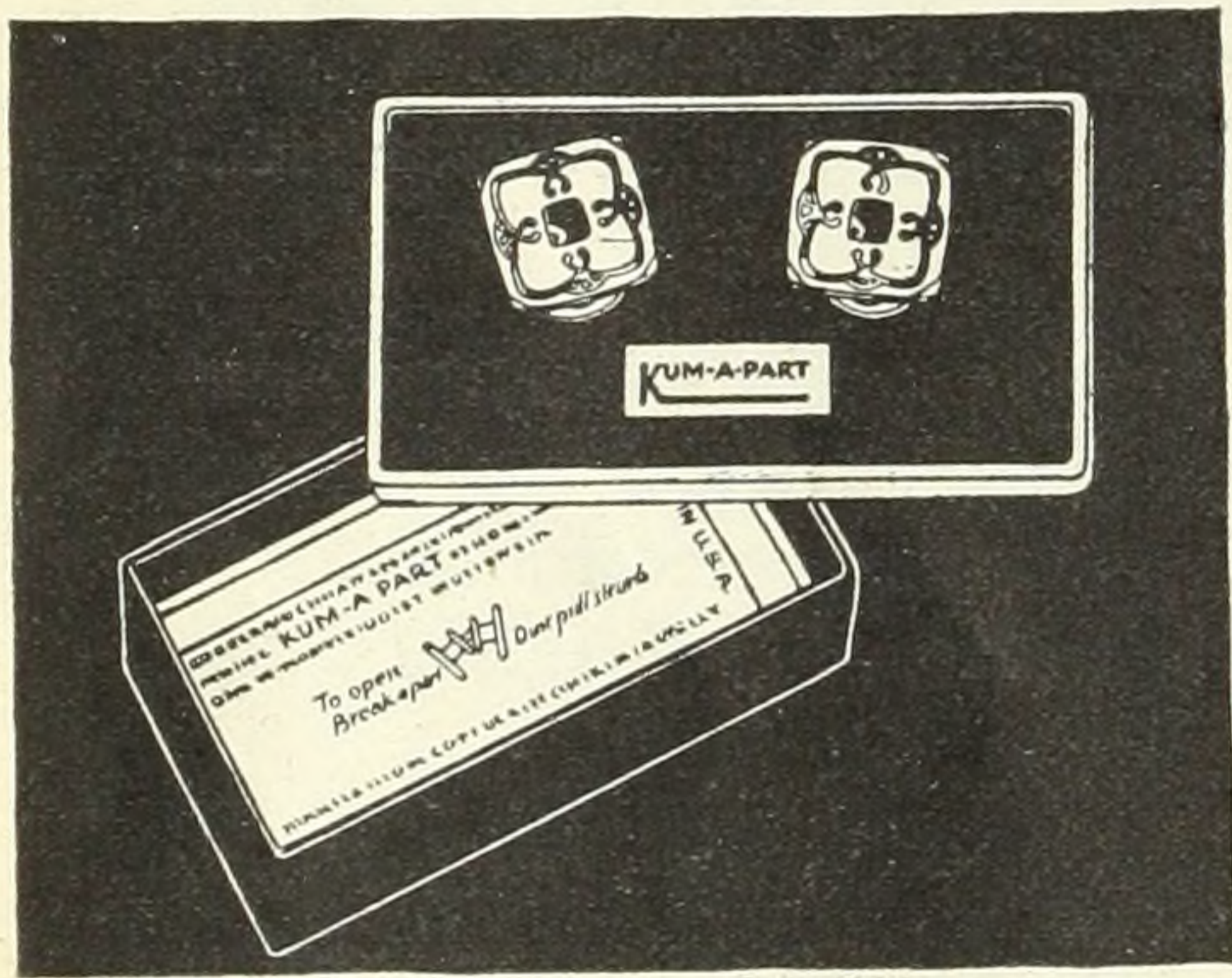
I would like to receive one free Modess to examine carefully.

Name.....Address.....

You see it's really easy!

WHEN it comes to gifts for men, the annual despair of the Christmas shopper is traditional. We admit that. But we deny the necessity for any such mental turmoil. Especially this year!

Have you noticed the style trend in men's shining raiment of late? Unmistakably, there are more starched collars being worn now than for several years past. For business they're the thing. And you know that starched collars mean French cuffs . . . and French cuffs mean cuff buttons, and there you are!



Kum-a-parts! The most practical cuff buttons made—and one of the few bits of chaste adornment well-dressed men will permit themselves to wear. *Snip*—and they're open. *Snap*—and they're closed. Holding even the softest cuffs firmly in place. Made of fine materials, and guaranteed for a lifetime. Priced to suit any purse, up to \$25. At jewelers' or men's shops. Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

Another gift suggestion for civilized men: The new Carlton automatic cigarette lighter, thinnest and most graceful of them all ("Snap the lever—there's your light!"). This is also a Kum-a-part product.

Wilson Mizner Turns Informer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

His favorite flower is the California poppy, without any oriental treatment of it—I think.

He is not conversant with any particular walk of life, having run through all of them. And perhaps that's why he's so successful under the management of Winnie Sheehan—Winnie has hurried a bit himself.

Elinor Glyn had never met him when she picked out Rex, the king of wild horses, as the epitome of Hollywood's IT complex.

But what's sex-appeal anyhow? Toads have it. His favorite wife is yet to be chosen; so toe the scratch, girls, and wait for the gun if you're looking for trouble!

He never uses a script in directing, but carries the story, no matter how bulky, above his eyebrows—and his memorandum slip in the back of his watch.

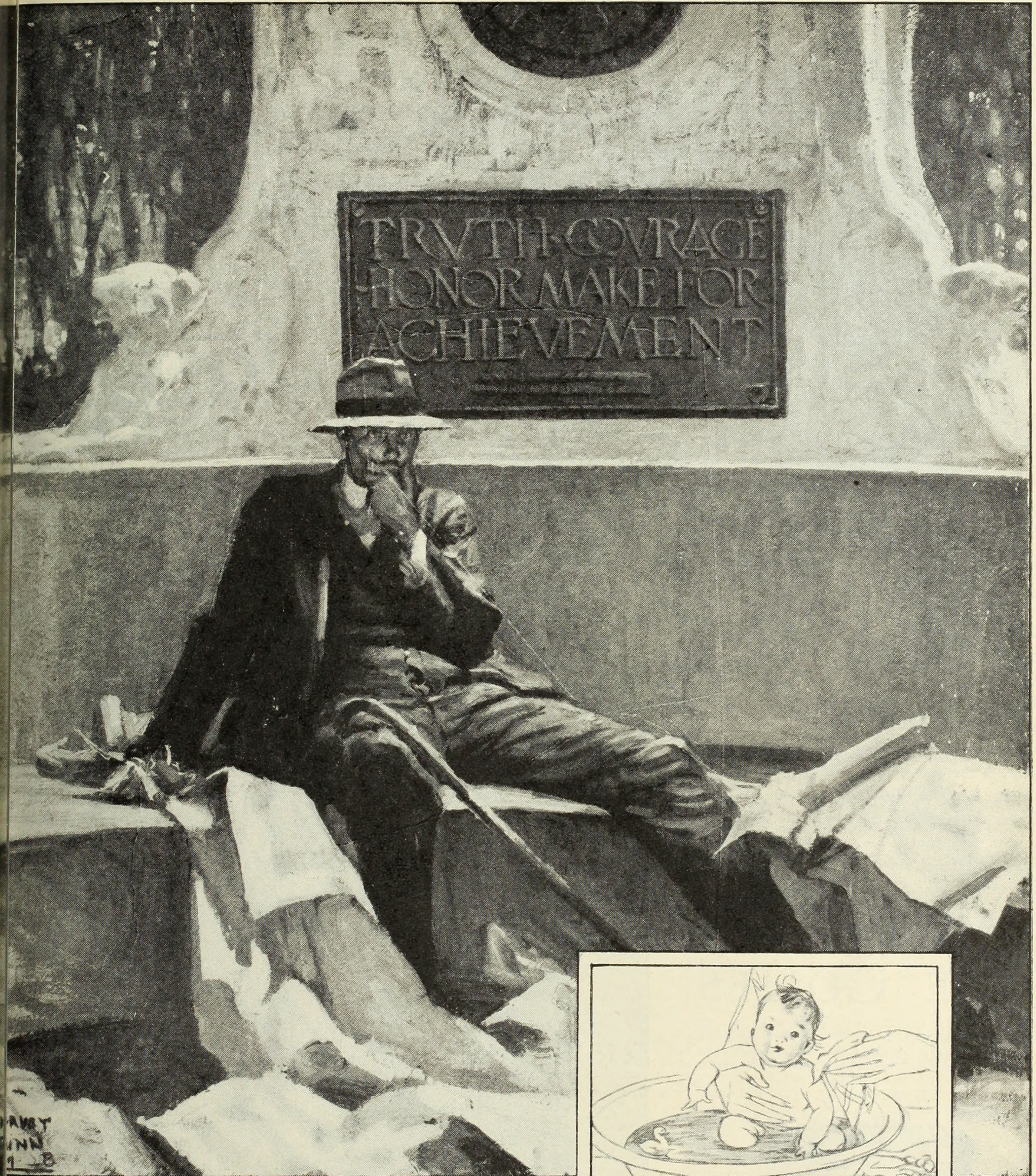
The William Fox Company is doing the story of "Soapy Smith," which will be elevated to the title, "Skaguay," the story upon which Carl Harbaugh and I are now working. Inasmuch as it is the saga of an outstanding brigand who parleyed a case of dandruff and a six-shooter into the absolute control of Alaska, Raoul Walsh is indispensable to it.

And to make the picture interestingly revolting, I probably am indispensable to Director Raoul.

I do hope the foregoing jumble of words will be pleasing to the subject of them. Be it whether they are or not, I will take the necessary precautions and when the issue of PHOTOPLAY with this article in it appears in Hollywood, I'll get myself an armful of bricks and back on my hill.



Ruth Taylor introduces a new fur to Hollywood. This coat is trimmed with chiffon squirrel, a new fur evolved by a special treatment process discovered in Germany. The coat is gray chiffon lined with heavy gray satin with an interlining for warmth. It is used in bands to give the effect of shaded stripes encircling the wrap



At 3 months a success; at 30 years...?

OF COURSE every baby is a success. Freshly bathed and dressed, baby is a picture of spotless perfection.

Any mother knows that the lesson of personal cleanliness, if taught well enough, will exert a powerful influence for clean

living all through the years . . . But sometimes it isn't taught and sometimes it isn't learned.

Sometimes the man grows up to reap the results of untidy habits.

He is simply Help Not Wanted.

You can't keep a clean man down"—SOAP & WATER

SHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Her Hair

is Lovely;

She uses Perfect Combs

BEAUTIFULLY combed hair is an outward expression of taste and fastidious grooming. Ace Hard Rubber Combs have smooth, polished teeth which coax away snarls and tangles without breaking. In order to attain perfection in the care of the hair, a large Ace Comb should be used each morning upon arising. For every occasion during the day, the Ace Pocket Comb is a necessity, while at night the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb cleans away every bit of dust or powder, leaving the hair glossy and the scalp healthily glowing. These

Ace Combs assure a loveliness that fully repays their modest cost.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Pocket Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

{Tear Off Here}

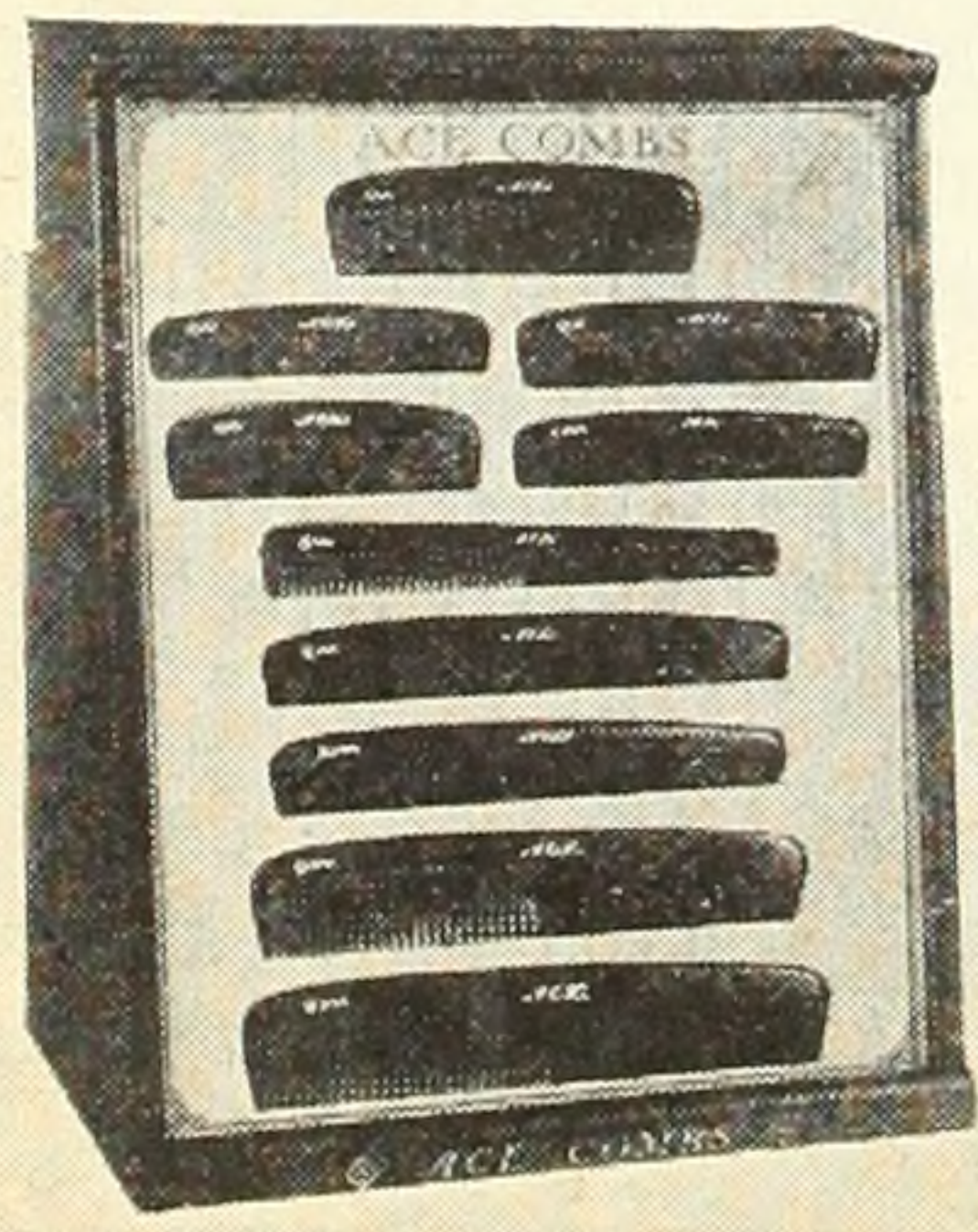


AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. P-11, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name

Address



The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

How Stars Meet Their Household Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

One of the most utilitarian nooks in Hollywood is in the home of Esther Ralston. She was fortunate enough to have two large clothes closets in every bedroom.

She called the carpenters and had one closet of each room turned into a dressing nook. This serves to keep the powder dust and the various rouge and cold cream jars out of the bedroom proper. Each dressing room is done in the style of a different country. The one in the picture is Chinese.

There was an awkward corner in Aileen Pringle's guest room where nothing seemed to fit. It was too large a space for a chair or a table. The clothes closet in this room was small so Aileen decided upon a novel wardrobe. It meets the same demand as the old-fashioned wardrobe but is much more attractive. Aileen had this one painted in lacquer red with a silver futuristic figure on either large door. It was made just to fit into the corner of the room. On one side there are drawers for shoes, stockings, lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc., and on the other side a long pole on which to place dress hangers. The shelf for hats runs the entire length of the wardrobe.

Madge Bellamy got an idea for a smart piece of furniture from a set in "Mother Knows

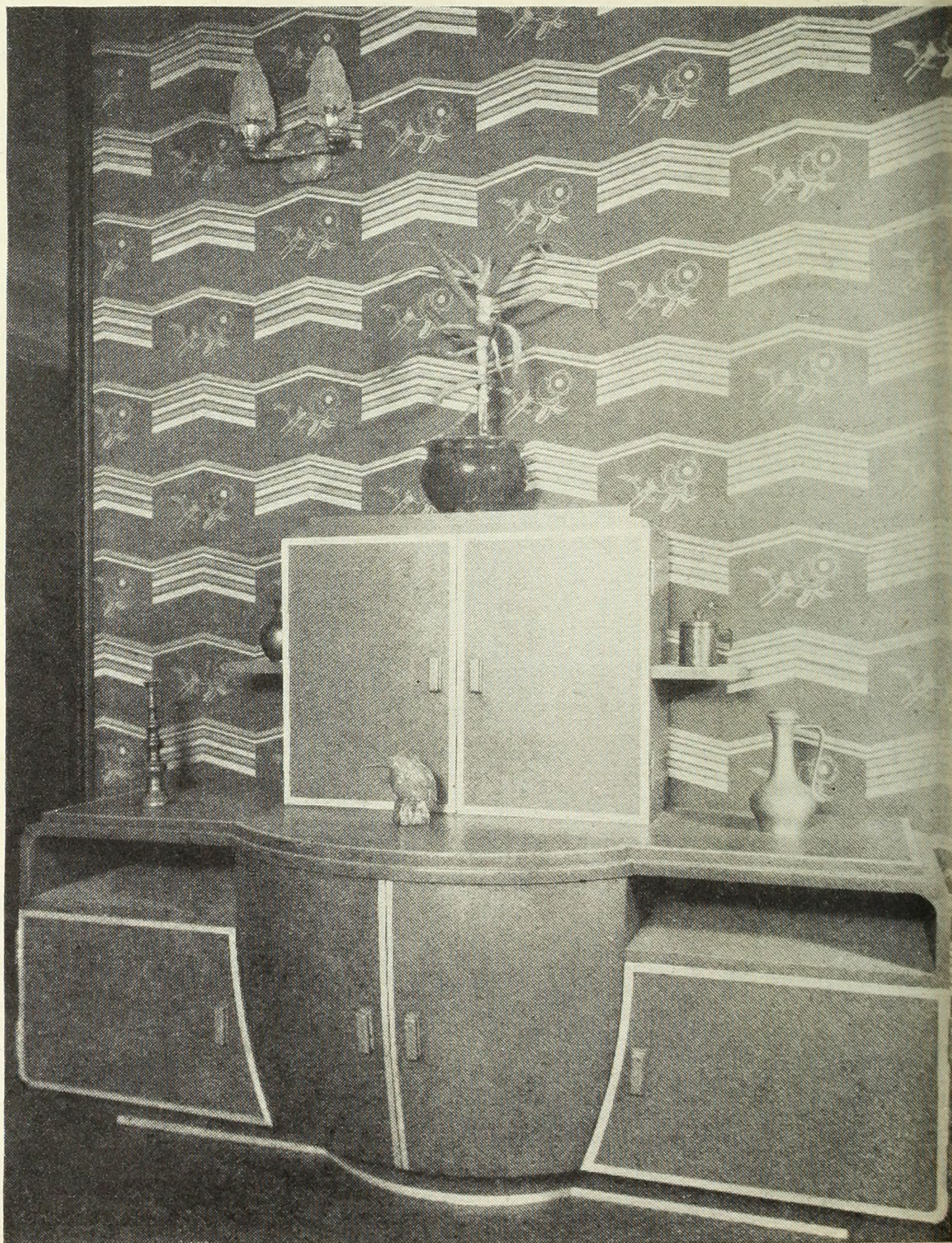
Best." These interiors, a fine example of futuristic art, were all designed by Will Darling, who helped Madge have a duplicate of the interesting console in the picture. It fits into her new and elaborate home perfectly. The unusual shape of the shelf space makes it perfect for holding large hats or any other unwieldy article that needs to be put out of the way.

In Dorothy Sebastian's modernistic home there is a beautiful piece of tapestry that covers over a niche in the wall where the radiator is concealed.

Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen have covered another room in their home by building a high wall around the patio and putting a fireplace in it.

Eleanor Boardman has successfully utilized some of the antique furniture that she and King Vidor brought back from abroad. A quaint cradle (Antonia, the Vidor daughter) which she prefers more modern sleeping quarters has been placed near a cozy chair in one of her bedrooms and is used as a magazine holder.

The stars find the same pleasure in working out their own problems as you do and perhaps their originality may help you to solve some of your own difficulties.



Madge Bellamy had this unusual console made especially for her. The original was used on a set of "Mother Knows Best." Notice the large cupboard space which may be used to hold large hats or any other unwieldy articles

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*“Women Use
Too Much Rouge”*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the “painted look”—and “too much rouge” is not really a question of quantity. It is a

er of kind; for even the tiniest bit usual rouge *does look unreal.*

men have startling proof of differ- in rouges once they try Princess Have you sometimes watched y clouds at sunset shade from est rose to faintest pink, every pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure luminous, seeming to lie beneath skin and not upon it. You obtain e, or less, color by using freely or ngly. But there is never a ques- of too much, never the unlovely nted look” to which men object.

y, delicacy, the most costly color , and a secret formula combine to e Princess Pat the *most natural in the world.* And whether blonde unette, you can use any and all of ix Princess Pat shades with perfect t—instead of being limited to one ith usual rouges.

lvet Your Skin with Princess Pat
Almond Base Face Powder

et is just the word; for the soft, ning Almond Base imparts to

PRINCESS PAT
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Princess Pat an entirely new “feel,” makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

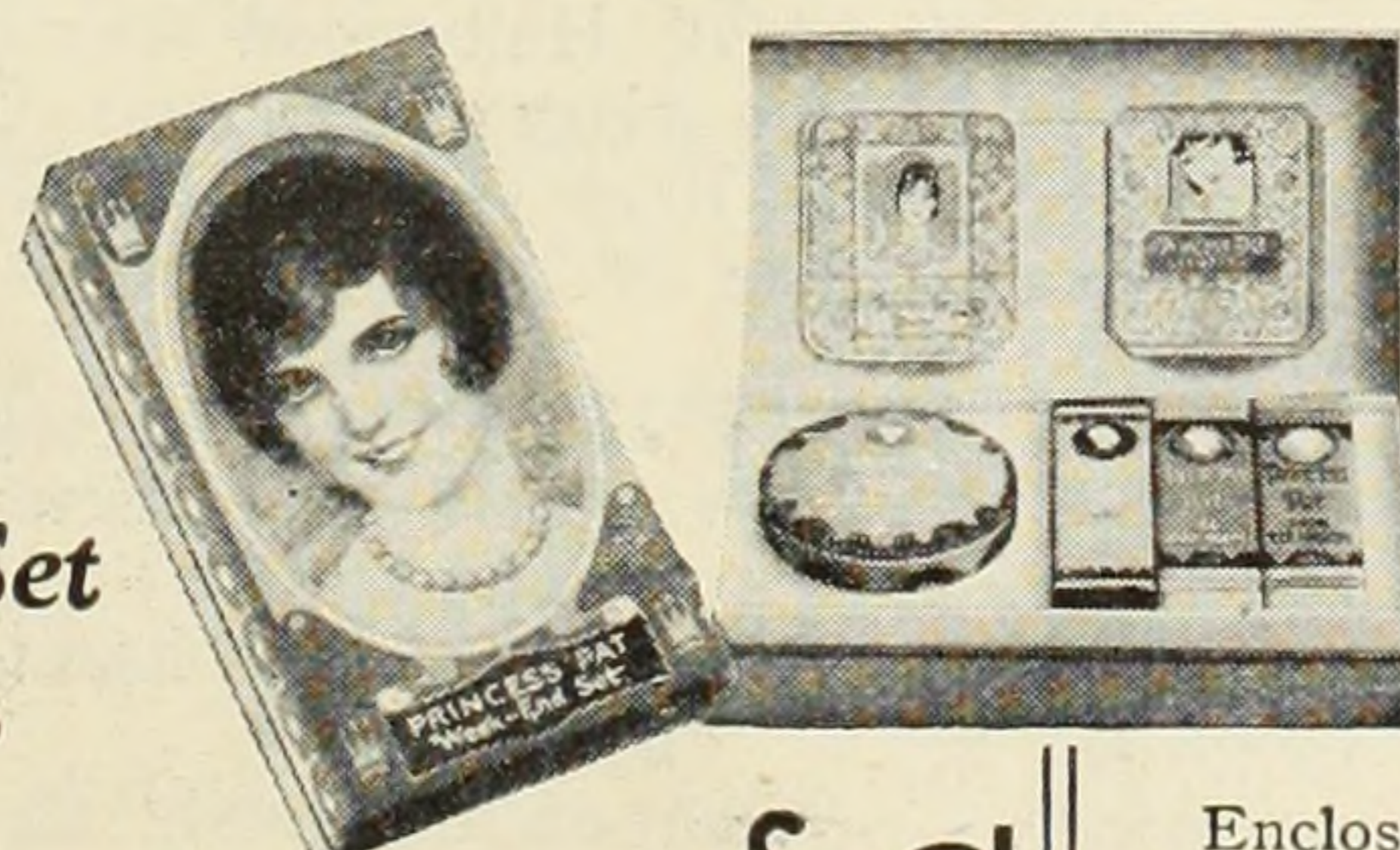
Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you’ve wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely “rim” of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an “acquaintance” set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



**Get This
Week End Set
—SPECIAL**

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 6-B Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



The only photograph of Charles Chaplin and his mother, the late Mrs. Hannah Chaplin. Mrs. Chaplin, who died in California recently, had been in ill-health for years. In her youth she was a well-known stage star in England

wood, and it is fast becoming the most popular night spot in and about filmland.

Arbuckle has tried about every comeback known to show business. He took a crack directing under the name of William B. Goodrich (Will B. Good), and he made a long personal appearance tour in the Loew picture houses. Now he finds that there is no do-re-mi in being a male Tex Guinan. And entertains himself, all six of him.

Incidentally, Alice White won a dancing prize at Fatty's place recently, getting a silver eye-cup or something. Her partner was Herr Adlon, a big hotel man from Germany.

THE movie Caesars have a way of slapping the wrists of recalcitrant players who hoity-toity. The bosses order the public departments to stop all stories and photographs on the offending stars.

The latest person to be so disciplined, I hear, is Joan Crawford. Joan is being punished something or other by Metro-Goldwyn-May. In her case, all this discipline, deserved or not, is a little foolhardy, because Sam Goldwyn makes no secret of the fact he would love to manage Joan's career.

M.-G.-M. doesn't quite realize what a beauty has in Joan. Sometimes companies are too close to their players to get the right perspective on them. Joan has a vivid personality and acting is clear-cut and interesting. She has something of the magnetism of Pauline Frederick. At this stage of her career, Joan needs boosts instead of knocks, and incentive as well as discipline and guidance.

WELL—and still another well! Cassio, first cousin of Rudolph Valentino, teamed up with Natacha Rambova to make movies. The first film will be a silent drama called "Who Am I?" The second will be a talkie, and both will be produced by the Prisma Film Company. Cassio will *not* use the name of Valentino. He will simply call himself Cassio. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

hundred supernumeraries worked in five or six long sequences. "The Patriot" used thousands in the mob scenes.

"More and bigger Jannings pictures!" roar the extra people, reaching for the \$7.50 check.

IT might be of some interest to know that while discussing his marital upheaval a short time ago, Tom Mix remarked that for a very long time he had been running the only roadhouse in the West without a cover charge. He meant his Beverly Hills home.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., is simply furious at Jack Pickford. It was a bad day for both Syracuse and Jack when an airplane, taking Mary's brother to the Coast, dropped in Cayuga County. Jack was obliged to go to Syracuse to wait for a train, and he made the mistake of giving out an interview when he was all hot and bothered over the accident.

Among other things, Jack told the reporters that the steaks in Syracuse were as tough as Tom Mix's vest. And he said that the town was a terrible place in general, which wasn't tactful.

To make matters worse, Jack talked on the movies and the local critics discovered that his information was full of holes. He referred to Vilma Banky as a Swede, when the lady is a Hungarian. He said that Ronald Colman was "no speaking actor," when everyone knows

that Ronald was on the stage long before he went into the movies.

And maybe the Syracuse newspapermen didn't have a good time pointing out these little errors! The moral is: Never be interviewed when you are hot and bothered.

SYRACUSE had two movie panics in a few weeks. Before the Jack Pickford visit, it was agitated by the news, broadcast by a girl friend, that Evelyn Brent of Hollywood was once Minnie Riggs of Syracuse. Now if Miss Brent really is Miss Riggs, what of it?

"THAT leading man!" the gusher crooned,
"How virile, handsome, big!"
"That on his chest," the prop boy said,
"Is nothing but a wig."

THE Gold Coast is a good forgetter. Thank God!

Fatty Arbuckle has reopened the old Plantation Club on Washington Boulevard, Holly-



Mary Philbin, at the age of six, when she was the pride and joy of a public school kindergarten in Chicago



You, too, can have *EYES* that Charm

A touch of "MAYBELLINE" works beauty wonders. Even light, scant eyelashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes, their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed.

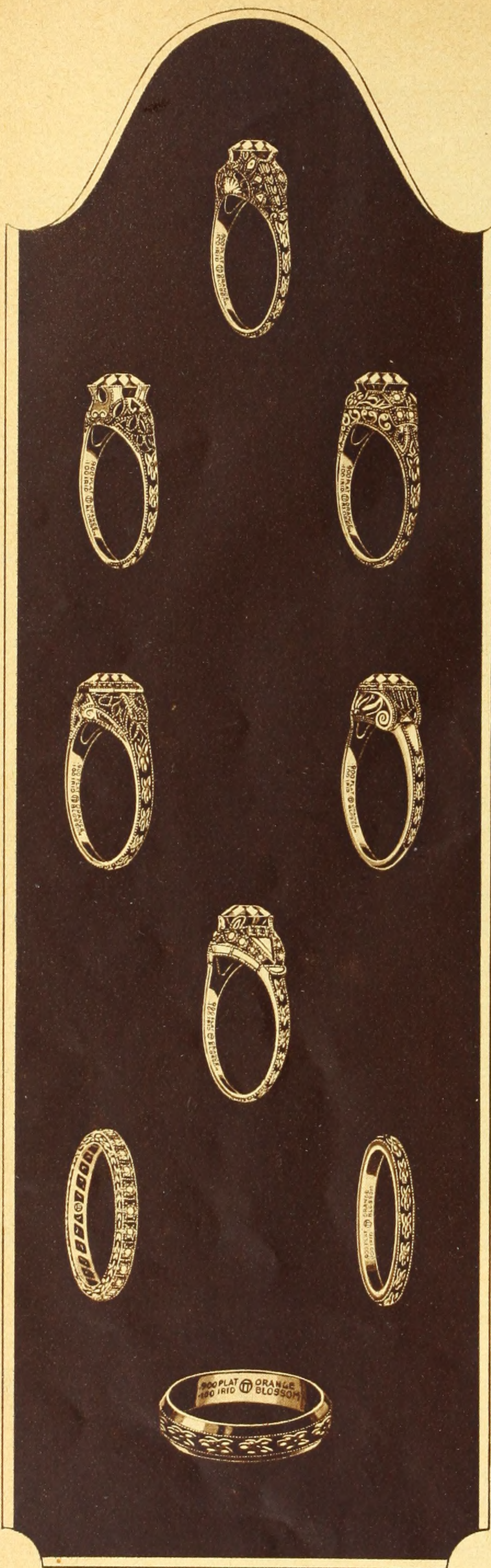
The difference is remarkable. Millions of women in all parts of the world, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that "MAYBELLINE" is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. Perfectly harmless in every way.

Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at All Toilet Goods Counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

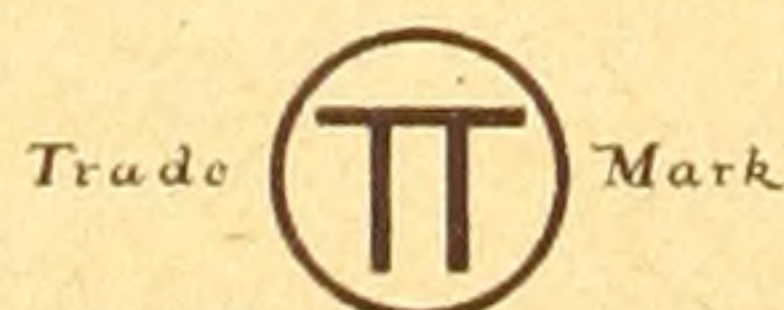
Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier





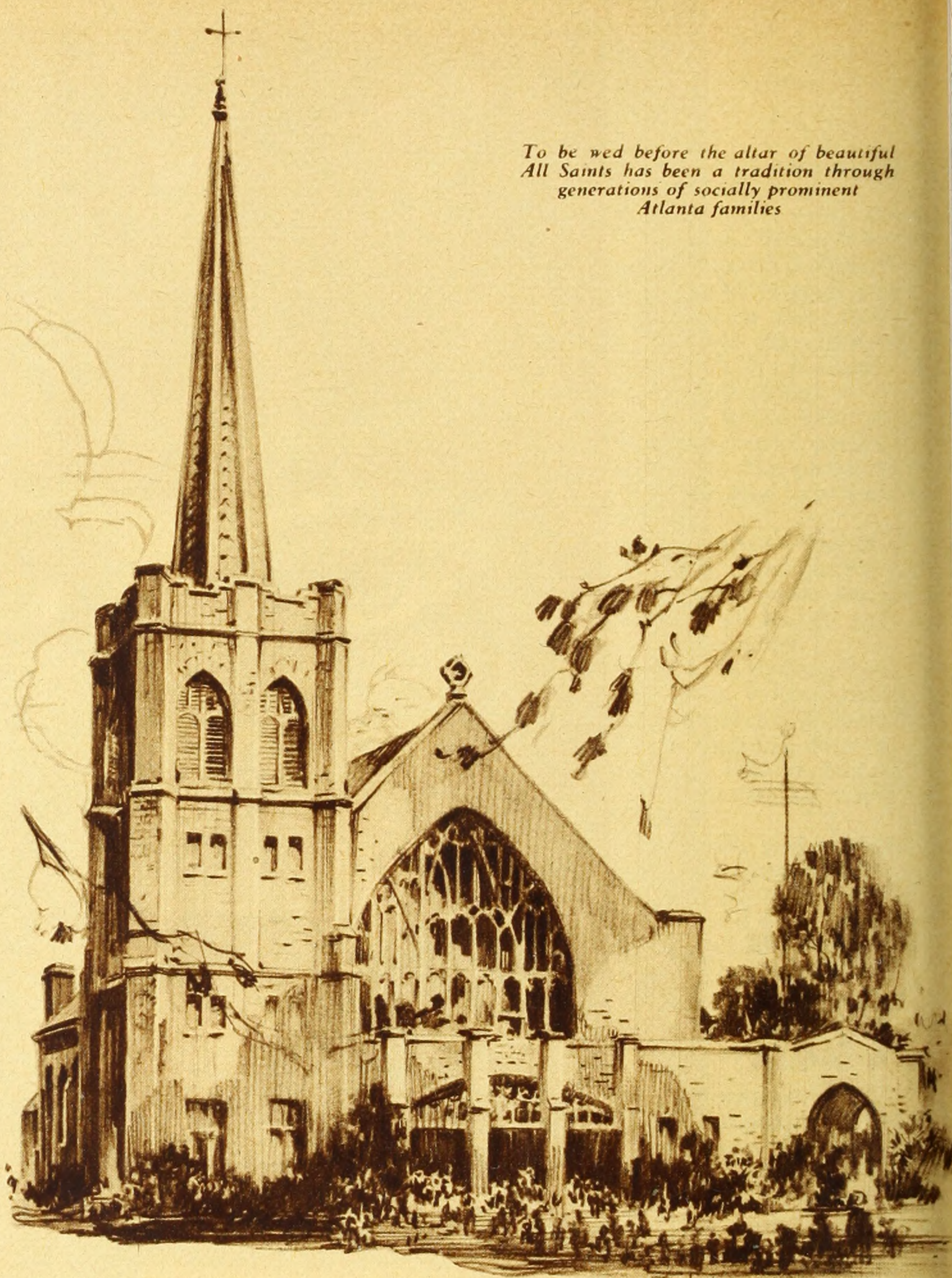
More than 400 ring styles, iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled. Priced as low as \$12

TRAUB Genuine
Orange Blossom
 Engagement and Wedding Rings



T R A U B

To be wed before the altar of beautiful
 All Saints has been a tradition through
 generations of socially prominent
 Atlanta families



There is no
 "just as good" as
GENUINE ORANGE BLOSSOM

Experience . . . infinite skill and patience . . . the labor of craftsmen who know and love their craft . . . have given to the style world the 400 and more, superb adaptations of the Genuine Orange Blossom design found only in rings bearing the Traub trade-mark. There can be no "just as good" . . . because there is no duplicate of the experience responsible for Traub's unquestioned leadership. Genuine Orange Blossom, in perfectly matched wedding rings and engagement mountings, is displayed by the better jewelers, everywhere.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 DETROIT MICHIGAN
 NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
 576 Fifth Avenue 704 Market Street
 WALKERVILLE ONTARIO

(160) © T. M. Co., 1928

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

OUND pictures have been responsible for some unusual behavior at the studios. Recently several Paramount stars discovered that they could test and hear their own voices with dictaphones that executives use for dictation when secretaries are not about. Clara and Bebe Daniels, visiting the studio for a few one evening, found an idle dictaphone in Bernie Fineman's office and proceeded to give voice tests on all spare records.

Imagine the amazement of Mr. Fineman's secretary next morning upon placing the earphones to her dainty pink ears, expecting to get the usual "Dear Sir, yours of the so-and-so kind," and hearing instead a charming feminine voice remark, "Darling, I love you," when a scream, followed by another feminine voice screeching, "Unhand me, you..."

DADDIE NUGENT pauses long enough to shout, "Give a definition of a parrot. A canary that has taken up Vitaphone."

CONSIDERABLE consternation and amusement broke out on the Lasky lot the other day when Emil Jannings and Ruth Chatterton were seen driving from the back of the 26-acre lot to the restaurant, near the front of the studio, in a fine old hansom cab. Jannings held the reins and "topper" of the cabbie in a most grandiloquent gesture, and pushed the cabbie along at a pretty pace. They had been working in a beer garden of the vintage of the 18th century—Miss Chatterton and Jannings, not the cabbie—and at the call of "lunch," climbed aboard the cab as a matter of convenience. Chatterton descended with great dignity from the restaurant, looked up at her cabbie and said, "Thanks, sir, for the buggy ride." At which Jannings nearly fell off his seat.

ACCORDING to Ernest Torrence, a motion picture actor needs but one language. When he and his wife were abroad, Mrs.

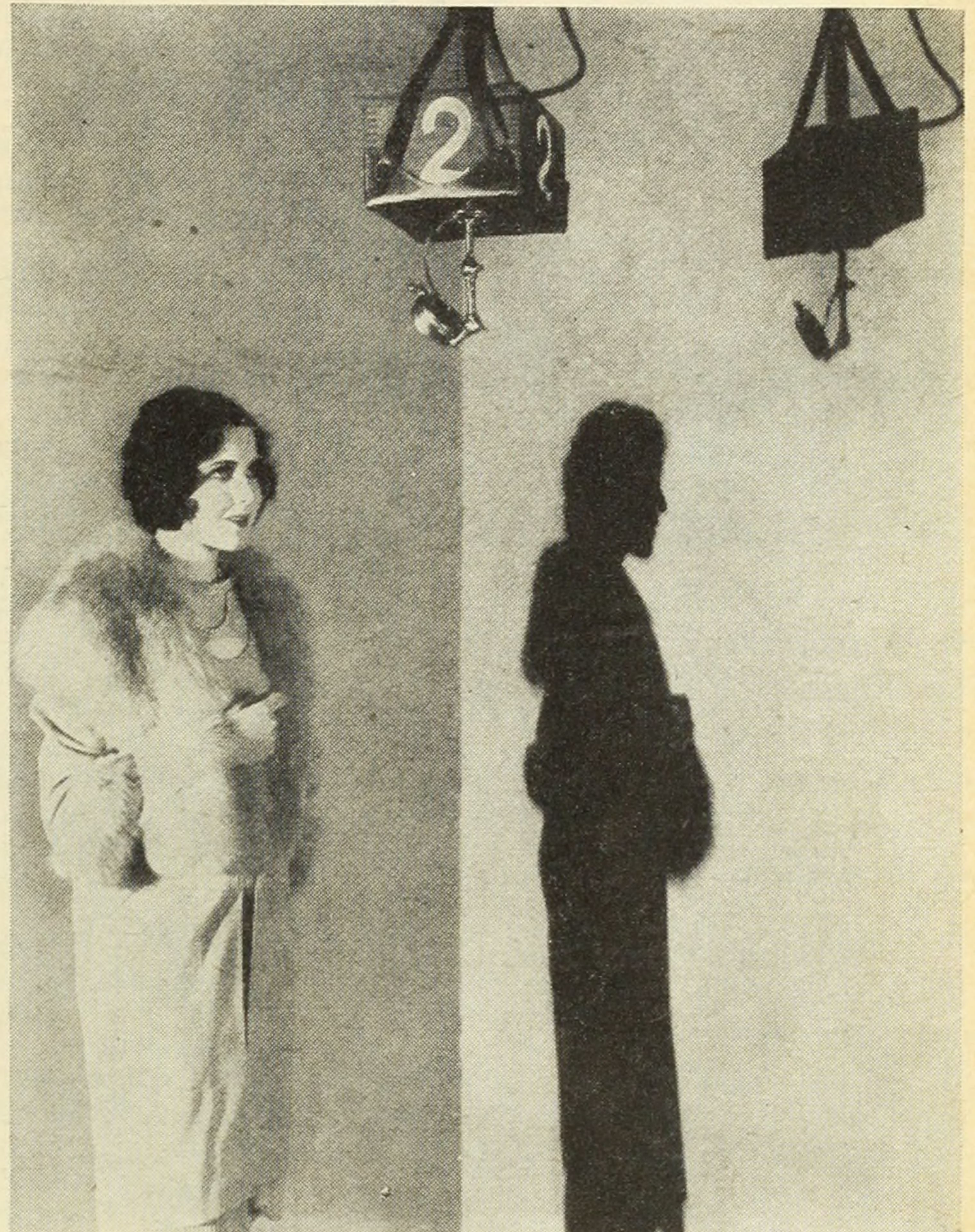
The Sword of Damocles — the microphone. Mary Brian isn't afraid. She has a good voice and will speak some dialogue in "Varsity"

Torrence told him that she had had trouble in ordering lingerie of the type she wanted in a certain shop where no English was spoken.

Ernest took it upon himself to show the little woman that his powers of pantomime would serve him well.

He went into the shop and mustered up all his histrionic ability. When the order arrived he discovered two night-gowns and five silk, lace-trimmed combination suits for himself.

LITTLE MURIEL, an angel child and her mamma were calling on the Torrences. "Little Muriel has never seen a movie," said Mama, "but she's certainly going to see the next one Uncle Ernest is in. I'm going to take her to the zoo this afternoon to get her used to it."



A STRANGE man came to see Ruth Roland the other morning. After he had left, her secretary found her in tears.

"My land!" exclaimed the secretary, "what's wrong?"

"Oh, that was Ollie," said Ruth. "He came in to get permission to sell the hogs."

"Sell the hogs!"

"Yes. You see Ollie runs the ranch, and it's come time to sell the hogs and I just can't bear to see 'em sold because that means they'll be killed—for pork and ham and bacon."

This farm of Ruth's is just one of her many side lines. It's located about twelve miles from Hollywood.

THIS one was brought in from Portland, Oregon, the other day.

A large billowy lady, carrying a tiny and very hairy dog, was stopped at the door of one of the town's leading cinema palaces by an usher.

"Pardon me, madame," he said gently but very firmly. "You can't take your dog inside."

The large lady bored him with a glittering eye.

"How absurd!" she said. "What possible harm could the movies do to a tiny doggie like this?"

The usher didn't come out of his swoon for ten minutes.

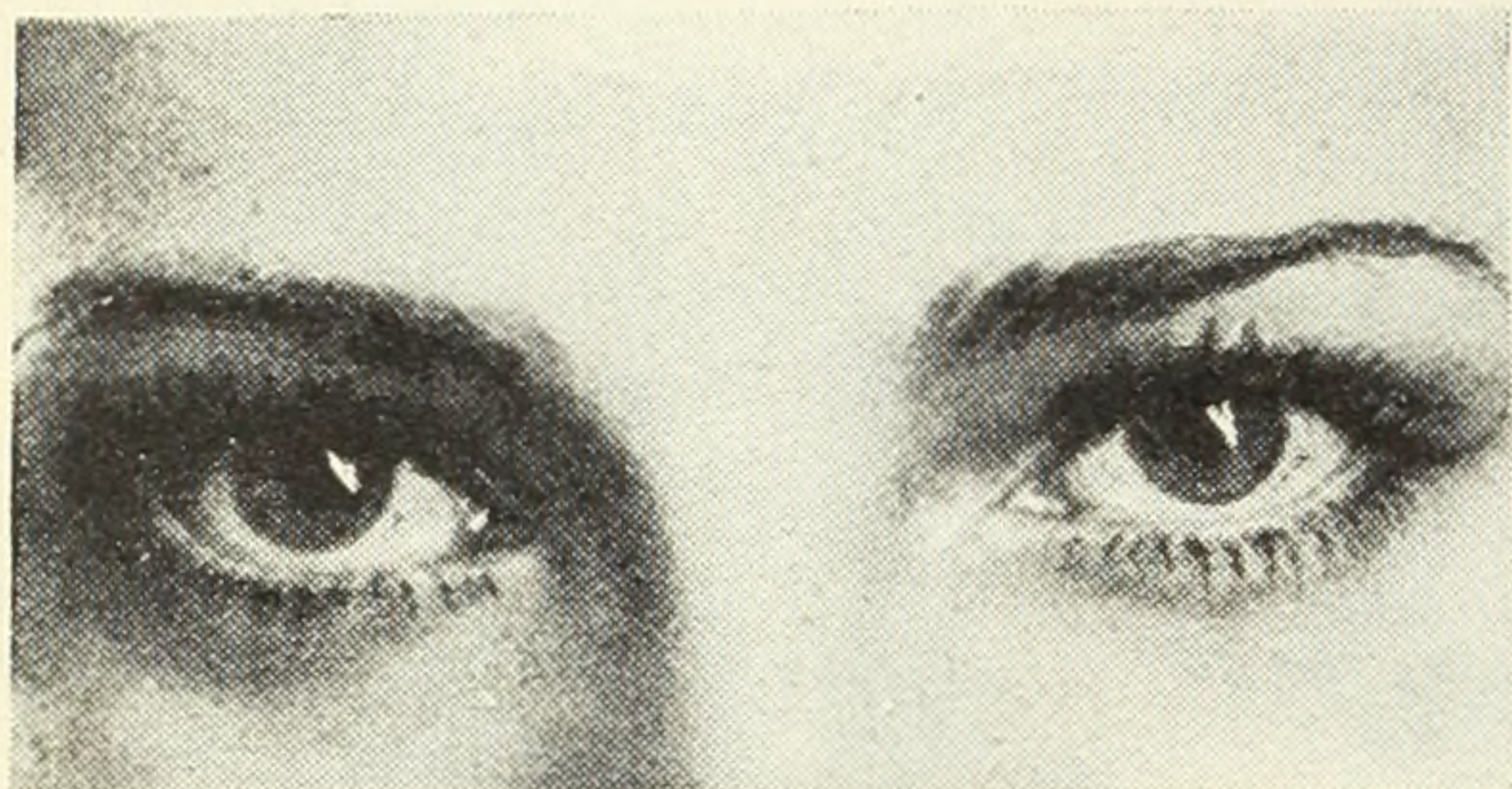
AWFULLY smart boys—these producers. Greta Garbo wanted a boyish bob. The powers that be didn't want her to change her coiffure. She asked to snip off six inches. "They" requested that she wait until just before the new picture began. She waited. The hair grew. Then the producers compromised with her and allowed her to cut off three inches. If you're mathematically inclined you'll see that her hair is exactly the same length as it was when the little drama began.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Greatest invention of the age—a talking still picture, posed by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody. You read the balloons out loud

If you want lovelier eyes —do this



IN A TWINKLING . . . wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.



The Originator of the Smartest Mode



Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx, or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX

ROSS COMPANY

243 West 17th Street, New York City

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

MILDRED, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—No; H. B. Warner is not one of the Warner Brothers—neither is he related to Warners' Sugar nor Warners' Hats.

M. V. C., ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.—How are all the Indians? Richard Barthelmess has been married twice. His first wife was Mary Hay, who is now Mrs. Vivian Bath. His second wife is Mrs. Jessica Sargent. The engagement between Dick and Katherine Wilson was broken by mutual consent. Now here are the complications: Mary Hay and Dick had a little daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Bath also have a daughter. And Mrs. Sargent has a son by a former marriage. How are all these children related? Dick Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. He is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes.

E. S. and B. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—More matrimonial mix-ups. Florence Vidor was the first wife of King Vidor. King is married to Eleanor Boardman and Florence is the wife of Jascha Heifetz. Now, to change the subject: Lupe Velez is nineteen years old and Alice White is two years older.

E. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Dorothy Dalton was married to Lew Cody; Arthur Hammerstein is her second husband. There are no other marriages in Dorothy's life. Dagmar Godowsky and Frank Mayo are divorced. Dagmar was Frank's second wife, his first being Joyce Moore. Elsie Reamer is the first and only Mrs. Ernest Torrence. Torrence is Scotch. One wife is enough.

B. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Nancy Carroll married to Jack Kirkland, a scenario writer, they have a little daughter. Esther Jobyna Ralston are not related. Gloria Swanson is thirty years old and Marion Davies two years younger.

M. F. S., ITHACA, N. Y.—If you would prefer to picture me as young and handsome go ahead and use your imagination. But don't say I didn't warn you. Just to settle that dispute, I'll tell you that you are right. I'm Clive Brook, not Conway Tearle, who played in "Hula."

KATHRYN S., DALLAS, TEX.—Watch Charles Farrell in "Bride of the Night" and "Red Dance." Surely, Dallas must see pictures. They are William Fox Products. Charley was born in 1902 at Onset Bay, N. S. He attended Boston University. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, and has brown hair and brown eyes.

M. E. K., OKMULGEE, OKLA.—This soap book fad is keeping an old man busy. Esther Ralston is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and twenty-five years old. Florence Vidor is thirty-three years old and an inch and a half shorter than Esther. Colleen Moore is the same height as Florence and the same age as Esther. Miss Vidor weighs 120 pounds, Esther Ralston weighs five pounds more and Fay Wray weighs six pounds less than Miss Vidor. (Fay Cooper is unmarried; his real name is Frank Cooper and he is six feet, two inches tall and twenty-seven years old.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Long Beach, Cal.

I am an old woman. There is not so much left me of a life that has been too hard to be greatly regretted. And I suppose a great deal of the little that is left should be spent in church. But it isn't going to be. I am soon going to know lots more of the future life than any church can tell me. Now I want to know all that I have missed of this life. Luxury, adventure, romance, even scandal and crime; life flaming in action, action, action, after the drab years fading into years not quite so drab since God has given me the movies.

I can't afford to go often, once a week at the most and then at the expense of meat for dinner next day. So I try to choose from that blessing of the discriminating poor, the second runs, the pictures that will last the longest when I close my eyes after the day's work and sit waiting for the next one.

Such a gay, happy, bravely purposeful throng as I entertain with my eyes shut. So far removed from tired old women who have never had Adventure's skirts brush theirs.

The Thief of Bagdad rides his flying white steed across my dreams. His wife, the clear-eyed daughter I should like to have had, smiles at me her adorable shy-girl smile. Valentino—it was not only young women who loved him—it was Ageless Woman. Lon Chaney, defying the flesh, expressing in a hundred grotesqueries the spark of love, of faith, of honor, that cannot be crushed by the flesh. Clara Bow—audacious insolence of the youth (whisper, my soul!) I should like to have owned!

And the strange, far countries I follow through, I who was born and will die within the same hundred mile circle.

And the throbbing beauty of the homes in which I lose myself—I whose two-room apartment is almost as large as the best I ever have known! Beauty and space—decent, dignified, glorified space.

I am an old woman—very lonely and a little afraid of the Great Loneliness ahead—and so I thank God for movies.

H. N.

Not a cough in a Film-ful”

says Norma Talmadge

after the Blindfold test

When you see my new United Artists’ picture, ‘The Woman Disputed,’ you will notice that I smoke cigarettes in several scenes.

Not wanting to show partiality to any one of the four leading brands, I decided to make my choice via the blindfold test, which I had heard of many times. Happily, I picked OLD GOLDS.

I found them smooth, mild and delightfully cool . . . Hereafter, when I am required to smoke I shall naturally in- on OLD GOLDS. *There’s not a cough in a film-ful!*”

Norma Talmadge



NORMA TALMADGE . . . celebrated screen star . . . smokes OLD GOLDS in a scene from her latest United Artists’ starring vehicle, ‘The Woman Disputed.’



THE INCOMPARABLE NORMA

. . . one of the best loved actresses in the history of the screen . . . famous for her rôles in ‘Camille’ and ‘Kiki.’

You can tell OLD GOLDS . . . just as Norma Talmadge did . . . by their honey-like smoothness . . . their *kindness to your tongue and throat*. Because OLD GOLD uses no coarse *top-leaves* of the tobacco plant . . . no withered *ground-leaves* . . . only the delicate *heart-leaves*, golden ripe!

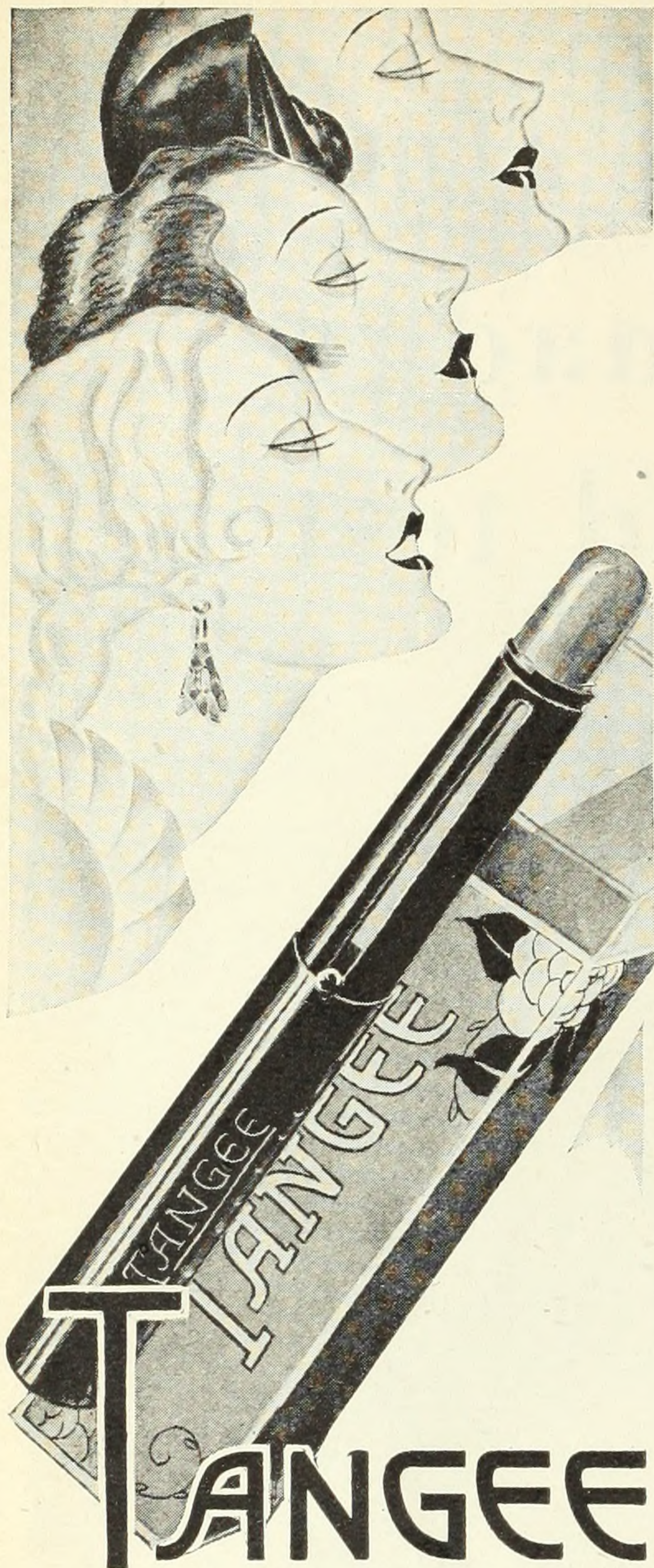
Made from the Heart-Leaves of the tobacco-plant



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

SOOTHER AND BETTER

“not a cough in a carload”



TANGEE

Naturally—

the world's most famous lipstick!

Tangee'd lips. How lovely they are! How natural! Simply touch Tangee to your lips. Watch the color change. As you apply Tangee it turns from orange to blush-rose, nature's own shade of lips of youth in perfect health.

Verify this supreme lipstick value for yourself. Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Records show that twice as many women are using it this year. If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gun-metal case—it is not Tangee. The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NOTE: Tangee is healing and soothing because it has a cold cream base. Tangee Rouge Compact and Tangee Crème Rouge have the same magical changing quality as Tangee Lipstick. Ask for them.

PRICES: Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crème Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.



THE POWER of ... Twenty Cents

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P.P.8, The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name.....
Address.....



Won by a Nose

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

We entered the studio just as Mr. Gordon was sitting down to lunch, and, having timed that one nicely, we ate.

The picture of Gloria was on the easel, lacking only the finishing touches.

"I like it, Leon," I commented. "You have caught and put down just the way Gloria impresses me. Her personality. Herself. If I were artistic, I suppose I'd say her soul."

"Yeh," said Fisher. "Where's the tooth-picks?"

"Use a match," said Leon. These artists! And then to me, "She had a *great* personality. You know—and I think this is something not generally recognized—she is an idealist. Gloria in her work, in her life, is shooting at the stars, at perfection. She can do nothing else. That is the thing I have tried to catch.

"SHE has affected—for what reason who can say?—an outward shell, giving off the impression that she is worldly, sophisticated, *la grande dame* who has no feeling. But nix, she can't fool me. I've painted too many faces, studied too many people. I *know*.

"She'd give you her last dime if you asked for it, she's so soft-hearted. But, above all, she's the idealist, looking ahead and up."

Speak of the devil and he's bound to appear. A rap on the door was followed by the entrance of Gloria herself. She hadn't timed it as well as we had, not having had as much experience. We were all through eating.

"Oh," she said, "just finished lunch?"

"Yep. Tough luck," I said. "And we were just discussing your picture."

"Were you? I like it. It seems to—oh, I don't know—seems to be more of me. Not just a picture."

"Leon," I asked, "speaking of it as a picture, what physical characteristic of Gloria's is the most important, the most striking? The thing you get the most of Gloria from?"

"Her nose," he answered.

"That's about right," agreed Fisher.

And my nose scented a story. When two such authorities as Leon Gordon and Harrison Fisher agree upon the importance of a nose, there's something of interest somewhere.

"Why nose?" I asked, glancing at Gloria, who was looking as though she had something to say.

"Without her particular nose she would not be Gloria Swanson," said Fisher.

"I—" Gloria started.

"Nose!" Leon interjected, "not eyes. Harry is right. With another nose Gloria would be all out of skelter, out of balance—and entirely out of character."

"Exactly," said Fisher. "Gloria's eyes, cheeks, shape of head, mouth, teeth, chin—all demand such a nose as that. If I had to draw a nose to go with the rest of her features I'd draw just such a one. Without it there would be no harmony. It would be a handicap."

"There!" said Gloria with vehemence. "That's just what I told Mr. De Mille."

"De Mille?" It was a chorus of three.

"C. B.," said Gloria, "when he wanted me get my nose cut off."

"Nose cut off!" This time the chorus was shriek.

"Yes, a long time ago."

"Gloria," I said, "this has gone far enough. Quit monkeying around and tell us when, where and why."

"It was a long time ago," she said. "When first went from Triangle to De Mille to play in 'Don't Change Your Husband' and 'Ma and Female.' After the first picture was finished, Mr. De Mille wanted me to go to plastic surgeon and get my nose fixed over. He said it would be better if it was made straighter and a lot taken off the end. I didn't want to do it."

"I should hope you wouldn't," was Fisher's comment.

"And then," Gloria continued, "after the second picture he *ordered* me to do it. He said it was impossible to get proper lighting with nose like mine—it cast shadows on my face—and that I'd never be a star unless I had it fixed. The horrible part was that I believed he was right. He almost always was. So there was. C. B. said that I had to do something at a time when what he said was law, and couldn't bring myself to do it. I wasn't afraid of the operation, I just felt it wasn't the thing to do—wasn't necessary.

"We argued back and forth for weeks and I began to look as though I was finished before started, when some person to whom I'll always be indebted improved the lighting to such an extent that my nose no longer cast shadows. So improved lighting saved my nose."

"And your nose saved you," said Gordon.

What would have been the result had Gloria "bobbed" her nose? Both to her and the motion picture public?

Would she have remained just another pretty little girl for a time, finally fading out as so many others have done, into an off-screen matrimonial picture which would have forbidden any other career?

Would she have changed her personality to meet the new nose and as an entirely different Gloria reached the position of the greatest woman star in pictures? Would she? I don't think so. Neither did Fisher and Gordon.

"YOU know, Gloria," Leon said, "it's funny how things work out. Your nose was supposed to be your ruin some years ago. Nobody liked it. There's a famous surgeon in New York City who does a big business making people's faces over so they look like the owners want them to look. Noses are his forte—and fortune.

"And he told me that fifty per cent of the women who come to him ask to have their noses made like Gloria Swanson's."

"Then you think I'm all right this way?" from Gloria.

"Sure, pass the coffee pot," said Gordon.

Ask Dad—He Knows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Months later the two sat in a musty neighborhood theater watching the preview of "The Fair Co-Ed." Johnny played the leading rôle opposite Marion Davies.

"You've scored at last, Johnny," Fawcett whispered, hoarsely, "don't let anything tackle you now."

They were both glad that the theater was dark!

They left together, one a trifle pompous, the other very proud.

The kid is a success. Fan letters pour in upon him. Other companies demand his services.

He is pointed out at restaurants, but when you ask him what he thinks about his screen career he says:

"Ask Dad, he knows!"



VIRGINIA VALLI
Fox Productions Celebrity is a Health Builder enthusiast.

DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National Star keeps fit the Health Builder way.

SUE CAROL
MGM Screen Beauty uses the Health Builder daily.

PATSY RUTH MILLER
Tiffany-Stahl Screen Star endorses the Health Builder.

DOROTHY KNAPP
Proclaimed the Most Beautiful Girl in the world using the Universal Home Model Health Builder.

Have You

Symmetrized



your figure

this 15 Minute Way?

As Famous Screen Stars Recommend

BEAUTY of face and form is all-important for success in screen work. That is why famous screen celebrities simply must consider health and beauty first. How do they keep their figures so youthfully slender, their complexions so alluring, their health so radiant and vigorous?

They make no secret about it: they use the famous Battle Creek Health Builder. Exercise without effort—a scientific vibratory-massage—banishes every pound of overweight, invigorates the entire body, keeps you slim and supple.

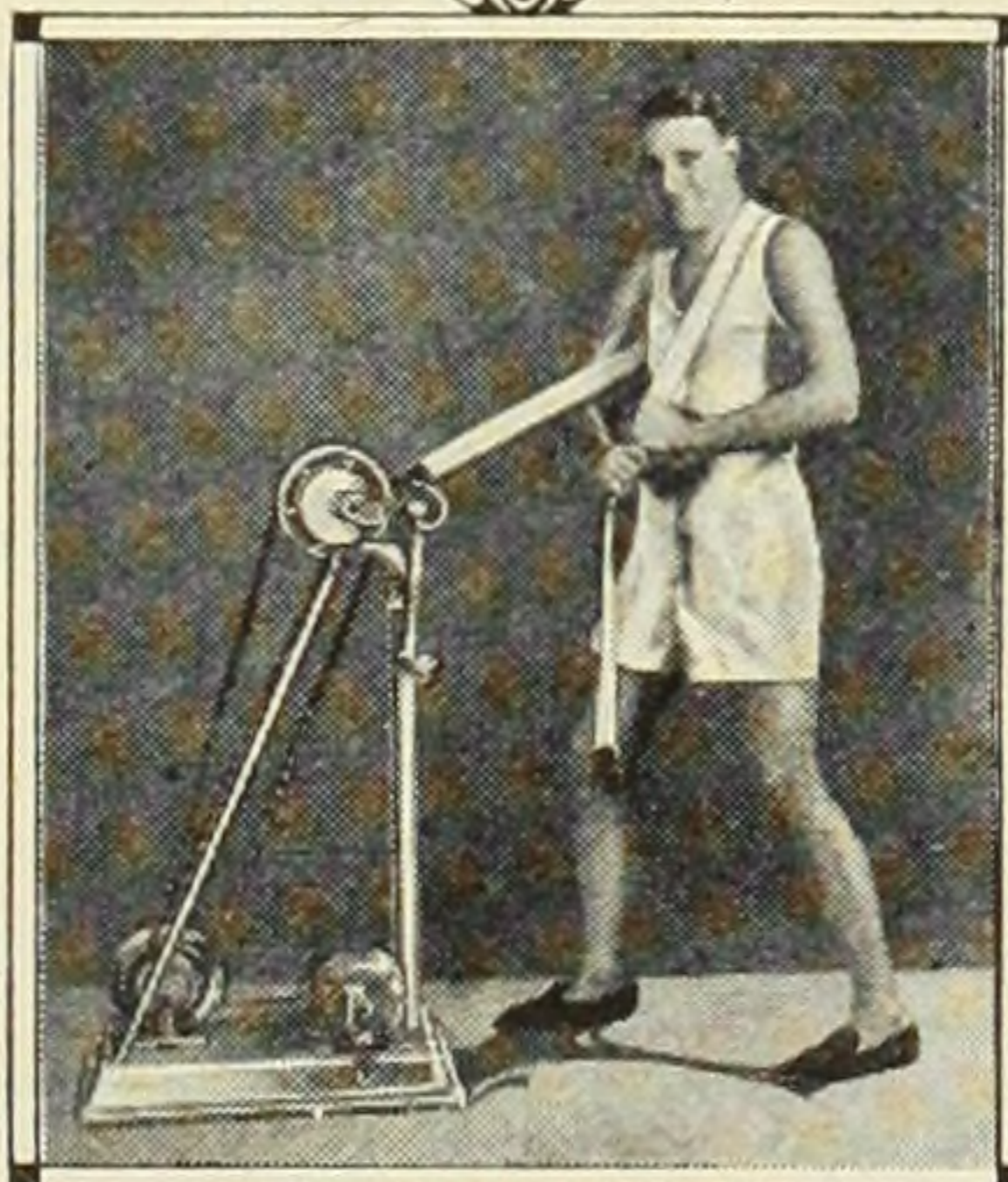
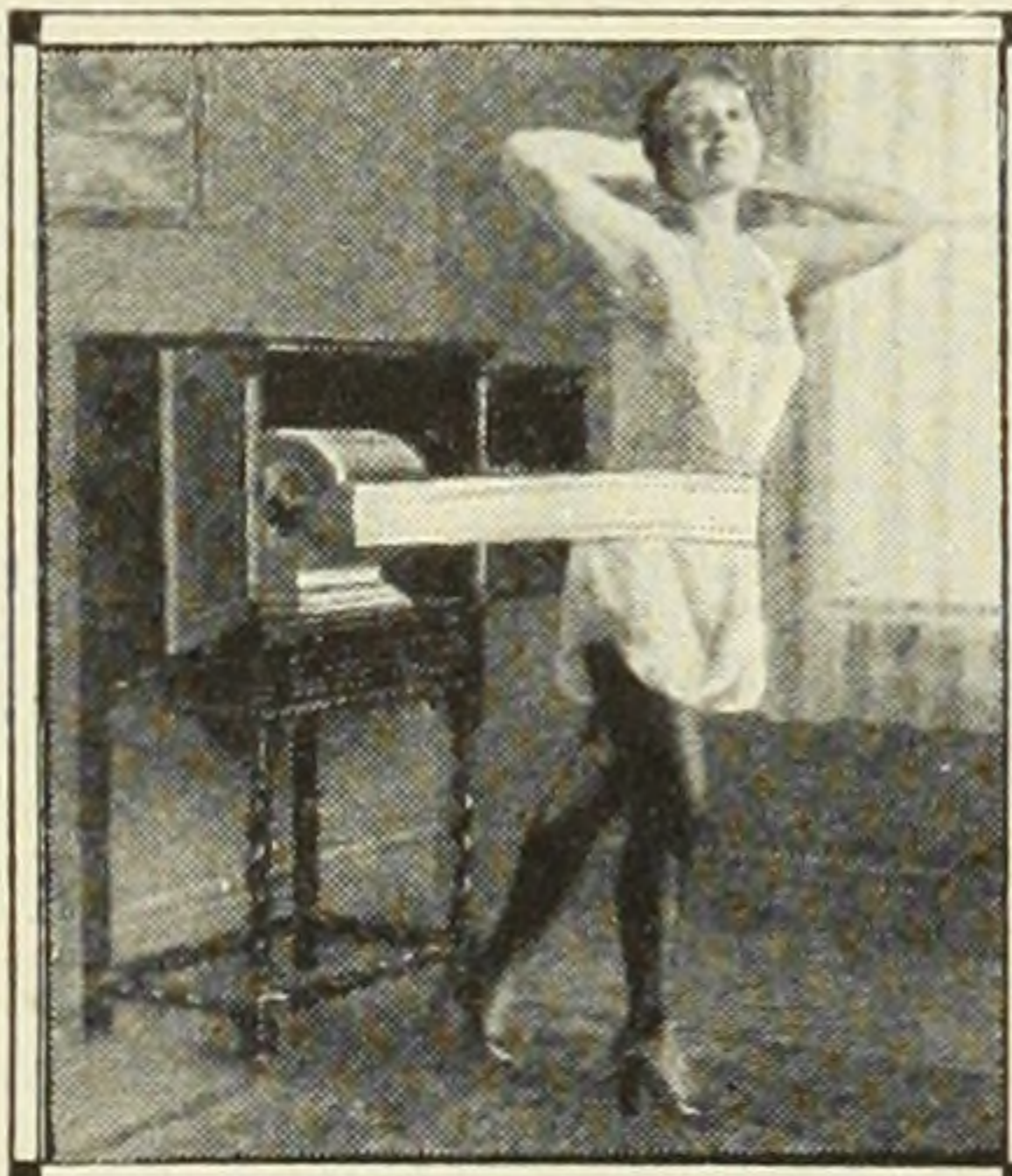
Five minutes a day with the Battle Creek Health Builder assures you of trim ankles, shapely thighs, slender hips. You can mold your figure to the fashionable lines that every woman desires—and feel better than you have ever felt in your life.

What A Famous Screen Star Says:

Virginia Valli, famous Screen Star of Fox Productions, endorses the Health Builder. She says: "The Health Builder makes healthful exercise a pleasure. No work at all—just soothing, restful, invigorating vibratory massage. Now I love the feeling of it in the morning! I can feel my blood go singing through my veins afterwards, and my cheerfully face even the most exacting director. After a long, hard day in the studio, too, another few minutes with the Health Builder takes away every bit of tired feeling and leaves me fresh and rested for the evening."

Youthful Vitality—Yours!

The Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of



At the top is illustrated the new De Luxe Cabinet Model Health Builder. Below the famous Athletic Model is shown.

Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, is the only appliance of its kind that is synchronized with the muscle tone.

The Health Builder banishes that "tired feeling" as if by magic. It soothes and relaxes your nerves, wakes up your sleepy muscles, stimulates your circulation, tones up every tissue in your body.

Just a few minutes a day of deep-reaching massage-vibratory treatment with the Health Builder literally makes you a new woman—gives you the sparkle of perfect health, the joy of feeling gloriously alive.

A Health Builder For Every Requirement

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Ask For This Interesting Book

"Health and Beauty in Fifteen Minutes a Day" tells how the Health Builder can bring you beauty and vitality. Send for it now—it's free!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room AG-5168 Battle Creek
Michigan

© S. E. Co., 1928

The Battle Creek Health Builder *CHOICE OF 80,000 BECAUSE MEDICALLY CORRECT* Keeps You Slender!

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

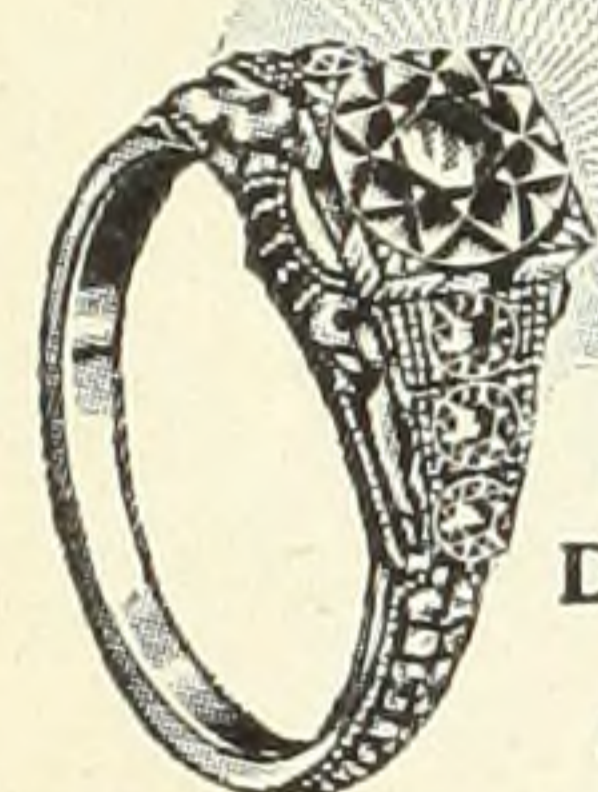
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS

Leading Diamond Importers. Save 20 to 40%
For over 50 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston**, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike, all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. **Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 Carat, \$145.00

This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and latest style cutting. Mounted in 14K solid gold setting. If this ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price... **\$145.00** direct to you....



Ladies' Diamond Ring \$150.00



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring \$200.00

18K Solid White Gold Ring in exquisitely pierced 4 square prong design—giving Diamond a square cut effect. The perfectly cut blue-white Diamond is embellished by 6 smaller Diamonds, three on each side..... **\$150.00**

An Exquisite Platinum Ring, hand carved and pierced, mounted with a perfectly cut blue-white Diamond embellished with 2 marquise shaped Diamonds and 8 small Diamonds on the sides.... **\$200.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings :

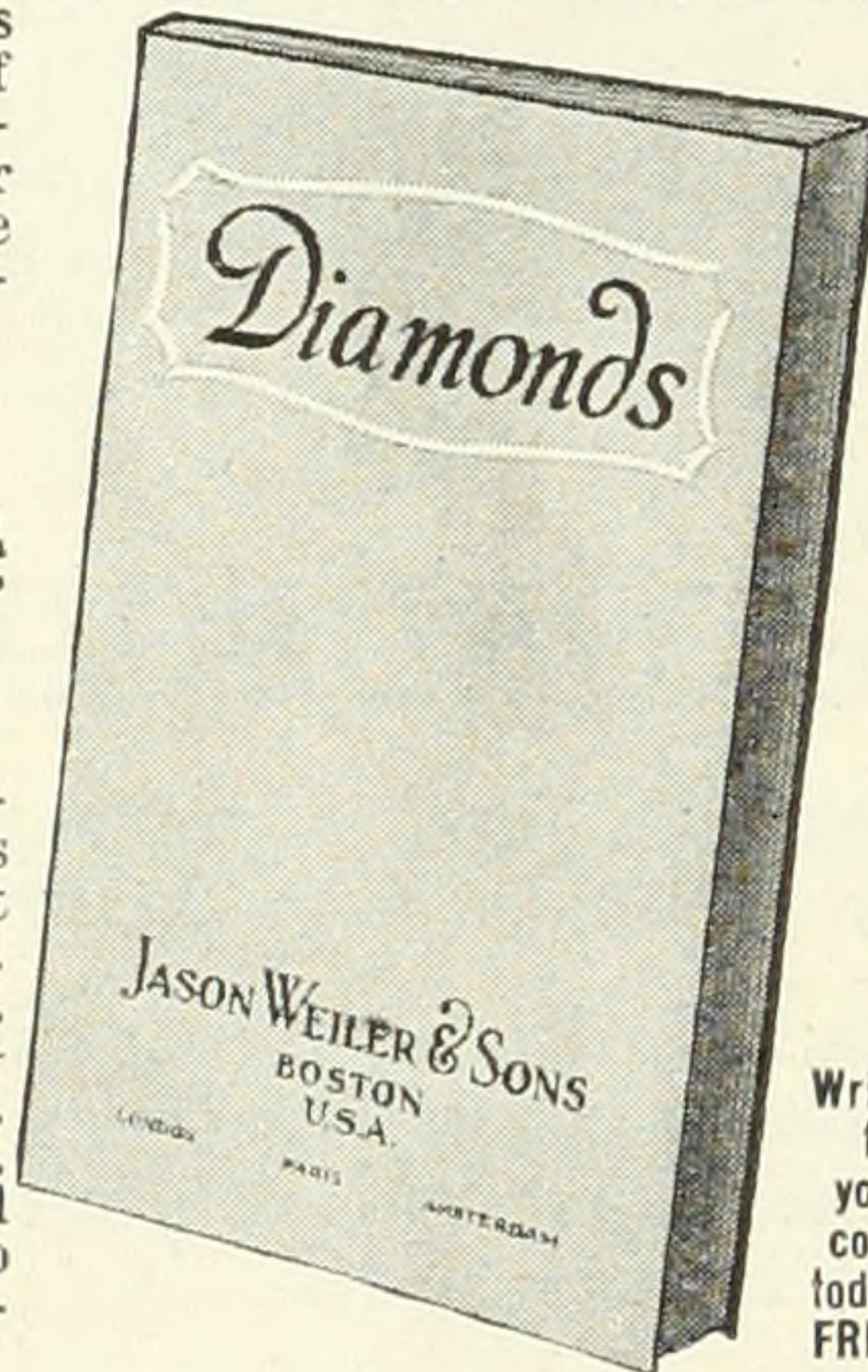
1/4 carat.....	\$31.00	1 carat.....	\$145.00
3/8 carat.....	50.00	2 carat.....	290.00
1/2 carat.....	73.00	3 carat.....	435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

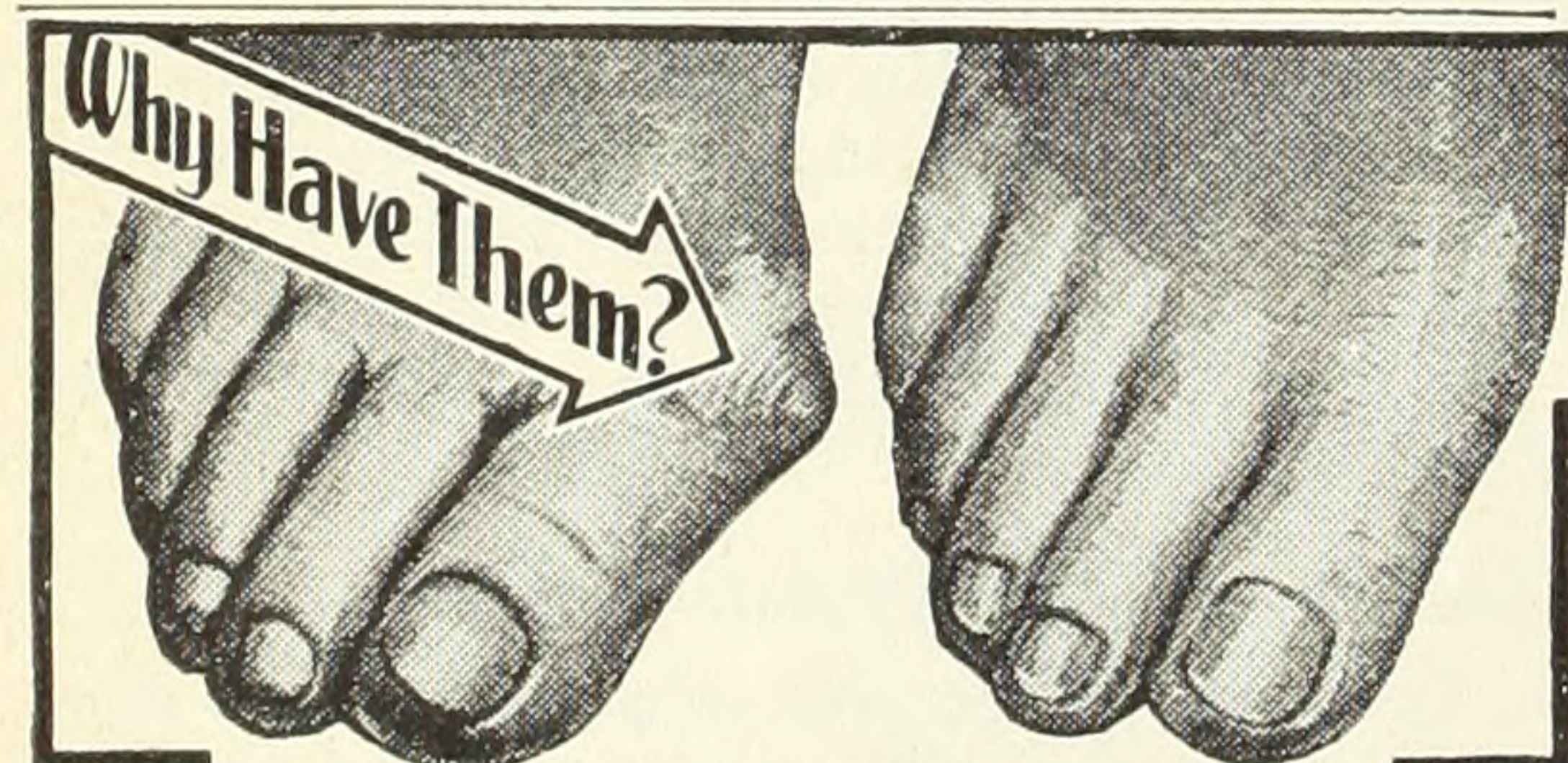
This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, \$20.00 to \$20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

Jason Weiler & Sons
340 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris



BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

Clip This and Prove It FREE!

NEVER, in the history of medical science, has the amazing action of Pedodyne Solvent been equalled. It's perfectly marvelous. Stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth like magic. So rapid is the reducing power of this great, scientific discovery, that your very next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

Write Now Just mail the Coupon and the full, complete treatment, guaranteed, may be yours to try.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. R-161
180 North Wacker Drive Chicago, Illinois

Please arrange for me to try your Pedodyne Solvent, to dissolve bunion formation and restore normal ease to affected joints.

Name _____
Address _____
(This is not an order, ship nothing C. O. D.)

An Innocent Gringo in Mexico

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Spanish. If Cortes and his men could pass that way again, I fear there would be another *Noche Triste*, or Night of Tears as we call it.

Automat Plan for Pictures

I attended the theater where Lupe Velez used to toss her Hollywood potentialities over the footlights. The revue was called *tandas*. A *tanda* is a short act and you pay to see as many *tandas* as you feel up to. I urge this equitable plan on movie theaters with prologues.

Let the patron with a passion for seals, sopranos and alley-oop artists pay for same, and let him who wishes to see the picture pay his nickel for that.

The Mexican Embrace

Our Ambassador Morrow is as popular in Mexico as a Mexican star is up here. Even when he travels unofficially he is met outside each town by a band, and I'm told the populace uncouples the engine and drags his train through the streets just as they used to un-nag Tetrizzini's carriage and rickshaw round the town with it. In fact, you don't know what welcome means until you've been given the Mexican embrace.

Indians Same World Over

Mr. Morrow said in his speech at Harvard that too much stress has been laid on the difference between the people of Mexico and those of the United States and not enough on their likeness. When I learned that the Aztecs used to sell themselves into slavery in order to throw big parties with the money, I could not repress the cry, "How like our own Hollywood folk!"

That Dam Site

On my return to Hollywood I was greeted with sweet news. The reservoir behind the Mulholland dam is to be drained because it is feared some fanatic will blow it up to wipe out the modern Sodom and Gomorrah (sometimes called Hollywood).

Evidently there have been some pretty goings on since I left.

You'll note by this letter I am not living in Hollywood—not by a dam site!

Face Value Diminishes

I can think of no fate more ironic than for us to die from drinking water. But I fear many will be forced to it, not by a religious fanatic but by the fiendish talking picture. It's the larynx, not the legs, that counts now, and with this shift in physical values no one knows where she's at. Players whose faces were their fortunes are facing bankruptcy. I know twelve families struggling along without butlers and twenty who are practically destitute of gin (appeals to the Community Chest have proved fruitless). In view of such privation what matters it whether we drink from flood or faucet?

Noisy Noah's Ark

If the dam is blown and the flood comes, producers will be suspected of pulling it as a sound sequence for "Noah's Ark," and some very unusual effects they would get, too.

"Noah's Ark" ought to be a great sound picture with all the animals marching up the gangplank two by two exchanging dirt about the other Hollywood beasts. It will prove in a wholesale manner just which animals are qualified for talking pictures and which are not. Without waiting to hear results I predict that jackasses will be more in demand than ever.

Il Duce as Movie Critic

Mayor Jimmie Walker, whose veracity is above question, Jimmy being Irish, tells a curious animal story involving Mussolini. While in Rome, Jimmie was invited by Benito

for a drive through the park. Arriving at zoo, Benito commanded the chauffeur to stop before the lions' cage. Oddly there was expectant group of reporters there. Il Duce leaped out of his car and ordered the keeper open the cage.

Striding in without the formality of being announced, Benito hauled off and kicked the biggest lion right where the tail begins. Benito the lion knew whether to feel injured or honored. Il Duce turned and socked another in the eye. He pulled the whiskers of a third and delivered an uppercut to the remaining lion that loosened his dental work and made him go "umpf!" ten minutes the kings of beasts dashed howling and squalling around the cage while Duce biffed them.

No verbal explanation was offered and none seems necessary. Il Duce obviously does not like Metro-Goldwyn pictures.

Photoplay Writer Makes Good

Speaking of the Metro-Goldwyn lion, I remember roaring and sobbing around the lot as badly as his relatives in the cage with Benito. Of course you can't believe half you hear, but they say that John Gilbert, popular writer for PHOTOPLAY, made such a name for himself with his Life Story that Howard Hughes has signed him for ten thousand a week to be the star-producer of his own picture, releasing probably through United Artists, and that therefore the lion is very, very sick, and Greta Garbo threatens to pack off for Sweden, and, all in all, it's a matter of flesh and the devil to pay.

Nils Is IT

There's some leonine consolation, however, in the feeling as 'ow Nils Asther, under contract to M.-G.-M., is to be the next big IT on the screen. And, by the way, I wonder if it's ineffable It could be H'english for Hit? If not, Madame Glyn does not lapse into Cockney, so we're right back where we were before, and I for one shall remain baffled until someone offers me ten thousand a week and then I shall know exactly what it means to have IT.

Billionaires' Luxury

I live for the day when I can give dime to a man like John D. Rockefeller and Charlie Chaplin. Only the very rich can afford to.

Hollywood's Talkie Epic

Stay away from Hollywood two months, and when you return you don't recognize anyone. What with new faces arriving daily and the slightly used ones being lifted.

With the departure of Eleanor Boardman from the Metro-Goldwyn lot, Aileen Pringle, the only original Goldwynner left, who proves that virtue triumphs in the end.

And I expect to hear any day that Aileen with her voice, virtue and diction, has gone to be vitaphoned. She's the best talking picture in Hollywood. Indeed, she's an epic.

Texas Breaking Records

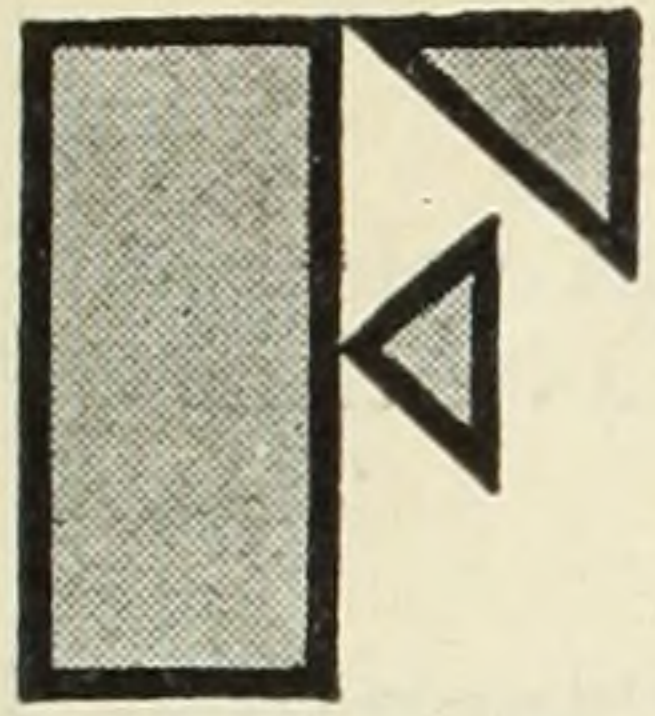
Texas Guinan is in our midst making a talking picture, and you can't hear yourself think for the noise. I predict Texas will break all Vitaphone records before she gets through. I predict, incidentally, the price of padlocks has gone up.

Well, Jim, I guess that's about all the news I know this month about Mexican and Hollywood bandits. Next month I'll send you some more keyhole observations and also a very sensational tidbit about a certain Death of I'm trailing.

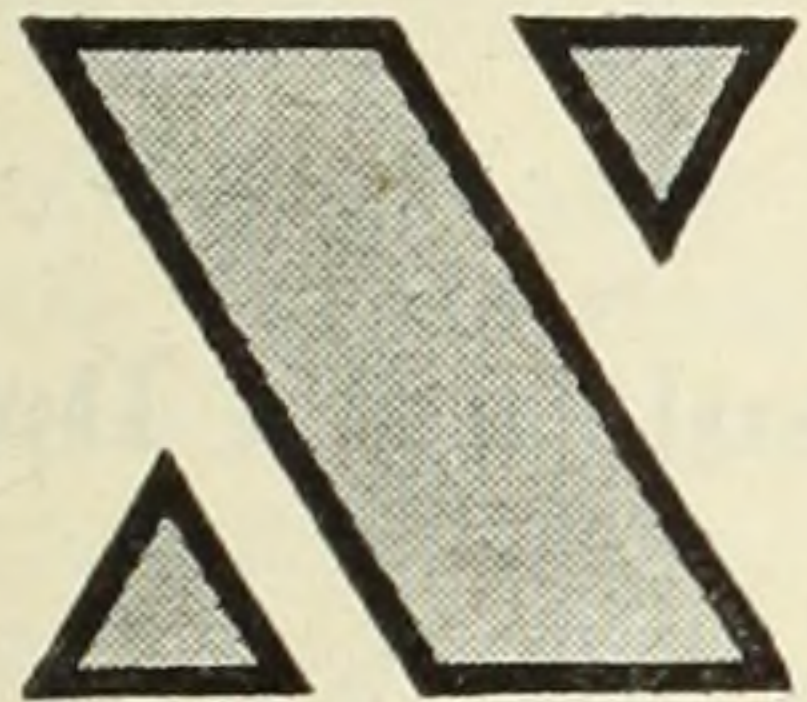
By the way, when are you going to install talking pictures in PHOTOPLAY? It would be a great labor-saving device for your employees. We could just sit down and gossip off the stuff and the readers would have the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing.

Yours till the flood comes— HFRB.

The Movie Miracle!



MOVIE-TONE



... you won't believe your own ears — it's so amazing to hear what you see on the screen—to hear a film that's as **TRUE** to your ears as it is to your eyes — because the **SOUND**, like the scene, is **PHOTOGRAPHED** on the film!



HEAR the joys and sorrows of Humanity!



HEAR music—laughter—life!



HEAR tense, reckless Drama!



HEAR the song of Romance!

Imagine yourself tucked away in the darkness of your movie theatre. A beam of silver light plays from the gallery—falls on the screen before you shimmers with life—your eyes are fascinated by the picture—and your ears . . .

... your EARS! . . .

... you can hardly believe your ears! You are **HEARING**—actually **HEARING** the scene on the screen. There before your eyes are people—and here in your ears are their voices. There before your eyes is a mob—and into your ears comes a roar! Love and laughter—death and sorrow—men and women—the winds

and the waves—**EVERYTHING** that you see you **HEAR**!

It is a movie miracle—**FOX MOVIE-TONE**. It brings you pictures with **sound**! The sound of reality—of life itself! Not the twangy, metallic sound of early and even recent experiments. Fox Movietone is the climax of moving picture drama. It is a reel-thrill that's a **REAL** thrill.

Watch for the first Fox Movietone in your favorite theatre. It's twice as good as any movie you ever have seen! It will double your film fun. Don't miss it!

William Fox presents
Movietones
as follows:
STREET ANGEL
FOUR SONS
THE RED DANCE
SUNRISE
FAZIL
MOTHER MACHREE

FOX MOVIE-TONE adds sound to your screen delight



Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

Now he **DRAW\$** the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at \$18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes \$75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of hundreds of young people making big money because of Federal training.

Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. The Federal Staff includes such famous artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Clare Briggs, and over fifty others. It's easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way."

Test Your Drawing Talent

How well can you draw? Will you make an artist? These questions are fully answered by our free Vocational Art Test. Send for it today. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Fill out the coupon now.



Federal School of Illustrating

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING,
11108 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Vocational Art Test.

Name Age.....
Occupation
Address

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

flowery china for serving tea as the proprietor of the roadhouse where the gold-digger took her refreshment and victim.

MRS. FRANK BEATTIE, JR.

thrill at his dialect in a talkie. At any rate would be a relief from "I cawn't."

PAT McHUGH

Turkish Tastes

Tacoma, Wash.

I see that Molly O'Day is not allowed to be a star because she has put on a few extra pounds of weight. If directors chose stars that had a few curves instead of girls that look like sticks, I would be better pleased. When you go to a show nowadays, all you see are girls who look like bags of bones.

LUCILLE BOYD.

"Sermons in Joans"

Tampa, Fla.

Permit me to congratulate PHOTOPLAY Joan Crawford on her Life Story. Her story so far has proved the most valuable lesson in practical psychology I have ever absorbed. The statement, "Never allow the past to molest the present. Your life is your own; it," coming from Joan, is nothing short of a sermon.

RUTH OLIVER

Speak Up, Tom!

Detroit, Mich.

To my way of thinking, Tom Mix in a talking picture would be anything but a joke, if he continued in Western pictures with a Western dialect. When I was a kid I got a big kick out of the dialect used by actors in portraying cowboys in the Wild West thrillers that came to the High Street Theater in Columbus, Ohio. I still get a kick out of seeing Tom Mix on the screen, and I am sure that I would get a bigger

Insulting a Dumb Animal

Homestead, Pa.

In his letter, Richard C. Jacobs made the following statement: "I believe that when Almighty finished making the jackass, He left scraps of material left with which He constructed the professional reformer."

I protest against this statement. I consider it an insult to the jackass.

JOSEPH M. RHODES



International Newsreel

Introducing those song and dance artists, Mr. Jack Coogan and his family. Little Jackie is not making any pictures at present, but do you think he is starving? No, he's earning \$3,500 a week in vaudeville, doing a hoofing and patter act with his father

The Stars All Beautify

No Half Measures

SCREEN stars study beauty. They cannot stand out in a photo play without it. It is not merely a matter of *make-up*. The skin needs a *wake-up* first. They start with a skin that is clear, soft, clean and glowing. The rest is but added touches.

Boncilla is Hollywood's most popular beauty aid. It has been for many years. Boncilla has helped to make many a great reputation, both with male and female stars. The wonderful skins which the camera depicts are no accident. They are natural skins brought to the fullness of their beauty by Boncilla.



IRENE RICH
Making ready for her part with
Boncilla Clasmic Pack

How Irene Rich Gets That Radiant Glow

Before entering the studio, Irene Rich applies Boncilla clasmic pack. This draws out from the skin all impurities. All the dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil. All the remains of old make-up. It also brings the blood to the skin.

When she washes off the dried Boncilla, all the skin refuse comes with it. The skin is clean to the depths. A rosy glow appears. Then she applies Boncilla Cold Cream, and removes it. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then the exquisite Boncilla Powder of the proper shade.

You Can Charm—Tonight

ght, perhaps, you appear on stage, and you wish to look best. A party, a theatre or some evening which you wish glorify.

irty minutes with Boncilla bring you rich rewards. The beauty will amaze you, and out your friends. They will see a different woman.

Apply Boncilla to the face and rest while it dries. You feel it draw from the skin that clogs or mars it. It releases the causes of blackheads and blemishes. No dead skin, no hardened oil, no dirt or grime remains on it.

You will feel a warmth, for the blood comes to the surface to flush and revive the skin. Then the results appear:

- A radiant glow,
- An animated look,
- Clean, clear skin,
- A soft, smooth skin.

Older women see other results. Often, in those 30 minutes, they seem to drop ten years.

- Lines are eradicated,
- Wrinkles are combated,
- Enlarged pores reduced,
- Sagging muscles are firmed.

The only way is Boncilla clasmic pack. There is nothing else like it. Nobody knows another way to bring comparable results so quickly. This is so certain that leading beauty experts the world over count Boncilla their chief beauty aid. In London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna they import it for the purpose.

Try Boncilla in justice to yourself. You will never omit it when you see the change it brings. All toilet counters supply it at 50c and \$1. Or the coupon will bring you a week's supply with the three aids which go with it. Clip it now.



IRENE RICH and WARNER BAXTER
In the new Pathé production, "Craig's Wife,"
recently released

Cheeks Like Roses

Boncilla
CLASMIC
PACK

134

P.P.1128

ONE WEEK TEST

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail me a one week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime.

Name.....

Address.....

If you live in Canada, mail coupon with 10c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto.

WIN MEN



After more than fifteen years constant search I have absolutely discovered the secrets which enable any woman to win any man. I am so positive that you may try my way and not pay a penny unless you succeed beyond your fondest dreams.

It is not an unknown who makes this promise. It is Lucille Young, known for her wonderful beauty methods the world over—and known for over fifteen years. Never has a guarantee of mine been challenged. And I make this guarantee my strongest, leaving the final say so entirely to you.

My Discoveries Have Created Consternation

I give you these most marvelous secrets since time began in my book "How To Fascinate Men." Women have gone wild over this book. Men everywhere are fighting it. I may not be able to offer it much longer. For it does—it unquestionably does—give women such power over men that they become "dangerous." I promise YOU—on the strength of my guarantee—that you may NOW win any man you want;—that you will possess a strange, mysterious power that no man can resist.

The Book is Not All I Give You Either

You may be very plain in appearance and still have marvelous powers of fascination when you know my secrets. But some beauty helps. Consequently I send you with my book, my famous Instant Beauty Arts Method. This Method includes all necessary preparations and my Salon instructions. In ten minutes you can achieve real beauty. In an hour you can master the secrets of fascination. This is all in the world you have to do to PUT YOUR MARVELOUS NEW POWER OVER MEN TO WORK.

Your Money is Not Spent Until You Decide

Remember! Though I ask you to send \$3.00 (or pay C.O.D. to postman) this money is positively a deposit only. I must ask this, or a million mere curiosity seekers would overwhelm me. But to women in EARNEST I give my unquestioned guarantee. If for any reason (you needn't even state it) you want your money returned, it will be at once—and without question.

Any big magazine—the banks—will tell you Lucille Young's word is as good as a treasury gold bond. Don't hesitate. Gain this marvelous new power over men—the greatest power in the world. Act today. Use Coupon.

Lucille Young
96-B Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
96-B Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your famous book "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts Method. On arrival I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 days and receive my money back, without question.

Name

Address

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

NOTE: If price of \$3.00 sent with order postage will be prepaid.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL STANDARD

1/2 PRICE

10 DAYS TRIAL FREE



Your choice of the World's best typewriters — Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. — full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed to half. Act quick. Send no money.

INTERNATIONAL TYPE. EXCHANGE

Now SENT WITHOUT 1¢ DOWN THEN ONLY 14¢ A DAY

Just send your name and address for complete FREE CATALOG prepaid, fully describing and showing photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. Still time if you act now.

184 W. Lake St. Dept. 1106, Chicago

DRAW CARTOONS

Turn Your Talent Into Money
Cartoonists earn from \$50 to \$250 per week—some even more. Remarkable new Circle System of Drawing teaches you in half the usual time. Send for booklet and sample lesson plate explaining full details of the Course. No Salesman will call.



THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
620 Penton Building Cleveland, Ohio

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

H. G. B., RICHIBUCTO, N. B.—You certainly are a newcomer; I don't believe I've ever heard from your town before. Lois Wilson is not married. Sure, she's an American. Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty-one years old and her next picture will be "The Whip." Ronald Colman is thirty-seven years old and his next is "The Rescue."

MIRIAM P., CORNWALL, N. Y.—Marion Davies, Harrison Ford and the late Holbrook Blinn played the leading roles in "Janice Meredith." Bryant Washburn and Don Alvarado appeared with Constance Talmadge in "Breakfast at Sunrise."

MARY AND LOU, ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—Dolores Del Rio is divorced from Jaime Del Rio. Gary Cooper is not married. Clara Bow played in "Wings." Billie Dove is twenty-five years old and married to Irvin Willat, the director. Constance Talmadge hasn't announced her retirement from the screen so I suppose she is just waiting for a picture.

D. N. G., CASSOPOLIS, MINN.—Barrington was *Sergeant Dashwood* in "Legion Condemned." He is twenty-three years old. And Lane Chandler was the Texan. I am twenty-seven.

L. L. J., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Photograph takes a bow! Louise Brooks is playing "Beggar of Life." Charles Rogers has completed a Princeton story which is tentatively titled "Varsity." And Betty Bronson will be "The Singing Fool." It's not a picture. Write me again.

DOTTY MAE, FRESNO, CALIF.—Arthur is six feet tall and twenty-three years old. He has light hair and blue eyes. Born in Kentucky.

B. S., MELROSE, MASS.—Dorothy retired from the screen when she married Arthur Hammerstein, the theatrical producer. She now lives on Long Island.

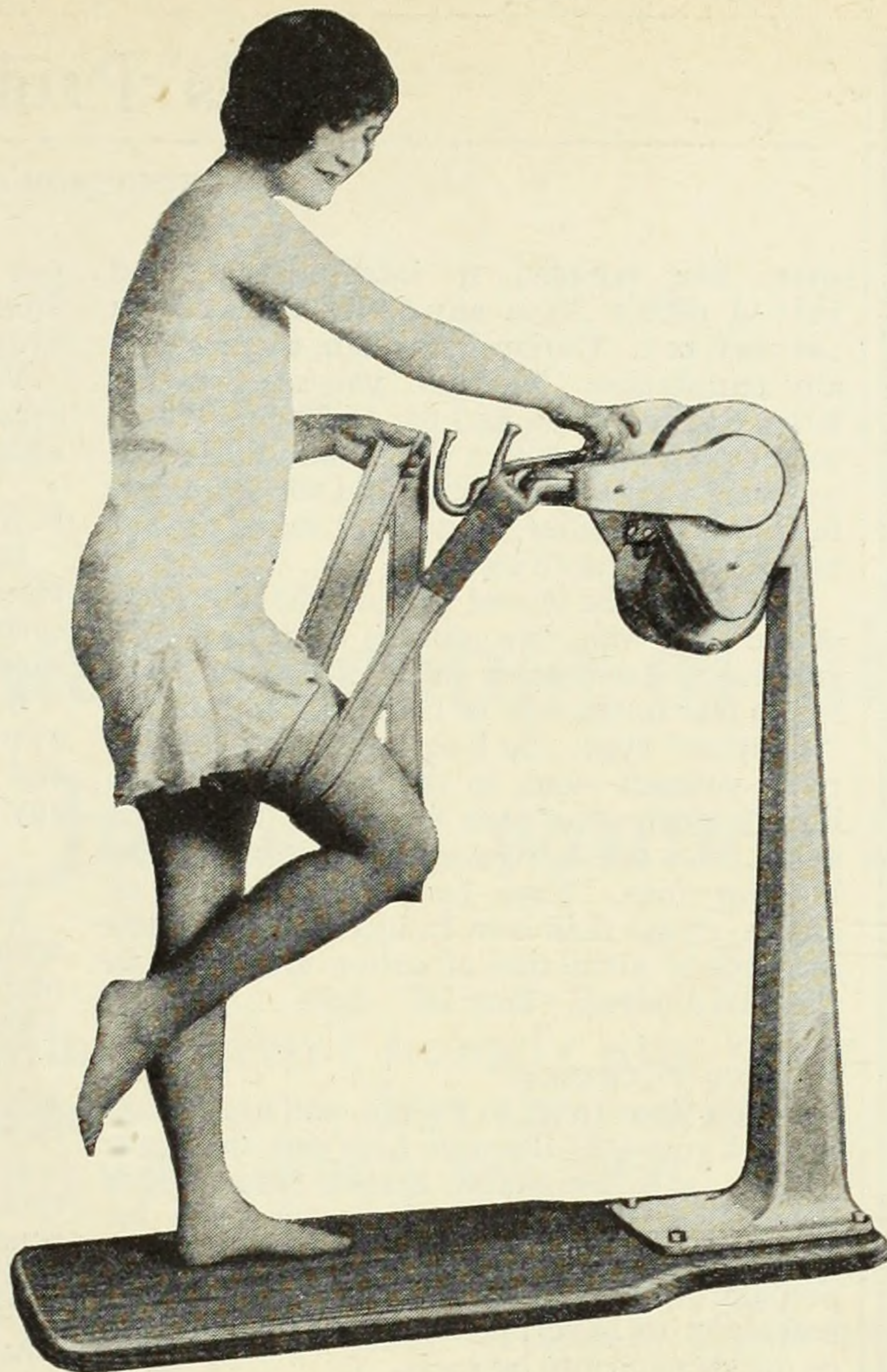
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



See where Leila Hyams carries her spare attire. Suspended from her garter in a small satin case is an extra stocking. It's easy for Leila to change to her spare when she has a blow-out

MEN

WOMEN



Build New Health

Reduce Your Hips

Firm Up those Muscles

Make Arms, Thighs and Ankles More Slender

Tingle With New Vim and Vitality

Like Magic *this New System* Molds Beautiful Bodies

Nature has given to each of us a body, which should be graceful and beautiful. Middle age and careless living often bring fat to spoil the beauty we are entitled to. Remove this, and once more you have the lithesomeness and grace of youth

BEAUTY IS more than skin deep, for a graceful body provides more charm than even a marvelous complexion. Now women, with a new scientific method, can regain a suppleness and slenderness which the years have taken away. Just a few minutes a day by this new method, will often accomplish marvelous results, and 10 or 20 pounds lost in a single month is not too much to hope for. Results which are to be expected from the Body Molder are, not only improved bodily appearance, but better health as well.

Even the Skin Becomes More Lovely

The effect upon the skin is amazing—for through its normalizing action of the entire system, it helps to clear up dull and muddy complexions, brings back the color and freshness of youth, firms up the drooping tissues, and lines and wrinkles disappear. Use this great, new, scientific beautifying agent on our free trial offer.

Molding Your Own Body

Fun Just a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, will accomplish your desires, and you can have real fun doing it. No exhausting exercises, no strenuous diets, are necessary, no back-breaking bending and twisting; the gentle oscillating movement supplied by the Body Molder and applied only to parts of the body which need to be reduced or strengthened. This method must build health as it reduces, for the body's own secrets are utilized.

Agents Wanted

THIS new field of Health and Beauty Building offers tremendous opportunities for live Agents and Special Representatives. We will welcome applications from men or women who are interested in a plan which offers Great Opportunities for big incomes. Write now for complete information.

Results Guaranteed

Those who have had to resort to time-consuming gymnasium work, with expensive instructors, will find this a grand new way to accomplish better results right in their own homes. Its cost is insignificant when compared with the benefits to be derived. We ask an opportunity to put one in your home, so that you may reap the benefit of its use. Make a test at our expense, and prove to your own satisfaction, right at home, that fat can be made to almost melt away, and that a feeling of elation and wellbeing, such as you experienced years ago, can again be yours. You take no risk, for this

Trial Is FREE

Yes, we want you to test at our expense, at not a penny of cost to you, the great value of this amazing new system. We want you to make this test in your own home, and we want you to be the sole judge of your improved appearance. We want you to feel at least 10 years younger, and all this without the use of starvation diets, strenuous physical exercises, or harmful drugs and medicines. Send in the coupon for full particulars of our new method and details of our trial plan.

Body Molding a New Science

Years attempts have been made to correct faulty forms, but in the Janette Body Molder a scientific method is offered, which rolls away excess fat, remolds and rebuilds, making the figure lithe and graceful. Those who have used this method are enthusiastic of its remarkable value as a reducer and as a health builder. Ten minutes' use will make you feel like a new man or woman, for it sends the blood circulating and tingling through the body, carrying with it new vigor, new vim, and new energies.

JANETTE MFG. CO., Dept. 188, 556 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

You may send me complete details of your marvelous new Body Molder and explain your free trial offer. It is understood that I am not obligated in any way and that you will include free a specially prepared article on body molding

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

Janette Manufacturing Co.

188 556 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

You too can Buy for Less this Convenient Way

Sent \$1.00 for No C. O. D. to Pay

Only the finest, and a full year to pay—at no more than cash prices. Volume buying, direct importations and two generations of experience back up our unusual values. Send only \$1 with order and your choice comes to you prepaid—no C. O. D. to pay on arrival.

10 Days Free Trial
You take no risk—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money back.

A FULL YEAR TO PAY
After examination and free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. No interest. No extras. All dealings strictly confidential. Satisfaction Guaranteed

CB1—Cluster of 7 genuine blue-white diamonds, 18K White Gold mounting, looks like \$750. solitaire. \$3.95 a month.

CB2-3 Genuine blue-white diamonds; 18K white gold mounting. \$2.98 a mo.

\$3675

CB3 18K White Gold ring; genuine blue-white diamond. \$3.95 a mo.

\$4850

Convenient Credit at Cash Prices

Princess Pat Combination

CB4—14K Solid White Gold engraved case, 18J guaranteed movement. Accurate, dependable, with genuine "Wristacrat" flexible bracelet. \$2. a mo

\$25

CB5—Elgin or Waltham movement, hand engraved 20 year guaranteed gold filled case. \$2.12 a month.

\$2650

FREE
New catalog of genuine diamonds; Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Howard, Illinois watches; fine jewelry. Write for your copy now.

Estab. 1895

Wear an American Watch

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ADDRESS DEPT. 7-L 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands, will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You cannot see the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

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

Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

LEARN TO Mount Birds

Learn at home by mail to mount Birds, Animals, Heads, Tax Furs and Make Rugs. Be a taxidermy artist. Easily, quickly learned by men, women and boys. Interesting and fascinating. Decorate home and den. Make Big Profits from Spare Time. **Free Book** Yes absolutely FREE—beautiful book telling all about how to learn taxidermy. Send Today for this wonderful new book. Don't delay!

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 3288 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

short life, sampled it infrequently. And yet—I didn't have any desire to eat from the open box. Curiously enough, there wasn't any temptation. The box, you see, was too large, and too open, and too brilliant. It was too obvious. Even to a child's mind it lacked romance and imagination. And the secretary, in your lover's office, is to him, I think, as that box of candy was to me!

Helen—if you intend to hold the affections of the man who, two months from now, you will marry—remember this. You have nothing to fear in the way of competition from the "vampire" type. So long as you are content to be yourself—and, in that way, to be your lover's ideal—you need not worry about the ladies who use intriguing perfume and wear long ear-rings. They, by their very desire to charm, create their own danger signals. Their methods of attracting attention are really, in the final analysis, "keep off" signs.

PUZZLED FOURTEEN:

If you want to go to college, and are willing to work your way through, I am sure that your parents will not stand against you. It is indeed a praiseworthy desire—your desire for an education and a career. Take your college preparatory course, by all means. It will not harm you to have taken it, even though you do decide to go into business.

CURLY:

If you are always noticed in a crowd, I don't think you need worry very much about making yourself more attractive. An unusual type is more to be desired than regularity of feature. Personality is more important than beauty.

"INQUISITIVE BLONDY":

Your eyes will look darker if you wear dark shades of violet and wistaria, black and midnight blue. These shades always tend to make light blue eyes take on an added depth.

BERTIE B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.:

I think you're rather young as yet to worry about the attention of the male sex. Improve your conversation and look as well as you can, and when you are a little older I don't doubt that you'll have plenty of "dates."

MISS S. C.:

Near-sighted eyes are very appealing. They usually lend a wistful look to a girl's face. You're quite right in using rouge as you do, and you needn't worry about your weight. It is quite right. You should go in for the fluffy type of clothes. Your appearance should always be very feminine. You belong in the "clinging vine" group.

HELEN M., LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.:

Bending exercises will reduce your abdomen. It might be well to send for my booklet on weight reduction, but I think as long as you carry your weight in a particular spot that it is exercise rather than diet that you need.

ANXIOUS DOROTHY:

Usually when one is sixteen one has attained the maximum of growth. Be glad that you are little. Little girls are so very attractive and can wear such charmingly youthful clothes.

LONESOME:

It is fortunate you are going to move to another town. It will give you a chance to meet new people and to prove to them that you are an interesting personality yourself.

A. AND E.:

Don't worry about making yourselves sophisticated. It is charming to retain youth as long as possible. Be glad that people think

you are younger than you are. E. is a fifteen pounds under weight and you are a five pounds under weight.

You will both look well in practically any colors at all. You belong in the medium group which can wear anything.

P. S.:

Indeed, you can wear yellow. Red and black eyes and a fair skin make a very striking ensemble. I can't think of any color that wouldn't be becoming to you.

If you are bored with life I think that your own solution is the best. You should work and work very hard, so that there won't be any time left for boredom.

SHERRY:

You should rub the upper part of your face with some good tissue building cream, alternating it every other day with cocoa butter. This should give you extra weight.

You can do exercises that will reduce your legs. The rising to your toes exercise and the kicking one will certainly help.

I should also advise that because of your rather unusual build you go in for a definite type of period dress—the sort that has a long skirt. This will be very becoming to you and will make the most of those points which you call defects.

COLLETTE:

I should advise you to rub that part of your body which you wish to develop, with some good tissue building cream. Cocoa butter, I have advised another of my readers, will also help. Are you sure that the trouble with your back is not an internal one? Is your digestion good, and are your habits regular? Often skin troubles come from the interior instead of the exterior.

ROSE MARIE:

I'm going to be brutally frank with you. I think that your letter sounds exceedingly excited and I think—although you say you hate flattery—that you secretly enjoy it. You object to having people sing to you in the manner of the popular musical comedy, don't you insist on being called by your name alone? That would do away with the difficulty.

BROWN-EYED and UNDECIDED:

I think that the man you write about is old for you. The difference of nearly thirty years is too great a gap to bridge, particularly as the man is not interested in young things and will grow less interested in them as he grows older. You have plenty of time yet. Do not accept the love of the first man who offers, especially as you are not madly in love with him.

HELEN K., MINER MILLS, PA.:

Use a rachel number 2 powder and ash roses rouge, and a dark shade of lipstick. Wines, reds, browns and the glorious autumn shades that range from gold to russet.

"CHEE CHEE," DIXON, ILL.:

I would explain very tactfully to the young man that you are fond of him, but that your fondness does not depend upon the gifts he has to give you. Tell him that you would rather feel he was saving toward his future which will perhaps be your future—than bring you expensive presents.

LONELY, SURREY, ENGLAND:

I think that you should do some sort of work that would take you out into the world. If you had an interest in life it would tend to make you more contented with life, and it would make it possible for you to meet people and to be less lonely.

What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn't care!

Not today!

Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

It has taught her to use the beauty and charm that are her heritage, regardless of the shape of her features. Her teeth, her hair, her hands, her complexion, her clothes, and even her erect, athletic figure have been "brought out" by methods constantly before her in advertising.

The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.

• • •

*Read the advertisements. They hold
secrets of beauty and style that were
denied the women of yesterday*



Soothes eyes strained by Sewing

When your eyes become wearied from sewing or reading, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Within a few moments they will feel strong and rested . . . ready for hours more of use.

Also apply this refreshing lotion to eyes irritated by exposure to sun, wind and dust. It instantly relieves the burning sensation and prevents a bloodshot condition. Many women use *Murine* daily to keep their eyes *always* clear, bright and vigorous. A month's supply costs but 60c. Try it!

Write *Murine Co.*, Dept. 27, Chicago, for FREE books on Eye Beauty and Eye Care

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Have you a way with words?

*Do you want to write
for publication?*

CLIP THIS COUPON!

THE clipping of a coupon like this has been the first step on the road to success by many a writer who is today well known.

Here are a few recent examples of many student successes: *A. B. C. of Alhambra, California*, sold a story to *True Detective Stories* for \$240. *Mrs. C. K.* sold a story to *MacFadden Publications* for \$90. *F. A. N. of Brooklyn, New York*, sold a story to *the Daily Mirror* for \$100.

Palmer courses bring you the help you need—personalized instruction—the guidance, the understanding criticism of men and women who themselves have followed the road from struggle to success.

Palmer courses are endorsed by such famous writers as Rupert Hughes, Jim Tully, Gertrude Atherton, Alex McLaren. Clip the coupon now.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Dept. 12-L, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

I am interested in
 Short Story Writing Photoplay Writing
 English and Self-Expression

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call.

Gossip of All The Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

JOSEPHINE DUNN says she's looking for a romance. No wonder! The poor girl is under a terrific handicap. She was unfortunate enough to have a mother with a voice exactly like hers. When the boy friends call her up and mama answers the phone and says she's out, they all think it's Jo and that she's just hi-hatting 'em.

DO you remember when Grace Cunard and Francis Ford were one of the most popular serial teams in pictures? Grace has been in retirement for several years, but she is going to stage a comeback in "Show Boat." Harry Pollard, who is directing the film, likes to have real troupers in his cast and he has assigned an important rôle to Miss Cunard.

NO day is quite complete without at least one good story on the dumb producer.

A certain company had been going on long and expensive location trips too often, so the producer instructed the head of the scenario department to discard all stories with location trips.

One day a scenario was handed to the producer. He read it and called in the head of the department, "I thought I told you we wasn't going on any more locations."

"But there are no location trips in this story," he protested.

"There sure is," said the producer. "Right here on the last page it says, 'Jack goes over the hill into oblivion.'"

ALMA RUBENS and Ricardo Cortez, still protesting undying friendship, are going to tell their troubles to a judge. For several years now, Alma and Ricardo haven't been little love-birds, and Hollywood has known that it was only a question of time until they decided to admit defeat.

Marriage hasn't helped the professional success of either Ricardo or Alma. Cortez hasn't

had an important picture in months and will play her first important rôle in a year in "The Devil's Mask."

NINE times out of ten a faked scene pictures looks better than the real thing. Studios have taken long and expensive location trips only to discover that every scene was worthless and the entire sequence better when shot on the back lot. Snow, fires, rainstorms, etc., are invariably faked when they are not real.

I recall a splendid example of this. Charles Delaney and Roy D'Arcy had a fist fight in a picture. It just happened that Charlie was too hard, caught Roy just on the button and knocked him cold.

Charlie got a dozen bad marks for his overproduction while the company waited for Roy to be revived. The real knockout was not good enough for the scene. It had to be re-taken with a fake punch.

BILLY HAINES' best friend is Jimmy Shields, an extra boy. The other day Billy had a ten o'clock call at the studio, while Jimmy had to report at eight A. M.

He tipped the assistant director off to get Billy for eight, and the star drove the man to work.

SPEAKING of Billy, leading women jump up and down on their French hats when they are given a rôle opposite him. Josephine Innes wailed loudly the other day, "Do you know what he did in a scene? He was working his back to the camera and I had my face in the lens. It was a very dramatic scene and Billy insisted upon making the most terrible faces at me the whole time."

LEW CODY and Aileen Pringle have completed their last starring picture and parted friends. This may be considered in



Illustrating what a difference fifteen years can make. At the left of D. W. Griffith is Donald Crisp, leading man in "The Battle of the Sexes," filmed by Griffith in 1913. On the right is Jean Hersholt who is playing the same rôle in the 1928 version. In 1913, Griffith spent five days filming the picture and the total cost was \$2,500. The same picture today cost approximately \$400,000, and was five weeks in the making. Crisp is now a successful director.

g of an accomplishment for the hatchet
seen dug up and buried and dug up again
ay times when the pair was working to-
eter.

AL the temperament in Hollywood is not
onfined to the stars. There's a big feud
on out at M.-G.-M. between Greta
abo's electricians and hairdressers. The
erty experts need electricity for their curling
o, and the juicers turn off the current after
ey scene to save expense.

he other day one of the electricians re-
ated, "If this keeps up, boys, let's walk out
n rike."

t will be O. K. with me," said the hair-
rser, "if you'll strike while the iron is hot."

ARTHUR RANKIN shot a deer recently.
When he was signing for it, the game
alen said, "Arthur Rankin . . . Rankin—
s a familiar name."

he second game warden spoke up. "The
n Arthur Rankin I ever heard about works
he movies and the actor never lived that
od shoot a deer."

AKE it that the sporting blood of kings
rks somewhere in the veins of filmdom's
li. And the corpuscles are easily agitated.
r week-end will find a goodly sprinkling of
ubest Hollywooders enjoying the Monte
ao grandeur of Agua Caliente. This
alous lower California oasis is within an
ic stone's throw of the border. Spanish in
egn, it offers the allure of its gambling
ano coupled with the convenience of a
urb hotel. The name of the place must be
ybbolic. It means hot water—a state in
h the visiting firemen will find themselves
loo frequently, I fear.

location, Agua Caliente is upwind from
a Juana far enough to avoid those spicy
aic smells. The desert round about has
en made to blossom like the rose. The
ywooders go forth, not in the low and
ar estate of Rolls-Royces, but in the tri-
ored splendor of sky chariots—all metal,
proof and fool-proof, conceived by the
ic mind of Henry Ford, and put together
pecially for sky service on the Maddux
es.

f a Saturday afternoon—even early of a
day—the air is positively astir with gor-
as sky taxis, all passengered with natives
inemaville migrating southward and finger-
the spare currency they have taken out of
hballs for usage at the wheels of chance.
piker's game, this, with the limit circum-
bed only by the sky.

WORDS are coined thick and fast in Holly-
wood. A director who wanted a couple
eave off embracing very suddenly shouted,
le the camera was grinding, "Un-hug!"

EIGH JASON was making a movietone
est. A fly lit on the microphone and the
se was so terrific that it blew out two tubes
he recording apparatus.

LARA BOW has at last figured out how
to have a good time. "Just go to the
ch," she says, "and eat hot dogs and drink
t beer and get on a roller coaster and ride
an hour and forget the world and the milling
b on the sidewalks below."

My word, Clara, a million people who go
Coney Island every Sunday could have
l you that ages ago!

WHEN you see great chunks of ice floating
down a river in the movies, you naturally
pose the cameraman made a trip to Alaska
Canada to get such a picture. Many of
m do. But, many times, also, the picture
nade right in the studio, with paraffin sub-
uted for the ice. It breaks up and acts
ctly like frozen water, yet, is so light that
en it strikes a player swimming to get away
m it, causes no damage.

"Instinctively" they choose this great train

Like sparkling Sue Carol, THEY of the motion picture world—in fact travelers everywhere to whom speed and luxury are important—instinctively choose the "Golden State Limited."

Luxurious in appointments, quiet, deft service—none finer. Over the direct route between Los Angeles and Chicago in 61¼ hours—none faster—the "Golden State" sets the pace.



Mr. F. S. McGinnis,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Southern Pacific Lines,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. McGinnis:

On most trips across the United States, I am sure one thinks more about the destination than anything else, especially after the first few experiments. This is not true, however, on Southern Pacific trains, and particularly on your Golden State Limited.

There is such kindly attention to our welfare, such an earnest desire to make us comfortable, the dining car cuisine so fine, that it is not unusual for us to instinctively think of the Golden State Limited when a journey east is before us.

Very truly yours,
Sue Carol.

Golden State Southern Pacific Limited Rock Island

F. S. MCGINNIS, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Southern Pacific Company
San Francisco, California
L. M. ALLEN, Vice-Pres. and Pass. Traffic Mgr., Rock Island Lines
Chicago, Illinois
Hollywood Ticket Office 6768 Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles Ticket Office 212 West Seventh



New Hair Mode Seen in New York

The most beautiful girls in New York are doing their hair the new way. It's so lovely, but so simple. That's why it appeals to popular girls, who need to save time wherever they can. One of the busiest of them is attractive Mary Chandler, for three seasons a member of "George White's Scandals" and now appearing in "Artists and Models." She says: "I am so busy, I don't know how I'd take care of my hair, if I hadn't learned the new way so many of my girl friends are doing theirs.

"All I do now is put a few dashes of Danderine on my brush each time I use it. This wonderful preparation keeps my hair looking so lovely that many friends want to touch it. I set my waves with Danderine, too, and it holds them ever so much longer. All dandruff disappeared with a few applications, and my scalp always feels fine. I shampoo just once a month, now. Danderine keeps my hair so clean."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It makes hair easy to dress and holds it in place. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. All drug stores have the 35c bottles. A delicately fragrancd necessity for the well-groomed girl.

Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.



SHORT STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

show girl (Thelma Todd). As usual the small-town shrews do their separation stunt via gossip. But a marvelous baby and a woe of a train wreck reunite the couple. Plenty of hokum but the kind audiences love.

DOG LAW—FBO

FAR better than the average dog yarn. Ranger, the dog, acquits himself in his usual creditable manner. Mary Mayberry not only has a winning smile but wields a wicked wallop. More thrills than you will pay for.

THE WATER HOLE—Paramount

"TAMING A SHREW" with desert backgrounds. Philip Randolph attempts to master Judith Endicott. She suspects a kidnapping plot, but likes cave-man methods, so shortly they find themselves actually lost on the desert, tragic death facing them and would-be rescuers. Fine desert scenes, a novel color sequence, and good work by Jack Holt, Nancy Carroll and John Boles make this Zane Grey story excellent, clean entertainment.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE—First National

TOO much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. This thriller, based on the old theme of the millionaire uncle and greedy relatives, is obviously tailored to Conklin's peculiar brand of humor. Monotonous in spite of marvelously sinister effects in sets and photography.

BLACK BUTTERFLIES—Quality

A PREACHMENT on the evils of non-constructive modern living. After the death of her parents, a demure little rich girl breaks away from her life of repression to make whoopee with the town's pseudo-Bohemians.

She gets her fingers burned. Jobyna Ralston is beautiful in the leading rôle, and Mae Busch as leader of the "Black Butterflies," is interesting.

WIN THAT GIRL—Fox

THE best that can be said about this picture is that Sue Carol and David Rollins appear in it. The story is about two families who have sons that play football at Mammoth and Stamford, and the rivalry exists through the generations. Hardly stimulating.

GUARDIANS OF THE WILD—Universal

REX, the "Wonder Horse," is the star; you see little of him. He's buried under a pile of screaming heroine, half-witted hero, wronged father, and leering villain. Too bad a horse can't choose his own stories!

THE ROMANCE OF A ROGUE—Columbia

THE nice old gentleman wears a blue velvet jacket, lives in an attic and plays the violin, but the locale of the story is London, not Paris. That ought to hold you for awhile. But novelty like that can't last. H. B. Warner is falsely accused of a murder. Someday the hero is going to fire that fatal shot. Pretty terrible.

STRIVING FOR FORTUNE—Excellent

DOITTY work and vengeance in a shipyard. Feud is between an earnest young river pilot with the most astounding loyalty for his employer, and a crooked gang boss in another company's pay. Only original touches are some breath-taking stunts with the swing crane, and authentic background of New York News. George Walsh plods through.



Reading from left to right: Reckless, Pat, Blick and Jacques. Top row: Mr. Adolphe Menjou. The pups are four prize Sealyham terriers, now one of the most popular breed of dog

OF THE GOLDEN WEST—FBO

MIX and Tony still follow ancient tradition. Since Tom parked his inter-dictedly famous bank-book and Tony's oats on the FBO lot, guided by the master mind of Tony, we expected his first Western there to be a triumph of originality and modernism. Instead, it is just a series of Indians, Pony Express riders, stage-coaches, covered wagons, beautiful ladies, and gentlemanly villains. Old-fashioned Tom, same old stuff!

VIRGIN LIPS—Columbia

It's not that kind of picture. Respectable, yet interesting. The story has to do with the air division of the Mexican Secret Service; being designed to set off Olive Borland, a beautiful and exotic beauty. Her costumes reach the top of the point. An eyeful? Yes, indeed.

GRAIN OF DUST—Tiffany-Stahl

Based on David Graham Phillips' novel, starring Claire Windsor and Ricardo Cortez. On the eve of his socially big marriage, a playboy bachelor chucks the works for a baby-sister with "IT." Wholesale grief, but gripping.

LIGHTNING SPEED—FBO

Newspaper dramas are here! The governor's daughter is kidnapped. Bob Steele, reporter, uncovers the plot in time to save her, and fights the villain in a balloon fair! Believable—if you don't know any better.

FURY OF THE WILD—FBO

Must have been "Be-Kind-to-Animals" when they slipped Ranger this one. A super-intelligent pooch bounds through the picture at a smooth tempo. This is—if you care for statistics—the first time in nearly a decade that a dog star has had a real picture of his teeth into. Indeed, all the Hollywood canines are off their dog biscuits from now on.

T WITH THE TIDE—Peerless

SOVELTY. Mitchell Lewis is a nice old-fashioned captain, such as you'd invite right into your parlor. When he does cast a sideways glance at the gal he means matrimony. There's a tender and a dance hall and ships and the usual Liberal melodrama.

THE KID'S CLEVER—Universal

MADE-TO-ORDER Glenn Tryon comedy. We know enough to expect a flying airplane, a "goofy galoot" or something like that. This time it's a gadget automobile. The sale of this invention he builds his romance. Nonsensical amusement of the highest variety.

THE NIGHT BIRD—Universal

An entertaining picture made by Reginald Denny with Betsy Lee, the girl he expects to marry like Mrs. Denny, as his leading woman. The story is about a prize fighter who refuses to play the social game and is caught on the spot by a beautiful girl in search of a new man. Real romance on parade.

THE LITTLE WILD CAT—Warners

A SOUTHERN gentleman dislikes airplanes and aviators but on account of family pride is persuaded to donate an airport to his city. It doesn't sound funny does it? It isn't. Starr's titles are always good for a laugh and the excellent cast, including George Forman and Robert Edson, can be depended on to do all that is possible with a weak script. Even so, we can't get excited.



To Clarice in quest of her youth

LIKE every other woman with a spark of imagination or a speck of pride, you cleanse your skin and nourish its delicate tissues with various creams and lotions.

And they *do* help to keep your skin soft and fine and invigorated—as your mirror well can testify to you.

But there is one splendid beauty secret which doubles their potency as bringers of health and charm—and the simple secret is this—keep internally clean by the saline method, with Sal Hepatica.

It takes away the blemishes that come from within. It is a helper, not a rival to your creams.

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. The springs and spas are thronged with lovely Viennese women, the cool, lithe-limbed English and the slim dark women of French aristocracy—

freshening their complexions and improving their health by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

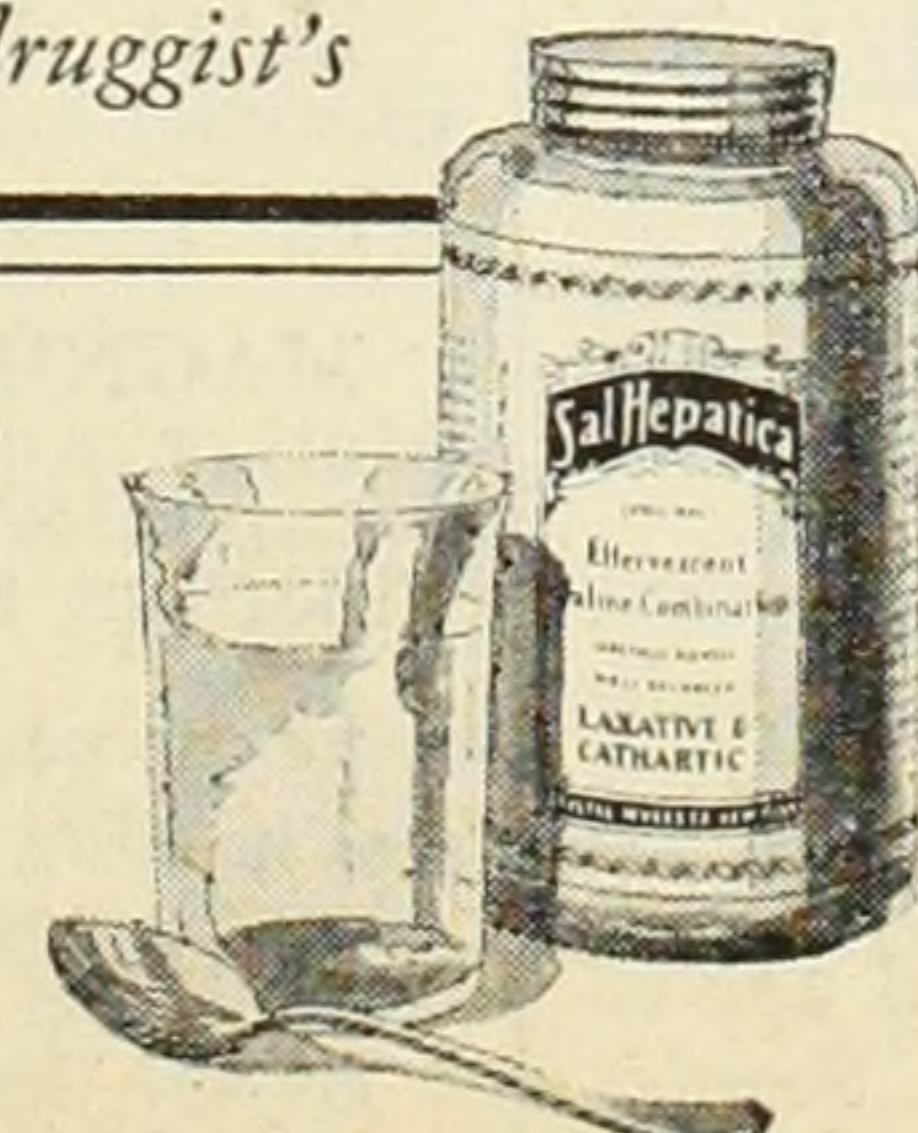
Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this wonderful saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c, and \$1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-118
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

© 1928



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

The Stillman Co., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Send me your FREE skin treatment booklet.

Name

Address

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



Her Pretty Hair!

How does she keep it so youthful-looking?

Her secret lies in proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull, drab hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

What about *your* hair? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone? If you really wish to make it bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way!

No other shampoo, anywhere, like Golden Glint Shampoo! Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly! At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. 19-K, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

MORGAN'S LAST RAID—M.-G.-M.

AN adventure picture, reminiscent of the old Civil War thrillers. The plot of the hero's girl locked in a burning arsenal isn't just ultra-modern, but clever handling of the story and brilliant photography make it entertaining. Tim McCoy, as the fearless captain of a Confederate raiding band, trots out a new bag of tricks, and Dorothy Sebastian is captivating as his Yankee sweetheart.

DANGER STREET—FBO

THIS has for its background the humorous side of gangsters' petty wars. Warner Baxter is one of those very eligible bachelors,

disappointed in love and seeking the death that offers. He dives into a gal. Better than most crook stuff we've having.

PORT OF DREAMS—Univers

YOU can't make a "Seventh Heaven" by timing scenes slowly, Mr. La. Stick to your shoot-'em-up "dramas" don't get arty. Another story about a accused hero. He gets out of prison on and works in a shipyard. The gal arr the scene and the hard-boiled probation goes Pollyanna and forgives all. Nice, can stay awake.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

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

***LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old story of the clown who dies that the girl he loves may be happy. Excellently acted by Lon Chaney, Loretta Young and Nils Asther. (June.)

LAW OF FEAR, THE—FBO.—The best part of this picture is the review of the private life of Ranger, the police dog. (May.)

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

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

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

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

LITTLE MICKEY GROGAN—FBO.—A sweet and sloppy story, which Frankie Darrow and Jobyna Ralston cannot help much. (May.)

LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME—First National.—Released in New York under title of "Kentucky Courage." An old favorite well acted by Richard Barthelmess. The story rambles all over Kentucky and the Civil War, but it is fair entertainment. (June.)

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE HUNGRY—Fox.—Concerning a mere innocent love affair of a chorus girl. Lois Moran and Lawrence Gray head the cast, but Marjorie Beebe steals the picture in a comedy rôle. (June.)

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

LUCKY IN LOVE—Warners.—Clyde Cook slips neatly into the talkies. (Oct.)

MAD HOUR—First National.—Elinor Glyn preaches a none too convincing story on the follies of jazzmania. Snappy acting by Sally O'Neil. (May.)

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

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

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

MAN-MADE WOMEN—Pathe-De Mille.—Modern sex story, made pleasant by deft handling of Leatrice Joy and Leatrice Joy's clothes. (July.)

MAN WHO LAUGHS, THE—Universal.—Draggy version of a classic that may interest hounds for art. Conrad Veidt's acting is the spot of the film. (May.)

MASKED ANGEL, A—Chadwick.—Just (Oct.)

MATINEE IDOL, THE—Columbia.—Bessie in the story of a tent show, ably assisted by Walker. And you'll love Bessie. (June.)

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

MICHIGAN KID, THE—Universal.—Tent melodrama and beautiful scenery successfully sell a Horatio Alger plot. With Conrad Nagel and Adoree. (July.)

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A—Rayart.—Nothing very nifty and baffling in the way of a riddle. (July.)

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

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

MILLION FOR LOVE, A—Sterling.—Melodrama. (June.)

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

***MOTHER MACHREE**—Fox.—Get out your handkerchiefs; this is a tear-fest. The story Irish mother is conventional but Belle Barlow's performance plucks at the heart strings. An Philippe de Lacy will delight you. What a boy!

MY HOME TOWN—Rayart.—The hero charged with manslaughter, jail-breaking, bootlegging and blackmailing. Stay and read the newspapers. (June.)

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

NAMELESS MEN—Tiffany-Stahl.—Claire Luce flutters through a story of the secret service. Don't cry if you miss it. (May.)

NAME THE WOMAN—Columbia.—An unusual name the plot. (Oct.)

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

***NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou involved in the romantic drama of a captain of the French-African Chasseurs of his most attractive pictures. With Evelyn Brent. Adult amusement. (May.)

***NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—Story with navy background and some good acting. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

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

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

NO OTHER WOMAN—Fox.—One of the reasons Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for a reason. (September.)

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

YOUR HUSBAND—Anchor.—Horrible son for naughty wives. (September.)

LAY!—First National.—Colleen Moore in agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

CODE, THE—Anchor.—Heaven help the man a night like this! (Oct.)

HE GO—Action.—Something different—a with a lot of laughs. (June.)

ING NIGHT, THE — Columbia. — One of cowardice wrecks the life of an otherwise. A drama worth seeing. (August.)

RIANS OF THE SAGE—FBO.—Hoss pitch-

DANCING DAUGHTERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively and very modern romance on a stunner set, staged in a luxurious background. Staged by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and John Mack Brown and Nils. (August.)

OF THE PAST—Peerless.—One of those you can forget. (June.)

OF THE RUINS—First National.—Dickinson in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

TED POST—Fox.—Tom Mix's swan song. (September.)

TED TRAIL, THE—Rayart.—Buddy Roosevelt—ho-hum!—a Western. (May.)

INERS IN CRIME—Paramount.—Beery in the underworld. Mostly gags. You get the type. (May.)

RIOT, THE—Paramount.—Brilliant performance by Emil Jannings and flawless direction by Paul Fejos. It's a story of Paul the First, mad as a hatter. Also great acting by Lewis Stone. Emotional and more intellectual than the recent pictures and very much worth seeing.

Y, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies charming in a modern ugly duckling story. Love her impersonations of famous screen gals. Money's worth. (May.)

AS YOU ENTER—Warners.—A motorman and a conductor both love Louise Fazenda. What is more thrilling? A singletrack comedy.

TECT CRIME, THE—FBO.—Clive Brook, a great detective, is in search of a perfect crime. He finds it is the basis of an unusually fine yarn. (July.)

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

NTOM PINTO, THE—Ben Wilson.—Why do you have a pinto pony and a flock of horses to furnish the main part of a picture? (August.)

NTOM OF THE TURF—Rayart.—This is the fellow who wins the race and inherits the family estate. (June.)

LLIS OF THE FOLLIES—Universal.—In a hilarious play by Tashman and Alice Day, as two chorus girls ramble a butter-and-egg man. Foolish but funny. (June.)

O KID, THE—FBO.—Buzz Barton's comedy will please the kids. That's all. (June.)

BEER SCOUT, THE—Paramount.—Fred Astaire and Silver King in a Western that strives for comedy by having Thomson play a dual rôle.

Y GIRL, THE—Fox.—Madge Bellamy in a singing farce. Reasonably diverting. (May.)

LY OF THE MOVIES—First Division.—A risqué but entertaining film about an ugly girl who would be a movie queen. (September.)

DER MY BACK—Warners.—Irene Rich in a probable but sophisticated comedy. It has a beautiful background. (May.)

VER—Pathe.—Romantic adventures of Bill and Alan Hale a couple of dam good workers—dam workers. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

WLERS OF THE SEA—Tiffany-Stahl. — Acting effects of a beautiful Cuban girl on the part of a Navy officer. (September.)

EN OF THE CHORUS, THE—Anchor.—Temptations of a chorus girl, with virtue and vice. (August.)

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

DER EMDEN, THE—Emelka-Columbia.—A reproduction of the most spectacular sea battle of the War. (August.)

SOM—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over an international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

DANCE—Fox.—More Russian revolution, excellently directed by Raoul Walsh. Charles Bickford, Ivan Linow and Dolores del Rio head an excellent cast. The picture is a real thriller. (July.)

HAIR—Paramount.—Clara Bow's hair in various colors! Also an Elinor Glyn story of a gold-digger who gives up all for love. For the Bow. (May.)

ORM—Chadwick.—Wherein a mush-headed logist reforms a good-looking girl crook by getting her to eat with a fork. (July.)

All those glorious days live on . . .



in snapshots that were a joy to take

“**T**ODAY we can look back and see each other just as we used to be. Ralph claims that he knew we were meant for each other from the moment we met. ‘It’s right there in those snapshots,’ he’ll say. ‘Can’t you see from the way I looked at you that it was all over with me?’

“It’s funny the way things work out. Never before that had I used my Kodak so much . . . was it intuition that made me turn to it the one time when it meant most?”

After all . . . there is only one perfect memory, the Kodak’s. Years afterward, it shows you a face or a scene with all the expression, the detail, the light and shadow, just as they were when you saw them in the finder.

Perhaps you understand this perfectly. Perhaps your intentions have been the soundest, but actually you did not take as many snapshots as you meant to. The reason is probably that too frequently you did not take your Kodak with you. To overcome this, always keep it loaded and put it in a place where you cannot help but see it every time you are going out.

As for not owning a Kodak . . .

really, there’s no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There’s a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as \$2, and Kodaks from \$5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don’t have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Dept. 155, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, your interesting booklet about the Modern Kodaks.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

• KODAK •

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

Write for your copy today!

color secrets revealed

FREE

How to use the charm of color to follow the newest style—to redecorate your home in the modern manner—keep your costumes in the leading vogue—surprisingly easy and with a saving of many dollars. Charmingly illustrated in color—displaying wonderful possibilities in tinting and dyeing with Putnam Fadeless Dyes—changing colors with Putnam No-Kolor Bleach—how to be your own professional dry cleaner and how to use artistic dyeing to make Gift Shop articles at home.

For your free copy just tear out this advertisement, write your name and address on the margin and mail today. Address Dept. O-11 Monroe Chemical Co., Quincy, Ill.

PUTNAM

FADELESS DYES

for Tinting or Dyeing



Skin Troubles

Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and

RELIEVES ECZEMA INSTANTLY

Booklet with each package—at your druggist reveals beauty secrets. Wonderful how Poslam will soothe and heal itching burning skin.

FREE PROOF SAMPLE

See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

Sample Desk B, Poslam Co., 256 W. 54th St., New York, N.Y.

***REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

RIDERS OF THE DARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy in Western Plot Number Four. Roy D'Arcy's teeth in the foreground. (May.)

RIDING TO FAME—Elbee.—Does the villainous bookie succeed in queering the horse race and wrecking young love? Don't be dumb! (August.)

RINTY OF THE DESERT—Warners.—An appealing and unusual dog story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July.)

RIVER WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

ROAD HOUSE—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

ROAD TO RUIN, THE—Cliff Broughton.—Sponsored by the Juvenile Courts, this film should only be shown to selected audiences. A sensational portrayal of a deplorable social evil, with nothing left to the imagination. If you like this sort of thing— (May.)

SADDLE MATES—Pathe.—Wally Wales indulges in a lot of rough and tumble fighting. You've guessed it—it's a Western. (May.)

***SADIE THOMPSON**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censors. A racy, ironic and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not for eighth-grade intelligences, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (April.)

SAILORS' WIVES—First National.—A fumigated sequel to "Flaming Youth." A couple of suburban orgies enliven it, but it is mostly sombre. Mary Astor does her darndest to act wild. (May.)

SALLY OF THE SCANDALS—FBO.—Bessie Love puts life into a back-stage story that might have been dull. (August.)

SALLY'S SHOULDERS—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

SAWDUST PARADISE, THE—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

SAY IT WITH SABLES—Columbia.—Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (September.)

SCARLET DOVE, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Military life in Czarist Russia. Mostly bedroom scenes. Lowell Sherman—the cur—acts grand and wears as many gaudy uniforms as a Roxy usher. (July.)

SCARLET LADY, THE—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

SCARLET YOUTH—S. S. Millard.—Supposed to have a big social message; one of those medical films that plays to "men only" and "women only" audiences. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the easy money of anyone simple enough to be taken in by the sensational advertising. (April.)

SHIP COMES IN, A—Pathe-De Mille.—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

SHOWDOWN, THE—Paramount.—A good picture of life in the depressing Mexican oil fields. Not exactly cheery but well acted by George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. (May.)

***SHOW PEOPLE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the goof who would get into the movies. Recommended. (August.)

SIN TOWN—Pathe.—Just a poor western. (Oct.)

***SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

SINGLE MAN, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—FBO.—After a long time-lapse, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May.)

SKIRTS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Syd Chaplin in a soggy British comedy. (September.)

SMART SET, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go in for flippant youth. (April.)

SMILIN' GUNS—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

SOFT LIVING—Fox.—Adventures of a stenographer who finds that it is easier to get alimony than work for a living. But love saves all. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS—Paramount.—Especially in a haunted house. Good comedy thrills and lots of action. With the eye-soothing Esther Ralston. (May.)

SO THIS IS LOVE—Columbia.—Slightly goofy story of a dressmaker's assistant turned prize-fighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr., and Shirley Mason. (July.)

SOUP—Warners.—Soup is heard as well as seen. Vaudeville talkie with Harry Delf. (Oct.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—FBO.—Just like a brand of love—full of inconsistencies. With Ruth Miller. (June.)

SPEED CHAMPION, THE—Rayart.—can get steamed up over the adventures of a boy. (September.)

***SPEEDY**—Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd tures all the dash and excitement of Manhattan ingenious and high-powered comedy. For the family, of course. (May.)

SPORTING AGE, THE—Columbia.—Ging and fine direction lift this triangle story the average. Special honors to Belle Ben-Holmes Herbert. (June.)

STATE STREET SADIE—Warners.—(believe it? Another underworld story. among the best. (July.)

STOCKS AND BLONDES—FBO.—I among the chorus girls and brokers. Slightly tetsy for the family trade. With Jacquelin and "Skeets" Gallagher. (June.)

STOP THAT MAN—Universal.—Arthur a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch it (September.)

STORIES IN SONG—Warners.—Adele can be seen as well as heard with pleasure that's something. (Oct.)

STORMY WATERS—Tiffany-Stahl.—Southern tries a *Sadie Thompson* but this love in the tropics doesn't quite come off.

STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAM—Defu-First National.—German picture with plot. Just a bit heavy. (August.)

***STREET OF SIN, THE**—Paramount.—nically a fine picture but the story, a brutal tale London slums, is repellent. The least satisfactory Emil Jannings' American productions. (July.)

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany.—Dirty work in China and slightly reminiscent of better plays. Not so much. (May.)

STRONGER WILL, THE—Excellent.—long yawn. (August.)

TAXI 13—FBO.—Chester Conklin in the adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

TELLING THE WORLD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—That comical cuss, Bill Haines, in China. More darned fun, in a silly way. And who makes her debut in this one, is all to the good. (July.)

***TEMPEST**—United Artists.—Interesting the Russian Revolution. While John Barry starred, it is Camilla Horn's picture. Here's a find. (June.)

TEMPTATIONS OF A CHORUS GIRL—Division.—Not naughty, just foolish. Bettyson makes the most of a maudlin character.

TENTH AVENUE—Pathe-De Mille.—Bling house life on the wrong side of Manhattan. melodrama and vividly played by Phyllis Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut. (July.)

***TERROR, THE**—Warners.—Mystery story presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)

THEIR HOUR—Tiffany-Stahl.—Where demure girl outsmarts the fast stepper. Dorothy Sebastian, Johnnie Harron and Marlowe. Not for the children. (June.)

THIEF IN THE DARK, THE—Fox.—Su to scare you to death. But it merely puts sleep. (June.)

THOROUGHBREDS—Universal.—Once the innocent country lad falls in with a gang of women. Good direction and some race-track help some. (May.)

THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National.—Heart interest and comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

***THREE SINNERS**—Paramount.—Pola as a good girl gone wrong. Not so wonderful good girl, but oh, after she has gone wrong! sophisticated amusement. (June.)

THUNDERCLOUD, THE—Anchor.—A scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

TIGER LADY—Paramount.—Reviewed title "Love Is Incurable." Old-fashioned tricked out in fancy costumes and made palatable by the suave acting of Adolphe Menjou and Evelyn Brent. (June.)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—Columbia.—Paramount.—Rare antique that has been redone no good reason. Even with the hard work of Fazenda, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor.—enough war burlesque but enough's enough. (Sept.)

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collier in an modern comedy showing the folly of youthful rriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)

TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE—FBO.—epic and simply terrible. (September.)

TRICK OF HEARTS, A—Universal.—Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather p Algonquin! (May.)

TURN BACK THE HOURS—Gotham.—right, turn back the hours and what does it get? Just a quickie, with a lot of well-known players in between more important pictures. (May.)

LOVERS—United Artists.—Some direction, and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that it is the same old plot. But Ronald Colman and Vera Banky are simply swell. (May.)

THE TOM'S CABIN—Universal.—Originally shown in January. Sound effects have increased office value. (Oct.)

DRESSED—Sterling.—Teaching us not to be our children and also not to pose for strange. An odd plate of hash. (September.)

THE UNITED STATES SMITH—Gotham.—Eddie and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck but comedy. (August.)

THE WIND RIDER, THE—First National.—Ken and rides the winning horse in the race that is the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand ride. (May.)

THE WING VENUS—First National.—A "Con-Yankee" comedy designed to get back some money spent on the "Helen of Troy" sets. Not bad enough to be popular. Thelma Todd is still and Charlie Murray is funny. What else do you want? (May.)

THE WASHING PIONEER, THE—Paramount.—Return of Jack Holt to the Paramount ranch. The result is a Grade A Western. (August.)

THE WEDDING—Paramount.—The more sentimental life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Pickford will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

THE WALKING BACK—Pathe-De Mille.—Trivial but the younger generation made interesting by the presence of the charming Sue Carol. (July.)

THE WASHINGTON UP—Paramount.—Richard Dix in an original and really funny story of a bushleague family diversion. (July.)

THE WASHINGTON, THE—Columbia.—Jack Holt's sense of humor saves this melodrama of the Hong Kong boom from being dull. (May.)

THE WARRIORS—Universal.—A fine drama of immigrants. The struggles, loyalty and problems of the new Americans will make you more tolerant and sympathetic. A fine study in patriotism, excellently acted. (May.)

THE WHEEL OF CHANCE—First National.—Richard Dix's charm does some good acting in a dual rôle. Forget the improbabilities of the story in your admiration for the star's acting and the dramatic situation. (August.)

WHEN THE LAW RIDES—FBO.—Something more than the conventional Western plot. With Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. (August.)

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney *au naturel*. Swell crook story. (September.)

THE WIP, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in an English sporting melodrama that just misses being brilliant. (September.)

THE WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Goldwyn-Mayer.—Just misses being a real picture. Its weakness of story is atoned for by one of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever shown. (August.)

THE WIFE—Warners.—Just filmed vaudeville with Charles Chaplin. (Oct.)

THE WIFE SAILORS GO WRONG—Fox.—For those who will laugh at anything. Rather vulgar. (June.)

THE WIFE KEDNESS PREFERRED—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a comedy of marriage that is naughty, sophisticated, but full of fun. (June.)

THE WIFE RELATIONS, THE—Columbia.—Naive story of an heiress who finds a job and a husband in a department store. (August.)

THE WIFE WEST ROMANCE—Fox.—Some thrills in an eastern but Rex Bell, the newcomer, will never equal Stetson of Tom Mix. (August.)

THE WIFE LFUL YOUTH—Peerless.—Heavy melodrama in the tall timbers with Kenneth Harlan and Dorothy Murphy. (June.)

THE WIFE ES, ETC.—Warners.—Charles Ruggles in a comedy. (Oct.)

THE WIFE MAN DISPUTED, THE—United Artists.—John Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in an original drama of Central Europe during the war. (September.)

THE WIFE MAN FROM MOSCOW, THE—Paramount.—Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

THE WIFE MAN'S WAY, A—Columbia.—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris. (Oct.)

THE WIFE MEN THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—An original Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

THE WIFE MEN WHO DARED—Excellent.—Slumming to the lower East Side, as the movies picture it. (August.)

THE WIFE RIGHT IDEA, THE—First National.—But not wrong. (Oct.)

THE WIFE LOW LILY, THE—First National.—Congratulating the bad habit of archdukes of falling in love with ladies who live on the other side of the tracks. Dove and Clive Brook are the principal reasons you'll want to see the picture. (July.)

THE WIFE U CAN'T BEAT THE LAW—Rayart.—The story of a crook and such-like. Charles Kiefe is the handsome cop. (May.)



This time of year be *extra* careful
 . . . protect your skin from dust

RIGHT now in the early fall, the dust blows in clouds. And dust—plain ordinary street-blown dust—is one thing that makes faces grow old. Because, it grinds into the pores. Robs the skin of its natural moisture. That's why the face is older than the shoulders. The face weathers, dries—through constant day-by-day exposure. The shoulders—protected—stay young.

Protect your face and it will stay as young too. You can do it easily—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Hinds Cream is the liquid cream with the heavenly almond fragrance. It sinks deep, deep—freshens the skin. Keeps it as sweetly soft as a baby's. It prevents dust-weathering—all weathering.

Just pat it on . . . the oftener the better. Especially before you go outdoors—pat it on as a powder base. But don't stop there. Pat it on at

night. In the morning. Use it on your hands. (Marvelous for hands!)

Then your skin will stay soft, young, regardless of how much you are outdoors.

Try Hinds Cream. You can buy it anywhere. Or if you wish, we'll be glad to send you a free sample bottle. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us today.

© L. & F., Inc., 1928



HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
 Dept. 678, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

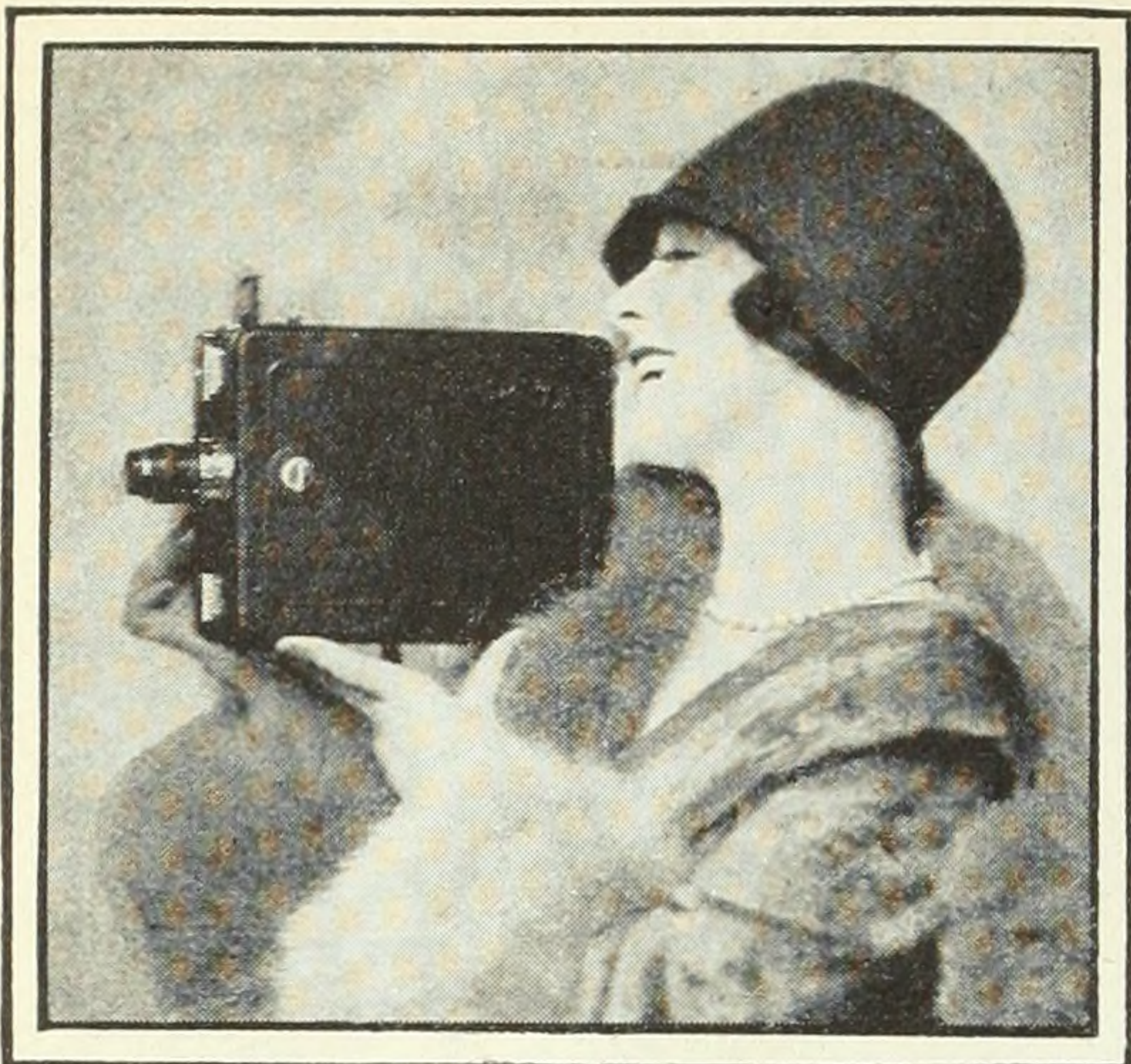
(Print name and address)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after Oct., 1929

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited,
 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8



Irene Rich with her DeVry Personal Movie Camera

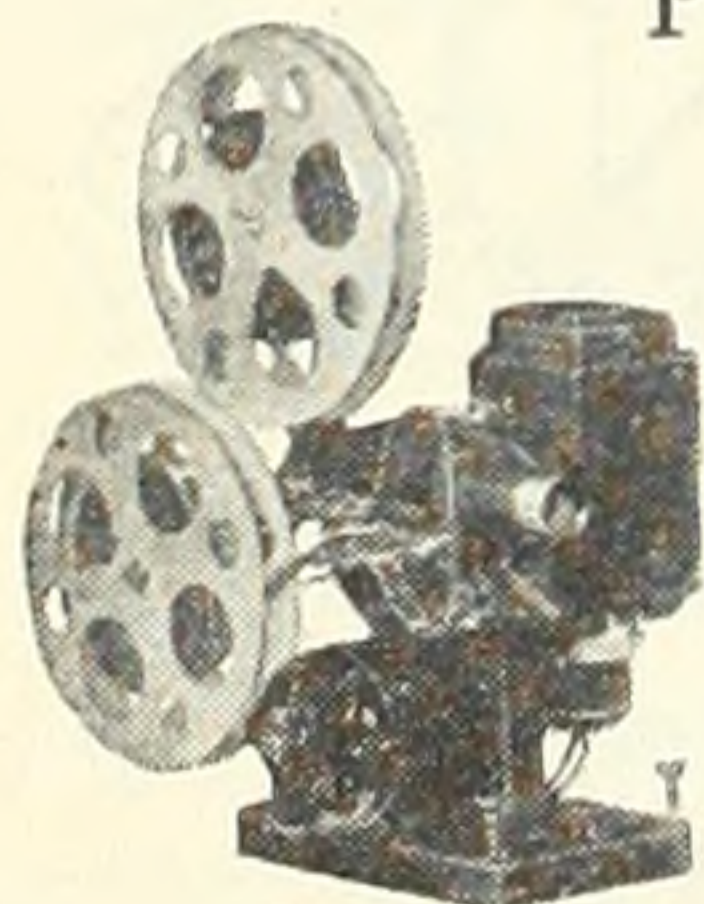
Make Movies Yourself with the Professional Touch

OF ALL thrills in the movies, where is one to compare with this: *your own movies, directed, taken, exhibited by yourself!*

For movies with that touch of professional perfection which is instantly recognized and appreciated, choose DeVry equipment.

The DeVry standard 35 mm. camera is "amateur" in the ease and simplicity of its operation. Just point camera and press the button. And it is truly "professional" in its results. Famous camera men of Hollywood choose the DeVry for "difficult shots." And famous movie stars choose the DeVry as their personal movie camera.

For flickerless pictures of exceptional clearness and brilliance use reduction prints of your 35 mm. film on the new DeVry 16 mm. projector. A marvel of compact simplicity. Easy to operate without previous experience; projects full-size pictures. Price only \$95.



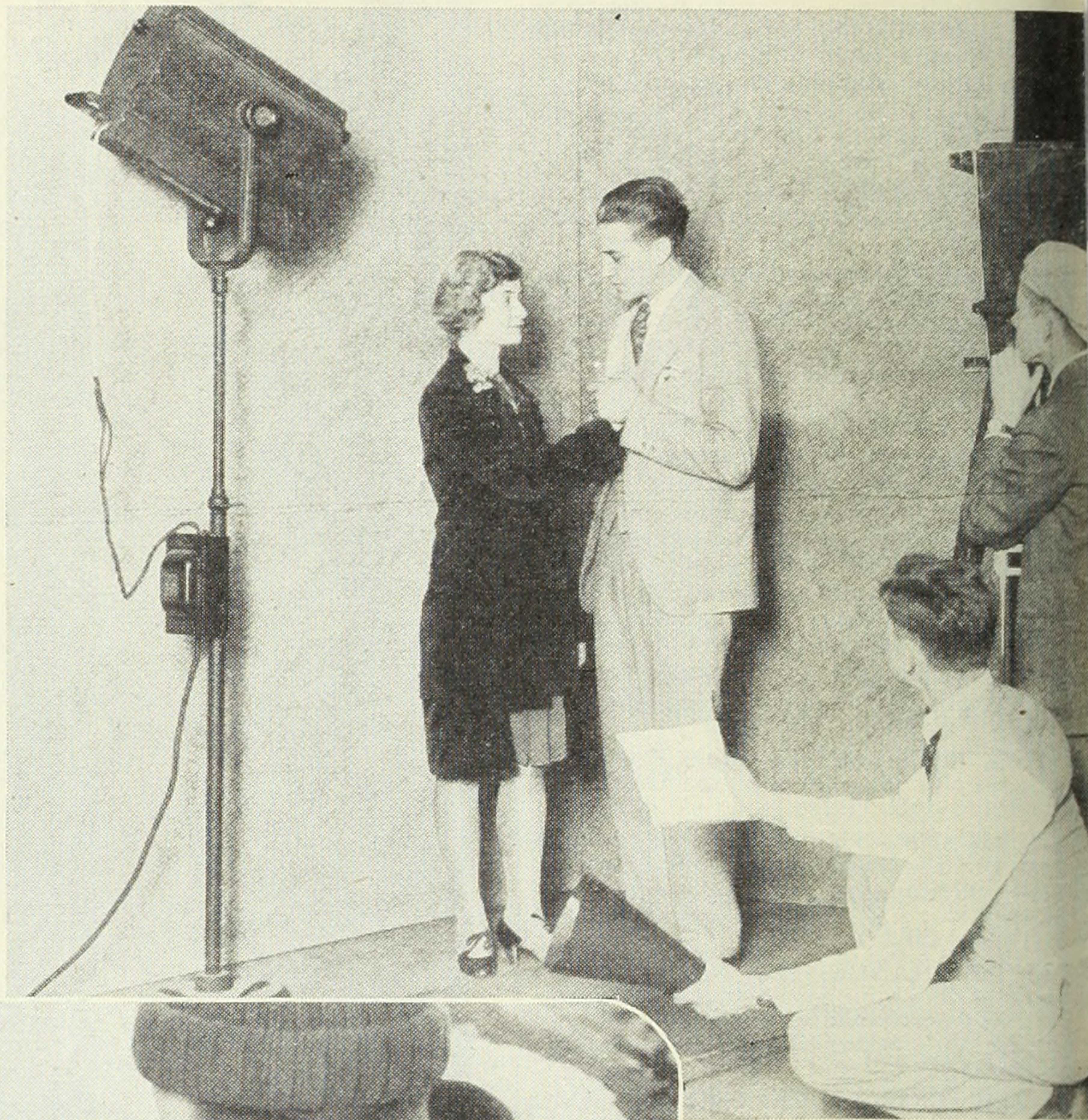
Send now for free literature and information of interest on personally made movies. No obligation to you. DEVRY CORPORATION, Dept. 11PP, 1111 Center St., Chicago, Illinois.



World's Largest Manufacturer of Standard Motion Picture Cameras and Portable Projectors

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



Horace Morse directing Peggy Bell and Richard Lindsay in a scene from "Fireproof," the Shadows Studios amateur film made by Minneapolis enthusiasts. Wilbur Nelson is cameraman. The smaller picture shows another close-up from "Fireproof," which is a winter sports story.

experiments. Hypnotism is indicated by a double exposure showing the eyes and forehead of the hypnotist, in front of which his subjects appear, moving blindly about.

The interesting effect of the villain losing his balance on a precipice and being catapulted to the rocks below is skillfully obtained. Here is exactly how the script read:

Scene 579—Close-up of Timothy's feet slipping over the edge of the cliff.

Scene 580—Close-up of Timothy's feet slipping, similar to scene 579, but taken from a different angle.

Scene 581—Semi-long shot of dummy falling off cliff.

Scene 582—Close-up taken from below of horrified group peering over top of cliff. They move back out of the scene.

Scene—583—Close-up of Timothy falling.

Scene 584—Medium shot of dummy. It bounces down cliff toward camera.

Scene 585—Close-up of Timothy.

Scene 586—Medium shot of dummy. It rolls into a closeup almost on top of the camera.

Scene 587—Close-up of Timothy.

Scene 588—Camera swings around several times giving whirling effect to trees. Camera slows down coming to a stop trained upon a large tree and moves to a close-up of the tree.

Scene 589—Close-up of Timothy's body.

Head not shown. His bloody hand into the frame and all is still.

The shots of Timothy were made the player was standing on the slope steep hill. The cameraman stood above, angling the camera close to the upturned face of the actor. As the camera motor was started the machine was jerked rapidly away from the face of the player. This allowed the villain to be recognized and yet gave the bloody effect caused by a swiftly falling object. When the close-ups were spliced together in the order indicated, the effect produced was as if the camera had followed the villain over the cliff in a continuous close-up.

These details are offered for the benefit of amateurs who plan to make a contest. Take your time, work out a well-knit script and then shoot—not before.

WITH the aid of Edward Staadt, dramatic director of the University of Minnesota, Shadows Studios, an amateur movie organization, made up of former Minnesota University and Carlton College students, now active in Minneapolis, has completed its first production. This is a winter sports story, "Fireproof." This is the third production of an amateur group which includes Richard Lindsay, Wilbur Nelson, Fred Rompage, Ma-

urton Crocker, Louis Greenwood, Helen
orman Terwilliger and Peggy Bell.

H scenes showing the making of "Pearl
of the Pacific" and published in the
Department, came from the Fineart
Productions, Ltd., of Sydney, Australia.
pe the professional appearance of the
ment, this is really an amateur organiza-
d was formerly known as the Mosman
club.

art has finished two-thirds of the camera
kon "Pearl of the Pacific," which is a
il island story. The club was fortunate
bring the co-operation of the Royal
tlian Navy and Air Forces. Interiors
to be shot in the studio of the Australasian
n Company, where extensive lighting
ment is available. Standard film is being

\$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

\$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by
PHOTOPLAY as follows:

Class One.

- \$500 for the best amateur photoplay.
- \$250 for the second best amateur photo-
play.
- \$150 for the third best amateur photoplay.
- \$100 for the fourth best amateur photo-
play.

Class Two.

- \$500 for the best non-dramatic picture.
- \$250 for the second best non-dramatic
picture.
- \$150 for the third best non-dramatic
picture.
- \$100 for the fourth best non-dramatic
picture.

In the event that two or more films prove
equal merit in their consideration for any
award, duplicate prizes will be given for each
film.

CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays,
will embrace all pictures made by ama-
teurs in which amateur actors appear,
whether of a dramatic or comedy nature.
CLASS TWO—Will include all other
motion pictures such as films of news
events, home pictures, travelogues, sport
shots, studies of animal, bird or plant
life, etc., made by amateurs.

In awarding prizes the judges will con-
sider the cleverness, novelty and fresh-
ness of idea and treatment, as well as the
general workmanship. Under the head
of general workmanship comes photog-
raphy, lighting, editing and cutting and
titling. In Class One, added items of
consideration will be direction, make-
up and acting ability.

All films, to be considered by the judges,
must come within the following specified
lengths:

- If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be
1,000 feet or less in length.
- If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less
in length.
- If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in
length.

All films must be submitted on non-
inflammable stock with the names and
addresses of the senders securely attached
to the reel or the box containing the film.
Name and address of the sender also may
be part of the film itself.

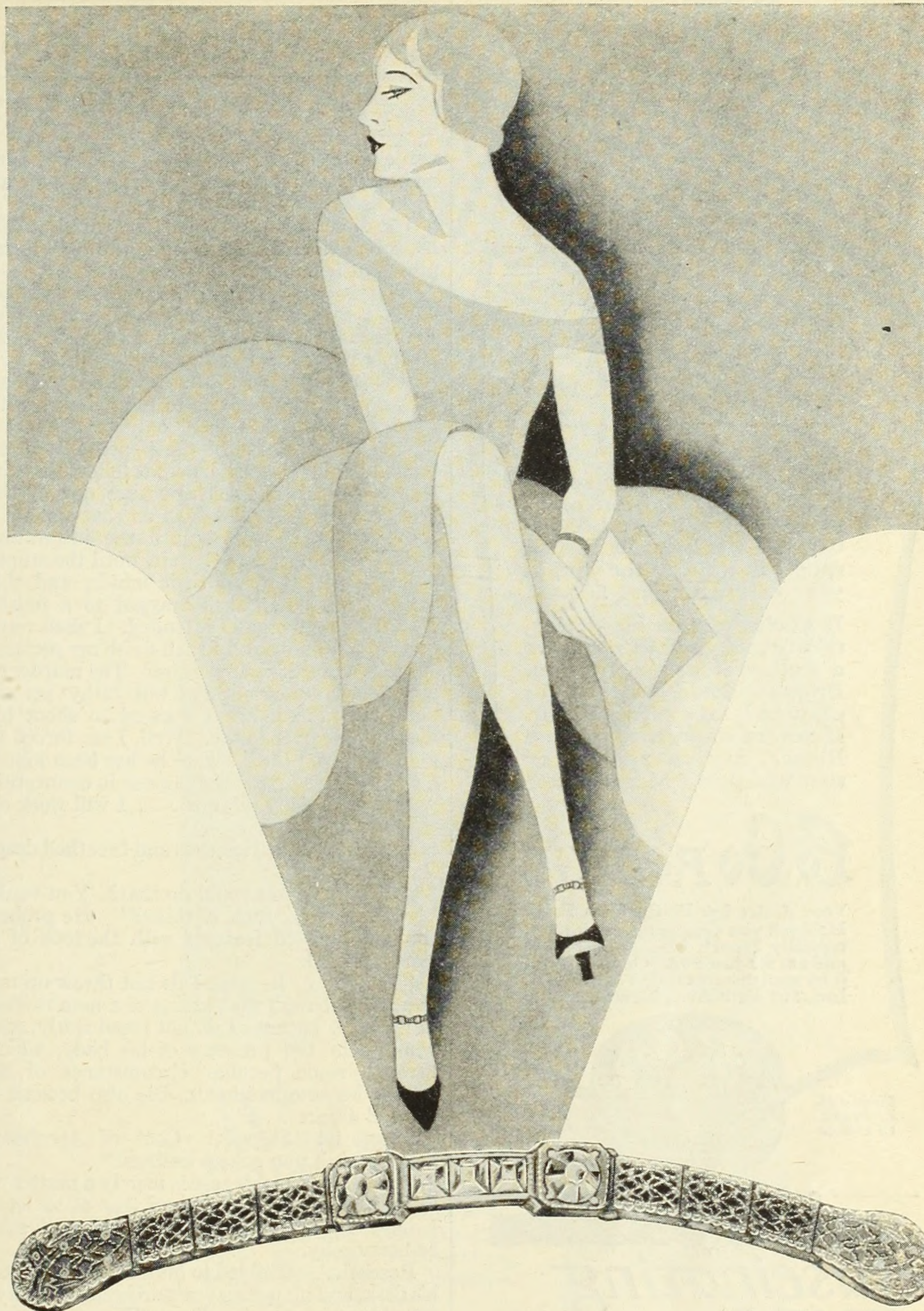
Any number of contest films may be sub-
mitted by an individual or amateur
organization.

Any person or amateur organization can
enter this contest. Professional cinema-
tographers are barred, as well as anyone
employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGA-
ZINE or any relatives of anyone employed
by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTO-
PLAY'S first amateur movie contest may
compete.

All films are to be addressed to the
judges, The Amateur Movie Contest,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West
57th Street, New York, and are to be sub-
mitted between October 1, 1928, and
midnight of March 31st, 1929.

The jury of judges will be announced in
forthcoming issues of PHOTOPLAY.

PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility
for loss of films in transit and, while
every precaution will be taken to safe-
guard them, this publication will not be
responsible for loss or injury in any way.
As soon as possible after the conclusion
of the contest, the prize winners will be
announced and the films returned to
senders on receipt of sufficient postage
for return transportation.



UNQUESTIONABLY SMART

This fall, Fashion generously sponsors opera pumps of velvet to match the color of the frock. And to these modish slippers are clasped elaborately jeweled SPANS... brilliant instep straps which add smartness to the entire costume.

SPANS, extending gracefully across the instep, hold pumps with welcome snugness and eliminate slipping.

Sold at shoe stores for \$3.00 to \$22.50

SPANS
REGISTERED U. S. PAT OFFICE
For Smart Shoes

B. A. BALLOU & CO., INC., Providence, R. I.



Take It From PARIS!

Paris knows! Paris says one's color *must* heighten one's natural coloring! And so Po-Go, the hand-made French rouge, is waiting for you, in your color, for just 50c.

If you're a wee bit daring, take bright, vivid *Vif*; if you're a delicate, ashen blonde, *Brique* will add just the right glow to lend enchantment. If you're dark, then choose *Ronce*, a rich raspberry that whispers, "Montmarte."

Po-Go ROUGE

Your dealer has Po-Go from Paris. He'll sell you your proper color in a typically French box, import duty and all, for just 50c. Or we'll send it by mail direct. GUY T. GIBSON, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City

Made and Packaged in France

50c

© 1928 G.T.G., Inc.

Fascinating EYES

SPARKLING, fascinating eyes and the allure of youth can be yours. Just use Katherine Mac Donald's Lash Cosmetic. It makes lashes appear long and luxuriant yet you do not look made up. Absolutely waterproof. Leaves lashes soft and natural, and will not break them



At most toilet goods counters or \$1 direct to Katherine Mac Donald at Hollywood

Katherine Mac Donald's
NAMED BEAUTY PRODUCTS
HOLLYWOOD

KATHERINE MACDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC
(WATERPROOF)

The soothing, cooling touch that brings comfort to the babe

Cuticura Talcum

The newest of the Cuticura preparations. With a background of 50 years of dependable quality and service.

25c. Everywhere

The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

wrote yourself, and vich nobody else thinks are necessary! So you see, Seibert, you haff all this misery for nothing!"

The director had been listening with but half his ears, evidently, for he now whirled on the president feverishly.

"Very well. I will use the scenes shot yesterday. I cannot bring the dead back to life. Perhaps, after all, he could not be made to do it any better than the last time he did it . . . that is probably true. But, I will not yield an inch on the scenes I was to finish today with my other people! I yield only to the inevitable! Because one of the puppets has been removed from the stage, does it follow that the show is over? Never! Because one of the pawns in the game lies dead on that set, am I to wait . . . wait . . . until the inspiration has died out of me . . . wait, until the stupid police have made up their minds, and this whole stupid affair has dragged to a finish? No. I shall go on as I intended. I shall work on that set today, and I shall finish my picture! What is a murder to a picture? The murder of a man who was nothing but filthy vermin polluting the earth? I wanted to shoot his death scene over today. Well, I am forced to give that up. But because he has been killed, I will not give up everything else in connection with finishing my picture . . . I will work on that set . . ."

Rosenthal closed his eyes and breathed deep.

"SEIBERT, you would do that? You would actually do such a thing?" He probed the other's cold features with the look of a shocked child.

"Why not? Because I do not throw up my hands and bewail the passing of a man reviled in life . . . because I do not tread softly, and whisper in the presence of his body, which through some peculiar circumstance of its having become inanimate, has also become a revered object . . ."

"Stop it! Stop it! Gott of Abraham, Seibert, ain't you got no feelings?"

"Sentiment in this case is merely a matter of habit and tradition . . . and fear of society! I have never bowed to such things," said Seibert coolly.

Rosenthal scrambled to his feet and pounded his desk, and his action was purely involuntary. He did not reckon its effect. He was beyond that.

"Sometimes I think you are a monster, Seibert! Yes, a monster! You are nothing but a director's brain! You haff no heart in your body! And I tell you I don't care how many times you say you vill vork on that set, I say that you vill not! . . . I vill not allow it! . . ."

"Nor will I," said a quiet voice, and a stranger walked into the room.

CHAPTER V

THE president of Superior Films had his own hauteur when occasion demanded. It was only in inter-office squabbles, such as his daily skirmishes with Cohen, and his rarer, but no less combusive engagements with artists suffering from an overdose of temperament, that he resorted to shouting and desk pounding.

Now he swung about with a slow dignity, and eyed his unannounced visitor in the manner of aloofness he always maintained towards outsiders.

"Vell?" he said, with rising inflection. It was a leading remark, but the stranger did not produce the apology it should have invited. Rosenthal raised his eyebrows at Seibert, who adjusted his monocle and examined the newcomer from head to toe. Considering that he, the newcomer, had seated himself, stretching his lean length comfortably, and was now leisurely filling a pipe . . . in short, making himself quite at home, and settling down for a

long winter, as it were, Seibert was excused his action. Rosenthal leaned over his desk and shot these questions at the man:

"Vill you be kind enough to tell me vat you permission to come into my private and interrupt a conference? Vat is your and vat is it you vant?"

The visitor looked up and a whimsical broke the thin lines of his mouth. Mer men to him. Nothing less, nothing more each was a possible law-breaker. In e possible quarry for his chase. Banke beggar were alike when he was on the He said, in a drawling voice,

"MY name . . . is Smith. Ordinary en Meh? Nothing startling in it. what I want—ah, that is another m What I want, and what I do, sometimes c agree! I wanted to go fishing today. In f was a member of a very nice little party we had chartered a boat to take us to Cat I have been thinking of getting into the club for years, and now . . . the chance again . . . not because I wanted to com here instead, but because you wanted n Mr. Rosenthal! By the same token, Hardell probably did not want to be fad dead this morning . . . but he was . . ."

The president came around his desk th outstretched hand.

"You are from the Police Commissio That is good. I haff been vaiting for you r. Smith. I am very glad to see you. Ve haff a terrible thing happen out here. . . ."

Hospitably he took up his box of cigar and pressed them on the detective.

"Thank you," said the latter briefly. is eyes were trained intently on the back o director, who had turned, and was idly wh ing the passersby through Rosenthal's win. There was an atmosphere of extreme ind re- ence about the back presented to him, and e detective had prolonged his little open g speech in order to set his professional mir at work on the two men before him. He h a habit of that . . . talking seemingly at d- dom, the while his brain caught and anal d the conditions and people about him. t Seibert had turned away in the middle o is speech. Smith was now wondering if it d been a pose, or direct evasion on the part o e picture man.

ROSENTHAL nodded and made violent tures at Seibert's back, getting over the supposed his visitor would wish to talk to alone. Captain of Detectives Smith, fo was that, raised his voice a bit, as he answe

"No . . . no . . . I think Mr. Seibert be able to help us." Would the director around now? Would he resent the delibera care- less tone Smith had used in speakin him, as though he were one of the office b instead of the man he was? After a mor Rosenthal, not too pleased, stepped over to director and took his arm.

"I vish to make you acquainted with Smith," he said, somewhat sternly.

"Captain Smith," said Seibert, ben frigidly from the hips.

"Mr. Seibert," responded Smith, equ formal, and chuckling secretly at his own accustomed punctiliousness.

"Sit down, Seibert. Perhaps you can th a bit of light on this thing," he said, motion to a chair.

"I am at your service," responded director stiffly. Smith nodded.

"Getting right to the known facts . . . office was informed that you had found a n Dwight Hardell by name, dead on one of y stages. You say murdered. The case turned over to me, and with two of my n Clancy and Ryan, I came right out. They

coroner are on the stage now, that is, I expect they are. I had a little difficulty with Cohen, your production manager . . .”
 “That Izzie!” groaned the president. Smith smiled.
 “I gather he had been told in a pretty strong manner not to let anyone on the stage . . . I finally convinced him . . .” The detective’s long body lost some of its lazy indolence, his voice some of its deliberate drawl, as he said,
 “First, I want to locate the person who last saw Hardell alive!”
 “That is the customary procedure,” put in Seibert dryly. It was apparent he did not think much of it.
 “Quite so. Nothing original in my method here,” returned Smith undisturbed. “However, what often commends the customary to my mind, is the indubitable fact that it . . . customarily brings results! I presume that is why the customary has become customary, Mr. Seibert. Do you agree with me?”

THE director shrugged. It was apparent he thought the question a superfluous one, and beside the point. Smith, seeming not to notice, continued,
 “First, Mr. Rosenthal, I wish you would tell me all you know about it. . . .”
 “Not so much,” said Rosenthal. “I am sure, but I can only tell you what has happened this morning after my office boy found him. I think not a ghost of an idea what . . .”
 “That’s all right. Just tell me your part in it,” Smith broke in, with a smile.
 “Well, I was walking around by Stage Six this morning, first thing I come on the lot, when my office boy, he comes out very much excited. He has been showing some visitors around, and saying that Mr. Seibert is not working yet, he takes them to his set to see the dummy. Mr. Seibert was using a dummy of Mr. Hardell the day before yesterday, and the office boy thinks the dummy is there yet, and he thinks to get a look out of seeing the visitors when they look at it. We make dummies so real you cannot tell the difference, only very close up, from the live man. Well, this dummy was supposed to be a dead man, you see, and the young lady in the party, she is scared right away she sees it! My office boy, he goes over and kicks it, thinking,

Epitaphs from the Talkies

Here lieth Jane, a picture star
 Whose bread was nicely buttered
 Until the speaking movies came
 Revealing that she stuttered.
 —H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun

Here lieth May, a picture star
 Whose salary check was fat
 Until the speaking movies showed
 She called *éclat éclat*.
 —Johnnie Spencer in
 The Macon Telegraph

Here lieth Queen, a movie star.
 The world was 'neath her thumb,
 At when the speaking movies came
 They found that she was dumb.
 —Waycross Journal-Herald

Here lieth Olga, a fine mixer,
 That is to say, quite minglish,
 At speaking movies showed her talk
 Was what's called pidgin English.
 —Judd Lewis in
 The Houston Post-Dispatch

Here lieth Babe, a star well known
 Until her job was crisped
 To blackened cinders when 'twas shown
 That she, oh, horrors, lisped.
 —Newark Advocate

Have you a Prima Donna complexion?



WHEN winter comes, some complexions develop prima donna tendencies. They get *temperamental*. Today, peach-blown in tint and texture—tomorrow, coarse-pored, rough, chapped and super-sensitive.

If you've an operatic complexion, Frostilla is just meant for you. It's instant touch soothes—and comforts. Tired skins perk up, color glows, satiny smoothness is regained, coarse pores become a memory. Then the complexion graciously accepts powder, rouge and any other little attention you may choose to confer on it.

However, don't wait until your skin is in a huff to treat it to Frostilla. Let it guard you against wind and weather during the day—let it send your skin to sleep at night. You can depend on Frostilla to foil all temperamental tendencies—and make your skin a gift to be proud of, the year 'round.

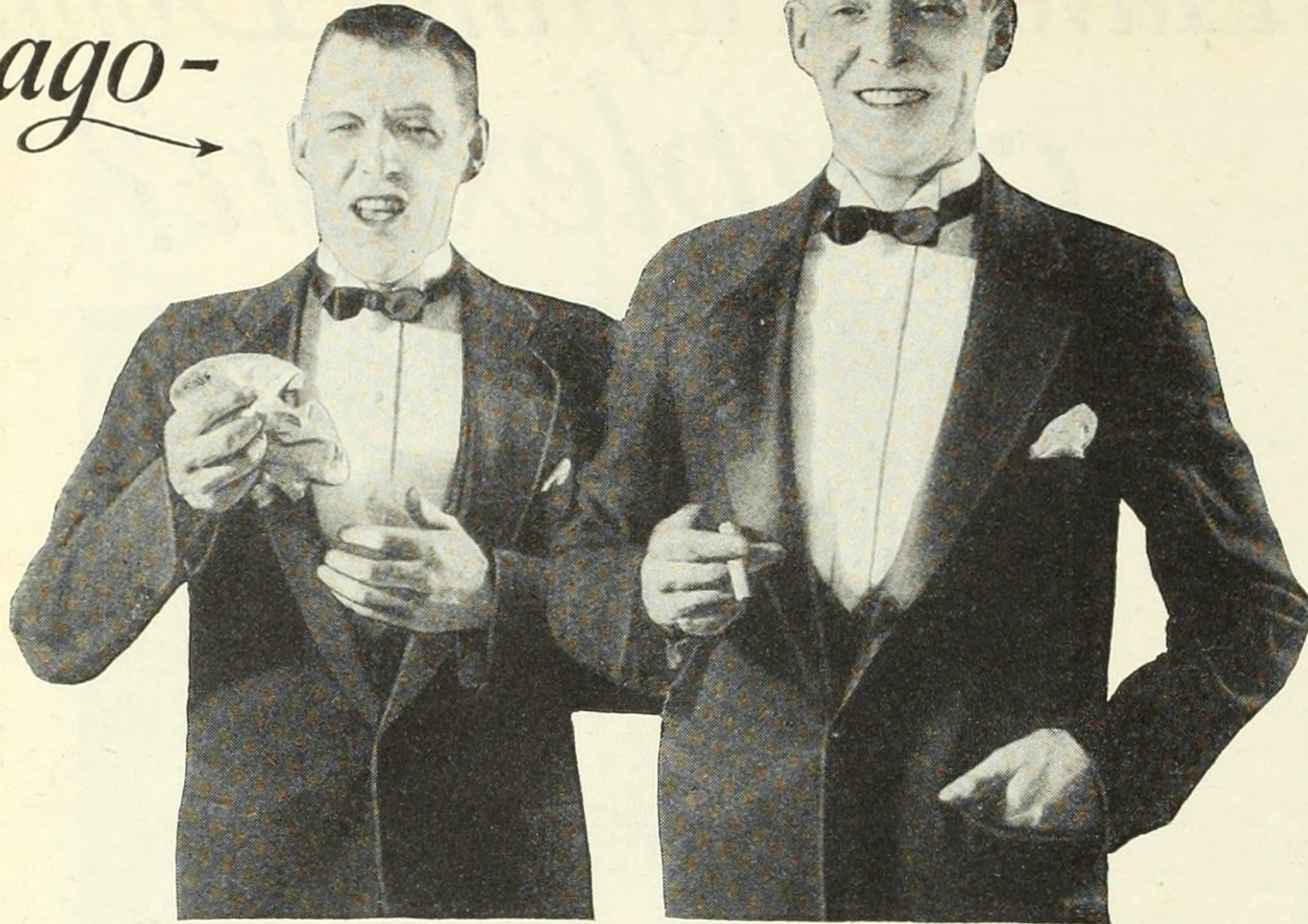
In attractive blue-labelled bottles, Frostilla is priced at 50c and \$1, at druggists and department stores. Or write us for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Dept. 635, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.)

FROSTILLA

for

exposed and irritated skin

10 minutes ago -



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Itching Rash Relieved Instantly



Are you bothered by an itching rash or eczema of any kind? Then we offer prompt relief with this famous Resinol Soap and Ointment treatment. Spread on a little Resinol Ointment, let-

ting it remain overnight. Then wash off with Resinol Soap. Do this once a day. You will be amazed at the results. Then use Resinol Soap as your exclusive toilet soap.

For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 25, Baltimore Md.

Resinol

DEL-A-TONE



Removes Hair in 3 Minute

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years. Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use.

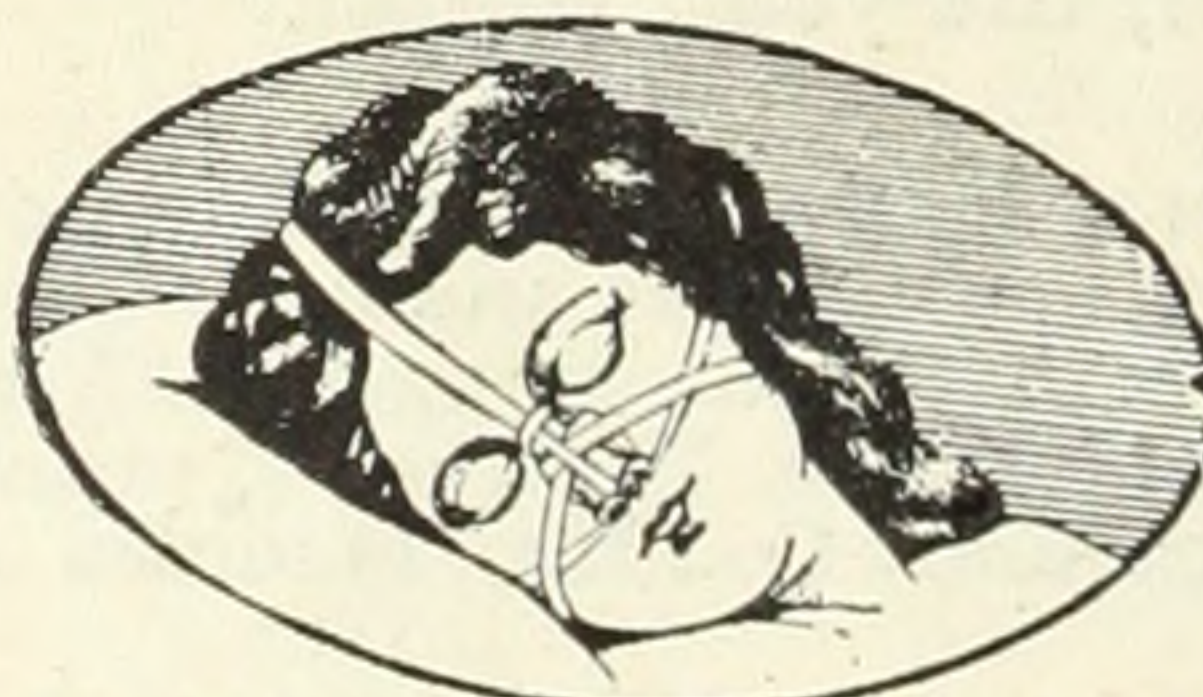
Under-arm daintiness

Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty.



Hair-free legs

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and dept. stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in U. S. for \$1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, c/o The Delatone Co., Dept. 811, 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois,



CORRECT YOUR NOSE

Beautify Your Face

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER will shape your nose to perfect proportions while you sleep or work. Age doesn't matter. Safe, painless, comfortable. Rapid, permanent results



guaranteed. 60,000 doctors and users praise it as a most marvelous invention. No metal or screws.

30-Day FREE TRIAL

Send for FREE BOOKLET



Gold Medal Won 1923

ANITA Institute 1128 Anita Bldg. NEWARK, N. J.

of course, it was only the dummy. Mine Go He finds out it is really Mr. Hardell, and he dead . . . !"

"What is the reason for the dummy in t picture?" asks Smith.

"Vell, it is a long story, but I vill expla Mr. Hardell, who played the villain in t picture . . . ve call it the 'heavy,' is killed a duel vid the hero, who stabs him in the hea Ve take a close-up of him as he is dying fro the wound. Then a third man, an enemy of t villain, comes in and sees him dead. He vo haff liked to kill him himself. He goes offer a runs his sword through his heart, several tim because he iss such a devil, you understand Ve did not vant this scene should look trick so ve make a dummy . . ." said Rosentha naively.

Smith chuckled. The president's ey twinkled a moment, and then he continued,

"SO, to make the scene look real, ve make a dummy, and then the other man can stick l sword into his heart, in a close-up, as much he vishes, and the audience vill not say, 'H He only stuck it between his arm and h body!' Understand? That vould spoil t whole picture. It vould make the whole thi look exaggerated . . . unreal! Ve put a litt container of catsup under the dummy's ve and ven he is stabbed it runs out. That is t blood."

"Hm . . . still, I think it very strange yo office boy did not know the difference betwe a dummy and an actual dead man . . mused Smith.

"Strange? No, not at all, Mr. Smith. Pe haps you haff never seen the kind of dummy mean. Mebbe tho' you haff seen the statue Lindbergh they haff just put up in the court the Chinese Theater in Hollywood? No? Ve if you had, you vould understand. I am to many people try to talk to him! Ve can c anything in pictures, Mr. Smith! Ve can c really remarkable things, and effery day ve a discovering new . . ."

"Ways to fool the public, eh?" broke in th detective.

"I vould not say it that vay," replied th president with dignity. "Making motio pictures is an art. Vone of the big arts. Ven say that effery day ve are discovering ne things, I mean that effery day ve are perfectin that art!"

Smith nodded, appreciating the other's sir cerity.

"Has it occurred to you that it is a ver peculiar thing that this man Hardell should b found in the same position that his dummy wa arranged on the stage yesterday? That is wha I understood from your story, Mr. Rosenthal.

"Yes, yes, that is right. The dummy wa lying just vere they put it yesterday. That i I mean to say, Hardell was lying in tha position."

"Very peculiar . . ."

ROSENTHAL'S brown eyes opened wit this thought, and its mysterious significance.

"I haff been so upset over finding the man a all, that I haff not thought about that. Now you speak of it, I see that it is very strang very qveer! Vat do you say, Seibert . . . eh? He turned sharply to the director.

"A murder usually has many strange aspects gentlemen," replied Seibert indifferently. H was leaning back in his chair, his hands restin quietly on the head of his cane, his eyes pu suing some plan of his own. Smith determin to force the man to take an active interest i the affair.

He said tersely,

"Mr. Seibert, when did you last see Harde alive?"

Seibert turned to him, and made an obviou effort at drawing Captain Smith's attentio from elsewhere.

Then he said slowly,

"Of course, I am not prepared to state ex actly, as time was a matter out of my cor sideration last night, but I believe it was abou 12:40."

“What makes you believe that?”
“Because I left the stage with Hardell about 11:15 A. M. I can say that from the fact that the night watchman, Lannigan, made his round just previous to my leaving, and a short time before that Hardell had looked at his watch and all reminded me that it was growing late . . . it was then 11:35 . . .”

“Very good. Now, Mr. Seibert, if you will be kind enough to tell me what took place between the time you dismissed your company yesterday afternoon, and you last saw Mr. Hardell. You do not need to cut your story down to its shortest length. I would like a full tale . . .”
And he smiled.

SEIBERT took out his monocle and polished it a few minutes.

Then he said:

“I expect you have heard, Mr. Smith, that motion picture directors, like most artists, are extremely erratic at times? Well, I am no exception. In fact, I believe I enjoy the reputation of being about the worst-tempered director in the business. I abuse my people. I yell at the women. I am unrelenting as a slave-driver . . .”

The president of Superior Films found difficulty in concealing his amazement at this open-hearted confession . . .

“I had had a very difficult time with Hardell yesterday. We worked most of the day on one scene. His death scene. I despaired of getting what I wanted. The man was not an actor. I have always known that, but he was physically the ideal type for the part . . . and I thought that I could force him through my own willpower to put over the scene as I have dreamed . . . as it is necessary for the highest art of the picture. Well, finding Hardell was not answering my direction as I had hoped, I asked him to return last night. I wanted to put him through that scene until he got into it what I needed, even if it took me all night . . .”

“Wouldn't a man be pretty well worn out, after working at high emotional pitch all day . . . I mean, wouldn't he be pretty nearly incapable of acting at all . . . ?” asked Smith.
The director smiled.

“Ah, that is where you are ignorant. No, the contrary is true. More often than not, the nearer to exhaustion an actor becomes, the more superb he is in his characterization. Why? Because, at last . . . at last, he has forgotten self . . . forgotten the ego! He has become steeped, to the exclusion of all other realization, in the part he is playing! Also, in a scene of this sort, when an expression of physical agony is needed, the very appearance of exhaustion on the actor's face helps him to get over his scene . . .”

Smith raised his hand.

“Thank you. I understand.”

“We dined together in Hollywood, and returned to the lot at nine o'clock. Hardell went to his room to make up, and change, and I went directly to Stage Six, where my set is.”

“A question, Mr. Seibert. You say, ‘your set.’ Is there usually more than one set on a stage?”

“SEE you are not familiar with picture-making, nor the demands of the business end of the industry,” replied the director with an amiability that secretly astounded his long-suffering employer.

“The stages here, as you no doubt have noticed, are unusually large. Stage Six is 150 by 600 feet. That means about two acres of floor space. So, except in the case of unusually large sets, there are always a number or more on a stage at a time. Each set is cut off from its neighbor by a wall of canvas, and the company enters a set through a gate, or door, in this canvas wall . . .”

“Thank you. Very specific. How many sets were in use on Stage Six last night? I mean, about how many people were there about when you were rehearsing?”

“The stage was dark . . .”

“Dark . . . ?”

What is the matter with me?

WHY is she always “too tired” to get up in the morning... too tired to drag herself to parties and the other places she and her husband used to enjoy when they were first married?

No wonder her husband is more and more frequently “detained at the office” or “having dinner with a customer.”

In a great many cases these quiet tragedies which spoil so many marriages are the wife's own fault. She simply does not understand those intimate details of her toilette which so largely determine whether her marriage is a success—or a humdrum failure.

“Lysol” Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for feminine hygiene for nearly 40 years.

Get the facts about feminine hygiene. Send the coupon below. The makers of “Lysol” Disinfectant will send you free their booklet called “The Scientific Side of Health and Youth.” It contains facts, sound professional advice, and explicit directions which should be familiar to every woman.

But don't wait for the booklet. Buy a bottle of “Lysol” Disinfectant at the nearest drugstore today. Simply follow the directions which come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.



Lysol
Disinfectant

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Bloomfield, New Jersey
Department 180

Please send me, free, your booklet, “The Scientific Side of Health and Youth.”

Name.....

Street.....

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



© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

One Year To Pay

10 Days Trial

No. A274—\$63
\$6 Down—\$1.25 Week
An absolutely perfect, flashing, blue-white diamond set in exquisitely hand engraved 18 Kt. white gold lady's ring with 2 sapphires. Very latest design. A bargain. \$100 Value.

No. A200—\$99.00
\$9 DOWN—\$1.80 WEEKLY
This magnificent lady's dinner ring set with 3 large, fine quality, sparkling blue-white diamonds. They are attractively set off by 10 small diamonds and 2 sapphires. The latest style, 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting is richly hand engraved. \$150 Value. Gift box free!

No. A169—\$62
\$6 Deposit, \$1.25 Weekly
7 Diamonds set in platinum, 18 Kt. solid white gold. Like 2 Ct. Solitaire worth over \$600.

No. V42—Dainty, lady's wrist watch has 2 sapphires in wing ends of 14 Kt. solid white gold case. Fitted with guaranteed, jeweled, adjusted, regulated movement. Equipped with silk grosgrain ribbon bracelet and 14 Kt. clasp to match engraved case. \$35 value. Gift case \$22 free.

\$2 DOWN \$1 WEEK

SEND NO MONEY When you get the article of your choice, pay postman small deposit specified. If you keep it, pay in equal weekly payments for one whole year. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential—no unnecessary delay. State if white or colored.

Money Back GUARANTEE We are an old firm of diamond importers. You take no risk. If you are not satisfied that the ring is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it within 10 days and we will refund every cent that you paid.

LOWEST PRICES—EASIEST TERMS Try as hard as you please, you can not buy elsewhere and get as good value for your money. The terms are so easy that you will never miss the money. Everything guaranteed.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG Brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades, descriptions so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell. **AGENTS WANTED—EARN \$200 WEEK. WRITE FOR DETAILS**

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879
1540 BROADWAY DEPT. 2537, N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN in 3 Days

AMAZING NEW TREATISE NOW MAILED TO YOU FREE

—so, worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Because here's where you get a new, true skin! Your pimples and blackheads, large pores, freckles, sallow skin, surface wrinkles and signs of old age go for good!

The most astonishing discovery in history of beauty culture all explained free in new illustrated treatise called "A Beautiful New Skin in 3 Days."

You learn how to do yourself what beauty doctors charge big prices for. Send only your name and address—no money! Write now—get one while they last—

FREE. Address Marvo Beauty Lab., Dept. C-31, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BOW LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Corrected by use of the Morris invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both and is entirely invisible. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for actual Photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
Ward 53, 1032 Loew State Bldg.
Los Angeles, Cal.

"I mean that, otherwise than on my own set, it was not in use. That is the term we use when we mean . . . idle. The stage was, of course, not literally dark . . ."

"Give me an idea of how it was lighted."

"On my own set I was rehearsing a close-up. In addition to the overhead banks of Cooper-Hewitts, we had, I think, three Kleigs, and two 120 amp. spots . . ."

"On your own set. Was the rest of the stage dark?"

"Oh, we always keep a row of overhead incandescents burning all night. Not much light, very dim, but enough to keep a person from falling over objects on the stage . . ."

Rosenthal interrupted.

"Were these burning all right last night?"

"Yes."

"You had an electrician to work your lights, as is usual, I think, Mr. Seibert?"

"NO. I prefer to be absolutely alone on the set when I am rehearsing for a difficult scene. For this reason I have had my electricians hook up the lights on one switch, so that I can control them myself. . . ."

Smith looked quickly at Rosenthal, who nodded his head.

"That is right. Often Mr. Seibert works that way."

"Then I am to understand that you and Hardell were absolutely alone in a building of, we will say, two acres in area, which was, with the exception of the space immediately surrounding you, in semi-darkness?"

"That is correct," returned Seibert calmly. He voluntarily continued,

"We finished about twelve o'clock, for as I have told you, I heard Lannigan coming along the gravel path. I had just turned off the lights on my set, and I called out to him not to come in . . ."

"Why did you do that?"

Seibert smiled apologetically.

"Temperamental idiosyncrasy, if you will," he admitted. "Lannigan would be garrulous if I would allow it. I was tired, and I did not feel like putting forth the effort to keep him in his place. There are times, when one is working all day with people, that the mere sight of another one of them is just a bit more than bearable. . . ."

Smith nodded, understandingly.

"Excusable," he said. "Now, after putting out the lights, what did you do?"

"Went out to my car, which I had driven to the west side entrance of the stage. Hardell did not return to his room. He was very tired. He left the lot in his costume and make-up. I believe he even left the light burning in his room. We drove immediately to the gate, and out. It must have been about 12:15 when we passed through."

"Did you have any conversation with the man at the gate . . . I presume there is one, at night?"

"Yes, always. MacDougall, I believe, is the gateman's name. I think I said goodnight. Perhaps not. I am not in the habit of speaking to the common employees. Hardell waved his hand, and said something about its being a hard life . . . it was a very nasty night last night . . . foggy . . . chilly . . ."

"AND then . . .?" prompted the detective.

"As I had asked him to dine, and we had driven to the studio in my car, I naturally took him home," replied Seibert. "That is," he qualified, "I dropped him a short way from his hotel on Hollywood Boulevard."

"At what corner did you drop him? What cross street?"

"A short distance from Highland. Not at the corner, because of traffic signals. I should say the time was about 12:35, judging from the time it usually takes me to drive that distance. However, it might have been a bit later, as I drove carefully on account of wet roads."

"Mr. Seibert, do you know of anybody who could verify your statement? Did you meet, or pass anyone?"

"Not anyone who knew me."

"Do you usually drive yourself?"

"Frequently. It is a change. Gets my mind off my work. Customarily, however, my chauffeur drives me."

"Where was he last night?"

"It was his night off."

"Was there anyone in your house when you returned?"

"MY houseman had gone to bed. My chauffeur, however, had returned before me, and was wiping off some dirt on my own car. I allow him to use it on occasion."

"You spoke to him?"

"Yes."

"What time was it then?"

"As I had gone directly to my home, I can't imagine it must have been about 12:45."

"Hm . . . Seibert, do you realize, unless other evidence is found, that you were the last man to see Hardell alive?"

"It may be that that will be proven true in the case. However, no doubt the hotel clerk will clear me there."

"What is his hotel?"

"The Alta Vista."

"Supposing the hotel clerk does not clear you?"

"That puts me in the position of a suspect . . . according to customary procedure . . . which, you say, customarily brings result returned Seibert calmly, looking the other way in the eyes."

"Correct," replied Smith tersely. Seibert shrugged.

"It is evident I shall have to produce another witness," he said, with light indifference, which the insolence of the normal Seibert was faintly apparent.

Smith shot a sharp look at him.

"That is my business. I will attend to that!" he said.

Seibert did not reply, but bent to light his cigar with a steady hand.

After a moment he straightened and turned to Smith.

"If that is all you require of me, I shall be glad to excuse me. I have . . . I must adjust my plans for my picture."

"I understand. But just a few minutes more. I want you to help me on this. Forget you are a motion picture director. Take down the smoke screen. What kind of a man was Hardell?"

"What sentimental novelists love to call 'cad' . . . what men call a low-down skunk and . . . worse," replied Seibert immediately. Smith looked to Rosenthal for confirmation.

"That is right. He was a dirty bum," agreed the president regretfully.

"THERE are many types of dirty bums," smiled Smith. "Of what particular brand was Hardell?"

"Women!" said Rosenthal, succinctly.

"Ah . . . *cherchez la femme!*" murmured the detective.

"That is your clue," agreed Seibert, and added,

"However . . . while undoubtedly he was mixed up with a great many women, who undoubtedly harbored desires for revenge, I do not know of any one of them who could have killed him."

"Would have, you mean, Mr. Seibert? Somebody undoubtedly could, and did, kill him. Unless we entertain the idea of suicide, which from the description of the body given me by Mr. Cohen, I do not now think probable," said Smith.

"I stand corrected," and Seibert bowed.

"We must face facts, you know," said Captain Smith, smiling. "I would like to have you tell me of anyone who might have had a reason whatsoever that would suggest a possible motive for this crime. Kindly put your minds on this . . . both of you."

Rosenthal drew in his head and thrust out his heavy lips. His brows came together tightly, as he tried, ineffectually, to pick out a presentable fact from the things he knew about Hardell. Seibert screwed his monocle in

... and stared off into space over Smith's head. Finally he spoke.
 Looking back over a period of ten months in a man's life . . . a man such as Dwight Erdell was . . . there are always things which have the possibility of leading to murder. But, outside of one or two incidents, I do not know of anything which definitely suggested such a thing."
 "And those one or two incidents?"
 "Women . . . of course. There was quite a scene with the daughter of the gateman McDougall, only last week. I gathered that she had been playing fast and loose with her, and that she had not understood the sort he was . . ."
 "Was MacDougall on the gate last night?"
 "I stopped Smith instantly."
 "Yes" . . . from Seibert, and from Rosenthal, protestingly.

"MR. SEIBERT, you should not to suggest such a thing of that little girl! I know she is under contract to my cousin at King Komedies. She is a nice little girl . . . well, yes, but not a murderess!"
 "Well, let's hear about her, anyway," said Smith soothingly. "No harm to her in that, Rosenthal!"
 "I happened to come upon them in a darkened corner of the set. The girl was reproaching him . . . accusing him of being untrue, I think. There were the usual recriminations. . . . She is a fiery young woman. I'm quite worked up. You know the sort of man with that sort of man, and that sort of a girl . . ."

And Seibert shrugged expressively.
 "Mine Gott, if I had known it I would have sold him off my lot, or made him marry her!"
 "I calculated Rosenthal at this point."
 "Hm . . . any other women?" asked Smith the director.
 "I believe there was one for every one of the months I directed him!"
 "As bad as that! A regular rotter, eh?"
 "A dirty low-lifer," muttered the president.
 "Lately," said Seibert slowly, "I believe he's interested in my leading woman, Yvonne Beaumont . . ."
 Rosenthal turned an immediate and instant purple.
 "Now, Mr. Seibert, that is too much! Miss Beaumont is one of the loffliest little girls that ever been on my lot! I cannot sit here and hear you say such things about her!" His own eyes glared angrily at the director.
 "Anything serious between them?" snapped Smith.
 "What do you know of the affair?"
 Seibert threw out a belittling hand,

DO not misunderstand me. Miss Beaumont is a very different type than the other girl. There was no . . . affair . . . but she . . . French. Flirting is an unconscious

Movietone Nightmare

I dreamed Doug Fairbanks,
 Snappy, crisp,
 Spoke only with a
 Frightful lisp;
 That Adolphe Menjou,
 "Prince of Clothes,"
 Used "dese" and "dem"
 And "dem" and "dose";
 That Rod La Rocque,
 With hair well buttered,
 In all his love
 Scenes badly stuttered;
 That sweet Miss Gish,
 So mild of face,
 Possessed a voice
 Of deepest bass;
 Then came the shock—
 Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh!—
 Lon Chaney spoke
 A high soprano!
 —N. Y. Sun Dial



and WIN A PRIZE

Do You Like to Draw?

Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

- 1st Prize \$100.00**
- 2nd Prize \$50.00**
- 3rd Prize . . \$25.00** | **5th Prize . . \$10.00**
- 4th Prize . . \$15.00** | **6th to 15th**
- Prizes, ea. . \$ 5.00**

To the Next 50 Best Drawings—A Fountain Pen

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest may have his or her art ability tested free! When your contest drawing is received, we will mail you our Art Ability Questionnaire. Fill this in and return it, and you will receive our critic's frank report of your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc.—and with it our book "YOUR FUTURE," showing work of Federal Students and telling you all about the Federal home-study course. This is free and places you under no obligation whatever.

This interesting analysis has been the start for many Federal students, who through proper training of their ability, are now commercial artists earning \$2,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly—some even more. The Federal School has won a reputation as "the school famous for successful students." Read the rules carefully and enter this contest—see what you can do.

**Federal School of
 Commercial Designing
 303 Federal Schools Bldg.
 Minneapolis, Minn.**

Rules for Contestants

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

Note these rules carefully:

- 1.** Make your drawing of girl and shadow exactly 6 inches high, on paper 5 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl and shadow, not the lettering.
- 2.** Use only pencil or pen.
- 3.** No drawings will be returned.
- 4.** Write your name, address, age, and occupation on the back of your drawing.
- 5.** All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Nov. 10, 1928. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to the address given in this ad.

for **throat irritation**

*cooling
soothing
refreshing*




use

Absorbine Jr.

At all DRUGGISTS . . . \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



**10 minutes
a day
rolls
the fat
away!**

Fashion decrees that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry!

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—nowhere else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5.00. Act today! Send \$5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Frances Jordan
REDUCER

FRANCES JORDAN, INC.
802 G FINANCE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

thing, we might say, with her. She is . . . mischievous, vivacious, entirely feminine. The world is made up simply of men, and romance, to her. I think Hardell attracted her because of his terrible reputation. She has been leading him on . . . not, I think with any idea of giving herself to him . . . but just, well, as a cat plays with a mouse . . ."

"Hm . . ."

"Vell, I think really, Mr. Seibert, that you are on the wrong track. I know for a fact that Billy Vest is head over heels in love with her, and that she is . . ."

"Ha! Now we're getting somewhere. This West is probably jealous . . ." exclaimed Smith.

"No! NO!" exploded the president impatiently. "Now don't you go saying Billy Vest did it. I know him. He is a fine, upstanding young fellow. He is not a murderer!"

"To your mind, nobody on your lot is a murderer," replied Smith soothingly, "but undoubtedly somebody is!" Then, seeing the look on the president's fat face, he added,

"We are only discussing possibilities, Mr. Rosenthal. We are not incriminating anybody. Sometimes the actual solving of a crime is done before the detective sees his people. A house is built to fit the foundation previously laid down for it. It happens that way, frequently, in solving crimes. The solution is often built to fit the structure erected by just such conversation as this. Personalities, sometimes the viewing of the body, even, influence the mind of the detective. For that reason I did not go on to the set this morning, before coming here. I like to get all the information I can while my mind is clear of the deed itself. Going back to yourself, Mr. Seibert, have you, personally, had any trouble with Hardell?"

"NO . . . and . . . yes. As man to man, none. As director to actor, a great deal. But nothing beyond the trouble I frequently have with my people until a picture is finished."

"Meaning just what?"

"Meaning that, as I said, few of them are able to forget the camera. They are all, instinctively, what we call 'camera hogs.' When they should be thinking picture, story, and characterization, they are thinking camera, audience, and the most presentable side of their faces! Sometimes I have to go through days, of what do you call it . . . browbeating . . . before I reduce an actor to the

malleable material which finally makes perfect puppet whose strings I pull."

"Hm . . . then, you do not go much on individual interpretation . . . freedom to actor to play a part as he will?"

"What kind of a general listens to a man under officers?" inquired Seibert. "Is that the way battles are won? How much suggestion do you, for instance, take from these Clancy and Ryan?"

Smith laughed.

"You score!" he admitted.

"Actors, as people, are nothing to me," Seibert continued. "It is known that I am not frightened by them. It is necessary to the success of the picture. . . . When it is over, I can put my arms around them, and tell them how splendidly they have co-operated with me. . . ."

"Hm . . ." said Smith dryly. Then, "You had no personal motive for wishing Hardell removed from this life?"

"There are times when I am directing a picture I could cheerfully choke every member of the cast!"

"I am not to take that as a roundabout confession of the murder," asked Smith slyly.

"AH . . . no . . . not at all, not at all," returned the director in kind. "I am not talking merely from the artistic standpoint. I should have said there are times when I do not gladly throttle their Ego . . . kill their vanity . . . if in so doing I could lower, or exalt them to utterly forgetting self . . . squeeze out of them some spark of genius . . ."

Smith, listening to the man, knew that he had done just that.

It was not because of mediocre pictures that Seibert was the highest paid director in the industry.

The man was a master.

"Just one more question. Have you any idea why, or when, Mr. Hardell returned to the studio?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot help you here. The gateman undoubtedly will have a record. Now, if that is all . . ."

Smith got to his feet.

"You have been very explicit . . . very thorough. I thank you. . . ."

"Not at all. I am at your command, at any time," returned the director, and bowed stiffly from the hips he took his departure.

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]



Once again William Boyd hits the high spots. You remember, of course, his dizzy doings in "Skyscrapers." In his new picture, "The Dam," many of his scenes are filmed on this flimsy kite rope

Immigrant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

publicity department. "Look here," I "she's got to have at least one outfit. She meet people dressed as she is. And some- must be done with her hair." They transformed her in the beauty parlor. dark, stringy hair turned out to be a ous, bright Titian that hung to her ders and framed the continental flower was her face.

HOSE one of the biggest department stores town and bought Eva a complete outfit Metro-Goldwyn money. A dark blue with a soft white collar. A small blue hat. Gray slippers and hose. A blue bag. e gloves and a handkerchief. The bill to \$69.50.

was in this costume that she was photo- hed by the best artists in New York; that lunched with representatives of the important periodicals in America; that as sketched by fashion experts in Chicago; she was described in every paper in every city we touched. And it had cost the city department \$69.50.

crossed the country with Eva. e left Grand Central Station on the Lake e Limited one Thursday afternoon. The city ballyhoo was still upon us. Cameras, viewers even at the train. Wires had gone d announcing our arrival in Chicago. Our partment was filled with flowers. There d be flowers at the train in Chicago. Head- had already spread themselves across the a pages.

ere would be more. Her opinions of rican men, American women and Amer- clothes had been told—by me.

ne contents of her twenty mythical trunks been described—by me. had just begun.

ublicity ballyhoo! It is pitched in a high A little truth and the rest—lies! Eva Berne, the new Viennese beauty on her to Hollywood to set the film colony ablaze! von Berne, the brilliant daughter of the er adjutant to the Emperor Charles! Eva Berne, gay, dancing debutante! nd I sat in the compartment and tried to erstand what was going on in the mind of a , tired Austrian child who wore a forty- ur dress.

ere was more ballyhoo on the trip. In ha, I remember, three reporters came to compartment before we were up. It was duty to cover the cheap little cotton night n that Eva wore and to tell them Eva's own isticated ideas of American men, American en and American clothes.

ON'T know how she learned English. I ppose that I was her teacher. After all, we d not sit opposite each other day after day out speaking. We played rummy with her nge German cards. We looked out of the low. We talked. Hot, sultry days across desert when Eva told me the story of her

ne had known no English when she got on boat. A half-hour before we got off the a in Los Angeles, she sang perfectly the hit "Show Boat," called "Can't Help Lovin' t Man."

pendence is insidious. I could not , but love her. I was all she had in the ld, and if you had seen her terror-stricken when I left her for a minute you would e known why I gave her all my time and ntion for days.

ve arrived in Los Angeles at 9:30 Monday ning. ublicity ballyhoo at the station. Austrian y officers to meet her! Cameras! Re- ers! Flowers! he studio!

At 11 A. M. we saw Irving Thalberg. He told her to rest because she must make a test at 3:30 that afternoon. But there was no rest for Eva.

We walked across the lot. We talked. We sang.

I told her again everything I knew of pic- tures and picture people. Anything to keep her mind off the ordeal.

She was made-up, dressed and escorted to the set.

He was the first star she met, the actor whom she admired above all others, Jack Gilbert!

I couldn't watch the test. I was more ner- vous, more excited, than she. Victor Seastrom told her what to do. She worked with Jack Gilbert.

THE production manager came over to me, "Now don't let her kid you, Katherine, that gal's been on the screen before. You and I have both seen their first tests and they're not like this."

"But she hasn't. I know she hasn't. She wouldn't lie to me."

The next morning we stood in Thalberg's office.

"Well," he said, "I'm going to give you the part—the lead opposite John Gilbert in 'The Mask of the Devil.'"

She simply stood there without moving and then she turned to me for verification. Her eyes were swimming with tears of joy.

It was another Cinderella story! I ran up to my office and ground out five hundred words of copy about the new Viennese beauty walking away with the coveted lead opposite John Gilbert.

We took her to every smart shop in town to find suitable clothes for her to wear in the picture. She lived on the excitement of it. Everything moved quickly. We had arrived on Monday. Tuesday night I read the script to her.

Wednesday morning at nine o'clock she appeared on the set ready to begin work as Jack Gilbert's leading woman.

These were halcyon days for Eva. I had told her there would be idleness. Garbo did not appear before a camera for three months after her arrival. Eva was better prepared to wait than she was to go into the part. She knew nothing of the ways of the studio, but Thalberg had told her that she was to have the rôle.

That was enough for her. She wrote her mother and father in Vienna. She was pleased and amazed, and three days of thrilling, excit- ing work passed for her.

One night she was told that she need not appear at the studio, and it was then that I discovered that all was not well.

I walked on the set and found that another actress had been put in her place. It has hap- pened time over and again. Girls have worked for weeks and have been taken out of parts, but these are girls who understand such Hollywood gestures.

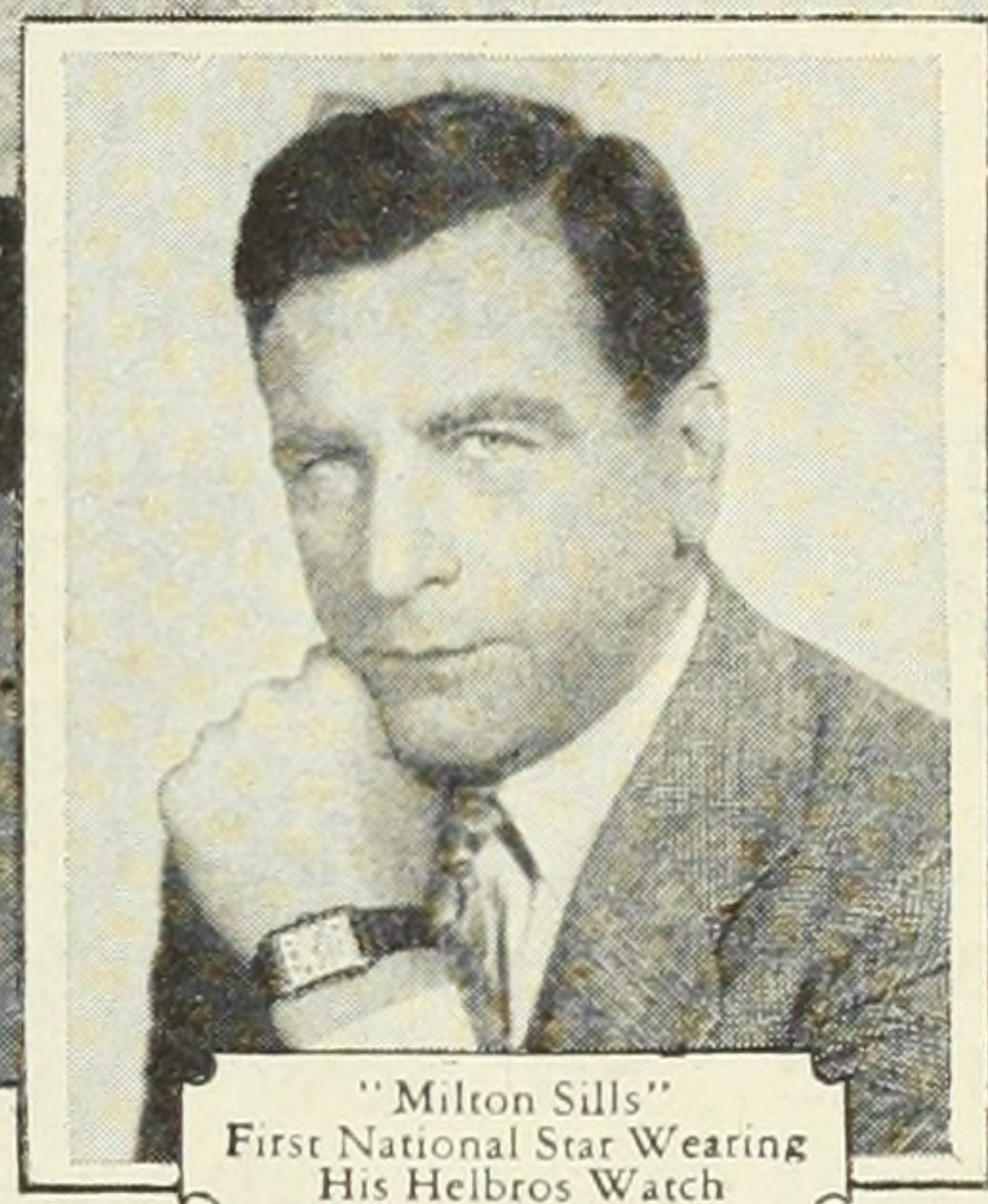
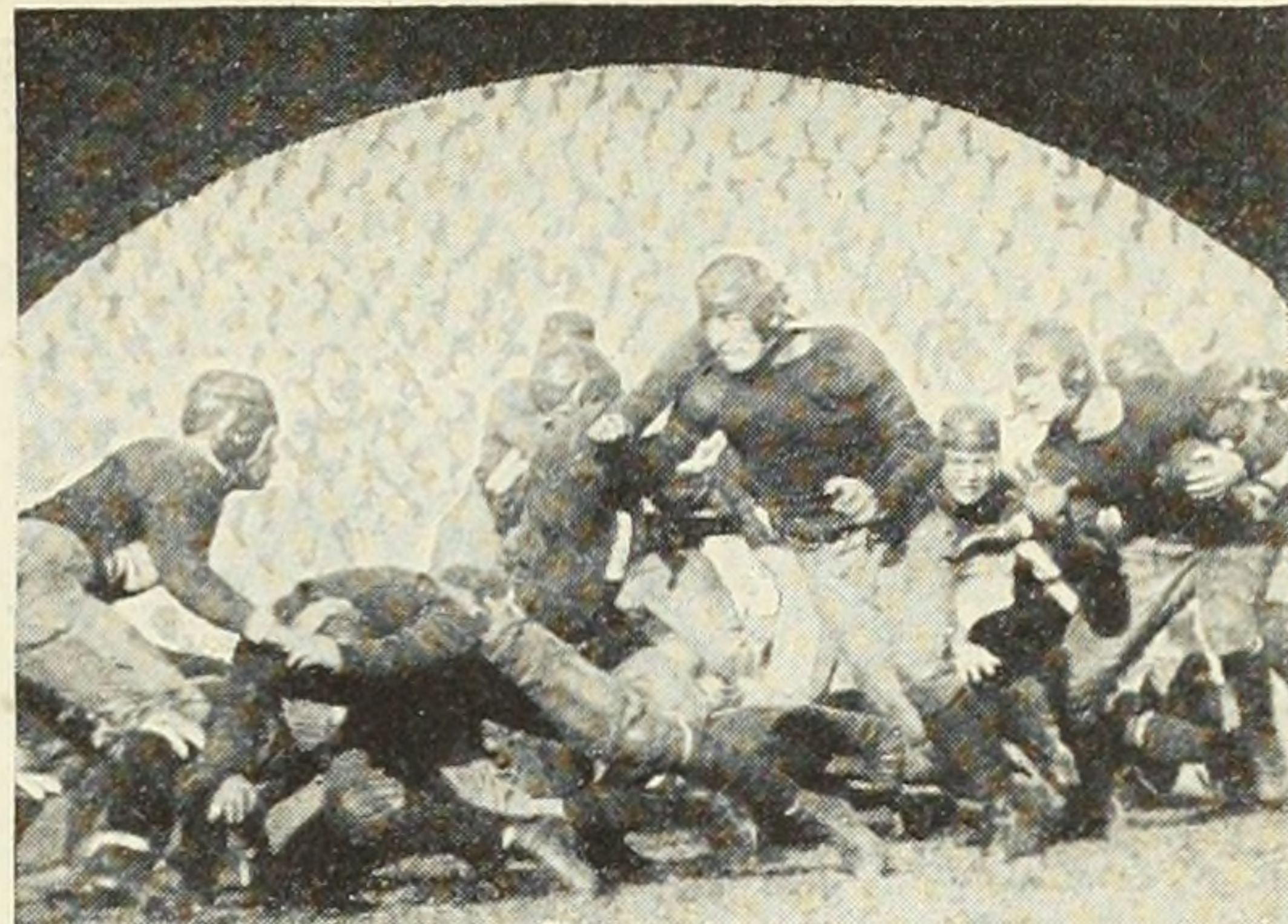
I BEGGED to know what was wrong. She was born for acting, but it was her hair and her curves.

That soft mass of auburn stuck out too far from her head. And the plump continental figure was not for the camera.

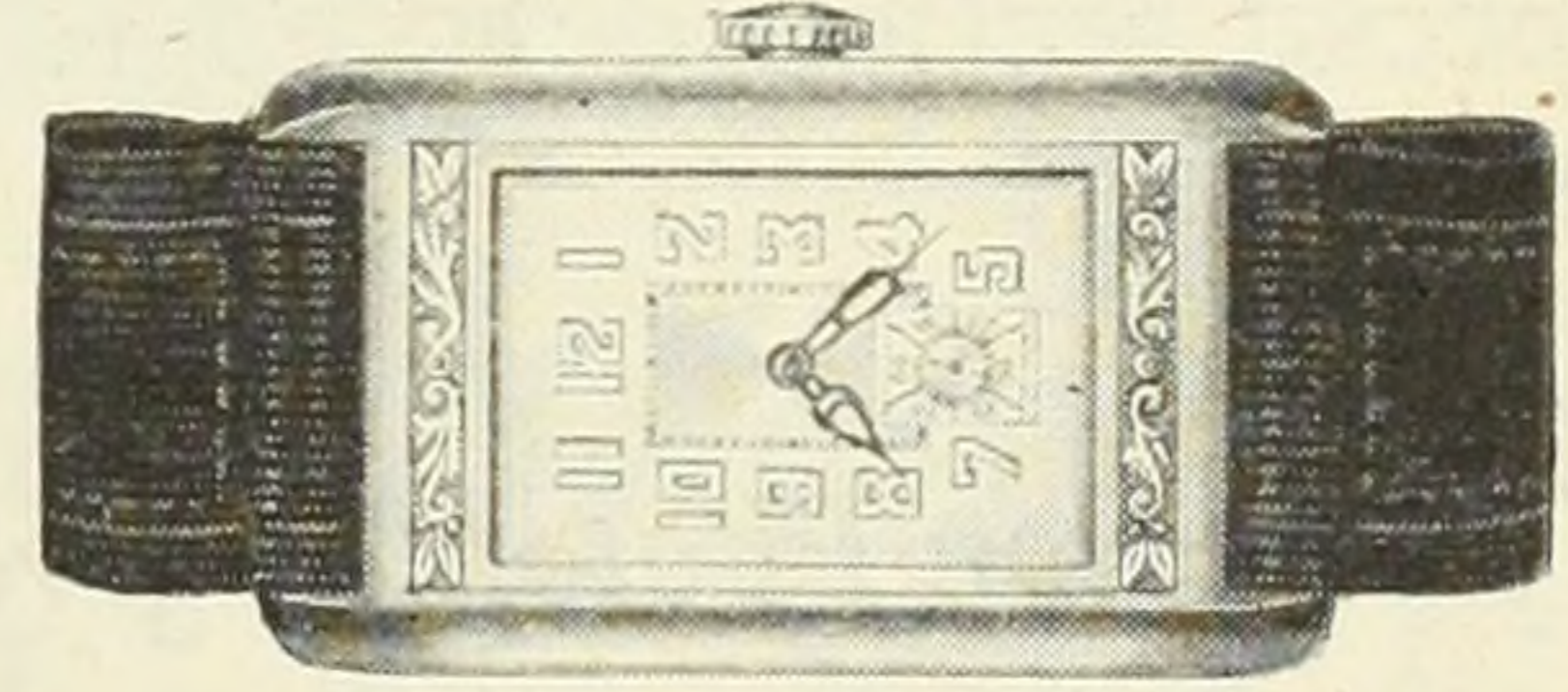
She had to be prepared for the shock. I had been told that I must not give her a hint that she was to be taken out of the part, but I felt it my duty to warn her.

She had been called to the studio for pub- licity pictures, and after they were taken we walked across the back lot together.

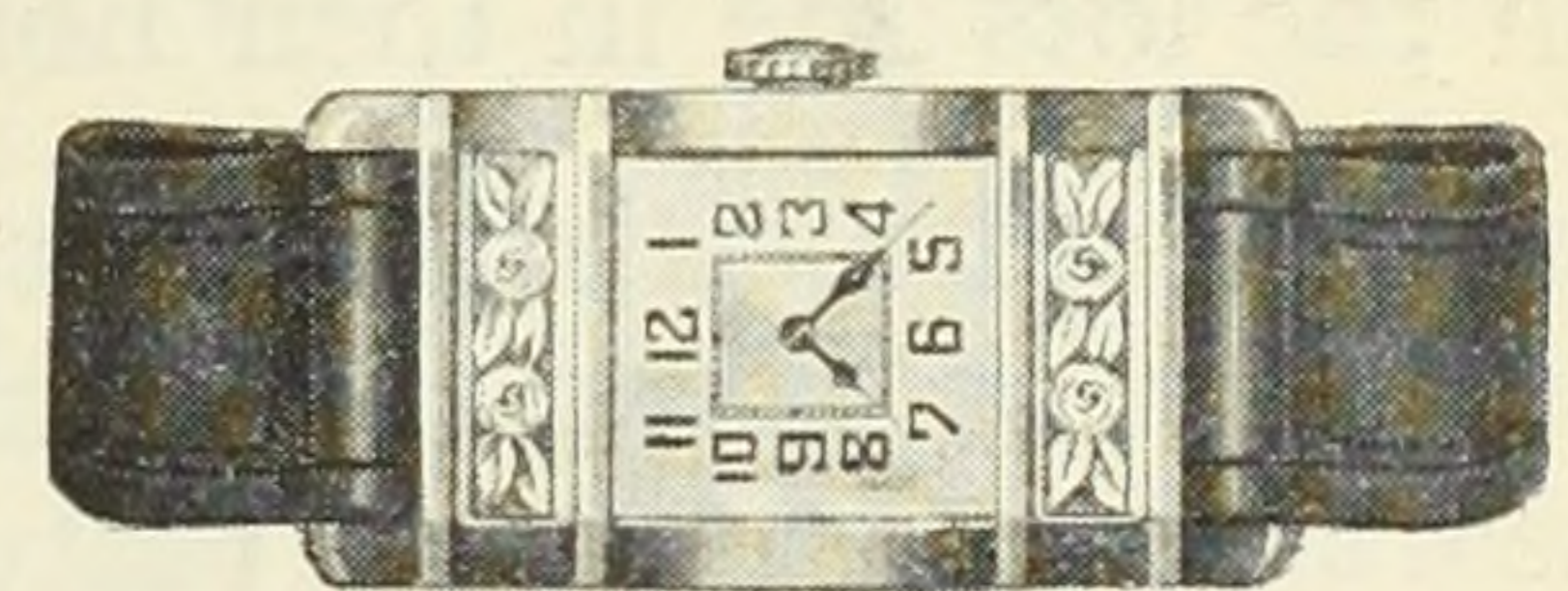
I put my arm around her shoulders. "Eva," I began, "you must not feel badly if you lose this part. You see, many girls come here and



"Milton Sills" First National Star Wearing His Helbros Watch



2389 "Milton Sills" Jr. model . . . \$15.00
54461 "Milton Sills" Sr. 17 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled 3-piece case . . . \$42.50



10589 "Tomboy" Jr. model, two-tone \$18.00
11579 "Tomboy" Sr. 15 jewels, white engraved oxidized 3-piece case . . . \$22.50

Have You Seen This Latest Sport Watch?

The "Milton Sills" model Helbros Watch. Pro- duced for football enthusiasts and the men foot- ball produces. Men who demand a sturdy watch for sports and a dignified timepiece for business. It's a watch you'll like. See it at your jeweler's. Ask for it by name.

Helbros Watch Co., 48 West 48th St., N.Y. C. Write to Dept. P-11 for the Helbros "Gift" Booklet.

We Announce the Winners of the Helbros Name Contest

Out of the many thousands of names submitted, the judges selected the five listed below as the best, and each contestant named has been awarded a watch.

Winners of June 26 Contest

- "TRIMLINE"
Mrs. Beulah Tippet, Christopher, Ill.
- "BEAUTOCRAT"
Wendall R. Fuson, 405 State Street West La Fayette, Ind.
- "TIMEPAL"
Beulah May, R. F. D. 1, Santa Ana, Cal.

Winners of August 1 Contest

- "CLASSÉ"
Miss Dagmar Johnson, 402 So. 4th Street St. Peter, Minn.
 - "TIMEPAL"
James S. Latham, Langren Hotel, Asheville, N. C.
- Hereafter watch No. 84443 will be known as the Helbros "Timepal" Model.

HELBROS

AMERICA'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT WATCH

Do You Ask Yourself These Questions?

Is it a good picture?

Is it the kind of picture I would like?

Which one shall we see tonight?

Shall we take the children?

PHOTOPLAY will solve these problems for you—save your picture time and money.

Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains the most up-to-the-minute authoritative reviews of all the very latest motion pictures. Refer to the "Brief Reviews of Current Pictures" department listing all pictures reviewed for the past six months, also the "Shadow Stage" department, reviewing the best pictures of the month and current releases. This includes a special section devoted to sound pictures.

In addition Photoplay gives you:

A wealth of intimate details of the daily lives of the screen stars on the lots and in their homes.

Striking editorials that cut, without fear or favor, into the very heart of the motion picture industry.

Authorized interviews with your favorite actors and actresses who speak frankly because PHOTOPLAY enjoys their full confidence.

Articles about every phase of the screen by such national authorities as Frederick James Smith, Herb Howe, Katherine Albert and Agnes Smith.

SUPERB FICTION

by the Foremost Writers

Photoplay's fiction is famous fiction

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

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

Send to.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State..... 11-PH-28

\$3,000 IN PRIZES

for Solutions of

The Studio Murder Mystery

A Fascinating Fiction Story
by The Edingtons

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

PHOTOPLAY

answers all questions relative to plays and players.

PHOTOPLAY

in a special department presents the views of its readers, both favorable and otherwise.

PHOTOPLAY

conducts a personal service department giving advice on girls' problems.

PHOTOPLAY

prints the latest photographs of actors and actresses, in rotogravure.

There is not an important nor interesting phase of motion picture life that cannot be found in PHOTOPLAY.

PHOTOPLAY

presents it all!

wait for months and months before they work. There are a good many reasons why somebody else might do it and you must not be unhappy.

Her startled, tragic eyes. "But why? De tell me I play wiz Jack Gilbert. Misteer Talberg, he tell me. Misteer Seastrom, he say make O. K."

"But this is Hollywood," I went on quickly. "It often happens. There is some good reason. There will be other parts. It's better for you to wait awhile, to learn more."

"Oh, no, it iss not better to wait. My mother and my father, dey know I play dis part. Everybody know. De studio. Misteer Talberg, he tell me I play dis part."

She put her hands on her heart. "If I do not play dis part, I surely die. I play no more. I play no-thing. I do no-thing. I die."

I MANAGED to say, "It's your hair, Eva, and your figure. The hair and the figure are both too big."

She left on this. "Oh, den I eat no-thing. get so thin. And my hair. I cut it all off. I do not care. I do anything because I die if I do not play dis part."

When I saw her pitiful little face, her bleary eyes, I knew that something had to be done. These continentals are different from us. Their composure is simply surface. They go deeper than we do.

If Eva did not play "dis part" she would surely die.

There was still a wan hope. I put her in the dressing room and went into a huddle with Henrietta Frazer of the wardrobe and Edith and Eleanor, two hairdressers. The four of us plotted to keep Eva from surely dying.

Henrietta brought out a beauty of a dress that Adrian had designed. It was just right for the child, and Eleanor and Edith busied themselves with her hair.

Eva has a complex about brilliantine. For some reason that I have never been able to discover, she rebels against it, but this was her only hope. The hair had to be sleek and tight to her head.

Tears streamed as they plastered down her bright hair with the oil.

They curled it tight at the back so that it would lie flat to her head. And Henrietta hooked her into the dress.

She was beautiful, of course. She could never be anything else with a face like that. We flew across the lot to Thalberg's office. Henrietta went in with her, while the three of us waited outside.

They came out of the office. "Another test quick!" said Henrietta. And we rushed to a stage and the test was made.

The next morning I sat in Eva's dressing room holding both her hands, waiting while Seastrom, Thalberg and Gilbert saw the test. It seemed that the hours stretched themselves out into eons. We had to wait and wait and wait.

We sang again, as we always seemed to do in distressing moments.

We played rummy. I have the score. Eva won from me every time.

AND then we heard running down the line. The assistant director:

"On the set, Eva, in the dress you wore in the test, with your hair the same way. You're back in the part!"

It is little wonder that a week later she collapsed and was in bed for a week while the company waited for her recovery. It is little wonder that the doctors shook their heads over her.

But she knew that this was not the time. She had the part and she could not die.

She is well. She is happy. She is John Gilbert's leading woman in "The Mask of the Devil."

And hundreds of girls throughout the world will copy the Eva von Berne hair dress. They will plaster it down with brilliantine and curl the back so that it will lie flat to the head. And who will know that the new fashion was born of agony?

The Story of a Dancing Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

ork City. The allure of something new, I
oppose. And I knew there would be more
oney.

I had found my mother divorced again. This
ne it hadn't seemed to matter, only I did
nt to be in a position to give her a few of the
uries she had missed in her living.

AY put me on the train. I wasn't happy. I
don't know, but I think whenever a woman
ts out to reach a goal and then throws it over
r something else, even though she thinks it is
ser, she is just naturally restless and un-
ppy. Nor was I happy when I reached Culver
ty.

It all seemed so strange and so uninter-
ting after the chorus. I doubled for Norma
earer; played extra; did small bits.

Heralded as a dancer, I was expected to do
hibitions of the Charleston and, later, the
ack Bottom at every cafe I entered. I just
aturally drifted into the jazzy about-town
owd without knowing quite what it was all
out, or caring, for that matter.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., often tells me how
uch he used to watch me kicking my feet and
niling and joking and wonder why he felt so
rry for me when I gave every outward ap-
pearance of being happy. He never spoke to
e and I thought he was high-hat so I paid
m no attention.

Then, one night, at Coconut Grove, I met
ike Cudahy from Chicago.

Now, of course, I have been reported en-
ged to first one man and then another.

Danny Dowling was my dancing partner, so
Hollywood said we were to be married. Johnny
Westwood (one of the college boys sent out by
First National) and I met once, yet we also
were to be married. But Mike was the first
boy to seriously attract my interest.

And Mike was the answer to that mother-
love yearning within me. I was determined to
do for Mike what Ray Sterling had done for
me. I wouldn't let him drink when he was
with me. I wanted Mike to be perfect, to be
the one man I had always visioned in my
dreams.

Oh, of course, we were happy together.
When we were out dancing we were just two
happy children. But when we took long
drives, sat in the moonlight just talking and
talking I was always trying to instill Mike
with the same faith in life and in work that Ray
had instilled in me. I used to think of the
moonlight drives in Kansas City and how I had
sat and listened. Now I made Mike sit and
listen.

YOU have read about Mike's mother and her
objections to our going together.

Why is it that mothers have to object to
girls with whom they are not acquainted?

Why do they take it for granted that some
actress is trying to snatch their sons away from
them? Why doesn't a mother study the girl of
whom she is frightened? Perhaps she would find
this girl is doing for the son what the mother
had attempted to do since his childhood and
yet could not accomplish!



Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy
to manage . . . and add to its natural
gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the
bristles of your hair brush, and . . .
brush it through your hair . . . when
you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It
will give your hair an unusually rich,
silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more
beautiful by enhancing its natural wave
and color. It keeps the wave and curl in,
and leaves your hair so soft and pliable,
and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay
any style you arrange it . . . even after
shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that
bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much
admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle
and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of
Glostora costs but a
trifle at any drug store
or toilet goods coun-
ter.

Try it!—You will
be delighted to see how
much more beautiful
your hair will look,
and how easy it will
be to manage.



Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 28-G-15
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA,
all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.



Joan Crawford and her kid brother, Hal Le Sueur. This picture was
taken soon after Joan's arrival in California when she sent for her
family to enjoy some of the fruits of her success

Beautiful New EYELASHES in 10 DAYS



NEW! nothing else like it!

KURL-RITE

You, too, can have the greatest of all feminine charm,—vivacious, impelling, expressive eyes! Lady Isabella who invented "Isabella Dimplers," presents, after several years of exacting experimentation, a wonderful 4-purpose cream which—

Curls, Grows, Darkens, Shadows and positively will not break the eyelashes

Kurl-Rite cannot harm the eyes, does not bring tears, will not run! In fact, here at last is an eyebrow and eyelash cream you use with assurance of complete, amazing satisfaction. Unreservedly guaranteed.

The dainty, exquisitely beautiful, metal Kurl-Rite vanity box, plush-lined, containing French Ivory eyelash brush, vanity mirror, box of Kurl-Rite (either brown or black) and a box of shadowing cream, (orchid, green or blue) will sell shortly at toilet goods counters for \$4.00. Lady Isabella offers the readers of "Photoplay" this opportunity to buy it for \$2.00 (or \$2.25 C. O. D., Canada excepted) providing you send the names and addresses of five girl friends with your order.

With each Kurl-Rite Box, Lady Isabella will send her new, instructive booklet "The Magnetic Influence of The Eyes." Tells you how to use your eyes. Lady Isabella will also answer any of your beauty questions without charge.


SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER [regularly \$4] FREE

LADY ISABELLA, Suite 104, Terminal Bldg., Rochester, New York.

Inclosed find \$2.00 for your Kurl-Rite Vanity Box. Also names and addresses of five girl friends. I understand you will send, Free, your booklet "The Magnetic Influence of The Eyes."

Name.....
Address.....

Don't Go Through Life All Alone!



You don't have to be neglected and alone. You, too, can know the joy of true love and marriage. Make your dreams of him come true. It's so easy! Those wonderful words, "I love you—will you marry me?", can soon be ringing in your ears. It's simply a matter of knowing the way a man's mind works. "Fascinating Womanhood" is an amazing book that tells you how and why men fall in love. Write your name and address on margin and mail to us with ten cents and a booklet telling you all about the new book "Fascinating Womanhood" will be sent postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 4-L

"JEWELS of FAMOUS BEAUTIES"

An entertaining, beautifully illustrated booklet sent **FREE**

On request by
JOS. H. MEYER BROS.
389 Fifth Avenue, New York City
MAKERS OF GENUINE
RICHELIEU PEARLS

Stop Itching Skin

Antiseptic Zemo quickly relieves irritated itching skin and if used regularly will clear away Pimples, Rashes, Dandruff and other annoying skin troubles. 35c, 60c, \$1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Children can be fed physically and mentally up to a certain age. But we cannot run their lives for them! And when we try we may be only defeating our purpose to make them *real men and women.*

There would be less divorces and more happy marriages if it weren't for misguided mothers.

For two years, I was very happy, however. And while I was happy my work began to show for something in the movies. After "Sally, Irene and Mary," I was called to the office and my salary was voluntarily raised from \$250 a week to \$500.

I SETTLED down to hard work and rebuilding my ambition and being happy in my love for Mike Cudahy.

It lasted two years. What broke it up? I don't know exactly. I don't believe any woman ever knows the *exact reason.*

A separation is always the culmination of an over-patched romance.

When a love affair begins it is like a new dress. It may be your favorite. There's an accident. You tear it. You love it so that you patch it—cleverly, daintily, so no one can see it. Yet *you* know you have patched it.

The next time, perhaps, you burn it. Again you patch and conceal it. But again you know it is no longer perfect.

Finally, after so much mending and patching you can no longer feel, even to yourself, that the dress is as "good as new." You may still think it the prettiest dress of your wardrobe but it is *patched beyond wearing!* Just so a romance may be *patched beyond wearing.*

The only thing to do, then, is to be brave and discard it! Bury the shreds in the prison of your heart as you bury the shreds of your dress in your mending basket.

Remember only its first beauty when it was new and glittering and attractive!

I have talked much about men in this life story. I have said that every man answers a different need to a woman. I have waited until now, *on purpose*, to say that just as there are exceptions to all rules so is there an exception to this rule for women. There is always *one* man who answers *every* need for a woman.

Perchance a woman may not meet this man early enough in life to exclude all other men from her existence. She shouldn't! For that spoils much of the glory of it. It spoils that experience-by-comparison feeling.

Perchance she may never meet that man. Then we would feel only pity for her.

But if she meets him while she is still young and capable of the deepest feeling—ah, the joy there is in it! All other men fade from memory as a piece of bad news fades into oblivion when some great, good news is given.

All other men seem like grammar school, high school and college in comparison to the training Life has given.

I was unhappy after Mike and I had parted. Women are always unhappy when they see away the man whom they have visioned themselves loving. I went around with Paul Bern the friend of every girl in the film industry.

Paul Bern is the most perfect man I know. He was the answer to that cry for Nita Naldi, Barbara La Marr and scores of others.

One night he took me to see "Young Woodley," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

I was so dazed, so enraptured by his performance, that I refused to go to a supper afterwards but came home and just dreamed about it. It was two days before I could even bring myself to send him a telegram of congratulations. And when he answered that telegram by calling in person, I sat in the front room and couldn't find words to carry on a conversation. The first man who had ever turned me *speechless.* And that feeling has lasted.

I am going to marry Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Doug has asked Ruth Biery, who has helped me to formulate my thoughts on paper, to make this announcement of our engagement. He has asked her to say that he feels exactly the same way about me that I feel about him.

I have said that I would never marry. I have said that no woman in pictures should marry. But then I had not met the man I wanted to marry.

Woman may make such a statement and make it in all honesty. She may say that her career comes first and yet never have had her *love* really tested.

Would I have left Kansas City had I really loved Ray Sterling in this manner?

Would I have had so many patches on our romance, had Mike Cudahy and I been meant for one another? Would the patches really have mattered? If it had been destined to be—nothing would have mattered!

SO I say to all women: Live your life as you see it. Take your sufferings and your joys without flinching. In the end you will find the right man or a happiness which is equivalent. *Don't worry about it.*

And find the work you love and put your heart and soul into it. I did not want to enter the movies. But now there is no lure in the world potent enough to tempt me away from them. I have had the same struggles for fame that come to all ambitious women but I have really enjoyed, I know now as I look back on them, every moment. I am hoping that the next three years will be as good to me in my pictures as have been the three since Harry Rapf gave me my big opportunity.

Which is a good time to complete my life story!

I have found the right man—and my childhood, my New York chorus-girl days, my movieland struggles—none of them matter. *I am happy.* [The End]



Atlanta, Ga.

For my part I can enjoy a picture for the simple reason that any man, woman, child or animal in the cast is doing a thing that I could not duplicate.

The chances are that they are doing that thing under conditions which I would not care to share with them.

Further—I always tell my doctor that I am feeling better and my minister that his sermon did me a great

amount of good—so, I just simply lie back in a comfortable seat in a cool house and while good music fills the air, I say to myself, "Big Boy, get the most out of this thing."

I enjoy it with the realization that if it does turn out bad, I only spent fifty cents to see a failure and the producers spent fifty thousand.

Here's to a picture that may come in the future that will please critics and "humans," too! **B. W.**

The Stars That Never Were

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

He was conversing with the star, too—in plain air. When the dark woman, in her plain frock, walked across the room.

"She has distinction, that *one!*" said the director, who was affecting a continental manner.

HE star smoothed down a fold of the aforementioned chinchilla.

"Distinction, my hat!" said the star. "She's dressed like a stenographer." And then, raising her voice, "Oh, girl!" she called, "come here!" She was addressing the dark woman. But the dark woman did not answer. It was her snobbishness—it was only that she had never been called before in just that way. That was all. It was only when another extra nudged her, friendly wise, and pointed, that she was conscious of the summons. A summons that she obeyed, walking composedly across the deeply carpeted set. Any other extra, on that set, would have come self-consciously, apprehensively. But the dark woman came demurely, and she did not hurry. And—

"Gad!" breathed the director, "she carries herself like a thoroughbred!"

Perhaps it was the lack of hurry that ended the star. Perhaps it was the director's dislike. At any rate the star, around whose domineering personality "Murdered Millions" was built, spoke sharply, rudely.

"Didn't anybody tell you," she asked, "that I don't want extras for a reception? You're dressed for a business office. But then—oh, there was no excuse for it—but then—may-be you haven't any other clothes!"

Composedly, with a flicker of mirth in her merry eyes, the dark woman answered.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have other clothes. But this is the way one dresses for an afternoon reception."

The star's anger was mounting.

"I suppose you know more about receptions," she demanded, "than I do? I suppose you've spent most of your life going to receptions?"

The dark woman tried to curb the mirth that shone in her eyes. She couldn't. It spread, in a little-bred little ripple, across her face.

"I rather fancy," she answered, "that I do—now—quite a bit about receptions!" And the difference, as she said it, was very clear.

"Then"—the flush that was creeping up over the star's face was hidden by the grease paint of her make-up. But the tips of her ears showed pink and dangerous. "Then, if your business in life is going to receptions, what're you doing here? As an extra in *my*"—she pointed the *my*—"my picture?"

OTHER extras were edging close. The director, cautiously, had dropped back a pace. The ornate set was all at once silent. And, through the silence, pealed the dark woman's laughter.

"Why," she explained simply, and the gentleness in her voice was more pronounced than ever, "why, I came because I was bored, for a moment, with receptions. I came because I hadn't a good book to read, and the tennis courts were so poor. I came because I thought it would be a lark—something amusing to tell you about, when I got home. I came—"

But the star's dimpled hands were clenched against her sides. And her dimpled face was an angry mask.

"Why!" she shrieked in a sudden, childish outburst of temper, "Why! Why! Why! Why! Tell me the history of your life? I'm not interested—"

Any other extra in the room would have fled from that angry presence. But the dark woman stood her ground. Composedly.

Keep SKIN soft and smooth

Winter's biting winds destroy the satin texture of your skin . . . but *chapping* is quickly relieved if you use Mentholatum . . . *Feel it heal!*



TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 4 cents for mailing costs to Dept. L-1, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You will get a trial tube of Mentholatum. *Feel it heal!*

Name.....

Address.....



Charming Hair!

Now You Can Have It and Keep It!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing.

Not just soap-and-water "washings", but the regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. KOBIC CO., Dept. 20-K, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

How I Lost 97 Pounds

in a safe easy way—



Before
279 lbs.

You stout folks will be interested in the story of my reduction.

I took no tiresome courses in dieting or exercise, no drugs, no thyroid or glandular extracts; no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. But I did lose 97 pounds.

Today my weight is normal, I feel better, have more vigor and vitality. I have no wrinkles or flabby skin. My insurance companies who examined me before and after reducing now say I am an excellent risk, that I have probably added years to my life. As a consequence my premiums have been reduced over \$1,000 a year.

Won't you let me tell you without cost or obligation how easy and safe it is? Just send your name and address today.

M. E. HART

Dept. 14
Hart Bldg.
New Orleans,
Louisiana



Today, 182 lbs.

LADIES DO IT TOO!
Reduce easily and safely. Write for full particulars TODAY.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order. Use the convenient Subscription Blank on Page 132.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



“I Could Cry Over My Skin”

You say you can't do a thing for that skin of yours—those pimples or blackheads or that persistent rash, “itch” or eczema. But have you tried sulphur in combination with menthol? Sulphur is a remarkable thing for clearing the skin, and as sulphur clears it, menthol soothes and heals the sore, red and damaged tissue. Sulphur combined in the right proportion with menthol is what skin troubles need, and this is what you get in Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Thousands of cases that fail to respond to other treatments clear right up under the twofold action of Rowles Mentho Sulphur. Even fiery eczema yields to this combination. Try it in your own case and see how soft, clear and white your skin becomes. Be sure it's Rowles Mentho Sulphur you get.



before after

Lovely Eyes for You! Delica-Brow

—darkens your lashes and brows instantly, makes your eyes look wonderfully animated and vivid. Never runs or smears, unaffected by rain, tears, or even swimming. Gives you lasting beauty!

Given—One Week's Supply!

You will never know how beautiful your eyes can be until you use *Delica-Brow*. Send for Trial Bottle, complete with genuine camel's hair brush and full instructions. Enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

KISSPROOF, INC., Dept. 1258-A
3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Easy to Play to Pay

6 DAYS' TRIAL

You can get any Buescher Instrument on six days' trial, and pay for it on easy terms to suit your convenience. Write for details and free literature.

Only a Buescher

Saxophone gives you these extra features—Snap-on Pads, greatest improvement, easy to replace, no cementing—Patented Automatic Octave Key—perfect Scale Accuracy—convenient key arrangement.

Be Popular Socially Earn Extra Money

playing a sweet-toned Buescher. 10 evenings—one hour each—will astonish and please you. It's easy with a Buescher. Tell us what instrument you are interested in. We'll do the rest. (450)

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2563 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,
261-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

“You asked me to tell you—” she advised the star, gently. Almost too gently.

It was the way in which she said *asked* that supplied the finishing touch. There is always, you know, something that supplies a finishing touch. For the star started, suddenly, to cry. Nerves, perhaps. Temper, perhaps. At any rate, tears were always that particular star's last court of appeal.

“Oh, for heaven's sake,” sobbed the star, and her pretty face was vicious under its ruined make-up, “keep your mouth shut! Where—” so she spoke, bitterly, “where—” for she had met Michael Arlen—“did you get your Mayfair line of talk, anyway? Your—”

BUT the dark woman was not to be subdued with tears. And one more question made little difference, now.

“I fancy,” she said, “that I acquired my English accent in England. Mayfair? My dear, you've been reading” (who says the British Isles have no humor to offer?) “a book!”

It was then that an extra, somewhere in the background, dared to chuckle. It was then that the star—using words that were certainly not Mayfair—ran screaming from the room. And it was then that the dark woman raised quizzical eyebrows at the director.

“What a strange person,” she said, and her tone was easily conversational. “Not at all like the others of your charming American stars that I've met—Miss Pickford and Miss Swanson and Miss Daniels. Why, she's just a badly brought up child. She needs a good spanking!”

The director stared at the woman. It might be a bluff—this grand manner of hers. It probably was—for Hollywood is the city of glorified bluff. But—bluff or no—she had done a surprising thing. Rising from the extra ranks she had, in the space of a few minutes, routed the star. The director did not answer this strangely self-possessed woman—that would have been a breach of studio etiquette. But he doffed his spiritual hat to her.

He did not answer the dark woman. But his voice, speaking to a cameraman, was, in a way, an answer.

“We'll shoot the preliminary stuff, anyway he said, “and then you can get—” (this to the extras—) “your slips. She won't be back today.”

And so the dark woman's “lark” consisted of walking, just once, across a drawing room set. But walking so well that she stood out from the others, as an orchid would stand out from a bouquet of dahlias. Walking with poise, a straightness of back, a manner of holding her hands, that made more than one critic call her “the goods!”

“You can,” ran one review of “Murder Millions,” “fake nearly anything in a picture. But you can't fake a lady. This woman who, alas, is only a brief episode—is to that manner born, as the old saying goes. She should be signed on a long time contract.”

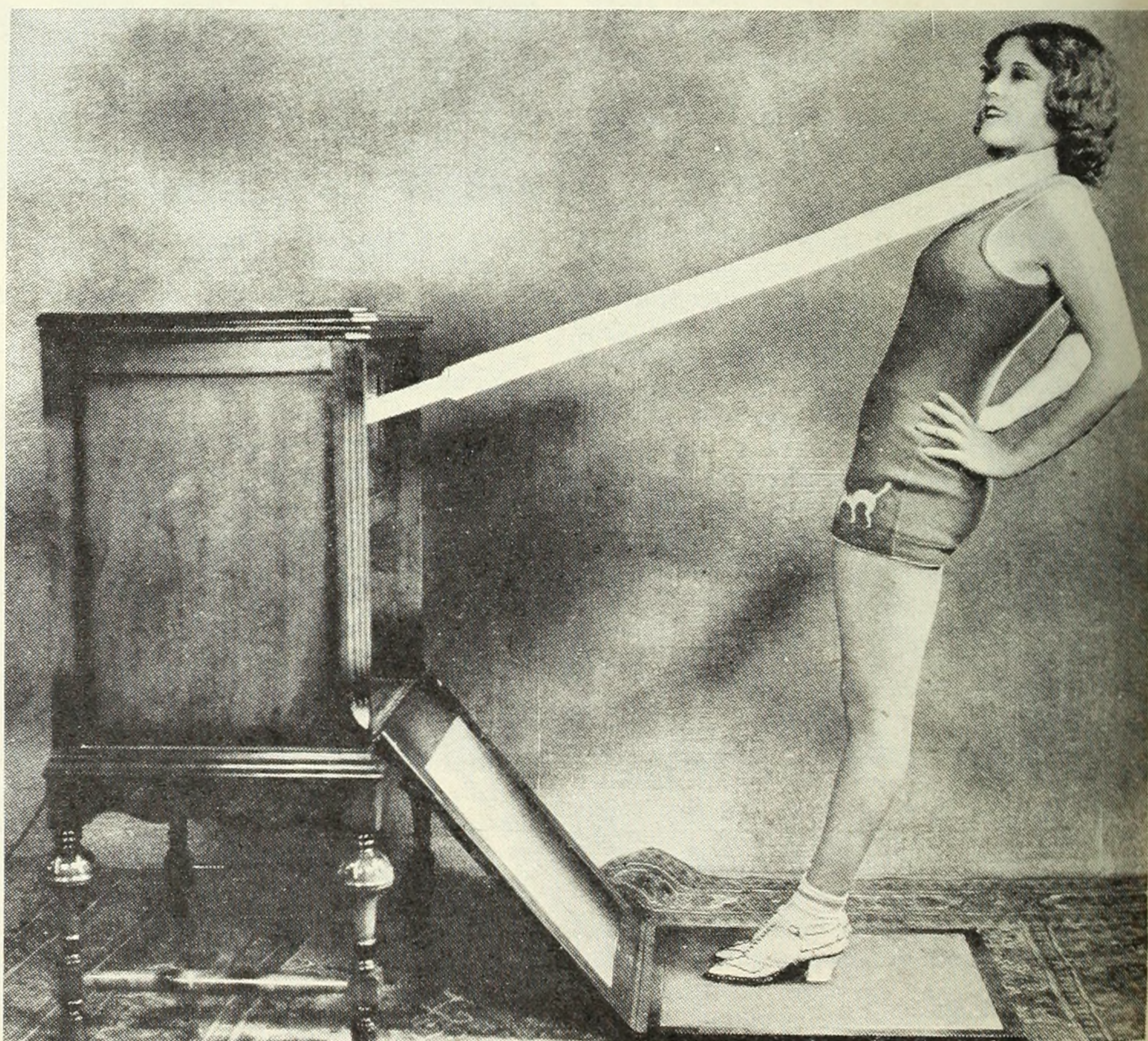
WELL, it wasn't the director's fault that the woman wasn't signed. He sent a telegram to the address that he had gotten from the casting office—an address that he had been treasuring as an amazing souvenir. But the telegram came back, for the address was that of a more or less transient hotel. And the star was glad that the telegram was never delivered—but she did not admit her gladness to the director. She chose scorn, instead.

“What you saw in that frump!” she said spitefully, “trying to Ritz us all—”

The director couldn't answer. He didn't know exactly what he could answer—what he had seen. He didn't know, until two months later, when he chanced upon a copy of a certain illustrated British weekly. As he thumbled through it his glance fell upon a full page picture. The picture of a rather stout, rather plain woman, in an old-fashioned hat, talking with a tall, slim woman in a slim dress that might have been made of grey crepe. The slim woman had a certain way of holding her body and her profile was almost perfect in its Greek outline.

Under this picture ran a caption that brought the director suddenly to his feet.

“Lady Ellen Glencommon,” it read, “talking to the Queen at the Duchess of Somerset's reception. Lady Ellen has recently returned from an incognito tour of the United States.”



This new reducing machine doesn't take up any more space than a radio or phonograph. And it folds up into an attractive cabinet. Raquel Torres finds that it is better than a diet for keeping thin. It runs by electricity; you merely plug it into a lamp socket

The Movies Are Like That

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Then his eyes narrowed into slits and his mouth puckered. He asked: "How much money do I pay you now, my boy?" Johnny knew this was a purely perfunctory question. Louie Schlank could tell you the names of everyone in his organization, even the janitors. So he was careful to answer gravely: "Five hundred dollars a week." "Five hundred a week—well, you will get that now," Louie informed him. Johnny started to thank his employer properly, but Schlank brushed aside the gratitude with an impatient flip of his hand. "I'm not giving you anything," he told Johnny, pettishly. "If you were not worth that to me, you would not get it." He was silent for a moment, and then he said in a slightly apologetic tone:

"I am a curious and meddling old feller, I know, but tell me—how did you jump ahead of me? You must work all the time. Don't you get no women—no girls?"

Johnny was a long time answering. Finally he said: "Mr. Schlank, for the past five years I hardly looked at a girl. I haven't liked any; but now—well, I don't know."

Louie did not question him further; a natural reticence restrained him. Johnny rose from his chair, and as he did so, Louie informed him: "You will move into the office next to me as soon as it is ready for you—tomorrow, if possible."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, starting for the door. Suddenly he was arrested by a cry from Louie:

"Wait! Ouy, vot a idiot I am! I must be getting old. I almost forgot to tell you your new duty in your new job: I want you to meet the 2:30 train from the East. The little girl who signed while I was in New York last, she is coming in. Her name is Mary—a sweet one, no?—Mary Lane. I got her from a Broadway show. She was playing a insignificant part; but I saw possibilities—the smart girl, luck vot I am! She will be a sensation."

Louie chuckled complacently, his lowest chin forming a jelly-roll on the bosom of his vest. Then he waved his hand to Johnny in a gesture of dismissal.

"Get gone!" he commanded good-naturedly. He called a cameraman and a press-agent, and then he called my little starlet. And get a croquette of flowers—rose flowers—vich you vill present her."

Just then the tinkling notes of feminine laughter danced into the room through the window. From his position Johnny saw a smiling girl round a corner of the building and start down the long studio street. He turned to wave a greeting to someone in the dressing-room bungalow, and as she did so a fragrant breeze sprang around the corner and ruffled her short skirt about, so that it clung to a despairing lover to her well-formed body. Johnny's breath stopped for a second, and with an effort he turned his eyes and stared at his own. Then he looked up to meet Louie's surprised gaze. He flushed guiltily. Louie had changed his position. He said:

"Avis Gray. She has a captivating laugh, doesn't she?"

Johnny nodded his head. Louie leaned on his desk and looked at Johnny almost tenderly. "You like the little girl, no?—against your wishes?" It was a simple question. Johnny said nothing. Louie went on:

"Do not deny; I can tell. But why are you so stubborn? You are young—and youth was made for love."

Johnny was looking at the floor. He said, "Yes, sir," then stood in embarrassed silence. Louie saw the boy's constraint, and he relieved

the situation by saying in his characteristically petulant voice:

"Hurry, and get down to the train. It's one o'clock now. Hurry!"

When the train pulled into the station, the general manager of Premier Pictures, Inc., together with his aides, was standing near the tracks with a huge bouquet of red roses in his arms. There was the slightest evidence of self-importance in his attitude. He was trying to compose a little speech of welcome to the new star—or potential star. It was forming:

"MISS LANE? Ah, yes! I am Mr. McLane (peculiar, that similarity in names), general manager for Mr. Schlank. It is a delight and a pleasure to welcome you to our city and to the studios of Premier Pictures, Inc. You are, indeed, quite as lovely as Mr. Schlank promised me you would be. Come, the car is waiting!"

The locomotive snorted its way into the station and came to an abrupt halt. The passengers began to alight. Mr. McLane straightened his tie and struck a pose of extreme pleasure. He had never seen the expected arrival, but he was sure he would know her. There she was!

A young girl of somewhat meretricious appearance swung from the car-steps to the ground. She hesitated for a moment and looked about as if expecting someone to meet her. Johnny hastened forward.

"Miss Lane?" he began, beaming upon the girl, "Ah, yes! I am Mr.—"

"I don't give a hoot who you are," she broke in, "and I'm not your Miss Lane—toodle-oo!" and she was gone.

Johnny succeeded in preventing his Adam's apple from jumping from his mouth, but only with an effort. Several people had seen the little comedy and were openly amused. Johnny's face grew red, and he wanted to run. The bouquet of roses in his arms only made him feel the more a fatuous fool. He stood irresolute. Suddenly he was struck with a wave of self-consciousness. He turned to make a break out of the spotlight—and ran head-on into a smartly-dressed girl, sending her sprawling on the dirt-laden cement. Johnny stopped, too. He couldn't have done otherwise; for he sprawled alongside the girl, bruising his elbow.

Several of the bystanders rushed to the aid of the girl. Johnny was left to his own resources. He struggled to his feet angrily, brushing off his clothes with savage slaps. Finally he raised his head and directed a short, truculent glance at his victim. His head lowered again; his hand descended for another violent slap; then he stiffened, his hand halted in mid-air, his head shot up erect, and his gaze fixed itself on the girl before him.

SHE was smiling at him. Her hat had been knocked off by the impact of her fall, and a wealth of unruly black—blue black—hair tumbled recklessly about her head. Her large gray eyes were laughing hugely as she said to the gasping young man:

"Five years, Johnny—and you still hold enough resentment toward me to knock me down."

"Phyllis!"

The name seemed to spring from his mouth of its own accord. Then someone of the spectators was struck by the awkwardness of Johnny's pose, and laughed boisterously. This raucous sound shocked Johnny back into a realization of his surroundings. He stiffened, and his mouth closed with a snap—sending his teeth plunging into his tongue.

The girl was solemn, but he knew that she was controlling a desire to laugh. He bowed stiffly to her, mumbled something about being "glad to have seen you again" (which, of

Lanchère

BLUE ROSE ROUGE



Your beauty needs protection!

What do your finger tips tell?

After a few days' trial of Lanchère Blue Rose Rouge, you'll find your cheeks velvety soft, charmingly smooth, fresh—supple! "Here, at last," you'll say, "is rouge I can use indefinitely—safely!"

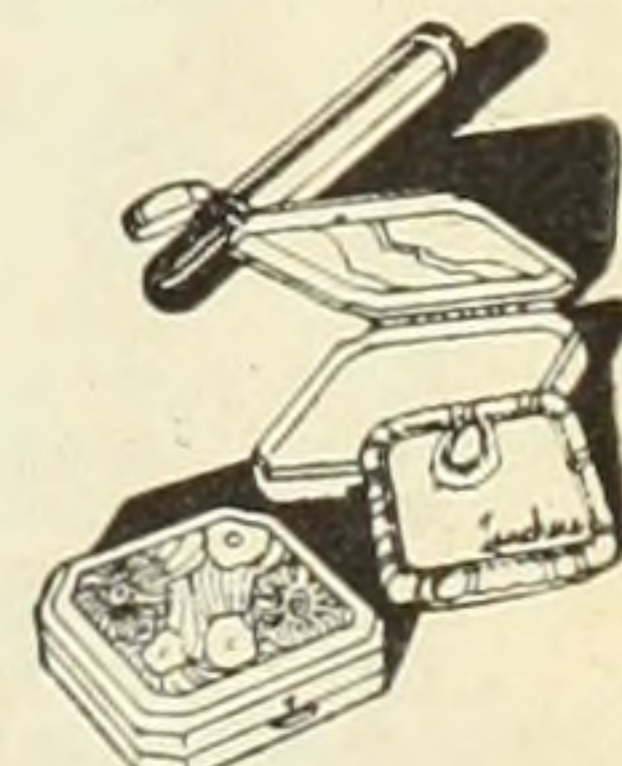
And it's true! For Lanchère Blue Rose Rouge is different. Its rare qualities protect the complexion while adding the charm of "just the right touch of color."

Only the purest, most wholesome and beneficial ingredients are used in Lanchère Blue Rose Rouge. The color pigments are dissolved and held in firm compacts by oils specially selected for the skin. These oils give the rouge such remarkable, adherent quality that your make-up remains fresh for hours.

Lanchère Blue Rose Rouge, in four lovely shades, comes in attractive cases, 50c. Refills with puff, 25c.

Lanchère Blue Rose Lipsticks, of equally pure ingredients—in dainty and convenient containers, four shades, 50c.

Lanchère Blue Rose Compact Powder gives the delightful final touch after using Lanchère Blue Rose Rouge. Single and double compacts, 75c to \$1.50 each.



Lanchère Beauty Chart—FREE

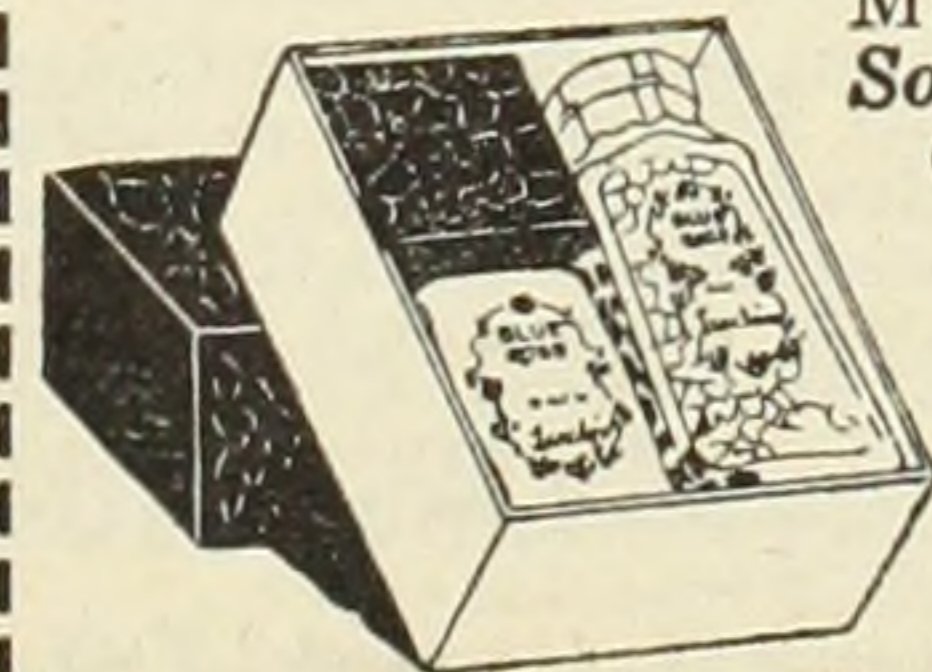
Makes it easy for you to select the shade of rouge best suited to your complexion. Send coupon below.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale
Sole Distributors

Chicago New York

SPECIAL OFFER } *Charming Lanchère Blue Rose Acquaintance Set*—consisting of Bath Soap, Bath Crystals, and a delightful Compact with Puff
65c value—for 25c

Get it at your favorite toilet goods counter—or send the coupon below.



Marshall Field & Co., Wholesale, Sole Distributors, P.O. Box, 1182, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me prepaid
 Lanchère Blue Rose Acquaintance Set (25c enclosed).
 Lanchère Beauty Chart—FREE. P-11

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Name of local store.....

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. 1838

THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. F-502 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED

DIAMONDS WATCHES



No. 899
\$200
\$5.00 a Week



No. 27
\$75
\$1.75 a Week



No. 900
\$37.50
\$1.00 a Week



No. 901
\$50
\$1.25 a Week

Diamonds for Christmas

Beautiful sparkling blue white Diamonds, set in solid 18-k white gold mountings, artistically designed and engraved. Complete variety! Buy from the old reliable House of Loftis, jewelers for 70 years—we are direct importers and save you all middlemen's profits. Jewelry, watches, silverware, and gift articles at lowest prices—order today!



No. 849
\$100
\$2.50 a Wk.



No. 865
\$50
\$1.25 a Wk.

CREDIT TERMS: All goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth purchase price. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, at your convenience.
SEND TODAY FOR FREE CATALOGUE

Write for big free book of 2000 illustrations and descriptions of Diamond Rings in Platinum and Solid Gold, Dinner Rings, Pins, Brooches, all Standard Makes of Pocket Watches, Pearls, Dresser Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Kodaks, Leather Goods. Also many inexpensive novelties.




Wedding Rings!

No. 897—Elgin "Legionnaire"—reliable Elgin with white or green gold-filled case and raised figured dial. \$25.00—\$2.50 Down and \$2.50 a Month.

No. 824—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold. Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50; 5 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 9 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All platinum, \$25. With 3 Diamonds, \$50; 5 Diamonds, \$70; 7 Diamonds, \$90; 9 Diamonds, \$100; circled by Diamonds, \$200.

No. 898—Modern watch. Paris style. 15-jewel movement, chromium finish case. \$17.50. \$1.75 Down and \$1.75 a Month.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
Hamilton No. 992. 21 Jewels. Adjusted to 5 positions. \$55
Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case
Elgin's Latest Raymond. 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Year Quality Case
Illinois "Bunn Special." 21 Jewels. Adjusted to 6 positions. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case
SOLD ON OUR REGULAR CREDIT TERMS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG.

Kissproof

TRADE MARK REG.



LIPSTICK—Your first application will show you lips alluring, bewitching, tantalizing—lovely beyond compare! A new color—vivid, dashing, yet soft and delicately warm—there's the secret! And Kissproof is waterproof—stays on!

GIVEN

Two Weeks Supply

Send your name and address for large introductory size Kissproof Lipstick. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

KISSPROOF, INC., Dept., 1258
3012 Clybourn Ave. Chicago, Illinois

BIGGEST BARGAIN SALE !!

Newest Shape Ladies Wrist Watch

Direct From Switzerland



3.77

This exquisite watch elsewhere our special price of \$3.77 for this platinum, white gold effect ladies' wrist watch. Assorted shapes: rectangular, square, tonneau, oval—all same price. Highest quality jeweled movement, tested and adjusted accurate. Exquisitely engraved. Two years' written guarantee. Send no money. Pay postmaster. \$3.77. JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York, Dept. 244-E-1

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course, adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.
Waterman Piano School, 1834 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.

\$3,000 IN CASH

for further particulars
turn to page 38

course, he did not mean), and walked back to a position beside the camera, where he stood gazing sullenly at the train, from which practically all the passengers had alighted.

The girl remained fixed in her spot for a few moments. She took in with a glance the camera and the welcoming committee; then her eyes went to Johnny's back. She smiled. And, sweeping the few remaining onlookers with an indifferent gaze, she turned to depart. As she did so, her foot planted itself in the midst of a large bouquet of red, red roses—also intended for the Premier star, but which the Premier general manager had so thoughtlessly let slip from his grasp when he had fallen. The girl looked down, withdrew her foot from the flowers, glanced back at Johnny—and laughed. Then she walked rapidly toward an exit.

For ten minutes longer Johnny waited for the expected arrival, though by this time the train was emptied of passengers. Johnny felt imposed on and it was only with an effort that he managed to keep his temper and preserve the necessary dignity and decorum for a general manager. Finally he gave up the vigil and, followed by his crew, marched truculently back to the waiting studio car.

The roses of greeting remained in the dust.

WHEN he arrived at the studio his mood had not softened one whit. He stormed through the reception-lobby gate, nodding brusquely to the fawning information-clerk, and made straight for Louie Schlank's sanctum. The secretary regarded him quizzically for a moment before replying to his question if Mr. Schlank was alone. Her delay caused a frown of annoyance to appear on Johnny's features. This evoked a response:

"Why—you should know, Mr. McLane. Miss Lane is with him—didn't you meet her train?"

Johnny smiled weakly. "Oh, yes! Of course! Ha! Ha!—May I go in?"

"Certainly."

He crossed to the door and entered. The first thing that met his gaze was the figure of a girl seated across the desk from Louie. It was the girl of the railway station: Phyllis—his ex-wife. She met his incredulous gaze smilingly. Louie laughed. After the earthquake in his jowls had subsided, he said to the uncomfortable young man:

"Miss Lane was telling me about how you met her. He-he-he!—he-he!" Apoplexy threatened; then he sobered sufficiently to say:

"Don't stand there like a yawning alligator; come on over and join in the fun. I suppose I must interdoos you: Miss Lane I would luf to haf you meet my general manager, Mister McLane. Hm! ain't dot funny, such likeness of names?—you might be related—maybe, no?"

Johnny waited for Phyllis—rather, Mary—to acknowledge the introduction. She did it very easily and calmly, with a slight inclination of her head and a soft, "How do you do, Mr. McLane." Mr. McLane bowed stiffly.

A short time later, after Mary had gone, Johnny sat alone in his office, a deep frown on his face. He was gazing moodily and not a little sullenly into space. Really, it was asking too much of a man to work and contact daily with the woman who was responsible for the blow which had darkly colored his perspective on life. But, also, a man would be a fool to cast away a big opportunity for no other reason than that—it would amount to weakness. . . . But could he never escape her or her influence?

. . . and there was Avis Gray.

III

THE ensuing month was as a nightmare to Johnny. The appearance of Mary Lane he considered an ill-omen; for had she not arrived on the scene just after he had discovered, much to his surprise, that he was not woman-proof, as he had thought for several long years? And would she not be an obstacle in the path of his goal; which goal was the possession (in wed-

lock, of course) of Avis Gray? Now he had recognized a barrier, he had reckoned thrown aside the cloak of indifference women and his desire for the gay little had increased a hundredfold. Every thought was a confusion of Avis and business with business almost completely obscuring the glory of the other.

"Love to Spare," the latest starring vehicle of that idol of screen-idols, Hampton Haynes was three weeks in production, under the direction of James Arthur Boyn, megaphoner. Avis Gray was the leading (for Louie Schlank had decided to make a star of the two), and, more as an introduction to the public than anything else, Mary Lane was doing what is known as a "sympathetic heavy." In other words, her rôle would be (when played properly) a great deal of sympathy—possibly tears—in spite of her obvious misdeeds. Such a character is possible on screen.

ONE morning early, about a month after Mary's arrival, Johnny was surprised to look up from his work and find himself gazing straight into the eyes of Avis. She stared at him—solemnly for a moment, then winked roguishly. And as Johnny continued to stare in wonderment as to her silent entrance she giggled: "Did I surprise you much?"

"Huh? Oh, yes! But how did you come in?"

"Through your private entrance," she answered, then stood as if expecting a rebuff.

But Johnny was rather pleased than annoyed. It gave him a feeling of intimacy with her. He jumped up and dragged a chair around by the side of his desk, and said, "Sit down—please."

With that impudent look which was becoming so well known to thousands of moviegoers, she walked around and made use of the chair.

As Johnny swung around in his swivel chair his knee grazed hers and a thrill shot through his body. He felt terribly ill at ease, and was angry with himself; for was he not the general manager and she but an humble actress, entirely at his mercy, in so far as her career was concerned?

"I just dropped in to say 'Hello,'" she informed him.

"Awfully kind of you," Johnny assured her, his heart in his tone of voice.

"And there is another reason," she added. "I want to know just who in the devil's name Mary Lane is?"

"Well," said Johnny, cursing the luck that kept bringing that woman's name before him, "she is a girl that Mr. Schlank 'discovered' on the stage in New York. It seems that she was doing a minor rôle, but very excellent—so he says—and he signed her—after a long time, of course. But why do you ask?"

AVIS gave a shrug of indifference. "She's all the men hog-goofy over her. The electricians are crazy; the cameramen are crazy; and Jimmy Boyn is craziest. But for the sake of me, I can't see anything to her out of the very ordinary."

Johnny was prepared to give his opinion on Mary, but he checked himself just in time. He could not say what he wanted to say without exposing their former relationship, which he did not want to do just yet. So he merely shrugged his shoulders.

Avis' next words made him bolt upright in his chair. "Don't you go falling for her! There was jealousy in the tone."

Johnny almost swooned with joy, just thinking that it meant anything to this marvelous girl whom he "went falling for." He leaned over and rested his hand on her knee.

"Do you care, Avis?" he asked, eagerly expectant. He was leaning closer and closer to her. The surroundings had dissolved into a large close-up of a pair of delicious-looking lips. They were an oasis, and he was thirsty, so thirsty. . . .

Ages later, when he drew away from her, the light of sublimity was in his eyes. The

he knew was to hear a soft voice from the region of the door—his private one: "Do you think I care—now?"

At three o'clock that afternoon Johnny was on the set. As he stepped into the radius of darkness beside the cameras, his eyes began immediately to seek out Avis. She was seated in the far corner, just behind the giant sun-arc, which was concentrating thousands of candle-power of light on the prescribed area. He walked toward her; but suddenly a shrill whistle rent the air. The entire battery of lights blazed up, and a gruff masculine voice boomed through a megaphone: "Miss Gray! Miss Lane! On the set, please!"

FROM some dark recess Mary Lane stepped into the circle of light. She was gowned in a black and white creation that accentuated to the greatest degree the seductiveness of her form. But, strange to say, the effect was not one of lewdness, nor even of suggestion, but rather of fine simplicity. Johnny was startled by this contradiction, and searched for the cause. He found it in the girl's face. As she looked into the opaqueness surrounding the camera-stand, from whence came Jimmy Conroy's deep voice issuing directions, it was impossible to question the utter simplicity of Mary Lane's soul. The gray eyes (and how gray! they had forgotten they were so lovely) were cool and clean-looking as a snow-capped mountain.

As Johnny gazed at the girl before him, he began to doubt that this was the silly, shallow, irresponsible little wanton who had messed up his emotional life. Surely a hoax had been perpetrated. But no; the incident at the station was irrefutable evidence that she was the same; and the face was the one he had remembered for so long with such bitterness. It was the same face, but somehow glorified by what he had once thought it to be.

Johnny was finished. Mary indicated comprehension by a slight nod of her head. Then the quiet was shattered by a roar from the director: "Avis Gray! What the devil! Didn't you tell me to get on this set? Get a move on! Try up!"

From behind the sun-arc a figure sprang into the flood of light, and Johnny promptly spotted Mary in the surge of pleasure induced by the appearance of Avis.

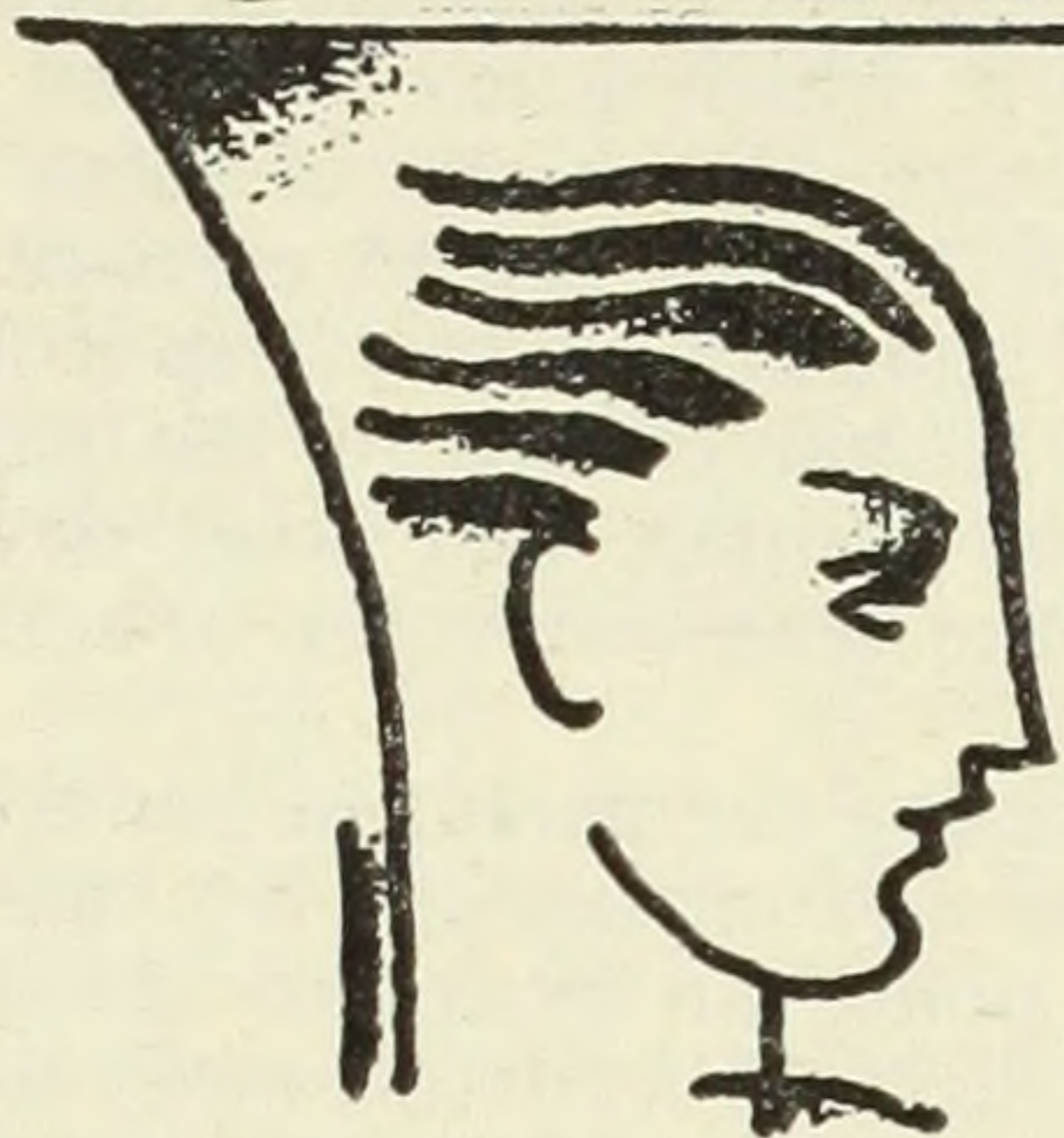
"Did you hear what I was saying to Miss Lane?" the director queried.

"Oh, sure," was the bored response.



Gwen Lee has probably the smallest of portable phonographs. It is made from the case and works of an old watch. Gwen carries around small tests of her own voice to play for casting directors

THREE



These three preparations bring beauty speedily and unfailingly because they make your skin work!

Out of her vast knowledge of the skin, Helena Rubinstein, renowned Scientist of Beauty, evolved three preparations which enable you to give yourself daily treatments at home akin to those given in Helena Rubinstein's salons . . . the Beauty Rendezvous of beautiful women in the foremost capitals of the world.

Heighten Your Personality with the inimitable Helena Rubinstein's cosmetic—the most flattering make-up in the world!

STEPS TO

BEAUTY

Step 1—Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream

Helena Rubinstein's Crowning Achievement

A beautifying balm of rarest quality. The crystallization of years of research. Lifts away the drawn look from eyes and forehead. Moulds contours back to youth. Protects delicate skins against the drying effects of soaps. Restores to scaly skins their smoothness and suppleness. Hands and arms are beautified by this priceless unguent. It is a unique cream cleanser which benefits oily, disturbed skins. 1.00

Step 2—Valaze Beautifying Skinfood

An Awakener of Beauty

If your skin is sallow or blotchy . . . if a carefree summer has left it tanned and freckled . . . you need this "skin-clearing masterpiece" . . . It works its way into your skin, refining, bleaching, animating. Have unsuitable cosmetics left your skin pasty and dull? This unique cream gives it an exquisite transparency 1.00

Step 3—Valaze Skin Toning Lotion

The Elixir of Beauty

Fatigued tissues respond instantly to its revivifying powers. Unsurpassed for ironing out lines, firming the contours and imparting beauty to the skin. . . . 1.25

Helena Rubinstein

Paris 8 East 57th Street, New York London
CHICAGO BOSTON NEWARK PHILADELPHIA

Helena Rubinstein's Creations are obtainable at the better shops, or order direct.

Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely



Hides Large Joints

Fischer-Protector

Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

Free Trial Offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
P. O. Box 383 Dept. 35 Milwaukee, Wis



Large Photograph Given

Of Your Favorite Movie Star, size 8x10, with every order of \$2.00.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS

3 for 50c 7 for \$1.00 15 for \$2.00
23 for \$3.00 40 for \$5.00

FREE 3 LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS

with every \$5.00 order

Send for your favorites

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1, Dept. P, Hollywood, Calif.

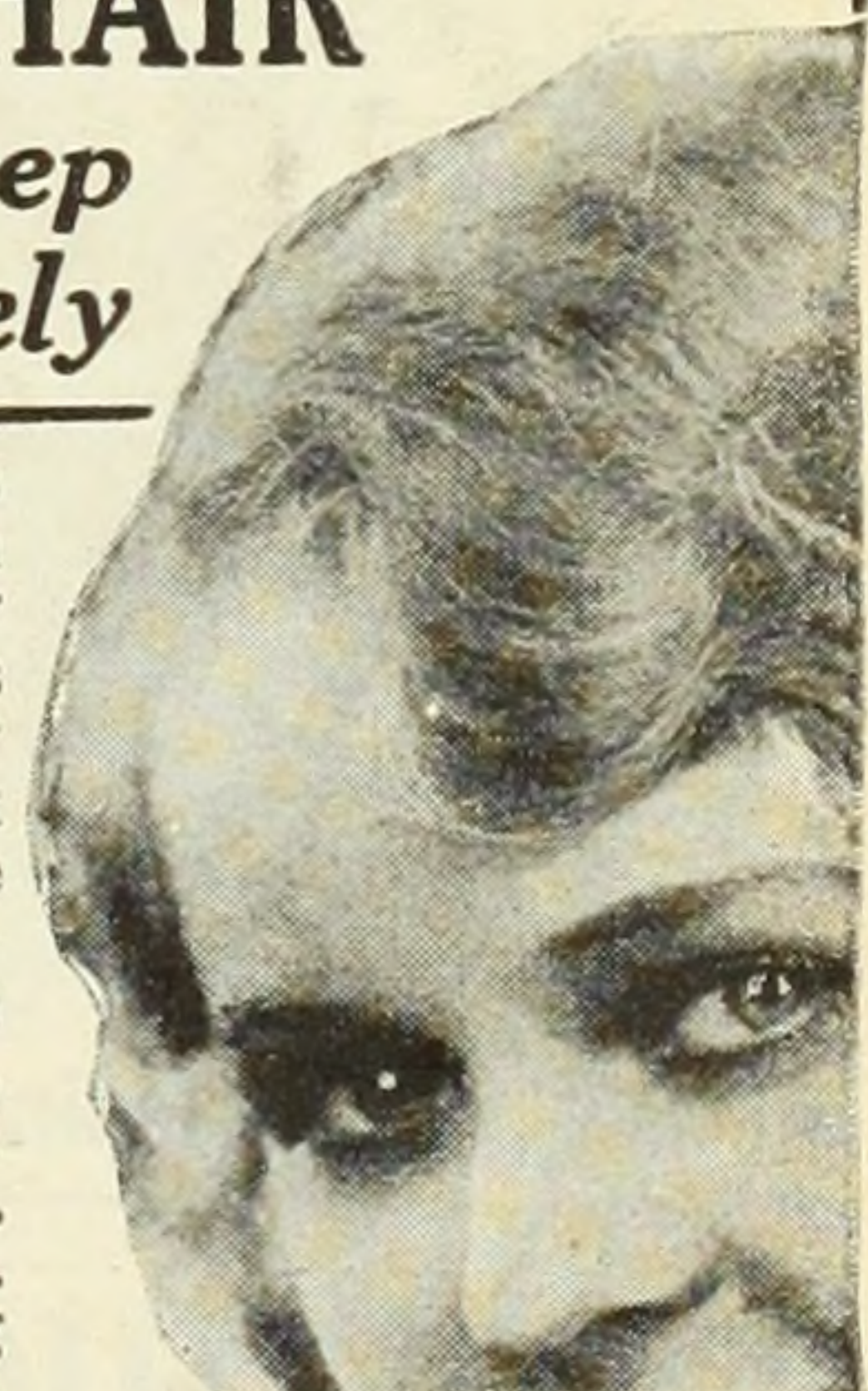
MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Painting photos and miniatures. No talent required. Fascinating work. Make \$35-\$100 a week. Earn while learning. We teach you at home. Professional artist's outfit, employment service, given. Write for FREE book TODAY.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Dept. 22-11, 1008 N. Dearborn, Chicago

BLONDE HAIR

... how to keep it always lovely

BLONDE hair darkens and fades unless given special care. That's why nearly a million blondes now use Blondex, the new special shampoo for light hair only. Keeps blonde hair from darkening—brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest hair. No dyes. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. Leaves hair soft and silky. Get Blondex at any drug or department store today.



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D. 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1258 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—Men and Women

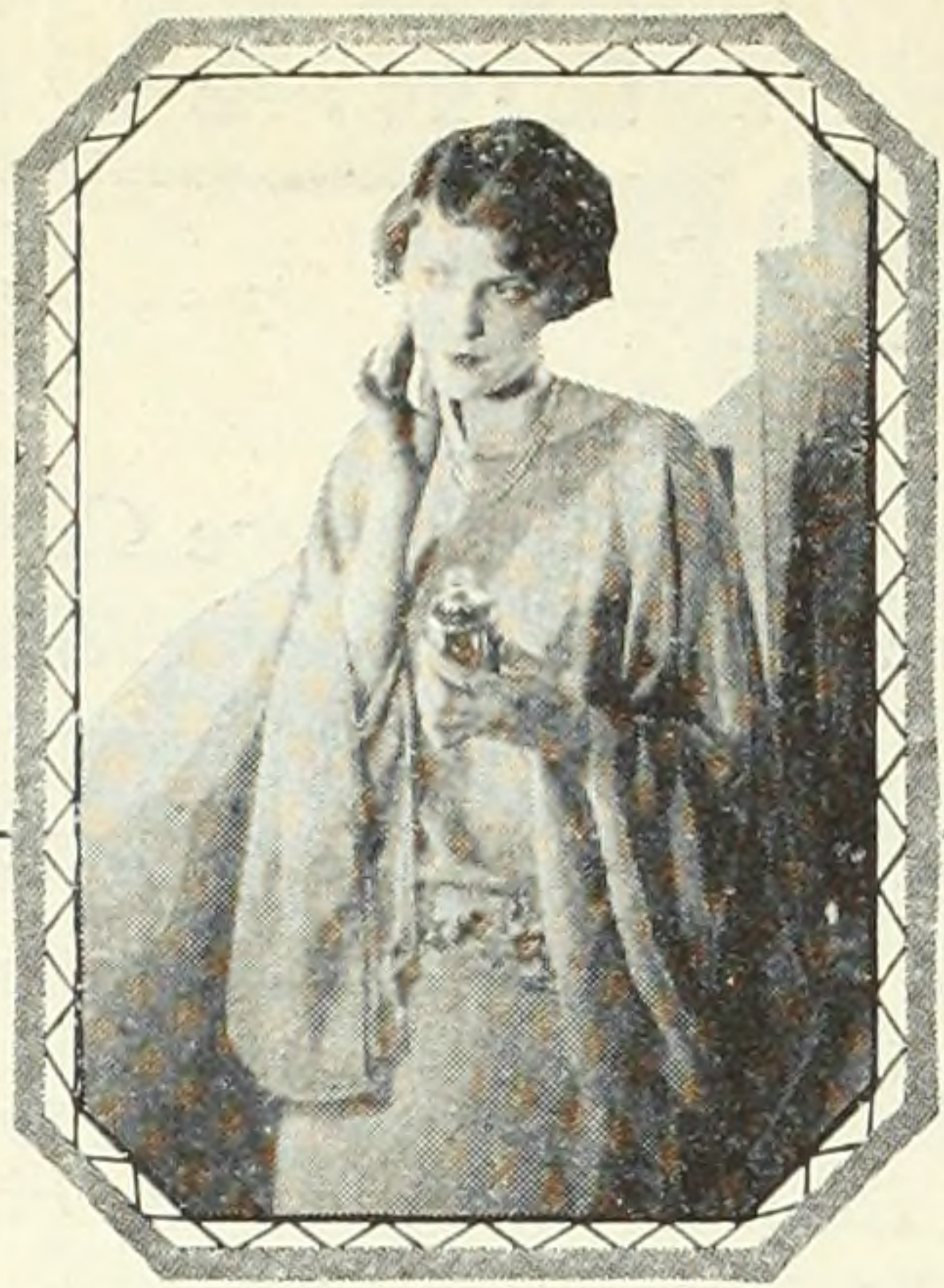
To Represent Large Reputable Firms Who Sell Direct to Consumer—Liberal Commissions Offered

Read All About Their Unusual Offers

in the Current **Opportunity Magazine** On Sale at All Newsstands

Sample copy sent on request.

Address: Dept. PM11, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago



TO WOMEN who would observe the formalities and the fashion, No. 4711 Eau de Cologne is a daily essential. A mildly astringent base for cosmetics, a refreshing adjunct to the bath, a lotion superb, a gently stimulating restorative when one is fatigued—a priceless aid to feminine allure! And, for gentlemen, the perfect conclusion to tub or shower, and an exhilarating yet soothing complement of the morning shave!



Eau de Cologne

(In the bottle with the blue-and-gold label)

Made in U. S. A. by

Mulhens & Kropff, Inc.
25 West 45th St., New York



Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week



It is an actual fact that I can healthfully and rapidly give you exquisitely beautiful, firm, velvety flesh which will stay on. I am glad to say that neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. I know that you will be amazed and delighted with the results. I will ask you to write, being sure to enclose a 2c stamp to

The Star Developing System

Iron Mountain Michigan

GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME



Make up the education you missed. Study at home in spare time. Your choice of subjects. Expert instruction. Personal service. You make quick progress because you are in a class by yourself. Diploma. Mail coupon today for interesting FREE BOOKLET.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6518-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course I have checked—

- College Preparatory Course
- High School Commercial Course
- High School English Course

Name.....

Address.....



Beautiful Eyebrows

are enhanced by using **MASCARILLO**

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows and eyelashes. NOT A DYE. Prepared in nine shades. \$1 All drug stores. Price

Exora Rouge A natural color for every complexion. Waterproof. Six shades. \$1 a jar. Samples of Mascariello, Exora Rouge, cream and powder. **10c**

Charles Myer, 13 East 12th St., N. Y. C.

"All right, let's see. Camera!"
As the scene unfolded it was evident that Avis had spoken the truth when she said she had heard, and she went through her part with the perfect timing which marks the experienced actor or actress.

The average audience is unaware of the deep competitive spirit which exists between the players in a picture. Each one of them employs every trick in their bag to ensnare the attention of the audience, and to keep it fixed on them—such as movements of the hands, slight changes of position, and other devices well known to the seasoned actor or actress.

AVIS was running the gamut of her tricks. She clenched and unclenched her camera-side hand; she pulled an imaginary dangling thread from the sleeve of her dress; one eyebrow arched momentarily—but she was losing the scene, and she knew it. Mary was taking it by contrast. She was so natural that it was hard to believe she was acting. And as Avis had expected her to compete in the old way, the effect was devastating—for Avis.

Johnny could not repress a feeling of admiration for Mary, though he felt it to be flagrant disloyalty to his new love; and it angered him that he could feel anything but distaste for his ex-wife. But all the justice within him demanded that he respect and admire Mary, who had undoubtedly foreseen Avis's methods, and had employed naturalness as a combative measure. Anyway, Avis grew tired of losing, and stopped right in the middle of the action. She was furious, and could hardly contain herself. Came Boyn's voice, coldly calm:

"You are tired, Miss Gray? Or is it that you wish Miss Lane to retire and let you go through the scene alone?"

The sarcasm was not lost on Avis; she turned and looked in his direction, her eyes gleaming with anger. Boyn went on:

"If you are ready to claim your share of attention only, we will proceed; otherwise we'll shoot on Miss Lane in a close-up from behind you and register your part in the reactionary expressions on her face. Take your choice."

During Boyn's speech Johnny had been watching Mary. She was superb, he had to admit. Not once did she betray any interest in what the director was saying, but stood looking idly about. As the cameras started grinding on the second take, he heard the voice of someone very close to him. Louie Schlink had slipped quietly into the group:

"He! he! Ain't dot funny, Johnny? You better teach your Avis some manners; she ain't no match for my Mary."

JOHNNY started. "My Mary"—what might that mean? Anything. Possibly Louis used the possessive impersonally, an unconscious opposite to stress Johnny's personal interest in Avis. But again, possibly not. It might mean the worst; that Louie, a widower of some years' standing, had succumbed to the charms of his new star. The scene was at an end. Avis saw Johnny, and ran to him with both hands outstretched. He clutched them and pressed them, but somehow he did not receive the thrill he had expected; the scene he had witnessed between the two women was still too fresh in his mind. Unconsciously his eyes sought out Mary. He sought to recall that feeling of bitterness that had been his constant companion during the past five years, but it seemed to have evaporated before that subconscious realization that its object, as remembered, no longer existed. Avis was prattling:

"Nice Mr. General Manager! Did him come out here to see Avis?"

This sop was heard by everyone nearby. Johnny reddened as he noticed property-men, electricians, and even Boyn turn their faces to hide a smile. But Louie Schlink made no effort to suppress his amusement:

"Nice Mr. General Manager! Haw! Haw! 'Did him—'" Here Louie made a noise like escaping steam and sank into a set-chair shaking with laughter.

Avis looked surprised. "What's funny about that?" she asked, looking from one to another of the smiling men (they could afford to smile now, for their mirth could be attributed to contagion from Louie). They looked back at her blankly. She turned to Johnny, who was visibly embarrassed, and grasped his arm.

"They're horrid, Johnny, dear!" she exclaimed. He nodded dumbly, trying to smile.

Suddenly the situation was saved. Johnny heard a cool, contained voice saying:

"How do you do, Mr. McLane. It awfully nice of you and Mr. Schlink to visit us." It was Mary.

Smiles disappeared as if wiped off with a eraser. Louie's laughter subsided and he rose to his feet. He took Mary's hand in his and said with passionate sincerity:

"My dear, you are vunderful!"

Avis glared at him.

Mary laughed deprecatingly. "Flatterer!" she accused him gaily. Louie started to negate but she interrupted:

"**I**T'S fortunate for me that you did come out here, else I should have had to seek you out. I'm giving—rather, 'throwing,' as you say in Hollywood—a little party at my house this evening. I've told everyone I know to bring along as many friends as they like, so I think you'll find many of your acquaintances there. Will you come, Mr. Schlink?—and you, Mr. McLane? But of course you will, as Avis has already consented." She said this last in a matter-of-fact tone that Johnny could not determine whether it was an evidence of class beneath her smooth exterior, or not. He bowed in assent.

Jimmy Boyn prevented further conversation by saying: "I'm waiting, Miss Lane—need close-up." And with a smile that encompassed both Louie and Johnny, Mary turned to do the director's bidding.

Johnny watched the preparations idly for a moment, then turned round to Avis. She was gone. Just then Louie touched his arm as a signal for them to depart.

As they turned a corner of the set, near the partition door, he saw Avis seated on such a bench as one usually finds about a motion picture stage. With her was Hampton Henley. Avis' face was set in an angry expression, and just as Johnny looked, Henley put his arm around her and drew her to him. She snuggled up against his body and her head dropped to his shoulder. Johnny stood stock-still; his eyes widened, and he stared. Then Henley saw him standing there, and hastily pushed Avis away. She looked at him blankly for a moment, then turned to see what he was looking at that had disturbed them. When she saw Johnny she jumped to her feet, stood irresolute for a moment, then ran toward him and grasped his arm.

"Hel-hello, dear!" she said, looking confused. Then she pouted. "I was so darn mad at what happened a while ago," she told him "that I just had to go off and cry. Good old Hamp came to the rescue with his good old comfort. Hamp's a good old comforter, Johnny—he really is! You ought to thank him for making your little Avis feel much much better."

THIS sounded plausible enough, so Johnny patted her cheek and laughed. "Much obliged, Hamp!" he called to the uncomfortable looking Henley, who waved an acknowledgment. As he started away he said to Avis:

"See you at Mary Lane's tonight!" The he stopped; he had been struck by an idea.

"Say," he said, "why can't we go together? It's only—right—now."

Avis was perturbed. "I—I can't, Johnny dear," she informed him, assuming a doleful expression and lowering her voice. "You see she asked us—Hamp and me—yesterday; and Hamp asked me then. You wouldn't want me to break that date now, would you? It wouldn't be right, would it?"

Johnny shook his head. "No, I guess wouldn't."

... looked up at him adoringly. "It won't be like this again, Johnny. Just you—now on."
 ... was thrilled. "All right, honey-baby," ... said happily.
 ... he squeezed her hand and ran out after ...
 ... turned and faced Hamp Henley; a faint ... was on her lips.

IV

... Mary had predicted, filmdom was well presented at her party. The shining lights of each branch of the industry had responded to the invitations. Numerous satellites were too; and they each revolved around and revolved on their respective orbit centers in an effort of emulation, until it seemed that there were but a few individuals in the house, accompanied by numerous carbon copies. But the movies are like that.
 ... Johnny was late in arriving. As he walked into the living room, Avis immediately assumed a possessive attitude, and by subtleties of speech and action, proclaimed to all present that she was hers by right of capture. With all her spidery in regard to women, Johnny was oblivious to her broadcasting program; but he was proud that she should take pride in including him.
 ... four piece orchestra was on hand to furnish a syncopation to any and all who desired to dance. A few were already performing. At regular intervals, they would,

when near a door, step quickly through it, out of sight, and return a few moments later possessed of an abundance of newly-acquired energy. The movies are like that, too.
 An hour later the house seemed to be overflowing with guests. It was not a large place, and the news spreading throughout the town that a party was in progress had brought a veritable avalanche of people to the doors of the bungalow. Of course, no one was refused admittance, and soon there was mad confusion.
 Another hour passed. Somewhere, a short time before, Avis had disappeared from Johnny's side. For awhile he had wandered about, shoving his way through crowds of people, searching for her. But after a period of fruitless endeavor, he had given up and wandered off into a dark corner, where he sat watching the antics of a pleasure-thirsty (and just plain thirsty) mob. Intoxication was not uncommon now. A number of girls and men were staggering around through the sheeted smoke seeking an exit into the coolness of the night. On the other hand, among the guests were those of the profession whose sobriety and other virtues were bywords of Hollywood. They were mingling with those of opposite inclination, tolerant and amused.
 Again, the movies are like that.
 Finally, the smoke-laden atmosphere and general closeness of the place made Johnny long for fresh air. Too, he hoped to find Avis outside. After a number of apologies for his rudeness he managed to push his way through to an exit, and stepped out into a



I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribution to cosmetics. Its soft velvety texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn't wear off quickly. Miss Desirée Tabor (Operetta Star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., N.Y.



My friends tell me that my complexion is lovelier since using MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible. Miss Mimi Palmer, 345 W. 71st St., N.Y.



Since using MELLO-GLO, I can appear all evening without repowdering. It stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry. Miss Barbara Carrington (well known singer), appearing in "Golden Dawn" Company.

Good Looking Well Groomed Women
prefer this marvelous NEW Face Powder

THIS new wonderful Facial-tone Powder is made by a new French process which belongs exclusively to MELLO-GLO. It has a distinctive youth shade all its own. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full sized box and "Beauty Booklet". Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE

Please send me, without charge, sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Dept. B

My name _____

Address _____

Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name _____



The filming of "Nize Baby" was interrupted by the arrival of a huge box addressed to Milt Gross. Hobart Henley (left) took time off from the set to help the author unpack the crate. And what do you suppose some thoughtful friend from the Bronx had shipped to Milt Gross? A dumb-waiter—the kind that only rattles up and down the shafts of New York. Milt was so overcome he burst into tears

DON'T LET GREY HAIR ROB YOU

of happiness and success. Youthful appearance is a vital asset in this modern age. Don't "paint" your hair with ordinary dyes or restorers. Restore your youthful charm with Rap-I-Dol which penetrates into the hair with the *exact natural color* full of soft lustrous brilliance. Absolutely impossible to detect. Applied at home, easily and surely under our personal expert advice. Fully sponsored for its safety by the Federal Cosmetic and Medical Council. We have a new special FREE offer particularly interesting to women who have used ordinary dyes. Send the coupon for full information, *quickly!*

RAP-I-DOL DISTRIBUTING CORP.
Dept. 8119, Bush Bldg., New York City

Please send me immediately without obligation, complete information on the Rap-I-Dol treatment for my hair and the special FREE offer you are making.


Name.....
Address.....

The Shelburne Atlantic City

Directly on the Boardwalk.
In the desired central location.

Maintains its supremacy by the completion of a new fireproof addition accommodating 700 guests.

Golf privileges, garage accommodations.
For 25 years Ownership-Management.
Jacob Weikel



Open all year

"Don't Shout"



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

DEAF

to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Phila.



DEVELOP YOUR FORM!

Our scientific method highly recommended for quick, easy development

LA BEAUTE CREME

for improvement of neck, face, arms, legs, undeveloped parts

Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

LA BEAUTE STUDIOS
857-LA Hamilton Terr., Baltimore, Md.

LEARN ART EARN MONEY AT HOME

Our amazing new method of Oil Painting Portraits, Landscapes, Miniatures, etc., requires no experience. PAINTING OUTFIT and Employment Service FREE. Write for booklet. PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC., Dept. G. P., 2926 Broadway, Chicago.

small patio. An ornamental fountain encircled with multi-colored lights was in the center. But the patio, too, was jammed with people; and in the orgy of color it was impossible to identify anyone without going up close and peering into faces. As this was a rudeness beyond Johnny's ability to execute, he sighed and turned to depart. Then a voice from somewhere in the shadows called to him: "Johnny!"

HE turned back round and waited for the indistinct figure to approach. It was Mary; she was quite close to him when she stopped. She placed her hand on his arm—and a thrill shot through him. The perfume she used conspired with the fragrance of the night to quicken his senses.

"I've been waiting to get you alone, Johnny. I have something to say to you that I've waited a long time to say. There is a gate that leads into the backyard—do you mind?"

He did not answer, but started forward, and she with him, still holding to his arm. . . . They were standing just on the other side of the gate. The moon was a large gold plate above them, and its radiance turned the grass covered ground into a rippling lake of brilliance. Their shadows were proportionate, normal size, Johnny noted; in fact, he had a queer feeling that everything was normal and right. For the first time in years he felt that things were as they should be. He had a mad desire to take Mary in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was Avis. Oh, to part with Avis! What was this?—disloyalty?—infidelity? Well, what were those in such a case as this?—just words. His thoughts raced, whirled, and jumbled. Mary was saying something:

"It's awfully hard to know how to begin. But I suppose it's best that I be very direct. I want to apologize, Johnny, for the wrong I did you."

Wrong? What was wrong? What was anything but desire?

"The court awarded me—alimony (she had difficulty in saying the word) between our interlocutory and final decrees of divorce, of fifty dollars a month. I took it, and I used it, but not because I wanted to, Johnny. But my mother—" She stopped and was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"Mother meant well—for me. She died in New York, three years ago. Then I had to earn my own living; and I learned what it might mean to a man to part with his hard-earned money to a woman he no longer loved.

I learned what men think of the woman take that money—and I agree with. Then, Johnny, I resolved to repay you a taken from you; mainly because I still—anyway, here is that money back, John

She extended to him a slip of paper, a He hesitated, then took it from he crumpled it in his hand. He asked eag "You started to say something, 'Because you still—' what?"

She looked down at the shimmering g her feet. He reached out and touched h lightly. Then she lifted her head, and a eyes met he felt that he could lose h those depths—those lovely gray de warm now. She answered him quietly:

"Because I still loved you."
"And now?" he asked breathlessly.
"I love you now," she said.

The universe was motionless . . . qu . . . time did not exist. . . .

Once more Johnny's feet were on ground. Suddenly he stiffened; involu he questioned himself, aloud: "Avis?" Mary laughed. She said:

"Don't worry about Avis. She's well care of."

"What do you mean?"
"Avis was playing you, Johnny. Sh in love with you."

His vanity was touched the tinies "No?" he said.

"No," she repeated. "Avis couldn't love with you. She has been married to Henley for over a month. They were m in Mexico, so that it wouldn't be made p She was just working you for what you do for her."

JOHNNY'S jaw dropped and he gulped a throatful of moonlight. "Married Hamp Henley? Are you sure?"

"Positive!" she affirmed. "Avis co the secret to me not a half hour ago before she 'passed out'—in Hamp's arms confirmed it. They probably told many o too—and Avis' dream of stardom throug is shattered. Are you hurt so badly?"

For answer he kissed her full on the "I don't give a rap," he said fervently.

She snuggled close against him as his enfolded her again. After a time she le up at him and said with a smile:

"This has been my dream for three y dear—but won't it seem rather funny g married again—to each other?"

"No," answered Johnny, "I think I'll like it. It will be just like old times."

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

JOAN AND ANGELA, VIOLA, CALIF.—"Plebeian" is a harsh word. Let's be nice and say that it is just the hard-boiled parts the lady plays that makes her seem that way. Little girls who have had to make their own way in the world without the advantage of education or a good home can't be expected to behave like girls who have had thousands of dollars and infinite care expended on their training. Give 'em credit for getting along in spite of the handicaps. But to cut the sermon and answer some questions: Constance Bennett is married to Phil Plant. He has lots of money. Renee Adoree is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. I am not supposed to gossip, but I don't think that Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland exactly hate each other.

ROSEMARY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"Rosemary—that's for remembrance." Ralph Forbes will be twenty-seven on September 30th. He played with Norma Shearer in "The Latest from Paris." His next films are "The Whip" and "The Devil's Mask." He is separated from his wife, Ruth Chatterton, the stage star.

MRS. R. R. H., DREXEL HILLS, PA.—Bow's Life Story appeared in the Febr March and April issues of PHOTOPLAY. V to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for issues. Send a quarter for each back nu you want. An interview with Richard appeared in July, 1928.

JEAN B., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Clara B twenty-three and Bebe Daniels is tw seven. Clara and Bebe use their real na Billie Dove is twenty-five years old. Cor see me again.

MISS MERCEDES, LATROBE, PA.—Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe married.

J. J., WICHITA, KAN.—Once more I anno that John and Jack Gilbert are one and same person. Why the confusion? Marion and Frances Marion are not rel Robert Agnew's newest film is "The Mid Taxi."

B., NEWARK, N. J.—James Murray weighs 170 pounds and he has light brown and brown eyes. He started in pictures in January, 1927. Born in New York City.

MINA D., S. HARPSWELL, ME.—Send ten cents for a picture of "Buddy" Rogers. And write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. "Buddy" has played in "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Get Your Man," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Lips," and his current picture is tentatively titled "Varsity."

J., VANCOUVER, CANADA.—Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian are not related. Greta Nissen is not the daughter of the star you mention. Help! The lady in charge of being Greta's mother is a young man. That picture at the top of the Questions and Answers Page is me as a boy. Do you think I look like John Gilbert?

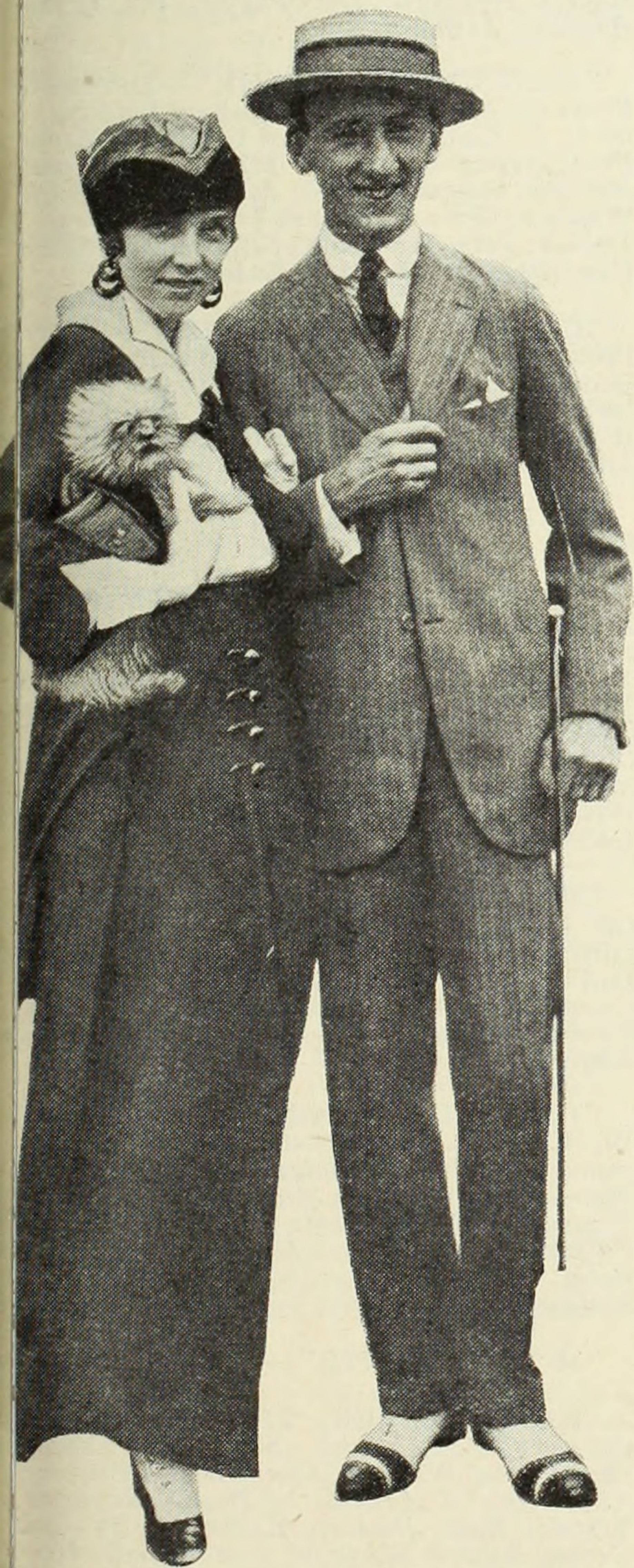
O. N. W., COAKVILLE, UTAH.—I'll say John Gilbert lived in Logan, Utah. He was born there. Let's get this straight. Marceline Day and Alice Day are sisters. Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil are also sisters. But Marceline and Alice are not related to Molly and Sally. Now that that is settled I'll tell you that Conrad Nagel is thirty-one years old and six feet tall.

A GEORGE MEEKER FAN, DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Your crush was born in Brooklyn. Write to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for Doris Hill's picture.

THELMA C., REPUBLIC, WASH.—Your friend is a cynic. Also tell her for me that she's a pill. "Buddy" Rogers attended the Paramount School and his first picture, "Fascinating Youth," was released in July, 1925. Nick Stuart is twenty-two years old. You win your bet.

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THE United States is up to the hubs in war, and the red wave washes over the pages of PHOTOPLAY. There are quaint pictures. A very kiddish Harold Lloyd in the toggery



This was one of the last pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Vernon was killed at Kelly Field during the war

gob—Kenneth Harlan learning squads at Camp Kearney. Tom Powers, Royal Flying Corps—villain—Valter Long, a lieutenant with the guns, holding a bead with a ten-pound .45. Carl White in the garden of her Long Island

home. At her side her gallant husband, Major Wallace McCutcheon of the British Army, who killed himself not long ago. And lovely Irene Castle, her mouth drooping at the corners, still wears black for the beloved Vernon, not long dead at Kelly Field.

IN the rotogravure pages are studies of Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson, Rubye de Remer, Anne Luther, Edith Johnson, Fay Tincher and Constance Talmadge. How many of these, O Fan, shine in your memory through the mists of the years?

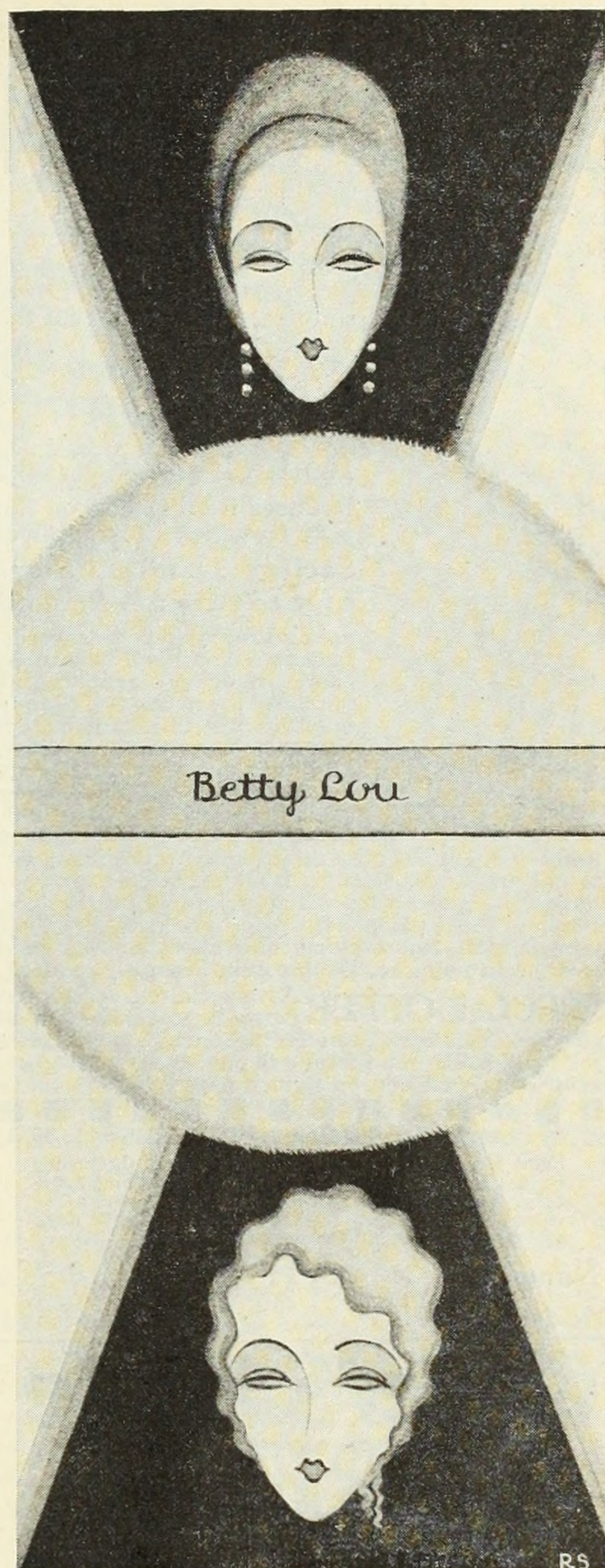
THE editor urges us to buy Fourth Liberty Loan up to the hilt, and Enrico Caruso is interviewed on his studio experiences. Capt. Robert Warwick is pleased to announce that the war has evolved a new type of American face, and Lieut. Roxy Rothapfel (this is before he ditched the "p") says we must all get together and work for bigger and better pictures. Carlyle Blackwell and Muriel Ostriche are appearing in "The Road to France," and Bill Hart, six-guns blazing, saves Katherine MacDonald from Lon Chaney in "Riddle Gawne."

PARAMOUNT has just turned loose "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Little Marguerite Clark knocks her fans for a row of sprockets by appearing both as the naughty Topsy and the saintly Eva.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and Beverly Bayne have just been spliced. Marguerite Clark announces her engagement to H. P. Williams, big Beam and Scantling Man of N'Orleans.

Horrified matinee girls take to their beds upon learning that Harrison Ford, supposed unwed, is being sued for divorce by his missus. The Army thumbs down "Boo!" Montana, The Facial Error, because he can't hear so well. The "Boo!" retorts that he isn't going to listen to the enemy sing "Hi Lee, Hi Lo"—he is going to fill him with bayonets and bullets.

THE studios are about fed up with experimenting with stage stars as movie mummies. Editor Johnson calls the regrettable roll. Ethel Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Olga Petrova, Mary Garden, Enrico Caruso, Lina Cavalieri, Edna Goodrich, Kitty Gordon, Rita Jolivet. All screen hopes—all million dollar baby dolls—all dismal duds. The trek back over the Broadway trail has begun. Hollywood is left to develop its own race of demigods.



Betty Lou
POWDER PUFF
10¢ {15¢ in Far West and Canada}

BETTY LOU powder puffs always come up smiling—soft and fluffy day after day. Made of the finest deep pile velour, and sewed with seams that simply will not rip. True Woolworth economy in the remarkably low price—10¢!

Four generous sizes in White, Pink, Honeydew, Coral and Two-Tone (In Sanitary Transparent Wrappers)

For sale exclusively at
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 & 10¢ STORES

20 Years' Success in Harmless

REDUCTION

OF FAT



DON'T FOOL with unknown, untried, dangerous substitutes for the world-famous M. S. BORDEN COMPANY'S

FATOFF

Reducing CREAM

Reduces flesh ONLY on the part to which it is applied. Society Leaders, Stars of Stage and Screen

use and recommend this world-famous reducer and beautifier. No diet, no drugs, no exercise, no hot baths are necessary. Simply apply gently to part you wish reduced—chin, arms, abdomen, hips, legs or ankles. M. S. Borden Company's Fatoff Reducing Cream gives prompt and astonishing results, as thousands of

users testify. No oils, no grease, no odor. An external treatment, not a medicine. Build up your health, be more comfortable, look more attractive. Be one of the thousands of women who have kept their trim figures. Short skirts and short sleeves need worry you no more. Double chin promptly reduced.

SPECIAL OFFER As a special get-acquainted bargain, to enable you to give Fatoff a fair trial, we offer the quart-size (usual price \$3) for **\$1.98**—no postage to pay. SEND NO MONEY. SEND ONLY THIS COUPON (WHICH SAVES YOU \$1) TODAY

M. S. BORDEN CO., 194 Krone Pl., Hackensack, N. J.

Send me the large (\$3) size of Fatoff Reducing Cream, postpaid, for trial. I will pay postman \$1.98 only. You pay postage. If I am not satisfied after using, I will return unused cream within 30 days and you are to refund my money.

Name
Address 14

Clever Sample FREE to TRUSS VICTIMS

Here is an astonishing surprise for truss victims. A new system has been developed for replaceable rupture. A tiny little device weighing less than 1-25 of an ounce makes it possible to do away with old fashioned heavy, tight trusses, leg straps, steel springs and other barbarous devices. And it also brings into use an astonishing soft, air-breathing rupture support called Airtex. We want every ruptured man, woman, and child to have a free sample of Airtex, and to get full details of this new rupture support and treatment. Just send us your name and address. No obligation. And a delightful surprise is in store for you.

NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
7554 Clay Street, Steubenville, Ohio

STRAIGHT Hair can be made Soft and Wavy

Why envy other people blessed with wavy hair?

Wonderful new preparation known as **VLOTOLINE** (Vlo-to-leen) guaranteed to transform the straightest hair into beautiful, lustrous, natural soft waves. Amazing, colorless liquid—Makes "Waves that Stay." Not affected by dampness or heat. Lasts from shampoo to shampoo. **VLOTOLINE** is absolutely greaseless and harmless—contains no alcohol. Special four-treatment size sent postpaid for 50c. Money refunded if not pleased.

VLOTOLINE LABORATORIES, Inc.
224 E. 42nd St., New York City, Dept. 130

Casts of Current Photoplay

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AIR CIRCUS, THE"—Fox.—From the story by Graham Baker and Andrew Bennison. Scenario by Seton I. Miller and C. Graham Baker. Directed by Howard Hawks and Lew Seiler. Photography by Daniel Clarke. The cast: Mrs. Blake, Louise Dresser; Buddy Blake, David Rollins; Speed Doolittle, Arthur Lake; Sue Manning, Sue Carol; Charles Manning, Charles Delaney; Jerry McSwiggin, Heinie Conklin; Lieut. Blake, Earl Robinson.

"ANNAPOLIS"—PATHE.—From the story by Royal S. Pease. Titles by John W. Kraft. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: Bill Curtis, John Mack Brown; Herbert Duncan, Hugh Allen; Curtis Senior, Hobart Bosworth; Bulge Kendall, Maurice Ryan; Skeeter Marsh, William Bakewell; Betty, Jeanette Loff; Betty's Aunt, Charlotte Walker.

"A SPANISH SERENADE"—WARNERS.—The LaValles.

"ASSASSIN OF GRIEF AND REMORSE, THE"—WARNERS.—Al Herman.

"AWAKENING, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Frances Marion. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Marie Ducret, Vilma Banky; Lieut. Count Carl Von Hagen, Walter Byron; Le Bebe, Louis Wolheim; The Orderly, George Davis; Grandfather Ducrot, William A. Orlamond; Sub-Lieut. Franz Geyer, Carl Von Hartmann; Student Officer Von Bulow, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Student Officers, Owen Gorin, Paul Vasek, Arno Frey, George Jackson; The Sergeant, Gen. Wiatseslav Savitsky; Vena, Yola D'Avril; Rosa, Anna Kaloustian; Andree, Virginia Jolley; Le Bebe's Dancing Partner, Babe London; Wetterle, Jack Macdonald; The Innkeeper, Bert Woodruff; The Gendarme, Henry Schultz; The Mother Superior, Anne Warrington.

"BEWARE OF BLONDES"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harvey Thew and George C. Hull. Scenario by Peter Milne. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Joe Walker, A. S. C. The cast: Mary, Dorothy Revier; Jeffrey, Matt Moore; Harry, Roy D'Arcy; Costigan, Robert Edeson; Tex, Walter P. Lewis; Blonde Mary, Hazel Howell; Portugee Joe, Harry Semels.

"BLACK BUTTERFLIES"—QUALITY.—From the story by Elizabeth Jordan. Adapted by Henry McCarthy. Directed by James W. Horne. Photography by Max Dupont. The cast: Dorinda Maxwell, Jobyna Ralston; Kitty Perkins, Mae Busch; Norma Davis, Lila Lee; David Goddard, Robert Frazer; Judge Davis, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; Jim Bryant, Robert Ober; Chad Bailey, Ray Hallor; Normand, Charles King; Hatch, George Perilot Buller, Finch Miles.

"BROTHERLY LOVE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Petterson Marzoni. Adapted by Earl Baldwin and Lew Lipton. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Photography by Henry Sharp. The cast: Oscar, Karl Dane; Jerry, George K. Arthur; Dorothy, Jean Arthur; Warden Fowler, Richard Carlyle; Cogswell, Edward Connelly; Mrs. Cogswell, Marcia Harris.

"CAPTAIN SWAGGER"—PATHE.—From the story by Leonard Praskins. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Photography by J. J. Mescall. The cast: Captain Swagger, Rod La Rocque; Sue, Sue Carol; Phil Poole, Richard Tucker; Jean, Victor Potel; Von Dictor, Ulrich Haupt.

"CRASH, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frank L. Packard. Directed by Eddie Cline. Continuity by Charles Kenyon. The cast: Jim Flannagan, Milton Sills; Daisy McQueen, Thelma Todd; Pat Regan, Wade Boteler; Louie, William Demarest; Corbett, Fred Warren; Mrs. Carleton, Sylvia Ashton; Supt. Carleton, DeWitt Jennings.

"DANGER STREET"—FBO.—From the story "The Beautiful Bullet," by Harold MacGrath. Scenario by Enid Hibbard. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by Robert Martin. The cast: Stigsby, Warner Baxter; Kitty, Martha Sleeper; Dorgan, Duke Martin; Bull, Frank Mills; Borg, Harry Tenbrook; Bauer, Harry Allen Grant; Cloom, Ole M. Ness; Sammy, "Spec" O'Donnell.

"DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: Bill Roberts, George Bancroft; Sadie, Betty Compson; Lou, Baclanova; Sugar Steve, Clyde Cook; Third Engineer, Mitchell Lewis; Hymn Book Harry, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; The Crimp, Guy Oliver; Mrs. Crimp, May Foster; Steve's Girl, Lillian Worth.

"DOG LAW"—FBO.—From the story by S. E. V. Taylor. Continuity by F. H. Clark. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Robert DeGrasse. The cast: Ranger, Himself; Jimmy, Robert Sweeney; Hawkins, Jules Cowles; McAllister, Walter Maly; Jen Larson, Mary Mabery.

"DRY MARTINI"—Fox.—From the story by

John Thomas. Scenario by Douglas Z. Directed by Harry D'Arrast. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: Elizabeth Quimby, Astor; Freddie Fletcher, Matt Moore; Jocelyn Lee; Lucille Grosvenor, Sally Eiler; loughby Quimby, Albert Gran; Conway Cross, Conti; Joseph, Tom Ricketts; Bobbie Dunca, Trevor; Frank, John T. Dillon; Mrs. Koenig, Corday.

"DUCKS AND DEDUCTS"—WARNERS.—Swor.

"FIRST KISS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Four Brothers," by Tristram. Adapted by John Farrows. Directed by Row Lee. The cast: Anne Lee, Fay Wray; Talbot, Gary Cooper; William Talbot, Lane Cl; Carol Talbot, Leslie Fenton; Ezra Talbot, P. "Pap," Malcolm Williams; Other Sutor, Owsley.

"FLEET'S IN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Monte Brice and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Trixie Clara Bow; Eddie Bates, James Hall; Sally M. Jack Oakie; Al Pearce, Eddie Dunn; Betty Laverty.

"FOYS FOR JOYS"—WARNERS.—Directed by Bryan Foy. The Foy Family.

"FURY OF THE WILD"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Howard Clark. Directed by Leon d'Usseau. Photography by Bob DeGrasse. The cast: Ranger, self; Molly Roark, Barbara Worth; Matt, Robert Homans; Jim Thayer, Pat O'Brien; Hawkins, Al Smith.

"GRAIN OF DUST, THE"—TIFFANY-ST.—From the story by David Graham Phillips. Adapted by L. G. Rigby. Directed by George Archaino. Photography by Ernie Miller. The cast: Norman, Ricardo Cortez; Josephine Burroughs, Windsor; Dorothea, Alma Bennett; George, Richard Tucker; Jack, Jed Prouty; Burroughs, John St. Head Stenographer, Claire Delmar.

"GUARDIANS OF THE WILD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by George Morgan. Adapted by George Morgan. Directed by Henry MacRae. The cast: Rex, Himself; Jerry Lane, Jack Perrin; Warren, Ethlyne Clair; John Warren, Bob Ho; Mark Haman, Al Ferguson; Sing Lo, Bernard.

"HAPPY JESTER, THE"—WARNERS.—Lowry.

"HAUNTED HOUSE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Owen Davis. Directed by Jamn Christensen. The cast: Billy, Larry; The Nurse, Thelma Todd; James Herbert, Ed Breese; Tully, Sidney Bracy; Nancy, Barbara; Mrs. Rackham, Flora Finch; Mr. Rackham, Chester Conklin; The Caretaker, William V. Mong; The Mad Doctor, Montagu Love; Walking Girl, Eve Southern; Jack the Charmer, Johnnie Gough.

"HOLLYWOOD BOUND"—WARNERS.—From the story by Murray Roth and Hugh H. Directed by Brian Foy. Photography by E. DuPar. The cast: Edna King, Gladys Brock George Jackson, James Bradbury; Jean Lorenz, Edwards; Gladys Anderson, Anita Pam; Ethel Allan Sears.

"I FORBID"—FAN-MAID PICTURES.—Tit W. H. Clifford. Directed by Albert Prisco. Photography by Wm. C. Thompson. The cast: Bloom, Evelyn Pierce; Mama Bloom, Rosa Rosa Benjamin Bloom, Gustav Schacht; Benny, Edward Pell, Jr.; Tony Capuano, Hector V. Rosa, Mabel Janot; Dr. Alex Montrose, I. McDonald; Isaac Stein, Joseph Berne.

"JEST MOMENTS"—WARNERS.—Klein B.

"KID'S CLEVER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vin Moore. Scenario by Ernest P. Directed by William James Craft. Photography by Al Jones. The cast: "Bugs" Raymond, Tryon; Ruth Decker, Kathryn Crawford; Decker, Russell Simpson; Ashton Steele, Lloyd lock; Hank, George Chandler; A Girl, Joan St; Magician, Max Asher; Matron, Florence T; Secretary, Virginia Sale; Colored Man, Stepin F.

"LEMON, THE"—WARNERS.—The L. Hugh Herbert; Mr. Stern, Walter Weems; Cohen, Harry Shutan; A Workman, Harry Foy.

"LIGHTNING SPEED"—FBO.—From the story by Robert North Bradbury. Continuity by R. North Bradbury. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. Photography by Robert DeGrasse. The cast: Jack, Bob Steele; Betty, Mary Mabery; Perry Murdock; Velvet, Barney Furey; Gov. William Welsh.

"LITTLE WILDCAT, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gene Wright. Scenario by

Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *John, Audrey Ferris; Conrad Burton, James Joel Thomas, Robert Edeson; Judge Jasper George Fawcett; Victor Sargent, Hallam Cooley; Doris Dawson.*

DEMONS—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert Arch. Directed by A. B. Heath. *Madelon, Mildred Harris; Jack, Walter Grace Darling, Jane Winton; Lefty Hogan, Dan; The Sergeant, Flynn O'Malley; Goofy, Victor Potel.*

GANGSTER—Fox.—From the story by Francis Coe. Scenario by Charles Francis. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Photography by Edson. The cast: *Nellie Regan, June Jimmy Williams, Don Terry; Russ Williams, Randolph; Lizzie Williams, Stella Adams; Bill Hill; Bill Lane, Burr McIntosh; Police Dodds, Walter James; The Sucker, Herbert Detective, Pat Hartigan; Prison Warden, Jennings. Members of the Confidence: Dan, Arthur Stone; Spanish Louie, Nigel; Blonde Rosie, Carol Lombard; Joe Brown, Ben; Tuxedo George, Bob Perry; The Philly, Harry Cattle.*

MORGAN'S LAST RAID—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Madeleine Ruthven and Ross B. Wills. Directed by Bradley King. Directed by Nick de. Photography by Arthur Reed. The cast: *Daniel Claborne, Tim McCoy; Judith, Dorothy Sebastian; John Bland, Wheeler Morgan, Allan Garcia; Tex, Hank Mann; The Loggers, Montague Shaw.*

MORRISSEY AND MILLER NIGHT CLUB, WARNERS.—Will Morrissey and Midgie.

WHO KNOWS BEST—Fox.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by J. G. Blystone. Photography by L. W. ... The cast: *Sally Quaille, Madge Bellamy; Louise Dresser; The Boy, Barry Norton; Egston, Albert Gran; Bessie, Annette De; Ivor De Kirby; Pa Quaille, Lucien Little-*

THE BIRD—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "An Disturber," by Frederick and Fanny Continuity by Earl Snell. Directed by ... Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Kid Davis, Reginald Denny; Madelena, Gleason, Sam Hardy; Silsburg, Harvey; Blonde, Corliss Palmer; Red-Head, Jocelyn; Alphonse Martel; Joe, George Bookasta; Michael Visaroff.*

WITH THE TIDE—PEERLESS.—From the story by John Brownwell and C. Marion Barton. Directed by Elaine Wilmot. Directed by Charles ... Photography by Leo Shamroy. The cast: *John Templeton, Cullen Landis; Joan Renshaw, Dwan; Captain Lund, Mitchell Lewis; Kennedy, Crauford Kent; Chee Chee, Sojin; Jimmy Aubrey; Snake Doyle, Ernest Hilliard; Arthur Tallaso.*

WARTONES—WARNERS.—Ursula Faucit; ... Marie Chapelle; Ann McKay.

THE DREAMS—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Clymer. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Photography by John ... The cast: *Joan, Mary Philbin; Denton, Fred Mackaye; "Cappy" Job Evans, Otis Francisco, Francis McDonald; Jim Keefe, Breese; Judge, Wilfred North.*

QUESTIONS OF TODAY, THE—WARNERS.—*Fair, Audrey Ferris; Chief of Police Saunders, Stevens; Mrs. De Witt Beecher, Georgie The Sailor, Arthur Belasco.*

THE CHANCE OF A ROGUE, THE—CARLOS.—From the story by Ruby M. Ayres. Adapted by ... Directed by King Baggot. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: *Bruce Lowry, Warner; Charmain, Anita Stewart; John Fisher, Albert Fisher; Leonard Hardingham, Gerrard.*

THE RED RIDIN'—FBO.—From the story by Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photography by Nick Nusuraca. The cast: *David (Red) Buzz Barton; Hank Robbins, Frank Rice; Curtis, Betty Walsh; Pap Curtis, James Welch; Martin (Sheriff), Bert Moorehouse; Cal Rogers, Aidlaw.*

THE FOLKS—PATHE.—From the story by ... Adapted by Jack Jungmeyer and Dromgold. Directed by Paul L. Stein ... by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Eddie, William; Rita, Lina Basquette; Cleo, Carol; Owens, Robert Armstrong; Kitty, Bessie*

THE GIRL—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by J. P. McEvoy. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Dixie Dugan, Alice White; Alvarez Romano, Reed; Denny, Lee Moran; Jimmy, Charles; Milton, Richard Tucker; Nita Dugan, Gwen; Dugan, James Finlayson; Mrs. Dugan, Eppus, Hugh Roman; Kibbilzer, Bernard*

Look 20 Years Younger Instantly!



Lift Your Face and See How It Rests and Brightens the Eyes

Marvelous New Invention Worn Under Hair Transforms Your Appearance Immediately

NO need now for surgical face lifting. If your face is beginning to sag, your eyes look tired, or wrinkles are forming about nose or mouth, a simple little device worn under the hair will make a marvelous change the moment you put it on.

Absolutely guaranteed to please you in every way and to accomplish these amazing results or your money refunded:

1. The sagging muscles are taught to support themselves.
2. The lines from nose to mouth, and about the mouth and eyes, are lifted out of their creases.
3. The eyes look young and rested.
4. The face immediately takes on a brighter and more youthful expression.

Send for Free Booklet

No obligation. We will be glad to send you

free—in plain envelope—an interesting little book that tells you all about this new invention, perfected by Susanna Cocroft. Illustrated with actual photographs. All correspondence treated with the strictest confidence.

Grace-Mildred Culture Co., Dept. 411
132-136 West 43rd St.,
New York City

Grace-Mildred Culture Co.,
132-136 West 43rd St., Dept. 411
New York City.

Please send me, free and without obligation, the folder, "A Wonderful New Health and Beauty Device."

Name

Address

City State

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition. Easy terms. Send for free booklet of interesting information.

Page-Davis School of Advertising
Dept. 2838 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

Earn money AT HOME
Men or women earn \$25 to \$50 a week at home. All or part time. Fascinating work. Nothing to sell. We teach you at home. Furnish all tools and materials. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-3, 427 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.**

\$100 a Week

for **TAKING PICTURES**

What Others Are Doing
"It is possible for me to earn more money now than I ever did." Alfred Jacques.
"It gives me great pleasure to thank you for placing me... I expect to make great headway." C. A. Harrison.
"I have made a connection as Cameraman with the Universal Pictures Corporation. \$75.00 a week isn't so bad for a starter, is it?" W. B. Holcombe.

PROFESSIONAL CAMERA GIVEN
You can start making money almost immediately. Your choice of Motion Picture or View Camera. See how easily you can get started in this fascinating work.

NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NEEDED
Our staff of famous experts will teach you everything. And you can learn in your own home or in our great New York studios.

FREE BOOK. Send for handsome, illustrated book explaining the many opportunities in Professional Photography and how you can take advantage of them. Job chart and details of Free Employment Service included. Write today.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY, Dept. 37
10 West 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Be a Movie Operator
Motion Picture Operating and Projection taught at home. Get a good pay job with Movie or Vaudeville Theatre. Projector given with course. Write for Folder.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FORMS FOR JANUARY ISSUE CLOSE
NOVEMBER 10—Rate 40 cts. per word

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

AMAZING NEW PREPARED CAKE FLOUR offers \$15 sure profits daily! Makes delicious cakes in a jiffy. Contains eggs, milk, flavor, shortening, etc. Just add water and bake. No muss. No failures. Perfect results always. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Housewives simply wild over it. Tremendous repeat business. Territories being snapped up. Act quick for big, quick clean-up. Write for special introductory offer. Jiffyake Co., 2183 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—WE START YOU IN BUSINESS AND help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare or full time. You can earn \$50-\$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 564 Broadway, New York.

MAKE \$1000 BEFORE CHRISTMAS SELLING EXCLUSIVE personal Christmas cards. Steel engraved designs. Expensive sample book free. Wetmore, Janes and Sugden, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL MEN'S HATS DIRECT from factory. Write for catalog. Model Hat Mfg. Co., Dept. M-20, East Orange, N. J.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED BY OVER 500 MANUFACTURERS, offering real money making propositions; no need of being out of work; write for free copy. Opportunity Magazine, Service Dept., PH11, 750 N. Michigan, Chicago.

HELP WANTED, INSTRUCTIONS

CANDIES, HOME MADE. MAKE BIG MONEY. Few dollars starts you. We teach making and selling. Capitol Candy School, Dept. AG-2045, Washington, D. C.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY. MEN—WOMEN to qualify for Government Jobs; \$125-\$250 Mo. Write, Instruction Bureau, Dept. 265, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN—WOMEN, 18-50. GET GOVERNMENT JOBS. Commence \$105.00-\$158.00. Steady. Common education. 32 page book with list positions—sample coaching—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 95, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

HOMEWORK; WOMEN WANTING. OBTAIN RELIABLE kinds. Write for information. Stamped envelope. Eller Co., P-296 Broadway, New York.

STEAMSHIP POSITIONS. MEN—WOMEN. GOOD pay. Experience unnecessary; list of positions free. Box 122, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN (WHITE or colored), sleeping car, train porters (colored), \$150-\$250 monthly. Experience unnecessary. 950 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, MUSICAL COMEDIES AND REVUES, MINSTRELS, comedy and talking songs, black-face skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 South Wabash, Dept. 76, Chicago.

REDUCE

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE ON TREATMENT for reduction of corpulency will be mailed without charge upon request to Dept. "M." Garfield Tea Company, 313 41st Street, Brooklyn, New York.

WRITERS

FREE TO WRITERS. THE PLOTWEAVER. A monthly magazine. Contains valuable and interesting information to writers of magazine and photoplay stories. Subscription \$2.50 per annum. Free sample copy. The Plotweaver, Drawer WP, Hollywood, California.

PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED OR unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 187 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVIE STAR PHOTOS

250 FAMOUS MOVIEWORLD STARS' GLOSSY photographs. Catalog, samples 10c. Miniatures, postcards, portraits, 8x10" photoplay scenes. Belmont Shoppe, Fo-6, Downers Grove, Illinois.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

GRAY HAIR BANISHED IN 15 MINUTES, WITH "Nalpa Rapide," the coloring wonder; easily applied; does not rub off. Liberal sample 25c; state shade desired. Try before purchasing. Clements Products (Est. 1901), P67 W. 49th, New York.

GUARANTEED HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING attachment. Fits any sewing machine. 60c prepaid or cod. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 44, Sedalia, Mo.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

EARN CHRISTMAS MONEY. SELL 50 SETS Christmas seals for 10c set. When sold return \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. St. Nicholas Seals, Dept. 42P, Brooklyn, New York.

OLD COINS, GOLD AND SILVER

OLD MONEY WANTED. WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS for nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for large coin folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 75, Ft. Worth, Tex.

"SINNERS IN LOVE"—FBO.—Continuity by J. Clarkson Miller. Directed by George Melford. Photography by Paul Perry. The cast: Ann Hardy, Olive Borden; Tom Wells, Huntly Gordon; Yvonne D'Orsy, Seena Owen; Silk Oliver, Ernest Hilliard; Mabel, Daphne Pollard; Spencer, Philip Smalley.

"SISTERS OF EVE"—RAYART.—From the story "The Tempting of Tavernake," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: Leonard Tavernake, Creighton Hale; Beatrice Franklin, Anita Stewart; Mrs. Wenham Gardner, Betty Blythe; Pritchard, Francis Ford; Prof. Franklin, Harold Nelson; Jerry Gardner, Wenham Gardner, Charles King.

"SMOKE BELLEW"—BIG FOUR.—From the story by Jack London. Directed by Scott Dunlap. Photography by Joe Walters and J. O. Taylor. The cast: Kit "Smoke" Bellew, Conway Tearle; Joy Gastell, Barbara Bedford; Harry Sprague, Alphonse Ethier; Stine, Max Scott; Shorty, Mark Hamilton.

"SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST"—FBO.—From the story by George W. Peyer. Continuity by George W. Peyer. Directed by Eugene Forde. Photography by Norman Devol. The cast: Tom Hardy, Tom Mix; Alice Calhoun, Sharon Lynn; Jim Calhoun, Tom Lingham; Slade, Duke R. Lee; Tennessee, Lee Shumway; Rita, Fritzi Ridgeway; Keller, Joie Ray; Kane, Mark Hamilton; Slade's Henchman, Wynn Mace.

"STRIVING FOR FORTUNE"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Merle Johnston. Directed by Nat Ross. The cast: Tom Sheridan, George Walsh; Hope Loring, Beryl Roberts; Dad Loring, Joe Burke; Geraldine Harrington, Louise Carter; Pete Lardner, Brian Donlevy; Reggie Smythe, Dexter McReynolds; Charles Harrington, Tefft Johnson.

"SUBMARINE"—COLUMBIA.—Scenario by Winifred Dunn. Directed by Frank Capra. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: Jack, Jack Holt; Bessie, Dorothy Revier; Bob, Ralph Graves; Submarine Commander, Clarence Burton.

"SYNCO SYNCOPATORS, THE"—WARNERS.—Dick Rich Orchestra.

"TAKE ME HOME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grover Jones and Tom Crizer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: Peggy Lane, Bebe Daniels; David North, Neil Hamilton; Derelys DeVore, Lilyan Tashman; Alice Moore, Doris Hill; Bunny, Joe E. Brown; Al Marks, Ernie Wood; Landlady, Marcia Harris; Elsie, Yvonne Howell; Betty, Janet MacLeod; The Producer, J. W. Johnstone.

"TIMES SQUARE"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Norman Houston. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: Elaine Smith, Alice Day; Russ Glover (David Lederwitski), Arthur Lubin; Benjamin Lederwitski, Emil Chautard; Sarah Lederwitski, Ann Brody; Dick Barday, John Miljan; Lon Roberts, Arthur Housman;

Professor Carrillo, Joseph Swickard; Lida, Joyce; Nat Ross, Eddie Kane.

"VIRGIN LIPS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Charles Beahan. Scenario by Dorothy Directed by Elmer Clifton. Photography Walker, A. S. C. The cast: Norma, Olive Barry, John Boles; Slim, Marshall Ruth; Alexandre Gill; Carla, Richard Alexander Ernie Veo; Patron, Harry Semels; Madge, Pretty; Presidente, William Tooker.

"WATERFRONT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Will Chappel and Geitruide Orr. S by Tom Geraghty. Directed by William A. The cast: Peggy Ann Andrews, Dorothy M Jack Dowling, Jack Mulhall; Peter Seastrom Bradbury, Sr.; Capt. John Andrews, Knut son; Oilcan Olson, Ben Hendrix, Jr.; Brule William Norton Bailey; An Oiler, Pat Harmon

"WATER HOLE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—the story by Zane Grey. Directed by F. J. Jones. The cast: Philip Randolph, Jack Judith Endicott, Nancy Carroll; Bert Durlan Boles; Dolores, Ann Christy; Mr. Endicott, M. Shaw; "Ma" Bennett, Lydia Yeamens Titu Jack Perrin; Mojave, Jack Mower; Diego, Pau Shorty, Tex Young; Joe, Bob Miles; Indian Whitespear.

"WEDDING MARCH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Erich Von Stroheim. I by Erich Von Stroheim. The cast: H. H. Ottokar Ladislaus von Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg, Fawcett; H. H. Princess Maria Immaculate Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg, Maude George; H. H. Nicholas Ehrhart Hans Karl Maria von Wil Rauffenburg, Erich Von Stroheim; Fortunat Ser, George Nichols; Fraulein Cecelia Sch ZaSu Pitts; Anton Eberle, Hughie Mack; Adalbert Eberle, Mathew Betz; Martin Schra Cesare Gravina; Frau Katherina Schrammel Fuller; Mitzi Schrammell, Fay Wray; Navra Bracev.

"WEST OF ZANZIBAR"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Chester Devonde and Kilbourn C Scenario by Elliott Clawson. Directed by Browning. Photography by Percy Hilburn cast: Phroso, Lon Chaney; Crane, Lionel Barr Doc, Warner Baxter; Maizie, Mary Nolan; Jacqueline Gadsdon; Tiny, Roscoe Ward; Babe Pasha; Bumbu, Curtis Nero.

"WIN THAT GIRL"—Fox.—From the "Father and Son," by James Hopper. Scena John Stone. Directed by David Butler. Photo by Glen MacWilliams. The cast: Johnny 3rd, David Rollins; Gloria Havens, Sue Larry Brawn, 3rd, Tom Elliott; Johnny North Roscoe Karns; Larry Brawn, 2nd, Olin F Johnny Norton, 1st, Mack Fluker; Larry Braw Sidney Bracey; Clara Gentle, Janet McLeod Girl, Maxine Shelly; 1905 Girl, Betty Reckl

"WORRIER, THE"—WARNERS.—Richard

Charlie Farrell Confesses About Margare

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

"Beautiful," I agreed.

"S yours?"

"Yes—all of it."

He looked at it again.

"How much d'ya give for it?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Y' got stung."

"No?"

"I said y' got stung."

"Oh—"

(Since then I have done battle for Margaret's fair name, but this was a cop, and besides I hadn't stopped when I should have.)

"Stung. S-T-U-N-G."

He spelled it out for me and kept glaring. "Oh—you mean I got stung?" I answered meekly.

"Yeh—and don't get funny," he replied, glowering.

I didn't answer.

FINALLY I said that I was sorry—that I promised never to get stung again if he'd let me go this time.

The remark seemed to please him. He smiled—chuckled—and then we both laughed. He was Irish too.

The traffic swirled about us.

Heads were thrust out of autos and a good many motorists got all set to cuss me for holding up traffic when they saw the cop and sailed quietly by.

It was a big moment in my life.

Here were Margaret and I (who barely knew each other) already in the p gaze.

GAZE? We were more than that. We in the public's way.

For the past three or four months motorists had kept me skipping and ho (and muttering strange and sundry t as I dodged my way across the boulev on foot.

Now they had to do a bit of the ing.

What's more, they had to like it.

I was feeling fine.

"Gosh darn!" I said.

"What?" asked the cop.

"I said 'Gosh darn,'" I replied.

"Oh sure—'Gosh darn.'"

He started to laugh again.

"Now you're getting silly," I said.

He looked at me and then at Margare broke into fresh guffaws.

"Margaret! Thirty dollars!"

He exploded.

I stopped laughing.

I didn't see anything so awfully about it.

After all, I was the one who had for Margaret. There was no money c his pocket.

quietly waiting for him to calm down. I thought he had laughed himself out of it, now that that's settled I'll be moving if you'll give me my ticket."

Wipes his eyes with a pocket handkerchief and faced me.

"K," he said, "if you hang on to that you'll have more punishment than you want. It'll be worse than a jail sentence. I'm going to give you no ticket but I'm going to give you some awfully good advice. Go straight out this road (he pointed) and find a big, high cliff."

"—"

"Well, when you get there, don't stop—jump out."

"Thanked."

"What'll become of Margaret?"

"It's just it," he replied. "What becomes of Margaret will do you both good."

"I pondered. "Never," I resolved, "—never do such a thing." I didn't tell the cop what I thought.

"He thanked him and got out to do the job."

"A dozen or more twists, Margaret would churn."

"I took my place behind the wheel, I went to the cop and asked, "Excuse me, how is it you seem to know so much about Margaret?"

"He looked at me in silence as if deliberating. His eyes softened as he said, "Well, kid, I'll tell you. I got her at the Busy Bee auto lot."

"How?"

"I answered that I had."

"Well Margaret used to be mine, see? I had her Harriet."

"From me."

"—and last month I sold it to the Busy Bee for ten bucks, see—and felt like a criminal for taking the dough—SEE?"

"(faintly) from me."

"I!" he let loose with some tobacco and now you beat it."

"I still a second, staring blankly ahead. I swallowed hard."

"I foot found the pedal and Margaret and I took our leave."

"Thoughts whirled."

"Ten bucks—Margaret—stung—SEE?—"

We limped along. Later, one of us did a little crying.

I steered for the Busy Bee, but we got there after closing time.

Margaret seemed to hang back as if she knew what was in store for her.

During the next few days I had every intention of taking her back.

I would have, too, if I could have got her started.

But it was during these days that I grew fond of Margaret.

I got to know her inside and out—especially inside—and found that like a lot of other so-called wrecks she had a heart of gold beneath her tin.

I knew that both of us had just had a lot of bum breaks.

MMARGARET has her advantages—lots of 'em.

For instance, no one would ever steal her. I'm sure of that.

And Margaret's a strictly one man car, at least I don't know of another man who could run her. Steering her is the least part of it.

The one who gets the best of Margaret must be good at plumbing, pipe-fitting and puttering. He must have a fairly accurate knowledge of lawn mowers and know why windmills mill.

If possible he should have an Earl Leidermann torso together with the patience of a Salvation Army gal in a speak-easy. He doesn't have to know how to cuss.

He can pick that up in no time.

I'm getting along pretty well with the cussing.

Next week when I start on Celtic, Margaret will have been damned in every language.

Margaret knew me when days were bluest and hungriest.

If she were able she might tell any number of surprising things about me.

But daisies don't tell and neither do second-hand Fords.

Friends ask me why I keep her when I might steer a car having less vibrations per second.

Well—I refuse to be called sentimental. But yet—

I guess I LOVE her.



GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted. . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
86-B Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

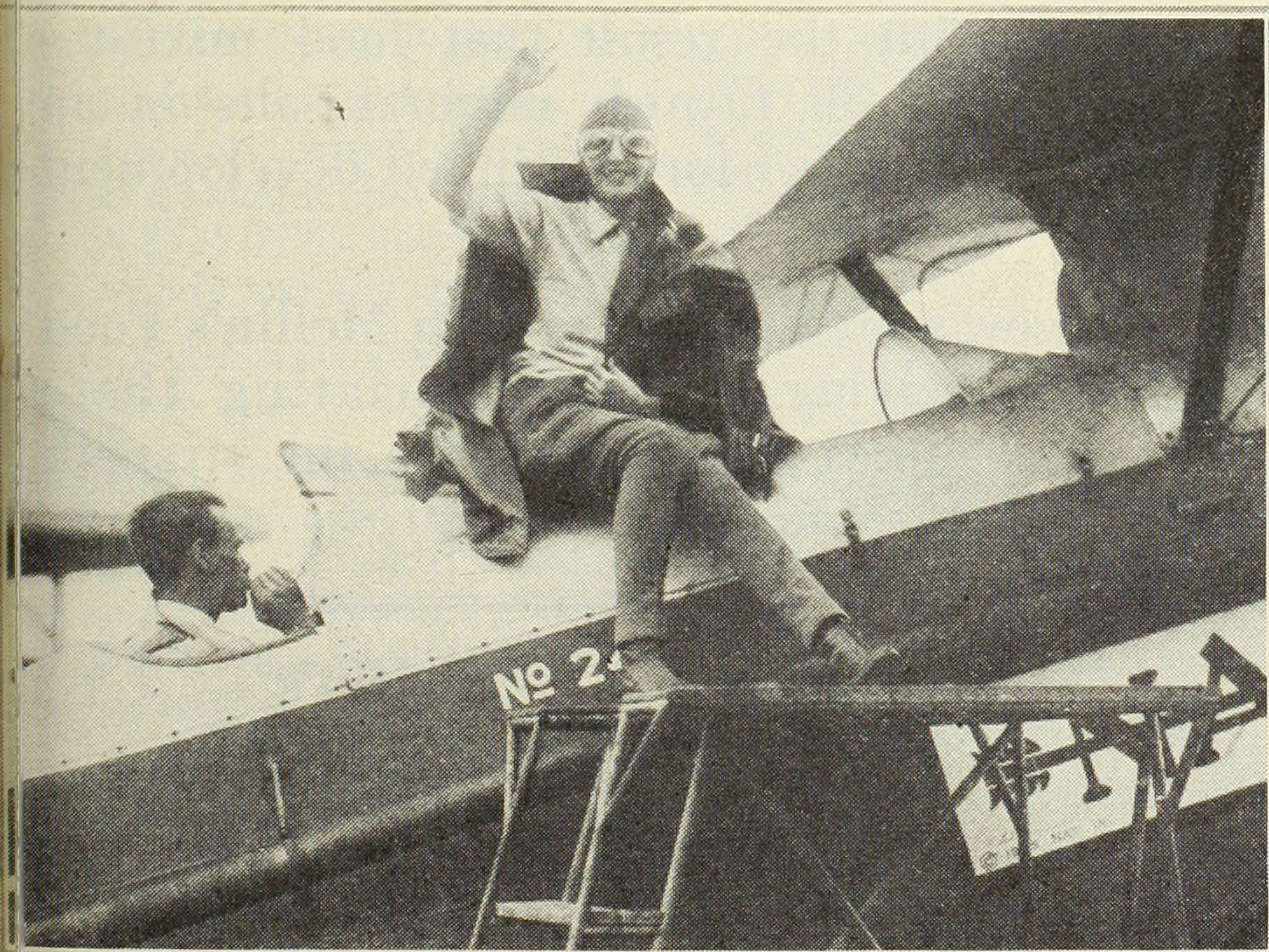
Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. _____

Name _____

St. Address _____

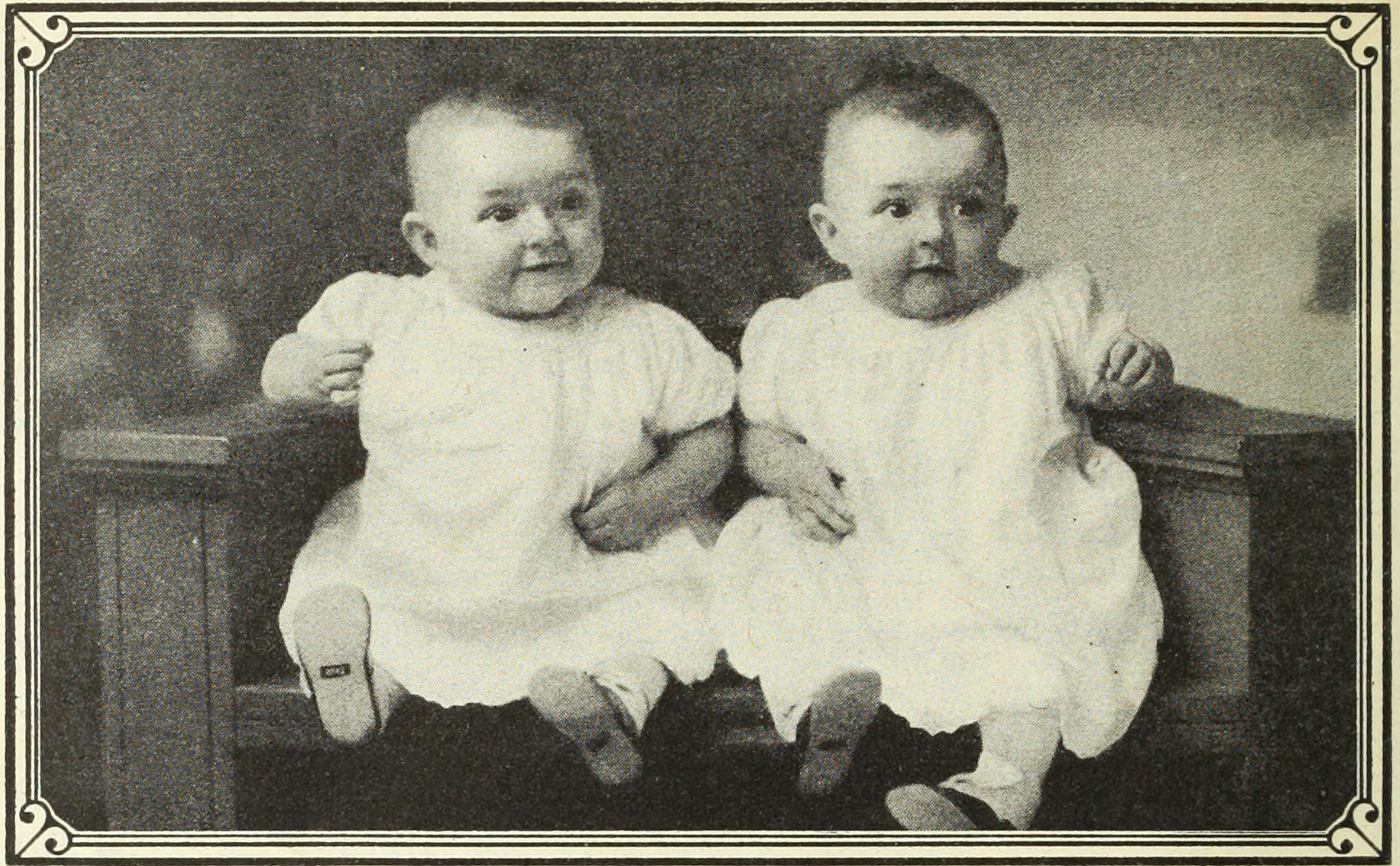
City _____ State _____



International Newsreel

Trains are too tame for Bebe Daniels. When Bebe made a trip to New York recently, she crossed the continent with the air mail. Here she is climbing out of the plane at Hadley Field, New Brunswick, N. J.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Davis Twins, Viroqua, Wisconsin

Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

Building the Framework

In deciding upon the manner of preparing the diet for babies who must be bottle fed it is well to make sure that the material selected will furnish a good supply of mineral salts for building the framework of the body.

Mineral salts derived from wheat and barley are a part of the composition of Mellin's Food and these valuable constituents supplement the salts in cow's milk, with the result that food mixtures prepared from Mellin's Food and milk furnish mineral salts in an amount well calculated to meet every need for continued development of bone structure.

Babies who are fed upon cow's milk modified with Mellin's Food offer trustworthy evidence of receiving and appropriating these essential elements, for they show in every action of life the strength and good health that results from a sound foundation.

Mellin's
Food
Biscuits

Especially suitable
when it becomes time to wean
the baby from the bottle

Mellin's
Food
Biscuits

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

Parents Keep Slender

Youthful figures at all ages now

Need to tell you, if you look about, excess fat is disappearing fast. The term, "Fat and forty" no longer applies to the many. Men and women who are wise keep about as slender as their daughters.

This change has come largely in the last few years. Not by starvation, not by abnormal exercise. A great factor in this is a scientific discovery, now largely employed by physicians. It combats a major cause of obesity. This factor has come into very wide use in late years. If you who suffer excess fat should know the facts about it.



Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very thin, still the fat remained.

When medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

In fat people, it was found, generally derived from an under-active thyroid.

When experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-feeding animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

When thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat the great cause of obesity. Since then,

this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

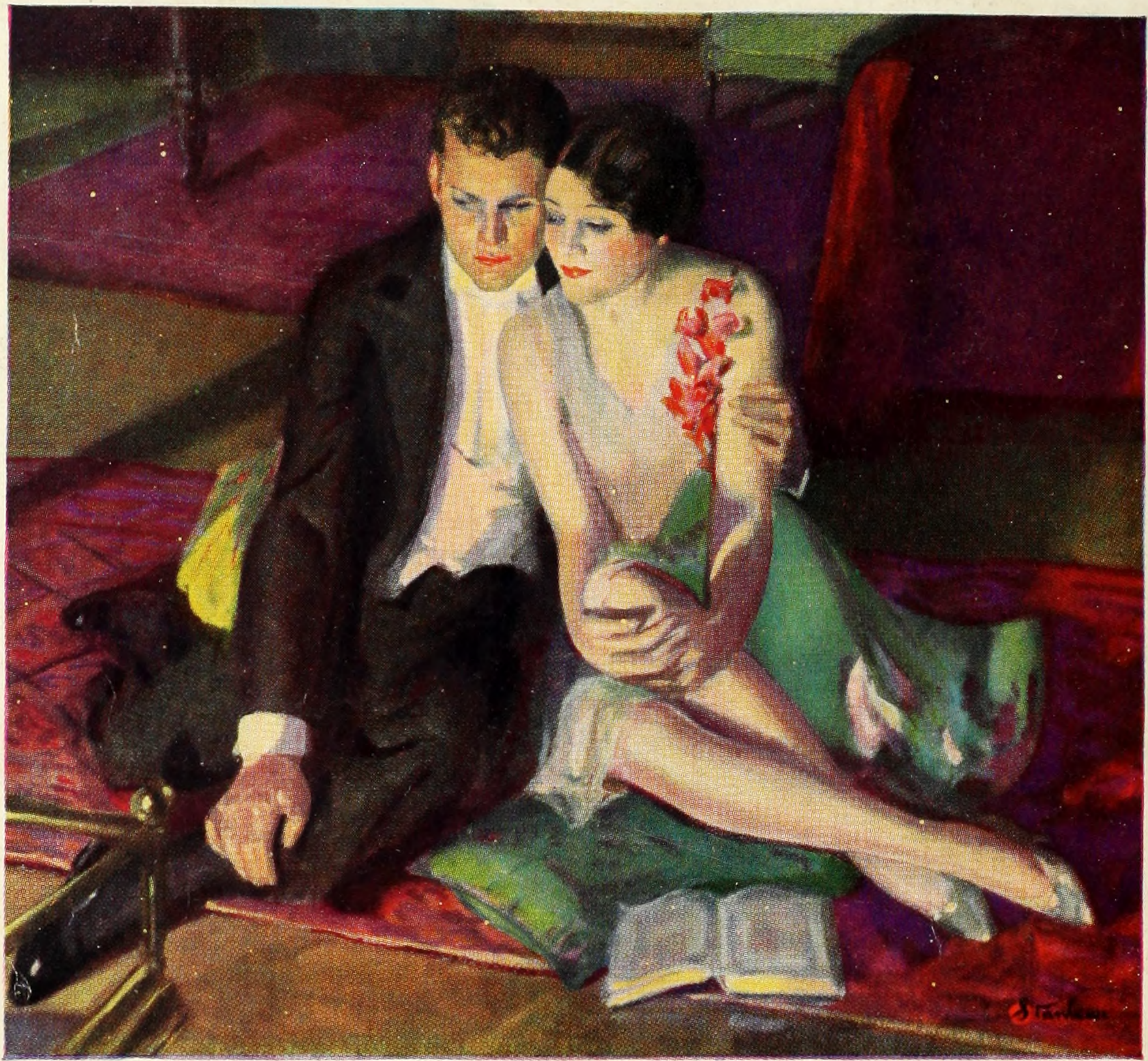
Do the Right Thing

This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

Try a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

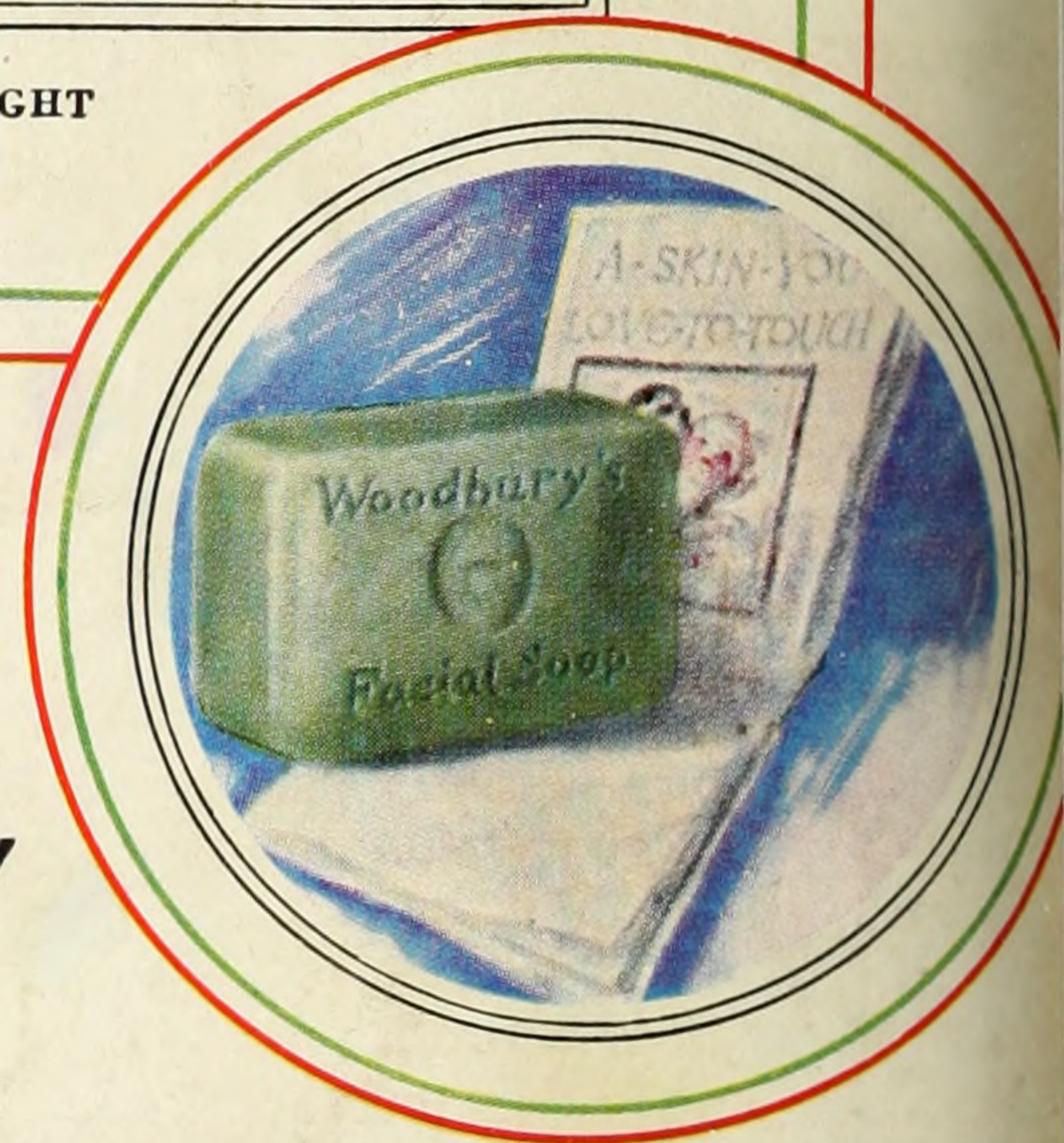
Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The pleasant way to reduce



KEEP YOUR SKIN LOVELY—AND THERE WILL ALWAYS BE THE LIGHT
OF YOUTH IN YOUR FACE!

*To have and to hold
... a Beautiful Skin!*



IS YOUR complexion all that you—and he—could wish? Then care for it as for a priceless possession!

There is a marvelously simple way to keep your beauty—a way thousands of grateful women already know. And even if your skin has “gone off” a bit, this same method will bring it right again.

Ice, hot or warm water, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap a skin specialist prescribed—are all you need, to keep—and to gain—a “skin you love to touch.”

If your skin is normal, there is a

Woodbury treatment that will help you keep the clear, smooth texture you prize.

If your complexion is poor, the chances are you are bothered with one of the six following faults:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>excessive oiliness</i> | <i>sallowness</i> |
| <i>blackheads</i> | <i>dryness</i> |
| <i>blemishes</i> | <i>enlarged pores</i> |

A famous skin specialist has studied these common defects, has formulated special treatments for each—all contained in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's will last you a month or six weeks. Begin, to night, to follow the treatment you need.

Now—the large-size trial set!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., .
2221 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” and instructions for the new complete Woodbury “Facial.” In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2221 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____