

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

MAY  
25 CENTS



*June  
Gollyer*

*This Cover Drawing is  
a Color Chart for Clothes*

## Hollywood's Strangest Marriage

# ASK THE SALESWOMAN IN ANY SMART SHOP

*She will tell you why  
this care makes silk  
stockings look better  
and wear longer...*

You probably wash your stockings shortly after every wearing. (At least, you should!) Doesn't this frequent washing of delicate silken fibers simply cry for extra-care?

The next time you buy silk stockings, ask the saleswoman how to wash them to get the longest wear. She will mention two important precautions — "Lukewarm water" and then — "Ivory Soap." (In the finest department stores of 30 leading cities, 9 out of 10 salespeople advise *only* Ivory for silk stockings.)

## *Why salespeople advise Ivory*

"The wrong soap will often fade, discolor, or weaken stockings. But you can wash any stockings well if you use lukewarm water and the right soap. Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes is best — Ivory is pure." — *Leading New York Store.*

"We never recommend anything but Ivory — other soaps are likely to cut the silk." — *Boston Specialty Shop.*

"Ivory is the best thing to use for silk stockings — best for the color and best for the silk." — *Chicago Department Store.*

Ask the saleswoman yourself. Whether you live as far East as New York or as far



West as San Francisco, you will find Ivory overwhelmingly the first choice among these experts in leading stores. And you will never hear an adverse criticism about Ivory. . . . Instead you will hear: "It is mild." "It is pure." "It is safe." . . .

And, of course, this is quite natural . . . a soap that is safe for a baby's skin is certain to be *extra-safe* for fine silks and woolens.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book, "Thistledown Treasures — their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VV-59, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## IVORY SOAP

99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



...KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

*A recent investigation shows that 9 out of 10 salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities advise only Ivory for silk stockings.*

# Here are the facts

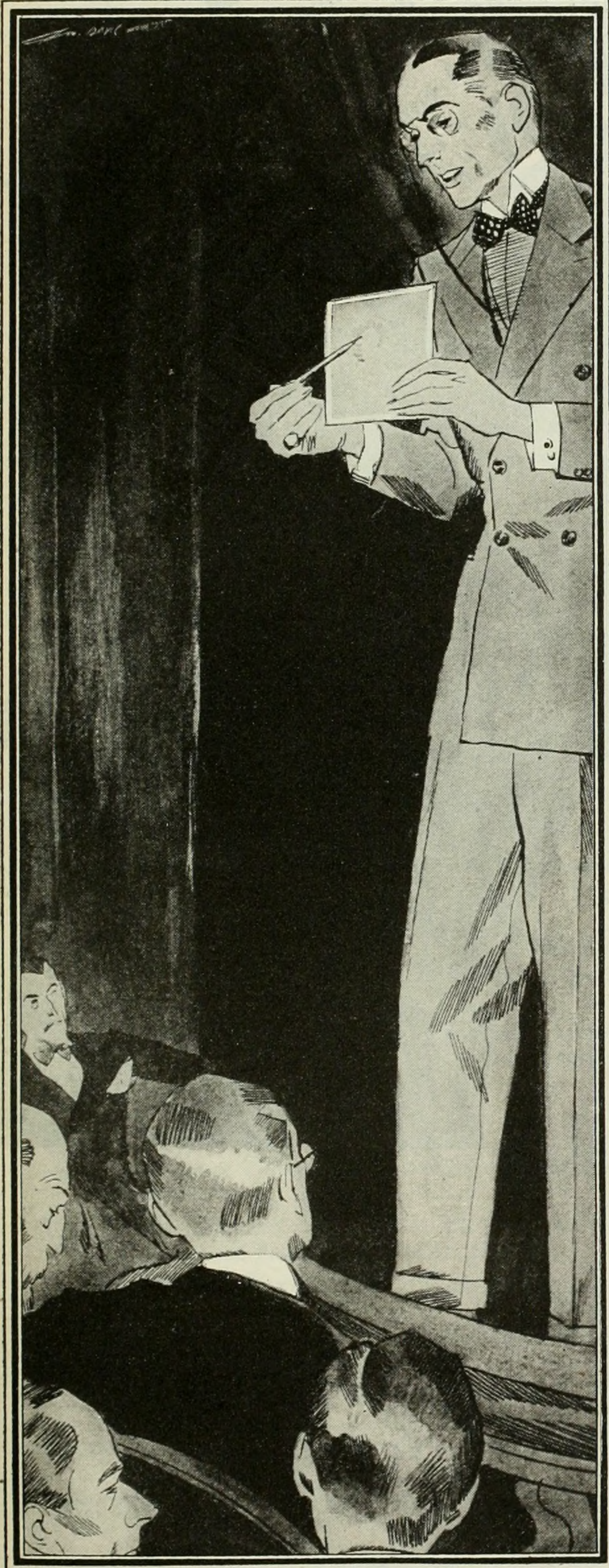
## *boiled down - about troubles of the Gums*

*The CAUSE . . . . Soft food, hasty eating*

*The EFFECT . . . . Tender, bleeding gums*

*The WARNING . . . . "Pink tooth brush"*

*The REMEDY . . . . Ipana and massage*



**QUICKLY** and telegraphically, those four lines above give you the gist of the profession's findings about troubles of the gums.

You might attend dental clinics, study the professional journals, or simply chat things over with your own dentist. However you check up, wherever you seek the facts, you will find authorities agreed on this: the present rise of tooth troubles originating in the gum structure is traceable to these soft, delicious foods that modern taste demands.

*"Take an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets," writes one famous specialist. "If there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook."*

Which is precisely why gum troubles today are almost a national scourge—why X-ray files the country over are becoming crowded with pictures showing the dire results of gum neglect!

For, like any living tissue, the gums need exercise! Deprived of it by modern fare, they grow weak and tender. And teeth become affected—sometimes their loss is threatened.

### *Look out for "pink tooth brush"*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that worse troubles are on the way—gingivitis, Vincent's disease or possibly pyorrhea.

Gum massage is the profession's weapon against "pink tooth brush." *"Massage moves along the sluggish blood stream,"* says a standard text, *"and*



*makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."*

Give your gums this gentle frictionizing twice daily. Speed the rich, cleansing blood through the tiny vessels of the gum walls—wastes are swept away—depleted tissues are restored—pink, healthy gums are yours again!

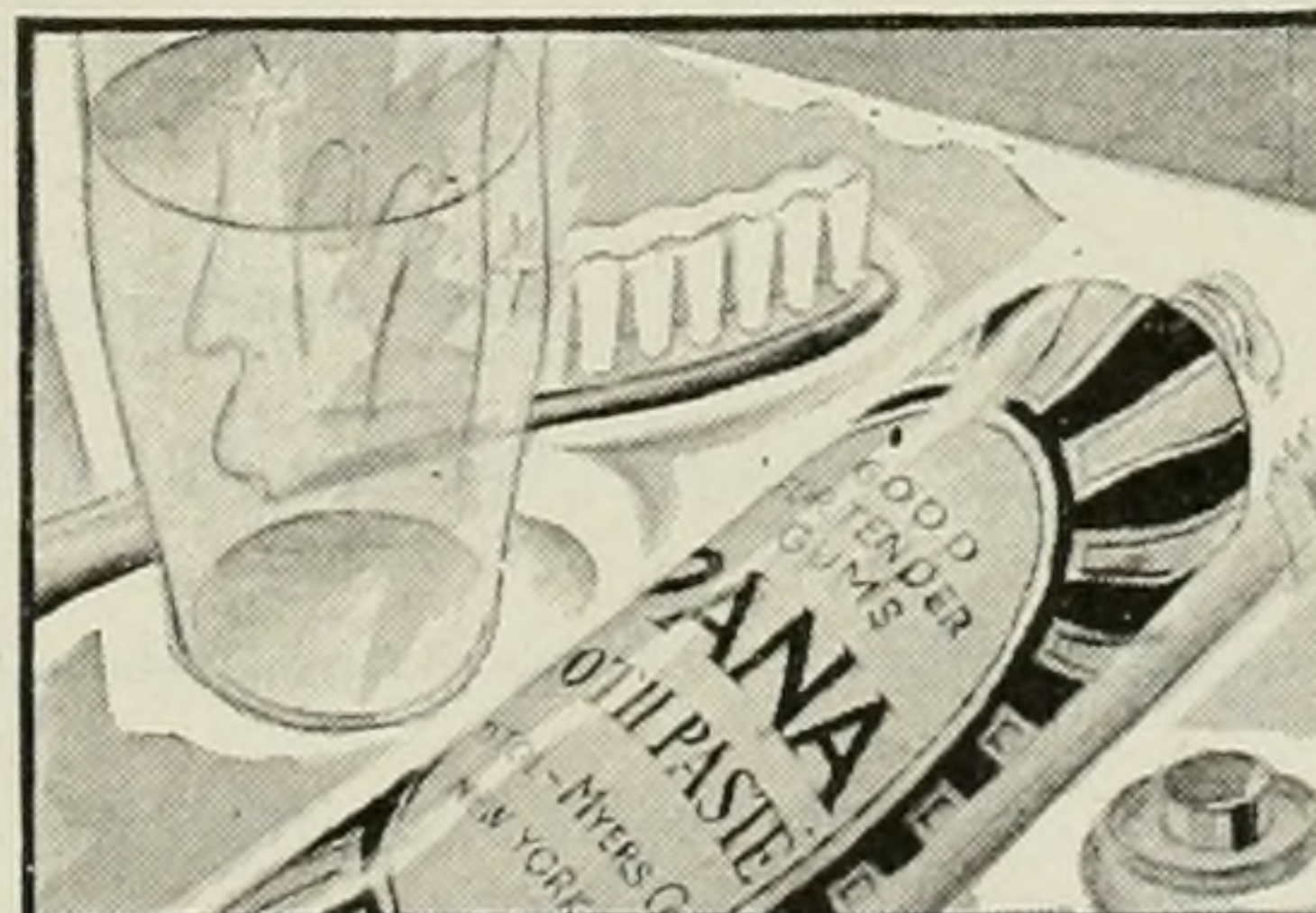
Ipana Tooth Paste has a special ingredient that gives it power to tone the gums as well as clean the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists. So thousands of dentists recommend Ipana for this massage. They know the health it brings to gums as well as the beauty it brings to teeth.

### *Give Ipana a full month's trial*

We will gladly send you a 10-day sample of Ipana. The coupon will bring it, and your first brushful will show you that Ipana has a delicious taste and a remarkable power to brighten and polish your teeth.

But it's better to start at once with a full-size tube from the druggist. It contains over 100 brushings—a much fairer test of Ipana's power to firm up your gums and to improve the health of all your mouth!

© 1929



★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I59  
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.

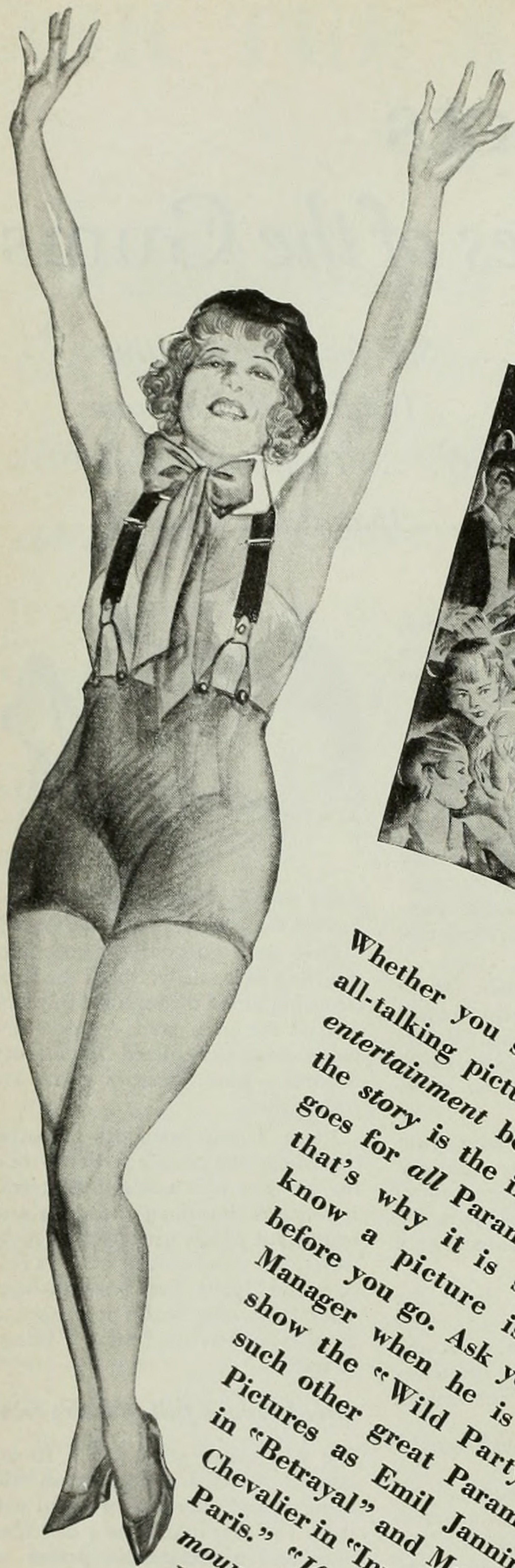
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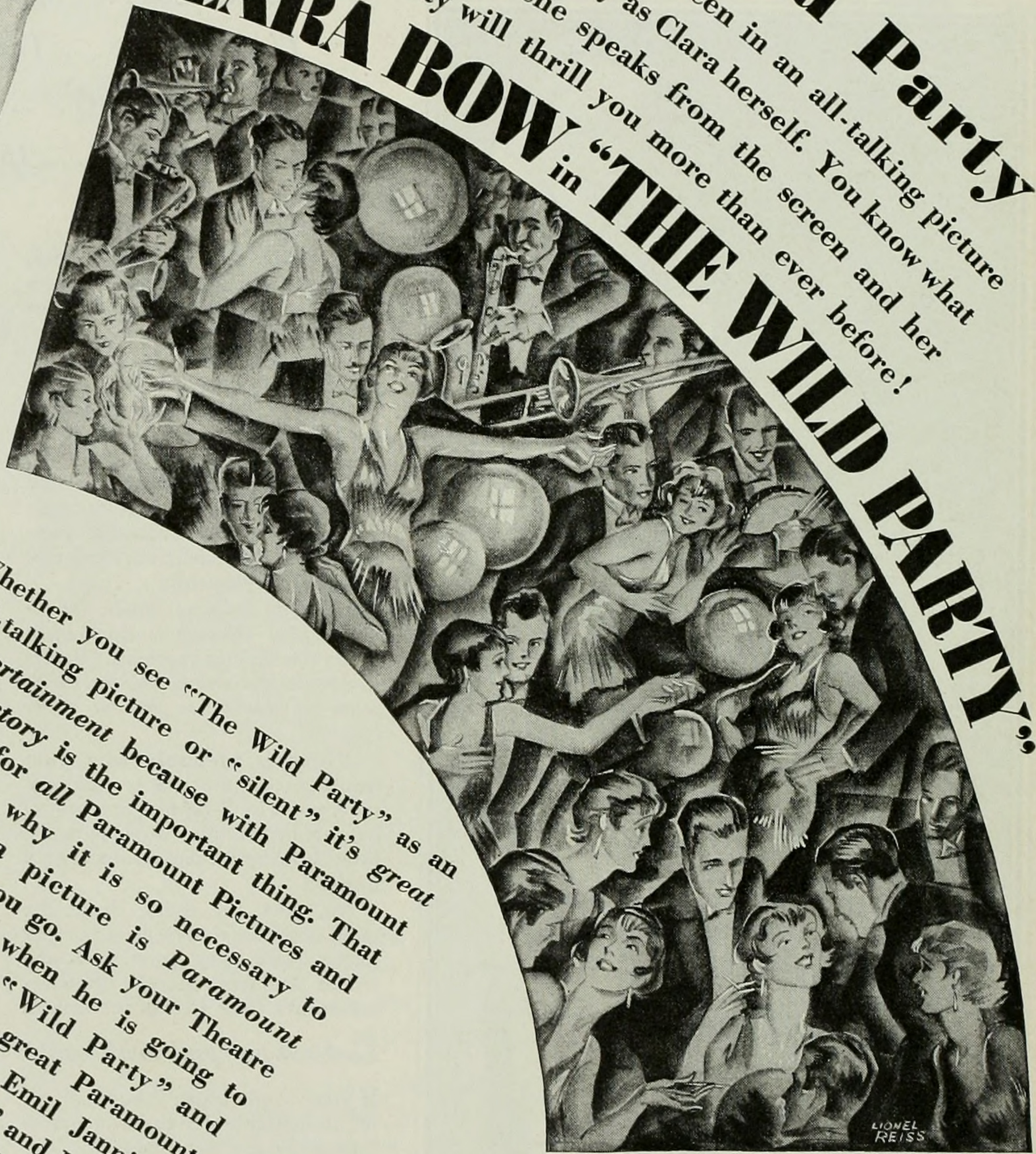
# IPANA Tooth Paste

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



**Come to The Wild Party**  
and hear the wonder girl of the screen in an all-talking picture  
as full of life, youth and vitality as Clara herself. You know what  
"it" is to see her—now she speaks from the screen and her  
magnetic personality will thrill you more than ever before!

**CLARA BOW** in **"THE WILD PARTY"**



Whether you see "The Wild Party" as an  
all-talking picture or "silent" it's *great*  
*entertainment* because with Paramount  
the story is the important thing. That  
goes for *all* Paramount Pictures and  
that's why it is so necessary to  
know a picture is *Paramount*  
before you go. Ask your Theatre  
Manager when he is going to  
show the "Wild Party" and  
such other great Paramount  
Pictures as Emil Jannings  
in "Betrayal" and Maurice  
Chevalier in "Innocents of  
Paris." "If it's a Para-  
mount Picture it's the  
best show in town!"

❖ ❖ ❖  
Paramount Famous  
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Zukor, Pres., Para-  
mount Bldg., N. Y.



**Paramount Pictures**

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

## Contents

For  
May  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 6

### The High-Lights of This Issue

Cover Design June Collyer—Painted from Life	Charles Sheldon	Gossip of All the Studios What the Film Folk Are Doing and Saying	Cal York	48
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures A Guide to Your Evening's Entertainment	6	What Are Your Correct Colors? Hints for the Brown Haired Girl	Laurene Hempstead	53
Brickbats and Bouquets The Voice of the Fan	8	The Shadow Stage Reviews of Latest Silent and Sound Pictures		54
As We Go to Press Last Minute News from East and West	10	The Girl Who Walked Back Otherwise, Bessie Love	Herbert Howe	60
Hollywood Puddings! PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book Tells You How to Make Them	13	That Old Devil, Camera What It Did to Ruth Chatterton	Katherine Albert	65
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems Carolyn Van Wyck PHOTOPLAY'S Personal Service Department	18	Everything, but—(Fiction Story) France Goldwater		68
Close-Ups and Long-Shots The Editor Tells You What's What and Who Without Fear or Favor	James R. Quirk 29	What Happened When the Star Quit the Picture and the Double Had Her Moment		
She Fell in Love with Her Husband Mark Larkin The Amazing Story of the Strangest Romance in Filmland	32	The Big Boy Tells His Story As told to Dorothy Spensley Gary Cooper Comes to Hollywood		70
How They Manage Their Homes Alma Whitaker The First of a Series of Word and Picture Visits to "Cinema Castles"—Pickfair	34	Amateur Movies PHOTOPLAY'S Contest Closes with Many Interesting Entries	Frederick James Smith	72
The All Star Blonde The Hollywood Boulevardier Visits the Celebrated Danish Beauty of Idaho—Jeanette Loff	Herbert Howe 37	Watch Your Diet How to Achieve Beauty of Figure and Complexion Through Health	Dr. H. B. K. Willis	73
The Great Talkie Sleep Test Dr. Leonard Hall The Professor Talks Right Out—Without Orchestra Accompaniment	38	Tips vs. Art The Former Wins—at Least at Henry's	Mark Larkin	74
The Studio Murder Mystery Solution to the Fascinating Thriller of Filmland	The Edingtons 40	Wanted—a New Name for the Talkies Send in Your Suggestion—There's a \$500 Prize for the Best One		76
The Girl From Woolworth's (Fiction Story) Grace Mack What Happened When a Social Lion Tried to Crash the Movie Gate	46	Questions and Answers What You Want to Know About Films and Film Folk	The Answer Man	88
		Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue		152

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 16

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

★ **AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Supreme.—How a collegiate sprinter mops up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. (March.)

**ALL AT SEA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Dane-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. (March.)

**ALL FACES WEST**—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. (April.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**APACHE, THE**—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Baclanova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

**BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES**—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI**—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BLACK HILLS, THE**—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. (March.)

**BLACK PEARL, THE**—Rayart.—Loose-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. (April.)

**BLOCKADE**—FBO.—Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. (March.)

**BLOW FOR BLOW**—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

**BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE**—Sennett-Educational.—One reel talking comedy sad and funny by turns. Eddie Gribbon is best. (April.)

**BROADWAY FEVER**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Sally O'Neil being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. (March.)

★ **BROADWAY MELODY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Brilliant all-talkie of backstage life, with Bessie Love astonishing. (April.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better-than-usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

★ **CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN LASH**—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

★ **CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

**CHARLATAN, THE**—Universal.—Murder mystery done with nice light touch, especially by Holmes Herbert. (April.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CHINA SLAVERS, THE**—Trinity.—Ragged story of the Oriental slave trade, but smartly acted by Sojin. (April.)

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE**—Chesterfield.—Nothing that you could care about in a big way. (March.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEAR THE DECKS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. (March.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE**—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. (March.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT NIGHTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of Jack Gilbert's less fortunate vehicles. (March.)

**DIPLOMATS, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two reel talkie that will give you some laughs. (March.)

★ **DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

★ **DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

★ **DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Barrie's playlet, "Half an Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. (March.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

**DOMESTIC MEDDLERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays *his* piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

**DRIFTER, THE**—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. (March.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

★ **DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law expatriates of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "In Old Arizona"
- "The River"
- "The Canary Murder Case"
- "Wild Orchids"
- "7th Heaven"
- "The Singing Fool"
- "Interference"
- "Mother Knows Best"
- "Street Angel"
- "The Patriot"
- "Four Devils"
- "Wings"

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.

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Talmadge in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)



*Now through the Magic of*

**FOX MOVIE TONE** — Broadway's greatest song and dance entertainment, dazzling with beautiful girls, comes to the screen of your nearest theatre.

**WILLIAM FOX** presents

this gorgeous extravaganza with a conviction that you will await it each year with expectancy. No theatre anywhere can duplicate this unrivalled revue with a brilliant cast of 200 including:

**LOIS MORAN, SUE CAROL, DAVID ROLLINS, SYLVIA FIELD, DAVID PERCY, SHARON LYNN, DOROTHY JORDAN, DIXIE LEE, TILER GIRLS.**

*Music and Lyrics by*

Dave Stamper

Con Conrad

Sid Mitchell

and Archie Gottler

*Story by*

Harlan Thompson

*Produced by*

Marcel Silver

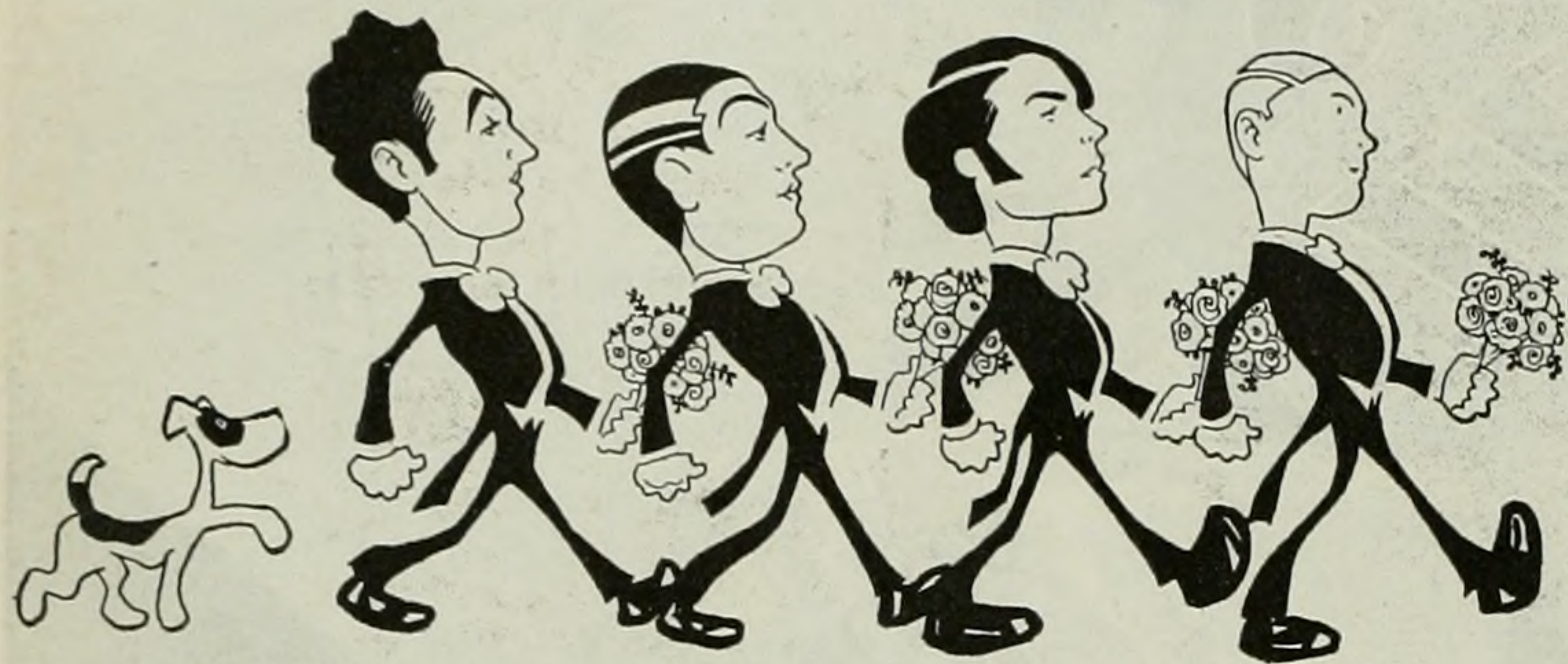
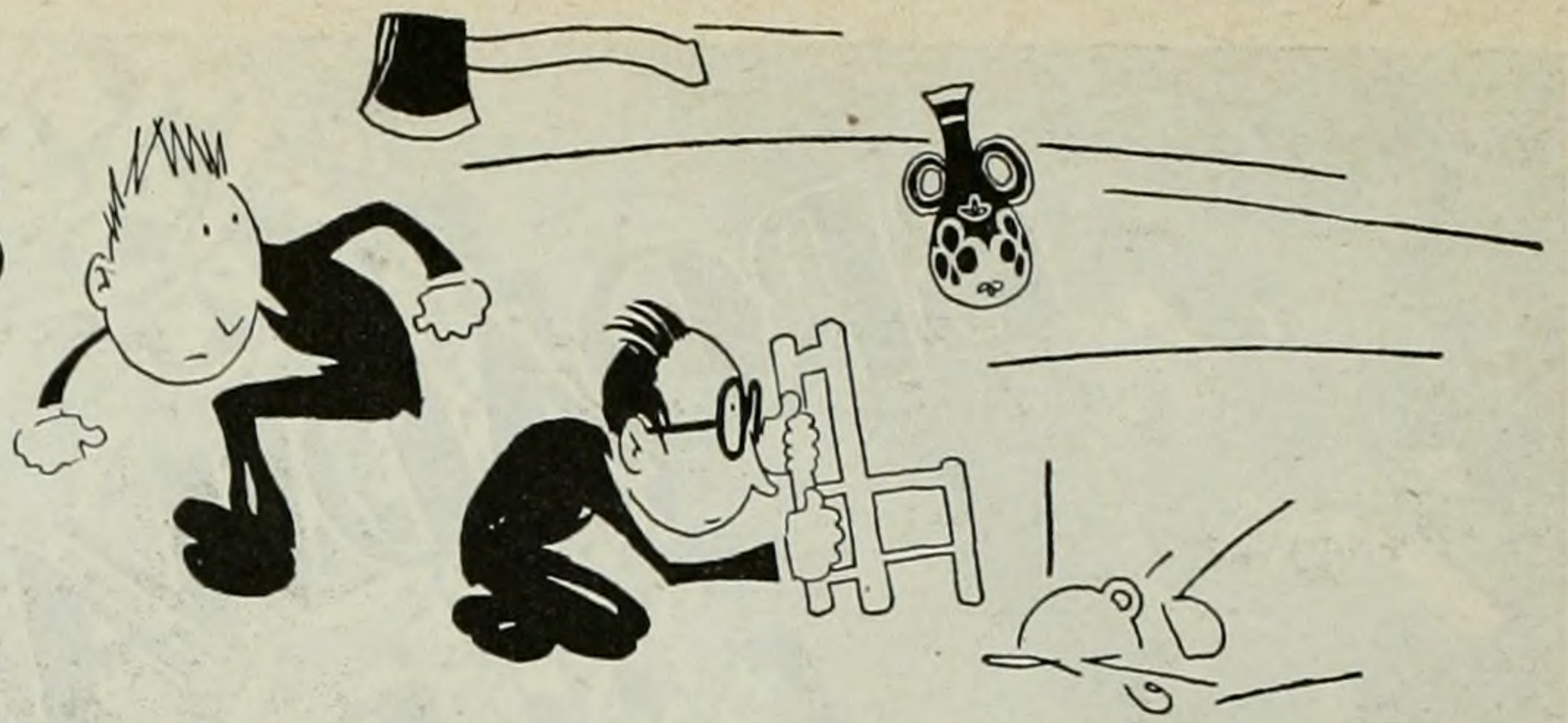
*Staged by*

Edward Royce

# Brickbats

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

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

THE talkies continue to be one of the most discussed subjects of PHOTOPLAY's letter writers. The opinions are many, although most of our correspondents like the old silent films best. Just now PHOTOPLAY's readers seem to be worried a bit as to whether or not they are actually hearing their favorites in song. They know that a lot of voice doubling is being done and they want to be sure that they are really hearing their idols. Knowledge that Dick Barthelmess talked but did NOT sing in "Weary River" upset their faith a bit.

There is a tremendous interest among readers in our now famous "What Are Your Correct Colors?" series. This expert advice on colors seems to be proving of great value and service to PHOTOPLAY's army of followers.

Dr. H. B. K. Willis' department on diet is much discussed by writers. Here is a service feature of vital interest to all feminine readers.

Who are the most discussed personalities? The big six continue to be Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Gary Cooper and Nils Asther.

### \$25.00 Letter

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Movies! a word embodying amusement, education, and happiness. How much this single word means to us—and does for us! How little the majority of us realize what it has done for us—what it is doing—and what it shall do for us!

What has caused this astonishing change in our homes, our dress, and our health? Why have we become more interested in our homes, more particular and painstaking in our dress, and perhaps, most important, why are we so much more considerate of our health?

We have seen beautiful homes in the movies, attractively furnished. We think how lovely it would be to have a home so pleasant, and soon we find ourselves trying to improve our own. Likewise, we try to beautify our appearance, and in order to do so, to improve our health.

But there is another thing we now owe to the movies. The "talkies" will be of greatest aid to the people. Soon we will take more care in expressing ourselves clearly and impressively. We will improve our speech as we have our appearance, our home, and our health.

The movies are urging us up out of vulgarity.

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.

They are bringing to the people culture, a virtue before considered as impossible for all to obtain.

MARJORIE YOUNG.

### \$10.00 Letter

Cragmor, Colorado.

I am an ordained Minister. The last two years of my life have been spent in a Sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis. Every Monday night the patients are treated to a movie show in the large dining room of the main building.

I suppose our audience is one of the strangest in the world. There can be found people from every walk of life. There is the scientist, the artist, the professional man, the common laborer and the idler. They come in their beds wheeled in by a house-man, in wheel chairs and reclining rest chairs. There for two hours we forget the tragedy of illness and suffering and sorrow surrounding us and lose ourselves in the play.

While we are just on the outskirts of a thriving city of about thirty thousand population where are many churches and consequently many Ministers, in the two years I have been here there has been but one religious service. While it is not my object to disparage the church I do wish to give credit where I feel it is due.

The Motion Picture show most certainly supplies a very definite want in the lives of

the people here; a want that can be hardly understood by those who have never been isolated from the activity of the world. We who of a necessity must be inactive derive a lasting benefit from the action in our picture shows. They enable us to keep abreast of the things going on in the world.

V. E. TYGART.

### \$5.00 Letter

Northwood, N. D.

What ails the moving picture producers these days? They fall all over themselves hunting for new faces. Who wants to sit through a picture and see some unknown youngster struggle through six reels in the star part and mess up the whole picture horribly? I don't.

What do these young things know about acting anyhow? Practically nothing. That being the case why shove a green youngster up to the top and push better and more experienced screen folks into the background? A few of the youngsters are worth while. Take "Buddy" Rogers, for instance. He has made his place in the movie world and I believe he has the ability to hold that place indefinitely. But for every one that is good there are about four who are all wet as far as acting ability goes. The producers seem bent on adding new faces to the screen regardless of whether the owner of the pretty face can act or not. Is that fair to the folks who have worked hard to win their place in the hearts of the movie going public? Is it fair to the public in general? Let us have the stars we know and love in better pictures, with an occasional new face, and we will be satisfied.

I believe in giving the youngsters a chance but start them at the bottom and let them work up the same as in any other business. Then by the time they get a leading part they will know how to handle it.

PINA BROWN.

## What Are Morals?

Kansas City, Missouri.

This Movie Censorship! Up to this month I laughed, but now I am disgusted. I have two concrete examples: the censoring of "The Green Hat," and the lack of it in "The Barker." The first, unadulterated, could never have attained the frankness of the latter. Not that I did not enjoy "The Barker." I

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 94 ]





Everybody's  
Talking

Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.

Large Tube  
25¢

# This antiseptic shampoo gets rid of dandruff quickly

**B**E on guard against dandruff. Don't let it get the upper hand. Treat it immediately with Listerine as a precaution against thin hair and baldness.

Literally tens of thousands have been benefited by this simple pleasant treatment.

Once you realize that dandruff is a highly infectious condition caused by germs, you can appreciate the effectiveness of full strength Listerine in checking it.

Because used this way, Listerine is an effective germicide—so active it even destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

We could not make such a statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Though powerful, Listerine, at the same time, is so safe, that it will not harm the tenderest tissues. Indeed, it has a soothing effect. Actually balm to burning, itching scalps. After a Listerine treatment your head feels simply great.

At the first sign of dandruff, simply douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously, keeping the treatment up several days. If scalp is excessively dry a little castor or olive oil may be used in connection with the shampoo. It is the combination of antiseptic and massage that does the work. You will simply be delighted by results. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

# LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

*kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*

# As We Go to PRESS

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**P**HYLLIS HAVER is going to step off the deep end into matrimony about April 23. Place—New York. Party second part—Billy Seaman. He has built her a beautiful pent-house home on the summit of a 16-story building. . . . Nils Asther will be Garbo's leading woman in her first picture after her Swedish holiday. The Gilbert-Garbo picture team seems to be cold at present, but personally, just as warm as ever. . . . Harry Carey, the famous Western star veteran, will have the name rôle in "Trader Horn." He joins Director Van Dyke, Edwina Booth, Duncan Ronaldo and others in New York and then sets sail for Africa. . . . Bryant Washburn and Dahlia Pears, of Toronto, are married. The first Mrs. Washburn, Mabel Forrest, recently got her final decree. . . . Estelle Taylor, holidaying in the East, decided to go to work in New York. Tiffany-Stahl offered her a lot of money to play opposite George Jessel in his new talkie-singie, "The Broadway Kid." It will be Estelle's first talking rôle. . . . May McAvoy says she will marry Maurice Cleary in June, but that she will not retire from the screen. . . . Doug and Mary start "The Taming of the Shrew" about June 1. This is their answer to the public's prayer that they be seen together in one picture. Mary celebrated their wedding anniversary March 27 by opening "Coquette" at the United Artists Theater, Los Angeles. Now Colleen Moore is going to sing, the occasion being her new picture, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," founded on the pretty ballad by the late Ernest R. Ball. Colleen has been taking vocal lessons for six months and pooh-poohs the idea of a voice double. James Hall is her leading man in the new one. Incidentally, Colleen and her husband open their new mansion in May with a house-warming that will show off the electric clock and all her other trick gadgets. . . . Billy Bakewell, who played dual rôles in Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask," has been signed by Warner Brothers for four films. . . . And Hoot Gibson has signed with Universal for another year. . . . Jean Hersholt is through at Universal and has no plans at the moment of screaming to press. . . . Dick Barthelmess, who is busy on "Drag," after a Mexican holiday, says the Rebels took one good look at him and began fighting. Alice Day gets a big chance as Dick's leading lady in the new one. . . . Tommy Meighan has completed his first talkie, "The Argyle Case," for Warners, and goes to New York

late in April. He will spend some time at White Sulphur Springs before opening his home at Great Neck, L. I. . . . Sally Blane, RKO baby star, threatens to become engaged to Tommy Lee, the son of Hollywood's big Cadillac man. . . . Bebe Daniels may be starring for that company very soon, for

heavy confabs heading that way have been in progress for some time. . . . And Olive Borden is already starring in their first talkie, "Help Yourself to Happiness." . . . Charlie Chaplin, after shooting about 60,000 feet of "City Light," ordered about half of it retaken because a sidewalk on the set was about a foot and a half too wide. Just another eccentricity of genius. . . . Walter Byron, who was once reported engaged to Carolyn Bishop, Gene Tunney's former girl friend, is now being seen at the soda water bars with Isobel Sheridan, Mary Pickford's cousin. Isobel is visible in pictures, once in a while. . . . Lon Chaney is back in Hollywood winding up shooting on "Thunder." He and his troupe were on location at Green Bay, Wis., for some time. . . . Those other wanderers, Dolores Del Rio's company, have come back from a long, trying location trip among the bayous of Louisiana, where they were making scenes for "Evangeline" on the real ground. . . . Ina Claire, the lovely stage star, has arrived in Hollywood to start her first talking picture for Pathe. She made many pictures some years ago. . . . Mary Duncan has been paying her first visit to New York since she left "The Shanghai Gesture" to go into pictures. She'll be back in Hollywood by May. . . . Gloria Swanson at last got started on the dialogue version of "Queen Kelly," with Paul Stein directing. He's the third megaphone man on that job, the first two having been Erich von Stroheim and Edmund Goulding. Gloria has just completed a new six-room studio bungalow, with a black and silver bed on a mezzanine floor, and a bathroom with black tub, black floor and green walls. . . . Clara Bow came home, after a visit to New York incognito, to begin work on a circus picture, and Maurice Chevalier, the French star, will be in Hollywood in time to start his second American picture by May 1. He has been a great stage favorite in New York. . . . April 15 will see Moran and Mack, the blackface buffoons, hard at their picture work, with Betty Brent supporting. . . . Metro-Goldwyn threatens to remake "Anna Christie," this time with talk. It is rumored that Blanche Sweet, who was marvelous in First National's silent version, will get the chance to speak Eugene O'Neill's lines. . . . Johnny Mack Brown, after glorifying himself in "Coquette," is back on the Metro lot waiting for an assignment. . . . Tim McCoy has given up the screen. His pals are grooming him to run for the governorship of Wyoming.



Edwina Booth gets the coveted rôle of the white girl worshipped by African savages in Metro-Goldwyn's filming of "Trader Horn." Edwina is a former bathing girl of the Hal Roach forces and for a long time has played bits in Metro pictures. She hails from Utah and her father is a physician. She got the part because she had (real) long blonde hair. The company had to have a leading woman with genuine tresses because the heat of the tropics would ruin a wig

# To the public... a "secret"

This is the first time any gum manufacturer has ever revealed the ingredients of his product to the public. I do it largely as a matter of personal pride, I'll admit. I'm proud of the purity and quality of Baby Ruth Gum. Here's what Baby Ruth Gum is made of: pure *chicle*, from Central America. Full-cream *milk*. Pure *cane sugar*. Finest

*peppermint* money can buy—lots of it! There you have the secret of its cool, refreshing flavor—the real mint flavor that you can't chew out. That is why it sweetens the breath, aids digestion, so effectively. And that is why it is sweeping the country with unprecedented popularity. Try Baby Ruth Gum today. I'm sure you will be delighted!

*Otto Schmorring*

PRESIDENT

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and

Chicos, the New Spanish Peanuts

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**Real  
Mint**

**YOU CAN'T  
CHEW OUT  
ITS FLAVOR**

EVERY DAY KEEP

# FIT

AND

# PEPPY

*by eating these* **BETTER BRAN FLAKES**

FOR your health's sake—for real pleasure in eating—help yourself to Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

These better bran flakes have flavor that you never dreamed could be so delicious! Extra crispness that makes each spoonful a treat! Natural qualities that help keep you fit.

PEP gives these bran flakes their *better* flavor. The healthful elements of the wheat make them nourishing. Just enough *extra* bran to be mildly laxative.

Everybody likes Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Just watch the children eat them. For their luncheon or evening meal you couldn't give them a finer dish.

Your grocer has these better bran flakes. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.



# Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES  
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT



**BETTER  
BRAN FLAKES**

# Hollywood Puddings!



## Jobyna stirs one—and that's Dick's weakness now

**N**OW that winter is just a memory and we are tired of the heavier, heat-producing foods, let's make a pudding. A light, frothy pudding, in keeping with springtime moods and tastes.

Jobyna Ralston has contributed one of those easy-to-make and delightful-to-eat brown tapioca puddings for PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. The children will adore it—it's the kind of dessert that's both good, and good for them.

First you add two-thirds cup of ordinary tapioca to one quart

of water, letting it soak for an hour. Then add two and two-thirds cups of brown sugar, one cup of finely chopped nuts, and just a pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly and cook in a slow oven until thick, being careful to stir it often. Cool in icebox and serve with whipped cream.

The busy housewife will appreciate the fact that this dessert can be made early in the day and left in the icebox until needed.

Richard Arlen's favorite is Peach Cabinet Pudding, so it is safe to assume this is the one served oftenest at the Arlen table. This is a much fancier recipe than Jobyna's and is suitable for quite a formal dinner. You will need the following ingredients:

<i>1 can peaches</i>	<i>Yolks 3 eggs</i>
<i>1/3 cup powdered sugar</i>	<i>Whites 3 eggs</i>
<i>2 tablespoons sherry flavoring</i>	<i>1/4 cup sugar</i>
<i>1 tablespoon brandy flavoring</i>	<i>1/8 teaspoon salt</i>
<i>2 cups milk</i>	<i>1 1/2 tablespoons granulated gelatine</i>
	<i>2 tablespoons cold water</i>

Drain the peaches and cut in quarters. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and pour the flavoring over them.

Then make a custard of the milk, egg yolks, sugar and salt, and just before removing from fire add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Strain this, and when slightly cooled, add the liquor drained from the peaches. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken. Then add whites of eggs beaten stiff.

Line a mould with the peaches, pour in the custard, and chill.

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.

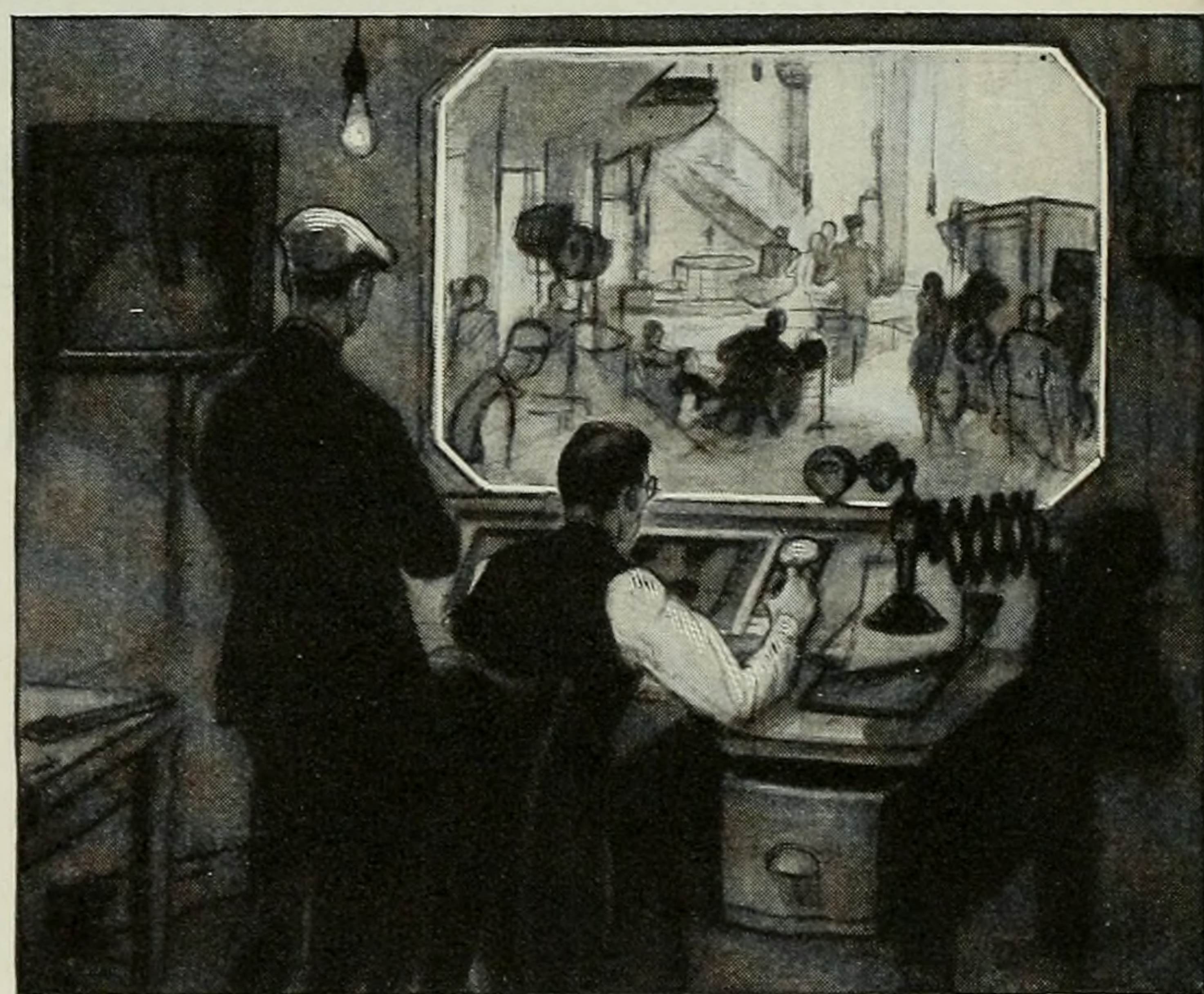
# SOUND PICTURES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ a product of the



*When it is a Sound Picture the director discards his megaphone. The sensitive microphone must not pick up even a whisper to interfere with the sound in the action.*

**W**estern Electric, working with producers and exhibitors, has made possible a new art of entertainment



*The monitor, operating delicate apparatus, controls the volume of sound from actors or orchestra and sound machines.*

Out of a half century's experience, engineers in the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system, which embraces both Vitaphone and Movietone, has been adopted as standard by the country's leading motion picture producers.

These producers, on their part, have had to create

a new studio technique to introduce desired sounds into the picture and to keep undesired sounds out.

And exhibitors in more than two thousand theatres have shown characteristic eagerness to serve their public by equipping their houses with the Western Electric sound system. Science, art and business, working shoulder to shoulder have accomplished it.



# Telephone



Yesterday's  
dream is  
today's fact / / /

**M**OVING pictures with sound are here! This new, popular entertainment made possible by Western Electric is less than three years old, but already it has taken such strides as to make certain of continuing development and wide application.

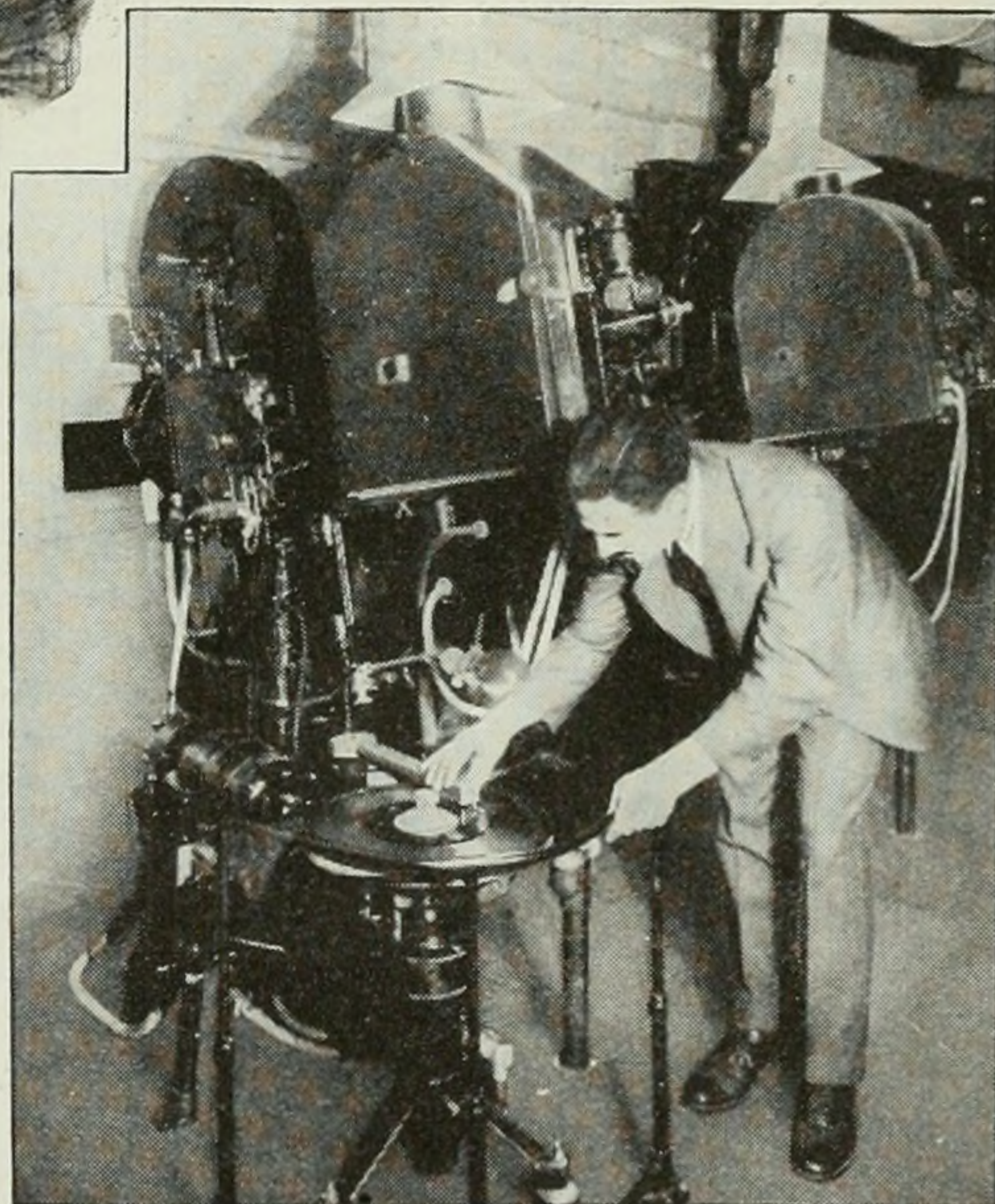
Hear leading stars of motion pictures, opera, concert and stage in lifelike renderings when you see them on the screen.

Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

Hear intelligent orchestral accompaniment to feature pictures—played from the screen.

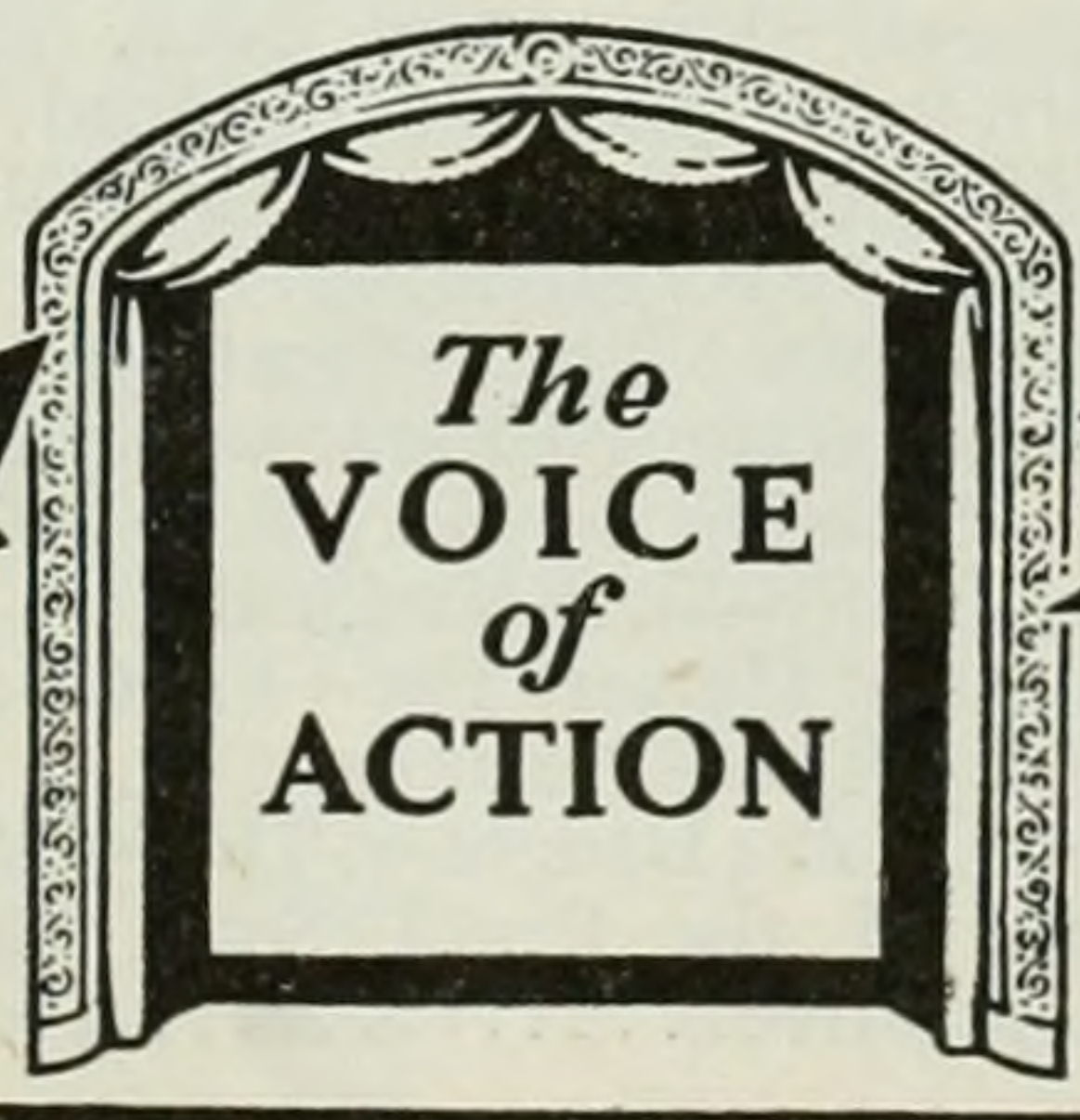
Hear the actual roar of the airplane, the thunder of galloping hoofs, the scream of the locomotive's whistle.

What was yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.



Even in the theatre projection booth, Sound Pictures have brought a new technique, which Western Electric equipment serves.

# Western SOUND



# Electric SYSTEM

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]



**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!*

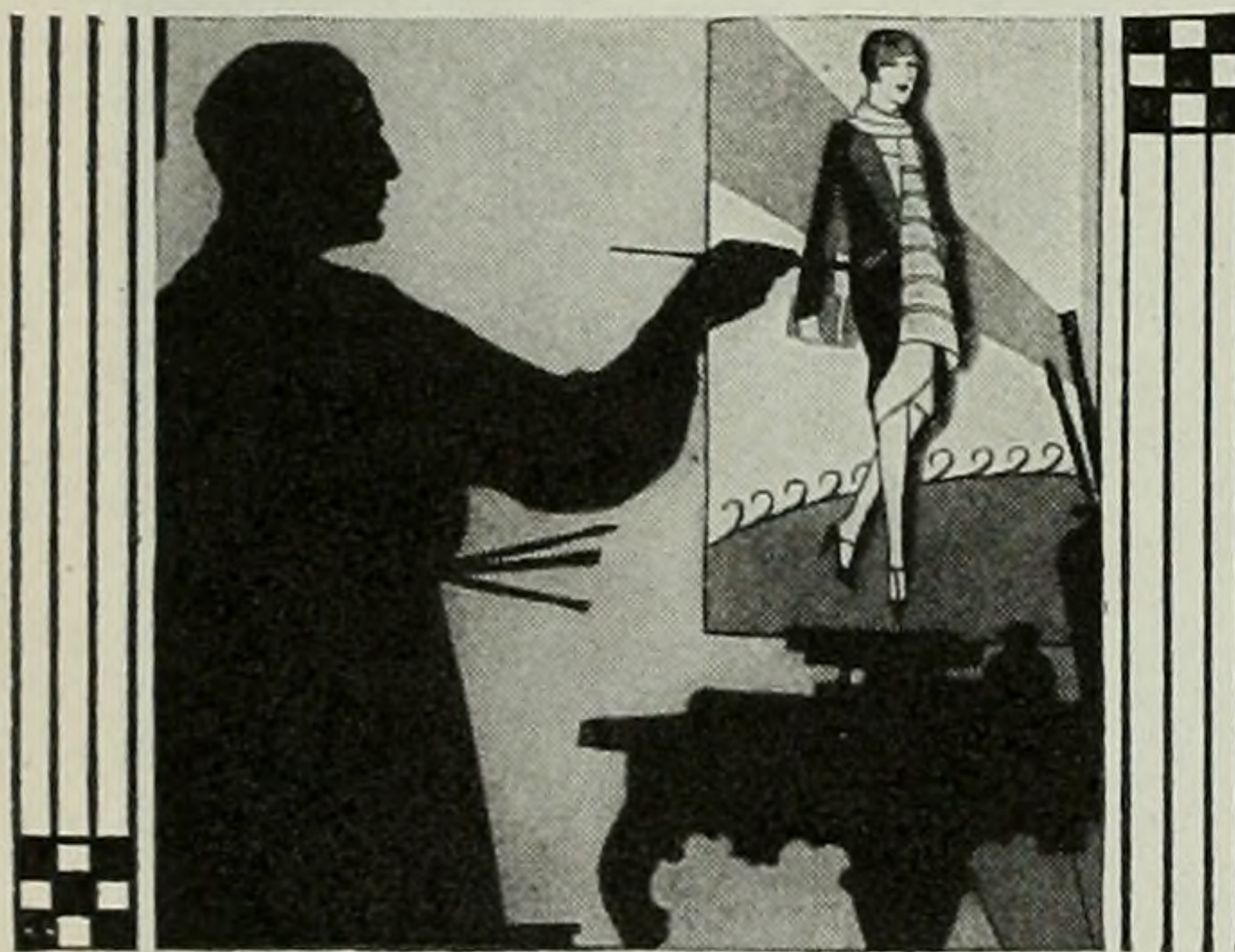
Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no where else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

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.

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★ **DUMMY, THE**—Paramount.—In this excellent all-talking crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—ZaSu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—steal honors from a lot of stage stars. (April.)

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

**ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE**—Coronet-Educational.—A clever little dress-suit comedy in one reel, with Edward Everett Horton fine. (April.)

**ETERNAL LOVE**—United Artists.—John Profile Barrymore and Camilla Horn get romantic in the Swiss Alps. (April.)

**EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER**—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

**FAKER, THE**—Columbia.—Well done expose of spiritualistic charlatans, with Warner Oland fine as the phoney spook-chaser. (April.)

**FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

**FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

**FLOATING COLLEGE, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Based on one of those university cruises, this picture had possibilities that aren't realized. (March.)

**FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE**—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

★ **FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

★ **FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**FUGITIVES**—Fox.—Conventional story of a wronged girl and a Horatio Alger district attorney. (March.)

**FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

**GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

**GHOST TALKS, THE**—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GIRLS WHO DARE**—Trinity.— Sleuths fail to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after this one? (April.)

**GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telegraph line. You know the rest. (March.)

**GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

**GUN RUNNER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

**HARDBOILED**—FBO.—Hackneyed story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O'Neil and Donald Reed. (April.)

**HARVEST OF HATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

**HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

**HAUNTED LADY, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. (April.)

**HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

★ **HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN**—First National.—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill make this melodrama worth your attention. With sound and talk. (March.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS LUCKY DAY**—Universal.—Another flimsy story for Reggy Denny, with the star a dizzy realtor. (April.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

★ **HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HONEYMOON ABROAD**—World Wide Pictures.—Monty Banks in a spotty comedy made in London and Paris. (April.)

**HOUSE OF SHAME, THE**—Chesterfield.—Domestic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

**HUNTINGTOWER**—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

**I FORBID**—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Kosher film of breaking hearts. (November.)

**IN HOLLAND**—Fox Movietone.—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCullough. (April.)

★ **IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 143 ]

## 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
Alibi—United Artists.....	56	Mysterious Island, The—M.-G.-M.....	54
Behind Closed Doors—Columbia.....	57	Navajo—Goodwill.....	108
Betrayal—Paramount.....	55	Peacock Fan, The—Chesterfield.....	108
Born to the Saddle—Universal.....	108	Royal Rider, The—First National.....	108
Bridge of San Luis Rey, The—M.-G.-M.	56	Shanghai Rose—Rayart.....	57
Brothers—Rayart.....	108	Sideshow, The—Columbia.....	57
Chinatown Nights—Paramount.....	56	Sonny Boy—Warners.....	56
Close Harmony—Paramount.....	54	Speakeasy—Fox.....	55
Hearts in Dixie—Fox.....	55	This Is Heaven—Goldwyn-United Artists.....	56
Hot Stuff—First National.....	56	Trail of the Horse Thieves, The—FBO..	108
House of Horror, The—First National.	57	Voice of the Storm, The—FBO.....	108
Letter, The—Paramount.....	54	When Dreams Come True—Rayart...	108
Lone Wolf's Daughter, The—Columbia.	57	Winged Horseman, The—Universal....	57
Lure of the South Seas, The—Co-operative.....	108	Woman I Love, The—FBO.....	108



**We told you  
to prepare  
for the best  
and**

**NOW  
Here  
it is!**

**A film whose  
greatness  
has taken  
Los Angeles  
by storm at  
its brilliant  
World  
Premiere.**

**It will come  
to your city  
SOON!**

**"A superfilm**

**ranking with the**

**red-letter products**

**of the industry!"** Los Angeles  
EVENING  
PRESS

**Read!  
Read!  
Read!**

"All Los Angeles flanked the scene with popping eyes. The most ambitious effort of Frank Lloyd since his memorable "The Sea Hawk." Excels that picture in spectacular elements. One of the best examples of the new art of synchronization."—*Los Angeles Evening Press.*

"One of the most picturesque films of the year. No set has been more artistically designed or photographed. Miss Griffith sings several songs and very prettily."—*Los Angeles Evening Herald.*

"If Lady Hamilton were half as lovely as Corinne Griffith you couldn't blame Lord Nelson for being willing to sacrifice fame, wife and all else for her."—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

"Lovely beyond comparison in its embellishments of setting and costume."—*Los Angeles Times.*

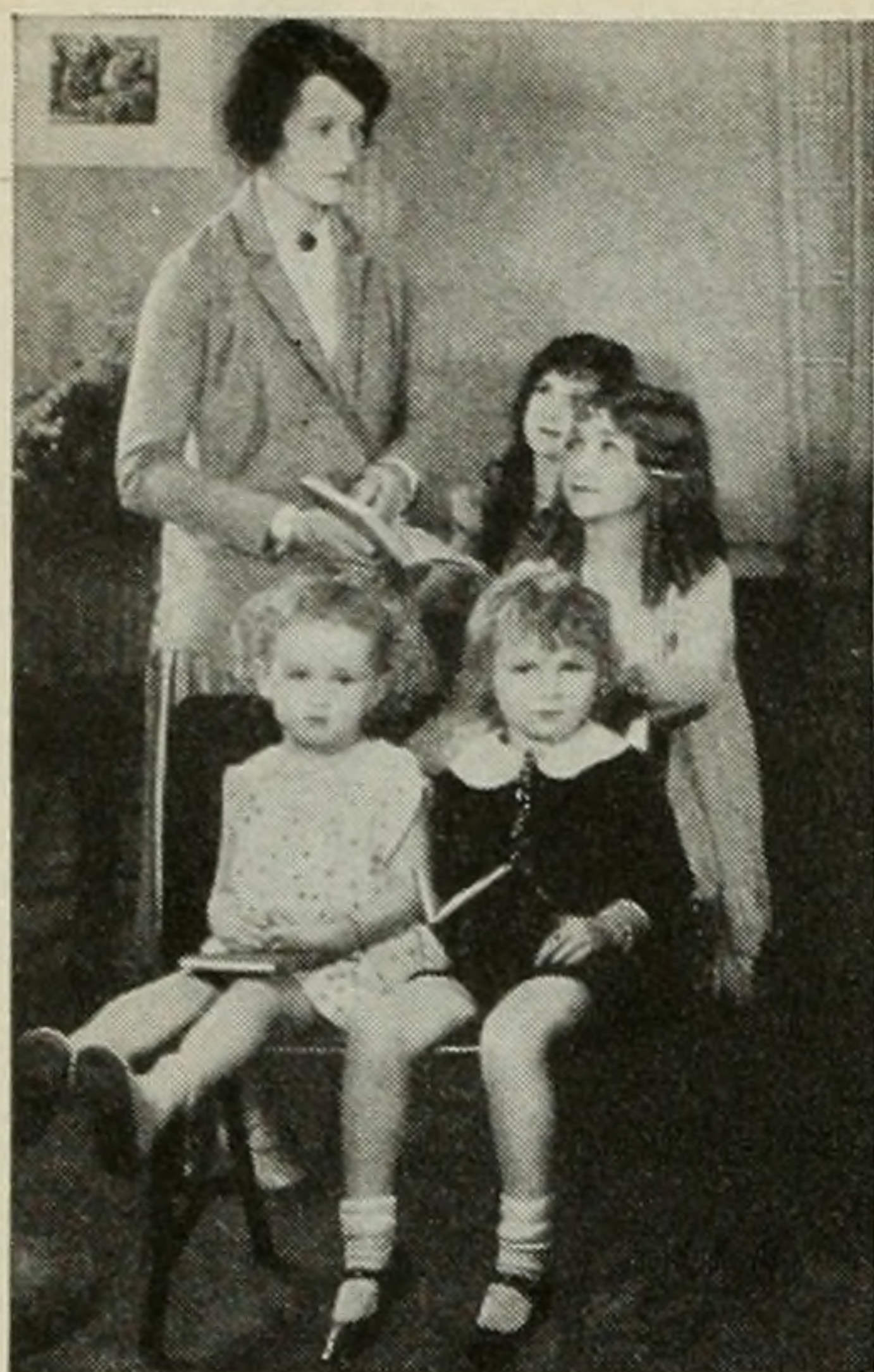


**in**  
**Corinne Griffith**  
**in**  
**THE DIVINE LADY**



*Every picture a  
"Double Feature"*

With H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Victor Varconi, Marie Dressler, Montagu Love. From E. Barrington's famous best-seller A Frank Lloyd Production. Presented by Richard A. Rowland. Musical scores and effects by the Vitaphone Music Masters.



Teacher, housewife, office worker, beauty specialist, nurse, actress, journalist, saleswoman—these are just a few of the careers which women follow so successfully. How shall a girl choose wisely from such a tempting and varied list?

## Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls' Problems

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

More than anything else in the world I want to be a movie actress. I feel sure I would be successful because I have always done well in amateur theatricals. I am attractive looking and my features photograph well. My health is good, and I have a small nest-egg to tide me over until I begin to earn.

My parents think I should enter a business office and be a secretary. I took a stenographic course at high school and could easily brush up on my speed. But how can I become interested in business when in my heart there is just one career I long for? I know it isn't all glamour and that acting isn't easy, but I would be satisfied with even a small success.

My folks think that if I fail I will come home discontented, with warped views about life. I'm old enough to take care of myself and I wouldn't be afraid of hard work and loneliness, and even deprivation. Don't you think I should have my chance?

HORTENSE M.

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

My father is a physician on the staff of a city hospital. He never had a son to follow in his footsteps, but all his life he has hoped I would take up nursing when I was old enough to choose a profession. And I know I am disappointing him cruelly by planning to enter a normal school to begin my training as a teacher.

But, Mrs. Van Wyck, proud as I am of my father's fine work, I don't feel I am suited to the exacting demands of a nurse's life. I have been brought up in the atmosphere of hospitals and doctors and I want to get away from it now. I would like to get into a small town school and settle down and become part of the community life.

I have the patience which is essential to both professions, but I know I would be happier teaching. And yet, I hate to make this important decision alone. My mother will not advise me. She would like me to make my father happy, but she doesn't feel it's right to influence me one way or the other. She says I'm old enough to choose for myself. What do you think?

CECILE G.

Hundreds of letters like these from Hortense and Cecile come to me every month. A girl has reached an important turning-point in her life when she faces the problem of choosing her career, and while older and wiser persons may guide her, the real decision must be hers. She alone knows what things she can give to her work and what things she must get from it. She must analyze her abilities and her limitations. She must try to gauge her capacity for plodding along under dull routine without becoming drab and stale herself. It is for her to decide whether she is equal to the brilliant performances required by certain professions, such as acting and writing. Can she let her

### What Career Shall I Choose?

Is This Month's Discussion

SO many fascinating vocations from which to make a choice. So many roads beckoning to the girl who is ready to shoulder her share of the world's work. No wonder she is a little bewildered.

Perhaps I can help you solve this difficult problem. Write me something about yourself, your abilities and talents, your opportunities and aims.

You may have other questions to ask—what clothes and colors are suited to you, what to do to make hair and complexion more attractive.

For a personal reply, or for my skin pamphlet, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Other letters will be answered as quickly as possible in the magazine. Ten cents will bring you my booklet on sane reducing.

Write me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

imagination—all the brilliancy of mind and spirit—flare up in her work, and remain poised and normal in her private life?

NO matter what work she chooses, she will have to make some compromises. The girl who follows a profession may have to renounce some of the joys of a quiet home life. The girl to whom home-making most appeals may dream a little wistfully of the glamour and glory of public life. Each has to weigh the sacrifices of her chosen career against the rewards. Great love for her work, and the consequent joy in the doing of it, will compensate her for many seeming sacrifices.

So much has been said and written on the subject of the amateur who tries to break into the movies that it seems hardly necessary to repeat it here. Out of every thousand girls who are swept off their feet by the urge to see themselves among the romantic shadows of the silver screen, I suppose there is one who has that rare thing which we dully call "dramatic ability," and the requisite physical qualities to make her a successful actress.

And before that one girl has the chance to prove her power, there are a hundred hurdles to be jumped, a hundred disappointments to be faced. There are so many lesser talents trying to make a place for themselves, and there is room for so few, that she is lost in the crowd. Only by great good luck, transcendent beauty or ability, or after long and gruelling days, weeks, months, and sometimes years of striving is she able to make a definite place for herself. In no other profession that I know of are the odds so against one.

My advice to Hortense is this:

Unless you have studied the special requirements of this profession and feel sure you are peculiarly fitted for it—

Unless you have money enough to live modestly, but in proper surroundings, for at least a year—a year in which you may earn nothing, or only a few dollars here and there—

Unless you have the stamina and moral fibre to meet disappointment after disappointment without losing courage, to meet temptation with firmness—

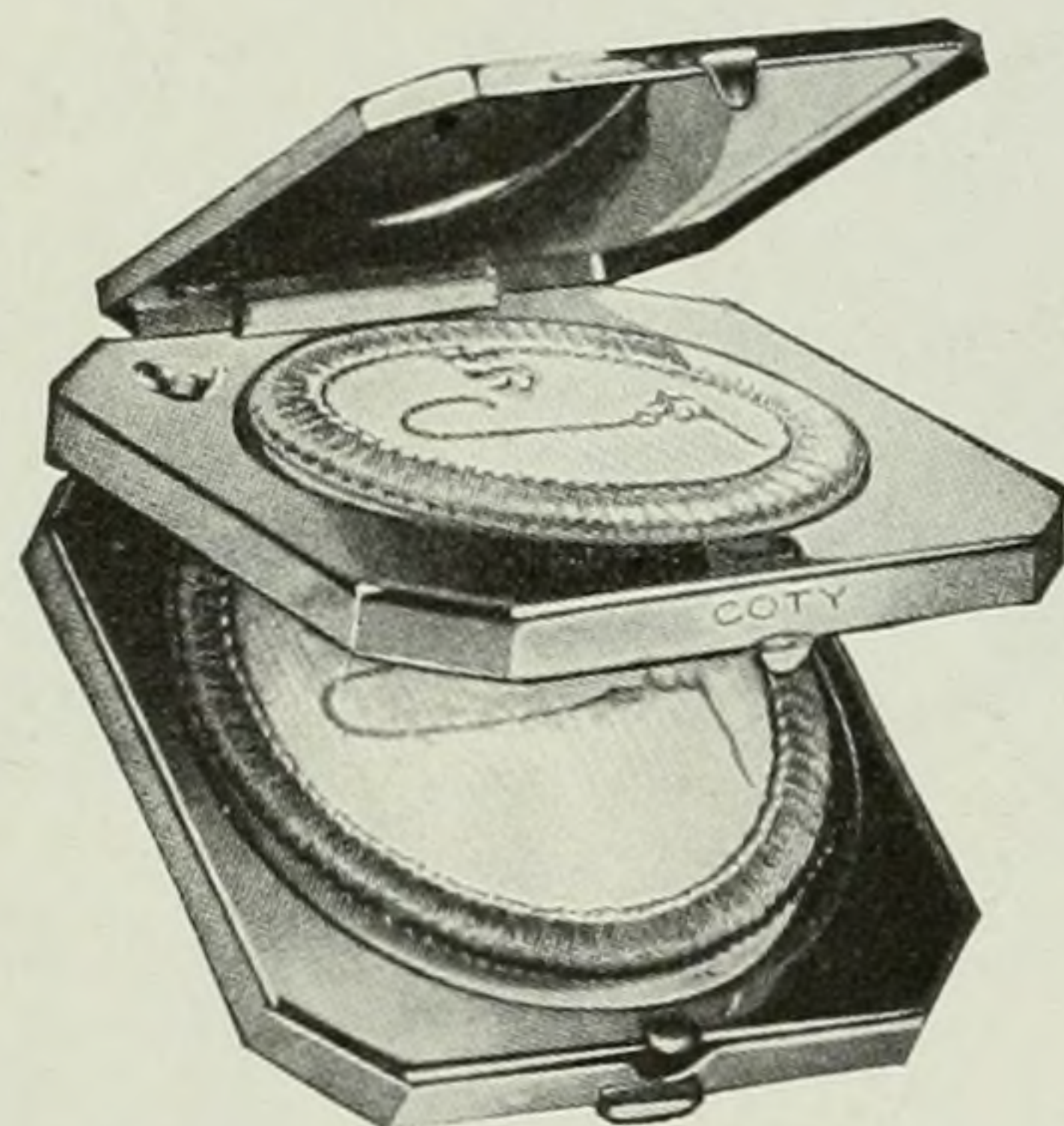
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 98 ]



# COTY

## DOUBLE COMPACTE

*No lovely woman should be without one if she would  
keep her beauty always at perfection — and another  
dainty subtlety for the purse is a COTY  
Perfume in its exquisite metal case  
— adorably chic and very new*



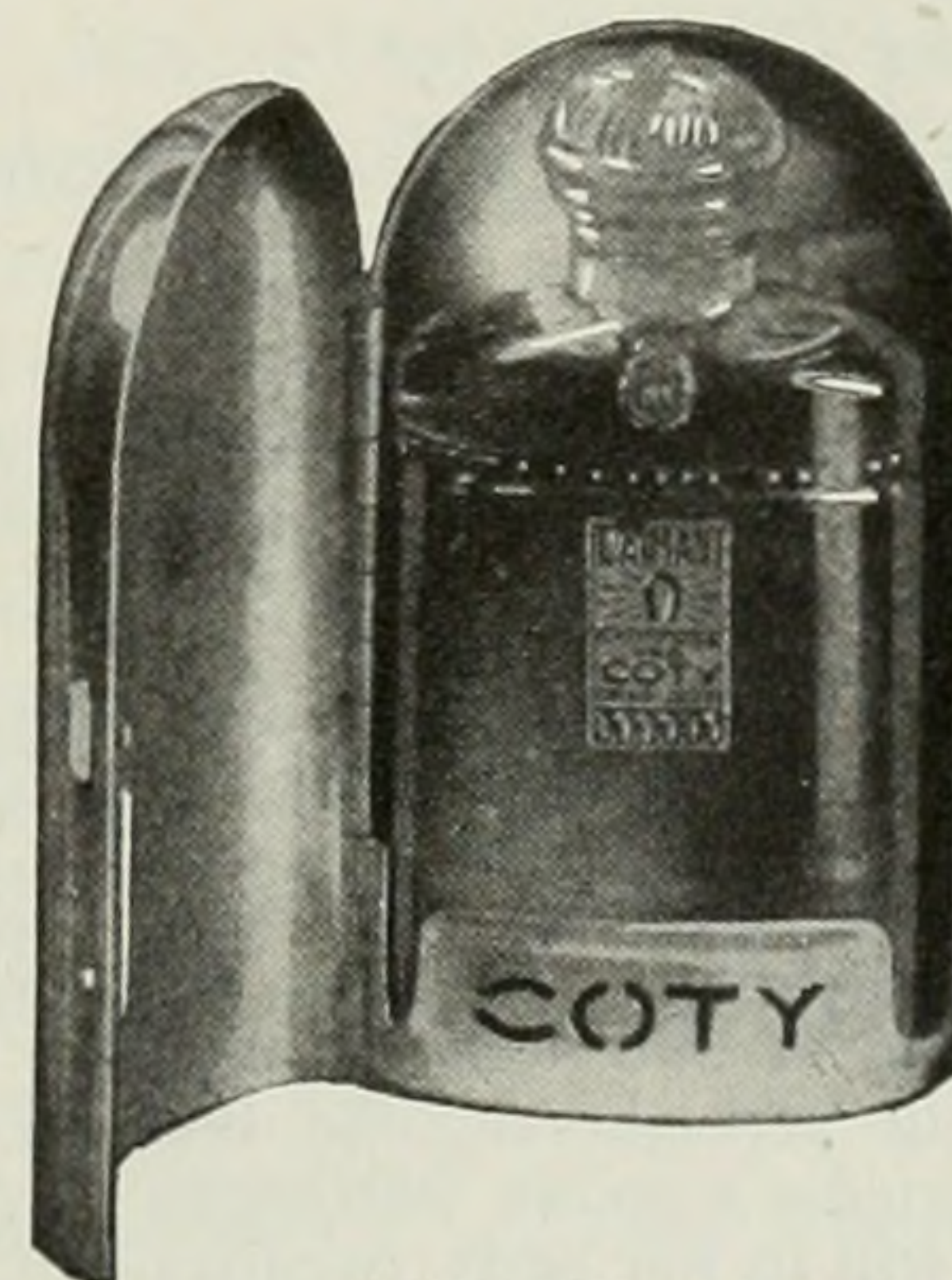
### ROUGE AND POWDER

#### *Shade Combinations*

BLANC (Poudre Compacte) with LIGHT (Rouge)  
NATUREL " " with BRIGHT, LIGHT,  
MEDIUM or DARK (Rouge)  
RACHEL " " with LIGHT, MEDIUM  
or DARK (Rouge)

#### *Refills*

BOTH ROUGE AND POWDER, EACH WITH A  
NEW PUFF ALL COTY COMPACTE SHADES  
DOUBLE COMPACTE \$2.50 REFILLS 50c



QUARTER OUNCE PERFUME  
IN METAL CASE  
POLISHED, PLATINUM FINISH IN  
FAVoured COTY ODEURS—\$1.50  
REFILL FLACONS — \$1.00

**COTY** INC.  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Voted  
the Loveliest  
of  
*WIVES*  
by

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE



*Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has a skin like a child's.*

**S**HE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Marechal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "*Butterfly*" is her favorite among modern operas; "*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern

women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."



Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia . . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

**O**UT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

*W*E SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2209 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.



Autrey

# New Pictures

**T**WO years ago Maria Casajuana, a smouldering Spanish beauty, was pulling telephone plugs in a telephone exchange in Barcelona. Fox, on the lookout for sultry types, staged a beauty contest in Spain, and Maria stopped giving wrong numbers long enough to win. In just a little time she was saying, "Hello, Hollywood!" They changed her name to Maria Alba, taught her English and smart dressing, and gave her a part in a two reel comedy. Since then she has played in "Blindfolded," "Road House," and "Joy Street," and there are big parts to come. Fox thinks she has one of the most distinctive personalities among younger film players. Barcelona papers, please run "Home Town Girl Makes Good"



**L**ITTLE Janet Gaynor came rolling into fame on the tidal wave of "The Johnstown Flood," the Fox film special of several years ago. Since that watery photoplay, her rise has been skyrocketish. Her first great success was "7th Heaven," and her work in "Sunrise" and "Street Angel" fixed her firmly in the affections of the fans. Janet is the prize Sweet Little Girl of filmland



Thomas

**W**HEN Diane Ellis, Pathe's new and extremely deadly blonde, wants to get reminiscent, she sits down at a typewriter and pecks out, "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of their party." For she was a stenographer when the sleuths of filmdom found her and discovered that she filmed like a million dollars. You saw her, no doubt, in "The Leatherneck"



Bull

*A* FEW years back, when romantic drama was the thing, Marion Davies contributed such lavish films as "When Knighthood Was in Flower." She stepped to zippy modern farce with "The Patsy" and "Show People." Now, with the talkies at their height, the song-and-dance thing is here. And Marion is polishing up her steps and, under the tutelage of Albertina Rasch, learning some new ones





Hommel

**C**ORAL REEFE, in this case, is not the name of a new Florida subdivision, but that of the chiffon frock worn in this picture by the highly ornamental Esther Ralston of Paramount. The attention of you ladies is called to the bolero jacket embroidered in pearls and brilliants. And the attention of young gentlemen needs to be called to the contents of Coral Reefer, and so forth. Or does it?



Louise

**W**ILLIAM HAINES looks out upon a pleasant and generous world, and seems to find it all quite nice. Once tagged as the smart-aleck of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Smiling Willie seems to have settled down into the traces and to be taking his stellar labors seriously. Watch him in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Gob." But he will always be just a big, prank-some boy to most of us!



*College Girl*

Bertin Dorian Bus

Illustrated for you here is Model 772 of Rayon crepe, with hip panels of elastic. It is softly lined with sateen in front and back. \$3.50.

The dainty uplift bandeau of radium silk is \$1.00.

## *No Charm Like Figure Beauty*

WELL PROPORTIONED — gracefully curved — gallantly poised . . . there is no charm like that of a lovely figure. College Girl foundations are designed to protect lovely figures, designed to assist figures to loveliness. You will find in them a new comfort, a new delight in your costumes.

THE JACKSON COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Creators of College Girl Foundation Garments

276 Fifth Avenue, New York — 36 South State Street, Chicago — 819 Santee Street, Los Angeles

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

# How the Lovely Underthings

worn by BEAUTIFUL MODELS

are kept like new

In New York's famous Fashion Salons sheer lingerie and stockings worn by mannequins are kept "Like new twice as long with Lux"

ISN'T it every girl's problem nowadays—keeping sheer things lovely in spite of everyday wear?

Now famous Fifth Avenue dressmakers have solved this very problem of yours!

Mannequins in these exclusive salons must wear lingerie as exquisite as the gowns they model. Of course these sheer things must be charmingly fresh and new looking. Yet they must last!

By actual tests, these exclusive houses have found that—

"The enchanting loveliness of mannequins' lingerie and stockings is actually re-newed again and again with Lux . . . and with Lux these sheer things stay like new twice as long."

Other world-famous authorities on lovely clothes agree! All Hollywood's great movie studios—New York's gorgeous musical shows—buyers in 132 leading department stores find that "Lux actually doubles the life of fabrics whether of sheer or of sturdier weave."



A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES in a famous Fifth Avenue salon, showing beautiful girl models preparing to display smart gowns. New York's exclusive dressmakers—Bergdorf-Goodman, Hickson, Jay-Thorpe, Hattie Carnegie, Kurzman, Tappé, Frances Clyne, Milgrim, Stein and Blaine, and Bruck-Weiss—all insist on Lux!

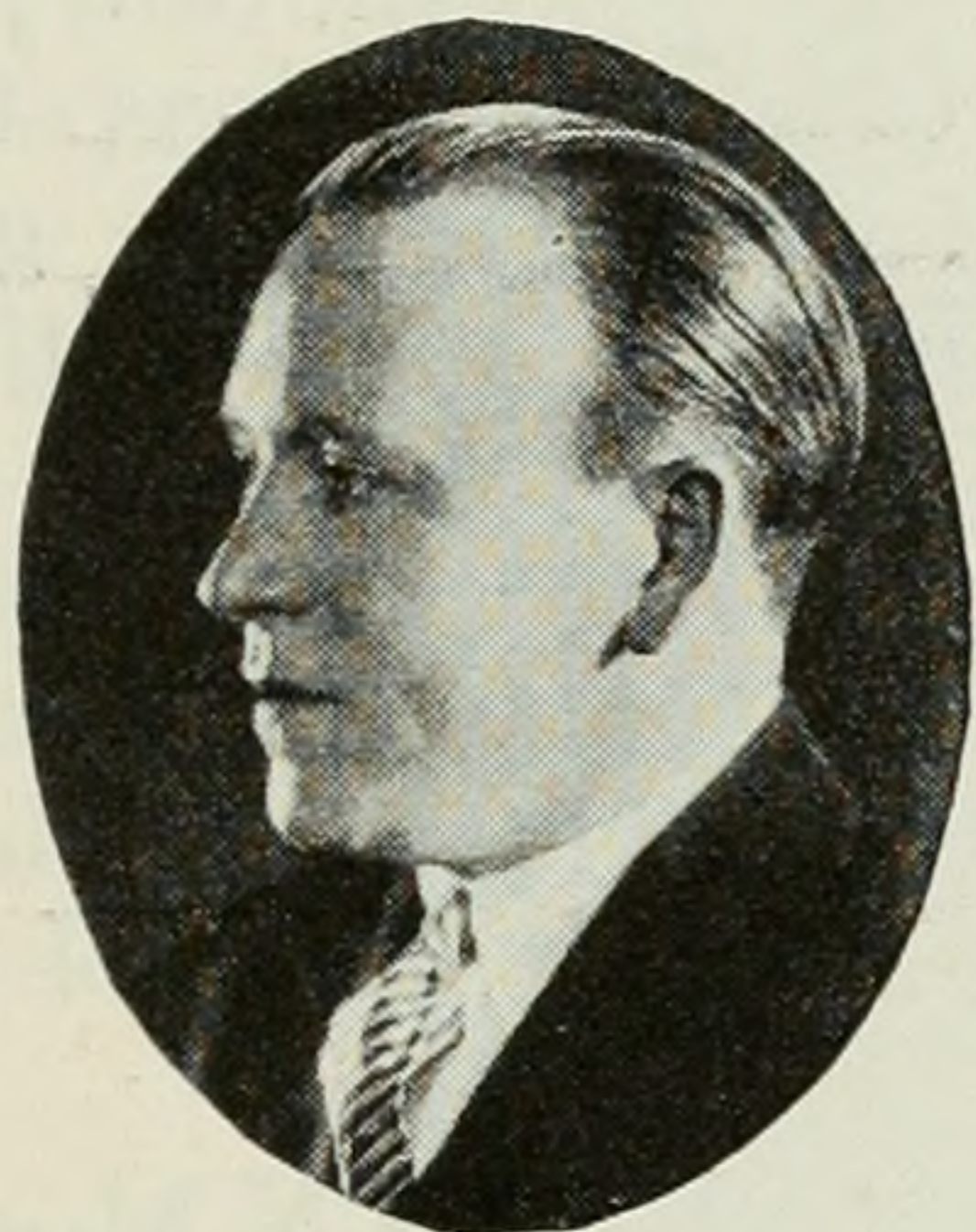
WHAT IS THE MAGICAL SECRET OF LUX? Why does Lux cleansing keep fine things like new so much longer? Because Lux is made of the finest materials known—by a special very costly process . . . Lux has no harmful alkali, as many soaps have, whether flakes, chips or cakes. And with the instant Lux suds there is no rubbing to weaken or strain.

# PHOTOPLAY

May, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

*By James R. Quirk*



**T**HE agile Douglas Fairbanks is all hot and bothered these days.

Having bumped off D'Artagnan's screen life, and sent his latest opus forth to gather in a few million more shekels, he is running up his blood pressure raving over the low state of literature in the bawdy and irreverent motion picture magazines.

Seems as how the fan magazines ain't done right by the gods and goddesses of Beverly Hills and the sacred Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

**W**E depraved and scurrilous editors are always belittling. We have no manners and we do not know our place. Furthermore, a fan magazine writer was seen passing the Hollywood hotel where the holy light of the Academy burns, without removing his hat and bowing his head.

And what's more, the magazines are making fortunes blackmailing and blackjacking the reluctant screen actors into permitting their pictures to be seen by millions in national advertisements.

**D**OUGLAS endorses cigarettes with frequent reference to the name of his new picture, and once Mary's beauty adorned thousands of drug store windows, but that's different. The king can do no wrong, and it is some time since the queen accepted a large check for such purposes.

Now, PHOTOPLAY has no quarrel with Mary.

Put it right down in your notebook that Mary Pickford is just as genuine and sweet today as ever. That's one hundred per cent of both qualities; and we are happy to inform you that our Hollywood secret service reports that she has done a grand job of acting in her new picture "Coquette."

**B**UT Sir Douglas has gone in for reform, and riding beside him into the fray is the goodly squire, Conrad Nagel. Mounted on palfries of righteousness and indignation, and all decked out in the panoply of their screen fame and academic honors, they have assigned to themselves the job of pummeling the fan magazines into submission.

Splendid actors and worthy gentlemen both, and no doubt well meaning. So were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but you cannot blame the intended victims for snickering a little as they break off their lances in the sails of windmills.

Be yourself, Doug. Be yourself, Conrad. You are motion picture actors and as such are generally taken seriously. But when you start tilting at windmills you are in danger of becoming ridiculous.

**I**T all seems to have started in earnest when another motion picture publication ran an interview about Friend Conrad which he claimed was a deliberate misrepresentation. The writer, it seems, did not take his subject seriously. In fact, he indulged in a little fun at

the expense of the widely press-agented gentleman, and the article got Conrad so hot his collar almost caught fire.

Conrad took an evening off and composed an irate letter to the editor, complained that the writer was "an Englishman, educated abroad, and admitting an abiding contempt for our American institutions, including churches."

"IS it possible," he asks, "for a foreigner, with such views, to properly place before American readers an accurate picture of our film players? I doubt it. . . . With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, . . . etc., etc."

My, my, the rascal should be deported. Horrible fellow.

Disrespectful to our institutions and churches, and all that sort of thing.

Beastly, I calls it.

Then, while in the mood for irating, Conrad grabs several more sheets of paper and writes me a long lecture on the publishing business, the art of criticism, and the ethics of advertising.

He complains among other things of our advertising, pointing particularly at the Gossard Corset advertisements which we have always been proud to have in PHOTOPLAY.

THAT reminds me. Conrad was so nice about telling me all about how to run a magazine that, after seeing him in "The Redeeming Sin," I really must offer to go out and give him a few lessons in acting. I don't know any more about acting than he does about the publishing business, but I like to be helpful.

DOUG has gone about the matter in another way. He's going right into the publishing business and show us all up. Yes sir. A group of the immortals who run the outfit have tied the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences up with a comparatively small fan magazine published in Hollywood that's going to publish NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH about pictures and picture people. If they do that they ought to have a million circulation in no time. PHOTOPLAY wouldn't dare to be so rash.

Our bounding star is out to sell advertising, too. He wired many of the motion picture concerns in the East asking for advertising support for the official academy paper, and proclaimed that his paper would represent the motion picture industry and personalities "with clean, interesting and truthful information," and adds coyly, "The amount of good this publication can do by influence with fan public and example to other publications is tremendous."

We wired Douglas asking if he included us in

this brave generalization, but he ducked adroitly and answered that there was no intent to reflect either on PHOTOPLAY or any other publication. Guess he was panning "The Christian Herald" or "The Police Gazette."

THE internal revenue folks are just a little hard on the motion picture actors. A law is a law and they are bound to carry it out, but it does seem that they should realize that there are trade customs in Hollywood as well as in Detroit or Pittsburgh.

Since the beginning it has been almost an unwritten law that the stars drawing big salaries should live in a style befitting their income. It is part of the business to make a show of prosperity, and just as a salesman spends for business entertaining and travelling expenses, it has been the universal practice for prosperous motion picture people to go to unusual expense to keep themselves in the limelight of publicity.

The government, however, says no, and a lot of the stars are now suffering from acute income tax pains. With few exceptions they draw the big salaries for a few years, and it is hard enough to lay a few dollars away for the rainy days that generally follow the bright light of popularity.

IN Montreal they won't permit children under sixteen to go to the movies without adult chaperonage. But girls may marry at fourteen. Imagine a wife calling up her mother and saying, "Ma, hubby is late at the office (or at the brewery, as the case may be) and won't you come and take me to see 'Speakeasy'? I hear it's good."

EIGHTY letters from readers today about scound pictures. Seventy-one in praise. Nine to the contrary. And in every single case the nine objectors haven't seen one of the really fine pictures released in the past few months.

That seems to settle the controversy. The public likes good ones, and dislikes the poor ones made during the early experimental stages.

The Western Electric Company, which developed the first successful system for sound pictures, has taken a very wise step. They are advertising to the public, not claiming perfection, not making claims beyond the actual merits of their truly wonderful scientific development, but asking indulgence, and assuring continued effort toward perfection in their own magical instruments and in studio technique.

Only two thousand theaters are now equipped but this company is throwing all its resources into speeding up the making of this delicate equipment, and it is doubtful that in two years there will be a motion picture theater of any consequence that is not "wired."

# "You Are Looking Well!"

An untold story of the dark days when the then unknown Gilbert Roland spent eight months in a California sanatorium

By  
*Katherine Albert*

*By one of those remarkable twists of fate which could happen no place but in Hollywood, Gilbert Roland and Katherine Albert were both patients in the same sanatorium five years ago.*

*They came back from the brink of the valley with that perfect health which only fighting spirit can give. And the comradeship built in the struggle will never die. It is expressed in one grim battle cry—a secret that Gilbert Roland has always kept close to his heart. Katherine Albert tells it here only because it is a message of victory, of what determination and the will to live can do for one whom the doctors say may die.*

**W**HEN I saw Gilbert Roland at the United Artists Studios not long ago, he said, "You're looking well."

I gave him an appraising stare. "You're looking well, too, Gilbert. Don't look as if you had ever been ill a day in your life."

Only we two knew the tragedy in those trite lines. Behind them was the story of half a year of bondage.

"You are looking well."

"You are looking well, too."

This has the same significance as a fraternal pass word. It bespeaks the days when health was the rising and setting of the sun, the Einstein theory and bread and butter.

Gilbert Roland spent eight months at Barlow's Sanatorium. He was there before I came and the first time I ever saw him was the day that I was installed. A white aproned nurse had carried my grip over to my cottage. I think I was crying a little as I followed, because I saw, in a haze, Gilbert and two other boys walking down the road. They looked so brown and healthy that I was cheered.



George Cannons

**It is a far cry from the ill and lonely Louis Alonzo, a discharged department store worker, to Gilbert Roland, leading man to Norma Talmadge. The transformation is one of those things that could happen only in Hollywood**

I saw a lot of Gilbert after that. There were eight of us who clung together. We were the younger ones (Gilbert was only eighteen at the time). We might get well and we, unlike the hopeless cases, could begin every sentence with, "When I get out of here . . ."

The boys and girls were divided [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



THE BRIDE

The amazing story of the strangest romance in Hollywood's weird and wonderful history



# She Fell in LOVE

WHEN reduced to the bare facts, the important happenings of life often assume sensational significance.

Who would suspect that beneath the well ordered affairs of Corinne Griffith lies a story so unique, so weird, so bizarre that it challenges credence!

On January twenty-first, 1924, she married Walter Morosco in a barroom in Tia Juana, Mexico. Corinne Griffith! Patrician of Hollywood, orchid of the screen, aristocrat of the film world. Married in a Tia Juana bar! With the whirl of the little ivory ball and the call of the croupier from the back room replacing the strains of Lohengrin, with the clink of ice in tall glasses, with the clatter of slot machines and the clanging din of the mechanical piano in the corner, she entered wedlock in a ceremony more remarkable, more original, more startling than any yet conceived by scenario writer or director.

The uninvited guests were Mexicans and a sprinkling of Japs and Chinese with here and there a dissipated American. There were ribald jests in guttural tones from the Mexicans, bland silence from the Orientals, and maudlin respect from the Americans who stood with doffed hats, sensing sublimity in this strange occasion.

To Corinne Griffith, however, it was a bit unreal, a bit theatrical, almost a bit absurd.

Shortly before her marriage, her husband had been in the plumbing business. She married him, first of all, because she wanted to love him. She was not interested in men at the time, but she wanted to be interested in Walter. He was considerate, he was sincere, he had a marvelous sense of humor and an intuitive appreciation of dramatic art inherited from his father. She thought that he would make a good husband. His sagacity

and understanding of the problems in the motion picture business seemed uncanny. He worshipped her devotedly, and she knew that it was inevitable that some day she would love him as he loved her.

In no sense, of course, did she consider herself undignified by these strange proceedings in a foreign saloon. Even in the San Francisco Bar, with the border habitues for an audience, with the sizz of seltzer bottles punctuating the dolorous words of the prefect, Corinne Griffith was still the patrician, still the aristocrat. Straight and tall she stood, dominating the situation with as much assurance as if it had been merely the rehearsal of a scene in a picture, and commanding the respect of all who felt her presence. A peculiar glow of sunlight filtered through the shuttered windows and reflected from the polished surface of the bar. It lit the participants with an almost ethereal effect. Finally it caught the attention of the Mexicans and their levity changed to awe. Many crossed themselves, considering the light a sacred omen, a religious significance for good.

WHEN the function had ended, the prefect handed Walter the marriage certificate to sign. Quite gallantly he passed it to Corinne. But the official interrupted.

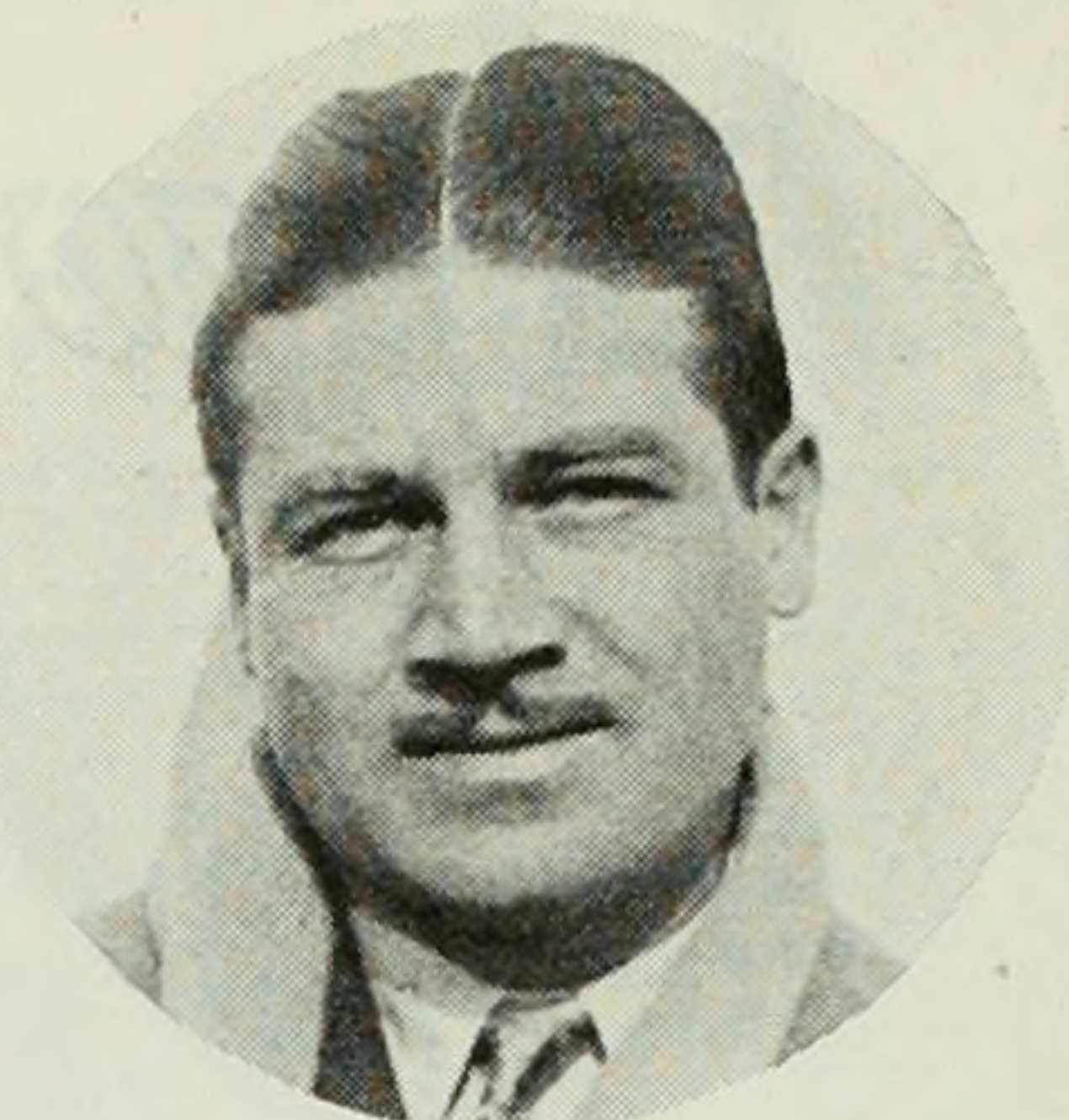
"No, no," he said. "In Mexico the man signs first!"

And that was the one grim touch of humor. They all laughed loudly at the jest as they affixed their signatures to the document on the bar . . .

Of course, the wedding in the saloon was wholly an accident. Plans for the event had been arranged the week before, and it was originally intended that the ceremony should take place in the office of the prefect above the saloon.

But Walter's grandmother was convalescing from a siege of





THE GROOM

Before the glass-littered bar of the San Francisco Saloon in Tia Juana, a Mexican prefect married Walter Morosco and Corinne Griffith. Neither understood a word of the ceremony that founded one of the happiest homes in all filmland! Love moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform!

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin

# with Her Husband

By  
Mark Larkin

illness and had been unable to negotiate the steep flight of stairs that led to the Mexican official's cluttered quarters. Perforce, then, the affair was conducted in the bar.

Neither the bride nor groom understood the ceremony, neither could read the marriage certificate that they signed. Yet there was drama in the occasion, the drama of ridiculous contrasts that became sublime.

A few days following the event they sailed for Honolulu on their honeymoon, and none knew of the wedding until their return. In fact, this is the first time the true story of that marriage has ever been told. It is significant because it was the first wedding in Mexico of American cinema celebrities, and it set the precedent for such sensational unions as the Lita Grey-Charlie Chaplin affair and the Madge Bellamy-Logan Metcalf match, not to mention other conspicuous elopements which have transpired since.

Had it not been that neither wanted the world to know of their matrimonial ventures, their wedding might have been one of those elaborate church happenings for which Hollywood is famous.

CONSIDERING the tradition of his family and the fact that he had been reared in the atmosphere of the stage, it was but natural, of course, for Walter to switch his activities from commercial fields to the cinema realm. He disposed of his interests in the plumbing fixtures and supplies establishment, gave up the idea entirely of being a big pipe and joint man, and thus became free to follow the dictates of much-cherished desires. And it was not long until he made his mark in the film world. In fact, he did so well for Warners that they wanted to advance him rapidly as director. But he chose to forego this opportunity

and to devote himself exclusively to the development of his wife's career.

There is probably no more delicate or whimsical story in all of Cupid's archives than the complete romance of Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco. Its very inception, even, was intriguing. They met at the Ambassador, at a "Rooster-and-Hen" party which was among the most resplendent ever given.

CORINNE did not know then, of course, that some day she would marry Walter.

But Walter knew. From the very first moment that he laid eyes on her he knew. So he asked Jack Pickford to introduce him—deliberately he asked it, with malice aforethought.

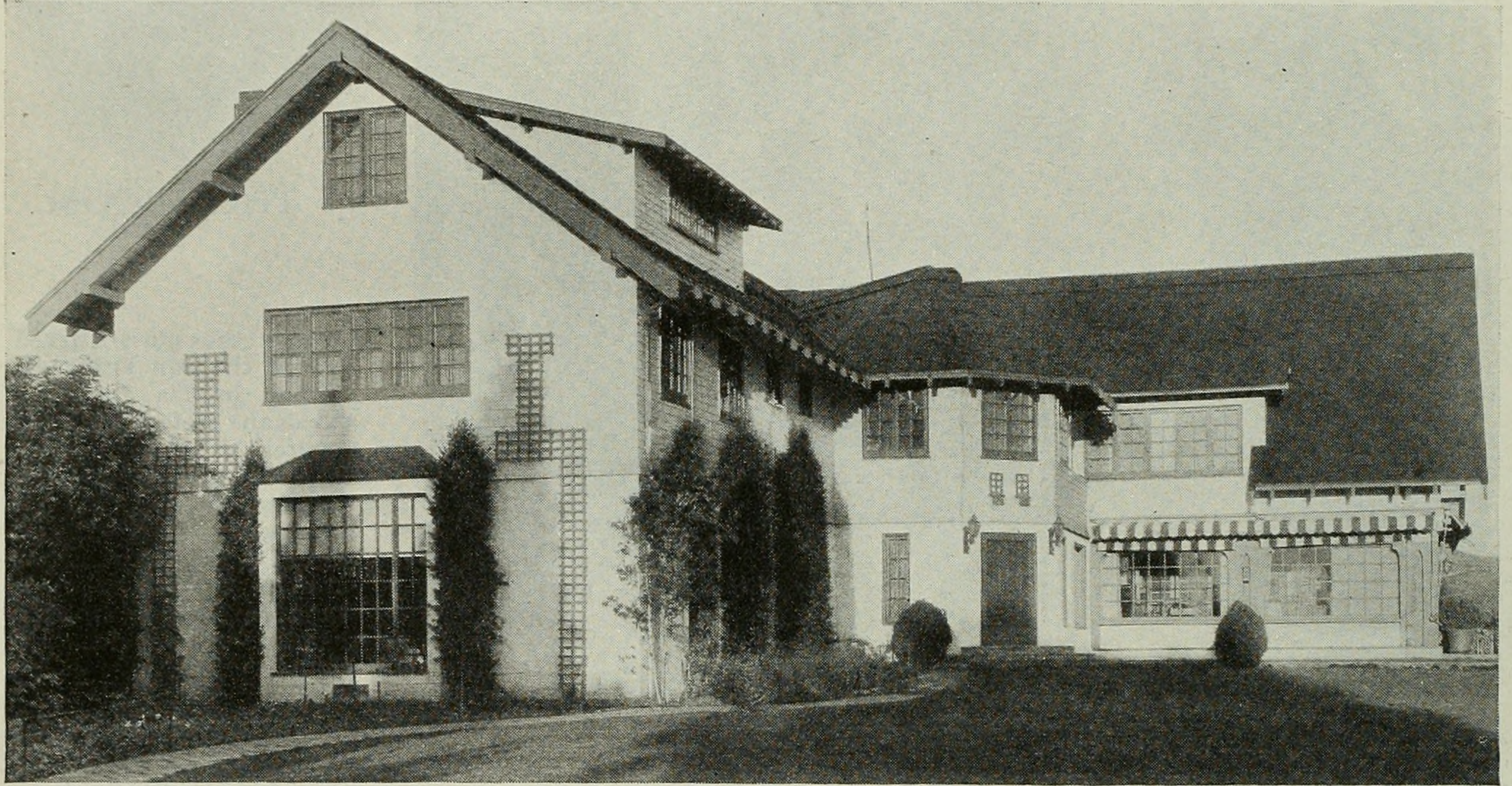
And that is how the romance began.

There were two large tables in the Coconut Grove that night—one graced by feminine beauty, the other reflecting the glory of man.

Both were gorgeous in decorative splendor. In the center of the table occupied by the ladies, a pert and amused hen held sway, her bright comb and sleek feathers of white icing a tribute to the cunning of the chef. This was the *piece de resistance* in the decorative scheme of things; all else—favors, incidental table dress—contributed to the elegance of the centerpiece.

At the table of the men, this same [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

# How They Manage



Pickfair. Replica of an eighteenth century domain, built on the top of a hill and set in twelve acres of California landscape. Beauty and order reign everywhere, within and without. An exquisite setting for happiness and hospitality

**E**VEN European nobility angles for invitations to Pickfair—that home which Doug and Mary built high upon a sunny Beverly hill in California soon after they became Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

An aura of glamour surrounds it—even for the neighbors. One can cut no end of a dash by having been a guest of Mary

and Doug. One then has a popular subject of conversation forever after.

Inside the hallowed portals Mary's pet name for Doug is "Tiller," and Doug's pet name for Mary is "Hipper." These are strictly reserved for the chummiest occasions.

About four years ago, when it was decided the house should

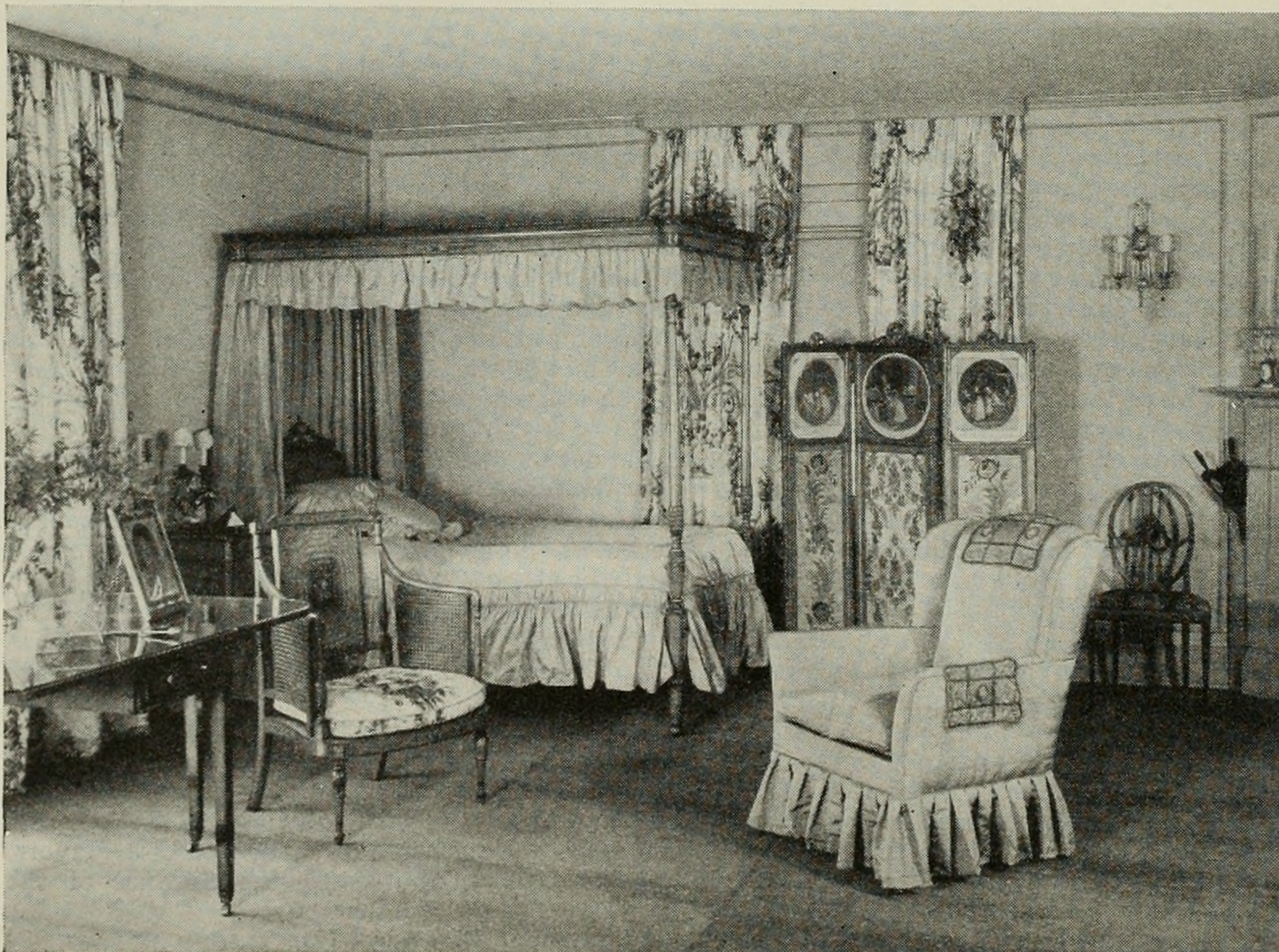
be made a little more distinguished, a famous California decorator was called in. She recommended tearing down and rebuilding.

"Oh, Tiller, shall we?" sighed Mary.

"Certainly not, Hipper!" snorted her lord and master.

"We built this together! We'll improve it—add to it—but the same old house stands."

(We suspect that at this point Mary squeezed Doug's hand—then went forth to do battle with the decorator.)



A corner of Doug's room. This room is often turned over to some honored or well-loved guest, at which times Doug cheerfully retires to the sleeping porch

# *their* Homes

*Doug and Mary's Pick-fair—not just a show-place but a real home, gracious and beautiful*

*By Alma Whitaker*

Then it was the decorator who sighed. Thereafter she confined her flights of fancy to creating a suitable frame for America's Mary—to transforming the old home into an exquisite replica of an 18th Century domain.

Twelve acres of gorgeous California landscape surround the house on the hilltop. There are flower beds and arbors galore, and much of the ground near the foot of the hill has been left with its own wild beauty, where nature has already planted many flowering shrubs.

Then there's the swimming pool, scene of many joyous parties during the long summer days. A sheikish looking marquee contains comfy chairs galore, cushioned with bright oil cloth that wet bathing suits cannot spoil. There are snug dressing rooms behind tall shrubs.

ON the lawn stands a replica of the famous "Rising Sun" bronze which won so much discriminating praise at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. And there are impudent cupid fountains and picturesque Italian garden seats in profusion.

The automobile entrance to this home is not impressive—just a door into domesticity, shrouded with precious hand-made lace.

One mounts a mere flight of steps to the house, but oh, the vision of loveliness that greets one in the hallway at the head of the stairs!

Its floor is polished parquetry, with never a rug to mar its shining charm. It is a gallery rather than a hall, lined with precious brocaded 18th Century chairs, their white wood mellowed with age. Lovely cabinets, mirrors, an occasional picture. This is where guests enjoy dancing and bridge after small dinner parties.

The dominating color scheme of the house is a cool, pale green, rich and infinitely soft. Heavy rugs of this color cover most of the floors where rugs are used.

The huge living room also has this bare, patrician effect. Rich goldenrod yellow curtains reach from floor to ceiling—but no drapes are allowed to mask the view in any of the downstairs rooms. A complete suite of 18th Century furniture was obtained for this room, the lovely tapestry standing forth unshrouded by any pillows. One Mercier painting of three girls adorns a wall. A white grand piano is draped with a priceless antique throw—but on its Napoleonic stool sits Little Mary, adopted by Big Mary from sister Lottie, practising her very modern scales.

Little Mary is already taller than Big Mary—a happy, fortunate little girl. She attends public school in Beverly Hills, but has a governess at home.

On the mantel stands a clock

**Reading from left to right: "Tiller" and "Hipper"—master and mistress of Pickfair. They believe that a man's home is his castle—inviolable, sacred to the family circle**

that graced the Tuileries in Napoleon's time, and some handsome old candelabra.

On a little French table in one corner stands a picture of Lord and Lady Mountbatten, inscribed "To Doug and Mary, from Edwina and Dickie."

And on a cabinet is a miniature of Lillian Gish, one of Mary's dearest friends for many years. Mary is an inventive girl.

**E**ACH month PHOTO-PLAY will take you to a famous Hollywood home. These will not be casual visits—but they will reveal every detail of the house and its management. PHOTO-PLAY will show you the machinery of Hollywood home operation. In turn PHOTOPLAY will present the homes of Charlie Chaplin, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, and Milton Sills



# First of PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Home Visits

Doug used to rush through the house with his dogs, leaving the doors wide open. So Mary concocted a self-closing sliding door that functions perfectly. And she contrived a sliding mirror to mask a gaunt, empty fireplace in the dining room during the summer season.

**T**HE dining table has a satinwood top that came from the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts' famous collection. In each corner of the room is a built-in china cabinet, with mirrored backs to set off the porcelain treasures. None of the rich silver adorns the sideboard. It is all kept in the pantry.

A dainty little breakfast room, with a circular window to let in all the sun, is carried out in the same period.

Once there was a big bush outside that window that obscured the view. Mary reluctantly decided to let it go. But when the gardener began his work, he found a bird sitting defiantly on her egg-filled nest in its branches.

"Build the tree up again until her eggs are hatched," came the order—and the bush stood until the day the mamma departed with her young brood.

The house is filled with clocks! Scores of clocks—mostly small ones, and in all sorts of odd shapes. All of exquisite workmanship, and all marking happy hours. They stand everywhere, and the chorus of their ticking is soft and friendly.

Actually, the home of Doug and Mary is quite small. There are only four master-bedrooms, for instance. But there are five reception rooms, because the halls are furnished cosily as rooms.

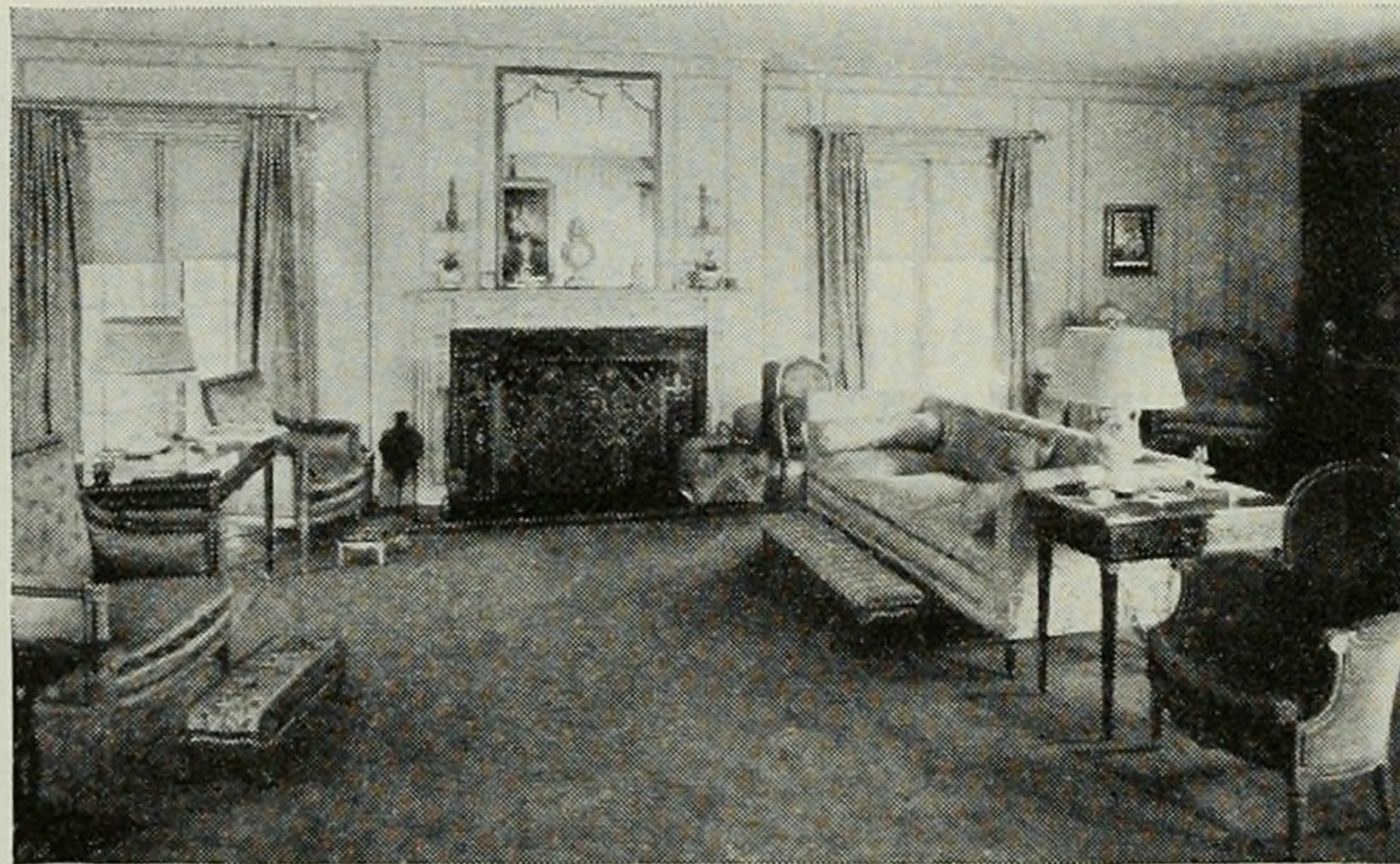
One of Mary's prides is the "book room"—not the library, for "That would sound so formal," as Mary herself says.

**I**N the snug little book room, only one wall of volumes is visible, but there Mary's inventiveness comes in once more. These shelves open outward on hinges, revealing two more walls of books behind them. No vulgar display of bookish culture in Pickfair!

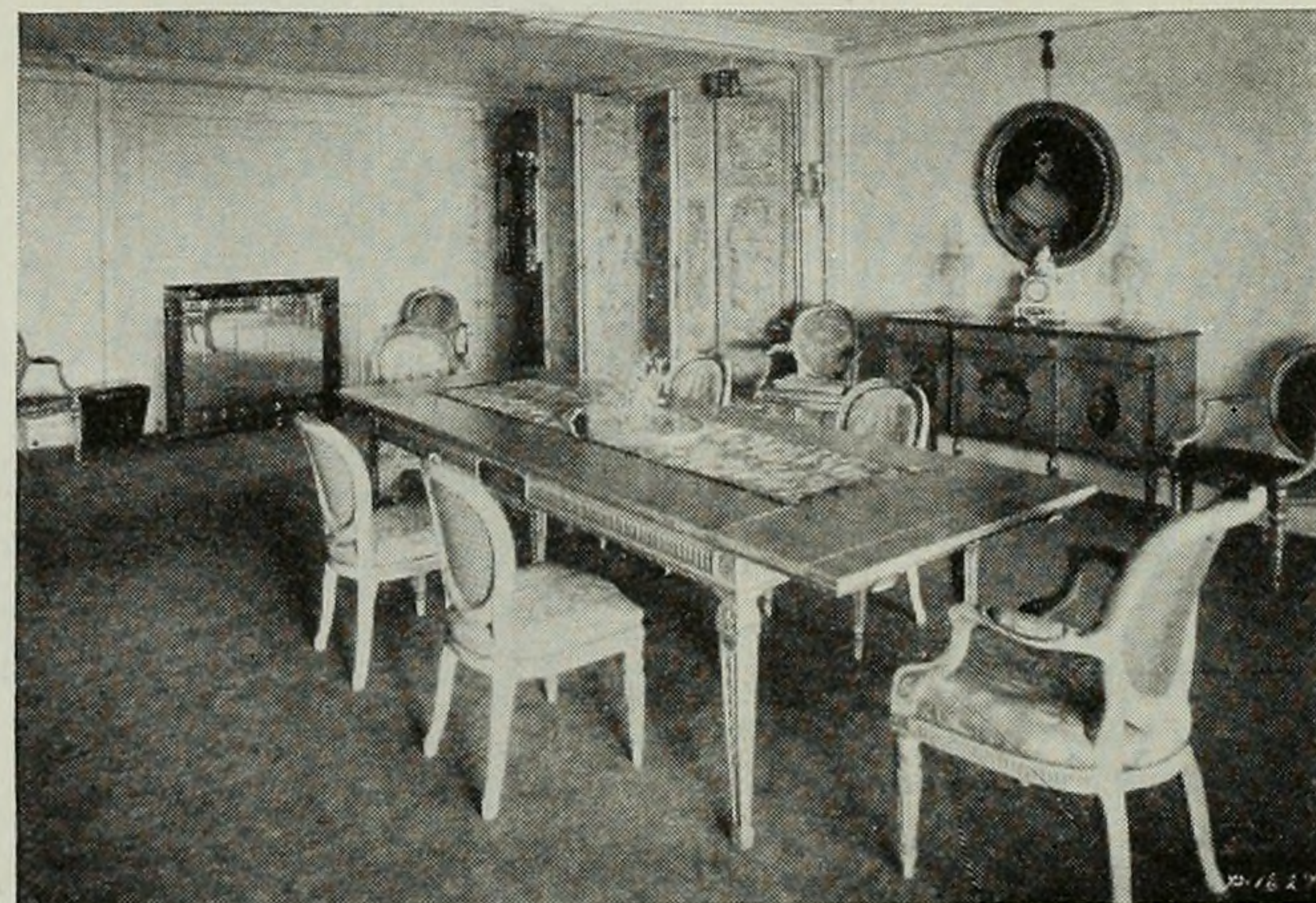
Because of the scarcity of bedrooms, Doug and Mary often turn out of their own quarters when the house is filled with guests.

Actually, they have only one guest room—even as you and I. And so a big sleeping porch often accommodates

Typical Family Dinner at Pickfair	
Boiled Halibut with Hot Tartar Sauce	French Fried Potatoes
Fillet of Chicken a la Poulet	Sweet Potato Croquettes
Spinach with Egg Sauce	Hearts of Lettuce with French Dressing
Neapolitan Baskets with Hot Chocolate Sauce	Coffee
Formal Dinner	
Caviar Canapes	Iced Celery Hearts
Salted Nuts	Consomme with Eggballs
Lobster in cases	Fillet of Beef a la jardiniere
Potato Rings	Peas a la Francais
Roast Wild Duck	Buttered Wild Rice
Orange Cream Sherbet	Romaine Salad
Custard Souffle with Foam Sauce	Petits Fours
Crackers and Cheese	Cafe Noir



The living room at Pickfair. The curtains are a rich yellow, the rug a cool green. The mantel clock once graced the Tuileries



Titled and humble feast at this board. The sliding mirror masking the empty fireplace in summer is Mary's own invention. The table top was once part of a famous collection

master and mistress on these occasions. The guest room is furnished with satinwood furniture—pale gold bedspreads on twin beds, chintz curtains, long mirrors.

Want to peep into Doug's room?

It looks like a DuBarry boudoir, with its famous satinwood beds, canopied, from the house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. But handsomely framed pictures of Mary look from all corners. Here are books—"The Care of Patience Worth," "Mind Makes Men Giants," "The Biography of an Attitude," "Best Plays of 1927-1928," and "The Baffle Book," crime stories. And a magazine turned down at a cigarette advertisement wherein the name of the master appears. Doug!

**M**ARY'S room hasn't been done over yet to match the rest of the grandeur. When it is it will be furnished with undersized furniture—because she is such a tiny chate-laine.

But now it's just a pretty bedroom such as any girl might have.

A three-quarter white bed with lace coverlet over pale pink, and lots of pillows. Gold toilet articles on a dainty dressing table. A cupboard crammed with hundreds of pairs of No. 3 shoes. And a plain white bathroom like yours or mine. Off the bedroom, a little chamber where Nugget, the world's star canary, reigns. Nugget is known to the family as "Baby," and can whistle "Yankee Doodle" and "Over There"—I've heard him do it. He accompanies Mary everywhere—even to Europe, and when she does her nails, he perches on the edge of the bowl and calmly takes a quiet little bath.

**L**ITTLE Mary's room is really very grand, because it must be a guest room too, now and then. So it boasts handsome twin beds, and rich Venetian furniture. One pretty little cabinet forms a sort of shrine for a picture of the much-loved Grandma Pickford, who died last year, and her favorite miniature of Aunt Mary at 16. Lots of her baby dolls keep Little Mary company, but her toilet articles are grown-up silver.

The upstairs hall is a delightful, chummy lounging place, with deep chairs, writing desks, card tables and books.

So much for the material Pickfair.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 133 ]

# The All-Star BLONDE

The Hollywood Boulevardier visits the celebrated Danish beauty of Idaho and grows a little incoherent

By  
Herbert Howe

**S**HE was born in the Idaho town of Orofino, which in Spanish means fine gold; she moved to the Canadian town of Wadema, which is Indian for mud-hole; she ended in Hollywood, which is a mixture of both.

This month has been just one Love after another for me: first Bessie, then Jeanette. I know Jeanette's name is spelled Loff but that's incorrect. The original Danish is Lov and is pronounced as Lupe Velez pronounces Love, which is the most poignant way.

Jeanette's father, coming over from Denmark with his Norwegian bride, didn't consider Lov a proper name for his future progeny, meaning what it does in English, so he changed the spelling. Thus he differed from D. W. Griffith who changed Juanita Horton to Bessie Love. D. W. was right, Jeanette's papa wrong. Both gals are Loves.

Jeanette lives in one of those Spanish apartment casas that Spaniards come to Hollywood to copy in order to make Spain Spanish and not disappoint tourists.

I fumbled foolishly at the iron gate while a male duenna eyed me suspiciously. (There have been so many burglaries in Hollywood recently, Phyllis Haver losing her jewels, etc.) Inside was a patio resembling Joseph's coat in tile, a fountain and a fireplace and stairs that led temptingly above. I turned to a door on the left and rapped. A small casement opened romantically, as in a speakeasy, and in it was framed the intoxicating vision of Lov.

I praised her discretion in peering out. When you are both a Lov and a blonde you can't be too careful in Hollywood. We kidnap or sign them on sight, and it's often the same in the end.

The apartment was softly dim. Scandinavians, I've noted, choose dark backgrounds. Maybe it's the old instinct for



**Jeanette Loff was born in the town of Orofino, which means fine gold in Spanish. She played an organ in a small Oregon movie theater until Hollywood beckoned. Mr. Howe declares that she is the justification of gentlemen's preferences**

shutting out the glare of snow. Then again it's possible that dark settings are more becoming to blonde sunniness.

On a low black marble table an everlasting candle burned in its ruby glass, the sort you light in dim cathedrals and place before the Virgin. Jeanette sat squarely before it. Jimmy Fidler, who accompanied me, asked if the candle was symbolic of anything. Evidently the lad's bringing up did not include churchgoing. I explained it was customary to burn the candle before a saint or virgin, placing at the same time a quarter or more on the table.

Jeanette looked at her bare table and observed vaguely that her candle seemed to be for lighting cigarettes. This seemed a sacrilege, looking at Jeanette. Surely one should leave something.

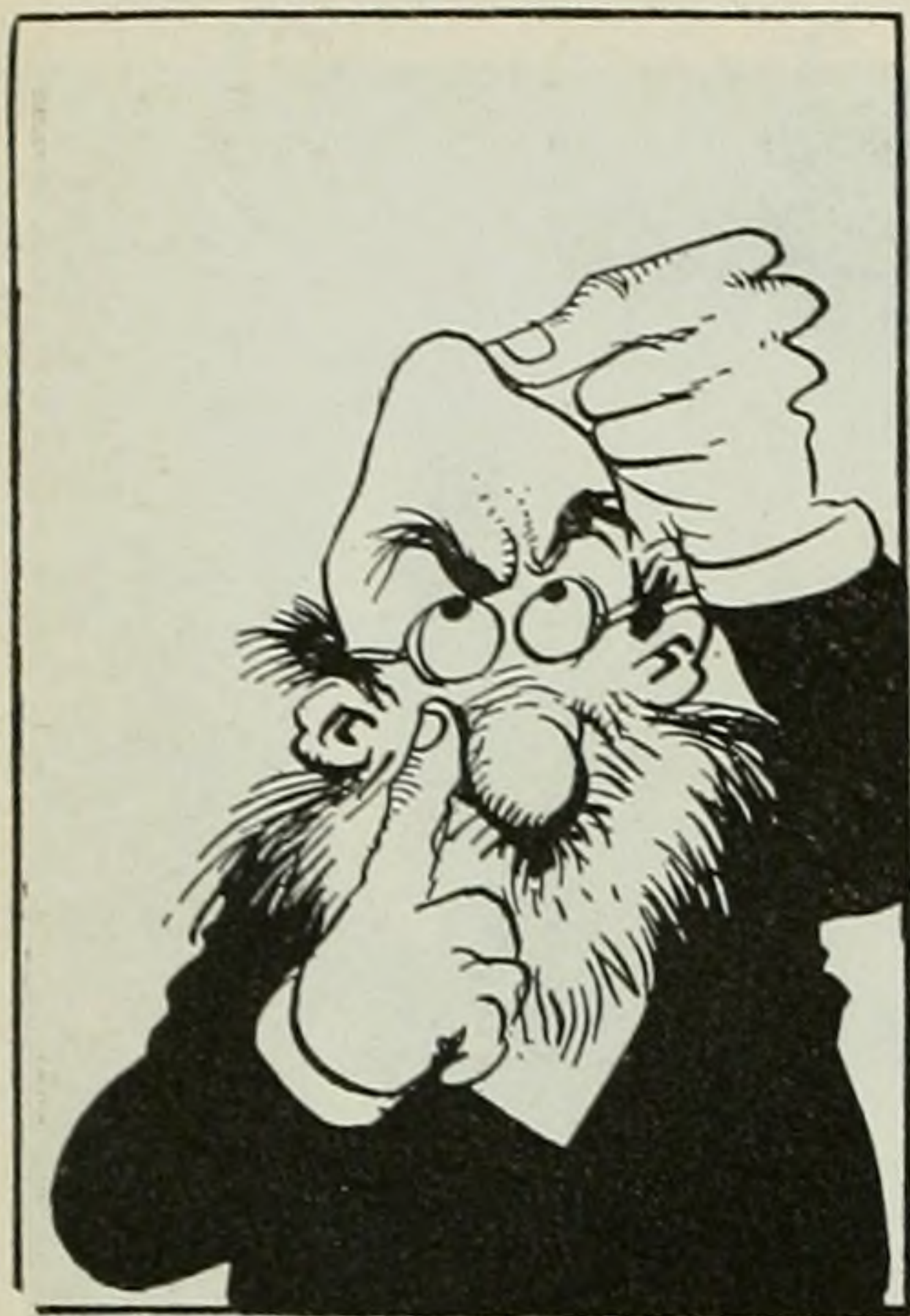
**P**ERHAPS you saw Jeanette in "Hold 'em, Yale." Yale held 'em and "Annapolis" sent for Jeanette. A logical sequel for Jeanette was "Love Over Night."

Jeanette was playing an organ in a movie theater of Oregon when she decided to see in the flesh the shadows she'd so musically aided. She came to Hollywood and home saw her no more. I repeat that we kidnap them or sign them on sight.

Though Jeanette has been in Hollywood less than three years she's all set to go: she's played in a Western, been discovered by de Mille, and is getting a divorce.

You may have seen her in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Herb tells the story of another Love on Page 60



Old Dr. Hall

# The Great TALKIE Sleep Test



The Famous Case D.

By  
*Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall*  
(Not Yale)

## Aged scientist seems to prove that the screaming cinema need not spoil your movie nap

**T**ALKING pictures can be slept through! Scientific experiments, conducted in my New York laboratories, have proven that the great bugaboo of the Blab Films has been blown higher than a film star's nose.

Laymen have long feared that the Screaming Cinema sounded the death knell for one of the greatest of indoor pastimes, Sleeping at the Movies.

My researches have shown that this is not the case. The talking picture is safe for the snoozer!

I chose for my tests my best girl, to be called hereafter Case D. She was selected as a sleeper of no ordinary attainments. Among her best known slumber feats are sleeping through a concert by Creatore's Band, the late eruption of Mt. Etna, the explosion of a gallon of cider and a wreck on the Elevated. When awake she can detect a dinner bid at a quarter of a mile—asleep, she will miss the last cornet solo by Gabriel.

Case D. was subjected to five tests. They follow:

**"THE HOME TOWNERS."** Case D. slept throughout this picture. Upon being awakened, she did not know who was in the cast, what the film was about, why the chicken crossed the road or the name and location of the theater. She had dreamed, she said, that Wallace Beery was pounding her on the head with an ax helve.

**"MY MAN."** Case D. dozed through half of this picture. She remembers Miss Fannie Brice singing "My Man," but does not recall hearing Mr. Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy." When told that Mr. Jolson had not appeared in the picture, she eloquently expressed nothing.

**"THE TERROR."** Case D. stayed awake through four fifths of this mystery talker. "I was fascinated by Miss Fazenda's screaming," she said, "though I could easily have slept through the entire picture."

**"THE BARKER."** This excellent film very nearly stumped Case D. She succeeded in sleeping only through the opening sequence. "The shouts of 'Hey, Rube' awakened me," she confesses. "It sounded so personal."

**"INTERFERENCE."** Case D. fell apart here, remaining awake through the entire film. She refused to state whether it was William Powell or a pin sticking her.

These experiments, tabulated, show the following results, for the benefit of insomniacs and those suffering from nervous disorders:

<i>"The Home Towners"</i> .....	1.000
<i>"My Man"</i> .....	.500
* <i>"The Terror"</i> .....	.290
<i>"The Barker"</i> .....	.100
<i>"Interference"</i> .....	.000

\*Twenty percent claimed here, and allowed, because Case D. had just had two helpings of cheese cake.

I must stress the fact that Case D. is a normal, healthy young woman, not given to the use of strong drink or narcotics. "I have often been awakened by the crawling of a June bug," she says, "or the sound of an eclair falling upon a feather bed."

The satisfactory results of these experiments, given to the world here for the first time, bring a message of cheer to You, and You, and You. They prove that the motion picture theater is still safe for those seeking rest and surcease from the

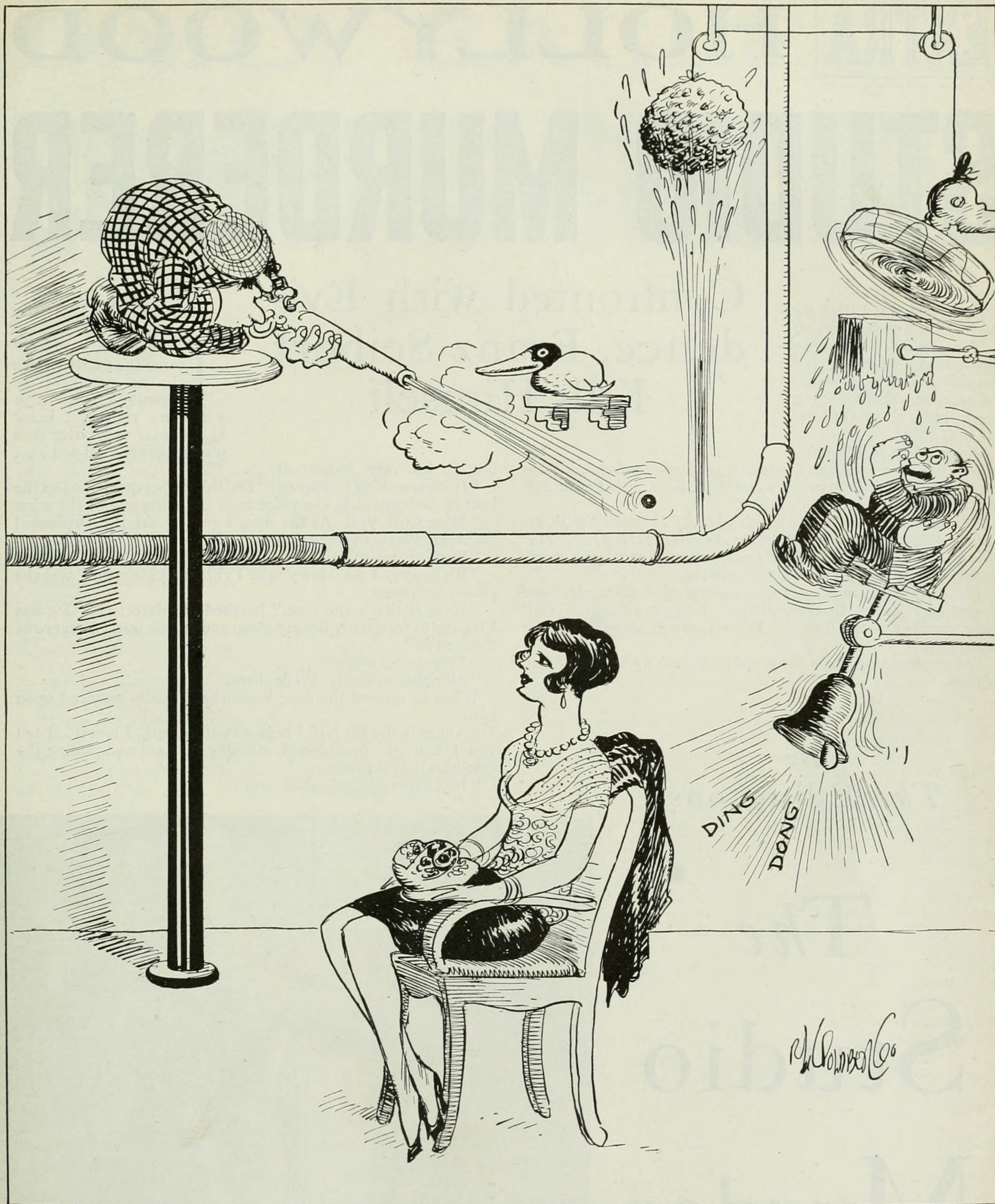
horrors and perplexities of this naughty world. They definitely make known the fact that any determined movie sleeper can, without the aid of opiates, sleep through any photoplay, sound or silent.

Two of my young laboratory assistants, Drs. John Gilbert and Carl Laemmle, are busily engaged in perfecting what we scientists call "the selective snoozer."

This device, when completed, will allow the patron, marked X, to sleep through all sound shorts of jazz bands, sister teams, small-time vaudeville comics, amateur opera singers, Swiss bellringers, yodelers, xylophone players and hoop-rollers.

As the shorts conclude, two well-trained electrons, accompanied by several ions and ohms, will approach the patron and nip him on the ankle. Thus awakened, he is permitted to view the feature howler with no more discomfort than a slight feeling of dizziness.

**O**LD DR. HALL, Professor of Newt Culture at Handlebar University, Nebraska, is one of the Halls of Montezuma, mentioned in the famous Marine Hymn. He is the author of "Through Hollywood with Gun and Camera," and many other unpopular works. For the past twenty years he has been a familiar figure in the studios until detected and thrown out. Next month he promises another unreliable article, this time on The Ear-Plug Test for Lipping Actors. "I have a message for PHOTOPLAY readers," says Dr. Hall, "but I just can't remember what it is."



Patent  
Not  
Applied  
For

OLD Dr. Rube Goldberg, inventor, describes his No-Snooze-At-Talkies Device thus: Cross-eyed hunter shoots at decoy duck and misses. The bullet hits water pipe and water spouts up, saturating sponge and causing its weight to pull string and start electric fan. Fan blows cold air off cake of ice and gives dwarf a chill. Dwarf moves body and waves arms in effort to keep warm, ringing large bell which keeps young lady awake during talkie!

# EXTRA HOLLYWOOD STUDIO MURDERER

## Confronted with Evidence, Franz Seibert Kills Himself

CHAPTER XVII

"I AM at my office," came the excited voice of the president of Superior Films. "Can you come right out here? It iss . . . vell, over the phone I cannot tell you . . .

*The crime that baffled the police of Los Angeles is solved!*

*If you entered solutions in PHOTOPLAY'S \$3,000 contest you will want to read the official solution. But before you go on, read a resume of what has gone before.*

*Dwight Hardell, a leading actor of the Superior Films Company, is found murdered on Stage Six, following a night's work on close-ups alone with Franz Seibert, Superior's ace foreign director.*

*Police investigation, in the hands of Chief Detective Smith, reveals that Seibert and Hardell left the studio at 12:17 A. M. It is obvious that Hardell must have found his way back unobserved, although the gateman swears to the contrary.*

*As the investigation progresses, a number of studio workers and players come under direct suspicion. There are "confessions" under puzzling circumstances. The mystery grows more baffling day by day.*

*Now read what actually happened and check up with your own solution.*

but it iss very important. . . ."

"Has something happened?" Smith's pulses quickened to the beat of excitement in the voice from the other end of the wire.

"Mine Gott, yes! At the show I got it! At the Orpheum! An idea! Please to come right away!"

"Won't it wait until morning?"

"Right away I must see you or I vill bust vide open!" was the graphic response.

"Well, if that's the case," laughed the detective, "I guess I'll have to forego my beauty sleep and toddle out! You are at the studio?"

"Yes—in my office."

"All right, sit tight. I'll be there!"

When he opened the door Rosenthal literally pounced upon him.

"Neffter in my life haff I been so vorked up! I haff it! I tell you I haff it!" he shouted, running forward and pulling the detective into the room.

"Is it contagious?" asked Smith.

By

The Edingtons

# The Studio Murder Mystery





# COMMITTS SUICIDE!

## Foreign Director-Murderer Was Member of Occult Society

"Yes, yes! Oi, vat am I saying? Mine Gott, I hope not vas vat I mean! You vas only trying to be funny, eh? I tell you this is no time to be funny! I haff it I tell you!"

Rosenthal's eyes were fairly popping out of his head with the excess of his agitation. He made nervous, futile gestures at his hair, his clothing—pushed papers wildly about on his desk. All the time his breath came in excited gasps.

"Well, all right. You've got it, old man, but calm down long enough to tell me what it is," said Smith, lighting a cigar.

"First I tell you who committed that murder!"

Smith looked up intently.

"Who?"

ROSENTHAL came over and whispered a name into his ears, and Smith shook his head with a dry smile.

"I got the same idea, but I've just checked over everything! Hardell was seen by at least five people after he left this studio in Seibert's car!"

Rosenthal protested vehemently.

"No difference does that make! It means nothing! You vait. From the beginning I tell you! I told you my Rachel gets tickets for the Orpheum tonight? Oi, ven I think almost I giff them to Izzie Cohen. Vell, first I am bored silly . . . ven

I am not miserable thinking about my vorries. Same old stuff . . . you know . . . a bunch off dogs yelping and jumping thru' hoops, and some acrobats, and a man vat told dirty stories so fast between nice vones you vas laughing at vone

ven you meant to be laughing at the other . . . vell, anyway Rachel is giffing me dirty looks because I only sit and groan.

"MINE Gott, something comes out on the stage that hits me right between the eyes! Just like that! The minute I see it the idea comes . . . like a flash. Up I jump, and grab Rachel by the arm, and I haff to slap little Izzie because he busts out crying, and Rachel she von't speak to me all the vay out because I made her step on a man's corns and he bawls her out. Vell, it vas fierce, I tell you, but finally I get them out, and put them in a taxi and send them home. Then right away I rush out here. Almost I haff a collision, but I don't care I am so excited. I tell you I see it all! I know that iss the vay it happened!" Rosenthal drew out his voluminous silk handkerchief and began mopping his brow. Smith saw that his hands were shaking.

"Quite clear," he said dryly. "But what you neglected to tell me is . . . who came out . . . and what did he do?"

"The man . . . the actor . . . and right away I see that iss the vay Hardell vas killed! Listen . . ." Rosenthal glanced hastily at the door behind Smith, and at the windows. Jumping to his feet he pulled down the blinds, crossed to the door and locked it. Then he drew a chair up close to Smith's, and leaning forward began whispering rapidly into the detective's ear, his eyes darting here and there about the room as though the very walls had ears against which he must disguise his words.

As he talked Smith's matter-of-fact air dropped from him. He partook of Rosenthal's excitement. When the president of Superior Films finally leaned back and looked at him, the eyes of the two men met in mutal fires of speculation.

"Vell, am I not right?" demanded Rosenthal breathlessly.

"Wild and far-fetched as your theory is . . . I believe . . . by Jove, I believe you are!" exclaimed Smith, adding, "But . . . I wonder if the man ever did anything of that sort . . . professionally, you know? He'd have to be pretty darn clever . . ."

"You vait! Ve find out!" He picked up a

The film stopped. In the darkness that followed before the switching on of the lights, no one saw Seibert's swift movement as he slipped a tiny white pellet to his lips. "Don't move, Seibert!" Detective Smith barked and the lights appeared. The director laughed mirthlessly. "I am no fool. I know when—when I am cornered. It is you who are the fools—the imbeciles—the cowards. And yet—fools that you are—you defeated me!"



# Extra! The Hardell Murder Mystery Solved!



The tense audience in the darkened projection room watched the film of the crime as reconstructed by Detective Smith. The horrified watchers saw Seibert, rapier in hand, return to the prone actor . . . urging him on to intensify his expression. They saw him lean over, pressing the rapier against the actor's heart. . . .

portfolio from his desk. "Vile I vas waiting for you I get this out of the Publicity Department files. Ve always take biographies off our people.

"Ve use them in writing stories for fan magazines and newspapers, you understand . . . that iss, our people under contract. I haff not yet read this . . . but . . . Ah . . . here!" and he ran a pudgy finger down a column marked, "Former Occupations," and handed the book to Smith, who read aloud.

"TOURED Russia, France, America and England, 1907. . . 1912, in vaudeville. Played also before the crowned heads of Europe. Started motion pictures in America in 1914 . . ." Smith continued reading silently then until the end of the biography, when suddenly he leaned forward. His quick movement showed plainly that something had struck a vibrant note in his brain. He had come to a page under the heading "Hobbies." He read aloud again—

"Not interested in usual games. Does not make collections.

Hobby, if any, an interest in the occult. Thought to have belonged, while in Europe to leading organizations of this kind, scientific research societies, etc., spending many hours on investigations into matters occult and metaphysical. It is rumored has a rare library, containing ancient and valuable manuscripts on these subjects."

Smith raised his eyes to find Rosenthal's fixed expectantly upon him.

"I haff heard that Black Magic is still practiced . . ." but Smith put up a deprecating hand.

"No . . . not . . . that . . . but . . ." and he let out a breath of triumph. "We've got him, Rosie, old fellow! We've got him! That is, he's hooked, but the thing now is to land our fish!"

"I haff thought of that also," said Rosenthal quietly.

"You have? Shoot!"

"All the vay out here, my mind goes jumping about, trying to find the vay. Then I get it! From a picture ve made last

# Actor Murdered by Mad Foreign Director!

year I get it! In the picture vone of the vittnesses in a murder case turns out to be . . . vell, to be all off on his testimony! How do they prove it? They stage it offer, and show how that vittness has had ears, and hears wrong! Vell, ve do the same thing! Ve stage it offer again!"

"Huh?" Smith's eyes were fixed quizzically on the other. Never before in the detective's experience, had he dealt with a person who had the power to wave a magic wand and duplicate, regardless of the talent or money involved, a complete episode of life. Rosenthal became impatient.

"Sure, sure!" he repeated testily, "Ve do it offer. The whole thing! Vid the same 'props' . . . the same people . . . efferything!"

"The same people . . . ?" questioned Smith stupidly.

"SURE, sure! Mine Gott, Smith, don't I tell you many times S've do anything in pictures?" Rosenthal's mind was already leaping ahead, planning the scene, timing the action, and he did not like being held up to explain.

He was accustomed to working with minds that instantly grasped ideas, that never conceded the impossible in pictures, and here was a man who put up a fence of buts and ifs! He shook his head impatiently, and forced himself to tell the detective, how, and why, any happening under the sun could be duplicated by the artists of Superior Films. He said,

"You are vondering how ve can bring Hardell back to life, maybe, for vat ve vant? How ve can cast the other vone? Easy! I got a make-up man that can make a fence post look like George Vashington! Sure! You don't belieff me! Vait! I show you!" He hurriedly pulled a sheaf of photographs from

a cabinet drawer, and jammed them into Smith's hands. "Look! Effery vone of those pictures vas the same man! Effery vone!" he exclaimed.

"Impossible," said Smith. It was not an exclamation. It was a statement of fact.

"VEN vill you realize that *nothing* is impossible in pictures!" shouted Rosenthal. "I tell you the man vat posed for all five of those pictures . . . for Lincoln, Vashington, the Kaiser, The Christ, and that East Indian hunchback, is right here in my studio! One thousand dollars a veek I pay him, vether he vorks or not! Now do you say I don't know vat I am talking about?" His eyes blazed at Smith.

"Well, I'm not used to such wonders, Rosenthal . . . give me time. My only worry is that, if we start this thing, you know, we can't afford to have a slip up . . . I want to be darn sure it's not going to be a flivver! I'd be the laughing stock of the city!"

"The fellow vat laughs last, laughs best," said Rosenthal dryly. "But I see I got to convince you. I get Cedric Halland himself to come out here . . . tonight . . . now . . ." He plumped exasperatedly down in his chair and called a number. After a long wait he thrust his fat lips close to the phone.

"Cedric, that iss you? Rosenthal. I am at my office at the studio. I vant you should come out immediately. Vat? Vell, call a taxi and charge it to me."

He turned to Smith,

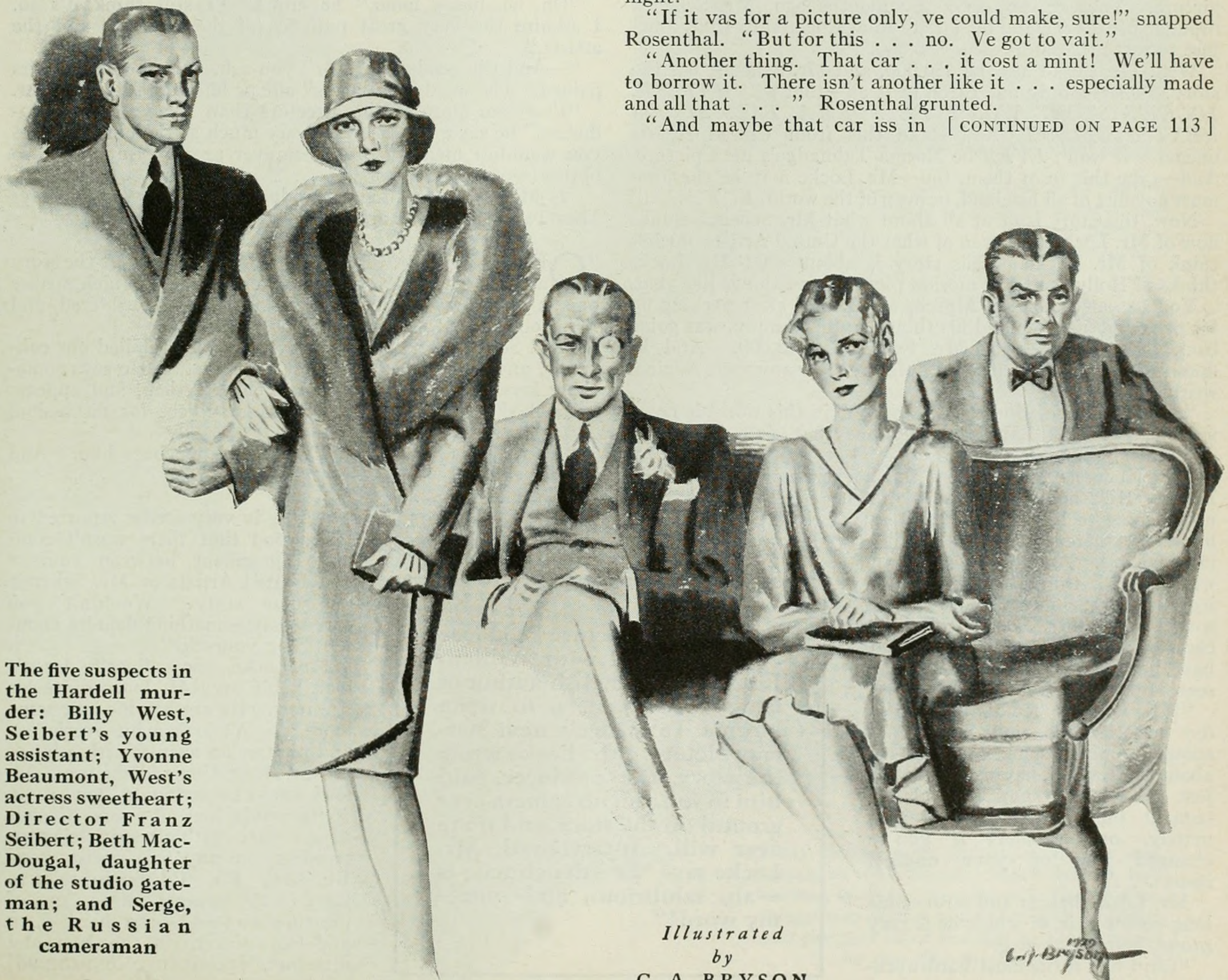
"His car iss in the shop, but he comes right away by taxi."

"The sooner we do this the better, but we'll have to do it on a foggy night!" Smith said. "The same kind of night. Did you think of that? I suppose you will tell me you can make a foggy night?"

"If it vas for a picture only, ve could make, sure!" snapped Rosenthal. "But for this . . . no. Ve got to vait."

"Another thing. That car . . . it cost a mint! We'll have to borrow it. There isn't another like it . . . especially made and all that . . ." Rosenthal grunted.

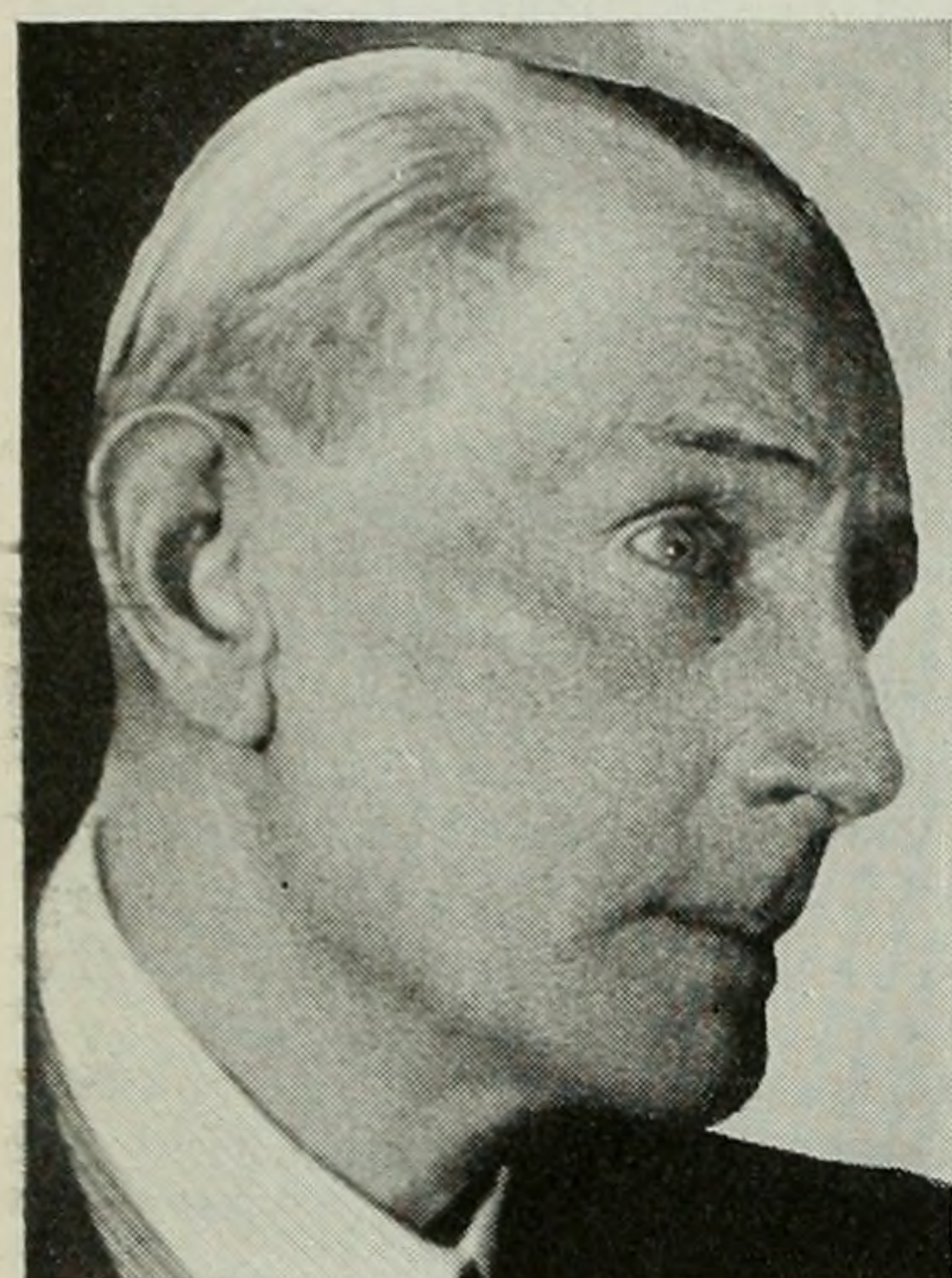
"And maybe that car iss in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



The five suspects in the Hardell murder: Billy West, Seibert's young assistant; Yvonne Beaumont, West's actress sweetheart; Director Franz Seibert; Beth MacDougal, daughter of the studio gate-man; and Serge, the Russian cameraman

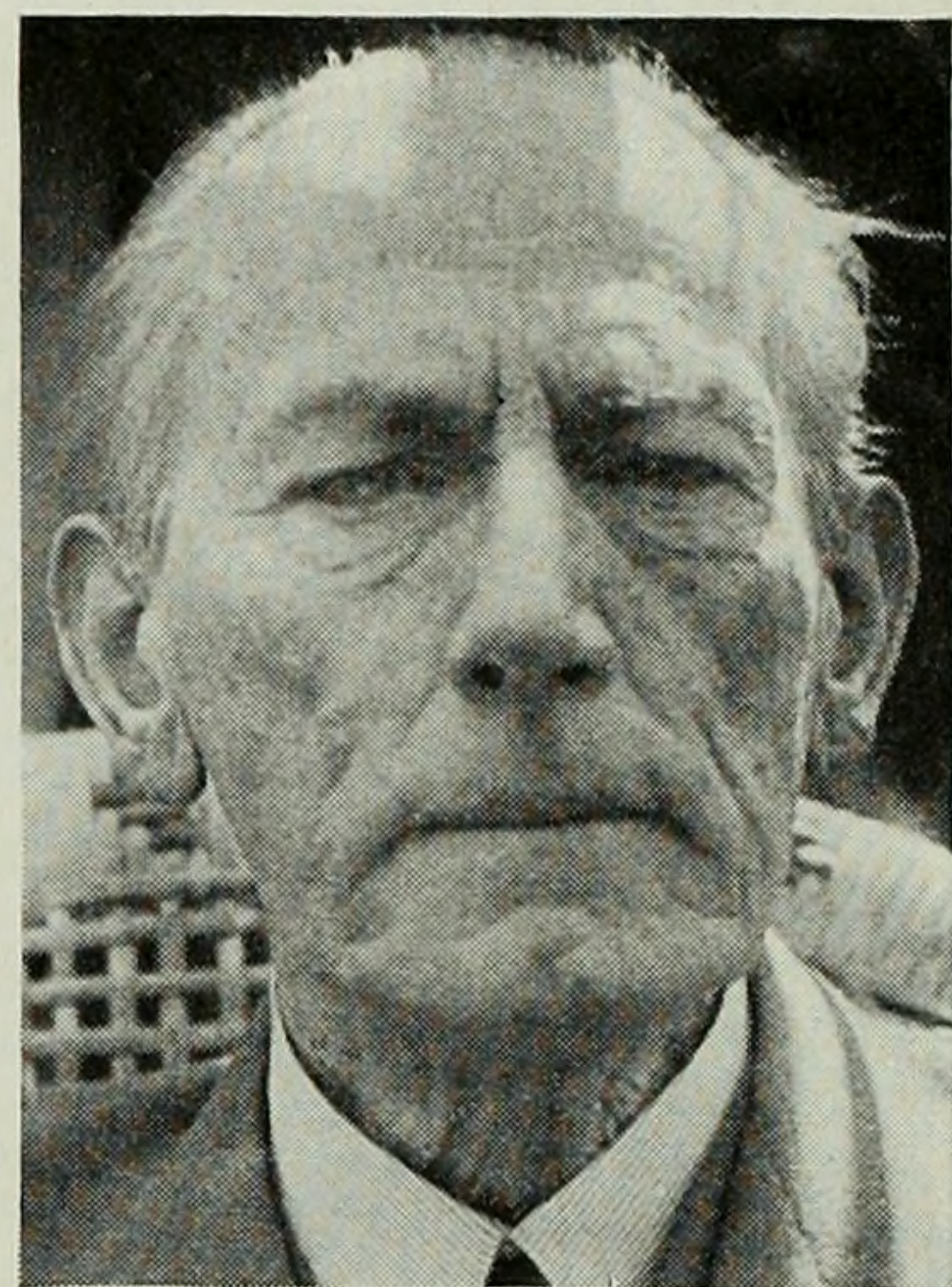
Illustrated  
by  
C. A. BRYSON

# The Fable of \$50,000



Before Taking  
Hollywood

How the charming Mr. Locke wrote a story for a Beeootiful Film Lady, and then sailed away with a plump check and no production at all!



After Taking  
Hollywood

By

Harry Lang

**B**Y this time, William John Locke, of England, has Joseph M. Schenck's cheque for \$50,000.

And Joseph M. Schenck of Hollywood has William John Locke's original story for Norma Talmadge's next picture. You see, not so many months ago, Mr. Schenck brought Mr. Locke and his family from England to Hollywood just to write that story—for \$50,000.

Well, Mr. Locke has the \$50,000, and Mr. Schenck has the story. There's only one catch in it all—that is, *THAT MR. LOCKE'S STORY WON'T BE NORMA TALMADGE'S NEXT PICTURE!* And—take this from United Artists officials—it won't *EVER* be Norma Talmadge's next picture. And—take this from them, too—Mr. Locke may be the foremost novelist of all England, or even of the world, *BUT . . . !!!*

Now, this story isn't at all about what Mr. Schenck thinks now of Mr. Locke, nor even of what the United Artists officials think of Mr. Locke. This story is about what Mr. Locke thinks of Hollywood and motion pictures and things like that.

You see, at the end of March, Mr. Locke, after packing up his pens and his pads and his things and his family, was going back to England—with Mr. Schenck's \$50,000. And he doesn't expect, for the present at least, to do any more original writing for the films.

"Ahfter all," he admits now, "my job in this world is novel writing, y' know. And I must place that first in all my activities!"

Now let us go to interview Mr. Locke, in the oh-so-lovely Beverly Hills home where he wrote the \$50,000 story that's never going to be screened. Let us go with Mr. Locke into his study, where he pens his thoughts in longhand. And let us sit down with the tall, thinnish, blond, long-haired, 65-year-old, Woodrow Wilsonish-smiled Mr. Locke and sip a cocktail and ask him questions and have him answer us, now that he's seen Hollywood from the inside.

"Mr. Locke," let us begin, "a few months ago you were good enough to write some lovely things about Hollywood, having seen it for just a week, and now that you've seen it for several months, intimately, one wonders if you've changed any of your original ideas . . ."

Mr. Locke beams and strokes his long yellow hair, of which he is very proud, being sixty-five.

"Oh, I find it the most hard-work-

ing community I've ever come across in my life," he tells you.

"You wrote, back then, about 'the peace and quiet of cinema production,' but admitted that was founded on but a week's impressions? Have you changed your mind?"

"Oh, no, nono, nono," he crows. "I still think it's so. I admire the very great patience of the directors and the artists."

"—And the producers, too?" you ask. Mr. Locke appears pained. The word "producers" affects him somehow or other.

"I've seen more of the directors than I have of the producers," he says, and he looks very much as though he wishes you wouldn't mention producers ever again. But one is so obtuse!—one simply persists . . .

"Is Mr. Schenck going to produce the story you wrote for Miss Talmadge?" one asks, naïvely.

"**O**H, I don't know. I don't know anything about the story at all," says Mr. Locke, who wrote it. Which strikes one as very, very strange, so one looks a bit bewildered, and Mr. Locke tries to make it plainer.

"Mr. Schenck and I," he tells you, "both fulfilled our contracts, and that's about all there is to that." He says something lovely about the California climate then, and appears hopeful that that might be a fitter subject for discussion. But it isn't.

"Now, Mr. Locke, let us be frank," one begs him. And he answers:

"Eh? Yes? . . ."

"Mr. Locke," one goes on, "it is very freely reported in Hollywood that there wasn't complete agreement between yourself and United Artists or Mr. Schenck on your story. Wouldn't you care to say something definite about that, for yourself?"

Mr. Locke, who ordinarily doesn't look a bit over 45, looks quite his age now. He strokes his hair some more, doesn't look a bit overjoyed, and phrases an answer with a bit of care. These Uhmeddic'n press fellows are so importunate, now! . . .

"It would be—ah—very difficult to do that without criticizing or treading on anyone's corns, now. Uh. Ah. Uh. I'd much prefer to keep to my general impressions of pleasure and—uh—the hard work and—ah—sincerity of the artists and directors." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

**M**OTION Picture Producer contracted with William J. Locke, the English author of famous best sellers, to write Norma Talmadge's next starring picture. Mr. Locke wrote the story, the producer paid him in full, but no camera ever ground on the story, and none ever will. Interviewed, Mr. Locke says "Er—the climate is—ah, salubrious, and—um—my word!"

# Whoopee! *Here Comes* Mary

Bobbed, audible, and  
coquettish in her  
latest picture

**B**EHOLD the new Mary Pickford! In her forthcoming film, "Coquette," she brings her admirers two new things—a windblown bob and a voice. Mary's haircut is significant. It marks the passing of an epoch, for it means that the kid parts of *The Little Biograph Girl* are no more, and that Mary is now a grown-up lady, on screen as well as off. Furthermore, for the first time a Pickford picture may have a sad ending. All of which goes to show that Mary has bowed to time and change in her first talkie.



Mary Pickford and Matt Moore  
in a dramatic moment from her  
new picture,  
"Coquette"



Mary seems to be getting a bit coy and kittenish with Johnny Mack Brown, her leading man in "Coquette." The storm-tossed bob makes our Mary look younger and prettier than she has in a long time. Do you like the haircut?

# The Girl From

The scion of the Boston Flowers hired her for background in his test film—but read what happened

**H**AROLD FLOWER had arrived in Hollywood with a very elaborate English-tailored wardrobe, an overdose of self-confidence, and the firm conviction that Nature had equipped him to be one of the great lovers of the screen.

He was just past twenty-one with a sapling figure and a face which he felt might very easily be mistaken for John Barrymore's. That he knew nothing whatever about acting seemed to Harold to be quite unimportant.

He had made what he thought was an extensive study of the screen and had reached the conclusion that the very best springboard for overnight stardom is a *name*. The proud old name of *Flower* had graced the Boston Social Register for many generations. Harold was ready to offer it to the highest bidder.

He parked his roadster of robin's egg blue in front of one of the largest studios and presented himself at the casting window.

"I'M Harold Flower," he announced importantly, "of the Boston Flowers—"

He paused for this to have its effect upon the pimply-faced youth who was gazing at him indifferently through the grilled-iron window. The effect was exactly the same as if he had said of the Podunk *Smiths*.

"Nothing today," came the reply. It sounded like a ventriloquist's dummy had spoken.

"But I say—" Harold couldn't believe that the boy had understood him. "Don't you know who I am?"

The pimply-faced one remained indifferent. "Wouldn't make any difference if you was the Prince of Wales. Company's all on location." He snapped a cigarette stub into a cuspidor across the room and reached for the telephone.

"I have some photographs here." Harold started to unfasten the large envelope he was carrying.

"Casting hours from nine to twelve. Bring 'em back then if you want 'em looked at." His manner indicated that it was immaterial whether the photographs were ever exhibited or not.

It was a bad beginning but Harold refused to let it discourage him. He was determined to be an actor. In a way he had set his heart on the Paradox Studio. He liked their slogan "*If it's a Paradox show it's the best show in town.*" Naturally, a *Flower*



could only be associated with the best. There were other studios however. In the days that followed Harold visited all of them, leaving a sheaf of expensive photographs at each one and explaining his identity. But the studio people it seemed had never heard of the Boston *Flowers*. Harold's letters home did not mention this. The family had been sufficiently upset by his announcement that he had decided to be an actor. In fact his father had made some impulsive threat about disinheriting him if he ever saw his name on a movie screen. For a time it looked as though he would never have occasion to exercise this threat.

Then, after more than a fortnight of idleness, Harold discovered that well-dressed youth can sometimes get by where ancestry proves a total flop. He made his first appearance before the camera as one of a crowd in a ballroom scene. This

# Woolworth's

By  
Grace  
Mack

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn

On the following day Harold did some Western riding in Griffith Park, attired in chaps, spurs and a Tom Mix hat. Before the big scene he explained to his poker-faced cameraman: "In this scene I'm the bold, bad man of the mesa. I make love to Jennie, who is a poor little ranch girl. I foil a lot of evil cowboys and then I ride away. We'll put in a title something like, 'Love 'em and leave 'em'"

was earning as an actor to teach him bronco busting.

All that this resulted in, however, was a chance to double for three or four popular male stars whom he very slightly resembled. They got the glory and Harold got a couple of cracked ribs from falling off a horse in a stunt scene and pneumonia from swimming the icy rapids in a Northwest Mounted picture.

**B**UT his belief in himself never wavered. He was confident that he could do anything that any popular young juvenile could do. He had watched them work. It was a cinch. They had absolutely nothing that he didn't have. What he needed was a director to discover him. But how was a director even going to see him when he was just one of a crowd.

Then one day it occurred to him that he might insert himself into the foreground by inventing a little "business" of his own. It was a

gangster murder scene. Harold was one of a group of reporters. He waited until he was sure he would be picked up by the camera and then he leaned over to touch the body. Unfortunately the script called for this bit of action to be performed by the star. When Harold beat him to it an assistant director bawled out:

"Hey there! Whadda you think you're doing—a solo?"

For a moment it looked as if they were going to put Harold off the set. His ears tingled with the words "ham extra" and "screen hog" which the assistant director scathingly applied to him as he shoved him into the background.

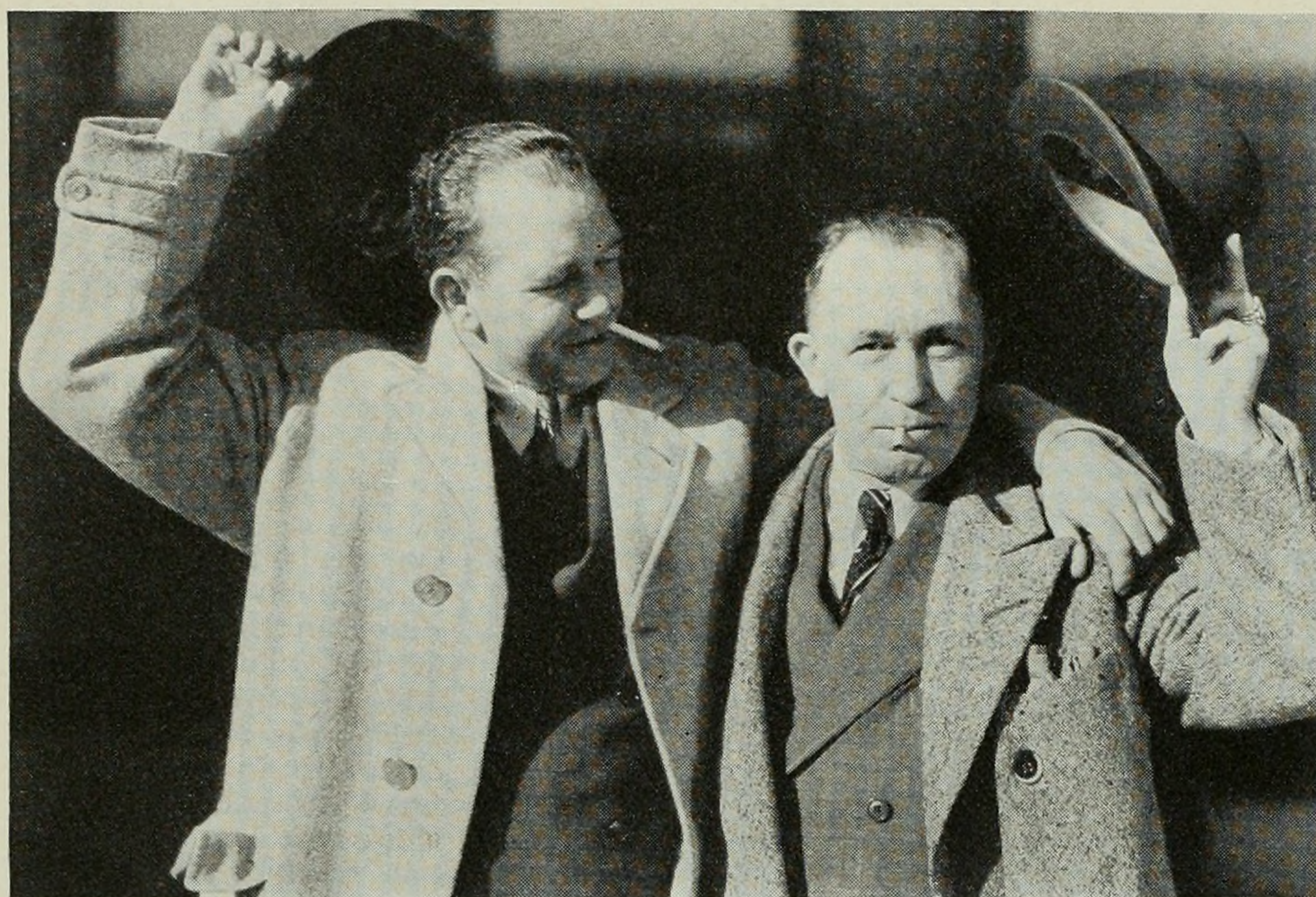
It was this episode which made Harold realize that something had to be done. If he played extras any longer he would be marked for life.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



was followed by other ballroom scenes. At the end of a few months he had been cast as a gigolo in a Parisian cabaret sequence, an unsung football hero in a college epic, and a *poilu* in a war picture. His dream of *stealing the picture*, however, remained unrealized.

**S**TILL, he was beginning to get on to the Hollywood racket. He had learned the trick of putting whitening on his teeth, had learned to pencil his pale blue eyes and to make up his chin so that it looked more forceful. He engaged a lifeguard to put some class into his swimming and to teach him a few fancy dives. An hour each day was spent at a gymnasium with a Swede boxer who had a right hook that left him absolutely punch drunk. He paid a cowboy extra twice as much as he



Who brought this up? Anyway, "The Two Black Crows" are all ready to caw into the microphone. Here is big Charlie Mack greeting his little pal and partner, George Moran, on the latter's arrival in Hollywood. Once hands were shaken and hats waved for the benefit of cameramen, the famous comics were hustled out to the Paramount studio to black up and begin work on the first of two talkies they're to make for that company

# GOSSIP *of* All

*Said Clara Bow to Alice White,  
"It surely is a lovely night!"  
"Oh, I don't know! Oh, I don't know!"  
Said Alice White to Clara Bow.*

**W**HAT gets over in Hollywood, doesn't make a hit in New York! The newest instance is little Lupe Velez.

Out where the talkies begin Lupe has been looked upon as a ball of fire. Lifted from Mexican cabaret obscurity by producers, she is on the edge of stardom. It is natural that she would lose her head. And Lupe has lost it. She squanders the high salary she draws down. She acts pretty much as she pleases in public. All of which did very well—until she collided with Broadway.

**L**UPE blew into the metropolis evidently determined to give Broadway a very rough idea of a Hollywood hoyden off the reservation.

The second day she was in town United Artists gave an elegant luncheon for her at the Park Central Hotel. Lupe came bounding in wearing a half pound of clothes and screeching like the noon whistle at the plow works.

She pounced on Jack Cohen, intelligent but modest picture critic for *The New York Sun*, and barked, "I know-a you. I knew-a you in California! What-a you mean comeeng to my party? I no-a like you!"

When Cohen came out of his faint, he was told it was just clean fun, and Lupe's insistence on that fact only added to his discomfiture. Her other girlish pranks included shouting across the table at any one who addressed his neighbor above a whisper, and sticking the damp end of a guest's cigar in a salt cellar. If David Belasco had been there, she would probably have pulled his chair from under him.

**L**UPE'S cute tricks didn't get over so well, and there was plenty of muttering among the lowly populace of mere writers and critics.

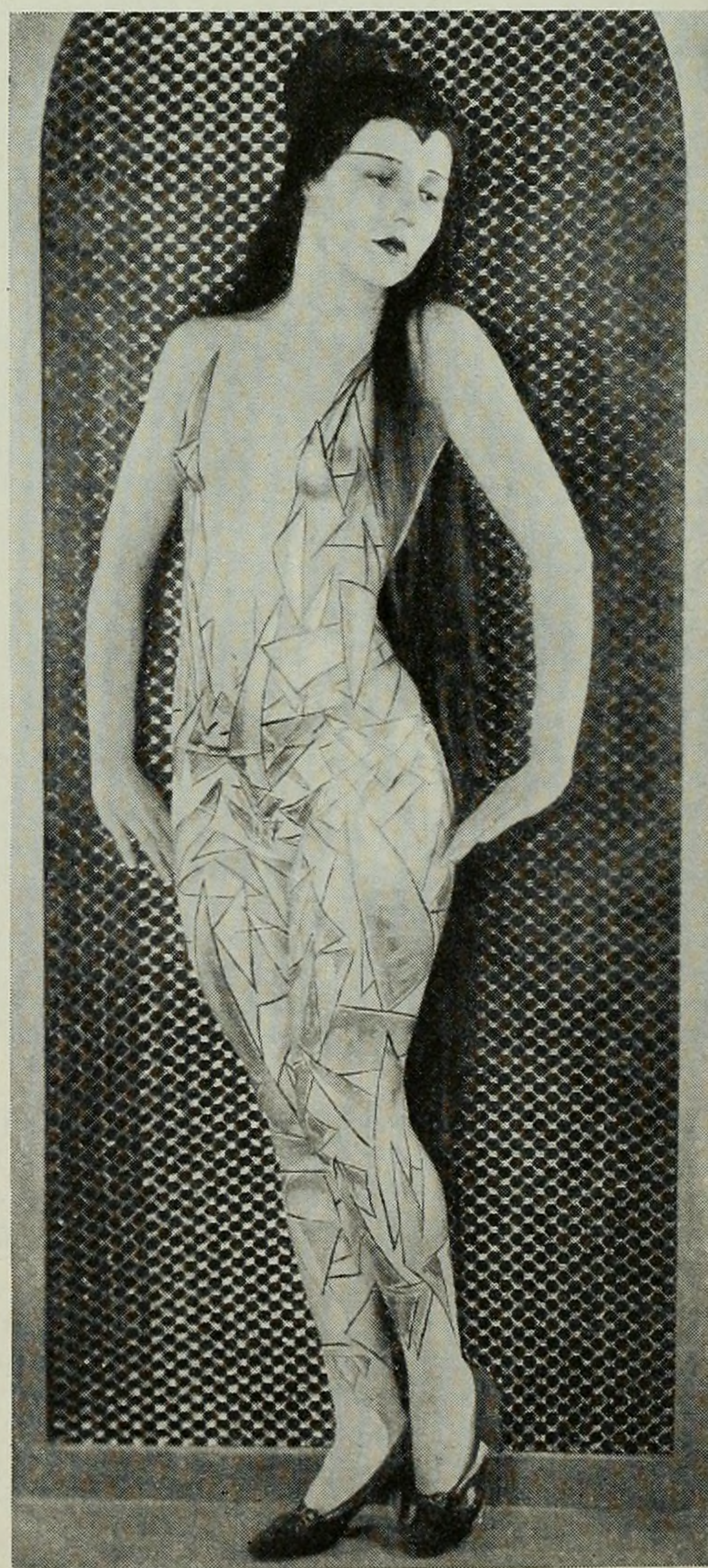
A couple of days later her hotel gave her a tea, large and swell, but Lupe was a changed gal. True, she didn't wear enough clothes to wad a pea-shooter, but she was comparatively calm and restrained.

Cal imagines that United Artists piped her down on the wild Mexican foolishness. Velez just overtrained on her debut, that's all.

But Lupe was a riot when she appeared personally with "Lady of the Pavements." Hot and entertaining across the footlights.

But not quite placid enough for a luncheon partner.

**Join the Painters' Union and see the girls. Iris Ashton, one of the Fox Movietone Follies beauties, has merely slipped on a coat of paint and is ready for the camera. But Iris doesn't look very happy about it, somehow. Perhaps she is thinking of the fatal moment when she will have to scrub it off!**





One day while Director Millard Webb was waving his arms at the actors during the making of "Gentlemen of the Press" at Paramount's Eastern studio, a beautiful girl walked on the set and smiled. Three players and a property man fell dead. And lo and behold, it was nobody but our beautiful-as-ever Beverly Bayne, just dropping in to see what the talkies are all about, anyway! Why not give her back to us in the talkies?



# The STUDIOS

By  
Cal  
York

CLARA BOW'S visit to New York was just about as noisy as a cream-puff falling on a feather bed.

The scintillating sorrel-top registered at a hotel as Stella Ames, and had a maid and a chaperon, the latter being Mrs. Clarence Badger, wife of the director.

She did a little modest night-clubbing, but that was all.

Her one personal appearance was at the Paramount Theater in Brooklyn, her home town, and all the folks turned out.

Police fought off crowds, the house was sardine full at the one performance she graced, and for all I know there were fireworks, band music and dancing in the streets.

It was a great night for Brooklyn, which is usually in the shadow of its more famous sister borough, Manhattan, across the East River. Home Town Girl Makes Good.

THE Bow heart seems to remain in the film capital despite the fact that she, personally, is in New York.

Hollywood's big gas-and-tire man, Frank Muller, is reported to be the latest "Samson."

A wire from the vivacious Clara fell from the Muller pocket the other day and was swept to an obscure corner of the Muller gas station where a gas buyer found it.

Did he read it before returning it to the owner?

I'll say he did!

And therein he found many endearing young terms. Clara made it plain that Mr. Muller was her Samson and she was his Delilah and that if he didn't be nice, she'd "get a Samson with longer hair." Another blithe sentiment was embodied in the following: "I'm drinking a toast to your eyes," said Clara; "may they never meet."

Sweet rest for the tired business man! The first picture of Nancy Carroll as *Bonnie* in the Paramount picture version of the brilliant drama of life backstage "Burlesque." This is the big chance of Nancy's fair young life. And when it comes to filling tights, La Carroll certainly has what it takes!

ANOTHER amazing story from Hollywood. This time it's a true one and not conceived at a press agent's Underwood.

Many months ago W. S. Van Dyke's publicity man took a "gag" picture of the director with a group of blondes.

The caption stated that Van Dyke was attempting to pick one of the gals to play the leading rôle in "Trader Horn."

It was just a publicity stunt and the girls had been gathered from the casting office. All went well until one of the extras said, "I won't do this picture unless I get paid for it. I'm not in this business for my health, but for the checks. This is work, isn't it?"





Ruth Chatterton and Lionel Barrymore just have a good heart-to-heart talk about a scene for "Madame X," in which the eldest Barrymore boy is filming Mrs. Ralph Forbes. When it is over Lionel will go into the sound-proof cage, wave "allez!" and the bit will be immortal!

The incident was closed. Van Dyke went to the South Sea Islands to do "The Pagan." He returned and started to look for the lead in "Trader Horn." They thought of Camilla Horn and Mary Nolan. Both actresses were too expensive. Van Dyke was worried. Hundreds of tests were made. And then, one day, he said, "Who was that spunky little extra girl who wouldn't do a gag picture without a day's check?"

The girl's name was Edwina Booth. She has the only woman's part in "Trader Horn"!

**A**RTHUR CAESAR, Broadway wit and playboy who now does talkies for Fox, has most of the film colony panicked all the time with his nifties.

At a Wampas meeting the other day Arthur said that Warner Brothers had performed the stupendous feat of taking the Bible, an established hit for years, and making a flop out of it.

P. S. He meant "Noah's Ark."

**M**ARION DAVIES' benefit for war orphans was pronounced a success. Three local theaters were taken over. Their regular attractions were given plus performances by Al Jolson, Marion Harris and other headliners, who donated their services.

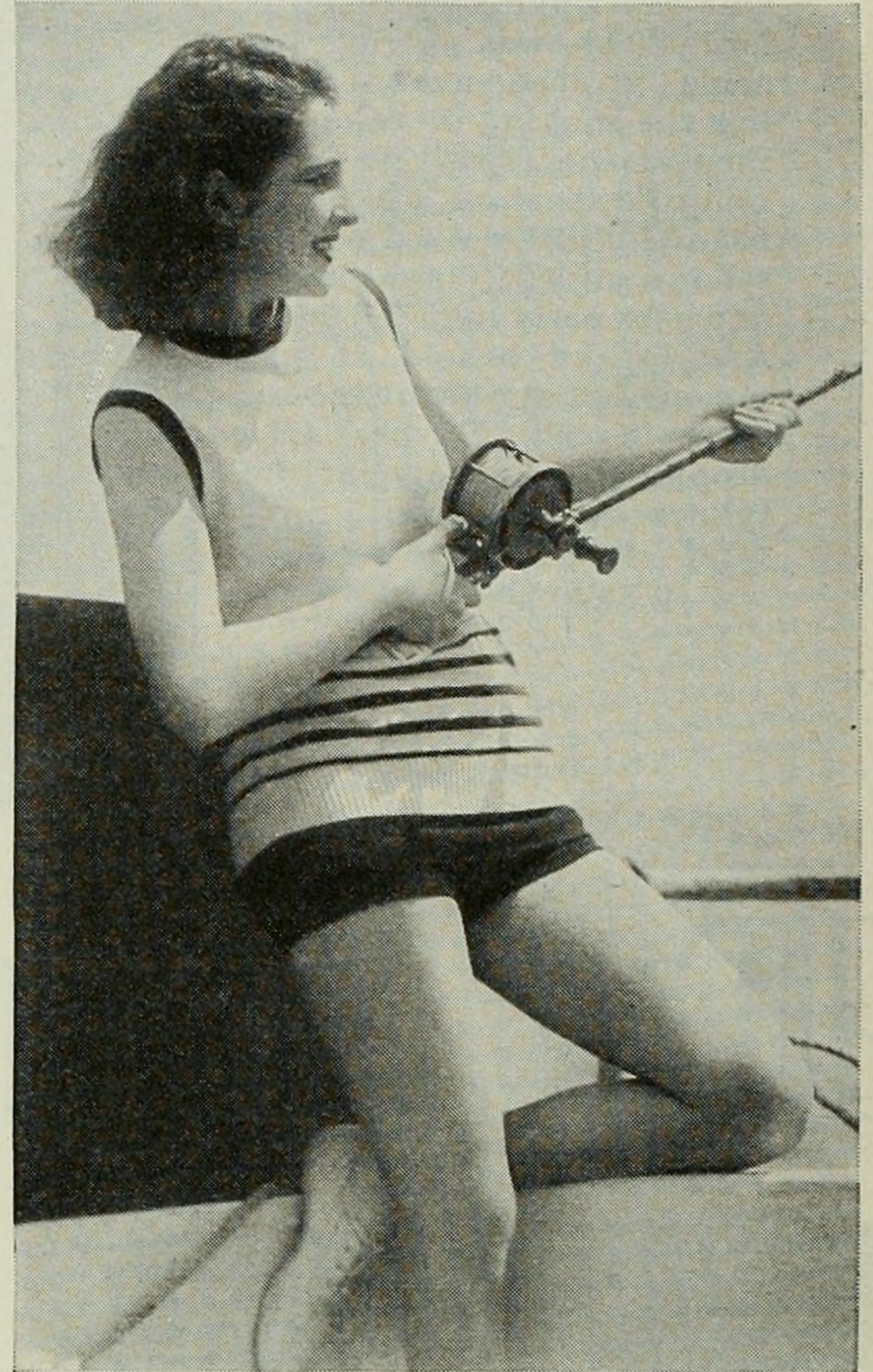
Jimmy Hall, who was master of ceremonies at one of the houses, deserves an especial laurel wreath all his own. Gus Edwards was late and it was Jimmy's duty to stall for time. If you've ever been a master of ceremonies and one of your acts was late, you'll know just how Jimmy felt.

But who cared about time and Gus Edwards, with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Gloria Swanson in the audience?

**I**F, after my years of effort, you still don't believe that Hollywood is the maddest pin-point on a nutty globe, read this.

Out in a tiny Missouri hamlet called Marionville, proud of its 1,200 people, Jennie Benjamin ran the town millinery shop. Once she did a modest business. Then the coming of the automobile allowed townswomen to drive to Springfield, two hours away, where hats were better and more plentiful.

Tired of listening to her arteries harden, Miss Jennie took all her meagre savings and came to Hollywood to get a job in the movies. The first day the little old-fashioned woman called at the Warner studio.



We seldom see Billie Dove this close to nature, minus the silver-spangled frocks into which she is poured. Soon after this picture was snapped, Bill hooked a halibut weighing fully 892 or 114 pounds, and at least THIS long!

"I'm a hat creator from the East," she said. "I'd like to connect with your company."

Two days later they called her. "Report for work tomorrow morning."

For the past several months the little milliner from Marionville has been designing snappy modes for Warner.

Beauty, fame and fortune storm the gates of filmland in vain. Miss Jennie, from Old Mizzoo, knocks timidly, and walks right in.

Tell me, is there any sense at all to the business of living?

*Ten thousand battling to get in,  
The riot squad, the flashlights' din,  
Top hats and ermine shove and squeeze—  
And on the screen a piece of cheese.*

**R**UMORS of a smash-up in the marital relations of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor brought quick denials from both members of the famous domestic team.

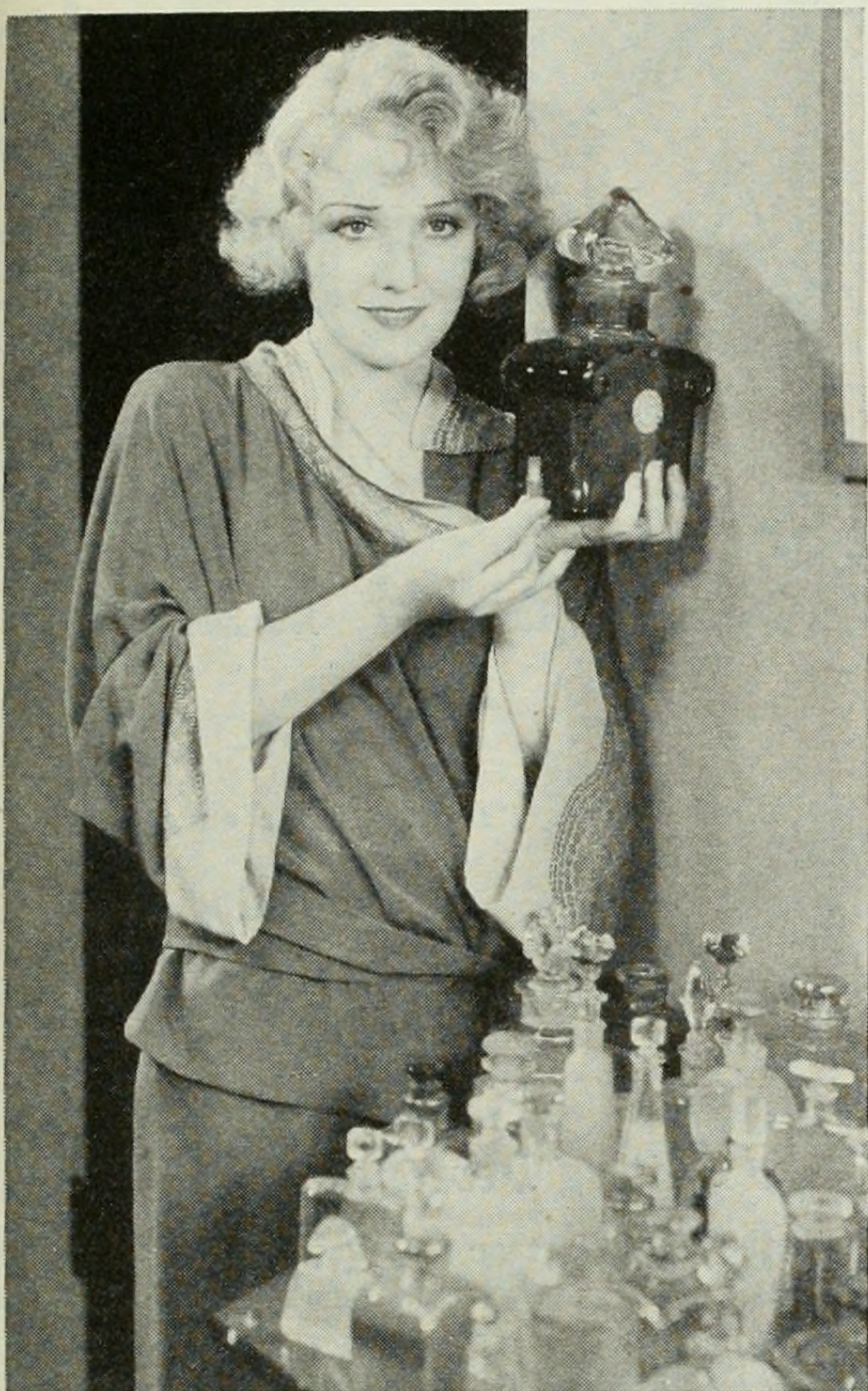
They started while Jack was in Florida superintending the Stribling-Sharkey fight, called "The Miasma of Miami," and Estelle was at work in Hollywood.

However, as soon as she finished up with "East is East," the Lon Chaney picture, she hurried East, and reached Florida in time to be at the ringside.

Then the reports broke out again, but Jack and Estelle squelched them by long distance to New York.

Estelle, as everyone knows, is tremendously ambitious in her picture work, and Jack likes fight promoting, but they are both going to make concessions in order to be together, just as they always have in the past.

No—the Dempsey-Estelle Taylor romance looks safe and



Anita Page, deadliest of blondes, is aware of the importance of a delightful odor in filmland. The half gallon of scent you see her holding was chosen out of a shipment of some sixty varieties sent her by hopeful parfumi-ers



Gene-Kornman

Hot from Hollywood comes the first scene from Harold Lloyd's new picture, so far untitled. He began it with the working name "TNT," which is in the best Lloyd manner. Hal is posing the cop nicely, and we suspect that somewhere behind him is a pipe wrench or baseball bat

sound for some time to come. Which probably just breaks the hearts of the trouble-makers and grief-spreaders who infest the world!

**T**HE prize story for May. Some visitors on a set were discussing a screen star, *sotto voce*.

"She certainly has 'It,'" said one.

"What's the good of 'It' if you're illiterate?" said another. The star overheard, and burned.

"I'll have you know that my father and mother were married three and a half years before I was born!" she stormed.

**H**OLLYWOOD is going gaga thinking up titles for new theme songs.

Here's one waggishly suggested for Norma Shearer's new picture—

"Mary Dugan, you're a trial to me!"

**R**OBERT BENCHLEY is one of the prominent and popular New York smart boys who has clicked in Fox movietones.

A distinguished actor, one of Bob's fervent admirers, was interviewed recently by a San Francisco newspaperman, and the actor went into a long rave about the brilliance of Benchley.

Proudly, the actor sent a clipping of the interview to Benchley.

Bob sent back this note—

"Dear little girl . . . I didn't know you cared!"

**D**OROTHY PARKER, the Broadway poet and wit, can always be counted on for a stinger.

Metro-Goldwyn imported her to Hollywood to write talkie dialogue. Mrs. Parker specializes in ultra-smart sophistication,

with a rash of cynicism, so of course the studio gave her the old tear-squeezing melodrama, "Madame X," to play with. It would.

A day or two after her assignment Dotty met James Gleason.

"Got a swell idea, Jimmy," she said.

"So what?" answered the actor-writer.

"Going to jazz up the story, stick in a few hot numbers, and call it 'Mammy X'!"

**W**HEN Greta Garbo first came to these Metro-Goldwyn shores, several years ago, she was given the usual publicity runaround.

That is, the press department called on the Sinuous Swede for all the publicity tricks that are customarily the lot of the newcomer.

She was snapped in running trunks, posed in trick clothes, and photographed shaking hands with trained gorillas and United States congressmen.

"When I am beeg star like Leelian Geesh," she once told a press agent, "I will not shake hands with prize fighters for publeecity."

Well, now that she is beeg star, she won't. It would take a visit from Mussolini to turn out La Garbo, and only once in an exceptionally blue moon will she pose for studio pictures. And the moon has to be plenty blue.

**A**L BOASBERG, the title writer, can always be relied upon to do his gagging bit.

When Universal shook out the lot not long ago, Al smiled wanly and said:

"It's all so futile! Just as soon as those guys learn English they fire 'em!"

**H**OLLYWOOD is all of a twitter!

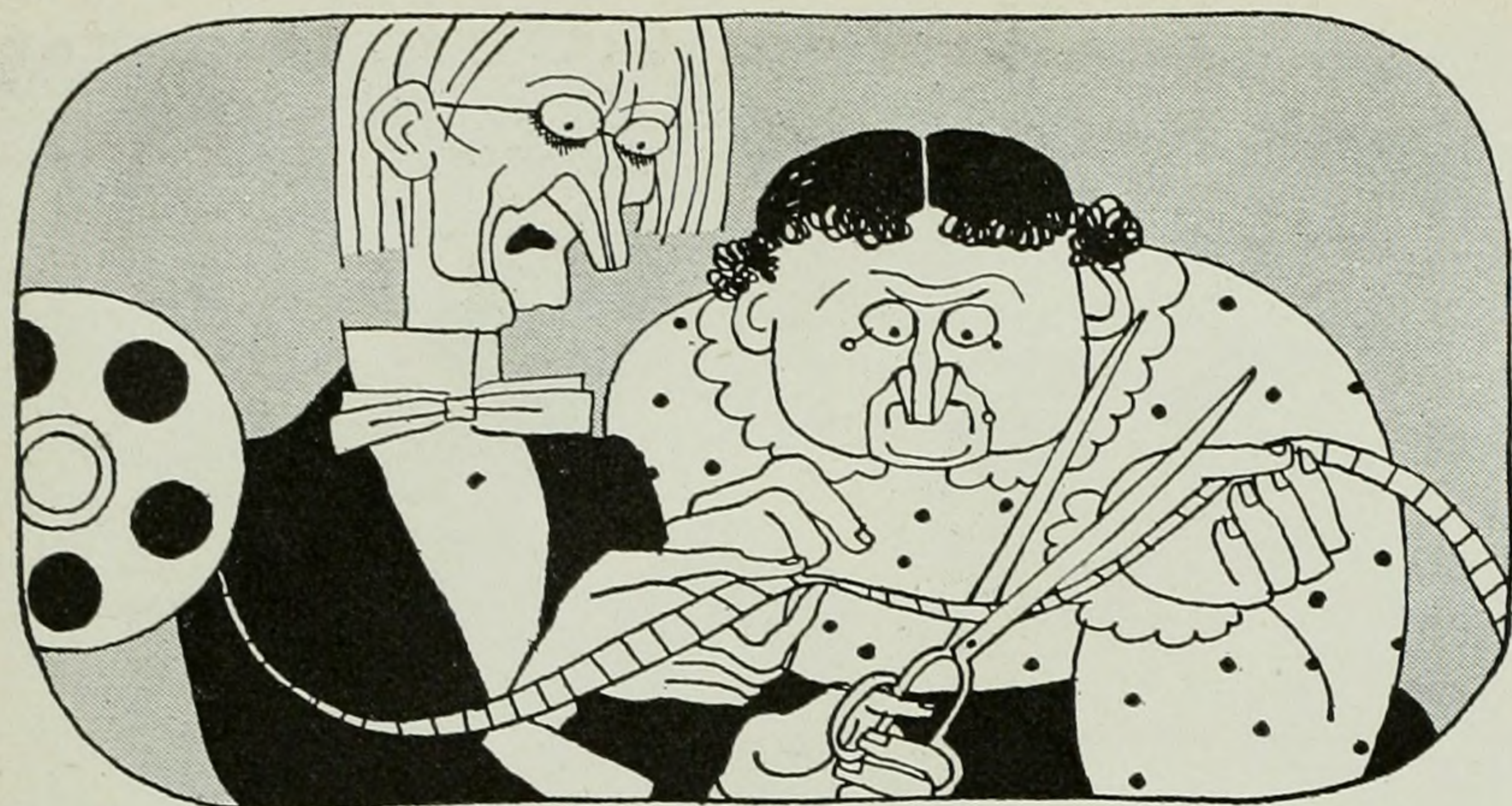
Who is the Mysterious Mrs. McDonald?

No, Junior, this isn't the start of a new Van Dine puzzler, though it sounds like one.

The fact is that Mr. Ronald Colman—the shy, aloof and secretive Mr. Colman—has been seen first hither and then yon with a most attractive lady of the blonde persuasion.

When asked who she is, Mr. Colman habitually goes into a becoming blush and stammers, "That? Oh, that is Mrs. McDonald."

Only that and nothing more. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



LADY CENSOR—"Dear Dr. Spavin, don't you think there's something a LEETLE mite suggestive in the way they're staring at each other?"

# Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

## Fame

*For twenty years, upon the screen,  
He fought for many a movie queen.*

*Saved honor, battled sin and shame—  
Lived all the virtues one could name.*

*In ermine, every inch a king.  
Looked noble, loved, and everything.*

*One day a tiny item read,  
"Los Angeles—Bill Jones is dead."*

## Just Good, Mean Fun

The Paramount Theater, Paris, recently had "Three Sinners" on the screen and Pola Negri in person. . . . As Frank Tinney used to say, what could be fairer than that? . . . The newest theme song, "Dynamite, Dynamite, Blow Back My Sweetie to Me!". . . Clara Bow registered at a New York hotel as "Selma Ames". . . Mrs. Director Clarence Badger came along as chaperon. . . Oh, ho! The old Badger Game! . . . Lupe Velez came to Broadway and the local hot babies got chilblains . . . Three stitches were taken in Tony Moreno's head after a careless mechanic dropped a bottle on his head from a height of 35 feet and Tony didn't even have presence of mind to say, "I hope it's blood." . . . Coolidge's hum state catches up with the parade. The first theater in Vermont to install sound equipment was fitted out a little while ago, two years after the fun began. . . Vermont may be interested to know that its most distinguished son left the White House last March. . . New stage play, "Squawk," produced in Los Angeles. . . What a talkie! . . . Director Harry Pollard calls one of his leading women "a morgue for dead emotions." . . The leading Argentine film star is named Jose Bohr . . . Comment on that would be carrying ribbon clerks to Hollywood.

## The Gag of the Month Club

Arthur Caesar, wit and talkie writer, gets this month's second-hand paper napkin.

Movie actors are now as crazy for lines as they used to be for close-ups in the silent days. One dizzy blonde came to Caesar on the Fox lot and said, "Oh, Mr. Caesar, don't you think I ought to have some lines in this big picnic scene?"

"Yes, I do!" said Arthur. "You can come on and say, 'Well, here's the ham!'"

"Fine!" beamed the blonde. "And do I really bring on a ham?"

"Oh, no," said Caesar. "That's just a confession!"

## Getting Personal

Nance O'Neil, the veteran stage star, got a thousand dollars for coaching Vilma Banky, the Budapestiferous Beaut, in English. . . Mrs. Norman Kerry, formerly Heiress Rosine Griffen of Chicago, is going to court about it. . . Late in the Winter Richard Dix and Regina Cannon, a New York film reviewer, were reported making goo-goo eyes. . . Dix is the most persistent bachelor in films. Just stubborn. . . It is reported that Jack Gilbert talked to Greta Garbo in Paris for 30 minutes, *via* telephone, while she was abroad, and then sent the chief operator in New York a mass of roses because he liked the transmission. . . Lars Hanson, who left Hollywood flat but still alive, gave a special performance of "Strange Interlude" in Garbo's honor during her visit to Stockholm. . . The late Bill Russell left over \$100,000. . . Ronald Colman sprained a knee and cracked a rib during a fight in a scene for "Bulldog Drummond." . . In the mezzanine of the Seattle Theater, Seattle, Washington, women are permitted to play cards at matinee performances. . . Hatpins and nail files checked at the door. . . Lupe Velez says she won't marry Gary Cooper because she is afraid wedlock will kill their love. . . Just a nervous little bundle of faith and optimism, that gal! . . . Roxy's Cathedral of the Motion Picture, in New York, celebrated its second anniversary recently. In two years it was attended by 13,000,000 people, and \$11,000,000 passed into the boxoffice. . . Film producers are barring visitors from talking picture sets, to guard their technical secrets. . . The Hollywood slang name for such pictures is "sneakers." . . Lily Damita's personal appearance tour lasted nineteen days. . . She attended 12 luncheons, 11 dinners, five teas and made 17 radio speeches. What a lot of peanuckle she had time for! . . . Ruth Taylor, the little *Lorelei* of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has lost out at Paramount, and is free-lancing. . . Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. . . Heigho, 26 years a menace to masculine peace of mind, and still menacing. . . Pola Negri is to get \$75,000 for making a picture in Germany. The Perilous Pole is still a big shot abroad. . . Metro-Goldwyn has been letting options lapse. Among those out are the lovely Aileen Pringle, Gwen Lee, Bert Roach and Raquel Torres. Aileen should worry. As Dave Warfield would say, "If Metro don't want her, we want her."

# What are Your Correct Colors?

By *Laurene Hempstead*

Hints for that inter-  
mediate type, the brown  
haired girl

*This is the last of PHOTOPLAY'S series of color articles for the four distinct types—the brunette, the blonde, the red haired and the brown haired girl. Miss Hempstead, who has written this series, is an expert on color harmony, and we believe our readers have found the articles and the accompanying color charts a valuable aid in choosing clothes and cosmetics suited to their individual coloring. We hope to present further articles by Miss Hempstead on the proper appreciation and application of color and line as an aid to feminine attractiveness.*

**I**N America, where there is a fusion of Southern peoples with their warm dark coloring and of Northern peoples with their cool light coloring, we find many so-called intermediate types, persons whose coloring is neither predominately warm nor cool, light nor dark, but containing elements of each. Most frequently their hair is brown, of medium value rather than very dark or very light, so they are known also as the brown haired type.

As readers who studied the three previous articles of this series appreciate, the colors in the costume should be chosen with regard to the warmth or

**N**OT a blonde, not a brunette, sometimes classed as one and sometimes as the other, the girl of the brown haired or intermediate type frequently feels that her coloring is indefinite, even nondescript. It is true that her coloring is not so striking as that of either the blonde or the brunette. It is neither as light and cool as that of the blonde, nor as dark and warm as the brunette. But it combines advantages of both, enabling the brown haired girl to emphasize her best characteristics. Beginning with the February issue, PHOTOPLAY'S cover was a color chart for brunettes; March, for blondes; April for red haired girls; and this issue completes the cycle. Each has a corresponding article by Miss Hempstead, giving detailed information about correct color combinations. You may obtain any issue by sending 25c for each copy to PHOTOPLAY, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



This is a keyed color chart for brown haired girls, corresponding to our cover drawing of June Collyer. No. 1 is warm gray. 2. Soft yellow. 3. Yellow-orange, pleasingly softened. 4. Soft light red-violet. 5. Warm beige. 6. A softened red-orange. 7. Light grayed blue. 8. Light soft violet. 9. Light red-orange. 10. Soft blue-green. 11. Soft light green. 12. Grayed blue-green, medium dark. 13. Soft blue-violet, medium dark

coolness of the skin, the hair and the eyes. As a rule, persons with warm coloring appear at their best when wearing apparel of warm hues. Those with cool coloring find that cool hues best emphasize their charm. The intermediate type, having the advantage of possessing both warm and cool coloring, therefore frequently has the unique distinction of being able to wear either warm or cool colors.

While the intermediate type is permitted a wider range of actual hues than either cool or warm types she should not, however, wear aggressively cool colors or as flamingly warm hues as may the more decided types with strikingly cool or warm coloring. Extremely cold colors, those of vivid intense hue without a trace of neutralizing warmth in their composition, are likely to be stronger, more powerful than the cool tones in her personal coloring, thereby overpowering or killing them. Actively warm vivid colors are likewise usually detrimental in their effect upon less forceful warm colors in the skin, hair or eyes, dominating rather than emphasizing the coloring of the individual. Intensely cold colors also tend to clash [CONTINUED ON PAGE 147]



★ *THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*—M.-G.-M.

**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER sunk four years and nearly a million dollars in filming this Jules Verne tale of the first submarine which glides along the ocean's floor. Ernie Williams invented a deep-sea camera process which knocked technicians cold. Then a company went to the Bahamas but the Florida hurricane defeated them and the film was shelved. Several other false starts were made but something always checked production. Six months ago they tried again, with new cast, sets and director—and the result is an unusual and fantastic spectacle.

The entire production is in technicolor, which gives undreamed-of beauty and clarity to the undersea sequences. The photography is art of the highest order, and the sets bizarre and production lavish. The story is intoxicating fiction. It must be seen to be believed.



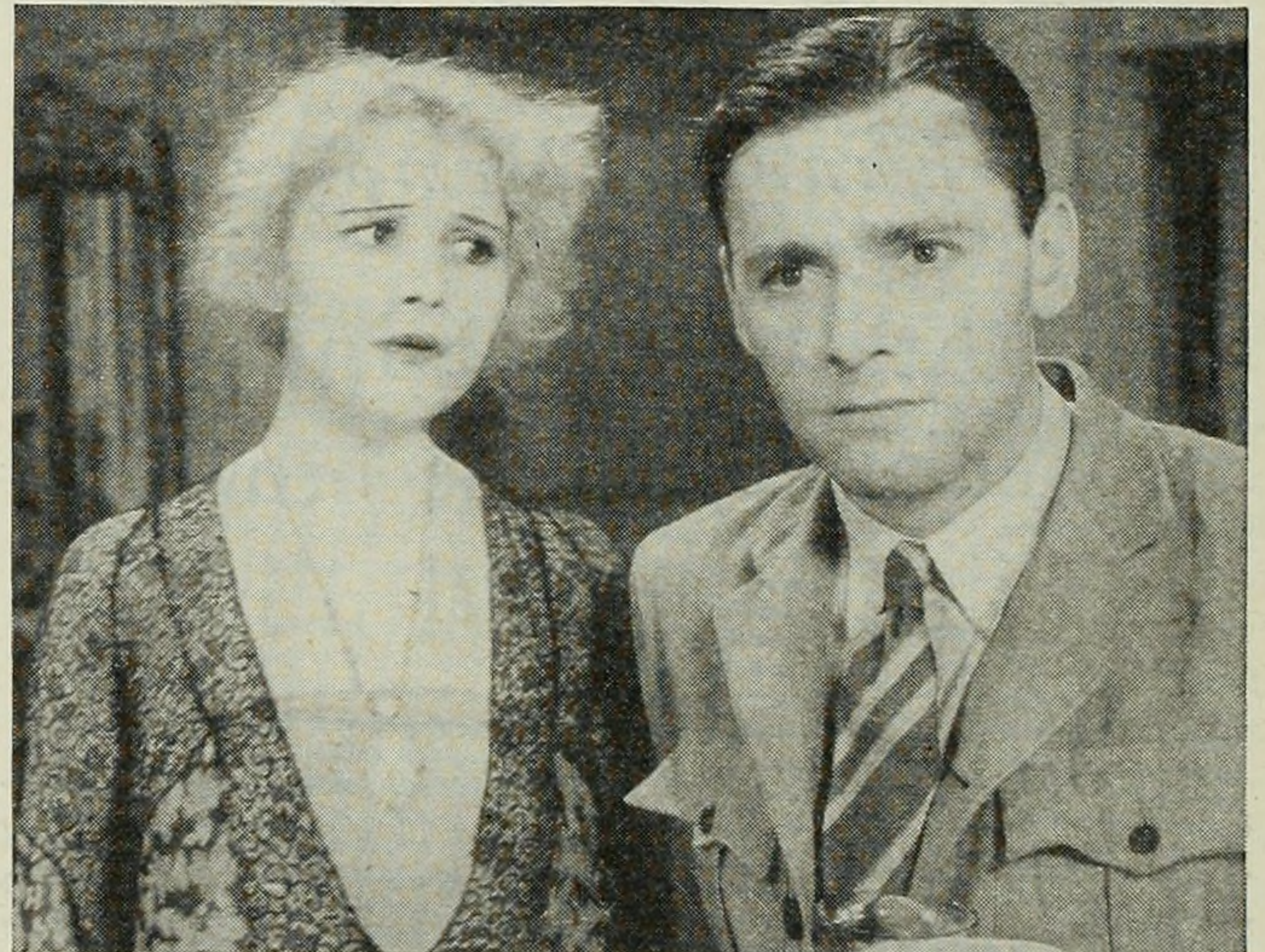
★ *CLOSE HARMONY*—Paramount

**T**HIS vaudeville backstage hit is the last word in talking pictures. First, Buddy Rogers encounters the "mike" with the most pleasing results. He has a gorgeous speaking voice. His poise and facility prove his phenomenal success due to honest ability, not lucky breaks. Also, it's Nancy Carroll's first all-talkie. Her voice is clear and resonant—her songs the latest from Ziegfeld's. Likewise Skeets Gallagher and Jack Oakie, a comedy team that'll panic the world. Harry Green is a knockout as the harassed producer.

There's no attempt at epic. A sophisticated chorine helps a shy but clever boy sell his act to Broadway. To this modern story and the cast's excellent work is brought brilliant handling and faultless synchronization.

*The*  
**Shadow  
Stage**  
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *THE LETTER*—Paramount

**H**ERE is the first high pressure emotional performance of the all-talkies. We have had stars who emoted in the sound films but, in "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels runs the whole distraught gamut. It is great work.

"The Letter" may or may not be a popular film. It's an unusual one—a mature story for grown-ups. Don't take little Willie to see it. Somerset Maugham wrote "The Letter" as a stage play and it moves into a sound film almost intact. The one big elaboration is a battle between a deadly cobra and a mongoose. This was originally a short German film. It adds a thrilling and macabre moment.

The wife of a British plantation manager kills her lover, but by blackening her victim's character, she succeeds in wriggling out of the crime on the stand. Acquittal is just ahead—when an incriminating letter, written by the murderess to the dead lover, turns up.

See the film for the rest of the unsavory story. Miss Eagels plays the unfaithful wife who shoots her lover down in cold blood. The woman is utterly unworthy—and Miss Eagels plays her unrelentingly. She hasn't a redeeming quality, but the star's performance is a corking one.

O. P. Heggie is admirable as the friendly British lawyer who saves the woman. The rest of the cast is fairly good. The atmosphere of a far Eastern rubber plantation (the location is near Singapore) is excellently maintained.

You will like Miss Eagels' dynamic work but you will probably hate the woman she portrays. You may not like the story. But "The Letter" is a real landmark in the progress of the microphone drama.



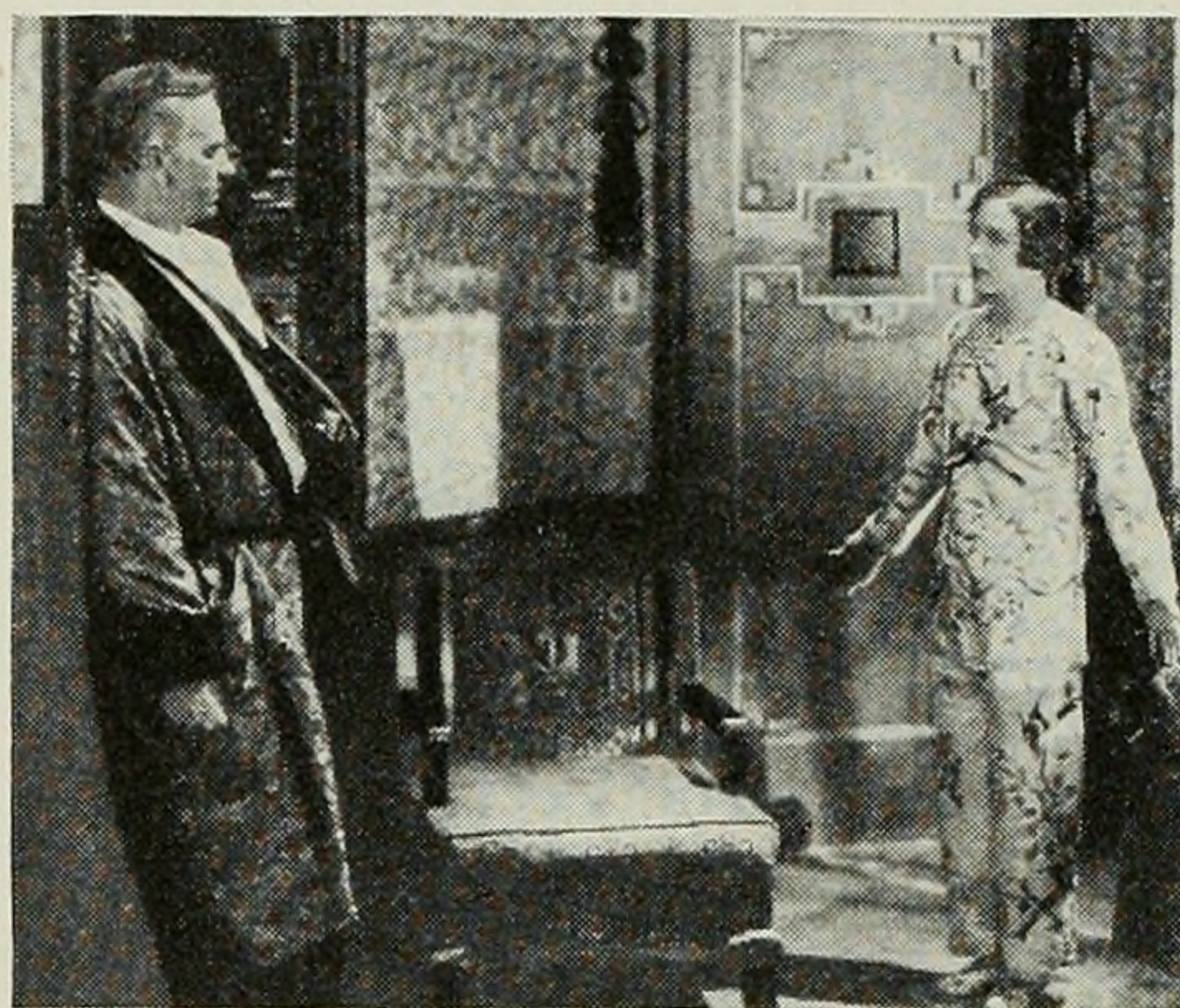
# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—  
M.-G.-M.**



**T**HE prevailing question in Hollywood has been, "How are they going to get a picture out of 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey'?" Well, they got a good picture. The suspense is accomplished by showing the falling of the bridge at the beginning but not divulging the identity of the characters killed until the last reel. Lily Damita is cast as the fiery Spanish dancer and she is vivid to say the least.

**CHINATOWN NIGHTS—  
Paramount**



**H**ERE'S a vivid melodrama that holds your interest completely and is made doubly exciting by Wallace Beery's splendid characterization. It deals with the white boss of Chinatown and a cultured lady with "an uptown head and a Barbary Coast body." Florence Vidor as this woman is badly miscast. When you see the film you won't need anybody to tell you that it's the first time she has ever done a drunk scene.

**ALIBI—  
United Artists**



**"NIGHTSTICK,"** under the title of "Alibi" has come to the screen as an almost flawless talkie. Chester Morris brings to the films the same potent crook that made him famous on the stage. Here is the story of a young gun-man, crooked to the core, who takes advantage of the misguided sympathy of a policeman's daughter and marries her. When the cops corner him, he turns yellow. Corking melodrama.

**THIS IS HEAVEN—  
United Artists**



**W**HEN Sam Goldwyn first looked at this picture he decided it was so good silent that he wouldn't add dialogue. Rumor had it he was afraid of Vilma Banky's accent. But he did add dialogue and Vilma's voice is delightful. The accent is poignant and her characterization charming. The story? Another trite Cinderella yarn. New York scenes and noises are fine and you mustn't miss hearing Vilma.

**HOT STUFF—  
First National**



**A**NOTHER collegiate picture to incite the universities. Evidently the technical director learned how college students act by witnessing twenty-six performances of the musical comedy, "Good News." Alice White takes off her clothes, smokes and drinks. But it's all a mistake. The youthful hero, Billy Bakewell, carries cold tea and ginger ale in his flask. If that would kid a college student, it would fool your old man.

**SONNY BOY—  
Warners**

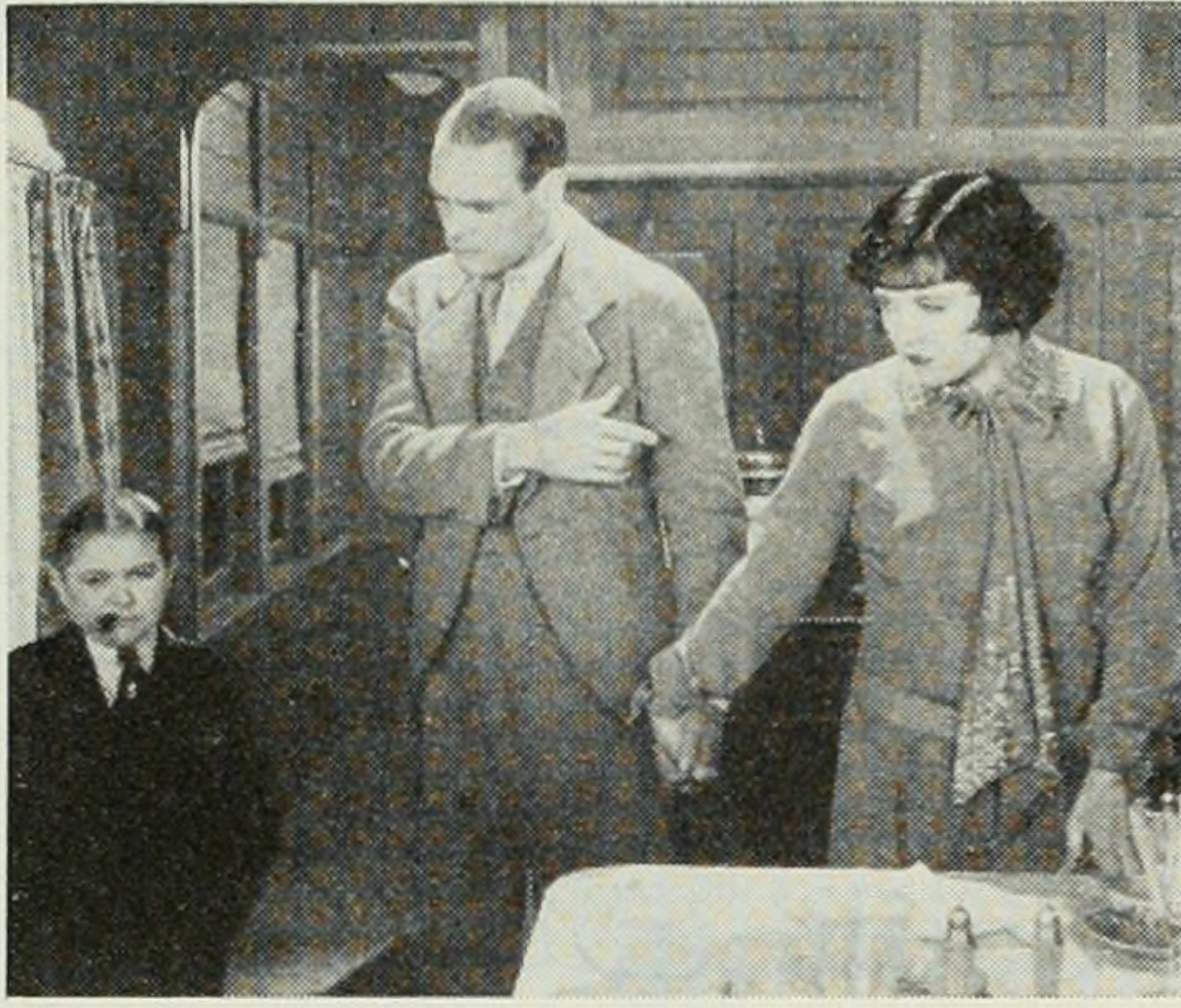


**T**HEY have placed adorable little Davey Lee, who stole a lot of the thunder of "The Singing Fool," in a bedroom farce. That's a shock. Davey is delightful but the comedy is old stuff. Betty Bronson works hard as the girl in negligee in a strange man's room. Edward Everett Horton is the strange man. Nothing excuses "Sonny Boy" but Sonny Boy himself. This probably will disappoint you a whole lot.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**THE SIDE-SHOW**—  
Columbia



**WE** know it's hard to believe, but here's a really original circus story. It's an intimate portrayal of the struggle for success of a midget with a Napoleonic soul. From a side-show attraction, he becomes a circus owner, and thousands of six-footers could take lessons from him. Little Billy, vaudeville headliner and Broadway favorite, is the star.

**THE HOUSE OF HORROR**  
—First National



**THIS** is some better than "Haunted House" and "Seven Footsteps to Satan" because of the work of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. As far as story is concerned it is as cheap and claptrap as the former efforts. There are diamond smugglers and other hokum. One is not supposed to tell the denouement of a mystery. One can't, for the climax is as mysterious as "the plot." Pass it up.

**SHANGHAI ROSE**—  
Rayart



**A** DRAMA which by any other name, is still suspiciously like the stage classic, Madame X.—the mother who is forced to leave her husband and boy, goes down the scale until she becomes one of those women. She kills a man to preserve his silence, and her own son defends her on trial. Irene Rich battles gamely to save the picture from utter mediocrity but it takes more than a fine actress to make a film.

**THE LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER**  
—Columbia



**IF** you like crook pictures and if you like Bert Lytell, you'll find much to admire in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," Columbia's new crook picture with Bert again as the lone wolf. You will be reminded of William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" when you see the lone wolf slipping gracefully and easily out of every trap that is set for him. The picture is good comedy, well directed.

**THE WINGED HORSEMAN**  
—Universal



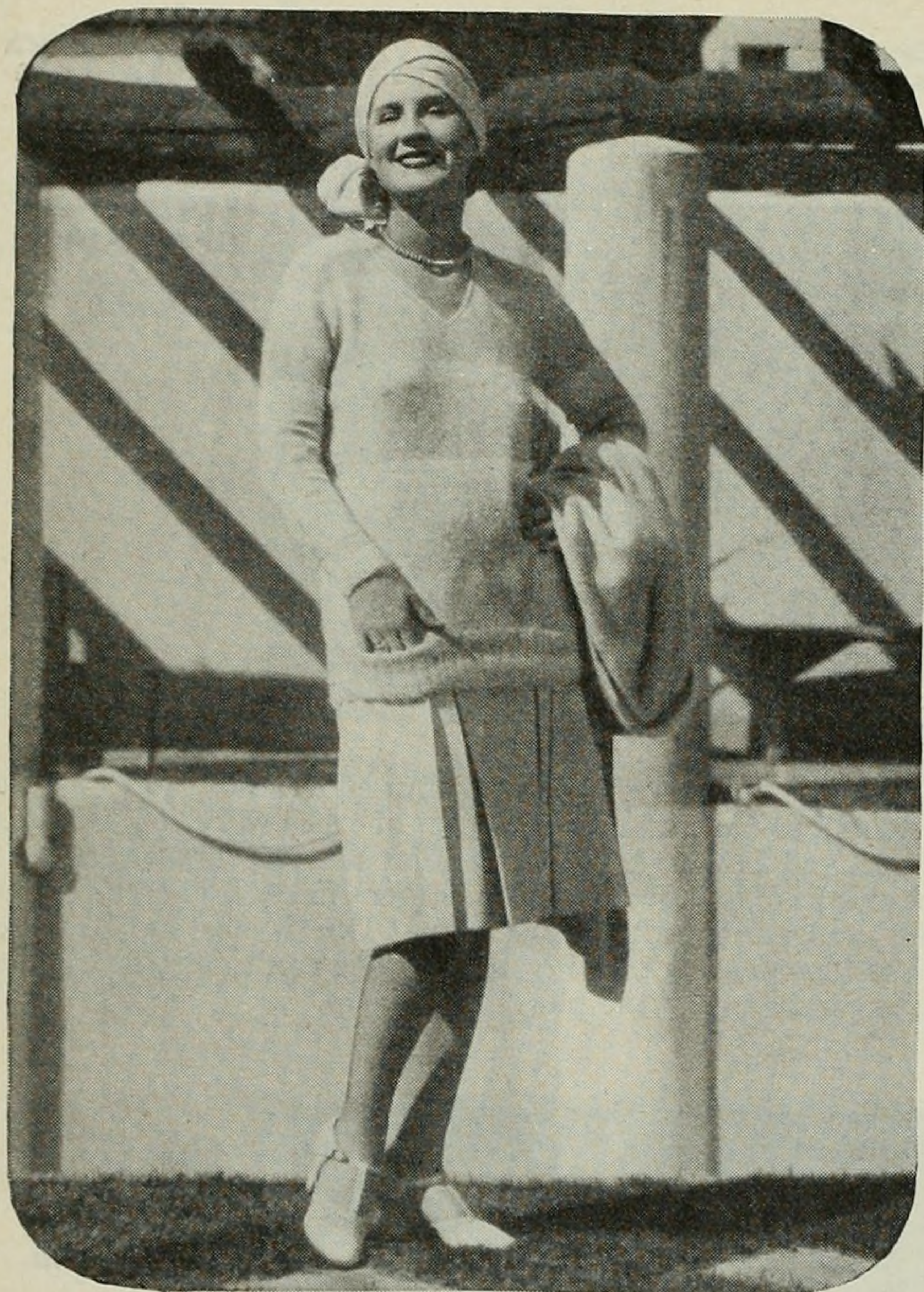
**CURSES** be on Lindbergh's head for making airplanes so popular. He's gone and ruined the old fashioned Western. Here's Hoot Gibson giving up his horse and chaps for these new fangled air ships. If you like your nice, honest shoot 'em up Westerns you won't approve. The plot is vague. A lot of people float nonchalantly in the sky in parachutes. Ruth Elder is the flying gal. She looks pretty in flying togs.

**BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**—  
Columbia



**A** SIMPLE but tense tale of lost papers and mislaid identities, centering around the activities of a United States secret service girl in a mythical country. It takes a great deal of gun-play and strangling to locate the spy, but Miss America's brain-work knocks twenty ambassadors for a loop. Virginia Valli, beautifully gowned and poised, is the special agent, and De Seguro is excellent. [CONT'D ON PAGE 108]

# Hollywood



Norma, Norma! Added to that delectable costume, the come-hither smile is almost too much for our aging pulse. The dimples are copyrighted, but it's no secret that the dashing ensemble is created by an Angora sweater striped in pink, rose and blue, a flannel skirt, Angora coat and soft silk turban

In color, line and design it offers its creative genius to American women. The screen gives a day by day style service to millions



The newness and distinction of this printed chiffon evening frock is further accentuated by the smart bolero jacket, finished at the neck with a bow of self material, with long streamers extending to the hem. A circular piece is set on at the hips, rippling gracefully to an uneven hemline, which continues to be the smart line for evening wear. Colors are canary, turquoise blue and lavender



Simple and summery, but exceedingly smart, is this cool print frock. Tiny figures in green, yellow, lavender and pink make a dainty pattern on a white ground. A one-sided treatment is followed, the blouse being trimmed with a bow placed at the right side of the neck, the two gathered flounces taking an upward trend on the same side. The narrow belt follows the natural waistline and is tied in a bow to correspond with the one at the neck. White bangkok hat, with band and edge of lavender

# Sets *the* Summer Fashions



It's difficult for us to restrain ourselves. What we really want to say is that Norma's clothes seem to be getting sheerer! But no, no, we *won't* say it! We'll just tell you that this lovely printed chiffon dance frock is figured in cerise and apple green on a background of delft blue. The graceful collar extends down the back to form a cape, finished at the waistline with a narrow belt and bow



Adrian designed this decorative but practical golfing costume in champagne color. The jaunty suede jacket is made with patch pockets and is loosely belted; the raglan sleeves are finished with straps. A short flannel skirt, brimmed felt hat, and scarf bordered and figured in scarlet complete the picture



We just had to add this stunning and unusual gown, which Norma will wear in her forthcoming picture, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Adrian chose for it a flesh-pink moire. Silver sequins outline the neck and elaborate the petal-like scallops on the bouffant skirt. The huge moire bow is besprinkled with sequins. A smaller bow finishes the neckline in back, the ends forming long streamers which hang to the floor. The fan is shell pink, and silver slippers add the final fairy-like touch



# The GIRL who Walked Back

They shoved Bessie out of the Old Star Buggy—but, all the same, D. W. was right when he named her Love

By Herbert Howe

Bessie Love, otherwise Juanita Horton, at the ripe age of five. Bessie came to Hollywood from Texas. Her parents were pioneer folk—and Bessie knows all the old songs of the range

ALL Hollywood clapped hands the other night. Bessie Love came back. Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" The answer in the case of Love is—love. When Hollywood unanimously says, "I'm glad" over anyone's success, without adding, "But of course—" you may be sure that that one is closely related to God. In fact, the only names I can think of that are above invidious cavil are the Lord's and Bessie's.

IT was in the Black Cat in Greenwich Village that I first met Bessie Love, when I was very young, many years ago. Bessie looked as young as she does today and so, for all I know, was an old lady then.

There's Magic on her. Father Time nicks all of us as he makes his rounds, but when he tries to touch Bessie some one gives him a gallant kick in the knickers.

Every now and then old souls are born into the world who for recompense are given eternally young faces. So I was told when a child by a toothless aunt who nearly got hung for witchcraft. Are you getting creepy?—just hold onto my hand and follow me; I feel a bit sh-shaky myself. Let's get back to the Black Cat. . . .

AN angel face shining mistily in the tobacco smoke of the cabaret, Bessie thrummed her uke and sang "Willie the Weeper," in a thin nasal voice.

The effect was evangelical. At the table next a cargoed lady, so powdered and warm she resembled a melting marshmallow, beamed over at Bessie and tried to stop hiccupping, even go-



ing so far as to drink water. A whoopee lad lurched to his feet in a sudden miracle of mind over matter and made an almost straight line to Bessie's table to present a bunch of violets.

It was Bessie's first trip to New York and her first moonflowering into night life, yet she sang as sweetly unconcerned as on the home beach at Santa Monica.

Beside her sat her mother, a woman with pale gaunt face and the burning eyes of the mystic, about her that strange remoteness of one who lives in spirit more than flesh. Speaking of her daughter she uses the full name, Bessie Love, a curious detachment, yet between them there's an affinity beyond the mother-daughter bond. Though Mrs. Love has never been a managing mother, I'm convinced that through her there's a mystic power over Bessie, giving her the quaint, the unearthly *spirituelle* of a Peter Pan.

WHEN I first went to California I made an almost straight line to the bungalow of Love in Laurel Canyon. I was received with that Oh-Gee-Look-Who's-Here glee that friends of Bessie know full well.

That night Bessie gave one of her famous wiener roasts on the beach of Santa Monica. After a swim in the moon warm sea we sat around the fire listening to Bessie as with her solemn, far-seeing eyes she

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 150 ]

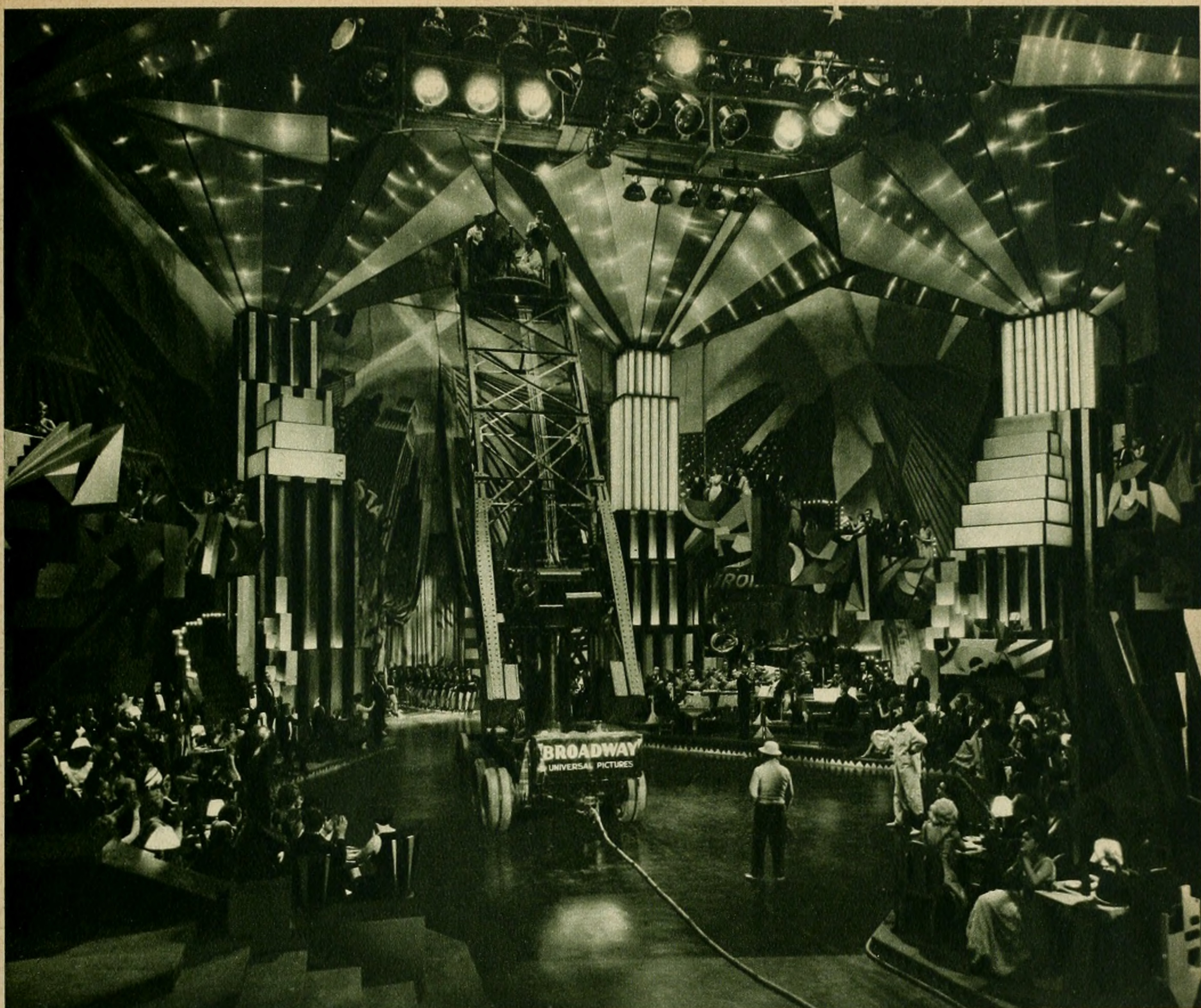
Bessie in the old Triangle Fine Arts days of twelve years ago. Despite the glamorous predictions of Griffith, little Bessie slipped to minor pictures, because Hollywood said she had no IT. She was Cute, but Unawakened



Louise

**W**HEN you see "The Broadway Melody," the new film hit, you will be amazed at little Bessie Love's performance. Bessie talks, sings and dances perfectly. Back of this hit, which has captured a fine contract for Miss Love, lay years of inferior rôles. The silent screen never did right by our Bessie. It passed her by—but the talkies have brought her back with a crash





A STUNNING view of the enormous night club set used by Director Paul Fejos in making the Universal film version of the famous play, "Broadway." Fejos, megaphone in hand, is perched on the summit of the camera crane, built especially for this picture at a cost of \$75,000. It is capable of every possible motion, and can travel 600 feet a minute on a horizontal plane. Three hundred extras and a chorus of 30 were on this mighty set at one time. It is 70 feet high, and a city block wide and deep. The night club sequences are being filmed in natural color. Glenn Tryon is starred, and Evelyn Brent and Merna Kennedy are featured. Uncle Carl Laemmle's \$1,000,000 beauty!

HIGH on the staircase, Joan Crawford gazes down at the crowd assembled for her wedding. This mighty set is used in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Our Modern Maidens," a sequel to the enormously successful "Our Dancing Daughters"—the picture which made Joan a star in her own right. On the right, behind the lamp, sits the patient script girl, and in the rear is part of the mob of extra people hired to usher, kiss the bride and drink punch at the wedding reception. The studio assures us that Joan is not planning to jump, so we can await the new Crawford sparkler with hot anticipation. And Fiance Doug, Jr., is in it!



Richee

**T**HE motion picture camera saw a different Ruth Chatterton than theater audiences had observed. Behind the footlights Miss Chatterton played gentle flappers with sweetness and charm. On the screen she is a sophisticated woman of the world. Across the page is Katherine Albert's interesting explanation of the metamorphosis. Also Miss Albert tells you of Miss Chatterton's other surprising discoveries in Hollywood



# That Old Devil, CAMERA

The All-Seeing Eye has changed Ruth Chatterton from a Footlight Pollyanna to a Siren of the Screen

By

Katherine Albert



Ruth Chatterton as she looks in her new picture, "Madame X," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talking photoplay. A far cry for Ruthie from her "Daddy Longlegs" days on the speaking stage. The films have made her a tragedienne!

**T**HE greatest vamps of history were little and fair and had funny noses.

It is this fact that has altered the career of Ruth Chatterton. Nothing psychic, nothing supernatural in this.

The stage-goers know Chatterton as a young thing who played a gentle girl in "Daddy Longlegs" and "Come Out of the Kitchen."

The screen has made different demands. Her first rôle was in "Sins of the Fathers." She became a villainous, scheming, hard-boiled vampire with no redeeming qualities.

What—then—has brought about the change?

Was it, perhaps, that the camera is possessed of a strange demon with second sight? Did the screen, with its revealing close-ups, penetrate a quality in Chatterton that even the first row of a theater audience had missed?

Or was it a change that had come over Ruth herself? Did her separation from Ralph Forbes, and their subsequent coming together again, make a different woman of the star of "Daddy Longlegs"?

It was none of these things. It was merely a wrong idea of the vampish, sophisticated woman.

Ruth celebrated her eighteenth birthday while she was starring in "Daddy Longlegs."

At that time a professor of English literature wrote a lengthy article about her in which he said, "Given fifteen years of health and happiness Ruth Chatterton will be able to play *Lady Macbeth* convincingly."

This caused a furor among the critics. The fault-finding judges of the theater could not believe that a mere slip of a girl would ever develop into a *Lady Macbeth*. They remembered only the buxom, voluptuous ladies who had characterized her.

The professor replied that Shakespeare had definitely described the noted murderess as having small, dainty hands. He further added that the Women Who Changed Maps were invariably little and fair and had funny noses.

"Good and bad actresses may be judged by how much or how little they are inhibited," said Miss Chatterton. "I find it frightfully embarrassing to do a melodramatic or a sentimental

scene. This is particularly hard when you're working before people. But you've got to un-inhibit yourself. You must shake off embarrassment.

"What you play on the stage or screen has nothing to do with the sort of person you, yourself, are. Great changes come into the lives of actresses and, if they're good actresses, these personal crises do not affect their performances.

"The camera sees the performance that you give. It has no hidden powers at all. There is no change in me simply because I have changed rôles. Merely the idea of vamps has changed.

"Maybe Anita Loos did it when she wrote 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' Maybe Greta Garbo did it by introducing a fair, wan sort of person as the vamp supreme. At any rate the buxom, voluptuous, dark-haired creature with her tight fitting black satin dress is out of the picture.

"**Y**OUTH and age, of course, have nothing to do with it. Pictures are changing in that respect, too. In no other art has youth played such an important rôle. A young girl is nice to look at for half an hour or so but, as a rule, quite stupid conversationally. And certainly the loves and hates of children are dull. Heretofore puppy love is the only type that has had screen credit.

"An actress should be quite ageless. I was twenty-four when I played 'La Tendresse' and in the story my children were twelve or thirteen.

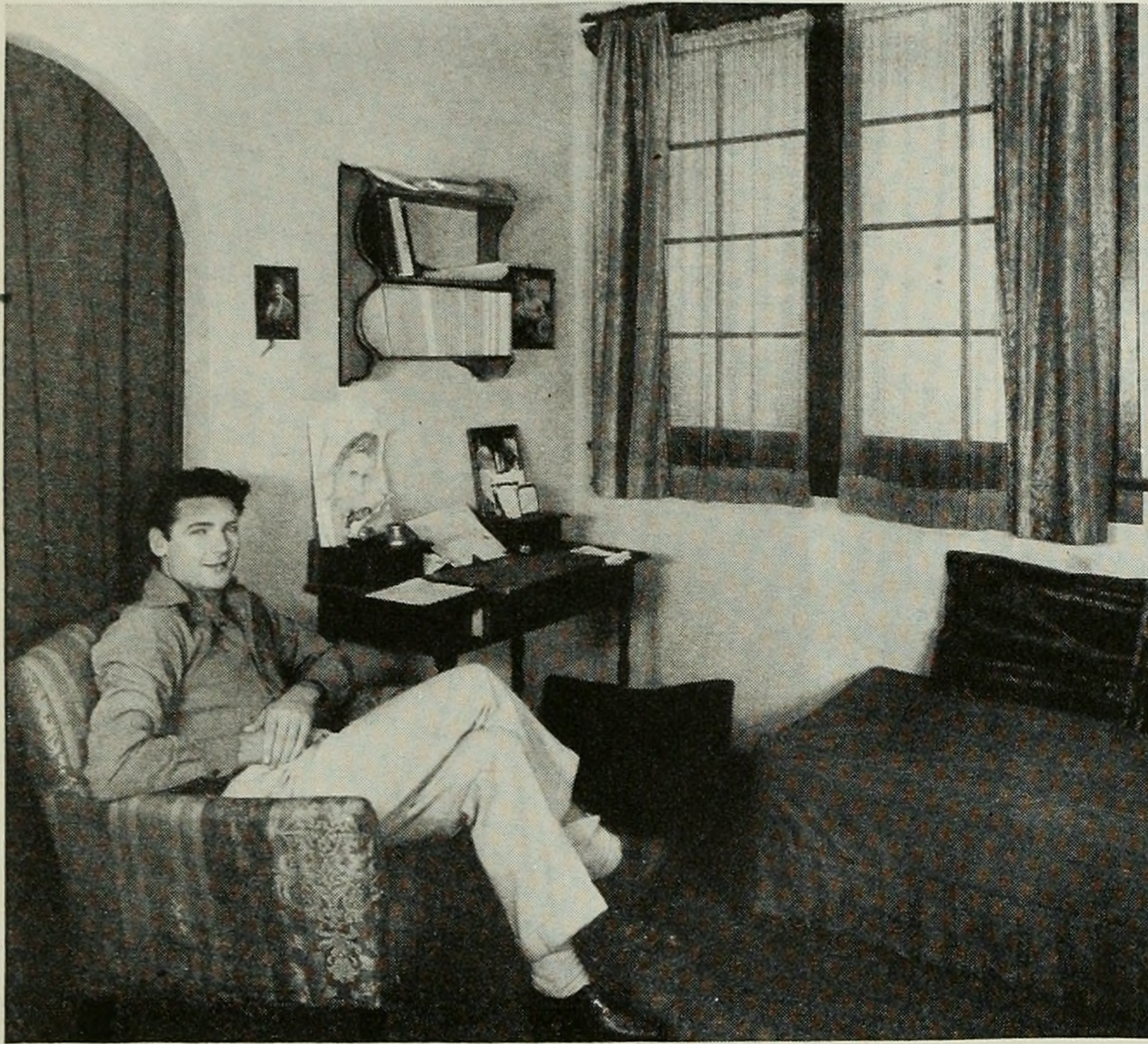
"Ethel Barrymore played 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' in a rôle that called for grown children, when she was only twenty-six.

"In 'Madame X' I make the change from a young to an old woman and I feel that it won't make any difference to what you, call the 'fans.'"

The "fans" are a new consideration for Ruth Chatterton. For a number of years this vitally gifted woman who was touched by the gods with a rare quality of deep, poignant beauty has held herself aloof from [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

# Making Bedrooms

By  
*Lois Shirley*



**Charlie Farrell's partiality to blue seems to have no effect on his smile. The handsome blue brocade used for chair, drapes and cushions is really an inexpensive rayon and cotton fabric. Couch cover and door drapes are of two-toned blue and red heavy cotton rep**

**T**HE other day I happened to be in the yard goods department of one of the Hollywood shops when I heard Janet Gaynor instructing the saleswoman to give her fifteen yards of voile. Of course my curiosity was aroused.

"What are you buying?" I asked. "Who ever heard of fifteen yards for a frock now-a-days? Or are you going to make your own costumes for pictures? Or are you, perhaps, going to outfit all the starving and unclothed Armenians with dainty underwear?"

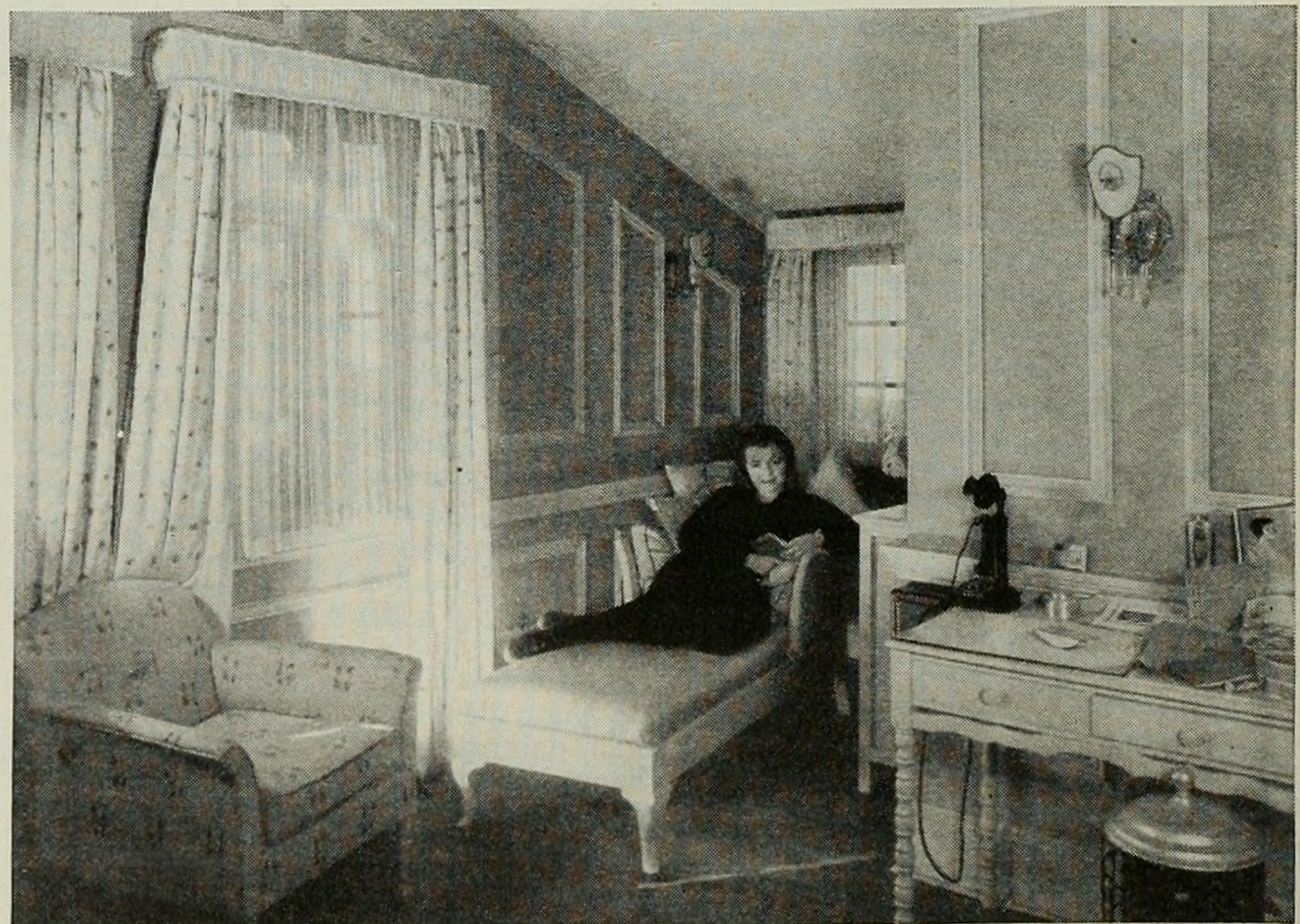
Don't blame me for asking questions. You never know what these picture gals are going to start next.

"Nothing of the sort," said Janet. "I'm re-doing my bedroom."

"Your bedroom?" I repeated. "But this is the dress goods department."

"I know it. You have no idea how much cheaper and smarter dress goods is for drapes for summer bedrooms and

**Janet Gaynor's studio dressing room is done in dainty light colorings. Instead of using stiff window shades, she has covered her windows with closely shirred heavy voile. Don't you love the way they are finished at the top with that delightful shirred valance? The chaise longue is very swanky in peach taffeta**



dressing rooms. It's a grand gag. I learned about it at the studio."

This, of course, bore investigating, and I found that Richard Smith, the chief interior decorator at Fox Studio, has made the most interesting uses of dress fabrics in decorating the two-room bungalow dressing rooms of the stars.

**A**ND when I heard that the total cost of drapes, curtains, a slip cover for an armchair, a couch cover, drapes for the dressing table and several pillows was \$15, I knew it was in the cards that I write a story about it for you.

Dress yardage used by Mr. Smith for these decorations includes old fashioned calico, challis, English prints, pamico cloth, plain cotton voile and silk voile, organdie, dotted swiss, checked and plain gingham, denim, a silk finished cotton, unbleached muslin, bobbinet and sateen. Certainly these are enough to choose from if you want to freshen up your boudoir, or furnish an attractive guest room or nursery.

If you want to be more swanky and use silk there are rayons, taffetas, dress satins and brocades (many of these being obtainable in short lengths at reduced prices), costume velvets, shantung silks, pongee and laces.

Janet Gaynor has one of the \$15 dressing rooms. It's just lovely, as you can see by the picture. The glass curtains are of heavy dress voile, hem-stitched in deep tan. The hangings are of a more sheer voile, in orchid, embroidered in small orchid flowers. A yellow lining of a silky cotton fabric produces a charming effect when the

# More ATTRACTIVE

It can be done for as little as fifteen dollars a room, invested in low-priced but attractive fabrics for draperies and slip covers, sheer, soft curtains and gay pillows

light shines through them. The chaise longue is upholstered in peach taffeta and the small armchair is in satin.

In this case the shirred glass curtains are meant to act as a substitute for the conventional window blind, which Mr. Smith considers in-artistic.

Sally Phipps has a dressing room done in pamico cloth in green, and English prints. The cushions are made from quaintly printed old calicos and challis. The chair cover is calico.

The dressing rooms used by Victor McLaglen and Charlie Farrell are described here to help the housewife who wants to make her husband's den more attractive. Of course, flowered materials and delicate organdies and voiles are entirely out of place in such a room. Materials that are dark in tone but rich in color, and heavy in texture, are appropriate here.

McLaglen's room is furnished with twin couches that are



**Comfort, beauty and economy go hand in hand in the very modern dressing room of Lois Moran. The couch and cushions are of a combination dull cotton and mercerized weave, in silver and blue. The drapes are of bright blue rayon taffeta, lovely in effect but low in cost**

arranged in a way that makes an L shaped wall seat in a corner of his room. They are covered with a dark blue denim, woven in a small diamond shaped pattern, with a box pleated valance at the bottom of the smoothly fitted top and side.

An armchair has a slip cover to match the couches. These covers are durable, easily laundered and do not show the rough daily usage to which they are subjected.

Portieres of deep maroon are made of costume velvet, 54 inches wide, that is split, and lined with a heavy sateen. Another armchair is upholstered in an extra heavy cotton satin in tan. Window hangings are made of a two-tone cotton rep in deep blue and red. Glass curtains are of a heavy, geometrically designed allover rayon lace.

**C**HARLIE FARRELL'S room shows a lavish use of blue in its furnishings. The chair covers, cushions and drapes are an inexpensive cotton-rayon brocade. The couch cover and door drapes are a heavy cotton rep, two-toned in deep blue and red.

The drapes in Lois Moran's room are rayon taffeta in a lustrous [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

English prints, calico and challis make a quaint and delightful setting for Sally Phipps, who is shown here dressed to match the winsomeness of her room. The modernistic table and plaque add a dash of sophistication. Ideas galore for the clever girl



# Everything,

The star quit the picture and the double had her moment of glory. Read what came of it



**K**AY BRADY drove her little green roadster into the auto park, across the street from the Glorious Motion Picture Studio, and jumped out.

"Hello, Billy," she greeted the attendant gaily.

"Good morning, Miss Kay, how are you this morning?"

"Fine. I feel lucky today."

She swung over to the studio gate, where straggling groups of people were filing in ready for work, some made up and in costume.

The gateman smiled cordially. "Miss Kay, they're wanting you in the front office."

"At the front office? Who wants me?"

"You're to ask at the desk."

"Thanks, Kelly."

She walked briskly through the gate toward the front office; her little sports coat flapping behind her; her heart beating wildly.

"Somebody want me?" she asked the girl at the desk.

"Yes, Miss Brady, Mr. Mortimer. He's on the second floor, third door to the right."

The production manager wanted to see her; something was up.

Jack Mortimer came to the door of his private office as soon as her name was announced.

"Please come in, Miss Brady. We phoned for you early this morning, but you had already gone." He was unusually cordial.

"**I** GOT up early to drive to the beach; it is such a glorious morning. Has something serious happened?"

He took up the telephone before answering. "Have Ben Milton and Mr. Blate come in at once, please. And, Miss Wall,

I shall be busy for half an hour, see that I'm not disturbed."

"Something serious for us has happened; it might not be so serious for you," he smiled engagingly at her.

**S**HE immediately became suspicious. The thought came to her, however, that it didn't take the production manager, studio manager and business manager to fire the double for Delva Delova. She settled back more comfortably in her chair.

Ben Milton, thin, dark, and nervous, and Ernest Blate, bald-headed and keen of eye, came together.

"I was just telling Miss Brady that our bad luck might be her good luck," Mortimer told them, as soon as they were seated.

They watched Kay so closely that she began to feel uncomfortable. They seemed to be seeing her through her clothes. She affected a little smile, and watched them in turn through purposely listless eyes. Her mixture of French and Irish blood stood her in very good stead.

"Delva Delova has quit the picture cold, and we are asking

# But —

By  
France Goldwater

Illustrated

by

Ray Van Buren



The action started. The whistle blew jarringly. The lights clicked and blazed. Delva Delova swept everything with a magnificent gesture. Kay watched it all, sick to her very soul. An almost uncontrollable rage took hold of her. She had played this part with emotion, subtly; this woman couldn't equal her if she lived to be a million

They vied with each other in assuring her of the brilliancy of her future, at whatever price she asked. Despite the warmth of their hopes for her future success, she could feel their uncertainty about her.

SHE arose to go. At the door she hesitated, and smiled bewitchingly back at them. "By the way, may I dress in Madam Delova's bungalow?"

"Certainly," Mr. Blate was graciousness itself. "Jack, have a dresser sent over for Miss Brady. And, Miss Brady, will you please go right down to the wardrobe department? Pierre is making a duplicate of Madam Delova's costume for the garden party scene; we are shooting it this afternoon."

She smiled broadly, speechless with happiness.

He took her cold little hand. "I don't need to tell you how important it is to us that this goes over right. You know how much we have at stake."

"Trust me," she assured him, "believe me, it means my whole future to me." They laughed politely.

Before they had finished their goodbyes, she was out of the office and on her way to the wardrobe department. Her feet keeping time to the song in her heart. Her chance had come; her opportunity to show of what stuff she was made. Her throat ached with excitement, and her knees felt wooden. All through this picture, which was known under the working title of "Faint Hearts," while she had stood in for Delva Delova, and had doubled for her in the wild Apache dance, in the dangerous horseback ride to the top of the mountain, and in the swim through the cold mountain lake, she had thought of the futility of doing all of the hard work, and of receiving no recognition whatever. Even Delva Delova had entirely ignored her. This great foreign star, whose fits of temper and of nerves had kept the staff, the actors, and the director constantly upset, swept past her as though she didn't exist.

It was all past, now she was to have the credit which rightly belonged to her.

"Mees Kay, I'm so thrill' that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

you to step in and finish it for us. There will be the details of salary and wardrobe, but of course those are easily settled." Ernest Blate began briskly.

Kay nodded, afraid to trust herself to speech.

"We can't give you screen credit, you understand," broke in Ben Milton.

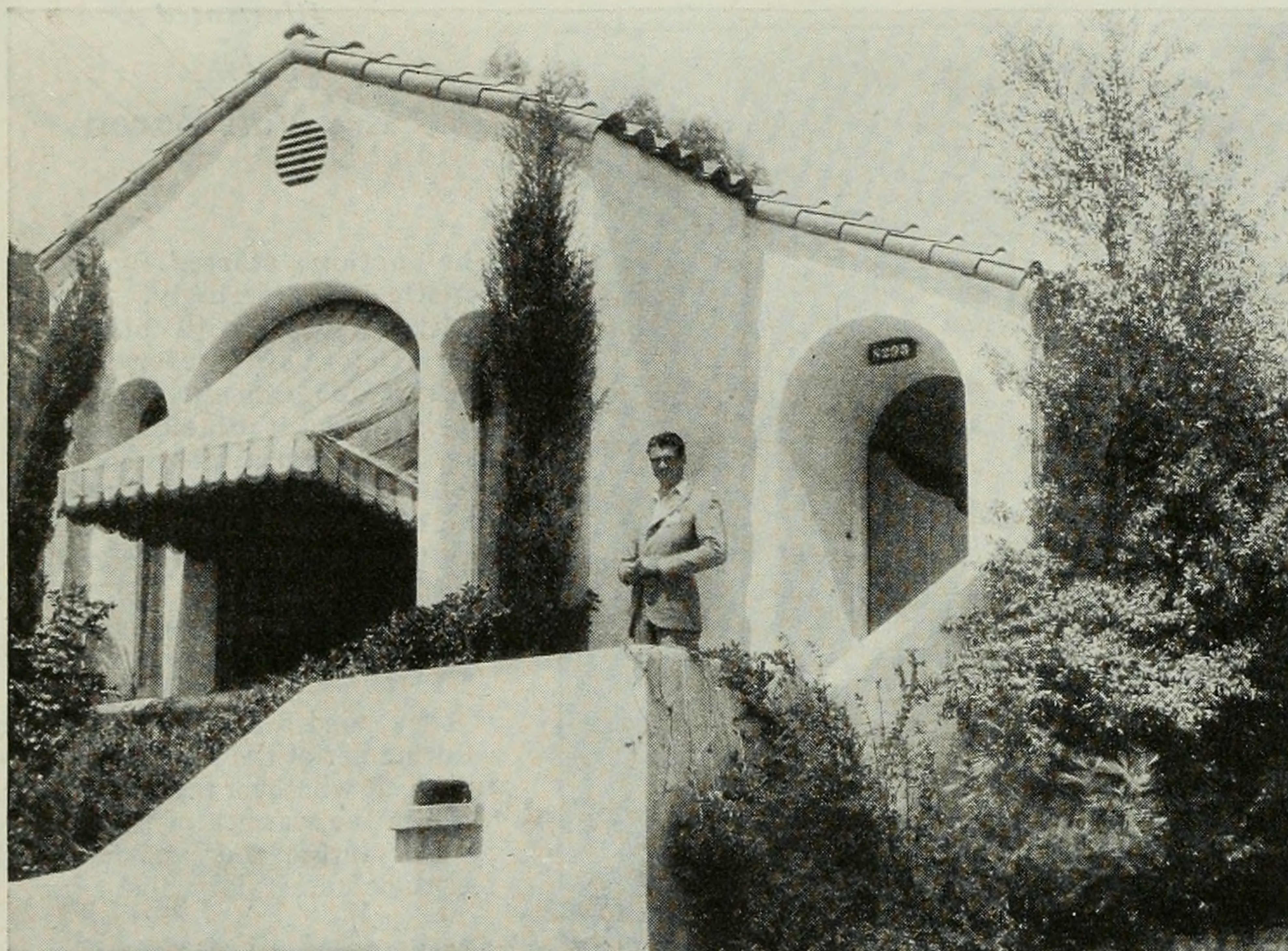
"And it mustn't get out to the papers; you can see that." Blate had never taken his eyes from her.

"How will five hundred a week suit you—until the picture is finished?" Mr. Mortimer's voice was suave.

KAY made a rapid calculation. Delova was getting three thousand dollars a week; she was making a hundred a week.

"I shall be very glad to help you out, and to do everything in my power to make the picture a success. The salary will be all right, provided that—" she hesitated; they moved uneasily in their chairs, "that if I make good, you will give me a chance on my own account." She drew her breath in a little unevenly.

# The BIG BOY tells



This is the House that Gary Built—a beautiful Spanish bungalow in the Beverly Hills district that is studded with bright stars. And there is Big Boy himself, standing on the veranda, and looking very much monarch of all he surveys!

The tale of how Gary Cooper, six feet, four of Montana Boy, comes to Hollywood, the city of dreams—goes hungry, loses, and wins!

*In the first installment of Gary Cooper's life story, printed last month, he told of his birth twenty-seven years ago in Helena, Montana—of his father, a distinguished jurist, and his gentle Anglo-French mother.*

*Of the hardships of a ranch that turned out to be a white elephant, of schooldays in England, of the homesickness for Montana's plains and mountains that never leaves him, even during the hours of his film fame.*

*Now, in the second chapter, we find him on the brink of manhood, ranch days and his Hollywood career still beyond the horizon.*

## PART II

**M**Y latter teens were full of happenings. I spun up from a kid into a spindling, lean boy of six feet, four. In less than a year I grew ten inches, and then stopped. By the time I was sixteen I was as tall as I am now. And conscious of it.

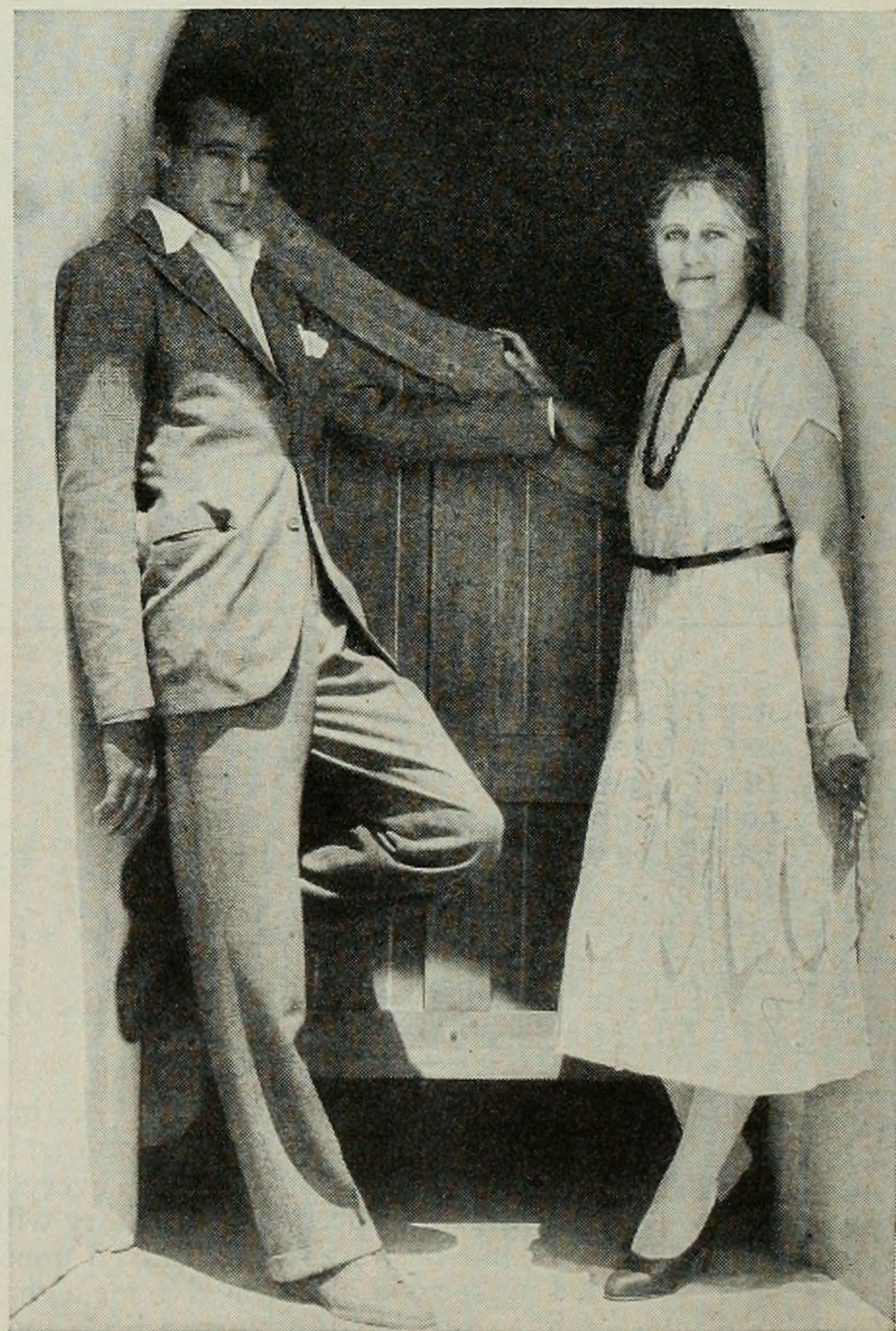
My brother left for France at the beginning of the struggle, when America went into the war, and left a kid brother. Arthur returned to find me towering well over him.

Those years were not uneventful. Two of them were taken bodily from my school life by an automobile accident that forced me to the ranch to recover.

I didn't mind that. I did not crave to go to school, but something within me wanted the amber and red sunsets, the clear bright days with a buzzard planing through the sky, not moving a wing for thousands of feet, and, as I turned my head, a bald eagle circling, ominously, above a hidden prey.

There are things one remembers as if yesterday. Wallops that life has handed you. I remember, now, the sock in the ego that I got when I was told that I had flopped in my first dramatic part, and that I was out of the cast.

**Gary Cooper and his mother at the door of the Montana lad's home in the hills above Hollywood. Mamma Cooper and her husband were dead set against a film career for their big boy, but now that success has come, they are happy**



# His Story

As told by  
**Gary Cooper**  
to  
**Dorothy Spensley**

I remember, as yesterday, the automobile accident that knocked me out of active life for many months and sent me to Sunnyside. I can recall the big touring car I was driving as it whizzed along. The sudden impact. How it rolled over. How I got up and walked to the curb, not dizzy, nor weak, my senses sharpened to a super-human degree. And then how my left side failed me. It hung like a heavy dead thing. And everything went blue. I guess that is the way you feel when you faint.

I awakened in a hospital. They said I had a broken leg, and other complications too numerous to mention.



Richee

**A vivid close-up of Gary Cooper, tousled hair, frank eyes, and all. Among all the stars that shine in the firmament of film-land, Gary typifies what we like to think of as the best of young American manhood**



**A rare old print of Gary, at the age of 16, playing Indian. The picture was taken during his ranch days. No doubt he is wearing the tribal feathers of old Chief Don't-Hog-the-Camera**

I recall, distinctly, that I thought of mother and dad. I didn't have any regrets about the car, or myself. I thought of the dirty trick life had played on us, just as things were beginning to clear a bit, and the ranch was showing signs of living up to its name.

**C**ONVALESCENCE on the ranch was easy. There were always cow-hands around to tell stories, play cards or to whang away at a two-stringed mandolin. Some of the fellows that drifted in and out again as soon as they had earned a couple of months' pay, had harmonicas, and we listened to "Pretty Baby" interpolated with some old buckaroo bar room ditties picked up along the Borders, North and South.

I had great admiration for one taciturn old ranger. His name was Ashburton Carter and his fame among the sweating, two-fisted punchers was that one winter he had been snowbound for six months in Colorado and had not spoken a word to a human being all that time.

It was my fun, when I was well enough to permit it, to tag after Ash, begging him to tell me his experiences, and to tell me again how, desperate to hear the sound of a voice again, he held long conversations with his horse. And how startled, at first, he would be at the strange grating sound of his voice in his desolate throat. He thought he was going mad.

We had about five hundred head of cattle then and when I was stronger, I helped to ride the range.

It was a good chance to think and plan and dream. Pleasant, too, to slouch down in your saddle, your firm-legged pony taking the rough spots like so much [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

## PHOTOPLAY'S Contest Closes with Many Interesting Entries—Amateur News

PHOTOPLAY'S second amateur movie contest has closed and the judges are making their preliminary examination of the many films submitted.

It is possible that a decision may be reached in time for a full announcement of the awards in the July number of PHOTOPLAY. Every effort will be made to complete a study of the competing films in time to make an announcement in that issue.

NOW that PHOTOPLAY'S second contest has moved into history, it is interesting to look over the records of amateur activities. The amateur film for instance, has reached a high point of development in colleges and universities.

The first collegiate production on record with the Amateur Cinema League is "The Witches' Fiddle," produced by the Kinema Club of Cambridge University, England, in 1922. This was made on standard width film, as was the club's second production, "A Miss in May Week." A club at Oxford University was formed shortly after and then Harvard Workshop entered the field in America with a 35 millimeter production.

That was the beginning. Amateur film work began to be taken up by universities all over the world. The Purity Players of Yale produced Fielding's "Tom Jones" in an interesting way and the film attracted wide attention.

The students of Colgate made "Roommates," an amateur group of the University of Southern California produced "The Sporting Chance."

Groups have been active at the University of Minnesota, Stanford, Princeton, the University of Virginia, Amherst, Dartmouth and the University of Oregon.

OUT in Cleveland the Motion Picture Division of the Cleveland Photographic Society has finished an interesting comedy, "Picture Puzzles." This shows (in 200 feet of 16 millimeter film) the disastrous effects of a puzzle craze upon a household. There is a skillfully worked out dream sequence, in which the puzzle automatically solves itself. Harry S. Shagren directed the production. Lloyd W. Dunning photographed it.



James Hack in the leading rôle of "Dope," being produced by Fred S. Nieman at Culver Military Academy. The amateur movie is now an important student activity

Players, the amateur group plans a scenario film, enacted by students, which will depict a year's activities in the life of an undergraduate at Hanover. Upon the basis of this experience, an undergraduate unit will be formed for the regular production of amateur photoplays.

A NEW amateur group at Peekskill, N. Y., completed a film drama in 400 feet of 16 millimeter stock for the PHOTOPLAY contest. It is the story of the secretary of a boy's school. He steals student funds, plunges in Wall Street, acquires a fortune—and awakens to find himself still poor and honest. Some interesting camera angle shots of New York streets have been worked into the dream sequence.

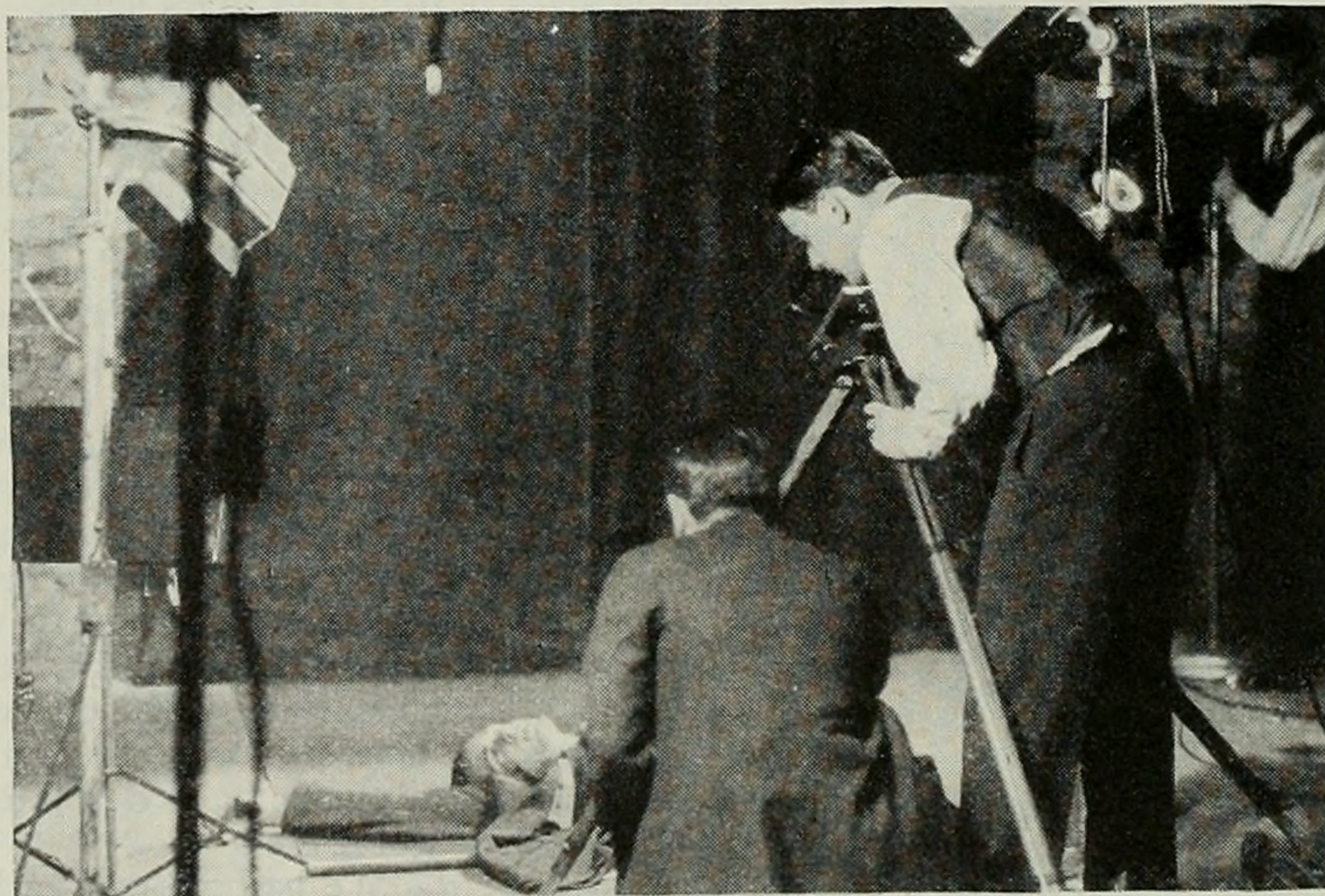
J. V. D. Bucher was the cameraman and director and the cast of two number Dwight Carpenter and A. H. Hallock.

ONE of the unusual entries in PHOTOPLAY'S contest is an interpretation of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, worked out in 35 millimeter form by the Cumberland Cinema Club of Vineland, N. J. The production runs 1,000 feet.

No attempt was made at historical accuracy. Conventionalized settings and costumes were utilized to interpret the feeling of the Wilde story.

Many months were spent on the production.

[ CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 122 ]



A scene from "Destiny," submitted by the Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton University in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S contest. This is one of the interesting contest entries



# Watch Your DIET

Read, young lady,  
and learn how to  
achieve beauty of  
figure and complexion  
through health

*Says*

**Dr. H. B. K. Willis**



**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

**B**EFORE the necessity for mineral elements in the diet can be appreciated, the layman must sell himself the cell idea, if I may be pardoned this bit of Kiwanese.

The body is made up of cells, perhaps as many as one hundred trillion, and each one is to the body what each brick is to a house—the smallest unit of structure.

We can regard the thing we call our body as a cell mosaic of many different kinds of cells—bone, muscle, nerve, etc.—all of more or less the same chemical components.

Everything that lives is a collection of cells, whether it be a radish or a Richard Dix. As the cell types vary, so vary the functions of the organs of which the cells are units.

The brain cells work differently than the muscle cells, but analytically each has much the same make-up, the complexity of the cell depending upon the work it has to do.

Each cell must have its daily allowance of fuel, replacement and regulative substances on the basis of its daily needs.

Your daily food should contain a hundred units of iron. Iron is chiefly present in the body in the form of hemoglobin (the red blood cells' color substance, which absorbs oxygen from the air in the lungs and carries it to the body cells to keep the fires of life aglow).

Men need less iron than growing children, and women need more than men.

The very common iron deficit in the diet brings about a blood deficiency, which, if allowed to continue, becomes most injurious. This is the reason that women ambitious to retain their sylph-like figures develop anemia.

One of the brightest twinklers in the movie firmament came to me a month or so ago complaining of nervousness. With tears in her eyes she told me how her producer was continually harping at her about her curves. She had reduced her diet till she was taking nothing but three glasses of sauerkraut juice a day, with the result, as she put it, that she felt as if she were going to fly into a thousand pieces.

She was a striking example of what an iron deficit in the diet does to the blood stream.

All the iron compounds necessary can be found in the red meats, egg yolk, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, string beans, carrots, grapes, raisins and apples, and when there is a lack of iron, recent experiments have proven that a sufficient supply of mineral iron can be introduced into the blood stream. This, of course, must be done by a physician.

Only a few years ago the

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 135 ]

**“H**AVE you had your iron today?” is not just an advertising catch-phrase but a question that vitally concerns your health. Do you know you can get it in your foods much better than in bottles?

Next month Dr. Willis will conclude this series on the principles of nutrition with some valuable advice on the body's need of regulative substance.

It is the hope of PHOTOPLAY and Dr. Willis that our readers will unite in combating the senseless craze for weight reduction without regard for dietary principles necessary for both health and beauty.

You will notice no quick reducing internal medicines advertised in this publication. You may obtain back issues containing these articles (beginning with February) by sending 25c for each copy to PHOTOPLAY, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

# TIPS vs. ART

By  
Mark  
Larkin



**Donnie Johnson dishes up a red-hot rarebit to Buddie Rogers and Dick Arlen, two of Paramount's bright boys. Donnie has been juggling trays at Henry's ever since the famous beanery opened. She owns a home, she drives a smart car, and she is a licensed solo pilot with over a hundred hours in the air**

the air, and in addition to her solo license she'll pick up her commercial license the next time she goes out to the airport, and that will entitle her to take up passengers. And Donnie Johnson made the money for all this at Henry's.

While girls by the hundred-score were besieging the entrances to Hollywood studios, clamoring for a chance to star, and existing on crumbs and promises, Donnie Johnson was purveying orders at Henry's and pocketing the tips.

Nickels and dimes mounted into quarters, and quarters into dollars, and dollars into the tangible things of life. Its comforts, its pleasures — these are the things that belong to the girls at Henry's, and they walk

no farther to get them than those harassed extras who tramp from studio to studio, chasing the figment called fame.

"It takes brains to be a waitress," Donnie told me; "it doesn't just take a pair of good feet!"

"I'D rather be a waitress in Henry's than a Baby Star at De Mille's," said Donnie.

"Or at RKO, or Warners, or Paramount, or First National, or any other studio," said Jennie.

"Ab-so-lutely!" said both Donnie and Jennie.

And Donnie and Jennie should know, because both of them are waitresses at Henry's.

And Henry's is the great institution of Hollywood—the melting pot of the movies, the place where star, tourist and extra forgather to sup.

There is no caste at Henry's. Appetite levels all social barriers. The stars are not the picture people who eat there, they are the waitresses who serve them.

Queens in their own domain, these girls, with affluence and opulence that many a picture person might well envy.

Take Donnie, for instance.

Donnie has been at Henry's nearly ever since the restaurant opened on July fifteenth, 1925. And Donnie is a lady of means. Donnie owns her home, and a very fine touring car which she bought just a short time ago after trading in the old one. And Donnie is a licensed pilot! An aviatrix, if you please. So stand back, Ruth Elder; please don't crowd! Donnie has had one hundred and twelve hours in

**Lillian Morris pauses in her leap to the links long enough to allow our cameraman to snap what a young sportswoman should wear. The nippy roadster she is holding up was purchased with some of her generous tips at Henry's remarkable restaurant**



# Yearn for Art and Fame and you starve. Become a Waitress at Henry's and drive your own golf ball and Rolls-Royce

And I believe her, for Joe Berliner, partner of Henry in the business, told me that the training the girls get is as good as a college course.

If you want to know anything about tact, just ask a waitress. Also if you want a liberal education in the fine art of repartee, just drop into Henry's some night and listen to the fast patter that passes between some of the keenest minds in pictures and these girls in the crisp white collars and smart black frocks.

They think fast, captain—they have to!

There is only one rigid requirement of the girls who work at Henry's—good health! It is no place for invalids. Long before the state law was enacted (which is not yet in force) requiring a certificate of health from a waitress, Henry and Joe made it a fixed rule to require a physical examination for every girl they employed. In fact, Joe and Henry were among the leaders in the fight for that new law.

Donnie Johnson's case, of course, is merely typical. Every

waitress there is on velvet. But it isn't merely the money she makes, it's the associations too, the privilege of being intimate with the big and little personalities of pictures.

"And if you don't think you're intimate with people when they're eating," said Donnie, "guess again. A hungry star isn't much different from a hungry extra. Both want food!"

There is probably no spot in the world like Henry's. It is unique in that it is the most democratic, the most cosmopolitan eating place in the film capital. The heart of the industry beats in Henry's. Big deals are consummated there, over a bowl of soup, perhaps, or a salami sandwich. Romances begin there, hearts are often broken, with bread, across the clean white tables. Troubles and tragedies are aired. Scenarios are written on the tablecloth, masterpieces that go to the laundry and are lost forever in a froth of suds. Great ambitions are born at Henry's, great hopes, great thoughts, great ideals.

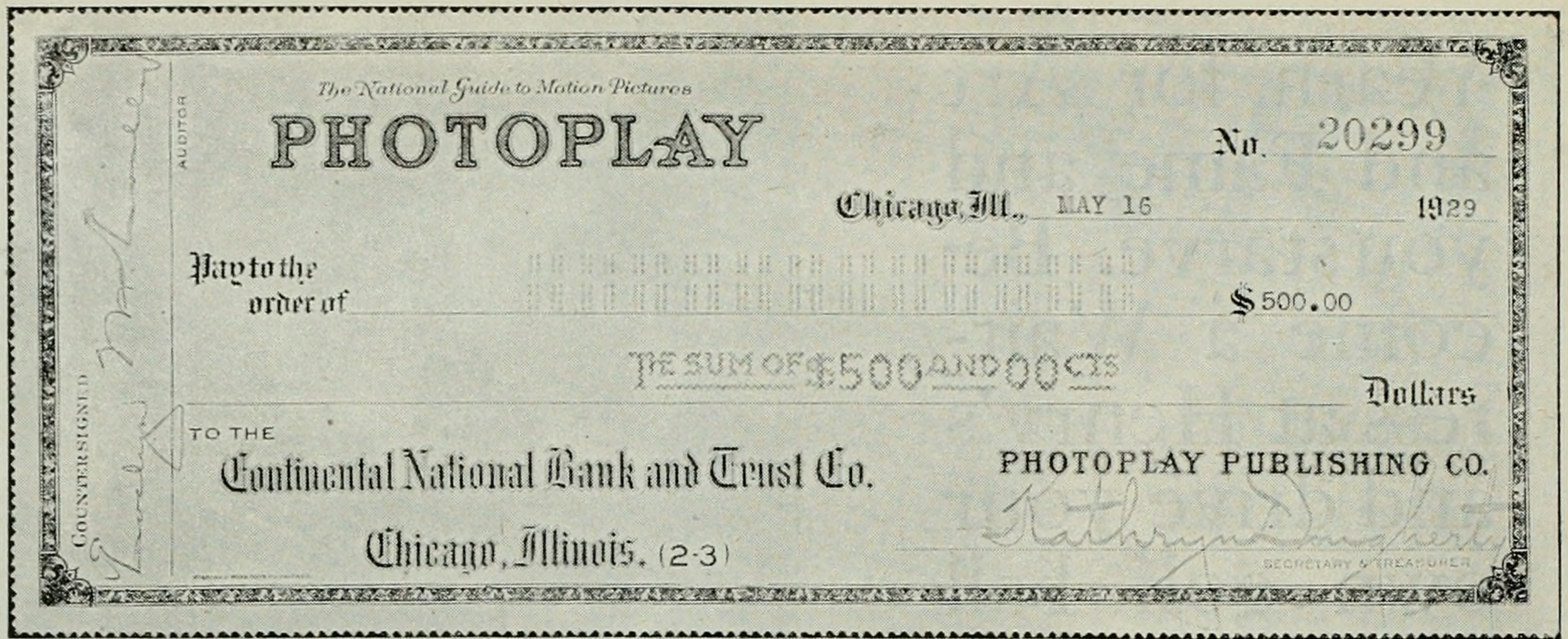
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 100 ]

Maeme Hall waves gaily to the nice traffic cop from the window of her sporty coupe. Maeme bought the job on the proceeds of her pleasant toil at Henry's—\$12 a week salary and gosh knows how much in tips from her horde of contented diners



Three of Henry's prize peaches, studying the daily menu like good little girls. Left to right they are Nora Knight, Betty Harris and Genevieve Bruce. Betty once won the second award for beauty in a contest conducted by a Los Angeles paper





# WANTED— A New Name *for the* TALKIES

This imposing scrap of paper is the \$500 check you will receive if you are smart and lucky enough to coin the best available name for talking pictures. There is something charming about a \$500 check!

\$500 will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY for the best suggestion

**T**HIS is the last ringing call for a new title for the talkies! PHOTOPLAY'S contest to uncover a new name for audible pictures ends with a resounding crash at midnight on May 15.

At that hour a bench of learned jurists will begin going through the mountain of answers that have been pouring into the office since the first announcement of the search.

The lucky winner will receive our check for \$500, our blessing, and the thanks of the country's millions of fans.

Detailed rules for the affair will be found in the box due east of this space.

We believe that "talkie" is an inelegant name for the newest step taken by the infant art.

We believe that in someone's mind is a better—one that parallels "photoplay," perhaps, in propriety and usability.

"Photoplay" brought its inventor, a Mr. Strakosch of California, a \$100 prize way back in the Biograph days, when men were men and women were Mary Pickford.

This magazine will see that, and raise the award \$400.

The talkies' new name must be explicit and explanatory, yet proper and popular.

A trade paper, The Exhibitors' Herald-World, has been on the same hunt.

Hundreds of titles have been suggested, with the word "audien" seeming to lead the field.

Other entrants are cinelog, dramaphone, pictovox, audifilm and vocafilm.

We are inclined to the belief that these are all a little too literary for public approval. We're not yet sold. It remains for a PHOTOPLAY reader to sell us on a better. And there's half a thousand dollars in it for the fortunate inventor.

Get the family together on this matter. That sum, in real Americano money, will come in plenty handy this Spring, what with new bonnets and reconditioning the plane, and all.

Don't forget—the contest comes to a dead stop at midnight, May 15.

## Rules for the New-Name-for-the-Talkies Contest

1. \$500 is offered for the best coined name with which to christen the talkies and for the best explanation in 100 words or less, giving your reason for your selection.

2. In the event that two or more names and explanations are found of equal merit, duplicate prizes of \$500 will go to the lucky contestants.

3. Suggested names, with the accompanying explanations, must be typewritten on one side of a single sheet of white paper with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Names and explanations must be mailed to The Talkie Name Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y. You can send in as many coined words as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an explanation in 100 words or less and each is typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper as specified.

4. Names and explanations must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY before midnight of May 15th to be considered. Announcement of the winner or winners will be made as soon after that date as possible. An editorial committee of PHOTOPLAY will judge the submitted words and suggestions and its decision will be final. No names or explanations will be returned and PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to publish any or all of the suggestions submitted.

# Lady Violet Astor



Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

## AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY

## BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

**L**OVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite con-

victions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows, and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!"

**T**HIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

*First*, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

*Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

*Next*, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

*The finishing touch*—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

**SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S  
114 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

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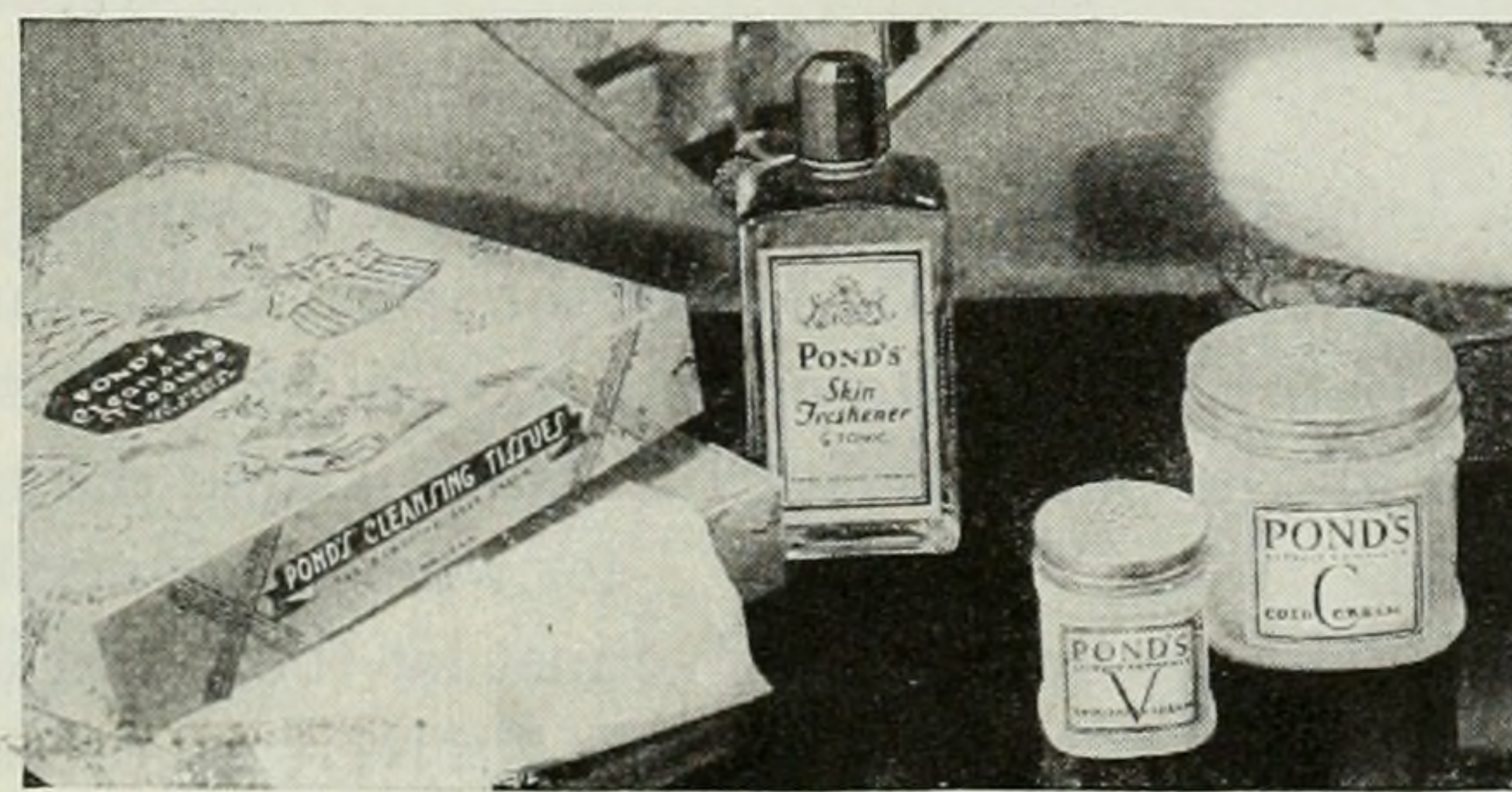
Street \_\_\_\_\_

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

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company



Lady Violet leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.



You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.



Freulich

**J**UST to prove that it's a long lane, etc., etc., there's Vera Reynolds and Bob Ellis. Vera was just getting well under way as a De Mille star when C. B. shut up shop and moved over to M.-G.-M. Bob Ellis, fine actor and good director, has a collection of tough picture breaks that would fill the Smithsonian Institute. Came the talkies and Bob was chosen for the biggest speaking part in "Broadway," for which Universal paid \$100,000. Vera is coining money in independent pictures. They've just let the world know they were married some time ago in Paris. "What do you want for an anniversary present?" says Bob. "Just one thing," says the little woman. "Just show those producers you are the best screen actor that ever faced a microphone." And if that black cat keeps out of "Broadway," he may do it



## 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 nothing to dry the scalp). 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.

## 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 *astringent* . . . 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.

## 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. For almost 60 years dermatologists have endorsed Packer's Tar Soap for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

### LISTEN IN!

Miss Jean Carroll discusses hair health and hair beauty over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Home Bazar hour: every Friday at 12 noon (Eastern Daylight Saving Time).

## Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. 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

The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc., Dept. 16-E, 101 West Thirty-First Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ cents. Send sample of

- Packer's Tar Soap . . . . . 10c
- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo 10c
- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo 10c
- Set of all 3 . . . . . 25c  
(check sample desired)

Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

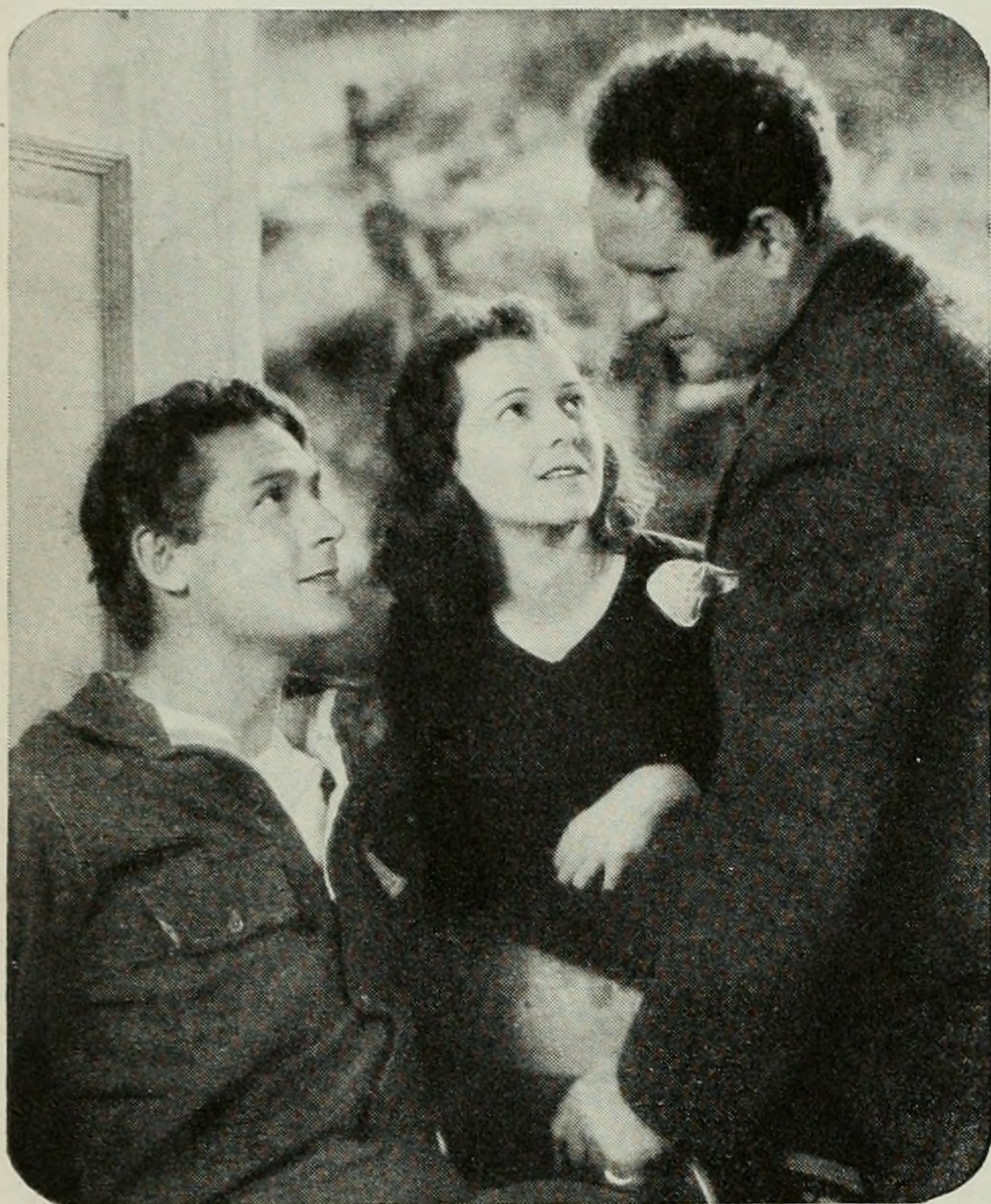
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# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



**The Big Three are together again! Director Frank Borzage, two-time Photoplay Medal Winner, is talking over "The Lucky Star," his tenth Fox picture, with Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. How about another medal, Frankie?**

Further questioning would only cause the reticent Mr. Colman to turn silent, and then flee.

Meanwhile, who is the dashing Mrs. McDonald? Hollywood Sherlocks are beginning to put on their fake beavers, and prowl.

**T**HE arrival in Los Angeles for a series of matches of the Midwick Country Club of such well-known poloists as Tommy Hitchcock, Averill Harriman, Winston Guest, Laddie Sanford, Arden Roark, Jack Whitney, and a half dozen others, caused almost as much of a flutter in the feminine hearts of Hollywood as did the visit of Prince George of England.

Although Tommy Hitchcock had removed himself from the ranks of the other very, very eligible bachelors, there remained a sufficient number to provoke considerable rivalry among the fair sex.

Hollywood was well represented at the matches. Virginia Valli usually sat in a box with the men who were not playing in the match of the day, and chatted between chukkers to those who were. Marion Davies, Claire Windsor, Lily Damita and others cried encouragement to their favorite teams and favorite players, while Mary and Doug talked over the various plays with Major and Lady Metcalfe. Blanche Sweet found an admirer in the blond Laddie Sanford, while Adonis in the person of Winston Guest was hard put to it to decide between the blonde vivacity of Lily Damita and the seductively brunette Mona

Maris. Lily had him as a dinner companion, Mona carried him off to a tête-à-tête luncheon, Lily watched a picture with him, Mona danced with him. It was hard to say which picture he carried away with him, and it is difficult to say whether he enjoyed the rivalry between the two more than their many friends who watched the maneuvers of each with pleasure.

**N**O issue of this uplifting journal is quite complete without the latest story about John, Dick Arlen's butler and boy of all work.

The other day a messenger boy found John at work in the garden.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Arlen lives?" he asked.

"Well," said John, "there are two residences heah. Ah lives at the back. Mistah Ahlen lives just in front of this house."

**When Doris Hill would a'skating go she just puts on her bathing suit and furanklets and steps out on the artificial ice of California. "Skating is SUCH hot work," says Doris. "Even in the shade of the palms"**



Wide World

**B**EN LYON and Bebe Daniels are going to tackle matrimony from a new angle. They are learning to make the necessary compromises before instead of after taking the vows.

Bebe has always been a bridge hound, while Ben never cared a hoot about the game.

But now he has bought every obtainable book on the subject, and is boning hard so he can make a fourth in the games around the old Lyon fireside.

Bebe, not to be licked, is taking up flying, so that she can indulge Ben's hobby, too. As a matter of fact, she is actually taking up piloting.

With this give and take spirit, the Daniels-Lyon marriage should not be one of these Hollywood flowers that bloom in spring, tra-la, and fade away in the fall, boo-hoo!

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 83 ]

**This is Joyce Murray, the adorable mite who led the beautiful "Wedding of the Painted Doll" number in that great talkie, "The Broadway Melody." "Always on her toes, this baby!" say her studio bosses**



Bull



# In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI

*celebrated beauty  
specialist*

**advises washing for beauty  
with this palm and  
olive oil soap**

*"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."*

*Lina Cavalieri*

61 AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS



*Portrait, by Argnani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty shop in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.*

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensnconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing with healthful color.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.



*Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.*



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; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



# Paris— Where Women Know How to Charm

By Edna Wallace Hopper

**W**HEN summer comes I leave the States for my vacation in Paris. This capital of gay cities is always fascinating to me. The Parisienne is smart. She knows the art of attracting. To the Frenchwoman any amount of work is worth while if it makes her beautiful.

American girls, with their many advantages, can be just as alluring. No extensive program is necessary, but in busy, hustling America you must protect your face against the wear and tear of dust and

wind. Use care in the selection of your cleanser—it should soothe the skin as it gently removes the day's collection of make-up and grime.

During my annual stays abroad I have examined many creams. None has taken the place of my own on my dressing table. My Youth Cream is light . . . airy light. A cold cream should not be an added burden. The force of "rubbing in" a heavy cream causes fragile tissues to sag. My Youth Cream is so dainty and easily absorbed you do not need to rub it in. There are two types, the cold—and vanishing for oily skins.

For a finished toilette apply my face powder over the Youth Cream base. It's the French, clinging kind that adheres for a long time. It blends so subtly with your skin as to seem a part of it. Only its fragrance is apparent.

## Give Your Skin New Life

Even naturally fine skin looks jaded and colorless at times, especially after a busy day. Once in a week or ten days you need a sub-surface cleansing. Give yourself a White Youth Clay at home. It cleanses deep, leaves the pores perfectly free and gives your skin a revitalized tone. The renewed circulation is as good as hours of sleep. A white clay pack is a wonderful help when you feel too tired for an evening's pleasure. It's dainty—so much nicer on the face than the old, muddy kind.

Remove the clay when dry with a dash of cold water and you'll be delighted with the warm, natural blush and satiny smoothness of your skin.

## Free

I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all. (D-44)

**SEND  
This Coupon!**

to Edna Wallace Hopper  
536 Lake Shore Drive,  
Chicago

with 10 cents for trial tube of White Youth Clay to prove to yourself that a glowing, beautiful skin is possible when pores are cleansed beneath the surface.

Name .....

Street .....

P. O. .... State .....

5-PM



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]



Houston-Williams

It's just a rough little shack, after all, but Tommy Meighan is happy to call it home. The Meighan hovel is near New Port Richey, kissed by Gulf breezes and warmed by Florida sunshine. It seems to have some eighty rooms, ninety baths, seventy electric iceboxes and a rowboat, which can be seen resting against the sea wall. Tommy, though now a Vitaphone star, can call it "The House Paramount Built"

don't care! You don't care! Who does care? I wish I had never been born!" That was all for *THAT* day!

**D**ARK work was done by Slickum, the colored bootblack at M.-G.-M., when he made a valiant effort to crash the dress circle at the opening of the Fox negro opus, "Hearts in Dixie," at the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles.

Slickum has just been elevated from bootblack to assistant director on King Vidor's colored folk classic, "Hallelujah," and he was anxious to see just how much better "Hallelujah" is going to be than "Hearts in Dixie." Also he wanted seven of his dusky friends to bear witness to this triumph.

Knowing that he might experience some difficulty in crashing into the orchestra section for the opening night, Slickum conceived the bright thought of asking for the tickets in King Vidor's name. He put through his phone call from the Vidor office and not until some time after the reservations were made was the ruse discovered. Naturally consternation reigned, for Slickum and his party of fellow darkies had been seated next to Cecil De Mille's elegant and aristocratic party.

The difficulty was met, however, by transferring Slickum's party to the balcony. Slickum was probably just as happy, for he appeared with a broad smile, his dusky friends, a tuxedo and a green fedora hat.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON can give a lot of actresses some lessons in modesty and good taste. [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 106 ]

**R**AMON NOVARRO'S brother, Joseph Samaniegos, died recently at the actor's Los Angeles home.

He was 24 at the time of his death.

The blow was a crushing one to Ramon, for he loved his brother devotedly. Determined that the youngster should have the advantages he missed, he sent Joseph to the University of Southern California. It was there, on the football field, that the star's brother received the injuries that resulted in his death. It was Joseph's long illness that kept Ramon from taking his long-planned trip to Europe.

Novarro's life is peculiarly innocent. He is wrapped up in his family. He has kept away, more or less, from Hollywood atmosphere, preferring the residential section of Los Angeles to the gaudier Beverly Hills.

*Two picture fans met on the street  
And one began to shout  
"Well, what do you think of the talkies?"—  
And then a shot rang out.*

**H**OLLYWOOD has been wondering how Jeanne Eagels gets along with Paramount at the Eastern studios.

When she worked for M.-G.-M. she was as hard to handle as any actress that has ever been on that temperament-swept lot, and she caused executives many nervous hours.

One morning the director had worked three solid hours to get a scene. Jeanne was balky. At last she began to understand, and the day's first shot was about to be made when a publicity man ambled on the set.

Not aware of the preceding grief, the press agent asked,

"Miss Eagels, where were you born?"

That was the finish, the wind-up, the last straw. Eagels threw her hands in the air.

"Where was I born? Who cares? I



Bull

The Imperial Throne Room—in other words, King Cecil B. De Mille's new offices at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Fore-ground, the bench (unpadded) where suppliants await their audiences with the Master. Middle distance, the sanctum where his secretary puts them through the ritual and takes their finger prints. Rear, the holy of holies of his boss hired man. De Mille's office parallels the suite

# The Big Boy Tells His Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

lightning. Gave you a chance to think of what life meant to you. Whether it meant sliding along from day to day like this—happy, free, getting no place, materially, but with a spiritual contentment moistening your very roots—or going into Helena or some big city and being smothered by musty books and stifled by rows of adding machines.

The best thing, though, was to imagine you were a heroic cowboy, like those in the wild western films, and to stick your heels into your pony's slats and go like hell-bent-for-salvation after Indians. Ride for miles like the devil incarnate, wind shrieking past your ears, head bent low over the pony's. Speed! Speed! The Indians are coming and the girl must be rescued. Speed! The rabbits scurry out of the way. A wise hoot owl blinks amazedly down at you. The grass bows before you. You stop. The horse's sides are heaving like bellows.

**W**HERE are the Indians? That's a bunch of mesquite. Where is the girl? That's only a clump of greasewood. The girl is incidental. She represents no ideal. She is there because the plot demands that somebody be rescued. It couldn't be "the papers." They are too inanimate.

The pony is panting. Its mane is flecked with foam. You pat it and fish out a piece of sugar stolen from the breakfast table. Or an apple. It nibbles it, upper lip thrust derisively back, and quivers. You pat it again. Good horse!

What would a man do if he were harnessed to a desk from nine until five every day except Sundays?

In the Spring and Fall the cattle were driven to the railroad siding, noisy, frightened, stamping, to be herded into the cattle train that took them to St. Paul, Chicago or another stock marketing center. With the cattle went the more experienced punchers, who had taken cattle to market before. With them, as I grew older, I also went.

Travelling was no particular thrill to me. The biggest thrill was in getting home. In watching for the first range of mountains—I think it is the Bear Paw range—and feeling that at last I was back where I could take a deep breath. It had been that way when I returned from England as a kid. It was always that way.

**I** LIKED to go to market, though, with the men. I liked to see them dicker with the city men and watch them get their money and stick it inside their flannel shirts or in the little front pockets of their tight-fitting pants.

At night they went in for hell-raising, to which I was usually an interested onlooker, unless I went to a theater, and later, literally picked them up and got them onto the night train that would take us back to Montana.

The liquor they got on their cattle-selling expeditions was a lot more potent than the white mule they imported, secretly, to Sunny-side.

In the summer months, when the High School at Bozeman was closed, I worked as guide at Yellowstone National Park. I wanted to do something that brought in money, and the family agreed to it. I couldn't imagine myself in an office job. I was too restless. I am still that way.



**Vacation days in Montana. The dashing figure on the left of the quartet is Gary Cooper. Note the rakish slant to the sombrero, the wicked holster and the cartridge belt. Gary was about 14, and so were the other blades, here shown ready to set out to hunt varmints in them thar hills**

I can seldom finish a book. It takes too many sedentary hours to sit, motionless, and read. Hours that could be spent in riding or walking or doing something vital. I think that is one reason why I did not become a cartoonist.

I liked drawing, had a flair for it, so I was told, but the tedium of sitting for hours, sketching, to get one little thing flawless was too great a demand on a restless spirit.

So for three or four summers I took "dude cowboys" from the East through Yellowstone and kept white-collared campers in creased khaki from throwing bits of soap into Old Faithful Geyser to see it spout; and elderly ladies from fainting by assuring them that the cinnamon bears were harmless unless you pulled their ears or kicked them.

That was work to my liking. I could sneak out of my bunk before the "dudes" were stirring, and steal out into the open to the tune of their snores. I could watch the sun come up from where the North Fork of the Shoshone flowed. I could see an osprey come swooping down for his morning meal, grab up a struggling fish, only to drop it when a huge eagle swerved down on him, and see the eagle catch the glistening morsel in mid-air.

Even when I left high school and entered Grinnell College the summer vacation found me back at the Park.

Women always have much to do with molding a man's life. I don't mean the sentimental

attachments that make you tramp on clouds. And I don't mean marriage. Something beside the biological urge. I mean the women who are our mothers. And the mothering souls who have to do with forming ideals and aspirations. School teachers, for instance. In their constructive hands, kids are so much human clay. Everyone can look back in his life and recall a school teacher who stands out as a sort of beacon light to kids who were groping and grasping at life.

Miss Davis was that sort of person. Through her I decided to enter Grinnell College in Iowa. She was my English teacher. Slight, a grey-haired woman that a big wind from the prairie could easily have blown away, she was of the type that is born to mother somebody else's sons. I liked her, and listened to her, because she had the same fundamentally sound ideas that my mother had.

**I** WENT to Grinnell for two and a half years, during which time I absorbed all the adult experiences I could. I studied commercial art intensively. I fell in love. I became engaged. I was going into the advertising business and make a success, either as an artist or as an executive. I was going to marry and have a home and family.

I was twenty. After two and a half years I left college. Our engagement was broken. Perhaps it was well.

At twenty life has a different hue than it has at twenty-seven, or thirty-seven. Dad was assisting Joseph Dixon in his campaign for Governor of Montana and I tried my hand at cartooning on one of the Helena papers. I could have stayed in Helena and done cartooning.

I felt that my choice of occupation bound me to a city.

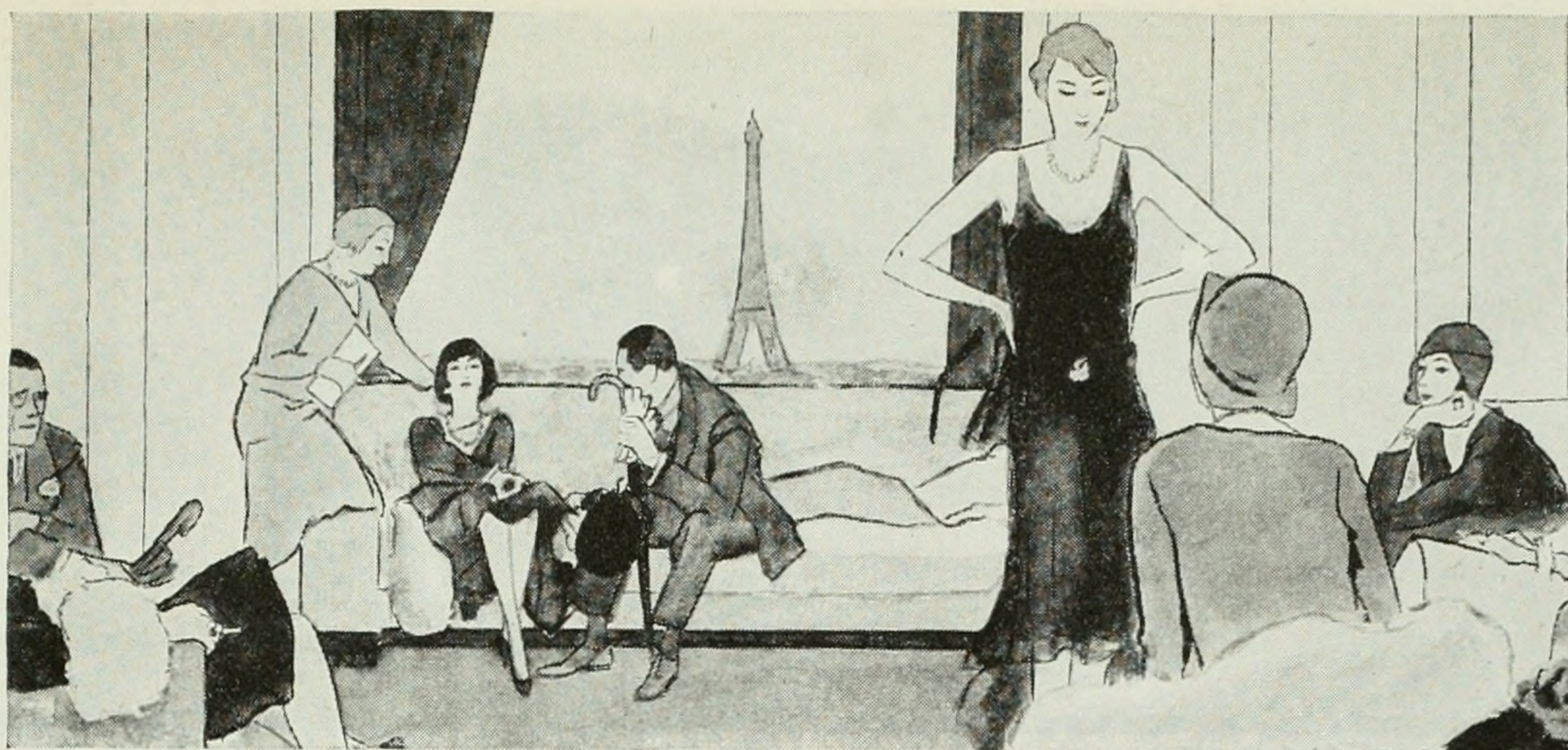
**W**HY not to a bigger city where the possibilities of advancement would be greater? Why not go to New York or Los Angeles? I could not get myself to go to New York. I knew I could not love its canyons of big buildings and the rugged crags of its skyscrapers. They could never take the place of the West. Los Angeles, on the other hand, was a Western city, sprawled over desert and mountains.

I arrived in Hollywood on Thanksgiving Day four years ago. It was the first big shove-off from home. The family didn't like to see me go. Summers at Yellowstone were all right, and so was school at Bozeman and Grinnell, and that job as timekeeper in an Iowa corn canning factory that I held a part of one summer.

They felt in closer contact with me. Now we were separated by the Rockies.

Once in Los Angeles, it was the usual story of trying to get work in a new town. There were no horses to break or cattle to herd. I

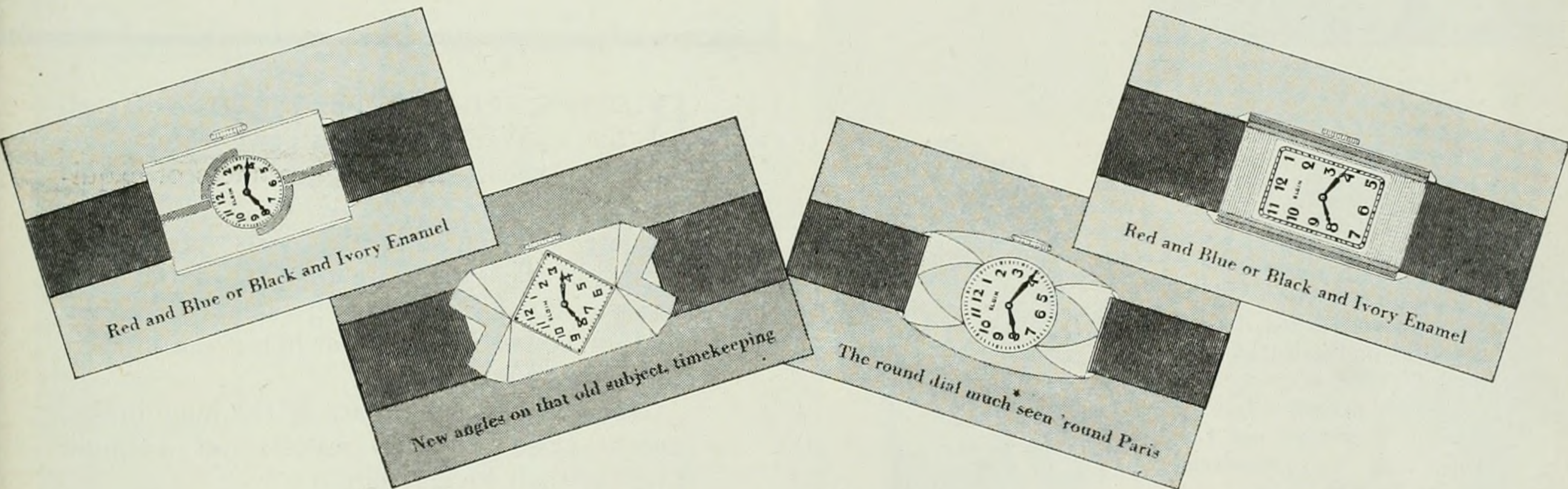
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MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

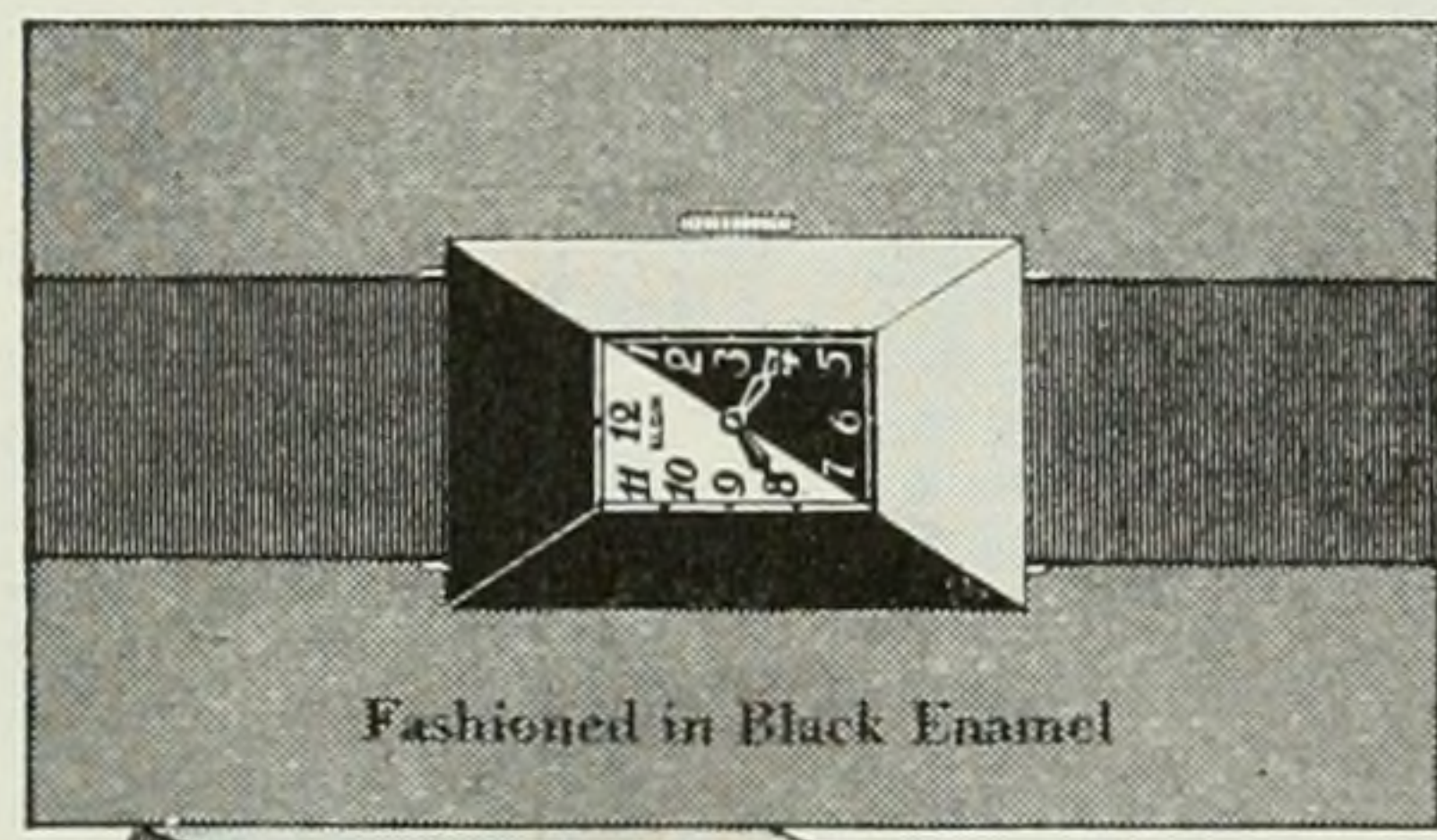
*Internationally famed Paris creator  
now designs six cases for*

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE... \$35<sup>00</sup>

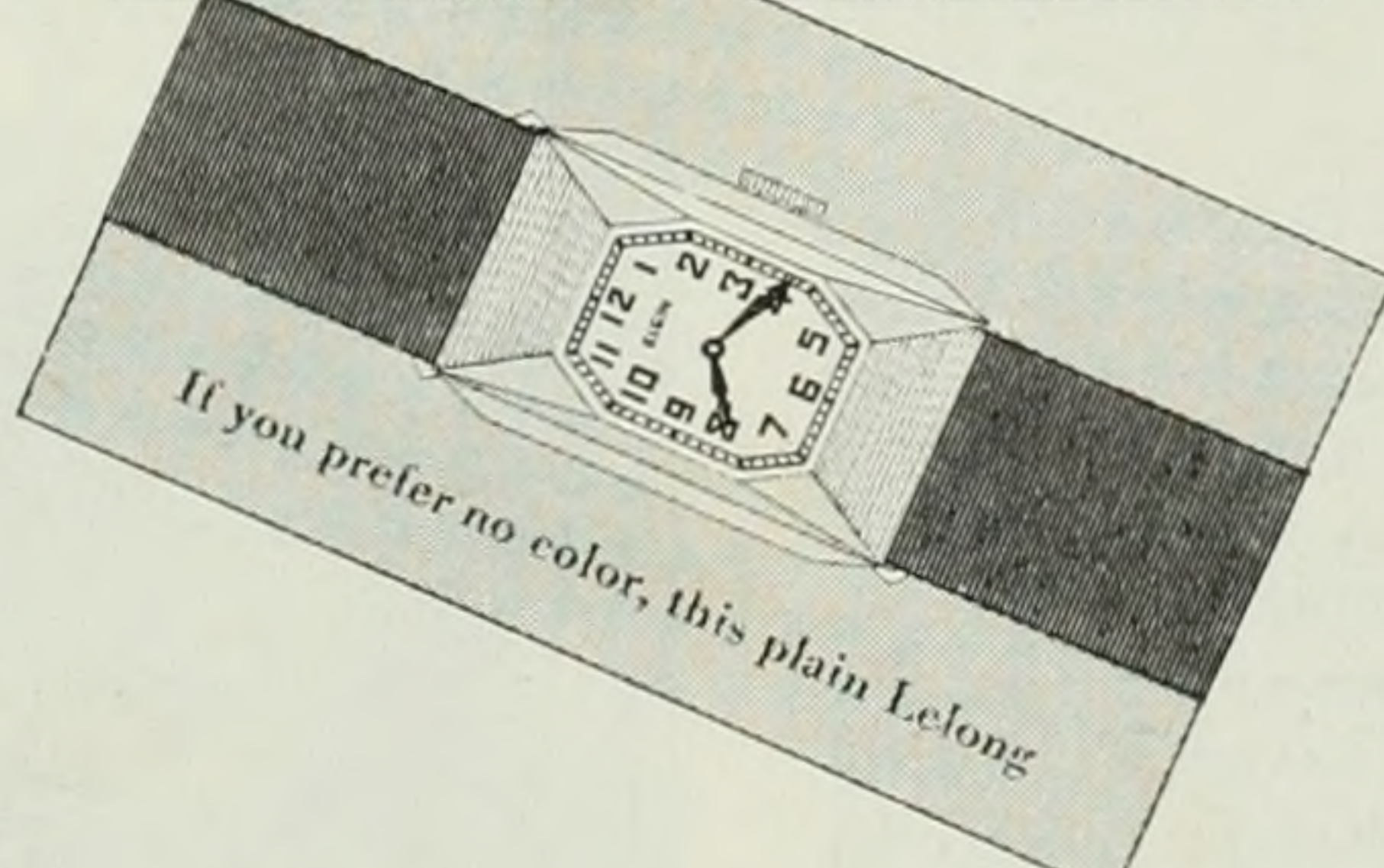


Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture, whether the golf course, or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true



Fashioned in Black Enamel



If you prefer no color, this plain Lelong

Parisian flair to your formal hours. Three are plain; three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but \$35, there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. Paris style . . . at a truly American price!

© ELGIN, 1929. ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA  
ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE  
WATCHES SHOWN ¾ ACTUAL SIZE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The 1929 WAMPAS  
BABY STARS, too,  
all use  
LUX TOILET SOAP  
for smooth skin



LORETTA YOUNG, charming First National star, says: "Smooth as a rose-petal. That is the way my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap. It is just like the finest French soaps!"



Fascinating HELEN FOSTER, of Mrs. Wallace Reid Productions, has charming skin. She says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the lovely smoothness known as 'studio skin.'"

39 Leading Hollywood  
Directors say:

"Lovely Smooth Skin is  
Girl's Greatest Asset"

MONA RICO, United Artists' beautiful and talented star, says: "I must keep my skin exquisitely smooth to face the close-up. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It's so wonderful for 'studio skin.'"



**B** LONDES, RED-HEADS, BRUNETTES—but all the 13 Wampas baby stars have one outstanding appeal—the rare loveliness of exquisite smooth skin.

These thirteen charming girls have given their skin the same care that all of the 1928 Wampas Baby Stars have given theirs. They use Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in their studio dressing rooms.

Even the searching glare of the huge incandescent close-up lights reveals not a single defect in their lovely skin.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great Hollywood film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Remember: 9 out of 10 screen stars use this white, daintily fragrant soap.

You will be charmed with it, too! Order several cakes—today.



CARYL LINCOLN, beloved screen star with Fox Films, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She uses it both in her own lovely bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "I wouldn't be without delightful Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin as smooth as the finest French soaps used to."



ETHLYNE CLAIR is a charming screen star who is famous for her beauty. She says: "I never have to worry about a smooth, velvety skin—'studio skin'—now that I use Lux Toilet Soap."

JOSEPHINE DUNN, lovely Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star, has the exquisite skin of the perfect blonde. She says: "A soft, smooth skin is a star's most prized possession. I use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin perfectly smooth and soft."



When you see DORIS DAWSON, First National's delightful star, in a close-up, notice how fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "It leaves my skin so wonderfully smooth."



ANITA PAGE, famous young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."



SALLY BLANE, R. K. O.'s lovely star, has such appealingly beautiful skin and gives it such intelligent care. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the beautifully smooth skin that is so important to a screen star."



JEAN ARTHUR, Paramount's charming star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is indispensable to me. It keeps my skin so wonderfully fine and smooth."

Nine out of Ten  
Screen Stars Use  
LUX Toilet Soap



DORIS HILL, attractive Paramount star, guards her skin carefully. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that I cannot see any difference between this delightful soap and the finest French soaps."

BETTY BOYD, beautiful young star with Educational Films, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy! My skin is so smooth after using it!"



HELEN TWELVETREES, lovely Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is exactly like those lovely soaps one finds in Paris. I love it!"

Luxury Such as You Have  
Found Only in French  
Soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00  
the cake . . . now 10¢

# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Costs and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

E. H. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your worries are unfounded. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill play together again in "Children of the Ritz." "Lady Be Good" was the title of the picture you refer to. Dorothy is twenty-five years old and hails from Hull, England. Carroll Nye was born in New York City just twenty-two years ago. Gary's next picture will be "Betrayal."

V. L. G., JACKSON, TENN.—Jack Stone was the handsome youth who played the part of the kid aviator in "Lilac Time." Milton Sills next picture will be "Dark Streets" and Thomas Meighan's next will be "The Argyle Case."

F. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just a case of mistaken identity. It was Jean Hersholt and not George Seigman who played opposite ZaSu Pitts in "Greed."

RONNY, EAU CLAIRE, WISC.—Carol Mason and Lola Todd are one and the same person. Lola thought she would like to be known as Carol Mason, but after trying that name out for awhile, she decided to return to her original monicker. Lucille Powers is the name of the young lady who played in "Marquis Preferred." Charlot Bird did not appear in the cast of "Wings."

D. E., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—"Chickie" was released in May 1925, with John Bowers and Dorothy Mackaill playing the leads. "Sinners in Heaven" was released in September, 1924, with Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix heading the cast. No leading man was chosen to play opposite Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid," as that picture is shelved while Clara is making "The Wild Party." FBO stood for Film Booking Offices but now that company is known as RKO meaning Radio-Keith-Orpheum. In "The Shopworn Angel" the young soldier never returned.

FRANCES E. REED, ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Madge Bellamy is divorced from Logan Metcalf. Leila Hyams is twenty-three years old and is married to Phil J. Berg. Mary Astor is the same age as Leila. "Broadway Babies" will be Alice White's next picture.

J. A. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—AH! Your initials spell a word and that's a lucky sign. Your big moment, Bill Haines, was born in Staunton, Va., on January 1st, 1900. He has brown eyes and is still single. His next picture will be "The Gob."

F. H. B., NEWARK, N. J.—Evelyn Brent is thirty years old, five feet four inches tall and hails from Tampa, Fla. Ian Keith was born in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 27th, 1899.

H. S., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Gosh, I can almost feel the heat from that argument. Let's settle it now. David Rollins is nineteen years old and Arthur Lake is just four years older.

MRS. M. G. K., DENVER, COLO.—Goodness, here's another argument. Seems to be the season for them. Greta Nissen has blonde hair. However, she did make one picture in which she covered her blonde tresses with a black wig. The title of the picture was "Blind Alleys" and Thomas Meighan was the leading man.

JACK FIKE, TULSA, OKLA.—Sally Eilers was born in New York City on December 11th, 1908. She is reported to be engaged to William Hawks. You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

E. L. D., SHERIDAN, WYO.—Raquel Torres is twenty years old and Dorothy Penelope Jones, who uses the screen name of Dorothy Janis, is one year younger. You can reach both of them at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

J. L. T., ALBANY, GA.—Sorry to disappoint you but the Paramount Picture School has been out of existence for the past two years.

## Hear Ye! Hear Ye! "Name Seekers"

**THIS** month we will reveal the family names of the stars most frequently brought up before the Answer Man.

Mary Brian was formerly known as Louise Dantzer.

Ramon Novarro, if you please, was Ramon Samaniegos.

Joan Crawford, before going into pictures, danced to the name of Lucille Le Sueur.

Anita Page recited her A B C's to the tune of Anita Pomares.

Gary Cooper was tagged with Frank J. Cooper.

Bessie Love thought her fans would like that name better than her own—Juanita Horton.

At home, Lupe Velez, that li'l Mexican gal, was called Marie Villabalos.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

K. L. BROWNING, RICHMOND, VA.—Now to settle all doubt in your mind. Mary Pickford was born on April 8th, 1893. And that's authentic.

LOIS N., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.—I am so glad to hear that my friends up there enjoy PHOTOPLAY. Walter Byron, your "marvelous" chap, was born in Leicester, England, just twenty-seven years ago. He is six feet tall and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. You can reach him in care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Thanks for the good wishes.

M. L., OMAHA, NEBR.—No matter how white my hair gets, I'll never feel old. David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo. You can reach him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Oh, yes, he's still single.

R. D., MARINETTE, WISC.—No need for further dispute. Al Jolson is an American and his real name is Asa Yoelson.

J. C. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—When Dorothy Dalton was married to Arthur Hammerstein, she retired from the screen. You can write to her in care of the Arthur Hammerstein Productions, 1650 Broadway, New York City.

ADELE OLIVER, HOUSTON, TEX.—Have pity, old dear, I don't deserve to be bawled out that way. Here's the information you wanted—Nils Asther's latest picture is "Wild Orchids." Gary's next will be "Betrayal." Greta Garbo has returned from Sweden.

BABE, EXETER BORO, PA.—Nils Asther played the part of Count Luigi Ravelli in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." "Weary River" is the title of Richard's latest. Lupe Velez did no play in "Kit Carson." Yes, it is true. Fred Thomson died on December 25th, 1928.

B. K., WENONAH, N. J.—What—another argument and among the "militia"? Let's settle it quickly before the shooting starts. You're right, Richard Dix was the hero in "The Gay Defender" and Thelma Todd was the beautiful heroine. Ruth and Greta are both twenty-two and Joan is one year older. Don't ask me who I think is the most beautiful actress or the shooting will take place here—and how!

MRS. F. M. S., BREMERTON, WASH.—The bout is over. You're both wrong. It was Percy Marmont who played the lead in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

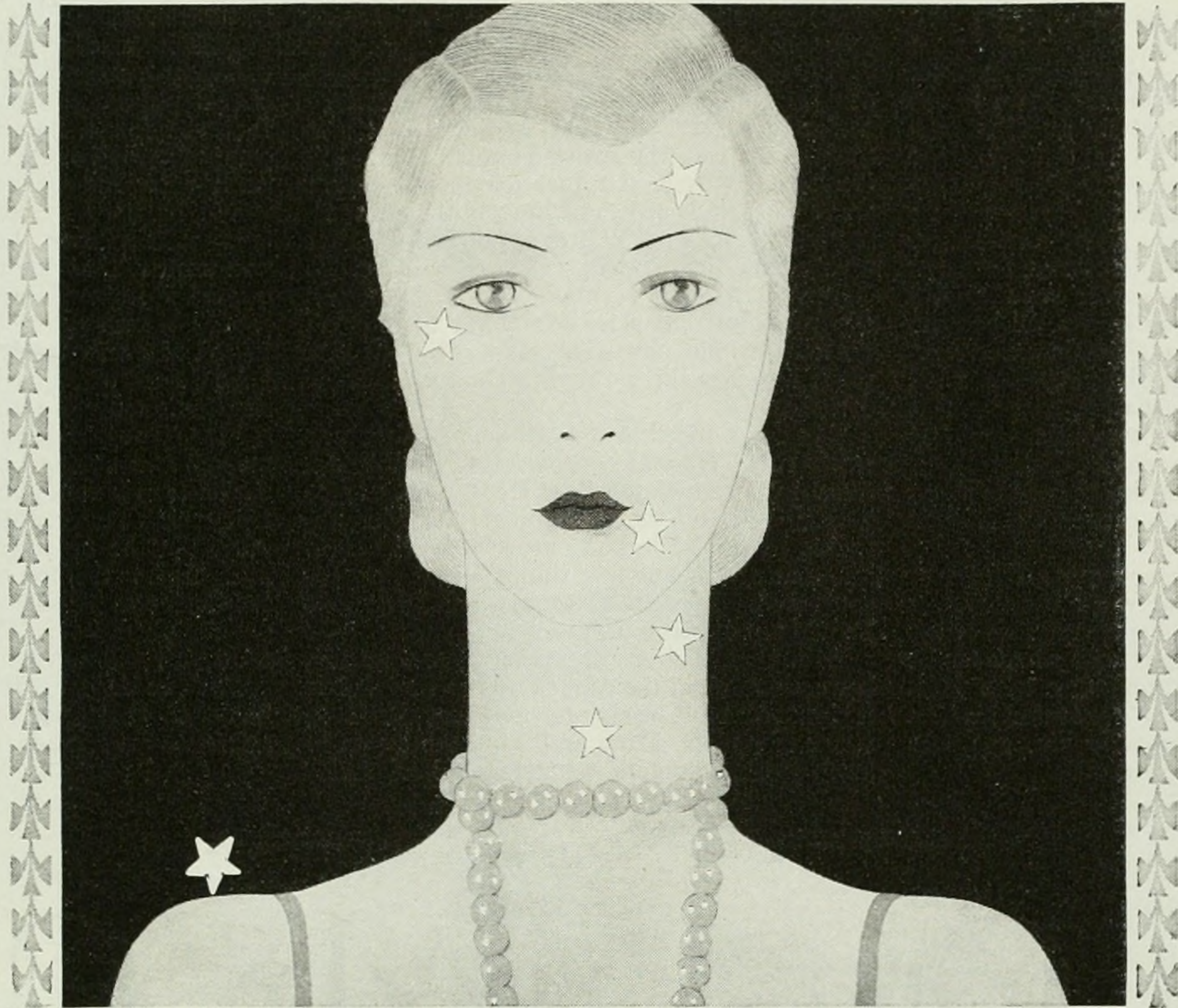
MRS. F. SHIMEK, TULSA, OKLA.—Agnes Ayres is playing a part in a picture titled "The Donovan Affair." When it is completed she is going to appear in vaudeville. Alice Calhoun is not appearing in pictures at this time.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 102 ]



Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

# "Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



THE importance of the *health* of your skin cannot be exaggerated! For it is perfectly apparent that your skin must be healthy if it is to be beautiful. A clear complexion and a soft skin, innocent of roughness and wrinkles, will be your reward if you faithfully follow the directions that come with every jar of Milkweed Cream.

The key to a soft and youthful skin lies in the careful study of the "six stars" shown on the face of the mannequin above. And the column at the right clearly explains how to protect with Ingram's Milkweed Cream each one of these six vital spots!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the skin and fosters its health. Slightly therapeutic in its effects and a meticulous cleanser it does things no other cream, however expensive, possibly can do. It tonics your skin. It is excellent against roughness, redness and blem-

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very ageing and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

ishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Mark the date you start using it and notice how marvelously your skin improves in a single month.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, will gladly send you her new booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty problems, write to Miss Ingram for advice.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-59, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

©1929

## ≡ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ≡

# She Fell in Love with Her Husband

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

theme of decoration prevailed, except that a pastry rooster crowed proudly from the center of the spread. Corinne vows that she has no idea of what Walter said to her that night, except that he remarked he wanted her to meet his mother. He danced with her whenever he could, and invited her to dinner the next night at his mother's house.

But Corinne Griffith was quite fed up with men at this time. To her, they were just a drug on the market. They did not concern her in the least. As a matter of fact, through the avenue of the divorce court she had just succeeded in detaching herself from one male who had in no way proved himself indispensable in her life. Also she was suffering from an acute attack of dejection brought on by a complication of the wrong type of pictures and meager screen opportunities. Her career was at a very low ebb, on a par with her spirits, all because she wanted to do characterization and producers gave her only parts with clothes to wear. She was at a loss as to just what treatment to prescribe. Resuscitation was necessary but the method of procedure was in doubt.

It did not take Walter Morosco long to figure this out, and he forthwith constituted himself the remedy.

There probably never was a more diligent or active remedy in all Hollywood than Walter turned out to be. The boon companions of the moment began to miss him and whenever he could not be located in company with Miss Griffith, he was always to be discovered in some obscure corner staring moodily into space or trying aimlessly to catch his thumb.

It did not take the wise ones long to diagnose his case. The complaint is common, even in Hollywood. But all of the first aid treatments applied to Walter by his friends failed to make him rally, so he was finally abandoned as hopelessly incurable.

Such was not the case, however, with Corinne Griffith. She liked Walter, yes; he was interesting, good diversion, and a good companion.

But of course she could not take him seriously. No, no, no—why certainly not; how perfectly silly! And that, strange though it may seem, was the grave consciousness that distressed Walter. He just somehow couldn't make himself heard, and he was trying hard.

Perhaps it was Walter's persistence that finally won him a break. Or maybe it was his sincerity. He has an abundance of both. At any rate, just when he was about to walk off the end of the pier of despair, he noticed a silver lining peeking through the black clouds of defeat.

"In courtship," said Corinne, "Walter was wonderful. He was consideration itself and I liked him tremendously. He taught me to play. Golf, tennis, swimming. And his un-failing humor and good nature were the most buoyant and inspiring things I had ever encountered. There were times when I felt that I could not do without him."

Even then Walter was advising her regarding her career. And the advice was so sound that it immediately began to manifest itself in terms of profit. More and more she began to bank on his judgment in matters of business.

But it was natural, of course, that young Mr. Morosco should spend much time hovering around jewelry windows that displayed engagement rings—an ardent complex that became an affliction. It alarmed Corinne greatly. Much as she liked him, much as she needed him, much as she appreciated his fineness, she was fully aware that she was not in love with him.

This knowledge caused her miserable and unhappy moments that no one ever dreamed of. It presented a problem so overwhelming that she found herself lacking in either the comprehension or ingenuity to grapple with it. Such utter misery as she endured at times would be hard to conceive. She wanted to break with Walter, she felt that she was unfair and unjust, that the thing she was doing was cowardly in the extreme, yet somehow she could not muster the courage. She knew that to tell him the truth would break his heart.

So the thing dragged on, Walter with his persistence, Corinne with her doubts.

Finally one evening he arrived at her home, moody and strangely subdued. She thought she had never seen him so quiet. Then suddenly he became restive. He said that he couldn't stay, that he must go. He rose and got his hat. As he stood on the threshold, he reached for Corinne's hand and pressed into it a little square, plush box. Then he made a wild dive for his car and was gone.

For two days he did not see her. Finally, however, they met for lunch. Of course no reference was made to the little plush box.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 129 ]

## New Cut-Puzzle Contest



### Another Big Competition Starts in the June PHOTOPLAY

HAVE you shared in the big awards made by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in its Cut-Puzzle Contests of past years? Thousands of dollars have been distributed to lucky readers of PHOTOPLAY. Get busy this year with the new competition, which will have interesting and distinctive features.

Watch the June issue of PHOTOPLAY for the first cut pictures and for the complete rules.

**\$5,000 in Prizes  
to Lucky  
Contestants!**

# Look for 3 Benefits from this tooth paste

**W**HEN you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will make three important discoveries:

1. That it leaves teeth amazingly white and clean with a minimum of brushing.
2. That your entire mouth feels healthy and exhilarated afterwards—a wonderful sensation you associate with Listerine.
3. That your tooth paste is not only costing you less, but lasting longer.

We waited many years before producing Listerine Tooth Paste. Meanwhile we studied the requirements of teeth and

mouth. We aimed to produce a dentifrice worthy of the Listerine name. Finally we achieved one—ideal for all.

That was less than five years ago. Today Listerine Tooth Paste is an acknowledged leader. Never in history has the triumph of any tooth paste been so complete. It has succeeded on sheer merit, supplanting older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try it. Give it a thorough trial. A month at least. And note results. You will be delighted. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



*A magazine subscription—  
a good book—*

**paid for by  
your  
tooth paste**

Or hosiery, handkerchiefs, necktie, perfume, a golf iron, an inner tube—so many things you can buy with that \$3 Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year. A tube of Listerine Tooth Paste costs you 25c instead of 50c, the accepted price for a dentifrice. You use about a tube a month therefore the average yearly saving is 12 times 25c or \$3.

25  
¢

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



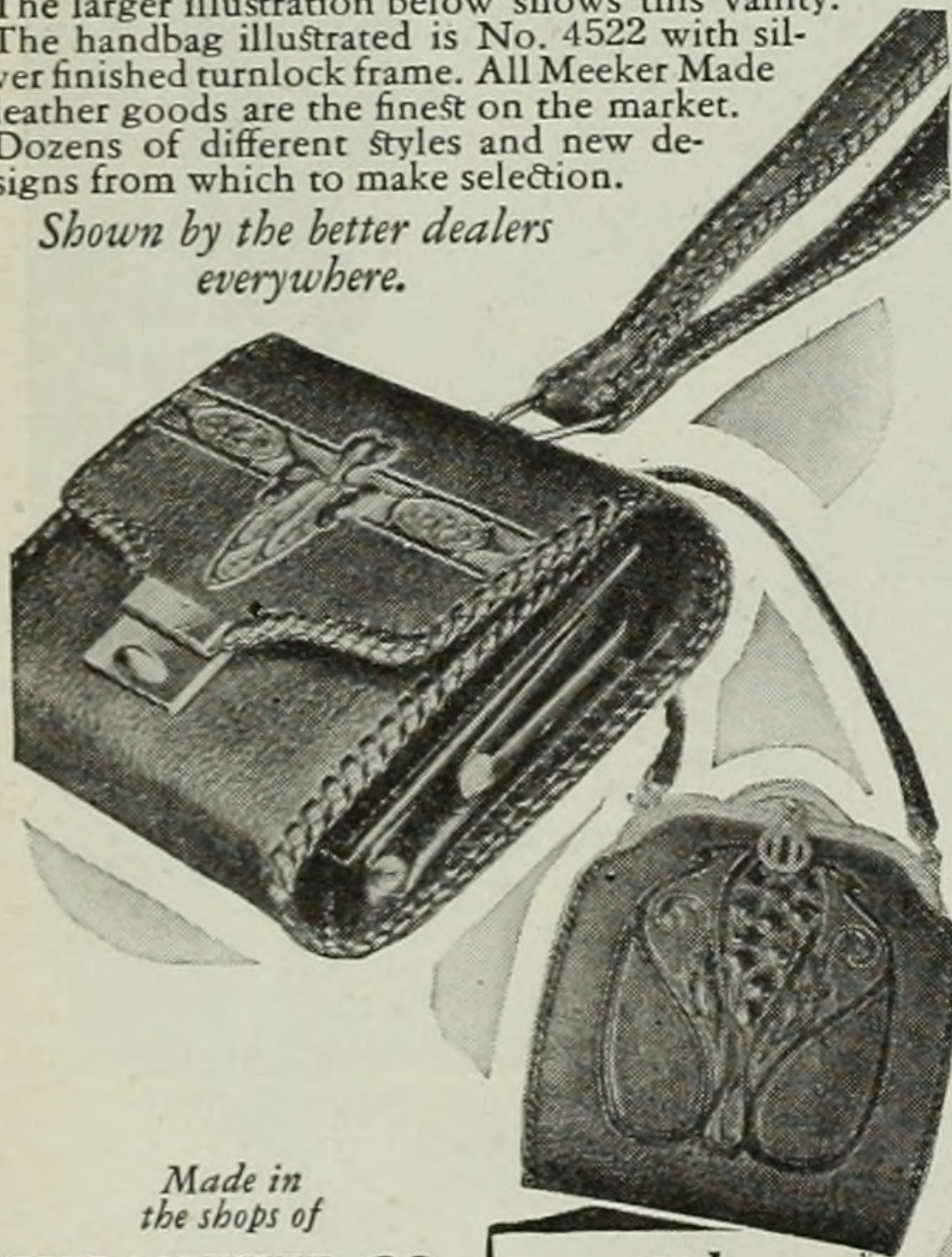
FOR THE  
AMERICAN  
MISS  
at  
GRADUATION  
TIME  
a  
MEEKER  
MADE R

Vanity, Handbag or Underarm

SHE will thrill at receiving one of the "Madge Bellamy" Vanities—a Meeker Made novelty of imported steerhide. The "Madge Bellamy" is a practical little accessory having a compact or powder-puff pocket, comb pocket and comb, coin pocket, detachable beveled edge plate mirror, two card or memo pockets and pencil. Artistically hand colored. Hand laced edges.

The larger illustration below shows this vanity. The handbag illustrated is No. 4522 with silver finished turnlock frame. All Meeker Made leather goods are the finest on the market. Dozens of different styles and new designs from which to make selection.

Shown by the better dealers everywhere.



Made in  
the shops of  
THE MEEKER CO.,  
Inc.  
Joplin, Missouri

The largest manufacturers  
of steerhide leather goods  
in the U. S. A.

and  
for the  
YOUNG MAN

If you are looking  
for a graduation gift  
for a young man, a  
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tleman's bill fold, hip  
fold, cigarette case,  
key case or a combina-  
tion set of two or  
three pieces cannot  
fail to be appreci-  
ated. Your guide is  
simply the "Meeker  
Made" imprint. Look  
for it in the leather.

## The All-Star Blonde

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

pictures but you haven't seen Lov until you see her in color. She's the justification of gentlemen's preferences.

It matters little whether she ever has a starring rôle, for she herself is an all-star blonde. She's Vilma Banky, May Allison, Agnes Ayres, Alice Terry and Anna Q. Nilsson in a production of less than a hundred and ten pounds.

SO closely does she resemble all the blonde goddesses that she is ever being mistaken for one or all of them. Knowing this, Lupe Velez at a Mayfair dance shouted: "Good evening, Miss Banky, and how is Rod?"

Scandia does not bow to Mexico for wit: "Good evening, Miss del Rio, and how is Eddie?" (Rod is Miss Banky-La Rocque's husband according to latest report, while Eddie Carewe is the director of Miss del Rio.)

Something of my feeling anent Jeanette's divine resemblance must have seeped into my eyes ("The eyes are the windows of the soul"—Lashbrow-line). Or maybe Jeanette isn't seasoned as yet to the bold interviewer. Anyhow she became suddenly flustered: "Oh dear, I haven't offered you anything."

Of course, this did prove she is not yet versed in interviewing. The seasoned star always tries to get the interviewer tight and usually succeeds, alas!

"Won't you have some tea or something?"

I said I'd have a little something.

Jeanette vanished from the room, presumably into the polar regions of Frigidaire. Not until then did I light a cigarette from the altar candle. Pacing the apartment and examining things—a habit peculiar to the inside worker, though really I rarely take anything—I noted two porcelain cats, a red-haired doll in black and on the mantel a saintly likeness of Jeanette that reminded me of Lillian Gish (Goddess-reminder XLVII).

"Oh dear!"—I turned swiftly, being the sort who takes everything personal, even an innocent exclamation. "Oh dear, I haven't anything," flushed the returned Jeanette.

"You mean you haven't something?"

Jeanette nodded. "I'm afraid I'm not used to receiving interviewers."

I SAID I was afraid not and looked melancholy. But I'm nothing if not the Born Comforter.

Advice is always on tap.

In a sudden flash of inspiration I suggested that in view of the altar candle and her divine resemblance she never offer something to interviewers.

I realize it's a dangerous precedent to set and may drive some of the best interviewers out of the business. But there's kick enough in interviewing Jeanette. She's really a very high percentage blonde.



Talkies have started the gentle art of pussyfooting in the studios. The village blacksmith is here shown shoeing Dorothy Janis with felt shoes for an audible scene in "The Pagan," the Novarro picture. It's the Janis voice they want, not the tramp-tramp-tramp

Artist . Actress . Dancer . Author . Sculptor . Aviator

# Brilliant Women with brilliant Hands

... keep them always exquisite with this flattering Cutex Liquid Polish

**BILLIE BURKE** at a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her state-ly country house, is just the golden-haired merry young wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. "I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love gardens, woods, tramps—dogs! What they do to one's hands!"

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and gives them such a flattering sparkle. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations—the Cuticle Cream and the Remover."

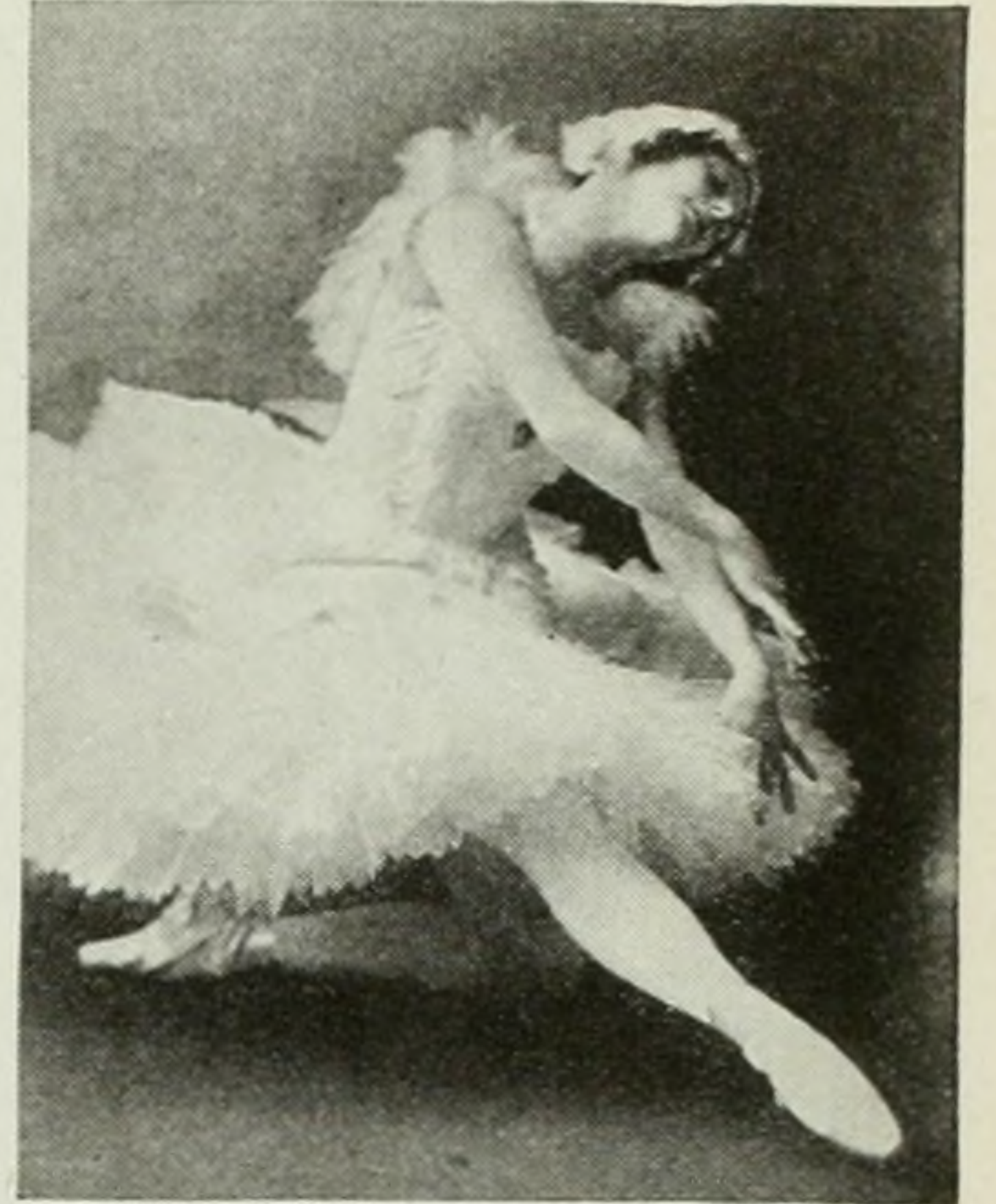


Billie Burke does these three simple things to keep her finger nails shapely and shining:

*First*—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape the cuticle.

*Second*—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

*Third*—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to soften cuticle.

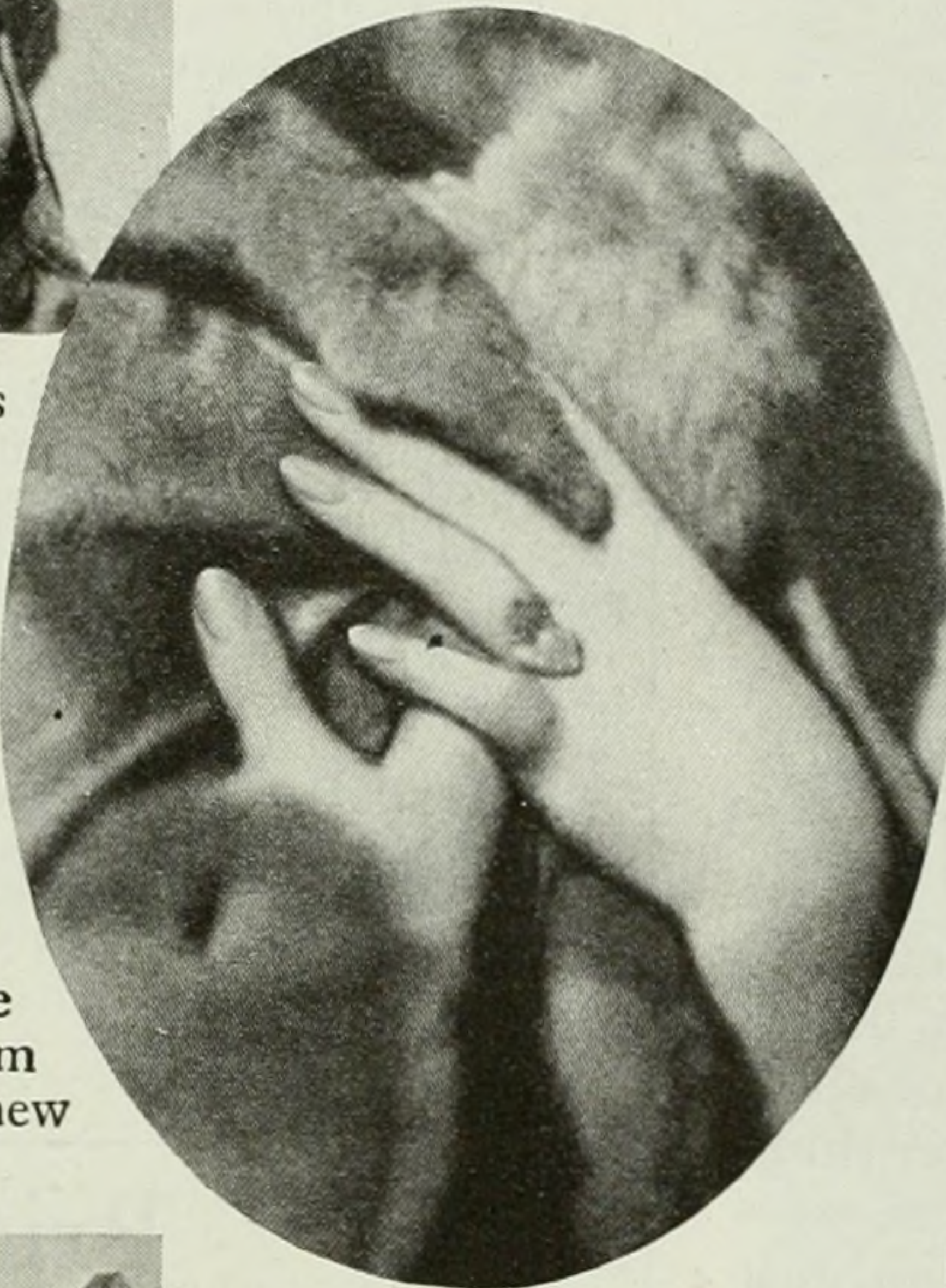


**PAVLOWA** takes the most exquisite care of her graceful hands. "Cutex Liquid Polish helps give my hands sparkle and vivacity," Pavlowa herself says. "I always use it to 'make-up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining.

"All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smooth and rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."



**LADY HEATH**, famous flyer shown at the left, asked if caring for her own plane wasn't hard on her hands, said—"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and I'm quite devoted to the new Liquid Polish."

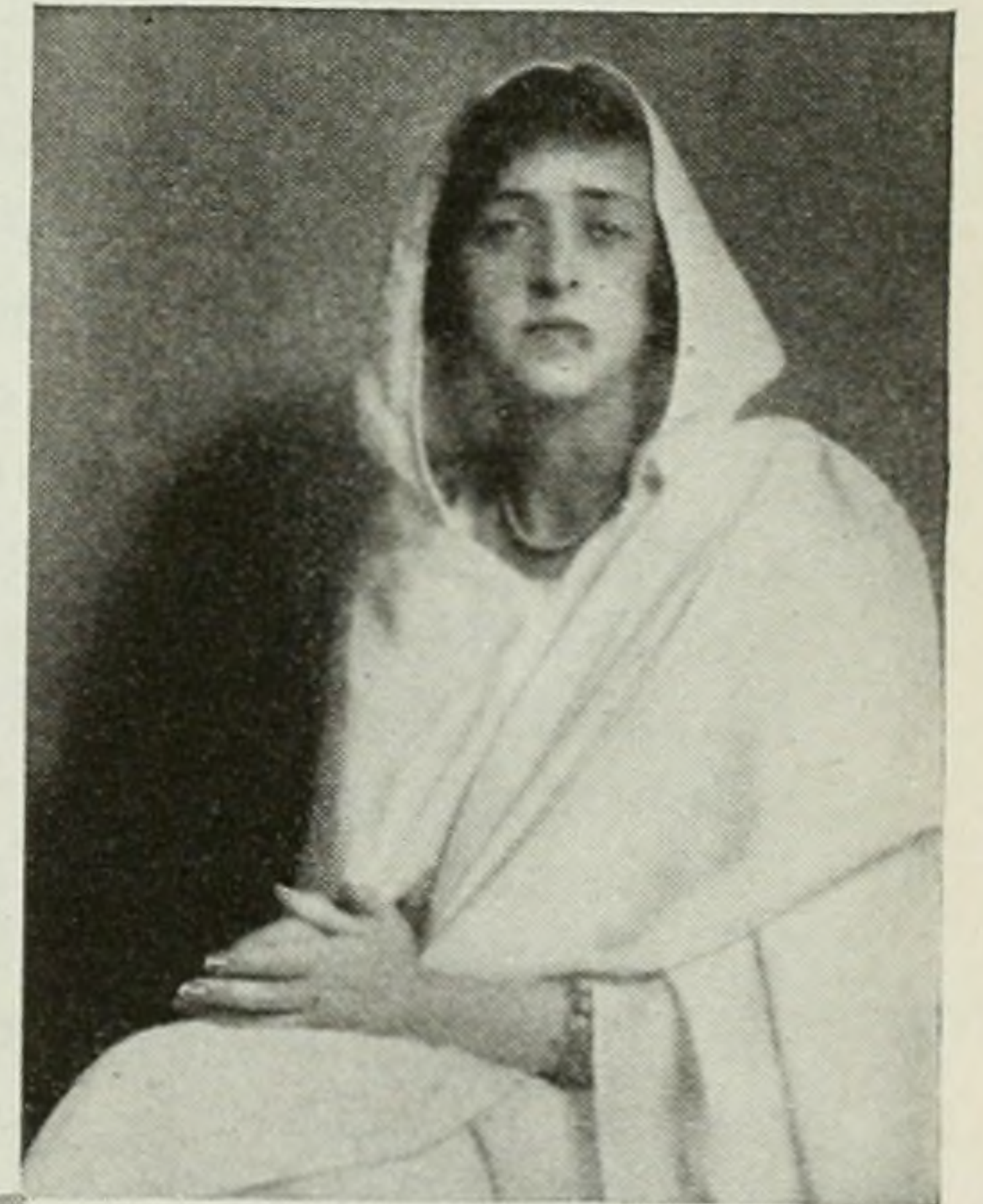


**HELEN DRYDEN**, smart and successful New York illustrator, whose interesting photograph appears at the right, works day in and day out with pencils, oils, and crayons. "Before I used the new Cutex Liquid Polish," explained Miss Dryden, "my nails were always in need of a manicure. Now just a thorough washing and they come out smart and shining. The Polish protects against stains and it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands."



**CLARE SHERIDAN**—sculptor, diarist, and society woman—shown in the photograph at the right in the native costume of Algiers.

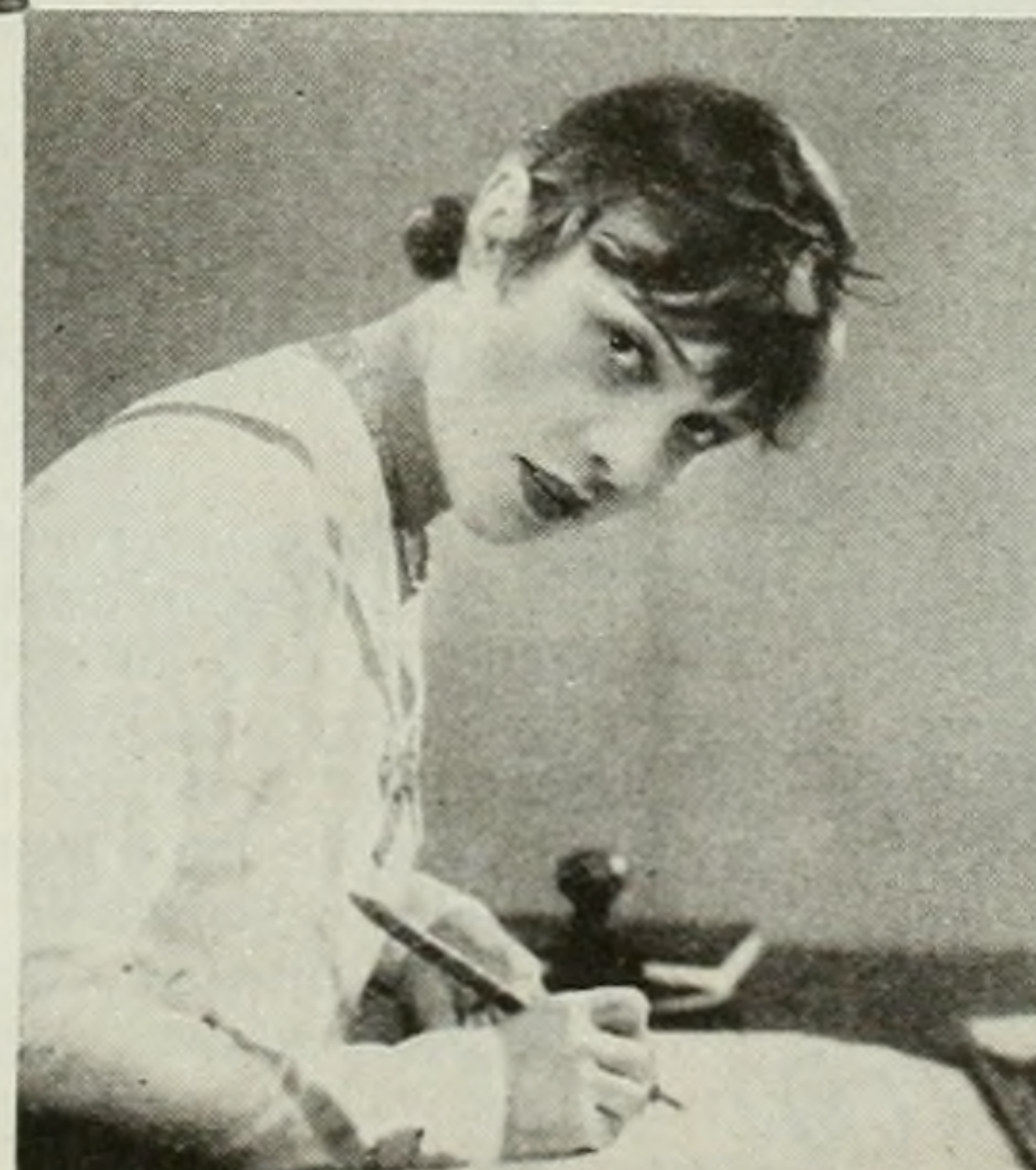
"My nails become fearfully stained and grubby," says Miss Sheridan, "but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stain and dirt and the smart brilliance lasts miraculously. It certainly is a boon to busy hands."



**ANITA LOOS**, delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says: "The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery. A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips."

Ask to see the delightful new Cutex Liquid Polish that smart women everywhere are finding so indispensable.

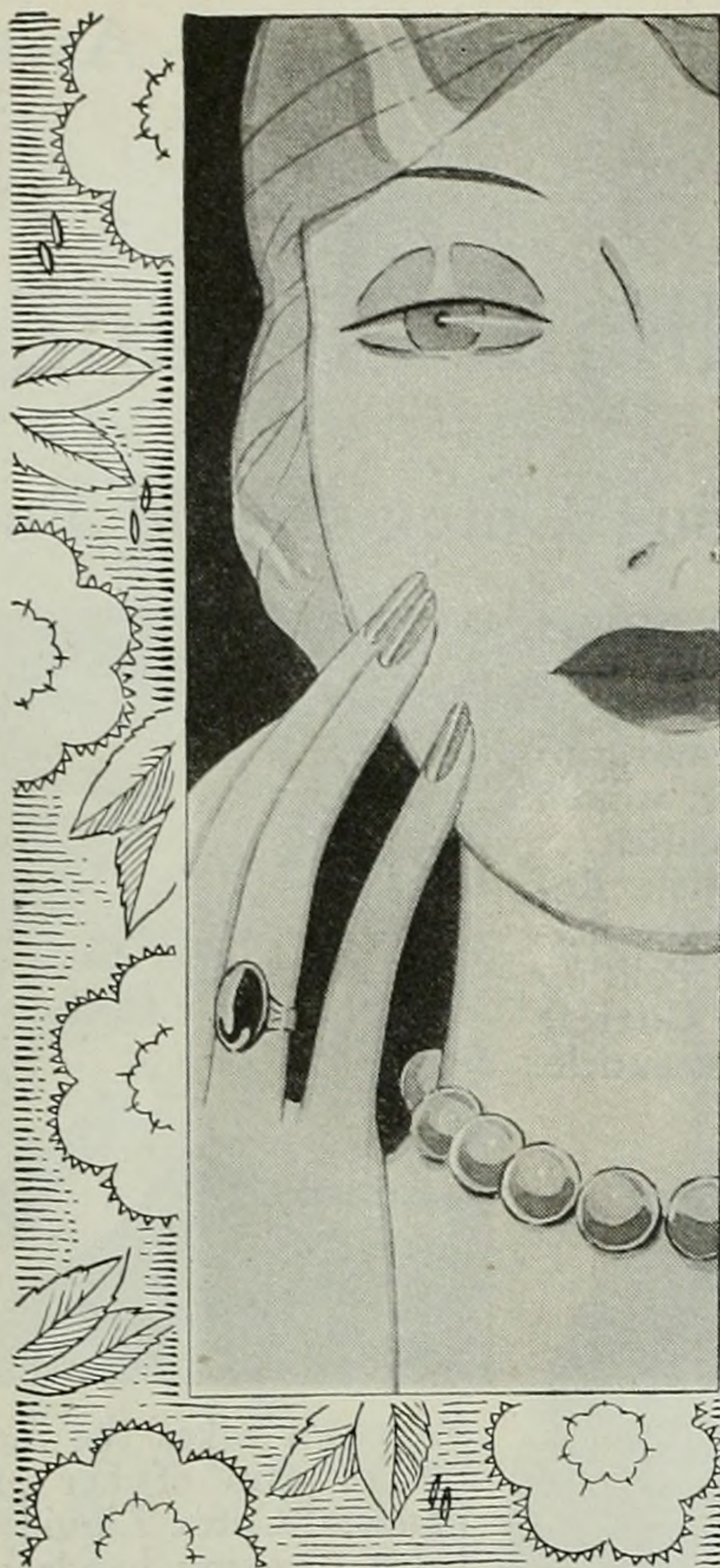
Cutex Preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



Special Introductory Offer—12¢



I enclose 12¢ for Cutex Midget Manicure set sufficient for six manicures. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)  
Northam Warren, Dept. 905  
114 West 17th Street, New York



## COMPLEXION BEAUTY *demands* CLEAN SKIN

The first essential of complexion beauty is a clean, bright skin. Realizing this, thousands of beautiful women never think of retiring without first removing every trace of make-up, dust and powder with Black and White Cleansing Cream.

This pure, light cream slips quickly into the pores and out again, removes accumulated dust and impurities which cause blackheads and blemishes and leaves the skin youthfully fresh, smooth and clear. Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Three popular sizes—25c, 50c and 75c. Begin using it tonight.

*Plough*

NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · MONTEREY ·



## BLACK AND WHITE Cleansing Cream

## That Old Devil, Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

the cinema. Nor was it the talkies that won her over.

She frankly admits that it was money, plus an appreciable lack in good play material. There have been few successful star vehicles on Broadway in the last five years. So she signed a contract with Paramount, made one silent picture and has since appeared in several talkies.

**Y**ET she is not of Hollywood and, with her stage background, she cannot submit to the indignities imposed upon the stars by the public. She has acquired the reputation of being "ritzy" merely because she refuses to go to the popular gathering places, won't pose for unnecessary publicity pictures and ignores the stilted star-smile.

"Ritzy?" she questioned. "That I'm not. I'm a tramp. I like to bum around in strange places. Put on old clothes and a sweater and go down to Harlem. And I adore people of every calling. As a rule, I like men better than women, although I wouldn't trade the few women friends I have for ten men. I'm certainly not ritzy, but I've never had my life pried into, nor have I known about people with the absorbing curiosity that they seem to have about the film stars.

"Some years ago there was an insane man in England who believed himself married to Lillian Gish. Lillian had to go abroad on business and Dorothy thought she should accompany her. She wanted James Rennie to go along, too, for she felt that Lillian needed the protection of a man if the situation grew difficult.

"Why?" I asked in my simplicity, "why does anyone need to know she's there?"

"Dorothy, of course, howled at my naivete. But in the theater no one cares about your personal life."

If you had seen her, as I did, in the quiet restrained drawing room of her English home, you would have known, as I did, that one just doesn't pry into the personal life of culture, dignity and real reserve. So we chatted over tea and biscuits.

"I love the talkies," she said. "I love that strange, temperamental microphone. On the stage I learned to project my voice for that slightly deaf old gentleman in the back row. But I had to unlearn all that.

"Sometimes I talk into the thing in an ordinary, conversational tone and they say, 'Softly, Miss Chatterton, softly. You've just blown out three tubes.' Then again I raise my voice to a high pitch and I'm not speaking nearly loud enough.

"But it's pioneering. If the whole thing were perfected and each day went smoothly I'm sure I wouldn't have as much interest in the work as I have. It's because it's new that it's exciting."

**C**ERTAINLY hers is one of the loveliest voices on the screen. It is a cultivated voice, of course. Her words are carefully pronounced—with the broad "a"—not for effect, not to be something that she isn't (for she is proud of being the fourth New York generation) but simply to give her added charm and to charm others more.

Hers is a distinct charm. She plays vamp parts well partly because she loves them and thinks they have real character and partly because she, herself, is the charmer type.

She is, indeed, little (with an almost boyish littleness) and fair, with pale yellow hair, and she has a funny nose.

An adorable, funny nose, that's quite tilted and pert.

And thus she measures up to the real requirements of a siren.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

did, and I think it one of the more interesting pictures of the season. But if it gets by, then why did the censors blot out the strength of "The Green Hat" to artificial banality? A bank embezzler. Whoops, dearie!

Everyone knows "A Woman of Affairs"—certainly a more suggestive title—is "The Green Hat," so why massacre it?

At the present, censoring seems so ridiculous as to be worthy of only laughter. "Rain" was too naughty, but "The Loves of Carmen" was judged and found pure.

Please do not decide that I dislike this realism. It is only that I cannot witness the decline of a strong plot to utter "blahness" without some criticism. Don't you feel that the scale by which the moral threat of pictures is weighed must be out of order?

DOROTHY MAY DAVIS.

### Putting Pep Into a Small Town

Franklinton, La.

The story of how our little country village has been transformed from dullness with its attendant evils of listlessness and lawlessness into a very delightful community, largely reveals the refining, educating, harmonizing power of the good motion picture.

Realizing the wholesome effect of recreation, our Woman's Club undertook a picture show. The prospect was unpromising, but for eight years, we have operated our community show. Formerly we exhibited on Friday nights in

the school building. Two years ago we purchased a centrally located lot, a veritable rubbish heap. Here we built an artistic little theater, and surrounded it with flowers. Here twice a week we show the best pictures produced.

Our young people have never seen any but the best actors and the fine productions. Strikingly, they show the influence of this training in their intelligence, their poise and self-confidence; their good judgment in questions of conduct; their appreciation of the worth while things; their wholesome charm.

MRS. JOHN M. LOVE.

### Our Best Missionary

Akron, O.

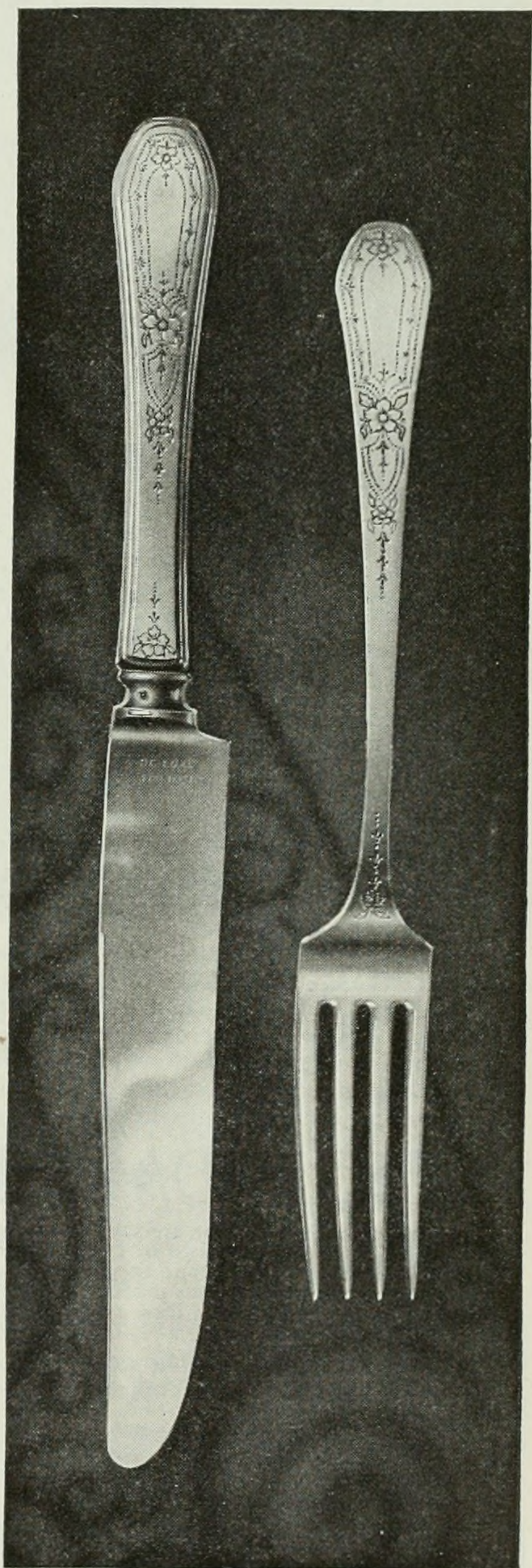
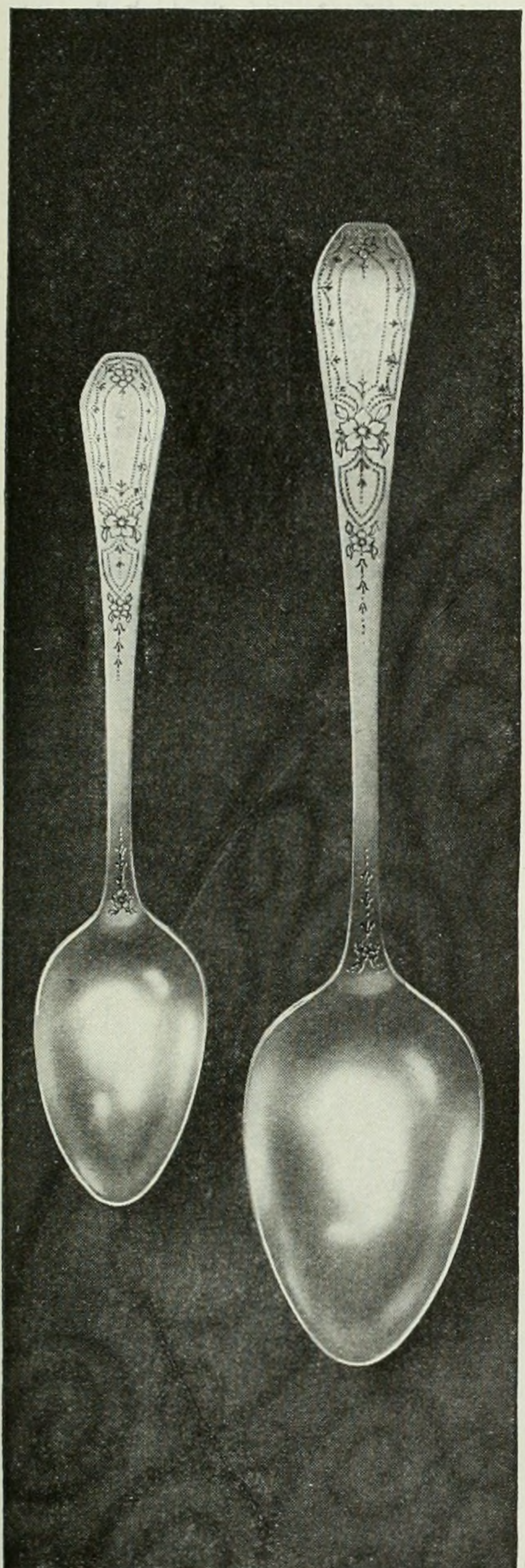
Recently I visited my native land in the Balkans—Croatia, to be exact. I had intended to introduce American styles and ideals among my friends and relatives, but to my surprise I soon found out that I was a year and a half too late. A moving picture show had been installed in the town dance hall.

I noticed that my brother never bought ready-made clothes, but always took the latest picture of his favorite actor to the tailor and had his clothes made accordingly. My sister always had pad and pencil handy when attending a movie, so as not to let any star's make-up escape her.

VICTOR YAGER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

# “Correct and Altogether Charming”



WHERE good taste rules daily living as a matter of course, there you find appreciation of the loveliness that is Community Plate. How fitting that Mrs. William P. Rend formerly Miss Kathryn Prest, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Prest of Glencoe, Ill., should choose the Paul Revere design. Kathryn Rend, it will be remembered, was chosen by a great artist as one of Chicago's most beautiful society women.

*“For every occasion, I find my Paul Revere Community Plate quite correct and altogether charming. My friends admire its exquisite design. It is really lovely.”*

*Kathryn P. Rend.*



*The Paul Revere Design*

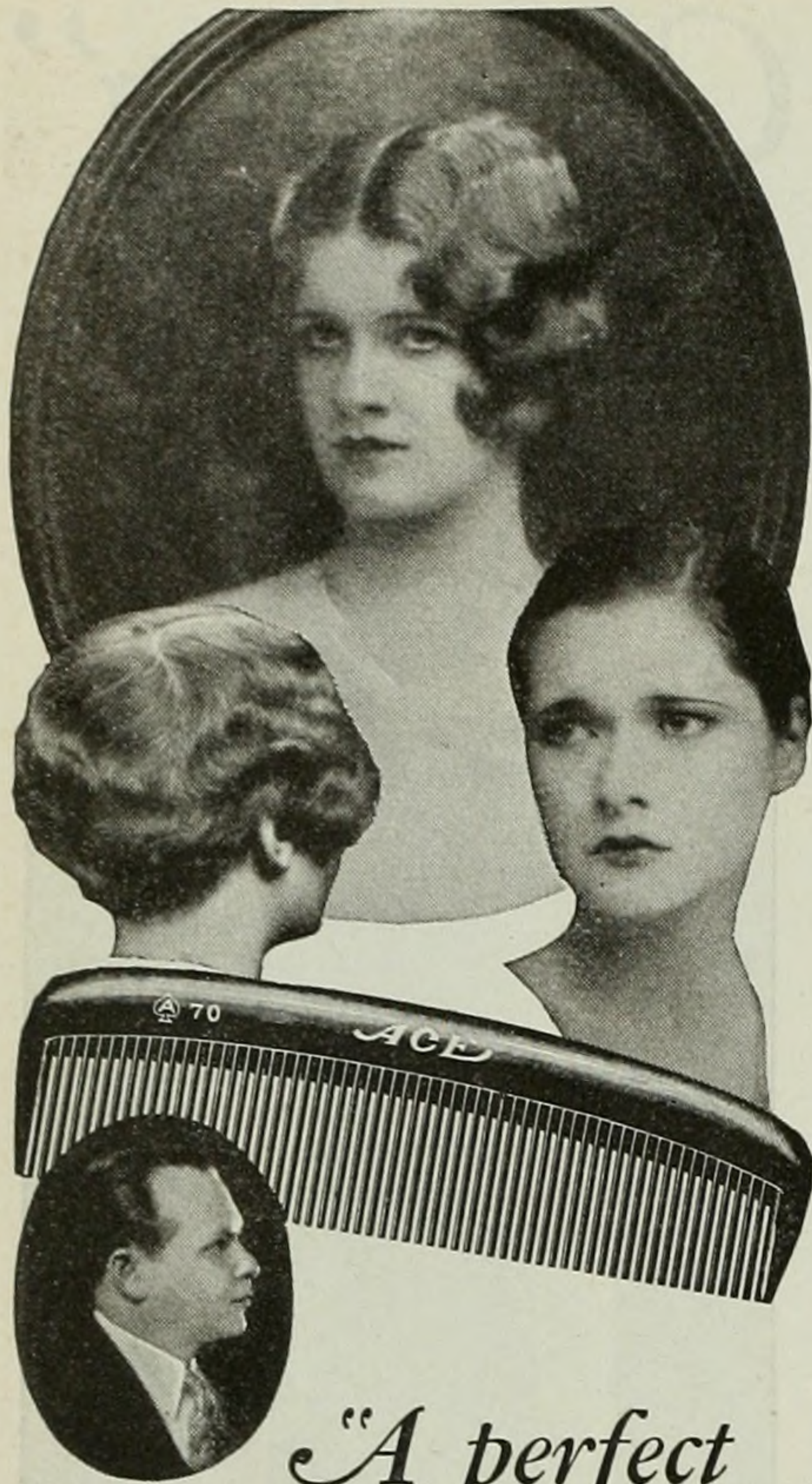
- Teaspoons, half dozen . . . . . \$3.75
- Dessert Spoons, six for . . . . . 7.50
- Dinner Knives, De Luxe
- Stainless, six for . . . . . 14.00
- Dinner Forks, six for . . . . . 7.50

AT YOUR JEWELER'S

- Complete service, six places . . . \$36.00
- Complete service, eight places . . . 47.50
- Water Pitcher (illustrated) . . . 17.50
- Other designs at equally modest prices.

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ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED

# COMMUNITY PLATE



*"A perfect  
Comb is necessary  
for a beautiful bob"*

says **ROBERT**

Famous Fifth Avenue Beauty Specialist

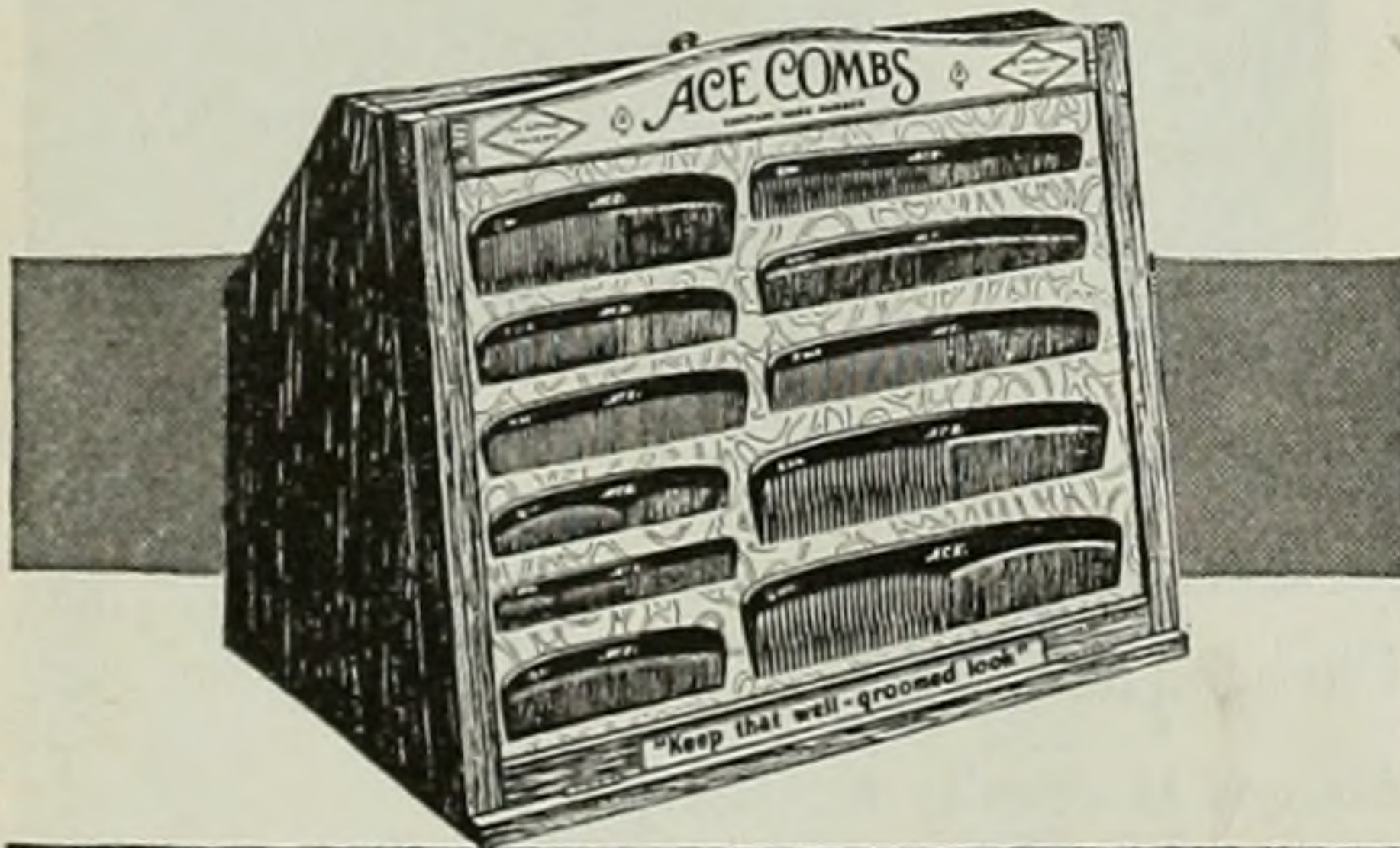
"THERE would be no styles in hairdressing without artistic combing," states this authority whose patrons include fashionable women of two continents.

And to assist you in developing your own style effects there are ACE COMBS made to suit all needs. The eight and nine inch ACE COMBS for general use give the best results for the thorough combing upon which the well-groomed woman always insists. Then there are smaller Ace Purse and Pocket Combs in various sizes.

## ACE COMBS

made of the purest Hard Rubber, are sanitary, efficient and enduring. So perfectly molded are their teeth that they cannot catch the hair or injure the most delicate scalp. There are no better combs made—or made of better material for the purpose than ACE COMBS. Always insist on ACE COMBS.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY  
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American Hard Rubber Company  
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Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4 inch Ace Comb. Please send to

Name.....

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P-5

## The Fable of \$50,000

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44 ]

"—And the producers, too?" one echoes again.

"I've seen more of directors and artists than of producers," Mr. Locke reminds you. "I'm simply talking about it from—ah—uh—er—it has nothing to do with policy—ah—I can't say a wud about that; that's a matter of the producer, isn't it? I do so admire the work of the directors and the artists."

NOW, frankly, for one of the foremost English authors, that's rotten poor English, but that's exactly what Mr. Locke said.

"Do you mean, or would you say that the directors and artists are hampered by the producers?" one wants to know.

"No—not a bit—oh, no!" he protests. "What I have said has nothing to do with—I start from the premise that the producers are the people who direct the policy of the studio. And that side of the business I have no—why, it'd be impertinence—impertinence!—of me to offer any criticism—I can only repeat my admiration for the patience and industry of the directors and the artists. Their—ah—zeal is unbounded!"

"Do you hope," one goes on to ask him, "to do any more originals for the movies, Mr. Locke?"

Ah, Mr. Locke appears to be so relieved that one hasn't asked him something more about producers.

"One always hopes, heh, heh, heh, heh," he laughs. "While one has life one has hope, heh, heh, heh, heh . . ."

So everyone laughs, heh, heh, heh, and there is a pause for a coolish sip, while Mr. Locke explains that while he hopes, he rahly doesn't expect—not for the present, anyway—to do any more work directly for the screen, and it's at this point that he observes that ahfter all, his job in the world is novel writing.

Then one reads to Mr. Locke the words he wrote a few months ago, when he first came to Hollywood to write that story for Norma Talmadge.

He wrote this:

" . . . I am fired by one insensate ambition. Listen, I pray you. In her last four pictures, Miss Talmadge has been, in the language of our grandmothers, 'no better than she ought to be!' What I madly dream of doing is to reform the character of this delightful and fascinating lady. Will she be grateful?"

"Ah, yes," Mr. Locke remembers writing that.

"And was she grateful, Mr. Locke?" one suddenly demands to know.

"Oh, I dunt know. I dunt know. I finished my contract with Mr. Schenck. That's all."

Ah, heavens!—imagine writing \$50,000 worth of story for the delightful and fascinating lady, and then not even knowing whether one's one insensate ambition has been fulfilled. Or whether or not the lady was even grateful. . . !

So one asks Mr. Locke what this glamour of Hollywood is. And he says he thinks it's "merely a matter of the ah uh glow of the dollars that rather entertains the world."

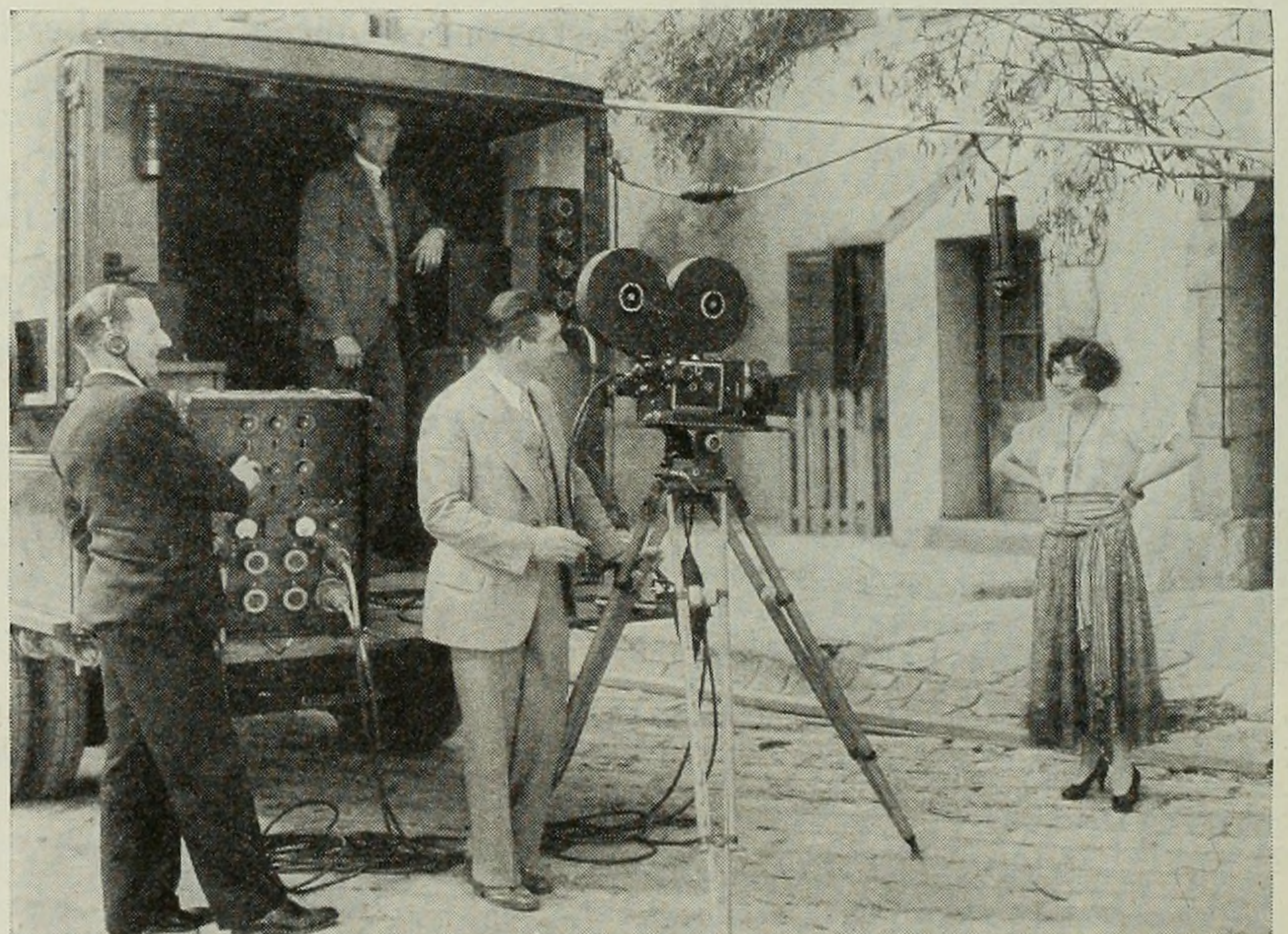
So one asks him, now that he's mentioned dollars, whether or not he's seen any signs of that so-much-rumored war between dollars and art, out here in Hollywood. And he is shocked.

"OH, for heaven's sake," he says, "don't think I'm sneering or sarcastic in any way. Because I'm not. I'm merely—ah uh—trying to get hold of some elements of the glamour that surrounds these people and I think one element is the general dissemination of information about their tremendous salaries, ah."

"And now you're going back home?" one remarks, a bit stupidly, feeling that the interview is ended, or ought to end, anyway.

"Yes, late in March. I've very much enjoyed the stay. My family and myself are, of course, in tears at the thought of going away."

So he smiles.



The Movietone truck allows sound to follow the actors. It's just a question of backing up the wagon and starting to grind. Here is Renee Adoree registering a tinkling laugh for a test of the contraption. Cameraman John Arnold is telling Frenchy a new gag so she can tinkle her very best for the birdie



# New facts about CLEANING TEETH

**DO YOU KNOW . . . .**

*that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?*

*that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?*

*that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?*

*that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?*

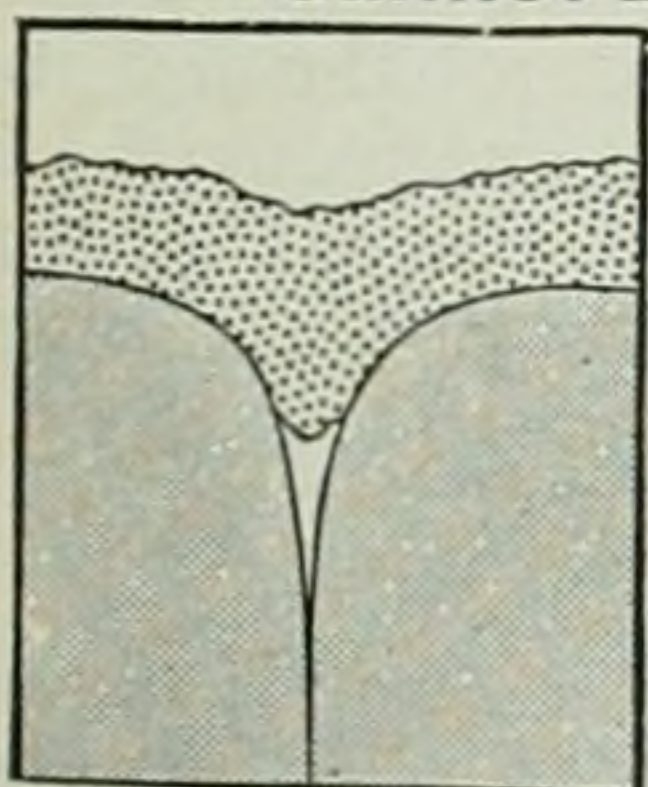
**A** REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

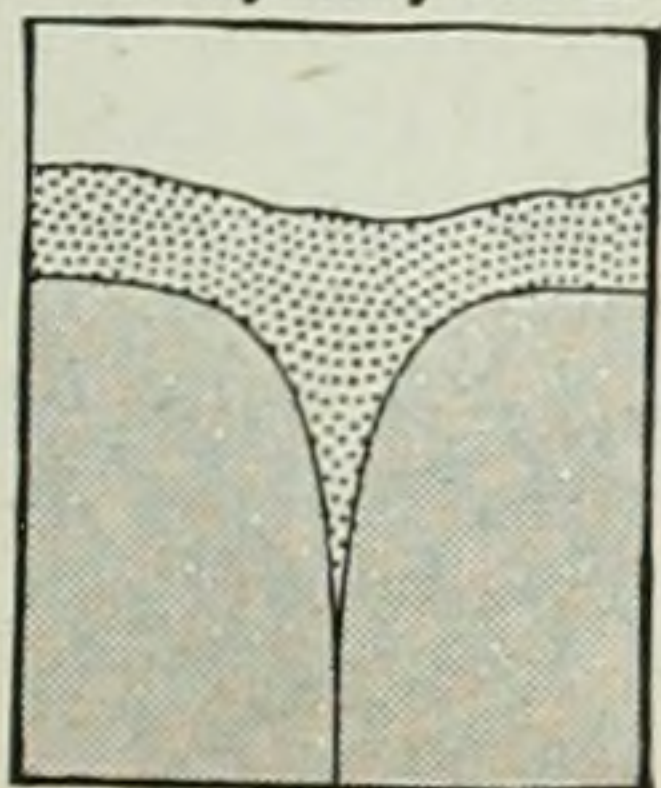
This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

**How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach**



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

*and only 25¢*

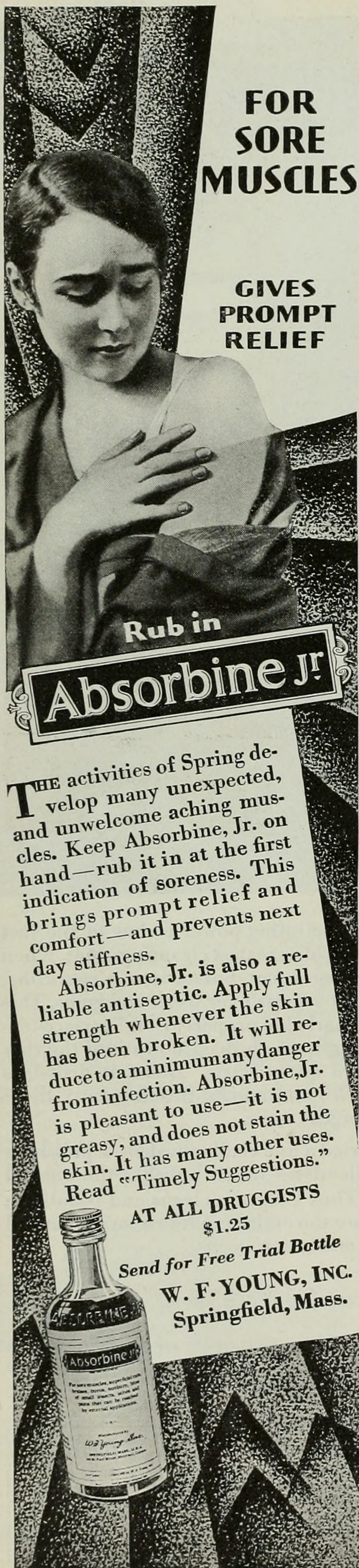
The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world.

**Try Colgate's one week FREE**

COLGATE, Dept. B-2531, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....



**FOR SORE MUSCLES**

**GIVES PROMPT RELIEF**


Rub in  
**Absorbine Jr.**

**THE** activities of Spring develop many unexpected, and unwelcome aching muscles. Keep Absorbine, Jr. on hand—rub it in at the first indication of soreness. This brings prompt relief and comfort—and prevents next day stiffness.

Absorbine, Jr. is also a reliable antiseptic. Apply full strength whenever the skin has been broken. It will reduce to a minimum any danger from infection. Absorbine, Jr. is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. It has many other uses. Read "Timely Suggestions."

**AT ALL DRUGGISTS**  
\$1.25

Send for Free Trial Bottle  
**W. F. YOUNG, INC.**  
Springfield, Mass.



## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18 ]

Unless you have the penetration to recognize defeat, when and if it finally comes to you, and to meet it bravely—

*Stay away from Hollywood. Choose a career in which you have a more even chance for success and happiness.*

You say, Hortense, that you have always been interested in amateur theatricals. A secretarial position would not necessarily shut you away from this outlet for your dramatic urge. Why not continue in the group with which you have been identified, or try to find some advanced group that will spur you on to better work? Many girls have some hobby they ride outside of their business lives, something that fills up the gaps of romantic, creative work which business may deny them.

But don't get the idea that business hasn't its own romance, its own power to bring out creative ability in those that follow it. Some lines of work that seem so dull and prosaic to the outsider fairly teem with excitement and romance to the initiated.

And now we come to Cecile's letter.

It seems to me, Cecile, from the brief information you have given me, that nursing is not for you. Of all professions, that is the one where love of the work for its own sake should be paramount. I believe your parents would prefer you to be a successful teacher, happy in the work you are doing, than a nurse who must constantly minister to the sick and sad-hearted with no contentment and happiness within herself to be reflected to those under her care. And you couldn't be contented and joyful if you were doing work that was distasteful to you and regretting your choice of a career.

If you talk this subject over with your father and tell him why you feel you can't be happy in the work he has chosen for you, I think he will see your point of view. His experience has taught him what qualities are essential to nursing and he should readily understand why you cannot enter a profession requiring such consecrated effort unless you believe that is your real place in the work of the world.

Consider well what road you will take before you start out on the great adventure of working and winning. There is so much to be gained besides money.

**ELEANOR:**

No indeed, you don't have to go to Florida to get a good coat of tan now. There is a new lotion on the market that can be rubbed on and will make you as beautifully tan as if you had just returned from the South. It will probably be very popular next summer for the girls who insist on going around stockingless.

**MISS B. V. B.:**

Brunettes with pale skins often have slightly dark rings under the eyes. These do not always mean ill health and sometimes add character and charm to the face. Perhaps you are not getting enough sleep or your circulation is a little sluggish. If the rings are pronounced and proper diet, rest and exercise do not cure them you should consult a physician. A neck length bob should be curled in ringlets at the ends unless the hair is quite curly naturally.

**ROBERTA J.:**

I don't believe your slight physical defect has anything to do with your lack of popularity. Boys don't care so much about details. They like girls whose general appearance is attractive and who are jolly and stimulating companions. You are just beginning to find yourself and I know you can attract the kind of boys you want for friends. Just be nice and sweet to them all and some of them will soon single you out for special attention.

**RONNY P.:**

Your best color is probably blue, Ronny, but you can wear a number of others. Did you study the color chart for blondes on the cover of the March PHOTOPLAY and the corresponding article on page 50 of that issue? By all means read it carefully. You will note that soft blue-greens are flattering; that red-violet and wine red are apt to be becoming; that you can wear rose-beige more successfully than a neutral yellow-beige. If your coloring is vivid, or if you achieve vividness by the skillful use of makeup, you can wear black, which will accentuate your fairness and slenderness. Thick lips that are not too pale are often more attractive without lipstick. If you do use lipstick it should not be too bright. I suggest flesh powder and medium rouge, but you may have to experiment a little with the aid of your mirror before you decide on the most flattering shades.

**PEARL WHITE:**

Correct diet, outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep are bound to improve your complexion and bring color to your lips and cheeks. A growing girl need not worry about getting stout, unless she overeats. Your figure is maturing and will find its own charming lines by the time you are fully grown. Cultivate your mind and try to achieve an interesting and happy personality. Be neat always, and wear becoming clothes, no matter how simple the materials. Then forget your looks and you will avoid self-consciousness.

**TERESA V.:**

At seventeen one should be happy and full of fun. But don't carry your fun to such extremes in the office that it interferes with your work. You say you are ambitious to make something of yourself. Cultivate more dignity for business hours and remember there is a time and place for everything. You can still be the life of the party when you are out for a good time.

**HOPELESS:**

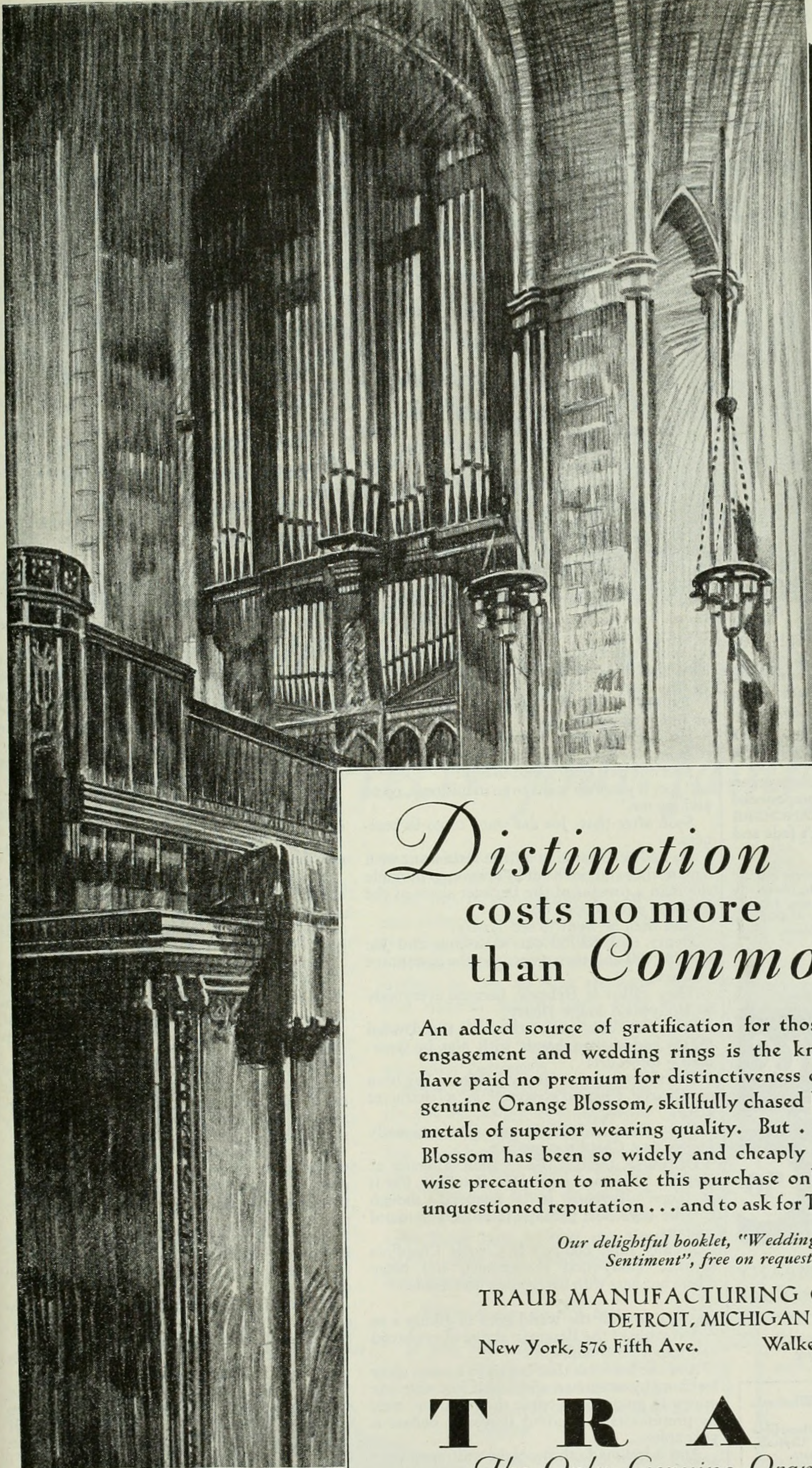
There is just one way to overcome self-consciousness—and that is, to stop thinking constantly of self. If your legs are bowed, wear your skirts a little longer than the present styles require. When you get up to recite at school remember that the others are waiting to hear what you have to say and it is in your power to be so interesting that they will not concentrate on your appearance but on your words. Cultivate an agreeable voice, and a sympathetic nature. Get interested in other people's problems and you will forget your own. After a while you will discover you haven't as many as you thought you had.

**BUBBLES:**

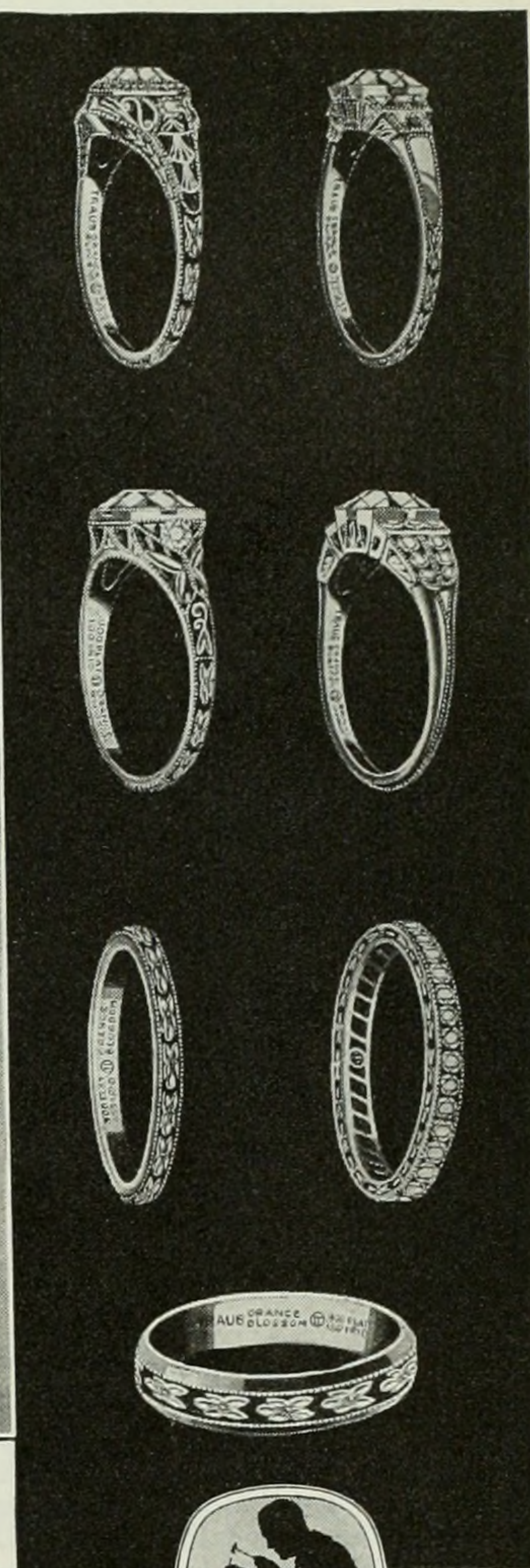
I think you are dramatizing yourself, Bubbles. You like to think you are different from other girls—and indifferent to the normal fun and interests of girlhood. Don't do it. Youth passes swiftly and you will regret the joy you have missed. Be natural and unaffected. Let people know you are out to get every bit of true happiness that life has to offer you. Listlessness is a habit which you must break.

**RUTH B.:**

Since the date your letter was written, PHOTOPLAY has published some splendid articles on diet by Dr. H. B. K. Willis. Another article appears in this issue. In March Dr. Willis furnished a table of food values that will answer all your questions about what foods are fattening. For more specific advice on gaining weight I suggest you write Dr. Willis at the address mentioned in his article. I am sending you my leaflet on the care of the skin.



More than 400 styles; iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled. Priced as low as \$12



*Distinction*  
costs no more  
than *Commonness*


An added source of gratification for those who wear Traub engagement and wedding rings is the knowledge that they have paid no premium for distinctiveness of Traub design . . . genuine Orange Blossom, skillfully chased by hand in precious metals of superior wearing quality. But . . . because Orange Blossom has been so widely and cheaply imitated . . . it is a wise precaution to make this purchase only from a jeweler of unquestioned reputation . . . and to ask for Traub rings by name.

*Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request*

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
New York, 576 Fifth Ave.      Walkerville, Ontario

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**T R A U B**  
*The Only Genuine Orange Blossom*

TRADE  ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

*Fit setting for correct and charming wedding ceremonies is the beauty of the Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.*

# What Has This ROUGE to do with Your Eyes?

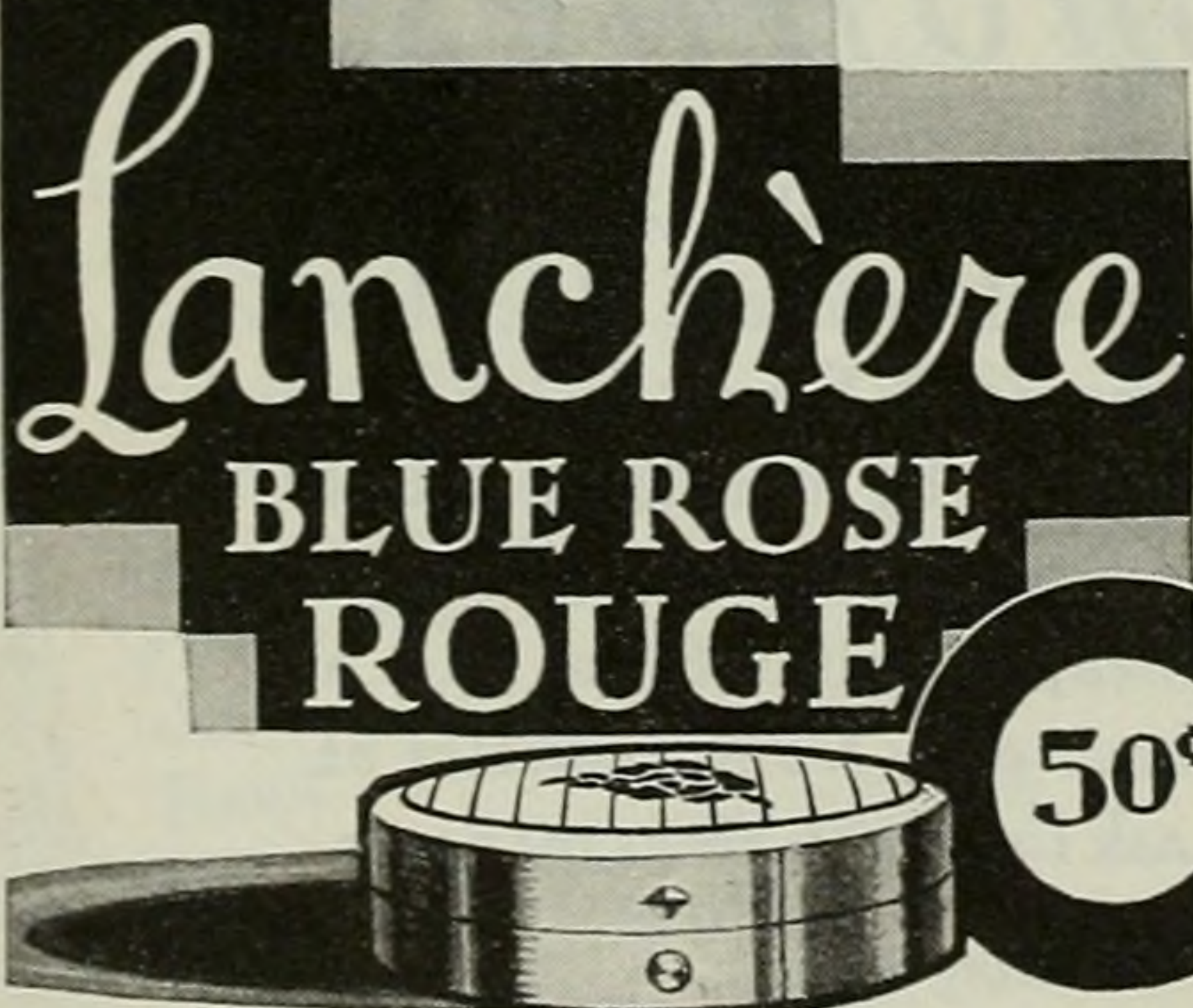
Try  
this today  
before your  
mirror—

Rub the puff of your BLUE ROSE ROUGE compact on your cheeks. Look in the mirror and notice the effect. Then wipe off all the rouge. What will you see? The paleness in your cheeks will have taken the sparkle out of your eye. If you don't believe it, rouge your cheeks again and notice how your eyes brighten up. It's subtle, but it's true.

How often you've noticed a woman with pretty features and how often you've wondered, "Why doesn't she add a touch of rouge to brighten up her face?"

BLUE ROSE ROUGE is really a wonder worker. Because of the pure oil with which it is compounded it spreads evenly, clings for hours. A LANCHERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE make-up doesn't fade and leave you pale of cheek and eye.

Ask for Lanchere Blue Rose Rouge at department and drug stores. It comes in four shades, Cabaret, Grenadine, Senorita, Bordeaux—in slim silvery cases, 50c. Refills, 25c. Send for free rouge chart. Write MARIE BONNARD for advice on make-up problems.



MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY  
CHICAGO Wholesale NEW YORK  
Sole Distributors

Clip and mail coupon below for Lanchere Acquaintance Set and Rouge Chart

—Special 60c Value for 25c—

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale  
Box 1182, Chicago.  
 Please send me prepaid (25c enclosed) Lanchere Blue Rose Acquaintance Set containing: Bath Crystals, Face Powder and Soap.  FREE Rouge Chart.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of favorite dealer \_\_\_\_\_

## Tips vs. Art

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

And it all happened because a stout man was lonely.

I remember Henry when he used to sit in the forecourt of Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theater.

He used to sit and sit and sit.

He had nothing else to do, no place to go, no one to talk to.

He was a very lonely man, Henry Bergman, and sick besides.

For three months he had the gout.

ONLY one man beside Henry knew it, and that was Joe, his partner.

And Joe knew it better than Henry. Better than anyone else, Joe Berliner knew all the things that were wrong with Henry, things much worse for him than the gout. Joe Berliner knew why Henry sought the warm and friendly sunshine in the front yard of Sid Grauman's Theater. He sought it, not because it was warm but because it was friendly. And there were tourists there to whom a lonely man could talk.

"I was getting to be an old man," Henry confessed. "You see, I am a bachelor. And I wanted companionship. I knew companionship would make me young. So I decided I wanted to open a little place where my friends could come and sit and get a bit to eat. I didn't want to make money, I just wanted to make friends."

And that's how the idea was born. Henry's gout finally got so bad that he was confined to his room.

Joe Berliner lived down stairs. He took care of Henry like a brother.

He became what Henry needed, a companion.

And one day Henry said to him:

"Joe, if you ever want to go in business, come and see me."

Soon after that, Joe *did* want to go in business.

He had been running a little restaurant with a man whose tactics he didn't crave, so he made the man a present of the Berliner share of the business and stepped out.

And then he went to see Henry.

Henry took \$2,750 out of savings and Joe took \$1,090 and then went into the restaurant business.

They called it Henry's, because everybody in Hollywood knew Henry.

And half the population of the United States had shaken hands with him in Grauman's forecourt!

For thirteen years Henry Bergman has been on Charlie Chaplin's payroll as a character actor.

Even then, in 1925, he was internationally known as a Chaplin comedian.

Of course, there is the Chaplin influence at Henry's. No one knows just what it is, but it is there. Perhaps it is financial, though Charlie says not, perhaps it is merely moral support.

At any rate, Henry's is Charlie Chaplin's favorite Hollywood rendezvous, the place where he chats with his cronies, his friends.

AND now all the world goes to Henry's to worship at the Bergman shrine of rye bread and imported condiments.

And the business that began in a room sixty feet long by seventeen-and-a-half feet wide has grown to proportions triple that size, and nets its proprietors a hundred thousand dollars a year apiece.

And it has made thirty-eight waitresses very happy and prosperous also. And, too, there are three cashiers and twelve cooks and two chefs and twelve bus-boys who are not complaining any.

Jennie Hinthorne, who says she's rather be a waitress in Henry's than a Baby Star at

RKO or Paramount or First National or any other studio, knows what she's talking about.

Jennie takes care of her father, her three children and helps out her widowed sister and brood of three. She owns a five acre ranch at Roscoe, in Los Angeles, where she maintains a kennel of thoroughbred police dogs and sells puppies at one hundred and fifty dollars per pup.

And when Jennie first went to work in Henry's she was broke. Not only was she broke, she was a widow with three kiddies dependent upon her. Now she's giving them all musical careers.

But she has one complex, Jennie has. She drives fast.

She's worn out three cars since she's been at Henry's.

AND Lillian Morris who has been there ever since the restaurant opened also has a complex.

It's all around sports for Lillian.

Golf, ice skating (in the ice pavilion, of course,) and flying.

Lillian, too, is an aviatrix.

Ray Black made enough money to retire. Then she got lonesome and went to work again.

Ray took a flyer with her earnings in the stock market.

She bought Mexican Seaboard and sold at the peak, bought Bank of Italy and sold at the peak, bought General Motors and sold at the peak, and when she finished her dealings she had \$40,000! And in addition to that a home and a car.

Maeme Hall maintains a governess for her boy of four.

She has made considerable in real estate, Maeme has, and she has a passion for betting on the fights.

She bet three hundred dollars on the Dempsey-Tunney fight, even, and won.

When Virginia Murphy first went to work, she didn't have a dime.

Now she owns her home, her car, and has a safety deposit box full of stocks and bonds, all good.

ONE of the girls is positively land poor. Josephine Lee McEssy. She invested in acreage in the suburbs, a good investment, but it takes everything she can scrape to keep up the payments.

And there's Keekee Kellett and Arlene Bachelor who went into pictures. The girls say Keekee will be a star. Any girl with personality enough to be a good waitress can, they say, become a film star.

In California there is an eight hour law which protects women workers. No woman can work more than eight hours. At Henry's, therefore, the girls work in three eight-hour shifts.

But there is really heavy duty only three hours at a stretch—three hours at breakfast, three hours at noon, three hours during the dinner hour.

During that time a girl may handle as many as thirty-eight checks, and there is an average of three persons for each check.

So figure out the tips for yourself. The girls won't ever tell you.

The closest any of them came to confessing was Jennie. She said, "Well, I served three drunks the other night, and one of them tipped me four and a half. The others were just plain tight."

And the rest of the girls all say, "Well, I get enough tips to change a dollar."

So there is the story of Henry's, human, intriguing, affluent.

It's the most Hollywoodish story in Hollywood.



**Doctor tells lady  
simple way to insure health**

*“The only thing in the world you need, Madam, is plenty of Vitamin B in your diet. Eat Tastyeast regularly. One bar, an hour or so after each meal. Tastyeast will put roses in your cheeks, and KEEP them there!”*

# Here's that New Vitamin Food that corrects your faulty diet

**Wrong diet causes 90% of our common ills, say famous doctors. Vitamin B in this new form will keep you well. See generous introductory offer in coupon below**

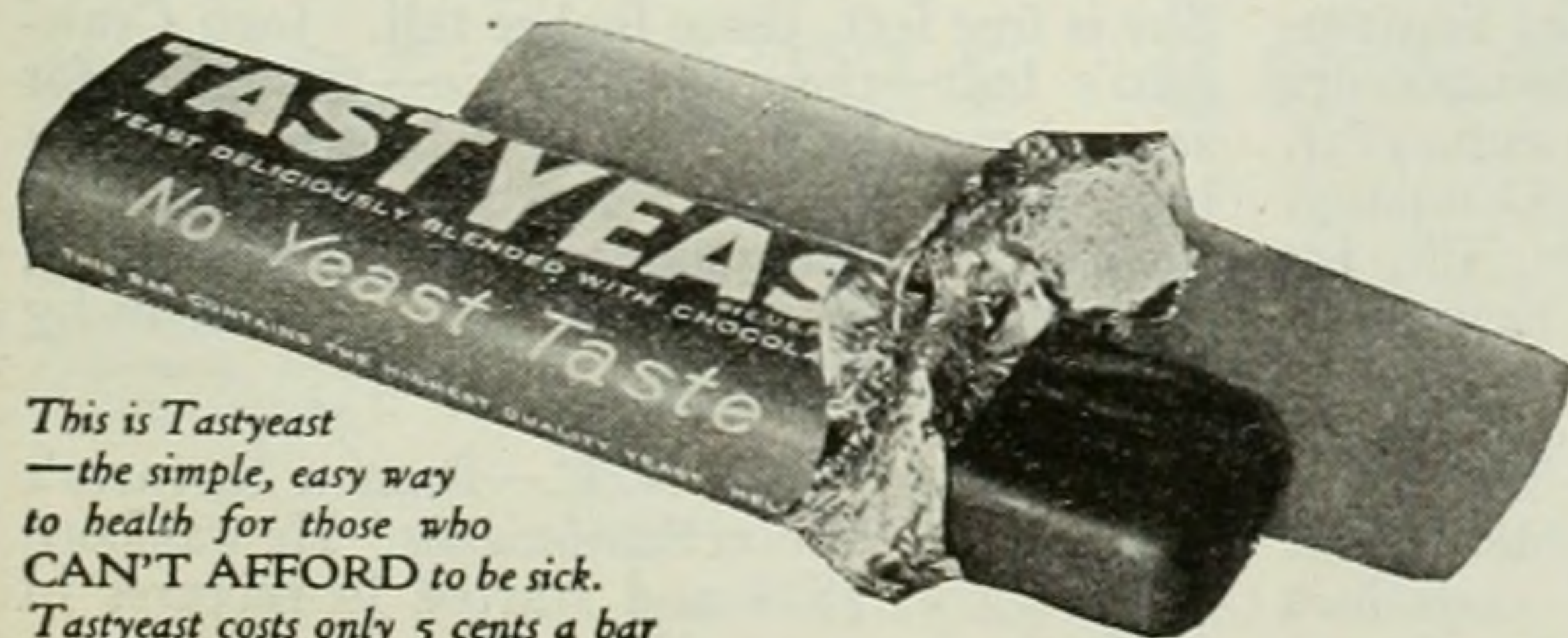
**F**EW people ever enjoy *completely perfect health*. You realize it in your own case—how often you feel below par. Not sick, yet certainly not 100% fit.

Science now tells us why this is so. Wrong diet is the cause. We are starved for vitamins.

Famous doctors both here and abroad find that the lack of Vitamin B is the most serious health problem which we all have to face. We are careless about eating. We get in a run-down condition. Real trouble follows.

**Now, new vitamin food**

Now thanks to Tastyeast, an amazing new health food, you can get all the vitamins



*This is Tastyeast—the simple, easy way to health for those who CAN'T AFFORD to be sick. Tastyeast costs only 5 cents a bar*

you need in a very easy way. Tastyeast is rich in Vitamin B. Rich, too, in bone-building mineral elements. An ideal food for growing children and adults.

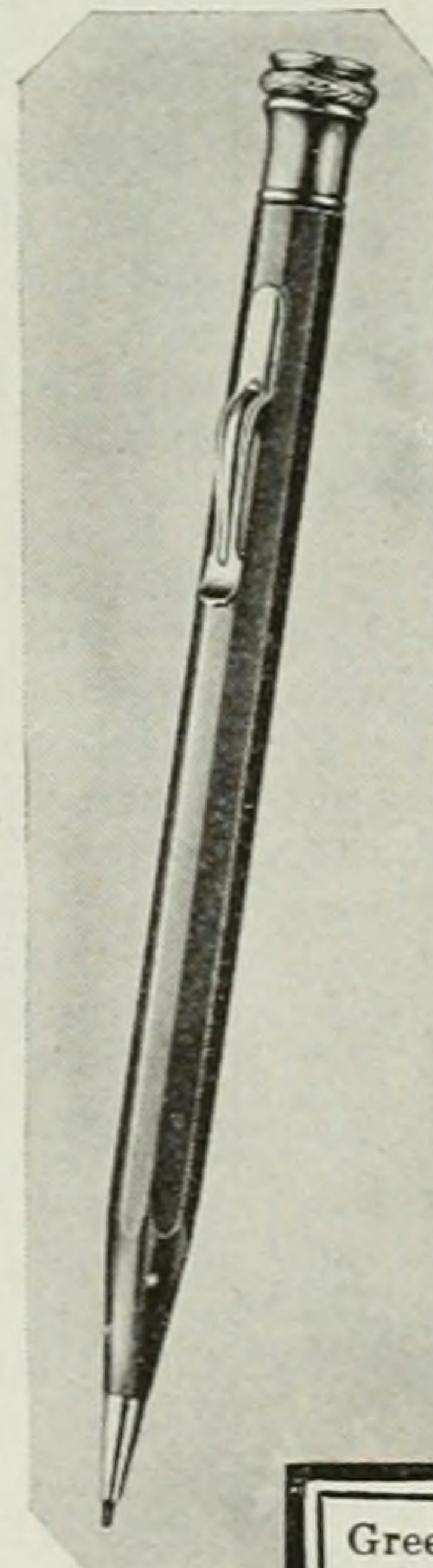
Hundreds of happy users have written to tell us that through this natural health food, they have put their systems in perfect condition. And kept them that way with Tastyeast.

When Tastyeast first went on the market people were skeptical, because they did not understand the importance of vitamins in the diet. They didn't believe that Tastyeast could do all that we said it would. But it didn't take them long to find out the truth. And now thousands are learning about it every day.

**Make 8-day health test**

If you want new health, new vigor, eat this health delicacy regularly and faithfully. You'll quickly see the wonderful results.

The man who wrote this advertisement has tried Tastyeast and he *knows* how good it is. But don't take his word for it. Don't take anybody's word for



it. Go right out and get a 24-bar box of Tastyeast at your neighborhood store and see for yourself.

If you cannot get it, send \$1.20 for one box, with your dealer's name, to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex Street, Springfield, Mass.

Eat one bar, an hour or so after every meal for eight days. Even in this short time you'll notice the improvement in your health.

Save your Tastyeast wrappers. Send them in with the coupon below. We'll send you the valuable Eversharp pencil pictured at the left free as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial. Only one pencil will be given to each customer.

Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.  
I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers\*. Please send me a genuine Eversharp pencil free.

Name.....  
City.....State.....  
P-3

\*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.

after hair is removed  
**FROSTILLA**  
*smooths, soothes,  
 protects!*



**T**Hese mere wisps of frocks worn for the evening bridge, for dining and dancing, make the removal of hair an essential rite of the toilette.

Yet too often such treatments leave their mark—a tell-tale touch of red on arm or leg or face—irritating to your skin—irritating to your self esteem.

It is then that you will find Frostilla a most consoling confidant.

Its instant touch cools, soothes, and banishes that offending redness. Its delightful fragrance counteracts all unpleasant odor—for Frostilla contains a subtle, lasting perfume, imported from the shores of France.

*Look smart—Show your skin as fashion dictates—but be sure to use Frostilla!*

Now that Style has stolen sleeves from dresses, backs from bathing suits, and stockings from shoes—now that your skin is exposed more than ever before—Frostilla will prove a friend indeed.

It is more than a comfort and a complement to daytime décolleté. It keeps your skin supple and silken; it gives it enticing softness and smoothness. It prepares it for a gracious pat of powder and makes that powder "stay put."

In beautiful blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and \$1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Department 641, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

L. B. L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin, the director. She has retired from the screen. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy.

J. W., KENMORE, N. Y.—Kathryn Carver Menjou was born in New York. She was a model for Harrison Fisher, the artist, and first married Ira Hill, the photographer. She made her film debut in "The Wanderer" as Kathryn Hill. And now that you mention it, I am a bit sheikish.

NAOLI T., SANTA RITA, N. M.—Lina Basquette in "The Moose" and Molly O'Day in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Molly's real name is Suzanne Noonan and sister Sally O'Neil was christened Virginia Noonan. Both girls have been in pictures since 1925. Molly is seventeen and Sally is two years older. Molly has reddish brown hair and hazel eyes, while Sally has black hair and blue eyes. I suppose they changed their names because they didn't think so much of the Noonan monicker.

ANTONIO R., N. ESCANABA, MICH.—Don't scold me and I'll never do it again. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, S. A., June 16, 1905. Louise Brooks is a native of Wichita, Kans., and was born in 1909. Alice White's birthday was July 25, 1907. Norma Shearer comes from Montreal and was born Aug. 18, 1904. Dorothy Mackaill is from England—Hull to be exact—and was born March 4, 1904.

J. W. H., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." Billie has been in pictures since 1921. Gilbert Roland was the hero of "The Love Mart." "The Sheik" was filmed by Famous Players-Lasky in November, 1921. Diana was played by Agnes Ayres. Adolphe Menjou was Raoul St. Hubert. R. R. Butler appeared as Aubrey. And, of course, Rudolph Valentino was the Sheik, Ahmed Ben-Hassan.

JOHN B., GOSPORT, IND.—Marion Davies is twenty-eight years old. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, five and one-half inches tall. Her real name is Marion Douras. "Down to the Sea in Ships" was released in February, 1923.

R. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jeanette Loff was born in Orofino, Idaho, Oct. 9, 1906. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair. Jeanette has been playing in pictures for about two years. Still single. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a writer. Nancy is twenty-two years old. Baclanova doesn't give her age. She is divorced from her husband, who lives in Russia, and is reported to be engaged to Nicholas Soussanin.

B. K. T., HOUSTON, TEX.—Get all set to listen—Gilbert Roland gives his birthplace as Chihuahua, Mexico, and the date of the big event as Dec. 11, 1905. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Have you noticed how many men stars are just under six feet? Gilbert has jet black hair and hazel eyes. He's still single. His next picture will be "The Sign on the Door." PHOTOPLAY published an article about him in the September, 1927, issue, and there was a rotogravure picture of Mr. Roland in July of the same year. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies. Send a quarter for each copy you want.

CHRISTINE, COVINGTON, KY.—This boy Novarro causes me a lot of trouble. First he's going into a monastery, and then he's going into grand opera, and then he's going to

retire. How is a poor old Answer Man going to keep up with all these reports? Anyway, Ramon is still in Hollywood, making pictures. His newest is "The Pagan." Ramon has a clause in his contract that gives him a liberal vacation every year, so he may run over to Germany and try his voice in opera. However, he is still under contract and if he leaves pictures within the next few years, I'll be very much surprised. George Bancroft's newest is "The Wolf of Wall Street." It's a talkie. Fred Kohler is married.

R. G. L., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Patrick Cunningham played opposite Madge Bellamy in "Very Confidential." Sorry I can't give you any information about him, as I haven't heard of him since. Hey, Patrick, where are you?

M. M. F., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Edna Murphy was born Nov. 17, 1904. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and weighs 110 pounds. Miss Murphy is married to Mervyn Le Roy, the director.

DANIEL C., LORAIN, O.—May McAvoy is twenty-seven years old and is one inch under five feet tall. She weighs 94 pounds. May's first picture was called "The Perfect Lady" and her latest is "No Defense."

E. S., PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, John Bowers, Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling, Jean Hersholt, Phyllis Haver and Gladys Brockwell were in the cast of "So Big." Quite a line-up of stars, wasn't it? Lon Chaney is forty-six years old. No, Nils Asther isn't going to retire. He has renewed his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

S. M. B., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Montagu Love has been playing in pictures for almost as many years as I have been answering questions. Mr. Love was born in Calcutta, India, fifty-one years ago. He is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 195 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes.

S. D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The picture you enclosed is not Mary Astor but just some attractive advertising model. Claire McDowell played the mother in "Ben-Hur" and Kathleen Key was the sister. Bebe Daniels is twenty-seven years old.

LUCY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Razzberries to all those stories! Your friend may have just returned from Hollywood, but she brought back with her a load of misinformation. Cross my heart, there isn't a word of truth in any of it.

E. S. G., FARMVILLE, VA.—Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo had the leading rôles in "The Torrent."

J. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neil played in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

"PESTY," CHICAGO, ILL.—Why should I call a nice girl like you a pest? Vilma Banky may be addressed in care of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. You weigh less than Norma Shearer, who tips the scales at 112 pounds. She is five feet, three inches tall. Joan Crawford's hair—there it is again—was pink for several months but now it is brown. She has blue eyes. Some movie stars are born with their short snappy names; others marry them; while others have them thrust upon them by their managers.

DOT, ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samoniegos. He was born February 6, 1899 and started in pictures in 1917, playing extra rôles.

# Have you entered the Eastman

# \$30,000 PRIZE CONTEST?

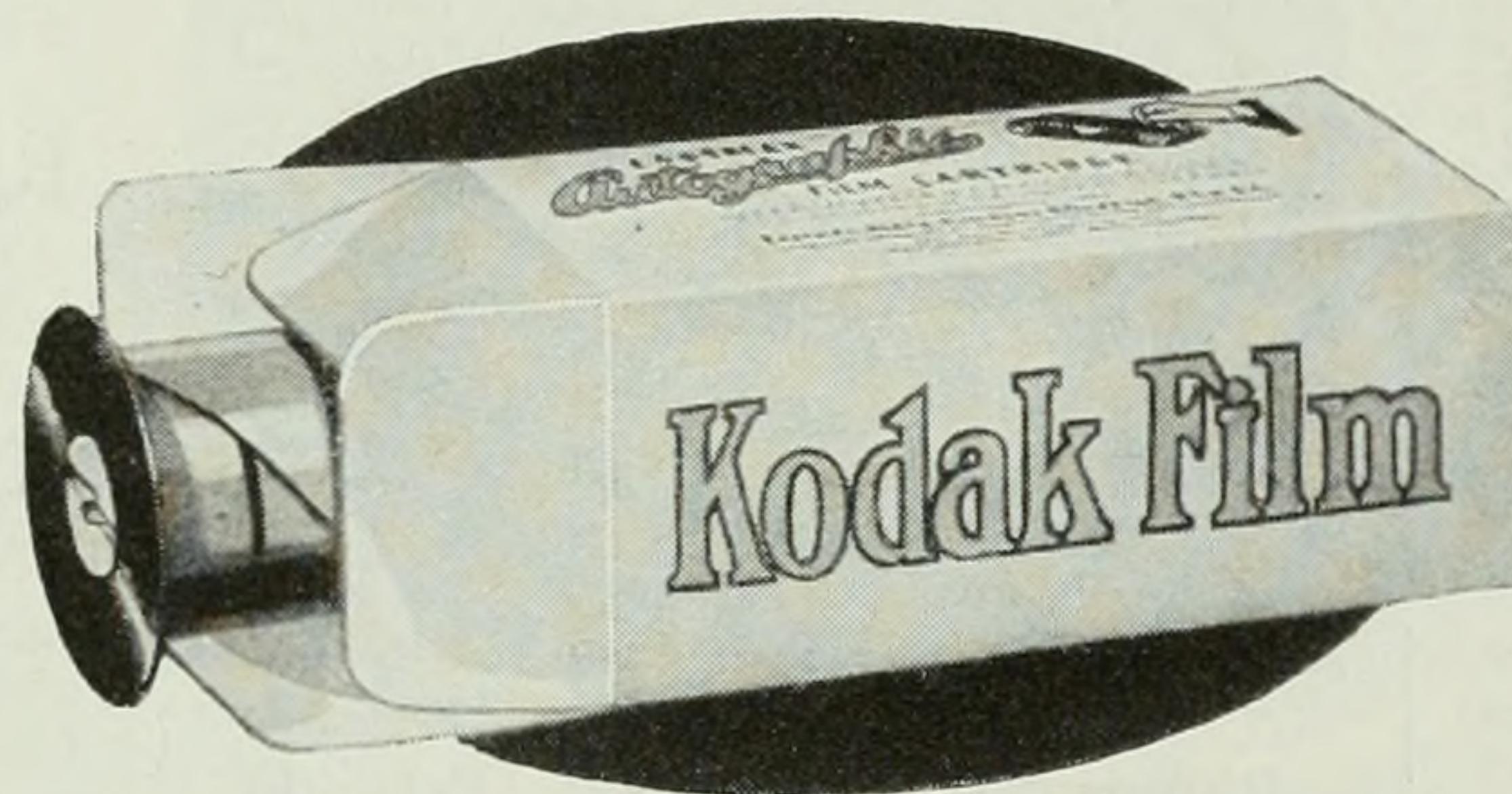
**One of the 1,223  
cash awards can easily be yours**

PROBABLY you have already heard of this big event for amateur picture-takers. But have you made any pictures for it yet?

If you have said to yourself, "What's the use of entering? I can't win. I'm no expert with the camera," you're making a big mistake. The winners in this contest are going to be men and women just like yourself, people who, if you asked them, would say they had little or no photographic ability.

Technical skill is a minor factor in this contest. What the judges are looking for are *interesting* pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live under the flag of the United States or that of the Dominion of Canada, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic



*Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform: Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.*

business. And practically any snapshot or time exposure that you may take during March, April or May, this year, is eligible also, provided it is received by us on or before May 31. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

Any brand of camera or film may be used, but negatives must not be larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches and prints not larger than 7 inches in width or length.

Enter this contest without losing another day! Increase your chance of winning by beginning to take pictures *at once!* There is no limit to the number you are permitted to submit. The more you enter, the more likely you are to capture one of the big cash prizes. Clip or copy the entry blank below and *get your camera out today.* This may prove to be the most profitable advertisement you ever read.

## PRIZES

Grand Prize of	\$2,500.00
11 prizes of	500.00 each
11 prizes of	250.00 each
125 prizes of	100.00 each
275 prizes of	10.00 each
800 prizes of	5.00 each
<b>1,223</b>	<b>\$30,000.00</b>

In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above \$100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for you to aim at.)

**Only pictures made during March, April and May, 1929, are eligible.**

*For a program of delightful entertainment, tune in on Kodak Hour each Friday at 10 P. M., New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

## PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Street Address..... Town and State.....

Make of Camera..... Make of Film.....

Enclose this blank or a copy with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

*While this page tells you practically everything you need to know to enter the contest, further details, including the rules for the Special Enlargement Award, may be secured from your dealer or from the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.*

**Rexall**

**NEW**

**PROTECTION**

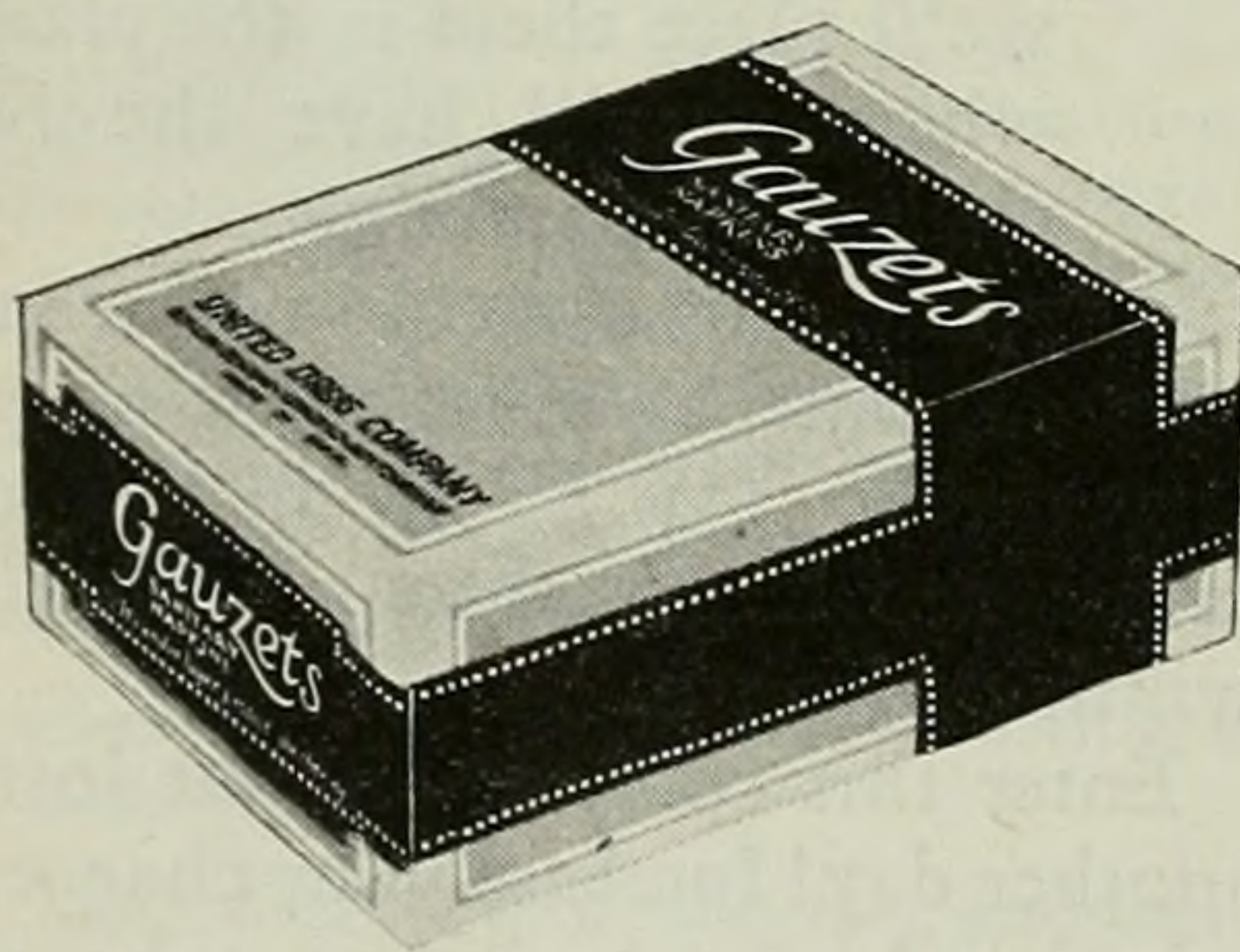
**NEW**

**COMFORT**

**NEW**

**ASSURANCE**

**FOR WOMEN**



Gauzets—the new, improved sanitary napkins—solve women's problem of personal hygiene in a safer, more comfortable way. Made of highly absorbent tissue and antiseptic gauze. Buffed edges prevent irritation. Under-layer protects clothing. Light, cool, easily discarded. Just ask for Gauzets. Box of one dozen, 49c. Sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

**Rexall**

**DRUG STORE**

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.



## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HE issue of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1919, is a sturdy milestone in the history of motion pictures and their critics.

This month the clever and erudite Julian Johnson takes his place in history as the first man to go to bat for us of the movie audience! He is the first man to deny, with shouts and arm-wavings, that we are dim-wits fit only to be amused by cowboy pictures and cartoon comedies!

In 1919 movie producers insisted on making their pictures to suit an average intelligence of some twelve years (and so have they from



Remember the vivid Priscilla Dean of 1919? She was starring then in "The Wicked Darling"

1919 to 1929!). In 1925, or thereabouts, some of the rest of us discovered that movie fans were getting smarter, brighter and far more choosy.

But in 1919, PHOTOPLAY and Julian Johnson fought our battle alone.

Hear him—

"While the Better Photoplay League draws its Excalibur for clean pictures, this department will brandish a bludgeon for SENSIBLE ones.

"I wish the average producer had my faith in the average audience. In four years of close observation I have never seen a high class photoplay fail *WHEN IT HAD A GOOD STORY!*"

A monument for Julian Johnson while he is still alive!

He, of all critics, stood up for us when producers and highbrows alike considered us picture fans a lot of oafs, dolts, duds, nuts and dummies!

(At this time, you may recall, the Better Photoplay League, organized by PHOTOPLAY and composed of a lot of prominent club ladies, was battling for better pictures. Pretty soon pictures got better, and the ladies didn't get their names in the papers quite often enough, so the league didn't battle any more!)

**W**HO'S this sparkling, vivid gal that fairly leaps at us from the page?

Nobody but Priscilla Dean, in 1919, a brilliant new star for Universal. How we went for the passionate Priscy!

"The Wicked Darling" is the name of her latest picture.

Who's this villain in the piece, way down in the supporting cast? A seamy-faced gent named Lon Chaney.

And where is Priscilla now? With the snows of yesteryear. Gosh, how tempus does fugit along!

**U**NITED ARTISTS has just been formed, with Doug, Mary, Charlie and Griffith. Bill Hart stepped out almost as soon as in . . . Lovely Ethel Clayton, newly widowed, carries on alone. Remember her in "The Great Divide," a Lubin, with House Peters? . . . One of filmdom's handsomest couples—Jack Pickford and that little beauty, Olive Thomas. Olive died in Paris—and Jack? . . . "Young man, stay away from the movies in your working hours!" says James R. Quirk in his lead editorial . . . Two pictures of Phyllis Haver in her Sennett bathing suit. Well, Phyllis has gotten peachier every year for 10 years. In 1939 she'll be sure and sudden death to sophomores! . . . And Alla Nazimova is hard at picture work for Metro. "Out of the Fog" is her latest.

**R**EMEMBER our "Why Do They Do It" department?

How many readers cracked down on careless directors!

Here's a sample. It used to be a game with fans in the early days.

"In Fox's 'Call of the Soul,' featuring Gladys Brockwell, the action of the story is supposed to take place in California. In one scene we see Miss Brockwell come into the hall to phone her friend, Dr. Clayton, who resides in the same city as she, and yet she finds his number in a New York telephone book!"

Lynx-eyed Dick Graham, of Butler, Pa., snagged that one!

**F**AMOUS old Thanouser, maker of "The Million Dollar Mystery," has shut up shop. It introduced to fans Flo La Badie, Marguerite Snow, James Cruze, Gladys Hulette, Muriel Ostriche, Sidney Bracy, Harry Benham and others . . . Mary Moore, only sister of Tom, Owen and Matt, has died in France on war service . . . Nat Goodwyn has recently died . . . Theda Bara plots a stage tour . . . Fatty Arbuckle has signed a \$3,000,000 contract . . . Adolph Zukor has secured two prizes for pictures, "Peter Pan" and "Peg O' My Heart" . . . Pauline Frederick has just wowed us in "Paid in Full."

**S**AYS CLARA, of Dallas, Texas, to the Answer-Man—"I am a very young thing, and I would like to know, oh, so much, why Mary Pickford doesn't kiss her leading man. She evades the expected embrace in every fadeout until I could scream!"

And the Answer-Man hasn't a very good comeback, either.

**THE MYSTIC ROSE**—Pearl White is thirty years old, weighs 135 pounds and is five feet, three. Miss White says, "I love my public, and would give my life to please them!" Fair enough. Write often, Rosie!

### CASH FOR TALKIE FANS

\$500 is offered for the best suggestion for a new name for talking pictures. Read the rules on page 76 and send in your suggestion now.





*Priscilla*  
Platinum Encased  
Wedding Ring



*Love's  
Greatest Gift*

—the promise of the girl of your dreams to become your wife. Your mind naturally turns to that precious circlet to be placed on her finger on your wedding day. And what more appropriate to express the age-old traditions of marriage than a Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Ring? These rings, made by the famous Bek process which encases a core of 18k white gold in a heavy shell of pure platinum, have all of the style and quality appearance of solid platinum at no greater cost than high-grade 18k white gold. They will wear indefinitely and never tarnish.

Take your fiancee to the jeweler and let her choose her Priscilla Wedding Ring. You'll find a complete assortment priced at \$16.00.

**EISENSTADT MANUFACTURING CO.**  
St. Louis (Manufacturers to retail jewelers only) Missouri

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

A few years ago, at a charity bazaar in London, she had a booth to tend, and over it she found the sign "Ruth Chesterton's Booth."

Her manager was horrified.

Ruthie only smiled.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "In the first place, I'd be proud to bear the name of Chesterton, and in the second, who knows the difference?"

**SORREL- TOP CLARA BOW** has a new rival for the fan mail championship.

The contender is Gary Cooper, the Montana Menjou, who already receives almost as many mash notes as La Bow.

We're all wondering what effect, if any, his possible marriage to Loopy-the-Luze Velez will have.

**COLLEEN MOORE**, of all people, is having an elegant orgy, but not the kind you think.

Colleen's particular form of debauch is house-building and, if she holds together the



**Mary Brian**, on the day the good plane Question Mark broke the endurance flight record, broke a fad record by wearing the symbol on her brand new bonnet

magnificent McCormick-Moore mansion in Bel-Air will soon be finished and livable.

The shack is really all done with sound effects," says the Graduate Perfect Flapper.

"You enter the formal hall and say 'Ah!'"

"Then you go into the beautiful living room and say 'Oh!'"

"Then there's only one remark to make when you see my bedroom. That is 'Ain't that swell?'"

**REGINALD DENNY** and his new frau seem to be completely happy.

They are everywhere, these days, and always in tip-top spirits.

But over at the Warner studio I found Big Reggie's first wife, playing an obscure part in "The Time, the Place and the Girl."

It is her first screen appearance, and a very pleasant speaking voice landed her the job.

Not that she needs the money. But she does need to be busy, for the sake of forgetting.

Perhaps she remembers, all too often, happier days when she and Denny discussed his work.

*Are Joan and Fairbanks married  
Or are the rumors wrong?  
While chatter writers scream and moan  
The world rolls right along.*

**SIDE-LIGHTS** and spotlights on the Ruth Roland-Ben Bard wedding—

Billy Haines playing a bull fiddle because he was not asked to ush . . . Buddy Rogers and Jimmy Hall betting on which would seat Claire Windsor and both losing . . . Lloyd Hughes had the privilege . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the lovebirds, accompanied by their mammas . . . May McAvoy and Fiance Cleary saying we'd see the Lyon-Daniels nuptials before theirs . . . Shirley Mason, looking no more than 12 nor less than 11 . . . Ona Brown and Harvey Barnes averring that such a purty wedding tempted them to move up the date of their own splicing . . . The bride putting on fresh lip rouge, the first layer having been quite kissed off . . . Writers nudging each other and wondering when the champagne would be brought on . . . But what they got was unsticked fruit punch and a slice of cake, and liked it . . . A nice, informal Hollywood wedding, with the bride and groom actually being given a big hand as they came up the aisle.

**KING VIDOR** is heaving a fine, rich sigh of relief, now that his all-Negro production, "Hallelujah," is finished.

Not that the colored boys and girls were hard to direct.

Two things, however, made Vidor gray over the ears.

One was getting them to work. The other was getting them on the set once they were in the studio.

In Memphis he signed two colored dancers. But when the company assembled at the depot they had faded, and couldn't be found.

At last King signed up "Slickum," the Metro-Goldwyn bootblack, to ride herd on the cast. Even this blew.

For "Slickum" was so cocked up with his new power that he made the younger players dance for every visitor that came near the set, with the result that they were too worn down to hoof for the camera!

**HEARD** on a Hollywood dance floor.

"Yes," said the famous producer, "my wife and I have reached the ideal married state."

"What do you mean 'ideal,'" murmured the lovely lady, no one else but Estelle Taylor.

"She no longer cares about the shape of my nose," answered the magnate, "and I no longer care that she doesn't."

**SHARON LYNN** was official hostess at the Los Angeles horse show recently, and was asked to say a few words over the radio.

Unaware that the microphone belonged to KNX, official Paramount station, she went into a song and dance about the glories of Fox pictures!

The announcer died a thousand deaths as Sharon's hymn of praise went on. As soon as he could he got her away from the mike and gasped over the air:

"If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best picture in town!"



**Leila Hyams** with the blue glass mirror used in putting on the panchromatic makeup necessitated by the incandescent lighting of the talkie stages. Blue reflection shows how her face will look through the camera's eye

**DOROTHY MACKAYE**, the little musical comedy actress, is back in Hollywood.

She has just been freed from San Quentin, after serving a term for some sort of complicity in the death of her actor husband, Ray Raymond.

She's going to build a new life, and picture people have been more than generous. Lilyan Tashman went about quietly getting together a subscription for Dot, and everyone helped.

Incidentally, the two had never met before Dorothy's trouble.

It is reported she will get a job in a musical comedy to be produced in Los Angeles.

**LILY DAMITA** wants to leave Hollywood for a rest. It isn't that she's been working hard. In fact she hasn't appeared at the studio for weeks.

The reason is that the polo team descended upon Hollywood and Lily acquired a sudden interest in horses. In fact, she took it upon herself to see that the entire team had a lively time.

Which is a task that Lily can handle most effectively.

**RESTAURANT** managers at the studio lunch room pay what they consider a pretty compliment to the stars by naming sandwiches for them. Monte Blue has just had his moniker added to the Warner menu.

Proudly he told his wife about it.

"What's the sandwich made of?" she asked.

"Ham and cheese," said Monte.

"That," said Mrs. Blue, "symbolizes an actor and his performance."

**POLLY MORAN** stood on the balcony just outside her dressing room. The assistant director called her. "You're wanted on the set, Polly," he told her. "How soon will you be there?"

**METRO  
GOLDWYN  
MAYER'S**

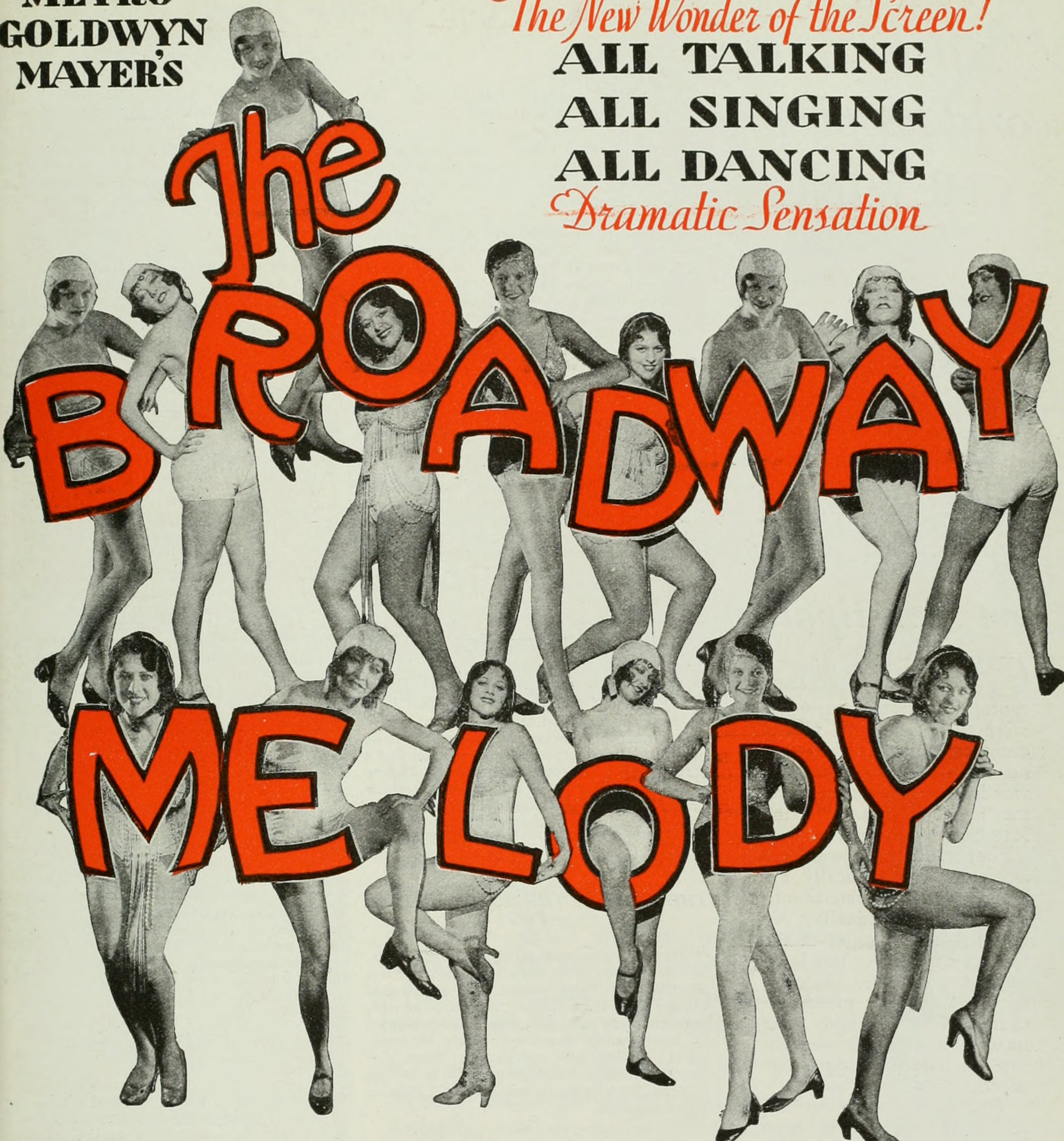
*The New Wonder of the Screen!*

**ALL TALKING**

**ALL SINGING**

**ALL DANCING**

*Dramatic Sensation*



with  
**CHARLES KING**  
**ANITA PAGE**  
**BESSIE LOVE**  
Directed by  
**HARRY BEAUMONT**

Story by Edmund Goulding  
Continuity by Sarah Y. Mason  
Music by Nacio Herb Brown  
Lyrics by Arthur Freed  
Dialogue by Norman Houston  
and James Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?"

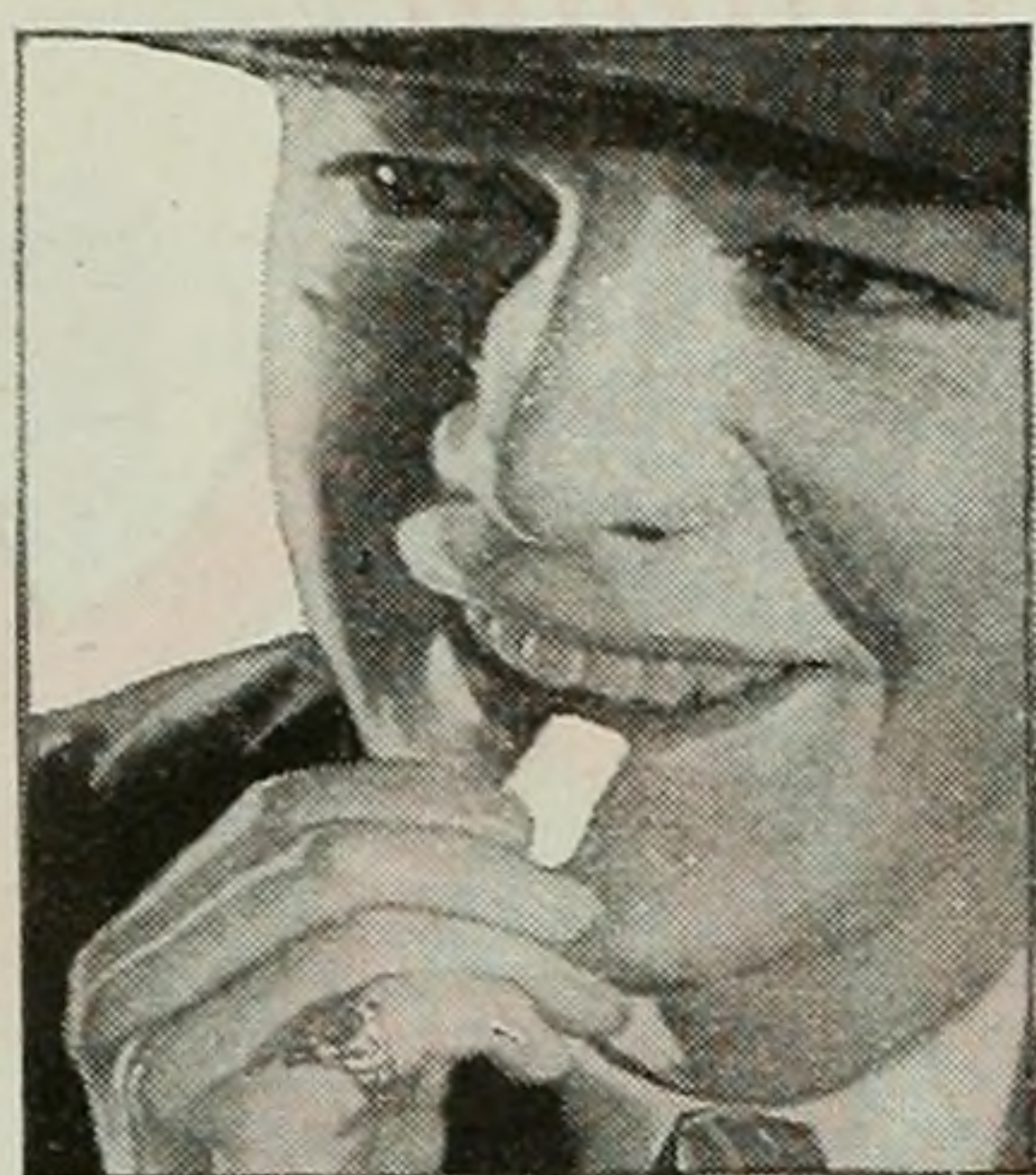
**F**ROM COAST TO COAST has swept the fame of the newest miracle of the films. All the magic of Broadway's stageland, stars, song hits, choruses of sensuous beauty, thrilling drama are woven into the Greatest Entertainment of our time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the leader in production of silent pictures, now achieves supremacy of the Talking Screen as well. See "The Broadway Melody" simultaneous with its sensational \$2 showings in New York, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



*"More Stars than there are in Heaven"*

# All over the world people are CHEWING



## FEEN-A-MINT for quick relief from Constipation

**C**OOL, delicious, mint-flavored chewing gum—yet containing a tasteless new laxative that acts with perfect evenness, perfect thoroughness! That's Feen-a-mint—no wonder that all over the world men and women are chewing it to banish constipation!

For because you chew Feen-a-mint, its scientifically approved laxative is carried into the intestines gradually. No griping—no drugging of the system, either. For this laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects.

Your own doctor can tell you why you should keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children love it, naturally, for its delightful flavor. On sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

### Feen-a-mint

*The chewing laxative*

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION P-5  
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name.....

Address.....

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

### THE ROYAL RIDER— First National

**S**EEMS like they can't keep the cowboys in the West any more. In their mad but worthy quest for originality, they've taken Buck Jones to Honolulu, Tom Mix to Arabia, and now Ken Maynard to one of those mythical continental monarchies. His strolling rodeo saves the boy king (Phillipe de Lacy), from assassination. Ken performs, with machine-gun rapidity, more than his usual repertoire of horse nonsense, and Olive Hasbrouch is the inspiring heroine. See Maynard for Westerns.

### THE VOICE IN THE STORM— FBO

**W**E will now have a little ditty entitled: "Just Before the Hanging, Mother." With the tremolo stop. You've seen it fifty times. Murder. Innocent boy convicted. Gallows. Shadow of noose. Real murderer confesses. Parade to death chamber. Storm raging. Governor tries to phone reprieve. Wires down. Noose around boy's neck. Reprieve arrives. Not, however, until your nerves are on verge of collapse and your backbone twisted into a pretzel. But if you like that kind of fun—

### WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE— Rayart

**T**HE kind of picture at which small boys cheer the hero and hiss the villain. It's a Blue Grass horse-racing romance of the most melodramatic variety—the sort of thing that's been going on for some years now. Helene Costello and Rex Lease are two lovers whose future is bound up in a handicap. Does their horse win in spite of the machinations of the especially vile villain? Well—what do you think?

### THE TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES— FBO

**T**HIS Western lopes along at an easy gait, keeping about an even pace with the rest of the Tom Tyler output. It makes one wonder what these stalwart heroes of the wide open are made of. This time, Tom is blinded by sand, nearly murdered, nearly drowned, jailed, thrown into quicksand. Some day they'll go too far! Better get the kids in on this. It's the last chance to see Tom and Frankie Darro together.

### THE LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS— Cooperative

**A** PICTURESQUE and authentic tale of South Sea life as lived by the last of the Polynesians and the whites who listlessly go native. Written, directed, and produced by Raymond Wells, at Tutuila, it is probably the first independent picture of the sort to get across. Its success is obviously due to a complete absence of trumped-up movie gags, beautiful photography, and the discerning use of tropical resources. Grace Lord, as a stoic native woman, is splendid.

### BORN TO THE SADDLE— Universal

**T**WENTY years of fasting and prayer. Then this—a Western that is really good. It is a logical story, seething with action and

gaily flecked with humor. It has S. A., B. O., and all the rest of the alphabet. Young Ted Wells, the debonair head man, lacks that classic thug-like countenance which identifies most of our cow gentlemen, and wins us completely by wearing smart clothes and sounding his G's. Duane Thompson, the feminine relief, is a relief!

### NAVAJO—Goodwill

**H**OW the modern Indians eat, drink, sleep, dress, dance, and play hop-scotch—five long reels of it. Very educational. But who wants to be educated? Anyway, the people who made this spent gobs of hard cash to get this elongated newsreel off the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona. All the actors are Indians, the photography is remarkably clear, and it's great stuff for anyone who doesn't want his melodrama spread on with a shovel.

### BROTHERS— Rayart

**H**ERE'S another brotherly love picture, the first of the new school (forsaking tradition and omitting the heroine) to be done by Rayart. And it's good. Arthur Rankin and Cornelius Keefe are brothers who are complete strangers to each other, until the college "grad" hears the crook's real name. It never descends into the maudlin. Barbara Bedford, the only woman in the picture, is one of the few leading women who have dared to play a "heavy."

### FRIENDSHIP— Fox

**A**CTORS may come and actors may go, but the sincere charm and conviction of Robert Edeson's performances go on forever. "Friendship," the very sophisticated short talkie which is a little inclined to drag, is lifted well out of mediocrity by his distinguished acting. Two things make this a "different" sort of picture—it has an all male cast (the female of the species is talked about but not seen) and it has a most unexpected ending.

### THE WOMAN I LOVE— FBO

**T**HIS picture is FBO's last and it's just as well. Changing the brand to RKO won't help unless they change the stories. It's the tale of an irate husband who sets out to murder a man for making love to his wife. A surprise ending, however, saves it from mediocrity. Leota Lorraine, touted by George Melford as a great discovery, is not great. And a good director is slipping. It's just fair entertainment.

### THE PEACOCK FAN— Chesterfield

**T**HEY may put dialogue in this. It needs a lot more than dialogue. It's a mystery story wherein the chief detective questions suspects and then nonchalantly burns the evidence before the trial. Oh, it happens in the movies. Tom O'Brien, immortal for his part in "The Big Parade," has been forced into the quickies in a comedy rôle. The action of this piece takes place almost entirely in one room. Well, one room is enough.

**THE SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD**  
 —The EPIC DRAMA of the AGES



SEE and HEAR  
**DOLORES COSTELLO**  
*in....*  
**"NOAH'S ARK"**  
 WITH  
**GEORGE O'BRIEN**

Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being!

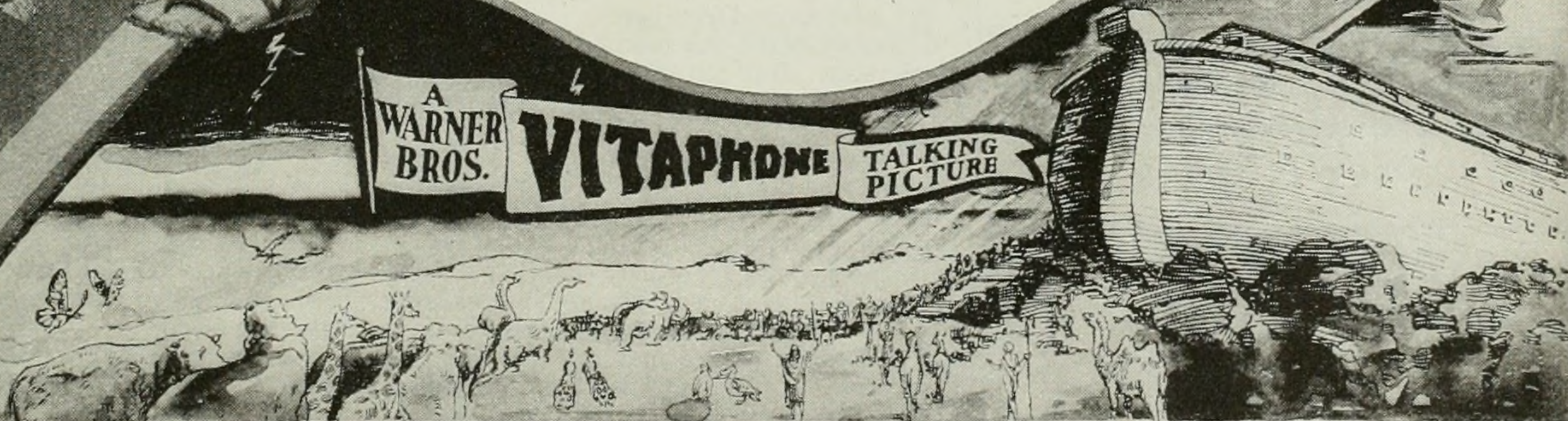
"Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone.

See and hear "Noah's Ark." You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards or conceptions of modern screen entertainment.

A  
 WARNER  
 BROS.

**VITAPHONE**

TALKING  
 PICTURE



You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures

## The Big Boy Tells His Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]



### THIS FACE POWDER

*allows me to be  
nonchalant about  
my complexion*

"I RUB this smooth, fragrant powder into my puff when I apply it. I have never known anything like the way it stays on. Armand Cold Cream Powder is the perfect powder for my complexion." \$1 at good stores.

Send 10c for this beauty treatment that takes but ten minutes of your day. It contains:

- 1 copy Armand's new "Ten Minute a Day" beauty treatment.
- 1 trial package Armand Cold Cream Powder—Zanzibar shade.
- 1 trial package Armand Foundation Creme—a marvelous discovery for powder base.
- 1 trial package Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream—that liquefies the moment it touches the skin.
- 1 trial package Armand Lip and Cheek Rouge—a new creation!

*You must try one of these new Armand Powder shades: Zanzibar, light sun-brown for brunettes or blondes. Starlight, for day or evening.*

ARMAND, 142 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Ia.  
I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten Minute a Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
In Canada, Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario

tried all the local papers to get on as an artist. No use. The advertising agencies were full, too. And I was told that all the big advertising accounts were handled in New York City of Chicago. I did the only thing I could.

I got work by the day or the hour. Anything to eat. I sold photograph coupons from door to door. I tried to sell real estate. The papers were full of ads for suckers to come and invest money.

IT wasn't so much fun living in a dinky, smelly room and eating sinkers and coffee. But I wouldn't write home for money. It was when I was flatter than a beaver's tail that I discovered motion pictures. Extras were getting five a day and I thought I'd try my luck. That, at least, was better than having angry housewives slam the door in my face when I asked them to buy photographic coupons.

I got my first day's extra work at Fox. It was in a Tom Mix picture. He was using two hundred extras in some sort of legendary flash-back taking place in Sherwood Forest in Robin Hood's heyday. I crawled into a pair of green tights, slipped on a leather jerkin, put a funny little cap with a feather in it on my head, and someone shoved a bow and arrow at me. I was an archer. My picture career had begun. In the distance I saw Mix's leading woman, Billie Dove. I thought she was beautiful. I decided Hollywood was interesting.

I was bowled over by studio life. I was drunk on what, at first glimpse, appeared to be its utter freedom and lack of restraint, and what I learned later is the most delusive thing about it. There is no real freedom in Hollywood.

It's a mirage. Every movement, no matter how slight, is commented on, and a motive, often erroneous, is given to it. I thought this freedom matched that which I had always craved. And so I stayed.

My first part of any importance was secured by hiring an agent who placed me in the part of *Abe Lee* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." I got an agent after playing Westerns and going hungry and playing extra and going hungry. It wasn't hard to play *Lee*. He was a lean, lanky cowboy. I knew him as I knew myself.

IT was after the picture was released that Mr. Schulberg signed me to a Paramount contract, and gave me a bit in "Wings." After that I played with Clara Bow in "It."

It wasn't hard to do the stuff I did in those pictures. The part in "Wings" was minor, and William Wellman, the director, was a regular fellow. In "It" Clara was helpful. She is that kind of a girl, generous with her friendship and praise.

I had never before known an actress. She was a new type of girl, glamorous, full of fun, devoid of jealousy. I was grateful to her and admired her.

We went around together.

It looked as if I was going to make a success of pictures. But something was incomplete. I knew, well, what it was. I was homesick for Montana.

I'd try to compensate my desire by driving up into the desert for a few days, between pictures.

But it wasn't like chucking a slab of bacon, some flour, baking powder, coffee and sugar into a roll, tying it on a horse and disappearing into the mountains for a span of days.

I sighted an eagle's nest one day when I was fishing off Catalina Island and scrambled along a narrow path, high over the sea, bedded with crushed rock where wild mountain goats sleep, to look down into it.

But it wasn't like Montana. I missed our family life, too.

The inevitable happened. I never laid claim to being an actor. To this day I do not consider myself one. I don't think I have any divine talent. I am disappointed, many times, in seeing myself on the screen. I fall so short of what I think I should be as an actor. Only on rare occasions have I seen traces of what I am striving for.

IN "The Shopworn Angel" I saw a faint glimmering of the sort of characterization I would like to give.

The inevitable was that I failed in my first dramatic part. It was drawing room drama and I was unqualified. We worked on one scene for "Children of Divorce" for a full day, making shot after shot. By the time we had photographed it seven times, my nerves got the better of me. My mind refused to govern my body.

My limbs wouldn't function properly. I went hay-wire.

Frank Lloyd was directing. The next morning he called me into his office. I knew what was up. A sleepless night hadn't been for nothing. It was hard for Lloyd to tell me, but I knew I was out of the picture. It looked like the upset of everything; that my career was ended.

I jumped into my car and beat it for the Mojave, driving like the devil. I stayed all night on the desert, in a ramshackle hotel. It was quiet, like a balm.

The next day I came back down the coast road, through Malibu, with the mountains rising on one side, the ocean beating on the other.

I didn't know just what I was going to do, but I knew I could think straighter.

It was about noon and I was hungry. I went straight to Henry's. As I entered the door a man stood up and grabbed me, "By God, Gary! We've been looking all over town for you."

"Even had the police on the search. Thought you might have jumped off a cliff."

"You're back in the picture." It was Lloyd. The rushes on the third day's work had shown improvement and I was back in the cast.

Experiences are valued by their effect. Because I went back to the picture after failing, I helped to overcome a natural reticence—a self-consciousness.

It is that reticence which prohibits me from going into detail about a few feminine friendships that I value.

Privacy seems to be a thing that is denied a motion picture person. It is a thing that constitutionally, I crave. It happens that I have made friendships with women who have aided me in my work and that have been happy contacts.

It was that way with Clara. In Evelyn Brent I found the companionship of a woman who was wise and brilliant.

I was first attracted to her as a woman who had her feet on the ground and was not riding the clouds.

IN Lupe Velez I find a girl who takes the same joy out of primitive, elemental things that I do. In each friendship I have found that the most casual linking of our names caused dynamite.

I am going to marry. I want, like almost every man, a home and a family. I want a permanent union, not one of these week-end impermanencies.

I want, eventually, to convert Sunnyside into a "dude ranch," but on the lower ridge that slopes up into the higher mountains I want to build a chalet, clinging to its side, where I can go when my Hollywood days are over.

I want, before my life is over, to go back to Montana.

# Guessing Games

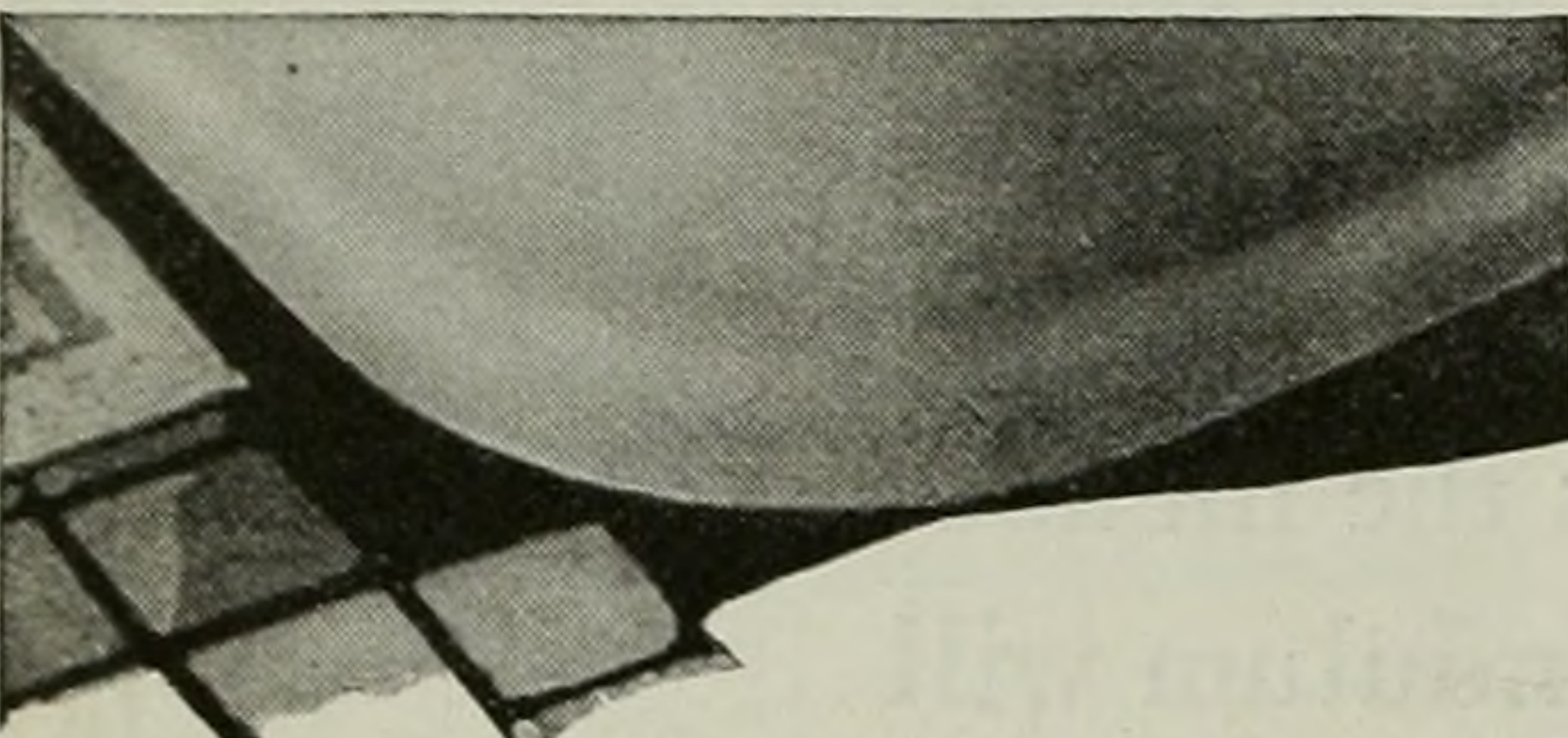
THEY were a lot of fun when we were youngsters, those guessing games. Guess who this is! Guess the number of beans in the pot! Guess how long the pendulum will swing! Sometimes we came pretty close to the right answer. Sometimes we were a long way off. Whichever we were, we all had a good time, and the worst guesser got as much of the evening's refreshments as the best.

How far away those guessing games seem now! And how they have lost their appeal. Perhaps it's because we learned, as we grew older, that to *know* is better than to *guess*. Guess which is the best package on the grocer's shelf! Guess which bolt of cloth is pure wool! Guess which talking machine will give us most satisfaction! No, guessing for those things wasn't so much fun. We wanted to be certain. And that was one of the reasons we turned to advertising.

Advertising takes the guesswork out of buying. It lets us *know* what is best and what is cheapest and what will last longest. It does away with unsatisfactory uncertainties. The advertisements in this magazine tell a concise, interesting and accurate story about articles you need. Reading them is the surest and quickest path to wise buying. It eliminates guessing.



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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

### Looking on the Dark Side

Tucson, Ariz.

This innovation—the talkies—will not be a success. Better for producers to strive for perfection in plots, players and photography than to introduce a departure contrary to two of the most enduring characteristics of the cinema; first, its appeal to the imagination, and second, the quiet, refined and soothing atmosphere of the modern motion picture theater. Talkies are cut-and-dried, blatant, mechanical. You leave the theater mentally cheated, spiritually unrefreshed, physically tired and altogether disappointed.

G. MACKENZIE.

### Only Actors in Whiskers

New York, N. Y.

As a direct descendant of the Vikings, I take the liberty of sending you a few words of criticism of the picture, "The Vikings." The costumes are atrocious. The least the director could have done would have been to look up the data pertaining to different clothing, headgear and ornaments used by vassals, chieftains and kings. The costuming is in a miserable scramble in this picture.

Allow me to draw your attention to the fact that the mighty race of Vikings never could have been the terror of Europe, if consisting of men as cast in this picture.

JACK MAGNUSEN.

### Chaney Without Trimmings

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Personally I like my Chaney *au naturel*. Lon has an honest-to-goodness face, and it's a pity he so often uses it simply for the groundwork of facial carpentry of the most fantastic order. Another thing: Chaney never sands his sugar. His pictures are sure to be darned good entertainment, and no short measure.

P. V. KEYES.

### Unspoken Words Are Sweetest

Dayton, O.

I like to use my imagination and, with talking pictures, that is impossible. A beautiful love scene is completely spoiled by hearing one of the characters speak in a terrible voice and probably say something commonplace. I want to imagine what they are saying.

MRS. H. W. PEXTON.

### A Bouquet for Janet

Billings, Mont.

Janet Gaynor gives to us the romance of innocence and purity. She leaves us with the feeling of having seen something finer in life. Her very inner self radiates that sympathetic, sincere, heartfelt touch of human interest that is becoming so rare in screen characterizations today.

ALBERTA HAYES.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 123 ]

## Making Bedrooms More Attractive

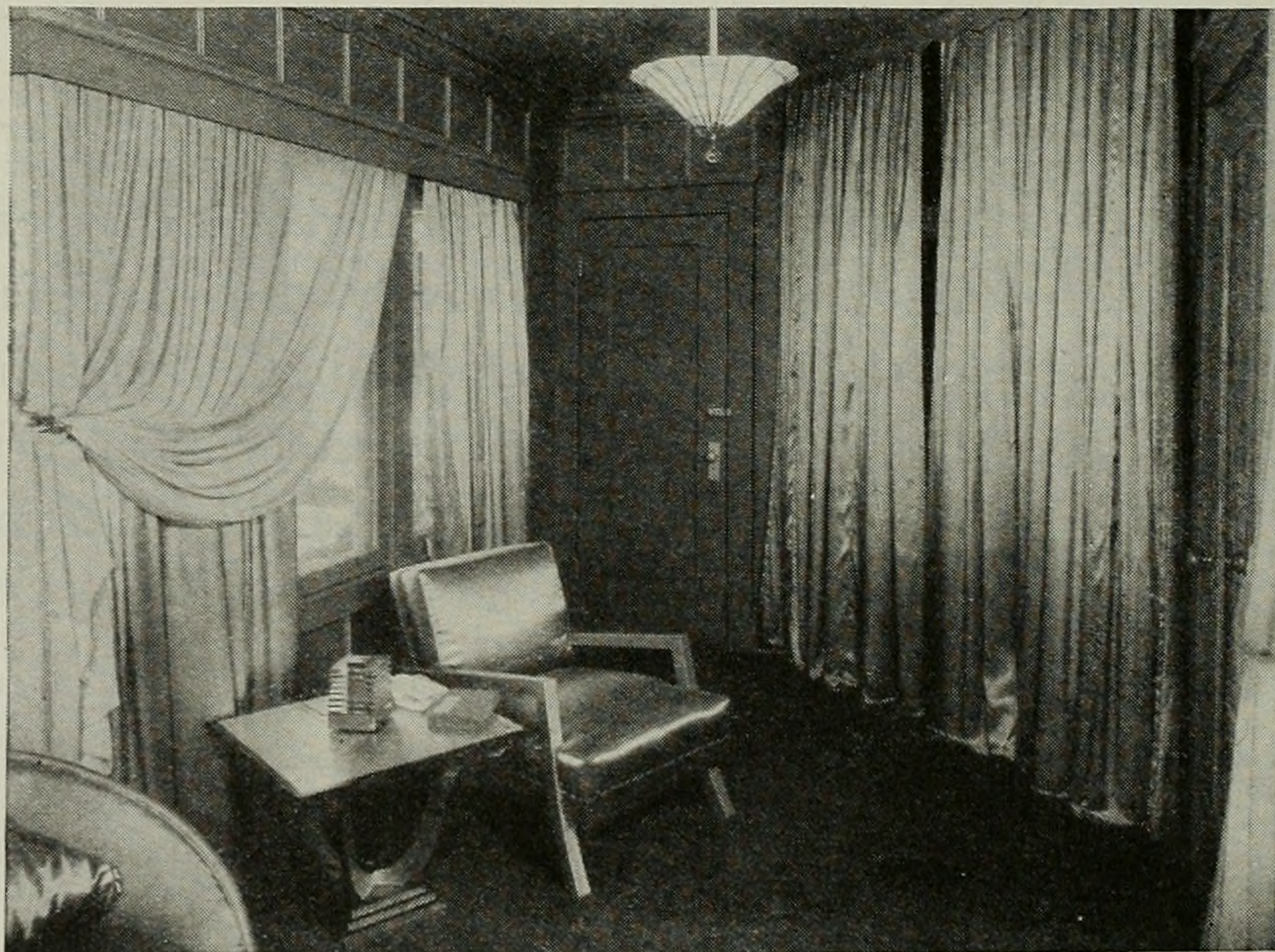
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

blue with heavy overdrapes in cotton brocade. The couch upholstery and cushions are of a combination dull cotton and mercerized weave of silver and blue.

Mary Duncan's suite is a trifle more elaborate than the rest, but I included it for its many clever ideas. The drapes are of hand embroid-

ered pongee, lined with cream colored sateen. The embroidery is a simple motif made with four red stitches and four blue ones. The chair covering and the drapes that conceal the clothes rack are of bright blue satin.

In this way the ingenious studio folks have pleasant surroundings for very little money.



Mary Duncan's dressing room is chock-full of suggestions you can copy at small cost. Pongee drapes, with pale blue georgette overdrapes. Lustrous blue satin upholstery and hangings



## The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

Newport Beach, or Palm Springs ven comes a foggy night! No. Ve make vone! Ve copy it!" He saw Smith's dubious look. "Sure. In a closed set ve do it. Nobody knows vat ve do. I got some men haff been vid me a long time. I talk to them. They keep their mouths shut!"

"This is going to cost a pretty penny!"

"Money! Say, money means nothing ven my whole business iss at stake! Vat is a few thousands? I vant to get that murderer off my lot quick!"

THERE was a knock at the door, and Rosenthal got up to let in a slender, fair, young man. He stood hesitating in the doorway, until the President said,

"Cedric, I vant you should meet Smith, captain of detectives . . ."

"Glad to know you, sir . . ." but there was a curious tone in the newcomer's voice. Smith said,

"I know how you feel! That sounds as though we got you out here to put handcuffs on you . . . but . . . to be frank, it's somebody else we're planning the handcuffs for, and we think you can help."

"Think!" snorted Rosenthal. "Cedric, I vant you to convince him you are the smartest make-up artist in the business . . . Lon Chaney, or anybody else . . ."

Halland put up a slender hand.

"You're too generous, Mr. Rosenthal!"

"Vill you tell the truth! Already I spend an hour trying to make Mr. Smith understand ve can copy anything, and then you come out here and . . ." the President groaned. Halland said,

"What do you want me to do?"

"Of course, you know about the Hardell case?" asked Smith tersely.

"As much as any of us outsiders do, . . . yes."

"We want to duplicate a certain scene that took place the night he was murdered. To do it, we have to have a man made up as . . ." and Smith held out the book of biographies, opened the place where he had read. As Halland took the book, the detective's eyes fixed hopefully upon him. Rosenthal lay back in his chair and blew contented smoke wreaths.

"IT is the ordinary man . . . without outstanding characteristics, who is the most difficult to portray. Instead of being doubtful, Mr. Smith, I can say that I am sure . . . absolutely . . . I can do this! Distinct types are very easy . . ."

"But you are not in the least alike . . . your figures . . . the shape of your heads . . ." said Smith, his eye going rapidly over the other man. Halland smiled.

"I don't often show the secrets of my make-up case . . . but I think I can soon convince you . . ."

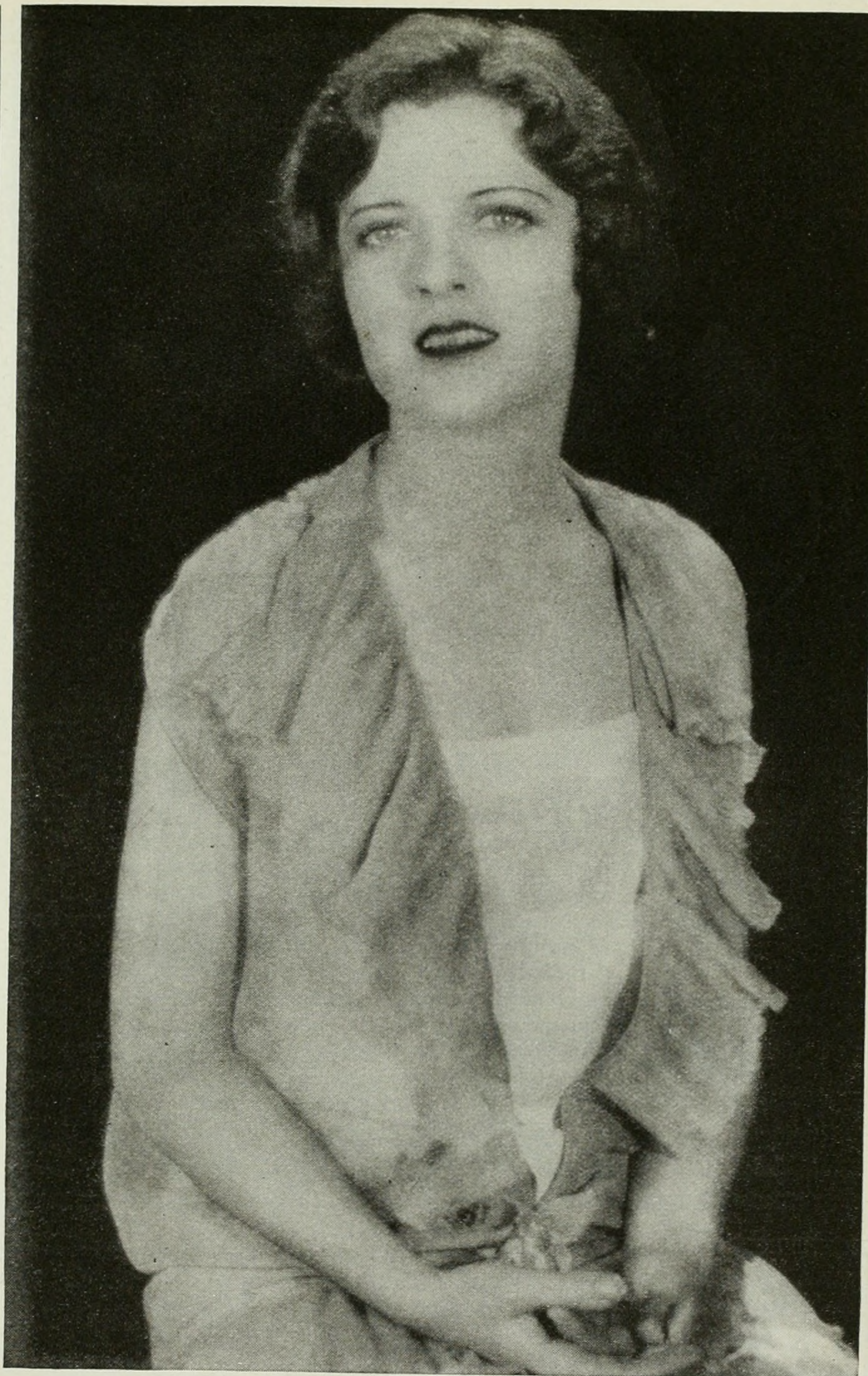
"All kinds of heads he makes on himself! Vigs vid humps in them he has got!" Rosenthal broke in decisively, "noses like a pig's snout he can make, if he vants, too! I giff you my vord!"

"Halland, if you can actually do this . . . do it convincingly, well . . . I take off my hat to you! That's all I can say," said Smith seriously, looking into the other's eyes.

"Mr. Smith, if my part of it is all that is worrying you . . . forget it! I've made my living for years doing things like this! It's second-nature to me!"

"Fine!" Smith rose to shake hands with the man. "Unless Rosenthal wants to keep you longer, I will say goodnight." He pulled out his watch, and smiled at both men.

"It's late. Perhaps we'd all better turn in, and meet some time tomorrow . . ."



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"I want to talk some more to you," Rosenthal said to Smith. "But, Cedric, you can go. And remember, if vone vord of this leaks out, ve are ruined! It vill spoil efferything!"

"I understand," returned the other, and started to the door. Rosenthal sat looking after him with a speculative look in his eyes. When Halland's steps were beginning to dim down the corridor, he jumped to his feet.

"**E**XCUSE me, but I got to tell him something about . . ." and he was gone. Smith chewed the end of his cigar thoughtfully until he came back. Then,

"We've all been up in the air . . . talking in the abstract. I want to get down to brass tacks. How long will it take you to make the 'props' as you call them . . . can you keep it from the people in the studio here, and just how much of this affair are we going to try to do over?" he said sharply.

"Right now ve write a little scenario, make a list of all the 'props,' and the action. That is the easiest vay!" returned Rosenthal, all business. He pulled a sheet of paper to him. "All right. Ve begin . . . just like a picture ve do it!"

Then for over an hour the two men sat with chairs close together, listing items, calling upon their memories to go over the scene they wanted, action by action, covering every detail. Smith said, drawing a long breath,

"By Jove, this is great! Great! We can do it!" Enthused out of his customary indolence of body, he began pacing the floor, and calling off items and ideas to Rosenthal, who hunched over his desk, scribbled them furiously. In the midst of this a sharp knock came on the door. Both men looked with quick apprehension at each other. Then with a shrug, and a muttered, "Vell, no use to keep still, you vas talking pretty loud" . . . Smith went to the door.

The unmistakable, immaculately dressed figure of Superior Films' most celebrated director, stood bowing in the opening. Even at this hour the white gardenia in his buttonhole was without wilt . . . his white gloves without stain. Smith had an instant of admiration for the man's fastidiousness, before he returned the greeting. Plainly Rosenthal was annoyed.

"Vell?" he asked sharply. The visitor adjusted his monocle, and stared at them curiously . . . insolently.

"**I** THOUGHT I was the only one working tonight . . . but . . . ah . . . I find myself intruding!" With another of his quick, stiff bows, he turned on his heel and marched off. Smith looked at Rosenthal, and a soft whistle came from his astonished lips.

"What the devil did he mean by that, and say, d'you suppose he heard us? I'd hate to have anyone get an earful of this right now!"

Rosenthal's brown eyes were bent on him with a peculiar complacent stare. For a moment Smith had a wild idea . . . a crazy nightmarish thought, that the president of Superior Films, and this erratic, mysterious director, were in league together. A quick apprehension that he had been made the butt of some trick . . . the goat of some carefully schemed plan of the two . . . swept over him, arousing his instant fury. As a thousand thoughts can succeed themselves in the human brain in the space of a breath, he remembered Clancy's explanation of the Hardell mystery. Was this, then, another hoax? Another insane, muddled attempt to keep the hand of the law from the real criminal . . . the real cause of the actor's death?

Fire flashed in his eyes, and he strode, light and quick as a woods cat, to the desk of the man who had not once modified his almost smiling scrutiny.

"What the devil are you up to?" he demanded, and his customarily indolent syllables slid off his tongue as a razor-edged knife slips through flesh.

Rosenthal leaned back and imperturbably met the cold anger of his face.

"*Efferything* I told you ve could in pictures

... and ... you would not believe me! Well ... I show you!" he said calmly. "You thought you was looking at Seibert. Well, you were not!"

"Great ... Jumping ... Jehosophat!" exclaimed Smith. Excitement, reverence, admiration, exultation ... all pulsed in the low amaze of his voice.

On a certain "old street" of the back lot, strange things were happening. Empty and soundless by day, night saw a building open its doors, and a crew of men file in ... but after the doors were shut upon them, no lighted windows gave evidence of their occupancy. Literally, they vanished into the void of its interior.

A new gateman was on in place of MacDougal. He did not know the regular workmen of the lot. That they had not gone off at the dinner hour was also unknown to him, and the day gateman was told they were working overtime. Rosenthal himself took to checking over the time sheets, and holding them in his office. When Cohen came to him wanting to know how he was going to make up the salary checks for the week, Rosenthal smiled blandly at him.

"I VILL take care of that, Izzie. Don't you worry your head about it."

"Why shouldn't I worry my head about it? Ain't it part off my business? Ain't I production manager off this lot?"

"Sure, Izzie, but for vonce I tell you not to mind your own business! You forget it!"

"I ask you, Abie, is it right ... is it right you should treat me like this?"

"More I can't tell you, Izzie, I giff you my vord! Me, I vish it vas offer myself ..."

"Vish vat vas offer?"

"Izzie, vill you get out vonce? You keep asking me and maybe I get foolish and tell you! Please to go away and let me alone!"

And if the president of Superior Films and Captain of Detectives Smith had thought to escape the sharp eyes of Lannigan, they were mistaken. Night saw him sneaking out to the back lot between rounds, and prowling curiously about the gaunt, black-curtained building.

"And will ye tell me phat the divil and all's goin' on out here these nights?" he asked himself, having no one else to talk to in the absence of MacDougal, and not having decided to become intimate with the new man. Once he spied Smith, and planted himself directly in his path.

"Will yez be kind enough to inform me, Mr. Smith, phat's up on this lot o' nights?" he demanded.

"Why, Lannigan, a bit of extra production, I suppose," said Smith with a smile.

"Humph! Extry production is right! Anyways 'tis the first time I've been ordered away from anny part o' this studio, and I'm domned sure it's the first time the old boy himself has left off his winin' and dinin' and hob-nobbin' wid the stars, to come out here and see phat's going on! The other night he see me, and acts like I was tryin' to steal his Jewish good luck piece, blast him, 'stead of tryin' to earn me money honest, and keep a watch to see that iverything is as it should be!"

"LANNIGAN, my man, you're all right, but ... you talk, you know! Maybe he doesn't want you nosing into iverything ..." said Smith, not unkindly.

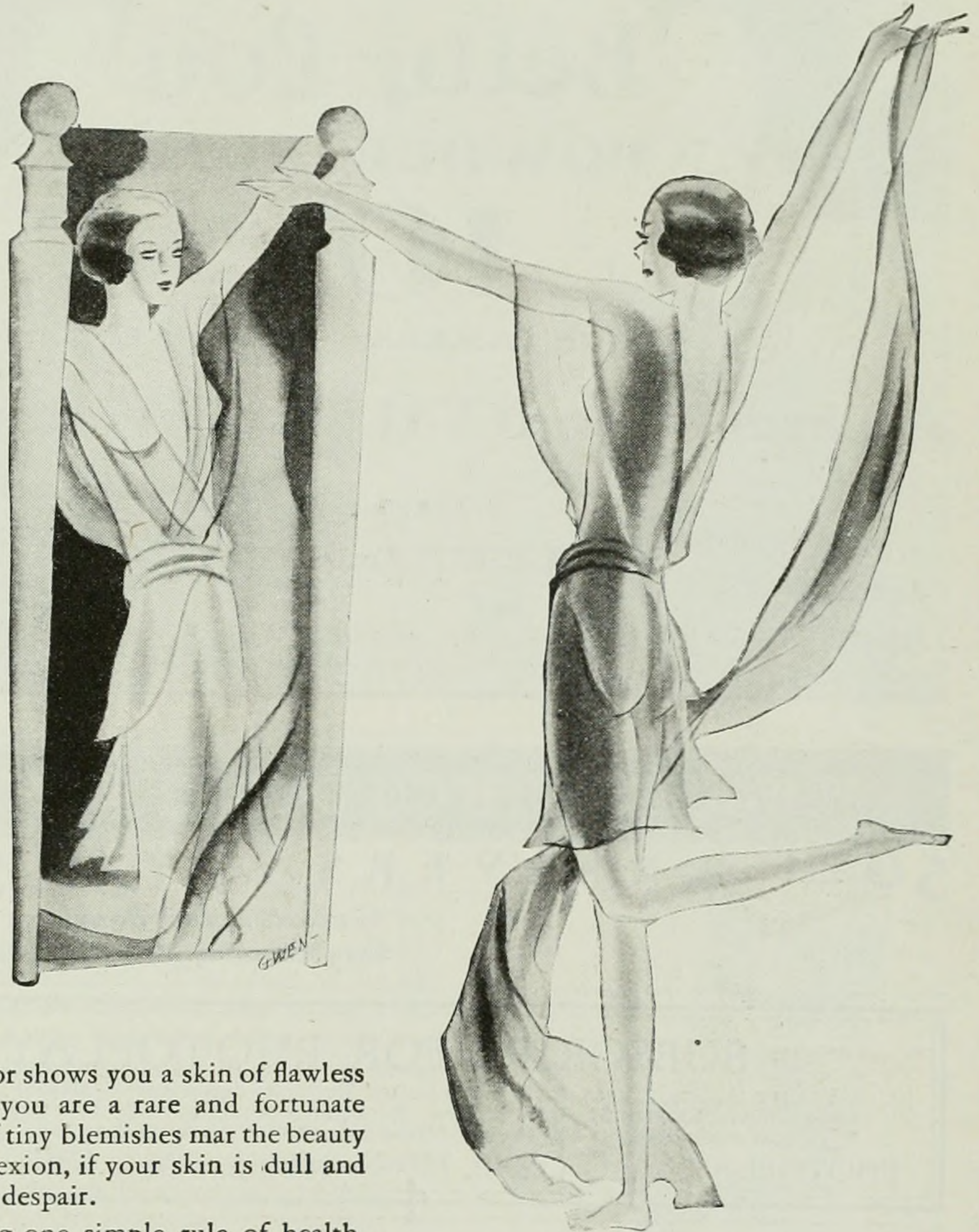
Lannigan spat noisily.

"Talk, do I? Well, that's more than I can say for thim that's workin' so mysterious on the back lot there! Sure, and if I hadn't seen his honor himself a goin' out there, I'd have reported them to Izzie Cohen long since!"

"Lannigan, old chap, I think if Mr. Rosenthal told you to keep away, you ought to take it as a gentle hint, and let up snooping. ..."

"And snoopin' is it!" burst out the little Irishman indignantly. "Well, let me tell you something, my fine Mr. Detective! If I'd a done what I had a mind to do, and had done a wee bit o' snoopin' around Stage Six that night,

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you wouldn't be cudgelin' your brains now tryin' to find out who killed Dwight Hardell, and Scot MacDougal and that little French lady wouldn't be waitin' to have their lives tried for murther! Phat d'ye think of that?"

"What makes you think there is anything strange in what's happening on the back lot, Lannigan?"

The other cocked a bright eye at him.

"Sure and it ain't only yerself as can put two and two together, sir! Phat about that Cedric Halland, comin' out here night after night, and shuttin' himself up in his studio, and thin comin' out wid a look on his phiz like the cat what's just laiked up the cream? No, sir, ye can dodge the issue all ye want to, but I've a notion what's goin' on!"

"You have?" said Smith quickly.

"Sure! Ye think I haven't heard about thim foreign fillums made in this country? The kind that won't pass the censor . . . bein' all full of naked women, and carousals, and the likes o' that? Sure and phat else can they be doin' so mysterious, but putting up wan o' them wild party sets, and Halland, he's in on it! I do be sayin' tho, that the Old Man must have gone clean off his nut over this 'murder business' to engage in such a disreputable undertakin'."

Smith laughed.

"WELL, so long as *your* morals aren't corrupted, Lannigan, don't let it worry you!"

Smith got away from the garrulous little fellow, and over to Rosenthal's office, where he was met with a beaming smile.

"Efferything is ready! Perfect! I vant you should go to look!"

They walked a time in silence along the gravelled drive. Then Smith said:

"It must be very gratifying to you to know that you can accomplish these things. They seem like magic to me! When I think of the expense, the number of master craftsmen . . . at your command . . ."

Rosenthal sighed. "Haff you forgotten the reason ve do it, Mr. Smith? Neffer, not fer vone moment haff I forgotten it! Neffer for vone moment haff I got offer being shocked . . . shocked to my soul . . . offer this thing! I cannot think off it! Always I know about it, but I cannot let myself think about it! I laugh, I joke, I entertain at my house . . . mine Gott, I would go crazy unless! Neffer in my life have I heard of such a cold blooded . . ."

Smith put his hand on his arm.

"Criminals are everywhere, Rosie, old man! It isn't your fault that one got into your studio! Nobody is going to blame you . . . connect you in any way! Wait until I tell them what a wonderful help you've been! That idea of yours . . . it was the connecting link between two theories of my own that seemed impossible . . . but that I couldn't get out of my mind."

CHAPTER XVIII

**NIGHT!** Outwardly the huge confines of the Superior Films lot seemed deserted. Brooding shadows of dead sets, of huge, silent stages, lay athwart the mist-drenched lawns. These only when a late moon, rising over the distant ramparts of San Jacinto, cast its sullen, pale light . . . then to be swept into obscurity by rolling blankets of fog, billowing inland from the sea. The studio buildings became Gargantuan monsters, clothed in flowing shrouds of grey. The great lights about them dimmed, illumined, and dimmed again. The shrubbery about the grounds became weird, dwarf creatures, shaking gaunt limbs menacingly.

The president of Superior Films peered out from his curtains, and then looked at his watch.

"It is come," he whispered. His hands trembled. "But ten o'clock only! Ve must wait!"

Smith looked up from his chair and his cigar. "Right!" he nodded. "Is everything all set?"

"All set! For five nights ve haff been ready . . . vaiting only for this fog!"

Rosenthal's hand left the curtain and it moved noiselessly the little distance back to its place . . . as silently the two men took up their watch, only the burning ends of their cigars revealing their presence through the darkness of the room.

Nearer midnight the cars out on the boulevard began whisking by, their wheels making a wet, singing hum . . . their reckless drivers missing death by a skid. Lannigan, his superstitious soul aquiver, his big coat collar pulled around his ears, clumped out of the murk, and to the lighted space about the gate house. He had no liking for the new-gateman, but any other human soul was a comfort on a night like this . . . a night when ghosts walked!

"HELLO, Lannigan" . . . said the man at the gate. The little Irishman crossed himself hurriedly. Surprise, not unmixed with terror, froze his tongue.

"Is that the welcome you give me, man?" said MacDougal a bit sharply.

"God save us . . . 'tis yerself, then?"

"No other. Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Naw, I knew ye the minit I set eyes on that big ugly mug of yours!" lied Lannigan, with instant resentment. "Some day, Scot MacDougal, ye'll find out old Lannigan knows a ghost whin it's a ghost, and a man whin it's a man! And the same would have gone a long ways towards saving a life, had ye the good sense to know it . . . now phat do you think o' that?"

MacDougal did not answer. His grim face, and the bleak blue eyes, did not wince.

"Phat the divil are the loikes of ye doin' on the lot this night, anyways, MacDougal? I've a mind to quit me job! I've no agreement wid the Jew to consort wid murderers . . . self confessed at that!"

"Ye'll not quit your job, Lannigan!"

"And I won't, won't I? And who's to stop me, I ask you? Maybe a few more words from me, and they'll wake up to the need of a man at the gate that can take a warning, and go after a marauder whin one's pointed out to him!"

"Are you seeing things in the fog again, Lannigan?"

"Seein' things? And why shouldn't I be seein' things? I remember a night the loikes of this wan, whin if I hadn't listened to the advice of a cold-blooded mackerel like yerself that was born in a fog bank . . . there'd be a man now lyin' under the sod that would be drinking his tea like the rist of us! . . ."

"Aye. I ken what you're driving at, you little scut!" said the Scotchman with a show of temper, "but ye'll get nothing out of me by it! Get out of my office . . ."

"SURE, and I'll be gettin' out immedjit! If the life you've been leadin' since you confessed yerself into jail ain't taught you nothin', you are beyont learnin' from yer betters!"

"Begone the noo!" roared MacDougal, dropping into his native dialect. His bleak eyes took fire, and blazed down upon the other and his hand closed on a paper weight. . . .

"I'm goin', you big lummo! If I had me shillalah I could lick ye on a thin dime! Ye . . . ye . . . domned hot-headed dumbhead!" yelled Lannigan instantly, but nevertheless clumping away into the murk . . . "Bad cess to ye! I hope a gob of fog chokes ye! Cagin' up some kinds o' animals drives 'em plumb fey!"

And now there were two places on the lot that night which Lannigan could not bring himself to visit again . . . Stage Six . . . from out of which he expected momentarily to see the ghost of Dwight Hardell stalking . . . and the front gate, where, without explanation, Scot MacDougal had again taken up his post. The night wore on and the approaching midnight hour . . . the time when ghosts walked . . . began to weigh heavily upon him. Need of human companionship drove him back towards the gate . . . muttering strange Gaelic words to himself. . . .



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lurks behind  
white teeth

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*\*the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums  
and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims*

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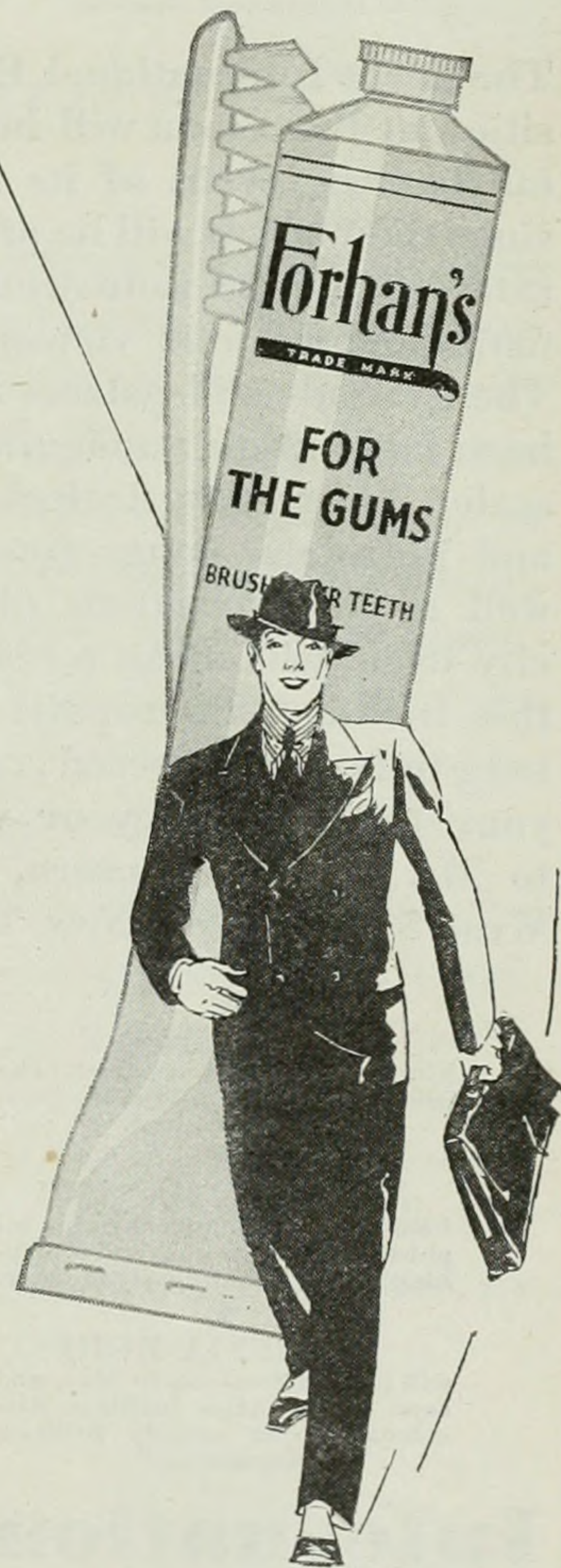
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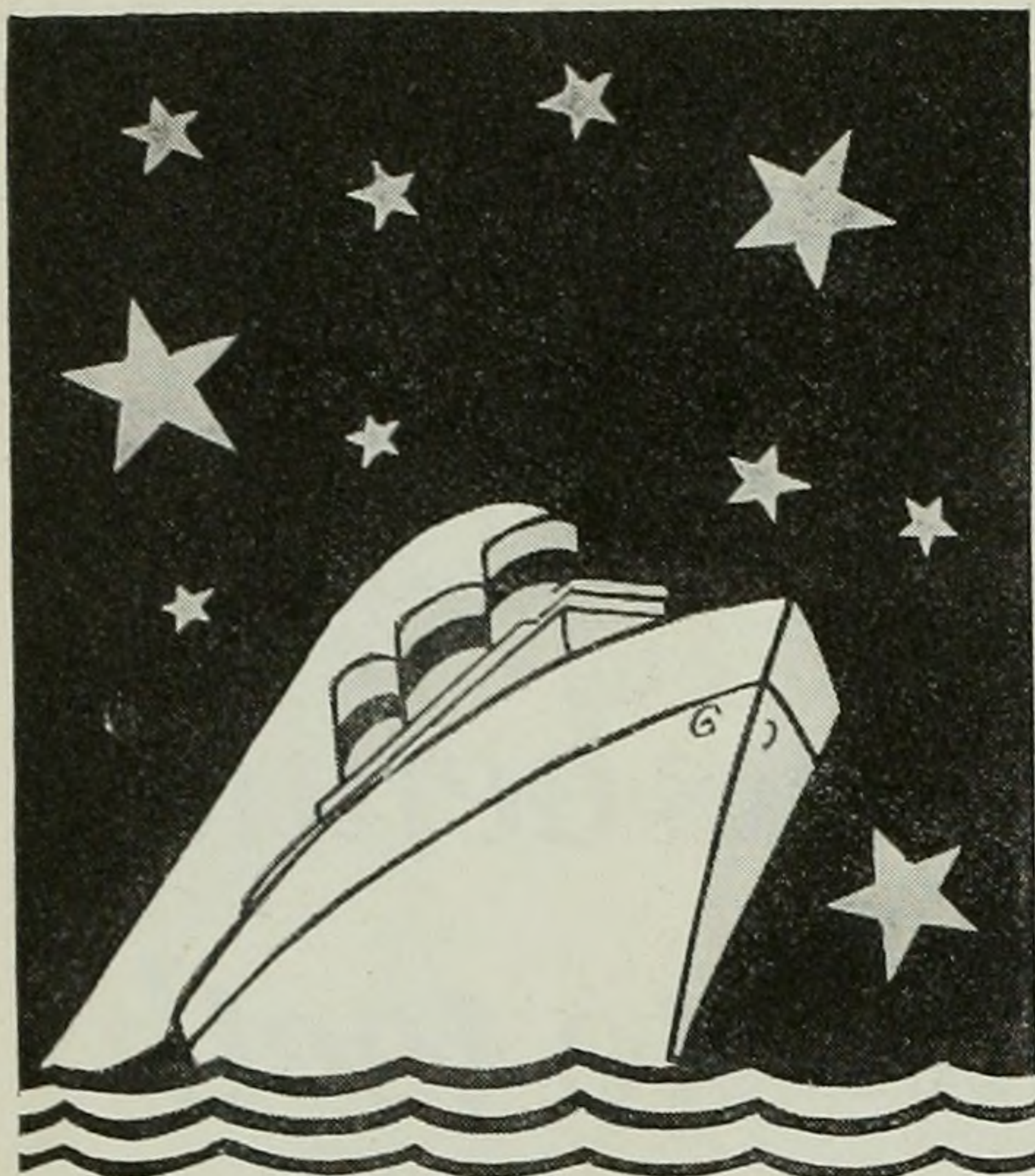
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finds Barcelona entirely to his sophisticated satisfaction and is planning to visit it in the early summer.

★  
**LUCREZIA BORI**

will be in Barcelona in May, and says: "Don't miss brilliant Barcelona or the equally brilliant Exposition."

# International Exposition Barcelona May—December 1929

"What wid the curtains on thim dead sets back there a' floppin', and them old scantlin's a creakin' and a groanin' . . . and this domned cold fog a slitherin' down yer spine . . . 'tis enough to make a man afraid of his own shadder. . ."

MacDougal heard him muttering, and called out to him.

"Your boy brought your lunch . . . Slim's closed up. His wife's sick. Better come up and get it, man."

"'Tis the first night Slim's been closed since I came to the lot," retorted Lannigan suspiciously. "I'll not come near ye, Scot MacDougal! I've a mind what happened the last foggy night, and I'm not ready to go to Hivin'!"

"**C**OME and get your lunch, you old fool!" returned the gateman crisply, and the commanding snap in his voice brought Lannigan edging up to him. MacDougal held out the lunch.

"Maybe ye'll act more like a human being with red blood in your guts when you get it down you!" he said. Lannigan shot him a baleful look, and taking the box sat down by the other side of the gate to eat. MacDougal filled his pipe and kept his distance, so that presently the little Irishman's fears abated.

"Will ye have a swallow of good hot coffee, Mac?" he asked.

"I appreciate the peace offering. Thanks, no," returned MacDougal.

"'Tis not peace a offering, ye spalpeen, 'tis the thought of ye not havin' a stomach-full the past weeks was all!" Lannigan gulped down the remaining hot coffee. "Mac, d'ye remember that ither night . . ." he stopped, the thermos bottle gripped in a hand that suddenly shook. "Did ye hear it, Mac? And you said awhilest back there was nobody on the lot!"

"Not a soul has come through the gate this night!" said MacDougal peering into the mist. Plain, now, to both of them, came the purring of a motor from down the murk of the drive . . . coming their way.

Lannigan dropped the thermos and crossed himself, not once but many times in quick succession.

MacDougal gave a short laugh.

"You've got us both acting like a couple of old women!" he snapped. "Somebody's worked overtime, and is going home . . . it's happened before! Stand aside, and don't let them see you crossing yourself like a doddering idiot!" He went briskly to the gates and swung them open for the approaching car.

A purple car, of whose special design and build there was but one known to be in existence, slipped up to the entrance . . . slowed . . . rolled slowly through . . .

"Goodnight, men!" said the driver.

"**I**T'S a great life if you don't weaken, eh, fellows?" called a bantering voice, and a hand was waved to them as the car turned to the boulevard.

Then the mist swallowed it.

"Holy Mither of God Protect Us! Holy Mary, Mother of God, Have Mercy on Our Souls. . . Holy Mary, Mither of God. . ." Lannigan, quaking and jabbering against the iron gates, alternately crossing himself and clasping his hands, shaking against each other, at his breast. . . "Mac, did ye see it? Holy Mary, Mither of God . . . Good Saint Patrick . . . he spoke to us, Mac . . . did ye hear him? God Save Us All . . . and he's dead, Mac . . . Holy Saint Patrick and All the Saints be wid us this night . . . 'twas his ghost . . . the ghost of Dwight Hardell . . . Holy Mary Look Down on Us Miserable Sinners . . ."

But MacDougal was not listening. Striding like one sleep-walking, he pushed past Lannigan and entered his little office. Amazement had numbed and dumbed him. Habit took hold of his motor centers, and caused him to bend over his time book, and make an entry. . .

"Franz Seibert and Dwight Hardell out at 12.17 A. M." was what he wrote there.

"Holy Mither . . . what are ye doin' now?" came the whimpering voice of Lannigan. Like a small boy he had pushed after MacDougal, crowding close against him . . . grateful for the touch of his big body. MacDougal dropped the stub of his pencil, and turned a strange face to the Irishman.

"Yon's dead," he said, pointing to the last entry . . . "dead this long time . . ."

Blue eyes stared into beady black ones.

"But you saw them drive out?" he finished.

Lannigan nodded violently.

"You heard him talk?"

**A**ND again Lannigan nodded. "That I did!" He stood a moment staring, then he grabbed at his time clock, tearing it off him.

"'Tis through I am! 'Tis bad enough whin a man's murdered and ye have to go walking past the spot ivery night . . . but whin his ghost comes ridin' after ye . . . ridin' right under yer nose, and calls out to ye . . . I'm through! Not another minnit do I stay in this haunted place . . . not another minnit! What wid banshees and ghosts, and thim talkin', 'tis more than I can put up wid . . ."

The big Scotchman caught him as he was sneaking past.

"No you don't, Lannigan! You're going to stay right here until we get this thing settled!" He shook the night watchman savagely. "Why did you come here and tell me there wasn't anybody on the lot the night?"

"Let go, ye black murtherin' divil! And don't ye put words in me mouth, ayther! 'Twas yerself as said there was nobody on the lot this night, bad cess to ye!"

"Stop evading me! I said nobody came through the gate this night! What were you doing when you were supposed to be making the rounds, that you didn't know what was going on back there?"

"And evadin' is it? Let go me arrum and ye'll not think I'm evadin' ye, for I'll bust ye one on the phyz that'll take ye the rist of yer life in the pinnintinary to ferget, ye bog trotter!"

MacDougal shook the squirming Lannigan.

"Don't lie to me!" he roared. "Why didn't you tell me somebody was on the back lot?"

"I'm not lyin' to ye, ye scut! How the Hell could he be on the back lot, or anywheres else but his grave, will ye tell me that? He's dead, ye great dumbhead!"

"That's right. He's dead . . ." said the Scotchman slowly. "There's something back of this!" He picked up the Irishman bodily and set him in the gatehouse, and then closed and locked the door on him. From there he went to the phone booth.

"Get me Mr. Rosenthal's house . . . Rosenthal of Superior Films."

But Rosenthal was not at home. At the very moment he was pouring a pair of glasses full from a choice bottle, whose habitual resting place was a wall cabinet back of the smiling pictured face of Yvonne Beaumont.

"Here's to Halland, the dummy, and the ventriloquist!" he said, raising his glass.

"Here's to Abraham Rosenthal, president of Superior Films, and a second Sherlock Holmes," smiled Smith. It was a compliment the president never forgot.

### CHAPTER XIX

**R**OSENTHAL and Smith were both at the studio early next morning . . . neither one having slept, but having feverishly waited the dawn, and the final act of the drama they had precipitated. When the detective walked into the president's private office, he had a round tin box under his arm. Rosenthal's eyes watched his movements curiously as he laid the box down on the desk, then they raised to Smith's face . . . but the latter said only, "Tell you later," and Rosenthal had to be content with that. The detective added:

"Have you got all that other stuff ready?"

"Ach, yes!" exclaimed Rosenthal with anxious eagerness. "It iss in the vault . . . safe under lock and key!"

Smith nodded.

"Can't take any chances . . . a slip now . . . and all would be lost! Now, how soon can I get this," and he tapped the tin box with the tips of his long fingers . . . "developed and a print made?"

"Two . . . three hours. Vat iss it?"

"Rosey, I wouldn't tell my own grandmother what . . . I firmly believe this to be! I'm not going to trust your 'lab' people, either! This is a job for the superintendent himself . . . behind locked doors! And I'm going to stay right with him . . . my pistol cocked for trouble! You phone him I'm coming over to put this in the soup. I don't want to have to get rough with him if he tries to high-hat me!"

"SURE, sure. I phone him. But really I would like very much to know vat iss in there! I am all goose pimples vid curiosity already!"

"You just 'goose-pimple' all you want and rest your curiosity . . . sorry, but I haven't time to explain. Here's a list of names. I want all these people in your private projection room at four this afternoon. Tell the gateman and office boy to let in Clancy and Ryan with their party . . . no questions asked. See that the operator who runs the stuff this afternoon keeps his mouth shut. Tell him if I hear a sound out of him, or if he lets anyone in the projection room I'll half kill him. Then you take Ryan with you when you get that stuff out of the vault, and you get it *yourself* . . . see? Got all that?"

"Sure, sure," commenced the president amiably, then, realizing Smith was in the way of giving him orders in his own office, he drew himself up stiffly and amended, "Certainly" in his coolest executive tone.

Smith leaned down and patted the fat shoulder affectionately.

"No time for ceremony. No offense meant. I'm on my way to the 'lab' . . . better phone your man . . ." and he was gone, the tin box clamped firmly against his side under his left arm . . . his right hand in his pocket. Rosenthal glared after him, lips outthrust, then with a shrug and a weary sigh, he pulled the telephone towards him. . .

"Ach Gott! Vill ve effer get rid of this dirty business and start making pictures again?" he asked of the galaxy of pictured faces about him. They smiled their famous smiles at him reassuringly, but he was not so easily rid of his resentment against the detective.

"I would not be so close-mouthed, even vid my Rachel!" he muttered into the receiver. The switchboard girl had to ask him three times for the department he wanted.

IN the dim, half-light of Rosenthal's private projection room was gathered the little group made up of those persons having had a part in the Hardell murder case. They did not know why they were there. Minds were nervously speculating, while bodies attempted vainly to compose themselves at ease. Sighs . . . escaped pent breaths . . . jerking muscles . . . the scraping of feet and creaking of chairs . . . all spoke their unrest . . . together with the mental chaos from fear-tensed brains, that sent unseen vibrations clashing through the atmosphere.

West, haggard-eyed, his dark hair swept distraughtly across his brow. Yvonne, pale . . . a trembling that was not the old joyous, tip-toe verve, in the agitated movements of her slender body. They avoided each other, save when they turned to lock their eyes in an occasional long and questioning agony. Mac-Dougal, grim and silent, and Lannigan darting his bright, beady little eyes furtively upon him.

Serge, wrapped in that remoteness which makes Americans hunt for descriptive words, and finally say briefly, "foreign." Beth Mac-Dougal, a pitiful huddled little figure . . . all the impudent dash of her comedy days gone . . . an apology in her manner.

Apart from the rest, immaculate, sitting in unshakable dignity, was Seibert. He toyed

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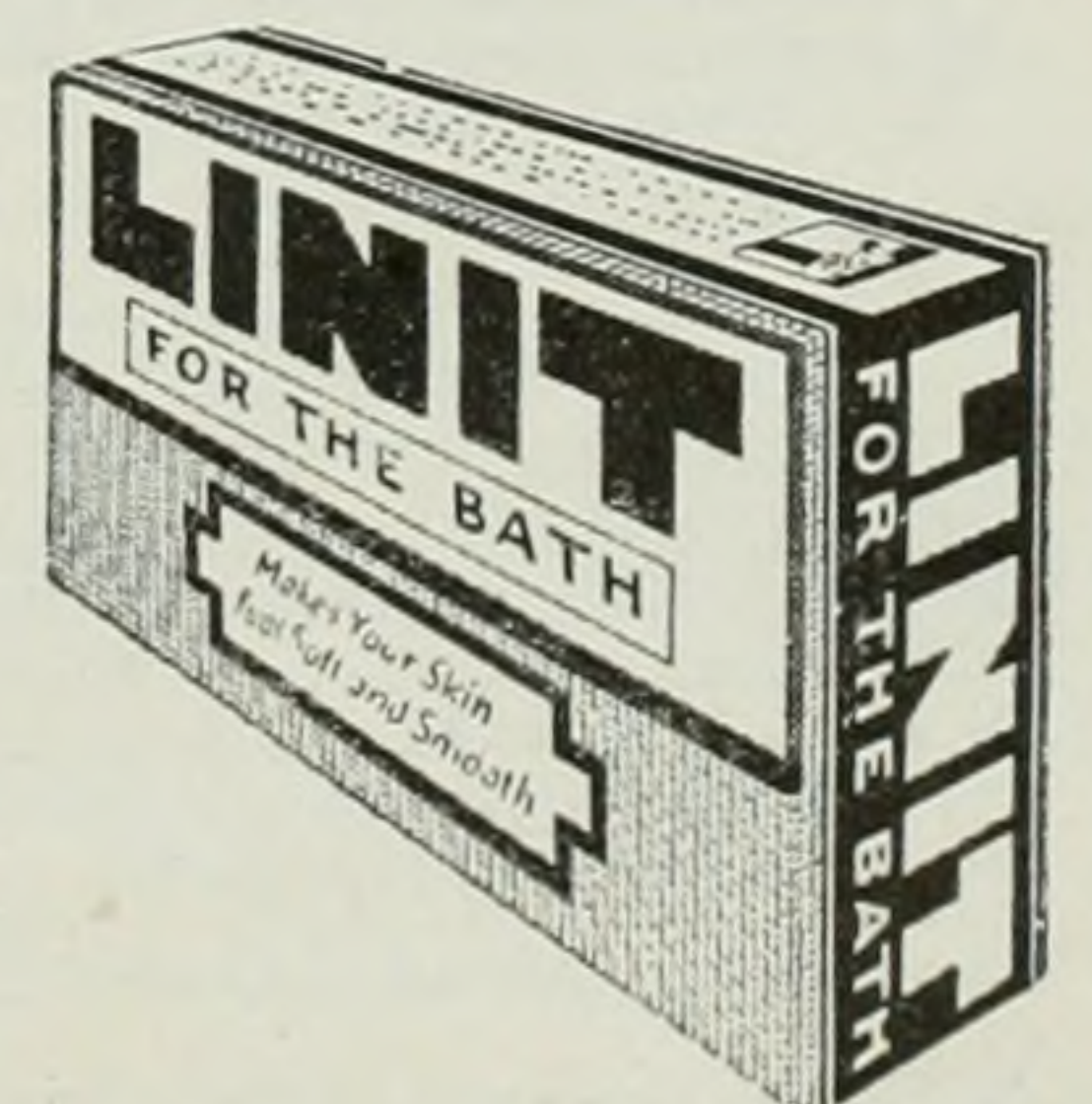
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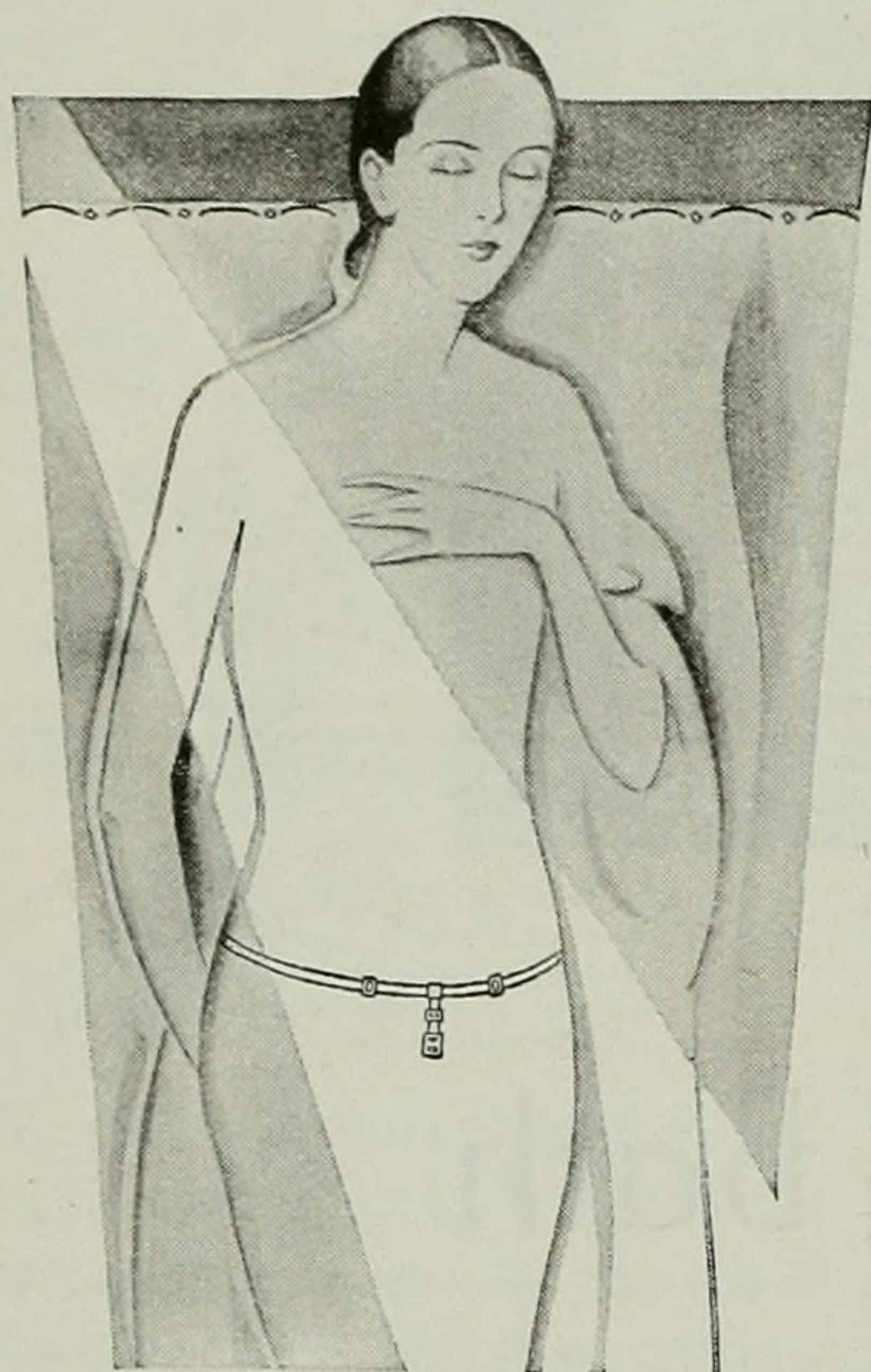
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with his monocle . . . his eyes fixed upon some mind-picture of his own . . . apparently he was oblivious to the situation and its significance. He was not enough aware of it apparently to be bored!

Clancy slipped into a seat directly behind Beth MacDougal, and Ryan seated himself beside Billy West. Two plain clothes men posted themselves by the door, and stepped aside with a brief gesture of respect when Rosenthal and Smith entered.

ROSENTHAL, not looking to right or left, went directly to the front row, and Captain Smith faced the others in the room from a position beside him. For a few seconds there was silence as he let his gaze encompass them. Then he said:

"I have asked you here, because each one of you has in some manner been brought into the murder investigation of Dwight Hardell. Three of you confessed to killing him. I am going to show you now, in the medium familiar to you all . . . motion pictures . . . just how he was killed. . . according to the evidence now in my hands. Mr. Rosenthal and I have endeavored to duplicate in pictures what I believe happened the night of Hardell's death. I think the titles will be self-explanatory." He stopped to allow for smothered exclamations . . . for them to accustom themselves to this surprise so that they might get sensibly the full import of his words. Then he said with slow emphasis,

"Our little scenario begins on the set on Stage Six where Hardell was found . . . dead.

"As you all know, Mr. Seibert and Hardell made a final rehearsal there that night. We are starting with that rehearsal. The rôle of Seibert is played by Mr. Halland, whose wizardry at make-up you all know. Hardell is played by a 'heavy' made up by Mr. Halland to impersonate the murdered man. I want you all to remain absolutely quiet . . . no matter what happens. Understand? *You are going to see exactly what happened that night! How Dwight Hardell was murdered!*"

"You mean, Mr. Smith, how *you believe* he was murdered . . . Am I not correct?" It was Serge, leaning indolently back in his tilted chair, who spoke.

Smith ignored him. Raising his voice to the operator, who was peering curiously from his cubbyhole in the rear, he called:

"All set?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Let's go!"

A sizzling hiss, and then the white beam of light illumining the screen; the flickering of the leader strip, and then the title:

"MR. SEIBERT REHEARSING HARDELL FOR THE LAST CLOSE-UP THE NIGHT THE ACTOR WAS MURDERED."

On the screen, following this, came the now familiar set. In this, the actor's last drama, he lay prone in the position of the close-up in which he was to get over his last death agony in the story. Above him, leaning close, one hand gripping a dueling rapier, stood Seibert, portrayed by Halland. Anger and exasperation were expressed in every angle of his body. The watchers did not need the title

"AFTER HOURS OF DRILLING THE DIRECTOR STILL FAILS TO GET WHAT HE WANTS."

And now the director casts down his rapier furiously, and strides up and down, turning now and again to cast some withering remark at the actor, who stands in sullen immobility. Finally the former turns back, throws himself on the floor in the position desired, himself goes through the tortured writhings of the death scene. . .

ADRY chuckle made tensed nerves jump. It was Serge again. "Not so bad, Seibert! He has made of himself what the Americans would call a 'dead ringer' for you!"

"Quiet!" snapped Smith instantly. The film went on. Now a medium shot holding in the camera that was supposedly to have photographed the close-up, as well as the two

players. The director, rising from the floor, speaks to the actor, and once more the latter assumes the prostrate position. The director now steps to the camera and carefully removes the magazine, replacing it with another . . . with white-gloved fingers he slowly threads the film through the sprocket mechanism . . . then he turns and speaks to the actor, who nods understandingly. The supposedly dying man assumes an agonized expression . . . his extended hand tenses . . . his eyes roll back. . . The director watches a moment, then steps back to the camera and starts the motor that automatically grinds the film. Now, rapier in hand, he returns to the prone actor . . . urging him on to intensify his expression. To assist him in putting over a convincing scene, he leans over, pressing the rapier against his heart and pressing it slowly and unswervingly into the flesh beneath the satin waistcoat . . . and still the actor looks up, listening to each word from the director, making a desperate, earnest effort to give him what he wants . . .

Serge let his chair to the floor suddenly. Someone smothered a scream . . . Smith again snapped:

"Quiet!"

INEXORABLY . . . like the wheels of time itself . . . came the steady clicking from the projection room. Hearts thumped in rhythm . . . pulses raced . . . the suspense was strained to the bursting pitch . . . when the scene shifted to a close-up . . . Hardell with the rapier point over his heart . . . and then a sudden downward plunge of the steel . . . a flash into the scene of a white-gloved hand. . .

Smith's voice rose thunderously above the released tumult in the room.

"Keep your seats! You are now seeing Hardell in his actual death throes—Hardell, played by himself!"

On the screen the grim tragedy went on. Hardell, suddenly betrayed by one he trusted, with his soul shocked out of his body, was gazing piteously, wildly, out at the little handful of watchers who, incapable now of giving aid, must sit helpless and stunned as they watched the actual portrayal of his death. For a moment there seemed to be pleading in Hardell's eyes, a piteous appeal for help, and this was quickly followed by a look of terrible questioning, and of awful fear. Then came the ghastly jerking upward of his body as the rapier was withdrawn and then the body fell back in convulsive writhing.

"Oh, my God! My God! Stop it! Stop it!" Beth MacDougal sobbed. But the scene went on.

Hardell's features were now stiffening, the shoulders sagging, and his head rolled from side to side. Just as the body made its last movement, mercifully the scene was cut by the title:

AND SO HE DIED

The film stopped. In the darkness that followed before the switching on of the lights, no one saw Seibert's swift movement as he slipped a tiny white pellet from beneath an immaculate white glove and lifted it quickly to his lips. Seibert, the master of dramatic episode, director of action, of entrance and of exit, needed no prompter to tell him that his moment of exit had come. But he grimaced, ruefully, as he swallowed. After all, the last exit is not always easy. . .

"DON'T move, Seibert!" Smith barked. "You've been covered ever since you stepped in here. Lights! Lights, operator!"

The lights came on immediately, to show Smith standing, revolver in hand, and the white faces of the others with their eyes fixed upon Seibert. Fear of the man was loose in the room. They shrank from him, the while they stared at him wild-eyed.

Yvonne's voice rose in a little sobbing scream.

"Billee! Billee!"

West gathered her in his arms. They clung together. The grim MacDougal dropped his



face upon his cupped hands and the repressed quiver of his stern frame told its own story. Clancy's arm comforted Beth.

During the space of these happenings Seibert and Smith had held their positions, eyes fixed upon each other. Now Seibert arose, a little unsteady on his feet. The lights shone down into the cold depths of his strange blue eyes, revealing the last fanatical gleam he no longer had need to mask with a stare of cool insolence. He swept them all with that scintillant gaze and started forward.

"Don't move!" Smith warned.

Seibert laughed, mirthlessly. "You will remember, Mr. Smith, that I once said, 'I yield to the inevitable only!' I am no fool. I know when—when I am cornered." He stopped, and plainly labored for breath. Beads of sweat were gathering on his upper lip and brow. "No, I am not the fool! It is you—" he turned and his eyes played like tongues of fire over the little group, "it is you who are the fools—the imbeciles—the cowards! Here, protected by the law, you are afraid of me! I feel your fear. You think I am—insane. You think me a crazy director—capable of doing anything—to amuse, to entertain more fools like yourselves."

HE stopped, gasped, and made a futile, wild, up-flung motion of his gloved hands.

"And yet—fools that you are—you defeated me! What—what matter the price of success? It is the price—of—failure that is—bitter!"

He fumbled for his cane, attempted to bow, punctilious to the last, and failing, sagged back into his chair and slid to the floor.

Smith knelt beside him and felt of his heart, making sure that it had stopped. From that position, he spoke:

"Mr. Seibert has just committed suicide. In so doing he escaped hanging. His last act was an admission of his guilt. You have just been witnesses of the actual picture of his crime. Yet, if there is doubt in any of your minds I will answer any questions. Are there any?"

"Gott, yes! That close-up. Vere did you get it? Ve did not shoot that!" Rosenthal exclaimed, speaking what was in all of their minds.

"Seibert shot it. Just before committing the murder he started the motor driven camera. Doubtless he told the weary Hardell that they would try the scene once more and that he would make a test shot of it. I suppose he intended to use the actual death of Hardell in the picture instead of the usual substitution."

"You're wrong there, Smith," said Serge, quietly. "He never shot that for the picture that we would release. I thought there was something behind his kick about the stuff we got that afternoon, for I never shot better stuff in my life—and he knew it. Where did you get that film?"

"I started hunting for it immediately after I got his palm prints from the camera. I was convinced then of what he had done. But you have not answered my question. What did he want that picture for?"

"He was a member of a half dozen occult societies. Crazy, every one of them, just as he was crazy. He wanted that film to send to some of his fellow students in one of those secret societies. They study the occult, the question of life after death, and the question of what takes place when a soul leaves the body. They are all nuts, and they even pledge their lives to what they call 'the cause.' When they fail, they do what he did. Huh! And he called us fools." Serge hesitated and gave a dry chuckle. "Well, he was right about me. I'll wager that film was the one I saw in his desk drawer. I even picked it up once and asked him if he didn't want it developed. Can you feature it!"

"LIKE many criminals, he thought the obvious place the safest," Smith said. "Any other questions?"

"Sure, and there is that," spoke up Lannigan. "Maybe you'll be after tellin' me how I saw Hardell ride past me *after* he was murdered.



## does your mirror say "powder" or "beauty"

*If only powder were magic! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness, to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder"*

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just soft, powdery beauty without the slightest hint of chalky appearance, and your intelligence will grasp the reason. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky effect. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says "Powder" and it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the undesirable chalky appearance.

Such ingredients are banished from Princess Pat. Precious almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness there is softness. The very feel is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, and touches the surface of your skin with a delicate powdery bloom.

Now then! After you have powdered what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually yet surely. Usual powders become patchy and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the almond in Princess Pat powder has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by almond. Thus distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer disturbed nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This almond in Princess Pat, giving untold powdery beauty, likewise assures you a fine-textured skin, the oil glands never sealed, never choked, never distended. If already distended Princess Pat gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without an artificial look that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat for make-up of more than natural beauty. Of course, though, the added virtue of *improved skin texture* is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the "drawer" box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

**FREE** Send for a generous free sample of Princess Pat almond base face powder in purse size enameled box. Plenty for a thorough test.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.  
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-565, Chicago

Check shade you prefer  Olde Ivory  Flesh  
 White  Brunette  Ochre  Mauve

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

### PRINCESS PAT PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.



## Dust your bath on

**H**ERE is new luxury in deodorants—  
a caressing powder that dusts on  
like an imported talc and assures fresh  
daintiness—even when you have no  
time for a bath!

**Deodo! Thorough, never-failing! It**  
instantly neutralizes and absorbs all body  
odors! No danger of the offensive odor  
of perspiration, all day long!

Use it every day! Simply dust it freely  
over your body. Rub it under the arms.  
It is soothing and healthful to the skin.  
Never seals the pores. Never injures  
clothing. Affords perfect protection when  
dusted on sanitary napkins. Excellent for  
dusting into the shoes or over feet.

At leading drug and department stores,  
Only 50 cents for large size container.



## Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're  
always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth.  
Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better  
than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-  
forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed  
with olive oil that drives out constipation,  
cleanses the system, removes the cause of  
pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use  
for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleas-  
ing results. Know them by their olive color.  
At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

**Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS**

"Twas with me own eyes I saw him, and with  
me own ears I heard him spake."

Smith smiled. "To quote Mr. Rosenthal,"  
he answered, "in pictures we can do anything.  
We can make a dummy look like a live man  
and a live man look like a dummy. Seibert  
took the dummy, made up to look exactly like  
Hardell, propped it up in the seat of his car  
and drove out. But the dummy did not  
speak. It was Seibert, mimicking Hardell's  
voice, who spoke to you."

"Holy Mary, Mother of—"

**R**OSENTHAL lifted himself ponderously  
from his chair. "Ve vill shut the studio for  
the day. I must telephone my Rachel. I  
must telephone—"

Smith slapped him affectionately on the  
back. "Don't get nervous now, Rosie. It's  
all over and—"

"Offer! It's all offer, iss it? And me half

crazy, my Rachel half crazy, and half the  
world blaming me for haffing a murder com-  
mitted on my lot! Gott of Abraham!" he  
moaned. "Gott of Abraham! Vat a viper that  
Seibert was! Vat a viper I took to my bosom!"

THE END

**T**HE judges in "The Studio  
Murder Mystery" contest are  
examining the thousands of solu-  
tions submitted in the PHOTO-  
PLAY competition.

It is hoped that a full announce-  
ment of the winners can be made  
in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY,  
out May 15th. Every effort will be  
made toward this end. Watch the  
June number for this important an-  
nouncement.

## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

A moving camera was used frequently, run-  
ways, inclines and movable platforms being  
built for the purpose. The group believes that  
all censorship difficulties in filming the Dance  
of the Seven Veils were overcome by placing  
the camera on a movable platform overhead.

All of the scenes were interiors and 16,000  
watts were used in lighting the sets. Pan-  
chromatic film and a f3.5 lens were used  
throughout. The sets were flats, constructed  
of wall paper and then painted with conven-  
tionalized designs. A cyclorama background  
was used briefly. The designs on the costumes  
were painted. The film was developed and  
printed in the club's laboratory and a 16 milli-  
meter reduction print was made. The cast  
numbered nineteen and the direction was in the  
hands of John D. d'Ippolito. Roy C. Ehrhardt  
handled the camera.

**T**HE Undergraduate Motion Pictures of  
Princeton University completed "Destiny"  
for the PHOTOPLAY contest. In production the  
atmospheric introduction first planned had to  
be discarded to allow for longer story footage.  
A moving camera was used liberally in relating  
this story, which is a melodrama tale of a crime  
passionelle committed because of mistaken  
evidence.

**T**HE Amherst Movie Club has been formed  
at Amherst College under the leadership of  
Kenneth M. Hickey.

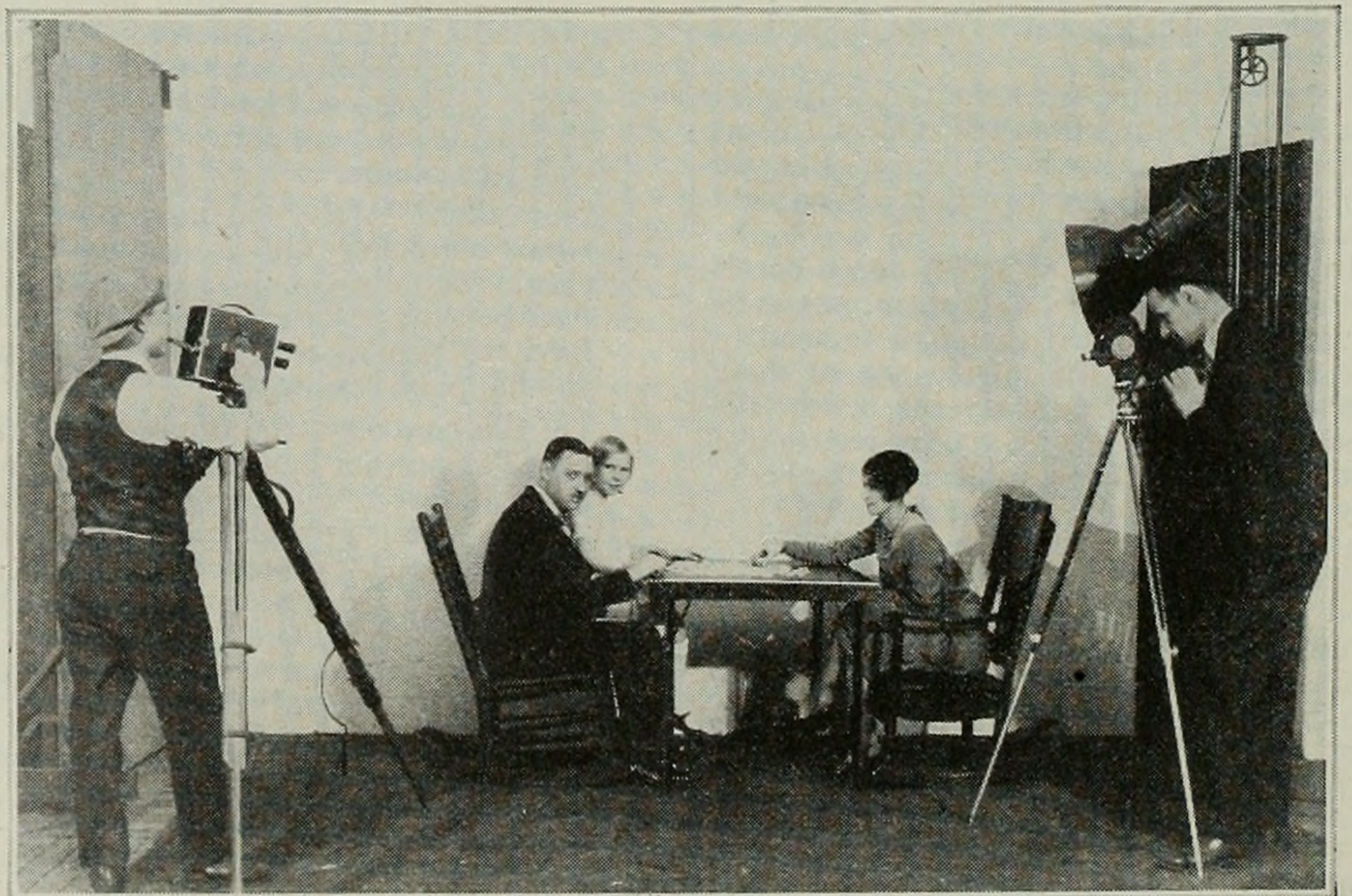
The group is at work on a story as yet  
untitled.

Thirty-five amateurs attended the organiza-  
tion meeting of the Movie Makers' Club of  
Springfield, Ill., recently.

Elizabeth Harrison Coke was selected for the  
feminine lead in "The Highest Degree," being  
produced by the College Topics Productions  
of the University of Virginia. Edward Lee has  
the comedy rôle.

**A**T the organization meeting of the New  
York City Amateur Motion Picture Club  
Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of Mammals  
and Reptiles of the New York Zoological  
Park, was chosen president; Countess de  
Montagny and James V. Martindale vice-  
presidents and Britten Runyon secretary-treas-  
urer.

Together with these officers, the board of  
directors numbers: Mrs. William Barclay  
Parsons, Jr., George Lister Carlisle, Jr., J. Gerry  
Dobbins, Professor Carl Louis Gregory, Herbert  
C. McKay, P. G. B. Morriss and Colonel Roy  
W. Winton, managing director of the Amateur  
Cinema League.



"Picture Puzzles" was made by the Motion Picture Division of the  
Cleveland Photographic Society. It shows the devastating effect  
on a household of a puzzle craze

# Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 ]

## The Boon of the Talkies

Okmulgee, Okla.

Some of the features of the Talkies as I see them are as follows:

- a. They will give us real acting by real actors rather than a series of close-ups of pretty faces and figures.
- b. They will help to Americanize movies, thus excluding "Foreign Finds," who are not even American citizens.
- c. They will afford excellent musical accompaniment by good orchestras.
- d. Instead of wondering what is actually said we can now hear the exact dialogue of the stars.
- e. Talkies will give many fans a chance to see and hear the world's greatest stage favorites and other notables that they might never have seen otherwise.
- f. They will provide a greater choice in movie entertainment as to whether it shall be silent or Talkie.
- g. And last but not least, there will be no written titles for the Ladies to read to the children. This will also eliminate much of the eye-strain from hurried reading.

MINOR HORTON.

## A Hint to Professors

Phoenix, Arizona.

I am a student in a small college where dormitory girls are forbidden to attend the theater on school nights and Sunday nights and are more or less frowned upon for attending on Friday and Saturday nights. Hence, as an alternative, you see them stationed in shaded nooks about the campus with the boy friends.

And yet, when the so-called Educational Picture, "The Road to Ruin" was shown, the girls were excused from their afternoon classes to attend the special matinee and all of the matrons were there and enjoyed the picture. This, to me, was positively repulsive while nine out of ten of the ordinary pictures booked are far more upliftingly educational and far more inspirational.

I will admit, of course, that there are many pictures released that are not worth seeing but if college faculties would cooperate with college-town theater managers they could offer the students good pictures (I have seen many this last year) with an added profit to the theater manager, a profit to the faculty in spirit and loyalty from the students, and certainly a profit to the students in giving them some place to go and something to do besides parking in dark corners.

ALICE ANN SMITH.

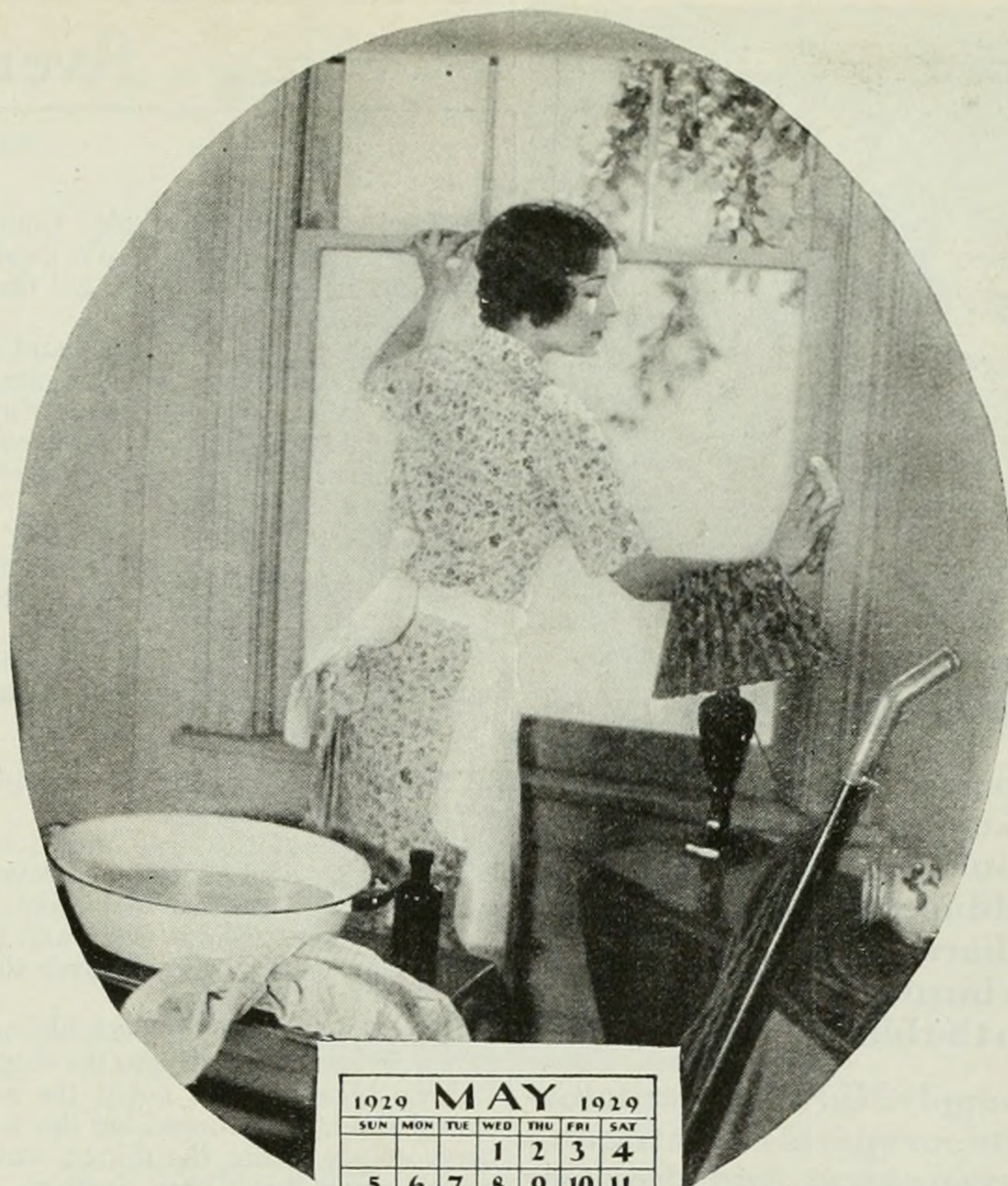
## Not So Uninteresting!

Arlington, Texas.

If allowed a few words in your columns I will be very pleased. First I will say that I would like to know if the Gilbert-Garbo pictures are supposed to be entertainment or are they instructions in the fine art of love making and necking. I mention the above stars but there are others that appear in very similar and uninteresting pictures. Give us pictures with a real story in it. Most of the stars are capable if given a real rôle to play.

I would also like to know if the censors are dead. There is too much vulgarity in lots of the productions. I have seen a good many that I wouldn't want a mother or sister of mine to see. But I suppose that can't be helped. The producers have to keep up with the modern age to the fullest extent. I just wonder what a motion picture will be like twenty-five years from now.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.



1929		MAY						1929	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
			1	2	3	4			
5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18			
19	20	21	22	23	24	25			
26	27	28	29	30	31				

# This is "Lysol" time

**T**HIS is the time when we let in the fresh air and sunshine and disinfect the house and its furnishings after another winter.

It is "Lysol" time. Scrubbing the floors and woodwork with soap and water, beating the rugs and hangings—no matter how thoroughly you do it—cannot kill the germs which lurk everywhere to do their deadly work.

These germs, the carriers of the common diseases every housewife dreads most, must be killed with a strong disinfectant. "Lysol" Disinfectant is as essential at house cleaning time as soap and water. Protect

your home with "Lysol" Disinfectant, insure it against sickness—as you make it look clean.

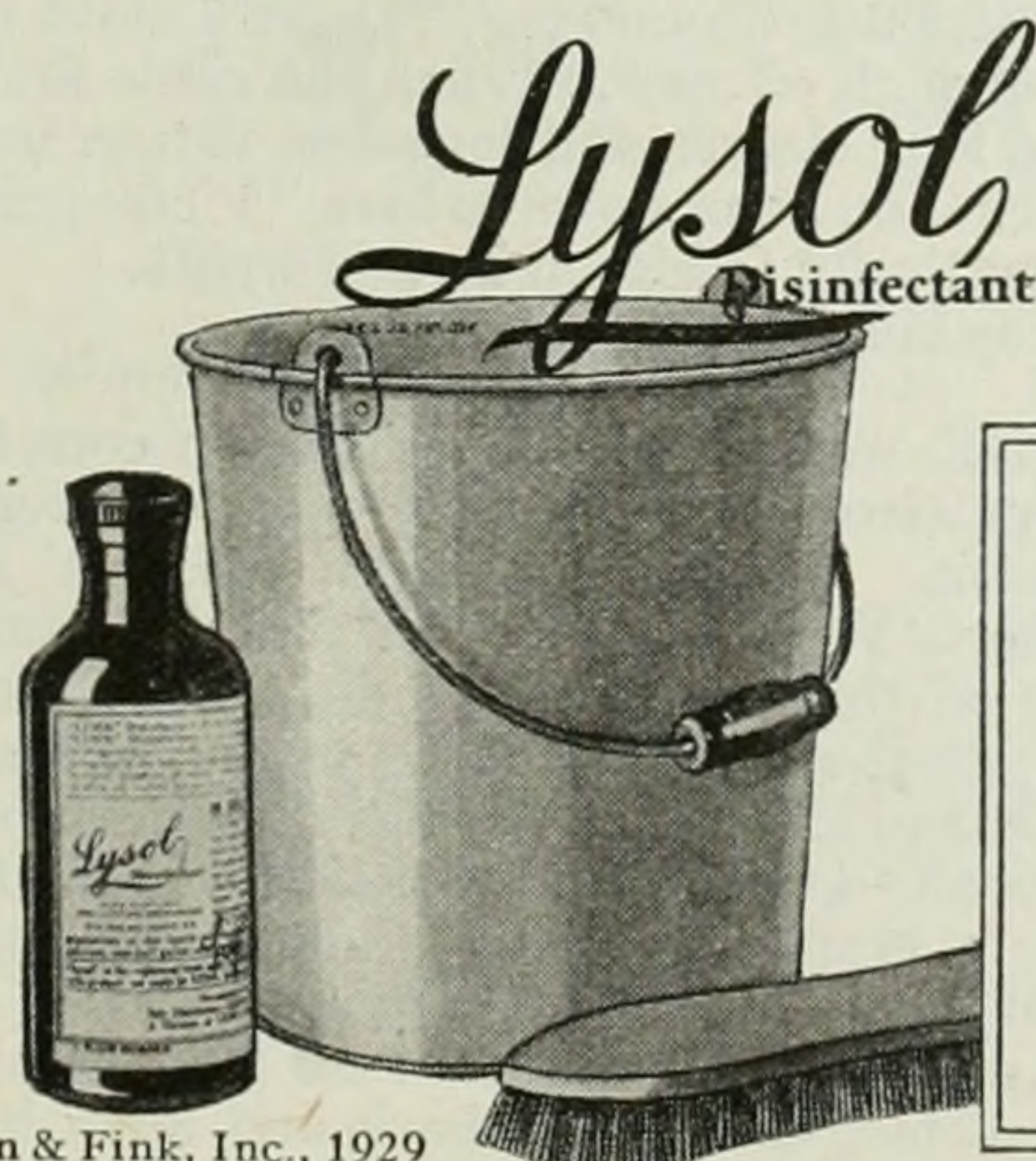
It is so easy to do this, just as easy as cleaning in your usual way. Simply add a tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to each quart of your cleaning water, and proceed exactly as you would with plain soap and water. That's all.

Get the "Lysol" habit, it is easy to form. Send for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases." Keep it for constant reference. And buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Full directions come with every bottle.

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EYES



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Like all Old Town models, this craft is sturdily built, tough and durable, and remarkably easy to handle. There are Old Town boats and canoes for every use. Some priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 925 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

*“Old Town Boats”*

## Everything, But—

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

you hav' such a lucky break. Come in, now hurry an' get undress'. They're expectin' that this dress is feenish' by one, an' they tell me only wan hour ago."

Pierre caught Kay by the hand and drew her into the fitting room, which was resplendent in orchid taffeta and gold lace. Kay knew it well; she had modeled and had fitted all of the clothes that Delva Delova had worn in every picture for the past year.

"Oh, Pierre! I am just fainting with joy. Just think, I'm to do the whole garden sequence—with Martin Marrow!" She rolled her eyes ecstatically.

Pierre took a fluffy pink creation from the hanger and stood holding it out in front of him. "Come on now, be queek."

KAY slipped out of her dress, and adjusted her teddie and garters.

"No slip," Pierre fairly wailed in dismay. "Madam Deverois—Madam Deverois," he called excitedly into the work-room.

A shrill voice piped, "Oui," and Pierre lost himself in voluble French over the missing slip.

Kay sat on the edge of the table opposite the mirror, pressed her hair into the shape Madam Delova affected, then noted the result with approbation. She rouged her lips and walked languorously before the mirror, until Delova herself would have been deceived, so nearly did she imitate her.

Pierre returned with the slip, Madam Deverois followed carrying a lacey pink hat and a gay little purse, while the fitter with a tape measure, and bristling with pins, brought up at the rear. Pierre slipped the creation over Kay's exquisitely rounded shoulders, and stood off to get the effect.

"Do you ever see anything so beautiful in your life?" he demanded. "Mademoiselle vous etes charmante."

He pulled his shoulders on a level with his ears, "Why they should choos' that 'oman when they hav' a one like her, I cannot see." He turned to Madam Deverois appealingly.

Madam Deverois was looking at the dress. She rolled her eyes to the ceiling, and spread out her hands, as though imploring heaven to help her in this important decision.

Kay was embarrassed by their flattery. "You are a wonder, Pierre. The dress is glorious, simply exquisite. I have never modeled one so lovely. I do feel, though, that you have made the neck very low for an afternoon gown, and really too short; don't you think?"

"Thank you, Miss Kay, you are very sweet. Delova never give me credit for know' wan theeng." He stepped over, tried the suggested changes, agreed to them, then perched on the edge of the purple velvet couch to superintend the alterations.

"You know what is the trouble," he confided to her, while Madam and the fitter worked industriously around her, "Delva Delova can't get enough off now. When she come firs' she have long sleeves and long legs cotton underwear. You know down to here," Pierre pointed dramatically to his ankles and wrists.

Kay laughed gaily.

"SHE wears a corset, an' such a corset, an' petticoat, an' cotton stocking'—pfaugh, a peasant. A what you say? a hick? an' I tell to her, 'You hav' so much that is beautiful, take off this clothes.' She did, Mon Dieu. I tell you she did. She comes in wan day to get fitted and she hav' leave everything excep' the dress off—everything. A little bit in the front longer, Madam Deverois, there, so. Now she wants the dresses cut off to nothing."

Kay sympathized with him. The alterations completed, she walked back and forth before

the mirror, imitating Delova's glide, her sleepy abstraction, and quick original gestures of her hands.

"Parfait," approved Pierre, "Mees Kay, you are the mos' lovely theeng, I have ever see."

PIERRE, the aloof untouchable Pierre was being really human. Kay beamed at him. "If I get my chance, I won't forget you."

She accepted his homage naturally. She, too, was thrilled by the exquisite dark little person in the fluffy pink, who stared out at her from the great mirror in its huge gilt frame. She allowed them to undress her, while she stood too overcome with excitement to fully realize what was going on. It gave her an added feeling of elation when she told him: "I shall be in Madam Delova's bungalow; you'll have the costume sent there, please."

"An' I'm weeshin' you luck," he told her as he followed her to the door.

"And I'm thanking you," she laughed happily.

She walked slowly across the lot to the bungalow, the dressing room of the untouchable Delva Delova, which she had never been invited to enter. She had watched the directors and officials enter and leave, starting or finishing more or less important, but always lengthy conferences. Meanwhile she, with the rest of the actors, musicians, assistant directors, script girl, electricians, carpenters, and the host of others who had something to do with the growth of the embryo picture, waited, or worked, or made up, or talked, under the green glare. They walked, stood, sat, or paced nervously, according to their temperaments, and the facilities at hand.

The garden set was appropriately spread out on the lawn in front of the studio. Great tin reflectors kept the light in, and kept the gaze of the curious motorists out. It was eleven-thirty. Since eight o'clock the place had been over-run with workmen, and 'atmosphere' made up ready to go on. The stunning thin girls in fluffy multi-colored garden party dresses, and the good looking young men in correct afternoon dress, with silk hats and canes, lived the parts of the people they were dressed to represent.

Some of the boys sauntered across the lawn jauntily swinging their canes, while groups of men and girls sat at the tables under the huge vivid umbrellas which dotted the lawn, playing cards, smoking and gossiping. Now and then a waiter, in a pink apron and pink dress shirt, wandered through the crowd. The result of their hours of waiting would be a flash across the screen, in which many of them would be only partly shown.

KAY crossed the set and reached the bungalow door. As she stood waiting for the attendant to open it, she was conscious of the temporary hush of voices, and could feel the inquisitive looks of those who stood within range of her.

It was hard to carry off her entrance without a little swagger. She realized that everybody had noticed how Delova ignored her. Now that she was actually entering the portals of her sanctum, she knew that they would be guessing a dozen reasons—all wrong.

She stepped into the ornate place a little timidly. It was the last word in luxury. There was a long living room, which served also as the dining room, with a dressing room and bath leading off, and the kitchen at the rear. She had never seen such an array of useless paraphernalia as cluttered up the dressing room. The mirrors which covered the walls were festooned with garlands of roses and the windows were covered by three tiers of velvet drapes. Ornate furniture, gay satin pillows

and dolls, lamps and ash stands, crowded each other.

Kay pushed aside the curtains to let in the air, and cleared a place on the littered dressing table for her makeup box. While taking off her hat the bell rang. The woman, who was to act as dresser, was admitted. She had not time to say a word to her, the telephone rang. The office told her that the director, the head projectionist, and the production manager, Mr. Mortimer, would be in for luncheon at twelve-thirty. They were sending a Filipino cook over.

SHE had just stepped into the sunken green tile bath, when the dresser came in to tell her that there was a photographer waiting to take some pictures. They were to accompany an interview titled, "Between Scenes." It had been written for one of the leading motion picture magazines. The deadline for the pictures was long past. Delva Delova had never felt in the mood to have them taken; now would Miss Kay mind?

It was all a part of the game to Kay; she agreed graciously. When she had finished her bath, she was surprised to see the dresser hold a flame colored satin negligee for her to put on.

"Sure, put it on," she said as Kay hesitated. "I found it in the closet. Why not wear her clothes as long as you are supposed to be her?"

Kay put it on musingly. So Delva Delova hadn't taken her clothes. The realization went through her like a pain. But the officials were so positive that she had quit them cold; they must have been sure before they called her in to take Delova's place. The thought relieved her somewhat, but the depression she had felt for a moment remained.

She made up carefully, then glided into the living room, selected the most flattering deep couch, took a long Russian cigarette from the silver box on the table at her side, struck a typically Delovian pose,—and waited for the photographer.

It was two-fifteen and Kay was tired out. She put the skirt of her costume over the back of her chair and closed her eyes. So much excitement in one day was much too much. The door bell rang and the Filipino boy, who had come to act as butler and had stayed as general factotum, returned carrying a huge basket of flowers. A card bearing goodluck greetings from the officials, director, and co-star, dangled from the handle. Kay received it without enthusiasm. She had had so much adulation in the past few hours, that she couldn't fully appreciate it. Tomorrow, perhaps. She closed her eyes again. Everyone wanted to do something for her; she was embarrassed by all of the attention and flattery. No wonder stars took on airs, they couldn't help it; it was expected of them.

SHE couldn't relax. Over and above all, the thought of Martin Marrow kept flashing through her dizzy mind. How charming he had been to her; so kind and considerate when he had shown her how Madam Delova did certain exits with him. How different from what she had imagined him. He had never spoken to her off the set before. His eyes had been only for Delova, some even said—but never mind, now she would have his whole attention through the whole garden fete. The chief had praised her poise and intelligence, but he—he had smiled into her eyes. The very memory suffocated her.

She was aroused by the bell. The Filipino boy came back.

"They are ready on the set, Miss Kay," he said in precise English.

She retouched her makeup, put on her lovely hat, fell into a languorous pose, and swept out of the door. As soon as she appeared in the garden, everyone turned to look at her. She knew the word had spread that she was to take Delova's place.

The director, Duke Webster, actually arose as she approached and greeted her by clapping his hands. It was one man applause, and he

Dorothy Gray



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P. 5-29

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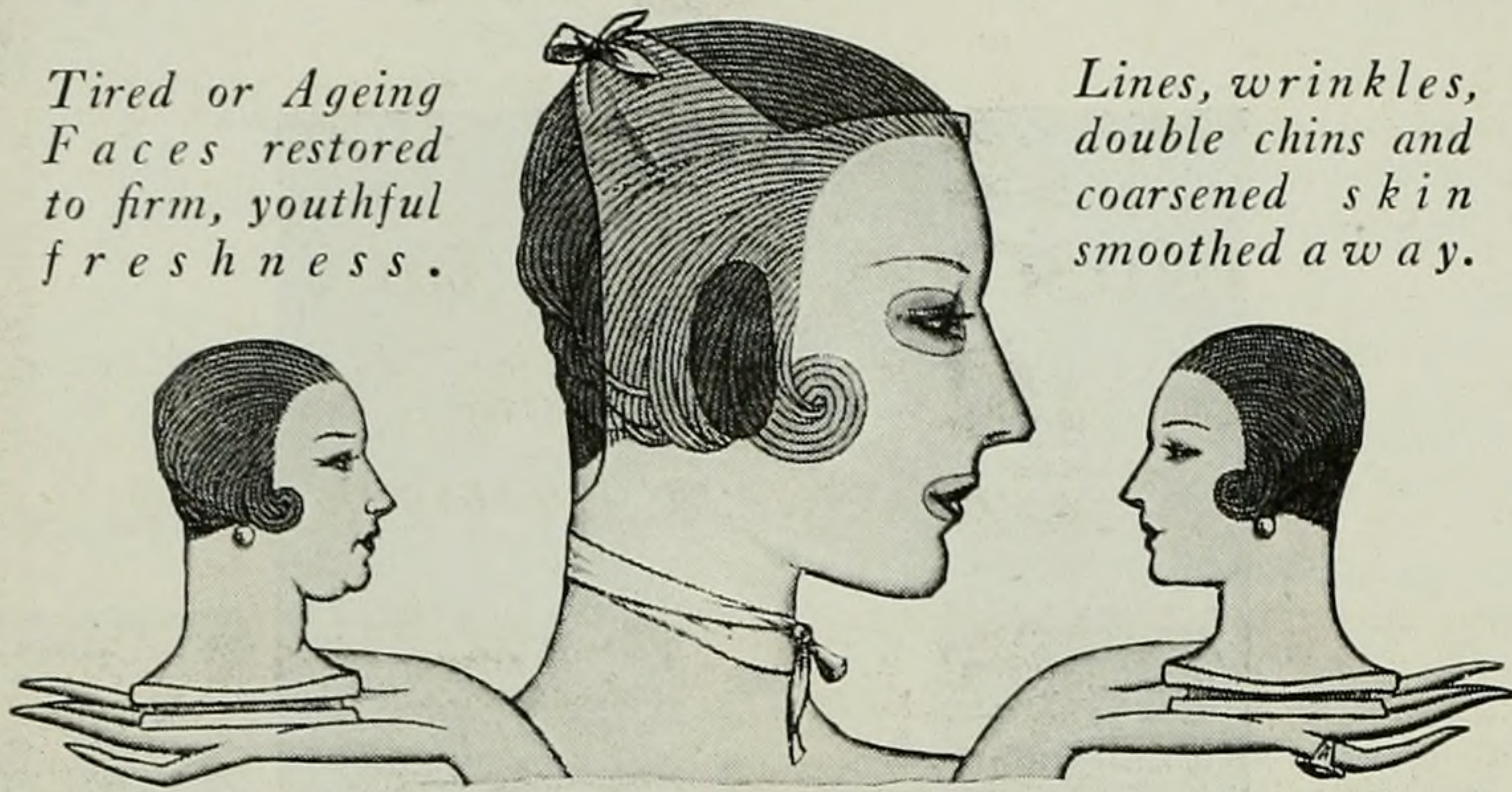
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meant it only for effect, but she blushed prettily.

"You look glorious," he said cordially. "Now, Miss Brady, you and Mr. Marrow are to have this scene together. This is the short, but important scene, I explained so fully to you at luncheon. It follows, without break, the scene Madam Delova had completed before she left; and leads up to the sequence which we will take later today."

HIS forced amiability didn't deceive Kay. "Yes, I remember," she said brightly.

He stepped closer to her, "You must realize that I am most anxious to put this picture over," he told her confidentially. "I didn't have a chance to tell you at luncheon before the others, but the powers that be are watching this one. If it goes over, I get what I've been working years for."

"I appreciate your position, Mr. Webster, and you can count upon me. When I spoke to the chief this morning, he assured me, that if I go over the way he expects me to in this picture, they will give me a chance on my own. So you see, I am anxious too."

He seemed relieved somewhat. "We shall both get there," he said solemnly. It was serious business for him.

Martin Marrow joined them.

"Oh, I say, will you please go through this scene with Miss Brady, Martin?"

Kay and Martin came between the little tables, wound in and out of the gay crowd, until they were close to the camera, keeping in the same tempo as the music off stage. He was meeting her for the first time; he was losing his heart to her; he looked deep into her eyes and registered happy surrender. She met his glance coolly, almost disinterestedly. The waiter passed with a tray of tall glasses, full of ginger ale and cubes of clinking ice, that reflected the powerful light. She looked archly over the top of her glass with maddening provocation. He raised his glass and drank a silent, but very eloquent toast to her, while Duke Webster coached and corrected each bit of business. After they had repeated the scene five times, they tried it with the lights.

"I'm sorry, Miss Brady, but you must be your own 'stand in' girl this time."

Kay laughed, "I shan't mind if you will call me 'Kay'; the Miss Brady is so formal, besides you call Mr. Marrow, Martin."

"All right—Kay—how's that?"

"And may I call you 'Kay' too?" Martin bent just a delicious trifle toward her.

Kay was lost in ecstasy, "Please do," she managed to say.

"NOW just once more. When you come between the last two tables, pause a little longer. Look up at him with a little more interest—Kay—let him see that you are impressed. Unbend a bit more, Martin; you are leaving your sweetheart for her, remember. Kay, you are doing this beautifully, really. Now ready."

The music started, the lights blazed and everybody became suddenly animated.

At last they were ready to shoot. Kay's knees shook a little, but she was elated. She was doing something that really counted. Heretofore she had stepped out of the scene when it was ready to be shot, and all of her work was lost as far as the audience was concerned. She knew that she was putting more verve, more real sparkle into this scene than Delova would have done; and she could feel that her fellow actors were as happy over it as she. Delva Delova was unpopular; her arrogance was insufferable.

"All set," called Webster to the head camera man. The head electrician blew a shrill whistle, immediately the lights blazed out. The music off stage took up the same tune all over again. The animated groups at the tables and those walking through the garden, laughed, chatted, and raised glasses, with a gusto that would have deceived any onlooker. The four cameras ground mercilessly.

Kay put her whole soul into that minute. She was elusive and impulsive by turns; after a flashing smile, she suddenly became un-touchably distant. Martin played up to her, so that the finale over the glasses was a little masterpiece.

THE whistle blew sharply. The lights snapped off. The music stopped in the middle of the bar. The scene was over.

When Kay walked off the set toward Duke Webster, everyone turned to her and clapped. It was a touching ovation. She couldn't believe that it was for her until Webster told her to bow to them. She bowed stiffly, as though in a trance and smiled in their direction, but she saw them as a swimming blurred mass of color.

Duke Webster squeezed her hands appreciatively, "That's the stuff, little girl, now keep it up and we will have some picture."

"I'm giving the best that is in me," she told him.

The dresser had carried her make-up box over to the hotel lobby set. She walked over with Martin Marrow.

"You are a clever girl; Delva Delova herself couldn't have done that scene better."

"Thank you," she seemed to have touched the fringe of heaven. "With the encouragement you have given me, I should step into stardom, no less."

They both laughed. The groups of actors that they passed watched them enviously. It looked to them as though Kay had stepped into Delva Delova's rôle away from the set as well as upon it.

A little distance from the set, a corner of the stage had been screened off for the star's dressing room. Kay went in immediately, to change her makeup a little and to relax. She realized that she had been standing for over two hours. She was surprised to see the happy animated face that looked back at her from the mirror. She seemed wholly transformed.

"My dear, you sure look pretty," the dresser told her over her shoulder. "No wonder Martin Marrow's falling for you. Ain't he the handsome one though?"

Her question wasn't answered. There was a commotion on the set. Kay put her powder puff down and listened. "See what has happened, Mrs. Anderson." The dresser stepped outside of the screens. Kay heard her walk across the boards. A feeling of uneasiness came over her.

MRS. ANDERSON came in, a frightened look on her face. "It's Delva Delova, Miss Brady, she's come back."

Kay flew to the corner of the set, and saw Delva Delova talking angrily with Duke Webster. He seemed to be apologizing. As Kay watched, Jack Mortimer with Ben Milton and Ernest Blate, came on the set. Her heart sank. In the sickly greenish light their faces seemed to be leering at her.

The little group around Delova talked earnestly. They moved off the stage together. As they walked away, Martin Marrow joined them, and greeted Delva Delova with a warmth that made his gesture toward Kay seem like toleration. Kay walked to the door of the great stage and watched them across the lot, back through the garden set, until they reached the door of the bungalow.

Delva Delova had come back. No matter what she had done, hers was the big name, they would stand for her, they would even like her doing all of this.

After what seemed hours, the word came that they were to retake the garden scene. Mechanically she changed her makeup a little; the world seemed to have stopped utterly.

Mrs. Anderson watched her coldly. "I guess you won't be needin' me much longer, Miss Brady. It's too bad; I thought I'd have a steady job. You're nice to work for."

Kay tried to force a little smile; it was useless. "Thanks," she said miserably.

They walked across the now deserted hotel

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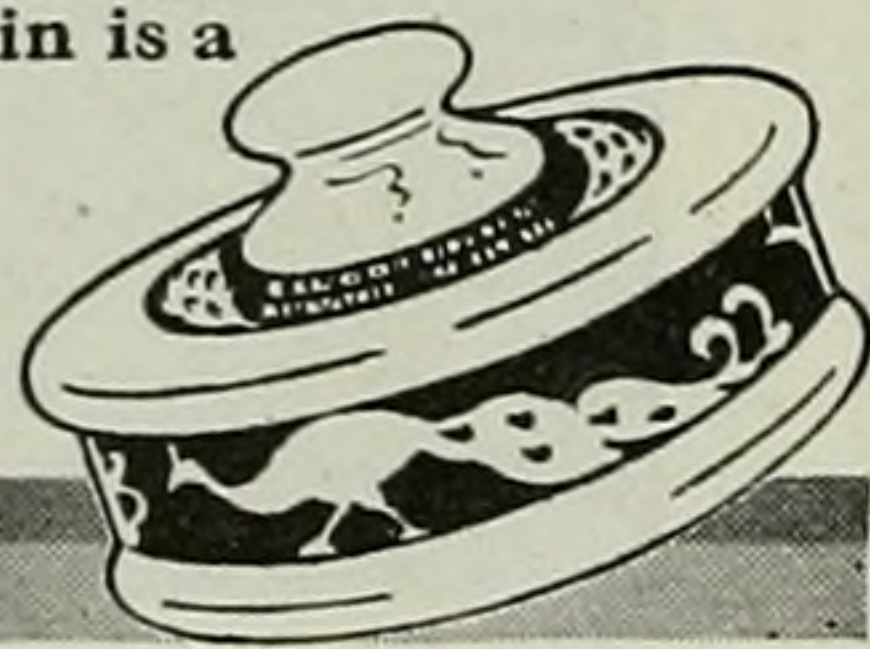
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set, picking their way among the light cables, across the lot to the garden set, which she had left such a short time before feeling that the world was in the palm of her hand.

Duke was talking to someone as she came up. He scarcely noticed her. When she had almost passed him, he turned to her, "Oh, Miss Brady, Delva Delova has changed her mind; she will finish the picture. You will please stay while we make a retake of the scene."

**S**HE nodded. There was no mistaking the relief in his voice and manner. She had slid back into her former position. She sent Mrs. Anderson to the bungalow for her clothes, and sat with her back to the busily humming set, where she knew that the whole affair was being minutely discussed. She could tell their decision in advance; they worshipped success. Some few might feel sorry for her.

Her brain seemed numb. Before, every familiar sound was welcome, now, everything jangled her nerves and made her head ache.

After ages of waiting, the men came out of the bungalow. They stood respectfully aside until Delova should appear. There was a little hushed silence, then she glided out dramatically; a pink duplicate vision of Kay. She ran her arm through Martin Marrow's with a gesture of possession, and flashed a smile up at him for everyone to see, but she didn't notice them.

Duke Webster called everyone on the set with a gusto he had entirely lacked before. "Stand in for lights," he ordered.

Kay obeyed mechanically. Through the corner of her eye, she saw Delova watching her; saw her turn to Martin derisively; saw Martin smile assuringly back at her. Kay quickly dropped her head.

"Put your chin up so that the light can strike your face, Miss Brady, now—so," Webster ordered.

Kay gritted her teeth and obeyed. It was one of the hardest things she had done in her life. As she stepped off the set, Martin passed so close to her that he could have touched her, but he didn't see her. The chief and his two associates had developed the same astigmatism, when a few minutes later they crossed the set on the way to their offices.

The action started. The whistle blew jarringly. The lights clicked and blazed. Delva Delova swept everything before her with a magnificent gesture; she left no room for the work of anyone else. Martin tried vainly to keep up with her; it made the tempo jumpy. They swept through the garden, between the gay umbrellas and the animated mannikins, until they were close to the camera, then the badinage over the glasses. Delova was bold and overconfident; Martin tried to match her, it spoiled the effect.

Kay watched it all, sick to her very soul. An almost uncontrollable rage took hold of her. She had played this part with emotion, subtly; this woman couldn't equal her if she lived to be a million. Her rebellion against everybody and everything made her a little hysterical.

"**M**R. WEBSTER," she said evenly, when the scene was over, "may I take the rest of the day off?"

He looked at her disinterestedly. "Now don't take it hard, Miss Brady. Everything happens for the best, even in this game."

She found her shabby dressing room, blocks from the set, and took off the pink creation without a glimmer of remorse. She felt



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crumpled, hurt, and unwanted. A cruel and inhuman thing had happened to her; she had been raised until she felt that she was everything, but—, and then dropped like nobody's business. She wanted to cry, but flaming anger raced through her, and kept her stubbornly quiet. She slammed the door and strode across the lot to the gate.

"Did you find out what they wanted you for, Miss Brady?"

"Indeed I did, Kelly," she said grimly.

"Fill her up," she told Billy at the auto park, a few minutes later. "I am going for a long—long ride."

## She Fell In Love with Her Husband

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

But as they sat down to lunch, Walter noticed that Corinne wore a brilliant solitaire on the third finger of her left hand. He laughed and looked away quickly, to hide the mist in his eyes. She had approved the contents of the little plush box.

Not long after that, Corinne's mother and Walter's mother and his grandmother went to Tia Juana to see what arrangements could be made for a secret wedding. They were determined, Corinne and Walter, that there would be no publicity. No one must know. There would be just a quiet little ceremony—nothing spectacular, nothing unusual.

SO the hardy little band of matrimonial scouts set forth. And in the garish town of Tia Juana, disaster all but wrecked their expedition before it was fairly launched. They were driving down the main street, the raucous and tin-panny sound of automatic pianos and music boxes pouring out of the open doors of saloons and dives, when suddenly the rear wheel of their car knocked over a stone in the middle of the street.

Instantly pandemonium broke loose. Uniformed soldiers came on the run. Their loose-fitting sandals kicked up the dust. There was much gesticulating, much loud talk in Spanish, which none of the party understood. Quickly a crowd gathered. The soldiers surrounded them, they were placed under arrest. Instantly they had visions of the bastille and a firing squad. Finally, however, an official showed up who could speak English. He explained that they had committed the unpardonable sin of knocking down the only traffic marker in town.

They apologized profusely, set up the stone again and went ahead with arrangements for the wedding . . .

AND now of course you are wondering how it all worked out: Whether a woman should ever marry a man if she doubts that she loves him. Whether she can grow to love him after their marriage. Whether he will realize eventually that he has made a bad bargain and be sorry. Whether unhappiness will result . . . These and a dozen other questions no doubt are in your mind.

It would be difficult to tell how much Corinne Griffith loves Walter Morosco now. And, too, it would be difficult to tell how much Walter Morosco loves Corinne Griffith. Corinne could not live without Walter, Walter could not live without Corinne. They are among the most devoted couples in the world. Their romance is ideal, Hollywood points to them as a shining example of matrimony that succeeds. And possibly it is because life's fundamentals are often cast in a sensational mould. Theirs was a strange marriage, sealed by the stamp of sensationalism in a Tia Juana bar. Perhaps perfect love is born in such a cradle.

# Joan Crawford

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## You Are Looking Well

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

during the day. Our cottages were on the left side of the road and theirs on the right. We saw each other only at meal times and again between the hours of six (we dined very early) and eight-thirty when a bell rang that sent us hurrying to our cottages.

In those two precious hours we, huddled together around the fire, learned to know each other well. Gilbert was the strangest one in the group. Moody, temperamental, nervous, intense.

He used to stride out of the room at any mention of "the bugs." He used to hide when the doctor gave his weekly talk to the ambulatory patients.

AND there was a reason for this. Gilbert didn't have the infection. He had been run over by an automobile when he was eleven years old and it had left him with a bad heart and a deflated lung. He was at Barlow's Sanatorium for rest.

But there was no rest for Gilbert. Too Latin, too profligate, too mad. We all clung together in our hours of stress. We all kidded ourselves that we were better than we were. We all tried to readjust our lives to the months that had been slashed out of our experience by a doctor's word.

All of us but Gilbert. He chafed at the confinement. He fumed at the bells that rang, one for rising, one for each meal, one for in-your-cottages and one for lights out. He paced the floor, gloomy, apart.

But his very wildness and freedom was his charm. One of the patients had been in vaudeville. He used to play the piano for us. We were not, of course, allowed to dance. But Gilbert would snatch some girl in his arms and dance away with her.

What if the doctors did see him? What could they do? Tell him to leave? Very well. He wanted to be rid of the place anyhow. He was sick of it.

Upon one subject, however, he always waxed eloquent. The pictures! He told us that he had played a very small bit with Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand" and a few days later the exchange sent the picture out for us to see. (Various companies showed us a movie once a week.)

We waited breathlessly. "Where are you, Louis?" (His name was Louis Alonzo, not Gilbert Roland then.) "Where?"

A scene showed Valentino entering the bull ring. A boy came up to him, a dark boy with black hair. It was just a flash. "There I am," said Gilbert.

And I didn't know until five years later that he had invented this out of whole cloth and by a strange coincidence the bit player looked like him! His desire to be an actor was that strong!

Yet when I wrote a little play, a travesty on sanatorium life, and had the patients act in it Gilbert refused a rôle. I think he was secretly sorry later, for he used to come to Williams Hall and look in longingly on all the rehearsals.

WE all had different ambitions for that halcyon day "when I get out." Gilbert's hopes never wavered.

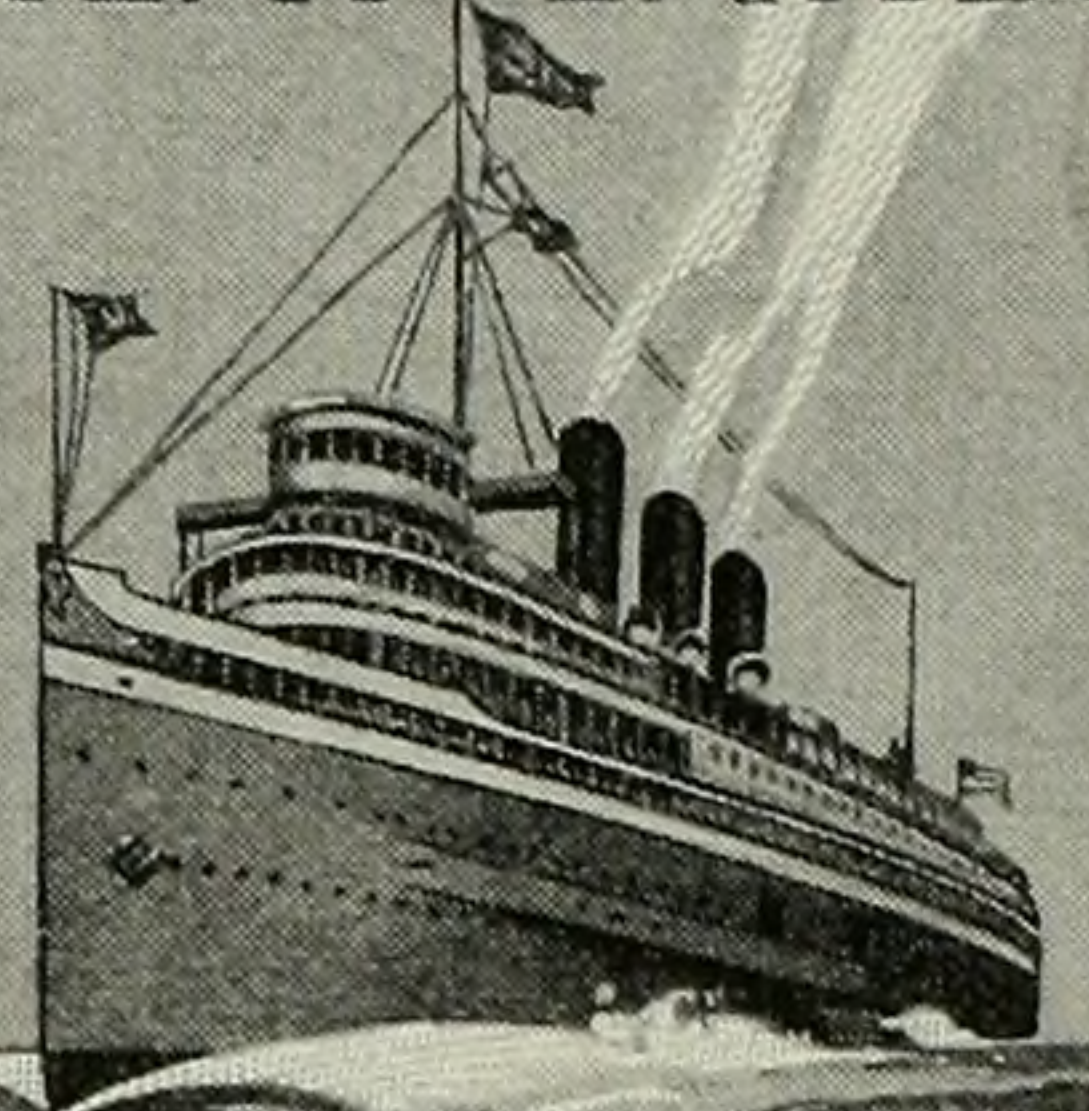
"When I get out," he would say, "I'm going to be a picture actor. I'm going to those studios and just stay there until I get a chance. I'm going to do it, that's all."

I used to smile wisely, for I had interviewed stars for one of the fan magazines. After all, thought I, he was just another good looking Mexican lad.

What chance had he? I didn't know the sort of will he had.

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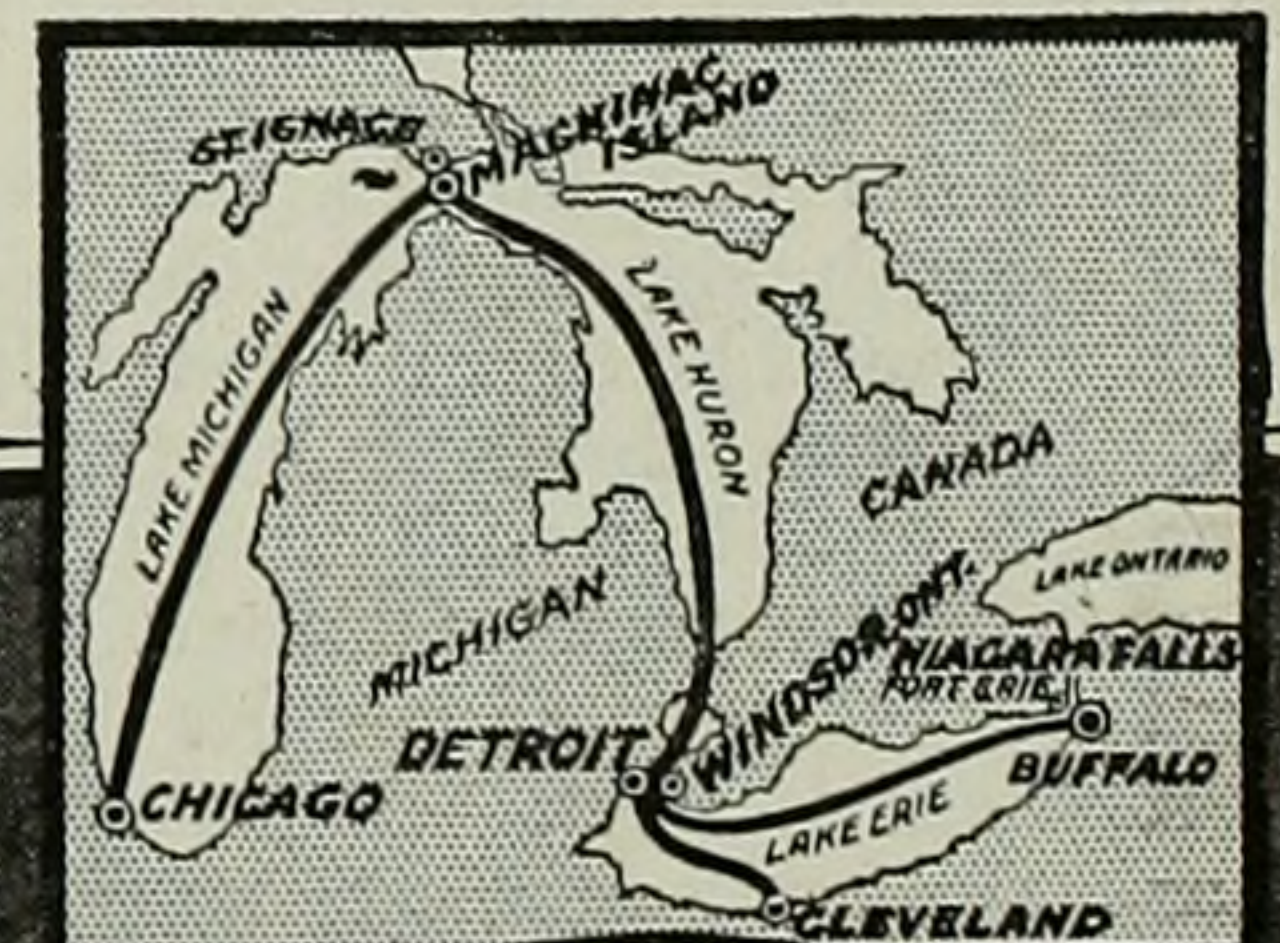
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For all their grimness, those were happy evenings. Gilbert's father, he told us, had been a bull fighter in Spain. He had come to Mexico where Gilbert was born and then, when the revolution came, had moved his family to Texas. After Gilbert's accident they had all moved to Los Angeles. His father went back to Spain to fight bulls and the family was left desperately poor. That was his story, and he stuck to it.

IN Los Angeles he worked in a department store, but he was too blithe a spirit to stand discipline.

He would not be told where to put boxes. He was too nervous and weak to work.

Anyhow, he was discharged from the store. So the doctor advised the sanatorium.

I remember his mother and little brothers and sisters who used to come out to see him during visiting hours.

And then our little fireside group broke up. One of the boys got well and was dismissed. A death in the family of one of the girls caused her to leave. My doctor in town said that I might go if I would continue to take the cure at home.

The next time I went out to visit a girl in my cottage they told me that Gilbert had left, too.

Perhaps I wondered once or twice if he ever got in pictures and then, a couple of years later, I ran into him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

He was delighted to see me. He smiled a lovely Latin smile and took both my hands. You feel as if you had been to college with your sanatorium friends.

He had changed. He was just as fiery and intense but he didn't look unhappy, as he had at the "san."

Of course, we said, "You're looking well."

"You're looking well, too."

But he could hardly wait to tell me, "I got in pictures," he beamed. "I told you, Katherine, I'd get in pictures."

"I had a terrible time at first. You see, I used to go where I knew they had calls for extras and sneak on the lot. Sometimes they'd find me and kick me out and sometimes they wouldn't."

"I've had a lot of bad breaks. Once I heard they were using a bunch of extras that they were going to carry on salary for several weeks. It was in Valentino's 'The Hooded Falcon.' Alice Terry's sister got me registered at Central Casting but they hadn't called me."

"Anyhow I went out. They were picking people at the old Brunton Studios. I sneaked into FBO and jumped over the fence to the lot. Mrs. Valentino was choosing the ones she wanted and was giving out the costumes. Each change meant another week's work."

"I just stood there and waited. But she looked over and around me until everybody was chosen but me. She started to go but I ran after her and said, 'Oh, can't I do something in this picture?' She looked at me for the first time and at last she said, 'Why, yes, you could be one of the king's pages.'"

"I was fitted in my costumes and ready and they never made the picture!"

He looked dejected.

"BUT I used to tell you at Barlow's that I'd get there. I heard that one of four foreign policemen for Valentino's picture 'Cobra' was sick and I sneaked into the studio and when the assistant called for the four men and there were only three I begged, 'Can't I have the job?'"

"'Hell, no,' he said. But every time he'd turn around there I was until at last he said, 'O.K. Just to get rid of you, kid. Here, take this uniform. Put it on.'"

"And I played a bit. But I didn't have a dime and so I lost out on parts that required full dress. I played Indians instead. Lord, I've been a thousand Indians!"

"But everything's fine now. Ivan Kahn, the manager, saw me playing extra in 'The Lady Who Lied' and he wanted to manage me."



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over 25 years. And thousands of dainty, fastidious women are grateful for so simple and efficient a way of overcoming this source of embarrassment, during those trying days when personal daintiness means so much.

And, of course, it need hardly be said that "Mum" is equally effective in neutralizing the unpleasant odor of perspiration—and without checking perspiration itself. A finger-tip of "Mum" to the under-arm keeps you sweet and fresh all day and evening.

You will find "Mum" at drug and department stores—35c and 60c. Get a jar now—for every day daintiness, and for its important special use, when the occasion next arises. MUM MFG. CO., Inc., 80 Varick St., N. Y.

## "Mum" is the word!





# Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

**YOU** can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. 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. At all druggists.

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Freckle Cream 50¢**  
Removes | Whitens  
Freckles | The Skin

**FREE**  
new  
**BOOKLET**  
"GOOD-BYE  
FRECKLES"

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Aurora, Illinois

Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

## Grow Healthy, Luxuriant Bewitching Hair!



Father Lepetitjean's Marvelous French Discovery is now Yours!

### Royal Lotus

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

This astonishing *Regenerateur* restores true natural color, beautifies, preserves and grows hair—prevents all hair diseases—overcomes falling hair, dandruff, itching scalp—remedies and prevents brittleness of permanents without affecting wave.

Royal Lotus is absolutely harmless—truly a miracle of rare herbs! NOT a dye; contains no alcohol and leaves no stain. Extraordinary results here for 8 and in Europe for 30 years. Made only in France by direct heirs of Fr. Lepetitjean. Money-back guarantee.

**Creme Helies** clears and rejuvenates the skin, removes wrinkles, transforms the complexion. Keeps skin fresh, soft and velvety. Highest awards of French Govt. . . Write for 2 instructive FREE pamphlets TODAY. Send no money. Arthur Antoine, Sole Importer, Royal Lotus Corp., 4 Ackerman Ave., Ramsey, N. J.



### ACTION! CAMERA!!

Be your own camera-man taking action movies of parades, events, etc. Or play parts yourself, see how well you screen while your friends "shoot" you in action.

**\$13.50**  
F.O.B. Phila.

Vicam Standard Movie Camera takes 25 ft. of standard film. Equipped with F.5 Universal lens. Loads in daylight. Film developed free. Film can be shown from any standard projector.

ORDER TODAY C. O. D. OR SEND 10c IN STAMPS FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

**VICAM PHOTO CO.** 1228 BELMONT AVE. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

He has me under contract now and is trying to get me in at Paramount."

And then we talked over old days at the "san" and both were glad that we were well and happy.

I heard about him off and on.

I saw some good notices on his work in "The Plastic Age."

He did a couple of other things for Paramount, including falling in love with Clara Bow.

**T**HERE was much about Gilbert in the papers during the Bow-Savage scandal. And when his and Clara's engagement was broken she said that she loved him more than any man she had ever known but that he was too temperamental.

I smiled at that, remembering how he used to stalk out of Williams Hall.

I think somebody told me that he had been let out at Paramount and then I saw that he had been signed by United Artists to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille."

And since that time, of course, the spotlight of publicity has been thrown on Gilbert Roland. He played with Norma in "The Dove" and "The Woman Disputed." He went to Honolulu and then to Paris.

He became, so I heard, a suave man of the world.

I also heard that he was upstage. I gathered that he was even more impossible after he signed his new long term contract and was given the lead in Norma's new talkie, after the rumor that Eugene O'Brien was to do it.

I was, somehow, afraid to meet him. I had been fond of the boy. I felt that there was a real artist behind the moods and intensity. I didn't want him to be changed, but I felt that it was impossible for him to have gone through success and notoriety and gossip without having it affect him.

His press agent and I sat in Joe Schenck's office.

Gilbert had been told that I was there. He would be over in a few minutes.

He opened the door and stood for a minute in a careless brown suit and a dark blue shirt open at the throat. At least he had not worn the clothes of the man of the world for me.

I saw that he had changed, of course. He was five years older. He had become a celebrity. He was more poised, naturally, but there was a certain sadness in his eyes, a certain trapped bafflement.

**H**E had changed, but he had not become conceited and impossible. Except for the dignity that his years of success had given him he was the Louis Alonzo I had known at the "san." He was the same lad who had sat before the fire and talked and played bridge and danced when he shouldn't. He did not try to impress me with his grandeur. We were still friends. It was just the same.

He walked toward me with outstretched hand.

"You're looking well," he said.

And I, with the key to the password, answered, "You're looking well, too, Gilbert."



Married or not, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are giving a perfect exhibition of a bride and groom, right down to the last spat and sequin. It's all for a scene in Joan's big starring picture for M.-G.-M., "Our Modern Maidens." P. S. Has Doug a haircut, f'eaven's sake?

## How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

How about its human rulers?

Well, Mary picks the colors, orders the re-decoration, chooses the furniture, but every penny of Pickfair's sizable bills is paid for by Douglas Fairbanks! Not a cent of the opulent Pickford income goes toward the expenses of the menage.

Doug believes that it is not only the duty but the privilege of the master of a household to pay its running expenses.

Here is data on the staff of servants who keep the manor going smoothly and hospitably.

**A**T the head of the staff is Albert, major-domo extraordinary and head of the household. For \$300 a month he supervises the home, with a first and second man under him at \$150 a month apiece.

But it is Albert's great joy to see that Doug is ever well turned out. Albert sees to the pressing of the master's immense wardrobe—that his shoes have the daily shine and that no fragmentary socks are in danger of being worn. And when a fancy luncheon is served at the studio, Albert takes pride in seeing that it is all handled in the height of good taste.

Over the kitchen reigns a chef-cook. Her salary is \$200 a month, and she rules the culinary arrangements. The Fairbankses have found that a woman buys more economically than a man, and can be had for about \$50 a month less. As her assistant she has a kitchen maid, who does all the scullery labor and cooks for the help.

An upstairs maid does all the chamber work, at \$90 a month, while the first and second man look after downstairs. They also clean, dust and tend the fires. There are two chauffeurs, one who receives \$150 a month for driving and \$50 extra for operating the motion picture projector. The other receives \$150.

Over the grounds presides the head gardener, at a salary of \$200 a month. He has four helpers at \$4.00 a day, but only on fair days. The laundress receives \$80 a month, and does all the washing, including Mary's personal things. The mistress' maid sees to most of the mending.

Young Mary's governess is on the roster at \$80 a month, while Miss Pickford's personal maid receives \$125 a month. And there is one watchman at \$35 a week who lives out.

Last, but far from least, is Charlie Daugherty, general roustabout and handy man.

**C**HARLIE came with the property, and seems to be a bargain at \$35 a week. One of his chief duties is to go to Film Row and bring out the pictures that are privately shown at Pickfair, and he is a familiar sight chugging through Hollywood in a dilapidated and grunting flivver. Charlie, in short, is Lord High Errand Runner.

Pickfair can't be run on a budget. There are too many unexpected demands. Any minute a duke may drop in. Green stuffs alone sometimes cost the family \$14 a day, as it is difficult to grow one's own things, even in California.

One of the first things Doug did, when Pickfair was purchased, was to strike for water. His brother, Robert, an engineer, supervised the boring of a fine, deep well. Whatever happens to the Beverly Hills water supply, Pickfair will never lack for a good cold drink of water.

Pickfair is at once one of the most democratic estates in the world, and yet one whose charming privacy of life is most jealously guarded.

Doug believes that his home is his castle, in the good old English tradition. Tremendously friendly and hospitable, he still feels that

# WHEN THE KING COMMANDES



**P**ROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes . . . and then . . . the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

Such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone. Miss Niles makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee to perfect the charm of her personal make-up. Says she: "Never was I more grateful for Tangee's perfect help

than in the land of castanets and mantillas, where standards of feminine beauty are so high."

**Demand Tangee today!** One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, \$1. Tangee Night Cream \$1. Tangee Day Cream \$1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.

### Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

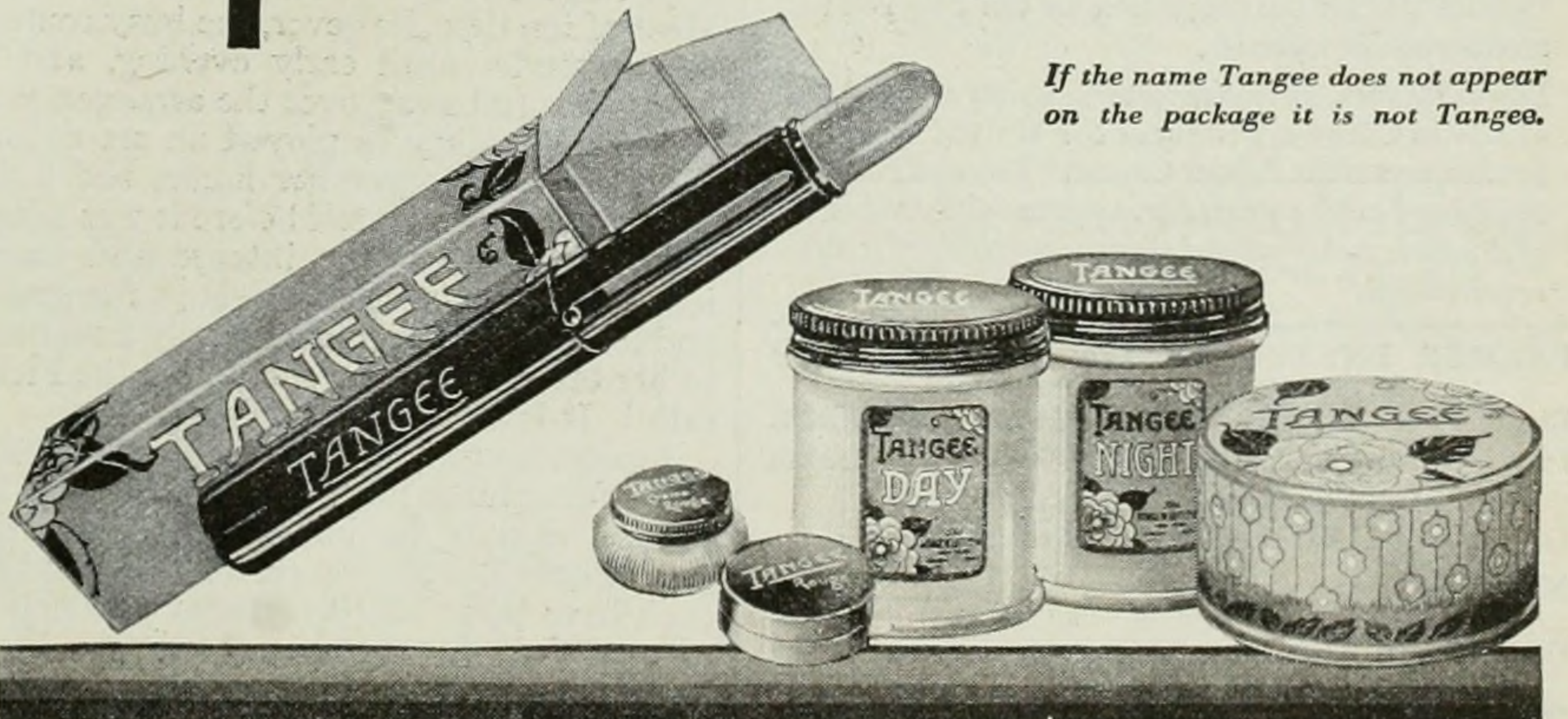
Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P. P. 5, The George W. Luft Company, Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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# TANGEE



If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.



# Nonspi

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There is no excuse in allowing armpit perspiration to discolor and ruin your clothing, and its disagreeable odor to humiliate and embarrass you.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing with NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) used, endorsed, and recommended by physicians and nurses.

*NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.*

You, too, can have dry and odorless armpits and save your clothing. Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Use it tonight. Use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall, and winter.

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# LEARN

## the new technique of scenario writing

THE new era in motion pictures makes it essential that the successful screen writer of today be able to meet the demands of the "talking picture." Properly developed skits of humor and pathos, as well as the feature length stories are needed. To write them one must know how to use sound to give dramatic emphasis, and be able to balance dialogue and action properly. All these elements of the new technique are covered in Palmer Training.

Whether you write for the silent screen, for the "talkies", or for the magazines, we can help you to produce salable material.

Edwin Meyers, successful scenario writer on the staff of Edwin Carewe, Producer for United Artists' Studios, says of the Palmer Course: "Through Palmer Training I made my first big step toward the mastery of dramatic technique and the understanding of screen requirements."

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it is nobody's business the color of the sheets he sleeps between.

For this reason a large stone wall cuts Pickfair from the bordering roads.

For a long time there was no wall. Rubberneck busses began to make a nuisance of themselves, and Mary and Doug didn't dare show their heads from the windows of their own home.

The climax came when a hot-dog vendor parked his wandering kitchen outside the estate and all day long sang his horrid song. This, at last, caused Doug to bellow for masons and plenty of stone.

INCIDENTALLY, Doug has a fine collection of weapons, and of all of them his favorite is the "burglar gun."

This is an ugly sawed-off shotgun with a pistol grip. He keeps it loaded to the nozzle with bolts, nuts and other assorted ironware. With Doug's pet persuader, plus several alert dogs and an armed watchman, an intruder wouldn't make out so well trespassing on the premises of Pickfair.

One of the prides of the house, by the way, is the snow-white kitchen and its richly stocked pantries, filled to the brim with priceless china-ware and silver services.

The fact that Doug and Mary entertain so many distinguished foreigners—even an English prince of the Blood Royal—is due to the fact that some almost ask to be invited.

Prince George, for instance, is at Santa Barbara with his ship. A mutual millionaire friend of that place rings up and suggests that the Prince be invited. Was there ever a better chance to be gracious?

Then, too, there is the matter of reciprocity. Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain entertained Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in England. Surely the Chamberlains are to be entertained at Pickfair when they visit California!

But after all, those who are oftenest entertained at Pickfair are relatives.

The house is always full of sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, cousins and nieces. Doug and Mary rarely eat a meal alone. There are, for instance, Doug's brother Robert, with his wife and children. And Mary has plenty on her side, and never forgets one.

Of course, both Doug and Mary are always bringing co-workers home from the studios.

Of their motion picture friends, only a few are really intimate—notably Lillian Gish and Charlie Chaplin. On formal occasions, the guest list is generally as inclusive as possible.

For Prince George were invited Charlie Chaplin, Jack Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Claire Windsor, Irvin Willat, Lupe Velez, Bessie Love, Mary Astor, Kenneth Hawks, Dorothy Gulliver, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, June Collier, Ralph Forbes, Marie Gray, Ronald Colman, Tom Mix, Ramon Novarro, Walter Byron, John Loder, Jetta Goudal and Lily Damita. Only a possible dozen of these are frequent guests. On the other hand, nice but comparatively obscure people are always to be found at the hospitable board.

Mary is a fine little housekeeper and an incomparable hostess.

WHEN she is giving a formal party she stays home and runs the show herself. Most of the time, however, the busy couple are at the studio until early evening, and then Albert has full sway over the arrangements.

Although Mary employed an art decorator to aid in doing over her home, she weighed every suggestion herself before it was adopted. She seems to have an intense and uncanny feeling for the exact color—both for draperies and for clothes. Pickfair is really a monument to her taste. And you should see the Pickford attic! It is a fascinating place.

Besides housing discarded things, it contains many furnishings for the new wing of the house that is soon to be built. Discarded things don't linger long, however, for Doug and Mary each have three beach cottages to which cast-offs go when they have outlived their Pickfair usefulness.

# FRECKLES



Remove this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

# OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH



## How to keep BLONDE HAIR

from darkening

PROPER shampooing—that's the whole secret!

Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps the hair beautifully light and lustrous—brings back true golden sheen and sparkle to dull, faded hair. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp. Used by a million

blondes. At all leading drug and dept. stores.



## 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.

# MONEY FOR YOU!

\$500. Offered for the best New Name for the Talkies.

Turn to page 76 of this issue for conditions of contest.

One wistful attic treasure is the suite of furniture Mary bought with which to furnish a new home for her mother. She thought the home Mrs. Pickford had built was too cheerless. She had bought things to duplicate their old home in Canada—but alas, they arrived too late!

Social life at Pickfair, in the long evenings, centers in the big 18th Century living room.

There, when shadows fall, a silver screen is thrown across one end of the room, and pictures are shown. The house is now wired for sound photoplays.

Practically all the pictures turned out are shown, sooner or later, fetched by Charlie in the rattling flivver. The servants gather quietly in the hallway for the screenings, and Doug and Mary set great store by the photoplay opinions of some of them.

Other entertainment at Pickfair takes many forms. If the day is fine, there is swimming. Doug and some of his picture friends occasionally take a plunge at night.

Then there are many games with odd names, all derived from cricket, croquet or golf, that are played on the front lawn.

Once brisk horseback rides began the Pickfair day, but recently the time demands of the studio have almost done away with the equine exercise. Within doors, the entertainment depends largely on the guests.

IF chums like Chaplin or Tom Geraghty drop in, there may just be long, interesting talks, as between old and valued friends. There are store games to play—or charades and extemporaneous debates on subjects grave or gay. And it is well known that some of Chaplin's greatest pantomime has been seen in the living room at Pickfair before his best friends. He is said to have surpassed himself the night of the dinner for Prince George.

Indoors the shaded lights play upon the happy faces and the beautiful furnishings of a handsome American home.

Outdoors, in the darkness, are the Pickfair dogs—"Robin Hood," a huge St. Bernard; "Zoro," "Bagdad," and "Rooney," who is just plain dog, but greatly beloved.

Night falls on Pickfair, and all is well.

Doug and Mary, a nice American married couple, are at home!

## "STEP ON IT, MOTHER" THIS ISN'T THE POLKA"



MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Four*

THE HAPPY RHYTHM of her youth, the buoyancy, sparkle and zest of all her ways, her self-reliance and sanity—it is these charms of the modern daughter which are tempting the world away from old-fashioned ideas—preaching the new thought of not growing old.

In a gloomier age, women were resigned to drudgery. Today, young womanhood does not permit drudgery to cloud her joy of living. She is the champion of every new device which adds to the pleasure and ease of existence.

It is this eagerness of youth for something better which has won for Modess, in so short a time, a nationwide popularity. For Modess is infinitely finer—more comfortable, safer.

The softness, pliancy and gracious ease of Modess are due to the remark-

able new substance of which the filler is made. This filler is as fluffy and downy as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. There are no square edges to irritate—the sides are smoothly rounded. For still greater comfort, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

You are sure to prefer Modess—every woman does. Since it costs no more—why not try it?

**Johnson & Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.  
*World's largest makers of surgical dressings*



# Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

## Watch Your Diet

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

billboards and newspapers flared with the slogan "Have you had your iron today?" People were assured that the humble raisin would supply this necessary mineral, but in order to get enough iron from that source alone one would have to eat four cups of raisins.

The appended mineral content table will show you a more pleasant way to get the minerals you need.

MILK contains a small, though important, amount of iron, but the fats, sugars and starches possess a low iron content—another reason why vegetables and fruits should always have a prominent place in the daily diet.

Though ninety per cent of the mineral content of bone is calcium, the American diet is more often deficient in calcium than any other mineral. One hundred units of calcium a day are essential to provide a margin of safety.

It takes fully six pounds of calcium to build the body, from birth until adult age.

There is an old saying, "For every child a tooth." This merely means that if there is not enough calcium in an expectant mother's diet, she will draw on her own bones and teeth for this mineral in order that her child may be properly supplied. This is one of nature's ways of fighting what often develops



# Why Fear GRAY HAIR

WHY MUST MEN and women of 30 and more be haunted by the fear of gray when science offers Kolor-Bak? If you don't want gray hair, don't have it!—color with Kolor-Bak, a clean colorless liquid which gradually colors to the right shade of blonde, auburn, brown or black! The one bottle is right for all shades! Nor does the hair lose lustre. Why experiment with anything—even on one lock of hair—when Kolor-Bak always gets the same results—Kolor-Bak is sold on a money-back guarantee!

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

## Kolor-Bak Banishes Gray Hair

### EARN MONEY AT HOME

Novelty jewels all shapes and colors for latest fad, the novelty jewel necklace. Work easy, fascinating, profitable. As a special offer for beginners, we will send one ready-to-wear jewel necklace, regular dollar value, also complete materials for the making of two more necklaces together with illustrated pamphlet containing instructions, for one dollar prepaid.

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**Now! Only \$1000 DOWN**

**This WONDERFUL HEALTH and BEAUTY BUILDER**

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Gain and keep perfect beauty, perfect health and perfect figure with 15-minute daily massages. The Red Jacket Health Motor, Weight Scale and Instructions will produce marvelous results for you.

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Please send me FREE information on Red Jacket Health and Beauty Set.

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Address.....

into a tragic battle, one of the war-scars of which is softening of the bones and teeth in the mother when the ordeal is over.

Calcium is not needed solely for bone building. If the heart is to act and the blood to

coagulate normally, sufficient calcium must be present.

A certain young starring prospect at one of the big studios neglected her calcium needs in a diet which she designed for herself for

## MINERAL CONTENTS TABLE

Your daily diet should contain 100 units each of these three minerals.

Food	Serving	Calcium Units	Phosphorus Units	Iron Units
<b>Fruits</b>				
Apple.....	1 medium.....	1.....	1.....	2
Apricots.....	2 medium.....	3.....	3.....	3
Banana.....	1 medium.....	1.....	2.....	3
Blackberries.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	3.....	3.....	4
Currants (dried).....	1/4 cup.....	4.....	5.....	6
Dates.....	4.....	3.....	1.....	6
Figs (dried).....	2 to 3.....	7.....	3.....	6
Grapefruit.....	1/2 medium.....	4.....	2.....	3
Grapes.....	1 large bunch (about 50).....	3.....	2.....	2
Huckleberries.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	3.....	.....	6
Muskmelon.....	1/2 medium.....	2.....	1.....	1
Orange.....	1 medium.....	9.....	2.....	2
Peach.....	1 medium.....	3.....	2.....	2
Pear.....	1 medium.....	2.....	2.....	2
Pineapple (fresh).....	3/4 cup.....	4.....	4.....	6
Prunes.....	4 to 6.....	3.....	3.....	7
Raisins.....	1/4 cup.....	3.....	2.....	9
Raspberries.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	5.....	3.....	3
Strawberries.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	6.....	2.....	6
Rhubarb.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup (cooked).....	7.....	3.....	7
Tomato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	2.....	3

### VEGETABLES

Asparagus.....	1 medium serving.....	1.....	2.....	5
Beets.....	About 2 medium.....	4.....	3.....	4
Cabbage.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	5.....	2.....	6
Carrots.....	1 medium large.....	9.....	4.....	4
Cauliflower.....	2/3 cup.....	4.....	4.....	3
Celery.....	3 stalks.....	6.....	2.....	2
Chard.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	1.....	2.....	11
Corn.....	2 small ears.....	1.....	6.....	4
Cucumbers.....	6 thin slices.....	1.....	1.....	1
Lettuce.....	1/4 solid head.....	5.....	3.....	8
Onions.....	4 small.....	5.....	4.....	3
Parsnips.....	1 medium large.....	6.....	5.....	3
Peas.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	3.....	7.....	8
Potato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	5.....	10
Spinach.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	10.....	5.....	25
Squash (winter).....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	3.....	2.....	4
String beans.....	1/2 to 2/3 cup.....	4.....	2.....	4
Sweet potato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	3.....	3

### SEEDS, CEREALS and BREADS

Beans (dried).....	1/2 cup (cooked).....	7.....	10.....	14
Bread (graham).....	1 slice.....	2.....	5.....	5
Bread (white).....	1 slice.....	1.....	2.....	2
Cornmeal.....	3/4 to 1 cup (cooked).....	1.....	4.....	2
Farina.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	1.....	3.....	2
Macaroni.....	3/4 cup (cooked).....	1.....	3.....	2
Rice (white).....	1/2 to 2/3 cup (cooked).....	1.....	2.....	2
Rolled oats or whole				
wheat cereals.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	2.....	7.....	6
Shredded wheat.....	1.....	8.....	1.....	8

### NUTS

Almonds.....	15 nuts.....	5.....	6.....	4
Peanuts.....	15 nuts.....	2.....	6.....	2
Pecans.....	12 halves.....	2.....	4.....	2
Walnuts.....	7 halves.....	2.....	4.....	2

### ANIMAL FOODS

Buttermilk.....	1 cup.....	40.....	19.....	4
Cheese.....	1 inch cube.....	30.....	12.....	2
Cream 18 1/2%.....	1 cup.....	34.....	16.....	3
Cream 40%.....	1 cup.....	30.....	14.....	3
Egg.....	1.....	5.....	7.....	10
Egg white.....	1.....	1.....	.....	.....
Egg yolk.....	1.....	3.....	5.....	9
Fish (Halibut).....	1 fairly large serving.....	2.....	20.....	8
Meat (medium fat).....	1 med. serving.....	2.....	20.....	25
Milk (whole).....	1 cup.....	40.....	17.....	4
Milk (whole).....	1 quart.....	160.....	68.....	16
Milk (skimmed).....	1 cup.....	40.....	18.....	4
Oysters.....	5 to 7.....	5.....	8.....	20

### SWEETS

Maple syrup.....	2 tablespoons.....	5.....	.....	7
Molasses.....	2 tablespoons.....	10.....	1.....	17



cutting down her weight. In a month or so she was in my office with a flare-up of an old, chronic tuberculosis which nature had arrested in childhood. She told me that her dentist had also noticed at a recent examination that her teeth were much softer than they had been six months before.

She was a young thing and should have been taking milk and vegetables every day.

Meal and milled cereal products are poor in calcium, while fruits and vegetables are rich. Milk is the calcium supply par excellence. Therefore, milk is as valuable a food for adults as it is for growing children, affording more calcium even than the same amount of clear lime water. A quart a day will keep bone disease and the dentist at bay. For the plump person skimmed milk may be taken, since cream chiefly carries the milk fat and vitamins.

The phosphorous content of the daily diet should also be at least one hundred units, because phosphorus is not only an important constituent of the body fluids, but is united with the protein, fats and carbohydrates of the body. It is an important component of that part of the body cell which permits cell multiplication and regeneration. The work of the various glands of the body is aided by phosphorus. Eggs and milk are particularly rich in this mineral.

**SODIUM**, potassium, magnesium and chlorine are seldom dietetic deficiencies. The meat and plant foods assure an ample supply of magnesium. Salt furnishes humans with an ample supply of sodium and chlorine. The correct normal diet should include about a fifteenth of an ounce of salt a day.

Iodine is chiefly found in drinking water, green vegetables and sea foods, but cod liver oil contains a goodly share of it.

While iodine's complete rôle in the life drama is still befogged, we do know that although but a small amount is necessary, that infinitesimal trace is none the less essential. Without iodine the thyroid gland (the governor of our bodily engine) is unable to function.

The soil and water in the Great Lakes region and about Puget Sound is so deficient in iodine that these areas are termed "goitre zones."

Even dogs have goitre in the Great Lakes region.

One could not be a movie queen with a goitre. Therefore, swollen necks are not common sights in Hollywood.

For an example as to how the locality in which one lives has to do with the production of a goitre, the case of the wife of a well-known screen editor is significant. This girl was born in the "goitre zone" and when she came to Hollywood as a bride three years ago her goitre was quite prominent. California foods caused a decrease in the size of this swelling until it was hardly noticeable.

Last summer she paid her relatives a prolonged visit at their home in the "goitre zone" and while she was away she suffered a recurrence.

Now that she has been back in Hollywood for six months on a diet rich in iodine the goitre has grown so small as to be hardly noticeable.

**THIRTY** grains of sodium iodide taken twice a year will eliminate iodine lack if the water and vegetables in the region in which you live are deficient in iodine.

Carrots grown in California have been found to contain 170 parts of iodine per billion parts of dry food, while carrots grown in the goitrous Oregon area contain but 2.2 parts.

Iodine is a two-edged sword, however, for lack of it will cause the slowing down of the thyroid gland and resulting fatness, while an excessive amount may speed it up, resulting in thinness.

Therefore, rely on a competent physician to determine your iodine needs rather than experiment.

He may prescribe iodized salt!



**SALLY PHIPPS**, youthful Fox star, as she appears in the leading role of "None But the Brave"

*at the right she is shown applying Boncilla clasmic pack—the first step for skin radiance.*



Beauties of the stage and screen have for many years been users of Boncilla clasmic pack. Scores of them send us pictures and statements for use in helping others. They make no charge.

**Boncilla First** These radiant stars, to whom beauty is their stock in trade, apply Boncilla first. The wake-up—always—comes before the make-up. There are no such results without it.

# Beauty for You

If you are a young girl, you can multiply your beauty in this way. You can do it before your evening appearance. Your friends will be amazed, and you will be delighted.

If you are an older woman, with one use of Boncilla you may seem to drop ten years. You will hardly believe the change. Why should not all of you, whose career depends largely on beauty, employ this utmost aid? Beauty experts, the world over, say that must be done.

### Just a Few Minutes

Consider tonight, or any time when you wish to appear at your best. Apply Boncilla to the face and neck. At once you will feel it draw from the skin much that should not be there.

It draws out the dirt and grime, the dead skin and hardened oil. The causes of blackheads and blemishes.

It cleans the skin to the depths, and that is the first step to beauty.

It draws the blood to the skin—the only factor which can nourish and revive it.

You feel all this. Then, when you wash off the Boncilla, you see a rosy glow, a clear, clean skin, a soft skin and an animated look. Then use what make-up you desire. Nothing can excel the natural.

Young girls will amaze themselves and their friends by this simple application. With older women, little lines will disappear. Wrinkles will be combated, enlarged pores reduced. Sagging muscles will be strengthened. The results are almost unbelievable. One glorious evening, after the use of Boncilla, will forever win you to it.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla in tubes or jars—50c to \$3.50. The coupon, with 10 cents, will bring you a one-week test. That means a Beauty Box—Boncilla clasmic pack and the two creams and the powder which go with it—four supreme beauty helps. If you wish to try before you buy, clip coupon now. Do one or the other in justice to yourself.

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P 5-29

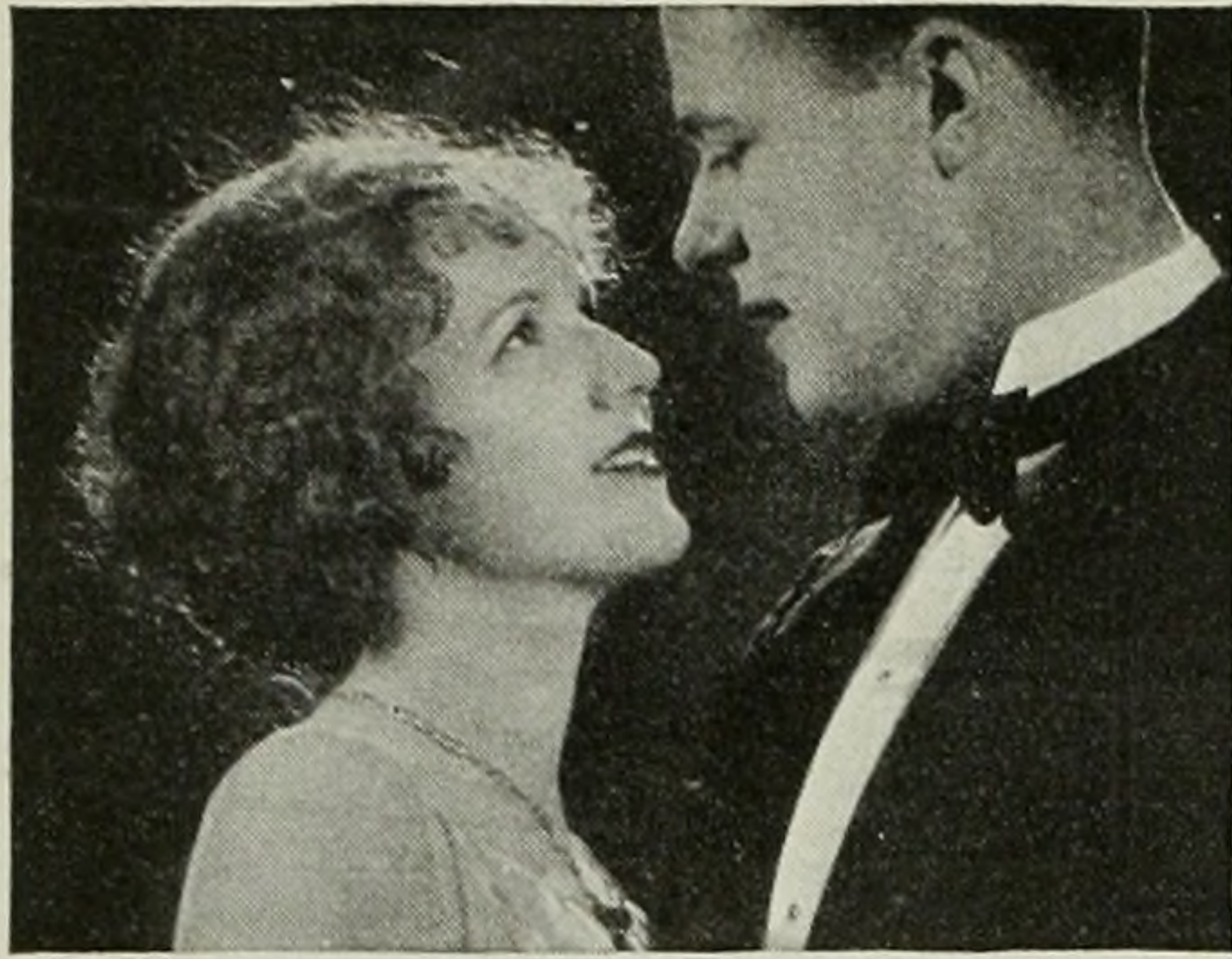
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If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a *wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

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## The Girl From Woolworth's

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

That night, lounging in his suite at an expensive hotel on the Boulevard, he hit upon an idea. He would waste no more time waiting for someone to discover him. He would *discover himself*.

He seized pencil and paper and made a rough outline of the things he could do. Then he spent most of the night doping out scenes which would show him in action. Occasionally he ceased writing and stood before the full length mirror, trying out certain gestures and expressions, then feverishly jotting them down on paper. The next day he consulted a make-up expert and after many hours before the mirror he decided that the right side of his face was really the Barrymore profile.

WHEN his scenario was finally completed he engaged Art Hall, a cameraman who was temporarily out of a job, to make a thousand foot test.

"Now I want to get a girl to play opposite me," he explained to the cameraman. "You see I shall want to show how good I am at making love as well as my action stuff." He had spent an entire afternoon at a neighborhood theater where an old Barrymore picture was being shown, taking notes on the screen lover's soul kiss technique.

"Sure, I can get some little extra girl who'll be tickled pink to have a few days' work." Art had in mind a girl whom he personally considered star material.

"No, I don't want an extra girl," Harold said emphatically. "She would be sure to think that she knows more about acting than I do and try to steal my stuff. I want a girl who is cute—but not *too* cute. A dumb one would be better I think—one who has never even been before the camera. You see she is just to be a foil for me. The worse she is, the better I'll show up."

"I get you," said Art, who had already classified Harold as a nut but he had had enough experience in *yes-ing* to agree with the man who is to sign the checks.

For several days Harold and the cameraman inspected hat check girls, cigarette girls, waitresses, manicurists and ushers; but they were either too pretty or not pretty enough, too upstage or too eager. The most promising prospect was a young waitress whom Harold had noticed at the cafe where he ate his breakfast.

He watched her for several mornings and finally decided that she would be all right. But when he explained his proposition to her she shrugged indifferently:

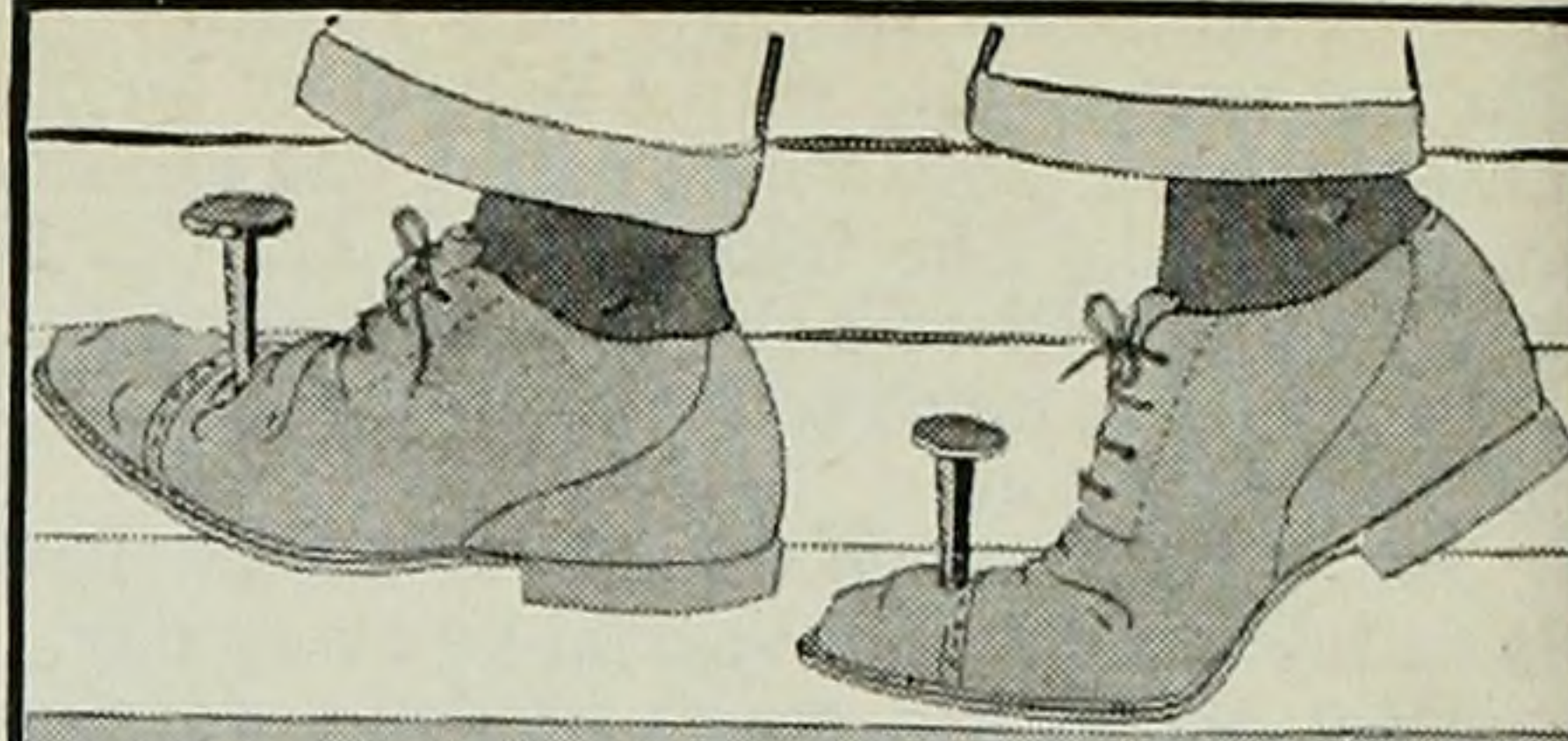
"SORRY, big fella, you'll have to drive your Rolls-Royce up another street. I fell for one of those chance-of-a-lifetime gags once before. Now I'm playing safe and staying right here in this hash house where I get my pay regular and don't have to *yes* anybody." She swished a towel over her shoulder and dumped the soiled dishes on a tray.

Harold looked at Art who was busy lighting a cigarette. "These Hollywood girls are certainly fresh," he remarked as he picked up the check, tempted not to leave a tip for the girl.

"How about trying the five and ten?" The cameraman suggested when they reached the street. "That's practically virgin territory. Of course they haven't so much class but De Mille discovered a girl there once."

"That's an idea," agreed Harold. "The important thing is to find a girl who'll appreciate the chance I'm giving her and who won't imagine that she's doing me a favor by playing opposite me."

It was at the notion counter that they found



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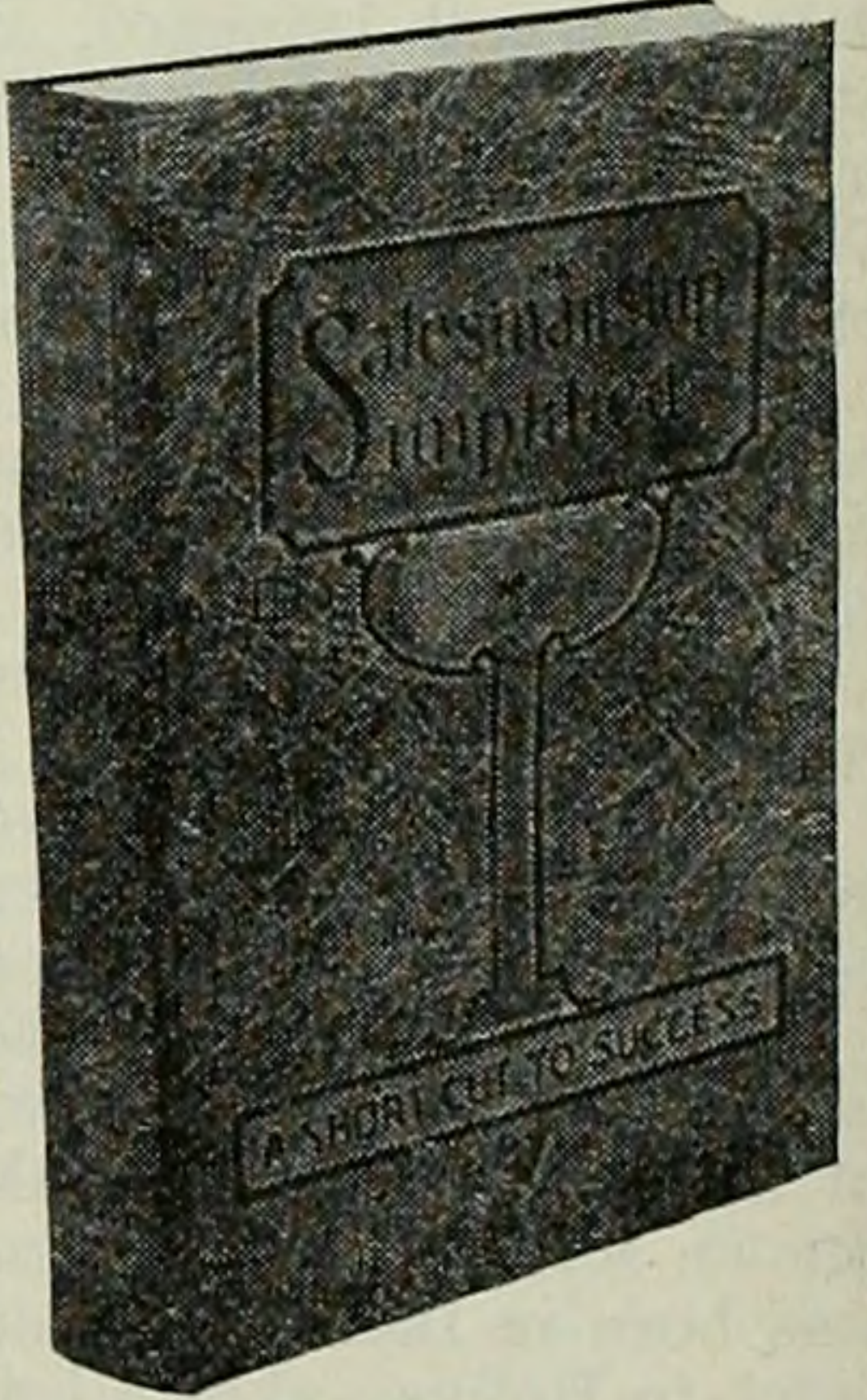
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Jennie, a little wisp of a girl with narrow, birdlike shoulders and enormous eyes that were like dark pools set in a pale, heart-shaped face.

Harold nudged the cameraman. Art had already seen the girl but he was diplomatic enough to let Harold think he had seen her first. They leaned against the opposite counter and held a whispered conversation.

"She'd be sort of cute if she had on some decent clothes." Harold watched Jennie out of the corner of his eye. "What do you think of her?"

"Oh, I guess she's all right if you want that type," said Art non-committally. He knew exactly how the camera would pick up those dark eyes but he thought it was just as well not to mention this to Harold.

"Maybe I ought to get a girl with more sex appeal."

"Oh, I don't know about that. An anaemic looking girl like this one would sort of emphasize your own virility—know what I mean?"

**H**AROLD agreed that this was true. He approached Jennie and asked for a paper of pins.

"What kind?" she asked in a timid, little girl voice.

"Er—safety pins." He tugged at his tie self-consciously.

Jennie put the pins in a little paper bag and Harold handed her a dollar bill. He waited until she brought the change before speaking.

"Ever done any picture work?" he asked casually, trying to act like a producer.

She looked up at him, startled.

"No, sir. I never have." A pink flush had crept into her pale cheeks. "I've never even been inside a studio—"

Perfect, thought Harold. He leaned across the counter.

"How would you like to play in a picture—with me?"

The dark eyes widened. "Me?" She gave a nervous little laugh. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not," he said seriously. "How much do you make here?"

"Why—I make fourteen dollars—"

"How would you like to make ten dollars a day for several days' work?"

Jennie looked at him with sudden suspicion, as though uncertain whether she ought to call the floor manager or not.

"Oh, it's a perfectly legitimate proposition," Harold hastened to reassure her. "You see I'm making a picture—starring myself." He added the last importantly. "I could use a little girl like you to play opposite me."

**S**HE stared at him with unbelieving eyes, her fingers nervously twisting a little skein of embroidery thread in the box beneath her hand. If he had said "Here, little girl, is a million dollars. Would you like to have it?" she could not have been more startled.

"But I don't know anything about acting," she confided wide-eyed. "Wouldn't I have to learn that first?"

Harold noticed that she was almost pretty when her eyes lighted as they did now.

"Oh, the acting will be easy. I can teach you that in no time—"

"Can you?" she asked naively. A wistful little smile curved the bowed mouth on which there was no sign of lipstick. "I guess acting would be a lot nicer than working here, standing on my feet all day. Some days I get so tired—"

"Well, of course, you don't want to get the idea that I'm going to star you or anything like that."

Harold decided that she ought to understand the situation right at the start. No use getting her hopes up.

"It'll only be a few days' work."

She nodded that she understood.

"Better not give up your job," he cautioned.

"Just ask them to let you off for a week."

Jennie was thoughtful, apparently weighing

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a few days of glory against a lifetime of drabness.

"Say, it'd be great if we could get a shot of you leaning across the counter that way, propositioning the kid," suggested Art who had come into the scene. "It'd be good human interest stuff."

Harold had not included anything like this in his scenario, but since the test was to show him running the gamut of human emotions perhaps the suggestion was a good one.

"A coupla baby spots and *Crecos* and a nigger is all we'd need," continued Art. "I guess the manager'd let us shoot it after hours—if you explained to him who you are."

**T**HIS decided Harold. He consulted the manager at once with the result that that evening, after the store was closed, the opening scene in the super-test was shot.

While Art set up the camera and placed the lights Harold gave Jennie her first lesson in acting.

"Now all you have to do is just be yourself. Forget that you're trying to act. Look up at me like I was a customer and when I ask for a paper of pins you hand them to me, like you did this morning. Then I'll smile at you—see—and when you give me the change I'll catch hold of your hand."

Acting certainly sounded simple the way Harold explained it. "Now we'll just walk through the scene first to be sure you've got it right."

Jennie caught on quickly. The wide-eyed, adoring way in which she looked up at him as he leaned over the counter, Harold declared to be perfect.

"All set, Art. Shoot!" ordered Harold, and the cameraman ground out thirty feet of film.

The next day the robin's egg blue roadster conveyed the trio to the beach and Harold, in abbreviated bathing trunks, dived off the Venice Pier to rescue a very frightened Jennie who was supposedly going down for the last time.

This gave him a chance to use the fancy dive which the lifeguard had taught him and the overhand stroke as he swam to shore.

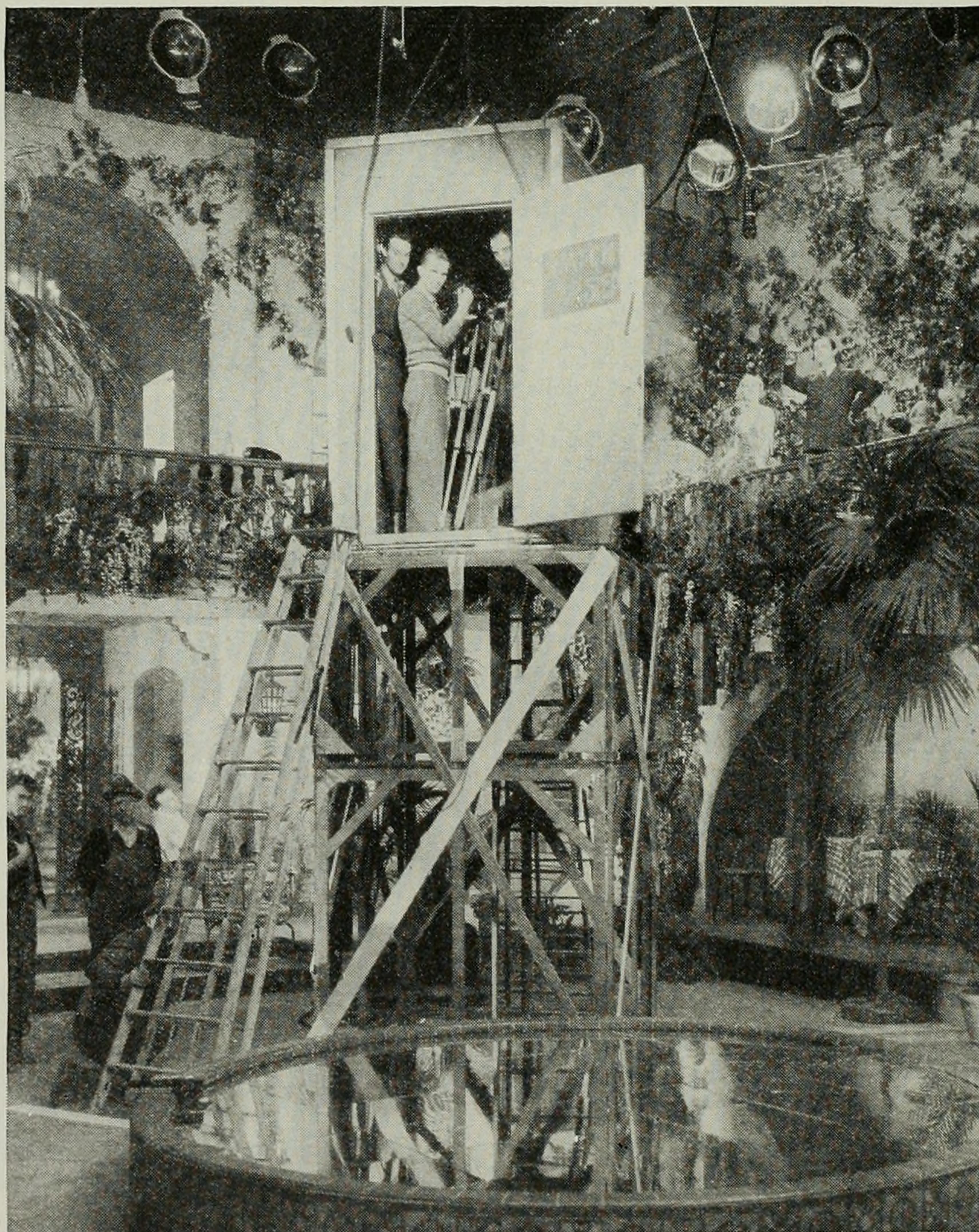
The camera then picked him up as he staggered up on the beach, very much out of breath, with Jennie in his arms. He placed her on the sand and knelt over her, carefully turning the right side of his face to the camera.

"Be sure to get my profile in this, Art," he called over his shoulder.

"The poor sap," Art said under his breath as he looked into the eye of the camera and shot the scene so that the profile did not entirely obscure Jennie's upturned flower-like face.

**H**AROLD'S scenario did not call for continuity of action nor for consistency of characterization. It had been fashioned solely for the purpose of showing how versatile he was.

And so the following day, looking like one



Talking Pictures have to do the craziest things! Here's a sound-proof camera booth raised on stilts to get smart camera angles for "The Cocoanuts," the Marx Brothers talkie being filmed at the Paramount eastern studio. If anyone says this dialogue will sound stilted he will get a hand-grenade, C. O. D., by the next mail

of the Alger boys, in chaps, spurs, and a Tom Mix hat, he did some western riding in Griffith Park.

"Now in this scene," he explained, "I'm the bold, bad man of the mesa. I make love to Jennie who is just a poor little ranch girl. I foil a lot of evil cowboys and then I ride away. We'll put in a title something like 'Love 'em and leave 'em.'"

**H**AROLD decided that it was unnecessary to rehearse the scene. No acting was required from Jennie. All she had to do was to stand by a tree and watch Harold. Everything went well until he jumped on the horse to ride away. Then he made the mistake of digging it with the spurs and the horse gave a sudden leap which almost sent Harold flying over its head.

He saved himself in time, but he lost his ten gallon hat in the effort, which of course was a little bit out of character.

"Better cut out the last few feet of that," he said to Art later.

"O.K." The cameraman managed to hold a poker face until Harold's back was turned.

But the next day when the actor appeared in the costume of a sheik, Art could restrain himself no longer.

"What do you think you are—the ghost of Valentino?"

Harold ignored this wisecrack from Art. "I thought a desert sequence would be sort of sexy," he replied seriously.

"Oh, sure. Desert stuff's always hot." Then he added: "You've certainly got a flair for production values. You ought to go in for the writing end as well as the acting."

Harold answered that he had already thought of that.

With great difficulty Art managed to keep a straight face while Harold portrayed a Boston boy's conception of a sheik, kidnaping Jennie and carrying her off to his desert lair.

As the test progressed Harold strongly suspected that Jennie had fallen hard for him.

"I think you're just wonderful, Mr. Flower," she would say when they had completed a scene, looking up at him in that wide-eyed adoring way which of course only added to his own conviction that he was good.

He thought it kinder, however, not to encourage Jennie and at all times he made it very plain that his interest in her was purely impersonal.

It was all right for Art, who was only a cameraman, to kid Jennie and lead her on, but Harold could not afford to have any complications.

He had his career to think of and it did not include Jennie.

After the desert scene came a Spanish sequence with Harold slimly elegant as a toreador, doing a hot Spanish tango—or at least that was what he called it; then an underworld sequence in which he rescued Jennie, a little gun moll, from a band of gangsters; and, lastly, the moonlit garden scene where love and virtue triumphed.

Through a friend of his father who did not know how Mr. Flower felt on the subject of his screen career, Harold secured permission to use the gardens of a beautiful Beverly Hills estate.

Art found a rotund violinist who was willing to furnish sob music for the scene for three dollars.

**C**INDERELLA at the ball must have looked very much like Jennie in her gay little evening frock as she melted into Harold's arms, gazing up at him starry-eyed. They were standing by a lily pond where their silhouettes had been caught in the water.

"It's been wonderful, Mr. Flower," she had said before they started the scene. "I just love being an actress—" A little wistful smile curved her lips. "I guess I'll remember this—*always*."

It made Harold feel very philanthropic that he had been able to bring a little sunshine into Jennie's drab life. Tomorrow she would go

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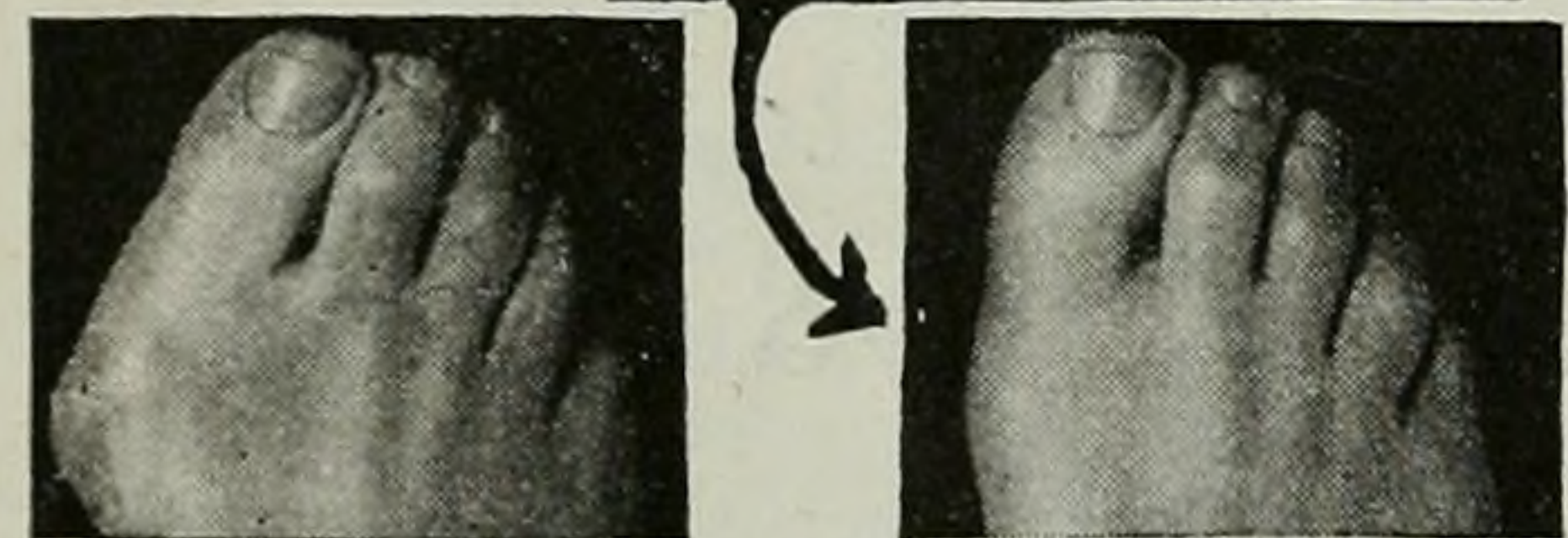
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back to the five-and-ten to sell notions. No wonder that tears were trembling on her long lashes.

Sometime, he decided, when he was an established star and able to choose his own cast, he would give Jennie some extra work.

The rotund violinist began to sway to the strains of Harold's request number, "Hearts and Flowers." Art was to direct the scene.

"NOW remember, Jennie," he began grinding the camera, "he's your sweetheart. He's going away—out of your life. Maybe you'll never see him again. You're heart-broken. You don't want to go back to the notion counter. Your arms go about his neck. You cling on to him—beg him not to leave you—"

Jennie's arms went about Harold's neck. Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she clung on to him, imploring him with little broken phrases not to leave her. She made it seem so real that it was a moment before Harold realized that Jennie was completely obscuring his profile. She was behaving as if she had forgotten all about the camera, stealing the scene completely, and was too dumb to know she was doing it. What did Art mean giving her a break like that? He had suspected him once before, in the desert stuff, and had spoken to him about it. But now he couldn't stop him because they were at the end of the film.

One thing he could do, however. He could get Jennie's back to the camera. His full face was not so good but it would be better to sacrifice his profile than to let Jennie hog the scene the way she was doing. He tried to recall just what Barrymore's action had been in a similar scene.

He got a strangle hold on Jennie, swung her halfway round, bent her back, then leaned over and gave her the Barrymore kiss. It lasted for several feet. He felt Jennie wilt in his arms.

The test was finished. Jennie's flash of glory had ended. Harold's had just begun.

The film went to the laboratory. Harold went to Del Monte for a few days' rest after his strenuous activities. He wanted to be in condition to give his all, once the starring contract was signed.

Two weeks later the agent whom he had engaged to manage him was conducting a high-powered sales campaign in behalf of his new client.

"I tell you this boy's got everything," the agent enthused to Moe Stern, of the Paradox Pictures, who had finally consented to look at the test.

"He looks good, he dresses well, he can ride, swim, dive, dance and what's more—the boy can act. I tell you, Moe, he's a find."

"Well, let's have a look," said the skeptical Mr. Stern who had heard this line from agents so many times that it failed to impress him.

THE test with credit titles saying that it had been produced by Harold Flower and that it starred Harold Flower flickered across the screen in the studio projection. They saw Harold propositioning Jennie. Harold rescuing Jennie from a watery grave. Harold, the bad man of the mesa. Harold the sheik, the treader, the hero.

"Well, what did I tell you?" said the enthusiastic agent when the film had reached its fadeout. "Ain't he great?"

For a moment there was silence while the agent waited breathlessly for the producer to commit himself.

"Who's the girl?" finally asked Mr. Stern.

"Oh, she's nobody. Just a little kid from the ten-cent store—never been before the camera before. But the boy—I ask you, Moe, ain't he a knockout?"

"The boy?" asked the producer a little vaguely as though he had not noticed the boy at all, "Oh, there are dozens like him. But that girl—she's different. She's got something."

"Actually, she wrung my heart in that last scene."

"From the ten cent store you say? Get her in here. I'm going to sign her up. She'll be a star overnight."

The agent went down for the count.

It was with difficulty that he later attempted to explain to a dazed and unbelieving Harold the peculiarities of the motion picture business.

"Jennie!" gasped Harold. His self-confidence had taken its first nose dive. "But I taught her all she knows. She would never have had a chance if it hadn't been for me. Why I—discovered her!"

"You did, huh?" This gave the shrewd agent a new slant on the matter. "Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Get her in here right away and we'll put her under a long term contract."

"Then, you see, they'll have to deal through you."

Harold stared at him a little blankly. His one track mind was still trying to grasp what had actually happened.

"SAY, you wouldn't be the first guy to cash in on the drawing power of some girl's soulful eyes," continued the agent who had misinterpreted Harold's silence. "The gag is to catch 'em young, keep 'em cute and tell 'em nothing."

He reached for the telephone. "What's her number?"

But it was too late.

At that moment, at a well known chicken dinner palace, Jennie and the poker-faced cameraman were celebrating the signing of her contract with Paradox Pictures.

Harold would scarcely have recognized the Jennie who was leaning over the table, talking excitedly.

It was a Jennie rouged and lip-sticked, with a short skirt that just missed covering a very nice pair of knees, and a pert little red hat drawn over her dark hair.

"And I owe it all to you, Art," she gave him that same wistful little smile which had wrung Moe Stern's heart.

"That certainly was a wonderful hunch you had, putting me in as a salesgirl at the five-and-ten."

"Honestly, I never thought I could get away with it."

"Well, it only goes to prove that behind every successful girl in Hollywood, there's a man."

Art turned to see if anyone was looking and then gave her a quick kiss. "You might have gone on being an extra girl all your life if the *Boston Flower* hadn't engaged me as a cameraman."

At the mention of Harold they both burst into convulsive laughter.

"It was certainly a break for you to have Harold teach you how to act," kidded Art.

"But I think it was that anaemic makeup you figured out that really got me the job." Jennie made a little wry face at the memory of it.

"Why it almost made me feel sick and underfed."

"You looked good to me, even with the makeup." He patted her hand and managed to steal another kiss while the waiter's back was turned.

"They're going to call me 'Genee,'" Jennie babbled on excitedly, "and they're going to star me in the very first picture."

"Yeah?"

It was obvious that Art was just as thrilled about it as she was.

"And guess what they're going to call it—'The Girl from Woolworth's.'"

A WEEK later a very inconspicuous news item appeared in the society column of a Boston paper. It read:

Mr. Harold Flower has returned to his home on Beacon Hill after an extended sojourn in Hollywood, California. Young Mr. Flower will soon enter upon his duties at the Mayflower Bank as assistant to his father.

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

★ **INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

★ **IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to *D'Artagnan*—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

**JAZZLAND**—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. (March.)

★ **JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—Chesterfield.—Bootlegging, serious drinking, gunfire and pure night-club girls in an impossible hodge-podge. (April.)

**KID'S CLEVER, THE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE RODEO**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**LADY OF CHANCE, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velez runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

**LAST WARNING, THE**—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

**LEATHERNECK, THE**—Pathe.—Good silent film crippled with some talk. Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Co., fine in Marine yarn. (April.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LINDA**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

**LION'S ROAR, THE**—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

**LITTLE SAVAGE, THE**—FBO.—A Western that is saved by some good human interest touches. (March.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LOOKOUT GIRL, THE**—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

**LOOPING THE LOOP**—UFA-Paramount.—Foreign drama of circus life, with an old theme but with some good continental atmosphere—if that's what you're looking for. (March.)

**LOVE IN THE DESERT**—FBO.—Smart and funny version of the good old hot-sand stuff, with Olive Borden, Hugh Trevor, Noah Beery. (April.)

**LUCKY BOY**—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking. Silent, with lapses into sound and singing. (March.)

**MADELON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

★ **MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MANHATTAN KNIGHTS**—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whiskers but plenty of action. (March.)

**MAN HIGHER UP, THE**—Three reel talker, with Robert Edeson and Hobart Bosworth in fine voice. Heavy dramma. (April.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

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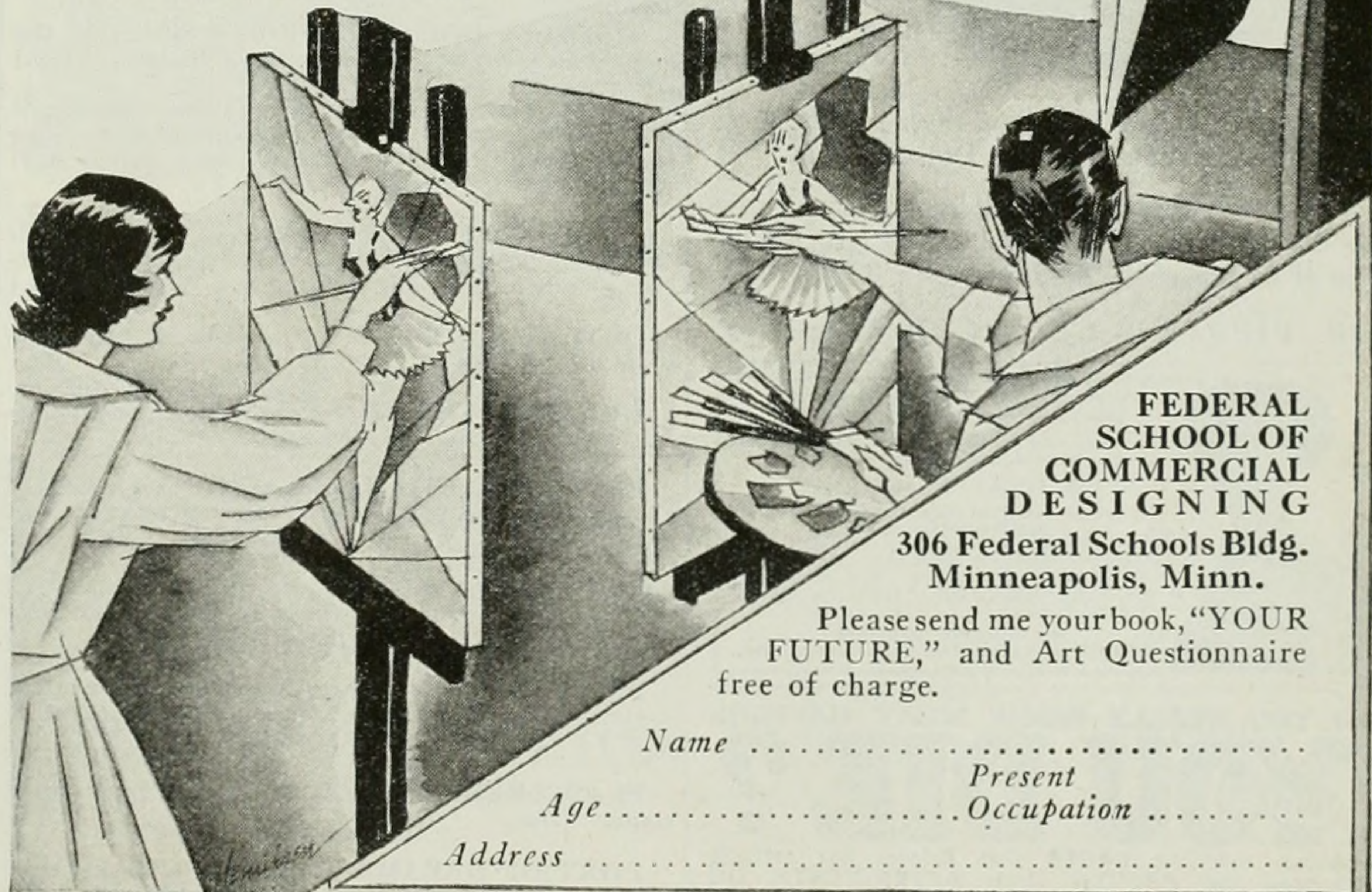
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**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MAN'S MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER**—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confused fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

★ **ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

★ **MOTHER KNOWS BEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MOULIN ROUGE**—World Wide Pictures.—Paris boulevard piece made in Paris and London by A. E. Dupont, with a Russian star, Mlle. Chekova. (April.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

★ **MY MAN**—Warners.—A chance to hear Fannie Brice sing all her best songs. Not much on story but a good Vitaphone novelty. (March.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

**NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NOTHING TO WEAR**—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn't hard to watch. (March.)

**OBJECT, ALIMONY**—Columbia.—He done right by our Nell, the little shop-girl, but it all made a trite and feeble picture. (April.)

**OFFICE SCANDAL, THE**—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

**ONE MAN DOG, THE**—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

★ **ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

★ **OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUTLAWED**—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! (March.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great handfuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PACE THAT KILLS, THE**—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)

★ **PAGAN, THE**—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Ramon Novarro, Renee Adoree and others. See it. (April.)

**PHIPPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

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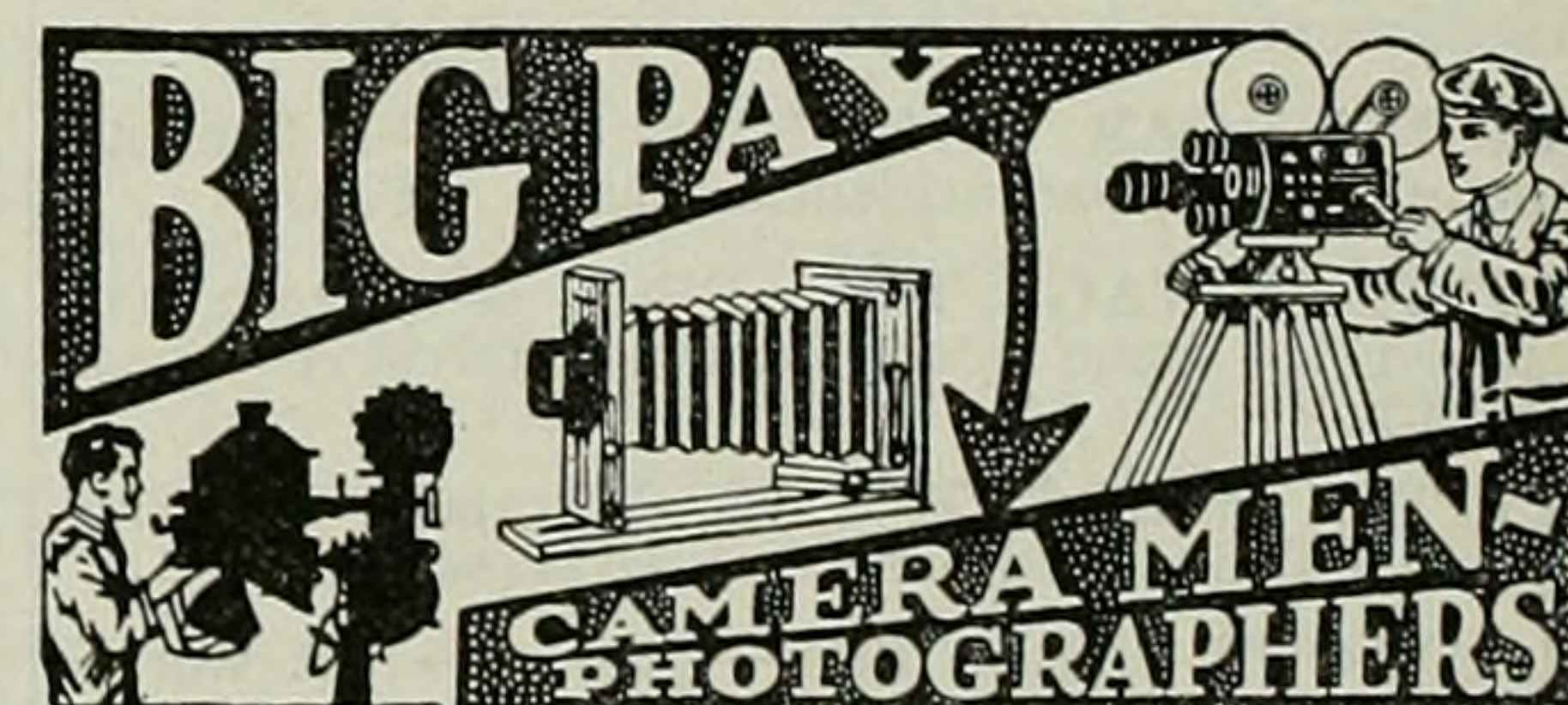
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**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

**PREP AND PEP**—Fox.—Good boys' story of life in a military academy. (March.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

**REDEEMING SIN, THE**—Warners.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable but the picture has a certain pull. (March.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

**RED SWORD, THE**—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal Carmel Myers. (April.)

★ **RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

★ **RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot but good atmosphere and detail. (March.)

**RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia.—Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

★ **RIVER, THE**—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. (March.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

★ **ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SATANESQUE**—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. (March.)

★ **SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

**SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**—First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHADY LADY, THE**—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

**SHIPS OF THE NIGHT**—Rayart.—South Sea life seen by someone never off Main Street. Just too kiddish for anything. (April.)

**SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE**—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**SILENT SENTINEL, THE**—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

**SILENT SHELDON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

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**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

★ **SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKY SKIDDER, THE**—Universal.—They are aviators now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. (March.)

**SMALL TOWN SINNERS**—Hugo Brahn.—German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

**SOMME, THE**—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

**SPEED CLASSIC, THE**—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIE MARRIAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best that Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don't miss. (April.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**SQUARE SHOULDERS**—Pathe.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. (March.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOOL PIGEON**—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

**STRANGE CARGO**—Pathe.—Another all-talking mystery, this time on board a yacht, with an all-stage cast. (April.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Back-stage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE**—Excellent.—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

★ **STRONG BOY**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen in a rattling good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage smashers. (April.)

**SUBMARINE**—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SUNSET PASS**—Paramount.—Jack Holt in one of the best Westerns in months. And Jack's a sheriff. Dearie me! (April.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

**TAKE ME HOME**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**THAT PARTY IN PERSON**—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

**THREE PASSIONS, THE**—United Artists.—Rex Ingram produces an old-fashioned story of English high life, with Alice Terry still an ice cake. (April.)

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE**—Gotham.—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TRACKED**—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

**TRUE HEAVEN**—Fox.—A poky story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and big George O'Brien. (April.)

**TROPICAL NIGHTS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. (March.)

**TROPIC MADNESS**—FBO.—Turbulent melodrama of England and the South Seas. (March.)

**TYRANT OF RED GULCH**—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

**UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS**—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actors in this picture. It's different and it has primitive charm. (March.)

**UNEASY MONEY**—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

**VEILED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VIRGIN LIPS**—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

★ **WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE**—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

★ **WEARY RIVER**—First National.—Barthelmess' first talkie, with the star as a reformed convict. A popular sensation. (April.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE**—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellant scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**WHAT A NIGHT!**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

★ **WHY BE GOOD?**—First National.—Colleen Moore at her naughtiest and nicest. Peppy and entertaining. (April.)

**WILD BLOOD**—Universal.—Rex, the wonder horse, gets a rough deal in a particularly childish Western. (April.)

★ **WILD ORCHIDS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in a story that proves that tropical heat melts all conventions. The scene is Java—the details are superb—and the picture is a riot for audiences. (March.)

**WIN THAT GIRL**—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE**—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Baclanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

**WOLF SONG**—Paramount.—Mountains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. (March.)

**WOLVES OF THE CITY**—Universal.—Action thriller, with Bill Cody saving Sally Blane from the rascally ransom-crooks. (April.)

★ **WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**YELLOWBACK, THE**—FBO.—More Royal Mounted Police, with the usual help from the scenery. (March.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)

# What Are Your Correct Colors?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

with warm hues of the personal coloring, while vivid warm hues may be at variance with the cool tones present in the intermediate type. Thus intense colors, always difficult to wear, are especially trying to the intermediate type, killing the hues most similar to themselves and revealing unpleasant tinges in those individual hues which are opposite to the colors worn.

A VIVID warm red is an excellent example of the disastrous effect of the too vivid warm color on the girl of intermediate type. The intense red makes the cheeks seem paler as the flesh tints are too subdued to successfully vie with the much stronger red used in the costume.

While a small area might be worn, an entire dress of intense red makes the skin seem pale and lifeless, much less attractive than when soft grayed reds, lighter rose tones, or darker, softer wine shades are worn. Not even an increased amount of rouge will give the skin sufficient force to wear vivid red as effectively as the darker brunette, with more definitely warm coloring, can wear it—and we will remember that even the brunette with forceful coloring finds the extremely vivid tones less pleasing than those of softer aspect.

The vivid red which overpowers the flesh tones of the intermediate type, at the same time makes the brown hair seem less colorful, more lifeless. The warm highlights which frequently are found in brown hair fade into insignificance beside the more flaunting red of the costume.

The eyes of the girl with intermediate coloring, usually cool in effect, gray, blue, green or perhaps hazel, seem too cool in contrast to the bright red dress.

This may make the eyes seem both faded and coldly expressionless. It never gives them depth or life.

Vivid blue may be taken as an example of the too vivid cool color, unpleasing in its effect upon the intermediate type. The skin, which is warmer than that of the blonde, less warm than that of the brunette, may contain considerable yellow, which hue may be intensified by the intense blue of the costume, as vivid blue causes its opposite color, yellow, to appear in surrounding surfaces. The eyes, which are usually of a grayed cool color, will appear lighter, less colorful in comparison with the intense cool color which overpowers them. The brown hair will suffer least; sometimes it may gain in contrast to the blue, at other times it may appear too much in contrast with the very cool color.

Seldom does it prove as harmonious as it would with a softer, more grayed color, either warm or cool.

THERE are, naturally, many variations of the intermediate type. The brown hair may be fairly light or dark, although it is most frequently of middle value. It may be colorful, with definite highlights of reddish or red-orange cast, or it may be dull and drab or fairly neutral in tone without the colorful glints. The apparent color of the hair may be greatly influenced by the colors worn near it. Beige and browns similar to the color of the hair should in most instances be avoided. If they are worn they should be definitely lighter or decidedly darker than the hair. They should always be less colorful. A reddish brown will make the hair appear dull and lifeless. A shiny silky reddish brown fur will make dull brown hair appear even more uninteresting. Neutral beiges are too similar to both the hair and the skin.

Rosy beiges will usually be more becoming

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to both, but are seldom as becoming as other hues of less neutral colorings.

The majority of persons with intermediate coloring have a slight tinge of cool or red-violet color in the flesh tones. Their coloring is not as definitely cool in effect as that of the blonde, being somewhat less red-violet in cast as well as darker and less delicate, although many girls with intermediate coloring have very fair, delicate and cool skin. Soft, partially neutralized, cool colorings therefore tend to do the most to emphasize the cool, delicate flesh tones of the intermediate's skin. Middle and low values are usually preferable to extremely light pastel colors which are more delicate than the skin tones.

SOMETIMES the brown haired girl has flesh tones which are slightly orange, warmer in feeling, although not as definitely red-orange or as decidedly warm in feeling as that of the brunette. As the intermediate type becomes sunburned, the warmth of her coloring increases and warm colors become increasingly becoming.

If her coloring is faint, or if her skin has become warmed by the sun, the intermediate type may wear rouge with a slightly red-orange cast, thus making herself more warm in coloring.

As a usual rule the intermediate type finds rouge with a faintly red-violet cast most natural in effect and most becoming. Some intermediate types, whose natural coloring is faint, may wear either red-violet or red-orange

rouge, changing the coloring of their skin so that it becomes more harmonious with the costume of cool or of warm coloring. The rouge should never be too bright, but soft or slightly grayed in tone. It should be neither too dark nor too light, but of a medium value which most closely approximates the natural coloring of the intermediate skin.

The eyes of the intermediate type frequently assume the hue of cool colors worn near them. While they are not definitely green they may appear so, at other times blue, at others blue-green or gray. The so-called hazel eyes, also found in the intermediate type, may become cool or yellow brown in tone according to colors reflected in them, or those contrasting with them. The more characteristically cool hues are intensified when medium and dark values of somewhat softened cool colors are worn.

EACH girl of intermediate coloring should discover whether her eyes most readily and most attractively appear green, blue-green, blue or gray, noting just what tone is most becoming used in large areas, which may be used as an accent.

She may thus always wear a color which emphasizes her eyes, either in the foundation color of the costume as a whole or as an accent or accessory.

If the eyelashes and brows are light in color the eyes may be given greater emphasis by the use of a dark brown, not a black, mascara. Eyeshadow of blue-green may bring out the



Lon Chaney doesn't quite know whether to kiss her or kill her. While he is making up his mind our cameraman caught this shot of the making of "East is East." Lupe Velez is the girl who is going to get smacked one way or another. Director Tod Browning is the lumberjack leaning over the scene

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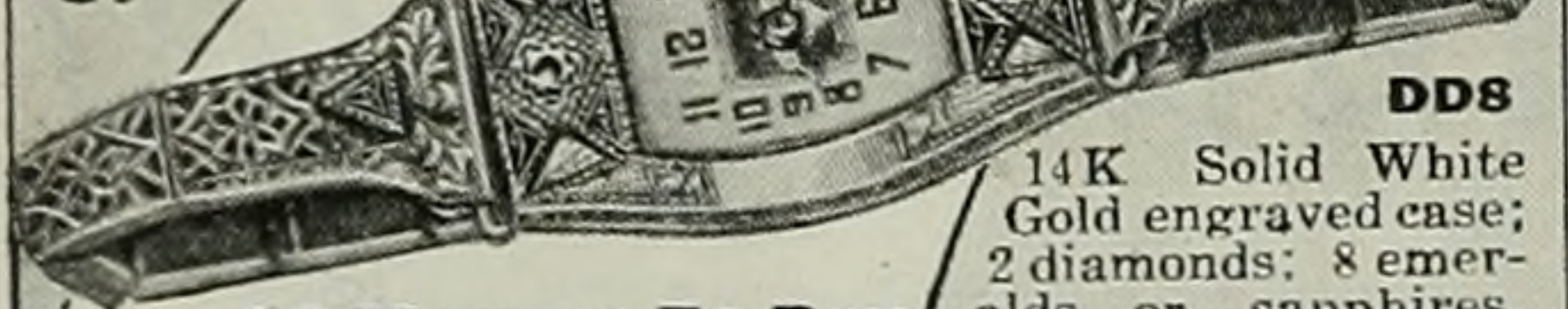
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from that of the brunette, with cool skin with red-violet flesh tints, usually fair, appearing more so by contrast with the dark hair, sometimes with brown eyes, frequently with very dark cool eyes.

**S**HE is predominantly cool in coloring, yet frequently makes the mistake of wearing the warm colors becoming to the brunette rather than the cool colors which emphasize the fairness of her skin, the coolness of her hair, and if her eyes are cool, makes them look deeper and darker.

She may wear somewhat more vivid colors than the blonde or the usual intermediate type, but they are most becoming if not too vivid.

Pale delicate colors, especially if bright, coarsen her skin, while dark colors emphasize its fairness, making the distinctive contrast between dark hair and light skin even more striking.

**B**LUE-GREEN, green, blue, violet, red-violet are all flattering.

Warm colors are wearable, especially if softened or neutralized to a touch of coolness. Warm colors are, however, seldom as pleasing as those of cooler feeling.

Contrasts of light and dark color, particularly black and an off-white similar to the tone of the skin, are especially effective, emphasizing the contrast between skin and hair. Fairly neutral colors, beiges and grays, are becoming to this striking type, especially when used with an accent of vivid color.

## The Girl Who Walked Back

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

chanted her songs in a small haunting voice. Bessie then was a Vitagraph star. D. W. Griffith had discovered her, as ginghamed and pigtailed she played extra during school vacation.

They tell how the Master summoned her, saying, "What's your name, little girl?"

"Juanita Horton," piped Little Girl.

"From henceforth you are Bessie Love," intoned the Master—and a few months later, "Bessie Love you are going farther than any of my stars."

Maybe that prediction held back the tear when many times it tried to shove ahead of the smile.

**B**ESSIE'S eyes were so big there wasn't much room for her face, and it looked cheated. She played starved orphans in a way to attract Near East Relief. But before the Armenians could sue for infringement of patent, Bessie would turn around and play the betrayed mother.

The land was washed with tears for her and strong men wept like babes; indeed, it looked for a time as though she'd make Willie the Weeper the national anthem. Then suddenly she turned to comedy, there were rainbows o'er our shoulders, and Bessie Love was discovered all over again.

**B**UT she had no sex appeal—so producers said ominously, and to say that was to breathe damnation, for Madame Glyn had made it as sacred in Hollywood as the dollar sign.

Bessie was thin and big-eyed and without taste for clothes. A fine actress, they agreed, but no IT.

Cute, but Unawakened.

In all the world there never was such wisdom as lodges in the turrets of Hollywood film producers.

Thus little Bessie who had started early and travelled far was shoved out of her starry vehicle and told to walk back.

"Oh Gee," I can hear her say as she stood

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forlorn in the road. She didn't weep. Willie could do that. She picked up her uke and started back through the road that is called Poverty Row.

As she walked she sang and her toes took to wriggling. Somewhere *en route* she saw the Charleston, and when at length she emerged into the brighter kleigs of Hollywood, where she was half-forgotten, it was no longer the starved orphan but the flexuous cup-taking Charleston dancer.

The big eyes sparkled as before but the tiny feet twinkled and Bessie's legs were discovered to be the sightliest and sprightliest in all our great leg land.

Her glorious past was forgotten, the actress was no more; directors only gave her dancing parts, sometimes bits. Socially she was in a leading rôle.

She was the life of the party. At Mable Normand's I heard Pola Negri beseeching her for Charleston lessons.

At another party I heard a sobering gent ask her what she drank to give her such a lasting kick.

"I take mine straight," laughed Bessie, pointing at a White Rock bottle.

If licker is nourishment she's still the starved child.

She has never taken a drink, never smoked a cigarette nor even endorsed one, but if you go to her home you are given your favorite brand.

**I**N New York last summer I heard that Bessie had slipped away into vaudeville. The old eyes dimmed; I felt like Willie as I recalled the child whom I thought the greatest of all our young actresses: her death scene in "Human Wreckage," devoid of theatric agony and like a foretaste of eternal beauty, a passing into the ultimate dream; her genius in scenes of "The Eternal Three" and in tawdry pictures which held nothing else.

Returning to Hollywood I stopped at the Roosevelt Hotel. As I passed down the corridor to my room I heard a woman's oath. I stopped dead still.

Only one woman in Hollywood uses that oath: "Oh Gee!" I rapped on the door and Bessie opened.

After the gaiety of greeting, and only under question, she told me reluctantly of her vaudeville tour.

It hadn't delighted her, though of course everyone was marvelous—they always are, according to Bessie.

Now she was going to New York, she said, to try musical comedy.

As a farewell to Hollywood she was doing one picture, a talkie.

It would be sort of nice, she thought, to have a picture released while she was in New York, so that people wouldn't think she wasn't wanted any more.

**T**WO months later "The Broadway Melody" came to Graumann's Chinese theater, and Hank was made immortal because Hank is Bessie. Heaven itself was apprized by searchlights that dusted Mars. All the stars of the local firmament arrived in diamonds that dimmed the searchlights and ermine that queens once could afford. They were filmed and radioed throughout the world. Carmel Myers, school girl chum of Bessie, stepped to the microphone and said, "I'm grateful for this night because Bessie Love is triumphing, and, if ever anyone deserved success, Bessie Love does."

Carmel said what all Hollywood felt as that night the Love of our town was given our greatest hand. And every night since there has been a hush—then a storm of applause for that great scene in which Hank sobs alone in her dressing room.

**I** REPEAT what I wrote two years ago in PHOTOPLAY: "There's no finer actress or sweeter character on the screen than Bessie Love."

D. W. was inspired when he named her Love.

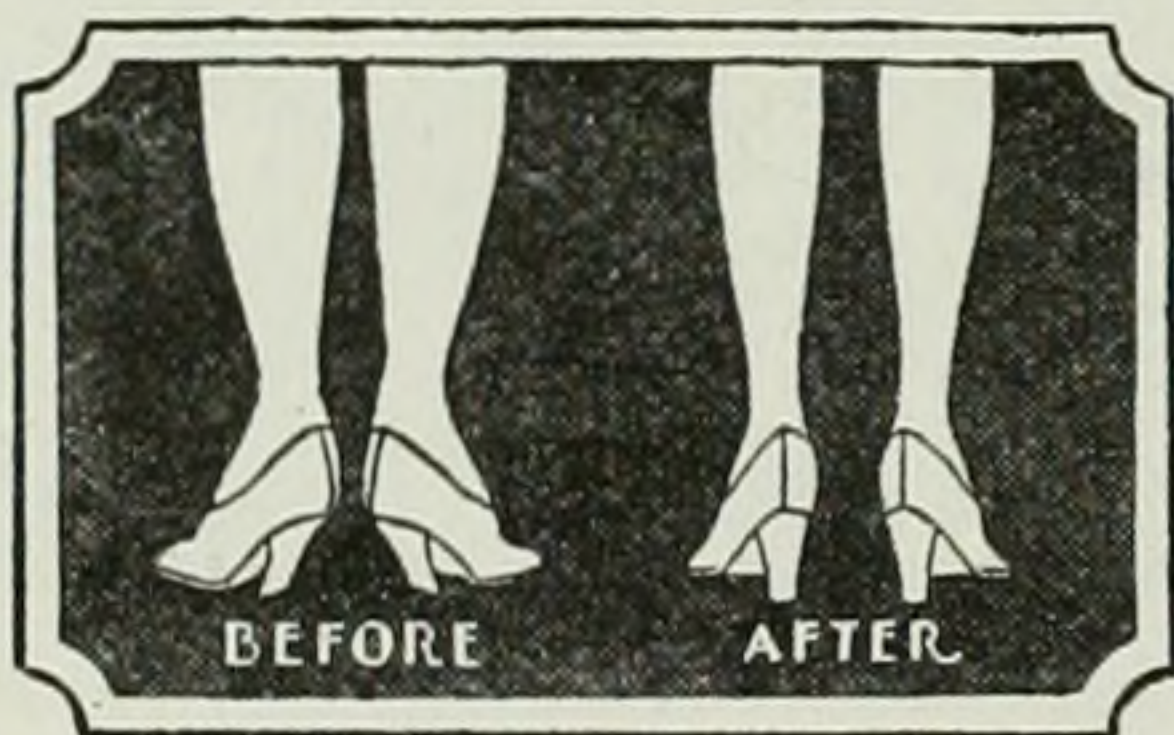
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### Crooked Heels

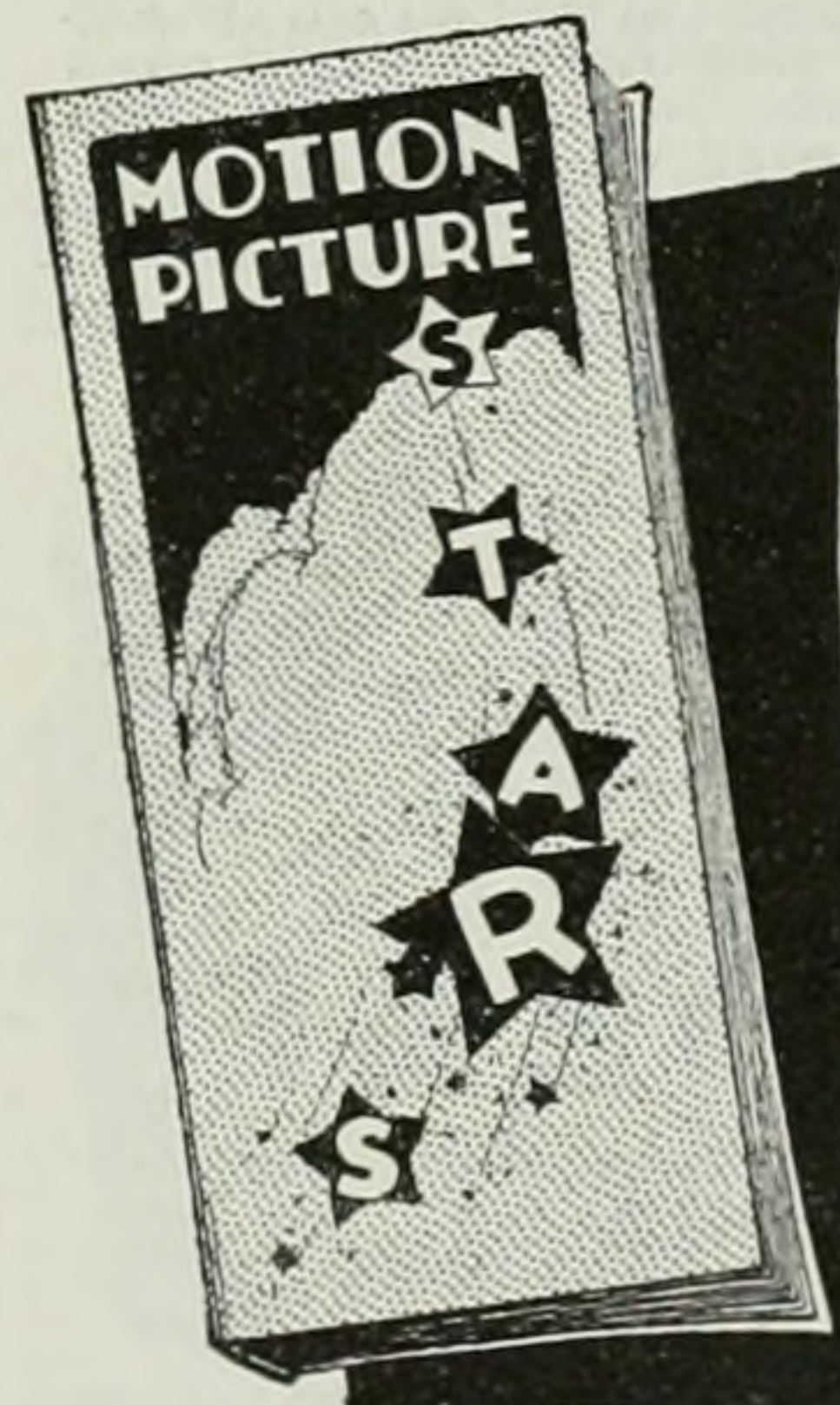
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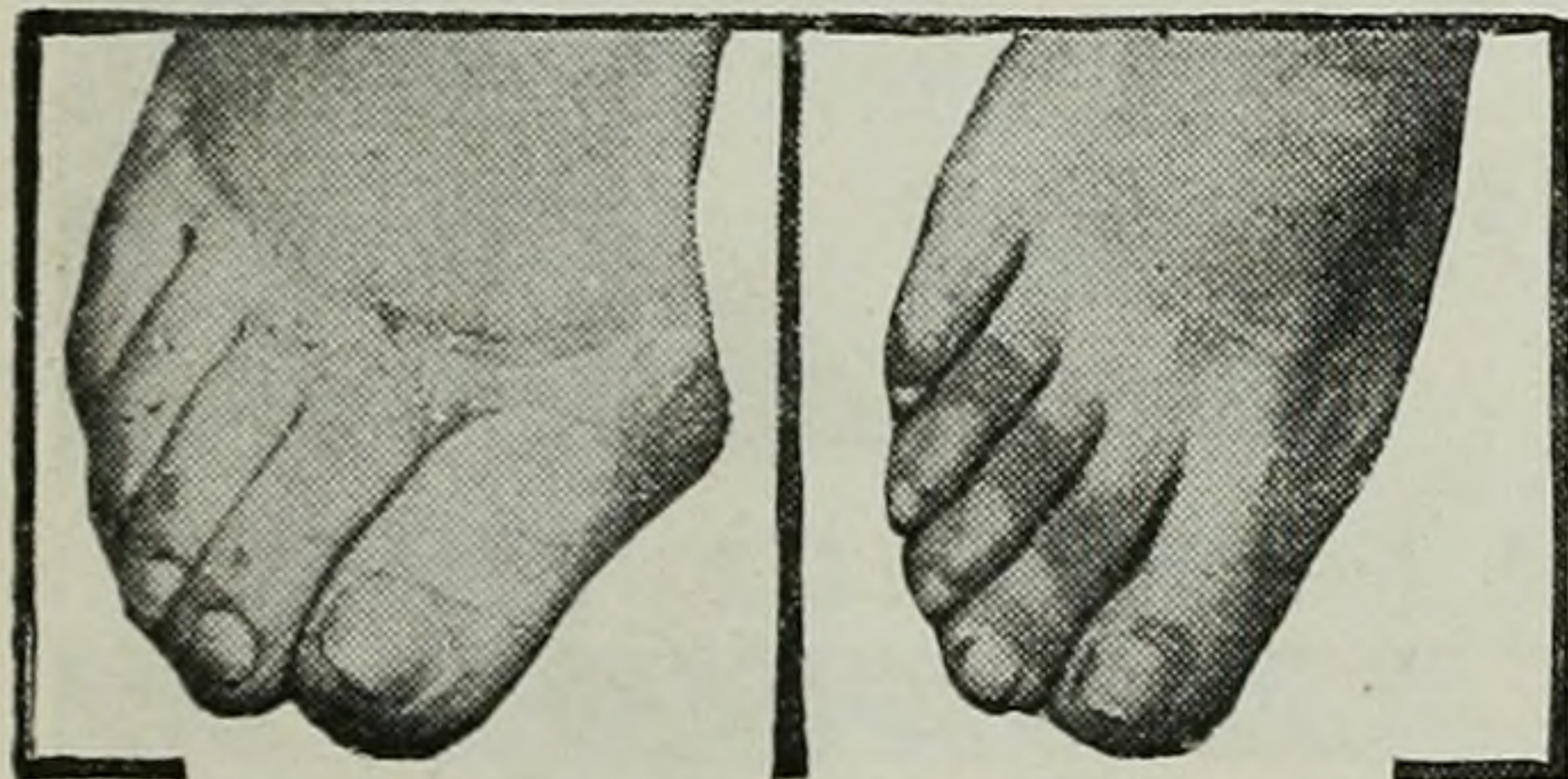
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIBI"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by John Wray, J. C. Nugent and Elaine Sterne Carrington. Adapted by Roland West and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Roland West. The cast: *No. 1065* (Chick Williams), Chester Morris; *Buck Bachman*, Harry Stubbs; *Daisy Thomas*, Mae Busch; *Joan Manning*, Eleanor Griffith; *Tools*, Irma Harrison; *Danny McGann*, Regis Toomey; *Brown*, Al Hill; *Blake*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Soft Malone*, Elmer Ballard; *Trask*, Kernan Cripps; *Pete Manning*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Tommy Glennon*, Pat O'Malley; *O'Brien*, DeWitt Jennings; *Geo. Stanislaus David*, Edward Brady; *Singers in theatre*, Virginia Flohri, Edward Jardon.

"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lilian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchen. Scenario by Howard J. Green. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Nina Laska*, Virginia Valli; *Fred Baher*, Gaston Glass; *Max Randolph*, Otto Matiesen; *Henrick Schield*, Andreas De Seguroola; *Captain von Gilde*, Torben Meyer; *John Barton*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"BETRAYAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Victor Schertzinger and Nicholas Soussanin. Adapted by Hans Kraly. Directed by Lewis Mileston. The cast: *Poldi Moser*, Emil Jannings; *Vroni*, His Wife, Esther Ralston; *Andre Frey*, Gary Cooper; *Hans*, Jada Weller; *Peter*, Douglas Haig; *Andre's Mother*, Bodil Rosing.

"BORN TO THE SADDLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bruce Mitchel and George Plympton. Directed by Joseph Levigard. The cast: *Ted Dorgan*, Ted Wells; *Helen Pearson*, Duane Thompson; *Clyde Montmorency Winpenny*, Leo White; *Amos Judd*, Merrill McCormick; *John Pearson*, Byron Douglas; *"Pop" Healy*, Nelson McDowell.

"BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Thornton Wilder. Adapted by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Charles Brabin. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: *Camila*, Lily Damita; *Uncle Pio*, Ernest Torrence; *Pepita*, Raquel Torres; *Manuel*, Don Alvarado; *Esteban*, Duncan Renaldo; *Father Juniper*, Henry Walthall; *Viceroy*, Michael Vavitch; *Marquesa*, Emily Fitzroy; *Dona Clara*, Jane Winton; *Jaime*, Gordon Thorpe; *Captain Alvarado*, Mitchell Lewis; *Don Vincente*, Paul Ellis; *Nun*, Eugenie Besserer.

"BROTHERS"—RAYART.—From the story by Ford I. Beebe and Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photography by Hap Dewey. The cast: *Tom Conroy, as a child*, Jimmy Cain; *Bobby Conroy, as a child*, Edward Anderson; *Doris La Rue*, Barbara Bedford; *Tom Conroy*, Cornelius Keefe; *Bobby Conroy*, Arthur Rankin; *Thomas Blackwood*, Richard Carle; *Randy*, George Chesebro; *Norman*, Paddy O'Flynn.

"CHINATOWN NIGHTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Samuel Ornitz. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Chuck Riley*, Wallace Beery; *Joan Fry*, Florence Vidor; *Boston Charley*, Warner Oland; *"The Shadow"*, Jack McHugh; *The Reporter*, Jack Oakie; *Woo Chung*, Tetsu Komai; *The Gambler*, Frank Chew; *The Maid*, Mrs. Wing; *The Bartender*, Peter Morrison; *Gerald*, Freeman Wood.

"CLOSE HARMONY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elsie Janis and Gene Markey. Screen Play by Percy Heath. Directed by John Cromwell and Eddie Sutherland. The cast: *Al West*, Charles Rogers; *Marjorie Merwin*, Nancy Carroll; *Ben Barney*, Jack Oakie; *Johnny Bay*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Max Mindil*, Harry Green.

"HEARTS IN DIXIE"—FOX.—From the story by Walter Weems. Directed by Paul Sloane. Photography by Glen McWilliams. The cast: *Nappus*, Clarence Muse; *Chinquapin*, Eugene Jackson; *Gummy*, Stepin Fetchit; *Chloe*, Bernice Pilot; *Rammey*, Clifford Ingram; *Trailia*, Mildred Washington; *Deacon*, Zach Williams; *Emmy*, Gertrude Howard; *Melia*, Dorothy Morrison; *Violet*, Vivian Smith; *Hoodoo Woman*, A. C. H. Billbrew; *White Doctor*, Richard Carlisle.

"HOT STUFF"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Bluffers" by Robert S. Carr. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Barbara (Babs) Allen*, Alice White; *Aunt Kate*, Louise Fazenda; *Mack Moran*, William Bakewell; *Thelma*, Doris Dawson; *Sandy McNab*, Ben Hall; *Wiggam*, Charles Sellon; *Tuffy*, Buddy Messinger; *Bob*, Andy Devine; *Cop*, Larry Banthim.

"HOUSE OF HORROR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Bee. Continuity by Richard Bee. Directed by Benjamin Christensen. The cast: *Louise*, Louise Fazenda; *Chester*, Chester Conklin; *Joe*, James Ford; *Thelma*, Thelma Todd; *Mystery Man*, William V. Mong; *Old Miser*, Emile

Chautard; *Miller*, William Orlamond; *Gladys*, Dale Fuller; *Brown*, Tenen Holtz.

"LETTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by Jean de Limur. The cast: *Leslie Crosbie*, Jeanne Eagels; *Joyce*, O. P. Heggie; *Robert Crosbie*, Reginald Owen; *Geoffrey Hammond*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Joyce*, Irene Brown; *Li-Ti*, Lady Tsen Mei; *Ong Chi Seng*, Tamaki Yoshiwara.

"LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by Sig Herzig. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Photography by James Van Trees. The cast: *Michael Lanyard* (*The Lone Wolf*), Bert Lytell; *Helen Fairchild*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Count Polinac*, Charles Girard; *Velma*, Lilyan Tashman; *Bobby Crenshaw*, Donald Keith; *Adrienne*, Florence Allen; *Ethier*, Robert Elliott; *Mrs. Crenshaw*, Ruth Cherrington.

"LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE"—CO-OPERATIVE.—From the story by Raymond Wells. Directed by Raymond Wells. Photography by M. A. Andersen. The cast: *Don Alvarez*, Raymond Wells; *Jose Alvarez*, Leo Kelley; *Papela*, Gail Kenton; *Tautinei*, Grace Lord; *Alo*, Ole Tofia; *Bol*, Tatooting Chief; *Sala*, Ole Toafa.

"MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the novel by Jules Verne. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Lucien Hubbard. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Dakkar*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sonia*, Jane Daly; *Nikolai*, Lloyd Hughes; *Falon*, Montague Love; *Mikhail*, Harry Gibbon; *Anton*, Nolze Edwards; *Dmitry*, Gibson Gowland; *Teresa*, Dolores Brinkman.

"NAVAJO"—GOODWILL.—From the story by Tom Griffith. Directed by Tom Griffith. All Navajo Indian cast.

"PEACOCK FAN, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Continuity by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Dr. Chang Dorfman*, Lucien Prival; *Peggy Kendall*, Dorothy Dwan; *Sgt. O'Brien*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. Rossmore*, Rosemary Theby; *Mr. Rossmore*, Carlton King; *Bertram Leslie*, Gladden James; *Jerry Carlyle*, David Findlay; *Bob Kendal*, James Wilcox; *Thomas Elton*, Fred Malatesta; *Lily*, Alice True; *Arthur*, Spencer Bell; *Dr. Whalen*, John Fowler. In the Prologue: *Felita*, Lotus Long; *Okuri*, Fujii Kishii; *Men Ching*, Wong Foo.

"ROYAL RIDER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Adapted by Sylvia Seid and Nicholas Jacques Jaccard. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Dick Scott*, Ken Maynard; *Miss Elliot*, Olive Hasbrouck; *King Michael*, Philippe De Lacy; *Count Nicholas*, Theodore Lorch; *The Tutor*, Joseph Burke; *Parneve*, Harry Semels; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"SHANGHAI ROSE"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photography by Hap Dewey. The cast: *Shanghai Rose*, Irene Rich; *Henry West*, William Conklin; *Gregor West*, Richard Walling; *Ezra Farthing*, Robert Dudley; *Diana Avery*, Ruth Hiatt; *Xavier Doolittle*, Sid Saylor; *Mrs. Doolittle*, DeSacia Mooers; *Ivar Khan*, Anthony Merlo.

"SIDESHOW, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Scenario by Howard J. Green. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Joseph Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *Queenie Parker*, Marie Prevost; *Gentleman Ted Rogers*, Ralph Graves; *P. W. Melrose*, "Little Billy"; *Ghandi*, Alan Roscoe; *Bowen, the canvas boss*, Pat Harmon; *Tall Man*, Texas Madesen; *Fat Lady*, Martha McGruger; *Knife Thrower*, Estaban Clemento; *His Aide*, Janet Ford; *Armless Man*, Paul Dismute; *Tattooed Man*, Bert Price; *Thin Man*, Chester Morton; *Fire Eater*, Jacques Ray.

"SONNY BOY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Leon Zuardo. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Sonny Boy*, Davey Lee; *Winifred Canfield*, Betty Bronson; *Crandall Thorpe*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mary*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Hamilton*, John T. Murray; *Mulcahy*, Tommy Dugan; *Mother Thorpe*, Lucy Beaumont; *Thorpe, Sr.*, Edmund Breese; *Phil*, Jed Prouty.

"SPEAKEASY"—FOX.—From the play by Edward Knoblock and George Rosner. Adapted by Frederick H. Brennan. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Martin*, Paul Page; *Alice Woods*, Lola Lane; *Fuzzy*, Henry B. Walthall; *Min*, Helen Ware; *Cannon Delmont*, Warren Hymers; *Cy Williams*, Stuart Erwin; *Maizie*, Sharon Lynn; *City Editor*, Erville Alderson; *Davey*, James Guilfoyle; *Speakeasy Hangers-on*, Marjorie Beebe, Ivan Linow, Helen Lynch, Sailor Vincent.



"THIS IS HEAVEN" — GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Hope Loring. Continuity by Hope Loring. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Eva Petrie*, Vilma Banky; *James Stackpoole*, James Hall; *Mamie Chase*, Fritzie Ridgeway; *Mr. Frank Chase*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mr. E. D. Wallace*, Richard Tucker.

"TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES"—FBO.—From the novel "Desert Madness" by Wm. E. Wing. Adapted by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Robert DeLacy. The cast: *Vic Stanley*, Tom Tyler; *Amy Taggart*, Bee Amann; *Clint Taggart*, Harry O'Connor; *Buddy*, Frankie Darro; "The Eagle," Barney Furey; *Babcock*, Bill Nestell.

"VOICE OF THE STORM, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Walter Woods. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Lynn Shores. The cast: *Spike*, Karl Dane; *Franklin Wells*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Tom Powers*, Hugh Allan; *Dr. Isaacs*, Brandon Hurst; *Ruth*, Martha Sleeper; *Dobbs*, Warner Richmond; *Mrs. Parkin*, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"—RAYART.—From the story by Victor Rousseau. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Depew. The cast: *Caroline Swayne*, Helene Costello; *Ben Shelby*, Rex Lease; *Martha Shelby*, Claire McDowell; *James Leeson*, Ernest Hilliard; *Judge Clayburn*, Emmett King; *Robert Swayne*, George Perolat; "Jockey" *Boyle*, Danny Hoy; *Billy Shelby*, Buddy Brown; *Dream Lad*, "Ranger"; *Rags*, By Himself.

"WINGED HORSEMAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Raymond Schrock. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Sky-Ball Smith*, Hoot Gibson; *Joby Hobson*, Ruth Elder; *Col. Hobson*, Charles N. Schaeffer; *Curly Davis*, Allan Forrest; *Eben Matthews*, Herbert Prior.

"WOMAN I LOVE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Erma Strongquist. Adapted by L. G. Rigby. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Edna Reed*, Margaret Morris; *John Reed*, Robert Frazer; *Lois Parker*, Leota Lorraine; *Hamilton*, Norman Kerry; *Lois' boy friend*, Bert Moorhouse.

## The Vitaphone Shatters Another Illusion

I heard the Vitaphone last night, that correlates both sound and sight. The picture dealt, throughout the plot, with "Love's Young Dream," and it was hot! The stars, of whom I've been quite fond, have lately come across the pond, exotic Thespian arts to show (it seems our stars want too much dough). The heroine, a girl whose charm was lost on a Norwegian farm, starred with a youth of some renown who hails from Mussolini's town. I watched the love scene—felt its sway—and this is what they seemed to say:

SHE:

"My love, Dear Heart, I give to thee, As broad, as boundless as the sea, And yet as deep. The more I give, The greater joy it were to live."

HE:

"Three words, Sweetheart, and then good night Till dawn, when Phoebus' golden light Shall drench a darkened world anew. Till dawn, then, Darling. . . . I love you."

I sat enraptured—true enough, these foreign actors knew their stuff—when suddenly from somewhere 'round arose a strident, raucous sound. The needle screeched—the record whirred—and sonnets somewhat weird were heard. Now I'm convinced that Drama's dead, for this is what they really said:

SHE:

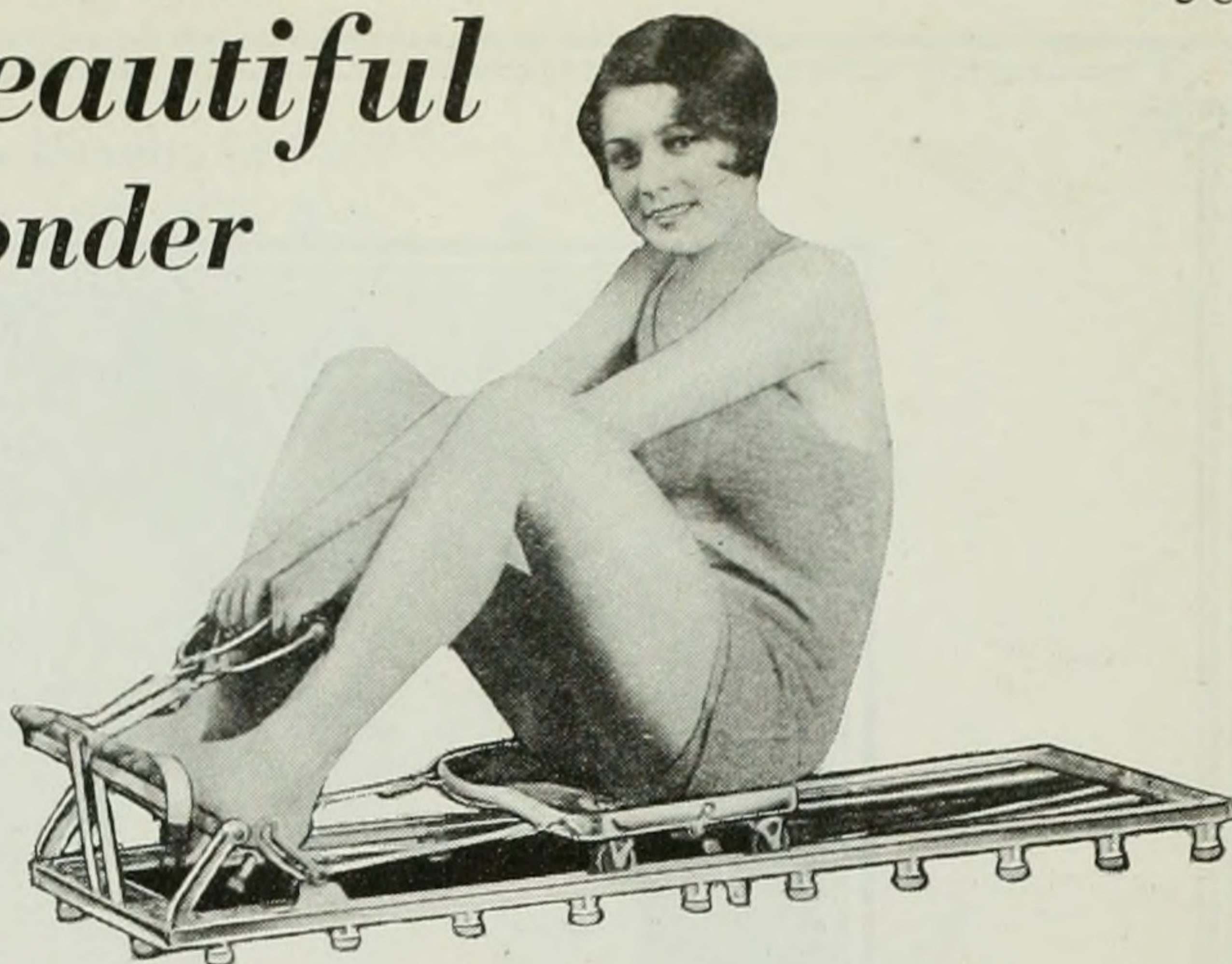
"Ay tank it over and Ay bat Yu ban bast faller Ay meet yat. Soch hair uff black—soch eyes uff brown Yust mak das heart yump opp and down."

HE:

"I gotta no idea in-a da min' Soch nice-a bebbie lik-a you I fin'. I tell-a you, keed, you've mak-a da heet . . . Da Boss-a say 'Fade Out!' Let's-a go eat!"

CY BURLINGAME.

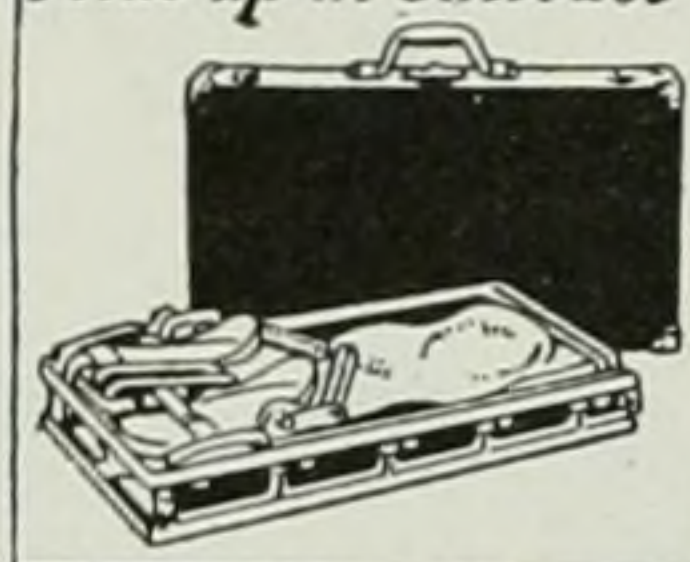
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