

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE

25 CENTS



*Olga
Baclanova*

In This Issue

Photoplay's Summer
Style Forecast

\$5,000⁰⁰ Prize Contest



Marguerite Loyer.
Post Chester.
New York

on Saturday
Dancing
Kindly responds to
I am crack Country Club



For Dance enjoyment
It's "Always good taste"
to use

LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

"THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY"

*R*out gum troubles - defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

THERE is no greater dental folly than to care for your teeth and pay no attention to your gums.

No matter how gleaming your teeth, how pure their color, how free they are from fillings and cavities, it is equally important that your gums be strong and healthy.

Yet . . . all the time . . . you hear of people who have been forced to have seemingly sound teeth extracted. Your dentist's x-ray file contains hundreds of photographs that prove the dire results of gum neglect.

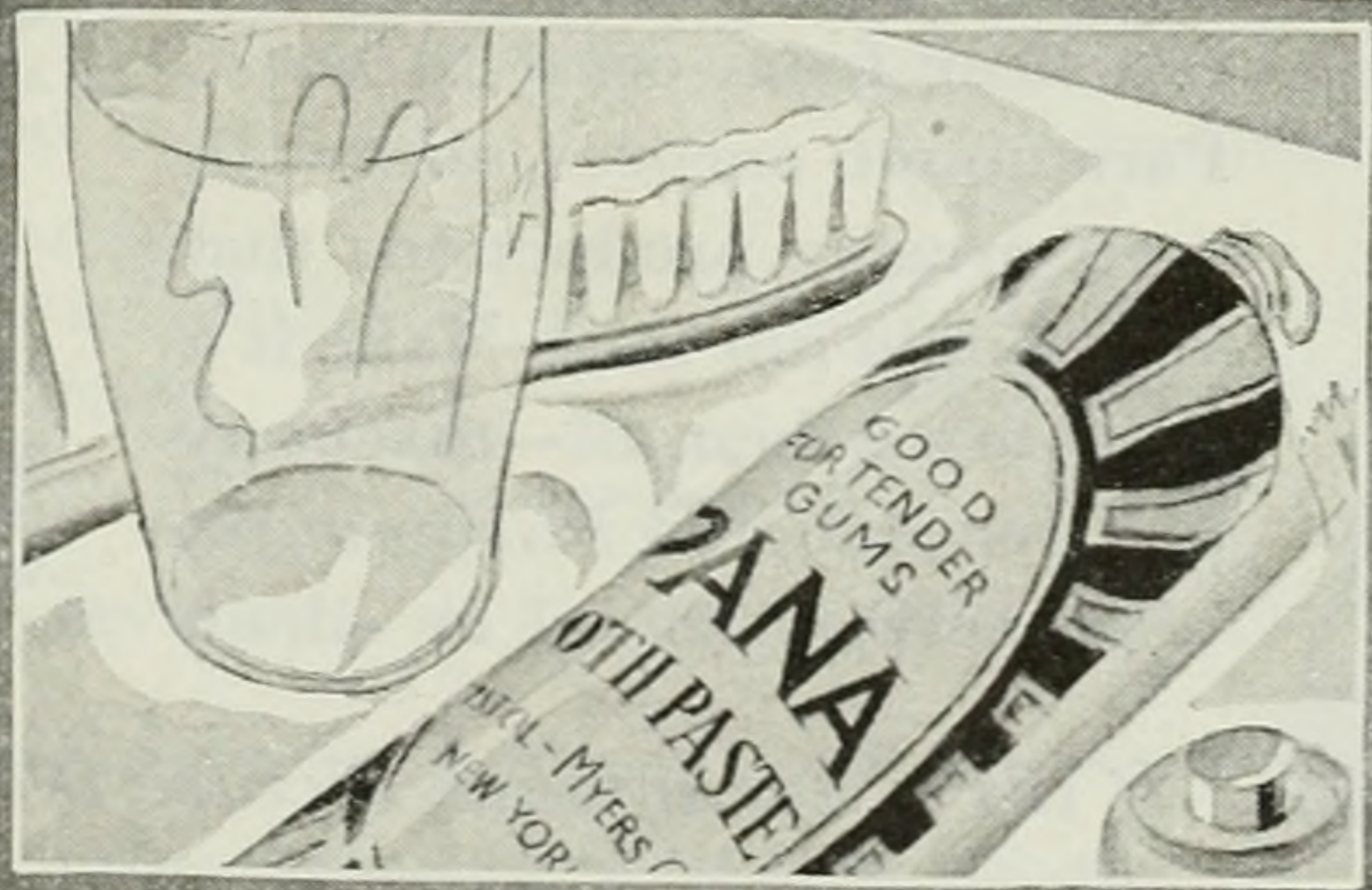
• • •

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that your gums need attention. Gingivitis, or even pyorrhea, may result unless you take prompt measures to bring your gums to health!

Fortunately, it is easy to care for your gums as dentists say you should. Simply brush your teeth and massage the gums twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage and Ipana rouse the circulation. They help to restore a normal tonicity to the gum walls. They give back the stimulation your gums should get but do not from the mastication of hard, fibrous foods.

For modern food is too soft, too yielding; circulation flags, tissues break down, gums grow soft and lacy. But massage with Ipana, gently



*You can do it
with IPANA and
massage!*

at first, harder later on, restores the stimulation that your gums need so much to keep in health.

*How Ipana tones
and hardens the gums*

Ask your dentist about this. Ask him about Ipana. He will probably tell you how good it is and why. Containing ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by the profession, Ipana exerts a toning and stimulating effect that makes the massage doubly effective.

Don't think, however, that Ipana is only a specific for gum troubles. It's the cleanest feeling tooth paste you ever used! It's about the best tasting. Your teeth will shine with its continued use!

There is a sample offered by the coupon on this page. Frankly, we'd rather not have you send for it. For it's small—and sometimes the mails are slow. Rather go to your druggist today, get a full-sized tube (100 brushings) and give Ipana a real chance to show you what it can do. It will clean your teeth beautifully. It will keep your gums healthy.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-69
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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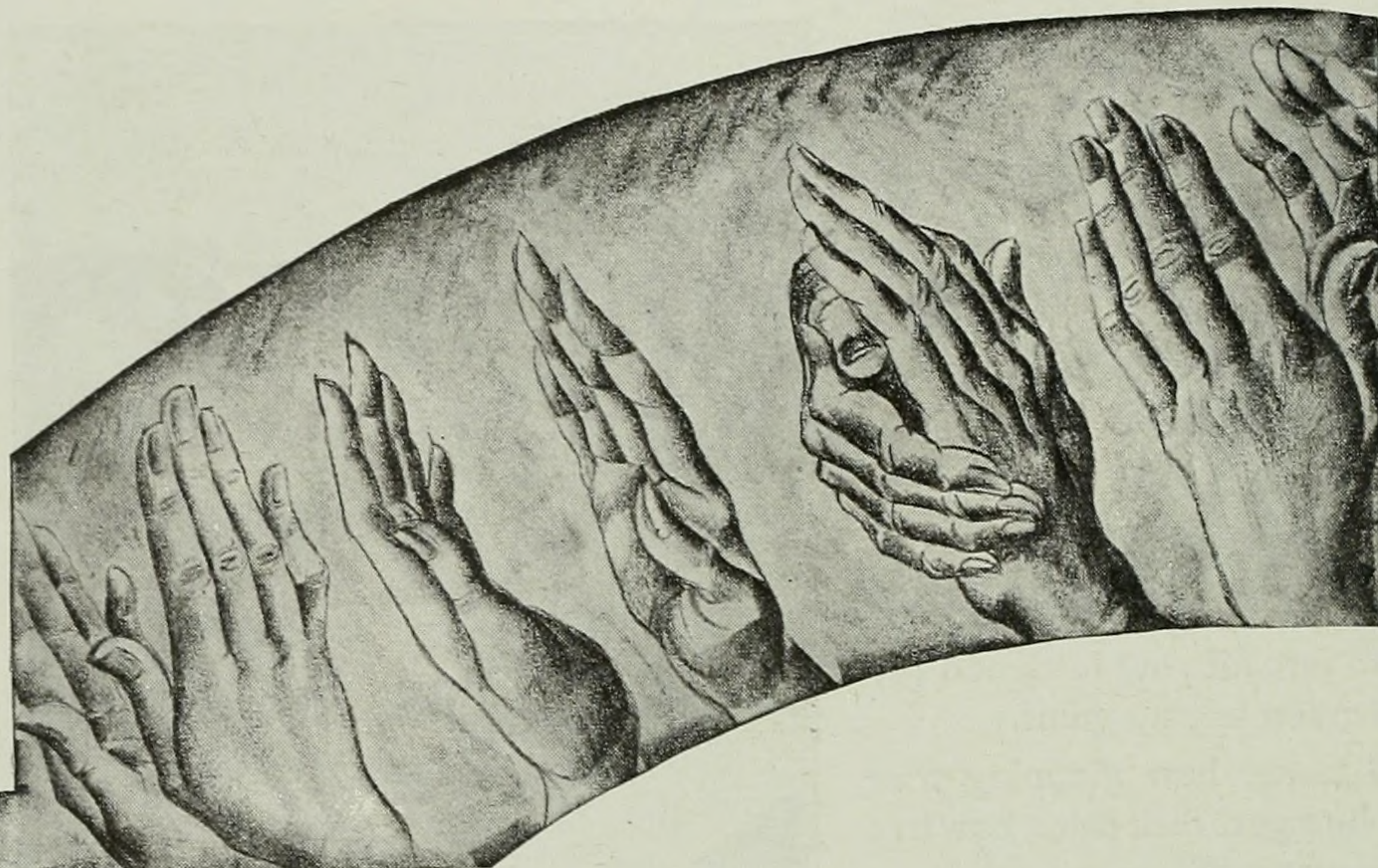
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IPANA Tooth Paste

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES



APPLAUSE!

Says the Duluth "Herald": "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction, and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best." About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions that you should not miss. Make it a point to see them all—to see *any* pictures labeled *Paramount*, whether with sound or silent.

*Don't miss these great
PARAMOUNT PICTURES!*

**RICHARD DIX in
"NOTHING BUT THE
TRUTH"** with Helen Kane and Louis John Bartels. Directed by Victor Schertzinger from the play by James Montgomery. Novel by Frederic S. Isham.

**"GENTLEMEN OF THE
PRESS"** with WALTER HUSTON, famous star of the legitimate stage. Directed by Millard Webb, from the play by Ward Morehouse.

**"THE WOMAN WHO
NEEDED KILLING"**
With Baclanova, Clive Brook and Neil Hamilton. A Rowland V. Lee Production from the play by Margery H. Lawrence.

"THE MAN I LOVE"
With Mary Brian and Richard Arlen, Baclanova, Harry Green and Jack Oakie. A William A. Wellman Production from the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz.

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

Paramount Pictures

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



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN
WESTERN EDITOR

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For
June
1929

VOL. XXXVI

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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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 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.)

ALIBI—United Artists.—An almost flawless talkie about a young gunman who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama. (May.)

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.)

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.)

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

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS—Columbia.—Psst! Secret service stuff in another mythical country. Virginia Valli. (May.)

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.)

★ **BETRAYAL**—Paramount.—Not a pretty tale, but fine dramatic fare, with Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper. (May.)

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 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.)

BORN TO THE SADDLE—Universal.—Three rousing cheers! A real good Western, with action and humor. Ted Wells is head man. (May.)

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

BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE—M.-G.-M.—To the astonishment of all, a good picture from the Wilder novel. And oh, zat Lily Damita! (May.)

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.)

BROTHERS—Rayart.—A good brotherly love yarn, one a crook and one a nice boy. Barbara Bedford dares do a heavy. (May.)

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.)

★ **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.)

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.)

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.)

CHINATOWN NIGHTS—Paramount.—Piping hot melodrama of tong wars and such, with Wallace Beery and Florence Vidor good. (May.)

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.)

★ **CLOSE HARMONY**—Paramount.—Brilliant talkie of backstage vaudeville life. Fine fun, with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll aces. (May.)

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.)

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.)

★ **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.)

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.)

★ **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.)

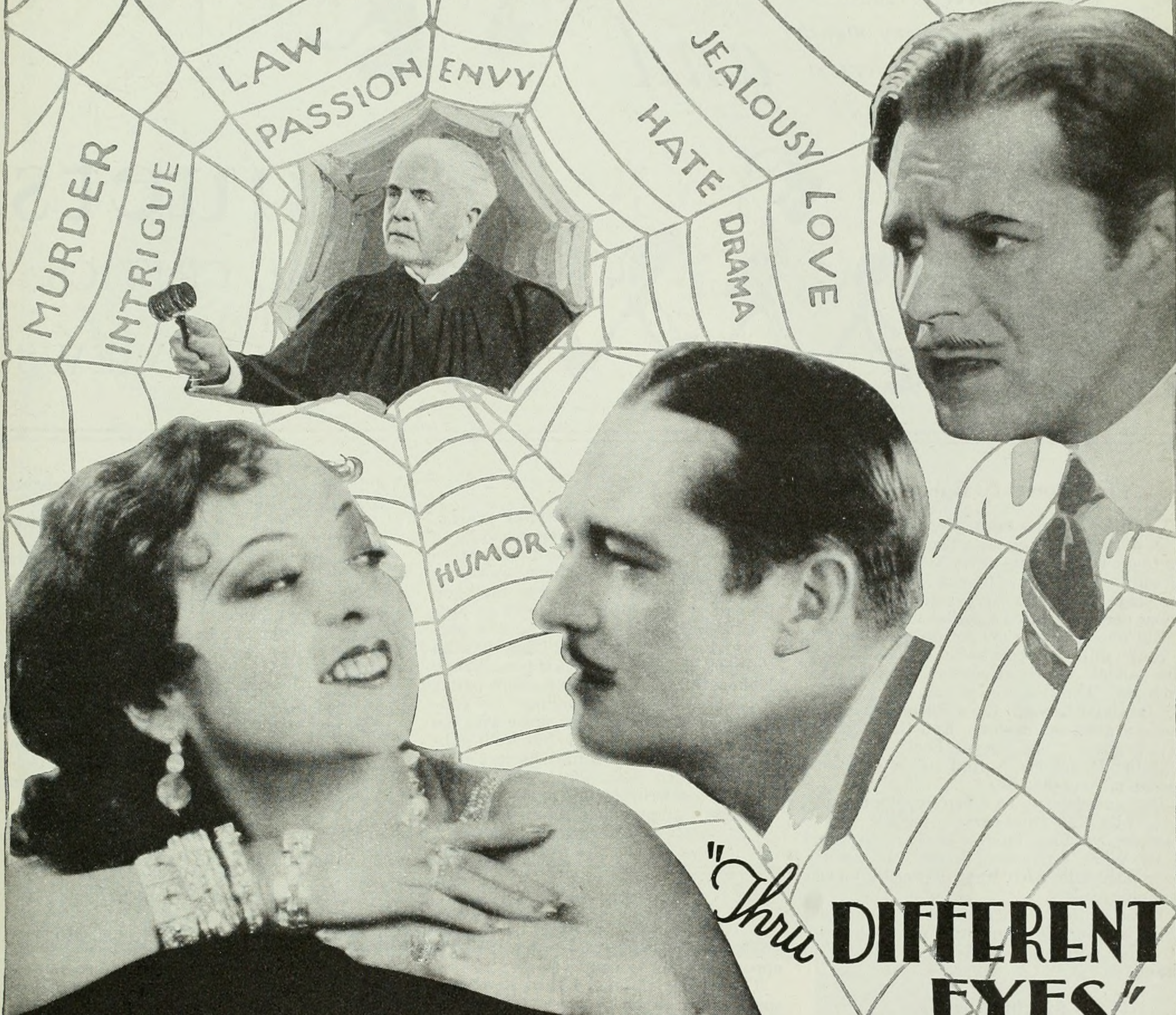
DUTY'S REWARD—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

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.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



DIFFERENT EYES

Presented by
WILLIAM FOX
 from the play by
 MILTON H. GROPPER
 and EDNA SHERRY

with
 MARY DUNCAN
 WARNER BAXTER
 EDMUND LOWE
 EARLE FOXE
 STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE

The drama—suspense—tragedy and pathos—that make a murder case first page news the world over are re-created so perfectly by FOX MOVIE-TONE in Thru Different Eyes that you couldn't get a greater thrill out of watching the trial progress if you were the accused man himself!

Hear every word of the evidence—the sympathetic plea of the defense attorney—the prosecutor's relentless demand for a "life for a life"—the startling confession that solves the mystery! See three possible versions of the crime re-enacted before your eyes—be judge and jury, weighing the *circumstantial* evidence!

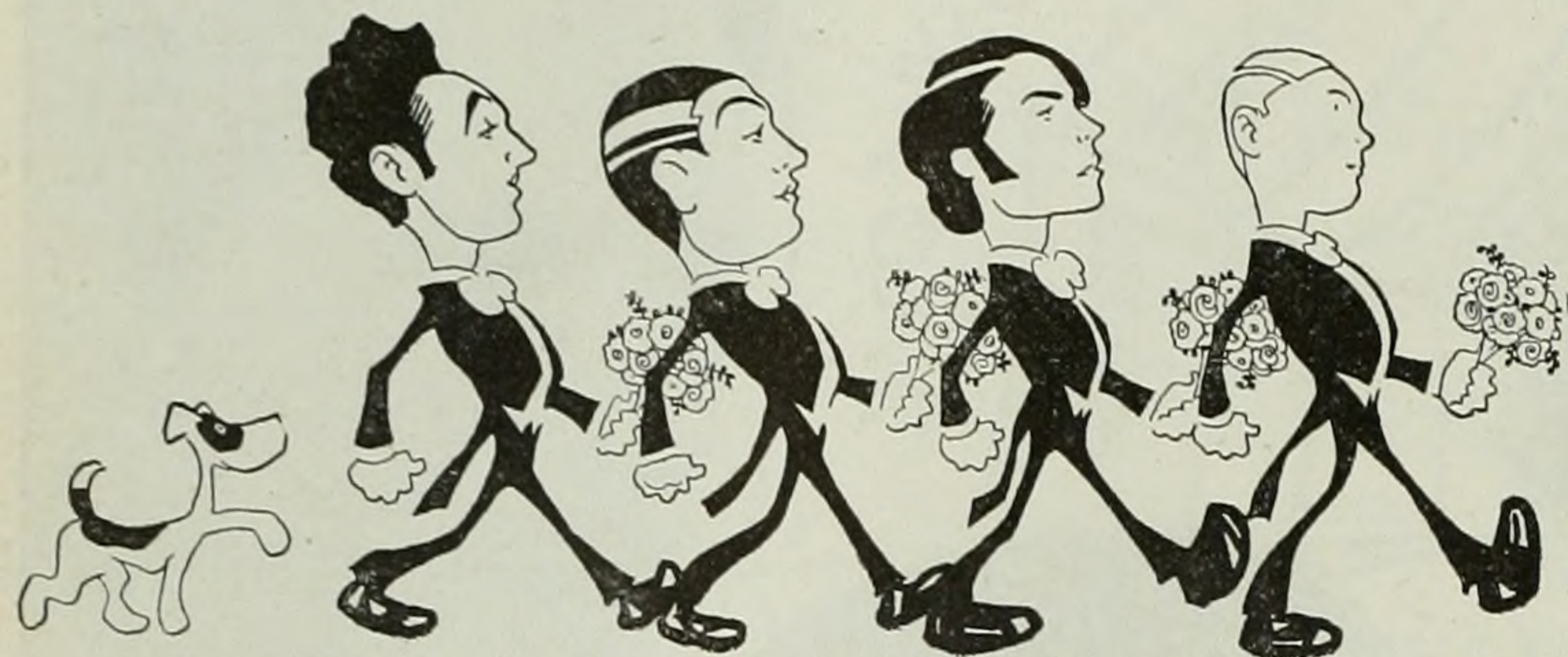
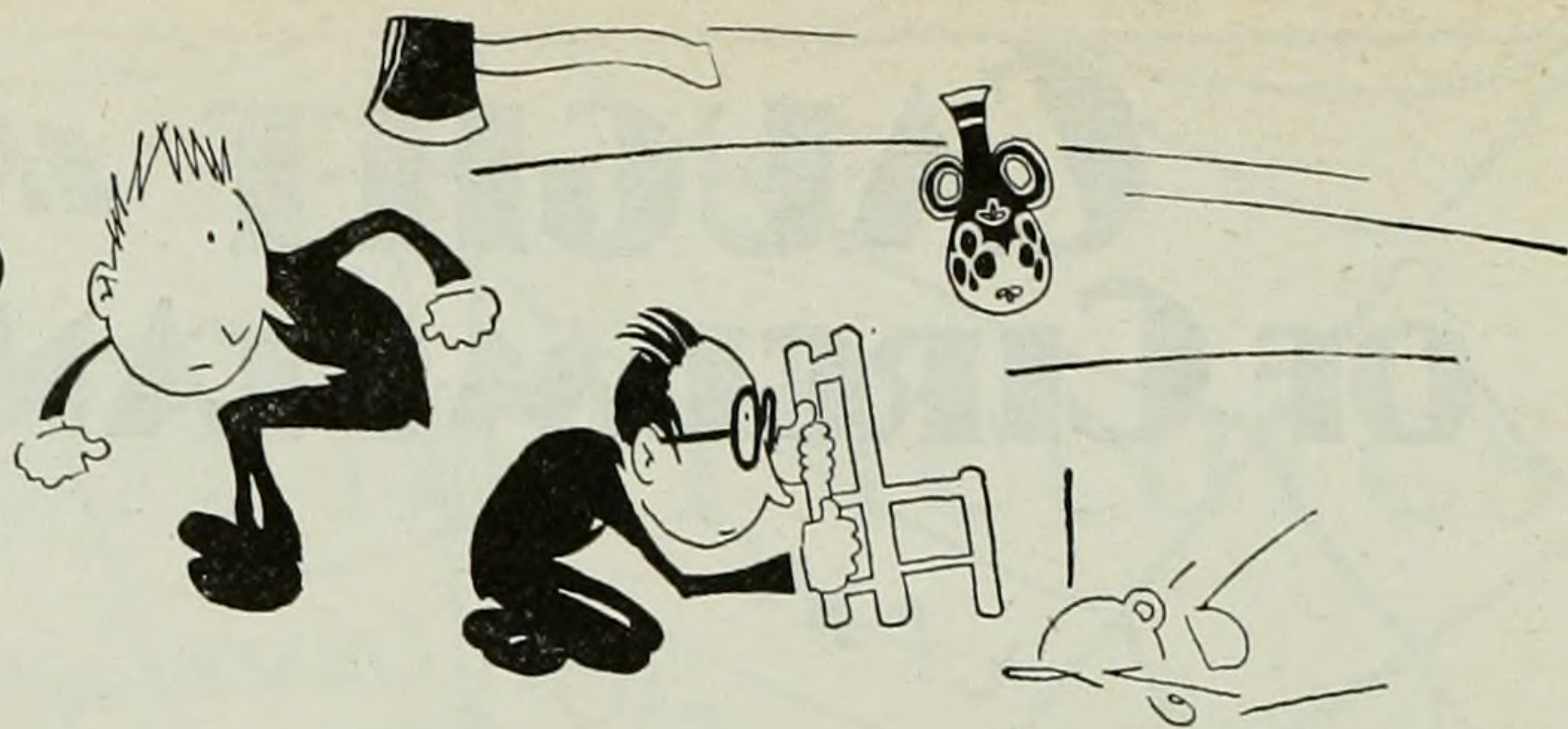
Who is the real murderer? Test your wits and judgment—HEAR and SEE Thru Different Eyes when it comes to your favorite local theater. It will thrill you as no drama of life ever has before.

FOX MOVIE-TONE

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

WORDY battles galore this month! Some of the fans think it's a shame for the talkies to crowd out many of the idols of the silent pictures. Others send us welcoming messages for stage stars who have made their talkie debut and been voted a success.

But one and all, they are proud of the old favorites of the screen who have come back via the talkies. Betty Compson is a notable example. The fans are for you, Betty.

"In Old Arizona," the outdoor talkie, has made a great impression. And they are still raving about "The Singing Fool" and "Our Dancing Daughters." And still a little suspicious of voice doubling.

Diet continues to be a fiercely debated subject, with the "pro-curve" faction in the ascendency. Keen interest has been displayed in Dr. Willis' department on diet. It seems to have filled a long-felt want, especially for our feminine readers.

Have you some suggestions or comments? This is your department. We invite constructive criticism and we're not averse to praise.

\$25.00 Letter

Wyandotte, Mich.

I believe I speak for all grandmothers. The movies and talkies were made especially for us. Past the dancing age, tiring of cards and books, we are still young in heart.

In the pictures we vision our past. In the actors and actresses we see our children, our lost loves, our husbands, ourselves.

Not able to go the pace of youth, we turn to the pictures. They keep us up-to-date; give us understanding of the world of the young; make us worth living with. We laugh with Colleen Moore. Davey Lee belongs to us. Clara Bow might be our own granddaughter!

We see new stars replace the old, and learn to love them. Grandmothers need to go on being educated—we need pleasure, need to realize that the world today is different from that of our youth. Most of all, we must be kept pliable, soft and understanding. No longer do we as a class sit in the corner and spin, set aside as inactive.

More than any other agency have the movies and the talkies done this for us—filled our lives, otherwise done; kept us useful, awake, healthful, companionable beings.

MRS. N. E. COAN.

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.

\$10.00 Letter

Long Beach, Calif.

The destinies of men are often the result of apparently inconsequential things.

The picture "Mother Knows Best" was responsible for giving me conclusive proof that I had made love into a house of bondage. When I left the theater after seeing that wonderful picture I was able to see myself as I really was. A selfish, dominating mother who had shackled her daughter to her, causing her to be shy and awkward.

My daughter is a university student. We live in a town that is a four hours and thirty minutes round trip to her school. I, in my selfishness, had demanded that she take that long ride every day for two years. She was young and I thought she should be at home every night.

I want to say that my daughter moved up to her school the very next day. Today she is an individual. Gone is her awkwardness, forgotten her shyness. Keenly alive, and with her life in her own hands. She has more time for her studies, and is deeply interested in the social affairs of her school. She is happy to be home for the week-ends, and I am a happy mother.

M. B.

\$5.00 Letter

Jacksonville, Fla.

When you live in the far South and think of the "Follies" you think of Will Rogers, glorified girls, and Fannie Brice! But you can

only think of them, there is no possible chance to see them. But times have changed.

Didn't I recently see Fannie Brice and hear her, right down south? Answer is *I did*.

And how? Why, talkies, of course. How else could Broadway arrive on Forsythe Street in Jacksonville? "My Man" brought her right to my very door. There she was, singing all the way through it. Realized dreams.

And talkie fans will never be contented until Will Rogers is fetched on with his rope, his chewing gum, his famous jokes. We can read his articles now, but some of us can't see him personally otherwise.

Sights and sounds of the entire world, from the far corners of the earth, are now possible—an amazing record of achievement in the film industry.

CLIFTON RAY.

Sadie, We Call That Sweet!

Puertecito, N. M.

Can you imagine: A girl who for the past two years has been going to a large university, having a glorious time? This same girl, now teaching in a tiny Mexican village twenty-two miles from the nearest town and no way to get there except on horseback, and fourteen miles from the postoffice?

That's me!

Can you imagine: A magazine full of pictures of handsome men and beautiful girls, and advice how to get that way? Full of reviews and comments on the latest pictures, silent and talking; and with interesting stories besides?

This same magazine being a great solace to the aforementioned lonely girl on lonely nights in a lonely place?

That's PHOTOPLAY!

SADIE ABERNATHY.

Zowie!

Racine, Wis.

This is a complaint and a protest against these disgusting half-starved femmes who are staggering around on the silver screen at the present time. How much farther along the road to ugliness and oblivion is this vicious fashion going to take them, I wonder?

Take Dorothy Mackaill, for example. She looks as if she were all teeth. And Joan Crawford, with the same affliction, and her eyes popping out of her head besides. I'm here to tell you that the tired business man gets a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but *it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis be-

cause Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

✓ ✓ ✓

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

WINIFRED WESTOVER, divorced wife of Bill Hart, has landed one of the most coveted rôles of the year—the lead in the talkie version of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Lummo," after nine years' retirement. Herbert Brenon will direct it for United Artists. Louise Fazenda, Belle Bennett and others were hot after the part. Bill Hart himself is planning to reenter pictures via talkies. So far he and two companies which have been interested have been unable to agree on terms.

DOLORES DEL RIO gets no part of the million dollars left by her late husband, Jaime, who died in Berlin last December. The entire estate goes to his mother, who lives in Mexico City. Del Rio, who has been on location with the "Evangeline" company, was threatened with pneumonia due to exposure, and was forced to take to her bed for ten days.

ERNST LUBITSCH is going to direct the first operetta ever written expressly for the sound screen. Paramount will make it and Guy Bolton, stage librettist, is doing the book. The first talkie has gone on the air. "Alibi," Roland West's melodrama, was broadcast in New York recently. Chester Morris and Eleanor Griffith read their original rôles, while Director West and his wife, Jewel Carmen, former screen actress, took part. The picture opened sensationally on Broadway.

"RAINBOW MAN," with Eddie Dowling and Marion Nixon, opened in New York at a top price of \$11, as did Carl Laemmle's "Show Boat."

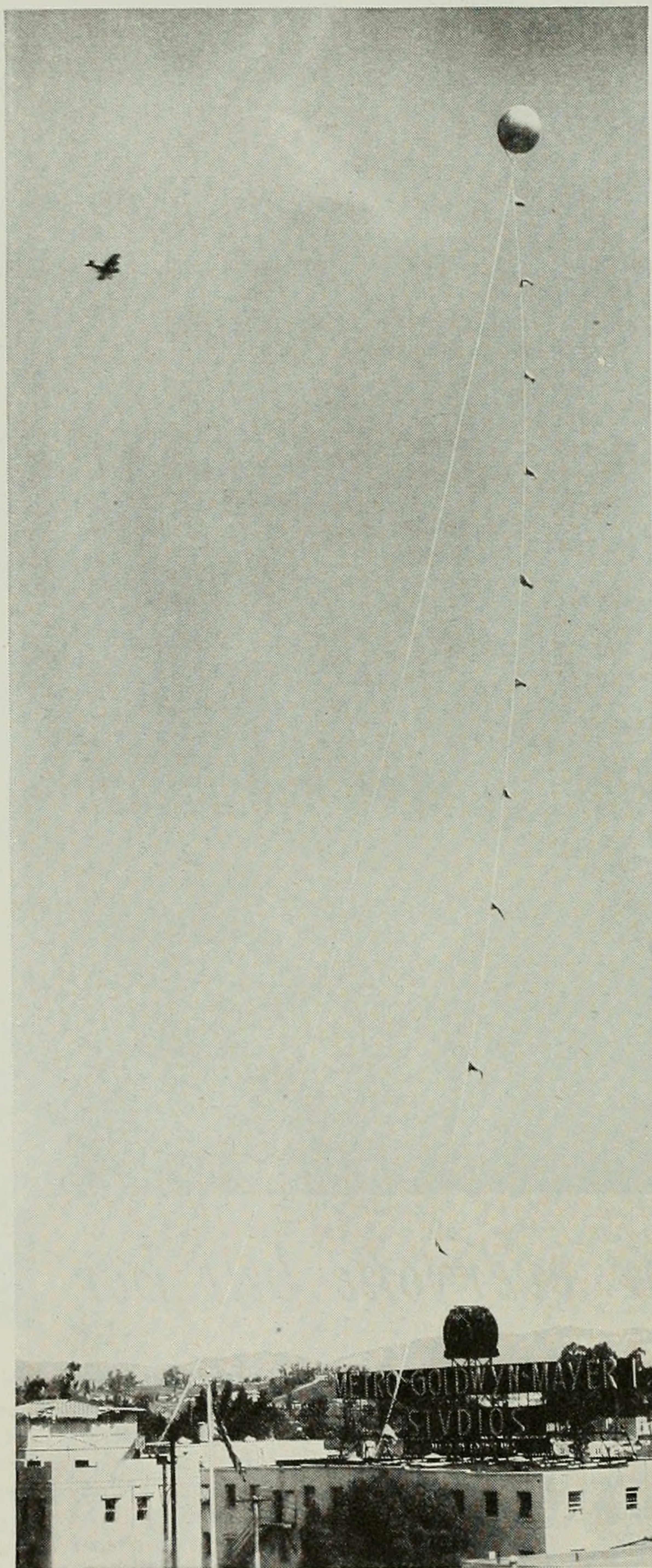
THE current dance band sensation on Broadway is Rudy Vallee, with radio and vaudeville responsible for his making. Radio Pictures will feature Rudy and his band in a new talkie.

CONRAD NAGEL and Raquel Torres have signed new contracts with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CHARLES ROGERS will be supported in "Magnolia" by Mary Brian and June Collyer. Miss Collyer was borrowed from the Fox Studios.

THE grandfather of Lita Grey Chaplin died and left \$75,000. None of it to Lita, who is in vaudeville.

CHARLOTTE MERRIAM, actress, suing Rex Lease, film actor, for divorce, charged that "he would not take her to parties, preferring to be lionized by the feminine guests and be free to accept their flattery."



Here's the first aerial quiet zone. Over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, Calif., floats a captive balloon flying red silence signals. This is to warn passing planes that talkies are being made below. Under an agreement between the Department of Commerce, the California Aircraft Operators Association and movie producers, aviators will avoid these marked locations by 2500 feet. For months passing planes have wrecked open air sequences of many Hollywood films

WANT to know the four greatest films of all time? The National Board of Review selects the quartet as "The Birth of a Nation," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc." PHOTOPLAY does not agree with the third and fourth.

AT the Hollywood premiere of "Coquette," Mary Pickford announced, "I shall never make a silent picture again."

WALTER HUSTON, star of "Gentlemen of the Press," is making another talkie for Paramount. It is "The Lady Lies" and Huston has the aid of Claudette Colbert and Charles Ruggles. Hobart Henley is directing.

CARL LAEMMLE has just purchased a new fifteen acre poultry farm in the San Fernando valley. Capacity: 300,000 eggs.

IAN KEITH is opposite Dorothy Mackaill in "The Great Divide."

FOR his work in "Show Boat," Joseph Schildkraut is going to get Universal stardom after one more picture with Laura LaPlante. His first will be "The Devil's Hymn Book." And in June Reginald Denny bows out as a big U star.

ALMA RUBENS is getting well! She is getting so well that she expects to go to work in June. Several producers want her.

BEVERLY HILLS homes are on the market. Following the sale of the Frances Marion estate, Tom Mix offered his home for \$350,000 and Fred Niblo his for a paltry \$325,000.

VACATION time! John Gilbert leaves for three months abroad, and will make "The Life of A Sailor" on his return. His last before sailing will be "Olympia," directed by King Vidor. Billy Haines hopes to sail for Europe in mid-June, and Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett are planning a four-month tour of the Orient. It will be Fred's first holiday in three years.

PEGGY WOOD, the stage star, is considered a hit in her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie, and has been signed for three years, the contract to go into effect after she plays a stage engagement in London.

FOR the first time in twenty-five years Lon Chaney is growing a moustache! The lip-fringe will be seen in his new picture.

LEATRICE JOY comes back to the screen after vaudeville.



Better than Par

Wise is the golfer who carries a Baby Ruth in his pocket. What a feast it is at the hungry ninth! Stimulating, pure chocolate, plumply bulging with meaty nuts whose toasted crispness gives rare flavor to the creamy fudge center in which they await your pleasure. Here is enjoyment better than par—a generous goodness which satisfies your hunger deliciously; a nourishing bracer which creates eager energy for a lustier game on the last long nine. If you would know why Baby Ruth is the most popular refreshment sold on so many sporty courses, treat yourself today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
 OTTO SCHNERING, President



A generous individual packet of dollar-a-pound quality candy which just fits your pocket 5¢

REAL MINT
 —around the course, keep your mouth cool and fresh with this new and better gum

Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

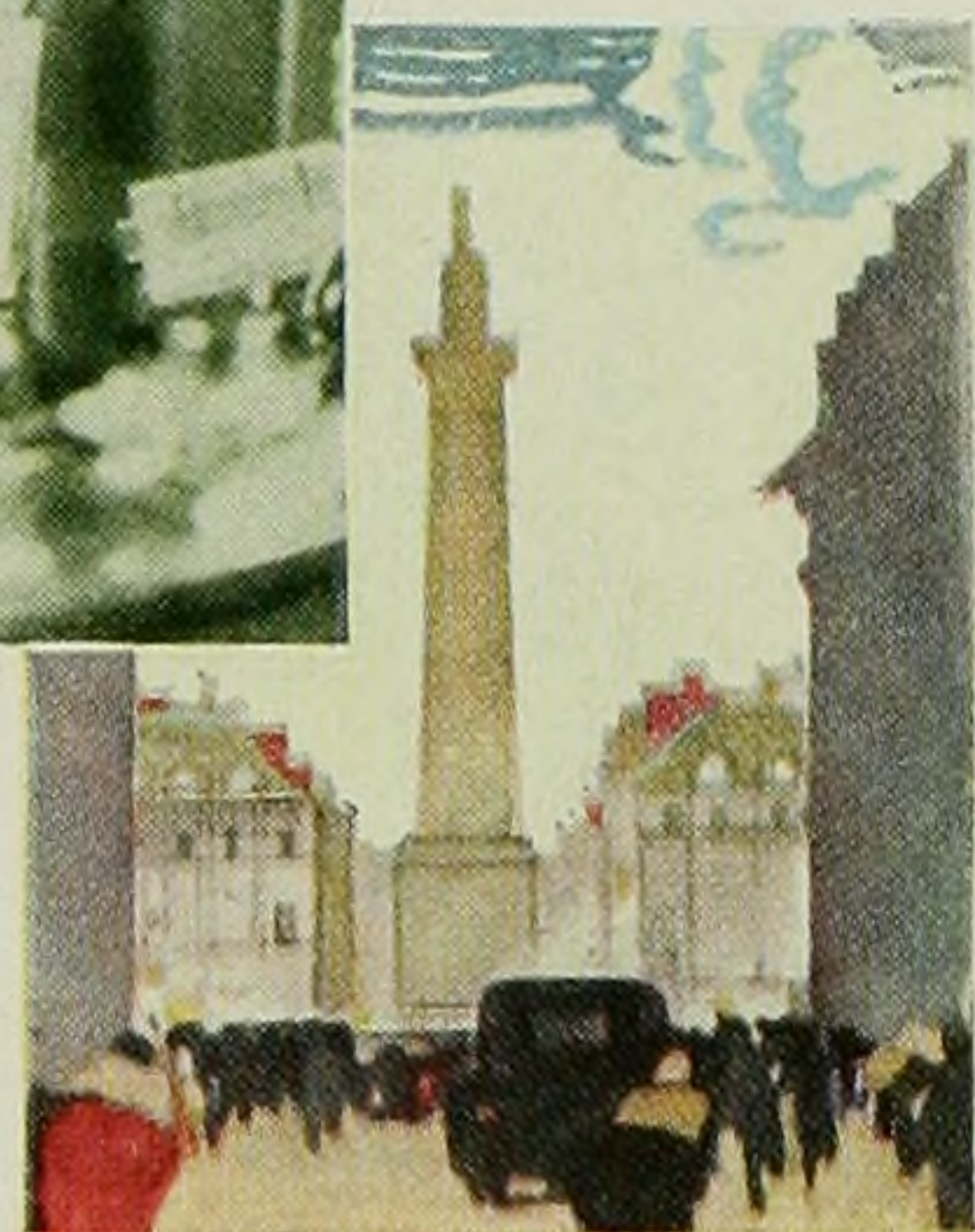
"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

D. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE
PARIS



Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.



FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London*; to Pessl, of *Vienna*; to Elise Bock, of *Berlin*—and everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.



The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.



4598

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 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Suggestions for Summer Cooking

Two Appe- tizing Recipes for Kitchen Stove or Campfire

Griddle cakes aren't to be scoffed at any time, but cooked in an old frying pan over a woodsman's fire they have a flavor that satisfies even an outdoor appetite



Gwen Lee, so often cast as a gold-digging little vamp, proves herself a capable housekeeper who cuts the peelings, oh, so thin, and doesn't waste a bit of the potatoes' precious nutriment. You'll like her Potato Omelet for hot-weather lunches or suppers

WHO wants to stand over a hot stove for long hours in summer? I know there aren't any affirmative replies, so I'm going to tell you how to prepare two nourishing and delicious dishes which can be turned out in a minimum of time. And what's more, they can be cooked as easily over a campfire as on your own kitchen stove.

Gwen Lee has contributed to PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK her recipe for Potato Omelet, an ideal hot-weather dish. These are the ingredients:

3 large potatoes
5 eggs
Cooking oil

1 onion
12 asparagus tips
Salt and pepper

Pare and slice the potatoes. Fry in a skillet in the cooking oil. When almost done, add the onion chopped fine, and let this fry with the potatoes. Have the eggs beaten. Season with salt and pepper and spread over the whole. When done on one side put a plate over the frying pan and turn the omelet. Then slip it in the pan again and let the other side brown also. Garnish with asparagus tips. Serve hot.

The other recipe is for Tim McCoy's Rye Griddle Cakes. You will need:

2 cups rye flour
1 cup entire wheat flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
1 pint milk

Sift the dry ingredients together; then add the milk. Next add well beaten eggs. Beat the whole mixture thoroughly and cook immediately on a hot greased griddle.

POSSIBLY Tim's success in his new talking and singing short, "A Night on the Range," was due to the fact that he had just cooked himself a batch of these griddle cakes before going on in his act.

The new edition of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK contains 150 tested recipes, all contributed by the stars themselves. They range from the simple recipes given here to the most elaborate desserts. If you haven't a copy, just fill out the coupon to the left, enclose twenty-five cents, and a Cook Book will be sent you by return mail.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

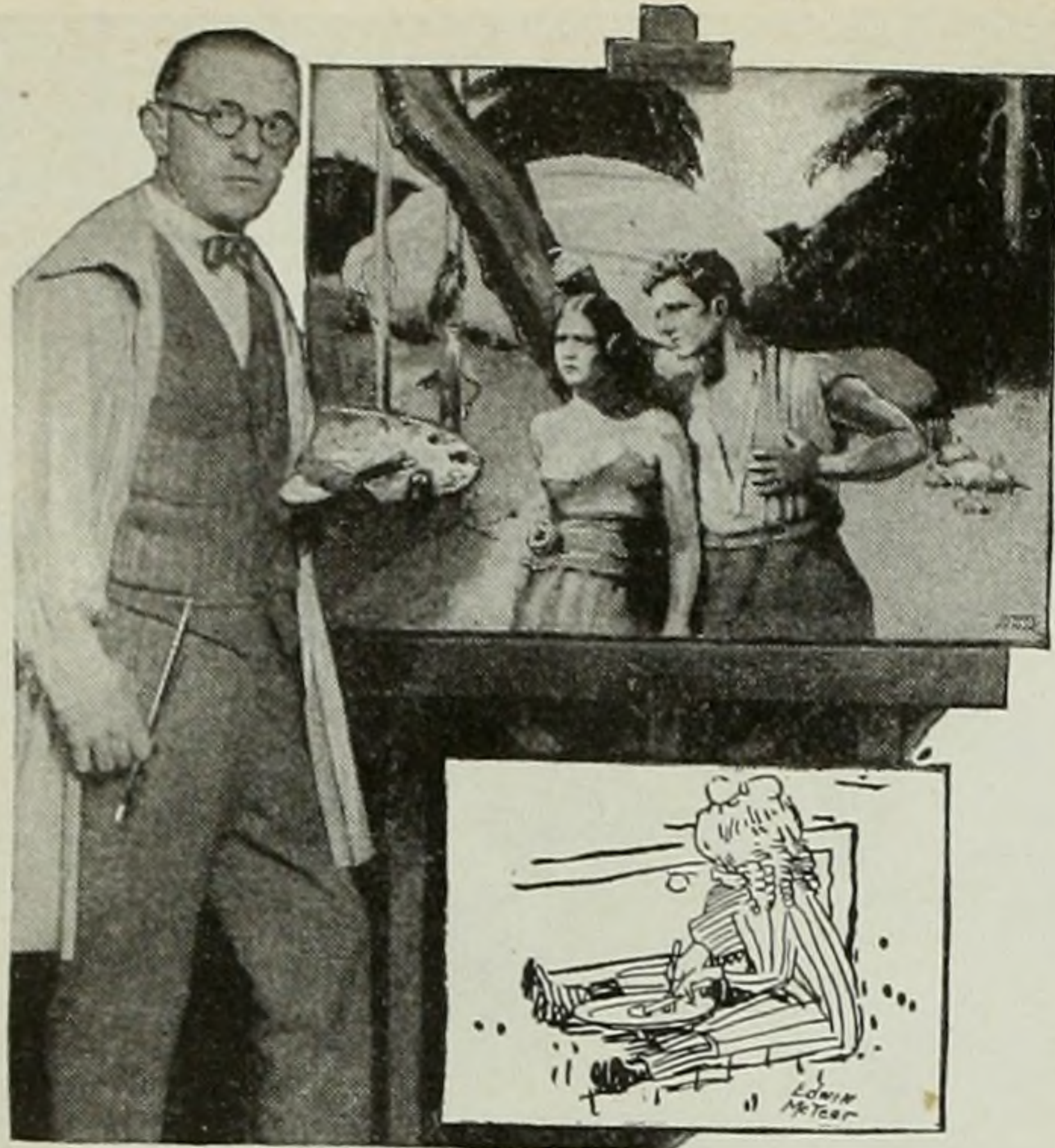
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Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth \$100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

He did it— Why don't you?

EDWIN McTEER is only one of the hundreds of young men (and young women, too) who are succeeding in commercial art with the help of the practical training offered by the Federal Home Study Course. Well trained artists earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and more.

Success in Commercial Art

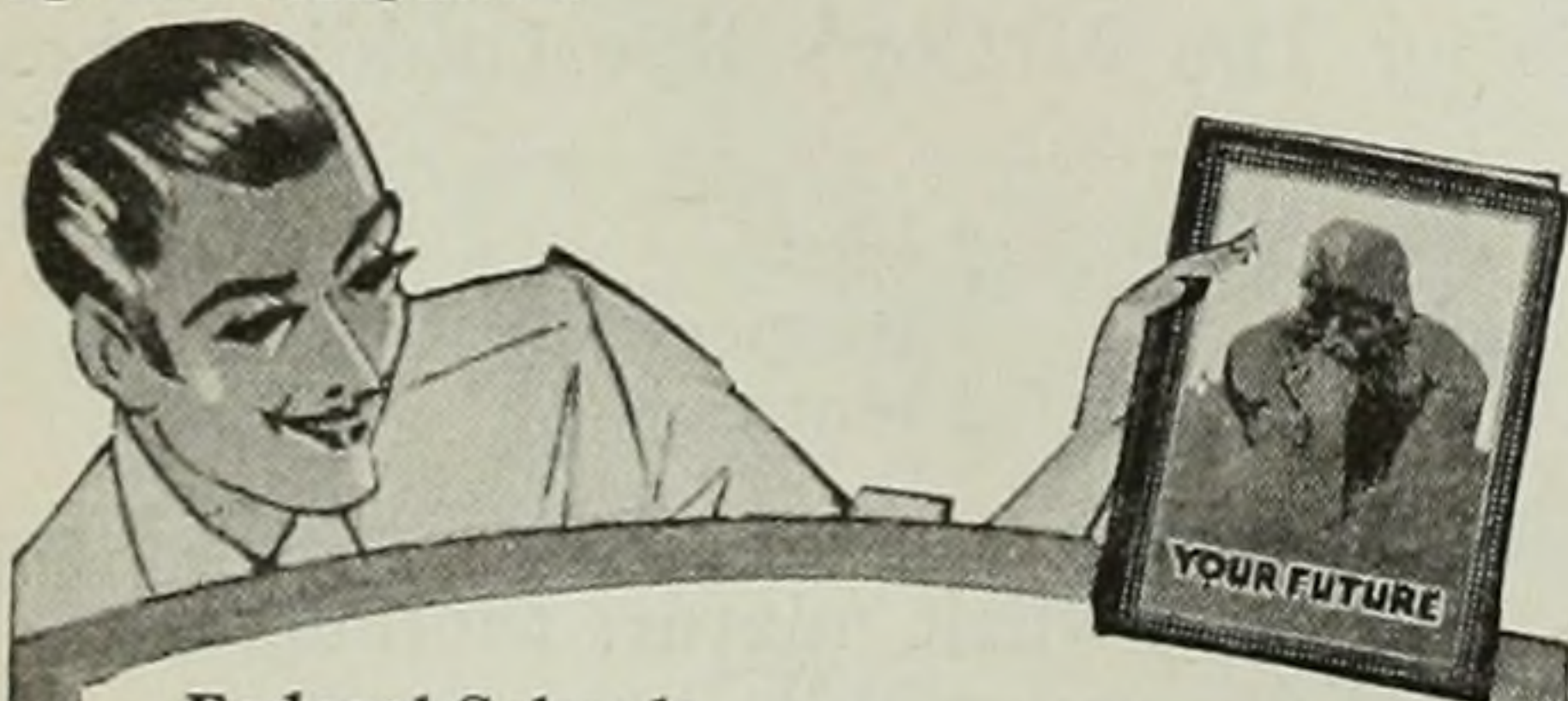
begins with a liking for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McTeer was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until, at the end of five years, he was making around \$10,000 a year. Read what he wrote us:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them.

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my earnings are now at the rate of over \$10,000.00 a year."

Send for Book "YOUR FUTURE"

If you like to draw—send for book "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now, giving age and occupation.



**Federal Schools
of Commercial Designing**
307 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me FREE your Art Questionnaire and book, "YOUR FUTURE."

Name.....

Age..... Present Occupation.....

Address.....

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.)

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.)

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.)

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 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.)

★ **HEARTS IN DIXIE**—Fox.—Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. (May.)

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.)

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.—Monty Banks in a spotty comedy made in London and Paris. (April.)

HOT STUFF—First National.—Collegiate stuff in musical comedy style. Alice White disrobes, smokes and tipples, as usual. (May.)

HOUSE OF HORROR, THE—First National.—Cheap claptrap mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. (May.)

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.)

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.)

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.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

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WELCOMING A NEW STAR TO THE FILM FIRMAMENT



Will you ever forget her in "Our Dancing Daughters"!



She is not only beautiful . . . she is a great actress.



In "The Duke Steps Out" she steps along on her march to stardom.

She scores another sensational triumph in "Our Modern Maidens".

JOAN CRAWFORD

HAVE YOU SEEN?

"The Broadway Melody" . . . M-G-M's great all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture . . . the current sensation of America. (A great picture in the silent version too.)

"The Pagan" . . . in which Ramon Novarro reveals a glorious singing voice.

"Where East Is East" . . . another Lon Chaney thriller.

"The Voice of the City" . . . a great dialogue picture (also silent) with and by Willard Mack, the famous playwright and actor.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the Company that discovers and develops moving picture stars. Under its banner are the true leaders in screen personality . . . Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, William Haines and Buster Keaton. Now Joan Crawford . . . the girl of the hour, vibrant with the spirit of youth, enters the roster of "More Stars Than There Are in Heaven." You've seen Joan in "Our Dancing Daughters." Her great new starring picture will be "Our Modern Maidens," a sequel to that classic of up-to-date jazz-romance. Write Joan and tell her how happy you are that she's joined the Hall of Fame of Stardom.

METRO-GO



LDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Chesterfield.—Bootlegging, serious drinking, gunfire and pure night-club girls in an impossible hodge-podge. (April.)

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.)

★ **LETTER, THE**—Paramount.—The talkies' first big emotional performance, by Jeanne Eagels. Good strong drama, not for kids. (May.)

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.)

LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER, THE—Columbia.—Bert Lytell's perennial crook, the Lone Wolf, in a good melodramatic comedy. (May.)

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.)

LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE—Cooperative.—Picturesque, authentic south sea story, filmed among those dream isles. (May.)

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 Edson and Hobart Bosworth in fine voice. Heavy drammer. (April.)

MAN IN HOBBLES, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

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.)

MOULIN ROUGE—WorldWide.—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.)

★ **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, THE**—M.-G.-M.—Beautiful and thrilling all-color production based on Jules Verne's story. Entertaining fantasy. (May.)

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.)

NAVAJO—Goodwill.—Lives and habits of the Navajo Indians, shot among them. Very educational. Just a little longer news reel. (May.)

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

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.)

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.)

PEACOCK FAN, THE—Chesterfield.—A quickie mystery melodrama which could only happen in the films. Tom ("Big Parade") O'Brien in it. (May.)

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.)

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.)



10 minutes a day rolls the fat away!

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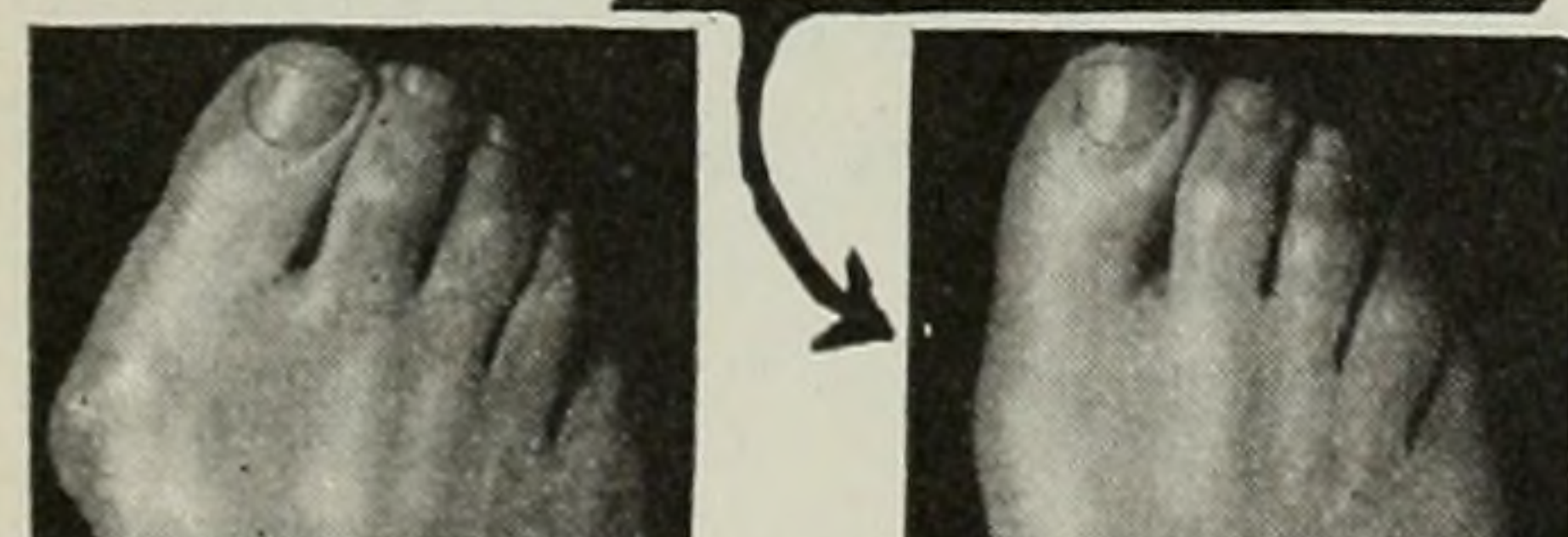
Send 20c (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume. Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, or Crabapple. Write now.

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Direct from us or at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.
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Test FREE Pain stops almost instantly! THEN PERMANENT RELIEF. Amazing Fairyfoot gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Quickly enables you to wear smaller shoes. No messy salves. No cumbersome appliances. This marvelous discovery entirely different! Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write today for trial treatment absolutely free! (Nothing to pay, no C.O.D.)

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1223 S. Wabash Ave. Dept. 22 Chicago, Illinois

★ **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 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.)

ROYAL RIDER, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard in still another mythical kingdom. Can't keep cowboys on the range. Oh, dear! (May.)

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.)

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.)

SHANGHAI ROSE—Rayart.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the mothah, fighting vainly to save it all from the bow-wows of boredom. (May.)

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.)

SIDESHOW, THE—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little Billie plays the lead in this story of a midget's battle for success. (May.)

SILENT SENTINEL, THE—Chesterfield. — A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

SILENT SHELDON—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

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.)

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.)

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.)

SONNY BOY—Warners.—They've put poor little Davey Lee in a bedroom farce! The kid is swell, the film a disappointment. (May.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]

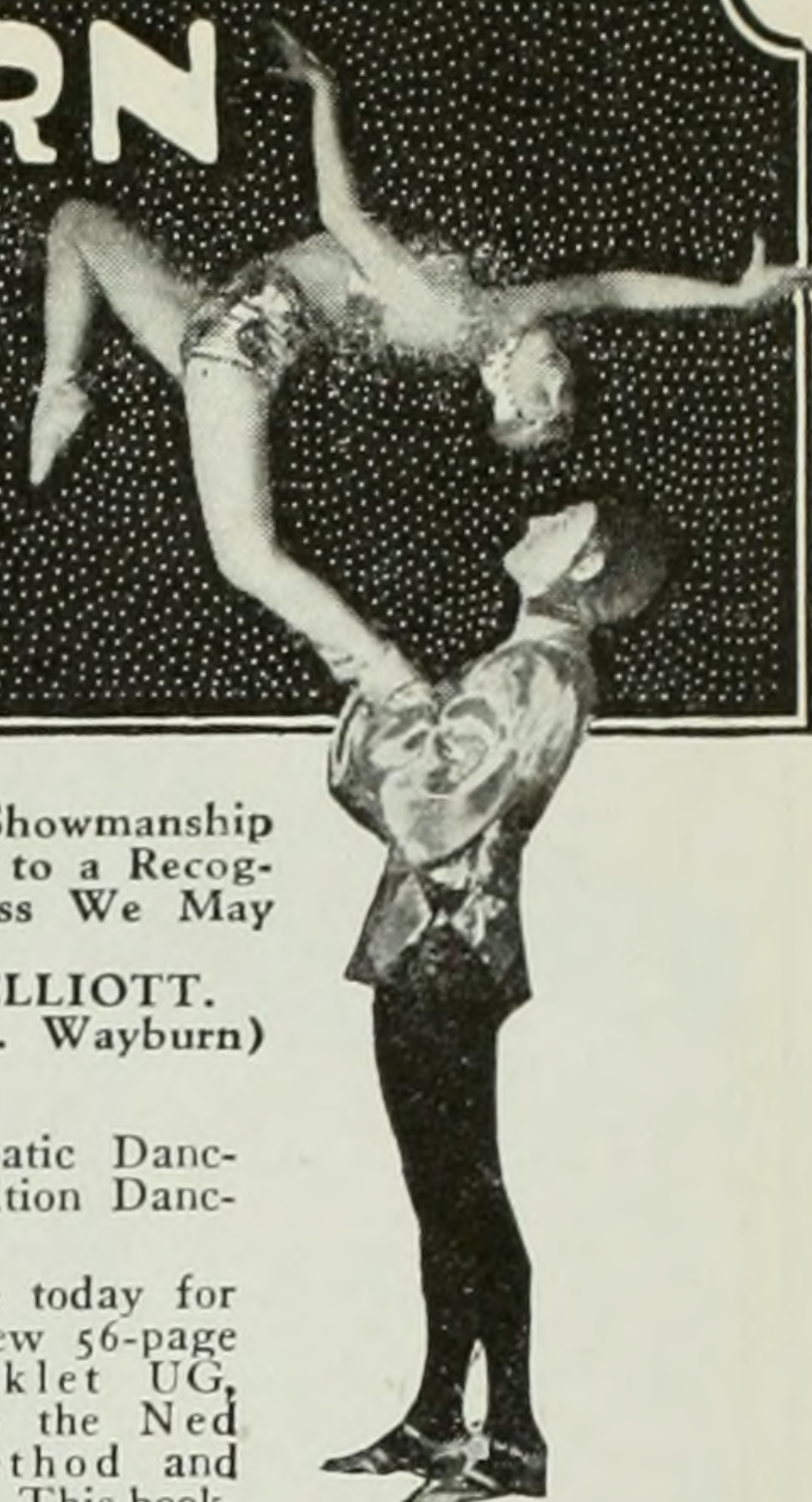
NED WAYBURN

Lifted Us from Obscurity to SUCCESS



Ned Wayburn—Your Wonderful Training, Showmanship and Interest Have Lifted Us from Obscurity to a Recognized Place on the Stage. Whatever Success We May Achieve We Owe to You.

BLANCHE and ELLIOTT.
(Telegram from Blanche and Elliott to Mr. Wayburn)



THE touch of the master—how often it shortens the gap between obscurity and fame! Especially in stage dancing.

Never was this great truth better illustrated than in the case of Blanche and Elliott (Mr. and Mrs. Elliott).

When Mr. Wayburn took them in hand, their natural dancing ability was their only asset. They were utterly lacking in finish and showmanship.

Under his inspired direction, which has advanced so many Stage and Screen Favorites to Stardom, they made such remarkable progress that he was able to place them in his new vaudeville production which opened in America's premier vaudeville house, the Palace Theatre, in New York, the mecca of all theatrical artists. At this, their first appearance before metropolitan audiences, they scored a sensational hit.

Here was talent in the "rough" which Ned Wayburn developed into the gem of SUCCESS. Yet what he did for these two ambitious young people, he is more than anxious to do for you.

At the Ned Wayburn Studios a course in every type of dancing for stage and social affairs may be taken. There are Daytime and Evening Classes in Limbering and Stretching (body conditioning), "Tap" Dancing (clogging), Musical Comedy

Dancing, Acrobatic Dancing, and Exhibition Dancing.

Call or write today for our beautiful new 56-page illustrated Booklet UG, which describes the Ned Wayburn method and courses in detail. This booklet is FREE.

IMPORTANT—Many who find it impossible to come to the Ned Wayburn Studios in New York at once are taking advantage of Mr. Wayburn's Home Study Course in Stage Dancing. If you are interested, write for Booklet UHG, describing this course in detail.

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway (Ent. on 60th St.) at Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. except Sundays. (Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.) Phone COL umbus 3500.

\$5,000 IN CASH PRIZES

By popular demand another great

Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

starts in this issue of

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Subscribe now, to be sure you will get all issues containing the puzzles. In previous years many readers have been disappointed because of inability to get every issue.

Subscribe now and win one of the many cash prizes

Turn to Page 39 for prize list and rules of the contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 North Michigan Avenue

Chicago, Illinois

Photoplay Magazine,
750 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

I do not want to miss a single issue during the \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest so please enter my one year subscription to start with the JULY issue, for which I enclose \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

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

(Yearly Subscription: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order.)

Ph. 6-29

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

ON

Girls' Problems



It's vacation time!
Let's pack all the fun
and the joy of living,
all the carefree relax-
ation, along with the
more tangible vaca-
tion needs

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
For the first time in my life I am going to have a real vacation, three whole weeks at the seashore, and I'm so thrilled! I feel it is extravagant because I will have to spend most of the savings I have been hoarding during a year of hard work. I could probably get just as complete a rest at home, because I haven't any household duties and could sleep late every morning. And I would be sure of a good time, as we are not far from a beach and golf course.

I don't feel, however, that physical rest is the only thing I need. I'm so tired of the same surroundings, and of seeing the same people every day. How I long to get away from everything familiar!

Do you think I am making a mistake in spending so much for a vacation that won't be very different from what I would do at home? And can you give me some advice about what clothes I will need at a semi-fashionable resort, at one of the more moderate-priced hotels? I won't have a great deal of money left for new things.

Also, if you could tell me a little about protecting my skin in the sudden transition from an indoor job to an outdoor life, what cold creams and powders to use, I would be very grateful to you.

ROBERTA A.

ROBERTA, you have made a wise decision. I take it that for forty-nine weeks out of the year you have been doing routine things, whirling around in the same limited circle, as most of us do. And of course you want to break loose for a brief period during those lethargic summer months when energy and enthusiasm are at an ebb.

That's not extravagance. That's what I might paradoxically term commendable miserliness—the hoarding of health and peace of mind against the

ravages of a new season of many demands upon mental and physical energy.

When it is necessary, a vacation in one's home surroundings can be made to bring good returns in rest and fun. But a large part of the value of a vacation lies not only in the freedom from accustomed duties but in the change from accustomed scenes and familiar contacts. One needs a *mental* change, as well as a physical one.

And now we will consider the question of clothes. For a vacation such as you plan that needn't be a great problem. Chiefly sports clothes, few or many, according to your purse. The fewer you have the more careful you will need to be to preserve a color harmony between them and with the various accessories, such as scarfs, bags, etc.

Here are some suggestions for a limited but adequate wardrobe for this type of vacation:

Two separate skirts; one a light-weight cloth, either in the popular checks or plaid; one of light colored silk. Two sweaters, or for variety,

one sweater and one of the new laced flannel blouses (which will be particularly attractive if worn with a matching beret). One silk blouse, tailored or frilly, tuck-in or tunic, according to your individual taste. Sweaters and blouse may be sleeveless, short-sleeved or long-sleeved, as you prefer. All are correct this season.

One chiffon dance dress. Black chiffon is always lovely; printed chiffons are especially alluring this summer.

If one wrap has to serve for morning, afternoon and evening, I suggest it be not too light in color nor too tailored in line. A soft angora or kasha cloth would be a good choice.

If you like to go without a hat as much as possible, your travelling hat will be sufficient. It should have a small brim, especially if it must double for golfing. A broad-brimmed shade hat will be both useful and flattering, but a pretty sun-rain umbrella will protect you from too much sunlight and give your hair a chance to catch the breezes.

A pair of low-heeled sport oxfords or strap slippers for daytime wear; higher-heeled Deauville sandals or other light-weight slippers for dancing. If you play tennis, provide a pair of regulation tennis shoes.

Add to this your bathing suit with its accessories. If you can afford beach pajamas, by all means include a pair. They are the very smartest garb to be seen on the beach this year. Or you can substitute a beach coat. Those of Turkish toweling are particularly practical.

You might add a one-piece sleeveless dress of silk or cotton. This is the most comfortable costume for tennis or other strenuous sports. And if you can eke out enough money, buy one of the adorable quilted calico coats so popular this season. You will find it useful for both daytime and evening wear.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

How to Make the Most of Your Vacation

Is This Month's Discussion

ARE you planning a few precious weeks of freedom from routine duties, from the confining walls of office, schoolroom or shop? Do you want to know what sort of wardrobe you will require; how to achieve a healthy summer tan without devastating results?

Is there some general problem of appearance or health or happiness on which you need friendly advice?

Then write me a letter, explaining the situation as fully as possible, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Letters will be answered in the order in which they are received. If you want my leaflet on the care of the skin and the treatment of blackheads and acne, just request it in your letter. Enclose 10c for my booklet on safe and sane reducing diet and exercises.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

ELGIN **P**ARISIENNE WATCHES

DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED

BY

CALLOT

SOEURS... \$75.



Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry . . . but more than that. Accurate, unfailing, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at \$35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at \$250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)



John Barrymore



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



F. Scott Fitzgerald

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF

Co-eds

by John Barrymore
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

They are 19 years old—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We love it!"

Out 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



MISS HELEN and MISS LOIS DODD of Chicago, Illinois, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the prettiest of co-eds

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!"

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial for 10 cents! Send name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.



Maupin

NEW PICTURES

DOROTHY REVIER takes a good long look at herself and says, "Well, old girl, you've finally rung the bell!" For four years Dorothy has been skirmishing around the seats of the movie mighty without quite getting a chance at the throne. Baby stardom in 1925 just meant baby stardom, and nothing more. But in "The Iron Mask," with Doug Fairbanks, she did a stunning piece of work, and followed it up with another in "The Donovan Affair," an all-talker. Now she's riding high!



Ruth Harriet Louise

JULIA FAYE got her break in pictures by reason of her perfect understandings. For years she was known as "The Legs of Lasky's," and always doubled her nether limbs for those of ladies less blessed by nature. She has always been a mainstay, or main stem, of De Mille pictures, at Lasky's, P. D. C., Pathe and now Metro-Goldwyn. Julia's a Virginia gyurl, suh!



Duncan

JUST a few years ago Jeanette Loff was playing the pictures, not playing in them. Seated at the piano of a small-town movie theater, she did Fire Music, Indian Music and "Hearts and Flowers" when the little baby died. This devastating blonde made her first hit opposite Rod LaRocque in "Hold 'Em, Yale." One look at her and Old Eli held like a brick wall. Why not?

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



The hair is so red that it typifies It,
The eyes to a true blonde belong;
The mouth made her hit in a story that told
Of a heaven where plenty went wrong!

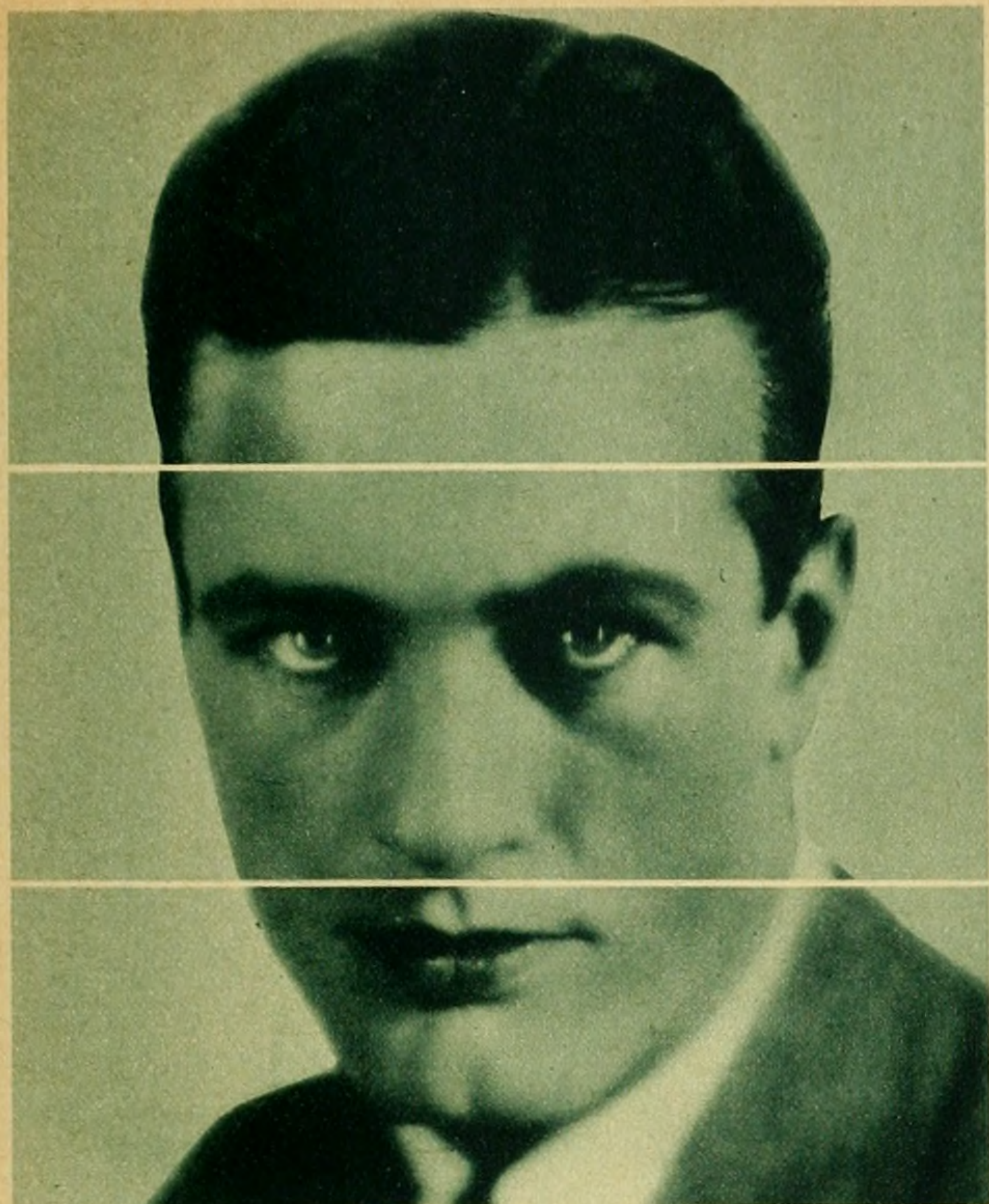
The hair in the city of Quakers was born,
The eyes now direct a director;
The mouth shone so bright in the film, "Peter Pan"—
That they had to deflect the reflector!

The hair, from old Philly, once played on the stage,
The eyes have been, always, with Fox;
The mouth has a lure that has brought her world fame,
(Though her ears some folk just long to box!)

The hair is New England (but only by birth),
The eyes won a contest for fame;
The mouth studied dancing and art for two years,
Will this help you to locate her name?

RESUME

Two blondes and two red heads, two pairs of brown eyes,
Two married, and two unengaged!
And all of them talented to a degree
That has made them headlined, and front paged.
Five-six is the tallest—five-three is the least—
And all four young ladies came out of the East.



The hair is adept at all Indian roles,
The eyes have made war less than hell;
The mouth has a wife who once played on the screen,
(But her new part, as wife, she does well!)

The hair is a father, he's handsome and dark,
The eyes took a college degree;
The mouth owns Montana as his natal state,
But his boyhood was spent o'er the sea!

The hair was a cowboy—he rode for his health—
The eyes to a dancer was married;
The mouth is a popular bachelor and
They do say, by the girls he is harried!

The hair has a name which once stood for green hats
The eyes played on good old Broadway,
The mouth, though divorced, is now married again
To a most charming widow, they say.

RESUME

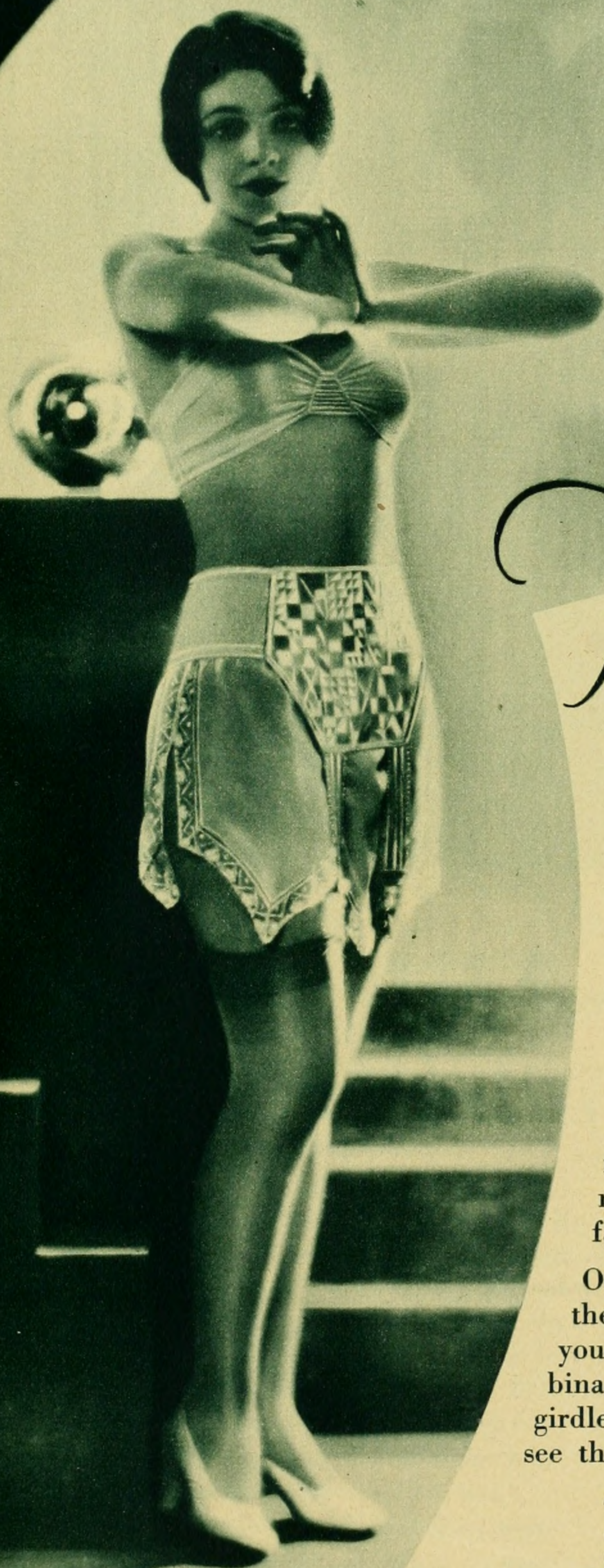
*They all have dark hair, but just two have dark eyes,
And three are quite tall—and one's not;
And all four were college boys once on a time—
You can't guess the learning they've got!
Two of them are married—and two have fought shy,
And most of the girls in this land wonder why!*



Ruth Harriet Louise

IF we don't run the gay and debonair smile of the dashing John Gilbert every month or so, screams of anguish issue from millions of ladies all over the world, so here is Handsome Jack as of the June issue, 1929. Gilbert, separated professionally from La Belle Garbo, has been busy making "Redemption," his new Metro-Goldwyn production. And it won't be long now, fans!

The Gossard Line of Beauty ~ ~



Fashionables

*Thrill to the new
"Gossards Moderne"*

"Gossards Moderne" — the newest, smartest, most distinctive figure garments! In charming color combinations and flattering, slenderizing designs, they bring the theme of modern art to foundation garments. Fashion finds a new joy in their accomplishment on the figure — each individual wearer a new delight in adding these smart fashions to her under-wardrobe.

Originated by Gossard, you can buy these new "Moderne" foundations in your favorite type of garment — combinations, step-ins, hookarounds and girdles. Ask your corsetiere to let you see them all.

This modernistic girdle is made of brocade, in tones of pink and green, with matching elastic. Model 233, \$2.00.

of
1657
BRIDES
1605
find



BEAUTY CARE *for their hands*
right in the dishpan



How pretty and gay and smart looking are the brides of today . . . will they keep their good looks in spite of housekeeping cares? "Yes," says the modern girl—"we plan to cook and wash dishes and yet not sacrifice a bit of charm or good looks!" . . . Brides in 11 cities recently told us of one way they do this: 96 out of every 100 questioned keep their pretty young hands smooth and white and lovely by washing dishes with Lux . . . And not only brides, but millions of home-makers now keep their hands lovely with Lux in the dishpan . . . it's the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known! Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day. Try it yourself—today!

PHOTOPLAY

June, 1929

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

TO the miracle of sound from the screen has come the further miracle of light and shadow in the human voice.

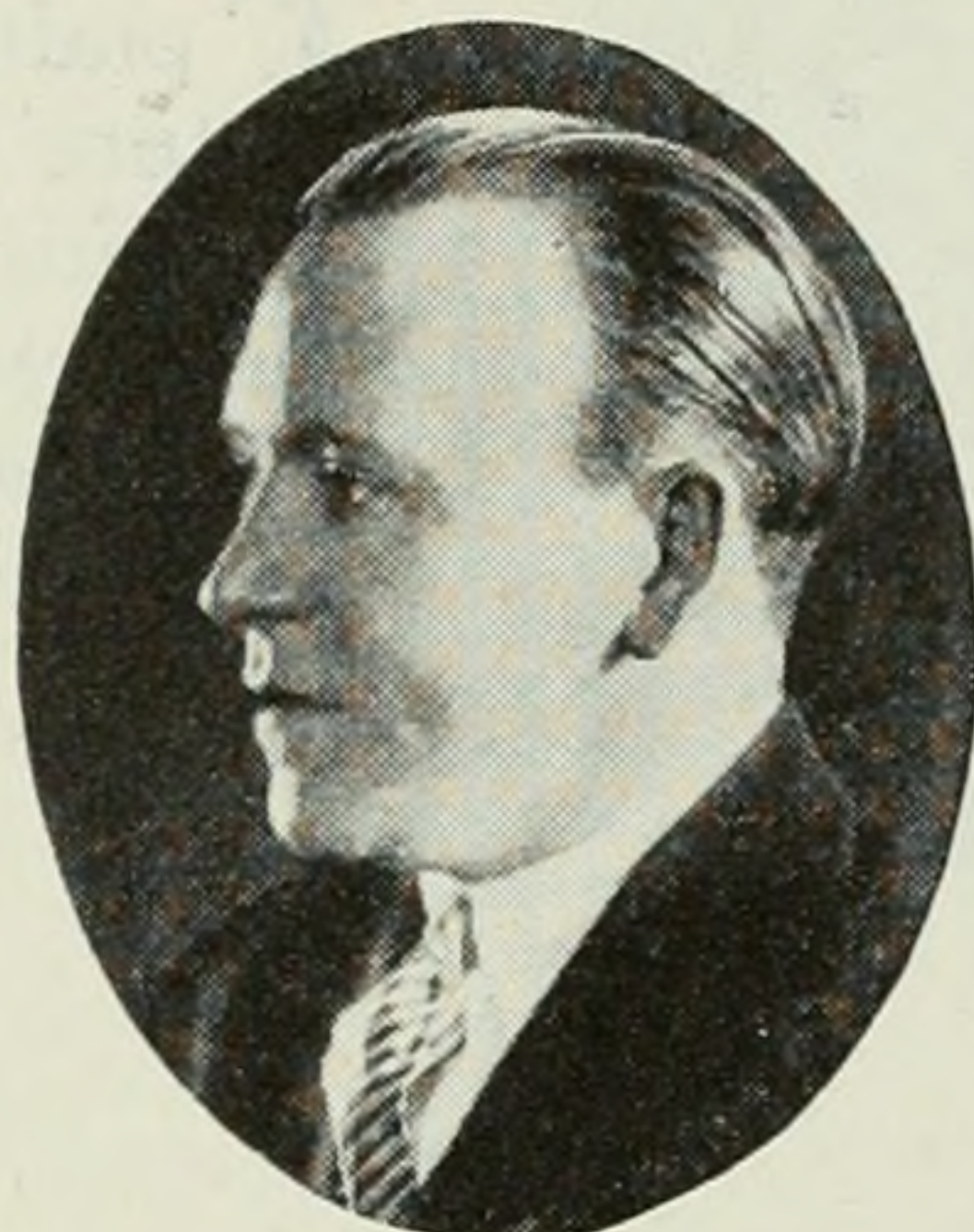
To the layman, it might seem that the hundreds of scientists and technicians who are laboring quietly to perfect our talking pictures are usurping almost supernatural powers and privileges.

Now, sitting godlike at his control board, the talkie expert can, by a twist of a simple gadget, control the sound of the recorded human voice at will—giving it light and shade, color and sonorousness.

THIS new and most astounding development since the birth of the talking picture is called the "sound filter."

By cutting out certain frequencies, astonishing results are achieved. Flat voices are made full and rich, colorless voices can be given highlights and shadows. The technical men can play the human voice upon a screen as electricians can spray it with infinite varieties of beautiful color.

IT has long been a public secret of the photoplay world that a good cameraman can make or break an actor. By lighting and shooting only the player's best facial angles, perfect beauty can be achieved—by accentuating the faults of physiognomy, the actor's face can be made into the semblance of a suet pudding in the eye of the camera.



NOW the man at the "sound filter" takes his place among the demigods to be tenderly handled by actors.

One twist of the thumb and forefinger and he might be able to turn the sweetest of voices into a Lake Erie foghorn. Be nice to the man with the filter—he may change you

from a Galli Curci to the five o'clock whistle on the plow works.

Little do we realize, as we sit before these early talking pictures and complain of their experimental errors, that hundreds of men of science, sitting in far off laboratories, are performing miracles every day.

THROUGHOUT this nation there are many thousands of afflicted souls to whom the passing of the silent picture is genuine tragedy.

It has been their principal diversion and happiness, and it seems almost cruel to have given them this boon, this solace, and then taken it away.

For the past few months I have been hearing from them; scores of silent pleas, pitiful in the extreme.

One of them encloses a copy of a poem, printed in PHOTOPLAY ten years ago, which was as sincere an expression of gratitude as I have ever read. I must quote it, so that we more fortunate mortals may realize what a living sorrow deafness is, sympathize with those who are not blessed with hearing, and

be grateful for the senses given us to appreciate God's world.

When I was little, I used to say
To my lonely self day after day,
"There's a door been closed by God somewhere
Up in the mansions above the air,
And it's shut out the music of life for me."
The chirping of birds, the drip of the sea,
The song of the wind and all lullabies
That soothe the sorrows of heavy eyes—
These were the things they described to me,
Who never had heard a tune or a key.

But now there's a place I can always go,
And there I can almost hear and know
The melodies that they tell about;
For all of a sudden my soul drifts out
Beyond the realm of tangible things;
I hear the sighing of countless wings—
Those ever-fanning pinions of white,
That gloss with silver the darkest night.
Lo! that is not all, for as I wait
Before that snowy curtain of fate
I hear the secrets that lovers tell—
And I keep that music and con it well.
And somehow I fancy that mighty door
That God closed on me forevermore,
Has at last swung open and let me in,
For an instant, to be as I might have been!
And all the day I imagine song—
I dream of a phantom cadence strong;
And I catch the matchless, eternal strain
Of angels harping heaven's refrain.

O wonder curtain! O master brain
That pierced the depths where my soul has lain!
O Christly pity that let me pass
To the other side of the looking-glass!

Ah, blessings on the genius that woke
Melody from a word unspoke!
Thrice blessings on you who for me found
That magic picture-curtain of sound!

PERHAPS the sound and dialogue pictures are bringing to the thousands deprived of sight a new pleasure. We are just beginning to hear from them.

But if anyone could read the letters from the deaf that come to my desk and remain unmoved he would be heartless indeed.

I know of no remedy for this sad denouement of the sound development of motion pictures. I do hope, however, that we shall always have silent pictures as well as audible ones, so that we may preserve for afflicted ones a measure of their solace.

Strangely enough, none of these letters refers to the faculty of most deaf people for lip-reading. It doesn't seem to be a consolation in their loss.

WHAT these talkies do to the time-tried stars of the photoplay is nobody's business but their own!

Take Connie Talmadge, and why not?

After her years in the business, you'd think she wouldn't be frightened of a mob of bloodthirsty hottentots mounted on a fleet of dromedaries.

Yet only the other day, when she stepped before a camera and microphone to take a test for the lead in "The Gold Diggers," she was scared ossified, and it was some few minutes before she could croak a note. She finally came through beautifully, and the teacher marked her A Plus, but a little iron mike had frightened this young veteran completely out of her consonants.

They're all fighting over this part—made famous on the stage by Ina Claire. Marie Prevost and Connie are the leading candidates.

Incidentally, it is all to be done in natural colors.

THE prohibitionists, the anti-cigarette outfits, and all those babies who want to legislate temptations out of the reach of us poor benighted humans, want Congress to save us from ourselves. Now, I've got one.

I want Congress to pass a law to make all motion picture critics take a motion picture talkie test.

They picked on me last week to make a two-minute talk to precede "The Letter."

Was I scared when those lights blinded me; when those three demoniac, grinning cameramen ground on me from the smug security of their glass cages; when that microphone leered at me and seemed to say, "Even if you're good, I won't like you"?

I was.

And did I forget all about what I intended to say?

I did.

But I have more tolerance for actors and actresses. And a lot of people whose work I have criticized are even.

FOR many years we have heard churchmen complaining about the eye-and-ear-tickling methods of picture producers in thinking up attractive film titles.

Evidently the parsons have decided to profit by the methods used by these disciples of Satan. *The Kansas City Star* compiled a list of sermons announced on a recent Sunday. Here are a few:

Mockers of Sin
This Hard-Boiled Age
Blossom Time in the Desert
The Modern Babel
Heart Searching
Ice and Sand

And from a Portland, Oregon, paper we get:

Dancing with the Devil
The Lure of the Movies
Who Gets the Graft?
Portland, Paradise of Prostitutes
Give Aimee a Chance
Sitting on the Lid
Satan in Chinatown
Pickled in Gin and Sin

Hot diggity! Let's go!

SPLIT Mike and Ike, Mutt and Jeff and the Smith Brothers and what have you left but a few fragments blowing down the wind?

This sad and sentimental thought came to me as I read that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has definitely decided not again to co-star John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Bang goes another photoplay team of the royal line—a duo truly of the great tradition. Since the films' earliest days they have seen dozens of popular teams come, grow famous and part—by death, fate or managerial decree.

Young lovers and those older and too wise, all have had their moments in the Kleilight. We like to see one woman and one man smitten by the madness of cinematic amour. Their peculiar joys and sorrows, manners and methods become a family affair with us.

Pelleas and Melisande, Romeo and Juliet, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, and now Garbo and Gilbert! But where the old time lovers gave in to poison and broken hearts, our film friends break it all off when the boss in the front office gives the word.

Well, good luck singing solo, Jack and Greta.

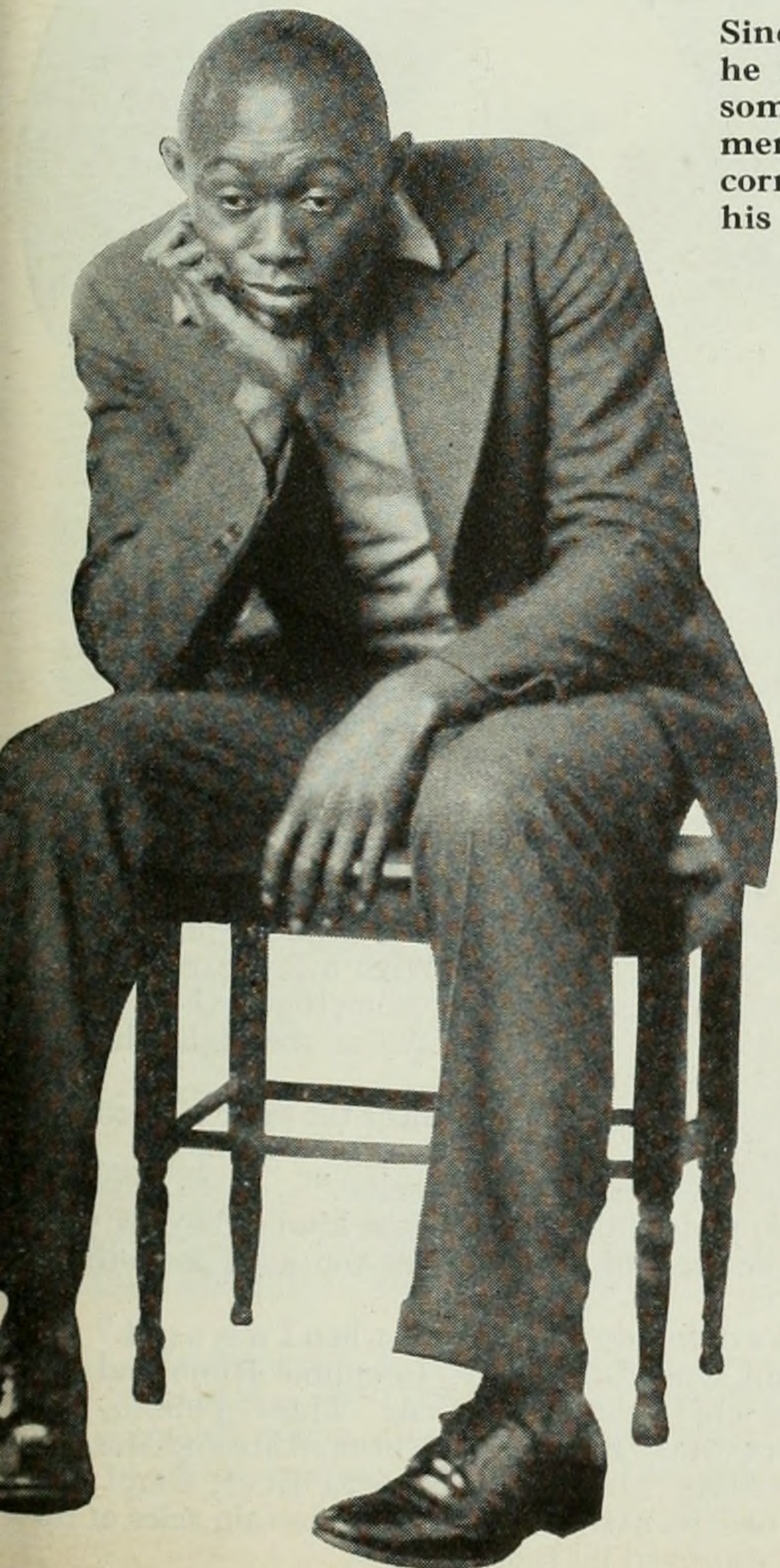
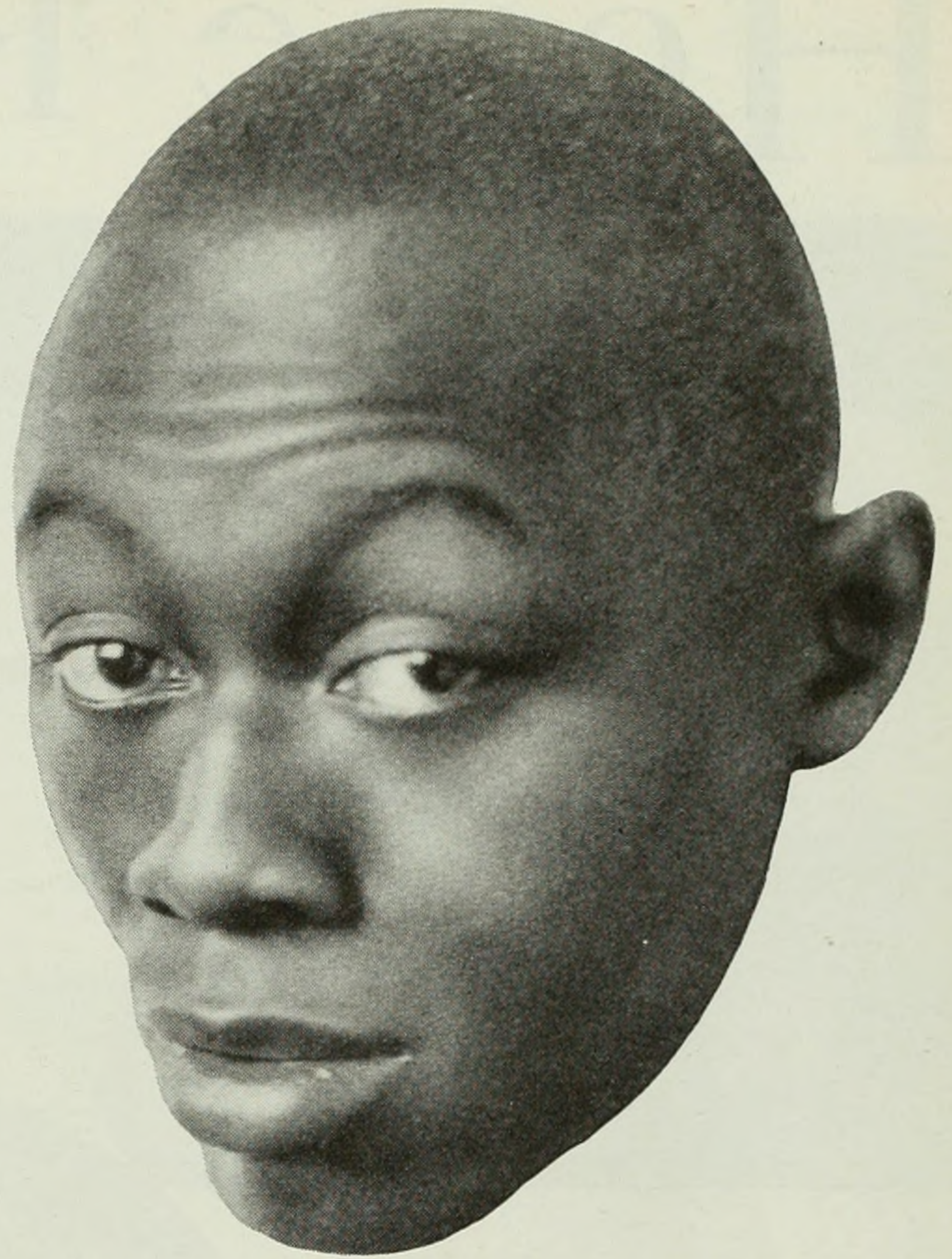
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We recommend this as one of Herb Howe's Best—and That's Good

Stepin's High-Colored Past

Fetchit Reveals All and
Converts Herb to the
Old Time Religion

By Herbert Howe



Since Fetchit made his hit in "Hearts in Dixie" he has acquired three automobiles, a secretary, some temperament and a dislike for appointments. The Hollywood Boulevardier, however, cornered him. Herb finds that Stepin spends his spare moments moralizing over religion and the problem of a future life

"**M**AH real name is Lincoln Theodore Peary, yes-suh. . . . Aw, mah father give me all them highflyin' names: Lincoln foh Abraham, Theodore foh Roosevelt an' Peary foh the North Pole fella. Ah personally give mahself the name Slop Jar.

"Stepin Fetchit. . . . Oh, Ah took that name off a race horse Ah admired at a county fair. Ah wrote a song 'bout him called 'Stepin Fetchit.' It was a riot, understand what Ah mean? So when Ah teams up with another fella foh carnival they bills us Step An' Fetchit The Dancin' Fools From Dixie . . . understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout?"

"Ah does," said Ah.

STEPIN FETCHIT is the first man to put color into films successfully. As *Gummy* of "Hearts in Dixie" he promises to do for his people what Valentino did for the Latins. He's a riot, understand what Ah mean?

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I said 'spose, whereupon Step collapsed into a deep divan.

"Mah feet hurt."

"Then them were your feet in 'Hearts in Dixie'?"

"Ye-ah. Ah'm same as *Gummy*. No, Ah ain't exactly lazy but Ah don't worry. Ah don't worry 'bout nuthin'. Nuthin' in this world. Just one thing. . . ." He became agitated. . . . "An'—that's—*Death*. Ah'm sure goin' to die. That's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

be grateful for the senses given us to appreciate God's world.

When I was little, I used to say
To my lonely self day after day,
"There's a door been closed by God somewhere
Up in the mansions above the air,
And it's shut out the music of life for me."
The chirping of birds, the drip of the sea,
The song of the wind and all lullabies
That soothe the sorrows of heavy eyes—
These were the things they described to me,
Who never had heard a tune or a key.

But now there's a place I can always go,
And there I can almost hear and know
The melodies that they tell about;
For all of a sudden my soul drifts out
Beyond the realm of tangible things;
I hear the sighing of countless wings—
Those ever-fanning pinions of white,
That gloss with silver the darkest night.
Lo! that is not all, for as I wait
Before that snowy curtain of fate
I hear the secrets that lovers tell—
And I keep that music and con it well.
And somehow I fancy that mighty door
That God closed on me forevermore,
Has at last swung open and let me in,
For an instant, to be as I might have been!
And all the day I imagine song—
I dream of a phantom cadence strong;
And I catch the matchless, eternal strain
Of angels harping heaven's refrain.

O wonder curtain! O master brain
That pierced the depths where my soul has lain!
O Christly pity that let me pass
To the other side of the looking-glass!

Ah, blessings on the genius that woke
Melody from a word unspoke!
Thrice blessings on you who for me found
That magic picture-curtain of sound!

PERHAPS the sound and dialogue pictures are bringing to the thousands deprived of sight a new pleasure. We are just beginning to hear from them.

But if anyone could read the letters from the deaf that come to my desk and remain unmoved he would be heartless indeed.

I know of no remedy for this sad denouement of the sound development of motion pictures. I do hope, however, that we shall always have silent pictures as well as audible ones, so that we may preserve for afflicted ones a measure of their solace.

Strangely enough, none of these letters refers to the faculty of most deaf people for lip-reading. It doesn't seem to be a consolation in their loss.

WHAT these talkies do to the time-tried stars of the photoplay is nobody's business but their own!

Take Connie Talmadge, and why not?

After her years in the business, you'd think she wouldn't be frightened of a mob of bloodthirsty hottentots mounted on a fleet of dromedaries.

Yet only the other day, when she stepped before a camera and microphone to take a test for the lead in "The Gold Diggers," she was scared ossified, and it was some few minutes before she could croak a note. She finally came through beautifully, and the teacher marked her A Plus, but a little iron mike had frightened this young veteran completely out of her consonants.

They're all fighting over this part—made famous on the stage by Ina Claire. Marie Prevost and Connie are the leading candidates.

Incidentally, it is all to be done in natural colors.

THE prohibitionists, the anti-cigarette outfits, and all those babies who want to legislate temptations out of the reach of us poor benighted humans, want Congress to save us from ourselves. Now, I've got one.

I want Congress to pass a law to make all motion picture critics take a motion picture talkie test.

They picked on me last week to make a two-minute talk to precede "The Letter."

Was I scared when those lights blinded me; when those three demoniac, grinning cameramen ground on me from the smug security of their glass cages; when that microphone leered at me and seemed to say, "Even if you're good, I won't like you"?

I was.

And did I forget all about what I intended to say?

I did.

But I have more tolerance for actors and actresses. And a lot of people whose work I have criticized are even.

FOR many years we have heard churchmen complaining about the eye-and-ear-tickling methods of picture producers in thinking up attractive film titles.

Evidently the parsons have decided to profit by the methods used by these disciples of Satan. *The Kansas City Star* compiled a list of sermons announced on a recent Sunday. Here are a few:

Mockers of Sin
This Hard-Boiled Age
Blossom Time in the Desert
The Modern Babel
Heart Searching
Ice and Sand

And from a Portland, Oregon, paper we get:

Dancing with the Devil
The Lure of the Movies
Who Gets the Graft?
Portland, Paradise of Prostitutes
Give Aimee a Chance
Sitting on the Lid
Satan in Chinatown
Pickled in Gin and Sin

Hot diggity! Let's go!

SPLIT Mike and Ike, Mutt and Jeff and the Smith Brothers and what have you left but a few fragments blowing down the wind?

This sad and sentimental thought came to me as I read that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has definitely decided not again to co-star John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Bang goes another photoplay team of the royal line—a duo truly of the great tradition. Since the films' earliest days they have seen dozens of popular teams come, grow famous and part—by death, fate or managerial decree.

Young lovers and those older and too wise, all have had their moments in the Kleilight. We like to see one woman and one man smitten by the madness of cinematic amour. Their peculiar joys and sorrows, manners and methods become a family affair with us.

Pelleas and Melisande, Romeo and Juliet, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, and now Garbo and Gilbert! But where the old time lovers gave in to poison and broken hearts, our film friends break it all off when the boss in the front office gives the word.

Well, good luck singing solo, Jack and Greta.

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We recommend this

Step

High-C

Pa

Fetchit Revea

Converts He

Old Time

By Herbert

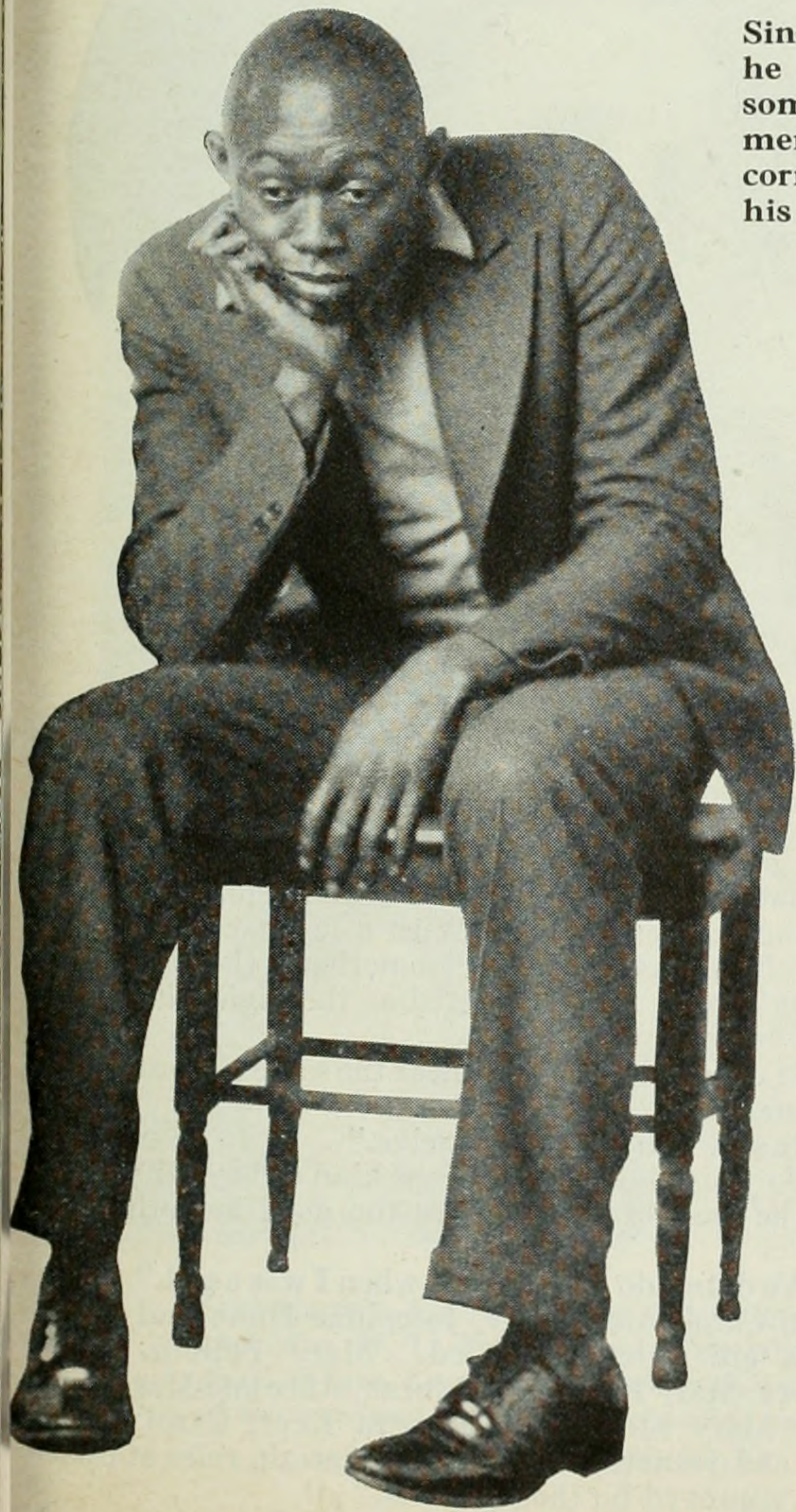
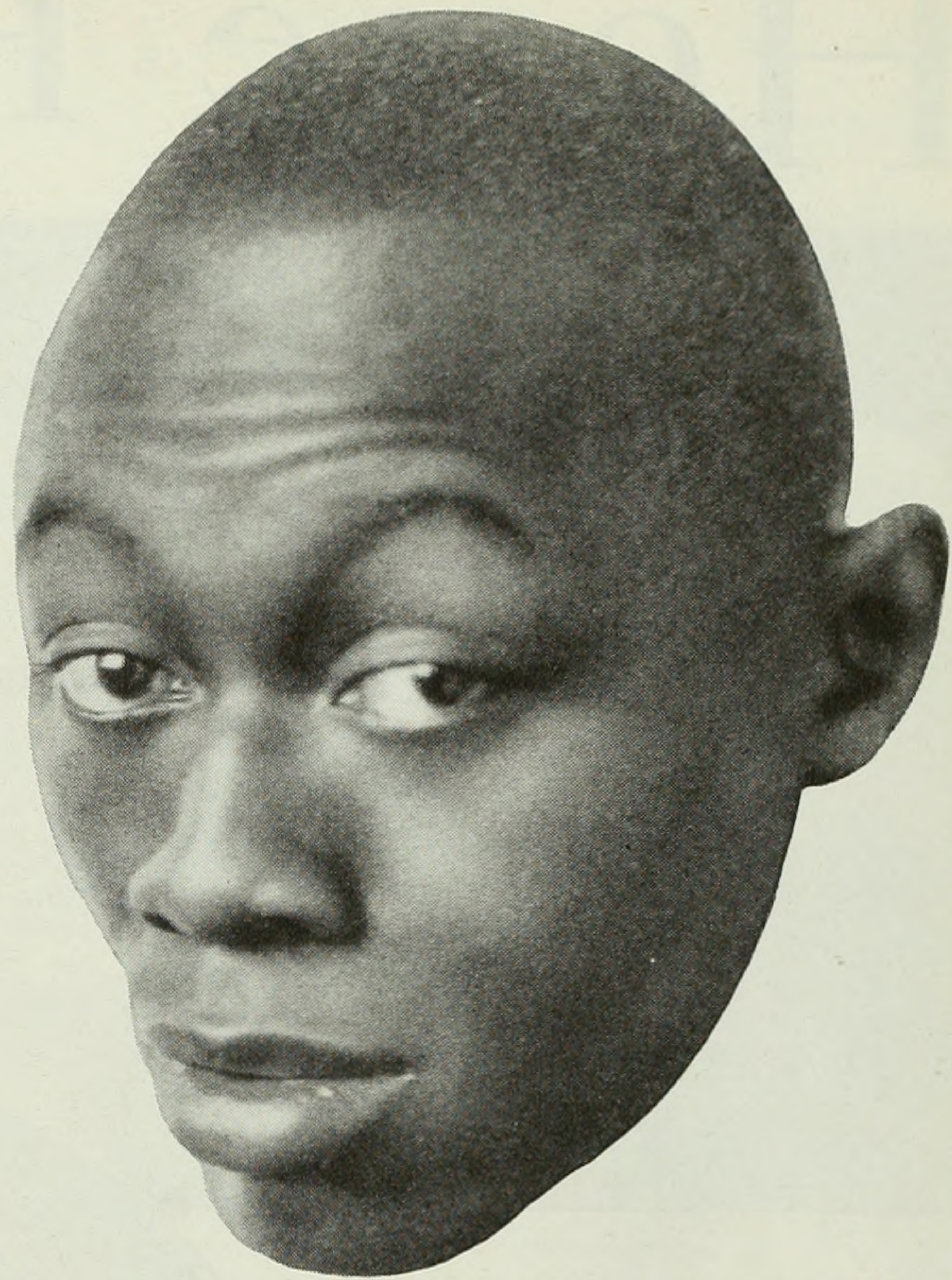


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Home Rules for

By
Katherine
Albert



June Collyer and her mother, Mrs. Clayton J. Heermance. June came to Hollywood as a grown-up young lady who knew her way about socially in New York, so she didn't need chaperonage. Mrs. Heermance says that June's judgment in choosing friends is always to be relied upon

In spite of the fact that Sue Carol has been married and, since meeting Nick Stuart, is thinking of a second venture, Mrs. Sam Lederer practically commutes from her home in Chicago to Hollywood to see that daughter Sue goes with the right people to the right places and doesn't stay out too late



"Gaynor," as Janet lovingly calls her mother, has been a vital part of Janet's career. "Jonesy" (her step-father, Harry Jones) also shared largely in her success. His death made fame and honors seem less sweet to the saddened heart of his daughter

IN bed at nine P. M. when working.
In bed at midnight when not working.
Mothers must approve of boy friends.
Daughters must 'phone home if out after twelve.

These are but some of the rules and regulations that the film flappers follow. With a few exceptions the girl who earns hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars a week is as restricted as the high school kid on a five-dollar allowance.

And the embryonic stars hear the same old bromides from mother.

"Be sure to be home by twelve."

"Do you think he's the right kind of boy for you?"

"The trouble is, I've been too good a mother to you."

"We didn't do those things when I was a girl."

Sue Carol, Anita Page, Josephine Dunn and Sally Eilers are strictly guarded. Mary Philbin, June Collyer, Mary Brian, Lois Moran, Alice and Marceline Day, Mary McAllister, Barbara Kent, Carol Lombard and Jeanette Loff adhere to certain rules of their own, approved by their parents.

Hollywood FLAPPERS

A modified version of
"The Mother Knows
Best" system prevails
among the younger set
of the films

Three Days — Alice, Marceline and Mother Irene. (No, Elinor Glyn absolutely did not suggest this caption!) Irene's ideas are as young as her daughters. But when Alice and Marceline decided to smoke and drink, Irene changed their minds swiftly and surely, without one "don't" or "can't"



And there's Anita Page, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Pomares, are determined she shall retain her health and make a success of her profession. Anita gets nine and a half hours of sleep every night

Often the parents are too strict. Again not strict enough. History is repeating itself in the case of Virginia Lee Corbin, who is living through a second Mary Miles Minter mother-episode. Troublous times are in store for both Virginia and her mother. The mother is anxious to keep her daughter a well-chaperoned, well-mannered young woman. But Virginia is rebellious and determined to live away from what she considers too restricting a roof.

But, for the most part, their problems are average. Josephine Dunn left home. She left it four blocks away and then went back. After all, said she to herself, she had been in the Follies. She had played bad women on the screen. She refused to be treated like a child at home. So she left, but she turned around and went back after she had gone only a few blocks.

SALLYEILERS wanted to leave the symbolic fireside the night her father looked first at Matty Kemp and then at his watch (it was one-thirty) and said, "Is this a nice time for a young man to be bringing a young girl home?" But Sally waited until the next morning and then she wasn't interested in running away.

Doesn't it all sound familiar? It's the same old mother problem whether it's Hollywood or Medicine Hat. And, both in Hollywood and Medicine Hat, there are wise parents, like Gladys Moran who believes that "mother love is the bunk, only fit for sentimentalists," and foolish ones. There are good daughters and bad.

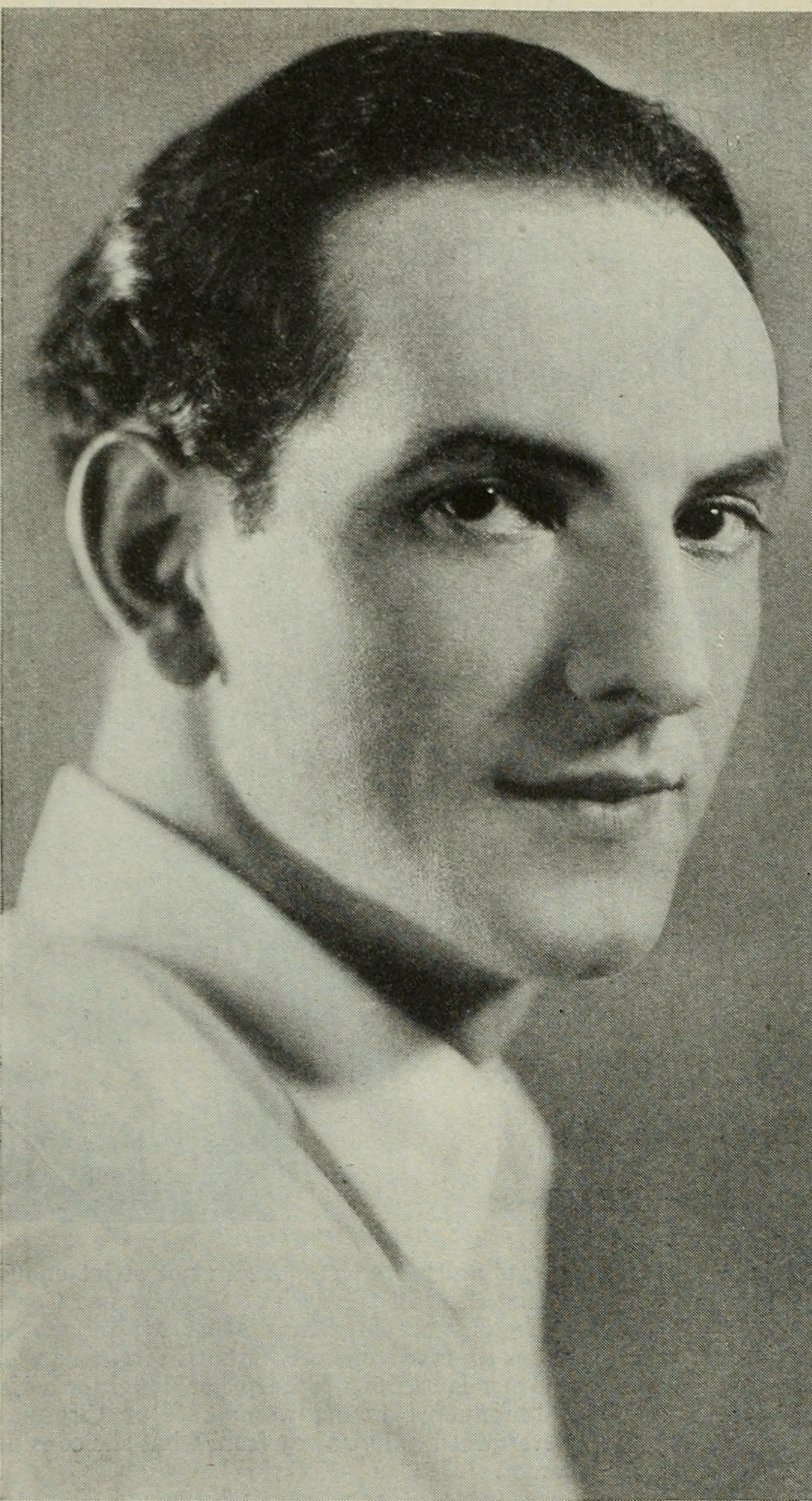
There are rebellious girls and docile ones. There are those, like Mary Philbin, who live in a world apart, whose mothers do not realize that all girls in the film colony don't sit around playing "consequences" and refusing liquor and cigarettes.

And there are those, like Sue Carol, who plaintively make that age-old cry, "Mother still thinks I'm fifteen years old!"

It's the same old mother problem the world over.

Marceline Day decided to learn to smoke and drink. How she was cured isn't the text for a W. C. T. U. sermon, but it's a great theme song for the Mothers' Union of America.

Irene Day has two kids in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]



Joseph Schildkraut, one of the films' most orchidaceous leading men. According to Joe, *IT* is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy used to cover the honest phrase, sex magnetism. Which, of course, sounds very Schildkrautian

THE most potent word in the English language today is *IT*.

Clara Bow is responsible for its current popularity, Elinor Glyn is credited with coining it, but Rudyard Kipling really invented it years ago.

Opinions as to its importance vary. Some say it stands as a symbol of sex, others maintain it is merely a vulgar colloquialism usurping exaggerated importance.

Its arch-enemy in Hollywood at present is Joseph Schildkraut. He thinks we should strip the ugly meaning from the word and restore it to its original place in our vocabulary, that of neuter pronoun, denoting the gender *without* sex.

"Why don't you ask me the meaning of '*IT*'?" he demanded when I broached the subject. He was sitting in his library, fine etchings on the walls, interesting books about him. He got up, began to pace the floor. Then he answered his own question:

What is

"*IT* is Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy," says Joseph Schildkraut

By Mark Larkin

"*IT*," said he, "is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy to cover up the honest phrase, sex magnetism."

There, ladies and gentlemen, is the Schildkraut definition of "*IT*." Elinor Glyn herself could have done no better!

"If people in America would only treat sex a little more casually," he went on. "If they did not accent it, if they did not attach unnatural significance to a natural thing. Sex is as fragile as a flower. It should be regarded as a flower in a garden, not a thing to be pulled apart, wantonly dissected, ruthlessly destroyed."

"**N**OT only am I tired of hearing '*IT*,' I feel that the word never should have been created." He shook his head, grimaced. "It suggests nothing, has no meaning, is cooked-up, enigmatic. It has a tiger skin twang."

He paused, looked about, then subsided into his chair.

"Perhaps I am too violent," he hazarded. "I am a one-sided person—what you call, perhaps, a wet blanket. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't dance. I like my home. I do not like boldness, lack of restraint."

"But one should not be too critical here in America. America is very young, Europe is very old. In America you are having a sex awakening. It is all a matter of youth. This country is in a state of puberty so far as sex is concerned. America now makes its romances in taxicabs. Later that will change. As contrasted against the age-old background of Europe, America is like a magnificently gifted young person just learning the ways of the world."

"The madness for romance now upon America shows in all her films. No picture can succeed unless sex is intimated. A glorious picture like '*The Patriot*' is mildly acclaimed—rated primarily an artistic success—because it has no love story. A tawdry romance from Poverty Row mops up because of its hugs and kisses and its inevitable clinch at the end."

"American women are more sensually inclined than American men. They are romance-starved because the men here do not know the art of love-making. They laugh foolishly to see a man kiss a woman's hand. They do not understand this gesture of gallantry. They misinterpret it. They condemn the man who does it. Nevertheless, in spite of the reputation it has given me, I shall continue to kiss the ladies' hands."

"American men do not like foreigners because they are too adept at romance."

"**A**MERICAN men lack imagination. They are practical, matter-of-fact, they possess no fantasy. They cannot smile. The American man can laugh loudly, he can cry salt water tears, but he is not subtle. The smile is a thing that comes only with age, generations of age. The American man dies sixteen deaths inside him before he says, 'I love you.' Yet he resents and fears the delicacy, the innate subtlety of the foreigner." A shrug from the great Schildkraut suggested contempt.

"We need a little more of the old-fashioned romance," he pursued. "Fewer saxophones, more violins. We need to get away from the bold, the blatant, back to the delicate. Less

IT used to be a neuter pronoun—now it

IT?

"IT is a jazz name for personality," says Lewis Stone

tuxedos, more costumes. I am eager to know how people take my performance in 'Showboat'. There is nothing 'IT-ty' about it, nothing sexy. It is lavender and old lace—old-fashioned romance.

"In Europe sex is accepted as a matter of course. We don't point at it, don't discuss it. No one is consciously aware of the presence of 'IT'. America, however, seems ashamed of its sex, even though it is the most beautiful thing nature has given us. Perhaps the reason too much attention is paid to the matter of 'IT' here is because the subject is so new. That possibly accounts for the trick names, the subterfuges, the disguises. The word 'IT' is all of these.

"WOMEN in this country go by types. I would say there are three types: The flapper, exemplified by Clara Bow; the purely spiritual type, like Alice Joyce, and the strictly domestic type which in America is becoming more extinct every day, while the American domestic man becomes more distinct.

"The ideal woman, whom I have not met yet—yes I have—has a dash of all three types. But an all-around, finished woman is rare in America."

At that moment Elise Bartlett walked into the room. She had just come from rehearsal at the President. In private life, Elise Bartlett is, of course, Mrs. Schildkraut. I do not know this to be a fact, but as I watched her, as I observed her natural, unstudied ease, I suspected that she represented the "yes I have" part of her husband's remark about the ideal woman.

"I do not see Garbo as the symbol of 'IT' at all," said Schildkraut. "I know her well, and to me she is the very antithesis of sex. Highly spiritual, highly intellectual, yet unfortunately always in strained parts.

"When we start commercializing sex in America, when we take our 'IT' as easily as our baseball or our golf, then will there be no more obnoxious petting parties in the high schools, and the nasty viewpoint of a beautiful subject will be corrected. Just now 'IT' is America's new toy. In time she will tire of playing with it."

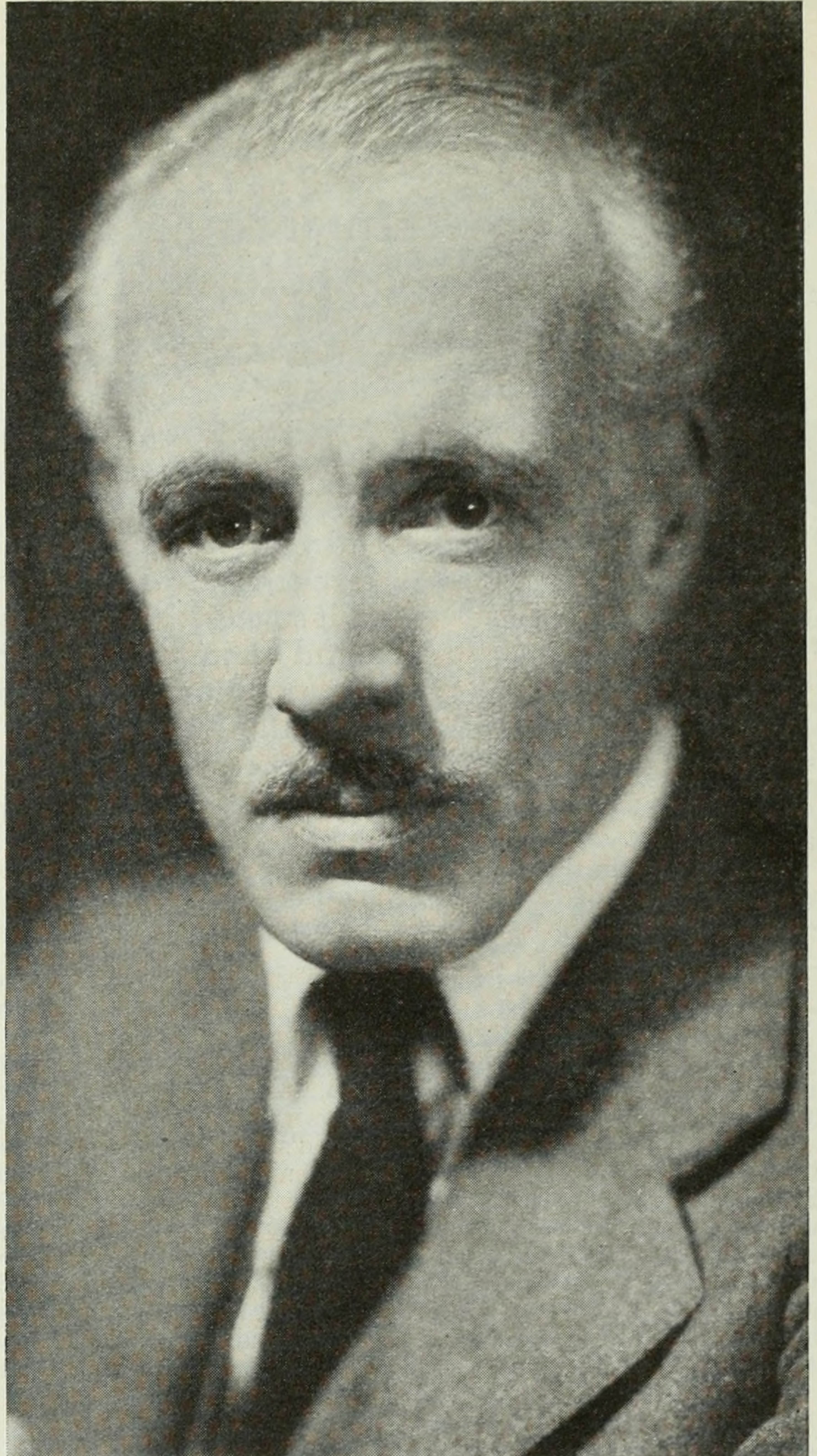
OF course the Schildkraut viewpoint represents the outside perspective. Let us turn now to a domestic reaction. Let us listen to Lewis Stone, to his opinions, his conclusions, his philosophy concerning the all-absorbing American topic.

"'IT,'" says Mr. Stone, "is merely a jazz-age name for personality."

Perhaps it will surprise you to note that this definition suggests nothing of sex. Yet it is like the man. Quiet, reserved, self-contained, he is exactly in real life the sort of man that authors picture in fiction. You feel, somehow, that Lew Stone is always master of any situation. And he is inscrutable enough to be intriguing. They call him "The only man on the screen past fifty with 'IT'."

His reserve, his discrimination, his resentment at the mere suggestion of affairs of the heart, give you the impression that he hails from the gallant South. And you are surprised when you discover that he was born near Boston.

But if you think you will get any advice from Lew Stone



Lewis Stone, the good grey actor who has never given a bad performance in his long screen career. Lew says that *IT* is just another word for personality, popularized by the jazz age. And a dignified thought it is, too!

regarding the efficient way in which to conduct an amour, you are doomed to disappointment. The man's facility for changing the subject is little short of genius. He even shies at generalities.

When I told him that "IT" was the text of his interview, an expression of horror crossed his face.

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong person." He shook his head emphatically, to convince me, no doubt, that he was not well informed on the subject and that any other topic would be infinitely more welcome.

But we persisted. We got out the reportorial gimlet and began to bore in. We knew the information was there, it was merely a matter of getting it. The process was difficult, for we were discussing the matter behind a Russian railroad station on one of the M.-G.-M. stages during the making of "Wonder of Women." Every time we got going, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

is the most abused word in our language

The Favorites Pick

By
Grace
Thornley

Interesting and unsuspected characteristics of both choosers and chosen are revealed by these selections

IF you were under oath before a court of justice could you pick out the five most interesting people in your town?

Could you say which men and women represent most faithfully the color and vitality of your community? I don't mean people you like. I, for example, have a surprising fondness for an old aunt of a friend of mine who is about as interesting as a carrot. I have even been known to like after dinner speakers and radio announcers.

I tried to explain this to nine representative individuals of the motion picture industry when I asked them to select the five most interesting personalities in their town, Hollywood.

OF course, they came to no agreement. The difficulty lay in the definition of interest.

What is interest, after all, besides six per cent?

It certainly isn't what you've done. One of the dullest men I know has led what would be called a colorful life. It's rather a mental attitude—this thing known as interest.

According to Wilson Mizner, Hollywood's most exploited wit, suffering is a synonym for it. He doesn't believe in the still-water-runs-deep theory. "If that were true," says he, "an oyster would be an exalted O. Henry. No, give me complaining citizens who hate institutions, law and order, peace and quiet, who thrive on controversy and litigation, gossip and merry quip. Who have lied and stolen and lived strangely, whose experiences may be grouped together and shaken like a cocktail. The foam will turn out to be interest."

What players and studio folk do the motion picture actors themselves like best? Hollywood's own selections provide some striking high lights on film success. This interesting article tells the inside story—and it suggests a novel home game. Gather around on an off movie night and pick the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances.

This suggests an interesting and novel home game—picking the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances.

Gather round a table on an off movie night and have your friends make lists of the five most popular persons they know. Keep the lists secret until after the balloting, then check up the lists. This simple manner of tabulation will bring to light the popularity leader in your circle.

Try this some night. You may be surprised in the result. But to return to Hollywood's selection of its five most popular people.

Gloria Swanson chose as her definition of interest "fan interest" and she selected as representative of the industry five people, the five people who, if she were a fan she would be most anxious to see. They are: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Tom Mix.

BUT Paul Bern, a well known executive, took a more inclusive look into the subject. He found a glory in failure, a beauty in color, a pathos in futility. Nor could he limit himself to five. I let him go on. His choice was:

Ona Brown—because as Mrs. Clarence Brown she was the social leader of Hollywood. Because she helped her husband to success through her personality and vitality. A woman who, now that she is divorced, still imagines herself the social leader, still gives elaborate parties but is now just Ona, not Mrs. Clarence.

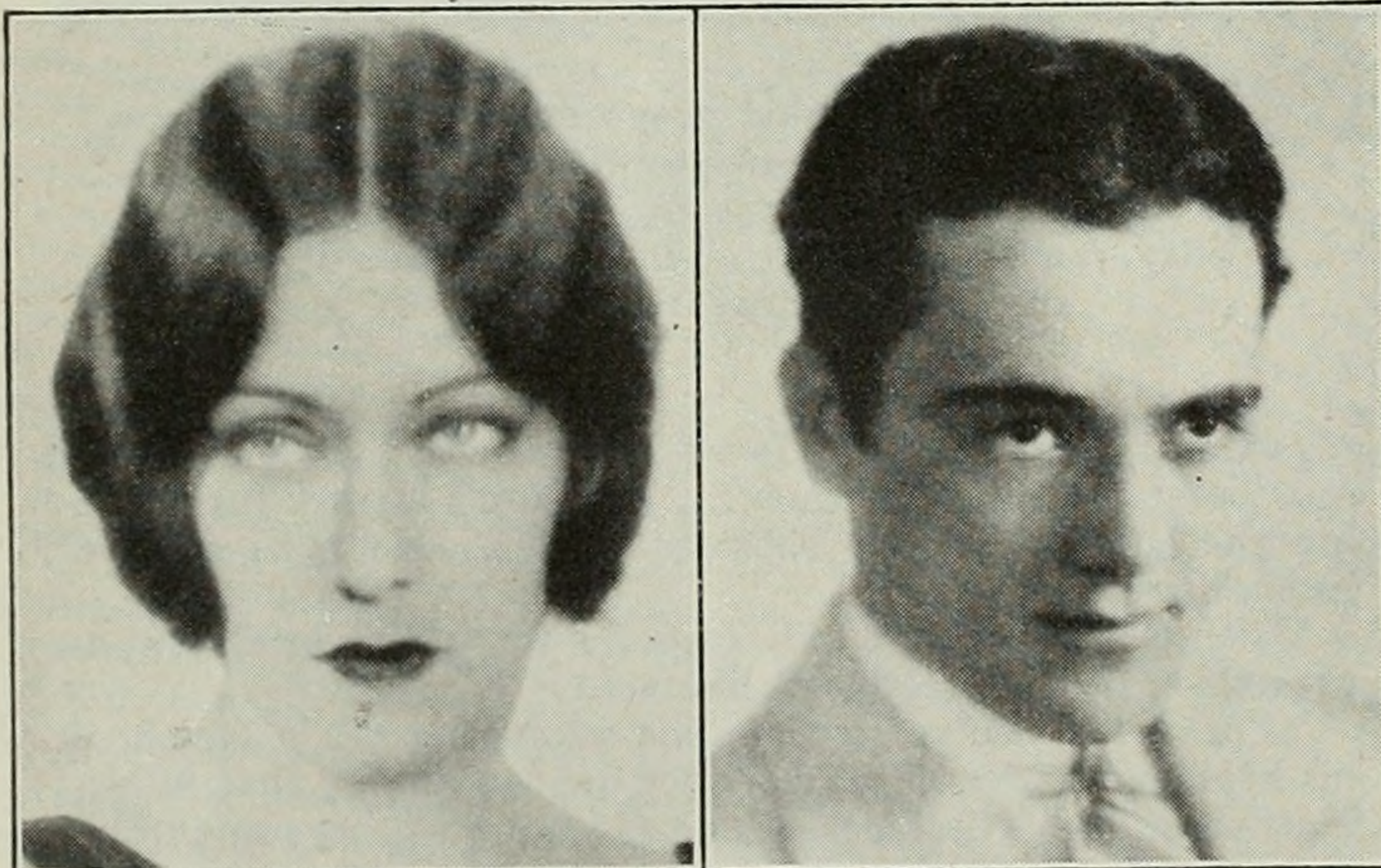
Jack Gilbert—because he is always an artist, always vivid. Never happy. A man with whom all women are in love. Who went through a prolonged contract fight with M.-G.-M. and thought when it was over he would be happy, only to find himself as he was at the beginning. He is kind, cruel and ruthless at the same moment. Artistic, tempestuous and vital. Because his hard knocks have not left him bitter. And because of an amazing sense of humor.

Marshall Neilan—because he is always exuberant, always humorous. If he were given an advance of \$1,000 on a picture he would spend \$999 of it on a huge party at the Ambassador. Because he has a great wit and complete ruthlessness. Is a beloved vagabond.

SONIA KARLOV (Jean Williams)—because she was a New York chorus girl. Came to Hollywood as Jean Williams and failed in pictures. Overnight became Sonia Karlov from Sweden and impressed De Mille to such an extent that he considered her for the lead in "The Godless Girl." But, when she was given the test, Lois Weber said that the New York chorus girl, with an acquired Swedish accent, didn't have the American viewpoint! When her perfidy was discovered De Mille, furious, gave her her congé. Now she is nobody for all her beautiful gesture.

Clara Bow—because her hard exterior is only a pose. Because she was the victim of vicious circumstance. Because she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen, could play *DuBarry* or *Zaza* if given the chance. At heart she is sentimental, simple, childish and sweet and the hard-boiled attitude is a defense mechanism.

Mary Nolan—because she was wrecked by the bad



Gloria Swanson
selects:

Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin
Greta Garbo
Tom Mix

"Buddy" Rogers
selects:

Mary Pickford
Richard Arlen
Jean Leonard
Oscar Smith
Ramon Novarro

Their Own Favorites

				
<p>Lily Damita selects: Sam Goldwyn Irving Thalberg Jesse Lasky Marion Davies Mack</p>	<p>John Gilbert selects: Carey Wilson and nine for Greta Garbo</p>	<p>Lilyan Tashman selects: Lionel Barrymore Eric Pedley Adela Rogers St. Johns Bebe Daniels Winfield Sheehan and Edmund Lowe</p>	<p>Ronald Colman selects: Mary and Doug (as one) Gloria Swanson Sid Grauman Prof. Robert A. Millikan Joseph Schenck</p>	<p>Corinne Griffith selects: James Ford Howard Kicken- looper (Bob O'Hara) General Wati- shevlav Savitsky Baron Wilhelm von Hesse Norma Shearer</p>

publicity she had when she was Imogene Wilson. Was whipped by circumstance. Went abroad to make a picture. Was signed as a great German actress, Mary Nolan, by Universal. Has made her comeback. Vivid, colorful and beautiful.

Blanche Sweet—because all through the humiliation of her life she has loved but one man, Marshall Neilan. She, too, whipped by circumstance.

CONRAD NAGEL—because he is completely different from every other man in Hollywood.

Erich Von Stroheim—because he is mad and cannot limit himself to the confines of his art. He is like an artist who is given a canvas. He paints the figures and then says, "But I can't get the heads in because the canvas is too small." He made his first great picture, lied and cheated to do it as he pleased. After that promised he would be good. But when he hears the click of the camera he cannot confine himself. Is a great genius who will not conform.

Edmund Goulding—because he can do more things well than any other man. Can sing, act, direct, write plays, scenarios and novels. Women either hate or adore him. He can look calmly at a play of Shakespeare and say, "Terrible! I'll write a better one." And can. And does. Most erratic and eccentric man in Hollywood.

Thus Paul Bern, the lover of glorious failures.

It is a quick jump from the opinion of an analyst of Bern's type to the selection of a typical American lad like Buddy Rogers. His choice follows:

Mary Pickford—because of her sweetness.

Dick Arlen—because of a colorful career as a newspaper man, as an extra boy, as a great actor. And because of his success as a husband.

Jean Leonard—because he teaches you to play the piano by a system of his own in a few weeks. You need only memorize 14 chords. You do not need to know a note of music to play.

Oscar Smith—because he was once Wallace Reid's valet and then set up a boot blacking parlor on the Paramount lot, and made good. Because of his real negro wit and because, now that he has a five-year contract with Paramount as an actor, he still runs the boot black stand.

Ramon Novarro—because of his beautiful aloofness to the picture colony. Because he is genuinely sweet and charming

and loves everyone worthy of love, yet prefers to produce his own plays in his own little theater, study music and go abroad, rather than attend dances and bridge parties.

I told you that this was not only a consensus of opinion but a good insight into the characteristics of the people whose opinion was consulted. I let you judge for yourself about Lily Damita. The bright little foreigner within our shores is as shrewd a French gal as ever signed a smart contract. Be it said in Lily's defense that she could not distinguish between interesting people and those she liked. And those she liked were those whom it was profitable for her to like. Look, then, at her highly profitable list.

Sam Goldwyn—because he always makes her laugh.

Irving Thalberg—because she has to think before she answers him and because he always has the last word.

Jesse Lasky—because he is so courteous and considerate.

Marion Davies—because she is so sweet and charming.

Mack (a musician)—because he was so nice on the set and always asked what she wanted played in her scenes.

You will note that Lily has chosen three of the most important producers, those best able to keep her in big fat rôles. And also she has selected the woman who gives the best parties and has the most important people at her home. Lily threw in Mack for good measure, as a nice democratic gesture. It's a perfect list. I couldn't improve upon it. It took Lily quite a long time to think up why these people were interesting.

NOW perhaps it is well to give Mizner's nominations. He finds the picture people (he chooses only one connected with the industry) too prosperous to be amusing. For him a perfect profile or a cross eye isn't interest. These lords of creation concentrate too much on success to please him. They speak more of what they do than what they have seen. So here they are:

Jack Kearns—because in his moral and spiritual charm there is a full quota of larceny, the larceny of excitement rather than money, not that he has ever scorned the latter.

Hap O'Connor—because he was born with eight dollars and still has it.

Ted Cook—because he originated Congressman Frisby and compliments Mizner by listening to him.

Dorothy Parker (now no longer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119])

Who are Hollywood's five most colorful figures?



*A*S in "Our Dancing Daughters," Anita Page and Joan Crawford prove again in "Our Modern Maidens" that even in this *off-with-the-old-on-with-the-new* age one cannot dance to the tune of the piper without having to pay him. But we are happy to state that they do not pay and pay and pay! Instead they are paid and paid and paid.

See Rotogravure Section for Cut Puzzle Pictures

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

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

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

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTO-

PLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. No solution will be returned unless sufficient postage accompanies the solution and such request is made at time of submission.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Fourth and Fifth Pages of Front Rotogravure Section

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

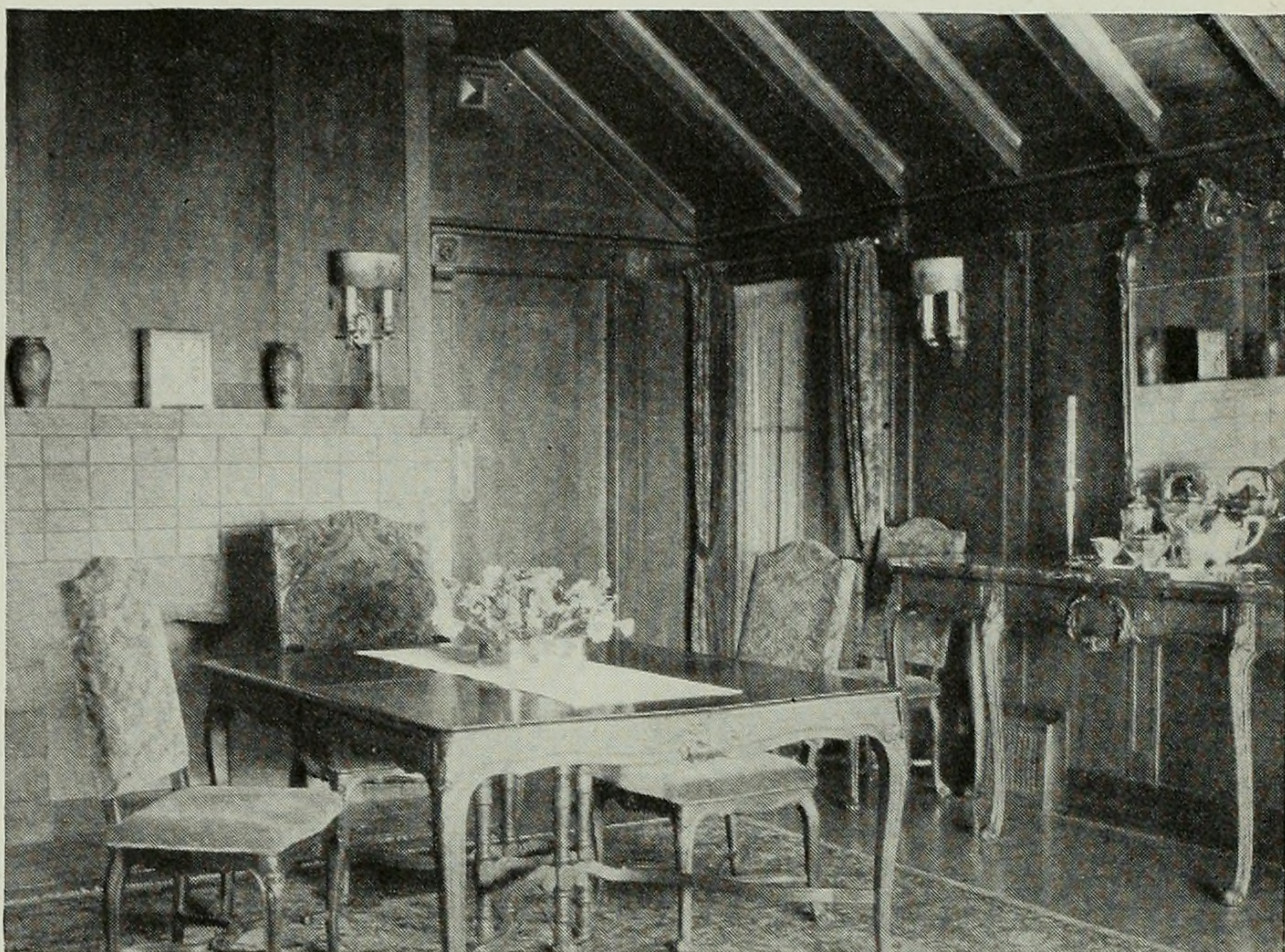
How They Manage

AN Eve-less Eden, is Charlie Chaplin's bachelor menage these days. Charlie, the world's famous King of Comedy, who can love the ladies so compellingly, is once more master in his own strictly masculine household.

None of your elegant and foreign antiques for Charlie—his house is the quintessence of modern comfort—masculine comfort. He planned and built it himself in 1923, between weddings, and it has just had time to gain that mellowed look, as though it were really lived in, and not a furniture dealer's showroom. (It certainly has been lived in.)

Except on those hectic occasions when rude reporters are dogging Charlie, his house is easy of access. No gate bars automobiles from the hillside driveway. To friends, the front door is thrown wide open with regal hospitality. True, there is a deceitful little hall inside the front door, tiled, and cool with huge ferns, wherein another and very thick door confronts one. But this second door leads directly into the living room, which immediately enchants the eye. For this room is study, organ room, library and picture show. It is Charlie's favorite room, for it is here that he solaces his soul with that organ, which he plays exquisitely.

Two sumptuous rugs grace the floor, of priceless silky oriental

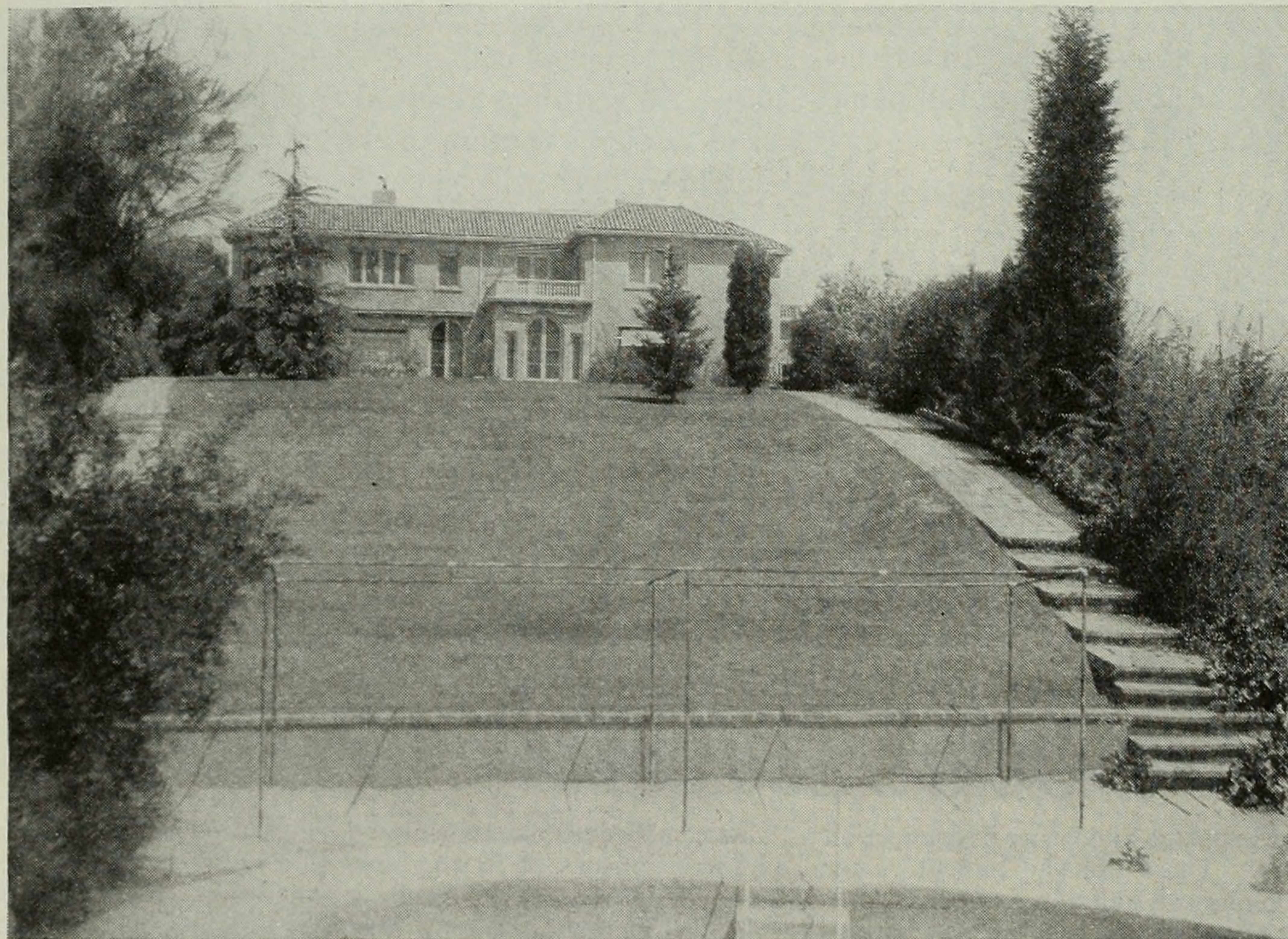


The Chaplin dining room. Just such a richly elegant but simple room as may be found in many well appointed American homes. Charlie's favorite lamb stew and plain puddings do not seem out of place in these surroundings

texture, with a rich, warm crushed-strawberry color dominating. This color is carried out in the weighty velvet curtains that drape the windows majestically from ceiling to floor, and is picked up again in the border round a painted screen near the fireplace, and in the upholstery of the cozy window seats—broad enough to curl up on. The walls are unembellished white concrete, giving a slight churchly effect in the organ corner. There is a gigantic fireplace, with one of those fender stools one can sit upon, and two painted coal boxes, to match the nearby screen that can be drawn round on chilly nights.

CHARLIE is fussy about his coal, likes it placed in well-balanced symmetry on the fire, and often performs this duty himself. An over-stuffed chair invites one to relax in its depths, a big lounge is equally seductive—but next to the organ stands one regal chair of almost forbidding throne-like propensities. 'Tis said that Charlie has his kingly moods . . .

Across one bayed window, which frames a



A long-shot of the rear of the house showing the faultlessly kept lawn, dotted with stately trees and edged with luxuriant shrubbery, which slopes down to the swimming-pool

Their Homes

The King of Comedy rules imperiously over a strictly masculine and Queenless household

By Alma Whitaker

comfortable window seat, a screen can be let down upon which pictures are thrown from the projection room on the staircase landing. Books galore at one end . . . every kind of encyclopedia and reference book; "The History of Human Marriage" in three volumes; Rabelais; the Arabian Nights; de Maupassant; Dickens; Shakespeare, *et al.* In the center of the room a table to delight the artistic eye, solid, impressive, yet exquisitely carved and hand-painted. Upon this a gold tray, with cigar and cigarette boxes, match-holder, ash trays—all full, the pink of neatness. One cigarette box plays a tune when it is opened. A cute dicky bird picks up crumbs when it is wound up . . .

In the corner beneath the staircase stands a huge gong in black iron, which reverberates for several minutes after being sounded. In this corner a door leads into a central hall, richly

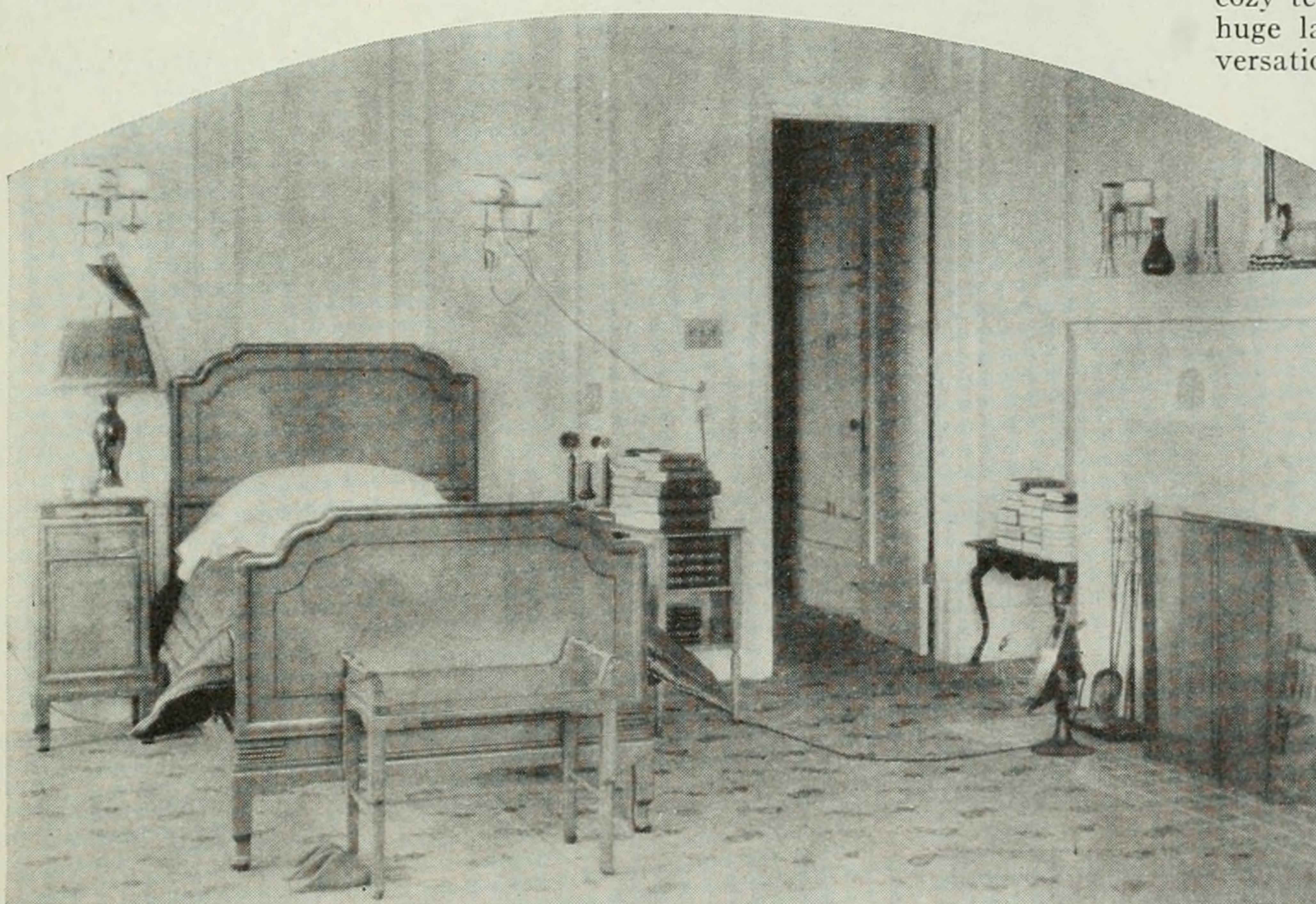


The squares in the wall at the staircase landing are openings from the projection room. A screen can be let down across one of the bay windows in the living room. The huge iron gong announces that dinner is served

carpeted in big black and white checks. Here stand priceless cabinets of inlaid satinwood, with tall gold vases upon them, giving a very regal effect. Wrought iron gates at one end of this hall guard a dainty, piquant, utterly cozy tea-room, which looks out onto the huge lawn. It bespeaks intimate conversation, even when empty.

To the right is the reception room, spacious, with huge windows on two sides commanding Beverly's most superior views. Charlie put a lot of time in on this room in 1924, yet didn't feel quite satisfied. He tried rugs, curtains and chairs galore before the present scheme was decided upon. Picture, then, a floor carpeted in soft dove grey, with a few rich rugs strewn upon it. The color note here is an infinitely soft shade of pale terra-cotta—touches of it recurring in the rich brocaded window drapes, the rugs, the upholstery.

AT one end of the room a huge bay window, with a deep window seat—the sort pretty girls curl their legs up on. Two huge over-stuffed chairs and a divan in old gold, now showing the rub of elbows, and so looking thoroughly acclimatized. In one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]



Charlie's *sanctum sanctorum*. The placing of his slippers on a certain spot to catch the famous feet as he swings out of bed is an interesting sidelight on the little comedian

The Great Ear-Plug Problem

Famous Scientist Discovers How to Cut the Australian Whip-Crackers, Arabian Tumblers and Lispering Actors from Your Talkie Programs

By
Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall
(Joliet)

HOW can we cut the poisonous items from our talking picture programs?

Science is now at grips with this Problem of the Hour. Sometimes Science is on top, biting and gouging—sometimes the Snickering Saxophone. Science, however, is winning!

I and my laboratory staff have been battling this major problem since the first car-barn soprano split our ear-drums from the screaming screen. Now we feel that it is solved!

You are safe from the tenor with adenoids!

Our task was this.

You may like the Yellaphone Reel about the policeman dragging the dead dog over to Popocatapetl Street because he couldn't spell Elm, while the snorting of Duke Bazoo's Tallahassee Toe-Tappers may be so much insect powder, or vice versa.

I and my young men have tried to perfect a simple means by which you may listen to one and just charge the other off to wear and tear. We have succeeded. I will list our experiments.

TEST A. I chose for this test my best girl, the famous Case D of the Talkie Sleep Test. I and two ice-men led Case D into a picture house where Mme. Anville was rendering the famous "Rivetting Song" on the Squawkaphone.

"Do you enjoy this?" I asked Case D. She gave a low moan.

Quick as thought we hurled her to the floor and poured molten wax into her left ear.

"Better?" I asked.

"No," answered Case D. "It is just running in one ear and right out the other!"

We at once plugged up the ear of exit with chewing gum. This seemed to work for a time. We were annoyed to find, however, that later on we were unable to pry the hardened wax from Case D's ears with a cold chisel, and were forced to clear her head with a small charge of gun cotton. Sadly, in the

process we broke one of her jade earrings.

"Test A is not feasible," I said to my young men. "Allons! To work!"

TEST B. For this test, to obtain a replaceable plug, we borrowed one of the neighbor's children—Master Ernest Torrence, a sturdy, bright boy of six.

He was placed before a short reel of an orchestral rendition of Vilma Banky's "Third Hungarian Frenzy."

"You likey this?" I asked the lad. His reply was unprintable.

My assistants, Drs. Stepin Fetchit and Davey Lee, quickly inserted two common navy beans, of the FABACEAE family, in his ears.

Sadly enough, they slipped inside his skull. Two more were inserted! Again failure! After nine trials, two beans were satisfactorily plugging the child's ears, and he could not even hear a pistol let off at the base of his skull.

Unfortunately, the eighteen beans lost in Master Torrence's

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Dr. Rube Goldberg, of the Royal Academy, here shows us, with his customary grace and whimsy, a phase of the great Ear-Plug Test for Squawking Pictures. Old Dr. Herb Howe, on the perch, is inserting the plug in the left ear of Case D, while old Dr. Len Hall is clinching the matter with a sledge-hammer



Crow Charles Mack

Two Black Crows *in Hollywood*



Crow George Moran

While the world rushes hurriedly pro and con, George Moran and Charles Mack murmur about Big Moments in Screendom

Overheard by Teet Carle

MORAN—At last us is in Hollywood.

MACK—Two babes in the Hollywoods.

MORAN—Oh, that is *so* old.

MACK—They says the old gags is the best, after all.

MORAN—Who says that?

MACK—The title writers.

MORAN—The first thing we gotta do is take a test.

MACK—A test? This ain't no college, is it? For that test I reckon we gotta write a theme-song.

MORAN—What you think of Hollywood make-up?

MACK—So nice and informal.

MORAN—Everyone do seem glad to see us.

MACK—Yeah, we found that out. I finally bought a house from one of 'em, though.

MORAN—Wish I knew what to wear 'fore the camera.

MACK—Well, I was in a show once and I found out that light black is blacker than dark black.

MORAN—That's silly. How can you have dark black in black?

MACK—I wouldn't be bothered about that.

MORAN—Why *should* light black be blacker than dark black?

MACK—I couldn't figure out no other reason unless it was because I put the light black on thicker.

MORAN—Well, all I can say is I wish I had IT.

MACK—Who cares about it?

MORAN—Well, Clara Bow has IT.

MACK—What of it? What about it anyway?

MORAN—She has IT, that's all.

MACK—Let her have it. Who wants it anyway?

MORAN—She does. She likes IT.

MACK—What's her idea in having it?

MORAN—How do I know? She just has IT.

MACK—A h'd rather not hear any more about it. Just what is it, that's what I'd like to know?

MORAN—It's IT, that's what it is.

MACK—What happens if a person has "that"?

MORAN—You're so dumb. I hope the story they got for us is as good as "Wings."

MACK—Some little old show I never even heard of.

MORAN—You heard of "The Rough Riders," didn't you?

MACK—You wasn't the head man—say, what's your idea in bringing that up?

MORAN—Hope we got a good writer on our pictures. They say there's some pretty level heads in Hollywood's writing business. What you think?

MACK—They is so soft.

MORAN—The heads?

MACK—Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that.

MORAN—One of our stories is by Octavus Roy Cohen.

MACK—Yeah? Where was he going?

MORAN—I bet you heard that from Elinor Glyn.

MACK—No, it couldn't have Ben Hur.

MORAN—You're so funny I can't hardly keep from laughing.

MACK—I got a good gag for the story. I jab you in the third scene.

MORAN—You do, and I'll grab you by the fireplace.

MACK—You can't make money that way.

MORAN—I'll be the leading man in this play.

MACK—You do and you'll be misleading.

MORAN—Me and the heroine will be closer than the air in the subway.

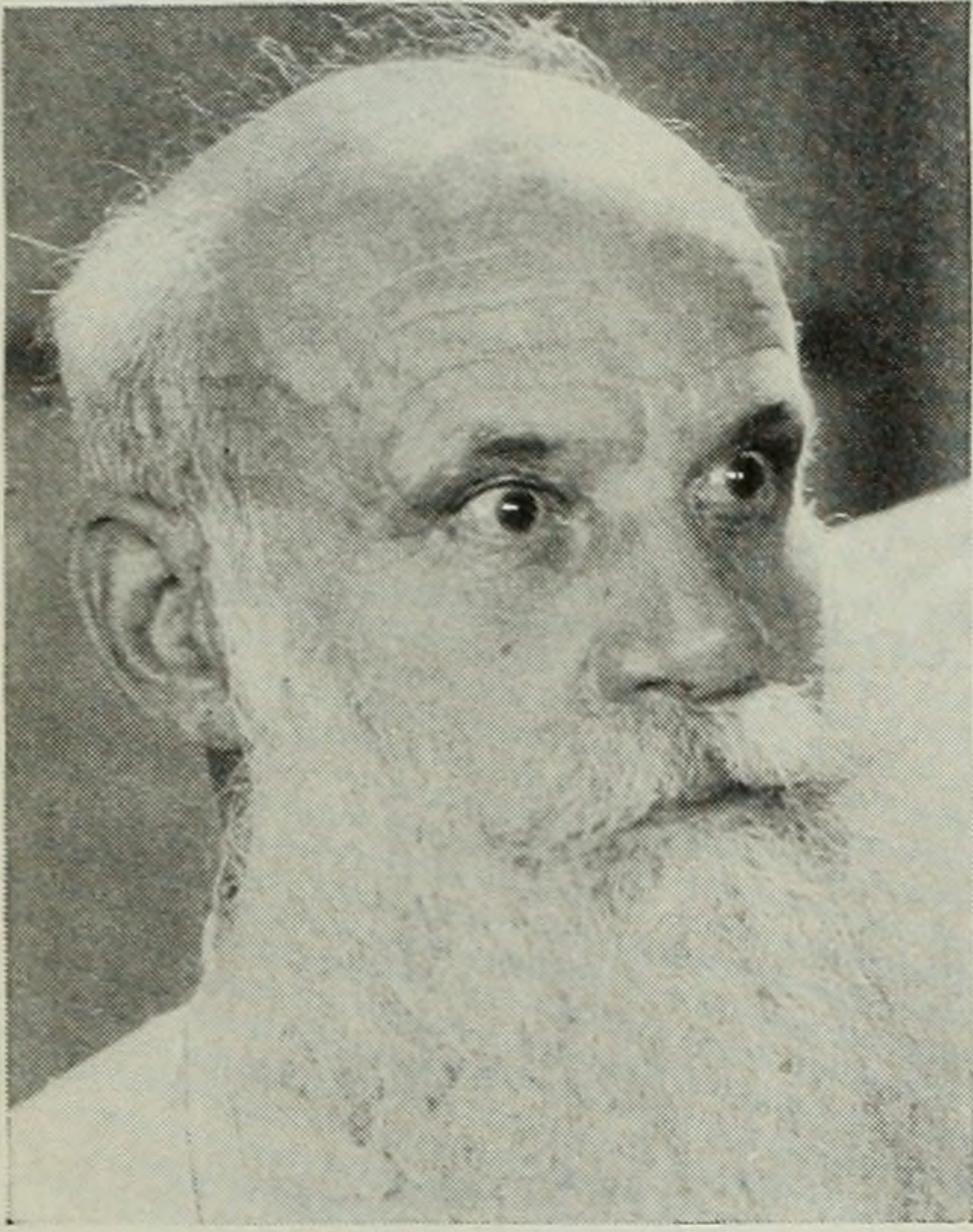
MACK—Close affection? Like one sardine for another?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

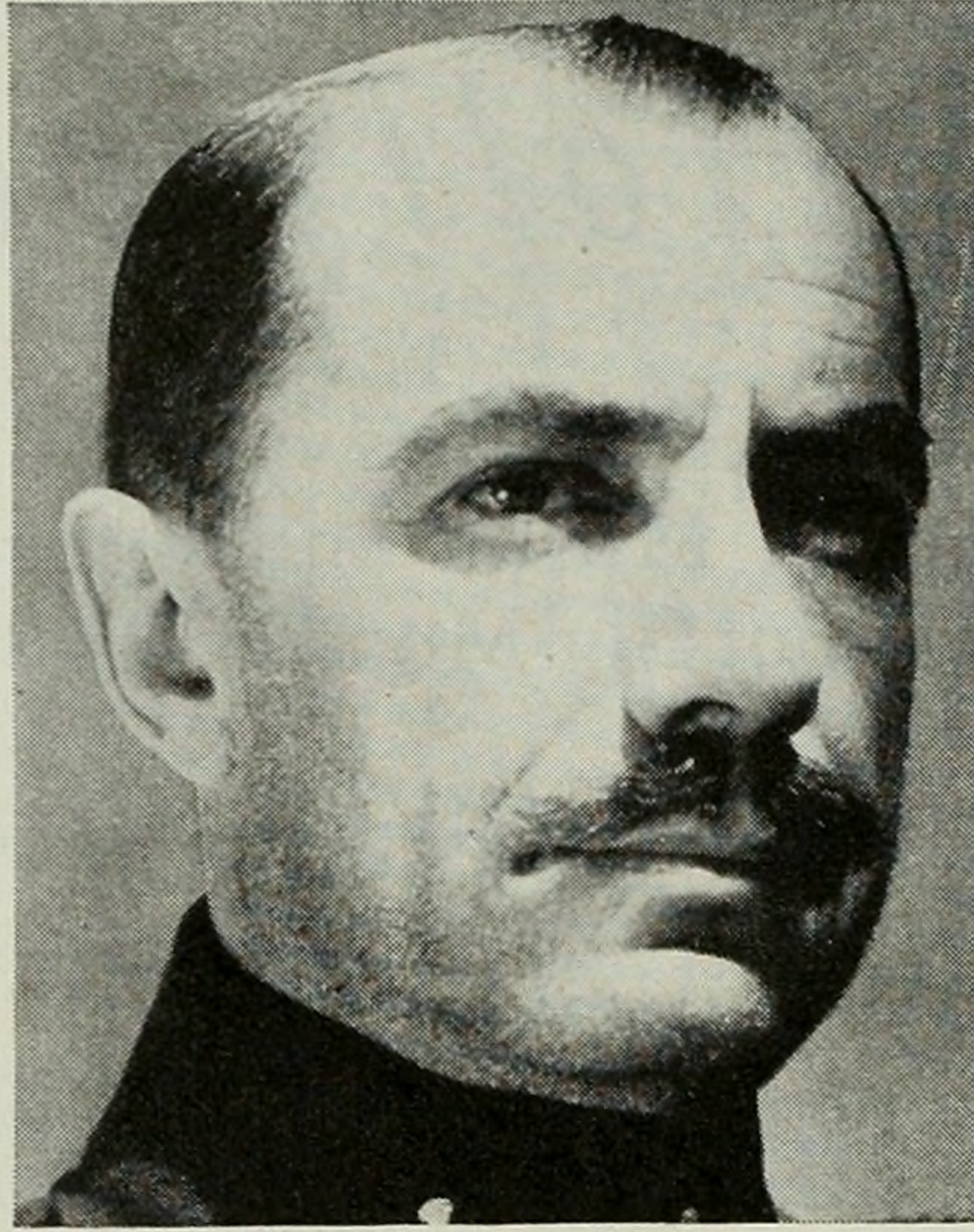


Moran and Mack, all fever to begin their first talkie, are waiting for the studio to open. Brother Mack barks that they may see the early bird catch the worm. Brother Moran murmurs something about what worm, anyhow?

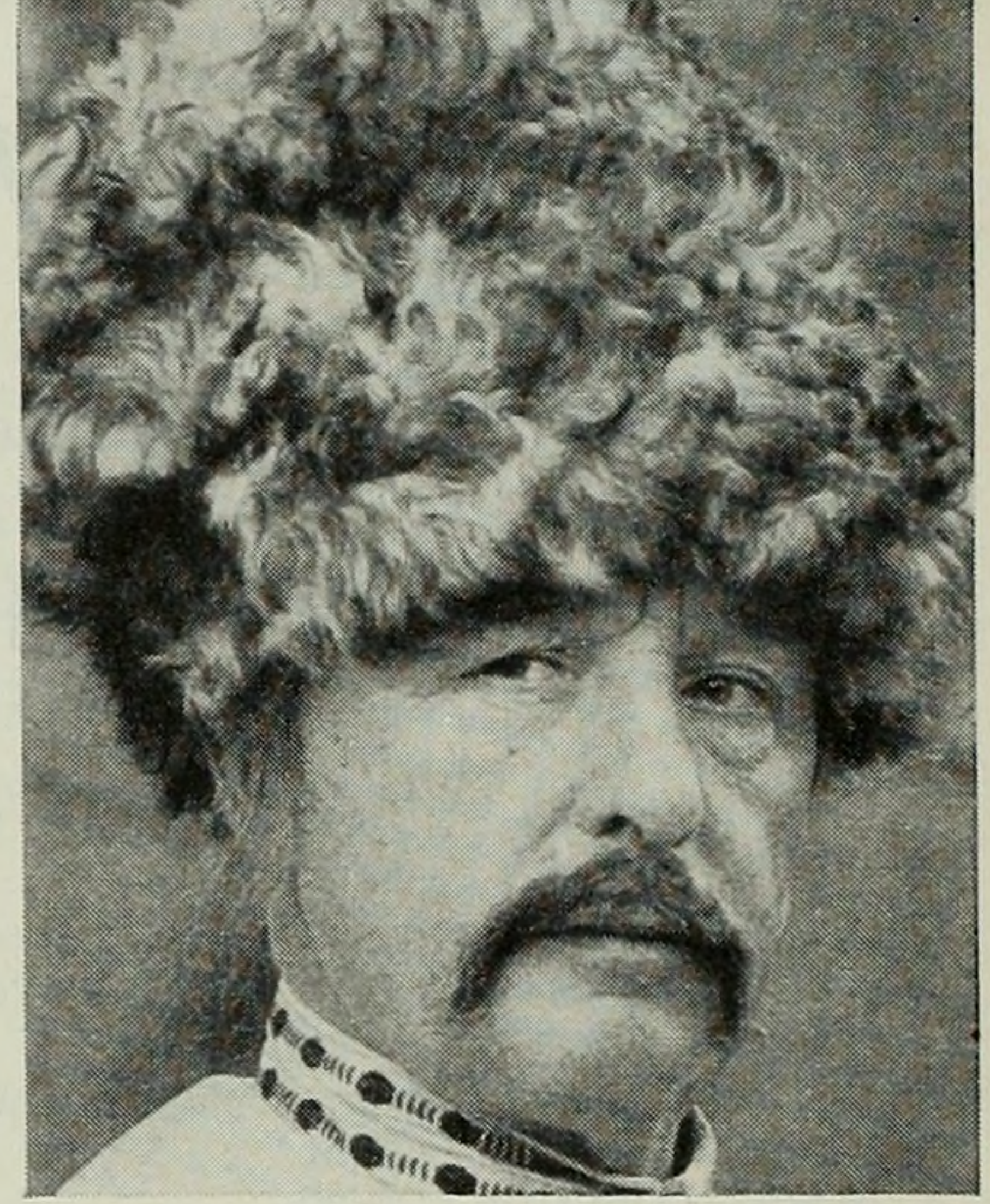
The Bit Players of Studioland



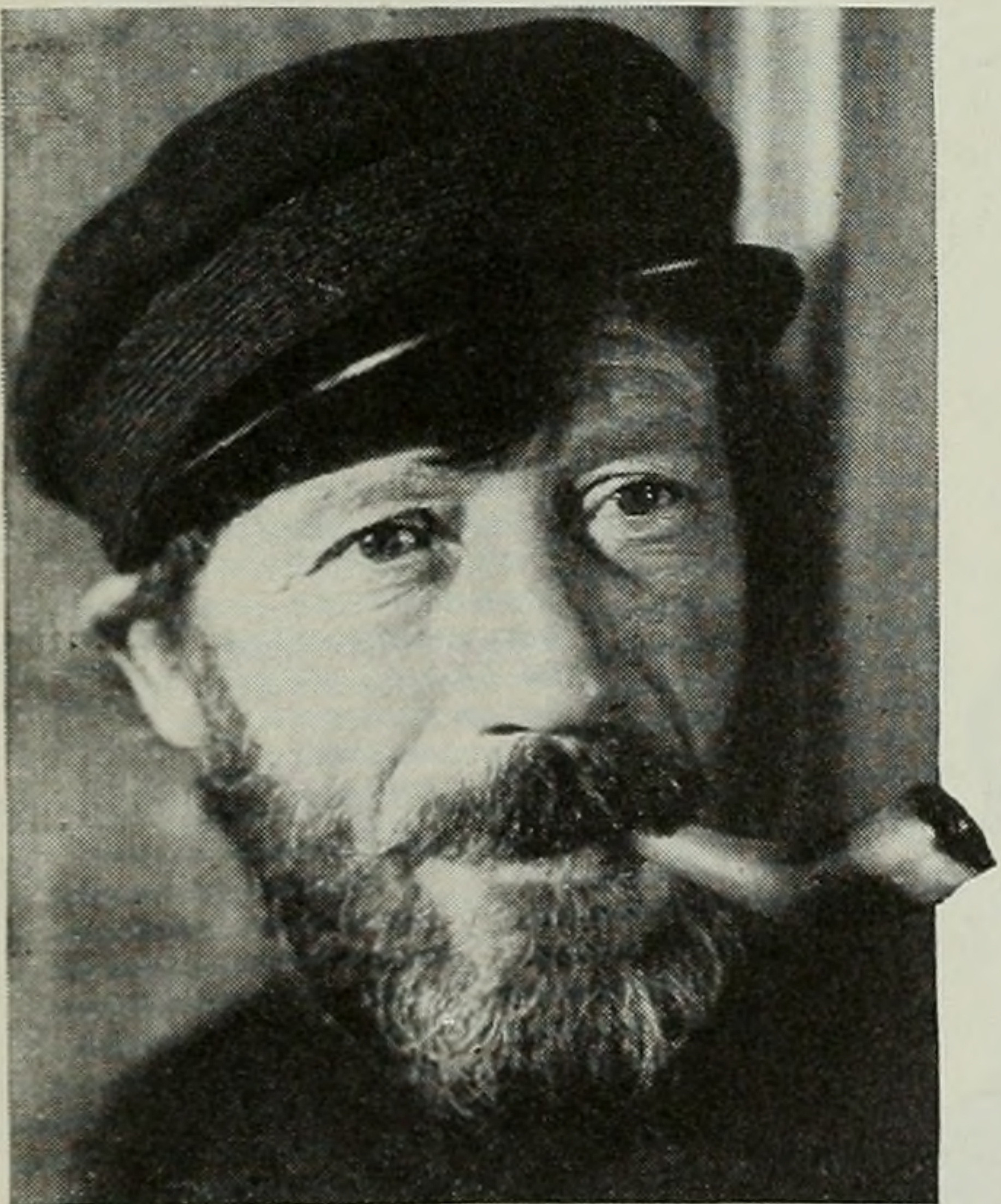
What ho! Here is His Honor the Mayor, of "What Price Glory" fame. August Tollaire and his pet chinchillas are always in demand among the studios. M. Tollaire was born in Paris, and played stage rôles for years in this country and on the continent before besieging Hollywood. A few years ago he crashed the headlines by actually bathing his beloved hedge in milk!



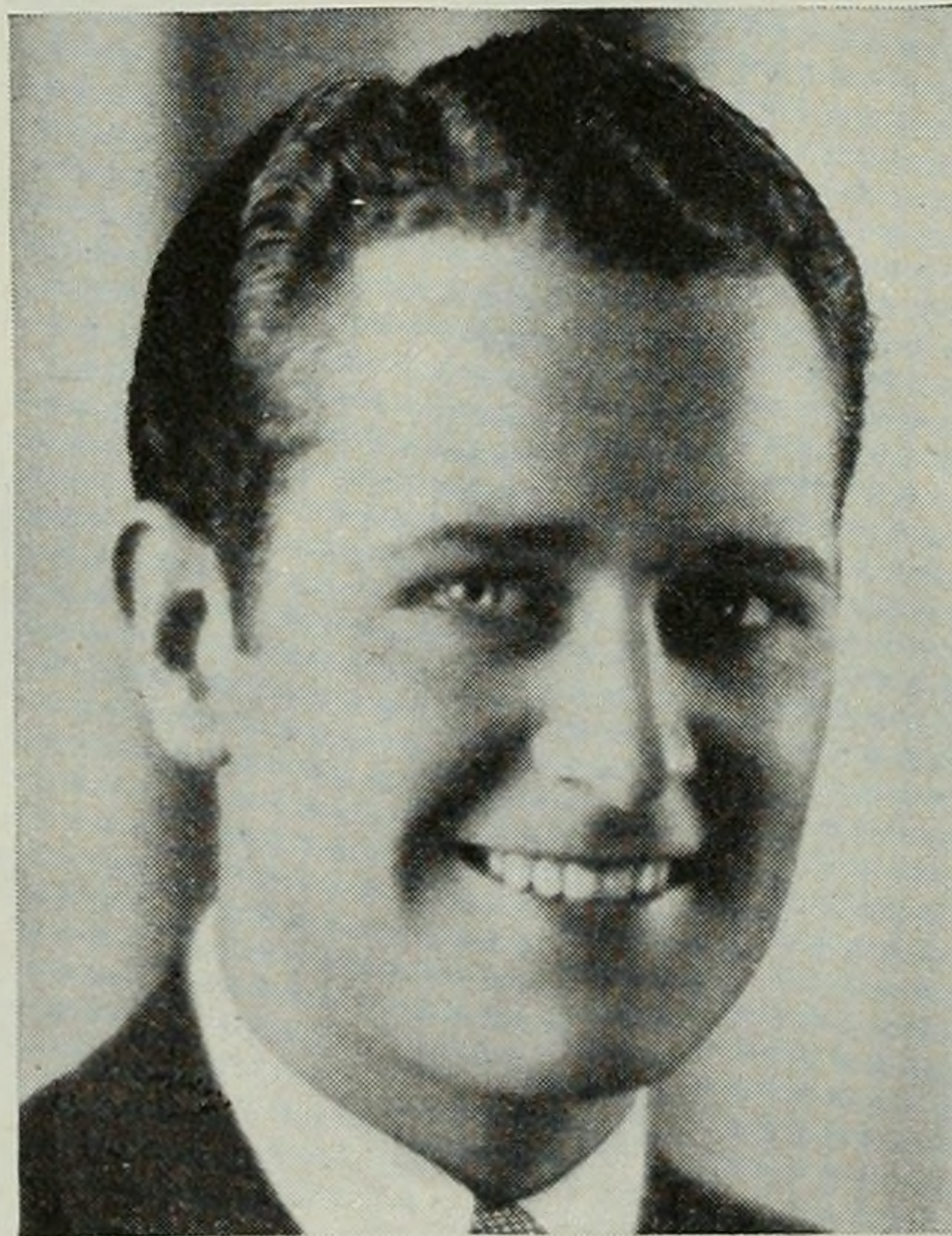
Once a general in the army of the Tsar—now a professional sword-swinger in the army of Hollywood bit players. Alexander Ikonnikoff, born to the purple and the profession of arms, was lost when Russia went Red. Knowing nothing of business, he came to Hollywood and became an extra. This is the way the general looked in Billie Dove's First National film, "Adoration"



Another exiled Russian soldier, who divides his time in Hollywood between doing small parts in pictures and running a restaurant, The Double Eagle, where the samovar is always hot. This is General Theodore Lodjensky, who lost his fortune in the Revolution. He is always on call for Russian parts in films. Recently he has played in "The Cossacks" and "Adoration"



Blime, 'ere's Shorty English, typical cockney, who is a picture protege of Richard Barthelmess. Instead of becoming a Limehouse roustabout or fishmonger, Shorty took to the Seven Seas, and became a rover all over the world. In Hollywood, his last port of call, he met Dick, who gave him a small part in a sea-farin' film. Since that time Shorty has been a bit player



And here is a young bit player who made good in a very big way. A few months ago James Ford was just a good-looking collar ad who rattled around the studios taking his work where he found it, if any. One day Corinne Griffith saw him, liked his looks and recommended him to the powers that be. It wasn't long until First National hired him as a regular leading man



Barrett Whitelaw became a famous bit player Because He Liked Nice Things. He got his first film job because he had brought a polo suit with him from his Virginia home, and he has played many rôles because he is an authority on male duds and always keeps his wardrobe keyed way up in G. When a call rings out for "well-dressed young men," there's Barrett Whitelaw!

the Folks You Never Read About



Unusual dancing ability couldn't get Helen Fairweather a break in pictures, but she filled a bathing suit so well that she was warmly welcomed in two-reel comedies. Then she had two highly ornamental chances in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Vamping Venus." Now Helen has taken a voice test and passed summa cum lauder and funnier



Ada Chidley didn't take a whirl at pictures until she was thirty-five. Born in that legendary Canadian town called Medicine Hat, she went on the stage in girlhood, and tramped the country in stock and repertory. Even now, between her numerous little picture jobs, she hears the call of the road and tours California with a "tent show" famous up and down the coast



Frances Hamilton is a perfect example of a wealthy society girl turned movie bit player just in the spirit of good, clean fun. Born in Pasadena, the daughter of smart and well-to-do folks, Frances decided on pictures, and registered with the Central Casting Agency. Colleen Moore gave her a bit in "Her Wild Oat," and as a bit player she has been in other First National films



Eighteen years ago Ethel Gordon Crain came to Amedica with a little troupe of English actors that had toured all the British possessions. A stage trip brought her to Los Angeles, where she fell in love with the films, as so many do, have and will. Since then she has played many small rôles, notably in "Lilac Time" and "The Hawk's Nest," First National movies



Here's real love for a career! Eugenie Coughlin was educated for a musical life, but she married Lieut. Coughlin, of the Army, and settled down to housewifery. But the appeal of the films was strong, and when the Coughlins moved to Hollywood the missus went into pictures. For the past six years she has happily combined home duties and many good bits in photoplays



This pretty tidbit is Alice Adair, who, like many another fetching gal, found her way into films by the dance route. She was one of the famous Marion Morgan girls, and after winning a beauty contest was given the rôle of *Aphrodite* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Alice's beauty and dancing powers keep her busy on the lots. Tell me, would you take Adair?

The Whip

By
Katherine
Albert

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn



IT began in a cafe in Paris, when a tired young producer raised his head from his hands and thought his coming abroad was in vain. His nemesis sat across the room from him. Perhaps he could escape before she saw him, but there was only one way to leave the place. He must pass her table. She was bound to see him. Perhaps he could outstay her, and she would not know that he had been there. And then, suddenly, she looked his way.

He half arose, like a crouching animal, and sank back in his chair, with a sigh of relief, for it was not Sibyl, after all.

Two things had driven Maurice Flint to Paris—his wife and his star. Of his wife he would soon be rid. The divorce was almost ended, and then he would have to return, back to Hollywood, back to the star. That girl over there, the one at the table, had certainly given him a fright. Sibyl had become his complex. He knew that she was not in Paris. Had she been, he would have seen it in the papers. Yet, he was so afraid of her and the likeness was so startling, that for a moment he had thought. . . .

And then the idea was born. Paris was a marvelous place. His two major difficulties, the only two things that really worried him, were to be solved. He thought of Sibyl. Three years ago he had discovered her, a silly little extra girl, just over from France to go into pictures. He had made her a great star, and now she was making a madman out of him. He recalled that day in the wardrobe, when she had torn a pink satin dress from her ravishing young body. The material had cost twelve-fifty a yard. He recalled a day on the set, when she had snatched the script from a secretary's hands, and had

thrown it at the director's head. He had heard stories of how she had gone to the still department and taken negatives from the exclusive file which were stamped to bits by her French heels. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. She knew and he knew that the public wanted her. His only joy in Sibyl la Mond lay in the fact that she piled up money in the box office and thence into his pocket.

Sibyl's temperament might have been what started his trouble with Belle, his wife. The star made him so nervous that he could not cope with Belle. Belle wanted to go into pictures.

"BUT lots of producers let their wives act. Am I to be kept in the house as if I were a nun?"

She was right. There were lots of producers who let their wives act. He himself had watched Sam Benjamin stand around the set looking at Lucille Lake, his wife, and he had wondered how Sam could see the leading men take her in their arms and brush her hair with their lips. Well, he wasn't Sam Benjamin, and he'd be damned if a wife of his could be made love to by an actor with pink grease paint on his face. He might have argued with her more sweetly, if it had not been for Sibyl. But Sibyl upset him so at the studio that when he got home he could only say, "No, Belle, no! For the last time, no! You can't go on the screen, and that's straight!"

He had said it for the last time. She got a part with a rival studio. He stood it for two weeks, and fifty times during each day he had a vision of the last fade-out with Belle, his Belle, in the arms of a pasty-faced actor.



*She was a
hired lash,
engaged by
a famous
producer to
threaten his
temperamen-
tal star*

With a little cry, Dona floated into Bertram's arms. "Cut," said Hawley. And then Flint made the discovery that he had never liked Bertram Drew. What right had a sleepy-eyed actor to kiss Dona Fleurs like that? He didn't have to do it like he meant it

He welcomed Paris. He was free of Belle and her constant nagging, forever. From Sibyl he was free for a few weeks anyhow. He realized now how much her temperament obsessed him. Fool that he was, he could so successfully mistake a strange woman in a cafe for his star, that he was about to do a nose dive out of the place.

HE watched the Unknown. The profile was exactly like Sibyl's. That little, piquant nose which, if it were straight, would have robbed her of the individuality that pulled them into the theater. Those long, sweeping lashes, so heavy that they tangled when she closed her eyes. That restless slash of scarlet, technically known as a mouth. But when she turned his way he saw that she was more beautiful than the star who had made him millions. Her eyes were softer, warmer. Sibyl had grown hard these last two years. Besides, the Unknown was younger and smaller than Sibyl. Sibyl had been that size when he discovered her, but she indulged herself now, and he remembered one night when he had remonstrated about the second chocolate éclair . . . but he wouldn't think of those things now. An idea had been born. He got up from his table and walked to her side of the room. She was sitting with an elderly man.

"I beg your pardon; I'm Maurice Flint." He waited for the name to register. It didn't. The Unknown looked at her companion questioningly.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, in scholarly English.

Maurice spoke again. "I'm a producer," he said, "from Hollywood."

The eyes of the girl brightened, and she motioned for him to be seated. Hesitantly she said, "I speak so little English, but I like you, when you say 'Hollywood.'"

Maurice turned to her companion. "Explain to her, then," he said, "that I want to make a test of her tomorrow, and if it's O. K., I'll give her a five-year contract with Flint Productions, Incorporated."

They tell a fable in Hollywood. Once upon a time there was a producer who went abroad who did not come back with a foreign discovery. Maurice Flint let them take pictures and news reels of Dona Fleurs at the boat in New York, at her suite at the Ambassador, at the train in Chicago, and at the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles. He let reporters interview her in Kansas City and Albuquerque, and each time he smiled to himself when the reporters asked what picture he was planning for her. He was always vague, but he avowed her a real discovery who would go far.

HE expected Sibyl to be in his office when he got back to the studio. She was. And without waiting for him to say, "How do you do" to his secretary, she opened up a barrage of vituperative remarks.

"It's to kick me out, I suppose, that you bring over this little French trollop. I suppose you think you have used me for three years and have made the clothes on your back from me, and now you will kick me out! Well, you may kick me out! I will go! I will be glad to leave the mud of your dirty studio with your fine Dona Cabbages! I will break my contract! I will not have it! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Here's an odd sort of family relationship for you to figure out. You, of course, recognize Neil Hamilton and Chester Conklin. Well, the other lady and gentleman are the Edingtons, authors of our "Studio Murder Mystery," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S prize story now being filmed by Paramount. Neil and Chet are playing two of the leading rôles, which makes them sons by adaptation, or something. You dope it out. Chester looks a mite startled at something here

GOSSIP *of* All

"WILD ORCHIDS"
Garbo went to Java with
A husband meek and mild—
Garbo drove Nils Asther
And a million orchids wild!

SAY, people, what are we going to do about this little Janet Gaynor? Here we thought we had her all bundled up in a sure-fire romance with Mr. Lydell Peck of San Francisco. Then, darned if Mr. William Fox doesn't put her smack dab into another picture with Mr. Charlie Farrell, the Boy with the Contralto Eyes.

When the favorite team went to work together in "The Lucky Star," poor Mr. Peck was forced to sit on the sidelines and chew his nails in impotent despair. Somehow, the re-matching seemed to kindle the old flame in the breast of little Janet.

Well, there are two possibilities, reading from north to south.

1. Perhaps *the* Gaynor was just making Mr. Peck jealous.
2. You remember that the original Farrell-Gaynor romance was set down to publicity by the town skeptics. Perhaps this is just a little more of the same, with horseradish.

MARY DORAN, one of the pretty new girls in the Metro-Goldwyn stock company, was talking about a well known lizard of Hollywood Boulevard.

"He's just one of these 'Sonny Boy' fellows," she said.

"Meaning?"

"Oh, he's got that climb-upon-my-knee complex!" said Mary fetchingly.

THIS is Eddie Nugent's contribution to the June gayety. Eddie says he is through crackling wise, but I don't think anything can tie him down.

However, one afternoon a workman started a big bonfire on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

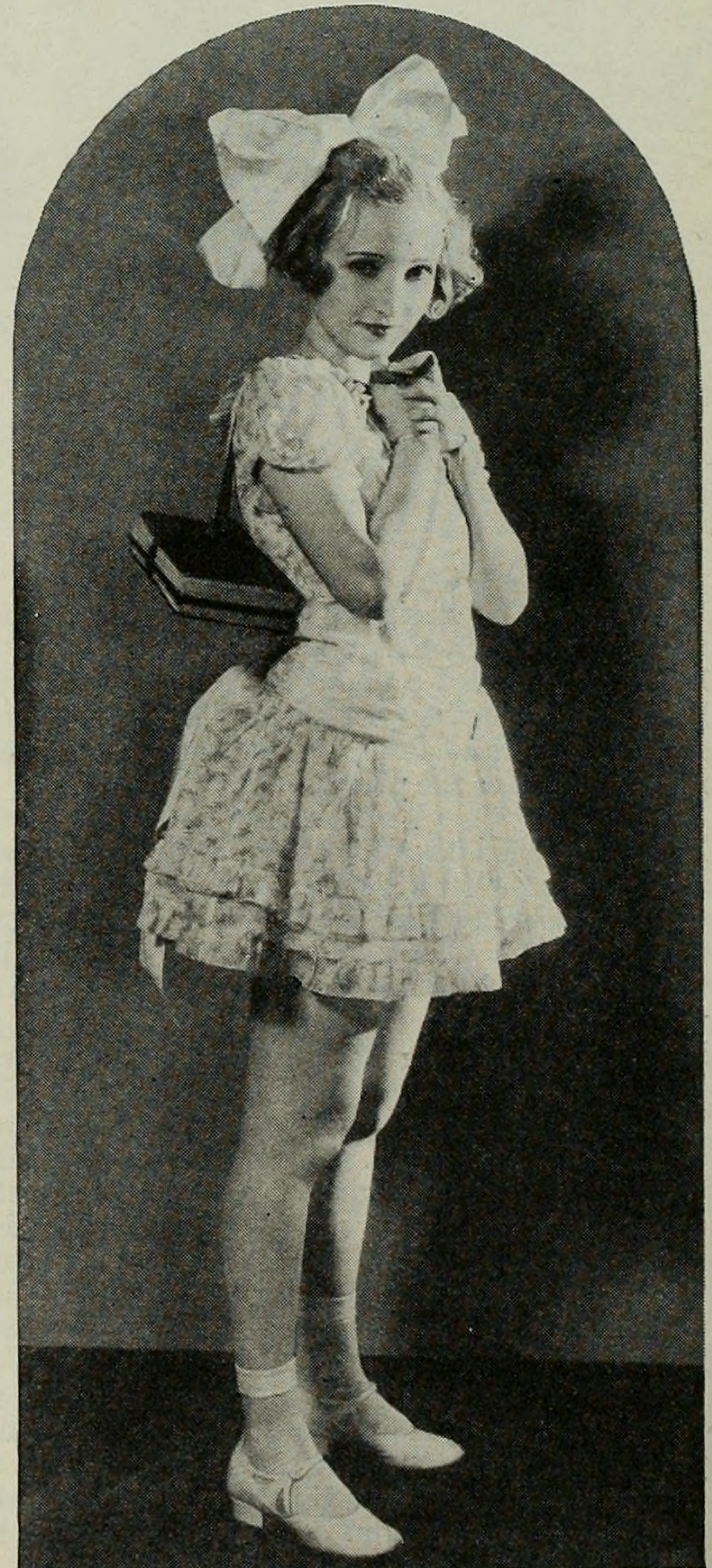
"What's that?" somebody asked Eddie.

"Oh," replied the wag, "that's down on De Mille's set. Somebody just asked him for a match."

P. S.—De Mille, it is said, is barely nodding to Nugent when they pass by.

I TAKE pen in hand to report that Hollywood's First Bachelor for June is Buddy Rogers, or Charlie to his pals.

This dear little schoolgirl, with the big bow and the pink sash, is our Bessie Love, made up for her rôle in one of the skits in the forthcoming M.-G.-M. "Revue of Revues." What can be wrong with the gay blades of Hollywood? Not a single one has turned up to carry her books home from class!



The dashing, uniformed figure at the right, partly hidden by that high privet hedge, is Marion Davies, made up for her rôle in "Marianne," her next picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is shown here at moustache drill with her director, Mr. Bob Leonard. "Twirl-WHISKERS!" orders Bob, and Marion twirls smartly. Miss Davies, as a French chasseur, should prove an apt pupil, while Bob has won several prizes as a moustache-twirler



The STUDIOS

By
Cal
York



Ever since Claire Windsor succumbed to his boyish charm lots of girls have been plenty conscious of his winsomeness.

Though reports have it that June Collyer is oftenest his chosen partner, his dressing room is next to Mary Brian's, and Mary is often noted leaning out the window and cheering him forward as Buddy plows through his piano lesson.

Well, you can't blame the kid for preferring La Brian to an old family metronome.

INA CLAIRE, the beautiful blonde stage star, has had a good snicker or two up her sleeve since coming to Hollywood to make a talkie for Pathe.

There was the usual press tea in her honor after her arrival, and Ina made her usual hit with the newspaper tribe because of her charm and her naturalness and lack of swank.

But she muffed a few cues. Pathe hadn't meant to mention her former picture essays at all, but Ina wouldn't stand for this for a minute. And why should she?

"After all," as she said, "a few people, at least, thought my old Metro pictures were good!"

They were, Ina, they were, and Pathe is foolish not to talk about them! Old Cal remembers you with delight in one called "A Wild Goose Chase." And didn't you make the first version of "The Prisoner of Zenda"?

Cal will give odds you did. And as young *Fritz von Tarlenheim*—one of the fattest small parts in the history of stage or screen!—a handsome boy named Tom Forman was unforgettable.

That bit makes actors! It made Malcolm McGregor, when he was fortunate enough to be cast for it in the Rex Ingram version, starring Alice Terry.

When Greta came home! The glamorous Garbo posed for cameramen on the boat deck of the good ship Drottingholm as she docked after a Swedish holiday. Tailored, reticent, mysterious as ever, Greta had very little to say. A half hour later her telephone rang, and who should it be but Mr. John Gilbert!

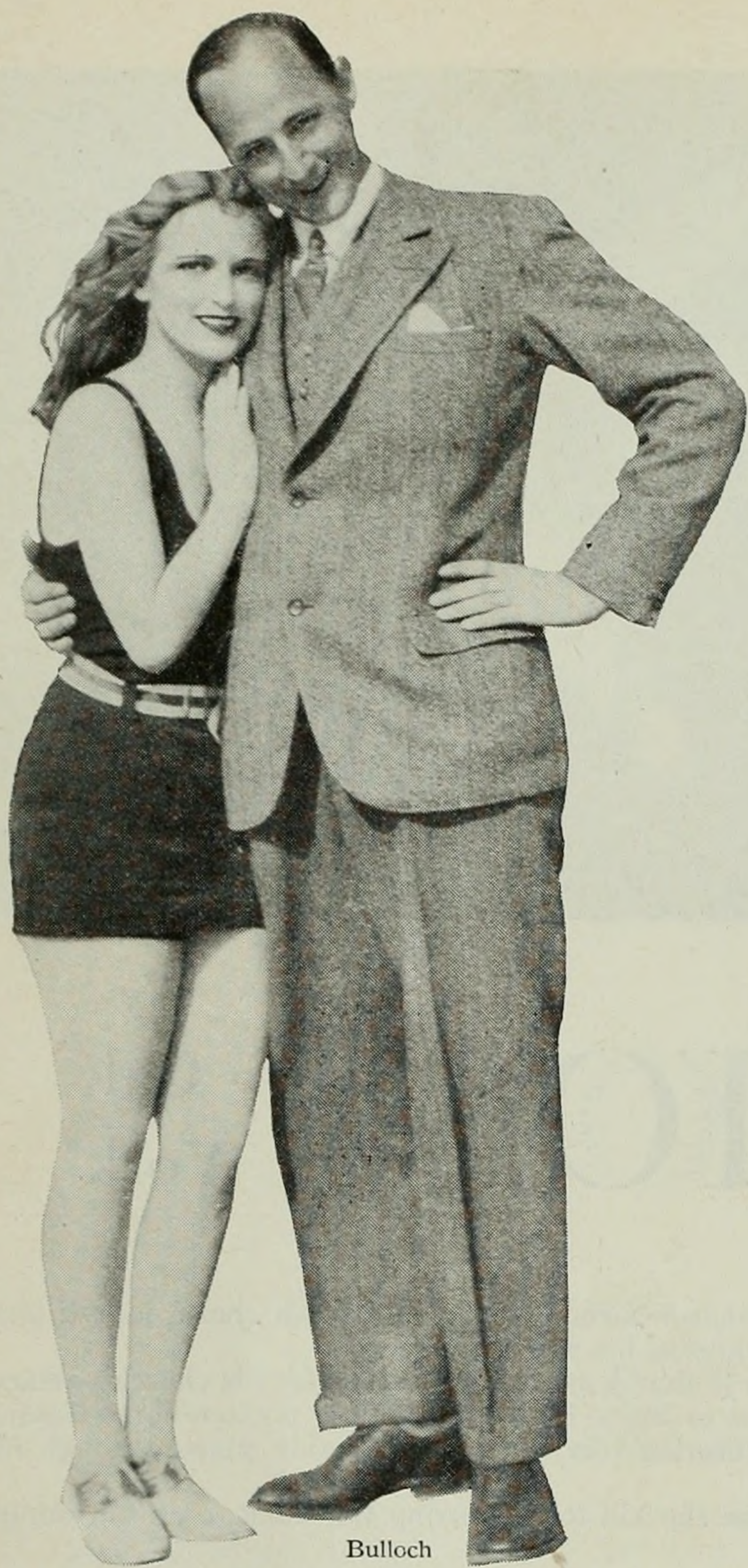
*Madame, 60, thought she'd crown
A singing life quite checkered
By warbling on the Vitaphone—
So Madame broke a record!*

LEW CODY, lying ill and pretty much alone at a sanitarium near Hollywood, takes the usual busman's holiday.

He spends much of his time looking at movies.

The studio has sent over a projection machine, and Lew's nurses keep it grinding away and the lively shadows passing and repassing before the eyes of the sick man.

WELL, the scene of action shifted to Pittsburgh late in the spring.



Bulloch

This really calls for a special edition. It chronicles an event unprecedented in film history. A star, in a bathing suit, poses for her picture with her husband! The lady, of course, is Camilla Horn—the gentleman is her proud spouse, Claus Geerz

Smoketown fell out of bed one morning with a crash. Newspaper extras later announced that Lupe Velez, Mexico's ball of fire, had arrived. Reporters and managers jumped for the dugout doors.

A few hours later the city was again rocked by an explosion, and word rushed round that Vivian and Rosetta Duncan had pulled in to furnish Lupe opposition at another theater.

The Duncan girls were never noted for prim reticence, either. So the Red Cross was wired, extra cots hastily ordered for inevitable casualties and from behind hastily erected barricades Pittsburgh awaited the onslaught of red-hot entertainment. As we go to press nothing can be learned from the stricken city. All is smoke and confusion. But it is safe to say that when Lupe and the Duncans are finally subdued, crated and sent on, Mellonville will know it has been through some week!

A SOURED Hollywood scenario writer was watching the latest crop of imported New York writers being unloaded at the depot, loaded on trucks and carted to the studios.

He shifted the straw he was chewing and remarked—
"Not a gag in a carload!"

WALTER WINCHELL tells this one. Wilton Lackaye, one of the noblest Romans and First Wits of the stage, was sitting in his club one afternoon when one of the screen's popular pretty boys came prancing up, quite agog.



International

The Old Master is about to dust off his sea-goin' camera and set sail. D. W. Griffith is here signing a contract to film Joan Lowell's best seller, "Cradle of the Deep," her story of a girlhood spent on the briny. The lady, of course, is the fair Joan, who spent several years in pictures, but never got past first base in spite of her obvious beauty and, it has been proved, brains. Watch for her stories in future issues of PHOTOPLAY

"Oh, Mr. Lackaye," the sweet youth twittered, "I saw your performance tonight, and it was simply swell. Tell me, how does it feel to be a really great actor?"

Lackaye looked up from his copy of *The Pink 'Un*.
"You'll never know!" he replied.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and Elise Bartlett have had their matrimonial storms and calms, but they have been married for seven years, and you can't giggle that off.

The other day they celebrated the happy event, with cameras clicking and reporters getting joyous statements on how it feels to amble seven years in double harness.

THE monthly Mayfair dance is over, as usual, and the customary amount of aspirin has been sold to trippers of the more or less light fantastic.

Lois Moran surprised the folks by turning up in the party of Mickey Neilan. Jobyna Ralston left off planting shrubs and hanging chintz long enough to attend with husband Dick Arlen. Polly Ann Young, eldest of the famous Young sisters, fox-trotted here and there with Ricardo Cortez. Norma Shearer and Gertrude Olmsted set a precedent by dancing the first polka with their own husbands.

And Gary Cooper! Ah, zose love-seeek Gary.

He seet about, counting hees fingers, and mumble zat eet is only three weeks, one day, fourteen hours until hees Lupe comes home!

Gary, during Lupe's absence in the East, has been giving the best performance of a lovelorn boy that Hollywood has ever seen. He's been eating alone, most of the time, and probably crying into his consomme, and he brought another man to the premiere of "The Iron Mask."

True blue, thinks the Big Boy from Montana.

STEPIN FETCHIT, the colored comic sensation dug up by Fox for "Hearts in Dixie," just can't be bothered. Step now draws down \$750 a week, and owns three expensive



At last the cameraman has been turned loose from the airless booth he has been locked in since the advent of the talkies! Every studio has been experimenting with a camera that wouldn't whirr into the microphone and make the picture sound like a swarm of bees. This is Paramount's answer. It is called the "Blimp," because it looks something like one. Actor Lane Chandler, after a listen, says he can't hear a single rattle

automobiles. Not long ago the boss called him into the office and told him he couldn't drive any more.

He rides with a chauffeur most of the time anyway, but it burned the dark boy to be told he couldn't steer if he craved to.

"Stepin, you're too careless. This business of getting pinched every other day has got to stop."

"Boss," said the sepia comedian, "you're wrong. I'm not careless. Don't I always manage to keep ahead of them traffic cops?"

*Mix Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell
And Frank Borzage in a barrel.
Take out the bung and look within 'er,
And there's another Medal winner!*

AT last the newspapers carry the report of the separation of Norma Talmadge and her multi-millionaire husband, Joseph Schenck. Norma insists "we are not separated." They are just living apart, she says. It is too bad. Of course, it is a separation when people are living apart as they have been doing for over a year.

AND now comes Betty Compson and announces that she and Jimmie Cruze, her director husband, have busted. She said he wanted to read books and she wanted to go places and see things.

You must grant that that withers any love. Betty insists that they are still good friends. Heigh ho!

JOHN BARRYMORE, an actor, dropped into a Hollywood haberdashery a few days ago for a couple of clean shirts.

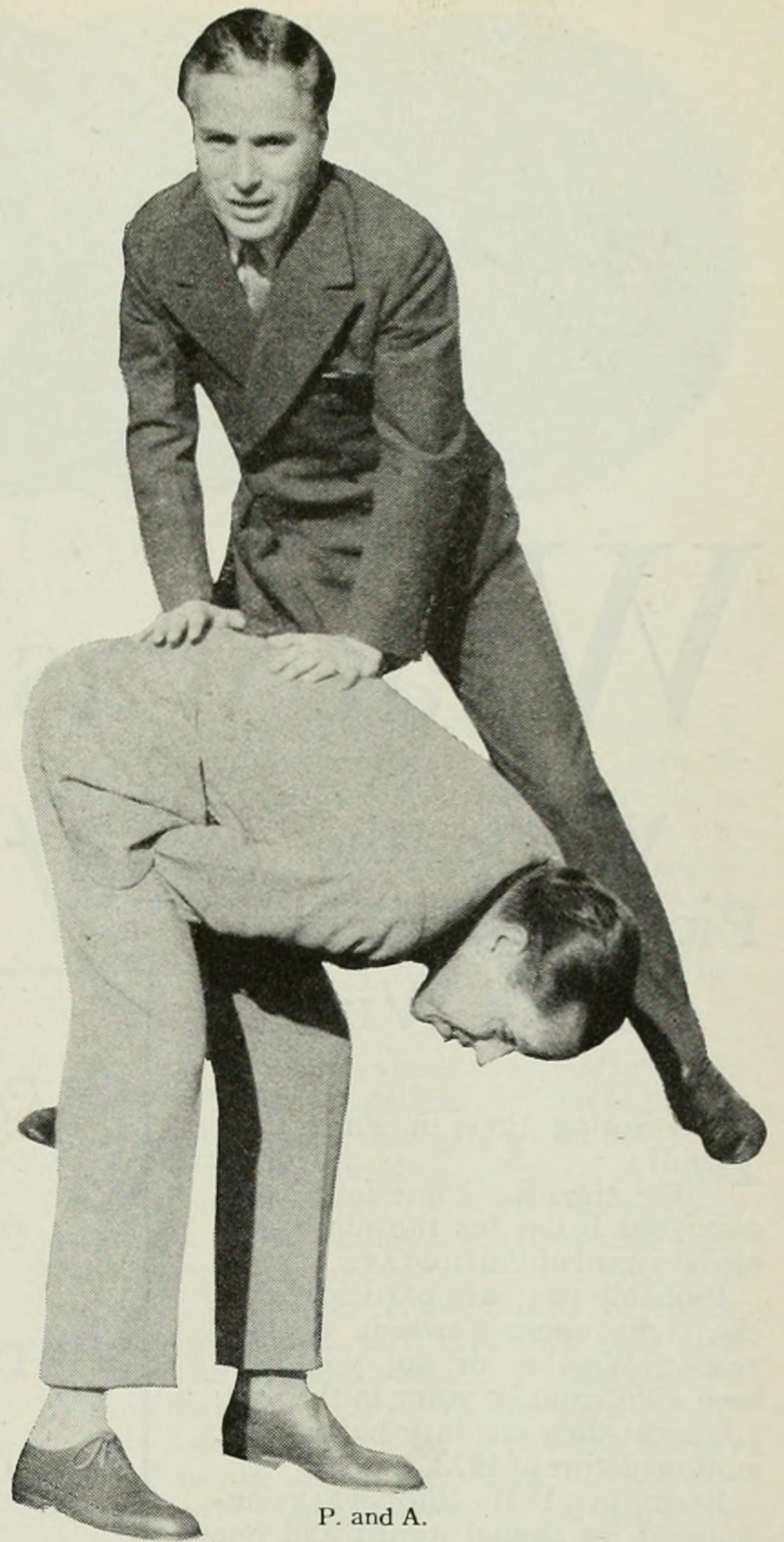
He selected a couple of nobby patterns, and the clerk asked his name.

"Barrymore," said the star.

"Eh?" said the clerk, "Will you spell it?"

John would, and did.

"What's the first name?"



P. and A.

Just to show that there's plenty of life in the old boy yet, Charlie Chaplin goes in for a little game of leap-frog with Harry D'Arrast, the director. This picture was taken while Charlie was convalescing from his recent illness at Coronado Beach

Barrymore gave the minion a look that would freeze Clara Bow.

"Ethel!" he said, and walked out.

THE great days of free caviar and drink for the movie critics are about over, and a good thing it is, too.

But it will be a good thing for the actors when they are completely done away with. Not that we want the players to take the veil except when working. It is only that during their receptions for the press there is always a chance of something turning sour.

The newspaper boys and girls don't get any kick out of movie parties for the press—they just go for the ride. The rackets that every big opening and actor visit call forth don't produce any good publicity. The players are self-conscious and the critics get a little dazed, and nothing comes out of it but a few headaches.

As Hamlet says when his uncle, the king, hurls a party for a film troupe on location at Elsinore, 'tis a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Poor Lupe Velez came a cropper at a trade luncheon in New York because of too much hooray, and at a later tea she was so chastened and tamed that she meant nothing. Dozens of actors have had the same thing happen. There are always a few twenty-minute-eggs in the crowd who will take advantage of every bobble. The days when newspapermen lived for months on free food and drink are over. And as Steve Brodie said, there goes nothing!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 72]



What was *the* Best Picture of 1928?

Vote for the
Picture You Think
Should Win!

Ninth Annual
Gold Medal
Award

IT'S voting time in PHOTOPLAY land!

The time has come for you to cast your ballot for the ninth gold medal award of PHOTOPLAY.

Probably you have participated in the eight annual awards of past years. Whether or not you have been a PHOTOPLAY voter in the past, you must do your duty by the best motion picture of 1928.

Back in 1921 PHOTOPLAY announced its annual award and our readers were invited to select the best picture of the previous year. "Humoresque" was named. Each year since, our millions of readers have named what they consider to be the best film of each year.

The prize has grown in significance until today it is the greatest award in the whole world of the screen. First, it is the only prize coming from the film fans themselves. It is not the selection of critics or of screen workers themselves. It comes from the vast army of film lovers and goes to the producer who ventured his money, his hopes and his dreams upon the production.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"HUMORESQUE"

1921

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922

"ROBIN HOOD"

1923

"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925

"THE BIG PARADE"

1926

"BEAU GESTE"

1927

"7th HEAVEN"

At the inauguration of the gold medal award, PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to consider everything about a motion picture and not to be swayed by personalities. The picture honored should be preeminent in story, in direction, in acting, in photography, and, greater still, it should be distinguished by the spirit and intent behind it.

HOW well PHOTOPLAY readers have followed this plan is proved by the list of gold medal awards. Look them over. "Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste" and "7th Heaven." Milestones of motion picture progress, every one of them.

When you vote this year, remember this array of epic films. Select a film worthy to join them in the PHOTOPLAY Hall of Fame.

A list of fifty important releases of 1928 is appended to this page. It is not necessary for you to select one of these productions. You may vote for any [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1928.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1928

<i>Abie's Irish Rose</i>	<i>Flying Fleet, The</i>	<i>Mother Machree</i>
<i>Alias Jimmy Valentine</i>	<i>Four Devils</i>	<i>Noose, The</i>
<i>Barker, The</i>	<i>Four Sons</i>	<i>Our Dancing Daughters</i>
<i>Beau Sabreur</i>	<i>Four Walls</i>	<i>Outcast</i>
<i>Bellamy Trial, The</i>	<i>Gaucht, The</i>	<i>Racket, The</i>
<i>Chicago</i>	<i>Gentlemen Prefer Blondes</i>	<i>Ramona</i>
<i>Circus, The</i>	<i>Interference</i>	<i>Sadie Thompson</i>
<i>Cossacks, The</i>	<i>Last Command, The</i>	<i>Singing Fool, The</i>
<i>Czar Ivan the Terrible</i>	<i>Laugh, Clown, Laugh</i>	<i>Sorrell and Son</i>
<i>Devil Dancer, The</i>	<i>Legion of the Condemned,</i>	<i>Speedy</i>
<i>Divine Woman, The</i>	<i>The</i>	<i>Street Angel</i>
<i>Docks of New York, The</i>	<i>Lilac Time</i>	<i>Trail of '98, The</i>
<i>Dove, The</i>	<i>Little Shepherd of King-</i>	<i>Wedding March, The</i>
<i>Drag Net, The</i>	<i>dom Come, The</i>	<i>West Point</i>
<i>Drums of Love</i>	<i>Man Who Laughs, The</i>	<i>White Shadows in the</i>
<i>Enemy, The</i>	<i>Masks of the Devil, The</i>	<i>South Seas</i>
<i>Fazil</i>	<i>Me, Gangster</i>	<i>Woman of Affairs, A</i>
<i>Fleet's In, The</i>	<i>Mother Knows Best</i>	

Who's Talking *for* Who *in* Hollywood?

The Hollywood Boulevardier Sees Old Friends with New Voices

By Herbert Howe

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR JIM: You recall I got quite a glow over Betty Compson's Open House with the help-yourself money bowl. Well, it's a Closed House now. Betty closed it the day after I was honor guest. (Honor guest is same as trusty in a penitentiary, Jim.) Money gone, bowl gone, refrigerator empty. So she alleges. How was anyone to know she checked on everything?

On the heels of this social dig I and Stepin Fetchit were the only trusties West of the Rockies who weren't invited to Ruth Roland's wedding. Ruth got married to Ben Bard in the presence of the entire population out of jail at the time. No sneaky Mexican marriage for Ruth. She's had enough real estate transactions to know you can't have too many witnesses.

I MAY be socially blighted but I'm not as bad off as the guy who came out to make love to Bebe Daniels. They threw him in the psychopathic ward. Looks like a dirty dig at Bebe. At that it was the humane thing. *The Examiner* sent a fellow out to interview Clara Bow and he never did come back. Wandering around raving some place, I suppose.

Just as I was sinking into the inferiority complex I got a letter from a fan. (Oh, I have my following—autographed photographs at a quarter as long as they last.) Myra—that's my fan friend's name—said I was the rye in her cock-

tail. She asked if my initials really were H. R. H., but anyhow I meant more to her than the Prince of Wales. She suggested an article on male face-lifters. Said one of my friends who had been going on forty for fifty years now looked twenty-five and another looked just blah. "What about 'Bool'?" she asked. "Has he had a tuck taken or does he feel he couldn't improve?"

"**B**OOL," my dear, is about to appear in vaudeville in "The Four Roses." That is, he was until he got prima donna. He started with the act as above named, then switched to "The Three Pansies." When I was over to his house the other night he decided to eliminate the other two blossoms and bloom alone—as "The Lily," I suppose. "Bool" seems out to run the whole horticultural gamut but I predict he'll stop short of the blushing violet. I suggested he bloom alone as "The Two Cauliflowers."

Anita Loos says she's going to write a story for Bull to play Mussolini. Bull may have to have his ears lifted in order to get a silk hat on, otherwise he's the Big Bellow to the life. The new sound devices haven't been really tested until Bull lets go at them.

Incidentally, I'd like to know who's talking for who in Hollywood. Rye tenors are twittering like mocking birds. Some years ago I used to hear a great star sing while he shaved. He was my pal then; he's a great star now, I mean. The only tribute he got was raps on the wall from the ad- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

Herb Howe wants to know who's talking for who in Hollywood. Feats of daring have been performed for the \$5,000-a-week star by extras getting ten bucks. Acting has been supplied by directors, wit by sub-title writers and beauty by make-up experts. Now the robust baritones and glowing tenors belong to others

Illustration by
Ken Chamberlain





★ *THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—M.-G.-M.*

NORMA SHEARER'S highly successful talkie debut—the best court room scene in a plague year of such sure-fire picture affairs—excellent acting and fine recording.

All these are to be found in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's all-talking picture about the little girl who was unjustly accused of knifing her good daddy.

An odd angle to this is that the author, Bayard Veiller, vet melodramatist, directed the movie version of his own play. You can bet that Director Veiller didn't muffle a single one of Author Veiller's pet lines and situations.

Other fine performances by Raymond Hackett, as her brother; Lewis Stone and H. B. Warner as a couple of other lawyers, and bright comedy reliefs by Lilyan Tashman and Adrienne D'Ambricourt—the last a gem.

In spite of some draggy stretches, a distinct achievement.



★ *THE WILD PARTY—Paramount*

IT'S here! Clara Bow's first talkie. Speculation of months is settled and the Hollywood Whoopee Girl rides on the crest of the sound wave. Clara's voice matches herself, adding power and enthusiasm to her personality. It's a smooth contralto, vigorous and natural.

This sophisticated collegiate picture is a custom-built vehicle for her, incorporating the playgirl rôle she does best. Every ounce of energy and talent she has is back of her vivid characterization of a college she-daredevil—professional life-of-the-party. But her brilliance in necking doesn't mean a thing when she falls for a serious professor. He steps all over her, and later calls it love. Frederic March was recruited from the legitimate stage for this picture. Dorothy Arzner's direction is natural and sophisticated.

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

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *COQUETTE—United Artists*

MARY PICKFORD'S all talkie version of this Broadway play has two surprises. One is for Pickford fans, who will find the old time romping hoyden with the golden curls displaced by a grown-up young woman with bobbed hair and adult ideas. The other surprise will be encountered by those who saw "Coquette" as a stage play. Miss Pickford has made a raft of changes in the original story.

"Coquette" is still the story of a little Southern butterfly and a young boy of poor family. The boy is shot by the girl's father, who believes his daughter has been wronged. On trial for his life, the old man comes to realize he has killed an innocent youth and he shoots himself. That leaves the lonely Mary walking off alone in the last shot down a dimly lighted village street at sunset.

In the original the girl was about to become a mother as her father was brought to trial. So she killed herself, hoping to save her daddy.

Although much of the emotional force of the story is removed by changes, Miss Pickford turns in a remarkable performance. Her voice records nicely—and she reveals surprising emotional force and many poignant moments.

Take along a handkerchief or two for your tears. You will need them. And your screen season won't be complete until you see the new Mary. Remember, too, that on this film she staked a career that took twenty years to build.

You will like Johnny Mack Brown as the boy lover who meets death. A good performance is turned in by John St. Polis as the father.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

COQUETTE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS
THE CASE OF MARY DUGAN
THE WILD PARTY CHRISTINA
SHOW BOAT

The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Pickford in "Coquette"

Walter Huston in "Gentlemen of the Press"

Norma Shearer in "The Case of Mary Dugan"

Raymond Hackett in "The Case of Mary Dugan"

Clara Bow in "The Wild Party"

Janet Gaynor in "Christina"

Eleanor Boardman in "She Goes to War"

Estelle Taylor in "Where East Is East"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144



★ CHRISTINA—Fox

HUMOR and pathos are delicately blended in "Christina." The story is weak and improbable but raised by superb direction and acting to near greatness at times.

Had *Mme. Bosman* been more of a human being and less of a female Jack Dalton, and had the end of the story involved less of a strain on the imagination, "Christina" would have been one of the great pictures of the year. As the little daughter of a toymaker on the Isle of Marken, Janet Gaynor finds her white knight in a circus lad astride a farm horse.

The romance is charmingly and subtly developed and the simplicity of the little Dutch girl is made convincing and appealing by Miss Gaynor's fine portrayal. Rudolph Schildkraut as the father and Charles Morton as the boy are memorable—but Janet Gaynor is unforgettable.



★ GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS—Paramount

MR. MILLARD WEBB, free-swinging director, strode to the plate at the Paramount Eastern film foundry, grasped his wagon tongue firmly and smote out the first entirely successful newspaper picture in the history of the photoplay. In fact, successful isn't just *THE* word to describe "Gentlemen of the Press." It's a knockout.

Newspaper pictures, in the past, have been soggy with sentimentality and crammed with technical errors that have drawn only guffaws from the lads with the pad and pencil. But not this baby.

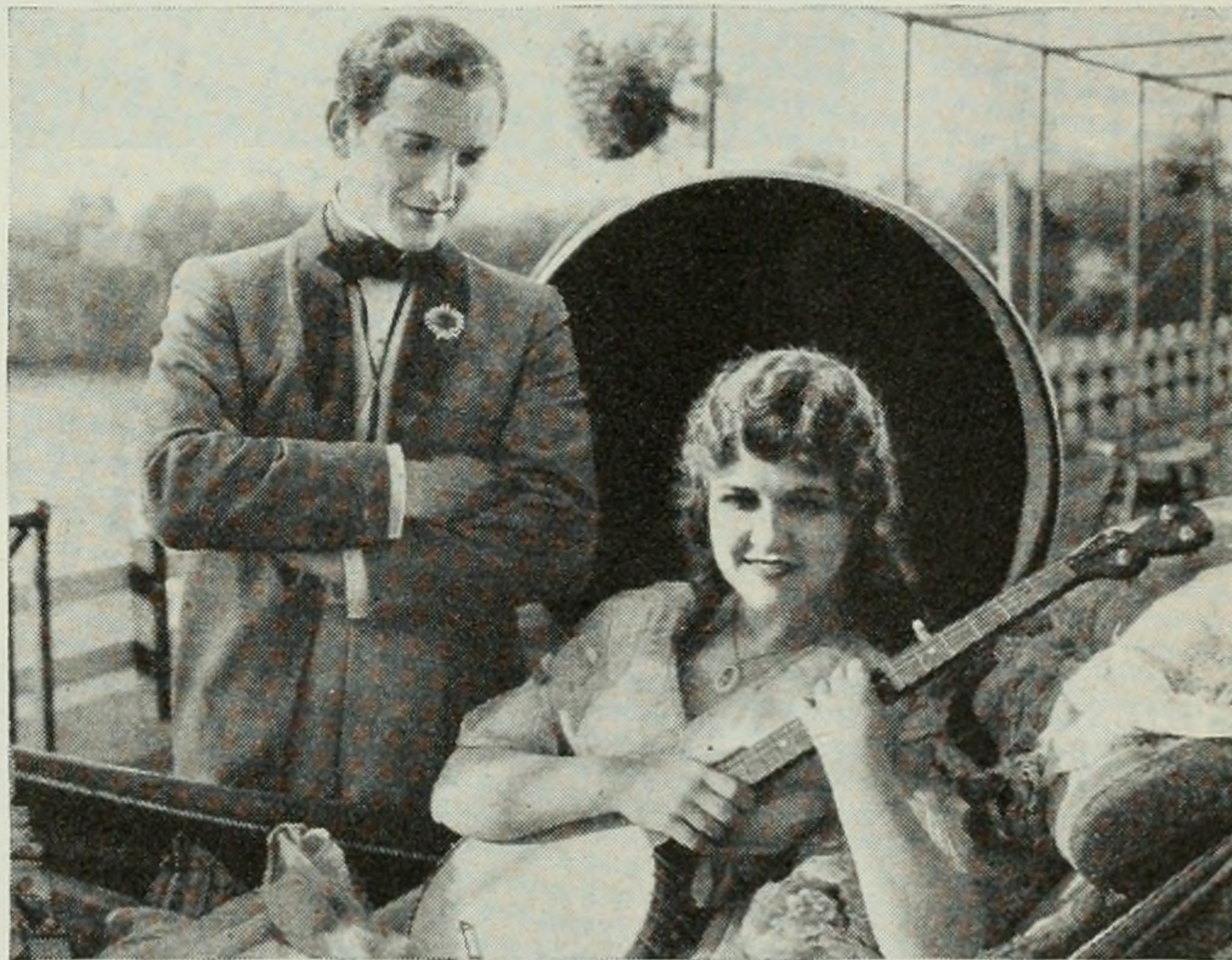
This all-talkie is the film version of a stage play of the same name written by five New York newspapermen.

The story is that of a flea-bitten old newspaperman who has chased kings and ambulances all over the world—of his struggles to break out of newspaper business into the big money, of his young daughter's love trouble, and his own affair with a sirenish sweetie.

A fast, smart and cynical story about the press boys, all lighted up with plenty of horse laughs and awash with enough tears to use up the most lachrymose customer.

"Gentlemen of the Press" knocks in the head the theory that only picture actors know anything about film technique.

An all-stage cast, with hardly an ounce of movie training in the bundle, walks out and gives a set of rip-roaring performances. Walter Huston is superb as the old star reporter, and a long-legged, dark girl named Katharine Francis is going to be a great film sensation in vamp rôles of the new, slinky type. Good work by Charles Ruggles, the comedian. Handshakes and noseays all round.



★ SHOW BOAT—Universal

WHEN you say that Universal's version of Edna Ferber's episodic and sentimental novel is a lavish production, you say nearly everything possible about it. The weakness of the film "Show Boat" lies in the obvious direction of Harry Pollard.

Miss Ferber wrote a colorful novel that swept from a Mississippi river show boat to Chicago in the days of the World's Fair and on to New York. It had verve, spirit and fine atmospheric detail. Some of this comes through to the screen.

Laura La Plante is the best of the cast as *Magnolia* but Joseph Schildkraut overacts the rôle of *Gaylord Ravenal*. So does Emily Fitzroy in the rôle of *Parthenia Ann Hawks*, who rules her show boat with an iron hand.

Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

SHE GOES TO WAR—
Inspiration—
United Artists



"THE BIG PARADE" spoiled us for merely spectacular war pictures. This production falls short of greatness because it lacks heart interest. It fails to grip you strongly, though Eleanor Boardman gives an almost perfect performance, going from the shallow society girl to the serious, determined fighter. The direction of Henry King is superb and the battlefield scenes are breathtaking.

THE DESERT SONG—
Warners



"THE DESERT SONG" is the first all-singing and talking operetta to reach the screen and our only criticism is that the screen has not been fully utilized. Most of this picture was made six months ago and much talkie progress has been made since then. The real joy of the picture is John Boles, with his new screen personality and delightful baritone voice. Pictorially beautiful and interesting to music lovers.

WHERE EAST IS EAST—
M.-G.-M.



GATHER round, folks, for another Chaney bedtime story—something with a touch of Kipling and Poe. A very bad woman, the half-caste wife of a wild animal trapper, deserts her husband only to return later to steal the affections of the boy who loves her own daughter. Not nice at all, this woman, but Estelle Taylor plays her to perfection. Chaney is excellent and Lupe Velez lends fiery aid.

THE WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING—
Paramount



THE first tropical talkie, with the beat of tom-toms and the wailing chant of natives as a background to the sensuous Slavic intonations of the blonde Baclanova. As the Russian wife of a British commissioner in a far African post, she cannot resist seducing her husband's young assistants, while he looks on in futile anguish. His manhood asserts itself when his young brother hears the siren song. Penetrating drama.

THE SIN SISTER—
Fox



A MILLIONAIRE, his pampered daughter, his young yes-man, a female evangelist, and a pair of hoofers are marooned in an Alaskan trader's shack in midwinter. It's sordid melodrama, but it possesses several excellent performances and much suspense. Nancy Carroll proves her ability to handle any rôle she's given, and Myrtle Stedman pulls a penetrating burlesque on the evangelistic racket.

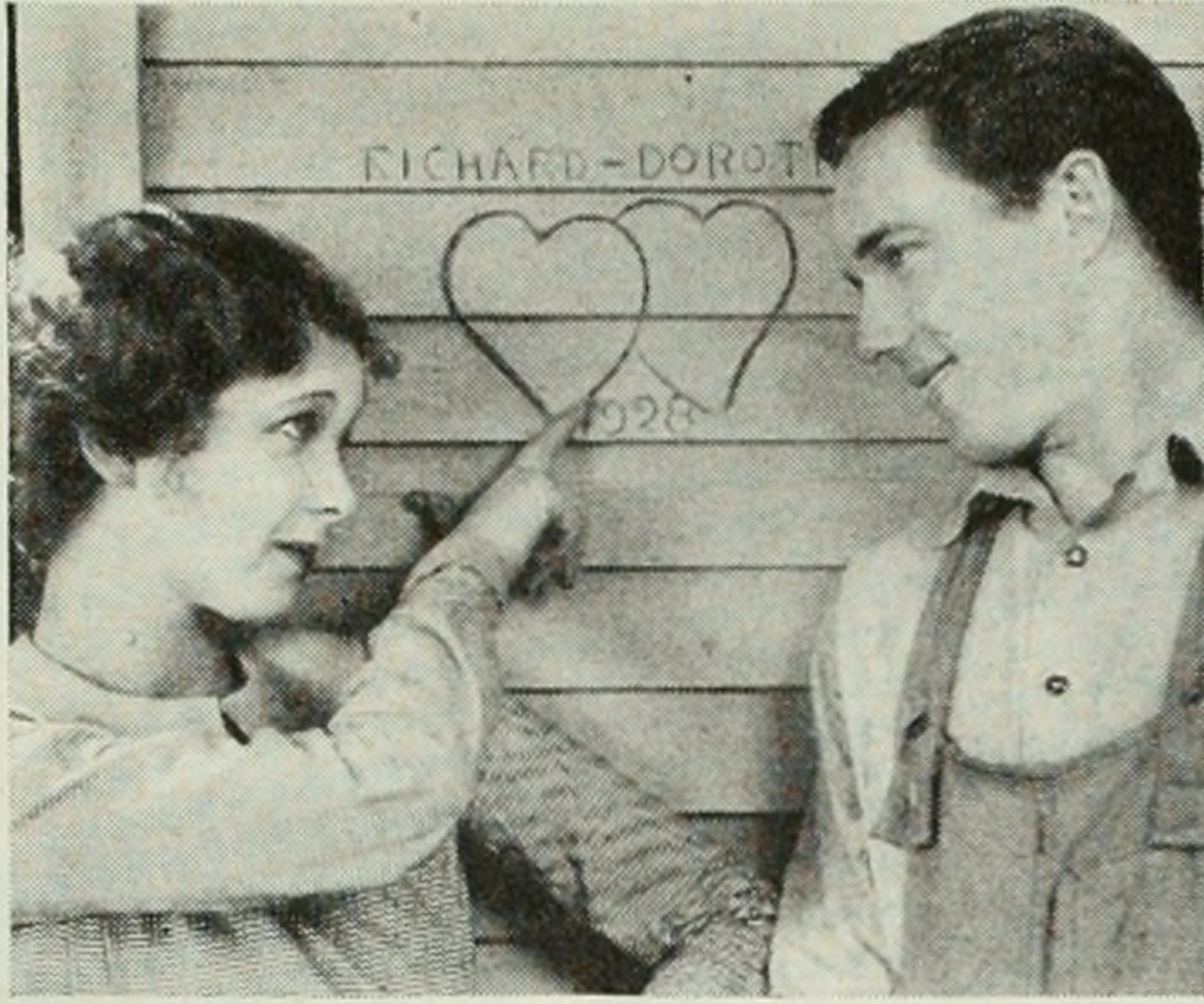
SYNCOPA-TION—
RKO



THE Talkie-Singie-Dancie pictures are still in the night clubs of New York and "Syncopation" follows along the golden trail blazed by "The Broadway Melody." But this is a good, entertaining picture on its own. That brilliant band, Waring's Pennsylvanians, plays; Morton Downey sings, and there are fine performances by Bobby Watson, Barbara Bennett and Verree Teasdale.

First and Best Screen Reviews Here

BLUE SKIES
—Fox



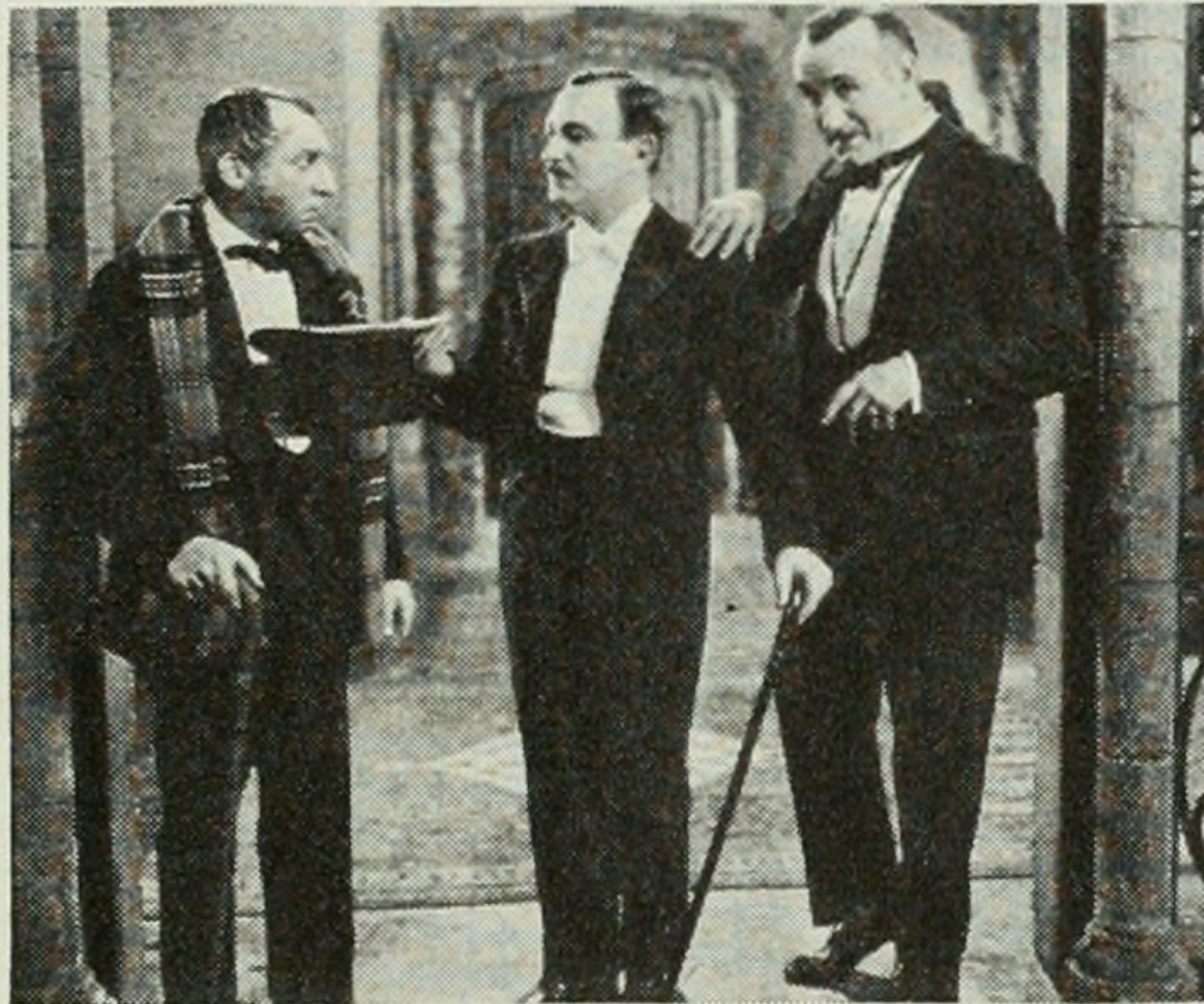
AN ORPHANAGE romance, made unusually entertaining by the clever handling of Director Werker. Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Albertson, perfectly cast, do beautiful work. The author ought to be pleased with the picturization of his little human interest story. With a strong resemblance to Lillian Gish and many Gish mannerisms, Helen Twelvetrees is far more interesting than in her first picture.



NEW YEAR'S EVE—Fox

THIS drips with sentimentality and is sticky with melodrama. You'll see a sick little brother and a suave villain who wears a silk dressing gown and lures innocent girls into his apartment. But you will be entranced by the perfectly slick way in which a thief extracts a hundred dollar bill from the pocket of the starving gal. Mary Astor gives a nice performance.

TRENT'S LAST CASE—Fox



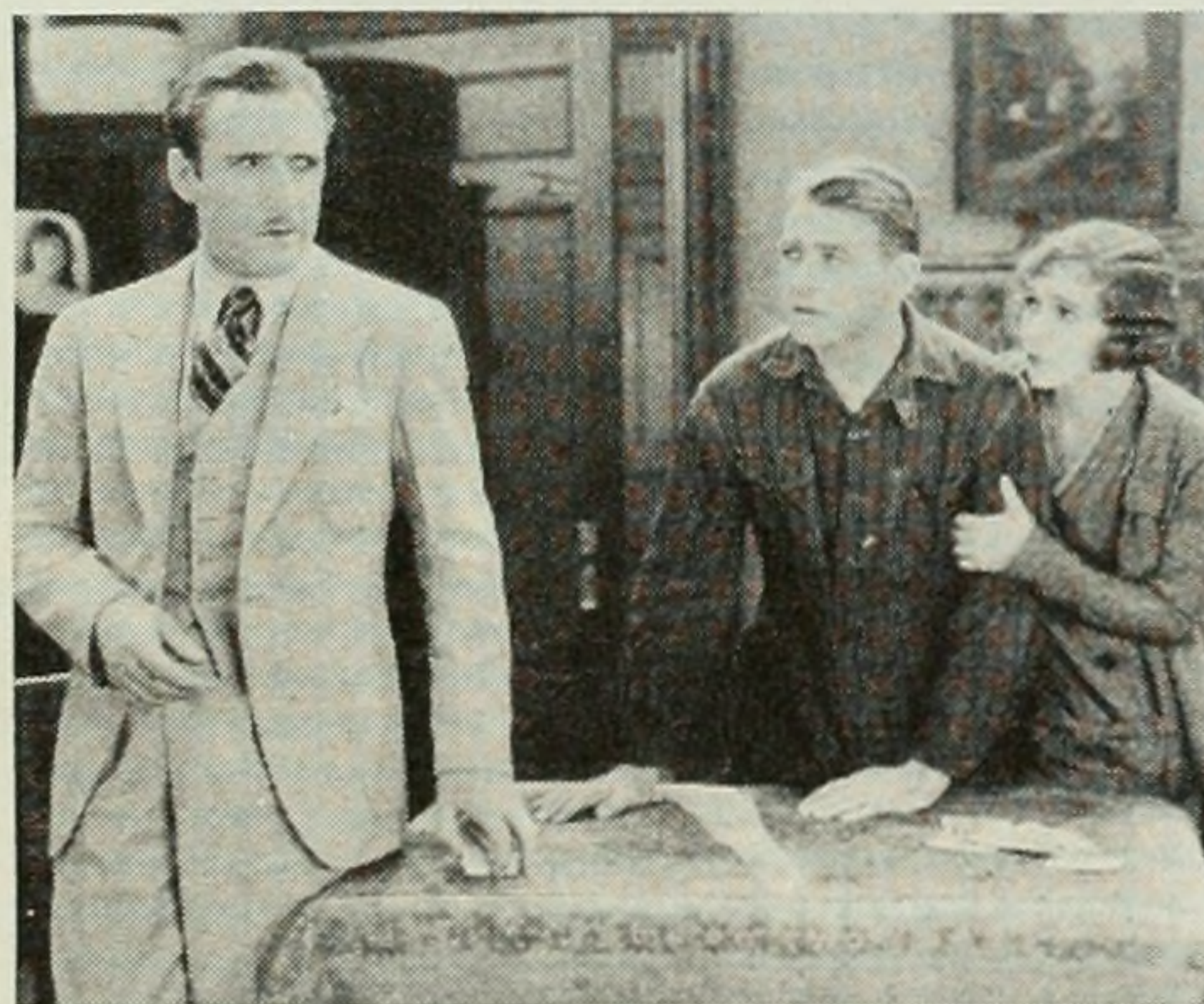
IF we must have mystery stories six nights in the week, it's a relief to have an occasional one treated humorously. "Trent's Last Case" doesn't tax the mind with the fine points of criminal psychology. An amateur detective supplies laughable farce while the story of a man's suicide is unravelled. It's not startling enough to detract from the slight romance, supplied by Marceline Day and Larry Gray.



THE DONOVAN AFFAIR—Columbia

FRANK CAPRA, who directed "Submarine," hardly handles Owen Davis' mystery play with as skillful hand. The mystery element is forced out of consideration by the continued injection of comedy by Fred Kelsey. Furthermore, Jack Holt is too fine an actor to play with such little mental acumen. The voices all register well and many favorite players are seen to advantage so the picture is not without interest.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY—M.-G.-M.



WILLARD MACK wrote this, Willard Mack directed it, Willard Mack played the principal character part and Mrs. Willard Mack played the leading feminine rôle. It's crook stuff. The story is about the wrong boy who goes to jail, escapes, corners the gang leader who sent him up just as he's making a play for the gal. Old stuff, this, saved from complete mediocrity by audibility.



CHINA BOUND—M.-G.-M.

FUNNY, yes—but not the funniest that Dane and Arthur have ever done. It's not so much a comedy as a comedy-drama. Different from other Dane and Arthur offerings because, instead of kicking each other, they're affectionate. They start in San Francisco and end in China where they mix into a revolution. Polly Moran helps out, but Josephine Dunn is only fair as a love interest. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146]



MEET Harold Lloyd's new leading lady. Barbara Kent is the lucky girl who has been chosen to play opposite the goggled funny man in his new picture. Barbara has already enjoyed a successful career in pictures. She has served with Uncle Carl Laemmle's forces at Universal, and did many a nice picture job on that big lot. We'll certainly all be glad to welcome Babs in the forthcoming Lloyd laugh-maker

Hey! Hey!

Harry's Coming Back

The Great Little Dough-Face,
Sane and Peppy, Marches
on Hollywood

By Leonard Hall



Yes, it's the same old Harry Langdon, with wide, helpless eyes. After a vaudeville tour, he's movie-bound!

FANS, shore up your spare ribs and get your tonsils set for fraucous laughter!

Filmland, shine up the Hollywood Athletic Club and dust off the streets for dancing!

Harry Langdon, if God is good, is coming back to pictures!

As far as I am concerned, that's the big news of this or any other month. It has been far too long between howls for the great little doughface who went up like a balloon and came down like a parachute that failed to open.

It's a new Langdon we'll see, too—

A Harry with a well-deflated skull, a head full of smart ideas and a soul that bulges with pepper, hope and the old confy!

Disguised as a Big Reel and Sprocket Man from Culver City, I talked to the beloved Dead-Pan in a suite in the Warwick Hotel, New York. Central Park lay far below us—a relief map high-lighted with spring sunshine.

And Harry's heart was as high as his fancy sitting room!

Though he was nursing a set of clogged pipes, he had just wound up a red-hot week at the Palace Theater—which is to the vaudeville actor what Heaven is to the hell-bent.

A roaring, triumphant week, with the house jammed with Langdon maniacs, a vicious sort of devotee, and yards of blazing praise from press and public in the pews.

Three weeks more of the two a day, and then hey! and a couple of ho's! for the sunburned West and, we hope, the whirr of the old home cameras!

Langdon's vaudeville act, as far as words went, was a weak sister. No, why quibble? It was terrible. But the star, using all the quaint, helpless mannerisms that made him famous in the flickers, was tremendous. In short, it was his superb film

pantomime that put him over for ten touchdowns—he didn't have to squeak a note to win his crowd.

Yes, Langdon's simple-sap character is as great as ever—greater, probably, for Harry is an older and wiser boy now.

And Harry, wearing a dressing gown and a set of studious looking cheaters, sat and looked down at sunny Central Park and told me all about it.

I marveled as I listened. Was this the Harry Langdon who everybody said had swell-headed himself out of pictures?

THE story flashed across my mind.

1922—Harry and Rose Langdon, just a good standard vaudeville act kicking around the two a day.

1923—Modestly hooked for the movies by Sol Lesser—a chap who once had a kid named Coogan. "Langdon for Films," said obscure items in the trade press. Who cared?

1924—Success in Sennett two-reelers—one of the greatest series of short films ever produced, and still revived all over the country by managers who know a laugh from a snort.

1925—Bought for long films by First National. One or two ace pictures, then a trey, then a deuce—then a long, steep toboggan for Harry, and the end!

We all remember the yarns that were whispered at the time of his boxoffice collapse—of how he had tried to write, supervise, direct and act—of how he suffered from night sweats, galloping ego, growing pains above the ears, and delusions of grandeur—of how he tried to lead the band, toot the cornet and play the drums and cymbals.

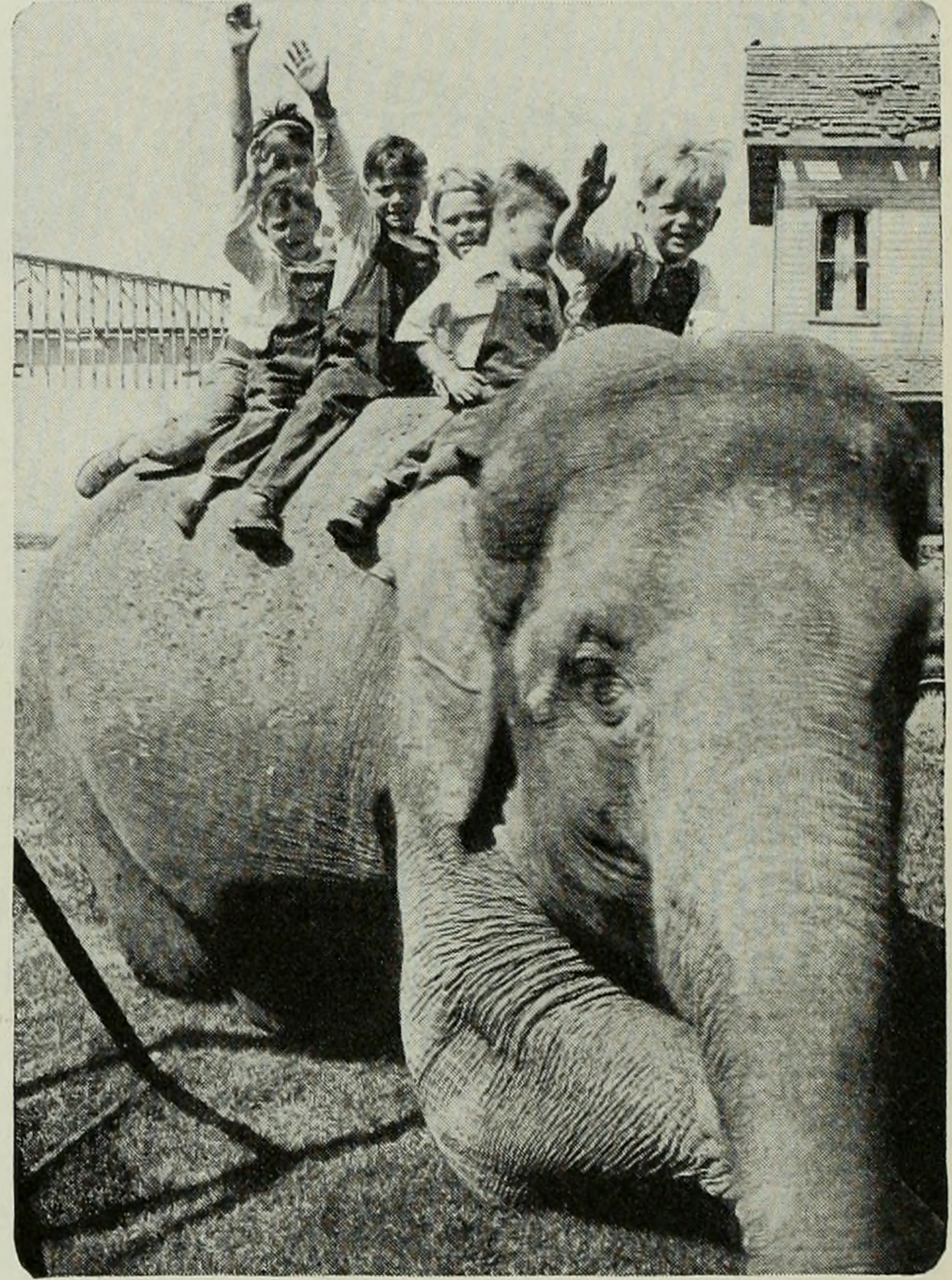
Maybe they were true and maybe they weren't, but they were common, and they hurt plenty.

Even today a tale is told along [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

A Real Land



The kiddies of the Universal lot have cathedrals and chariots as everyday playthings



The playhouse at the upper left? It was the Shelby Mansion, used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Now the little girls of Universal City have it for a make-believe home. Here they are at tea, from Neola Spalding, 16, to tiny Dolores Jordan, half-past two. The eighteen Universal youngsters have a whole zoo to play in. Just above are some aboard Minnie

Jimmy Van Horn runs his own pony chariot race for some of the children at Universal City. Now, kiddies, don't you run away to Hollywood, because all these boys and girls at play have fun because their papas or mammas work for the film firm!

of Make-Believe



Probably the Universal children have more fun than any kids in the world except Our Gang, who get paid for romping. Imagine the different contraptions they can find to play on in such a big studio. Here they are all set to put out a conflagration. "Hey!" yells Chief Bud Murphy. "If you can't find us a fire, start one!"



"Well," says Jimmy Van Horn, 11, to Violet Unzicker, 12, "it's too hot for polo. Let's go sledding!" So they load up the old family toboggan with the other Universal kidlets, ramble over to the Swiss Village on the lot, and slide on fake snow until overcome by the heat



School days at Universal City, where the studio's youngsters are taught the Three R's and how to iris in and fade out. Jimmy Van Horn is stealing a lick at his all-day lollipop, and Winnifred Spalding is frantically flagging down teacher so she can tell. Tattle-tale, Winnie!

A Little Deal

Eyes "like lakes of chrysoprase" give a severe case of pain in the neck to several men and a stitch in the heart to one

THE blue pongee curtains stirred gently under the urging of California's well advertised breeze and a battalion of jonquils in the window boxes swayed in harmony. Slanting bands of sunshine, filtering through a lacy pepper tree that stood sentinel on the lawn, cast a shimmering filigree over the Chinese rug and burnished the tasteful pieces of Sheraton walnut to a dull and expensive gleam. Several etchings, with a French print or two, were scattered austere around the walls, while on the center table a brace of bronze ladies reposed in nude nonchalance at either end of a row of handsomely bound volumes. Briefly, the room was one calculated to arouse an interior decorator to his most falsetto ecstasies, for distinction seemed everywhere.

Everywhere, that is, but in the corner where two sketchily dressed gentlemen sprawled at their ease. By degrees they were emerging from that state of savagery in which the average male finds himself upon awakening, and now, grazing comfortably amid the remains of a combination lunch and breakfast, they were disposed to face the world with the yeastiness of people who are through with common toil. But even the idle rich must have their fixations. Suddenly there came a violent rustling, coupled with an assortment of gulping noises.

"This is the sort of thing," bawled Mr. "Spook" Torrance, regarding his newspaper with extreme disfavor, "that gives me a severe pain in the neck! I tell you, Mac, there's a limit to everything."

"Yeah?" drawled the languid Mr. "Shadow" McLeod, a taut and dapper gentleman, who was contemplating the spring light as reflected through a glass of sherry. "What is it now—picture of a Colonial Dame in knickers or the way cartoonists spell? Anyhow, don't go off the deep end about it; remember your blood pressure and that you're crowding fifty."

"I didn't ask you for a speech," said his friend, with the rudeness of long acquaintance. "I'm telling you that here's something to make any movie fan's pulse take the hurdles." He held out the crumpled paper, and the Shadow read aloud from the headlines:

PEABODY FEW DENIES MOVIE EXTRAS A PENNY

Millionaire refuses subscription to clubhouse fund. Flays stars who make personal appeal; would destroy studios.

THE veins around Mr. Torrance's nose grew a trifle pinker as he listened. He was a large and customarily jovial gentleman who flaunted the indoor tan that comes from indulgence in the pleasant sport of crooking the elbow, but now he scowled



ominously and gave forth mutterings concerning Mr. Few.

"Well, what about it?" inquired the unperturbed Mr. McLeod. "This bird's got a right to do what he wants with his own money. He owns the largest jewelry store in Los Angeles, so he must know his racket. Just because we're hiding out here in Beverly Hills is no reason for you to get all broken out with local pride."

"**H**IDING hell!" snorted the other. "We worked the country from Boston to Denver for twenty years, didn't we? Swamps and prairies and small town chumps begging to be taken—my gosh, what a routine! And I always said that when we got upholstered I'd open a shack in the picture colony, didn't I?"

Mr. McLeod nodded.

"Well, this is it," pursued Mr. Torrance thankfully. "You know blamed well we never gypped anyone who didn't think he was gypping us, so there's no old charges that could be made to stick. Forget that stuff about hiding, Mac; we're retired, see? A couple of financiers loitering in the enchanted suburb. Think of it—Miramonte artichokes, abalone and Corinne Griffith all in the same place! It's the only life, Mac. What do you do, for instance?"

"Lie around and read detective stories, with maybe a trip or two to Catalina or Arrowhead."

"Me, too," said the ex-confidence man, "but I've got wider

for DORA

By
Stewart Robertson



Illustration by
R. Van Buren

"Miss Delura, will you permit me to be your knight?" The sire giggled delightedly. "Then," said the noble Spook, "Mr. Few shall be made to bend the knee, or as they say in ruder circles, he'll take it on the chin"

volving all of Hollywood would not have prevented him from sinking the eight ball in the corner pocket with his customary finesse.

The gallant Spook colored to a rich garnet. "Ease up on the kidding," he said pleadingly, "but do you remember Aggie?"

"AGGIE," repeated Mac, corrugating his brow for the space of a minute. "What—you mean that soubrette in the old Burning Brands?"

"Exactly."

"The one who gave you the runaround for that crummy ventriloquist?"

Mr. Torrance wagged his head sadly. "I always thought she was the loveliest dame I'd ever seen, but there's one here who fades her—Dora Delura. She looks like Aggie used to, but you know, with more gloss."

"Dora Delura," murmured

Mr. McLeod slowly. "Seems to me I was reading—"

"I know all about that," said Spook defiantly. "What if she did divorce her husband so as to marry another fellow? And what if the fellow's old man yanked him out of Hollywood at the last minute? Suppose she *was* pursued by a goofy musician—doesn't all that stamp her as a woman of allurements? She intrigues me, Mac, because I view her with the eye of an artist. That swirl of honey-colored hair, those eyes like almond lakes of chrysoprase, that figure as lissome as a willow!"

"Reading some of that press agent stuff, eh?" sneered Mac.

"More than that," said Mr. Torrance dreamily. "I was talking to him in person. Just imagine, Mac, he used to be her husband, and even though he's lost her, he still praises her. Wonderful, I call it. In fact, the whole industry's wonderful, and I'm thinking of becoming a silent partner in one of these production units. I expect a little chap named Abie Zoop over to see me this evening."

Mr. McLeod laid down his glass and registered alarm. "The trouble with you," he accused, "is that you're commencing to think you're a business man. We may have chiseled a few hundred thousand out of the saps and then run it up to a million in a bull market, but there's other rackets we don't know anything about. Why, we even had to pay some college girl to tell us how to furnish this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

interests, besides. I circulate around and meet the folks to build up a rep for myself. I play with the babies, when I can find 'em, and give the old maids the glad eye to keep up their spirits. I can even pronounce La Jolla. As for the movie people, well, I get a kick out of just looking at them. That's what made me sore at this old blue stocking, Few. He seems to forget today's extras are the stars of tomorrow."

The saturnine Mac poured himself another drink and studied his friend's face with rising interest. That rosy countenance wore the look of ardent vacuity so often observed on men much younger, and much older, than its owner, and Mac whistled softly as he recognized the symptoms.

"SO one of these Lipstick Lauras has got you groggy, eh?" she demanded. "That's a big laugh to me. Get wise to yourself, Spook, do you really think any of these eyelash flutterers would give you a tumble? An old buzzard like you!"

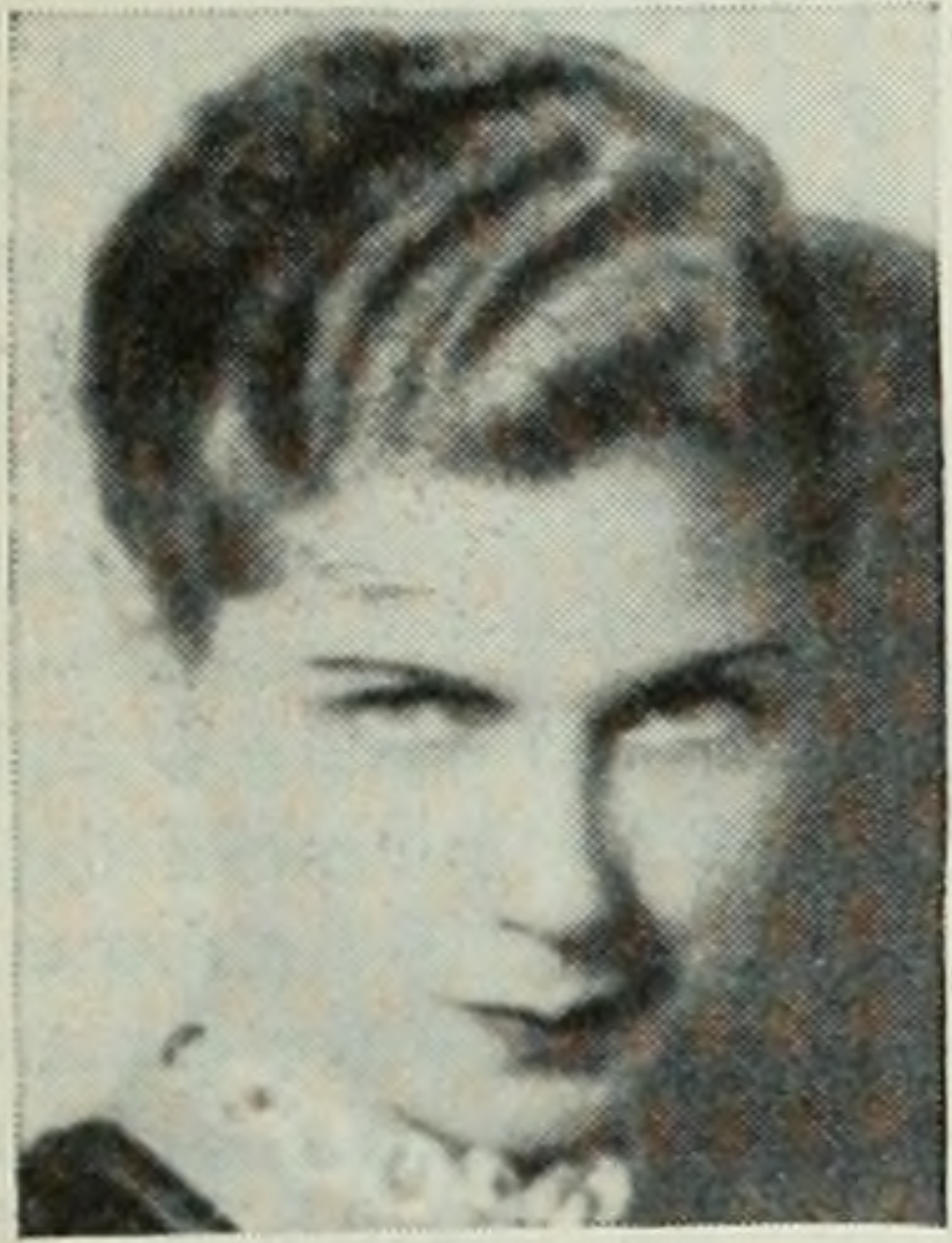
Mr. Torrance protested feebly. "Perhaps not, but there's no law against admiring 'em. Why, I can remember when the average actress had a shape like the back of a San Pedro bus. But today we've got young goddesses, Mac, young—"

"Yeah?" interrupted Mac. "What's her name?" He listened dubiously for the reply as he was one of those peculiar persons to whom the movies meant less than nothing. All names sounded alike to Mr. McLeod, and a catastrophe in-

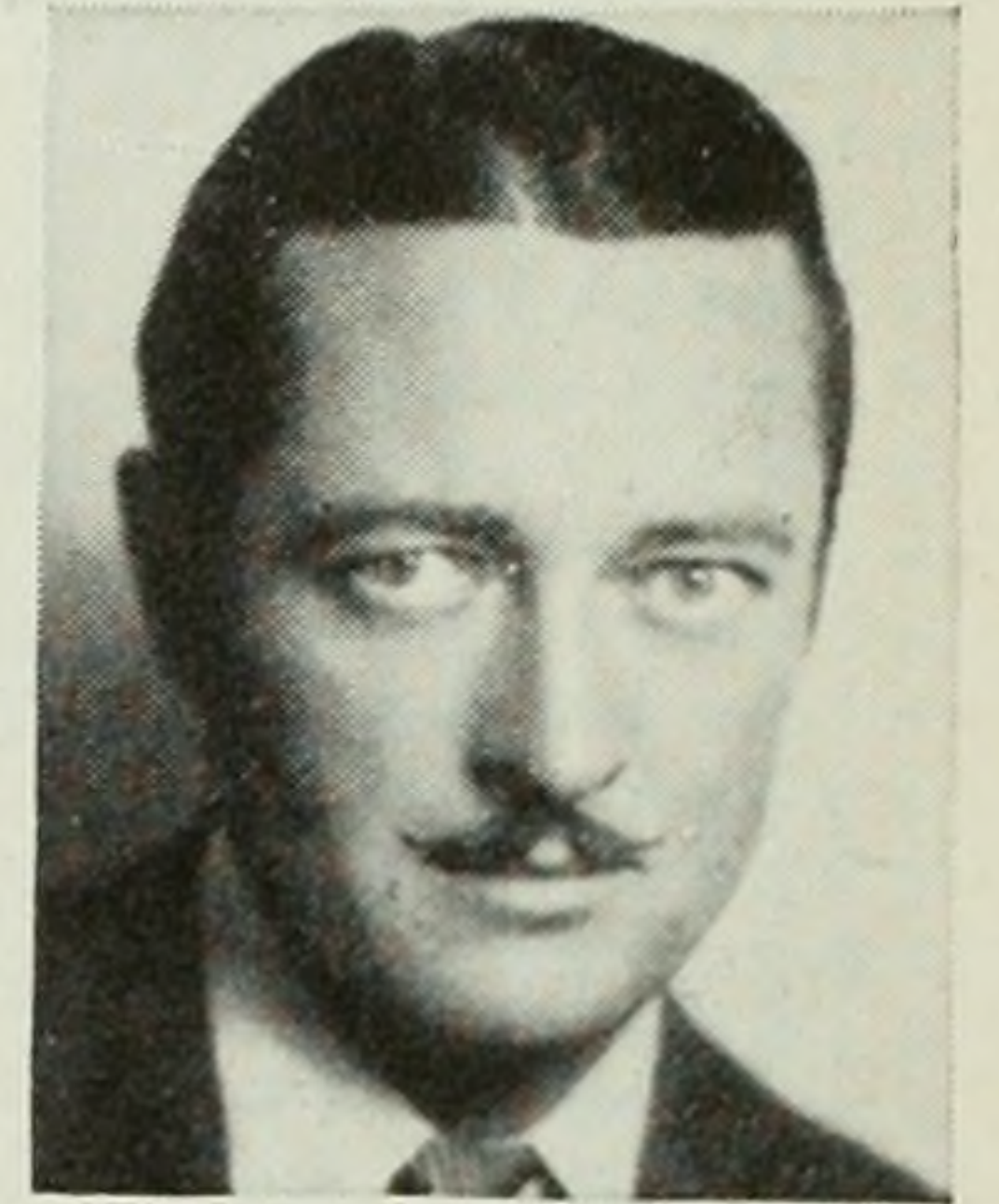


IT was at the "Follies" that Eddie Lowe first cast an eye on the glamorous girl labelled Lilyan Tashman. When he had been brought to, Eddie didn't rest until his pal, Walter Catlett, had said, "Miss Tashman, meet Mr. Lowe." Now they've been wed four happy successful years.

How to Hold a { Wife Husband in Hollywood



Friend Wife
Lilyan



Friend Husband
Eddie

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman
give their tasty recipes

By Mark Larkin

ON a certain sultry July night in 1918, Edmund Lowe, being hot and bothered, went to the Follies for relief. He was not seeking romance, he was merely in quest of diversion. Romance took a running jump over the footlights and landed in Eddie's lap.

He had never seen Lilyan Tashman before—in fact, had never heard of her. Naturally, she was a great surprise to him. She was a Ziegfeld "special special," so gorgeous that out-of-town buyers who saw her instantly forgot what they were sent to New York to buy and had to wire home for memoranda.

But Eddie Lowe forgot even more than that. He forgot the entire universe! He ran gibbering incoherently to his friend, Walter Catlett, comedian in the Ziegfeld revue. Lowe talked about blonde radiance . . . only girl in the world . . . can't live without her . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . !

And Walter, being a comedian, shook his head gravely and felt very sad.

A short time later Lilyan Tashman dropped in on "The Walk-Offs" at the Morosco Theater, where Edmund Lowe was doing his stuff. Well, oddly enough, the same thing that had happened to Eddie when he saw Lilyan now occurred to Lilyan when she saw Eddie. Instantly she became afflicted with an insatiable desire to meet Mr. Lowe.

AND a few days later she confided this secret ambition to Walter Catlett, deliberately and with malice aforethought no doubt, for she had learned that Walter had known Eddie ever since they went on the stage together in San Francisco.

Walter smiled wisely, elevated his brows a trifle and remarked, "How very odd, Miss Lilyan, for the young man you speak of feels that unless he meets you within the next few days he will die of this terrible heat or something."

And so it was arranged.

Although they met in July, 1918, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were not married until September 1st, 1925.

The event occurred in San Francisco, Eddie's own home town, as he wished it, and the ceremony was performed by a judge who had been a life-long friend of Eddie's father, who had been a fellow judge.

AND now in this year of our Lord, 1929, Eddie and Lil are still married and properly proud of it, particularly in view of the fact that they live in Hollywood where folks do say it is difficult indeed to maintain connubial bliss.

Out of the experience of matrimony, Ed and Lil have gained a philosophy, one which they think applies particularly to the conjugal state in Hollywood. They recommend it highly to those who would sail the good ship marriage safely past the shoals of disaster. To their mutual satisfaction, they think they have solved the problem of how to hold a husband in Hollywood and, *vice versa*, how to hold a wife in Hollywood.

"But holding a husband," says Miss Tashman, "is not a matter of geography. The rules are much the same whether in Podunk or in Hollywood. It is true, of course, that there is more competition for a wife in Hollywood than elsewhere, because there are at least two women for every man in the film capital. But common sense and consideration are the prime factors.

"MOST women lose their husbands because they are too lazy to be interested in themselves. And if a woman is not interested in herself, how can she expect anyone else to be interested in her? If she is not well dressed, usually that is because she is too lazy to give it the thought and attention required. If she is careless about her house, it is usually because she is too lazy to have pride. Most women lose their men through neglect. Not neglect of their men, however, neglect of themselves. The wife who is not neglectful has little to fear. She should make every effort to look a little better than other women, to be more attrac- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



A studio picture of Hollywood's matrimonial paragons, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Acquainted seven years, wed four, and getting cu-razier about each other every day!

Amateur Movies

Judges Are Reviewing Contest Films—Many Colleges and Clubs Represented in Competition

By Frederick James Smith

AS this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press the many films submitted in this magazine's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest are being examined by the committee of judges. No announcement as to the awards is yet possible.

The films submitted in this—the second—contest are of uniform excellence. Contest films were entered from all over the United States and from foreign countries. An entry from Tokio, Japan, holds the record of travelling the greatest distance to enter the contest. This film, a 9 millimeter entry picturing the Inland Sea of Japan, was entered by Koji Tsukamoto of Tokio.

Students of three colleges, Yale, Princeton and Stanford, are represented in the contest. The Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton entered "Incident," which was filmed under the title of "Destiny" and was previously commented upon in this department. The Stanford Studios of Stanford University entered a scenic study of campus life, "Idle Hours."

A NUMBER of winners of last year's PHOTOPLAY contest are represented again this year. B. V. Covert, of Lockport, N. Y., who captured the first prize of \$500 in the 16 millimeter division, is represented by two films, one entitled "Just Fishing" and the other a scenic of Niagara Falls.

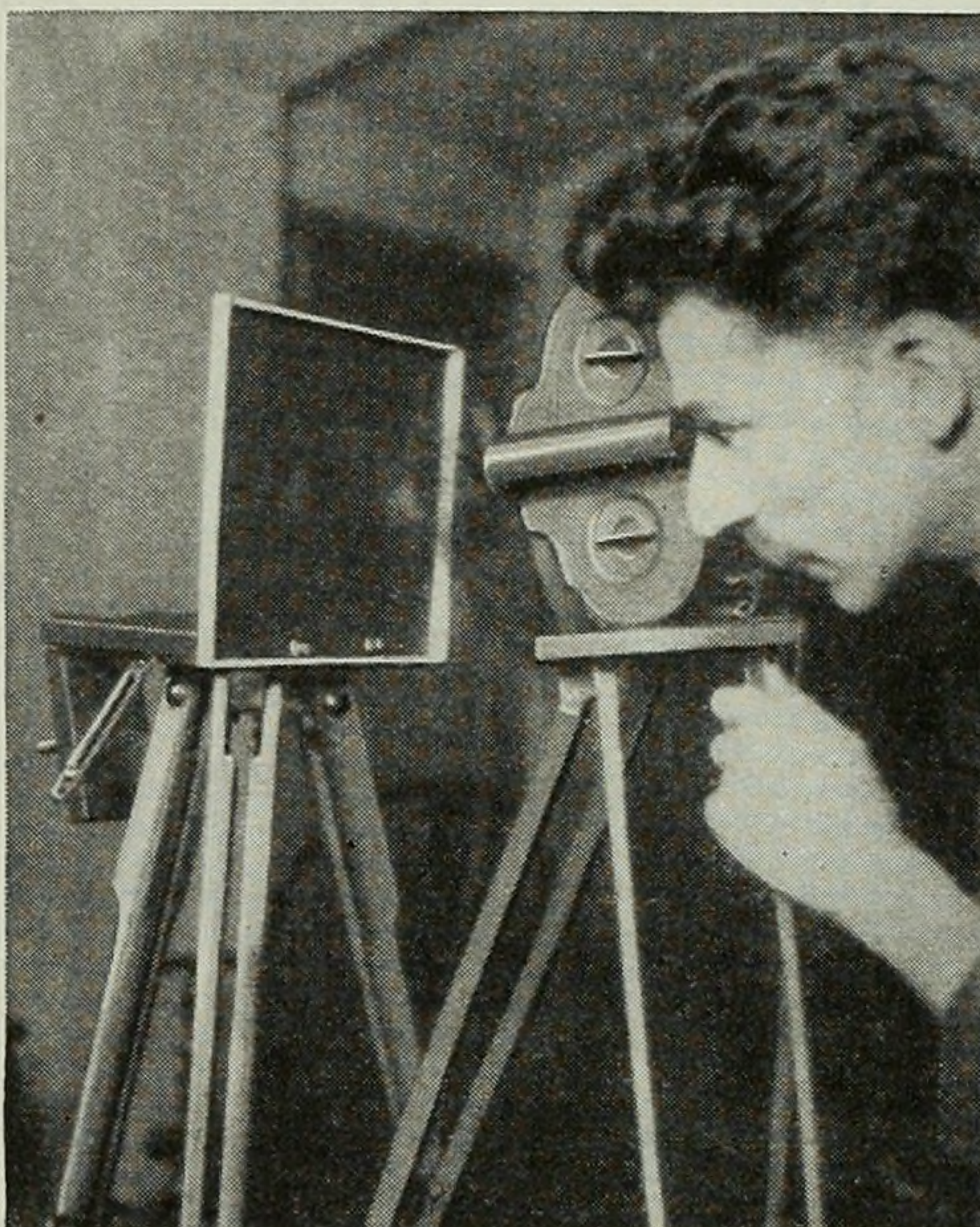
The fishing film was made off the Florida coast.

Kennin Hamilton, of Toronto, Canada, winner of last year's special prize of \$500, is entered this year, as is Clyde Hammond, of Youngstown, Ohio, winner of one of the five honorable mentions of 1928.

Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League and a judge in last year's contest, is represented by four non-dramatic entries.

MANY clubs and amateur organizations entered the contest this year. The Little Screen Players of Boston submitted "Bonza-bar the Beggar," a drama of old London, directed by Herbert F. Lang.

La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif., has a 16 millimeter entry, "Avarice." The Pasadena, Calif., Cinema Players are represented by "Going Wild." The Cine Court Players of Brooklyn, N. Y., present a 16



J. V. D. Bucher, cameraman of the Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton University, shooting PHOTOPLAY film

millimeter film, "Mushrooms." The Hayden Lake Photoplayers of Spokane, Wash., have a 16 millimeter entry. The Cumberland Cinema Club, of Vineland, N. J., is a strong contender with its adaptation of "Salome." The Foto-Cine Productions of Stockton, Calif., are in the running, as are the Palisade Picture Players of Grantwood, N. J., and the Flower City Amateur Movie Club of Rochester, N. Y. The Flower City Club entry is "At Your Service."

THE competition is keen this year and the judges will besomelittletime arriving at a decision. The fact that the committee is scattered necessitates showings in New York, New Haven, Chicago and Hollywood, but it is hoped that a decision may be reached in time for an announcement next month.

Following a definite award of prizes, there will be a showing of the winning films in New York City, as last year. The winners will also be shown to the important makers of professional pictures in New York and Hollywood and it is almost certain

that one or more contestants will land a contract in a professional studio. Last year Russell T. Ervin, Jr., of East Orange, N. J., maker of the winning film in the 35 millimeter division, received a five-year contract from Winfield Sheehan, general manager of Fox Films.



Opening scene of "Nemesis," submitted in PHOTOPLAY contest by Leonard Clairmont, of Hollywood, Calif. The film was written, directed and photographed by Mr. Clairmont

THE premiere of "The Lugger," first production of the Rochester Cinema Club, was held recently in Rochester. The Rochester newspapers report that the film is excellently scenarized, directed and photographed. The club endeavored to demonstrate the recreational value of amateur film making rather than to attempt any motion picture experiments. John G. Capstaff directed and A. Wittmer, F. T. Percy, C. H. Green and R. A. Purdy handled the photography. The leading rôles were played by Mae Perrine, Bernard Heatherly, Dorothy Drakeley, Bob Caine and David Bellamy.

The High School Movie Club of Montclair, N. J., is at work on an eight-hundred-foot 16 millimeter production, entitled "She Stoops to Crank'er." The

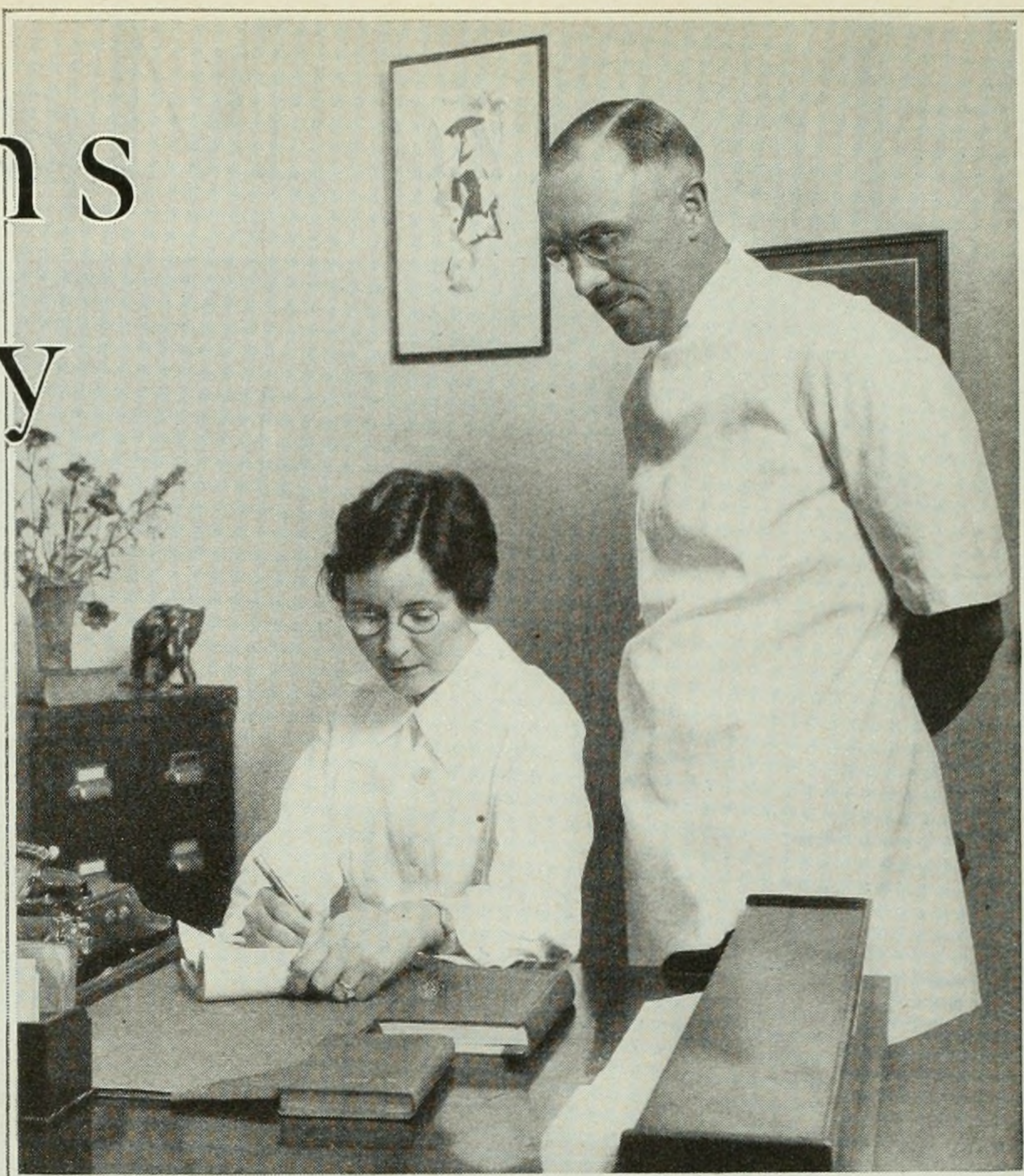
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Vitamins for Beauty and Health

The forces necessary
to nutrition and
growth are the new
medical frontier

By

Dr. H. B. K. WILLIS



Write Dr. H. B. K. Willis, in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif., if you have any problems of diet. Be sure to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply

THE other day a blonde little baby star invaded my office, all in a bustle of eagerness.

In response to my query—why I should be honored by her presence—she giggled and informed me that she had come for some vitamins.

"I have just been to the doctor and he says I am in need of vitamins.

"I asked him how I should get them and he told me by going on a better diet.

"I am reducing, you know, and the diet I am using to keep thin, he told me, did not supply the vitamins I should have.

"I am coming to you to get them. Can you not give them to me in a pill or hypodermic injection like the doctors did iron the time they said I had anemia?"

I forgave the bubbling little baby star for not being 'vitaminded' because she interpreted everything in the terms of close-ups; so I gave her a close-up on the vitamin question.

The vitamin comprises one of the last new medical frontiers, inviting conquest and discovery by eager scientists, intriguing researchers and buoying up the hope of medical experimenters seeking the cause of disease, and new cures. The discussion of diet would not be complete

without considering the vitamins about which we are learning more every day.

What the vitamins are is still obscure except that they exist in minute quantity in natural foods. They are absolutely necessary to normal nutrition and natural growth and their absence or lack produces deficiency and other diseases.

At the present time we know there are five vitamins, designated by the letters A, B, C, D, and E. Some dissolve in fat and others in water. Five are known to exist but there may be fifty. The doctor knows little more of them than the layman.

So much has been said and so much is being made of irradiation or light therapy, bottled sunshine, cod liver oil, fruit juice diets and even the poor, unsuspecting vitamins themselves that some order and reason should be brought to bear upon the subject of the vitamins.

The bottled sunshine fad is particularly obnoxious just now. In the main it was built around the fact that vitamin D is formed by the action of the ultra-violet ray on a certain substance found in all animal fat and oil, bile, blood, brain tissue, milk, egg yolk, nerve fiber, the liver, kidney and the adrenal gland.

The ultra-violet rays are constituents of light. They [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]

REALIZING that diet is the great problem of feminine America today, PHOTOPLAY commissioned Dr. H. B. K. Willis to write a monthly department of advice. Dr. Willis is one of the leading physicians of Hollywood, where diet is of tremendous significance. The problem of weight is the chief item in the thoughts of every screen star. Dr. Willis will tell you the correct methods of diet as advised by him to the leading players of Hollywood.

This month Dr. Willis, realizing the interest in and the rapidly growing mass of misinformation relative to vitamins, has given the subject a thorough explanation—one that can be clearly understood by the layman. Next month Dr. Willis will discuss the water needs of the body—the role played by water, not only in the life of every individual as a life-giver, but as a dietetic necessity.

How to Make Your



Doesn't it seem perfectly natural that Betty Compson, portrayer of modern and sophisticated ladies, should begin her day at this typically modernistic dressing table? Sliding panels are substituted for the usual arrangement of drawers. Decorative tables provide additional space



Claire Windsor likes the old things best. This old-fashioned, marble topped bureau was repainted in cream and silver. The oval mirror adds a note of newness

IF you're a normal woman a dressing table means more to you than any other piece of furniture in your room. There is a good reason for this. In the first place you use a dressing table during that morning grouch period. There you see reflected in the mirror the kind of face that makes you wonder how in the world even your mother could love it. The remains of last night's cold cream are still upon it. And the early morning light is about as flattering as your younger brother. Hence, it is important that your dressing table be bright and cheerful and have the ability to give you a lift, to make you feel well, even if the reflection in the mirror doesn't.

The film stars, who must always look pretty and who know enough about psychology to surround themselves with beauty in order to achieve beauty, are noted for the charming dressing tables they use. And, strangely enough, some of these tables are inexpensive and may give you ideas about your own boudoir and its improvement. Some of them can be easily copied. I've tried to pick out as wide a variety as possible, from ultra modernistic to Louis something or other.

YOU just know that Betty Compson, herself as modern as a transatlantic flight, would select the ultra in her boudoir. Her cream colored dressing table has sliding panels instead of drawers, where the necessary cosmetics are concealed. Although the table itself is small there are, on either side of it, decorative little what-nots with various sized shelves in geometrical shapes that serve as catch-alls.

As a direct contrast to this is the very quaint vanity table in the home of Mary Philbin. This, too, expresses Mary's personality. She is, after all, an old-fashioned girl and the dressing table is made ornate with cupids and flowers all done in green and gold. Those bunches of grapes that you see

Dressing Table *Attractive*

By Lois Shirley

Nine lovely examples
and dozens of ideas you
can copy

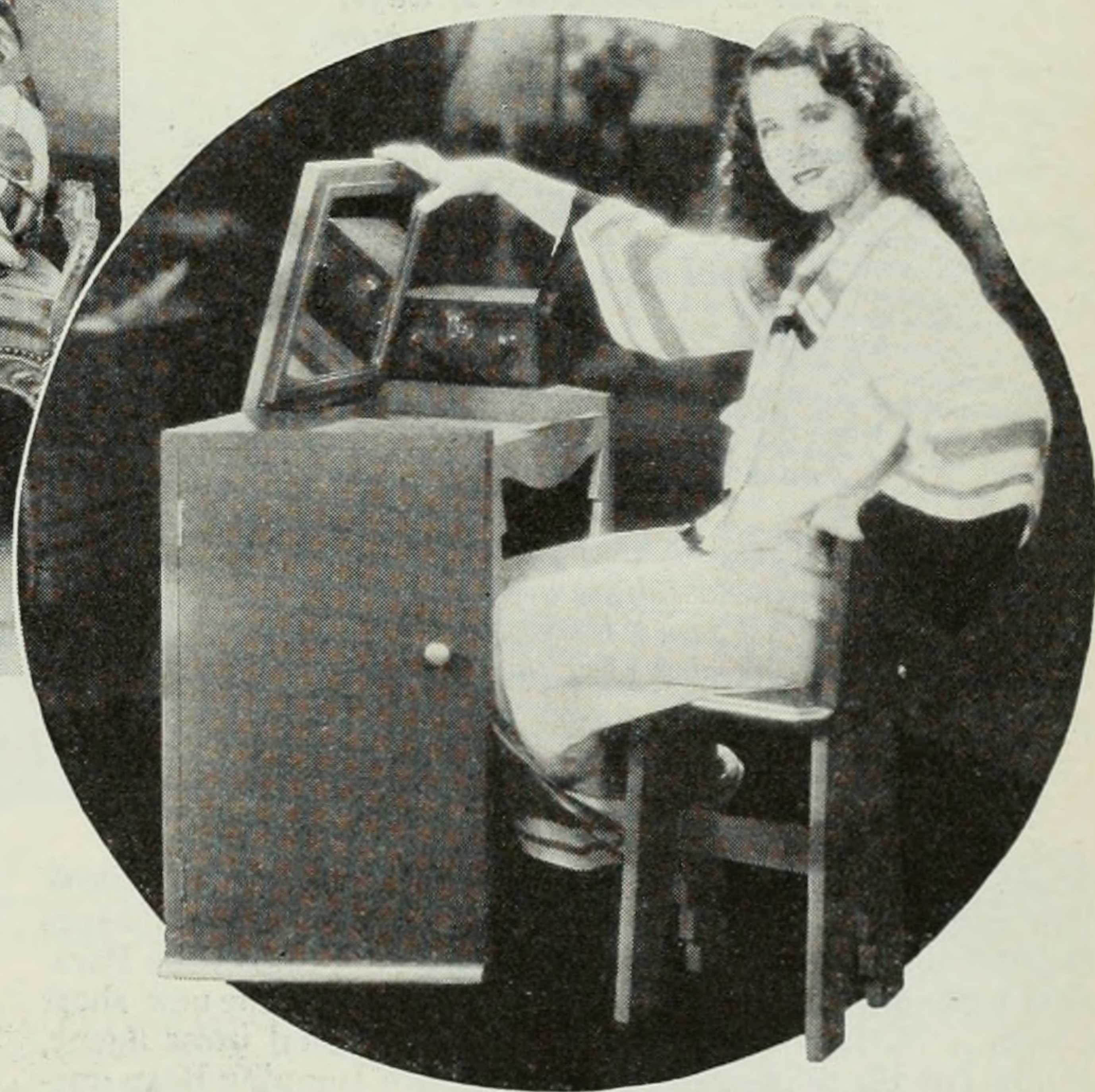


The Hungarian Vilma paints the lily at this blue and silver table, so Parisian in the daintiness of its appointments. The bottles and powder boxes are Lalique. The comb and brushes are of solid silver

at the top conceal lights that shed their rays correctly on the mirror. Mary again proves herself old-fashioned by liking to stand up when she does things to her face.

You'll all be copying Lois Moran's dressing table, for it's so easy to do. Just a few yards of stiff taffeta, a kidney shaped board and a can of paint and—presto!—there you are. For a simple home there is no more satisfying dressing table than this type. Lois' make-up shelf has a green flounce bordered with a ruffle of black lace. The plain round mirror is hung from the ceiling and is lit with little boudoir lamps on either side and one directly above. In [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Surely this handsome and ornate vanity table is a reminder of other times and other days. It belongs to Mary Philbin, and the clusters of grapes at the top conceal lights that shine softly down on her brown curls



A faithful servant is this clever portable dressing table, which follows Norma Shearer around the set. When folded up, it looks like a tiny blue trunk. It holds all the necessary cosmetics and implements, ready for use in a jiffy



THE STAR—"Now, Junior, let Daddy hear you say 'No, Mr. Blatz, ten thousand times NO! My salary is \$4,000 and I won't take one penny less!'"

Hollywood Proposal

*Dear Marigold, it now is June
And Romance fills the air.
If it won't bore you half to death,
Suppose we make a pair?*

*That is, if marriage will not wreck
Your drawing power, or mine—
If you can guarantee the clause
That guards your form divine.*

*If both our studios consent
That we should weld our ways,
Press agents, surely, must approve,
And so must Mister Hays.*

*If you are sure we can afford
A proper ceremony—
A church, a mob, a feast, and all
The usual boloney.*

*To kid the fans, we'll have to watch
The way our marriage may go.
You, dear, can live on Puget Sound
And I in San Diego.*

*So, Marigold, if you would sip
Of Cupid's dizzy nectar,
Let's just say, "Here goes nothing!" and
Get married sometime. Hector.*

Anything for a Laugh

Viola Dana's mother charges that her husband didn't speak to her for 45 days, and instead of buying him a new pipe she sues him for divorce. . . . The Singer Midgets appear on the Paramount lot and Dorothy Herzog says to watch for some new short subjects. . . . Lou Lusty, Lupe Velez's personal press agent, lost nine pounds riding herd on the Mexican Jumping Bean during the three weeks she hopped around New York. Only nine? . . . Three pictures I want to see. The three that the Maryland State Censors rejected in 1928 out of 9,377 looked at. . . . Accepted application form for getting a job as state censor. "Dear Governor Blatz, I hate everything." . . . Gloria Swanson is going to sing out loud in her next picture. Let's hope it isn't a Swansong. . . . Mark Hellinger has a new name for the picture colony: Howlywood. . . . Since William Fox bought

REELING AROUND

with

Leonard Hall

control of Metro-Goldwyn, Fox employees call M.-G. hirelings "cousins." . . . Current favorite line of movie executives lunching at the Hotel Astor, New York—"Look out for that soup! There may be a merger in it!" . . . How about the Wampas picking some Baby Stares of 1929?

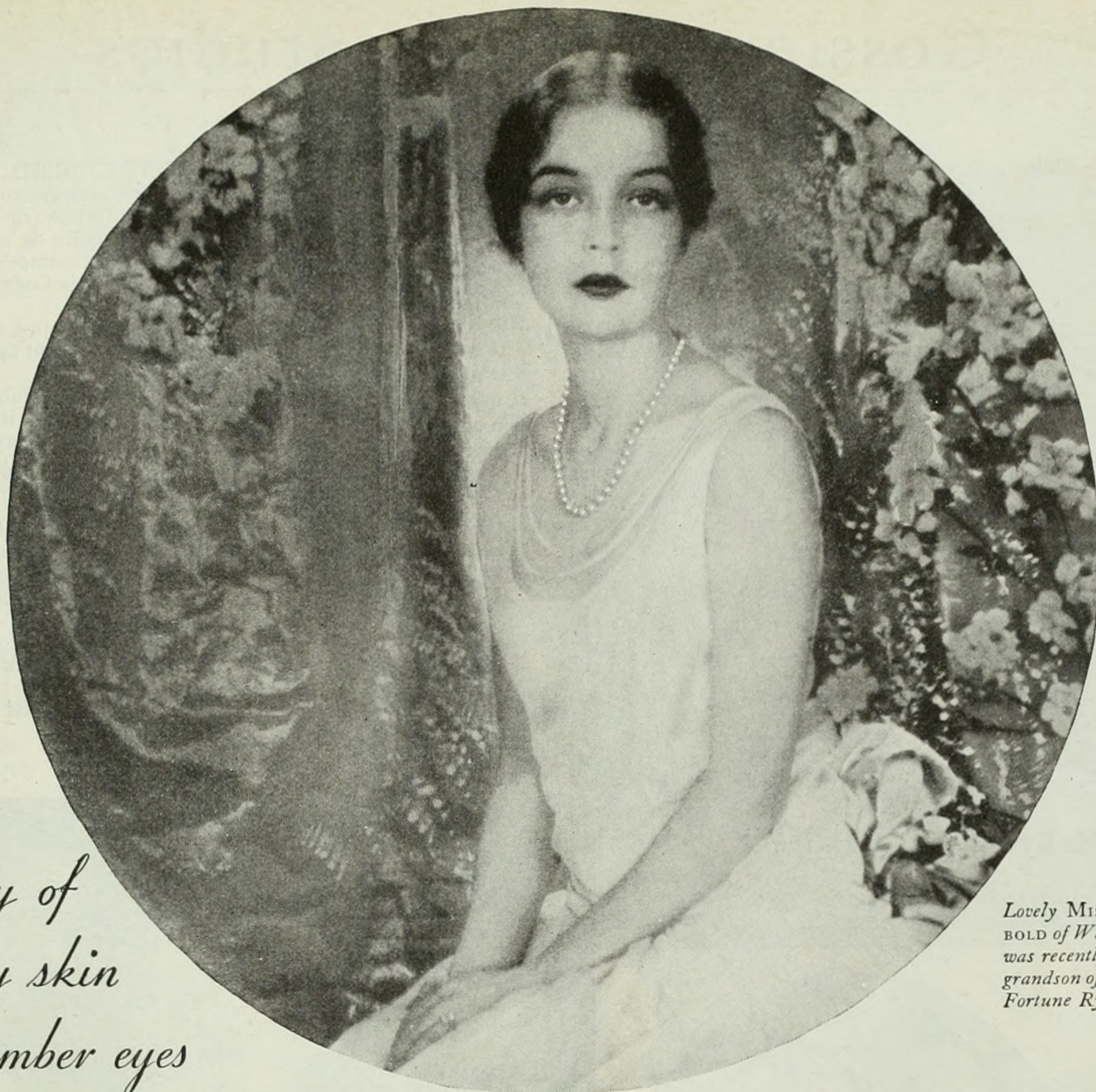
Their Big Chance

Jetta Goudal was recently given \$31,000 in American money, and the right to be temperamental, by a Los Angeles judge.

The next morning fourteen feminine stars each went up to her director, kicked him on the shin and said, "You big bum!"

Getting Personal

Mary Miles Minter is married to a naval lieutenant and is keeping house in a New York apartment. Now, boys and girls, tell teacher—who remembers Mary? . . . Margaret Livingston's voice doubled for that of Louise Brooks in "The Canary Murder Case." . . . Joe Cobb and Farina have worked in "Our Gang" comedies nearly seven years. Farina sings bass in a Baptist choir in Los Angeles. . . . The Kansas censors have ordered the following cut—"Eliminate view showing bruised spot on girl's knee." I can't figure whether it's the knee or the bruise that is breaking Kansas' heart, but anyhow, Bleeding Kansas! . . . Universal got \$11 a seat for the opening of "Show Boat." The shell trick is also good. . . . Joan Crawford is the favorite philm phrail of Yale. Greta Garbo, second, Nancy Carroll, third. . . . Owen Davis, playwright, collected \$122,000 on his Paramount contract last year without a story ready for production. . . . Sue Carol just paid \$35,000 for a house. . . . A picture theater in London, Canada, has built a glass sound-proof room for bawling babies. . . . John Gilbert phoned Gr-r-r-eta Garbo in New York as soon as she landed from Europe, but she wouldn't talk till she had had a three-hour rest. . . . "Broadway Melody," the M.-G.-M. ace talkie, cost \$280,000 to make and may net a profit of as much as \$4,000,000. Gold in them thar tonsils! . . . Frank Mayo, the former movie lead beloved of the flaps, is master of ceremonies in a Cleveland night club. . . . Tim McCoy and Harry Carey, two gun men, filled their pokes with gold dust and hit it up in the Malamute Saloons of Broadway not long ago. . . . Percy Marmont, our old pal, is coming back to American films, with an eye and ear on the talkies. . . . The Prince of Wales, leading star of the news reels, has taken to wearing a double-breasted dinner coat and a soft shirt. Now take a bromide and try to get some sleep.



*Beauty of
ivory skin
and amber eyes*

Lovely Miss JANET NEWBOLD of Washington, D. C., was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

LOVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satin smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

“Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris,” says Mrs. Ryan, “I’ve been devoted to Pond’s Two Creams.

“Now Pond’s two new products delight me—the snow-white Tissues



Her trousseau sports suit was brown with a chartreuse blouse, most charming with her amber eyes, fair hair and clear smooth ivory skin.

and the Freshener. All four are wonderful to keep your skin its loveliest!”

This is Pond’s famous Method:

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, remove cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond’s Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

Last—smooth on a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.



Six evening gowns were in the young bride’s trousseau. This is soft amber satin.



Pond’s four famous products—Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND’S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T
114 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Reading from up to down, we see Kay Johnson and Julia Faye demonstrating the new "aero wheels," the very latest thing in our best sporting circles. They are used in human hoop races, if you can stand it. The girls are in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite"

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is soon to be a blushing bridegroom. He announced on his return from a trip to Cuba that the lady of his choice is a native of that island, and her name—a breath of romance in itself—is Consuelita.

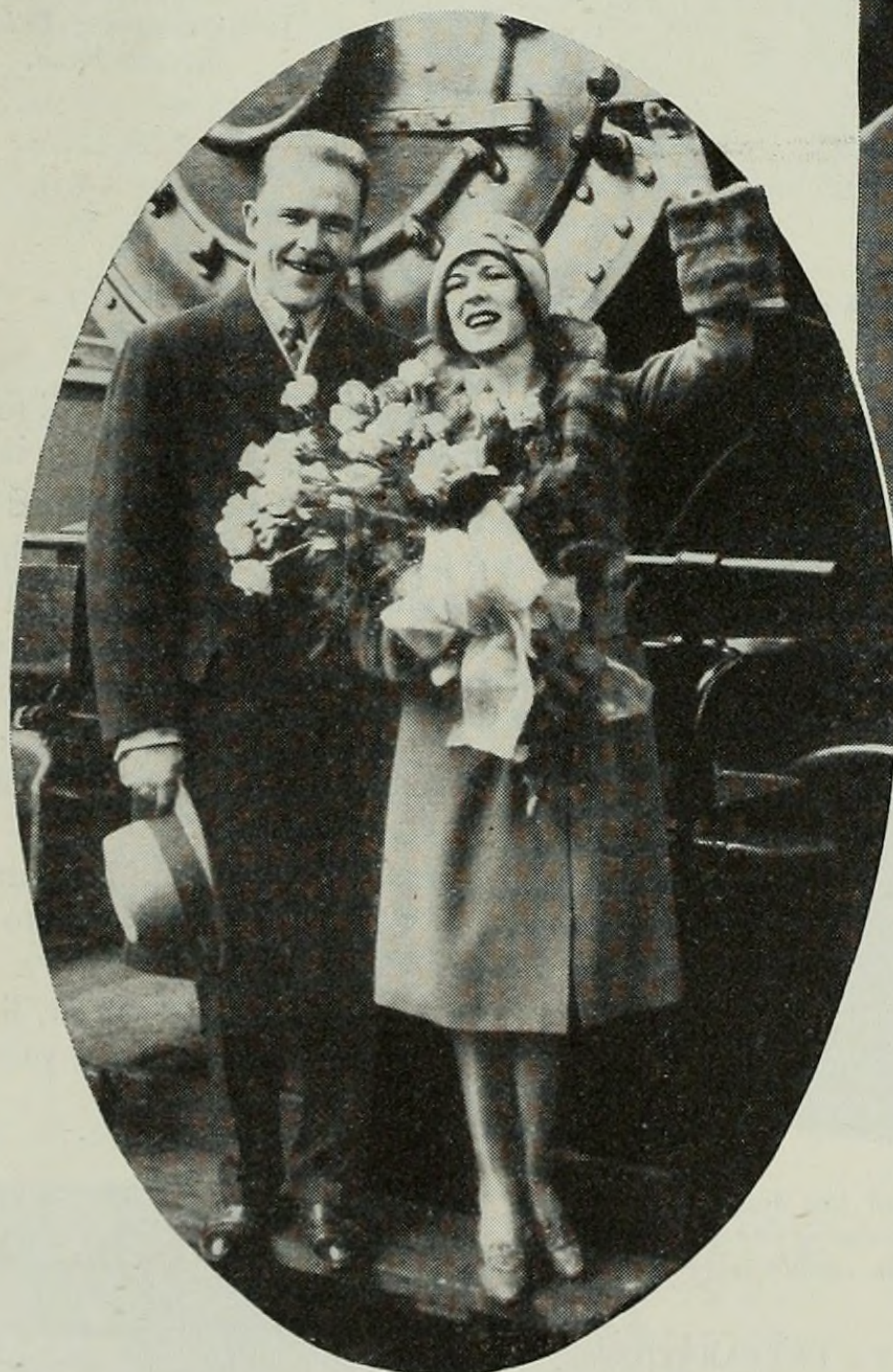
YOU never know just when gallantry is going to jump right up and smack your sentiments.

One of our lovely Hollywood writers—oh, Katherine Albert, if you *must* be so curious!—was on her way to the premiere showing of "Hearts in Dixie" when a tire on her car blew out and the party pulled up to the curb.

Katherine called a cab, and a broken down, spavined, asthmatic relic it turned out to be. One of the women in the party, dressed to kill at ten paces, began to crab a little.

"This isn't a very nice cab," she said to the driver. "And we're going to an opening!"

The jehu drew himself up to his full five feet one.



International

Yes, and good luck to you, Anita! Here are Miss Stewart and her fiance, George Peabody Converse, whose engagement was announced not long ago. They are on the cow-catcher of the Fast Express to Happiness Land



An old leading man shows them how. Rowland V. Lee, directing "The Woman Who Needed Killing" for Paramount, demonstrates some new angles of the technique of amour to Neil Hamilton and the tigress, Baclanova

"Madame," he replied, with hauteur and things, "Rudolph Valentino once rode in this cab!"

BLAND JOHANESON, the clever girl who writes on pictures for *The New York Mirror*, has this to say—

"Even the midgets are going movie. I hear you had to wade around in 'em in Brooklyn last week. Warners had a troupe at the studio making an act.

"Before long Hubert's Trained Fleas will be the only legitimate actors on Broadway."

JANNINGS is going to pack his gutturals and his pet cook and go back to Germany, according to present reports.

One more Paramount picture remains to be released.

Thus the greatest character actor yet developed by the silent drama goes away from the capital of film-land, probably licked by an accent.

In Unser Emil the art of screen pantomime has reached its highest development. His astonishing art is almost reason enough for the struggling and finally triumphant growth [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74]

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.



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.



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.



Select the shampoo your hair needs — mail coupon and 10c for one sample (25c for set of all 3)

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-F, 101 West Thirty-First Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclose _____ cents. Send sample of

- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo 10c
- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo 10c
- Packer's Tar Soap 10c
- Set of all 3 25c
(check sample desired)

Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

Name _____

Address _____

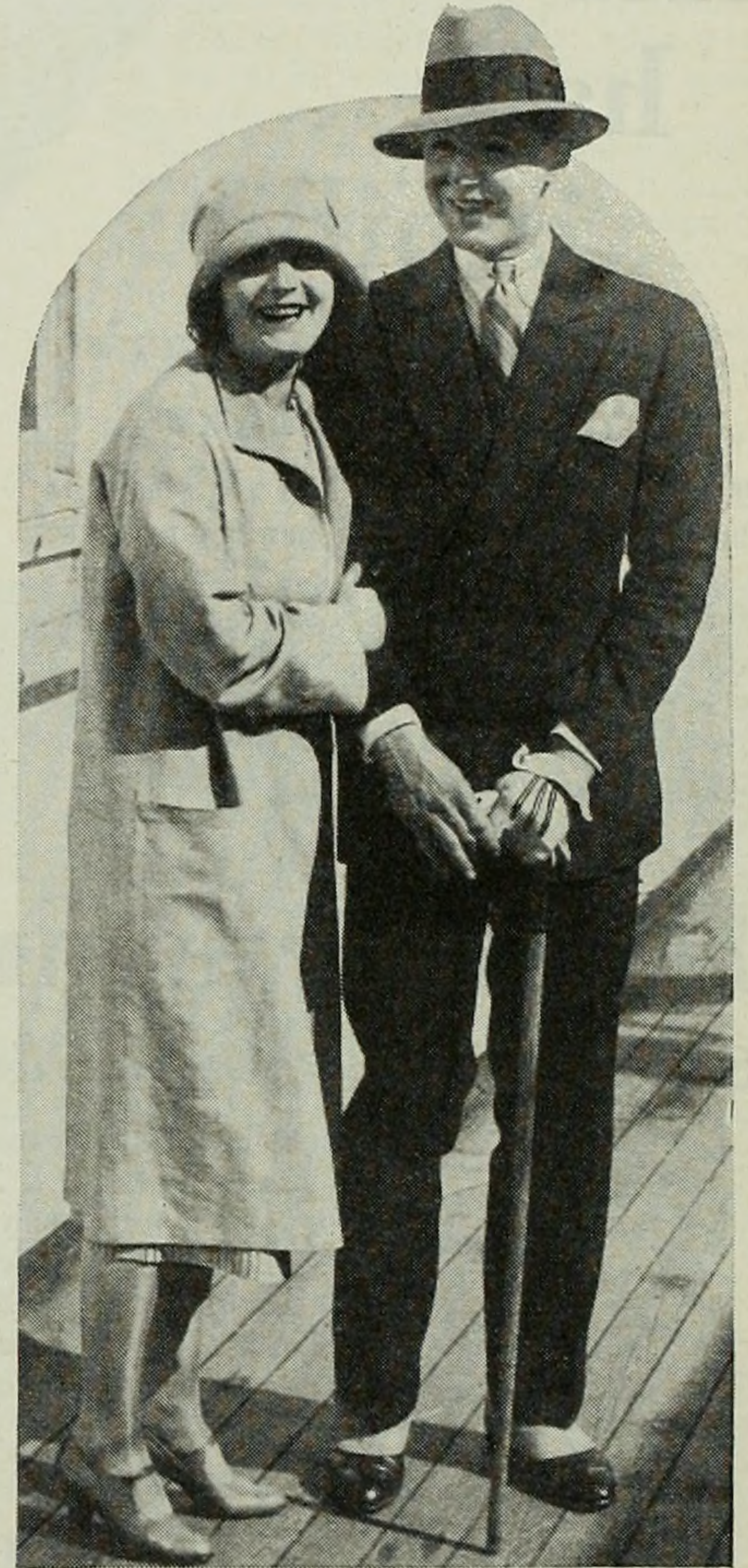
City _____ State _____

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]



All handshakers, but not quite able to make it. The Marx Brothers, four of Broadway's favorite clowns, make their talkie debut soon in Paramount's "The Cocoanuts." Their names? Oh, Zeppo, Groucho, Chico and Harpo, if you really care



International

Pola Negri and her young husband, Serge (he likes to be called Prince Mdivani), in happier times. Now the two have parted in Paris after disagreement over a new contract. Serge served as La Negri's manager

handsome police dog, and burned up. Who had the audacity to even touch the dog of the great Eagles? How dare he? And so on and so on and so on, ad nauseum. The next day this notice appeared on the bulletin board.

"NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES — Nobody working in this studio is permitted to speak to Miss Eagles' dog."

NILS ASTHER, who went wild with the orchids when Garbo fired a barrage, had to make a personal appearance.

His feminine fans found the stage door, and ganged the lad, demanding autographs, coat buttons and pats on the cheek.

Finally he broke away, and just as he leaped for safety, one of the ladies called "Oh, Nils!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

of the photoplay during the last twenty-five years. It alone practically justifies the silent screen in the face of the current caterwauling.

If it is really curtains for him in America, Emil Jannings can always look back at his Hollywood career with pride. He made one of the best of pictures, "The Patriot." His genius triumphed over some pretty skimpy stories—more than can be said for most foreign stars.

But whether he works here or in the Fatherland, let us hope that there will always be a silent screen tucked away somewhere where we can go and watch the enormous talent of this fine actor unfold in silence. He touches nothing that he does not adorn.

CHARLIE CHRISTIE, one of filmland's most famous and steadfast bachelors, has gone overboard with a splash that echoes throughout Hollywood and way up into the hill country.

The Christie boys have stood out for single cussedness against the assaults of some of the world's greatest beauties, but Frances Lee seems to have knocked over Charlie in a big way.

And now everyone expects a formal announcement of betrothal any day. One never knows about the old bachelors!

THERE'S a big laugh in one of the Jeanne Eagels stories that have slithered out of the Paramount Long Island plant.

One day she caught a stage-hand petting her

This is Edwina Booth's private beauty parlor and portable boudoir. The blonde beauty carried it along when she went to Africa with the company that is to film that famous best-seller fantasy, "Trader Horn"



Carefree Youth...

portrayed so charmingly on the screen by little Sue Carol and her sister "baby stars" . . . today builds soundly for life-long foot health and activity by wearing the smart, comfortable

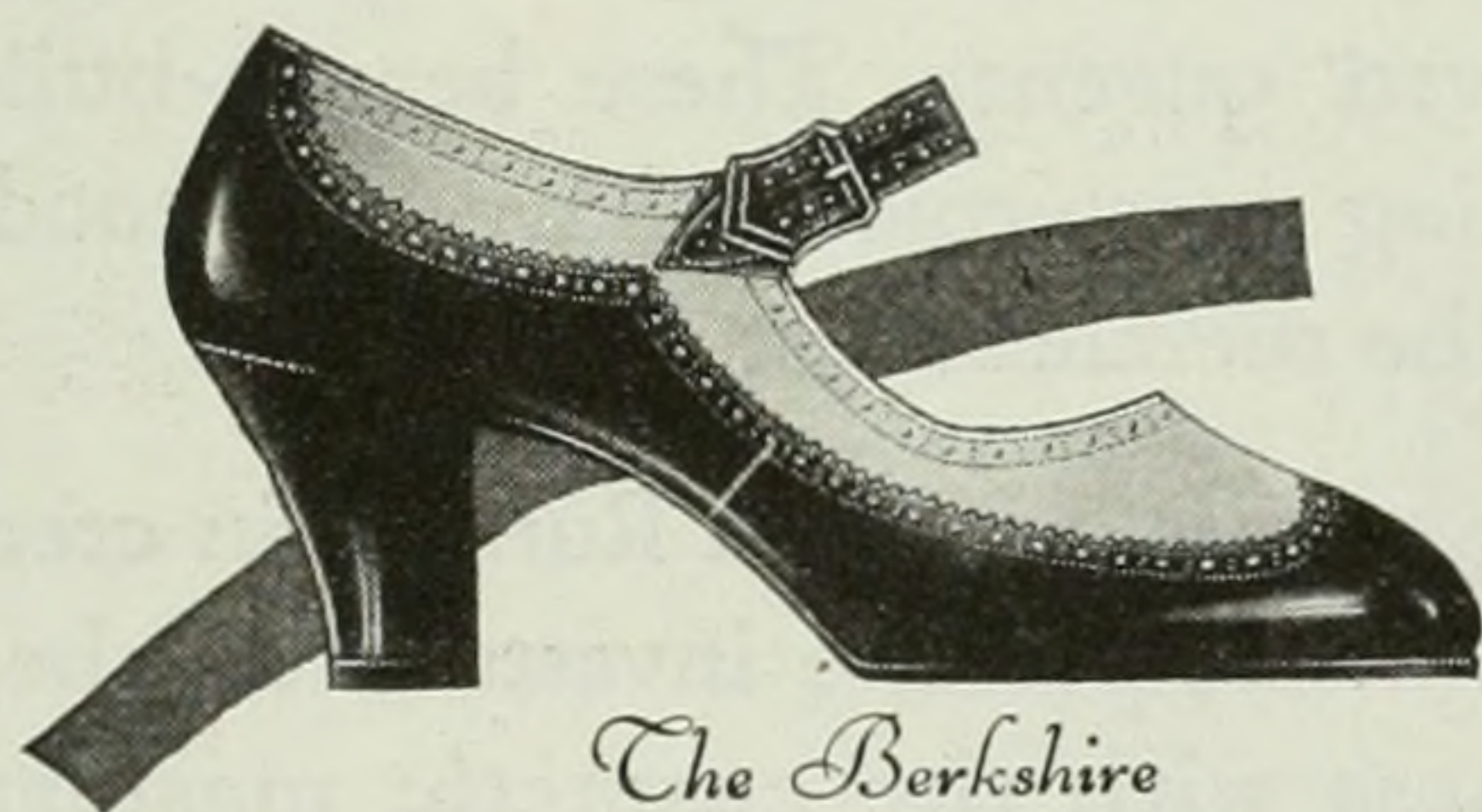
THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

STYLED by the Selby Studios in Paris and New York, these shoes have the advanced chic essential for the fashionable wardrobe of screen star and home girl alike.

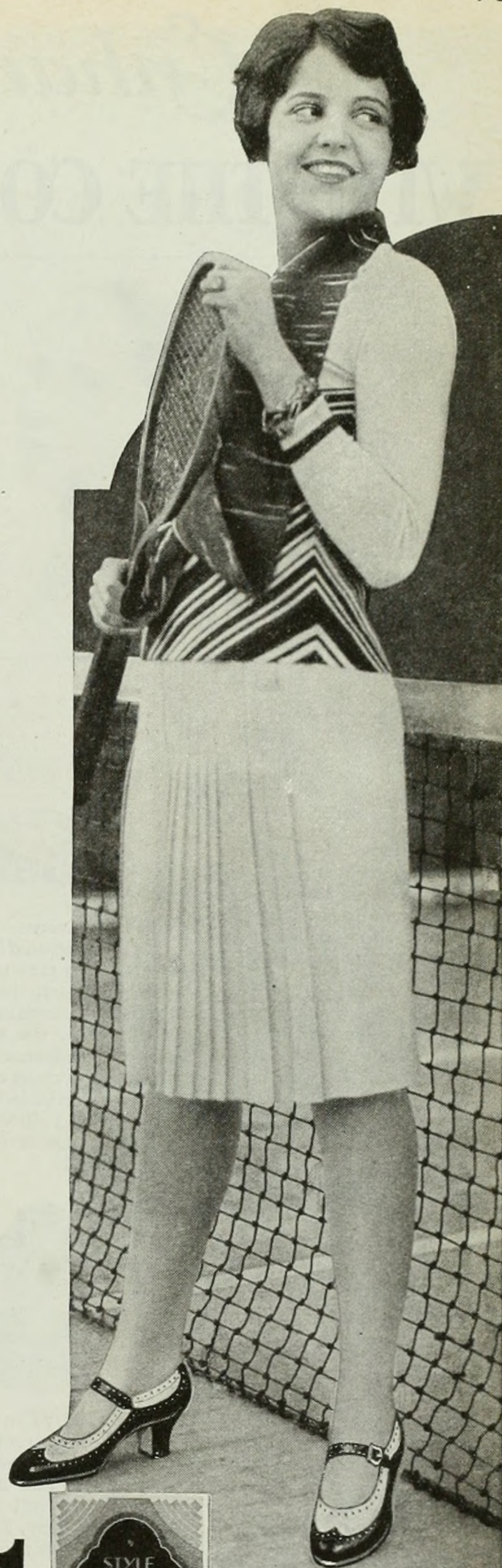
Having all the exclusive Arch Preserver built-in comfort features — which cannot be detected from the outer appearance of the shoe — they give tireless buoyancy to the busiest feet.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the advantages of the exclusive Arch Preserver features . . . the hidden arch-bridge, the flat inner sole, the metatarsal support, and the individualized heel-to-ball fitting . . . obtainable in no other shoes.

Or mail the coupon for complete informative booklet, with pictures of the latest Arch Preserver Paris Shoe styles.



The Berkshire



KEEPS THE FOOT WELL.
There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Sue Carol . . . "The Exalted Flapper" (Fox Film) both in reel and real life . . . shows her preference for the Berkshire model of Arch Preserver Shoes.



Mail this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Company, 182 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for New Free Booklet P-82, *Style and Comfort in Every Step*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest New York and Paris shoe styles.

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

Enhance Your Beauty

WITH THE COSMETIC MASTERPIECES

Mme.
Helena
Rubinstein



of Helena Rubinstein

Direct from her Paris Salons come these cosmetic inspirations. Direct from the ateliers of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the world's foremost Beauty Specialist. Make-up creations with an instant appeal for every woman—because they make beauty twice beautiful.

Here are powders, rouges, lipsticks—the purest, the finest in all the world—and the most flattering. They are the last word in the art of make-up. Here are the most distinctive, the most practical, the most elegant of all vanity cases. Here is a cream that is more than a cream—it is a *concentrated beauty treatment*. The same exquisite cosmetics that are used in Helena Rubinstein's Salons. Here are containers as exquisite as their contents!

For more than thirty years the creations of Helena Rubinstein have been bringing beauty to women in every walk of life—famous actresses, society leaders, members of royalty, even queens. These beauty-building and beauty-enhancing masterpieces have withstood the greatest test of all, the merciless test of time.

When you use a Helena Rubinstein creation you are making the wisest possible investment in beauty. Accent your loveliness with the cosmetic masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein! Your beauty deserves these things of beauty!

Helena Rubinstein

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Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at the better shops,
or direct from Dept. P6

Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's "VOICE OF BEAUTY"—over the National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations May 16, 30; June 13, 27; July 11, 25; and every second Thursday thereafter at 11:30 A. M., Eastern Standard Time. Intimate talks on the scientific care of your beauty. Consult local radio columns for future programs.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Cubist Lipstick—Indelible! You will marvel at its amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. In Red Raspberry for daytime and Red Geranium for evening 1.00



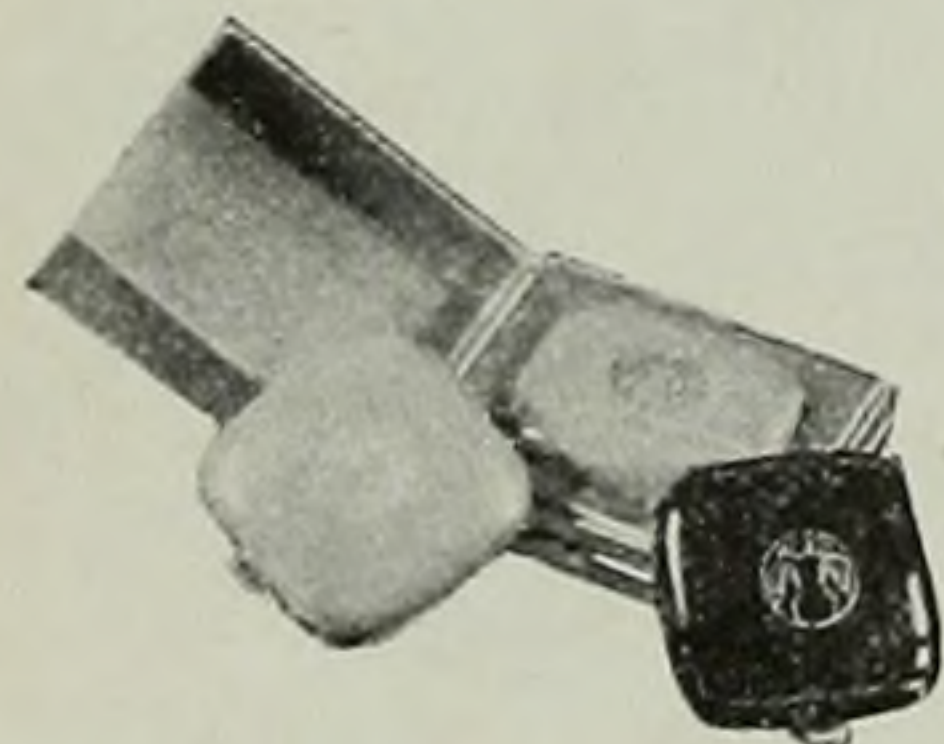
Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the concentrated beauty treatment. This rare unguent not only cleanses, but soothes, molds, revitalizes and protects. It lifts away the tired drawn look—it sculpts face and throat into clean-cut lines of youth. Particularly excellent for oily and disturbed skins. And a most effective make-up foundation! 1.00



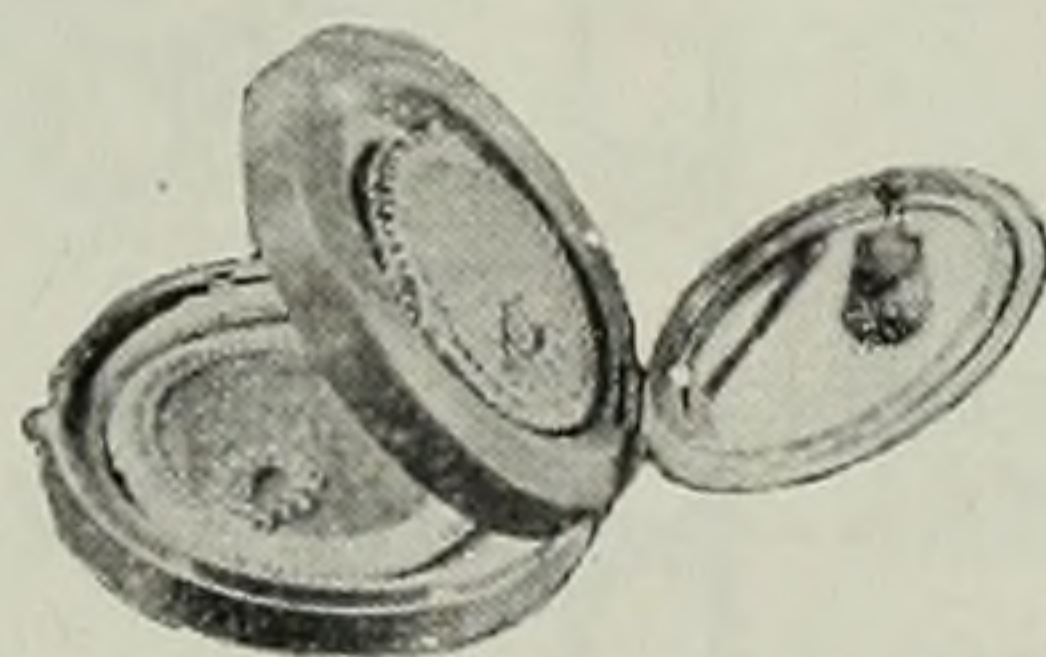
Water Lily Lipstick—a lipstick inspiration! Indelible too. And as enchanting in texture as in coloring. Red Ruby, the smart day shade—Red Cardinal, the striking evening shade 1.25



Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation—tints the skin a ravishing beach tan, is both sunproof and waterproof, and as lasting as you wish it to be! 2 oz. Bottle, 2.50, 1 oz. tube, 1.50. Irresistible with the modish Gypsy Tan Powder 1.00, 1.50



Water Lily Vanities—Masterpieces of the jeweler's craft. Despite their convenient size they contain a most generous amount of powder and rouge! Double Compacts 2.50, 3.00. Single Compacts 2.00, 2.50

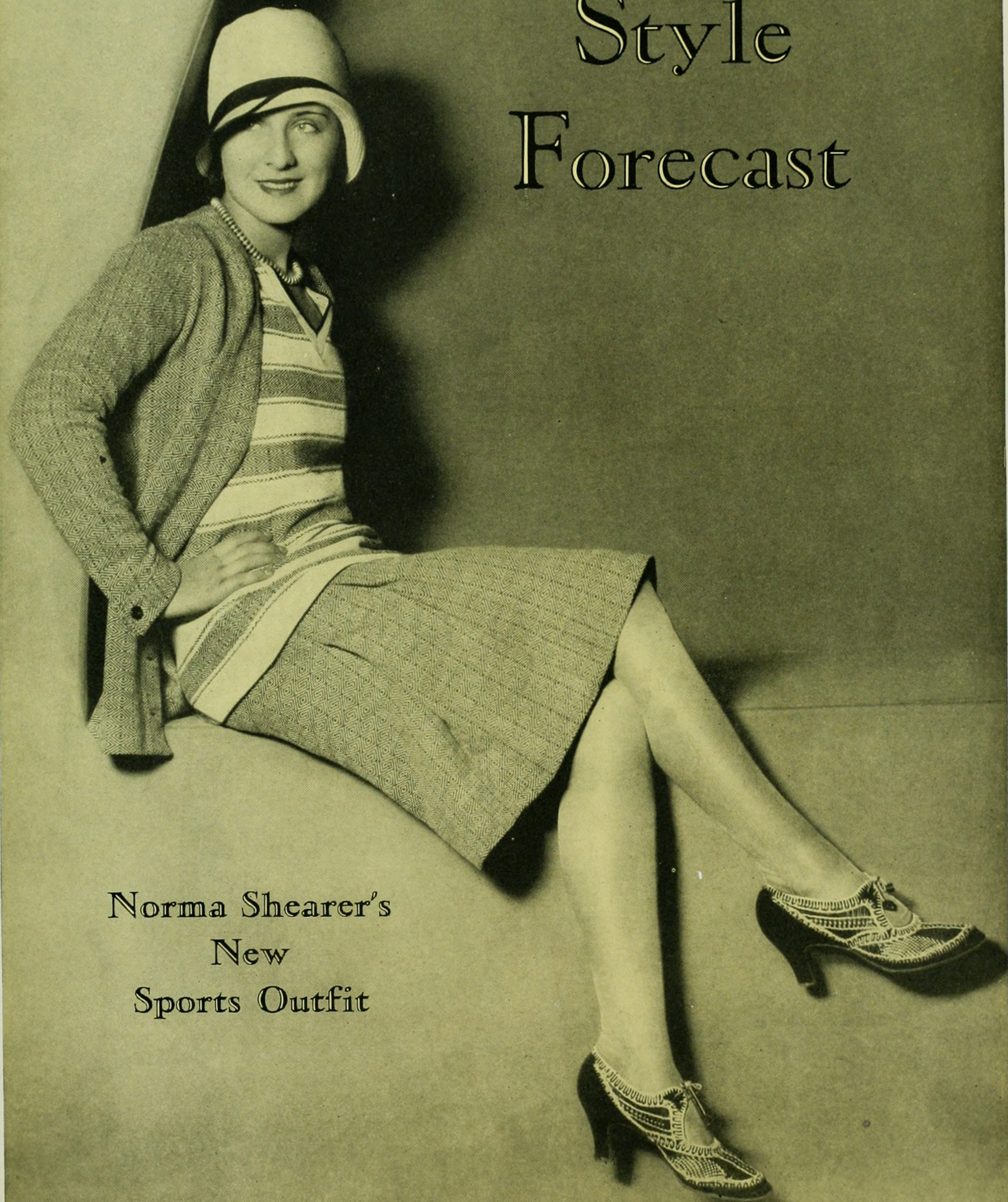


Loose Powder Vanity with Rouge—Chinese Red, Jade Green, or Jet Black Vanities containing a generous amount of Valaze powder in Natural or Rachel—with a convenient section in the top for Red Raspberry or Red Geranium Compact Rouge 1.50

Water Lily Combination Set—double compact with lipstick to match. Specially priced at 3.50

Water Lily Fashion Set—three double compacts in Chinese Red, Jade Green and Jet Black. One for each costume. Specially priced at 7.00

Photoplay's Summer Style Forecast



Norma Shearer's
New
Sports Outfit



Gay days and brilliant
nights **New modes**
and **Skinner's Crepes**

HERE comes summer with its call for color . . . and more color. And here are the new Skinner's Crepes, in all the lovely shades that Fashion favors.

For your sports frocks and evening gowns, these fabrics are the very last word. So admirably adapted to the latest, smartest styles that it seems as if those Paris designers had Skinner's Crepes in mind! Soft, rich, draping perfectly in slender lines, yet with that famed Skinner wearing quality.

Did you know you could now get charming ready-to-wear dresses in Skinner's Crepes? Always identify them by the Skinner ticket. Buy crepes by name—Skinner's—and be sure to "Look for the Name in the Selvage."

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Phila. San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments
ready-to-wear



look for the
Skinner ticket

“LOOK FOR

THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE”

A smart color combination is shown in this frock of Skinner's white crepe with red hat and short red jacket. Bias bands trim front of frock.

Skinner's Sunstar, a beautiful yellow crepe, makes this one-piece frock, which uses applied bands at neck and sleeves for trimming.

Photoplay's Style Forecast

LORETTA YOUNG'S delicate coloring is set off by pajamas of lustrous, supple pink satin. The lace panels and yoke of the jacket are in one piece. The long, wide sash is a new feature

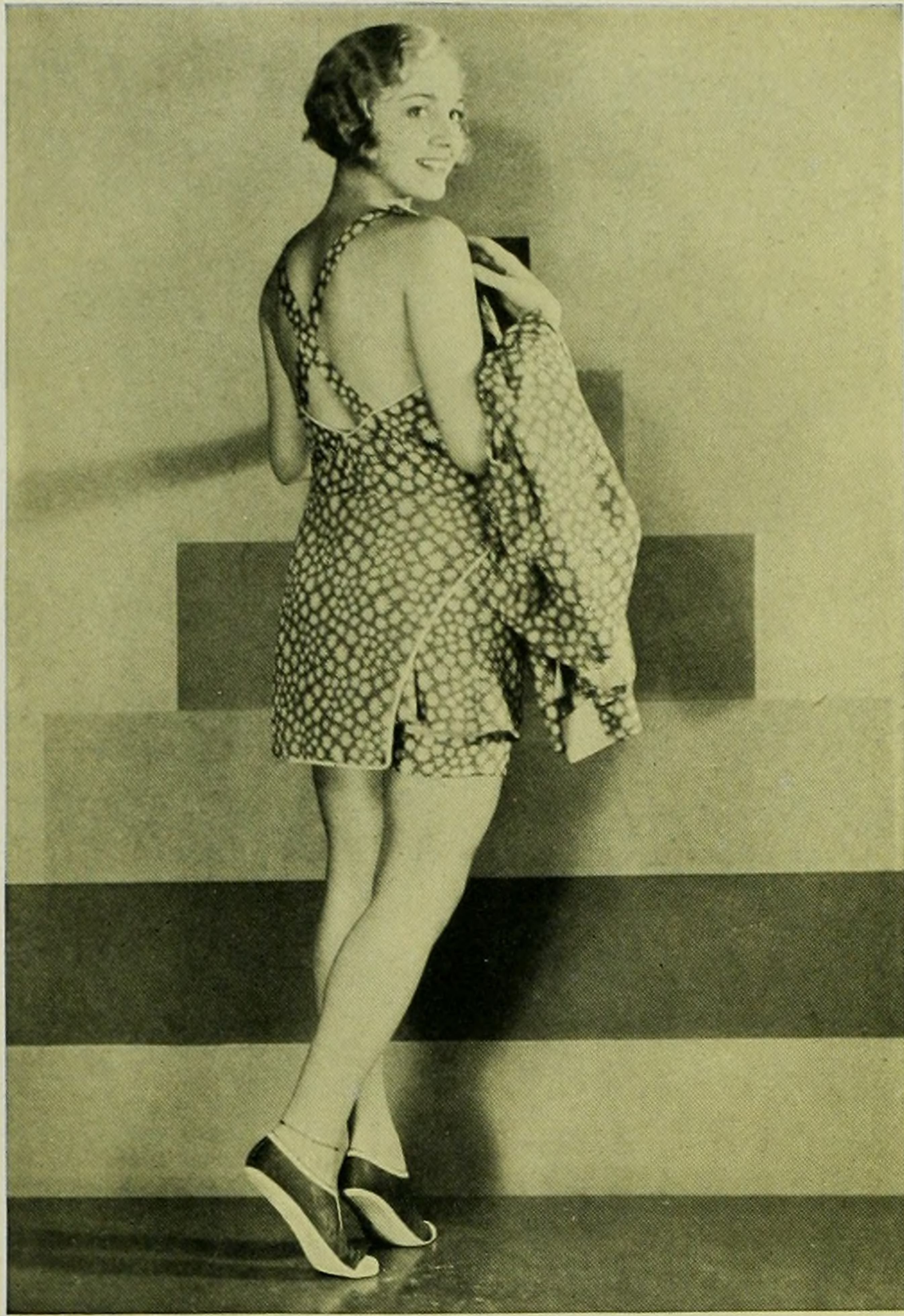


RUTH TAYLOR shows us that satin is the favored material for wedding gowns in the movies, as well as for really-truly brides



THE ever-popular and useful white flat crepe fashions this new princess dress which was designed for Thelma Todd. The wide scarf can be thrown loosely about the neck or transformed into a decorative little shoulder cape





DO you want a well-browned back and shoulders? Then wear this blue and white cotton bathing suit as Leila Hyams does here. But you don't want a sun bath? All right, just draw up the extra skirt panel, fasten it at the shoulders, and outwit Old Sol. There's a beach coat to match



JUNE COLLYER'S pink angora sports coat, also designed for her by Sophie Wachner of Fox Films wardrobe department, is distinguished by careful styling and seaming. The raglan sleeves have flared cuffs. The hat is of pink felt

PRINTED crepe de chine in red, pink and rose, with a tracery of green leaves, lends itself to the graceful lines of this frock which June Collyer chooses for afternoon wear. The coat is of rose kasha with a scarf of the print. A rose colored hat and shoes complete the color harmony. Designed by Sophie Wachner of Fox Films



Style Forecast

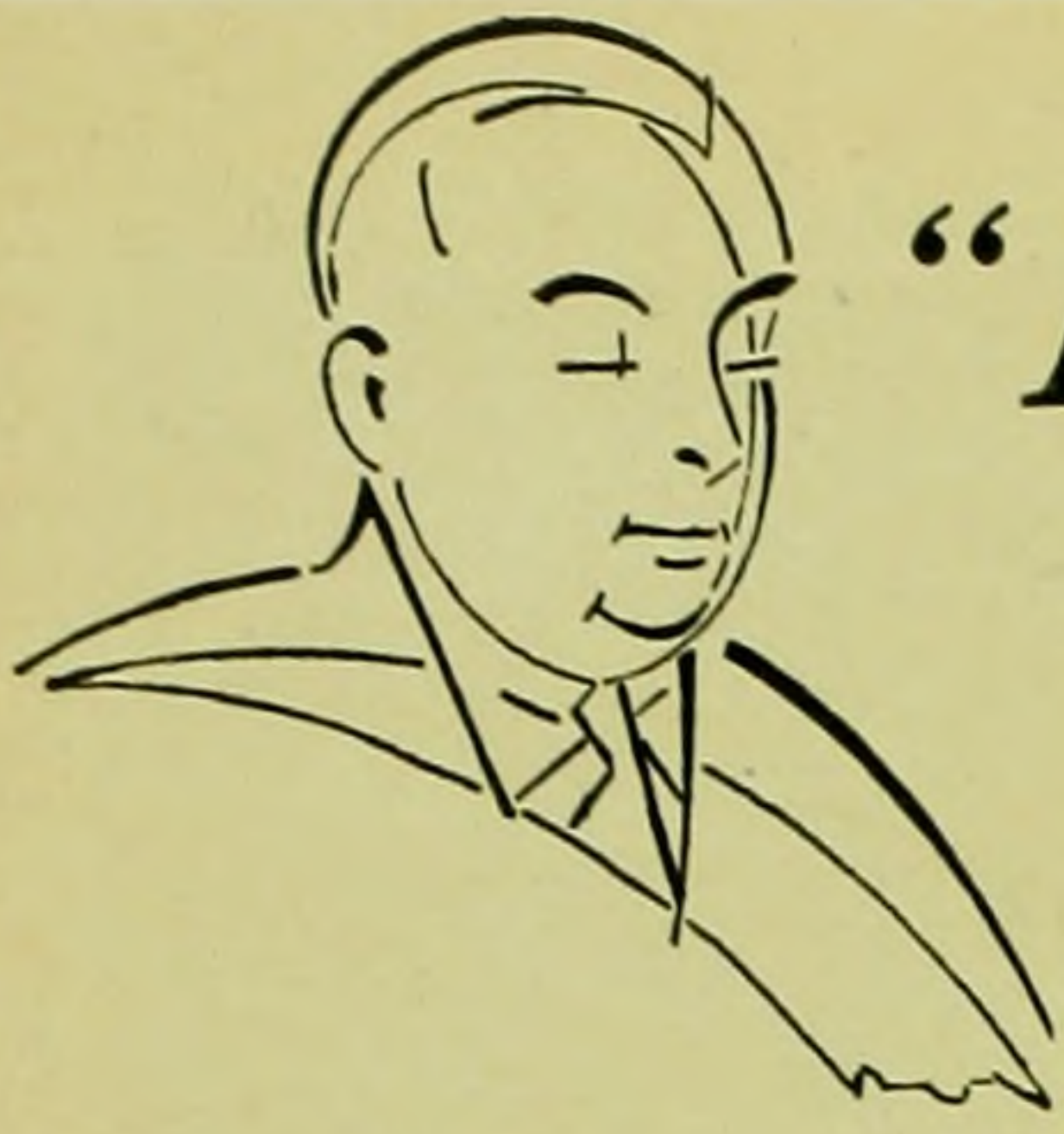
THAT now-classic phrase, "That's all there is—there isn't any more," applies perfectly to this Bergdorf-Goodman bathing ensemble of white flannel and jersey, with printed linen jacket in flame and white. Not for those who haven't Bessie Love's slender, girlish lines!



RAQUEL TORRES fills in the last word in swimming suits, one of those designed for both sand and water. The colors are white and navy blue, with a matching tam to cover the bathing cap. The Chinese beach sandals are very smart this season



BESSIE LOVE enhances the scenery along the Boulevard on summer afternoons in this Sally Milgrim model. The long blouse is modernistically patterned in several shades of blue. The skirt is of black satin. A sophisticated, off-the-forehead black hat, cobwebby gunmetal hosiery and stunning black satin pumps add the finishing touches

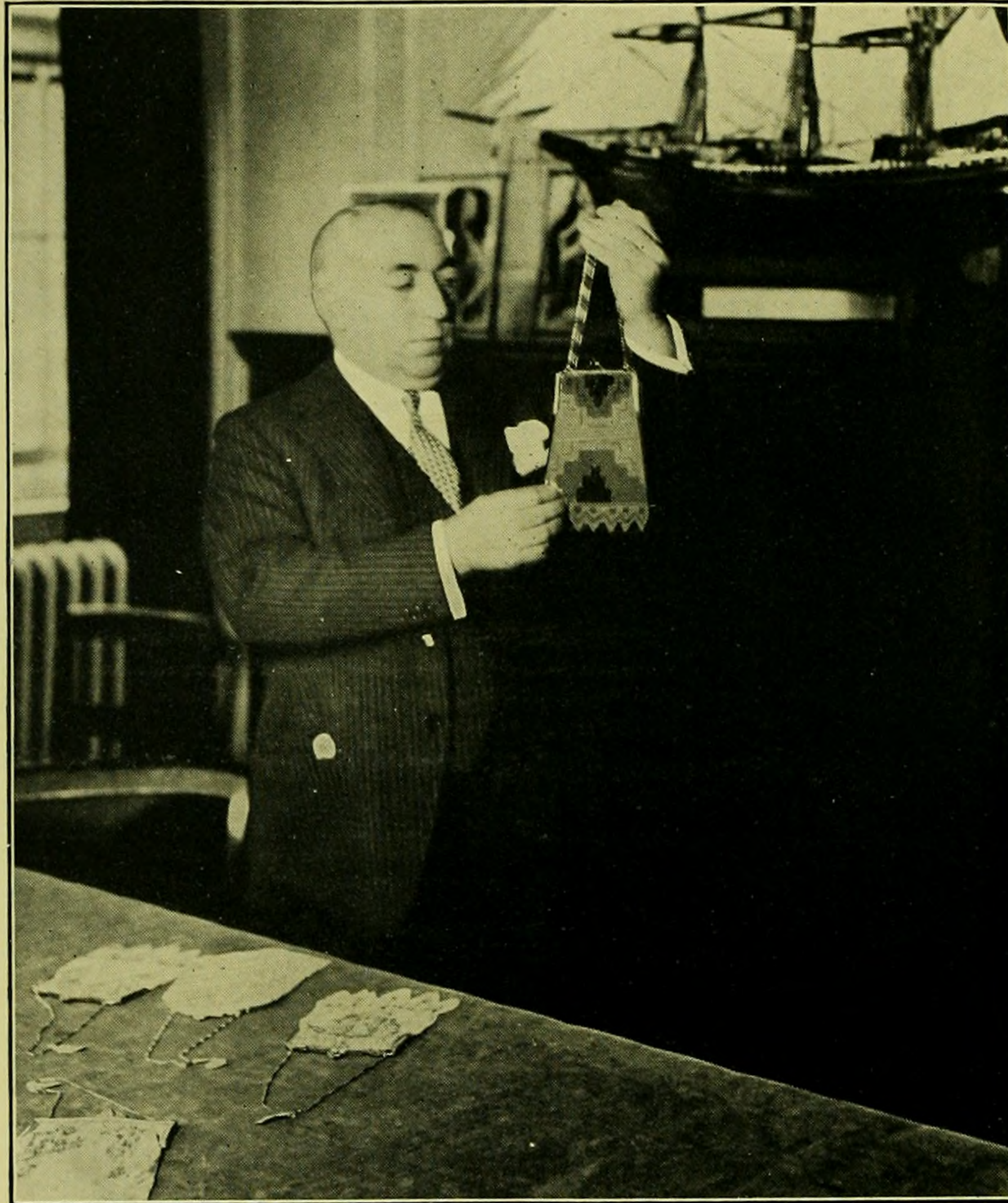


"I began designing Costume Bags"
 said PAUL POIRET,

"—because well dressed women made them important—vital accessories for every ensemble. Everywhere, they go hand in hand with fashion!"

Monsieur Paul Poiret

from a recent photograph made in the studio which he uses at the Plainville plant of the Whiting & Davis Company.



**For Gifts that Last
 Consult Your
 Jeweler**



Look for this trademark in miniature stamped on the frame of each genuine Whiting & Davis Costume Bag. It is the hallmark of excellence and stands for more than 50 years of creative craftsmanship.

To all followers of films and fashion we present Monsieur Paul Poiret in a new role . . . as the designer of a new and exclusive series of Whiting & Davis Costume Bags for every carefully planned costume ensemble from sport-tailleur tweeds to gay evening gowns.

Rare gifts! You will want one of these. Sombre-smart or sparkling with fantasy and color, each has that indefinable quality of

Parisian *allure* which this famous savant of fashion has always imparted to his creations.

Made with jeweler-craftsmanship, each accredited Paul Poiret model is a most flattering and enviable possession.

Ask for them at costume jewelry departments or write to Monsieur PAUL POIRET, care of our offices, for a FREE PORTFOLIO IN COLOR.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags—Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
 PLAINVILLE (NORFOLK COUNTY), MASSACHUSETTS
 In Canada: SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS

Photoplay's Style Forecast

THE vogue for costume jewelry has found no lovelier expression than in this simple but striking combination of pearl and gold beads, particularly when worn by a brunette of Miss Velez' vibrant type. The set consists of matching necklace, bracelet and earrings



FOR evening wear, Miss Velez carries a bag of Dresden enameled mesh, in colors to match her gown. Snake chain, gem set clasp and geometrical frame strike a modernistic note. Satin lined, with plain gold accessories

THE costume bag of mesh, in gold or silver, or enameled in colors to harmonize with the ensemble, is a lovely addition to the summer mode

Photoplay's Style Forecast



WITH such simple, dark lounging pajamas as Ruth Taylor is wearing, ornamented only by contrasting bands of material and a smart monogram, one can affect very swanky and colorful boudoir slippers. Ruth adores this pair, which are cut high in front, are richly brocaded, and edged with soft marabou



JOSEPHINE DUNN relaxes in a black and white pajama set, made with sleeveless jumper and wide-bottomed trousers. Her tailored slippers have black patent leather backs and soft green leather vamps. They are made with quilted lining, to insure the maximum of comfort. Incidentally, this is a stunning color scheme for both blondes and brunettes

WHEN Gwen Lee comes home after a hard day at the studio, she hops right out of her high-heeled pumps into a pair of softest quilted satin boudoir slippers, just made for the purpose of soothing tired feet and strained nerves. Odd little silk rosettes add charm to this particular pair, which match the color of her brocaded negligee, banded with shimmering satin





Now

You can be Slipper Smart
and supremely comfortable as well

NOT only "youth now flits on feathered feet"; women of all ages have learned that *comfortable feet make light feet*. Gay slippers have taken the place of shoes for house wear—slippers that are smart, restful, soothing to nerves as well as feet.

Here are beautiful slippers for every hour of your home day: glossy leathers, gleaming satins, velvets, brocades! Trim as a patrician foot; sophisticated as the Rue de la Paix.

To assure yourself of all that is correct in a slipper—the not-to-be-copied, in-built excellence of finest

materials and modern styling—ask for Daniel Green Slippers. For 47 years Daniel Green has been slipper maker to the world!

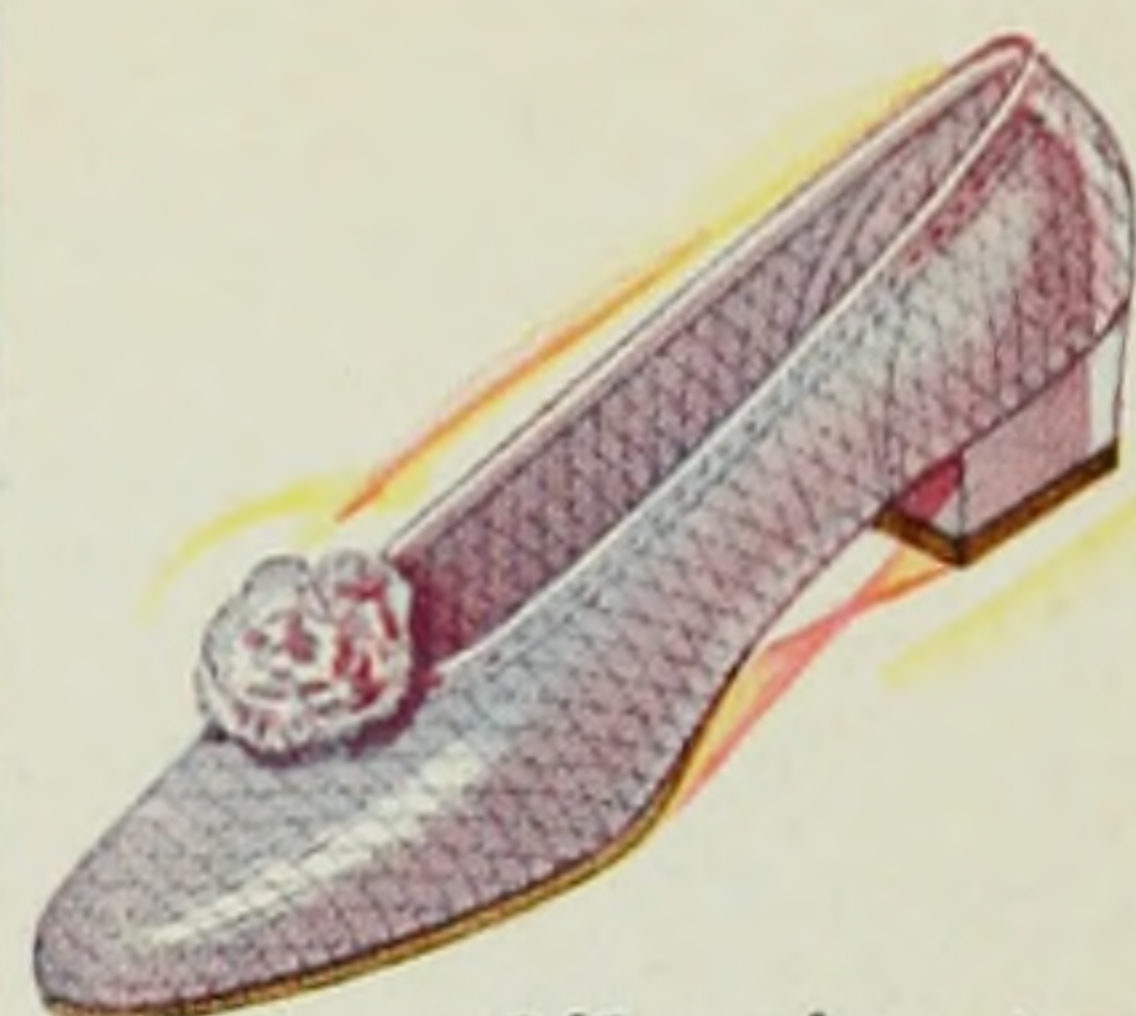
Now wherever you live or travel you may enjoy Daniel Green Slippers. You'll find they retain their shape, look better, wear longer. Footwear may be fashioned to resemble Daniel Green Slippers, but unless it bears the name "Daniel Green" you have no guarantee of equal quality—the combination of fine material and expert workmanship which has made Daniel Green the *standard of slipper value*.

DANIEL GREEN SLIPPERS
 Dolgeville, N. Y.

\$2⁵⁰ to \$6⁵⁰
and upwards

Daniel Green
Guaranteed
Slippers

SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD



Of Lavender satin—diamond-quilted inside and out—covered wood heel.



A dainty D'Orsay in Apricot satin that might grace the foot of a queen.



To complete the gorgeous costume—gay Paisley, Apricot lined.



A boudoir D'Orsay that steps out smartly in Red and Black—lined in Gold.



To enhance the most charming ensemble—a rich Blue leather, Champagne lining.



Among all the famous Comfys "father's favorite." Patent leather trimmed—leather lined.



A Comfy popular with men of all ages—calf with padded Chrome sole.



A Comfy to delight the heart of any child—Green with a padded Chrome sole.



Joan Crawford, too, has a "Personality" Bedroom
 . . . its color scheme centers on her new

**Lady
 PEPPERELL
 COLORED**

SHEETS and PILLOW CASES

RED HAIR—with glints of gold; eyes as velvet-blue as pansies—of course Joan Crawford finds orchid her most becoming, most *personal* color. So the keynote of her most personal room is Lady Pepperell's delicious *orchid* sheets and pillow cases.

What is the best color for *you*? What are you happiest wearing? Make your bedroom as individual as yourself by dressing your bed in that becoming color. There are fine, light, Lady Pepperell sheets firmly woven and scientifically dyed in lovely

lasting tones of peach, rose, shell pink, maize, orchid, Nile green, and blue...and white too, of course. You can find them at all the best stores.

A mere ten cents brings you the fascinating new booklet: "Personality Bedrooms." It suggests dozens of practical schemes for bedroom decorations and shows what bedroom colors are most becoming to your own type.

© P. M. Co. 1929

	PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY 155 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS Please send me the new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents). Name Street..... Town and State.....

How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

corner a gold hand-painted oriental desk, in another a huge red lacquer cabinet surmounted by two rare Japanese figures, covered in glass. Dainty Japanese prints adorn the walls here and there—and then one whole wall of books, for every room is a library in Charlie's house. Upon the top of this bookcase stand various vases and bits of precious bric-a-brac. The walls are white everywhere—excepting only the dining room. A Japanese teakwood table in the center of the reception room, with black, gold and soft green shadings. A big fireplace, with a huge brass coal bucket . . .

THERE are three chairs which have an antique effect, but in spite of the apparent mixture of modern America, Japan, and these old French chairs, the room gives an impression of perfect taste and harmony. A radio stands on a dainty table in one corner. Lights are cleverly arranged for both beauty and seeing. And always those gorgeous French windows leading out to the garden, and from the hill top to the sea beyond.

The dining room is more sombre—mahogany walls, straight backed mahogany upholstered chairs, three long narrow sideboards, a lovely inlaid table—all the wood matching exquisitely. Here again a fireplace—but no grate in it. A clock stands on the mantel, which chimes the hours. Upon one sideboard a lovely silver tray and tea set brought from England, with a mirror behind it to reflect back its charms. Two tall silver candlesticks, with yellow candles, stand on either side. On another sideboard, a huge silver platter of choice fruits. French windows leading out onto the lawn, draped in the same soft brocade used in the reception room, chastely tied back into fluted folds.

HERE dinner is served at 8 p. m., the fashionable hour. When Charlie is entertaining, the usual fancy six-course dinner is served, but Charlie's preference is for lamb stew. That's his favorite dish . . . but you may guess it is no ordinary stew. Charlie likes puddings too—custard puddings, cabinet puddings, boiled puddings, better than all the fancy desserts you can offer him.

This masculine household is run by Kono, a Japanese servant of fifteen years' standing, who was formerly Charlie's chauffeur. Now he is major-domo with full powers over five other Japanese male servants—James, the chauffeur; Frank, the butler;

Harry, the inimitable cook; a cook's helper, who is also upstairs man; and the cook, Tom, who takes care of the lunches at the studio. In addition to these there is a white gardener, whose father was a famous nursery man.

Kono has seen Charlie through all his triumphs and tribulations, he is more a familiar spirit than a servant.

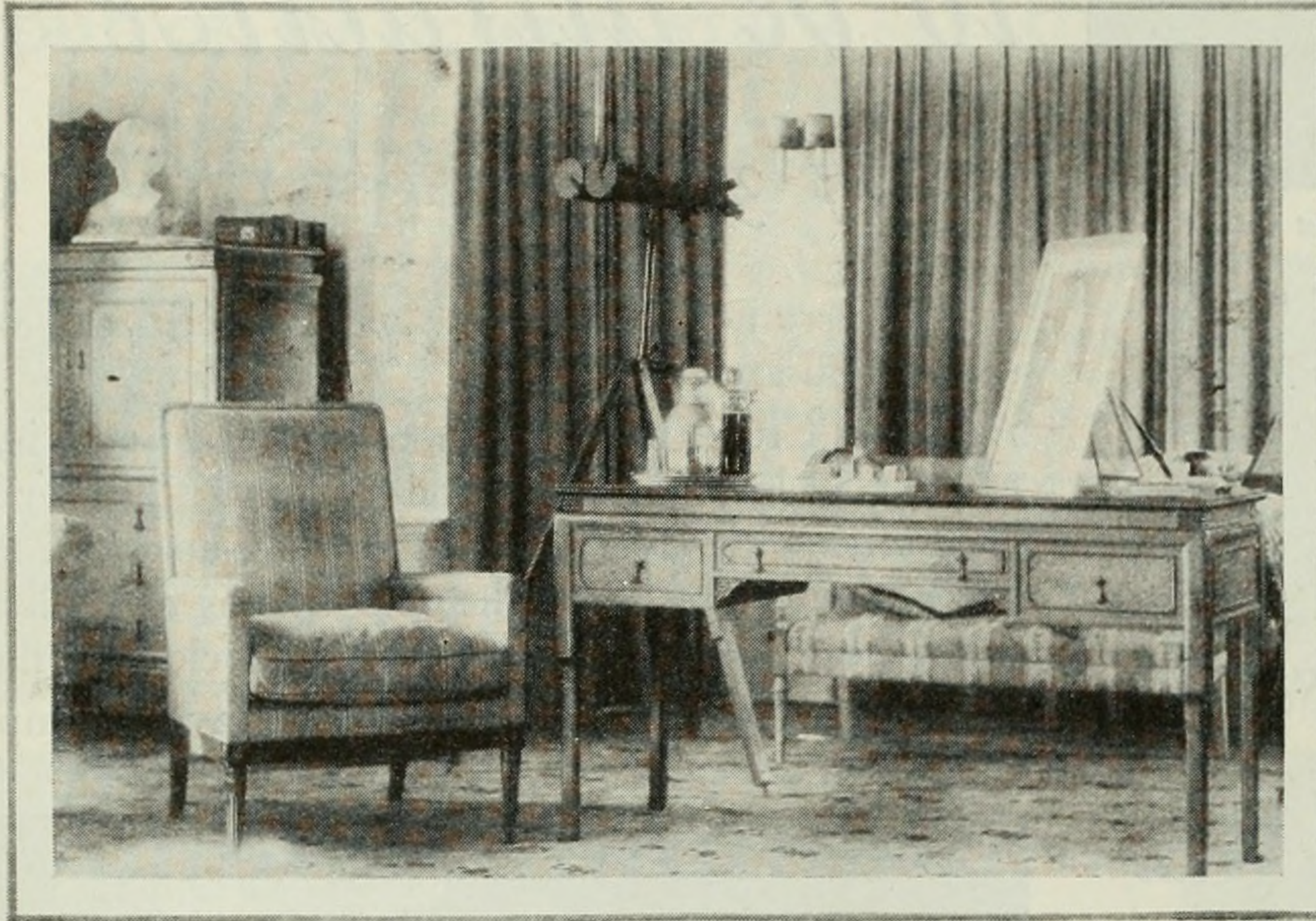
Life would be insupportable for Charlie without Kono, who understands and respects his every mood and stands prepared to defend him against the world, and even bear up staunchly in the face of successive wives, mothers-in-law, relations—and inquisitive reporters. In any crisis the latter have always found Kono the immovable, unbribable guardian. Rob Wagner says most picture stars are robbed and cheated by their servants—but Kono sees that Charlie does not come in that category.

Charlie probably pays his servants extra well, because they all stay with him—excepting only chauffeurs. Charlie has had five chauffeurs in as many months. But then, unlike Kono, they can't wait 13 hours with patient fortitude without getting nervous and grouchy—and saying so. Kono once waited from 1:00 in the afternoon to 3:30 the following morning for Charlie, without a murmur of reproach. Likewise Charlie gets irritable, as geniuses will, and bids them hasten, and then they get tagged and hauled into court . . . and they cannot stand the strain. Kono never, never got tagged. He evidently knows how to hasten with discretion.

AS it is, Charlie is a difficult master. For instance, he will have someone ring up the house from the studio to say he is bringing 30 guests home to dinner. This at 4 p. m. No wonder there are three huge ice-boxes in that house! That would be bad enough, but he has been known to call the party off at 7 p. m.—just about the time everything has been prepared . . . Yes, it is just as well it is Kono and Harry . . . wives take too long to

train to that sort of thing.

In Charlie's pantry, the glassware is modern, good, adequate . . . nothing magnificently imported from abroad, none of the sort of thing that creates hysterics when one gets broken. His dishes are the best Haviland, white, with plain gold rims. His table silver was brought back from Berlin when he made his trip to Europe—a huge case [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



A corner of Charlie's bedroom. Here is his huge telescope; here his big dictionary lies open in readiness on its stand. The picture on the table is inscribed: "To Charlie from Dickie and Edwina Mountbatten." The general color scheme is a soft green

THIS is the second of a series of visits to the homes of Hollywood's nobility, the famous stars to whom we all bend the knee. Last month we toured the Pickfair estate. Next month we will make a third journey to one of the fascinating homes in the film colony. And there are more to come.



A screen star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth under the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for the close-up.

Lux Toilet Soap
has been made the official
soap in all the great
film studios . . .

Hollywood discovered long ago that unless a girl's skin showed velvety smooth on the screen, her charm didn't "get across" to the great movie audiences.

Consequently, of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. *Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap.*

JEANETTE LOFF, beautiful Pathé star, in the lovely bathroom which shows strikingly the modernistic trend in design so the vogue in Hollywood.

Like nine out of ten screen stars, she uses Lux Toilet Soap.

She says: "My skin is my greatest consideration—I must keep it perfect. I never travel without carrying Lux Toilet Soap. No matter what climate my pictures take me to, I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin enviably smooth."

Jeanette Loff

*"A girl must have
to be attractive . . ."*

Say 39 foremost movie directors

It is so very noticeable—how *effortlessly* the girl or woman with clear, satiny skin attracts people!

As James Cruze, prominent movie director puts it, voicing the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors: "Few people can resist the spell of smooth lovely skin. The close-up is the final test of a screen star's popularity. Only the skin that is exquisitely smooth and fine will appear beautiful under the blazing close-up lights."

It is for this reason that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

exquisite smooth skin

9 out of 10 screen stars say things like
this about Lux Toilet Soap



Betty Compson says: "Only the most satin-smooth skin is considered 'studio skin'. I'm delighted with the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for my skin."

Betty Compson



Marie Prevost says: "A soap as delightful as the fine soaps of Paris! And Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such satiny smoothness!"

Marie Prevost



Doris Kenyon says enthusiastically: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly gives my skin that lovely smoothness we mean by 'studio skin'."

Doris Kenyon



Vera Reynolds says: "A star must have the smoothest skin in the world. Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like satin."

Vera Reynolds



Patsy Ruth Miller says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the same lovely texture fine French soaps do."

Patsy Ruth Miller



Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a lovely bloom — exquisite enough to be 'studio skin'."

Dorothy Sebastian



Alice White, First National star, says: "Only a beautiful skin can survive the close-up! Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous for my skin."

Alice White



Ruth Taylor, Paramount player, says: "I guard my skin as my most priceless possession and know that Lux Toilet Soap treats it gently."

Ruth Taylor

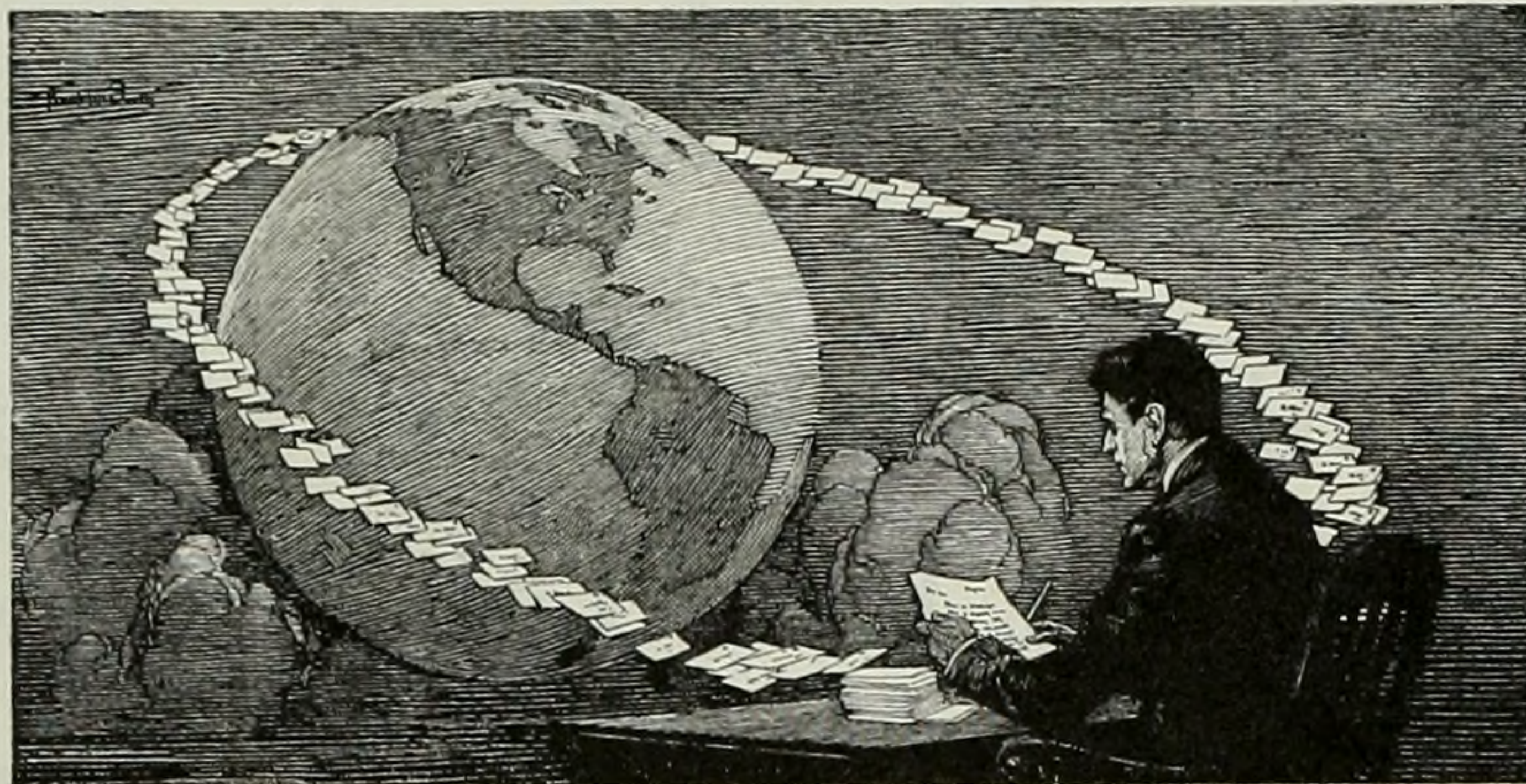
Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now **10¢**

LUX Toilet Soap

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

DOROTHY MILLER, DETROIT, MICH.—Charles Eaton was the handsome lad who played opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "The Ghost Talks." He was born in Washington, D. C., nineteen years ago and has blond hair and blue eyes. He has three sisters, Mary, Pearl and Doris Eaton who are stage stars.

M. L. K., NARBERTH, PA.—You win. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are not married to each other. Jack is married to Evelyn Winans and Dorothy is divorced from Lothar Mendes. I hope your father won't come looking for me because I decided the argument in your favor.

F. S. C., HARRISBURG, PA.—"Lights of New York" was the first one hundred per cent talkie picture. Since coming to America, Greta Garbo has appeared in "The Torrent," "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," "The Divine Woman," "The Mysterious Lady," "A Woman of Affairs," and "Wild Orchids."

M. P., MILAN, ITALY—Charlie Chaplin was born in London, England, on April 16th, 1889. That will settle the question of his nationality.

ORA WORMAN, OGDEN, UTAH—Welcome to our midst. There is always room for a newcomer. That "certain young man," William Bakewell, was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on May 2nd, 1908. He is five feet, eleven and one quarter inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Have you seen him with Alice White in "Hot Stuff"?

"CARROTTS," PETERSBURG, ALASKA—Yoo-hoo! Away up there. Bet I know how you got your name. William Haines is twenty-nine years old, six feet tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. He is still fancy free.

G. W. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Greta Nissen is twenty-four years old, five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. At this writing she is appearing in vaudeville.

K. F., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Yes, Victor McLaglen is married. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland. Richard Arlen has a brand new mustache. What ever made you think it was the shadow of his nose? Richard, please make a note of this.

MRS. A. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Alice Calhoun's first husband was Mendel B. Silberburg. William Russell's first wife was Charlotte Burton. Helen Ferguson was his second wife. That was Helen's first marriage. Mildred Davis is twenty-eight years old and Richard Arlen is about thirty.

BEGINNING with this issue, PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

If any of your favorites are among the missing, it is because they are free-lancing.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 104 before writing in to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

A. NELSEN, JAMAICA, N. Y.—You are right, Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino played in "The Son of the Sheik." Vilma Banky played the part of the dancing girl.

Are They Engaged or Are They Not?

THAT is the most talked of subject this month.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon have announced their engagement.

Some time ago Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper announced their engagement. Now Lupe denies that she will ever marry.

When Mary Brian was caught wearing Buddy Rogers' fraternity ring, she was reported engaged to him. Neither Mary nor Buddy will own up to it.

Then we have the case of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Friends claim they are married, but Joan and Doug say that they are only engaged.

Now that Sue Carol has received her divorce from Allan Keefer, we may look forward to her engagement to Nick Stuart.

When Greta Garbo came back from Sweden reports were she returned to marry John Gilbert.

Because Marceline Day acted as nurse for Richard Dix when he was ill, their engagement was reported. Neither confirms it.

GENEVIEVE KING, N. Y. C.—Joan Crawford's life story ran in the September, October and November, 1928, issues of PHOTOPLAY. You can obtain them by sending twenty-five cents for each one, to our office at 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

MAX MEIERE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—H. B. Warner's initials mean Henry Byron. He is fifty-one years old. The "Q" in Anna Nilsson's name stands for Querentia. William de Mille is older than Cecil B. De Mille. Norma Shearer came forth from Montreal, Canada, and gives her birthdate as August 10th, 1904. Address your letter to the Brickbats and Bouquets Department, 221 West 57th St., New York City.

"ABIE," EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, mother was known as Beth Sully before she married Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. After she was divorced from him she married James Evans, a Pittsburgh broker. Later she was divorced from him and the courts granted her permission to resume the name of Fairbanks.

C. E. H., NORTH BRANFORD, CONN.—Your boy friend isn't much of a judge of ages. Can anyone imagine cute little Nancy Carroll as being thirty-seven years old when she really is only twenty-two? There are twelve children in Nancy's family. The sister you refer to is married and has given up the stage.

"GUNNY"—John Loder was born in London, England, on March 1st, 1898. He is six feet, three inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He entered the movies in 1926.

C. V. MARTINO, STAMFORD, CONN.—Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., about forty-six years ago and was christened Alonzo Chaney. His latest picture is "Thunder" and Phyllis Haver has the feminine lead.

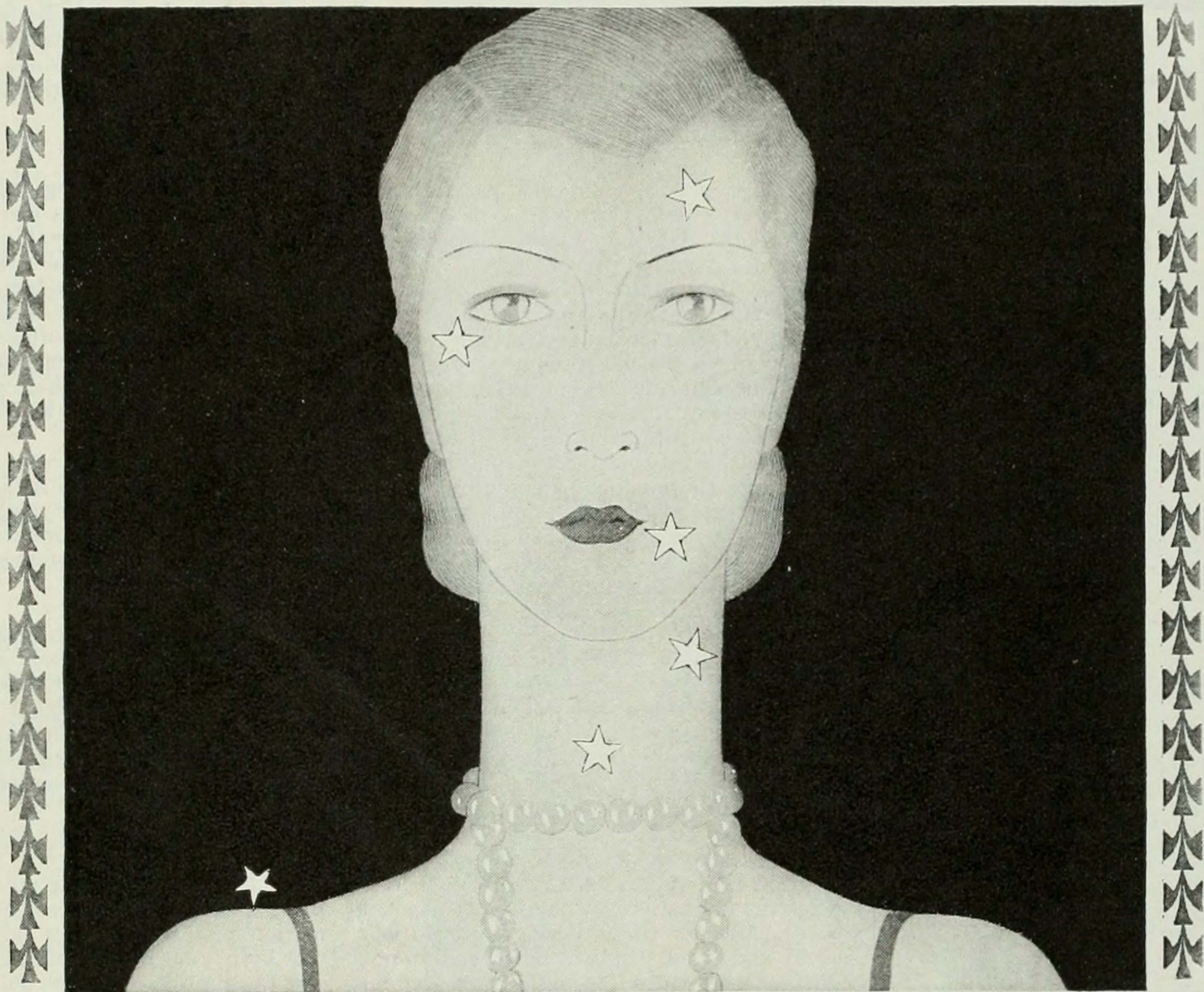
CECELIA JOHNSTONE, CHICAGO, ILL.—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 29th, 1892. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one son. His latest picture is "The Greene Murder Case." Bill's fan following certainly has increased since the beginning of the "talkies."

J. W., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Baclanova is a real Russian, having come forth from Moscow. Tell your friend that her accent is genuine and not "put on," as he claims. I have no record of her making a picture in which she wore a black wig. Your friend must have someone else in mind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

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"



Use This Mannequin as a Chart to Examine Your Own Skin

KEEP your skin healthy and it's certain to be lovely.

Guard especially the six spots starred on the Ingram Mannequin. They are the places where tiny lines form most easily, where imperfections are most quickly seen by every one you meet.

These six starred places can be such traitors. Regardless of birthdays, they speak of age. And how much they tell of the condition of your skin!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, slightly therapeutic in its effect, takes care of your skin as no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but its special virtue is that it brings to all women who use it, a smoothness of skin hitherto unknown. It is perfect against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is the indispensable

- ★ 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 aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- ★ 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, 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.

cream to those women who value highly the smooth, clear texture of their skin.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Follow the simple directions which come with it. Use this cream faithfully for one month and notice how your skin improves in tone and texture.

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 69, 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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



HANDBAG QUALITY

To find the Meeker Made imprint in the leather of the bag, billfold or other item being selected is all one needs to know about the value of the article.

Meeker Made leather goods are the smartest in genuine imported steerhide. Frames and accessories are the latest creations. Designs by Meeker artists are in harmony with the prevailing mode. Meeker craftsmen who tool, hand-color and hand-lace this carefully selected leather are ever conscious of the high standard set for this mark.

Look for it! Insist upon its being in the handbag you purchase. It will mean, besides its enduring and increasing beauty, long service and satisfaction.

At the better dealers everywhere.

MEEKER MADE

handbags—underarm bags—
vanities, for women; billfolds
—key and cigarette cases, for
men; also other gift novelties
in leather.

THE MEEKER CO.

Inc.

JOPLIN, MO.

*Largest manufacturers
of Steerhide Leather
Goods in the U. S. A.*



Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Of course your own judgment and preferences will suggest changes and additions to this list. And don't think that everything you take with you has to be new and bought especially for the occasion. Perhaps you have a dress from last year that has faded and of which you have tired. There are many excellent tints and dyes on the market that are easy to use and will bring new life to your clothes. Sometimes a different color makes an old dress seem like a new one. The advertising columns of this magazine will give you helpful suggestions along these lines.

AND last, but surely not least, provide yourself with a small electric iron, designed for the traveller. This is your insurance against mussed and drooping frocks.

You do not tell me whether you are dark or fair, whether your skin is dry or oily. But I can give you a few general suggestions for protecting your complexion without sacrificing any of the fun and freedom of being outdoors. Here, again, PHOTOPLAY's advertising columns will provide valuable hints.

You will have to be careful the first week. Don't make the mistake of going out on the beach with skin and hair unprotected. Absorb the sun and wind gradually, so that your tan comes naturally and painlessly, a little at a time. A bad sunburn can spoil your whole vacation and make no end of beauty treatments necessary to repair its damages.

Take along with you plenty of your favorite cold cream. If your skin is dry, you will want a heavy cream; if oily, use a light cream that is easily removed. Rub it well into the skin before going out in the morning, and whenever you feel the need of freshening. Remove the surplus cream and pat powder carefully over every bit of your face and neck. You might use a heavier powder than you are accustomed to during the winter, as it will cling better. One of the attractive new sun-tan shades is a wise selection for the girl who wants to look healthy and tanned and yet keep her skin protected for the months to come, when a deep tan may not seem so desirable. Choose a shade that is not too much darker than your complexion, at least until the skin itself has become slightly darkened, as it inevitably will at the shore. But you won't resent that. Everyone likes the light tan that betokens a healthy, out-of-doors life and brings sparkle to the eyes and a glow to the skin. And it disappears quickly in the fall, with no bad after-effects.

IF you like a skin tonic or an astringent you will find it delightfully refreshing after a day in the open. After you have creamed your face, preparatory to dressing for the evening, wipe the cream away with pads of cotton dipped into hot water.

This will thoroughly cleanse the skin. Cream the skin lightly again, and this time remove with clean pads of cotton dipped into the astringent or tonic.

But remember that external care is not enough to insure a good complexion. Watch your diet; drink plenty of water. Don't over-exercise, especially at first. Don't make the mistake of so many girls, who feel that unless they are doing something every single minute they are wasting part of their vacation. Sit back in a rocking chair now and then and let the world go by. Sandwich in a little nap during the afternoon, either after lunch or before dressing for dinner. If you swim, play tennis or golf or ride, begin gradually and never go past the point where you can carry on without a sense of strain.

Relaxation and stimulation are the principal ingredients in the recipe for a happy, healthy and successful vacation. Measure out the right proportions, mix well, and flavor to taste!

BILLY:

If the oculist has prescribed glasses for you, by all means continue to wear them. Properly fitted glasses will not detract from your looks. Going without them when they are needed results in eye strain, which brings lines and often causes one to squint, even when it does not do greater harm. The wearing of glasses is a mere detail of one's appearance and the well groomed girl who dresses correctly and becomingly need never give them a moment's thought.

BOBBY L.:

You say you find long hair uncomfortable and unbecoming, and yet you hesitate to have it cut again because you think bobbed hair is going out of style! While there is no doubt that the shoulder length bob is popular now, and many girls have let their hair grow long enough to pin up in a soft knot, there is also no doubt that bobbed hair has not gone out. Nor is it likely to, for those people who have found it easy to care for and becoming.

SWEET MARIE:

If you are tall and inclined to be self-conscious about it, you might wear heels of medium height for informal wear, reserving high heels for strictly formal occasions.

X. Y. Z.:

You do not mention your age, but for your height your weight is about right. You may be just a few pounds overweight, but I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. The prettiest, most refined looking hands are those on which the nails are kept fairly short and rounded. Long, pointed nails are both passé and unattractive.

ELIZABETH E.:

While you are building up a circle of young friends, why not let books, magazines and motion pictures be your instructors? They will keep you abreast of the times and help you to drop some of your old-fashioned ways, which you say are the result of being cut off from the society of young people for so long. Then, as you make new friends, you will not feel awkward with them. Watch the younger actresses when you go to the movies; study how they wear their hair, how they dress, how they act. Choose the one you like best and then do as she does.

DOROTHY:

I hope you have been reading Dr. Willis' articles in PHOTOPLAY on the subject of *Dict for Health and Beauty*. They will help you greatly in your campaign to gain weight. If you want special advice, write to Dr. Willis at the address mentioned in his articles. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You do not need to wear fluffy ruffles but you should avoid clothes that are too straight and severely cut. Jaunty sports ensembles, pleated skirts and soft, frilly blouses ought to be becoming to you. You can also wear the new plaids and checks which are so chic.

NANCY K.:

If you are thrown into frequent contact with the boy with whom you quarreled, you can show him you are sorry by being friendly to him. I don't think you have much chance of making up with him unless you are willing to apologize for your part in the disagreement.

VINEY H.:

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to send you my leaflet on the prevention and cure of blackheads, and the general care of the complexion.

Will you pay half the usual price for *white,* *lovely* teeth ?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

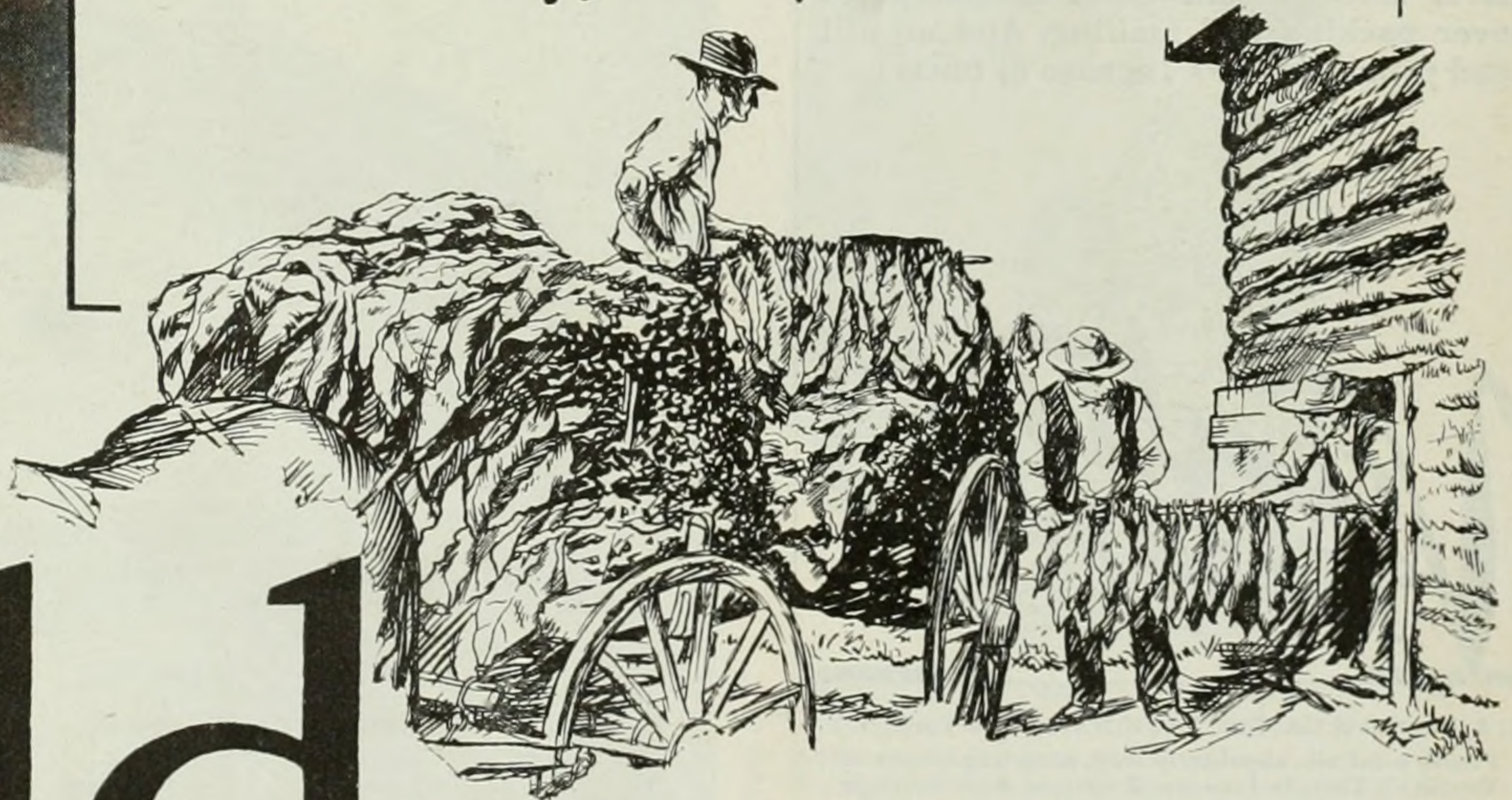
Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"

What a cigarette means *here*

Forty hours at the curing-barn—the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season. The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later aging and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."

field

... and yet **THEY SATISFY**



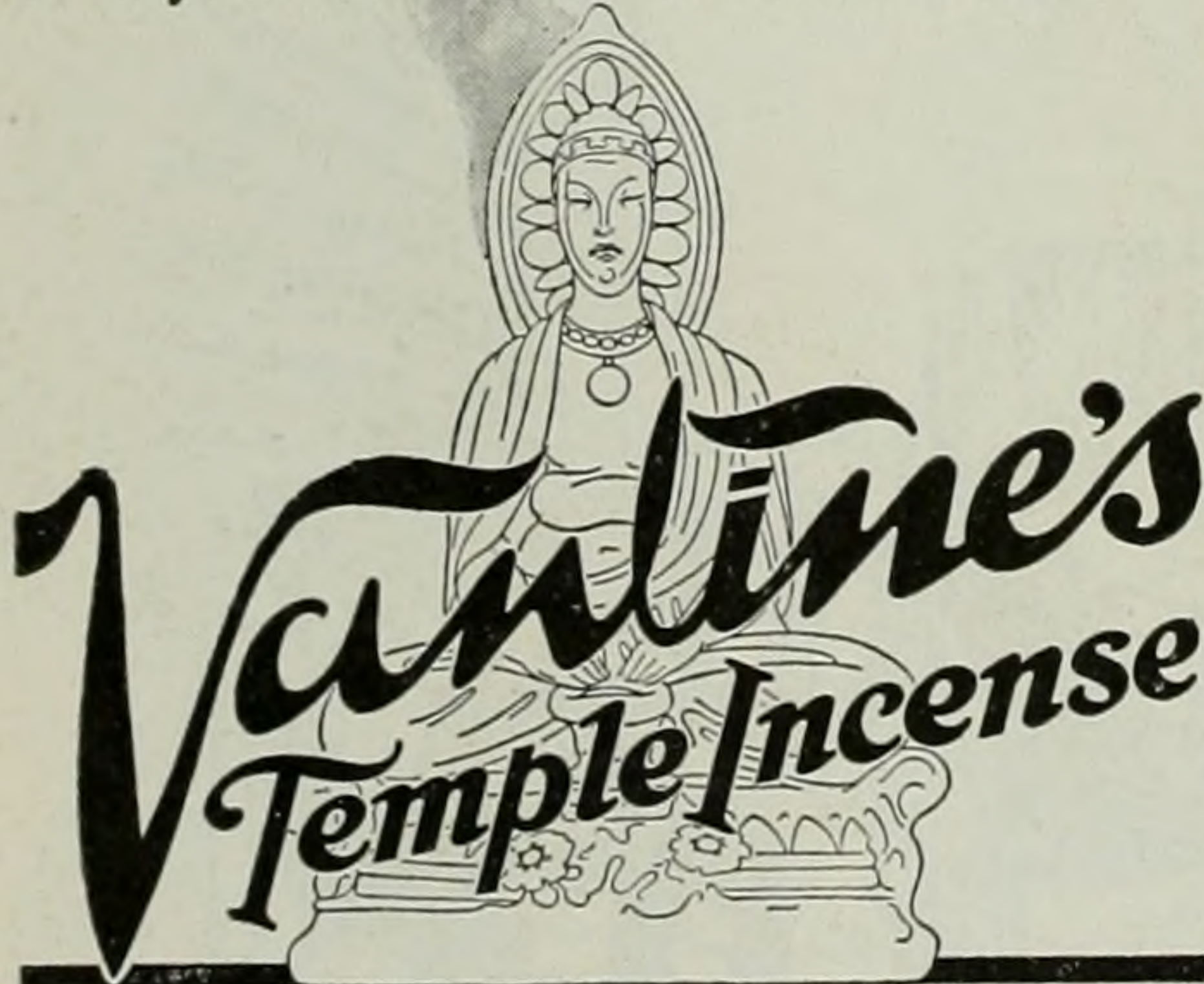
You can add *distinction* to your home

YOU can pervade your home with that desirable quality of distinction, hospitality and charm, just by burning incense.

The room where incense burns is permeated with an atmosphere, exquisite and irresistible. Pleasure is delicately accented. Romance subtly works its colorful spell. The air is cleansed and refreshed. Your guests are delightfully at ease.

Put incense to the test. We want to give you, FREE, nine exquisite odors of Vantine's Temple Incense. One of them is our new, delightful Oriental Night. We want you to let each one work its own spell for you. Then you will know.

Send the FREE INCENSE coupon today, giving your name, and your drug-gist's. Enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing. And we will send your Vantine's Incense at once.



A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, absolutely free, nine fragrances of Vantine's Temple Incense. I enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City & State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

P-6

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

bigger kick out of seeing a luscious, vital-looking girl than he does out of the "sucked lemon" type.

Tell the producers they had better give us plumper and healthier-looking stars if they want to keep us at the box office.

M. E. NAYLOR.

Talkies Aren't So New

Goderich, Ont., Can.

I am a projectionist and have held nightly communion with the same brace of projectors for the past ten years.

Apropos of the newborn talkies I may say that the stars have spoken from my screen for years.

I quote some of their oft-repeated lines to support my statement.

Jack Gilbert: "Me, good-looking? Why, I never dreamed it. Goodness sakes, it would break my heart to think that!"

Some of the Foreign Stars: "Do you really think I dawdle through my pictures? My, no, dears, that is Art!"

Clara Bow: "Who the heck is this guy Art? And say, folks, isn't this a great old world?"

Charlie Chaplin: "Wonder when they're going to stop laughing at my getup? Beats me how it's held out so long."

The Cowboy Stars: "I guess I ain't no sheik, but boy am I a he-man! Say, son, watch me,

near the end of this here pitcher, I lick three guys in ten minutes, and when my final clinch comes, try and notice any nicks on my knuckles!"

Their Hosses: "There y'are! Just galloped twenty miles without stopping an' do you see me puffin'? Neigh, neigh!"

I hope I don't sound too cynical, for with all their faults they're a great gang.

GEORGE JENNER.

We Stand Corrected

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I get a lot of pleasure from reading your magazine, but never have had such a real kick out of it as I got today when I opened the March number.

On page 65, under the picture of Fay Wray's fireplace, mention is made of the antique cornpopper!

Please tell Miss Shirley, who wrote the article, that her "old English cornpopper" is an early American warming pan—if it is copper it might be an English warming pan; if brass, it is probably an American one; but it could never be anything but a warming pan!

Sorry to haul off and heave a brickbat—it is the first time. Anyway, PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine of its kind on the market. Good luck to you!

JOEL S. CARPENTER.



Esther Ralston wears a bridge sweater to informal card parties. The sweater is fawn gray appliqued with signs of the bridge suits. It is worn with a skirt of gray flannel

FRAGRANCE at your finger tips



THE NEWEST VOGUE

perfumed liquid nail polish

"THEY" ARE USING IT! In Paris—London—Vienna—New York—everywhere, the brilliant society that sets the mode has eagerly taken up this charming new fashion in manicuring!

Northam Warren, the expert who has made the care of the hands his life study, introduces this enchanting new *perfumed* Cutex Liquid Polish.

He searched until he found the exact fragrance—delicious, evanescent, as faint as the scent of drifting plum blossoms. This captivating *perfumed* Liquid Polish gives to your nails a lovely luminous lustre.

The Paris perfume gallantly pays duty at the customs—yet the magic flagon of this new *perfumed* Cutex Liquid Polish plus a twin flagon of Cutex Polish Remover only costs you 60¢. Already it is waiting for you at all drug and department stores. For an especially brilliant polish, and one that will last for days and days, apply two coats to your nails. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—6¢

I enclose 6¢ for generous samples of the new Cutex Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 9Q-6, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

CUTEX new perfumed liquid polish

Deltah

Bernard et Cie
of Paris
features this
Deltah Pearl
Sautoir—



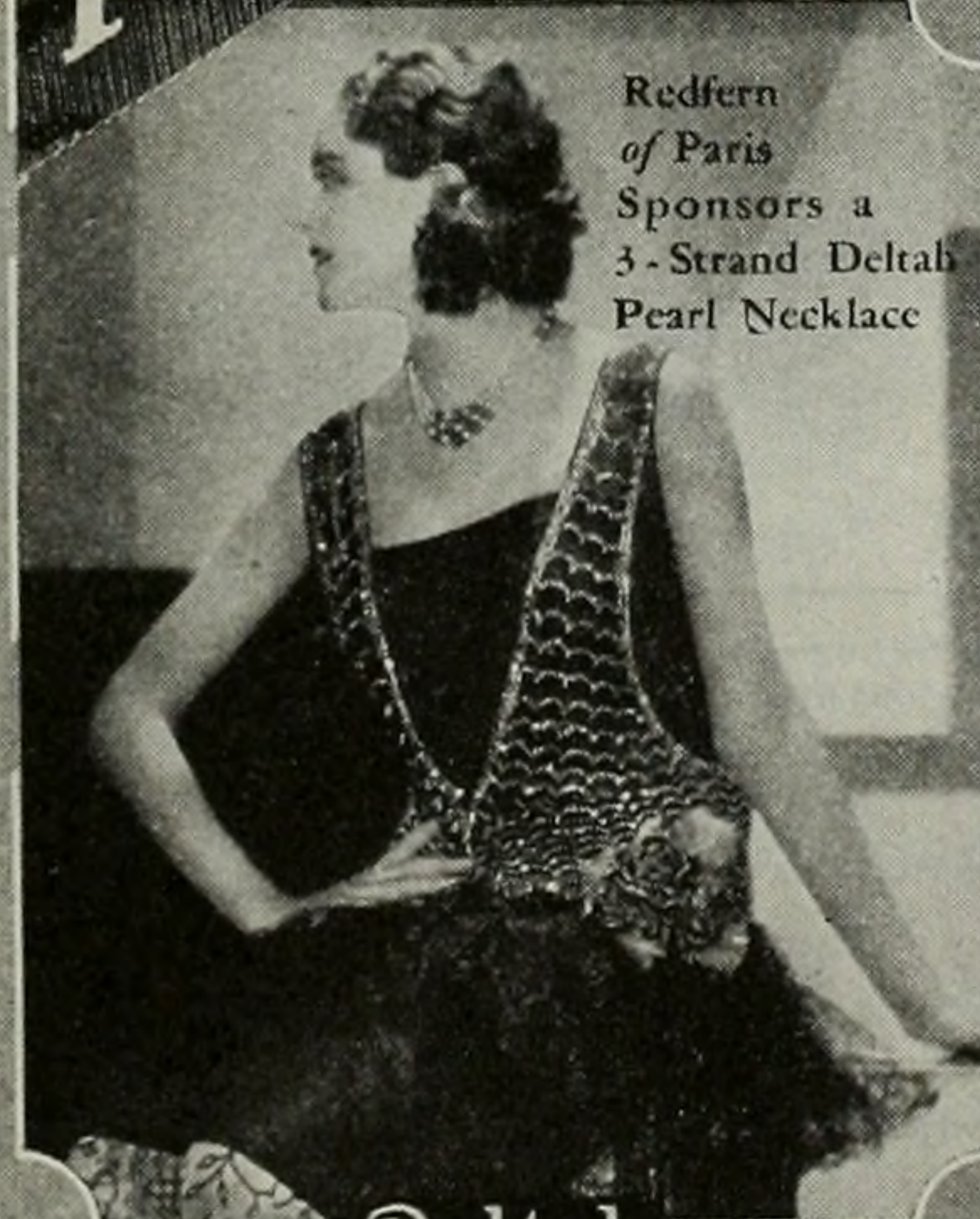
The jeweler's art reaches its consummate perfection in Deltah Pearls, which flawlessly simulate Nature's loveliest gems... The choice of Deltah Fashion Necklaces at the current openings of leading Parisian couturiers speaks eloquently of the rare beauty of these new Heller creations. Everywhere women of good taste select them as the final touch of smartness.

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HOPE
Synthetic
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of Paris
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3-Strand Deltah
Pearl Necklace

**Deltah**

What Is IT?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

good, Clarence Brown called Mr. Stone away to make another "take." I began to suspect it was a frame-up.

In time, however, we did garner a few crumbs of information, a few opinions, a conclusion or two.

"IT," according to Mr. Stone, includes all of the characteristics that make up personality. These qualities are sufficiently diversified to satisfy all individual requirements.

"Charm, genuineness, the faculty of being engaging or interesting or cheery, of being quiet, reposeful, languid—all have value, all embrace the ingredients of personality. What appeals to one does not, you know, necessarily appeal to another. It is altogether a matter of satisfying individual needs. What a mess we would be in if we were all cast to a standard."

But Mr. Stone indicated quite plainly that he much preferred to talk about what the Bostonian said when he told him that he, too, was a Bostonian.

The man refused to believe it, absolutely, because Lew had none of that characteristic New England accent which clings from the cradle to the grave.

With difficulty we again detoured back to the subject in hand.

"Is there any particular age, Mr. Stone, at which man appeals to woman?"

He hesitated a moment, weighing the matter, or else reluctant to commit himself.

"No-o-o, I think not. People appeal to each other at all ages. Youth responds to youth, and so on. It depends upon what spectacles we are wearing at the time. Then, too, you may be very charming in the eyes of one and not in the eyes of another. Personality has no universal law. In fact, the idea of 'IT' is like looking at a log fire. Five persons give you

five different impressions. It depends entirely upon what you read into it."

"Is an older man more interesting to women—say a man in his fifties? Is maturity an advantage, does the fruition of experience stand him in good stead?"

"How can we tell that? We cannot think with the feminine mind. Personally, I would say age does not enter into it. But after all that is a lot of peas in a barrel again—for it is an individual thing, depending upon the point of view. We can't all have the same outlook, you know, the same tastes."

THEN for no good reason at all, and yet for the best reason in the world, Lew Stone changed the subject.

"Why do people insist that a man in real life is the character he portrays on the screen? In his home he may be an unbearable grouch and on the screen a light comedian. If, however, he is a light comedian on the screen, then in the public mind he is a humorist in his private life."

Which reminds one of the fact that the parts Mr. Stone portrays on the screen are notable for their generous proportions of "IT." And his comment, therefore, may have been an adroit means of proclaiming his modesty.

At any rate, Mr. Schildkraut said of the typical American man: "He can laugh, but cannot smile; he is practical, matter of fact, has no imagination; he is not subtle; he dies sixteen deaths inside him before he can say, 'I love you'."

And after trying vainly to pierce the inscrutable reserve of Lew Stone, after glimpsing the smouldering fires that he quickly hides in the depths of his eyes, after watching him shield the faintest and most enigmatic of smiles, we concluded that he at least is not a typical American man.

The Great Ear-Plug Problem

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

skull rattled so loudly that the clatter kept the younger children awake and we were later forced to knock his head apart with a tack-hammer and remove the offending flora.

SINCE that time, I am sorry to say, the lad has complained of a feeling of fullness after meals and a distinct sense of drowsiness at bedtime.

Test B, we feel, is somewhat unsafe—distinctly chancey, in fact.

TEST C. This is the most drastic of the methods at first attempted.

Mr. Bull Montana, the well known dramatic reader, was shown a short talking comedy reel of the traveling salesman who knocked at the door of a small farmhouse upstate.

"How do you feel?" I asked the subject. Mr. Montana gave a delicate Italian shudder, as of a ten-ton truck on a wooden culvert.

Dr. Irving Thalberg, my expert socktitan, at once struck the patient smartly at the base of the skull with an ordinary coupling-pin (bum-persuader).

"Better?" I asked.

"I can still hear a drum beating somewhere."

Dr. Thalberg let him have it again, this time just to the left of, and slightly below, the left ear.

"Now? Any pain?"

"Mother! Mutter! Maman! Madre! Pour la France!" murmured the subject.

"You'd better touch him up again, Irving," I said to my assistant. He did.

"And now?" I asked. No answer.

A brief examination disclosed the annoying fact that Mr. Montana was dead.

We were all greatly put out at this unfortunate end to our experiment. A brief note to the family, however, and the incident was closed.

Test C, we fear, is too touchy for wide use.

It remained for Dr. Herbert Howe, a young Bulgarian phrenologist on my personal staff, to finally solve our "knotty" problem.

"I find," reports Dr. Howe, "that a subject, faced with a short talking film which gives him violent symptoms of sea sickness or galloping palsy, can, with some effort, rise and go into the lobby of the theater.

"THERE he can smoke, talk to the doorman if he understands English, or ogle the hat-check girl.

"Notified by a courteous usher that the offending short is over, he can return to his seat and enjoy, question mark, the balance of the program.

"I have employed this method successfully upon 15 out of 16 subjects. We discovered much to our amusement, that the 16th patient was a paralytic.

"You can well imagine that we all enjoyed a hearty laugh."

Is this, then, the Answer?

Has Dr. Howe, the young Serbian savant, really solved the great Problem?

We, and you too, await Time's answer.

And while we wait, we palpitate.

This penetrating foam
**CLEANS TEETH
 BETTER**

Scientist discovers that Colgate's has lower "surface-tension"... hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.

TOOTH decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect.

Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste's power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

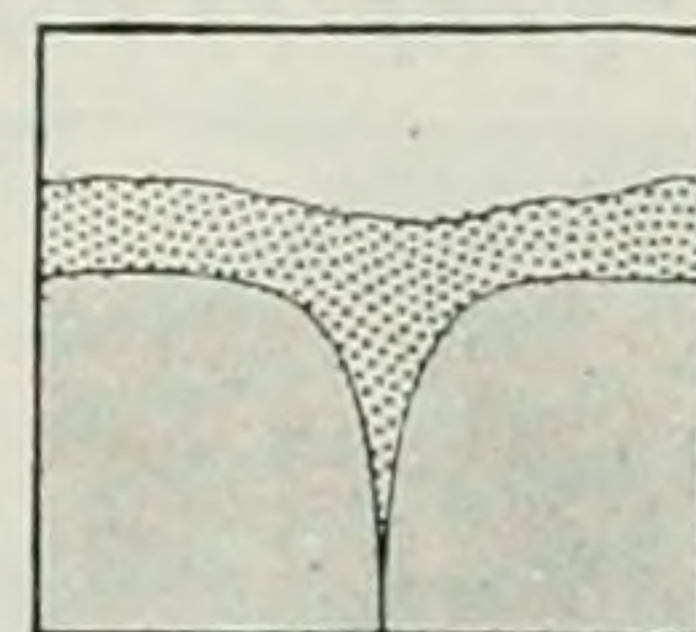
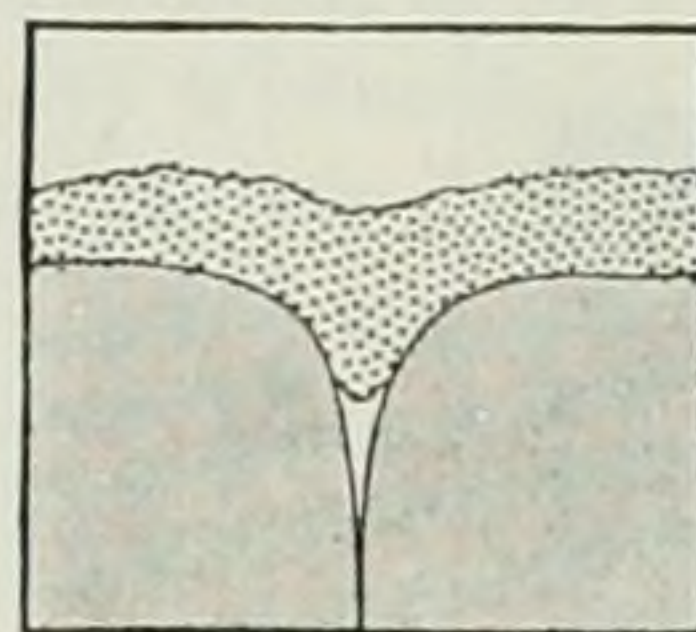
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder... a polishing material prescribed by dentists... which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you... by using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them... restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

**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 deep down where decay may start.



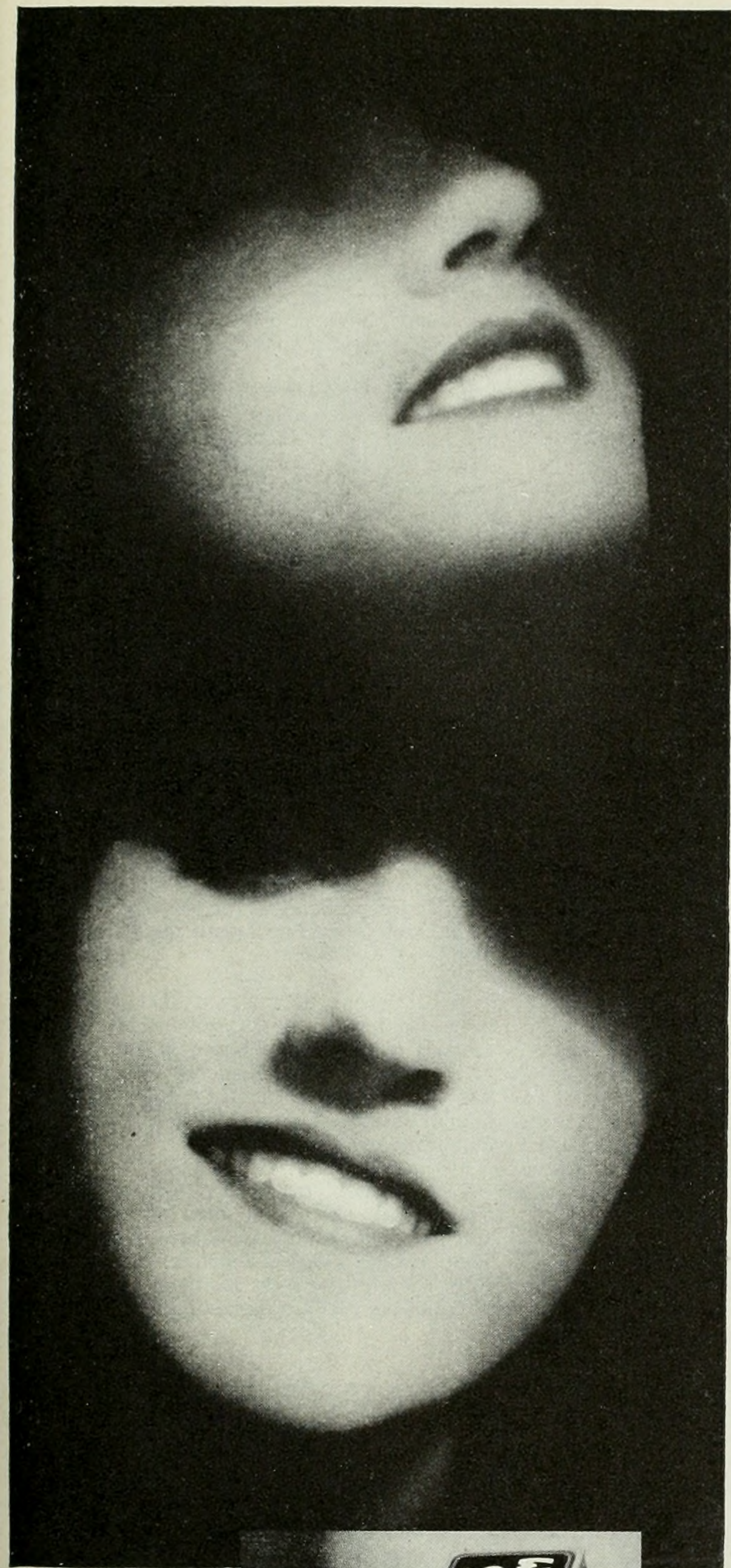
This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-2544, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
 Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name

Address



The one function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading.



Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

H. D., ANDOVER, MASS.—It was Lloyd Hughes and not William Haines who played opposite Billie Dove in "American Beauty." Hugh Trevor played the part of *Killer Gordon* in "Beau Broadway."

K. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Evelyn Brent is thirty years old, has brown hair and brown eyes and hails from Tampa, Fla. She entered pictures in 1915 and is now under contract to Paramount-Famous-Lasky.

FANNIE CUTTER, ADRIAN, MICH.—Are you serious, or are you just trying to test my memory? The name of the picture you described was "For Heaven's Sake" with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston playing the leading rôles.

M. MILLAR, BRATTLEBORO, VT.—So you would like a photo of Herb Howe. I hate to tell you this (sob!) but it must be done. You cannot get his photo, not even the required quarter would bring forth one. Oh no! Herb's not conceited, just a bit bashful. He won't have his picture taken because he objects to the photographer saying, "Now, watch the birdie." Greta Garbo is 23 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden.

MILDRED MELTON, ARLINGTON, TEX.—You win the cut-glass bathtub. Esther Ralston and Clara Bow played in "Children of Divorce" and Josephine Dunn and Clara played together in "Get Your Man."

A DAMITA ADMIRER, BROCKVILLE, CANADA.—Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 10th, 1906. She is five feet, one and a half inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "The Cock-eyed World." Articles and photos of her appeared in PHOTOPLAY in July, 1928, and in the March and April issues of this year.

L. M. ARMSTRONG, FORT WORTH, TEX.—It takes more than a few questions to worry this old man to death. Gladys Belmont was

the young lady who played opposite Richard Dix in "Redskin." She was born in Pueblo, Colo., on February 28th, 1911, and was christened Gladys Freeman. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 111 pounds and has auburn hair and brown eyes. She is a first cousin of Alice and Marceline Day. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson.

M. K. MCC., LAURENS, S. C.—And you are interested in numerology. Betcha haven't got my number yet. Tom Tyler was born on August 8th, 1903, in Port Henry, N. Y. John Mack Brown claimed Gothan, Ala., as his birthplace on September 4th, 1904. Hugh Allan first saw the light of day on November 5th, 1903, in Oakland, Calif., and Charles Farrell at Onset Bay, Mass., in 1902. He doesn't give the exact date. PHOTOPLAY printed a picture of Tom Tyler and his horse in the September, 1927, issue. Thank for your visit. Drop in again sometime.

D. K., DETROIT, MICH.—Goodness, what have we here? You say that Douglas Fairbanks is of Arabian descent. Well, if he is, then I'm a little Laplander. I guess his horseback riding has deceived you, as he is thoroughly American.

M. B., PLYMOUTH, PA.—In the "King of Kings" Joseph Schildkraut played the part of *Judas* and Jacqueline Logan played the part of *Mary Magdalene*.

JANE STARAL, CLEVELAND, O.—You have been misinformed. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are not married yet. Sue only just got her divorce from Allan Keefer. Roland Drew was the handsome *Felipe* in "Ramona." William Haines is 29 years old and has black hair and brown eyes.

F. S., DANVILLE, KY.—Another Gary Cooper fan. Have you read his life story in PHOTOPLAY? In "Beau Sabreur" he played the part of *Henri de Beaujolais*; in "The First Kiss" he was known as *Mulligan Talbot* and in "Doomsday" he was *Arnold Furze*.



Here is a satisfactory Face Powder

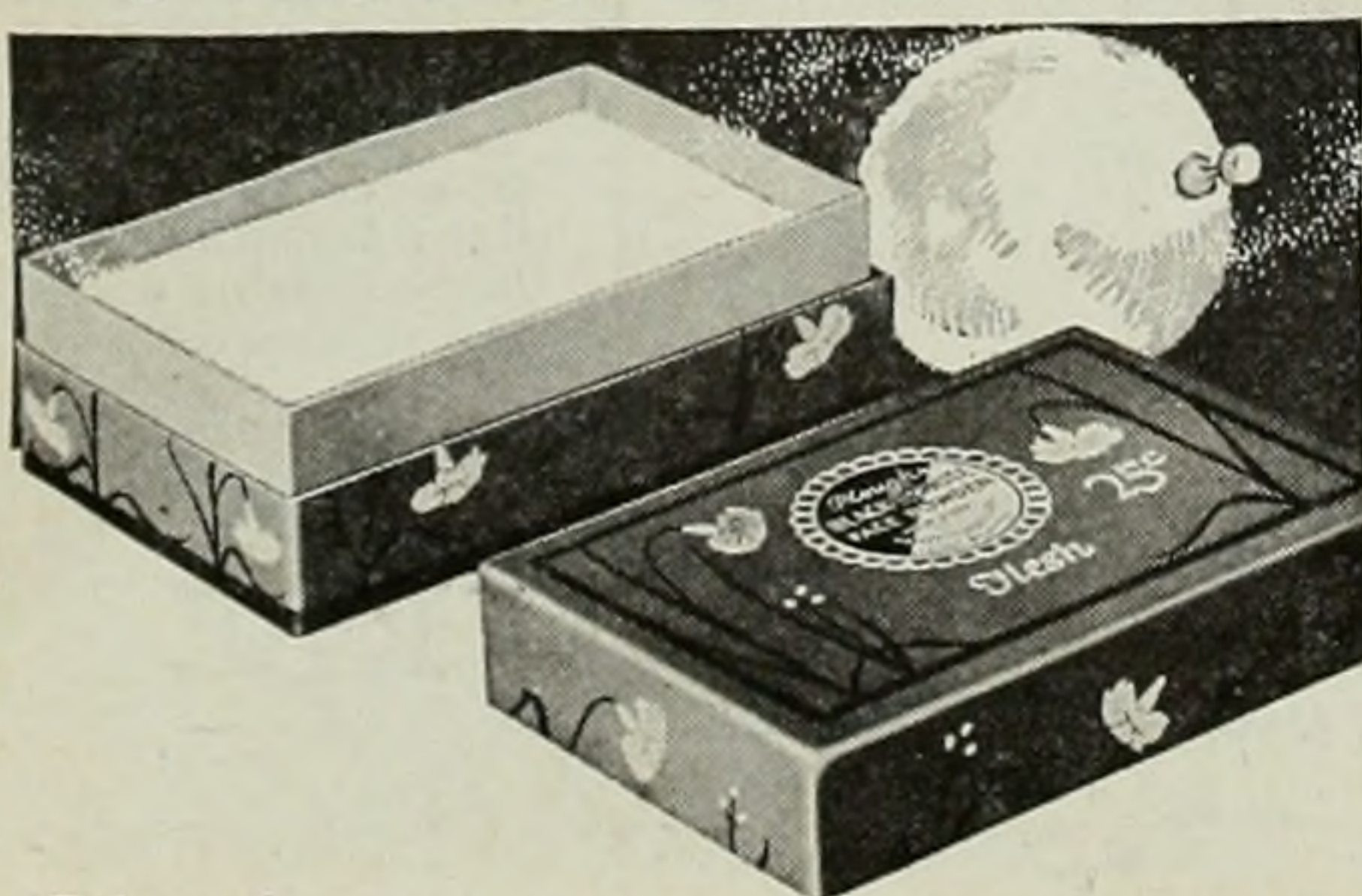
See for yourself the beauty-revealing effect of **Black and White Face Powder!**

The instant you apply this soft, fluffy powder you note the silken texture, the natural glow it lends to your complexion; and hours later you find this same smoothness and beauty.

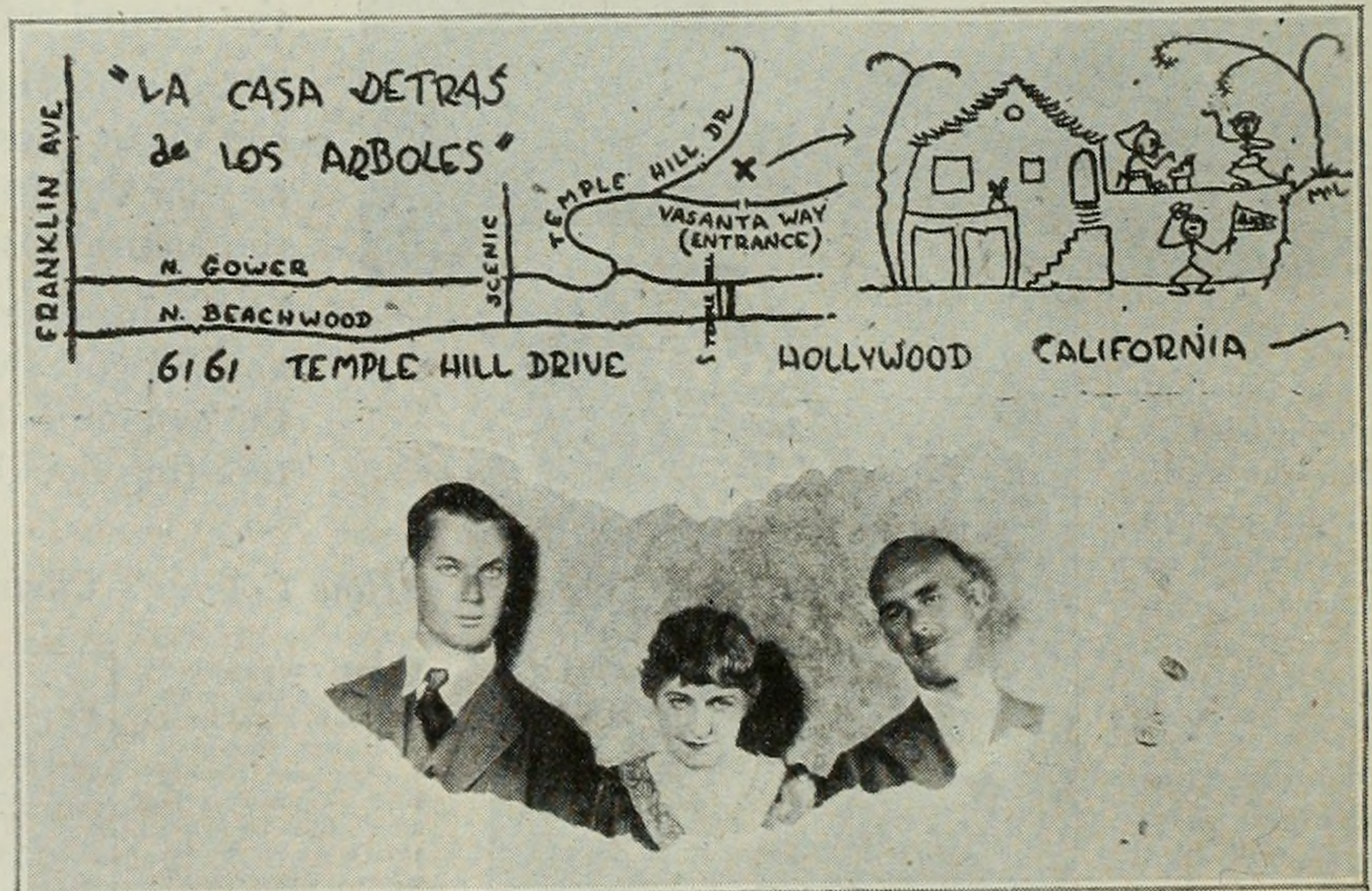
But only through every-day use can you appreciate fully the advantages of this high-quality face powder, not the least of which is the popular price of 25c.

Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Begin using it today!

BLACK AND WHITE Face Powder



Plough, NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · MONTEREY



Do you live out in the country or in one of those tangled suburbs? And do your guests frequently get lost the first time they visit your house? Then have a road map printed on top of your letter-paper, so that when you extend an invitation people will know you really mean it. The Gleasons—Russel, Lucile and Jimmy—use this road map to guide their friends to their bungalow



The Thrill of Thrills



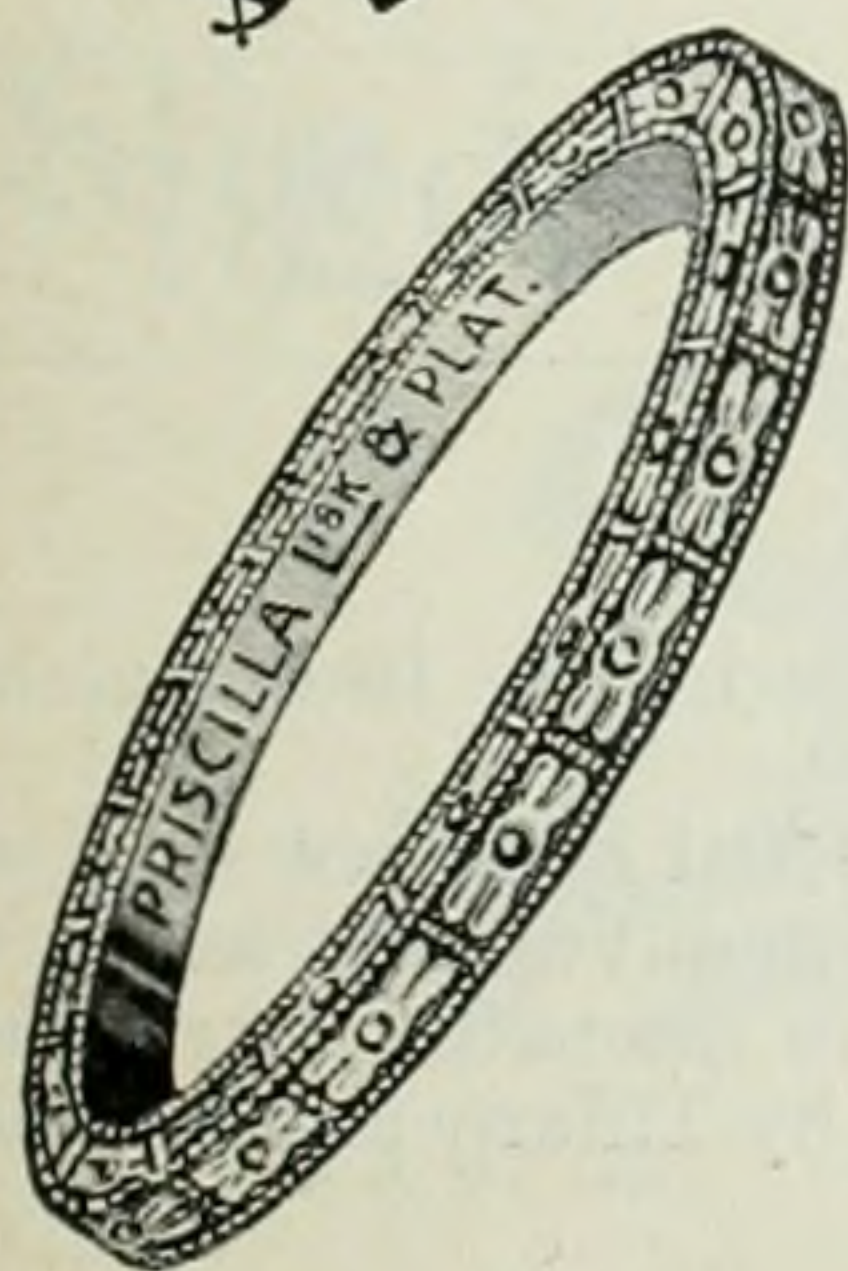
*Priscilla
Platinum Encased
Wedding Ring*

The bridal bouquet has been cast 'mid eager, outstretched hands—a deluge of rice—and you have started your journey along Life's Highway with your dream girl wife. Perpetuate the memory of this *thrill of thrills* by choosing a Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Ring as the symbol of your marriage.

The Priscilla is the smartest and most popular ring of the day. It is made by the famous Bek Process which encases a core of 18k white gold in a heavy shell of pure platinum. This creates a ring with all of the quality appearance of pure platinum, yet costs no more than high grade 18k white gold rings. Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Rings can be worn under the most trying conditions and are *guaranteed not to tarnish*.

Take your fiancee to the jeweler and let her choose her Priscilla Wedding Ring. You'll find a complete assortment priced at only \$16.

PRICED AT
\$16



EISENSTADT MANUFACTURING CO.

St. Louis

Manufacturers to the Retail Jewelers Only

Missouri

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Hey! Hey! Harry's Coming Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]



"Bobbed Hair Styles Most Becoming..."

— dumas

—and this famous coiffeur and beauty specialist whose salon in the Savoy Plaza, New York, serves the socially elite, continues:

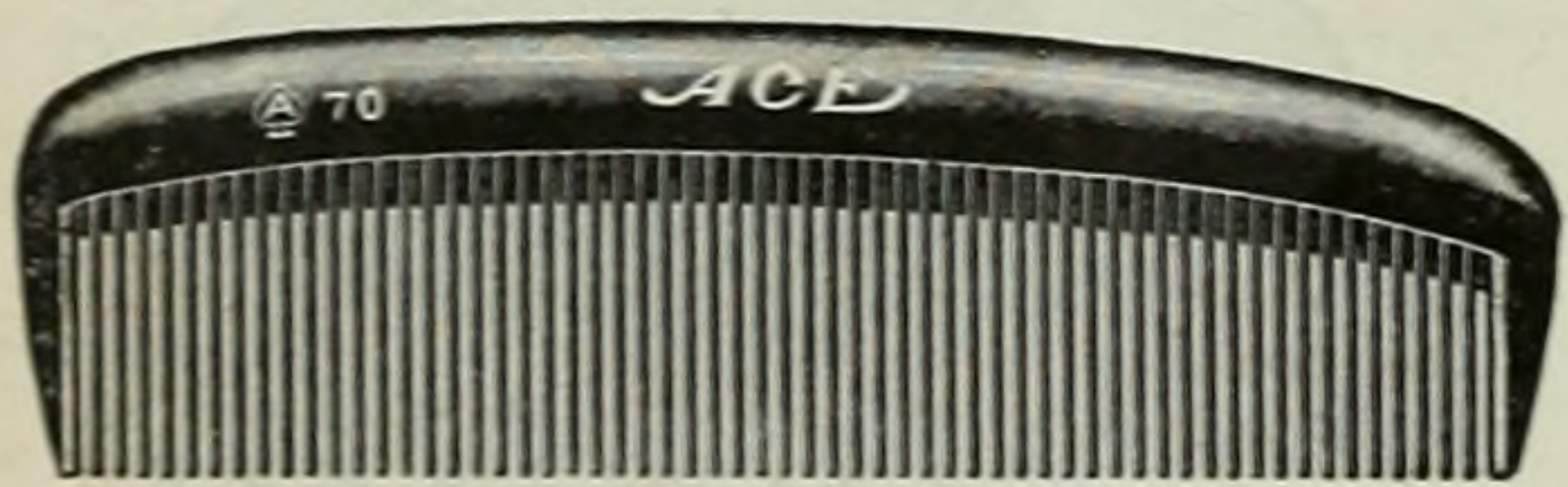
"There are so many very beautiful effects which we can accomplish with an expert dressing of bobbed hair that I do not believe any pronounced movement toward long hair will be sustained."

While hair stylists are not in full agreement as to the current trend of hair fashions, it is significant that all lay much stress on the necessity for frequent combing in dressing the hair and placing the wave. Good combs are a prime essential in the care of the hair and scalp.

ACE COMBS are made in many sizes and styles—

large 8 or 9 inch dressing combs to use at home, besides small purse and pocket combs for occasional use during the day and also the dry shampoo (fine) combs for cleaning the hair and restoring its natural sheen.

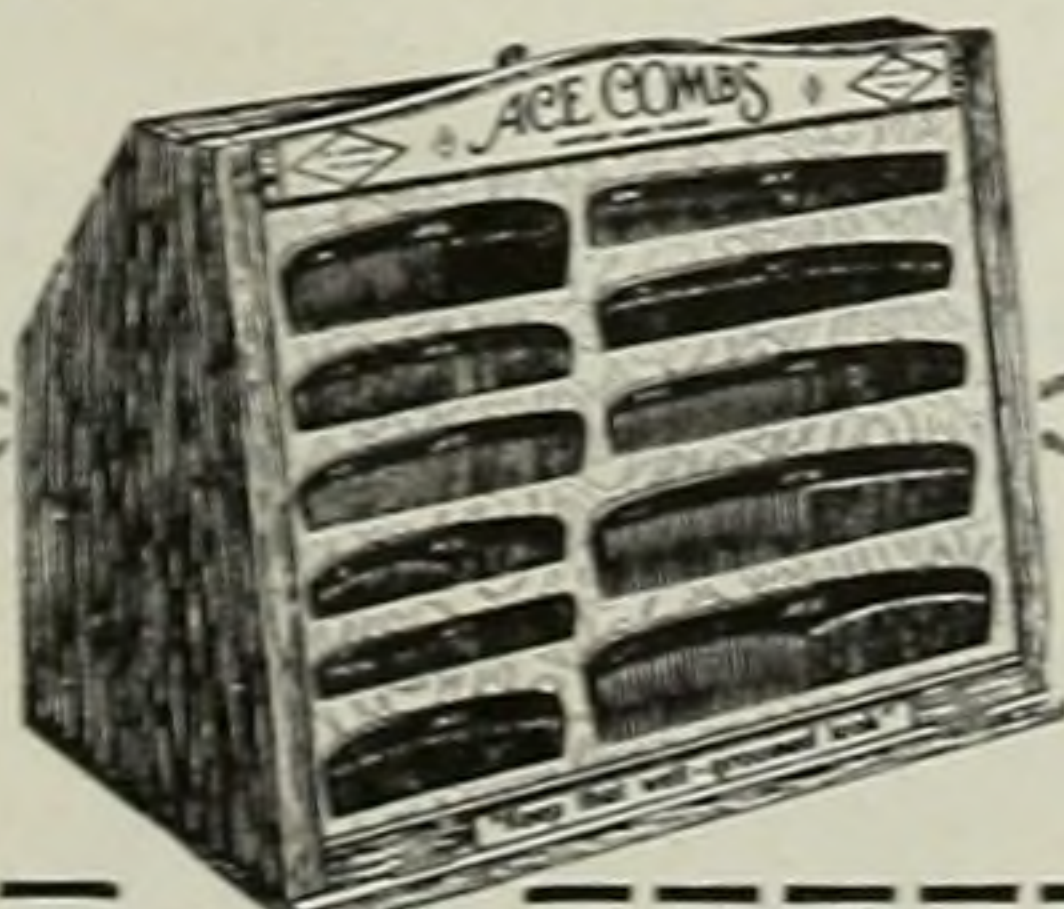
Fully eighty-five percent of all druggist and most department stores sell Ace Combs.



ACE COMBS

We have prepared a valuable treatise on current styles and the care of the hair which will be mailed to anyone who writes for it. A sample 5 inch Ace Pocket Comb will be included, if coupon is accompanied by 25¢ in stamps. Look for ACE COMBS displayed in these cabinets everywhere.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.



American Hard Rubber Company
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25 cents (stamps preferred). Please send me your booklet and sample 5 in. Ace Pocket Comb.

Name _____
Address _____ PP-6

Broadway—of how Harry came East with the first print of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," his pockets crammed with press clippings from the coast.

"Look!" he said, showing them to a pal, "they say I'm just like Chaplin!"

PERHAPS that was the trouble — that accursed phrase, "Just like Chaplin."

What Harry didn't seem to remember was that Charlie is his own man, and not the slave of a shooting schedule that demands so many pictures a year at so much a picture.

If Chaplin wants to stew two years on a picture, that's his own woe, but Langdon was under the siege guns of his bosses, with eyes on the time-clock and tight fingers on the old family checkbook.

Don't ask me whether or not little doughface suffered from an inflated cranium. Harry himself says it was his tough luck.

His producers, he declares, began clamping down on him as the doubloons started to slip away, until he was under orders to shoot a full length comedy in six weeks—a sheer impossibility where quality product is concerned.

A long comedy sweated out in a month and a half is just 7,000 feet of celluloid that might just as well be made into collars.

All these things raced through my head as Harry talked.

Talked to a purpose, too. For Harry is all broken out with a rash of ideas, and most of them are sound. And he is deadly serious. No fooling now!

"I believe that the day of the long gag comedy, with the whole picture depending on the efforts of a starred comedian, is over," he told me.

"A kick in the pants isn't as funny in pictures as it was in 1910. The gag field has been worked bare.

"The story is the thing of today and tomorrow—the laugh picture with a tale to tell. Look at Lloyd! Has he ever equalled 'Grandma's Boy'?"

"Furthermore, no living comic can carry the whole burden of a seven reel comedy and make it one long howl. No man can be that funny and live.

"He must have the help of a good story and two or three all-wool featured actors to help him play it."

IF anyone believes that Harry Langdon's dome is bulged, mark and digest that!

Not only does he want a good story in his pictures—he demands brilliant support from able and well-known actors, and is anxious to share the billing with them!

What price a high hat, now?

Well, I string with Langdon.

I don't believe that even the cleverest comic can make a long gag comedy that has much of anything new to offer.

I agree that the burden of such a film on a star is backbreaking and nonsensical, for we all know that up to the present the support of our leading comedians has consisted of little

but animated dummies with nothing to do but hit him on the head.

A great comic can go a couple of fast reels at top speed. Then, like a boxer, he must let down and get his wind. But with the help of good actors, Langdon can let them have their scenes and then come on, building his comedy around the situations instead of framing situations to fit a gag, and simply knock us kicking and screaming into the aisles.

If that isn't sound sense and good business, I wouldn't know them if they came riding up Fifth Avenue on big red motorcycles at high noon!

HARRY LANGDON has his feet on the ground, and his head is hitting on all twelve. He is sane, sensible and determined.

If he makes the business connections he craves, he is as safe for us and for pictures as Congress is for Hoover!

And do we need him?

There's never been a doubt as to Harry's pantomimic genius. He needs pictures and pictures need him.

I believe that he is the greatest living incarnation of harassed, frustrated humanity, and I don't except Chaplin. For very often there is something cocky about Charlie. Occasionally he pulls himself together and takes command of his soul. Not putty-faced Harry.

He is licked before he starts. Forever life's football, kicked around by fate. He is the incarnation of human futility—a grownup Farina with a white skin, chased by bogie men—smacked over by mighty forces he doesn't understand and can't control. His Sennett series of two-reel tragi-comedies stand today as unapproached masterpieces of human frailty.

Who can ever forget the one wherein Harry was left alone in a storm-battered house?

Windows blew in, doors crashed shut on his nose, lights went out, furniture fell—Langdon alone and forlorn, bruised and terrified by all the implacable and irresistible forces of nature gone cuckoo.

At last, scared witless, Harry seeks refuge in the attic. There, seemingly safe, he kneels at the side of a trunk and thanks his Heavenly Protector. At that precise moment, lightning strikes a chimney overhead, and in the midst of his supplications a large, hard brick falls and smacks him fair upon his wide and innocent brow!

IN that one superb moment can be found practically all we can ever know of the dark and devious ways of life and destiny.

And now Harry Langdon is coming back to us—we hope—sane, sound, and full of fight.

Let there be fireworks on the courthouse steps, music by the silver cornet band, and an address by the mayor.

And let yours sincerely be on hand to lead the cheering for the Happy Return of Dead-Pan Harry, whom we have loved long since, and just lost awhile!

What Was the Best Picture of 1928?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

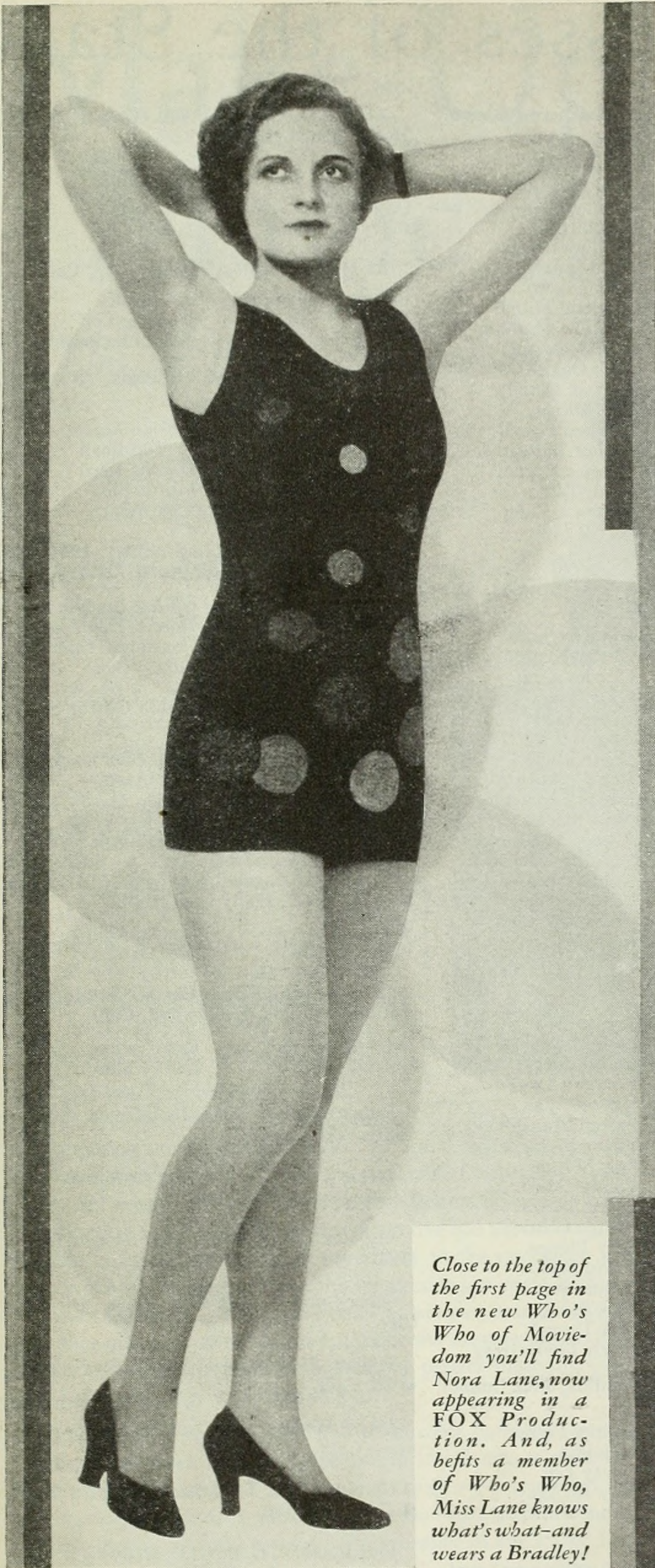
motion picture film released during the twelve months of 1928.

As usual, this year the voting for the best picture of 1928 begins six months after the close of the year.

This is done so that voters in all parts of the country will have an opportunity to see all

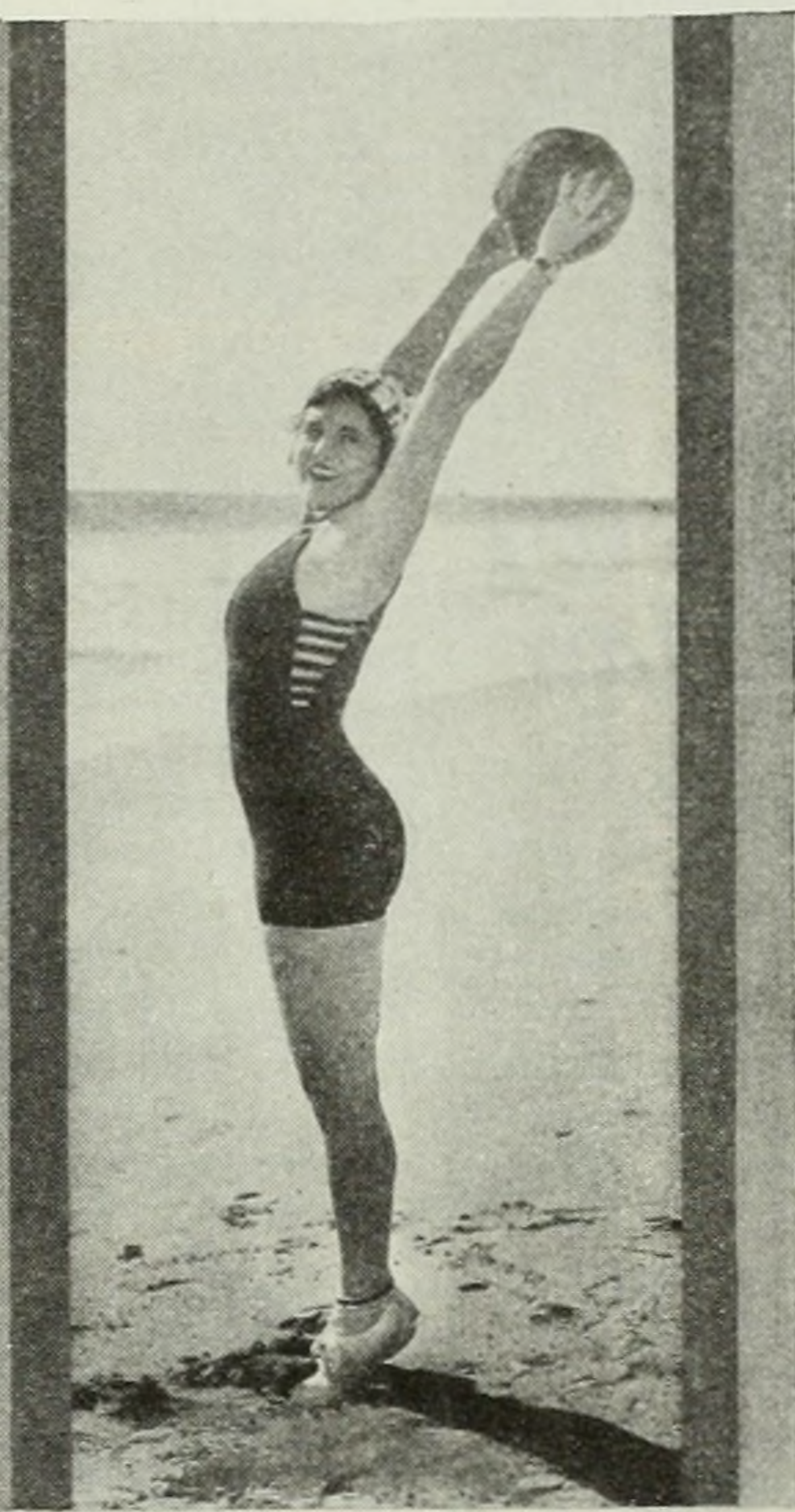
of the films released during the twelve months of 1928.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.



Close to the top of the first page in the new Who's Who of Movie-dom you'll find Nora Lane, now appearing in a FOX Production. And, as befits a member of Who's Who, Miss Lane knows what's what—and wears a Bradley!

WHEN they slip into their Bradleys, the stars of the screen become the sirens of the sea . . . Hollywood, whether represented by man or maid, shows its preference for Bradley Bathing Suits. Shows it in terms of gay colors, smart patterns and snappy models. For there is that about a Bradley which knows how to give the impression of something that's made to look at—while fulfilling the purpose of something that's made to wear . . . *and wear!* Your favorite store has a Bradley for you. And you may have a copy of the Bradley Style Book by writing Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.



Just a dot on the horizon. But look closely for this is no ordinary dot. None other, in fact, than Dorothy Gulliver of Universal Pictures—enjoying herself in her Bradley.

A perfect match — Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis! (Universal Pictures). Even their suits suit each other to a sea—for they're matched Bradleys.



Slip into a

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

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Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
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Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Richard Dix
Paul Guertzman

James Hall
Neil Hamilton
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Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Emil Jannings
Jack Luden
Frederic March
Adolphe Menjou
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Warner Oland
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Fay Wray

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Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson

Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

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William Boyd
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If you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

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A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

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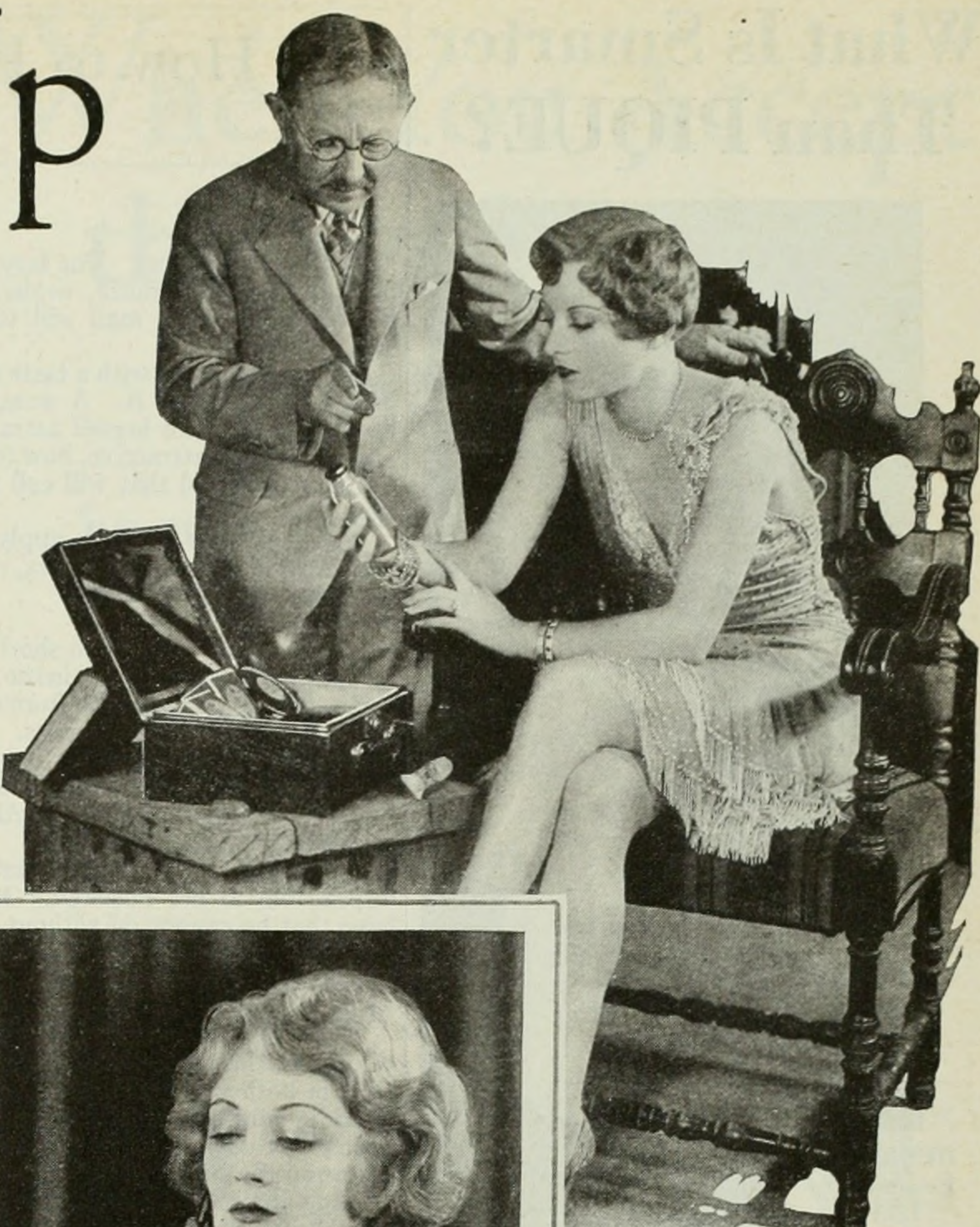
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Make-Up Magic

Is This the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars?

Can Every Woman Double Her Beauty With Make-Up?

Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up King—Max Factor



"WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics . . . every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic . . . but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty . . . listen . . .! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as he only could . . . for no other one person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too—just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual self—suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

And now, good news for Photoplay readers. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up". A priceless gift . . . for it will give to you the way to a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood.

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Joan Crawford, M-G-M Star of "Our Dancing Daughters," discusses with Max Factor her color harmony in make-up for evening wear.

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Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, "The New Art of Make-Up" and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

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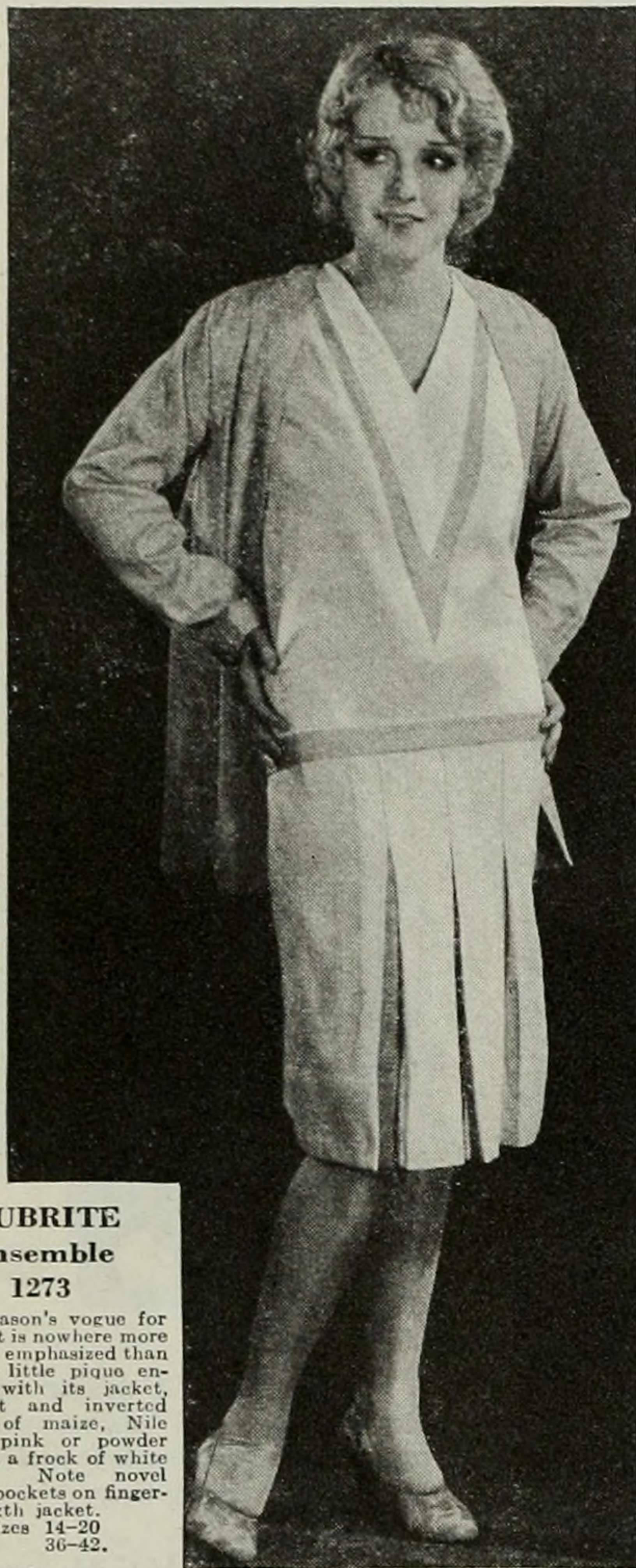
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Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
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Olive	spaces with	check mark

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1273

This season's vogue for contrast is nowhere more smartly emphasized than in this little pique ensemble with its jacket, V, belt and inverted pleats of maize, Nile green, pink or powder blue on a frock of white pique. Note novel corner pockets on fingertip length jacket.
Sizes 14-20
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ANITA PAGE

Anita Page, starring in the big M.-G.-M. "all-talkie," *Broadway Melody*, challenges the world of fashion with this question in her favorite Hubrite Informal Ensemble.

Sports frocks, informal ensembles, novelty fabric morning and afternoon frocks are created and finished by Hubrite Informal Frocks, Inc., for the most critical wearers. You will find them at such leading stores as Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Lord & Taylor, New York; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester; Elder & Johnston Co., Dayton; Jacoby Brothers, Los Angeles; or they may be ordered direct from Boston.

Write for new Style Folder P-6

HUBRITE
Informal Frocks
INCORPORATED

New York and Boston

100 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

How to Hold a Wife (Husband) in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

tive, more interesting. The lazy wife neglects her personal appearance, neglects her house, her education. No man will tolerate a lazy woman long.

"We are not born with a taste for caviar and olives, we cultivate it. A woman can easily learn how to make herself attractive, how to make her home attractive, how to educate herself to a standard that will call forth admiration.

"All she needs to do is apply herself. Life is a game of competition. Sex, oddly enough, does not always dominate.

"I AM a great believer in short vacations. I think it is the best thing in the world for married people to be separated from each other for short periods, say two weeks. But I don't believe in long separations. They are too easy to get used to. Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for the other fellow. Always remember that!

"A wife, I think, should make herself indispensable to her husband. Make him believe that he cannot do without you. I don't know how many times Eddie has said to me, 'Good land, Lil, how would I ever get along without you!'

"And it's all because I think of the little things for him. Details. Men, you know, can't be bothered by detail!"

Eddie himself contributes a slant on this angle. He did not know that Mrs. Lowe had discussed the case, for Lilyan told her story in her dressing room at the studio while working on "Bulldog Drummond," and Eddie expounded his over the luncheon table at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"I haven't any idea whether I'm neat or not," he confessed. "I've never had a chance to find out. You see, I've never been left to my own resources. When I was a kid, my mother always kept my shirts arranged, my kerchiefs in order, my ties right, all that sort of thing.

"It was just an automatic arrangement that never concerned me. I took it for granted.

"I like order, I like elegance. There's always a delicate odor of sachet about my shirts and handkerchiefs. I don't put it there, but it's there and I like it. It's the same delicate perfume that was there when I was a kid. My mother put it there then, Lil puts it there now.

"Lil knows I'm very fond of lamb curry. Every so often we have lamb curry. I never know it's coming, yet it gets there just at the psychological moment, when I probably couldn't live another day without it. It's all Lil's doings, along with ten million other little things which she arranges in spite of the fact that she's just as busy as I. She's a mystery to me. I don't know how she does it."

AND that, according to Miss Tashman, is but one of the rules of the game.

"Ed and I don't fight over little things," she explained. "It's unnecessary. The cure for it is consideration of the other fellow. The only rows we have are over Ed's being late. He has no conception of time. I, on the other hand, am meticulously punctual. If I say I'll be there at a certain time, I'm there; Ed usually shows up a half hour later—contrite, of course, always with a hatful of marvelous excuses.

"You can't begin to tie his alibis. Well, whenever we go to a party and are late, it's always Ed's fault, but of course I get the blame. I always imagine they are looking me over and saying, 'Well, it took the gal a couple hours to get into those rags.'

"Of course, the only way a woman can hold any man is to be more interesting to him than any other woman can be. Where there is love, there is jealousy—to a degree. I have never had occasion, however, to be jealous of Eddie. I pride myself that I interest him more than any other woman. I could be jealous, no doubt, but as yet I haven't had to be—unless he's smarter than I think.

"However," she smiled, "I don't believe he is. Of course any man's eyes wander to a beautiful woman; if that beautiful woman is his wife, he's satisfied. He takes great pride in knowing that his wife is *the* attractive woman."

THE predatory woman, according to Miss Tashman, is the one who cannot hold her man; therefore she stalks the men of other women, stalks 'em because she thinks they are more clever than her own man, or because her own man's interests lie elsewhere.

"I like my wife to be liked," said Eddie. "I think every man does. I could be jealous, yes, but I'm not because I have confidence in Lil. Jealousy itself is not good; it's just the knowledge that you could be jealous that is good."

There are no "have-tos" in the Lowe family. They do things because they want to, not because they have to.

"And there is no pretense, no pose," says Eddie. "Each knows the other's faults and makes allowances. Take our work, for instance: I like to work with Lil, Lil likes to work with me. We're honest with each other—you know, best-friend-severest-critic stuff. I'm boosting for Lil's success, she's boosting for mine."

Mrs. Lowe says she prefers working with her husband because he coaches her and she gives a better performance. His criticisms are invaluable. One of her greatest faults is a long upper lip. "And Eddie helps me to correct it. He will say, 'Don't say it that way, say it the way you did the other night when you were talking to so-and-so' and thus I correct a bad error."

EDMUND LOWE believes that the perfect marriage clicks and locks. In other words, it is an interlocking of personalities. And people should get acquainted before they get married. They should know each other's personality.

"Lilyan and I knew each other seven years before we married," he explained. "Of course we were not constantly in each other's company, because, from 1922 on, I was on the coast almost continuously while Lilyan was on the stage in New York. In fact, shortly after we got acquainted I went to Honolulu to do 'The White Flower' with Betty Compson. Then after that I went to Panama. But in 1925 Lilyan came to the coast especially so we could get married."

Perhaps the outstanding contrast in the views of these two is that Mrs. Lowe thinks that short vacations apart are a fine matrimonial tonic, and Mr. Lowe thinks that short vacations together whet the appetite for marriage.

"My idea of ideal married life," says Eddie, "is to throw a few things into the car and maybe take the dog and go bumming for a couple of weeks. Shave when you think about it, dress only when you have to, stay away from people and be by yourselves."

"And my idea of ideal married life," said Mrs. Lowe "is to be at home, surrounded by things that are nice, things that you have a genuine affection for, and to be doing anything except playing bridge."

When You Accept the Stockingless Style—

be sure you first observe this
rule of personal refinement

Several seasons ago, only the continental elite dared the stockingless style at the smart, French coast resorts. Then last fall, a handful of adventurous debs introduced it at a formal dinner party on Long Island. This past winter saw the bare-leg vogue spreading like wild-fire, Palm Beach, Miami, Del Monte, Santa Barbara . . . By now it is a generally accepted fashion.

Sponsored and established by America's smartest younger set, the stockingless style is a style you can only enjoy when you know that your legs are *absolutely free of superfluous hair*.

DEL-A-TONE

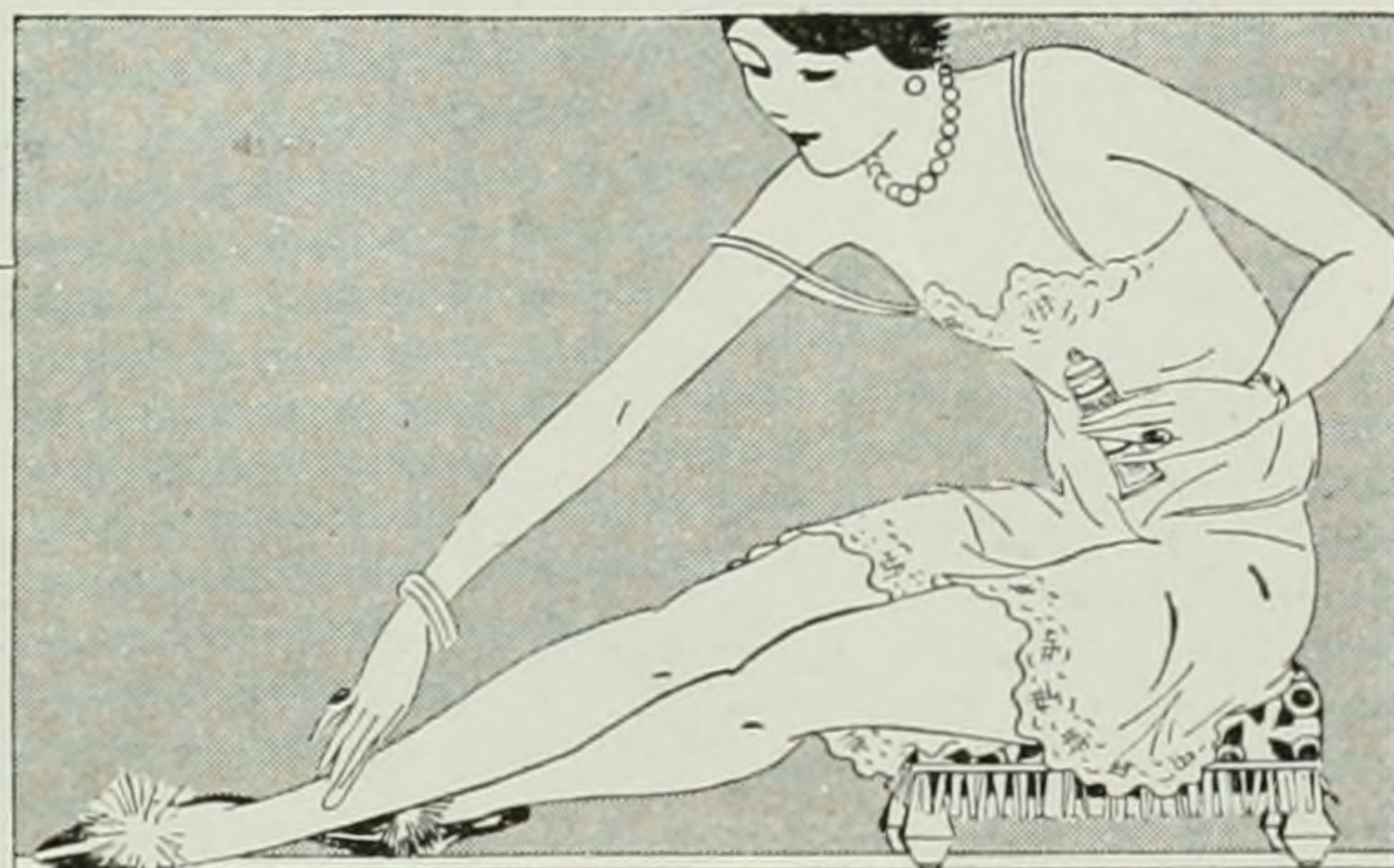
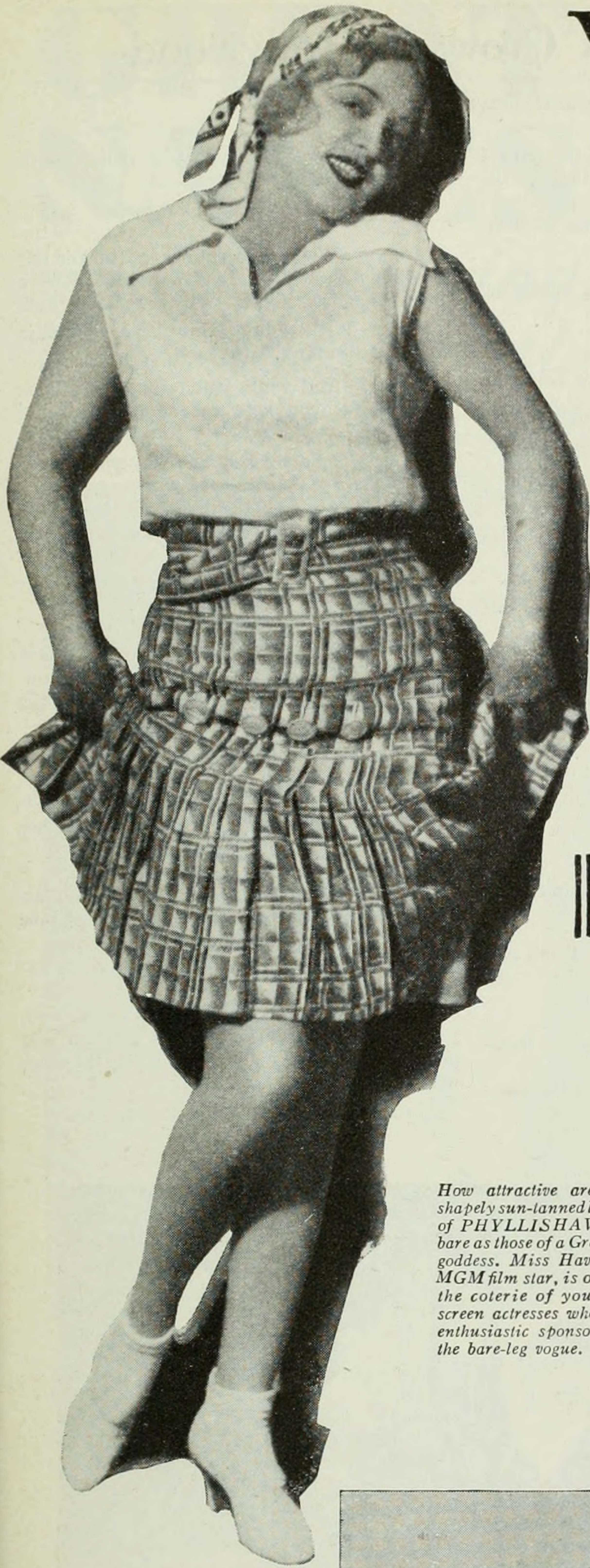
Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

Dozens of the young fashionables who introduced this bare-leg style have found in Del-a-tone the surest, swiftest and most convenient way to remove superfluous hair from their legs. They realize how inexcusable and wholly lacking in good taste is the revolting sight of a pair of legs with or *without* hose but *with* an unsightly growth of hair.

Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing chiffon hose, use this snowy-white Del-a-tone Cream. It will quickly and completely remove all superfluous hair and leave your skin soft and velvety smooth.

At drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper—\$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., Dept. 86, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago. (Established 1908)

How attractive are the shapely sun-lanned limbs of PHYLLISHAVER, bare as those of a Grecian goddess. Miss Haver, a MGM film star, is one of the coterie of younger screen actresses who are enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.



Swiftly active—safe—modern. No fussy preparation. No after-messiness. Apply directly from tube. Del-a-tone removes hair in 3 minutes.

CLIP AND
MAIL
TODAY!

*Trial
Offer!*

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, prepaid, trial package of Del-a-tone as checked herewith, for which I enclose 10 cents.

- Del-a-tone Cream
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Snowy-white, faintly fragrant, Del-a-tone is the most convenient way to remove hair from underarm, forearm, face, back of neck, and legs.



Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.



Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by
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New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

Two Black Crows in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

MORAN—The more I see of you the more I realize that the bone of contention is the jawbone.

MACK—Yeah, but the trombone is next. Buddy Rogers found that out.

MORAN—You've been concealing something from me.

MACK—Sure, I ain't no Salome.

MORAN—If you'd be serious we could be stars. They even make a star out of animals. Look at Rin-Tin-Tin.

MACK—Is that the dog in Fidophone?

MORAN—Even if that was *good* I wouldn't like it.

MACK—I'm looking for that dog. I want to get him to pawtograph a picture.

MORAN—What's your opinion of the star system?

MACK—A certain amount. But the system shouldn't interfere with auto driving.

MORAN—Why shouldn't it?

MACK—The part of the system that rides motorcycles.

MORAN—Well, just remember that the star gets his name in lights.

MACK—What lights?

MORAN—Any lights.

MACK—Who wants a light? I ain't even got a cigarette.

MORAN—Here comes an actress. Don't you think her mascara is too heavy?

MACK—Let's help her carry it then.

MORAN—She's certainly one girl in a thousand.

MACK—Yeah, the other 999 is in the casting office over there.

MORAN—You think you is a rising youth now, don't you?

MACK—I ought to be. I eat yeast.

MORAN—Well, you certainly rose up and left the dinner check with Evelyn Brent when we et with her last night. Why'd you do that?

MACK—Well, didn't I hear that in Hollywood the woman always pays?

MORAN—And while you talked with Dick Barthelme, you kept me standing around like a fool.

MACK—Could we help the way you stand?

MORAN—And you mortified me by telling Lon Chaney we had to dress for a political party.

MACK—I'd rather not hear any more about that.

MORAN—You even refused to pay that fellow for the patent make-up box he sold you.

MACK—Course. He said it would pay for itself in a little while.

MORAN—That girl there makes the little things count. She's the studio school teacher.

MACK—She trusts me. Lets me carry her pocketbook. Nothing in it, though.

MORAN—If you'd just get serious we'd be a success. Just think, our pictures will be seen by people all over the world.

MACK—Even in the uninhabited sections?

MORAN—I can't be bothered with you. I'm going down to the set and listen to our orchestra rehearse. I think it needs more wind instruments.

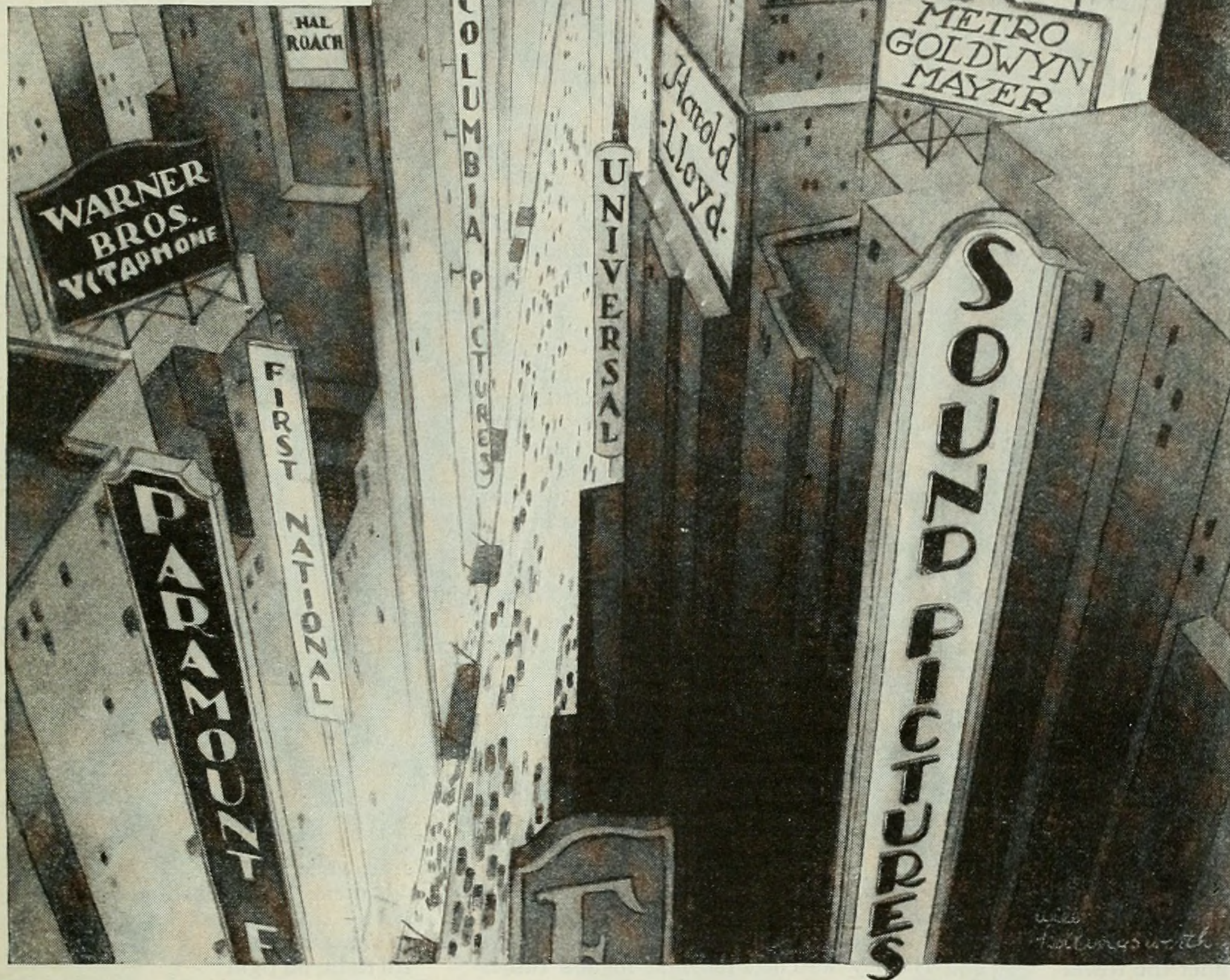
MACK—I'll bring our electric fan.



Since the great days of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew there have been no fine domestic comedies in the film world, but now Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason are very sure they can fill the bill. The first of the series of talkies will be "Meet the Missus." The conspirators, left to right: Director Gillstrom; Mrs. Gleason; Al Cohn, supervisor and author, and Jimmy himself

GREAT NAMES

Pioneering in this great new art



AND the world's leading makers of ...



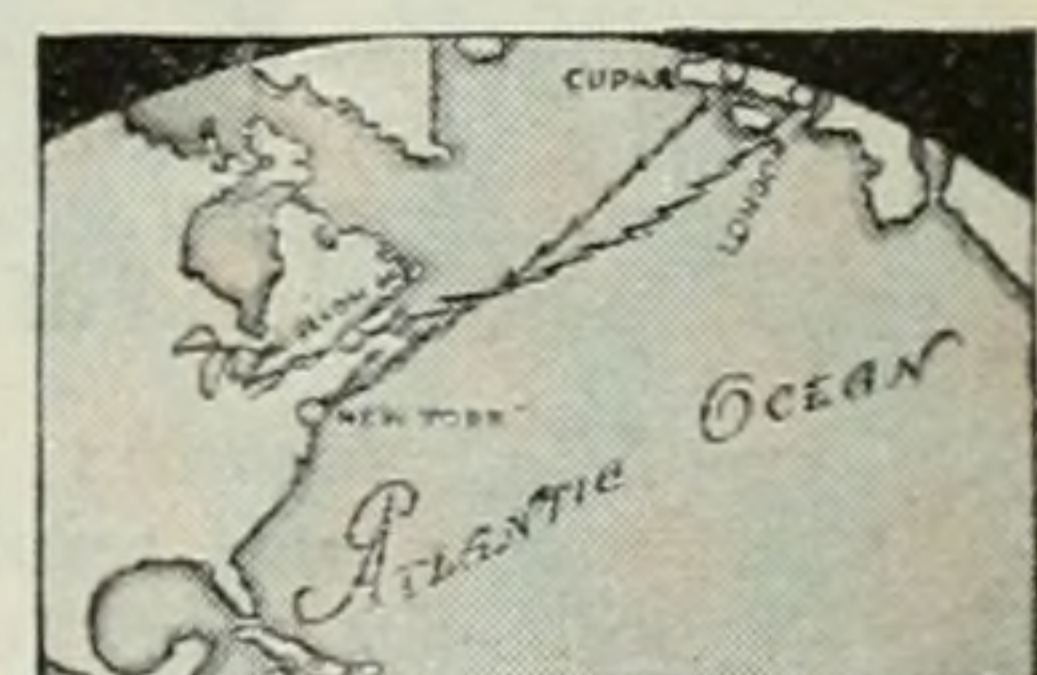
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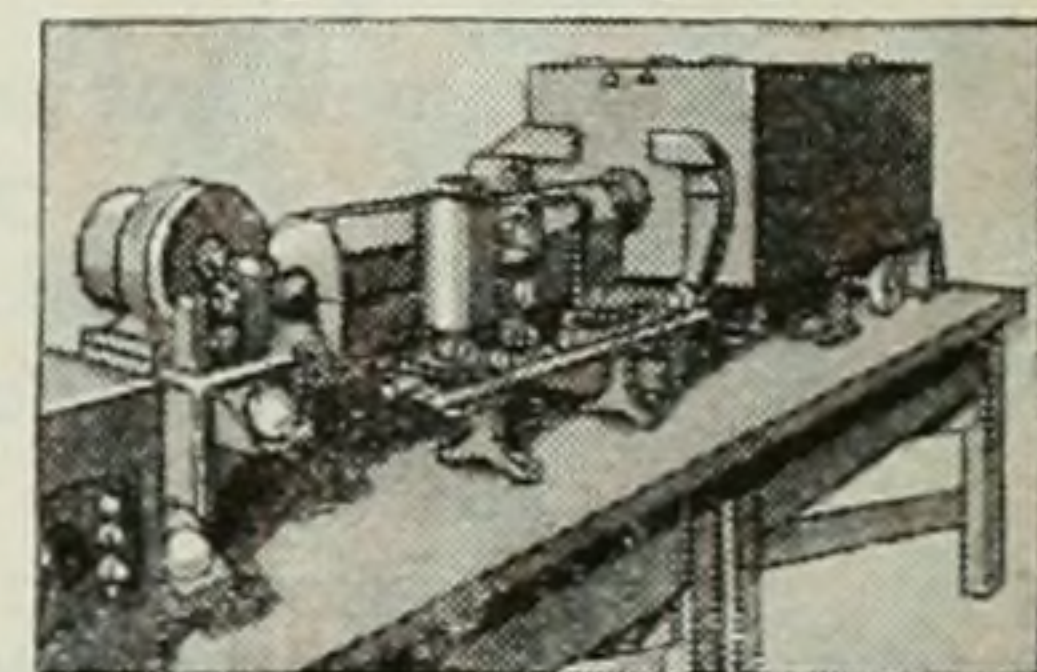
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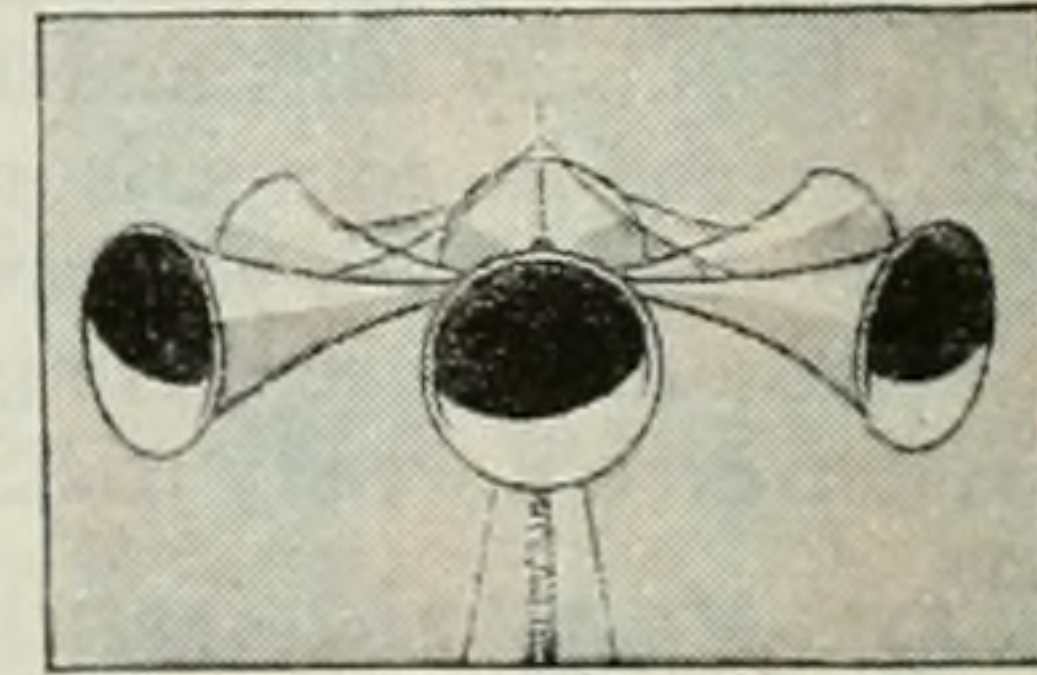
Cable



Trans-Atlantic Telephone Equipment



Telephoto Machines



Public Address Systems

BELL Telephone Laboratories—Western Electric—leading producers—progressive exhibitors—together these bring to you Sound Pictures!

Calling upon fifty years' experience in the telephone art, Western Electric produced the first practical system (used by Vitaphone and Movietone) for recording and reproducing Sound Pictures.

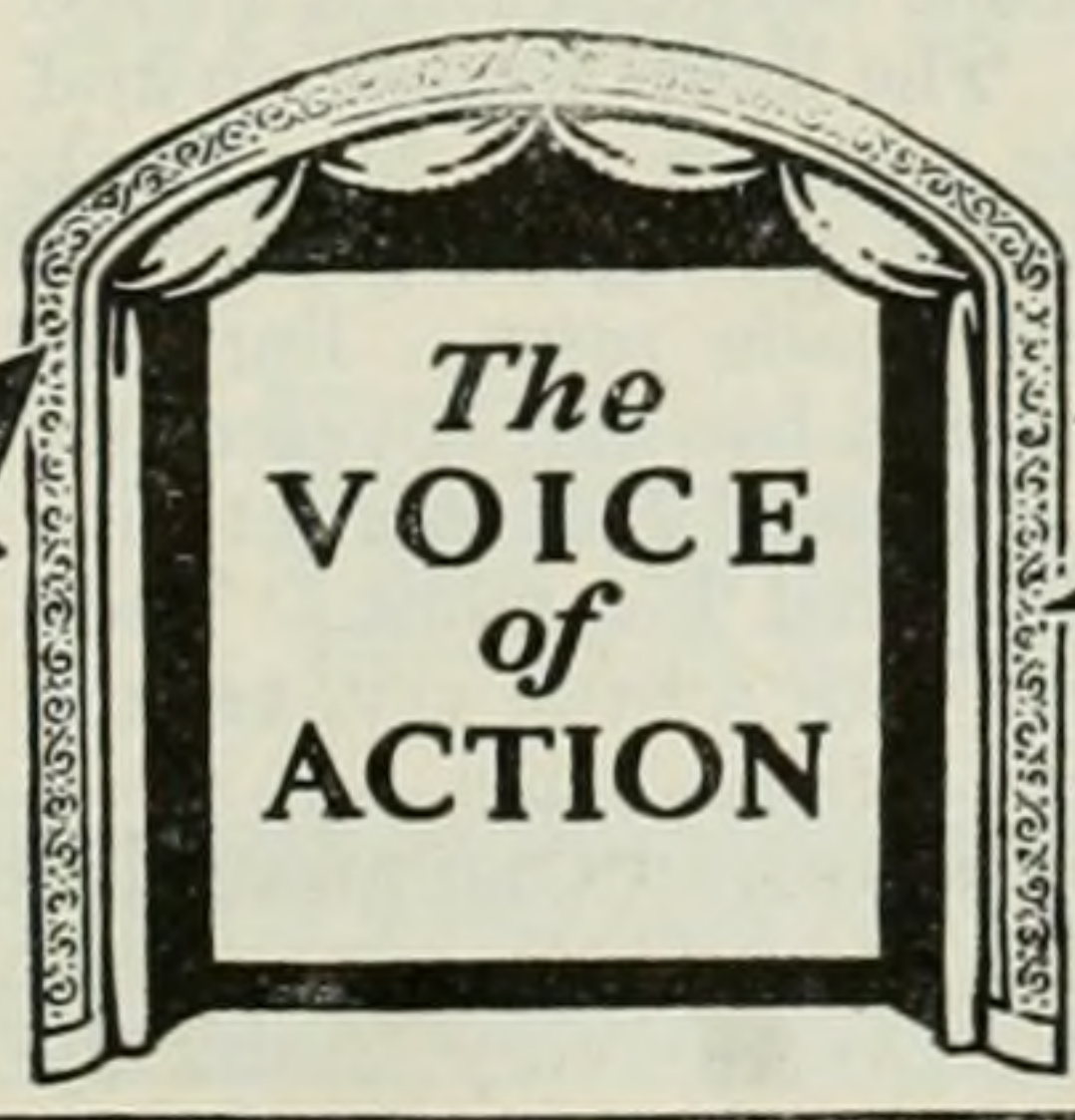
Producers have standardized on Western Electric equipment and are successfully

meeting the technical difficulties natural to a new and revolutionary art.

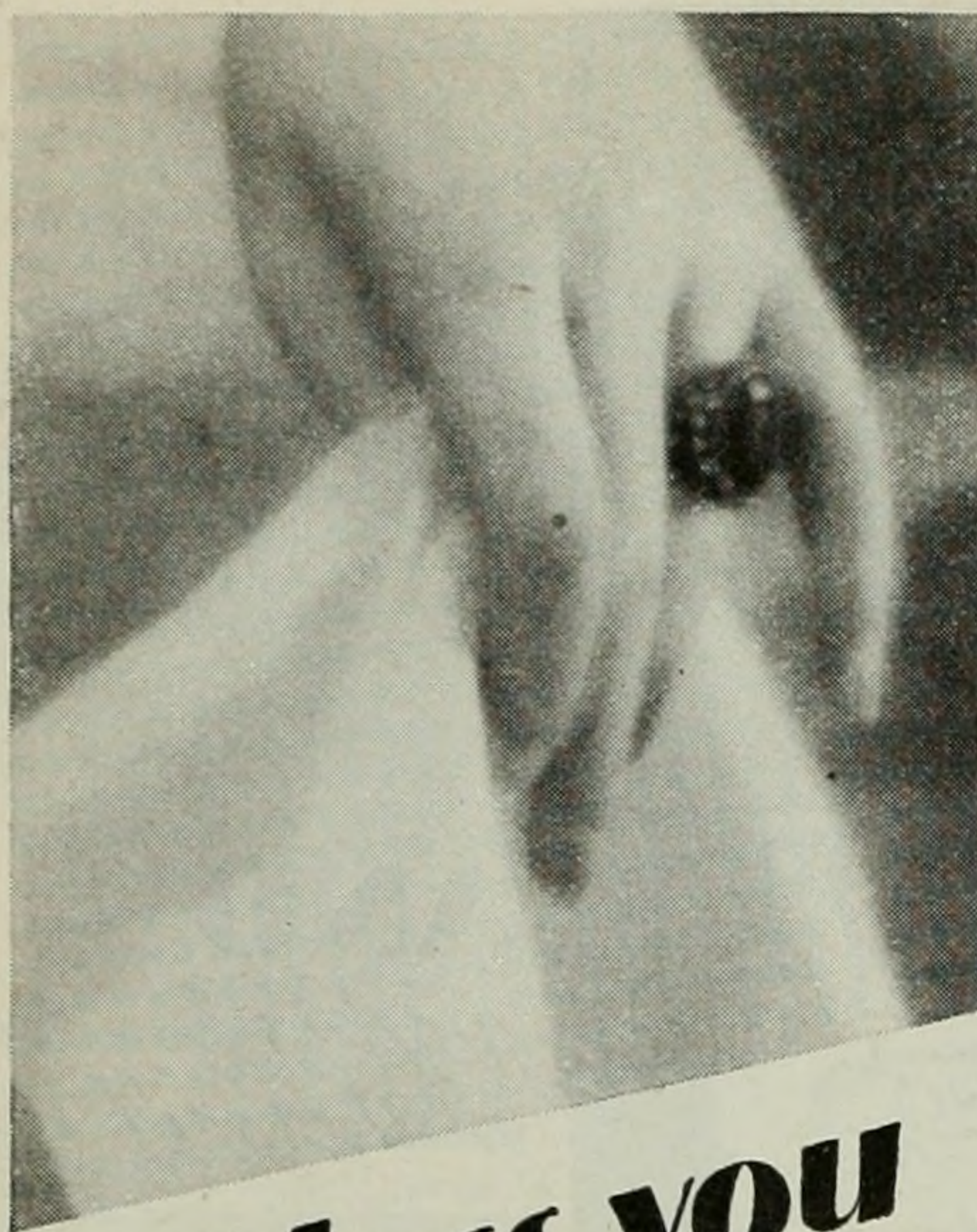
Discriminating exhibitors, eager to provide the best in entertainment, have installed the Western Electric Sound System.

The success of Sound Pictures is history now. Continuing progress is certain. Make sure of enjoying it. Go to the theatres showing these great producers' pictures with the sound equipment recognized as the world's standard.

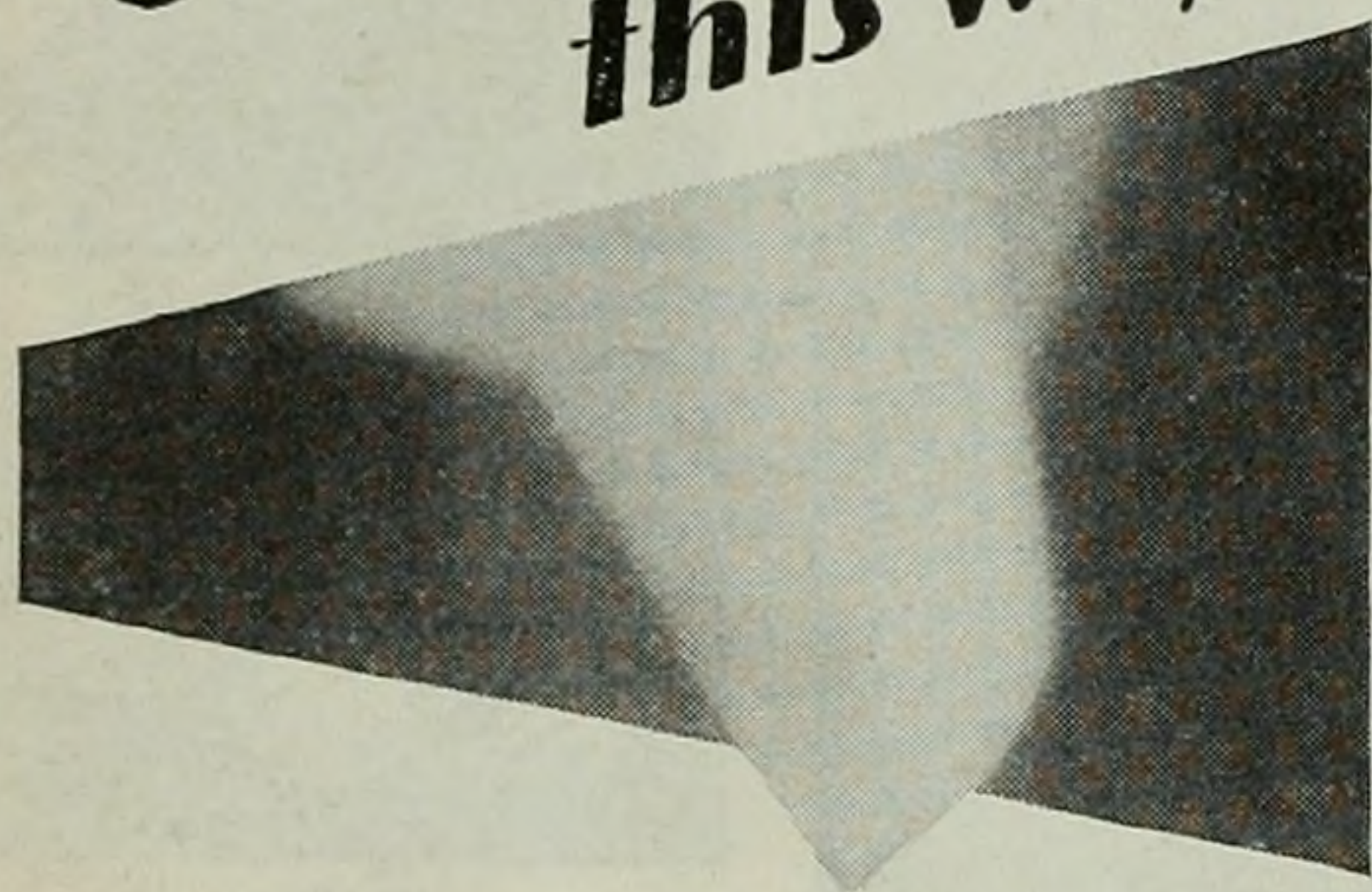
Western SOUND



Electric SYSTEM



**unless you
remove cold
cream
this way...**



- 1 *Blackheads, acne, skin troubles* are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.
- 2 *High laundry bills* and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... PH-6

The Whip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

There will be no one but me! There will be only me!"

Maurice rubbed his hands together and smiled. His idea was ripening into maturity. He put a friendly arm around Sibyl's shoulders.

"And not a word of greeting to your good producer, eh?"

"Greetings, hell!" But she followed him into his private office.

"Sit down, Sibyl. Calm yourself. Act like a big girl (you've put on ten pounds since I've been gone) and tell me all about it."

Sibyl told him all about it. And she told him things about Dona Fleurs that only one French woman could invent about another.

"But hold on a minute. You haven't seen her yet. She's a nice girl. She has composure. She has charm. She looks like you—only prettier. And she's younger and slimmer."

IT worked like a charm. Sibyl became a changed woman. Each time the star looked as if she were about to fly into a rage, Flint mentioned Dona, ever so casually. He took Dona on the set the first day Sibyl started her new picture and told Dona loudly that she was to watch every gesture of the star. He added to Sibyl that Dona was there just in case anything went wrong. She might have to double for her. The scene was the type of thing that Sibyl thoroughly disliked. Sibyl had always objected to being a vamp, and had often said, for publication, "Why don't they sometimes let me be sweet, in a picture hat, with babies?"

Her director invariably came to Flint after a particularly heavy vamp scene and swore that he'd have to get a new director for that impossible woman. Sibyl always blew up on the set when the moment that she must lure the young officer into her flat arrived. Today, with Dona's warm, eager eyes upon her, she was docile as a "yes-man" and entwined her whitened arms around the neck of the leading man. Sibyl had never lured as well before.

The thought that Dona could act had not occurred to Maurice Flint. He had paid her \$50.00 a week, a meager price, for his peace of mind. She was to be a whip, merely a whip, to Sibyl. Her presence was a warning. So far it had worked. His days were peaceful and his golf game improved. Then one day Clarence Hawley, a director, persuaded him to let Dona have a small part in a picture. Sibyl grew more worried and more manageable. Flint and Hawley watched the first night's rushes together.

"**Y**OU'VE got a find," Hawley said. "This Fleurs dame can teach Sibyl a few numbers. Let me start her out, and at the next picture they'll be yelling over a new star."

Maurice Flint discovered that he was not nearly so interested in leaving the studio on Saturday afternoon as he was in watching Clarence Hawley direct scenes. This guy Hawley was a damned fine director and needed watching. He had a deft touch. What he did not discover was that he was more interested in the scenes in which Dona played than in those in which other characters mugged at the camera. One afternoon he came to the set "on urgent business," just in time to witness a tender love scene between Dona Fleurs and Bertram Drew. The lights flashed on and Dona, dressed in the sweetest pale blue frock he had ever seen, came through a garden of prop grass and ready-made roses. Bertram entered left, came behind her and covered her eyes with his two hands. Her scarlet lips parted, and she whispered his name. They faced each other, and with a little cry, as soft as a zephyr she floated into his arms.

"Cut!" said the director. "One more like that for China."

Maurice Flint discovered very suddenly

that he had never liked Bertram Drew. What right had a sleepy-eyed actor to kiss Dona Fleurs like that? And he did it like he meant it. He didn't have to do it like he meant it. A good actor never put real feeling into his scenes. He simply gave the semblance of real feeling. Well, his option was up in two months. Maurice Flint had never liked him.

Maurice stopped seeing the rushes. He couldn't stand to watch that sappy Drew guy paw Dona like he did. And then one day he was in the midst of a story conference when it all dawned on him. He forgot that his highest paid writer was telling him of a great scene in Sibyl's next starring vehicle that would only take five hundred extras two weeks on location in the High Sierras. He forgot and O. K.'d it, and remembered a piece of urgent business on the lot. Dona was wearing the sweetest blue frock he ever saw when he found her. Flint didn't mince words. He took her by the hand and led her behind a flat and told her that he loved her and must marry her.

THREE weeks later his secretary announced "Miss la Mond to see you!" Flint groaned and said, wearily, "O. K. Let her in!"

Sibyl arrived. She was in an old fashioned fury. "And what do you suppose that dumb director has done now? I am having the great dramatic scene, and he says that this silly little fool who plays my sister should have a close-up just after I speak the title. I told him he was crazy, and he will not listen, and he walked off the set and told me to direct the picture. Well, I could, better than he, but, no, he comes back and says he will see you, and I told him to go ahead and see you, because..."

Flint held up a weary hand. "He's wrong. She shouldn't have a close-up there. It isn't in the script."

"Of course, it's not in the script. He just wants to ring her in. Between you and me, Maurice, I think that he's having an affair with her, but I won't stand for it. I tell you, I won't. She won't steal a scene of mine, not as long as my name is Sibyl la Mond."

"Which it isn't," Maurice murmured, and added, aloud, "You're right, Sibyl, you're right."

"And while I'm here, Maurice, about that orchid dress. It makes me look like the mother of six. I won't have it. I tell you, I won't have it."

"All right, all right!"

She slammed the door. His secretary entered.

"Mrs. Flint is waiting."

"Show her in!"

DONA, looking beautiful as usual, in furs and a small hat, came over to him.

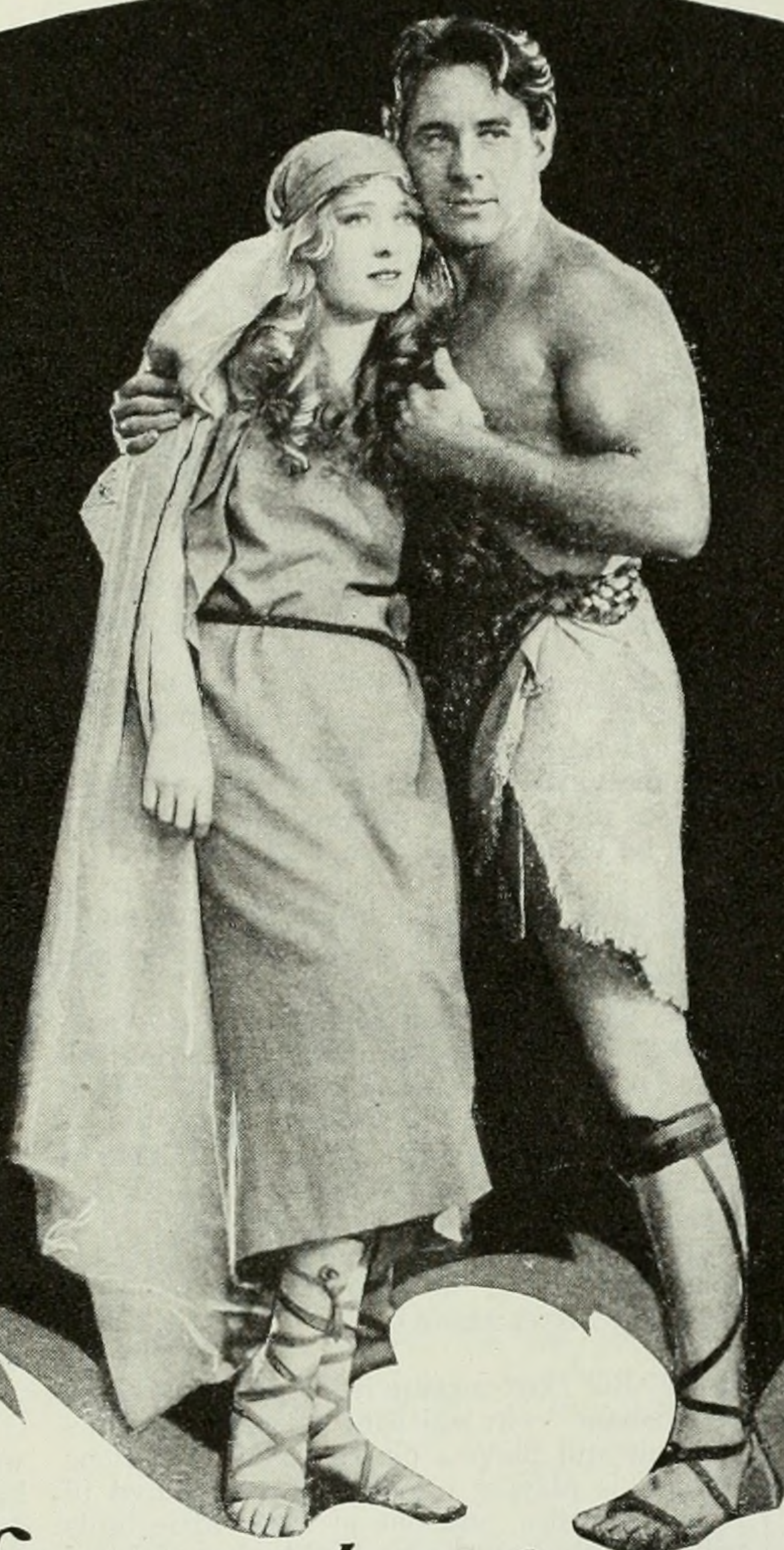
"Oh, Maurice, darling, I have just been talking to Lucille Lake, Sam Benjamin's wife, and she says there's no reason in the world why you won't let me act. Sam helps her all the time. He's glad she's an actress. He's proud of her, and Clarence Hawley told me about the sweetest part for which I'm just the type, in his next picture."

Maurice Flint strolled to the window and looked out across the six big stages that comprised the studio. He thought of Paris. He thought of his idea. It had been born there. It had ripened to maturity in Hollywood, and now it had died of old age. Dona removed as a rival, Sibyl was as temperamental as ever and bringing him in just as much money, and Dona, his wife, was nagging for parts. Was life nothing but an endless cycle?

He turned to Dona. "No, Belle,—er—Dona. For the last time, no! You can't go on the screen, and that's straight!"

He shot a 116 at golf and drove four balls into the river hazard that afternoon.

SEE AND HEAR
DOLORES COSTELLO in "NOAH'S ARK"
 with **GEORGE O'BRIEN**



The Sweetest Love Story ever told
 — THE EPIC DRAMA of the AGE

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. You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards of modern screen entertainment. See and hear "Noah's Ark."



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T *A Second* TANGEE TALKIE

**Starring Sue Carol
and Nick Stuart**
Fox Film Stars



NICK: "You know, lots of people think movie stars aren't as pretty in person as on the screen. But if they ever saw you, with your beautiful eyes and your natural, ruby lips..."

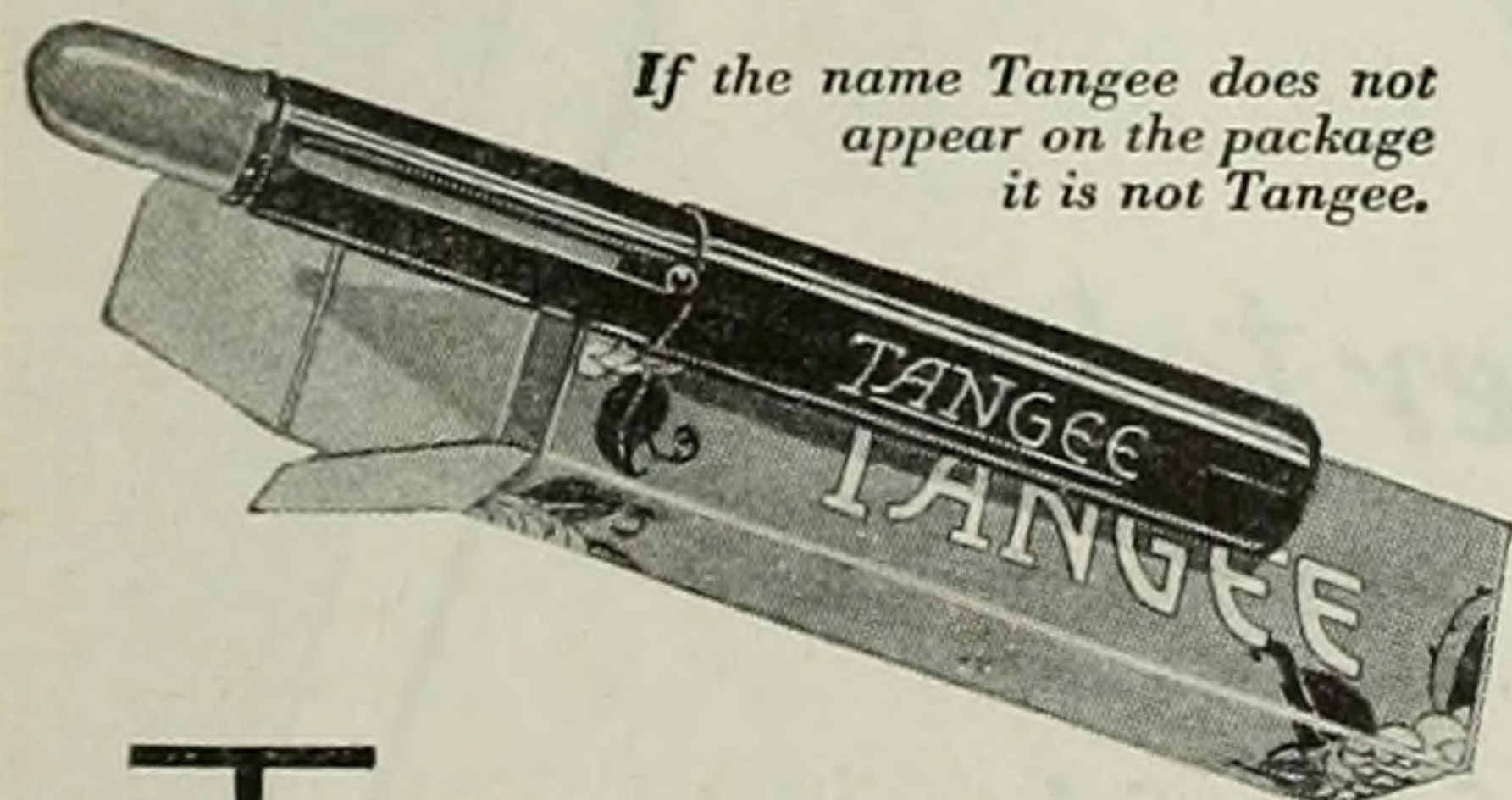
SUE: "Very well said, Nick. You're as nice a lover off the screen as on My eyes are my own, thank you, but my lips are Tangee'd! Here—this is my Tangee lipstick."

NICK: "Innocent little thing, isn't it?"

SUE: "It is not! I may sound like a press agent, but honestly, Tangee is wonderful. It's practically indelible, and while you put it on, it blends perfectly with your own natural coloring."

NICK: "I'll say it does!"

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.



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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P. P. 6, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Name

Address

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IT'S the silly season in Hollywood, as in Medicine Hat and Baton Rouge, and the love-birds are tuning up.

Chaplin has just donated fifty pairs of old shoes to hurl at the newly spliced, and the stores along the Boulevard report a rice shortage and thousands of laundrymen starving.

The Spring moon struck Louise Glaum, the famous vamp, and she announces that, rain or shine, she is going to marry her producer, Mr. Reid. Director James Young, divorced from Clara Kimball Ditto, is determined to make Clara Whipple Spouse No. 3.

Big William Desmond, king of the serials, is already hitched, the party of the second part being Mary McIvor, once his leading woman. Marjorie Rambeau, of stage and screen, took unto herself Mr. Hugh Dillman, leading man. And the first Mrs. Doug Fairbanks has yessed Mr. James Evans, Jr., a big stock and bond man from Pittsburgh. She has custody of Doug, Jr., aged eight. Now see what has happened to Doug, Jr.

BUT horrors, and sobs! What is this bomb that explodes in the midst of moony June?

Katherine MacDonald has decided she can dispense with her artist husband, Mr. Malcolm Strauss, and is taking legal steps.

Alan Forrest is breaking the chains that bind him to Ann Little. They only lived together a month.

Little Teddy Sampson says she can do without Ford Sterling in a matrimonial way, and has decided to tell her woes to a judge.

June evidently works both ways, as far as the so-called tender passion is concerned. Well, better luck next time, folks, say we!

THE learned Julian Johnson lists the events of the past month. Listen to how strange they sound.

The flashing of Viola Dana as a great comedienne, and a genuine characterization by Bill Hart. Comebacks by Rupert Julian, George Beban and Bill Russell. John Barrymore's first serious film (it was "The Test of Honor") and a good performance by Madge Kennedy.

Well, from the reviewing stand of 1929, there doesn't seem to be much there to cable Downing Street about!

THE Bill Hart picture is "The Poppy Girl's Husband"—in which he takes off his cowboy suit and plays a big-city crook . . . Bebe Daniels is playing opposite Harold Lloyd in Rolin comedies, and one of these little birds trills that she may be his leading lady for life, the minx! . . . Jack Sherrill is a popular leading man in pictures made by his daddy. . . Director Lois Weber has a broken arm. . . Charlie Chaplin was the first air-minded actor in pictures. . . In 1919 he plots a plane line from Los Angeles to Catalina Island with William Wrigley, Jr., the choong gum king of then and now. . . Tex Guinan signs for two-reelers.

Our hawk-eyed readers are still spotting the directors' dumb bobbles, and getting the giveaways printed.

Mr. Linden of New Rochelle gets one on

Wally Reid. "In 'The Dub' Wally goes riding in a taxi. When he gets out the meter registers two dollars and ten cents. He hands the driver one bill and gets silver change."

Ah there, Linden! Maybe Wally had one of those 1919 three-buck notes!

A YOUNG lady in Knoxville, Tenn., writes in to say that Harrison Ford is the most adorable man on earth. . . Monroe Salisbury is also a big shot among the gals this season. . . We have a long story about how Edna Pur-



The silly season hits Hollywood, and as the romantic month dawns, Louise Glaum, the famous siren, decides to marry her producer, J. Parker Reid. Grrrr!

viance cheered up the boys during the war. What a blonde! . . . The Studio Club, for lonely movie actresses, is booming, and among its backers are Marjorie Daw and Carmel Myers. . . If they were ever lonely, I'm a dense mob. . . Of the thousands of extra girls who asked for work at Lasky's, up to this month only three had been given regular jobs in the troupe—Julia Faye, Marcia Manon, and Edna Mae Cooper. . . And where are two of those now? . . . Ann Little says she just must have Milkweed Cream on her face at times.

JOAN OF ARC, N. Y. C.—Francis X. Bushman was born in 1885, on Jan. 10. Theda Bara is NOT dead.

ROSE THORN, Ardmore—Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. Eugene O'Brien isn't married. Ormi Hawley is Caruso's leading woman. Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." Dearie me, how you girls DO go on!

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans:

The first set of pictures in PHOTOPLAY'S annual \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest will be found on pages 4 and 5 of the Rotogravure Section of this issue. Complete rules of the Contest are on page 39.

The Passing Show of 1929

It's a show that changes every day. Keeps abreast of the times. Always up to date—ever in step with the mode, or a little ahead—turning the spotlight for you on the things that are new, smart, stylish, convenient—desirable.

The Passing Show of current times—the advertisements in this magazine. Packed with interest—alive with the vitality and surging change of this modern day.

The advertisements are more than reliable buying guides. Indications of quality they are, surely—for today no manufacturer can win lasting success by buying publicity for a cheap or shoddy product. Advertising weeds out the unfit. But more than that—advertisements are the fascinating daily record of progress in industry—of advances in the world of goods and services. And of such things you need to be fully informed—for you are the ones who buy them.

Buy intelligently—with open eyes. Read the advertisements. Compare values . . . know what's new, what's better, and why. When you start out to spend your money—*be informed!*

*Make it a habit to follow the advertisements.
Every day there's a new edition of
The Passing Show!*

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Renee Adoree Model," an Ensemble, white flat-crepe dress and scarf, print sport coat, \$29.50.



Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Dorothy Sebastian Model," an Ensemble, beige georgette dress and red georgette coat, with beige crepe-de-Chine slip, \$29.50.



Josephine Dunn, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Josephine Dunn Model," an Ensemble, plain white flat-crepe dress and coat, \$29.50.



He turned. The girls laughed at their ambitious sister. She blushed. So did Nils. Then he walked back and talked to her for a minute.

"Why did you give her a break?" asked a friend.

"She feel like a damn fool. So did I. It did us both good to say 'hello.'"

LIFE, the humorous weekly, remembers when this was considered the last word in nasty cracks.

"Say—with a voice like yours, you ought to be in the movies!"

OH, what these talkies do!

It's going to take more than eye-rollings and leg-exposing to put some of them over now!

Twelve times a scene was retaken, twelve hard times, because Alice White couldn't remember one line.

At last she turned to the director.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I don't think this scene is right. I just don't seem to get the feel of it!"

THE event of the season around our shop has been the arrival of a son and heir at the home of Frederick James and Agnes Smith, managing editor and his associate editor and severest critic.

As soon as the happy mamma was able to take the air, Louella Parsons, the newspaper woman, gave her a party, rounding up all available film stars for the occasion.

Among those present were May Allison, Doris Kenyon and Estelle Taylor. A gay time was had by all.

Young Smith, a month old as this is written, has already plunged into journalism. Asked for a caption on a photograph of Clara Bow, he at once responded, "Glub, glub, glub," which we think covers the ground pretty thoroughly.

HEARD at the Rialto Theater in New York when "Lady of the Pavements" was being shown.

Lupe Velez had just performed some of her cute little drawing-room antics, which apparently were not appreciated by the flappers in the row behind me.

One of them pungently remarked: "She should live, but she shouldn't make a habit of it!"

EDWINA BOOTH, feminine lead in "Trader Horn," just before leaving for Africa, came limping into the studio, calmly remarking:

"Well, I am all shot . . . thoroughly shot . . . inside for Typhus, Malaria and whatnot, and outside for publicity."

EXTRY! 'Nother Hollywood Expose Blows Up as Thousands Cheer.

Ever since Mary Pickford hurled a luncheon for a little niece at Madame Helene's downtown tea room, the place has been giving the Montmartre a hot race for the tourist trade.

Sally Blane gave a blowout for the baby stars there a few days ago, and a visitor in the place grew all pink with excitement.

"Look, mamma!" she whispered loudly, "Don't tell me they don't drink. Look at that party! Every one of those girls is drinking port."

Madame Helene overheard, and it took Madame and four strong bus-boys to convince the trippers that Sally's gang was lapping up mere coffee served from a trick Oriental bottle.

All of which wrecked another Iowa afternoon.

IT is a relief to get away from these talkie stages where one is hushed at every step and visit one of the good old sort.

Like Lon Chaney's, where that great star is making "Thunder," and raising it as usual.

Lon won't talk on the screen, and when he says he won't talk, he means he won't talk.

The old portable organ is on the Chaney set, and the star and Director Nigh sound off as often and as loudly as they please.

"We're old-fashioned folks," says Lon. "We're not arty here. We still believe in making our noise behind the camera and not in front of it."

HEART throb for June.

If you see particularly beautiful photographs of Dorothy Mackaill any day now, wink and cross your fingers.



The newspapers report the sale of Frances Marion's lovely home, atop one of the highest of the Beverly Hills. Frances and the late Fred Thomson, her famous husband, put hundreds of thousands of dollars and three years of ideal love and married life into it. They planned and worked it out together. It was one of the most beautiful homes and playgrounds in America. It was surrounded by gardens, riding rings, swimming pools and everything to make life happy, but when Fred died, Frances could live in it no longer and disposed of it to a Texas oil man for \$150,000 less than it had cost

FREE Autographed Photographs

Would you like to have an autographed photograph of Renee Adoree, Dorothy Sebastian, or Josephine Dunn, surrounded by photographs showing the same player in scenes from her latest feature pictures? Clip this entire ad and send it to us with six cents in stamps to cover cost of handling, mailing, etc., for each one you want, or, if you prefer, ask for them at the store where you buy your dresses.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, stating size or measurements.

Remit preferably by money order or bank draft. If you send cash be sure to register as we cannot be responsible for money sent by regular mail.

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HOLLYWOOD PARIS LOS ANGELES

The First National blonde is walking out regularly nowadays with Henry Freulich, one of Hollywood's ace portraitists.

Good luck, Hen, aver we.

VERA GORDON, Sophie Tucker and a few others have always been shining examples of the fact that avoirdupois and personal charm need not be separated.

Now, Mrs. Joe E. Brown and Mrs. Russell Simpson and Vera are proudly walking from table to table at the Montmartre, displaying the places where the fat used to be, all of them having lost from eighteen to twenty pounds.

If you insist on following their example, see PHOTOPLAY'S diet department for further instructions.

IT isn't just the mushroom starlets who get all the breaks and story-book dreams in Hollywood. You've heard how the happy waitresses at Henry's wouldn't trade with baby stars.

Here's another for the romance book.

Harry Rapf, the picture executive, has a secretary named Mrs. Anna Robertson. She is the mother of a little daughter about eight, by her first marriage. She may not be astoundingly beautiful, though a good looker, but she certainly has charm.

While Hollywood's flappers were trying to churn far enough into pictures to meet some millionaires, the quiet Mrs. Robertson sat at her desk, tended to business, and won a rich husband. She has been successfully wooed by a Mr. Bernheimer, a millionaire pottery manufacturer.

And what do the flaps on the lot say?

"Her diamond solitaire is larger than Norma Shearer's."

*I dearly love the talkies—
But can you tell me, sweet,
Why crumpling tissue paper sounds
Like ripping up a sheet?*

BIG Victor McLaglen has decided he likes us so well that he craves to be an American citizen, and has taken out his first papers.

His wife wants to take up with Uncle Sam, too, but as she is here only under a permit, she must go back to England and come back under the regular quota. That will probably take a year. And Vic must wait nearly three years for the second set of papers that make him a full citizen, with the privilege of fighting on the American side in any and all wars.

Incidentally, there are eight McLaglen boys. Recall the marines, assemble the McLaglens, and send them out to pacify China.

EVERYBODY in the Fox organization considers himself "banished" when sent to work at Fox Hills sound plant, situated several miles from Hollywood.

It interferes with the pleasurable pastime of shopping and lunching on the Boulevard, and making mild whoopee with one's friends.

So the Foxites refer to the Fox Hills Sound Studio as "The Salt Mines." Also they call M.-G.-M. "The Culver City Branch."

Returns are not in yet from M.-G.-M., but rumor has it that they think of the Fox Studio as the Hollywood branch.

BEFORE you are admitted to the Clarence Brown set (if you're admitted at all) you have to take the vow of silence, wear a false moustache and salaam eight times.

The reason is that Peggy Wood simply can't bear to have curious eyes grow more curious, my dear. She's much too busy putting the wonder in "Wonder of Women."

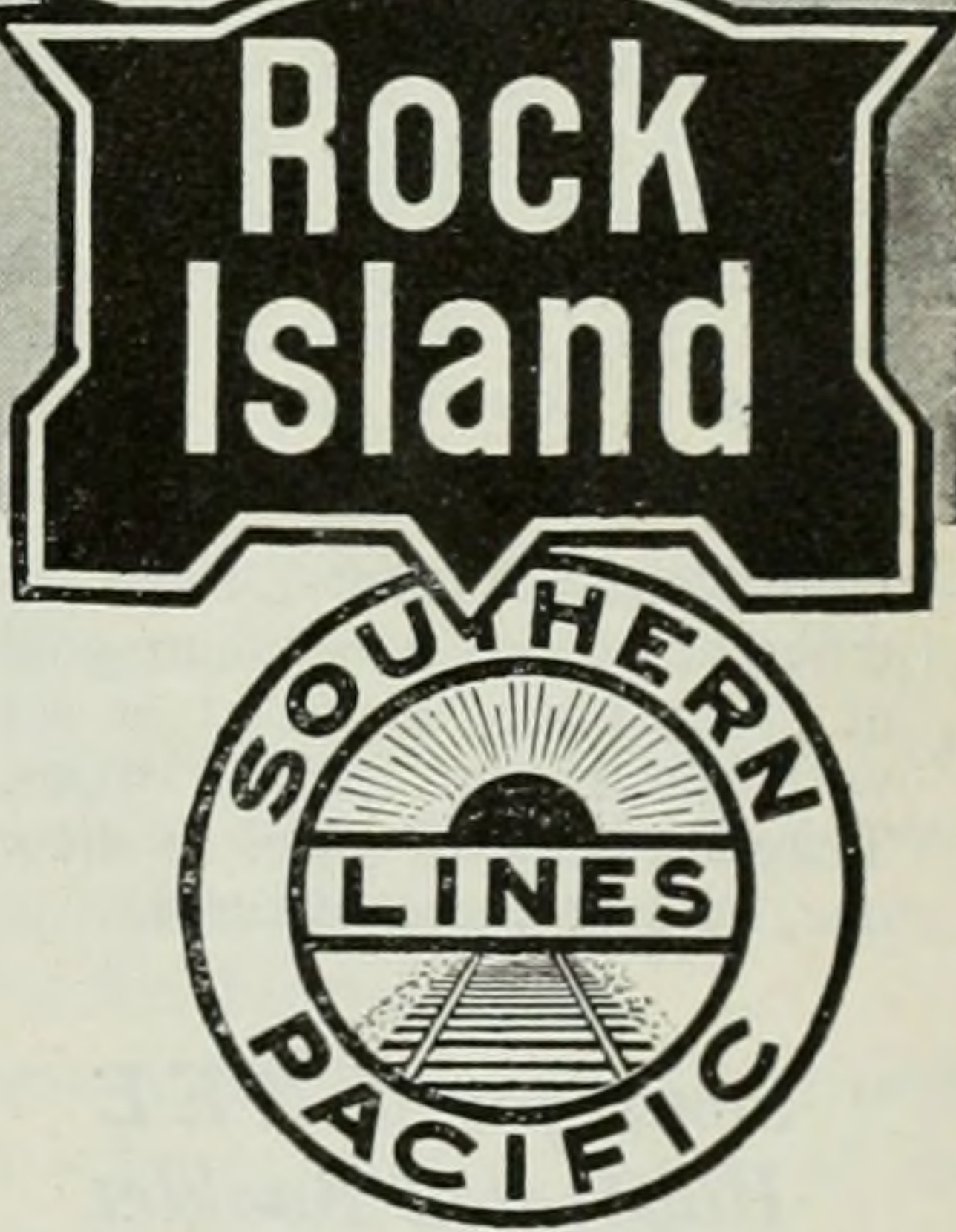
But Peggy doesn't need to be that way. The interest on that set is not Johnny Weaver's wife. It's the tin ocean that was invented by one of the boys in the art department.

I can't begin to describe the thing nor how it works. Anyhow, it looks exactly like a real ocean and is made entirely of tin. And, if I'm not very much mistaken, it's going to steal a lot of scenes from under Peggy's nose.



de luxe
Golden State Limited to California

Mr. L. M. Allen, VPEPTM,
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Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:
My recent trip on the Golden State Limited was indeed a pleasure. The success and comfort of the trip was due, to a great extent, to the courteous and thoughtful attendants. Every one of them, it seemed to me, was eager to assume personally all responsibility for the comfort and welfare of passengers.
With best wishes, I am
Very truly yours,
Josephine Dunn
Josephine Dunn



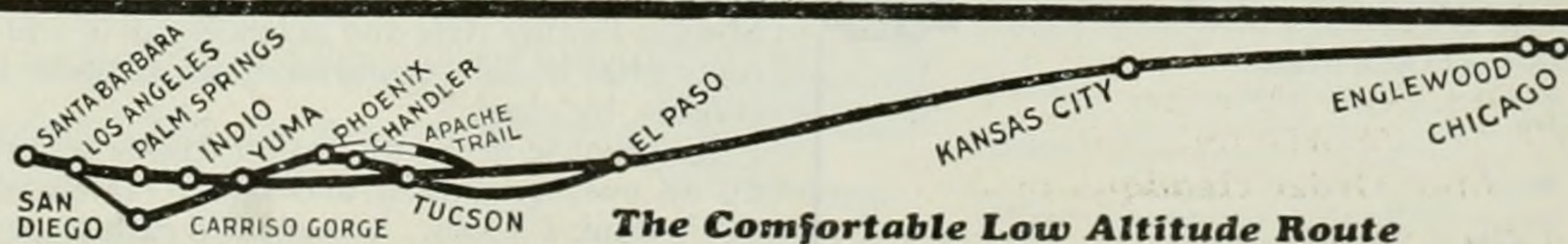
When attendants are unusually "thoughtful" and the way short, direct, low in altitude—through a region of absorbing interest, it is not surprising that patrons are enthusiastic.

Only 61¼ hours Los Angeles-Chicago.
Shortest and quickest Chicago-San Diego.

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Los Angeles Ticket Office, 212 West Seventh Street, Phone Metropolitan 2000
B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines
809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department
Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800
or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, Phone Murray Hill 8400, New York City
P. W. Johnston, General Agent, Passenger Department, Rock Island Lines
723 Knickerbocker Building, Broadway and 42nd Street
Phones Wisconsin 2515-6, New York City

564





Your Sweetheart's Photo in a beautiful BRACELET

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Hollywood Bracelets have special links in which photos may be inserted. We give you with each bracelet photos of 24 movie stars sized to fit the links. Or you may wear snapshots of your boy friend, husband, baby, mother or anyone else's picture you wish.

Hollywood Bracelets come in different styles, finished in gold or silver plate, enameled or set with transparent colored stones. They are made in styles to show one, two or three pictures.

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Our beautiful booklet shows the different models of Hollywood Bracelets and the photos of the 24 movie favorites you get with each bracelet. The booklet is free. Send for it. Just fill in the coupon.

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Please send FREE booklet.

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Street.....
City.....

DID you ever stop to think how many real high flyers there are in the picture business? We mean this literally.

For instance, take Tay Garnett, the Pathe director, formerly a navy aviator with 900 hours in the air. Then there is William Wellman, the Paramount director and ex-member of the Lafayette Escadrille. Being a member of the Escadrille, he is sworn to secrecy and cannot discuss his war record or flying time.

Reginald Denny of Universal was 100 hours in the air; Wallace Beery, Lasky star, also 100 hours; Ben Lyon, 100 hours and one bad fall in which he cracked up a crate; Clarence Brown, M.-G.-M. director, 350 hours, and the only man in pictures with a full transport license. This permits him to fly passengers either for fun or for pay, to haul freight or to do solo work either straight or stunting. During the war, Brown was a flying instructor. And Howard Hawks, Fox director, with Victor Fleming, free lance director, also boast of their 100 hours. In fact, Fleming, with a recent flight almost across the continent, has added another 30 hours to his record.

And now all these folks are forming a flying club with William Gibbs McAdoo, Jr., as head man. There'll be a "Wing," or branch in each studio. Mebbe in another five years there will be more flying clubs than golf clubs in Hollywood.

HERE'S a pretty domestic sight! At the curb before a Santa Monica market, the John Barrymore car. In the rear seat—Mrs. B. sitting demurely.

Trotting about the food store with bundles, The Great Profile itself, doing the family marketing. The chauffeur grins. So do I.

A HIGH-HAT barber—that is, one who gets about \$5 a barb—went out to the Metro-Goldwyn lot recently.

He wanted to get girls to pose for his hair-shingling act, to show before and after snipping.

He found that practically none of the ladies of Culver City have short hair any more.

Among those whose locks are already far down on the neck are Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Raquel Torres, Gwen Lee, Josephine Dunn and Leila Hyams.

EDDIE NUGENT—is there no stopping the man?—reports that the noise on the sound stage of "The Green Ghost" is terrific. All the English actors keep dropping their "h's."

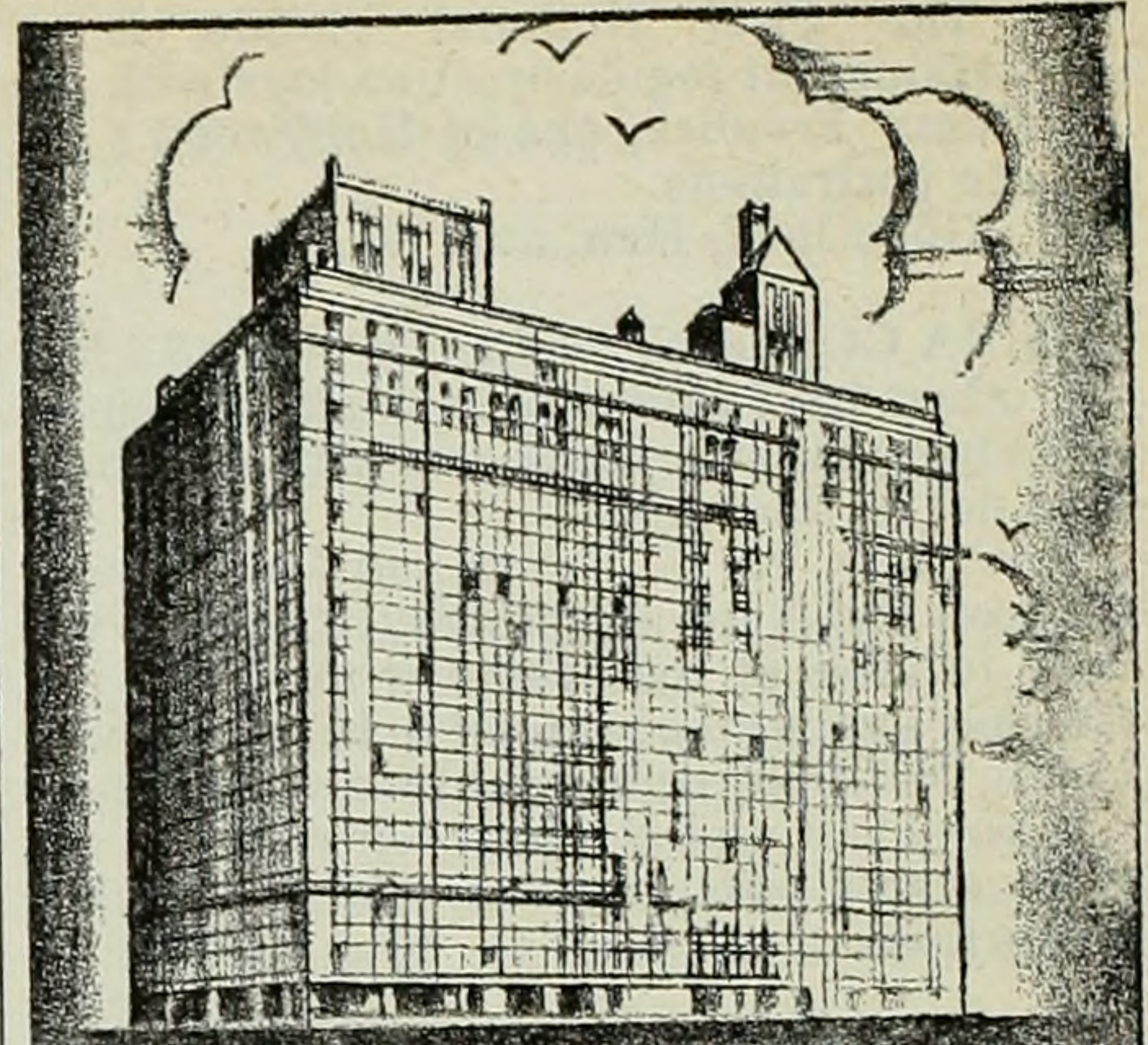
HARRY CAREY has the title rôle in "Trader Horn." This brings on more talk. If my memory doesn't fail me completely, at the time the story unfolds the trader is a young and gay blade.

Of course, he is white bearded when he recounts his adventures, but not when they actually happen. Duncan Renaldo, the boy who played one of the twins in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," is *Little Peru*. Duncan is a man who looks about twenty-two or three years old, yet, in the book, he is a contemporary of Trader Horn.

But such things do happen. Remember in De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" that Estelle Taylor played the part of *Miriam* to Theodore Robert's *Moses* when The Book-You'd-Take-on-a-Desert-Island frankly states that *Miriam*, a girl of ten or so, hid her baby brother *Moses* in the bull rushes.

A SHORT time ago Harry Oliver, one of the cleverest art directors in the motion picture industry, was asked to join the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, all of which costs \$100 in coin or currency or, in some instances, by check.

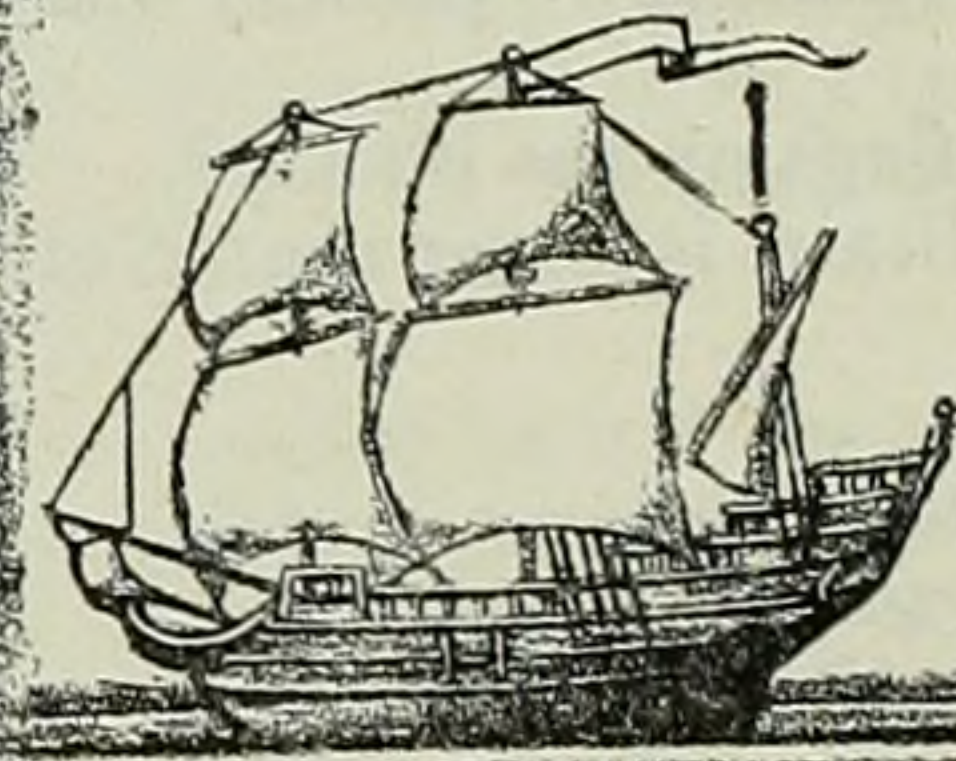
In response to the invitation, Harry screwed up his eyes quizzically and said, "No-o-o-o, I don't think I'll join. You see, I'd rather spend the hundred dollars publishing a book of one



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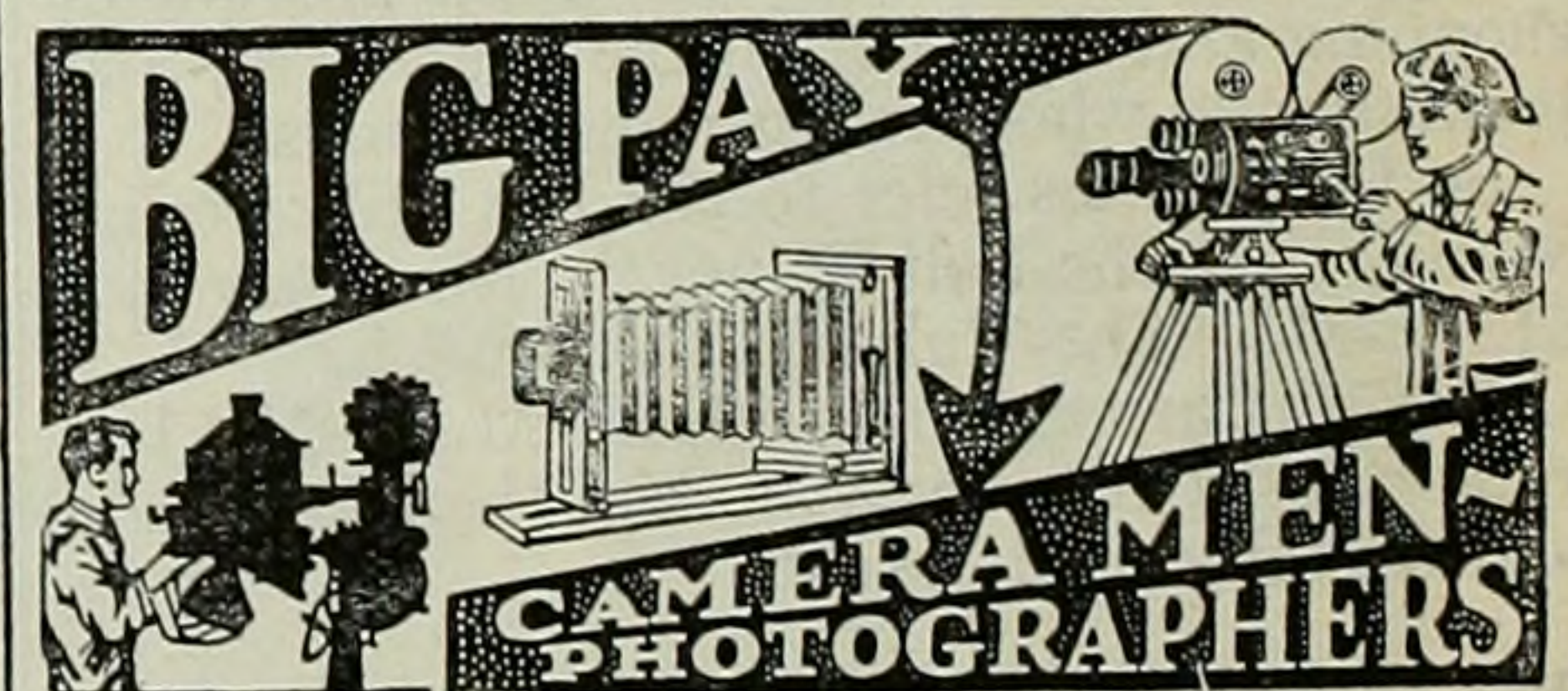


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MLLE. SOPHIE KOPPEL
Suite 711, 100 St. Nicholas Ave., New York

hundred sketches of sets that they wouldn't let me build. I think that would do the motion picture industry more good than for me to join the Academy."

And Harry is one of those fellows who won an honorable mention from the Academy.

*The Market's crashed, my girl's a' pout.
The cook has quit, the gin is out.
Oh, cut the chatter! Just how fair
Are Pickford's voice and shingled hair?*

PAUL BERN tells a story about the first big break Mae Busch had. Paul believed that Mae could do the leading rôle in "The Christian" but he knew he would have a difficult time selling her to the other executives.

He took her aside and begged that she put on her most lady-like manners for a week or so. It seemed little enough to ask.

At the end of the second week of perfect decorum Mae found Paul and said, "For Gawd's sake, how long will this keep up? And is any part worth what I'm going through?"

Paul assured her that it was and begged her to stick with Emily Post for a few days longer.

She got the part and it was her first good break.

JACK WARNER, on behalf of Warner Brothers, was presented with one of the shiny new statuettes awarded as symbols of honor by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Jack hefted it, then set it on the corner of the desk.

"Leave it right there," he said, "it'll make a fine weapon."

PROPERTY men are about the trickiest rascals in Hollywood.

For instance, when you see a swell dinner party on your pet screen, only the expensive principals are pecking at real caviar. The cheap help has set before it a delicious collection of birdshot smothered in axle grease.

Caviar is too expensive, and extras are apt to eat it. Once a property man had to use the real article, so to protect it from the hungry help he covered it with sand until time for the big caviar sequence.

*Lewis Stone will have to die
Some day, even as you and I.*

*This his epitaph can be,
Graven large, and clear, and free—*

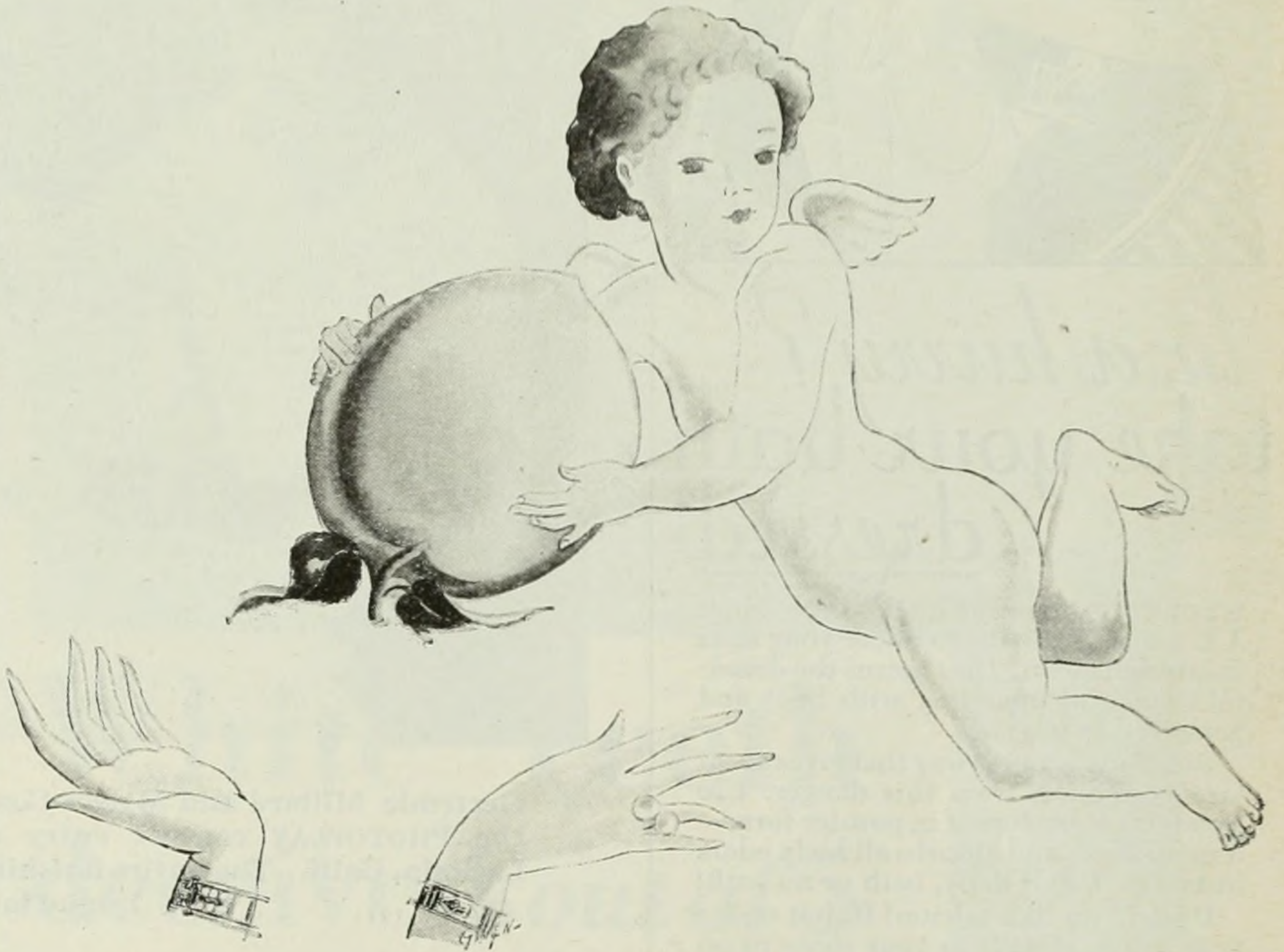
*"Friend, an actor lies below
Who never gave a rotten show."*



P. and A.

The new Mrs. Bryant Washburn, formerly Dahlie Pears of Toronto. The smiling gentleman beside her—the one with the lip fuzz—is just the groom

Wanted: Women who want the Perfect Complexion



YOU have been faithful, oh ladies, to your creams and to your unguents and your fingers are clever in the ways of massage!

But still blemishes come to mar the beauty of your complexion and still do you sigh for the skin of your youth!

What then, have you left undone? Where have you robbed your creams of their power to beautify? Is it not that you overlook that true beauty comes more from *within* than from *without*?

Most emphatically it does. And the greatest service you can do your skin is to keep free from constipation and internally clean by the saline method—with Sal Hepatica.

Salines are the modern sesame to beauty

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the custom of fashionable Europeans. It is the practice of the smart women of the continent to regularly visit the saline springs—the "cure stations," Vichy, Carlsbad,

Weisbaden—where they freshen their complexions and restore themselves to health by drinking the famous "health waters."

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today! Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica.

Send now the coupon for free booklet which tells in greater detail of the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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30c, 60c and \$1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



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HURRY-UP dressing — no time for a refreshing bath to make your skin dainty and sweet. That means the dreadful chance of offending with body and perspiration odors.

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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]



Gertrude Millard and Myron Cooper in a love scene of "Avarice," the PHOTOPLAY contest entry of La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif. The entire finishing of the film was handled in the league laboratory

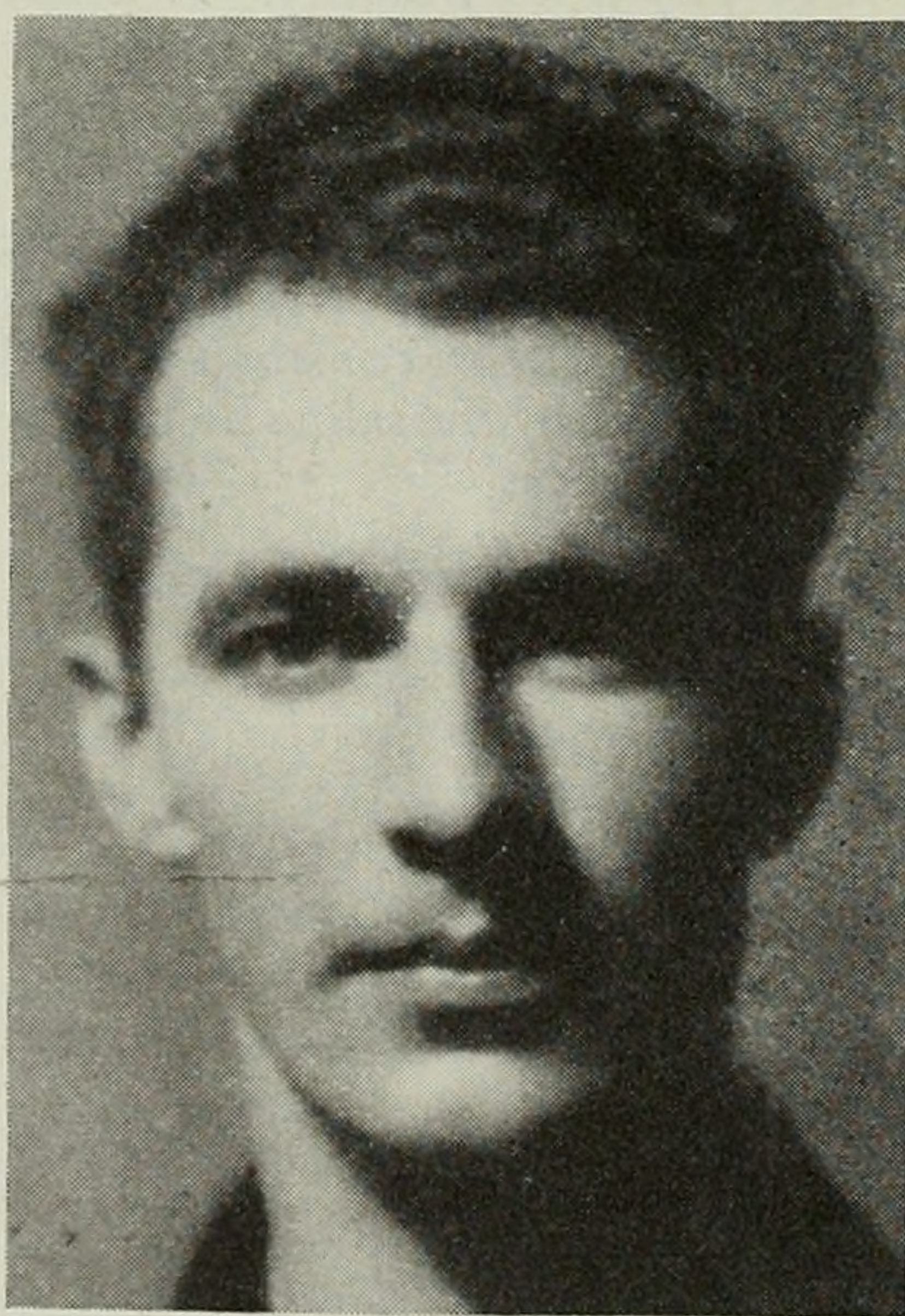
cast includes Jane White, Prentice Browning and Gilbert Carpenter. W. Melvin Crook is directing.

The first amateur serial yet recorded is being made by the students and faculty of Culver Military Academy at Culver, Indiana. The result is being shown to the students in installments on the weekly program with the amateur-made school newsreel. The plot revolved around a very red Russian who schemes to put Culver out of business. Captain Mather is directing.

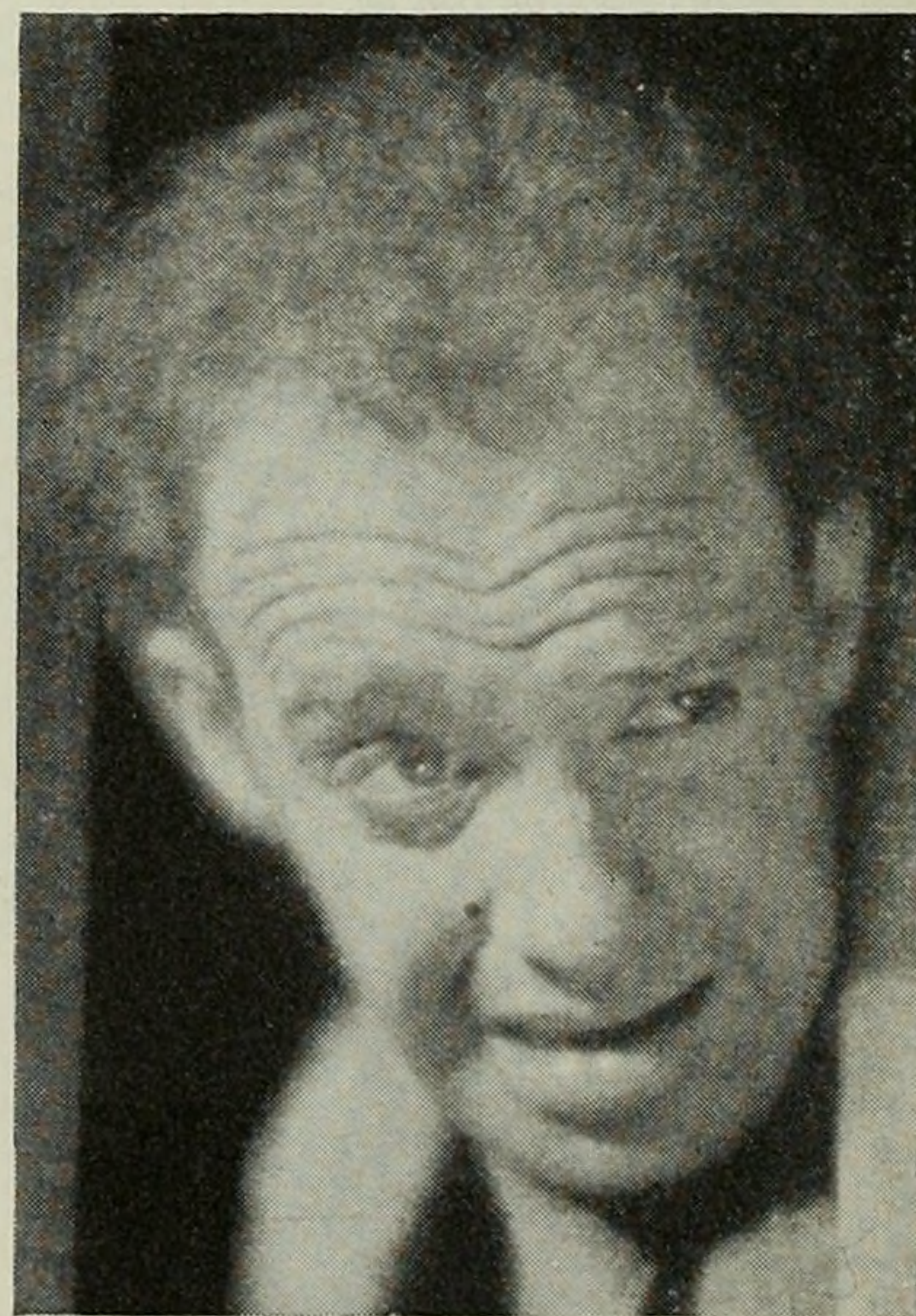
THE newly organized Cinema Club of Toledo, Ohio, is planning its first production.

Committee heads of the Cleveland Federation of Women's Clubs were entertained at a recent meeting of the Cleveland Movie Club. At this meeting the club members watched "The Fall of the House of Usher," the much talked about amateur film made by J. S. Watson and Melville Webber.

The PHOTOPLAY contest entry of La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif., entitled "Avarice," was directed by R. G. S. Rice and



Leonard Clairmont, maker of the contest film "Nemesis." Mr. Clairmont acted also as studio carpenter, make-up man, still photographer and film editor



Richard De Fole, in the title rôle of "Bonzabar the Beggar," a story of old London, submitted in the PHOTOPLAY contest by the Little Screen Players of Boston

photographed by P. H. Adams from a story by R. W. V. Adams. The cast includes veterans of other La Jolla films and numbers Ivan Rice, Gertrude Millard, Myron Cooper, Marjorie Van Antwerp, Ray Millard, John Chasey and Edward Stuart.

The story is based on the Biblical quotation, "—for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

At a recent meeting of the student amateur movie club of the University of Virginia, the organization's name was changed from College Topics Productions to University Productions. A thousand foot 35 millimeter production, "One Week-End," is half completed. This satirizes the current interpretation of college life given in Hollywood-made movies.

The Favorites Pick Their Own Favorites

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

in Hollywood)—because she proves her brilliance by her hatred of everybody.

Herb Somborn—because in Paris he tasted a delicious duck and has tried for 30 years to reproduce it. Went into the restaurant business in order to accomplish his purpose and has failed to find a chef who can make it. Complete futility made more complete by the fact that, after tasting so many duck sauces, he wouldn't know the original if he were to find it. And because he is the proprietor of "The Brown Derby" backed by Mizner and a group of other sentimentalists who want him to continue his idyllic search for the duck.

Erich von Stroheim—because of his nose-thumbing proclivities.

Dr. Thomas Joyce—because of his amazing work as a dope specialist at Spadra.

Grant Clarke—because he wrote "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl," "Avalon Town" and "Weary River."

LILYAN TASHMAN looks the problem squarely in the face and comes back with:

Lionel Barrymore—because he paints, composes music, sings, plays the piano, is an expert draftsman, directs and acts.

Eric Pedley—because he is considered by many to be the greatest polo player in the world and because he makes a business of stocks and bonds. Also because he is unspoiled and handsome.

Adela Rogers St. Johns—because of her colorful life and her refutation of the old bromide that one can't make a success of a literary career combined with motherhood and marriage. Because she has a charming knack of commercializing interesting friendships.

Bebe Daniels—because she is the kindest person Lilyan has ever known. Has never done or said anything unkind and yet doesn't know how charitable she is.

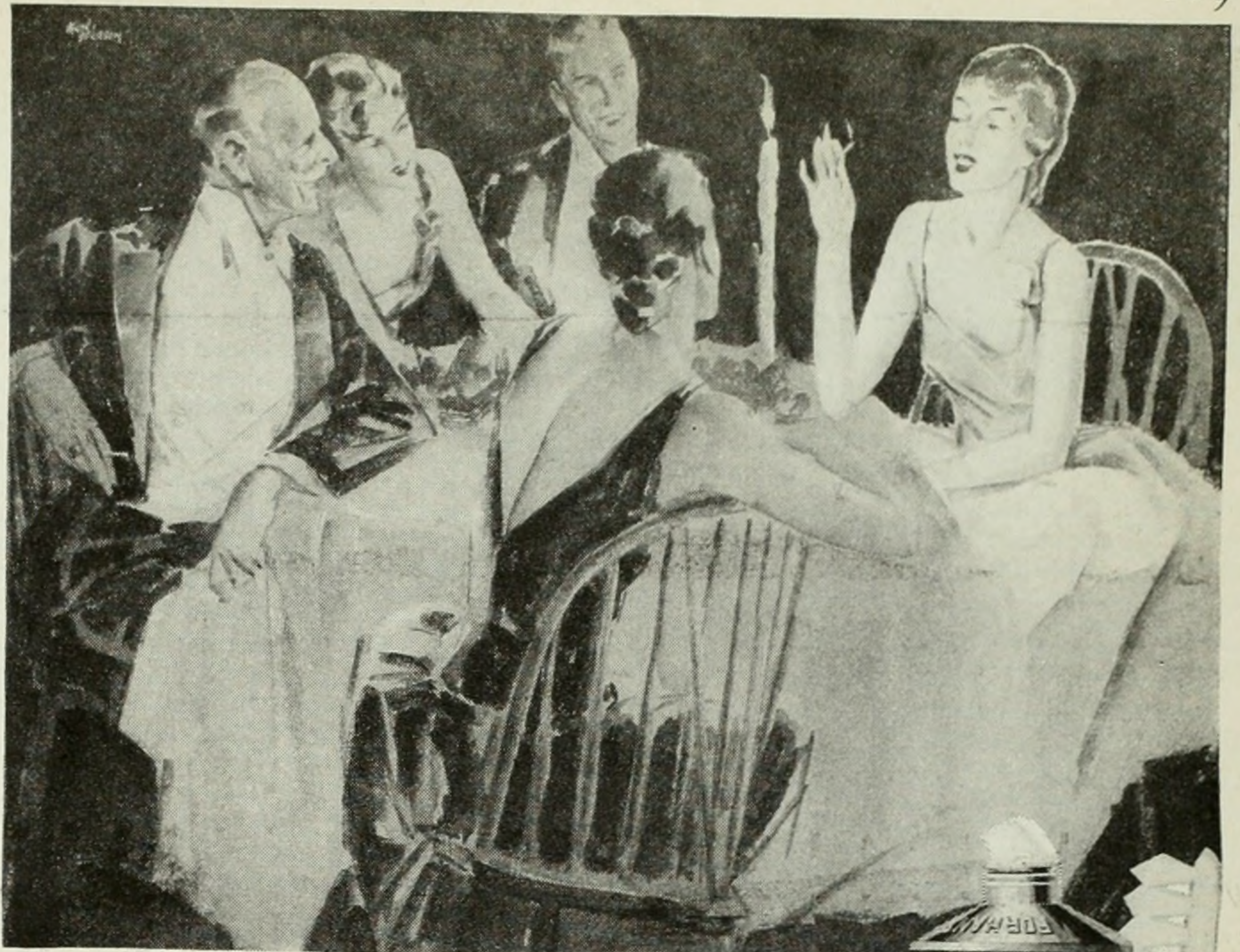
Winfield Sheehan—because of what he has made of the Fox organization. Because he is a multi-millionaire and doesn't need to work, but puts in fifteen hours a day on his job.

Edmund Lowe—because he is one of the best actors on the screen, because he has two university degrees and never mentions them, and because Lilyan picked him.

Ronald Colman gives a neat, concise account of himself with his selection.

Mary and Doug (as one personality)—because they stand for everything that the picture business stands for. Because of their vivid careers. Because they were born of humble parents and have become the royalty of the screen.

Gloria Swanson—because of her amazing dominance. Because she was once a Mack Sennett bathing beauty and is now a star. Because she represents the color of the industry.



White Teeth deceive 4 out of 5 NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**The disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums — and Health is Sacrificed*

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

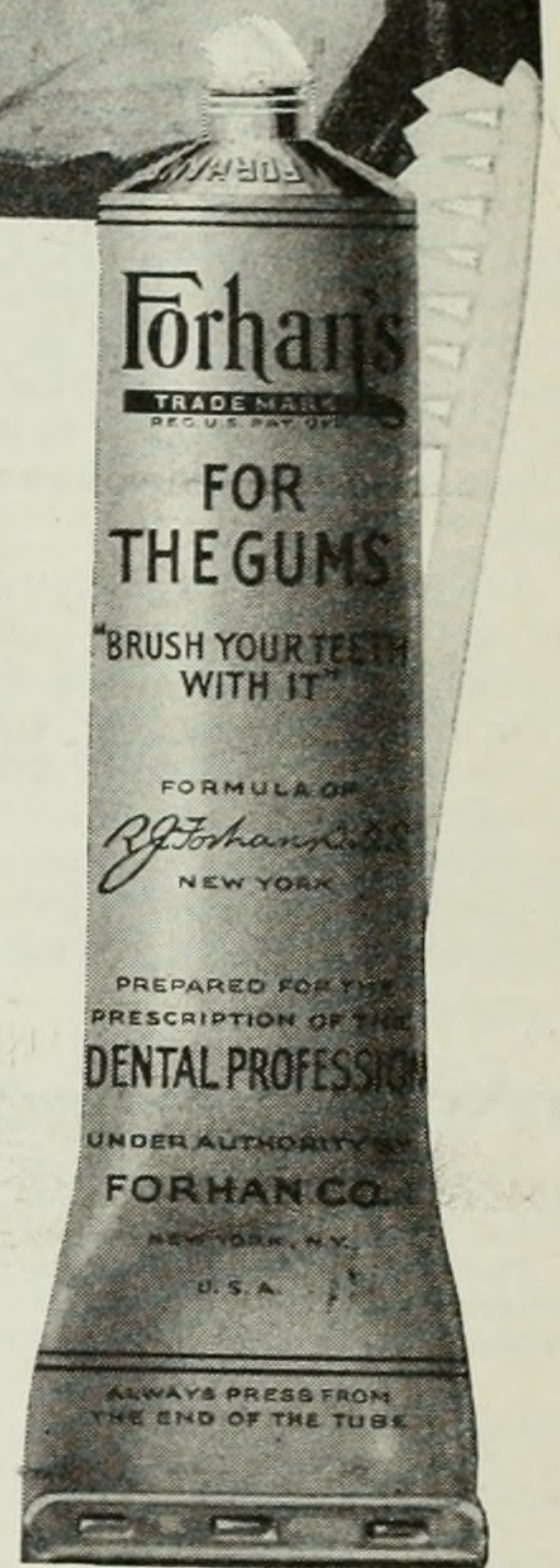
Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well... Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



**Have Exquisite,
Alluring
Skin
- quickly
- easily**

—yes, you can! Cap-
ture for yourself the
priceless gift of smooth,

white skin, as do beautiful women of the stage
and screen. Learn for yourself the charm,
the fascination of an exquisite complexion.
Already thousands of lovely women are using
one famous preparation, Nadinola Bleaching
Cream, to make and keep their skin flawless.

No tiresome waiting, no disappointments.
The Nadinola way to skin beauty is easy and
quick. This amazing skin beautifier is sold
with money-back guarantee. Though Nadi-
nola contains the quickest and surest skin-
bleaching properties known to science, it will
not harm the most delicate skin.

Spread Nadinola on your face, neck and
arms at bedtime. Instantly you feel its tonic
effect on your sluggish skin tissues. While
you sleep it gently clears away freckles and
tan, blackheads, oiliness, sallowness and all
skin blemishes. Soon you have the clear,
exquisite skin which will mean so much to
you.

Get a jar today and begin tonight. Watch
the quick improvement, the steady return of
precious new beauty. Ask for Nadinola at
your drug or toilet goods counter—\$1 for
extra-large, economy size jar. Or, send cou-
pon below, and we will mail Nadinola, post-
paid, with gift sample of famous NadineFace
Powder and valuable booklet on beauty, free.
Pay your postman \$1, on delivery. Mail this
coupon—NOW!

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

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Please send, postpaid, extra-large jar of Nadinola
Bleaching Cream, with directions for use, and money-
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Sid Grauman—because he is the best show-
man in the world.

Professor Robert A. Millikan, of California
School of Technology—because, while we are
exciting ourselves over the petty matters of
every-day life he has his eyes glued to a
telescope and becomes vitally thrilled over
the fact that some obscure planetary body is
a million times bigger than something else.
Because with all our talk of stars and craving
for stardom, he has found the real stars.

Joseph Schenck—because he has retained,
through all his success, the sweetness that
typified the theatrical profession in the
early days.

CORINNE GRIFFITH speaks:

James Ford—because he is wholesome
and boyish and hitch-hiked all the way to Cali-
fornia to go into pictures. Because he has
had tough breaks and they haven't spoiled
his sweetness. And because she discovered
him.

Howard Kickenlooper (Bob O'Hara)—be-
cause he was a newsboy on the lot and had a
healthy curiosity about everything that was
going on. Because he was earning \$7 a
week and supporting his grandmother and
because he isn't a bit spoiled since he's been
playing extra parts in pictures.

General Watishevlay Savitzsky—because
he, although a minister of war of Southern

Russia, a man whose word had been law, a real
general who used to wine and dine with the
greatest men in Europe, who was cited again
and again for bravery, is gallantly working
as an extra because he can find nothing better
to do and doing it uncomplainingly.

Baron Wilhelm von Hesse—because of his
charming personality and because his phi-
losophy is "What do I care about money as
long as I can sing?"

Norma Shearer—because of her complete,
and beautiful poise.

BUT it remained for Jack Gilbert to top
them all. He saw me in his dressing room.
He had been given a week to think over this
weighty question.

"How many do you want," he asked; "five
or ten?"

"Ten would be great," I said, amazed at
such a docile manner.

"O.K.," said Jack and he began to count
them off on his fingers.

"Carey Wilson," he said, "because he is
completely unique, because what to everyone
else in the world is utter tragedy is uproariously
funny to Carey and what to every sane man is
laughable is high tragedy to him."

He paused.

"Yes," I said, "and the rest?"

"The other nine are Greta Garbo—for
obvious reasons."



Carsey

Billie Dove looking over her collection of perfumes, which seems to
be fairly complete. No doubt Bill is saying to herself, "Have some-
thing yourself, and see what the girls in the back room will have!"
Her present picture is "The Man and the Moment," directed by
George Fitzmaurice

Who's Talking for Who in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

joining apartment. Imagine my astonishment the other night on hearing him sing from the screen—a veritable chickadee, tweet, tweet.

It took them three weeks to synchronize his voice with the singer's, so I guess that won't keep up for long. I could mention names without doing harm. We've known all along that feats of daring were performed for the five-thousand-a-week star by a guy getting ten bucks.

Some of the best acting has been done by the directors with the stars copying; the wit is the sub-title writer's, and even the beauty has been supplied mostly by the make-up man and the electricians who know how to mop out wrinkles with flat lighting.

But when the week is up it is the man with the eyes-nose-chin who gets the check with the most ciphers.

Of course, the feminine stars have to contribute a lot more than a face.

They earn every cent right down to their toes.

Beauty may be skin deep but on the screen it's ankle length.

If I seem envious it's because of the money bowl episode at Betty's—just when I thought the source of supply would be equal to the demand, too!

THERE'S consolation in the thought that money never did anyone any good anyhow. At the Plantation the other night I fell into discourse with Fatty Arbuckle.

I asked him why high-salaried stars were always unhappy.

"Because they're always broke," said Fatty. "Sure, they land a thousand a week and the first week they go out and buy a ninety thousand villa and hire servants to rob them. I know because I've been through it.

"They lounge in swell sets all day and think they rate them."

Fatty lives in a cottage at the beach during the winter and moves to town for the summer.

"In that way I miss the gang the year round," he said.

He had an alarming experience recently. In the dead of night—which is early morning for Fatty after his Plantation work—someone shouted:

"Get up! Hands up! Bend over!"

"Say, what th'ell kind of a burglar are you anyhow?" groaned Fatty, trying his best to bend over.

He'd forgotten to turn off the radio, and the morning setting-up exercises were on.

I suppose you noted the dirty villain in "Broadway Melody" named Jack Warner, same as one of the Warner Brothers.

It was spelled differently but pronounced that way.

The night I attended the show Jack Warner was there. His comment was, "I guess they thought they couldn't put over a talkie without my name."

The observation was charitable, but all the same I'm looking for a Warner picture with a villain named Looie P. Mare.

DINED at Raymond Hatton's the other night. They have a Swedish culinary genius, and she knew that Anna Q. Nilsson was one of the guests.

Result, the food was something to write Gustavus Adolphus about.

Munching candy after dinner I picked up a magazine and read that friend Fanny Ward reaches for a Lucky instead of a sweet. Hope I'm as manly at sixty.

Ray Hatton has been hot-skipping between studios since his "Caesar Runs a Newspaper" for Christie.



Shampooing

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Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, . . . who value . . . beautiful hair use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.



For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

For three generations women have used Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. 50c the box, \$1 the jar, at any druggist.

Dr. Charles FLESH FOOD

This coupon will bring you a FREE sample jar of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food.
Dr. Charles' Flesh Food Co., Dept. P. F.
220—36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Yep, me and the colored folk," says Ray. The Christies hired a troupe of colored players from a Los Angeles theater and a white man had to be engaged to tutor them in Negro dialect. I guess they'd never heard of Mammy. She's in the cold, cold ground so far as they're concerned. And so goes another illusion with Santa Claus.

But kids nowadays have speakeasies in which to drown their bursted illusions. When a juvenile speakeasy was raided in Bakersfield the kiddies said they thought it was a marsh-mallow picnic.

Evidently the kiddies hadn't reached for a sweet in a long, long time.

I was shown over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot by my pal Howard Strickling, proud of the new edifices. Marion Davies has a bungalow, Cecil B. De Mille has a bungalow, Jack Gilbert is to have a bungalow, and it

looked to me as though the lot would soon be a bungalow court.

Met Nina May, the colored star of King Vidor's "Hallelujah."

Nina said she was just crazy for a write-up in PHOTOPLAY. Nina shall have it or Ah'm a no-good jugg, Ah am.

I guess it's my bedtime, Jim. I just heard a rooster crow. But maybe it's a rooster's double.

You never know in this talkie town.

I'm going to take up barking and do arias for Rin-Tin-Tin. Sound doubling is the coming profession.

Thank God, 'cause I got despondent last night reading an article which said that there were getting to be fewer and fewer places for the best minds in America.

Yours with a gay tra-la and a merry heigh-ho!—
HERB.

How to Make Your Dressing Table Attractive

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

this way a perfect lighting effect is achieved. The flounce, of course, conceals a multitude of things: hat boxes, shoe boxes, etc.

Beautiful in its complete simplicity is the dressing table in Bebe Daniels' home. It is of dark brown wood, in early Renaissance design, the only modern touch being the plate glass that goes over the top and keeps the real lace cover from getting soiled. She uses a little chair with only half a back. One large drawer extends across the front of the piece.

One of the most unique dressing tables is used by Mary Duncan. This is made entirely of mirrors, a full-length one that extends to the floor, double side mirrors and a mirror for the make-up shelf.

Another old-fashioned girl is Claire Windsor. She has done a nice job by reviving an old-fashioned, marble top bureau. It was repainted, decorated in modern manner, and serves its purpose nobly. The one new touch is the large oval mirror that hangs above it. It is painted cream and decorated with silver.

Vilma Banky's dressing table would satisfy the soul of the most ardent Parisienne. It is of pale blue, trimmed with silver. The comb and brushes are of silver, and all bottles and powder boxes are Lalique. The boudoir lamp shades are blue.

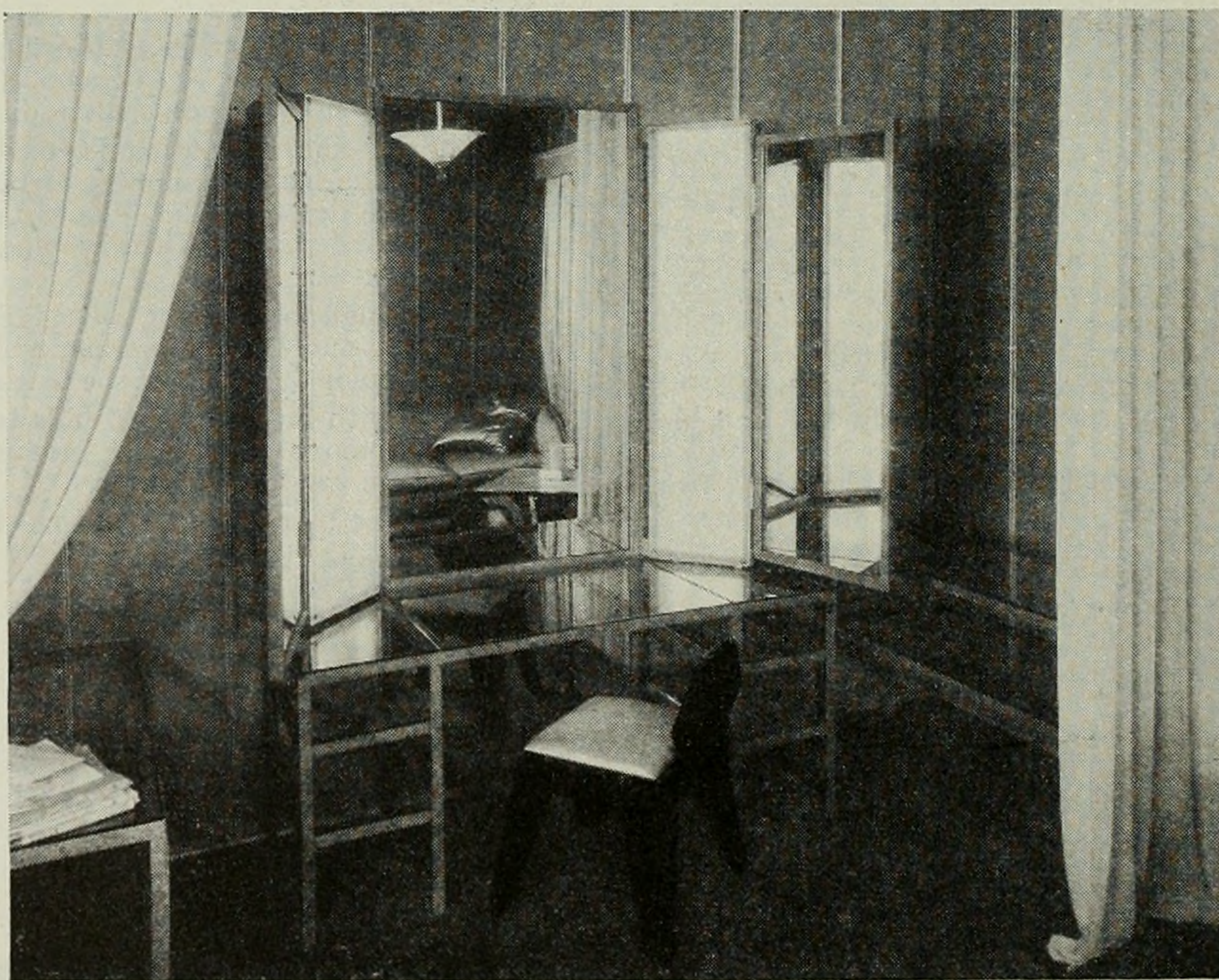
Vilma keeps all the make-up tools in sight, right where she can find them.

So does Estelle Taylor, who has a built-in dressing table, draped and flounced with rose-colored taffeta.

The cretonne covered chair is also in rose, and the lamps, set right into the mirror, are placed to cast a correct light.

One of the neatest contrivances is a little portable dressing table that Norma Shearer carries around with her on the set. When it is folded up it resembles a tiny blue trunk. It holds all her make-up equipment.

Heaps of variety here! Choose the perfect dressing table for your own personality—one that will charm away that early morning grouch.



Mary Duncan's unique dressing table is fashioned entirely of mirrors. Even the shelves reflect her charm. Note the convenient double mirrors at each side



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Stepin's High-Colored Past

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

certain. That's the only thing that am certain. Ah don't worry 'bout dyin', understand what Ah mean—Death is just the beginnin' of Glory. What worries me is dyin' full of impurities . . . ”

“Full of which?” asks Ah, startled.

“Full of impurities, yes-suh. . . . You know—messin' round with women an' all that . . . understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout?”

I recalled my conversation with a bootblack that day. I told him I was interviewing the famous Stepin Fetchit.

“Oh, Ah knows him well,” said my shoe masseur. “Ah used to go with the girl he was engaged to.”

Stepin's eyes bugged when I told him. “That's right. . . . Ah knows that fella.” Then with sad incoherence. . . . “But Ah ain't engaged no more. . . . Oh, I dunno. . . . Ah say it wasn't intended. Marriage isn't foh me. Ah figures Ah've thrown mah life away. . . . ”

“How old are you?”

“Twenty-six.” He eyed me lugubriously. “But you know . . . Ah'm spoiled, been sportin' round, foolin' round with women, been a little thug . . . understand what Ah mean?”

AH sympathized deeply and there was a bond. Stepin unwound and leaned over confidentially.

“You see Ah'm a good church member. Ah can't be marryin' just foh pleasure. When Ah marries it's for *life*. An' on the other hand,” his brows tangled and his hands sawed the air, “Ah can't be goin' round committin' impurities. It's hard, it sure is hard. But nuthin' is impossible to the Lord. Ah just came from sayin' some prayers in church. Ah'm pure now . . . but will Ah be? That's the question. Ah've been pure before but Ah went back. If Ah goes back again Ah'm goin' to marry. . . . ”

“Were you born in religion or are you a convert?”

“Ah was born in another religion.” Step leaped up, electrified and eyes shinin' like bulbs. “Ah converted mahself. You know what did it? The Apostles' creed, yessuh. You know the Apostles' creed. You *do*? Go on say it then.”

Our discussion grew more fervent, waves of religion swept us higher, and finally at the hallelujah pitch I shouted sacrificially that Step ought to make that personal appearance.

“Where at is the theater?” cried Step.

“I'll take you in my car,” I said. But no, he shouted for his boy. A young colored chauffeur in livery escorted us to a gleaming motor and we rolled away to the uptown theater.

The personal appearance was a riot, understand what I mean? Stepin confessed openly that if it hadn't been for a friend sent by the Lord an' PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE he never would have been there.

When we parted it was agreed that we would continue our revival meeting at his hotel on Sunday . . . “any time after church.”

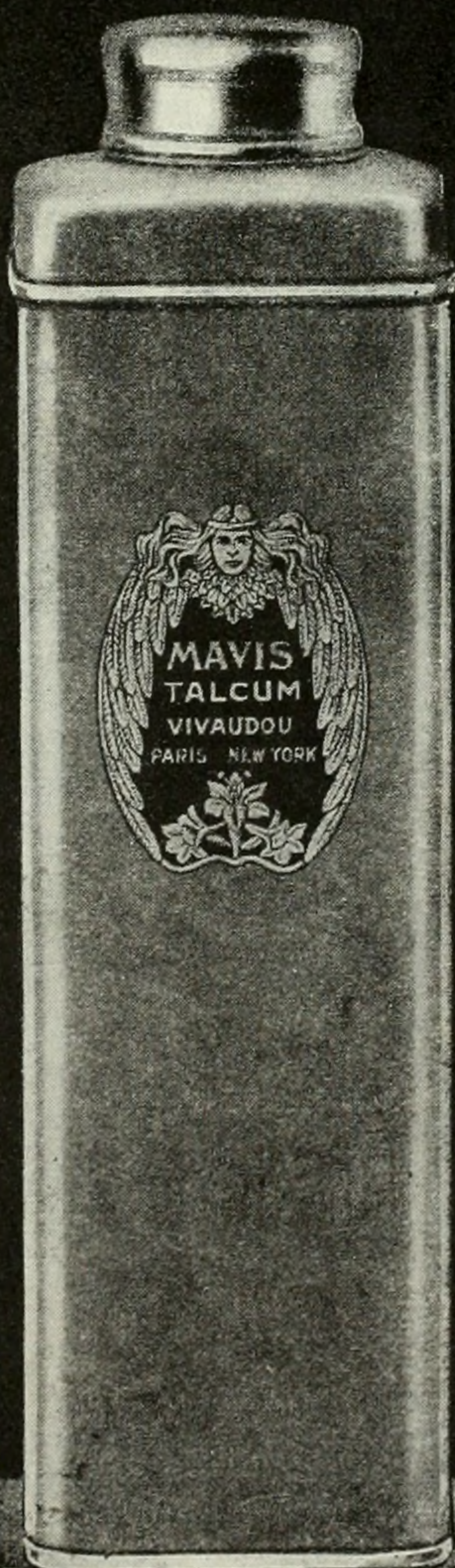
THE Summerville hotel is the colored Ritz, on Central Avenue, Los Angeles. Step was waiting for me in the lobby. He was in lavender shirt and checks, had partaken of communion and was going to the ball game, but he never got to the ball game because we got to talkin' an' singin' an' . . . Swing Low Sweet Chariot!

“Ah always had a beautiful voice,” said Stepin without any coercion from me. “Ah used to sing foh the bishop at school.”

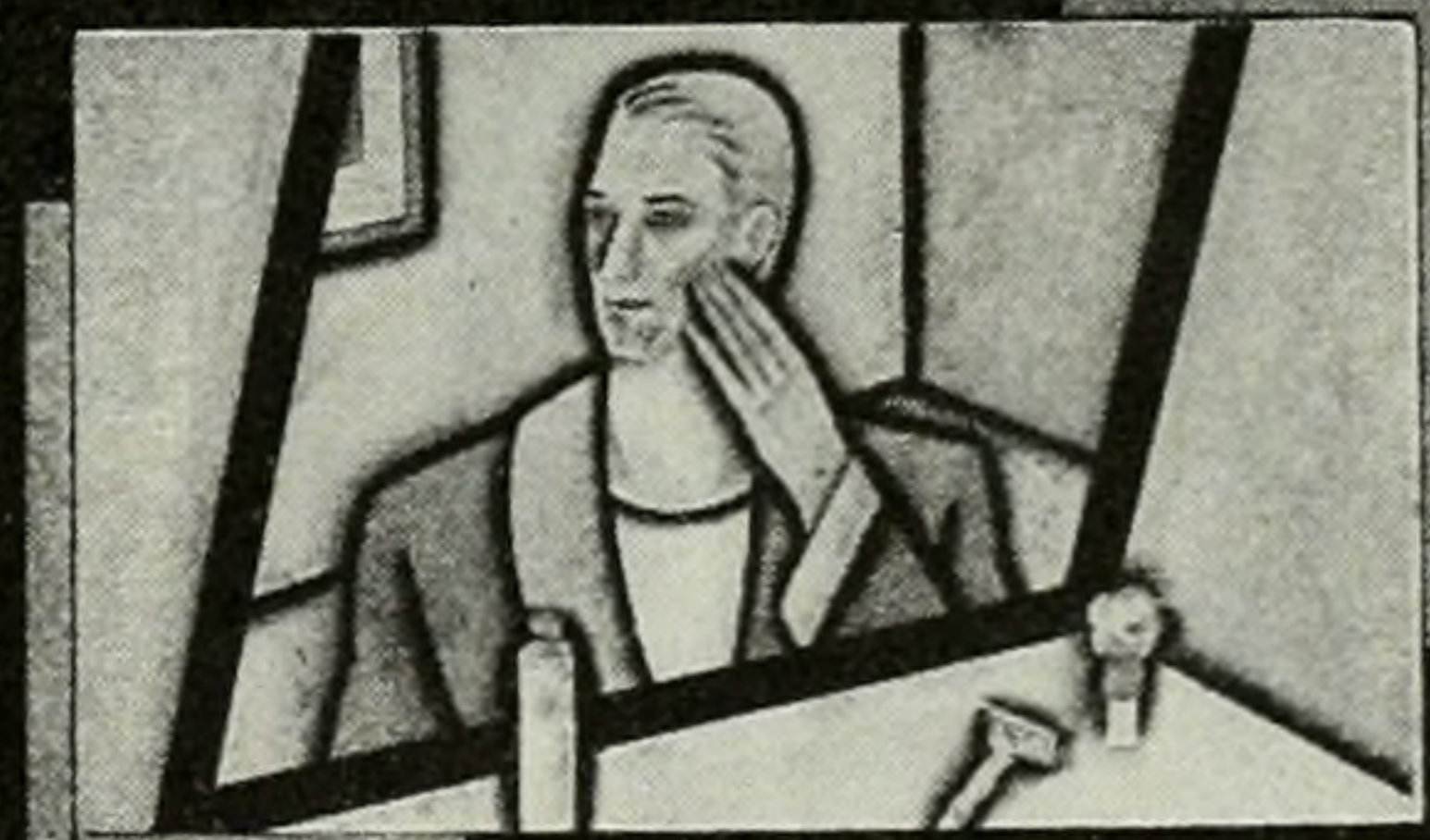
After a few spirituals had sort of swung us into unity, Stepin's life story just naturally



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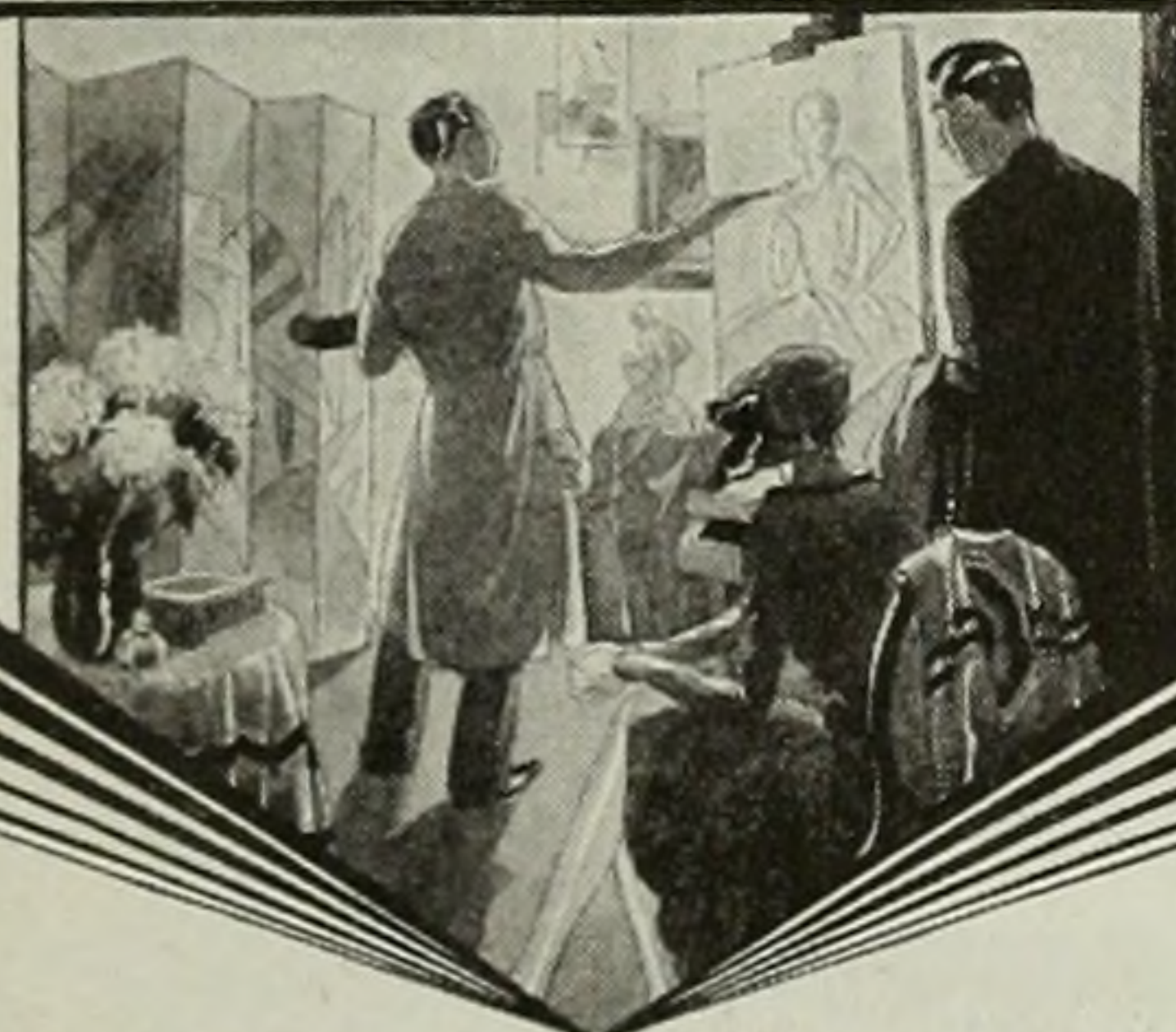
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unrolled. He paced the floor gesticulating while I reposed on the bed (mah feet hurt)!

He was born in Key West. His father didn't 'mount to much, understand? His mother supported him and his two little sisters with the sewing machine. When she died he was adopted by a colored dentist and his wife whom Stepin's mother used to sew for.

"That dentist sure was smart," said Step. "He couldn't read nor write an' he had a diploma from Columbia University. They was friends of Booker T. Washington. The last dress mah mother made was for mah step-mother to attend the opera as guest of Booker T. Washington, yes-suh."

Step was bad. He was expelled from all the schools in Tampa. Finally they sent him to St. Joseph's College in Montgomery.

"Ah was bright . . . Ah was terribly bright . . . but Ah never studied. Ah wrote swell compositions, but they never got over 'cause of mah bad reputation. Understand? Ah was a bad example. Ah was a little thug, allus stealin'."

Step's college career was snapped off when his stepfather, the dentist, broke a man's jaw-bone. Business went to pieces and there was no money for tuition. Maybe Step was bad but the little Sisters of the school in Tampa took up a collection for him and the Fathers of St. Joseph's wanted him to stay without tuition.

But Step went to work at a soldiers' hospital. It was war-time.

"It was a hospital foh rich soldiers what had shot themselves in the toes," explained Stepin. "Ah got a reputation singin' and' dancin' foh them."

WHEN Diamond Tooth Billy Arnte came to town with his minstrel show, Step joined and was billed as Rastus the Buck Dancer. Later he was billed Jolly Perry, Skeeter Perry, but always to his friends he was the same old Slop Jar.

Diamond Tooth Billy—so named for the gems that he had set in his teeth—was one of those biggety guys. He threw things at Step and Step quit. Later Diamond Tooth sent his wife to vamp Step back.

"She pretend she was in love with me, but Ah wasn't fooled." Step had been learning 'bout women.

Step joined another carnival as dancer and stage manager besides for eighteen dollars a week. They advertised him as the buck

champion of the world: \$10,000 to Anyone Dead or Alive Who Can Beat Him.

"That is, they advertised me that way out in the woods," said Step. "In the towns they didn't say nuthin'."

ALL this time he was a bad egg—bad. He had joined the church but kept right on stealin'.

"I guess you weren't praying in those days when you stole," said I.

"Ah certainly was," said Step. "Every time Ah went into a store to swipe somethin' Ah prayed the Lord to get me out of jail and He always did."

"Why do you know . . ." Step became ecstatic. . . . "Once a Mason got me out of jail. Just shows how the Lord works. An' the district attorney was goin' to send me up for ten years."

Step hesitated. "Ah don't know as Ah should speak about it . . . But no, they couldn't get me for it, Ah was cleared."

Step and his girl friend had been thrown into the hoosgow for stealing. They gave Step the third degree, knocked all his teeth out. He opened his mouth and showed me the solid gold backing to his precious set of ivories bridged in.

He got out of jail by offering to show an officer where the stuff was hid.

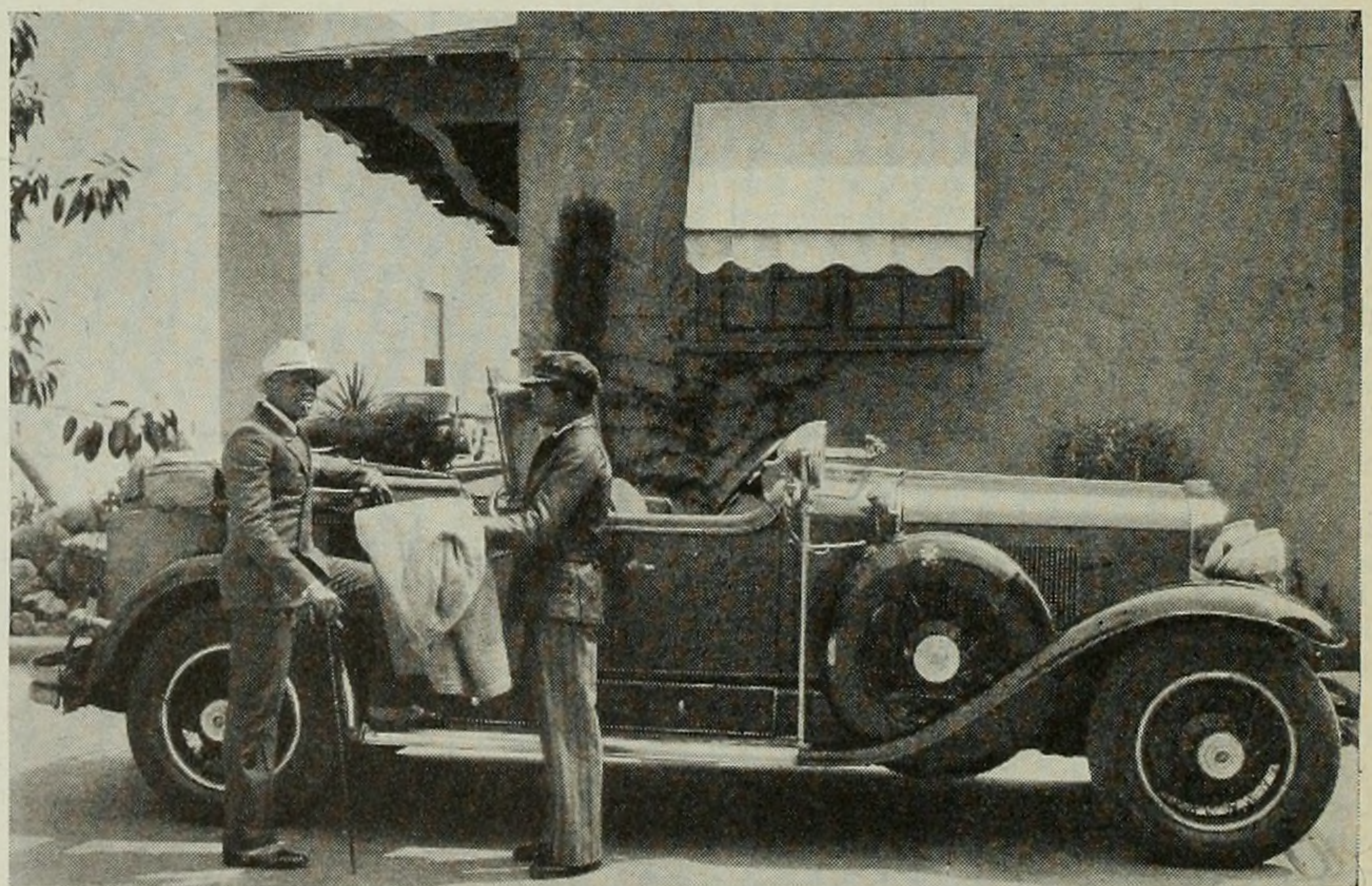
"An' it wasn't hid any of the time," said Step gleefully. "It was right in mah belt! Huh? Oh just some little old diamond rings."

He got the officer to escort him and his girl into the woods, then returned the rings. All night the girl and Step trudged through the forest. In the morning they caught a freight and rode four hundred miles.

"She sure was a support to me, that little girl," said Step. "We loved one another, but she was married. She was thirteen years old. Her mother married her off to a grafter when she was eleven. If Ah ever marry it will be her. But a lot has to be cleared up on account of mah religion."

"Ah told her not to fool 'round carnival guys no more because some of those jiggs would treat her bad. She said 'all right,' and went back to the cotton fields."

Step paused, and his whole face took on the glow of his smile. "Do you know what Ah did with the first money Ah got from mah contract? Ah bought two wardrobe trunks an' filled them with dresses an' sent them to that little girl down in the cottonfields of Louisiana."



Stepin believes in depending entirely upon the Lord rather than saving money for the future. "If a man can't depend on God he can't depend on no little old silver trinket," says Fetchit. "Mah three automobiles? Ah tell you why Ah got them. Folks will go to church in a Cadillac what wouldn't otherwise. Mah cars are filled every Sunday"

Ah've sent foh mah father an' sisters, an' they're comin'. An' Ah've tried to locate mah step-parents but Ah have never been able to."

STEP quit the carnival for a year to become a clergyman. That was in New Orleans. "Ah fasted for a week, didn't even put a tooth brush in mah mouth. All the time prayin' foh unity, understand."

But it takes years of study to become a preacher, and Step had no money. He'd get jobs but they'd always fire him because he was always going to church.

"So Ah decided Ah could still be good and be in the show business . . . that was my alibi foh goin' back, understand? But yet Ah still thinks Ah can do good and be in the show business. Ah'm tryin' . . ."

"THEY tell me to save my clippings. But Ah says, 'It ain't what you was but what you now am is.'

"Ah'm goin' to be a great success. Ah wouldn't be surprised if Ah would be the greatest man in the business. Know why? 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven an' all things will be given thee.'

"But when Ah'm a great success, when Ah'm way up on top Ah'm goin' to walk right out and leave it all.

"You know who Ah want to be like? Ah want to be like Gene Tunney an' Ramon Novarro. They don't care foh success an' publicity. Ramon Novarro, he is a shinin' example to all 'cause he's on the right side.

"Another thing. Ah ain't never goin' to get my life insured. Ah ain't never goin' to save a dollar. A man who puts a dollar in the bank depends on that for safety. If a man can't depend on God he can't depend on no little old silver trinket.

"Mah three automobiles? Ah tell you why Ah got them. Folks will go to church in a Cadillac what wouldn't otherwise. Mah cars are filled every Sunday.

"You see that white-ish fella what stuck his head in the door? He's colored, but he looks white an' that's why colored women like him. Well, he was a bad jigg, he was. Now he goes to church every Sunday in mah car an' he ain't ashamed to be good.

"See those flowers over there? Ah buys them from a colored woman. She was bad, a confidence woman, walked the streets—understand what Ah mean? But she's got a little girl that's good. The little girl has an influence on the mother. . . understand what Ah mean?—just like in pictures, huh? She, the mother, wanted to be good but she didn't know no other way of livin'. Ah'm encouragin' her in the flower stand. That's why Ah have those flowers."

IF there's more funniness than heart in my story of Mr. Lincoln Perry it is because he wished it so. He's shrewd beneath his happy negro humor. When I left him he said, "Ah talk to you like Ah never talks in the studio. Make it light, make it funny, 'cause that's what folks want from me. Ah am funny. A colored man's greatest gift is his humor. When he tries to camoflag an' be a white man he's no good.

"But what he must learn from the white man is that glorious courage, that die for one another, that cleanness an' respect for women that we haven't got yet. . . ."

I left my friend Step with the feeling that he is the whitest man in all our motion picture world.

I left him singing to myself a song I used to hear the colored soldiers singing over there in France:

"It's the old time religion,

"It's the old time religion,

"It's the old time religion an' it's good enough for me."

And at the street corner I stopped and bought an armful of flowers from a colored woman whose smile is a daily benediction to the success of Mr. Stepin Fetchit.

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A Little Deal For Dora

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

house. Brains are a matter of geography, Spook, and we're off the reservation."

"**T**O get back to this rumdum in Los Angeles," said Mr. Torrance, assuming a dignity he didn't feel, "it's about time somebody took him over the bumps. The man must need his greasecups tightened, anyhow. Here he is, making a fortune selling jewelry to the public, and yet he wants to wreck the movies. The way I figure it is that a star has an edge on the rest of the gals when it comes to grabbing off a husband. That means a home and children, so there's more potential public. Understand, I'm theorizing. The children grow up, get married, and then *they* have children—well, you see how it is, Mac, the thing's endless."

"Fold up, will you?" requested the unfeeling Mr. McLeod. "If you want to tangle with this Few bird in the name of this Dora, you've got my permission. And as for that argument of yours, it sounds more like the ballyhoo for a rabbit farm."

* * * *

EARLY that evening a decorous scuffling of footsteps, followed by a ring at the bell, heralded the arrival of visitors. As the Filipino scampered to the door, Mr. McLeod registered uneasiness, and tensed himself for flight, but the beaming Spook waved him to repose.

"Nobody but little Zoop," he said, peering cautiously from a window, "but no, hold on—my gosh, Mac, he's got women with him. Probably real movie stars! Straighten that necktie and brush the ashes off your vest. Act like you're used to society."

With one motion he swept his friend's pungent pipe to temporary oblivion and arranged some financial magazines over *La Vie Parisienne*.

Then he wheeled to greet the guests who were entering the room.

"Charmed, absolutely charmed," said Mr. Torrance, assuming the mellow tones he reserved for the white collar crowd. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Zoop, and you, young ladies." His gaze swept lightly over a fragile, pastel tinted blonde and a disturbing brunette with a sultry mouth, and anchored upon a disdainful damsel with slanting green eyes that watched him attentively.

THE three stars favored him with gleaming smiles, while the president of Stupefaction Pictures, who resembled an efficient woodchuck, went into action with the introductions.

"Meet Brenda Berkeley, who will make six, maybe seven pictures for me this comink season," he squawked, in the manner of a street salesman demonstrating a self-threading needle.

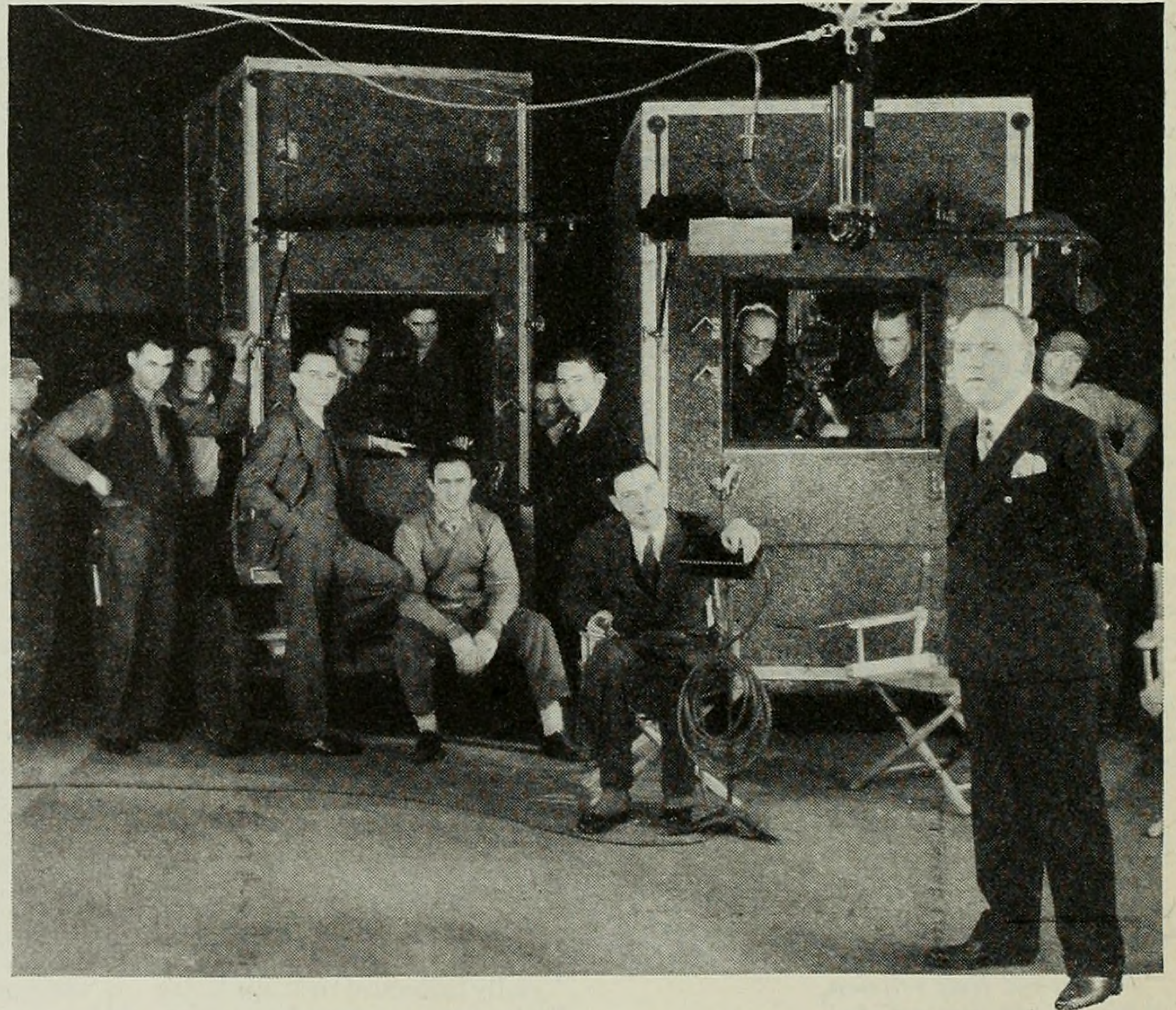
"Does she mean heavy profits at the end of the fiscal year? Just ask me! The only kick I got is that she ain't twins. She—"

"I'm here, too," reminded the emerald-eyed beauty with cutting emphasis.

MR. ZOOP scowled, but appeared not to notice her. "And give a glance on Rosie Redpath," he advised, indicating the brunette. "At present with Blotts Brothers, may Moses forgive her, but when her contract expires she'll lead the rest of her film life with me. And oi, but will it be a shameful existence. Step around to the box office if you wouldn't believe me."

"And I'm Dora Delura," put in the object of Mr. Torrance's devotion, "but just because I work for Amazement Pictures, Abie's too tight to give me any recognition. By the way, Mr. Torrance, do we look like beggars to you?"

"Far from it," responded Spook, negotiating a courtly bow. "More like the four graces,



As the result of making a short talking film at the Paramount Studio at Long Island, James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, now has more tolerance for talking actors. He may look well-poised but he's really scared stiff. You'll see his talking debut as a prelude to "The Letter," starring Jeanne Eagels. The critical gent in the chair in the foreground is Director Robert Florey

in my opinion. I always believed there were four; now I'm sure of it."

Mr. McLeod gaped at this display of social aplomb, the ladies laughed in counterfeit embarrassment and Mr. Zoop's moonface became wreathed in smiles. Maybe that niftick new Tuxedo *did* make his figure a bit more like John Gilbert's.

"JUST the same, we are shamelessly seeking money," said Miss Berkeley, edging forward on her chair. "You've heard about the scheme to build a huge clubhouse for the extras where they can live decently? Well, we three girls are on the Fund Committee, a representative from each of the larger studios. We want to tell you about—"

Mr. Torrance held up a protesting hand. "My dear young lady," he announced, "you don't have to tell me a thing. I am strongly in favor of the Fund and I take the utmost pleasure in donating a check for five thousand dollars."

He fumbled in his breast pocket for a fountain pen.

"And so," he added, beginning to write, "will Mr. McLeod."

That worthy stared incredulously. Then, being considerably nettled by the drawing room antics of his friend, he came to life and countered neatly. "Your memory's failing in your old age, Spook. When we discussed the matter this morning, I stipulated ten thousand." Whereupon he extracted a check book, scribbled hastily and passed the slip to Miss Berkeley.

MR. TORRANCE, who was respectfully sounding the depths of Dora's lakes of chrysoprase, bore up under this master thrust with all the indifference of an elephant being bitten by a mosquito.

"Ten thousand, absolutely," he mumbled absently, and continued to stare.

Miss Delura shifted uncomfortably and wondered whether she could manage a blush. Nice looking wren, thought Mr. McLeod, as he followed his partner's gaze, but bearing only a sketchy resemblance to the lamented Aggie. His recollections of that brittle specimen, unclouded by sentiment, unveiled a rust-haired, raucous young Amazon with a stevedore's vocabulary.

Privately, he'd always felt sorry for the favored ventriloquist.

But this movie queen was certainly worth a second look.

Those greenish eyes were rather a magnet for—

His thoughts trailed to an end as Miss Berkeley, intercepting Spook's line of sight, essayed her thanks.

"I'm sure our task would be a lot easier," she assured him, "if everyone was as liberal as you two gentlemen. Take Mr. Few, for instance."

MR. TORRANCE emerged from his trance. "What do you know about him?" he demanded.

"Why, we interviewed him yesterday, all of us."

"Do you mean that he made those insulting remarks I've been reading of direct to you ladies?"

"He certainly did," throbbed Miss Redpath, "and he was perfectly loathsome. Waddled around his office like some horrible little crab, and positively foamed at the mouth. Our names were kept out of the newspapers on account of unfavorable publicity, but we were all terrified."

"Indeed we were," chorused the others, as Mr. Zoop leered his disbelief.

"And civilization being what it is," said Miss Delura, who, at present, was playing in an historical picture, "nothing can be done about it. This worm reviles defenceless women and gets away with it! In the olden days a lady could have sent forth her knight boy friend to claim revenge."

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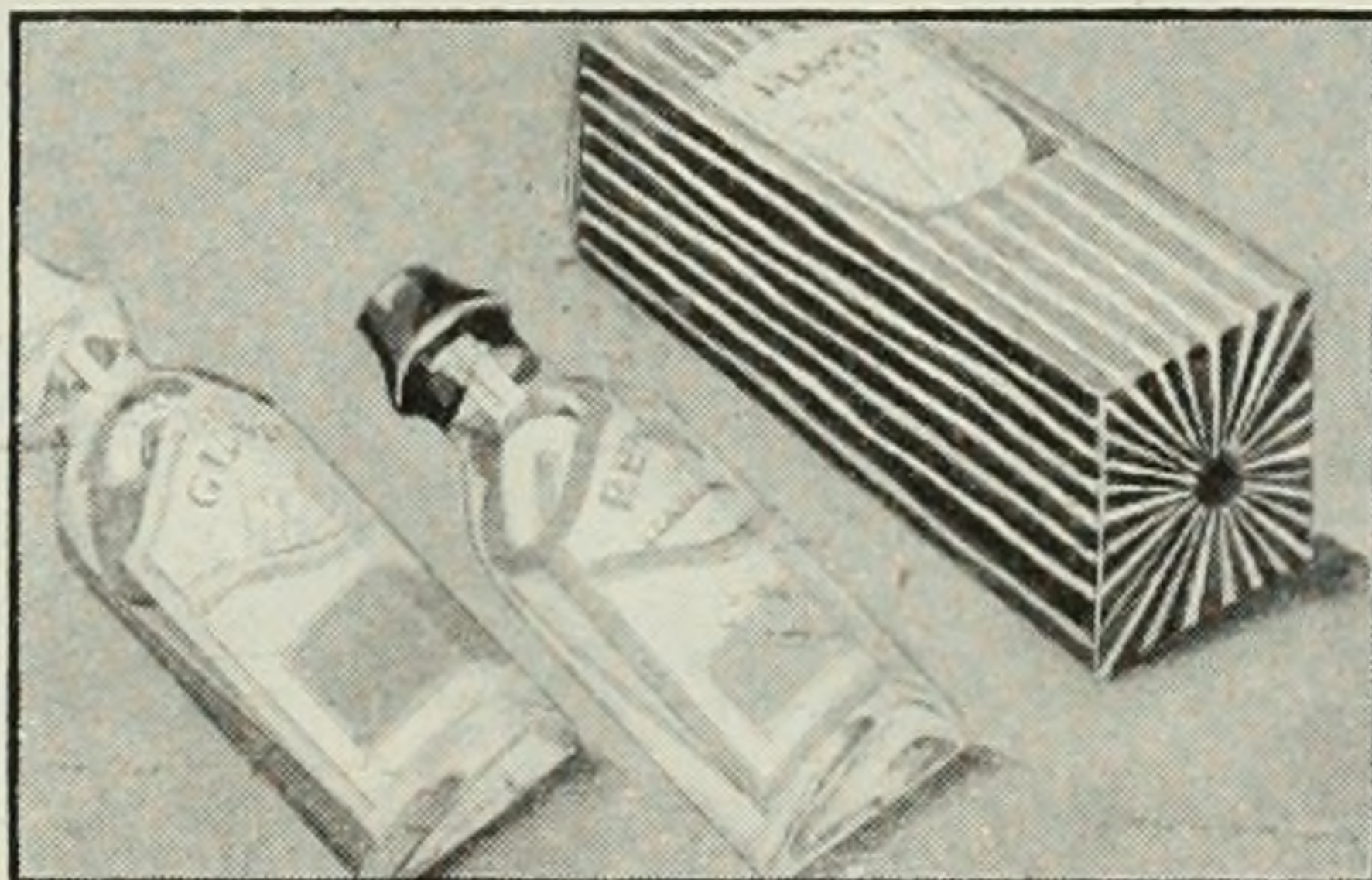


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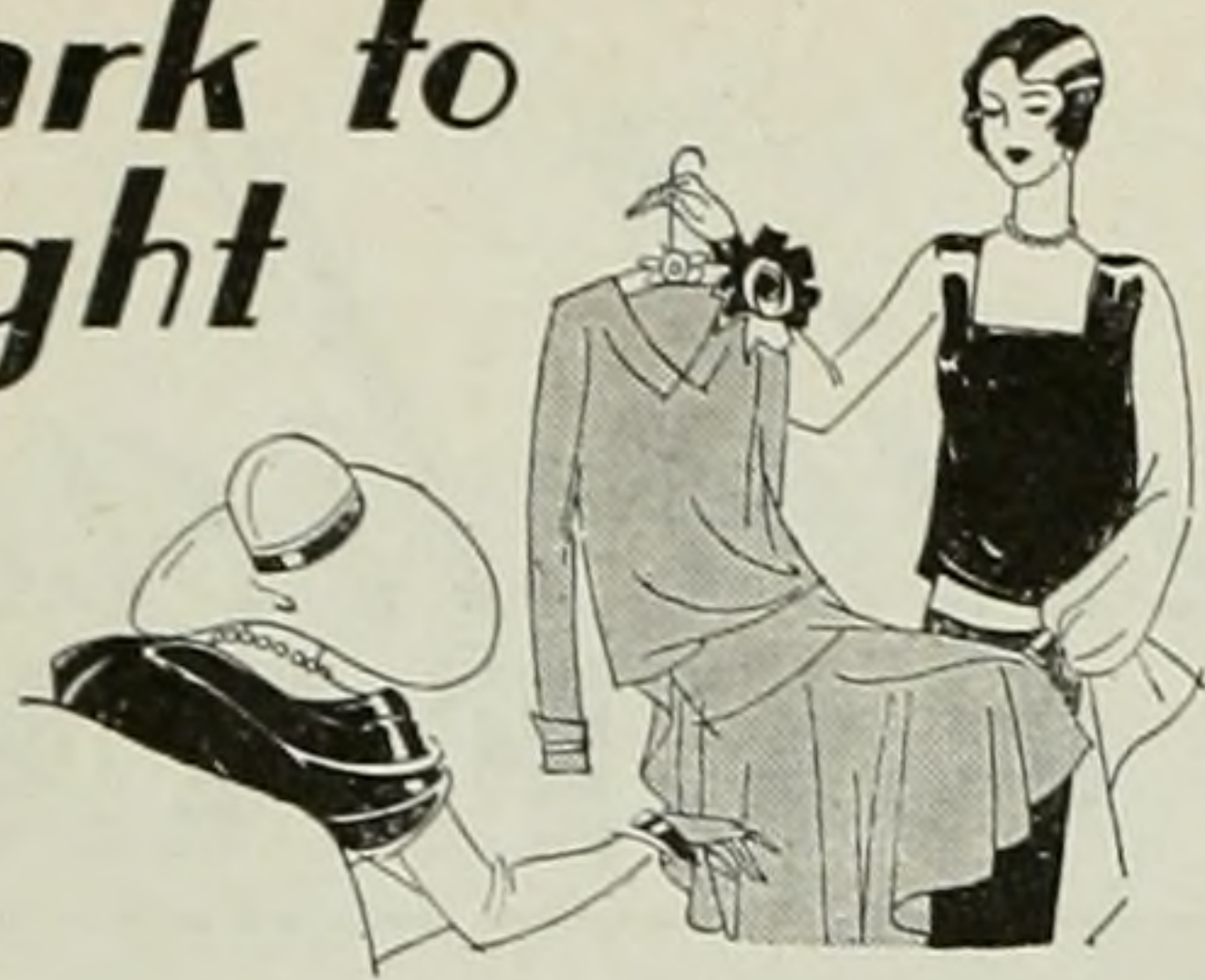
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"Hold everything!" cried Mr. Torrance, instantly alert. "An idea—Miss Delura, will you permit me to be your knight?"

THE siren giggled delightedly. "Oh, I suppose so."

"Then," said the noble Spook, "I have a suspicion that Mr. Few will be made to bend the knee, or, as they say in ruder circles he'll take it on the chin."

"How thrilling!" gurgled the ensemble. Mr. Torrance rubbed his nose to a ruby luster, denoting concentration of thought, and swerved to another tack. "I'm going down to Los Angeles day after tomorrow, and while I'm there I expect to buy a silver tea service. What design would you recommend?"

Dora, feeling herself the center of attraction, considered prettily for a minute or two. "French Colonial," she tinkled finally, "with a fleur-de-lis motif."

"Couldn't be better," glowed Spook, "and Few's is the best place to shop, I imagine?"

"Why, how can you put money in that man's pocket after the way he's behaved?" The ladies fluttered with indignation.

"I didn't say anything about spending money," reminded Spook. "There are other ways of getting things, if you know how."

Miss Berkeley's forehead wrinkled perplexedly, and she rose to her feet. "Some mysterious business deal, I suppose," she remarked. "Sorry, Mr. Torrance, but we must make our appeals to the rest of the neighbors. Come along, girls, and thank you, gentlemen, for doing Hollywood a great service."

"Nothing at all," murmured Spook, watching eagerly for Miss Delura's smile as he bowed them out. When the door closed he turned triumphantly on Mr. McLeod, but met, instead, the baleful gaze of the president of Stupefaction Pictures.

"Monkey business, ha?" inquired the suspicious Abie.

Mr. Torrance, being in a highly malleable frame of mind, merely grinned.

"Leave me tell you somethink," said Mr. Zoop, breathing like the exhaust on a steam shovel. "For a quarter million you can have a third of 'Desire in the Subway,' our newest

special, but I don't want no silent partner with a noisy dame in tow. Y'understand, I seen you givink Delura the eye, and that means you'll be around beggink me to buy her off Amazement. Well, I ain't that foolish."

"Such an idea never entered my head," boomed Spook, "and I resent—"

"It ain't worth resentink," advised the president. "I just want to wise you up on somethink all the trade knows. This Delura baby will be ditched when her contract runs out in November. Her voice is as squeaky as the beds in a cheap hotel, and that lets her out for the talkers. She knows it, and she's lookink for a soft spot, see? So if you're wamped, don't come sobbink on my shoulder." He drew a sheaf of legal forms from a brief case and spread them on the table. "And now an argument about the percentage we'll have."

Less than an hour of gesticulation, aided by numerous glasses of liquid gout, served to establish Mr. Torrance as a cog in the industry of illusion. After Mr. Zoop, now a veritable windmill of gratitude, had departed bearing an impressive cheque, Spook's visionary gaze rested on his companion.

"DORA DELURA!" he said dreamily. "Isn't she a beauty, Mac? Isn't she Aggie all over again?"

"They both got two eyes and a nose, if you call that a resemblance," admitted the other. "Wake up, Spook. This girl's a thoroughbred, and your old Aggie was a piece of tripe alongside her."

"What's that!" bawled Spook, dropping into more familiar accents. "I'll rap you in the jaw, you—"

"A piece of tripe," repeated Mr. McLeod firmly. "Has this Delura kid got streaks in her hair from juggling the dye? Is her face all flabby from carrying a load of shellac? Why, she's almost converted me to the movies. Say, you want to remember you haven't seen Aggie for all of fifteen years, and the chances are you wouldn't know her now."

Mr. Torrance glowered, then his eyes wavered. "Well," he said defensively, "maybe this girl looks the way I'd rather think of Aggie. I know I must seem like an old man

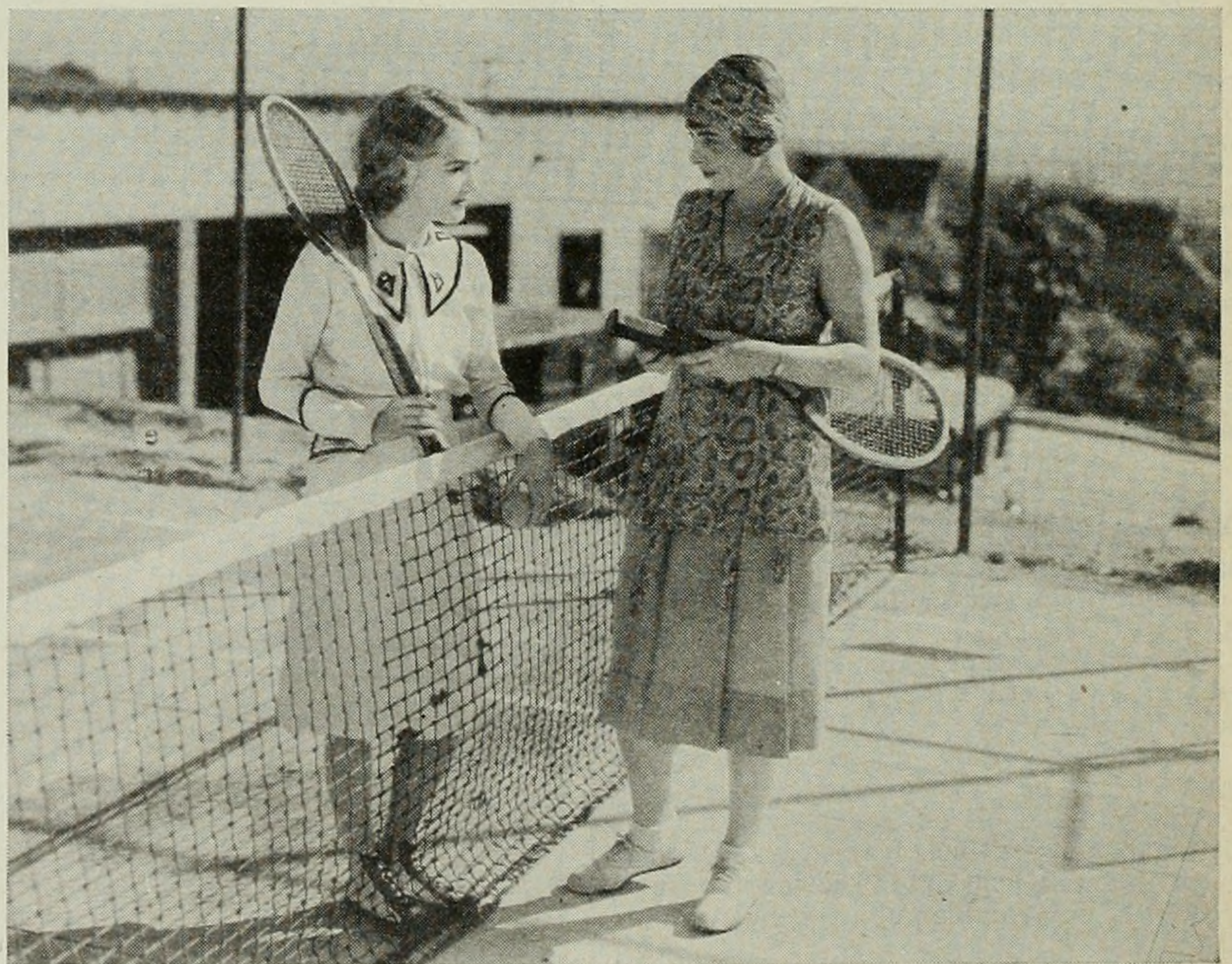


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NOW nature and outdoors can lend color to your cheeks and you need have no fear of your skin becoming rough or dry. La Perle will keep it delightfully young, smooth and soft. The 30-day La Perle Beauty Treatment removes hidden impurities, freshens and tones up the skin, keeping it healthy and firm, and protected from wind, sun and weather. It includes La Perle Cleansing and Lemon Cream, Facial Astringent, Coconut Oil Shampoo and Perle Kiss Perfume. We will send you this complete 30-day treatment and a copy of "The Attainment of Beauty" (together easily worth \$2) for only 50c. Write at once.

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If you have been wondering what has become of Mrs. Wallace Reid, stop. She's making "quickies," and making money, too. The pretty girl in this picture is her protegee, Helen Foster, and they are discussing whether the score stands forty love or thirty mere friendship. Mrs. Reid thinks Helen is a find, and that the child will go far in the films

to the youngster, but that's okey with me. I don't know what Zoop was raving about, but I just like to look at her; she's sort of an inspiration."

"So much so," commented Mac, "that you're going to take a clout at this Few person, hey? Listen, what was all that guff about a tea set? Since when have you been gargling tea?"

"That's for the contact," said the ex-confidence man, brightening, "and I've got an idea I can use it, anyway. Everything fits in perfectly. We're going up to San Francisco tomorrow to see that fight, and while we're there we'll pull the advance tipoff. Then we'll be back in L.A. in time to clean up. I'm anxious to see if we've still got the old touch."

"But we're supposed to be retired."

"We are," said Mr. Torrance. "So far as sugar for ourselves is concerned, we've got enough, but this is sort of a Boy Scout's good deed, if you get me. I figure that if a fellow can't do any good, he shouldn't do any harm; but I guess it's all right to tear off a little harm in order to do a lot of good. You see—"

"Sing the chorus," advised the thirsty Mac, disinterring the decanter, "but have a little gargle of this first. Just close your eyes and you'll think you're in Montreal—with Dora."

* * * *

TWO mornings later Mr. Torrance stood in front of the Los Angeles Biltmore and surveyed the passing parade with a benign smile. A green knockabout slanted jauntily over one eye, a carnation blushed modestly from his buttonhole and he appeared to have been poured into a brown herringbone suit. An excellent breakfast had given him the fortitude necessary to the proper execution of the day's business, so Mr. Torrance offkeyed a tune and whacked himself smartly with a rosewood cane.

"You're sure you can handle this okey?" asked Mac at his elbow. "It's been some time since we worked, remember."

Spook lit an expensive cigar and watched the ribbon of smoke vanish into the sunshine. "You know me," he reminded. "I can quote Emerson to a triple chin dowager from Boston or sling race track patter with the Tia Juana Red. What this layout needs is upstage stuff. Few's a snob, from all accounts, and won't respect anything but a bigger one, so I'll outsnear him. Better drag yourself upstairs, Mac, and flap an ear for that phone call."

HE executed a regimental right turn and barged serenely along Olive Street, to all intents and purposes a thoroughly stodgy, respectable bulwark of all that was Union Leagueish.

After a short stroll, during which he relished the fragrance of his cigar and bestowed a few scowls of disapproval on obese matrons miscast in flappers' clothing, he arrived at the green marble front of Few and Company.

The windows were arranged with that peculiar disregard of the public which is supposed to denote distinction. All they contained were several yards of purple velvet, on which reposed some bilious-looking vases. Mr. Torrance snorted contemptuously, entered the sanctuary of gleaming mahogany and glass, and stated his wishes to an overly creased, rat-faced clerk.

"French Colonial, sir?" bowed the underling. "Most assuredly. Over here, if you please." He led the way to a wall case with sliding doors, and daintily extracted a chastely engraved creamer. "Does this meet your fancy, sir?" He smirked engagingly, and for the first time looked directly at his customer.

Spook delivered a mental uppercut to the other's jaw, and reached impatiently for the creamer. The clerk quailed, and an unhealthy pallor crept across his face as he watched Mr. Torrance examine the shining silver. For fully five minutes the rejuvenated con man gave an excellent imitation of a

"Awkward to discuss— but I must tell my sales girls"

—Says the buyer in a Fifth Avenue Shop
about this phase of feminine hygiene



However hard it is to tell them, women should know of this new process which ends odor in this sanitary pad—a product already superior in comfort and ease of disposability.

ACROSS the counter, in offices, in drawing rooms, in country clubs—wherever women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at times. The unhappy self-consciousness which used to follow the realization is now ended. Kotex scientists have found (and patented*) a way to neutralize all odor in sanitary pads. This cause for worry is entirely dismissed. Women can meet any social emergency with a new light-heartedness.

Fear of self-consciousness gone, too

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Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

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Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

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Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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Please send a free sample.

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STOPS TEETHING PAINS

You know warm weather is hard on your teething Baby. Why not relieve the pain and stop the cries? Use the safe prescription of a famous Baby specialist. Apply Dr. Hand's regularly this summer, and be rewarded by a happy little one.

For trial bottle, send 2c. stamp and druggist's name to Dr. Hand Medicine Co., 105 No. 5th St., Dept. 313 Philadelphia, Pa.

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Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting, can be worn under stocking, thus adding support;—or worn at night reduces and shapes while you sleep. You can note improvement in shape of ankle at once. Relieves rheumatism and varicose veins. In ordering send ankle and calf measure and check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

My reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

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connoisseur, squinting at all five pieces, testing the finish with his breath, balancing them deftly and listening for their melodious ring as he flicked them with a well manicured thumbnail. From the corner of an eye he sensed that the clerk had signalled his fellow grenadiers, and that some sort of activity was taking place in the rear of the store. He wheeled suddenly.

"These will do very nicely," he boomed. "Deliver them to the Biltmore inside an hour. No later, you understand. Why, what the devil do you mean by staring at me like that?"

The clerk dropped his gaze and looked more rodent-like than ever. "Name, please?"

"Torrance. Room 732."

"AND," suggested the clerk, with a faint sneer, "you wish to pay by check, I suppose?" The veneer of politeness had vanished.

"I don't like your tone, young man," said Mr. Torrance with asperity. "By check, certainly. Eleven hundred, according to the tags." His pen sizzled across the narrow blue oblong. "I don't imagine," he remarked icily, "that there will be any objection to a check written by a Torrance of Stupefaction Pictures. That would be most amusing."

The clerk pocketed the slip of paper, flashed a furtive glance behind his customer, then raised his voice in triumph. "All right, boys, grab him! Close the door, Watkins; we don't want anyone walking in on us. Where's Mr. Few? Call him, somebody."

Mr. Torrance felt himself seized from behind, and nervous hands searched his pockets. "He hasn't a gun," announced a relieved voice.

"How dare you!" he roared in ruddy-faced anger. "What manner of outrage is this? I shall see the police—"

A door opened, and Mr. Peabody Few, a waspish little man with a head like a sugar beet, peered forth. "Bring him to my office," he twanged, and the seething Spook was borne into a stuffy room that reeked of musty leather, mute evidence that its occupant was not on congenial terms with the sunshine flooding nearby Pershing Square.

"Now then," rasped the jeweler, "I think you'll see the police sooner than you expect." The clerk tendered him the check, and he shook it in the con man's face. "A piece of effrontery! Do you deny that you intended to swindle my firm out of valuable merchandise?"

"I—, I—," began Mr. Torrance feebly.

MR. FEW cackled nastily. "Yellow, eh, like all crooks when they're caught. There will be a detective here in a moment, my man; we had ample time to call one while you were admiring my silverware. Such damned insolence!" Apparently Mr. Few was as sore as a broadcaster's tonsils.

"But—," faltered the culprit.

"Silence," ordered the jeweler. "Let me ask you one question—were you in San Francisco recently?"

"Well—yes," quavered Spook, "but I was only—"

Mr. Few permitted himself a liberal sneer, and continued, "Yesterday I received two telegrams from there. One referred to me in scurrilous terms regarding my stand on motion pictures, and by Jove!" howled the jeweler, beginning to purple at the thought, "when I find out—well, at any rate, the other one may be a revelation to you. You see, Mr. Swindler, we've been on the lookout." He spread out a sheet of yellow paper, and Mr. Torrance read:

PEABODY FEW AND CO.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

WARNING HEREBY ISSUED AGAINST BAD CHECK ARTIST STOP HEAVY SET FLORID FASHIONABLY DRESSED STOP LEFT HERE PRESUMABLY FOR LOS ANGELES.

JEWELERS SECURITY ALLIANCE

Mr. Torrance presented a pitiable sight as the message burned into his brain. His eyes

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for occasional or seasonal residence
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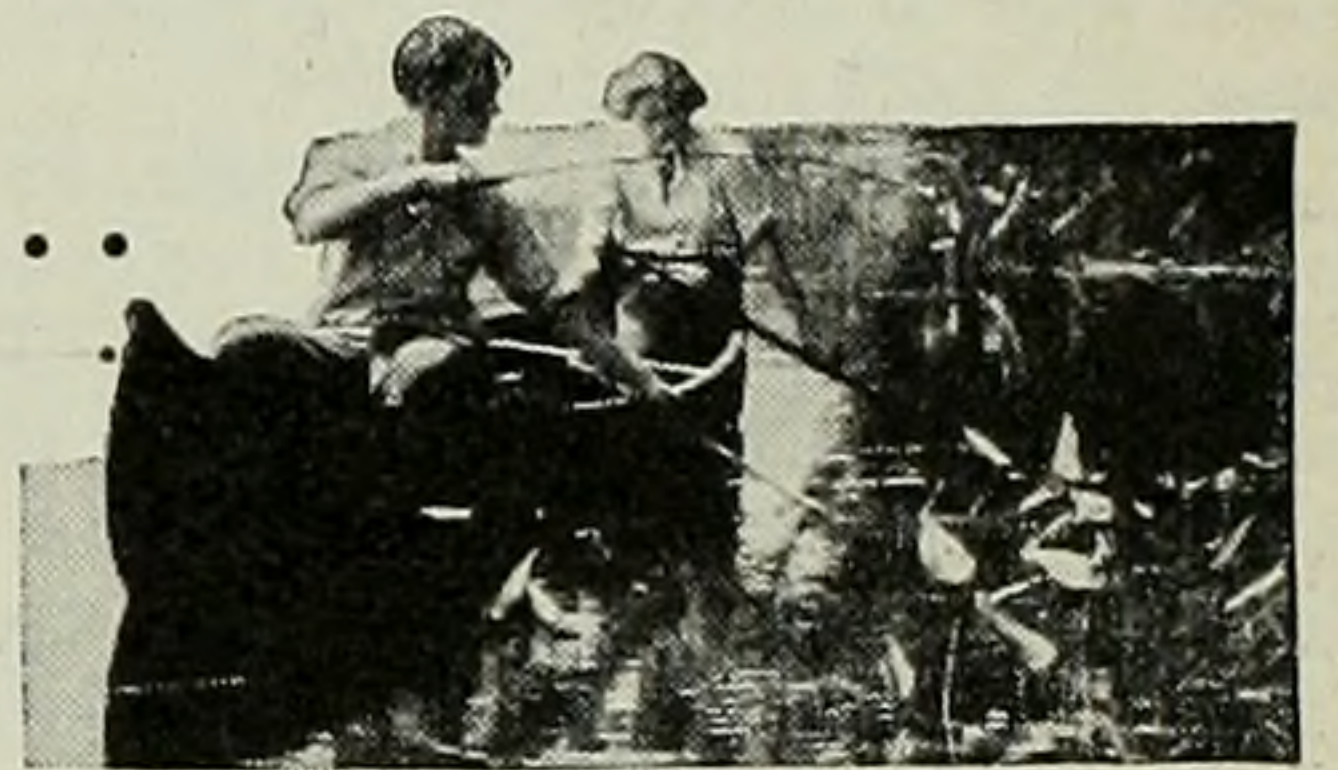
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stared glassily, his lower jaw hung slack and his massive frame trembled as with ague.

"My time is valuable," snarled Mr. Few. "You can give your explanations at the police station." The door opened to admit a pudgy, blue jowled individual who surveyed the group with a lackluster eye. "And here, by the way, is the detective. Am I correct?"

"Soitnly," said Blue Jowl.

"ARREST this fellow," said the jeweler, and plunged into a terse account of the proceedings. The detective listened stolidly until the end.

"But you don't have to—," he began heavily.

Mr. Torrance, who was watching cannily, joined the conversation. "You wouldn't dare to have me arrested," he taunted. "I've read about you in the newspapers. Why, you're scared of actresses, much less men."

Mr. Few choked, and waved his arms wildly. "I am, eh?" he cried. "I'll show you! Lock him up, officer, and charge him with an attempted swindle. Now, you'll read about me again, you scoundrel. Hurry now, take him out the rear entrance."

"Come on, you," growled Blue Jowl. Once outside, he estimated Mr. Torrance's running capacities. "Do I have to call the wagon, or will you walk easy? It's only six blocks."

"Let's walk," said Spook, sniffing the air with approval after Mr. Few's tomblake quarters. Without losing the pressure of the detective's shoulder, he was escorted past the Biltmore and down to the grubby First Street station.

"I've never been arrested before," he said apologetically. "Does my name and all the rest of it go down on the—they call it the blotter, don't they?"

"Sure," said the desk man obligingly. "See, here she goes, party." He wrote vigorously.

The act seemed to give Mr. Torrance hearty satisfaction. He rifled a five spot from a bloated roll, and slid it into the detective's breast pocket. "Before you lock me up," he requested, "I'd like to use the phone."

"Why not," said the other, indicating a nearby instrument. "Talk your head off, buddy."

Mr. Torrance, his jauntiness miraculously restored, lit a cigar and executed a creaky buck and wing. Then, smiling with anticipation he lifted the receiver and called the waiting Mr. McLeod.

* * * *

AT five that afternoon four men sat in the private office of Mr. Peabody Few, while the hollow ticking of a clock intensified the heavy silence. On Mr. Few's desk lay a telegram which he regarded with extreme antipathy. Facing him sat Messrs. Torrance and McLeod, debonair and alert to a marked degree. The other man, frozen-faced and watchful, bore an unmistakable legal stamp.

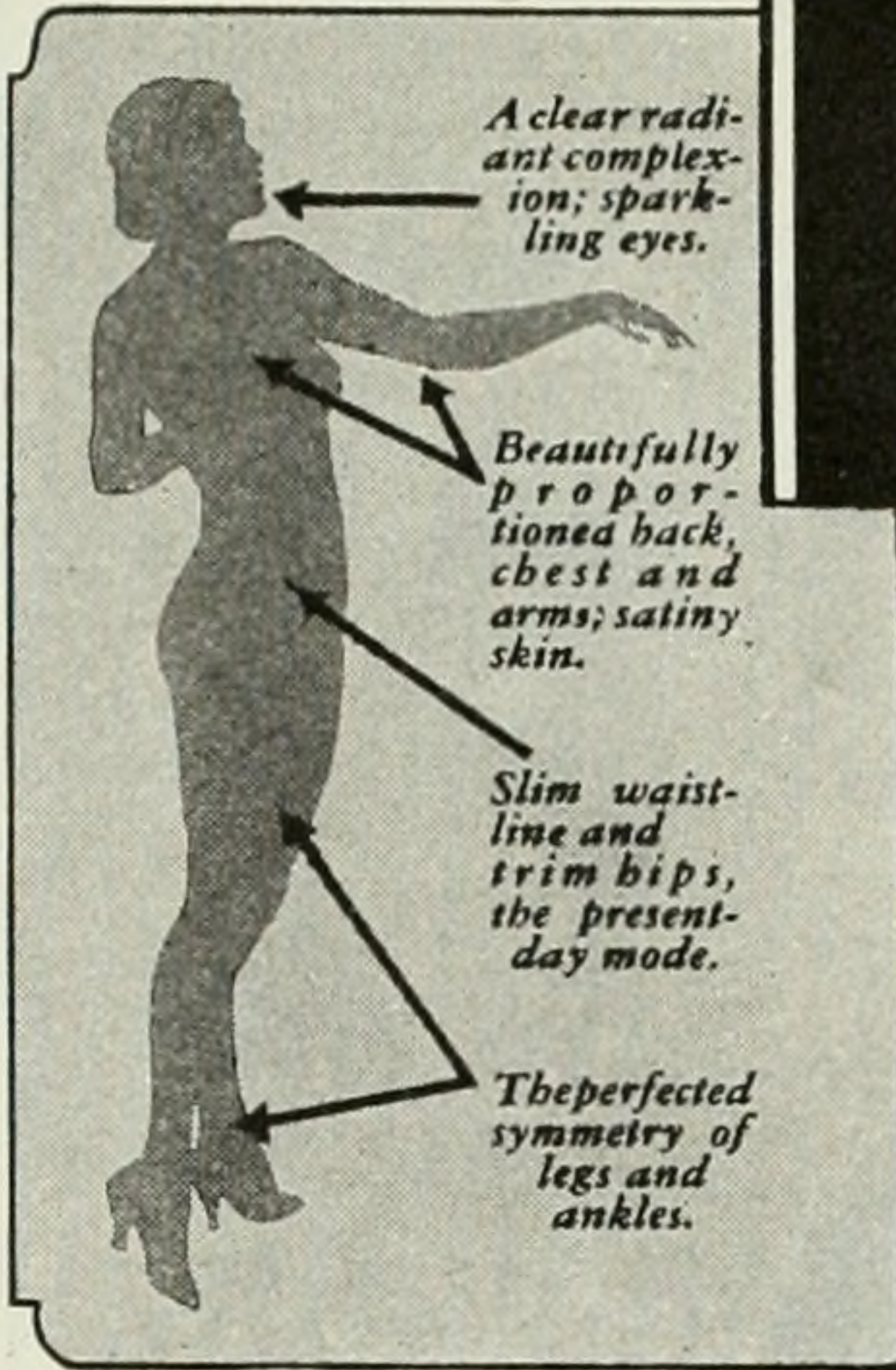
"Well," said Mr. Few at length, "there seems to have been a regrettable mistake. I deplore the happenings of the morning, Mr. Torrance, and I owe you my humblest apologies." He mustered a sour grimace intended for a smile.

"Really?" inquired the urbane Spook, giving him the mackerel eye. "I think you owe me something more."

Peabody Few writhed, and shot a glance at the frozen-faced spectator. "Perhaps," he faltered, "if you would care to accept the silver service, this unpleasant matter might be forgotten."

Mr. Torrance inspected the ceiling with great deliberation, then gazed stonily at the speaker. "Your actions, Few, have been unpardonable. Simply because I am of generous figure and well dressed, you immediately concluded that I was the criminal described in that telegram. You accused me of trying to swindle you. Since then, my friend McLeod came to my rescue and forced you to communicate with my bank in San Francisco. They wired you that the check I offered was

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And at the same time, the Health Builder corrects slow, irregular elimination, the sinister cause of much ill-health; it aids in the digestion and assimilation of your food; it strengthens the body, revitalizing it, and brings to you the glow of health.

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Eyes clear and sparkling—a complexion youthfully radiant—lines and wrinkles banished!



It operates as does the human system, being synchronized with the normal nerve impulses. This is why it stimulates rather than fatigues; why it never causes "nerve-jar."

Because it is the only scientifically correct exerciser—the Health Builder is preferred by countless thousands of thinking men and women of all ages for daily use at home. Fully adjustable, it is admirably adapted to the requirements of each individual member of the family.

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Nature herself prescribes PLUTO water

Long before French Lick even had a name, the Indians knew the laxative, curative properties of the springs that were to become famous the country over as the home of Pluto Water.

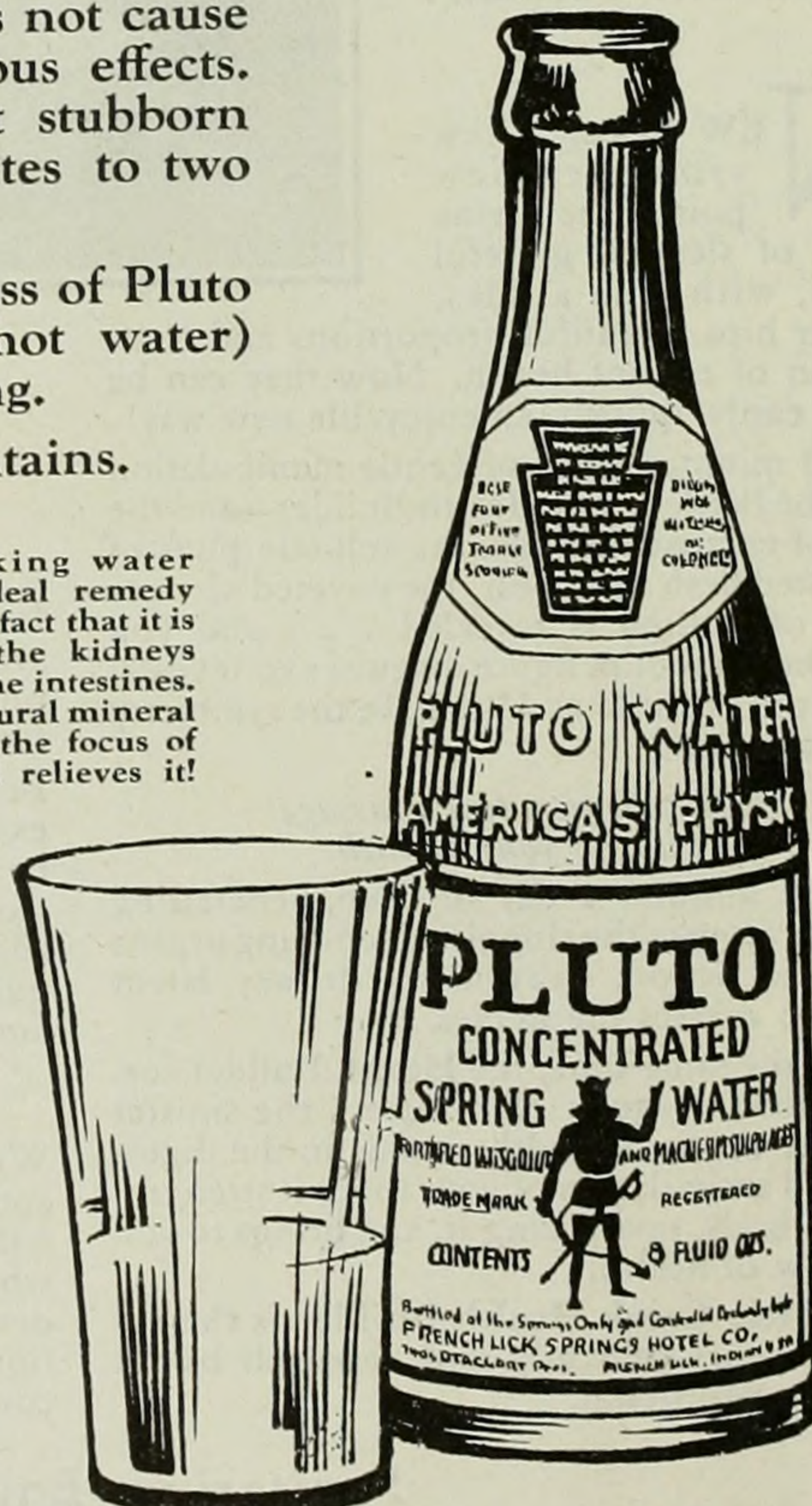
Nature herself prescribed the waters of these springs . . . her own remedy for mankind's oldest ailment—intestinal sluggishness. And now that same Pluto Water, bottled at the springs where it bubbles up from Nature's own laboratory, is yours wherever you are.

Pluto Water washes, *flushes* the eliminative tract clean. It does not cause discomfort; has no injurious effects. It gives relief in the most stubborn case in from thirty minutes to two hours.

Keep yourself fit with a glass of Pluto Water (diluted in plain hot water) every morning upon arising.

At all drug stores and fountains.

Ordinary drinking water would be the ideal remedy were it not for the fact that it is thrown off by the kidneys before it reaches the intestines. Pluto, with its natural mineral content, reaches the focus of the trouble—and relieves it!



PLUTO

America's Laxative Mineral Water

perfectly negotiable. Not content with that, you verified it by telephone, leaving no further room for doubt. You had me arrested, and now you'll pay for it with the silver service—and ten thousand dollars."

"Preposterous!" croaked Mr. Few.

Mr. Torrance laughed a dirty laugh. "Is it? Think it over, Few. False arrest, let me remind you, is one of the most dangerous things one citizen can do to another, and the record of mine is in the First Street station, for anyone to see. I want ten thousand, or I'll sue you for twenty-five. I wouldn't get that figure, of course, but I'd be awarded at least the ten, while you would get some mighty unwelcome publicity."

Mr. Few paled, and gestured vehemently.

"Because," continued his erstwhile customer, "the papers have been a bit irritated by your attitude on the movies, judging from their editorials, and they'd jump at the chance to make you ridiculous."

"You'd better write that check," advised Mr. McLeod, "and ease yourself out of this mess. If you don't believe me, ask your lawyer."

THE jeweler eyed him bitterly, then swung around to consult his legal crutch.

"It's your own fault, Peabody," said the frozen-faced one. "You could have had him held on suspicion, without causing an actual arrest."

"Damn it!" spluttered his client. "Am I supposed to know the law as well as the jewelry business? Besides, this fellow exasperated me with his references to those confounded screen people." Mr. Torrance hid a smile.

"Pay up," said the lawyer, "and forget about it."

Mr. Few seized a pen and wrote hastily, his features contorted with fury. Then, ripping the check viciously from his book, he flung it at Mr. Torrance.

That gentleman studied it carefully, then unlimbered his pen and scribbled an endorsement. "This closes the matter," he said rising, and then for a moment his voice grew husky with emotion. "You will deliver the tea service to Miss Dora Delura, who, I notice by the afternoon extras, is engaged to marry an Albanian prince. Miss Delura," declared Spook, trying to imitate Mr. Zoop, "is one of those gossamer sprites who are touched with the dew of beauty. Just think of her fairylike hands hovering about your commercial teapots."

The jeweler opened his mouth to retort.

"And I hope," said Mr. Torrance, forestalling him, "that you will change what mind you have about our movie actresses. Think of the privilege of enlarging the garden in which such flowers can bloom. Superb creatures, really, Few. Much more delectable than the flat breasted, anaemic specimens that creep about museums."

"YOU'RE profane, sir!" screeched Mr. Few. "Leave my office at once. Those actress hussies can perish for all the aid they'll get from me."

The effulgent Spook grinned maddeningly. "I'm going," he assured him, "but first, I'd like to hear just how *you* are on profanity. Take a look at that, you miserable little weasel."

He thrust forward the check and twitched it under the jeweler's inquisitive nose.

Mr. Few adjusted his glasses and peered spitefully, then frenziedly. Across the back ran Mr. Torrance's slapdash signature, and above it, "Pay only to Motion Picture Extra Fund."

The enemy of women threw back his head and filled the murky air with deckle-edged and impotent curses.

"Not bad at all, Peabody, old chap," applauded Mr. Torrance, and softly closed the door.

A pleasant buzz of conversation filtered through the Elizabethan windows of Brenda

Berkeley's so-called cottage as the guests began to disperse. Mr. Torrance, standing in the midst of a cluster of females, had been the lion of the evening. In the presence of favored members of the colony, he had delivered to the Fund Committee both the check and a considerably purified account of its acquisition, and had managed to keep an admiring but mournful eye on Dora Delura. At present, that young lady was out on the lawn, listening to an earnest plea.

"SO that's how it is," finished Mr. McLeod, tugging at his collar. "Old Spook ran all that risk just because you look like a girl he was in love with long ago. She was a—a great singer, and she gave him the runaround for a lou—a throat specialist."

"Is that right?" yawned Miss Delura. "When do I start weeping?"

"So that's the kind of a dame you are!" shouted the irritated Mac. "No heart at all, eh? Well, that's the way I had you lined up. I told Spook to lay off, but no, he had to sink a quarter million with Stupefaction just to be in the same racket with you, but anyhow, if that blows up, he's got as much more in the bank. All I—" He broke off suddenly and stared at the transformation taking place before him.

"Go on," crooned Dora, suddenly arrayed in the shining robes of allurements. "What were you saying, Mr. McLeod?" She came closer to him, a slim, compelling bit of exquisiteness.

"Just this," mumbled Mac, dimly wishing he were free from this fragrant sorceress so that his native shrewdness could function again; "why couldn't you give old Spook a kiss when you say good night? He'd treasure the memory all his life and that Prince Poppopolis of Albania needn't know anything about it."

Miss Delura's greenish eyes were veiled with guilt, then she smiled shamefacedly at Mr. McLeod and nodded maidenly consent.

* * * *

AN hour later Mr. Torrance, wearing an air of blissful dizziness, cantered into his living room and beamed happily at the recumbent Mac, who was busily engaged with decanter and book.

"What's the idea of coming in here walking on your heels?" demanded his friend. "An old guy like you. How many times have I got to tell you about blood pressure?"

"Mac," said Mr. Torrance, his countenance glowing like a well polished saddle, "Mac, I—"

"Oh, fold up and let me read, will you?" asked the other. "You certainly panicked that roomful of skirts tonight, and I suppose you've still got some unused words. The next thing I know you'll be trying to tell me that some dame kissed you." He grinned to himself and waited for the bashful admission.

"Better than that," whooped the slightly delirious Spook. "Some lady, as I prefer to call her, is going to marry me. Get a grip on yourself now, Mac—it's DORA DELURA! Imagine that if you can. She asked me to take her home, and the first thing I knew she kissed me, and then began to cry. She's as lonesome as she's lovely, and pretty soon she'll be like a quiet oasis in a desert of squawking pictures, and so I—"

"That's very nice blank verse," commented Mac, "but what about this Prince Poppopolis? Those birds usually carry a knife."

"There's no such person," laughed Mr. Torrance with the superiority of knowledge. "Just publicity—a little way we have in the movies. Dora's ex-husband gets her engaged three times a year. Why, Mac, old sock, what's the matter? You look terrible."

Mr. McLeod groaned dismally and poured himself a flagon of fruity old port. "I've felt this thing coming on for some time," he said faintly. "It's the same ailment you were suffering from before you started being noble—a severe case of pain in the neck."

She looked exquisite as a June Rose

—but they left her alone



You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her! What was the reason?

This inescapable fact—no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect! Without the regular use of Odorono you can never feel free from the haunting worry of offending by unpleas-

ant odor and ugly perspiration stains!

The regular use of Odorono assures a fresh, dry underarm by checking perspiration in a safe way. *Checking perspiration in small areas has no effect on health.*

Made by a physician 19 years ago for his own use, women all over the world feel safe in using Odorono.

Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, and the delightful Creme Odorono are on sale at toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono 35¢, 60¢, and \$1.00. Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.



Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

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Home Rules for Hollywood Flappers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]



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pictures, Alice and Marceline. Irene is a kid herself. Her babies were born when she was in her teens and the memory of the humiliations heaped upon her by a tyrannical mother still hurt.

Irene ran away from home when she was sixteen and got married, promising herself that, if she ever had children, they would have the happiness she had missed.

"When they come to me and say they'd like fur coats," she said, "I say, 'Certainly, buy fur coats. Buy a lot of fur coats. You'll only pass this way once. You're making your own money. Make the most of it.'

"I've never crossed them. I've never railed at them. I use other methods."

Marceline came to her mother one day and said:

"I want to smoke and drink. All the other girls do."

"Great!" said Irene. "That's perfectly great." She poured out a large glass of thick, sweet wine.

"Drink it down quickly, all in big gulps. That's right. Now smoke your cigarette."

IRENE handed her one. It was the strongest brand on the market. "Puff fast. Oh, you must inhale. Drag the smoke right down into your lungs. That's right."

The result was as instantaneous as it was effective.

And from that disastrous day until this very hour Marceline and Alice have sipped ice cream sodas and had gum chewing orgies.

Irene knows every heart ache, every joy, every secret.

They keep nothing from her.

Marceline decided she wanted to live away from home. Alice, exercising an elder sister's

prerogative, was borrowing her clothes. Irene didn't want the three, who had been so close, to separate, so she suggested that they move into an apartment and each take separate rooms.

It worked like a safe. It worked like everything connected with their lives.

Irene doesn't always approve of her girls' choice of sweethearts. But does she tell them so? Not much. "I sometimes hate their boy friends," she said, "but I greet them as if they were my best pals and—as they are—my severest critics."

As a result she has two of the most charming, most lovable kids in town.

ANOTHER wise mother is Gladys Moran. A young person, with calm eyes, brisk, efficient sports shoes and capable hands.

"It's stupid to say I trust Lois," she said. "Every mother trusts her daughter. I've heard them say, 'I know my girl is a good girl' when their children are the wildest little imps in town.

"You can't make children different from what they are. How they are brought up hasn't anything to do with it. Lois is a nice person. If she ever went haywire, if she ever did foolish things I just wouldn't like her any more. I'd leave her. I suppose you think I'm the original hard-hearted Hannah.

"Lois does as she pleases. It doesn't matter to me what time she gets in, but when I wake up and am worried about her being in an automobile accident (her father was killed that way) I send her a thought message and in five or ten minutes she calls me up and tells me that she's all right."

"And we like the same people," said Lois. "We like to play in the dancing room here in



Sally Eilers was brought up on the "clipping" system. It's unique—but it seems to have worked well in Sally's case

our house. Then, somehow, mother is such an ideal to me that I couldn't do what was wrong. She sets me such a lovely example of sweetness."

"Nonsense," said her mother. "It's just what you are that makes you like you are. And I like you. I like your little sister, Betty, too. Maybe I'll like her better than you. She'll grow up to be a stock broker and brokers interest me more than actors."

"Mother love is the bunk. It's only for sentimentalists. I like Lois as she likes me—as a person."

VIGOROUS restrictions are maintained in Sally Eilers' home. Her father, Peter Eilers, did not approve of Sally's going into pictures and until she was eighteen she was not allowed out unchaperoned.

Now she must be in by twelve o'clock and they always wait up for her.

Her mother, with real maternal interest, comes into her room when she undresses and asks her if she had a good time at the party, who was there, what they did, what they said.

Only occasionally does Sally rebel, such as the time that she decided to leave home but didn't.

The next morning she found one of those ubiquitous little clippings stuck in her mirror. That's an old Eilers custom. Her mother clips mottoes from the papers—the ones that tell of the joys of being a nice girl, of being true to yourself and what rewards are in store for those who honor their parents—and leaves them on Sally's dressing table.

Even now that Sally is engaged to William Hawks she must still give an account of herself, she must still be in or telephone by a certain hour.

She is never allowed to stay away from home over night, except as the guest of Carmen Pantages or Sue Carol. Only once was she permitted to go on a yachting trip. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen chaperoned and that made everything all right.

Sue Carol is restricted *via* long distance, by her mother, Mrs. Sam Lederer, who lives in Chicago, but commutes to Hollywood to keep her eye on Sue.

When Mrs. Lederer is in town she goes wherever her daughter goes, knows all her friends and gives her approval. Happily, she likes Sue's fiance, Nick Stuart.

But the restraining hand is felt even when Mother Lederer is at home. She calls Sue long distance every so often and is amazed to find her daughter away from the house at eleven o'clock. It is two o'clock in Chicago and seems terribly late. She can't realize, although Sue has told her in no uncertain terms, the difference in hours.

But Sue is well chaperoned. She lives with Charlotte, a nurse who has been in the family for years, and Alice Scannell, her secretary.

THE rules that govern Anita Page's life were the result of a family conference.

When Anita made such an amazing success in pictures it threw the household into pandemonium. Her father, M. L. Pomares, was a successful business man, the president of an electrical engineering plant and neither he nor his wife had ever had a theatrical person in the family.

When Anita's contract was signed, Pomares came out to join his family and reasoned with the kid like this:

"Now, I've been able to support you and your mother and support you well for a number of years and I can do it again, but as long as you're in this business you're going to make a go of it."

The family conference was called. It was decided that Anita was so young, only seventeen at the time she signed her contract, that there was plenty of time for her to play. She must have her health.

She must be fit for her work, so it was all figured out scientifically.

"We've got two engineers' charts—a sleeping chart and a weight chart," said Pomares.

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"There's a scale in Anita's bedroom. She is weighed every Saturday. Two pounds over means going light on sweets and starches for awhile. Two pounds under means building up."

"As for sleep we figure back nine and a half hours. If Anita's call at the studio is for nine in the morning, then she has to get up at six, which means that she must be in bed at eight-thirty. If she doesn't have to be up until nine then she may stay awake until 11:30. On Saturdays we have little dancing parties at the Biltmore and Ambassador.

"And every day that she doesn't work I take her golfing with me."

Anita likes the movies. She's seen "Broadway Melody" eight times. She never goes out alone. Her father is always with her. Not even her cousin may take her unchaperoned. It's all a business proposition. It's to make a success in pictures.

And Anita is satisfied. She knows they are right.

JOSEPHINE DUNN'S father, Richard, makes every argument complete with "Josephine says. . . ." For him it is ended, but her mother has other ideas. Jo is on the film flapper restricted list. Her boy friends are approved. She has to be in at twelve unless she has told her mother where she is. If she comes home later there is a chilly atmosphere (her mother always waits up).

"And I was in the Follies and I play bad women on the screen and I'm still treated like a child," wailed Jo. "But mother is a grand person. Of course, we have our moments. Moments when we say the most cuttingly sarcastic things to each other—and how cutting they can be! For we know each other's weaknesses so well.

"Once mother said, 'The trouble with me is, I've been too good a mother to you,' and then she mentally searched for something devilish to do. There was a cigarette on the table. She picked it up with a grand gesture. 'I'll smoke it,' she said, wildly. And she did. Now she likes cigarettes and smokes after every meal."

A strangely unrebelling little person is Mary Philbin. She lives quite in a world by herself, quite outside the typical movie life. Her mother doesn't know that Mary is different from the other girls in town. The close bond that exists between the mother and father, John Philbin, and the only child makes restrictions unnecessary. She never goes out at all while she is working. Her best friends are Barbara Kent, Mary McAllister and Beth

Laemmle. Not one of these girls smokes or drinks and, most astonishing of all, neither do the boys who come to the house.

And I said "come to the house" for there is where the social hub of the Philbin family is to be found. They play "consequences"—not even bridge. Upon these occasions the mothers are present. It's a simple, old home week affair. Mary never, never does anything that might cause a paternal eyebrow to be raised. And she, herself, is calmly contented with her simple pleasures.

Mary Brian is another of this type. She lives with her mother, Louise Dantzer (the name Brian is now legalized, I believe) and her brother, Taurence, who works in a bank. The three are often out together and go in for social gatherings of people mostly outside the profession. When she is working it's in bed by ten. Otherwise she may stay out a little later.

June Collyer, coming from a social life in New York, has no restrictions placed upon her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton J. Heermance. Mrs. Heermance doesn't like being a chaperon. She resented it thoroughly when it was necessary at West Point dances.

"I trust June whether I'm with her or away from her," she said. "She is always the first to leave a party. She always 'phones if she's going to be late. And she has judgment about her friends."

Carol Lombard, once a Mack Sennett beauty, has an easy friendship with her mother, "a perfectly grand person" whom she calls "Totsy."

JEANETTE LOFF lives away from home but is still close to her mother who designs all her clothes. Mrs. Loff remains with Jeanette's two younger sisters, Irene and Myrtle.

Betty Bronson has broken away from family restrictions and is living in her own apartment.

It is, so she says, because it is more convenient when she is working.

Each household works out its own problem. Each young star abides by a certain set of rules. Each mother, knowing her own daughter, attempts to do what she thinks is best.

There will be rebellion always—Hollywood or Medicine Hat—there will be the Mary Miles Minters and the Virginia Lee Corbins. But there will also be the Mary Philbins, the Lois Morans, the Days and the Anita Pages.

And girls will be leaving home and staying. And other girls will be leaving home and coming back again.



Gladys Moran, mother of Lois, believes that "mother love is the bunk, fit only for sentimentalists." "I like Lois as she likes me—as a person," she says

Vitamins for Beauty and Health

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

are the sun rays which cause sunburn and when applied scientifically are of value in the treatment of deficiency and skin diseases. The implication is that the vitamins and ultra-violet rays are interchangeable terms, which is, of course, a fallacy.

Another erroneous suggestion is that the vitamins are food or have a food value in themselves and that such a value is in direct ratio to the quantity present in your diet. It must be emphasized that so far as research at present indicates, the vitamins, especially A and D, are merely accessory food factors, regulative substances, agents promoting chemical activities in the body on which all life depends and their presence rather than the quantity present is the target at which dietitians should aim.

OF the five vitamins, E and B may be said to be of the least importance. Vitamin E has not been fully studied yet but appears to be a factor promoting fertility and possessing the property of causing the secretion of milk in the nursing mother.

Vitamin A is found in whole milk, butter, cheese, egg yolk, cod liver oil, glandular organs (especially liver from animals that are properly fed), thin green leafy vegetables, yellow corn, yellow sweet potato and carrots. This vitamin produces tissue building, promotes growth and well-being and prevents infection.

A deficiency in the diet of vitamin A causes loss of appetite and retardation of growth and development. Physical weakness ensues and the susceptibility to disease of the eyes, ears, sinuses and kidneys increases. Unlike D, the sunshine vitamin, it appears to be built up exclusively in green plants and to be concentrated in the fat of animals which thus derive their source of this factor from the green vegetables they consume.

The rich stores of A in cod liver oil are derived from the minute green sea plants upon which the small fish eaten by the cod have lived.

A deficiency of A not only retards and stunts growth but it causes a lowering of resistance to infective disease and in particular an affection of the eyes.

Vitamin B is highly important, increasing the appetite, promoting digestion and growth and stimulating life processes, protecting the body from nerve disease and increasing the quantity while improving the quality of the milk of the nursing mother. Owing to its relatively wide distribution and to its stability, deficiency of vitamin B is not likely to happen in this country.

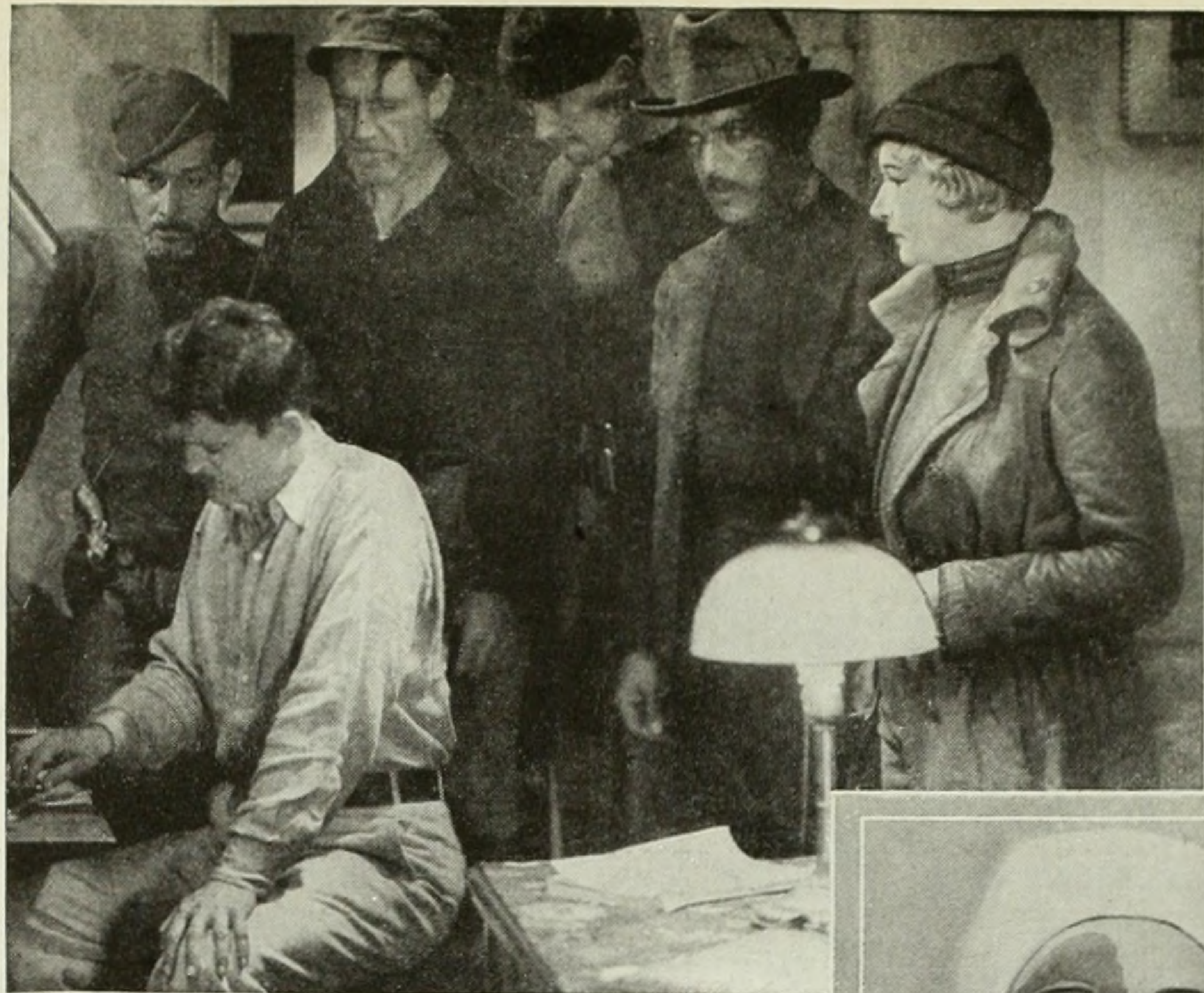
THE most reliable sources of this vitamin are whole grain cereals, milk, legumes, vegetables and egg yolk. Absence of this vitamin from the diet will produce beri-beri, forms of neuritis and decrease in what is known as lymphoid tissue throughout the body. If the diet is deficient in vitamin B, appetite and digestion are impaired. There is a loss in weight and vigor. There is an increase in the size of many organs and constipation and emaciation ensue.

Beri-beri is a painful nerve disease frequently followed by paralysis.

This disease menaced the establishment of the Japanese navy in 1862.

From one-fourth to one-half of the entire personnel was continuously disabled because the diet of the navy consisted of meat and polished rice.

A Dutch physician, in a Java prison hospital in 1897, accidentally discovered that all of his cooped-up chickens were suffering from this disease. The birds had been fed left-over cooked polished rice from the hospital kitchen.



ANNA Q. NILSSON, world famed screen celebrity, noted for the velvety beauty of her skin, as she appears in "Blockade" recent F. O. B. heart-thriller.

At right—as she appears taking the first step to beauty—awakening her skin with Boncilla clasmic pack.



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Build up on that as you wish. But your skin will deteriorate—very fast—if you neglect this major help.

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When unpolished rice was fed, the birds promptly got well. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind he fed the chickens polished rice, producing the disease, and cured them by feeding unpolished rice or rice polishings.

He next produced the disease in prisoners by feeding them polished rice, curing them promptly and completely by feeding them the crude rice.

His investigations also established that wheat germ, rye, barley and potatoes protected his prisoners and his fowls from beri-beri.

DURING the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, there was not a single case of beri-beri in the Japanese navy because barley was substituted for part of the rice ration, but in the army there were 200,000 cases.

The great value derived from the widely advertised yeast cake in the treatment of chronic constipation must be largely due to this principle, vitamin B, lack of which is one of our most common dietetic deficiencies.

Vitamin C was one of the first vitamins discovered because its absence from the diet produces scurvy, a disease which used to more than decimate the crews of vessels on long ocean voyages. Absence of vitamin C from the diet will not only produce scurvy but it also brings on fatal collapse. If the diet is deficient in vitamin C, a change in the disposition will be noticed. The appetite will be deficient, there will be weight loss and physical weakness, shortness of breath, rapid respiration and heart action. The blood will show changes. There will be a tendency to hemorrhage, the teeth will grow soft and the bones more fragile.

The most reliable sources of vitamin C are orange juice, lemon juice, tomatoes, sprouting grains, green leafy vegetables and milk from cattle on summer pasturage.

Scurvy is a constitutional disease characterized by great weakness, anemia, a spongy condition of the gums and a tendency to hemorrhage.

Its seriousness was first realized when long sea voyages were undertaken by the early discoverers.

Vasco de Gama achieved his pioneer voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies at the cost of 100 deaths by scurvy out of a crew of 160 men.

In 1600 four ships left England on an expedition to establish the East India Company. On three of the four ships, one-fourth of the men died before reaching the Cape and the rest were in a pitiable plight.

The men on the fourth vessel were in perfect health throughout the voyage, because each man was ordered to take three tablespoons of lemon juice daily.

Eventually the order was established that every British seaman take lemon juice every day.

They are known as “lime-juicers” on the high seas to-day for that very reason, although the substitution of East India lime juice for lemon juice caused scurvy again to become prevalent in the British navy.

Scurvy like the other deficiency diseases can be produced rapidly and readily in experimental animals and is promptly cured by the addition of citrus fruits to the diet. In a mild form it is a fairly common ailment in babies to-day.

It may be prevented or cured by giving small amounts of orange or tomato juice with the feeding, a custom which has become so common during the past few years that it is no longer considered unusual. No doubt, you have often wondered why little brother was ordered by the family doctor to have the juice of a whole orange every day.

VITAMIN D may be said to be the sunshine vitamin. It seems to be formed by the action of ultra-violet light on certain fat-like elements present in our body and in our food which are not completely known or understood. It is the factor preventing rickets and

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though, perhaps, second to vitamin A in vital importance, as far as children are concerned, it becomes, under the modern artificial conditions existing in towns and from the fact that its distribution in the natural foods is somewhat restricted relatively to the others, a factor second to none in general importance. Vitamin D is interesting in that it appears to be the only one of those five known which can be built up in the animal body. It is formed in the fatty tissues by the action of the ultra-violet light on the skin.

That vitamin D is found or may be formed in certain vegetable oils is due to the presence of fat-like substances, the cholesterols. It must be distinctly noted that irradiation with ultra-violet light is useless unless these cholesterols be present.

VITAMIN D controls the body's calcium equilibrium and regulates the utilization of the body's needed minerals. It is a specific against rickets which will ensue in an absence of this vitamin from the diet.

Deformity of the bones in young children results from an absence of this vitamin from their dietary. A diet deficient in vitamin D causes muscular weakness and instability of the nervous system. Cod liver oil, egg yolk and whole milk are the chief sources of vitamin D.

Of all the vitamins the two most important are vitamins A and D.

Vitamin D was first found in conjunction with vitamin A and until recently was thought to be identical with it.

Rickets is a disease characterized by mal-development of bony tissue and is especially prevalent in the slums of large cities. A child is afflicted with rickets because its diet is deficient in three things, vitamin D, in mineral calcium and sunshine. All of these essentials are lacking to the children brought up in the poorly lighted tenements or narrow dark alleys to whom an adequate supply of milk is seldom available. The lack of milk deprives them of the anti-rachitic vitamin D and calcium, while such quarters shut out the sunshine. However, this disease is not entirely confined to the poor but is sometimes found in the families of the well-to-do, where nursing mothers fail to eat properly balanced diets. Recent study indicates that children may be born with rickets due to the deficiencies in the diet of expectant mothers.

I HAVE proved this to be the case in my own experience. This last winter I handled an obstetrical case in the family of a prominent scenarist. The wife, a charming girl, the product of a finishing school, has neglected her diet for many years. Her first baby, before it was one month old, exhibited unmistakable signs of rickets. A deficiency of vitamin D in this young mother's diet prior to the birth of her child, made it necessary to put the baby immediately upon modified milk.

This in addition to cod liver oil, the administration of fruit juices and exposure to ultra-violet light were anti-rachitic measures which met with success.

The last vitamin to be considered, vitamin E, the fertility vitamin, is the most recently discovered of the lot. Its function has not been entirely ascertained. It is known, however, that among other things, vitamin E is probably concerned with the way in which the body utilizes the iron that is so necessary for the individual's well being. The most reliable source of vitamin E is whole grained cereal, milk and green vegetables.

This is the reason expectant mothers are advised to drink a quart of milk a day and to eat plenty of the leafy green vegetables, hitherto merely considered a fad by many of the rank and file in the medical field.

You have often heard it said, "Man cannot live by bread alone."

This the dietitian emphasizes, pointing out the need for vitamins, though he does put a new and different structure upon this ancient Biblical aphorism.



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How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

with three dozen of everything, a housewife's delight.

His linen is plain, but of the finest. No monogram adorns it.

There is a gay little breakfast room that is never used, and a servants' hall beyond the kitchen.

"Kitchen plenty too small," remarks the cook, "and much hot in summer."

Kono is the only servant that sleeps in the house, the rest occupying nice quarters, with bathrooms galore, over the garage.

NOW let's go upstairs—that railed staircase leading from the organ room to a balcony. Here a cabinet or two and a divan lend an air of comfort. Charlie's own room is to the right—big, airy, masculine, furnished with elegant simplicity.

It is completely carpeted in green-grey with an unobtrusive pattern. The three-quarter bed, dressing table, and cabinet of drawers are painted a golden glow yellow and decorated by hand. A yellow eiderdown quilt serves for bedspread. Beside the bed a booktable, loaded to the gunwales, books and magazines piled high. The books include the Bible, and the book which caused Charlie to be accused of socialism—"Anarchy and the Anarchists," by Capt. Von Schack, a history of the Chicago riots. Charlie knows it backwards. He considers it shows much dignity and courage on the part of the accused men. But Charlie never could be a Socialist really, for, like all geniuses, he is naturally imperial.

Shelves of books line one wall. A good solid table hides an unexpected settee, with three jazzy feminine cushions on it. One suspects the cushions were gifts, which Charlie's kind heart cannot throw out. On the table an autographed photograph similar to the one Mary and Doug have in their living room "To Charlie from Dickie and Edwina Mountbatten"—English royalty, you see. Nearby a huge Imperial Dictionary rests upon a stand, open . . . Near the window a monster telescope with which Charlie can scan the whole horizon into vast distances. The windows are draped in a soft green, toning with the green-grey carpet.

One of those new electric belt exercisers stands near another window.

Here, too, is another fireplace. And upon the mantel, directly facing Charlie's bed, stand four smiling photographs of Georgia Hale in various poses. (Oh, dear—something may disturb the serenity of this masculine household yet. Kono is helpless here!)

And at a certain exact spot stand a pair of bedroom-slippers, soft brown leather with grey felt cuffs, awaiting Charlie's tootsies. The position of these shoes is important. He took hours to explain the exact spot on which they should stand—so that they would be forever ready to receive his feet when he turned at a certain angle in rising from his bed, and yet not obtrude too much into the room.

Charlie is fussy about shoes—has them made specially for him in England. Loves one pair of old patent leather ones, with grey tops, which he declares are the most perfect shoes ever made. All sorts of formalities have to be gone through before he puts on the comic Chaplin shoes at the studio for business purposes.

Charlie, you see, has perfect feet—never a corn or a bunion anywhere.

(Also, *entre nous*, he wears B. V. D.'s—none of these new flapper vests and shorts. But he does wear pale-green silk pajamas.) All the same, in spite of a dressing room lined with wardrobes, he has comparatively few clothes for a man in his position and is no fop in this regard.

THE dressing table in the bedroom is adorned with silver brushes and combs, but the one in the little dressing room with plain ones that any ordinary bachelor might use. He has an old pair of ebony military brushes that he declines to discard—the first "good" ones he could ever afford. (His dressing room at the studio is also a model of Spartan simplicity.)

Charlie's bathroom is all white mosaic tile, with a half-sunken bath. The scales stand here. Time was when Charlie kept a Bible and a dictionary on a shelf in every bathroom, but only the guest room has this favor now! Then there is a steam room, with a rubbing table and a shower.

In this bedroom Charlie starts his day. He hates to rise before noon. "People are so uninteresting before lunch," he says. Besides, he keeps pretty late hours. So breakfast is served



A view of the Chaplin living room, showing the bay window. This is the west end of the room overlooking Beverly Hills and the Pacific

in bed—a good hearty one, fruit, porridge, eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade and English tea. After that he reads the newspapers, three or four of them, and such mail as he has decided might be personally interesting; makes copious notes for use in his work—and feels highly industrious. He rarely gets down to the studio before 1—although his entire staff, actors and all, have to be down at 9 a. m. in case he should feel inspired to early labor. They usually telephone up to the house to see if they may leave for lunch. Charlie, having breakfasted late, doesn't want lunch till 3, 4 or 5 p. m. according to how the inspiration goes on the picture. (However, all the staff's pay goes right along whether Charlie works or not. Sometimes he won't work for weeks, and then want to work 24 hours a day for days.)

LUNCH is served in the studio bungalow and a special cook is in charge. This cook shines at stews . . . so just remember that Circuses and Gold Rushes can be made on stew.

Charlie uses perfume—but it is a special masculine kind that he buys in bulk by the ounce. He sprays it on kerchief and hair. He has a passion for handkerchiefs and owns them by the gross, fashioned of the finest fabrics. He often uses several a day. (His laundry, by the way, is all sent out—Jap servants' clothes and all, and costs between \$8 and \$12 a week, according to whether they have had company.)

Exercising is an important business. Out on the lawn there is a big wheel, with a place to slip the feet in. The hands hold on to lofty bars, and the wheel turns over and over, calling for strain on every muscle in Charlie's body. It's quite a feat to do it gracefully. Then there is the swimming pool, Charlie being a fine swimmer and diver. In addition to that, he will often leave the studio in shorts, get out of his machine where the bridle-path ends at Beverly, and sprint all the way up the hill home. One can see lots of strange sights in magnificent Beverly. Anyway, that is how Charlie keeps his boyish figure and can face those bathroom scales with equanimity.

There are three automobiles—a Rolls-Royce, a Locomobile and a Cadillac. Charlie gets moods for certain cars. One day he can't bear the sight of the Rolls-Royce and snubs it for the Locomobile and vice versa. Sometimes he sits beside the driver, sometimes behind him. Sometimes he drives himself, and seats the chauffeur next to him. Sometimes he feels nice and haughty, and sometimes playful, frivolous and naughty. Everyone at the studio adores him. Sometimes he will blow up and blame the nearest person for everything and anything—but, although he never actually apologizes, he will show his contrition later on by being extra sweet to the person he has unjustly scolded. And oh, this Charlie knows how to be sweet and winning—it works on the men as well as on the women. You see, he is a very superior actor, so that he can be fascinating, haughty, pathetic, mournfully aloof, or mischievously playful at will. Once when a certain "Eddie" had been wounded by unjust reproach from Charlie and declined to be mollified, Charlie cut his finger and begged Eddie to bind it up. Eddie bound.

NOW let's peep into the guest room—which was formerly occupied by Lita. (Only three master bedrooms in that house.) It, too, has a three-quarter bed (not twin beds), canopied, with white and gold furniture of rich quality, a powder blue carpet and brocaded hangings, with a touch of gold in the design. Its bathroom is plain white, but everything superlative as to quality and comfort. A writing desk and well placed lights, comfy chairs and the finest of plain white linen, make of this a charming room. These days, while Charlie is working on his next picture and shutting himself away from his friends, it is often occupied by a studio associate. But all the same it is the most feminine room in the house.

Then across the hall—a sad little room. When Charlie built this house he called this room the "flapper bedroom." He had no end

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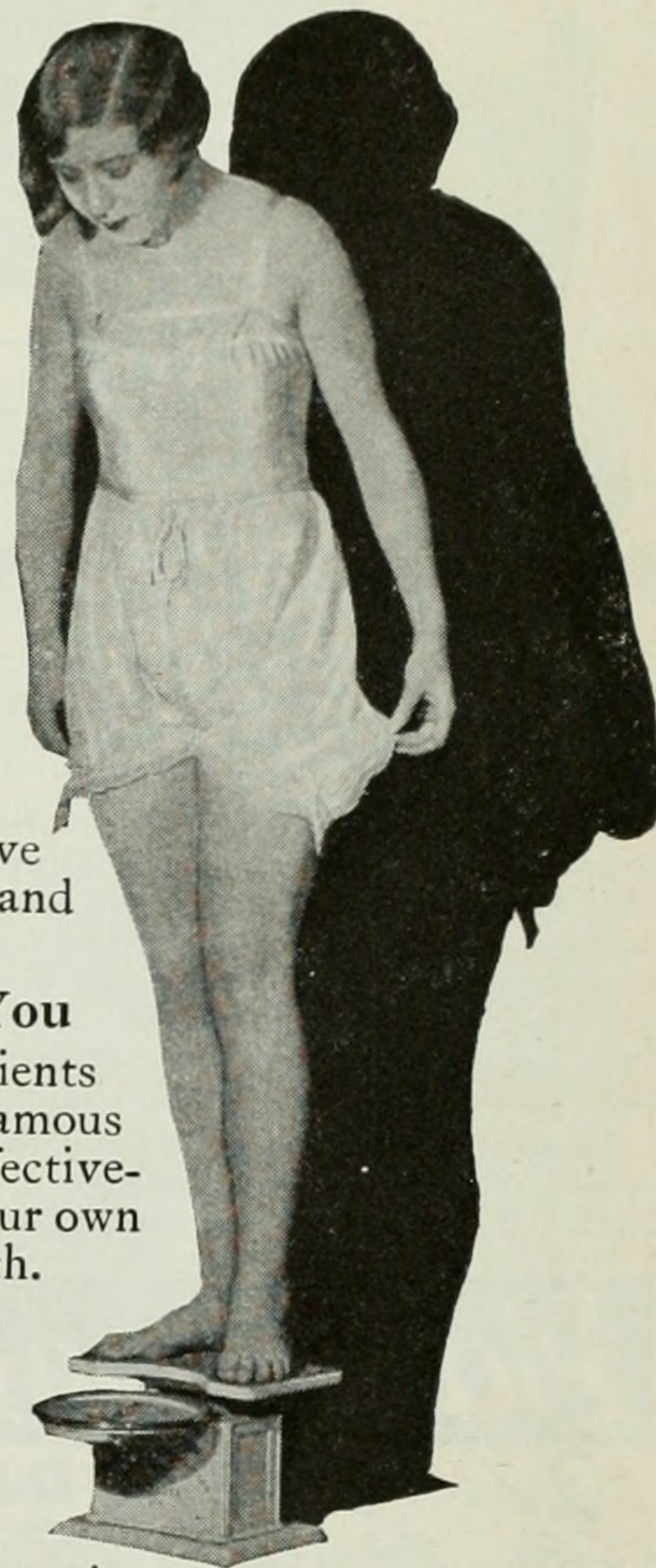
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Cut Puzzle Contest

of fun furnishing it with all the gayest, jazziest things he could find—based upon a foundation color scheme of old gold, with a rose velvet carpet. It was the sauciest, most impudent room you can imagine. The three-quarter bed, its bright counterpane, its cheeky curtains, its sparkling mirror, its dainty toilet articles and all-ready-prepared feminine negligees gave anticipation of a dainty, youthful, piquant guest—

But later it was to assume precious responsibility—for this became the nursery during the Lita interlude. And Charlie did love his babies. Never a night passed without Charlie visiting that hallowed little spot. Never so temperamental that he could not play with his two wee sons . . .

But that's all over now and the room stands empty, forlorn, with sheets drawn over the chairs to protect them from dust . . . Its once saucy rose carpet bears a few tell-tale spots . . . loving memory-spots . . . And yet . . . that bedroom was never meant for a nursery. It did its gay best—without avail. And the nursery wing, which Charlie used to plan and build in imagination, was never even started.

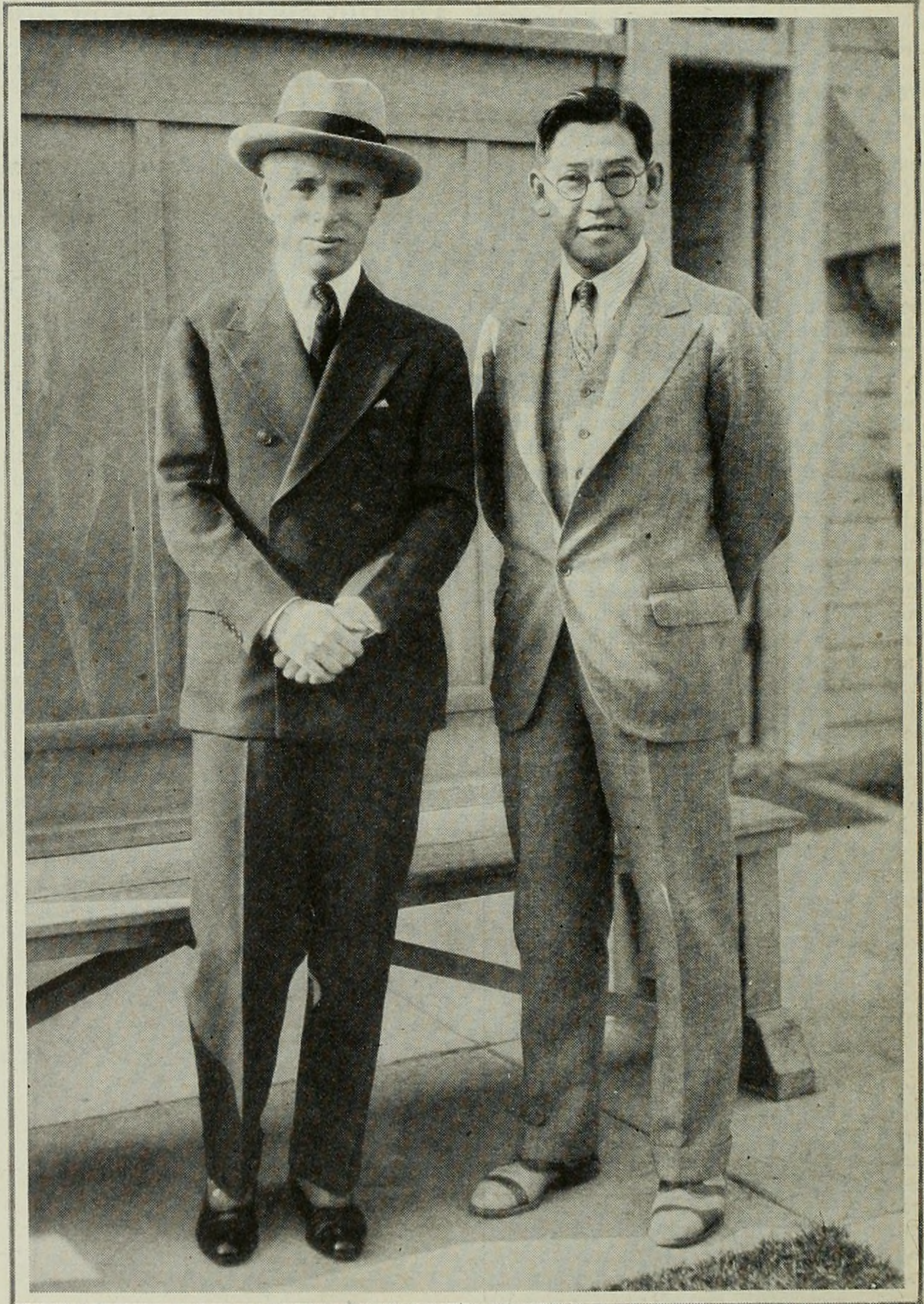
THIS brilliant, temperamental Charlie was never so charming, so completely fascinating as when he was talking about the nursery wing he was going to build . . .

But after all, a bachelor household suits Charlie best. One cannot imagine him a regulation married man. He will try again presently, of course, but that house was made for feminine visitors, not residents. One simply cannot conceive of a bevy of in-laws overrunning it. Besides, Kono is a marvelous housekeeper. Everything is as neat and clean as the most exacting housekeeper could wish—all the time, not just for company. I went up there quite unexpectedly for the purposes of this story.

EVEN the garden is a model of tidiness—children's toys and mud pies would mar its bachelor rectitude. The countless little winding paths, with nary a hint of a weed anywhere, are beloved of Charlie, who loves to walk alone therein.

The huge lawn, in all its velvety grandeur, is for well-dressed grown-ups in their best clothes. The very swimming pool is five feet deep at its shallowest end. There isn't a spot that looks suitable for a sandpile, or a place to keep rabbits.

But Harry, the cook, will shyly take out a little snapshot of his own Japanese baby. I rather think Harry regrets the empty nursery, and the babies' bottles in those grand refrigerators . . . but goodness, wherever did they hang the didies?



Charlie Chaplin and T. Kono. Their relationship of master and servant has stood the test of fifteen years—a tribute to Charlie's innate kindness and Kono's patience and discretion

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

MRS. A. J., PORTLAND, ORE.—Patsy Ruth Miller was the leading lady in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Conway Tearle did not play in it.

CHARLES WILSON, DECATUR, GA.—Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, on Dec. 16th, 1909. Her real name is Barbara Cloutman. She is four feet, eleven inches short and weighs 103 pounds. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. "Lonesome" and "The Shake-down" are her most recent pictures.

RAY VON KOLB, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—You and your friend are both wrong. How do you like that? Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26th, 1896.

ANNA OF ALABAMA.—Always glad to help out my friends who have scrap-books. Olive Borden was born in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Florence Allen hails from East Orange, N. J. Yakima Canutt first saw the light of day in Penawawa, Wash., on Nov. 29th, 1896. Ben Bard came forth from Milwaukee, Wis. Sorry, but he does not tell his age and Johnny Mack Brown doesn't tell the public his wife's name. And that's that.

JOHN HANOVER, NEWPORT, R. I.—Nancy Carroll was born in New York City on Nov. 19th, 1906. Sue Carol is 20 years old and is under contract to Fox. Anita Page is 18 years old and her real name is Anita Pomares.

KATHERINE MUIR, ARGENTINA, S. A.—How's the weather down there? Really I think your art is quite fine but the picture didn't look a bit like me. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Tex., just twenty years ago. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "The Man I Love." Betty Bronson's next will be "One Stolen Night." Joan's name is pronounced all in one syllable. Jobyna Ralston's real name is just that—but it is spelled Raulston.

C. S. AND C. H., STAUNTON, VA.—Hello, both of you. To begin with, Johnny Mack Brown was born on Sept. 4th, 1904, in Gotham, Ala. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Hugh Allan is twenty-five years old and his latest picture is "Annapolis." The college scenes in "Varsity" were filmed at Princeton University. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez have announced their engagement.

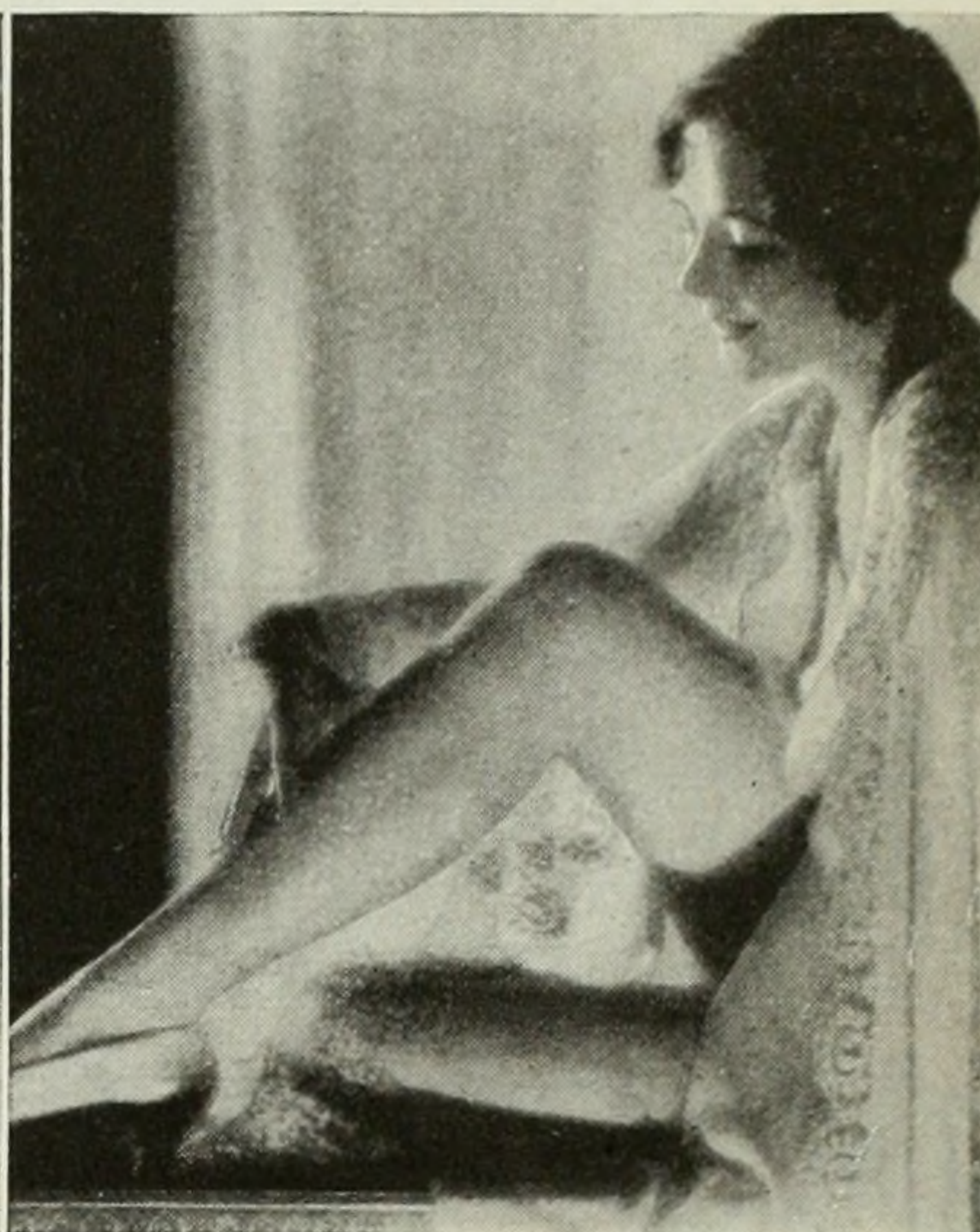
ARTIE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Lt. Col. Charles G. Rich was Irene's first husband. They were divorced in 1920. Her second husband is D. F. Blackenhorn. They were married in April, 1927.

F. S., MOUNT UNION, PA.—I can see that William Collier, Jr., is your big favorite. He receives his fan mail at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Your maid was right. Alice White and Charles Delaney played the two leads in "Show Girl." Yes, indeed, William Haines is still fancy free.

M. J. B., HARRISBURG, PA.—Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Before appearing in "Senorita" she made "Miss Brewster's Millions," "The Palm Beach Girl," "Stranded in Paris" and plenty of others. Her latest offering is "What a Night." Renee Adoree and Dorothy Janis appear with Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan." I hear that Eva Von Berne is appearing in a picture in Germany. Now, is your mind at ease?

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Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth

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It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is

gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD"—RAYART.—From the story by Victor Thorne. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: Anne, Shirley Mason; Forbes, Jack Mower; Eddie, James Bradbury, Jr.; Teddy, Isabel Keith; Folmer, Henry Roquemore; Emmett, Tom Curran.

"A WOMAN IN THE NIGHT"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Countess Barcynska. Adapted by V. E. Powell. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: Tesha, Maria Corda; Robert Dobree, Jameson Thomas; Jack Lenane, Paul Cavanagh.

"BELOW THE DEADLINE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the scenario by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by J. P. McGowan. Photography by M. A. Andersen and Jack Jackson. The cast: Claire, Barbara Worth; "Beau" Nash, Frank Leigh; Donald Cornwall, Walter Merrill; Taggart, J. P. McGowan; "Sandy," Mike Donlin; "Mother" Biblow, Virginia Sale; Stella, Lou Gory; "Tubby," "Tiny" Ward; Festenberg, Fred Walton; Johnston, Bill Patton; Police Captain, Chas. Hickman; Jimmy, Arthur Rankin.

"BLACK WATERS"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play "The Fog" by John Willard. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: "Tiger" Larrabee, James Kirkwood; Kelly, James Kirkwood; Charles, John Loder; Elmer, Hallam Cooley; Randall, Frank Reicher; Temple, Lloyd Hamilton; Darcy, Robert Ames; Olaf, Ben Henricks; Jeelo, Noble Johnson; Eunice, Mary Brian.

"BLUE SKIES"—FOX.—From the story "The Matron's Report" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: First Episode—Dorothy May, (age 6) Carmencita Johnson; Richard Lewis, (age 8) Freddie Frederick; Matron, Ethel Wales. Second Episode—Dorothy May, Helen Twelvetrees; Richard Lewis, Frank Albertson; Nellie Crouch, (Matron) Rosa Gore; Janitor, William Orlamond; Richard Danforth, Claude King; 1st Asst. Matron, Adele Watson; 2nd Asst. Matron, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"BONDMAN, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel by Sir Hall Caine. Scenario by T. A. Ennis. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: The Sicilian Mother, Dora Barton; The Manx Father, Edward O'Neil; Jason, the Bondman, Norman Kerry; Michael, Donald MacArdle; Greeba Fairbrother, Frances Cuyler; Mrs. Fairbrother, Florence Vie; Adam Fairbrother, Judd Green; Father Ferrati, Henry Vibart; Testa, H. Saxon-Snell; Capt. of the Sulphur Mines, C. Emerald.

"BYE-BYE BUDDY"—SUPREME.—From the story by Ben Hirshfeld. Adapted by Berry Baringer. Directed by Frank Mattison. Photography by Robert Cline. The cast: Glad O'Brien, Agnes Ayres; Dandy O'Brien, Fritz Shanley; Buddy O'Brien, Bud Shaw; Marty Monihan, Dave Henderson; Johnny Cohen, John Orlando; Major Horton, Ben Wilson; Attorney, Hall Cline.

"CHINA BOUND"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Continuity by Peggy Kelly. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: Sharkey Nye, Karl Dane; Eustace, George K. Arthur; Joan, Josephine Dunn; Sarah, Polly Moran; McAlister, Carl Stockdale; Hard-Boiled Officer, Harry Woods.

"CHRISTINA"—FOX.—From the story by Tristram Tupper. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Christina, Janet Gaynor; Jan, Charles Morton; Niklaas, Rudolph Schildkraut; Dirk Torpe, Harry Cording; The Woman, Lucy Dorraine.

"COQUETTE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Jed Harris. Adapted by John Grey and Allen McNeil. Directed by Sam Taylor. Photography by Karl Struss. The cast: Norma Besant, Mary Pickford; Michael Jeffery, John Mack Brown; Stanley Wentworth, Matt Moore; Dr. John Besant, John Sainpolis; Jimmy Besant, William Janney; Jasper Carter, Henry Kolker; Robert Wentworth, George Irving; Julia, Louise Beavers

"DESERT SONG, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Otto Harbach, Laurence Schwab, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: The Red Shadow, John Boles; Margot, Carlotta King; Susan, Louise Fazenda; Benny Kid, a reporter, Johnny Arthur; General Birbeau, Edward Martindel; Pasha, Jack Pratt; Sid El Kar, Robert E. Guzman; Hasse, Otto Hoffman; Clemenina, Marie Wells; Capt. Fontaine, John Miljan; Rebel, Del Elliott; Azuri, Myrna Loy.

"DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the stage play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Frank R. Capra. Photography by Teddy Tetzlaff. The cast: Inspector Killian, Jack Holt; Jean Rankin, Dorothy Revier; Cornish, William Collier, Jr.; Jack Donovan, John Roche; Carney, Fred Kelsey; Lydia Rankin, Agnes Ayres; Dr. Lindsey, Hank Mann; Porter, Wheeler Oakman; Mary Mills, Virginia Brown Faire;

Captain Peter Rankin, Alphonse Ethier; Nelson, Edward Hearn; Mrs. Lindsey, Ethel Wales; Dobbs, John Wallace.

"ETERNAL WOMAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the scenario by Wellyn Totman. Continuity by Wellyn Totman. Directed by John P. McCarthy. Photography by Joseph Walker. The cast: Anila, Olive Borden; Hartley Forbes, Ralph Graves; Doris Forbes, Ruth Clifford; Gil Martin, John Miljan; Consuelo, Nena Quartaro; Ovaldo, Josef Swickard; Mrs. Forbes, Julia Swayne Gordon.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Ward Morehouse. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: Wickland Snell, Walter Huston; Myra May, Katherine Francis; Charlie Haven, Charles Ruggles; Dorothy Snell, Betty Lawford; Ted Hanley, Norman Foster; Mr. Higginbottom, Duncan Penwarden; "Red," Lawrence Leslie.

"GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Leon Abrams. Directed by Leon Abrams. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: Judy Judd, Margaret Livingston; Lynn Kent, Danny O'Shea; Sam Harper, William Scott; Detective, Joe Bennett; Maizie, Gertrude Short; Warden, Wilfrid North.

"GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Albert Howson. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Monte, Monte Blue; Edna, Edna Murphy; The Rat, Lew Harvey; Bill Williams, Grant Withers; Mrs. Williams, Lucy Beaumont; Limpy, Ernie Shields.

"LAWLESS LEGION, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: Cal Stanley, Ken Maynard; Mary Keiver, Nora Lane; Ramirez, Paul Hurst; Matson, J. P. McGowan; Flapjack, Frank Rice; Sheriff Keiver, Howard Truesdell; Tarzan, by Himself.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE"—FOX.—From the story "One Hundred Dollars" by Richard Connell. Screen Play by Dwight Cummins. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: Marjorie Ware, Mary Astor; Edward Warren, Jr., Charles Morton; Larry Harmon, Earle Foxe; Steve, Arthur Stone; Landlady, Helen Ware; Little Brother, Freddie Frederick; Pearl, Florence Lake; Warren's Pal, Sumner Getchell; Little Girl, Jane La Verne; Little Girl's Mother, Virginia Vance; Landlady's Son, Stuart Erwin.

"NO MORE CHILDREN"—CLIFF BROUGHTON PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Albert Kelly. Directed by Albert Kelly. Photography by Robert Martin. The cast: Jimmy Grail, Lewis Sargent; Mary Grail, Lillian Bond; Ma, Ricca Allen; Detective, Tom London; Judge Stanton, Wilfrid North; Dr. Stanton, J. Franklin Lyndon; Mike, Eddie Chandler; Flo, Vivian Bay; Family Doctor, Allen Krauss.

"PLUNGING HOOFS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Basil Dickey and William Lord Wright. Adapted by George Morgan. Directed by Henry MacRae. The cast: Rex, King of Wild Horses, By Himself; Parson Jed Campbell, Jack Perrin; Nanette, Barbara Worth; Jim Wales, J. P. McGowan; "Squint" Jones, David Dunbar; Starlight, The Wonder Horse, By Herself.

"POINTS WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by B. M. Bower. Adapted by Rowland Brown. Directed by Arthur Rosson. Photography by Harry Newman. The cast: Cole Lawson, Jr., Hoot Gibson; Dorothy, Alberta Vaughn; McQuade, Frank Campeau; His Nibs, Jack Raymond; The Mother, Martha Franklin; Parsons, Milt Brown; Steve, Jim Corey.

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Murray Roth and Addison Burkhardt. Adapted by Murray Roth and Addison Burkhardt. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Tex Malone, Texas Guinan; Don Holland, John Davidson; Bee Walters, Lila Lee; Andy Quinland, Arthur Housman; Eddie Parr, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Phil Parr, Jack Northworth; Gigola, George Raft; Nick, Jimmie Phillips; Asst. District Attorney, William Davidson; Lawyer Grant, John Miljan; Crandall, Lee Shumway.

"SALVAGE"—SUPREME.—From the story by Jay Gelzer. Adapted by Kathleen Clifford. Directed by Frank Mattison. The cast: Jim Harrington, Carroll Nye; Lillie Marsh, Mary McAlister; Captain MacDougal, Anders Randolph; Louie, Louis Archer; Thorsen, Fred James.

"SHE GOES TO WAR"—INSPIRATION-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Fred de Gressac. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Joan, Eleanor Boardman; Tom Pike, John Holland; Reggie, Edmund Burns; Rosie, Alma Rubens; Bill, Al St. John; Katie, Glen Walters; Tom's Mother, Margaret Seddon; Yvette, Yola D'Avril; Joan's aunt, Evelyn Hall; Joan's maid, Dina Smirnova; Major, Augustino Borgato; Major's wife, Yvonne Starke; Matron of Canteen, Eulalie Jensen; Major, Capt. H. M. Zier; Top Sergeant, Edward Chandler; Lady Hostess, Ann Warrington.

"SHOW BOAT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Continuity by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Magnolia*, Laura La Plante; *Gaylord Ravenal*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Capt. Andy Hawks*, Otis Harlan; *Parthenia Ann Hawks*, Emily Fitzroy; *Julie*, Alma Rubens; *Windy*, Jack McDonald; *Magnolia*, (as a child) Jane La Verne; *Kim*, Jane La Verne; *Schultz*, Neely Edwards; *Joe*, Stepin Fetchit; *Queenie*, Gertrude Howard. *Prologue*: Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe, Aunt Jemima and The Plantation Singers.

"SIN SISTER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Becky Gardiner. Scenario by Harry Behn. Directed by Charles Klein. The cast: *Pearl*, Nancy Carroll; *Peter Van Dykeman*, Lawrence Gray; *Ethelyn Horn*, Josephine Dunn; *Joseph T. Horn*, Anders Randolph; *Sister Burton*, Myrtle Stedman; *Bob Newton*, Richard Alexander; *Ship Captain*, Frederick H. Graham; *Ship Mate*, George Davis; *Al*, David Callis.

"SOME MOTHER'S BOY"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Depew. The cast: *The Mother*, Mary Carr; *The Boy*, Jason Robards; *The Girl*, Jobyna Ralston; *The Son*, M. A. Dickinson; *The Salesman*, Henry Barrows.

"SYNCOPATION"—RKO.—From the novel "Stepping High" by Gene Markey. Adapted by Frances Agnew. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Flo*, Barbara Bennett; *Benny*, Bobby Watson; *Winston*, Ian Hunter; *Lew*, Morton Downey; *Hummel*, Osgood Perkins; *Henry*, Mackenzie Ward; *Rita*, Verree Teasdale; *Peggy*, Dorothy Lee.

"TRENT'S LAST CASE"—FOX.—From the story by Beulah Marie Dix. Continuity by Scott Darling. Directed by Howard Hawks. Photography by Harold Rosson. The cast: *Philip Trent*, Raymond Griffith; *Joshua Cupples*, Raymond Hatton; *Evelyn Manderson*, Marceline Day; *Sigsbee Manderson*, Donald Crisp; *Jack Marlowe*, Lawrence Gray; *Martin*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Ottillie*, Anita Garvin; *Inspector Murch*, Ed Kennedy.

"TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the stage play by Bayard Veiller. Continuity by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Bayard Veiller. Photography by William Daniels. The cast: *Mary Dugan*, Norma Shearer; *Edward West*, Lewis Stone; *District Attorney Galwey*, H. B. Warner; *Jimmy Dugan*, Raymond Hackett; *Dagmar Lorne*, Lilyan Tashman; *Mrs. Edgar Rice*, Olive Tell; *Marie Ducrot*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Ferne Arthur*, Mary Doran; *Police Inspector Hunt*, Dewitt Jennings; *Judge Nash*, Wilfrid North; *Dr. Welcome*, Landers Stevens; *Pauline Agguero*, Mary Dorne; *May Harris*, Myra Hampton; *Police Capt. Price*, Westcott Clarke; *James Madison*, Charles Moore; *Henry Plaisted*, Claud Allister.

"VOICE OF THE CITY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Willard Mack. Photography by Maximilian Fabian. The cast: *Doyle*, Robert Ames; *Biff*, Willard Mack; *Beebe*, Sylvia Field; *Wilmot*, James Farley; *Wilkes*, John Miljan; *Johnny*, Clark Marshall; *Mary*, Duane Thompson; *Kelly*, Tom McGuire; *Martha*, Alice Moe; *Betsy*, Beatrice Banyard.

"WHERE EAST IS EAST"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Tod Browning and Harry Sinclair Drago. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Tiger Haynes*, Lon Chaney; *Toyo*, Lupe Velez; *Mme. de Silva*, Estelle Taylor; *Bobby Bailey*, Lloyd Hughes; *Padre*, Louis Stern; *Ming*, Mrs. Wong Wing.

"WILD PARTY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Warner Fabian. Adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Stella Ames*, Clara Bow; *Professor Gilmore*, Frederic March; *Faith Morgan*, Marceline Day; *Helen Owens*, Shirley O'Hara; *George*, Jack Luden; *Al*, Jack Oakie; *Phil*, Arthur Rankin; *Jimmy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Eva Tutt*, Joyce Compton; *Ed*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Balaam*, Jack Redmond; *Babs*, Adrienne Dore; *Ann*, Jean Lorraine; *Tess*, Virginia Thomas; *Thelma*, Kay Bryant; *Maisie*, Alice Adair; *Jean*, Amo Ingram; *Janice*, Renee Whitney; *Gwen*, Marguerite Cramer.

"WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Margery H. Lawrence. Adapted by John Farrow and Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Tania Gregory*, Baclanova; *Frank Gregory*, Clive Brook; *Bobby Gregory*, Neil Hamilton; *Tubbs*, Clyde Cook; *Peter Allerton*, Leslie Fenton; *Chief Macheriz*, Snitz Edwards.

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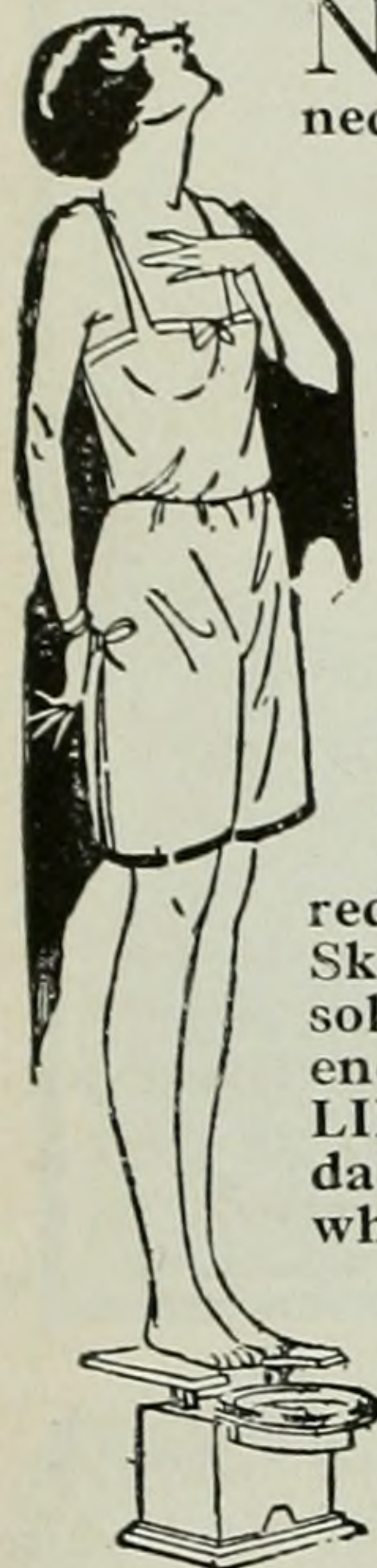
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6-29

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme

AGNES AYERS, once a sought-after star, is another recruit to the quickies. This story is a serious effort that is unintentionally funny. It's about a woman who, because she is the proprietor of a night club, keeps herself unknown to her son. But, at heart, she's a good mother, as you could tell by observing her watch him through a gate when he's going to war.

ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart

BEING the sad saga of a musical comedy queen who can't decide whether to play one man or the world. She marries a rich bachelor who believes she hooked him for his doubloons, so he plays crook to see which way she jumps. She really loves him, b'jove, and tries to get her job back, but an old smear of a producer black-balls her 'cause she won't give in. Terrible. But Shirley Mason's lovely.

THE BONDMAN—World Wide

WHICH celebrates the celluloid debut of Hall Caine's novel of brotherly hate. The effect of the picture is almost wrecked by poor photography. Too bad, for it's a foreign film, made on the Isles of Man and Sicily, both spots offering a wealth of pictorial beauty. Norman Kerry, miscast, but convincing in the rôle of a wronged brother, is starred. The balance of the cast is British.

BLACK WATERS—World Wide

MARSHALL NEILAN has hired a fine posse of actors and made an all-talking picture of skullduggery on the San Francisco waterfront—fog, a mystery ship and a skulking fiend named *Larabee*, who is intent on killing off practically the whole cast, dress suits and all. Some thrills and chills, a slow lot of mediocre dialogue, and action confined almost entirely to the cabin of the ship. Good performances by Robert Ames, Frank Reicher, Mary Brian and especially James Kirkwood, as the arch-villain. Even a theme song, "Black Waters," and it is a little better than the film.

SOME MOTHER'S BOY—Rayart

A PITIFUL attempt on the part of a "quickie" company to film a poignant story of a crook who poses as the runaway son of a small town mother. In other hands it might have been a "Stella Dallas," but these little companies have only a few thousand dollars to spend and a few days in which to spend them. So art can't be considered. Mary Carr gives a sincere performance as the little mother.

THE LAWLESS LEGION—First National

NOW we know why Universal signed Ken Maynard just the minute they had an opportunity. The cowboy that can take the worn-out story of the cattle rustler and keep you breathless on the edge of your seat is worth having! Maynard and his horse, Tarzan, are at their best in this silent Western, and it will be a great boon to the hundreds of theaters not wired for talking pictures. Good entertainment for anybody.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warners

WARNER BROTHERS made this to exploit Texas Guinan, the big blonde who is the self-elected and publicity-made head girl of New York's night club life. A trite story of skullduggery in cabaret land gives her a chance to lead the silly revels with her bass voice, and to give all the little girls big and audible hands. Tex does what she has to do, but three stunning performances are turned in, in this all talkie, by Eddie Foy, Jr., Jack Norworth and Lila Lee. A stirring comeback for Lila. A film as phoney as the life it portrays.

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT—Liberty

AN artistic picture with a smoothness which places it high among the better independent productions of the year. This tale of two youthful lovers, split by war and misunderstanding, has a climax and denouement that will delight the most blasé movie-goer. The svelte Margaret Livingston goes hoodlum with abandon. Historically, it's her picture.

BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesterfield

BELOW the deadline—yeah, and beyond the pale. Really, this picture is too awful for words. The acting is utterly puerile, and the poor, misguided producer is evidently not yet aware of the fact that the crime picture epidemic is under control and has been for some time. No matter how you dish up this crook stuff, Lord Chesterfield, it's still applesauce.

NO MORE CHILDREN—Cliff Broughton Productions

PICTORIAL propaganda on birth control which defeats its own purpose through consistent contradiction. In treatment, it is clumsy, unintelligent, and sloppy with sex. Instead of a dignified discourse upon a clinical problem, it's an exposé of the rather nauseating boudoir conduct of an over-exuberant male and his ignorant wife, whose nursery is nearly bursting its doors. Entirely too stupid to be of any medical or academic value—and it most certainly does not belong on entertainment programs.

THE ETERNAL WOMAN—Columbia

THE easy-to-look-upon Olive Borden, and Ralph Graves, Harry Cohn's new star, share the foreground in this frenzied society melodrama which wanders blithely all over the western hemisphere. With them, the audience must endure marital infidelity, mistaken identity, murder, rape, shipwreck, drowning, and other weird pleasantries. Forced situations and the baffling irrelevancy of the title are liabilities which quite outweigh the slender asset of adequate acting.

A WOMAN IN THE NIGHT—World Wide

THIS English-made production is an unconscious tribute to American pictures, being the faithful copy of a type of film made in this country ten years ago. Maria Corda, who made "Helen of Troy," is starred. She has the classic lines of a Greek statue, and almost as much dramatic ability. The story, slow, labored, and maudlinly sentimental, is of a wife whose desire to present her husband with a son leads her to the most amazing extremes.

PLUNGING HOOFS—Universal

REX and Starlight are on the high horse again. They lope frequently enough through this picture to detract from the somewhat boring antics of the supporting cast. The story, of distinct Western flavor and not too savory, concerns a dance-hall girl and a serious young minister. The equine stars are up to their same old tricks, which lose novelty with too much repetition. But you may like it if you're crazy over horses.

SALVAGE—Supreme

THIS really brilliant example of what not to do with a picture should be saved as a text for the study of not awfully bright producers. There its usefulness ends. It's a primitive version of the antique sea story—two men and a girl in a boat. The hero (?) is a glutton for punishment and takes the villain's thrashings for granted until the last reel, when the former feeds the latter to the sharks. Frightfully ho-hum.

THE GREYHOUND LIMITED—Warners

WHETHER or not this picture glorifies the railroad trainmen, every boy will get a thrill out of the engine's whistle and the railroad atmosphere which the audible film accentuates. Monte Blue, engineer, and Grant Withers, fireman, afford delightful contrast, with Monte trying to adjust Grant's romance with a waitress. Edna Murphy's beauty adds charm to this rôle. A fast moving melodrama with real suspense through all the hokum of wrecks, rides and rescues.

POINTS WEST—Universal

WHO said that the talkies had thrown Westerns on the junk heap? Here's one of Hoot Gibson's without sound, without airplanes, or motorcycles, or any of those new fangled ideas. And it's good. The same old formula with the same suspense, the same old villain and the same ingenious hero. It's like meeting a friend from the home town on the corner of Forty-fifth and Broadway. Alberta Vaughn is the love interest.

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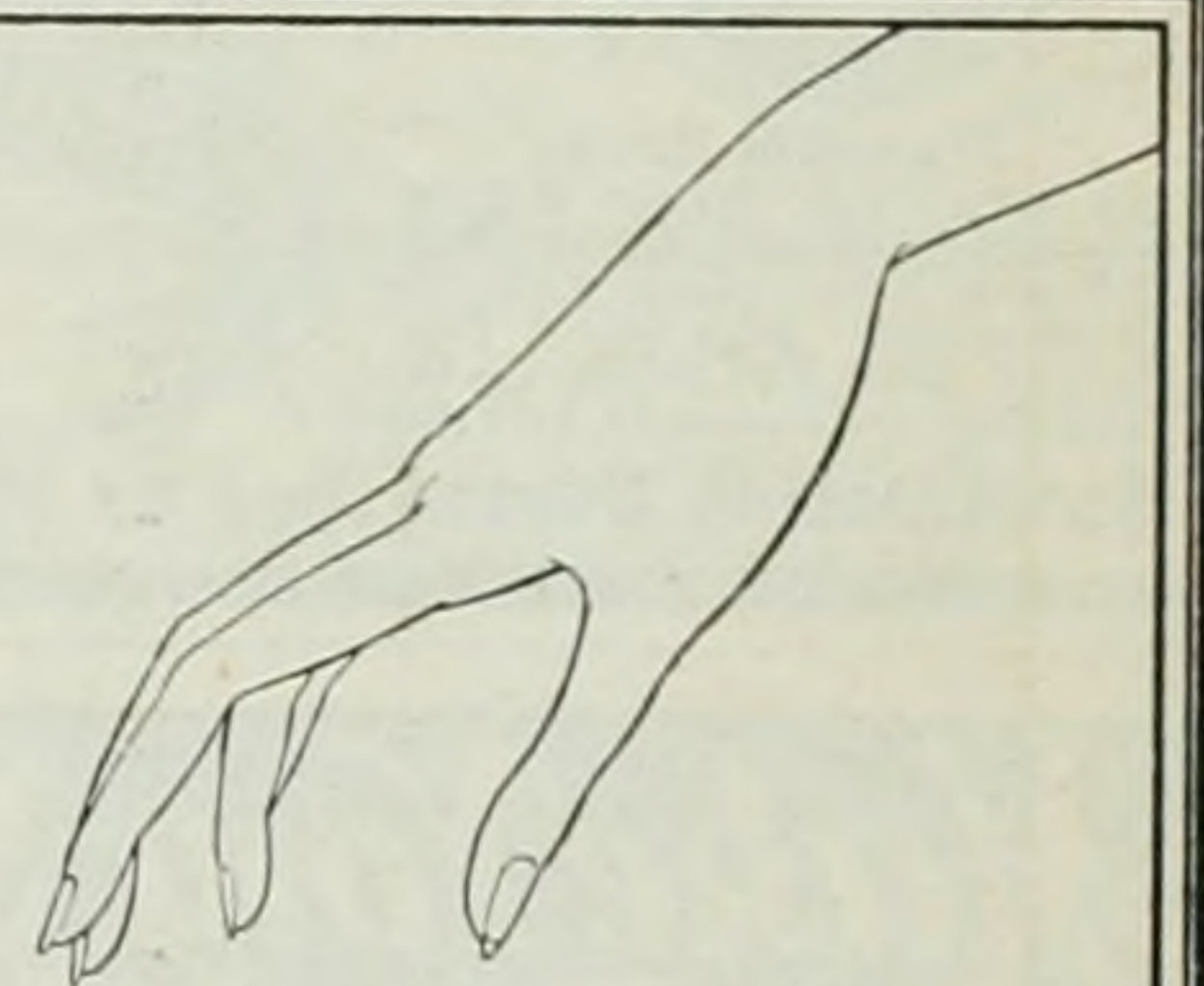
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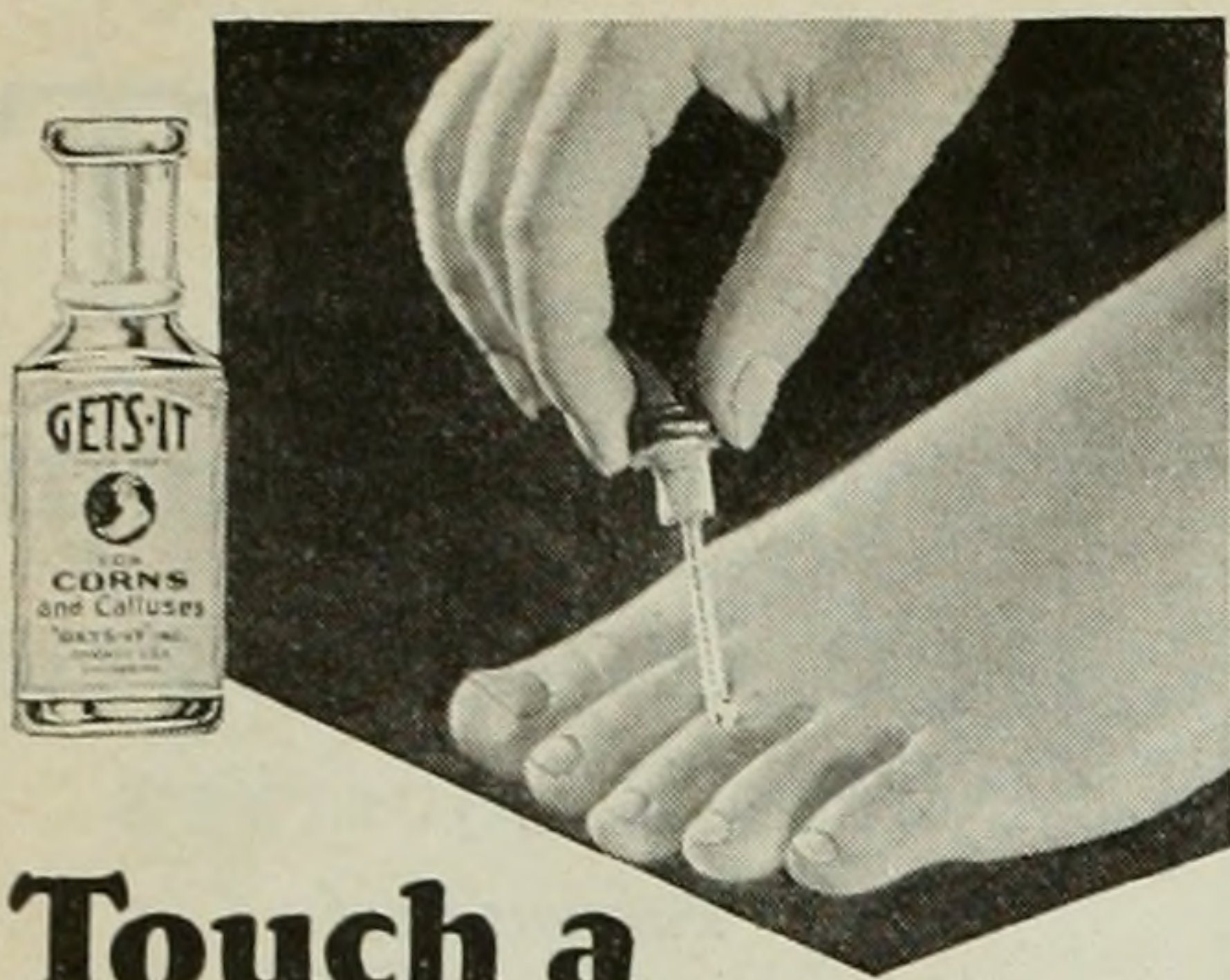


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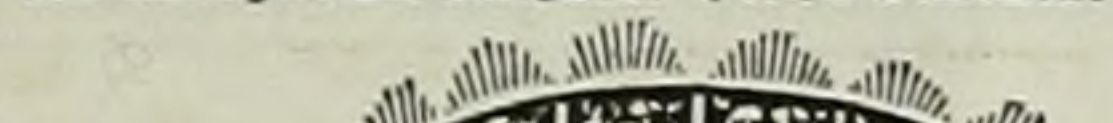
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

SOUTH OF PANAMA—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

★ **SPEAKEASY**—The talkies' first melodrama of the prize ring and the under-cover barrooms. Fast entertainment. (May.)

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.)

SPIES—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

SPITE MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best that Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don't miss. (April.)

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.—Backstage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

★ **STRONG BOY**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen in a rattling good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage smashers. (April.)

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.)

THAT PARTY IN PERSON—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

THIS IS HEAVEN—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Wilma Banky talks and it is charming! But the story—Cinderella, No. 123456789. (May.)

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.)

TRACKED—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES, THE—FBO.—Easy-going Western, with Tom Tyler just lopin' along. Tom and Frankie Darro together. (May.)

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.)

TRUE HEAVEN—Fox.—A poky story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and big George O'Brien. (April.)

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.)

VOICE IN THE STORM, THE—FBO.—Just before the hanging, mother. The old one about the innocent boy, the noose, the reprieve! (May.)

WAGES OF CONSCIENCE—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

★ **WEARY RIVER**—First National.—Barthelme's first talkie, with the star as a reformed convict. A popular sensation. (April.)

WHAT A NIGHT!—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

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State of Illinois, }
County of Cook } ss.

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KATHYRN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1929.
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 15, 1931.)

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE—Rayart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-grass racing story, with Helene Costello and Rex Lease. (May.)

★ **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.)

WINGED HORSEMAN, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson gives up his pony and takes the air, with Ruth Elder his flying partner. Vague plot. (May.)

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 I LOVE, THE—FBO.—Mad husband sets out to murder man for making love to wife. Excited? Neither are we. (May.)

★ **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.)



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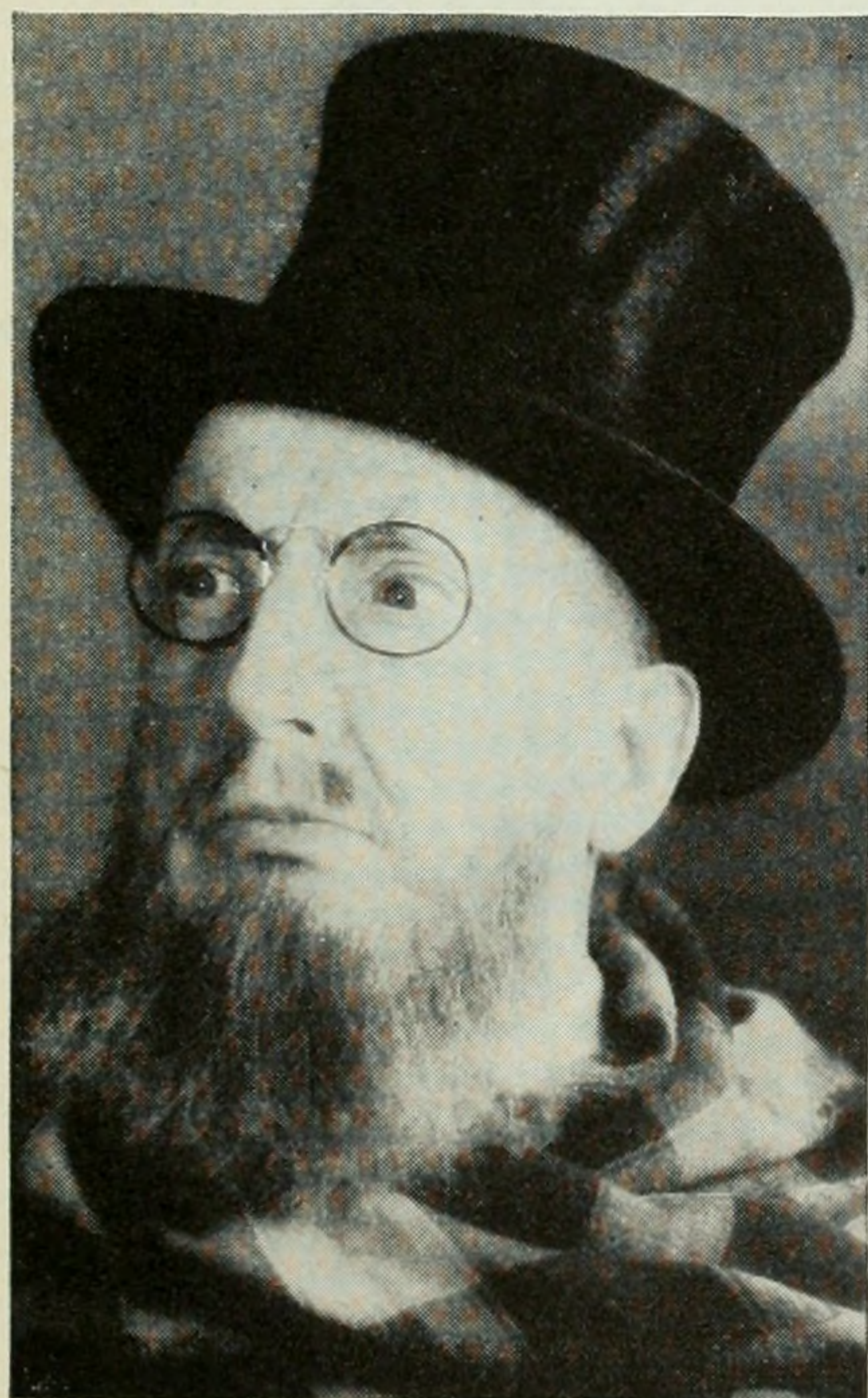


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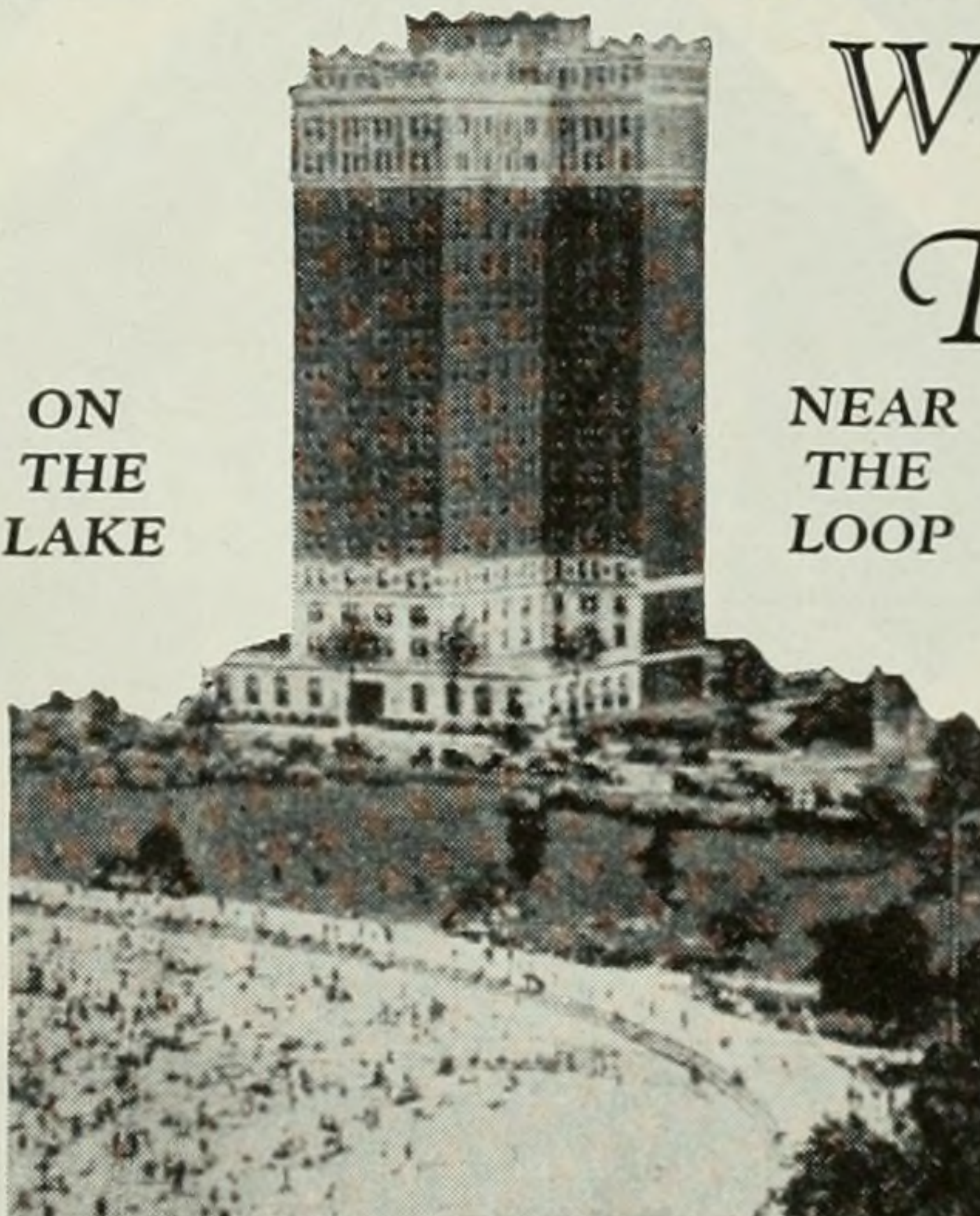
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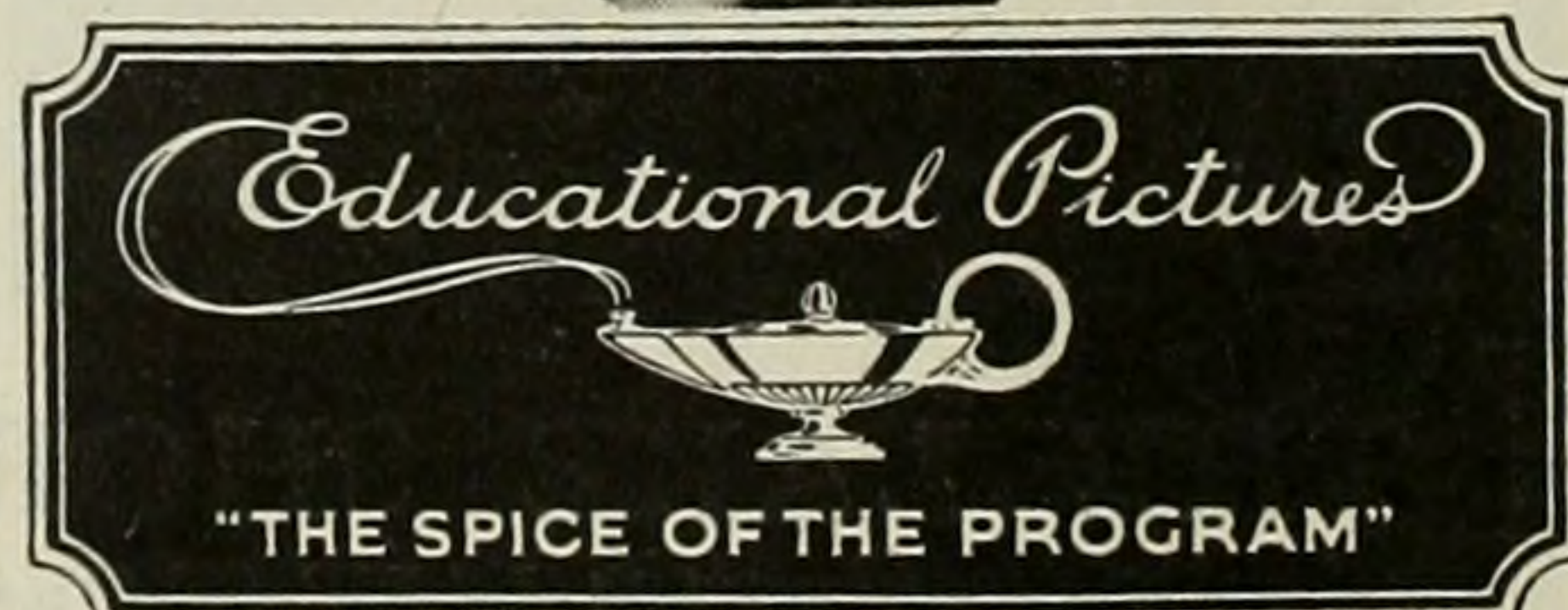
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