

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

JULY  
25 CENTS

Bessie  
Love

Earl  
Christy

# TALKIES

Everything You Want  
To Know About  
Sound Pictures

# Day-long protection for fair hands

[ A BEAUTY SUGGESTION  
FOR BUSY HOURS ]

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★ ★

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add so much to charm!*



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**N**EXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage—any coarse, fibrous material that “rubs” or stimulates the gums.

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It’s impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it’s unnecessary to try—for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

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The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-size tube makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month’s use of this delicious tooth paste will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums as well as whiter, brighter teeth.

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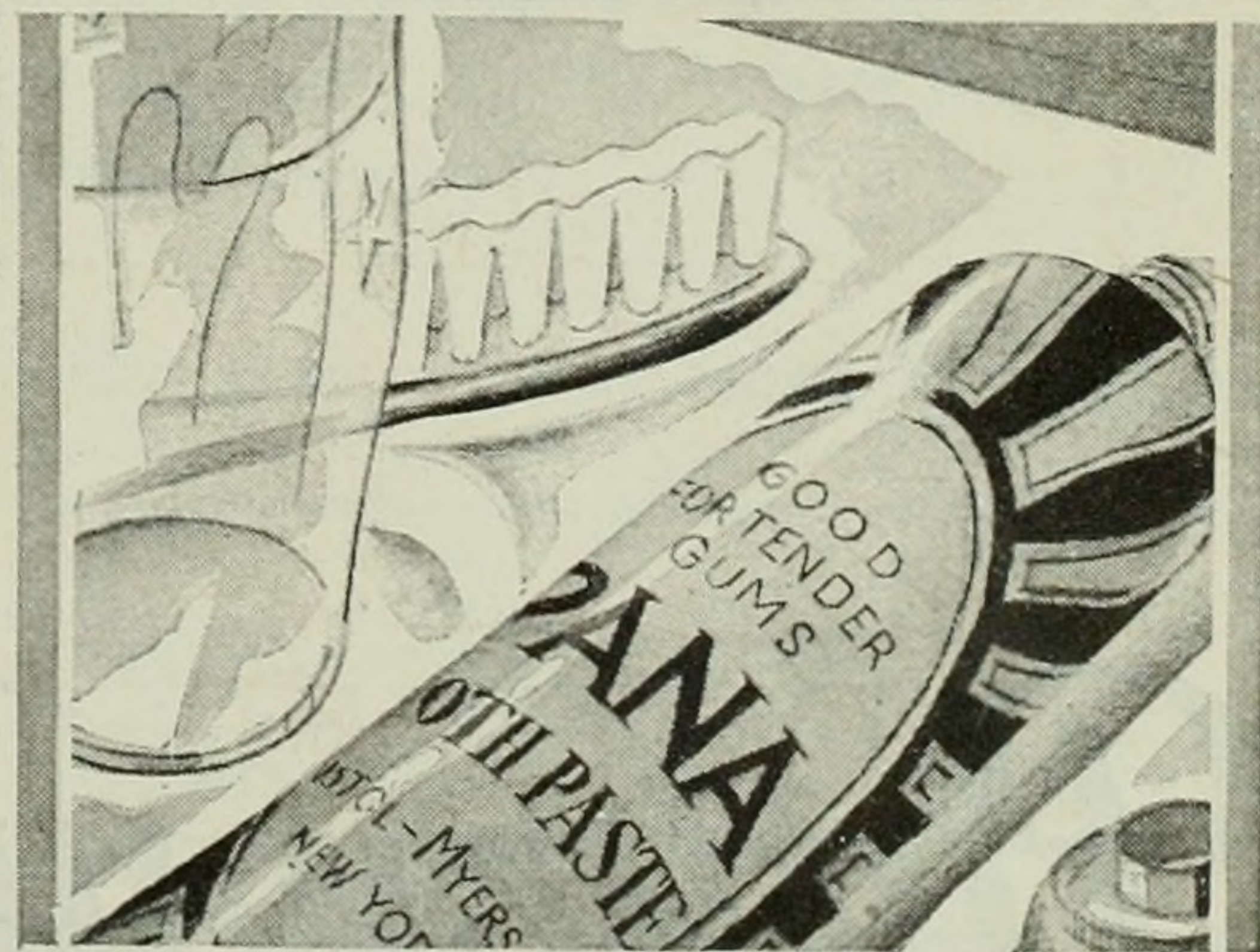
## IPANA Tooth Paste

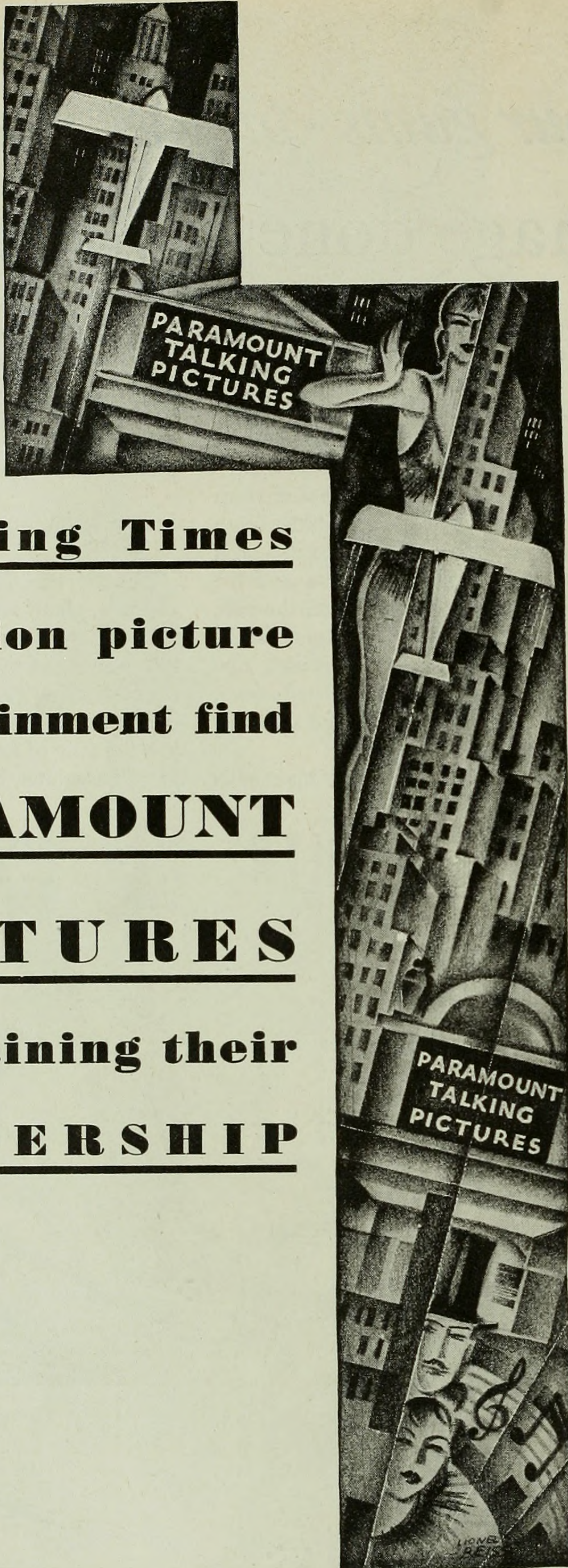
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**M**OVING shadows on a screen began to talk and sing and the modern miracle of entertainment—the audible motion picture—was born. Today, screen and stage technique are wedded in a new art whose power to thrill you and enchant you far exceeds both, and whose possibilities for development are only touched. ¶ In this new medium, Paramount has played the only part it knows—that of delivering quality entertainment—a *good show every time*—and is today maintaining the leadership it has held for 16 years. ¶ And Paramount has only started! New productions in audible drama soon to be announced will place Paramount farther in the lead than ever and make the words “A Paramount Picture” spell “*stop, look and listen*” to every entertainment lover in the land! In talking pictures, too, “*If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!*” ▲ ▲ ▲

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**Pictures**

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
July  
1929

VOL. XXXVI

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 2

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# As We Go to PRESS

**T**HE White House in Washington has been wired for the showing of sound pictures. President Hoover saw and heard his first talkies recently.

**B**ERT LYTELL, who has had a successful season on the New York speaking stage in "Brothers," is going to marry his leading woman, Grace Menken, sister of Helen Menken, according to rumors.

**P**ATSY RUTH MILLER announces that she is going to wed Tay Garnett, film director, in September.

**T**HE indictment of Tom Mix, on charges of falsifying income tax returns, has startled Hollywood. The indictments charge that Tom conspired to withhold \$112,114.11, due as income tax during 1925, 1926 and 1927. Mix answers that the whole thing was unintentional, since he had left his income tax affairs in the hands of an expert.

**"WELCOME DANGER"** has been decided upon as the final title of Harold Lloyd's new comedy, in which you will hear his voice for the first time.

**D**ICK BARTHELMESS has been spending a vacation in New York with his wife. When he returns to Hollywood he will do Rex Beach's "Son of the Gods," a story of the 'Frisco Chinese quarter. Another "Broken Blossoms," maybe.

**A**T last RKO has decided definitely upon the star of "Rio Rita." The star will be Bebe Daniels.

**R**EGINALD DENNY, leaving Universal, may go to RKO. He has been getting \$3,500 a week from U.

**U**NIVERSAL is trying to buy up Mary Philbin's contract, which expires in November. Universal does not plan to make any more Philbin pictures between now and then.

**A**FTER United Artists had released her, Camilla Horn came to New York and signed with Warner Brothers. She is making a German film.

**T**HEY say that Bill Hart is coming back to the screen. Negotiations are now under way with Hal Roach for his appearance in talking Westerns.

**D**OLORES DEL RIO is going to New Orleans to attend the world premiere of her "Evangeline," in which she sings but does not talk.

**A**LICE WHITE is scheduled to start an all-color talkie version of "No, No, Nannette," on June 15th.

**Y**OU are going to hear Erich Von Stroheim on the screen. He will appear in James Cruze's "The Great Gabbo," written by Ben Hecht. His will be the first ventriloquist characterization in the gabbies.

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**A**RTHUR LAKE finishes his five-year contract with Universal in July. Several producers are after his services.

**F**OR the first time since she has been in America, Greta Garbo is living in a house. She has made her home in a hotel up to now. Her residence, in Beverly Hills, is a ten-room house.



P. and A. Photos

Here comes the bride! The wedding of Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, sent by telephoto from Los Angeles to PHOTOPLAY. "The other two didn't count," said Connie. "This is the real thing"

**R**ONALD COLMAN'S next will be "Condemned," a story which up to now had been sidetracked by Sam Goldwyn because of its morbidity.

**A**FTER two more starring pictures for M.-G.-M., Marion Davies goes to Europe for a vacation.

**A**FTER working for several years on "Hell's Angels," Ben Lyon is returning to pictures. He has the male lead in "Lummo." "

**T**ALKING pictures have ended the following players' film careers at Fox: Maria Alba and Antonio Cumellas, of Spain; and Lola Salvo and Gino Conti, of Italy.

**W**ILLIAM FOX did not renew Mary Astor's contract.

**T**HE old iron mask is gone. In other words, Buster Keaton is going to drop his dead pan face with his next comedy. You'll see him smile when he dances and sings.

**G**ARY COOPER is to spend part of June and July on his dude ranch in Montana.

**W**ARNER BROTHERS will star Grant Withers.

**M**.-G.-M. is sending Tod Browning to the West Indies to make "The Sea Bat." Wally Beery will have the lead.

**K**ATHRYN McGUIRE broke her ankle playing tennis at Colleen Moore's new house. No more film work until late July. Eve Southern is recovering from an automobile accident. She has been in a plaster cast for many weeks.

**E**VER since Rod La Rocque announced his retirement from the screen, he has been working in films steadily. Now he has signed with RKO for two productions.

**V**ILMA BANKY has received her papers as a citizen of the U. S. A.

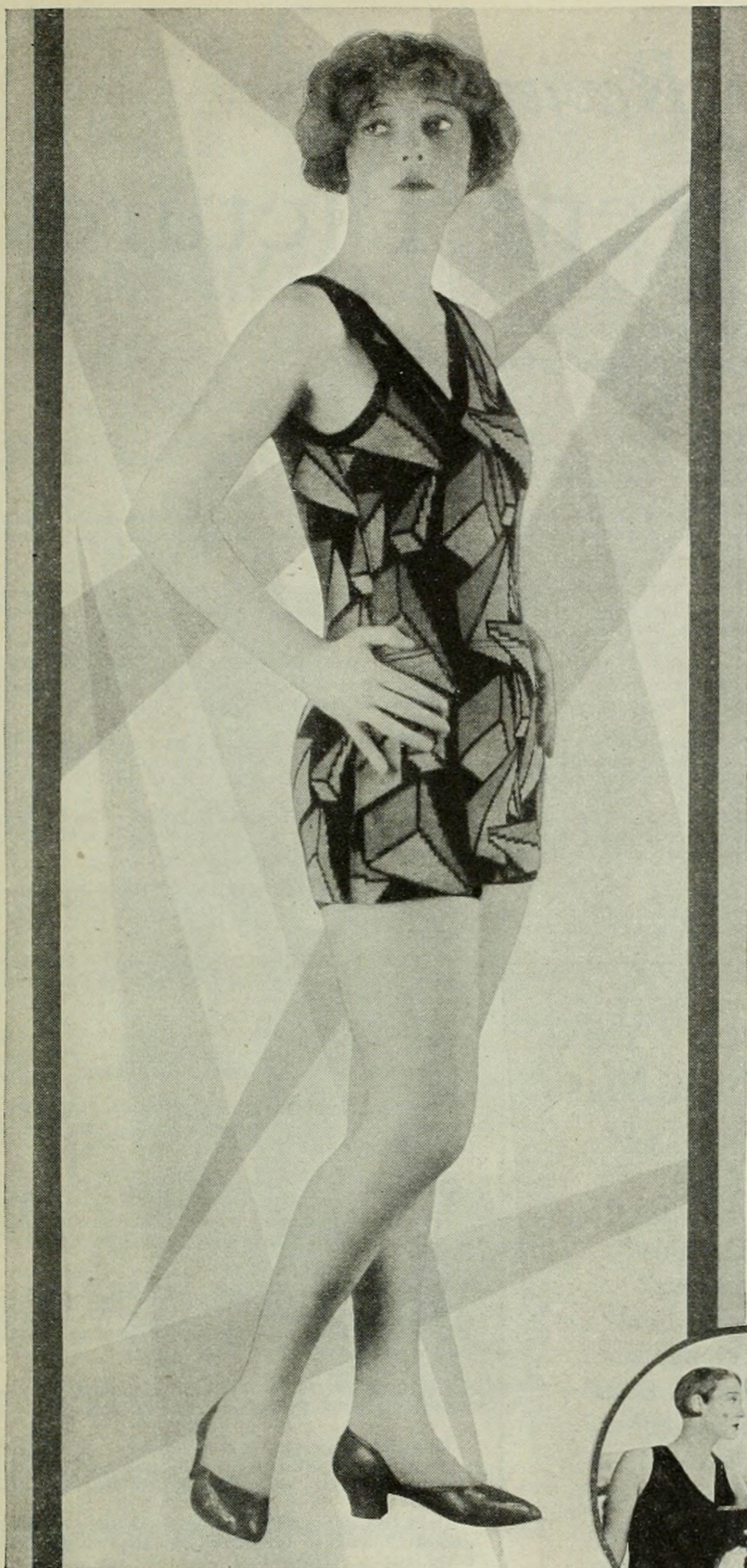
**I**F you liked Dorothy Sebastian opposite Buster Keaton in "Spite Marriage," watch for her opposite Bill Haines in "Speedway."

**A**DAMAE VAUGHN, Wampas baby star and sister of Alberta Vaughn, announces her engagement to Joseph Valentine Raoul Fleur Viscount D'Anvray of Anvray, France.

**J**ANET GAYNOR refuses to be jocular to Lydell Peck, San Francisco attorney, any more. It is reported he tried to crash through their quasi engagement to a marriage and that Janet balked.

**R**ICHARD DIX entered a Baltimore hospital under the name of "Brimmer" for a minor operation.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT is to return to the screen in "This Thing Called Love," a talkie.



**H**OLLYWOOD may not take its swimming seriously—but it takes it smartly, and comfortably—in Bradley Bathing Suits. For you can't fool a film star when it comes to what's what in what to wear—whether it be on the "lot" or on the beach . . . Your favorite store has Bradleys in all the gay models and colors so favored by moviedom. And you may have a free copy of the Bradley Style Book by writing Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.

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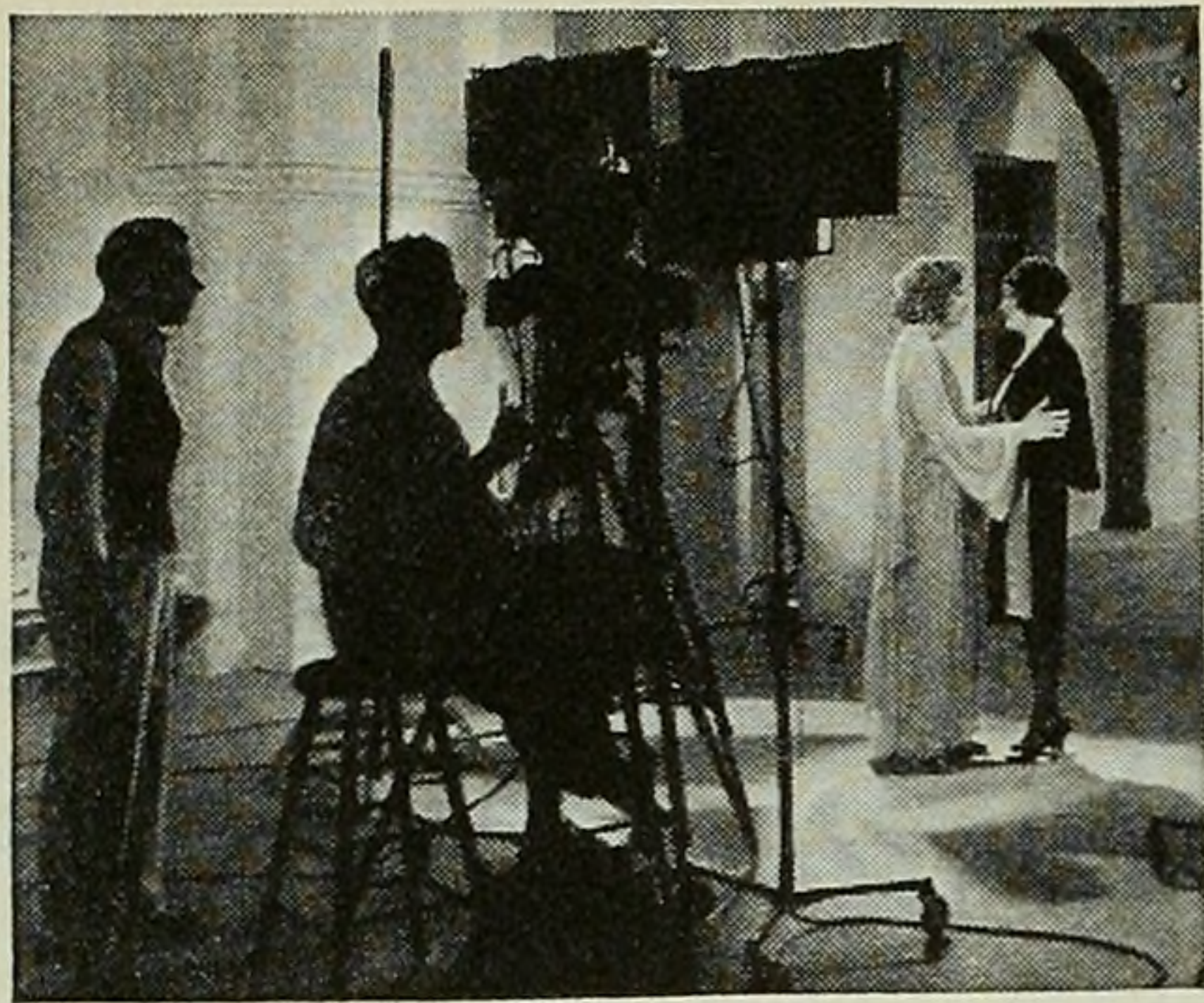


*It is only natural that Dorothy Mackaill, of First National Pictures, and one of the most lustrous stars in the firmament of the film-future should select a Bradley of futuristic pattern.*

*In the circle, you see Dorothy Mackaill trying to talk Jack Mulhall (also First National) into a bathing suit.*

*And here at the right are Dorothy Gulliver and George Lewis (both of Universal Pictures) enjoying themselves on the beach. And who wouldn't—in such good company—and in such fine bathing suits?*





# 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.)

**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.)

**ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD**—Rayart.—Story of the terrible life of a misunderstood musical comedy queen. Terrible is right. (June.)

**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.)

**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.)

**BELOW THE DEADLINE**—Chesterfield.—Quickie crook stuff—and something awful. (June.)

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

**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.)

**BLACK WATERS**—World Wide.—Thrilling, chilling melodrama with mediocre dialogue. (June.)

**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.)

**BLUE SKIES**—Fox.—An orphanage romance, beautifully acted and charmingly directed. (June.)

**BONDMAN, THE**—World Wide.—Foreign version of Hall Caine's novel, messed up by poor photography. (June.)

**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'Neill 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.)

**BYE-BYE BUDDY**—Supreme.—Did you know that night club hostesses have hearts of gold? This one is an unintentionally funny sob story. (June.)

★ **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.)

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

**CHINA BOUND**—M.-G.-M.—Messieurs Dane and Arthur in a Chinese revolution. Fairly funny. (June.)

**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.)

★ **CHRISTINA**—Fox.—Slender and improbable story made beautiful and worth seeing by the inspired acting of Janet Gaynor. (June.)

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

**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.)

★ **COQUETTE**—United Artists.—Denatured version of the stage play with a fine performance by Mary Pickford. And Mary's voice is one of the best in the talkies. Of course you'll want to see—and hear—her. (June.)

**DANGEROUS WOMAN, THE**—Paramount.—Reviewed under title of "The Woman Who Needed Killing." Tropical and torrid drama of the South Seas. Not for children. (June.)

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

**DESERT SONG, THE**—Warners.—All-singing and talking operetta that is a bit old-fashioned and stagy. Some good singing by John Boles. (June.)

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

★ **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.)

**DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE**—Columbia.—Mystery play with too little suspense and too much forced comedy. Nevertheless, it has a good cast. It's a talkie. (June.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phoney 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.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## 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.

★ **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.)

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



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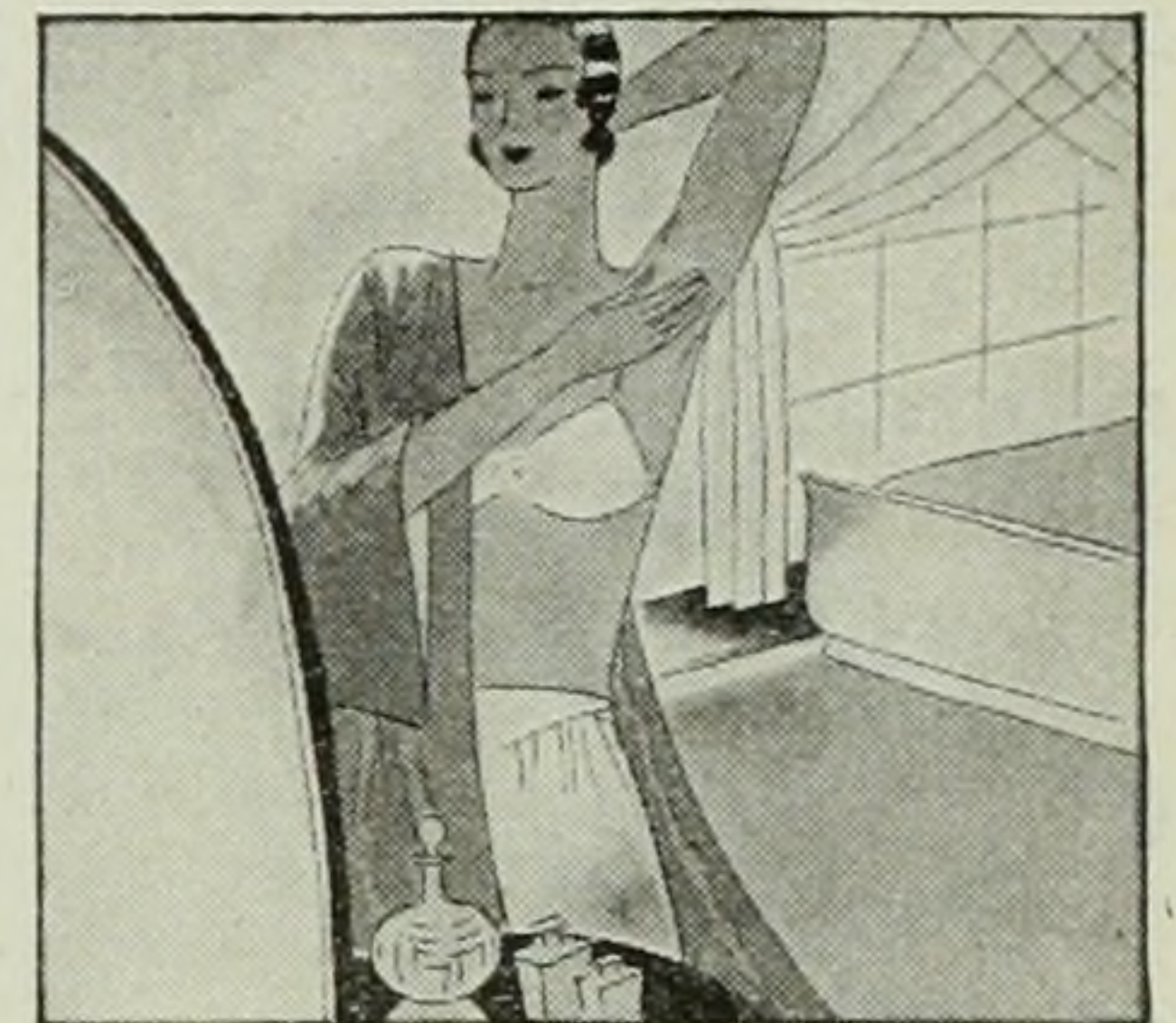
Without smothering the

natural function of the pores, Amolin actually counteracts the odors as soon as they are formed. And it protects, rather than harms, your silken underclothes.

*This Personal Deodorant has many uses*

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So, go dancing, go shopping, swing your arms in golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office, for Amolin used after your bath or sprinkled in your underclothes will protect you all day long!



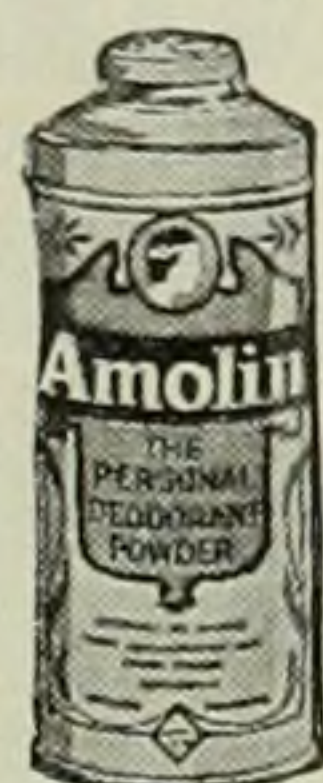
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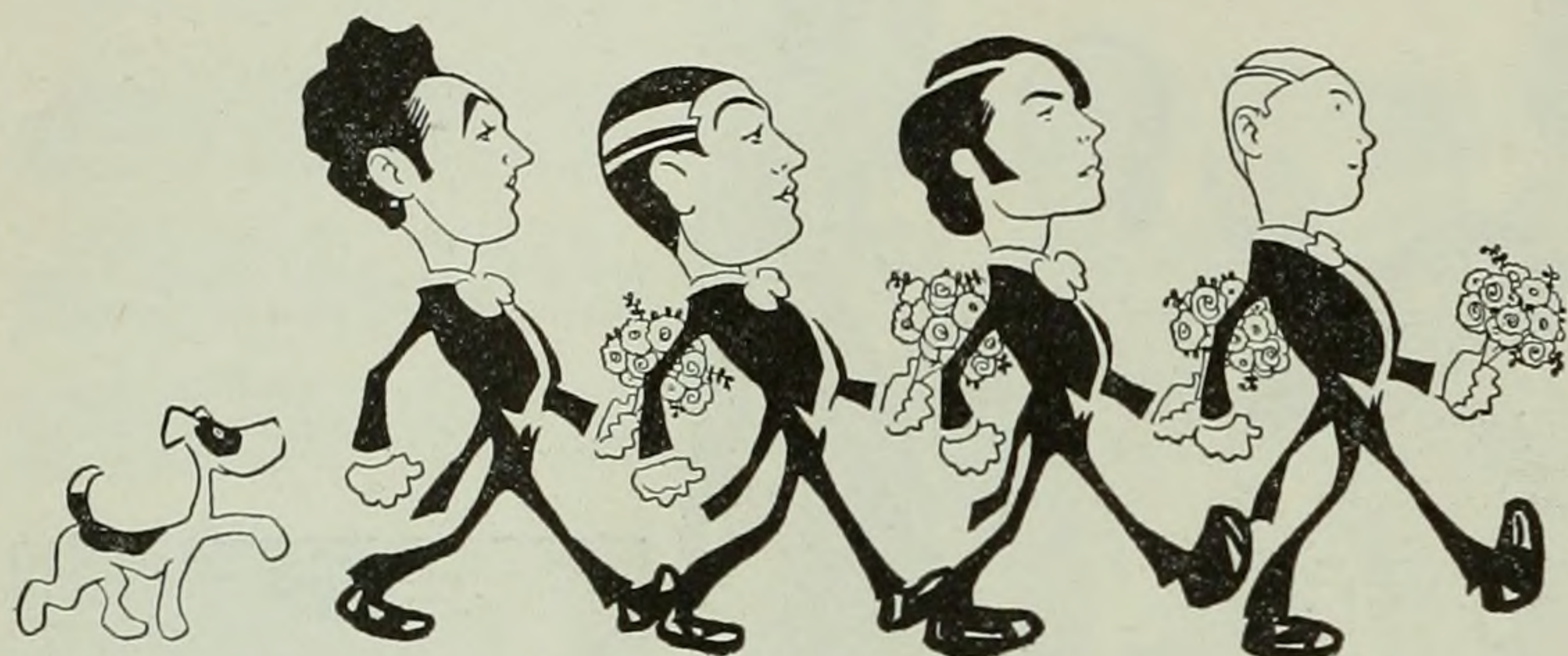
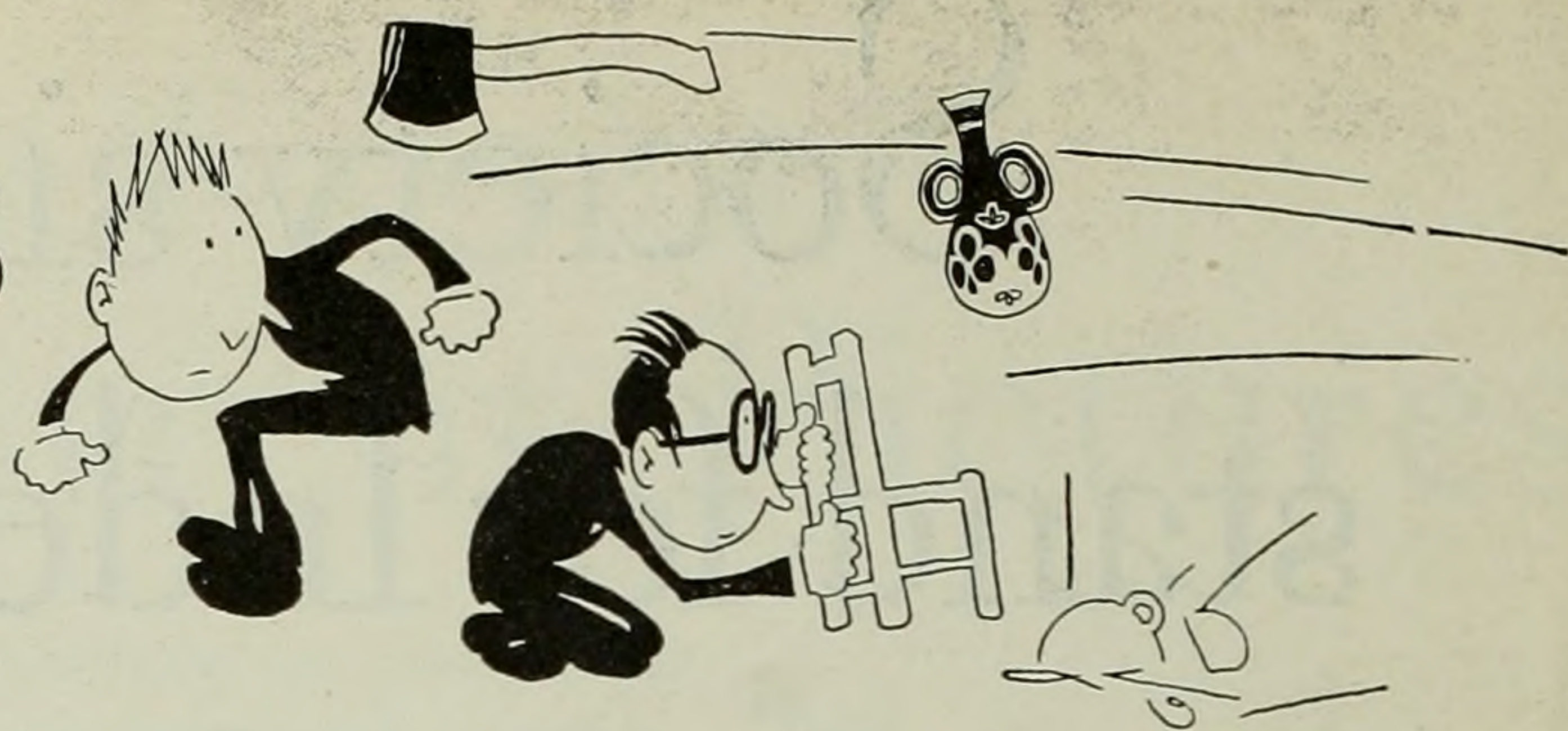
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# Brickbats

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for the best letters—  
\$25, \$10 and \$5

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

OUR mail has fairly exploded this month with letters from excited fans. Some demand that talkies be abolished; others say they are through with silent pictures forever.

Jannings and Garbo are causing a great deal of worry. Their loyal followers don't want to lose them. No one seems to care whether they talk or not—just as long as they continue to act on the American screen.

The heated arguments about voice doubling continue—both for speaking and singing. Some of the disillusioned fans are wailing because they can't be sure they are actually hearing their favorites. Others argue that voice doubling is no more to be frowned upon than doubling for stunts, a scheme to which the fans have long been accustomed.

From readers in foreign countries have come many letters expressing great interest in the talkies. Those who have not already heard them are awaiting their advent with eagerness.

Protests against talking pictures have come from the deaf—a situation that calls for serious thought.

Incidentally, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants to say thank you for the lovely bouquets it has received in the past few months from readers all over the world—words of praise we are too modest to print, but which help by their encouragement.

### \$25.00 Letter

Omaha, Nebraska.

No one who has never lived outside the large cities can really appreciate what talking pictures mean to the American public. If the talkies brought only intelligent orchestral accompaniment—

God bless 'em!

If there is anyone who can enter into the forceful, moving spirit of "The King of Kings" while a correspondence school pianist plays "Why Should I Care?" in syncopated jazz rhythm, on a piano that hasn't been tuned in two years, during one of the most touching moments of the film—

There isn't!

Yet this not only actually happened but occurs regularly in every town in the United States, once you venture beyond cities large enough to support theater orchestras. Contrast it with the orchestral offerings in "The Broadway Melody" and like pictures.

Motion pictures laid entertainment at the

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.

feet of the world; talking pictures increase the world's enjoyment a hundred-fold.

And their present trend seems to insure us still greater boon: the doom of the mere "pretty face" and weak plot and the advent of the genuine actor who has something worthwhile to offer and demands a worthwhile play in which to offer it.

E. C. WHELAN.

### \$10.00 Letter

Toronto, Canada.

I am a clergyman's wife with one son ten years old, whom everyone, including my husband, says I spoil dreadfully. Although well on in years I had never been in a moving picture show, as I thought they were places where nothing but vice was depicted, and where no one could learn anything good.

A friend of mine (I know now she was a real friend) induced me to go with her and see "The Sins of the Fathers." No sermon ever affected me as that picture did, and I saw myself for the first time in my life, as I was—a mother, who, for my own gratification, was teaching my son to grow up in idleness; neglecting his education, pampering his every wish, and smoothing away every obstacle in his path instead of teaching him self-control, and helping him to prepare for the battle of life.

How thankful I am I was saved in time, by that wonderful picture of the devoted father, played by Emil Jannings, who showed how

easily a child may be misdirected in his youth by parents' selfish love. Every mother should see this picture. No better sermon was ever preached.

L. WATKIN.

### \$5.00 Letter

Santa Fe, N. M.

About the only thing I can find wrong with the average movie producer is that he has the modern boys and girls all wrong. We're not a pack of drinking, smoking and petting-party hounds that sneak home in the wee hours of the morning after a night of whoopee. The most of us are home, happily dreaming of Greta and John in a love scene.

In "Our Dancing Daughters" Joan Crawford got a big laugh from some of the younger generation I know. She was a hot toddy, I'll agree, but she wasn't carrying our banner. "The Godless Girl" wasn't a good likeness of us either. I take it that high school was supposed to be a replica of any school in the United States. Well, all I've got to say is that De Mille fell down on that picture.

Clara Bow is supposed to be the symbol of us. She is certainly a good actress, but she can't represent the modern girl. Of course, there are different types, but even at our wildest we don't resemble that red-headed child.

We're more on the Bronson-Moran type—chic, sophisticated, but with enough sense to come home while it's still dark and a few stars are left.

MARY WALSH.

### It Does Sound Logical

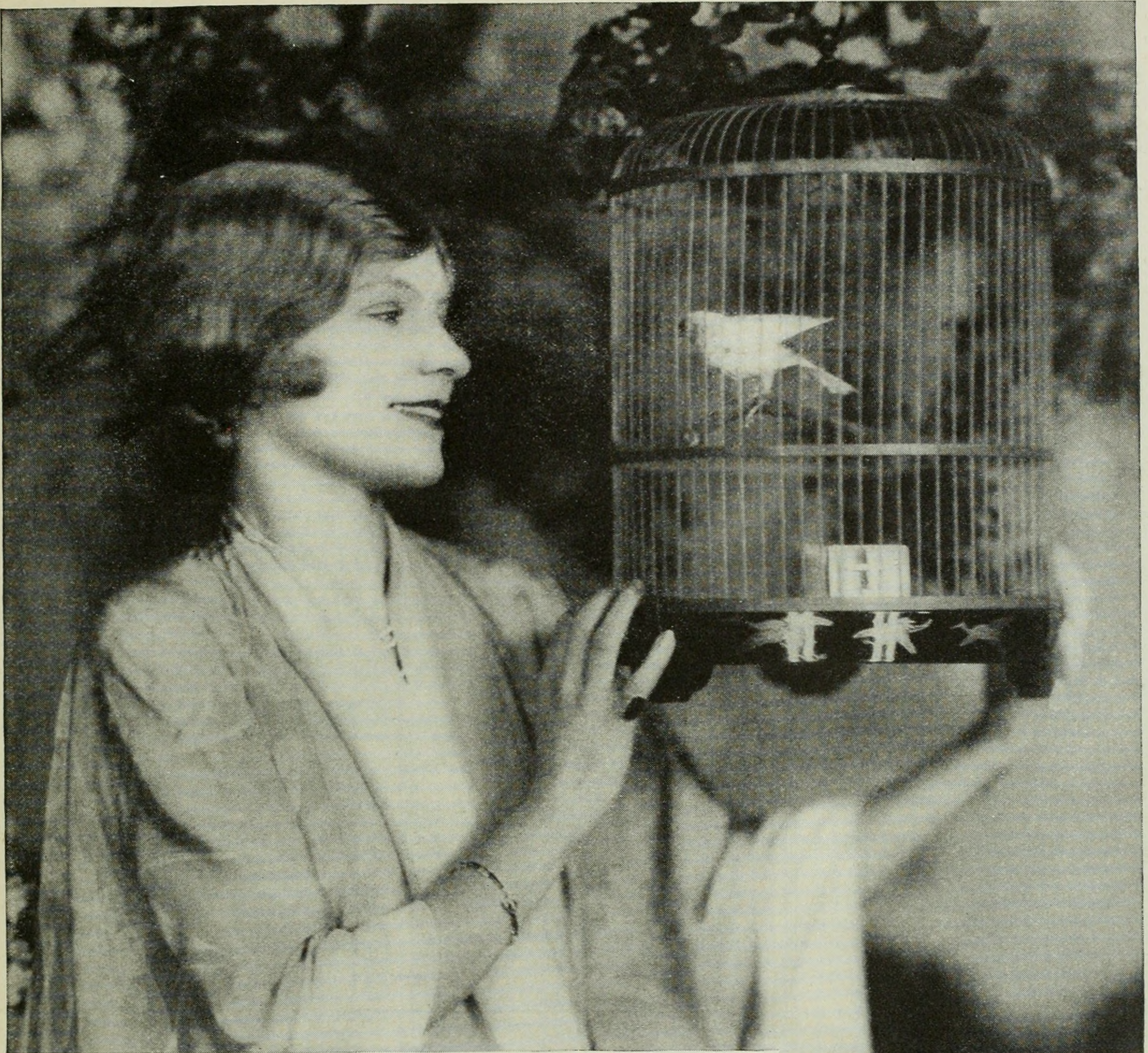
Alden, Pa.

I personally most emphatically prefer talkies because I find them more entertaining.

The comments of some of the objectors are quite amusing. One of your readers fears that the advent of talkies will prevent him from exercising his imagination! Another is quite wrought up over the introduction of dialogue and sound in movies because it will disturb his repose!

To the first objector I might advise cutting out movies entirely and confining himself to reading good books, where his imagination can have full scope. To the second objector I would suggest that if he wishes repose, why in the name of common sense does he not go to bed?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111 ]



## The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament—yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

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 excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

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★ 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.

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For full particulars regarding contest see page 58. If your dealer cannot supply you with the June PHOTOPLAY just send coupon below to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. A reprint of the set of cut pictures which appeared in June issue, together with complete rules, will be sent you free by return mail. Or, if you prefer to take advantage of our Special Six Months' Contest rate, send \$1.25 and we will mail you the reprint from June PHOTOPLAY and enter your subscription for 6 months, starting with the August issue.

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

**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**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.)

**ETERNAL WOMAN, THE** — Columbia.—Frenzied society melodrama with a rubber plot that bounces all over the map. (June.)

**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.)

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

★ **GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS**—Paramount.—A newspaper story that is a knockout. Fine performances by an all-stage cast. Check up this one as one of the hits of the talkies. (June.)

**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 WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE**—Liberty.—In spite of its title this is one of the best pictures turned out by an independent producer. You'll like it. (June.)

**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.)

**GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE**—Warners.—Not a dog story, but a railroad melodrama. It's speedy, exciting and good fun. (June.)

**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'Neill 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.)

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

**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.)

**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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FREE TO WRITERS. THE PLOTWEAVER. A monthly magazine. Contains valuable and interesting information to writers of magazine and photoplay stories. Subscription \$2.50 per annum. Free sample copy. The Plotweaver, Drawer WP, Hollywood, California.

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★ **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.)

★ **IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to *D'Artagnan*—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

**JAZZLAND**—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. (March.)

★ **JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—Chesterfield.—Boot-legging, 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.)

**LAWLESS LEGION, THE**—First National.—A cowboy story, with Ken Maynard, that is good enough entertainment for anybody. (June.)

**LEATHERNECK, THE**—Pathe.—Good, silent film crippled with some talk. Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Co. fine in Marine yarn. (April.)

## Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

- Fox Film Corp. . . . . Page 139
- Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 135
- Paramount . . . . . Page 4
- Warner Bros. . . . . Page 143

**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.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136 ]

# Girls Test Your Art Ability FREE



IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, here is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc., with our simple scientific Art Ability Questionnaire. Learn if your talent is worth developing. You will be frankly told what your score is.

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Please send Free Art Questionnaire and free book "Your Future."

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Friendly Advice from  
Carolyn Van Wyck on

# Girls' Problems



Sue Carol holds daily consultation with her mirror to keep hair and complexion fit

Baclanova, the Russian star, shares with clever women the world over the same fundamental rules to gain and preserve loveliness



MARY B. writes me that her life is ruined because she has a rather long nose and she is sure she can never be popular or happy with such a terrible handicap! And Rena L. has a slight growth of hair on her face and so, she writes me, she never goes any place and refuses invitations to parties and dances because she just can't forget her dreadful blemish!

Genevieve M. thinks bow legs are the most awful affliction in the world and she is letting that condition sour her whole outlook on life. Maybelle S. G. says she is a little knock-kneed, so she has given up bathing, although she is an expert swimmer and loves the water. But she can't bear to have anyone see her in a bathing suit! Edna is stout and spends all her time weeping and wailing about it; Gertrude is large-boned and thin and is just as unhappy.

Caroline is just beginning to blossom into young womanhood and is frightfully self-conscious about a rapidly developing figure which she thinks sets her apart from her classmates who are maturing more slowly. And just because she is outgrowing the childish styles which they still wear she is making herself miserable and fostering a self-conscious attitude and a decided inferiority complex.

Foolish girls, all of them. Of course, we all want to be as attractive as we possibly can be. We don't like blemishes that seem to set us apart from our fellows. If we must stand out in a crowd we would like to be conspicuous for our beauty, for our attractive appearance.

But supposing we can't. Supposing we have come into the world with some physical characteristics that we wouldn't have chosen if we had been consulted. Supposing we have met with some accident that has left its marks on our bodies. Supposing some of us need to wear glasses; to rely on a crutch or a brace in order to walk.

After we have done everything we can to help the situation, isn't it stupid of us to waste our time fretting about it? And isn't it especially stupid in the case of such minor difficulties as a little superfluous hair, a little excess weight or a figure that seems a trifle too boyish?

Look about you at the happy and successful women you number among your friends and acquaintances. Are they all perfect physical specimens? Now that you think about it, isn't Mrs. The-Happiest-Wife-You-Know anything but a raving beauty? Are Miss Successful Business Woman, Mrs. Noted Concert Singer, Mrs. Popular Writer, Mrs. Contented-Mother-of-Lovely-Children, and all the others who are happy and successful in their chosen ways of life, all beautiful and perfect physically? No, of course not.

Both in public and private life it is a decided asset to a woman and to a man to make a pleasing appearance. But to do that it isn't necessary to have the proportions of a Ziegfeld Follies girl or the face of an artists' model.

Why can't we apply some of the common sense to these matters that we do to our other problems? Girls who wouldn't think of making a fuss over every disappointment in their school or their business lives, and even in their love affairs, will make mountains out of the molehills of physical limitations and afflictions.

Mildred T. is leading a miserable existence, according to her letter to me, and all because her hair is straight and her mother doesn't want her to have it waved.

Her mother has the mistaken idea that waving is harmful to the hair.

All right, Mildred. Just look around you. Didn't Colleen Moore turn straight-as-a-stick hair into a distinctive style of hair-dressing that just suits her elfin personality? And hasn't Louise Brooks combed her straight locks in a fashion just right for the rôles she plays? And can't you experiment a little with your hair and find some way of having it cut and combing it to suit your face and your type? You can, if you'll only use the time and effort you are wasting in bemoaning your fate.

While we're speaking of Colleen, I wonder how many of you know that she has one blue eye and one brown

## Exaggerating Minor Defects

Is This Month's Discussion

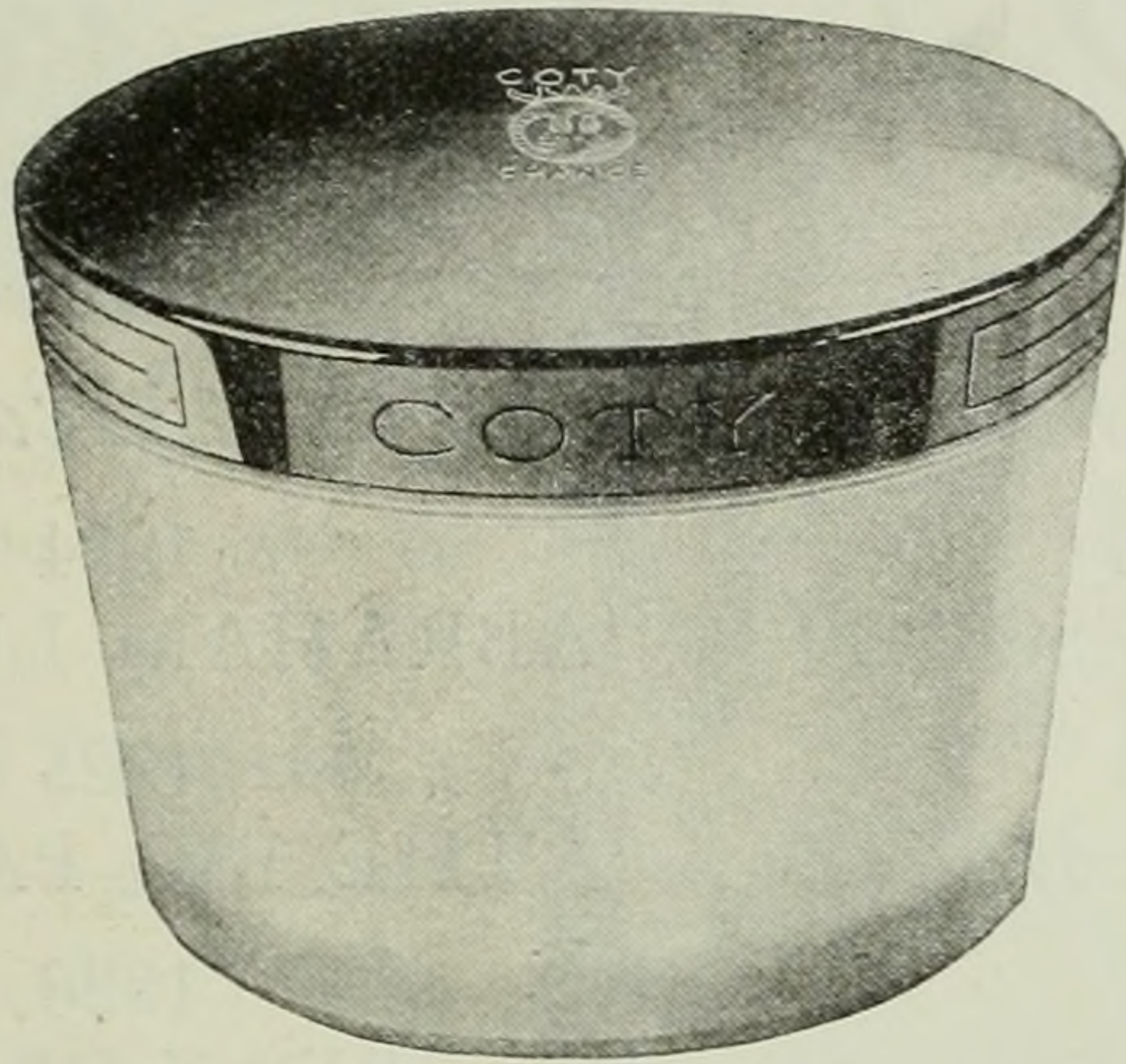
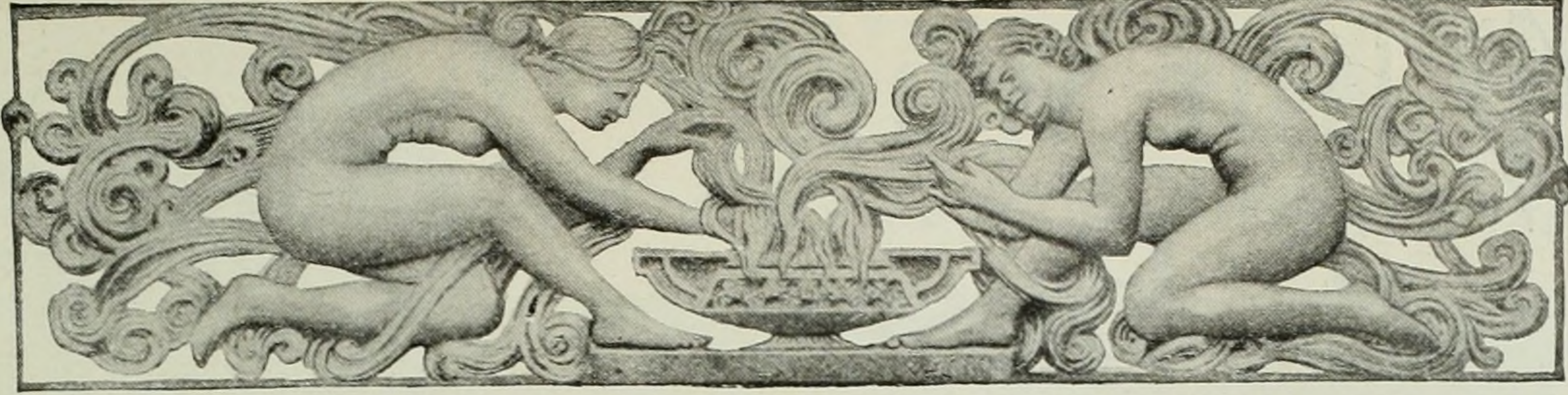
**I**F I were a statistician I might compile some figures to show that the useless and foolish tears that girls have shed over trifling blemishes of face and form would equal the volume of Niagara!

I say foolish tears because so often these defects can be cured or covered up in some way. And if they can't, then it's useless to waste time and tears over them. Forget them, and make other people forget, by giving them something more interesting to note in you.

The series of color articles which appeared in PHOTOPLAY—February for brunettes, March for blondes, April for red-haired girls and May for brown-haired girls—has attracted much favorable comment. Our readers will find them extremely helpful in choosing becoming color schemes for their costumes. Back numbers may be obtained from PHOTOPLAY, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Enclose 25c for each issue desired.

Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, if you want my leaflet on the care of the skin or any other advice on questions of health or appearance. If you would like my reducing booklet please enclose 10c. All letters should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, for personal reply.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



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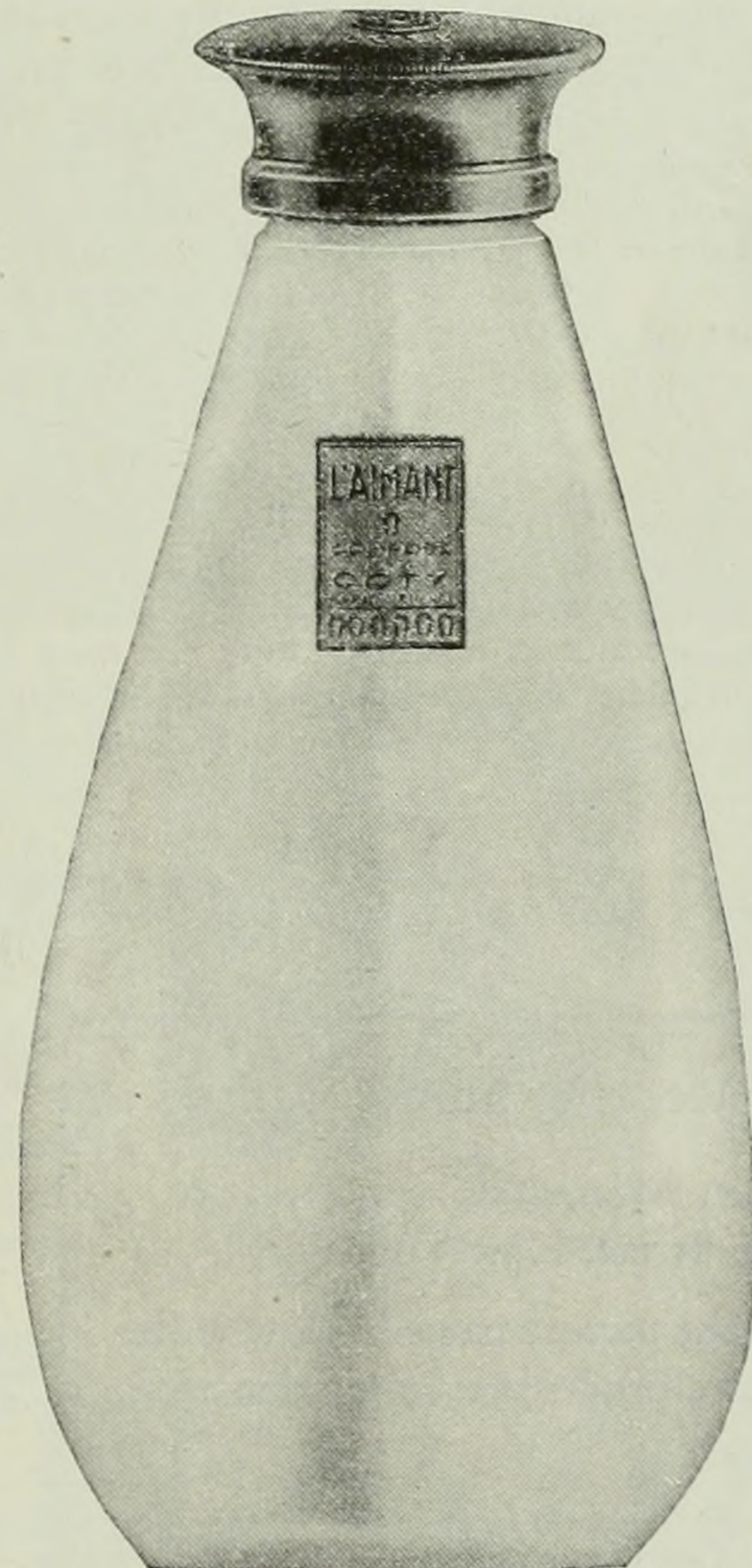
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# What was the Best Picture of 1928?



<i>Winners of Photoplay Medal</i>	
1920	1924
"HUMORESQUE"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1921	1925
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1922	1926
"ROBIN HOOD"	"BEAU GESTE"
1923	1927
"THE COVERED WAGON"	"7th HEAVEN"

**H**AVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1928? Better get busy! Remember, the annual award of the PHOTOPLAY gold medal is the highest honor in the world of motion pictures. Moreover, it is the only award going direct from the millions of film fans to the makers of pictures. Remember, too, the high standards of previous awards. The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography. PHOTOPLAY also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production. Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These eight winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress over the years. This year's voting presents an unusual angle. It may be the last award going to a silent film and it may be the first prize going to a sound picture. That's up to YOU. Nevertheless,

the medal for 1928 represents an epoch in film progress. A list of fifty important pictures released during 1928 is appended to this page. It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during the twelve months of last year. If you want pictures to continue their upward trend in quality, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot. In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers. 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.

## Ninth Annual Gold Medal Award

### Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

*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>Gauche, 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>        |                              |



# MAKING A SOUND PICTURE

*with Western Electric Equipment*

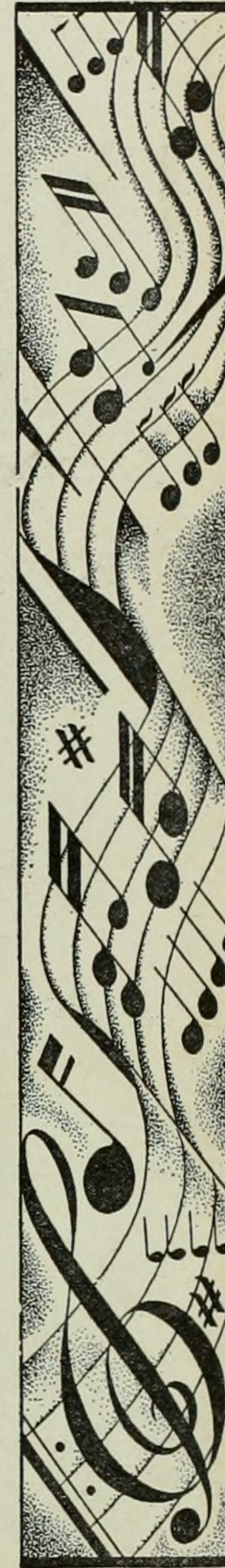
**S**ILENCE in the studio! The director discards his megaphone, cameras whir in sound-proof booths.

In the sound-proof "monitor room" a man at the control board regulates the volume and quality of sound recorded by Western Electric apparatus on a film or disc.

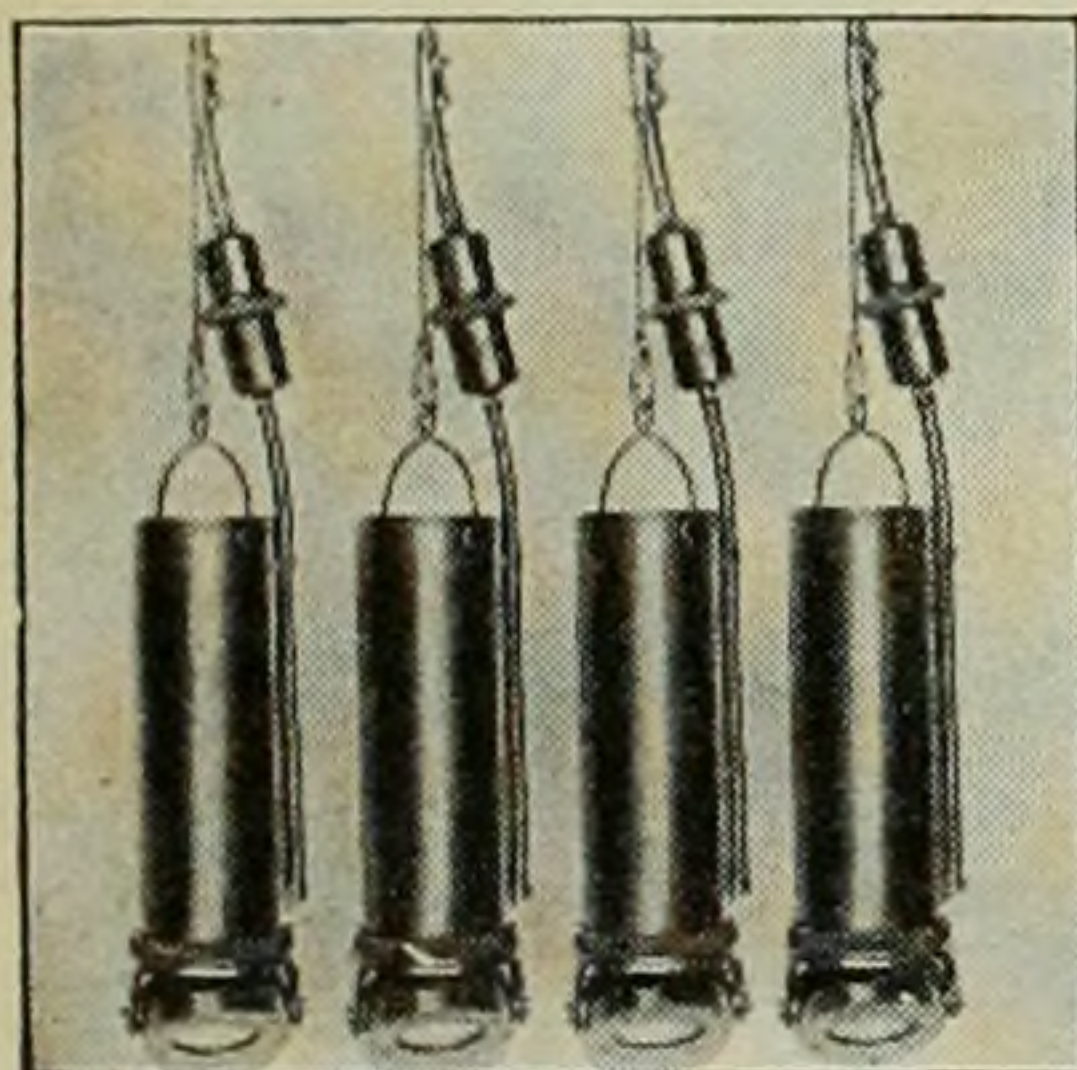
**Hear Sound Pictures at their best—go to a Western Electric equipped theatre**

Sound Pictures, made by the eleven great producers who have adopted the Western Electric system, are naturally best when reproduced in theatres with equipment from the same source.

That is why exhibitors everywhere, mindful of their patrons' satisfaction, either have installed or are now installing the Western Electric system—the sound equipment that assures clear and natural tone, that reflects a half century's experience in making telephones and other apparatus for reproducing sound.



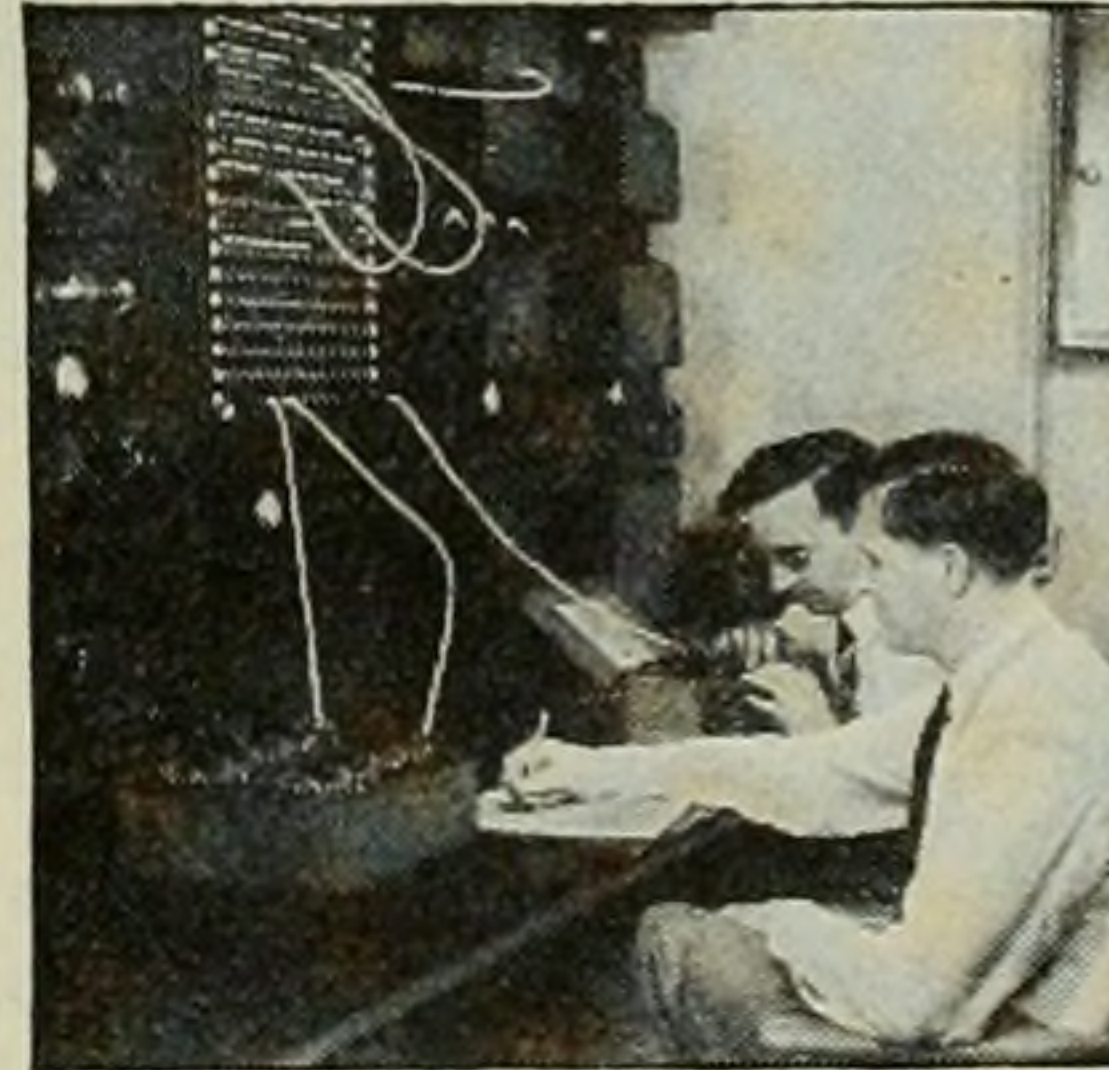
(Photographs courtesy of Paramount)



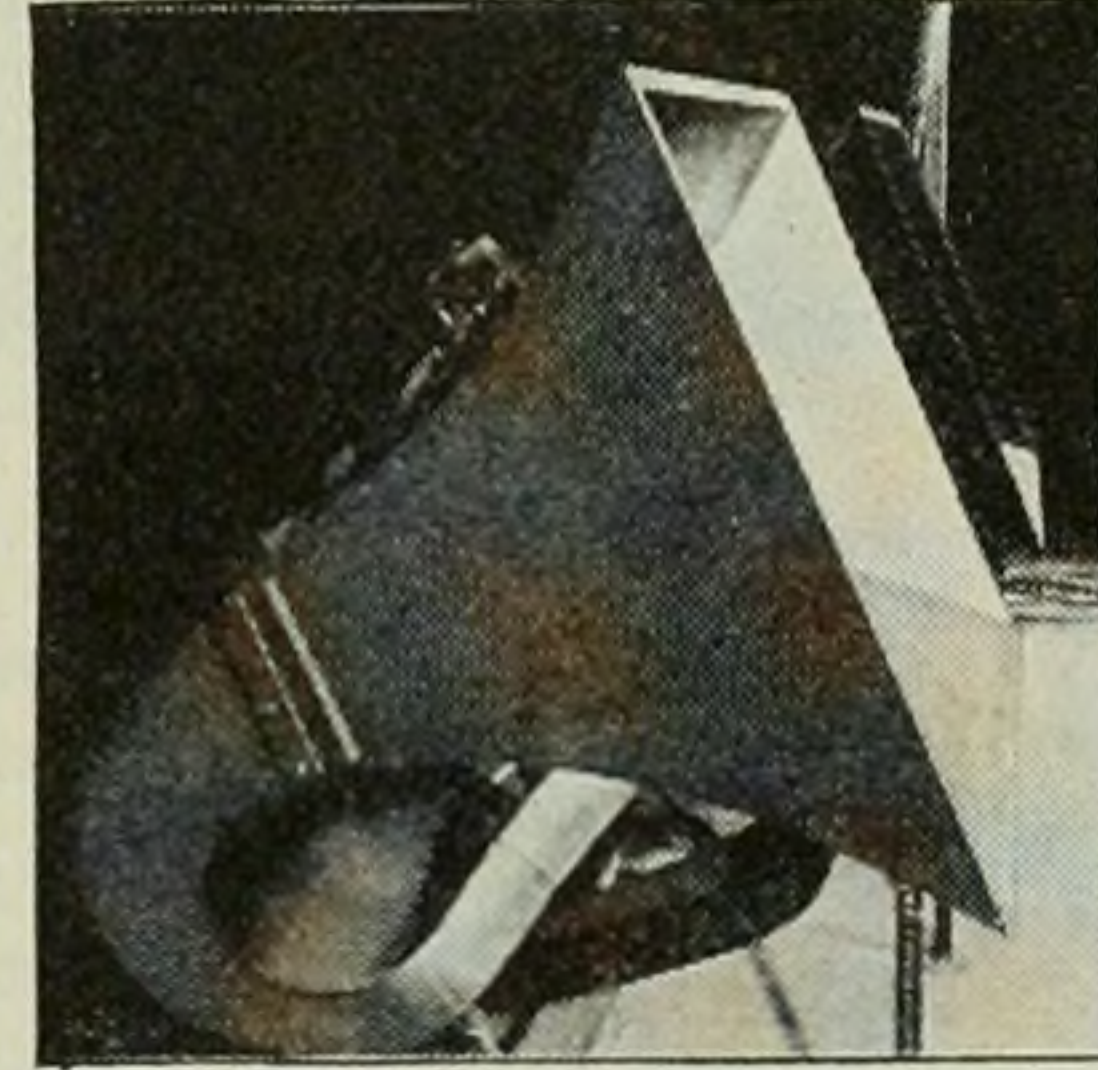
Western Electric builds special microphones for studio requirements.



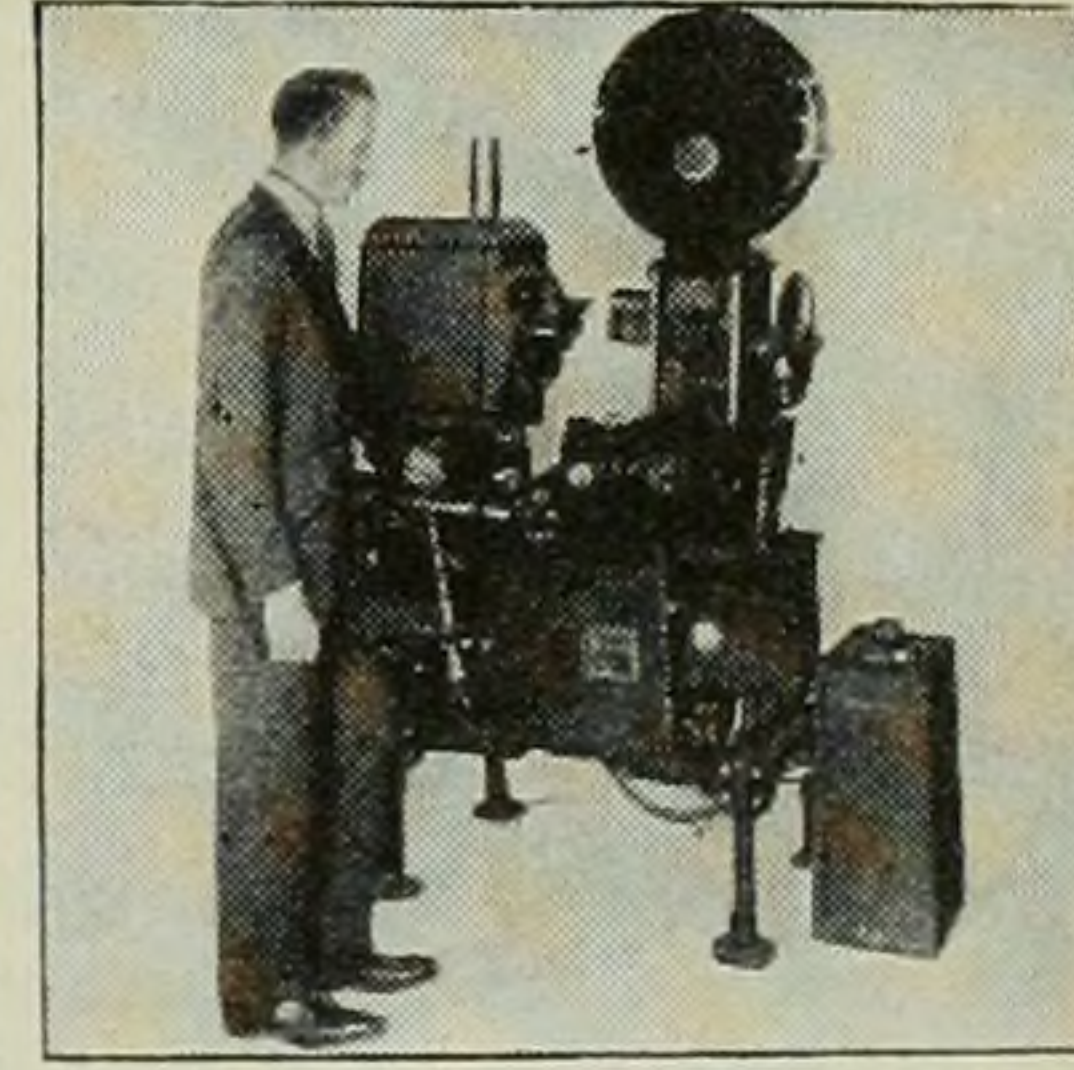
The "monitor" controls quality and volume of all sound recorded.



Western Electric-made apparatus insures true-tone reproduction.

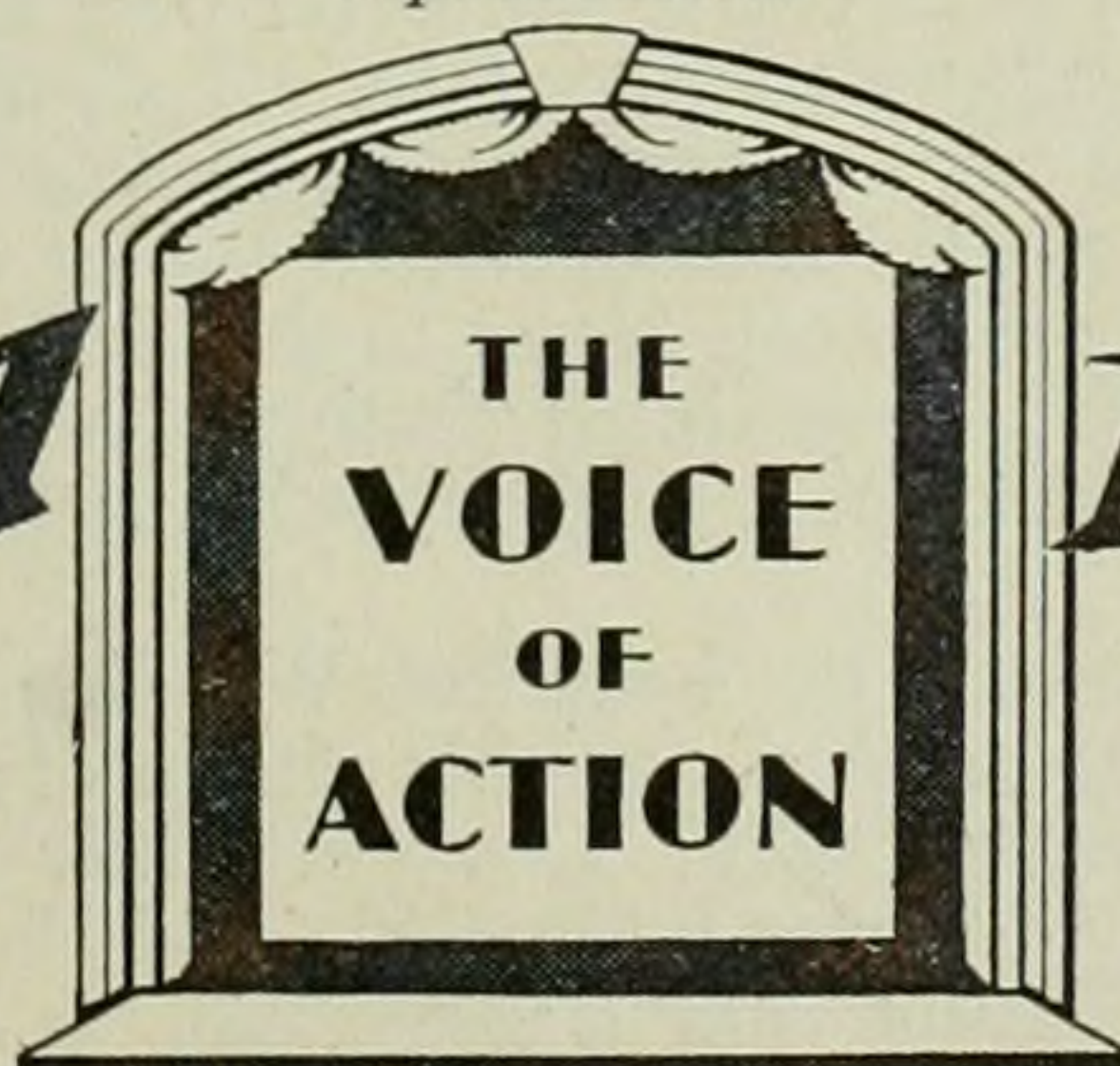


Theatre loudspeakers, product of acoustical experts and craftsmen.



The projector which plays the sound picture in the theatre.

**Western**  
**SOUND**



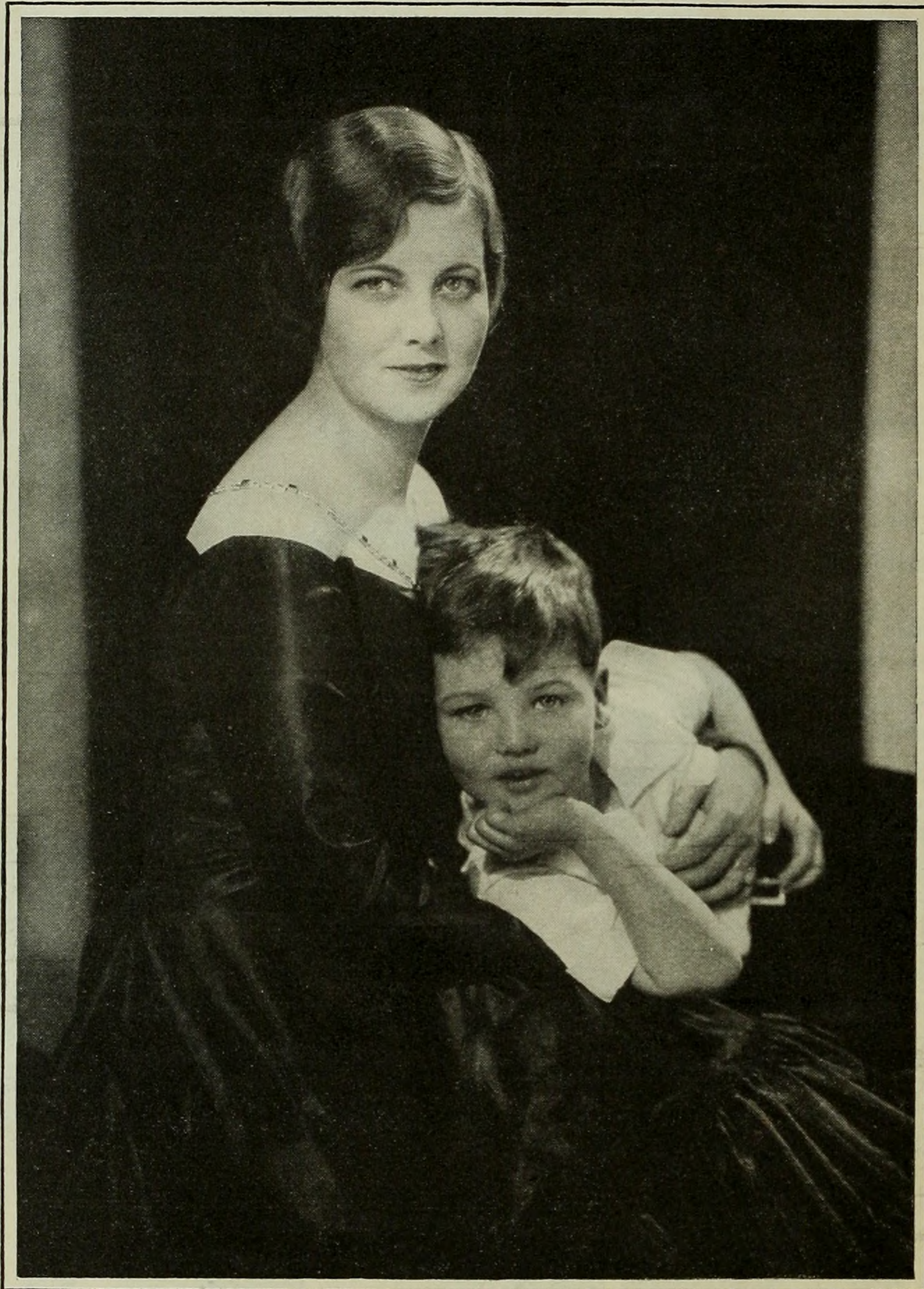
**Electric**  
**SYSTEM**

John Barrymore • F. Scott Fitzgerald • Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. • vote her the

# Most Beautiful Young Mother



John Barrymore

Cornelius  
Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

*Mrs.*  
*Richard O'Connor*  
of Dover, New Jersey  
... chosen from  
Woodbury beauties of  
forty-eight States as  
the most beautiful  
young mother

*"MORE THAN ANYTHING—I would teach a child to tell the truth!"*

She looks at you with beautiful, cloudless blue eyes—eyes that seem no older than those of her little boy. She is only twenty-two. Her beauty is of a delicate, reticent sort; golden hair, as bright as silk; a skin of that wonderful morning-glory purity that is hardly ever seen in people after early childhood. Her manner has the candour and simplicity of a child's.

But her mind is that of a woman; resolute, courageous, sincere, truthful.

She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

She loves babies; loves to dress them, bathe them, feed them. "That's the fun of having

children. I wouldn't have a nurse for Jimmy Dick, no matter how much money I had."

Her fresh beauty made such an instant appeal to her judges that all three unanimously voted her first among lovely young mothers.

She has been a Woodbury user for years, and attributes her extraordinarily beautiful skin to the fact that she never uses any soap but Woodbury's on her face. "I always wash my face with warm water and Woodbury's soap at night. It does something for my skin that no other soap seems to do. It gives it a fresh, live, stimulated feeling—and at the same time keeps it perfectly soft and smooth."

THE SERIES OF beautiful Woodbury users now running shows us that charm of feature, of coloring, may vary in their appeal for every different individual. But the charm of a beautiful skin is universal. It touches

every heart, appeals to everyone alike.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped thousands of beautiful women throughout America to gain and keep a clear, fresh, flawless complexion.

Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap. No matter what faults your complexion may have—Woodbury's will help you to overcome them. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet that is around each cake, find the treatment your skin needs. Start using it regularly tonight! *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a 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 and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2213 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2213 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A.J.C. •



Ruth Harriet Louise

# NEW PICTURES

**P**RESENTING the new type of star created by the talkies. At the Paramount Studios, it isn't considered a real dialogue-drama unless Ruth Chatterton heads the cast. Just one year ago—July, 1928, to be exact—Miss Chatterton made her first picture. She had, you know, given up the stage and was living in retirement in Hollywood when the new-fangled sound pictures came along. In one year Miss Chatterton has appeared in nine pictures—thereby setting a record for talkie stars



Chidnoff

*A*NOTHER girl who talked herself into stardom—Lupe Velez. Lupe had the inconvenient and incurable habit of stealing pictures from other stars, so the only thing to do was to make her a star in her own right, just to avoid misunderstandings. And in these changing times when all foreign accents in Hollywood are considered a handicap instead of an asset, this is a heavy personal triumph for Lupe



Richee

**C**HECK up another success to the chorus girl. Also register another score in favor of Irish luck. Nancy Carroll was a red-haired Irish chorus girl in a Broadway musical revue when she decided to hit for Hollywood and test her luck in the movies. You'll be glad to know that because she can sing and dance, she is one of the few youngsters to survive the talkie test. You'll see her next in "Burlesque"



**D**OLORES DEL RIO goes from *Carmen* to *Evangeline*, from the snap of castanets to the stately rhythm of Longfellow. "Evangeline" is a venturesome departure for Miss Del Rio who, after winning a place on the screen because of her sparkling Spanish beauty and the fire of her performances, now steps into a rôle that might have been reserved for Lillian Gish  
It's a tribute to her versatility



Ruth Harriet Louise

**N**OT since "The Big Parade" has Renee Adoree had a rôle worthy of her great talents. After marking time for several years in less important pictures, Miss Adoree is now acting in "Redemption." And what is more good news, she is reunited—cinematically speaking—to John Gilbert. The Tolstoi drama is being filmed in both silent and sound versions, so that you may take your choice



**F**EEEDING the tears and pleadings of the "fans," William Fox has decided to cast Charles Farrell in another picture with Janet Gaynor. The name of the film is "The Lucky Star," but it should be called "The Lucky Co-Stars." Both Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell are out to recapture the magic of "Seventh Heaven"



# The Gossard Line of Beauty



## This Summer . . . wear a Gossard Ensemble

(All you need to wear underneath)

With the arrival of gay colors, sheer fabrics and warmer days, Gossard fashion designers have evolved a most charming new "altogether" to meet your foundation needs this Summer. To begin with, this new under-ensemble is cool — delightfully, caressingly cool, being made of light Milanese silk and satin tricot. And then it's effective, lightly gloving the curves to smartly outline the figure under frocks of crepe, linen and chiffon. It's as simple to keep dainty as your sheerest pair of silk hose — easy to rinse out, quick to dry. Your favorite corsetiere will show it to you.

Model 6640  
\$10.00

# The Lovely Clothes of Stage and Screen now kept new-looking *twice as long...!*

*Here's their secret for you to follow...!*

With million-dollar wardrobes to care for, Hollywood's great movie studios have to know—they dare not guess—how to keep charming clothes *new* looking in spite of hard wear during months of production.

And New York's popular musical shows meet the same problem—with delicate costumes and sheer dancing stockings which must face the footlights night after night.

These great organizations have tried many cleansing methods, different soaps—compared the results.

And they find that—

“Beautiful clothes—from dance frocks to sheer lingerie and stockings—stay like new *twice as long* when cleansed always with Lux.”

Following the invariable rule of the movies, and the musical shows, you too can keep all your dainty things enchantingly new *so very much longer*—if you always use Lux!



Lively young LUPE VELEZ, vivacious United Artists star, who tells us —“I myself discovered what my studio proved by scientific tests—that I can keep my nice things divinely new looking much longer with Lux.”



IRENE DELROY, captivating star of the New York success “FOLLOW THRU.” Like every other Musical Show on Broadway, this show uses Lux—to double the life of stockings.



# PHOTOPLAY

July, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

**T**HE talkies' saddest tale, and that of a horse!

According to Tom Reed, the cameras and microphones were all set to record that saddest of all partings—between a hard-ridin', clean-souled son of the Old West and his li'l pinto pony.

"Good-bye, ole pal!" said Ken Maynard, with a noble look. "Many's the year we've spent together out thar on the lonely plains. And now it's good-bye, ole pal!"

Then it was the ole pal's turn, and everybody looked at the horse expectantly. But ole pal was stuck. He positively couldn't whinny an answer. Maybe he didn't even try. Maybe he had joined the Doug Fairbanks' Academy and gone snooty. But no answering whinny from ole pal.

So there was nothing to do but send for a double, with a guaranteed whinny, and to try to get the big farewell scene again!

**D**R. HARRY M. HALL, President of the West Virginia State Medical Association, is not afraid to give credit where he feels it is due. His is the first letter I have ever received from a physician praising the technical treatment of the rôles of screen doctors. He says:

It may be of some interest to you to know that in a conversation with some members of my profession they expressed themselves as highly gratified to be able to report on the general excellence of "Interference" and "The Doctor's Secret."

Medical men, I think, have kept away from motion pictures, not through any feeling of being



"high-brow" or hard to please, but because life, for the most part, comes to them in rather a high-powered way, and so much is really thrilling in their everyday life that they, naturally, cannot abide a weak or colorless plot.

In addition to the above, they have seen their own profession treated in such a grotesque and altogether unsatisfactory way by many motion picture directors that they felt the other callings must get similar treatment. For instance, it took the movies some years to get rid of the Van Dyke beard nonsense.

The two medical men in "Interference" and "The Doctor's Secret" are simple, straight-forward men who do not toy with stethoscopes, thermometers and the like.

To the exacting, there may have been a slight error in the "Interference" performance. As far as we were concerned, we did not detect it, so lost were we in the absorbing recital.

**T**HAT two actors should portray two medical men in such an ideal, dignified, and altogether professional manner was a delight to every doctor I have heard speak about it.

The English doctor, of course, goes in for the silk hat effect more than does his American brother. One sees our American medical man in a light-grey suit with a soft hat or a derby, and he has the same easy dignity that matches them. But the sartorial question is of small importance.

The medical profession really owes a debt of gratitude to the actors, directors, and makers of these two pictures. They portray, on the screen, the type of mellow, rounded-out, seasoned man every doctor would like to be.

The two types depicted by the actors in these two movie dramas would be an inspiration to any tyro. We were sorry you did not mention Clive Brook in your "Best Performances."

**K**LANG PICTURES, a German company, is now rushing into the production of talkies. There's a delightful name for sound pictures.

AS expected, the snipping of our old friends, the censors, is raising thunder and lightning with the talkies.

Gentle Chicago, that center of all civic sweetness and light, has banned "Alibi." The shy censors of Chi say that the theme of that excellent melodrama—conflict between gangsters and the police—is too shocking for the tender sensibilities of residents of the machine gun belt.

How "Scarface" Al Capone must be laughing.

A SILLY thing happened in Cleveland. And yet it isn't so funny, for it's a perfect example of the crucifixion of a talkie.

Censors there are allowed to cut scenes, but not dialogue.

So they chiseled out several scenes in Clara Bow's "The Wild Party"—a sound-on-disc picture.

Thus, when the screen went black, Clara prattled gaily on.

Naturally, the crowd gave Clara, the picture and the censors a loud and merry laugh, while the management wept and cussed.

And the legal eagles, no doubt, looked upon their work and saw that it was good, noble and uplifting. The pure and honest peasantry of Cleveland had been saved!

YET, lo and behold, from Kansas comes the news that the Attorney-General of the State turns in an opinion that censors have no legal right to exercise their cunning arts on the sound tracts or discs. That from Kansas, mind you.

FEAR of the new form of entertainment seems to have deprived the stage managers of their sanity.

Going about the country is a pamphlet, issued by the Association of Theatrical Agents and Managers. The motion picture interests, it says, have succeeded to a startling degree in destroying the legitimate drama, depriving the people outside New York and other big cities of the right to see the recent legitimate dramatic and musical successes.

WOULD you, it asks, have your children shape their character ideals from what they see upon the screen?

The talking picture, it screams, is but a machine that will put a million people out of work.

Sign on the dotted line, it exhorts; take a lease on auditoriums, school halls, Y. M. C. A. assembly rooms, and see how all good 100 per cent Americans will flock to see the road shows we will send you.

CAN you imagine how excited the cultured patriots of Kalamazoo will get, trying to decide between the road show production of Ziegfeld's "Whoopie" they would get there, and Clara Bow's latest opus?

And only a few years ago the poor, lowly movie was used as a "chaser" on the end of vaudeville programs to get patrons out of the theater. It seems to have accomplished that purpose.

But try to get a decent seat under eight or ten dollars for any one of ten first-class New York stage productions.

I tried to get six tickets for "Journey's End," a war play, and was asked eighteen dollars apiece. I didn't see it.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN just won't be merged. The high-powered boys who have been talking millions have not yet been able to cajole him into playing ball

with them. PHOTOPLAY is in a position to know the little fellow's feelings about the recent negotiations for the financial combination of United Artists and Warner Brothers.

He considers that the plans for the merger misrepresented, so far as he was concerned, what it was physically and artistically possible for him to do over a five-year period.

And knowing that most of the stock would fall into the hands of the public, he could not conscientiously go through with the proposition, particularly in view of the fact that he felt himself obligated to keep faith with the public to whom he is indebted for his place on the screen today.

CHARLIE is frankly worried about the recent tremendous developments in the sound picture. Unchallenged in his position as the supreme artist in pantomime, he sits like a little grey-haired "Thinker" of Rodin's and wonders what it is all about and what it means to him.

With all the money he will ever need, in spite of what the income tax officials and Lita Grey did to his bankroll—and he can see a dollar as far away as any one of the lads who have been trying to whoop him into the new deal—Charlie is not primarily concerned about that phase of it, and he won't be Uncle Tom-ed down the river.

JUST write Charlie a letter and tell him what *you* think.

Everybody is so busy writing to Clara Bow and Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Buddy Rogers these days that only his devoted Japanese and Brazilian admirers think of writing to him.

Here's ours:

Dear Charlie: If you don't know the answer, we do. We would rather see one of your silent pictures than any singing, dialogue, or sound picture that can be made. If you won't make a picture for yourself, make one for us.

IN his new novel "The King Who Was A King," H. G. Wells unveils what is solemnly blurbed as a "new art-form."

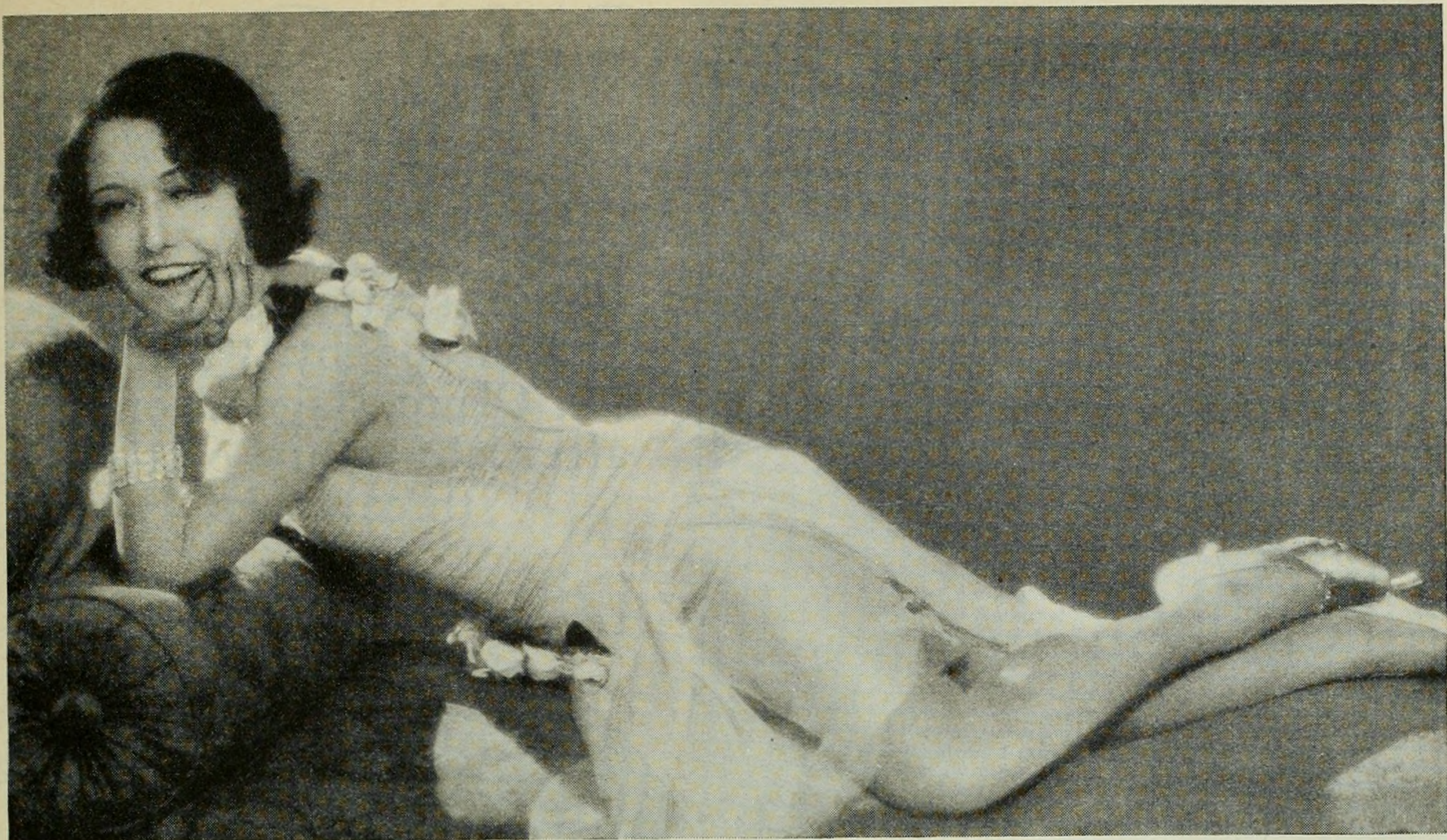
The new art-form is nothing more nor less than a motion picture scenario, seriously proposed for production by Mr. Wells, who gets rather belatedly breathless over the glorious possibilities of the screen for spreading peace propaganda.

With its allegorical visions, its mob scenes, its unwieldy use of spectacular effects, its inept handling of dramatic situations and its stilted and self-conscious propaganda, Mr. Wells' scenario is enough to give any producer a nightmare.

IN his "new art-form," the well-meaning British author has combined all the worst and most expensive mistakes of motion pictures. His use of rather primitive symbolism is enough to give D. W. Griffith the horrors. His recklessness in combining propaganda and mob melodrama would send Cecil De Mille into chills and fever.

It is amazing and a little sad that, in attempting to work in the medium of the screen, one of the best brains in Europe has nothing to offer except a rehash of all the grandiose banalities that the motion picture has tried and passed by.

There are one or two producers—I cannot believe it of more than that number—who may reach for the ponderous tale, and handing it to one of those Hollywood writing lads, tell him to dumb it down a bit and gag it up plenty, throw in a theme song, and call it "The Big Shot Steps Out."



Dorothy Sebastian's career has been full of heartaches. She lost the leading rôle of "Tempest" after months of work. But now she's a Hollywood hit

Hollywood tested the mettle of Dorothy Sebastian

# Little Alabam

*By Katherine Albert*

LET me begin by giving you a picture of the Dorothy Sebastian that Hollywood thinks it knows.

She is the best scout in town.

Known to her gay friends as "Little Alabam," she's always the life of every party.

She is always happy, always good natured, always in high spirits.

"Alabam won't mind. She's a regular fellow."

The little whoopee girl.

But that isn't the real Dorothy Sebastian. Behind the gayety and bright spirits is a hungry little heart and a strange, mysterious misery.

She isn't a Pagliacci. Far from it. They're getting to be so commonplace in Hollywood, anyhow. Dorothy has never told the incidents of her pitiful life for publication. She is not one to dust off her troubles before the world. Interviewers have discovered her to be gay and wisecracking and maybe just a bit hard-boiled.

I came to Dorothy not as an interviewer but as one of her best friends. Our companionship began geographically. We come from the same part of the country. There's an invisible bond between people who stand up when the band plays "Dixie." I've often wondered if citizens of South Dakota or Colorado feel as close to each other as people who happen to be born in any of the Southern states. I rather doubt it.

When I say that I know the unhappy side of Dorothy Sebastian, the groping, restless, melancholy side that cries vainly for self-expression, I don't mean that we're always swimming around in indigo when we're together.

We've laughed together, certainly, but more important, we've wept together. Tears are more binding than laughter.

You may laugh with your cook. You don't cry with her.

Confidences and details of personal misery are given rarely (unless only for effect) except to one's intimate friends.

Dorothy left Birmingham to go on the stage. She brought a broken heart to Broadway instead of acquiring it there, as is the usual procedure. Her girlhood had been made miserable by a circumstance that I cannot touch here. Few people know it.

For six weeks, while George White's Scandals was in rehearsal she lived on sixty dollars, part of which went for dancing lessons.

THE very last cent was gone when the company played Atlantic City before going into New York. She had nothing to eat and was too proud to ask one of the girls for a loan, draw on her salary from George White or write home for money. On her way to the theater she used to pass a candy shop and she vowed that the minute she got her week's salary she would buy a whole pound of fudge and eat every mouthful herself.

She got paid. She bought the fudge and carried out her threat. The result was that she was too ill to eat for three days. The ludicrous becomes woven up with the tragic.

Hollywood has added bitter experience to the pattern of her life. I once saw her play scene after scene gayly, bravely and chat between times with the people on the set when, concealed in her bag, was a telegram she had just received—a curt, ten word message that had made her heart snap in two.

I once saw her dominate a situation that might have involved a friend of hers in a front page scandal.

She's one of the bravest little troupers I know and I flounder when I try to find the incident that shows most clearly what manner of gal she is.

I believe it's the "Tempest" story. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

# The Girl

Famous star surprises Hollywood by wedding Ina Claire, stage favorite, after courtship of only three weeks



**The Bride**—Ina Claire, probably the best comedienne on the speaking stage and now a talkie star. Miss Claire met Jack Gilbert three weeks before the wedding. She once was married to a newspaper writer, James Whittaker. She's Irish and thirty-six



**Greta Garbo**—The Swedish star was expected to be Jack's next bride. Greta frequently phoned Jack from abroad during her recent trip to the homeland and she always went with him to Hollywood's first nights

**T**HE high gods must have smiled in purest happiness when they saw two of their favorite children coming together in marriage, Jack Gilbert, undisputed king of Hollywood, and Ina Claire, acknowledged queen of Broadway.

John Gilbert, the screen's greatest lover, had known Ina Claire, the stage's greatest comedienne, just three weeks when they eloped from Hollywood on the evening of May eighth to be married at Las Vegas, Nevada, the next morning.

They eloped because they couldn't wait the three days that must elapse between securing the license and wedding in California.

Jack asked, "Who could resist her?" when the reporters questioned him.

Ina retorted, "Who could resist him?"

But Hollywood, to which this wedding had been nothing less than an emotional shock, asked many more questions than these two love-drenched queries.

Hollywood, no more than the world at large, had wanted Jack to marry. He was its most romantic playboy, its spoiled darling. Love as he portrayed it on the screen was never by any stretch of the imagination monogamous, married love. It was always the *grande* passion, the burning love of man for woman in its first, flaming hours.

As in the heart of Hollywood, so in the hearts of millions of

women in every country of the globe, a dream died with the passing of Jack Gilbert's bachelorhood.

There was, in fact, almost a resentment. The world would concede Jack only to one woman—Greta Garbo. Only the Swedish Mona Lisa seemed glamorous enough to win him and tie him with the bonds of matrimony.

And so the questions rose in Hollywood, What was Ina Claire like? Who was she to win its favorite son? How did she capture him from the siren charms of the glamorous Garbo? What was her secret? How was Greta taking it? How, in fact, was Leatrice Joy, Jack's second wife, taking it? Or, for that matter, how was that obscure little girl, known only as Olivia, who had been his first wife, taking it? Would the love endure? Would the marriage last?

# Jack Gilbert

## *Married*

By

Ruth Waterbury

But, first and foremost, what, oh what, was Ina Claire like?

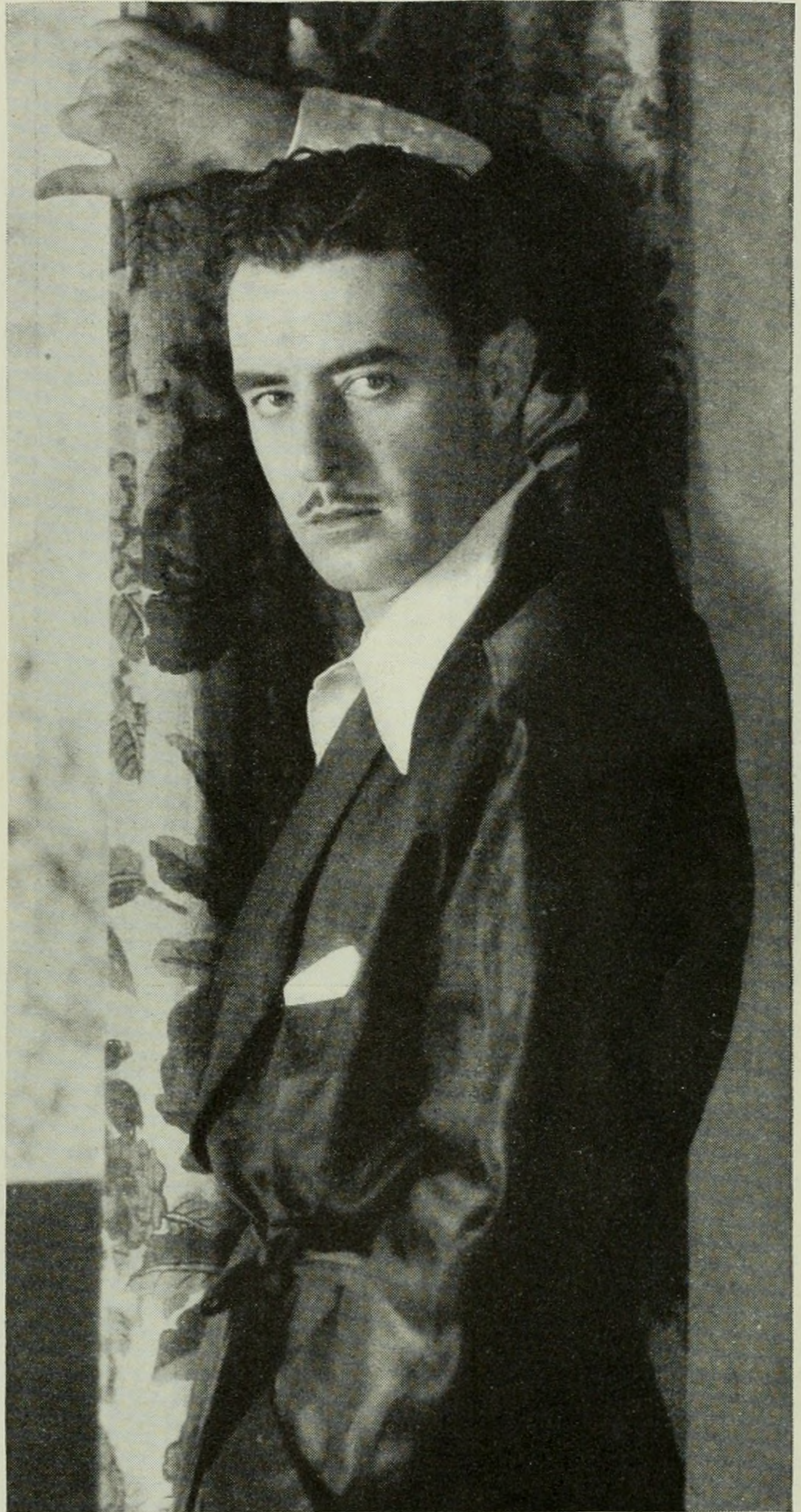
Now, by one of those exquisite freaks of circumstance, I am one of the few people who have interviewed Ina Claire.

It was several years ago and a single interview, but I have never recovered from it. Since then I have talked with scores of stars and met hundreds of minor celebrities, but of them all—beautiful, clever, flattering, delightful or simple, Ina Claire remains to me the most compelling.

Naturally I have met Jack Gilbert. You could no more write of movies and not meet Jack Gilbert than you could write authoritatively of Italy and not meet Mussolini. And I should say that if ever two people were intended by training, by the struggles they have endured, the fame



Leatrice Joy and her daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert. Little Leatrice is four years old. Miss Joy divorced Jack in 1924, just after he made his first big hit in "The Merry Widow." Miss Joy is now in vaudeville



*The Groom*—Jack Gilbert, the most popular male screen star for the past three years. Twice married in the past. Everyone expected that he would marry Greta Garbo—but you never can tell. Jack is an able writer, as readers of PHOTOPLAY well know

they have won, the art they have created—if ever two people were made for one another, those two are Jack and Ina.

I do not need here to write of the charm, the loveliness of John Gilbert. You all know that.

But certainly, if it can ever be said of any woman, it can be said of Ina Claire that she has everything.

She isn't very powerful physically, but she gives the effect of being a whirlwind. She is five feet, five, and her hair is naturally golden. Her skin is as perfect as that in a soap advertisement and her eyes sparkle like summer sunlight on a rushing stream.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]

# The TRUTH About



Laura La Plante did not really sing or play the banjo in "Show Boat." Doubling in another voice was easy, but Miss La Plante had to study banjo strumming so that her work would look right

When you hear your favorite star sing in the talkies, don't be too sure about it. Here are all the facts about sound doubling, and how it is done

Laura La Plante did not sing and play the banjo in "Show Boat"—at least not for all of the songs. Two doubles helped her. One played the banjo, the other sang. And so it goes, *ad infinitum*.

THERE are voice doubles in Hollywood today just as there are stunt doubles. One is not so romantic as the other, perhaps, but certainly just as necessary.

Those who create movies will probably not cheer as we make this announcement. In fact, they may resent our frankness. They may even have the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences write letters to PHOTOPLAY about it.

Richard Barthelmess received what he considered rather embarrassing publicity in connection with the song he did not sing in "Weary River." And, as a result of that, persons who undoubtedly know say that he is effecting a change of policy regarding future pictures. I was told on good authority that he informed Al Rockett, who heads First National's studios in Burbank, that he did not choose to

LIGHT travels 186,000 miles per second, but nobody cares. Sound pokes along at approximately a thousand feet per second, and still nobody cares.

But when Richard Barthelmess, who is famed as a film star and not as a singer, bursts into song in "Weary River," playing his own accompaniment, folks begin to prick up their ears.

And when Corinne Griffith plays a harp in "The Divine Lady" and acquits herself vocally, with the grace of an opera singer, people commence asking pointed questions.

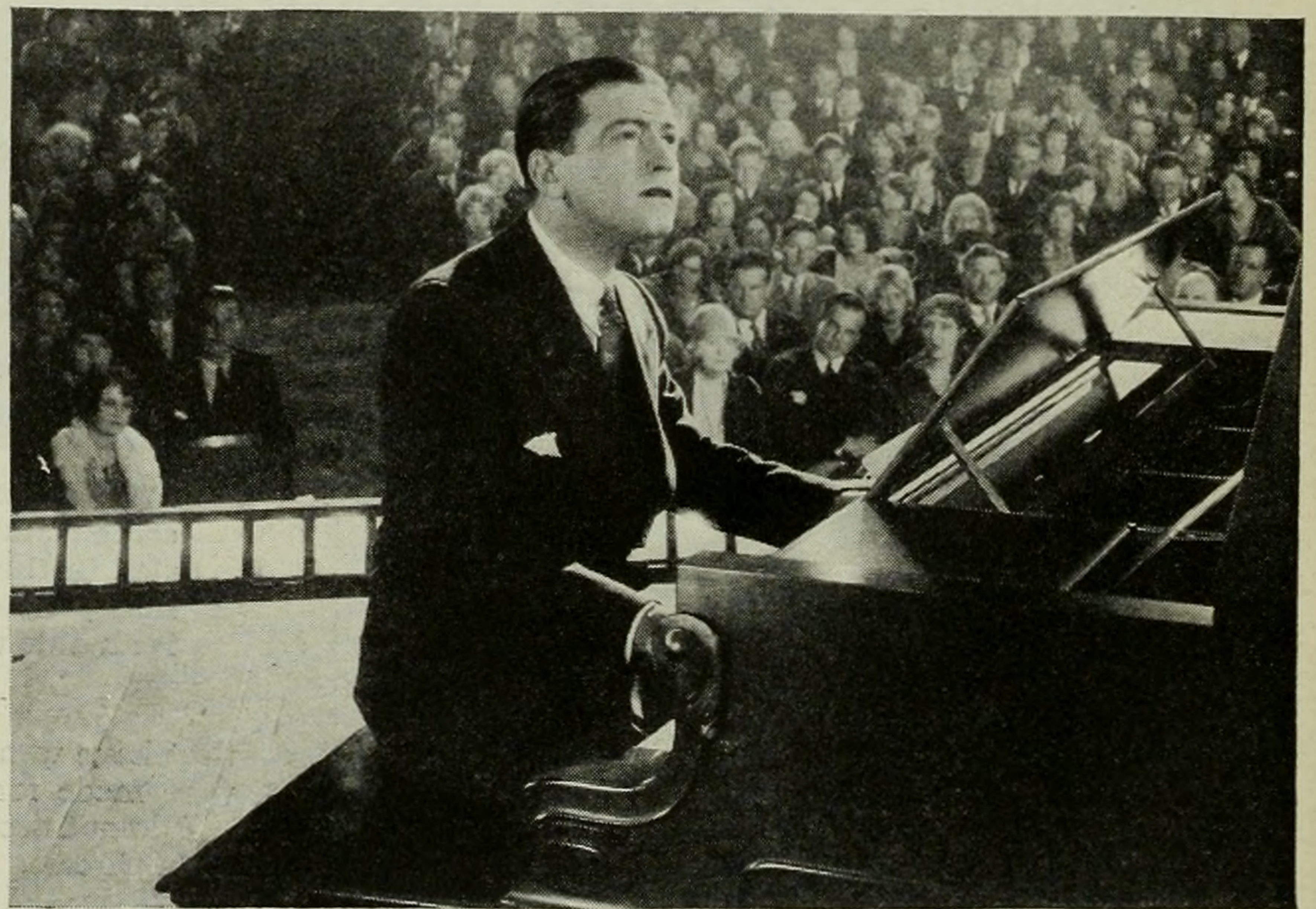
And when Barry Norton does a popular number to his own accompaniment in "Mother Knows Best," a quizzical light appears in the public's eye.

Then, too, when Laura La Plante strums the banjo in "Show Boat" and renders negro spirituals in below the Mason and Dixon line style, the public breaks out in an acute rash of curiosity which can be cured only by disclosing state secrets of the cinema.

Richard Barthelmess did not sing and play the piano in "Weary River." A double did it.

Corinne Griffith did not sing or play the harp in "The Divine Lady." A double did it.

Barry Norton did not sing in "Mother Knows Best." A double did it. He did, however, play the piano.

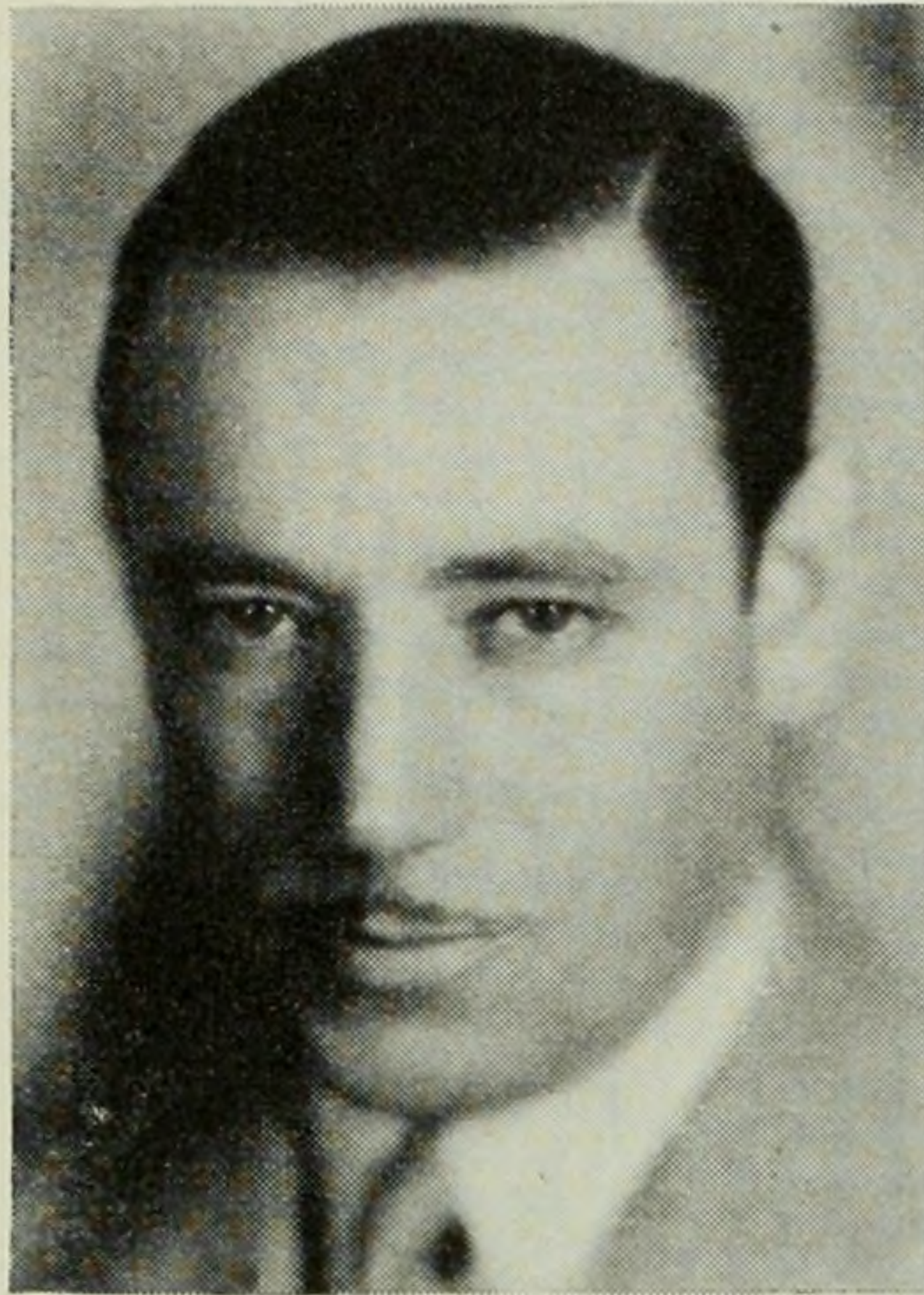


Everybody knows now that Richard Barthelmess did not sing in "Weary River." And, of course, he didn't play the piano. Johnny Murray sang "Weary River" into a "mike" out of range of the camera while Frank Churchill played the accompaniment. It was done very neatly



# Voice Doubling

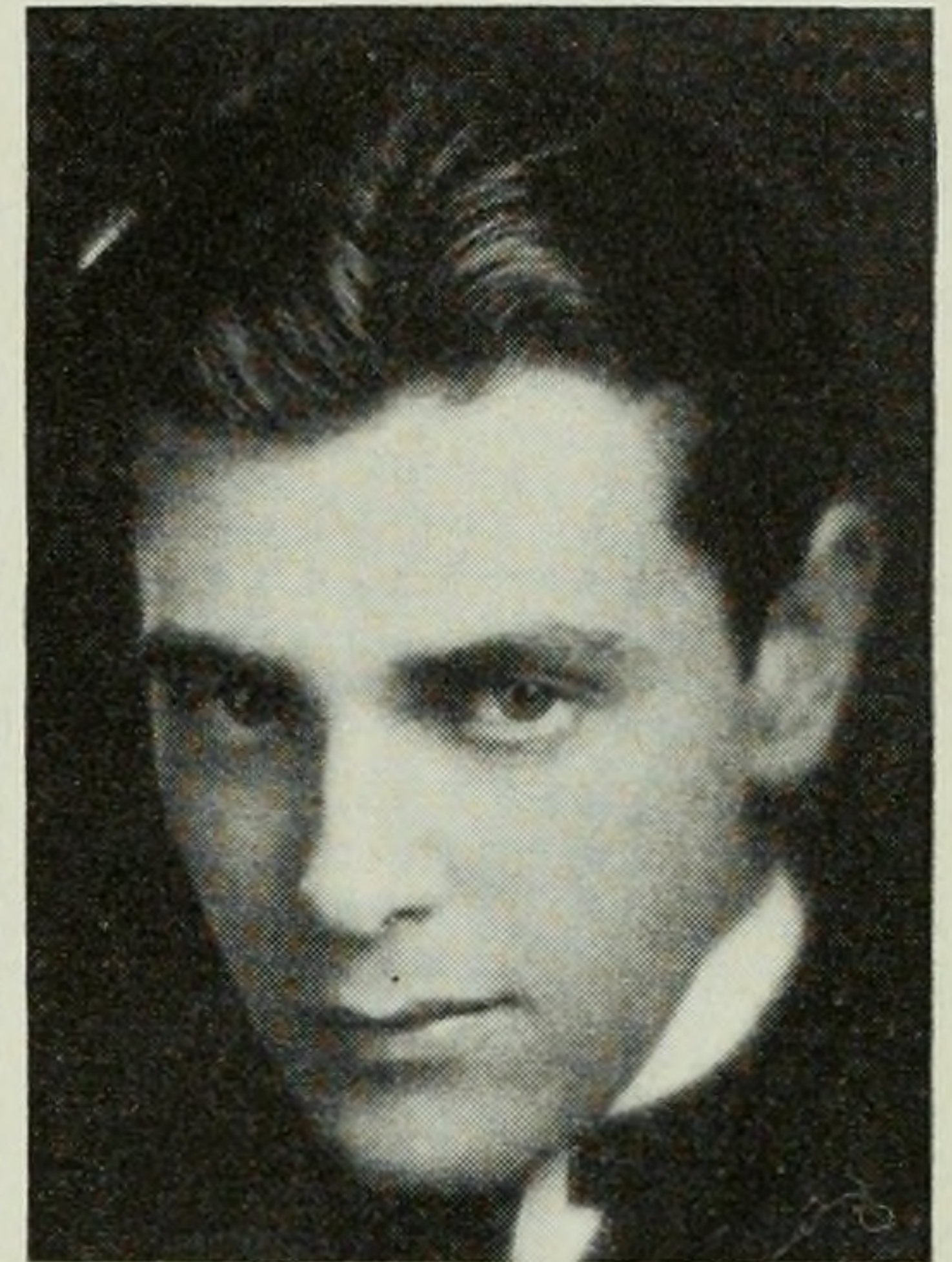
By  
Mark  
Larkin



**Lawford Davidson, who gets \$500 a week as Paul Lukas' voice double. Lukas has a heavy accent**



**Eva Olivotti, who did Laura La Plante's singing in "Show Boat" and did it very well, indeed**



**Johnny Murray, Dick Barthelmess' voice double. He's under contract to be Dick's voice for all 1929**

sing in forthcoming photoplays. "I am not a song and dance man," he explained, "and I don't want any pictures that feature me as such."

Nevertheless, Richard will sing — or rather someone will sing for him—in his forthcoming feature, titled at present, "Drag." That is, he will have a voice double unless they change the story. One never knows, you know, until the picture is released. There's many a slip between the screen and the cutting-room floor!

But Dick will not be seen actually in the act of singing as was the case in "Weary River." Probably there will be only his shadow, and the expression of the man for whom he is singing, this man—in the rôle of a song producer—registering reactions to the song.

If you saw "Weary River," you will remember that Dick sat at a piano and played and also sang. The means by which this was accomplished was ingenious, to say the least.

**Y**OU will remember that it was a grand piano. Mr. Barthelmess faced the audience. You did not see his hands upon the keys, yet you saw him go through the motions of playing and singing. And you heard what you thought was his voice. But it was not his voice.

Many persons have said that it was the voice of Frank Withers. But it was not. It was the voice of Johnny Murray, former cornetist at the Coconut Grove, and now under contract to First National to sing for Richard Barthelmess. He is a real, dyed-in-the-wool voice double, Johnny is.

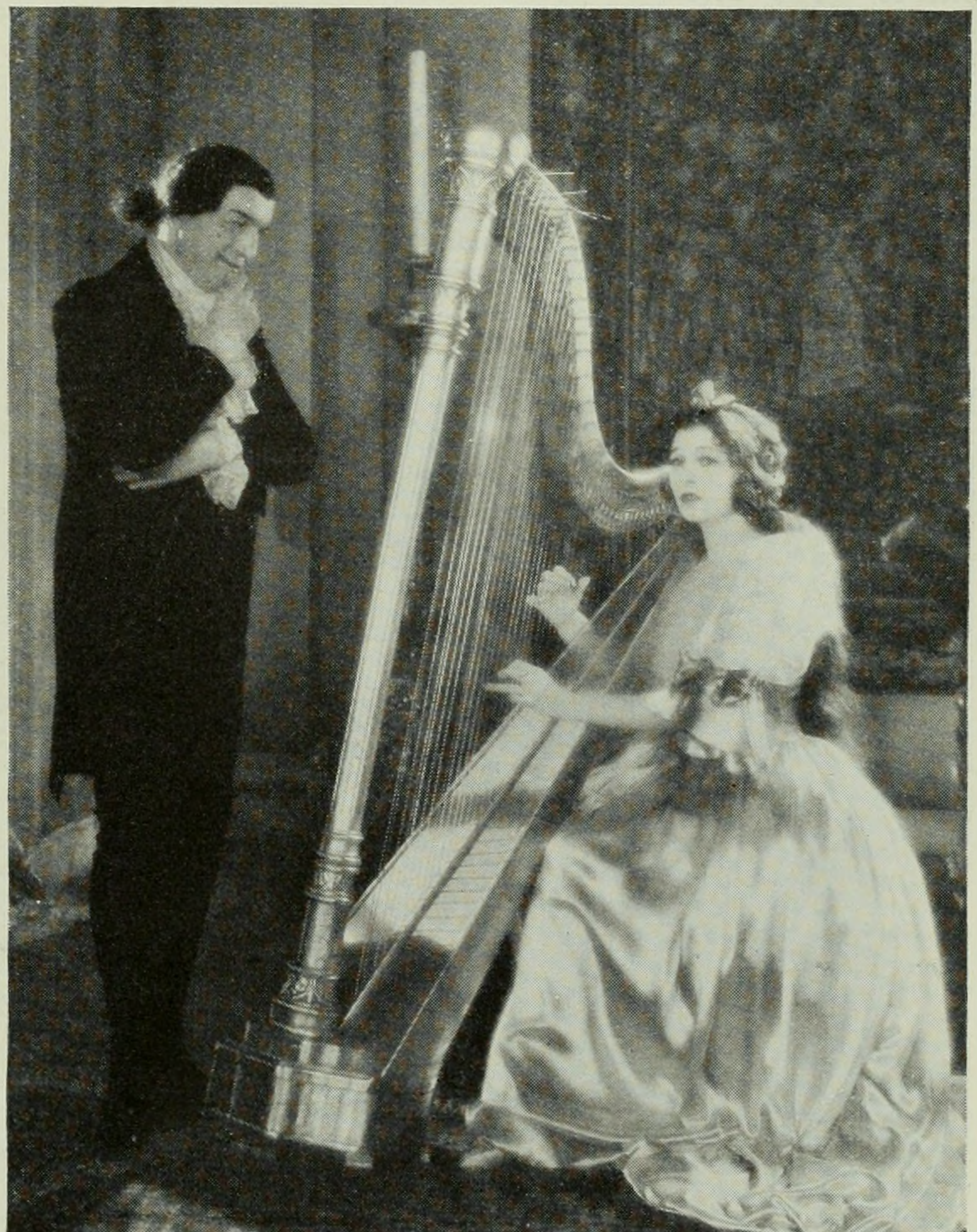
There was much enthusiasm on the set the day Johnny Murray put over the song, "Weary River." Dick threw his arm around Johnny's shoulder and said something like this: "Don't you ever die, young fella, or go East, or get run over, or anything!" And they both laughed.

Dick faced the audience during the filming of the scenes at the piano so as to conceal his hands. It has been said that a dummy keyboard was built on the side of the piano at which Dick sat, but that is not so. But the strings of the instrument were deadened with felt so that when Dick struck the keys the strings would give forth no sound. And Frank Churchill, pianist in a Hollywood theater orchestra, sat at a real piano off stage and played the accompaniment while Johnny

**It may surprise film fans who saw "The Divine Lady" to realize that Corinne Griffith neither sang nor played the harp. Miss Griffith did study the fingering of harp strings to get the correct illusion**

Murray sang. The recording microphone was close to them and nowhere near Barthelmess. Dick merely faked the singing and playing, but he did it so beautifully that the results were convincing beyond doubt.

Probably the highest paid voice double in pictures is Lawford Davidson, who doubles [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



# My Boy Buddy

PHOTOPLAY at last finds the father of a screen star who tells his own story

**N**AMING the "Baby" was the momentous question in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Rogers, Olathe, Kansas, on the evening of Friday, August 13, 1904, following the arrival of an eleven-pound boy. Our home was then on the west side of the public square, where now is located one of the largest buildings in Olathe, housing a garage and automobile sales room.

Although it was the 13th—and Friday—there was no thought of bad luck, although it was a mooted question whether the plump baby should be named for me, Bert, Junior, or Charles Edward—Charles for a deceased brother of mine and Edward for his maternal grandfather, Edward Moll. The latter was finally chosen but it was never used. As baby, boy, and young man he was never called anything but Buddy, so the name was given to Buddy's brother, who came six years later.

As to the origin of the name Buddy—a sister, Geraldine, almost three, really named him thus, which was as near as she could come to the word "brother." The name stuck—he



The future Paramount star at the age of four, a daring equestrian on his own Shetland pony. In those days Buddy hoped to be an editor like his dad when he grew up

at graduation from High School was issued to Charles Rogers, but all his teachers with one exception called him Buddy.

Much of his rearing was in the office of my paper, *The Olathe Mirror*, the oldest weekly in the State of Kansas. It was established in 1857 and has never missed a single issue, though, during the war, guerrillas plundered the town. The office was wrecked, some of the machinery destroyed and much of the type thrown out an upstairs window.

There were always bills to distribute—and I paid him the same as anyone else for handing them out, so he usually came to the *Mirror* office the first thing after school. He spent all day Saturday here, even before he became the regular devil at nine years of age. As devil he started fires, swept out, carried coal and kindling, ran errands, delivered *Mirrors*, as well as *The Daily Kansas City Star*. He had a route of sixty-three customers.

During school vacation Buddy put in full time and his pay was \$1.00 for a full day. Then, as he



Here is the whole Rogers family outside the Olathe home. From left to right: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Moll, Buddy's grandparents; Buddy, his mother, his father, his sister, Mrs. John Binford, of Lincoln, Neb., and his younger brother

By  
**B. H. Rogers**

*Editor of*  
**The Olathe,**  
**Kansas**  
*Weekly Mirror*

learned to run the job presses and the big cylinder press, he was paid more. During his high school years, he contributed to the *Mirror* a column of high school news weekly and, during vacation of the last two years, he assisted me in the front office, getting news, advertising, keeping books and doing the stenographic work.

There's just a little bit of Scotch and a lot of Irish in Buddy and, with him, a dollar made was a dollar saved. To the amount he actually saved each week I would add fifty per cent in order to foster the thrift habit. When he would save \$40.00 or \$50.00 he would turn it over to me, and I would give him my note for the amount. On this I would pay him seven per cent interest.

As he grew older I paid him more wages, until, when he was fifteen years of age, he had saved \$500.00, on which I paid him interest. When he was chosen to go to the Paramount school at the age of twenty, I returned to him something more than \$700.00 and it was with this earned money that he paid his necessary expenses while in the Paramount Training School. So, in reality, he financed himself in the big venture.

**S**O he did during his three years in the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, by playing drums and trombone in his college dance orchestra. His entire college expenses did not cost me a single dime—in fact, after his three years' schooling, he returned to Olathe, having saved \$150.00.

During the summer of 1922 Buddy took his orchestra over a Chautauqua circuit of thirteen states in the Middle West. For his services as drummer and trombonist, as well as leader of the orchestra, he received \$60.00 a week, with transportation paid. Each Monday morning I received from him, to be banked in his name, all but \$8.00 or \$10.00, which he reserved for eats—often going without breakfast in order to send that much more home to be put in his savings account.

Nor did he stop at the best hotels on the way, as you may have surmised from the amount saved. He had a cot and slept in the Chautauqua tent. The savings of that summer, something like \$700.00, he applied on the purchase of a farm near Olathe, which we now own in partnership.

It was purchased at a bargain in order to settle an estate. As it had



**Buddy Rogers and his father, who wrote this story of his son for PHOTOPLAY. B. H. Rogers' newspaper is the oldest weekly in Kansas. Buddy started by distributing hand bills for his dad**

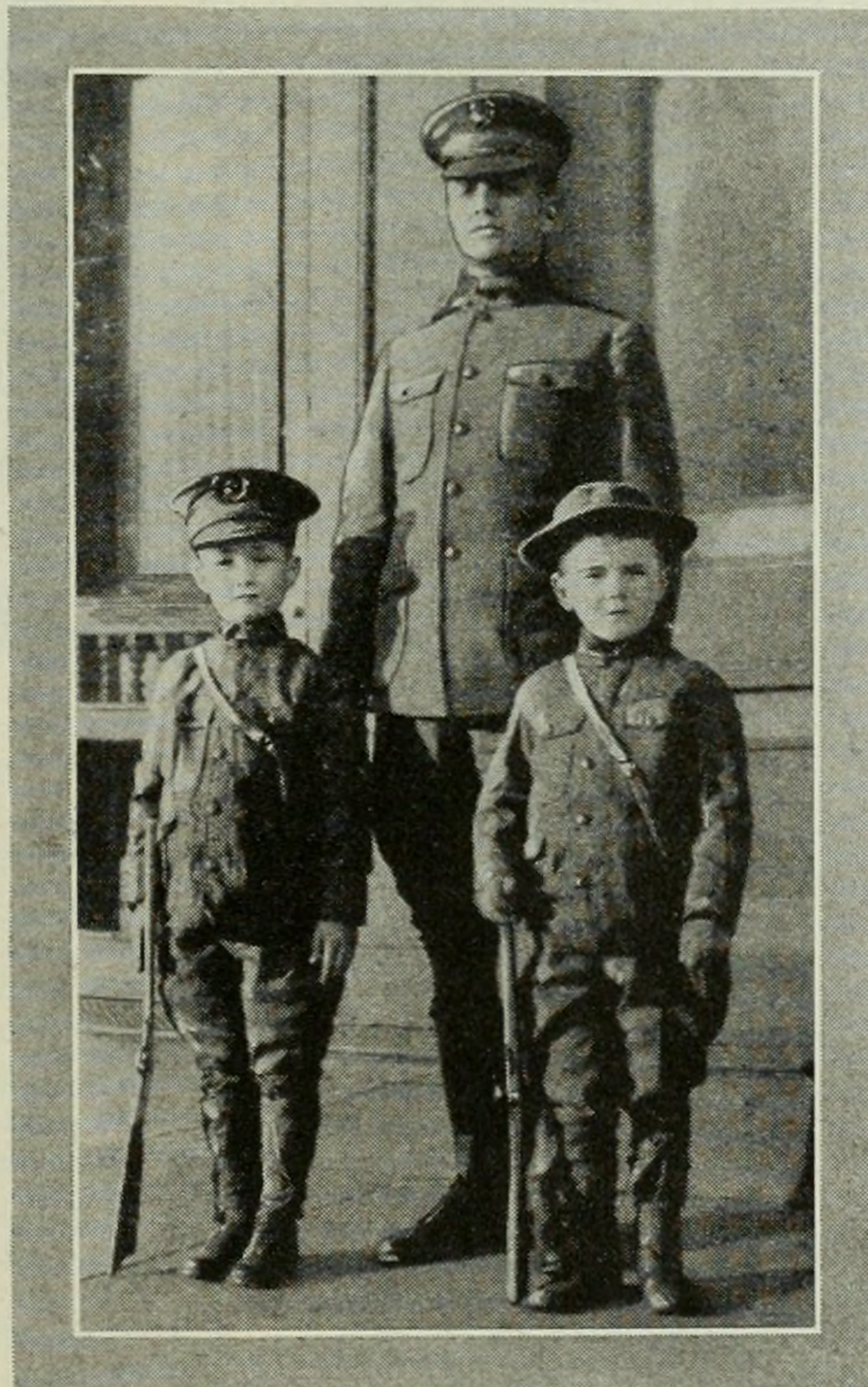
been rented so long, it was run down, and as a result, we bought it very cheaply. We sowed the entire eighty acres to sweet clover, the greatest fertilizer known.

Now, after four years it is in wheat and it is said to be the best field in the county. The farm has doubled in value.

During the summer of 1923 Buddy and a fraternity brother, Dean Boggs, together with twenty other college youths, went to Spain as chambermaids to a shipload of 800 mules. A Spanish buyer had purchased these in Kansas for shipment to Barcelona, Spain. Each boy received \$1.00 per day and expenses on the trip. They toured the country, then came back on a steamer, as steerage passengers, landing at New York, where they bought an old Ford, drove through to Olathe, arriving here with but ten cents each in their pockets. The Ford was traveling then on four rims.

**J**UST here I want to say two things about Buddy, which to me mean infinitely more than his immense salary or the unlimited publicity he receives. First—he has never given me a minute's anxiety in his whole life of twenty-four years; second—he has not changed in the slightest degree from the day he was five years old or ten or fifteen or twenty.

I think more of a statement of his, which you may have read, than I would think of a gift of a million dollars. That statement was made some weeks ago, when an interviewer asked Buddy what his reaction was to all this fame, wealth and the receipt of 23,000 fan letters a month. As you know, he leads all men of the movies by a wide margin. Among [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



**At the left you see Buddy. At the right is his chum, Robert Thorne. The military guardian is Buddy's uncle, A. G. Moll, of the U. S. Army**



# A JUNGLE Lorelei

By

Herbert Howe

When you see King Vidor's "Hallelujah," watch for the tawny Nina May. Nina longs for dresses like Gloria Swanson's and "diamonds dribblin' all over my physique—um-um!" And she wants to go to Paris to be a hit like Josephine Baker. Nina isn't quite eighteen. She went on the stage at fifteen, in a Harlem negro revue



**S**HE rolled them eyes and she rolled them hips, *Um-um!* . . . Shake that thing!

"I ain't eighteen yet!" she squealed as she rolled a tantalizing eye and a hot marimba movement. Who taught her to say that, who did?

"Oh, you the gentleman from PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE?" Her eyes bulged and her being jelled. "*Um-um!* I just love write-ups!"

"*Um-um!*" said I. "I just love being a writer-up!"

Nina May McKenney is the little colored spasm of King Vidor's all-colored "Hallelujah." Irving Thalberg says Nina is the greatest acting discovery of the age, and I'll say she certainly acts with every fiber.

It was the "Hallelujah" set with the whole troupe steppin'. Shake that thing! Do it, do it! Come on an' show your sex attraction!

On the next stage Fred Niblo's white collegiates were cutting capers, and I'm proud to say that our white boys and girls are not far behind the colored in the back-to-jungle movements.

That evening I was Nina May's guest at the Apex Cafe in darktown, Central Avenue, Los Angeles. All the colored celebrities were there. It was a most biggety affair.

Nina was togged like Sheba, with a silver turban and a gown that would have passed for her skin had it not been pink. "Sure does crowd my physique, this dress," she said, hitching it around after each dance.

Nina isn't black, she's coppersy with a [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

*She may be black but she's got a blonde soul—and Hollywood says Nina May is a great acting discovery*

# The Lawyer for the Defense

Raymond Hackett  
pleads himself into a  
talkie hit

*By Muriel Babcock*

"HERE is a heart for you," said the veteran actor to the very small boy. "Remember, it will break easily. Treat it tenderly, carefully, reverently."

With a grandiloquent gesture he pinned the tiny red heart to the child's velveteen jacket.

And the boy, blue-eyed, tow-headed, serious-minded, looked up gravely and said, "I will."

These lines were from a play, "The Toymaker of Nuremberg."

The boy was Raymond Hackett, the veteran actor William J. Ferguson, and the play was at the old Garrick Theater in New York.

In telling of the incident last year at the Lambs Club, Ferguson said, "And the lad sounded as if he were making a vow."

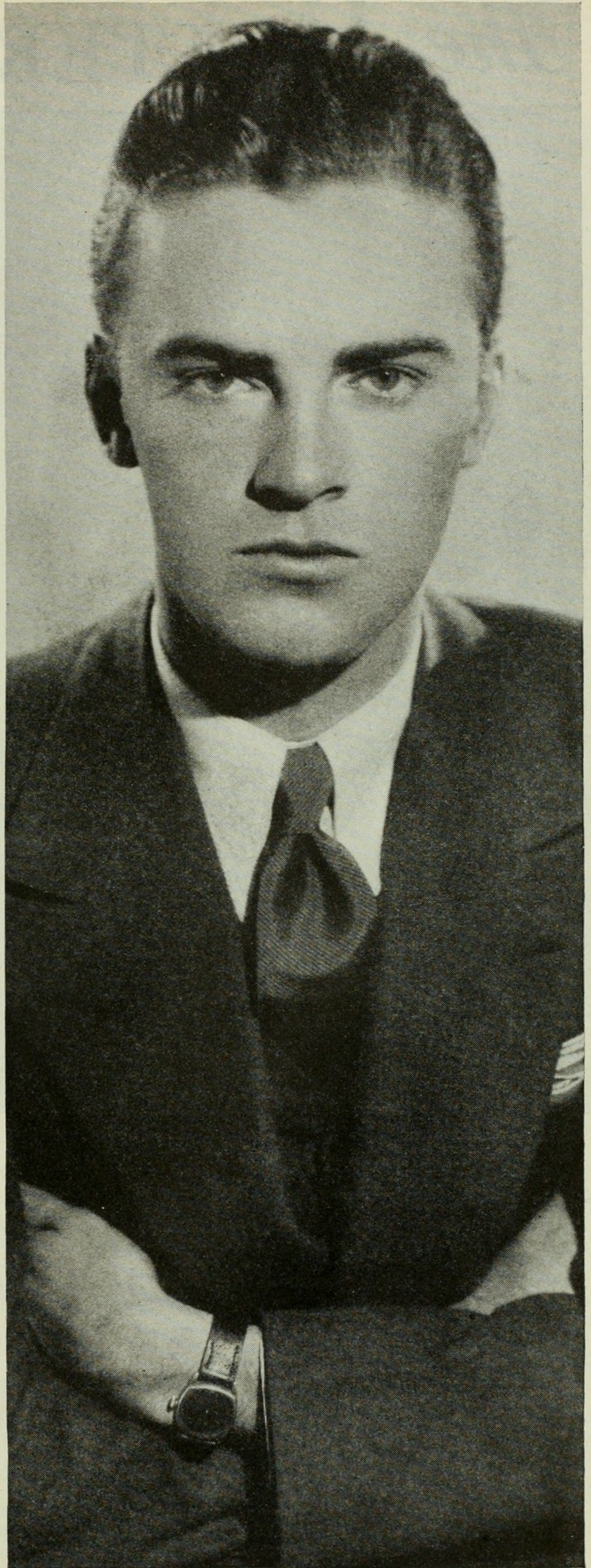
Perhaps he was; who knows? For today Raymond Hackett does not remember that speech. Nor does he recall anything about the little toy heart that would break so easily. Yet, ever since he was in knee pants, Raymond Hackett's life has been one of responsibility. He cannot remember his father, a wholesale grocer, who died suddenly, leaving a young widow practically penniless. He began contributing to the care of his mother at the age of four—he and his brother Albert and his sister Jeannette.

The part in "The Toymaker of Nuremberg" was his first that brought in money to help the family budget. Undoubtedly, therefore, it wielded a psychological influence upon his entire life.

Perhaps that is why the rôle of the young attorney fighting passionately in the courtroom for the life and honor of a sister in "The Trial of Mary Dugan" seems to have

**A serious-eyed small boy, he played with his stepfather, the beloved Arthur Johnson, in the old Lubin thrillers**

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 121 ]



# The BUTTERFLY Man



*The man who loved life*

**T**HE man who loved life.  
And the girl who loved laughter.  
Surely, surely, a romance between those two should have spelled happiness.  
Yet Mabel Normand lies seriously ill at her home in Hollywood, and out on the desert, Lew Cody is fighting a desperate battle for strength to go to her.  
They called him the butterfly man on the twenty-four sheets that acclaimed his witty, worldly pictures.  
And we who knew her called her the beautiful clown.  
They met and laughed together. Laughter ripened into friendship, and friendship ripened into love and love suggested marriage—at three o'clock upon a September morning almost three years ago.  
Their wedding march was a dance tune and in gay, golden bubbles they drank their marriage toast.  
We read about it in the morning paper. We were a little surprised. After all, we hadn't realized that Lew and Mabel were in love. They had seemed almost too good friends to be

## The sad love story of two gay and gallant stars

in love. Then, when the surprise had passed, we were delighted. It seemed such a natural, right thing. Lew would take care of Mabel and Mabel would take care of Lew. Their home would be full of life and laughter—a splendid place to drop in for wit and gaiety and good fellowship.

But sometimes two and two don't make four. That is why some folks call life a game.

The love story of Mabel Normand and Lew Cody has not, so far, had the happy ending which we had written for it.

No one—least of all Lew and Mabel—knows what lies beyond. Somehow they seem now to stand hand in hand against a slowly darkening sky.

There is confetti yet in Mabel's dark curls—bright, silly stuff.

Her tiny feet are bound fast with yards and yards of the colored paper ribbons that clutter dance floors after a party.

**H**ER eyes are twin graves of laughter. And nothing is so sad as dead laughter.

Under the elegant motley he has always worn, Lew's shoulders seem to sag with despair. For life doesn't come to you. You have to go out and meet it and Lew can no longer do that. He has always gone forth gallantly to meet life—the good and the bad, the successes and the failures, the lean days and the fat ones.

Looking at Lew in the game of life you could never tell whether he was winning or losing. Only being denied a seat at the table has brought him to despair. But the candle he burned so brightly—"my candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night, but oh, my friends, and ah, my foes, it gives a lovely light"—is very, very low.

Only a miracle, the doctors say, can bring Mabel back to health.

But, where Mabel is concerned, I want to believe in miracles. I want to believe in some kind hand that will reach down and lift up that tragic, helpless little figure—the most tragic of all Hollywood's broken idols—and put it back at the start of things again. Surely somewhere—if not here, somewhere else—a kindly God can turn back the hands of the clock just a few brief years and let Mabel start all over again. It doesn't seem much to ask for the girl who never did harm to anyone in all her life.

**I**T seems that whatever power planned things in the beginning owes Mabel something for giving her that divine gift of laughter and then sending her through life without any protection from the ruthless parasites, the selfish sycophants, the birds of prey that hover over the gay, the talented, the generous.

Mabel Normand was the greatest comedienne the screen ever knew. I would not dare to make that statement upon my own opinion alone. I heard it said first by Charlie Chaplin. No one, I think, would dispute his authority. I have heard it said often since by those who should know.

# *and the* Little CLOWN

*By*  
Adela Rogers  
St. Johns

Yet today when she lies so desperately ill we remember that it is years since we saw her on the screen, since "Mickey" delighted us past measure. She has been out of pictures for years, when her great talent should have been keeping pace with the development of the motion picture art. Today she should occupy the place among the women of the screen that Chaplin holds among the men.

But Mabel is proof positive that women are not able to meet the world as men meet it. Physically and professionally she broke under the things piled up against her. We are the losers, for we, too, have lost Mabel's gift of laughter.

Perhaps there will be a miracle.

I KNOW. Who better? I am proud to say that I have been her friend since first she came to the land of motion pictures from some factory in Brooklyn, a mingling of youth and beauty and laughter that fairly took our breath away.

I know what is chalked up against her.

A lot of hot-headed, wild, young foolishness such as most of the flaming youth of today has to grow out of.

But bad luck rode beside her on the highway.

She got herself into messes that made great headlines. Her friends got her into things. Mabel has always been the fall guy. She never got away with anything in her life. There are plenty of girls in the world who have done in fact the things Mabel was only suspected of, and they have righted themselves and gone on. But Mabel had no balance, no perspective, no cold streak through her warm emotionalism to teach her how to handle life.

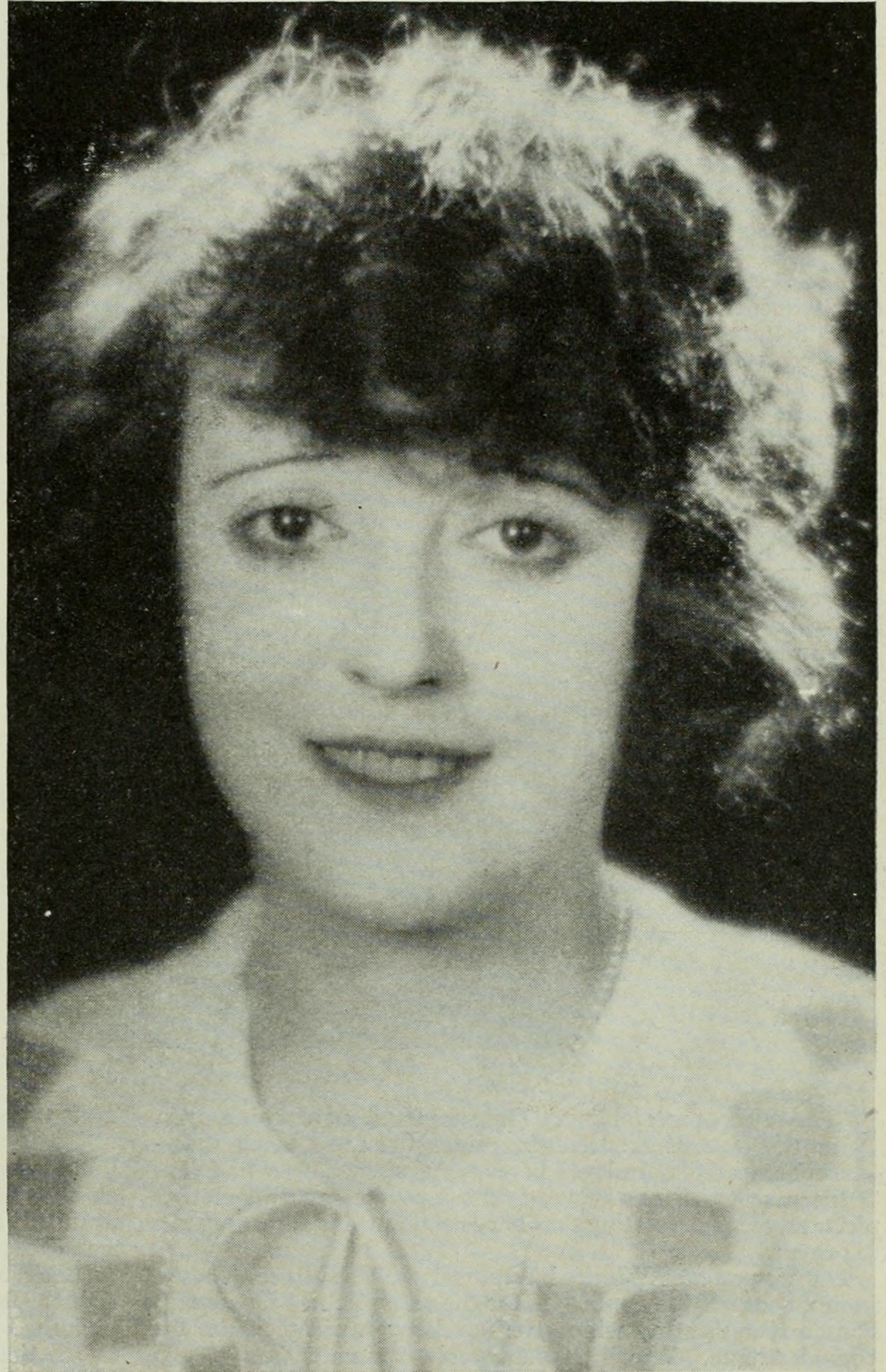
More brains and less sense than any woman I ever knew—that is what I would say of Mabel.

You don't hear about that brilliant, fascinating, cultured brain of Mabel's. Mention any of the great books of the past ten years, either in French or English. She has read them and she has thoughts about them almost as interesting as the books themselves.

You don't know that, even in these last years when Mabel has been far from herself, there are a dozen of the cleverest men and women in Hollywood who delighted to spend a quiet evening before her fireside, talking books and music, men and world affairs.

YOU don't know that all Hollywood, from the topmost rung of the ladder to the depths of the lowest gutter, is spangled with Mabel's enormous charity. Real charity—for it came from a purse that was often empty, from a heart that was near breaking, from a mind that always managed to find some good in everyone, even those who found no good in her.

You don't hear how, in the old days, Mabel brought her divine gift of laughter into our dark days—and how she could, in some way, make laughter synonymous with courage.



*The girl who loved laughter*

The world doesn't know those things and even in Hollywood, they have been too easily forgotten.

But the world knows, and Hollywood, which has become very self-protective and a little smug with success, remembers a lot of other things and that remembrance has weighed upon Mabel and broken her.

William Desmond Taylor and his murder!

How that thing did cling to Mabel's skirts for years because she was the last person known to have seen him alive.

If she told me herself that she knew who shot Bill Taylor, I wouldn't believe her. And let me tell you that there were two nights, one on the long distance telephone to Chicago, one in a house in Altadena soon after the tragedy, when I believe that if Mabel had known who shot him, she *would* have told me.

When you come right down to it, what was there about Mabel's connection with the Taylor murder that should have been held against her? She had dropped in to see her friend, Bill Taylor. Mabel had many men friends. Later, that same night, someone killed him. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123 ]

# She Prayed for the

# PART

Winifred Westover, whose three-year belief that she would be the final choice for the title rôle in "LummoX" is as amazing a story as we have ever printed. She has been absent from the screen for about eight years, has played opposite well-known stars but has never before been starred herself



And having prayed, knew beyond doubt that she would get it

By  
Frank Pope

the year she married William S. Hart.) "My retirement was the result of the agreement made when we separated. Enough of that was published at the time; there is no need of raking it up now. After the separation, I had my boy, of course; but something inside of me had died. I felt like a dead person. Life seemed over. It was terrible.

"Nearly three years ago 'LummoX' appeared as a serial in a magazine and I read it. I bought the book when it was published and I read it again and again. From the moment I first read it, I wanted it to be made into a picture and I wanted to play the title rôle.

That was the time I began to pray for it.

"I knew I could play the character. I understood that woman. I knew everything she thought and felt. 'LummoX' became an obsession with me. And I knew even then that my prayers would be answered, that a picture would be made and that I would play the rôle.

"Then one of the smaller producers bought the picture rights. It made no difference to me what company made the picture; I would be in it. I was involved in legal difficulties at the time, but not even those took my mind from the main object, nor weakened my faith. The agreement which kept me from the screen was set aside, and that strengthened me. It was a good sign.

"THEN it was announced that Herbert Brenon had bought the story. Although I knew that he would make 'Sorrell and Son' and another picture before 'LummoX,' that he could not set even an approximate date for starting work on it, I still prayed, I still held my faith that I would be chosen.

"Last January the plans for the production were started. I tried to see Mr. Brenon, but he had gone to New York. I had realized that, if I were to play the rôle, I must be heavy, as *LummoX* was. Up to that time, in common with most women, my desire had been to stay slender. Now I wished to be heavy. I ate and ate and ate—heavy foods, fattening foods. I gained twenty-five pounds.

"I went to Myron Selznick, whom I knew well, and asked him to give me a letter to Mr. Brenon. He advised me to see Frank Joyce, and I did. I convinced him that I should have the rôle and he sent a wire to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

IT really was astounding. This was Hollywood which, even in this age of modernism, prides itself on being ultra-sophisticated. And yet here was a woman who had just been selected for the year's most coveted rôle in motion pictures, calmly asserting that her selection was a direct answer to prayer.

The woman was Winifred Westover. She had been chosen from among all the applicants for the title rôle in "LummoX," Fannie Hurst's story which Herbert Brenon will picturize for United Artists. Why? Her answer was simple.

"Because I prayed for it."

She has not appeared on the screen for about eight years. She was, some years ago, a leading woman who played opposite some prominent stars and who worked for some competent directors. But she never had been a star. Why was she selected?

"Because I prayed for it."

"Do you mean that you believe your selection was a direct answer to your prayers?"

"I know it was," she answered. "For nearly three years I have known that I would eventually be selected for the rôle. There never was any doubt in my mind. Many others wanted the rôle. Many others were said to have been chosen. I knew better. I knew that, when the final choice was made, I would be chosen."

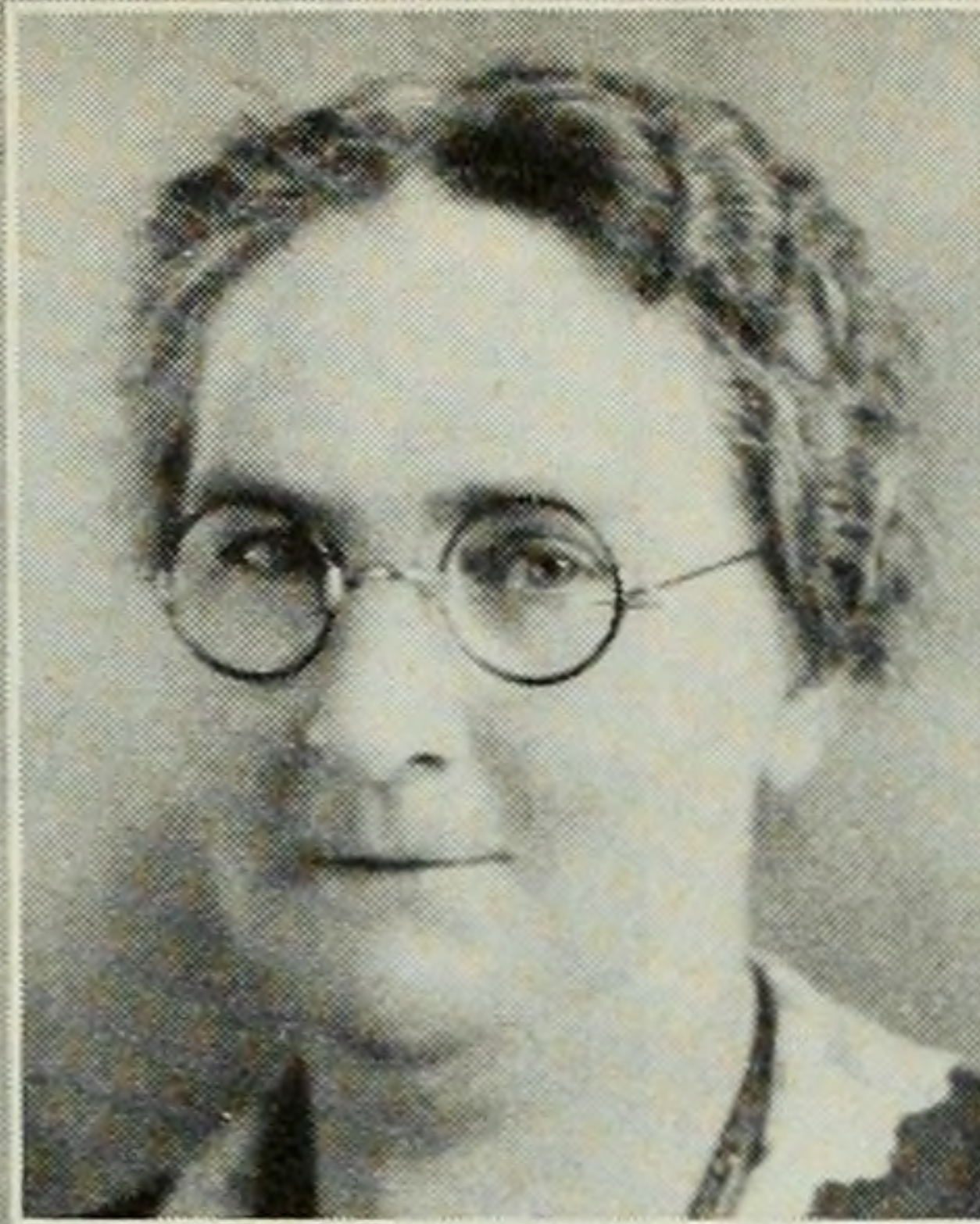
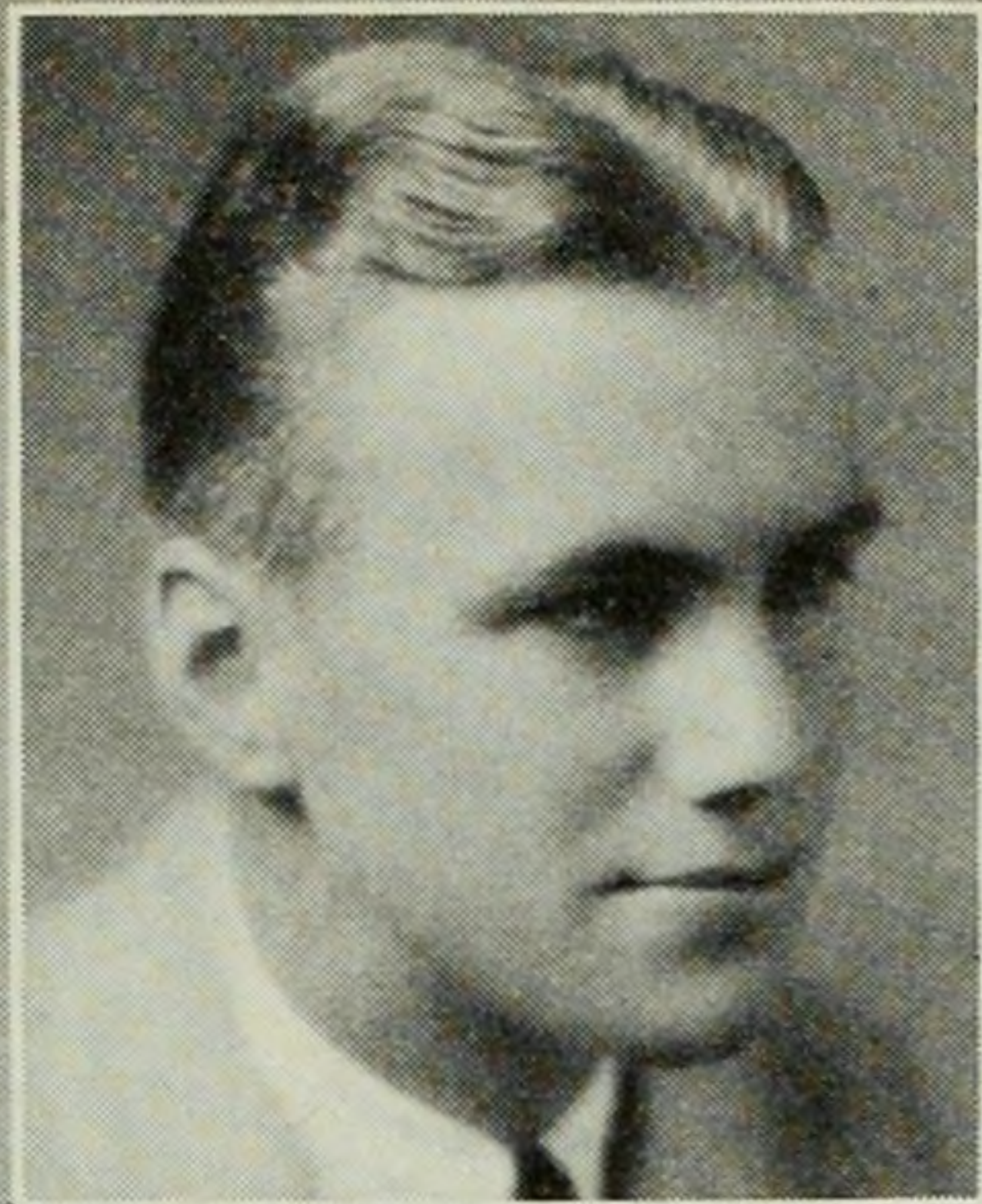
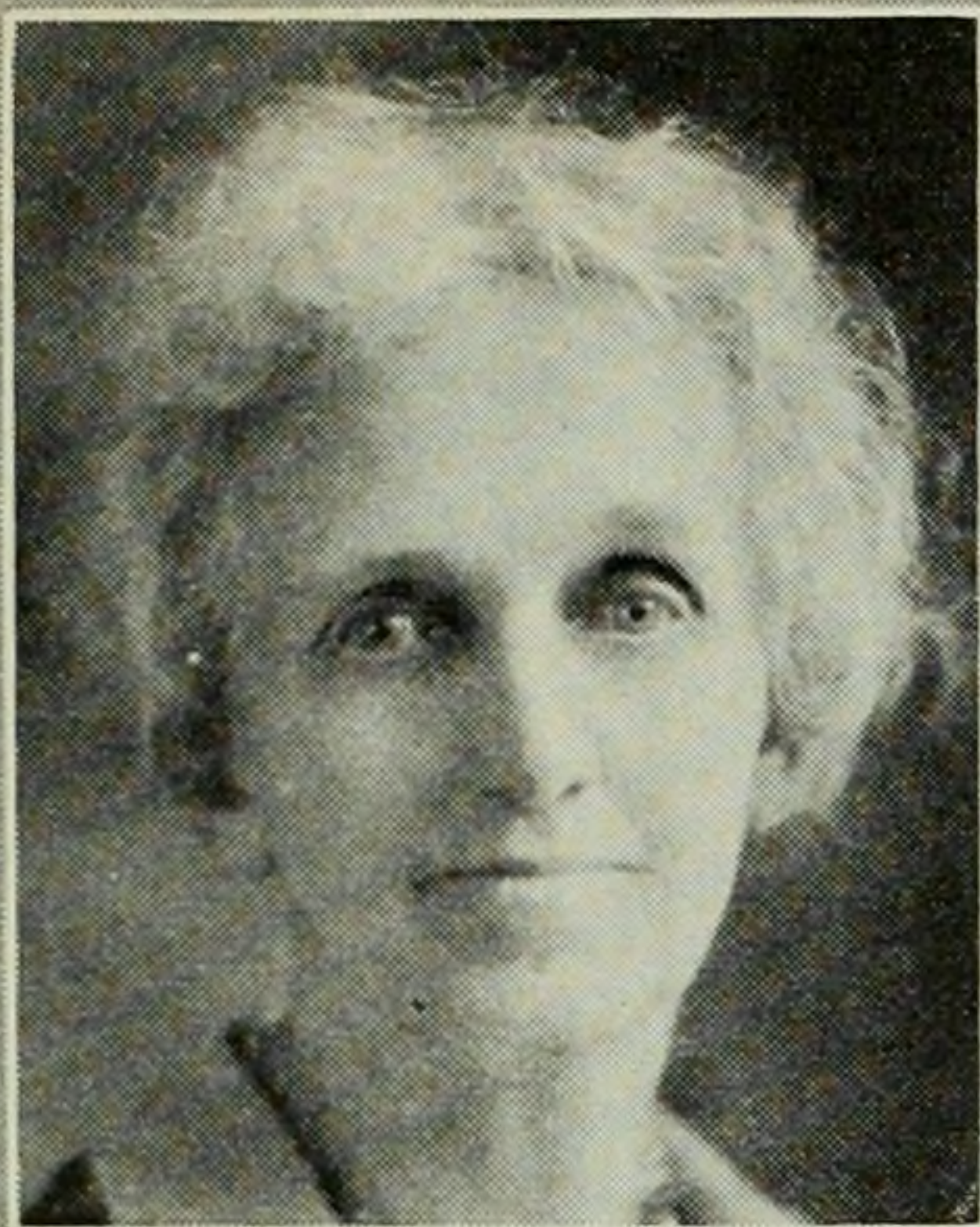
Understand, this woman was not posing. She has a faith so childlike that it is almost sublime. Her very simplicity carries conviction. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said:—

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find."

"I have been off the screen since 1921," she said. (That was

Winifred Westover flings a challenge to scoffers





**First Prize**

**\$1,000**

**Mrs. Mary M. Hoar  
Barre, Vt.**

**Second Prize**

**\$500**

**Robert W. Goetz  
Riverside, Calif.**

**Third Prize**

**\$350**

**Mrs. B. C. Norment  
Thomasville, N. C.**

**Fourth Prize**

**\$150**

**Clare Rusk  
Baltimore, Md.**

# Lucky Amateur Detectives

**\$3,000, in nineteen prizes, go to PHOTOPLAY readers who solve Studio Murder Mystery**

**T**HE jury of judges in The Studio Murder Mystery Contest has announced its verdict and checks have been mailed to the lucky amateur detectives who best solved how and why Franz Seibert, the director of Superior Films, killed one of his chief actors, Dwight Hardell.

It was no easy matter to examine and analyze every one of the many thousands of solutions submitted from every state in the Union and nearly every country on the globe. Indeed, the judges were weeks in arriving at their final decisions.

Here it is interesting to comment upon the thousands of solutions submitted. The great majority of PHOTOPLAY's non-professional detectives picked Seibert as the real culprit. Unfortunately, nearly all of these contestants missed out in the German director's motives, as well as in the state of mind prompting these motives.

The most common error was to say that Seibert killed Hardell in a rage, artistic or personal, whereas the director was absolutely cool, the crime being premeditated and carefully planned. Secondly, most of the amateur detectives forgot the motor-driven camera and were forced to conclude that Seibert was aided in his crime by Serge, the Russian cameraman.

A third error was to have Seibert kill Hardell in physical combat. This missed the real fact that Hardell was lying within the chalk lines on the floor of the set when the director thrust the rapier through his heart.

Every character in the mystery story was suspected by at least a hundred or so contestants. Oddly enough, the unnamed nurse who attended Beth MacDougal was strongly under suspicion, although there was nothing tangible in the story to point to this conclusion. However, Rosenthal, Billy West, Yvonne Beaumont, Lannigan, MacDougal, his daughter, Beth; Serge, the prop boy, the office boy, and even the studio guards were named as the murderer or murderers.

**S**OME of the contestants believed that Hardell was electrocuted on the wire-charged studio fence while attempting to get back in the studio.

Some of the ingenious contestants, apparently affected by the kind of publicity that emerges frequently from Hollywood, suspected that the whole thing was a publicity stunt—and that Hardell would reappear in the last chapter.

Some of the contestants have written to PHOTOPLAY, stating

that the final chapter left a number of loose ends. To these inquiries, PHOTOPLAY can only point out the foremost mystery story successes of the day. All of these crime novels leave numerous loose ends. This is part of the game of hiding the real culprit, for it sends readers galloping up blind alleys.

A few contestants think that Seibert's occult interest—and his subsequent desire for a visible record of a man's death—should have been pointed out in an early chapter. It is obvious that this would have placed the foreign director definitely as the murderer. Moreover, a consistent study of Seibert's character and background makes this occult angle a logical and understandable part of his mad mental processes. The fact that it was guessed by some of the lucky contestants proves this point.

**T**HE first prize, of \$1,000, was awarded to Mrs. Mary M. Hoar, of 31 East Street, Barre, Vt. Mrs. Hoar, a lifelong resident of Barre, is the widow of Richard Alexander Hoar, one of the prominent attorneys of central Vermont and a distinguished criminal lawyer of his day. Mrs. Hoar lives with her 91-year-old mother, Mrs. Lewis Keith, four miles from Barre, her home looking out upon the Green Mountains.

Mrs. Hoar has five children. One daughter, Miss E. M. M. Hoar, is a lawyer.

Second prize, of \$500, goes to Cadet Robert W. Goetz, of the March Field Air Corps, of Riverside, Calif. Cadet Goetz is twenty-one years old and was born at Minneapolis, Minn. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Goetz, reside in St. Paul, Minn.

Cadet Goetz was graduated from the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul and for two years attended the University of Wisconsin. He passed his entrance examinations in the air corps and is now in training in California as a flying cadet.

The third prize, of \$350, was awarded to Mrs. B. C. Norment, of Thomasville, North Carolina. Mrs. Norment is a public school teacher. After graduating from college, Mrs. Norment taught the piano for a number of years. She married and took up the career of a housewife. The sudden death of her husband left her with two children to support and Mrs. Norment turned to teaching again, this time in the Thomasville public school.

The fourth prize, of \$150, was captured by Miss Clare Rusk, of 1801 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md. Miss Rusk, who was born and raised in Baltimore, is [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119 ]

# Some Hints from the Stars on arrang-



Estelle Taylor started it. But Raquel Torres illustrates for you here how fly-away hair that is too long to hang down and too short to coil up can be deftly held together in a charming *chignon*. The method is amusingly simple. Stretch a sturdy rubber band across the back of the hair, catching it securely behind each ear with a hairpin. Give the pin a little twist as you insert it, and it will hold fast. Then coil the ends of the hair over the elastic, fastening with plenty of tiny hairpins. This arrangement gives the effect of long hair

**A** VISITOR passing through Hollywood one afternoon stopped to look at a sorrowing group of men marching along the boulevard. At first glance they might have been foreign actors with accents, fleeing before the shadow of the microphone. They might have been producers who hadn't merged. They were neither. Only a group of barbers who were folding their scissors and silently stealing away.

Hollywood seems to be growing out. Dozens of the film gals are letting their hair go feminine again. But not all by any means.

The feminine members of the film colony may be divided into four opinions. There are those who have had long hair all during those hectic shearing days (Mary Philbin, Mary Brian, Norma Shearer, June Collyer).

There are some who have always had bobbed hair and continue to have it (Dorothy Sebastian, Clara Bow, Florence Vidor, Alice White, Bebe Daniels, Norma Talmadge).

Then there is the "yes and no" group—those who have bobbed, grown out and bobbed again (Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante, Jean Arthur, Esther Ralston, Olive Borden, Evelyn Brent).

And, most important of all, you'll find the group that is just growing out.

They are passing through that awkward stage.

Every woman who has let her hair grow knows what this means. A continual worry for many months. Dozens of boxes of invisible hairpins. Stray, unruly hair.

But take courage. Take a lot of courage. There are ways for everyone, with every type of hair, to overcome this.



**The Garbo cut needs no introduction. It has spread like wildfire through every city and town. This photograph of the pensive Greta shows a particularly pleasing variation of her versatile bob**

One of the most practical methods is that employed by a number of the players, including Estelle Taylor and Raquel Torres. It is done with a simple twist of the wrist and a plain rubber band.

The elastic is pulled taut across the back of the head and is held in place with two hairpins, one behind each ear. This keeps the hair smooth at the back. Then the long hair that is so unpleasant on the nape of the neck is curled up tight to conceal the band.

**A** NOTHER ingenious method is employed by Leila Hyams. Her hair is growing out both at the back and the sides. She pins it in tightly over the ears, keeps it marcelled and wears a false braid, coronet fashion, which is pinned in at the back keeping the back hair in place. The braid is then pinned over the top of the head.

False hair is also used effectively by Anita Page. She keeps those back ends down by pinning tightly across them a set of little curls.

Mary Astor has just bobbed her hair, but she intends to wear it both ways. Incidentally, her method is a good one while the hair is growing out.

A small *chignon* was made of the hair that was cut off and this is pinned tightly across the back while the sides are allowed to fluff out softly around the face.

You'd never believe, to look at Nancy Carroll, that her hair is really nape-of-the-neck length. It looks as if she has a smart bob and this is done by separating the back hair

into eight parts and coiling each part separately. Then it is pinned securely to the nape of the neck, the shorter top hair is combed over it and the effect is that of a neatly cropped head.

ing hair that is neither bobbed nor long

That

# Awkward Length

By Katherine Albert



Laura La Plantelet her hair grow for her rôle of *Magnolia* in "Show Boat." But when the picture was finished she hid herself to the barber and had it cut again in her favorite almost-boyish style



Olive Borden belongs to the "yes and no" group—those who have bobbed, grown out and bobbed again. Olive has recently succumbed to the very short clip—off the ears, softly waved around the forehead

There is another method that some of the girls use. When Joan Crawford started to let her hair grow, she accomplished it neatly by allowing the sides to grow, but keeping the back clipped to avoid an unkempt look.

When the sides were long enough she brought them together at the back to hide the short hair and then started to let the back hair grow. Joan had to have her hair cut again for a screen rôle, and at this writing she is wearing it very short.

Billy Dove's hair is now long enough to do up easily. It is shoulder length and can be brought into a coil at the back of the head. Loretta Young may do the same thing, although occasionally, with sports clothes, she wears the very long bob.

AND Doris Dawson can do up her hair at the back. But you will notice that most of the girls with long hair keep it short at the sides and around the face. The softness is flattering and makes hats more becoming.

And, speaking of hats, that seems to be the main trouble with long hair. Then take a tip from Ann Pennington, whose hair is unusually long and



And Leila Hyams is "growing out." Her waved hair is drawn over her ears, a false braid pinned firmly at the neck and looped about the back of her head, coronet fashion

thick. She brings it around the back straight and makes her knot over the left ear. In this way the hair does not come up under the hat and take up extra room.

LONG bobs are very good in Hollywood, but these eventually grow into long hair. Clara Bow declares that she will always have her shoulder length bob, as does Myrna Kennedy. Well—maybe!

In the matter of hair, fashion is not arbitrary. Olive Borden is one of those who have just recently indulged in a boyish bob. Remember when it was down to her shoulders? The hair is parted on the left side, waved back from the forehead and drawn softly off the ears.

Laura La Plante let her hair grow for "Show Boat" and then cut it off again in an almost boyish bob. As long as Lois Moran's clip is so versatile she won't change. For evening she wears it curled tight all over her head. With sports clothes she wears it straight, parted on the left side, and when she wants to be a trifle more formal she uses a slight wave and a few curls about the face.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]

*Here is the first short story of the*



*Illustrated by*  
Frank Godwin

"You—you're not supposed to come in here," stammered Emerson Slipe, the tone expert.  
"Why, Emerson!" pouted Rosie. "Not stay close to my tiger man when I'm not busy?" The purple eyes filled with tears. "You wouldn't say no, honey?"

*new talkie studios—and it's a wow*

# Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

And triumphs over  
Hollywood's newest  
menace, the expert in  
tonal vibrations

By  
Stewart Robertson

**E**LEVEN people sat around a table in a private dining room at the Stupefaction Studios, and ten of them, entirely unaided by the verbal lashing of a director, registered acute resentment.

For half an hour they had been insulted and badgered by the guest of honor, and now they wriggled uneasily as though preparing for revenge as one collective worm. W. Grosvenor Hoople, the character heavy, cocked a meaningful eye at Carlos Cabrillo, the star, who nodded slightly, whereupon Mr. Hoople rose majestically to his feet and scowlingly interrupted the speaker.

"It seems to me, young man," he boomed, "that we have heard about enough. May I remind you that you are addressing established members of the third industry in these United States? Some of us are nationally known and we object most strenuously to being lectured by a—a mechanic."

Mr. Emerson Slipe poured himself another snifter of pineapple gin, drank it with relish and stared insolently at a point some three inches above Mr. Hoople's baronial head. He was an irritatingly complacent youth with a turned-up nose and a shock of incredibly yellow hair that had been roached and swirled into the effect usually associated with a prize cocker spaniel.

Manifestly, Mr. Slipe was on the best of terms with himself, and a tolerant pout depressed the corners of his mouth as he continued to ignore, with one exception, the presence of the



Rosie Redpath was one of the chief stars of Stupefaction Pictures. The publicity department billed her as "passion's child." Read what her devastating purple eyes did to Emerson Slipe, master of the monitor room and super-expert of the new tonsil drama

screen players. At length, sensing that a questioning silence had descended upon the room, he replied in a voice freighted

with the wisdom of twenty-three years and a Perth Amboy accent.

"So you think you're established, do you?" he drawled. "Horse cars used to be popular, my fat friend, so were celluloid collars, but where are they now?" His blasé gaze interrogated Mr. Hoople, who was holding a spurious pose of nonchalance.

"Understand me, I care nothing about your so-called acting; I'm interested only in your voices, and I've warned you that whatever other abilities you may possess will be a washout unless you have tonal value. You may call me a pessimist, but how about your employer? Isn't he importing a famous woman from the stage to co-star with this Spanish person on my right?"

**A**S though waiting for a cue, Carlos Cabrillo jumped up and glowered at the reckless one. "Listen, Percy," he rasped, "don't let my sideburns get the best of you. I may be the public's Cordovan Kid, but off the set I'm a nasty Nordic called Simpkins. What if they are bringing on some gasper from New York? I used to be an inhabitant of the Bronx myself and no Broadway canary is going to overshadow me.

# How Hollywood's Silent Puppets turned

We've all had voice tests, anyhow, and in the movie racket we pay attention to the director and nobody else, so pipe down."

Mr. Slipe yawned and patted his mouth with a pudgy white hand. "Never mind the breast heaving," he advised. "Now, then, you people, you'll listen to me and like it, and so will your director when I'm ready for him. You've never made a talking picture; you know nothing about them. Well, I do, and besides being out here as monitor expert for the electric company that controls the patent, I'm also an authority on tone. I'm the new boss, and all the dirty looks in the state won't alter the fact."

"You have a most unfortunate manner," said Mr. Hoople angrily. "Haven't you enough intelligence to cultivate the good will of the actors who will work with you?"

"I DON'T have to," snapped the expert. "I don't believe that any of you can act. You silent players are nothing more than puppets." For the twentieth time his fishy eyes strayed down the table to a svelte redhead partially concealed by a flowered chiffon dress, and for the twentieth time he mustered what he imagined to be a winning smile. "One exception duly noted," he continued oilily, "in the case of that extremely decorative young lady in the corner," and ignoring the stony glances of the diners, he ambled over to the desired damsel and patted her on the cheek. "You appeal to me," cooed Mr. Slipe.

For the twentieth time Joyce Cleary's eyes turned to black ice and her sun-tanned legs itched to convert the Lothario into a goal from the field. While she possessed a thorough knowledge of the Hollywood catechism, there was something so peculiarly offensive in Mr. Slipe's gaze that she ceased to remember it would be good politics for a mere second lead to engage in a little luring.

Instead, she slid away from his flabby touch and jutted her small chin to an angle unbecoming her oval face with its coronet of smoothly brushed hair. "Hands off, you miserable little rabbit," she cried. "Where do you think you are?"

"In the film colony, of course," mouthed Mr. Slipe, on whom the combined gin, warmth and growing sense of power were beginning to have an effect. "The land of free love and orgies. Don't you suppose I read the papers? Come on, girlie, be friendly—"

MISSCLEARY shoved him off and lowered a threatening shoulder. "Stop, I tell you," she warned, "or you'll be sorry." Behind her, Carlos rose from his chair and sauntered down the room.

"Don't get emotional," scoffed the expert, pawing his way forward, "and there's nobody going to hurt me, girlie. I'm the new bo——, ouch!"

The impetuous Joyce, shifting with the grace and abandon that spoke of hours on the tennis court, had launched a straight left that curled Mr. Slipe's generous nose even further north, and he retreated against the wall as the bloodthirsty Miss Cleary showed every intention of following up with a right hook. The next moment Carlos interposed a pair of well tailored shoulders and smilingly captured the belligerent actress.

"You took the idea right out of my head," he told her, "and I guess this will be the last course in the meal." He winked approval, and then surveyed the expectant row of faces behind her. "Come on, gang, let's enjoy our last slice of freedom before they start shooting tomorrow."

Miss Cleary, trembling from the reaction that follows artistic achievement, allowed herself to be steered through the door, followed by the sympathetic cast who were busily engaged in scattering derisive remarks concerning blond greenhorns with mechanical minds. Only Mr. Hoople remained to hurl the javelin.

"My advice to you," he thundered, "is, as the vulgar say, to pull in your neck. When you insulted that young lady you antagonized everyone who works for Stupefaction. You're an interloper, sir!"

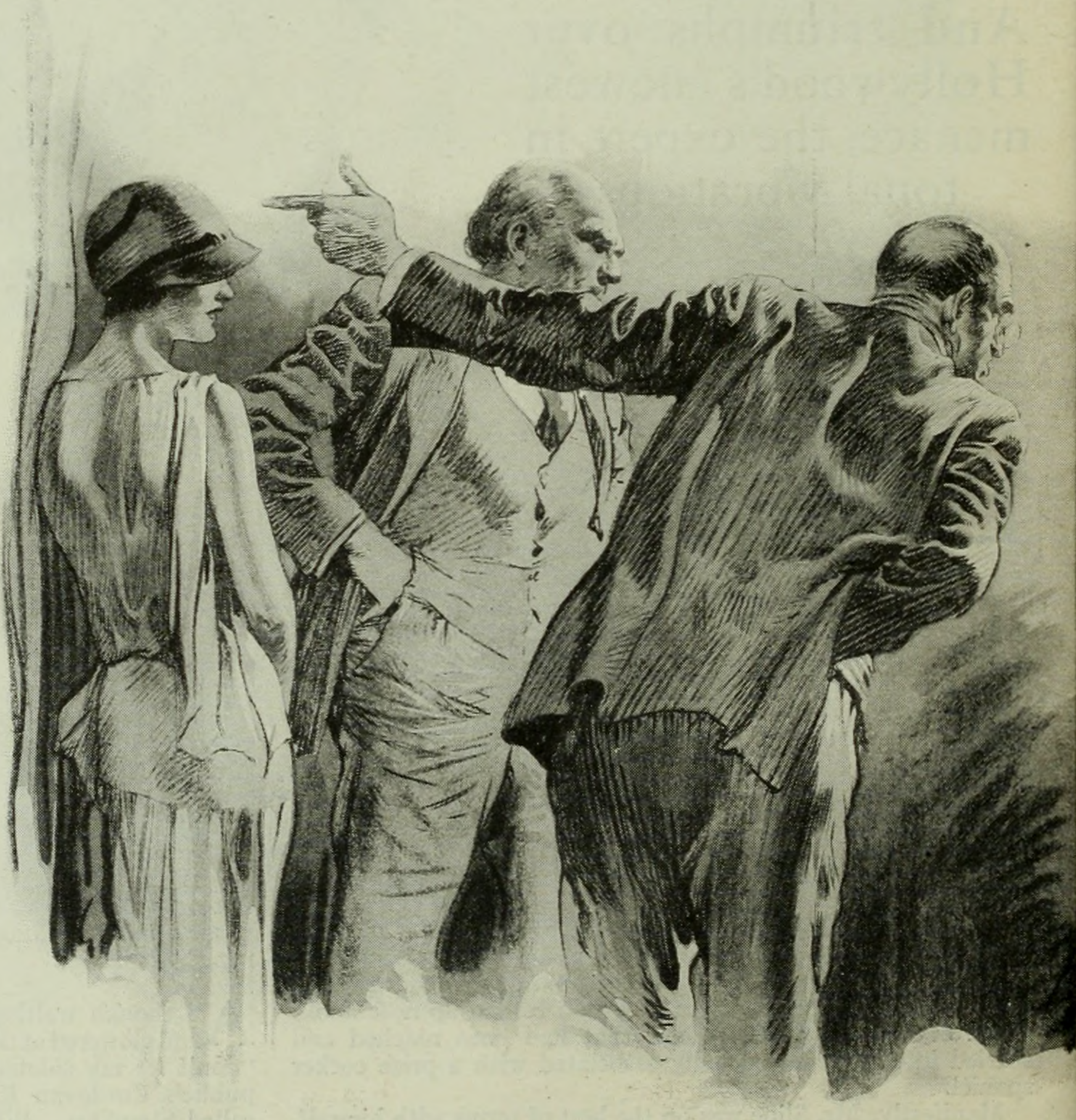
Mr. Slipe staggered to the table, foraged for the pineapple gin and downed another bracer. "Rubbish," he mumbled. "Any psychologist would tell you that the girl is really nuts about me. Interloper, eh? You'll find out how important I am when I start polishing up you Hollywoodheads."

"Perhaps we will," admitted Mr. Hoople, "but look out for splinters."

TEN miles away in Los Angeles the somnolent dinginess of the Santa Fé station was being revitalized by the magic wand of expectancy. A pleasantly pulpy strip of royal blue carpet, stored in the parcel office between welcomes, spanned the sixty feet from Track A to the smudgy brick portals.

Platoons of cameramen, reporters, tourists and idle taxi drivers grouped themselves in positions of vantage, while even the torpid newsagents peered alertly from amid a jumble of post cards, chocolate bars and illegitimate Navajo souvenirs.

To lend an international tone to the affair, two or three hundred Mexicans and Chinese milled curiously in the background and ruminated on the madness of the white race when a personage was coming to town.



# upon the Expert in Dramatic Gutturals.

Finding the waiting room too hot for the employment of brains, Mr. Abraham Zoop lurked in the narrow shadows of noon and pestered himself with a series of questions.

As President of Stupefaction Pictures, he was wondering if the pilgrimage of Miss Magnolia Bellairs from New York to California had been pulled off with the proper *éclat*.

**H**AD the newspaper boys interviewed her during the half hour hangover at Kansas City? Had the congratulatory telegrams reached her at Pueblo, Albuquerque and Flagstaff? Had the special consignment of ice been delivered at Needles, that anteroom to Hades? Had the publicity contact man boarded the train at Pasadena with that two hundred dollars' worth of flowers and gilt lettered ribbon? Had—, he paused abruptly as a billow of perfume made him think of a Persian garden, and sniffing in happy recognition, he looked up just in time to dodge a beaded bag that swung dangerously near his nose.

A glamorous brunette with eyes like purple pansies was regarding him like a rattlesnake about to devour a fascinated frog. "You silly old cluck!" throbbed the lady in sultry tones. "Just because the publicity says I'm beautiful as a statue, I suppose you think my feelings are made of marble, hey?"

"Now, Rosie," said Mr. Zoop, smoothing the air with appeasing palms, "be nice. All I'm askink you is to give a couple hellos and a roll of them eyes. That ain't much, baby."

Rosie Redpath twisted her fulsome lips to a knowing slant and tried unsuccessfully to look as tough as she felt. "Oh, isn't it? Well, how about the humiliation of being made to greet the woman who's stolen my part. 'Uneasy Knees' was scheduled for me until the panic started about bringing in these gaspers from the East. You've got a nerve, Abie."

"Sure," nodded the president, "and that ain't all, Rosie. Four million bucks I got invested in the picture business, besides insomnia from thinkink about it. All the others are shippink in stage talent and my nose ain't the right shape to be snubbink profits. But listen—for why would I have you here if it wasn't for your own good? Photographs there'll be, and a ride to the Ambassador with a flock of motorcycle cops out in front with their sirens screechink. Publicity, baby, and just as much for you as this Bellairs dame. Anyhow, she's only signed for one picture."

Miss Redpath, somewhat mollified, assumed a more graceful stance, and essayed a smile for the benefit of the onlookers. "Just the same," she said softly, "there'll be no eyework. It's wasted on a woman because she's wiser than a man."

"Well, you're an actress, ain't you?" countered Abie. "Then make believe you're dizzy with delight. Start twinkink, now, here comes the train."

**T**HE express slid dustily beneath the First Street viaduct and wheezed to a halt as though relieved at the chance to divorce itself from the feverish party that cluttered up the observation platform. Inside the brass railing jostled innocent passengers, press agents, maids, second cousins, the current boy friend and similar deadwood, having for their focal point the languorous Miss Bellairs, who, smiling from an ambush of blossoms, chafed inwardly at the strain on her arms. A pair of cynical trainmen trundled forth the portable steps, which Miss Bellairs descended dramatically, opening her heavy eyelids far enough to perceive the gentleman who was to pay her two thousand a week.

"California welcomes you," chirped Mr. Zoop with a grandiose gesture, "not to mention every member of Stupefaction's thirty-four specials for the comink year, and represented by Miss Redpath and myself." The dutiful Rosie stretched her mouth in mechanical joy.

"I'm positively enthralled," cooed Miss Bellairs, and the words seemed to hang in mid-air like sparkling drops of crystal. The beaming Mr. Zoop nudged Rosie and proceeded to listen avidly. "And in these marvelous surroundings," continued the star, oblivious to the depressing vista of warehouses on the horizon, "I cannot fail to do my greatest work."

**A**BIE applauded vigorously, then motioned the ladies to stand on either side of him. "But not too close," he whispered, "because it may come out clubby in the newspapers and oi, does Momma rave about them suggestive pictures!" Then all three leered toothily at the cameras, after which they waded through a rising tide of worshipers to the waiting motors.

During the procession to the Ambassador, Rosie mercilessly  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]

Emerson Slipe paled to a sickly chartreuse. "Rosie?" he quavered. "No, she wouldn't—" "Oh, yes, I would, dearie," announced Rosie. "Didn't I spend two mushy days with you to find out how your machinery worked!"

"You ain't got a contract," bellowed Mr. Zoop. "So get your week's pay and run, don't walk, to the nearest exit!"



# Gossip of All

By Cal



Here is why Director George Fitzmaurice recently dashed from the set in the middle of a scene for "The Locked Door." The girl in the center is Sheila Fitzmaurice. You knew her mother as Diana Kane, sister of Lois Wilson

*Now, fans, the time has come to balk!  
Let us demand, with all our tact,  
Not only actors who can talk  
But also talkers who can act!*

**T**HERE is much ado regarding the romance of Janet Gaynor. Hollywooders are trying to figure out whether she really has a fancy for Charlie Farrell, now that they are working together again. At any rate, we understand that Lydell Peck is always so conveniently at hand that the novelty of his presence is wearing off a bit with Janet. Charlie, on the other hand, is a little bit stand-offish and possibly that makes him all the more intriguing!

If Lydell is actually out of the studio for a moment, his proxy is there in the form of a telegram filled with endearing young terms, or a bottle of perfume, a box of flowers or even a box of candy. And Janet doesn't like candy! But perhaps persistence will win.

When she completes her current picture Lydell wants to take her to Honolulu on a honeymoon, and we do hear that he would be very happy to have her retire from the screen. There, no doubt, is the rub.

**W**ILLIAM FOX has induced John McCormack to sing for the Movietone. McCormack has cancelled his concert tour for next fall in order to devote his time to the production, which will be filmed in Ireland.

**H**ARRY LANGDON, after a long exile in vaudeville, came whooping back to Hollywood laughing out loud, and then—

His mother took sick.

His former wife slapped some sort of a legal paper on him.



Hollywood doesn't get enough of dressing up during its working hours. At a masquerade ball given by Basil Rathbone, Renee Adoree gave a good impersonation of a young Dutch boy

The income tax boys turned up and began going over his returns from 1923 on, just to keep busy.

His big, nickel-plated touring car and another car crashed at a busy corner, junking both and sending an occupant of the other car to a hospital.

"Heighho!" says Harry. "My horoscope said I was going through a lot of these little matters for a time. I'll get by!"

So he ordered another car, is about to sign with a big company, and allows that he's going to marry again one of these days.

**O**LD Cal York and the little woman got notorious the other night very cheaply.

They went to the Los Angeles opening of "The Trial of Mary Dugan"—one of those hotsy-totsy premieres. In the same row sat Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Olive Tell, the last-named the actress who played *Mrs. Rice* in the picture, and did such high class screaming.



# The STUDIOS

York



And Marion Davies appeared disguised as a basket of cotton. Hers was voted the cleverest of the costumes. This trick outfit was borrowed from the antics of the circus clowns

It happened that Cal and the madame had seen the film at its New York premiere.

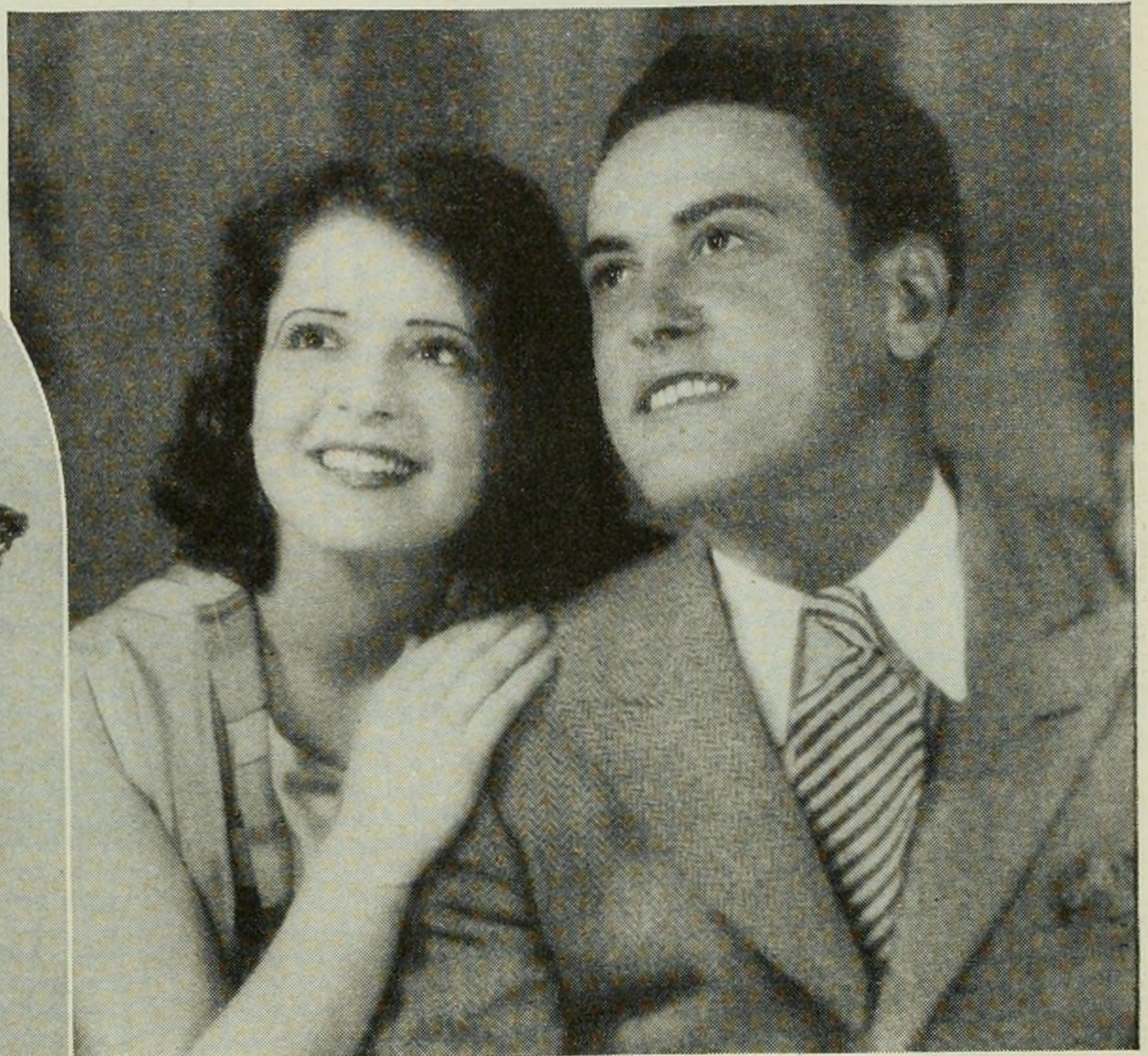
Therefore, it wasn't as hot a treat as it might have been, so during the first half of the picture they cat-napped and caught a little much needed rest.

But they were awake enough to see that Miss Tell was watching them with horror she didn't try to conceal. She didn't know whether they were dead or just dumb.

As they left the theater, the beautiful Olive was standing near the door with a group of players.

"Look," she said in her best microphone whisper, "there are the people who slept all through this wonderful picture!" And her friends looked, and were properly horrified, while we slunk into the night.

And unless Olive Tell reads this, she'll never know who the two saps were who couldn't keep awake through "Mary Dugan." She may even frighten her grandchildren with the story.



Here is a boy who probably doesn't know his luck. He is William Bow, eighteen-year-old cousin of Clara Bow. He's breaking into the movies under the guidance of Clara. You can see that he looks like "Buddy" Rogers

**R**UMORED retirements:

Constance Talmadge, recently married to Townsend Netcher, Chicago merchant.

Eddie Cantor, now a millionaire, and pining for a little leisure to play golf.

**T**HE star had just met some distinguished visitors from Australia. "Oh, you're from Australia!" she gushed. "How nice. I'm going to run over there for a week-end this summer when I'm in Paris."

**H**ERE'S a story they tell:

Montagu Love's telephone rang in the wee sma' hours.

"Yes," answered Monte, only half-awake.

"This is McIntyre, production manager on 'Bulldog Drummond.' Just before you tried to shoot Ronald Colman in the picture today, what was the line you spoke?"

Monte waked up a little, searched his memory, said: "I don't mind killing, when it's safe."

McIntyre asked, "What's that? Talk louder."

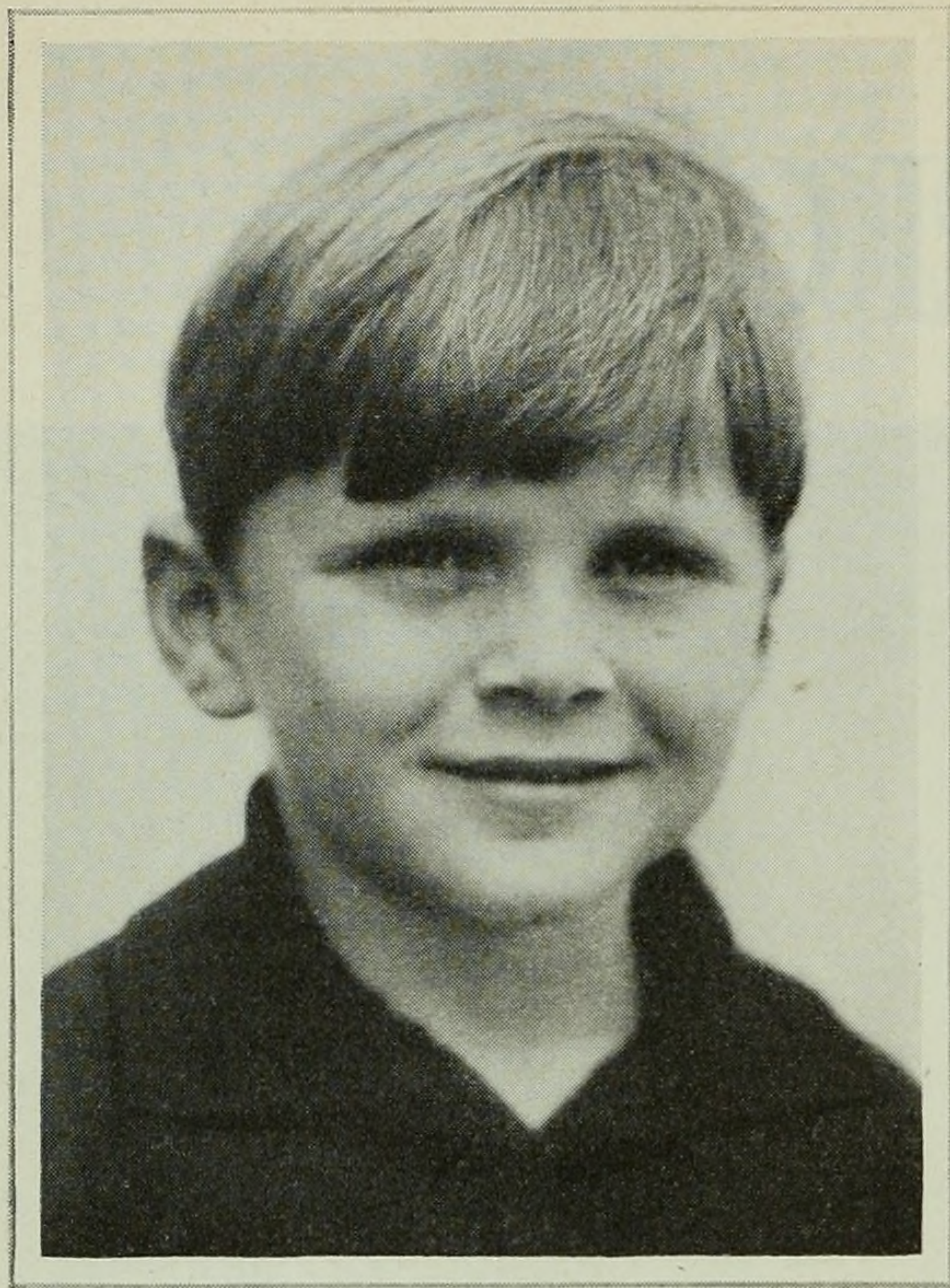
Monte swore under his breath, but repeated the line.

"All right, thanks," came from the receiver.

And next morning they told Monte he had been talking into a microphone, repeating a line that had recorded poorly in the studio the day before.

**G**ARY COOPER and Emil Jannings made a picture together, called "Betrayal."

They worked long hours at night and Gary was exhausted when he came to work. A hospital scene called for Gary to be placed on a cot. No sooner was Gary stretched out comfortably than he fell into a sound slumber. The work continued without interruption, with Gary being moved back and forth



Will the influence of Rudolph Valentino shape the career of his five-year-old god-child? Bobby Ullman is the son of S. George Ullman, Rudy's former manager. He's making his debut in "Lummox"



International Newsreel

When Phyllis Haver married William Seaman, New York business man, she said good-bye to the movies, forever and ever. You've heard that before, but Phyllis says she means it. Mr. and Mrs. Seaman were married by Mayor Jimmie Walker

from one scene to another. This was all the more realistic since he was sleeping soundly. As it was not the sound version, the snoring did not disturb.

After a time, Gary raised up in a startled manner and said, "When does the picture start?"

"The picture is already finished, and you gave the best performance of your life," Jannings replied.

**N**OTHING could be funnier than Nils Asther telephoning to his Japanese houseboy. The other afternoon he called the boy to say he would not be home to dinner.

"Meester Asther no home," the boy informed him.

"Meester Asther iss talking," said Nils.

"Meester Asther no home," the boy insisted.

"Yah," replied Nils. "He will be no home."

**A** FEW months ago friends persuaded Scott Kolk to leave the sunny sands of the Lido to try his fortune in Hollywood. He is now playing an important rôle in Marion Davies' most recent vehicle. Being handsome, attractive and a thorough cosmopolitan, he was a welcome caller at the home of any girl, but it seems to be the doorstep of Virginia Cherrill upon which he parks most of his free time.

It is almost a rule at the Chaplin studio that Charlie fall in love with and marry his leading lady, but perhaps Virginia will prove an exception. Scott is evidently very persuasive.

**W**RITE your own headline. Jascha Heifetz recently played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra before a distinguished audience. Many people remained after the performance to congratulate him.

But when they recognized Florence Vidor, his wife, Jascha was almost forgotten. Oh, well, even famous violinists ought to get used to playing second fiddle to lovely wives.

**I**F reports are true, you've seen the last of Miss Vidor on the screen. Although her Paramount contract had many more months to run there was some sort of amicable agreement made. Florence has never thrown herself whole-heartedly into her film work. She has not the temperament of an actress and her interests have had a wide scope—too wide for Hollywood.

**J**UST to show you how Cal York keeps on the job, here is an item he sent in two weeks before the Gilbert-Claire news broke:

Believe it or not, the famous Jack Gilbert-Greta Garbo affair is as cold as a supervisor's glance. Don't go getting technical and looking back in old issues of PHOTOPLAY for this same announcement. You'll find it, of course. But that isn't my fault.

This time it's the real thing. They have only seen each other a few times since Greta's return from Sweden.

Recently at Basil Rathbone's famous costume party they barely spoke.

You may not think it, but this concerns you vitally. It means that there will be no more Gilbert-Garbo pictures, unless, for professional reasons, the affair is patched up.

Pause, friends, and mourn for Jannings now—  
His plumpish purse and placid brow,  
His perfect art, so true and clear,  
His nose immersed in Munich beer!  
His tummy stuffed with homeland food,  
His temper, taste and checkbook good!  
Ach, poor old Emil! What a pity  
His German accent wasn't pretty!

**A** ROMANTIC, nonchalant figure with a flowing white beard spent an afternoon in Hollywood. The film center was, to Trader Horn, worth only an afternoon of his time.

Someone asked him what he thought of Jack Gilbert. He smiled beautifully. "Ah, yes, ma'am, Jack Gilbert. I like him, and he is so kind to his fine horses."

**S**OON after arriving in Hollywood from Sweden, Greta Garbo, strolling around the M.-G.-M. lot, gets the shock of her life to find a wrecking crew demolishing Stage Two. On this stage the Garbo made her first American film appearance; on this stage, too, the Garbo first met the Gilbert. Now the stage is to become a machinery store house! There ain't no sentiment in them studios!



A reunion that cut off the revenue of the telephone company. When Lupe Velez was on tour, Gary Cooper spent most of his salary on telephone calls. And he paced the platform of the railway station for two hours before her train was due. That's love

**P**ERCY MARMONT'S ovation on the night he appeared in a box with Ronald Colman at the New York premiere of "Bulldog Drummond" was almost as loud and as hearty as Colman's—and that's saying a megaphone-full.

Percy, the old-time quizzical look in his eyes, told me he is going to play the stranger in the Fox talkie, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He may also do a dialogue version of his great silent success, "If Winter Comes."

In the meantime, he has returned to England for the summer months and will not begin work here until fall.

**S**AYS Groucho Marx, one of the famous Four Marx Brothers, in an article in a New York daily in which he comments on his return to the vaudeville stage:

"And the vaudeville actors talk differently. In the old days they'd grab you and tell you what a riot they were in Findlay, Ohio, and how they wowed them in Des Moines. Now, all you hear is, 'We don't know what to do—Vitaphone wants us to make a short, but Movietone is after us to do a full length.'"

**W**ITHOUT sensationalism, with no hectic gestures, Blanche Sweet has calmly filed suit for divorce from Marshall Neilan. And this brings to a close one of the most tragic romances in motion picture history.

For years it has been rumored that they were to separate, but for years Blanche has clung to Mickey and has loved him. And, strangely enough, he has loved her, with a fierce adoration.

Brought together by tragedy, their love seemed only to be more strong with each tragic circumstance. And now it is over. Blanche appears to be perfectly calm. But Blanche has never been one to show her real emotions.

**N**OW here's a chance for a bright young boy or girl to make a little Christmas money. Or Thanksgiving money. Or just plain every day money. There's a place for a revised book of etiquette according to Hollywood standards. Rumor has it that Pola Negri is engaged to Rudolph Friml. And she has not



Terrible effect of two many goody-goody rôles on Mary Astor. Also what a blonde wig and a cigarette will do for a demure girl. Mary plays one of those gay dancers in "A Woman from Hell"

yet filed suit for divorce from her present husband! It's being done, my dears, in the best film families.

**N**OT all the actresses are dieting to get thin. Winifred Westover, the former Mrs. William Hart, has been eating and eating to get fatter and fatter. And it's all for her art, too.

Winifred has been chosen to play the name part of "Lummox" from Fannie Hurst's popular novel. And if you read the book you will remember that the leading lady was unstylishly stout, slovenly and awkward.

But won't it be hard on Winifred if they cast her as a wood nymph in the picture after that!

**A** WOULD-BE lyric writer brought a song to Buddy de Silva the other day. One of the lines read like this:

"Oh, see the mountaineer,  
He comes from far and near."

"What will you give me for it?" asked the ambitious youth.

"Well," said de Silva, "I'll give you five yards head start."

**I** SEE by the papers that Ben Lyon has been added to the cast of "Lummox"—to play the leading male rôle.

Ben has been one of "Hell's Angels"—Hughes' two-years-in-the-making, two-million-dollar, still-unreleased picture—for so long that he might be glad to get back to earth in a picture that has no air sequences.

But maybe we're wrong. Maybe they'll stick in a few aeroplane chases just to keep Ben from being homesick.

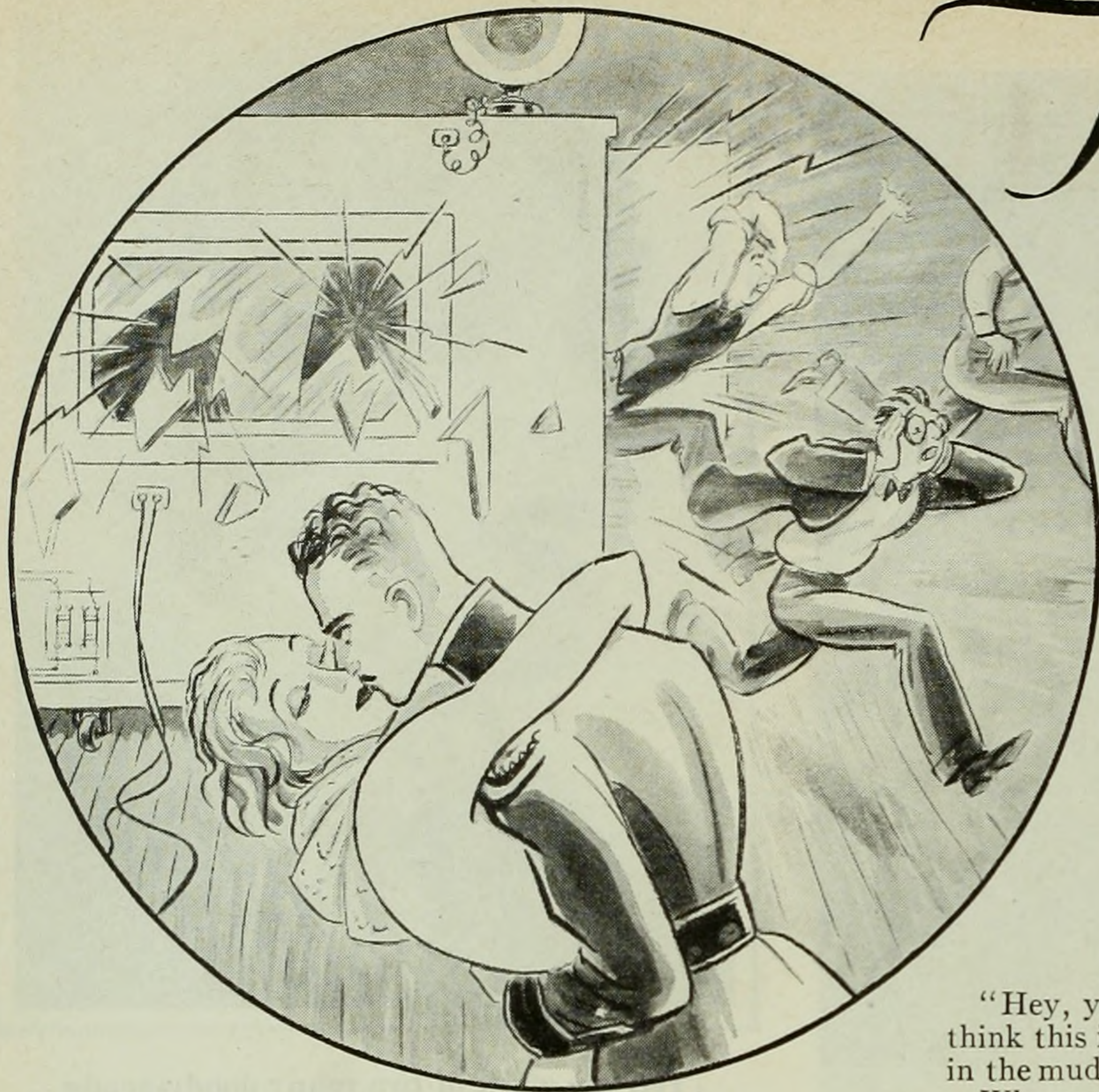
**M**AYBE you think all the dangerous things in pictures are done by stunt men. Just guess again. While watching Farina in his second talking picture, "Railroadin'," we decided this chocolate baby is about the bravest of the lot.

Farina was compelled to lie flat on his tummy on the cross ties, his foot caught in the track, while a speeding train passed over him. We don't mind telling you, he almost turned white with fright, even if he were game enough to do it. Oh, yes, it's safe enough, but how would you like to do it, we ask you? His parting line as he went under the train was:

"Gee, get ma wings ready!" [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74 ]

# Trials of

Sounds aren't all they seem in the new studios for audible motion pictures. The sensitive ears of the microphone make every day a surprise



Here's what happened the first time that a sheik and a sheba osculated for the super-sensitive microphones. Now kisses are faked, for real ones sound like a horse pulling his hoofs out of a muddy road

IN "shooting" a sequence for "The Doctor's Secret," based on Sir James Barrie's famous play, "Half an Hour," an English servant girl was supposed to enter the room noiselessly in response to Ruth Chatterton's summons.

The maid entered, but a peculiar knocking sound accompanied her, and the director, William de Mille, as well as the engineer at the control panel, was puzzled.

The scene was retaken, but still the unwanted noise persisted. The electrical system was checked for flaws and found to be in perfect condition. Finally the scene was made the third time, but the "clickety-clock, clickety-clock" again accompanied the maid as she walked into the room.

And then a keen-eyed technician discovered that the peculiar sound synchronized perfectly with the maid's steps as she walked. Further investigation revealed that the girl was knock-kneed and the "mike" picked up the "knocks" of her knees with each forward step.

On another talkie stage recently the director was gesticulating wildly. Obviously he was greatly wrought up about something, but since not a sound emerged from his lips and his gesticulations did not constitute the deaf and dumb language, the onlookers were mystified.

Finally the door of a glass cage opened and there was a verbal explosion. The director, unable to contain himself longer, shouted:

Rubber is the vogue in the sound studios. The latest is rubber jewelry, adopted to prevent the jangle of real or make-believe jewels being picked up by the mike. Then, too, the actresses are required to wear evening slippers with rubber heels

"Hey, you sheiks and shebas, pipe down there. Whatd'ye think this is supposed to be? Sounds like a doughboy sloshing in the mud of Flanders."

Whereupon a reel of film was scrapped and several thousand dollars charged up to incidental production expense.

The scene of action was one of the sound stages in a Hollywood motion picture studio. A sheik of the John Gilbert type and a sheba *a la* Greta Garbo were enacting the amorous greeting of two lovers for a talking picture, when the director, on his glass-enclosed throne, began making a windmill of his arms. He had been sitting next to the "mixer" and the fate of the kiss in the talkies was settled then and there. The suction of osculation was neither romantic nor dramatic to the director, for it sounded like a horse pulling its hoofs out of the mud.

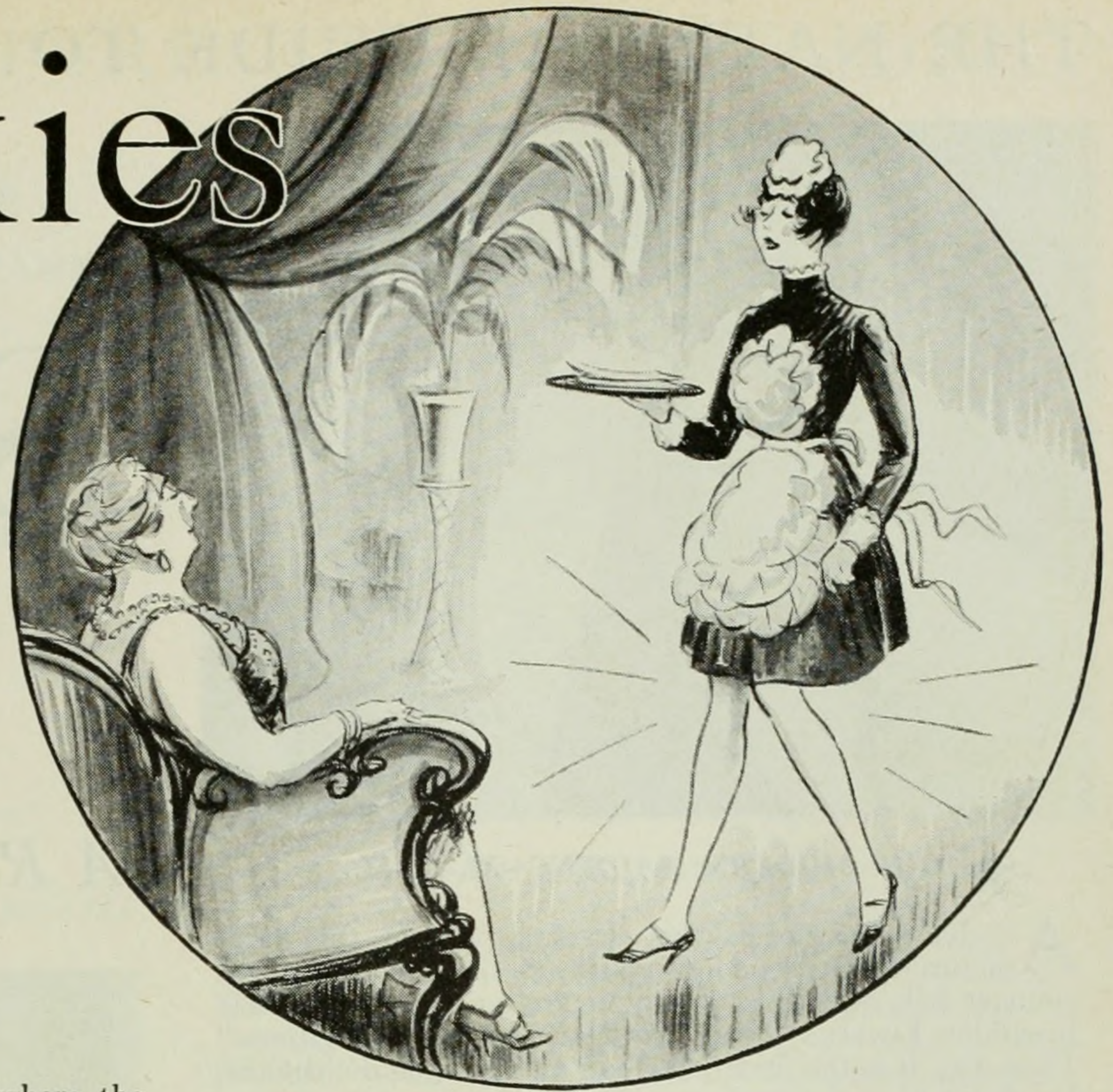
This epitomizes the one outstanding difficulty encountered in the making of talking pictures. "Mike's" ears are too



# the Talkies

By  
Albert Boswell

Illustrated by  
Ken Chamberlain



sensitive. And yet, paradoxically, if "mike's" sense of hearing were not as acute as it is, his ears would be no good for the purpose of producing talkies.

Embalming a story for the out-loud, facetiously termed the "Chinema," is hedged about with many precautions to prevent the "mikes" from developing temperament. As one producer remarked, "The darn contraptions cost \$1,750 each, and they no doubt figure they're entitled to an attack of the temps occasionally."

One of the precautions is the "mixing" room, where the "mixer" controls the volume of each voice while the sex appeal artists and the matinee idols are pulling the censored dirty work in the drawing room on the sound stage.

**I**N the filming of "Bulldog Drummond" there was plenty for the man at the "mixing" panel to do. Lilyan Tashman, as the black-hearted lady, was making life pretty tough for Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett, aided and abetted with a vim guaranteed to make every audience long to read their respective epitaphs. Of course, under such circumstances, one's voice is apt to wander away from reason, and it is then that the "mixer" is called upon to manipulate the little gadget that modulates one voice and intensifies another.

When Paramount was filming "The Doctor's Secret" a servant girl was directed to enter the room noiselessly. The "mike" picked up a knocking sound. The "clickety-clock" proved to be caused by knock-knees

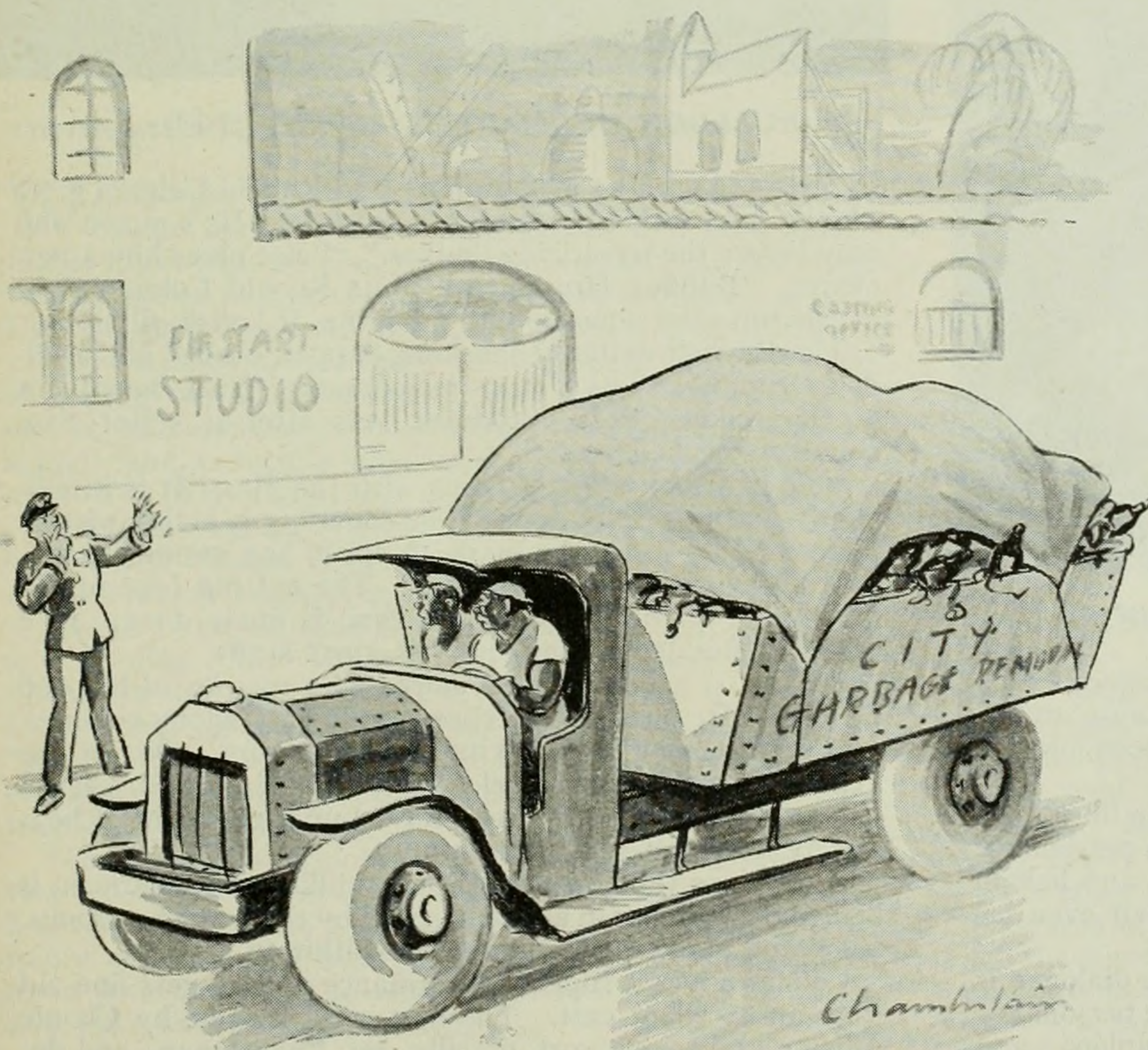
But not all the frailties of the human machine and the temperamental "mike" can be rectified by the mechanical widgets, and Fred Niblo's little joke about the talkies being a howling success can be applied to both the good and bad among the sound pictures. Likewise the "truth in advertising" banner of a Los Angeles theater that a certain talkie was in its "third thunderous week."

The infant born out of the wedlock of the silent drama and the stage first began to lisp, then to bellow, then make ungodly sounds and finally to talk a blue streak. It is the lisps, the bellows and the ungodly sounds that are giving the producers headaches and those depended upon to eliminate them sleepless nights.

**I**T has been definitely determined that the kiss is not to be talkie-ized. The reverberation of the smack is easily picked up by the recording device, but as the reproducing apparatus repeats it in the screening it is anything but satisfactory. In audience tests the theatergoers burst into gleeful ribaldry when they should have been thrilled. The closeups with the lovers' faces glued together remain a stock factor, but they won't be "verbal." The "squishless" kiss brings the desired "Ooos" from the audience.

Many of the stars famous for love scenes had to learn all over again how to kiss when the silent drama [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113 ]

The clatter of iron-wheeled garbage wagons raised the deuce with the making of sound film exteriors. Imagine the rattle of a garbage ambulance in the background of a mountaineer drama! Now all Hollywood garbage wagons have balloon tires





★ *OUR MODERN MAIDENS—M.-G.-M.*

AS Joan Crawford's first starring vehicle, this vivid picture of ultra-modern youth, as the movies see our younger folk, will undoubtedly create quite a stir. This is Josephine Lovett's sequel to "Our Dancing Daughters." Then, too, it is the first time Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have played together.

Joan plays the rôle she does so well, that of a pampered play-girl bored with the world her rich father gives her to play with. The climax of the picture is based on a thoroughly original and unique situation.

Joan is exquisitely poised and gowned, and her acting highly commendable. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives astoundingly accurate impersonations of John Barrymore, Jack Gilbert, and his own dad, Douglas, Sr. Probably a tremendous box-office hit. *Part Talkie.*

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Goldwyn-United Artists*

THIS is a corking melodrama—and Ronald Colman gives the best talkie performance to date. He's suave and easy before the terrorizing "mikes." Voice gives him a new charm. "Bulldog Drummond" puts Ronald Colman right at the top after some recent wavering, if lavish, films.

The English writer of shockers, Sapper, dashed off "Bulldog Drummond" as a stage melodrama. With the advent of the talkies, every producer was after it. But Sam Goldwyn reached first.

Goldwyn took a lot of pains with the film. It is intelligently and tastefully done. The sounding is highly expert. Here a raindrop can be made to act in the sound pictures as excitingly as a Rolls-Royce. The cutting (one of the drawbacks of the talkies up to now) is finely done. In a phrase, "Bulldog Drummond" is great stuff.

*Bulldog* is a demobilized officer who wearies of his dull club life. He puts an advertisement in the "agony column" of *The London Times*, asking for adventure. Out of the avalanche of letters, he selects one signed *Phyllis*. It requests him to be at the Green Bays Inn at midnight, if he is sincere in his quest for adventure.

It develops that *Phyllis'* uncle, a millionaire American, is being held prisoner in a fake hospital by three master crooks, aided and abetted by a host of bloodthirsty Malays.

Colman gives a superb performance and he gets fine aid from an excellent cast. The best work is done by Claude Allister, as a new sort of silly ass Englishman, and by Lilyan Tashman, as the tough baby who leads the crooks *All Talkie.*



★ *INNOCENTS OF PARIS—Paramount*

THIS picture is Maurice Chevalier's (pronounced She-val-yay) first screen appearance and, because of his great popularity in Paris, his screen debut has been awaited with unusual expectancy.

Dispel your doubts, he can stay as long as he likes. He sings with joy. He plays with abandon and his personality gets you. He renders half his songs in French and half in English, but it is not just his pleasing voice, nor even his perfect pantomime, that makes him a success.

The plot is inconsequential and much of the dialogue is stilted and unnatural, but the sparkling, lovable personality of Chevalier lifts the story out of the commonplace—and makes it delightful entertainment. Fans will love Chevalier. *All Talkie.*

# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

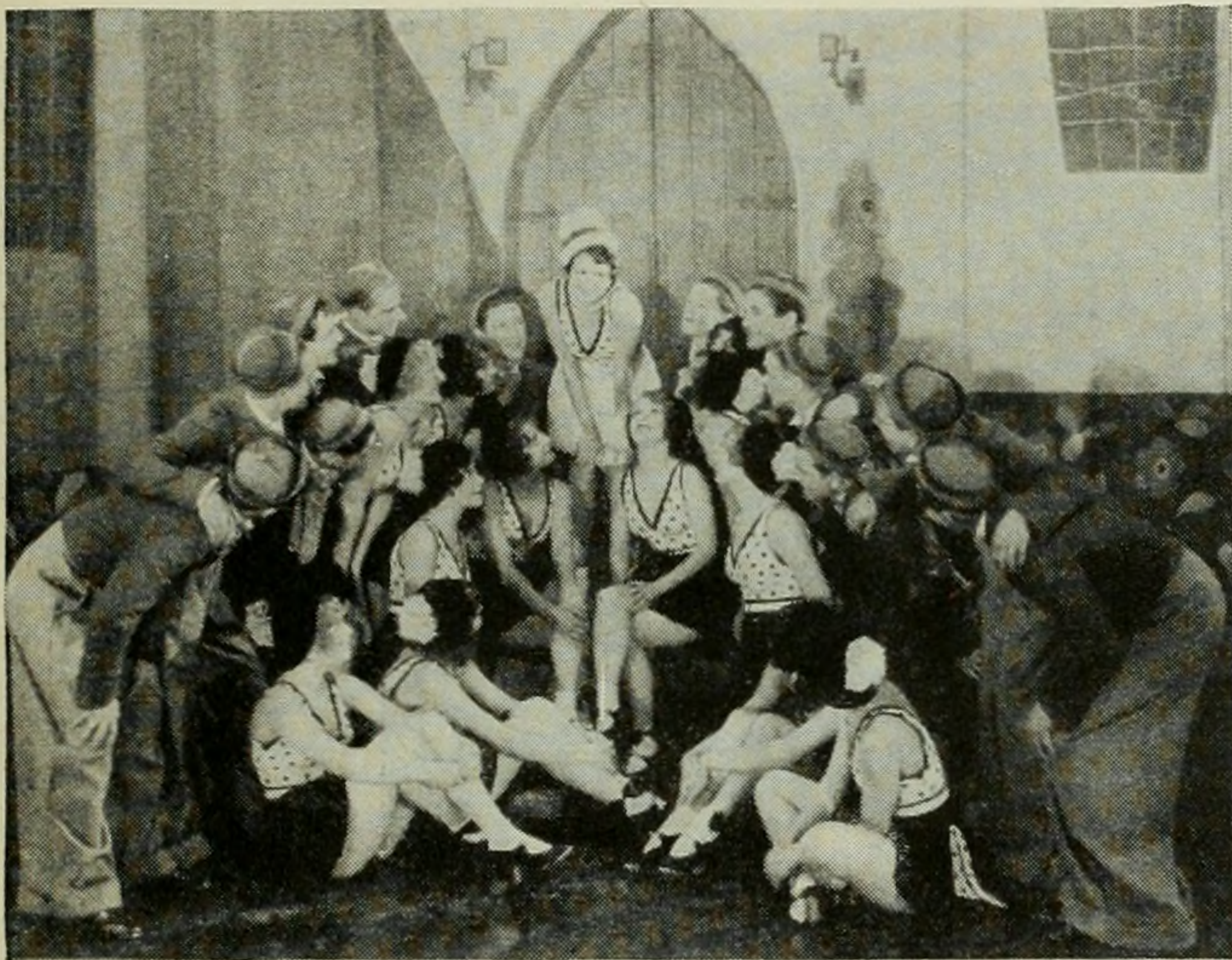
## The Best Pictures of the Month

BULLDOG DRUMMOND                      MADAME X  
FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES  
OUR MODERN MAIDENS  
INNOCENTS OF PARIS  
THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY

## The Best Performances of the Month

Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond"  
Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris"  
Ruth Chatterton in "Madame X"  
Ullric Haupt in "Madame X"  
Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens"  
Claude Allister in "Bulldog Drummond"  
Lilyan Tashman in "Bulldog Drummond"  
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Our Modern Maidens"  
Warner Oland in "The Studio Murder Mystery"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 141*



### ★ FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES—Fox

WHEN the "Follies" were being filmed, visitors at Fox Studio had to put on dark glasses and false moustaches to get within calling distance of the set. All activities were shrouded in mystery. But the revue is finished at last. Glorified gals! Legs! Abbreviated costumes! Everything!

Other studios have already followed suit with this type of entirely new entertainment. Song writers are as numerous as microphones in Hollywood, but the "Fox Follies" is first—and, as such, is important. As this is to be an annual event it is likely to improve with age and experience.

The music is the best part of it. "Break Away" and "Big City Blues" should be instantaneous hits. The big dance acts are breath-taking, but there is not enough variety.

Sharon Lynn and Sue Carol are the two picture players with leading rôles. Most of the rest are from the stage. Sharon is surprisingly good, revealing, as she does, a hot blues voice. Sue is full of pep and particularly cute in "Break Away." Stepin Fetchit furnishes his usual brand of unexcelled comedy. Dixie Lee and David Rollins distinguish themselves.

The slight story (which is only an excuse for the presentation of the acts) weakens rather than aids the revue. Legitimate plays are often better in talkies, but synthetic follies are not quite like the real thing. Revues depend upon personality. The baldheaded row can't send mash notes to a shadow on the screen.

However, don't miss the "Follies." You'll find yourself absorbed by the spectacle and, if you don't go away humming those good tunes, we'll be surprised. *All Talkie.*



### ★ MADAME X—M.-G.-M.

RUTH CHATTERTON followed at least three big actresses and hundreds of lesser ones in "Madame X." Yet neither Bernhardt's playing nor the performances of Dorothy Donnelly or Pauline Frederick can take the edge off Chatterton's superb conception of this famous character.

Lionel Barrymore has put aside the grease paint and the Barrymore tradition to turn his attention to the broader medium of directing. This is his first feature length attempt.

In the court room scene the film rises to its emotional heights. This is harrowing and poignant beyond words. Miss Chatterton does her best work thus far in the audibles in this scene and she is ably aided by Raymond Hackett.

Ullric Haupt, too, is excellent as *Laroque*. "Madame X" is a little slow moving as it works up to its climax—but the big scene will have any audience hysterical. *All Talkie.*



### ★ THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY—Paramount

NO doubt you read this thrilling mystery in PHOTOPLAY. Perhaps you were among the many thousands who took part in The Studio Murder Mystery Contest. In any event, you will still want to see "The Studio Murder Mystery" because it is a corking mystery melodrama, with plenty of dramatic kicks and numerous surprises.

The story deals with the murder of a prominent actor in a big studio at midnight. The suspects are many, of course, and the murder chase is baffling. We will not reveal the real murderer here. Paramount made numerous changes in the story and you will have to see the film to find out whether the original killer is still the murderer. These changes, by the way, have not hurt the story. Warner Oland gives a fine performance as the foreign ace director. *All Talkie.*

# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

## HONKY-TONK— Warners

All Talkie



**S**OPHIE TUCKER is on the Vitaphone. Her first feature is a night club comedy drama with a synthetic plot that is a medley of "Singin' Fool," "My Man," and "The Little Snob," but Sophie keeps it afloat with song. A cabaret hostess, educating her daughter abroad, has always kept her whoopee life secret. The kid breezes in, gets wise, and snooty, and walks out. Lila Lee is gorgeous as the upstage daughter. A hit.

## THE SQUALL— First National

All Talkie



**Y**OU remember that this was a fairly good stage play. You're sure that the film version is pretty bad. Something happened between the story conference and the cutting room. Myrna Loy is the stereotyped *Nubi*, the gypsy girl and the hot baby who disrupts homes, while Alice Joyce is the Hungarian mother and Carroll Nye is the son. This film just doesn't click, that's all. And it's unconsciously funny.

## THE DUKE STEPS OUT— M.-G.-M.

Part Talkie



**A**NOTHER cream-puff for the antics of the Metro-Goldwyn playboy, Billy Haines. He plays a cultured young boxer who registers incognito at a co-educational college and falls with a thud for Joan Crawford. And for a climax the picture has one of these sure fire prize fights, with Bill hitting his opponent with everything but the ring stakes. A lightweight, friends, but amusing.

## THE MAN I LOVE— Paramount

All Talkie



**W**HEN Richard Arlen finished making this film he announced that he was "punch drunk." This was not an exaggeration, for Dick did all the fight scenes without benefit of a double. This is the first time that he has spoken on the screen and this carries an added kick. Arlen's characterization gives the slight story importance. Mary Brian makes a sweet little wife and Baclanova is as devastating as ever.

## THE RAINBOW MAN— Sono-Art— Paramount

All Talkie



**S**OMETHING will have to be done about the one single-talkie plot now in vogue. Al Jolson started it with "The Singing Fool." Here it is, with variations, with Eddie Dowling as a minstrel man with a breaking heart. Frankie Darro is the current Sonny Boy. Real talkie honors are won by Marion Nixon. The hokum is liberal in this film, but Dowling has a personality.

## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH— Paramount

All Talkie



**S**OME fifteen years ago Max Figman created the principal rôle in this famous farce on the stage. Time has been kind to the drama. The situation, which concerns a gentleman who bets ten thousand dollars he can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours, is still hilarious. Try it over on your vocal chords and see what happens. Richard Dix is at his best in this light comedy. Helen Kane is a hit.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

## **MOTHER'S BOY—Pathe**

*All Talkie*



**A**NOTHER lad makes good in a night club and then becomes a great big star on Broadway. Al Jolson discovered this plot. Here Morton Downey is the singer who makes good triumphs. Exactly like all the other talkie plots except that Mort plays an Irish boy. Downey is a little hefty for screen popularity but, with a bit of reducing, a new plot and better recording, he has his chance.

## **SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—First National**

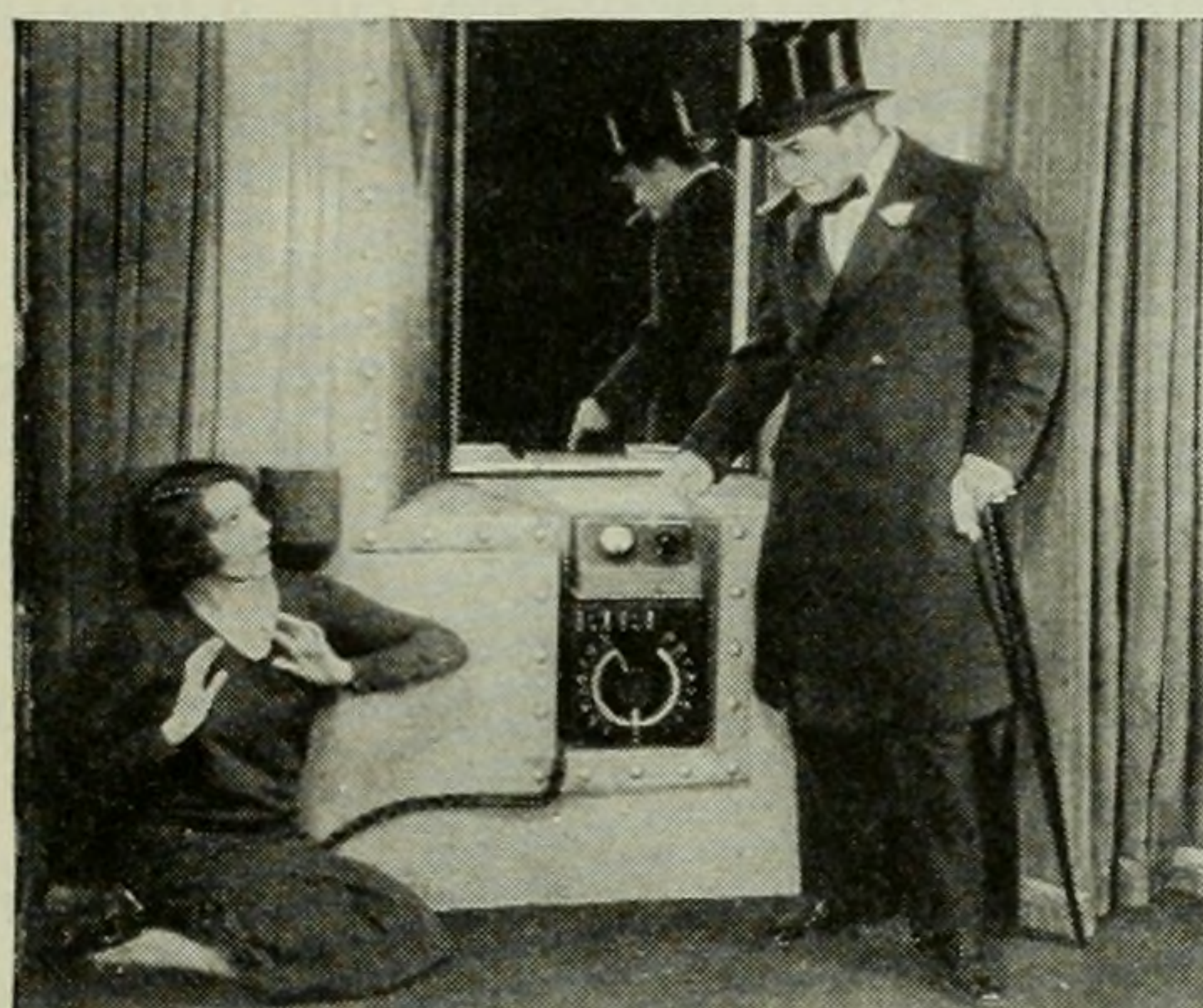
*Part Talkie*



**H**ERE we have Corinne Griffith in a slow moving part-talkie version of Maxwell Anderson's prize play. Corinne's voice records nicely, but she seems altogether too bored as the working girl who tricks the boy, Grant Withers, into marriage. They quarrel continuously and separate but are reunited later. Alma Tell portrays the scheming sister who aids Corinne. Marcia Harris does well as the landlady.

## **THE HOLE IN THE WALL—Paramount**

*All Talkie*



**I**F it isn't a court room scene in the talkies these days, it's a melodramatic mystery, and "The Hole in the Wall" is one of the latter. This is the one about the crooks who do their skull-duggery disguised as spiritualistic mediums. The story is confusing, and the dialogue is weak. On the credit side we have fine performances by three newcomers from the stage—Claudette Colbert, Edward G. Robinson and Donald Meek.

## **NOT QUITE DECENT—Fox**

*Part Talkie*



**A**NOTHER version of "The Singin' Fool," with Louise Dresser as Al Jolson and June Collyer as an idealized Sonny Boy. Louise sings the theme song, "Empty Arms," with tears in her eyes and a choke in her larynx because her daughter (who doesn't know she's a daughter, mind you) has left her. And, to make the idea even more identical, she does it in black face! *Mammy!* We ask you, can you cope with it?

## **THRU DIFFERENT EYES—Fox**

*All Talkie*



**M**R. FOX, running with the pack, gives us another all talkie full of murders, courtrooms and suspects. The only novelty in this picture is the fact that by flashbacks we see three versions of the killing—one the district attorney's, one the defense's, and one the true story. Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe give excellent performances, and Mary Duncan does some of her usual flouncing around in few clothes.

## **THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Warners**

*All Talkie*



**T**HE experiences of a jaunty bond salesman, fresh from the gridiron, with an unbreakable bump of ego. Lively college atmosphere, with Grant Withers playing football, singing, whistling, and using his sex appeal . . . all to good advantage. Betty Compson and Gertrude Olmstead are nicely contrasted. John Davidson gives an excellent performance. You will want to see this all-talking comedy drama. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

# \$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 anyone 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 Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement**

## 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.

**E**DWINA BOOTH will be the only white woman in the cast of "Trader Horn." She has gone to British East Africa to play the rôle of *Nina T.* in the adventurous story of the dark continent. Two years ago Miss Booth was a stenographer, then she worked as an extra player and now she is appearing in one of the most glamorous rôles of the year. And that, in spite of all advice to the contrary, is why girls go to Hollywood



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



## 1 AND 2

The hair owes her start to a Barrie built part,  
The eyes in a war play made good;  
The mouth has known scissors—just recently, too—  
And if you can't guess her, you should!

The hair sailed from over the sea to our screen,  
The eyes came from Texas to star;  
The mouth knew a miracle once—and it took  
Herself, and her cast, very far!

## 3 AND 4

The hair is the sweetheart of millions of fans,  
The eyes once knew vaudeville fame;  
The mouth was first married to one who was blessed  
With a splendid, poetical name!

The hair has cut loose from the long contract game,  
The eyes have just played a flirt's part;  
The mouth is unmarried—she's just twenty-one,  
But she's already made a great start!

## RESUME

Three of them are married—and two were divorced—  
And none is quite blonde or brunette,  
And two are old timers, from way back at scratch,  
And, say, they're both going strong yet!  
Three of them have blue eyes, one played little girls—  
And one is bereft of her long golden curls.



1 AND 2

The hair knew the stage for a number of years,  
The eyes went to Staunton M. A.;  
The mouth has made "Mammy" a national word,  
In concert and talkie and play.

The hair first made good in a film full of strife,  
The eyes on a third wife are smiling;  
The mouth had no training, but won movie fame  
For his manner and looks were beguiling.

3 AND 4

The hair has walked out on a famous screen czar,  
The eyes more than once have been wed;  
The mouth is the hero of Rex Beachesque plots—  
He's the favorite of all, it is said.

The hair has just done H. B. Warner's pet rôle,  
The eyes know what wedding ring means,  
The mouth plays the lover, the vivid he-man,  
And he's dark and, oh, gosh, how he screens!

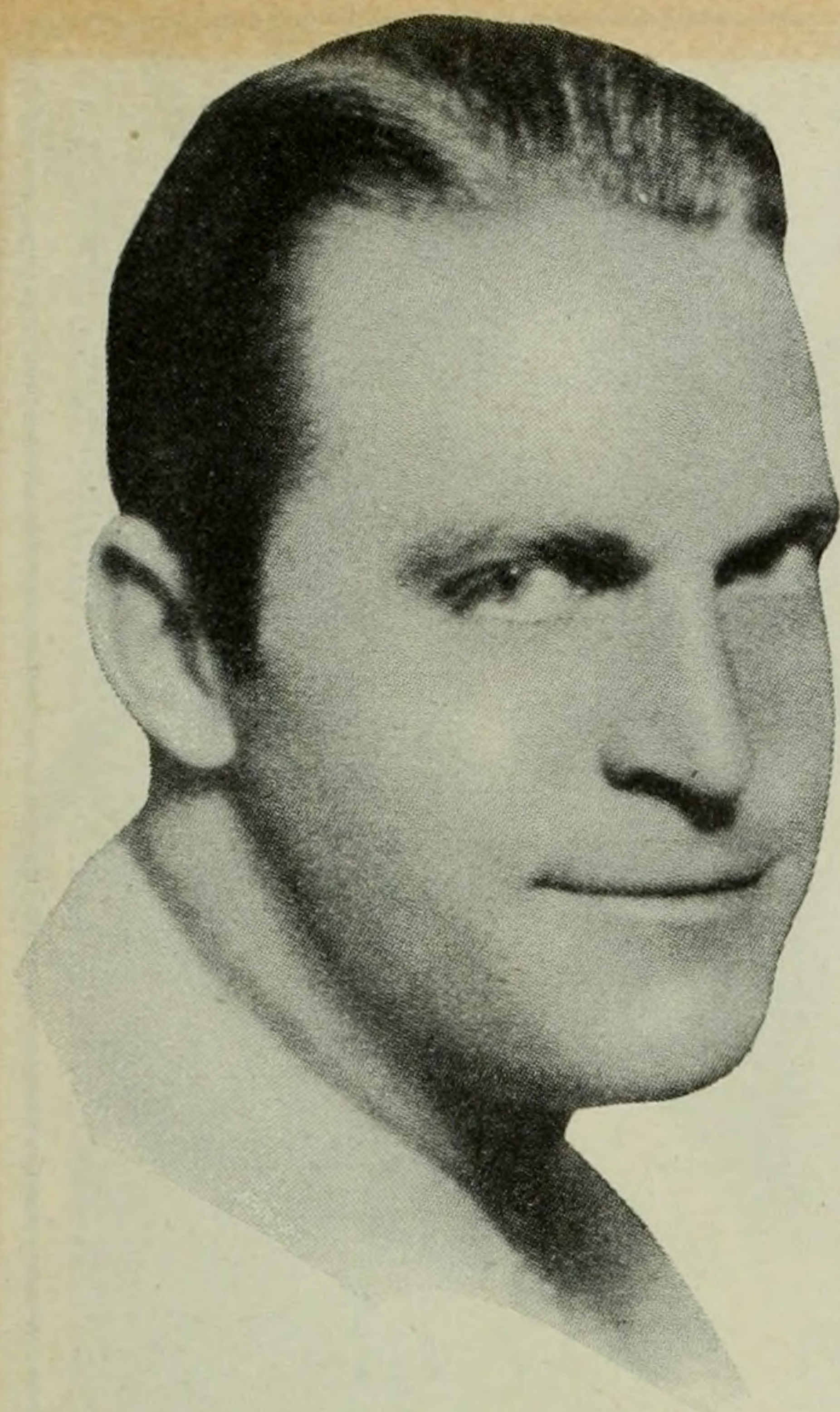
RESUME

Three of them were married (and two more than once!)  
And one is, as yet, unengaged—  
And one was in love with a blonde Nordic star—  
Who is quite used to being front paged!  
They all have dark hair—and just one, eyes of blue—  
And he, by the way, is the one that's least new!



Ruth Harriet Louise

**B**Y popular request, as they say, "Our Dancing Daughters" will be followed by "Our Modern Maidens," also an original story by Josephine Lovett. And, by way of clinching the success of the sequel, Anita Page will again play one of those tantalizing flappers, with Joan Crawford as the heroine of the picture



Chester Morris as Chester Morris, a young family man who loves the little wife and kiddie

# Young KING LEER

How Chester Morris snarled himself to fame in the talkies

By Leonard Hall



Chester Morris as Chick Williams of "Alibi," who would kill a cop for a nickel or nothing

**A**T the exact center of the talking picture hullabaloo sits a dazed and puzzled young actor named Chester Morris, the sensation of "Alibi."

Young Mr. Morris feels as though he had been struck smartly behind and below the left ear with a bung-starter.

Mr. Morris' sudden success is one of these overnight miracles produced by the over-a-couple-of-nights talkies. They make and break fast in these pin-wheel days, and Mr. Morris was one of the fastest hits on record—one of those screaming grass-cutters right over third base that are always good for three bags if the runner is fast.

And now this thirty-year-old trouper, already a veteran, is one of the most sought after young men in pictures, on the strength of his superb leering and snarling in Roland West's all-talker of crime and copdom. It might be said that he has the world by the leers. In fact, it *IS* said. I say it.

At this moment, Chester is a bit goofy around the edges.

Contracts explode in his face. Each bang on the door is just another wire from a producer.

Earnest lady interviewers prowl the hallways and peer over transoms, lunging at the boy with poised pencils whenever he pops out for the morning milk. A little maddening to a young actor who never called out the reserves before, but he is game and happy.

Though he did go up like a shot, Chester Morris' whole life had fitted him for success when the big break came and the fat part of *Chick Williams* tumbled into his lap.

A son of a famous theatrical family, Chester was tossed on the stage almost before his voice had changed from an uncertain treble to a positive baritone.

His first job of work, as a kid, was with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead," that Civil War play which Lionel later did for the screen. He went on in all sorts of rôles in all manner

of plays — on Broadway, in stock and on the far-flung deserts of the road.

In 1926 he began to specialize in the crime rôles that finally prepared him to do *Chick Williams*, that nasty little snake of gangland.

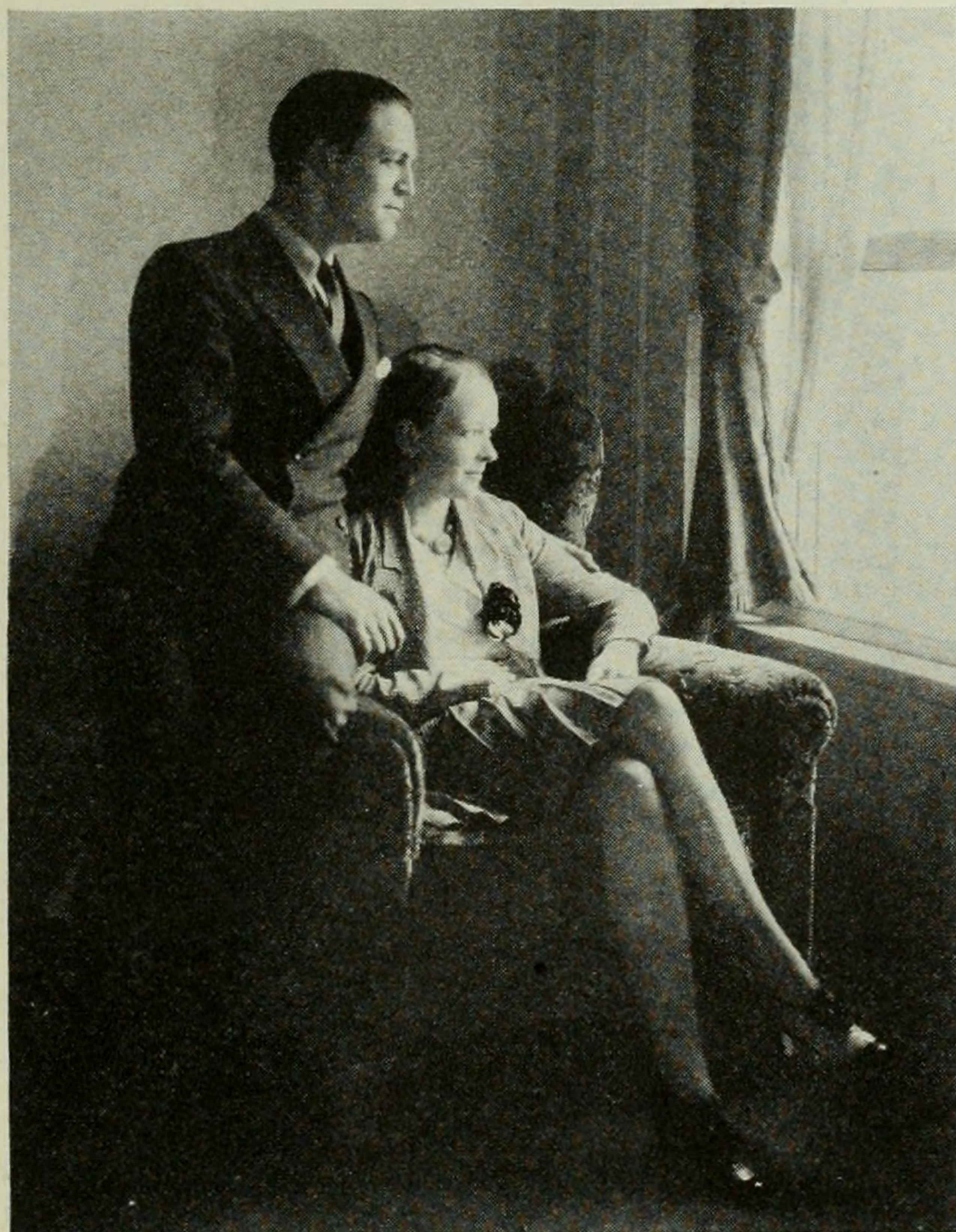
**I**T really wasn't Morris' fault. He'd much rather play nice boys than cop-killers. Oddly enough, it was George M. Cohan who made a rat out of the lad—George M., who has always specialized in everything clean and American far into the per cents.

"I'm afraid it will type me, George," said Morris.

"No, it won't," said the silver-haired song and dance man. "And besides, I'll give you a nice, clean part in my next show."

But it did type him, and for three years he was the leading stage exponent of youthful skullduggery — of rodent-like boys with slit eyes and curling lips. He murdered and seduced and took dope — this handsome young fellow who loves his family, adores his mite of a wife, and thinks he has the finest mother-in-law on earth. (Her name is Cynthia Kilborn, and Morris is about right!)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 ]



Chester Morris and the little woman at home. Their marriage tied two theatrical families. The wifelet's a trouper, too



Russell Ball

*A*N amazing woman—Gloria Swanson—who has had everything and lost it and had it again. A trifle bitter, but a glorious fighter when she is forced to it. Her name is a synonym for luxury, she is envied by thousands of girls, but she is one of the most unhappy actresses on the screen



# What Next for Gloria?

Her future is  
in your hands

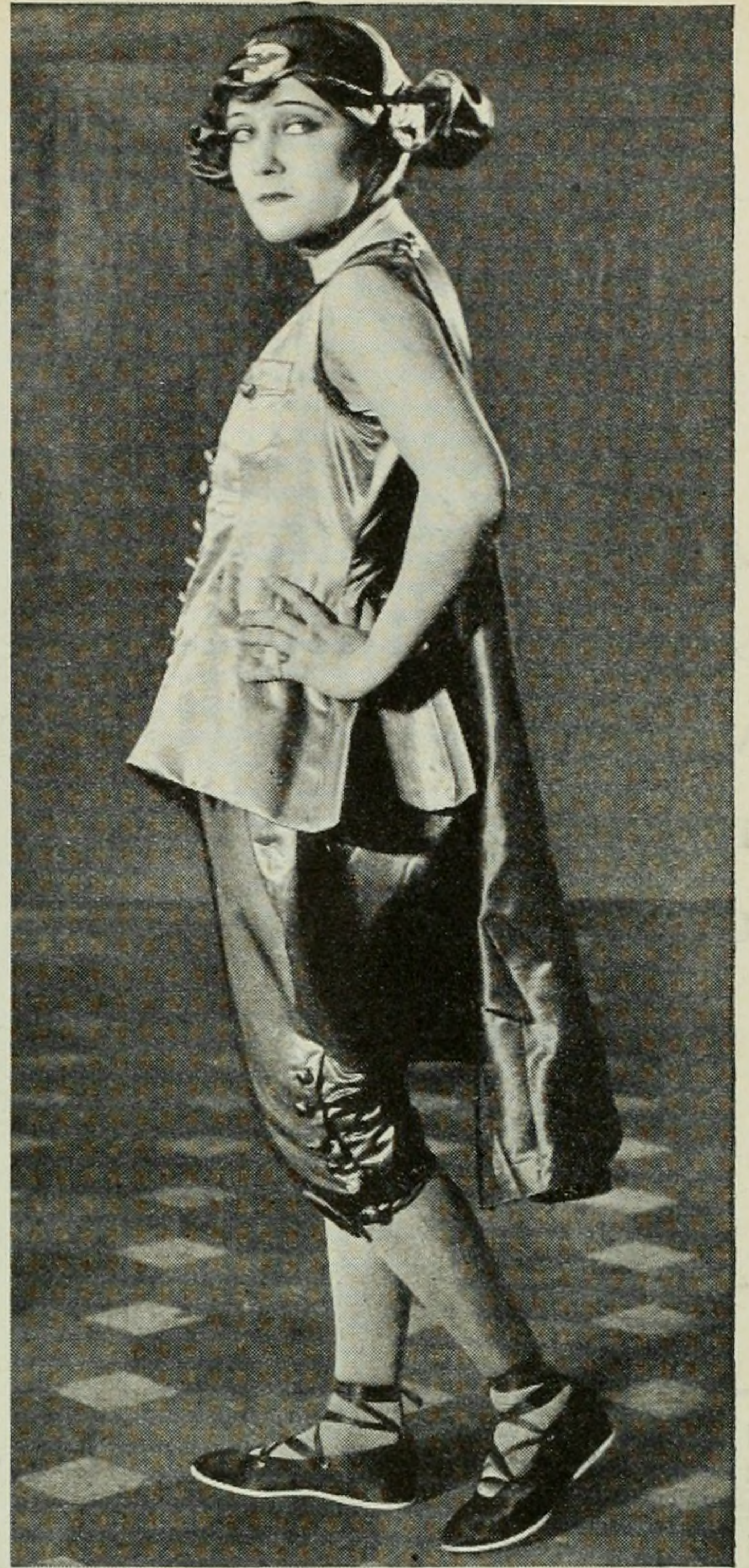
By  
Katherine Albert

**A** GOOD many years ago a little, snub-nosed girl in a cheap, silk dress stood before a second-rate director and tried to look as if she had never worked in Keystone Comedies.

It was useless, for the remains of custard clung to her symbolically. There was an over-developed muscle in the right arm. It got there from slinging pies.

She could conceal her Keystone past no better than she could hide a vivid personality. In spite of the frouzy dress and the "very chick hat, dearie," Gloria Swanson had what it takes.

She was given her first dramatic rôle. It was a decided departure and Gloria got it by a fluke. Up to that time screen actresses had been divided into two divisions. They were either nasty nice or dirty bad. The word "flapper" had not yet been coined. But Triangle had bought a story, the protagonist of which was a hoyden who, in spite of a gay exterior, was a nice girl after all. Executives, fearful of trusting the



Gloria Swanson's first dramatic picture was called "Smoke." In it she wore this outfit, described as "the first aviation bathing suit ever designed"

rôle with one of their stock players, who could be nothing but good—oh, terribly good—or bad—just rotten bad—had called in an outsider.

The outsider was the snub-nosed Gloria who tried to look as if her only acquaintance with pies was at the dinner table.

And with the big dramatic part she was given unheard of riches. She found that her weekly envelope contained, instead of the \$35 Keystone had paid her, a neat \$150.

Gloria became, at that very moment, a motion picture star. Someone told her of the installment plan. She wanted a car and a home and clothes—for which she had no taste at all—and luxurious furniture. And she had them, as she has had whatever material things she wanted. She bought them simply by writing her name to little pieces of paper. It was as easy as acting. But when she was through she found that she had contracted to pay \$165 a week on a \$150 salary.

Thus Gloria Swanson—who has always spent \$165 for every \$150 earned. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124 ]



She married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. It was a romantic marriage and, for a time, a happy one. Henry now spends much of his time in Paris, away from Gloria and Hollywood. For Gloria, men can only be a side issue

# The GOLDEN

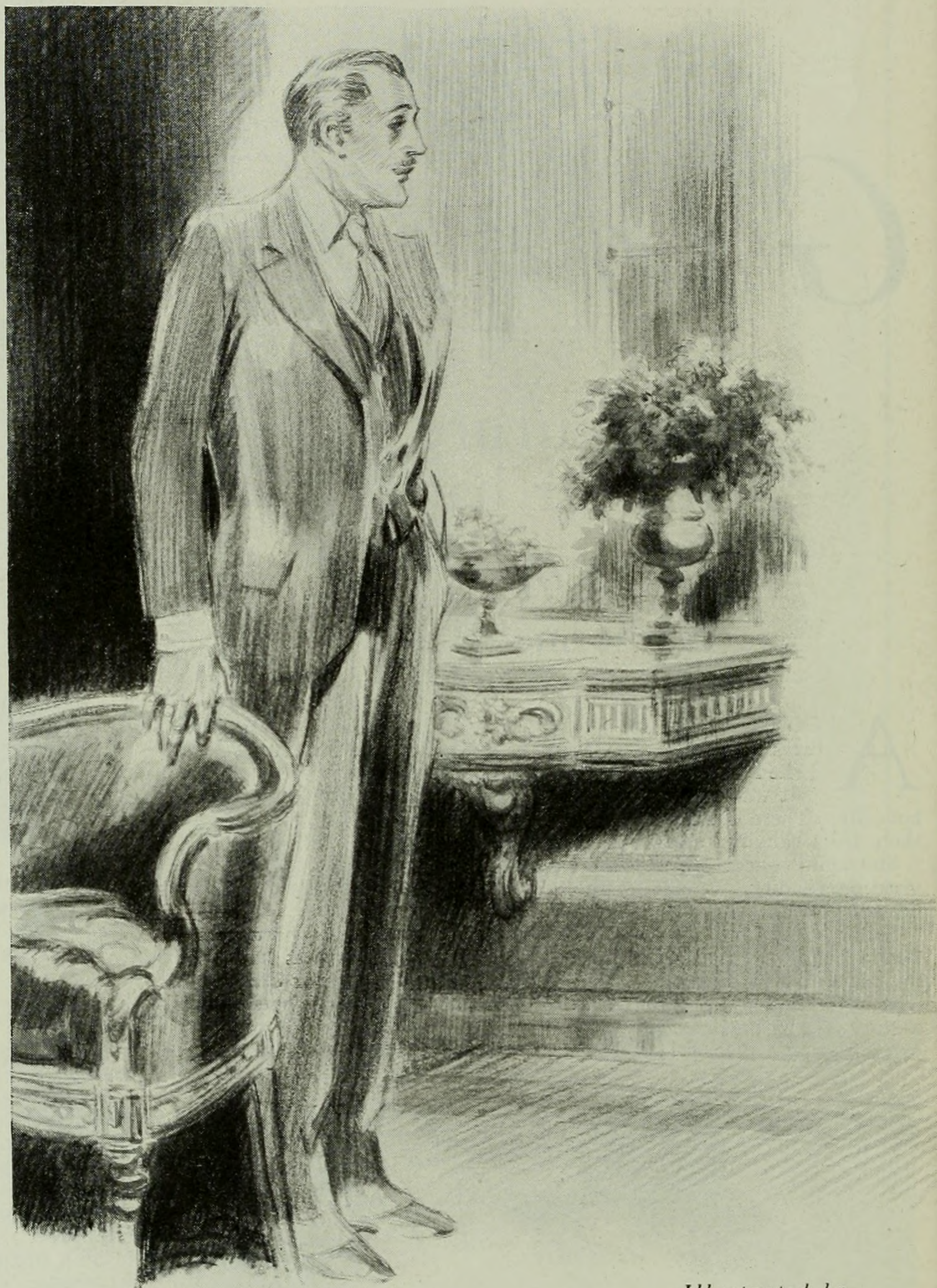
A sophisticated story of Hollywood, in which a modern Jason sets out to seek the precious prize

ELSA DELMAR felt a delightful sense of triumph as she entered her big bedroom. It was not quite dark outside but the maid had drawn the curtains, and the fire leaping in the grate lighted up the lacquered furniture and jade and gold cushions. Elsa was aware, too, that it lighted her face in a flattering way and made her look rather beautiful and youthful. But then, happiness has a way of lopping off several years from a woman's age. And Elsa was very happy indeed at that moment.

She tossed her silver fox scarf across a chair, pulled off the little white feather turban which had received so many compliments that afternoon, and rang for the maid to bring her a cocktail.

Life was really quite thrilling, thought Elsa, as she sank luxuriously into a low cushioned chair before the fire, lighted a gold-tipped cigarette and watched the little spirals of smoke. It seemed such a short time ago that she had been just an extra girl, trying to make a precarious seven-fifty or ten dollars a day cover her needs. And then, with the swiftness that is Hollywood, she had married George Delmar, who had become in the past two years one of the most sought after directors in the business.

Elsa had given up the screen. She knew she was not really beautiful. Pretty perhaps, if you didn't take her to pieces. But she had found that when you are looking for a job in pictures they have absolutely no scruples about taking you to pieces. So Elsa had wisely concluded that she would be much happier out of pictures. She had everything she wanted—this beautiful home in Beverly Hills, a foreign car and a chauffeur, charge accounts at all the smart shops, and people saying, "Yes, Mrs. Delmar"; a cottage at Malibu Beach, and the social prestige that goes with being the wife of an important picture director.



Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn

Of course she did not really have very much of George. His life was almost entirely absorbed by his work and while Elsa often suspected that he was not *always* at the studio on the nights when he was supposedly working, she was clever enough not to check up on him. Not that she believed ignorance is bliss, but rather that it is folly to know too much. Most husbands, she was aware, *chiseled* a little bit, and as some wisecracker said, love's time-table in Hollywood is subject to change without notice.

GEORGE was always very discreet and he had a charming way of remembering to present her with exquisite gifts at frequent intervals. Once it had been a square-cut emerald surrounded by tiny diamonds, after he had been away on a location trip.

# FLEECER

By

Grace  
Mack



Elsa introduced them. She wondered if George noticed how odd her voice sounded. He asked, "Is this the young man you were telling me about, Elsa?" "Why, I don't remember," she lied. "That night we talked about a blonde man to play opposite Dalmores," he reminded her. She remembered she had not mentioned any particular man. Was George just being subtle?

felt the primitive emotions which some of her friends confessed to rather proudly, she kept them carefully leashed. There were times of course when she indulged in perfectly harmless flirtations—what woman doesn't?—but she always stopped before they approached fever heat. A woman needs flirtations, she often said, to keep her young.

MEETING that perfectly charming Jason Castle at Gloria Kane's party that afternoon, for instance, had made her feel quite a different person. Apparently he was a newcomer to Hollywood. At least it was the first time Elsa had ever seen him. She had learned very little about him for he had paid her the subtle compliment of talking about her instead of about himself. He was rather young—about twenty-six she imagined—tall and blonde, and terribly good looking in a Viking sort of way.

The way he had devoted himself to her so exclusively had really been very amusing. It was a new experience for Elsa. She had become quite accustomed to the fact that

Then there had been that lovely string of pearls when he returned from a week-end of tuna fishing. And when he had completed his first picture with that sultry Spanish star he had surprised Elsa by giving her a gorgeous ermine evening wrap.

There are women who would have suspected that these gifts were peace offerings for some amorous detour and would have spoiled everything by insisting upon explanations. Elsa merely kissed George and told him he was a perfect darling. That was probably why they got on so well together and why they were so often referred to as the ideal Hollywood couple.

IT was true that many of the women in Elsa's crowd did a little *detouring* too. Some of them discussed their new thrills quite frankly. Elsa herself was very careful. If she sometimes

wherever she went there would be women much more beautiful than she who would naturally occupy the center of the stage. This afternoon had been delightfully different. Even the soulful eyes of Donna Dalmores, who was the current Hollywood rave, had been unable to lure Jason away from Elsa's side, though they had very obviously tried. No wonder that Elsa felt a sense of triumph.

She reached for her bag and extracted a little slip of paper on which he had jotted his telephone number.

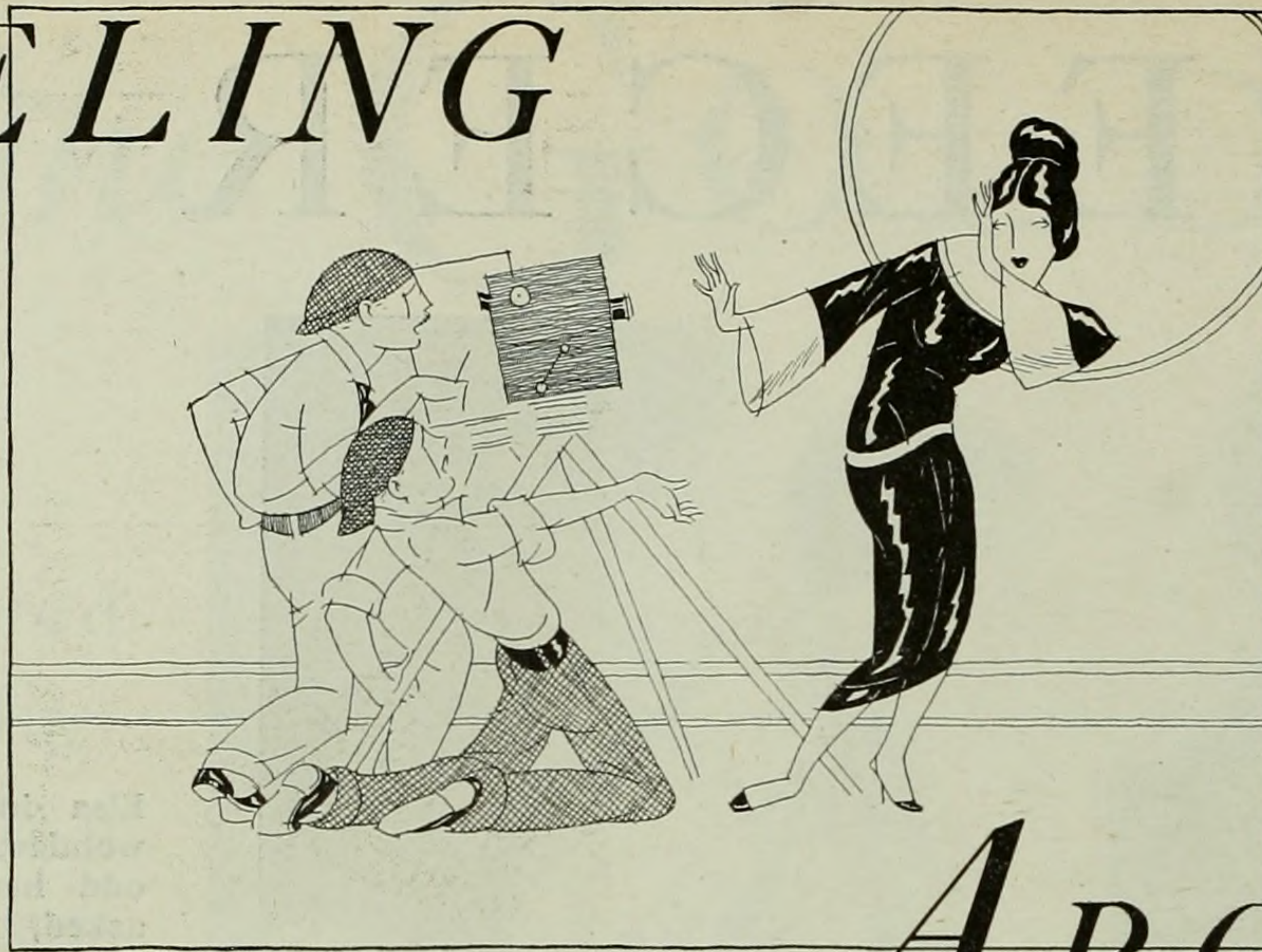
The next day when they were lunching together, *not* at the popular Montmartre where all the picture stars go to see and be seen, but at a charming, little hideaway tearoom. Jason said:

"You're the kind of woman I have dreamed about in lonely moments — —"

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126 ]

# REELING

with  
Leonard  
Hall



Just before the Famous Director woke up with a Dark Brown Taste, he heard the Star say, "No, PLEASE, Mr. Langworthy, no close-ups! Just let me stand over there behind that fat man with the wens, where I'll be out of your way!"

# AROUND

## Hollywood

(By one who is there now.)

*Alice Whites and Clara Bows  
Dripping these and them and those—*

*Gilbert necking, Garbo slinking,  
Twenty thousand actors drinking—*

*Sunshine thirty hours a day,  
Little work and plenty pay—*

*Dix, Novarro, Billie Dove,  
Herbert Howe and Bessie Love—*

*Swamis, yogis, Aimee, Coue,  
Gin and jazz and joy and hooey—*

*It cannot be, whate'er the dope,  
As nice and nutty as I hope!*

## Getting Personal

Charlie Chaplin recently celebrated his 40th birthday and had his dapple-gray hair dyed. . . . A German physician is said to have deserted the Fatherland for Dolores del Rio, which is, as the old sea song says, Rolling Down to Rio. . . . Adolphe Menjou's favorite purp is named "Weenie." Obviously, hot. . . . Greta Garbo drives a Ford. . . . Phyllis Haver, retired blonde, was married to Billy Seeman by Mayor James "Jimmie" Walker of New York, told the man she was 27, quit Douglas, Kansas, for her career and will live in a bungalow on a 17-story New York building. The spouse has millions, made in merchandise. He is 37. . . . Romances said to be on at the moment, but don't quote me—Lottie Pickford and Russell Gillard (Michigan Lumberman), Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell, Buddy Rogers and Florence Hamberger (non-professional), Viola Dana and Rex Lease and Pola Negri and Rudolph Friml, the famous operetta composer. . . . Lois Moran has opened a smart sports shop in Hollywood. . . . Dorothy Gish is going back to pictures, once more of the British make. . . . Eileen Percy is playing on the stage in Los Angeles. . . . Leatrice Joy and Lita Grey Chaplin have been singing on stage and air, but that isn't the reason Marion Talley quit opera. E. Burton Steene was the greatest air cameraman in the business. He had dared death in shooting nose dives and tail spins in all the great air pictures from "Wings" to "Hell's Angels." Recently he died at the age of 43—in bed, of heart disease. 'Slife for you! . . . The best new bet in pictures recently . . . Kay Francis, brunette siren of the quiet-working type. Watch for

her in "Gentlemen of the Press" and Bow's new "Dangerous Curves." . . . There are no talking pictures in India, but 21 companies are producing silent films there. . . . Pat Rooney and Marion Bent have been married 25 years. . . . Mary Duncan really fell out of an automobile and really was badly contused. . . . Lupe Velez has signed to make a series of records for Victor, she to get \$15,000 and a cut the first year. . . . When Jolson's "The Jazz Singer" opened in Sweden, with no sound in Scandinavia, the music was furnished by a choir. . . . Josef von Sternberg is said to be the only Paramount director who carries a cane. He is also the only Paramount director named Josef von Sternberg, so what of it, anyway? Let's drop the whole thing right here!

## Our Monthly Libel Suit

From unimpeachable sources I give you the pet names of the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello royal family.

She is his "little egg."

He is her "winkie-dee."

Denials will be filed with Nelson, head of our Broom and Duster Department.

## Just Gagging Along

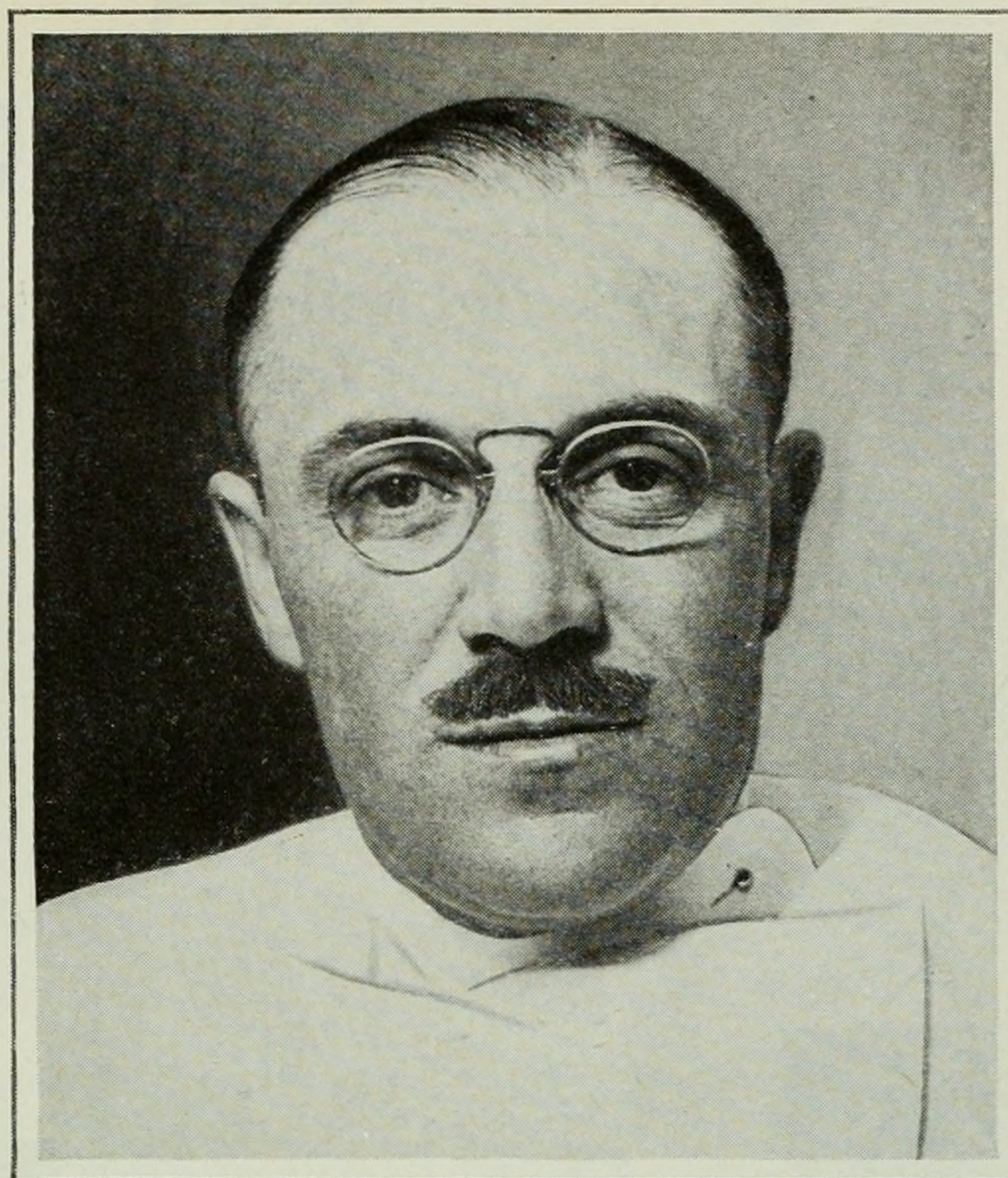
"Charlie and I are good friends—perhaps we are learning to understand each other better"—Lita Grey Chaplin. This appeared in the New York Graphic. The story was signed by Lois Bull. . . . Paramount thinks the public is fed up with calling Clara Bow-do-de-oh-do "The It Girl," and looks for a new descriptive trademark. Among those it considers is "The Brooklyn Bonfire." Thanks for the kiss on the cheek—that's one of mine. I have a better. The sign on their own Rialto Theater in New York read—Clara Bow—"The Wild Party." . . . Louise Dresser is confined to her home after having been bitten by a cat. All right, Louise, what was her name? . . . M.-G.-M. has just sent \$250 worth of cosmetics to Edwina Booth of "Trader Horn" in Africa. Go on, there isn't that much face in the world! . . . Dorothy Parker, the wit, says she wants to write the theme song for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." What would it be but "The San Luis Blues"? . . . Guy Oliver has just appeared in his 315th picture. Next he'll tell us he played the caboose in "The Great Train Robbery." . . . In Chicago, during a showing of "Noah's Ark," the synchronization blew a tire. Big Boy Williams and George O'Brien were shown having a hot tiff when the screen said, in Dolo Costello's voice, "Kiss me again for France!" . . . In Hollywood they call the camera booth the "doghouse."

# Do You Drink Enough Water?

“Your diet should include at least two quarts of fluid every day”

*Says*

**Dr. H. B. K. Willis**



**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

“**W**ATER we’re waiting for, oh, my heart?” This should be the lament of the dehydrated dames and damsels of today who are thirsting to become thin, if you will pardon the distortion of Tosti’s famous love song’s first line.

In this, the hey-day of the food faddists, the reductionists and the dietetic cranks, there are probably more fallacies extant about water and its proper place in the dietary than perhaps any other article of food.

The reductionist commands you not to drink water if you would get thin because it is the element which gives weight to the body.

The food faddist declares that over-indulgence in water will thin the blood and produce grave disease of the kidney.

The dietetic crank advises limiting the fluid intake because it interferes with the processes of digestion.

Such statements are rank fallacies as well as being utter absurdities. But as a result of these contradictory dicta, he or she who would diet to preserve health is absolutely baffled and apt to exclaim in despair, “Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink.” Water should be used freely both internally and externally. This discussion will be confined to its internal application. Its external employment by my readers must be at the dictates of conscience.

Water is a tremendously vital factor in the body nutrition. It is of greater importance than the ordinary food-stuffs and is second only to oxygen when measured by the

urgency of demand and the promptness with which disaster follows failure of supply. The normal diet should contain an adequate amount of fluid because water has at least three important functions in the body.

First, it is the best food solvent; second, it is indispensable as a sewage fluid; and third, it is an important factor in the regulation of the body temperature. It is the water in the body which not only carries the food elements to the body cells but also carries away from the cells the waste products of the life processes. All chemical reactions take place more freely in the presence of water and since the building-up and tearing-down processes, going on endlessly in the body in this continuous performance which we call life, are largely chemical,

we must have the medium present in which these chemical interchanges take place best. The importance of water to the body is so evident, the need of water so promptly recognized and so easily met, that little discussion is required.

**W**ATER is taken into the body by way of the large and small intestine, the stomach absorbing little or none. More than two quarts of water are lost to the body daily through the kidneys, the lungs, the skin and the bowel. Healthy individuals maintain a fairly accurate balance between fluid intakes and outputs. As the output increases the individual instinctively drinks more fluid. When more fluid than is needed is taken, the output increases.

You receive your water from three sources—from the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131 ]

**W**HY do you need plenty of water? “First, because it is the best food solvent. Second, it is indispensable as a sewage fluid. Third, it is an important factor in the regulation of body temperature.”

When should water be taken and how much is essential to health?

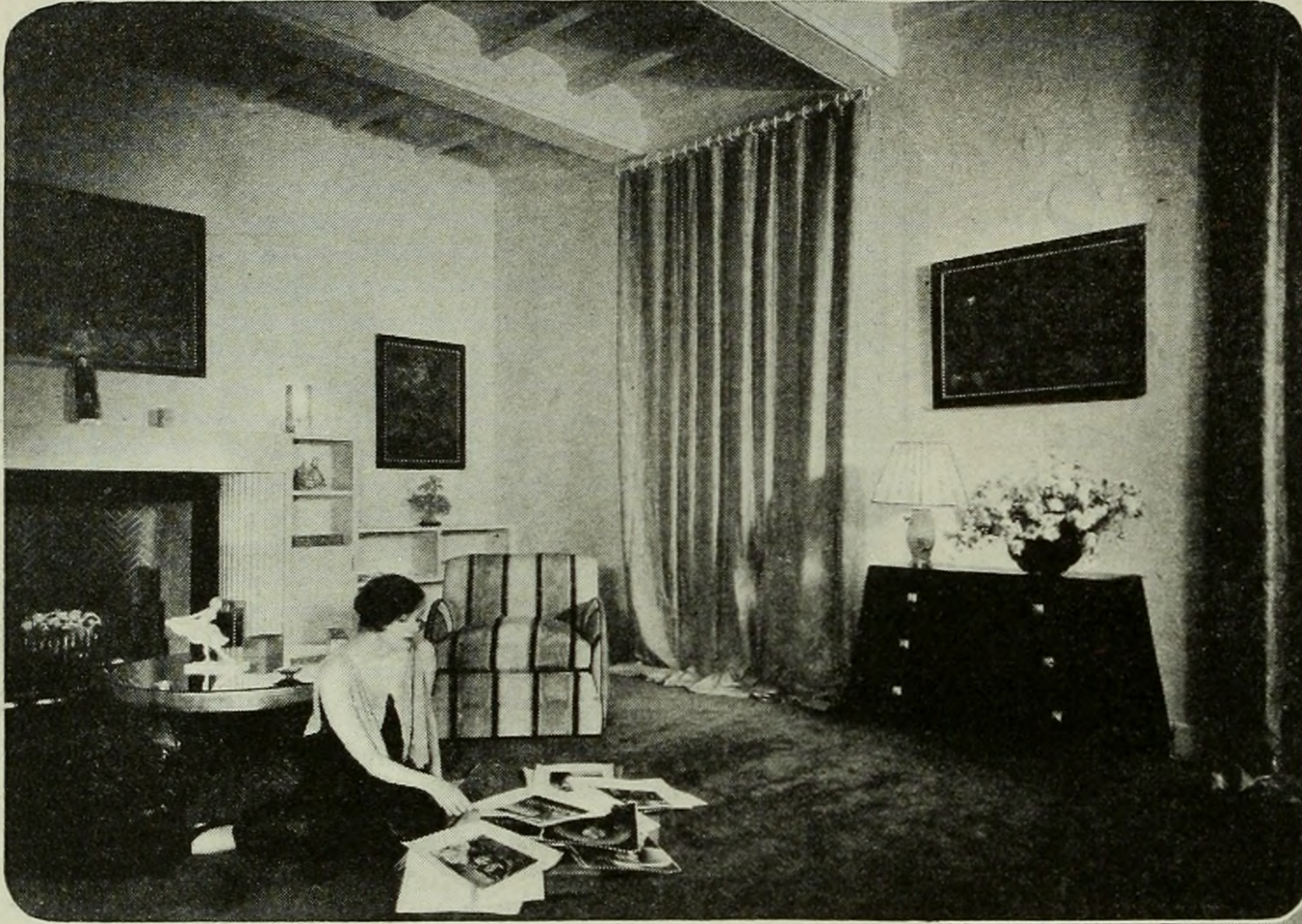
“Drink a pint of hot water in the morning, soon after you arise. Drink a glass of water before and after each meal and a glass between meals. At bedtime drink another pint of water.”

Is water fat-producing?

“The drinking of water favors increased bodily activities and it is significant to note that all of the reputable reduction regimens call for a liberal amount of fluid.”

# How They Manage

Walk right in—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco want to show you their new home



The "Whoopee Room"—so named by Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco because they designed it specially as a playroom for entertaining their guests with games, cards and music. It is an amusing, gay room, in modern French style, done in orange, black and silver

**W**HEN Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco decided to acquire a new home, they gave up a three-acre "estate" in favor of plain No. 912 N. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. An estate was a

bit too pretentious for a couple who have to be away so much. "Besides, if neither of us earned another penny, we could live in this house for the rest of our lives," says Corinne, who believes in keeping one eye on the future. "The estate was too expensive."

But they have made of the new home a luxurious treasure house. It stands on a large corner lot, surrounded by soft green lawns and shrubbery. A rich contractor had built it for himself. "And we can brag that we have the best built house in California," Corinne says, laughingly.

It was originally Spanish type, but Corinne didn't think that suited her personality. The Spanish arches have been transformed into Italian squares—and Italy and Vienna form the prevailing *motif*. An Italian-style front door is adorned with huge stone vases of growing ivy—for "friendship."

**B**UT once inside, I want to begin with Corinne's personal bathroom. It is the room one remembers above all others. Picture, then, a circular domed room, with walls and ceiling panelled in rich gold moiré silk, and carpeted with a thick, putty-colored velvet rug, specially water-proofed, so that Corinne's dainty toes need not touch cold tiles.

The bath is sunken with an arched inset in the background, lined with mirror and glass shelves, whereon stand bath-salts of numerous rare perfumes, pink June Geranium soap, powders and glistening rows of cut glass bottles.

The wash-basin is of solid black marble, on crystal legs, and all the faucets and plumbing fixtures are of solid gold! There is an exquisite little table of hand-painted Italian workmanship and a gold brocade-covered chair. Pale blue taffeta curtains are at the window.

Above the window are hand-painted wooden strips, depicting "The Divine Lady" in her various portraits.

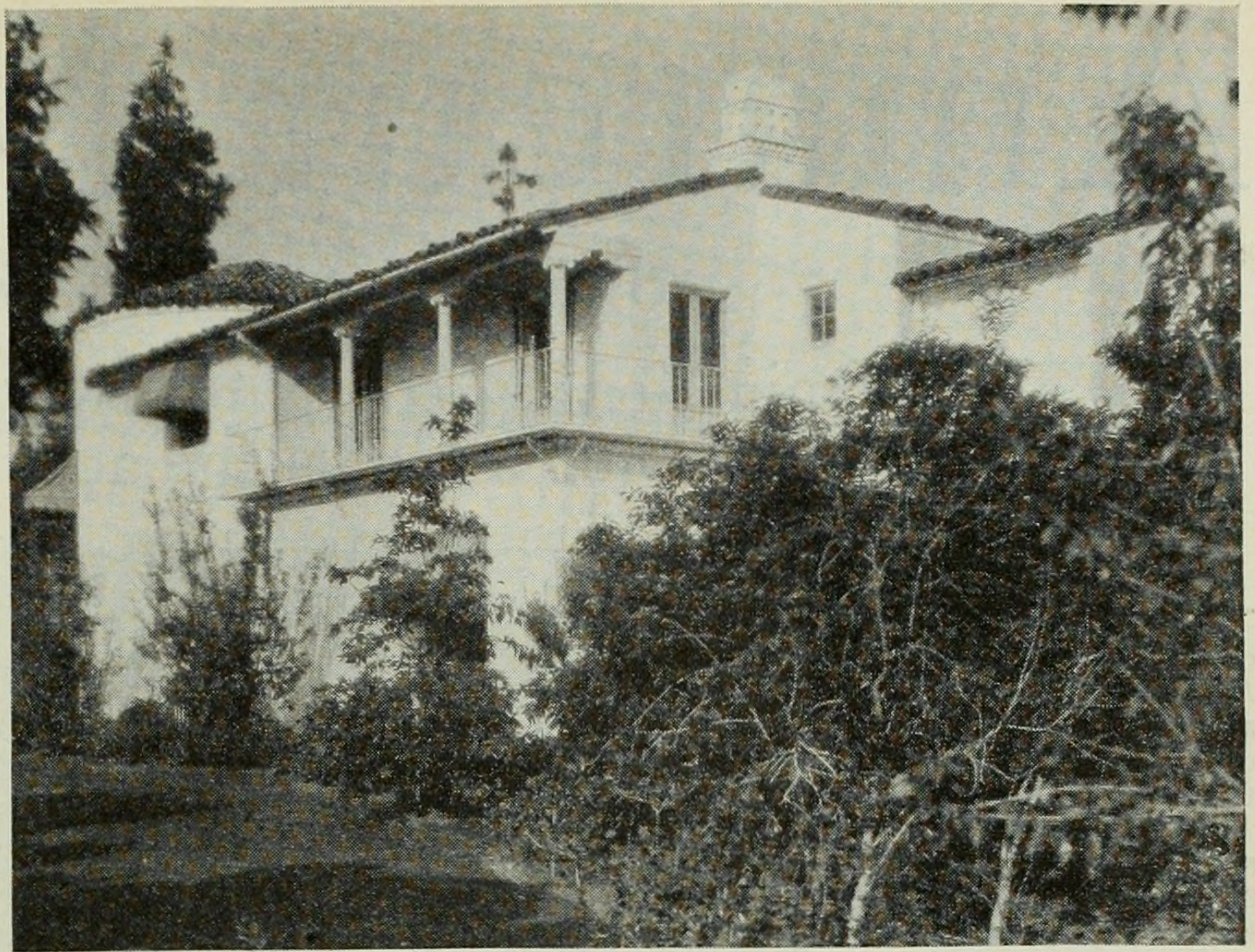
In a more practical alcove stand the scales—inevitable



A Venetian palace of the Early Seventeenth Century contributed these handsomely carved green and gold doors, which form a picturesque background for Miss Griffith

# Their Homes

By  
Alma  
Whitaker



A view of the outside of the house. Lovely as this picture is, it hardly prepares one for all the luxury and gorgeousness within. Yet elegance does not overshadow the hospitable, home spirit

piece of furniture in a lovely Hollywood star's home. The face towels are of the finest linen, monogrammed "C. G. M." The bath towels, of heavy terry cloth, have a border of red roses, which same design also ornaments Corinne's bathrobe.

A soft rose-ecru carpet of delicate richness covers the floor of Corinne's bedroom. Heavy rose-ecru silk drapes extend from floor to ceiling at the windows, with soft pale pink georgette crepe curtains between, veiling the sunlight.

The Italian bed, three-quarter size, boasts flesh colored crepe de chine sheets and pillow slips, and the coverlet is of pink marabou feathers. Dozens of tiny pillows, in exquisite cases, are piled upon the one huge down pillow beneath.

Drian engravings, in silver frames, adorn the walls. A fireplace, with Italian mirror and candelabra on the mantel, and in the center a perfume burner of wrought crystal that lights up a striking design as it burns; Italian settees, upholstered in pink brocade; a screen; a portrait of Lady Hamilton; and bedside tables supporting a lamp and clock on one side, flowers and a book, "Fabulous New Orleans," on the other; an Italian

cabinet, with portraits of Walter and Corinne's mamma.

It is here that Corinne sits up in bed at 7 A. M. to take her orange juice and toast—her only breakfast. Here, too, the Viennese cook submits the day's menus, the while Corinne crinkles her pretty brow, making suggestions and changes. She rises daily at 8 A. M. and, after the bath, steps into—

**T**HAT amazing dressing room. Here again the circular *motif* . . . the huge mirror being round, the stool and chairs low and round. The walls, between wall mirrors, are of cream and silver. Rose pink satin drapes . . . a shelved glass stand beside the mirror to hold all the important cosmetics—tortoiseshell and silver toilet articles . . . a silver hat hanger, and behind the wall mirrors, closets of every shape and size—for dresses, shoes, underwear, scarves, handkerchiefs, belts, in alluring array.

Stepping out into the carpeted hall, decked with chintz curtains, sofas and cabinets, the walls hung with quaint Boilly colored engravings, we come to a huge sun porch. Here stands a bed, designed for open-air sleeping for Walter, and covered with a large sheet to preserve it from the day's dust.

Walter's bedroom is modern—designed exclusively by Corinne. The furniture is black mahogany and the walls are ivory. A gayly striped coverlet drapes the bed and a roomy jazzy-covered chair lends a dashing note. A bedside table holds a lamp and

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]



The library. From the balcony one can comfortably watch motion pictures, thrown on a screen in the "Whoopee Room" below. The projection machine fits into the removable upper panels of the library doors

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Film eliminations progress in PHOTOPLAY contest—  
Club and College activities

AS this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press, the committee of judges in the \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest still is examining the many entries from all parts of the world.

Many more films were submitted than in PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur contest of a year ago. The average of merit is much higher. This is necessitating a much more lengthy examination of the contest films than was necessary in the previous contest. It is hoped that, in the August issue, this department will be able to present a full list of the contestants who have survived the preliminaries. From those who have won a place in the finals will come the ultimate winners.

A MORE detailed report upon the contesting films will be presented later. However, it is possible now to say that the chief fault of the amateur makers of dramatic stories is lack of clarity.

The amateur directors fail to tell their story concisely and clearly. This fault could be remedied by showing the film from time to time to friends who know nothing about the story.

After weeks of work upon a film, the amateur, just as does the professional photoplay maker, loses his perspective. He begins to think he is clearly relating an incident when, in reality, he is just providing a confused slant upon it. At least several of the contest dramatic films failing to survive the preliminaries would have had a good chance for a prize had they been edited and had they been cut better and more expertly titled.

The big error in the amateur making of scenics, it seems from this contest, is lack of a basic idea. A lot of



Scene showing the making of "Incident," filmed by the Undergraduate Motion Picture Club of Princeton University for PHOTOPLAY'S Contest. Earl Barnouw plays the leading rôle in this production

typical freshman during his first year. Naturally it will have plenty of authentic collegiate atmosphere.

Five hundred and thirty students took screen tests for the important rôles, and, from these tests, the cast was chosen. Dorothy Burke was selected for the feminine lead. She is a

brunette type and unusually attractive. Verne Elliott has the rôle of freshman hero.

Other leading rôles will be played by Phyllis Van Kimmell, who is to do an unsophisticated freshman; Jewell Ellis, who will play an ultra-modern co-ed; William Overstreet, as an athlete friend of the hero; and James Lyons, as the villain. The directors have the entire student body to call upon for extra rôles.

The film has the full sanction of the university officials. Beatrice Milligan, James Raley and Carvel Nelson are the students in charge of the production, while George Godfrey is faculty advisor and general supervisor.

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 106 ]



Richard de Fole and Malcolm Lee Harvey in an interesting scene from the Little Screen Player production of "Bon-zabar the Beggar," submitted in the PHOTOPLAY contest. Mr. de Fole plays the title rôle



# Secrets of a smart Sun-Tan

How to achieve a Smooth Clear Skin Toned to an Even Brown

by **JANE KENDALL MASON**

JANE KENDALL MASON (Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.) is widely known as "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House." Society favorite and all-round sportswoman, this enchanting blonde beauty writes, models in clay, paints and acts with equal success.



IT'S SMART to be sun-tanned! The fad began out of a clear blue sky. A Parisian *élégante* was told to bathe in the summer sun till she was as brown as an Arab. Along with radiant health she achieved an irresistible new beauty which forthwith became the fashion.

This summer everyone, everywhere, by lake and sea, in mountains and in country, is seeking her place in the sun, toasting her skin to the delightful coppery tan most women find so becoming.

The burning question is how to be smartly sun-tanned yet keep your skin smooth and evenly browned. Its charm is ruined if it becomes reddened, roughened, dry or blistered. Yet, with constant exposure to the sun, all these disasters are inevitable unless you give your skin the right care.

My own complexion is naturally fair, and my home is in Havana, Cuba, where the sun is strong. What with swimming, tennis, golf and motoring, you can imagine that to achieve the gypsy brown I love, yet keep my skin smooth and fine, does take care!

But I have a simple "sun-tan secret"—

the exquisite Cold Cream made by Pond's.

Always before I go to the beach I coat my skin all over with a film of this pure, light cream. The fine light oils give just the protection needed against the drying, burning, roughening effects of sun, wind and salt water, keep the skin supple, smooth, help it to brown beautifully, evenly.

After my day in the sun I follow my usual Pond's Method, just as I do the year round:—

To avoid peeling, the immaculate cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is doubly essential, and deliciously soothing. Pond's Tissues to wipe away the cream are divinely gentle. To banish the last trace of oiliness, Pond's Skin Freshener is ideal. I spray mine on with a big atomizer. Last, I smooth in Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives such a lovely finish for evening!

*Every skin needs summer care*

Whether or not you choose to go in for sun-tan, you should nevertheless give your skin special summer care. No way of doing this is swifter or surer than the four simple steps of Pond's Method:

First—Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Then, Pond's Tissues to remove dirt and cream . . . Third, Pond's Skin Freshener to banish any final trace of oiliness . . . Finally, Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection and exquisite finish.

Here's luck—and a lovely complexion to you all!

**Four exquisite preparations for care of the skin . . .**

1. You know Pond's Cold Cream, for immaculate cleansing all year round. In summer it keeps your smart sun-tan smooth and even and prevents burn.
2. Large, absorbent, snowy, Pond's Cleansing Tissues are indispensable to your cold cream cleansing, removing dirt and cream, economizing laundry and towels.
3. Soothing and refreshing, Pond's fragrant Skin Freshener banishes oiliness after using cold cream. Tonic and mild astringent, it clears, refines the skin.
4. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream in summer to prevent shiny nose, and to protect your skin if you prefer not to burn. And always all year round for protection and powder base!

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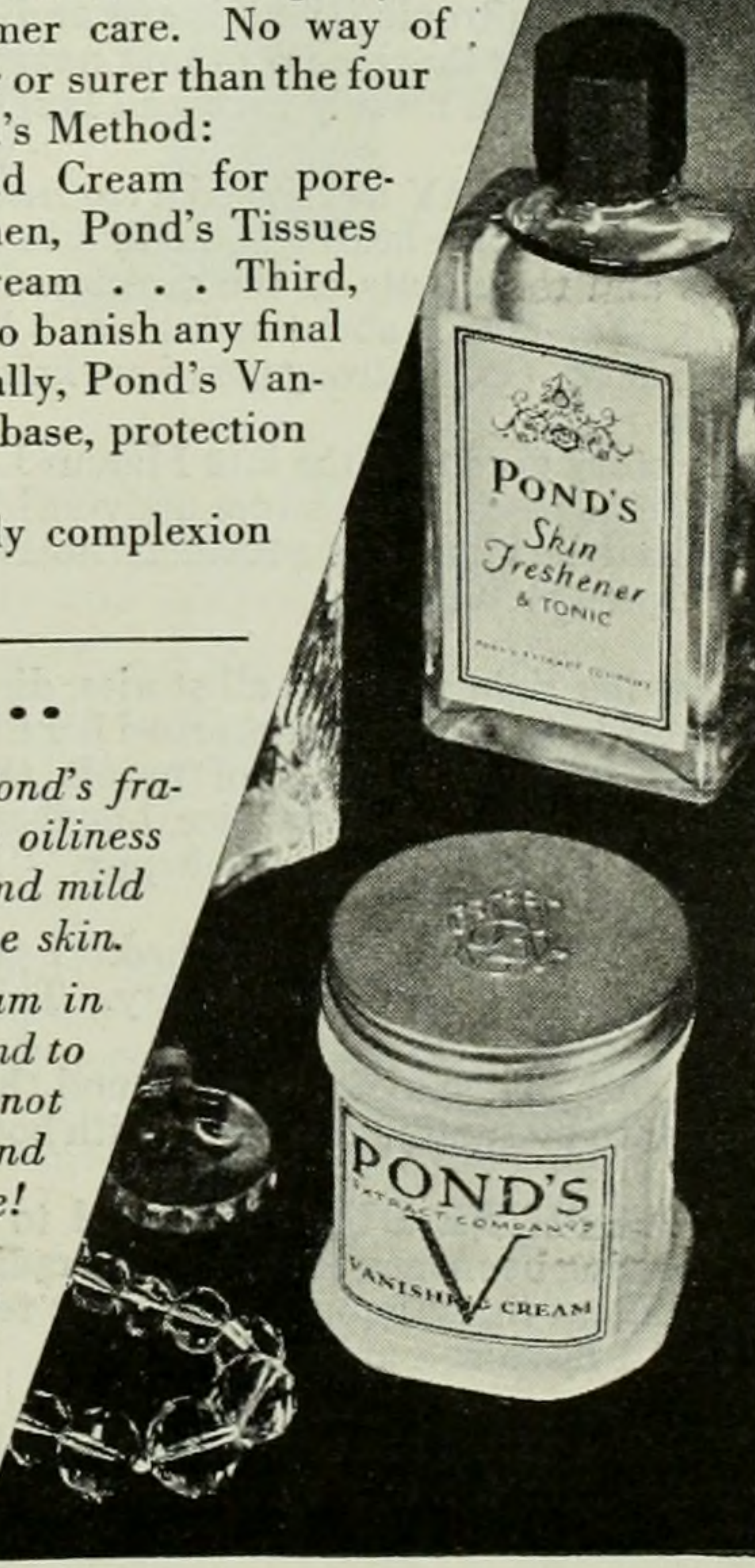
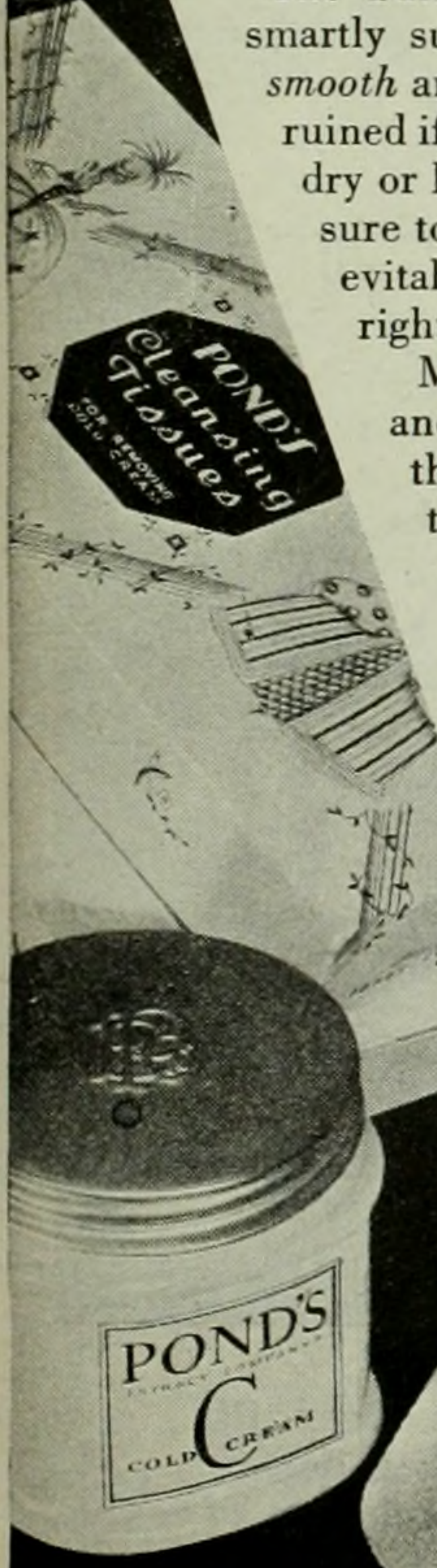
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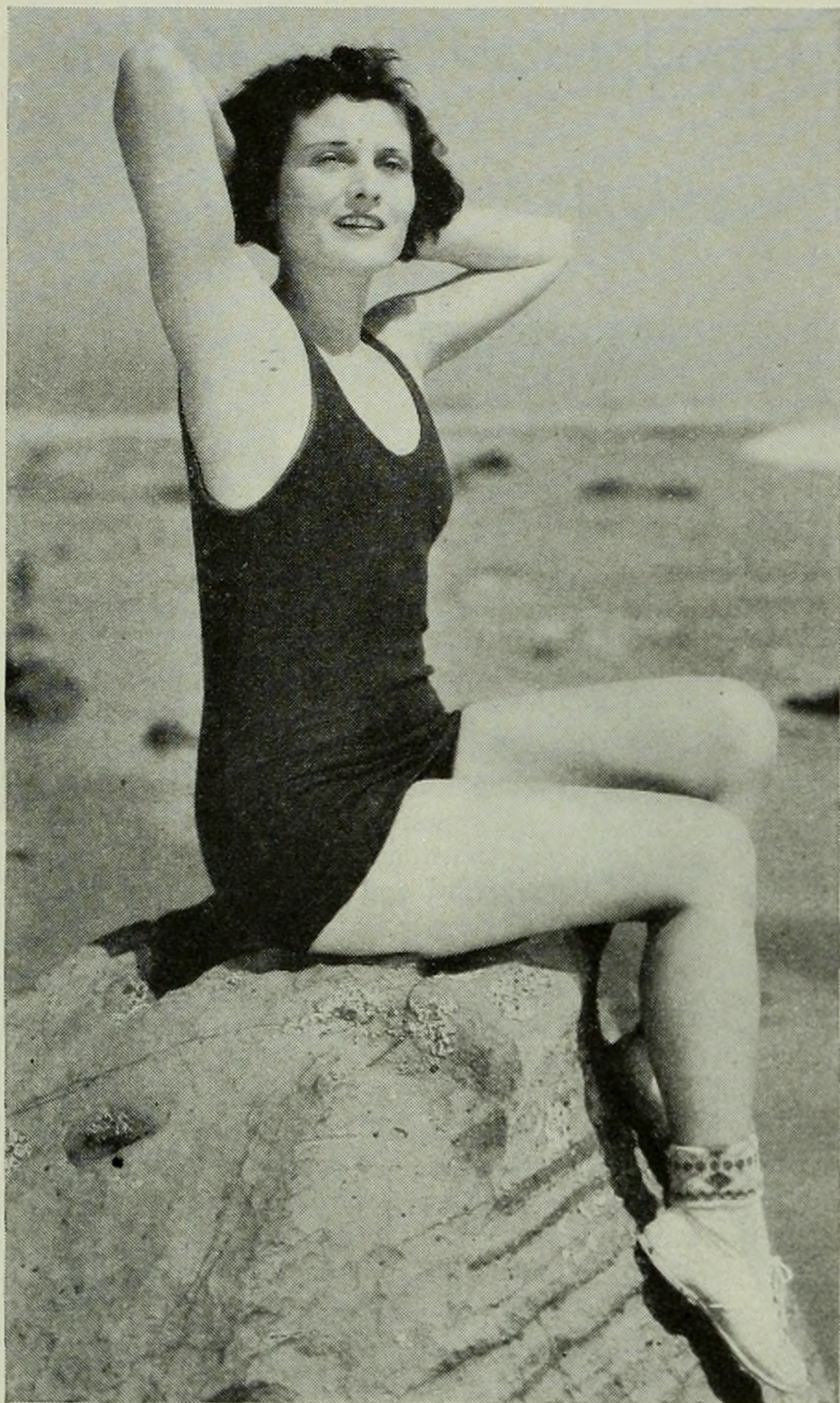
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# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



To Africa for "Trader Horn"—  
To tropic isles for sea and sky—  
For there's no drama nearer home!  
Men merely love and laugh and die.

**M**AE MURRAY has signed a contract to star for Tiffany-Stahl. We'll be hearing something besides the sputter of the Kleigs and the shouts of the directors in the vicinity of the studio. For Mae is about as calm as a broncho. During her regime at M.-G.-M. strong men were known to become nervous wrecks.

The story goes that the late Marcus Loew, as kindly a soul as ever made a contract, swore undying loyalty to Mae because she helped dig him out of a financial hole in the old Metro days, by her good pictures.

**I**T was her right to O. K. all stories, directors, wardrobe and even still pictures that concerned her in any way. One day she paused over a batch of proofs that revealed her left shoulder to say, "Ah, very nice, but that isn't my dimple."

The photographer looked unhappy. "But the picture hasn't been retouched," he explained.

"Of course, it's been retouched. I guess I know my own dimple. Mine is round and pretty. This thing in the picture is long and scrawny."

And with that she left the set, found the offending negative, tore it into bits and jumped on it with both her little heels.

**J**OSEPHINE DUNN returned to M.-G.-M., after having been loaned to Fox, in a radiant mood. "The grandest thing happened. They tell me over there that I have sex appeal."

**T**HE film actors are now busy about the work of re-selling themselves for talking pictures by way of the speaking stage.

Leatrice Joy and others have already had their whirl at the footlights and are back on the lots. Wanda Hawley, one of the ace blondes ten years ago, is appearing in Los Angeles in a show called "Illegitimate." Who should be appearing opposite Franklin Pangborn in "Tons of Money," an English farce, but our favorite Hollywood sophisticate, Aileen Pringle? And the current fad for revivals is getting a Los Angeles play at the hands of Edward Everett Horton, with "Streets of New York," and with Enid Bennett as his leading lady.

And they all hope that ninety per cent of the audiences are cheerful talkie directors and the other ten happy and well fed dramatic critics.

**T**HEY tell an amusing story about William Collier, Sr., when he did his first picture work with Victor Schertzinger.

He was considerably held down in his various scenes and when he asked why he was not allowed to put in all his bits of business the director told him it was to save footage.

A few days later he said to Schertzinger, "I'm going to call you Vic. It'll save footage."

**I**RVING BERLIN tells this one on himself.

When he was a little newsboy in New York the larger kids, annoyed that he sold more papers than they, ganged on him one day and threw him into the river. He was finally rescued, but when the doctor arrived he found that his right hand was closed so tightly that it had to be pried open.

They discovered that he clutched seven pennies.

And, he adds, this characteristic has been passed along. His little daughter fell down the steps the other day. The doctor was called. Her left hand closed. In it she held a bright new dollar her father had given her that morning.

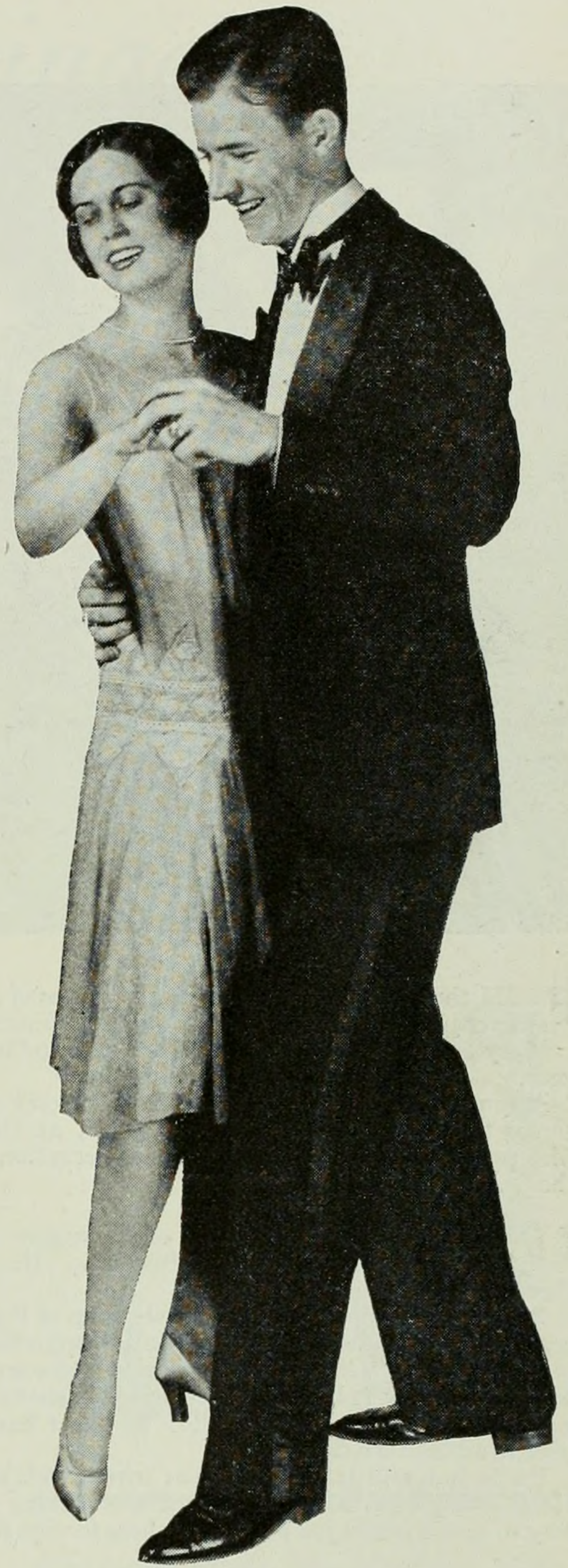
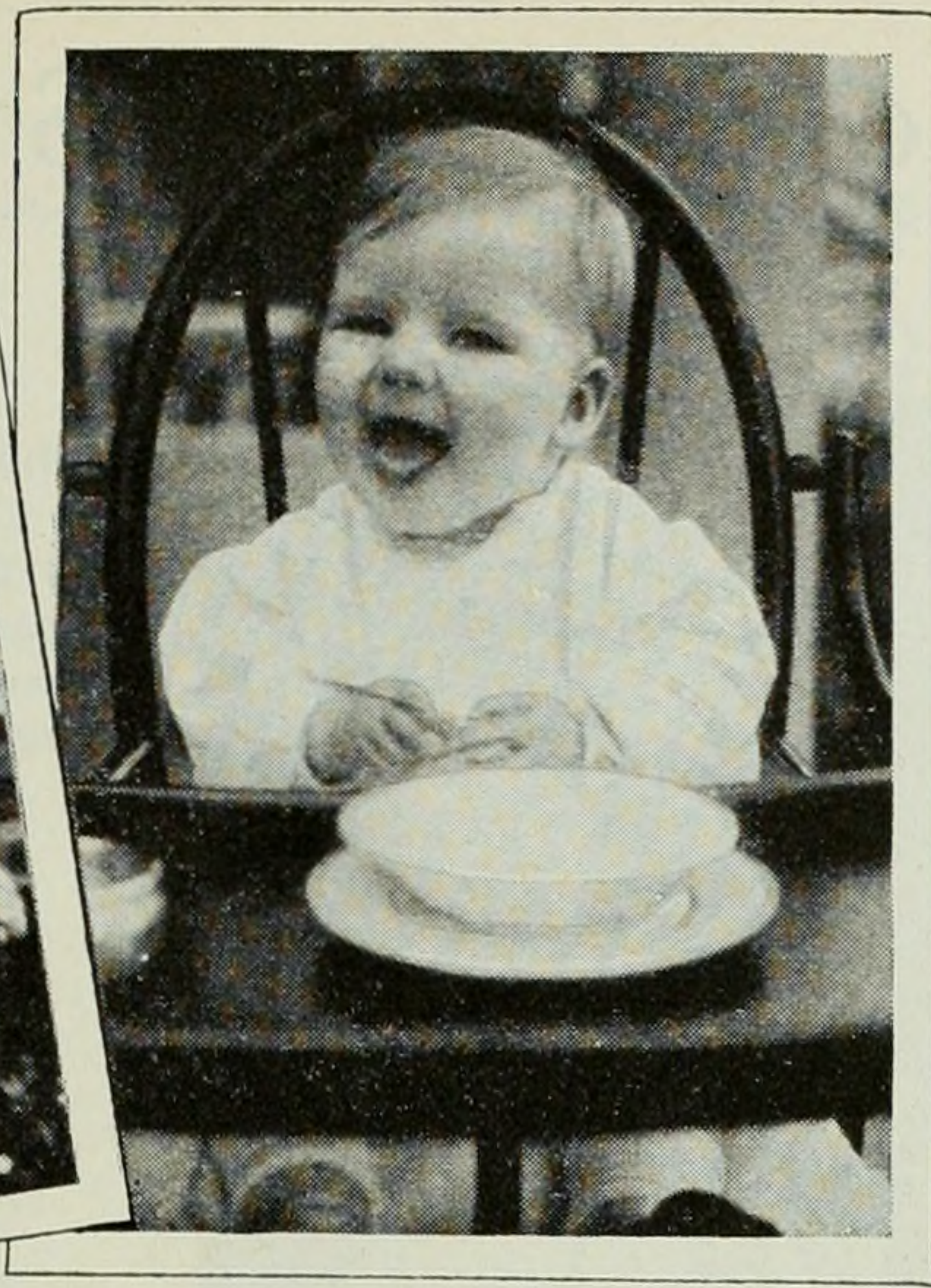
**Keeping step with the fashions in sports clothes. Even on the beach Evelyn Brent wears sport shoes and thin woolen socks with wide, figured cuffs**

If I could play the saxophone  
And do a tap-dance all alone—  
If I could sing "Sweet Adeline,"  
Or even moan and groan and whine  
About my Mammy's Alabama  
I think I'd try The Silent Drama!

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76 ]



"Sound track" leather cuffs encircle the sheer silk socks worn by Raquel Torres. The zigzag design is like the voice reproducing lines on the edge of the sound films. And so Miss Torres may have music wherever she goes



# Tiny Tots NOW-

*Tomorrow they'll be Grown up*

**N**OW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

As a matter of fact, you'd rather not think of that time. As you hug them to your heart today, you don't care much whether they ever grow up. They're so adorable as they are that you put the thought out of your mind, pretending to yourself that they always will be babies.

*They Change So Quickly!*

But soon the high chair and the baby-carriage go up to the attic; a regular bed replaces the crib; a regular bicycle the outgrown three-wheeler. Dolls come and go and then one day you find that they, too, are relics of the past.

The years flash by. Graduation Day comes. Why, they were in kindergarten just a short while ago! Then off they go to high school. Childhood is now but a memory.

*How Snapshots Help*

You look back wistfully to those distant years and try to remember what your youngsters were like. If you've left it all to your memory, how disappointed you are at the little you can recall. But if you had the forethought to take plenty of snapshots, everything comes back to you as if it were only yesterday that

Sister's first tooth came through and Junior frightened you to death by falling down the cellar stairs.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as \$2, and Kodaks from \$5 up.

*New Kodaks with Fast Lenses*

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Their lenses are so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Fair weather or cloudy, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert

photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully.

Don't forget that childhood lasts but a very short time. Tomorrow the children will be grown up—take snapshots of them now.

• • •

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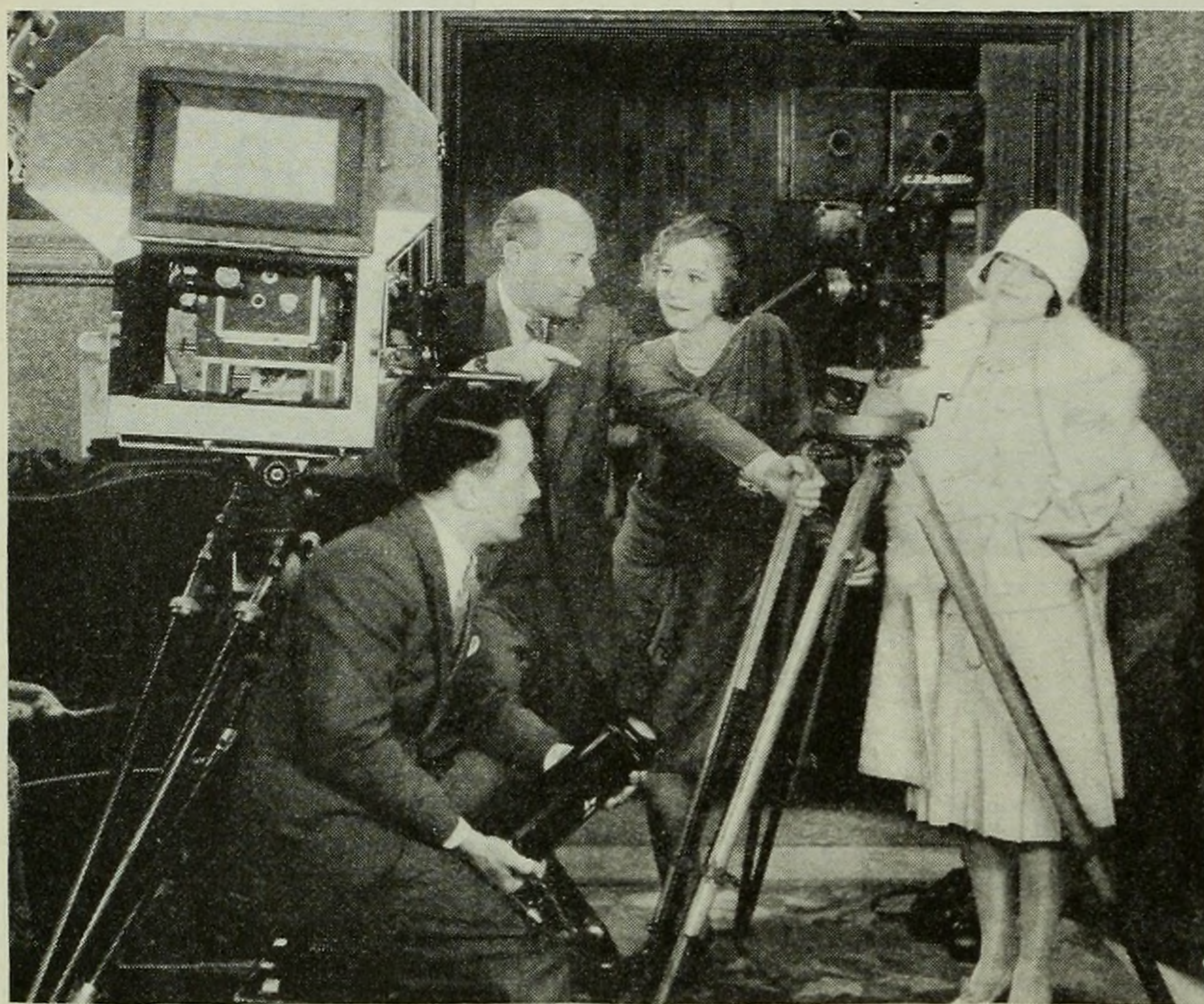
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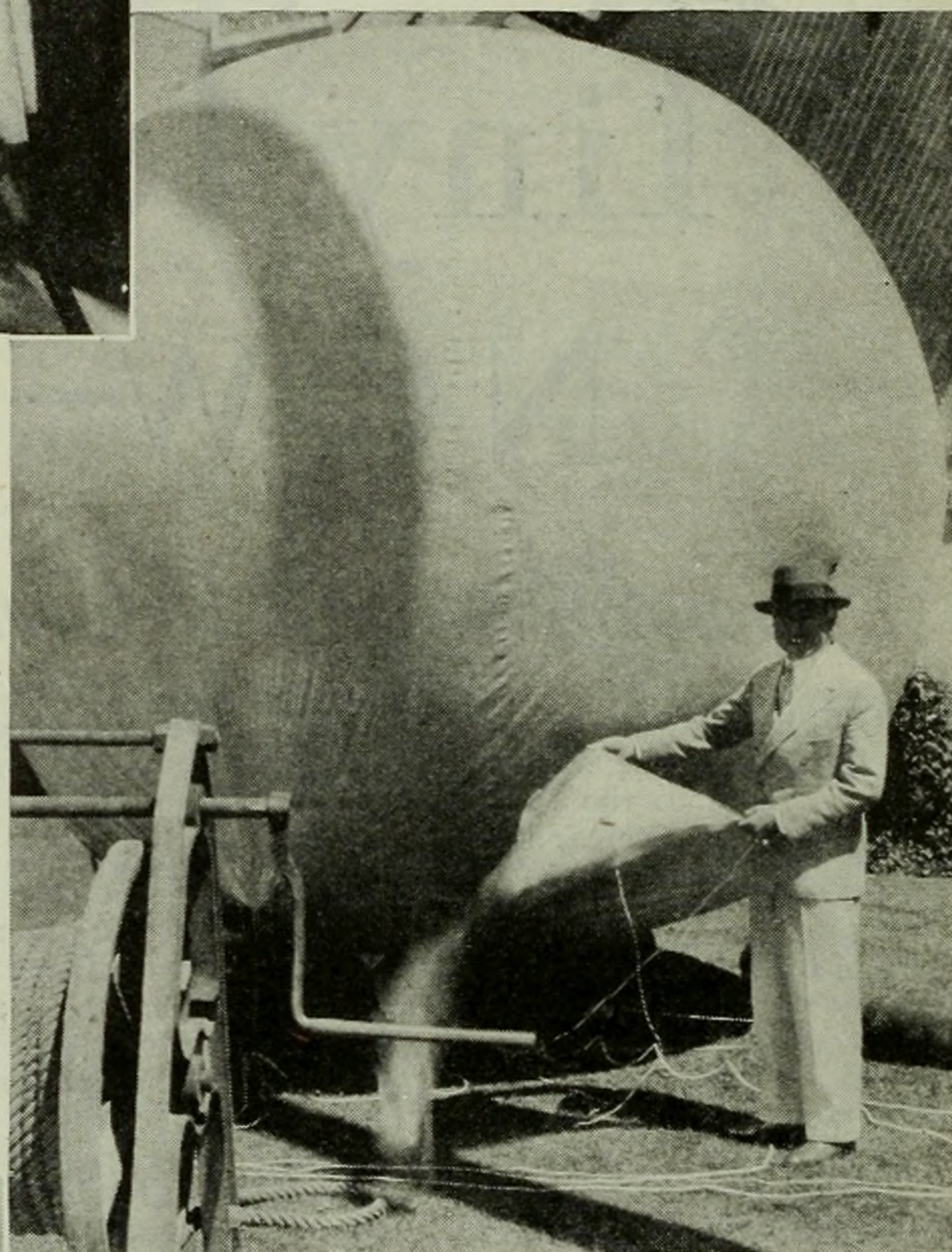
# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



The old and the new. At the right is Cecil De Mille's first camera, used in filming "The Squawman" sixteen years ago. At the left is his sound-proof talkie camera. With De Mille are Kay Johnson, Julia Faye and Peverell Marley

When Clarence Brown raises this captive balloon over the M.-G.-M. Studios, all airplane pilots fly at a height of more than 2,500 feet in the quiet zone of the talkie stages. This is to keep air noises from interfering with production



FROM the stages of California to the offices of New York is just another sleeper jump for the film stars and their bosses.

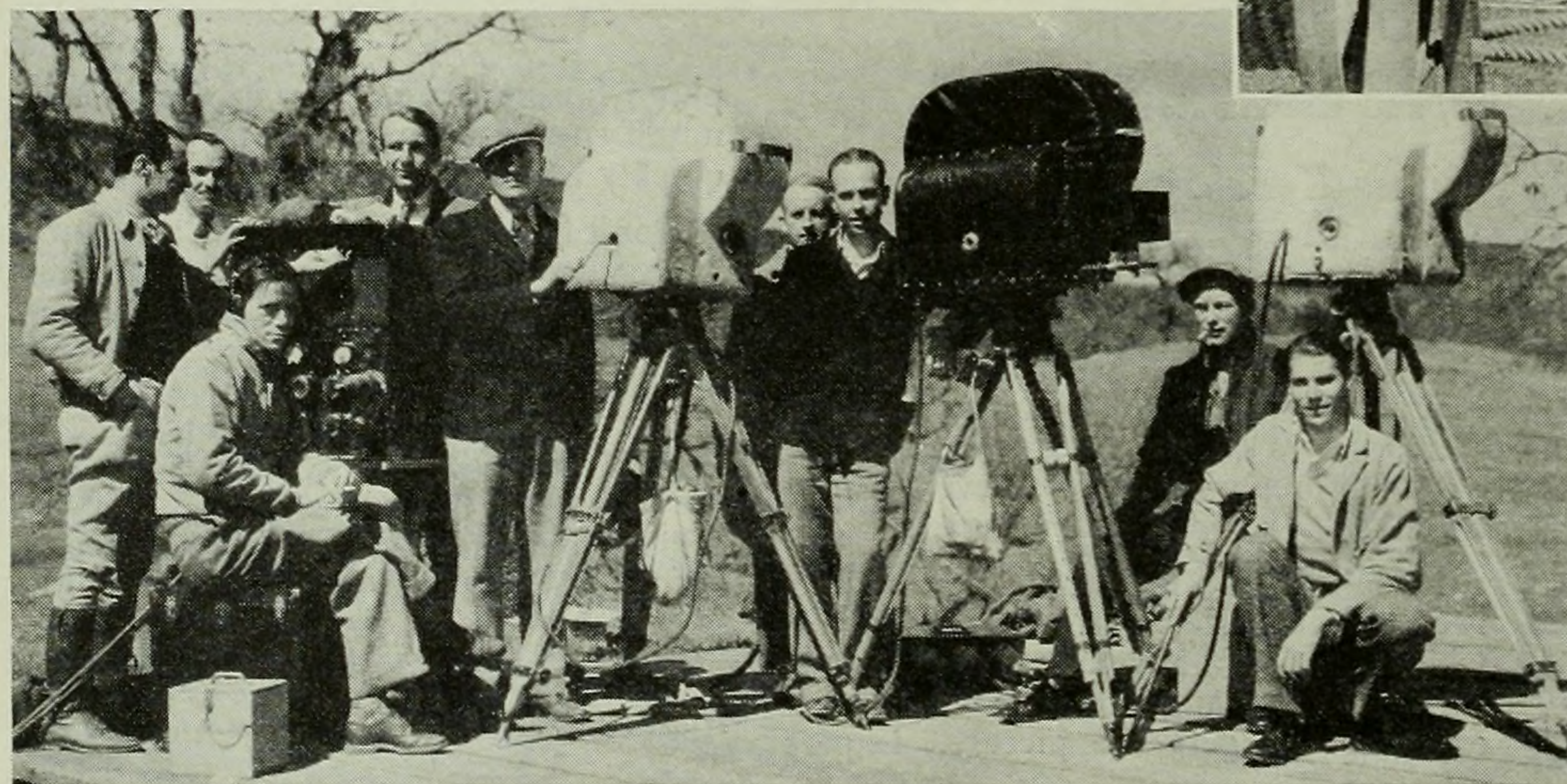
Mary and Doug, for instance, leap back and forth three or four times a year.

Among the best known of those who ferry our favorites to and fro across the country is Uncle Bob Harper, an elderly gentleman of color who presides over the compartment-observation car, "Golden City," of the Golden State Limited.

UNCLE BOB has hauled many of the biggest and best, and likes to tell about the stars and their quaint ways. He is proud of having made the beds of the mighty.

He was most impressed by the last sweep of Pola Negri eastward, as she headed for Europe and her reentry into foreign films. The entire resources of the good car "Golden City" were turned over to the Perilous Pole—it was occupied by Pola herself, her prince-husband, a secretary, a maid and a valet, and Harper allows as how he never heard so many bells ring at once in all his born days.

Uncle Bob still talks about that trip of Pola's as he wields the duster. He is firmly convinced that Negri was leaving pictures and was on her way to take a queen job in some of those foreign parts.



A battery of cameras, with their sound-proof overcoats, on location for "The Wheel of Life." The covering is made of asbestos, cork and cotton, with air cells

FOLKS are always getting the three Young sisters mixed up. From a distance Loretta looks like Sally Blane and like Polly Ann Young, and *vice versa*, if you get what we mean. It is something about the eyes. Yet when you put them side by side the likeness vanishes—almost.

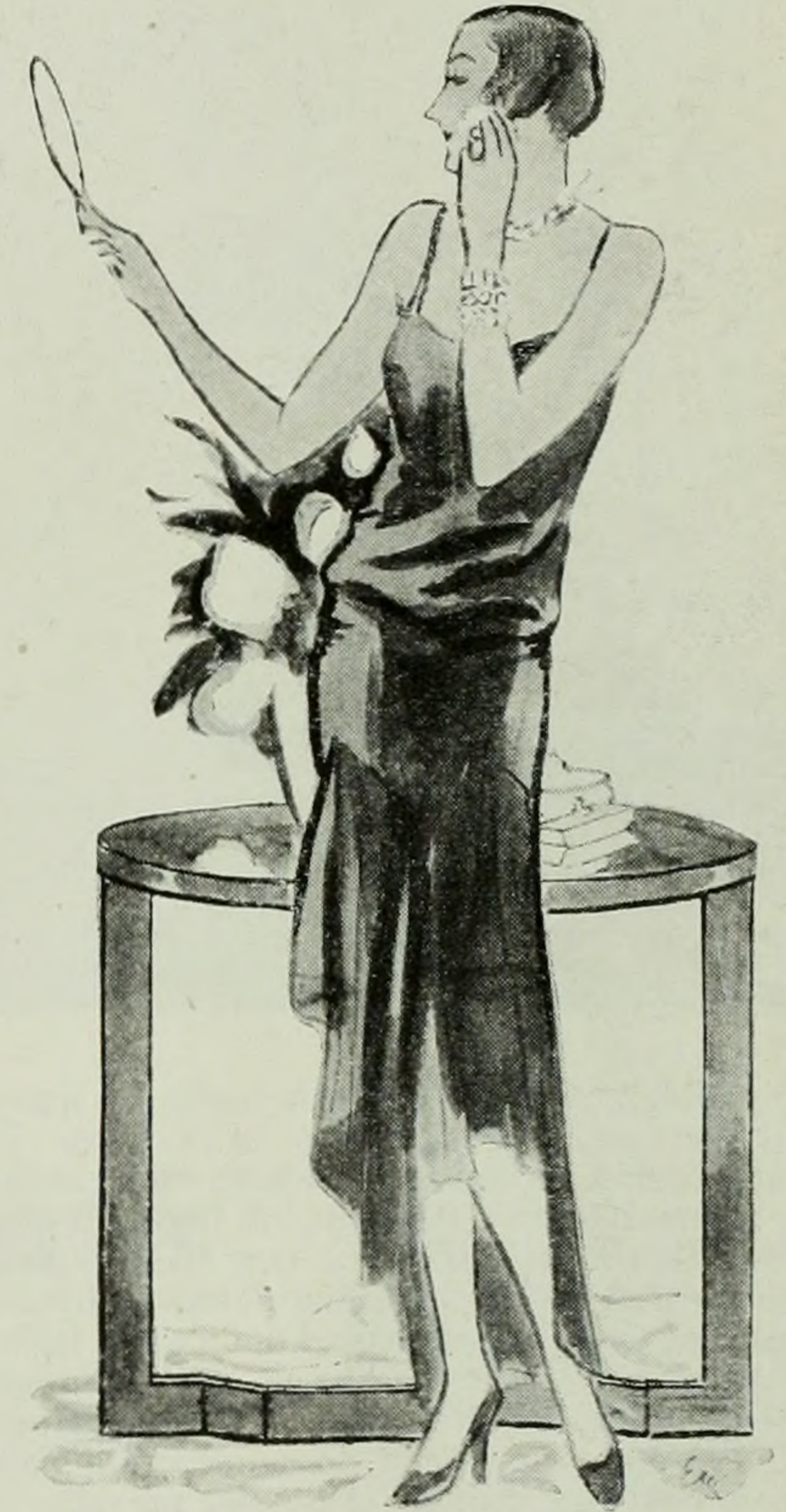
Because of this problem of long-distance resemblance the girls make it a rule to speak to whomever addresses them, regardless of whether they are called by their own name or by that of a sister.

Many complications develop despite efforts of the girls to ease the situation. The person addressing one of the girls may say, "You certainly look like your sister Loretta, only you're prettier." Which diplomatic remark is calculated for a sure-fire compliment. Imagine the person's

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]



# A bringer of beauty from within



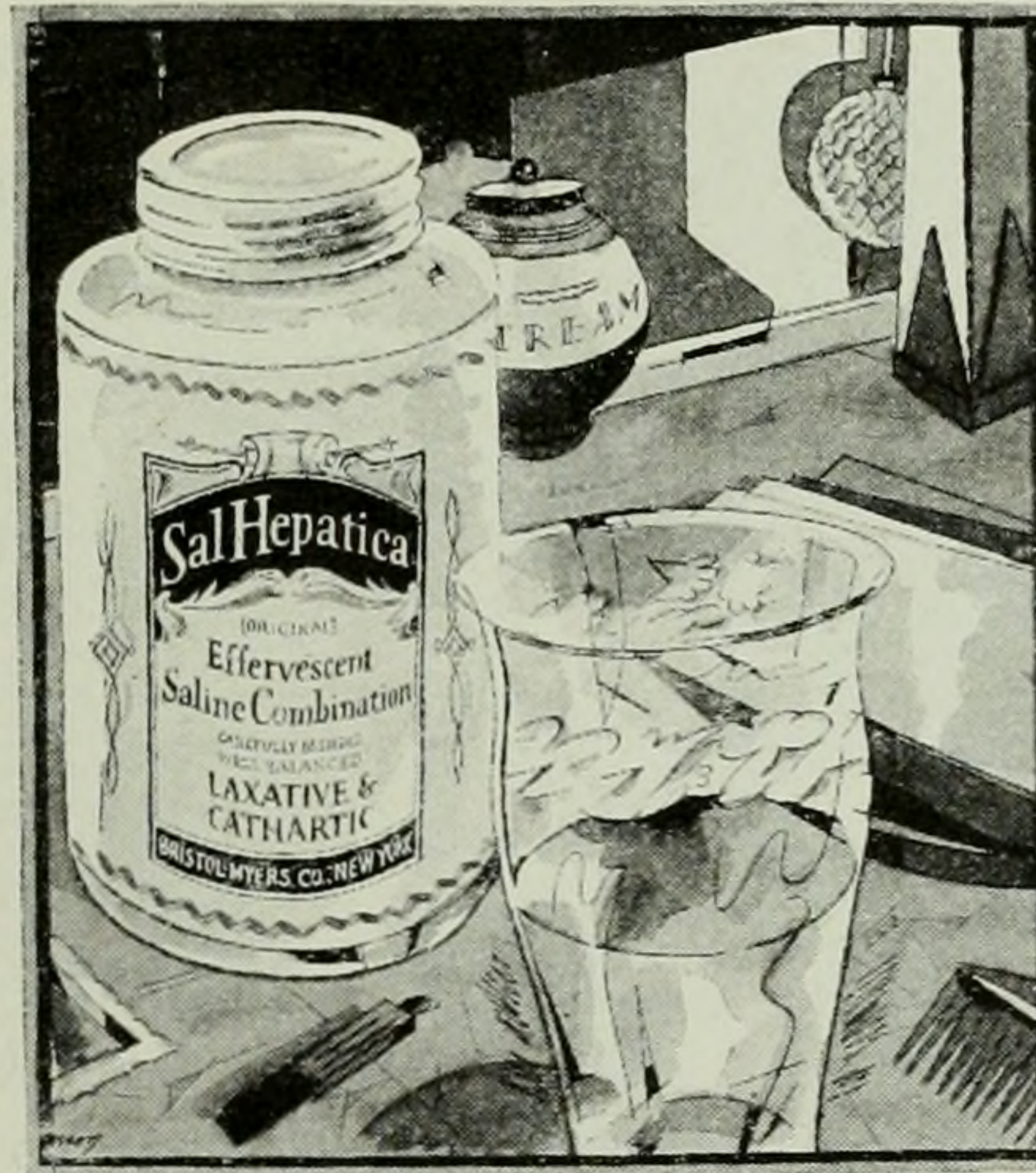
IN some mauve and gray salon, you may loll for hours while dexterous fingers smooth the years and troubles from your brow. Or, at home you may use, yourself, good creams and pure, to freshen your complexion and to make smooth your skin!

And in both cases you may be wrong—through no fault of the creams nor of the technique! For many a woman unjustly blames her lotions and her creams while the fault is her own—and directly her own!—*in that she has failed to keep herself immaculately clean internally!* and has thus robbed her creams and unguents of their powers!

She, then, should know the good effects of Sal Hepatica, which doubles the potency of every lotion and unguent she pats on her skin. By cleansing the system of the poisons and waste, it clears the complexion of defects. It keeps the skin pure and youthfully translucent.

*Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous European spas*

In the natural saline springs of Europe, Sal Hepatica has a wonderful precedent. These famous spas—Vichy, Carlsbad,



Weisbaden—have for years and years drawn the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to “take the cure.” Our own physicians—as well as the physicians of Europe—heartily recommend the saline method for restoring the complexion to natural beauty and for correcting a long list of human ills.

Constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Good spirits return. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify

the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet that explains the uses and benefits of Sal Hepatica as the standard laxative for your entire family.

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# Sal Hepatica

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# How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]



**Sumptuous** is the only word that describes this circular, domed bathroom, adjoining Miss Griffith's dressing room and boudoir in her Beverly Hills home. Walls and ceiling are of gold moiré silk, and the carpet is water-proofed. The basin is black marble with solid gold faucets and fixtures

On this floor, too, is a house-guest room, not yet completed, and the library. (No servants' quarters—these are over the garage.)

This library has one wall devoted to books—sets of Beaconsfield, Ambrose Bierce, Oscar Wilde, Flaubert, Samuel Pepys, as well as books of the stories that have been made into pictures for Corinne, such as "Black Oxen."

Two large gold-plush chairs, cretonne drapes, an oriental cabinet with mirror and a dainty table form the furnishings upon a *cafe-au-lait* carpet. This room has a railinged balcony looking down upon the "Whoopie Room" below—and from it, via two removable panels in the doors, pictures can be projected upon a screen in the lower room.

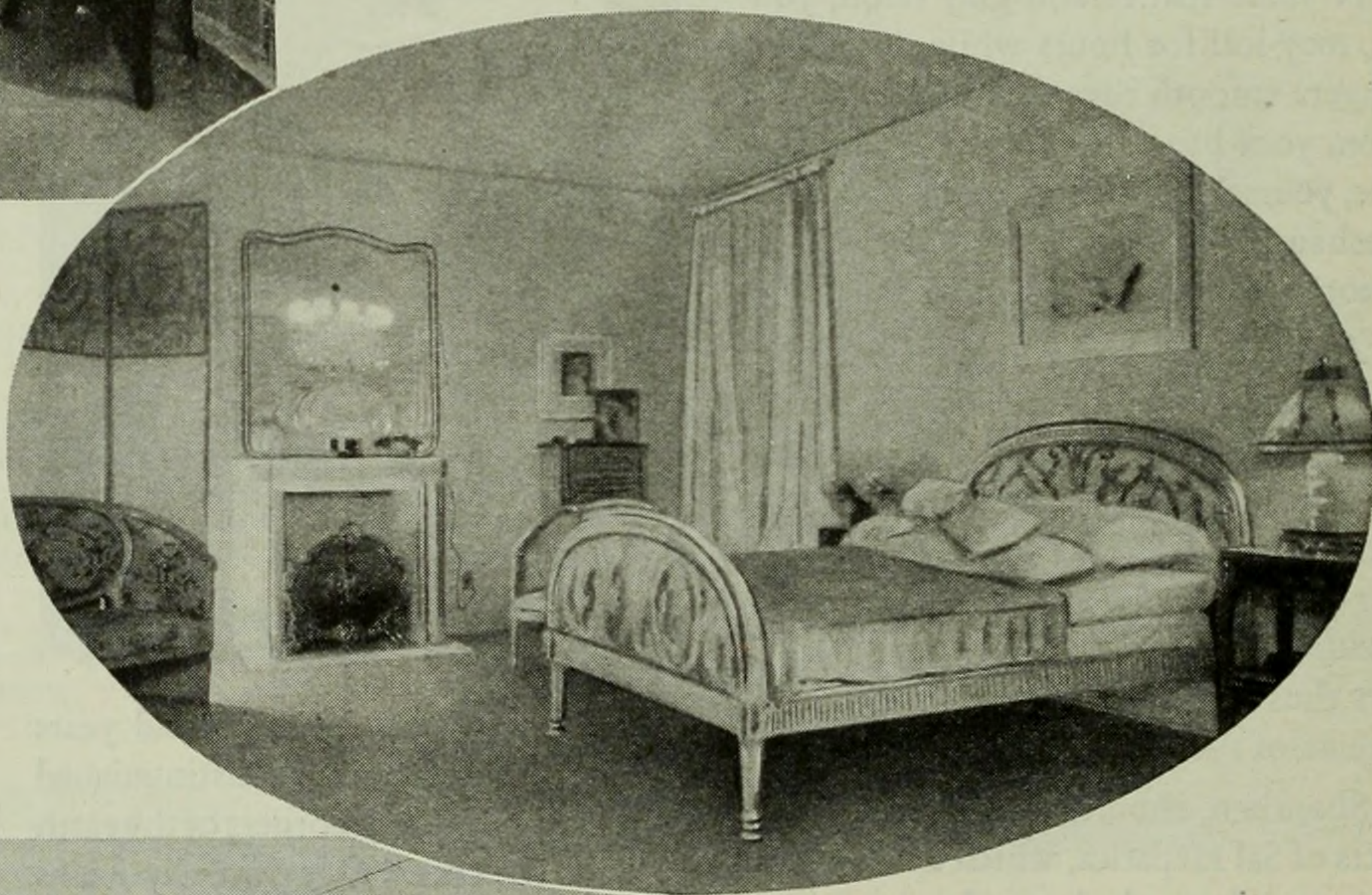
Now we will go downstairs, sauntering gracefully down the winding Italian staircase to the hall below. Here, facing the front door, we see the famous doors, imported from a Doge's palace, and made in 1600 A.D., which lead to the living and dining rooms. There are also a mirror and a screen from this same source, in the living room. These doors are square and the Spanish arches, originally there, were changed to fit into the period scheme, giving entrance to the Italian-French-Viennese living room, all soft greens and golds.

Heavy brocade silk drapes in these delicate shades adorn full length windows, looking out

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the Bible. A bookcase holds books by many modern authors. Pictures of Corinne in various guises adorn a desk, above which hangs a round mirror. Portraits of Oscar Wilde, bought in Paris, and some rare tile pictures, adorn the walls. Reading lamps, flowers, smoking paraphernalia stand upon a low table. Walter's dressing room has all built-in equipment—wardrobe, drawers, wall mirrors galore. The bathroom is round, too; a separate glass room holds the shower. Pale blue prevails.

Next to this is the guest dressing room where visitors leave their wraps and pretty up. It is panelled in rich silk from floor to ceiling, and besides the closets, many pieces of precious furniture and a rare Italian desk abide here.



Miss Griffith's bedroom combines the softest flesh pink colorings, enchanting touches of silver in picture and mirror frames, exquisite pieces of carved crystal. Near the mantel is a portrait of her as *Lady Hamilton* in "The Divine Lady"



The modern version of a masculine bedroom, as designed by Mrs. Morosco for the man of the house. The furniture is black mahogany; the walls are ivory. The bedspread is colorfully striped and the chair covering is gay and jazzy in pattern



*Noted  
Berlin beauty specialist*

**ELISE BOCK**



**sends America a 2-minute  
home beauty treatment...**

*"Foundation cleansing—the daily elimination of all pore-clogging dust, powder and rouge — by one means and one means only, daily use of the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive! . . . I urge all my clients to use it as well as my own Pasta Divina and Eber Cucumber Emulsion."*

*Elise Bock*

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ROME—PRAGUE—VIENNA—SANTIAGO

**Y**OUR facial loveliness, according to the celebrated Elise Bock, depends upon "foundation cleansing." And foundation cleansing depends on the daily use of a soap blended of palm and olive oils.

The smartest women of the Mid-European world take all their beauty problems to Elise Bock of Berlin. Madame Bock's salons de beauté in Rome, Prague, Vienna and Santiago are well known to women of fashion, who consult her constantly.

*Known throughout the world*

Many of our own lovely women go to Vienna and hear from Pessl this same truth. Madame Jacobson, of London; Massé of Paris; Attilio, of Rome; de Neuville, of St. Moritz; Lina Cavaliere, of Paris—these are just a few of the outstanding beauty specialists who advise twice-a-day use of one soap—and one soap only—Palmolive! Leading American specialists have long agreed on the importance of palm and olive oils in cleansing. These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses

the importance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the

pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

*A famous 2-minute rule*

This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: massage the warm creamy lather of Palmolive into the pores with both hands, for about two minutes. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm, then cold water. That is all.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today, in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toilettries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps . . . it is first in the United States and 48 other countries!



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HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH



JOIN the crowd when summer days beckon to action.

Help yourself to health. Eat these better bran flakes made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You never tasted such delicious bran flakes. They have that famous flavor of PEP. Crisp and tasty to the last spoonful.

Rich in nourishment too. You get the healthful elements of the wheat. Plus

just enough bran to be mildly laxative. Let the whole family have these bowlfuls of health at any meal. Ready-to-eat with milk or cream. Delicious with honey.

Ask for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Sold in the red-and-green package.

**Kellogg's**  
PEP BRAN FLAKES

**BETTER  
BRAN FLAKES**



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



# A Summer Tonic for the Complexion



**Style Note for Cooks!** Alice White's perky Easter bunny cap may not add spice to her cooking, but there's no doubt in our minds that it adds charm to the cook

**PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book recommends new green vegetables, fresh juicy fruits**

**H**ERE is a variety of dishes to tempt capricious summer appetites—at luncheon, tea or supper.

Alice White has given us her recipe for Fresh Peas on Toast, a light but satisfying dish around which to build the healthful all-vegetable luncheon.

Cook the peas in an uncovered pot until tender, and salt to taste. The brilliant green color can be retained by adding a tiny pinch of soda. Drain, and for every pint of peas add a pint of sweet cream, seasoned with a dash of pepper, salt and butter and thickened slightly with flour. Toast thin slices of white or wholewheat bread; place on individual plates and cover generously with the hot creamed peas. Serve at once.

**IRENE RICH** says that Salad a la Philippine is a real "skin food" and should be indulged in frequently. To serve two people, she uses:

- |                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 head endive                  | A narrow strip of red pepper   |
| 1/2 grapefruit                 | A narrow strip of green pepper |
| 1/2 orange                     | 2 tablespoons olive oil        |
| 2 halves fresh or canned pears | The fruit's juice              |
|                                | Salt and paprika               |

Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange without breaking the membrane. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, discard the outer leaves and wash with care. Place the endive halves on plates; set the pear,

fan shape, over these. Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp, and a section of grapefruit just above the tips of the leaves. To the fruit juice add the olive oil and salt; beat vigorously, and pour over the salad.

**PINEAPPLE TRIFLE** is the lovely name of a fruit dessert that Bessie Love loves! You'll love it, too, when the mercury runs close to the top of the thermometer and none of the usual sweets allure. The ingredients are:

- |                               |                 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 6 tablespoons pineapple juice | 2 eggs          |
| 3 tablespoons sugar           | 1/2 pint cream  |
|                               | Assorted fruits |

Cook pineapple juice, sugar and eggs in double boiler until mixture thickens. Set aside to chill. Just before serving, whip cream and add. Cut the chilled fruit in small pieces—you may use strawberries, pineapple, oranges, or any fruits and berries in season. Add the fruit to the mixture and serve. This dessert is made practical at any season by using the fresh fruits that are available, or by substituting some canned ones.

**A**ND to cool a parched throat, what could be more welcome than a long, cold drink of Tennis Punch, made according to the censor-proof recipe of Richard Barthelmess? The juicy pineapple forms the basis of this one, also. Select a pineapple that is large and ripe. Peel and cut into cubes. Make a quart of fresh tea, which should be strained twice after fusing. Add to the pineapple one pint of fresh, crushed strawberries; four ripe bananas, which have been halved and sliced very thin; one pint of unfermented grapejuice. Let all stand for at least an hour.

Meanwhile, boil in a porcelain kettle one quart of water with two pounds white sugar, grated rinds of one lemon and one orange. Strain this and set aside to cool. At serving time, add to the syrup the juice of six lemons and four oranges; then add the tea and fruit mixture, with sufficient cold water to make a refreshing drink. Serve in tall glasses filled with cracked ice, and garnish with fresh mint leaves.

**Y**OU will find 150 favorite recipes of the stars in PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK—novel ways of preparing and serving eggs, fish and meat; recipes for soups, salads, desserts and candy; attractive vegetable dishes and combinations; cakes and hot breads. Just fill out the coupon on this page, enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of book and mailing, and a Cook Book will be sent you at once.

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.

## “Lovely smooth skin fascinates,” say 39 movie directors

“Nothing is so important to a girl’s loveliness as exquisitely smooth skin,” says Frank Tuttle, director for Paramount, and sums up what 39 leading directors have found out from their experience with motion pictures.

“Every screen star,” he goes on to say, “knows that people love it above everything else. And because make-up is of very little use under the strong glare of lights in a close-up, a star’s skin must always be rarely beautiful.”

This is why nine out of ten lovely screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—it keeps their skin flawlessly smooth, always in splendid condition.

LAURA LA PLANTE, famous Universal star, enjoying Lux Toilet Soap in the modernistic bathroom which is among the most interesting seen in Hollywood. She says: “I’ve used the famous soaps of France, and know that Lux Toilet Soap is made the same way. It gives my skin the same marvelous smoothness.”

Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, in the luxurious bathroom which is one of the most beautiful built in Hollywood.

“The charm of a perfect skin is a business necessity to a star. That’s why so many stars guard the smoothness of their skin with Lux Toilet Soap—it certainly keeps ‘studio skin’ in perfect condition.”

*Mary Brian*

# LUX

# IN HOLLYWOOD

—where lovely skin is essential for success—

## 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

THEY stream into Hollywood, beautiful girls from everywhere over the country—all with one idea inside their lovely heads. They are going to become motion picture stars.

And they find out at once that there is one thing they *must* have if they are ever to succeed on the screen. They must have exquisite skin.

“The most appealing beauty any girl can have is exquisitely lovely skin,” says Herbert Brenon, well-known United Artists’ director—summing up the directors’ experience. “To survive the merciless test of the close-up—with the huge

incandescent lights pouring down on her—a screen star must have rarely beautiful skin,” Brenon goes on to say. “The beauty of her skin distinguishes every star I know.”

This is why 442 of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, are using Lux Toilet Soap. They find that it keeps the skin appeal-

ingly soft and smooth, so that even the close-up reveals not a single defect.

Nine out of ten lovely screen stars are devoted to this white, fragrant soap—and all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. If you aren’t already an enthusiast about Lux Toilet Soap, which is made by the famous French method, get several cakes today. You’ll be charmed with its gentle care of your skin. And it gives such very abundant lather, even in the hardest water! Use it for the bath, too—and the shampoo, as the fastidious screen stars do.



LYTA DE PUTTI, beautiful Columbia star, says: “I find that Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for my skin—it keeps it so marvelously smooth.”



Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

MARY PHILBIN, charming star with Universal, says: “Whether a star’s skin is creamy, olive, or pink and white, it *must* have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap—it’s such a lovely soap.”



GRETA NISSEN, beautiful screen star, says: “Lux Toilet Soap feels delicious to the skin and makes mine so wonderfully soft and smooth.”

# Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now

10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

embarrassment, however, when the gal replies, "Oh, you think so, do you? Well, I'm Loretta herself, so there."

Fortunately Loretta works at First National and Sally is with RKO and Polly Ann free lances, so that keeps them from getting mixed up in each other's rôles.

**HOLLYWOOD** has two famous wits, Arthur Caesar and Wilson Mizner. Such is the price of repartee that one of them works for Columbia and the other runs a restaurant.

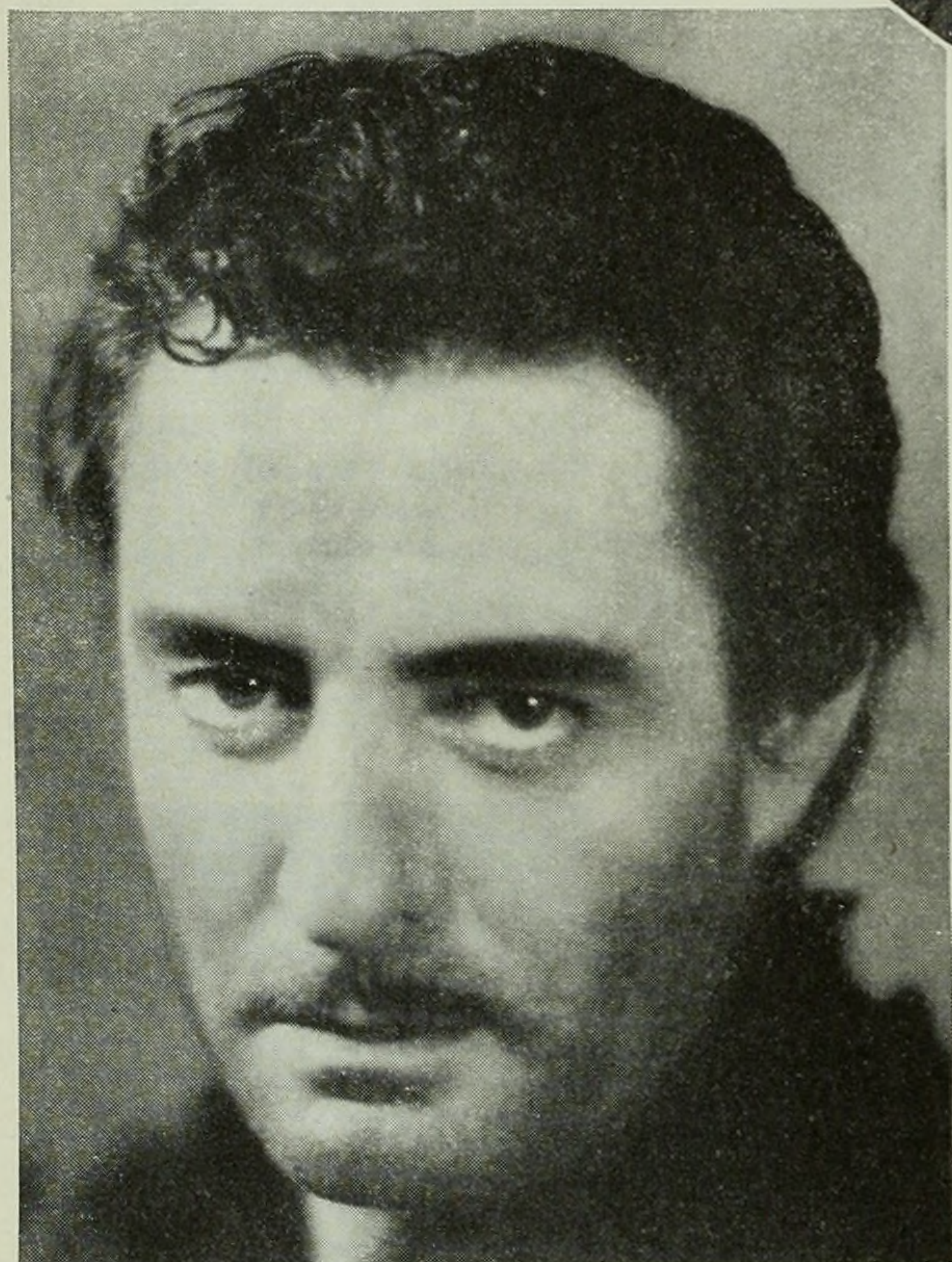
**HOPING** to give Dolores Del Rio a treat, while the star was filming "Evangeline" in Louisiana, a Spanish girl brought her some piping hot tamales and some homemade chili-con-carne.

"I thought that being Mexican, you would enjoy some real Mexican food," the donor of the tamales and chili said.

"I do appreciate your thoughtfulness,



On this page you'll find three studies in making faces. Here you see the make-up man, with his little black box of magic, adding eighty years to the age of Anita Page. She is being fixed up to look like *Barbara Frietchie*, and the cameraman will be called upon to shoot her old gray head



And here is John Gilbert as *Fedya* in Tolstoi's "Redemption." The beard is all too real and must be worn in and out of the studio. Things like that temporarily wreck an actor's social life

my dear," replied Dolores, "but I never ate a tamale or chili in my life!"

**FINIS FOX**, who writes all of Dolores Del Rio's opuses, and Edwin Carewe, who produces 'em, were discussing the talkies the other day.

"Should we make 'em?" Carewe asked Fox.

"Why shouldn't we?" Finis piped back. "I don't know any one in the industry who can out-talk us!"

**WHEN** Lupe Velez and her companion, Helen Rupert, were returning to Hollywood, they had all of their meals served in their drawing room. Each evening, in [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]



Showing the ravages of grease-paint, not time, on the face of Dolores Del Rio. Miss Del Rio wears this make-up in the final tearful episode of "Evangeline"

# Intelligent women let their tooth paste buy their cold cream



So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.

## One trial convinces you of its exhilarating after effect

**Y**OU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract.

Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is \$3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

scrutinized her rival, and the longer she looked the better she felt. Miss Bellairs had resorted to heliotrope, the favorite color of near-middle age, and a floppy-brimmed hat of that shade softened her rather weary countenance. In addition, a narrow band of ribbon encircled a slightly corded throat and her eyes had the dilation caused by excessive ogling of the first three rows.

The lustrous Rosie chuckled happily, and reminded herself that the beauty standards of screen and stage were as far apart as good music and a theme song.

"BY the way," said Magnolia, cutting into Mr. Zoop's prosperous monologue, "isn't Emerson Slipe your tone expert?"

"I had one of them birds shipped along with the machinery," admitted Abie. "Names I don't bother with until they've done something. Why?"

"He called on me and my company," twittered the lady, "and he promised to—"

"So it's commencing, ha?" groaned Mr. Zoop. "Listen, baby, Hollywood is paved with promises and the ventilation is hot air, if you get me. Some of them Eastern geniuses would make you a present of my studios, to hear them talk, but don't you give them a tumble. Be deaf, baby, but don't be dumb."

Presently the car swerved in at the hotel's private driveway and the next thirty minutes was devoted to the ensconcing of Miss Bellairs with appropriate ceremonies. This was accomplished by loud wrangling, orders and

counter orders and the constant repetition of the Bellairs name until, by the time its bearer had disappeared in an elevator, the armchair fleet in the lobby was clearly impressed. Then, his duties as field marshal at an end, Mr. Zoop clambered aboard his automobile and oozed gratefully back against the cushions.

"And has her voice a tinkle-tonkle!" he exclaimed. "Believe me, Rosie, I'm surprised at my own astonishment—it sounds at least like an angel playing on a xylophone. And did you give a glance on that rose point scarf—not less than one eighty-seven-fifty wholesale?"

"S wonderful," enthused Miss Redpath, "and so was that flesh tinted crepe." Her pansy eyes crackled with delight.

Abie watched her suspiciously. "What's all this googlink about?" he inquired. "Not even through these turtle shell rims did I see any crepe."

"Being a man, you wouldn't," said Rosie sweetly, "but take a good look next time you see her. She'll always be wearing it, dearie—it's sagging right under her chin."

MR. EMERSON SLIPE pivoted daintily on sport shoes that had never left a sidewalk, and surveyed the apprehensive players gathered in the center of the bleak stage.

Miss Bellairs, having risen at seven-thirty for the first time in years, sat aloof and half awake.

The others rallied themselves around the director and listened sulkily to the wisdom being tossed at them.

"Before we start," said Mr. Slipe, "here's

how the land lies: When the curtain is on every sound you utter is caught by one of these six microphones overhead and carried down to the recording chamber in the basement. On the way it passes through my monitor booth." He indicated a small room built into a side wall high enough to overlook the entire set from behind its large sheet of plate glass. "Now, what I don't like you'll have to do over; that's all you need to know, so try and please me. I may as well add that none of you will be allowed in the booth, so don't come snooping around."

"ANY other orders?" queried the director, sarcastically.

"Yes," squeaked Emerson, "sit down and shut up. Come on, you stiffs, let me hear the scenes of the play in order. We're not using any cameras and there'll be no recording today, so snap into it."

Ten days study had brought the players well up in their parts and they handled each scene as though determined to impress the arrogant Mr. Slipe. For hours the soundproof studio, hung with monk's cloth to deaden echoes, throbbed with the bass trumpeting of Mr. Hoople and the resonant baritone of Carlos Cabrillo. In vivid contrast trilled the richly seductive alto of Joyce Cleary and Magnolia's silvery cadenzas, while the lesser players enunciated with the proper tinge of inferiority. Then at four o'clock, when the hissing of many atomizers heralded the ap-

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]

## Silent Clothes *for the* Talkies

CLOTHES must be seen but not heard. That is the dictum of the talking movies. And with it started Charles LeMaire's troubles.

Mr. LeMaire is a costume designer who has been working on "The Cocoanuts," starring the four Marx Brothers, at the Paramount Sound Studios on Long Island. One of the interesting things about the stage production of "The Cocoanuts"

was the colorful costuming, so I determined to find out how Mr. LeMaire proposed to transfer all this beauty to the talking screen.

"With the talkies," began Mr. LeMaire, "it is important to remember that clothes must be silent. When your favorite heroine is pressed against the bosom of her lover, and he whispers 'I love you, darling,' there can be no movement of her elaborate garden frock that results in a rustle, for this slight noise may register far above his voice.

By  
Janet  
Aster

"Therefore, in designing a costume, I have to take into consideration the fact that taffetas, metallic cloths, crystal beads, and beaded fringes are absolutely taboo. And when you realize that it was trimmings like these which caught the high-lights of the camera and created an atmosphere of loveliness on the screen that was sheer joy, you can imagine what a problem all of this creates.

"BUT there are substitutes—soft materials, laces, transparent chiffons, and shimmery silk velvets of the finest texture which also photograph beautifully. For trimmings we use silk fringes, silk tassels, and bows and flowers of smooth textured materials. So you see, while our method is entirely different, the results are equally fine.

"I predict that the talkies will create a new type of costume jewelry—wide bands of gold and silver, beautifully engraved, or studded with brilliants, made to fit the arm perfectly, and tight fitting necklaces of the same type. Loose fitting jewelry—pearls and bangles of all kinds—must be eliminated entirely.



"Clothes may make the woman, but they can also mar the picture," says Charles LeMaire, costume designer. "A rustle can cost you a small fortune"

# Like the Screen Stars..

## Have Your Make-Up in Color Harmony

Accept this priceless gift... *Your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart*... from Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King. See coupon!

**H**AVE you, like millions, adored the charm and fascination of the stars of the screen? Have you marveled at, and perhaps envied, the faultless beauty of their make-up? And have you wondered sometimes, about their secrets of make-up? Now you may know!

### A New Kind of Make-Up

For the stars of Hollywood, Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up genius, created a new kind of make-up for every day and evening use. A make-up ensemble... powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials... blended in color harmony. Cosmetics in a varied and perfect range of lifelike color tones to harmonize with every variation of complexion coloring in blonde, brunette and redhead.

### Based on a Famous Discovery

In millions of feet of film... in feature pictures like the "Broadway Melody", you, yourself, have seen the magic of make-up by Max Factor. You have seen the beauty magic of his famous discovery... cosmetic color harmony. Under the blazing Kleig lights, Max Factor discovered the secret... make-up to enhance beauty must be in color harmony. If out of harmony, odd grotesque effects were photographed. If in harmony, beauty was entrancing.

### Now... a Make-Up Color Harmony for You

So this principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor applied to make-up for day and evening use. Revolutionary... Max Factor's Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Leading stars... May McAvoy, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Joan Crawford and practically all the beauties of the motion picture colony adopted it.

And now you may learn this priceless beauty secret. Max Factor will analyze your complexion and send you your make-up color harmony chart... free. How wonderful... to secure personally from Max Factor this invaluable beauty advice.

And you'll discover, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead, whatever your type... the one make-up color harmony to actually double your beauty; the one way to really reveal, in the magic setting of beauty, the alluring, fascinating charm of your personality. Fill in coupon, tear out, mail today and you'll also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

*Bessie Love writes:*  
"There's a touch of personality in my own color harmony in your Society Make-Up which always seems charming to me."

**MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP**  
HOLLYWOOD  
"Cosmetics of the Stars"



(PHOTO BY RUTH HARRIET LOUISE, HOLLYWOOD)

**ANITA PAGE**  
M-G-M Star, Featured in  
"BROADWAY MELODY".

*In a letter to Max Factor, Anita Page writes: "No one appreciates the value of good street make-up quite so much as those who use it in their daily work. So it is a pleasure to recommend your discovery, Max Factor's Society Make-Up, to every woman."*

When you see feature pictures like the "Broadway Melody", remember that the leading screen stars enhance their beauty with Max Factor's Society Make-Up.



(PHOTO BY CLARENCE S. BULL, HOLLYWOOD)

**BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M Star**  
featured in "Broadway Melody," and Max Factor, Filmland's make-up genius... approving make-up color harmony under the glare of the "Kleigs".

### "BROADWAY MELODY"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production  
Make-Up by Max Factor

These M-G-M Stars prefer Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Marion Davies	Norma Shearer	Joan Crawford
Renee Adoree	Bessie Love	Dorothy Sebastian
Aileen Pringle	Phyllis Haver	Josephine Dunn
Leila Hyams	Gwen Lee	Anita Page
Mary Doran	Raquel Torres	Fay Webb
Joyce Murray	Doris Janis	Julia Faye



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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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City \_\_\_\_\_

Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive		Answer in spaces with check mark

**For the Sun Tan Fashion—Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Make-Up—at Drug and Department Stores**

# My Boy Buddy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

actresses, only Clara Bow and Billie Dove receive more. The statement is as follows:

"It may sound funny when I say it, but the truth is that the public has been so kind to me, that my ambition is to return some of that kindness by being thoughtful and considerate of everyone with whom I come in contact.

"I'd like to prove by my conduct in life that I sincerely appreciate the good fortune that has come to me."

WHEN I read this tears came to my eyes and a lump in my throat, for I knew the words came from his heart. No high-powered publicity man ever made such a human interest statement and attributed it to the person interviewed. As I write this I am affected in the same manner. I ask the readers of this article if you can conceive of a more appealing answer? Or one that would please you more if he were your boy?

Buddy's sister, Geraldine, now Mrs. John Binford, was a student at the U. of K. and Buddy often went up to see her and attend fraternity dances while he was still in high school. He learned that college boys playing in a dance orchestra often made from \$12.00 to \$15.00 a night at Friday and Saturday night dances. So, at the beginning of his senior year in high school, he bought and paid for, out of his own money, a full set of drums and traps, and, as there was no one to teach him in Olathe, he bought records for our phonograph, where drum music predominated, and played with the phonograph until he learned to play the drums well.

He learned the trombone in much the same manner as the drums, using a battered brass horn, which I had purchased for his younger brother.

This old trombone he played in his own orchestra, which he organized during his last two years in school.

Then he took it with him to the Paramount school, where he played on the sets and during the noon hour, greatly to the delight of everyone. This one thing gave him a great boost with the school authorities and, in reality, is probably the largest factor in his success today. Later he learned other musical instruments, until he could handle five, besides the piano. In his first all-talkie, "Close Harmony," he plays all these, besides singing.

NO doubt you are familiar with the manner of his selection for the Paramount Training School, which was the direct means of his entering the movies and today being a star. In the advertising of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky studio, published some days ago, his name was listed as one of their nine stars, though there are thirty-four feature players listed. And, by the way, of this forty-three, all but Buddy and two others have had stage or screen experience, according to a statement by Paramount.

I was on intimate terms with S. C. Andrews, owner of two local picture theaters. When

Paramount made known that they were about to open a training school, where young people would be taught to be actors, and those who made good would be given contracts, he at once submitted Buddy's picture to the district manager, Earl Cunningham, Kansas City (one of the 35 centers throughout the United States where applications were received).

Mr. Cunningham informed Mr. Andrews that such a boy might have a chance. So I filled out the necessary blanks.

You see, Buddy knew nothing of it at all. He was busy studying journalism at the U. of K. in order to be able to come back and help me on the paper.

I saw that the instructions were to get two recommendations. Then and there I conceived the thing that put Buddy in pictures, though of course he could not have gotten in if he had not filmed well. I said to myself, "I'll not stop with two stereotyped recommendations, such as are many times written—'I have known so and so a long time. He is O. K. Please do what you can for him and oblige me.'"

I went first to Mr. Andrews and asked him to give a general account of Buddy and what he

physician, who piloted the stork to our house with Buddy; F. M. Lorimer, President of the Chamber of Commerce; and John W. Breyfogle, Olathe editor.

YOU can imagine that Buddy was pretty thoroughly "covered" by the time these twelve letters were written, all from a different angle.

Buddy had just recently had some pictures taken, one of them mounted on a large folder, somewhat larger than the letterheads on which his recommendations were written. I stapled his recommendations to this picture, which we thought very good. Then I put a nice cover sheet over all, on which I printed, "Character Sketch and Characteristics of Buddy Rogers by Twelve Olathe Men."

I did all this work myself at the office at night, as I didn't want to have to explain to my force what I was doing. I feared that Buddy might fail to land the place.

And just here I want to say that, after Buddy had been in the school some two or three months, Mr. Lasky, himself, called him into the office one day and said, "Buddy, do you know how you happened to be selected to

enter the school?" Buddy answered that he did not, but that he had often wondered to what to attribute his good fortune.

Then Mr. Lasky said, "It was not on account of your good looks. You are good looking enough, for that matter, but that wasn't the reason. It was on account of those marvelous recommendations. Never have I read such good ones, and you are living up to all that was said about you. We believe such a boy as you will be a power for good in this school and in pictures."

But, do you know how nearly Buddy missed being in pictures today? One of his instructors, Mr. Currie, told me the next summer after the school had opened in August, that they had seen nothing to indicate that Buddy had any talent at all for pictures. He thought

he was a nice boy—but that was all. That, at the end of the first month, they were on the point of sending him home (a right they reserved), when all at once—it seemed over-night to them—his latent talent showed up to an amazing degree. They realized that he had simply been assimilating what he had learned in the first four weeks. From that moment, Mr. Currie said, Buddy was the outstanding member of the class.

OF the 40,000 applicants for this school, only twenty were chosen, and four were sent home at the end of the first month. This left eight boys and eight girls in the school and, of this number, only five are now in pictures, and only three with Paramount—Thelma Todd, Jack Luden and Buddy.

Buddy was by far the youngest of the boys, and the only one of the twenty who had had



At the age of nine, Buddy Rogers was the baritone of the Olathe Boys' Band. You will note Buddy in the second row from the top, the third from the left. Little did Olathe think then that Buddy would become a movie star

considered he might bring to the screen, if selected.

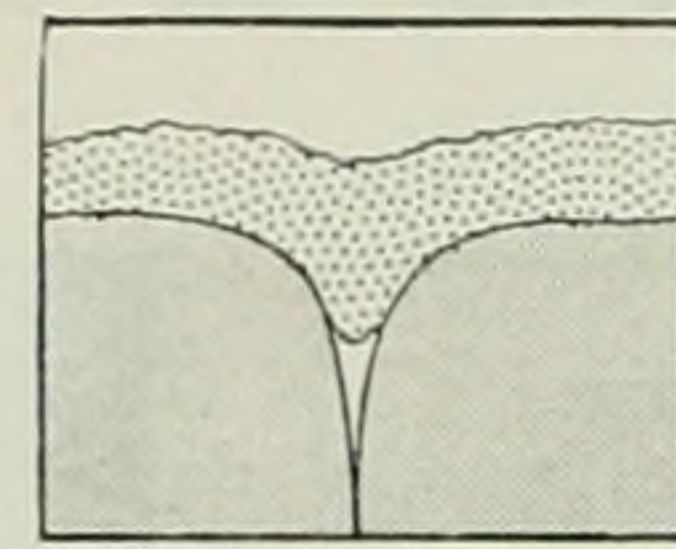
Then to eleven others in Olathe, in entirely different lines of business, all of whom had known Buddy since he was born, and had also known his mother and me for years, as we were both born in Olathe. I asked them to write at some length of their views on Buddy, in his associations with them in their particular lines.

So these letters were written by his two bankers, F. R. Ogg and S. B. Haskin; his minister, the Rev. Mr. Brown, of the First Methodist church; Judge G. A. Roberds, of the District Court; his Sunday school teacher; Superintendent E. N. Hill of the Olathe High School; F. D. Hedrick, county attorney; the Honorable C. B. Little, Congressman from the 2nd District of Kansas, who lives near my home; State Senator John R. Thorne, who lives near us; Dr. C. W. Jones, our family

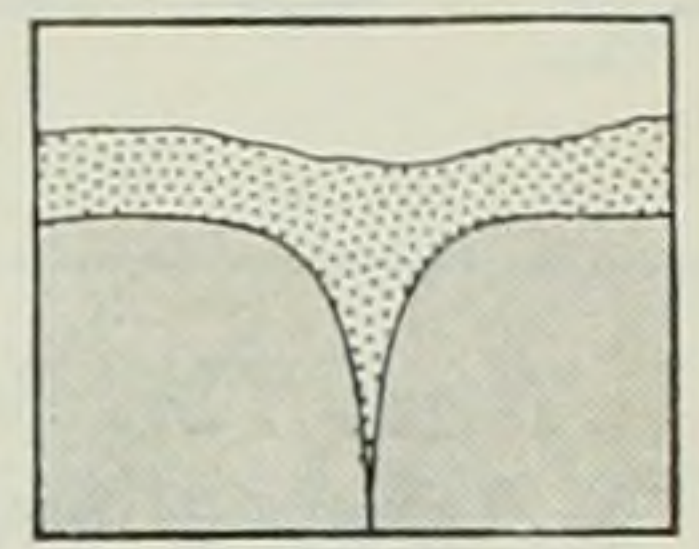


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*\* Why Colgate's Cleans Cavities Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



... and only 25¢ The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

*It not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . but its penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles which cause trouble in the tiny crevices.*

**D**ON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—that is easy. But be extra cautious about cleansing the tiny crevices where lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodge. Don't invite decay.

To wash away these hidden impurities, nothing equals Colgate's, accepted by dental scientists as having a greater penetrating power\* than any other leading dentifrice.

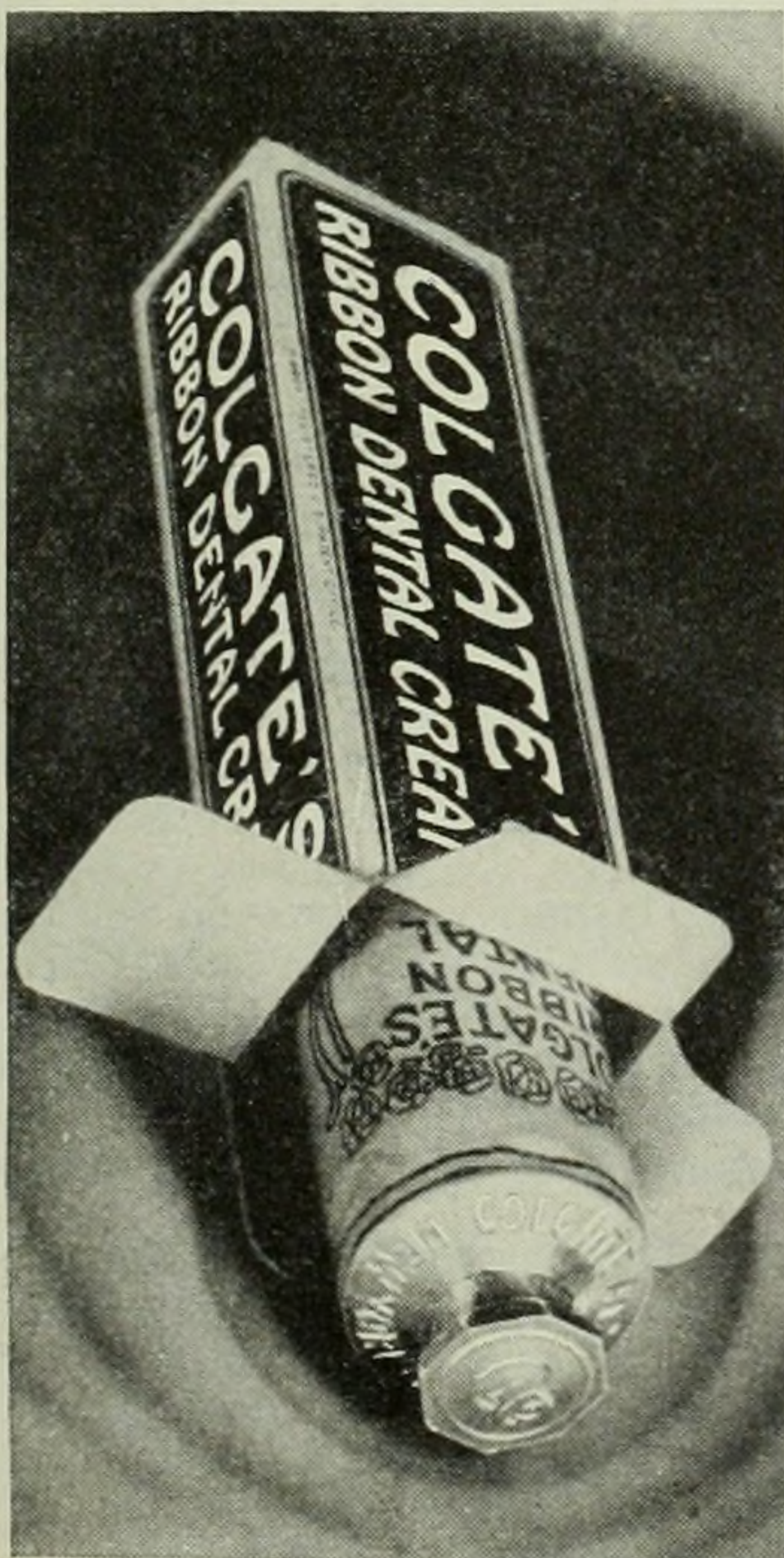
When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension").

This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't.

Remember, the one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct acid conditions of the mouth. Any claim that any toothpaste can do these things is misleading.



COLGATE, Dept. B-2545, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Please send a trial tube of **FREE** Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

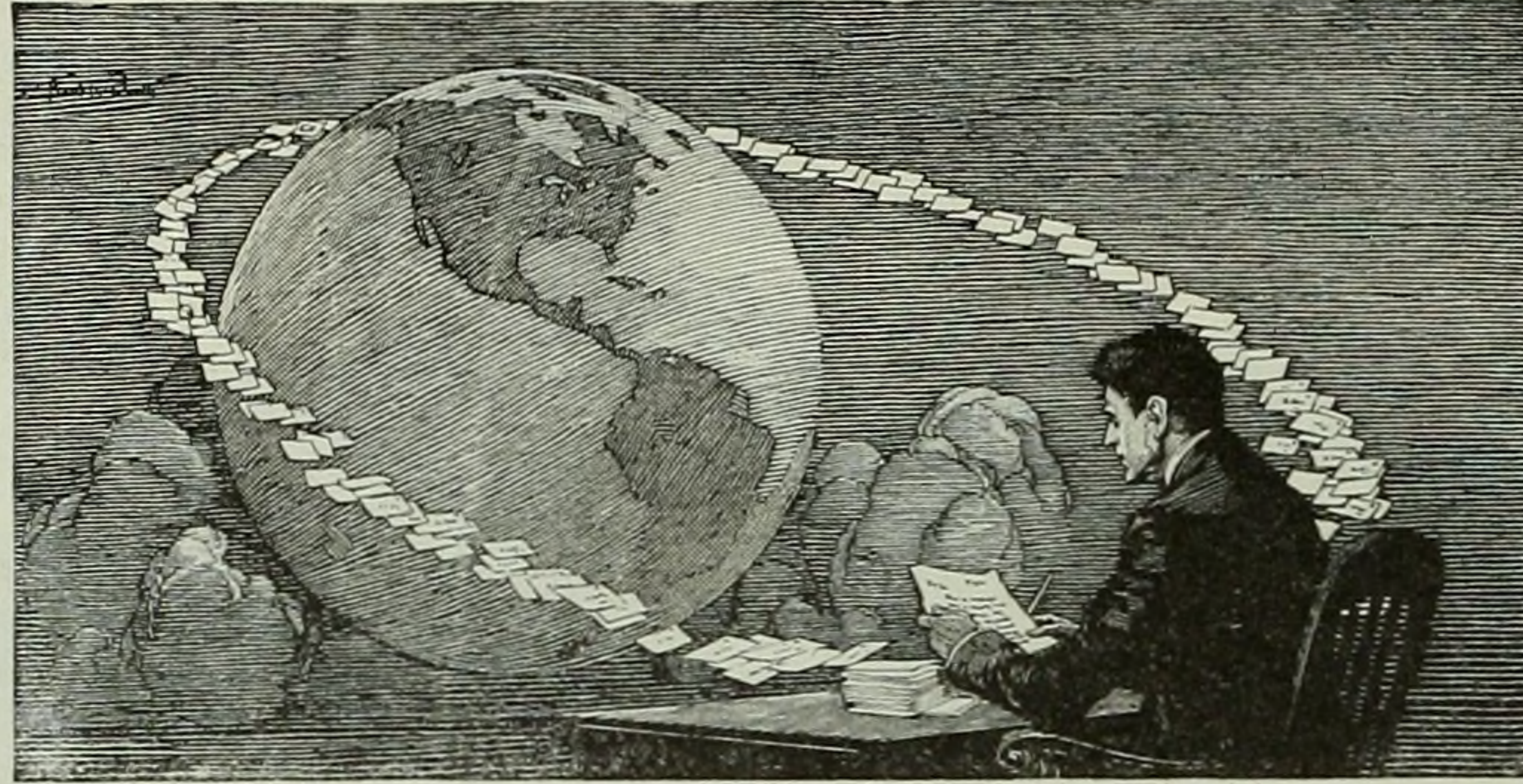
Name.....

Address.....

# 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.

H. J. S., FREDERIC, WIS.—Leslie Fenton played the part of *Donovan* in "The Drag Net." He was born March 12, 1903, in Liverpool, England, is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has black hair and grey-blue eyes. His latest appearance is in "The Dangerous Woman."

DOROTHY BRODHEAD, JACKSON HGTS., L. I.—Nita Naldi is five feet, eight inches tall and weighs about 123 pounds. Clara Bow weighs 115 pounds and Joan Crawford is five pounds lighter. Norma Shearer is five feet, three inches tall and weighs two pounds more than Joan. Are you good at 'rithmetic?

M. R., SALLISAW, OKLA.—Lady, the last time I had my picture taken, photography was still in its infancy. As for my life history—oh, I'm too bashful to talk about myself. Mary Pickford is just five feet tall. Pauline Garon is appearing in a picture titled "The Gamblers."

E. C. M. T. S., HARRISBURG, PA.—Just a few more initials and you would have the whole alphabet. Nancy Carroll was born in New York City 22 years ago. She is five feet, four inches tall and has blue eyes. Her real monicker is LaHiff. Billie Dove was christened Lillian Bohny. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 114 pounds and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

F. J., VAN NUYS, CALIF.—I was quite correct in stating that Mary Pickford was in "The Gaucho." Mary appeared twice as the *Divine Vision*. How come that nearly a year has passed before you questioned me on this?

MARY SULLIVAN, HONOLULU, T. H.—Natalie Kingston was the leading lady in "Framed," a Milton Sills picture. The name of the picture you described was "Braveheart," featuring Rod La Rocque. Phyllis Haver is thirty years old.

RED CHARLIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Does that color scheme refer to your hair or your nose? Your brother is correct. Mack Swain was the big, burly miner who appeared in the cabin scene with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."

GEORGE STAEHLING, CHICAGO, ILL.—Alice White was born July 25, 1907, in Paterson, N. J. She is five feet tall, weighs 105 pounds and is a blonde now. Originally her hair was reddish-brown. Alice is still single. Thelma Todd was the beautiful blonde you saw with Milton Sills in "The Crash."

MRS. D. J. I., LEBANON, MO.—Thomas Meighan played the part of *Tom Burke* in "The Miracle Man."

**P**HOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 140 before writing 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.

CRAWFORD PURSER, CALDERWOOD, TENN.—Dick Sutherland played the part of *Sambo* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Quimbo's name does not appear in the cast.

## Personalities of the Month

**I**N response to numerous requests The Answer Man is printing short biographies of the following stars:

Mary Nolan, born in Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18, 1905. Five feet, six inches tall; weighs 112 pounds; blonde hair and blue eyes. On the stage she was known as Imogene Wilson.

Raquel Torres, born in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, Nov. 11, 1908. Five feet, two inches tall; weighs 110 pounds; black hair and dark brown eyes. Billie Osterman is her real name.

David Rollins, born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1909. Five feet, ten and one half inches tall; weighs 140 pounds; black hair and blue eyes. Appeared on the stage before going into pictures.

Virginia Cherrill, born in Carthage, Ill., April 12, 1908. Five feet, five inches tall; weighs 118 pounds; blonde hair and blue eyes. Divorced from Irving Adler. Picked by Charlie Chaplin for the lead in "City Lights."

M. C. D., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—Bert Lytell was born in New York City, Feb. 24, 1885. He is divorced from Claire Windsor. His latest pictures are "On Trial" and "The Lone Wolf's Daughter." At present he is appearing on the stage in "Brothers."

CLAUDE F. ROFF, STILLWATER, MINN.—Your friend is the winner in this skirmish. Harold Lloyd is married to Mildred Davis. Mildred Harris was Charlie Chaplin's first wife and Lita Grey was his second. Before her marriage to Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis appeared with him in several pictures.

KEITH VOGT, BANCROFT, NEB.—*PHOTOPLAY* printed John Gilbert's life story in the June, July, August and September, 1928, issues. Gary Cooper's life story ran in the April and May, 1929, issues. Clara Bow's next picture will be "Dangerous Curves."

HELEN A., FREEPORT, ILL.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, about thirty-three years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall. Her next picture will be "Prisoners."

C. G., TAMPA, FLA.—The man who played opposite Clara Bow in "The Wild Party" was Frederic March. He is thirty-one years old, six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes and hails from Racine, Wis. He was taken from the stage for the talkies and is married to Florence Eldridge, also of the stage. He has also played in "The Dummy" and "The Studio Murder Mystery." Nils Asther will be seen next in "The Single Standard."

MRS. SEGELKE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your friend is wrong in saying that we have no six foot heroes. There's William Haines and Conrad Nagel, both six feet tall; Nils Asther, who is six feet, one-half inch; Gary Cooper, six feet, two inches; Monte Blue, Rod La Rocque and Victor McLaglen, all six feet, three inches; and Ivan Linow, who reaches the height of six feet, four inches. And there are others, too.

A. M. M., DANBURY, CONN.—Shirley Mason is twenty-nine years old. Her latest picture is "Anne Against the World." Clara Bow will celebrate her twenty-fourth birthday July 29. She has red hair and brown eyes. Her real name is Clara Gordon Bow.

E. M. F., SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.—Philippe De Lacy was born July 25, 1917. Greta Garbo is twenty-three years old and a native of Stockholm, Sweden. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125 pounds and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]

# Frances Ingram

## WITH HER CHART-LIKE MANNEQUIN

### EXPLAINS WHY

# "Only a healthy skin can stay young"

OF all the rules in the primer of beauty, the most important is this—keep your skin healthy if you want it to stay young.

On my little mannequin I have starred the six spots most difficult to care for. These are the six places where imperfections come most quickly and where lines form to strike fear to every mortal woman's heart.

But treat your skin wisely—guard well its health at the six vital spots—and your complexion will tell only flattering fibs about your birthdays.

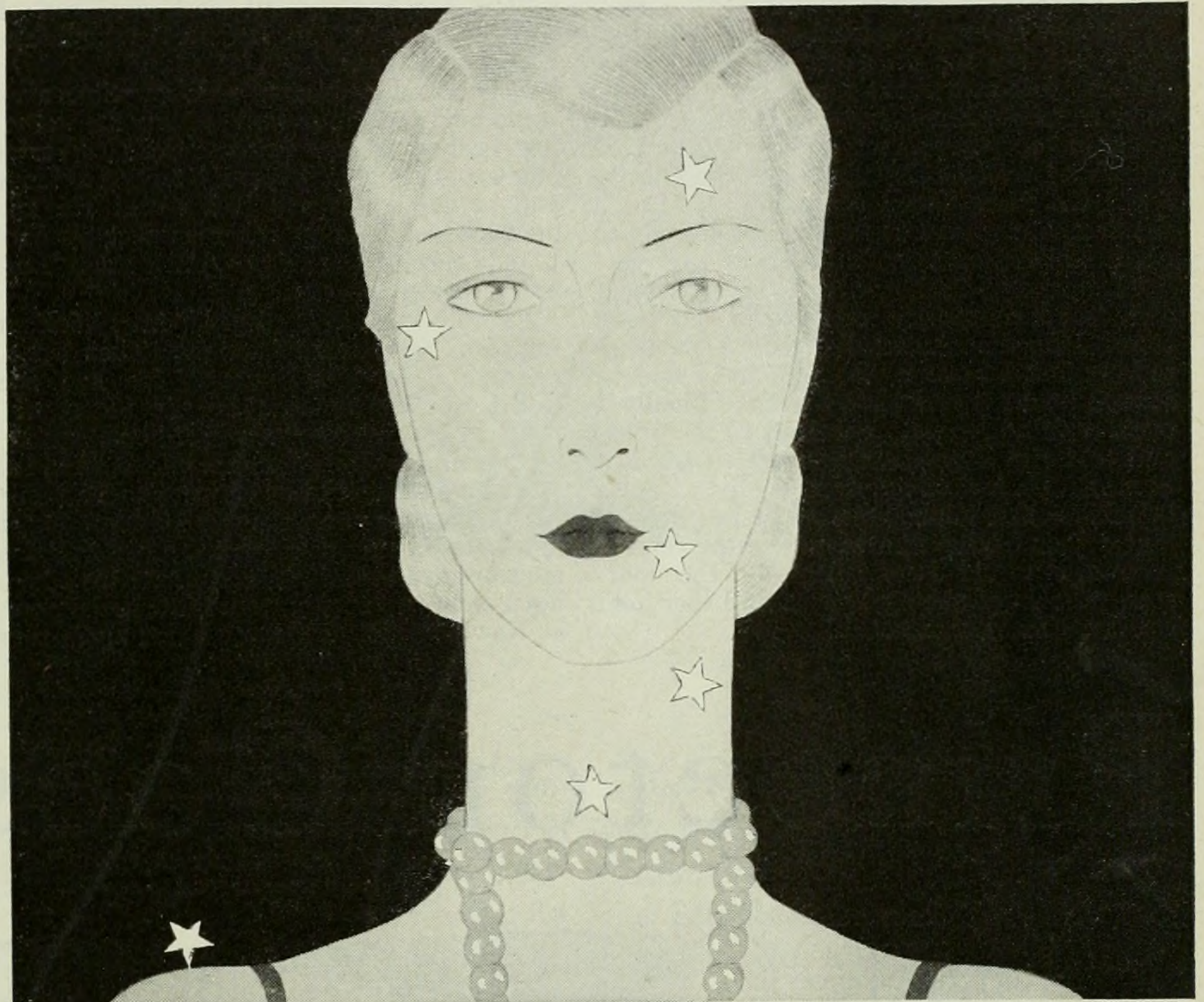
Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth—clear—altogether lovely.

Today, buy a jar of Milkweed Cream. Mark on the label the date you start using it and notice how your skin improves in a single month.

I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. And, if you have any special beauty questions, feel perfectly free to write me for advice.

*P. S. Milkweed Cream is marvelous against sunburn. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.*

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★ 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—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.

★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.

★ 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.

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 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  
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# ➤ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ➤

# She Prayed for the Part

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ]

Mr. Brenon, urging him to give me a test. His recommendation was rather funny. He said:—'She can speak Swedish and can play the concertina.' Of course, 'Lummox' was a Scandinavian and did play the concertina.

"I WAITED, but heard nothing, so I determined to act. I went to New York, registered at the Hotel Ambassador, and wrote to Mr. Brenon, asking for an appointment. Again I waited. I seemed in those days to have the faculty of making other people believe what I believed myself. Mrs. Tod Browning and her mother were at the hotel, and I talked to them until they were as firmly convinced as I was that the coveted rôle was mine.

"At last the reply came from Mr. Brenon. He would see me on a certain day at one o'clock. His apartment was not five minutes' walk from the hotel, but I was dressed and ready to go, even had my gloves on, at eleven o'clock. I realized that I was hours too early and I did everything I could think of to kill the time, but when I could find nothing else to do, it still lacked a few minutes of twelve.

"I walked up Park Avenue to his apartment and, to kill more time, dropped in at a book store. How the minutes dragged! I was there so long that I became ashamed, and I bought several books that I didn't want. Finally I could wait no longer. I walked to the house and told the doorman I wanted to see Mr. Brenon. He looked me over, coldly. I am a believer in first impressions and I had dressed that day as I believed a woman of the class of 'Lummox' would dress. Anyway, the doorman telephoned the apartment and then told me Mr. Brenon was not in.

"'But I have an appointment,' I said. He asked me for what time and I told him.

"'It's only fifteen minutes to one now,' he said. 'You may wait over there if you like,' and he waved me to a bench.

"A few minutes before one Mr. Brenon came in. We went to his apartment and I talked—Heavens, how I talked. I must have convinced him, in part, at least, because he told me he wanted me to see Miss Hurst. I went to her. It was ten minutes before five when I entered her apartment and she told me she had an engagement and must leave at five. We talked until seven. She told me that Mr. Brenon had phoned twice that day to remind her of her engagement with me, and she seemed somewhat surprised that he should even have remembered it.

"She asked me innumerable questions about 'Lummox' and I answered as I saw the woman. She probed me for my reactions to certain phases of the character, and I replied at length and in detail. If she had asked me such questions about any other subject on earth I could not have answered, but I knew 'Lummox,' inside and out.

"I went back to the hotel," Miss Westover went on, "and again I waited. Then I got a message from Mr. Brenon. He had been called to New Orleans by the illness of a relative, and asked me to call him there at a certain time by long-distance phone. I did so, and he asked me if I had traveled to New York for any other reason than to see him. I told him that was my sole reason, and he advised me to return to California. I took his advice, but I went by the Southern route and stopped at New Orleans. I called on him again there

and talked some more. But nothing definite came of it, and I returned home.

"Then he returned. The plans were speeding along. Names of women suggested for the rôle of 'Lummox' began to be mentioned. Writers who declared they spoke with authority named this one and that one. I laughed. I knew the rôle was mine. I had not the slightest fear of not getting it. I still figured that weight would do no harm, and I put on five pounds more.

"I did not pray that none of these others who were mentioned should get the rôle. I did not need to do that. I prayed that those who were to be disappointed would get something just as good; if it was the money they wanted, that they should get just as much in some other way.

"I saw Mr. Brenon again and he made a test of me. He had made tests of others also, but that meant nothing to me. I was destined to win; I knew it. I read a passage in Wordsworth's works once which appealed to me. It was:—'One in whom persuasion and belief had ripened into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition.' That fitted exactly. I *knew* there was no room for doubt. So now," she ended, happily, "I am rehearsing."

THAT'S how it happened. It was all so simple. Even the most cynical would have been convinced. It was just matter-of-fact. She wanted something; she asked for it; she got it.

Miss Westover was a girl in San Francisco when she got her first chance in pictures. Her father was president of the San Francisco [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]

# Princeton Goes Talkie

By Jay O'Gee

"CHANGE the needle!" That's the new cry of the picture audiences in Princeton, for talking pictures have "come to college."

This venture of the Vitaphone and Movietone into the lair of the Princeton tiger is a hazardous one. The boys have been accustomed to furnishing their own dialogue and sound effects. In the era of the mum movie, some leather-lunged undergraduate provided deep bass wise cracks for the lip action of modest heroines; a sophomore soprano would put sweet words into the lips of villains; and one student considered it a duty to bring his alarm clock to every performance so that the ringing of a telephone on the screen might be made realistic.

The first talking picture was "The Singing Fool," with Al Jolson. All the seats were filled by show time. Many sat in the aisles. Not only was this to be the first talking picture for Princeton—it was the first for a good many Princetonians.



When Al Jolson and "The Singing Fool" reached Princeton, something went wrong with the reproducing apparatus. This resulted in Al losing his voice and in little Davey Lee singing "Sonny Boy" to himself

Seemingly resentful that they were no longer to provide necessary sound effects, part of the audience had armed themselves with whistles, cow-bells, inflated paper bags, and every noise-making device within their resources. The lights went out; the audience became hushed in anticipation. A girl appeared on the screen and began to sing. With the first note, bedlam broke loose—bells, whistles, bicycle sirens, bursting bags, and the rhythmic clap-clap-clap of disapproval of the short subject. No one knew what song she sang. They had come to scoff and were scoffing. Not a note was heard above the confusion.

The feature followed and the audience quieted itself in appreciation of a promising story. For the first few reels all was well, but by the time Al Jolson had married Josephine Dunn the inexperience of the local hired help contributed an amusing situation. Al Jolson sang an entire song without a sound issuing forth from the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]

# S U M M E R !

*yet your*  
**POWDER**  
*clings,*  
*rouge stays on*  
*and you look*  
**ALWAYS**  
**LOVELY**



SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters . . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.



Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may*.

*"Summer-Proof" Make-up*

Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent

gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

*Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous

tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Princess Pat Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your prompt acceptance of this liberal offer.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

**Get  
 This  
 Week  
 End  
 Set—**



**SPECIAL**

## PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

**PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.**  
 2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-567, Chicago.  
 Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.  
 Name (print).....  
 Street.....  
 City and State.....

## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

addition to their regular meal, they requested two orders of shrimp and two orders of rolls.

The porter was mystified. Finally, in desperation, he said: "You two is the smallest women I have ever seen to eat so much."

They might have enlightened him by explaining the shrimp and rolls were to feed eleven turtles that had been given Lupe. They were comfortably reposing in a perforated can behind the baggage.

**L**UPE VELEZ loves her Gary Cooper to death, but when it comes to doing his shopping she is more ardent than exact.

She bounded into a smart haberdashery in Hollywood a few days ago and loudly demanded some sports shirts, male.

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, beeg!" answered Lupe.

"How beeg?" said the clerk, a little stupefied by the Velez antics.

"About a hundred, ninety pound!" shrilled Lupe, flinging out her arms to indicate that Gary was about the size of a red Iowa barn.

She walked out with three blue shirts, and from the looks of them, each would have made a mainsail for a whaling ship. Gary and his brother will probably wear one simultaneously.

**B**EBE DANIELS was as nervous as a dish of gelatine. Her hands shook and her teeth chattered as she waited for the lights to go up. It was her first talkie test at RKO. "Don't be like that, Bebe," a friend soothed, "this is no different from any other test."

"I know it isn't, but this is the first test of any sort I have ever made."

**W**HOM do you suppose Loretta Young is going with these days? Why none other than young Tom Ince, son of the late Thomas H. My, my, it seems only yesterday that he was just a boy in knee pants!

**A**LWAYS the unexpected in Hollywood! Manuel Reachi, back from Mexico, dining with his ex-wife, Agnes Ayres. One of Hollywood's human question marks approached him with a hat full of personal queries.

"How are you, Manuel," said the inquisitive one. "You folks trying to start a little scandal?" To which Manuel answered, "It just happens that Agnes is the mother and I the father of a child."

After which there were no further questions. The former husband of Miss Ayres is in America on a special mission for the Mexican government.

**W**E start many styles in Hollywood. Now a new method for expressing loyalty.

Nick Stuart has a new sports car. One door bears Nick's initials and the other carries the initials of Sue Carol. What could be nicer?

**I**T is one of the pranks of fate that on some of the greatest nights of their lives big bright film stars are just so many step-children.

Take Mary Pickford, for instance. On the night "Coquette" opened in Los Angeles, poor Mary was kicked around the theater like a football—it took three tries before she found her right seats at her own debut as a talking star.

Laura LaPlante was as badly off on her greatest night—the Los Angeles opening of "Show Boat." Poor Laura and her husband, Bill Seiter, with a party, were just nicely seated in aisle seats at the Biltmore Theater when an usher came and booted them out to make way for the rightful owners. Finally, after a lot of palaver, Laura and her crowd were seated—farther back and off the aisle.

And all the time old Cal, an obscure writer, squatted undisturbed in his aisle pew and watched "Show Boat" unroll

There's no justice!

## My Boy Buddy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

no stage or movie experience. His was limited to good parts—usually the lead—in grade school and high school entertainments and plays.

In his senior year he was given the lead in a class play, "Clarence," the part taken by the late Wallie Reed in the movie, "Clarence," and many said his work in that was almost equal to Wallie's.

No one will ever know the heartaches that were Buddy's during the first few weeks of the six months' term of the Paramount school. He was a shy, quiet, country boy, whose experience was limited to a small town, save for his brief years at the university. As all the others in the school, with the exception of two, were from New York or Hollywood and had seen a great deal of the world, they knew what it was all about. Buddy didn't.

He was made the butt of many ill-timed jokes and often referred to as the country kid or "Merton of the Movies," and I believe this had much to do with his appearing rather slow to learn.

He knew it and wrote very discouraging letters to us, saying, "I guess I'm just too dumb to learn. I guess I'll be sent home and I'll have to go to work for Dad." At another time he mentioned that someone had said that he was about as humorous as Lincoln looked.

It was heart-breaking to us knowing how he was trying so hard for our sakes to make good. He never had failed us in a single thing, he

knew our disposition and feeling toward him, and that we believed he could do anything. That's why he felt he simply could not fail us.

When particularly discouraging letters would come, we would either call him up, send a night letter of fifty words or a special delivery letter to cheer him.

Do you wonder what advice I gave him when we drove to Kansas City, Missouri, twenty-five miles from Olathe, to put him on the train for New York to attend the training school? It was just the same as I gave him when he started to Europe on the mule boat—and just exactly the same as I gave him when he left home for the university.

You're wondering how each could have been the same. The answer: None! Not a word of advice, or don'ts. I was the last one to kiss him goodbye and, with choking voice, said only, "Buddy, I want you to feel that we know you'll always do the right thing." And never once has he failed us.

When he went to Spain with the mules, his grandfather Rogers, now deceased, told him, "Buddy, I have only this to say. There's always just two things to watch—your morals and your health. Your morals are already fixed. Watch your health."

How could any boy get away from such faith and trust as this—even if he wanted to. No doubt there are many, many boys in the world as good as Buddy—but there are none better. And Hollywood has not changed him



**Specialty**

**MEEKER  
MADE R**

for Anita Page [METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR]

this **NEW  
HANDBAG**

has been suitably named

*The Anita Page*

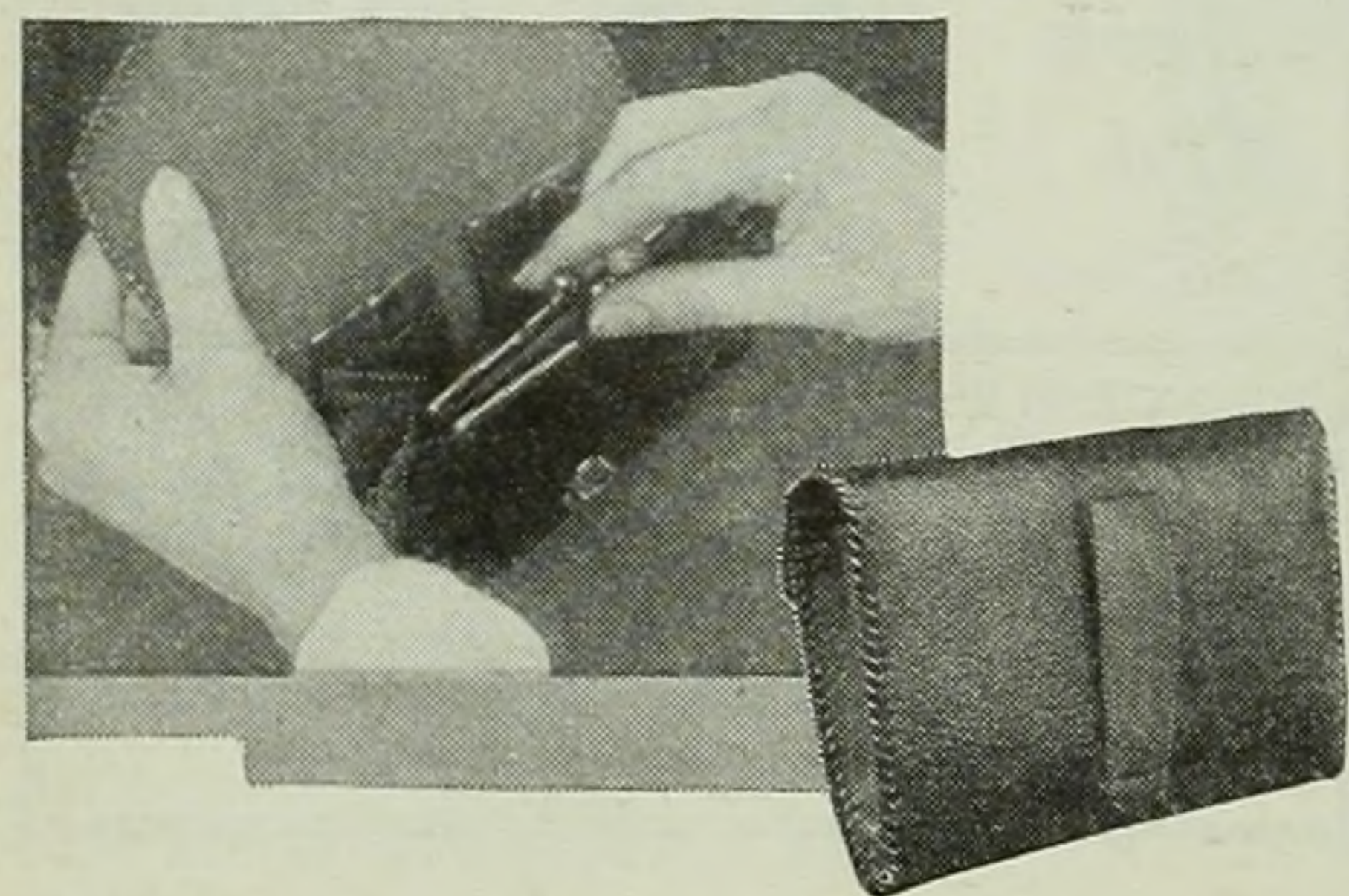
**H**ERE is a little bag—a back strap bag—that is just about the neatest thing of its kind you've seen. The leather is genuine imported Steerhide, India Ooze lined. Moderne design, hand colored, hand laced and with a new, convenient "Tuck-Tite" lock. Fitted with hammered gold finished inside frame, coin purse and mirror. The subtle coloring—conservative and yet rich—keeps it in harmony with any costume. "The Anita Page" is a utility handbag. It is beautiful! To say it is Meeker Made is sufficient assurance of its quality. See one at the better dealers everywhere.

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MADE R**

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**THE MEEKER CO., Inc., Joplin, Mo.**

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one iota, except that it has made him more thoughtful, more considerate.

I believe the biggest day of my life was when the Junior Stars (the Paramount class) came to Kansas City to appear in person in the class picture, "Fascinating Youth," at the Newman Theater. Buddy had the lead. The others of the class had been traveling with the picture, making personal appearances, but Buddy had been sent on to Hollywood to work, for he was the first one assigned to a picture, after the school had closed. However, he was sent back to Kansas City to appear with the class.

THE whole town turned out, as this was Buddy's first visit home. The band played, flags were out, signs were up everywhere and at dinner several hundred came to the hotel. Different organizations read resolutions, complimentary to Buddy. He was hoisted to the shoulders of business men and high school boys, carried outside and presented with a ring which carried his initial, B.

Then he was placed in a donkey cart all covered with banners, such as "Welcome Home, Buddy." There was a parade around the square.

You can well imagine how I felt. I had a similar feeling, no later than last week, when Buddy's first all-talkie, "Close Harmony," had its world premiere in Kansas City at a midnight preview.

I was proud to have been invited by the manager to press the button which started the picture, as it was Buddy's first all-talkie. It also was my first. I had never heard one before.

I might add, here, that the midnight showing broke any previous record for midnight previews, there. With the single exception of "The Singing Fool," it easily broke any other record for the week—and by several thousand dollars. Probably one reason for this is that Kansas City, being so close to Olathe, "claims" him, as, of course, Olathe properly does. Moreover, it was on the Newman stage that his first screen test was taken, more than three years ago.

When his first picture, "Fascinating Youth," showed in Olathe for three nights, the crowds were so large that Mr. Andrews made enough money to buy a new car, which he called his Buddy Car. Recently he had another of his pictures and, since two years have elapsed, his car needed to be traded in and he made enough money to buy another Buddy Car.

You may be sure that I have a funny feeling whenever the local picture owner brings in the mats and the press sheet for one of Buddy's pictures. My instructions always are for his pictures to get a "great big mat" for that week, the ad is complimentary, no matter what the size and, in addition, I run a half column of reading matter on the front page, being careful to put as a lead an article that is copied from the company's press sheet.

IN such cases as this I am a combination of editor and father—but the preponderance of "father" is easily seen. Pictures for the paper are cast with hot metal from mats and often the face of the metal must be scraped down to print clearly and avoid a blur. We had been doing this with a sharp chisel and hammer, but it often would spoil the picture. So, when Buddy entered the school, my foreman said, "Will you buy us an electric router when we get Buddy's first advertisement?" I answered that I would—and, when it came in about a year, I was held to my promise to buy one and at a cost of \$300.00. So Buddy has improved the looks of the *Mirror*.

It seems that Buddy has always wanted to be a musician. Even as a baby and little boy he would get a drum, horn or fife for Christmas. Once, in Kansas City, we saw a vaudeville act where one man played eight or ten band instruments and, from that day to this he has always wanted to be a one-man orchestra.

In "Close Harmony" he leads his jazz band, plays all these instruments, sings and then



"May I add my word of praise for the splendid service rendered on the GOLDEN STATE LIMITED? In the number of times I have crossed the continent on this train, I have not once been disappointed in the matter of personal comfort. It is a real de luxe train."

Sincerely,

Between Los Angeles and Chicago in 61¼ hours. None faster or finer.

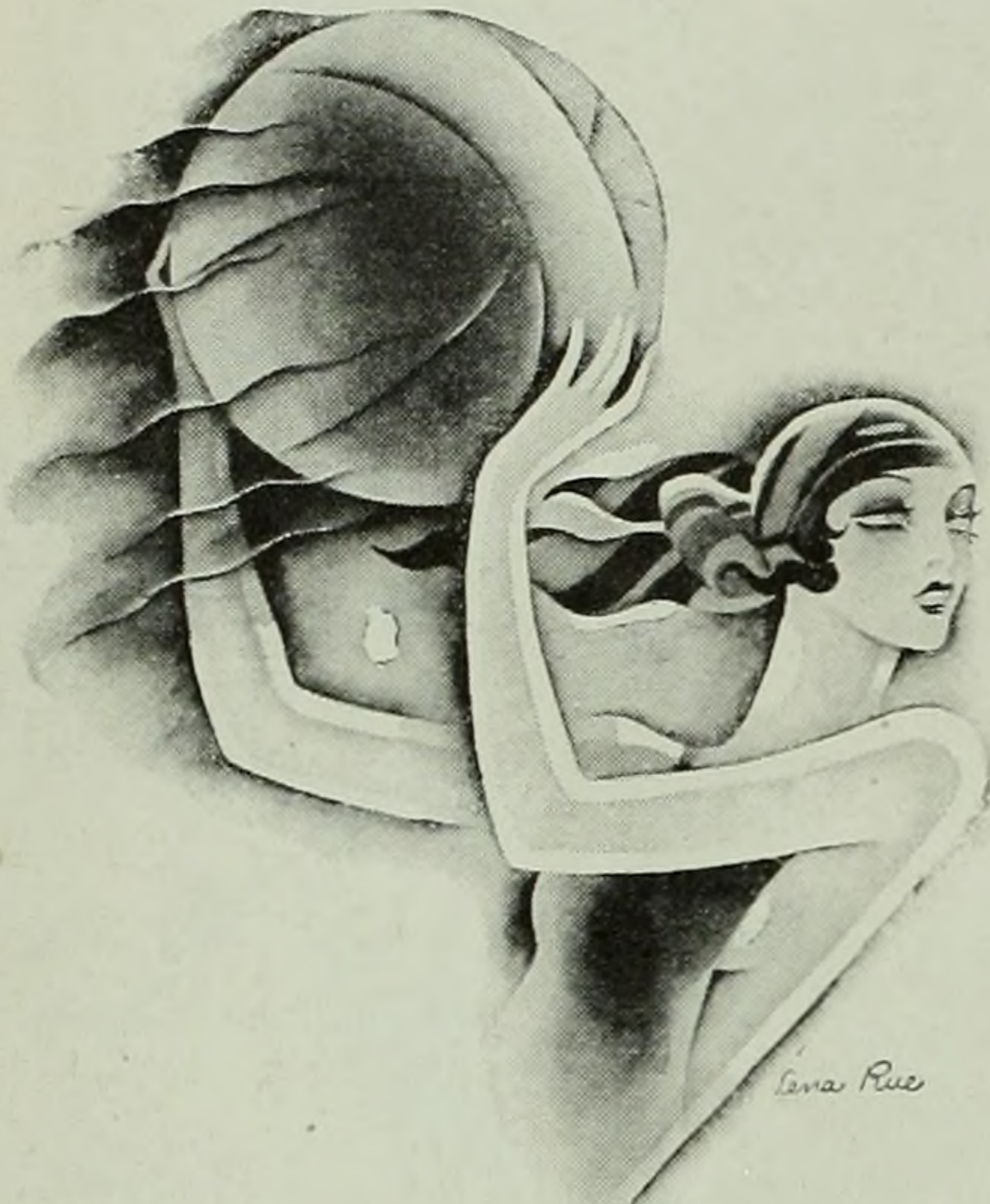
**"Golden State Limited"**

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Convenient ticket offices:—6768 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 212 West 7th, Los Angeles; 531 Fifth Ave., New York; 33 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

# It's smart to look healthy



SOCIETY has discovered the sun and set its stamp of favor on sunned skin.. *healthy skin!* And thus, via sunlight, Frostilla takes the limelight!

The familiar blue-labelled bottle is seen in the best-sunned circles. For those skin-wise folk know that Frostilla permits one to enjoy the outdoors, and to tan without torture!

Why not follow their lead? Before you greet the sun's rays, pat on this cooling, soothing lotion. Then go out and play and get your tan. Frostilla will *save your skin*—prevent excessive drying and scorching—keep your face, arms and neck soft, smooth and "young."

To look *smart*, without smarting, just use Frostilla before and after "sunning!"

Frostilla is 50c and \$1, at all stores in the U. S. and Canada. An attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Department 643, Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Can. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Mad. Ave. at 34th St., N. Y. C.)

## FROSTILLA

FOR EXPOSED AND IRRITATED SKIN



Buddy Rogers lives quietly in Hollywood. Despite his stellar salary, he still resides with his pal, Dean Boggs, paying \$16 a week for his board, room, garage and a kennel for his police dog

turns a hand spring, standing on top of the piano, to the floor. I have heard from a half dozen towns playing "Close Harmony" and in each instance the box office record has gone tumbling.

For several months Buddy worked in "Wings," completing it just two years ago, and then he was drawing a salary on his contract of but \$75.00 per week. Now he is working under a new contract and his former salary is simply pin money now. Since making "Wings" he has worked in "My Best Girl" with Mary Pickford, "Abie's Irish Rose," "Varsity," "Someone to Love," "Close Harmony" and others and is now making "Magnolia."

Buddy is diversifying his investments, real estate, stocks and bonds, building and loan, and he still continues to live with Dean Boggs at his home in Hollywood, paying \$16.00 per week for his board, room, garage and kennel for his German police dog, Baron. He refers to Mrs. Boggs, Dean's mother, always, as "My California Mother." Both boys are members of the Phi Psi fraternity.

'Lest you should get the impression that all Buddy's spare money goes into investments of some kind, I want to say that before his present new contract (just signed) when his

salary was not large—as movie salaries go—he sent a great deal of money home to his family. Paid the expenses and purchased complete wardrobes for his mother and sister on their frequent trips to New York and Hollywood to visit him.

I well remember his first bonus for good work on his first starring picture, "Varsity." He wired all the money home except \$200.00—and almost that much on subsequent bonuses.

The first Christmas following his entering pictures we found at our door, on getting up late Christmas morning, a brand new automobile with only this to identify it—

"To my family  
Merry Christmas and Love  
Buddy."

Just a year ago, when coming through Olathe, going to location at Princeton University, he found his kid brother had done so well in his junior year at Olathe high school, both in books and athletics, that he purchased a sport coupe for him.

If anything, he has been too generous with us in money matters. But he says that is his greatest enjoyment—that, and having some member of his family with him just as much as possible.

## Rosie Rolls Her Eyes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

proach of fatigue, Mr. Slipe called it a day and fluttered from his perch.

"Not bad at all," he conceded. "Of course, any farce calls for rather coarse people, so naturally you're quite suitable, although it's too bad a real *artiste* like Miss Bellairs has to go slumming. I'm very well pleased with all but Miss Cleary. Her voice is of poor calibre."

The director started forward angrily. "It sounded first rate here," he burst out. "It's Bellairs who's away off—she shouts as if she were playing stock in Wilkes-Barre." The lady in question, who had once been the toast of Schenectady for two sterile seasons, winced at this stray shot.

"Work your own side of the street," said Mr. Slipe rudely. "All you've got to do is teach these people how to make faces. I said

her voice was low grade, and that sticks." He crossed over to the ingénue and assumed a bedside manner.

"I'm sure it can be fixed up," he soothed. "Suppose we talk it over."

The unfortunate Joyce, who was feeling like a square wheel on the chariot of progress, looked at him doubtfully. "Do you apologize for yesterday?"

"Sure," said Emerson glibly. "Consider yourself kowtowed to. How about giving me a lift to town? I haven't had time to get a car and I'd appreciate it." Without waiting for an answer he took charge of her elbow and sauntered out toward the parking enclosure, while the cast stared after him with various expressions of disapproval.

Skimming along Fairfax Avenue some ten



minutes later Miss Cleary was gratified to notice that her companion's roving eyes missed not a single pair of well tapered limbs, and the knowledge encouraged her to remark, "Hollywood is crammed with pretty girls, and not all in the movies, either."

"One at a time," grinned Mr. Slipe meaningly. "Now, this voice of yours—it means a lot to you, I guess."

Joyce's hands gripped the wheel a little tighter. "If I don't make good, it means that two years of trying and hoping go for nothing."

MR. SLIPE frowned cunningly. "We haven't much chance to talk here. Why not have supper with me and then go to hear the stock company at El Capitan? You might pick up a few pointers."

Miss Cleary looked squeamish, then vanity, masquerading as ambition, got another stranglehold in its perpetual contest with common sense. "All right," she nodded. "Call for me at seven," and after depositing the genius at his gaudy hotel, she drove homeward.

The witching hours from seven until twelve proved to be a series of evasions. Dodging Mr. Slipe's knee at dinner, his arm at the theater and later his kisses in a taxicab became a bit monotonous, particularly as his amorous essays were accompanied by fallacious psychology.

"There's no getting away from it," he wheedled. "All these outward signs of repulsion simply mean that your subconscious self adores me."

"Applesauce," snapped Miss Cleary. "For heaven's sake get yourself another girl and let me alone."

"All in good time," smirked her squire, as the cab entered the dimly lit roads of Griffith Park. "Your case is a matter of pride with me because you're the first one who ever gave me an argument, but remember, girlie, I'm like a victorious general in a conquered city. I take what I want before I pass on," and with this announcement Mr. Slipe enfolded her in a clammy embrace.

"Stop it!" screamed Joyce, fighting him off. "Help, oh, driver!"

The taxi suddenly jolted to a standstill, and a flat-browed chauffeur jumped out and opened the door. "What's comin' off here?" he demanded. "Youse want a guy to lose his license?"

"Protect me!" panted Miss Cleary, taking another scratch at Emerson's crimson cheeks. "Think of your sisters or your sweetheart."

"Sure," said Flat Brow cagily, "an' think of me fare. Have youse got any money?"

"Heaps," promised Joyce. "Double rates if you'll drive me home alone."

The chauffeur hesitated no longer. "Outside, bum," he invited, and as Mr. Slipe attempted resistance, a hamlike hand clutched his collar, dragged him forth and plumped him down on the well oiled highway. "Maybe this'll learn youse somethin'," said the virtuous Flat Brow as he proceeded to turn the cab with reckless swoops, while Miss Cleary, torn between dread and anger, laughed mockingly.

"You're through!" yelled Mr. Slipe, giving hopeless chase. "This picture will wreck your career, you Jezebel! I'll—" A sudden spurt from the exhaust drowned the rest of the oration, and left him far from home, breathing curses and considerable carbon monoxide.

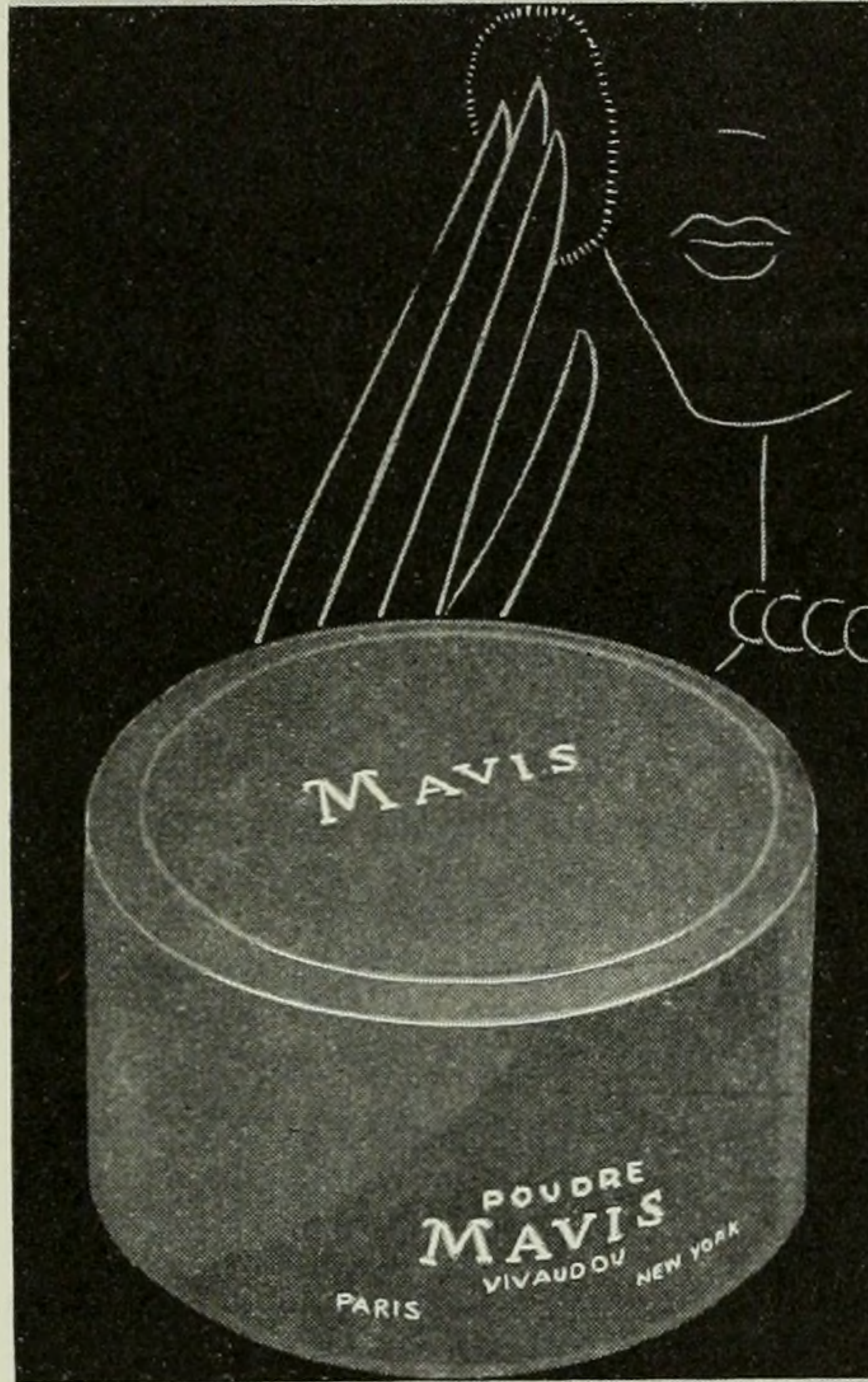
A WEEK later "Uneasy Knees" had progressed to the middle of the first act and had supplied the attendant script clerk with sufficient gossip to insure her being the life of the party if she ever returned to Gasconade, Missouri. The players' nerves were raw and flares of temperament had shrivelled the director to the status of an overworked corporal; only Mr. Slipe remained as bulbously impassive as a cherub in a painting by Raphael. So far the opus had been minus the ministrations of Abie Zoop, who followed the prudent custom of holding aloof until the picture had swung into its groove. Today, however, the semaphore of rumor had signalled his coming.

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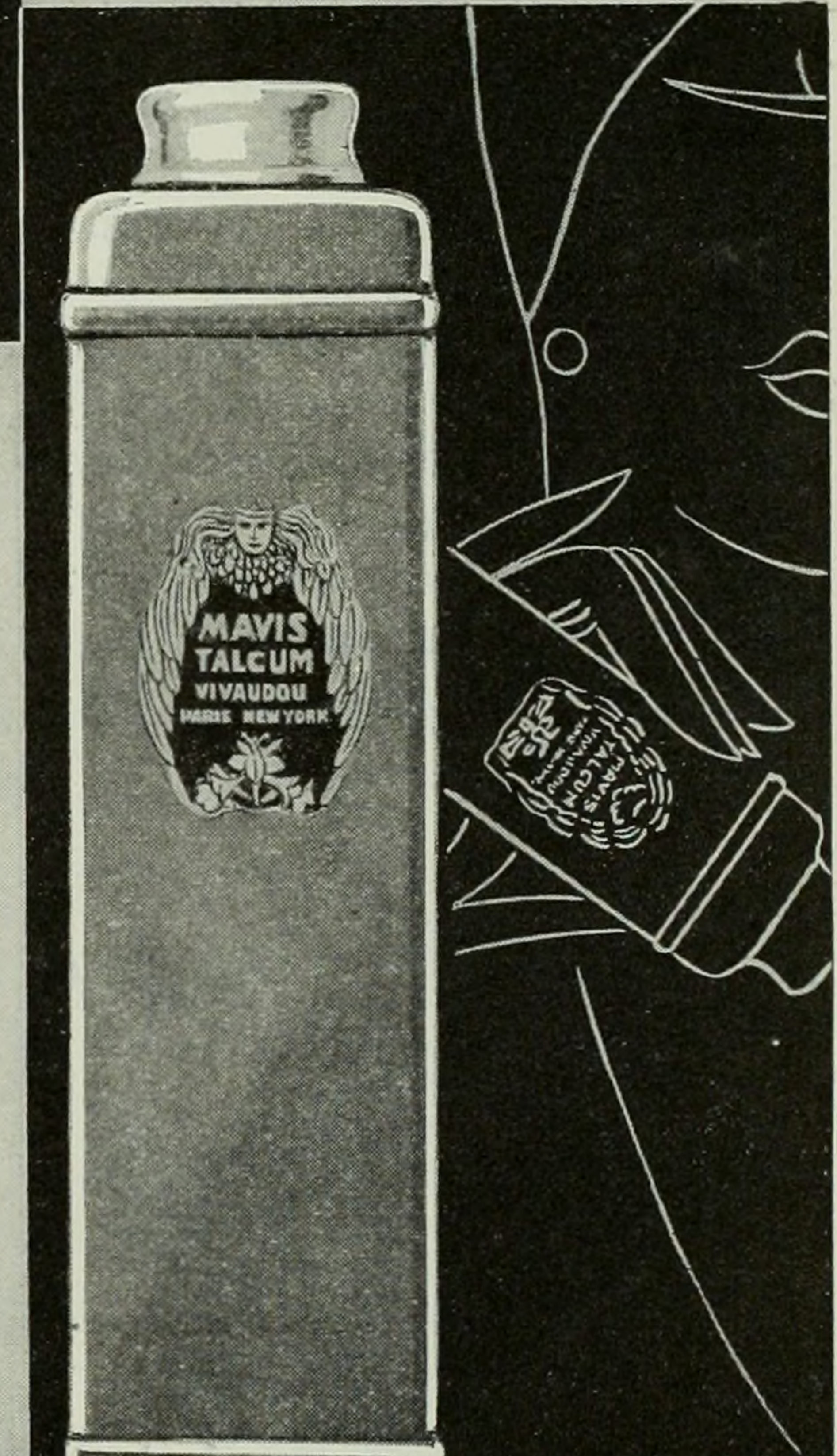


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"The trouble with you," said the director to Miss Bellairs, "is that you automatically gape at the camera as if it was a spotlight. Stage tricks don't go here, and anyhow, you're not young enough to get away with that one. You're playing to fifty million people instead of a houseful of suckers who'll pay three-thirty a seat, and they'll be a lot more critical."

"SING the chorus," sniffed Magnolia. "My voice is all I need to show up these dummies. Mr. Slipe said so."

"And I say you can't act for pictures!" shouted the director. "Just watch Cleary in this next scene, and see how she gets over with only her profile." He turned to the ingénue. "Joyce, honey, before you speak your lines I want a little imaginative work. You go to the window and see your husband coming home. Naturally that makes you a bit perturbed because the *chaise longue* is too short to conceal your lover. His feet are sticking out, and you're worried. Get the idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Joyce half-heartedly. She knew that no matter how well she played a scene the caustic Mr. Slipe would blast it.

"Silence, everybody," ordered the director, picking up the telephone connected with the recorders. "Now, then, Cleary, give me forty feet of brooding. Interlock!"

A fog bank of stillness drifted over the set. Cameras whirred soundlessly in their movable glass-fronted booths, electricians on their lofty platforms handled the sun cars with quiet expertness, the director froze to an unlovely waxwork; when suddenly the noisy entrance of Mr. Zoop and his pet head wagers ruined everything.

"Thirty minutes I'll spend here," announced Abie. "Go on with the scene and do your wailink after."

Without delay the action was restarted and played to a finish, then Mr. Slipe addressed his employer from the door of the booth. "Quite satisfactory," he called, "except for Miss Cleary, as usual."

"CLEARY!" said the surprised Abie. "Why, she sounds like velvet to me. It's Bellairs who shouts like an auctioneer."

The monitor man came down the stairs and registered martyrdom. "May I ask, my dear sir, whether you know anything about vibrations?"

"Nothink," said Mr. Zoop, "except that Momma has them when she gets mad."

"Every note of the scale," lectured Emerson, "is composed of innumerable vibrations—good and bad. If the latter predominate the result will be a flop, and the electrical recorder will be sure to spot it. Miss Cleary comes through quite raucously. If you doubt it, just listen to this." He spoke hastily into a receiver. "Give me a playback on that last scene, Joe."

A moment later voices were issuing from a cavernous loud speaker in one corner of the studio as the wax disc in the recording chamber ground out its chronicle. It was as Mr. Slipe had prophesied—all the voices were suitable, except Joyce Cleary's. Hers was harsh and blurred.

"You'd better take her out of the cast," advised Mr. Slipe. "I'd recommend that you sign the soubrette from Miss Bellairs' old company, and don't stop there. Get some more legitimate players to replace these outworn movie people."

"I'll think it over," groaned Abie, "but we'll keep Cleary in this picture because we got to hurry the release date. I'll tell one of them loafink writers to put in a wise crackle about her comink from Pittsburgh or maybe we'll give her consumption yet. A *pfui* on this talkink business! It's better I should quit, and start makink phosphorescent keyholes for the scofflaw trade."

Joyce, fighting back the tears, was reassured by the friendly murmurs of Carlos and Mr. Hoople. "I'll try to do better," she told Abie, "and perhaps there might be something faulty with the machine, too."

"Nonsense," scoffed the lofty Emerson. "Mark my—" His voice trailed to an end as he noticed a voluptuous figure emerge from behind a piece of scenery, a sight that caused him to preen himself and smile insinuatingly. "And who," he fluted, "is this vision?"

"Nobody but passion's child," recited Abie from the publicity blurbs. "Rosie, meet Mr. Slipe, another guy who's goink to cost me money."

Miss Redpath, attired in gleaming white silk with disquieting touches of scarlet, appeared as smooth as a bathroom tile and equally as cool. "I've heard so much about you," she crooned, flashing a side glance at Joyce. "In fact, the whole colony's been telling me about your er—work," and the frostiness vanished as she held out her hand. The pansy eyes enlarged with rapture and a salvo of purple electrons shot straight at their fatuous target. "I think you're simply wonderful," gurgled Rosie, as the little group stared aghast at this treachery and the giddy Emerson mentally tossed Miss Cleary to the sharks.

"Pssst!" muttered Mr. Zoop. "He can't do nothink for you, Rosie, he only gets—"

"It's almost five o'clock, Abie," said the siren. "No more work today. Mr. Slipe, please drive me over to Santa Monica, like a good boy. You will? Oh, you're positively scrumptious!" She curved an arm around his neck and scampered toward the open door with her blushing captive.

"Hey!" croaked Abie, "I—"

Just as she reached the oblong sunlight Rosie glanced over her shoulder at the stern faces of her contemporaries. Then for a fleeting second a satiny eyelid drooped like a shutter, and a corner of her mouth slanted meaningly downward as she disappeared.

IN after years Mr. Emerson Slipe was wont to entertain his friends with a partial account of his scanty love life in Hollywood, only to be received with disbelief and derision. Nevertheless, he told the truth, although at times he was tempted to marvel that it had ever taken place. By the time he found himself in his roadster most of his self assurance came seeping back, and he managed to drive out of Culver City without maiming any of its denizens.

"Why," exclaimed his tempting passenger as they hit Venice Boulevard, "you're even handsomer than I expected."

Mr. Slipe received this fairy tale with a patronizing smile and tried to look like the Prince of Wales. "I guess I am kind of a change after those sap leading men," he observed. "You're some sort of a star, aren't you? Seems to me I've heard your name before."

Miss Redpath chewed her lips for an instant, then miraculously produced an amorous smirk, and pressed a little closer. "Speed on to the sun-stained West," she sibilated, "my golden-haired Apollo." Her knowledge of that legendary gentleman was confined to his appearance on candy boxes, but she put more intensity into the reference than any student of Greek would have found possible.

MR. SLIPE'S foot stiffened against the accelerator and the asphalt miles to Santa Monica flowed quickly by, and before long they were seated on the beach surveying a number of ladies to whom the old-fashioned bathing suits would have been sweet charity. Rosie posed coyly under a striped umbrella and proceeded to roll her eyes until only the whites were visible. "At last I know what it means to love at first sight," she throbbed. "Kiss me, tiger man, I cannot wait for darkness."

The frantic Emerson made clumsy efforts to imitate John Gilbert, but Miss Redpath suddenly eluded him. "I've changed my mind," she said hurriedly. "Love is too sacred to parade in public."

The thwarted Romeo colored to a dull magenta. "Leading me on, eh?" he husked. "All right, you sorceress, just try and lose me."

Rosie counterfeited ecstasy with a series of

shuddering moans and her eyes became twin orbs of smouldering flame. "So you realize that my heart is worth winning," she asked softly, "and that I must be dominated?"

The mesmerized Mr. Slipe had the sensation of being struck by purple lightning, but he nodded with all the eagerness of the male in a chase that promised dividends.

"Fine," said Miss Redpath, becoming practical, "and now let's breeze to a dining room and get some abalone."

SEVERAL hours were passed at a beach club of scrofulous stucco, after which they drove back to the Redpath domicile in Beverly Hills, where the lovesick Emerson contemplated the cloudless sky and tried to recall some poetry. At the end of an elastic farewell Rosie hummed something about "The magic of moonlight—and you," but Mr. Slipe's enthusiastic kiss landed somewhere on her right ear, and as he returned to the hotel he wondered if his technique needed improving.

The next day being Sunday, he renewed his dominating at eleven and apparently was as welcome as intermission at a Junior League entertainment. The charmer led him through a maze of tennis, swimming, dancing and flirting, thickly strewn with flattery, but although she behaved like an animated blow torch her ability to dodge and tantalize never lessened. All day long the pansy eyes revolved and narrowed, allured and repelled, until, when Emerson reached for his hat, she dispensed a couple of cautious kisses, thereby entangling him more than ever.

Monday morning found him dreaming in his plate glass refuge when the preliminary click of the door handle made him straighten hurriedly, and the next moment the dewy Rosie tiptoed into the booth.

"You—you're not supposed to come in here," he stammered.

"Why, Emerson," pouted the star. "Not stay close to my tiger man when I'm not busy?" The purple magnets filled with moisture as she slithered onto his knee. "You wouldn't say no, honey?"

The soothing touch of lacquered lips on the back of his neck completed the enfeebling process of love, and Mr. Slipe smiled dizzily at passion's child. "I guess not," he promised, "but remember, we'll have to keep quiet."

MORNING and afternoon sessions flew by as the heart smasher, lulled to benevolence, allowed the recording to go ahead without undue meddling. Miss Redpath, apparently swooning with joy, rested her jet curls on his shoulder, but the famous eyes, levelled to slits, missed nothing of the layout. They noted the mixing panel with its six dials, one for each microphone, the volume indicator with its sensitive needle shivering back and forth at the slightest change in strength. They watched Mr. Slipe fiddling with the volume control knob and she listened to the stream of voices coming into the little room through a loud speaker in an angle of the roof.

On Tuesday she continued in the part of an amorous sentry, but that evening, having dabbled in enough society novels to refer to a headache as migraine, she sidetracked Mr. Slipe with that excuse. He departed regretfully, and ten minutes later a sprightly Rosie jumped into her car and headed for the home of the head electrician. Braving the suspicious glances of his wife, she herded him into a corner, talking in pungent undertones, and only came up for air after five minutes of high pressuring.

"You begin the moment they go to lunch, Red," she ended. "Carlos will give you a hand, so your helpers won't have a chance to know what's doing. As soon as that little rat comes back, you whistle a few bars of something as a signal—so long as it isn't Sonny Boy."

"Count on me," said Red, with open admiration, "and how about finishing the job with a sock in the nose?"

Rosie shook her head, thanked him with a few optical revolutions and rolled away to call

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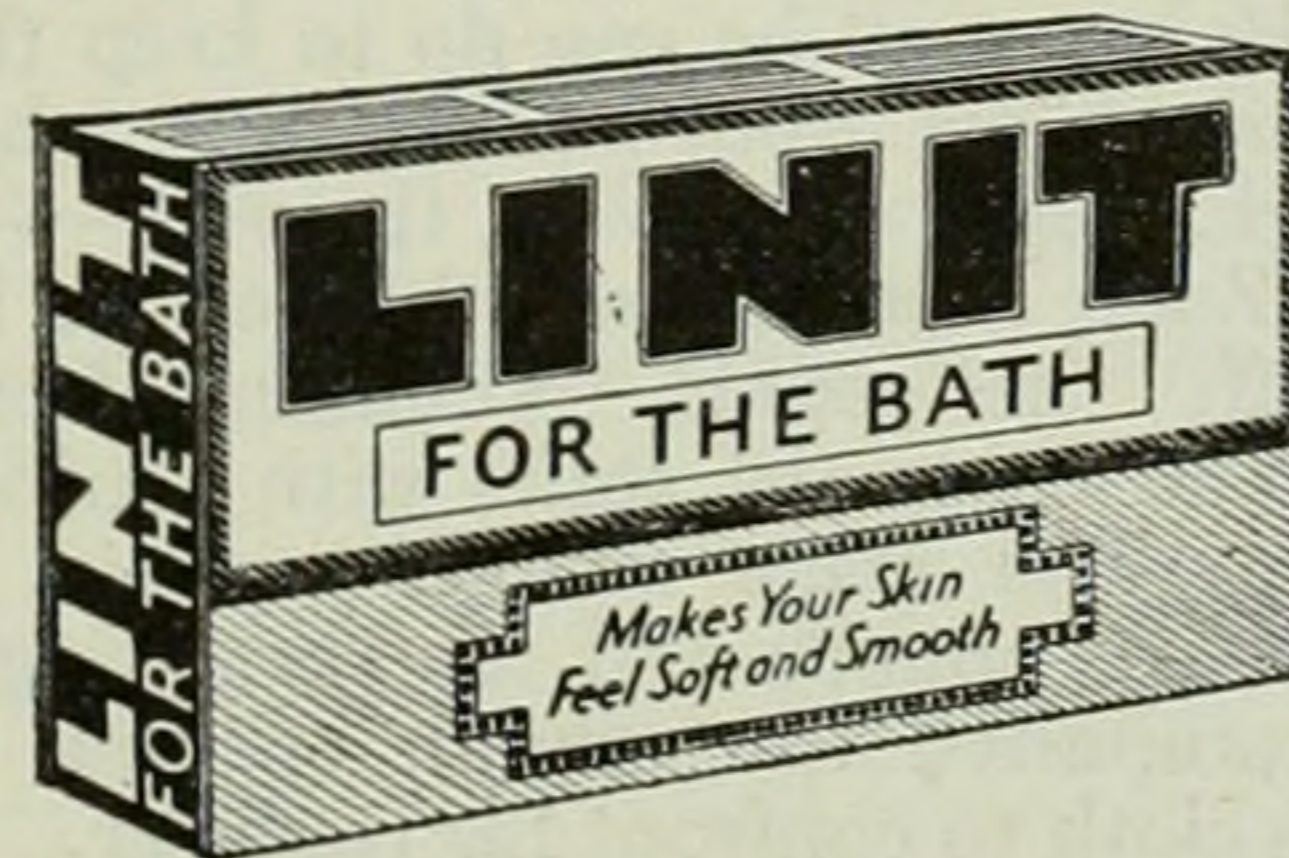
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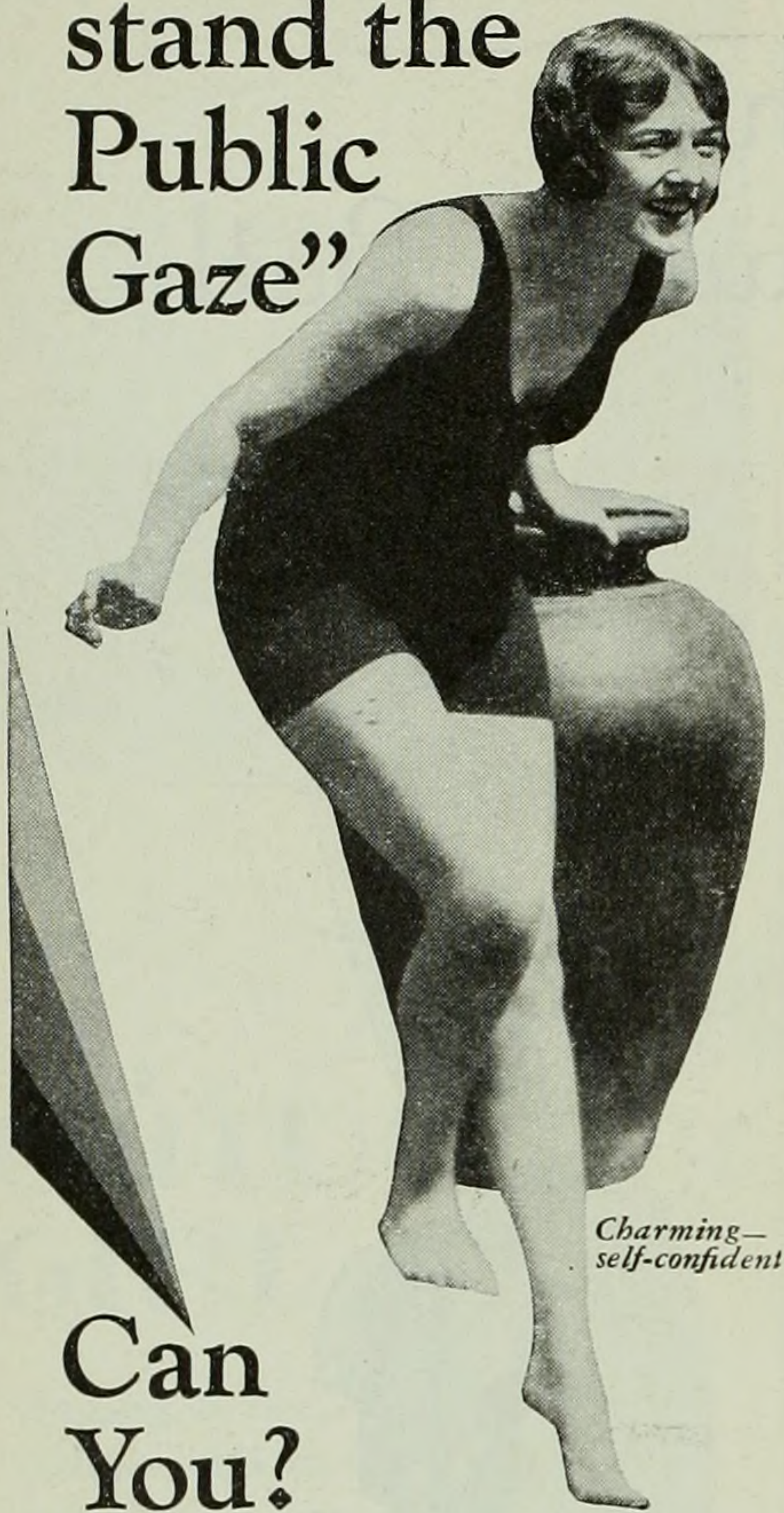
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## Trial Offer!

on the magnificent Hoople. After that followed a short conversation with Carlos and then she reached Joyce's Cleary's bungalow where the two girls engaged in one of those verbose conferences beloved of their sex.

"So, go to lunch with him, you poor kid," advised Rosie, as she departed, "and keep him as long as possible. When you come back steer him around where you'll see a piece of silk tied to the monk's cloth. It's out of sight of the stage and you can start an argument there." And bending quickly, she kissed the ingénue with the tenderness of a sister.

Emerson worked in dismal solitude from nine until twelve and then ambled through the various lots on his way to lunch with a strangely docile Miss Cleary.

At twelve-two Carlos locked the studio and worked feverishly with Red and Mr. Hoople until twelve-thirty, at which time he admitted Rosie with the bewildered Abie in tow.

"Leave the door open," said the star, as she noticed a fragment of lilac silk on the dun curtain.

"Good work, boys." She led the way to the monitor booth, whose door hung crazily ajar, its lock smashed and hinges loose. Before it stood the dignified Mr. Hoople, flourishing a carpenter's wrecking tool as mute evidence. Rosie beckoned the men inside.

"NO time to go into details," she said hurriedly, "but just look at this mixing panel. Those dial knobs look like the ones on your radio, don't they? Well, each one is connected with its own 'mike.' And notice that each dial is numbered from zero to twenty-one—that means the amount of transmission units.

"Got it? Now, watch this other knob over here—the volume control—the lowest number on it means the highest tone, and by blending it with any one of those mixer knobs you get the proper pitch. You add or subtract transmission units, whichever you need to make any voice sound properly."

"A system!" said Abie. "Jigglink it's got to have, the same as when I try to get Mexico City?"

"Exactly," nodded Rosie, just as a warning whistle from Red shrilled through the air. "Quiet, everybody." She threw the tiny switch for the dial in the upper left hand corner of the mixing panel, and crouched alertly over the table.

"Well," issued Mr. Slipe's voice from the loud speaker. "What's on your mind?"

"Just this," came Joyce's smooth alto, "I've decided there's nothing wrong with my voice and I believe you're deliberately spoiling it. You—"

"She didn't sound like that the other day," whispered Mr. Zoop. "Such a slippery sleekness it has now."

Rosie waved him to silence as Emerson brayed recklessly, "What are you going to do about it if I am? I told you I could make or break you, and I'm doing it, girlie."

"You can't sneer at me just because you're chasing Rosie Redpath," said Joyce hotly. As the words spilled into the booth Rosie gradually maneuvered the dials until the tone was one of grating huskiness, while her employer listened apoplectically. "I'll tell Abie," threatened the alto, softened again to a mellow timbre.

"THAT crackpot," said Mr. Slipe scornfully. "He's got all he can do to keep that fat Momma of his from finding out where he spends his night off. Why, the poor—"

Mr. Zoop could restrain himself no longer. "Gonoff!" he roared, stumbling from the booth and down the stairs with Carlos close behind. The stage was crossed in a few squirrel-like bounds and the perspiring president catapulted through an opening in the monk's cloth to confront his traducer.

"Voices you'll wreck, ha?" he wheezed. "Believe me, a crook like you could hide behind a pretzel."

"Why, Mr. Zoop," said Emerson, "I fail to understand—"

"Never mind the breast heaving," cut in Carlos. "There's a nice, shiny, sensitive mike under that bit of silk, my bucko, and some job it was for Red and me to move it in a hurry. Hoople jimmed your always locked door and Rosie twirled the knobs for us. She proved that you're gypping Cleary, so it looks like you're all washed up."

Mr. Slipe paled to a sickly chartreuse. "Rosie?" he quavered. "No, she wouldn't—"

"OH, yes, I would, dearie," announced the lady, edging around the curtain. "Didn't I spend two mushy days with you to find out what went on? Oh, boy, what a price that was for experience. But I suppose you thought it was on the level because you're smart enough to know we movie people can't act."

"You ain't got a contract," reminded Mr. Zoop, "so get your week's pay and run, don't walk, to the nearest exit. I can get another sample from your factory."

"Ooh!" squealed Miss Bellairs, coming into view. "Is dear Mr. Slipe leaving us?"

"By request," said Carlos.

Something of a Tenth Avenue genesis glinted through Magnolia's Broadway veneer as she surveyed the deluded Emerson. "So you're the little guy who was going to place stage people in the movies for two thousand commission. You told my soubrette that your recommendation would do the trick. Why, you can't even promote yourself."

"So that's what he was after," said Joyce. "He'd have sunk the lot of us in a year."

"Well," twittered Magnolia, "all this doesn't concern me. I was chosen by your eastern manager, and here I am."

"But not for long," said Abie. "Without gettink personal, Miss Bellairs, I seen your rushes and I'm sorry to say your face ain't as smooth as your voice. It's better you should startle Broadway after this picture is finished."

While Magnolia was assembling a retort Mr. Hoople barged forward in his stateliest manner.

"A very wise decision, Mr. Zoop," he declared impressively.

"We are on the threshold of a new era and it seems to me that your tried and true players can learn to talk equally as well as the New Yorkers who'd have been out here long ago if they could have qualified facially.

"Furthermore," said Mr. Hoople, feeling rather yeasty, "I don't believe the public will ever worship voices to such an extent that they will write in for a picture of somebody's tonsils, whereas," he gently hugged the blushing Joyce and Rosie to his starchy bosom, "these young beauties are probably reposing on chiffoniers all the way from Lowell to Los Angeles."

"SUCH fancy words," approved Mr. Zoop, "and eighty-nine per cent of them is correct, Hoople. I guess maybe our people will be talkink before them theatrical actors find out that tempo ain't an Eyetalian juggler."

"Sure we will," enthused Rosie, taking the center of the stage. "Listen to this: 'Speed on to the sun-stained West, but first, kiss me. I cannot wait for darkness.'"

"You won't have to ask twice, particular if you roll them eyes," said Abie. "What's it mean?"

"It's some of the gab from my next picture, 'Tiger Man,'" the star informed him. "Get this: 'Crush me in your arms for this is love at first sight. Dominate me! Hot stuff, eh?'"

"Swell," applauded Mr. Zoop.

"Say, listen, did you hear a funny noise? A gasp with a lot of horrible gulpink?"

Rosie laughed happily across at the radiant Miss Cleary. "The theme song is kind of sappy," she lilted. "The magic of moonlight—and you, but it all depends on your audience. Don't worry about that noise, Abie, I've got an idea it's only little Emerson taking the air."

## How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

upon a charming secluded patio, where, as early as January, a huge bush of white camellias was blooming proudly. Above a handsome Eighteenth Century divan hangs a portrait of Corinne, by Tade Styka, set off by handsome electrified old candelabra on either side.

On the grand piano is a large Dresden figure of great value. Such rare pieces abound in the room, including some sculptured pieces in rose quartz which stand upon a quaint, old hand-painted Italian secretary.

BOUQUETS of china or glass flowers also appear in many parts of the house. Two huge Sixteenth Century crystal chandeliers hang from the ceiling of the living room. Lovely shaded lamps on low tables stand cosily beside the chairs. The fireplace, which burns coal and wood, has very old andirons. It is topped by a French mirror. The thick carpet is *cafe-au-lait*.

The dining room chairs and table are from an old French chateau, upholstered in faded old pink moiré silk, still unimpaired. Upon a raised dais in the window stands a tall flower stand filled with gay yellow and green gorse. A taupe carpet (always carpets, never small rugs) sets off the rich Fortuny draperies of dull green. A tall, carved Madonna, sculptured from solid crystal, adorns the sideboard. A tall brocaded screen conceals the pantry door.

Lovely chinaware of modern Viennese design is in this pantry; every imaginable kind of exquisite glassware, etched, cut, moulded in the Italian manner, in gold and rose. Very little silver, except the champagne and cocktail glasses. Tall table candlesticks, glass serving plates—enough of each kind to serve a buffet supper party for two dozen or more. The buffet supper party is the Moroscos' favorite method of entertaining. The sink basin here is of aluminum, like those on board great ocean liners, and rubber mats of pure white protect the fine glassware from the tiled sink, which might chip it.

On to the kitchen, where the cook holds sway. One whole wall is for the huge electric refrigerator, another for the cook stove with every modern equipment. In a drawer are kept dozens of menus, carefully worked out for both company and family dinners. A representative family dinner is:

Onion soup with Parmesan cheese

Sweetbreads

Veal cutlet, green beans and creamed potatoes

Broccoli, with Hollandaise sauce

Chocolate pudding Black coffee

Sometimes a fruit cocktail, or an oyster cocktail supplants the soup. That chocolate pudding is no ordinary pudding—modest as it sounds. It is Walter's favorite dish and therefore often appears on a company menu, too.

Here is a representative company menu:

Caviar canapes

Fruit cocktail (or oysters on shell)

Broiled lobster

Vol-au-vent mushroom and sweetbreads

Roast or fillet or turkey

Two vegetables

Radishes

Roquefort cheese salad

Chocolate ice cream

Cafe noir

BY which you will observe that Corinne approves of that cook's sweetbreads and chocolate confections. The cook also makes all the rolls, biscuits, cakes, pastries. She says, "Mr. and Mrs. Morosco like many cheeses very much."

Excepting Sunday, Walter and Corinne never lunch at home, but in Corinne's lovely bungalow at the First National Studio. Their breakfast is very meagre, as noted before—even Walter only nibbles a bit of toast with his



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You will find Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream at leading shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray Salons.

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# DOROTHY GRAY

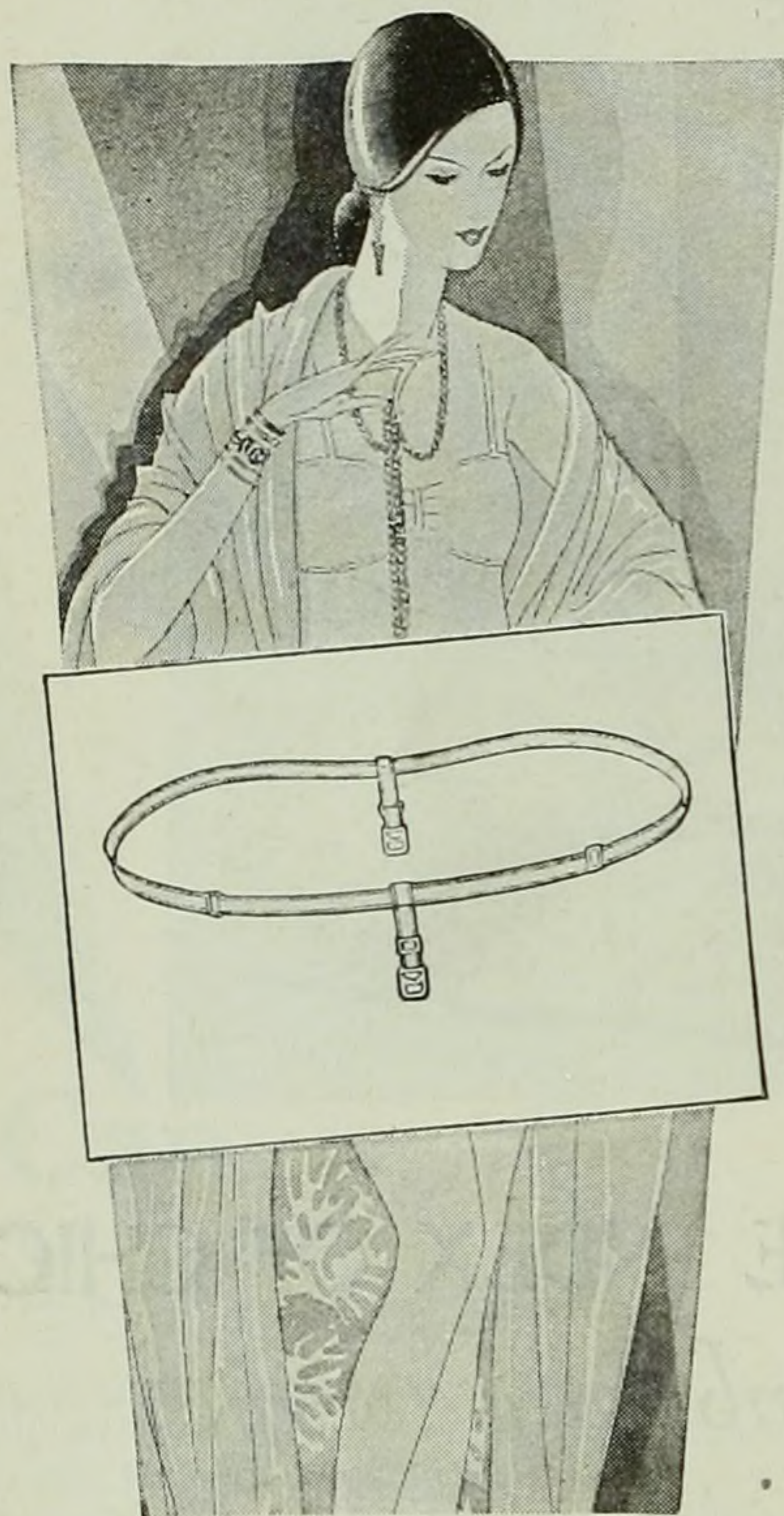
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coffee. But their Sunday lunch is really a breakfast—bacon and eggs, baked apples, toast and jam, eaten at 12:30, when they return from church. For Corinne and Walter are regular church-goers.

Off the kitchen is the little jazzy breakfast room, all red furniture and saucy gay curtains. The servants eat here.

Now we must peep into that famous "Whoopee Room," which Corinne says is essentially practical. This, too, is fully carpeted in that heavy taupe waterproof stuff—that will stand lots of bad treatment and cigarette stubs, and spilt drinks.

The furniture is all very low; deep, low chairs, decked with gay, hard-wearing silk; low tables, equipped for smokers, readers, and card players. A big fireplace—but for gas, imitating coal without any dirt.

HERE are all sorts of musical instruments—wicked looking horns, saxophones, trumpets, drums. Magazines galore, like a newsstand. A table with a half-finished puzzle—Corinne is the puzzle fiend and even works them out on the lot between scenes.

The radio is in the upper hall, just outside the library door, so it is heard through the projection balcony, which looks down into this room.

(A valuable gramophone of huge dimensions adorns the living room, but it is shrouded in an alcove and so does not intrude upon the period scheme.)

Plate glass covers all the low tables, so that spilling things won't hurt the polish. The drapes are of orange and silver. Queer comic etchings adorn the walls.

Above this is another play-room—but they call it an "outdoor kitchen." One reaches it by some stone steps from the patio, and it gives the impression of a ship's deck. Reed furniture, a couple of bright rugs on the tiled floor, a dining table—and a huge barbecue fireplace with grill, where summer-night supper parties are enjoyed. Cushions are covered with black patent leather, and gay striped awnings can be lowered for wind or sun shields.

THERE are six servants altogether. The butler, who is really the housekeeper, does most of the purchasing and receives \$150 a month. The cook gets \$125; the upstairs maid receives \$85; Corinne's personal maid receives \$75; and the chauffeur-gardener is paid \$45 weekly. Then there is the maid who attends Corinne at the studio and keeps the lot-bungalow clean at \$25 weekly. Corinne says she has never had such a harmonious household and she loves each one of them. The butler acts as valet to Walter.

All the laundry is sent out—silk bedclothes and all—but Corinne has had the same private laundress for years, who takes it all to her own home. It costs about \$12 a week.

Out in the little patio where the white camellias bloom so handsomely, there is an adorable little Italian fountain, set in the midst

of the flagged courtyard, where grass grows between the stones. The large lawn outside the house at the corner may be transformed into a swimming pool, hence for the present it is allowed to remain just a lawn, and the special floral treasures are reserved for the smaller garden and the patio.

An average day for Corinne and Walter is breakfast in bed at 7 A. M. Discussion with the cook about the evening menu. Rise at 8. To the studio at 9. "We are very lucky," says Corinne, "because my contract reads that I need only work from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M." Walter is now executive producer of Corinne's pictures.

They meet for lunch in Corinne's utterly charming bungalow on the lot, which is complete with living room, bedroom, dressing room, bathroom and kitchen. The bathroom here is a huge one, all done in American beauty tiles, and big enough to turn handsprings in.

Then home at 6 P. M. Dinner at 7:30. They rarely go out in the evening, and then prefer Saturday nights, so they can sleep late Sunday. They like picture shows and theaters—or possibly go to a friend's house for bridge or dancing. But they prefer to entertain at home, their special intimates being the Niblos, the Fitzmaurices, the Nagels and the Archenbauds.

FORTUNATELY, Walter likes the husbands and Corinne likes the wives—Enid Bennett, Diane Fitzmaurice, Kitty Archenbaud, Ruth Nagel, Norma Shearer all being Corinne's special women friends. Jack Gilbert is a frequent visitor, too.

They belong to the Los Angeles Tennis Club, and both the Niblos and Fitzmaurices have tennis courts, so this forms an after-church recreation on Sundays. In the summer there are swimming parties—nearly all their Hollywood friends have them—so that is why that lawn may be a swimming pool yet.

Corinne loves to sew. (Nevertheless, her personal maid darns Walter's socks.) But Corinne can make her own clothes, and she designs all her frocks, both for private and professional wear.

They own three dogs—"Ritz," the big fellow who watches the house, "Pal," the wire-hair, whom Corinne took in when he was dying and fed him up; and "Raider," a saucy terrier. The latter two accompany them to the studio frequently.

I asked Corinne whether the advent of a little Walter and little Corinne was indefinitely postponed.

"Oh, no, I hope not. I want children. But one's contracts do interfere so awkwardly, don't they?" she asked, almost wistfully.

Corinne says that Walter pays all the house bills, but that she, Corinne, pays all the servants. "No, we haven't a budget, but we manage to keep our expenditures about the same most of the time," she told me.

I think myself they are "putting by" enough for little Walter and little Corinne.

## The Girl Jack Gilbert Married

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

Not that you notice any of these things when you first meet her. You are conscious only of her personality, her overwhelming, throbbing personality, as disturbing as a necklace of diamonds, as definite as a splash of lipstick on the face of a pallid woman.

It was back in my newspaper days that I interviewed Ina. She was an old friend of my paper's dramatic editor and he wanted a story on her. So he told me to go and get it.

I was very willing, but Miss Claire was not. She didn't care for interviews, she said, via her press agent, and most certainly she wouldn't give out an interview before or during her per-

formance. If I would persist in seeing her I could come after the show.

She was a very big star on Broadway even then, its little girl who had come up from the Follies to the white lights of dramatic comedy. So I came after the show. I came one night, two nights. Each time I got dismissed.

The third night I said I'd wait, and wait I did. I sat firmly on a chair outside her dressing room door while the stage hands struck the set and the electricians doused the lights and the great, empty theater got colder and the night blacker, and midnight became a dim memory in a forgotten past. And I determined that if

ever I got in to see this upstage star I would tell what I thought of her in print if it cost me my job.

Suddenly she opened the door and asked me in. Five minutes later she could have put me on the floor and used me for a willing doormat. I was completely, immediately fascinated by her. One glance and I knew it wasn't selfishness, it wasn't egotism, that made her thus exclusive. It was the natural, the beautiful impulse of the artist to give all she had and the best she had to her work and let the rest of the world go hang.

**S**HE talked incessantly that night. She still talks incessantly, I understand. She talked while she took off her make-up and while she dressed. She talked while she left the theater with a bunch of American beauty roses over her arm and her motor waiting. She talked for two and a half solid hours but she didn't know it and I didn't give a hang.

For more than an hour we stood in that night-shadowed street, while an adoring chauffeur stood with an open car door and I stood with an open mouth. And when she finally floated away and left me unconscious on the curb I knew I was as near first water genius as I shall ever get.

Not that Ina Claire was always that way. Heavens, no. She proves conclusively what a girl can do to develop her own personality if she uses her brains and her energy and works like a whip-lashed slave.

There are artists who create their masterpieces in terms of paint and canvas and others who work in terms of beautiful music and others who cut fair, white marble. Ina Claire is definitely an artist who has worked in terms of her own charm.

She was born a poor little kid. Her name was Fagan and her father had died in an automobile accident four months before her coming.

Almost immediately she knew she wanted to go on the stage. By four she was on, a baby doing imitations.

She kept on doing imitations. She had a mother, the typical stage Mamma with the typical guardian-dragon complex. Somewhere along the line, I suppose, she got some education. Today she speaks French with all the fluency of a prime minister, but it is hard to figure out when she got time to learn anything. She appeared with Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter"; in the Folies Bergere, New York's first cabaret; in the title rôle of "The Quaker Girl"; in "The Honeymoon Express"; but it wasn't until she appeared in Ziegfeld's Follies of 1915 that she was definitely set.

In that year's Follies she imitated Frances Starr playing *Marie-Odile* in a production of David Belasco's.

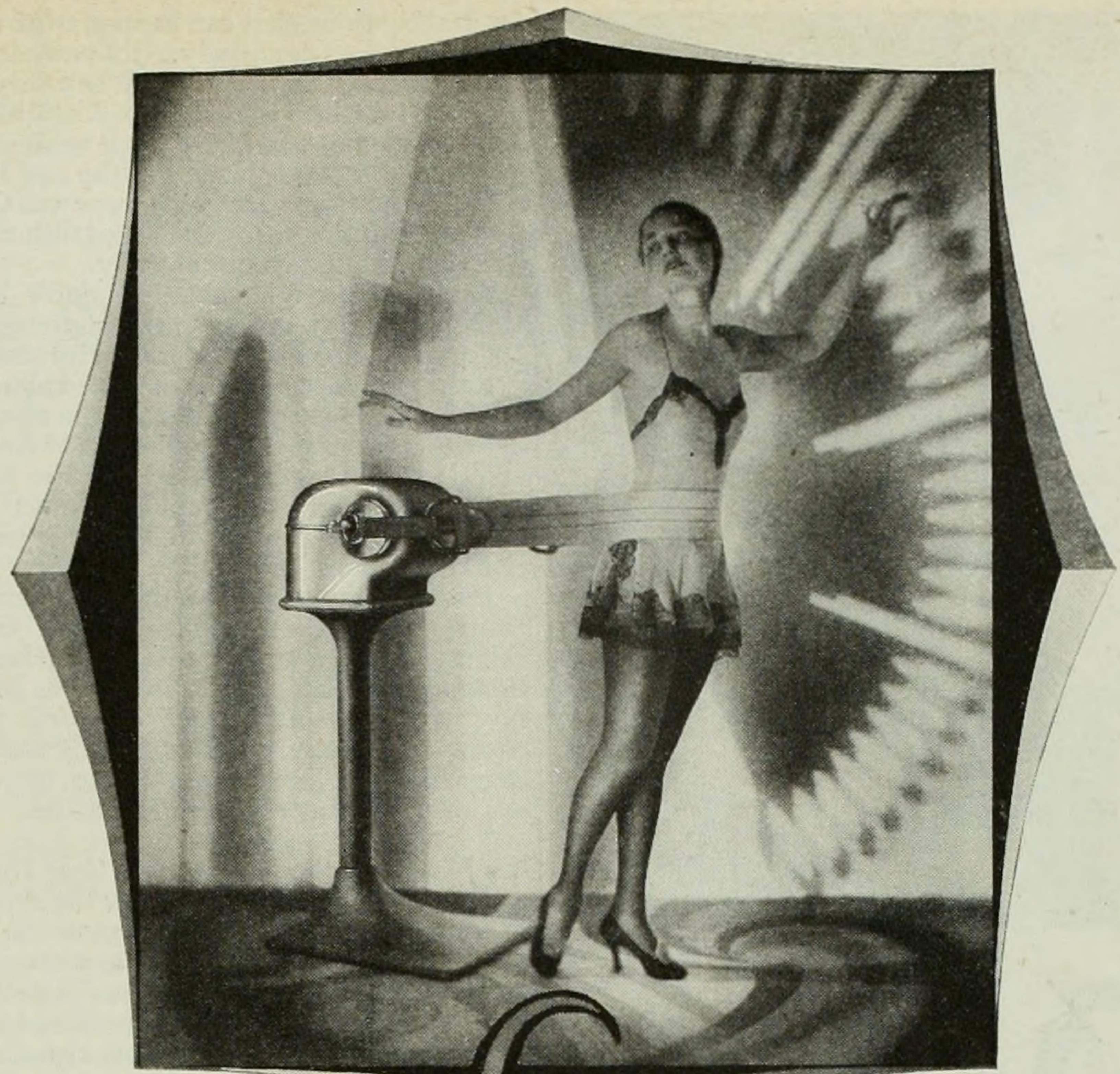
**T**HAT choice looked like an accident, but I would like to wager forty-five of my laboriously minted dollars that Ina's imitating Miss Starr was just about as accidental as Washington's crossing the Delaware.

She had climbed as high as she could go in musical comedy. She had reached the Follies and there wasn't any more. But drama lay ahead and Belasco was dean of all the producers. Certainly very shortly thereafter Miss Claire was signed to appear in Mr. Belasco's production, "Polly with a Past."

She was very charming in "Polly," and very unimportant. The season opened and closed and next season Belasco put her in the leading rôle of "The Gold Diggers." And in "The Gold Diggers" Ina Claire struck bottom.

She had a marvelous part and she got excellent notices. But there were two factors operating against her. In the cast of her play was an actress, Jobyna Howland, with a voice like a foghorn and a perfect knowledge of how to use it. And in Ina's private life there was a man, who up until this present writing was her one and only husband, one Jimmie Whittaker, a newspaper reporter.

At the theater Jobyna, the experienced trouper, topped Ina's every scene. And to be "topped" in scenes is the most sickening,



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There are numerous ways Mum can contribute to daintiness of person. But none is so vital as this napkin use—to neutralize odors which the sheer dresses of today cannot confine. Use Mum at this trying time, and remain your confident self. This snowy cream is quite harmless to the most delicate skin or fabric.

Mum is not expensive; especially in the 60c jars which give you almost three times the quantity of the 35c size. All druggists.

frustrating thing that can happen to an actress. It is a vocal trick entirely. Jobyna could talk louder and faster than Ina. When they got in a scene together Jobyna's bass against Ina's golden soprano was like a truck against a field of violets. Before the end of the run Ina had to leave the cast. The press yarn was that she was ill. But she wasn't ill. The truth was that her voice had given out entirely.

And Jimmie Whittaker. I don't know a thing about it, but I have the impression that Ina Claire was terribly in love with him.

Certainly she could have married almost any man in the metropolis. Among her hundreds of suitors one was the scion of one of America's oldest, richest and most aristocratic families. And when a girl who could have made a marriage like that chooses to marry a penniless reporter it must be love.

Jimmie Whittaker was the true newspaper man—charming, unambitious for material things, intelligent and caustic. When anything exciting happened, Jimmie was prone to say, "Oh, what the heck," or words to that effect. And there was Ina, fiercely ambitious, eager for fame, hungry for security, driven ever restless by her urge to be a great artist.

**W**HEN Ina opened in "The Gold Diggers," Jimmie was sent to review the show.

"When we were married," he wrote, "Miss Ina Claire gave her profession as actress. Last night in 'The Gold Diggers' she did nothing to confirm this." It was the first public announcement of their union and it was also its swansong. Shortly thereafter Ina got her divorce.

She was out of a show, out of a voice and out of love. But she wasn't out of courage. She sailed for France and went to work.

It wasn't many months before her vocal chords, which had literally been calloused through her attempting to talk louder than Miss Howland, were like a piano keyboard to the hands of a magician. She could create tones on them and produce any effect she willed. But she wasn't satisfied.

She secured herself bits with French comedy troupes. Not as Ina Claire but as a struggling young actress. She chose these French companies because she knew what she wanted. She wanted to be a comedienne; she needed the *cachet* of chic and smartness; and she felt, very rightly, that French trained actresses possess these qualities to a superlative degree.

When she had learned her lessons, when she was assured through dozens of performances, that her voice, her technique were perfected, she came back to Broadway.

She had left it an ambitious girl. She returned to it a woman of the world. She, who cared nothing for clothes, became the smartest dressed woman on the American stage. She, who wore not a touch of make-up on the street, became a wizard at it for her performances.

She introduced the first shingle bob. She introduced the first theatrical posters by the great artist Drian. And she made theatrical history by appearing in five successive comedies that didn't amount to a tinker's darn on their own accounts, but which were made into speculators' paradises by her masterly performances in them.

By the time she played in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" her fame was so secure, her following so definite, the speculators bought blocks of seats for her theater regardless of time, tide or prices. And that was her position when she went to Hollywood in April to make, not her first movie, for she made a couple of movies many years ago, but her first talkie.

Which gets me back, definitely, to the smiles that must have been on the faces of the high gods when Jack and Ina eloped.

Jack's career has been one of struggle all the way. And so has Ina's.

Jack, writing about making "The Big Parade" in his life story in PHOTOPLAY, said: "No love has ever enthralled me as much as this. No achievement will ever excite me so much. No reward will ever be so great."

Ina, talking of her work, uses much the same words. Two artists who love their work. Two human beings who have been totally unwise in love. If Jack had married Greta Garbo, as he undoubtedly once wished to do, she would have always remained a mystery to him. Repressed, reserved, strangely fascinating, he would never have understood her, never have known her.

There is no mystery about Ina Claire. There are, instead, things infinitely more endearing. There is warmth, enthusiasm, impulsiveness, charm, intelligence and chic. Ina is an American and yet a woman of the world, a girl who started with nothing and made every goal she sighted.

**J**ACK'S two other marriages were mad, head-long kid affairs, the loves of a man who hadn't worked out his destiny.

And no more had Ina Claire achieved the full flowering of her extraordinary personality when she married Jimmie Whittaker.

Today Jack Gilbert is the screen's greatest lover. Ina Claire is the stage's leading comedienne.

If two human beings ever met on a basis of equality, these two do. Equal in fame, equal in money, equal in ability, equal in ambition.

Their love should last. It surely seems as though it should be the answer to the deepest idealisms they have cherished over all their hard-working years and disillusionments.

But just between ourselves, when you think of the man Jack Gilbert is and realize the woman Ina Claire represents and you think of those two in love and married—well, really, don't some people have all the luck?

## **L**OST—Leonard Hall. Somewhere in the wilds of Hollywood. Last heard from him was following note, which may give clue to his whereabouts:

For those with a roving eye the search for the world's loveliest women goes on as long as the eyesight holds out. But my hunt has come to an end in Hollywood.

I thought I'd seen the last word when I beheld the blondes of Vienna. For several years I swore by Flo Ziegfeld as a picker. Then I turned my allegiance to the gals of the films.

But that's all over now. The most beautiful women in the world, including the Scandinavian, work for Mr. Greer, famous Hollywood dressmaker, who makes marvelous duds for Norma Tallmadge and many other players.

Greer has about eight models who positively glitter.

Why the picture executives don't offer them a million dollars I don't yet know, but I'm going to lurk around the Greer establishment until I either find out or am thrown out.

As a matter of fact, the saleswomen and waitresses of Hollywood stack up against any of the pippins to be found on any of the lots.

If the beauts of filmland ever stage a walkout, the producers can dig up all the loveliness they need in a half-hour on the Boulevard.

(Suggest that Los Angeles police assign keen-eyed dick to watch establishment referred to.)



## She Prayed for the Part

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

Press Club and a friend of D. W. Griffith. Mr. Griffith visited her family at one time, saw the girl—who was then Winifred Von Heide—and remarked upon her resemblance to Blanche Sweet. He asked her if she would like to try out in pictures. Of course, she was overjoyed. She had been studying piano and taking vocal lessons, but she gave that up gladly to accept his offer. So she had her early training under "D. W." in the old Fine Arts days.

"I was with that company about two and a half years," she said. "What a wonderful group that was! My first picture was 'Poor Papa,' with DeWolf Hopper. Then I was in 'The Half Breed' with Douglas Fairbanks. I played 'Baby Blue Eyes,' a dance hall vamp. I looked so wide-eyed and innocent in those days that I suppose the name of the character fitted me. I remember that, after 'Baby Blue Eyes' had played the ingénue, her last line, to the bartender, was:—'Mike, two bottles in the back room.'"

AFTER that she was leading woman for Harry Carey, with John Ford directing; for William S. Hart, for Charles Ray and for William Russell. She played with Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31" and later made three pictures for Fox, in at least one of which she played opposite Buck Jones.

"Later I went to Sweden," she said, "and made some peasant pictures with an all-Swedish cast. Zorn told me that I was more of the Swedish peasant type—that is, the type most people imagine Swedes to be—than were the Swedes themselves. I came honestly by that, anyway. My father was Swedish and French, and my mother had Danish blood, so it's no wonder I have Scandinavian traits and characteristics."

She came back to New York after the Swedish venture and made several pictures for Selznick, returning to California in 1921, the year she was married. One final question was asked her:—

"Now that you have been selected for the rôle of 'Lummo,' do you pray that you will make good in it?"

She seemed surprised. To her the question was superfluous.

"But, of course not," she replied. "If I were not to make good, I would not have been selected for the rôle."

## Princeton Goes Talkie

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

Vitaphone! When the sound finally came, it was way behind the action on the screen. In the course of the next five minutes, Josephine Dunn spoke Jolson's lines, Jolson talked nothing but baby-talk, and Davey Lee sang "Sonny Boy."

"Fix it!" cried the audience, but it was not fixed until the beginning of the next reel. The noise-makers had gained their end.

Subsequent showing of talking pictures has shown that the Princeton students will have nothing else. They pack the theater for "talkies" as they formerly did only to see Greta Garbo. And they no longer bring bells and whistles, or alarm clocks. They are loud in their approval and their criticism. That makes it easy for the manager when booking future programs. And he doesn't need to proclaim talking pictures a success—he just points to the line at the box office.

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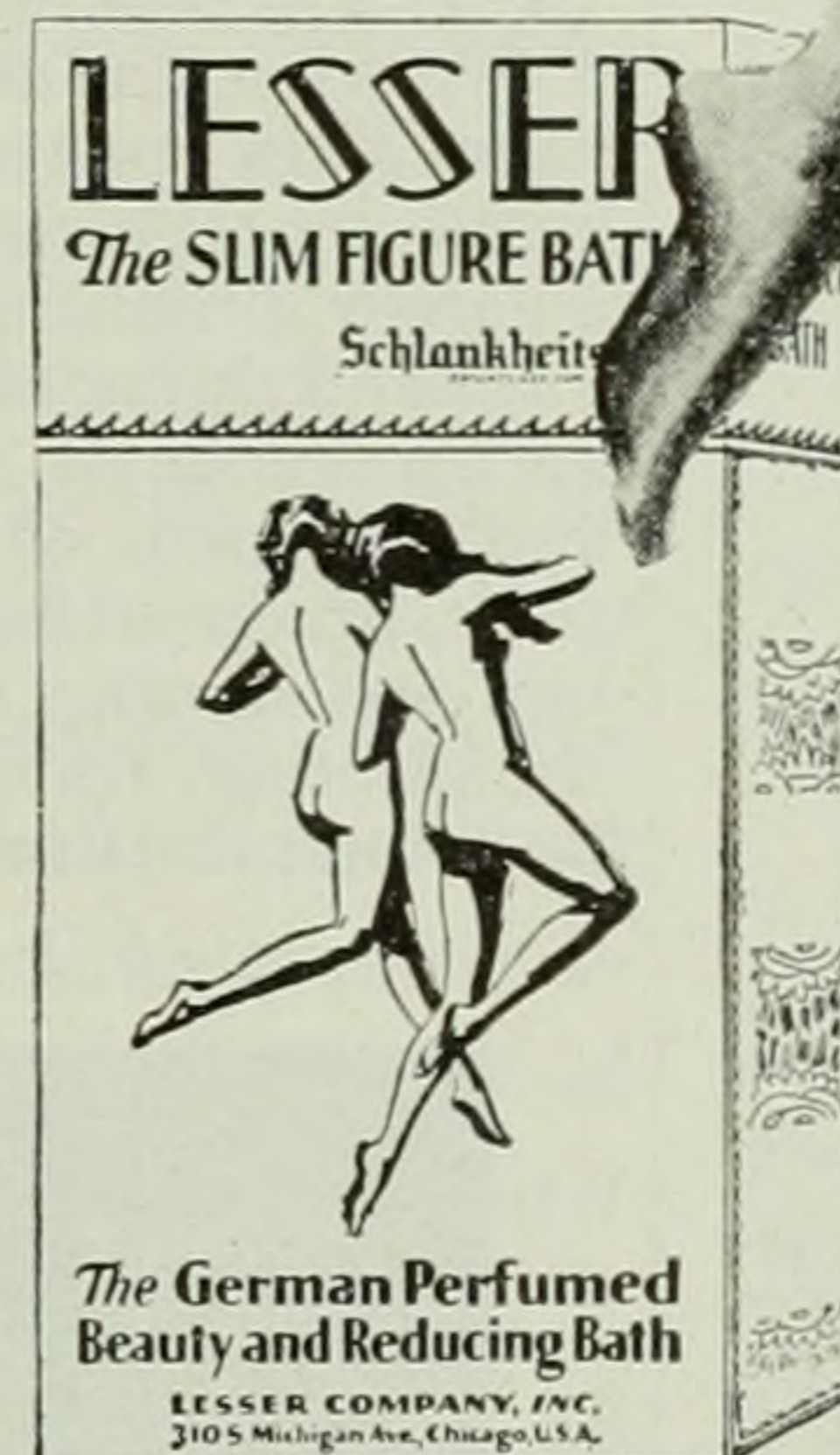
Before the first package was sold in Germany, tens of thousands of packages used in this method were thoroughly tested by prominent Berlin physicians. The moment these German scientists pronounced it absolutely harmless, this method became the vogue of the Continent. In England, the medical profession endorses it.

*Proved in American Hospital*

Upon its introduction to America, the Slim Figure Bath Method was given the same thorough scientific testing in one of America's foremost and best equipped hospitals. Trained nurses, dieticians and hydrotherapists watched the results day and night. Every test known to medical science was made which might be considered relevant. The results absolutely confirmed the findings of the German scientists. Immediately it became the vogue here. Nothing ever before has so captured the attention of the discriminating American public.

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The cosmetic used in this amazing method is a genuine aid to beauty. The perspiration caused helps to purge the system of toxic impurities. By stimulating the circulation, it invigorates and refreshes the skin. As fat is removed, the skin surface is kept firm and smooth, without unsightly looseness. Your whole body seems to have increased flexibility and vitality.

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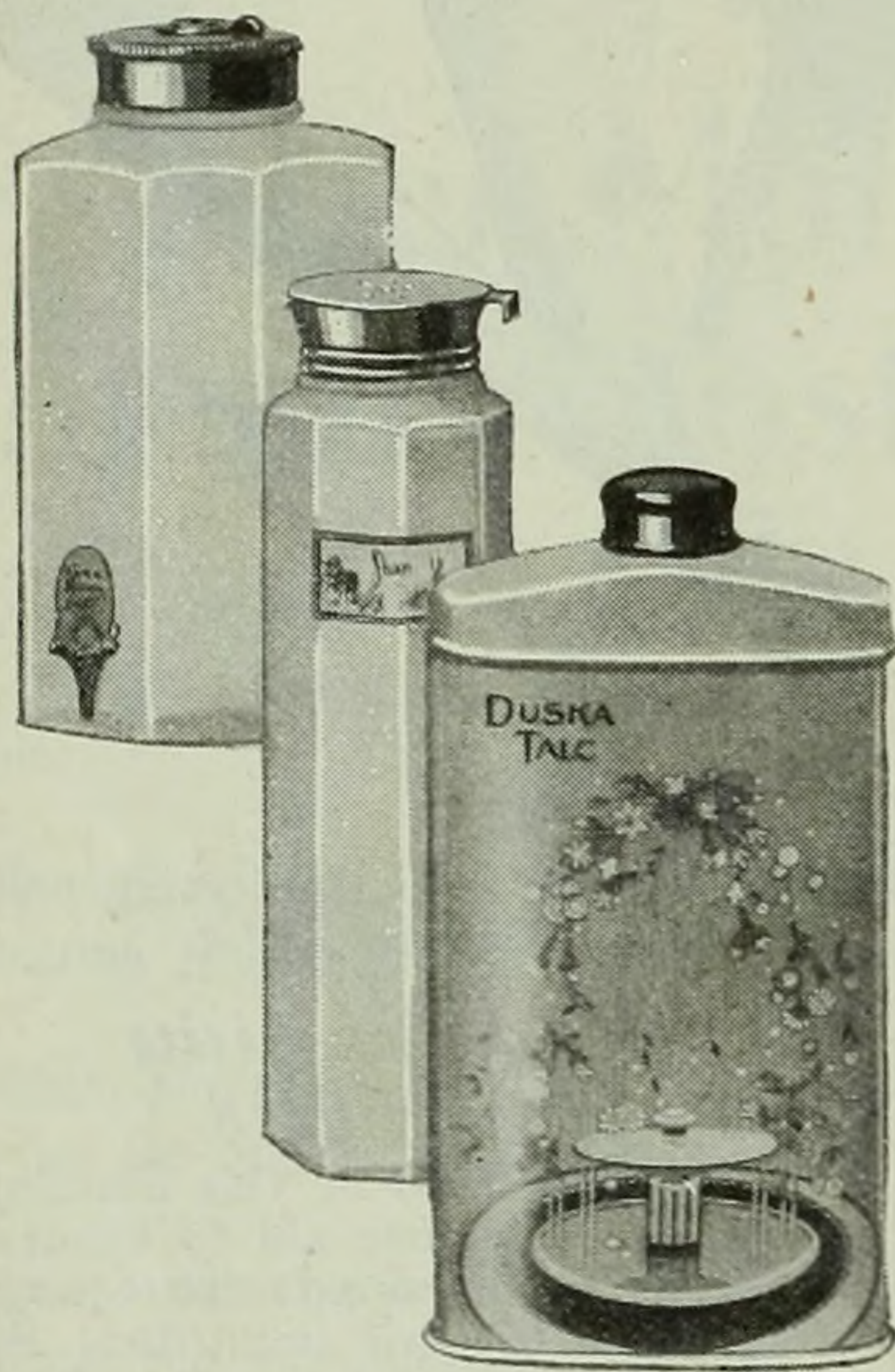
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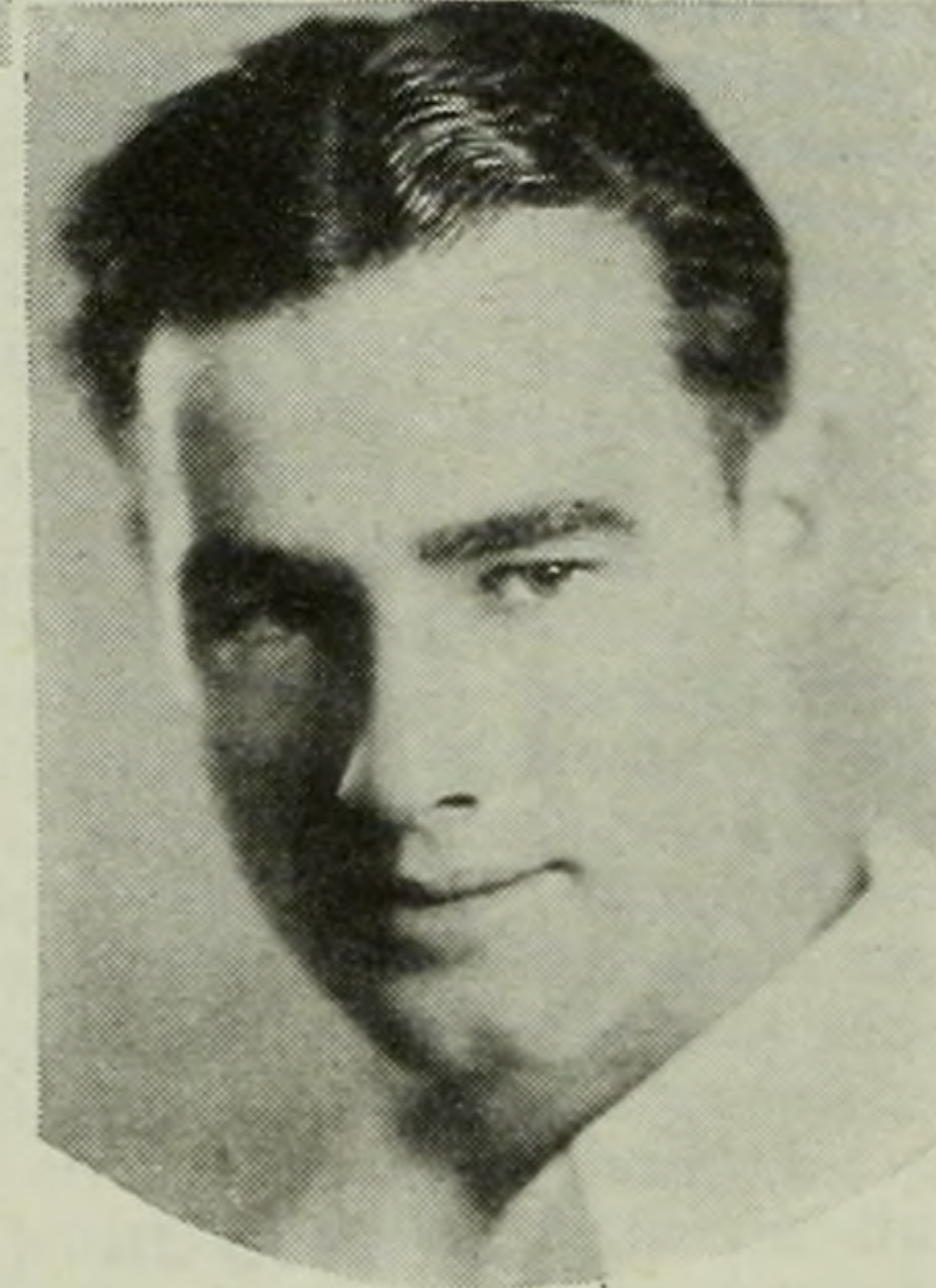


## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]



Left, Dorothy Burke, the feminine lead; below, William Overstreet, an important player; and, right, Phyllis Van Kimmell, the ingenue, of the new University of Oregon amateur film



THE Flower City Amateur Movie Club, which entered "At Your Service" in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 contest, was organized in March, 1928, by Frank J. Buelhman. Since that time more than sixty have enrolled as active members.

Since the club's inception two screen plays, "Freshman Days" and "At Your Service," have been made by senior members of the club. "Three of a Kind" was made by the junior members.

The organization is a member of the Amateur Cinema League of America and holds regular weekly meetings. The officers are: Frank J. Buelhman, president; E. A. Curtis, vice-president; William N. Cushing, business manager; R. M. Clemens, director; Lee G. Wright, secretary; and Joseph H. Appleton, publicity manager.

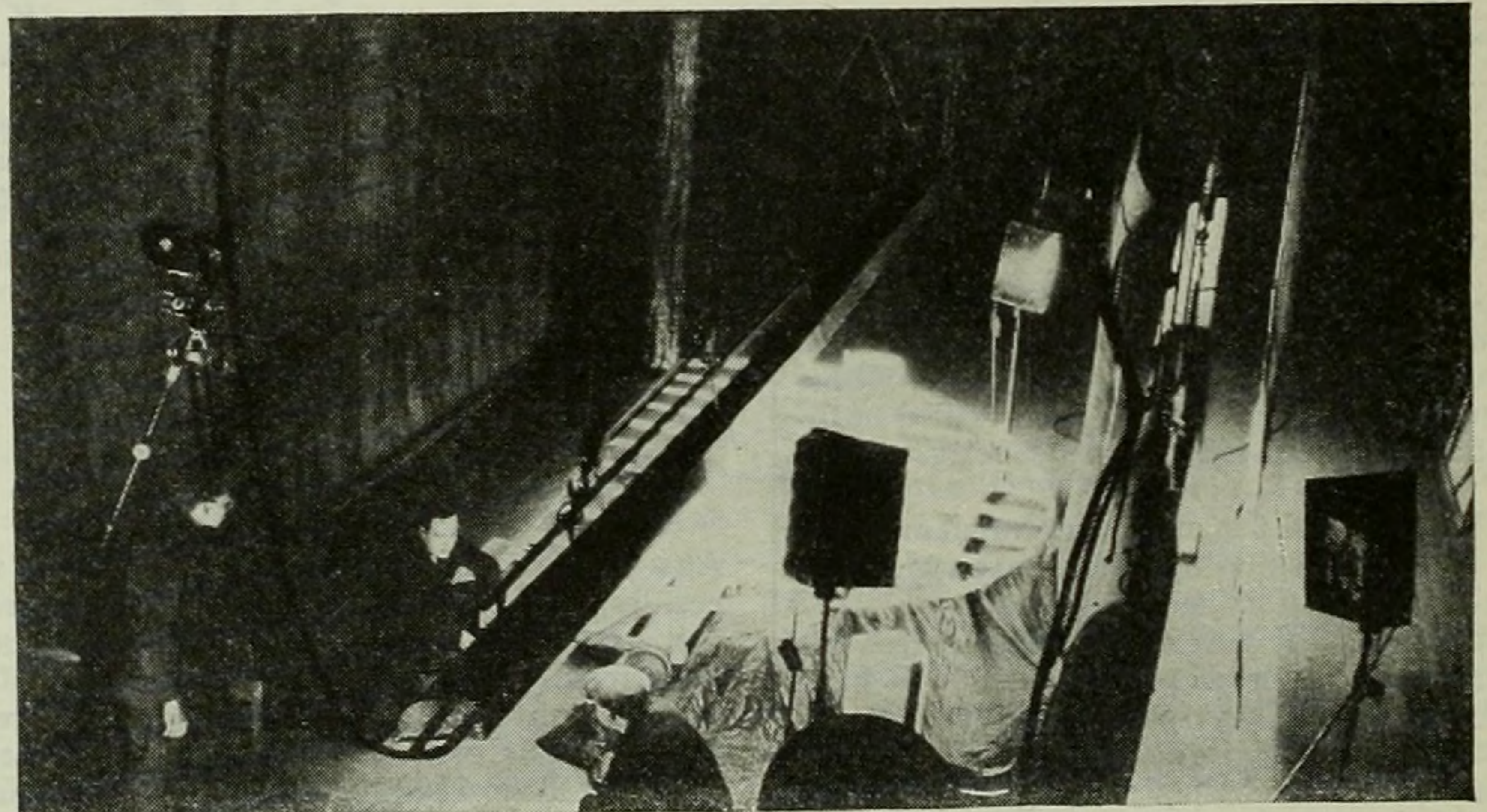
AT a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Motion Picture Club, the newly organized New York amateurs, an informal talk was given by Professor Carl Louis Gregory on amateur problems, dealing particularly with interior lighting and the use of filters. "H2O," an experimental film showing the movement and reflections of water under varying conditions, produced by Ralph Steiner, a club member, was shown. Over 150 members attended the meeting, which was presided over by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars.

THE activities of the Washington Cinema Club in making a film record of the inauguration of President Herbert Hoover are worthy of unusual note. Plans were laid well in advance. Space was obtained in the official photographers' stand and arm bands, permitting members to work without restriction along the line of march, were obtained.

Two hundred and sixty feet of 16 millimeter film were obtained. The film was developed by the club members. Prints are being furnished each club member at a nominal cost.

MARKARD PICTURES, the amateur makers of the much talked about film, "Narrow Paths," announces that a new production, "Nothing to Declare," is in work. This will run 1,200 feet in 16 millimeter film. The story, adapted for the screen by Harry M. Lopez, deals with a crooked custom official who uses his position to blackmail wealthy evaders of custom duties. The photography will be in the hands of J. V. Martindale and Frank Packard. Markard, by the way, is a combination of these two names.

THE Hawthorne Photographic Club of Chicago, composed of members of the Western Electric's Hawthorne Station, is conducting a scenario contest open to members.



Scene from the Cumberland Cinema Club's production of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," submitted in the PHOTOPLAY contest. The Cumberland Club is composed of amateur enthusiasts of Vine-land, N. J.

# Young King Leer

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

The talkie lightning smote Mr. Morris when he and the wifelet were swinging round the Western circle in a little vaudeville act.

Chester had made a few mild passes at pictures. Mr. De Mille had been pontifically kind. Mr. Griffith had even made a test of him.

Then Fate, in the person of Director Roland West, came up and tapped young Mr. Morris for Bones.

West went into the Griffith headquarters one day. "Alibi" was on the make, and the director was in the market for a *Chick Williams*, Grade A.

"How about letting father look at some of your rusty old tests?" Mr. West might have said. He was accommodated.

Suddenly Mr. Morris leered his best party leer from the screen. Mr. West leaped fully forty feet into the air and cracked his heels.

"There's my *Chick!*" he cried. And darned if it wasn't!

A FEW days later, Morris was in the studio, learning and unlearning under the baton of Roland West.

His fourteen years of trouping stood by him. He learned fast and well, and West was teacher, boss and father confessor.

The last shot was fired. "Alibi," hot or cold, was finished, and a quaking young actor nerved himself for the preview.

"Alibi" was run off at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

There weren't many in the death watch. Among them were Chester Morris and the little woman. They held hands in the darkness.

As the picture unrolled, Morris' jaw fell until it rested on his wishbone. At last he could stand the ordeal no longer. Chester Morris found Chester Morris hard to take.

"Come on, darling," he whispered to Mrs. Morris. "Let's blow!" They blew.

So the little pair went back to the apartment. Once safe at home, a drop of some harmless restorative calmed the boy, and he tried his best not to twitch and frighten the girl wife.

The phone rang. It was Roland West.



No, this isn't Dolores Costello. It is Barbara Worth, who plays opposite Norman Kerry in "The King of Hearts." Miss Worth will further complicate matters by appearing in a story written by Helene Costello and Cliff Wheeler, tentatively titled "Anastasia"



"We needn't  
talk about those things — just read  
this little book"

THERE are certain health questions . . . intimate questions, which a woman does not like to discuss with her closest friend . . . or even with her own daughter.

Yet feminine hygiene plays so large a part in feminine health. It is the modern way to protect and preserve that health and charm that result from a fastidiously-cared-for body, and controlled habits of living . . . every woman should know exactly what feminine hygiene is.

For that reason, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant asked an eminent woman physician to prepare a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." In simple language it gives professional information, explicit rules. It answers

the questions you would like to ask this woman physician in person. It is free. Simply send us the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

But while waiting for the booklet, take no chances. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard for this critical purpose for 40 years. Buy a bottle today. Simply follow the directions that come with every bottle. Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

• • •

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p.m., Central Standard time.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant



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LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 234, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,  
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

.. **A**fter a hard day  
-all in-just don't want to  
"go nowhere or do nothin'"



*then try this*

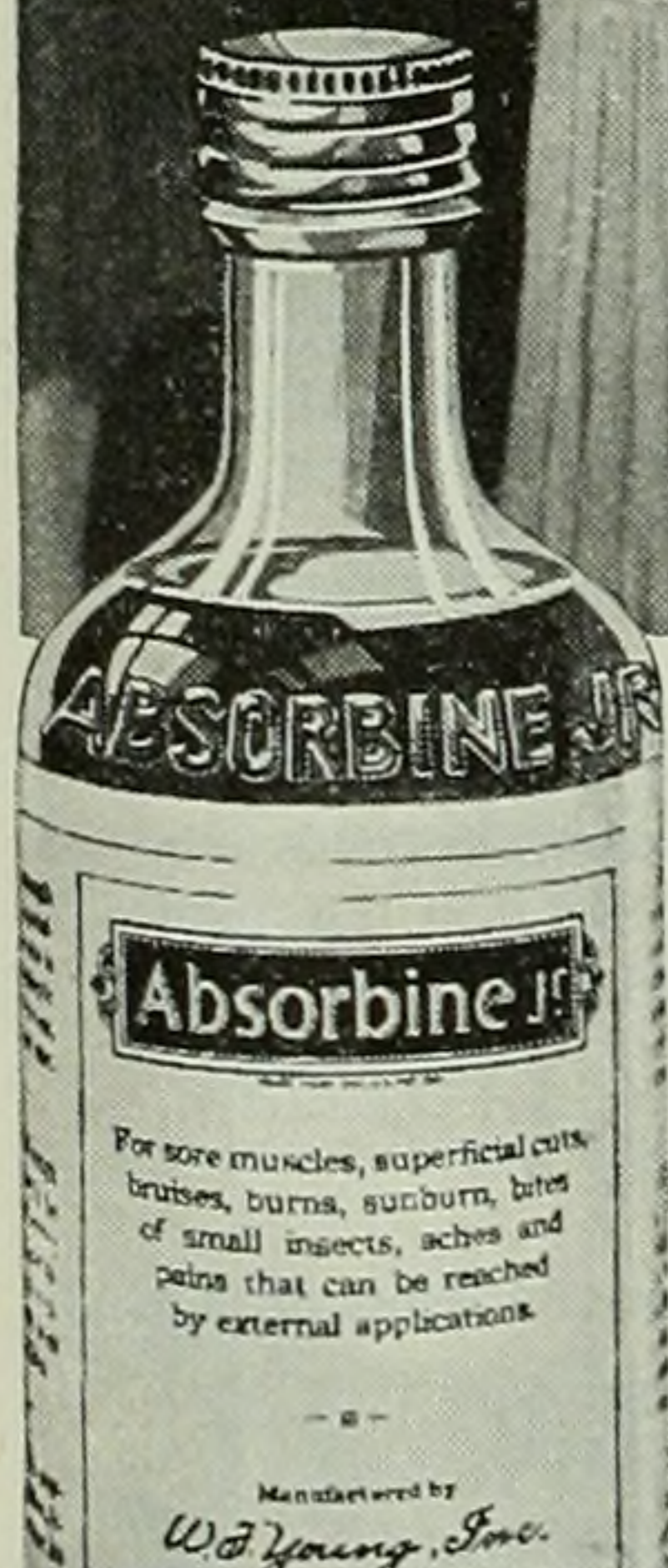
**D**ASH about a  
tablespoonful of Absorbine,  
Jr. in a warm  
bath. Jump in.

Tightened muscles gently relax. Tired tissues are invigorated. Red blood courses through the body. You glow with new animation. Out of the tub—a brisk rub-down with Absorbine, Jr. full strength.

Absorbine, Jr.'s pungent odor is pleasant, yet it is greaseless—not a stain on skin or clothes. Come what may—you are now ready for anything.

**W. F. YOUNG, INC.**  
Springfield, Mass.

*-and see what happens*



At All  
Druggists  
\$1.25

Send for  
Free Trial  
Bottle

**Absorbine Jr.**

"Well, kid," asked the director "how are you?"

Chester came back with the theater's classic gag—the one that every actor is supposed to use when he hears the managerial fist pounding on his dressing room door.

"I'm packing."

"Don't be silly," said the boss. "Stick around!"

So Morris stuck around.

Words that bleated over the phone failed to buck him up much. Everybody seemed to be praising him with faint damns.

"Oh, you were all right."

"Don't worry—you seemed to be O. K. to me!"

All that kindly, patronizing stuff worried Morris more. He felt the folks were letting him down.

"We're going East," he said to the little partner.

And so, as the rattler rumbled toward New York, Morris sat in his Pullman pew and fretted. He was certain that he had laid an enormous egg in the talkies. His trip was almost a retreat from Moscow. He Wanted to Get Away From It All.

Then "Alibi" opened on Broadway, and that event is already in the history books.

The thundering at the picture's end was for King Leer, the kid who played *Chick Williams*. He was a riot—he was a panic—he was a hit in all the 159 dialects of Times Square.

When the dawn came, it found Chester a little dazed. He still is. It isn't easy, this playing the rôle of a talkie miracle.

His screen lessons were no cinch, either.

There were the chalk marks on the floor that his feet must faithfully follow. There was this matter of registering before speaking. He learned with a shock that in the talkies an actor must really concentrate on his character before walking into the eye of the camera. An actor with fifteen years' experience had to learn again.

Well, he did.

Chester Morris has arrived—on both feet and in a very big way. He is one of the best talkie bets yet offered, and our screens will see and hear a lot of him.

One of these strange, almost casual miracles of talking pictures happened to Chester Morris. Perhaps it doesn't mean much in the wide scheme of things, but to Morris and the little helpmate it has been a colossal experience—the turning point in an earnest, hard-fought career.

So, go home and practice leering, young man. Chester Morris can't make faces forever!

## The Truth About Voice Doubling

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

for Paul Lukas. Mr. Lukas, an exceptionally fine actor, is handicapped for American pictures by a foreign accent. For that reason, therefore, it is necessary for someone else to speak his lines. And Davidson is said to receive five hundred dollars a week for this service.

Many individuals in Hollywood are wondering why Davidson has seen fit to submerge his own personality for this sort of work, for he is regarded as fully as gifted an actor in his own right as Paul Lukas. He is listed in all casting offices as a five-hundred-dollar-a-week man. It may be, of course, that he has an arrangement to appear in other pictures, too.

There are a number of ways of doubling the voice on the screen. Usually it is done through a method known as "dubbing." This means

that it is done after the picture is shot. "Dubbing" is a term handed down to the movies by the makers of phonograph records. When portions were taken off several phonograph records to make one record, the process was referred to as "dubbing." So "dubbing" it is these days in pictures.

Most of the doubling that Margaret Livingston did for Louise Brooks in "The Canary Murder Case" was accomplished by "dubbing." Miss Livingston took up a position before the "mike" and watched the picture being run on the screen. If Miss Brooks came in a door and said, "Hello, everybody, how are you this evening?" Miss Livingston watched her lips and spoke Miss Brooks' words into the microphone.

Thus a sound-track was made and inserted



You thought Irma Harrison sang as the cabaret darling of "Alibi," didn't you? She didn't. The voice you heard belonged to Virginia Flohri, a well-known radio singer

in the film. And that operation is called "dubbing."

All synchronizations are dubbed in after the picture is finished. The production is edited and cut to exact running length, then the orchestra is assembled in the monitor room (a room usually the size of the average theater) and the score is played as the picture is run. The sound-track thus obtained is "dubbed" into the sound film or on to the record, depending upon which system is used.

If foreign sounds stray into the film, such as scratches and pin-pricks, they are "bloped" out. Some call it "blooping." This means that they are eliminated with a paintbrush and India ink. The method is not unlike that applied to the retouching of photographic negatives.

Voice doubling is sometimes forced upon the producers as an emergency measure. Such was the case with Paramount in connection with "The Canary Murder Case."

**T**HEY called Miss Livingston to the studio one day and said, "Miss Livingston, we are up against it and we think you can help us out. We want to turn 'The Canary Murder Case' into a talkie and Miss Brooks is not available. We think you can double for her. Will you do it?"

She thought it over. Well, why not? It meant experience in the talkies, and double her usual salary. So she wore clothes that duplicated Miss Brooks', "dubbed" some of the stuff and played some of it straight, her profile always to the camera.

A few times she missed the timing, and as a result her words did not come out even with Miss Brooks' lip movements.

After it was all over a very amusing incident occurred. Miss Livingston was sitting in a restaurant in New York and the friend with whom she was having dinner remarked, "So you have been talking for Louise Brooks, have you?"

From a nearby table came a strange voice. "Yes," quoth the voice, "and it had better be good!"

They looked around in astonishment and there sat Louise Brooks!

Of course, they all laughed and immediately went into a huddle about Hollywood.

A surprisingly large number of players in the film capital are now training their voices, in diction as well as singing, for the express purpose of avoiding the necessity of voice doubling. Vilma Banky, for instance, spends two hours a day perfecting her English. And James Burroughs, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Billie Dove, Gwen Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Frances Lee, Leatrice Joy, Armand Kaliz and innumerable others are all taking vocal lessons. Most of these have sung professionally at some time in their career.

In that worthy picture, "Alibi," Virginia Flohri, a widely-known radio singer, doubled for Irma Harrison who, you remember, sang a song in the cafe as *Toots*, the chorus girl. Miss Harrison simulated singing while Miss Flohri actually sang into the microphone off stage. In this instance their timing was not perfect.

**M**ISS FLOHRI also sang for Jeanne Morgan in the Romeo and Juliet vaudeville number, if you remember it, and Edward Jordan sang for Robert Cauterio.

Obtaining suitable voice doubles is often a difficult task. The voice must not only fit the player, it must suit the characterization as well. And good singing voices are not always easily found. One reason for this is that persons of marked vocal accomplishments are frequently reluctant to double. They are afraid their voices will be recognized, that it will cheapen them. A notable case in point was that of Marion Harris, the vaudeville headliner, who turned down an offer of \$10,000 from Universal, according to one of her representatives, to substitute her voice for a film player, presumably in "Broadway."

No end of problems develop, of course, in connection with registering the voice. When

# The best looking girl on the boat

*-yet always alone!*



**You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .**

**P**AM had dreamed for months of going abroad! The first day out she was the most sought after girl on the boat! But before the second day was over people were no longer enthusiastic. Wretchedly, she wondered why.

She did not realize the simple fact that no one can ever tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect!

Odorono, which a physician developed to check perspiration, gives you *continuous protection*. Its regular use frees you forever from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor and spreading stains.

The regular use of Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a

safe way. Odorono checks perspiration in the closed-in portions of the body and directs it to the more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Odorono Regular Strength should be applied at night twice a week.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skin and frequent use, may be used at night or in the morning and for the inevitable times when you miss one of the Regular Strength Odorono applications.

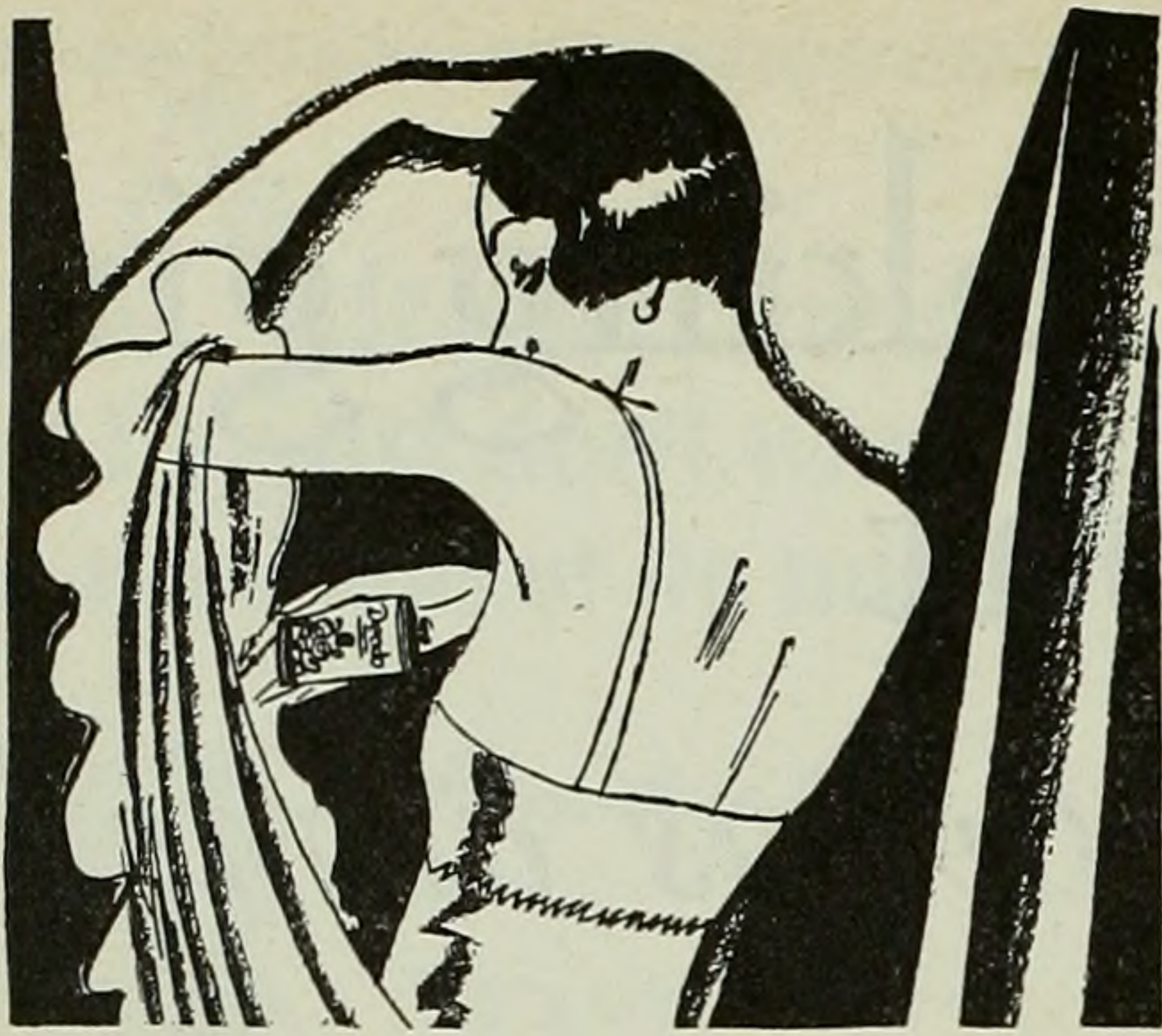
At toilet goods counters everywhere. Odorono Regular Strength and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild 35c, 60c, and \$1.00. Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25c.

**Odorono Regular Strength** (ruby colored) used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

**Odorono No. 3 Mild** (colorless), for sensitive skins and frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.



**NEW 10¢ OFFER:** Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.) The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. G-7, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.



## Take a bath in powder form

UNDER the sifter top of this blue box lies the dainty freshness of "just-out-of-the-tub." Freedom from body and perspiration odors is absolutely assured.

For Deodo is one of the most thorough deodorants ever developed—and most delightful because it is a velvety soft powder, luxurious to the skin. The second you dust it on, it neutralizes and absorbs all unpleasant odors! And it remains effective all day long!

Use it every morning! Even when you haven't a minute to spare for a bath you can be safe—just shower on Deodo. It alone is enough.

Dust it generously over your body. Rub it under your arms. Excellent in the shoes or dusted on the feet. It has a delicate scent and silky smoothness that you'll love. It won't seal pores or injure clothing. Especially effective on sanitary napkins.

At good drug and department stores. Large size containers for only 50 cents.



## What Made Him PROPOSE?

Frankly, it was simply because she used her brains. Dorothy was prettier, more highly accomplished, and much wealthier; but Gladys understood those simple little points of man's psychology which make him like wax in the hands of a nice girl who knows how to manage him—and the young clubman chose her instead. She learned this important psychology in a wonderful book entitled **FASCINATING WOMANHOOD**. We have prepared a 28-page booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book and in it telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it write name and address on margin and mail with 10 cents to **THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS**  
4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 4-G



Douglas Fairbanks did his bit of talking for "The Iron Mask" his stentorian tones all but wrecked the recording apparatus.

BEFORE beginning, he was cautioned by the sound engineers to speak softly. However, for Doug this was impossible. He could not get dramatic effect with his conversation thus cramped. As a result the first uproarious line of his speech brought the sound men pouring out of the mixing chamber like a swarm of mad hornets. Much argument ensued. Finally Earle Browne, director of dialogue, hit upon the bright idea of moving the microphone thirty feet away and turning it so that it faced away from Fairbanks.

Laura La Plante's problem in "Show Boat" was quite the opposite of Doug's. The most difficult thing she had to learn in working with a double was, not to sing silently, but to finger a banjo perfectly. She realized, naturally, that the eyes of countless trained musicians would be upon her in audiences the world over. In consequence, she could not fake. She had to be convincing. So she spent several weeks learning the correct fingering of a banjo.

Some of the stars, of course, actually play musical instruments, though few have done so professionally. There's Bessie Love and her ukulele, and a few others. In "Mother Knows Best," Barry Norton actually played the piano while Sherry Hall sang his song. Sherry stood before the "mike" just outside the camera lines and Barry played his accompaniment and at the same time spoke the words of the song inaudibly, putting into them the proper timing, a thing possible to him because of his knowledge of music.

Of course, every effort is made on the part of producers to guard the secret of doubling. Picture-makers feel that it spoils the illusion, that it hurts a production's box office appeal. In this respect, however, they are wrong. I know this from my own personal experience in exploitation work. In nearly twelve years of steering the box office destinies of photoplays—especially film roadshows, some of the largest of which I have handled personally—I have yet to encounter a single set-back or loss because the public had knowledge of a double's work. On the other hand, I found that it often stimulated business to let the public in on a secret or two.

Eva Olivotti, one of Hollywood's most promising voices, assured a friend that, if it became known that she doubled for Laura La Plante in the singing numbers of "Show Boat," she would never be able to obtain another job. That is an example of the fear instilled into the hearts of the doubles by the companies for which they work. They are afraid even to breathe the nature of their employment.

THE fact remains, however, that Miss Olivotti *did* sing Miss La Plante's songs, and sang them very well, indeed.

Songs for "The Divine Lady" were "dubbed" in after Miss Griffith completed the picture. An odd complication developed when it came to doubling the harp. It had been arranged for Zhay Clark to play this instrument for Miss Griffith, but when that portion of the picture was viewed it was discovered that Miss Griffith's fingernails were longer than Miss Clark's, and that her hands, therefore, could not substitute effectively for Miss Griffith's.

So Miss Clark spent two days teaching Miss Griffith the fingering of the harp, and how to come in with the orchestra. Then the star did the scene herself. The music and songs, according to those acquainted with the facts, were "dubbed" in the East—a feat easily accomplished merely by watching the picture on the screen and getting from doubles a sound-track that would fit properly.

Voice doubling is often done in the monitor room after the production is complete, the double playing the designated instrument or reading the lips of the player and timing his words to fit these lip movements.

But voice doubling seems to be on the wane. As time goes on, there will be less need for it.

In rare instances, of course, it will be done where stars can't sing or play the instruments called for in the script. But stars are rapidly learning to sing and play. It won't be long now until a majority of players can boast of these accomplishments.

Then, too, microphone miracles are becoming more prevalent every day. This is due primarily to rapid improvement in equipment. Josef Cherniavsky, the musical director for one company, says: "Give me a person who is not tone deaf and I will make him ninety-five percent perfect in talking pictures." Perhaps Mr. Cherniavsky is a wee bit enthusiastic, but at least his outlook indicates the present Hollywood trend.

Bearing out his statement, it is interesting to note that if a voice has tone quality, but lacks volume, the fault can be easily corrected by the amplifier. Take Alice White. Alice sang her own songs (unless I have been terribly fooled, and I suspect I have!) in "Broadway Babies," sang them sweetly, but in a piping little voice that couldn't be heard off the set. Yet when the "play-back" gave evidence of surprising volume in her tones, loud cheers went up from company officials. The "play-back," by the way, is a device which plays back the voices of the cast from a wax record shortly after the scene is filmed. It's an invaluable check-up.

The problem of the foreign player is, of course, difficult to solve. At first it was regarded as an insurmountable obstacle. It is being discovered by producers, however, that what they thought a hopeless liability in the beginning has actually become an asset. In the case of feminine players in particular, accent is a decided charm. Such foreign players as Baclanova, Goudal, *et al*, are giving up the thought of perfecting their English. Nils Asther is studying English religiously. Care will always have to be exercised, nevertheless, in casting these players.

Another instance of piano doubling occurred in "Speakeasy," that splendid underworld picture about the prize-fighter and the girl reporter. Fred Warren, an exceptionally capable pianist, doubled at the piano for Henry B. Walthall. This was accomplished by tying down the keyboard of the real piano at which Walthall sat, so that when he struck the keys, nothing happened. You will remember, of course, that he sat facing the audience in such a position as to conceal his hands. Warren sat off stage at a real piano, about fifteen or twenty feet away, in a spot where he and Walthall could see each other. The recording "mike" was near Warren. As he played, Walthall imitated his motions. They had rehearsed the thing to perfection.

Although voice doubling is to the public the most interesting phase of sound work—because it is hidden from public view, no doubt—it is one of the comparatively simple things which confront producers. Problems much more subtle really vex them. For instance: New caste has grown up with the advent of conversing pictures; sound engineers are competing with directors for prestige and dominance; there is often open warfare between directors and monitor men; the new terminology of the business—"dubbing," "blooping," the invention of "split sets"; the mere fact that light travels faster than sound—a circumstance frequently baffling to engineers, and one that gives them grey hairs.

Just recently sound engineers found out that perfect synchronization in a big theater is virtually impossible—all because light travels faster than sound. If you are sitting comparatively close to the screen, all is well. If you are sitting in the back of the house, or in the balcony, it's another matter. Sound vibrations reach you after you have seen the image speak. The speed with which light vibrations exceed sound vibrations will depend of course upon where you sit. And this is a problem that sound engineers are trying to solve.

So you see producers have other troubles than doubles!

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

I really believe the objectors have had some ground for their stand as some of the talkies have been quite terrible. But in spite of all this, there has been very pronounced improvement in all directions since their introduction about a year ago, and this would indicate that still further advances will be made all around.  
DONATO A. GIANGIULIO.

### Gentlemen, Make a Bow!

Honolulu, T. H.

Let's hand the newsreel camera man a nice big bouquet for his patience and courage. Stars come and go, but the newsreel goes on forever.

GLORIA M. WALL.

### A Flower for Bill Powell

Jamestown, N. D.

I heard my first talking picture a few days ago. It was "The Canary Murder Case." I thought it was great! William Powell had always been fixed in my mind as a villain of the screen until then. He will never seem the same to me again and I am glad of it, because I like him so much better this way. He has a really remarkable voice. It is so easily understood and contains such a soothing quality. Let's hear and see more of him!

NANCY KIMBALL.

### And Now a New Problem

A few nights ago I went to see my favorite actor, Wallace Beery, playing in "Chinatown Nights." I had looked forward to seeing this picture as Mr. Beery was taking a somewhat different part than usual.

Imagine my disappointment; I didn't enjoy the evening at all. To me it was a total mystery, because it is a talkie. I am deaf and dumb and I guess I will have to give up the movies (talkies) now. "Actions speak louder than words," but you can't guess it all.

HELEN C. CLEMONS.

### Movies Teach How to Write

University of Oregon,  
Department of English,  
Eugene, Oregon.

I have been trying to teach college juniors and seniors how to write the English language.

One day I asked them to review a current film. And I discovered this: They all did remarkably well, considering their past efforts.

They saw life through the medium of the pictures. It was not a perfect way for them to see it, but I found in time, the ideas that they gleaned from the screen broadened and deepened until they began to be interested in life itself, with its moral, and social, and economic problems. Finally I learned too, that these students as a whole were beginning to demand of life the things they demanded from their movie entertainment; honesty, and beauty, and at least a semblance of truth.

MARGARET CLARKE.

### Maybe He's Also a Ventriloquist

Tulsa, Okla.

I personally am in favor of the Silent Drama. Although an actor is able to change his make-up, his dress and his mannerisms, he is never able to change his voice. Lon Chaney may be "The Man of a Thousand Faces," but with movietone he is merely the man of one voice.

L. J. N.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125 ]

# "Even outdoor girls come to me with this problem"

—Says a woman athlete about this phase of feminine hygiene



Not even the outdoor girl is free from fear of offending others at times. She now learns with relief of a new process which deodorizes this modern sanitary pad.

NO woman is sure, when she learns the possibilities of this offense against daintiness, that she, herself, may not be guilty at certain times. But she is sure, today, that *she need not* be guilty. Kotex Laboratories have discovered (and patented\*) a process which deodorizes perfectly. Each Kotex sanitary pad is now scientifically treated by this formula. The results, in peace of mind, are vitally important to women.

#### *The fear of being conspicuous*

Equally important is the fact that the new pad is shaped to fit. Corners are rounded and tapered to permit no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. All the clumsiness of old-fashioned methods is overcome.

Nothing is like the softness and delicate protection of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals, it *must* be hygienically superior and comfort-giving to the utmost degree.

Greater softness of texture; instant disposability—no laundry; and the fact that you can adjust the layers of filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. And the remarkable absorbency is still one of the important advantages of

Kotex. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture—5 times more than cotton itself.

Buy a box . . . 45c for twelve . . . at any drug, dry goods or department store. Also in restroom vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

## SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

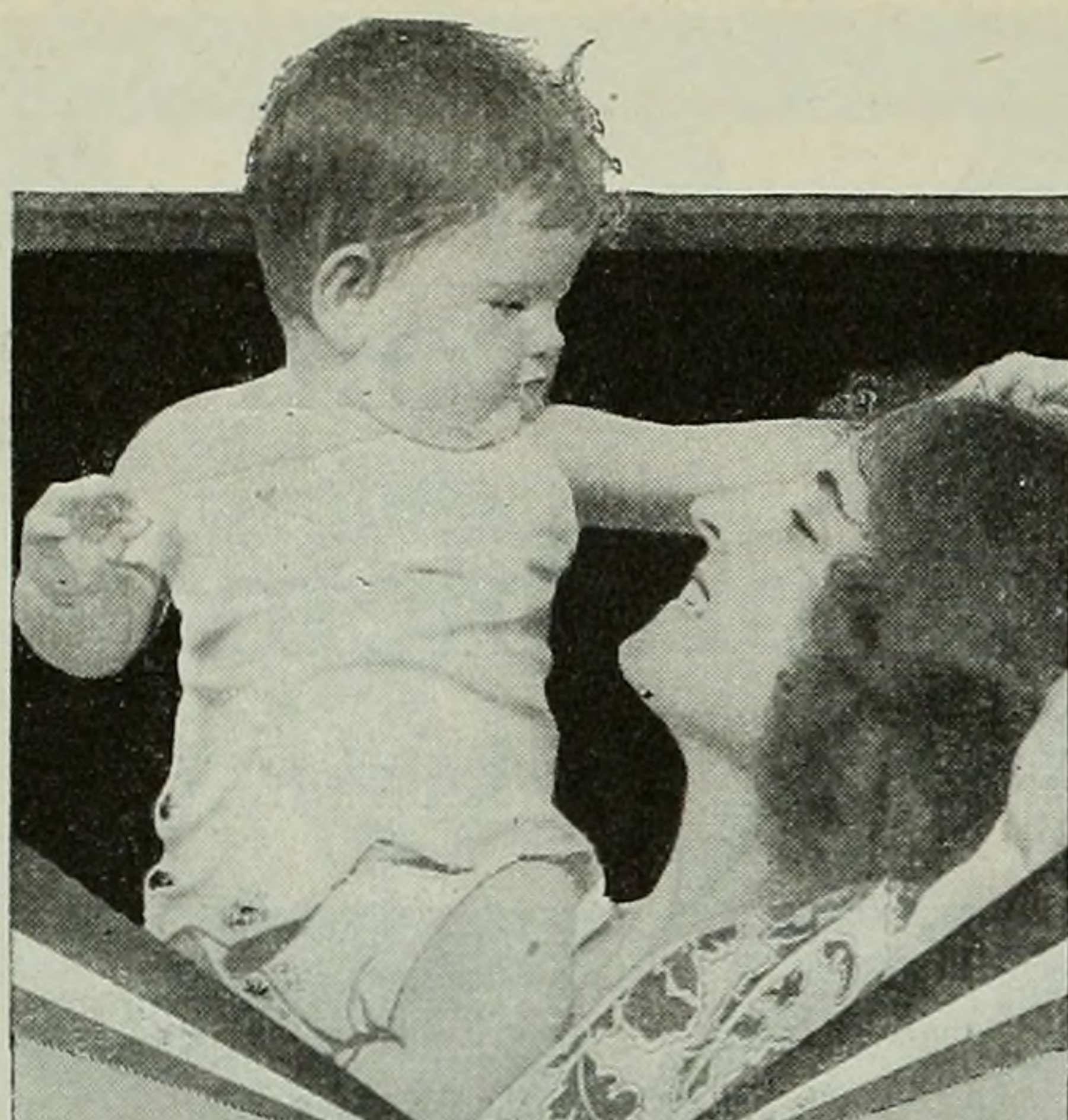
*Formerly 90c—Now 65c*

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.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes



## NOT A PAIN ALL THRU TEETHING TIME

Do you know that thousands upon thousands of mothers never have a bit of trouble with their little ones from the beginning to the end of the teething period?

At the very first sign of soreness or pain in baby's gums, they apply the safe prescription of a famous specialist, and continue to use it until the last tooth has appeared.

### DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

is cooling and healing and contains no narcotics. You can use it every day, as often as needed, without the least harm and you will find that baby actually smiles when he sees the bottle!

"I never knew what a cross baby was while teething, as long as I used your teething lotion," writes Mrs. L. C. Danley, of Elgin, Ill.

Mrs. James Kearney, 254 South 5th St., Columbia, Pa. says, "I have found Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion the best in the world for a child that is cutting teeth. I have never lost a night's sleep while my baby was teething."

And another happy mother, Mrs. Ralph Heim, of Williamsport, Pa. has this to say: "Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is one of baby's best friends. It is cool and refreshing and seems to relieve the aching gums the minute it is applied. They also like the taste. One of my babies has 8 teeth and the other 4, which they cut one right after the other with no trouble because I used Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion constantly."

You too, can know the joy of a happy, contented youngster during this trying time. Start now to use Dr. Hand's and see for yourself how quickly it stops the pains and aches of teething.

Send for  
Free Trial Bottle

Hand Medicine Co.,  
105 No. 5th St., Dept. 314, Philadelphia, Pa.  
I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with  
the name of my druggist. Please send  
sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

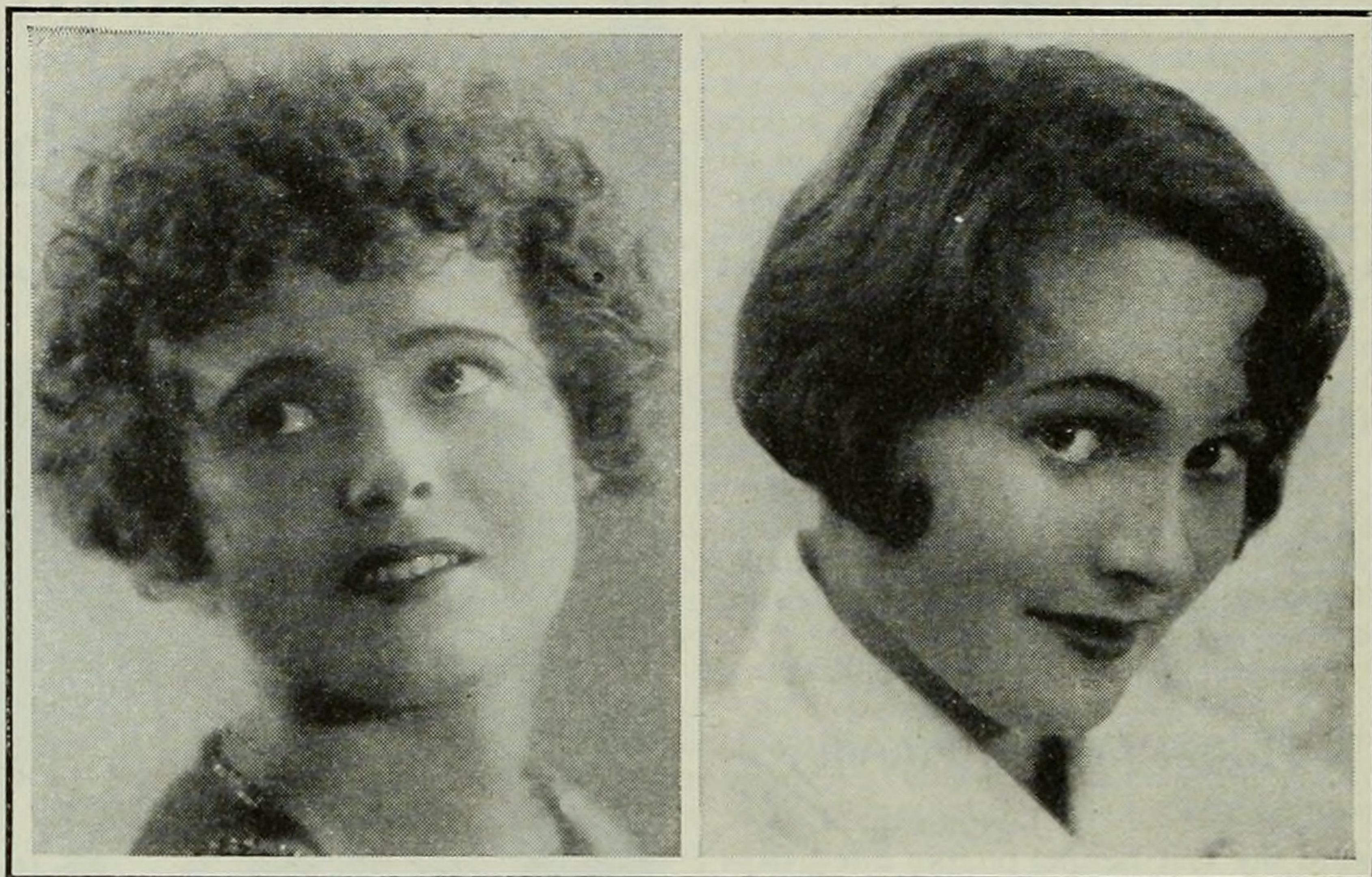
Street \_\_\_\_\_

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State \_\_\_\_\_

## That Awkward Length

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]



The old-fashioned bob is good enough for Lois Moran. For sports she wears her hair almost straight. For less informal occasions she waves it a little around her face, and for evening wear she curls it in charming ringlets all over her head

Nothing about feminine Hollywood is ever complete without some mention of the Garbo. An expert once said, "Garbo doesn't dress her hair, she just wears it." No matter, she achieves something interesting. At the moment it is being drawn tight and straight off her forehead and ears and curled loosely at the back.

But I won't go on record as saying that she'll be wearing it the same way next month—or next week.

Many of the stars prefer their hair long for personal wear, but must bob for picture purposes. This was the case with Fay Wray, who wept (but not with delight) when her long hair was closely cropped for a new film with George Bancroft.

But who would not choose to sacrifice even one of her most appealing expressions of

personality to gain favor with the multitude of movie fans? And sacrifice it might have been justly considered in that era, ending not so many years ago, when but one accepted style of coiffure could prevail at a given time, to which all must conform regardless of individual possibilities.

In this "individual" age of ours when we may, if we wish, adapt our style of hair dress to every hour and every mood, certain barbers, like certain stars, may have to leave town for lack of work. But there will always be enough shorn maidens to keep many of the clippers busy.

The general consensus of opinion is that bobbed hair is not passé, nor is it likely to be, and that both long and short hair is the vogue now and forever more, according to individual taste and type.



Loretta Young's hair has grown long enough to coil in a soft, flat knot at the back of her neck. For informal wear she sometimes lets it hang in little girl fashion. Not recommended unless the hair is waved or naturally curly, and unless you are as youthful as Loretta



# Trials of the Talkies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

became noisy. And while they were getting their osculatory re-education, the operators of the "mixing" panel coined the words "squish" and "squack." The staccato kiss makes an audible concussion in the record and therefore is called the "squack."

Most of the Hollywood actors and actresses already kissed silently when the talkies came in, due to their silent drama training, but the newcomers from the stage usually put a lot of sound into it. The "strong, silent kiss," implanted by a "strong, silent man," Lewis Stone, upon Greta Garbo's lips, was demonstrated for a class of novices as the one which gives the studio mechanical experts the least trouble from an electrical standpoint.

A THOUSAND and one adjustments have been necessary to accommodate screen technique to the talkie. One difficulty was found in the heels of the feminine stars' evening slippers, which are not easy to equip with rubber tips. The patter of the film star's dainty foot reproduces like the clank of a cavalry horse's iron-shod hoofs on a cobble-stone pavement, so the Central Casting Bureau opened negotiations with several rubber companies to find a suitable tip for the heels of stars and extras in the "soup and fish" and evening gown sequences.

"Mike's" ears are so sensitive that even some of the so-called sound stages do not exclude the noises of the 'eavy 'orses that 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighways in the vicinity of the Hollywood studios as they haul garbage and trash wagons from place to place.

Following several complaints by production supervisors, the kindly board of public works of the City of Los Angeles, of which the film capital is a part, equipped its garbage wagon horses with figurative balloon tires; that is, the iron shoes were replaced with rubber ones. Thus joy was brought into the drab existence of Tom, Dick and Harry through the movies, for they now do their day's work happily and noiselessly, bounding along at a pleasing clip with no corns, bunions or calluses to hinder or to hurt.

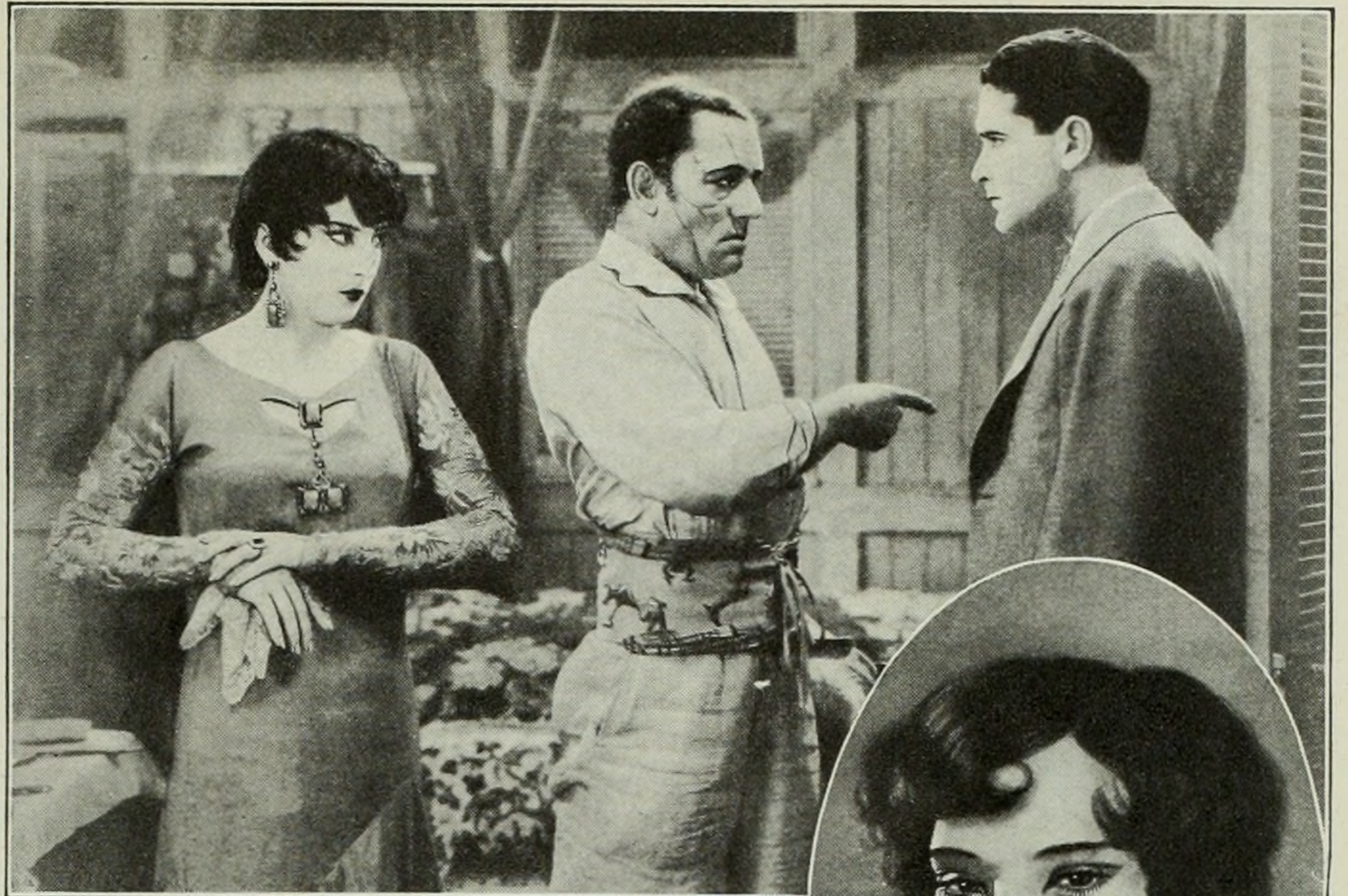
"May the rubber never lose its bound," chorused the talkie directors, and that also is the sentiment of the most citified residents of Hollywood, whose sleep frequently was disturbed by the prancing garbage wagon horses.

One day Monta Bell was picturing a sequence with sound in which one of the male actors had the "business" of putting on his overcoat. Everything worked beautifully in the reproduction until it reached the point where the actor slipped his left arm into the sleeve of his garment, and then there was heard something akin to the noise made by a wind machine going at full pressure.

IF a glass is put down upon a table it sounds from the screen as if someone had struck the table with a wooden mallet. That is why the shining surface of a perfectly normal mahogany desk or table, if it is to be used in a talkie set, is covered with a layer of mahogany-varnished felt. This, for camera purposes, looks like the original wood, but makes a world of difference to the microphone.

All "props" put on the stages where dialogue or music is being recorded must be subjected to the microphone test, and if they prove "noisy" or sound reflecting are treated in the studio workshops to remove the trouble.

Even such a simple action as dropping a couple of lumps of sugar into a cup of coffee has to be modified, or the character can't take sugar. Harmless, little white lumps of sugar in their numbers sound like a sector of the war zone in action when the "stepped up" reproduction is heard in the theater. And the dunking of a doughnut in the coffee will give the



Estelle Taylor, Lon Chaney and Lloyd Hughes in the thrilling steamer scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's recent sensation, "Where East is East"  
At right—Estelle Taylor applying Boncilla clasmic pack



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effect of Annette Kellerman performing a high dive.

Every sound is so greatly magnified that absolute silence is necessary for the sound film. A pair of dainty silk bloomers worn by one of the stars nearly caused havoc on one of the sound stages. James Gleason, directing, had to ask a certain petite young lady what she was wearing, for silk crackled so loudly that it interfered with the picture. The star blushing-gly gave a list of her underpinnings and was requested to remove the offending bloomers.

Of course, to a reasonable degree, the sound of bangles and bells of a group of Nautch dancers, the crackle of starched petticoats of bygone days in period pictures, the rustle of crisp taffeta that heralds the approach of a New England spinster, the squeak of a detective's shoes, all have their place in the audible picture, but they are the exception and not the rule. They are permitted, in subdued form, only where such sounds will add color or atmosphere to the action.

ALMOST alarming discoveries have been made in the tests of the rustle of silk, the slither of satin, the clink of bracelets, the swish of beaded fringe and other "gossip of garments" that in the past have been seen but not heard. The subject of sound and clothes at first was looked upon as being somewhat facetious.

One of the tests was made with a costume worn by Gloria Swanson in an old picture. It consisted chiefly of strands and garlands of pearls. The sound that came from the screen when this gown was worn by the player reminded the experts of a terrific Indiana hail-storm. Dorothy Dwan wearing an Indian costume in "The Devil Bear" had to change into an unsophisticated village girl dress because of the click of the beads on the Indian garment.

The costume director has to be sure that the hero's shoes do not squeak. Many kinds of boots and shoes which have a tendency to send out squeaky vibrations have to be treated chemically and given a coat of silencing composition. And it has been found safer, so far as sound is concerned, to have the heroine faint in *crepe de chine* instead of in taffeta, for the term "loud clothes" no longer applies solely to garments of pronounced design or unusual combinations of vividly contrasting colors.

One of the Hollywood studios for a number of years had been using a fabric known as glazed tarlatan, which on the screen gives the illusion and fragility of sun glass. In "A Kiss for Cinderella" the sixteen bridesmaids were clad in gowns of this material and it mattered not in a soundless picture that their approach was accompanied by a noise like that of an Autumn storm, with falling leaves hissing in the wind.

Imitation rubber jewelry has been developed to replace the jingling bracelets, creaking strands of pearls and other evidences of wealth, so that when a dowager heavily laden with these glittering ornaments engages in repartee with another matron similarly bedecked, the noise set up by their agitated jewelry will not drown out their words.

DURING the filming of "Interference," Clive Brook and William Powell were cautioned against carrying too much loose change and too many keys and other metal objects in their pockets. The clink of coins and keys is apt to reproduce like a regiment of King Arthur's Knights in full armor crossing a drawbridge.

Even the clanking of swords had to be greatly modified by having the glistening weapons made of rubber and painted to look real, and likewise the familiar spurs of the cowboys in the "horse operas." A wide variety of leather accessories required to complete sartorial outfits in pictures of the soldier and Western types also must be silenced.

Mary Nolan discovered that breaking matches before the microphone produced a sound like the crackle of musketry, and when

Claire Windsor clicked a cigarette lighter the resultant tone was like that of a heavy blow. Lupe Velez accidentally tore a piece of paper while recording her delightful Mexican accent and the result was a noise like the collapse of a building in an earthquake.

Sound in movies has brought a new style in manicuring, for even the click of long nails, on a nervous hand, records with a definite and magnified clarity that is startling. So the long, pointed nail has given way to the short, oval one that does not extend beyond the finger tip.

ONLY recently a recording was marred by a mysterious clicking sound that puzzled the director. It was afterward discovered that an actor (one not even in the cast, but merely watching the recording and filming of the scene) had tapped his finger nails nervously on a mahogany table top that had not been treated with the felt coating.

This business of making whoopee before the "mike" and the camera at the same time is beset with so many difficulties that it makes the producers' heads swim. Every day new complications are discovered.

When Clara Bow turned the full force of the Bow personality on the microphone and shouted "Whoopie!" her first "line" in "The Wild Party," the one word caused an electrical crew an hour's work, the producers an hour's delay and the studio the price of a set of delicate sound tubes. The sensitive electrical system could not stand the shock of Clara's IT. But that was not all.

The picture is an all-talkie and there is much dialogue. Whenever Clara began dialoguing, the delicate little bulbs quivered and died. The operators tried to locate the trouble, but all they could do was to replace the bulbs.

Each time Clara talked the same thing happened. Any of the others could talk indefinitely and nothing would happen. But the picture was made in spite of these difficulties.

Further evidence of the delicacy of the recording instruments was given in the filming of "Interference" when Clive Brook slipped up on his lines several times. The last occasion annoyed him so much that he slapped his hand against his leg. That slight concussion blew out every tube in the recording machine, which was attuned only to voices.

Then, too, slapping a fellow actor on the back with a little too much realism is likely to come back from the screen like a one-gun salute from the *U. S. S. Pennsylvania*. Taking a deep breath between lines sounds like a Buick taking a hill on high.

One Hollywood director wasted about three thousand dollars on a sneeze—and it was his own, at that. The alert microphone registered the sneeze so vividly that a retaking of about a thousand feet of film was necessary. A cough in the midst of a love scene makes a "villain" of the hero.

ANYTHING resembling hay fever, colds or even the least suggestion of a snuffle is absolutely taboo on the sound stage, for the merciless "mikes" seem to pick up even the sound of a fly blinking its eyes. The director's costly sneeze was responsible for the invention of the smile:

"As welcome as hay fever on a sound-proof stage."

William Powell originated this wise crack the day after his first experience in a talkie set, while talking about bill collectors and book agents. He was watching Evelyn Brent and Doris Kenyon do a scene when he felt an uncontrollable desire to sneeze. Fortunately he didn't happen to be working in that particular sequence and was able to make his exit before the nasal explosion came.

Another hazard is soup. Six husky brothsippers created such a mixture of melodious tunes during a dinner scene in "The Broadway Melody" that the voices of the principals could not be distinguished. Casting directors now demand well-bred extras, and when such cannot be found they are fed bananas instead of soup.

Chester Conklin's walrus soup-strainer may have to go, too, because the microphone does not take kindly to mustaches. Voices of the mustache and beard-wearing actors in the talkies are less distinct than those of their clean-shaven colleagues.

It must have been Conklin talking when a certain producer ordered a retake of a sequence because he couldn't hear the "k" in "Swim-mink." Conklin's friends say this producer is the one who stopped the production of "Lucia" because he felt sure the censors would cut out the sextette.

While directing Reginald Denny in "Red Hot Speed," Eddie Cline was having considerable trouble with the "mikes" during the talking sequences. The electricians were unable to locate a certain buzzing noise which made it impossible to "shoot" the scene. Suddenly Cline, who was becoming frantic, glanced at the "mike," slapped it with a newspaper and said:

"ALL right, boys, you can start now—two flies were making love on the edge of the 'mike.'"

Foreign noises were reported from the "mixing" panel during the taking of a love scene between Maurice Chevalier and Sylvia Beecher, and the studio sleuths finally traced it to a loose board in the floor over which Chevalier was walking. When the scene was retaken, the electrician at the earphones, just at the point where the offensive sound had been heard before, shouted jubilantly, "It's O. K. now," thereby ruining the scene again.

A morning newspaper usually costs but a few cents, but a copy of one is being preserved at the offices of one of the Hollywood studios as an object lesson. This one cost nearly a thousand dollars, and illustrates what an uncharted field sound and dialogue production was when first the producers rushed pell-mell into it.

The newspaper was being read by an employe of the studio on the outskirts of the set on which scenes for "The Missing Man" were being made. As the employe turned the pages of his paper the rustling sound was so slight that it passed unnoticed by all until the "rushes" for the day's work were run for the director and his staff in the sound play-back room. Those present heard what sounded like a tornado drowning out the voices of the players.

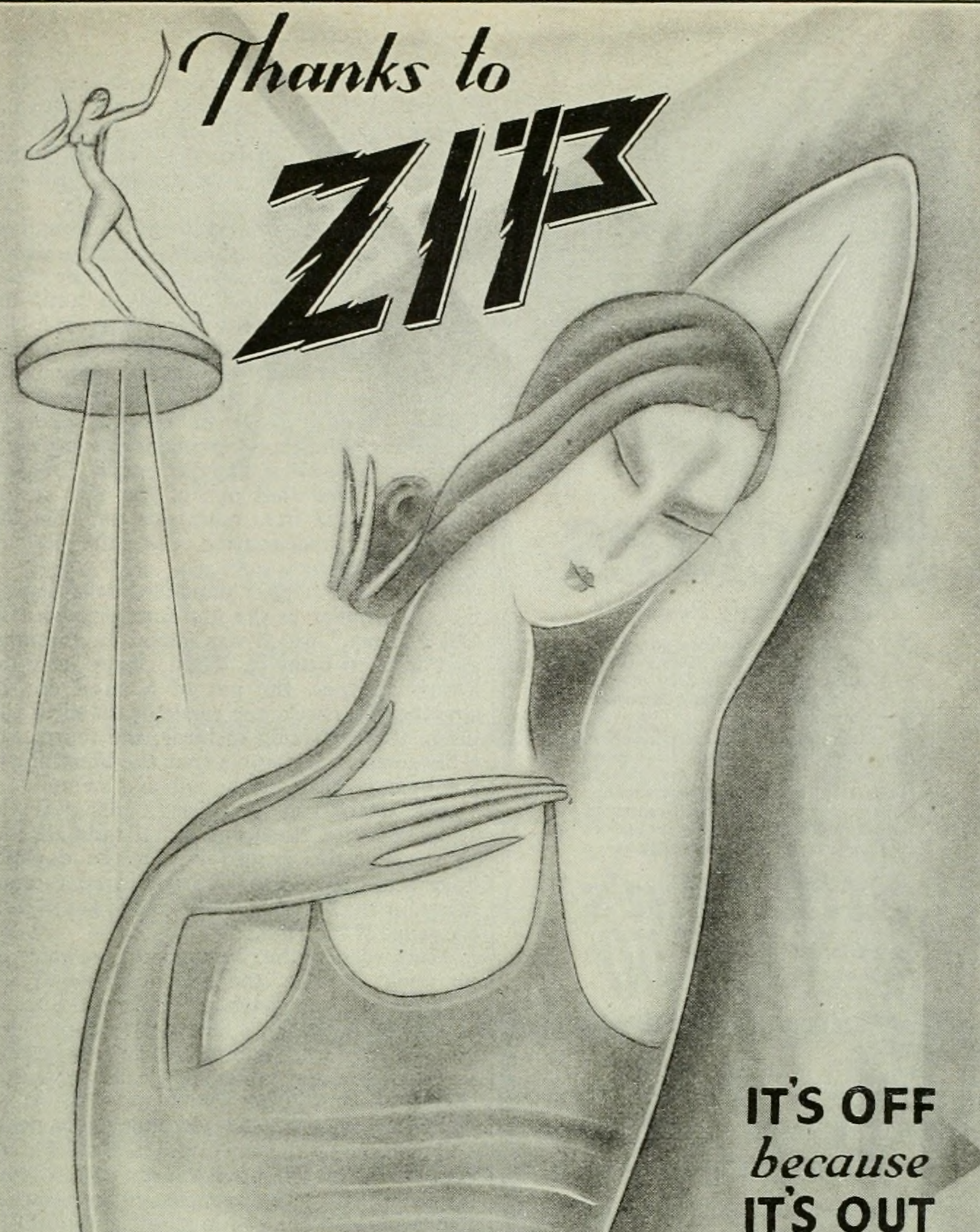
After considerable sleuthing someone found someone else who recalled the incident of the employe reading the newspaper.

When they first started to make talkies, the studios had a great deal of trouble with "static" and interference, just as did the radio pioneers. King Vidor finally traced most of the trouble to low-flying airplanes, which are almost as thick in Southern California as sea gulls on the Pacific Coast. The roaring, buzzing and humming noises of the aircraft reproduced in some of the sequences as a first-class sawmill in action.

In order to remedy the situation, Vidor appealed to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and to the Los Angeles city council that aerial "zones of quiet," such as are marked on streets in the vicinity of hospitals, be established in the air over the studio area. This is accomplished by raising signal flags over the studio buildings whenever the "mike" is "open," warning aviators to make detours or fly high enough to prevent the sound of their motors reaching the studios.

DURING the filming of a large exterior sequence of "Hallelujah" before the establishment of the "zone of quiet," lookouts were posted to apprise directors and players of the approach of airplanes, and so numerous were the aerial craft that only ten minutes of the day could be devoted to "shooting" the scene.

Gum chewing has been ruled out on the sound stages. An accidental "crack" in chewing is sufficient to ruin a scene. But even before quiet became the rule for the noisy drama, extras and stars who chew gum were



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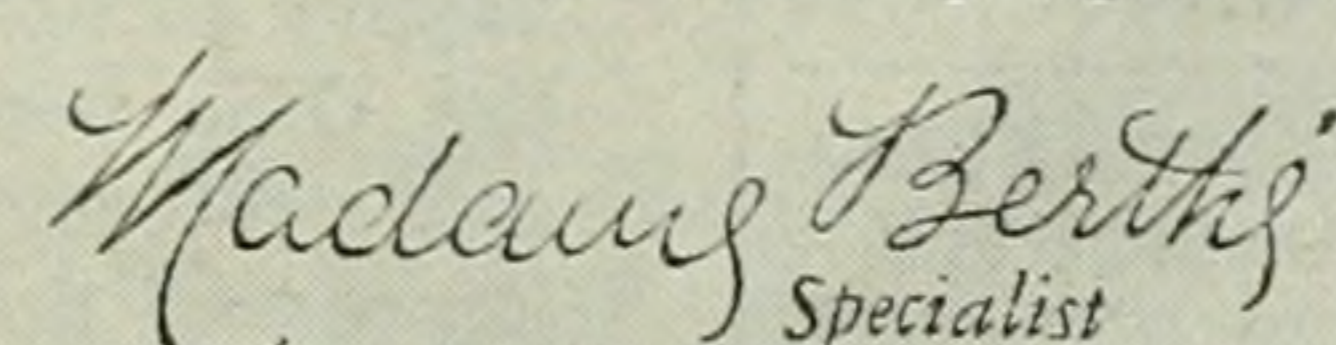
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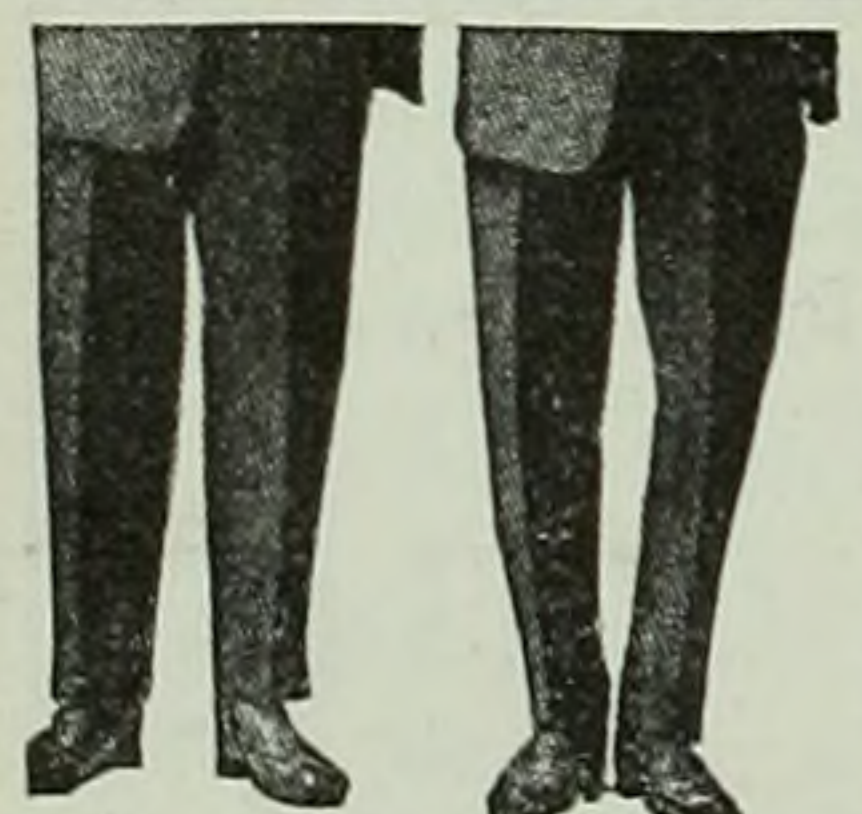


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a particular anathema of directors. Twice it was found necessary to retake scenes because extras chewed "not wisely but too well."

In the spectacular sequences of the crossing of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments," it was found that many of the players were complacently mixing their emotions with gum, and whoever heard of gum chewing in Biblical days?

Atmosphere players in the background of various scenes of social splendor in "The Battle of the Sexes" also forgot to "park their gum" and the error was not discovered until the rushes were shown in the projection room.

**WHILE** a chorus of beauties was doing a dancing number with Nancy Carroll and Charles (Buddy) Rogers in "Close Harmony," one of the technicians complained of hearing a snapping noise at the "mixing" panel. Investigation revealed that one of the girls in the chorus was stiff from rehearsals and that the kicks in the dance routine caused the joints of her legs to snap.

Sounds which pass unnoticed in everyday life are brought to the film fans through "In Old Arizona," which was filmed for the most part in Zion Canyon, Utah. They hear the lover's whisper, the pat of a hand on the sweetheart's cheek, the rustle of the girl's silk dress, the twittering of birds, the murmur of a blossom-laden apple tree, the breathing of a baby in its crib and the sigh of a lover.

The location of the picture was near the main line of a transcontinental railroad, and so many trains passed during the daylight hours that no scene of importance escaped delay for the sound of the engine to get beyond the range of the "mike."

After work on the picture had been going on for about a week, the negatives, sound and silent, were sent back to Hollywood to be developed. Nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of work had to be scrapped because of sounds that appeared to be the distant puffing of steam locomotives.

The musical clink of spurs, most harmonious and pleasing to the ear in the uncanned state, became a veritable anvil chorus—a deafening clatter which quite drowned out the voices of the speakers. The gentle gurgle and purl of a little creek, on the contrary, supplied a gentle obligato to the words of the players, but the directors soon learned that there was nothing to do but knock off work the moment a good-sized breeze sprung up. Branches brushed

together with all the energy of a corps of carpenters at work building a house.

In speaking of the breezes and their effects, one of the directors declared he found the microphone sensitive enough to pick up Tennyson's "music of the spheres" or distant sounds on Mars.

The tribulations of the recording staff of another company, which made Lillian Gish's "Wind," were of the opposite character. The sound recorders wanted audible wind and couldn't find it. They passed many weeks in the cyclone belt of Kansas and on the cattle-stampeding grounds of Western Texas before they finally captured a "near twister" of sufficient volume to stampede cattle. It wasn't an out and out cyclone, such a one as makes the natives take to the cyclone cellars, but, thanks to the sensitive ear of the "mike," the results were terrifying enough when they came from the screen.

Experiences of some of the Hollywood sound recorders have shown that the approach of a swarm of bees produces sound of almost sufficient volume, through the "mike," to double for a coy little cyclone or tornado. James Gleason, dialogue writer, whose scenarios sometimes call for the presence of the honey gatherers, also is interested in bee culture. He has installed a sound apparatus near his apiary so that he can listen in on the conversation of his insect pets.

**I**f riveting machines could be prevailed upon to do their work in secret, if street car wheels could be taught not to screech at every curve and intersection, if motorists could be sentenced to the electrical chair for honking their way through the traffic, if sirens would be thoughtful enough to subside at least part of the time, if motorcycle cutouts could be taught that they are not privileged cut-ups, if street peddlers who squawk their wares could be run into the hoosegow, and if the average loud speaker could have its neck wrung by the neighbors, there would not be so many nervous wrecks in Hollywood.

But the scientists and inventors, who heretofore have been devoting all their time to producing bigger and better noises, are directing their efforts in the opposite direction since silence has become golden in the film colony. However, they haven't yet discovered how to make a pistol shot register in a talkie. The bullet travels so fast that even the celluloid cannot record it.



Columbus, Ohio.

Photoplays—and prisoners. I wonder how many fans in the outside world really know what a moving picture means to a prisoner, and the effect?

Well, I can tell you, because I happen to be one of the prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary who recently saw "Weary River." It probably impressed the general public as just another picture with a prison theme, but to us it carried a moral—and a convincing one! To us men behind the gray walls it demonstrated the truth we have been told and eventually must learn—"It doesn't pay at any price."

I'm not saying this picture made

converts of hundreds of convicts, for it didn't.

But—had you seen the faces and noted the actions of many of my fellow prisoners before and after we saw that picture, you would be more than mildly surprised.

Such pictures, to my way of thinking, can do more toward sending completely rehabilitated men back into the world than all the feeble tactics employed by modern prison reformers.

This isn't a plea for more pictures for prisoners—but rather an expression of sincere appreciation for what we have seen, which has made us think—constructively.

W. R. G.

Technicians at one of the big studios have developed the echometer, a device that pursues elusive sound rebounds to their source so that they may be put to death. This little gadget is said to bring recording results that are acoustically perfect, eliminating all the vibratory overtones that marred the projection of some of the earlier sound pictures.

Upon the heels of this invention came another panacea—a panacea of paint. It is an acoustical paint with qualities so sound absorbent that light blows struck on walls treated with it cannot be heard on the other side. The formula is secret and the paint will not be placed on the markets for general use, much to the disappointment of those living in apartment houses and other quarters.

Another production company is decorating the walls of its picture sets with a sound-absorbent paper imported from Japan. Inasmuch as one of the ingredients of this paper is the blood of animals bought from the meat packers in Tokio, the killing of animals in the flowery kingdom will help kill the echoes of Hollywood.

IT seems that most paints heretofore used in coloring the walls of the sets reflect sound as well as light. Papering the walls with the specially prepared porous paper, however, gives excellent color value without echoes. The paper has somewhat the appearance of the gold and silver leaf used by sign painters. Its use also does away with the necessity, to a large extent, of padding the walls to keep out sound, which is effective but undesirable in some respects. Padded walls frequently have the effect of making the voice of the players record flat.

For the special benefit of persons who can recognize whether a coin is "good" by its clink, a new kind of money was developed for the talkies. It sounds "good" through the microphone, but is, nevertheless, phoney.

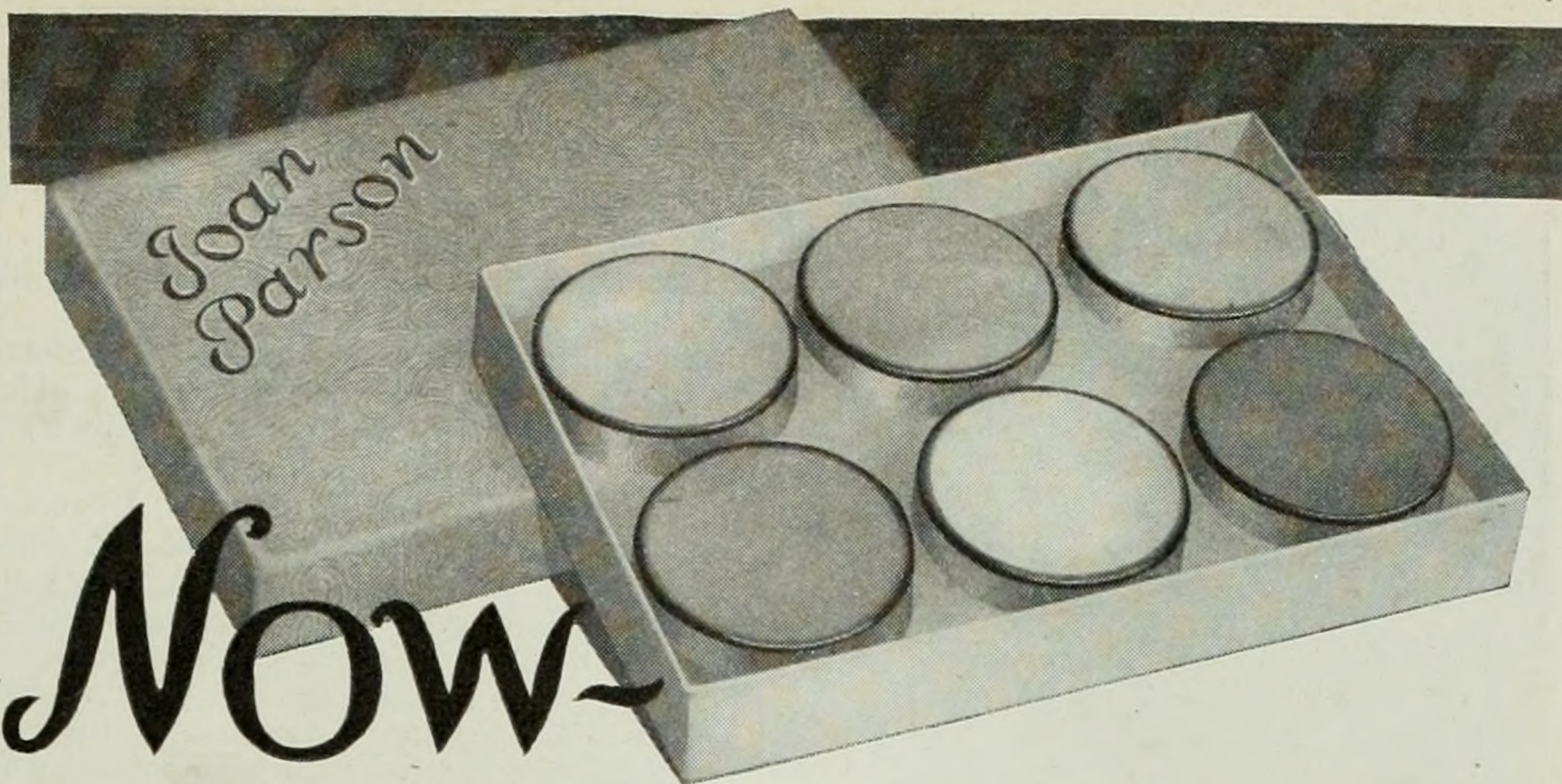
A federal law prohibits photographing real money in the films, so the studios have been using stage money. That was O. K. when the films were silent and still so, in so far as currency is concerned, for it can be held so that it cannot be distinguished from the real. But in the talkies a false clink would break the spell in a tense scene for many in the audience.

It is not only with coins that the producers are doing their trick stuff. They are curbing unwanted real noises, but in the meantime also inventing synthetic noises to double for the real when the latter are not obtainable. For instance, in filming Lionel Barrymore's dramatic "Confession," the sound of heavy army trucks outside a hut on a battlefield was obtained by letting in the noise of the air-filtering plant on the sound stages.

IN working out sound effects for talking dramas hundreds of sounds have been analyzed for methods of duplicating them. A Los Angeles theater owner pulled a nifty in this connection at a preview of "The Hangman's House." His house was not wired for sound and this was supposed to be a sound picture, so the theater man had his organist inject some sound effects while two film cutters from the studio concealed themselves in the pit and dragged heavy chains across the floor, made knocking noises and produced other sound effects essential to the picture. Many persons in the audience were deceived into thinking they had heard a sound picture.

Now that Leo, the M.-G.-M. lion, is roaring and the Pathe rooster is crowing for the talkies, the fans are wondering what kind of sound may come from the other trade marks.

Will the chain, they ask, that surrounds the northern hemisphere clank when a First National picture flashes on the screen? Will the wind whistle around the top of the Paramount snow-covered mountain? And how about Warner Brothers, with the picture of a studio as a trade mark? What kind of noise does a studio make? Some one suggested that it probably would be a loud voice shouting "Yes!"



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# A Jungle Lorelei

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

crimson, pagan mouth which she paints like a Christian.

Slicum, erstwhile boot-black on the Metro-Goldwyn lot and now assistant to King Vidor, was interlocutor at the party, presenting me to the various celebrities.

Slicum and Nina May danced. I couldn't because of the strict etiquette at the Apex: (My complexion was off, but what with my deepening coat of tan and a natural kink in my hair it won't be long, hey! hey!)

**DURING** one dance I went over to the table of Stepin Fetchit, who assured me that Nina was a very nice girl.

"Ya, he proposed to me," said Nina scornfully. "But he don't save his money. He says the Holy Virgin will take care of him. I say, 'Ya? . . . The Holy Virgin is goin' to turn on you some day, big boy!'"

Nina requested a powder puff from her mother, who sat with us. Her mother is a young woman of thirty-two, of light skin, who might have Spanish blood. She spoke very little, but her eyes never left the bedeviling Nina.

"No suh," said Nina. "When I marry it's goin' be for money. Yes suh, I think that's a good idea."

"Ah, Nina, you ought to marry for love," said I white-trashily.

"I can't," said Nina. "He's got a wife. Anyhow what does love get you? No suh, I wouldn't keep no man like some these girls do—give 'um fur coats an' they go round talkin' about you . . . Not me! . . . I know. I want a man to do for me as much as I do for him. . . . More! Yes suh. I take everything I get. I want furs hangin' to the ground—an' dresses like Miss Swanson's—and diamonds dribblin' all over my physique—um-um!"

Nina buried her face in her hands in a spasm of ecstasy at the vision of her physique perspiring with diamonds.

"I'm going to take Paris by storm," she continued, when she had regained her calm. "I'm going to do what Josephine Baker did—you know, Josephine Baker the colored girl hit of Paris. But I ain't going to marry no count like she did. No suh, not me!"

"I don't want no title. I want automobiles an' clothes an' diamonds an' . . ." Nina threatened to break down again in hysteria of heavenly bliss.

As a child, Nina May McKenney was a little maid in white cap and apron for a wealthy Carolina family.

They used to send her to the bank to deposit money.

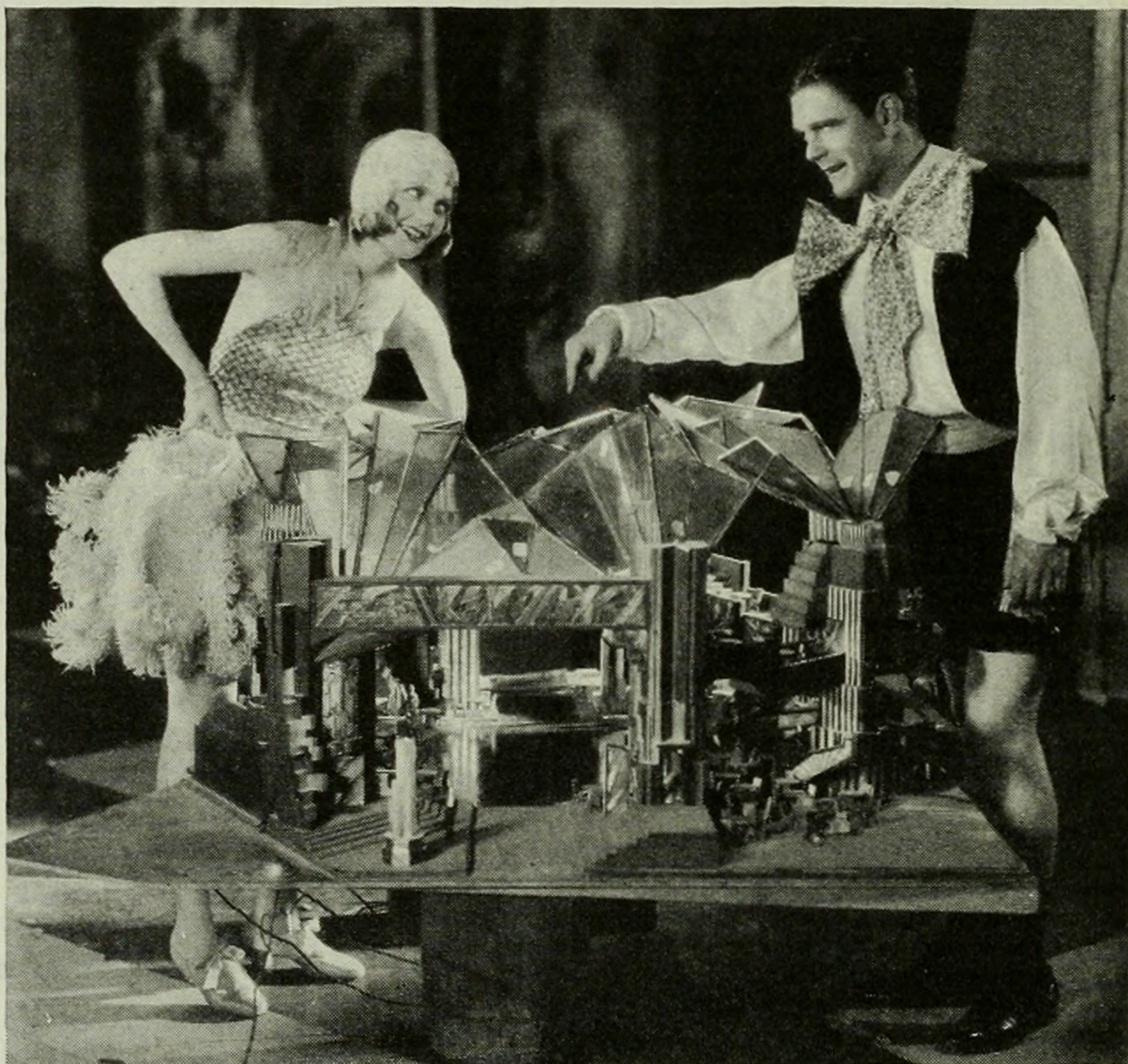
"They trusted me with thousands of dollars an' I never stole none of it, never did," avers Nina. But she did grow powerful fond of it.

Her mother wanted her to be a school teacher. Nina wriggled her nose at the absurdity of that. Instead, she went on the stage at the age of fifteen, sang and danced in "High-Flys" in Harlem, then went into the chorus of the Broadway colored musical show, "Black-birds," where King Vidor saw her. Her theatrical career to date amounts to nine weeks; she's a little more than sixteen—not eighteen yet!

"I CAN'T say enough 'bout Mistah Vidor," she said solemnly. "He's wonderful—never curses at you—makes you feel at home—what he's done for me and my race—I never can repay."

All Hollywood is wonderful to Nina. Sure is.

"They invite me to all their parties—I been to Miss Swanson's an' Miss Davies' an'



Glenn Tryon is showing Merna Kennedy one of those gay night clubs. The little toy is a model of the big night club set used in "Broadway." The set is all wired for electricity, it has miniature chairs and tables and, probably, miniature prohibition agents

Mistah Vidor's an' John Gilbert's. Oh Lordy, Mistah Gilbert! . . ."

Nina again had to stifle her squealing emotion by covering her face.

"I like Nils Asther too—but Mistah Gilbert most of all."

She adored Valentino and was greatly disturbed to hear that his house is haunted. Someone suggested to Nina that she rent it during her stay in Hollywood. "Not *me!*" gasped Nina. "Ain't goin' to get me in no house where rockin' chairs rock all by themselves—oh-oh, not *me!*"

**KING VIDOR** reciprocates Nina's admiration. When he asked her to do a crying scene she burst into a wail that lasted fifteen minutes. All the colored players act with abandon. They continue to act after the camera stops and it sometimes takes half an hour to bring them back to reality. After the colored hero carried his dead brother past the camera and off the set King waited in vain for his return. Calls were of no avail.

When King went out to ascertain the cause of delay he found the two "brothers" in a paroxysm of emotion, weeping and stroking each other.

As for Nina, she never stops wriggling. When forced to sit in a chair she curls up like a tawny jungle cat, stretches, writhes, licks her lips and yawns, wriggles her nose or presses it into her face with her thumb and eventually subsides into purring slumber, to dream, no doubt, of a copper-colored maiden in a shower of diamonds driving Paris mad with the rhythm of the tom-toms beating in her blood.

I shall feel very, very sorry for Miss Peggy Joyce when Nina undulates abroad.

## Lucky Amateur Detectives

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

a secretary to three surgeons. She once sold a motion picture scenario and has literary ambitions. Miss Rusk loves mystery stories, which probably accounts for her success in the PHOTOPLAY contest. Her favorite author is G. K. Chesterton.

Five prizes, of \$100 each, were awarded to the following:

5. Kenneth Weaver, 1221 West 46th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

6. Elizabeth Gaskins, 3240 Osceola Street, Denver, Col.

7. Mrs. Katherine T. Bishop, 803 Colonial Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

8. Mrs. Mary E. Oliver, 1221 Butternut Street, Utica, N. Y.

9. Mrs. Horace Campbell, 5203 Jonathon Avenue, Fordson, Mich.

The remaining ten prizes, of \$50 each, were awarded to the following:

10. J. R. Davenport, 71 West 92nd Street, New York City.

11. Mrs. C. H. Monks, 131 Ackerman Avenue, Glen Rock, N. J.

12. Mrs. Chester H. Eames, 224 Union Avenue, Framingham, Mass.

13. Mrs. Sara Loacker, 2413 North Cedar Street, Spokane, Wash.

14. Marion Fay, P. O. Box 8118, Squirrel Hill Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

15. Phylon H. Cox, c/o The Marlin Grocery Company, Marlin, Texas.

16. E. C. March, 3907 E. 39th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

17. Mrs. Dana B. Reid, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

18. Mrs. J. C. King, 1947 Snowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

19. Mrs. Lottie Putnam, 2 Fifth Avenue, Webster, Mass.

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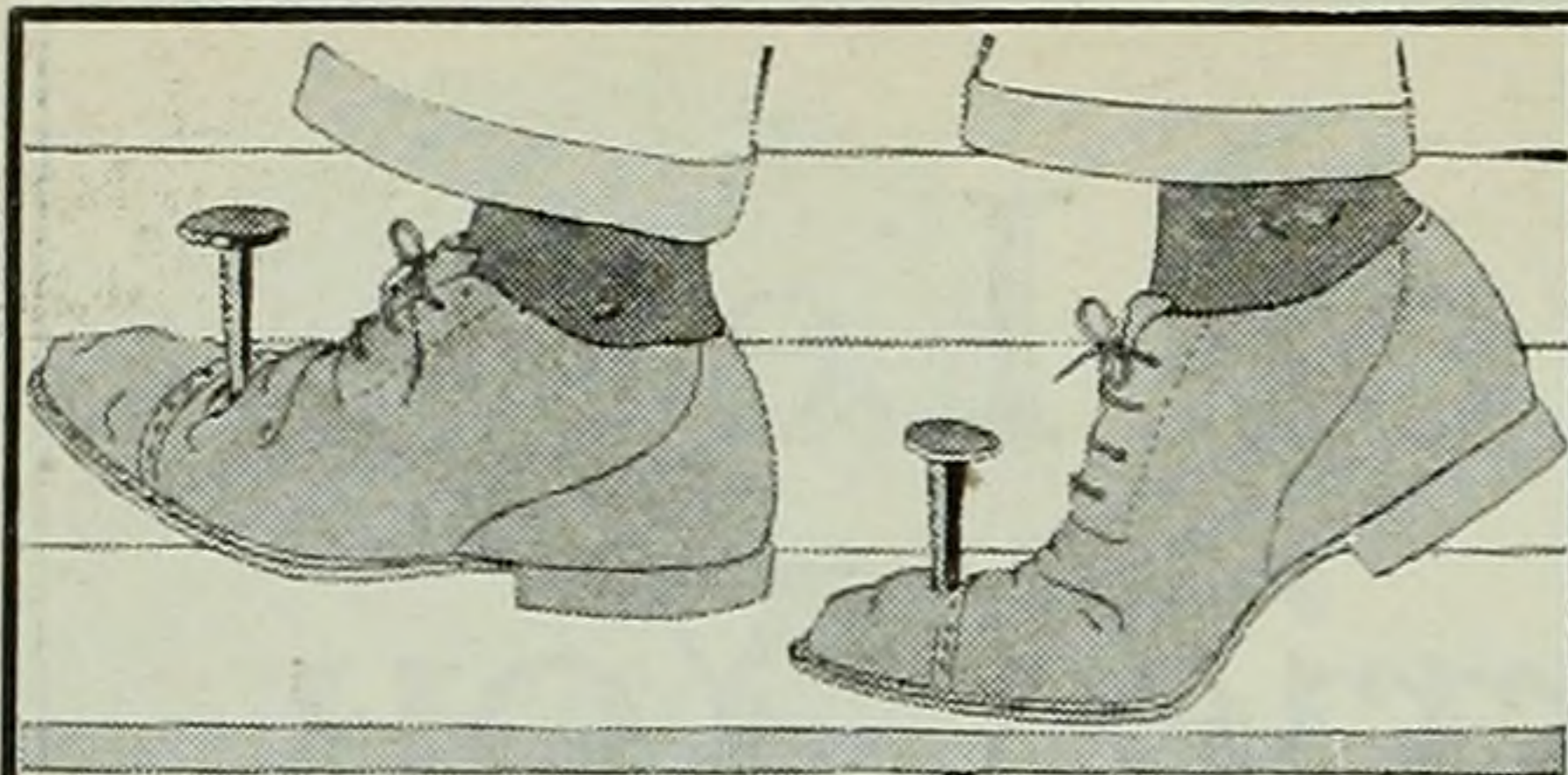
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during the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest which started in June issue. Send a post card request for a reprint of the set of cut pictures which appeared in June PHOTOPLAY, together with the complete rules, both free. Or, take advantage of the special six months' subscription rate, \$1.25 (Canada, \$1.50; Foreign, \$1.75). Send M. O. or Check to Desk 15-G-

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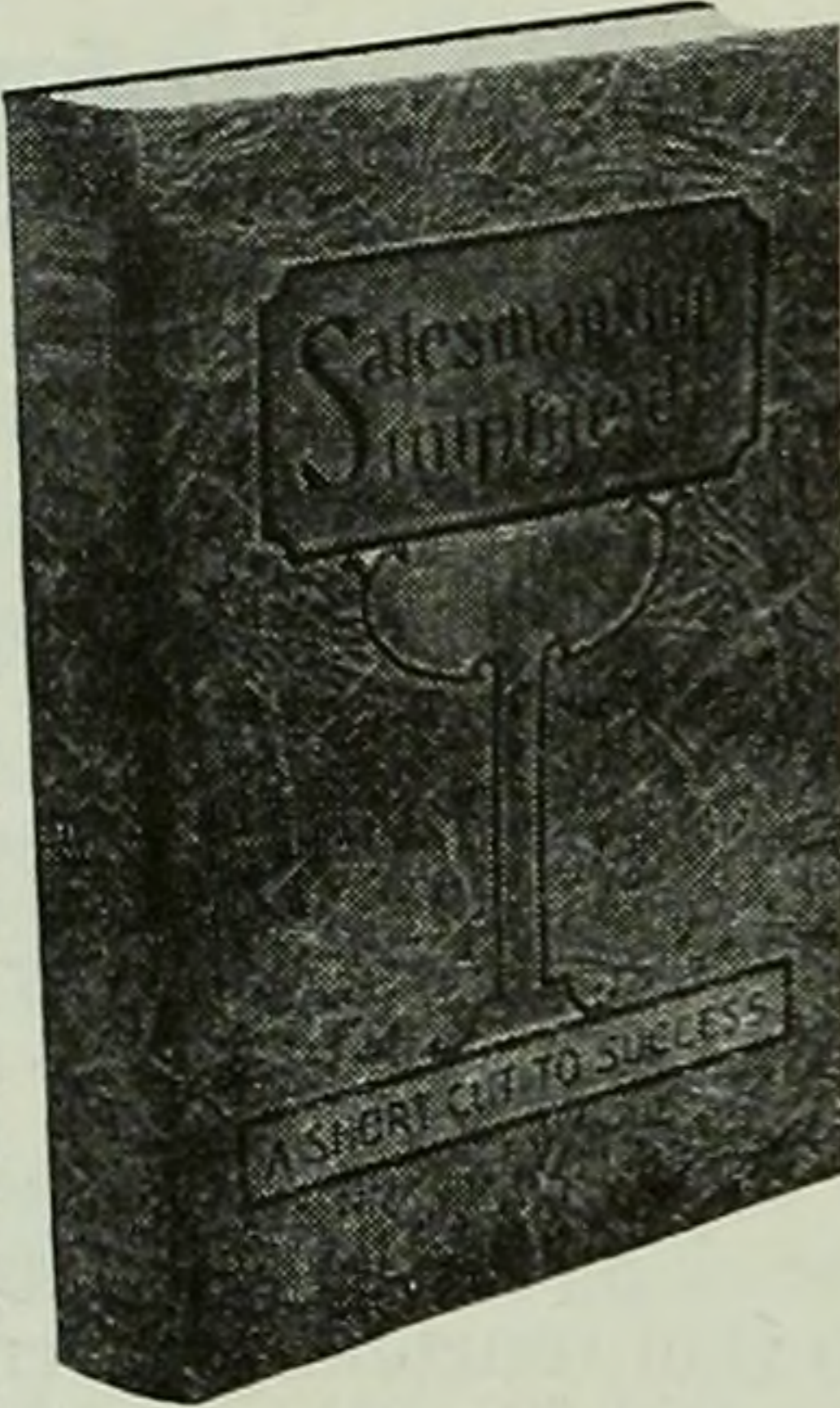
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## Little Alabam

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

I was at Dorothy's sweet little Brentwood house the night she got the part. I was ahead of her. I always am. Dorothy is usually late. That comes from being born in Alabama. When she did arrive she stepped into the room very grandly and, making a haughty gesture, said:

"Meet John Barrymore's new leading woman."

I fell in a swoon upon the floor and had to be revived.

**W**E were very grand that evening. We were full of high hopes and great ambitions. What swank Dorothy would put on when she attended the premier performance of "Tempest."

How she got the part in the first place is a neat little story itself.

It concerns a bewildered foreign director named Tourjansky, who came to this country under contract to M.-G.-M. and cooled his heels at the studio for eight long months. Just before his contract expired he was given the job of directing Tim McCoy in a Western.

It doesn't sound reasonable for a sensible studio to assign a famous Russian director to a Western. There are very few reasonable things in Hollywood.

Dorothy was given the lead in this picture. The girls never act in Westerns. They walk through them with their other expression and constantly complain at a horrid old fate that makes it necessary for them to succumb to being carried into a sunset on the horn of a cowboy's saddle.

Dorothy really tramped in this inconsequential drama. She did it for the little Russian director who was going back home humbled and broken in spirit. She gave her best to him to help him when the others laughed at his absurd English and his ignorance of American ways.

Dorothy had no ax to grind, certainly. Nobody of importance would ever see the film and Tourjansky was going away. She felt sorry, that was all. So Dorothy put the little picture and the little director out of her mind until, instead of going back to Europe, Tourjansky was signed to direct John Barrymore's picture, "Tempest."

And, when they asked Tourjansky for his choice of leading woman, he called for Dorothy Sebastian.

When this all came about I made three salaams toward Mecca and decided that there was a just Allah hovering somewhere in the vicinity of Hollywood, after all.

Those were happy days for Dorothy. Barrymore's leading woman.

Loaned from M.-G.-M., she received more attention at United Artists than on her home lot.

A star's dressing room. A maid to attend her on the set. And the knowledge that she was doing good work. She gloried in it as every girl would.

For three months she was Barrymore's leading woman. And then the blow fell. Tourjansky was taken off the picture. Sam Taylor was put on as director. Camilla Horn arrived from Germany. Dorothy was taken out of the picture. Camilla put in. The real reason for all these political changes has never been known. One of the theories was that Taylor wanted full credit for the film and saw no better way of getting it than to change leading ladies. As a selling point Camilla was under contract to U. A. and Dorothy wasn't. I have my personal opinion about it. They can't shoot me at daybreak for that.

**T**HE minute I heard about the tragedy I went to Dorothy. She hadn't come from United Artists yet. I waited. A big box of

flowers arrived. It looked like a coffin. I sat in the room with the ghastly thing. I felt like a funeral.

At last I heard the purr of her car in the driveway. She opened the door. There was not a sign of weeping on her face. She looked as pert and gay as you please.

"Hello, honey," she said to me. "Have you had your dinner?" People always say such meaningless things in crises.

And suddenly we fell into each other's arms and wept together. I told her what a bunch of meanies I thought all producers were and the bunch at United Artists in particular. Dorothy smiled wanly and opened the box.

There were dozens and dozens of red roses from John Considine, the head of United. The note was to tell her that in all his years as a producer he had never seen such a fine display of real tramping as he had that day.

"What did you do, Dorothy?" I asked.

"I didn't do anything but go into his office and grin from ear to ear and tell him that I loved every minute I had worked with him and that I was glad to have had the opportunity of playing with Mr. Barrymore, even if three months' effort would never be seen on the screen and that I hoped some day to have the pleasure of working at his lovely studio again."

I smiled wickedly. I, too, love a *beau geste*.

"And you meant it?"

"That," said Dorothy, "is my own business."

"And you didn't cry?"

**D**ON'T be silly. Not before HIM. Not before anybody at the studio. Wasn't that other girl, Camilla Horn, taking a test? Taking my part? Going to wear my clothes and do my scenes? Do you think I'd cry? Oh, honey, I thought you knew me!"

And we both fell to weeping again.

The phone began to ring. The cameraman called her, the assistant called, the prop boy. All wanted to tell her how sorry they were.

We sat there while Dorothy told me how much the part meant to her.

"We're going to the Ambassador to dance and dine," she said suddenly.

I couldn't have faced the music that night, for when the four of us (our young men had arrived by this time) stepped into the Coconut Grove (it was movie night, too) there was whispering and conjecture. Why had she lost the part? Was she a rotten actress? Had she been temperamental?

And Dorothy, her head held high, nodded brightly to her friends, danced as gayly as any and was, as usual, Little Alabam, the life of the party.

I never saw "Tempest." I couldn't bear to look at it, but there's a strange tag to the story. Camilla Horn was tested for a speaking part in "The Green Ghost." The character was supposed to have an accent.

It would have kept Camilla from being sent away to Germany. Camilla lost the part and now Dorothy has it!

**B**OUND up in a political mess at M.-G.-M., Dorothy has not had, until recently, the parts she deserved. But she has never fallen down on an assignment. She gave an outstanding performance in "A Woman of Affairs," and I guess there's no argument about her work in "Spite Marriage." It wouldn't be right if Dorothy were kept out of good rôles.

I'm glad Dorothy is the way she is. I'm glad she's not the roisterous kid Hollywood thinks her. But I'm happy that they know her as "Little Alabam." I couldn't bear a Pagliacci. I couldn't stand a person who prated of being unhappy and misunderstood.

I'm proud that Dorothy is exactly like she is and one of my best friends.



# The Lawyer for the Defense

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

been created just for him. Even with Norma Shearer, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's ace actresses in the title rôle, Hackett's work stands out as one of the fine things of the production.

Perhaps it is why again in the rôle of an attorney, this time pleading at the bar for the life of his mother in "Madame X," even the electricians and the prop boys found themselves reduced to lachrymal outpourings. They couldn't help crying—these hard-boiled men who usually regard the emotional histrionics as part of the mechanics of the job.

It is because of the fine sincerity in his work in these first two pictures that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now regards Raymond Hackett as one of their "big shots" in talking pictures. His next will be "Eva, the Fifth."

**HACKETT** is twenty-six—the boyish type. Clear, blue eyes. Blond hair. He is reserved, shy, the sort of lad mothers like to point proudly to as son.

From the beginning, Raymond took his work as only a serious-minded boy with a deep sense of chivalrous protection toward a mother and sister could.

When he was seven, he was playing the important child rôle in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" with Margaret Anglin. He came early to work one day to find a newcomer rehearsing his rôle.

A little later, he was discovered choked up with sobs in a dark corner of the wings.

"Why, Raymond, what's the matter?" he was asked.

No answer. Only a dismal shake of the head.

Margaret Anglin, summoned, sensed the trouble.

"Raymond, did you think we were going to put a new actor in your rôle?"

The boy nodded.

"Why, he's just an understudy. Didn't you ever hear of an understudy?"

Another shake of the head.

"He's someone trained to take your place in case you are ever ill."

Raymond sat straight up. "I'll never be ill," he stated quite simply. And he never was during the run of that play.

**WHEN** he was sixteen, he went to see about getting the rôle of *Scott*, the boy whom Lincoln pardons in Drinkwater's famous drama.

William Brady and Lester Lonergan were interviewing the applicants. They liked Raymond's looks.

"What salary do you want?" Lonergan asked.

"Well," he said almost apologetically, "I was getting \$125 in my last part."

"What?" bellowed Brady, "a boy like you? I don't believe it."

Raymond, suddenly white-faced, picked up his hat and walked away.

By the boy's very gesture, they knew he was telling the truth.

"I believe he's the one we want," Lonergan said.

"Send a messenger for him," returned Brady.

From this engagement and a later one with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead" Raymond became a veritable encyclopedia on Lincoln.

He never had an education, in the formal sense of the word. Two years in a private school, three years with a tutor.

But ask him about Lincoln. Or ask him about Dickens' haunts, Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey—he knows them all. For about the time the average boy is a freshman



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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-227, FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

in college, he was playing in George M. Cohan's "So This Is London" on the London stage.

He knows a good deal of law from "Mary Dugan." He knows most of the contemporary dramatists from appearing in their offerings. He knows the best literature of the world from his study for the drama.

One of his childhood tragedies was that he couldn't own a bicycle. He did find time in the midst of his stage career, however, to try the movies.

When he was five, after appearing with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," D. W. Griffith chose him for a rôle in a picture. Raymond cannot remember the name of it.

"I REMEMBER I liked Griffith because he let me play with a lot of tin soldiers and then gave them to me," he grinned.

"And I played parts on the old Lubin lot in Philadelphia from 1912 to 1915. My mother was married to Arthur Johnson, a Lubin star, whom she later divorced." He paused a moment, looked away regretfully—his way of saying that chapter was closed. Then he added, "For three years, Albert, Jeannette and I worked on the lot."

"No, I don't remember much of what I played then. No important parts. I was the child carried from the burning cabin at midnight, or the little boy who galloped miles on horseback to let the settlers know the Indians were coming. Things like that.

"I didn't care much about the movies then. I liked the stage. I liked the applause the audience gave me. Now that I've come back to pictures," he grinned—"I say that as if I had the choosing—I am terribly interested. It's been hard work getting the technique. I should have known my part in 'Mary Dugan' letter perfect. In fact, I did on the stage, but

when it came to the cameras and the microphone I found I had a great deal to learn. Oh, well—

"The nicest part is that it gives Mrs. Hackett and me a chance for a home and evenings together. We have a house at Santa Monica overlooking the ocean. It's a nice, homey sort of a place. Brown shingled—NOT Spanish. It has green shutters and a red chimney.

"Awfully cozy. I have some things in New York, some old books picked up in London, some old brass and odds and ends, you know, that we still need to make it thoroughly homelike."

HACKETT is married to Myra Hampton, whom he met while playing in that raucously funny farce, "The Cradle Snatchers," in New York. That was two and a half years ago. They have never been separated, although Miss Hampton is an actress and has carried on professionally all the time. There was a period during which Raymond went into the cast of "The Nightstick" and Miss Hampton went to Chicago with a play, when it looked as if they might be separated, but Raymond's piece was sent West, too. After that, they both came to California in the stage version of "Mary Dugan." He was performing in this melodrama at the old Mason Opera House in Los Angeles when M.-G.-M. agents saw him and signed him.

One of the ironic things about his success, however, is that the movie magnates were not thinking so much of his personality as they were of getting an actor-proof cast for Norma Shearer's first talking picture. They needed him for that play only, they thought, but he turned out to be so good that he seems to be on the books for keeps.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

S. N. M., HERKIMER, N. Y.—Am I such a character that it requires so much courage to write to me? George K. Arthur and Jean Arthur are not related to each other. George uses his own name in pictures while Jean's original monicker was Gladys Greene. George's most recent pictures are "All at Sea" and "China Bound."

FRED BEACH, GARWOOD, N. J.—The cute young lady who played the part of the captain's daughter in "Scarlet Seas" was Loretta Young. She is nineteen years old, five feet, three and a half inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and hails from Salt Lake City, Utah. Her next picture will be "The Girl in the Glass Cage."

L. GARCIA, TAMPA, FLA.—Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, about thirty-four years ago. She is married to Jascha Heifetz, the well known concert violinist. Lupe Velez was born on July 18th, 1909, and hails from Mexico.

MRS. E. JAMES, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—At last your letter has reached my attention. June Mathis, scenario writer, died on July 26th, 1927. She was attending a theater in New York and during the performance she was stricken with a heart attack, passing away before help could be given her.

DOT B., GADSDEN, ALA.—Fer gosh sakes, don't carry out your threat to scalp me. I'll settle the question right now. William Haines played the title rôle in "Brown of Harvard." Clara Bow has made one talkie, "The Wild Party," to date. Did you see it?

J. H. P., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel played in "Memory Lane."

J. P., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Lane Chandler was born in Culbertson, Montana, about twenty-eight years ago. His original monicker was Oakes. Yes, he played the part of *Holabird* in "The Legion of the Condemned." You will have to write direct to Lane for the photo.

J. R., MIAMI, FLA.—Edmund Lowe is thirty-five years old and claims San Jose, Calif., as his birthplace. Before going into the movies he appeared on the stage. He is married to Lilyan Tashman. His next picture will be "The Cock-eyed World."

R. E. S., PULASKI, N. Y.—Gilda Gray is thirty-one years old, five feet, four inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her latest picture is "Piccadilly," made in London, England.

W. E. D., JR., SAVANNAH, GA.—Dolores Del Rio was divorced from Jaime Del Rio who died Dec. 7, 1928. John Mack Brown is married to a non-professional. Charles Farrell's first picture was "Sandy."

J. P. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Sorry, but we can't give information about obtaining employment in motion pictures.

G. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Kenneth Harlan has been married three times. His first wife was Salome Jane Harlan; his second, Flo Hart; and his third is Marie Prevost. James Hall is divorced; that is to say, he is waiting for his final decree. So you see, he is married and yet he isn't. They do say James likes Merna Kennedy. But, of course, I leave all the gossip to Cal York.

H. N., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Don Alvarado is married. But "Buddy" Rogers is still a bachelor. And that's the lad's real name.

A BUNCH OF SYRACUSE U. GIRLS.—You get your answer. The bunch of you certainly write a persuasive letter. Write me any time and you'll get a response. Richard Arlen's first wife was a non-professional. The production of "Dirigible" has been postponed.

Z. M. M., CLEVELAND, O.—In answering your letter I am answering about five hundred others just like it. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is eighteen years old and Joan Crawford is twenty-three. Friends claim that Joan and Doug are married, but they themselves deny it. All I can say is that I hope these two stars will come to my aid soon and definitely answer the question themselves.

## The Butterfly Man and the Little Clown

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Then that thing about the young clubman from Denver—was his name Courtland Dines?

A crazy kid chauffeur who idolized Mabel, as does everyone who ever worked for her, shot Dines. In his stupid fashion, he thought he was protecting Mabel. Instead, he involved her in another mess. But Mabel understood the motive back of his silly interference and she stood by him at some cost to herself.

The worst indictment against Mabel is that she has been foolish, that she wasted and allowed others to waste her great spirit. But on the other side are those things of which Paul speaks in the greatest passage in the Bible—the 13th chapter in his Epistle to the Corinthians. That should be Mabel's "swan song."

Do you remember it—"Faith, hope and love. And the greatest of these is love. Love suffereth long and is kind. Seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

Mabel came to us a young, uneducated girl. She became a great personality, a star and an unusually brilliant woman. Then she faded into oblivion and we lost her bright image.

Scandal and tragedy haunt those years, but not a single accusation of unkindness, ill temper, meanness, selfishness, envy or betrayal. The craft and the malice and the trickery of life. They were too much for the little clown who never understood nor expected them.

THEY won't let anyone see Mabel now, in her Beverly Hills home where she lies so ill and wasted.

Do you know why?

Because she is so touched and grateful that anyone remembers her, that the wasting fever climbs up and up to a danger point. Even flowers bring tears of joy and appreciation to the laughter-loving eyes—and Mabel has no tears left except those that come from her very heart and her poor heart has all it can do these days to keep pace with life.

It is cowardly, but I am glad that I cannot see her. Because it hurts so to think of Mabel in that pitiful state, with all the great things that her life should have meant, undone. I know how brave her eyes would be, and how the ghost of laughter would rise in them, and how that haunting little voice would remember to speak only of her joy in my happiness.

Perhaps Lew in his struggle to win back enough health to leave his desert, feels something like that. Understanding life as he does, he understands Mabel. I think he married her to protect her—in one of those gallant gestures of his. But he wasn't strong enough.

So the romance of the butterfly man and the beautiful clown has come to its unhappy ending. The screen lacks, and will lack for some time, perhaps forever, two people who gave much happiness and who, so far as their work was concerned, always gave their best.

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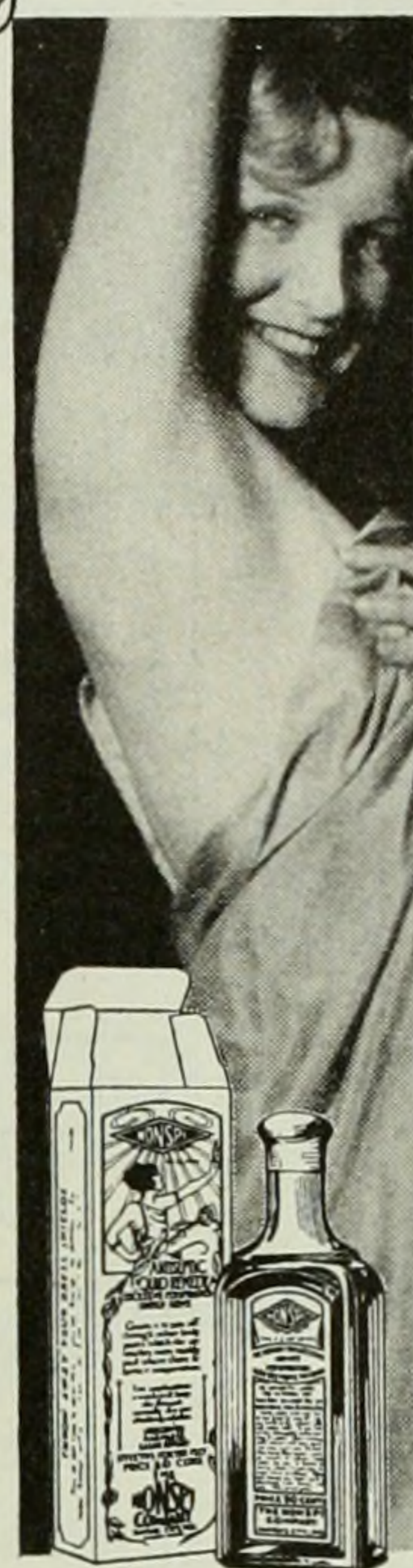
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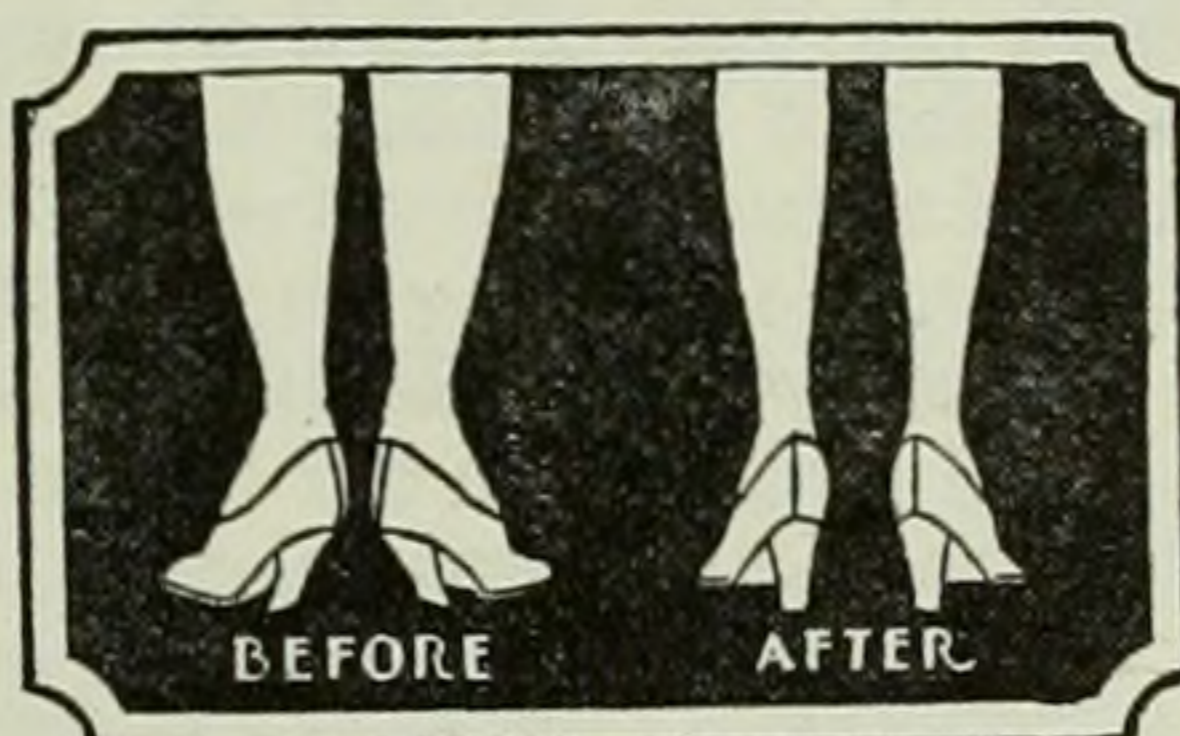
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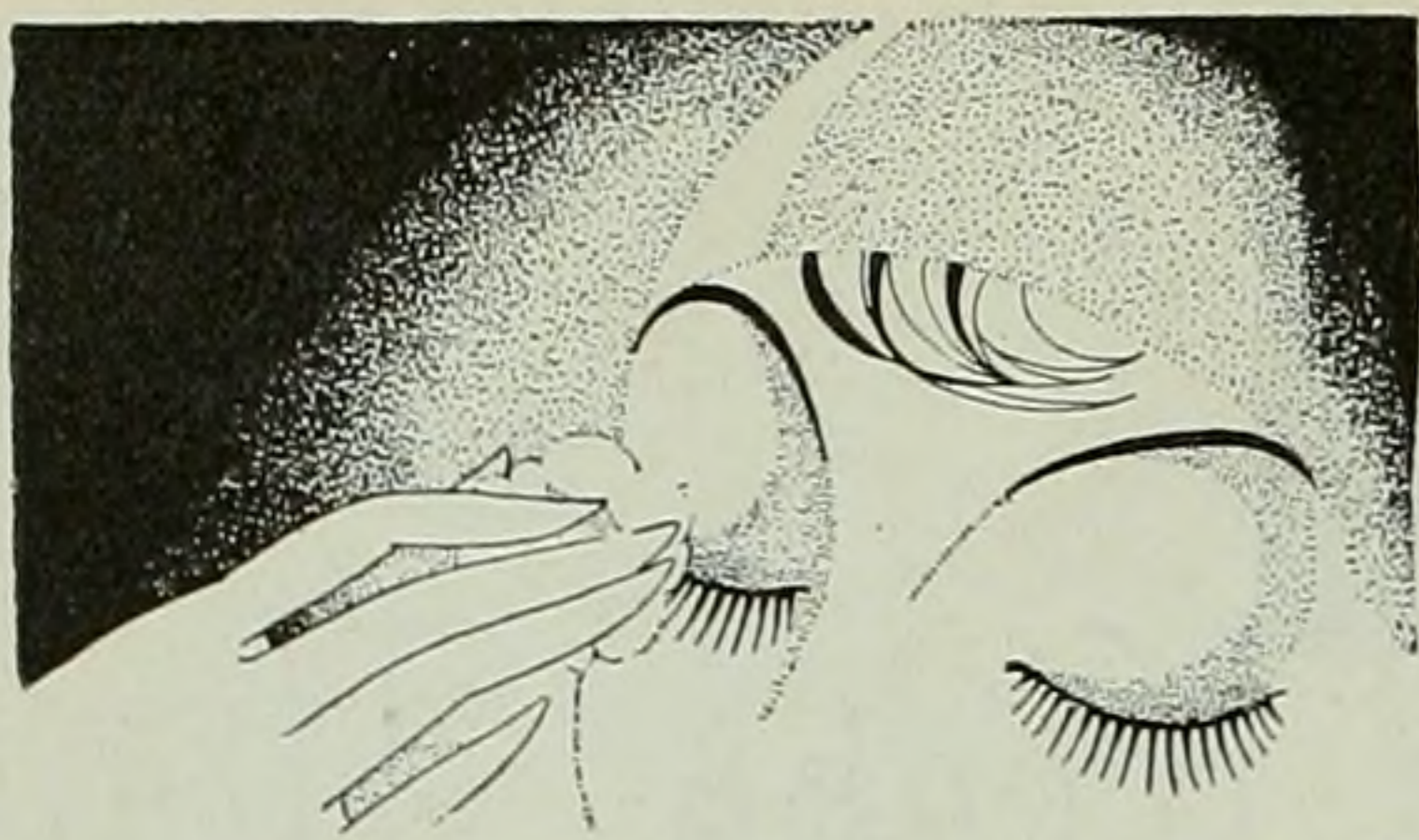
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## What Next for Gloria?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

Thus Gloria Swanson—four years ago the most sought-after star in America, who is now working her way back to the top from a precarious position on the screen.

Thus Gloria Swanson—who came from nothing to a position at the very top. And who is now awaiting the effect of her newest picture, "Queen Kelly," upon the genus-public to see if she is still popular. That is, if "Queen Kelly" is ever released.

**A**N amazing woman, who has had everything and lost it and had it again. Over and over. A cynical woman in the early days. A cynical woman still. One of the unhappiest actresses on the screen, who is still envied by thousands of girls.

Envied—and she doesn't know when she may have to leave her luxurious home in Beverly Hills to move into a small apartment.

Envied—and she cannot bear to be alone for a moment. She is afraid of her thoughts. Introspection is impossible for her.

Envied—and her whole future (for there is still a Swanson future as there always has been) rests upon the public's reception of "Queen Kelly." She has not been seen on the screen

Her past is one of the Amazing Stories of an Amazing Town.

**T**HERE have been many people in her life who affected her deeply, who left an indelible mark upon her future. Elinor Glyn was one of these. Madame Glyn, I firmly believe, taught her how to clothe herself. For the woman who was to become the synonym for *chic* the world over knew less about her dressing than the Thanksgiving turkey. She had been swathed in De Mille atrocities. She had never worn clothes.

Luckily for her, her first starring picture away from De Mille was Madame Glyn's "The Great Moment."

The writer of novels of purple passion is noted for her frankness. Upon meeting a world famous male star she said, even before the conventional gestures had been made, "You must change your barber. Your hair cut is frightful."

Nor was she any the less tactful with Gloria. She attempted to make a lady, and a well dressed lady at that, of the Keystone comedy girl. And she succeeded. For this white flame that is Swanson is pliable when she is properly approached. Otherwise,

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in nearly two years. There is no reason to envy the unhappy, melancholy Gloria.

But something may happen, as it always has happened to Gloria. Years ago it was the financial failure of a studio that saved her from ruin. Shortly after she was given her Triangle contract the company went into bankruptcy. But Cecil B. De Mille had seen her in her first dramatic rôle (the picture was released, if it was released, under the title of "Smoke") and liked her so much that he gave her a contract that more than doubled her salary. The creditors were quiet for a while.

**W**HAT has happened to her lavish apartment on top of a Manhattan building where a cohort of carpenters and painters worked for weeks so that it would be ready for her? What has happened to her Westchester property, where she and Henry, her husband, and the children were going to live for the rest of their lives?

And what will happen to her Beverly Hills palace that she bought from Gillette, the safety razor king? Once she gave it up to move into a small apartment. Rumor began. One of the Gillette officials was questioned about it. He refused to admit that the place had been taken from Swanson. He also refused to deny it. And this significant fact constituted a newspaperman's confirmation.

She is living back at the old home. But how long will she continue there? It all depends on you and "Queen Kelly." We, who know her, hope it will be the beginning of a happier era. And yet Gloria remains a personality. She is still a significant and startling figure in the intricate design of Hollywood.

she is as forceful as a night nurse. Paramount found that out when they attempted to keep her.

**W**HEN Gloria was a star she wanted to leave the home studio. She had done as she pleased there for all her quarrel with Pola Negri, when the two ruling geniuses of the lot vied with each other for best dressing room, best pictures, best exploitation and best money.

Paramount was prone to favor Gloria in these squabbles.

Shortly after her return from Paris, following her marriage, Maurice Cleary persuaded her to hold out for a fabulous sum from Paramount. They wanted to keep her. But not that badly. Their final offer was \$20,000 a week for two years. She left and, after a year's absence from the screen, signed a contract with United Artists to produce her own pictures.

"To produce her own pictures"—that has hurt more than one star. Gloria had the final word on story, direction, photography, clothes, casting. It isn't practical. Neither is Gloria.

What has happened to Gloria as a person during those fitful, restless years, those years of misery and ecstasy, of bottom to top and back again? Has she changed?

Her marriage to Henry brought her something, for he is a sweet, gentle soul of unusual kindness; too gentle, I'm afraid, too sweet for Gloria. He is now in Paris as a foreign contact man for Pathe. And the word is out that they are separated.

Men cannot fill Gloria's life. They can only be a side issue, for she is too full of energy and vitality and activity to give herself completely to a husband.

She is envied and adored, but is little changed from the Keystone kid who contracted to pay \$165 on a \$150 salary.

She wears the clothes of a lady. She has slid into the new rôle gracefully, but at heart she will always be a trifle bitter and very hard.

She is a glorious fighter when her back is against the wall. And she has a straight, serious gaze and a brisk, firm hand clasp.

WITH all her many failures, with all her financial worries, with all her personal troubles, one success stands out sharply—her adopted son, Joseph.

A sickly, weak baby when she took him, he stood before his mother not long ago and held in his hand a little square of cardboard. It was his school report. He, a chubby, healthy boy of six, had received one hundred in every study.

Gloria looked at him, her eyes brilliant with unwept tears.

Joseph had succeeded. While she?  
Has she failed?  
Can Gloria Swanson fail?  
Her new future lies ahead of her!

## Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111 ]

### Short Story

Kansas City, Mo.

About seven months ago I met a boy who was ideal in every way but one. He was tall, with clean-cut features and appealing eyes and had a good character, but he just looked like a hick. He had a good position with a good salary, but was just naturally sloppy, the kind of young man that is so wrapped up in his work and unselfish that he doesn't know what color his hair is and that he is terribly good looking. The only thing that stood between us was his appearance and I could not go through life with him looking like a rag-picker's offspring.

One night we went to see Adolphe Menjou in the movies and for the following week I raved about Adolphe's smart clothes and wonderful appearance. Then the miracle happened. From a slouching, ill-clothed and dusty-shoed boy he turned into a shining, well-groomed, well-tailored young man. He is just as unselfish as ever and not a bit conceited since he found his real self. Success!

H. E.

### Movies Her Style Center

Glendale, Calif.

As I am planning to be a dress-maker and it is very hard indeed to get all of the different styles, because I cannot afford to visit some of the style making cities, such as Paris, I am truly thankful to the movies in furnishing to my mind the different styles, different hem designs, different collars and cuffs.

I believe the movies are largely responsible for the simplicity of our American clothes.

A bouquet should also be handed to those who plan the settings.

DOLORES L. HUDSON.

### Do We Get Too Much Romance?

San Diego, Calif.

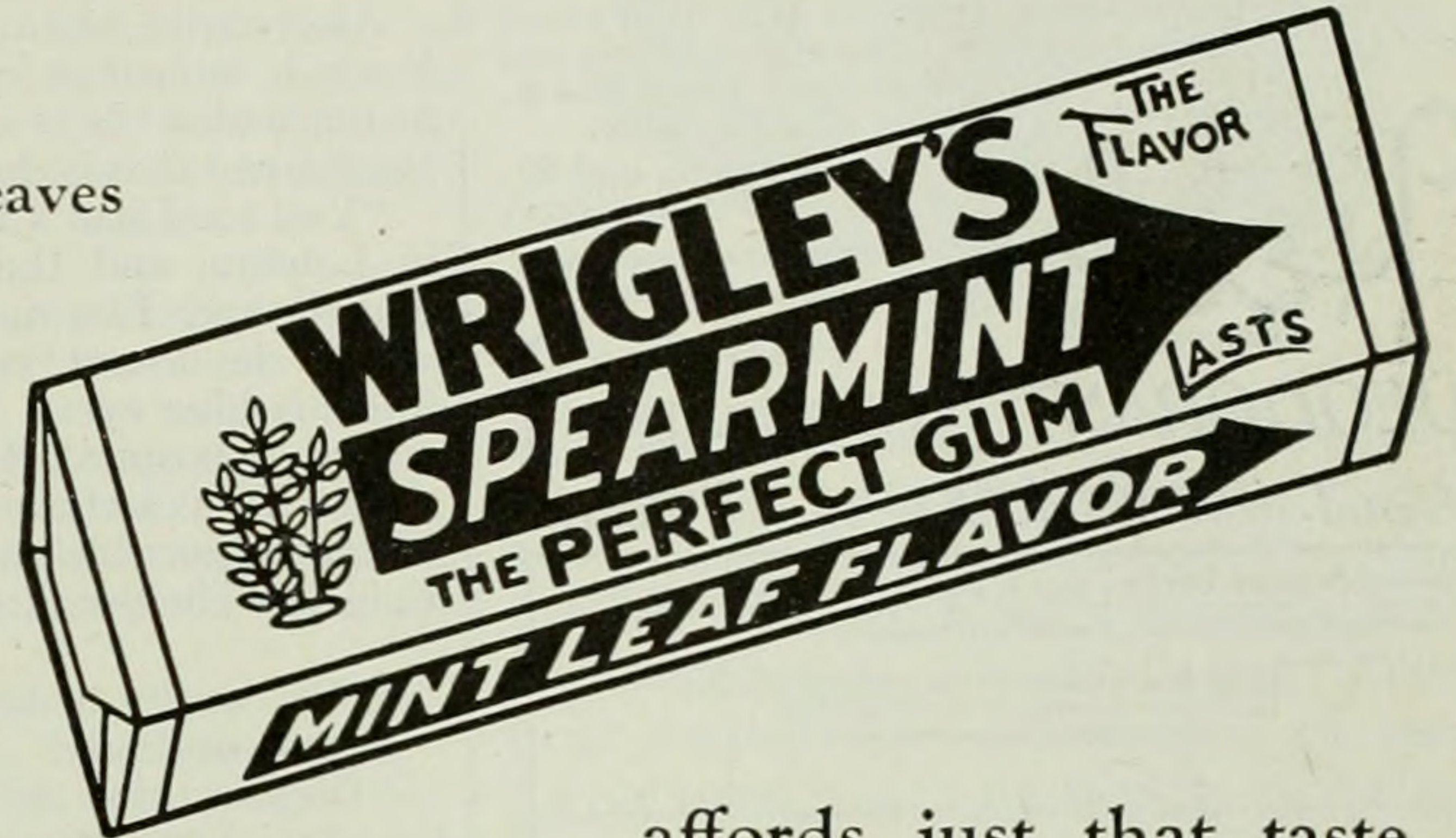
A generation ago, it was the bright lights of the city which our parents feared. Now it is the glitter and glamour of the movies. The movies make love-making the *summum bonum* of life, and accentuate too strongly its importance. They cheapen love by making it too common. Romance has its place in life, but it is not the only important or the all-important thing. The movies sugar-coat life to such an extent that young people are unprepared and shocked when they marry and face life as it is.

LEE HAMILTON.



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# The Golden Fleecer

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

He seemed too young and too good looking to have known many lonely moments, but the youthful sincerity with which he said it gave Elsa an odd little thrill.

"Last night I couldn't sleep for thinking about you—Please don't laugh at me," he begged, for Elsa's lips had curved in an unbelieving smile. "Oh, I know I shouldn't tell you this when I've only just met you but—"

And then he went on, impulsively, to say the things which every woman loves to hear and which Elsa had not heard for some time. While he was talking Elsa was thinking:

"This is really the most thrilling thing that has happened to me in ages. It's just what I've been needing. What a perfectly intriguing mouth he has. Such expressive eyes, too. I wonder if he has ever thought of going on the screen?"

Afterwards, when she dropped him off at the Spanish bungalow court where he lived, and he persuaded her to come in for just a moment, she learned that he had.

"You see I had a bit of success on the stage in London, and then came the war—" He paused and Elsa noticed a certain sadness, which she found very appealing, had crept into his blue eyes. "Afterwards, when I got out of a hospital, I couldn't seem to get a thing. I was awfully up against it—finally had to take a horrible dancing job in the south of France—" he shuddered at the recollection.

"YOU ought to be good in pictures," Elsa said sincerely.

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly. "Tell me why. I would value your opinion so much."

"Well, for one thing, you're different. I think people are getting tired of Latin types." She paused to insert a cigarette into a slender onyx holder. "Women would like you." She smiled knowingly. "And after all, isn't it women who measure the popularity of male stars? Look at Valentino."

"Oh, I say, if you could only help me! You've no idea how difficult it is to get a hearing when one is absolutely unknown."

For a moment Jason's eagerness, the flame of ambition which kindled in his eyes, put Elsa on her guard. "So," she said to herself, "it is not Elsa Delmar whose favor he courts—it is Mrs. George Delmar, the wife of the famous director." But as she raised her eyes again to meet his ardent look, she dismissed the thought as unworthy. He was so young and shy, and it was so plain that he adored her!

When Elsa said goodbye she had promised to speak to George about Jason as soon as he returned from location.

Now Elsa had no intention of letting this flirtation get out of bounds. She knew of course that it was playing with fire to go to Jason's bungalow so often (there had been several repetitions of her first visit) but then it had been a long time since Elsa had played with fire and it gave her a very delightful sense of warmth. Besides, she told herself, it was much safer to go there than to have him come to her. One could never be absolutely sure of one's servants. She was very careful to park her car some little distance from the entrance. But in spite of this precaution, each time she hurried along the hedge-bordered walk leading to Jason's door, she always had the feeling she was skirting a volcano.

THE cheaply furnished bungalow was a poor setting for Jason but it was the best he could afford, he told her. Elsa was tempted to suggest a quaint little Norman studio which she knew about, but men were odd about things like that and she could not be sure just how he would accept it. In fact, she had not been able to figure Jason at all. His restraint quite baffled her. It is true that she had held him

off—at first. Still, flirtations always progressed toward something. As a rule Elsa had had to apply the brakes long before this.

And then one night it happened.

Elsa was on her way to a party and had followed a sudden impulse—or perhaps it was feminine intuition—to stop in to see Jason. She found the room dark, except for the flickering of the candles which Jason had lighted. She slipped off her ermine wrap and stood revealed in evening dress—a shimmering, silvery dress, created by an artist, to tease the eye and ensnare the senses.

"I JUST came by for a minute to—" but she got no further than that, for looking up at Jason she saw that something had crept into his eyes which had never been there before. She drew back self-consciously, as though to reach for her wrap. But a little outslipped word which she had not meant to utter, a gesture which betrayed her, and in one swift second she was in Jason's arms.

"Please, Jason—you mustn't. There are eyes, ears—everywhere—"

Elsa knew her Hollywood—knew that it takes one small ounce of fact to make many pounds of fiction. She could hear them saying: "Have you heard the latest? Elsa Delmar is having an affair with that handsome young Jason Castle."

She tried weakly to push him away but his lips, so strong, so sweet, were pressed against hers.

"Oh, my darling," he whispered. "I need you so—"

In the end, it was his need of her that caused Elsa to throw caution out of the window.

It was not long before everybody was saying: "Doesn't Elsa Delmar look marvelous these days?"

To these compliments Elsa smiled wisely and said nothing. She could never remember having felt so absolutely alive. Every hour she could steal was spent with Jason, and on the days when some important social engagement prevented their rendezvous she never failed to send him tender little notes. Jason loved those little notes, he told her.

Sometimes they drove to the beach in Elsa's car and sat for hours on the Palisades, watching the ships like tiny specks on the far distant horizon. Elsa liked best, when she could manage it, to drive to the beach at night, when the water shimmered like oiled silk, and she could lie in Jason's arms while he told her of places he had seen—Paris, Monte Carlo, Bucharest. Whenever their conversation turned to pictures, which it often did, for Jason was working occasionally, he would remind her of her promise to speak to her husband about him.

"JUST be patient, darling. I'll know when the right moment comes. George is broad-minded but—" She left the sentence in mid-air for Jason himself to finish.

One night, when they were having their coffee, Elsa said to George, apropos of nothing at all:

"Isn't it odd that there are so few really attractive blond men on the screen?"

"I could use one in my next picture," said George, ashing his cigar in his coffee cup, a habit which always rather annoyed Elsa though she never mentioned it.

"For the lead?" she asked, trying to make her interest appear very casual.

"Yes—opposite Dalmoes."

Now it is often said of women drivers that you can never anticipate what their next move will be. The same is true of women in love. Elsa had begun the conversation with the intention of asking George to give Jason a chance, without, of course, hinting that she had any personal interest in him. She felt

that Jason was really a potential star and once he was established it would be rather thrilling to have him referred to as "Elsa Delmar's discovery." But with the mention of Donna Dalmores, that torrid importation who already had several Hollywood casualties chalked up to her credit, Elsa's question congealed on her lips.

SHE thought of Jason, her beautiful, blond Jason, playing opposite the sultry Donna. The way the Continental actress abandoned herself to love scenes was common gossip. It was a matter of professional pride with her that no man could resist her. "I have but to pout ze red mouth—so," Donna had been heard to remark. Would Jason be able to resist her? Or rather, could she herself hold him, once he knew Donna?

No—she would not chance it. She knew her limitations. She heard George's voice from a long way off, for her mind had been back in the Spanish bungalow.

"Did you have somebody in mind?"  
 "No, darling." Elsa quickly lighted the cigarette which she had been idly twirling between her fingers. "I merely remarked that it is odd there are so few blond men in pictures."

Excuse for Elsa there may have been none. Morals, however, are often a matter of geography. Elsa, remember, was living in the emotional center of the world; in a fantastic community where love-making is looked upon as a legitimate business; where love dramas are manufactured for world consumption just as cars are manufactured in Detroit. It is only natural that private lives should be influenced by professional lives.

Elsa considered that her private life was no one's affair but her own. She confided in no one and congratulated herself that no breath of scandal had touched her. She felt that she had really been very clever about it. The trouble with most women was that they did not use their heads. Her greatest difficulty now was with Jason himself. He was becoming rather insistent that she persuade George to give him a part in his new picture.

"I HEAR they are looking for a leading man for Dalmores," he said. "I ought to be ideal for that."

Elsa admitted that he would be.  
 "But you see I have to handle George very carefully," she explained. "If he thought I was trying to sell him the idea of using you in a picture he might become suspicious. And we don't want that, do we, dear?"

Jason agreed that of course they didn't. He confided, however, that he was really awfully up against it and that he had to get something soon.

"Just trust me to know the right moment to speak to George about you," she tried to placate him. Elsa was thinking that perhaps when the Dalmores picture was finished might be a very opportune time to speak to George about Jason.

But a few days later something happened which caused her to change her mind about that.

She and George were at dinner.  
 "I saw your car parked on Argyle Street this afternoon," he said casually. "I thought you were going to Ona Munsell's party."

Elsa was engaged in spearing an oyster in her cocktail.

"I did—but I had to drop in at the dressmaker's," she quickly alibied herself, trying to remember whether any of the dressmaker's bills, giving her proper address, were on George's desk.

"That Rolls-Royce of yours is rather conspicuous you know," added George.

It was just a little thing, of course, and perhaps George's words carried no hidden meaning. Still, his remark had given Elsa a start.

The next day when Jason telephoned at the usual time the maid told him that Mrs. Delmar was not in.

"What did he say?" Elsa asked from the

bathtub where she had been coaching the maid on the conversation.

"He says, Madame, that it is very important that he see you today," the maid answered without change of expression.

But Elsa did not see Jason that day nor the next. Two or three times she took up the telephone to call him, then changed her mind. What if George had heard something to arouse his suspicions? Suppose he were having her watched? She could not, she told herself, afford to take any chances. It had been a very pleasant interlude while it lasted but Elsa knew which side her bread was buttered on. She knew, too, that there were some things which George simply would not stand for. Newspaper notoriety, for instance. The time had come, she wisely decided, to ring down the curtain on Jason.

She failed, however, to take into consideration the fact that Jason might have some ideas on the matter himself. Consequently, when the butler announced one evening a week later that Mr. Castle was waiting in the drawing room, Elsa simply went cold all over. Whatever had possessed Jason to come to her? Her first impulse was to refuse to see him, but on second thought she decided it might be better to get it over with. She would be very sweet, very charming, but she would make it plain that everything was ended.

"BUT you can't end it—like this," Jason said when she had explained the matter to him.

"No?" Elsa lifted her finely arched brows. Something told her that Jason was going to be difficult. "Why not?" she asked.

"Perhaps you have forgotten, my dear Elsa, that you made a promise—a promise which you have not yet kept."

"I'm sorry about that, Jason—I really am—but you see George has heard something—about you and me, I mean. I wouldn't dare ask him now."

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "You love your husband then?"

"Of course I do."  
 "And you wouldn't want him to know that you had been—shall we say, indiscreet?"

Elsa stared at him a little dazedly. This was a new Jason she was facing. What was he driving at? Her nervous fingers twisted the long string of jade beads which hung about her neck.

"Naturally, I wouldn't want him to know—" Elsa flushed a little. She wished he would not look at her like that. She glanced toward the mantel. The little ivory clock pointed to almost six. George might be coming any minute. She must get rid of Jason as quickly as possible.

"Then perhaps you would be willing to pay—to keep that knowledge from him."

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded Elsa, knowing of course exactly what he meant.

"I mean, my dear, that foolish women sometimes have to pay for the foolish letters they write." He took from his pocket a little packet of letters. Elsa's heart seemed to do a nose dive toward her stomach as she caught sight of the tall vertical writing.

"YOU mean you are blackmailing me?" There was a little shiver in her voice.

Jason shrugged. "If you wish to call it that."

At that moment Elsa heard a car turn into the driveway.

"How much do you want?" she asked tensely.

"There are ten letters here." He fingered the packet as though to make sure. "I think a thousand dollars each would be only fair."

What price indiscretion! She had foolishly been thinking in terms of fifty or perhaps a hundred dollars, but ten thousand! She stared at him with unbelieving eyes. Could this coolly demanding person be the tender, adoring Jason she had known—the man in whose arms she had foolishly tarried—because he needed her so?

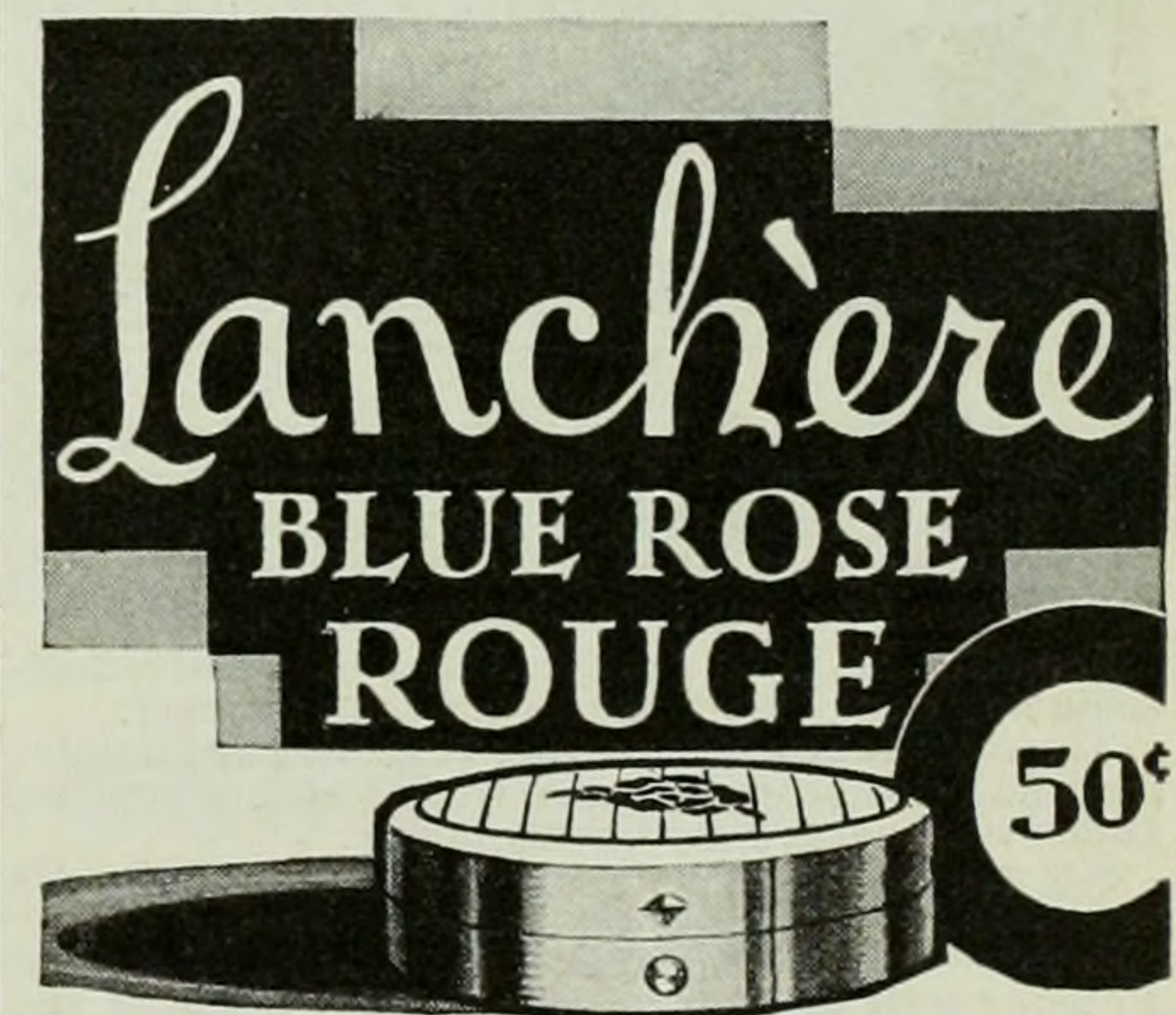
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A shaft of the afternoon sun fell upon his blond head and touched it with gold. Incongruously enough Elsa thought of that other Jason who had gone in search of the Golden Fleece. A gallant quest that. But times had indeed changed. This Jason was in quest of a fleece, too, but of a more modern variety.

TEN thousand dollars! Certainly an exorbitant price to pay for a packet of meaningless little notes. Still, it might be a small price to pay for safety. Suppose the thing should get into the papers. Excerpts from some of those notes paraded through Elsa's mind.

"My own darling—  
Do you have the smallest idea how I've missed you today? Yesterday at this time you held me in your arms. . .

"It is so sweet—so precious—this love of ours. . . .

"You are with me in thought every minute. . . ."

And the one where she quoted the popular song hit—

"You will always be  
My necessity" (she remembered she had underlined that)  
"I'd be lost without you."

How perfectly awful it would be to see those letters on the front page of the morning paper. She could visualize the headlines—ACTOR BLACKMAILS WIFE OF CELEBRATED DIRECTOR. HOLLYWOOD LOVE TRYST BARED. George would never forgive her and Elsa certainly had no desire to relinquish her position as Mrs. George Delmar. Ten thousand was a lot of money—she would probably have to pawn her pearls—but at that moment Elsa wanted safety at any price.

She rose to her feet, trying to register utter contempt.

"I haven't that much money now—but I'll bring it to you tomorrow," she promised recklessly.

"A check will do, my dear Elsa," he said suavely.

"But I can't do that. You'll have to trust me to—"

Before she finished the sentence George was in the doorway. Elsa, who had always congratulated herself that she used her head, knew that she was trapped.

"Hello, dear," he greeted her. Then, noticing Jason who was seated with his back to the door, he added: "Pardon me for bursting in like this—I didn't know you had company."

Elsa introduced them. She wondered if George noticed how odd her voice sounded. She could feel little beads of perspiration coming out on her lip, though a moment before she had been shivering. Jason, she noticed with considerable relief, had at least been considerate enough to slip the packet of letters into his coat pocket.

"Is this the young man you were telling me about, Elsa?" inquired George after he had rung for the butler to bring some cocktails.

"Why—I don't remember," she lied.

"That night we were talking about a blond man to play opposite Dalmores," he reminded her.

"Oh, yes." Elsa managed a sickly smile. She remembered distinctly that she had not mentioned any particular man. Was George just being subtle?

"MR. CASTLE would be a perfect contrast for Dalmores. Don't you think so?"

Elsa nodded. This wasn't a bit like George. "Have you done any picture work?" he turned to Jason.

Elsa was left out of the conversation that followed. She sat there twisting and untwisting the jade beads while George outlined the story

for the next Dalmores picture. While he talked, Elsa was thinking: "If George gives him that rôle opposite Dalmores he certainly ought to be decent enough to return those letters to me. I wonder if I ought to put in a good word for him so he'll know that I really meant to speak to George all the time." Two or three times she moistened her lips to speak, then changed her mind.

When Jason finally rose to go George had agreed to give him a screen test the following day. A week later the papers announced that Jason Castle, the Continental actor, would play opposite Donna Dalmores in the next George Delmar production.

Now this came as a complete surprise to Elsa, who had had a very uncomfortable week. George had said nothing whatever about the screen test and she thought it wiser not to ask him about it. Nor had she heard from Jason. She interpreted his silence as indicating that he meant to do nothing further about the letters. However, when George announced that the company was going to the mountains on location she felt considerably relieved. His absence would give her a chance to get hold of herself.

So she bought some smart new clothes which did a great deal toward restoring her self-confidence, found a new masseuse who was really a wonder, went on a lamb chop and pineapple diet, and by the time George returned she felt better able to cope with the situation.

SO much so that when he came in to kiss her Goodnight on his first evening at home she was able to say quite naturally:

"By the way, how did your new leading man turn out?"

"Splendid, my dear. I consider him one of my greatest discoveries."

Elsa mentally patted herself on the back. Funny how absolutely blind men were—particularly husbands.

"He should go far, that boy. He works in a rather unique way."

Elsa mentally added: "And how!"

"In fact, my dear, I feel so indebted to you for introducing him to me that I brought you a little gift as evidence of my appreciation."

"Oh, George, you are a darling." Elsa slipped her arms about his neck and kissed him lightly on the cheek. She hoped it was those emerald earrings she had been wanting.

"It's somewhat different from my former gifts." He paused for a second, then added: "But I hope it may prove even more valuable to you." Something about the way he was looking at her caused Elsa to feel oddly self-conscious.

He took from his pocket a tiny key and handed it to Elsa.

"I TOOK a safety deposit box for you at the bank today. This is the key."

She took it, puzzled. A safety deposit box. What use could she have for one. Her jewels were well insured. She had nothing else of value. She knew that some women went in for bonds, but she never had.

"But, George—" she began.

"Yes, I know, my dear. You're wondering what you will keep in it." He handed her a small oblong package which he took from his inside pocket. "There are only two places where this will be absolutely safe. One is in a safety box." His eyes twinkled with an oddly amused smile. "Good night, my dear—and sweet dreams."

Before Elsa could open the package he had left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Still puzzled, she ripped the covering from the package, and a crimson flush mounted her cheeks. Instantly she knew that the other safe place for such a package was the fire. Impulsively she flung it where the fire was hottest. A flare shot up, revealing for one second a fragment on which was written ". . . always be—my necessity." A slender flame curled over it and Elsa breathed a sigh of relief as it dropped into black ash.



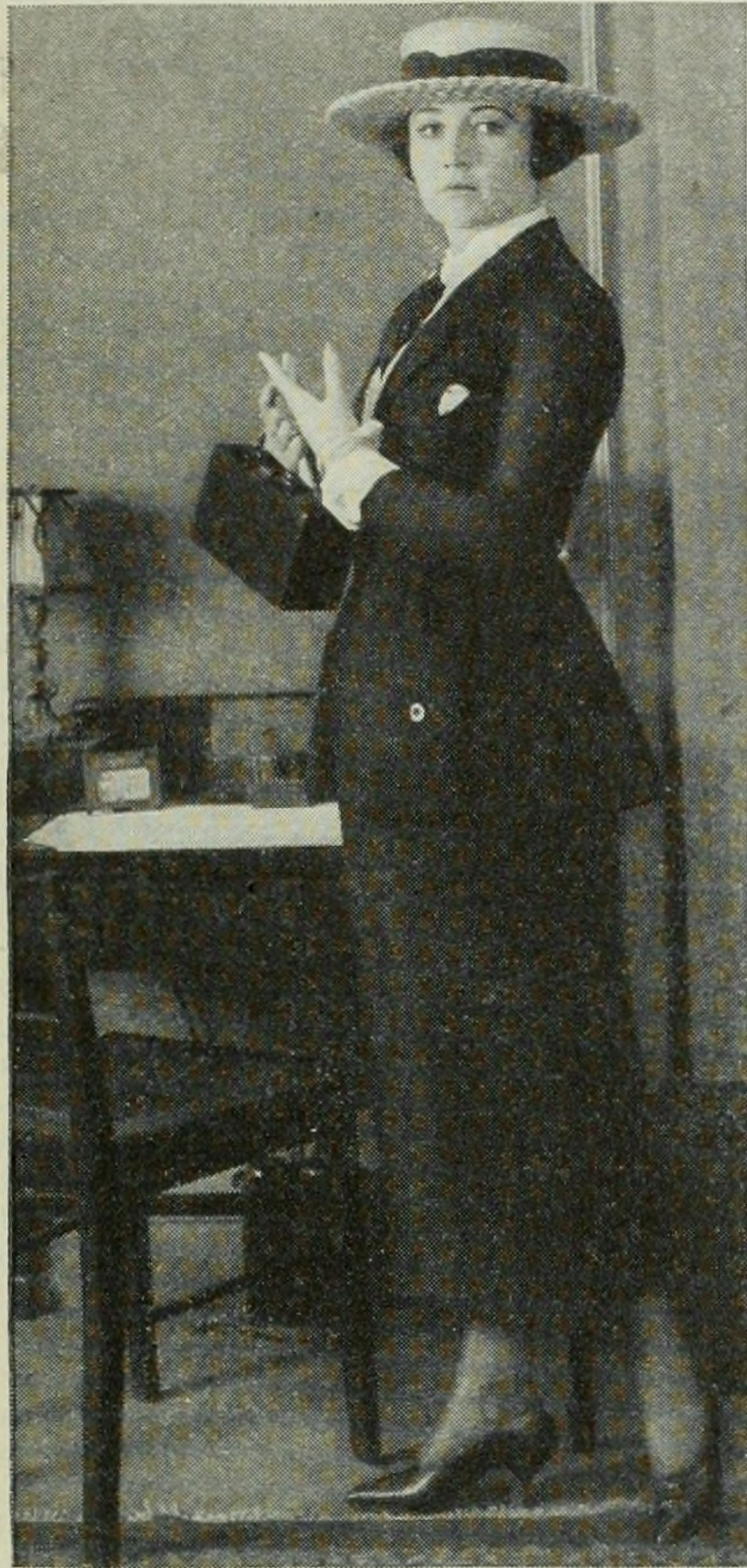
# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**R**EACHING into the grab-bag of memories of ten summers ago—when you and I were younger, Maggie.

Here's a quaint little paragraph from the issue for July, 1919:

"A new dramatic star is promised by George Loane Tucker when his independent production, 'The Miracle Man,' is produced. She is Betty Compson, long an ornament to Christie comedies."

Well, there's one we and George didn't go wrong on!



Betty Compson and hat. She looked like this in her Christie comedy days, just before blooming into stardom in 1919 in "The Miracle Man"

**M**ARY PICKFORD has just had a birthday—her twenty-fifth.

All the poor little tike got was a few diamonds and emeralds, a mink coat and a saddle horse. And Mother Smith threw her a big birthday dinner, and Mary blew out all the candles. And she's just about to appear on the screen in "Daddy Long Legs" and be just too cunnin' for anything!

**S**AY—just how mildewed are we, anyway? Here's a bit that says, "Florence Vidor long a Lasky favorite, is coming

back under the direction of her husband, King Vidor."

I don't believe it. Hortense, just have a good look for a gray hair on this dizzy head, will you?

**T**HIS is a big month for us—the films are making history, as fast as the cranks can grind.

We feature "Broken Blossoms" in story form—that master-picture by Old Fox Griffith that set Barthelmess for "Tol'able David" and gave Lil Gish another beating. Look—Donald Crisp is dragging her by the hair—here she is dying in the garret, with Chinky Dick bending over her.

And just beyond the horizon is "The Miracle Man," maker of Meighan and Compson and Chaney.

**A** PRETTY photo of Pauline Starke before she found IT. Remember what a blank she was then? . . . Jack Holt with all his hair. . . . Mary Thurman, just out of bathing suits at Sennett, coyly showing two inches of ankle to the camera. . . . Norma Talmadge's new picture is "Nancy Lee," and Conway Tearle is her leading man. . . . A pitiful story headed "Where is Mae Marsh?" It seems the little girl has retired for a spell.

**T**EN years ago this month one of the very first "Do you remember when?" stories appeared in connection with films.

**C**OMMODORE BLACKTON has written us a piece on the old Vitagraph gang. I wish you could all see some of these pictures we print!

"The Big Four"—John Bunny, Kate Price, Flora Finch, Hughie Mack. Here are Lillian ("Dimples") Walker and Florence Lawrence. And dear old Charles Kent, long dead, and William Shea, too. Leo Delaney (a nice leading man) and the beloved Florence Turner in a scene from "A Tale of Two Cities." And a shot from the first "Uncle Tom," with *Little Eva* dying just as dead as she did when Universal paid nearly a million for the privilege not long ago. Naomi Childers, Zena Keefe, Rosemary Theby, Rose Tapley, Julia Swayne Gordon—Hortense, a clean hankie and the smelling salts, please.

**G**LORIA SWANSON'S new one is "For Better, for Worse," and our learned Julian Johnson says it is for the better. Elliott Dexter, Tom Forman, Theodore Roberts, Wanda Hawley, Ray Hatton—all that grand old gang. . . . Gerry Farrar and Milton Sills have just appeared in "The Stronger Vow," and Johnson is very sweet about it all. . . . Whoa! Man the lifeboats! May Allison is stranded on a desert island in "The Island of Intrigue." Jack Mower to the rescue! . . . And Pauline Frederick is playing another of those double rôles she specializes in.

**B**USYBODY, ROCLESTER—Checking up again, you old thing! Pauline Frederick is about 33. Alice Brady is in her middle twenties. Bert Lytell is about 30. Norma Talmadge is about 22.

No—Antonio Moreno is NOT engaged to anyone!

A reprint of the first set of pictures in PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Picture Puzzle Contest will be sent free to anyone on request. A postcard will bring them and a copy of the complete rules. Address Cut Picture Puzzle Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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## Money for You!

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## Cut Puzzle Contest

# Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

eye. Perhaps you would have made a tragedy of this dissimilarity of coloring. But not Colleen. Her Irish sense of humor and her good common sense came to the rescue. When people spoke about her eyes she made some comic, amusing answer. She couldn't change them, but she could laugh at them.

And now she wouldn't change, even if she could. Her eyes are one of her greatest assets—perhaps it is the oddity of coloring that makes them photograph so "electrically," that makes her Colleen Moore of the unforgettable eyes—different from anyone else.

And for the girl who is large-boned and somewhat tall, whose hands and feet are correspondingly large and whose neck is somewhat long, what better example of overcome difficulties is there than Greta Garbo? She has turned awkwardness into a rare and unusual charm, and who thinks of her ever as a big-boned, tall girl with oversize hands and feet? The glamorous Greta makes us all forget mere physical qualities. But I doubt very much if she could have achieved this without conscious effort on her part.

ZaSu Pitts isn't the prettiest girl on the screen. But she has one of the most expressive faces to be seen. And she is thought by many, many people to have the most expressive hands. I heard a popular leading man say one day that he would rather watch the play of expression in ZaSu's hands than the most beautiful face in Hollywood! Extravagant praise, but it proves that personality just must *out*, and that facial beauty is not the only beauty that attracts.

Baclanova has a mole on her cheek, right near her nose. It's part of the Baclanova allure and charm. But Jessica S. writes me that a small mole on her face is turning what has every reason to be a blessed and happy girlhood into a veritable tragedy—she can't forget that mole a minute and she spends most of her time trying to cover it up with creams and powders. And yet Baclanova, who could easily disguise her mole with makeup judiciously applied, knows it for the distinguishing mark that it is and flaunts it proudly before the all-seeing eye of the camera.

There isn't any moral to this. Except the age-old one of making the best of it and forgetting the rest of it. If there are any questions of this kind which are troubling you, write to me, stating your problem as clearly and briefly as you can, and perhaps I can help you. There are simple methods of temporarily removing superfluous hair from arms and legs and rendering it less conspicuous on the face; there are colors and lines that modify the lines of one's figure and make for grace and chic. Watch the many helpful articles which are appearing constantly in PHOTOPLAY—articles that tell you how to dress your hair becomingly; how to apply cosmetics to the best advantage; and, best of all, how to achieve beauty that is more than skin deep.

PEGGY L.:

You are the same type as Viola Dana, who is just 4 feet, 11 inches. Yes, you are one of the lucky "in-betweens." You should have no trouble in dressing to accentuate your good points, if you follow the advice contained in the color article which appeared in the May PHOTOPLAY.

THERESE:

It is true that certain perfumes suit certain types. For instance, a small, piquant brunette would not use the same odor affected by a tall, languid blonde. There are heavy, exotic perfumes and faint delicate odors, subtle perfumes and the more obvious ones. It is only by trying a variety that each girl discovers the one scent that best expresses her personality.

Many perfumers make up small sample bottles which may be obtained free of charge or for a small sum, so that you need not buy expensive perfumes without first testing them.

FAYE K.:

It is all very well to be abrupt and superior in manner if you are willing to run the risk of social isolation. But as long as you care what people think of you and are eager to be liked, you will have to learn to be more gracious. A good disposition and a friendly manner are great aids to popularity.

NANCY S.:

Your letter really requires a personal reply, but you did not enclose a self-addressed envelope. You are in a difficult position and you must be careful to act so that you will have nothing for which to reproach yourself later. Don't do anything that will cause your self-respect to suffer. If you bring unhappiness to others you are not apt to remain happy yourself.

LIBBY B.:

Many young girls develop quickly and are made unhappy by the problem of a large bust. In a few years your form will become more symmetrical and what seems like an affliction to you now is really the foundation of a lovely, womanly figure. What if you can't wear the tight little sweaters and broad, high belts that smaller girls affect? You can be pleasingly different from the rest and wear soft blouses of non-clinging materials and trim little skirts that bring out slimness in the hips. Wear three-quarter or full length coats in preference to short jackets. Wide collars in certain shapes decrease the apparent size of the bust, but the wrong shape collar adds to it. Diagonal lines of trimming across the front and flat frills skillfully crossed also give length and slimness.

PEGGY:

I am afraid that a boy who is jealous and mean enough to talk against a girl to her friends would not be a desirable person to cultivate. Probably every time you and he would disagree he would let his temper and his tongue run away with him. It wouldn't matter then how sorry he was afterward—the mischief would be done, and you would find it increasingly hard to forgive him. If you decide to take one more chance because you believe in the sincerity of his apology, make it clear that a repetition of such conduct will arbitrarily end your friendship for all time.

FRANCES:

I think you are just a bit conceited and I am afraid the boy you write about has the same impression. He probably thinks you are too sure of yourself, and of him, and he wants to teach you a lesson. Better not act the coquette with him again, but be your natural self. After all, that is what attracted him in the first place. And don't let your feelings run away with you and fall in love until you know more about him. I don't think you need be ashamed of your home because it is poorly furnished. No man worth knowing will give that a thought.

WALLFLOWER:

It is perfectly proper for you to be friendly to the boys in your classes, especially the ones that seem a little bashful. Only be careful not to give the impression that you are forcing your attentions or that you want invitations. Those will follow as a matter of course if the boy enjoys your company. Be sweet and friendly to everyone, and the attention and companionship of boys will come to you naturally and without any special effort on your part.

# Do You Drink Enough Water?

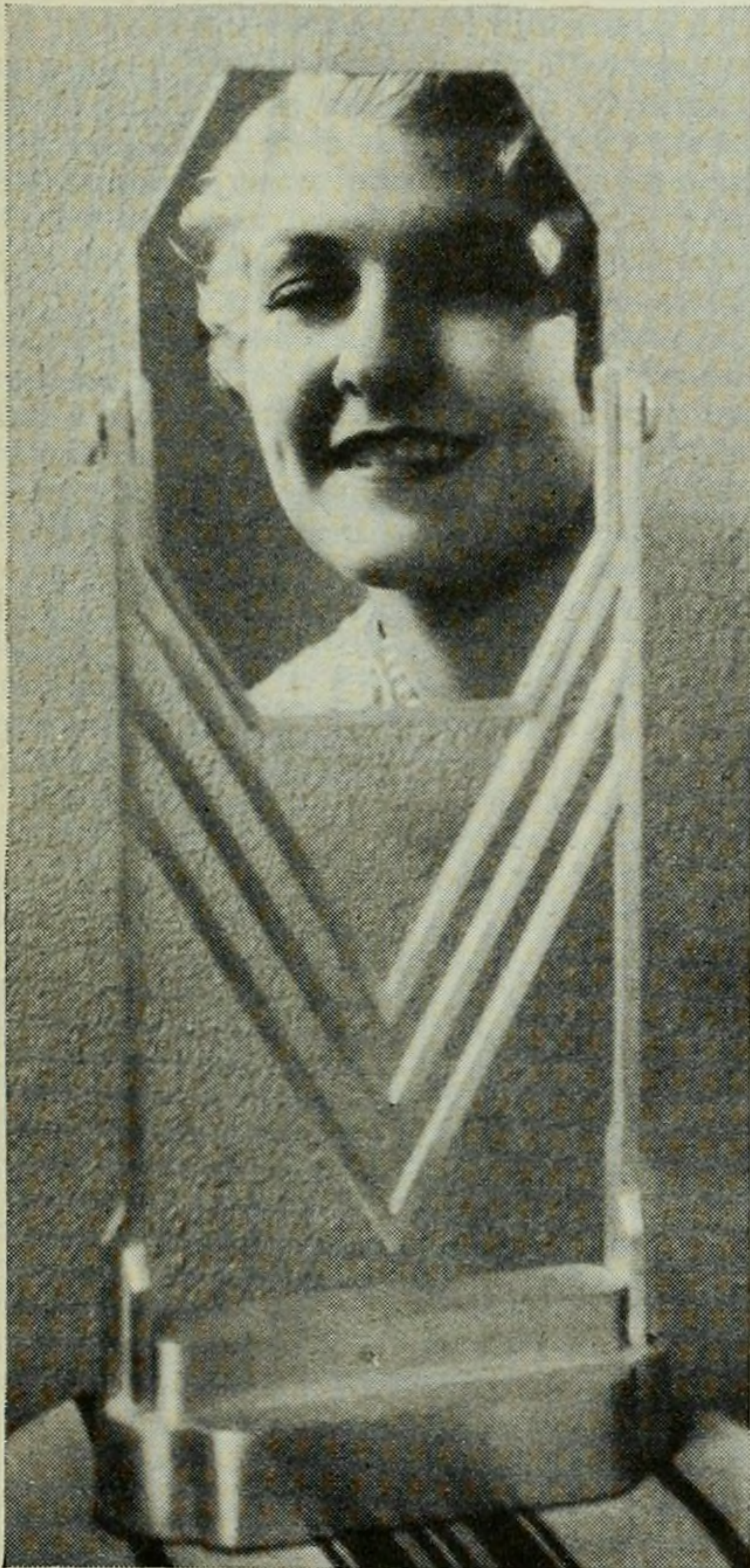
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

fluids you drink, from the water contained in solid food, and from that produced by the chemical reaction of life. Just as your body is about two-thirds water so do all solid foods contain water. The ordinary mixed diet may provide as much as a quart a day. Many foodstuffs are naturally soluble in water. The processes of digestion render many soluble which are otherwise dissolved with difficulty.

Opinions differ as to how much water should be taken with a meal. Some doctors advise as little as possible, others copious draughts. All agree that food should be properly chewed and not sluiced down with great swigs.

In my opinion there are very few people drinking enough water. A good plan to follow is to drink a pint of hot water in the morning, soon after you arise. Drink a glass of water before and after each meal and a glass between meals. At bedtime one may drink another pint of water. Such a plan will assure you of adequate fluid for your body needs and the thorough sluicing of your sewage system every day with resultant increase in your personal well-being. The waste products of life which in a concentrated form are irritating to the kidneys are thus diluted and more easily eliminated.

Consider the case of a diabetic. Two of the outstanding symptoms of this grave malady are raging thirst and frequent and copious



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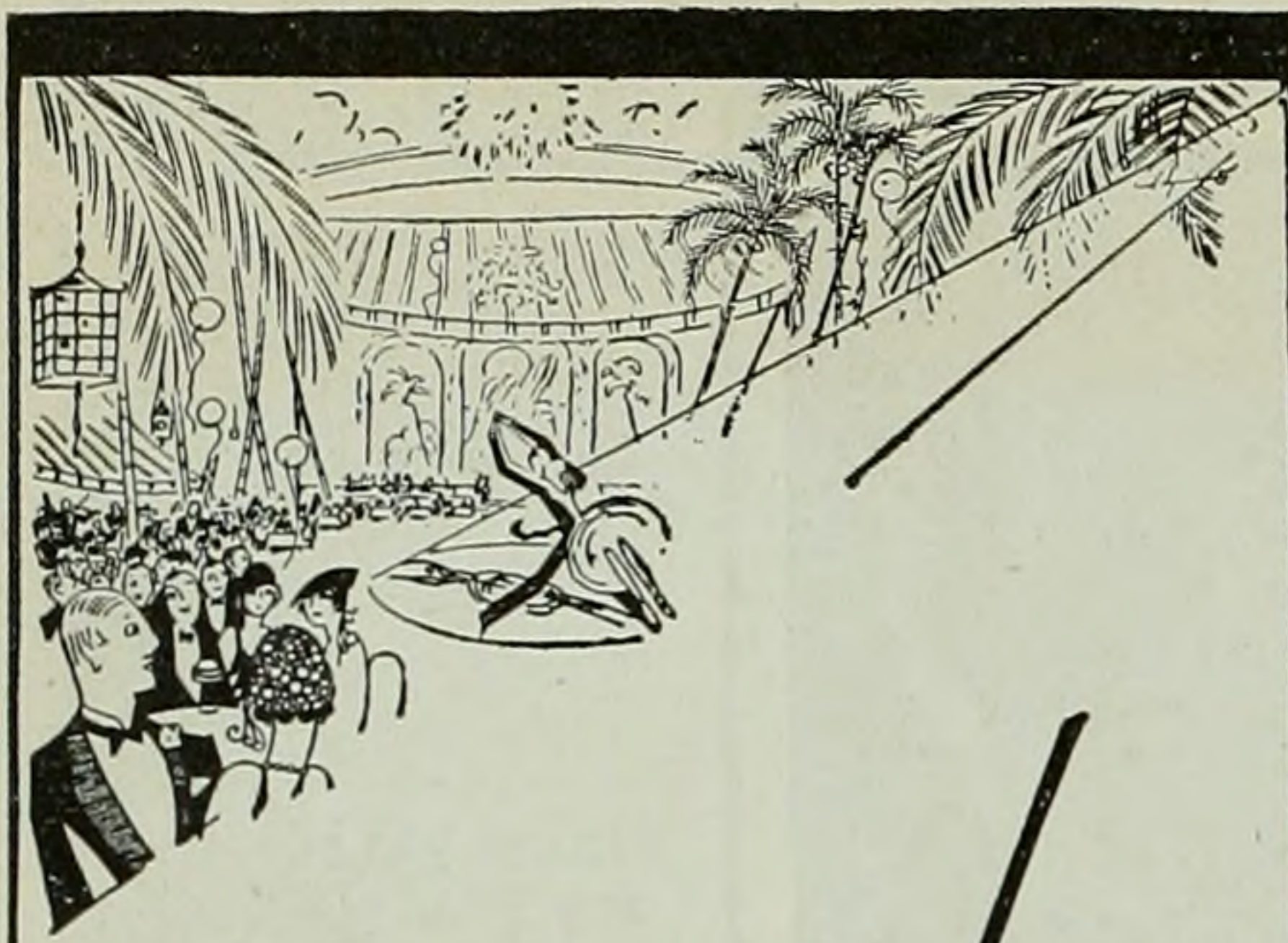
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urination. The body demands a tremendous amount of water to keep the sugar which is piling up in the blood stream in solution. The resulting huge water intake causes the tremendous output by the kidneys, carrying away sugar in solution.

Medical researches for some time past have been trying to determine the rôle of water in regard to the heat regulation of the body. Physiologists have thought that there was a heat regulating center in the brain, but such a center has never been definitely located. There is increasing evidence, however, that the maintenance of a normal body temperature, not only in health but in disease, is intimately associated with an adequate supply of water.

**T**HE body maintains a fairly constant temperature under normal conditions. Heat elimination is equal to the heat production, the body losing heat in two ways, by contact and by the evaporation of water. The body loses heat when it comes in contact with substances cooler than itself, such as the clothing, tepid baths and the air which we breathe. When we are moderately active about seventy-five per cent of the heat of the body is lost in this manner. The body changes water to water vapor at the body temperature, giving up, at the same time, a large amount of heat.

The air which we breathe is saturated with water vapor, and as the bodily activity is increased, there is a consequent increase in number and depth of our inhalations and exhalations, more water vapor being given off and more heat being lost. In fact the evaporation of perspiration causes the body to lose heat. Even though invisible to the eye, we are perspiring at all times. This perspiration evaporates and the body is cool. If one is perspiring profusely and is subjected to a draft of air, increasing the rate of evaporation, too much heat is lost too rapidly. This is the reason that the pitcher on the baseball team, even on a sweltering midsummer day, puts a heavy sweater on his throwing arm at the close of an inning; that football players are swathed in blankets between playing periods; that race horses are covered with blankets after they have been sent through their paces on the track, and "cooled" by being walked about slowly by grooms until they are no longer wet with sweat.

If you earn your daily bread by the sweat of your brow, you know the need of copious amounts of water to drink. The water boy is just as essential to the section gang as the tool box. The endless journeys of the laborers to the water bucket in hot weather are not an excuse to loaf, as many foremen erroneously believe.

If you intend to drive your automobile into the mountains or across the desert you always fill the radiator to the brim before you start the journey. This same principle is entirely applicable to your body.

**T**HE rate at which water evaporates from the body depends not only upon the amount of heat produced by the body but upon the relative humidity of the atmosphere. The warmer the air, the more water vapor it can contain. If the air is saturated with water vapor, the humidity is high and both humans and beasts suffer because the evaporation of water from the body surfaces is seriously interfered with. When the humidity is high, in order to avoid serious consequences, it is necessary to limit heat production by eating lightly and by avoiding all unnecessary work. Although the sale of ice cream mounts during a hot spell, it is a poor food for summer because of its high fat content; sherbet and iced fruit juice drinks being much more efficacious.

In disease, when the body is exhibiting an elevated temperature, fluids must be forced because the toxins or poisons produced by the disease bind water so firmly to the body cells that the loss of heat by evaporation is cut down. As the heat loss becomes less than the heat produced the temperature rises. Excellent clinical results have attended the administra-

tion of copious amounts of fluid to patients with fever. For each degree above the normal temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, the building-up and tearing-down processes of life increase approximately seven per cent, thus establishing another of the vicious circles so common in disease.

As the temperature climbs the need for losing heat from the body becomes greater. But because of the increasing poisoning or toxemia of the body there is less water available to bring about cooling by evaporation.

**E**VEN before prohibition, physicians were battling concerning the value of alcohol in the treatment of diseases producing fever. Many declared that a whiskey sling would tend to lower temperature. The thirst which develops when the concentrated liquors are used certainly proves that alcohol locks up water in the body. In my opinion the citrus fruit juices, diluted with an equal amount of water, have no harmful effects and are much more efficient in the lowering of temperature and the combating of the acid condition of the body fluids which results from a continuing high temperature. It is a mistake to drink copiously of iced fluids because the chilling process delays absorption. Water should be taken cool, and patients suffering from fever will do well to drink it at room temperature.

While upon the subject of water and its rôle in the diet, it is pertinent to consider that many of the reduction schemes before the public today are attempting to commercialize sweating as a means of losing weight.

She who thinks that a steaming bath, saturated with cheap or expensive salts, will make her slender, is indulging in not only a foolish but a futile procedure. A profuse perspiration is induced by the bath, it is true, but she who stands upon her bathroom scales, weak and weary, after a half-hour's par-boiling and notes with triumph in her eye that she has lost two pounds with one bath, will suffer an equal chagrin to find that the satisfaction of the thirst, which the bath also increases by its draining of the tissues of water, has put back upon her half-cooked carcass the pounds whose loss she happily noticed an hour or so before.

If you are interested in reducing, you will be pleased to learn that a cold bath, if your heart and nervous system can stand such an early morning shock, will prove to be an efficient metabolic whip, making your body work faster and burn up more of the fat deposits than it would without it. The drinking of water also favors increased bodily activities and it is significant to note that all of the reputable reduction regimens call for a liberal amount of fluid to be taken. You must have at least two quarts of fluid every day. More is not objectionable and can do you no harm.

**I**RECALL a recent contact with a woman who, for some years, has enjoyed a position of prominence in the motion picture firmament, whose stardom is waning because matronly curves are supplanting the slab-sided modes which the producers demand. This girl was working twenty-four hours a day to keep thin. She wore her eyes in bags and her jowls hung down like the wattles on a turkey. She had been using vibrating machines and prolonged hot salt baths, a rigorous diet of the most skeletonized type and practicing almost complete abstinence of water. She came to me because she said she was feeling nervous and because of digestive disturbances. I asked her how much water she was taking every day. Imagine my astonishment and dismay when she told me she had limited herself to an ounce of water three times a day.

That she was able to be about at all was remarkable because, as a rule, deprivation of water will produce great distress in a short time. Death sometimes follows in two to three days. Insufficient amounts of water lead to definite kidney impairment as well as to grave nutritional disturbances and defective elimination.

# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

## THE PRINCE OF HEARTS—Imperial

AN American film star falls in love with a crown prince in a mythical kingdom. It's a plot very dear to chronic movie-goers, but to the last detail, it's a weak carbon copy of "The Merry Widow." Even John Reinhardt's characterization of the royal cousin is distinctly reminiscent of Roy d'Arcy's in the von Stroheim picture. Norman Kerry is excellent as the heir apparent, and George Fawcett is very real as the blustering old king. *Silent.*

## EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal

THIS is one of a series of six thrillers starring Bill Cody. It could happen only in the movies. Single handed, the hero mops up with a gang of racketeers, is dragged by an automobile for miles, escapes from an island hide-out by taking a plunge into the ocean hundreds of feet below, but appears at the end of the day as nonchalant and immaculate as if he had just lit a Murad. *Silent.*

## TOMMY ATKINS—World Wide

ANYONE interested in the professional past of Walter Byron, Vilma Banky's recent leading man, may see him to his full advantage in this British-made film. Made in London and the Egyptian Soudan, the picture revolves about a stolen title, foreign wars against black tribesmen, and the association of two foster brothers. It has the same atmosphere and appeal as "Beau Geste," but of course, is not as big a picture. *Silent.*

## PAWNS OF PASSION—World Wide

THIS is noticeably better than most from the foreign mill, possessing an adequate amount of drama, humor, and suspense. Olga Chekova and Hans Stever play the title rôles. But, in justice to these European screen favorites, they do *not* live down to the somewhat sensuous implications of the title, which does

not in the least apply to the picture. The rather hysterical Franco-Russian story has to do with a powerful Soviet's persecution of a beautiful woman. *Silent.*

## GUN LAW—FBO

WHAT'S all the shootin' for? Some ranchmen have a little get-together to play games—gun play, horse play, foul play, and that sort of thing—but it's all in fun. No one really gets mad at anyone else. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, however, anti-climax their final fade-out as a Western team under the old FBO regime. But it's not as dull as most cow sketches. *Silent.*

## THE GAMBLERS—Warners

STORY of "high finance" and its attendant disasters. Not particularly new but well done by a capable cast, including Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner, George Fawcett, Jason Robards, and Pauline Garon. A tuneful theme song by Gus Edwards and some novel trick camera shots add interest to the story. Lois Wilson, looking very beautiful, not only talks but sings well. Quite a delightful picture. *All Talkie.*

## THE QUITTER—Columbia

A YOUNG surgeon loses his nerve, goes the downgrade, and comes back in a medical and emotional crisis. The obvious triteness of the characterization is outweighed by a climax which carries a punch. The girl shoots the heavy to save the boy's life; the youth saves the heavy because he believes the girl loves the dying man. Dorothy Revier, Ben Lyon, and Fred Kohler are featured. *Silent.*

## THE HOTTENTOT—Warners

THE picturesque ranch of the late Lucky Baldwin, millionaire sportsman, is appropriately used for the thrilling steeplechase scenes in "The Hottentot." This well-known



International Newsreel

The girl is Lily Damita. The man is Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, son of a certain Mr. William Hohenzollern. And the picture was taken several years ago in Berlin. The Prince is now in Hollywood, which also happens to be the home of Miss Damita. Hollywood says that it's a romance. Lily and the Prince say that it's just one of those cases of old friendship



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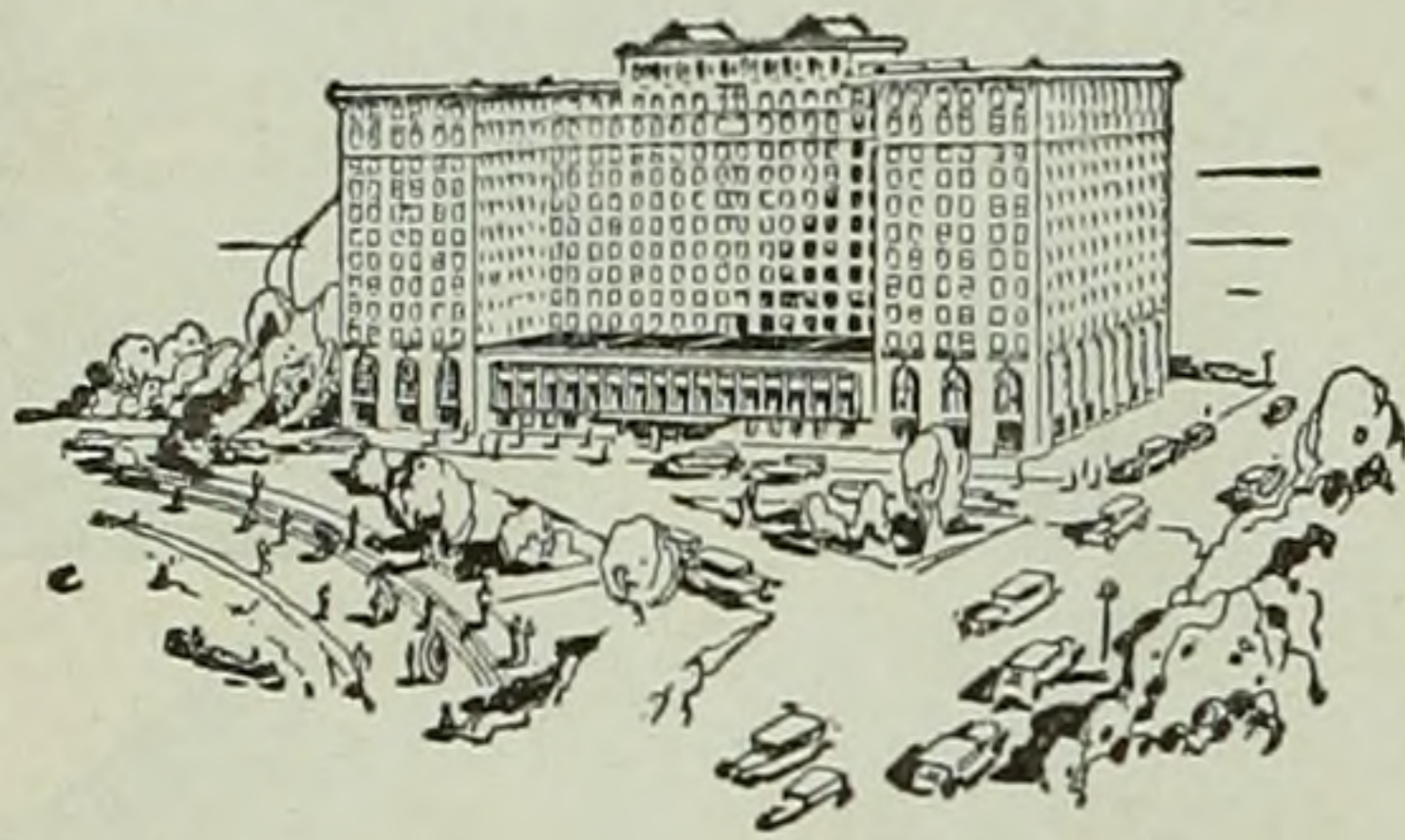
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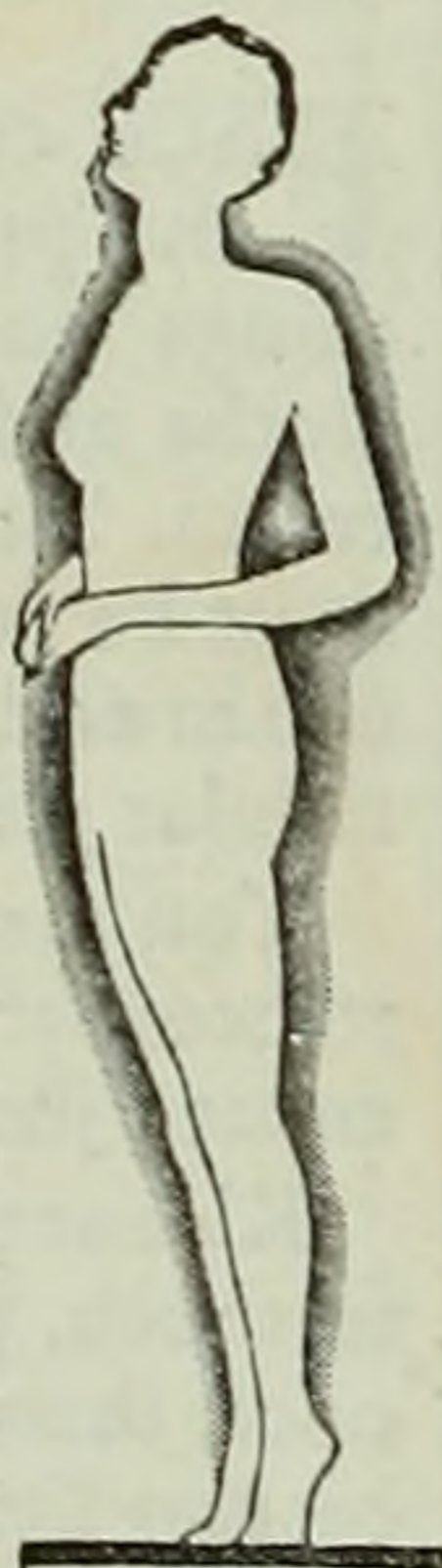
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story of the man with a fear complex about horses being mistaken for a famous horseman and compelled to ride in a steeplechase is here again. Years ago, Douglas MacLean made a good picture of it, but this audible presentation, with the inimitable Edward E. Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller, is hilarious. *All Talkie.*

### YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE—Universal

IN which a companionate husband (Charley Chase) acts as butler while his wife (Kathryn Crawford) entertains her friends, one of whom (Jean Hersholt) wants her to go with him to Paris to study designing. The gags are as plentiful as child prodigies in Hollywood. But what gags! A Ford falls apart. A Frenchman is wrongly instructed in American table manners. There's some business with an alarm clock. Ho-hum, how long the days are getting! *Part Talkie.*

### ROARING FIRES—Eilbee

FIRES aren't all that will be roaring if this one ever sees daylight. Here's why. Lady Bountiful works in the slums. Her millionaire father owns some flimsy tenements. His manager wants the girl, but he builds firetraps, so the girl spurns him. Enter the hero—*Walker*, of

mad millionaire's daughter who's tried everything once. She gets into trouble faster than the police force and her father's money can pull her out. Both she and Nick Stuart get over some fair acting in the more violent sequences. Quite the best thing either has done. *Sound.*

### THE BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY—FBO

LISTEN! Get a load of this. Cowboy Mix holds the spotlight in an honest-to-gosh thriller. Yes, this is 1929, but you'll actually grip the arms of your chair—or the person next to you. It's got all the old tricks, there's enough plot to stock any studio for years to come, but it's fast-moving, full of comedy, and has a hefty punch at the finish. If you care for Westerns in a big way, it's a Lulu! *Silent.*

### THE EXALTED FLAPPER—Fox

THE secret is out. It was Sue Carol that "put the 'pep' in pepper." Sue's first real part fits her like a glove. A young princess becomes "flapperized" after a trip to America, and refuses to be married off according to royal precedent. Her own selection turns out to be the prince she *should* have married. Old story, but amusing throughout with some scenes irresistibly funny. Barry Norton lends good support. *Sound.*

IF you didn't start to solve the first set of Cut Puzzle Pictures in last month's PHOTOPLAY, here's your chance to start now.

Maybe you mislaid, or failed to get your copy because the newsdealer was "sold out."

No matter. You may have a set of the Cut Pictures appearing in the June issue together with the complete rules, free.

Just make your request on a postcard.

Address

Cut Puzzle Picture Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hose Wagon No. 4, the left third rib of the fire department. Now then, add them up and refer to the lovelorn column of any country newspaper for further details. *Silent.*

### SHIP MATES—Educational

WE'RE in the Navy now with Lupino Lane as a gabby gob. You'll like him in this, his first chatter film. When the bugle blows at daybreak he "faws down and goes boom" and continues to go "boom" through the rest of the picture. One scene, with trick banjo playing, is just great. Plenty of laughs while you hear the dishes and pies go whistling through the air. *All Talkie.*

### THE DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN—Rayart

SHOW us an audience too Americanized to be interested in a prince and princess. It can't be done! This is the popular fairy tale of a crown prince hiding in America until he can climb his plush-lined throne in perfect safety. Remember "The Man From Headquarters"? This is a follow-up, with Cornelius Keefe in the same suave rôle he played before, Uncle Sam's most intelligent intelligence officer. Virginia Browne Fair is attractive. *Silent.*

### GIRLS GONE WILD—Fox

KEEN kid stuff—plenty hot and plenty fast—with a remarkably original and dramatic touch at the end. Sue Carol is first exuberant, then petulant, as a wild and leaping dance-

### COME ACROSS—Universal

LINA BASQUETTE and Reed Howes in a synthetic movie which is a medley, and not a very good one, of all the old, discarded plots. The heiress who would a-slumming go—a low dive where she dances with abandon and little else—the gang of sinister crooks mistake her for one of them—et cetera, *ad lib.* It looks like careless direction has spoiled this picture. Thumbs down. *Part talkie.*

### THE VAGABOND CUB—FBO

AN old time Western, with all the hokum prescribed fifteen years ago. A cowboy returns to one of his old haunts and finds a warrant out for his arrest, charging him with the murder of his best friend. There is no suspense about the real murderer, but the *Vagabond Club*, Buzz Barton, must have his turn unravelling it. All the cowboy stunts of running and riding.

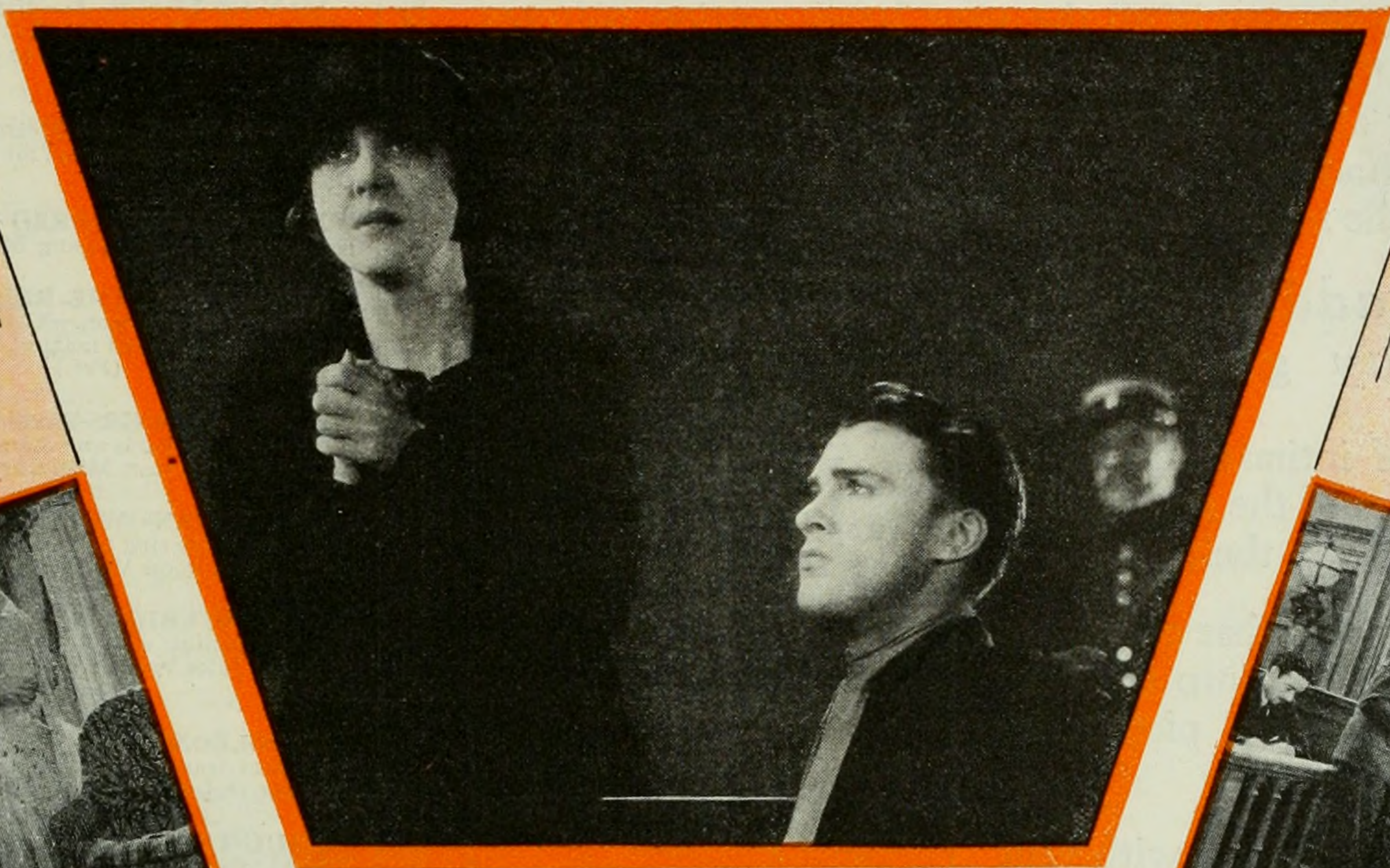
### MASKED EMOTIONS—Fox

GEORGE O'BRIEN and David Sharp are both effective in this active story of a fine fellow's love for his younger brother. Two boys with the wanderlust and the sea in their blood put into an unfrequented island for supplies. The kid stumbles across a slave ship; a crazy Malay stabs him and sets him adrift in his sloop. The older brother's search and vengeance furnish some real drama. *Silent.*

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**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 VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

**MANHATTAN KNIGHTS**—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whiskers, but plenty of action. (March.)

**MAN HIGHER UP, THE**—M.-G.-M.—Three-reel talker, with Robert Edeson and Hobart Bosworth in fine voice. Heavy drammer. (April.)

**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.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

**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**—World Wide.—Paris boulevard piece made in Paris and London by A. E. Dupont, with a Russian star, Mlle. Chekova. (April.)

★ **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.)

**NEW YEAR'S EVE**—Fox.—Dripping with sentimentality and sticky with melodrama. (June.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NO MORE CHILDREN**—Broughton.—Tasteless and worthless birth control propaganda. Don't be fooled, it's just stupid. (June.)

**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.)

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★ **PAGAN, THE**—M.-G.-M.—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 that 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.)

★ **PLUNGING HOOFS**—Universal.—For those who are crazy over horses, horses, horses. (June.)

★ **POINTS WEST**—Universal.—Good old-fashioned Western melodrama. (June.)

★ **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.)

★ **QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

★ **QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS**—Warners.—Texas Guinan in a phoney story of silly revels. Of course, if you want to get a look at Tex, here she is. Naturally it's a noise film. (June.)

★ **RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

★ **REDEEMING SIN, THE**—Warners.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable, but the picture has a certain pull. (March.)

★ **RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

★ **REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

★ **RED SWORD, THE**—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal, Carmel Myers. (April.)

★ **RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

★ **RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot, but good atmosphere and detail. (March.)

★ **RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia.—Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

★ **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.)

★ **SALVAGE**—Supreme.—All a picture should not be. (June.)

★ **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.)

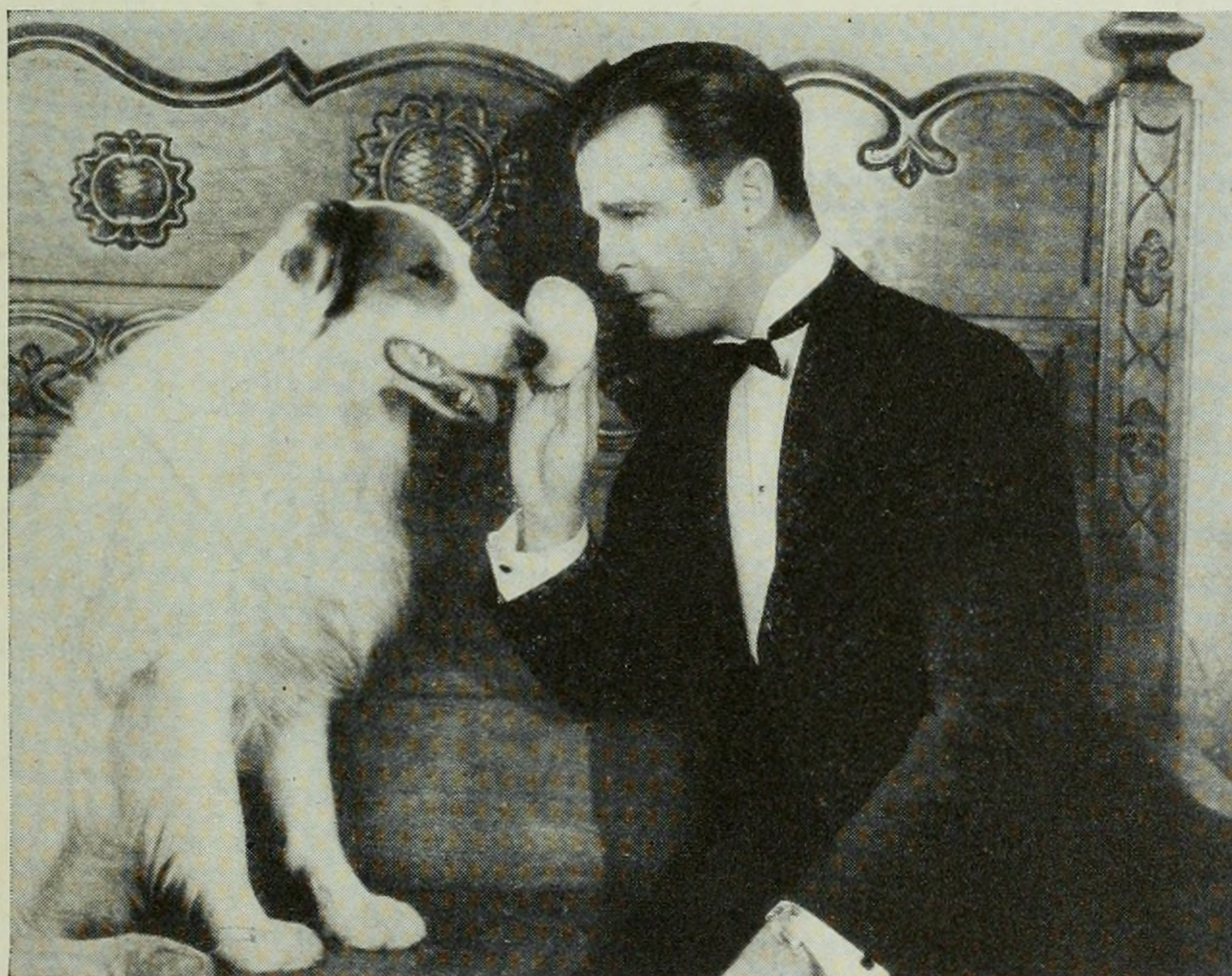
★ **SHANGHAI ROSE**—Rayart.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the mothah, fighting vainly to save it all from the bow-wows of boredom. (May.)

★ **SHE GOES TO WAR**—United Artists.—Eleanor Boardman gives a superb performance of a society girl who turns fighter. And the battle scenes are wonderful. An excellent, but not great, picture. (June.)

★ **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.)

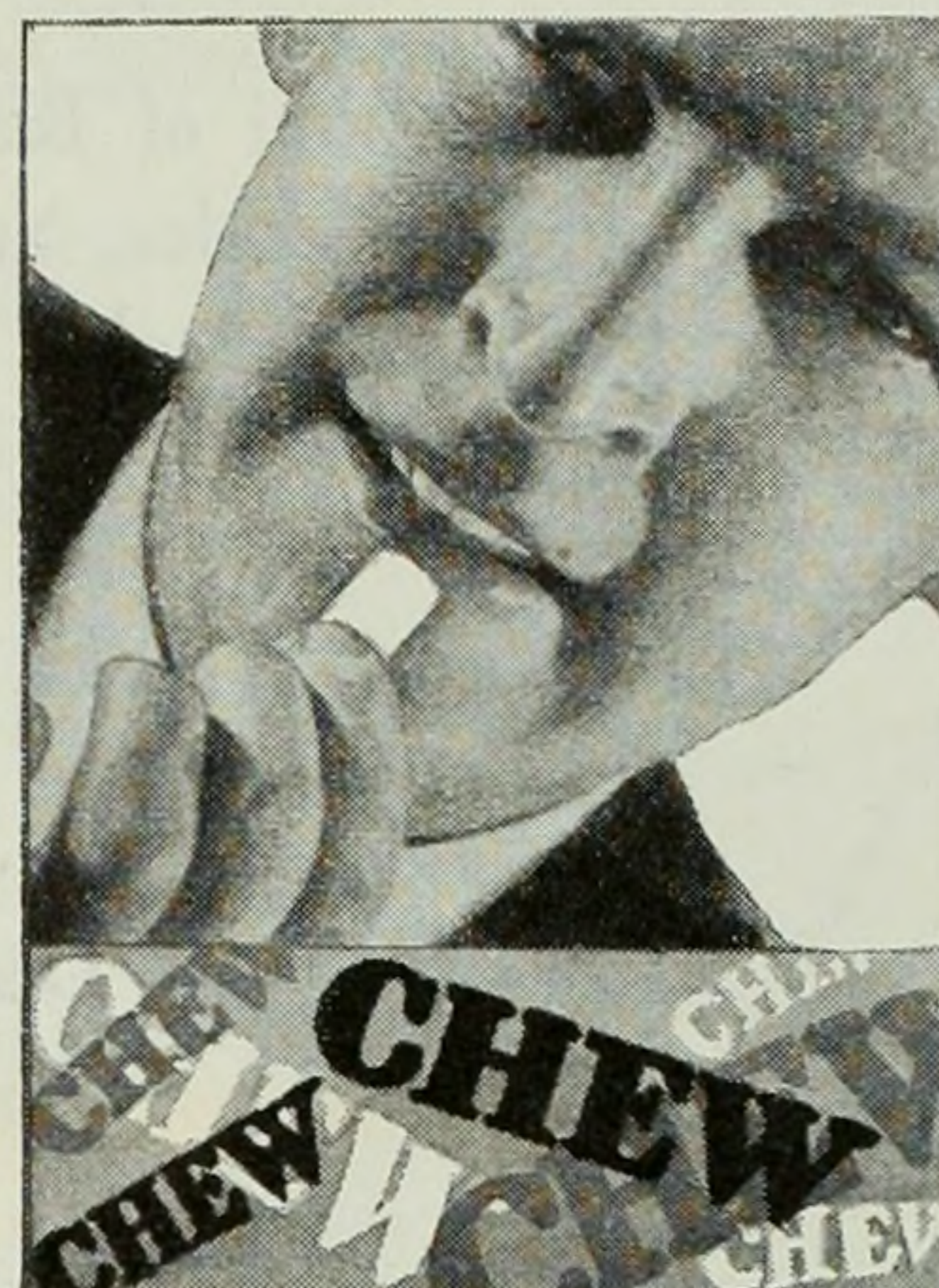
★ **SHOW BOAT**—Universal.—Lavish production of a colorful novel that deserved less obvious direction. (June.)



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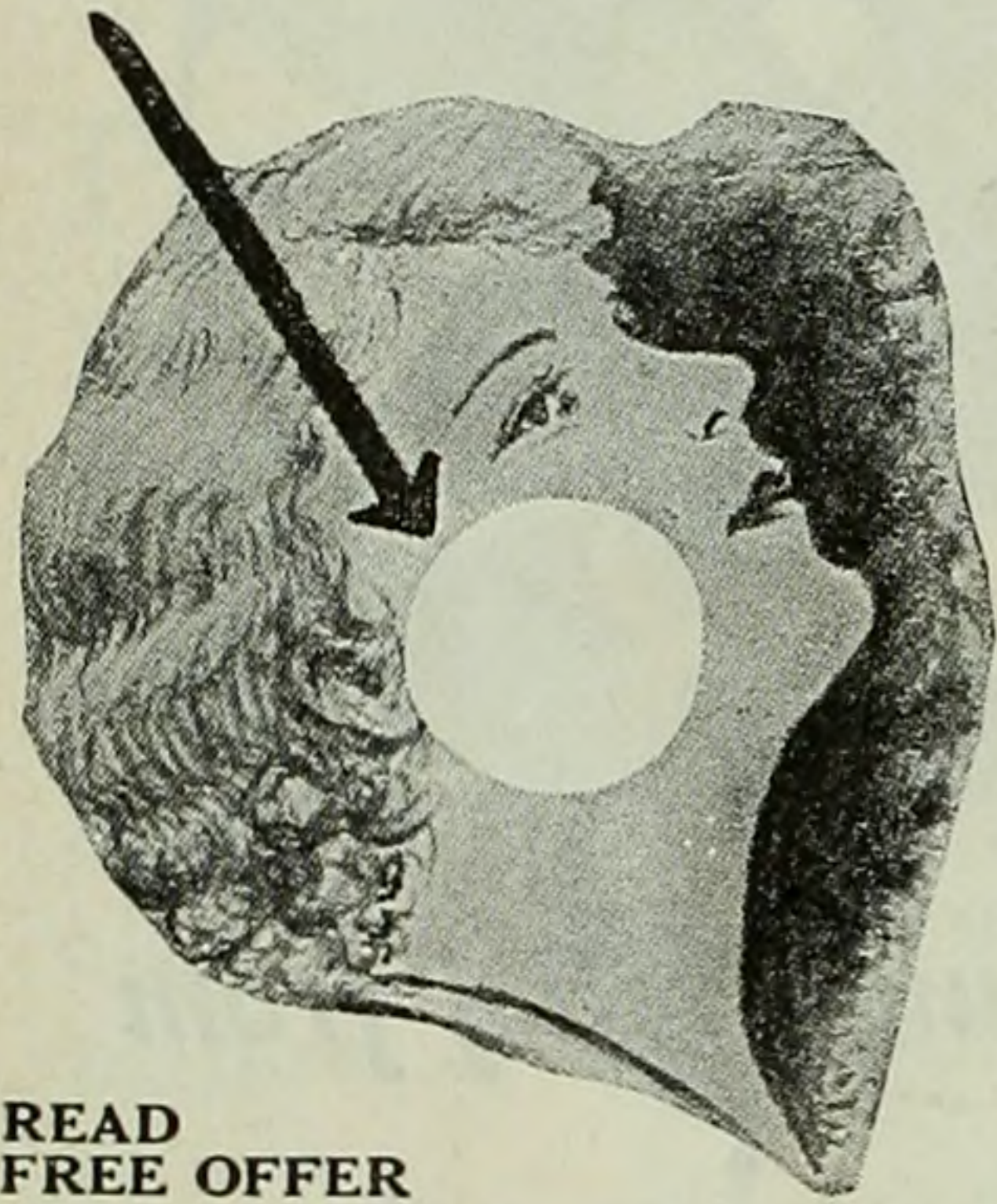
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**SIDESHOW, THE**—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little Billie plays the lead in this story of a midget's battle for success. (May.)

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

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

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

**SIN SISTER, THE**—Fox.—An Alaskan melodrama that has good suspense and excellent acting. (June.)

★ **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.)

**SOME MOTHER'S BOY**—Rayart.—Quickie hokum. (June.)

**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.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

★ **SPEAKEASY**—Fox.—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.)

**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.)

**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.)

★ **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.)

**SYNCOPIATION**—RKO.—Gay and jazzy night club entertainment that will enliven your evening. (June.)

**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.—Vilma 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.)

**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.)

**TRENT'S LAST CASE**—Fox.—A mystery story, treated like a farce. And very good, too. (June.)

★ **TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN**—M.-G.-M.—A distinct achievement, in that it is a literal translation of one of the best recent plays. And a triumphant talkie debut for Norma Shearer. (June.)

**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.)

**VOICE OF THE CITY, THE**—M.-G.-M.—Old stuff, written and directed by Willard Mack and acted by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Mack. It's a speakie. (June.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

★ **WEARY RIVER**—First National.—Barthelmess' 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.)

**WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE**—Rayart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-grass racing story, with Helene Costello and Rex Lease. (May.)

**WHERE EAST IS EAST**—M.-G.-M.—Another Chaney bed-time story, with a touch of Kipling and Poe. (June.)

★ **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.)

★ **WILD PARTY, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow's first talkie. Clara is a smooth contralto. It's a collegiate story—and that's what they want. (June.)

**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 IN THE NIGHT, A**—World Wide.—English production with a slow and sentimental story. (June.)

★ **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.)



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**At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.**

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Jean Arthur	Neil Hamilton
William Austin	O. P. Heggie
Olga Baclanova	Doris Hill
George Bancroft	Phillips Holmes
Wallace Beery	Emil Jannings
Clara Bow	Jack Luden
Evelyn Brent	Frederic March
Mary Brian	Adolphe Menjou
Clive Brook	David Newell
Nancy Carroll	Jack Oakie
Kathryn Carver	Warner Oland
Robert Castle	Guy Oliver
Lane Chandler	William Powell
Ruth Chatterton	Esther Ralston
Maurice Chevalier	Charles Rogers
Chester Conklin	Ruth Taylor
Gary Cooper	Florence Vidor
Richard Dix	Fay Wray
Paul Guertzman	

**At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Renee Adoree	Dorothy Janis
George K. Arthur	Buster Keaton
Nils Asther	Charles King
Lionel Barrymore	Gwen Lee
John Mack Brown	Bessie Love
Lon Chaney	Tim McCoy
Joan Crawford	Conrad Nagel
Karl Dane	Ramon Novarro
Marion Davies	Edward Nugent
Josephine Dunn	Anita Page
Greta Garbo	Aileen Pringle
John Gilbert	Dorothy Sebastian
Raymond Hackett	Norma Shearer
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Phyllis Haver	Ernest Torrence
Leila Hyams	Raquel Torres

**At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Frank Albertson	Janet Gaynor
Mary Astor	George Jessel
Ben Bard	Ivan Linow
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Marjorie Beebe	Sharon Lynn
Rex Bell	Farrell MacDonald
Dorothy Burgess	Victor McLaglen
Warren Burke	Lois Moran
Sue Carol	Charles Morton
Sammy Cohen	Barry Norton
June Collyer	George O'Brien
Louise Dresser	Sally Phipps
Nancy Drexel	David Rollins
Mary Duncan	Arthur Stone
Charles Eaton	Nick Stuart
Charles Farrell	Don Terry
Earle Foxe	Helen Twelvetrees

**At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

John Barrymore	Audrey Ferris
Monte Blue	Al Jolson
Betty Bronson	Davey Lee
William Collier, Jr.	May McAvoy
Dolores Costello	Grant Withers
Louise Fazenda	

**At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.**

Lina Basquette	Barbara Kent
John Boles	Beth Laemmler
Ethlyn Claire	Arthur Lake
Kathryn Crawford	Laura La Plante
Reginald Denny	George Lewis
Jack Dougherty	Fred Mackaye
Lorayne DuVal	Ken Maynard
Ruth Elder	Mary Nolan
Hoot Gibson	Mary Philbin
Dorothy Gulliver	Eddie Phillips
Otis Harlan	Joseph Schildkraut
Raymond Keane	Glenn Tryon
Merna Kennedy	Barbara Worth

**At RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Buzz Barton	Bebe Daniels
Sally Blane	Frankie Darro
Olive Borden	Bob Steele
Betty Compson	Tom Tyler

**At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.**

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
William Boyd	Jeanette Loff
Junior Coghlan	Carol Lombard

**At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.**

Richard Barthelmess	Colleen Moore
Billie Dove	Jack Mulhall
Corinne Griffith	Donald Reed
Doris Kenyon	Milton Sills
Dorothy Mackaill	Alice White

**At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

Don Alvarado	Gilbert Roland
Fannie Brice	Norma Talmadge
Douglas Fairbanks	Constance Talmadge
Mary Pickford	Lupe Velez

**At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

Olive Borden	Jacqueline Logan
William Collier, Jr.	Ben Lyon
Ralph Graves	Shirley Mason
Jack Holt	Dorothy Revier
Margaret Livingston	Lois Wilson

**In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

Vilma Banky	Ronald Colman
Walter Byron	Lily Damita

**In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.**

Dolores Del Rio	Rita Carewe
Roland Drew	LeRoy Mason

**Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.**

**Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.**

**Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.**

**William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

**Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.**

**Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.**

**Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.**

**Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.**

**Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.**

**Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.**

# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY, THE"**—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clarke. Adapted by John Stuart Twist. Directed by Eugene Ford. The cast: *Tom Markham*, Tom Mix; *Ellen Brooks*, Kathryn McGuire; *George Brooks*, Frank Beal; *Auntie Brooks*, Martha Mattox; *Stevens*, Ernest Hilliard; *Barney*, Barney Furey; *Chick*, Ethan Laidlaw.

**"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"**—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Sapper. Scenario by Wallace Smith. Directed by F. Richard Jones. The cast: *Bulldog Drummond*, Ronald Colman; *Phyllis*, Joan Bennett; *Erma*, Lilyan Tashman; *Peterson*, Montagu Love; *Lakington*, Lawrence Grant; *Danny*, Wilson Benge; *Algy*, Claude Allister; *Marcovitch*, Adolph Milar; *Travers*, Charles Sellon; *Chong*, Tetsu Komai.

**"COME ACROSS"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story, "The Stolen Lady," by Wm. Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Peter Milne. Directed by Ray Taylor. Photography by R. Redman. The cast: *Mary Houston*, Lina Basquette; *Harry Fraser*, Reed Howes; *Pop Hanson*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *"Caster Oil"* *Cassie*, Flora Finch; *George Harcourt*, Crauford Kent; *Harriet Houston*, Clarissa Selwynne.

**"DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN, THE"**—RAYART.—From the story by George Bronson Howard. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Depew. The cast: *The King*, Josef Swickard; *Princess Therese*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Yorke Norroy*, Cornelius Keefe; *Nicholas*, Wheeler Oakman; *The Prince*, George MacIntosh; *Boris*, Boris Karloff; *Ivan*, Leland Carr.

**"DUKE STEPS OUT, THE"**—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Lucian Cary. Adapted by Raymond Schrock and Dale Van Every. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Duke*, William Haines; *Susie*, Joan Crawford; *Barney*, Karl Dane; *Jake*, Tenen Holtz; *Tommy Wells*, Eddie Nugent; *Poison Kerrigan*, Jack Roper; *Bossy Edwards*, Delmer Daves; *Professor Widdicomb*, Luke Cosgrave; *Mr. Corbin*, Herbert Prior.

**"EXALTED FLAPPER, THE"**—FOX.—From the story by Will Irwin. Adapted by Ray Harisi. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Princess Izola*, Sue Carol; *Prince Boris*, Barry Norton; *Queen Charlotte*, Irene Rich; *King Alexander*, Albert Conti; *Marjorie*, Sylvia Field; *Bimbo Mehaffey*, Stuart Erwin; *Premier Vadisco*, Lawrence Grant; *Dr. Nicholas*, Charles Clary; *Old Fritz*, Michael Visaroff; *Reporter*, Don Fullen; *Banker*, Landers Stevens.

**"EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Leigh Jason. Directed by Leigh Jason and Ray Taylor. Photography by Al G. Jones. The cast: *Pat Doran*, William Cody; *Florence Hueston*, Sally Blane; *Gang Leader*, Arthur Lubin; *Gimpy Johnson*, Harry Tenbrook; *John Hueston*, Charles Clary; *Gardener*, Monte Montague.

**"FOX MOVIE-TONE FOLLIES"**—FOX.—From the story by David Butler. Dialogue by William K. Wells. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *George Shelby*, John Breeden; *Lila Beaumont*, Lola Lane; *Jay Darrell*, DeWitt Jennings; *Ann Foster*, Sharon Lynn; *Al Leaton*, Arthur Stone; *Swiftly*, Stepin Fetchit; *Martin*, Warren Hymers; *Stage Manager*, Archie Gottler; *Orchestra Leader*, Arthur Kay; *Le Maire*, Mario Dominici. *Principals in Song and Dance Numbers*: Sue Carol, Lola Lane, Sharon Lynn, Dixie Lee, Melva Cornell, Paula Langlen, Carolynne Snowden, Jeannette Dancy, David Percy, David Rollins, Bobby Burns, Frank Richardson, Henry M. Mollandin, Frank La Mont, Stepin Fetchit. *Adagio Dancers*: Vina Gale and Arthur Springer, Helen Hunt and Charles Huff, Harriet and John Griffith. *Specialty Dancers*: Stepin Fetchit, Carolynne Snowden, Jeannette Dancy, Evans and Weaver, Mitchell and Redman, Four Covans, Sam and Sam, Brown and Stevens.

**"GAMBLERS, THE"**—WARNERS.—From the play by Charles Klein. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *James Darwin*, H. B. Warner; *Catherine Darwin*, Lois Wilson; *Carvel Emerson*, Jason Robards; *Emerson, Sr.*, George Fawcett; *George Cowper*, Johnny Arthur; *Raymond*, Frank Campeau; *Isabel Emerson*, Pauline Garon; *Tooker*, Charles Sellon.

**"GIRLS GONE WILD"**—FOX.—From the story by Bertram Millhauser. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Photography by Arthur Edeson. The cast: *Babs Holworthy*, Sue Carol; *Buck Brown*, Nick Stuart; *Dan Brown*, William Russell; *Tony Morelli*, Roy D'Arcy; *Augie Sten*, Mathew Betz; *Boots*, Leslie Fenton; *Dilly*, Louis Natheaux; *Mrs. Holworthy*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Holworthy*, Lumsden Hare; *Judge Elliott*, Edmund Breese; *Speed Wade*, John Darrow; *Grandma*, Minna Ferry.

**"GUN LAW"**—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast:

*Tom O'Brien*, Tom Tyler; *Cy Brown*, Barney Furey; *Nancy*, Ethlyne Clair; *"Buster" Brown*, Frankie Darro; *"Big Bill" Driscoll*, Lew Meehan; *Surveyor*, Tom Brooker.

**"HOLE IN THE WALL, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Fred Jackson. Adapted by Pierre Collings. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Jean Oliver*, Claudette Colbert; *Gordon Grant*, David Newell; *Mme. Mystra*, Nelly Savage; *The Fox*, Edward G. Robinson; *Goofy*, Donald Meek; *Jim*, Alan Brooks; *Mrs. Ramsay*, Louise Glosser Hale; *Mrs. Carslake*, Katherine Emmet; *Marcia*, Marcia Kagno; *Dogface*, Barry McCollum; *Police Inspector*, George McQuarrie; *Mrs. Lyons*, Helen Crane.

**"HONKY-TONK"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Leslie S. Barrows. Adapted by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Sophie Leonard*, Sophie Tucker; *Freddie Gilmore*, George Duryea; *Beth*, Lila Lee; *Jean Gilmore*, Audrey Ferris; *Jim Blake*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Cafe Manager*, John T. Murray.

**"HOTTENTOT, THE"**—WARNERS.—From the play by Victor Mapes and William Collier. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Sam Harrington*, Edward Everett Horton; *Peggy Fairfax*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Ollie Gilford*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Chadwick*, Gladys Brockwell; *Larry Crawford*, Edward Earle; *Alec Fairfax*, Stanley Taylor; *Perkins*, the Groom, Otto Hoffman; *Swift*, the Buller, Douglas Gerrard; *May Gilford*, Maude Turner Gordon.

**"INNOCENTS OF PARIS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by C. E. Andrews. Dialogue by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Maurice Marny*, Maurice Chevalier; *Louise Leval*, Sylvia Beecher; *Emile Leval*, Russell Simpson; *Mons. Marny*, George Fawcett; *Mme. Marny*, Mrs. George Fawcett; *Mons. Renard*, John Miljan; *Mme. Renard*, Margaret Livingston; *Jo-Jo*, David Durand; *Jules*, Jack Luden; *Musician*, Johnnie Morris.

**"MADAME X"**—M.-G.-M.—From the play by Alexandre Bisson. Dialogue by Willard Mack. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. Photography by Arthur Reed. The cast: *Floriot*, Lewis Stone; *Jacqueline*, Ruth Chatterton; *Raymond*, Raymond Hackett; *Noel*, Holmes Herbert; *Rose*, Eugenie Besserer; *Doctor*, John P. Edington; *Colonel Hanby*, Mitchell Lewis; *La Roque*, Ullric Haupt; *Merviel*, Sidney Toler; *Perissard*, Richard Carle; *Darrell*, Carroll Nye; *Valmorin*, Claud King; *Judge*, Chappell Dossett.

**"MAN I LOVE, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Adapted by Percy Heath. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Dum-Dum Brooks*, Richard Arlen; *Celia Fields*, Mary Brian; *Sonia Barondoff*, Baclanova; *Curly Bloom*, Harry Green; *Lew Layton*, Jack Oakie; *D. J. McCarthy*, Pat O'Malley; *Carlo Vesper*, Leslie Fenton; *Champ Mahoney*, Charles Sullivan; *K. O. O'Hearn*, William Vincent.

**"MASKED EMOTIONS"**—FOX.—From the story "A Son of Anak" by Ben Ames Williams. Adapted by Harry Brand and Benjamin Markson. Directed by David Butler and Kenneth Hawks. The cast: *Bramdlet Dickery*, George O'Brien; *Emily Goodell*, Nora Lane; *Will Whitten*, Farrell MacDonald; *Thad Gilson*, David Sharpe; *Captain Goodell*, Janes Gordon; *Lee Wing*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Lagune*, Frank Hagney.

**"MOTHER'S BOY"**—PATHE.—From the story by Gene Markey. Dialogue by Gene Markey. Directed by Bradley Barker. The cast: *Tommy O'Day*, Morton Downey; *Mrs. O'Day*, Beryl Mercer; *Mr. O'Day*, John T. Doyle; *Harry O'Day*, Brian Donlevy; *Rose Lyndon*, Helen Chandler; *Jake Sturmburg*, Osgood Perkins; *Joe Bush*, Lorin Raker; *Beatrice Townleigh*, Barbara Bennett; *Mrs. Apfelbaum*, Jennie Moskowitz; *Mr. Apfelbaum*, Jacob Frank; *Mr. Bumble*, Louis Sorin; *Gus LeGrand*, Robert Gleckler; *Duke of Pomplum*, Tyrrell Davis; *Dinslow*, Allan Vincent; *Evangelist*, Leslie Stowe.

**"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by James Montgomery. Adapted by John McGowan. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Robert Bennett*, Richard Dix; *E. M. Burke*, Burton Churchill; *Frank Connelly*, Louis John Bartels; *Clarence Van Dyke*, Ned Sparks; *Sabel Jackson*, Wynne Gibson; *Mabel Jackson*, Helen Kane; *Gwen Burke*, Dorothy Hall; *Mrs. E. M. Burke*, Madeline Grey; *Ethel Clark*, Nancy Ryan.

**"NOT QUITE DECENT"**—FOX.—From the story by Wallace Smith. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Linda Cunningham*, June Collyer; *Mame Jarrow*, Louise Dresser; *Jerry Connor*, Allan Lane; *Canfield*, Oscar Apfel; *Al Bergon*, Paul Nicholson; *Margie*, Marjorie Beebe; *A Crook*, Ben Hewlett; *Another Crook*, Jack Kenney.



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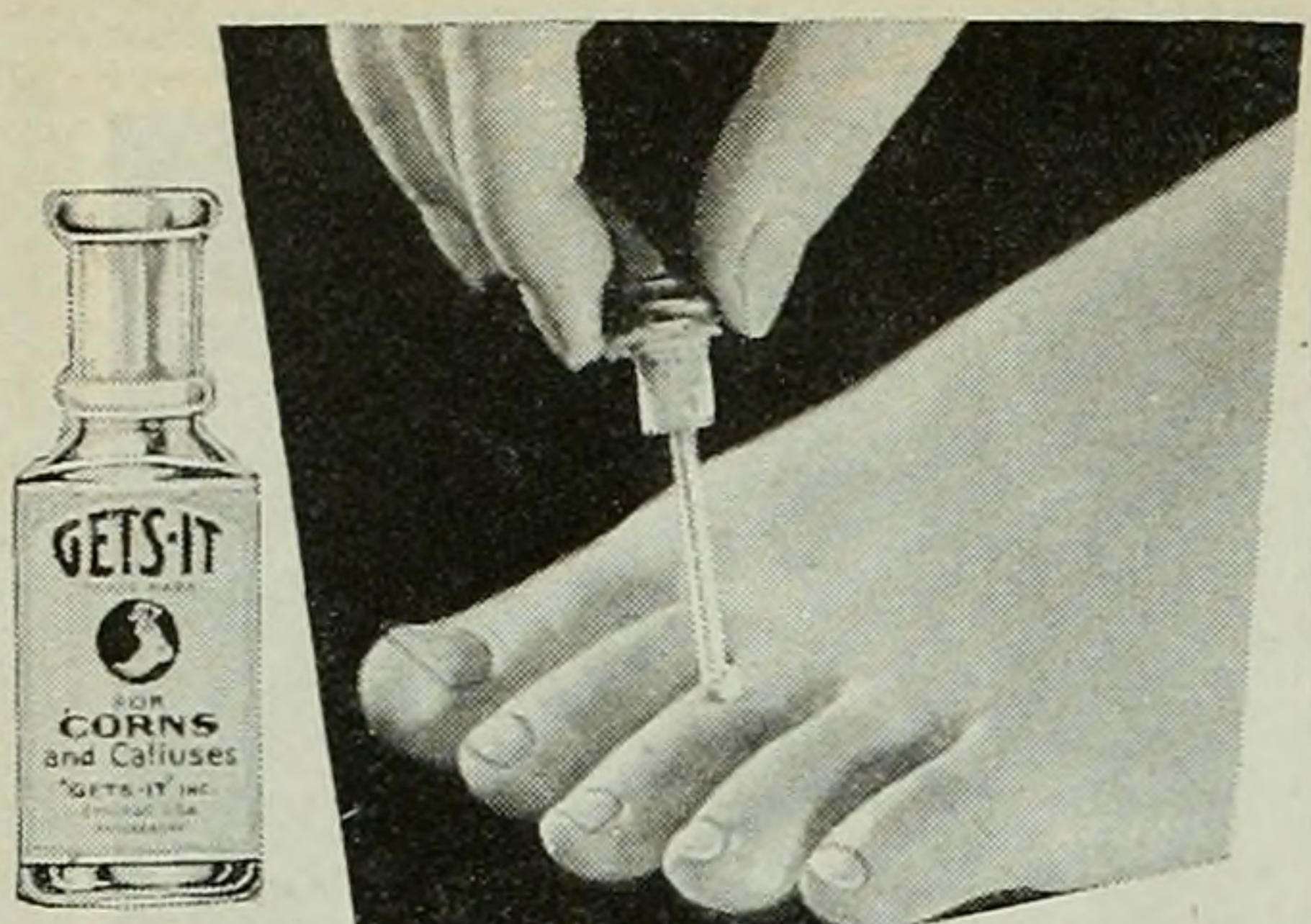
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**"OUR MODERN MAIDENS"**—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Josephine Lovett. Continuity by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Jack Conway. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: *Billie*, Joan Crawford; *Abbott*, Rod LaRocque; *Gil*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Kentucky*, Anita Page; *Reg*, Edward Nugent; *Blondie*, Josephine Dunn; *B. Bickering Brown*, Albert Gran.

**"PAWNS OF PASSION"**—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Carmine Gallone. Directed by Carmine Gallone. The cast: *Anna*, Olga Chekova; *Paul*, her little son, Sidney Suberly; *Fedor Kornilow*, Henry Baudin; *Gaston Lereau*, Hans Stever; *Lolotte*, Lola Josane.

**"PRINCE OF HEARTS, THE"**—IMPERIAL.—From the story by John Reinhardt. Directed by Cliff Wheeler. The cast: *Prince Casimir*, Norman Kerry; *Prince Milan*, John Reinhardt; *Nancy Hamilton*, Barbara Worth; *King Alexander*, George Fawcett; *Queen Marie*, Julia Griffith; *Prime Minister*, Hans Joby; *Inn Keeper*, Sam Blum.

**"QUITTER, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—Adapted from the story "The Spice of Life" by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Joseph Henabery. Photography by Joseph Walker. The cast: *Neal Abbott*, Ben Lyon; *Patricia*, Dorothy Revier; *Duffy Thompson*, Fred Kohler; *Shorty*, Charles McHugh; *Nick*, Sherry Hall; *Doris*, Jane Daly; *Dr. Abbott*, Henry Otto; *Mrs. Abbott*, Claire McDowell.

**"RAINBOW MAN, THE"**—SONO-ART-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Eddie Dowling. Adapted by Frances Agnew. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Rainbow Ryan*, Eddie Dowling; *Mary Lane*, Marion Nixon; *Billy*, Frankie Darro; *"Doc" Hardy*, Sam Hardy; *Colonel Lane*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Daredevil Bill*, George Hayes; *The Dog*, Beans; *Minstrel Men*, The Rounders Quintet.

**"ROARING FIRES"**—ELBEE.—From the story by A. B. Barringer. Directed by W. T. Lackey. The cast: *Sylvia Summers*, Alice Lake; *John D. Summers*, Lionel Belmore; *David Walker*, Roy Stewart; *Dennison De Puyster*, Raymond Turner; *Paddy Flynn*, Bert Berkley; *Spottiswoode Ailken*, Calvert Carter.

**"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Maxwell Anderson. Continuity by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Bobby*, Corinne Griffith; *Jim*, Grant Withers; *Mengle*, Albert Conti; *Florrie*, Alma Tell; *Willie*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mr. Halvey*, Charles Lane; *Mrs. Halvey*, Ann Schaeffer; *Mrs. Gorlick*, Marcia Harris.

**"SHIP MATES"**—EDUCATIONAL.—Directed by Henry W. George. Photography by Jay Turner and William Hyer. The cast: *The Sailor*, Lupino Lane; *The Ensign*, Stanley Blystone; *The Cook*, Wallace Lupino; *The Girl*, Charlotte Nerrian; *The Mate*, Francis J. Martin; *Another Mate*, Tom Whitley.

**"SQUALL, THE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Jean Bart. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Nubi*, Myrna Loy; *Josef Lajos*, Richard Tucker; *Maria*,

his wife, Alice Joyce; *Paul*, Carroll Nye; *Irma*, Loretta Young; *Peter*, Harry Cording; *Lena*, ZaSu Pitts; *El Moro*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Uncle Dani*, Knute Erickson; *Niki*, George Hackathorne.

**"STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by The Edingtons. Dialogue by Frank Tuttle. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Tony White*, Neil Hamilton; *Rupert Borke*, Warner Oland; *Richard Hardell*, Frederic March; *Blanche Hardell*, Florence Eldridge; *Helen MacDonald*, Doris Hill; *Detective Dirk*, Eugene Pallette; *Gateman*, Chester Conklin; *Martin*, Lane Chandler; *Ted MacDonald*, Gardner James; *MacDonald*, Guy Oliver; *Goff*, E. H. Calvert; *Captain Coffin*, Donald Mackenzie.

**"THRU DIFFERENT EYES"**—FOX.—From the play by Milton H. Gropper and Edna Sherry. Directed by John G. Blystone. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: *Viola Manning*, Mary Duncan; *Harvey Manning*, Edmund Lowe; *Jack Winfield*, Warner Baxter; *Frances Thornton*, Natalie Moorehead; *Howard Thornton*, Earle Foxe; *Spencer*, Donald Gallaher; *Myrtle*, Florence Lake; *Valerie Briand*, Sylvia Sidney; *Marston*, District Attorney, Purnell Pratt; *King*, Defense Attorney, Selmer Jackson; *Anna*, Dolores Johnson; *Maynard*, Nigel de Brulier; *Maid*, Lola Salvi; *Janitor*, Stepin Fetchit. Reporters: *Paducah*, DeWitt Jennings; *Crane*, Arthur Stone; *Traynor*, George Lamont; *Aline Craig*, Natalie Warfield; *1st Reporter*, Jack Jordan; *2nd Reporter*, Marian Spitzer; *3rd Reporter*, Stan Blystone; *4th Reporter*, Stuart Erwin.

**"TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL, THE"**—WARNERS.—From the play by Frank R. Adams and Will Hough. Continuity by Robert Lord. Directed by Herbert Bretherton. The cast: *Jim Crane*, Grant Withers; *Doris Ward*, Betty Compson; *Pete Ward*, John Davidson; *Mae Ellis*, Gertrude Olmstead; *The Professor*, James R. Kirkwood; *Bert Holmes*, Bert Roach; *Mrs. Davis*, Vivian Oakland; *Mrs. Winters*, Gretchen Hartman; *Mrs. Parks*, Irene Haisman; *Radio Announcer*, Gerald King.

**"TOMMY ATKINS"**—WORLD WIDE.—From the play by Ben Landeck and Arthur Shirley. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: *Earl of Petherton*, Jerrold Robertshaw; *Ruth*, his ward, Lillian Hall-Davis; *Victor*, his son, Henry Victor; *Capt.*, the Hon. Eric Wilson, Walter Byron; *Harold*, his son, Walter Byron; *Mason*, a servant, Shayle Gardner. The children: *Harold*, Alfred Leonard; *Ruth*, Pat Courtney; *Victor*, Leslie Thompson.

**"VAGABOND CUB, THE"**—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Continuity by Oliver Drake. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Dave Hepner*, Buzz Barton; *Hank Robbins*, Frank Rice; *Bob McDonald*, Sam Nelson; *James Sykes*, Al Ferguson; *Pete Hogan*, Bill Patton; *Dan Morgan*, Milbourne Morante; *June Morgan*, Ione Holmes.

**"YOU CAN'T BUY LOVE"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Beatrice Van. Directed by Arch B. Heath. Photography by Jerry Ashe. The cast: *John*, Charley Chase; *Renault*, Jean Hersholt; *Patricia*, Kathryn Crawford; *Weston*, Edward Martindel.

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