

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

JUNE

25¢

What Every Lover
Should Know



Dorothy Mackail

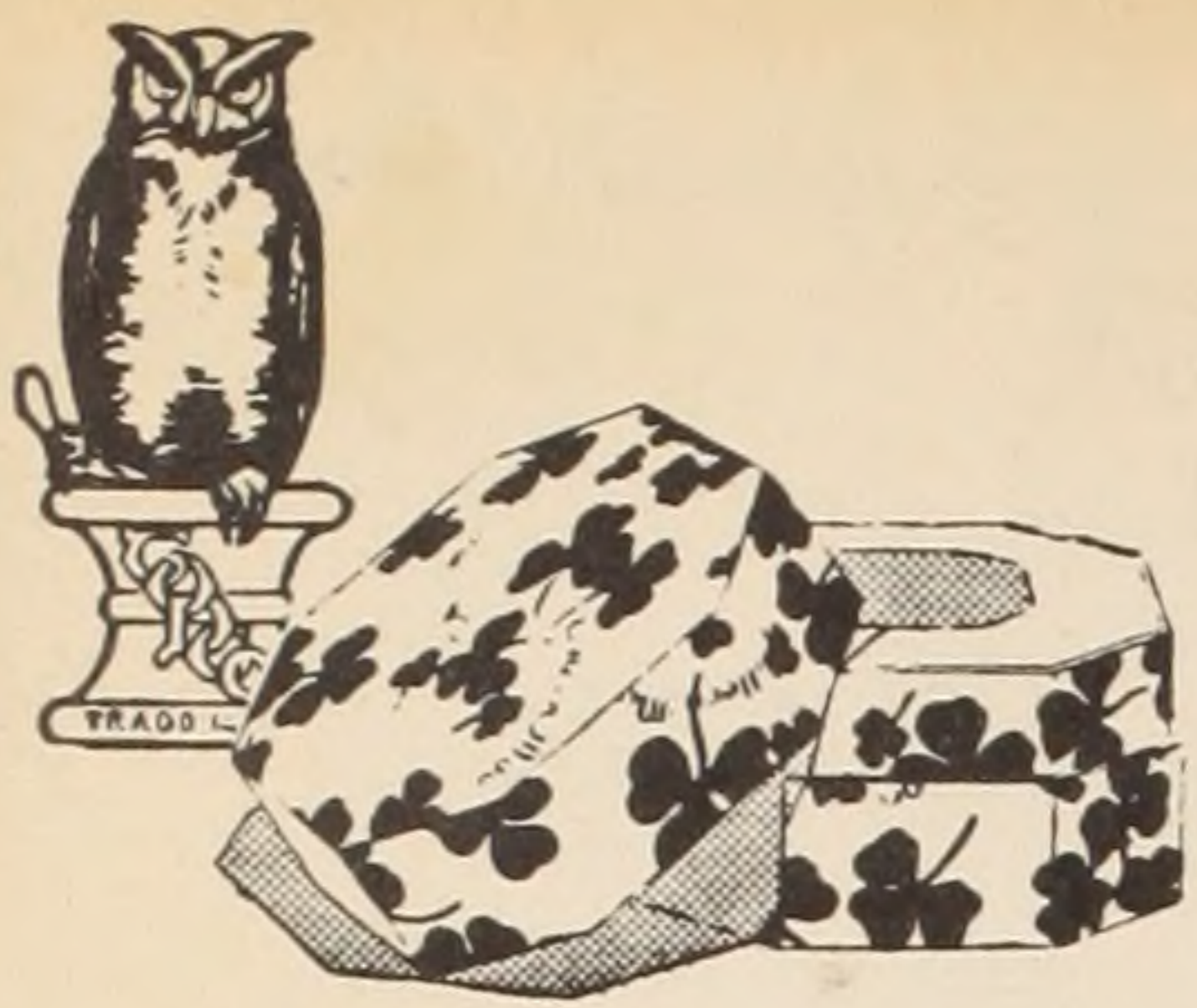
Don
Reed

College Men *and the* Movies

DARTMOUTH

— OHIO STATE

— CORNELL



THE cosmetician, like the artist, dreams of his master creation. Darnee has given us Colleen Moore Face Powder—a finely milled, adherent powder, delicately scented, suggestive of an early morn bouquet.

A powder you can use this year, next year, and always. Blends perfectly with Blond, Brunette, or Titian beauty types.

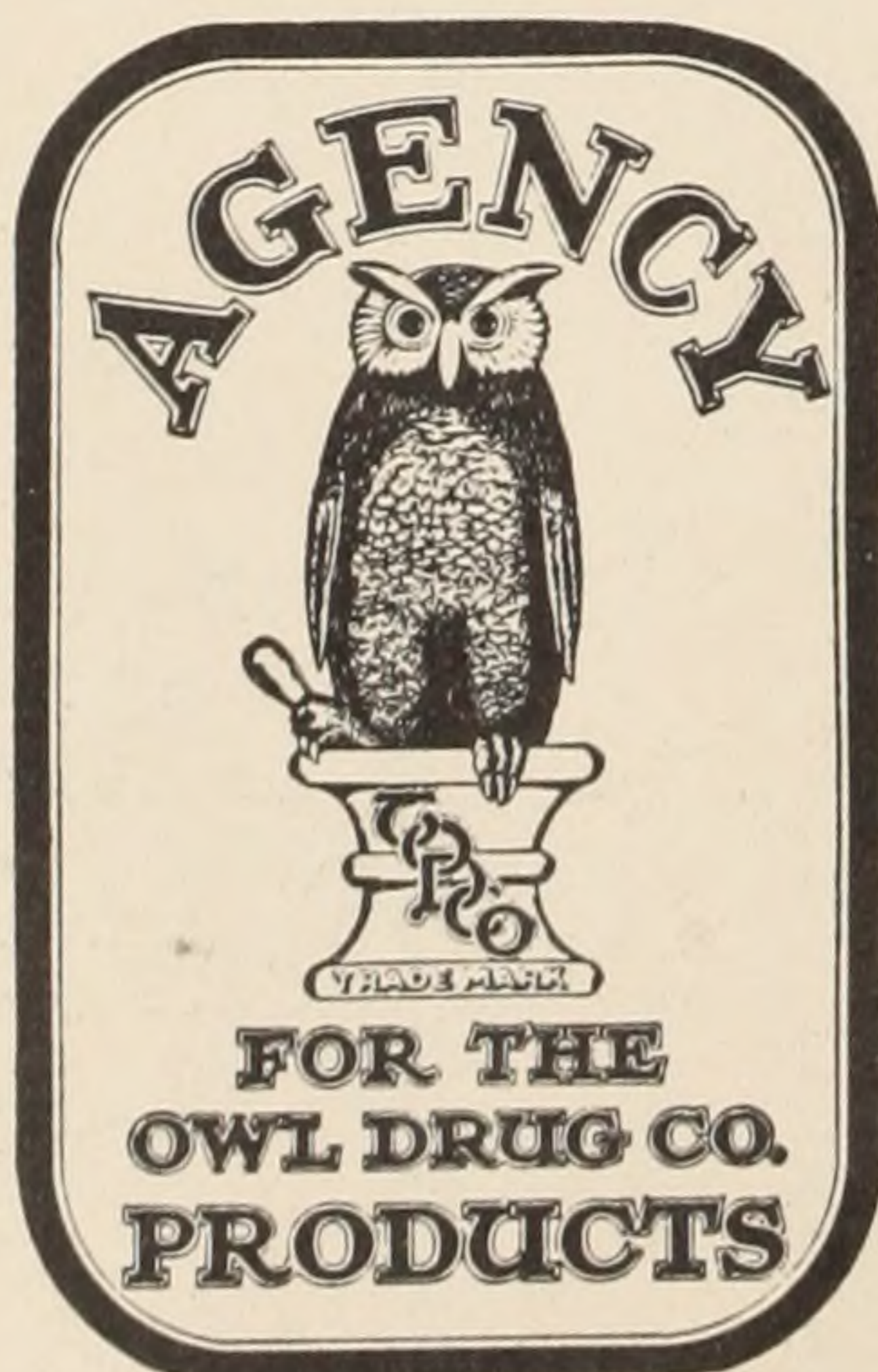
The powder of youth.

Send 75c for the powder and 10c for packing and postage to The Owl Drug Co. or any agent . . . specify shade wanted. There's an agent for The Owl Drug Co. products near you. Ask your local druggist.

Other Colleen Moore beauty aids are: Lip Stick, Rouge, Compact, Beauty Cream, Astringent, Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, Body Powder, Solid Perfume, Liquid Nail Polish and Remover, and Vanishing Cream.



LOOK FOR THE STORE THAT DISPLAYS THIS TRADE MARK



—IT IS THE SIGN OF A BETTER DRUG STORE

The Owl Drug Co. Stores are Better Drug Stores

SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK CHICAGO

CAUGHT *IN THE WEB* OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



"Thru DIFFERENT EYES"

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

with
MARY DUNCAN
WARNER BAXTER
EDMUND LOWE
EARLE FOXE
STEPIN FETCHIT
Directed by **JOHN BLYSTONE**

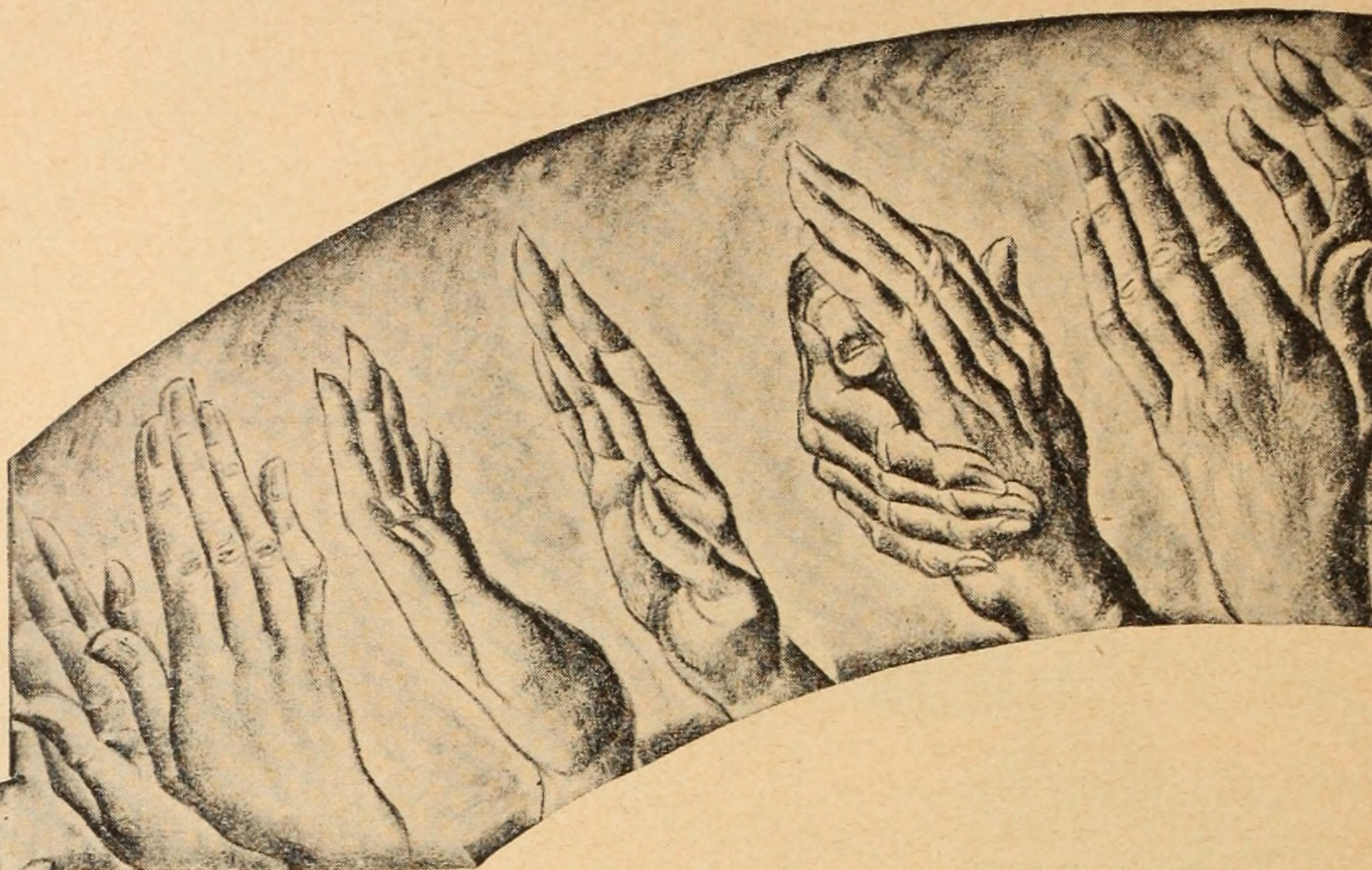
The drama—suspense—tragedy and pathos—that make a murder case first page news the world over are re-created so perfectly by FOX MOVIE TONE in *Thru Different Eyes* that you couldn't get a greater thrill out of watching the trial progress if you were the accused man himself!

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

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

FOX MOVIE TONE

**THE
NATION
NAMES
THE
LEADER
IN
TALKING
PICTURES**



APPLAUSE!

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

*Don't miss these great
PARAMOUNT PICTURES!*

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

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

"A DANGEROUS WOMAN"

With Baclanova, Clive Brook and Neil Hamilton. A Rowland V. Lee Production from the play by Margery H. Lawrence.

"THE MAN I LOVE"

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

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

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



MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXIX

JUNE, 1929

No. 4

Notable Features in This Issue:

| | |
|---|----|
| What College Men Think of the Movies . . . Harry L. Case, Stanley W. Schellenger, Walter L. Scott | 18 |
| Confessions of the Stars (Bessie Love) . . . Gladys Hall | 20 |
| What Every Lover Should Know . . . Marquis Busby | 28 |
| Won't Women Leave Us Alone? . . . Dorothy Donnell | 30 |
| Seducing Their Salaries . . . Dorothy Spensley | 32 |
| Legendary Love-Cult Found . . . Cedric Belfrage | 50 |

| | |
|---|-------|
| The Classic Gallery . . . Vilma Banky, Billie Dove, Janet Gaynor, Nancy Carroll, John Gilbert | 11-15 |
| Mandalaydylike— <i>picture page</i> , LUPE VELEZ . . . | 22 |
| Shouting From The Bathtubs . . . Dunham Thorp | 23 |
| Forbidden To Fall . . . Cedric Belfrage | 24 |
| Giving Hollywood Fitts . . . Ruth Biery | 25 |
| Hollywood Horrors— <i>cartoon</i> . . . h. o. hofman | 26 |
| Feed 'Em And Reap . . . Herbert Cruikshank | 27 |
| Duty Sleep— <i>picture page</i> , JACQUELINE LOGAN AND DORIS KENYON . . . | 29 |
| Self-Supporting— <i>picture page</i> , LAURA LA PLANTE . . . | 34 |
| Old Doc Santell . . . Herbert Cruikshank | 35 |
| B. H. Rogers' Boy . . . Dorothy Donnell | 36 |
| Copy Cat— <i>picture page</i> , LILYAN TASHMAN . . . | 38 |
| Take A Memo, Daddy . . . Dunham Thorp | 39 |
| Lace and Less— <i>picture page</i> , DORIS DAWSON . . . | 40 |
| The Heart History of Joe Martin . . . H. W. Hanemann | 42 |
| A "Broadway" Broad— <i>picture page</i> , EVELYN BRENT . . . | 43 |
| A Player of Parts— <i>picture page</i> , RICHARD DIX . . . | 44 |
| Scars That Glorified . . . Agnes O'Malley | 45 |
| Classic's Family Album— <i>picture page</i> , CISSIE FITZGERALD . . . | 46 |
| The Fruits of Success— <i>picture page</i> , DOROTHY SEBASTIAN . . . | 52 |
| One Black Crow . . . Helen Louise Walker | 53 |
| Parted In The Middle— <i>picture page</i> , JEANETTE LOFF . . . | 56 |
| The Movie Primer . . . Robert Fender | 57 |
| Two Rising Generations— <i>picture pages</i> , MARY BRIAN, DORIS HILL . . . | 58 |
| Ken Carries On . . . Herbert Cruikshank | 60 |
| In The Middle of the Night Club— <i>picture page</i> , MERNA KENNEDY . . . | 61 |
| A Pipe To Mr. Oland— <i>picture page</i> , WARNER OLAND . . . | 64 |
| The Perpetual Collegian . . . Dorothy Manners | 65 |
| Ring-Sidelights— <i>picture page</i> , BEN LYON . . . | 66 |

The CLASSIC'S Famous Departments

| | |
|---|----|
| Last-Minute News . . . | 6 |
| That's My Story . . . Bert Ennis | 8 |
| Our Own News-Camera— <i>The Screen World in Pictures</i> . . . | 47 |
| The Celluloid Critic— <i>Some Current Films in Review</i> . . . Laurence Reid | 54 |
| Looking Them Over Out Hollywood Way— <i>Newsy Close-Ups</i> . . . Dorothy Manners | 62 |

Cover portrait of Dorothy Mackaill by DON REED, especially created by RUSSELL BALL

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is published monthly at 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill., by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry as second class matter at New York, N.Y. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., Copyright 1929 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico \$2.50 a year, Canada \$3.00, Foreign Countries, \$3.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.



LAST MINUTE NEWS



WHILE the songwriters are storming Hollywood, Irving Berlin just walks right in with Joseph Schenck to take his place as King of the Jazz daddies. The movie portals opened wide to admit him once he came to the conclusion that the Time was Ripe to say a few things with Tunes. Right now he's busy Planning bigger and noisier Musical talkies. . . . And to add a little competition, "Sally" will enter the Musical field to offer its good old songs. Marilyn Miller decided there was no time like the Present to come to the aid of her Singing and Dancing profession and will once more play the lovable Sally—this time to the tune of the Vitaphone. . . . Since Sound is so important, it's hard to say whether screen loves will remain in their Romeo and Juliet combinations. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are two screen lovers who have both managed to Pass the screen sound Test and it's safe to predict that they will Love as Lovers should but Doug, Junior and Joan will be Honeymooners in October.

VACATIONS are in order—what again? Yes, again, and Thomas Meighan is among the first to start East for his Great Neck, Long Island, home where he will Spend the summer months Basking in the North Shore sunshine. . . . Monte Blue is another who is off on a two months' Leave. Maybe he needed it before starting work on "Under a Texas Moon," which sounds for all the world like a Mammy song. . . . Anita Page had a brief Vacation in the mountains between pictures. . . . Gloria Swanson, after doing the dialogue for "Queen Kelly," feels a European tour coming on her. . . . Mary Brian has found a neat Diversion to Rest her picture-making weary Nerves, and that is sketching in Oil. . . . But for sheer Novelty in her means of inducing Pep, Dorothy Mackaill must be mentioned Loud and Long. She has taken to the dear old Bicycle, riding around Beverly Hills nearly every day.

JUMPING from "The Cradle of the Deep" right into pictures is all in a day's Jump to Jane Lowell, who will play Herself in David Wark Griffith's picturization of her Book. But this is by no means her Debut into Hollywood, for there have been Times, and oft, that adventuresome Jane took the Open road to films, via the Extra path and among Extra parts, she sat out a scene with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." . . . From "Whoopie" in New York to "At the Dentist's" in Hollywood was but a hop, skip and a jump for Susan Conroy who is making her picture Debut as a dentist's Nurse. Nurses always did have a Way with them, inside and outside the films. . . . Jack Mulhall is going to have a hard time keeping Track of himself while they film "Dark Streets"—a talkie—for he Doubles in the rôles of a Crook and a Policeman.

THERE may not be much in a name, but Sally Blane likes the name of Sally Blane and is taking no chances. She is having the good old Family name of Betty Jane Young scrapped legally for Sally Blane. . . . Sally, by the way, is a sister of Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young. Seems as if the Movies were doing well by Ye Young family. . . . Loretta Young is being given a place in First National's sun along with a New contract due to really excellent work in "The Girl in the Glass Cage." . . . Mentioning the changing of names, 'tis said that Lita Grey Chaplin will not change her name to Mrs. Roy D'Arcy. . . . But Phyllis Haver did change hers to Mrs. William Seaman with none other than Mayor Walker officiating. And a pent house in Greenwich Village will be the future Home of the Seamans.

ANSWER Yes or No," "Gentlemen of the Jury," and words of a similar nature are Flying all around Hollywood right now, with the Murder trials and Courtroom scenes dominating the films. Seems as if every Actress wanted to play a young and pretty Murderess and every male a District Attorney or a Detector of the crime unusual. Just a Few of the Courtroom plays are "On Trial," "The Bellamy Trial," "The Canary Murder Case," "The Green Murder Case," "The Letter," "Madame X," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and now, to finish the list comes "The Queen of the Night Clubs" with its Courtroom scene. . . . Greta Garbo, on the other hand, is seeking a Thrill in playing "Anna Christie" in which there is not a Hint of Murder, but which does Present her in an entirely new Aspect. There isn't a single gorgeous Dress or a languorous Moment, but plenty of Opportunity for honest to-goodness Acting. . . . And there should be Thrills aplenty—with nary a Murder scene—when Sam Taylor gets the direction of the First joint-starring picture of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. No Play has been definitely selected yet, but Chances are it will have Action and more Action.



She has a disposition and charm sunnier even than California, has Lois Moran. And both will illuminate the screen in her forthcoming appearances in "Joy Street" and the "Movietone Follies"

ALONG with the filming of "The Marriage Holiday" comes an Announcement from the West that no Girl should Marry before she is Twenty-Five. This was decided by Ruth Chatterton, Esther Ralston, Nancy Carroll and Baclanova. That may be very well, say I, but Where, oh Where, is there an actress in Hollywood who is over Twenty-Five? . . . Lois Moran is branching out in All directions. She is not only getting Prettier and Ittier, but she is getting oh so Ambitious. She has Opened a ready-to-wear gown Shop in Los Angeles that is attracting much attention. . . . A new Home has been opened to the Public. It is the Domicile of Mr. And Mrs. William Seiter (Laura LaPlante) down at Trancas Beach.

INSTEAD of Giving the little girl a Hand, Hollywood will Give her a Home, if Rheba Crawford's plans go through. It is to be a club Hotel of thirteen stories and will Have all the little Accessories such as Swimming Pools, Church Auditorium and many other things to add to the Comforts of struggling Feminine

extras. . . . Sailin' home, that's what Antonio Moreno is doing. He set Sail for Spain where he will visit his former home at Algeciras. This sailin' home is getting to be a Habit with the Foreign film stars, but with ship news photographers to greet them and a press agent in tow, the Customs Inspection is not such a terrible Ordeal, after all. 'Tisn't often that Romance and Work go hand in hand, but that little Difficulty was solved by Ralph Ince when he took the fastest trains East to spend happy Hours with his wife, Lucille Mendez, as well as direct "Acquittal," which had to be made in the East because Bert Lytell's stage contract forbade his going West.

SOMEBODY'S been holding Bad thoughts over Tootsies out Hollywood way. Too many have been Broken, Sprained or Injured lately for any other reason. Barbara Worth, while working on "The Prince of Hearts," fell through a prop doorway and Broke a bone in her Foot. . . . George O'Brien, too, came afoul of a Thought and Fractured his Toe while making a fight scene for "Masked Emotions." . . . And when it isn't a Toe, it's something like Tonsilitis to add to the Sick list, Richard Barthelmess was Sick o'bed for a while with that Complaint. And they can't blame That on Spring Rains, either.

THE GREATEST GIFT of the Talking Films

"**S**OUND PICTURES" have brought no greater gift to you than the talking comedies. They are pure, joyous, uproarious fun exceeding anything the screen has offered before.

Educational's first comedies with sound marked a rebirth of screen humor. And the **MACK SENNETT** and **CORONET Talking Comedies** brought a quick and inspiring response from audiences everywhere.

Now **JACK WHITE**, famous producer-director, and **LLOYD HAMILTON** and **LUPINO LANE**, for years among the best loved of stars, are also contributing to the fun. Have you heard the noises of the circus in **WHITE'S "Zip! Boom! Bang!"**? Barnum's was never half so funny. And there are many minutes of joy in **HAMILTON'S "His Big Minute."** While **LANE** tops a glorious career with **"Ship Mates."**

Three great new series of talking comedies to add happiness to your movie evenings.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
E. W. HAMMONS, President



Communiqués From The Hollywood Tattle-Front

By BERT ENNIS

ON THE LEVEL

THE cheese-cake hounds in Henry's are giggling over that one about the wire sent from the home office to the supervisor of a comedy unit. The wire read: "Use psychology in your next two-reeler," the telegraph company inadvertently using an upper case P on the eight-dollar word. The supervisor wired back: "Can't get him for ten dollars a day. What'll I pay?"

SOFT

SOPHIE TUCKER'S contract with Warner Brothers covers a nifty arrangement as concerns her hours on the studio floor. A vaudeville performer for years, Soph is used to hugging the Ostermoor until almost mid-day. When they pulled that 8 A.M. starting gag on her, the last of the Red-Hot Mamas did a straightback, the up-shot being that the famous warbler starts work at one in the afternoon and washes up at 11 P.M.

THE MONTH'S SNICKER

POODLES HANNEFORD, the circus star who celluloids between three-ring seasons, insists we print the gag about the Scotchman who walked into a telegraph office and asked the rates, saying he wanted to wire his wife in Chicago. The clerk told him the rate was five cents a word for ten words, and no charge for the signature. The Scot said: "Suppose you just send my signature," and the clerk said: "Okay, what's your name?" The Scot waited a minute and then came back with: "You may not believe it, but I'm a full-blooded Indian. My name is 'I-Won't-Be-Home-Until-Friday.'"

MAYBE IT'S CHANEY

GEORGE EILERS, the smiling guy who cashes checks for the Hollywood gang at the Wilcox branch of the Bank of Italy, has an interesting side-racket. George owns a leopard cub. Everytime a vi iting celeb is expected in over the Santa Fe route, the passenger agent rents the bank clerk's snarler, so the incoming big shot can pose on the car steps, leopard in arms, for the benefit of the newspaper shutter hounds. We hear the beast is sick now—it bit a returning studio supervisor the other day.

PATHOS NOTE

FRANK Keenan, distinguished star of films as well as the legit drama, passed away in Hollywood a few months back. They placed the body of the celebrated actor in the funeral parlors of a prominent Los

hooks his cane handle through Airedale's collar crossing Hollywood and Vine—The operator at the Paramount lab. who is a dead ringer for Charley Chase—The negress lifer at San Quentin who has Al Jolson's photo in black-face on her cell wall—Priscilla Dean, wife of Leslie Arnold, one of the around-the-world fliers, refusing an airplane ride—The people who insist on placing their feet in the stars' footprints engraved in the flagging cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater—The little secretary at Paramount whose lovely hands are always used in close-ups of the stars' lunch-grabbers—Movie stars' pans stare at you from every Boulevard bank window.

FOUR OUT OF FIVE

IT doesn't make any difference, but there are five Griffiths in the film racket now: D. W., Corinne, Raymond, E. H., and Eleanor Griffith, new stage recruit at United Artists. And then, how about Griffith Park? But why bring that up?

OH, MR. VOLSTEAD!

RICHARD DIX swears to it. He was standing at Hollywood and Highland the other night when a gent who never heard of the Jones law lurched up to him. "Where am I?" demanded the souse. "You're at the corner of Hollywood and Highland," answered Dick. "The hell with the details—waz city is zit?" hic-coughed the drunk.

THEIR RIGHT HANDLES

JOHN Barrymore—John Blythe.
Anita Page—Ana Pomarez.
Jack Gilbert—John Pringle.
Lupe Velez—Maria Villabalos.
Billie Dove—Lillian Bohny.

WHAT'S BECOME OF

PERCY MARMONT—Alice Lake—Lige Conley—Elliott Dexter—Virginia Pearson—Agnes Ayres—Franklyn Farnum—Lloyd Hughes—Nita Naldi—Marie Prevost—Stuart Holmes?

GIDDAP!

D'YE hear about the Hollywood extra who gave his girl a nose-bag for her birthday, because she eats like a horse?



P. & A.

One little girl who's been given a big hand is Doris Hill. Or so it looks, at least. Certainly she deserves one, for on the screen as well as off it, there's nothing in the line of speed and curves she can't handle

Angeles mortician, with the public permitted a view of the remains. In the two days Keenan laid in state, a solitary visitor approached his bier, one out of the millions who acclaimed his fine performances.

US GIRLS

ONE of the Wampas Baby stars was talking about herself. "You know, I'm very careful of my reputation," she gurgled. "I don't go any place without mother." "Yeah," drawled another Baby Star who overheard the crack, "and mother will go any place."

OBSERVED

WARREN KERRIGAN unnoticed by rubber-neck wagon gang giving Henry's the once-over—Guy who

WELCOMING A NEW STAR TO THE FILM FIRMAMENT



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



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



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

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

JOAN CRAWFORD

HAVE YOU SEEN?

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

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

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

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

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

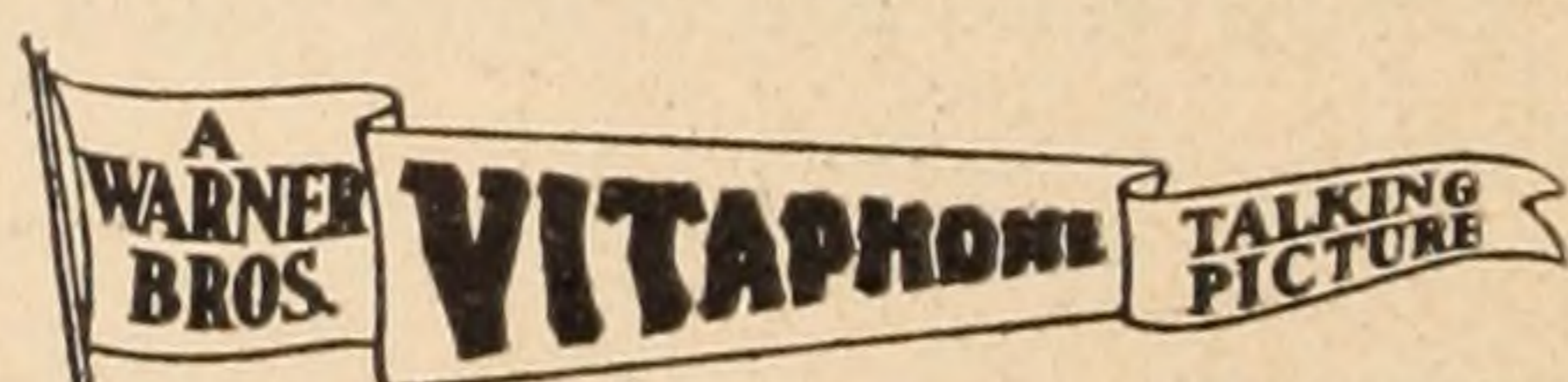
METRO-GO  **YN-MAYER**
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

SEE AND HEAR
DOLORES COSTELLO in "NOAH'S ARK"
with **GEORGE O'BRIEN**



The Sweetest Love Story ever told
— THE EPIC DRAMA of the AGE

Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being! "Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone. You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards of modern screen entertainment. See and hear "Noah's Ark."



You See and Hear **VITAPHONE** only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures



VILMA BANKY

An artist who has been the subject of so many beautiful pictures plays the part of one who creates them: Vilma Banky, following "The Awakening," will be seen next in "This Is Heaven"



Carsey

BILLIE DOVE

Look only at the picture on the right and you might think Billie Dove indolent. But no. For no sooner does she complete "The Man and the Moment" than she begins "Careers"





Chidnoff

JANET GAYNOR

There must be something in astrology, at that. The case of Janet Gaynor goes to argue for it. It can't be mere coincidence that she, born under "The Lucky Star," should come to portray it





Richee

NANCY CARROLL

Don't suddenly get shocked when you hear that Nancy Carroll has taken a part in "Burlesque." It doesn't mean that she's deserted the screen, it's just that that's the name of her latest picture



Dyar



R. H. Louise

JOHN GILBERT

When John Gilbert appears in "Way for a Sailor," you may rest assured that he'll be one at least to have a sweetheart in every port, including those of the Great Lakes

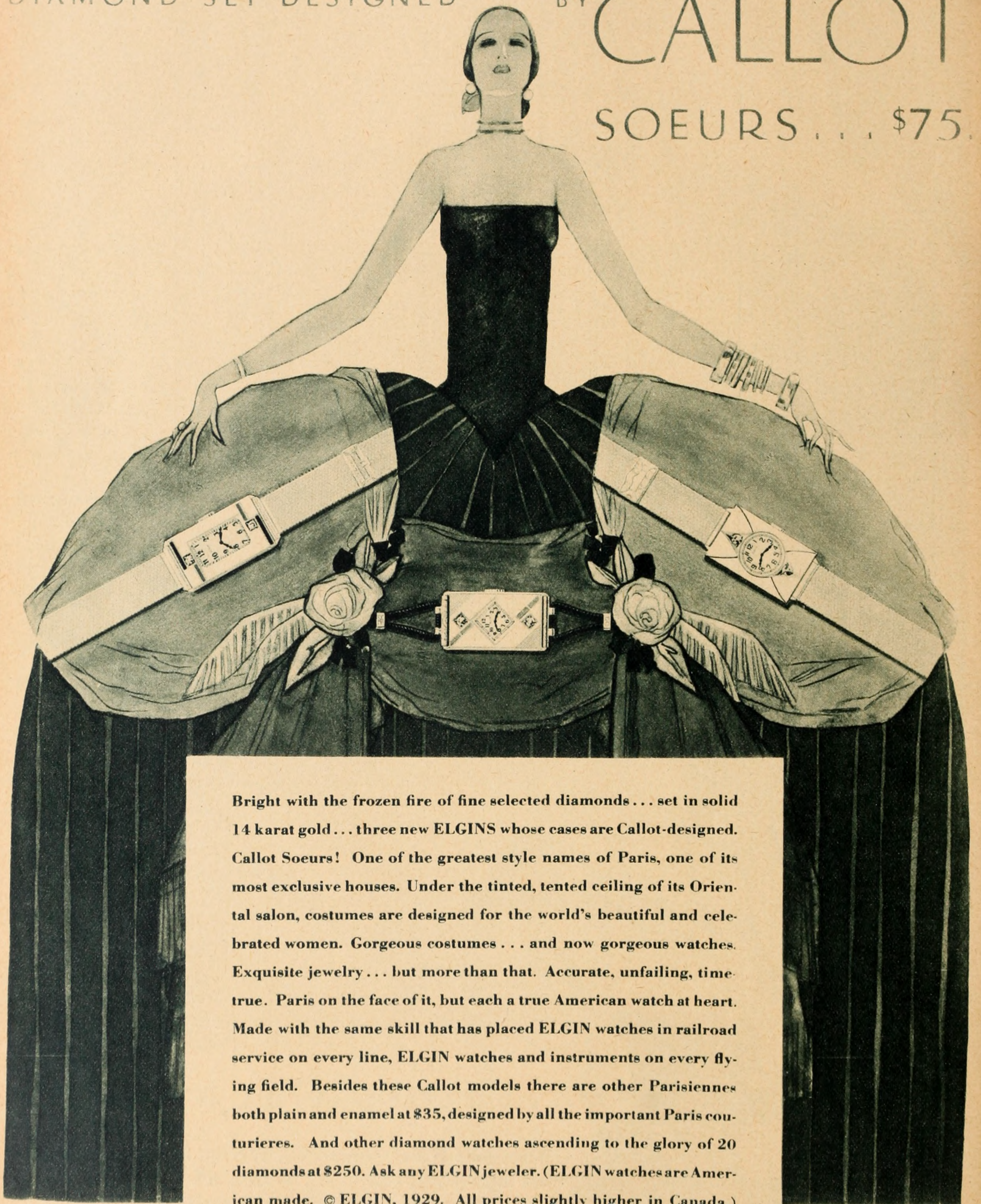
ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCHES

DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED

BY

CALLOT

SOEURS... \$75.



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

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Pictures and Personalities

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*



SEVERAL years ago there was a stage play in which two reformed crooks were taken back to the farm home of another. There they were fed the kind of meals that only mother—in fiction and the theater—can provide. And one of them was given a nice big drink of milk. This he welcomed, associating the beverage with the only thing which in his experience was like it, milk punch. But after one sip he put the glass down and asked, genuinely bewildered, "Ain't there anything in it but milk?"

We quote this as an expression of a feeling akin to our own when these days we go to see a silent picture. Or, to be more accurate, a subtitle picture. We watch the characters' lips move, we see them storm about, or cry or laugh. And we feel cheated. We have in this short space of time since the beginning of the talkies, become so used to hearing what the players have to say, that when we don't, we're prompted to ask ourselves, "Ain't there anything in this picture but lip-movement?"

Stale Jazziness

WHETHER it's solely an American characteristic or not, we don't know. But in America there is the tendency on the part of promoters of all amusements to run things far beyond the margin of welcomeness. We see it both in sports and in theatrical enterprises. The baseball season is extended so far into the fall that the World's Series must be witnessed in overcoats. The indoor hockey games carry on, on artificial ice, while outside the spring sunshine brings its usual languor. And on the screen, given once an idea, an aspect of life, a theme, it will be pounded upon until it becomes utterly wearisome.

We mention this apropos of a notice of the intention of producers still to bring before the public pictures of what F. Scott Fitzgerald named, nearly ten years ago, *The Jazz Age*. For that long at least motion picture audiences have been regaled with scenes of dancing and drunken flappers, collegiate orgies, the antics of the younger generation.

In the meantime, that generation has reached an age

where it is no longer young. It has married and taken to the commuting trains; and the youth coming along behind it is of a far more conservative turn of mind. The coon-skin coat has been put up in the attic and the derby hat again taken down from its peg in the closet.

Yet because once the college boys and girls, the flaming youth of the country, were subjects interesting to picture, because from those days a few light-weight stars have been left over and still retain a measure of their popularity, the picture-makers consider that jazz-stuff is still sure-fire stuff.

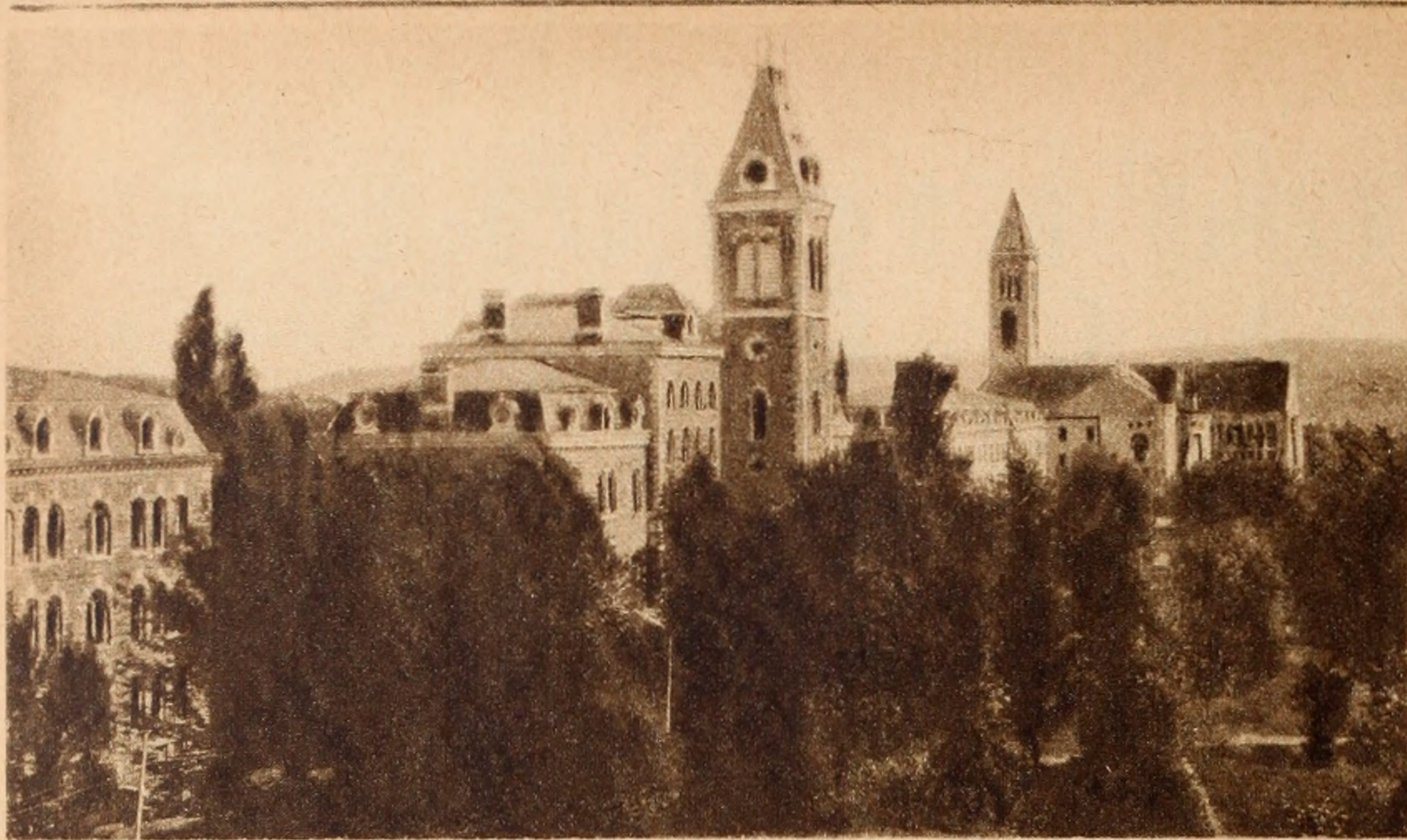
As a matter of fact, interest in it is about as spontaneous as the laugh you'll get if you say, "So's your old man," or the applause that will greet some girl's getting out in front of a party and doing Charleston steps. That sort of thing, and pictures dealing with it, have worn out their welcome.

Are the Men to Blame?

A REPORT comes from England that in a straw vote taken among some quarter of a million women moviegoers, seventy per cent favored pictures with unhappy endings. These women are regular attendants of photo-plays, meaning that they see pictures at least twice a week every week. And so they should be qualified to know what they want. The fact, therefore, that they prefer the story wherein the woman does not get her man is interesting. It might be more so if we knew whether or not they were all married women.

West is East These Days

IT would seem to be more than coincidence that the appetite for Westerns, with their gun-play and swift action, has passed with the growth of interest in crook pictures based on the present efficiency of organized crime. It looks to us as if merely the he-man drama had shifted from the great open spaces to the city streets. And it might be that the several Western heroes who have turned to airplane operas with the idea of modernizing the West might better lend their abilities to racketeer subjects, wear detectives' badges in place of sheriffs'. For the frontier of civilization now is not Dead Man's Gulch; it is the sidewalks of Chicago



Above McGraw Hall and Library, Cornell University

By HARRY L. CASE
*Editor in Chief of
 The Cornell Daily Sun*

CORNELL

Maintains That
 The Movies Are So Emotional,
 They're Immoral

IN his attitude toward his material and cultural surroundings the college man is about two percent more critical than the average man in the street. This generalization may be said to apply to his reactions to the vast majority of those things which make up the greater part of his experience—magazines, food, legs, senators, automobiles, cigarettes, education, football, art. In three fields of thought, however, he is slightly above his own level of critical observation. These three are liquor, clothes, and moving pictures.

The reasons for his superiority in the first two of these we need not go into at any great length. Generally speaking, his appreciation of the first is derived from a broad negative experience, founded on four years of studious research in the field of bad liquor. Of the second it need be said only that four years of character appraisal on the basis of clothes cannot but give him a moderately keen eye to sartorial quality.

It is as a critic of the third, the silent drama, however, that we are interested in the college man here. It is precisely because the cinema is, or rather was, the silent drama, that he finds it so excellent a field for his criticism, for the more silent is the drama the freer is he from competition in his criticising, and there is nothing more annoying to a critic than to be interrupted from the stage in the course of his remarks on the quality of the osculation or the venerability of the humor. It is chiefly for this reason that the colleges have not taken to the movietone and vitaphone with the readiness of the great uneducated. With the decline of first-class barytones and basses in our seats of learning, there are few who can hope to compete

(Continued on page 70)



By WALTER L. SCOTT
Editor of The Dartmouth

DARTMOUTH

Thinks They're Better Than
 Nothing. But Not Much

ABOUT one third of Dartmouth are movie habitues. They see four or five of the six shows a week. Every day the same faces file past the ticket booth, sometime during one of the four shows. They see all the shows, the good and the bad: for every movie sooner or later comes to Hanover, usually sooner. The rest of the college goes much less frequently, but it goes. You see, Hanover takes its movies seriously. You can't play Outing Club all the time.

The Old Guard shuffles into The Nuggett at two o'clock and at four kalumps out in its galoshes. As it passes down the alley, it laconically describes its impressions of the picture. There are three standard answers to the queries of the crowd waiting to go in: The snort—most frequent—"Tough Show"; the contemptuous drawl, "Fair, y'might like it"; and



Above Dartmouth

College Men Think Movies

Series of Articles
of Prominent Universities

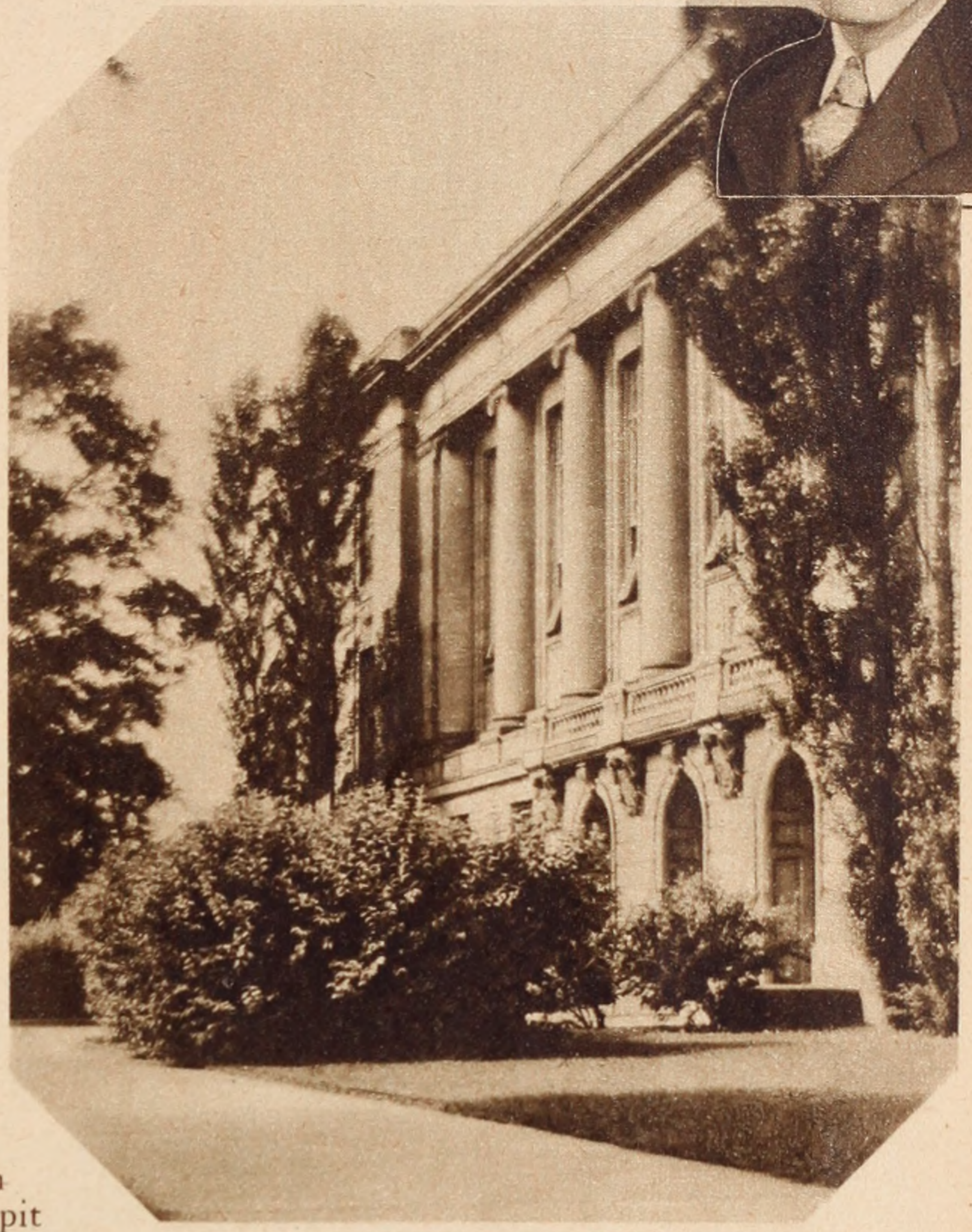
the enthusiastic, rarest, "Y' should see little Anita Page, My-y-y goodness!"

In general, the student body catalogues the six shows of each week as follows: two good, one fair, and three terrible. In mid-winter, when there isn't much else to do except go to the movies or study, the shows seem to get worse. The most terrible of all shows, by some magic formula, always comes on Saturday. According to undergraduate legend, this is because everyone will go anyway. The legend is right. Everyone does.

From Apathy Down

THE student attitude towards movies in general ranges downward from apathy to well-vented scorn. They go, and go regularly, because it is the least of several evils of boredom. It is not the fault of The Nuggett management; it gets the best shows the movies produce. The student dislike is based upon the monotony of movie plots, the grotesque overacting, and absurd melodrama. With unerring judgment they sift the sham and decrepit idealism from the few spots of realism and novelty the movie industry dares to permit itself. For the former the undergraduate has a stevedore's lack of appreciation, expressed with the unprintable noises of a longshoreman. For realism and sincerity Nicholas Nuggett, faithful patron of The Nuggett, has laughter or silence—and always respect. Recent pictures that have been successful in this respect have been "The Shopworn Angel," "Outcast," "Dry Martini," and almost any of Emil Jannings' pictures. Sometimes it is the variation in endings, away from the time-hallowed clinches; sometimes it is the subtle handling of strength. It must be awfully hard work to put natural acting on the screen, for so few movies seem to attain normality of any degree. Recent pictures that have been, well, lousy, were Lon Chaney's "West of Zanzibar," where only Mary Nolan's Astolat fairness prevented a general exodus; "The Wedding March," where the indictment was length and confusion; and the overplayed "Revenge."

Movies with college as a background have yet to be remotely



Haskell

By STANLEY W. SCHELLENGER
Editor in Chief, The Daily Ohio State Lantern

OHIO STATE

Wants Happy Endings And,
Especially Nancy Carroll

CONSISTENT theater-goers that they are, college men are usually the most critical of all peoples. They are critical as to acting, choice of characters, realness of the play, and the general effect. In this way they present a different audience from what is usually found in the theater.

The life of a college man is one of leisure, and he has plenty of time to spend in entertainment. Besides dancing and the movies he has little other means of employing his leisure hours. Because dances are limited, and considering the motion picture show as good entertainment, he is an ardent follower of the cinema art.

The collegiate patronage of the movies has noticeably increased during the past few years. The college papers have been forced to include, as a regular feature, a digest of the day's theater news. Faculty supervisors would not have sanctioned such articles a few years ago, nor would students have read them. But now the theater news is considered one of the most widely read departments of the paper; it is even regarded as an educational feature.



College

(Continued on page 70)

(Continued on page 70)

Confessions of

Bessie Love Tells Her Untold Tale

By GLADYS HALL



YOU'VE probably seen "The Broadway Melody" by this time. If you haven't, drop everything and run to the nearest theater. Don't even wait for the ice-man. If, on the other hand, you have seen it, then you've met "Hank." You know all about her. Big ideas. Patter of the sticks. The Broadway bug. Laundry in the basin. Heart like a sturdy prayer. Two she-loves. Loyal and square. Grin clapped on over a breaking heart. Grease-paint and game forever—that's Hank.

Well, I've a notion and it's this: Hank is really Bessie Love. Bessie Love is Hank. The two are one, at heart. Given the same circumstances, they would react in precisely the same way. I know they would, because Bessie told me so. In fact, you can rest assured that when you meet Hank you will also meet Bessie. When you know one, you will know all that is essential for you to know about the other.

A first-rate trouper—that's Bessie's rank in the industry. So is she known to her friends, and they are legion. The life of any party, game when the breaks are against her, grinning and hugging herself when, as now, the breaks are with her. Singing her raffish gay songs, doing her jazzy dance steps, strumming her gay ukulele, calling life white no matter how yellow the face it turns to her, blaming nothing on anybody but herself, hating to rake up what is past and gone, one eye on the dollar, feet on the flowery earth, taking the good with the bad—that's Bessie Love.

And such being the case, Bessie Love would, and has, covered her confessions with a shrug and a smile. You have to read between the lines more than is customary.

Bessie Love, queen of good troupers!

(Author's Note)

MY NAME is not Bessie Love at all. D. W. Griffith named me that. He thought it fit.

"My real name is Juanita. Juanita Horton.

"When I was a child, we were desperately poor. We lived in a tiny clapboard house—not much more than a shack, really—on the other side of the tracks. The wrong side.

"We were really pretty beastly poor. I hate to dig up that sort of thing. It's over. It did me good, not harm. You have to work for what you get. And that's that. Besides, there's nothing picturesque about poverty—unless you have slept on a park bench or picked coals.

R. H. Louise I never picked coals—quite. Poverty does

CONFESSIONS OF A MOVIE STAR - #9

Bessie Love Tells Her Untold Tale

by

Gladys Hall

"I hereby testify that this story as given to Gladys Hall contains material never before published in any magazine or newspaper?"

Subscribed and sworn to before me this

14 day of Feb. 1929

W. R. Berg

666

Bessie Love



Bessie Love was so christened by D. W. Griffith. Her legal and less appropriate name is Juanita Horton

The STARS

THE NINTH OF A SERIES OF REAL LIFE STORIES

better in books than in real life. There's not much romance to it. Debts and duns and sometimes not enough to eat and never enough to wear and never being quite warm enough and always afraid to answer the doorbell for fear—oh, well.

"The point is that I didn't pick coals and I did live through it. Dad was a chiropractor. In those days very few people had even heard of a chiropractor. Which meant that our doctor's bell rang with a painful infrequency, if at all. Days and days when it didn't give a tinkle. Pretty dark days, those, when we held our hands to our sides and prayed that it would. Sometimes it did, but the patient was seldom the paying kind.

More Prayers than Play

"**W**E were an optimistic trio, though, Mother and Dad and I. Irish on both sides, I believed that the luck o' the Irish would stand by us one of these days. And while we were waiting for this great break, Mother worked like a slave and Dad hoped and I prayed at my altar and played tag and things in between whiles. I didn't do very much playing.

"I've always had an altar in my room. Yes, there's a religious streak. I try to see things through. Anyway, I kept an altar up to about three years ago. Sometimes it was only an old soap box decorated tastily with a sheet, but it was an altar just the same, with a candle and some flowers. I used to pray there for our ship to come in. That was my childhood fairy tale. And the ogres of that fairy tale were called by the hard, unlovely name of worry; and then there was debt and the beastly burden of doing without. We did do without—almost everything.

"Tom Mix is responsible for my being in the movies.

"He doesn't know it, doesn't remember it, of course.

"It happened very amusingly and rather incidentally. Dad is a Texan. So is Mr. Mix. That is all they ever had in common, but for Dad that was enough. He believed—and still believes—that all Texans are blood-brothers and glad to shake one another by the paw, sah.

"My Dad was very proud of me. He liked to take me about with him and show off my long curls and call me, 'My daughter.' One day he took me to a location spot where Tom Mix was working. He thought he and Tom might pass the time of day as two good Texans



Life with her, so Bessie Love says, is just one instance of being discovered after another. She holds that her biography should be printed in the lost and found column

R. H. Louise Photos

should. They didn't—but Mr. Mix did say to me, 'Why don't you work in pictures?' And the seed was sown. I believe that thus casually are the great events of our lives precipitated.

Dad Was Indignant

"**D**AD, I remember, was furiously indignant. He had been insulted. He had the old parent-complex—anything to do with the stage was sin; and sin might be, and probably was, all very well for other men's daughters but for his daughter—he sputtered and threatened and probably had his faith in all good Texans shattered.

"I never breathed a word to Dad. But I knew what I would do. Mother was my confidante. She was more lenient than Dad, took things more easily, didn't get excited about a stray boy-friend or my possible 'roonation' if I should get into pictures.

"I had to have money. And I was getting old enough to know that the only way I'd ever get it was to earn it. The next fall I was to enter high school—if I could. Which didn't seem very likely. Funds were growing lower and lower. The doorbell never rang. I felt that I had to have an education. I can say now that I have no regrets about any of my screen experiences, there was nothing else for me to do about it, anyway—but I do feel having

(Continued on page 72)



Mandalaydylike

We can understand, now that we've seen Lupe Velez in this, the formal attire of the Burmese girl, what Kipling meant when he said, "When you've 'eard the East a callin', you'll never 'eed naught else." Lupe appears as a dancer in Lon Chaney's new photoplay, "Where East is East," and young men are beginning to ignore Horace Greeley's advice

Shouting from the BATHTUBS

Cecil B. DeMille Thinks
They Make Splendid Pulpits

By DUNHAM THORP

BACK to bathtubs! And it'll probably be many and many a weary moon before C. B. tackles another such picture as "The King of Kings."

In "The King," DeMille spoke directly from the pulpit, and in "The Godless Girl" there was hardly any of his old-time splendor; but in "Dynamite," his latest, he'll take his stand in a crystal bathtub with a smoking orgy-glass held high. Believe it or not, his drinks won't merely bubble and fizz, they'll actually boil and smoke.

But all this is a bit misleading. For I have come with no woeful tale of a little dreamer spanked by the nasty, wicked box-office and sent back to his chores without a chance even to say his prayers. Far from it. "The King" cleaned up quite nicely, thanks, and he'd jump just as quickly at the chance again.

If he had it. Which he hasn't, and which he knows.

For no matter what else you may have been told to believe about this guy, he's just as shrewd as they come, and knows his why's and wherefore's.

"To begin with, there's the matter of variety, a thing that cuts two ways. If I keep giving my audiences the same thing over and over again, they won't keep coming to see it. I must never let them know what to expect, or I lose the use of novelty, one of the best of tools. And in addition to that, I'd go stale myself. If you wish to keep a field fertile, you must rotate your crops.

DeMille and Michel

"SO after 'The King of Kings,' in which I strove only for love and beauty, I made 'The Godless Girl,' which dealt with brutality and ugliness. And now in 'Dynamite,' I have something still different again.

"I have always considered Michelangelo as one of the greatest of all examples of the artist, and very few showed greater versatility than he."

Here he lay himself open to a nice pot-shot; but he saw it, too.

"Not that I'm comparing myself with Michelangelo,



R. H. Louise



Cleanliness on the screen: at the left is Gloria Swanson in a DeMille production glorifying the American plumber. Above is Cecil B. DeMille himself. His one great message to the world is as yet unuttered.

mind. That's not up to me, to begin with. We'd have to wait at least five hundred years. And marble is a bit more durable than celluloid."

His smile was positively beatific in its absolute benignity, like that of a chess player who wins by a deft play one move before you'd have him cornered beyond hopes or like a cat conscious of the telltale feathers in his whiskers.

Though he has left the pulpit for a time, DeMille has by no means ceased to preach. It's simply that he believes voluptuous splendor will pull 'em in quicker than a plain board rostrum; and that once they're congregated, the sermon will slide down more easily if they're interested than if they're bored.

Propocandy

BUT no matter where he gives it, he still insists on the sermon. He decided several years ago to quit just "telling stories"—and he has stuck to the decision. In "Dynamite," for instance, under all the sugar-coating of crystal bathtubs, knock-'em-dead gowns, and giant-wheel races, the thing he wants to get across is a struggle between moral healthiness and semi-decadence, with the ultimate

(Continued on page 76)

Forbidden TO FALL

His Contract Won't Permit
Charles Morton to Lose
His Heart

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

ture work. There's nothing I'd rather do. I was literally born into a vaudeville act, you know; and after eight years and more in that racket I knew I hated show business and the rotten bunch of cut-throats connected with it. But pictures—that's something else. Taking it by and large, I like the work darned well. But look what it does to me.

Canned Soup and Freedom

"WHAT I want most is just to be some place and have romance. Back in Greenwich Village I used to think that with four hundred a week I could buy romance by the yard. Yet that was when I really had romance—and I didn't know it. Even if I couldn't pay the rent and sometimes had to live on canned soup, there was no one to dictate whom I went around with.

"I've started going with a whole lot of girls in my two years in Hollywood. All of 'em end up by hating me and never wanting to see me again. And it isn't that I'm such a bad sort of feller, really. I can get along with most anyone. But I just let 'em hate me. I find myself beginning to get interested in 'em, see?—and then someone at the studio says, 'Naughty, naughty! You're neglecting your work.' That's what it means to be on contract. I haven't

missed my salary-check for two years, but my private life doesn't exist.

"I smile all the time, so nobody knows how I feel about it. The more I smile, the more depressed I probably am under the surface. When I get to kidding around a lot on the set, I'm about as depressed as the devil. It's become second nature to do the laugh-clown-laugh act. I'm making myself out a regular *Pagliacci*. You mustn't take me that seriously, please. But just now I feel particularly low, and the situation looks blacker than usual.

(Continued on page 78)



From the very days when Charles Morton used to play fireman, with a hat and everything, he's been romantic. And now that he's old enough to be, business denies him the thrill

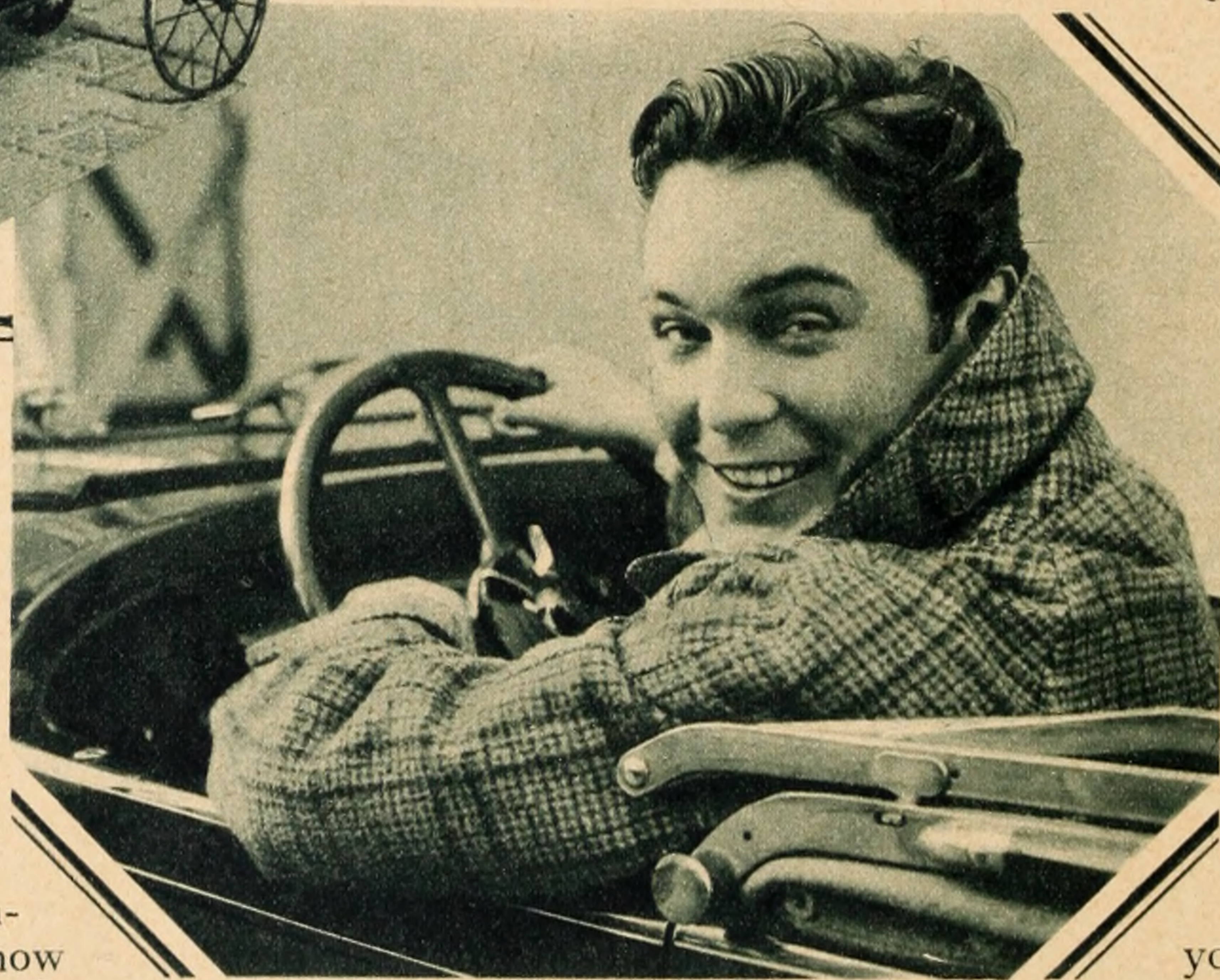


"THIS life romantic? Hell, no!" said Charlie Morton, digging viciously into the bowl of his pipe.

"Of course, I used to think how wonderful it would be, just as everybody does when he's poor. Three years ago, when I was living on air and what I could beg, borrow or steal in Greenwich Village, I used to figure how perfectly great it'd be to have four hundred dollars a week, your own car to drive around in and plenty in the bank to pay the rent with.

"But that's not the way it works out. Look at me now! I can't eat what I like because I'd get fat. And that isn't the half of it. I can't go with the girl I want because they say it interferes with my work in the studio. I have to tell her I don't like her, because I'm afraid she'll take too much of my time and thoughts away from my business of being romantic in celluloid.

"You know," he went on, proceeding to muss up his hair in mild exasperation, "it's just the very devil. I love pic-



Giving HOLLYWOOD Fitts

The New District Attorney
Of Los Angeles County
Admits He's Looking For
Trouble

By RUTH BIERY

"LOOK out, it may be Buron Fitts, the new district attorney."

That's the way Hollywood has plagiarized its old stand-by saying, "Look out, it may be Lon Chaney."

Only this time it isn't a wise-crack when they say it, although they may hide their earnestness, their fear and their awe behind a wise-cracking manner.

D. T. is another abbreviation they have for him. Now, D.T. has always meant to Hollywood that terrible state which may follow a wild party when a fellow's put to bed and doesn't know anything about it. But now they have this new meaning—district 'torney—rather than delirium tremens—and he's expected to arrive during rather than after a wild party, which is kind of depressing.

Take the New Year's Eve Mayfair party—that great function of Hollywood's most mighty movie people. There were champagne bottles on the table when we made our appearance. We picked them up gingerly and found they were fake—made of rubber. And we breathed a sigh of relief—all together. For this D.T.'s fame was already spreading, and taking a chance with bottles under the table wasn't just the same thing as blatantly inviting him to take a look at them upon it.

Raiding the Roosevelt

AND the formal re-opening of the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood's hotel run by Joseph Schenck and a few other movie people who must have an outlet for their profits—that hostelry of hostelries where the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences holds its carefully publicized sancto-sanctorum meeting to discuss naughty fan writers. Did you know that Buron Fitts slipped in that night—not in person, but in spirit—officers of the law amply representing that spirit—and arrested seven of our most prominent citizens? Home-town boys and visiting celebrities. For this D.T. is no respecter of persons. And they went down to his office and paid their fines to the County of Los Angeles for having illicit beverages upon them? And one of them growled and barked and said, "If it takes the rest of my life and \$50,000 of my personal fortune, I'll get you, Fitts, I'll get you!"

No, this has never been printed before—because Buron Fitts did not want it printed. Not that he was afraid to



Stagg

print it. But why cause any further trouble than the law necessitated, and why warn other law-breakers of what was liable to happen?

And the Plantation, yes, my dears, our Fatty Arbuckle's Plantation, has already been raided. That did get into the papers. But there wasn't anything to it. At least, that's what Fatty, himself, told me one night out at Jim Cruze's and Betty Compson's. Only there was a worried light in his eyes, his nice twinkly eyes with the pink skin around them, as he told me. And added soon after that he was getting a band ready which would be a knock-out in bands and something entirely different. And they were to play at the Plantation during the rush season and the rest of the time they would tour the country on vaudeville, with Fatty. He put the reason all upon business—you could make as much money in three months in a cabaret as you could in twelve, during the right season.

Fines Cost Money

BUT even then, I wondered if the three months had anything to do with padlocking. After all, fines are expensive. Not that these people have to pay the fines themselves, for, of course, they do not ever sell liquor. But if these famed folks who have been plugging for Fatty get pinched in his house—well, they aren't going to come very often. And the world goes to his place as much to see the satellites as to listen to the "Hey folks," of Fatty.

(Continued on page 74)



Hollywood Horrors

A BABY STAR'S
DAUGHTER
COMES TO VISIT HER

Feed 'Em and Reap

This Henry's Does
To All Hollywood
All Night And
All Day

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

THEY say Charlie Chaplin started it. Maybe he did. Our Charles has started

lots of things in his time. But if he really played Isabella, and pawned his comic crown to further the enterprises of this Columbus, his faith in man must be renewed. Albeit his opinion of woman remains *in statu quo ante bellum*, so to speak. For Charlie has been rewarded in the discovery of many a midnight delicacy. His financial interest in the kingdom of Henry, the Ate, may have ceased. But his gustatorial enthusiasm shall endure forever. Charles is Henry's constant customer. Indeed, an honest poll of patrons might well divulge that next to the hamburger and herring, Chaplin is one of Henry's chief attractions.

In the telephone book, fairly diligent search discloses a modest notation that Henry's Delicatessen is situate at 6321 Hollywood Boulevard. It gives the 'phone number, too. But that doubtless has been changed. Aside from this scant information, there is nothing. But be not deceived. The same prosaic volume may also list Swanson, Gloria; Garbo, Greta; Crawford, Joan; Page, Anita; Bow, Clara; and White, Alice; without a single romantic line of exposition. Or perhaps explanation is the better word.

Now that the telephone company is in the picture business, the number-please industry may develop emotionally. Then its old opus may attain descriptive rhetoric. Thus: "Henry's: where gods become men, where idols are human, where chivalry buys beans for beauty, where Ohio gazes on Olympus, where great lovers get goose livers, where hams and eggs mingle, where stars smile on schnitzels, where—" but you get the idea. Henry's Delicatessen, forsooth! Why Henry purveys viands to Venus, nectar to Narcissus, lentil zoop to Joe Schenck. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, then Henry is Hollywood's best beloved.



Where stars go to feast themselves and tourists to feast their eyes: the interior of Henry's and, below it, the menu with its coat-of-arms

Henry's Heraldry

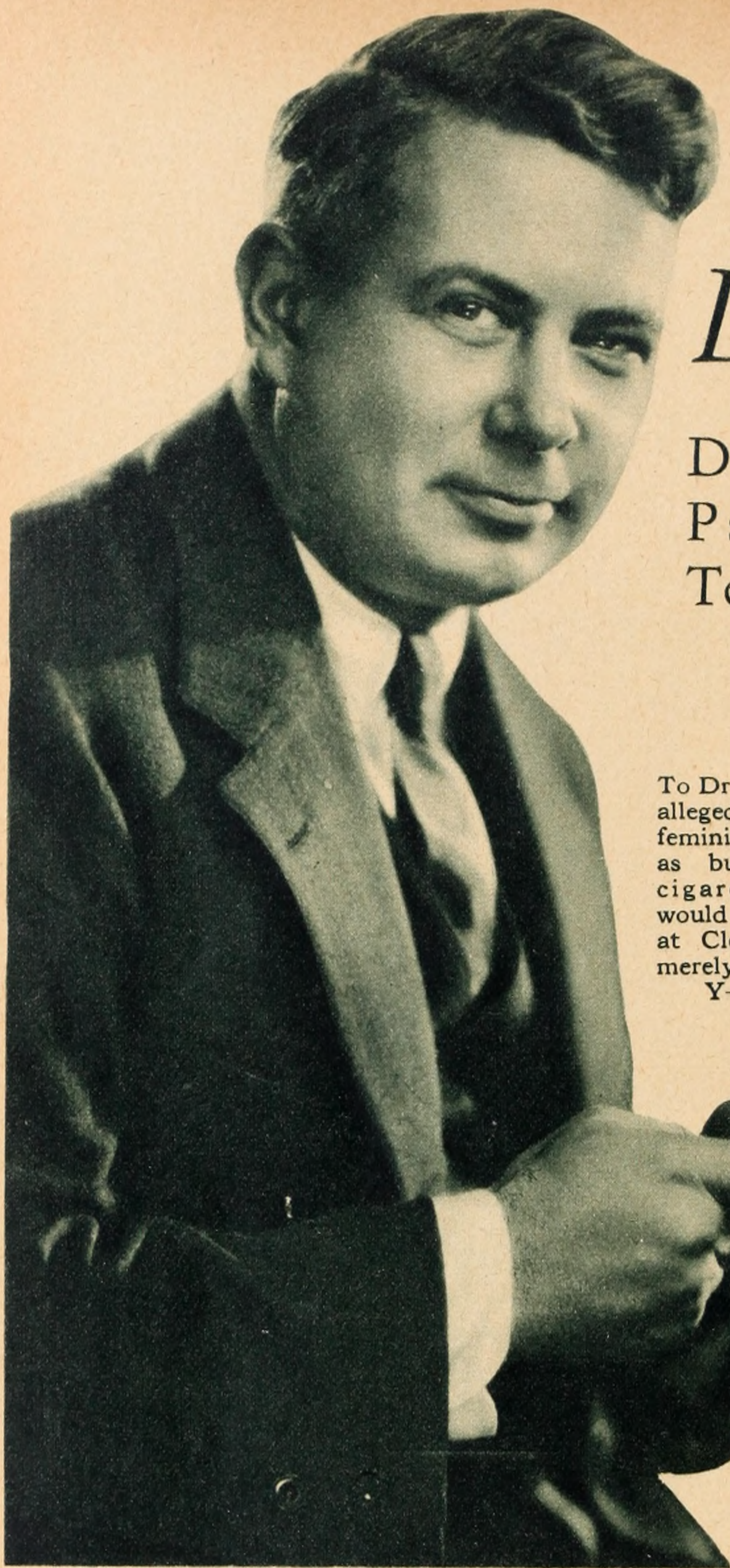
HIS 'scutcheon, like his food, is not lacking in subtlety. His shield is topped by a coronet with which to crown supervisors. Beneath it is symbolized the ancient and honorable slapstick. In the quarterings of his arms are two poor fish *couchant*, to represent producers caught in the very act of jumping from the frying pan of silence into the fire of sound. Directorial genius is portrayed by a goose engaged in laying an egg. A lamb, bleating on its way to the slaughter, warns the profession of players regarding its ultimate end. And in the

fourth quarter appears a ^{Moss} mystic design variously described as Lon Chaney, Will Hays, a conventionalized microphone or a question mark signifying "What's wrong with the movies?" Beneath are three locks of Sid Grauman's hair, pendant from a movie screen.

When Henry first presented his hospitality to his friends and his public, the key to his kingdom was cast into the Los Angeles river. It lies there yet, covered with the dust of ages. Thus for twenty-four hours each day of the year, his establishment has accumulated the atmosphere which lends it fame. Paraphrasing Scott, he might declaim, "Come one, come all! A star shall fly from before a spot light as soon as I." In two words, Henry's is never closed.

But its aspect changes with the hours. Of the 165,000 Iowans, who, with sundry odd Kansans, Nebraskans and other embattled farmers, form the drab background against which Hollywood splashes its color, there be those who have squandered their substance at Henry's without ever getting star-dust in their eyes. Of these, many wouldn't recognize their favorites without the aid of a catalog and identifying numbers on the posteriors of the players. Others have erred in their choice of hours. For if hunger be not of the belly kind, but more a longing for

(Continued on page 88)



What Every Lover Should Know

Dr. William Marston, Ph.D., And
Psychoanalyst For The Movies,
Tells On Both Blondes And Brunettes

By MARQUIS BUSBY

To Dr. William Marston, the alleged complexities of the feminine mind are as simple as buying a package of cigarettes. He probably would have taken one look at Cleopatra and remarked merely, "Just another Class Y-6743 specimen"

Some Psychological Hot-Shots

Blondes are dominant, independent, good cave-women, but bad exhibitionists.

Brunettes usually experience love-emotions the most keenly. Red-haired women are born to burn men up. Solomon couldn't resist 'em; neither could Mark Antony.

A man is not capable of continued captivation of a woman. When a woman seems to be most completely mastered, really she is the most completely victorious.

The greatest stimulus in films, to man and woman alike, is the body of a beautiful woman.

but during casting and throughout productions. When the picture is completed, he will also follow through in applying psychology to the distribution of the picture.

Women Are Child's Play

WHAT the doctor knows about the emotions of people is something about which to send Scotchgrams to mother, Agnes. And women—well, those compound and confounding creatures, to him, are as simple as the alphabet. If John Gilbert ever had a heart-to-heart talk with Dr. Marston, he would never be taken in by the blandishments of the exotic Garbo. Greta, poor dear, wouldn't have a secret wife to her name.

Dr. Marston is also the inventor of the lie-detector, which got more publicity than Lupe Velez a short time ago during interesting tests in New York. However, Dr. Marston, being a sensible man with a cool, sane look in his eyes, to the unutterable relief of every assistant director and technician at Universal City, has no intention of using this diabolical contraption in Hollywood.

He is a tall, rugged, blond chap of early middle age, cheerful of mien, and not one to put on fuss and feathers on account of his Ph.D. No, siree. He found out all about women from experiments. Why, Agnes, I wouldn't have your mind—. It was all decently psychological and correct, taking place in laboratories and other such hygienic and moral places.

The four chief emotions of normal people, according to Dr. Marston, are dominance, compliance, submission and inducement. He will keep a keen eye on these premises in reading story material.

One of his criticisms of the screen today is that pictures
(Continued on page 96)

Freulich

IT may choke them, but those mean, jealous souls who have accused movie people of being as dumb as a flapper on Einstein's new theory will just have to eat their words. One of the first signs of a renaissance of culture in Hollywood was Florence Vidor's version of an English accent. Then Madge Bellamy began to discuss books, and Mary and Doug started a swell rooming-house for traveling nobility. Never having been present at one of the royal soirées at Pickfair, I can't vouch for the conversational trend, but it must be of a weighty nature.

But the great dawn has come, the *pièce de résistance* of intellectual superiority has arrived in our up and coming town. The movies have finally attracted a Ph.D. in the person of Dr. William M. Marston of Columbia and New York Universities; a Phi Beta Kappa, and a psychologist listed in American Men of Science. Dr. Marston's present business is to psychoanalyze the movies which emanate from "Uncle Carl" Laemmle's studios at Universal City.

He will keep in close touch with all production activity of the Universal studios and will apply the principles of public psychology not only to the stories before purchase,

Insomniacs who have tried everything else, take heart. Any time slumber eludes you, do what Doris Kenyon does when her mind refuses to call it a day: get a book on chess and play out the moves as it directs you to. Or substitute for consuming such heavy mental food the much simpler expedient Jacqueline Logan resorts to: milk and cookies with spineless crumbs



Kendall Evans

Duty Sleep

How Jacqueline Logan And Doris Kenyon Make Themselves Drowsy At The Right Time

Won't Women

From Maurice Costello
This Has Been The

By DOROTHY DONNELL

Maurice Costello, of the dimples; Frances X. Bushman with his inches and wavy pompadour; Wally Reid and his heart-wrenching smile; Valentino with the smoldering flame that was in him; Richard Dix the he-man; John Gilbert of the flashing bold eyes; Ronald Colman with the dark suffering look; Buddy Rogers whom the Greeks surely meant when they wrote of "the hyacinthine boy"; suave Nils Asther—all the handsome rest of them. They are as different as men could well be in temperament, tastes, personality, ways of thinking. One popular idol conceals a practical business outlook behind a melting dark glance, another is interested in gardening and can talk eloquently on the subject of cutworms and fertilizers, and a third—whose screen love-making is incendiary—is a blasé bachelor.

They work at love-making from nine to five, as another man with less perfect profile and less wavy hair works at the wholesale butter and egg business. But after business hours they are not allowed to drop their rôle. Wherever they go, whatever they do, they are expected to be the great lover still.

"Sure I'd like to marry," Richard Dix once told me bitterly, "but what chance have I got to meet any girls? All a movie star ever meets are movie fans. I'd like to know regular girls, girls outside the profession, the kind of girls other fellows my age are introduced to and call on and take out to parties. But no matter where I go it's just the same: we movie actors are different. They expect us to behave the way we do on the screen. We can't get acquainted with a girl normally, naturally. We're expected to be always acting."

Buddy is Bewildered

BUDDY ROGERS came to the screen fresh from college, fraternity dances, class tugs of war, exams. His almost immediate popularity did not go to his head because he had been something of a celebrity in college and had just exchanged one kind of fame for another. But the realization of the difference was to come to him in another way. A studio friend told me that on his first big location trip Buddy and the rest of the cast were entertained at a dinner given by the townspeople. And at the close of the evening Buddy came to him. "I'm afraid those women thought I was awful



Here are four men who've never had to complain of a femme-famine, but rather of the opposite; from the top and downward, they are: Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Buddy Rogers and John Gilbert

"**T**HE case of Valentino proves," a critic wrote caustically at the time of Rudie's death, "that American men have failed as lovers and husbands. It is a terrible indictment."

When the handsome hero kisses the heroine on the screen, does every woman in the audience feel kissed? Are the ardent letters that make up so much of a film sheik's fan mail written by romantic schoolgirls or by faithful wives, mothers, school teachers, women of position and intelligence? Are American women really starving for romance; hungry for love? And when a woman meets a movie lover out of business hours, does she expect him to make love to her?

If the experience of movie lovers is any indication, the answer is yes. Women do not separate the actor who has thrilled them with his photographic fervors, his camera kisses, from the man himself. You may write of a romantic star that he is happily married and the father of a dozen children, and it makes no difference. You may photograph him in grubby sweater and corduroys, fishing or cutting his lawn, and it won't change the women. So far as they are concerned, he is the great lover, and when they meet him they look at him challengingly, coyly, ardently—hopefully.

In fifteen years of writing about the screen I have known them all, all the heart smashers, the romantic sheiks from



Leave Us Alone?

To Gary Cooper, Sheik's Lament

dumb," he confided uneasily, "but, you see, I didn't understand just what they wanted me to say. They looked at me so queerly. Say, tell me: what did they expect?"

When Rudolph Valentino was at the height of his amazing career—when girls were tearing off their engagement rings and flinging them at his feet in public—he asked H. G. Mencken to have lunch with him, and unburdened his soul.

"I want advice," he told the man they call the leader of the intellectuals. Perhaps Rudy thought that only such a one could appreciate his grotesque comic-tragedy. "In God's name, what am I going to do? How did this happen to me? I did not ask for all this worship, and I cannot escape from it. They will not leave me alone in peace, these women. They think I am like the parts I play. And I am not. There is a Valentino on every street corner in Italy. I want to live like other people. I cannot be always playing the sheik. In God's name, what am I to do?"

Mencken did not laugh. He realized that this was a very real suffering he saw before him, a man crushed by the Juggernaut of his own fame. But all he could say was, "Wait. And remember. This, too, will pass."

Can One Be Kind and Single?

AN interviewer was talking with Gary Cooper not long ago, after he had made a hit in "The Legion of the Condemned." In the course of their conversation Gary confessed to his bewilderment at the position he found himself in. "Maybe you could tell me: isn't there some way to keep from hurting people's feelings and still not get married?"

A friend of Maurice Costello, when "Dimples" was the screen sheik, told me that he was stampeded by romance-hungry women wherever he went. "The letters that man gets," he said, "are unbelievable, shameless and yet pitiful. And many of them come from intelligent women, and supposedly happy wives. They would all of them hesitate to speak of themselves so intimately to their best friends. They would be horrified at the very idea of saying such things to a strange man whom they might meet in their everyday lives. But they write to Costello as to a lover. That's what he means to a million women—a lover."

Costello, behind his handsome exterior, was a family man, living the life of a suburban householder, with his wife and two babies. His



They've had all women crazy for them; they're funny that way. From the top and downward, they are: Wally Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Gary Cooper, Nils Asther and Maurice Costello

romantic hero rôle on the screen made his fortune, and lost him his family. The wife of a screen sheik has woman for a rival, instead of a woman.

When Wallace Reid began his sensational career of screen lover, he was an out-of-doors chap, devoted to intensely masculine pastimes: fishing, hunting, camping. He had a lodge in the mountains and spent much time there with men friends. But the romantic glamour of his screen rôles, and the hysterical worship of women fans changed his nature entirely. For years before Wally Reid died he was the society man, more accustomed to the hothouse air of the drawing-room than to that of the out-of-doors. His mountain cabin was abandoned, his guns rusted. He became what he was expected to be by the women who surrounded him with their adoration.

Waylaying Wally

PERHAPS not even Valentino appealed to heart-hungry women as Wallace Reid did. His fan letters were a sad commentary on American life, many of them being from middle-aged women whose husbands were too busy to pay them any attention, or from inhibited spin-

(Continued on page 94)



Seducing Their

For the Stars, Hollywood
With Pelf Practically

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY



IT seems we are not of the lowly herd, us motion picture personages. It seems that when our name has appeared in the society columns as having chosen to chew on Saturday at Montmartre Cafe, and maybe on Wednesday, too, that makes us *le dernier cri*.

P. S. Cleveland

You dern near what?

Le dernier cri. Ha! Ho!

And when we get our names in electrics. My dear, it is to sweep. It is to sweep into any store, lackeys scraping, flunkies bowing, salesgirls gaping, floor-walkers prancing, elevator starters staring, cash-girls grinning, fitters flitting. It is there they help us to part with our money—easily, painlessly, with gratifying gestures. Ah, it's great to be a motion picture personage in Hollywood.

Look, now, at Dyas, and while you are looking, I'm going to have just one more little sip. Just a weency bit. Look at B. H. Dyas, our newest department store, the Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street traffic flowing about its feet. Ten stories, laid one on top of the other; and on the roof a bungalow dedicated, yea, even consecrated, to Their Majesties, the Film Stars. A four-room bungalow, English style, with fire-placed living-room, dining-room, dressing-room, bath and kitchen, presided over by the blondely delectable Miss Kitty Rupp, who used to dabble in pictures, and the equally delectable brunette Mary Jane Hartwell, who also used to dabble in pictures.

Chemisey Shopping

NO more does the tired motion picture queen have to stand first on one foot, then on the other, as she waits to select the eiderdown bonnet for Cousin Tilly's baby, or a new chemise for herself. No sir, not since December when Dyas first extended coy invitations to partake of service de luxe. Now Gloria or Estelle or Clara is whisked to the roof, led to a paunchy easy chair, handed a cigarette, a cup of tea and a whole revue of eiderdown bonnets or pink chemises is paraded before her.

"It's taken the pain out of shopping for the players," said Miss Rupp, smiling blondely, prettily, glancing around the living-room of her cloud-tipped bungalow. "Especially at Christmas time was it helpful, with the store crowded with shoppers. Thelma Todd, for instance, came in one afternoon with a yard-long list. 'What, oh what, shall I get Aunt Emma? She wouldn't like perfume.' 'Why not a good-looking handbag?' I suggested. 'Great! And now what shall I give a man who drives a Packard?' 'How about a motor rug trimmed in leather to match the upholstery of his car?' 'Just as great!'

"They have been quick to take advantage of the



From time to time the beauties of Hollywood have difficulty in keeping themselves sufficiently slender. But with their bankrolls the case is different. They have but to patronize such establishments as Max Factor's, just above this; or Gerly's perfume shop, in the middle, to bring their resources to a definite state of emaciation. At the top is Bessie Love and in her hands a perfume named in her honor

Salaries

Shops Make the Parting Painless. Positively!

innovation. Men as well as women. Bill Haines was one of our first customers. He bought any number of fine handkerchiefs and knew as much about the fabrics as our linen expert. And then he bought a large supply of chiffon socks."

In the paneled dining-room a long refectory table is flanked by red leather chairs.

"We plan to give luncheons and teas, later, asking this star or that to invite her intimates. Afterward bridge may be played or a fashion show of the newest modes may be given."

The Dry Shower

IN the dressing-room are mirrors, make-up and a chaise longue with negliges, perfumes, satin mules, smart luggage placed beguilingly about, price tags affixed. Here milady is privileged to repair the ravages of weather. Adjoining is a room which includes a shower bath. So far the latter has remained chastely dry. No visitor has felt the urge to take a bath, courtesy of Dyas.

"Gloria Swanson came, looking at atomizers, the other day. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been in, stopping at the sixth floor on the way up to inspect personally the kiddy cars and toys. Wally Beery did his Christmas shopping here. Betty Compson has been in, and Don Alvarado, George K. Arthur, Clara Bow, Carmelita Geraghty, D. W. Griffith, Hoot Gibson, Marion Davies, Jack Holt. Cleve Moore and Lincoln Stedman, both members of the Thaliens Club, were in, looking about for something for their *s. p.* I asked them if it was 'sweet precious' or 'secret passion' but they wouldn't say.

"If a player with whom we are acquainted enters the store, the saleswoman who serves her makes her presence known to the floorwalker, who immediately summons me and I am presented to her, whereupon I invite her to avail herself of the privileges of our bungalow.

"Not only that. When we know, say, that Jean Arthur is looking for something smart in aviation togs for a new picture, or that Hobart Bosworth is keeping a watchful eye open for a certain type of riding boot, and we get a new shipment of either article, we immediately telephone the player's home and tell her or him of the arrival. Or sometimes we have a sale of golf clubs, and I know Doris Hill is interested in them. I call Miss Hill's residence and leave word so that she may come to the store and take advantage of the lower prices."

Trimmed Even on Sunday

SO you can see us motion picture personages are not of the lowly herd. We are of the chosen few. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, treat us with accord. Even Jim, Hollywood's bobber de luxe, condescends to make allowances, and clips Joan Crawford's hair on a Sabbath morn.

"Sure," says Jim, "she's a sweet lady, and I'm glad to come down on Sunday to give her a trim when she is working in a picture and can't get away during the week. We send manicurists and hairdressers to the studios, too, to accommodate them. And many is the night that we stay until seven or seven-thirty so that some actress can have

(Continued on page 94)



C. S. Bull



One of the most notable of figures in the business of beautifying the stars of Hollywood is Jim—not the penman, but the barber. He is seen at the top dressing Eva Von Berne's hair. Below this is Robertson's department store, in downtown Los Angeles; and at the bottom is the dressing-room set apart for picture celebrities in the Dyas store. The two actresses succumbing to the department's assistant manager, are Doris Hill, on left; and Jean Arthur



Russel Ball

Self-Supporting

In her work in pictures, as in her posture in this picture, Laura LaPlante leans on no outside support. Her own sunny charm and deftness in comedy suffice to maintain her already secure position. She has just completed "Scandal" and—as would seem logical—is now going to appear in "Evidence"

OLD

Doc Santell

Al Keeps Falling Stars
From Falling

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

BETWEEN nine and five you'll find director Al Santell doing his stuff at the studio. But between five and nine—ah, that's something else again. And far less simple. Never, for instance, say "Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a street car to take me to Al Santell's house." Because there is no street car within miles. However, there are ways of reaching him. You may walk from Hollywood. About thirty miles north-west. Or you may fly. On a warm day a fifteen-mile swim from Santa Monica may allure you. If you sail due east from Japan, you'll land right at his doorstep. But perhaps you're pressed for time and would prefer to motor down. Drive to the Pacific Ocean and ring door-bells until one is answered by a Filipino butler whose fierce mustachios and imperial make him look like Louis Napoleon. Al's here.

Surrounded by books and beer, you'll find him loitering about his rambling Malibu home clad in white ducks of sea-going cut. All year round he spends here those hours which are his very own. Plumed waves spray his front porch with foam. Which suggests more beer. And the sorrowful sobbing of sea-gulls emphasizes the comfort to be found in a huge chair before a wide blazing hearth, with an ancient book for company.

Telephones are taboo in Malibu. The beauty of the spot is its inaccessibility. No raucous messages to report for a story conference, or what-have-you in the conference line, can crash into its quietude. Even Sam Goldwyn is unable to sputter telephonically that he's amazed at someone's stupidity. Sam seems in a perpetual state of amazement at the dumbness of the world and its people. But when the cause of his surprise is safely ensconced behind Malibu sand-dunes, even Sam must hold his peace until another day. Either that or talk to himself. So far from the madding movies in the restful environment which he and nature have created, Al Santell philosophises on life and love—as they do 'em in pictures.

Neither Rotund Nor Rollo

SANTELL is short and broad. There are ridges of muscles stretching from shoulders to wrists. None of his fuel goes to fat. It is either burned up with the intensity of his being, or it is transmuted into sinew. He is physically active. And physically fit. His brown face is topped by a mop of crisply curling black hair. It's probably quite a trial to him. But he manages it fairly well. He'd be an ideal subject to pose for one of the stay-put hair-dressing advertisements. His eyes glow with a genial sophistication. They relieve a facial contour which might otherwise create an impression of cynicism. For Santell



In many a production Al Santell plays not only the part of director, but one in the picture as well. The lower picture shows him in make-up

is no *Rollo* Boy. He's not the *Pollyanna* of the picture business. Nor does he believe in oil-stock prospectuses. On the other hand, there is little bitterness in his make-up. His humor may be tinged with sarcasm, but it is the gentle sarcasm of one who has learned to appraise life, and those who live it, at proper values. A somewhat robust, rough-and-ready, back-slapping manner seems worn as a cloak to cover a certain fineness, an innate culture. Qualities which have small value in the hurly-burly of movie making. His use of words is especially exact. His pronunciation of them unusually pleasant. His blue, for instance, is never bloo; nor does lute become loot.

Santell is one of the many who got in on the ground
(Continued on page 79)

B. H. Rogers'

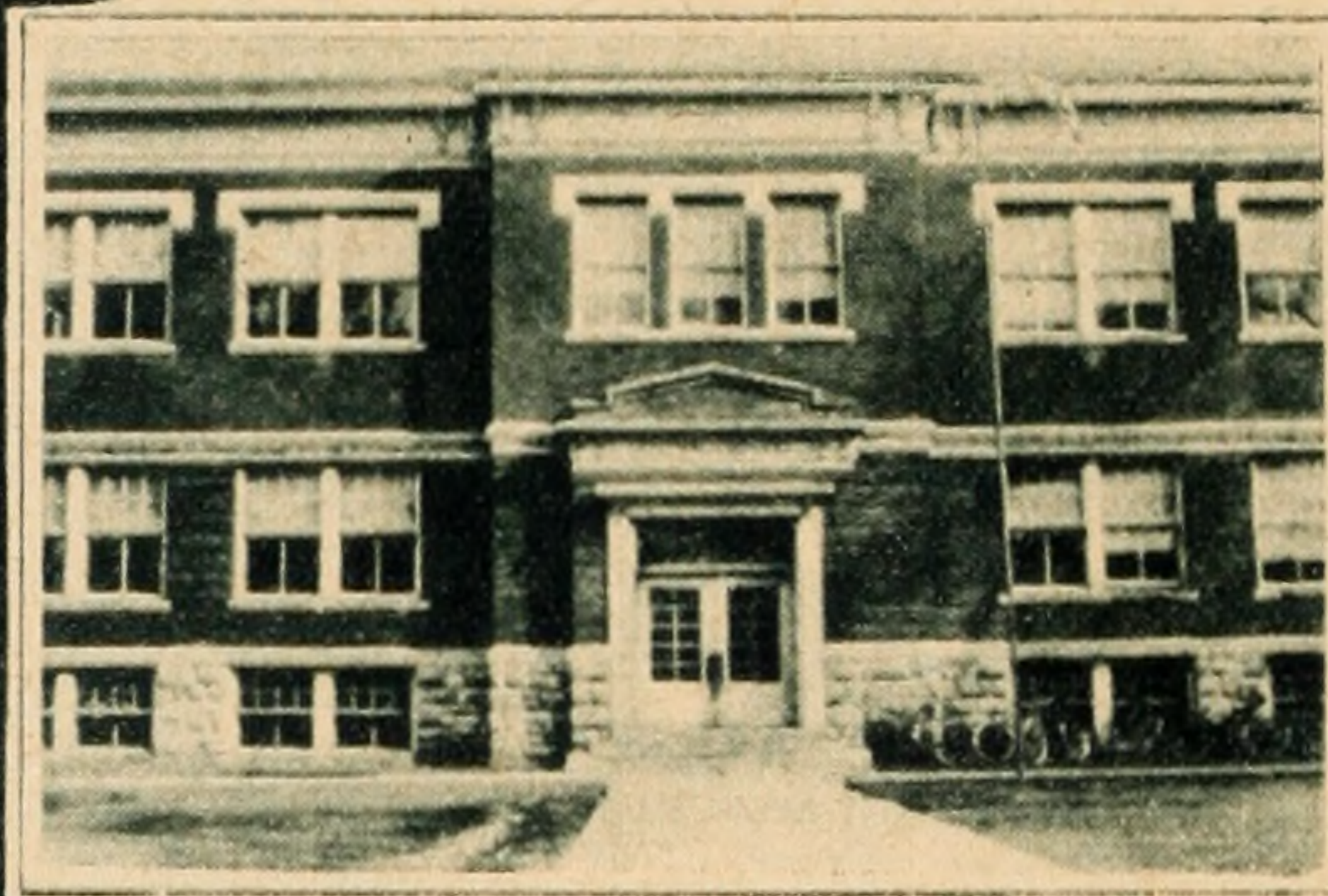
As Told By Buddy Rogers

To DOROTHY DONNELL



IT was the biggest thing that ever happened to me, coming back to Olathe after my first picture. Yes, sir. All those important men that I used to look up to when I was a kid, I. H. Hershey, head of the School Board; and Mr. Shaukaltzer, the President of the Chamber of Commerce; and E. M. Hill, the principal of the high school, and the rest coming six or seven miles out of town to meet my car, and the banners hung around Courthouse Square and down Park Street saying, "WELCOME HOME, BUDDY." Well, sir, it almost had me crying.

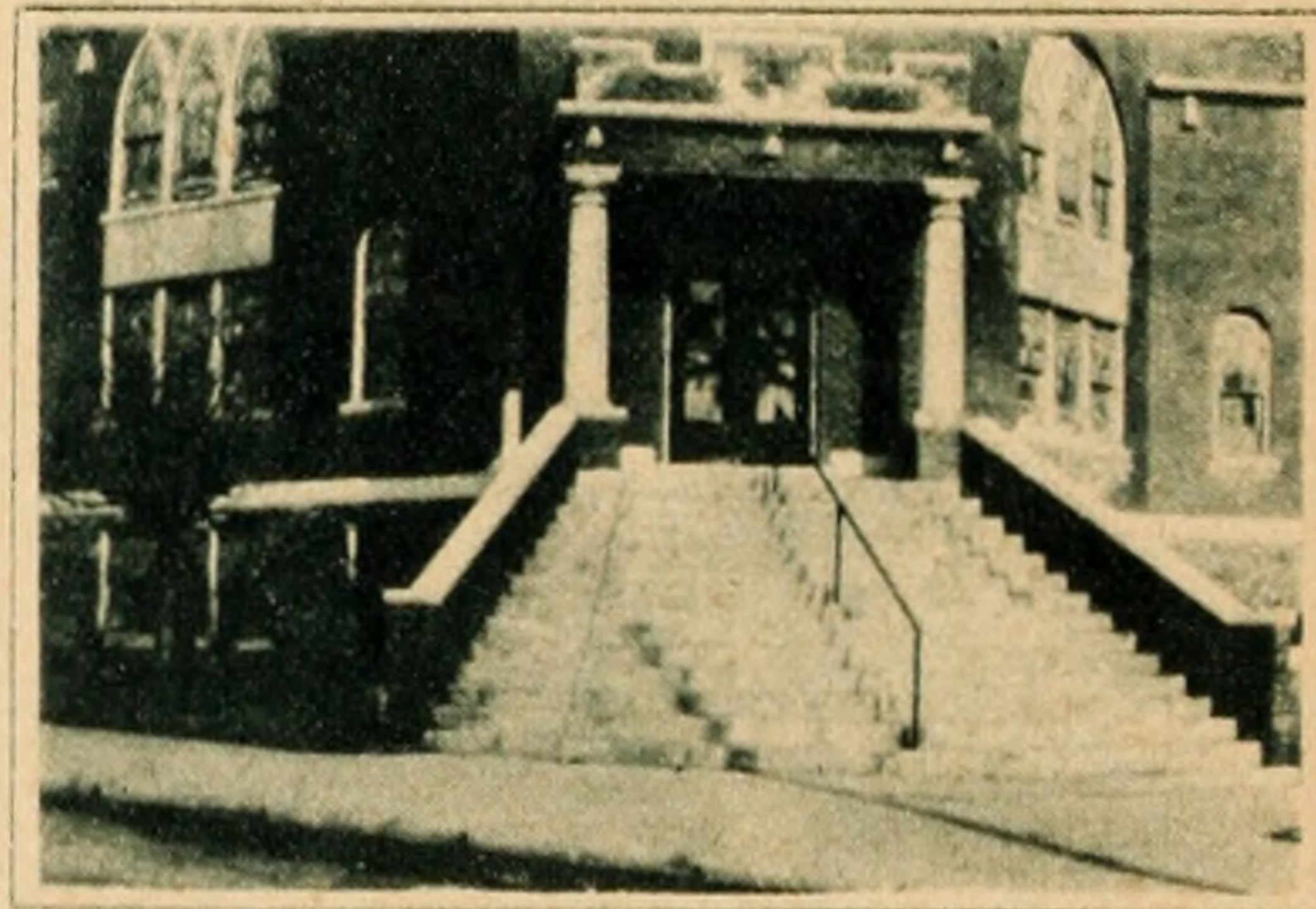
I was born in Olathe in the same house my folks live in now, the big wooden house at 224 South Cherry Street; and my mother and father were born in Olathe, too. My grandparents on both sides spent most of their lives there. We've got quite a few relatives



Where the budding Buddy went to grammar school

buried in the cemetery of the First Methodist Church. When a family gets born in a town and buried in it, after a while it feels quite at home. That's the way with my family. I've been trying to persuade them to move to Hollywood, but Dad says, "No. I don't know as I could make a living anywhere else."

My uncle was postmaster in Olathe for years, and one of my grandfathers ran the hotel till he sold out a few months ago. I can remember what a treat I always thought it was to go to Sunday dinner at the hotel, and go down afternoons to watch the drummers come in on the Interurban from Kansas City. Dad has run the "Olathe Mirror" for twenty years, he's printed the births and marriages and deaths of half the people in town in his paper and he knows everybody. Pretty nearly every day some visitor turns up at the studio with a note from Dad to me asking me to show him over the lot. "I know I oughtn't to bother you," he will write, "but this is absolutely the last time. Do be nice to him, Buddy. He's a friend of mine."



Before he contributed his talents to the screen, Buddy used to contribute his coins to Sunday school in this church

They're all friends of Dad's. Everybody who knows him is that.

Too Dizzy to Eat

OLATHE hasn't changed so much since I can remember. We've got a swell new country club and golf links out where there was a cow-pasture when I was a kid, and, of course, there are a few new houses. One of them is built on what used to be a vacant lot next to our place. A traveling street fair came to town once and asked Dad if they could put their tents on that lot. It was nearly my birthday so Dad told

Dyar

Boy

That's All Buddy Is To His Home-Townsmen In Olathe, Kansas

them that if they would let us have the merry-go-round for one whole afternoon they could use the lot. When the kids came to my party, we spent the whole time riding on the horses and camels and in the chariots till we were too dizzy to eat the ice cream and cake.

In a little town like Olathe you go to Central School on Water Street and then to High with the same boys and girls, and most of them go to Kansas University together afterwards. There was Martha Woodbury, and the Blankenbeakers and Harry McCown and Genevieve Haskins and Ruth Scott—most of them are married now. Kids, too, some of them. Last time I was in Olathe, Miss Carpenter, the principal of the grade school, asked me to come down and talk to the third and fourth grades. I was pulling the stuff about how I used to sit right at that desk there, children, but I didn't study as hard as I should have and I hope you aren't as much trouble to dear Miss Carpenter as I was, when one tiny tot in the back put up her hand. "My mama says she used to go to school with you," she piped up.

Gee, doesn't that make you feel queer, though?

The boys I grew up with, and played baseball and football with and went swimming and skating on the Railroad Lakes with, are all working for their fathers in Olathe stores. The girls I went with through High School, are married. There was Nell Lorrimer and Guenita Stuart and Mary Hodge. Mary married a lawyer and moved out of town. And Ross Culpepper, the son of the Methodist minister who lived a block away from our house, is an evangelist now. I guess I'm the only actor that ever came from Olathe.

Kicking Off Again

EXCEPT for everybody growing up, things are about the same in the town. The high school gang still hangs around Kelley's Drug Store, only it's my seventeen-year-old brother that carves his initials in the booths instead of me. He's playing left end on the football team—my old place—and they still have great battles with the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum team. Thanksgiving Day, when I was home, E. M. Hill, the same principal of the high school who has been there since I can remember, asked me to come out on the field and kick off the first ball. They told everybody I was going to do it and all the farmers came in from miles around. My studio had a news cameraman there from K. C. taking pictures of it. I felt sort of foolish, and sort of proud.

The Gem Theater on Park Street was the only movie in town when us kids used to play hooky from school to see the next chapter of a Ruth Roland serial, and it's still the only movie theater. They get all the biggest pictures, only sometimes they're a year later than in Kansas City. Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels and Billie Dove are their favorite actresses; and Harry Langdon, Harold Lloyd and Tom Mix all draw big audiences.

When my first picture, "Fascinating Youth," was shown in



Above is the Olathe Hotel, owned by Buddy's grandfather; at right, Buddy's father, standing before the offices of his newspaper the "Olathe Mirror"



Olathe, it had a longer run than "The Big Parade." Yes, sir; the farmers drove in eight or ten miles in their Fords and they charged twenty-five cents (it's usually ten cents admission) and ran it for four days. Mr. S. C. Andrews, the owner of the Gem till a few months ago, made enough money running "Fascinating Youth" to buy a new car.

All That Money

IT was Mr. Andrews that started me off in pictures. He was talking to the Paramount Exchange people in Kansas City. "Why don't you get some young folks in your pictures?" he asked them. "I know a boy in Olathe that's as good as any Hollywood star, the son of B. H. Rogers, editor of 'The Mirror.' The Paramount people were running a competition for pupils for their new school in Long Island City, so they sent for me to make a test. I didn't much want to be an actor then. I was earning good money directing a University band, playing for dances in Kansas City, but they told me I

(Continued on page 80)



Main Street in the Kansas town from which Buddy came is not a symbol; it is the name of the principal thoroughfare



Russell Ball

If he knows half as much about Hollywood as his mistress does, this China feline is a cat of many more than nine tails. At any rate, Lilyan admires him so much that she's attempting to imitate the several expressions he wears in the one pose. He's a recent acquisition, purchased as a result of Miss Tashman's seeing his picture in the newspaper

Copy Cat

Lilyan Tashman Deliberately Qualifies As One

Take A Memo, DADDY

It's Things Like This That Give Anita Page's Father Headaches

By DUNHAM THORP

"AFTER all, I'm her father, an' the father oughta be the head of the family, sorta. 'It's knocked everything so darn lopsided.'"

At this point Anita Page poked me in the back, and asked me to tell her father that she wished to speak with him.

The only vacant table large enough had been reserved for Joan Crawford, so Anita sat alone with her thoughts while I interviewed the pater.

"Daddy, please be sure to remind me that I must attend the luncheon Mr. Mayer is giving some visitors tomorrow. I forget so easily. Perhaps you'd better make a note of it."

So Marino Pomares—yes, Page was Pomares in Astoria—pulled out a notebook and dutifully did as his daughter dictated.

Now if you want to take time out to snicker, go ahead. I'd be the last to stop you. But when you've finished, let me tell you something: this guy's got a real problem, and he can't laugh off.

Nineteen years ago he married. And then a year later Anita was born, and he became "the head of the family"

in the strongest sense of the word: the man on whose shoulders the responsibility for the welfare of this little unit rested squarely.

And they were good shoulders, too, for they never shirked that burden. Starting as a quite ordinary electrician, he saved his money and waited an opportunity. It came. In partnership with a friend, he started an electrical contracting business of his own. In ten years, he and his partner increased that business tenfold.

Changing His Rôles

HERE was a prosperous and respected solid citizen, adding to the wealth of the community, and partaking of the wealth added by his neighbors. A member in good standing of the local Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and Elks. Vice-president of his own business, and owner of the three-story brick home in which he and his family lived. A man able to support his family on the same plane as those of his neighbors. What more could be asked of him?

But now——

If daughter makes the grade, and reaches the top of her profession, she may make more in a year than he could



Before and after taking up a picture career: at the left is represented the importance of Anita Page in relation to her father—center—when they lived in Astoria; at the right her present importance

hope for in a lifetime. Laugh that off! This girl, whose main function in life was, but a very short time ago, to mind the baby, has now dethroned the father as the main breadwinner of the family.

But, to get back to the free lunch:

Closing the notebook, and pocketing it in an almost belligerent manner, Pomares looked up at me—and the expression in his eyes really merited analysis. He was doing something; and no matter how small the task, still it was useful. But what about me? Would I understand? Or was I one of those guys who make nasty cracks about parasite-poppers? He may have been boss in Astoria, but here he was on the defensive. And the pathetic part of it was that no one knew it better than himself.

"You see, it's in little things like that that I can be useful to her. I drive her down to the studio in the morning and back home again at night, and act as a sort of manager to handle her business affairs, look after her interests, and do anything I can.

Her Career or His

"FRANKLY, I don't know what to do. It's sure a tough problem, perhaps the toughest I've been up against in my life. This success in the movies is great for Anita, and the wife is wild about it—but it's sure played hob with me.

"But for it, I'd have been going along in my own business, a business that's growing every year. We'd have been comfortable and well-to-do, even if never actually wealthy. I could have sent Anita through college; and the baby, too, when he grows up. And then maybe Anita would have wanted to marry—and if the boy she picked wasn't well set, I'd have been able to give him a start.

"But now it doesn't look like that's to be. If Anita's got it in her and can make the grade, she can do things for the family financially that I could never even dream of. I've got to consider that.

"And then, there's another thing. The wife and I have never been separated, except maybe a day or two now and then, for nineteen years—and you get into habits that are hard to break. If I go back to New York and continue in

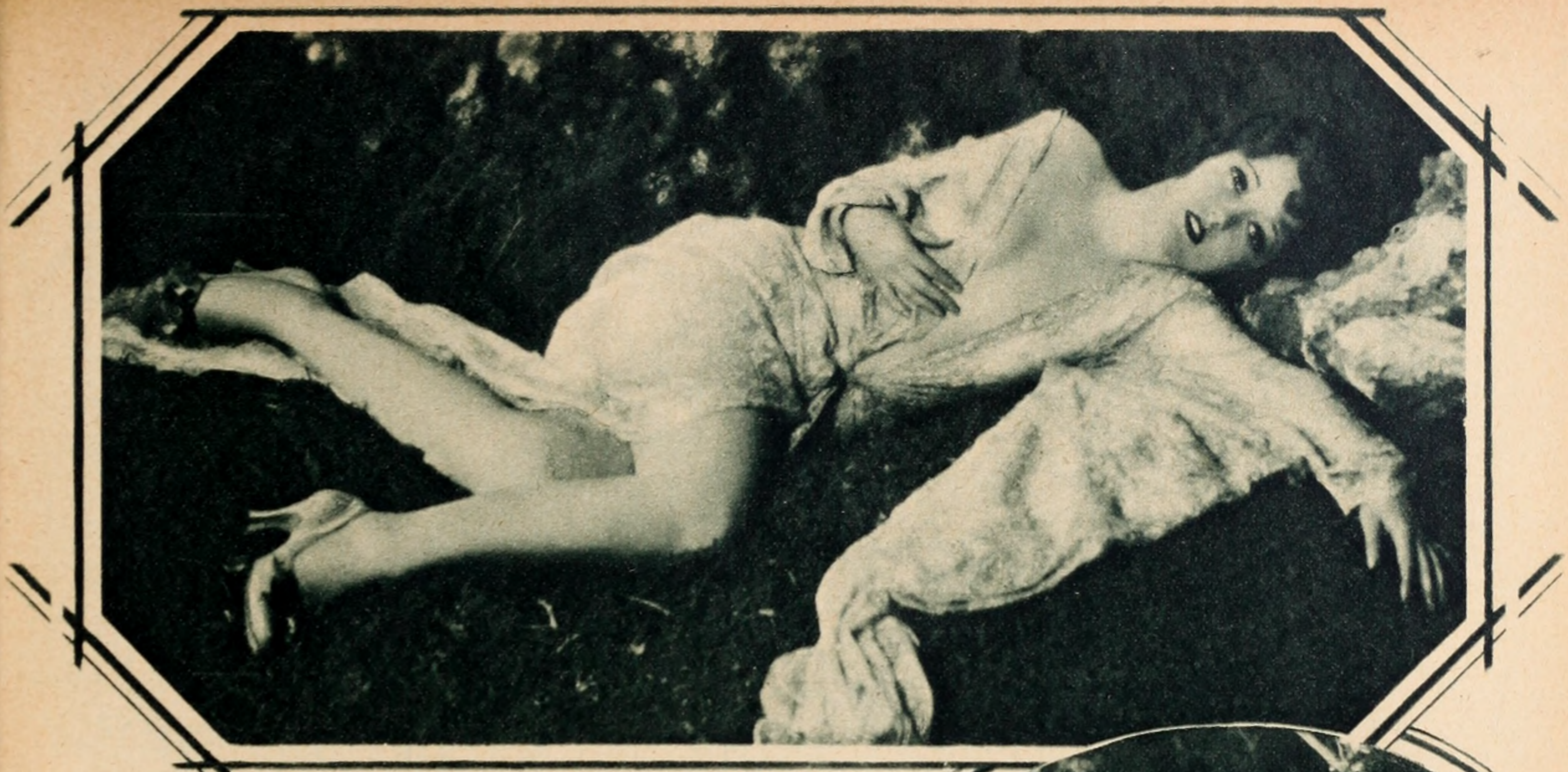
(Continued on page 92)



Lace and Doris Dawson Wears



We've heard of lucky stones, but we've never before seen a picture of one. At least, never one so decidedly lucky as that just at the left, which Doris Dawson curves her elbow about. From this time on, Rock-a-Bye Baby is our favorite anthem



Less

Both Bewitchingly



A very little lawn—such it is and such has Doris. While these photographs were being taken, Miss Dawson several times crossed one knee over the other in order to live up to her reputation of being the kind of girl who doesn't let any grass grow under her feet



The Heart History of JOE MARTIN

For Pretty Betty
Bradford He
Sacrificed
His Career
As A
Monkey-
Business Man

By H. W. HANEMANN

THIS is the story of Joe Martin, orang-outang, whose movie career ended suddenly at the peak of his popularity, who mysteriously disappeared under the mighty mountain of his fan mail, who vanished into the thin air that bore the echoing laughter of thousands of delighted women and children. The world was Joe's banana, but he left it unpeeled.

Love is like that. Love has always been like that. "Love," says the poet, "that will aye endure, though the rewards be few, that is the love that's pure, that is the love that's true." So Joe Martin loved, not as John Gilbert or Adolphe Menjou, but as Lon Chaney or Louis Wolheim. When the time came for him to make his sacrifice, he made it. Love was a real thing to Martin, the whole thing. Love offered no modern compromises with loose libidos seeking release in self-expression, no weak-kneed adjustment of "you-go-to-your-church-and-I'll-go-to-the-movies." Alas, the apposite pathos of that jejune phrase!

Joe Martin was born in Africa of parents in circumstances that were both meagre and uncomfortable. So uncomfortable were the circumstances, that after a sharp disagreement with their landlord, the parents moved to Singapore, taking the baby with them. Here Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson were chosen as Joe's godparents and he joined the Boy Scouts. "Little Joe," so called because he was the fourth child, prospered and became an Eagle Scout. Due to his prowess as an Eagle Scout, Joe was given the opportunity in 1911 to accompany the Ramchanda Das Good-Will Expedition. There was need of a

scout on the expedition to carry a letter from the Mayor of Singapore to the Mayor of San Francisco.

From Mayor to Mayor

AFTER delivering the letter from the Mayor of Singapore to the Mayor of San Francisco, there was some talk of what to do with Joe next and the Mayor of San Francisco gave Joe a letter to the Mayor of Universal City. Joe hiked to Universal City and presented the letter from the Mayor of San Francisco to the Mayor of Universal City. The Mayor of Universal City was about to give Joe a letter to the Mayor of somewhere else when Joe indicated that he could do with a better job. He was an Eagle Scout, not a mailman. This was a puzzler. Joe was obviously too intelligent to be made an assistant director and the problem was to find some occupation which could make

use of what intelligence he displayed without overtaxing it. So Joe became a movie actor. Success was instantaneous. In no time, Joe had his dresser, his make-up box, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet in Beverly Hills and his lunch with Beverly Bayne. My reader's memory is sufficiently vivid, I trust, to recall the pictures in which Joe Martin appeared, the furore he created and the popularity he enjoyed, even to the extent of having a cocktail—the Martini—named after him. Some people, making that ludicrous mistake which the laity so often makes about movie stars, even thought he was human.

And it seemed that Fate was speculating just how human, or more than human, Joe Martin was. For as he basked in his celebrity and the sunshine of the Golden State, a comely young chimpanzee, Elizabeth B. Bradford by name, was working in a psychological laboratory back East. A college graduate (Wellesley '19), Miss Bradford was devoting her life to science. Already, by placing

(Continued on page 84)



Bookish in his own way was Joe Martin, in his formative years. He was obviously too intelligent to become an assistant director. Placing him was at first a puzzle



This is the character in which Evelyn Brent will be seen soon. She has been cast as *Pearl*—not the one of great price—in the picturization of the bottle-and-leg melodrama, "Broadway." It's a talkie, and Evelyn, as her expression here indicates, speaks in a soft sullen drawl

A "Broadway" Broad



Dyar

A Player of Parts

Not only his work upon the screen, but his ability at sports entitles Richard Dix to such a designation. After the ardors of making "Redskin" and subsequently his first talking picture, "Nothing But the Truth," he feels himself justified in indulging in a short period of pastime-killing

SCARS

That Glorified

Carol Lombard's Features
Survived The Motor Crash;
Her Soul Didn't

By AGNES O'MALLEY

ONCE had a swell idea for a movie. It was about a handsome youth who tried to break into pictures. Nobody paid any attention to him because he was good looking. Plenty of that commodity in Hollywood. Then he had an accident which marred his beauty—and lo! he became a great character actor—with all the wealth and glory that he had expected his Barrymore profile to bring him.

Well, the people who buy stories in the studios shook my hand and wished me better luck next time. The idea was too far-fetched. In fact, a little absurd. Not impossible, maybe; but, oh, highly improbable.

Well, sir, as Walter Anthony, the sage of the cinema capital is wont to remark, truth is not really stranger than fiction—it is just harder to believe.

I will show you.

There was once a beautiful and young society girl (no foolin') of San Francisco. Name Carol Lombard. Papa Peters (family name) was rich. Carol got everything she wanted. She wanted to go into the movies. Unlike most rich parents that we read about, father didn't object. So Carol came to Hollywood.

Offers of Sorts

HER beauty brought her all kinds of offers—not including a movie contract. Not even a part. Carol struggled along for months on Papa's fat allowance, but progressed no further than a bathing suit. The old, old Hollywood story—just one of a thousand beautiful girls about town.

Then our heroine had a tragic accident. Scooting along Hollywood Boulevard one afternoon in her little French puddle-jumper, a nasty big Ford crashed into the puddle-jumper's rear end, knocking Carol into the wind-shield. The shattered glass slashed her face cruelly. It looked as if the beautiful mouth would be disfigured for life. Her upper lip was almost completely severed from her face.

In just sixty seconds all hopes for a motion picture career had literally crashed about Carol's head. And the beauty which helps make life so agreeable for a young girl was manifestly gone. Carol wanted to die then. The prospect of readjusting herself to a life without hope, without beauty, was unthinkable. Young people are like that.

Carol lay in bed for eight months, under the care of a skilful surgeon. Most of this time she spent strapped to the mattress to prevent the slightest movement which would jar the surgeon's

(Continued on page 92)



Evans



Ermates

Before and after nearly taking the count: at the left is Carol Lombard as she appeared before the motor crash which almost cost her her life; and at the top and below, as she is today



Thomas



Classic's Family Album

Not quite back to the "Floradora" era, does this one date. But nearly that far. "Good-Bye, Little Girl, Good-Bye" was being played on the mandolin then. And when your best girl and her mother came to visit you in your college rooms, you took this one off the wall, with a fine feeling of concealing your wilder self from those too gentle to understand it. Later, of course, everyone saw her in the movies, in comedies with Billy Van. She was known, naughtily enough, as The Girl with the Wink. And now, naturally, you remember her: Cissie Fitzgerald

Our Own News Camera



Dyar

An extended reflection: Anita Page draws to her a little mirror devised to stretch from the windshield to the driver's face, so that she can see both herself and any motor cops on the road behind

It's a fact, though: here's a movie star reading a fan magazine article not about himself. But then—you wouldn't expect Gary Cooper to be interested in anything other than the Love-Life of Lupe Velez



A demi-sleeveless gown, affected by Natalie Moorhead. The right arm is clothed, the left isn't. Perhaps they're supposed to be seen, like the title of Natalie's next picture, "Through Different Eyes"



Kahle

No matter what the racket in hand, David Rollins manages to keep smiling through. You'll see for yourself when you see him in the "Movietone Follies"



Thomas

Each discording to his own ability: Eddie Quillan employing the saxophone and Jeanette Loff making bigger and better mistakes upon the xylophone

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO



Getting herself keyed up for her part in "Mexicana." Señorita Armida, above, runs through the rhythm of her dance number in this Gus Edwards single before setting out for the silences of the sound stage



Infringing upon the domain of the vampires: Lois Moran's dress and conduct both point to it. The leading and willing young man is Jose Crespo

Poor little Dorothy Jordan! Is her own shoulder the only one she can find to rest her head upon? Because, as you see at the right, that's what she's doing. But never you mind, Dorothy—just you wait till they see you in the "Movietone Follies"



Kahle

A little something on the hip—of Alberta Vaughn, above. But luckily no more than the trunks she wears in "Noisy Neighbors"



Laying her cards on the table: Mary Astor does that both in the scenes of "The Woman from Hell" and between its scenes, when she plays solitaire



Under his tootelage: Dorothy Appleby—at the left—learns the tune of a new song from Eddie Quillan, in spite of the fact that he plays it on his saxophone

Tree's a crowd. Much as we love nature, when there's a picture of Betty Bronson to be taken, we prefer that it include nothing but Betty. But, of course, if it does, we don't notice it anyway. So O. K., woodman. Leave it stand



Thomas

Duncan

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



Bull

The Joyce with the smile wins. Her last name is Murray, and although she is young on the screen, her buoyant personality and skill as a dancer have gained for her already a part in a new song-and-dance

Getting his face lifted: James Gleason, playwright and stage star, finds himself taken in hand by his wife, Lucille Gleason, in the course of their new talkie, "Meet the Missus"



About to make a bit hit: Baclanova—above—prepares to slug out a tune on an African xylophone, an instrument whose playing requires both a punch and staying power



Plenty of come-hither, Sue Carol has; and this time not only in charm but in gesture. The occasion is her enactment of the name part in "The Exalted Flapper"



Uplift work in her own behalf: Camilla Horn, at the left, goes through an exercise to ward off fallen arches, on the beach at Palisades del Rey. Camilla's latest appearance has been as leading woman to John Barrymore in "Eternal Love"

From bad to curse: Richard Dix has run through his everyday vocabulary of profanity and has sat down on the sand-trap to do a little creative coining of phrases appropriate to using seven strokes to move the golf ball two inches



Bullock



Legendary LOVE-CULT

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA, May 16th, —In a radio message to civilization from a remote section of California, formerly a well-populated district before man's mastery of climatic conditions destroyed the one advantage it enjoyed over more civilized sections of the country, Professor Potiphar Z. Waffleberry yesterday revealed what appears to be the most remarkable archaeological discovery of recent centuries.

Heading a small group of intrepid scientists, Professor Waffleberry waved goodbye to his tearful wife and tots from the cabin of his minute twenty-five-seater plane in January, and flew away into the unknown. A regular stream of radio communications brought no news of great scientific importance until yesterday, when announcement of the discovery of an alleged prehistoric love-cult community was made in trembling tones to an astounded world.

Briefly, the professor's extraordinary tale tells of a weird colony of heathens who established themselves in a community a few miles from the Pacific coast for the purpose of worshipping their Goddess, Sex-Appeal. What demoniac rites were practised by the colony, the professor is only able to conjecture from the various fossils and ruins which remain to tell the tale.

Twisted Remnants

BUT let the eminent professor tell his own story.

"It was when I barked

my shin against a twisted piece of metal on which the words 'Grauman's Chinese' were plainly decipherable," the radio message runs, "that I knew we had found something worth investigation. On conducting excavations on the ruins nearby we were able to reconstruct on paper the original building, which, if it showed nothing else, clearly betrayed the fact that no Chinese of any known age in history could have had anything to do with its construction. Encouraged by this curious find, we proceeded with zest to make further excavations in the vicinity, certain in our minds that some altogether unusual tribe of either maniacs or near-savages must at some prehistoric time have lived here.

"Could it be that we had stumbled upon the site of that strange city of mythology, Hollywood, about which so many fantastic fables have sprung up that it has become problematical whether such a place could ever have actually existed?

"As our investigations proceeded, I became convinced that we had done no less. The ruins we unearthed were those of a busy, humming community suddenly stopped short—obviously by an earthquake of unusual strength. Could it be that the angry goddess whom tradition says the Hollywoodians worshiped, Sex-Appeal, had been displeased and sent down a thunderbolt from Heaven to wipe them off the earth? However this may be, our findings will correspond with no other township of antiquity than the fabulous Hollywood. As a man of science I can reach no other conclusion than that the fables which have come down to us about this fantastic colony of maniac love-cultists are at least based on actuality.

Riddles Unsolved

AS a man of science, too, it is my most regrettable duty to report that the actual activities of this colony are still problematical. Time has left insufficient evidence to show what really went on within the confines of its city limits. We are only able to hazard guesses at the truth. How such a unique group of maniacs ever came to gather on this one spot, miles from the nearest outposts of civilization, is another problem which can never be conclusively solved.

GRAUMAN
CHINESE

SID'S A GOOD
EGG—GLORIA

CAME THE
DAWN

HERE'S HOW
D.F.



FOUND

Waffleberry Declares There Really Was Such A Place As Hollywood

Extract from the Latter-Day Tabloid, May 17, 1929

"At a distance of a few hundred yards from the discovery of the temple called Grauman's Chinese, we found ruins of a second temple, apparently known to the Hollywoodians as Grauman's Egyptian. This indicated, on reconstruction, just as clearly, that no Egyptians could have been connected in any way with its erection, so far did it differ from any known forms of Egyptian architecture. Seeing that the words Chinese and Egyptian in the names of the temples obviously had no significance, we assumed that the repeated word Grauman's must be the key to the strange uses to which the temples were put. Our assumption is that the elect among the Hollywoodians were formed into a band of untouchables, known as Graumans or Graumen, and formed a kind of mysterious priesthood which led the baser Hollywoodians in worship of the Goddess Sex-Appeal. We had clearly found the two chief temples of Sex-Appeal worship.

"As to the nature of the Graumen, little can be known; but the altogether peculiar veneration showered on them by the common folk was indicated by the fact that footprints and handprints, made by them in the cement of the so-called Chinese temple forecourt, were found, with odd inscriptions accompanying them, such as "Good Old Sid—from your pal Gloria Swanson," and "Sid's a Peach of a Guy—Says his Buddy, Doug." The same names found in the cement inscriptions were repeated on a number of brass plates found in the Egyptian temple ruins, which had apparently been screwed to choice seats in the temple that were reserved for Graumen exclusively. It was clear to us that even the footprints and handprints of the Graumen were held in such awe that their presence in the cement of the temple court brought lesser Hollywoodians on pilgrimages to see them.

Considerable Sid

"WHO or what the Sid mentioned in the inscriptions may have been, it is impossible to say. One theory is that Sid was the Prince Consort of the Goddess Sex-Appeal.

"The ruins of both temples were filled with human bones, evidently those of worshipers who were struck down by the great catastrophe while practising their outlandish rites.

"On making further excavations for a radius of several miles around the temples, we discovered at various points the remains of several factories which, as no known types of machinery were found in them, we assumed to have been for the purpose of making the symbols of Sex-Appeal worship which fable tells

us were a large part of the cult. Each of the factories contained one or more small storage vaults which remain practically intact, the vaults being equipped with cunning steel doors. If these were the depositories of the symbols of Sex-Appeal, it is clear that the symbols, though small, were considered of the highest value.

"If we may judge from our findings at one factory, the making of the symbols was largely a matter of conversation. We discovered a large group of petrified bodies, which had miraculously been preserved by a flow of pitch from some building which had caught fire at the time of the great catastrophe. Apparently, all the members of the group had been talking at the same time, their mouths being wide open. The strangest part of this discovery was that most of the men in the group had evidently been virtually mummified from the neck up before the great catastrophe killed them and the pitch flowed down to preserve their bodies for posterity.

(Continued on
page 82)



Tubs of topaz led the scientists to believe they had come upon the relics of the DeMillionaires, the deified high-priests of the Hollywood Era



The
Fruits of Success

They have come, and in ample measure, to Dorothy Sebastian as reward for the pleasing restraint and intelligence of her several last performances. She now is to be entrusted with a responsible rôle in a new Ben Hecht story, "The Green Ghost." It is a mystery play, and prominent in the cast are Roland Young and John Loder

One Black Crow

By

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

IT was the morning after the evening when I had had an appointment with Charles Mack, the tired member of the Two Black Crows. I had kept the appointment. Mr. Mack hadn't. I had missed my dinner and had a fruitless, chilly ride. I was annoyed. "There isn't going to be any Two Black Crows story for this magazine," I told myself, truculently.

The telephone rang. I was still in bed and had every intention of staying there for hours and hours. I struggled to one elbow and managed to mutter, "Hello!"

"This is Charley Mack."

"Oh—yes?" I tried to sound chilly and dignified—terribly, terribly hurt, in fact. But that tired voice, so familiar in vaudeville, on the victrola, over the radio, startled me, coming over my 'phone at some perfectly ridiculous early hour of the day.

"I don't know what I kin say to you," the voice was apologizing. "You see, I jus' couldn't make it las' night. You see, it was like this—" I felt a giggle welling in me and tried to suppress it, remembering my hurt dignity. The explanation, it seemed, was going to be elaborate. "I forgot about you." The languid voice died away. I struggled for haughty silence.

This Time, Dinner

THE giggle got the best of me. Suddenly, in the light of that remark, the fruitless cold ride, and the sniffles which resulted from it, the belated and unpleasant dinner, my annoyance, all seemed funny. Quite a good joke on me.

"I cer'nly am under an obligation to you." The ingratiating murmur continued. "An' I cer'nly will be here this evenin'."

I repeated the chilly ride. But this time there was dinner in the Mack bungalow at the Ambassador with Charles Mack and his startlingly beautiful blonde wife—to the accompaniment of that same tired voice, coming, incongruously, from a rather plump and dapper, pink-faced host.

Not, you understand, that Charles Mack talks like that naturally. But there is a tendency to lapse into it at odd moments. You begin to feel like a vaudeville feeder.



The only thing Charles Mack, in the photograph and at the right in the sketch, seems able to find energy for is making money. More money than he did raising hogs

Charles Mack Continues To Get Tired And Richer

Blackface, he opines, has come into its own. He pointed out what happened to Warner Brothers when Al Jolson signed with them, giving all the credit for their enormous rise to that warbler of "Sonny Boy" and rather neglecting to acknowledge the Vitaphone, without which there would have been no warbling.

However, he also pointed out that the business of the Columbia Record company jumped from six to twenty-two millions the year that he and Mr. Moran signed to record their little chats for them. Assuring me that there really was that much money. And that Majestic Radio stock jumped from 176 to 400 on the market when they contracted to broadcast for them for twenty weeks. Paramount stock also rose a number of points, he declared, when it was announced that the Two Black Crows were to gambol in talking pictures for a time. These are Mr.

Mack's figures, we submit them gratis.

The Fruits of Fatigue

AS for him—well, he has just bought a house in Beverly Hills which is costing him \$150,000. All on account of that tired voice. Weariness, in its place, has its advantages. Life doesn't seem to be fair, somehow. I've been so tired for so long.

So I asked him what it was about this simple, naïve character which made people love him so much that he could cause flurries in the stock market—and be responsible for palaces in Beverly Hills, to say nothing of inspiring a thousand or so imitators, many of whom, strangely enough, are negroes.

"Why bring that up?" he quoted himself, with a smile and then admitted, "You have me there. I don't know. Some combination of humor and pathos. I try always to keep my character mentally between the ages of six and eleven."

I recalled that when I was somewhere between those

(Continued on page 87)

LAURENCE REID

REVIEWS

THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid



Above is a scene from "Hearts in Dixie," with Stepin Fetchit providing a capital sketch of a shiftless no-account. At the right are Lola Lane and Paul Page, the central figures in "Speakeasy." Below Norma Shearer about to take the stand in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"

WE did not see the stage production of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which ran into months and millions a season or so ago in New York. And so we cannot confirm the claims of many members of the audience at the screen presentation of the same story: that it was better than the theatrical version.

But we can say and we wish to say emphatically that this picture is, in intensity of interest, in skilful and telling acting and dexterity of plot, far and above the best thing in the line of courtroom drama that has come along within our memory.

The narrative has to do with the trial of a girl known in the "Follies" as *Mona Lee*. Her real name is *Mary Dugan*. She is found one night beside the body of a man who has been maintaining her in a Park Avenue apartment. She is sobbing hysterically, "Poor, poor Jimmy!"—and this is not the name of the murdered man. The victim has been stabbed, and Mary Dugan's fingerprints are on the handle of the knife.

This is how the story starts and it would be unfair to those who are to see it to tell more. We can say this, however, that so tense is the action that we really wished that we, like the jury in the case, might have an intermission somewhere in the course of the

trial. The performance of Norma Shearer is one to place her in the first rank of emotional actresses; and the manner in which the other featured principals, H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone and Raymond Hackett, carry their parts, strengthens their already celebrated standing. Except for an overplaying of scenes for comedy relief, Bayard Veiller—author of the play and director of the picture as well—has staged the piece splendidly. "The Trial of Mary Dugan" brings in the imperative verdict: see it.

The Negro Has His Hour

AN effort to achieve something away from the usual celluloid routine is accomplished with "Hearts in Dixie." Having experimented and discovered that the Negro can find expression on the screen as well as upon the stage, they've let him come into his own here—and in one flash of a Kleig light the racial antagonism is destroyed. The hour has struck for tolerance as well as novelty.

The piece doesn't establish any racial conflict. It simply sketches the life of the American Negro and does it by displaying his various moods. The plot is slender through stressing the humor. But its slenderness is not disturbing because of the novelty of



Critic

THIS MONTH

SPEAKEASY

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

HEARTS IN DIXIE

THE DIVINE LADY

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN

THE LETTER

showing these dusky-hued entertainers at the business of being themselves. And the best entertainment is given by Stepin Fetchit as a shiftless no-account.

It is handled in a light vein with just a dash of pathos which creeps forth in the death of the shiftless one's wife and the separation of their boy from his old grandpappy. There is a large group of singers present. Their songs record well. So does the dialogue. Altogether, it's something out of the ordinary, and, because of it, worth seeing.

You'll All Be Pleased With Damita

MUCH tragedy stalks through the film version of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," with Fate on the warpath guiding the destinies of a very hapless little group of people. But while it releases its tragic tone toward the inevitable demise of its characters—with little or no sweetness and light—it does succeed in inviting attention through the tempestuous acting of Lily Damita. Her voice isn't needed here. Her actions are larger than words, and much more expressive. So she lives and loves intensely with the abandon of a wildcat pouncing on its prey.

The picture follows the story in all of its essentials. It concentrates on a handful of



Above, Corinne Griffith as *Lady Hamilton* and Victor Varconi as *Lord Nelson* have a fleeting moment of happiness in "The Divine Lady." At left Lily Damita surrenders to the romantic ardor of Don Alvarado in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Below, a scene from "The Letter," a triumph for Jeanne Eagels

characters, though some are handled in an episodic manner—leaving the action, as it were, and being represented off screen. There is no sop thrown toward a happy ending. It has a prologue and an epilogue—with both identical in treatment. If it gets tiresome in places, it is because it plays on a single theme with no variations. In the cast are Ernest Torrence, Duncan Rinaldo, Don Alvarado, Henry B. Walthall and Raquel Torres. Since Damita's character is the dominant one, naturally she steals the picture.

Sounds from New York and Environs

"SEE and hear New York's subway, Broadway," etc. So goes the ballyhoo on "Speakeasy"—and sure enough, the noises peculiar to New York are given undue emphasis in this picture. The sounds have been collected to give authenticity to a story of the big town—one built around an educated pugilist and a *sob sister* from a daily. The idea, an old one, builds interestingly because of its New York sketches. The subway, Madison Square Garden, Times Square, the Belmont track—these are the main props which carry the characters through the plot.

The pugilist turns a deaf ear to the *sob* girl's entreaties but eventually succumbs to her charms. But he takes a couple of hefties on the chin before he realizes

(Continued on page 95)



Parted in the Middle

In this wise, when she goes Hawaiian, does Jeanette Loff wear both her tresses and her dresses. And one may predict that if she appears in such a costume in "Love Overnight," her success will be attained in an equally brief span of time

The Movie Primer

A First Reader On The
Flikkers For Little Ones

VOLUME I---FIVE LITTLE
FILLUMS AND HOW THEIR
COSTS GREW

By ROBERT FENDER



This, dear kiddies, is the Flicker-Art Movie Studio. No, Grace didn't hit you first, Homer. She missed you by a good foot

HAVE you ever been to Hollywood? You haven't? How would you like to come with me this afternoon and take a peek at the very heart of movie-land? You wouldn't? Well, you're coming anyway, see? Oh, yes, you are. I said yes! Come along now and remember, no whining. You don't want that teacher should have to bash your head in, do you? No, you're damned right you don't. Come quickly now and let's see a great big smile—

Well, say—here we are already! This, dear kiddies, is the Flicker-Art Movie Studio, one of the biggest in all Hollywood. Think of it! And now that we're actually inside, let's look around and see what we can see. And Homer—look at me, dear—either you stop sulking this instant or—no, Grace didn't hit you first. She missed you by a good foot. And now if you'll all pay attention to me, I'll try to make this entertaining as well as educational.

See the Pretty Company

NOW that group sitting down over there is a studio c-o-m-p-a-n-y. A company is a number of actors and workers busily engaged in making a movie. For instance, if a studio is making five movies, that means there are five companies working. But those in this company don't seem to be working, do they? No, indeed not. They seem to be sitting. What's more, they've been sitting all



Some pretty important people there, kiddies. Some high-priced ones, too. That star, the gal on the director's lap, must get \$4000 a week

morning and expect to be sitting most of the afternoon. Yes, that's right, Ethel. They must be waiting for something. Well, never mind what. They just must be waiting for something. Stop asking crazy questions.

Some pretty important people there, kiddies. Some high-priced ones, too. That star, the gal on the director's lap, must get \$4000 a week. Her leading man, the fellow with the profile, gets \$2000. The bird wearing the puttees and open-work shirt, the director, only gets about \$1500. Then the assistant director may get anywhere from \$100 to \$500. So may the cameramen. Those are the cameramen playing mumbly-peg. The rest of the bunch; the script girl, prop men, electricians, laborers and others cost the studio about \$150 for every hour they work or wait. So you can see what a great deal of money is wasted for every minute the company sits idle. What a great deal of money, indeed! And we know that it's not right to waste money, don't we? We learned yesterday that wilful waste makes woful want or something, didn't we?

Their National Anthem

BUT we mustn't tell them that, kiddies, because they've heard it before and they are very, very tired of it. Whenever someone brings that up, they sing a little song entitled: *Your Overhead's Our Overtime*. Here's the chorus:

*Who cares for dough
(Ho-do-dee-o)
That's not our woe
(Ho-do-dee-o)
It may be a crime but here's our rhyme
Your Overhead's Our Overtime!*

Cute, isn't it, kiddies? But very naughty, too. You see, they have no mamas to spank them as you have. The men whose money they are wasting are a long, long way from Hollywood. They're 'way back East, in fact. And so what if they should get angry? What can they do about it? Yes, Aggie, that's the right answer. Nothing. Nothing except write letters to the studio asking where all the money's going.

So the movie studios get a great many letters every week from the men with the money. Some of the letters are very pretty and many of them are quite funny, too. Whenever a new one arrives, the whole studio gathers in the plaza to hear it read. Then there is a great whooping

(Continued on page 95)



Two Rising

How The Girl Of The Sixties
Dressed For The Day

Posed by Mary Brian

When pantalettes were quite the thing
And morals still were rural,
When lace and ruffles were in vogue
And petticoats were plural,
It took girls hours to dress themselves,
To close each hook, from waist to neck, fast
And yet the maidens of that day
Were never, never late for breakfast



Generations

And How The Girl Of The
Twenties Gets Ready

Posed by Doris Hill

Quite otherwise the babe today,
Quite someone else again,
Her clothes are so contrived that she,
Without uncommon strain,
Can, in five minutes, put them on,
Both outer garb and inner;
And yet her family'd die of shock
If she weren't late for dinner

KEN

Carries On

He's The Last And
Lone Champion
Of The Legend
Of Our West

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK


When he gives her the gun, it's high among the clouds. Tim McCoy, adopted son of the Sioux, has discarded his buckskin shirt for an iron one. The brave Colonel is bowing low over the dainty hands of European beauties. Jack Holt's gone sassiety-drammer. Tom Mix, the jet black of his Indian locks greyed with eighteen years of movie-making, has saddled Tony for the long, long trail of vaudeville. Rex Bell, Tom Tyler, Art Acord, Yakima Canute, Buddy Roosevelt—all the rough riding Romeos of filmdom have somehow slipped into the limbo of oblivion. "Gone, all gone, the old familiar faces."

Still in the Saddle

YET, one of this dashing, heroic band still carries on. Like the sole survivor of a Modoc massacre, Ken

Maynard remains to tell the tale. Mounted on Tarzan, he still pilots brave bands of picture pioneers through Death Valley, over the Santa Fé trail, across unknown wildernesses peopled with painted savages, and drought and hunger and hardship. The little band of adventurers need have no fear, for Maynard will arrive in the nick of time. The mail must be carried through. The robbers of the Wells-Fargo express box will be tracked to their lair. The mustached villain shall not win the girl. Nor shall the mining claim of her poor old father be stolen by the city slicker. Bring on your redskins! Bring on your greasers! Bring on your schemers from the effete East! Bring 'em by squads, companies, regiments, battalions! Bring the whole dam' army of villains! Tom may be two-a-daying; Hoot, chasing butterflies through the altitudes; Buck, roping rhinos in the Tanganyika jungles, Colonel Tim, whispering sweet nothings to señoritas, mam'selles, signorinas, fräuleins and flappers; Jack, dolling up for some dude rôle. But, thank God, the women and children are not left without a protector. The tomahawk and scalping-knife shall not remain in bloody supremacy. The little settlement shall not be reduced to a smouldering ruin.

(Continued on page 90)



SOMEHOW, the Hollywood heavens have had their brilliance dimmed. The Western stars are missing from the firmament. And the absence of their warm, colorful rays, leaves great, open spaces in the cinema skies. Perhaps they are but temporarily obscured by the cloud of sound which lowers over the screen. Perhaps the thunder of the talkies has, for the time, sent them out of the reign. For it is difficult to believe that the mighty affinity between the American plains and American pictures is threatened with permanent dissolution. Since the very birth of photodrama, these two have clung together.

The progress of pictures may be traced along the trail blazed by Westerns. From the tumultuous days of "The Great Train Robbery" and Broncho Billy Anderson, rangers have ridden through a million miles of movies. They have borne the brand of the U. S. A. from Ypsilanti to the Yangtze, from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. Every motion picture milestone has been marked by a Western. "The Great Train Robbery," "The Covered Wagon," "In Old Arizona"—epics all. Yet the stars have vanished like the loves of yesteryear.

Fred Thomson has galloped on to the Final Round-up. Only Silver King remains. Awaiting a gallant rider who will never return. William S. Hart, old Two-Gun Bill himself, sits all alone oiling up the antiquated forty-fives against a studio call that never comes. Buck Jones is bound for Africa. No more redskins bite the dust when Hoot Gibson's six-guns bark. His steed is now an airplane.



In The Middle *of the* Night Club

There may not be what you'd call a model night-club on Broadway. But there is one for "Broadway," the picturization of the stage play. And here, right in the center of the floor of the little replica, is Merna Kennedy, who looms as big in the cast as she does in this pose



Carsey

SPRING is here and people are falling in love and getting married and having babies, just as in the good old times before the talkies. Romances are cropping up in practically every studio. Fox has no monopoly.

Buddy Rogers and June Collyer are going together. That is, they are seen at parties and the Cocoanut Grove and the theater, and even on off-nights Buddy's roadster is parked out in front of June's house.

The other evening he told me he was building a house, with a garden and a tennis court, up in the Outpost Estates near where Dolores Del Rio lives. That may mean something. Or it may not.

I happened to be at the party on the night June and Buddy met. Someone wanted to recite a naughty little poem and those who didn't want to hear it were asked to



Blakeman & Shuter

No fan in the world can misunderstand Irene Bordoni. In her first talking picture, the musical comedy star will be heard in English, French, Italian and German, for her speech embraces these four languages. And her eyes can convey meanings in four score more

Lucy Doraine may not be the first actress ever to be known as "the girl with the million dollar legs." But she qualifies for the club. See for yourself when you see her with Billie Dove in "Adoration"

Looking Them Hollywood

Close-Ups From The West Coast

leave the room. Buddy and June were the only ones to walk out.

They are probably the handsomest and the nicest couple in Hollywood, though Buddy has learned from experience not to ask what beer is anymore. He wouldn't believe it if you told him.

She's in Again

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Tay Garnett have just as much as announced their engagement. The other night out at Bill Howard's, Tay had a cold, and Pat insisted on taking him home and doctoring him with old-fashioned remedies. If that isn't just as good as a printed announcement, I'll be ashamed of myself.

Jacktive Once More

AND who should be taking out little Alberta Vaughn but Jack Pickford? This is the first time Jack has shown any enthusiasm for a Hollywood gal since his engagement to Bebe Daniels was broken. It's almost the first time, since the talkie panic set in, that we've seen signs of normalcy in Hollywood.



Thomas

A feather in her cap, indeed, for Violet Adams, at an honest seventeen, to be given a chance to become a star. But to our mind it's an even more vivid feather in the cap of those who induced her to try that they succeeded

Her waving grace: Lily Damita, informal and in lounging pajamas, greets a visitor. Proving she's as entrancing off the screen as on it in her two first American appearances, the first with Ronald Colman in "The Rescue" and the second as the Spanish dancer in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Over Out Way

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Marjorie Who?

RUTH ELDER continues to show a preference for the society of Hoot Gibson, and Anita Stewart's ex-husband, Rudy Cameron, seems to be awfully taken with a pretty little pal of Ruth's named Marjorie. Up to date no one has been able to get her last name though twenty Montmartre cowboys have tried it.

Gary's Awakening

PITY poor Gary Cooper! He hasn't had a chance at a quiet cat-nap since he fell in love with Lupe. And Gary loves his siestas. He has been known to fall asleep, into a gentle and untroubled coma, standing up, or rehearsing a scene, or between courses at dinner. It's a gift with him.

Before the dynamic appearance of Lupe into his love-life, Gary was hepped over a luscious, blonde number from the musical comedy stage. Her idea of a good time was to come over on the set and hold his hand while he knocked off twenty winks between scenes.

"He's the only guy I know," mumbled a director, "who can carry on a courtship while he's unconscious."



Variety in Rest

ONE Hollywood actor: "I haven't worked in six months, big boy. I'm thinking of waiting another month and then close my season."

Another Hollywood actor: "That'll be nice. It'll give you a chance for a change of rest."

Note for Star-Gazers

JUST when the tourists got all set to show up at the Montmartre every Wednesday and Saturday, the stars began to drop off on those days. Last Saturday there wasn't an actor in the place, and the tourists had nothing better to do than to sit and glare at one another.

(Continued on page 91)



Richee

A Pipe to Mr. Oland

Nothing could be more definitely down the alley of Warner Oland's ability than such a rôle as that of *The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu* to which he has lately been assigned. And the effectiveness with which he handles it should excuse his becoming, as he is in this picture, a little puffed up

The Perpetual Collegian

George Lewis Wonders If He'll Be A University Man All His Life

By DOROTHY MANNERS

UNLESS Universal graduates George Lewis from "The Collegians" and does it quickly, he is going to be in the same fix as the little boy who had to burn down the schoolhouse to get out of the third grade.

In one way or another, George has been going to school ever since he can remember.

He traded in a diploma from a San Diego high school for a movie contract and found he wasn't out of the classroom yet.

Except for occasional features such as "Honeymoon Flats" and "The Four-Flushers," George hasn't had his teeth in anything more dramatic than a track meet since he rated a contract. After the first fifty semesters the rah-rah stuff gets monotonous. It is doubtful whether or not Frank Merriwell would have been happy at Yale for the rest of his life.

"When I was a kid I used to dream about being the college hero of Harvard or Princeton and scoring the winning touchdown. That's one dream I've lived to see come too true. I've been out in the open field with the ball more times than Drury and the rest of the All-Americans combined. I've been the college hero just once too often to get any kick out of it. But it looks like I'm going on and on winning contests. I tell 'em I'm getting too old for the stuff—I'm twenty-four. But they just put more gauze in front of the lens. When I start to get gray at the temples, they'll probably make me the dean of Universal University."

He Asks for Nothing

GEORGE is a good kid. And incidentally a good actor, though no one gets a chance to realize it except in emergencies. For the most part he is looked on as a handsome Latin boy, more American than Spanish in appearance, especially over a luncheon table at the Athletic Club where he fits into the commercial background as nicely as



Lansing Brown

Sometimes things are too true to be good, as the realization of George Lewis's boyhood dreams of becoming a college hero. He's got so he'd give anything now to have always to score the winning touchdown

an up-and-coming young bond salesman.

He's got nice smouldering eyes that don't smoulder too much and a swell sort of physique that we like to kid ourselves is typically American. Never in the span of his five-year career has he been known to ask for a larger dressing-room or even an extra mirror. He

has a tremendous respect for what he calls real actors who do dramatic stuff in feature pictures;

and when he is accidentally thrown with them for the duration of a drama between "The Collegians," they can back up on him, crowd him out of the camera range, or do any other little trick of elimination known to the professional. He has no more ego than a one-cylinder flivver.

"I was up for the part in 'Honeymoon Flats,'" he said, "long before I got it. It seems that Millard Webb, the director, couldn't see me in the part at all. He wanted Ben Lyon. He wanted anybody but me. He took a look at me in a few of "The Collegians" and yelled louder for Ben. But Universal insisted on using me because I was under contract. The day Webb gave in he made it very clear that they were bringing the results on themselves.

"What an engagement that was for the first couple of days. I was supposedly the star of the picture, but, actually I was less than the dust. Not that they were snooty to me. I could have put up with that. It would probably have helped to get my

fighting spirit up. But the rub was that they just ignored me. I didn't even have my name on the back of a chair. Come to think of it, I don't think I had a chair at all. A prop-boy and I alternated sitting on a switch-box—and he got there first most of the time.

"After the first couple of days of shooting, Webb had a change of heart and complimented my work and said he

(Continued on page 82)



Ring Sidelights

Ben Lyon Shows How The Crowd Feels At The Hollywood Fights

Yes, sir, this one's goin' to be a hummer. The boys are sore at each other, anyway. And they can sock, both of 'em . . . Hmm! Guess they're feelin' each other out, these first couplea rounds. . . .Oooh! Say, I knew the kid had it. I was beginnin' to think they roomed together . . . Atta baby! One more now. . . . Oh, it's the other guy that hit him. . . . Aw, well. It was only ten bucks. But next time I'll play a sure thing to win. I'll stay home

Photos especially posed by Russell Ball for Motion Picture

JOAN CRAWFORD, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, finds Lux Toilet Soap delightful both in this lovely bathroom and in her special dressing room on location.

I HAVE tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth. And 'studio skin' is the all-important asset for the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up."

Joan Crawford



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood



When a close-up is being taken, JOAN CRAWFORD meets the brilliancy of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights with perfect self-confidence — because her skin is kept beautifully smooth with Lux Toilet Soap.

*"Without smooth skin no girl can be lovely," say
39 leading Hollywood Directors*

VELVETY SKIN is the most precious charm a girl can have. All Hollywood agrees on this.

"People open their hearts instantly to the loveliness of exquisite skin. Every star knows how essential beautiful smooth skin is," says Edward Sedgwick, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, voicing the opinion of leading directors.

LUX Toilet

Facing the cruelest test a skin can meet

HOW WELL they know that the skin must be kept rarely smooth—the lovely girls whose beauty stirs a million hearts every time they appear on the screen!

For there is something about lovely skin that sends a ripple of emotion through every heart. And for the screen star, skin as smooth as a flower-petal is a prime necessity.

The huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pour down on a star's

9 out of 10

screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

face and shoulders and arms when a close-up is being taken, and film more highly sensitized than ever would inevitably register every tiniest flaw in the skin texture.

Consequently, of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard their skin. The

next time you see your favorite screen star in a close-up, remember that 9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin captivatingly smooth with this delightful soap. It is made by the famous French method.

And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms.

If you haven't discovered for yourself how wonderfully smooth this white, daintily fragrant soap keeps your skin, try it today. Use it for the bath and the shampoo. It lathers so generously, even in hard water!



Photo by E. Fryer, Hollywood

LOUISE FAZENDA, Warner Brothers' star, in the Hollywood bathroom which sets off her charm so well. "I used to use the fine French soaps but now I find that Lux Toilet Soap gives the same beautiful smoothness to my skin. I am devoted to it."



EVELYN BRENT, popular Paramount star, says: "A star *must* have a smooth skin. Lux Toilet Soap is so very pleasing and soothing."

Soap

*Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps
at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake—now*

10¢

What College Men Think of the Movies

(Continued from pages 18 and 19)

What Harry L. Case of CORNELL Thinks . . .

with the stentorian Barrymore bellowing from behind the screen. Taken off his feet as it were by the suddenness of the innovation, the college movie critic, disillusioned by feminine lisping, and overflowing with critical ideas, but drowned out by masculine volume, is sitting back biting his nails in silence. But the college man is nothing if he is not ingenious, and the sociologists tell us that given a certain cultural background and the need, the great man will always arise, so that we may anticipate that the undergraduate will soon re-assume his place as foremost among critics of the silver screen.

Let us imagine for a moment that while the collegiate critic is sitting back with his mouth temporarily shut, he may perchance have his eyes and his mind open. What would be his observations?

He would observe that the moving picture industry is suffering from that peculiarly American disease of mass production. When a few hundred thousand motion picture houses in the country demand a new picture anywhere from one to seven times a week, the familiar one-hour picture becomes no more and no less than one which consumes one hour in presentation. There are not enough novels and plays written, nor enough producers to produce them, or directors to direct them, or actors to enact them, for the industry to emit films in such volume without the general average being the worst kind of mediocrity.

Too Many, Too Bad

IN this, of course, the industry is no worse than our newspapers, magazines, books, colleges, or anything else with educational possibilities, and the moving picture industry gives the same answer that all the rest do: "We must meet the demand. If seventy-five thousand Americans want to go to college, we must supply them with colleges, and if a hundred and twenty million Americans want to see a new moving picture once a week, we must give it to them. It is the will of the people."

To which the critic will reply, "Will of the people be damned. The people's will is the will that you give them, and you have made them satisfied with cheap stuff because there is more profit in it for you."

In this he is assuming that the moving picture has educational possibilities. Of course, it does. Any industry with so easy an approach to the millions has educational possibilities. The moving picture can be intelligent, critical. It may not be able to compete with the stage, but at least it can acquaint people with the dramatic idea. This it can do only by making a serious attempt to be serious at least a part of the time.

I am inclined to sympathize with the Victorians who decry the moving picture as

(Continued on page 86)

What Walter L. Scott of DARTMOUTH Thinks . . .

connected with the truth. This is especially true in Eastern universities where the Rosenberg sack suit replaces the maudlin sweaters and eye-blurring flannels of state universities. One service picture, "West Point," out of the dim past, was an exception to this axiom, but even it could have been improved with a better focus on the environment and less on the tottering love theme. One gets awfully tired of the love element and the comedy relief element in every, every movie. Incidentally, the recent

What Stanley W. Schellenger of OHIO STATE Thinks . . .

There is a reason for this increased patronage of the movies. It follows closely on the improvements in the motion picture world, giving better service and more pleasure to the patron. Theaters have been made beautiful, inviting the attendance of all classes of people. Innovations in the art of photography, the talkie, and other factors have influenced the college man to spend more of his time and money watching the antics of stardom.

Though college men and women like to consider themselves as adults, they still adhere to some of the tendencies of their childhood days. When they were kids—in some cases only a few years ago—they used to sneak off to the theater on Saturday night to revel through a Western, and all were ardent supporters of Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and their contemporary cowboys.

This instinct still lingers on and, although they often try to conceal it, Saturday night at the neighborhood theater will find many of them still reveling in the same old cowboy pictures. And even if they have conquered this desire to a degree, the craving for action is still noticeable. The most successful movies, from the viewpoint of the collegiate patronage, must have plenty of action, fair acting, and the all-important happy ending.

A college man, because of his youth, has a warped viewpoint of life. He believes, or likes to believe, that this world is without tragedy and happiness reigns supreme. To shatter this illusion means the breaking down of his belief and the creating of prejudices against the movie. The success of so many pictures depends upon the tragic ending, resulting in the feeling that the subject has not been properly handled. General dissatisfaction follows.

Supposing a picture does have a happy ending, and lots of action. What more is required? I would say clever subtitles. A college man appreci-

ates a good joke any time. But take a poor joke, make it subtle, and he will think it is the hit of the season. If it forces him to think, even if the joke is slightly *risqué*, the poorest becomes one of the best. Which shows that the writer of the subtitles may either make or break a show for the college man.

They Fancy Nancy

DO they have their favorites? Yes, but they are discriminating, and the number of favorites is large. To attempt to select one that is outstanding would be futile. For a brief time one star occupies the spotlight, only to recede in favor of another.

College men like to visualize themselves into the picture, as does everyone else. For this reason they follow the younger group of actors the most consistently. In all probability Nancy Carroll is the most popular

(Continued on page 86)



Above is the athletic stadium of Ohio State University, in Columbus; and below a characteristic building on the Cornell Campus, Prudence Risley Hall



issue of "Annapolis" was frightfully mal-proportioned in just the respects enumerated above. There was too little Annapolis, not half enough Jeanette Loff, and very much too much Johnny Mack Brown.

The chief indictment against these movies is on the grounds of realism. College life is almost as real as any other life. All the drama and the glamor of college doesn't begin and end with the last-quarter, one-point football victory. I don't recall a movie that has ever had a scene showing the reaction of a football defeat on an undergraduate body: the dullness of classroom routine on the Monday afterwards, the feeling of helplessness and indifference to everything that pervades the campus after the first defeat of the season, the flat pocketbook—and dim, hurting memories of the flush of victory, with a football crowd in a frenzy of noisy exultation. If the movie industry must con-

(Continued on page 86)

This penetrating foam
**CLEANS TEETH
 BETTER**

Scientist discovers that Colgate's has lower "surface-tension". . . hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.

TOOTH decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect.

Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste's power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

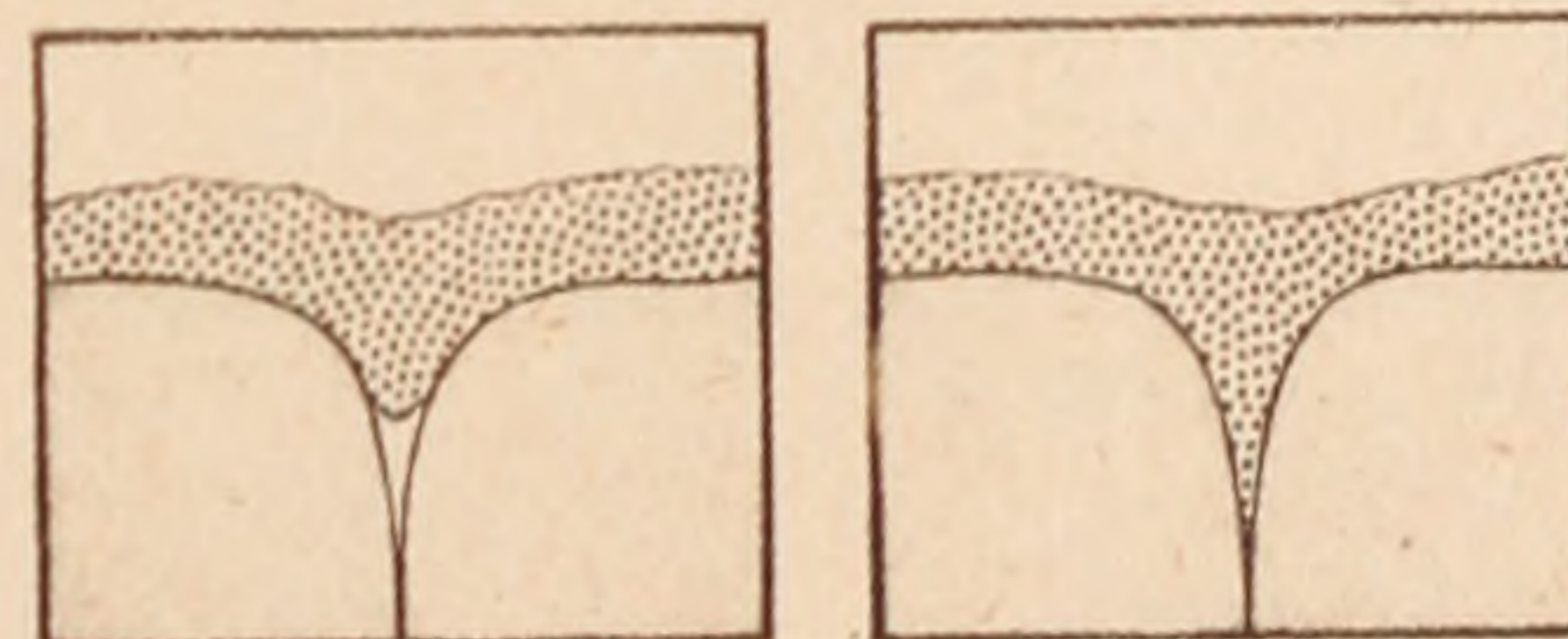
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder . . . a polishing material prescribed by dentists . . . which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you . . . by using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

**How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing where the toothbrush cannot reach.

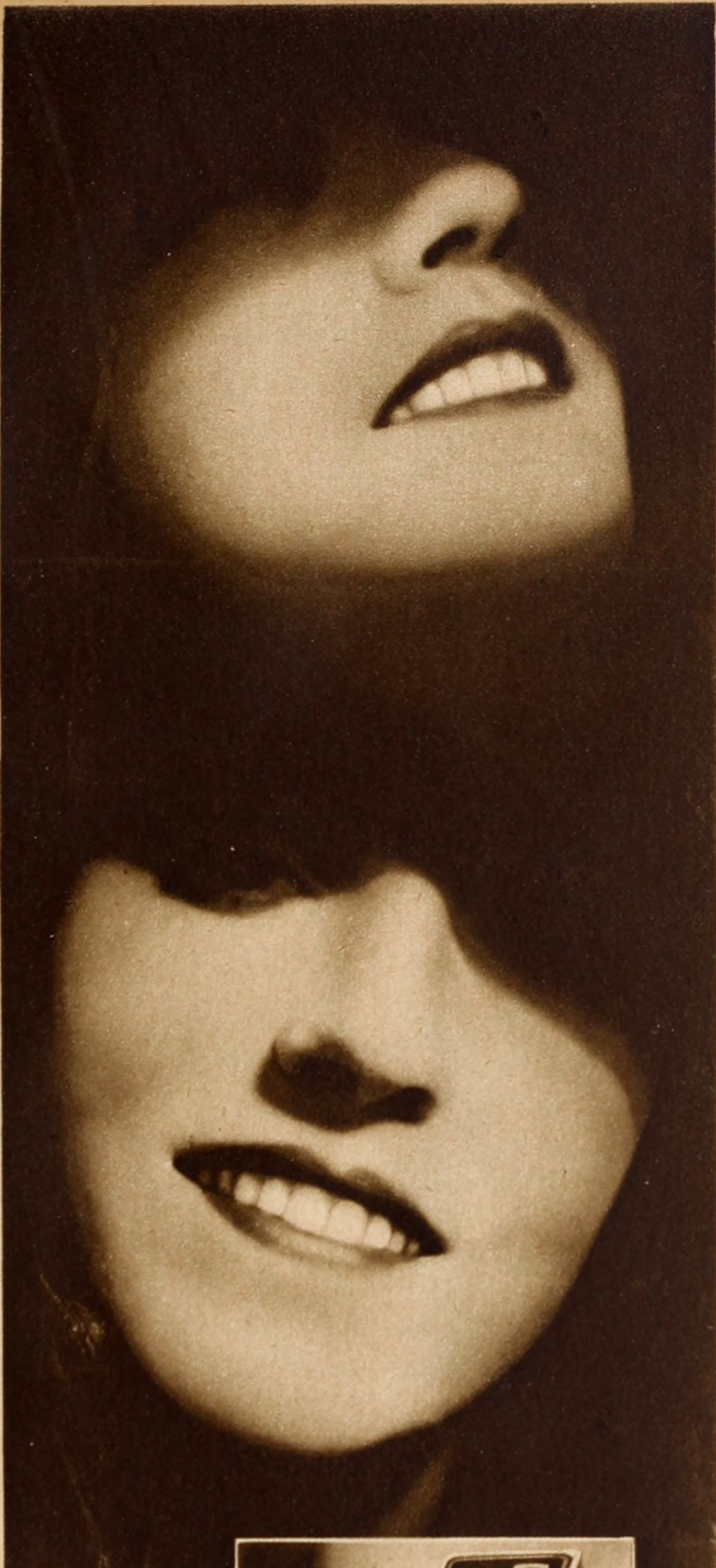
COLGATE, Dept. B-2532, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
 Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name

Address

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading.



Confessions of the Stars

(Continued from page 21)

had no formal education. You pick up a lot here and there, of course, by contacts and experiences, but never quite what you get from conventional schooling. I've always thought that maybe, some day—but I guess not, now.

"Anyway, I'd heard of a man who worked in pictures. His name, they said, was David Wark Griffith. That was all he meant to me at the time. A man who worked in pictures by the name of Somebody. I had no idea of his real importance. And it probably wouldn't have mattered to me if I had. I may as well confess here that the one thing, the one asset, I have is nerve. Plenty. It has kept me going when all else has failed. If anyone tells me they will do anything for me, or if I hear of anyone doing things for someone else, I horn right in on the party. And I think, 'Well, why not? If they promise so and so, or if they are doing things for others, why not for me?' That's my motif in life.

Calling John's Bluff

"IT reminds me of John McCormack, the singer. I met him one night at a party in 'Frisco. I was strutting my stuff and he asked me if I had ever taken vocal lessons. I said no. He said, 'You should.' I said 'All right, but who from?' He said, 'I'll give you some lessons when I'm in Los Angeles.' He probably forgot the words the moment they left his lips. I didn't. When he came to our city, I presented myself on his doorstep and I took vocal lessons. I was terrible and he thought so, too, I suppose, but I stuck it. He'd said he would.

"Well, to get back: I went over and asked for Mr. Griffith. He saw me and I told him I'd heard how he made stars out of people. I had heard, I said, about Blanche Sweet and the Gish girls. And a lot of others. I wanted to know what I must do to be made a star, too.

"He was probably amused. Whatever his reaction, he signed a contract with me that very day. And he looked at me and said, 'We must find you a name to fit you. Let me think. Bessie. Bessie, love.'

"For quite a time things looked pretty slick to me. I began to earn money. Then more and better money. Big money, or so it seemed.

"I bought a ranch, a swanky car, furniture, clothes, all the things I felt a young person in my position should have.

"People kept on discovering me. I am about the most discovered person in pictures. And I've lived through several sorts of incarnations. And of course I believed that each discovery would mean something. Would give me my big break. They never did. Things have always been bad until now. Awfully bad.

Discovered Again

"GRIFFITH discovered me first, of course. I played gingham girls with roses and gingham loves. Nothing much happened. I just kept on while others climbed over my head and made big names.

"Then Tom Ince discovered me. I played in a picture with Mrs. Wallace Reid. A picture in which I took dope and lived

hand in hand with death and horror. I thought, 'This will put me over with the well-known bang. For now they'll see that I am one big tragedian.' They didn't. Nothing happened.

"Along came Famous Players with 'The Song and Dance Man.' I had a dance routine in that and once again I thought that this discovery—Bessie Love as a gifted danseuse—would lead to something big. And again—nothing happened.

"Nothing happened but this: the tide began to turn.

"Money was scarce. It grew scarcer. The awful ogres of my childhood days began



It has always been Bessie Love's desire to play something more than the gingham girls she first portrayed. And this ambition came true with "The Broadway Melody."

to leer at me from forgotten corners. The pictures I made were of no particular consequence. I was going down hill. And I was going with a sickening rapidity. I knew it.

"I began to lose my ranch. I began to lose my town house, my town car and other valuables. It looked very much as if Bessie Love was about to do a fade-back to Juanita Horton.

"They talk about breaks. I don't know. I rather think I don't believe in them. I think I blame myself for everything that has ever happened to me. I look back now and see what I might have done, a lot I might have left undone. Parts were offered to me and I wouldn't play them. I wanted to break away from the ingénue. I wanted so badly to do something forceful and unforgettable. There didn't seem to be any place for me.

"Finally, a short time back, I went into vaudeville with the idea of acquiring some stage training. I thought it very likely that I was through in pictures. I figured that I was almost certain to be able to get some stage work. And I believe that you have to know your job if you want to get anywhere, no matter what the job may be.

"And then came 'The Broadway Mel-

ody.' It's my big break, at last. It's my ship come in. The ogres aren't leering at me now. They may again. I have sense enough to realize that no one stays on the crest of the wave forever, but oooh! while he does, it's great.

"I've never been in love in all my life.

"Nor is it a case of 'Mother Knows Best.' My mother is the type who takes me, life, love and work very casually. At our lowest ebb she used to say to me, 'Times will change. They always do.' If I had wanted to marry I could have done so with no more than a wave of the hand and a 'God bless you' from her. I could still. I have never wanted to.

"I've thought I was in love here and there, now and again. For an hour or a day it would be tragic, terrible. I've even had moments so grim and desperate that I've thought, 'Suicide is preferable to this.' But the point is that I have forgotten, today, what 'this' was.

"When you are really in love you never get over it. I know enough about love to know that.

"I think I've worked too hard. I haven't had time to give to other emotions. The pursuit of the dollar has drained my heart and brain and hand. And when they've come to me, these other emotions, they have bloomed and faded too rapidly.

Aigrettes and a Little Anguish

"THE one that came the nearest to reality happened to me some years ago. I had been thinking, 'This is the genuine thing.' One night he broke an engagement with me. He had to work—he said. That was all right with me. Some other boy took me to a cabaret. And there was the gentleman who had had to work. With him was a lady. The lady wore aigrettes. I never saw him again. I suffered, but I was through. And that would be my procedure now. I would probably suffer, but I would be through. I cannot stand a double-crosser.

And more than all, a trivial one.

"I believe that I am very much the same caliber as Hank in 'The Broadway Melody.' I know her. I would have done what she did, given the same circumstances. And I know what she would do with her life, taking it at the point where the picture ends. She would have kept on working in the sticks. She might have seen her sister again, by some arrangement, but she would never have seen the fellow again. She loved him too much. Some day she would marry. Because she was, first of all, a practical person and would know that it is not well for woman—or man—to live alone. She was a jolly little soul and she would need companionship even though love and romance were behind her. Practical, first of all, that was Hank. No time for retrospect-ing or grouching or wishing for things to be other than they are. That's me, too.

"I have one great ambition in life; it's this: a great big house and a whole lot to eat and lots of company and a great big man and a whole lot of children.

"That's Life. Living. And for that ambition, for that privilege of living, I would exchange any career in the world if I had to."

New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—In Colors!

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable "little gift." Price, \$1.00, three for \$2.00. Write today.



Glen Marianne Shea

Beltx

*I am interested in securing dealers for a few more cities.
** Write for particulars ***

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me BELTX personal belts for which I enclose \$..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. (\$1.00 for one; 3 for \$2.00).

Check Colors Desired Orchid Peach Flesh

Name Address

A-127

Giving Hollywood Fitts

(Continued from page 25)

And the Pom Pom, that night club run by a graduate of Oxford—yes, my dears, Oxford—it specializes in nine-tenths-naked women who in their turn specialize in bosoms. That also has been raided. Twice in fact, with the D.T.'s men still watching. And The Double Eagle, the second attempt of General Lodijnski—his first having gone up in a gas explosion—just when will there be a different type of explosion there, is Hollywood's worried-look question. And the Russian Club—and all the other Bohemian haunts of the little boys and girls who think it's a bit of fun to be a little—just a little—wicked.

And then came the Asa Keyes case. And it was all tied up with Aimee Semple McPherson and the Julian fiasco. Now, Hollywood didn't worry particularly about Aimee. Saving souls and disappearing in oceans and deserts was her own business. But the Julian case. With revelations upon revelations promised of men high in rank who had done things which—well, at least, to see them in print would be awful. Didn't they remember some publicity—publicity which got by the press agents—about it? Of course, they just couldn't drag in the names of our movie people. But still, this little American Legion boy who had jumped to lieutenant-governor and then to district attorney.

Kid the Kid Along

ABOUT this time I figured it was time to go down and see him. Any man who could sit way down in the Hall of Records building in Hollywood's little suburb, Los Angeles, and cause so much talk and consternation—what was he like, anyway; and what was he up to in this business of cleaning up our already sun-fumigated city?

I expected—I don't know what I expected. I talked with a lot of the newspaper boys about him. And frankly, they weren't so flattering in their remarks about this D.T. person. "Just tell him he's a great little boy and you think he's going to take Mabel Willebrandt's place or Hiram Johnson's and he'll give you any kind of information."

Or again, "Tell him you voted for him and think what this country needs is a few honest men and you'll get by with him."

Of course, the first person I saw was Mrs. Earle, his sister, who acts as his secretary and keep-away-unnecessary-interruptions protector. A wise man, this, to have someone in his own family. Let them talk about graft—at least, his own sister won't double-cross him.

She was charming and wanted to provide the interview information for me. But I used my most demure manner and told her frankly—oh, so frankly—that when I interviewed Norma Talmadge, I didn't go to Peg Talmadge, her mother. "I just couldn't put Norma's personality on paper by talking to Mrs. Talmadge, even though she is Norma's own mother." And she saw the point and took me through the big glass door and into the presence of that man who limps with his foot but doesn't limp one second in his battling actions. And before I had a chance to say anything about honest men whom we need for future national positions, he pranced right in with both feet—or rather both hands and his tongue—and started giving me the real reasons why

Hollywood and all the rest of Los Angeles has the right to be frightened if they think the laws of this country were made to be broken.

The Old Army Game

I ENTERED the war on the first day of service. I have the viewpoint of the officers on the battle-front. I am by nature emotional. I regarded the men at the front with something very much like worship. Many in my outfit were killed. I felt the emotional side of service and duty. The feeling I have is that this job of district attorney is no different than the one I had in France. That was risk of life; this is risk



The storehouse for the legal dynamite with which Buron Fitts is going to make boom-boom: the Los Angeles courthouse

of popularity. I knew when I took this job it might kill any future political ambitions. In France we had to send men marching to their death; that is no different than sending a man marching toward San Quentin; organized crime cannot survive unless it is protected. Above all things we must be protected from dishonest public officials. A prosecuting officer is like the carburetor to a machine. If it is out of order, no matter if the cylinders are perfect, the car will not function. The sheriff's office, the police department, the judges—if the district attorney's office isn't in working order, none of these others can function.

"There are two kinds of public officials: the ones who are passive, negative—don't go out looking for trouble; and the ones who are scrappy, belligerent, looking for opportunities to better the conditions in their city. I am scrappy. Am always looking. This is the second largest district attorney's office in the country; second only to Chicago. To run it perfectly honestly but passively might do some good—but to run it aggressively and honestly. You can't do away with crime but you can minimize it by constant harassing."

The Extras the Trouble

I INTERRUPTED a moment. "Dorothy Donnell, Western editor of our magazine, says that when she was in Northern Africa the natives asked her what part of the States she hailed from, and when she answered *Hollywood* they said, 'Oh, that wicked city.' It's supposed to be the most wicked

in the world. What will you do about it?"

"I don't agree with the natives. Our trouble does not come from the motion picture colony. They have too much at stake, these stars, to get into trouble. I don't say it's lily-white. We do have trouble with the extras. The life of an extra is a protection for the gangsters who come here from other cities. But the stars have as much to lose as I have. However, we have our eye on them. You heard about the Roosevelt hotel opening?" I nodded. "Well, every hotel and eating place in that city is being watched."

"The citizens in this country are waking up. In Chicago, in Philadelphia they are demanding a clean-up of conditions. Why, crime is so well organized today that the Standard and Union Oil companies must be jealous."

"Speaking of Hollywood, Mr. Fitts, have you read the morning papers?"

He nodded. "The Alma Rubens case. Yes, I know Alma. She has been up to see me. A charming woman." He rose, walked to the window, stood looking at the trickling humanity six stories beneath him, then whirled about with a vehemence not to be forgotten—especially not to be forgotten by Hollywood and Beverly Hills physicians. "We had a conference on that subject this morning. We have reorganized our narcotic division. And we'll get them. Narcotics are a greater menace here than the liquor to individuals. It isn't Alma Rubens who should pay the penalty. It's the narcotic vendors—they should pay the death penalty. And if I had an opportunity I would support such a legislative measure."

After the Bootlegger's Friends

AS for liquor, it's a bit different. There are three or four rings in this business. The moving of liquor traffic is what makes the professional gunmen. Gang wars come from rival protective agencies for liquor traffickers. If there were no market, we would have no gunmen. If you didn't buy a quart of whiskey from your bootlegger, he wouldn't need a fellow to protect that quart for him. Don't misunderstand me. My men have orders not to go into private homes or stop private automobiles if they are not assured there's a reason beforehand. The ones I want to get first are the officers and public officials who protect them. Give me one crooked official in preference to one bootlegger. If they know the officials are honest, then we can harass them.

"The morals of Hollywood? You mean their supposed libertine relations? I have no jurisdiction over that. It's the city prosecutor's business."

"But don't misunderstand me. Hollywood is not as bad as most cities. Our least trouble comes from there. But we are after them all and we'll harass them until we get them. And if they get me—well, at least we'll go down together. One person is the same as another in the eyes of the law. At the front we shot a traitor. Those who break the laws are traitors. I don't make the laws, but it's my duty to enforce them. And if the people don't like the laws, they had better change them—not try to bribe or intimidate public officials."

Personally, my hat's off to this D.T. person.



Every detail of my appearance, especially my hair, is so important in every role I assume, that I cannot afford to take chances. That is why I always insist upon a Frederics Vita-Tonic Permanent Wave. I know it will be exactly as I wish it—soft, natural and lustrous.

Renée Adorée

Renée Adorée's Wide, Natural Waves Win Admiration

Many people think that the lovely waves of Rence Adoree's hair are natural. This charming Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, explains, however, that the naturalness of her soft, lustrous, flowing waves depends wholly upon the New Frederics Vita-Tonic Method of permanent waving.

There is one sure way of getting this same natural effect in wide, silky waves. When having your hair permanently waved, *look for the name "Frederics Vita-Tonic" which is always imprinted on the wrapper used on each tress of hair.*

Those shops which excel in their work have trained Frederics opera-

tors whose skill in permanent waving is unsurpassed.

Send for the booklet, "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair" which tells how to care for your wave, and a generous free introductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane Cream, for keeping your wave orderly. Merely fill in and send the coupon.



This mark of quality will be found on all Frederics products. Look for it every time. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

^ E. FREDERICS, Inc.
^ 235-247 East 45th Street, Dept. 36
^ New York City

^ Please send me—Free—the booklet "The
^ Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair", also a free intro-
^ ductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane
^ Cream.

v Name _____

v Address _____

v City _____ State _____

FREDERICS VITA-TONIC WAVES

A Second TANGEE TALKIE

Starring Sue Carol
and Nick Stuart
Fox Film Stars



NICK: "You know, lots of people think movie stars aren't as pretty in person as on the screen. But if they ever saw you, with your beautiful eyes and your natural, ruby lips..."

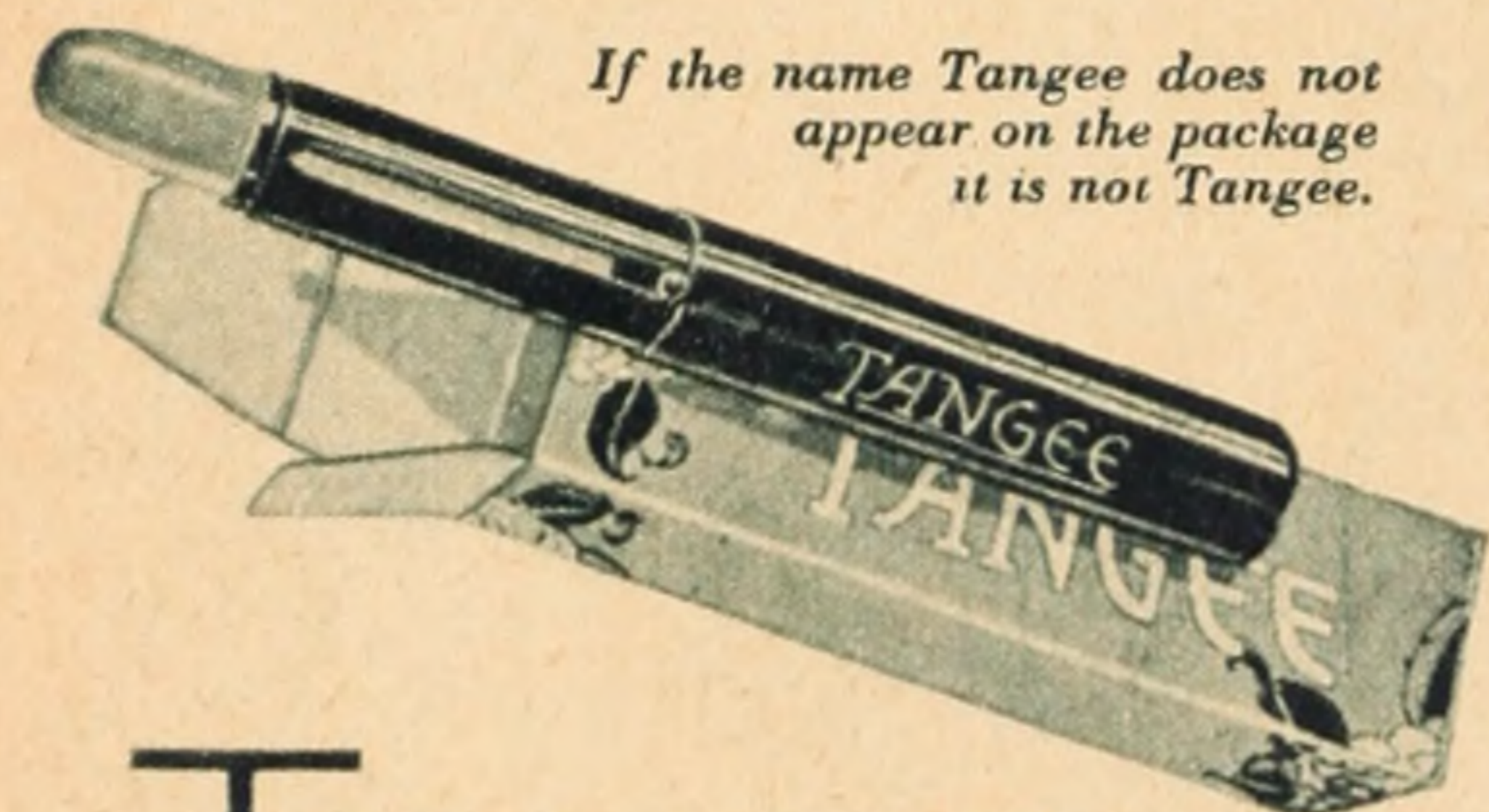
SUE: "Very well said, Nick. You're as nice a lover off the screen as on My eyes are my own, thank you, but my lips are Tangee'd! Here—this is my Tangee lipstick."

NICK: "Innocent little thing, isn't it?"

SUE: "It is not! I may sound like a press agent, but honestly, Tangee is wonderful. It's practically indelible, and while you put it on, it blends perfectly with your own natural coloring."

NICK: "I'll say it does!"

Demand Tangee Today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, \$1. Tangee Night Cream \$1. Tangee Day Cream \$1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.



If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.

TANGEE



Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. M.P.C. 6, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Name

Address

Shouting from the Bathtubs

(Continued from page 23)

victory of the former. And if only ten per cent of those who view the picture are consciously aware of this, he will consider that he has done quite well; for he feels that even if all the others have tasted only the sugar-coat, the medicine will have done its work just the same.

"My method is the same as that of my mother, who always gave us our medicine in soda-pop. I have followed this system with only one exception. Even 'The Ten Commandments' had its quota. And though 'The Godless Girl' had no lavish sets nor gowns, the basic principle was the same: I simply substituted bootleg. 'The King of Kings' is the only exception; in it, I feel that I have given the medicine straight."

"Even there, you threw in a little pop for good measure. And wasn't the rest of it straight only because, in the character of Jesus, you had a medicine pleasant in itself?"

"Yes. There I was giving something that was agreeable, and it was unnecessary to disguise the taste. But—it's difficult to find many medicines like that."

And that is the reason why he has made no attempt to duplicate "The King." When one can find a cathedral in which to preach, a ballroom is unnecessary. But many such cathedrals are not available—especially when they must be within easy walking distance of your congregation.

"Then you won't make another picture like that until you find another medicine just as pleasant to take? In other words, you'd require some character such as Lincoln?"

The Pop's the Thing

"A VERY good picture has already been made of Lincoln, but that illustrates the point quite well. Some great man such as he, who lived a great life. I can't think of anyone at the moment, though."

"But no matter how great the man, you wouldn't tackle him unless his life were already known to your audience? You wouldn't tackle Lao-tse, for instance?"

"No. They must want to hear about him before they go. They must already know he's great, and why. You mustn't have to tell them."

"In considering whether or not you'll make a particular picture, are you more interested in the medicine or the pop?"

"The pop, every time. The one thing of primary importance is to get a story that will hold the interest and slide down easily. It's always simple enough to take an eye-dropper and put the medicine in afterward. And just so long as the medicine does its work, what does it matter how it's administered?"

Yet it is just around this matter of the how that DeMille has received most of his kicks in the pants. For he has been kicked, and with enthusiasm, by many people. Which is reasonable enough. Such a God-awful legend has been built up around this man and his message that there was bound to be a reaction.

Let's get down to cases.

I, for instance, met him first a year or so ago on an interview for this magazine. But it was really the legend I met, and not the man. Before I was admitted to the august presence, I was taken aside and fully impressed with the awesomeness of the great phenomenon that was about to happen. I, poor little me, would actually be permitted to lunch with Cecil B. DeMille! But I was warned that I must treat him with kid gloves; that one misstep, one word spoken out of turn, would make him close up like a clam and cost me my story. In other words,

I was told to make myself perfectly at home in a strait-jacket.

Nice and Friendly

THUS put completely at my ease, I was led in and presented. A man with great influence, a sort of god with the power to change the course of human fortunes, a star-maker, DeMille can meet few people who are not keenly aware of this and who do not therefor consciously try to promote his interest in them. Is it strange then, if one of his greatest delights is to play at cat and mouse with almost everyone he meets for the first time?

Fair enough, I suppose. But hardly apt to breed a spirit of brotherly love in the heart of the strait-jacketed mouse. I came out gasping for air, sore as a boil, and consecrated to the holy cause of taking pot-shots at this baby. Can you blame me?

Then this assignment came my way. Oh, honey, how long! The kid gloves went in the ash can; with a chip on my shoulder I fared me forth.

But this time it was altogether different, and I liked the blighter! Tossing circumspection to the winds and rushing in where I had been told that angels fear to tread, I asked whatever questions I felt like asking without giving a tinker's dam whether they were discreet or not. And the heavens did not fall. He simply answered them or not as he felt like it, without trying to hedge in any way. I found that what had suffocated me before was not DeMille so much as a mist that has gathered about him. Cutting through the legend to the man, I found I liked him.

And now—what about that far-famed message?

The Unuttered Message

PROBABLY nothing in all the annals of pictures has had more hokum written for and against it; but the simple fact is this: he has never yet put it in a single picture. He has preached his different sermons on different topics, surely; but as to that central core from which all his ideas spring, that has never been touched.

"Yes, I have one. And I intend to put it in a picture when I feel the time is ripe. So far, in my last few pictures, I have been feeling my way—preparing the ground and testing the thing itself. I have slipped slight hints of it into several pictures, but always so disguised and hidden that no one could get more than a slight feel of it—nothing to lay the hands on.

"I have studied the reaction to these hints very carefully, and they have been even more favorable than I had dared hope. In fact, I expect to be able to come out in the open with it in two or three years.

"No, it's not a thought that no one has ever had before. It has been expressed by several writers—and by Abe Lincoln. But the vast screen audience made up of so many different races is slower to accept new thoughts than the hand-picked audience of books. This particular thought would never have been countenanced for a moment a few years ago, and they're not quite ready for it yet. But they will be! And then I'll give it to them—first with soda-pop, and then perhaps, without."

All of which should confuse pretty thoroughly those who have for years been poking fun at the big preachment they thought was embodied in DeMille's pictures. For it appears that this has been read into the photoplays by critics eager to pounce on something, who, when they found no prey, invented a dummy hare to worry.

So there you are—we've most of us been swinging our slapsticks where he ain't.

AT NOW
 YOU LAST
 CAN
 * HEAR *
 COLLEEN TALK



Vitaphone has brought you a thousand thrills—but the greatest of all is still to come! Imagine the excitement when you actually hear the voice of the greatest of all screen stars—when you meet the real COLLEEN MOORE for the very first time!

That's the treat First National has in store for you in "SMILING IRISH EYES." Romance from the land of romance. Comedy from the home of wit. Colleen not only talks all through it, but Sings four songs you'll whistle for days and Dances like every body's business!—Watch for the date!

John McCormick
 presents
COLLEEN MOORE'S

FIRST TALKING PICTURE—100% TALKING

"SMILING IRISH EYES"

Story by Gerald Duffy.

A William A. Seiter Production.

A FIRST NATIONAL VITAPHONE PICTURE



**unless you
remove cold
cream
this way...**



- 1 **Blackheads, acne, skin troubles** are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.
- 2 **High laundry bills** and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....

Address.....

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

M.P.C. 6

Forbidden to Fall

(Continued from page 24)

Knifing His Own Heart

YOU see, I've just had to break up the first real big romance I've had in Hollywood—because of my work. See this on my wrist?" His fingers played with a heavy bracelet made from a pair of spurs, and locked around his arm. "Well," he went on, "that's it. I met a girl who began to get me—here—just like a disease. And it was getting so serious that before long I should have been staying away from the studio to be with her. That's how I am over things of this kind. They monopolize my thoughts to such an extent that there isn't room for anything else at all. The studio would have seemed absolutely unimportant—the good old weekly salary—everything. I felt as if all I wanted to do was go off away up in the hills some place with her, and tell the rest of the world to go jump in the lake. So I cut the whole thing off short. It couldn't go on. I told her I'd been kidding—that she was simply one of the crowd. And that ended that.

"If you want my opinion," Charlie said with vehemence as he got up and paced the floor, "the dollar simply kills all romance in Hollywood. There isn't any romance here. It's always starting to grow, and then the old dollar comes along and beans it. Just compare it with the way things are in Havana. I got a glimpse of that on my way to California by boat from New York. Why, those guys know how to live. They don't sweat from early morn till dewy eve to make more money than they need. They work just as much as is absolutely necessary, knock off at a good sensible hour in the early evening, then go get their guitars and what-have-you and have a good time with their girl-friends.

"In Hollywood, nobody dares enjoy himself. They're all thinking about their jobs twenty-four hours in the day. When they're not actually working they're figuring out who they can meet that'll be of use to them. When I first came here, people at the studio gates, where I'd be hanging around, used to push me aside with a 'Get out of the way' and maybe sometimes a little 'please.' Now the same people say 'Hello, Charlie,' slap me on the back and ask for the loan of a quarter—yes, I'm talking about guys who make up to seven hundred a week. They're most of them broke all the time—their dough vanishes and they get nothing for it. In this town you have friends when you're in—and when you get kicked out, just try and find 'em.

Kisses, But No Fun

YOU see, that sort of condition is especially tough for fellers like me, who are naturally inclined to be romantic and friendly. First thing, we find we can't trust anybody. Then we find that what from a distance looked like such a romantic sort of setting to make our daily bread in, is as tough and unromantic as nails. What if you can make hundreds of dollars a week for kissing the grease-paint off your leading women's faces? Your life isn't your own. You can't tell when they'll let you go in the evening, or if they'll keep you there all night. Not that I mind that, but look what it does to your private life. It turns a really romantic feller into a romance-machine.

"Me, I'm just naturally that way. I had my first crush on a girl—she was fifteen, and a blonde—when I was twelve. I remember we used to play house together in the back

yard and pretend we were married. I'd been with my family's act since I was seven, at which age I first joined it at Walla Walla, Washington. I got all my early schooling from my father, who, while he was teaching me to play the saxophone for the act, taught me reading and writing from the advertisement slides they used to put on before and after the show. The first thing they ever taught me was not to whistle in a dressing-room. Once last year Barry Norton did it in my room at the studio; I went on the set and a lamp fell and broke my head open.

"For six months I went to the University of Wisconsin—and was kicked out of it, just the same as Lindbergh was. I only lasted that long because I was on the football and swimming teams. That was where I had my first serious love affair. It was hectic while it lasted. I was older and wiser when I left the University.

"Three years ago I left the act flat in New York City, sick and tired of the whole darned show business. My family was sore at me for a time. I lived in Greenwich Village and had a real taste of romance—the Bohème kind, on nothing a week. I did a few days' extra work at the Paramount studio on Long Island, my first job being that of an angel in "Sorrows of Satan." Then one day William Cahill, the casting director, threw me out of the studio and I decided to come to Hollywood. I borrowed the fare from my brother and came out by boat, arriving with eleven dollars.

Smiling Through

I WALKED right into my contract with Fox. Someone on the street told me they needed a man with a smile over at Fox studio—to play a lead. I had no hope, but thought I might as well try my luck. I saw Ryan, the casting director, and smiled, and smiled, and smiled. He seemed to like it, as he arranged for me to make a test. So I got up in front of the camera—just as inexperienced as hell—and smiled some more. For several days I heard nothing. Then they called me up suddenly to make another test—and I smiled some more. I got the part. Three weeks after I started work they gave me a five-year contract. People say I got in easy and never had any struggles. Well, just ask my Dad about that. He's out here now, with my mother, and acts as my business manager. He'll tell you I was born in a theatrical trunk and was on the railroad every week from the age of three weeks to about nineteen, following the act around. I may have avoided the early extra work days in Hollywood, but I've certainly known more of the struggles for a place in the sun than most movie actors. And I may as well tell you that the success and the money don't mean a thing to me except for what independence it may bring me later on.

"Well, here goes to forget about romance for the time being and do something good and worth while in pictures. Romance is out for Charlie Morton until he can say good-bye to movie studios. The two things don't mix. But some day I'll meet a girl who'll make romance worth waiting for.

"Meanwhile, at least I have three friends I can trust in Hollywood. There's my Dad and my mother and my car. Only, you know, the Hollywood atmosphere is so strong that even my car sometimes double-crosses me and gets me a few tickets. Things like that just show you what you're up against!"

Speaking of people . . . and things . . . that can be trusted, there's the matter of magazines. One of the biggest elements in the popularity of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is that, in addition to its contents being distinctive and interesting, they're always backed by fact. CLASSIC'S news is not only always new but also always true

Old Doc Santell

(Continued from page 35)

floor of the picture business. He is another one of the young old-timers who abound in the movies. It is a strange thing that the last half-dozen years haven't developed that number of personalities outside the player part of the industry. Santell has been on the job since the days when the ancient Lubin company had a dinky little studio at Coronado Beach.

He broke in via the scenario route. Among his distinctions is that of being a native son of California. He was born in sight of San Francisco's Golden Gate. At Hamilton Grammar and Lowell High School he prepared for the later study of a profession at Mark Hopkins Institute. The profession was that of an architect. Santell practiced it successfully in Los Angeles, until that day when the acceptance of a screen-story by Lubin changed the course of his career.

Acting for Himself

IN the good old days the industry was not so highly specialized. That, perhaps, is why the old-timers stay right along in the front ranks. The training they received in all departments of picture-making cannot be duplicated today. Not only did Santell write scenarios. He designed and built sets. Directed his own stories. And acted in them. One is inclined to believe he rather fancied the acting end. For even today he plays some rôle in every film he directs. It is a sort of ritual. If it were omitted, there's no telling what dire results might ensue.

After having a lot of fun at Coronado, and getting paid far more than could be gleaned for the services of a youthful architect, Santell moved over to Santa Barbara where the American Film Company contributed its bit to the gaiety of nations. But by now he had definitely decided that the directorial field looked greenest. So he soon made an opportunity for himself to tell the actors what to do in one- and two-reel comedies. For Kalem, World Comedies, Joe Martin Comedies, and similar outfits.

As the industry developed he grew up with it. Before he graduated into the feature-length class of productions, he had directed over three hundred comedies. In this school he learned just about all there is to know regarding the art of telling a story in celluloid. Among his feature films was a picture entitled "Lights Out." Clara Bow was its star. The redhead brought him luck. For from that time he has contributed a succession of box-office successes to the screen. With occasionally a motion picture which merits the description, "great."

He is rapidly building a sky-high reputation as a star-saver. Soon they'll be calling him Old Doc Santell. And when a player shows signs of expiring from box-office pip, they'll send for the old practitioner to put on the pulmotor act. Until now he hasn't had any the best of it. No one can call him a lucky stiff, or say he's hung with horse-shoes. Santell's breaks have been those he made for himself. He has never been given a star to direct when that star was hitting the high spots of popularity. He has always been called upon to sand the skids, and boost the player back to the crest of the wave. He's done just that.

The Star-Saver

FOR instance, Corinne Griffith would not today be the bright particular star she is if it were not for Al Santell and "Classified." That picture marked a turning point in her career. Santell made it a turn to the right. Producers, exhibitors, and Barthelmess himself were all holding their heads regarding Dick's future. Between one thing and an-

(Continued on page 81)

"If only I could speak plainly to my women customers"

Says the head saleslady in a smart shop about this phase of feminine hygiene



Embarrassing to tell them—but women should know that this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability, now deodorizes completely.

WHEN shopping, in business, socially—wherever women meet the world—there is an important question of personal hygiene that can mar their happiness. They *do* offend others at times. And this new treatment which deodorizes every Kotex pad positively prevents such offense. Kotex scientists have discovered (and patented)* a safe way to banish all odor.

That other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is now eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust Kotex to your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture; it is 5 times more absorbent than cotton, itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Improved Kotex is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department store.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

**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

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



Jeanette Loff-Pathe Star

Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

** (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" — a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

J. W. KOBİ CO.

632 Rainier Ave., Dept. F, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

Let Me Develop YOUR Form Like This

It is so easy to have the lovely, full, firm bust that fashion demands. My wonderful new Miracle Cream quickly fills out the contours, enlarging the breasts from one to three inches.

Beautiful Breasts

BEFORE in 30 Days AFTER

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? Just the simple application of my dainty, luscious cream will work wonders!

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, shapely proportions included with your jar of Miracle Cream.

Special Offer Now! Send only \$1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write TODAY.
NANCY LEE, Dept. K-6, 848 Broadway, New York City.

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.
98¢
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargements size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. G-699, Chicago, Ill.



Where the youth of Buddy's home town, in summer, exercises its emotions, and where, in winter, it does its muscles. It is the Arcadia open-air theater in Olathe. During the winter months the high school basket-ball team practises in it

B. H. Rogers' Boy

(Continued from page 37)

might earn as much as a hundred and twenty-five. When they told me it was a week's salary, I couldn't believe it. "What would they pay all that money for?" I kept asking.

The other boys I knew always planned to stay in Olathe when they grew up and drive a delivery wagon or clerk for their fathers. But somehow I felt that something big was going to happen to me, as it has. Only I supposed it would be my music. I played a cornet in the boys' band that D. R. Ott got up when I was eight years old. When I was ten I was playing in the men's band, Thursday evenings in summer in Courthouse Square. When I went to college I earned a lot with my own band, and instead of writing home to ask for spending money I used to send money to mother sometimes.

Dad's Church Record

MAYBE I had better tell something about Olathe. It's twenty miles from Kansas City. The country round about is very flat and planted to wheat. There's plenty of snow in the winter to slide on but no hills to coast down. Hyer's boot and shoe factory is the big business of the town. They manufacture cowboy shoes, and there's still a big demand for the fancy carved ones for rodeos and for the movies. We kids used to buy misfit shoes and play cowboy. Park Street, the main business street, has the big Grange store where you can get everything from a tuxedo to a toothpick. Besides that the town has three banks, four drug stores, a lot of restaurants, Masonic Hall—Dad is a Shriner—and two other newspapers besides "The Mirror," "The Register" and "The Democrat." And the town has thirteen churches, yes, sir. Almost all kinds of religion. Dad hasn't missed a single church or Sunday School for eleven years, except the one time when he came out to Hollywood to make a visit.

I forgot to say there is a colored section across the railroad track. Old Andy, the darky barber, ran the town barber shop for years, and gave my father and me both our first shave. But last time I was home I saw the shop had changed hands.

It may sound as if nothing much ever happened in Olathe but I guess we had as much excitement as bigger towns. There was the time when I was a kid that somebody discovered blood all over the floors of the old rubber mill down by the creek. They had all the men in town drafted to

stand guard nights, and sent for detectives from all over the state to unravel the murder. Nobody was missing from town to have been murdered but there was plenty of excitement—till some school kids confessed that they had killed a chicken and scattered its blood round to start something.

Then we had a real murder once. A farm hand in Stillwell, a town nearby, killed a farmer and his wife and threw their bodies down a well. They caught him as he was making his way to Kansas City, hiding in the fields, and brought him to Olathe, which was the county seat, to be tried. But two days after, a mob of masked men broke down the jail doors and hanged him to a telephone pole eight blocks away from our house.

The Honeymoon Judge

AND we had a judge in Olathe who would marry anybody who came to his house if they had five dollars. Kids under the legal marrying age would ride out from Kansas City on the Interurban and get married, and their fathers would come out on the next Interurban and make a great fuss around town. They called him The Honeymoon Judge, and wrote him up in all the papers, even as far as New York. He's out of office now.

Oh, there was always plenty happening in Olathe. As much as in Hollywood, if you know what I mean. I know the most exciting times I've had since I started in the movies have been when I went back home and met everybody, and spoke at pep meetings in high school chapel, and went to Rotary and Kiwanis luncheons and went up and down Park Street dropping in at the furniture store and the jewelers and I. H. Hershey's butcher shop and shaking hands. Everybody'd call up "The Mirror" and say, "Why hasn't Buddy been in at our store?" They all wanted to ask about the movies and the stars, but they had a lot of news to tell me too, about things that happened in Olathe: strawberry festivals at the church and dances at Masonic Hall.

Maybe it wouldn't seem so exciting to me if I stayed more than a few days—still, it's funny, but none of the boys I went to school with seem to envy me. Not one of them has asked me to get him into the movies. They earn twenty-five or thirty dollars a week and they seem to have as much as Hollywood stars do: a car, and good clothes and money in their pockets. Money seems to buy more in Olathe.

Old Doc Santell

(Continued from page 79)

other, Dick had slipped a long way. Then came Santell and "The Patent Leather Kid." Now Richard is himself again. When a sure-fire director was sought for Vilma Banky, Santell was the man selected. He, too, was entrusted with the first starring drama allotted to Alice White. When there's a tough job, they send for Santell. And Al's there.

Like a lot of others, Santell is figuring that in so long he'll have so many hundreds of thousands of dollars. That these will yield him a not too modest competence for the next sixty years or so. And that he will then quit the blankety-blank picture business and devote the remainder of his life to doing just what he blankety-blank pleases. But, of course, he'll do no such thing. The money will come. That's a fairly easy part for Santell. He makes it. Knows its value. Knows how to invest it. But motion pictures are too much a part of his heart for him ever to leave them. He's warp and woof of the industry. He was at the bedside when it was born. He buttoned its trousers and wiped its nose. He's watched and counseled it during the present period of adolescence. He'll stick with it. The pallbearers at his funeral will be picture people.

Of course, he'll take a vacation. He seems to feel he needs one right now, after only fifteen years without a week off. His eyes rather roam toward Europe. He realizes the value of travel, and knows there is no more delightful combination of pleasure and self-improvement. The chances are that he'll pick up a painting or two, and some rare editions to ornament the spacious shelves of his library. These things will probably happen. But what's a sure bet is that he'll return crammed full of ideas for motion pictures.

Good Hair to Tear

DURING his directorial career, Santell never owned a megaphone, and never had one of those camp chairs with "Mr. Santell" neatly lettered all over it. He doesn't wear puttees or spurs. Although he's given many a star the gaff. He's been known to sprain an ankle leaping over obstacles which separated him from a dumb-bell player. His long hair is excellent for tearing purposes. He enjoys good food. And boasts the finest chef at Malibu. Winter and summer he swims and parades the secluded beach clad only in trunks. Naturally his body is brown. And there's hair on his chest. His beer is potent. As Kenneth Harlan will testify. One of his prides is the room in his home which he built around a chimney. Its walls are covered with the scrawled signatures of the cinema celebs who have enjoyed his hospitality. He's been married. And remains an optimist. He doesn't say, "Never again." Soon he's to make his first talking movie. And he's looking forward to this new experience with mixed emotions.

An interesting chap. One who knows his business. An admirable host. The very heart of hospitality. An entertaining conversationalist, and a clever teller of good tales. A man of definite ideas. With few, but cordial, dislikes. Take a tip if you want a time. Drop in on Al at Malibu any time between five and nine next time you sail eastward from Japan.

What do they think, the foreign screen stars, not only of Hollywood but of America in general? They come here to earn in months what it would require a lifetime to accumulate in their own countries. Are they grateful or grudging? It's interesting to know. Which you will in the next, the July, issue of CLASSIC. Dorothy Donnell's big feature article, "Their Country, 'Tis of Thee," tells you.

Make-Up Magic

Is This the Beauty Secret of the Screen Stars?

Can Every Woman Double Her Beauty With Make-Up?

Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up King—Max Factor

"**W**HAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics... every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic... but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of." And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty... listen...! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as only he could... for no other person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

And each star has her own individual color harmony, too—just the exact shades in each essential to blend into a make-up ensemble exactly suited to her own individual self—suggested by Max Factor to accentuate the allure of natural beauty. No wonder millions silently applaud the fascinating beauty of the stars.

And now, good news for you and every reader. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up". A priceless gift... for it will give to you the way of a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP HOLLYWOOD "Cosmetics of the Stars"

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 3-6-11

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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



Joan Crawford, M-G-M Star of "Our Dancing Daughters" discusses with Max Factor her color harmony in make-up for evening wear.



(Center) Josephine Dunn, M-G-M Star of "The Singing Fool" finds glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.

Lupe Velez, United Artists Star featured in "The Gaucho" enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

Discover the Secret Yourself FREE

Learn how you yourself can create a natural, alluring beauty of almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. Mail the coupon now to Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, today... now!

| COMPLEXION | COLOR OF EYES | LIPS |
|------------|----------------------------------|-------|
| Light | | Moist |
| Fair | COLOR OF LASHES | Dry |
| Medium | | |
| Ruddy | COLOR OF HAIR | Oily |
| Dark | | Dry |
| Sallow | Answer in spaces with check mark | Age |
| Olive | | |

Legendary Love-Cult Found

(Continued from page 51)

"It was near the group of mummified men that we found the remarkable hot skeleton. It was the frame of a young woman, and presented the remarkable illusion of being still warm to the touch. Though this, of course, is unscientific, several of our party are firmly convinced that we have found the skeleton of the fabulous character called Bow in our fairy-tale books, who was supposed to be the last in line of the now extinct family, *Hottus Mommus*.

"Our finds at other factories included the strange similarity of hundreds of skeletons unearthed at one a few miles to the north apparently known as Universal, indicating that for some reason we cannot explain only those having a blood-tie with the chief Grauman of the factory were permitted to take part in its operations. At the other extremity of the colony we unearthed a skeleton lying in the remains of a pure gold and onyx bathtub. This the more flighty-minded members of our party insisted must be none other than that incredible character of ancient fable, De Mille, who, they claimed, must have been struck down while in the midst of his preposterous magic rites which the fable relates were always performed over bathtubs made of precious stones.

"In what appears to have been the residential section occupied by the chief Graumen we have excavated several curious exhibits.

"The salient point in our findings here is the persistence of the most elaborate bathrooms in the Graumen's residences. In view of the demoniac rites probably practised by these ghouls in the temples, it is easily understandable that the bathrooms were symbols of external purity which were necessary to ward off spirits that might have pursued the Graumen to their homes. Remains of outdoor bathing places, probably built for similar reasons and not put to any

practical use, were also found in large numbers.

"The ruins of a large house on a hill revealed to our search party a number of objects bearing the initials T. M., which many of us were inclined to believe must indicate that it was the home of that more or less historically accepted horseback rider, Thomas Mix, who is known to have resided somewhere in this district.

The Petrified Grove

"OUR excavations led us as far as the coast, where we made one of our most remarkable finds. We unearthed the ruins of a vast palace on the shore, which, from the astounding richness and grandeur of its contents as we reconstructed them in our sketches, we cannot doubt to have been the palace of Davies, the historical Queen of the Graumen. The lesser Graumen probably made pilgrimages here from Hollywood to bow the knee before the power and the glory of Queen Davies.

"In another district slightly to the east of central Hollywood as we reconstructed it, we found ruins of a large building containing the fossilized trunks of cocconut trees. This was probably our most valuable discovery in fixing the approximate stage of civilization achieved by the Hollywoodians. No member of our party could advance any other theory than that the Hollywoodians dragged cocconut trees into the building because they were mentally still not far removed from the apes, and felt the absolute need of one foregathering place where they could lumber and cavort about in the manner of their immediate ancestors, and feel perfectly at home. The simulation of a cocconut grove achieved this end, and it is possible that this grove was used as a general meeting place and playground, where, too, the younger Hollywoodians in the manner of the apes went in the mating season to look over the likely young females, and vice versa."

The Perpetual Collegian

(Continued from page 65)

was glad they made him use me. I felt mighty proud, but I want to tell you that for awhile I sure missed 'The Collegians' where I am at least head-man in the show.

"I kick about making them. And I squawk about the little opportunity they offer in the line of acting, but they're fun to do at that.

His Suppressed Wish

EVER since I can remember I've had the movies in the back of my head. But I kept it a dark secret. When the other fellows said they were setting out to be doctors or lawyers or coaches or professors, I didn't have the nerve to chirp up with the idea that I'd like to be a movie actor.

"Besides, my father was dead set against it. He is English and my mother is Spanish. He thought law or some other dignified profession was the only field for me. So my mother was my only ally. When it was time for me to start out to make a living, I worked around San Diego at odd jobs, such as mowing lawns, painting houses and everything but looking after babies, until I had amassed a hundred dollars with which to make my getaway. That hundred dollars looked like a fortune to me. I figured I could live for six months in Hollywood on that.

"I didn't know a single soul in the town but a newspaper fellow who reviewed pictures and wrote movie gossip for a little paper. I went to him the first thing and told

him my ambitions. He was swell about it.

"Thanks to his pull, I didn't have much trouble getting extra work. But all fired with ambition as I was, extra work didn't look so hot to me. I looked at the other fellows who had been at it for seven or eight years and wondered what was the matter with them—why they didn't get along. They were handsome enough and talented enough, but they stayed in the same old groove. Maybe they'd do a good little part in a picture, then they'd be back in the mob again. I figured the trouble must lie there and I promised myself that if I should ever rate a bit I'd never go back to the seven-fifty stuff.

"Soon after that Edwin Carewe gave me a small part in a picture of his and I thought it was a good chance to start holding out for the bigger and better rôles.

"Do you think I got away with that stuff—and rated a contract right away? I did not. I was driven back to the mob stuff because I had to eat. But I finally got my good break in 'His People.' After that came a contract and 'The Collegians.' At the first opportunity I sent for my mother and brothers and brought them to Hollywood to live. The rest," admitted George, "reads like a mimeographed copy of *What Every Young Actor Should Do*. I've got a little house in the Hollywood hills, and a brand-new wife and a sports roadster."

What more can a student ask of life?



Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

FREE
new
BOOKLET
"GOOD-BYE
FRECKLES"

STILLMAN CO.
3 Rosemary Lane
Aurora, Illinois

Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

BLONDES!

Wash Sunlight into your hair

IS your blonde hair darkening? Here's an easy way to bring back all its sunny sheen and sparkle. Get Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. The very first shampoo leaves hair brighter—gleaming with new life and luster. Blondex is absolutely safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



Be the Tom Brown

of Your Town

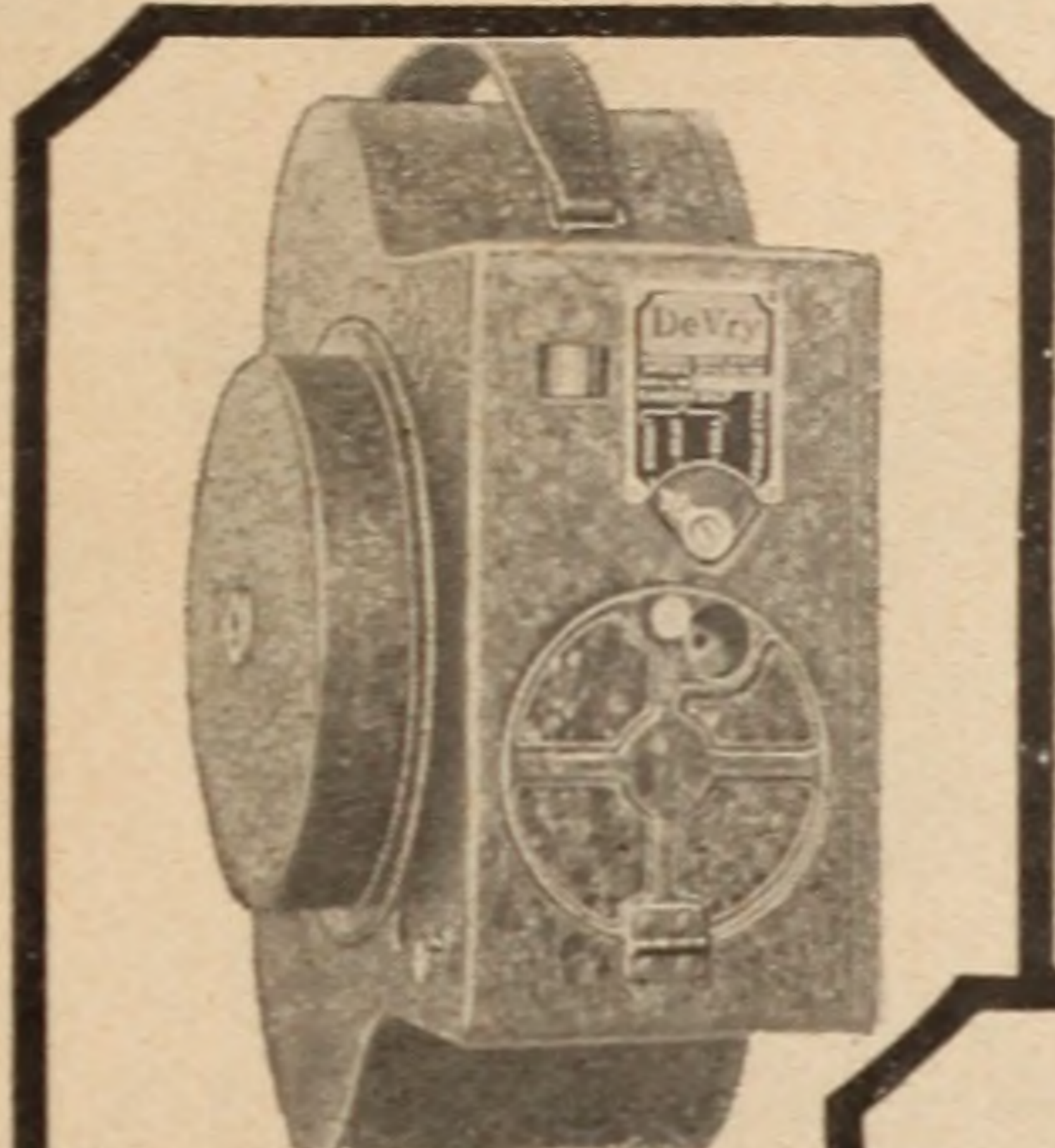
You have heard of Tom Brown of the famous Tom Brown's Clown Band. You have probably heard his records. You, also, might develop into a Saxophone Wizard and earn a princely income. At least, you can have a lot of fun, be popular socially and in college, and earn easy money on the side. It's easy to learn on a Buescher True Tone Saxophone and easy to pay for it by our special plan. 6 days' trial on any Saxophone, Cornet, Trombone, Trumpet or other instrument. Mention instrument for Free circulars.



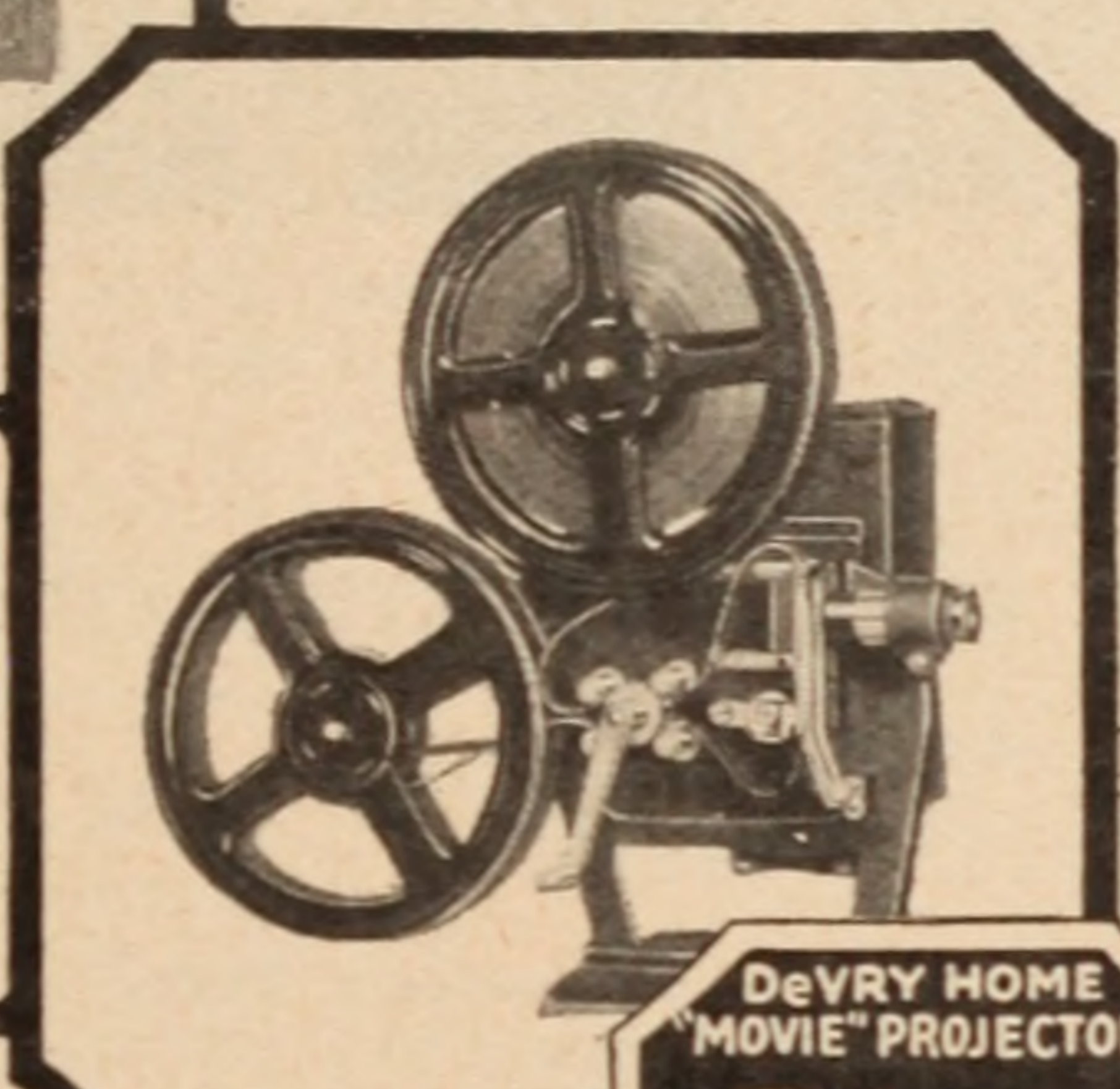
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2729 Buescher Block (505) Elkhart, Indiana

De Vry CAMERAS and PROJECTORS are better!

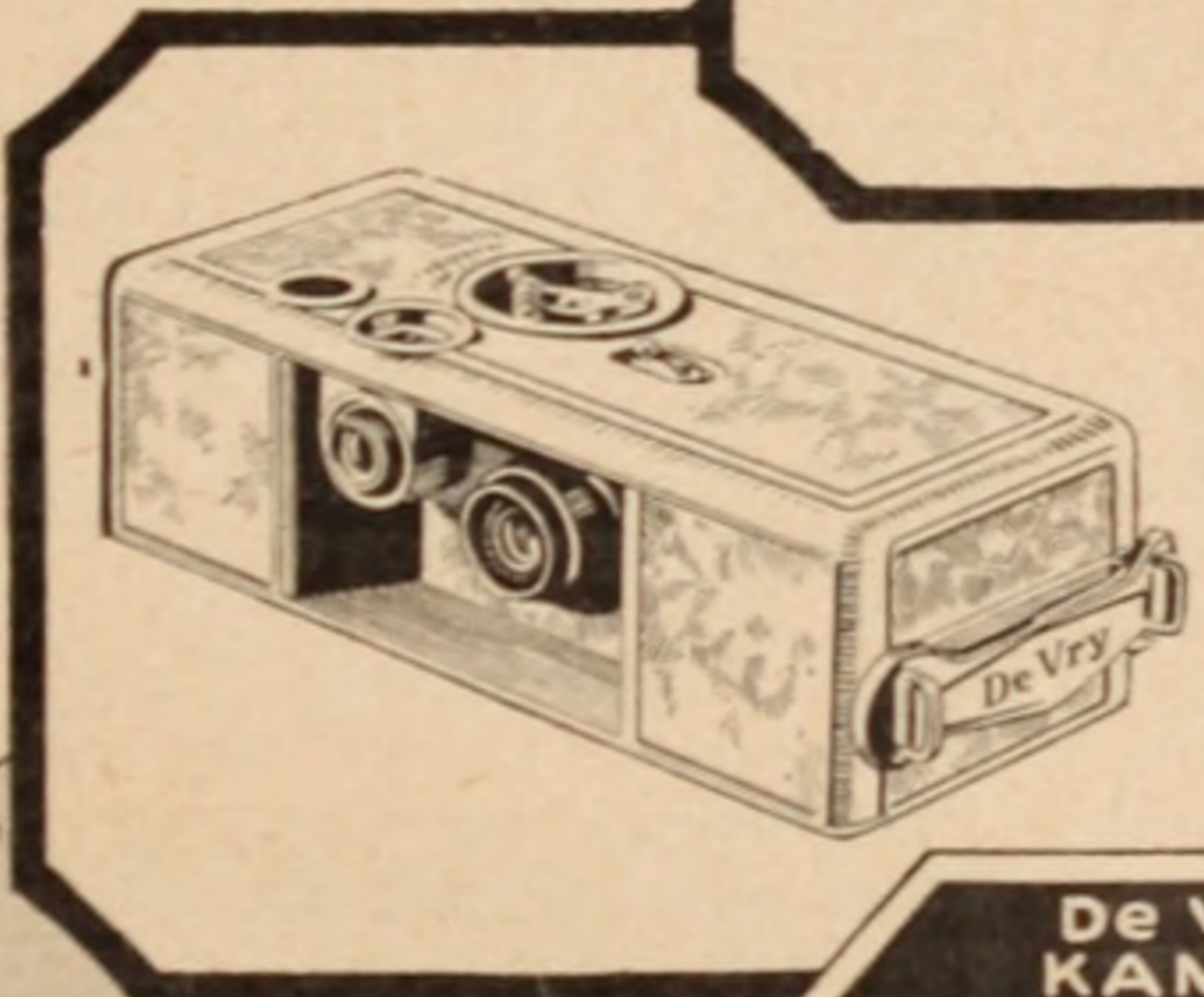
“MOVIE” or “STILL”
consider these
Remarkable Camera Values



DeVRY HOME
"MOVIE" CAMERA
\$39⁵⁰



DeVRY HOME
"MOVIE" PROJECTOR
\$37⁵⁰



De VRY
KAMRA
\$22⁵⁰



De VRY
STILL PROJECTOR
\$15⁰⁰

At last—here's a new note in the camera business.

For \$39.50, you can own the new DeVry 16mm home movie camera. Simple operation—no focusing. Professional quality pictures at once—and a footage dial showing always how much film has been exposed. Uses Eastman or other standard 16mm film.

Then the DeVry 16mm Projector, to go with the home camera—priced at \$37.50 and \$55.00. Small—light—simple. Shows your own films and subjects rented from film libraries. Complete with 100-watt Prefocused Projector Lamp, carrying case and 2-400 ft. reels.

And here is a "Still" Kamra using 35mm movie film—gives forty pictures to a loading. So sharp—so clean—so clear that they can be enlarged to eight by ten inches without loss of detail. The DeVry Kamra is always ready—no focusing or adjustments. Unbreakable Bakelite case—can be carried in your pocket and sells at \$22.50. See it!

To show film roll taken with the DeVry Kamra, the DeVry "Still" Projector sells at \$15.00. Projects bright, clear detail, any size up to ten by fourteen feet.

Also De Vry movies for churches, schools, business, etc., and the new Cine-Tone model (Home Talkies)

Manufactured by
The Q.R.S. Company
ESTABLISHED 1900
333 N. Michigan Ave.
New York CHICAGO San Francisco

The Q. R. S. Co., Dept. H-6, 333 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send descriptive literature,
also name of nearest dealer.
Name.....
Address.....

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CASH or CREDIT

**Genuine Diamonds
Guaranteed**

We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct to you by mail. Lowest prices!

SEND FOR CATALOG!

Write for big free book of 2000 illustrations and descriptions of Diamond Rings in Platinum and Solid Gold, Dinner Rings, Pins, Brooches, All Standard Makes of Pocket Watches, Pearls, Dresser Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Kodaks, Leather Goods. Also many inexpensive novelties.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Goods sent for your free examination on request. **CREDIT TERMS:** Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. Goods delivered on first payment.

No. 849.
Brilliant blue white Diamond, Solid 18-k White gold, \$100
\$2.50 a week

No. 906.
Dazzling blue white Diamond, Solid 18-k white gold, \$75
\$1.75 a week

Wedding Rings
No. 824—The "Elite" \$800
solid 18-k white gold. Set with 3 Diamonds, \$22.50; 5 Diamonds, \$32.50; 7 Diamonds, \$42.50; 9 Diamonds, \$52.50; 12 Diamonds, \$67.50. All platinum, \$25. All diamonds, from \$50 to \$200.

No. 861. Ladies' Wrist Watch. Solid 14-k white Gold case. 15 jewels. \$25. **\$2.50 Down and \$2.50 a Month.** Men's Strap Watches \$7.50 and up.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON No. 992, 21 Jewels. Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case. **\$55**
ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL," 21 Jewels. Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Quality Case. 60 hours 1 wind-ing. **\$50**

CREDIT AT CASH PRICES

Order direct from this ad or write for free Catalog

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers

LOFTIS

BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858

Dept. B-616
108
N. State St.
Chicago, Ill.



In no time Joe had his dresser, his make-up box, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet in Beverly Hills and his lunch with Beverly Bayne

The Heart History of Joe Martin

(Continued from page 42)

a number of boxes on top of each other in order to reach a bag of peanuts fastened to the ceiling of her apartment, she had received considerable notice from the scientific world.

The Fruits of Science

IT was understood that Miss Bradford was likely to go far—for which reason she was generally attached to a stout chain. Chain or no chain, the scientific atmosphere suited Betty. It was light work and compatible, generally, with peanuts or bananas or a head of lettuce at the end of it. With her science, Betty developed a distinct aesthetic appreciation. Her greatest pleasure was to tear the accumulated works of Harold Bell Wright into small bits as they were passed into her cage, volume by volume. Betty became, in short, a bluestocking. Lest you feel perhaps that Betty's highbrow attitude smacked of pedantry, that she was an academic prig, let me assure you that it was no pose with her. Heart and soul she felt as she felt. Her education was as much part of her as Joe Martin's was part of him.

So they met; Joe Martin the movie actor, and Betty Bradford, the highbrow scientist. They met in the enchanted atmosphere of Hollywood whither Betty had come for a visit. They met, and as you have probably assumed from the title of this article, they loved. Joe loved as only a movie actor can love (adv't) and Betty loved with the analytical precision of a scientist. Joe was big, he was strong, he would be a perfect father for her children. He had a fine mind. He appealed to her physically. Discounting a few scientific terms and the argot of the celluloid industry, they spoke the same language. But, to descend into the vernacular, much as she loved Joe, the movies were to Betty an ever-increasing pain in the neck. To highbrow Betty the entire output of the silver screen was verminous. Worried by her increasing animosity toward the movies,

Betty considered it with the same cool, analytical precision. She examined herself carefully for prejudices, for lack of understanding, for assuming a false pose, for—well, you've seen a monkey examine itself.

The farther she went into the subject the more she convinced herself that the movies were no medium of expression for so fine an orang-outang as her Joe. The climax came when she was requested to attend a special presentation of "Chang." After a reel and a half of "Chang" she walked out on it. They brought her back and started the film where she had left off. Again she walked out on it. Again they recaptured her and started the film. For the third time she walked out on it wearing, in her agitation, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's derby. The remarks of her scientific colleagues on her extraordinary discrimination cleared away her last vestige of doubt. She was right. The movies were terrible.

Joe Martin was told that Betty Bradford could never marry a movie actor. It was hard for Joe to understand all Betty's scientific reasons and proofs for and of the unworthiness of the then silent drama. All Joe knew was that he had made and was making thousands of people happy, and until Betty came, it was all he cared. But thousands of human beings are not one chimpanzee, particularly the chimpanzee of one's heart.

Followed days of morose brooding, days on which Joe would not work or even bite the press agents which were thrown into his cage in the hope of distracting him. Protracted discussion with Betty was of no avail. He knew he could no more join Betty in psychological experimentation than she could support him on the movie lot. Neither of them was fitted for the work of the other by training, predisposition, proclivity or propensity. "A zebra," says Professor Emil-Fülöp von Schmuck, "is a kind of an ass, but he cannot pull an icewagon" (*Über der Komisch-Aspect des Wild-*

How I Lost 97 Pounds



Before
279 lbs.

I weighed 279 lbs!

After trying many ways to reduce, a leading insurance medical advisor told me of a natural, pleasant, healthful way. No thyroid or dangerous drugs. It was easy, natural and absolutely safe.

I feel better, look better, have more energy and vitality. No wrinkled or flabby skin.

Send name and address for full particulars FREE, without obligation.



Today
182 lbs.

M. E. HART

89 Hart Building New Orleans, La.

BEAUTIFY your NOSE

to shapely proportions—
while you sleep!

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER
is SAFE, painless, comfortable. Speedy, permanent results guaranteed. Doctors praise it. No metal to harm you. Small cost.

Write for FREE BOOKLET

Gold Medal Won 1928 ANITA INSTITUTE, F-29 ANITA Bldg., Newark, N.J.

BIG PAY

CAMERA MEN- PHOTOGRAPHERS

BE A MOVIE OPERATOR
Projector Given
We teach you at home. Big demand by Movie and Vaudeville Theatres.

CAMERA GIVEN
Portrait, Commercial or News Photographer or in your own business. Learn at Home or in our great New York Studios.

FREE BOOK explains opportunities as Motion Picture Camera Man.

Write for Free Book and Job Chart
N.Y. Institute of Photography 10 W. 33rd St., N.Y., Dept. 18

thieren). Yet underneath all this lay the stark passion of primal Africa, the mating call of the jungle, the irresistible forces of Nature and the heart of a monk to the heart of a monk, ever the wide world over.

All for Love

EVENTUALLY Joe evolved a plan which was pathetically familiar in its design. He would give up acting and become a director, bending all his energies to making movies that were worthy of the highest artistic and æsthetic standards. Betty showed herself sufficiently feminine to agree that if Joe could make movies worthy of the highest artistic and æsthetic standards, he would be employed in a life work that was worthy of himself. Joe finished his masterpiece as the sinister ape in "Merry-Go-Round."

Then it was that Joe Martin made his decision. He kissed Betty Bradford—it was almost the first time that he had ever done so—and he tore up his contract. Then Joe and Betty kissed Mr. Laemmle good-bye and left Universal City to begin life all over again. Joe Martin for love of Betty Bradford had given up the movies.

After a quiet honeymoon, Joe accepted a modest physical education instructorship in a small mid-Western college, a position scarcely in keeping with his ability, yet one with some dignity and one wholly satisfactory to Mrs. Joe. She, not without some sacrifice on her part, gave up her scientific career in favor of raising young Martins.

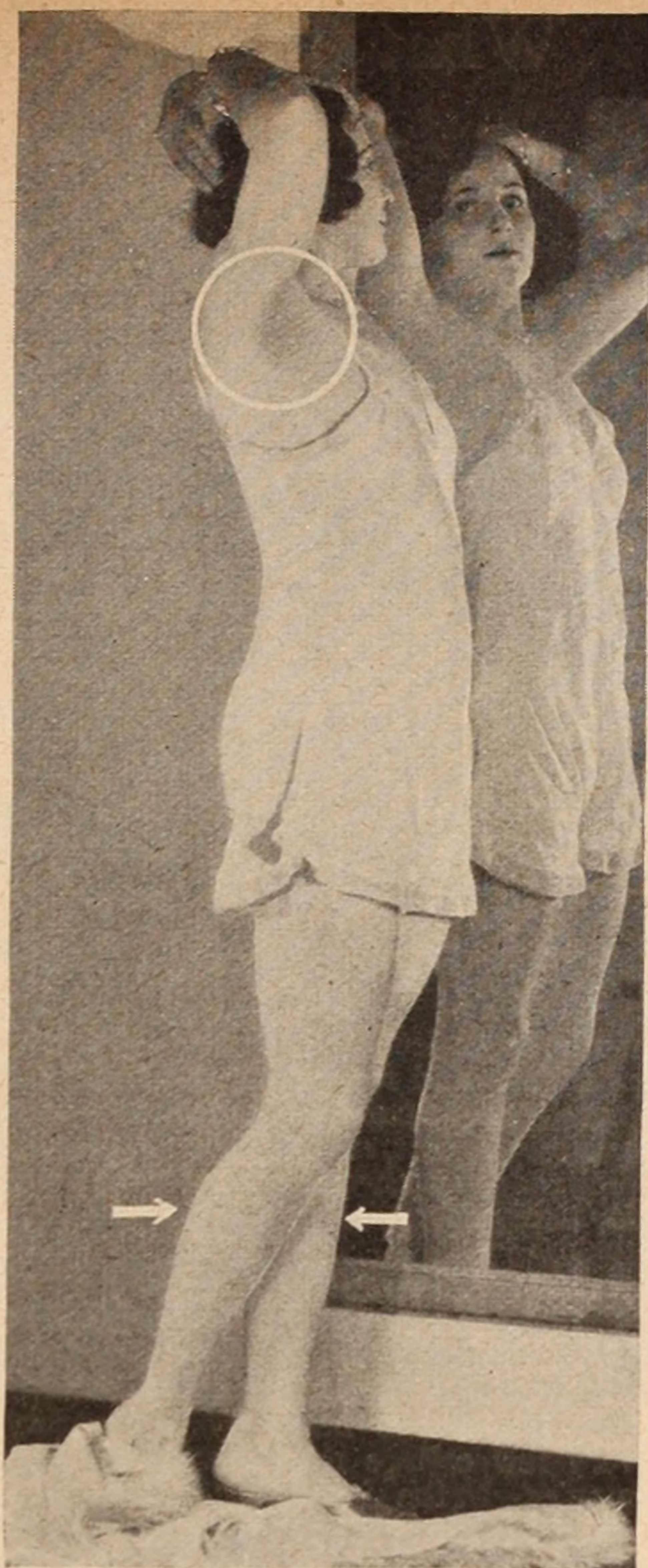
If Joe has any regret over the loss of his dresser, his fan mail, his imported car, his chalet and the tinkling laughter of thousands of happy children, it is perhaps discernible in an occasional extra-theatrical flourish from his lecture platform. At that, everyone is too kind to mention it. The Martins rarely go to the movies.

This sequestration is not an artificial manifestation but a genuine and sincere one. The Martins withhold from a courting and carousing life by preference. It is only those who envy them who will, because of Joe's early environment, refer to them as cagey.

Should you have the temerity to ask Joe Martin how he was able to renounce the life of a motion picture actor at the top of his career, he would reply, with his arm fondly about the "Little Woman," "I looked myself in the eye, considered Betty and found the courage. Yes, sir, that's what did it—my eye and Betty Martin."



Wholesale whoopee... that's what the eight girls in Clara Bow's picture, "The Wild Party," make. And Jean Lorraine, above in a black lace teddy and cream silk negligée, does her improper share



REMOVES .. HAIR as if by Magic

SOPHISTICATED women no longer tolerate S razors, messy pastes, painful, yanking waxes, or caustic powders for removing unwanted hair. There's an easier, *daintier* way to do it.

Simply sponge the unsightly growth with *the new De Miracle*, and rinse with clear, warm water. You actually see the hairs dissolve! Every one is gently washed away, leaving no bristly stubble. See how satinsmooth and white it leaves your skin—almost poreless!

This magic liquid positively will not coarsen the growth. It contains absolutely no dangerous barium sulphide. It instantly banishes the prickly stubble and retards its reappearance. Quick, safe, dainty—the "only" liquid depilatory you can buy. Sold everywhere: 60c, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it, order from us, enclosing \$1.00. De Miracle, Dept. 26, 138 W. 14th St., New York City.

De Miracle

WASHES AWAY HAIR

Free
proof

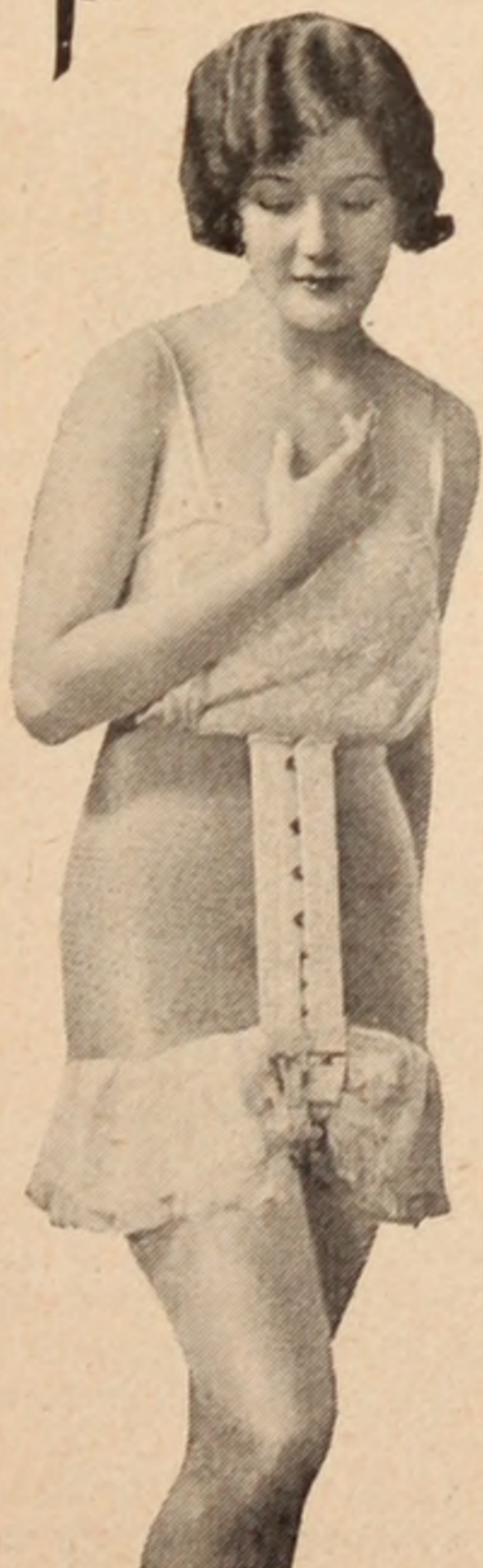
Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced

without dieting, drugs or exercises

WAIST and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—in 10 days. That's what the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—at our risk.

Made of finest quality, fresh, live Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces by *automatic massage*. With every breath you draw, every step you take, its continuous gentle pressure breaks up fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh as an expert masseuse would. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details about this marvelous girdle and special 5-day trial offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risk. Send for it today. No obligation. Simply fill out coupon and mail to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 166, 79 Madison Ave., New York City.



Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 166,
79 Madison Ave., New York City.

Without obligation, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle, also special 5-day trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

Nonspi

AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless.



NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.

NONSPI will also protect your clothing from those ruinous, discoloring, destructive perspiration stains, in addition to keeping your armpits dry, odorless and sweet.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and save their clothing by using this old, tried and proven preparation which is used, endorsed and recommended by physicians and nurses.

Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Apply it tonight. Use it the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has it at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply).

The Nonspi Company For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI
2640 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Alluring Skin!

For years, beauty culturists sought a skin vitalizer that would stimulate the deeper tissues—bring out beauty that hides beneath the surface. LACO FACIAL is the result of their research—the most astonishing Skin Food discovery of modern beauty science! Quickly, gently, it clears your skin of blackheads, underskin pimples, blemishes. Leaves it velvet smooth, lily-white. Closes enlarged pores, erases wrinkles, fills out cheeks, tightens sagging muscles, restores healthy color. A few minutes with this nourishing skin food will give you the most youthful, alluring complexion you've ever known! Prove it at our risk! Send no money. **PERFUME FREE**—For limited time only, special offer brings you large size tube LACO and free flask exquisite oriental perfume, both for \$1.00! Just pay postman, plus few cents postage. Money back if not absolutely satisfied.

The Le Aron Co., Dept. H-1 Suffolk, Va.

DR. WALTER'S BUST REDUCER—Price \$7.00

Also a serviceable brassiere. The gentle action and slight perspiration of the medicated, live para rubber reduces surplus flesh very quickly, leaving the breast and upper abdomen firm and healthy. Cream-colored. Send bust measure with check or money order (no cash) or pay postman. **\$2.50**

CHIN REDUCER \$2.50

Dr. JEANNE M. C. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

What College Men Think of the Movies

(Continued from page 70)

What Harry L. Case of CORNELL Thinks . . .

immoral. It seems to me that any art or industry that makes a popular appeal ninety-eight per cent to the emotion and two per cent to the intellect cannot be otherwise than immoral. This is about the average that the movies strike at present. In their behalf it is argued that the busy office worker and housewife and shop girl and bricklayer seek easy relaxation at the picture house after a hard day's work; that he seeks relief from the realities of life. But are ledgers and store counters and bricks and potatoes the realities of life? Is not the need just the opposite—a little mental relaxation and inspiration in the realities of

life after tedious days of existence spent in its unrealities?

This is not an argument for a consistently heavy screen diet; it is only an argument for a little balance; an argument for more of the kind of work that Jannings is doing, and that many more of the cinema artists could do if they would. Comedy, romance, and adventure should have their place in the balanced screen menu, but these should not monopolize the field. If the screen public is not critical, the men behind the industry can and should be.

This is the decision of the college critic in his meditative mood.

What Walter L. Scott of DARTMOUTH Thinks . . .

tinue to insist upon the common identity of college and football, the direction ought to pay more attention to accurate portrayal of environment, and far less to the same old plot that was thrown out of Greek theaters for being decrepit.

The Movies' Might

POSSIBLY the fault goes back to the lack of college men in the movie industry. I don't know of any statistics bearing upon this, but it has been my impression that very few college men have gone near the movies. In the East there is little desire and no effort to break into the movies in any way whatsoever. This attitude is unfortunate, I believe, for in a simulation of intelligent movies lies the most expedient means of raising the American public from the moronic standards of the tabloids.

To outsiders, it appears as though the movies are dominated by shrewd Barnums, who put personal and immediate gain above

the development of a movie philosophy and professional ethics. The movies, if they continue their rapid growth, cannot help but be more significant and dominant than the front page. The movies might even relegate the press to a fifth estate. They might—sometime. They might, when producers get past the kindergarten philosophy of giving their public the happy endings, sublimated sex, and custard pie comedy relief that the public, according to guild lore, seems to lap up.

King Vidor's pictures and ideas are a refreshing bright spot in the movie kaleidoscope. He is far past the spurious merit of imported publicity mongers. I'd like to see him do a college movie sometime. I could go to it without helping in the wailing indignation at another Calford thriller.

But all this doesn't matter much. Homely as they may be, we've got the movies and we'll keep right on going to them. You see, there's nothing else.

What Stanley W. Schellenger of OHIO STATE Thinks . . .

woman on the screen. Her beguiling, too-innocent look registers an impression that is not easily forgotten. But soon the cycle will turn and another will take her place.

William Haines has a great following in college circles, particularly because of the type of shows he does. It is inherent in the college man to like to see one get away with something, and this is Haines' best bet. His show, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," might be termed a typical picture for Joe College.

No movie has ever been produced that correctly portrays college life, and there probably never will be one. The life, in itself, does not offer much that might have sufficient human interest to make a successful movie. Coloring is necessary.

The criticism of Princeton alumni in regard to "Varsity," starring Buddy Rogers, is felt by every college man in the United States. When they said, "It does not show Princeton life as it is," they expressed the sentiment towards any college picture.

Colleges Need Color

SUCH a movie is resented by the college man because he feels in it an injustice. The high school boy or girl, who sees the show, receives the wrong impression of the life in a university. And because he regards it as an injustice, he is apt to lose faith in movies in general. This faith is revived after a time, however.

The same thing might be true in other pictures, because it is necessary to color the

actual facts of life to make the movie more interesting. However, that is alleviated because one can rationalize himself into believing that the situations in other pictures might be true. In the college picture, this is impossible.

While they are consistent theater-goers, few college men have any intention of going into the movies. They all have the desire when they see the successful stars, but they realize the ability that is required to reach the top. Although they know that Adolphe Menjou received his sheepskin from Cornell; Richard Arlen from the University of Pennsylvania; Buddy Rogers, Kansas; Gary Cooper, Grinnell; the late Fred Thomson, Princeton; George Bancroft, Naval Academy, and the many others, they believe that their field is to be found elsewhere.

Only two representatives of Ohio State have ever become known in the movie or theater world. They are Elliot Nugent of "The Poor Nut" fame; and Pat Kearney who adapted "An American Tragedy" and "Elmer Gantry" for the stage. If other schools which annually graduate over one thousand students into the world have the same percentage, it may be seen that students in general do not look with expectancy upon the movies as a means of sustenance.

In the future, as in the past, the college man will continue to frequent the theater, often when he should be studying. It has a peculiar attraction that will not be cast aside.

One Black Crow

(Continued from page 53)

ages myself, I had thought the line in the Moran and Mack act about the bumble bee was the funniest thing I had ever heard. It went something like this: "Bumble bee lit on me yist'day!"

"Hmm? Didn't it hurt when that bumble bee lit on you?"

"No—o—o," slowly, with reflective scratchings of the head. "It didn't hurt when that bee lit on me—But, oh, man! When that bee sat down."

"What," asked Mr. Mack, triumphantly, "was there about that line which made you remember it since you were a little girl?"

The Riddle of Popularity

THAT one stopped me. I didn't know. But the picture of that immovable black figure on the stage, bringing out that disillusioned remark, delighted me still, in retrospect. One gathered, somehow, that he had received that bee so trustingly. And then it sat down. Oh, dear!

He told me another line which had been one of the best in their whole career.

A white boy, in prison stripes, crosses the stage. The black boy calls to him, "How long yo' in for, white boy?"

"Forty years."

"W-w-well, lissen! Mail this yere letter fo' me, when yo' gits out, will yo'?"

Alexander Pantages made his appearance just here. Charles Mack told him what I wanted to know. "You're a showman, Alec. Tell the lady," he commanded.

Alec looked as if he wished he hadn't come. "Why not do the act about the hot cakes? And let her see for herself."

What? No Hot Cakes?

THEY got ready. Alec was to do the feeding.

"Wh-wh-what yo-all got fo' breakfas' at this yere lunch counter?" queried Mack, sounding very hungry.

"Well—how about some nice hot cakes?" asked Alec, looking a little bit silly.

"N-nope. Cain' eat hot cakes. They don't agree with me!"

"Well—how about—"

"Ain' no use namin' nothin' else now. I cain' have hot cakes an' now I don' wan' nothin' else but hot cakes." Mr. Mack had a bright thought.

"Tell yo' what we'll do. I'll go out an' come in again an' yo tell me yo ain' got no hot cakes! Then I won' feel so bad."

Business of going out and coming back. All very serious. Business of inquiring anew what there was for breakfast.

"How about some nice ham and eggs?" from Alec.

"Don' like 'em! I'd like—lemme see—I'd like some nice hot cakes."

"Sorry. We haven't got any hot cakes."

"Wh-wh-what? Yo' mean to stan' there an' tell me yo-all ain' got no hot cakes in a big fine hotel like this yere one?"

"No—no hot cakes. How about some nice—some nice—" Alec seemed to be at a loss. "Some nice beans!" he concluded.

"Don' like beans. Couln' yo' git me some hot cakes nohow?"

There was quite a lot of discussion and the act appeared to have flopped.

"Is—is that the sort of thing you're going to do in pictures?" My question must have sounded dubious. I was wondering if I hadn't outgrown the Two Black Crows.

"Oh, no, indeed! We'll have a story about the two characters. Octavus Roy Cohen is furnishing the theme."

I rose. "If you think of any explanation of this voice business—and the stock market—will you let me know?" I urged.

"Yes, I will." Mr. Mack seemed harassed. "But I don't see why yo' had to bring that up, anyhow."



Only Genuine
Maybelline will do

—when eyes are called upon
to say what lips dare not!

Re-create your eyelashes into dark, rich, dense fringes of shadowy loveliness and your eyes will become newly brilliant, amazingly more expressive and possessed of exquisite, irresistible charm and inviting depth.

But—the lashes must appear not only dark, long and luxuriant, but *naturally* so. Genuine Maybelline accomplishes this exact effect—instantly, harmlessly, and very easily. That's why millions of women in all parts of the world look for the Maybelline girl on the box when purchasing an eyelash beautifier.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier



Solid Form



Liquid Form
(Waterproof)

Solid and waterproof Liquid Maybelline are made from secret formulas—widely imitated but never duplicated. Insist upon the genuine. Either form in Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO. — CHICAGO



Develop Your Form!

Our scientific treatment highly recommended for quick easy development
LA BEAUTE METHOD
for improvement of bust, neck, face, arms and legs
Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

LA BEAUTE STUDIOS,
857-EB Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, Md.

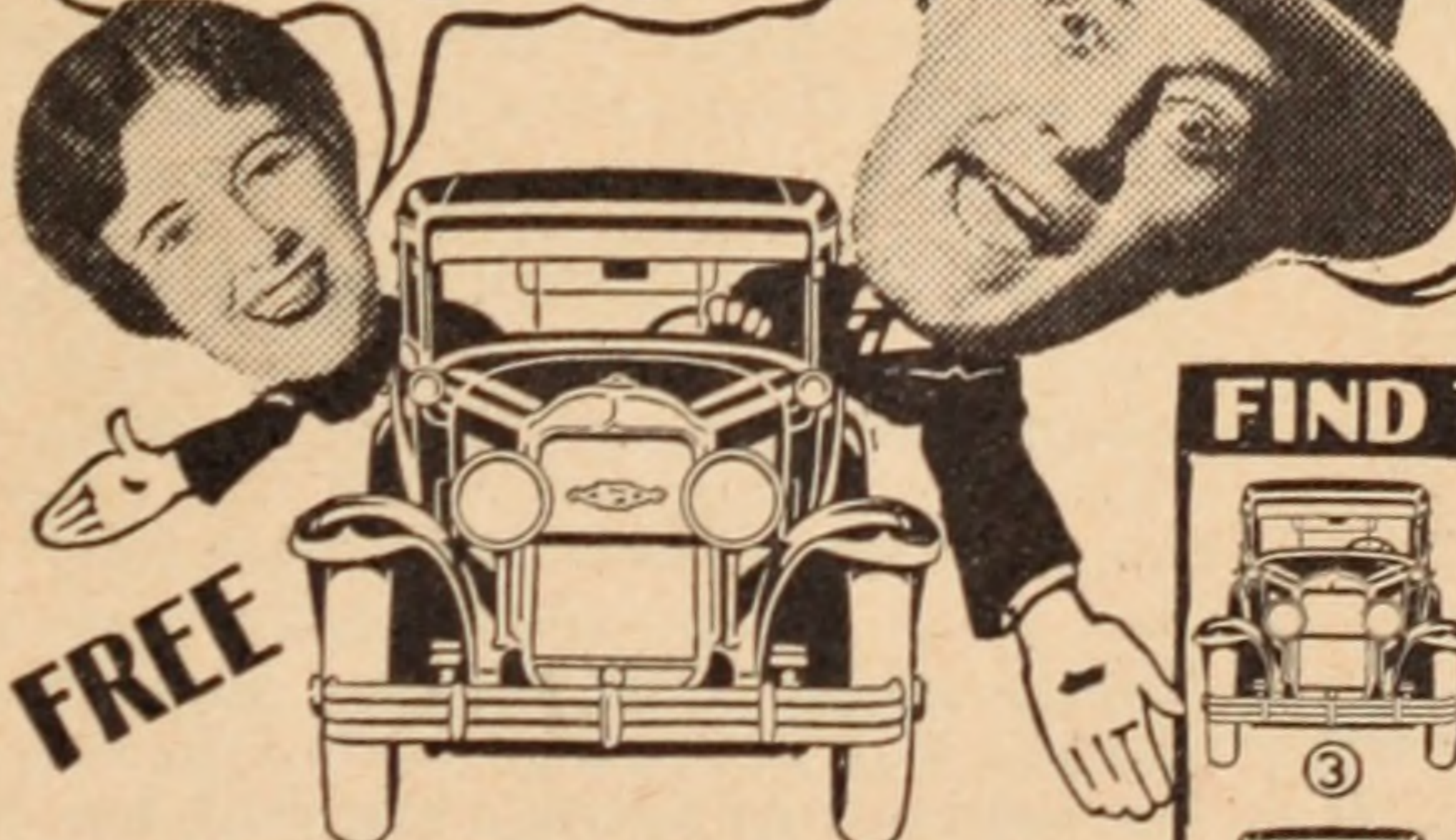
Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Big demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest, foremost school. **EARN \$50 TO \$200 WEEKLY**
Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made \$12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets \$25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned \$200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

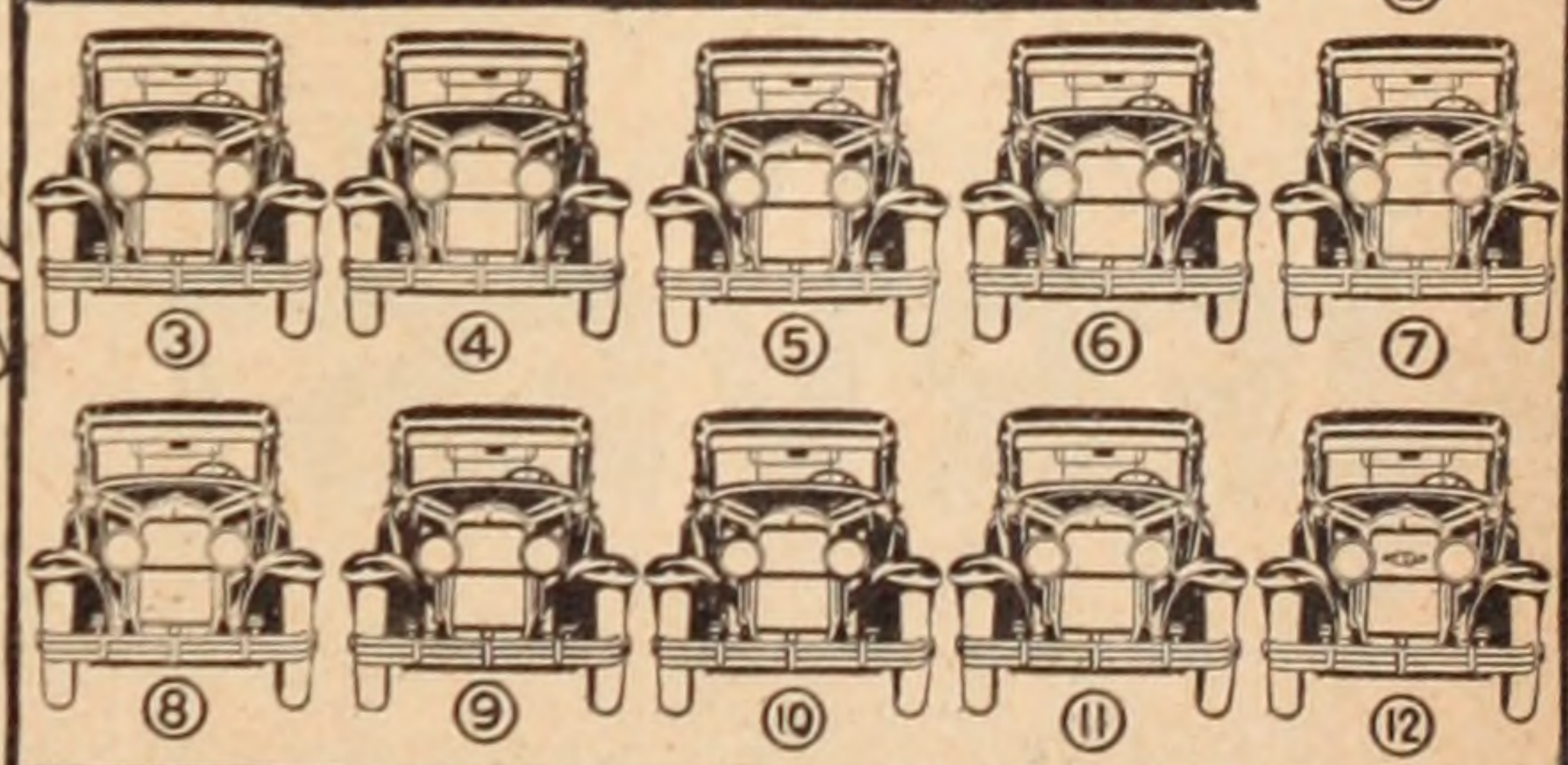


WIN A BUICK
or \$1900⁰⁰



WIN A BUICK
or \$1900⁰⁰

FIND THE DIFFERENT CAR



Puzzle Fans: More automobiles to be given for advertising purposes—J. C. Long, Charles Vogtmann, Viola Javins, Alvin Smith, Mrs. Gillies, J. Braucher, won sedans in last offers. Over 800 prizes awarded in one year. \$11,000 in prizes paid by us in October, 1928. Here's your chance to win one of the prizes now offered.

Find the "Different" Auto The cars in the enclosure to the right all look alike. But one is different. Something has been left off all the cars but one. The difference may be in the fenders, bumper, nameplate, radiator or top. The one that is different is the real Buick sedan I am giving away in addition to three other cars in this great friendship advertising campaign. You may be the one who will write me

And Win Buick Sedan or \$1900

Four sedans and 28 other prizes totaling over \$5,000. Thirty-two prizes and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. Certificate for \$580 to apply on grand prize sent immediately as below if you find the different car. Immediate action—no delay—we send certificate for \$580 to add to the first prize at once, if you win, and directions for getting Buick sedan. There are no more puzzles. Simply this one. No lists of words to make or write. Everyone actively interested can share in prizes or cash awards. Nothing to buy now or ever. Send coupon—no money. Simply fill out coupon, writing number of car you think is the different one and send it to M. W. Meyers, Dept. 302 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

CHECK CAR...MAIL COUPON

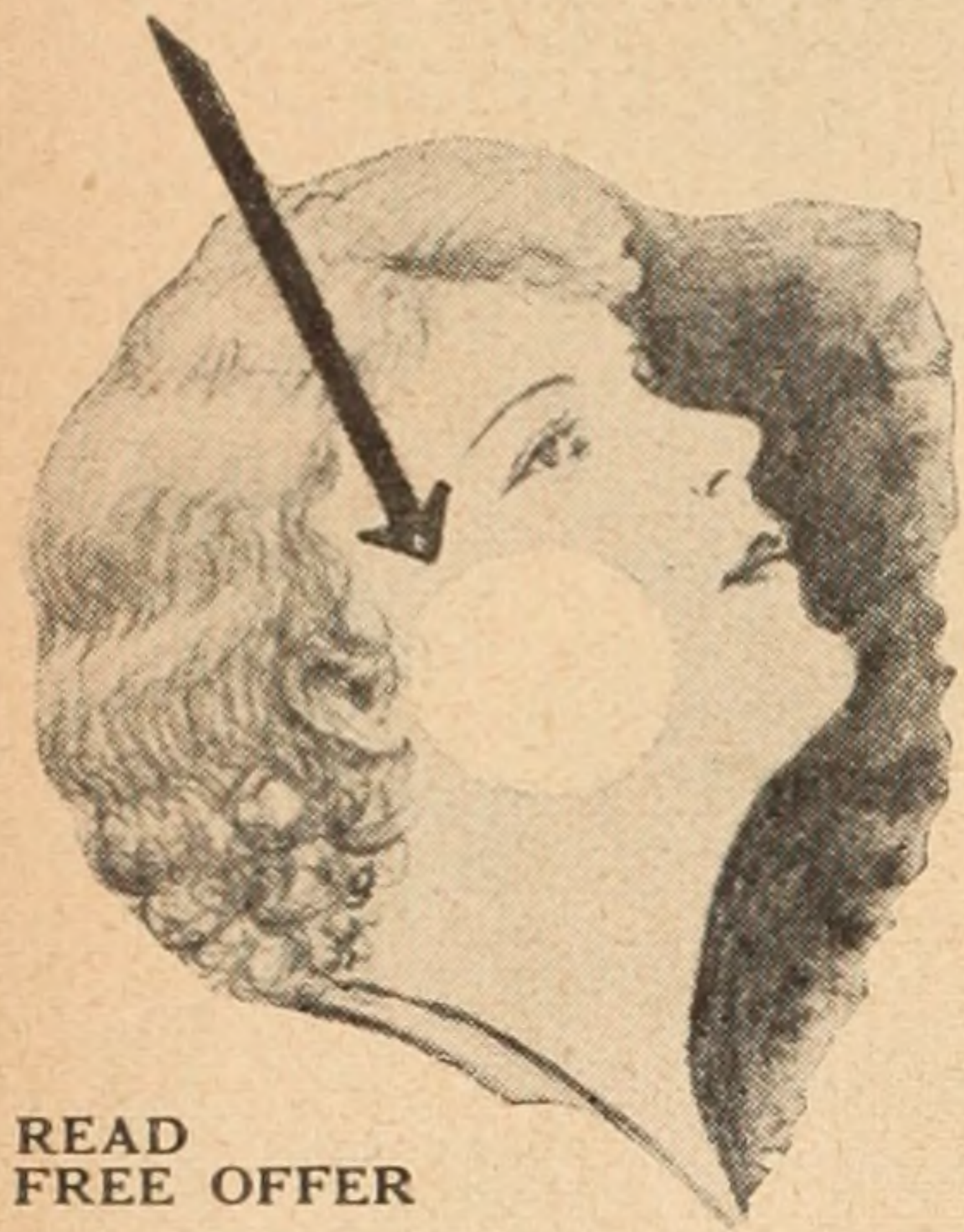
M. W. MEYERS
Dept. 302 500 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

I think the different car is No. Send me award certificate immediately if this is right. No cost or obligation to me now or ever.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

This Part Of Skin

With Large Pores Full of Black-
heads, Pimples, Freckles, and
Other Blemishes Peeled
Right Off



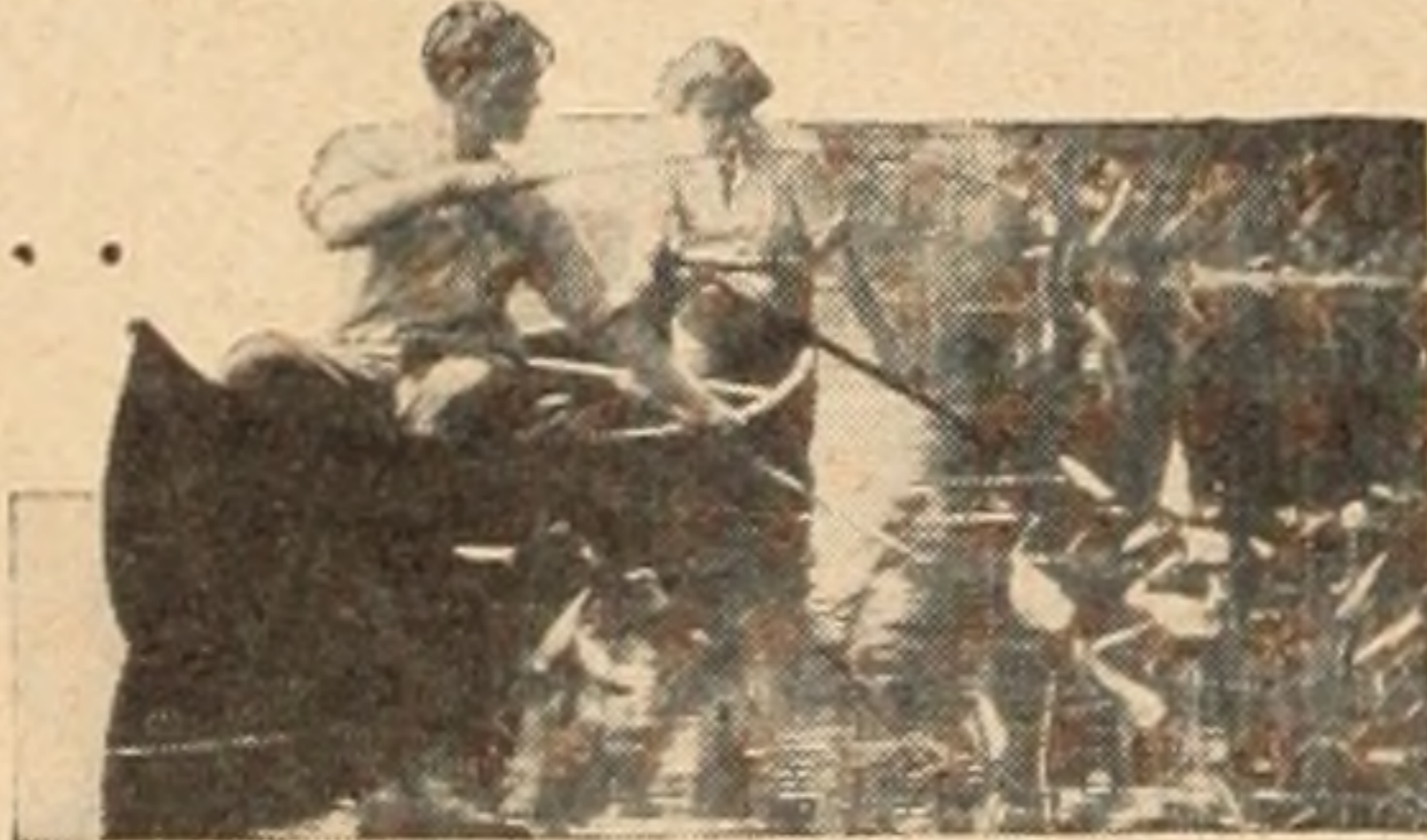
In
3
Days'
Time!
Left Skin
Clear and
Beautiful

READ
FREE OFFER

NOW you can have a new skin if you wish it, on any part of face, neck, arms, hands or body, and a beautiful, clear, youth-like complexion, if you simply do as this expert instructs you to do, at home. Surprises your friends who called you "pimples," "freckles" and other ugly names behind your back. Make them envy you!

This new discovery actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, not covered up as with paint and powder. It's the most amazing, yet simple, way of getting rid of skin blemishes and making yourself look years younger you ever read of, and all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed to readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address the author, Wm. Witol, Dept. K-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

Dream...
laze...
relax!



CANOEING brings you the essence of perfect relaxation. Old Town Canoes are patterned after real Indian models. As low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 976 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves! Learn how to regain vigor, calmness and self-confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-836 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Feed 'Em and Reap

(Continued from page 27)

visual pabulum, discretion in time selection is essential. Chaplin, for instance, rarely breakfasts at seven or dines at six.

The Stockbrokers' Hour

WHEN the milkmen are completing their rounds in saner cities, or their brethren of the countryside are pumping water into the last can of discontented cow extract, Hollywood's Wall-Street-men tune in on their tickers. The sun may shine brightest in the West. But it shines in the East first. And the difference in time necessitates early rising if one wishes to dance to the stock exchange fiddling. Thus, just as Jimmy Walker is locking up Broadway with the last remaining Key to the City, Henry's becomes a babble-on of big business. Now the ear of Joseph Berliner, Henry's aide-de-camp, and Hollywood's best known Joe, buzzes with many a tip on how to turn oil stock into gold. And vice versa. Joe knows more inside stuff on the market than the entire banking and brokerage business of the town. Moreover, his information is right as frequently as it is wrong. Which is an enviable record in the bull-and-bear racket.

By the time the last of the Wallingfords has departed for the sheep-shearing, Henry's has become a Mecca of merchants and clerks, mingled oddly with extra people in make-up en route to studio. The table talk now is of commerce. Buying cheap and selling dear. Mingled with the patter of players as to what studios are casting mob scenes, the parties of the night before, the most recent extra kid to win a chance at fame. Or infamy and its accompanying Rolls. But all this is hurried. At this hour Henry's patrons eat by Pacific Standard Time.

From nine till noon the rectangular booths in the foreground are filled with ordinary breakfasters. Tourists, an occasional jewelry-eyed actor seeking to lessen the potency of gin with tomato juice, the drifting droppers-in from here and there and heaven knows where. It is a time for yawning. When Marie and Effie and Lillian may rest their rounded arms on the sandwich-counter, or the water-cooler, and indulge in snatches of private conversation. I sez to him and he sez to me. And then I sez.

The Wrong Greta

FROM twelve to two or three the crowd is more colorful. Jane Winton's green eyes scan the luncheon menu. The Beery boys are present, puzzling the uninitiate as to which is which. Stuart Holmes's henna-colored hair illuminates his immediate vicinity. Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver giggle together. Perhaps over Phil's approaching marriage to Billy Seaman. Her first offense. Marie can give advice. Newspapermen and press agents gallop in. The p. a. contingent invariably being stuck for the checks. Jimmy Gleason and Bob Armstrong fan their Java. Is zat so! A dame from Des Moines spots Greta Garbo, who at the moment may be tearing a herring in Sweden. The gal is really Greta's stand-in, her double. But the Des Moines damsel gets the thrill just the same. A bunch of bit players out of work cackle over a continuous cascade of coffee. A couple of cannons from downtown thrust thick sandwiches between thin lips. They're on the way to Santa Monica to set the scene for a rum-running. Lois Wilson, Leatrice Joy, or whoever may be playing at Edward Everett Horton's theater around the corner, rustles in for a pre-matinée snack. Junior Coghlan, the kid star, plays tiddle-de-winks with the crackers. Junior Laemmle, the kid producer, stops a conversation about his super, "Broadway," to ask: "Have ya seen Sue? Did she men-

tion me? What did she say?" Sue is Sue Carol.

The inner man refreshed, the luncheon crowd departs. Dinner menus arrive. The great beamed-ceiling room in the rear is readied for the evening rush. It begins at five. By six there isn't a table. By seven there isn't standing room. Filipino bus-boys balance huge trays, somehow creating the impression of Blondin and his wire-walk across Niagara. Della, the fast-working blonde whose dialogue is priceless, ducks and dodges through the crowd with provender for her public. Director Bill Seiter grins: "Ah, slumming again?" His presence proves that Laura La Plante is working that evening. Alice White and the new boyfriend devour chowder with their lips and one another with their eyes. Joan Crawford and her Dodo. Don't mistake me. That's her love-name for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Wonder what monicker she's chosen for Doug, Sr.

As the Neck Is Shorn

MORE newspapermen. The press-agents have homes. The scribes out-fumble one another for the checks. The losers sigh. Henry sighs. The hinterland is well represented. You can name the native state by the way the neck is shaven. Patterns vary. The Indiana neck-shave is square as a cop's boot. Missouri leans toward a hirsute Grecian bend. Kansas fancies a V-shape shave. Hungry looking girls with homely looking men. The Janes order from the left side of the menu. The Johns read the figures first. Pompano for Pauline Garon. Beef for Big Boy Williams. Charlie Farrell gives the ladies an ecstatic moment. Long Island duckling, Fulton Market clam chowder, New York steaks, make the Broadway mob homesick. Clara Bow makes 'em love-sick. Clara carries a whole retinue of courtiers, like Peggy Hamilton at a première. Brook trout for less than a buck. Broccoli. Twenty cents. For an appetizer a Merry Widow Cocktail. De-de-de-de.

But, like fair Melrose, Henry's to be viewed aright must be visited in the pale moonlight. Or at least during those hours when it would be moonlight. If there were a moon. It is a night-blooming cereus. And reaches its full glory at the witching hour. As soon as the fights and the shows and the movies let out, the wolves descend on Henry's lamb.

Now comes Charlie Chaplin, clowning with the rotund proprietor. He is flanked by his familiar, Harry Crocker. Joe Schenck sits at his table. Sid Grauman, his tresses flowing in the breeze, joins the group. Tom Kennedy, the town sport, blows in from the arena. Tom has a stable of boxers now. Gary Cooper and Lupe arrive, the Mexican whirlwind clinging to his arm like a Scotchman to a dime. Gary, did you, or did you not, give Lupe that chunk of ice on the third finger of her left hand? The movie columnists would like to know. Maurice Chevalier and his *très chic femme* find an unostentatious corner. Hollywood doesn't know the French star yet, so he may still enjoy obscurity. Jack Dempsey and Stelle arrive. The one spot in the world—the one hour in time—where the ex-champion can munch a sandwich without blocking traffic.

The Yes Gang

THERE must have been a Universal preview. Here's the Big U gang. Uncle Carl leads the parade. You can hear him coming. The arrival is announced for blocks by an echoing "Yes, Mr. Laemmle," "Oh, yes, Mr. Laemmle. Yes, yes, yes."

Wonder if he ever heard the nifty made by Paul Perez, writer of titles. "If all the interfering relatives were laid end on end—wouldn't it be great?"

Ladies *en décolletée*. Men in soup-and-fish. Groups in flannels. Others in riding togs. Tablecloths become cost sheets. Covered with profits. The figures are always profits. The losses come later. And are real. Necks crane for a glimpse of Dolores Del Rio. Twenty girls from a studio club whoop to a special table. Each is made-up to represent one of the cinema celebs whose shoes she one day hopes to fill. One is Chaplin, and the real Charlie gets a laugh. A big hand for all the little girls. Tomorrow will bring more bawling-out from second assistant directors. But tonight—whoopee!

The deaf-and-dumb newsboy, exclusive proprietor of the paper concession at Henry's, passes with his prints. The great and the near great greet him with smiles. Now and then he pauses to exchange conversation with some star or director who speaks his language, spoken with the hands. Victor McLaglen comes in as Karl Dane passes out. Of the door; not what you thought. Two of Hollywood's tallest men. Lya de Putti with some of the furriners, the Varconis, Veidts, Kordas. Joe Brown, doubtless with the little mousie in his pocket ready to jump out to amuse any audience. Director Richard Wallace, impressive-looking chap with his leonine mane. "Thank God for the movies," he murmurs as an ermine-wrapped darling steps from her limousine. Louise Fazenda watches the tray-juggling bus-boys, hoping, always hoping. But a tray never yet crashed. Julia Faye, of whom the Metro press department recently wrote that her new long-term contract had started most suspiciously.

Unmuffled Munching

BILL DEMEREST and Colette, the other half of the act both on and off, preside over a gathering of two-a-day folk conscripted by the talkies. Wise-cracks and wiener schnitzel vie for space in Arthur Caesar's oral cavern. Sam Goldwyn is amazed—munch, munch—at our stupidity. No mufflers on the soup spoons. No gas masks with the limburger. Adolphe Menjou, brother and Mrs., occupy a booth. Next door is Bull Montana inhaling Henry's best substitute for pasta fagirole. Ravioli à la Henry. But the menu uses plural number: Raviolis. Jimmy Hall is telling a pal that it ain't so. But it really is. John Boles's laugh echoes at one of those stories. Buddy Rogers enters. You can almost hear the flappers' hearts beating. The I-Knew-'Em-When Club is busy panning success. At the cigar counter cash customers stand row on row, while free sitters get those second and third scups scoffee, which are free.

Now Henry beams like a harvest moon. The perfect mine host, he is thoroughly in his element. Despite his girth, he positively flits from guest to guest. He pauses here for a bit of roast, there for a taste of cutlet, and tops off with a beef stew. But now the crowd again changes. "Use of liquor in this establishment prohibited," says the sign. So the three-o'clock-in-the-morning crowd brings its own—inside. But you can bring the wife and kiddies, even at three a.m. All is decorum at Henry's. Fried, stewed, pickled or soused, no tantrums are tolerated. No fights at Henry's. What are homes for?

Tired waitresses following the weaving steps of the last stay-outs. They murmur weary good-nights to the cheery good-mornings of the fresh shift. Fresh girls, fresh linen, fresh menus. A new day. Soon the ticker touts are in again with I-told-you-so's or well-you-see-it-was-this-way's, depending upon whether the tip was good or bad. And Joe listens patiently, as he totals up the night-life tithings of Hollywood to Henry's.



This Charming Gift Is Yours

HERE is a wonderful gift for you. A beautiful leatherette framed photograph of your favorite Motion Picture Star. Size of frame nine by eleven inches holding an eight by ten inch photograph. Patented snap easel back. A most attractive adornment for your dressing table, and will add charm to your room. Your friends will envy you. This is the finest gift we have ever offered to our readers.

Just send us your subscription to **MOTION PICTURE** or **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**, with your remittance of \$2.50 for the next twelve big issues of **MOTION PICTURE** or **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** and let us know the name of your favorite. As soon as we receive your order we will mail the framed picture to you and your first copy promptly. If you are now a subscriber, this offer is open to you too. We will be glad to extend your subscription.

-----Mail This Coupon To-Day-----

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

6 M.P.C.

1501 Broadway, New York City

For the enclosed \$2.50 I subscribe to **MOTION PICTURE** **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** (check choice) for one year.

Send me the attractive leatherette framed photograph of:

To: Name

Address

Town State

Start with.....issue.

(Check) Extend my subscription.

Include 50 cents extra postage for Canada
Include one dollar extra postage for foreign

Now! Only \$10.00 DOWN

This WONDERFUL HEALTH and BEAUTY BUILDER

Complete \$62.50 Combination

Direct from Factory at Lowest Price Ever Offered

Gain and keep perfect beauty, perfect health and perfect figure with 15-minute daily massages. The Red Jacket Health Motor, Weight Scale and Instructions will produce marvelous results for you.

ATTRACTIVE, INSTRUCTIVE LITERATURE SENT FREE

BE SURE TO GET THIS LITERATURE

Mail the Coupon Today

THE WACO CO., Dept. 906
5216 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE information on Red Jacket Health and Beauty Set.

Name _____
Address _____

Sent on Trial



FRECKLES

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



The Bust

Beautifully Developed

IT IS FASHION'S DECREE!
—"flowing curves of beauty for the feminine figure"—just the proper fullness of the bust—hollows in neck, chest, shoulders and back filled out.

Write quickly, learn of the newest science in physical development. Our new book, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED"—sent FREE.

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 33, Clarinda, Iowa



GRAY HAIR

Goes in 10 Minutes!

Money back if it fades again! My French MAGI Compound leaves no streaks. No stains on linen or scalp. Penetrates all through each hair. Stands any amount of washing, shampooing and curling. Leaves hair soft and silky. Guaranteed

harmless. Easily applied in few minutes. Only one application. \$2.00 outfit for only \$1.45, to introduce quickly. Send M. O. or pay C. O. D. plus 20 cents postage. I guarantee you will be greatly pleased. Plain wrapper. No one knows.

MAISON JEUNESSE, 17 Park Row, New York, Suite MD-157

DO YOU REALLY KNOW WHAT HAPPENS

WHEN YOU DIE?

Sixteen-page booklet containing many amazing, startling facts that science has actually discovered and PROVEN about AFTER-DEATH and LOVED ONES gone BEYOND sent free.

Pioneer Press, Dept. 135.

Hollywood, Calif.

Ken Carries On

(Continued from page 60)

Not while Ken Maynard rides to the rescue with his smoking heat breathing vengeance from either hand, the reins between his dazzling teeth.

It's six years now since Ken spurred his trusty steed over the high hurdle that separates the circus from the cinema. Beyond that there is a picture of a ranch in Mission, Texas, and a high-spirited kid who galloped off one night in the wake of a tent show. That time his dad followed, and brought him home. And it didn't need much persuasion, either. But there was another time when he didn't return. And so for several seasons Ken Maynard was the crack trick rider of the Ringling Brothers outfit. He'd ride anything with a bit between its teeth. One, two, three, four of 'em at a time. Roman riding, jumping, racing, bull-dogging, and every stunt ever invented in ring or rodeo was included in his repertoire. Between seasons, during the bleak winter months of the lay-off time, he carried an act over a vaudeville circuit. He and some buddies and eight head of stock. They didn't make much money. But they had a lot of fun. "Sort o' kept the bunch together," he says.

From Vacation to Vocation

BUT one season he decided to take a vacation. So out to Hollywood he came to bask a while in the warm luxury of the Californian sunshine, and the soft air scented with the fragrance of orange-blossoms. He's been here ever since. And likes it. And intends to stay. The first job was with the Fox ranch. Others followed. Picture by picture Ken laid the foundation of success. Film by film his popularity increased. He has always had the reputation of being one of the hardest workers in Hollywood. With his other attributes, this helped. Since his association with First National he's been among the cowboy aces, the sort that helps movie showmen to hold an occasional winning hand in the box-office jack-pot.

Maynard looks the part. He's tall, lithe, clean-cut. Good looking in an American sort of way. None of your languishing Latin Lotharios. But steely-eyed, two-fisted, broad-shouldered, with muscles of whipcord, an easy smile and lines of character in his weather-burned face. With Mix gone, he is the eye-fillingest dam' caballero in all Hollywood. From his high-crowned, broad-brimmed, white Stetson, with its jeweled cord, to the high-heeled cowboy boots of fine, soft leather, Ken is the Pride of the Plains, the personification of riding romance.

Maynard is doing more than making Western pictures. He is endeavoring to perpetuate the romance in the winning of the West. He realizes that the iron horse has replaced the covered wagon. That the flivver has relegated the cow-pony to the position of a museum piece. That the brave yesterday splashed with war-paint is today the Carlisle graduate, or the big-bellied blanket Indian subsisting soddently on governmental pap. The scouts have passed beyond the end of the trail. The mountain men are gone. The sons of the pioneers are wasters with patent-leather hair. The "Gold Rush" is the name of a clown's comedy. The most vivid, virile days in the nation's history are gone. And in great danger of being forgotten. As Ken Maynard sees it, the task of keeping alive the memory of a glorious past has fallen to some extent on his shoulders. Perishable as is his medium, it may serve, nevertheless, to provide inspiration sufficient to prevent our youth from becoming a nation of bookkeepers. Of sleek, smug, self-satisfied snobs totally lacking in all the qualities of those forbears who

carved a land of plenty from a howling wilderness. Truly, the Maynard ambition is a laudable one.

Ladies Must Dress

TO further it, each of his pictures is something more than the usual chase. Each is built around an episode of those early days. Aside from that license which is necessarily taken in story telling, Maynard's pictures approach historical accuracy. Sometimes to the wrath of the business office moguls. In one of his productions a group of pathfinders were seen stumbling over the desert, undergoing the most frightful deprivations. And the women were every one decked out in their best bibs and tuckers. And what a razz that got from the bright boys in the front office. But imagine their embarrassment, when Ken got down the book and backed his version with facts. The pioneers portrayed in the picture had been forced to abandon most of their belongings. And the femininity of that day was no whit different from this or any other. Thus, when it became necessary to lighten the loads, the women donned all their finery rather than leave it by the wayside. And so presented the incongruous spectacle of struggling against the grim, all-pervading, death of the wilderness, clad in the frills and furbelows depicted in Godey's celebrated "Ladies' Book," which was the fashion arbiter of the hour.

In the good old, bad old, rough-house days when a real man could get a drink of red licker instead of the pallid poison now purveyed, Ken held Tom Mix to a draw in a jolly ruction occasioned by—neither remembers what. They were friends before. And they're friends still. Tony sends Tarzan a birthday cake, and Tarzan reciprocates in kind. Maynard contemplated a suit for libel against one who intimated that these vaqueros were high-hatting one another. Even the horses say neigh to that.

But the days and nights when the curly wolves from Bitter Creek declared their right to howl have passed on too. Just recently, Wyatt Earp, one of the good badmen of the old West, joined Bat Masterson and the remainder of that gallant company across the divide. Maynard knew him well, and from his store of adventurous stories, gleaned many a fact to be wrought into a celluloid tapestry. Constant research has made Maynard an authority on the life and times portrayed by him on the screen.

Training for Talkies

ALTHOUGH he didn't anticipate the talkies, he has been unconsciously preparing for them. Among the things he has acquired is an astonishing repertoire of the authentic ballads of ranch and range. Of these the "Cowboy Lament" is but a sample. There are a hundred others, which tell richer tales of spurs and saddles, ropes and rustlers, girls and guns. You'll hear them soon. For Maynard will make talkies. He's a right smart fiddler, he says. And can play a guitar in a manner to win the toss of a rose from any balcony.

Perhaps the Western stars will rise again. Perhaps their lustre is lessened only till these troublous talkie times are calmer. Perhaps they'll come riding home, yip-yiping down the Western streets of every lot in Hollywood. Bill and Buck, Hoot, Tom and Tim, and Jack. But meantime, let's give thanks for Ken Maynard, who keeps the movies safe for America against the encroaching invasion of foreign stars and foreign stories. Of von's, and ski's, and de la's. Here's to Ken, then. May he always ride. But not alone.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 63)

For the benefit of those who just must see Gloria Swanson or Marion Davies in the flesh I would recommend Tuesdays and Fridays as a more favorable time to spot them at the Montmartre.

And Then What?

WHEN Clara Bow was in New York she disguised herself on a hotel register as Stella Ames, which was her cast-name in "The Wild Party." Hollywood is still wondering if that was a hint, or an incognito. Greta Garbo pulled the same stunt but there is no doubt but what Greta wanted privacy and plenty of it.

With Lupe Velez it was different. An eye witness to Lupe's arrival in the big city described it as follows:

Lupe descended from the train like Sheba in all her glory. She spotted the eager pressmen with one blink of her Spanish eyes. "This is Lupe," she yelled gleefully. "This is Loopee!"

The Mixes Mended

MRS. TOM MIX made a flying and unexpected trip from Paris to Hollywood and remained but a week. Accompanied by only one maid and a beautiful Collie dog, she threw Hollywood into a panic of rumors by re-opening the Mix mansion and scoffing at marital difficulties between herself and Tom.

"I spent five days with Tom when I came through New York," she told reporters, "and I am expecting him to join me in Europe this fall."

Lloyd's National Park

THE other day I took a two-hour tour over Harold Lloyd's estate and then I didn't get to see everything. I was too fagged out to see the sunken desert garden, or the natural waterfall. It reminds me more of a national park than any thing I have ever seen. The estate features everything from a golf course to a babbling brook where one may canoe for an hour or so without seeing the same landmarks twice.

Even more imposing than the grounds is the castle-like residence, with its elevators, living-rooms, assistant living-rooms, drawing-rooms, sub-drawing-rooms, dens, indoor and outdoor, and five-room master suites.

I'd be afraid to be invited to a party there. I'm afraid I would get in play room A when they were entertaining in play room C up on the third floor.

No More Babies

THERE are rumors that there won't be any more Wampas Baby Star selections. The idea was all right the first couple of years, but lately the girls, the frolic and the enthusiasm have taken terrific slumps. There is a little bit too much politics involved in the choosing to satisfy either the candidates or the dear old public, who has been choosing Baby Stars ever since the movies began.

And, Oh, Yes—

PICKED up from here and there: Constance Talmadge is back in Hollywood to marry Townsend Netcher. Viola Dana has gone to San Francisco to make a stage production. May McAvoy will be married by the time you read this. Alice White gets her feelings hurt easily and cries when people aren't nice to her. Lina Basquette always thanks critics and writers for saying nice things about her. Norma Talmadge never pays any attention to what is said about her, one way or the other. Mabel Normand is very ill. Sue Carol is thinking of buying a house way up on a hill. And that's all there is.

Lose Unsightly FAT

This Easy Pleasant Way



People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next Came Marmola

Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 22 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased

health and vigor. That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause; with lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

This is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 22 years, have found amazingly effective.

Try a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Sold by all druggists at \$1 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

WIN AIRPLANE

(3 Passenger 90-h.p.) *and* Actual Pilot's Flying Course!

or \$3,745.00 in CASH!

IF YOU PREFER!

PUZZLE FANS! Last year we awarded to over 800 people automobiles and other valuable prizes, and in next few months will award between 300 and 400 more prizes through our puzzles just to advertise and expand our business! Mrs. John Gillies, Mrs. Nellie C. Walters, Miss Leola Markus, C. F. Weiting, Charles Vogtmann, J. C. Long, A. F. Holt, each won automobiles or cash prizes from \$600.00 to \$3,500.00 through our last puzzles. We spend over \$150,000.00 on these offers each year. Here's a big new one for you.

Find the Twin Airplanes

Here are ten pictures of the 1929 90-h. p. Waco Airplane which, together with free flying instruction, we are giving free in our "friendship campaign." (You can have the cash, if you prefer. Decide after you are announced as winner.) No, these pictures are not all alike, even though they look alike. The difference may be in the markings on the wings, bodies or tails of the airplanes. Only two airplanes are exactly alike. Can you find them? Just send the two numbers of the twin airplanes on a post card or letter—today.

Certificate for \$500.00 to Add to Largest Prize Sent at Once as Below if You Find Twin Airplanes

Quick action! Find the twin airplanes and we will send, as soon as correct answer is received, Certificate for \$500.00 to add to first Grand Prize, if you are prompt and win first prize, or a total of \$4,245.00 (cash if preferred) and directions for getting combined prize. First Grand Prize is a brand new Waco Airplane and actual flying instructions by experienced air mail pilots, all fully paid for by us. Twenty-four other prizes, valued as high as \$1,000.00 and including five other free aviation courses. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid to persons tying. **NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE.** No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy, now, later or ever. Just send the numbers of the twin airplanes in a letter or on a post card. That's all. Send no money but **BE PROMPT.**

L. S. RENO, Room 99 54 W. ILLINOIS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Act *Now!*

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS Hand Colored In Oil



Large 8x10 ONLY \$1.49

Just to get you acquainted with our superior work, we send you a full size enlargement, hand colored in brilliant fadeless oil color size 8 by 10 inches, together with

Artistic \$2.00 Frame FREE

SEND NO MONEY. Don't fail to take advantage of this astounding offer. Just mail your film, photo or snapshot, stating color of eyes and hair, and you will receive a big 8x10 hand colored oil picture with the valuable frame in one week. Pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. No other charges. If you send \$1.50 with order we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed and your photo returned unharmed.

UNIVERSAL ART STUDIOS

152 W. 42nd St., Room 1101, Dept. B New York

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for April 1st, 1929. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the VICE-PRES., GENERAL MANAGER of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George Kent Shuler, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Business Manager, Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; George K. Shuler, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Silver Screen Publications, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., VICE-PRES., GENERAL MANAGER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1929. Elizabeth Bentley. (My commission expires March 30th, 1930.)

ITCHING RASHES

quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of

Resinol

FORM DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only Madame K. D. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Take A Memo, Daddy

(Continued from page 39)

my business, and she stays here with Anita, neither of us will be happy. I know that.

"At one time, I thought maybe we could open a branch out here, and I could take charge of it. But that's no go. Labor's too cheap, and not unionized—and our profits are based on a percentage of our costs. We might get plenty of work, but we wouldn't make anything out of it.

"Then I thought maybe I'd sell out my equity in the business, and sell the home, and see what I could do about getting a job out here. They need electrical engineers in the studios, especially now with sound coming in. Maybe I'll do that yet.

"But the biggest rub of all is how do we know how Anita's career is going to pan out? She's been going fine so far—like a house on fire—but how long will it last? They say the average life of a movie star is five years. Will hers be just that?—or more?—or less?

"And take now, even. She's not making anything like what most people think a girl in her position would. We're living in a furnished apartment without even a maid. I help pay the rent and I help the wife with the housework—and even Anita herself has to help with the dishes. We lived better back in Astoria. They keep telling me to think of the future. Sure, but—

"She and the wife think now's our chance. They want me to chuck everything and gamble on this, to handle her career as her business manager. But I've already made enough mistakes in my life to know the value of caution. If I chuck everything, and Anita's out in five years or less, where'll we be then?

"It's a tough proposition, any way you look at it, it's tough."

And it's made even more so by Hollywood's attitude toward stars' relatives in general, and fathers in particular. While a mother living on, or working for, her daughter may be only a nuisance, a father is an unmitigated bum. Nor can you blame the town particularly, considering some of the specimens exhibited. The fact that Pomares had sacrificed a good business that would have supported himself and his family, and that he accepted the new status only as a last resort to keep the family together would not be considered. In fact, it wouldn't

even be known by many, and the others would soon forget. Hollywood is busy, and no one has much time to spend on anything that will not promote his own job. Pomares would be catalogued with the rest: "another father workin' his daughter."

Unfair? No doubt—but would that help his feelings any?

"I've tried to figure it out in the only way I know how: as a business proposition. What'll be the best for the family? If I could figure that out, I'd be willing to put up with a few inconveniences to myself. But I can't even do that, there's so damn many if's. That's the worst part of the whole thing—there's nothing solid to lay your hands on. If I knew for certain that she's going to be a success, or if I knew for certain that she's going to be a failure. But I guess only time can tell me that.

"So I've decided that the best I can do is to give the thing time to work itself out of its own accord, to see what indications develop one way or the other.

Deferring to Daughter

"I FIGURE to let things slide till next summer. Then maybe the situation'll be a bit more definite here, and I can go back and talk things over with my business associates. A lot will probably depend on how Anita's work in 'The Broadway Melody' is received—and we'll know that soon.

"So now I'm just marking time and trying to be as useful as I can. I've rented the house back in Astoria for a year, with an option to buy. A couple of young fellows I broke in are handling my job, and they seem to be doing it as well as I could. I'm not taking any money while I'm not working; but I still hold my equity, and I'm assured that the next time the stockholders vote I'll hold my job of vice-president if I want it."

Pomares sat silent for a moment; then, looking off to a corner of the room, he started to laugh. Following his gaze, but seeing nothing amusing, I at last realized that he was laughing at some thought in his own mind.

"Funny how it pops up even in little things. Back in Astoria everything was geared to my convenience. But now I have to wait for supper if Anita works late.

"It's a funny business all around. I dunno, I can't see a solution at all. Can you?"

Scars That Glorified

(Continued from page 45)

delicate work. The days were long and dreary. The apathetic girl took a morbid interest in reading the biographies of great actresses. She read many, many plays; the first time in her popular young life that Carol had ever found time to do what is known as serious reading. And the surgeon worked on patiently and painstakingly. When the stitches were removed from her face, he came daily for months to massage the scars with olive oil.

All Her Beauty Saved

AND under his magic hand, the girl became whole again. No scar remained.

But it was not the same prettiness as before. Some elusive quality of her beauty had disappeared. A sensuous, seductive something-or-other had gone from her face, and had been replaced by a sad and soulful and slightly tragic expression.

And now to complete the parallel between this true story and my mad movie plot.

Carol Lombard's friends, eager to revive her interest in life, told her she was as pretty as ever before. That she must remain in Hollywood and go back to the studios.

They saw the difference in their friend, the loss of that harmony of feature which produces absolute beauty. And they were abashed by the tragic expression and the new maturity of mind of their gay young Carol. However, they eagerly urged her to stay on and try to pick up her picture work again.

Respect—and Chances

THIS she did. She visited the casting directors—the busy gentlemen who hadn't given her a tumble before. And these blasé persons arched an eyebrow. This girl had changed. Her face had character, which the clever fellows had somehow missed before. There was a definite appeal in her expression. Her classification in the index was at once changed from "Pretty; good figure"; to "Dramatic possibilities."

Her work in the Pathe picture, "Show Folks," as the jealous, scheming chorus girl, won her the second feminine lead with Irene Rich in the film version of "Ned McCobb's Daughter," a Pulitzer prize play. Her excellent work in this part resulted in Miss Lombard being signed to a long-term contract by Pathe.



Now through the Magic of Fox Movietone, Broadway's greatest song and dance entertainment comes to the screen of your nearest theatre.

WILLIAM FOX presents **FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES**

A gorgeous extravaganza, dazzling with beautiful girls and a brilliant ensemble of 200.

Cast of Story:—JOHN BREEDEN, LOLA LANE, DEWITT JENNINGS, SHARON LYNN, ARTHUR STONE, WARREN HYMER, STEPIN FETCHIT, ARCHIE GOTTLE, ARTHUR KAY.

Principals in 'Song and Dance Numbers:—SUE CAROL, DAVID PERCY, SHARON LYNN, DAVID ROLLINS, DIXIE LEE, MURIEL GARDNER, JACK WADE, MELVA CORNELL, PAULA LANGLEN, CAROLYNNE SNOWDEN, JEANETTE DANCEY, HENRY M. MOLLANDIN, FRANK LAMONT.

Words and Music by
Archie Gottler
Con Conrad
and
Sid Mitchell

Story and Direction by
David Butler
▼
Dialog by
William K. Wells

Revue Directed by
Marcel Silver
Ensembles by
Edward Royce
Archie Gottler and
Fanchon & Marco

Sinus Trouble is CATARRH



When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash, spray or ointment can. Drives out poisons, and swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 325 Toledo, Ohio

Write for New Radio Loy Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers



EASY to Play!

The first day, with a Conn instrument, you play tunes. Exclusive features give quick mastery. Soon social and professional engagements are open to you—popularity, the chance to make money!

FREE Trial; Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. Write now for free literature and details. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
654 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN

BAND INSTRUMENTS



Action! Camera!

Be your own cameraman taking action movies of parades, events, etc. Or play parts yourself, see how well you screen while your friends "shoot" you in action.

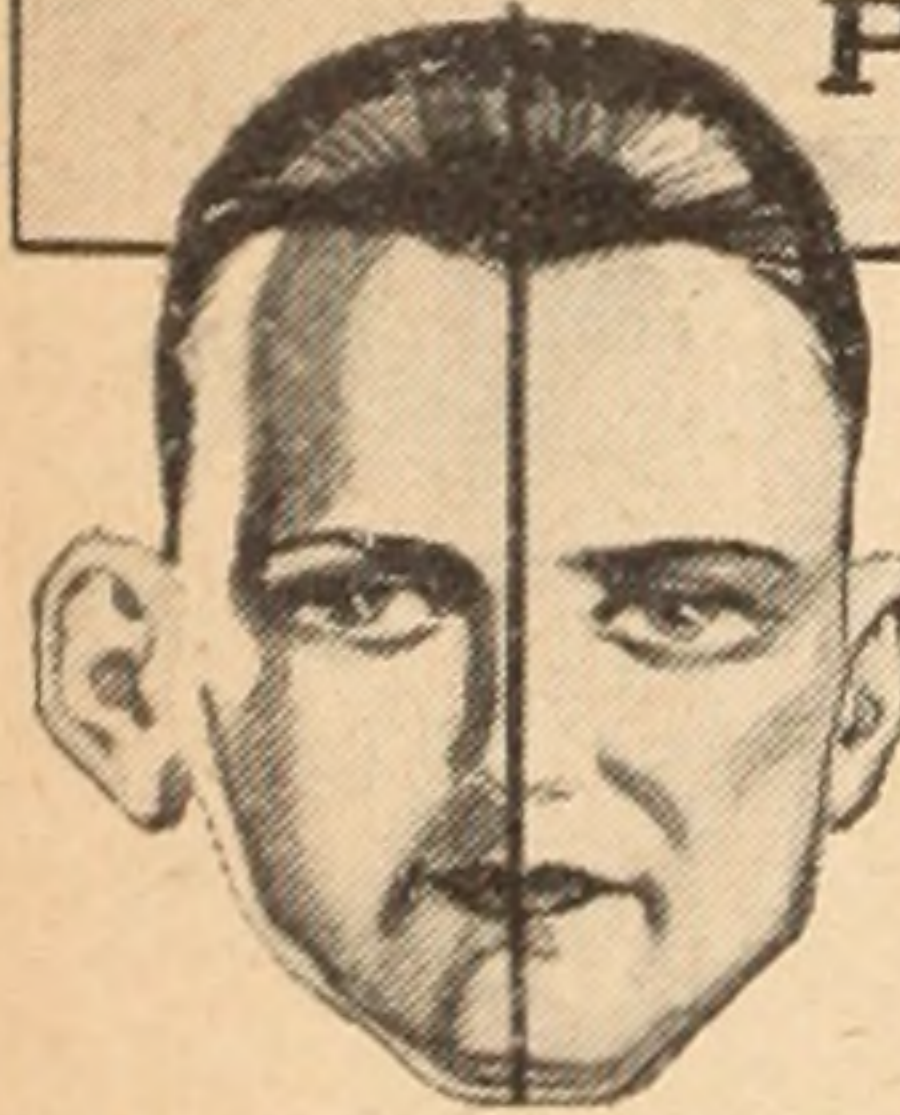
\$13.50
F.O.B. Phila.

Vicam Standard Movie Camera takes 25 ft. of standard film. Equipped with F.5 Universal lens. Loads in daylight. Film developed free. Film can be shown from any standard projector.

Order today C. O. D. or send 10c in stamps for illustrated booklet

VICAM PHOTO CO. 1222 Belmont Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

PROTRUDING? EARS



PRIMSET, a simple and marvelous new method, will make them lay back to head at once and improve your appearance 100 per cent.

No mechanical appliance! **INVISIBLE, COMFORTABLE, HARMLESS.** Worn day or night. Use corrects deformity quickly with children, eventually with adults. Endorsed by physicians as best known method for straightening ears.

Thousands of enthusiastic users in Europe and America. Complete outfit, guaranteed to do as claimed, sent for \$3.00 postpaid, or send no money and pay postman plus postage.

THE PRIMSET SALES CO., Dept. 2, 1658 Broadway, New York



Develops Bust Like Magic!

Thousands of women, during the past 17 years, have found new happiness with the wonderful discovery of Mlle. Koppel the famous Paris beauty culturist.

GROWDINA for bust, neck, arms or face development. Guaranteed harmless, and easy to apply. Wonderful results proven by thousands of written testimonials. Price \$3.00. Sent in sealed plain wrapper.

Write to **Mlle. SOPHIE KOPPEL** Suite 432, 100 St. Nicholas Ave., N.Y.C.

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c for this amazing book.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-836 FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK

Seducing Their Salaries

(Continued from page 33)

a fresh finger-wave for that night's dinner-dance."

Sweetly the vapors greet you at the door as you enter Gerly's Perfume Shop where a star has entered, only to exit with a perfume blended to express her personality.

"For Claire Windsor," said mademoiselle, "we created one called 'Amours de Clairette.' It was inexpressibly delicate, spring-like. But for Alice White we concocted a more exotic perfume, and called it 'Idol of the Day.' Bessie Love's perfume has a dainty, exquisite odor. It proved so popular that she gave her permission to let us retail it under the name of 'B-Love.'"

Merna Kennedy of "The Circus" has an exclusive perfume, created by Gerly, in which, of course, there is not a trace of the pungent odor of the big top. A flippant, audacious scent named "Audrey" has been distilled for Audrey Ferris. Mrs. Don Alvarado wafts here and there in the delicious fragrance of "Joi de Cœur," in which her little heart-child Joy is immortalized. And Kathryn McGuire's golden bloneness is accentuated by "Zephyr d'Or."

Chemistry and Character

"WE have difficulty, sometimes," be-moaned mademoiselle, softly, "in catching the personality of the star. Our chemist goes out and studies the characteristics of the actress and returns to blend the perfume. But, alas, when it is done, the star has other ideas of her personality and cannot recognize herself in the perfume. Then we re-blend it until it entirely pleases."

You can imagine how sad it all is. Imagine a star with a rose aura being suddenly confronted with a perfume designed for a green exhalation.

The butcher, the baker, the cabinet-maker. Look at Barker Brothers, the furniture establishment. And while you're looking, I'll just take a wee bit of a nip. They have two "setting-rooms," twenty by forty and fifteen by eighteen, and when Charles Farrell comes in and asks them to furnish his new Toluca Lake house, what do they do but rush out to his house, measure the floor, mark well the windows and the fireplace, and duplicate exactly his living-room in one of their setting-rooms. Then they dash to the divan department and rustle up a divan. They choose chairs and tables and knickknacks. Hang pictures on the walls and drapes at the windows. Install a fake fireplace in the same position as his is at his new home and in two days Charlie can have a preview of his new living-room.

"We have done that for Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky," said the affable Mr. Evans. "They furnished their home in Georgian. Charles Farrell chose the Norman style. And we helped Marie Prevost, Camilla Horn, the Richard Arlens and many others, by visualizing their future rooms in our setting-rooms."

Just Like Just Folks

OH, those wily Hollywood shopkeepers. They know just the amount of courte-

Won't Women Leave Us Alone?

(Continued from page 31)

sters who would have died before they would have let their neighbors see them in a wrapper but who poured out their yearnings for love to the beautiful boy who had made their hearts beat more swiftly by his screen kisses. Women wrote him, telephoned him at all hours with hysterical words of love. Young girls ran away from home, made their way West and forced themselves into Wallace Reid's very house, very bedroom.

ous, suave attention to give the darlings of the cinema.

"We believe in treating them as 'just folks,'" says R. C. Markley, vice-president of Robertson Company, Hollywood's first department store. "Don't make them feel as if they are singled out for special attention. Our salespeople are instructed not to whisper and nudge each other when, for instance, Estelle Taylor enters the store.

"Some of our picture patrons have grown very friendly to us. I'll wager to say that we were among the first that Herb Rawlinson 'phoned when he became a proud papa. And Mrs. Widdle of our credit department is a sort of sister confessor to a number of the stars. They'll come rushing in and say, 'Now, Mrs. Widdle, do you think I can afford to do this or that?' She will consider for a moment and give them a definite yes or no.

"We never force them to buy beyond their means, and our terms are strictly thirty days—or cash, in some instances. They respect us for our rule and feel that we are doing all we can to protect them.

"Special service? Yes, we send large selections of this and that to the player's homes or to the studios and let them take their choice, if they are too busy to come to the store."

And that's what I. Miller, the boot shop, does; and I. Magnin, frock and gown shop, too. William Stromberg, the jeweler, has a better trick. He sends flowers on certain picture patrons' birthdays. And they come in and order rings and bracelets of special design, and ten-and-a-half carat diamonds on slender hoops. At Christmas time an unobtrusive gift from Stromberg, the jeweler, finds its way to certain of the picture residences, and that reminds the star that Bill does create handsome bracelets and whatnot, and why not drop in soon and look over his stock?

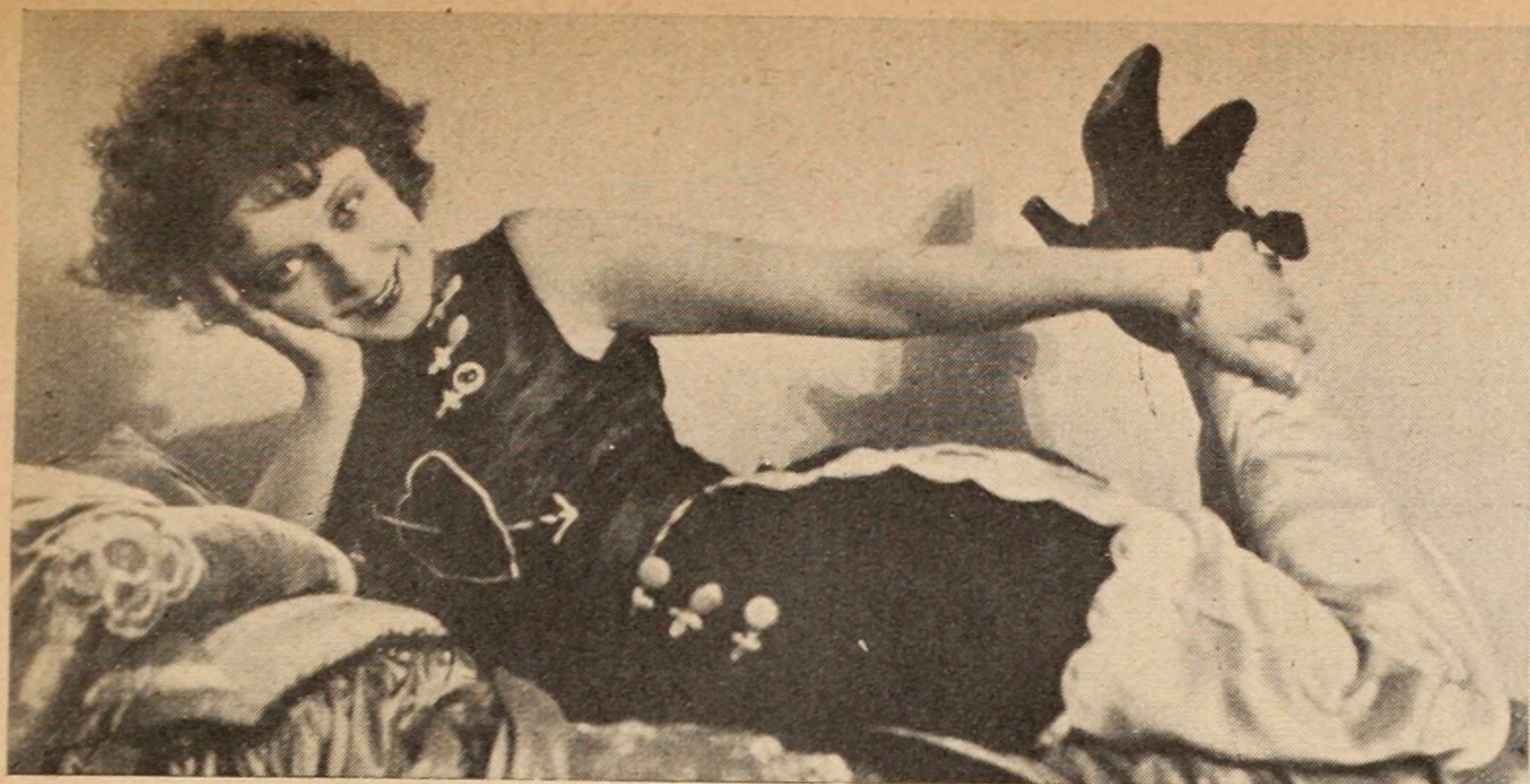
Youth While You Wait

AT Fry's Shoe Shop a star may walk in with a pink frock and white slippers and, half an hour later, walk out shod to match her dress. They dye your shoes or stockings while you wait.

In Max Factor's gilt and pastel make-up salon there is dye, too, and years are added while you wait. Or else they are taken off by skilful make-up. A make-up specialist de luxe, this Factor, has a special suite where stars are assisted in preparing for their next picture. Here Indians are created with bohemianism and heavy lining, and forty-year-old juveniles are sheared of years. A place to suit Ponce de Leon. Recently a new department was created where Hollywood and Los Angeles society women come to be anointed and prepared for an important dinner or dance.

A very fairyland of a place, Max Factor's, with powders and pomades and scents in a glittering golden salon.

Service de luxe to bait the picture dollars. And, lud, how we love it!



Getting a firm foothold, not only on herself but in the film world, is Florence Lake. She is to be seen in the not distant future as one of the characters in "Thru Different Eyes."

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 55)

she has arrived at the ringside to cheer him on to victory. The newly found pep which he musters for the knockout is acquired so quickly that it is good for a laugh. But for the most part it is well thought out and the voices are fairly natural. Two newcomers, Lola Lane and Paul Page, show considerable promise.

Lady Hamilton Glorified

A SUMPTUOUS production has been given "The Divine Lady," to make it conspicuous as one of the superlative films of the season. It is excellent from the standpoint of settings, atmosphere, costumes, sea battles and acting—but it is burdened with a story which never convinces aside from its romantic interludes. That the plot is unconvincing is natural because of the problem of censorship. With history on one side of the fence and the thought that the celebrated characters, *Lord Nelson* and *Lady Hamilton*, could not be exposed too strongly, the sponsors did the next best thing—they played safe with history, the figures and the censors. England's great naval hero and her ladyship had marital entanglements to their romance. Consequently, the adapters had to skate on thin ice in presenting the love quadrangle. But *Nelson* emerges a hero, renounces his beloved *Emma*, to assume command of the British fleet and dies

with the assurance that she will be with him in a better world.

It is all very well done, though the second sea battle comes as an anti-climax. The first one is thrilling and charged with suspense, but when Trafalgar is depicted the dramatic values are missing. The story is episodic, but the romantic moments carry appeal—which, with the backgrounds and the adaptability of Corinne Griffith and Victor Varconi for the central rôles, makes "The Divine Lady" easy on the optics.

Jeanne Eagels Triumphs

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play, "The Letter," comes to the screen with all its parts intact. Which is to say that it is a very true translation of the original.

The picture as a result of adhering to its text builds more from dialogue than it does from action. But it is so sound in its idea that none of its original spark and spirit are lost. The climax is achieved through scenes which build very dramatically and the characters are in place—and there's a place for each of them. The picture proves to be an acting triumph for Jeanne Eagels. She affects several moods, all of which are capitably shaded. And her voice records the intensity of her performance. In all, it's a picture of tone and quality—and not above the heads of those in search of better things.

The Movie Primer

(Continued from page 57)

and shouting, to be sure, and everyone says, "Best yet—ha, ha, ha!" Then when they've practically worn themselves out with laughter, they go back to where it's shady for a nap and pretty soon it's dinner time.

Nasty Old Efficiency

SO you see how merry life can be in a movie studio. Because in a movie studio you can have a lot more fun than in the shoe business, for instance. Because in the shoe business they have a silly thing called e-f-f-i-c-i-e-n-c-y which takes all the real joy out of working. That is, when you work in the shoe business, kiddies, you really have to work. And in the shoe business if you sit down for more than six hours a day, a man is apt to come along and say, "You're fired!" And that's no fun.

But they never say that in the studios. They used to, but it's too risky now because if a director fires a prop man, the prop man is liable to hold it against him when the director tries to get on as a janitor three or four months later. Because in the

movies they've found that if a man is fired on Tuesday, he's usually back by Wednesday. And on Thursday the one who did the firing is wondering if it's too late to learn aviation.

So the people in a movie studio are just one big happy family, and no one says anything very bad about anyone else till after he's gone. But when they are all together, there is nothing but the best of feeling. Everyone tells jokes and the place fairly rings with laughter. And the company is especially merry when the director tells his joke. For as we all know—or if we don't we very soon learn—the director's jokes are funniest.

Well, kiddies, I see the director is helping the star into his car. That means they've finished for the day. My sakes, but they must be tired! I guess we'd better be going, too. And don't let me hear you say you've never seen them take movies. Next time, if you are real, real good, I want to tell you how you, too, can become a movie star. Class excused.

What Every Lover Should Know

One of the largest studios in Hollywood has recently instituted an idea which is both unusual and immensely interesting

It has engaged the services, for the casting of its pictures, of a psychiatrist lately associated with Columbia University and New York University

He has been called in as consultant in the analysis not only of the characters of the several players from whom will be chosen the leading characters in the studios' photoplays, but also to assay their sex-appeal

While this enterprise is fundamentally of direct interest to the picture producers, the findings of this mental specialist are of interest to everyone—of absorbing interest

For he has revealed to a representative of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC the scientific fundamentals of personality and bodily magnetism

This he has done clearly and simply. And so engrossing is the information that no matter even if you are not interested in pictures and picture people, you will find it fascinating to apply to people you know, the secrets disclosed

What blonde girls are like and what brunette—and what red-headed ones. And the same of men. How they react. Their prime motivations

Because the treatment of these subjects concerns love especially the title "What Every Lover Should Know" has been given the article

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, in which it will appear, will itself appear on the newsstands May 10th. You'll find it more than worth while to appear there and then yourself—for your copy of the June CLASSIC

Motion Picture Classic

"IT'S THE MAGAZINE WITH THE PERSONALITY"

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—\$50. WEEKLY SELLING SHIRTS. No capital or experience needed. Commissions in advance. Established 40 years. Samples Free. Madison Products, 564 Broadway, New York.

\$50.00 Weekly. Men wanted to demonstrate and take ten orders daily direct from motorists. Amazing Magnetic Trouble Light. Sticks anywhere! More orders, bigger pay. Write for demonstrator and particulars. Magno Co., 6 Beacon St., Dept. 726, Boston, Mass.

MOVIE STARS PHOTOS

Photos—8x10 originals, all famous movie stars, latest poses; the finest obtainable. Special 25c each or 5 for \$1.00—Scenes from recent photoplays 25c each, 12 for \$2.50. Stamps or money order. BRAM, Studio 299, Film Centre, 9th Ave. at 44th, New York. Dealers Invited.

PHOTOPLAYS

\$1250 For Original Photoplay Story. Our sales department sold unknown author's first story for above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of motion picture industry. We know the demand. Established 1917. Free booklet. UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY, 203 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

REDUCE

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE

on treatment for reduction of Corpulency will be mailed without charge upon request to Dept. "K"

Garfield Tea Company

313—41st Street

Brooklyn, New York

Life's Secrets!



Amazing new book "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

Send No Money

Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postman only \$1.98, plus postage, on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory. FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO. Dept. 6610, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MAKE OTHERS LOVE YOU



with Love Charm

Why are French women so captivating? Because they use French perfume, made from Old World secret formulas. Now this magnetic perfume, LOVE CHARM, has been brought to you. You, too, can make others love you. Enclose

\$1.00 to us direct for regular \$2.50 bottle, postage prepaid, or \$1.22 C. O. D. Send for LOVE CHARM today while this offer lasts. Love Charm Co., 4865 Easton, St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 12-F.

Painted Portraits of Movie Stars

Send us your favorite movie star's photograph or a full page portrait from any magazine and our artists will transform it into a beautiful oil painting. Send 98c with order. DEARBORN STUDIOS, 1008 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

ONLY 98c

THIS MAN CAN READ YOUR MIND!

He is the world's best known mind-reader and the highest paid professional society and vaudeville exponent of this fascinating and mystifying art. There is nothing supernatural about the work that has made him a world-famous celebrity. YOU CAN BECOME A MIND READER if you but KNOW the few underlying principles and the natural laws that govern its practice. It is an attractive form of entertainment which you can easily practice FOR PLEASURE OR PROFIT. Quickly learned—anytime, anywhere. Be the first to establish a reputation in your neighborhood. Win new popularity. Be in demand at social affairs. Many hundreds of dollars' worth of secrets and methods are now disclosed that will earn you an enviable reputation as a "Man of Mystery." My book of instructions tells how. Both the easy and more complicated methods are minutely described so that anyone with average mentality can astonish his friends with mystifying skill.



SEND NO MONEY—Just send your name and address. I will ship the complete illustrated book by return mail without a penny in advance. When package arrives hand the postman only two dollars (\$2.00), plus delivery charges and the wonderful information is yours. Practice for five days. Money then returned if it is not all and more than I claim. Absolutely guaranteed, so you can't lose. Send your name NOW.

More Magic Tricks YOU CAN DO

Send 10c for illustrated Catalogue of over 200 Tricks, Puzzles, Jokes, Entertainers, Books, Secrets and Supplies.

CL "CALOSTRO" Box 76 Times Square Station NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

What Every Lover Should Know

(Continued from page 28)

cater more to the tastes of men than of women.

"In the past, women, outwardly at least, have been educated to the standards of the men," he explained. "The men like to see fighting, struggle, courage and triumph. The women have come to agree, since it seems the thing to do. In reality, for instance, they prefer a picture of a good woman captivating a man. This is agreeable to the male portion of the audience if the woman doesn't use the captivation too far."

He considers the Gilbert-Garbo screen duo an excellent example of the captivation of a man by a woman.

"Greta Garbo represents the dominance of the blonde race," he said. "She presents a solid, driving captivation to gain the desired effect. Men rather admire that aggressiveness. The women, as a rule, do not, but they do like the results she attains."

John Gilbert, in his opinion, is essentially the women's actor. He has a strain of cruelty; he is a bit of a sadist. No, Agnes, you're thinking of a satyr.

Dr. Marston knocks into a cocked hat the old theory that a blue-eyed blonde cutie likes to cling to a big hero with upholstering on his chest, and talk baby-talk.

"The blondes are more dominant, more independent than the brunette. This is the heritage of their Northern ancestry, warriors, adventurers. A blonde has two possibilities. She can be a cave-woman or an exhibitionist. When a man is love-captured by a cave-woman, he gets the thrill of his life out of it, and so does the audience. The blonde merely expresses her dominance."

Blondes in Bathing

AS to the blonde exhibiting her physical charms in a bathing suit, tests were made on that point. Men received very little excitement from it. Blonde exhibitionism is not subtle enough. Ordinarily Dr. Marston would not cast a blonde for a seductive rôle unless she is a past mistress of the cave-woman technique, or unless the rôle calls for a business-like gold-digger.

"The brunettes are more exotic, more submissive than the blonde," he continued. "They have, as a rule, a greater sum total of passion and captivation than either blondes or red-haired women. Brunettes usually experience love-emotions the most keenly.

"Red-haired women are born to burn men up. Solomon couldn't resist 'em; neither could Mark Antony. Our tests at Columbia last year showed that red-haired women have more inducement-emotion than all the other girls put together. Also, they have less submission and less compliance-emotion than any other type."

An interesting series of casting tests for screen actors and actresses will soon be inaugurated at Universal. The tests will be based upon scientific psychological knowledge of the way the human body changes when a person is feeling a given emotion. If a person is feeling dominance, the blood pressure goes up. If a woman is feeling intense passion, her blood pressure drops so low it can scarcely be recorded. The breathing, the sweat-glands, and the heart-

beats all change in different ways in expressing different emotions, according to the psychologist.

Measuring Emotions

"OUR casting tests are of two kinds," Dr. Marston explained. "We measure the emotions which the player feels, when put into the situation called for by the screen story. The amount of emotions which the player is able to call forth from different spectators is also measured."

Many of the screen stories of today are psychologically wrong, he said. That dear, quaint old plot, out of which they have been grinding "moonpitchers" for lo! these many years, the familiar variations on "The Taming of the Shrew," is all wrong. Everyone is more or less familiar with the Paduan gentleman of Shakespeare's comedy, *Petruccio*, who tamed the lively dominating *Katherine* with rough methods. The movies have had husky gents "wid bicaps in de harms" forcing kicking, scratching maidens into submission in every possible setting from the sands of Araby to the snow peaks of the Rockies.

"Just plain applesauce," snorted the doctor. Yes, he did, too, Agnes, in those very words. Even Ph.D.'s relax once in a while if it is only reading H. G. Wells. "When a man reforms a woman, he triumphs over women's standards. Women get thrilled out of being captivated—but this thrill only lasts until she takes a serious interest. Then she captivates the captivating male. Otherwise she is never happy. A man is not capable of continued captivation."

And here is a direct quotation which should be remembered. It reveals one of woman's most closely-guarded secrets:

"When a woman seems to be most completely mastered, really she is the most completely victorious."

Hence the Chorus

ACCORDING to thorough-going laboratory experiments, conducted in New York, the greatest natural stimulus a picture can present, to men and women alike, is the body of a beautiful woman.

"Women admire the beautiful body of another woman to an even greater degree than the men," was his surprising declaration. "We obtained this information in scenes from motion pictures shown to our subjects. One of the scenes which gained the greatest response was of Gilda Gray, during a dance in which she was very lightly clad, in 'The Devil Dancer.' Some of the women pretended to be shocked at the exposure. They weren't really. Their reaction was one of pleasure, not disgust."

So, after all, Dr. Mack Sennett is a fine psychologist. During all these years he has been making pictures with the "greatest natural stimulus." And Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and all the line of bathing beauties, have not only been gratifying the tired business man but the tired business woman as well.

Maybe.

But did you ever see a woman trample three dozen men to buy seats in the bald-headed row at Ziegfeld's Follies?

You have just read What Every Lover Should Know. And we should like to say now that in CLASSIC next month there are going to appear several articles which reveal what every lover of the movies should know. That's not a title, it's the nature of the stories. Watch for them—and watch the calendar for the date of their forthcoming, in the July issue of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. Out the 12th of June.



ANOTHER NEW SET

Here is Set Number Five—New faces, the most popular stars of the moment, latest poses to add to your album or collection, your room or den. The list of subjects is given below. Here is a chance to get this fine set of twenty-four pictures of well known Motion Picture Favorites absolutely free. All new subjects in this set, sepia finish, suitable for framing, size 5½"x8". Tell your friends about them.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC always gives you the latest exclusive news and finest pictures. MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC sells at 25c per copy. Six issues would cost you \$1.50 at the news stand. This offer saves you 50c. For a limited time we will send you the next six big issues of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for \$1.00, and as soon as we get your order will send you this beautiful new set of twenty-four pictures (Set No. 5). If you are already a subscriber, send your order and we will be glad to extend your present subscription—and send the pictures too.

Lily Damita
Dolores Del Rio
June Collyer
Joan Crawford
Clara Bow
Billie Dove
Janet Gaynor
Colleen Moore

Anita Page
Phyllis Haver
Marian Nixon
Warner Baxter
Dorothy Mackaill
Sally Blane
Greta Garbo
Gary Cooper

Richard Arlen
Ronald Colman
Walter Byron
Doug Fairbanks Jr.
William Haines
George O'Brien
Richard Dix
Charles Rogers

Send Your Order Now!

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
1501 Broadway, New York City.

6 M. P. C.
Offer No. 5.

Here is One Dollar. Send me the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and the gift set of 24 Pictures. (If you reside in Canada add 25c extra; Foreign, 50c extra.)

Name.....

Street Address.....

Post Office.....

State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription (check)



~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"WELL, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where? . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music, and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me, there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

* * * *

This story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a

newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music—*actually simple!*

Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

Thus you actually teach yourself right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice. Without any dull or uninteresting scales you learn how to play real music from real notes.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by *note*, in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that "talent" means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW! Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 606 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

**U. S. School of Music,
606 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

Please send me your Free Book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course

Have you above instrument?

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Pick Your Instrument

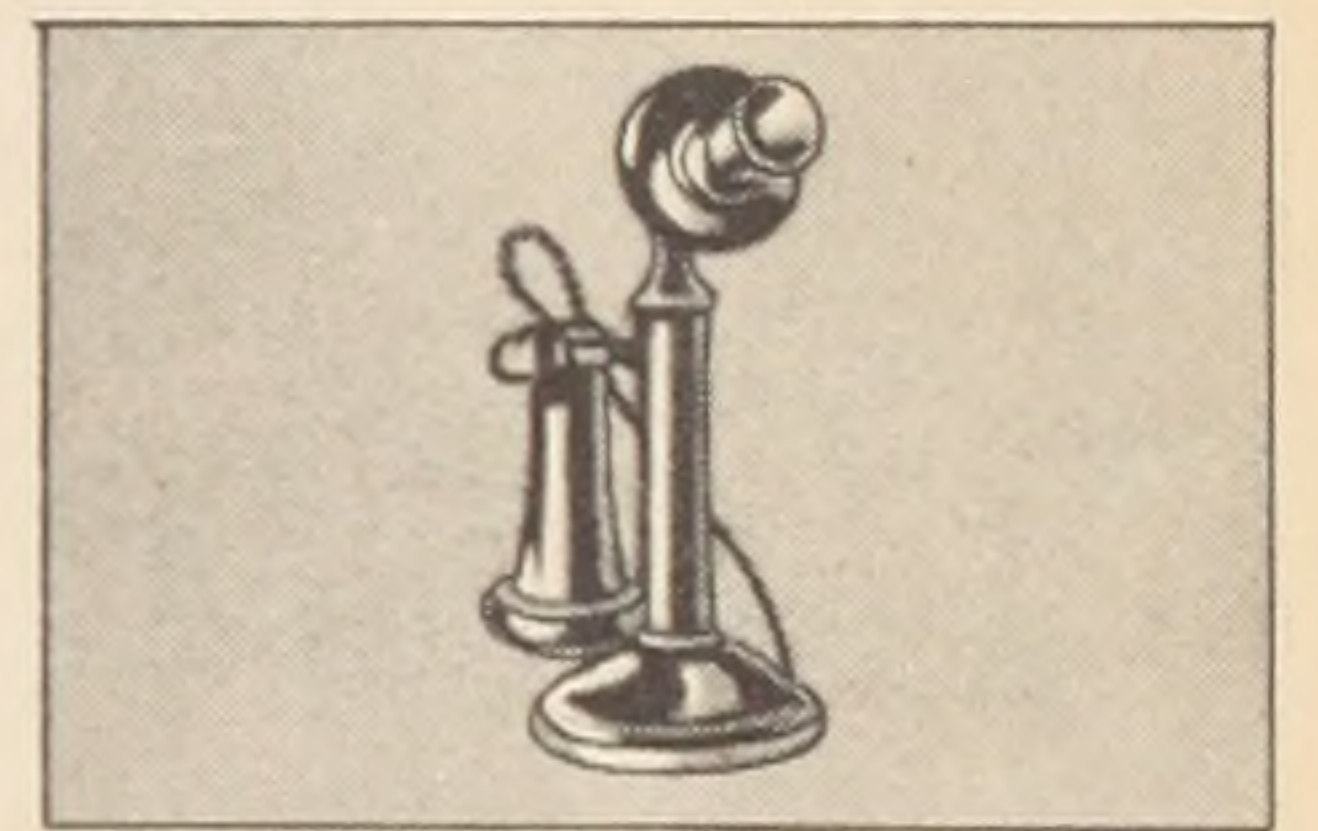
| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | |

GREAT NAMES

Pioneering in this great new art



AND the world's leading makers of . . .



Telephones



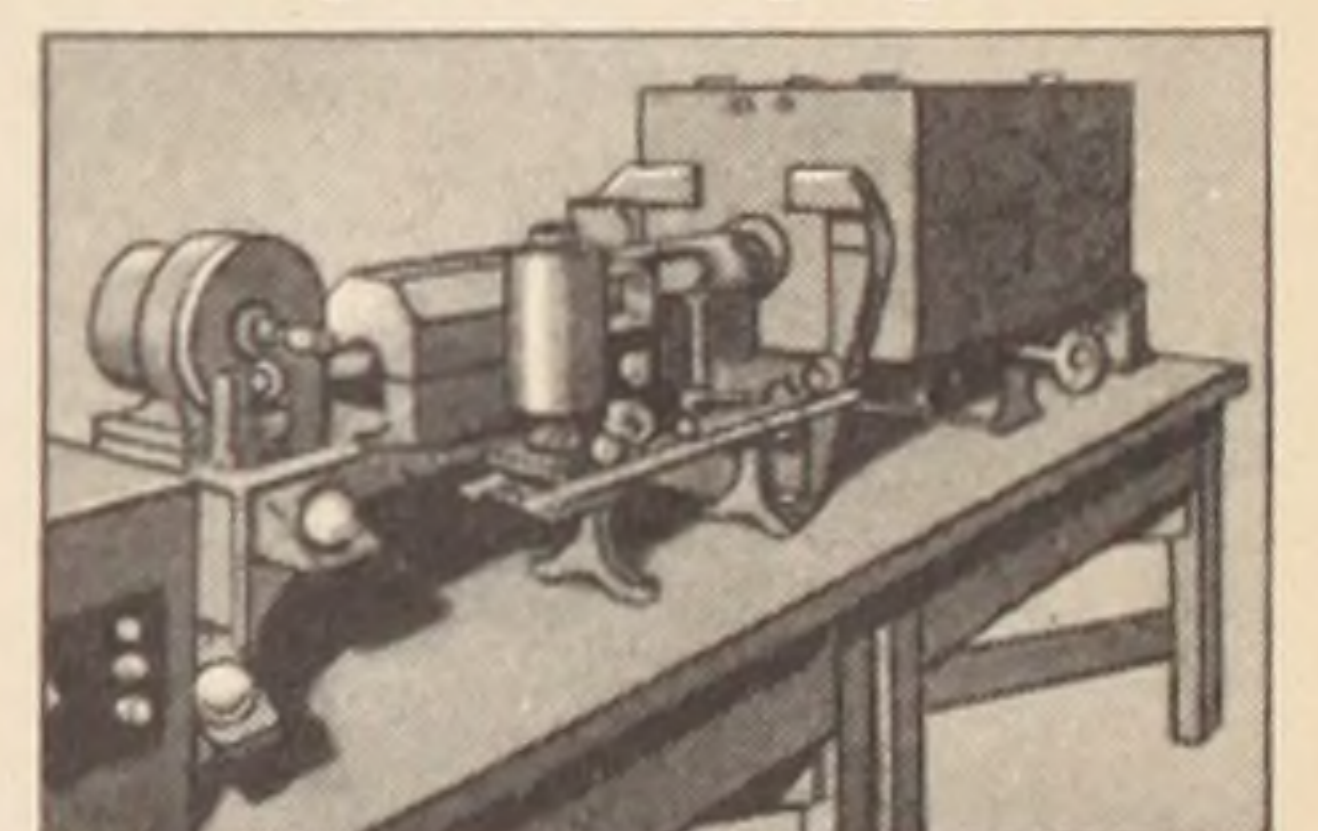
Switchboards



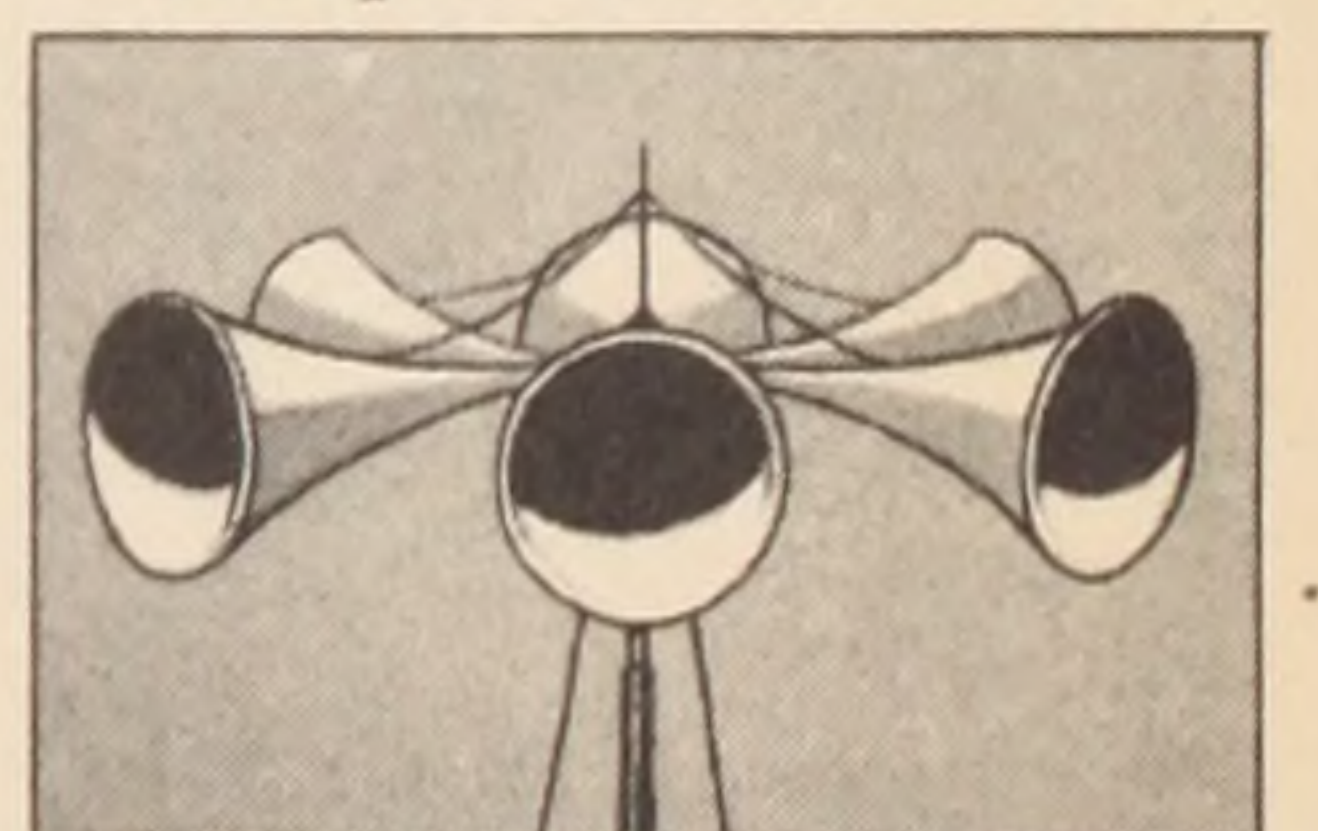
Cable



Trans-Atlantic Telephone Equipment



Telephoto Machines



Public Address Systems

BELL Telephone Laboratories . . . Western Electric . . . leading motion picture producers . . . progressive exhibitors . . . bring to you Sound Pictures!

Calling upon fifty years' experience in the telephone art, Western Electric produced the first practical system (used by Vitaphone and Movietone) for recording and reproducing Sound Pictures.

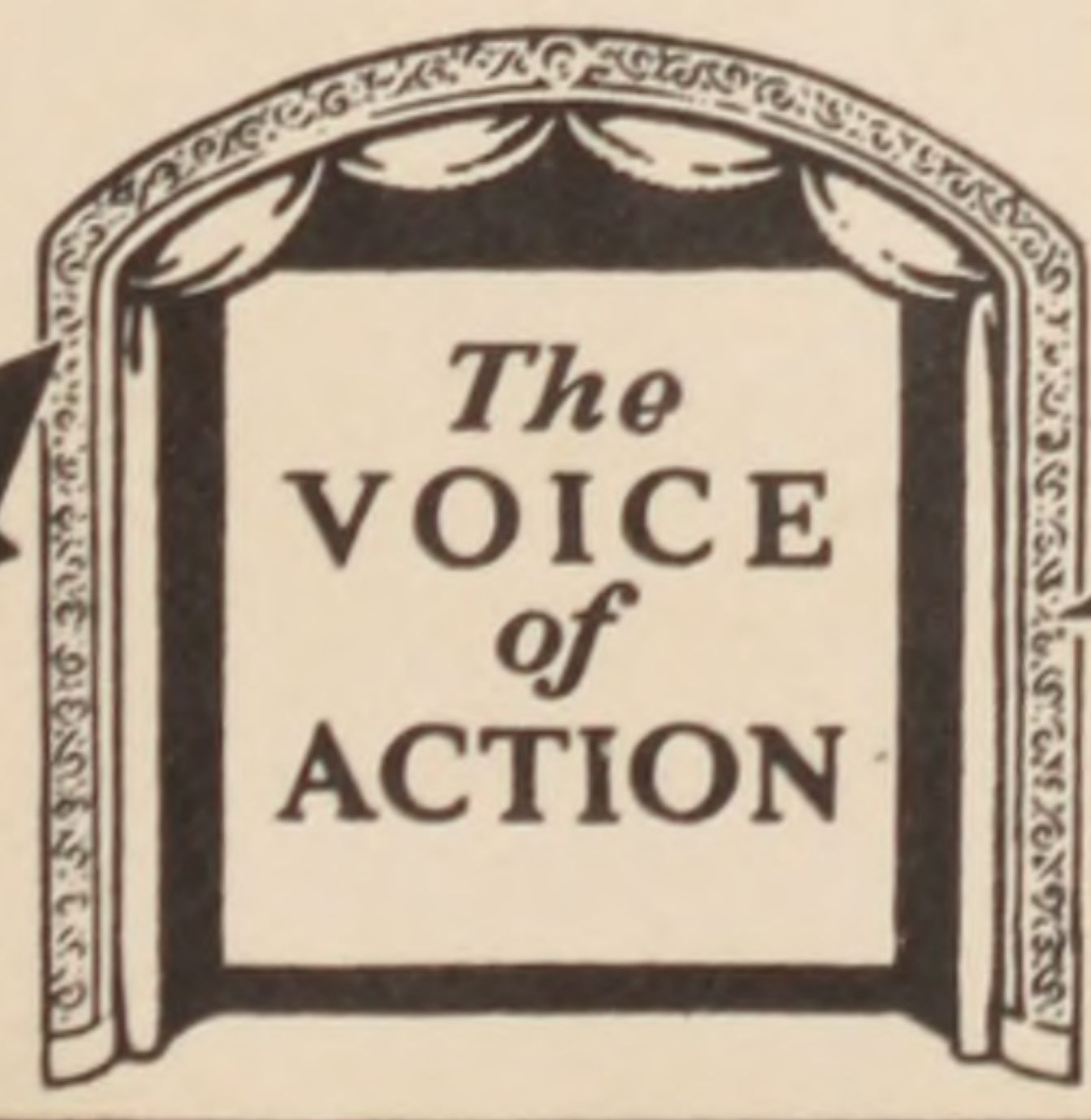
Producers have standardized on Western Electric equipment and are successfully

meeting the technical difficulties natural to a new and revolutionary art.

Discriminating exhibitors, eager to provide the best in entertainment, have installed the Western Electric Sound System.

The success of Sound Pictures is history now. Continuing progress is certain. Make sure of enjoying it. Go to the theatres showing these great producers' pictures with the sound equipment recognized as the world's standard.

Western
SOUND



Electric
SYSTEM

ASK THE SALESWOMAN IN ANY SMART SHOP

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

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

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



Why salespeople advise Ivory

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

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

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

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

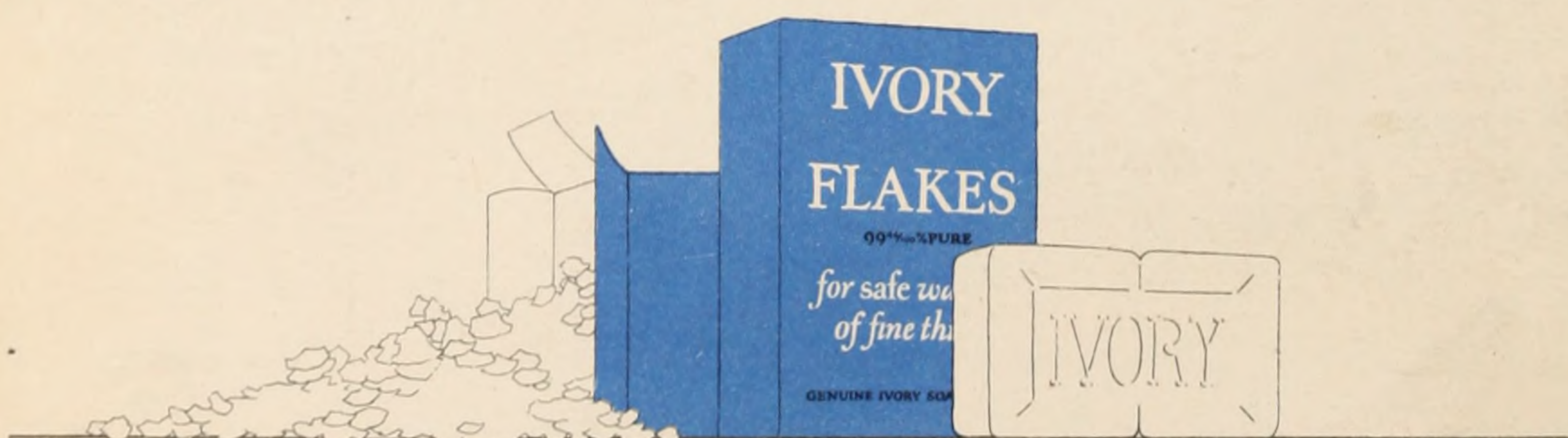
West as San Francisco, you will find Ivory overwhelmingly the first choice among these experts in leading stores. And you will never hear an adverse criticism about Ivory. . . . Instead you will hear: "It is mild." "It is pure." "It is safe." . . .

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

PROCTER & GAMBLE

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

IVORY SOAP



KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

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