

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY

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Why some women look old before their time

THERE are women of forty who seem ten years younger. And there are girls of twenty-five who never fully enjoy the youth that should be theirs. In this fast moving era, with its ill-adjusted habits of health, many women suffer in looks from the poisons they themselves set up—the poisons of Auto-Intoxication.

TRUE beauty comes from within. The contour of face, the cast of a feature are things that you may not alter.

But a fine complexion every woman may have—though a complexion is something that cannot forever be patted on with a powder puff. For a clear skin, flashing eyes and radiant animation are results of a healthy physical condition—they come from within yourself.

Yet glance about you and see how few women enjoy perfect health. See the women who are old before their time. See how this quick-step existence, this round of duties, cares and pleasures have taken their toll from nine out of every ten women you know.

Auto-Intoxication is at the root of many modern ills

Nature rebels when we violate the simple rules of health, when we lead nervous but physically inactive lives. Digestive disturbances develop—the

food we eat fails to properly nourish the body and, frequently, stoppage of waste products in the intestines ensues—bringing a host of ills in its train. For when food is allowed to remain within us for more than twenty-four hours it starts to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—causing the common American ailment, Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

Auto-Intoxication shows itself in

dull headaches, fatigue, indigestion and in a hundred different ways. It makes women look tired and worn. It brings unhappiness—depression, irritability.

To keep physically fit—to meet the exacting demands of present day life, stoppage in the intestines must never be permitted to exist—the enervating poisons of waste must be swept away.

How to guard against Auto-Intoxication

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct "stoppage" and to sweep away the poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica, a palatable effervescent saline, is a safe and approved standby. It stimulates the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines and this, in turn, brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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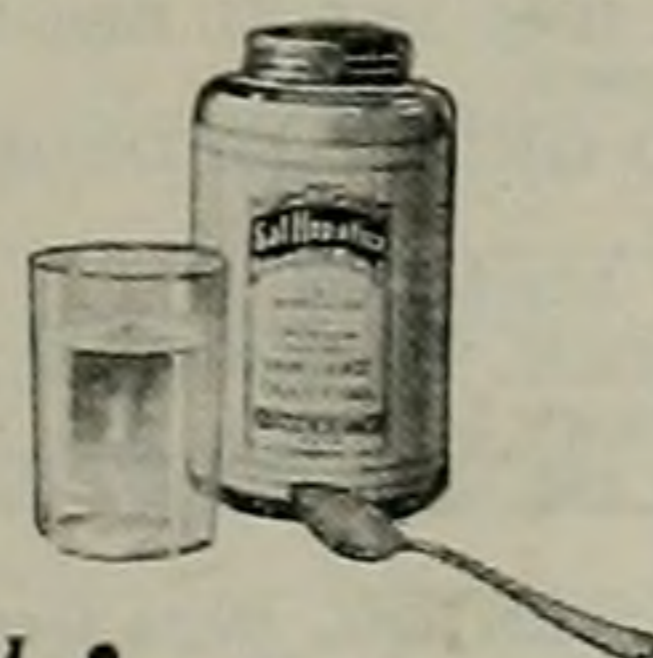
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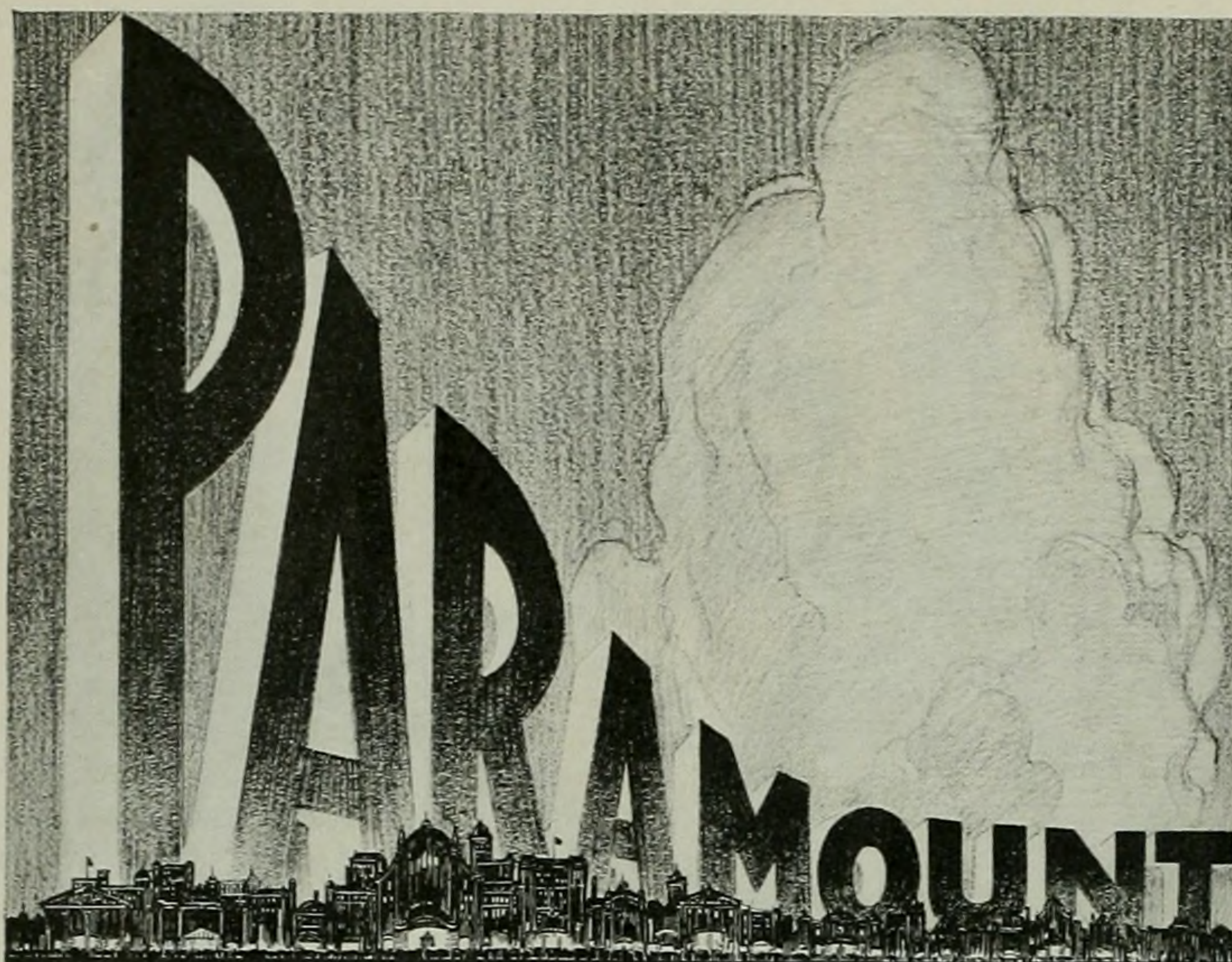
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IN ENTERTAINMENT



"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DATE
THE QUARTERBACK	With Richard Dix and Esther Ralston. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez. Directed by Frank Lloyd.	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock. Directed by Marshall Neilan.	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Directed by Edward Sutherland.	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
THE MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, Georgia Hale and El Brendel. Directed by John Waters.	
THE WAITER FROM THE RITZ	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. Directed by James Cruze.	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal. Directed by Richard Rosson.	

FAMOUS PLAYERS - LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

The Wedding March

Directed by
and Starring
Erich
von Stroheim



THE thrilling story of a fascinating Prince who loved lightly and not for long, and of a peasant girl who dared to love him, told against the glamorous background of Vienna before the war, as only the amazing genius of Erich von Stroheim can picture it.

The Rough Riders

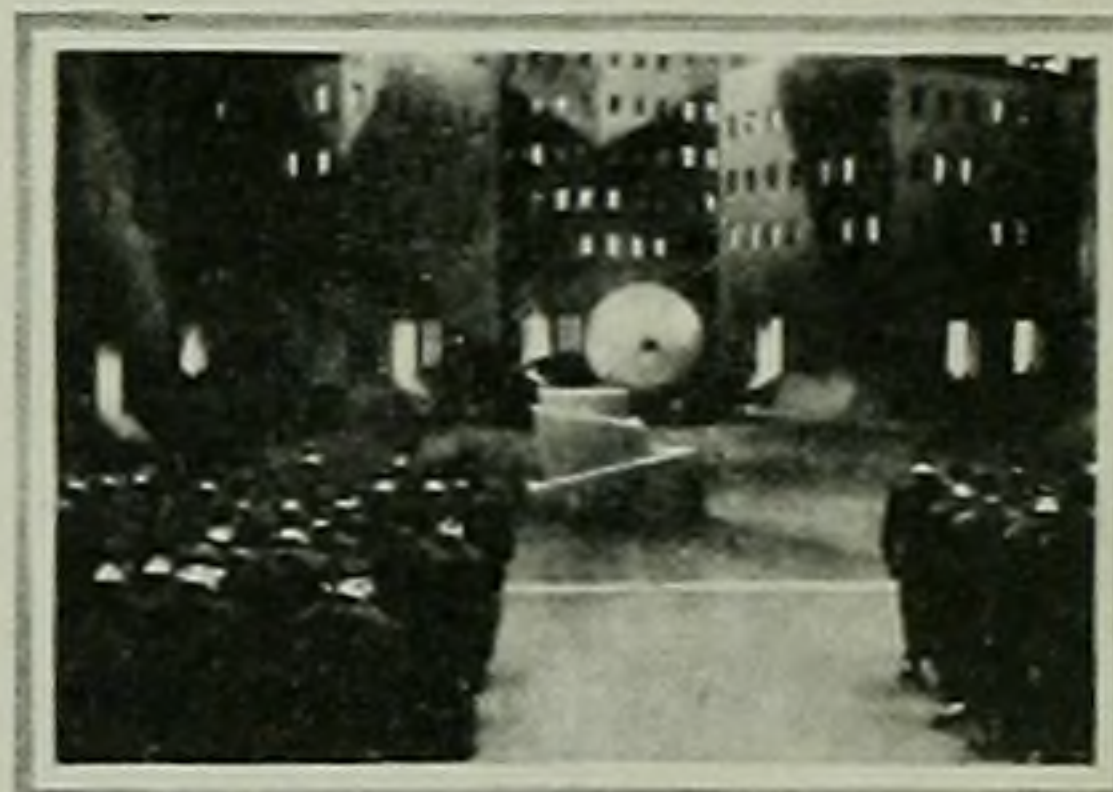
The Story of a Boy,
a Regiment and a Nation



THE most picturesque band of adventurers in American History—Theodore Roosevelt's rarin', tarin' Rough Riders lives again in this epic of the screen. With Noah Beery, Mary Astor, Charles Farrell, Charles Emmett Mack and George Bancroft. A Victor Fleming Production. From the story by Hermann Hagedorn.

Metropolis

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into the
Future



SKYSCRAPERS pierce the sky and dungeons reach the bowels of the earth in this drama of a mythical metropolis a hundred years from now. Pictured with such amazing realism and with such startling photographic effects that it will leave you breathless. An UFA Production. Directed by Fritz Lang.

ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now or very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

Harold Lloyd

In a New Comedy



HAROLD took his Father's place as sheriff—just in fun—but Dad made him go through with it—and that wasn't fun, what with a feud on his hands! Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. Directed by Lewis Milestone and Ted Wilde.

The Popular Sin

A
Comedy
of Love,
Marriage
and
Divorce



With
Florence
Vidor
and Three
Fascinating
Sinners

IN an atmosphere of Parisian society and back stage life, Malcolm St. Clair weaves a gay tale of love, marriage and divorce. Florence Vidor, Clive Brook, Greta Nissen and Philip Strange are the sinners. Story by Monta Bell.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXI

No. 2

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the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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When Ten Cents was Big Money

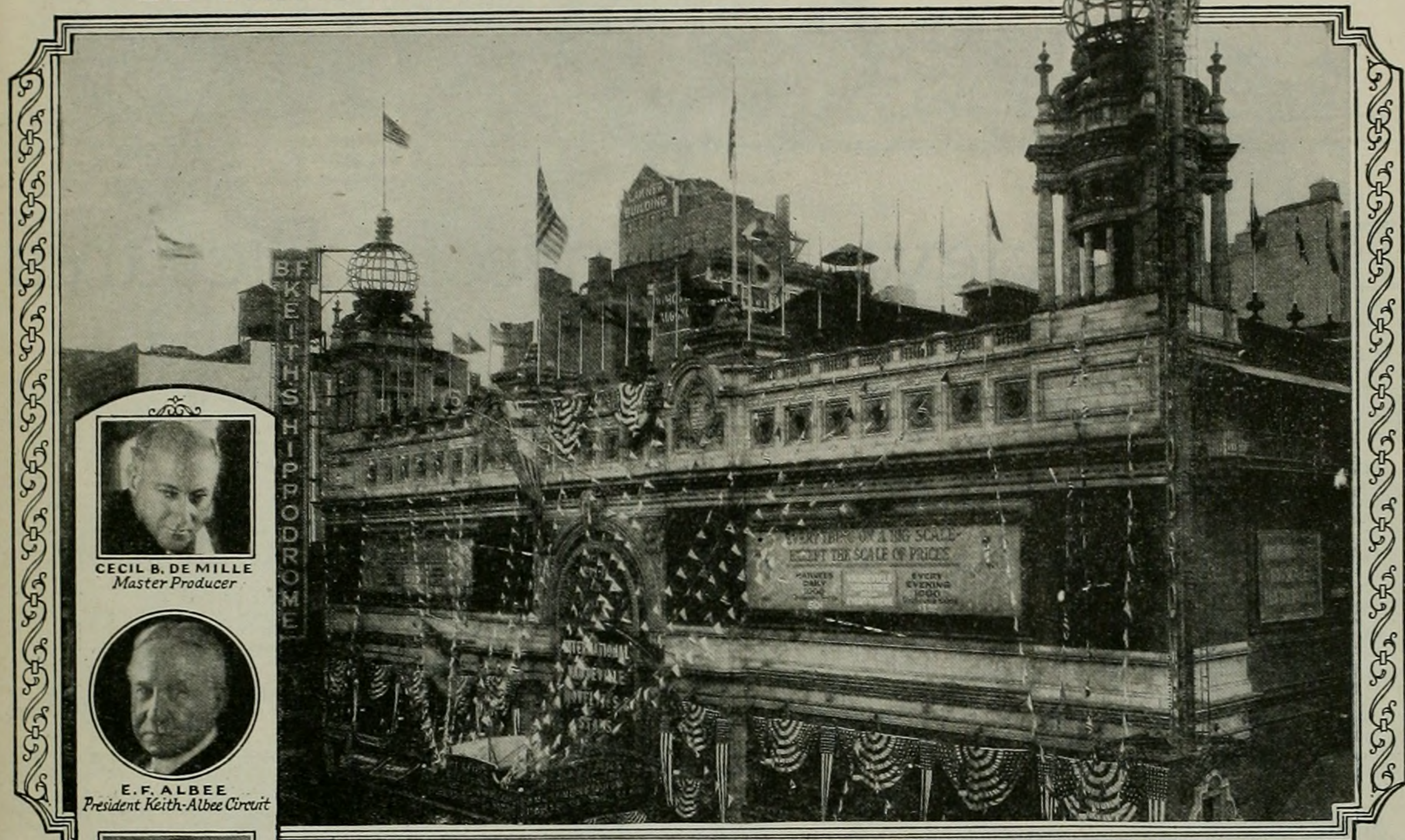
When Richard Dix was a poor actor, struggling for a foot-hold on Broadway, he kept a diary. In this diary he recorded faithfully his hopes and his disappointments—and his valiant fight against poverty and discouragement. With Mr. Dix's permission, PHOTOPLAY will print excerpts from this amazing human document in its

FEBRUARY ISSUE

*This is a story
you won't want
to miss*

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President Orpheum Circuit

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THE high standards set by the world's finest theatres in their selection of entertainment for their patrons is your guarantee of seeing only the best. The great theatres of the country, such as the Keith-Albee-Orpheum and affiliated houses, set the standard. These theatres are more than just places of amusement. They are veritable community institutions and occupy an important and permanent niche in the civic life. The permanence and stability of their position is determined by the class of entertainment which they purvey to the public. Founded by pioneers in the amusement business, they have stood for more than a generation as the criterion of all that is best in entertainment.

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Directed by JAMES W. HORNE
Supervised by William Siström

VERA REYNOLDS

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With
Julia Faye and Kenneth Thomson
A Paul Sloane Production

From the story by
Zelda Sears and Marion Orth
Scenario by Albert Shelby LeVino
Supervised by C. Gardner Sullivan
Directed by PAUL SLOANE

John C. Flinn presents
MARIE PREVOST
in "MAN BAIT"

With Kenneth Thomson and
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Adapted by Douglas Z. Doty
From the stage play by
Norman Houston
Directed by DONALD CRISP

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACE OF CADS, THE—Paramount.—Just missed being one of the six best. Menjou, Alice Joyce and Luther Reed's sane direction make it interesting. (December.)

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner Bros.—The old native gal was just as vampish in the days of the Philippine insurrection as she is today. You'll be bored to death. (December.)

***ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggle make this a glorious experience. (July.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick. (Nov.)

***BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

***BEAU GESTE**—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

***BETTER 'OLE, THE**—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama. It's the type of comedy that Charlie made, years ago. (December.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it wasn't for Renee Adoree this certainly would be a lot of blarney. (December.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.—Be sure to see this fascinating, romantic and adventurous sea tale. (December.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD—Warner Bros.—It's just as bad as it sounds. (December.)

BROWN DERBY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

***BROWN OF HARVARD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, flip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CAMPUS FLIRT, THE—Paramount.—Not to be outdone by the football heroes, Bebe Daniels shows the feminine side of college life in a neat running suit. Amusing. (December.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western hokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COUNTRY BEYOND, THE—Fox.—Another of James Oliver Curwood's stories of the great North makes good screen material. (December.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

***DEVIL HORSE, THE**—Pathe.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its face lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

***DON JUAN**—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

EVE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles makes matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

***FIG LEAVES**—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR ALIMONY ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A light sophisticated domestic comedy for grown-ups. (December.)

FOREVER AFTER—First National.—All the ingredients of a box-office picture—sweet girl and boy romance, football and war. Passable. (December.)

FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GIGOLO—Producers Dist. Corp.—Rod La Rocque's fine performances rescue this from the hokum class. (December.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 6,462. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flip-pant farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



JANET GAYNOR

ALMA RUBENS

OLIVE BORDEN

EDMUND LOWE

BLANCHE SWEET

GEORGE O'BRIEN

MADGE BELLAMY

CHARLES FARRELL

LOIS MORAN

BELLE BENNETT

ALEC B. FRANCIS

KATHRYN PERRY

VICTOR McLAGLEN

BUCK JONES

VIRGINIA VALLI

LILA LEE

CONCERNING CASTS AND FOX PICTURES

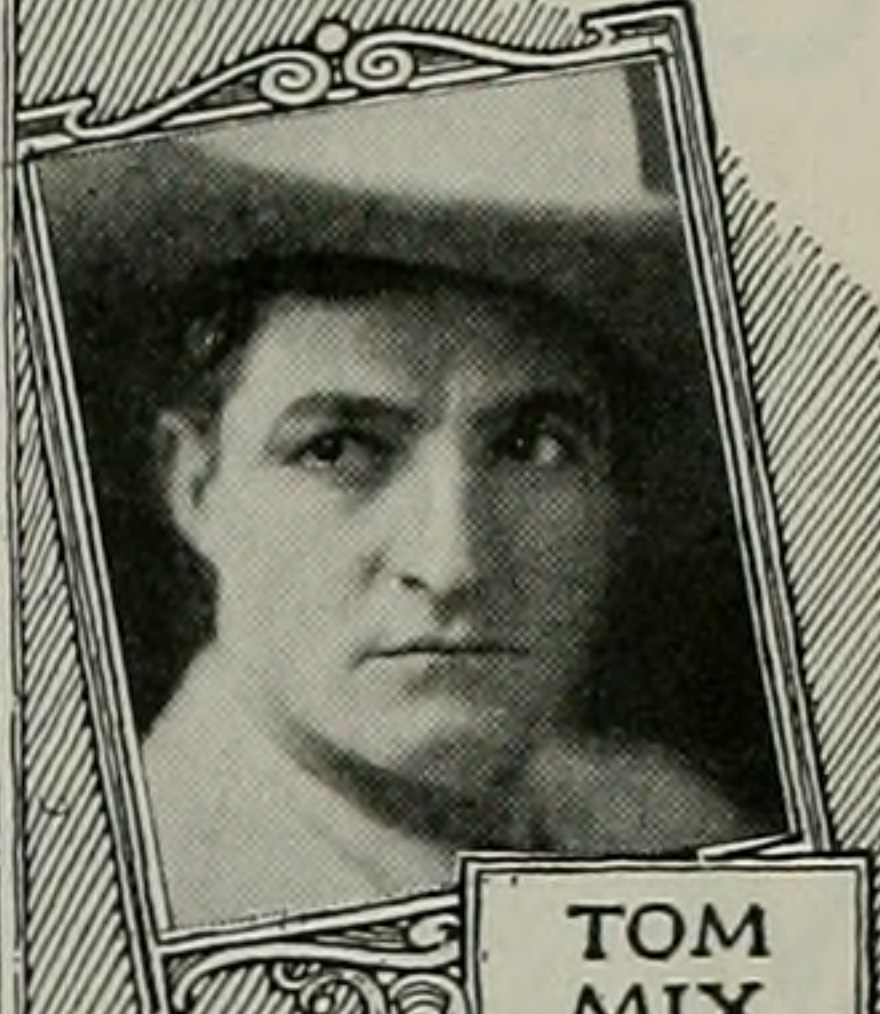
"—and an adequate cast of players." That is the familiar phrase—but it is not good enough for Fox! Fox Pictures must be brilliantly cast! And they are!

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On this page are shown a tiny fraction of these hundred-odd players, each a leader in his or her field.



TOM MIX



MARGARET LIVINGSTON



DOLORES DEL RIO



FOX PICTURES NOW in the MAKING

THE MUSIC MASTER

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE

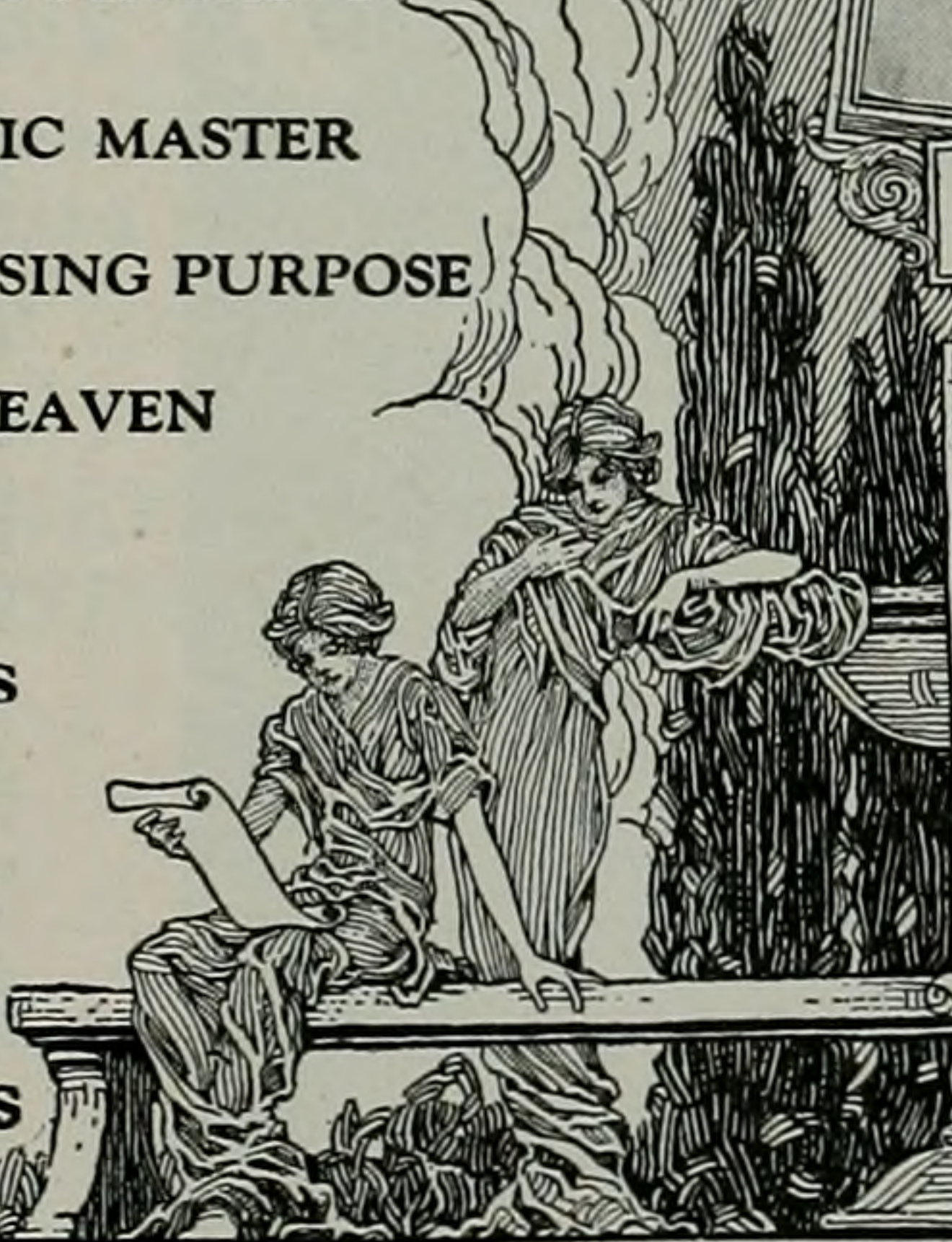
7th HEAVEN

THE AUCTIONEER

THE MONKEY TALKS

Zane Grey's THE LAST TRAIL

Be sure and see—SUMMER BACHELORS

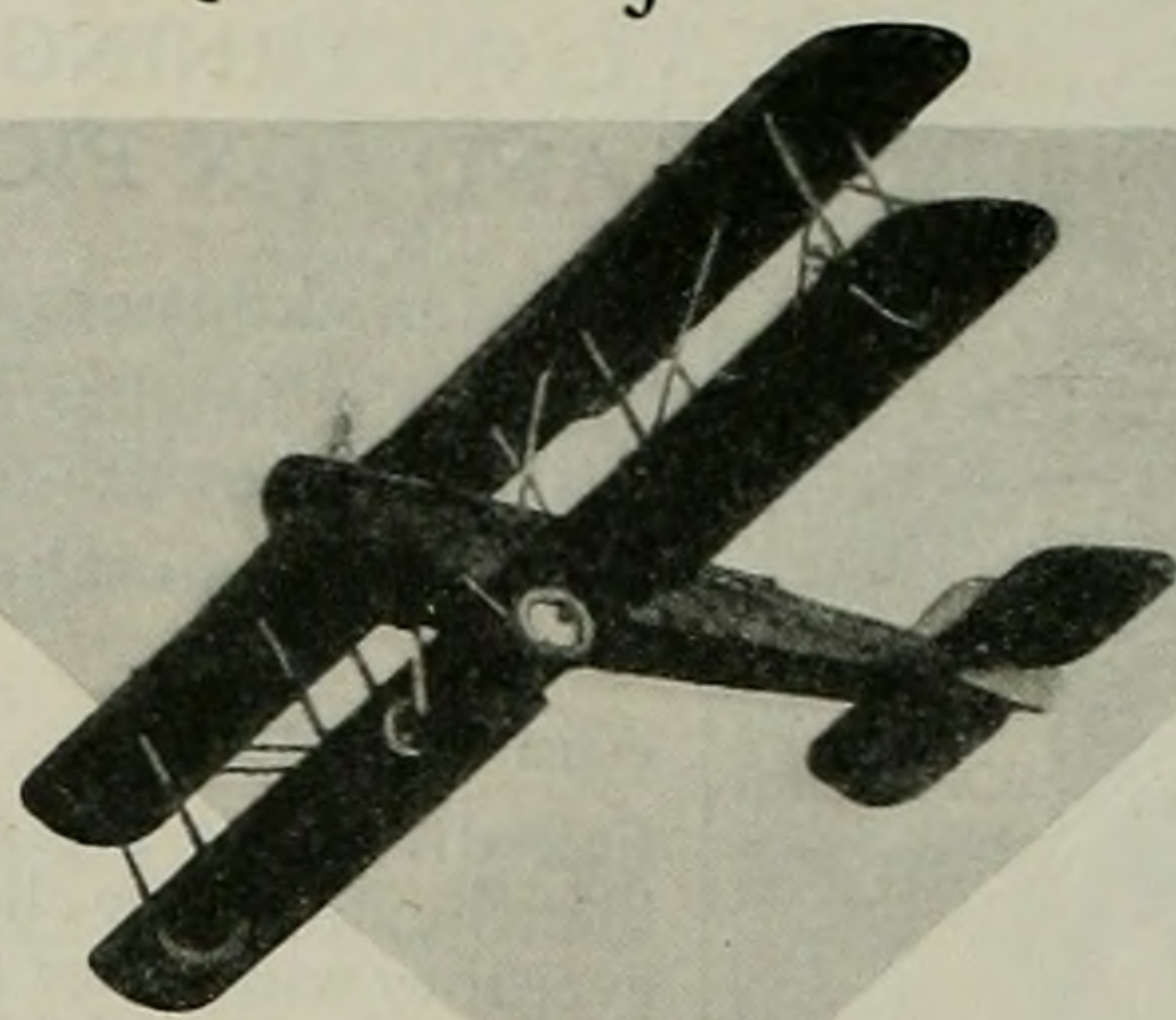


WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

Last Minute News from East and West

As

we go



to Press

MARY HAY BARTHELMESS joins husband in Paris. But the trip is not a second honeymoon. It is a first divorce. Yes, Dick and Mary have finally made up their minds to make their temporary separation a permanent one.

MAE MURRAY and her husband, Prince David Mdivani, slipped away quietly to Paris. No, it is not for a divorce. They have just been married.

DOROTHY MACKAILL marries Lothar Mendez, the German director, who recently made "The Prince of Tempters."

H. G. WELLS is going to Hollywood to work on a scenario for Paramount. It will be an adaptation of his novel, "Marriage."

ALBERT PARKER, now directing "Sunya," has been engaged by Gloria Swanson for her second independent picture.

AND, speaking of Gloria, the Marquis de la Falaise is thinking of turning screen actor. He wants to be a comedian.

BESIDES *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair," Pola Negri is to play the celebrated French actress, Rachel, in a drama built around her tragic life.

FLORENCE VIDOR arrives in New York to play "Afraid to Love," with Frank Tuttle directing.

NORMAN KERRY may play male lead in Universal's production of Edna Ferber's "Show Boat," starring Mary Philbin.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS sails for Europe on a vacation.

GILDA GRAY'S second Famous Players starring picture will be a story of New York night clubs, entitled "Cabaret."

PARAMOUNT signs Ed Wynn, the footlight comedian.

ERNST LUBITSCH finally selected to direct "Old Heidelberg," starring Ramon Novarro.

HENRY KING about to start "King Harlequin," with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in the leading rôles.

W C. FIELDS doing *Pa Potter* in the J. P. McEvoy newspaper serial, "The Potters." Mary Alden is *Ma Potter*.

"BIG BILL" TILDEN, ex-tennis champion, is playing a butler in the Fox production, "The Music Master."

UNITED ARTISTS sign the Duncan Sisters to do a screen version of their "Topsy and Eva." Lois Weber will direct.

THE team of Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton has been broken. Hatton, reported dissatisfied with his rôle, is no longer with Famous, his place in "Casey at the Bat" being taken by Ford Sterling.

HIRAM ABRAMS, president of United Artists, died Nov. 15 in New York.

ERNEST TORRENCE'S 19-year-old son, Ian, takes screen test at M-G-M.

JAMES CRUZE to direct Wallace Beery in a film version of the musical comedy, "Louie the Fourteenth." Beery to start starring in this comedy.

GILBERT ROLAND to play *Armand* to Norma Talmadge's *Lady of the Camellias* in "Camille." Fred Niblo directing.

MONTAGU LOVE signed to play the centurion at the foot of the cross in De Mille's "The King of Kings."

NORMA SHEARER not likely to get rôle of *Jenny Lind* after all. Lillian Gish now mentioned for part of famous singer.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S first production under his new First National contract to be "The Rose of Monterey," a story of early California.

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG, maker of the ill-fated "The Salvation Hunters," is still strong for salvation. Says he is going to do an epic of the Salvation Army.

FAMOUS PLAYERS considering stellar possibilities of Gary Cooper, now playing with Clara Bow in "It."

HARRY CAREY playing a baseball catcher in William Haines' "Slide, Kelly, Slide."



Rayhuff-Richter

This month's newlyweds—Mr. and Mrs. William Seiter. Mr. Seiter's father was an importer of china, and Laura La Plante is now the owner of a magnificent collection of rare china, the gift of the bridegroom's family



John Gilbert
and
Eleanor Boardman



BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT

MAGNIFICENT!

EACH tense moment holds you dream-bound.
THE crushing kisses of John Gilbert
STOLEN between duels . . .

FROM languid lips of fair ladies . . .

NONE fairer than Eleanor Boardman, heroine,
KING Vidor has painted a flaming romance
FROM the vivid pages of Sabatini . . .

THE director of "The Big Parade"

THE Star of "The Big Parade"

TOGETHER they have given the screen
ANOTHER immortal entertainment.

Directed by
KING VIDOR
Adapted by
DOROTHY FARNUM
from
the story by
RAFAEL SABATINI
with
Karl Dane
Roy D'Arcy
George K. Arthur
Arthur Lubin



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Which Eyes Are the Keenest?

Blue—brown—hazel—or gray?

*Test them now and
win these rare prizes*

WHAT color eyes really see motion pictures and what color merely look at them? I wonder! Here is a chance to test your own. For the best answers to my six questions, I have chosen these rewards.

To the member of the fair sex with the keenest eyes, I shall give the beautiful Dutch cap I wear in the "Red Mill."

You men aren't forgotten either. Owen Moore, who plays opposite me in the "Red Mill", promises to give the most observing man the ice-skates he uses in this picture.

To the next 50 best, I will send my favorite picture specially autographed.

Begin now—blue eyes, brown, hazel and gray . . . and good luck to you all.

Marion Davies
**Marion's
Six Questions**

1 Who are the wives of the following directors (they are all prominent screen actresses): Rex Ingram, King Vidor, Fred Niblo and Robert Z. Leonard?

2 What recent Elinor Glyn story has been brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

3 Name and describe in not more than 50 words the comic strip character which Marion Davies is portraying in a Cosmopolitan production.

4 Who is M-G-M's new Western star and what unusual language does he use?

5 What famous Latin quotation appears on every M-G-M film and what does it mean?

6 What great star appears in "The Temptress" and what is her native land?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York**. All answers must reach us by **January 15th**. Winner's name will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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

**Winner of the Norma Shearer
Contest of October
LUCIE M. WILTSHIRE
1330 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C.**

Autographed pictures of Miss Shearer have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Monthly Barometer

All three Brickbats and Bouquets prizes are awarded this month to Valentino letters. We believe they are beautiful tributes to Rudy, and their award was inevitable, for Valentino letters outnumbered all other letters received during the month by ten to one. They came from all over the globe, from men, women and children.

They came on fine paper and common, and each expressed the devotion in which Rudy was held by the world.

Rudy's death was, unquestionably, the most important factor to fans during the month. No new picture stood out more prominently. No other player won more attention.

William Boyd won second place in the letters. Barrymore is daily becoming more firmly established. There is keen anticipation of Greta Garbo's second picture.

But the month's mail was sorrow-weighted. The Great Lover is gone.

\$25.00 Letter

Venice, Calif.

So he is dead, who gave his magic art
To lift from dreary ruts our humdrum world;
Whose skillful touch could reach into the heart
And leave its strings with lovely notes im-
pearled

That haunted even dreams, harmonious
With all that love means in reality.
They blasphemed, they who called him "screen
sheik," thus

Thinking to pay him honor, thoughtlessly
Acclaiming the perfect rose a common weed.

Could they his Julio so soon forget?
Do Beaucaire's wistful lips still vainly plead
"A man is jus' a name"? Banish regret—
Because so much of beauty, grace and power

Could go before, ah surely we shall be
More unafraid of that dividing hour
Between Time's death and Life's eternity.

Call him the PERFECT LOVER, not in scorn,
For love itself is perfect, but remembering
That since this sad old world was born

That God Himself has given no sweeter
thing

To man than love, for He Himself is Love.

Though he seems dead, he who so freely
gave

So much of beauty to drab lives, above
Somewhere, out from this early grave,

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

His spirit shall go winging through the years
Triumphant to the master Loving-Heart,
And men shall try to copy through vain tears
The matchless, living beauty of his art.

IRENE COLE MACARTHUR,
1301 Preston Way.

\$10.00 Letter

El Paso, Texas.

In the silent majesty of death, Rudolph Valentino passed this way for the last time. It was a breathlessly hot day—a desert day of blazing barren hills and metallic sky, and a stillness was over everything. The tracks on which The Golden State Limited passes through the town were lined with a motley array of cars—flivvers elbowing the luxurious equipages of cattle barons and oil magnates. At the station were little hushed groups of Mexicans. We, however, did not stay to see the train come in, preferring a last glimpse of it after the crowd had left.

So, at the first long, low blast of the approaching locomotive, we sped into the desert to a certain vantage point.

Only the rattling of dried fronds of yucca broke the stillness as we waited there, in the shadow of the mesa's rim. The white silence, more impressive than any panoply of sable

mourning, was like an imperative gesture from the Desert God of Death standing like a knight with arms uplifted at the gateway of the Unknown World.

At last it came, the long, mournful wail of the locomotive as it rolled out upon the western trail. For a moment the train which bore Valentino on his last pilgrimage was etched a narrow black streak against the bosom of a towering grey hillside; then it swept slowly around a great curve. We strained our eyes for a last glimpse, a last fleeting visualization of him upon whom the final curtain had fallen with such tragic suddenness. Through a blur of tears we saw the swaying string of cars fade out through the portal of painted hills.

"Hail and farewell, Valentino!" one of us said in a husky, unsteady voice; but the hearts of both cried out that poignant Spanish word of parting, "Adios, Rudy, adios!"

LELA COLE KITSON,
504 West Boulevard.

\$5.00 Letter

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Valentino—he would prefer the sobriquet to die with him; the Sheik, for he stood far above that cognomen in the hearts of women patrons of the silver sheet.

He was young romance, and mature dreams come true. He was tender, whimsical, and convincing to his love-making.

The woman from fourteen to ninety loved him, because he made romance come riding home to her in dreams. He was not the individual she craved, he was the symbol of what she craved.

His exquisite grace as he whirled into the sash held by his valet in the "Four Horsemen," is ever unforgettable and entrancing.

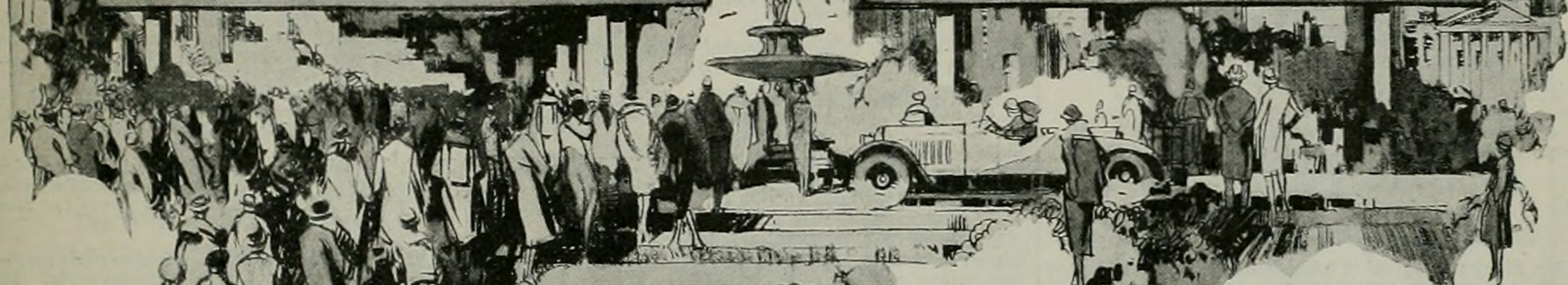
He was a beautiful picture as *Beaucaire*. Once he romped through a sailor picture with Dorothy Dalton like a very young boy. It was most refreshing.

He was a ravishing prince in another picture, and he did a rehearsal for his last earthly gesture when he died in "Blood and Sand." Was there ever a toreador in all Spain who wore the costume as he did?

Let us shed tears for the farewell to the king of romance. No one can take his place in the hearts of this generation.

LUCILLE MACDONALD.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Soon, wherever you go, you'll hear them talking about these *Two Amazing New Pictures!*

"The Blonde Saint" a Film-full of Startling Situations

He had threatened her Honor . . . Then he saved her Life. Would she learn to love her Deliverer . . . or keep on hating her Betrayer?

Yesterday, a cold, cruel Goddess . . . the far-famed "Saint in a Paris Gown." Today . . . alone on a savage island with a man who held no woman sacred!

Love-hate-surgings terror-on an island God forgot! You won't have a single quiet moment while you watch this *different* drama of a woman who had never known Love, and a man who knew it too well!

Barthelmess Fights and Loves in Far-off Lands

The Black Sheep of a noble family—because he wouldn't betray his fiancee!

In the drawing rooms of Europe a girl of society brought him disgrace . . . In the bazaars of the Orient a girl of the gutter saved him from death!

East of Suez . . . Desert mystery . . . Treacherous tribes attacking in the night . . . And only the Black Sheep could ward the blow from those who spurned him!

You'll sit spellbound as Dick Barthelmess builds this film into one solid hour of slashing action—his most adventurous role!

For the end of a Perfect Christmas Day—or any day

Give Christmas Day a delightful climax. Plan to take your family or friends to one of these famous successes:—

COLLEEN MOORE in TWINKLETOES
MILTON SILLS in THE SILENT LOVER
JOHNNY HINES in STEPPING ALONG
CORINNE GRIFFITH in SYNCOPATING SUE

JANUARY
—is First National Month... Watch for the finest pictures you've ever seen!

First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





These pictures show Mr. Shirley's improvement in drawing. Read his letter.

From Drudgery to \$3800⁰⁰ a YEAR for - DRAWING

Just a few years ago Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. It was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course. Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. In just a few months he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, at a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since—read his letter:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3800.00 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time, and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Send for "Your Future"

Mr. Shirley is typical of hundreds of Federal Students who have gotten out of the rut, doubled and tripled their incomes in a short time. If you like to draw, and have a little ambition, read "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now.



Federal School of Commercial Designing

345 Federal Schools Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

I enclose 6c in stamps for "Your Future."

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Age..... Occupation.....

Name.....
Write address plainly in margin.

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The World's Largest Business Training Institution

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1834 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREAT K & A TRAIN ROBBERY, THE—Fox.—A fast and furious Tom Mix picture. Need more be said? (December.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Grownups may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous two-bits. (October.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce. Fair. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more carryings-on of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery subtitles, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the cast—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Lelia Hyams. (Nov.)

***KID BOOTS**—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor brings a new face to the screen. And such a face! As slapstick, this film is very funny—and too, it has Clara Bow as a shining light. (December.)

KOSHER KITTY KELLY—F. B. O.—The funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." (December.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LILY, THE—Fox.—The sisterly love stuff presented in a weepy manner. Yep, Belle Bennett sobs throughout the entire piece. Fair. (December.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Fan. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MAN OF QUALITY, A—Excellent Pictures.—A good mystery yarn with George Walsh. (December.)

***MANTRAP**—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

***MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE**—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of life across the footlights. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

***MEN OF STEEL**—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing: Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

***MLLE. MODISTE**—First National.—Some wise-cracking sub-titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.—Terrible cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for the older folks. (December.)

MYSTERY CLUB, THE—Universal.—If you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. (December.)

***NERVOUS WRECK, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

OH, BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

***ONE MINUTE TO PLAY**—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

***PADLOCKED**—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARADISE—First National.—This isn't worth a dime unless you're keen about Milton Sills and Betty Bronson. (December.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF TEMPTERS—First National.—So much camera artiness that the humanness is overlooked. Lya de Putti is the world's worst vamp. (December.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

***QUARTERBACK, THE**—Paramount.—Richard Dix in a real football classic. It's a WOW. (Dec.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerald Beaumont story picurized into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

***ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS, A—Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Acord stuff that the children like. (August.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

***SAY IT AGAIN**—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yarns. Good stuff. (August.)

***SCARLET LETTER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SENIOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not blarney. (July.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping lately try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

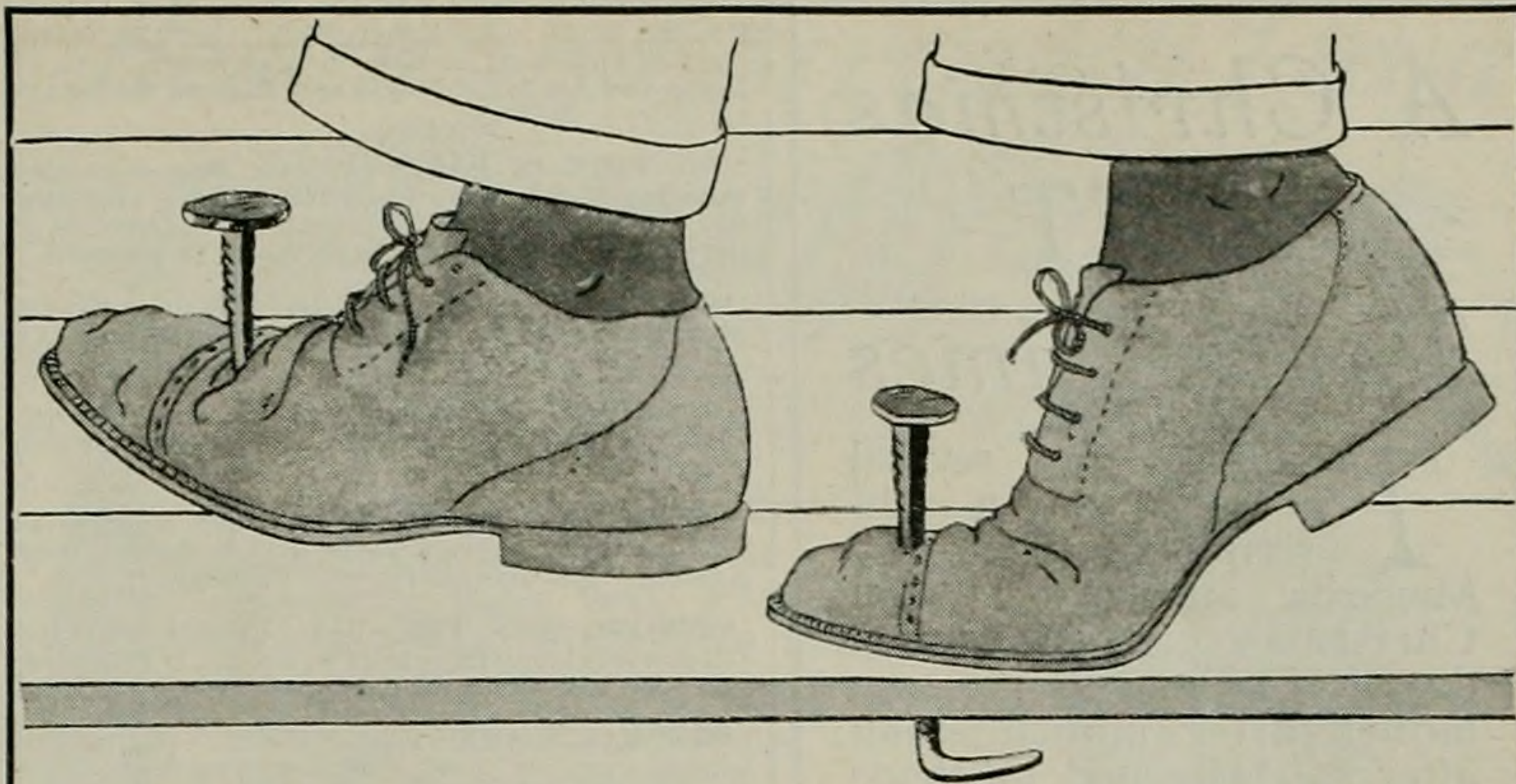
***SILENCE**—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

***SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A**—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou as an ambitious young shaver, borrows some clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

***SON OF THE SHEIK, THE**—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work ranked at the top of the best performances of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)



ARE YOU SPIKED ? TO YOUR JOB

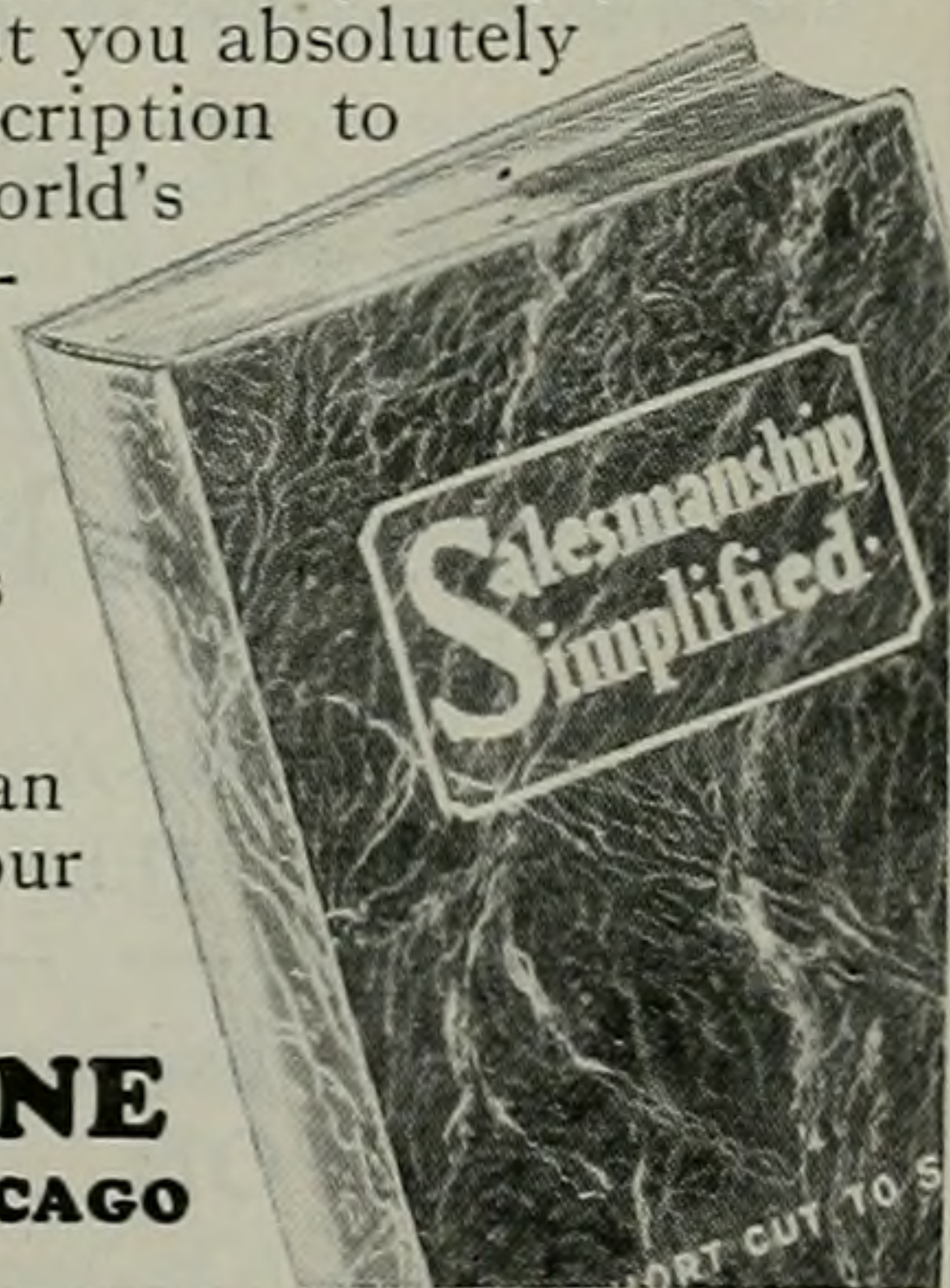
Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs just because they haven't the nerve to take advantage of an opportunity when it presents itself. No matter what your line of endeavor is, you would be away ahead of where you are if you knew Salesmanship. Learn to sell your way to Success—and here is how you can do it:

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***SORROWS OF SATAN**—Paramount.—Marie Corelli's novel, a shocker of thirty years ago, makes real old-fashioned cinema "melodrammer." Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez are excellent. (December.)

***SO THIS IS PARIS**—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

***SPARROWS**—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

***STRONG MAN, THE**—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

***SUBWAY SADIE**—First National.—A true and human story of New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackaill is splendid. (Nov.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewish and Irishers are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TAKE IT FROM ME—Universal.—The trials and tribulations of a department store owner are snappily presented by Reginald Denny. (December.)

***TEMPTRESS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The Ibanez story is forgiven and forgotten when Greta Garbo is in the cast. Greta is a show in herself. (December.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

***TIN GODS**—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan needed a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while. (August.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE—First National.—The newest cowboy star, Ken Maynard, in a picture that is a decided flop. (December.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)

***VARIETY**—UFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

***WALTZ DREAM, THE**—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WANING SEX, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Is woman's place in the home or in business? See Norma Shearer and be convinced. (December.)

***WET PAINT**—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox.—If you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You won't go wrong on our advice. (December.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

***WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH, THE**—United Artists.—A natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. A picture worth seeing. (December.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YOU'D BE SURPRISED—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith proves that a real good murder has its amusing moments. (December.)

***YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN**—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Sap Censors

Baltimore, Md.

Censors—what havoc they wreak! The more I ponder on the crimes of these reformers the more I wonder at man's humanity to man.

The outburst is occasioned by my recent witnessing of "Variety," a truly splendid film. As I left the theater, I silently reviewed the factors contributing to its success.

My thoughts immediately centered on the plot—its naked simplicity and grim note. Its chief characters form the eternal triangle of two men and a woman. We see the husband, swayed by passion, turn brute and kill his wife's lover.

Upon returning home, I chanced to read a review of "Variety" and to my amazement discovered that the beginning of the film had been omitted. Now it turns out that early in the original film, the husband left his real wife and children for the wife of the present edition, who is thus merely his mistress.

The irony of it all is that by cutting the film, the censors missed a great moral—retribution! The audience would then have carried away the lesson—as you do to others, still others will do to you.

Here's to censors, may they soon be relics, together with long skirts and hair nets.

BESSIE ALICE TRAUB.

Permanent Idols

Grand Rapids, Mich.

It is being said, "John Gilbert will take the place of Valentino as the world's screen idol." Impossible! John Gilbert, marvelous character that he is, has his permanent place in our hearts, but he never can take Rudy's place.

Each truly great screen personality holds his own place in the movie firmament. Thomas Meighan, admirable, lovable, honorable, true; Ronald Colman, magnetic, mysterious, romantic! Good-looking Lewis Stone, with his surprising versatility,—and many others with their outstanding high points of personality,—but who has ever taken the place of Wally Reid? No one ever can.

And so with Valentino. The only Rudy we shall ever know will be the Rudy who dwells in our memory. Rudy, smoldering, passionate, irresistible, considering no cost in the pursuit of his great desire, the screen's one and only great Sheik. Long may he live in our hearts!

EVELYN SNIDERMAN.

The Age Argument

Philadelphia, Pa.

Why is it that all our old stars are gradually disappearing from the screen? Is it that the directors can find no place for them because they are older than they were eight or ten years ago?

Or is it that the stars do not care to let us see them after they can no longer be called youthful?

But what makes me so furious is to witness Douglas Fairbanks running around on a roof and Gloria Swanson acting silly and Anna Q. Nilsson and Leatrice Joy trying to look like men and looking like everything else but. And on the other hand beautiful Alice Joyce as an aunt in "Beau Geste," and Antonio Moreno with a son in "Mare Nostrum" and lovely Irene Rich in "Honeymoon Express" as a mother. Compare the ages and their types of pictures and see if you do not want to do the same, as I am asking you to do. That Leatrice Joy wear long hair and play mother to her baby, Anna play a good woman for a change, and Gloria have *fine manners*.

Then we can say, "Pictures are getting bigger and better."

EMMETTA RODRIGO CORDOVA.

Make-up Madness

Boston, Mass.

Make-up is a madness that has swept the motion picture world, and its people regard lavish experimentation with grease-paint as artistic development.

Standardization is commonly regarded as our country's gravest weakness. And make-up is one of the most crying of these shames.

Practically every actor or actress on the screen today looks like a very new and showily expensive doll; the kind that vulgar, newly-rich parents would pick out for a child.

Eye-brows are plucked, out of every semblance of individuality. Eyes are shadowed with plasterings of black, mouths are crimsoned, and instead of looking like the toothsome pouts of passion that their owners would fain have them, they are so ridiculous as to be comic.

The hair! Omiballyword! Will someone some day be able to make American women understand that the curling iron's purpose is to intensify naturalness?

Possibly this over-garnishment of the face and head is an illusion inherited from the legitimate stage. Motion picture directors should remember that the eye of the camera is cruelly accurate, emphasizing too-obvious and too-emphatic make-up.

To all such face fixers I urge: Go see Emil Jannings in "Variety." The director of that picture knew how to make his camera work so that the acting of his characters showed up as acting.

Without make-up they appeared actors and not an exhibition of too expensive, animated, stereotyped dolls.

MARY K. STEWART.

A Clubwoman's Compliments

Peabody, Mass.

As motion picture chairman of the Peabody Woman's Club, and as a lover of the drama, I have read PHOTOPLAY each month for several years and I send my bouquet to that magazine with its pages of information and its fair treatment of everybody. One other bouquet to picture house managers. Those with whom I have dealt have worked in constant harmony with me and they assure me that nine out of ten managers would do the same. They want good clean shows, and we agree with you that the public can have what it wants. One more bouquet, and a big one, in October number on "The Secret Moral Code." Women's clubs need not worry with such a backing as is given by PHOTOPLAY and its supporters.

MRS. SUSAN L. FERGUESON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Health and Strength Thru Renulife VIOLET RAY Treatments at Home

Thousands of chronic sufferers have found new health, radiant vitality, energizing vigor with *Renulife*, the health-giving Violet Ray Generator that drives poison and waste tissue from your blood by purifying it. Read what a few of them say:

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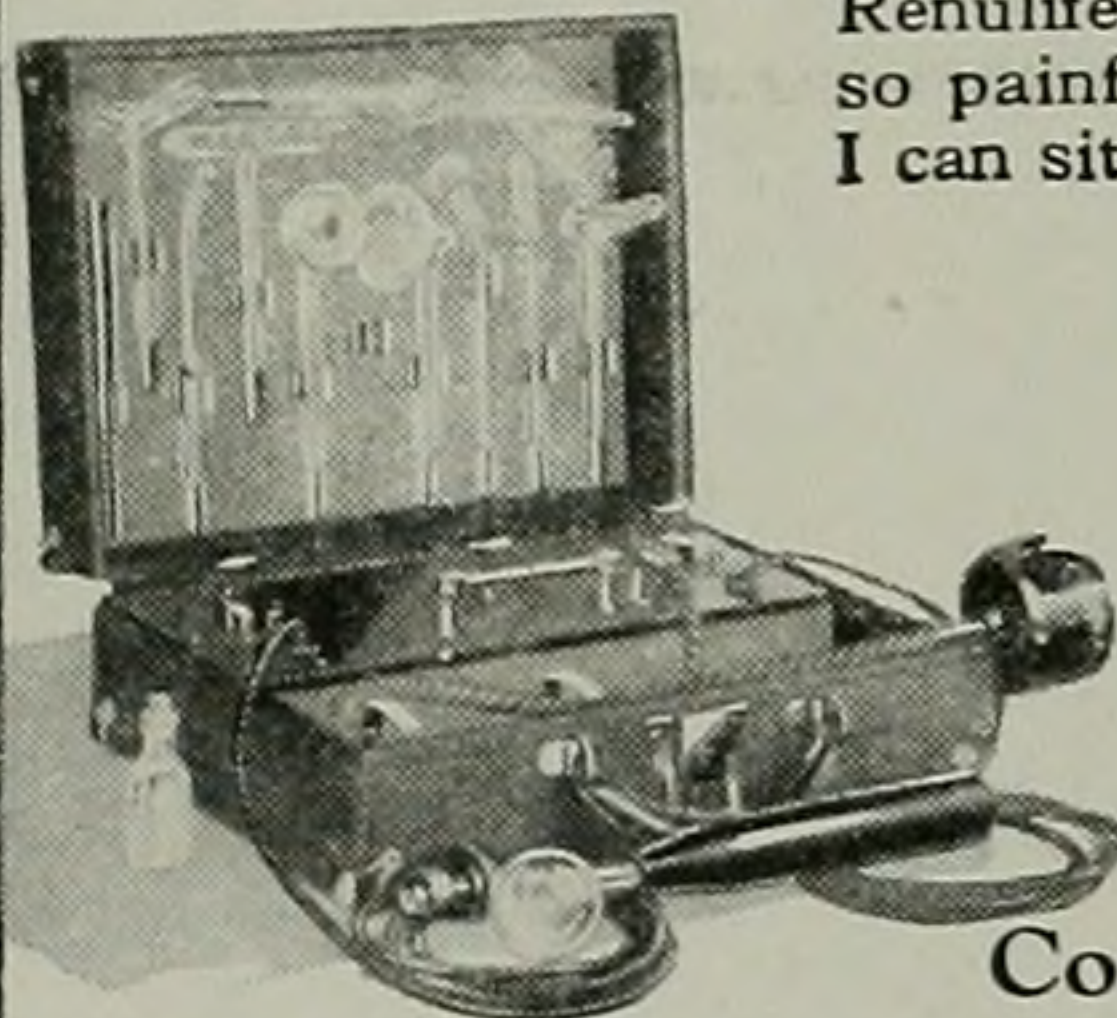
"Renulife Violet Ray put me on my feet after being a cripple for 14 years. I had rheumatism from my hips down to my feet. Everyone is surprised how good I can walk now—thanks to the Renulife Generator."

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"I had an attack of paralysis and my entire left side was afflicted. It also left me with very little desire for food, therefore my strength wasted quickly, but after the persistent application of your Violet Ray, I am gaining continually."

Didn't Know What a Night's Rest Was

"I had neuritis in both my arms and sciatica in my left limb, and suffered so much I didn't know what a night's rest was. After taking fifteen treatments with Renulife I sleep much better, and whereas my limb was so painful I could only sit for about fifteen minutes, now I can sit as long as I please without discomfort."



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"I was down in bed with Lumbago, unable to move unless I got help from someone. After one treatment of Renulife Violet Ray, I was able to get up the next morning. I take great pleasure in recommending Violet Ray treatments to anyone who is afflicted with Rheumatism or Lumbago."

Could Scarcely Breathe

"My son had Chronic Bronchial Asthma. Every time we had rainy or foggy weather these attacks came on. He could scarcely breathe. Since taking Renulife Ozone Treatments he has had but one slight attack. Since then he has not been troubled with Asthma and I find his breathing is so much better."

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads, | <input type="checkbox"/> Insomnia |
| Pimples | <input type="checkbox"/> Lumbago |
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Any others? _____

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AT THE MOUNT ROYAL *in Montreal* 166 Women Guests *tell why they find this "a perfect soap for the skin"*

WINTER SPORTS at Mount Royal—

A crystal world—diamond-bright air—fields of snow that sparkle with a million tiny flames—

Men and women in love with life, as they skate, ski, toboggan against the cold, warm in their glistening furs . . .

They go from tropical seas to twenty degrees of frost, these pleasure-loving women of the leisure class—yet manage to achieve a skin always smooth, soft, flawless in texture.

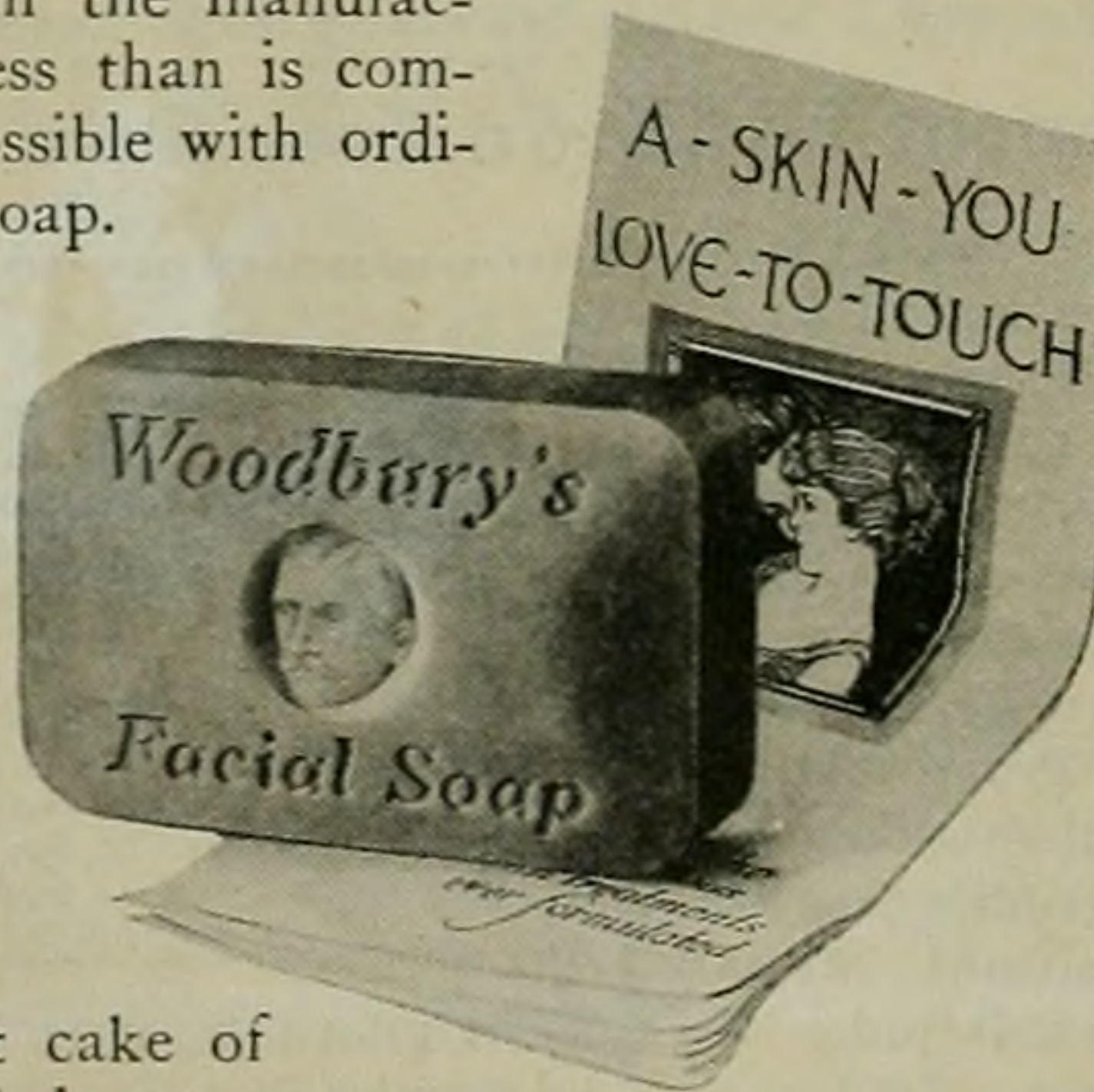
How do they do it? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to keep their skin in perfect condition summer and winter?

We asked 270 women guests at beautiful Mount Royal in Montreal what soap they use for the care of their skin.

166 answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*Soothing—delightful—refreshing,*" they said. "*The only soap that does not irritate my skin.*" "*It is all that a soap should be.*" —"*A perfect soap!*"

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.



A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

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For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2201 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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*New
Pictures*

THE night before Christmas and not a stocking in the house. Here Clara Bow has climbed on the roof to wait for Santa Claus only to find that she has nothing to hang on the chimney. Pity the poor flapper on Christmas Eve!



Richee

A YULETIDE EVE awaits her Christmas Knight. Jocelyn Lee hangs up her wreath happy in the thought that Santa Claus prefers blondes. Wouldn't it be nice if Santa would bring this little girl a nice big starring contract?



Ruth Harriet Louise

WHO wouldn't? When Norma Shearer hangs up the Kissing License at Christmas parties, strong men are trampled in the rush. That is what makes Christmas merry. And isn't it tough that Yuletide and mistletoe come only once a year?



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE year of 1926 has been just a Big Parade of successes for John Gilbert. A year ago John said that he didn't want to be a matinee idol; he wanted to be a good actor. And that was one New Year's resolution that was kept.



Chidnoff

AND, during the year of 1926, Richard Dix has made the cleverest pictures of his career. Few stars can equal Richard's great personal popularity. And even fewer stars can boast of such a long list of consistently entertaining performances.



Russell Ball

FLOBELLE FAIRBANKS wanted to change her name to Florence Faire, because she didn't want to trade on her uncle's popularity. But Douglas proudly insisted that she keep the family name. You will see her with Gloria Swanson in "Sunya."

Critical Eyes Of Evening
Concede The Beauty
Of
Gossard Silhouettes



INTO her feather-light Gossard step-in and gossamer uplift bandeau—then for the clinging, exacting folds of her evening gown! She knows the beauty and importance of correct figure support—the vulgarity of the lack of it. She will dance the glorious evening through charmingly groomed, constantly poised—the most critical eye conceding the grace of her silhouette, the perfect symmetry of gown and figure.

Gossard step-ins and brassieres, whether of silk, satin, or dainty brocade, are so light in weight they add scarcely a few ounces to the wardrobe—the finest elastic inserts make them utterly yielding. A Gossard corsetiere will fit you wisely and well.

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Lois Wilson Paramount Star expresses her delight with Shaughnessy Olovnit



Lois Wilson

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

I like my Olovnit frock tremendously; it is very smart and I am flattered to have it named after me.

I hope women throughout the country will enjoy it, and I know they will be amazed at the wonderful service it gives and the remarkable way it seems to improve every time it is dry cleaned.

Sincerely yours,
Lois Wilson



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PHOTOPLAY

January, 1927

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

JUST twelve years ago I visited Hollywood for the first time, a sprawling suburb of Los Angeles, inhabited by city workers and retired Iowa farmers. Here the motion picture was working out its destiny. Sunlight and possibility of year-around outdoor work was the magnet that drew the pioneers. Studios were ramshackle affairs, thrown up to permit the taking of interior scenes when clouds hovered.

In a little group of wooden shacks, D. W. Griffith had just completed "The Birth of a Nation," and the motion picture left the kindergarten.

Charlie Chaplin was throwing custard pies at Mabel Normand, and Roscoe Arbuckle was chasing Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, and Ben Turpin for miles and miles through the streets of the sleepy town.

MARY PICKFORD had just come into her own and Adolph Zukor was offering her the fabulous sum of two thousand dollars a week. Colonel Selig's zoological studio was in full cry. Universal City was undreamed of. Kathlyn Williams was the supreme social queen. Wally Reid was playing small parts. J. Warren Kerrigan was the great lover of Carl Laemmle's forces. Helen Holmes was wrecking venerable locomotives at the rate of one a week in her thrillers. Tom Mix was cowboying at fifty bucks a week. Upstate "Bronco Billy" Anderson was grinding his Westerns for Essanay. Francis X. Bushman, the screen's idol; Wally Beery, the comedian, and Gloria Swanson, the three dollar a day extra girl, were working in the Chicago studios of the same concern.

Tom Ince was laying the foundation of a great fortune on an original capital of a five dollar bill. He had just snatched Bessie Barriscale, a fine actress, from the stage, along with Louise Glaum, the vamp, and Charlie Ray, a boy actor. We had not heard of Harold Lloyd.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had not yet transferred his gymnasium from the stage to the screen. Scores of actresses and directors of 1926 fame were glad to get five dollars a day in any capacity. There were no scandals, for the picture folks had not yet become famous enough to make the intimate details of their lives world gossip. Will H. Hays was busy with republican politics. The censors had not yet begun to gnaw big chunks of celluloid. There was not a swimming pool nor a gold plated bath tub in the village.

THE Beverly Hills were bare of picture homes. Aimee McPherson was back East evangelizing with her husband. Jazz was still unborn. Radio had not yet become a household pest. There were no "realtors," no local Kiwanis. The distant echoes of the World War were of much less concern than the walnut crop report.

The retired Iowans regarded the players and their sidewalk antics with the indifference of farmers passing a caravan of wandering gypsies on a backroad.

Every picture had a villain with a heart as black as his moustache. Every heroine was an ingenue of spotless virtue. Every hero had an open-neck shirt and a heart of gold.

Skirts and hair were long and trousers narrow. Ladies suspended their stockings. The rolled sock came in later with the flapper. Dinner clothes were generally rented and worn only in "society" dramas. No one had time to learn bridge, or tennis, or golf.

Newspaper and magazine reviews were still in the embryo stage. A famous author would not have been recognized. The director was an almost unknown factor to the public. C. B. De Mille had not yet made the bath tub a national institution.

THERE were no screen palaces, no symphony orchestras, no prologues (thank the Lord) or vaudeville to bolster up weak pictures. No one who read "Vanity Fair" would acknowledge ever having seen a movie. The news reel was coming and painted scenery was going.

The Germans were advancing on Paris, not Hollywood. England was worried about German military invasion, not American picture conquest.

Mary and Charlie, and Tom, Dick and Harry ate at Levy's popular priced restaurant, where good beer was to be had, wine on pay nights. There were no big parties.

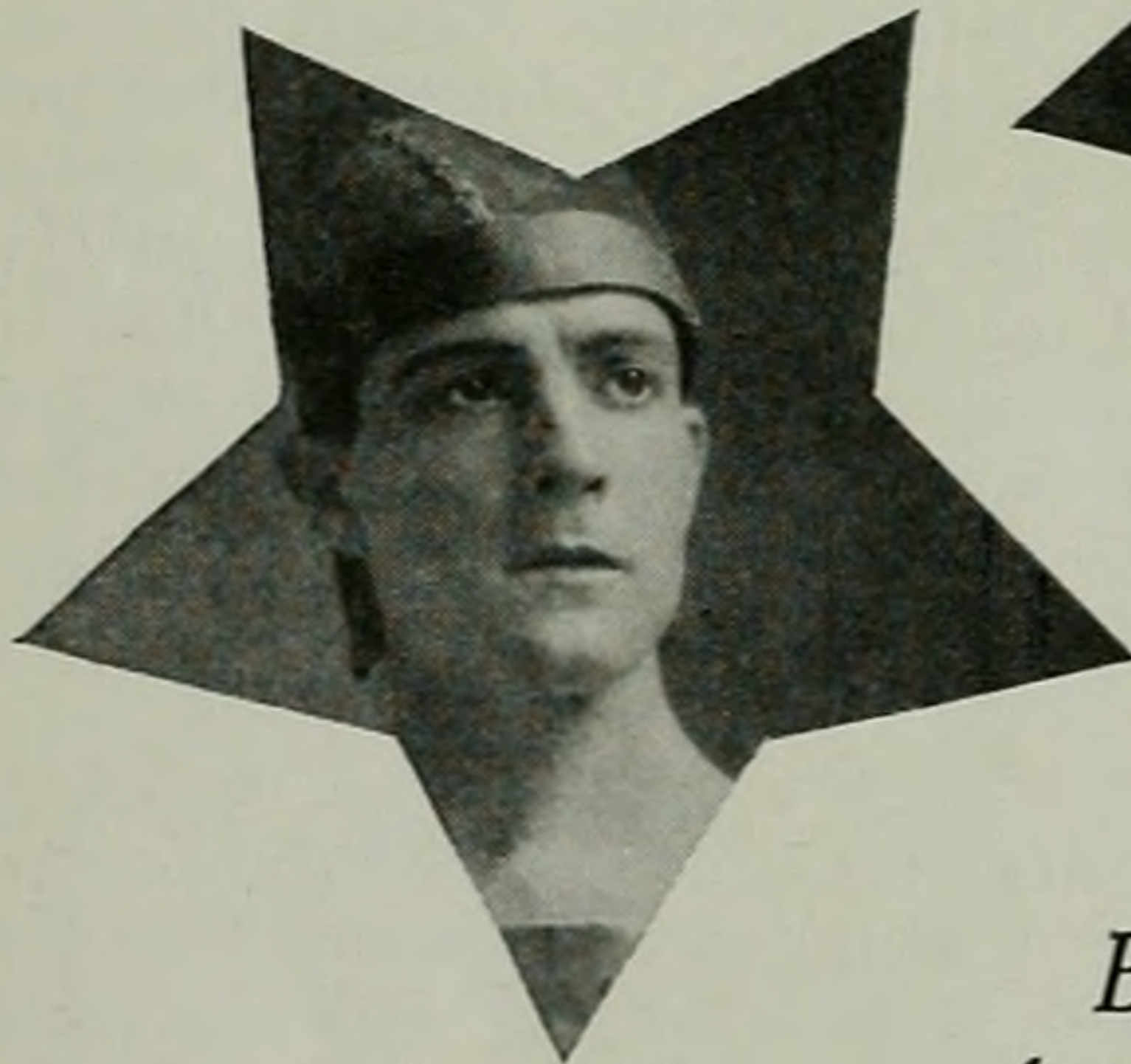
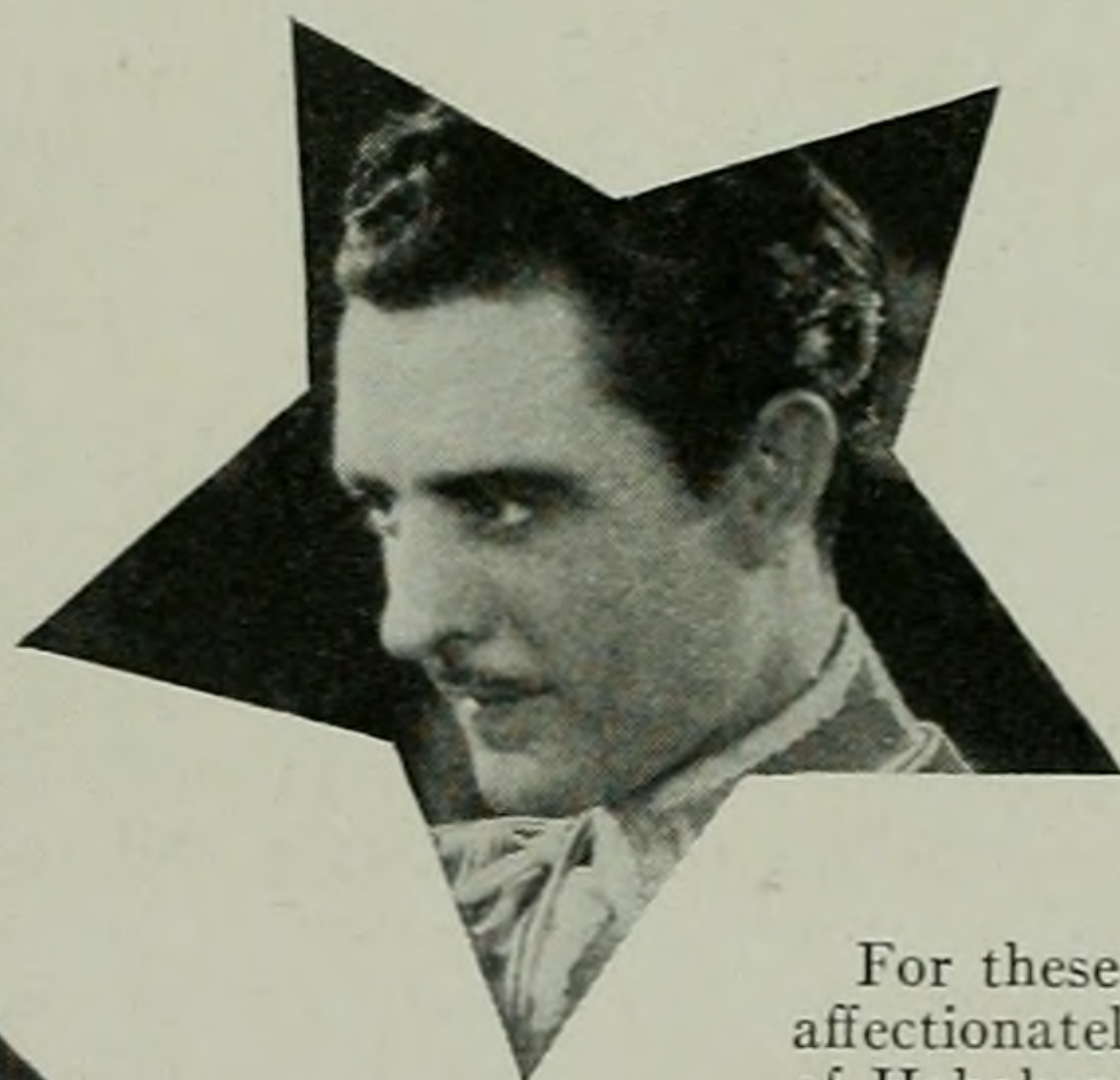
They worked and lived and loved, but the newspapers had something bigger than their affairs on the front page.

They had their family spats, and divorces too, just like other folks, but that was before they became rich and their personal lives became world news.

Those were the good old days.

TODAY—Hollywood is the melting pot of the arts. The land of promise. The Mecca of beauty. The world metropolis of a billion dollar industry. The garden of self-satisfaction. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

1927 According to



By
Agnes
Smith



Clap hands, here comes Jupiter and a big year for the movies!

late czar of Russia to a nicety. He predicted that the famous Elwell case in New York would never be solved. He has predicted that Prohibition won't last long.

For these prophecies, and many more, Professor Meyer is affectionately known in the New York newspapers as "the seer of Hoboken" and newspaper reporters consult him on all big stories. And important men in the government read Professor Meyer's predictions—and gratefully, too, if one can judge by the framed letters from officials that cover the walls of Professor Meyer's office.

Incidentally, Professor Meyer said that Rudolph Valentino was going to die, when everyone hoped for his recovery.

At the request of PHOTOPLAY, Professor Meyer made a prediction chart especially for the movies for the year 1927 and brought forth big bunches of good news.

"I am," says Professor Meyer, "overjoyed to state that the planet Jupiter will be posted and exalted in the Zodiacal sign of Pisces. This is the sign that governs the literary, theatrical, musical and screen world. I am glad to be able to say that the artistic and professional world will find the year of 1927 one of the most fortunate, successful and prosperous ever known.

"As the Zodiacal sign of Pisces is an inventive sign, I look for some very radical, new inventions in the moving picture world. The technical scope and power of the movies will be greatly enlarged and improved during the coming year.

"Managers will have an unusually prosperous year."

Do I hear voices of distant cheering?

The women of the screen, says Professor Meyer, will be even more fortunate than the men, during 1927. It is going to be a great year for the girls. And listen to the excellent reason:

"As the Zodiacal sign of Libra will be ascendant and as Venus, the ruling planet of this sign, is posted in the Zodiacal sign of Capricorn, I find that the fair sex engaged in motion pictures, drama and vaudeville will be most unusually successful over their male brothers in the same field."

Well, Venus was always a friend to the ladies.

There will be new stars on the screen, even though there are no changes in the rulers of the Heavens.

BANK robberies may disturb the slumber of policemen; European nations may make warlike and threatening gestures at each other; the mails may be rifled before arriving at the "swift completion of their appointed rounds"; the price of food-stuffs may soar to the clouds.

But the planet Jupiter—dear, good old Jupiter—by being exalted and posted in the Zodiacal sign of Pisces in the year 1927 will bring a singular reign of prosperity and good fortune to the movies.

So get out your telescope, pick out the planet Jupiter and give it a great, rousing cheer. For Jupiter is a friend to the profession; the Otto H. Kahn of the Heavens.

Clap hands, here comes Jupiter!

And who says all this? Why, Professor Gustave Meyer, the most famous citizen of Hoboken, N. J.

Professor Meyer is something of a national figure and he has some shrewd astronomical calculations to his credit. He predicted, for instance, that the year 1914 would be an unusually dreadful and warlike one. He calculated the tragic fall of the

the Stars—As confided to Photoplay by Professor Gustave Meyer



He will, says the Professor, come prominently before the public in a unique comedy that will be highly successful.

As for John Gilbert, the Professor also promises him a happy New Year. But he finds that Gilbert is inclined to be fickle, changeable and independent. In spite of this independence, he is "too backward about going forward," as the Professor expresses it, and he should, for his own good, cultivate more persistence and aggressiveness. And while he has many friends, he is not as good a mixer as he seems, preferring a few friends to many acquaintances.

Professor Meyer has never met Mr. Gilbert nor has he, as far as he remembers, ever seen him on the screen. But it was enough for the Professor to know that Jack was born in Logan, Utah, on August 10, 1897.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



Professor Meyer, the Hoboken Astrologer, casts the horoscope of the Movies and predicts radical inventions on the screen and a prosperous year ahead for all concerned

"I look for some new and unexpected feminine star to be on the ascendant during the coming winter. And she will be a star in the dramatic field," Professor Meyer told me.

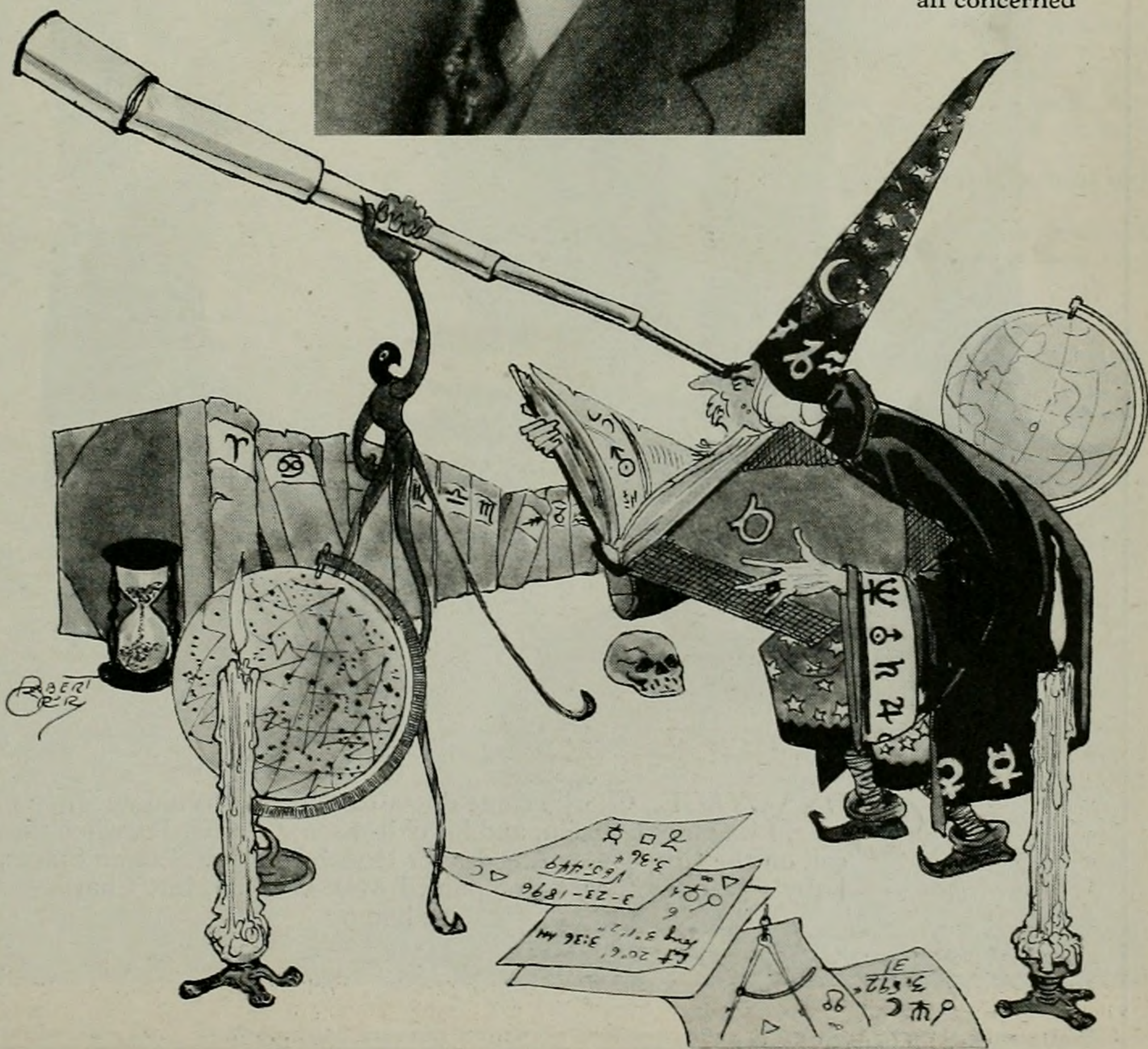
"In spring or summer, there will be another feminine star on the ascendant in the movie comedy field. Her work will parallel that of Mary Pickford. In vaudeville and drama, there will be a male star on the rise at the same time.

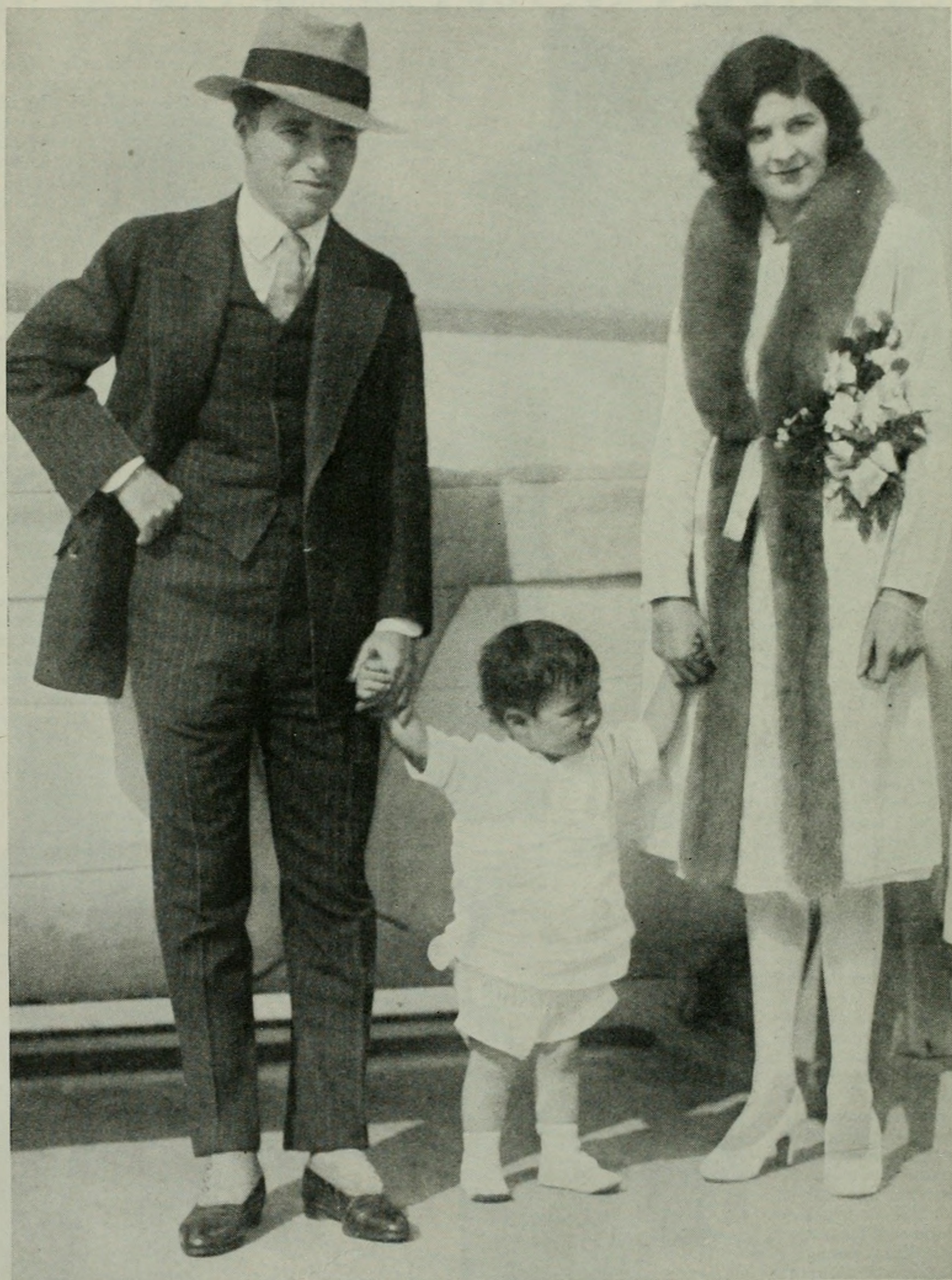
"And," continued Professor Meyer, "speaking of Mary Pickford, this particular star will have a very fortunate, happy and eventful year.

"Charlie Chaplin will also have an eventful year. Chaplin will be very prominent, in some way or other."

You can make your bets as to the identity of the new stars who will flash across the movie sky. But remember that Professor Meyer urges you to be on the look out for two flashing young actresses.

Many of the stars now shining bright in the movie heaven are going to have fortunate years. Richard Dix, for instance. From the fact that Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn., on August 18, 1895, the Professor promises that Richard is going to have the best year of his career.





BON VOYAGE. Charlie came down to the dock to bid goodbye to his wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, and his oldest son, Charlie, Jr., when they set sail on the City of Los Angeles for Honolulu. Mrs. Lillian Spicer, the baby's grandmother, accompanied Mrs. Chaplin, but Charlie stayed at home

Can a Genius be a Husband?

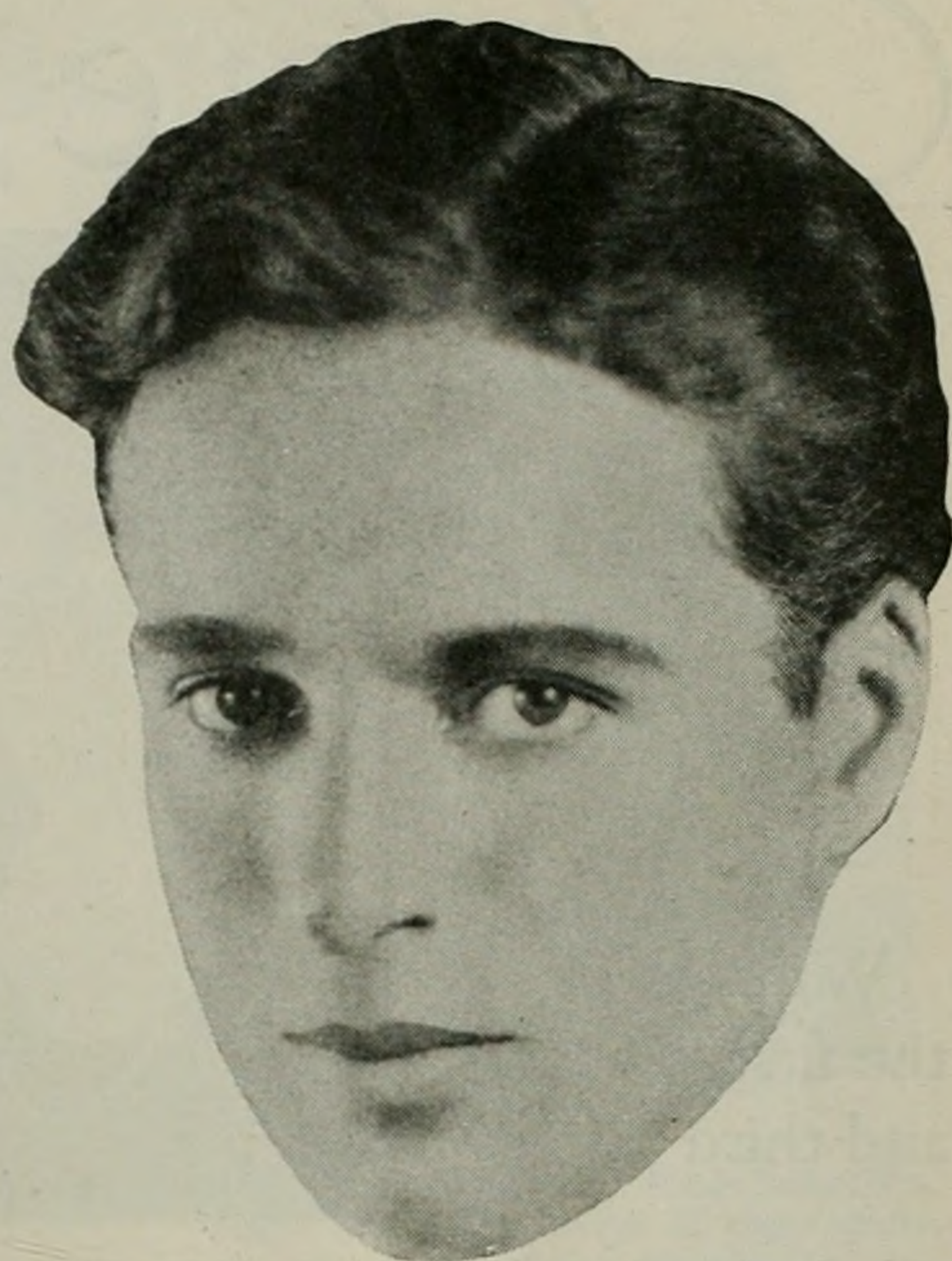
Charlie's Second Marriage
Going on the Rocks of
Temperament, says Hollywood

By



*Adela
Rogers
St. Johns*

ALL Hollywood is awaiting official news of a proposed divorce in the Chaplin family. Whether or not matters will get that far it is difficult to say just now, but the present separation is being unofficially discussed by everybody, including some people who ought to know.



The strange aloneness that always marks genius exists to the *nth* degree in Chaplin. He stands off from his fellow men, wistfully, a little sadly. You see an amazing mixture of egotism and humility

What such freedom would cost Charlie Chaplin is also a matter of infinite speculation and though surmises as to the actual figures differ they all agree that it will be plenty. Which is as it should be, for nobody doubts that Lita Chaplin has done her very best since she married Charlie and if she isn't a superwoman that isn't her fault.

And unless she is a superwoman, the marriage is doomed and was doomed from the beginning.

It would take a superwoman to make a success of marriage to the one recognized genius of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Here is the home of Charlie Chaplin. If Hollywood rumors are to be believed, it is a house divided against itself

Here are the Winners

Winners of
the first, second
and third prizes



First, \$1,500
RUTH WALKER
Dallas, Texas



Second, \$1,000
VERONICA DOLAN
Portland, Oregon



Third, \$500
MARGARET MYERS
Cleveland, Ohio

PHOTOPLAY'S third cut puzzle contest is over! The winners have been decided! Here you see photographed the prize winning solutions selected from thousands sent in reply to the contest that ran in the June, July, August and September issues of PHOTOPLAY. Herewith you may read the names of the brilliant fifty whose solutions triumphed over all.

It was a great contest. Like the circus, it was bigger and better than ever. After making the prize selections, two of the judges had to go away for protracted vacations. They needed them. The choice was so difficult.

So many puzzles came. All were so remarkable in originality and workmanship. PHOTOPLAY has held two cut puzzle contests prior to this, but still it was unprepared for the high excellence of the work submitted. Everyone seems to have profited by the other contests. The entries this year were astonishingly clever and

beautiful. The judges were nearly submerged beneath solutions. Every one submitted was opened and carefully examined.

What would have happened if some hadn't contained errors is impossible to imagine. What a big help Ramon Novarro was to the judges! That boy is the most misspelled star in the contest. Twisting the "o" and the "a" in Novarro's surname eliminated hundreds of puzzles. Ronald Colman came next. So many fans put an "e" into his family name.

Here is a close-up of one small section of the judges' problem. Puzzles, puzzles everywhere, all neat, all accurate, all clever, thousands from which to choose the fifty best!



\$5,000 in Prizes in Photoplay's Third Cut Puzzle Contest Awarded

The Prize Winners

**First Prize \$1,500—Red and Gold
Chest of Dolls**

RUTH WALKER
4128 Holland Avenue, Dallas, Texas

Second Prize \$1,000—Make-Up Tables

VERONICA DOLAN
200 Browns Avenue, Portland, Oregon

Third Prize \$500—Treasure Chest

MARGARET MYERS
11718 Browning Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

**Fourth Prize \$250—Doll with Fan
and Bag**

MRS. ROBERT J. LOCKWOOD
1133 South Wellington Street, Memphis, Tenn.

**Fifth Prize \$125—Gold Key with Star
Caricatures**

CECIL THOMSON
586 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 119]



First Prize. This beautiful chest holds four trays of eight dolls each, the stars of the contest in the costumes of their most successful rôles

The contest revealed that Texas loves puzzles. Next to Texas comes Maine. Actually, the answers came from all over the world.

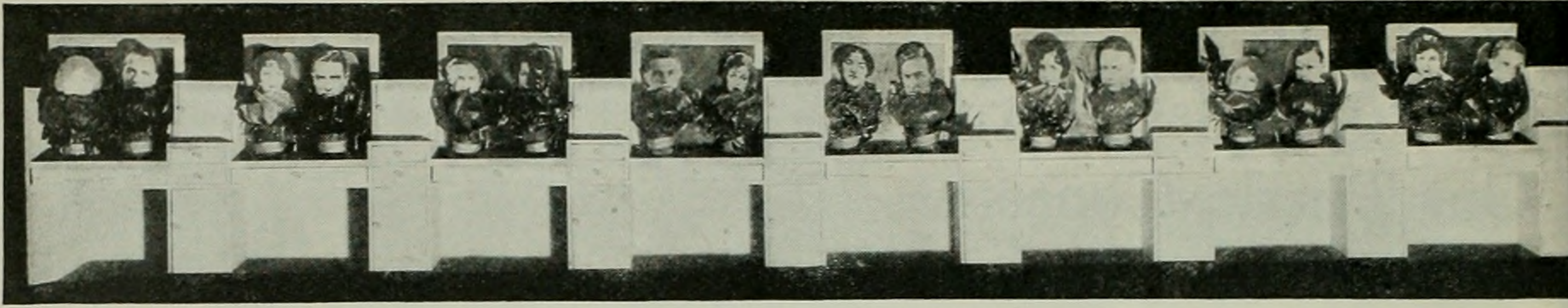
In the foreign mail were answers from Holland, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, Spain, Mexico, Egypt, England, India, Japan, China, France, Belgium and Russia. Every state in the United States was represented, but Texas led all the rest in volume of replies. And among the cities, Dallas, of that same state, scored with the greatest number of individual answers. Moreover, the first prize award went to Dallas.

It took more than a month to eliminate the incorrect puzzles, the misspelled ones, the ones with one girl's bob on another girl's head. Every prize winning puzzle had to be one hundred per cent perfect. Even with that standard, there were many thousands that were perfect. That was what plagued the judges.

Every possible type of presentation was entered. In almost every answer, the contestant had gone far beyond the mere correct neat solution of the cut puzzles.

Do you see your own answer here? The contest closed, the puzzles have all been sent to New York hospitals. Think of the fun sick youngsters are having with them





Here are the dressing tables Veronica Dolan built. Aren't they charming, each with mirror, closet space and many drawers packed with beauty aids? However, they don't put gals and gents together in the best studio dressing rooms

Not only were the stellar faces correctly matched, the stellar names correctly spelled, but nearly always there was an attempt to characterize the star represented. His favorite rôle was remembered, his favorite hobby emphasized.

All the current vogues of the year were present in the puzzles. The map craze showed itself many times. The ship craze was represented. There were literal thousands of albums, all of them neat, all of them correct. There were dozens of lamp shades, scores of sofa cushions, boudoir dolls, baby dolls, toy soldiers, mechanical toys. There were parasols, ostrich fans, painted shawls, even old shoes, and many, many green hats! In some cases, the solutions were good to eat. There was a whole crate of oranges, each orange a starring vehicle. There were stars in chocolate creams. There were stars in soap. There were enough theaters to crowd Broadway. There were so many peacocks, one surmises the stars appear slightly vain to their fans.

The contest revealed many clever pen and ink artists. The fine stitches on the dolls' clothes, the cushions and the fancy screens were marvels of needlework. Very charming verses accompanied nearly all entries.

The first prize of \$1,500 goes to Ruth Walker, of 4128 Holland Avenue, Dallas, Texas, for her correct answers, sent in the form of a Red and Gold Chest of Dolls.

"I have lived in Texas all of my life," Miss Walker writes to

PHOTOPLAY, "but, contrary to current fiction and popular opinion concerning all Texans, I am not a cow-girl, never in my life toted a gun, never saw a herd of cattle stampede, nor wore spurs and a big Stetson hat. Instead, my life has been a most ordinary one, with the usual round of school, parties, dates, etc. I finished High School with first honors, and, since my graduation from University in 1925, I have been employed in a bank."

Until Miss Walker reads these lines, she will not know that she has won the first prize. In reply to PHOTOPLAY's telegram, in which it was stated that she was being considered for a principal prize, she said: "I cannot decide definitely what I would do with my prize, should I be lucky enough to receive one of the big ones. In my mind, I have already spent it dozens of times; on a car, or maybe to travel a bit, or I might even be sensible and invest it in Government bonds (since I've always had a secret longing to clip coupons)."

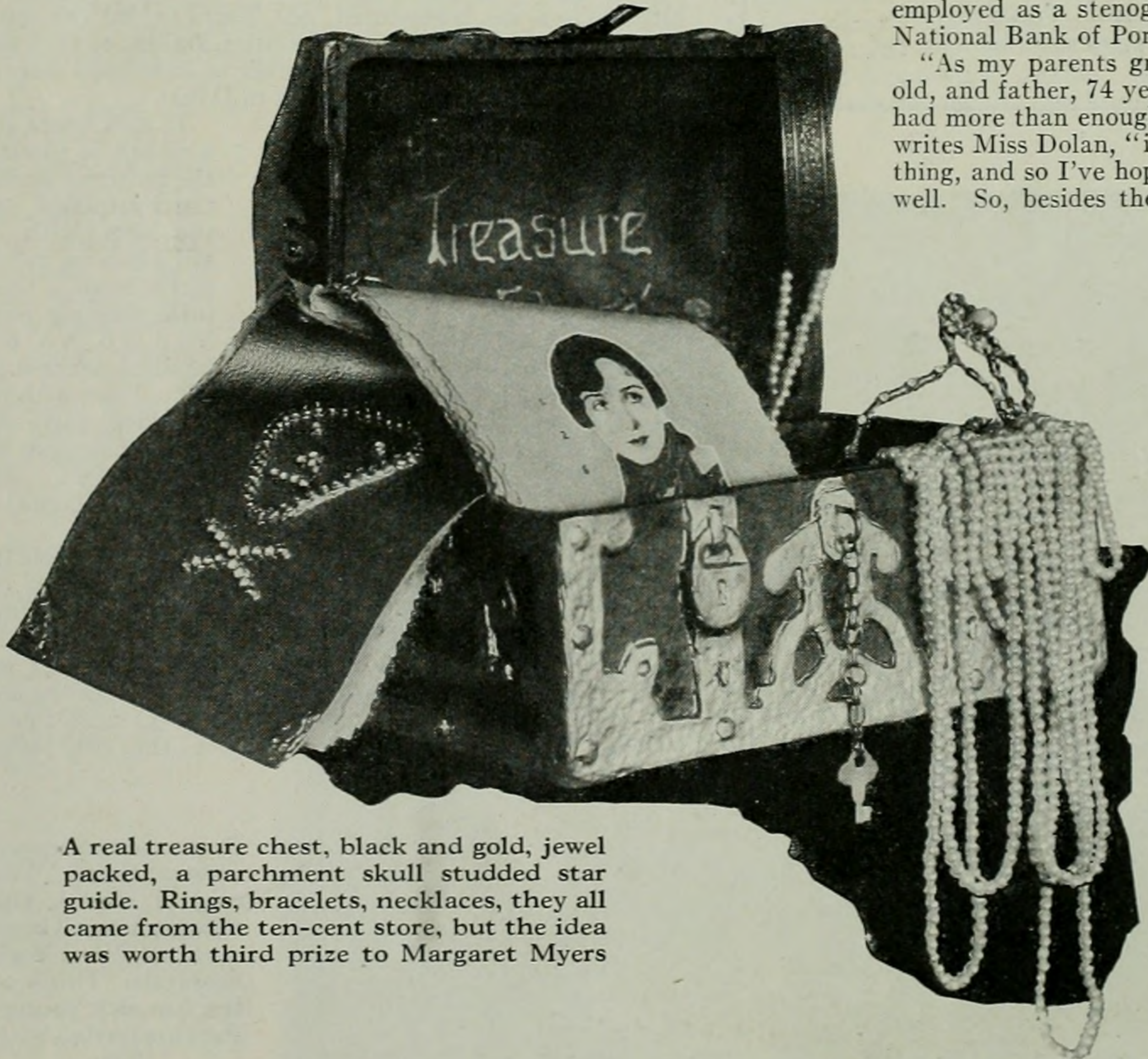
The second prize of \$1,000 goes to Veronica M. Dolan, of 400 Browns Avenue, Portland, Oregon, for her correct solutions in the form of Make-Up Tables. Miss Dolan is twenty-four and she resides with her parents. Miss Dolan wants to become a writer, but at present she is employed as a stenographer in the Northwestern National Bank of Portland.

"As my parents grow older (mother, 64 years old, and father, 74 years old), both of whom have had more than enough of sickness the past year," writes Miss Dolan, "it's a big job financing everything, and so I've hoped to lessen their burden as well. So, besides the joy of winning for myself,

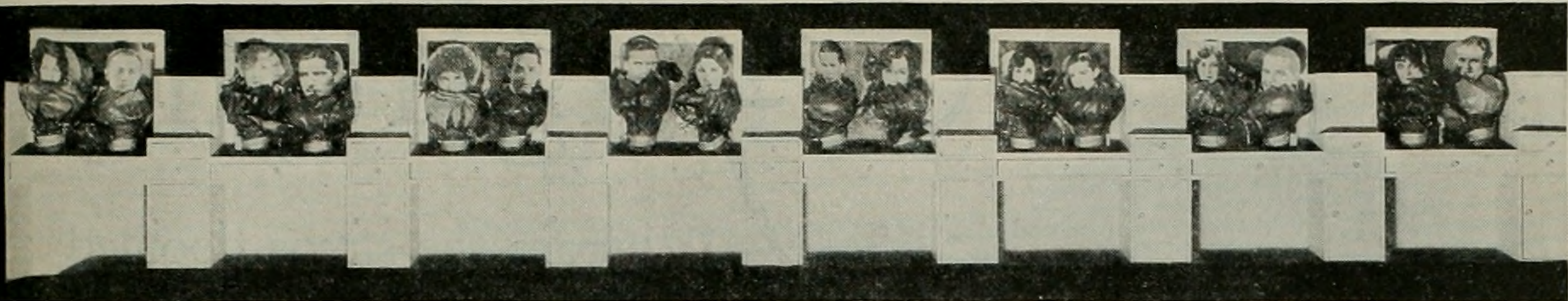
two other people will be mighty happily surprised when I make the announcement at home, kept secret all this while. My goal doesn't seem so far away now and possibly a much wished for trip can at least be started half-way by putting a small sum away for my someday visit to Honolulu—and writing."

\$500, the third prize, is awarded to Margaret Myers, of 11718 Browning Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, for her answers, presented in the form of a Treasure Chest.

Here is what Miss Myers writes: "Although my last year's entry proved unsuccessful, still I gained much experience, so with a little more confidence I tried again. Searching through the memories of past days, I stole from Captain Kidd his treasure chest and used



A real treasure chest, black and gold, jewel packed, a parchment skull studded star guide. Rings, bracelets, necklaces, they all came from the ten-cent store, but the idea was worth third prize to Margaret Myers



it to symbolize my conception of the movies—romance, adventure, history and beauty. I surrounded the brilliant stars of the cinema with dazzling stones representing my sincere wishes for their bright future and also the future of the magazine which so ably supports them, PHOTOPLAY.”

To the thousands who sent in answers to this contest, PHOTOPLAY extends its thanks. As in former years, the puzzles, now that the contest is decided, will be sent to the hospitals of New York City for the delight of their child patients. The contest dolls, the contest toys, will gladden these sick youngsters, some too ill to leave their beds, some convalescent, some who will never recover. So your work, even though it failed to win a prize, has not been in vain.

To all of you who entered the contest, PHOTOPLAY extends thanks. It was flattering and reassuring to learn, through this medium, the strength, the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

A golden key, certainly, worth \$125 to Master Cecil Thompson. Locked inside were amazing caricatures of the stars



By far the loveliest lady of the contest. Pink taffeta clad, how vain she was! Her vanity bag held cigarettes, rouge, lip stick, comb, powder, coins, all star wrapped. Fourth prize



The Thirty-two Correct Cut-Puzzle Answers

June

Leatrice Joy
Corinne Griffith
Dolores Costello
Norma Shearer

John Barrymore
Reginald Denny
John Gilbert
Eugene O'Brien

July

Irene Rich
Mary Astor
Vilma Banky
Claire Windsor

Malcolm McGregor
Ricardo Cortez
Donald Keith
Antonio Moreno

August

Aileen Pringle
Florence Vidor
Betty Bronson
Marie Prevost

Ramon Novarro
Douglas MacLean
Conrad Nagel
Ben Lyon

September

Mary Philbin
Pauline Starke
Renee Adoree
Viola Dana

Huntly Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Ronald Colman
Percy Marmont

Fighting

Why are the sirens doomed for only brief reigns on the screen?

By Frances Clark

YES, Mrs. Glyn, IT is a vexatious problem. If you have too much IT, you are promptly put in your place as a brazen and obvious huzzy, with no ability and nothing but a lot of sex appeal.

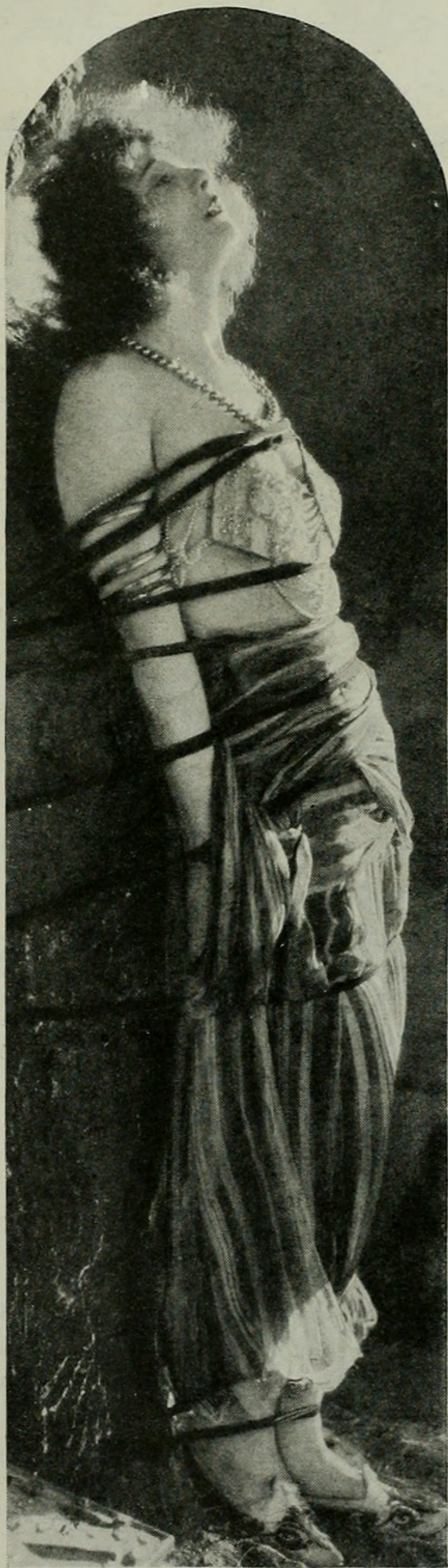
Hence Lya de Putti and Greta Garbo are sending up assorted prayers in German and the Scandinavian for the producers to make them good little girls.

If you have too little IT, you are labeled a colorless prig, with a cold heart and no emotional appeal.

Hence Alice Joyce, May McAvoy and Lois Wilson are asking the managers please to throw a little temptation in their direction.

There is no pleasing the public in this sex business. Once you have established yourself as a death-dealing vamp, the public will have you in no other rôle. Once you have established yourself as an ingenue, the public wants to keep its illusion about you, even after it is bored with seeing you on the screen. That is, of course, unless you prove that you are uncommonly clever.

On the screen, the wages of sin is loud, coarse laughter. And the wages of virtue is the cold shoulder. Happy, then, is the star who is not an extreme "type." Happy is the girl who can stick to comedy dramas and romantic love stories. For the extreme types fall faster and more suddenly in popularity than the girls less boldly sketched by nature.



The public quickly tires of extreme types. Exotic figures like Theda Bara, Betty Blythe and others flash suddenly across the screen—and then fade away. Once the curiosity of the public has been satisfied, the extremes of "vamping" pass the border of credibility and audiences lose interest

the Sex Jinx

Most of the quick, sensation-ally sudden successes are scored by the vamps. And the vamps also get the rudest awakenings.

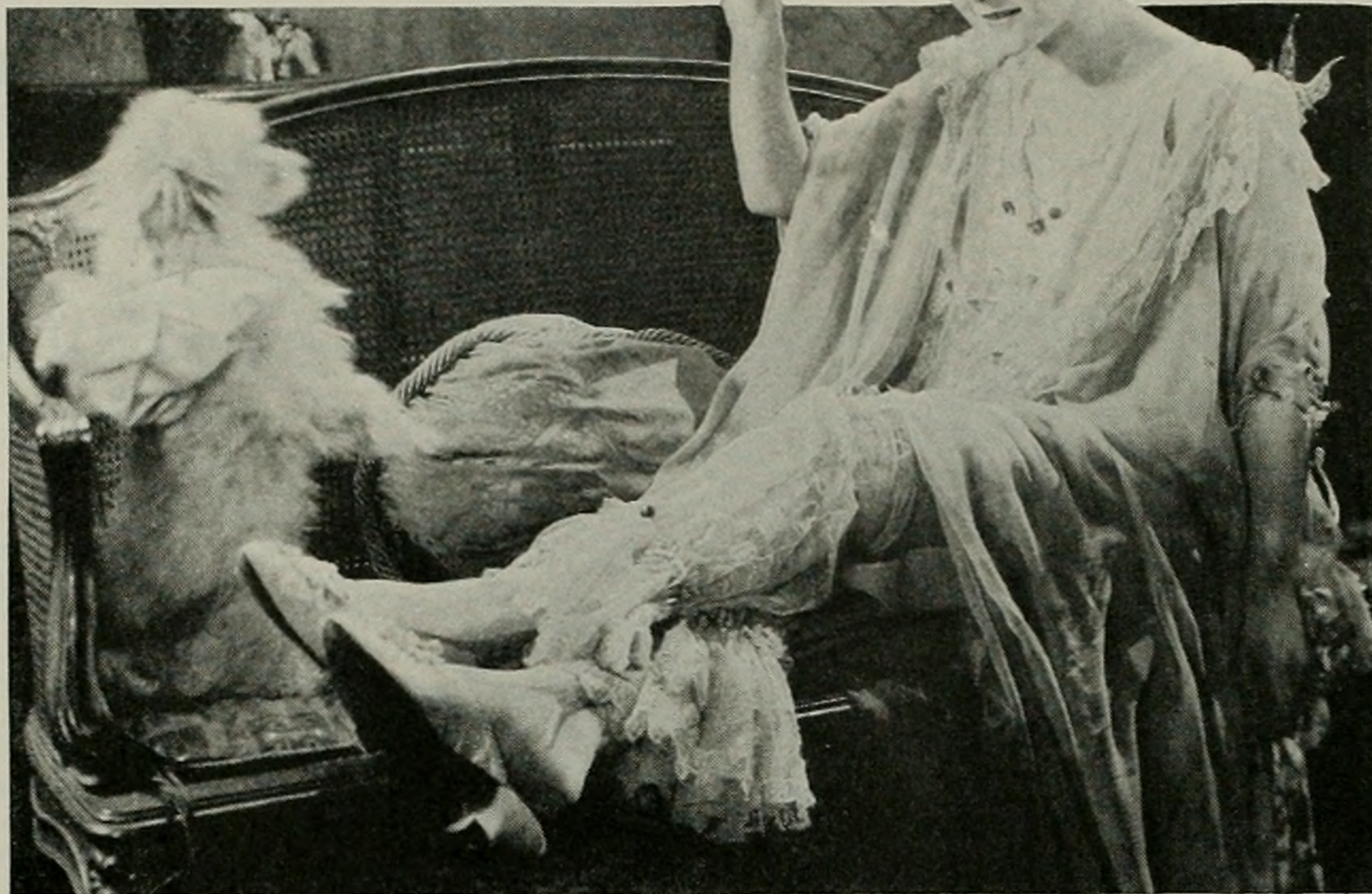
Lya de Putti rose to instantaneous fame in "Variety." Her rôle was that of a very naughty girl. Greta Garbo established herself as a man-eater in "The Torrent." But both of these imported luxuries, although they are now swimming on the crest of the wave, are beginning to look timidly into the future.

Before them lies the awful warning of Theda Bara, of Valleska Suratt, of Virginia Pearson. They also figure that neither Betty Blythe nor Nita Naldi are now conspicuously prominent in the local electric lights. And they must feel that the actress who is consistently and unvaryingly represented on the screen as a sure-fire heart-breaker never lasts long.

And there are some sound reasons back of this fickleness, some good psychological causes why too much sex stuff is a jinx for any actress, no matter how clever.

Women will go to see a "vamp" picture for any—or all—of three reasons. First, for vicarious experience denied them in life. Second, to get helpful hints in the art of man-stealing. Third, to enjoy a feeling of superior virtue.

And so, any new, exotic figure that flashes across the screen is sure to have an immediate following, attracted by curiosity.



The exaggerated ingenue type, like the super-vamp, also misses out because her sweetness is beyond human belief. And so audiences tired of the saccharine comedies of Wanda Hawley

But the same reasons that draw them to the vamps, also serve to repel them.

In the first place, the "vicarious experience" thrill wears thin quickly because the wild women of the screen are invariably shown "paying the price." And, for the average woman who cannot take a detached view of any story, it is no fun to put yourself in place of a woman who is constantly spurned by the hero.

In the second place, the "helpful hints on man-stealing" are soon found to be impractical and far-fetched. Any woman who has ever tried out an exotic make-up on husband, brother or boy friend, knows that she is usually merely told to "go and wash that stuff off her face."

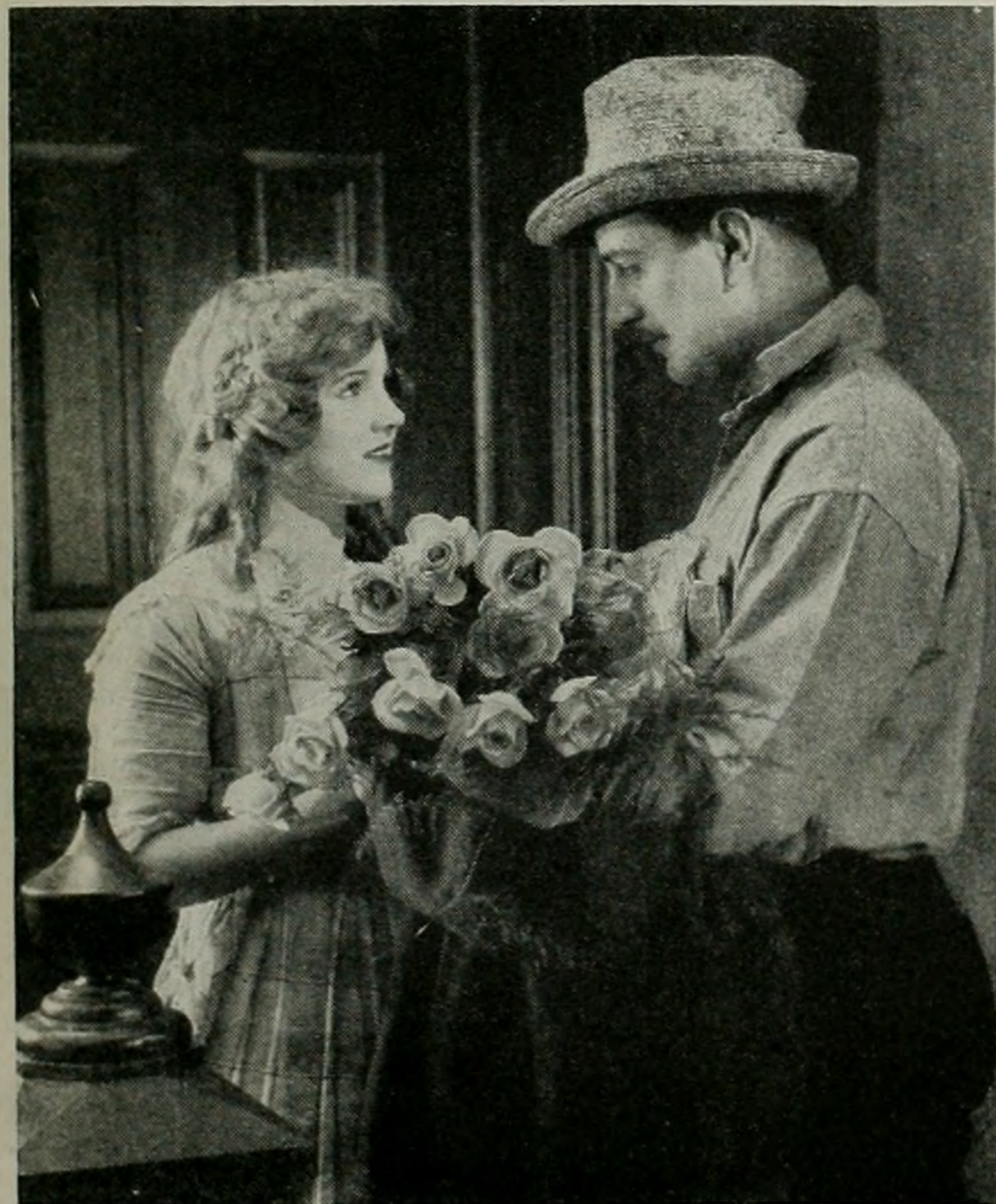
And in the third place, the "superior feeling" seldom gets a strong hold because screen vamps are seldom sympathetic enough or human enough to be credible.

The men who are attracted by "vamp" pictures are seldom faithful followers. Men go to see them because—to their credit—they would rather see a pretty woman than a homely one. But mere beauty grows tiresome. And beyond a momentary and fleeting appeal, the vamps lose out because most of them possess neither sentiment nor a sense of humor. Nor have they amiability.

And, on the screen or off, these are the three feminine virtues most prized by men.

Faced by these audience reactions, the High Priestesses of Sex are jinxed from the start. After they get over being a nine-days' wonder, they are as *passé* as their counterparts in real life. Audiences gasp at first glimpse; on second thought, the public decides that "there ain't no such animal."

And so the Misses de Putti and Garbo would hit the sawdust trail before reformation [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



The public will believe in virtue longer than in vice. But woe to the ingenue whose sincerity is challenged! The shadow of a love affair banished Mary Miles Minter from the delectable world of Little Nell

The Truth About

Installment two, in which our heroine forces
the lucky break

By Ruth Waterbury

POSING as an unknown movie aspirant, I went to Hollywood to break into movies. I had made a bet of five hundred dollars with my editor that I, a reporter, could get into the studios, solely on my own merit. Landing in Hollywood, I was nearly overcome by loneliness and the consciousness that beside the average girl in Hollywood I was about as beautiful as a mud fence. I started to look for work and learned that the Hays organization had bottled up the casting situation. Its office, the Central Casting Corporation, turned me down flat, and said I couldn't get into movies. That made me angry, and I wired my editor I would get in, anyway.

NO girl knows how desperate a thing ambition is until she gets to Hollywood. No girl knows how dreadful a thing it is to fear everyone until she resides in the film capital. Distrust, suspicion, envy, ruthlessness, despair, they all follow on ambition there.

I saw it all that morning I started out to defy Central Casting's edict that I couldn't break into movies.

As short a time as a year ago, there were many casting agencies in Hollywood. They were, possibly, a little vicious. They took ten to fifteen per cent of the extra's pay check and held out to starving extra girls very false hope. Yet they were interested in the extra, primarily, because through the extra they secured their own incomes. In those offices, the girl hunting work met moments of kindness, specious though it might be, and renewed her courage.

Today this has been swallowed up by Central Casting, where efficiency demands that everyone be bright, shining and relentless. Central has engineered good laws for the extras. It has secured them higher pay, better hours, more courteous treatment. But it has killed all hope for nearly everyone of them. Central is as businesslike as a time clock. The studio casting departments are as businesslike as an April cloud. The extra girl today is up against an awful situation between the hardness of the one and the impersonal softness of the other.

Like any other girl with Central closed to me, I could only fight the studios. Where could I start? The studios are scattered over a fifty mile radius in and about Hollywood. It takes several days to get around to them all.

I went down to breakfast plotting my course. Some ten of the Studio club girls were in make-up. They were the happy ones. The others sat silent and regarded them from beneath their lashes. Tomorrow they might get their innings.

You learn to take advantage of anything in Hollywood. I concentrated on one girl, clad in white sequins and busy eating oatmeal. I took advantage of the fact that she was on the reception committee of the club and supposed, therefore, to extend a helping hand toward new girls. I asked her, point blank, to take me to whatever studio she was going.

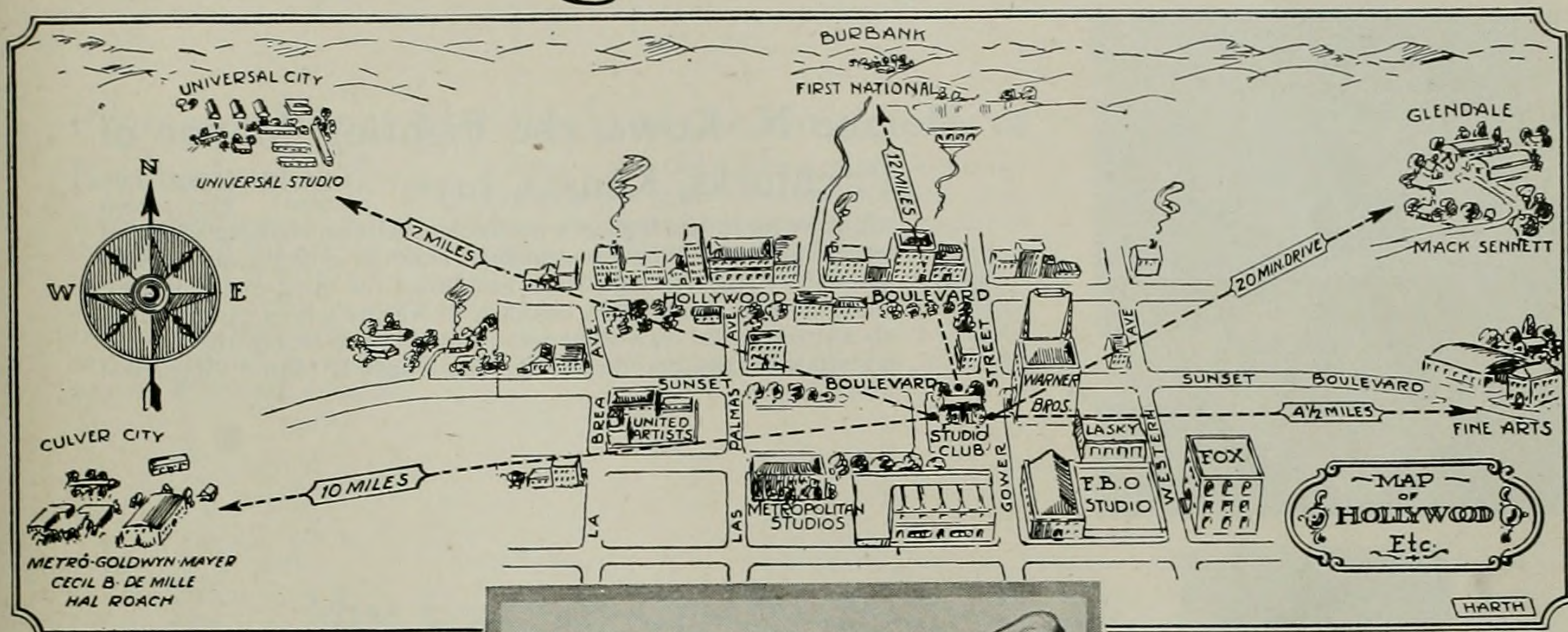
That was when I first glimpsed the Hollywood fear and distrust. I couldn't possibly have been a rival of that girl's. She was tall as I am short, fair and very beautiful. Yet I could see her figuring desperately how to get rid of me. She said she had no influence, that she was taking an eight o'clock



"Here you have me, Ruth Waterbury, as I went out to conquer the studios. I thought I looked swell. I planned to stage a couple of knockouts. But I learned mine was only the face that launched a thousand rejects"

Further Movie Adventures of a Girl Reporter

Breaking into the Movies



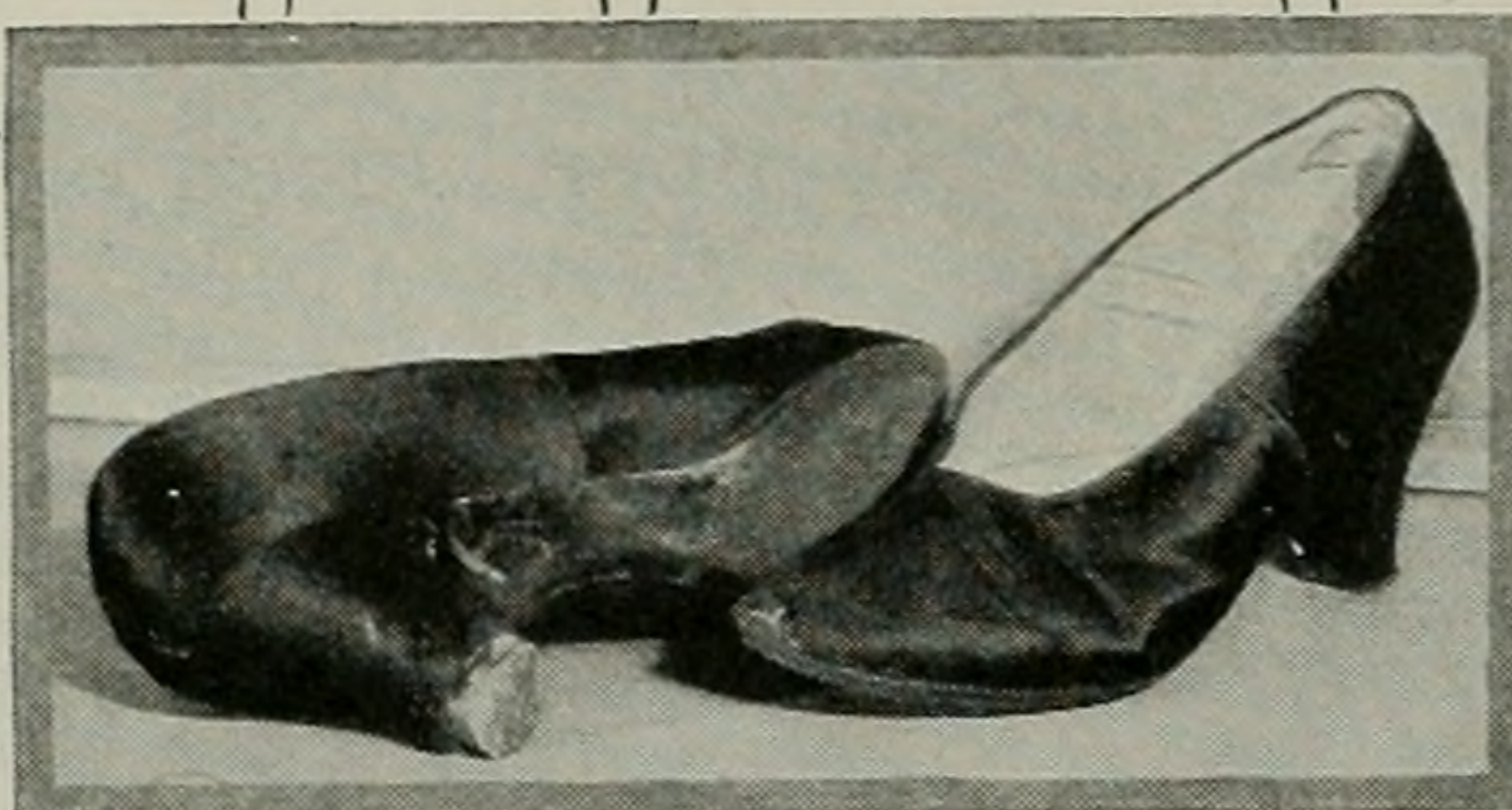
bus, that she'd show me the way to Culver City, but that she just really didn't know a soul in any studio who mattered in the least.

But I refused to be dropped, so we rushed along together toward the bus line. She caught my hand as I started to pay the round trip fare.

"Never buy the round-trip ticket," she said. "Try to pick up a ride coming back. It's risky, but it saves you twenty cents."

On such risks and economies are movie careers founded.

"I'm going to Goldwyn's," she said as we were nearing Culver City. "You get off at De Mille's. It's the nicest studio. It would be wonderful if you could get in there. I wish I could



The weary way of the Extra Girl, hiking from Studio to Studio, shown in a sketch map

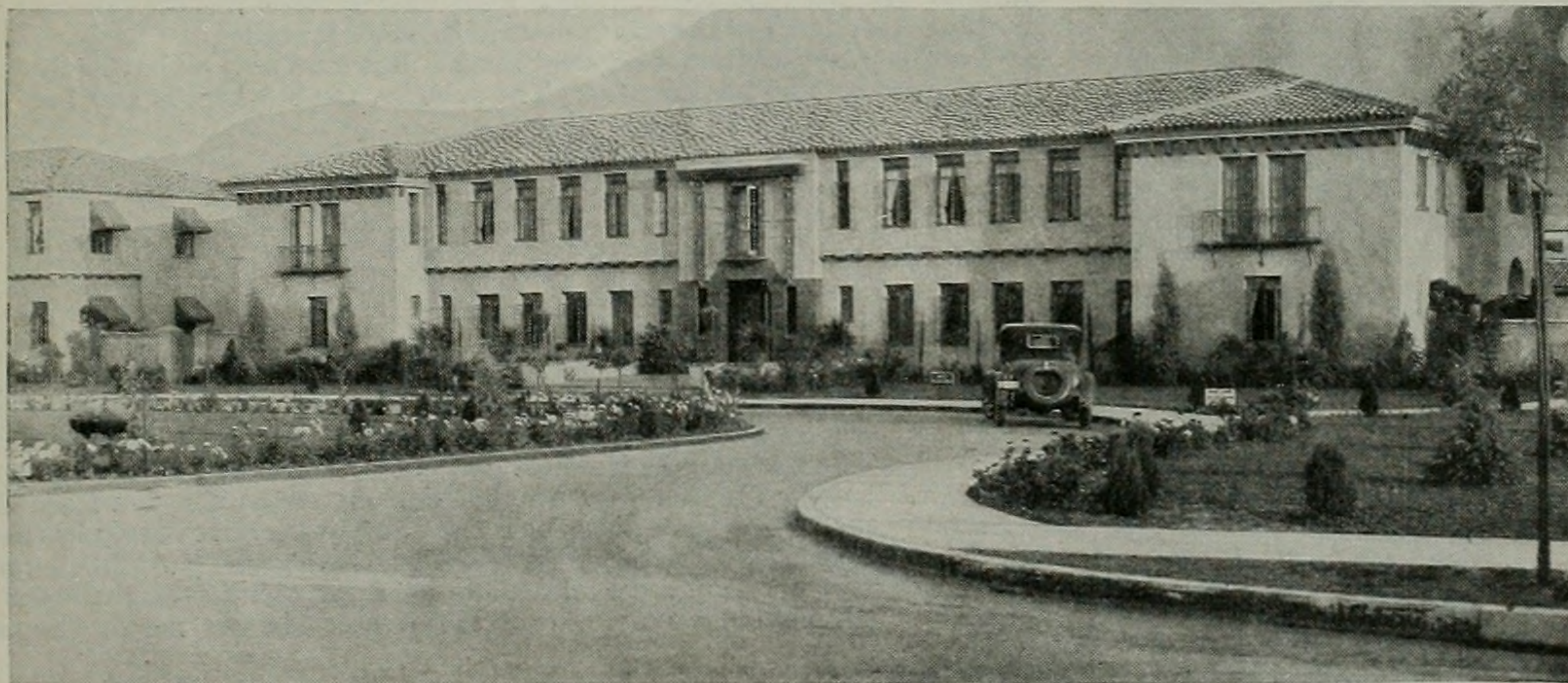
"Baby certainly needs a new pair of shoes after doing the rounds of the studios. Mine were new when I started out. I completed the circuit, as outlined. Then look at the darn things!"

help you, but you understand I can't. You get off at De Mille's. Here it is right here."

She was in such a panic of fear that I might come with her, I think she would have pushed me off that bus, if I hadn't gone voluntarily. The ghastly fear of Hollywood!

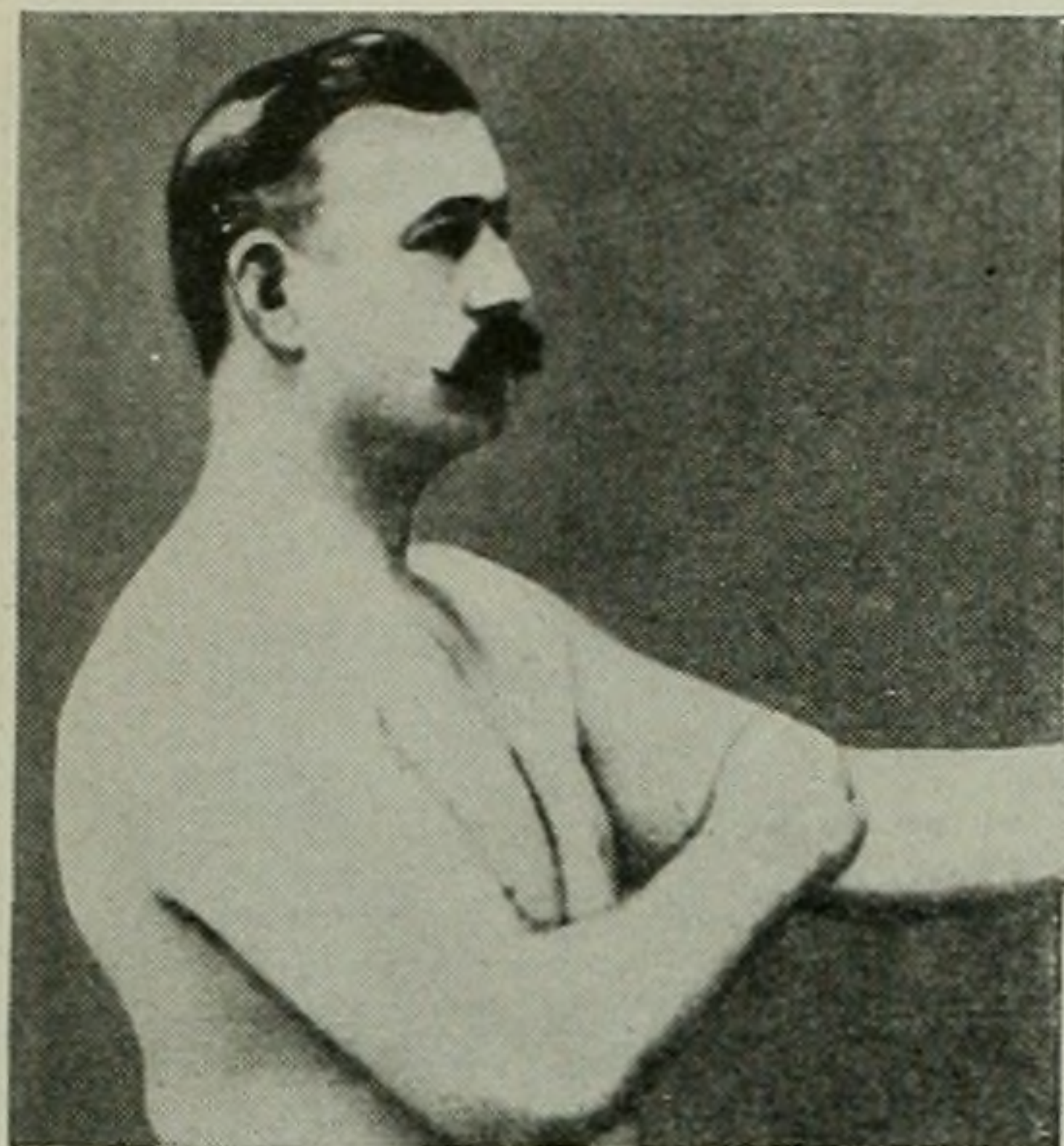
The De Mille studio is a lovely place, a great white Colonial mansion, originally built by Tom Ince, and before it a very black negro, in plum colored livery, bows low and opens the door for you.

The girl behind the information window was quarreling with some invisible person. She was, of course, a beautiful girl. Girls in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



This is the main entrance to the First National Studio, the newest and one of the most beautiful Western studios. This is the stars' doorway, but the entrance for extras—like a servants' entrance—is around the corner

Cinematic Art?—Here's



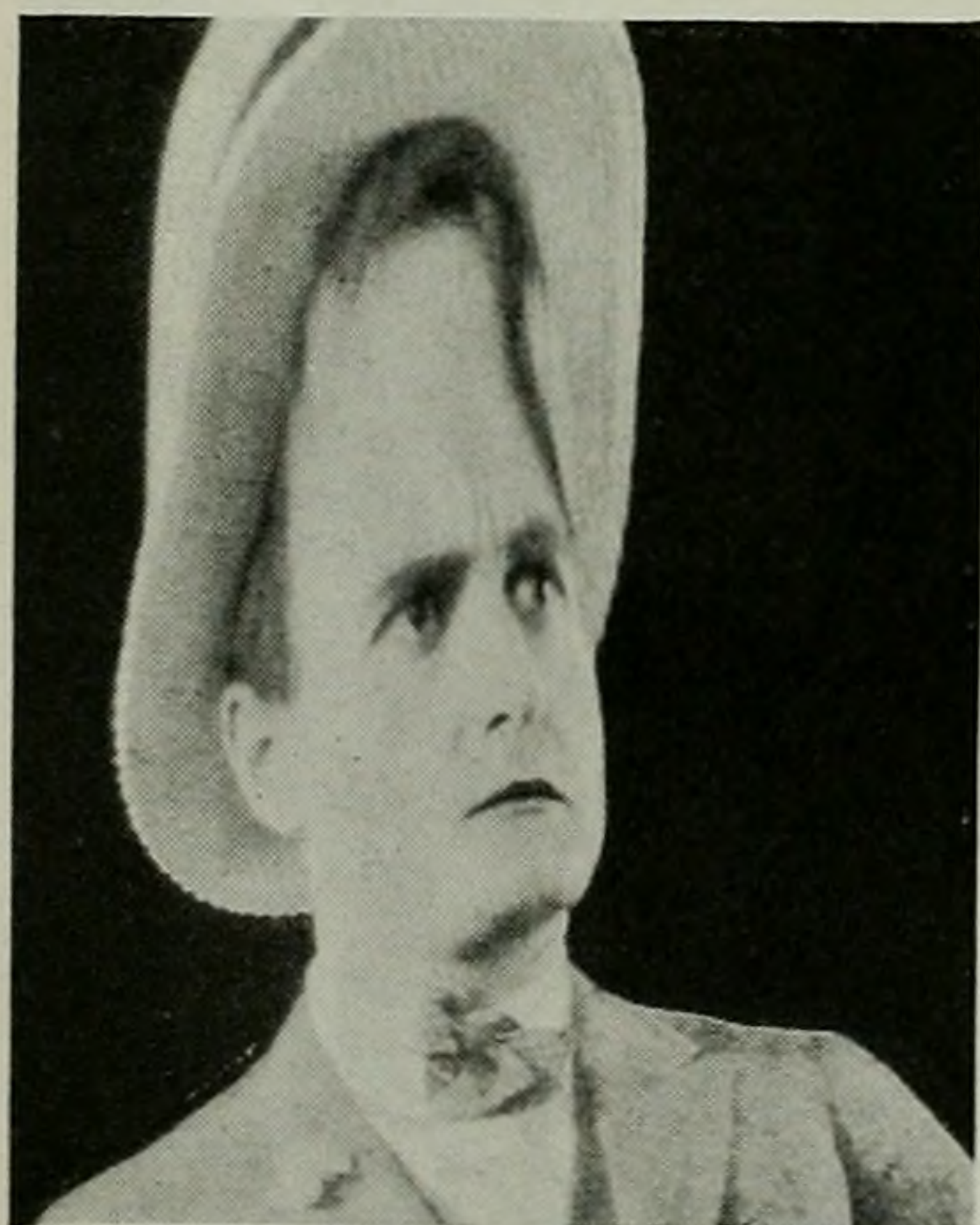
Horace N. Kows, the Fighting Mayor of Pitchforks, Kansas, says:

The future of the screen? The screen will have no future if greedy producers insist on showing scenes of men, women and even innocent little children eating meat. I have asked Mr. Hays to substitute nut bread for meat-eating scenes. Only by making our films conform to Nature's laws can we build up a strong, vital race of men and women fit to be healthy, sturdy grandfathers and grandmothers. My slogan is: More Vitamines! More Art!



Mavis, the Flapper Queen of Mortgagia,

speaks: It isn't any fun being a Queen. Sometimes I become tired of all the formality that goes with royalty and wish I had been born a movie star so that I could give all my sincerity to your Art. How different the screen might be if I had time to devote myself to it! But the King says "no," and I realize that my first duty is to my dear, wonderful people. But how I love your stars! Especially the dear, big, strong, wonderful cowboys! And how I should love to meet them!



Humbart J. Bibble, author of "Our Indigestible

Arts," writes: Only the Germans are unafraid. Only the Germans are as fearless as Barney Google. They dare simplicity. They defy the commonplace. Out of the warp and woof! woof! of this age of machinery and bad gin, they weave a *verklaerung* of camera angles. They catch the baffling bravery of the working man's Saturday night. It is this that makes for the wistful and wiry drama of such pictures as "Wienerwerkstaette," which unfortunately never has been shown in this country. Until the screen of America stops imitating the La Scala Opera Company, we cannot hope for much. But even now we have only three great Arts in this country: The subway, the stockyards and the movies.



Schuyler Highboy, noted society editor, says:

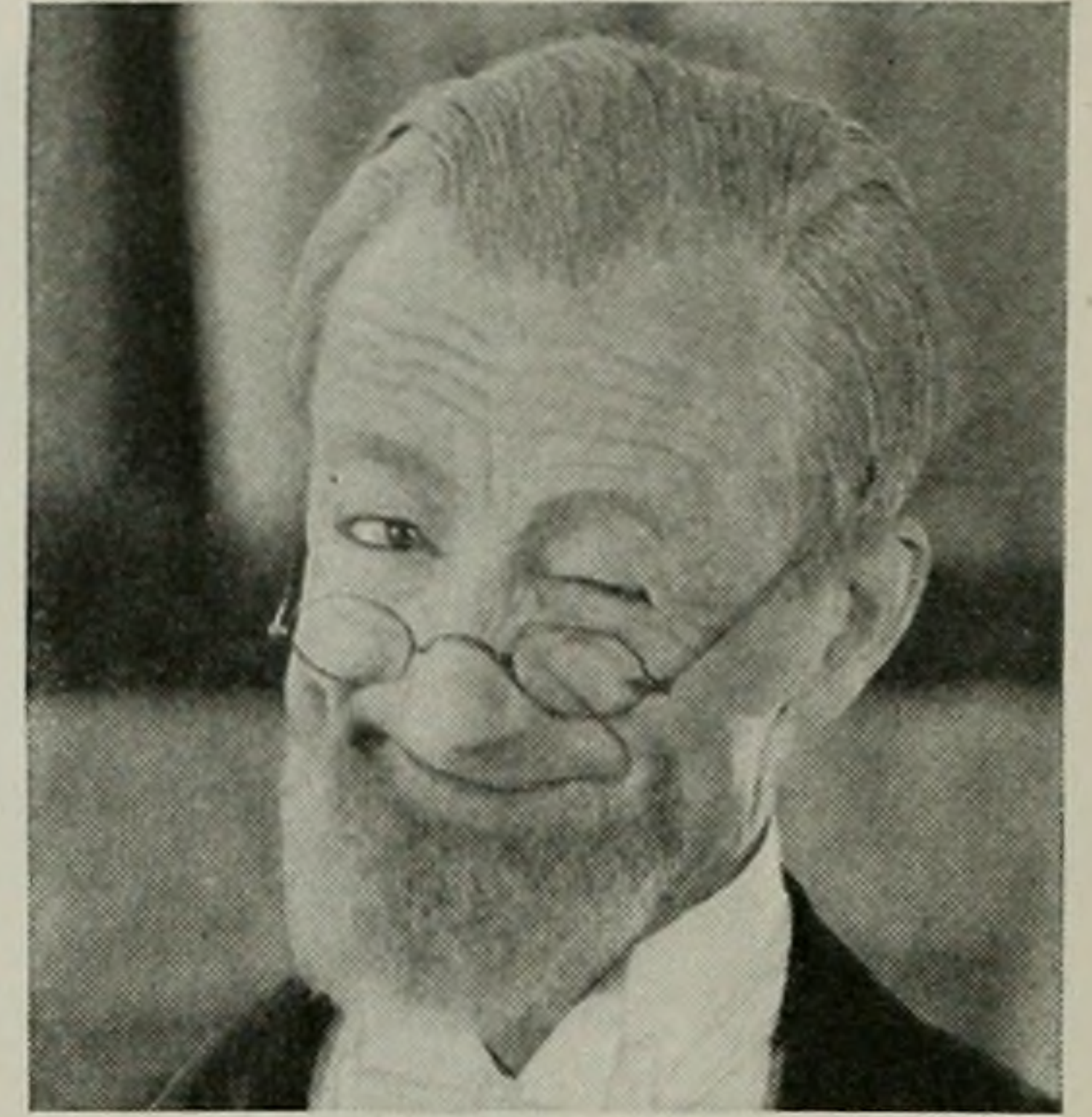
Bad taste! Bad taste! Everywhere on the screen. Simply rampant! The audiences at Newport positively *rock* with laughter at one of your society dramas. My dear movie stars, when will you learn that no really *smart* man plays polo in a cowboy suit? It simply has not been done since Ward McAllister was in kindergarten. And debutantes of the really exclusive families do *not* drink cocktails in the boxes of the diamond horseshoe. Art on the screen? Horrors, merely bad taste!

Some Hand-picked Opinions

Expert Advice—FREE!

Professor Henry Hardluck, of the University of

Beaucash, *elucidates*: A reflex action that fails to co-ordinate is not a reflex action in the strict psychological sense. When a child learns to differentiate between its ears and its mouth, it has grasped the first elemental conception of its ego as separated from its psyche. A monkey cannot do this without a complicated reasoning process which eventually obliterates or stunts its cerebral growth. This law of natural selection may be expressed by the algebraic formula: $2ab$ equals xy . Only by the strict enforcement of Mendel's Law does this become a political issue. By the way, what has become of Valeska Suratt?



Miss Gertrude Cranberry, noted club

woman, *writes*: I started a movement for little entertainments for the kiddies, but the silly, thoughtless mothers refused to co-operate. But why cannot we have more charming little film-plays about the birds and the flowers instead of revolvers and short skirts? I know that the dear kiddies long to learn more about their feathered friends, but the movie producers seem to dote on those silly Western stories. I must have a new law passed so that no one can put thoughts of any kind into the heads of our kiddies.



Oscar Rouse, President of the Pure Thoughts

League, *squeaks*: All I see on the screen is obscenity. I never go to the movies. I am too busy trying to get my new censorship law passed. The movies are driving the younger generation to the dogs. They are driving children crazy. They are driving me crazy. Let us have lots of laws and a special enforcement squad to police our movie theaters. Let us forbid men and women appearing in the same picture together. Let us send any producer who breaks this law to jail. People nowadays have too much pleasure. The movies give too much pleasure. Let's make them illegal.



George Lupp, the boy poet of Little Rock,

Arkansas, *grows lyric*: I am a man. I am a part of the hills, the valleys, the general store. I leap. I dance. I move. I flicker. The screen leaps, dances, moves and flickers. Therefore I am the screen. Came dawn. Came me. The screen is a man. The screen is a part of the hills, the valleys, the general store. Let us all go beneath the leaping, dancing, moving, flickering sun and throw rocks—little rocks and big rocks—at each other!



of Unknown Celebrities

Romance and a Hard



FROM washin' and ironin' your one and only dress up shirt and gettin' a thrill out of it, to livin' in a many-roomed mansion is several sleepin' cars jumps, and for the benefit of sich folks as have never tried it, but have got ambitions headed in that direction, I should like to rise and remark that it's sure a buckin' horse journey.

Out in Kansas, where I once served a couple of years as sheriff, they had a state motto like this, "Ad Aspera per Asper." A lawyer which once visited in my jail explains to me how that means "Through difficulties to the Stars," in English, or, translated into an ordinary white man's mode of conversation, Jordan is a mighty tough river to cross. Any gent that thinks the trail from punchin' cattle to starrin' in pictures ain't fraught with dangers too numerous to mention is strugglin' in the coils of error.

When I was a young feller punchin' cows and couldn't lay claim to a thing but the horse and saddle under me, I was a king. An' I was as full of romance as a young mockin' bird. I thought just nothin' of doin' up my one and only Sunday shirt, and ridin' twenty miles if necessary to a dance. If I come to a couple of rivers to swim, that didn't dampen my ardor for them festivities none what-

Tom Mix is going to be rec an actor one of these days. double for him on his horse first of a series to appear in will realize that he thinks

ever. I'd undress on the bank of said streams, tie my clothes in a bundle, fasten them to a pole which I held high above my head while I was swimmin' my horse across. I expect I must a looked kinda odd, cavortin' about thus in nature's rainment, but there was nobody around to see, and on the other side I'd stand on a horse blanket and get dressed up again. If the weather was around zero I'd have to sing pretty loud to encourage myself, but it would have taken as many icebergs to stop me as they've got in Alaska. Nothin' mattered so long as I got to the dance.

Returnin' home I wasn't so plumb careful about gettin' wet, because I'd usually have to bust the river wide open in order to reach home before sun-up. But I usually had a few of what poets is pleased to refer to as tender memories to keep me warm, and they'd keep me awake, too, while I was on the round-up or ridin' herd all day without havin' done any sleepin' at all.

I'm admittin' frank and free that romance in those days was mighty hard on horseflesh, but it sure throve in the breast of man. From what I have observed from an elevated point of view—havin' done most of my observin' in this world from a horse's back—I have formed the opinion that much of the real and finest kind of romance has its existence under a flannel shirt.

You can put down a bet and raise the limit that there ain't much romance left in this materialistic age. Neither does romance bud and blossom extensive under a hard-boiled shirt—unless the shirt happens to be borrowed.

There was once a mighty thrill in a dinner jacket—we used

"There was once a mighty thrill in a dinner jacket. But when you own two or three, and pay for 'em with a check your secretary has made out, romance and thrill has departed for more fertile fields"

Boiled Shirt By Tom Mix

to call 'em Tuxedos—if you had to save up your nickels and dimes to get it. But when you own two or three and pay for 'em with a check your secretary has made out, romance and thrill has departed generally for more fertile fields. They become just another suit of clothes.

Why, say, even the pride we used to get out of wearin' a new suit of clothes has departed like a maverick in the spring. An' that's on account of materialism. We live in a material age, accordin' to some of these high-foreheaded and philosophical gents who inhabit colleges and suchlike places, and expressed in easy-to-understand ranch English that just means we're too hard-boiled nowadays to get half the fun out of livin'.

With the picture business the way it is nowadays, a man has to work so hard to keep on top of the heap he don't have much time to enjoy bein' there.

Real, sure-enough, grade A romance exists out in the hills and out on the prairies where it's got breathin' room. It don't seem to have the chance of a stray yearlin' in a crowded city. Natural romance sneaks up on you unexpected. When you start out huntin' it, it's as snakey as a broncho.

Many a man hollers because he can't find a bed of roses in life, when it's an ace in the hole bet he never planted a single rose.

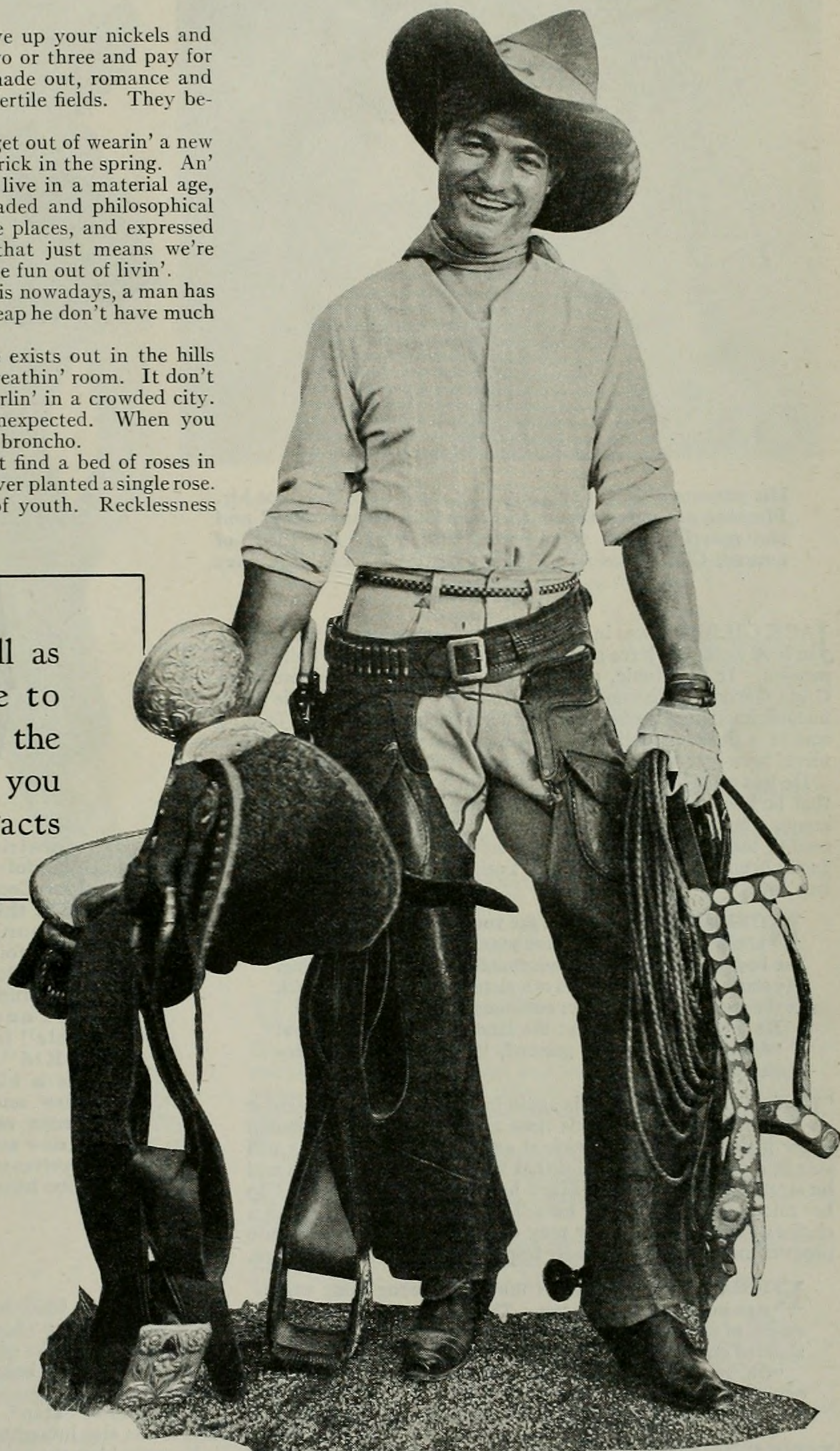
Romance is the natural expression of youth. Recklessness

ognized as a writer as well as
He doesn't need anyone to
or his typewriter. This is the
PHOTOPLAY. Read it and you
and writes as well as he acts

and romance are the joys of youth, just like cautiousness is the penalty of age, but if you're smart and cinch your attention down to it, you can hang on to a lot of your early romance.

Now there's practically no romance to speak of in a dinner served by a foreman in a swell hotel with a bunch of fox-footed waiters fillin' your glass—of water—every time you take a sip, and leanin' over to serve the fish just in the middle of your best yarn. But there's plenty of romance in eatin' lunch under a nice, shady tree with a pretty girl. An' there are still some trees in spite of the best efforts of the city authorities in Los Angeles, where they think trees are a nuisance. And I know one pretty girl who'd rather have lunch with me than any other fellow even if she has et most of her meals across from me for ten years.

There's got to be a little "sneak" to make romance any good. I once viewed a play called "Romeo and Juliet." This Romeo guy sneaked up on a porch and made love to the girl. All the women around me just about went crazy over that scene and said it was so "delicately beautiful" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



"When I was a young feller punchin' cows and couldn't lay claim to a thing but the horse and saddle under me, I was a king. An' I was full of romance. I thought nothin' of doin' up my one and only Sunday shirt, and ridin' twenty miles to a dance"

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



His parents didn't name him Victor for nothing. For Mr. Fleming actually persuaded Clara Bow to say "Yes" and the marriage will take place next year. Provided, of course, Clara does not slip out of the lovers' knot once again

JACK GILBERT was in love. And you have never seen a man in love until you have seen Jack in the throes of the delicate passion. It is a tonic, a magic potion. And all because of Greta Garbo, the lissome Lorelei from Scandinavia. She is an unconscious enchantress. She charms without knowing it. Jack was in a delirious delicious swoon, and if you don't see some torrid love scenes in "Flesh and the Devil" it won't be his fault.

He was all set to ask her to marry him, and he had intimated that he loved her. But then something happened and the romance went up in the air. All of a sudden Greta Garbo was seen in the company of her former suitor, Mauritz Stiller. And Jack abruptly departed for New York. Alas for the course of true love!

NORMAN KERRY tells of the young actor who loved his bottle too well and not too wisely. After each picture the boy went on a terrible toot that left his nerves jangling. He started on one at the end of a picture and was called back to the studio for re-takes, or additional scenes.

He presented himself at the studio, a young St. Vitus: "All right, folks," he grinned, "I'm ready for the re-shakes."

THE old, reliable rumor is again in the air. You've heard it hundreds of times. This time a lot of people who should know insist that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will star in a picture together and that work on the production will be started any day now. Mary hasn't been able to make up her mind about a story for herself and Doug can't decide on a choice of vehicles. So they may discard all plans for separate productions and combine their respective staffs on one picture.

RICHARD DIX tells about the sweet young thing who was interviewing an actor. They were going from the studio to a restaurant for lunch. It was raining. The taxi skidded and threw the young lady into ecstasy.

"Oh, goody! We're going to have a wreck! I just love wrecks!"

The actor looked dourly at her: "Have you seen my wife?"

HOLLYWOOD is whispering that the engagement between Bebe Daniels and Charles Paddock is off. That's because they haven't seen Charlie and Bebe together in Hollywood or on the beach lately.

Probably they don't know Paddock is making a swing of the Key cities of the United States on a lecture tour.

Bebe tells me the engagement is just as much on as ever.



Our coming matinee idol—Mr. John Cogan. Will this manly young fellow ever forgive the critics who called him "sweet and adorable" in "The Kid"? Jack is a big boy now and he merits an entire new set of adjectives to describe him

WITH true Griffith luck, the director got the blame for all the faults of "Sorrows of Satan" and little of the credit for the good qualities of the picture. Griffith seems to have the unhappy faculty of bringing fame to others and blame to himself.

"Sorrows of Satan" has made Ricardo Cortez as an actor and it has also brought new prestige to Carol Dempster. But it has only been the source of a lot of grief to Griffith.

WELL, all is over between D. W. Griffith and Famous Players-Lasky. Henceforth, Griffith will probably make pictures for Universal. There has been a lot of talk about this artistic divorce but it all sums up to this: Famous Players-Lasky was dissatisfied with "Sorrows of Satan" and Griffith

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York

Irish luck plus an unquenchable spirit of youth have landed Sally O'Neil up among the featured players. Sally's frank wit is the terror and delight of the studio. She is now playing in "The Mysterious Island," a Jules Verne fantasy



A strictly modern picture of a bride and groom. The only thing that is missing is the boxing gloves. Guess who is the boss in the King Vidor-Eleanor Boardman household. Anyway, Eleanor is old-fashioned enough to wear a ring, even though you can't see it here

As for Carol Dempster, they say that Famous Players-Lasky wants to sign her up as a star. Under Griffith's training, she has developed into a fine actress and—what is more to the point—an actress with real drawing power. There is irony in the fact that Famous Players wants Miss Dempster but can't see Griffith.

BILL HART, JR., was being interviewed on his fourth birthday.

"What do you want for your birthday?" queried the reporter.

"A birthday cake with candles," replied Bill.

"And what kind of cake?"

"Oh, I'll take a deviled egg sandwich with frosting."

Looks as if little Bill would develop into a culinary artist instead of a celebrated two-gun Western artist like dad.

WONDER how Sam Goldwyn happened to let Gary Cooper, the *Abe Lee* of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," slip through his fingers. His several vivid scenes in the picture would be a good recommendation for a contract, it seems to me. Paramount thought so, because they have signed the young Montana lad and he has already played small parts in "Wings" and "It."

Gary is one of the two sons of Judge Cooper of Helena, Montana, and has spent practically all of his twenty-two years on his dad's ranch. He is a tall, lanky, likable Western boy. He went to college at Grinnell.

Goldwyn passed up Cooper and Paramount nabbed him; Paramount passed up Ralph Forbes, the *John* of "Beau Geste," and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got him. So it goes.

GARDNER JAMES and Marion Constance Blackton, daughter of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, picture pioneer, are to be married Christmas Day. Which settles definitely any rumor that Renee Adoree had stolen Gardner's affections from Marion Blackton, who is a clever young scenario writer.

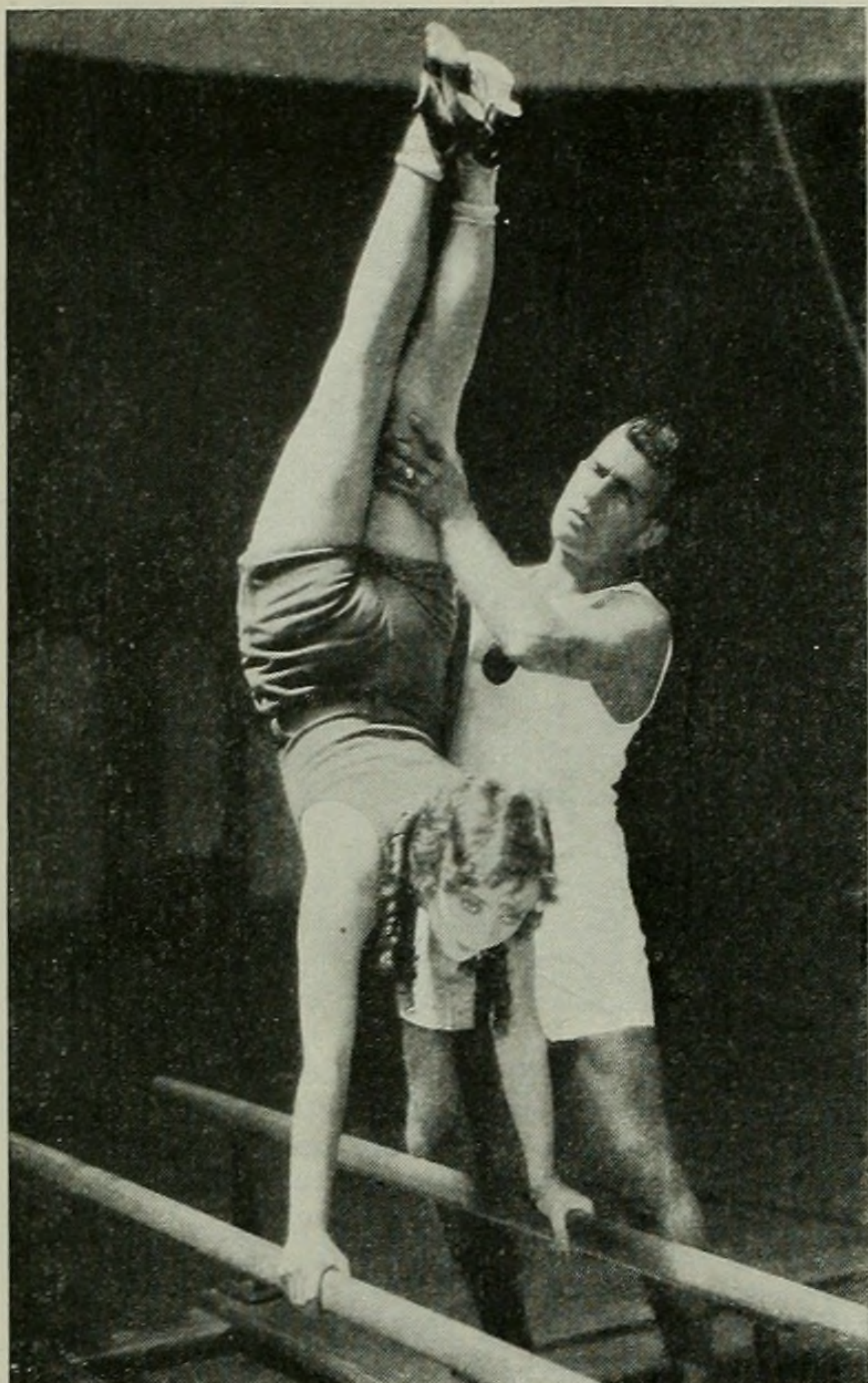
After stealing most of the pictures in which he has been cast, Gardner was signed to an Inspiration contract to replace Dick Barthelmess, who signed with First National. Three years ago he landed as a stoker at San Pedro, a harbor town near Hollywood. He was flat-broke but ambitious. Adverse circumstances didn't keep him down. He's one of the good bets of 1927.

didn't like studio routine. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks and Griffith had been his own boss for so long that he couldn't adapt himself to new conditions.

Everyone hopes that Griffith will make a big "come back." He is a truly charming man and the industry will always be in his debt.

And everyone wants to see him get his just dues.

GRIFFITH'S first film for Universal probably will be Edna Ferber's story, "Show Boat." Here is a gorgeous, romantic tale that is right up Griffith's street and it will be a great contrast to the inanities of Marie Corelli. Mary Philbin will be the star and Mary is exactly the sort of star that Griffith should direct.



This exercise fad has the girls all upset. It has literally stood Hollywood on its head. Jobyna Ralston works daily at the Hollywood Athletic Club, keeping that school girl figure. Harry Pierson is her trainer

JOHN ROBERTSON and Josephine Lovett are now cutting and titling "Annie Laurie."

The picture probably will be held for special release and Lillian Gish will begin work soon, under the direction of Clarence Brown.

The Robertsons have bought a home in Beverly Hills. They had planned to make another picture with Miss Gish; but Metro-Goldwyn wants Mr. Robertson to make a special production, as it is too prodigal to keep a star player and a star director on one picture. As for Mr. Robertson, he was one of the few American directors who was using "camera angles" when the UFA technicians were still making all their pictures in long-shots.

CREIGHTON HALE got an extra hour's sleep two mornings straight by being a clever young chap.

Creighton was working on "Annie Laurie" and suggested to Director John Robertson that the Dark Canyon Hills, in which Hale lives, would pass nicely for Scottish Highlands.

After looking them over, Robertson agreed and Hale found the company working in his own back yard. Hence the extra hour's sleep.

AN eight pound baby boy was Lloyd Hughes' birthday present from his wife, Gloria Hope Hughes, and they were both so excited over the arrival that they forgot to choose a name. I shouldn't be surprised if they would call him Lloyd Hughes, Jr., which is as fine a name as I can think of for the first man-child of the Hughes family.

PIECE by piece to his fans and friends, Rudolph Valentino's prize belongings will be auctioned off at "Falcon's Lair," his Beverly Hills home which he loved so dearly. His eight horses,



Panoramic view of Emil Jannings' first meal in an American studio. He will have to get used to ham sandwiches and coffee. On this side of the picture we have William Le Baron, Mrs. Jannings, and, above, Skeets Gallagher and Ricardo Cortez

books from his library, several foreign cars, works of art, curios, tapestries and jewelry will go under the auctioneer's mallet. Even his personal wardrobe is to be sold, and some of his famous studio costumes.

A CERTAIN Hollywood actor has a new house of which he is very proud. So he had some moving pictures taken of the home and the garden. And he showed the film one night to his friends in his private projection room. The introductory title to an opening long-shot of the house read: "Shack in desert where Aimee Semple McPherson was held prisoner."

Yes, he titled the picture himself.

MAY ALLISON, who has just completed two pictures for Fox company, "The City," and "One Increasing Purpose," was married at Santa Barbara last month to James R. Quirk, Editor and Publisher of PHOTOPLAY.

I HOPE Hollywood won't spoil Emil Jannings. I hope that he will never "get that way." The big German actor delighted New York with his simplicity and with his child-like joy in seeing the sights. Nobody had to "entertain" Jannings. He amused himself—and in the strangest ways.

For instance, he spent fifteen minutes before a display window on Broadway, watching three Italian cobblers repair shoes by modern machine methods.

It was hard to lure him into business conferences, because of his immense curiosity about New York. And it took him two hours to eat his meals. Jannings didn't like hotel food and so he ate in a *table d'hôte* restaurant where dishes were put before him in an unending array. After every meal, he announced simply, in English, "I am happy."

JANNINGS saw three plays in New York—"An American Tragedy," "Lulu Belle," and "Broadway." He liked them all. And he especially admired Lenore Ulric. The rest of his evenings were spent at prize-fights, which he loves. He was delighted to find out that there are good prize-fights in Hollywood. He also visited the Harlem cabarets and he wanted to go to Chinatown. But he had such a lurid, melodramatic picture of Chinatown that no one wanted to disillusion him by showing him the drab dullness of Mott, Pell and Doyers streets.

Once, while motoring on Fifth Avenue, he suddenly leaped



And on this side of the picture, we see Mr. Jannings drinking a toast to Estelle Taylor. (It's only coffee.) And Miss Taylor responds with a glass of milk. The amused and interested onlookers are William Powell, Luther Reed and Lester Scharff

from the car, dashed into an automobile showroom and returned with the announcement that he had purchased two expensive cars. Mrs. Jannings was revived by friends.

Although they say that every man likes to visit his birthplace, Jannings never once expressed a wish to go to Brooklyn.

OVERHEARD in the projection room, where Dorothy Gish was looking at some of the "rushes" on Sister Lillian's latest picture, "Annie Laurie."

The "rushes" showed Lillian as *Annie Laurie* climbing the rocky crags of the highlands to tear down the torch or beacon which was set to call all of the Scot Clans to war.

It was a thrilling scene. When it was over:

"Sister certainly brought home 'de beacon,'" murmured Dorothy. Then they put her out of the projection room.

WHEN Ronald Colman heard that Florence Vidor was coming from New York on Sunday, he told Vilma Banky, and she told George Barnes, the cameraman, on "A Night of Love," and they decided to frame a joke on George Fitzmaurice, who is engaged to Florence.

Sunday morning Ronald approached Fitzmaurice and with mock solemnity said: "I understand we are behind schedule, Fitz, and you know how I hate to work on Sundays, but for your sake I'll be glad to work tomorrow." Fitz thanked him.

Then Vilma approached: "Mr. Feetzmaurice, I do not like to vork on Sundays, but becuss ve are so behind time, I will be glad to vork Sunday." Fitz thanked her.

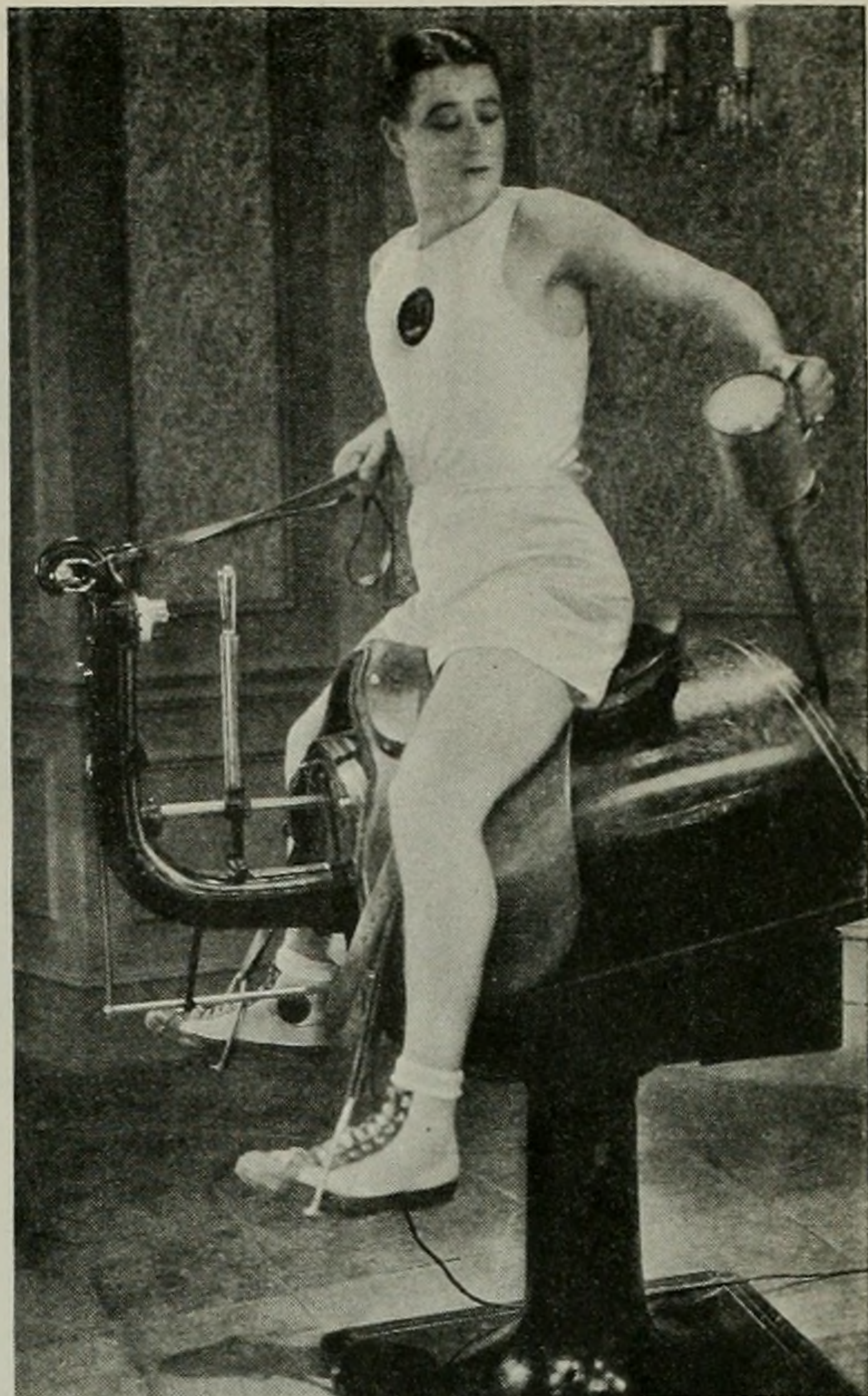
Up came George Barnes, the cameraman: "Mr. Fitzmaurice, my gang hates to work on Sunday, but they are all willing to work for you tomorrow to catch up to schedule." Fitz thanked him.

But the joke was on them, for Fitz called their bluff and they worked until twelve noon the next day, when Fitz knocked off to go to meet Florence.

I CALLED the First National studio to reach Colleen Moore's press agent. All I got was a terrible grating sound, a buzz, a violent clacking and then silence. Reaching him an hour later I roundly cursed the switchboard operator.

"Oh that must have been Colleen gumming up the service," said her p. a. "She spends her noon hours at the board practicing for her next picture."

Colleen's newest film, "Orchids and Ermine," is about a switchboard operator in a big hotel who gets famous.



Horses! Horses! Horses! After "The Better 'Ole," Syd Chaplin is crazy over horses, horses, horses. But these Tin Lizzie animals must have their oil. Old Dobbin is fully equipped with a gear shift and a self-starter

POLA NEGRI is going to play *Becky Sharp* in a new screen version of "Vanity Fair." I am glad that Thackeray's novel is to be done again, because *Becky* is a most modern heroine. But I had always hoped that Gloria Swanson would play *Becky*. Not that I am trying to stir up the old Gloria-Pola feud, which has been laid away so quietly, but it seems to me that Gloria is a better Anglo-Saxon type than Pola.

THE foreign invasion continues. Emil Jannings had hardly set foot on American soil until Richard A. Rowland, general manager of First National, was back home with the contracts of two other UFA personages. Rowland signed Alexander Corda, director, and his wife, Maria Corda, European film star.

And then Universal signed Conrad Veidt, the German actor imported by John Barrymore. He will first appear in Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs."

JACK GILBERT is going in the bootlegging and hijacking game. Don't get me wrong. He's not going to defy Mr. Volstead, but will star in "Twelve Miles Out," William Anthony McQuire's melodrama of bootlegging and hijacking. The rights have been bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Jack Conway has been selected to direct.

PAT O'MALLEY always smokes a villainous-looking pipe when he drives his wife's big limousine. And there's a reason. "Someone mistook me for the chauffeur once," explains Pat.

WHEN is temperament not temperament? When is a star justified in kicking about the sort of story offered to her? Two instances of "temperament" have come up in West Coast studios recently. Greta Garbo [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

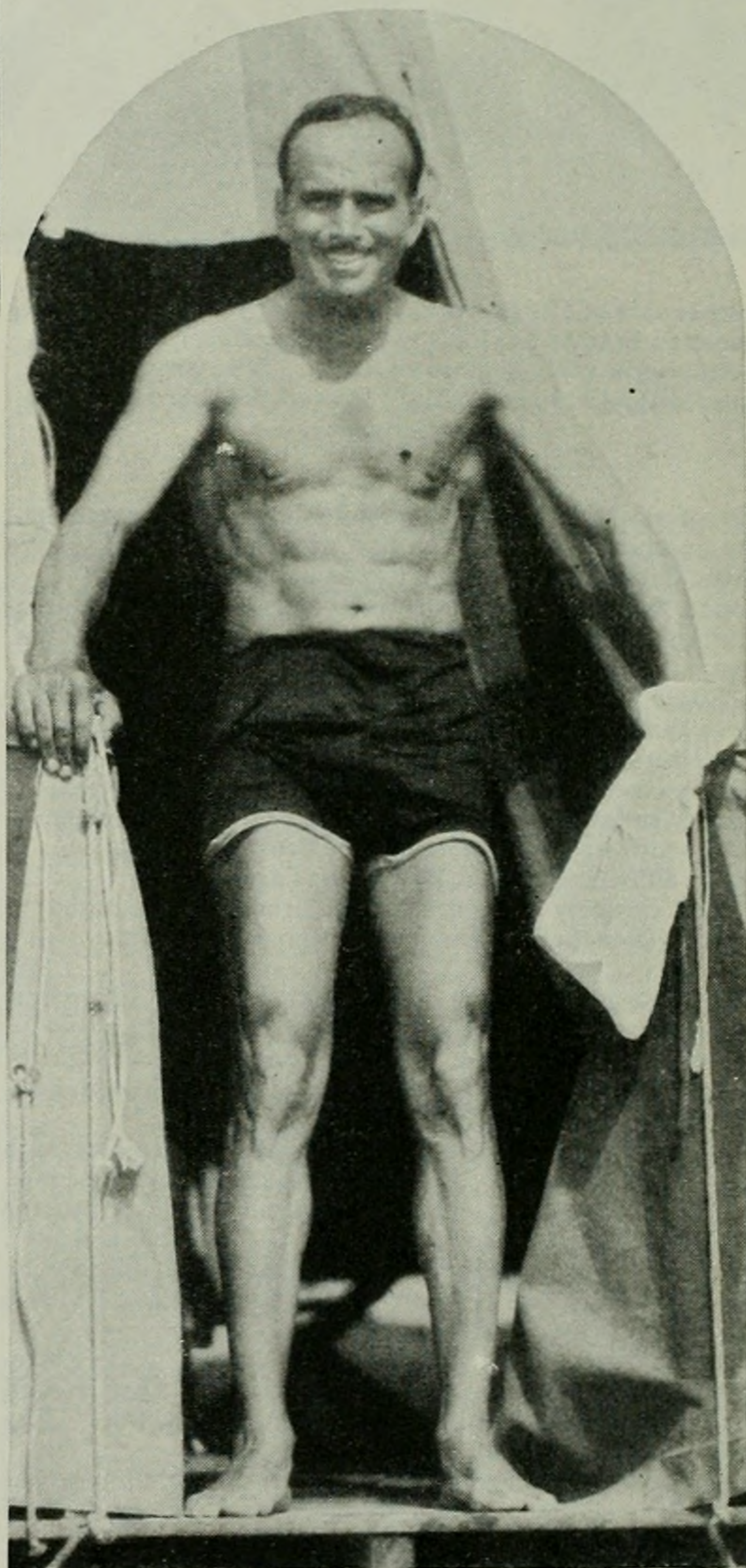
Camp Fairford on the Pacific



In a secluded cove at Leguna, California, inaccessible even to automobiles, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks hide away to talk stories and enjoy a little privacy after their strenuous European "vacation." Here the famous stars spend their week-ends, far from the maddening studio



Good Morning! Miss Pickford, ready for her early morning dip in the Pacific at Camp Fairford



Keeping in trim! Doug finds time for athletic exercise almost every minute of the day. His tent entrance makes an ideal horizontal bar

Amazing April

By
Faith Baldwin



There April sat, in a great, high carven chair, her pale head a flower against the dark background . . . and after a moment or two of banalities she spoke, her long hands held hard in her lap—

"I think," she said with the austerity of a nun, "I think you come here too much."

Illustrated by
Connie Hicks

WHEN, some twenty-four years ago, black-eyed Cherry Carter stood at the altar of St. Thomas' in her ivory draperies, her gorgeous red head just reaching Jack Masters' shoulder, everyone in the overcrowded church agreed that a handsomer couple had never set foot in the sacred and fashionable edifice. "Well-mated" was the general verdict and that not in good looks alone. They were, in a way, a little overwhelming, possessing separately and together youth, money, social standing, charm and beauty. Likewise education. It really didn't seem fair! The envious and less endowed among the spectators mentioned that Cherry and Jack had other traits in common, unquenchable gaiety, for instance—or downright frivolity, if you wish to put it more plainly. "As light-headed a pair as ever I saw!" commented one dowager tartly, as she propelled her obese, bugle-bestrewn bulk out of the church into the whimsical spring sunshine. "That marriage won't last!" she said grimly, with her best pug-dog expression, and then added, with what was almost indelicacy a quarter of a century ago, "God help their children!" With which she climbed painfully into a Victoria and drove off.

She was, perhaps, the only person to utter such a comment in public. But there were whispers behind fans and teacups and many speculations. Even a bet or two, good odds, at a certain club. For surely, Cherry Carter and Jack Masters had

never had a serious thought between them, nor yet a serious purpose. They were a pair of superb butterflies, sunning golden wings and floating airily about enchanted gardens. And they were, at one and the same time, the scandal and pride of the circle in which they fluttered by right of birth.

Cherry wore the lowest gowns! Jack ordered his clothes from London! Cherry had more than once displayed a delicious ankle! And it was certain that her dancing in sedate ballrooms was—well—almost professional. One did not do these things at the turn of the century—or at least—not openly.

And then—Jack and his reputation! In those dear old days a young man spelled his past with a capital and purple P. Jack had been seen at stage doors, in greenrooms. He had an apartment! And that, when his family lived in a gloomy brown stone house on Madison Avenue, with plenty of room in it. In Jack's apartment parties were given. There was wine—and smoke—and perhaps other stimulants. Oh, he was a very gay dog, was Masters, and as handsome a one as ever bolted from the family kennels. Black hair for Cherry's red, blue eyes to contrast with her great, soft black ones, and the figure of a matinee idol. To see them riding through the Park of an early morning was a wonder and a joy.

When they began these rides together tongues clacked

*How April solved the giddy problem of a modern girl
with mad, gay parents*

"Oh!" said April.

Young Andrews rose, still with grace and not at all abashed. Cherry, who had just opened her mouth to say that she thought he was a dear only he mustn't be silly because that would spoil things, sat quite still and never turned a red hair. "April, my darling," she said, "why didn't you phone for a car?"

busily. Everyone had hoped that Jack would settle down—"that nice little Morgan girl" for example. But when he showed signs of settling down with Cherry Carter the affair took on a dangerous complexion. No man on earth could "settle down" with Cherry! Jack had, it appeared, planned to spend the rest of his life with a girl who was like a glass of champagne, moonlight in Venice, Circe, Helen, Cleopatra! The divers opinions of the mob, culled at random. No settling down here; and finally, "Heaven help the next generation!" All New York—such as mattered—waited breathlessly for Cherry to produce a daughter who would go on the stage, a son who would rob a bank from sheer love of adventure or—worst scandal of all—neither son nor daughter at all.

People married early in those dimming days. Cherry was nineteen and Jack was twenty-two. After a year in Europe they betook themselves to Jack's new place in Westchester and with half a dozen horses, twice as many dogs, three Persian cats and a car-load of servants they set about the business of enjoying life, appearing weekly in town for opera or ball or play, staying at the Waldorf, haunting day-time shops together and showing no signs of settling, one way or the other.

They had been born before their time, these two. And they loved one another gloriously. People didn't seem to realize that, or if they did they were discreetly silent about it—passion and marriage were considered so incompatible.

When they had been married almost three years the baby was born. Before its arrival New York was more shocked than ever. They—the prospective parents—talked about it! Actually! To everyone! Cherry, in town on a shopping trip, would rush up to the merest acquaintance and exclaim in that curious, throaty voice of hers, as sweet as a hoarse little thrush, "Oh! did you hear? I'm going to have a baby! Isn't it wonderful?" To which the listener would gasp polite assent and hurry home to tell the family that, really, Cherry Masters had no sense of the decencies whatever! (Poor Cherry, who dared to be natural and happy!)

And Jack was just as bad at his nine clubs or back at Yale for a reunion.

Alarming enough for New York to be confided in wholesale. But if it only could have heard Cherry and Jack before the great log fires that fall and winter, up in the Pocantico Hills.

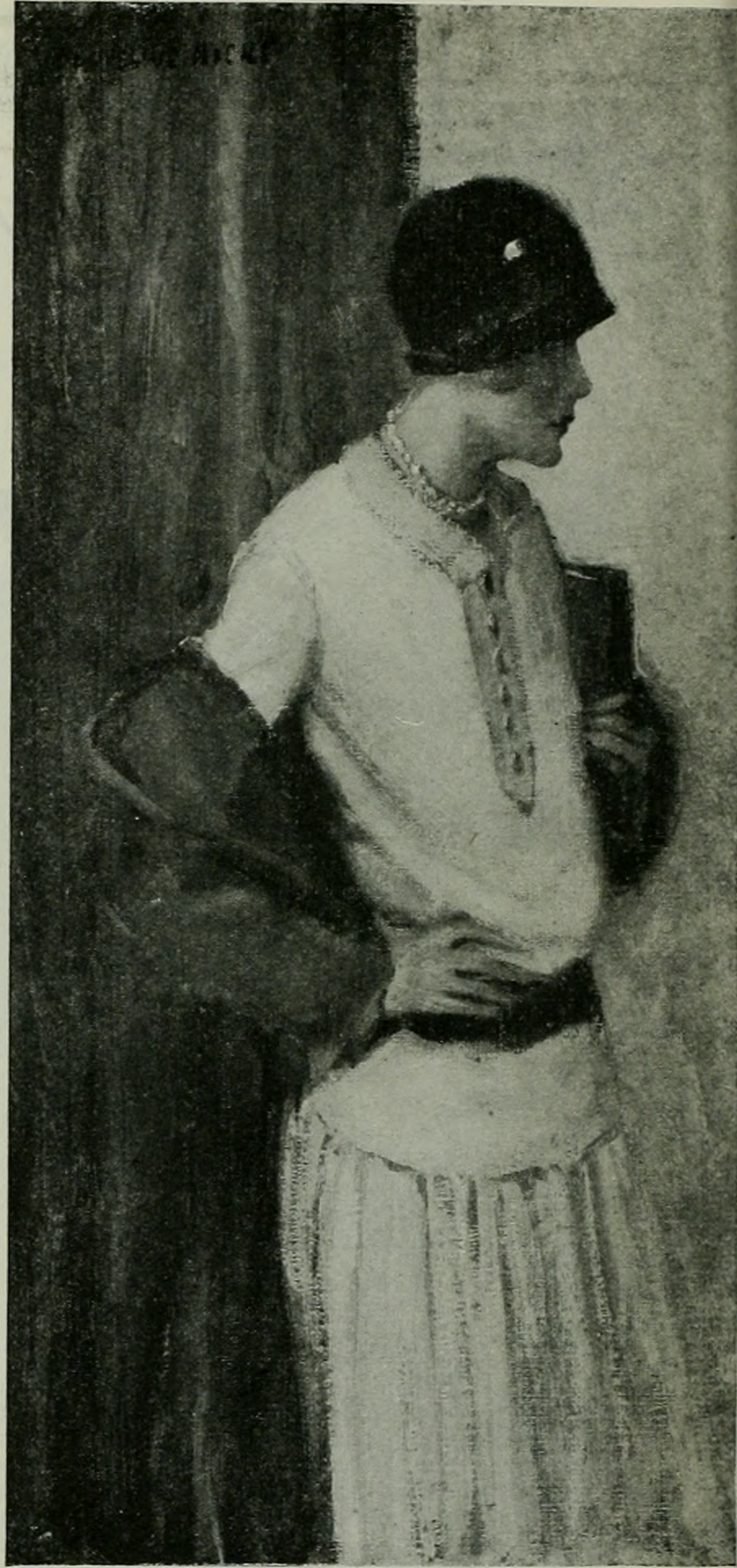
"If it's a boy," she said, dreamily, "and of course it *must* be a boy—he shall be a little mad—like us, darling—and a very little wicked. He'll come home for vacations, with an opera hat on the back of his head and a stick in his hand and his eyes shining—at about four in the morning. And when I scold him he'll laugh and kiss me twice and tell me that it doesn't matter. And it won't, not really. And if he falls in love with a chorus girl we'll be nice to her and have her out weekends and you shall flirt with her, yourself—she won't look at him when his father's around—and then he'll get tired and marry some nice girl I've picked out for him by then. Not *too* nice, that would be deadly!" said Cherry, wisely.

And so they planned their baby. A gay baby, a bad baby, an impish, elfin small boy, a debonair, generous lad with lots of faults and lots of the most precious virtues—and charm—tremendous charm.

"For," said Cherry, "he's got to keep us young. And we'll stay young, keeping up with him! Oh—" sliding from the armchair to her husband's feet, winding white arms about his knees and looking up at him, a little sorrowfully, a little anxiously, "Oh, let's never grow old, Jack darling—*never!*"

Then the baby arrived, in April, and it seemed for a little while that Cherry would have her wish—that she would never grow old, but would slip away from the arms that held her, would be deaf to the anguished voice that commanded her to stay—and be young—and be lost—forever.

Dark hours for Jack Masters. No one saw him but the doctors and nurses. He said very little, but he looked like a man in hell.



However, youth is youth, and Cherry's little body was strong and she had a great love of life. She fought and she won and when it was all over and the danger was past they told her that her two day old baby was a beautiful little girl and that if she were very good she might see her husband for a moment.

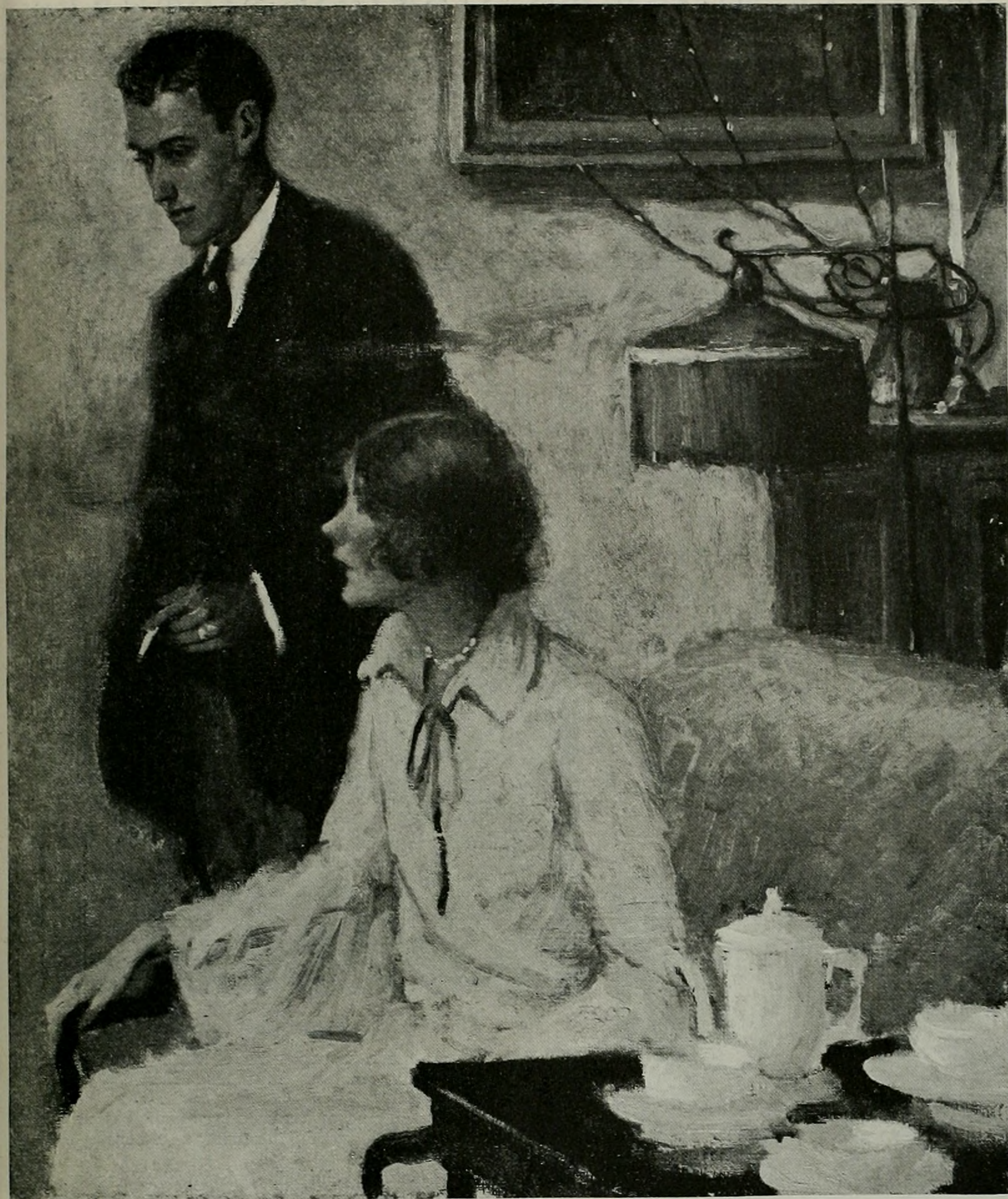
Jack came into the room, his own room, for people didn't go to hospitals in those days, and when he saw her he wanted terribly to put his head down on that tired, white shoulder and cry—but he didn't—he laughed, just a little, instead, and said, "Well, fooled again—it's a girl, you know."

But he'd kissed her before he'd spoken and she knew—she knew.

"Upsetting, a little, wasn't it?" she said, weakly, with a flash of the old gaiety. "After all our plans—never mind—next time—"

But later they had to tell her there would be no next time, not ever.

Naming the baby was difficult. They'd been so sure of Junior. But when Cherry was able to sit up and pour tea and



wear her most fascinating negligee and look over from the big sofa to the beribboned bassinette, she began, with her native adaptability, to plan for the girl a little as she'd planned for the boy.

"I'd like a name," she said, "with laughter in it and sunshine and perhaps a tear or two to make her interesting. April? We'll call her April—do you like that, dearest?"

Jack, worshiping beside her, nodded. Had she elected to name the child February he would have been just as cheerful. New York, however, hearing, remarked, "Poor child—that outlandish name as a handicap—how very like Cherry!"

Now Cherry's name was really Carolyn, but almost everyone had forgotten that, including her godmothers and godfathers in baptism.

April was a good baby, she rarely cried or fretted, she lay for hours in the bassinette and regarded the ceiling. Cherry, well again, found this a little nerve.

"Can't be ours!" she announced firmly. "Is it really? It's not possible. Ours should yell—all the time—out of sheer

deviltry. And this little thing never opens her mouth except at meal time."

Oddly enough, April was very blonde. She had the fair hair of her father's mother, Jack's blue eyes, a rose leaf skin and a really beautiful baby body.

"She'll be a wonder!" said Jack, looking at her as she sedately received her tubbing at the hands of her nurse. "She'll break hearts!"

He spoke out of a profound wisdom. He had made a study of beauty in his time, he recognized it even when it was eight months old.

The nurse was a little shocked, but Cherry was pleased.

"Oh, do you think so, truly?" And she began to plan at once.

"She'll be an outrageous flirt," Cherry told Jack, in private. "And a little inclined to kick over the traces—oh, very *small* traces," she added hastily, "so you needn't raise your funny eyebrows! And when she's seventeen we'll have six dozen nice boys on our doorstep all [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



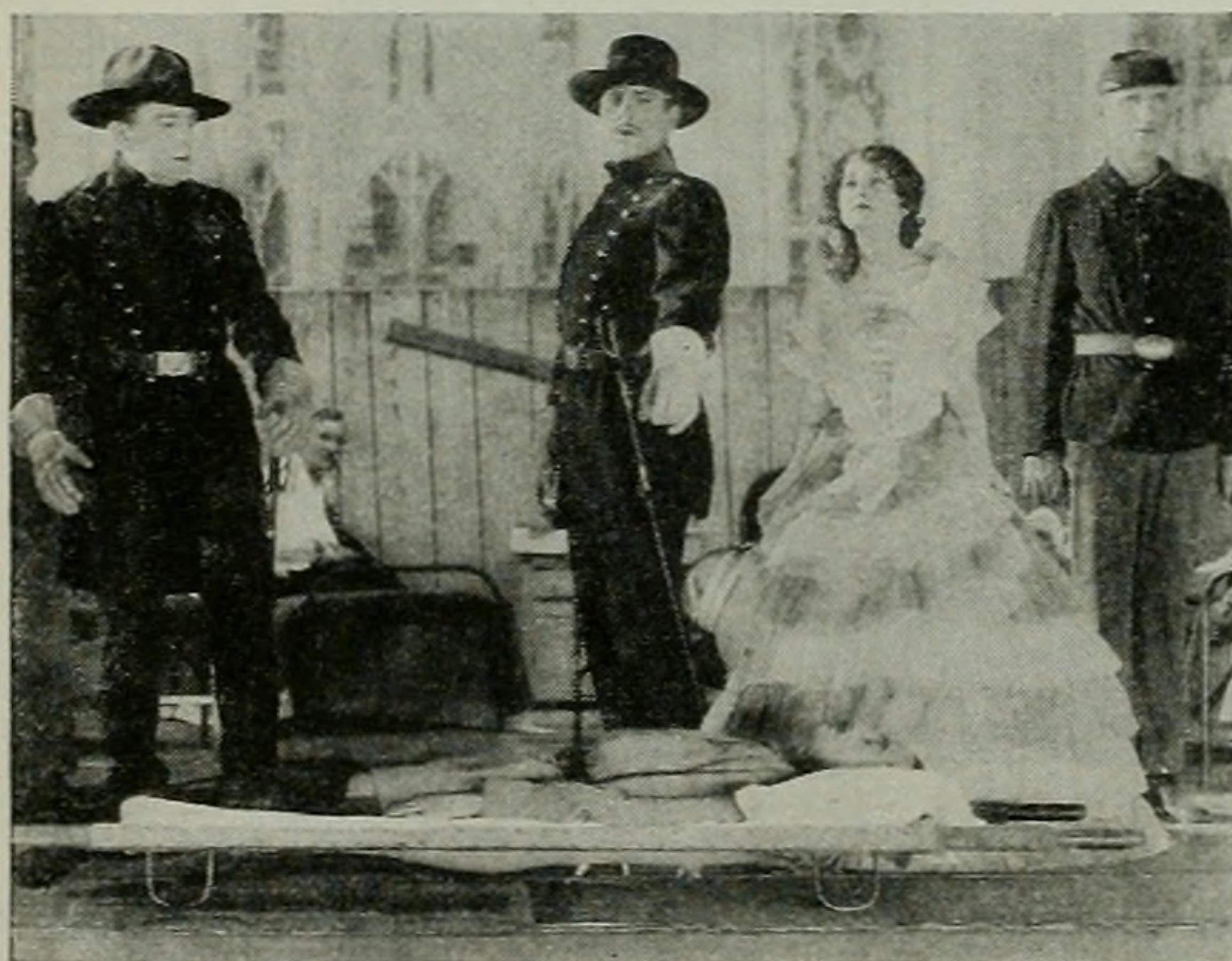
THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—Fox

AS lovely in its blending moods as an April day is "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Can the dead commune with the living? That *Peter Grimm* argues constantly. *Peter* is an old Dutch nurseryman, raising flowers and his adopted children, *William*, the little boy, whose father is unknown; orphan *Katie*, and *Jimmy Hartman*. *Katie* and *Jimmy* are in love, but *Peter* begs *Katie* to marry *Frederick*, his nephew. She agrees.

Then *Peter* dies. Little *William* falls ill. *Katie* plans to fulfill her promise. Then *Peter* returns, a gray shadow in the house where he once lived. Since death he knows *Frederick* is the betrayer of *William's* mother. Happiness follows.

The cast is excellent, with Janet Gaynor giving the outstanding performance.



EVERYBODY'S ACTING—Paramount

GOOD news! Mickey Neilan's back at his old tricks. Mickey's put laughter, sentiment, pathos and marvelous gags in this flicker he both wrote and directed.

Gaze on these names—Betty Bronson, Henry Walthall, Louise Dresser, Ford Sterling, Lawrence Gray, Raymond Hitchcock, Stuart Holmes, Edward Martindel and Philo McCullough, and figure what they do with a story giving each of them a chance to act all over the place.

It's a Cinderella story about a stage baby and the Fathers Associated, five actors who bring her up. She falls in love with a rich young man. The rich young man's mother does not approve. And that's where the title comes in.

Don't miss this. The direction and the playing are twin joys. The children will adore it.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



FAUST—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THIS German-made visualization of the Faust legend is an extraordinary motion picture, one of the really fine things of the screen.

Goethe's panoramic poem has been used as its basis and the adaptation has followed, in the main, as closely as the screen permits.

The medieval legend of the philosopher, who sold his soul to Satan that he might regain his youth, has been told many times and in many forms. This celluloid version testifies to the directorial abilities of F. W. Murnau and proves that his "The Last Laugh" was no mere chance success.

Murnau has caught the medieval atmosphere with surprising success. Under his adroit direction, the interest never lags. Murnau was aided by three fine performances: of Emil Jannings as *Lucifer*, of Camilla Horn as *Marguerite* and of Gosta Ekman as *Faust*. Indeed, for once, a picture is stolen from the redoubtable Jannings.

This Berlin newcomer, Fraulein Horn, is a remarkable actress. Playing the rôle that was offered to Lillian Gish, she gives what is, in our opinion, a better performance than Miss Gish could have offered. It is a superbly tender and unaffected bit of work.

This, of course, isn't taking credit away from Jannings, who contributes a roystering and amazing *Satan*.

Murnau has developed any number of scenes extraordinary in directorial technique and photography. The opening curiously parallels the start of the Griffith film, "Sorrows of Satan," with *Lucifer* at the gates of Heaven. The Murnau handling is vastly superior, however.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

FAUST HOTEL IMPERIAL
THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM
EVERYBODY'S ACTING
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW UPSTAGE

The Best Performances of the Month

Camilla Horn in "Faust"
Emil Jannings in "Faust"
Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial"
Betty Bronson in "Everybody's Acting"
Wallace Beery in "We're in the Navy Now"
Raymond Hatton in "We're in the Navy Now"
Norma Shearer in "Upstage"
Oscar Shaw in "Upstage"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 125



HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

HERE is a new Pola Negri in a film story at once absorbing and splendidly directed. The credit on this last item may be divided safely between Mauritz Stiller, the director, and Erich Pommer, the production chief, late of UFA and now of Hollywood.

Actually "Hotel Imperial" is another variation of the heroine at the mercy of the invading army and beloved by the dashing spy. This has been adroitly retold here, until it assumes surprising qualities of interest and suspense. The scenes of "Hotel Imperial" take place in a deserted hostelry in Galicia, between the Austrian and Russian lines. In the dark, shadowy halls of the half-medieval hotel, the action develops swiftly and surely around a hotel slavey, a spy masquerading as a waiter, and the heads of the Russian divisional army, at the moment in triumphant advance.

Miss Negri at last has a rôle that is ideal. Moreover, she gives a corking performance of the Galician slavey. It is her best characterization since she came to Hollywood. James Hall, as the Austrian, and George Siegmann, as the Russian general, give admirable performances, and the bit of a Russian spy is finely done by Michael Vavitch.

"Hotel Imperial" places Mauritz Stiller at the forefront of our imported directors. It will give high interest to his forthcoming work with Emil Jannings. Credit for directorial supervision goes to Erich Pommer, under whose guidance "The Last Laugh," "Variety" and most of "Metropolis" were filmed on the Berlin UFA lot.

Don't miss "Hotel Imperial." It has Pola Negri in her best rôle since "Passion."

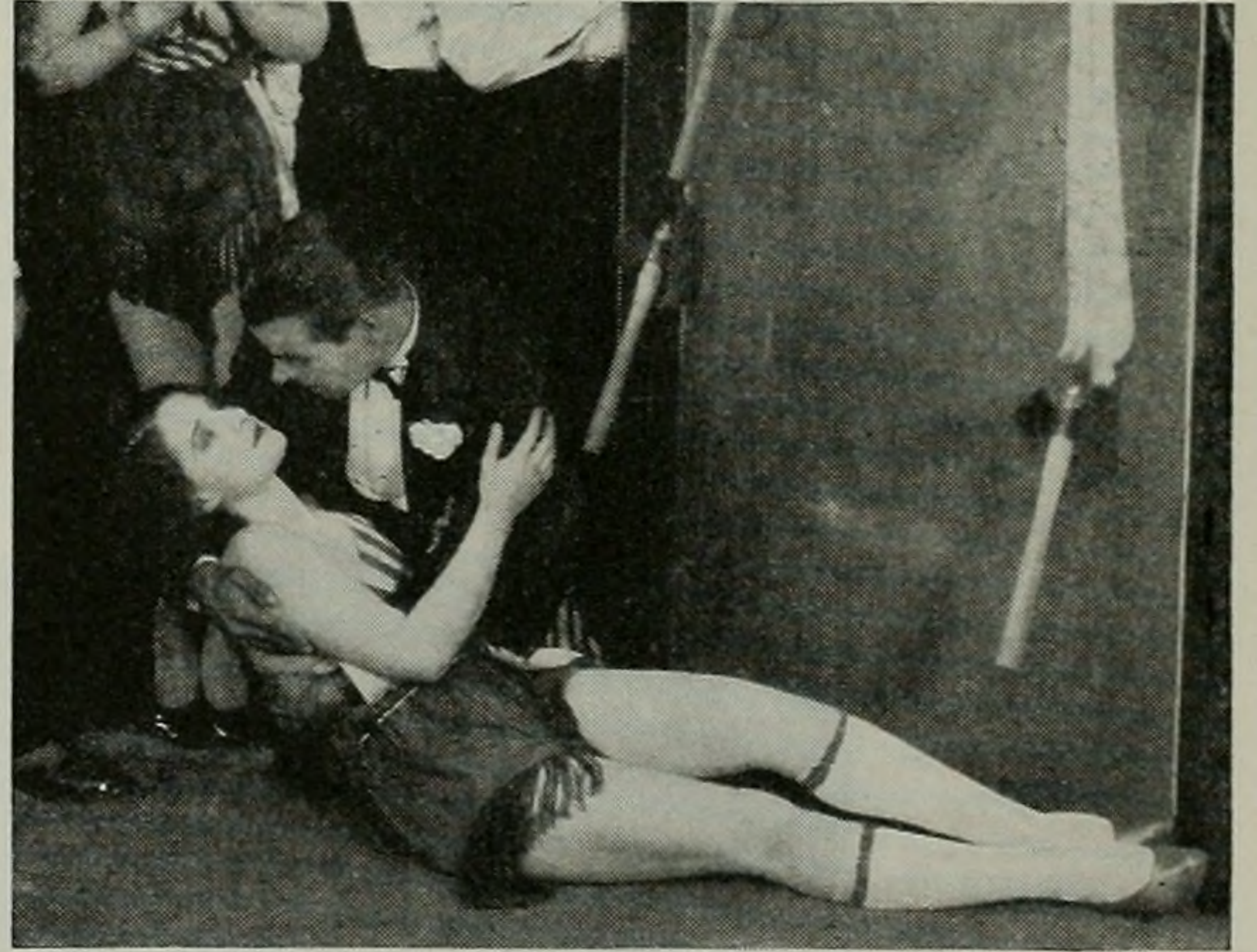


WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—Paramount

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton did so well for the army—and the boxoffice—with "Behind the Front" that this comedy of gobs and the war results. "We're in the Navy Now" is diverting, but it isn't as good as its predecessor.

The captions describe Beery and Hatton as "the big gob" and "the little gob." How they enlist to see the world, scrub decks and peel potatoes, their training course and their wartime adventures, not to count their escapades in France, constitute the comedy. Both these ex-screen scoundrels prove their mettle in comedy. Chester Conklin does a bit as a comic officer.

Don't forget Director Eddie Sutherland in passing out credit for the laughs.



UPSTAGE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HERE'S a gay story of what happens to a fresh kid who gets a swelled head.

Dolly Haven, out hunting a stenographer's job, meets Johnny Strom, a song and dance man, who engages her as partner in his vaudeville act. A couple of rehearsals and Johnny sees Dolly can't dance, but that she can wear clothes. So he does the work and lets Dolly get the spotlight. Johnny loves her, but she leaves their act to go with another. She flops and is finally reduced to being a chorus girl in the closing act of the bill on which Johnny is headliner. But you know how love is!

The cast, headed by Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw, is perfect, the atmosphere charming and Monta Bell's direction delightful. Take the youngsters.

**SO'S YOUR
OLD MAN—
Paramount**



W. C. FIELDS is funnier here than in his first stellar venture, "The Old Army Game." The comedian plays a disreputable small townner who invents an unbreakable auto windshield and becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. From derelict, *Sam Bisbee* becomes the hero of Waukeagus. Fields is amusing and Alice Joyce is delightful as the princess. There is one hilarious interlude when *Sam* tries out his invention with a brick—but picks the wrong Ford.

**PRIVATE
IZZY
MURPHY—
Warner Bros.**



WE'VE had the funny side of life. Now we must sit through the sordid lives of the Irish and Jews. Something was needed as a starring vehicle for George Jessel and this is the best that could be found. A sloppy story of a Jewish boy who serves his country with the famous Fighting 69th and his love for an Irish lass who, before he went to war, thought he, too, was Irish. This is Jessel's first picture and he seems to be far from ease behind the Kleigs.

**THE BELLS—
Chadwick**



THERE is one redeeming feature about this heavy and gruesome tale—the fine performance of Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore is at his best in a character rôle. This is a powerful drama, telling the story of an avenging conscience when an innkeeper cold-bloodedly murders a traveler for his gold and escapes even suspicion. This is the type of picture you either like or dislike—there is no happy medium. All in favor say, aye!

**LONDON—
Paramount**



THOMAS BURKE'S story of the Limehouse is lacking in originality. It is nothing more than the Rags to Riches idea, set against the background of the slums of London. Dot Gish is uninspiring and unattractive—having fallen under the spell of the coiffures of London. They are most unbecoming. The remainder of the cast is composed of English players who don't mean a thing in any movie-fan's life. Use your own judgment.

**MILLION-
AIRES—
Warner Bros.**



THIS is the worst by far of the Ghetto pictures that seem to have taken possession of the screen. Too awful! It isn't funny, though it tries to be—it is ridiculous. The plot is so old it creaks and rattles—the "Bringing up Father" theme dressed up with kosher characters. You would waste your money on such movie-hash. Better you should put your time to advantage. Here's hoping for fewer and better pictures.

**SPANGLES—
Universal**



THE circus is back in town with all its joys and heartaches. Life under the big top assumes a gloomy aspect for its players—at least in movie versions. Nevertheless, it's interesting. Did you ever hear this one about the gal being betrothed to the owner of the circus? Along comes the hero whom the girl befriends. The owner is murdered—quite a few murders this month—and the hero is accused. But all ends happily.

**MIDNIGHT
LOVERS—
First National**



**EXIT
SMILING—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



SOMEHOW, Lewis Stone seems to be at home in domestic comedies. And Stone can be just as funny as some of our foremost comedians. There is a drunken scene where Stone dresses in his wife's negligee, that is just priceless. It is risqué without being offensive. The titles by George Marion, Jr., help matters laughingly. Anna Q. Nilsson and John Roche are in the cast. You can't afford to miss this if you want a pleasant evening's entertainment.

APICTURE which had such possibilities and of which so much was expected that the result is disappointing. In the effort to make this a rip-roaring comedy, the human interest and pathos have been overlooked, and had these been stressed the picture would have been excellent. Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, is not particularly impressive. In fact she has a lot to learn in camera technique. Photographically—she is not a camera study.

**THE
MAGICIAN—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



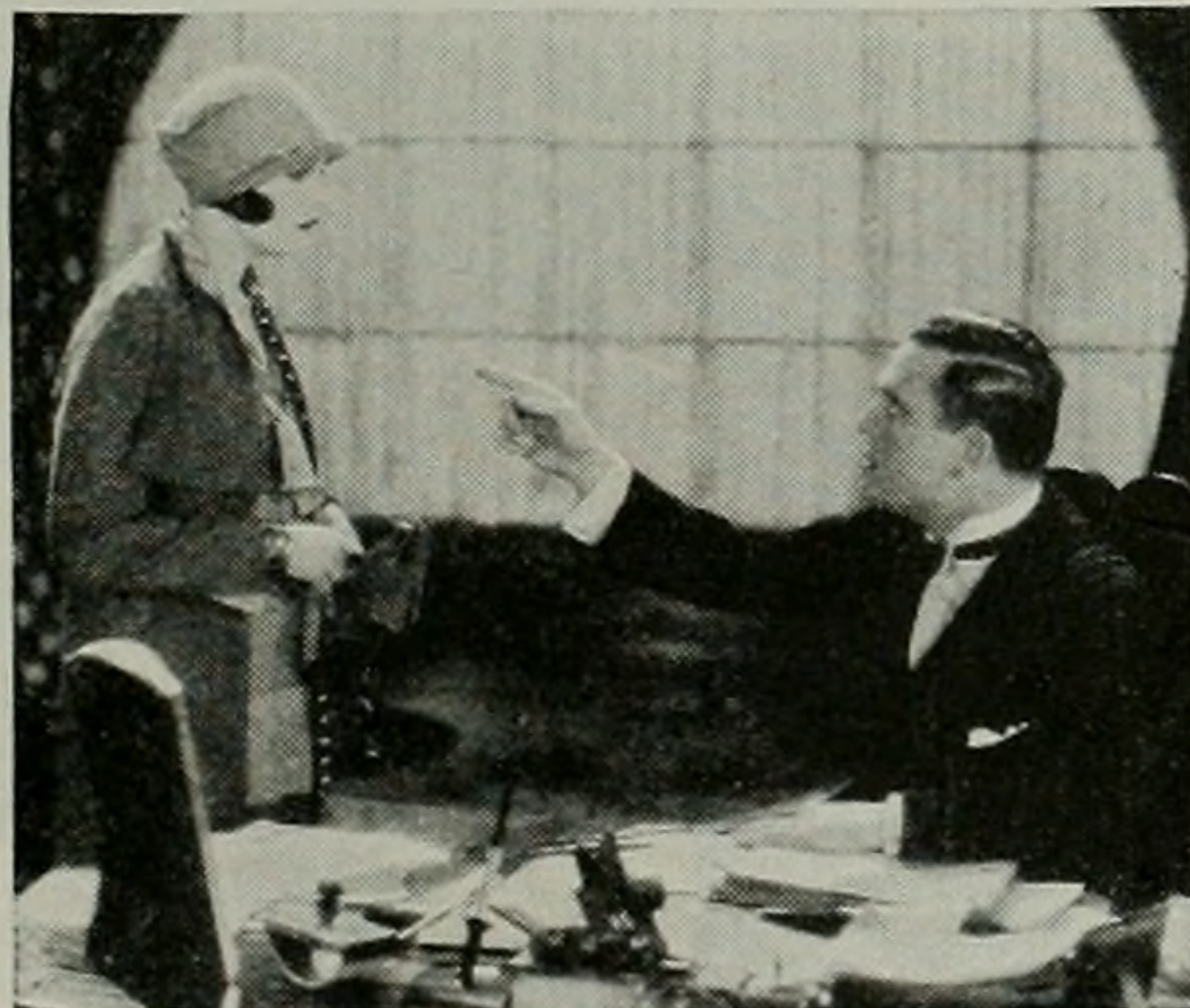
**LOVE'S
BLINDNESS—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



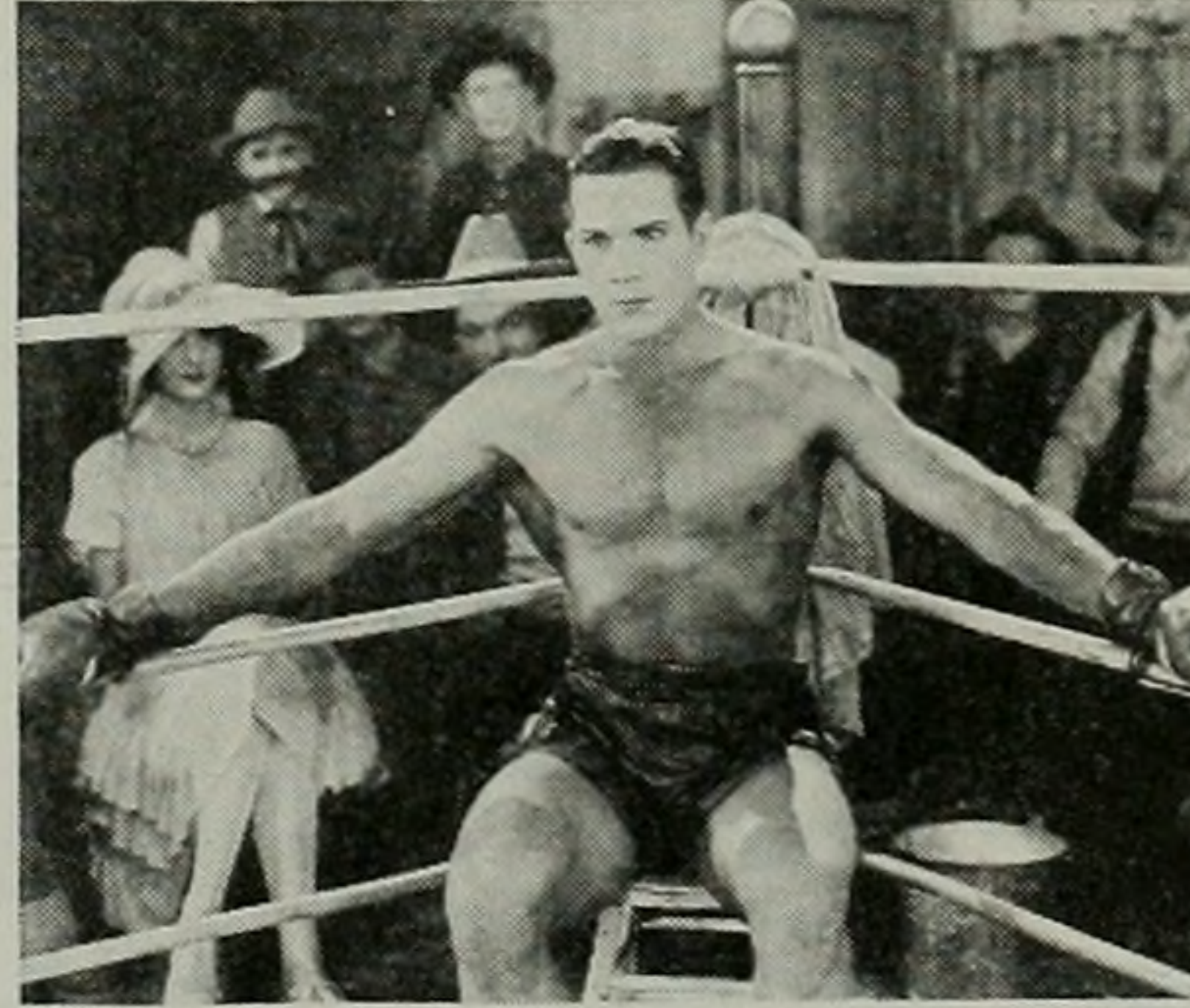
DISAPPOINTING stuff from a once great director, this latest Rex Ingram production is entertainment only if the morbid and unhealthy are of interest to you. Adapted from a story by Somerset Maugham, it tells of *Margaret Dauncey*, who would have been a nice gal except for a magician's evil eye. The cast, with the exception of Alice Terry, who gives a colorless performance, is as foreign as the backgrounds. Decidedly not for children.

WRITTEN, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. Pauline Starke is the latest heroine who was groomed to Glyn's style of London society. The same as every other Glynish affair, only the character names are changed—bought love, baronial halls and finally the awakening of true love. Will Madame Glyn never get over those atrocious wedding night scenes, and can't her girls ever be anything but stately affairs? We wouldn't be annoyed if we were you.

**SYNCOPAT-
ING SUE—
First National**



**RED HOT
HOOFS—
F.B.O.**



SYNCOPATING SUE pounds the piano in a Broadway music store. Her beau is a trap drummer. Sue aspires to act and gets her chance when a theatrical manager, whose offices are above the shop, begs her to stop her playing. She's a terrible flop at her first rehearsal, but when the manager begins flirting with her little sister, Sue stages her big scene. Corinne Griffith is delightful as the gum-chewing wage earner. Good entertainment for the whole family.

DON'T mind the title. It's just another of the perfectly delightful pictures that feature Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. A heavy-weight champ offers one thousand dollars to anyone who can stay three rounds with him. Tom succeeds of course—why?—you just see it and find out. Tom is our ideal cowboy—he doesn't go in for embroidered chaps, monogrammed saddles and hand-painted sombreros—but then a real actor doesn't need all that regalia. [CONT'D ON PAGE 126]



Felix

The Black



They call it Black Bot-tom A new



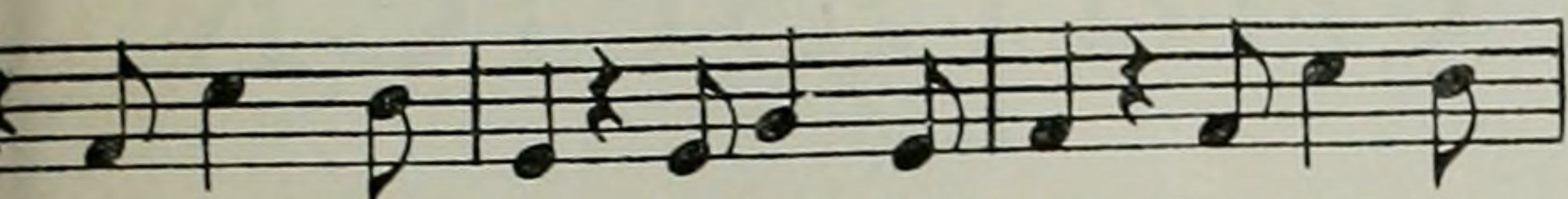
Felix decides that the Charleston is *passé* and goes to Ann Pennington for a lesson in the Black Bottom. In the first step, Ann points her left foot to the side, raising the left heel from the floor, bending both knees and slanting her body backwards



Second step. "Now, Felix," says Ann, "straighten the body, lower the left heel and point your toe up from the floor. And, Felix, sing that song, 'The Black Bottom of the Swanee River, sometimes likes to shake and shiver.' A little more pep, please!"

"Come on, cat! All set for the third step. Face forward, Felix, and bend that left knee slightly, pointing the left paw toward the floor. This is the way we make 'em sit up and take notice when we dance the 'Black Bottom' in Mr. White's 'Scandals' "

Learns Bottom



twis-ter; It's sure got 'em, And oh, Sis-ter: they

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"Now, Mr. Cream and Catnip Man, after stamping forward, drag the left paw back across the floor. This is one of the most important principles of the dance. Then, for step five, raise both of your heels from the floor and slap your hip. Like this!"



"Snap into the fourth step, funny feline! Stamp that left mouse-catcher on the floor and bend that left knee. Stamp it good and hard. And sing that song—'They call it Black Bottom, a new twister. They sure got 'em, oh sister!'"



"Kick your right paw sideways, old back-fence baritone, and keep on slapping your hip. Now run along and practice your steps in someone's backyard. Little Ann must hurry and keep a dinner-date. See you at the 'Scandals'"

Snatched from Slapstick

Only last year little Fay Wray
was playing in film comedies

By
Dorothy
Spensley



FAY WRAY wore a red hat. She wore it so jauntily, so assuredly, so sublimely, that even the ghost of Gloria, which hovered over and caressed the gold and pale green of the Louis Seize furniture, sighed a bit at the beautiful assurance of youth.

She wore a red hat and a black and white checked dress with a tight black velvet bodice, and every once in a while that restless right hand would wander from the soft rose of her lips to the topmost button of her frock and then idly flutter to her lap.

Fay may have been nervous, but only the weaving of the right hand betrayed it.

Fay is Erich Von Stroheim's latest, and undoubtedly most beautiful, discovery. Fay is the little girl who was snatched from comedies and westerns to play a leading rôle in tragedy.

Just nineteen and Canadian and very beautiful—that is Fay. Beautiful in that pale oval-faced way, with almond shaped eyes, unslanting, with tapering brows, a mouth all tender and rosy, and long, lustrous dark hair.

Last year playing with Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden in Hal Roach comedies, where, Fay quaintly says: "They tried to make a curly-haired-little-girl-housewife out of me, and I could only see the housewifely part of it. So, really, I wasn't very good."

Last month playing in Westerns, being rescued by valiant Universal cowboys.

This month playing in tragedy, deep and continental, with people like ZaSu Pitts, Dale Fuller, George Fawcett, Maude George, George Nichols, with Erich Von Stroheim both acting and directing.

That is the story of Fay Wray who plays *Mitzi* in "The Wedding March."

Fay's red lips parted in amazement. Was it great to work with Von Stroheim?

"It is great . . . it is grief . . . it is marvelous!"

And her voice made it a tone-poem of joy. A lyric of feeling.

"I knew all along I would get the part. I had always wanted to work under Von Stroheim's direction. I knew I would sometime, if it was right. And it was right." There is a candor in Fay's voice. Candor in her grey eyes. She is child-like, but not childish. Young, but not infantile. She has a direct simplicity which is pleasing.

"When I went to interview Mr. Von Stroheim about the part I was frightened, maybe, just a bit." The restless right hand flew to her firmly rounded

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

"It is great—it is grief—it is marvelous," says Fay Wray of her opportunity to play *Mitzi* in Erich Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March." Fay is nineteen, not long graduated from the Hollywood High. Von Stroheim found her playing heroines in Western melodramas



Richee

WHEN Erick von Stroheim selected Fay Wray for the leading rôle in "The Wedding March," Fay burst into tears. That's the feminine way of registering pleasure. On the opposite page, you will find Dorothy Spensley's story of this newcomer.



One. This little cupid is still aiming at men's hearts. She is one of our much "engaged" stars.

Edna



Four. Married to one of our best directors and a star in her own right. Wasn't she a lucky baby?

Three. This gorgeous blonde capped a comedy career by playing in one great picture. Since then she has been A.W.O.L.



Five. If you'll study the eyes carefully, you'll guess this one. Because this baby, aged 6 months, looks like the star you've seen in hundreds of films.

Two. A Copenhagen photographer took this picture, but the face is now registering high-class villainy for American cameras.



Six. The curls are now bobbed, the ribbon's gone, the hat has grown smaller, but the blue eyes and mouth are just the same. Why, of course, it is—

Were these babies born under a lucky star?

Answers on Page 118



Ten. Always the elegant lady. Always the calm, clear-eyed beauty with all the poise in the world!



Seven. Her mother never thought she'd turn into a great beauty. But you can never tell.



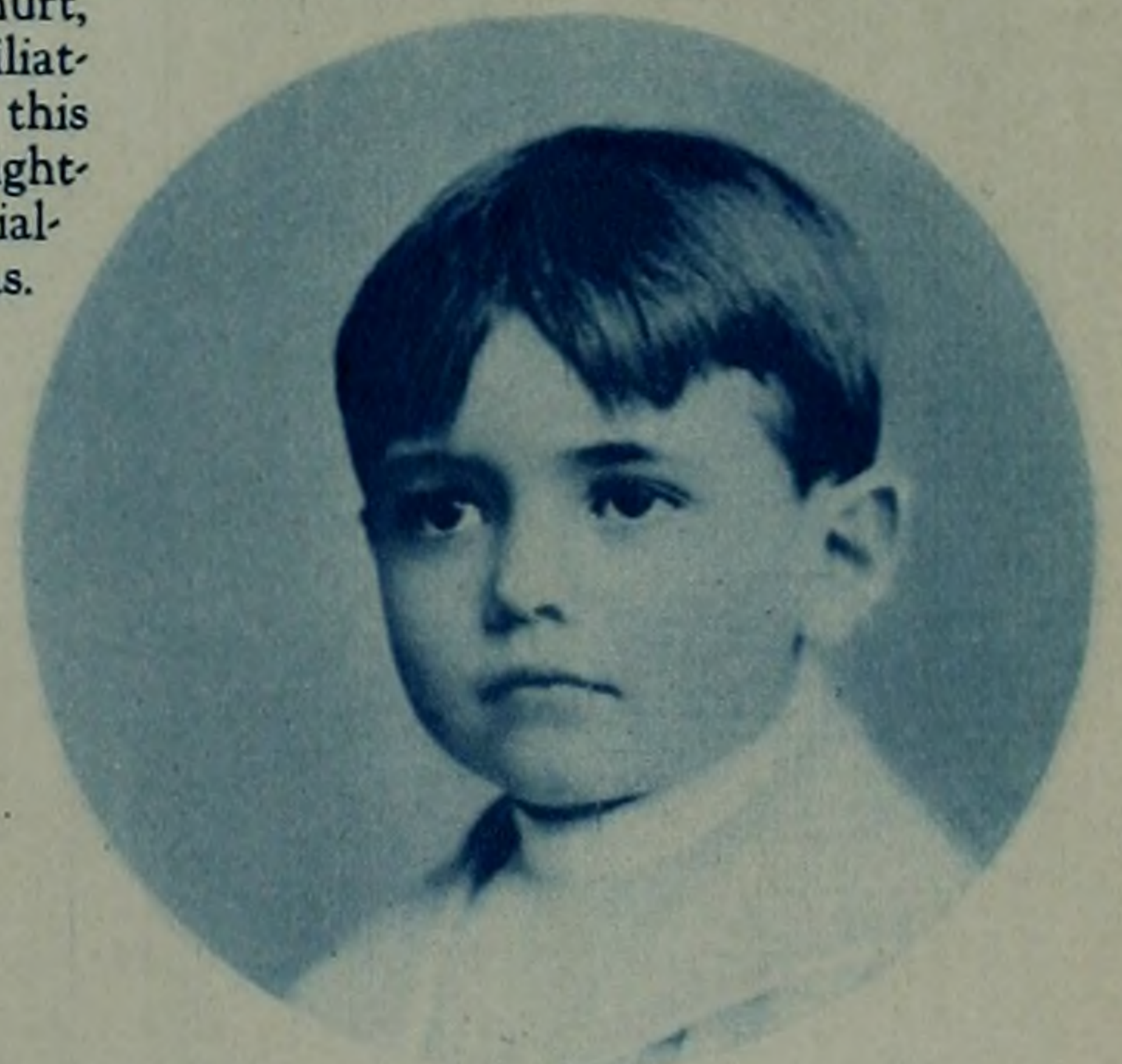
Eight. She is not so solemn these days. This young person is now a smiling and popular ingenue. Good-bye to the old gingham apron!



Nine. The shoes hurt, the curls were humiliating. No wonder this lad grew up into a fighting hero who specializes in outdoor operas.



Eleven. Sunbonnet Sue is the bride of a much-praised director. This shows her when her ambition was to graduate into the Fourth Grade.



Twelve. The Sunday School teacher's delight. Those dark eyes and that determined mouth came in handy when this boy broke into the star class.



WHEN F. W. Murnau surveyed the field at the William Fox studio, he immediately chose Janet Gaynor for the leading rôle in "Sunrise." Read what Ruth Waterbury has to say about Miss Gaynor's rise to prominence.

The Girl Who is Getting the Breaks

She's a red-headed kid
named Janet Gaynor

By Jean Millet

I AM wondering a great deal about Janet Gaynor's future. Consider what she has done in a single year.

For months every ambitious young actress in Hollywood has been after the part of *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven." It is regarded as one of the choicest acting parts of the season, one of those marvelous chances for characterization, a beaten, down-trodden girl of Montmartre who is transformed by love into beauty and courage. A wonderful part. Many a famous name in Hollywood made a screen test for it.

Janet Gaynor got it.

Just before that the pack was chasing for parts in Murnau's first American picture. Murnau, who directed Jannings and made "The Last Laugh," could make an artist of anyone, it was said. He had written the story himself, needing a cast of only three, a wife, a husband, another woman. A picture titled simply "Sunrise." What a part for an actress, a young, inarticulate peasant wife opposed to the other woman. The sort of thing critics always praise. The publicity of being under Murnau's direction. What a chance! Everyone went after it.

Janet Gaynor was selected, by Murnau himself.

Prior to that, there was the rôle of *Katie* in "The Return of Peter Grimm," an emotional part in a distinguished, compelling story, a special production.

Janet Gaynor played *Katie*.

Now, a single lucky break happens with fair frequency in Hollywood. Betty Bronson won "Peter Pan." Billy Haines got his "Brown of Harvard." Ronald Colman had "The Dark Angel." But such a break is luck, and little else.

But three breaks, one after the other, three rôles in important productions, all very difficult, each different from the other, that is not luck. That is acting ability.

Not only has Janet Gaynor won these three rôles in a single year—but she had won them in her second year in pictures. She didn't even attempt to break into movies until December, 1924.

That was shortly after her graduation from the Polytechnic High School of San Francisco. Janet's stepfather was called to Hollywood on business. The family decided to settle there. It was suggested that it would be nice if Janet were to get into pictures. So she did get in.

I don't know, after having spent nearly a whole day with her, why she did get in. She isn't beautiful. She isn't talkative. There is none of that swift flash of personality about her you get about a dozen girls playing bits in the studios. She's a darling kid. Absolutely. Nice as a glass of milk. But the fact remains that Janet, without influence or backing, went in among the beautiful girls storming Hollywood and came out triumphant. She got extra work and within six months she was playing leads. They were only

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Janet Gaynor has won three big rôles in a single year

MOVIE "Bits" to Grand

Mary Lewis couldn't make good in the pictures, so she had to become a grand opera star

By Alfred A. Cohn

MARY LEWIS wasn't exactly kicked out of motion pictures into grand opera fame. She might still be cavorting before the unresponsive camera at the Christie studio in Hollywood for \$75 per week.

She might even have progressed to a salary twice as much as that princely sum.

But, strangely enough, Mary Lewis was not ambitious to be a screen star, which accentuates her unusualness.

Mary Lewis, with still a long way to go before she reaches the mature age of thirty, is the cinema's first human contribution to grand opera on record.

And if the name is unfamiliar to you, it might be elucidated that Mary Lewis shared honors with Marion Talley as twin discoveries of the last season at the Metropolitan Opera.

That is an identification that would be honored anywhere that lovers of music are to be found.

Six years ago Mary went to work for the Christie brothers at \$60 a week.

She had been on the stage before that, singing in a revue show which had been playing in Los Angeles.

One of the girls at the Christie studio had brought her to the lot one day and introduced her to Al, who, dazzled by Mary's dimples and



This is NOT from an opera. It shows Mary Lewis and Eddie Barry in "The Ugly Duckling," a Christie comedy. Left is Mary as a Christie Bathing Girl, 1920 edition

Opera Star

buoyant personality, told her that any time she wanted to quit the stage he would give her a job—that is, if a salary of about \$60 a week would interest her.

The show went out on the road and Mary, tiring of one-night stands, wired from Ogden, Utah, that she was ready to become a motion picture star.

The newspapers have referred to Miss Lewis as a former bathing girl, but that is not an exact statement.

Mary did occasionally appear—and to excellent advantage—in a one-piece garment. But she actually played parts—even leads opposite such well known young gentlemen as Neal Burns and Bobby Vernon.

Eventually her worth was recognized and her salary gradually climbed, until it reached \$75 a week.

But all this time Mary was busy keeping up her singing.

She started it back in Arkansas where she was born about 25 years ago—maybe less. She had always wanted to be an operatic star, but very few of her friends knew of her ambition. One day she told Al Christie that she was going to New York.

She was sure that she would never be a great film star anyhow.

“I can always get a job in the chorus,” she remarked.

And so she was on her way to our capital of the Fine Arts.

MARY landed in New York, like the boy in many Horatio Alger story, without a friend in the great, lonely city.

She got a job in the Greenwich Village Follies and started rehearsing with the chorus of that company.

When the show opened Mary was singing the principal songs.

A year later she was prima donna—or whatever they call the chief feminine vocalist in the Ziegfeld Follies.

She became a Broadway favorite and then suddenly, after two seasons, disappeared from the white lights.

The average theatergoer thought that she had probably twinkled out, like many another promising star. But—

A year later cable news dispatches from Vienna told of the sensational success of a young American, Mary Lewis, who made her operatic debut as *Marguerite* in “Faust.”

Then after a while came the news she was playing the title rôle in Lehar’s revival of “The Merry Widow” in Paris.

And a little later the hearts of her friends were warmed by the announcement that she was coming home.

The writer was one of the large number of Hollywooders who went “back” to see Mary after her first concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, at which she was given a wonderful ovation.

It was the same Mary without a trace of prima donna affectation, temperament or upstageness. She stood surrounded by floral tributes from Hollywood and smiled happily.

She didn’t cry, or say she was thrilled to death or any of the things they usually say when the local girl comes back a heroine. She just smiled and said:

“Gosh, it’s great to see the old gang again.”



Al Christie welcomes Mary Lewis, opera star, back to the Christie Studios, where she at one time appeared before the camera



Donald
Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to
Perfect Behavior

*Continuing the Famous Humorist's Confidential Tips
on Motion Picture Technique—or What Have You*

*Is this the synopsis of the preceding chapters?
Mr. Stewart says it is*

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry, two ambitious boys, decide to give up stamp collecting and go to Hollywood to try their luck at the new discovery called "moving pictures." They keep only a few stamps for their own personal use and set out. Three weeks later they arrive in Hollywood, exhausted after their struggle with the elements. The elements don't feel any too good themselves, so all start out together to get something to drink. There is nothing to drink except beer, gin, brandy, Cointreau and a Mexican drink called Haig and Haig, so about midnight they send Norman out to get a taxi.

"Where can I get a taxi?" he asks a passing stranger.

"I'm just a passing stranger," is the reply, and he soon disappears from sight. Norman is discouraged, but decides, however, to try just once more.

"Where can I get a taxi?" he asks the next stranger he meets. The stranger laughs.

"There aint any taxis," he replies. "This is just a one horse town."

Norman despairs, but decides to risk all.

"What is the horse's name?" he asks.

"Ethel," replies the stranger.

Norman returns to the cafe and asks Lew if he knows any horses named Ethel. Lew consults his address book and shakes his head. They are both discouraged at not finding Hollywood the magic dream city they had hoped and both think of suicide. Their depression spreads and everybody in the lunch room thinks of suicide. Lew and Norman decide that maybe things will be brighter in the morning and they start out to get some sleep. Lew has the name of a hotel called the Ambassador, so they go to a small boarding house and take a room.

They fall asleep instantly.



These begin a series of "discussions" as to what particular actor or actress would be best available for the part. These "discussions" generally take place in a very friendly and congenial atmosphere

in Hollywood

About two o'clock they are awakened by the landlady, who wants to know if either of them is named Lockhart. They reply "No" and go back to sleep. An hour later they are once more awakened and the landlady says that the name wasn't Lockhart, it was Leonard. They say "all right" and go back to sleep. Half an hour after that she wakes them up again to tell them that the name wasn't either Lockhart or Leonard, it was Stevens. The landlady is hit over the head with a chair and, when she comes to, Lew and Norman have disappeared. She cannot remember who she is. Her mind has become a blank, so she decides to write scenarios. She soon develops into one of the leading scenario writers in Hollywood, and becomes ambitious to learn to read and write. This leads to spelling, and in her desire to find samples of correctly spelled words she comes across the plays of Shakespeare. Several of the plots of these plays resemble her own scenario plots very closely and the thought suddenly occurs to her that she is Shakespeare. The more she thinks about the subject, the more certain she becomes of her real identity. Finally she decides that the time has come for her to reveal her great secret to the world and, at a meeting of scenario writers, stands up and tells them who she really is. Consternation reigns among the other scenario writers, each one of them was just on the point of announcing the very same fact about

him- or herself and a bitter argument ensues. In the confusion the former landlady is once more hit over the head with a chair and, when she again becomes conscious, it is discovered that a miracle has been performed and that the second blow has restored to her all her mental faculties, so she gives up writing scenarios and lives happily ever after.

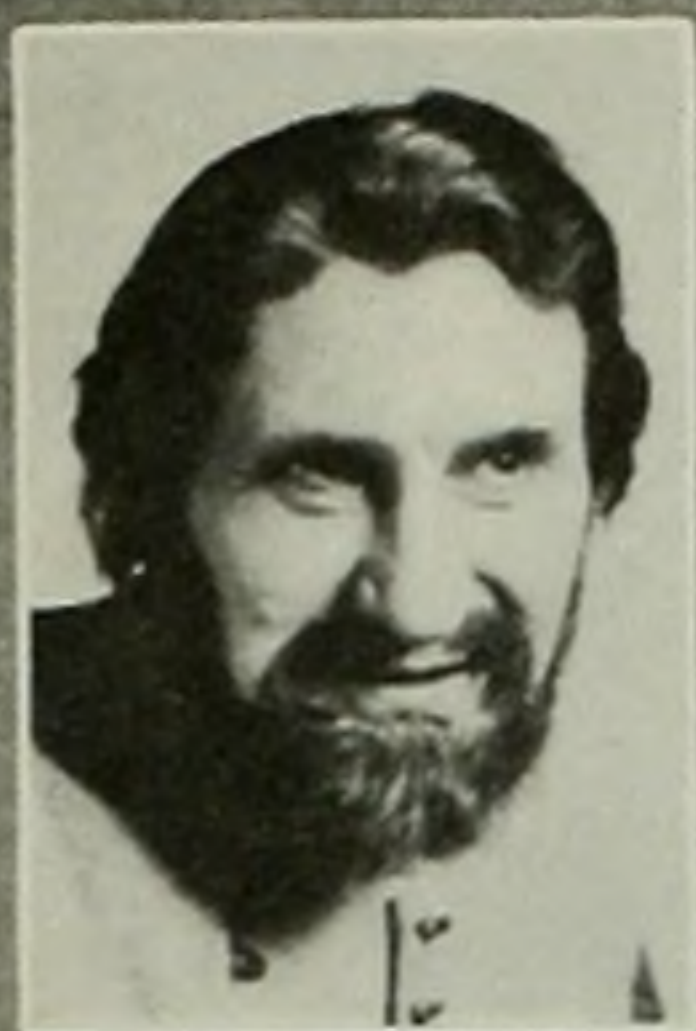
Meanwhile Lew and Norman have gone out to look for work and on their way they pass a drug store which has for sale a copy of PHOTOPLAY, containing a series of articles by Donald Ogden Stewart, entitled "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood." They sit down and start to read Chapter VII and as they read they become very, very depressed and they both begin once more to think about suicide.

Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER VII

Preparing to Shoot

Last month we discussed the preparation of a "rough" continuity. This month we shall consider that all the preliminary work has been finished and that the final continuity is in the hands of an expert writer whose duty it is to smooth away all the rough edges and add those little finishing touches which only a genius can. In the twelve [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



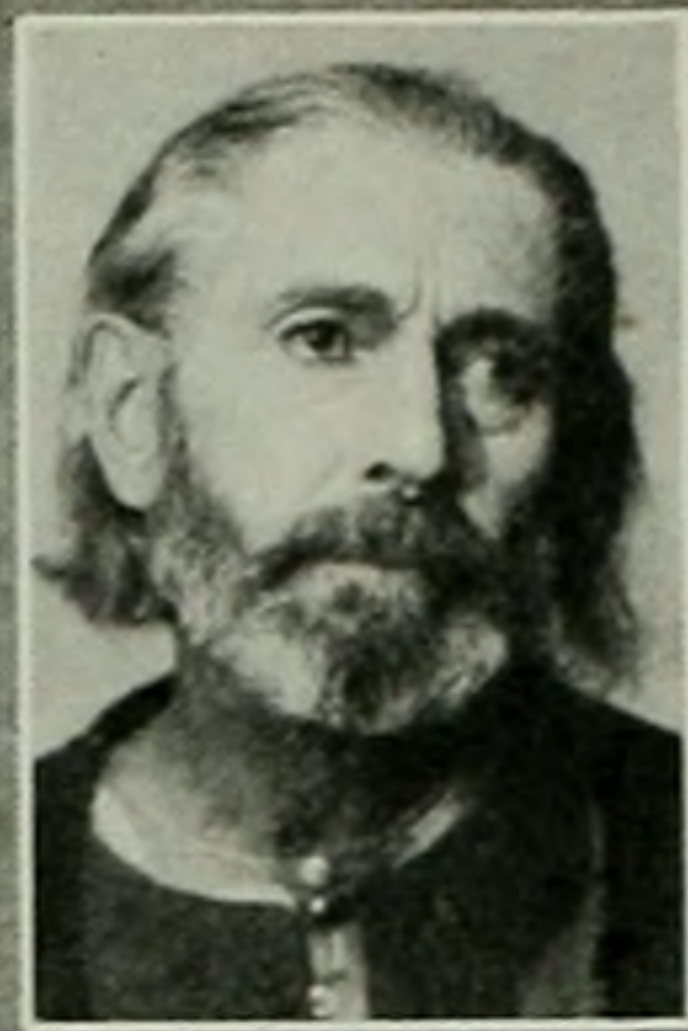
Peter
played by
Ernest Torrence



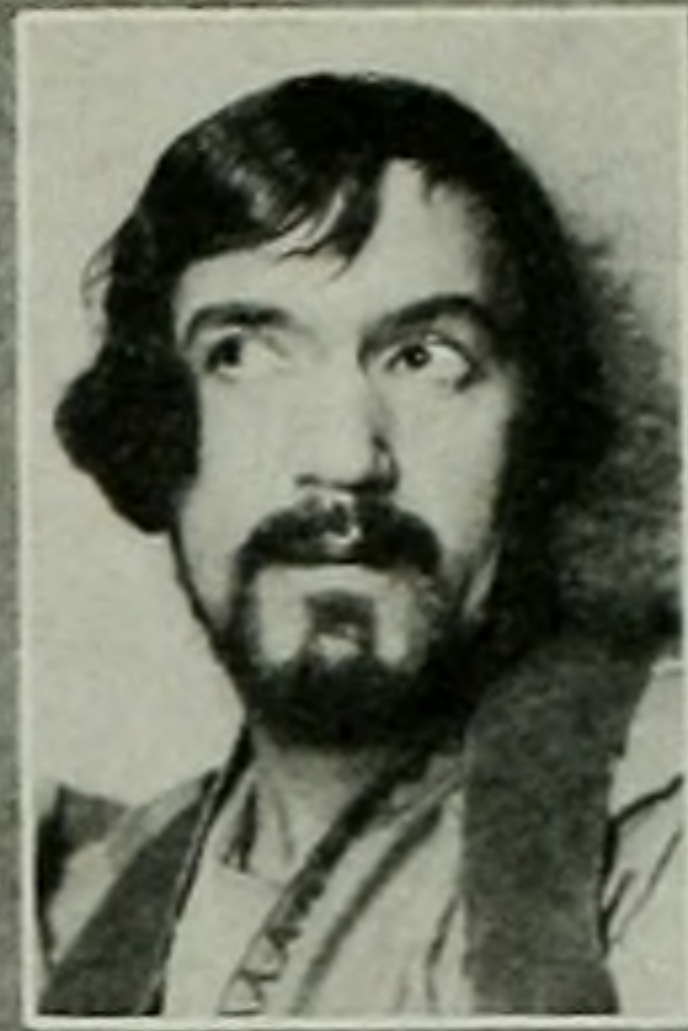
John the Beloved
played by
Joseph Striker



Matthew the
Publican
played by
Robert Edeson



James
played by
James Neill



Thomas the
Doubter
played by
Sidney D'Albrook



Simon the Zealot
played by
Robert Ellsworth

The Greatest Story

Cecil De Mille breaks away from all screen traditions in picturing the Life of Christ

IT is such a tremendous story that, up until now, no one has dared attempt it.

Other producers longingly wished to do it, but put it aside.

They feared religious prejudice.

They were afraid that some unwitting irreverence would bring down a storm of protest upon their heads.

They were afraid that the screen was not big enough or fine enough or clean enough for the figure of Jesus of Nazareth.

But now Cecil B. De Mille has plunged into it—the story of Christ, the King of Kings.

Slowly, the great spectacle is taking shape.

And Hollywood watches De Mille with mingled emotions.

There are, of course, the usual jokes which aren't intended to be irreverent. And there are tales of the strange, religious atmosphere at the studio and on location.

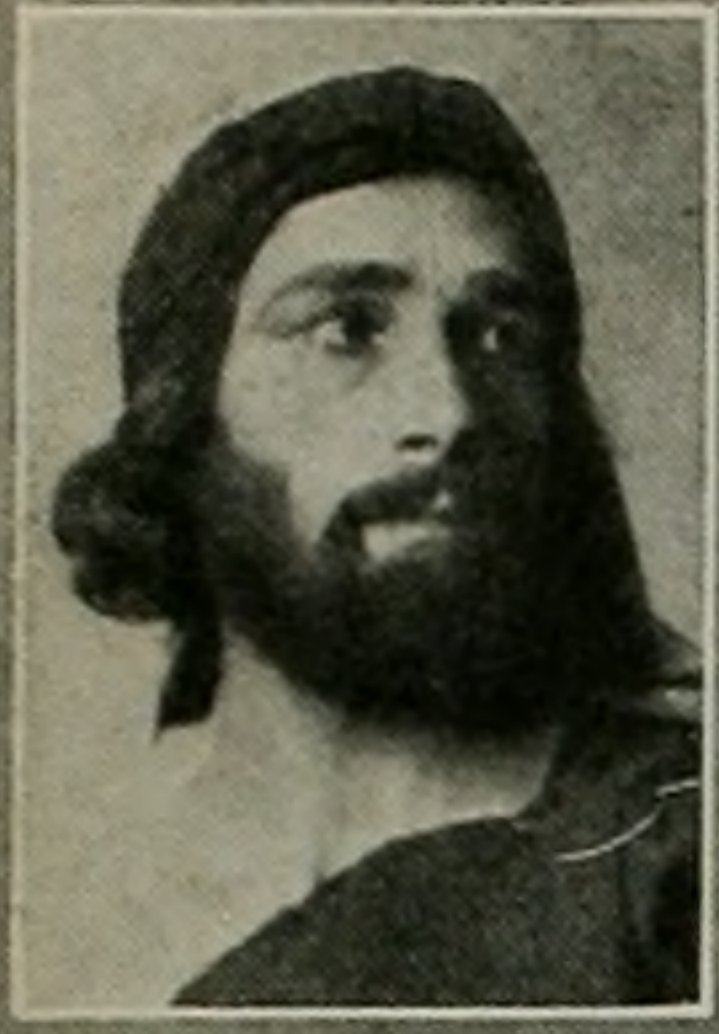
For instance: the company begins work every morning by singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Well, if other companies work to the broken rhythm of George Gershwin, why not the ringing strains of Arthur Sullivan?

And they say that De Mille has ordered his players and the workers on the sets to read the Bible during their spare moments.

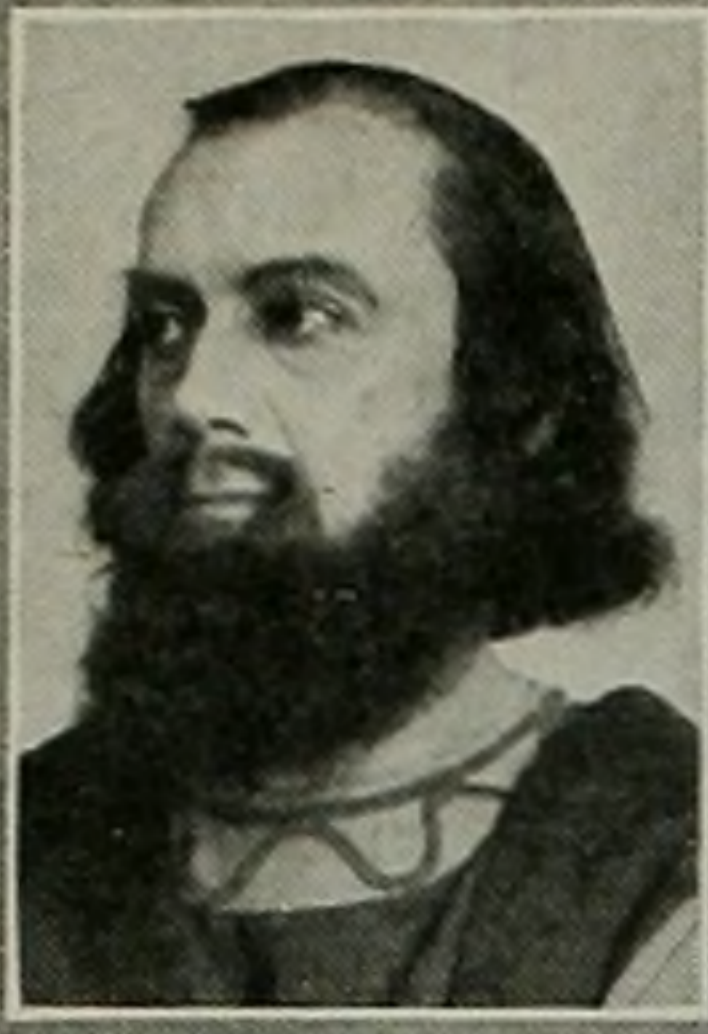
But they are "extras" and players of small bits who read the Bible prayerfully and gratefully, because the vast mob scenes of the spectacle have saved



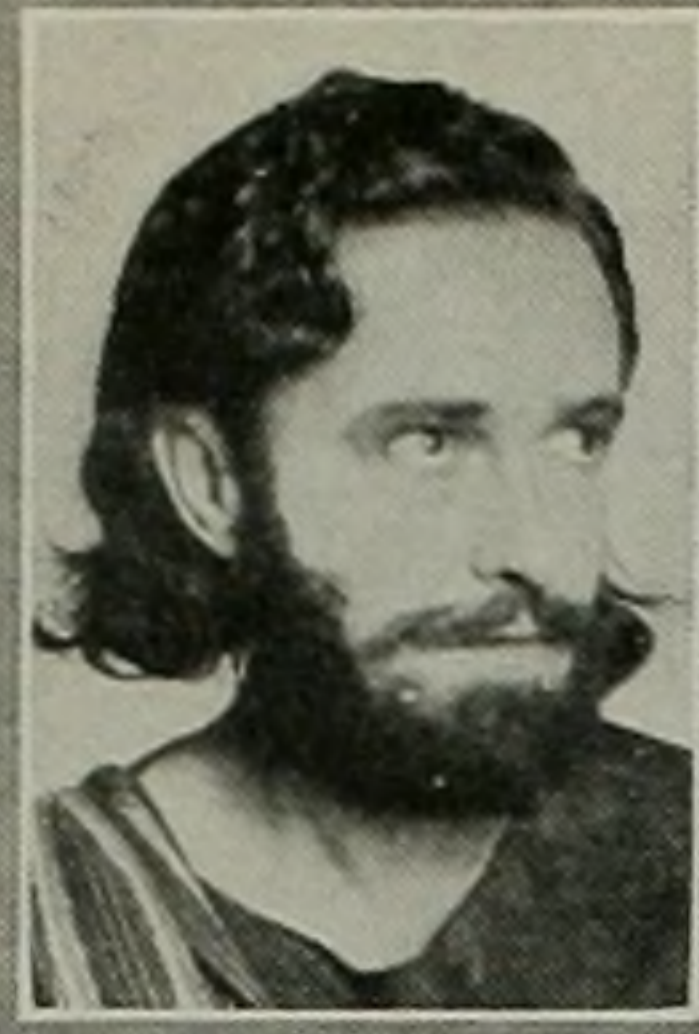
"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." From the Gospel, according to Luke; chapter 18, verse 16. A poignant moment in the story of "The King of Kings," enacted by H. B. Warner



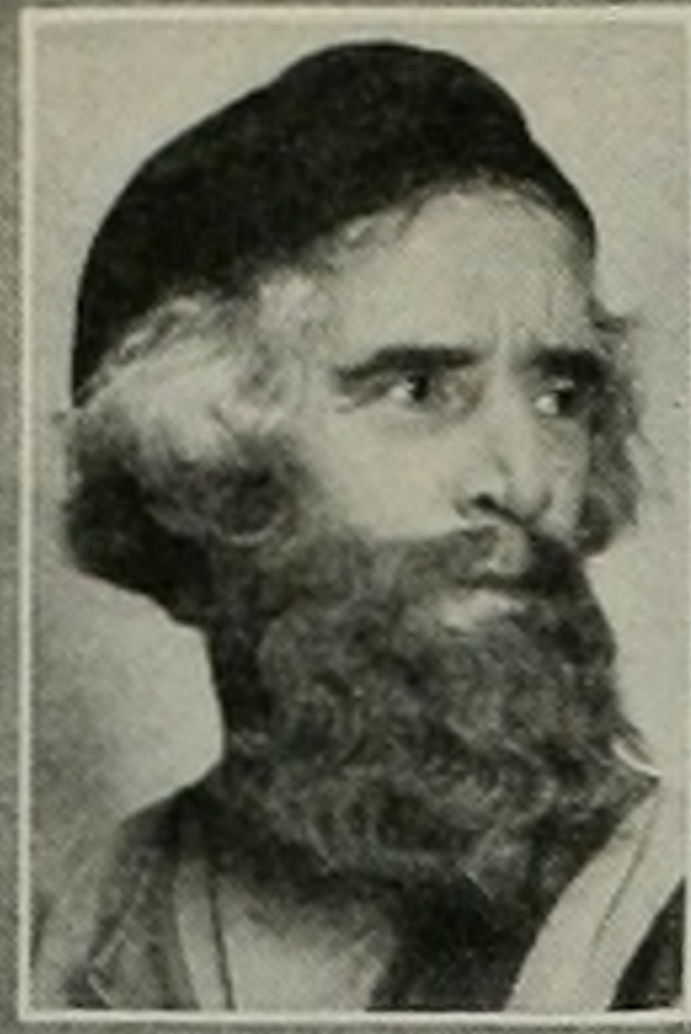
Andrew
played by
David Imboden



Philip
played by
Charles Belcher



James the Less
played by
Charles Requa



Thaddeus
played by
John Prince



Bartholomew
played by
Clayton Packard



Mark
played by
Mickey Moore

in History

a lot of poor actors and actresses from a hard winter.

In order to keep in the spirit of the story, H. B. Warner, who plays the Christ, occupies a dressing-room far away from the rest of the company. He keeps aloof and secluded from the other members of the cast.

As for Mr. De Mille, he is banking his personal fortune and his professional reputation on this picture. "The Ten Commandments" was produced on some one's else checking account. "The King of Kings" is De Mille's own affair.

De Mille wants to present this story of Christ, not as a drama, but as a pure analysis of shining idealism. He has carefully eliminated some of the miracles—the loaves and fishes, for instance—as being "too physical." And in the scourging of the money-changers in the Temple, there is no actual, physical scourging.

And in the use of animals in his scenes, he has worked out some effective symbols. The Virgin Mary is surrounded by white doves to symbolize her purity and innocence. Mary Magdalene appears first with the leopard and then with the donkey. The leopard indicates her pride; the donkey, her humility. The humble people are pictured with oxen and other beasts of burden. The self-satisfied Judeans are represented with camels.

In order to avoid the charge of "interpreting" the story to suit himself, only Biblical quotations will be placed in the mouth of the Christ. And these excerpts will follow the King James version of the Bible, even to punctuation marks.

While there will probably be episodes in the early life of Christ, De Mille will devote most of the picture to the events



It is the human story of the Fisherman on the Sea of Galilee—the carpenter's son—that De Mille wants to present to screen audiences, in all its radiant idealism and in all its bitter tragedy



Judas
the Traitor
played by
Joseph Schildkraut

of the last six months of the life of the Redeemer. At least, De Mille is concentrating, for the most part, on the tragically splendid climax of Christ's life.

De Mille has surrounded himself with a group of actors best suited, facially, to portray the Biblical rôles in this much publicized special.

Joseph Schildkraut will be seen as *Judas*—the *Judas* who sold the Messiah for thirty pieces of silver. It is a rôle of tremendous opportunities.

Other Biblical rôles will be taken by Ernest Torrence, Joseph Striker, Robert Edeson, James Neill, Sidney D'Albrook, Robert Ellsworth, David

Imboden, Charles Belcher, Charles Requa, John Prince, Clayton Packard, and Mickey Moore.

Jacqueline Logan has been cast as *Mary Magdalene*—the glamorous rôle of the famous siren who repents. Lucio Flamma will be seen as one of her lovers.

And much interest has been aroused by De Mille's selection of Dorothy Cumming to play *Mary the Mother*, and Muriel McCormick as a little blind girl.

De Mille has come some distance since that day, only a few years ago, when one "daring" theatrical producer depicted Christ's presence by means of a symbol—a ray of light.

Meanwhile, no one knows how far De Mille has succeeded in his imposing purpose.

So Hollywood watches with great interest—and not a little awe.

Proving that none are so blind

Blind

By
Michael Dean

Illustrated by
Carl Van Buskirk



JOAN RAMSEY sat in one of the boxes overlooking the great ballroom in Jason Wellington's London house. The occasion being the annual charity concert, the magnificent old room, packed to capacity, offered a scene long to be remembered.

Beneath her eyes moved an ever changing kaleidoscope of life and color. The vari-hued gowns of the women, the somber black and white evening dress of some of the men, the gold lace of the uniforms, against the black and gold hangings—all reflected in the many mirrors lining the walls by the light from hundreds of candles on the huge chandeliers. It was like a vivid picture in color, thrown across a silver screen.

In her gown of burnished gold, Joan fitted perfectly into the color scheme, but her usually pale face was dead white under the copper hair, and the hazel eyes were dark, fathomless pools.

Her eyes constantly watched the door as she listened to the running fire of conversation her companion kept up. And she was deeply thankful that he seemed not to notice her unusual silence.

She wondered what time the Wellington party would arrive with the latest "Lion of the Hour." Jason Wellington, world famous impresario, was constantly presenting new lions. But why this man of all others? She shivered slightly.

"Cold?" her companion questioned.

"No, hardly." She managed to laugh carelessly. "A rabbit ran over my grave, I guess."

"You Americans are ever droll!" the lazy, drawling voice continued; then after a little pause: "This musician, Alden, who is playing tonight—is an American. He hails from somewhere in your South; ever meet him?"

Again she laughed. "My dear Mr. Carlton," she said, a petulant note creeping into her voice, "the South covers quite a large area in America. And, as I have not lived there for nearly twenty years, there is not the slightest reason why I should have met Mr. Alden."

"Oh, absolutely none," he hastened to answer, surprised at her sudden ill humor. What was wrong with her tonight?

"Of course, I have heard of him," she added. "Heard of his rise to fame—who has not?" She hesitated for the fraction of a second, then continued slowly: "But I did not know that he was blind until tonight. My husband is attending the dinner Mr. Wellington is giving for him."

"Yes," Carlton returned, "very sad case. Man with his talent struck blind. Well, the war played havoc with so many

a s t h o s e w h o w i l l n o t s e e

of the great. Plucky chap, too, they tell me. Hard to believe him blind. Does almost everything for himself. He certainly has the public sympathy—I never saw such a crush at one of old Jason's concerts before, eh, what?"

"It is a wonderful sight, really," she told him. "I——"

A sudden commotion near the door interrupted her. The buzz of conversation dying out as the crowd stirred, trying to catch sight of the blind violinist who was arriving with Jason Wellington.

Joan did not have to look—why bother? She knew what she would see—a tall, fair man with a too-perfect face—dark, visioning eyes. . . . Ah, but those eyes could not see! They would never see again, Carlton had said—therefore, they could not see her. . . . Something like a sigh of relief escaped her at the thought.

With a vague, terrorized resentment, she sat unmoving as Wellington's party made its way across the room. She did not feel as if she could ever move again. She had been so happy—so secure—and now, Peter after all these years. Yes, it was Peter; little changed by time, as a parting of the crowd revealed his tall figure.

How vividly the sight of him recalled those far-away days in America. Days when he had been an unknown violinist and she . . . She let the thought die unfinished—it was too terrible!

Oh, how she hated to think of that time! Of her anguish on receiving his letter, telling her that he was leaving her—that he had the chance to make a name for himself and that she would be a drag on him—would hold him back. After all she had done for him—sacrificed for him. The years of struggling to forget—to put him out of her life. Then the war—and the chance to forget by work—hard work, nursing in a hospital in France. Later her

marriage to Allen Ramsey—and now, this envied life as the wife of one of the greatest surgeons of the day.

Was it all to be swept away—love—respect—position—by that one mistake of her youth?

Again the thought of his blindness came to her. If he could not see her—recognize her—why need she be so terrified? Her name, Mrs. Ramsey—would mean nothing to him, even if she should be forced to meet him. But why had he come back into her life at all? She knew something terrible would come of it! Her husband joined them—giving her a keen glance.

"What's wrong, Joan?" he questioned. "Tired, dear?"

"No, indeed," she assured him hurriedly. "Just a little overcome at the crowd. It is certainly a wonderful sight."

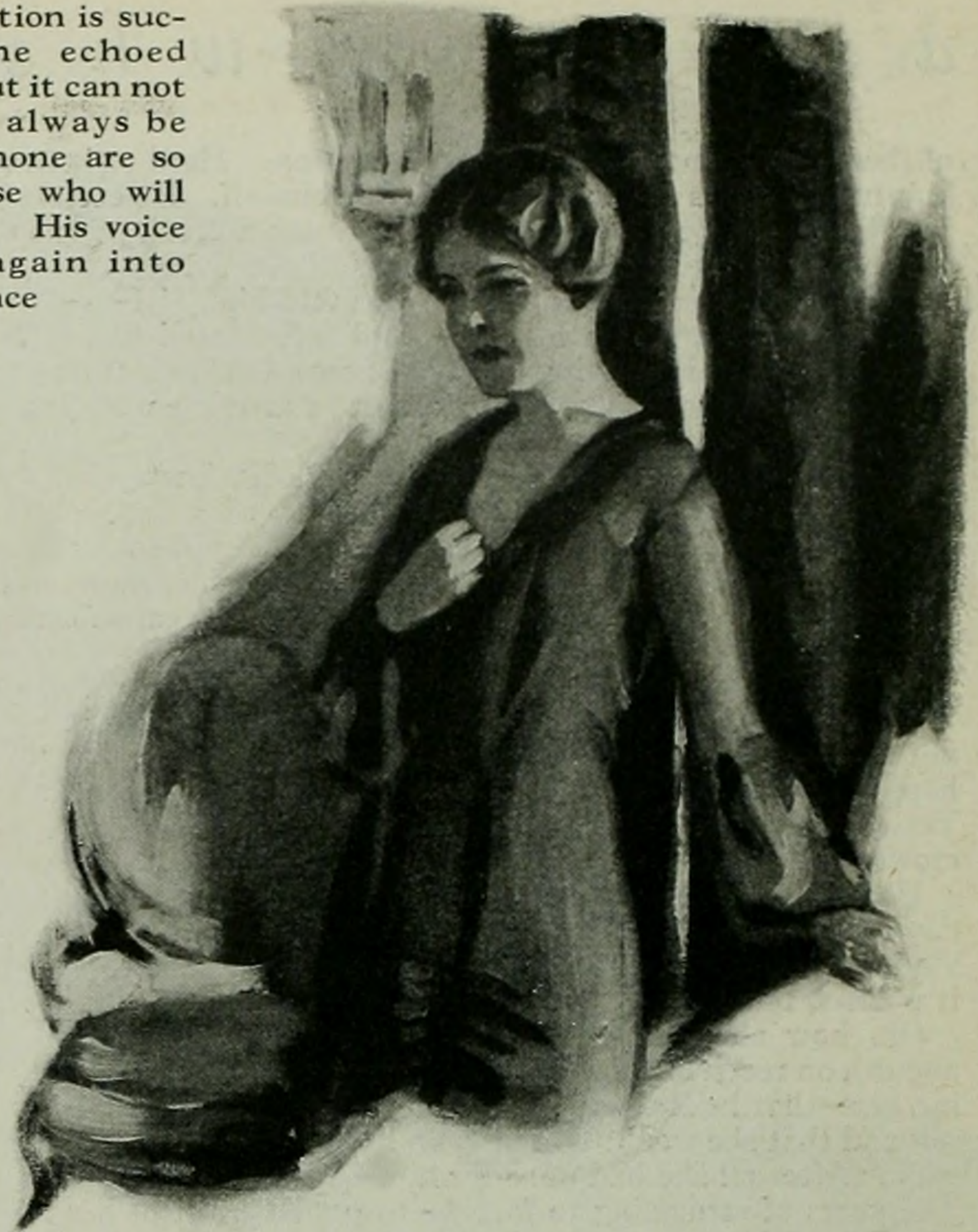
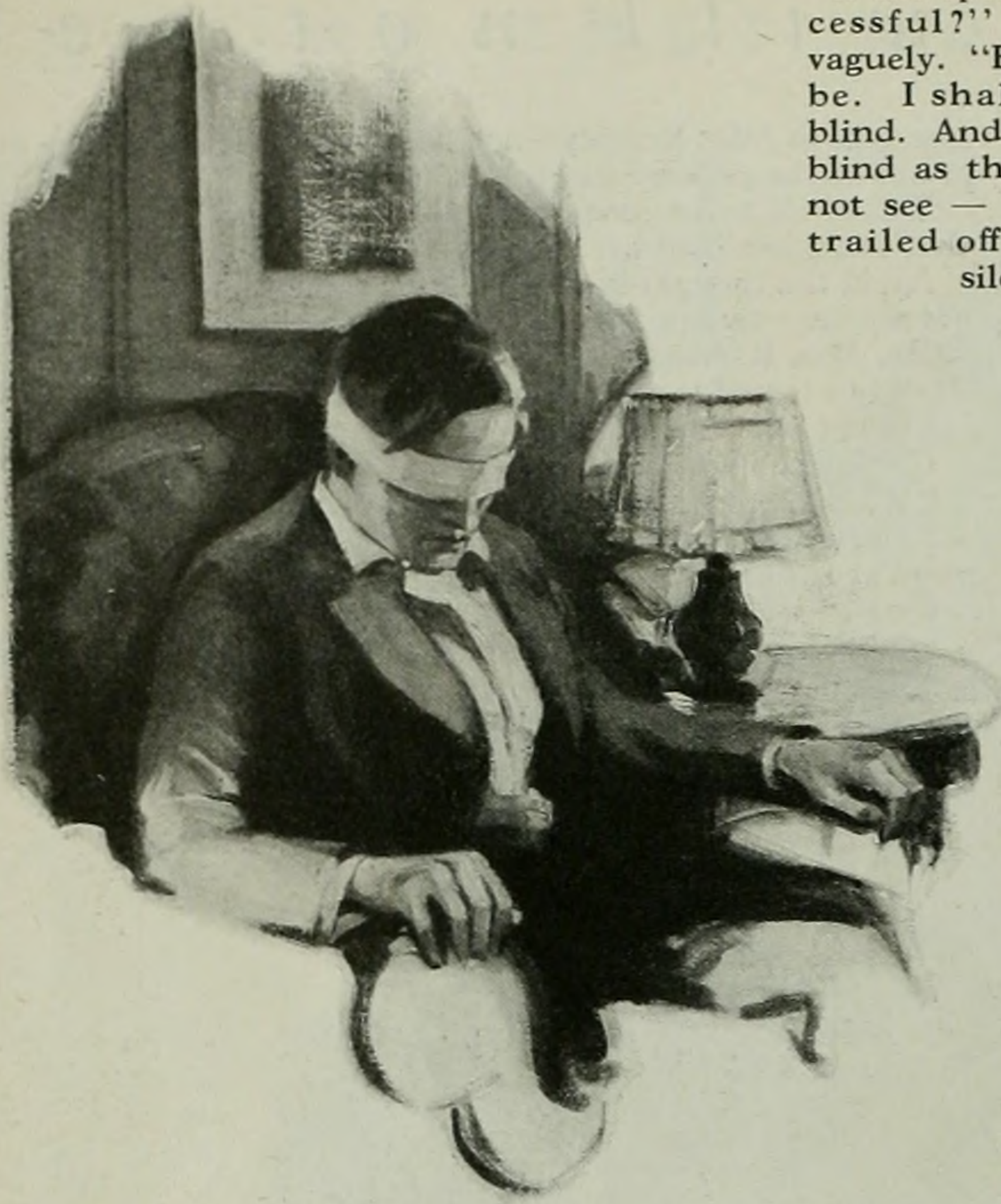
Carlton left them, and Allen slipped into his vacant chair.

"Yes," he agreed, "these charity concerts bring out many



Once again they played the Liebesfreud—Love's Joy. . . . How many, many times she had played it in the old days. . . . What an utter, ghastly joke the whole thing was. Would she ever feel safe again? It was hard—hard

"If the operation is successful?" he echoed vaguely. "But it can not be. I shall always be blind. And none are so blind as those who will not see — " His voice trailed off again into silence



interesting people—noted people. This blind violinist seems to have drawn the largest crowd ever. Fine looking man—tragic case. By the way, Wellington wants me to have a look at him the first of the week. Mean a wonderful thing for me—for the world—if I could do something for him. Wouldn't it?"

The terror that she was holding at bay by will-power was flooding her again, and she tried desperately to keep it out of her voice as she answered his question.

"Yes, Allen," she said, very low, "it would be wonderful! But Mr. Carlton said . . ."

A sudden hush fell over the room as a man took his place at the grand piano.

Then, Peter stepped out on the stage.

Raising his violin—tucking it under his chin with the little caressing motion she remembered so well—he drew the bow across the strings.

To the tense woman, it seemed almost as though he had drawn it across the strings of her heart. . . .

And then came music! Wonderful music! Music that soared through the huge room, rising in mounting crescendo—a glorious pæan of triumph—then, diminishing slowly—softer, ever softer, until it became little more than a whisper—Great Music!

Joan felt that her heart must surely burst. Why had he chosen the *Liebesfreud*? It was almost uncanny! Almost as if he must know that she was there—and, in knowing, meant to taunt her.

She closed her eyes; her mind drifting back to the first time she had heard him play it. They had been sitting in the purple dusk; Peter playing the beautiful old melody. Suddenly, laying down the violin, he had crossed to her side, and, dropping on the floor at her feet, had lifted his face to hers.

"Joan!" He had whispered her name as if it were a prayer. "You know that I love you—that you are everything to me. Tell me that you will not leave me—ever; that you love me."

"I do love you," she had told him, glorying in the fact that even as she loved, so was she loved in return.

He had taken her in his arms—she could feel them around her now. . . . Oh, why didn't he stop? She would scream—she couldn't stand it, she knew. She would . . .

Suddenly she became conscious of Allen's voice; it seemed to come from a great distance.

Desperately, she drew her dazed thoughts back; fighting to catch hold of herself. . . .

"Joan, dearest, what is the matter?" he was saying. "You are so white; do you feel sick?"

She managed to smile at him.

"Don't worry, Allen," she said, trying to steady her voice. "There is nothing wrong—only the heat in here is rather terrible, you know."

Gently, he smiled his relief.

"Well, if that is all, we can very soon remedy it. Come on out on the balcony, and you can still hear the music, even if you can't see the musician."

Thankfully, she permitted him to lead her away. Anything to get away from the sight of that tall, straight figure. Maybe it would not be so terrible when she could not see him.

As she followed Allen, she found herself comparing him, for the first time, with Peter.

He was a tall, spare man, well past his youth. His stern face lighted by piercing gray eyes under heavy black eyebrows and a singularly sweet smile. He had been wonderfully successful; giving up a brilliant career as an eye specialist during the war to use his great skill toward helping the men blinded and torn in battle.

And now, Peter, Peter of all people, was also to be given the benefit of that skill.

They had been so happy—so contented.

Why had this man come to bring the awful, dreaded, closed past to life again?

"This better?" Allen was saying as he drew a low wicker chair near one of the long windows opening into the ballroom.

"Just right!" she smiled at him; then drawing his head down for a swift kiss: "Oh, Allen, what would I do without you? You are always so good—so thoughtful for me."

He gave her a fond, tender look.

"Jo'an," he said softly, using the familiar French pronunciation of her name, "if you only knew how happy it makes me to hear you say that. You are so lovely—so wonderful—to care for an old . . ."

But she stopped him, laying soft fingers across his mouth. Somehow, this evening, she felt so unworthy. If she had only told him; had only thrown herself on the mercy and understanding of his love. . . . But would he have understood? Would his love have stood the test? No matter what a man was or what he had done, the mere fact of him being a man made *anything* all right. . . . But a woman? Ah, that was different! She had been afraid to risk her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



The Lark of the Month

BESSIE LOVE has her hair cut more like a boy's than any other girl in Hollywood. And Bessie is such a youthful, boyish looking person, anyhow, that the combination got her into trouble recently while she was travelling.

Waking up in the middle of the desert on a very hot night, Bessie found that the porter had forgotten to put any ice in the cooler in her drawing room. Slipping on her little striped flannel dressing gown, and her moccasins, Bessie went through the car to the ladies' dressing room in search of a drink.

Just as she started to open the door, a loud masculine voice

hailed her, and, turning, she saw a big, burly brakeman, who shouted:

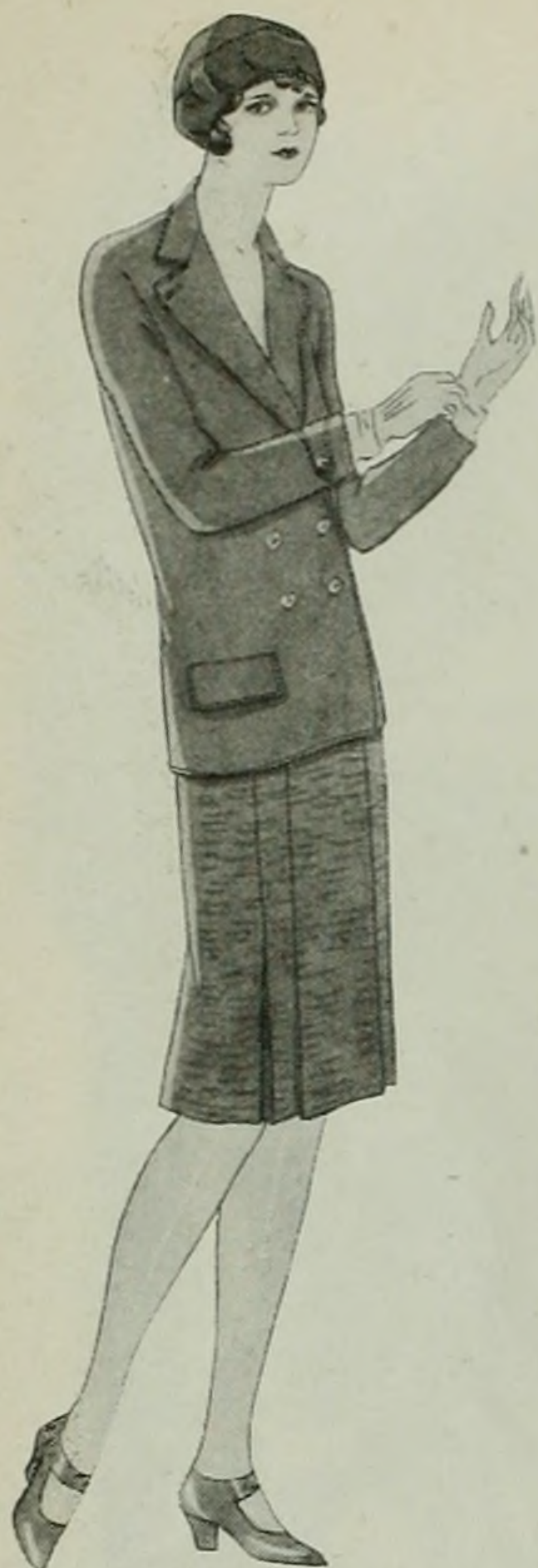
"Hey, son, you can't go in there."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Bessie sleepily, and once more started to open the door.

Whereupon the brakeman grabbed her arm and swung her around, at the same time hollering, "Ain't you ashamed, a big boy like you. I won't let you go in there."

It took Bessie some time to convince him of her proper sex, whereupon it was his turn to be embarrassed.

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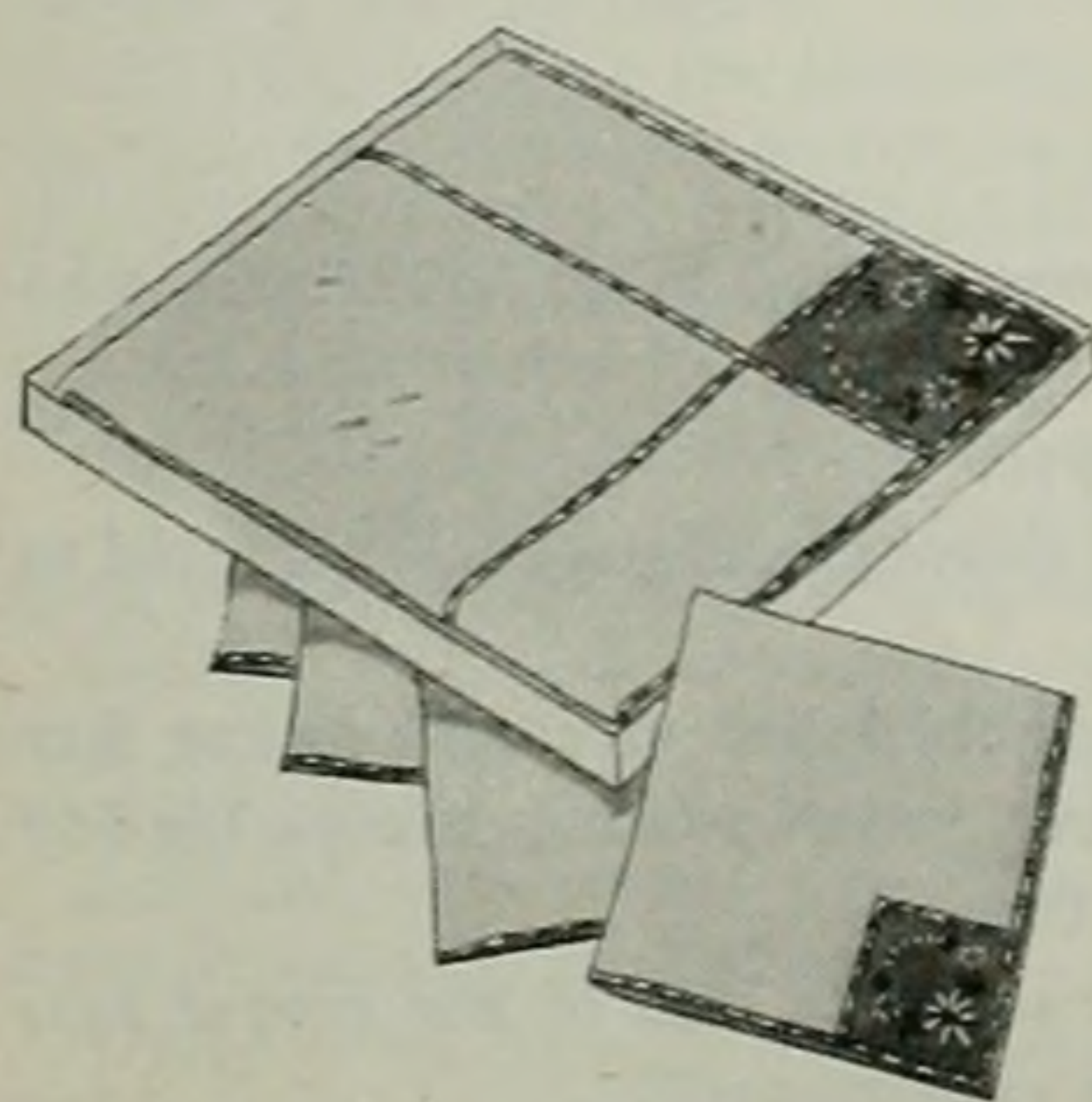


For Christmas house parties you will need the enchanting negligee displayed by DOROTHY MACKAILL, of chenille velvet, luxuriously trimmed with matching ostrich, in the following shades: Copen or light blue, coral, American beauty, orchid or peach. Sizes 34-44. \$13.95

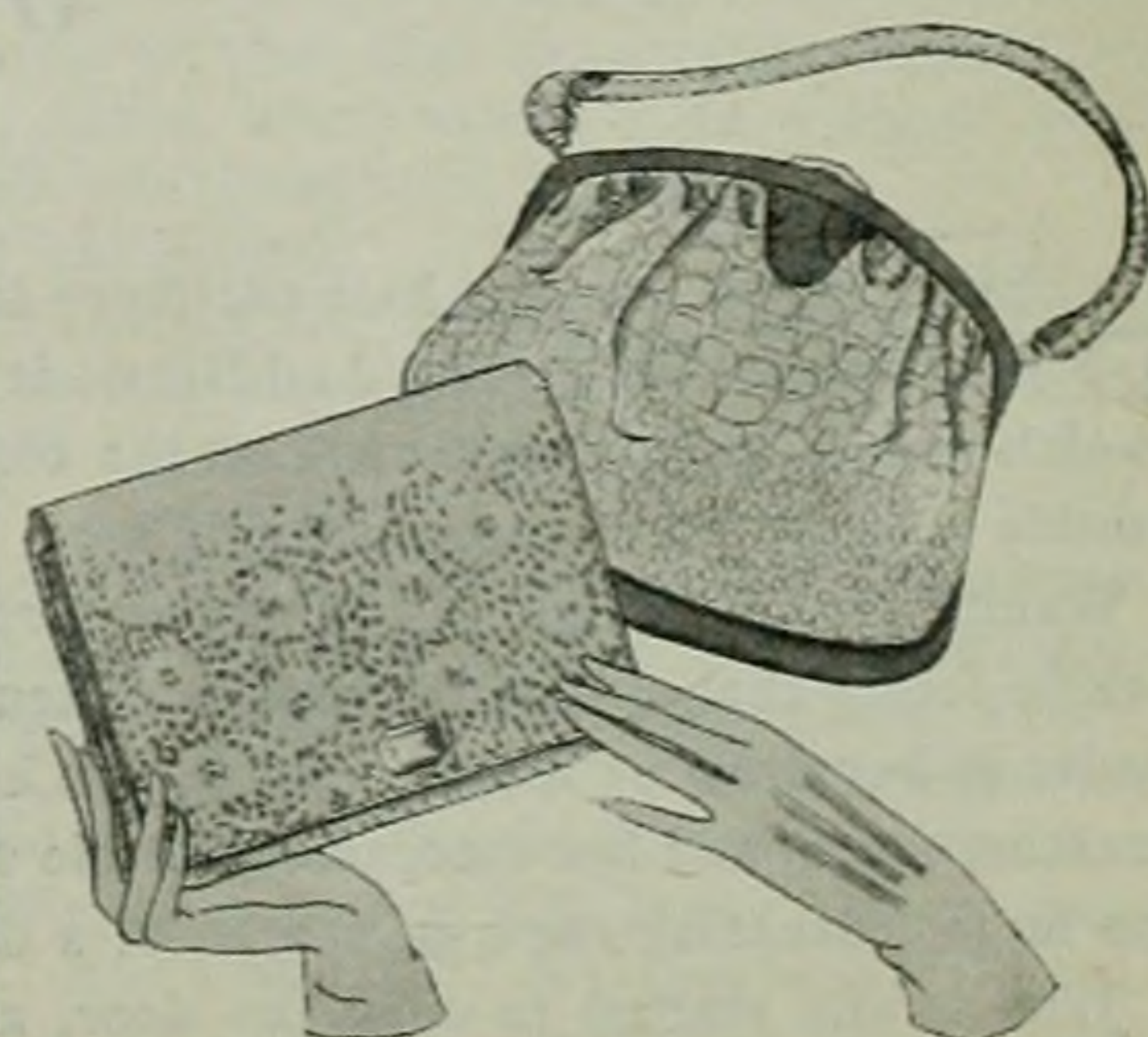
Perfect for winter sports is this smart little suit shown by VERA REYNOLDS, of suede coat, warmly lined with cashmere, and matching cashmere skirt. In lovely shades of rose-red, green and cocoa brown, sizes 14-20. \$29.50. The becoming beret-tam is of suede cloth in the same shades and costs \$1.65. State headsize

VERA REYNOLDS roots for sports clothes, and here shows one of those indispensable little jersey suits suitable for all-year-round weather. Made of excellent quality jersey, with the smart cardigan neckline, and self-vestee, it comes in Chanel red, navy, tan, brick and green, trimmed with harmonizing striped bands. 14-40. \$10.75

Dress your bridge table for the holidays in the charming bridge set sketched below. Of natural color pure linen, with colored corners and embroidery in blue, rose, green, gold or orchid—cloth and four napkins cost only \$2.95



Bags of simulated reptile leathers are the vogue and the envelope purse and pouch bag sketched below come in tan, brown or grey, \$2.95. The suede gloves come in grey or tan, sizes 5¾ to 7¼. \$2.95





The smart two-piece business or school frock shown above is of jersey, and has three fashion points: the side-cluster pleats in the skirt, the contrasting inserts in the blouse, and the high scarf-collar. Chanel red, green, Valencia blue, tan or brown, 34-44. Specially priced at \$9.75

The coat frock (second from left) of exceptionally slenderizing lines, is made of wool crepe, one of the smartest of the season's materials. Chanel red, navy, green or tan. 14-44. \$25.00

The ubiquitous lizard has invaded the field of dress materials. The frock at center, above, uses lizard patterned velveteens, of soft quality, for the blouse, and makes the box-pleated skirt and band on blouse of plain velveteen. In tan or brown only, sizes 14-20, price \$15.00

The wise woman will prepare for Christmas parties with the georgette evening frock at right, in box, whose lovely soft lines are becoming to practically every figure. In flame, orchid, flesh, maize, green and white. 36-44. \$25.00



Directly above is a remarkable value in a knitted sweater suit of all wool yarn, in tan, green, red or blue, with the sweater striped in a harmonizing shade and plain skirt. 34-44. Only \$5.00 for the suit complete. At this price one could invest in more than one, to good advantage

Second from right above is a charming one-piece frock of flat crepe, with the new large sleeves, and slave link belt across the front. The skirt is pleated at the sides. Soft green, tan, new blue and navy. 16-42. Very modestly priced at \$11.95

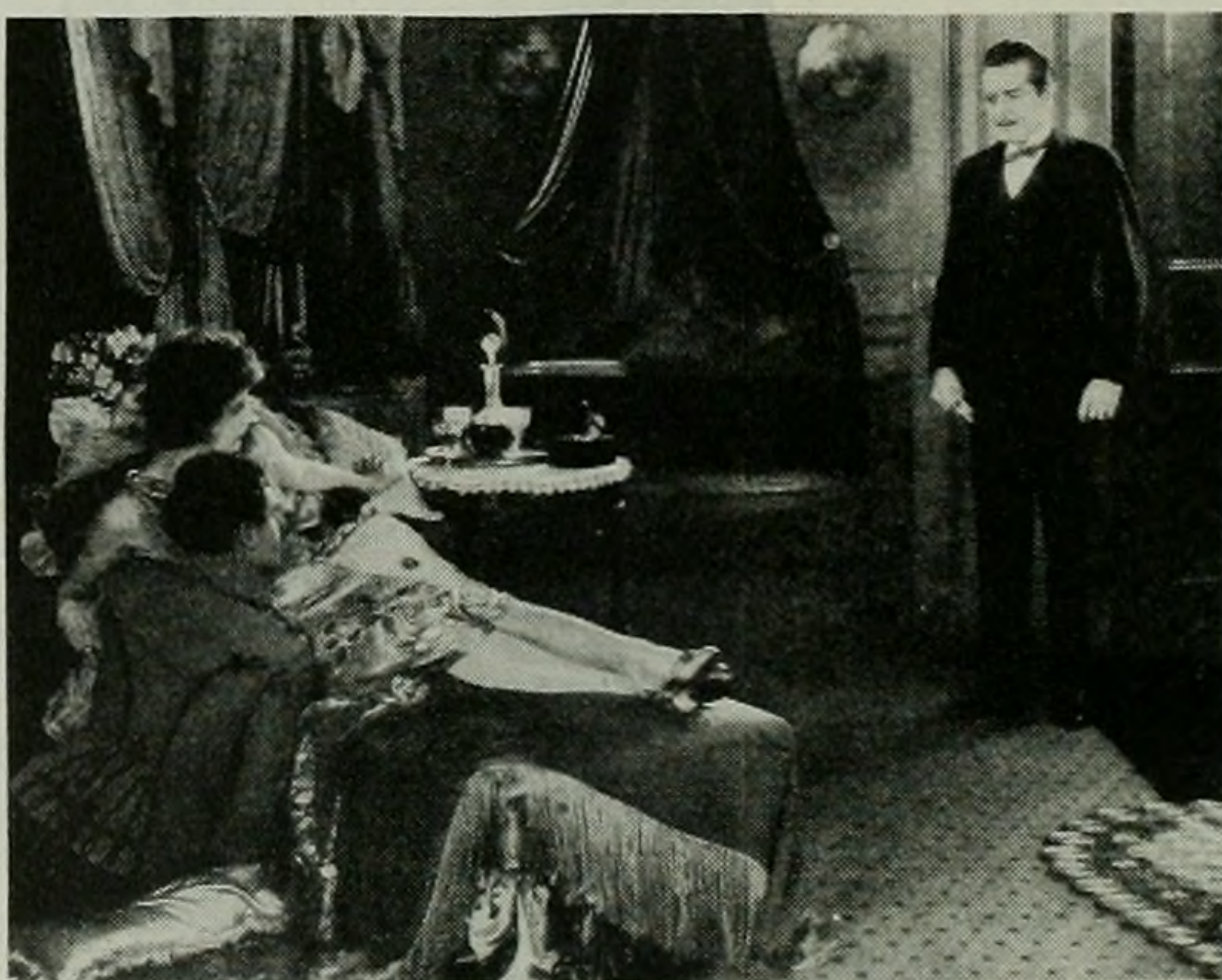
At left is an adorable dance frock, of ruffled taffeta, with the fitted bodice and full skirt so dear to the slim young thing's heart. Orchid, maize, flesh and green, sizes 14-20. Only \$15.75

The Evolution of a Kiss



-and
THEN!

Here is what happens to Jack Gilbert when he demonstrates the technique of a kiss to Greta Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil." Guess what rôle Marc MacDermott plays. Her husband? Right the first time. Draw your own moral

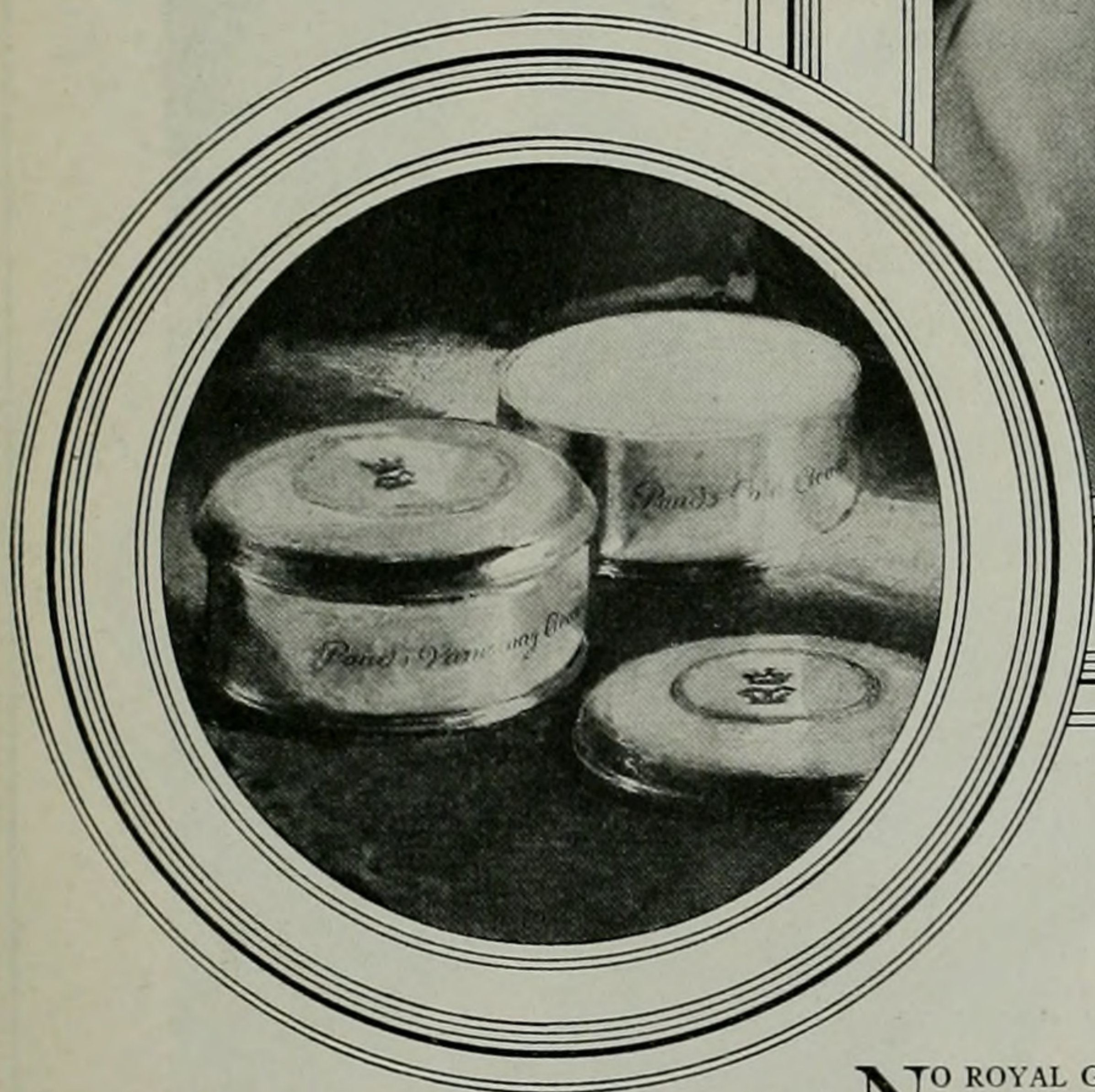




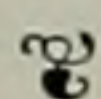
Queen Marie's charming little personal crest which she designed herself, the crown of Roumania suspended above the letter M.



HER MAJESTY, MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
Portrait by Philip A. de Laszlo

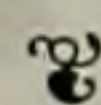


A pair of silver jars filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, which Queen Marie keeps for constant use on her dressing table.



Pond's Creams are also highly praised by

- Her Majesty, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN*
- The DUCHESS DE GRAMONT*
- The PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON*
- MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH*
- MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT*
- MISS ANNE MORGAN*



NO ROYAL GUEST who has ever visited America has been so widely acclaimed for her beauty—as Queen Marie. Youth is hers—and great vitality, in spite of years crowded with strenuous activity. She has a beautiful skin—unlined, firm, fresh, with lovely natural color! A skin which speaks for itself of the wise care Her Majesty has always given it.

Over two years ago, Her Majesty, writing from Bucharest, was pleased to permit the Pond's Extract Company to quote her words expressing her faith in the efficacy of Pond's Two Creams.

A subsequent letter, written in February 1925, says: "Her Majesty wishes me to repeat that as to Pond's Cream, it gives her daily greater satisfaction."

If you don't already know and depend upon these delightful Creams of Pond's try them for yourself, without cost, by clipping and mailing the coupon below. You will receive free sample tubes of each with instructions for using. Pond's Cold Cream for the deep cleansing that keeps the skin supple, fresh, young; Pond's Vanishing Cream for soft protection and lovely evenness of finish. Send in the coupon today. The Queen of Roumania's loveliness may also be yours.

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Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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*I*N spite of her famous name, Dolores Costello was once a chorus girl, an "extra" looking for work, a player of "bits." Then John Barrymore saw her and recognized her potential greatness. And now comes the trace of a romantic plot: Barrymore and his wife, Michael Strange, are enjoying one of those "friendly separations." They say that John's admiration for the frail and aloof Dolores is tinged with a more romantic feeling. So check up another victory for the screen in its controversy with the stage!



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President.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
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When the tree is
 trimmed for the great day—when the
 peace and good cheer of
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Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the stockings are hung by the mantel. And the children's tree is ablaze with the gifts and toys for tomorrow's glad awakening. When joyously tired at midnight you settle down by the languishing fire—*have a Camel!*

For to those who think of others, there is no other gift like Camels. Camel enjoyment enriches every busy day, increases the gladness in giving, makes life's anticipations brighter. Before Camel, no cigarette ever was so good. Camels are made of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste.

So on this Christmas Eve, when your work for others is done—when you're too glad for sleep with thoughts of tomorrow's happiness—have then the mellowest—*Have a Camel!*



Remember your few closest friends with a supply of Camels for Christmas Day and the days to come. Mail or send your Camel cartons early, so that they will be delivered in ample time.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
 Winston-Salem, N. C.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

QUESTION BOX.—Sure, I remember the old nursery rhyme. I am Mother Goose's youngest son. But, Miss Changeable, I wouldn't get your goat for anything. May McAvoy has blue eyes and brown hair. She is four feet, eleven inches small and weighs 94 pounds. Born in New York City in 1901. Florence Vidor has brown hair and eyes to match her hair. She was born in Houston, Texas, in 1895. Five feet, four inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Norma Shearer is a Canadian, native of Montreal. She has blue eyes and light brown hair. Weighs 112 pounds and was born Aug. 10, 1904. Adolphe Menjou has dark blue eyes and brown hair. He is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Born in Pittsburgh, Feb. 18, 1891. Question Box is right!

G. D. G., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—The critics don't often intentionally knock one star. However, if they feel that a star is not doing the best work he can, the critics sometimes keep at him. Honestly, most critics would rather write a boost than a knock. Norma Shearer is not married. Gloria Swanson's married name is Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. She was born March 27, 1898. Reginald Denny's next picture will be "The Cheerful Fraud" and Dick Barthelmess' newest will be "The Patent Leather Kid."

CHERIE, CHICAGO.—"Cherie, cheri je t'aime!" Isn't that the way the song goes? Address Agnes Ayres at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif. Miss Ayres was born in 1898. Write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, for a photograph of Rudolph Valentino.

J. E. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.—You're a hound for statistics. Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Born July 29, 1905. Dorothy Mackaill was born March 4, 1904. She is one and one-half inches taller than Clara and weighs 112 pounds. Mae Murray is only five feet, three inches tall and weighs three pounds more than Dorothy Mackaill. She was born May 10, 1893. Mary Pickford is exactly five feet tall and weighs exactly one hundred pounds. Also born in 1893—April 8, to be exact. Whew!

H. C. W., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Fourteen years of fandom without losing your heart! And now you fall for Richard Dix. Pretty lucky for Richard. I don't know what the "X" in Bushman stands for, but I imagine that his middle name is Xavier. That's the usual combination. Thanks for the "Fount of Wisdom" line.

P. S. D., POTTSTOWN, PA.—Write to Olive Borden at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Olive was born in 1907. Not married, as yet. She is *The Girl on the Cover* this month.

TRUE BLUE FRIENDS, CAWKER CITY, KAN.—You are nice girls to sit down and write me such a cheerful letter. And especially because you had no questions to ask. I am not married, but I have had to hide your letter from my secretary. She is very much afraid that some one will come along and grab her job. Do you know that Claire Windsor was born and raised in your city?

"CANOLEEN," HIGH POINT, N. C.—Sure, "Red" Grange is going to make more pictures. Say, do you think the girls would let him quit? For a photograph of Mr. Grange, write to Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York.

RUFFUS, PINE BLUFF, N. C.—Call me anything you please, Ruffus. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. He has brown hair with eyes to match. Natacha Rambova is about thirty years old. She has chestnut hair and brown eyes. For a photograph of Rudolph Valentino, write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. And to the same address for a picture of Vilma Banky, who is "too sweet for words."

"BERKY," A. A.—It's entirely your imagination. I love the girls from Dixie—Mammy!—even if some of them do call me "ancient." Now that that's understood, we can be friends, can't we? Ramon Novarro is making "The Great Galeoto." Norma Shearer and Corinne Griffith both use their real names.

IRENE, GARDEN CITY, L. I.—That's a neat description of Jack Mulhall's smile—"not sheikish, not timorous, not intentionally alluring. But so friendly!" Yes, there are a lot of six-footers on the screen. Lefty Flynn is six feet, three inches; Fred Thomson, is six feet, two inches; Emil Jannings is over six feet tall. And Victor McLaglen, Monte Blue and Rod La Roque are all six feet, three inches. Thomas Meighan was born in 1879 and Harrison Ford, in 1892. Jack Mulhall's birthday is Oct. 7. He was born in 1891. Nice letters like yours never bore me.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars can not afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

E. H., WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.—Charles Rogers was born at Olathe, Kansas, in 1905. He is six feet tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Charles Farrell was born in 1902. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. You like the newcomers, don't you?

F. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.—Julanne Johnston is about twenty-two years old. And she is five feet, six inches tall. That's pretty big for a screen heroine. The camera makes 'em look taller than they really are. George O'Brien is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has brown eyes and brown hair. His newest picture is "Gaby," the story of the French siren who was credited with costing a king his throne. Write to United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave., New York, for a picture of Rudolph Valentino.

MARY LOU, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—This is "as quick as I can." You are right and your friend is wrong. It was Ben Lyon, not Lloyd Hughes, who played with Colleen Moore in "So Big." Milton Sills was divorced once before he married the charming Doris Kenyon. Eugene O'Brien and George O'Brien are not brothers; they are not even related.

TWO GIRLS FROM MAVILLE, IOWA.—Address Louise Brooks at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Do I think she is pretty? Oh, boy!

H. S., GLIDDEN, IOWA.—Ronald Colman is five feet, eleven inches tall. Born Feb. 9, 1891. Separated from his wife. Surely just an inch shorter than six feet is tall enough for an ideal hero. By the way, there seems to be a regular craze lately for tall men. How come?

M. K. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Get ready! Here is "all about Jack Holt." Gather around, Holt fans, and listen: Jack was born in Winchester, Va., May 13, 1888. He played on the stage and started in pictures a number of years ago. He is married and has two daughters and a son.

M. C. N., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Curiosity needs no apology. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Oct. 9, 1896. He's married to Elise Bartlett; at least, he was married a few weeks ago. The Schildkrauts are separated and reunited so often that I can't keep up with them. They have no children. Address Mr. Schildkraut at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

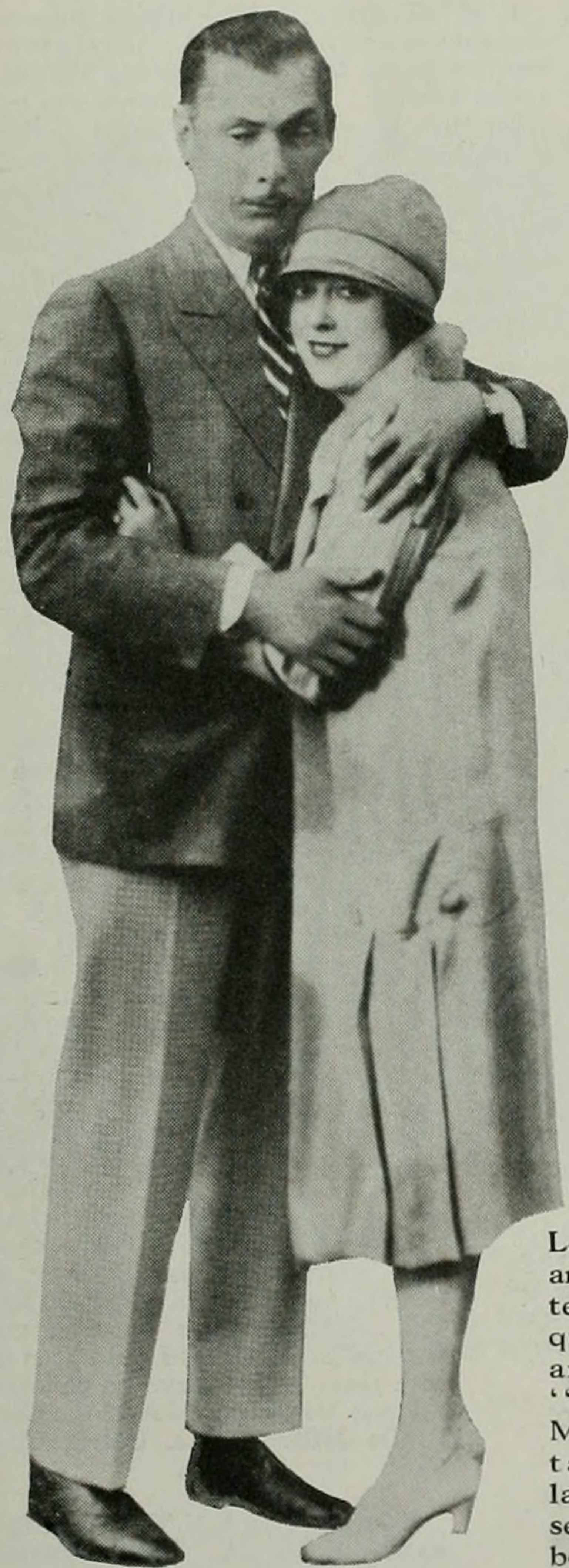
ELSIE H., UTICA, N. Y.—Marie Prevost is a Canuck. Born in Sarnia, Canada. But an American by marriage. She is the wife of Kenneth Harlan. George K. Arthur did not play in "Beverly of Graustark." Harrison Ford has no children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

The Gentleman

Known as Lew

By
Dorothy
Spensley



Lew Cody is a national institution—with a sense of humor. Novelists mention him in their stories, cartoonists name him in their comic strips. Lew says his best friends are Od McIntyre, Billy de Beck, Don Stewart and "Bugs" Baer

Saturday noons. That drives her to vacuous parties and vapid dinners. But I do, for she told me.

Some day she hopes some place to meet someone who will introduce her to Lew Cody.

And now you know what kind of a man we deal with. A man who drives beautiful blonde women to search for him at parties. A man who drives frail femininity to luncheon-dansants. A man's man and a woman's idol. That is the gentleman known as Lew.

But Lew needs no more introduction than Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle; or Ivory Soap, which is 99 94/100 per cent pure; or the 'round the world flyers, or anything that is nationally known.

Lew and Mabel Normand are married. "We intended to take ourselves quite seriously, Mabel and I," explains Lew. "Then a friend told Mabel that she had certainly married a big laugh, so we couldn't be serious. After all, we're both comedians. Why not laugh?"

I KNOW a girl with the bluest eyes, the goldenest hair, the slimmest ankles, the slenderest limbs, the smallest waist, the roundest neck, the firmest chin, the reddest lips, and the longest lashes.

She is exquisite, that golden girl. She knows it. I know it. Everyone who knows her knows it. But not everyone knows the longing that drives her to the Montmartre Cafe on Wednesday and

Lew is an institution. Not a fixture, he is too active for that. Fixtures are apt to be regarded as fastened to one spot. And this could never be said of Lew, for if he isn't dropping in to say "cheerio!" at Bebe Daniels' he is popping in for a moment to see his comrade-in-arms, Norman Kerry.

Yes, Lew is an institution. Say "Lew Cody" in any hamlet in the country and the native thinks of motion pictures, Hollywood, he-vamps and humorous comedians. Novelists mention him casually in their stories, cartoonists name him in their strips. And if that isn't the perfect tribute to fame, what is?

Which brings us to Lew, lolling lazily on the paunch-like velour seat of the overstuffed chair:

"I like writers. Most of my [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

He's a National Institution

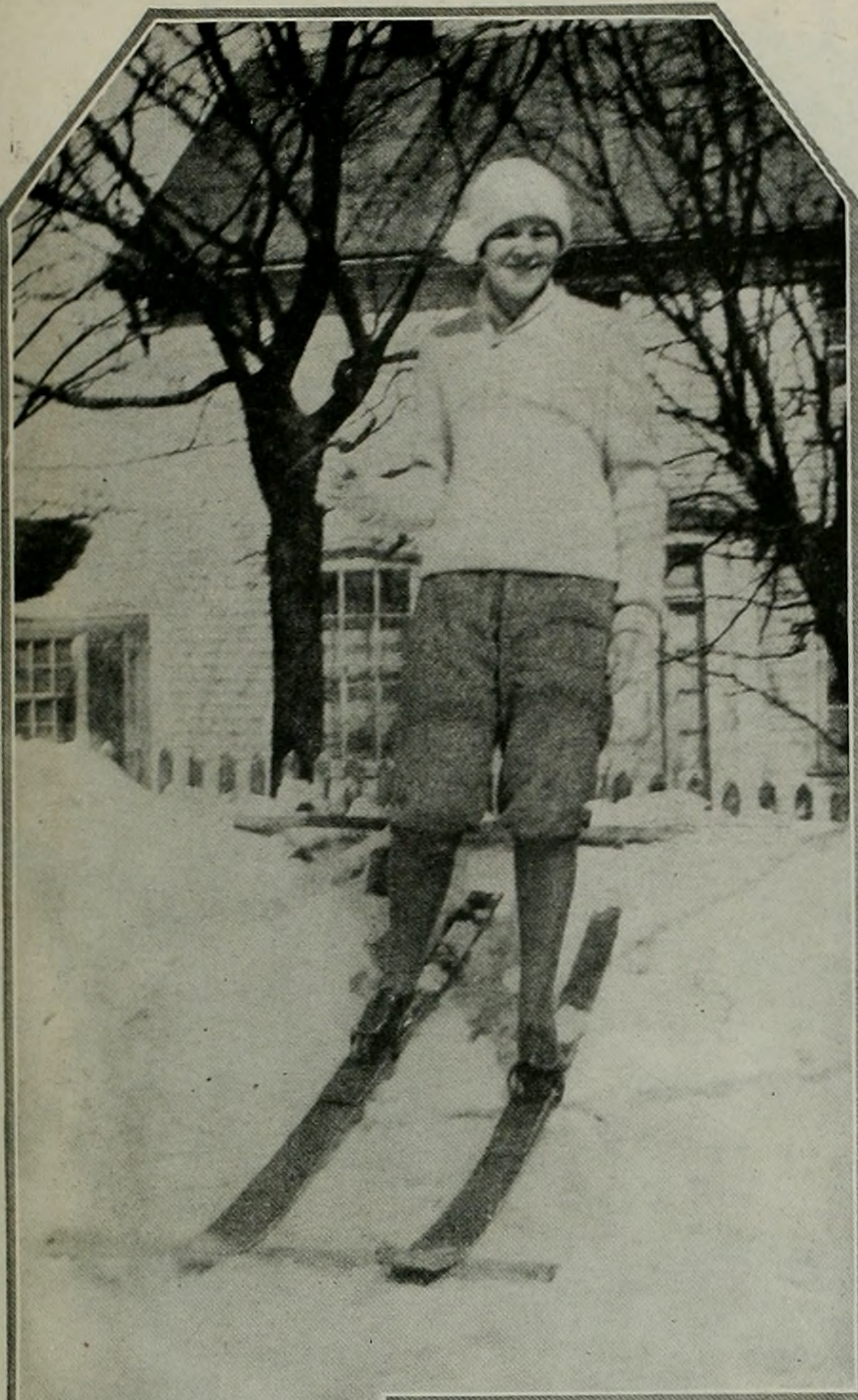
Champions of Health

They conquered stubborn ills,
won their way back to
glorious health and vigor—
by eating one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 25, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH BOILS for some time. After numerous remedies had failed to relieve me I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. This I did, and at the end of two months I was completely rid of my affliction."

MABEL C. MACKENZIE,
St. Peters, Nova Scotia.



"I BECAME BADLY RUN DOWN. Ballet dancing made too great demands on my energy. Tonics gave little help. Finally I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My energy is now completely restored. I feel entirely well."

HARRIETTE G. BENDLE, New York City.



"FOR MANY YEARS I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION caused by the irregular habits of a life spent in travel, prospecting, trading, fighting in three wars. At last a friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so, and found that it kept me in the very pink of condition. My constipation has absolutely vanished."

THOMAS STAPLETON, San Francisco, Calif.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Of All the Luck!

If you don't believe in miracles, read on

By Myrtle West

IN "The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies," Ruth Waterbury tells you about the thousands of beautiful girls desperately and almost hopelessly trying for any kind of chance to get into the studios. At great expense, sometimes at terrible sacrifice, these beauties of Hollywood have travelled thousands of miles from their homes just for a "flyer" in fame.

This is the story of a high school girl of Knoxville, Tenn., who walked into a drug store of her home town for a soda and was beseeched and begged to play the leading part in a special production.



Helen Mundy walked into a drug store in Knoxville, Tenn., for an ice-cream soda. She walked out with the leading rôle in a picture. A black cat for luck!



Fame, like lightning, strikes in unexpected places. There is no analyzing its justice or injustice.

On the one hand, you have the lovely "extra" girl, willing, ambitious, pathetically eager and fatally beautiful. A few days' work in the studios is her dream of Heaven.

On the other hand, you have the not-so-beautiful Helen Mundy, cool, independent and not impressed with this idea of glory. Helen has a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky; but she can't see where anyone has done her any great favor.

Helen, as I have said, went into a drug store for a chocolate soda and walked out with a sugar-covered future. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

Miss Mundy's work in "Stark Love" won her a five-year contract with Paramount. This is the film made in the Carolina mountains. Yes, Miss Mundy is wearing a blonde wig, but no make-up

WATCH YOUR THROAT!



Don't let it become serious!

AS YOU probably know, certain harmful bacteria are constantly present in the mouth and throat. And unless proper precautions are employed these disease germs may often get the upper hand and multiply more rapidly than nature can fight them off.

At such times your throat becomes irritated—Nature's way of telling you there is danger ahead.

Particularly at this time of year everyone should watch

the throat very carefully. The ideal mouth and throat protection is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Its regular use by the entire family, as a mouth wash and gargle, is an easy way to be on the safe side.

Also, then you will be on the polite side in regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

A New Broom
Listerine Tooth Paste is sweeping the country. And like a new broom—it sweeps clean.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

Friendly Advice on Girls'



Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

DEAR Carolyn Van Wyck,
This is a disjointed story about a boy, of course, but please give me your help. I met him at a girl friend's party. Tall, blond, he looked like one of those fashion advertisements "sketched from life at Fashion Park."

I am always rushed everywhere I go. Boys want a "knockdown." Girls are terribly jealous of me. I was voted the most beautiful girl at our school. But none of this matters now, because I'm miserable. Here's why.

He rushed me that night, told me he loved me, asked me to elope then and there. I refused. Sometimes I'm sorry I did. He took me home and promised to call the next day. Then my girl friend told me he was engaged to another girl.

Next day when he telephoned for a date, I refused. I was afraid to see him. I cared too much to be a passing fancy while he was engaged to another. I went away. From friends I heard Phil talked only of me, asking continuously when I was coming home. The first night I returned I ran into him. I did not speak, but I knew I loved him. He told me he loved me, but remembering that other girl, I refused to go out with him. Next day I learned he had broken his engagement the night he first met me.

Tell me what to do. Shall I invite him to see me, and if he comes, let him see how glad, how deeply glad I am to see him? What can I do to win him back?
D. C.

Silence is not golden in lovers' quarrels. Silence is more harmful than otherwise. Pleasure and happiness are always expressive. It is in silence that hurts, hates and animosities develop.

Learn to speak out, D. C. Learn to articulate your hidden thought, your unexpressed fear. This is a most important thing for every girl to learn, I believe. The days for "lady-like" silences have passed. Life is too swift now. One must make one's self heard today or life rushes by, leaving one stranded.

In your case, D. C., you judged your handsome young man by gossip standards and found him wanting. You did not speak out. You gave him no opportunity to defend, or explain himself. Very hurt, you ran away and in running away probably hurt him, too. I realize you were trying to act wisely, trying to keep from breaking your own and some other girl's

heart. Yet, I think you owed it to that boy to ask him about the situation before you doubted him on hearsay.

Never put off until tomorrow the quarrels that can be fought today. I favor more and better quarrels between lovers. I do not mean bickerings or petty naggings. Those are one-sided meannesses, meaning nothing and accomplishing nothing but mutual disrespect. Be above those. But real quarrels, common statements of grievances that start in anger and attempt to go through to mutual understanding, those I champion. A quarrel, after

QUARRELS

Are This Month's Problem

WHEN misunderstanding arises, do you retire into a hurt silence, or do you give the other fellow a chance to explain? This month I'm giving you my reasons for believing it is better to quarrel than to remain angry and silent.

The cruellest days of the year are here, as far as beauty is concerned. If you will send me your name and address, I will forward to you my helpful pamphlet on care of the skin. For ten cents, you may secure my little booklet on sane reducing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

all, is nothing more than an articulate bursting forth from the bonds of false politeness, false hurts and false standards that have temporarily destroyed your real feeling toward the person you love.

Such a quarrel can clear the air miraculously. But its benefit is secured only if you fight it out, not to the bitter end, but to the true end. Don't quarrel half way through and then retire into a new silence. That is simply breeding a new resentment. Don't judge until you know all the facts, all the foolish little emotions concerned. Give and take in the argument, and if at the end you find you were wrong in your judgment, be a big enough person to admit it. Try to see both sides of the argument. Try to be kind and fair. Employ your sense of humor, but above all, speak.

Go to your boy friend, D. C. Explain the whole thing as you have to me. Tell him why you went away, why you doubted him, even how you feel about him. Tell him your story and let him tell you his. That is my answer to you.

EMMA G., INDIANA:

I would reduce if I were you, ten pounds at least. If you are dark, why not drop blue in favor of all the attractive tans and yellows and browns there are? Certain shades of green, too, ought to become you. I would reject the external skin bleaches in favor of the internal ones of drinking lots of water, eating green vegetables and making my skin glow naturally. Don't worry about the boys. If they prefer to dance with you, you're safe. It's a very sure way to popularity.

GERTRUDE C., PENNSYLVANIA:

I regret that I do not know the school to which you refer. It sounds to me like an excellent course for a woman of your type, however. I always favor independence if one is wise enough to be able to maintain self-discipline. And you sound as though you were.

E. D. D.:

I cannot understand with the styles what they are, why any girl should want to develop the calves of her legs. All the smart young girls I know about in New York are worrying themselves a great deal over trying to reduce their legs. The girl with the thin legs is always the smartest. Yours seem in very good proportion to your other measurements and that is something to be proud of.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

The Filmy Gowns That Women Used to Fear

Wear them now in security, under the most trying of hygienic handicaps



Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability.

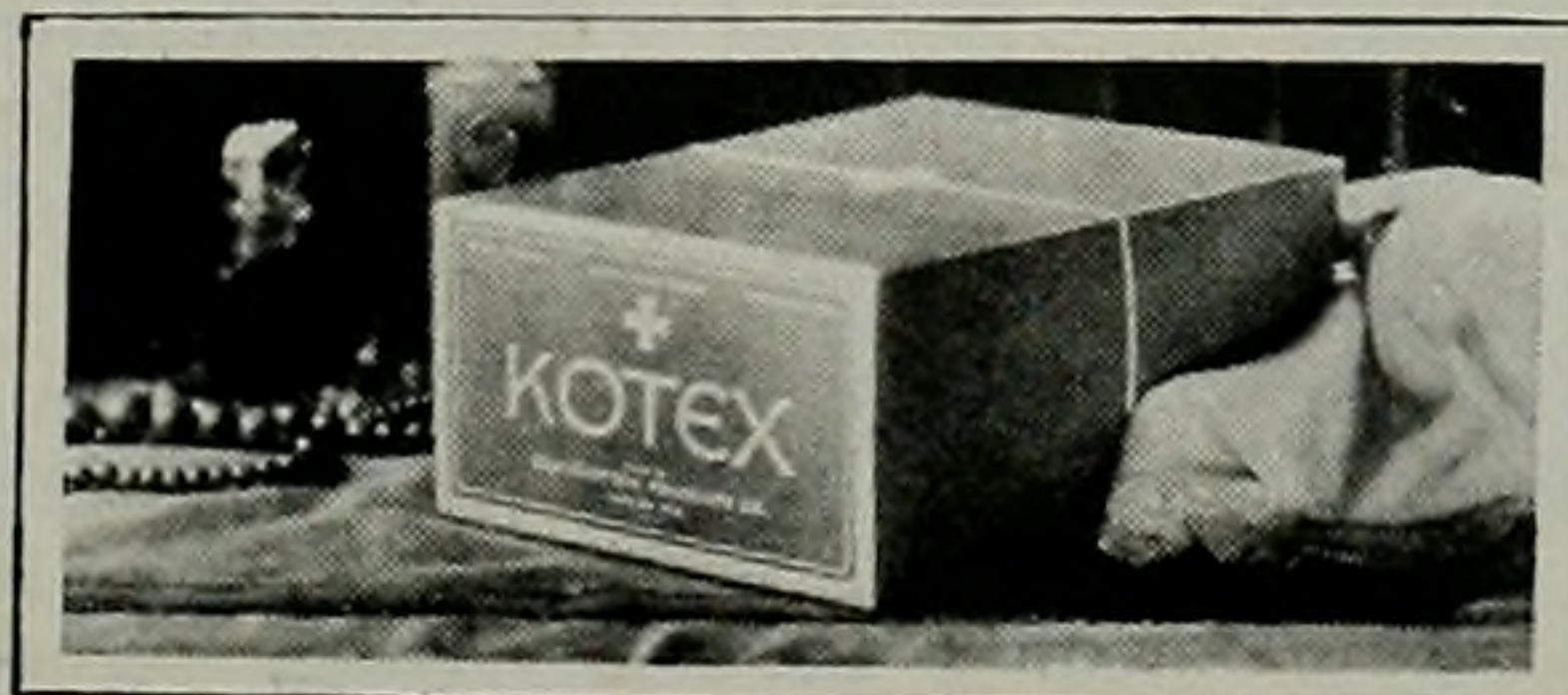
By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SOcial demands, no matter how ill-timed, hold terror no longer for the modern woman. Sheerest gowns are worn without a moment's thought or fear. One dances, motors, goes about for hours in confidence and security.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with positive protection. There is a new way—a way that once you try will keep you forever from risking again dangers of old ways.

These new advantages

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.



*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind *and your health*. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

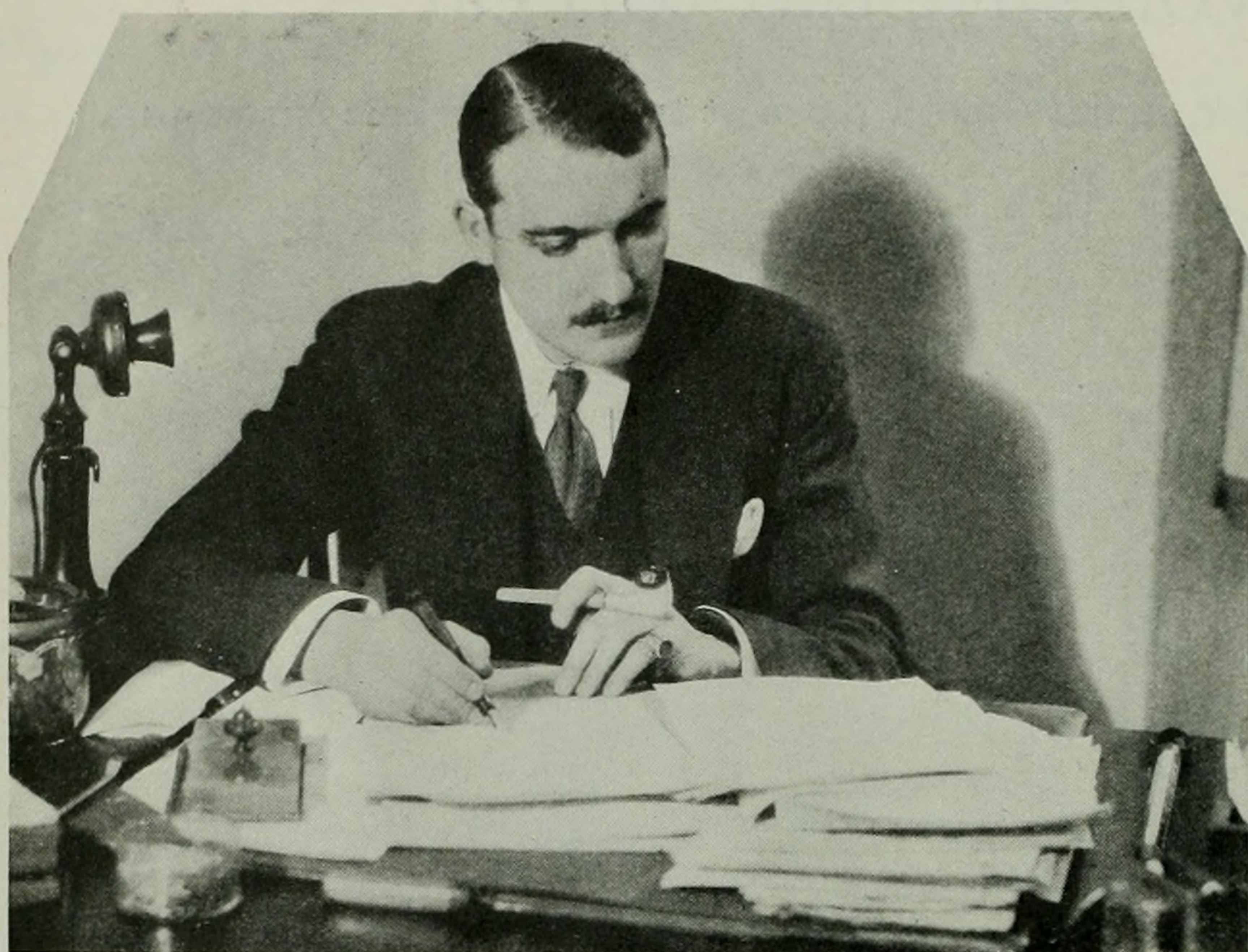


② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

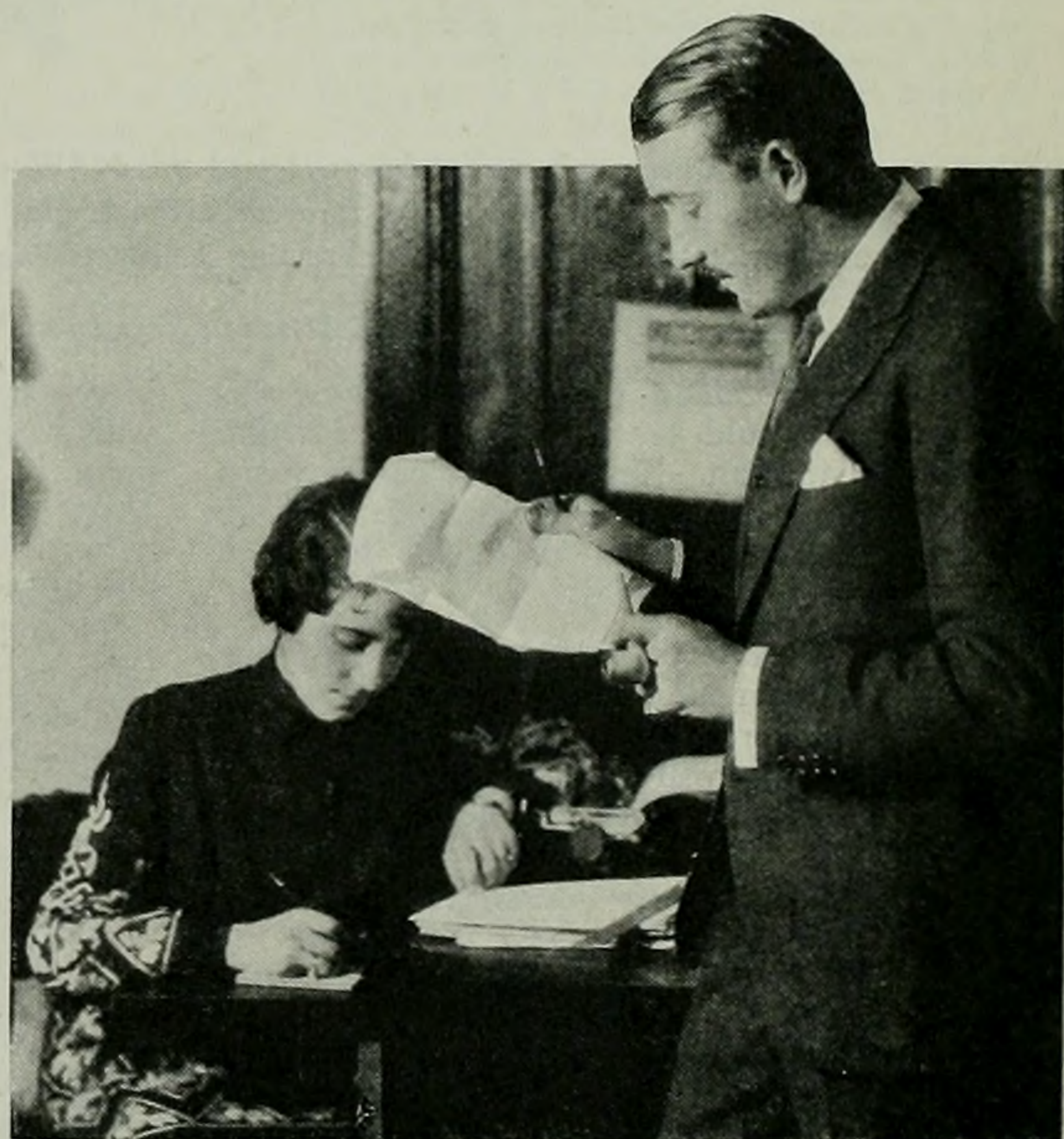
He's in Conference . . .



The Marquis de la Falaise refuses to be only a husband. He hangs out his shingle and goes into business



Introducing Henry—Gloria Swanson's husband—at his desk. He has a small suite of offices in a big building on 42nd street



He has a secretary, an office boy, and his name painted on the door. And even Gloria herself is not allowed to interfere with his businesslike routine of work

Henry de la Falaise writes short stories and acts as literary agent for French authors. And, take it from Gloria, he is a stickler for regular office hours

“What can I do to have perfect Half Moons?”



Do you know what the Half Moons really are?

And that some women never have them at all?

Northam Warren, authority on the care of the nails, answers an important question on the manicure

WHAT woman does not look with envy at the lovely almond-shaped nails of her more *soignée* sister? Does not shrink back in mortification at her own dim, come-as-they-may, vari-shaped finger tips?—clean, but oh, so stupid! Sigh once more for that glistening perfection, above all for those pearl-white rounded half moons and shapely, snowy tips?

Perfectly shaped Half Moons make the nails appear longer and give them the desired almond shape. No wonder they are so much coveted by the woman who wants to have beautiful nails.

The Half Moon is a pale crescent-shaped area just above the nail. Its size and shape vary in every individual and in each finger. Occasionally this white

area is so small that none of it shows above the nail rim. And some women actually do not

properly removed and the nail rims rightly shaped.

“The cuticle is really skin that grows in a protective rim around the nail base. It constantly throws off old tissue that covers up the Half Moons and causes the rims to draw so tight to the nail they split and crack. You can not cut it away without snipping into it, causing it to grow back still more unevenly—and just softening and pushing back the cuticle breaks it and doesn’t remove this old skin either.

“So many women had trouble with this part of the manicure that I experimented until I found a way of removing the old tissue and softening the cuticle so it is easy to shape it into perfect ovals and allow the Half Moons to show. That way is with a liquid—the safe antiseptic Cutex Cuticle Remover.”

WITH orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex the cuticle is gently shaped until the dead cuticle which obscures the Half Moons is removed.

Then rub in Cutex Cuticle Cream—all around the nail base. It helps train the rims back, and keeps the cuticle soft and pliant.

But remember that just one treatment—if you have neglected to train the cuticle properly—

won’t get the Half Moons to show perfectly. You will need to remove the old cuticle and shape the new regularly—once a week. Even if you discover that you do not happen to have Half Moons yourself, you will be delighted with the lovely oval shape of your nails.

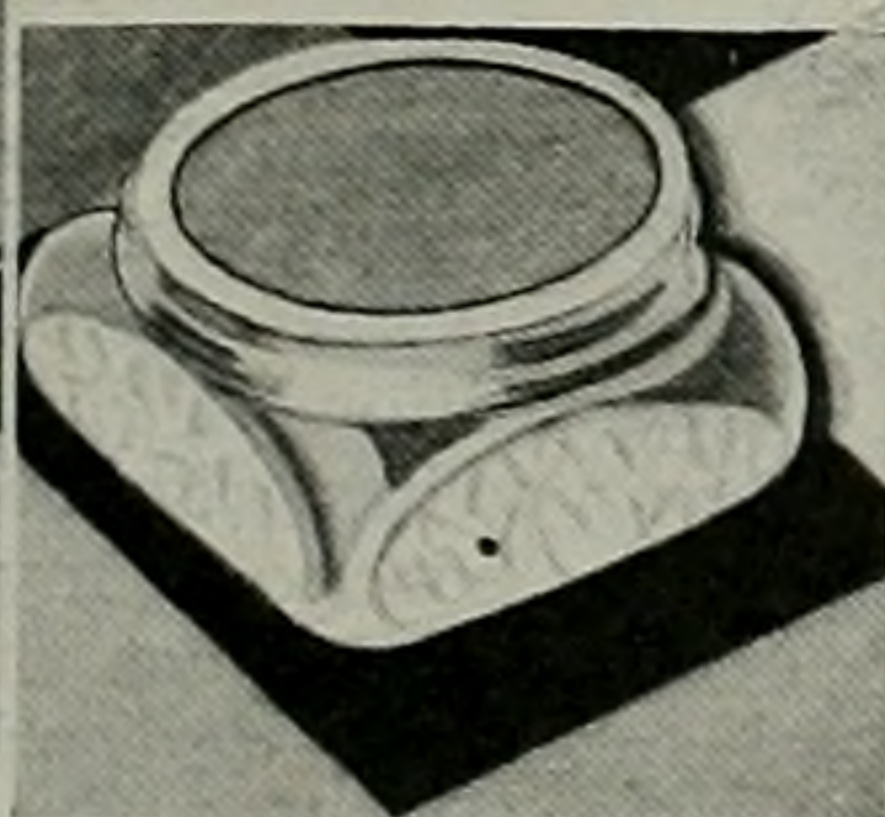
MARTHE REGNIER, talented and unusually gifted French actress and a modiste of artistic ability as well, says: “Half Moons are the distinguishing mark of beauty in well kept nails. Since I discovered Cutex it’s no trouble at all to shape cuticle, revealing the Half Moons.”



Cutex Sets, containing everything for the manicure are 35c to \$5.00. Separate preparations are 35c. You will find them wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer.



This is the dainty anti-septic which removes the dead cuticle that often spoils the shape of the lovely Half Moons

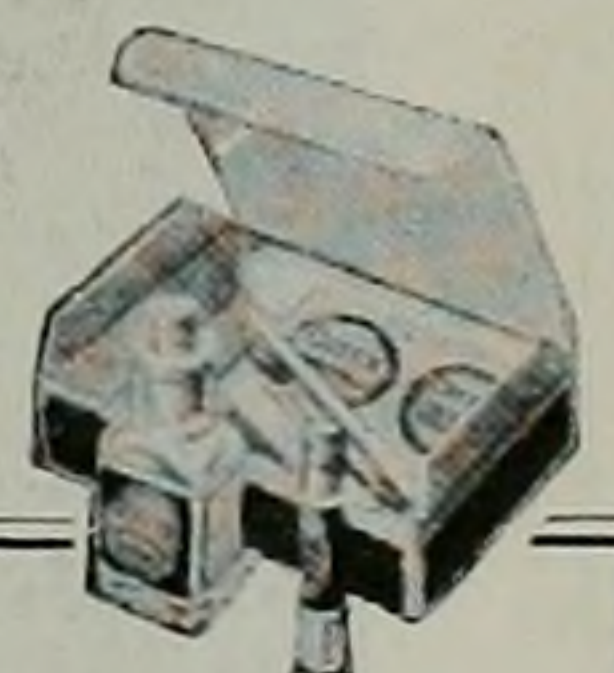


This is the Cuticle Cream, to be rubbed into the nail base, after removing the dead cuticle with Cutex. It keeps the rim around the Half Moons soft and well shaped

have Half Moons at all.

“Usually,” Northam Warren says, “when the Half Moons do not show, it is because the dead cuticle has not been

SEND 10c for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, brush, emery board, orange stick, cotton and booklet.



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-1
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coins for Introductory Set.



"There is nothing I won't do before the camera to attract attention," confesses Roy D'Arcy. "In playing a close-up with John Gilbert, I pull my handkerchief out of my pocket and wave it at the camera"

Just a Little Fella trying to get Along

By Agnes Smith

HYPNOTIC. That's the word. Hypnotic. Piercing blue eyes, a yellow overcoat, a cane, flashing white teeth and a luxurious pair of sideburns.

No wonder, then, that a head-waiter in a New York hotel gave a sharp gasp when he clapped eyes on Roy D'Arcy. This head-waiter sees plenty of actors, but it isn't every day that he sees an actor like Roy D'Arcy.

A first glimpse of Mr. D'Arcy is like a first view of the Aurora Borealis or the Grand Canyon.

And yet I was supposed to sit in his presence and calmly drink tea. Well, there is one thing about Mr. D'Arcy: the stranger never has to wrack her brain to think up conversation. Nobody has to stand on the brink of the Falls and urge the Niagara River to take a tumble.

"I suppose," began Mr. D'Arcy, "that David Belasco is very sore at me."

This, really, seemed too, too bad.

"You see," continued Mr. D'Arcy, "the other night I made a speech over the radio and I said what I really think about the condition of the New York stage. The stage has grown too sordid, too vile. And I also spoke my little piece about Mr. Belasco. Just think, the stage's greatest producer descends to dreadful stuff like 'Lulu Belle.' Over the radio, I came right out and told him what I thought about it.

"I expect to hear from him any day. I guess he's pretty mad about it.

"But I had to speak out about the present dreadful state of the stage. I feel very strongly about it, I assure you."

"Then," I answered, for after all, I had to say something, "you will never go back to the stage?"

Foolish question, of course; they never do.

"Dear, dear no! All the entertainment of the future, all the art of the future, is on the screen. That is to say, the screen is 'way ahead of the stage. However, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

\$10,000

for

Prize Story *J* the Screen

and to Feature in CollegeHumor

RULES FOR THE CONTEST

TO the author of the story or novel best adapted for magazine and motion picture production, as determined by judges of this contest, a prize of \$10,000 will be awarded. In the event that the judges shall decide that two or more stories or novels are of equal value, the award of \$10,000 will be paid to each tying contestant.

The award will be made jointly by College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc. These two organizations will acquire respectively, upon payment of this award, the first American serial rights and the world motion picture rights in and to such story or novel. In addition thereto, First National Pictures, Inc., shall have an option to acquire the second serial rights in the prize-winning novel or story, upon the payment to the author of the additional sum of \$1,000. All other rights shall be reserved to the author. The successful contestant or contestants shall execute College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc., standard forms of contracts conveying unto College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc., the aforementioned rights.

The contestants further agree that unless they shall indicate their refusal at the time of submitting the manuscripts to College Humor, First National Pictures, Inc., shall have the right to purchase the world motion picture rights in and to any one or more of the manuscripts submitted (except only the prize-winning manuscript) for the sum of \$1,000 each.

College Humor shall have the right to buy the first American serial rights in any of the manuscripts submitted (except only the prize-winning manuscript), for a consideration to be mutually agreeable to College Humor and the contestants. All other rights in such manuscripts purchased by College Humor shall remain with the contestants.

The contest opens August 1st, 1926, and closes at midnight February 1st, 1927. Any writer, whether amateur or professional, is eligible (foreign citizenship being no bar), with the exception of employees of College Humor or of First National Pictures, Inc., and any writer may submit one or more novels or stories.

All manuscripts must be original. No translations or collaborations will be considered. All manu-

scripts must be typewritten, double-spaced, and on one side of the paper only. Any manuscripts which do not conform to the foregoing, or whose authors do not agree to the same, will not be considered.

The contest is not limited to novels, but includes any stories not less than 5,000 or more than 110,000 words in length.

To guard against any possibility that the judges might be influenced by previous knowledge of any of the contestants, all manuscripts must be signed with a pen name, with the author's real name and address in an attached, sealed envelope, bearing the pen name of the author. These envelopes will be held unopened in our vaults until the judges have made their decision. Manuscripts submitted without regard to this rule will not be entered.

Manuscripts will be examined as quickly as possible, and those found unsuitable will be returned. Due care will be taken in the handling of all manuscripts, but neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., will be responsible for their loss or damage in any manner or way whatsoever. Neither College Humor nor First National Pictures, Inc., shall be made a party to any libel action or suit for damages that might grow out of the contest in any connection.

Three competent judges, whose names will be announced later, will make the final decision, from which there can be no appeal. No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted.

First National Pictures, Inc., shall have the right to change or alter the title of the prize-winning story or novel in any manner whatsoever, provided the title as so changed or altered shall not violate the rights of the author or authors of any other literary material.

All manuscripts must be sent charges prepaid and accompanied with postage for their return, addressed to Contest Editor, College Humor, 1050 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

In submitting manuscripts in this contest the contestants thereby agree to all of the foregoing rules and conditions.

CollegeHumor

In Connection
With



AT ALL NEWS-STANDS, THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Because, as *Henry VIII*, Emil Jannings created a great portrait

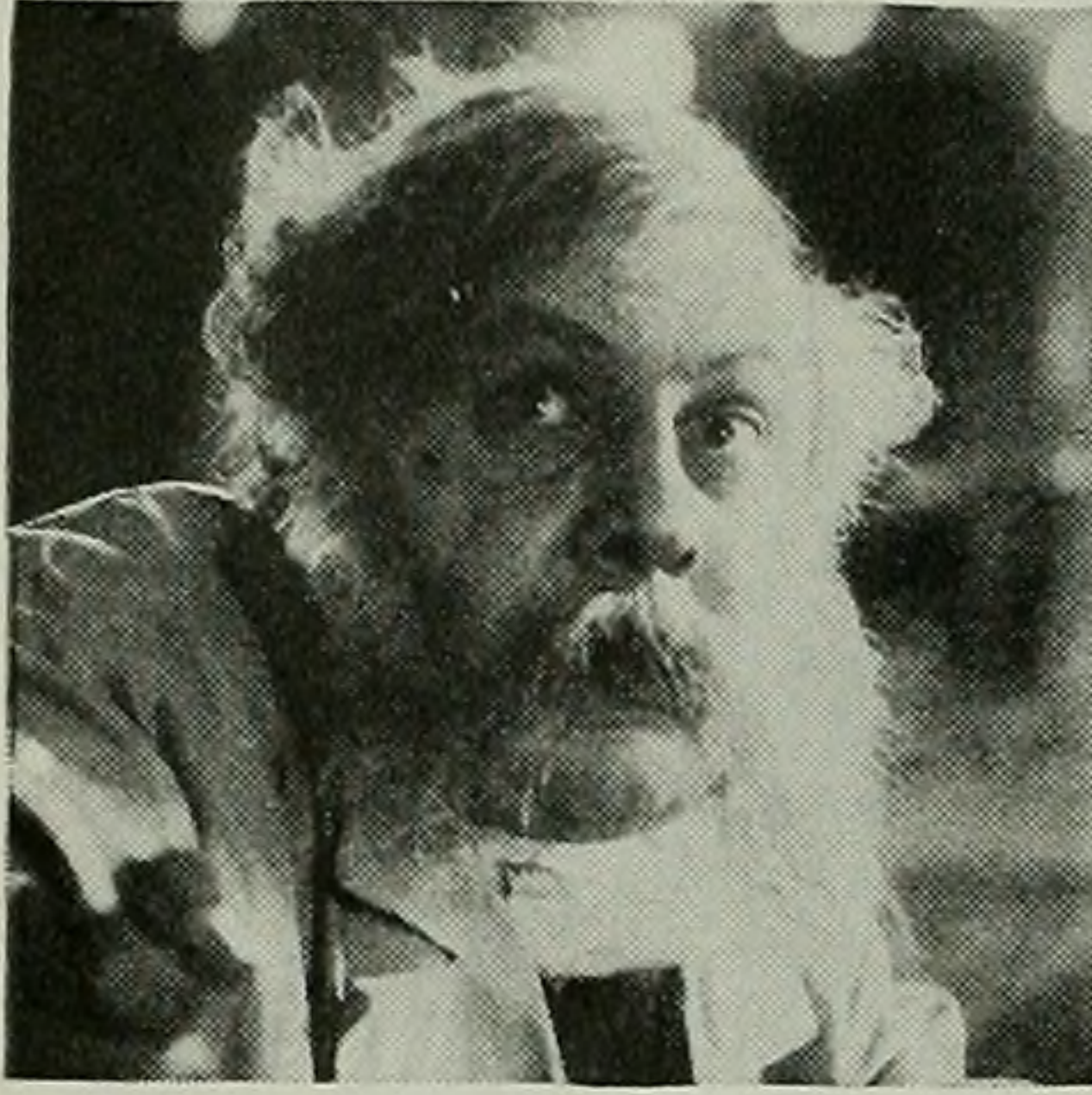


Because, as *Louis le Bien Aimé*, his first film appearance in this country, he established a new standard of acting

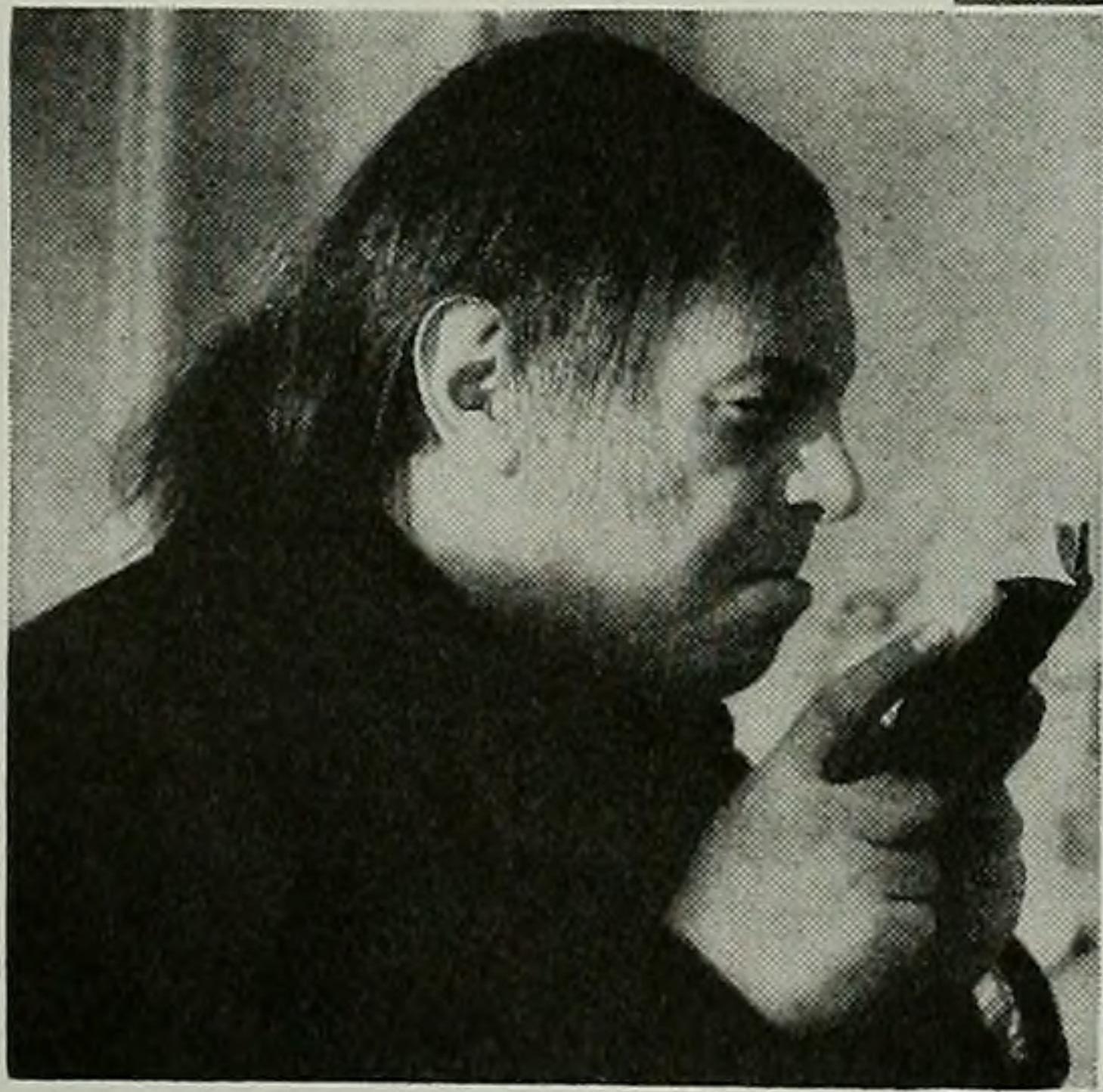


Because his performance of *Pharaoh* was a truly titanic achievement

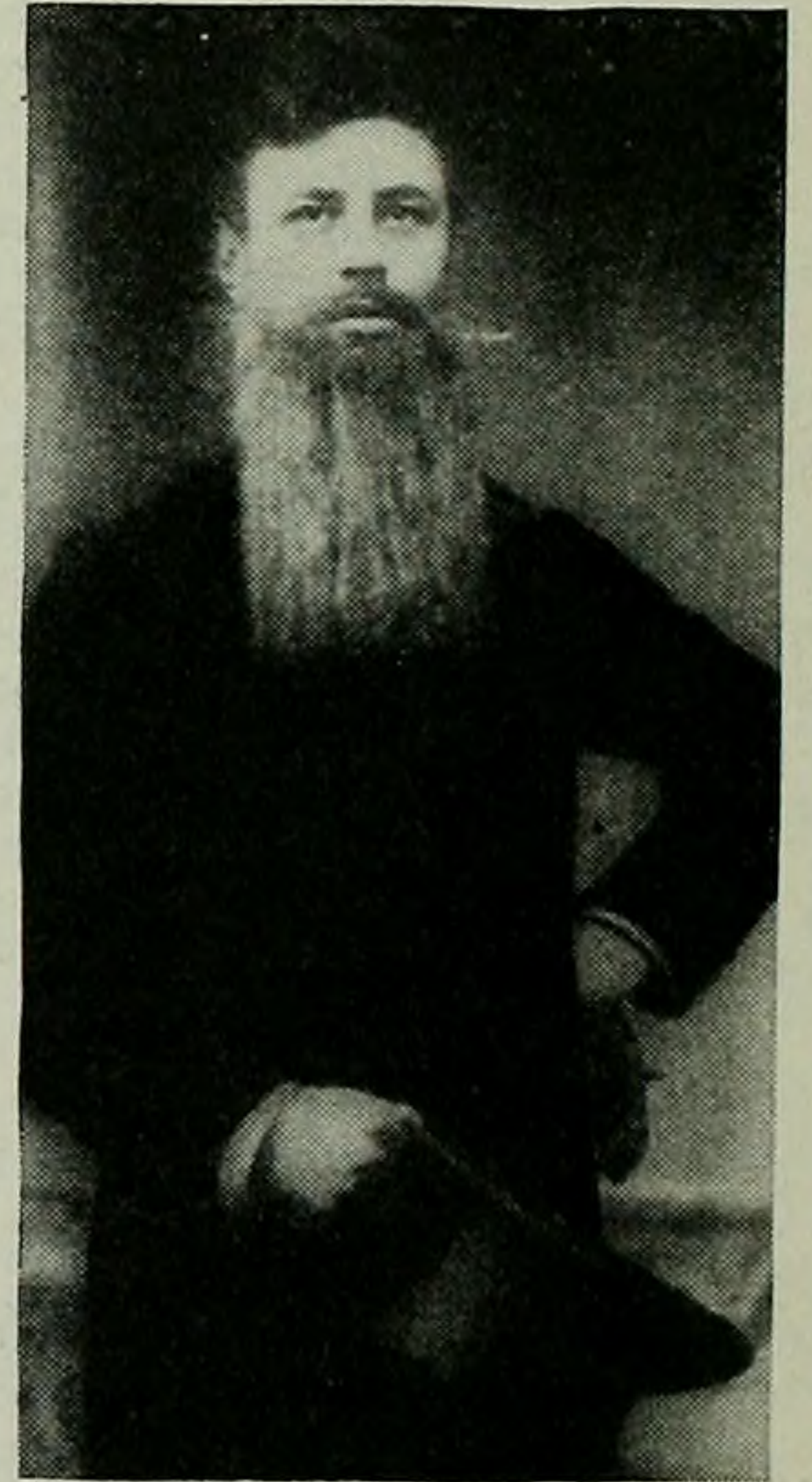
Why He's the Greatest Actor



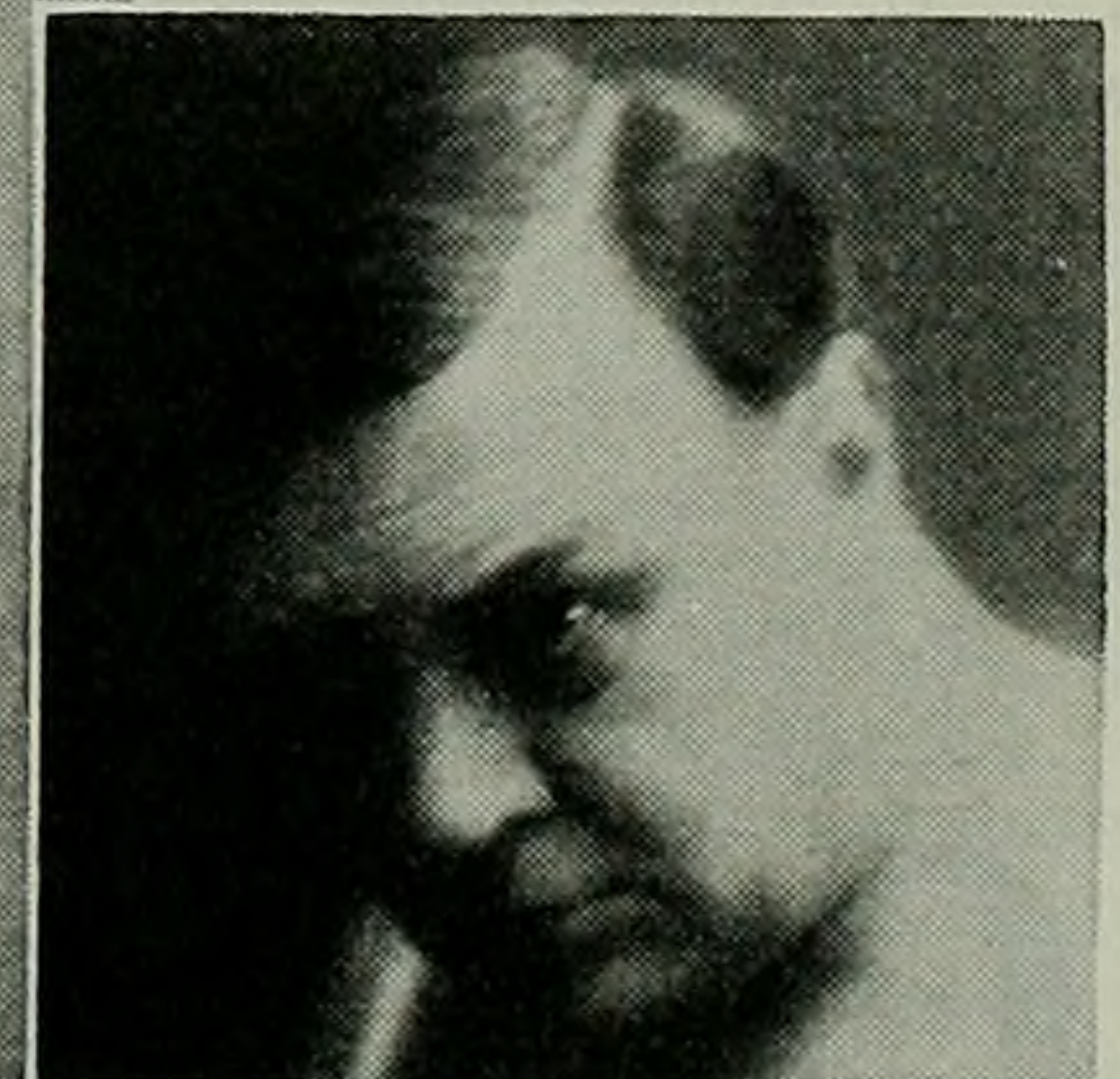
Because, in "The Last Laugh," Mr. Jannings gave to the screen an unforgettable picture of pathos



Because he made a great continental success in "Tartuffe." Jannings never has played in an inferior or mediocre film



Because, at seventeen, he was a hard-working stock company actor



And because "Variety," thanks to his remarkable acting, has been one of the hits of the season

Because he is not afraid to attempt the classics, as witness his performance of *Mephisto* in the production of "Faust," soon to be released

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

or thirteen months which it will take him to do this, there are many other details connected with the preparation of the picture and first in the order of these we shall take up the subject of selecting the cast.

The choice of actors and actresses, fortunately enough, does not depend upon the story which is going to be screened or upon the characters who go to make up that story, but it does depend a great deal upon what particular actors and actresses are under contract to be paid a weekly salary by the company which is planning to "shoot." As was explained in a previous article, if a young girl with long curls, a fat comedian and a couple of trained seals are on the pay roll and not working, the task of selecting a proper cast for any story is immensely simplified, and the only work involved falls upon the scenario writer who is requested to make the proper changes in the story.

If, however, the company does not happen to have any artists on the idle list, then there begins a series of "Discussions" as to what particular actor or actress would be best available for the part.

These "Discussions" generally take place in a very friendly and congenial atmosphere. Let us suppose that the particular part under "discussion" is that of "Gene" Tunney in a picture called "The Tunney-Dempsey Fight." The discussion would then be opened as follows:

Mr. A—How about Gloria Swanson?

Mr. B—I don't think we could get her.

Mr. A—She's a wonderful little actress.

Mr. B—No, I don't think we could get her. Besides, this rôle of (consults a continuity) what's-his-name—Tunney.

Mr. C—It's pronounced Tunney—to rhyme with money.

Mr. B—(Correcting pronunciation) Tunney—Gene Tunney—it strikes me that it is not exactly in Swanson's line.

Mr. A—She's a wonderful little actress.

Mr. B—I know that, Bill. I'm not saying she isn't, am I? But I'm just saying that I think this rôle isn't suited for her. It strikes me as being more a masculine rôle.

Mr. C—That's right, Ed.

Mr. A—How about John Gilbert?

Mr. D—Can't get him. We tried on our last seventeen pictures.

Mr. B—How about what's-his-name that played in what's-that-picture I saw the other night? You remember, Bill.

Mr. A—That was John Gilbert.

Mr. B—Oh.

There is several minutes' silence.

Mr. E—Say, fellows, I've got an idea.

Mr. B—Shoot.

Mr. E—How about getting Tunney—

Mr. C—(Correcting pronunciation) Tunney.

Mr. E—How about getting him himself to play the part?

Several more minutes of silence.

Mr. B—Well, we might see about it.

Mr. C—I don't think we could get him.

Mr. E—It wouldn't do any harm to try.

Five more minutes of consideration.

Mr. B—All right, Al. You try and see what you can do, will you?

Mr. E—All right, chief.

Mr. B—And then we'll all get together tomorrow and talk it over some more.

Mr. C—How about Ronald Colman?

Mr. B—Well, we'll talk it over tomorrow.

The first "Discussion" adjourns.



Smiles are dazzling white when film is gone. Teeth sparkle like polished jewels. Gums firm to healthy coral tint. Thus tooth care becomes the greatest beauty treatment of the day

The Film on Teeth

To which science now ascribes many common tooth and gum disorders

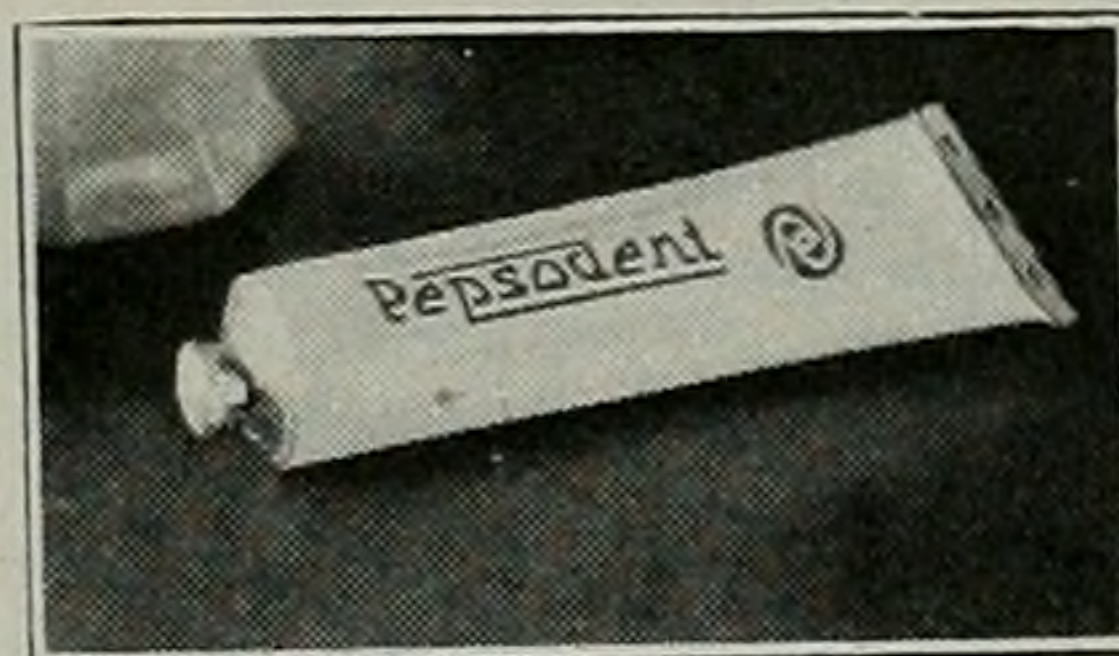
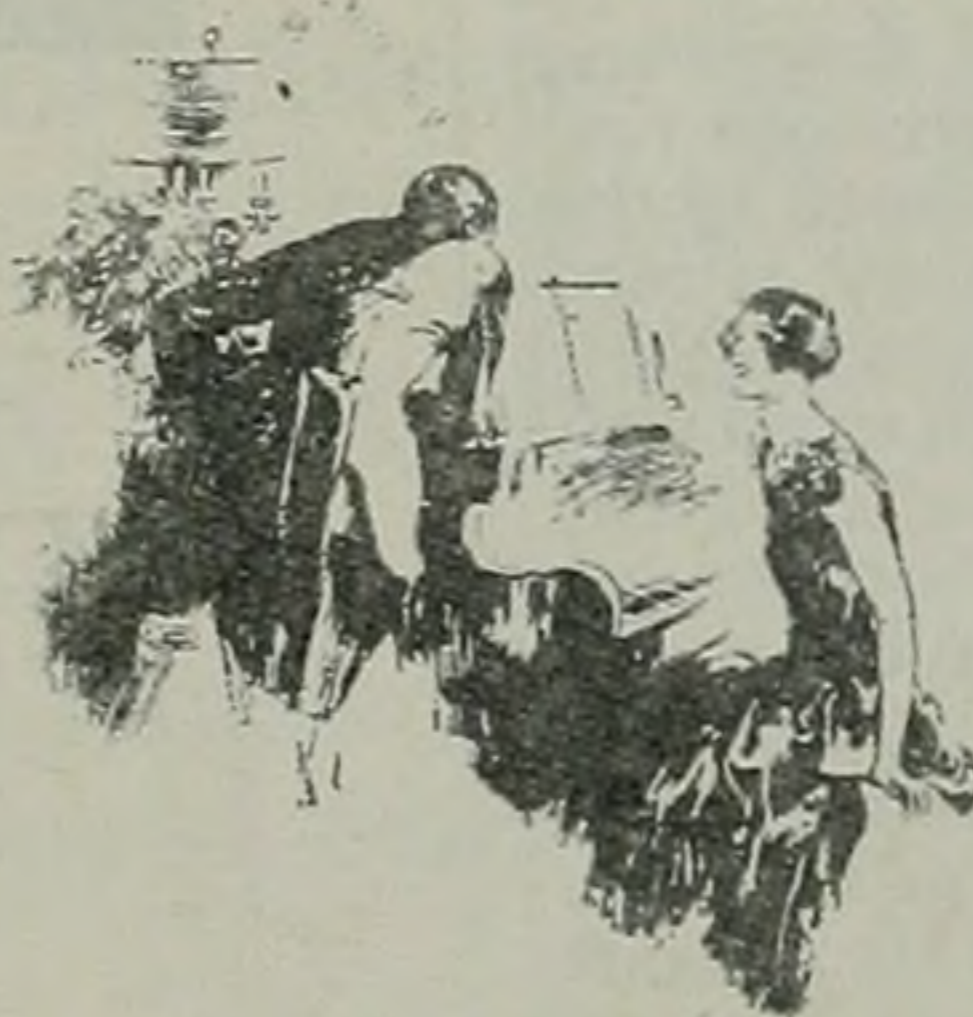
THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to teeth and gums that must be constantly combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. One can't expect glistening teeth and proper gum protection unless this program be followed regularly.

To do so, obtain Pepsodent — a

To gain clearer teeth and healthy gums many authorities advise that film be combated daily, a new way.



special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit in your home, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being so widely advised today.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE — Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family

2319



**"YOU WERE NEVER
SO EXQUISITE!"**

(Letters from Lovers: IV)

"WHAT was the mood in the room last night? Like starlight seen through wistaria blossoms. Like Orient love songs plucked on the sweet strings of strange instruments. The room was tremulous with the magic of it—and you were never so exquisite!"

FROM HER DIARY

"I am so happy—he was more wonderful to me last night than he has ever been. I wonder—did the temple incense help?"

No matter how beautiful they were, no matter in what marvelous luxury they lived, the queenly women of the ancient East knew that if they burned temple incense in the chambers of their palaces they filled the air about them with a mood of mystery and romance. And they knew that a woman, in such a background, is always more fascinating. The subtle power to create the same alluring background has come down to the women of today, to set off their own appeal, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It can be obtained in six delicate Oriental fragrances at all drug and department stores.

What mood will incense spread around you? Send ten cents for six sample odors.

**A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**



Beautiful Olive Borden, a new star rising in the West

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

MOST girls sit around the casting offices of Hollywood for five or ten years waiting to be discovered. Olive Borden has been the most discovered girl in pictures. Somebody is always sighting Olive and making a great big discovery. The newest Olive discoverer is the public, and so big a public is it, that Olive is about to be starred.

If Olive's story followed the pattern, the yarn would stress, first, her unusual beauty, then her youth, then her personality, and finally her talent. The big sob would be how, with all that equipment, she had to starve to death for years waiting for the lucky break. But such a story doesn't fit the Borden baby.

Olive, born in Richmond, Virginia, entered, at a very early age, the Mount St. Agnes Academy in Baltimore, Maryland. When she graduated, she urged her mother to let her go to Hollywood. She wanted to be an actress, and nothing else. She talked the idea and dreamed the idea until even her mother caught the fever and they left for the West together.

There was a revue being put on at the Screen Writers' Club a week or so after Olive arrived in Hollywood and that was her first chance.

Sam Rork saw her in the Revue and gave her a small part in "Ponjola." Jack White, the comedian, saw her in "Ponjola" and made her leading woman for his company. Hal Roach saw those comedies and signed her for his organization. Paramount saw the Roach comedies and gave Olive one of the important rôles in "The Dressmaker from Paris." That's the way that girl had to struggle and starve for a year!

Two small companies sent for her to do leads in dramatic productions. Even camera men and electricians began discovering her, with the result that Olive screened better and better. Thus Fox heard of her and put her under a long time contract.

It took her two pictures at Fox's to come into her own—"Fig Leaves" and "The Three Bad Men." After that Fox gave her her own starring vehicle in "Yellow Fingers."

Meanwhile, in both "The Three Bad Men" and "Fig Leaves" Olive had George O'Brien for her leading man. George is very handsome and very charming. Olive isn't married. Neither is George. But Hollywood whispers that they soon will be—to each other.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

walked off the set for five days and refused to go on with her work in "Diamond Handcuffs." This story was first offered to Mae Murray and Mae turned it down. Hardly had production started when Greta registered her protest.

The second incident concerns Raymond Hatton. Hatton was dissatisfied with his part in "Casey at the Bat." Officials removed him from the picture and replaced him with Ford Sterling, thus breaking up the starring team of Hatton and Beery.

WALLACE BEERY, Hatton's former team-mate, is evidently in high favor because he has been awarded the rôle of *P. T. Barnum* in the special production, "The Greatest Show on Earth." Monta Bell will direct and the film will cost one million cart-wheels.

IT was one of those "memorable occasions" and as Fred Niblo was in San Francisco trying out his latest picture, Rupert Hughes, quite naturally, was toastmaster.

When it came time to introduce Betty Bronson, he presented:

"The young lady who has run the gamut of virginity from 'Peter Pan' to the Virgin Mary."

ADOLPHE MENJOU, a distinguished figure in perfectly tailored clothes and dark glasses, entered a Los Angeles courtroom with his brother, "Hank," and came out a free man. The divorce is now complete and Mrs. Menjou is the possessor of a \$25,000 cash payment; their Beverly Hills home, valued at \$75,000; one automobile; and she will receive \$650.00 a week until the sum of \$67,000 is reached.

The property settlement was arrived at the day before the suit went to court when Menjou, with a generous gesture typical of the man, turned over to Mrs. Menjou the greater part of his properties.

With the granting of the divorce Mrs. Menjou has the custody of Harold, her son by a former marriage.

THE celebrated lady evangelist who is stealing the film stars' space in the Los Angeles papers is drawing an audience of actresses who are getting first-hand lessons in acting by watching the lady on the witness stand.

Among some of the onlookers at the Aimee Semple McPherson trial, I understand, are Billie Dove, May McAvoy, Ruth Roland, Faith McLean and Claire Windsor. They say a morning's observance of her courtroom emotions is inspiration for a week of rigorous celluloid acting.

LOUISE FAZENDA and her Spanish-Irish wit won her the applause of the first-night crowd at the opening of a new theater in Los Angeles.

It was shortly after Lew Cody's marriage to Mabel Normand and he was functioning as the debonair master of ceremonies. Louise stepped out on the stage in answer to her name, bowed, smiled and said:

"I don't know just what to say—but I want to congratulate West Coast Theaters on its enterprise. . . and Mr. Cody on his!"

MARY ASTOR and Irving Asher will not be married on Christmas Day because Mary has decided not to marry anybody right

Rock Island
Chicago

NORMA SHEARER

Tuesday
November
Ninth
1926

Southern Pacific Lines
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

I am sure the Golden State Limited easily surpasses all that one has a right to expect in travel at its best.

One is always assured of that intangible thing called "service" throughout the train, and devotees of Epicurus must revel in the surprising delights of a Golden State dining car.

Sincerely yours,
Norma Shearer

" . . . all that one has a right to expect in travel at its best."

NORMA SHEARER

Thus this favorite of the motion picture world endorses the colorful

Golden State Limited

Straight over the direct route between Los Angeles and Chicago. New 63-hour schedule for this fine, extra-fare transcontinental flyer. A business day saved; only two business days enroute.

Luxurious appointments; skilled and courteous personnel. \$10 extra-fare between Los Angeles and Chicago.

Southern Pacific Lines

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L. M. Allen, Vice-President and Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines, Chicago, Illinois

Hollywood Ticket Office:
6768 Hollywood Blvd.

Los Angeles Ticket Office:
212 West Seventh

Rock Island and Southern Pacific Travel Bureaus in all Principal Cities



Silky, Lustrous Beauty for your hair —with Lemon Rinse

IT isn't a hard effect to get. It's just the simple, effective use of lemon juice in rinse water—the beauty of an absolute *cleanliness* that plain water can't give.

Try it next time you shampoo. After you have washed your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—rinse it well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water—about four quarts—and rinse with this, following it with rinse in plain water.

Note the lustrous, silky lights. Feel its softness, its delightful cleanliness.

That's because your hair is really *clean*. The lemon juice does what plain water can never do. Its mild, harmless fruit-acid dissolves the sticky curd formed by the soap and cleanses each separate hair. All its natural beauty and gloss becomes apparent, and it has a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Purchase a dozen California lemons and try the lemon rinse next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 1101, Box 530, Sta. "C"
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring the nails, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

now. That's the end of the July engagement that didn't weather two months' location trip to Texas where Mary went to play in "The Rough Riders." Somewhere, during those months, love was lost. But they are still good friends.

Maybe Mary was superstitious and believed in that old adage, "Change the name and not the letter, change for worse and not for better." But I don't think it of Mary.

DOUG and Mary have purchased the Rancho Santa Fe, one of the last of the old Spanish land grants located between Del Mar and San Diego, and will erect an early California hacienda on the 1,000 acre estate.

This they plan to make their home. With the exception of electricity and drainage, everything on the place will be as it was in the early days of the Dons.

Friends who visit the Fairbanks in the new home, soon to be erected, will have to leave their cars in the specially provided garage and parking place outside the gates and make the trip to the distant hacienda either by horseback or in old Spanish "caretas."

Doug plans to raise blooded horses and other stock on the place. It is sixty miles from Los Angeles and they will motor to and from the studio when time permits. If business is pressing they will come by airplane.

They have also purchased a beautiful cove near Laguna where they are maintaining a tent camp. This will be their summer headquarters. Guests visiting this camp each occupy a separate tent for sleeping quarters. The living room is a large tent, while another serves as the dining room, and there is also a large and thoroughly equipped cook tent.

"Just like camping out," says Doug, "except we have almost all the comforts of home, including a miniature three-hole golf course."

DO you know the difference between a "gag man" and a "comedy constructor"?

Thought you didn't, for neither did I until I wrung the truth from Mervyn LeRoy, formerly a gag man for Colleen Moore, who is now swaggering around under the new title.

Seems a "comedy constructor" has two suits of clothes, instead of one, and an office with his name in gold letters on the door.

THE meanest man in the world, according to Estelle Taylor, is the Scotchman who had his liquor tested by a chemist before sipping. Finding one bottle labelled "Poison—one drink will cause blindness," he sent it to his aged grandfather who was already blind.

THERE'S nothing like a good staunch English lord, six feet, six inches, to rely on when somebody names you as co-respondent, even if it later develops that the charges are grossly untrue.

Beatrice Lillie, whose calling card reads "Lady Robert Peel," felt that way when Lord Robert Peel came hustling to Hollywood to assist his Lady in straightening out the legal tangle which Mrs. Tim Whelan, the wife of a scenario writer, caused.

By the time Lord Peel arrived the suit had been dropped and Lord Peel was in time to accompany his wife to New York where she will rehearse a stage play. Her first motion picture, "Exit Smiling," is soon to be released.

CHICO, California, is a nice little town of fifteen thousand prune-growing souls, who appreciate more the beauties of their fertile valley than the histrionic ability of the Barrymores. Therefore, when "The Sea Beast" came to town, the theater manager billed "Moby Dick," the giant whale, over John.

Barrymore heard of it and the distinguished wit flashed.

"I realize the whale is better known than I am and have profited by the knowledge. In my new picture, 'The Beloved Rogue,' I am playing with a huge pig, a cow and a lot of chickens. Everybody knows what a chicken looks like."

THREE months ago Dorothy Dunbar told me she was to be married.
"But I cannot tell you who he is."



The most interested visitors at the studios are the parents of the stars. It is a big day for mother when she watches her successful daughter play a great scene. Billie Dove's mother, Mrs. Bonney, recently visited her daughter at the First National studios on the Coast

Two months ago I met Dorothy on the F.B.O. lot where she acts for a living, and she told me the engagement, not the marriage, had been postponed. Which was a new one on me.

The other day she dashed over to Riverside and was married to Thomas Buckley Wells, Minneapolis youth, also in pictures.

As an actress Dorothy changed her mind as well as her rôles.

I LIKE to visit the George Fitzmaurice set. There is Vilma Banky whose beauty is soothing to the eye and Ronald Colman whose voice is soothing to the ear and Fitzmaurice himself, far too interesting a personality to be an unseen director, even if he does turn out excellent pictures like "The Dark Angel" and "The Son of the Sheik." The trio is now at work making "A Night of Love" for Sam Goldwyn.

With Colman's quiet reserve and Vilma's quaint foreign manner, it is up to Fitzmaurice, the Celt with the Gallic tang, to supply the off-stage action. And he does, beautifully.

One moment he is behind the camera, peering through the finder at the scene. "Remove that silver plaque and shove the basket of fruit into the foreground," he orders. A huge wax taper lands on the head of an overzealous employee. Everybody grins, including Fitz.

He shunts a French phrase toward Vilma, whose mouth forms a soft "o" in appreciation. Fitz is an Irishman educated in Paris. The next moment he is in his canvas director's chair glancing at the script—"Perhaps if I read this I shall be able to make another scene." Sly wit. He looks at his cameraman—"What is the delay? Remember this is costing Mr. Goldwyn thousands of dollars." Silence, then four finger tips tapping four finger tips. "Now I want a beautiful, gorgeous, exquisite, luscious close-up of Vilma."

What a pity the three—Banky, Colman, Fitzmaurice—are to be separated after the completion of this picture. Fitzmaurice is to make First National pictures from now on.

JOE SCHENCK thought well enough of Harry Brand's seven years' service as publicity director for Norma and Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton to make him business manager of the Buster Keaton Company. Which proves that Horatio Alger was not far wrong in his "local boy makes good" yarns.

In addition to being a good executive, Harry is the lad who steals the speech making honors from guests at Wampas dinners. The Wampas is an organization of motion picture publicity men whom Brand ruled as president last year.

LIST to Bill Haines' plaintive peep, but don't take it seriously. Bill is the kidding kid who could make "Buster" Keaton burst out laughing in the middle of a scene. That's how good he is.

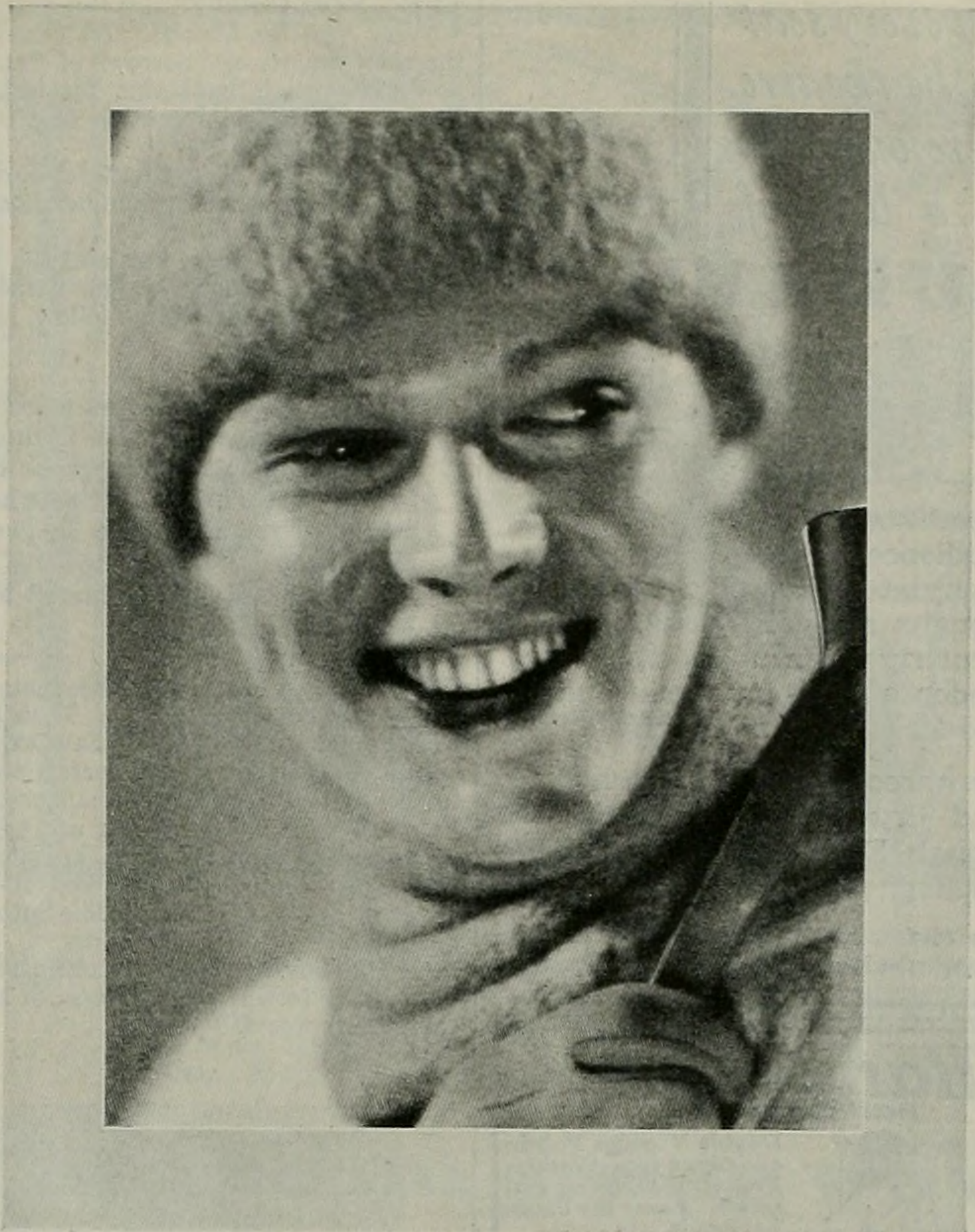
Said Bill, striking an attitude of intense earnestness:

"I wish you would find out from my public whether they think I am too young and too beautiful to take up toe-dancing."

ALMA RUBENS was reluctant to cut short her vacation in New York to return to work at the Fox studios in Hollywood. You see, Ricardo Cortez is still busy at the Paramount studios in Long Island and Alma doesn't like these separations from her husband. The Fox officials had to do some heavy pleading to get Alma to leave, especially since Alma has openly announced that she is tired of playing suffering wives on the screen and more suffering mothers.

Finally a Fox official hit upon an idea. "Come back," he wired Alma, "and there will be no more mother rôles."

So Alma left.



Now . . . your senses say CLEAN

This dual-action dentifrice brings a new cleanliness you can taste and feel

One minute after using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, your senses tell you that your teeth are clean—your mouth pure—your breath wholesome. The touch of your tongue on the back of your teeth, the feel of your lips on the front of your teeth, leave a refreshing consciousness of being *clean*. Modern hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands

into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes teeth, gums, tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness—removes the causes of decay.

A normal, healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. Visit your dentist at least twice a year.

Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all you can do to keep your teeth healthy and clean.

Colgate Co.
EST. 1806—NEW YORK

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Free to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-A, 581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

*At every seat
in the theatre
there ought to
be a box of*

*says
well-known
actress*

LU DEN'S



Audiences realize this, too, as many letters in our files testify. Coughs are contagious, particularly when an audience is under a nervous strain and the air is close and stuffy.

To throats that are parched and dry—Luden's Menthol Cough Drops bring relief—cooling, refreshing, soothing.

in the yellow package 5¢ everywhere

Hand-i-Vac
Bathroom Size

Double Vacuum Polished Aluminum Washer. Protects the sheerest garments. Saves the daintiest hands

Coaxes the dirt out of the most delicate silks, chiffons, georgettes, rayons, slips, teddies, stockings and brassieres, laces, linens, flannels, woolens and jerseys without the slightest injury or wear. For baby's clothes—such as dresses, robes, bands, diapers, comforters, and blankets use Hand-i-Vac.

Makes cleaning with gasoline also dyeing easy. Two minutes with the device does the trick. Money Back Guarantee

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CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER

For a good
XMAS
SUGGESTION
see page 111

RICARDO CORTEZ, by the way, is doing very well for himself. He emerged with the chief honors of "Sorrows of Satan" and now everyone is hankering for his services. Paramount has no intention of letting him get away.

It is more than likely that Cortez will be one of that company's most prominent stars before very long.

He's a nice, serious boy and the improvement in his work, since he first flashed on the screen as a mere handsome fellow, is nothing short of marvellous.

LINTON WELLS was guest at a dinner recently. He is the ambitious newspaperman whose claim to fame rests in the fact that he recently circled the world in twenty-eight days.

"Who was chasing him?" asked Lew Cody, also a guest.

THE youngsters of the Paramount School are now out on their own. Their contracts with Famous Players-Lasky have expired and only a few of the young hopefuls were given further guarantees of permanence. Mona Palma and Josephine Dunn are two of the lucky ones who have been assigned future rôles. Both girls will be seen in "Love's Greatest Mistake," which Eddie Sutherland is directing.

Of the boys, "Buddy" Rogers seems the most likely to win a solid place for himself in the picture world.

THE Paramount School idea has not been exactly abandoned. But there will be no more formal classes and no more graduating exercises. But Paramount is still sticking to its idea of training young players. The scouts are on the look-out for promising young people and these players are placed under contract and then assigned to minor rôles for training. The players thus engaged are considered pupils of the company and the officials believe that the new system ought to bring really practical results.

WALTER McGRAIL tells this on a generous fellow, down to his last dollar, who was approached by a maiden of uncertain summers in quest of a contribution to a charity drive. As she pocketed the bill she lisped:

"Thank you, sir. This money is going straight to the Lord."

"Wait a minute, lady. How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"And I'm thirty-five. Give that dollar back to me. I'll see the Lord first."

LOIS WEBER'S come-back as a director was so eminently successful that now, it is said, Miss Weber will join United Artists. The "only woman director" filmed "The Marriage Clause" for Universal and it scored a real hit.



"I don't care much for handsome men," says Marion Nixon. "Give me a nice, quiet man with a heart of gold." And Marion thinks that her new boy friend has a great future on the screen. He's another Charlie Ray

IRENE RICH made a personal appearance with the first showing of "My Official Wife" in Los Angeles. I have seen picture stars at other openings. I have seen some of them giggle and gurgle and blow kisses. There was none of this in Irene's charming, dignified, poised appearance. She made a simple speech which was amazingly well done. She spoke clearly and said things. Not just guff.

The theater darkened and, returning to her seat, Irene was left to the mercy of her fans. A large woman stumbled past Irene, trampled on her feet, bruised her flowers, and sank into a seat.

"Whew! That was work—gettin' to my seat," the stout lady panted to her escort. "Well, now I hope we get a chance to see Irene Rich."

"That was she you stepped all over."

"R-e-a-ly! My Gud!" And then there was much neck-cranning in Irene's direction, who was really worth seeing in her pale green and silver coat over a soft white chiffon dress.

A DOLPHE MENJOU doesn't know whether to desert the safety razor and trust to the barber or not. While shaving one morning he cut a deep gash in his cheek. It had to be patched up, and this held up work temporarily on "Blondes and Brunettes."

IT'S a verb now—to UFA. Anything blurred or fuzzy now "looks as though it had been UFA-ed." It's a tribute, of course, to German trick photography.

"Goodness," said one young thing to another at a film opening, "there is Helen. She looks as though she had had her face UFA-ed."

TOM FORMAN, well-known director and actor, was one of the first members to enlist in the army in 1917. Mr. Forman enlisted as a private and was discharged as a lieutenant. He saw hard service at the front and was injured. Forman went back into pictures and made several successful pictures, but he never completely recovered from his war wounds.

Recently Forman was taken ill again, on the eve of starting a new picture. Realizing that his condition was hopeless, he shot and killed himself at the home of his parents in Venice, California.

DICK BARTHELMESS' handsome press agent is trying to tie the title of "first gentleman of the screen" onto Richard, the Big-Hearted, this being the season for slogans.

Speaking of slogans, as we are, this seems to be an open season for them. There's Harry Langdon, "the moon-faced mimic," and Vilma Banky, "the Hungarian rhapsody," to say nothing of Florence Vidor, "the orchid lady of the screen"; Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces"; Jetta Goudal, "the cocktail of human emotion." Even that kid actor, Buck Black, is labelled "the eight year old Thespian" by his energetic press agent.

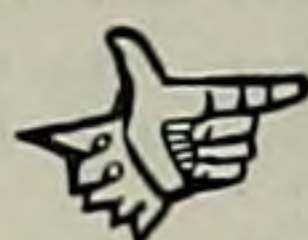
It's time for someone at Sennett's to yodel "Ben Turpin, 'the lad with the scrambled vision.'"

CONVERSATION overheard between two beautiful but toneless picture stars at the Grauman premiere of the Vitaphone.

"Well, dearie, we don't have to worry about those prima donnas cramping our style. They'll have to get Benda masks before they can even compete with us for looks."

AT the close of a scene in C. B. De Mille's "The King of Kings" in which is shown the institution of the Lord's Prayer, the music welled forth with "The Doxology." One of the extras, a basso, took up the refrain and in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



A Sad though Moral Affair—Egbert J. Kelp, citizen-commuter and paterfamilias, snatched his wife's bottle of Hinds Cream to soothe his skin after shaving. He said in hospital he never expected she would find out so quick. The two were reconciled at his bedside, when Mme. Kelp brought him a bottle of Hinds for his very own. He found it right nice to rub on the egg on his head.

The cream crime wave!

It's happening every day in the best regulated families—husbands, fathers, sons, discovering that Hinds Cream will soothe shave-worn skins, carelessly borrow from the fair sex and borrow trouble!

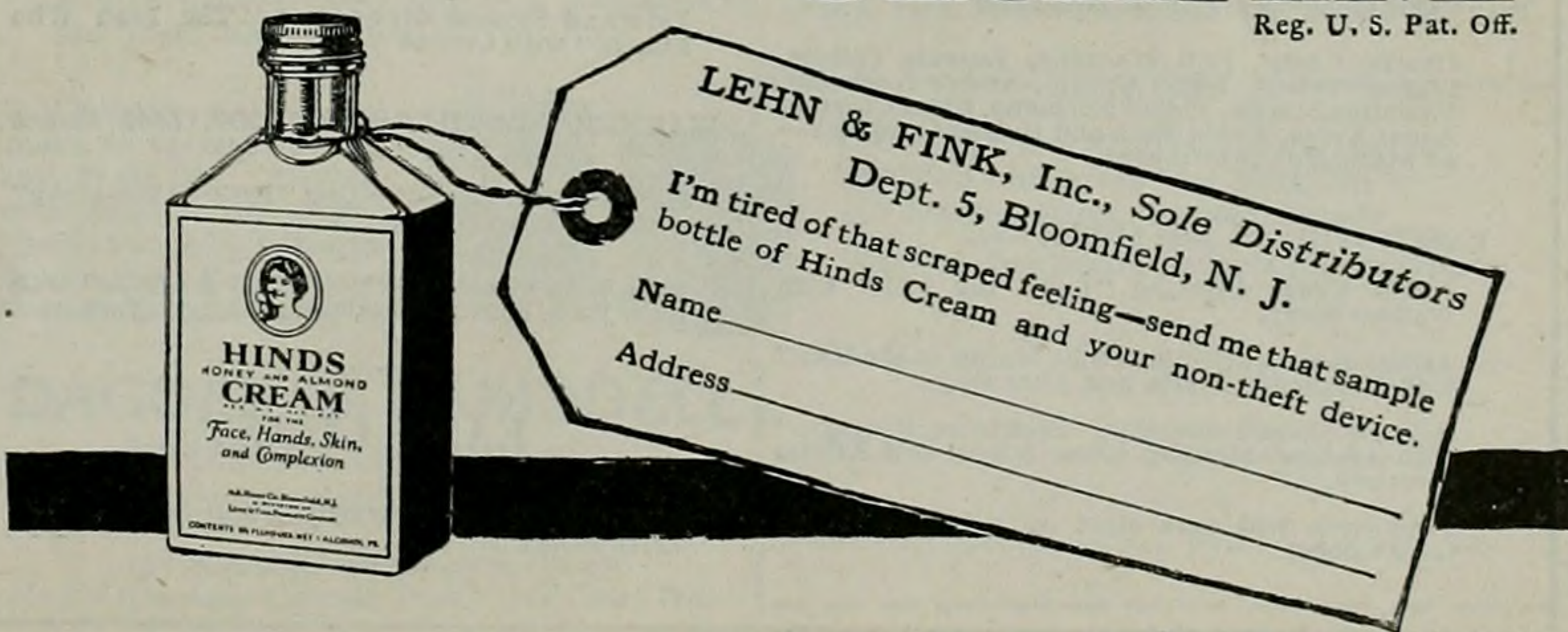
What this country needs is more comfortable shaves—*after shaving.*

And every man who longs for that thrill will fill out the coupon below for a free ten-shave sample of Hinds—and an admirable non-theft device will be sent with it to keep his Hinds beside his soap and razor!

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A word to the wives: **HINDS**
Honey & Almond
CREAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

Arch Heath directing "On Guard," a Pathe serial, with Cullen Landis.

Production will soon start on "Horse Shoes" with Monty Banks.

CHADWICK PICTURES, 1440 Gower Street.

J. Nelson directing "Sunshine of Paradise Alley" with Barbara Bedford, Nigel Barrie and Lucille L. Stewart.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The King of Kings" with Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Cumming, Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner, Charles Ray, Theodore Kosloff, Bryant Washburn, Sally Rand and Sojin.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower Street.

David Kirkland directing "Uneasy Payments" with Alberta Vaughn.

J. Leo Meehan directing "The Magic Garden" with Phillippe de Lacey, Raymond Keane and William V. Mong.

Production will soon start on "Don Mike" with Fred Thomson and Ruth Clifford.

Bob de Lacy directing "Lightning Lariat" with Tom Tyler.

J. P. McGowan directing "Ranger, the dog, in "Thunder Mountain."

All. Goulding completing "Jack O'Diamonds" with George O'Hara.

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, Burbank, Calif.

Al Santell directing "The Patent Leather Kid" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill.

Charles Hines directing "All Aboard" with Johnny Hines.

James Flood directing "Purple and Fine Linen" with Corinne Griffith, John Bowers and Hobart Bosworth.

King Baggett directing "The River" with Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone.

George Fitzmaurice directing "Body and Soul" with Billie Dove.

George Archainbaud directing "Easy Pickings" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Kenneth Harlan.

Millard Webb directing "Those in Love," Webb replacing Balboni.

Harry Langdon completing "Long Pants" with Betty Baker.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Griffith Wray directing "Love O' Women" with Blanche Sweet.

Production will soon start on "The Last Trail" with Tom Mix and Carmelita Geraghty.

Scott Dunlap directing "The War Horse" with Buck Jones.

Victor Schertzinger completing "Stage Madness" with Virginia Valli and Lou Tellegen.

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang" working on comedies.

Charlie Chase, Bull Montana, Eugenia Gilbert, Eugene Talbot, Edith Carvin, Amber Normand, Valentine Zimina, Mabel Normand, Ethel Clayton, Agnes Ayres, Theda Bara and Helene Chadwick—all working on two-reelers.

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

James Cruze directing "Louie the 14th" with Wallace Beery.

Arthur Rosson directing "The Waiter at the Ritz" with Raymond Griffith and Alice Day.

Richard Rosson directing "Blonde or Brunette" with Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchall.

Production will soon start on "Arizona" with Gary Cooper.

Monte Brice has completed "Casey at the Bat" with Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling and ZaSu Pitts.

Production will soon start on "Love Letters" with Eddie Cantor.

Production will soon start on "Rich Man, Poor Man" with Mildred Davis.

Frank Lloyd directing "Children of the Dust!" Cast not announced.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Ben Turpin, Ruth Hlatt, Raymond McKee, Mary Ann Jackson, Madeline Hurlock, Billy Bevan, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent, Danny O'Shea, Barney Hellum, Jerry Zier and Alma Bennett—all working on two-reelers.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIOS, 1845 Glendale Blvd.

Inactive.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Ernst Lubitsch directing "Old Heidelberg" with Ramon Novarro.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "His Last Affair" with Norma Shearer, Lew Cody and Carmel Myers.

Hobart Henley completing "Tillie, the Toiler" with Marion Davies, Matt Moore, Geo. K. Arthur, Gertrude Short and Bert Roach.

Edmund Goulding directing "Diamond Handcuffs" with Pauline Starke. Pauline Starke replacing Mae Murray and Greta Garbo.

Tod Browning directing "The Day of Souls" with Renee Adoree and John Gilbert.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Ave.

Scott Sidney directing "No Control" with Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford.

H. Mason Hopper directing "Getting Gertie's Garter" with Marie Prevost and Charles Ray.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Henry King directing "King Harlequin" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Sam Taylor directing "Mary Pickford." Production yet untitled.

Marshall Neilan directing "Carlotta" with Connie Talmadge. (First National Prod.)

Fred Niblo directing "Camille" with Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland. (First National Prod.)

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Harry Pollard directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Gertrude Astor, John Roche and Virginia Gray.

Paul Leni directing "The Cat and the Canary" with Laura La Plante, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Creighton Hale, Gertrude Astor and Tully Marshall.

Reeves Eason directing "Nine Points of the Law" with Hoot Gibson.

Production will soon start on "Show Boat," with Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry and Jean Hersholt.

Production will soon start on "Fast and Furious" with Reginald Denny.

Edward Sloman directing "The Man Who Laughs" with Conrad Veidt.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Herman Raymaker directing "Hills of Kentucky" with Rin-Tin-Tin.

Paul Stein directing "Don't Tell the Wife" with Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon and Lilyan Tashman.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 2nd Avenue and 127th Street, N. Y. C.

Albert Parker directing "Sunya" with Gloria Swanson and John Boles. (United Artists Prod.)

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 10th Avenue and 55th Street, N. Y. C.

Allan Dwan directing "The Music Master" with Lois Moran, Alec B. Francis and Neil Hamilton.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon will direct "Sorrell and Son." Cast not announced.

Gregory La Carva completing "Paradise for Two" with Richard Dix and Betty Bronson.

Eddie Sutherland directing "Love's Greatest Mistake" with Josephine Dunn, Evelyn Brent, James Hall and William Powell.

Lewis Milestone directing "The Silver Shield" with Thomas Meighan.

Frank Tuttle directing "Afraid to Love" with Florence Vidor and Warner Baxter.

Production will soon start on "The Cross-Eyed Captain." Cast not announced. Mal St. Clair directing.

Production will soon start on "The Perfect Fool" with Ed Wynn.

Robert Vignola directing "Cabaret" with Gilda Gray.

ABROAD

AFRICA

Rex Ingram directing "The Garden of Allah" with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich.

LONDON

Production will soon start on "Tip Toes" with Dorothy Gish.

CHANGE IN TITLES

FOX

"Ankles Preferred," with Virginia Valli and Lou Tellegen has been changed to "Stage Madness."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

Chadwick Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Columbia Pictures, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City.

Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

Tiffany Productions, 1542 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists' Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

a moment the place was flooded with the voices of hundreds of extras. It was superbly impressive, they say.

By the same token, in a scene where James Lowe as *Uncle Tom* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is preaching to the negroes, they tell me half a dozen of the colored folk, in religious frenzy, claimed to have been converted by their colored brother's talk.

And still they say there is no realism in motion pictures.

WHILE we are on the subject of hearses (we weren't, but what difference does it make?) let me tell you about the laugh Dustin Farnum got when he was in Pendleton, Oregon, recently, making a western picture.

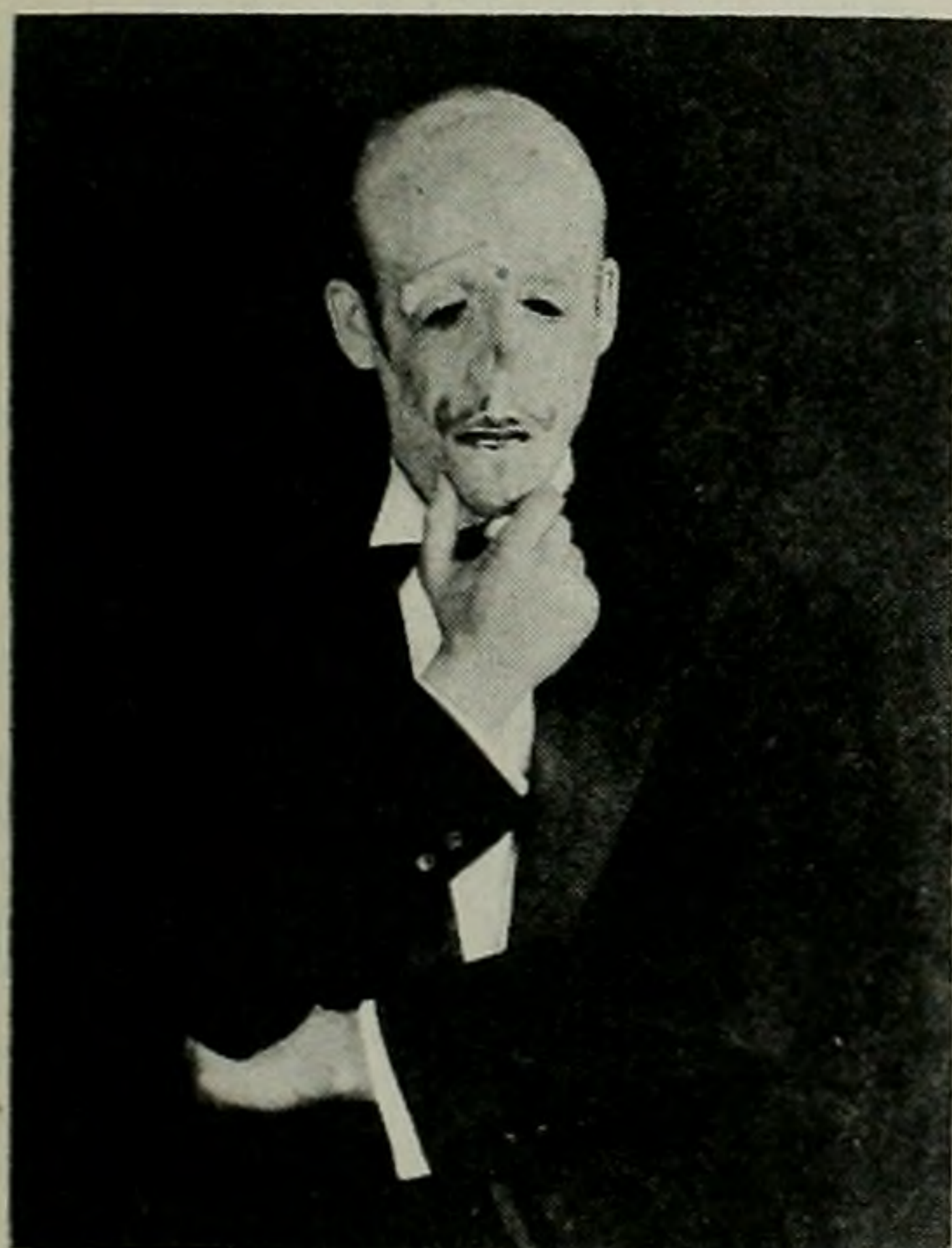
He was walking down the main street when along came a very large, very gray and very glassy hearse in which were sitting nine little Indians, looking with unabashed interest at the passing scenery. A proud Indian father propelled the funeral carriage.

"Dusty" learned later that Poppa Brave had struck oil and rather than buy a bus to take the family for an airing, had purchased a glassed-in hearse where the children rode in safety, sanctity and sanitation.

By the way, Brother Bill Farnum received something of an ovation in Hollywood recently for a remarkably colorful performance in a civic presentation of "Julius Caesar."

OVERHEARD by Montague Love in the dark confines of Grauman's Egyptian Theater as "Don Juan" was being unspun. Monty, as you will recall, is the Borgia's boy friend who duels Barrymore. He is now playing a villainous rôle in the Fitzmaurice-Goldwyn picture, "Night of Love," but the girl, an extra on the latter picture, didn't recognize the man on the screen as the one who now fences with Ronald Colman.

"Gee!" she breathed as Monty lunged at Barrymore, "that guy ought to come over on our set and give lessons to the fellow who's supposed to duel with Ronald Colman. Colman's great, but the other guy is rotten."



This is the mysterious gentleman who kidnapped the woman evangelist and took her to De Russey's lane on the night of Sept. 14, 1922. Who can it be? Just to relieve the suspense, we'll tell you that it's Ben Lyon wearing a Benda mask

What is the relation between clothes and complexions?



Madame Vionnet
Famous Paris Dressmaker, says
"The complexion . . . is an essential background for clothes. Make the most of it."

AMONG the notable dressmakers of Paris, none commands a higher place than Madame Vionnet. Her beautiful salon on the Champs Elysées is a mecca for the smart world. And the fascinating creature in the picture is the beautiful—and favorite—mannequin on whose lovely shoulders rests not a little of Vionnet's fame.

This picture ably illustrates the importance of the complexion in the present mode. For the close, smooth hair, the elegant simplicity of the jewels, the exquisite texture of the gown—all center attention on the *quality* of the skin.

The only way to improve the *quality* of your skin is through basic treatment. The first step is so simple—thorough nightly cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. The second step is just as easy—use the new D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream every day as a foundation for your make-up.

These two perfect creams make your basic skin treatment both simple and effective—you won't need any other.

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This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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And this of Monty who is one of Hollywood's fencing experts.

LITTLE Hope Wilson was having her picture made at Harold Dean Carsey's studio. She's the five year old daughter of Carey Wilson, the scenarist, and the precocious offspring of a brilliant father and a beautiful mother.

“What,” she asked Carsey, pointing to a huge brass plaque on the wall, “do you eat out of that?”

“Soup,” answered Carsey.

“What do you eat out of that?” pointing to a smaller size.

“Mush.”

“What do you eat out of that?” A still smaller size captured her attention.

“Oh . . . pie.”

“What do you eat out of that?” seeing a very small plaque.

“Meat.”

“You must be dieting,” said the Hollywood-wise miss.

Blind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

happiness—was still afraid—by telling her story to this man, with his stern, Britannic aloofness.

“Don't you ever dare call yourself old, or question my love, Allen,” she said fiercely in shaken impatience. “You are the wonderful one. You, to take poor me, and make all of this possible. . . .” She waved her hand in the direction of the great room. “I think that is why I am so afraid I cannot hold your love.”

“Joan!” Allen faltered in amazement. “What on earth are you talking about? What makes you so queer this evening? You, not hold my love? When I live in daily fear of losing you? It is ridiculous! I'll have Doctor Wilbur drop in on you tomorrow; your nerves are all shot to pieces.”

A man stepped out on the balcony.

“Well, dash it all!” he exploded to Allen. “Fancy finding you out here alone with your wife. After seven long years of married life, too.”

Joan and Allen laughed, although rather embarrassed by the raillery.

“Joan was a little bowled over by the heat,” Allen explained. “That's why we are out here.”

“Yes, Mr. Wellington,” Joan added, “I have never seen such a crush.”

Wellington gave a happy sigh.

“It has been a wonderful night!” he said. “The most wonderful concert we have ever had. I'll have a nice sum to give you for your Tommies, Allen. And by the way, I have about persuaded Alden to let you operate some time the first of the month, or maybe sooner. He thinks it is hopeless, of course, but since I have told him some of the wonders you have done, he is willing to have a try at it.”

Joan felt an icy catch at her heart. For an instant she had an insane desire to scream her story to the world—to hurl a challenge at this blind man—to dare him to try and regain his sight by her husband's skill. . . . But Wellington was speaking to her . . .

“I must not forget that I came out here to ask a favor of you, Madame Joan,” he was smiling.

“A favor of me?” she asked bewildered.

“Yes,” he nodded, “a very special favor; and I hope you are feeling ‘fit’ enough not to disappoint me. Mr. Alden's accompanist has become suddenly indisposed. Will you accompany him in his last number?”

Joan sat as if turned to ice. Play before that mass of people with Peter? She almost laughed aloud, hysterically, at the irony of it. What would Peter say if he knew? She, Joan, the discarded—the unwanted—drawn by fate to

play with him on the night of his triumph. She felt as if she must be asleep, dreaming it all.

"You will, won't you, Joan?" she heard Allen saying proudly. "Think what a compliment Jason is paying you. . . ." But Wellington interrupted him. . . .

"It is not as a compliment that I ask Madame Joan to play with Mr. Alden," he said, somewhat impatiently. "It is because she is a musician."

Slowly she got to her feet; some impulse over which she had no control forcing her to say:

"Yes, I will play for Mr. Alden. Why not?"

LIKE one walking in her sleep, she followed Wellington into the room. One thought pounding in her brain. . . . To meet Peter face to face after twenty years—to talk to him—play with him and not have him know it. . . . Again that insane desire to laugh. . . .

"Mr. Alden," Wellington's voice came to her as they reached the stage, "this is Mrs. Ramsey, of whom I spoke. She has consented to accompany you."

Still in a daze, she placed her hand in Peter's—felt the firm, warm clasp—heard the well-remembered voice thanking her. . . . Then, seating herself at the piano, she waited while someone placed a sheet of music on the rack before her. . . . Massenet's Meditation. . . . Thais. . . .

Her fingers ran lightly through the opening bars of the exquisite old aria—the music was unnecessary—how many, many times she had played it in the old days. . . . Then, on and on until, at the end, she almost expected to feel his lips on hers as. . . .

The thunder of applause brought her sharply back to the present; and dazedly she bowed and smiled down on the sea of faces below her.

"One more!" the throng cried; jerked out of their Britannic reserve. "One more!"

Once again they played the Liebesfreud—Love's Joy. . . .

What an utter, ghastly joke the whole thing was. Almost too incredible to be true.

Finally it was all over; and she was safe at home. But was she safe? Would she ever feel safe again? It was hard—hard—when she had been so sure the past was a sealed book.

"Joan," Allen said, one morning several weeks later, "I have a request to make, dear, and I hope it will meet with your approval."

Again that icy dread caught at her heart;

there was hardly a day now that she did not feel it.

"Any request that you make, Allen," she said firmly, "meets with my approval."

He gave her his quick, sweet smile.

"My Joan!" he said fondly, then: "As you know, dear, it has been just three weeks since I operated on Mr. Alden. . . ." He paused. Joan stiffened—what was coming next? What did he want? Not. . . . Surely not. . . . But he was speaking again: "In another three weeks I shall remove the bandage—in the meantime—I want him to stay here."

He was smiling at her and she wondered dully if her terror showed in her face. Here! Peter here! "No, no!" she said wildly to herself. "It must not be. It shall not be. He must not come here." But she must say something—must answer Allen in some way.

"I know," he was saying again, "that we have rarely had a private case here before; and I have noticed that you do not seem to care for Mr. Alden; but I have staked so much on this case. . . . It means so much to me—to the world—that I am anxious to watch him every minute."

In the past many of the blind soldiers had stayed with them—cases that needed special attention and care, and she had always been as interested in them as Allen. How could she refuse him this, his greatest case, and not tell him why?

Again the question—should she tell him all? "No, I cannot tell him," she thought wildly. "He would not understand."

Trying to still the terror within her, she got up, and, crossing the room, stood looking out on the peaceful garden. . . .

"Bring him by all means, Allen," she said in a voice she tried hard to make sound natural. "You know, my dear, any case that you are interested in—I am more than glad to have here."

"Ah, Joan," he thanked her, "what a wonderful woman you are! No man has ever had such a wife."

SO the swift days sped away. Peter had been there three weeks, and tomorrow morning the bandage was to be removed. Tomorrow morning she would know! What would it mean to her? Almost, she had been tempted to tell Peter—to throw herself on his mercy. . . . But suppose he did not recognize her? . . . Twenty years was a long time. . . . Or suppose the operation was not successful? . . .



Our gums lead a lazy life!

IN these days of soft food and delicious cookery, it's not remarkable that dentists lay so much stress on the care of the gums.

For dentists know that these widespread gum disorders are in large measure due to the lack of natural roughage in our food—to the almost total absence of those coarse, fibrous elements that invigorate the gums and keep them in sound and sturdy health.

Gums then grow tender and weak. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. They bleed easily under the brush, and "pink tooth brush" warns us to be on our guard against more serious troubles.

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Dentists say the best corrective—and preventive, too—is massage of the gums. And thousands of dentists instruct their patients to massage their gums with Ipana Tooth Paste after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

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The coupon, of course, will bring you a ten-day trial, enough to acquaint you with Ipana's cleaning power and its delightful flavor. But the better plan is to start at once with a full-sized tube from the druggist. Use it faithfully for one month. That is a fairer test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums.

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

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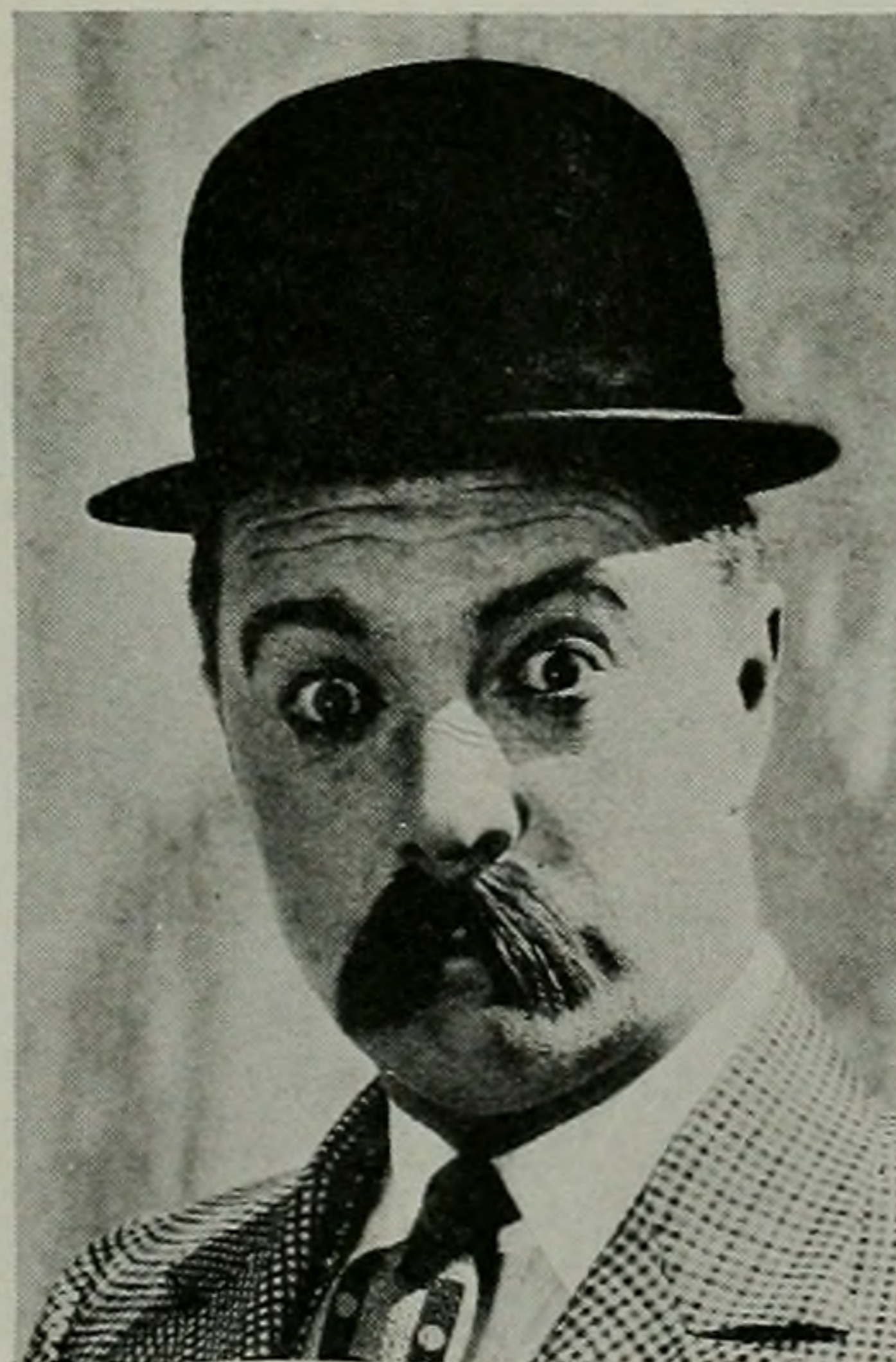
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Not such a bad looking fellow, when you meet him on the street. It's Billie Bevan, if you haven't seen him in this get-up



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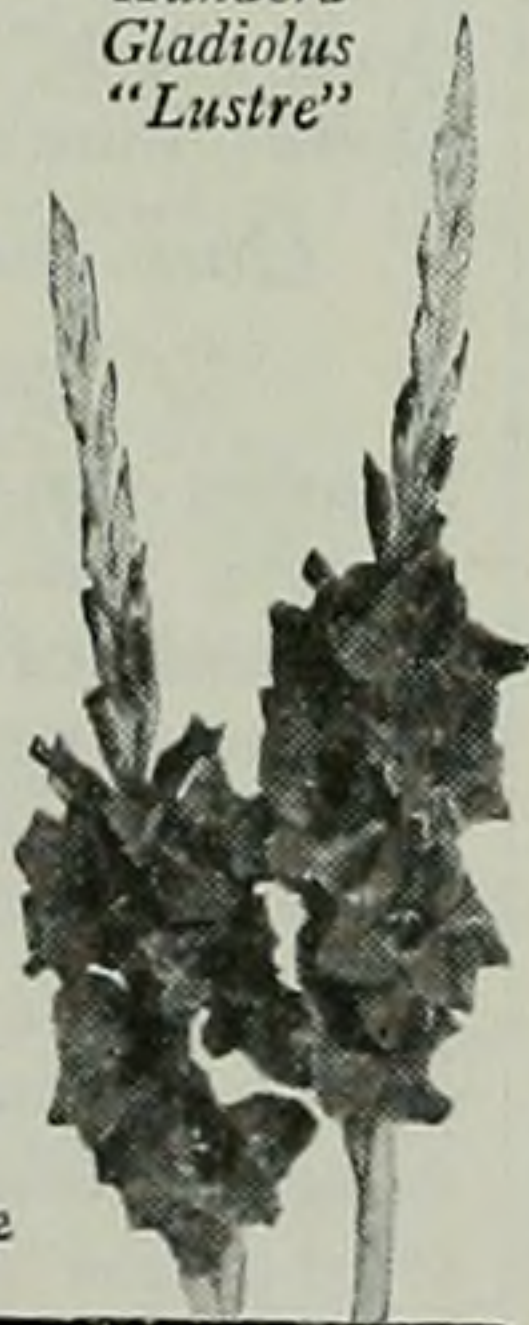
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Free Book Explains

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In the evening after dinner they were sitting on the terrace waiting for Allen. She was restless—uneasy—and Peter talked only in snatches.

"You have a wonderful talent, Mrs. Ramsey," he said suddenly after a long silence. "Many people play, even well, but few have the perfect understanding of music that you have. It is a rare gift. I have only known one other who had it . . ." He paused abruptly.

HER heart raced madly. What would he say next? But he seemed to have forgotten her; to be lost in a deep reverie.

"If the operation is successful, what will you do?" she asked him, unable to bear the silence a second longer.

"If the operation is successful?" he echoed vaguely, as if awakening from a long sleep; then slowly: "But it cannot be, you see. For, in spite of Doctor Ramsey's great skill, I shall always be blind—and none are so blind as those who will not see. . . ." His voice trailed off again into silence.

What did he mean? Was he thinking of the old life? Of the time when he had left her for his career?

"I have been so happy here," he was saying again, a tired note in his voice, "so much happier than I ever expected to be again," he added as if in afterthought—"whether the operation is a success—or a failure—I want you to know that, and for it, I thank—you. We rarely appreciate the real things in life until too late. . . ."

Hearing Allen's voice, she was spared an answer, and in a few minutes he joined them, taking Peter off to bed.

Lying awake far into the night, Joan went over Peter's words to her—over and over again. Was he the same old Peter—taking all and giving nothing in return? Would he, knowing that Allen had taken him into his home as a friend, take her from him as he had taken her years ago, only to leave her if she stood in his way? Oh, if she had only told Allen! If she had the courage to tell him now—before what tomorrow might bring forth. She was haunted by the thought.

In the morning she awoke filled with dread; wishing with all her heart it was all over. Going downstairs, she found that Allen, wanting

to remove the bandage before the light was too strong, had taken Peter into the room he used for his patients.

Wandering around, too nervous to stay in one place, thoughts kept crowding her mind. Almost, she found herself hoping the operation would not be successful. Her happiness would be safe for all time. . . . But what would it mean for Allen? The bitter disappointment of defeat. . . . And for Peter? . . . A lifetime of darkness.

"No, no!" dismissing the thought almost as soon as it had come to her, "that must not be. It must be successful—even if it means the giving up of my happiness—for Allen's sake."

Suddenly a wild desire to run away and hide until it was all over seized her. If she could only go, now that the time was so near. She could not face it! But even as the thought flashed through her mind, she heard Allen calling her.

Running swiftly toward his room, everything forgotten in her desire to be with him no matter what the result of the operation might be, he met her in the hall, catching her to him.

"Joan, Joan!" he exulted. "We have won! He can see! Oh, he can see!"

"Even as I knew he would, dear," she answered, smiling at him, although her heart seemed suddenly to die. It was over, she knew, and realized at the same time how much she had really hoped against it!

AND Peter? Peter was still standing in the center of the room, too dazed—too overcome—to believe that it could possibly be true. Would he awaken as he had done so many times in the past, only to find it all a dream?

A little set smile on her lips, but with hopeless eyes, she followed Allen into the room. Hearing someone moving behind him, Peter turned and faced her. . . . Would he know her?

A slightly puzzled frown gathered his brow as he stood looking at her—deep into her eyes—looking—looking. . . .

Did he recognize her? . . . Was all happiness to be taken from her again? If he did recognize her, would he read the wild appeal in her eyes?

Allen slipped his arm around her slender body.



It is a real girl and she seems to be perfectly happy in the goldfish tank. Can you figure out this illusion? Tod Browning is explaining the trick to John Gilbert. The illusion will be used in "The Day of Souls"

"And so we have won, Mr. Alden," he said, laying his other hand affectionately on Peter's shoulder. "You are free! Free from the fear of darkness. After a time of complete rest, you may resume your studies or do 'most anything you please. It has been a wonderful, wonderful case!" He was all the surgeon now. "And I only hope many others will benefit by it."

With a little start, Peter withdrew his eyes from Joan's face, and drawing a long breath, turned to him.

"I cannot yet believe that it is true," he said speaking slowly, haltingly. "To be able to see! To stand on a stage and see the faces before me as I play . . . ah, Doctor Ramsey, you can never understand the glory—the wonder of it! . . . And I have only you to thank. But can I ever thank you? Can mere words express how I feel—" He broke off abruptly; his eyes again resting on Joan for a fleeting moment and then closing as if trying to imagine himself once more in darkness. . . .

THAT he had recognized her, Joan knew, now. What would he do? Would he, in gratitude for what Allen had done for him, leave her in peace?

"What are your plans, Mr. Alden?" She heard Allen's voice questioning. "Have you made any, or were you sure that we would not win?"

She held her breath—agonizing—waiting for his answer. . . . What would it be?

"Plans?" he repeated; then a great light appeared in his eyes, and he continued softly: "The rest of my life shall be given to those who love my music. I have been blind in more ways than one—you have made my eyes see again, Doctor Ramsey—now I must try to teach my soul to see as well—"

Fighting the Sex Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

is too late. In their eagerness, they would go to extremes and play guiltless lilies.

But there is dissatisfaction in the other camp. Too much virtue is also a curse. Like extreme wickedness, perfect virtue passes the border of credibility.

IF the public can no longer believe in the sinfulness of Theda Bara, neither can it swallow the innocence of Mary Miles Minter. The early type of ingenue is as out-of-date as the hobble skirt.

Ladies who have achieved a reputation that is a little too spotless are stamping their feet at managers who would make them too good. Alice Joyce has flatly declared that she will no longer be the respectable mother on the screen. It is great to be a respectable mother off the screen, but it is a tiresome professional job. Women go to see Alice's gowns, because they are always in perfect taste, and they go to watch her charming manners. But they seldom have any real and vital interest in the parts she plays.

Miss Joyce, remembering Blanche Sweet's performance of *Anna Christie*, hopes for shabby clothes and strong meat. Figuratively speaking, she is willing to wear the Green Hat, the Scarlet Letter or Salome's dancing shoes. She is willing to be anything but the impeccable Society Matron with the wayward adolescent daughter.

May McAvoy is tired of being the Little Pal of the hero who stands by while the hero sows his wild oats. May longs for a few mouthfuls of wild oats for herself. May has been cursed by being blue-eyed and tiny.

Lois Wilson wants to play *Carmen*. In her revolt against too much virtue on the screen, Lois has taken to snappy dressing, snappy conversation and snappy friends. If she has to visit every night club in New York, Lois is go-

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

I think "*The Fourth Commandment*" will be one of Universal's most entertaining pictures this year. The theme is strong and I can assure you the picture is a human drama which might fit any home anywhere.

The story, written by Emilie Johnson, has its origin in a situation that is common in many families—the presence of the husband's mother in the household, and the jealousy of the wife, which, in this case, flames into a consuming passion with dire results.



BELLE BENNETT in "*The Fourth Commandment*"



BELLE BENNETT is starred in "*The Fourth Commandment*" and in stories of the heart she reigns supreme. She portrays the varying phases of a young girl in her twenties, living in luxury, and then runs the cycle of human emotions in an amazing role. There is a remarkable and thrilling climax, but I leave it to you to see. In my estimation, the work of the star is a little short of marvelous.

This is an Emory Johnson production. The supporting cast includes those excellent and popular folks—MARY CARR, ROBERT AGNEW, HARRY VICTOR, JUNE MARLOWE and KATHLEEN MYERS.

Unquestionably this is going to be a UNIVERSAL year. The list of extraordinary pictures is pretentious. In particular your attention is directed to "*Les Miserables*" and "*Michael Strogoff*." They are two of the world's most magnificent productions. You will see acting that will put you on your toes.

In "*Michael Strogoff*" for example, IVAN MOSKINE, one of Europe's leading players, portrays Jules Verne's great hero. As a result of his marvelous work I wanted to be the first American producer to bring him to Hollywood, and I am proud to announce that this great artist will soon be a Universal star in American made pictures. Watch for him in mighty "*Michael Strogoff*" and you will know what wonders are in store.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Belle Bennett

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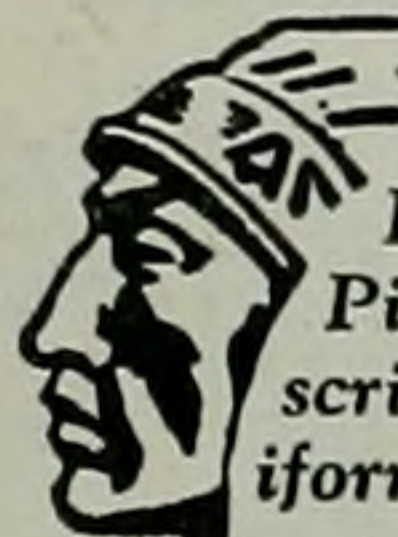
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ing to prove to the producers that she is not as white as she has been painted.

The vogue of the superlatively good girl may last longer than the vogue of the vamp, but the ending is just as ignominious. The reputation of an ingenue is a sensitive plant; it cannot stand too much heat. Mary Miles Minter became involved in a murder mystery and an implied love affair and the public would have no more of her.

Wanda Hawley was smothered by sugar and the public decided that too much sugar is bad for the system.

The appeal of the "good girl" on the screen is the appeal of the ideal. The girl who plays such rôles lasts in favor just as long as she can convince audiences of her sincerity; just as long as she can persuade the audience that the ideal which she represents is not grotesquely impossible.

For some strange human reason, great virtue is more plausible than extreme wickedness, therefore the good girl keeps her vogue longer than the vamp. Provided, of course, that the

temptations that assail her are picturesque and not tiresome.

When May Allison felt that her heroines were beset by too many routine situations, she changed neatly to more sophisticated parts and convinced directors that she was cleverer than the rôles she had played. Like Miss Joyce, Miss McAvoy and Miss Wilson, hers was not so much a revolt against the ideal itself as against the unimaginative treatment of the ideal.

Woe to the ingenue whose sincerity is challenged! When the public begins to doubt her, she can never again look a kitten in the face before the camera. When an ingenue acquires ten pounds and three husbands, she is lost to the world of Little Nell.

And woe, too, to the vampires who acquire reputations for being happily married and good to the folks!

Screen audiences are intolerant of the sex abstainers and they are just as intolerant of the sex bacchantes. Enduring popularity only comes to those actresses who can take sex or leave it alone.

The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

every capacity, clerks to stars, are beautiful in Hollywood. They become the rule, rather than the exception as in other communities. "I'll attend to you in a minute," she said, but it was twenty before she regarded me again. Then when I murmured I had come about casting, she plunged a knife through me with her eyes. "Outside around the corner," she stated with slow, sarcastic emphasis.

There was a kindlier girl behind the casting window. "We get everyone through Central," she told me.

"Please," I said. "I'm not listed there. If you'll just take my name and address. . ."

"We get everyone through Central," she repeated, and smiled.

"But. . ." I started.

"We get everyone through Central," she said again. So then I left.

Some distance away, against the sky, I saw the sign of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Culver City, movie-born, is not really a romantic movie city, as you would expect. It is a little country village of tiny stucco bungalows and small somnambulant country grocery stores.

The studios stand out of it like strange monsters.

The exterior of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is cold grey cement. Everywhere there are signs. "This way to the studio of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." "This way to the lunch room of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer." "This way to the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

The casting office is a tiny bare room with a fence running across it. On one side is the mob, on the other an excited young man and a doorway to heaven, reading "Office of Clifford Robertson, Casting Director."

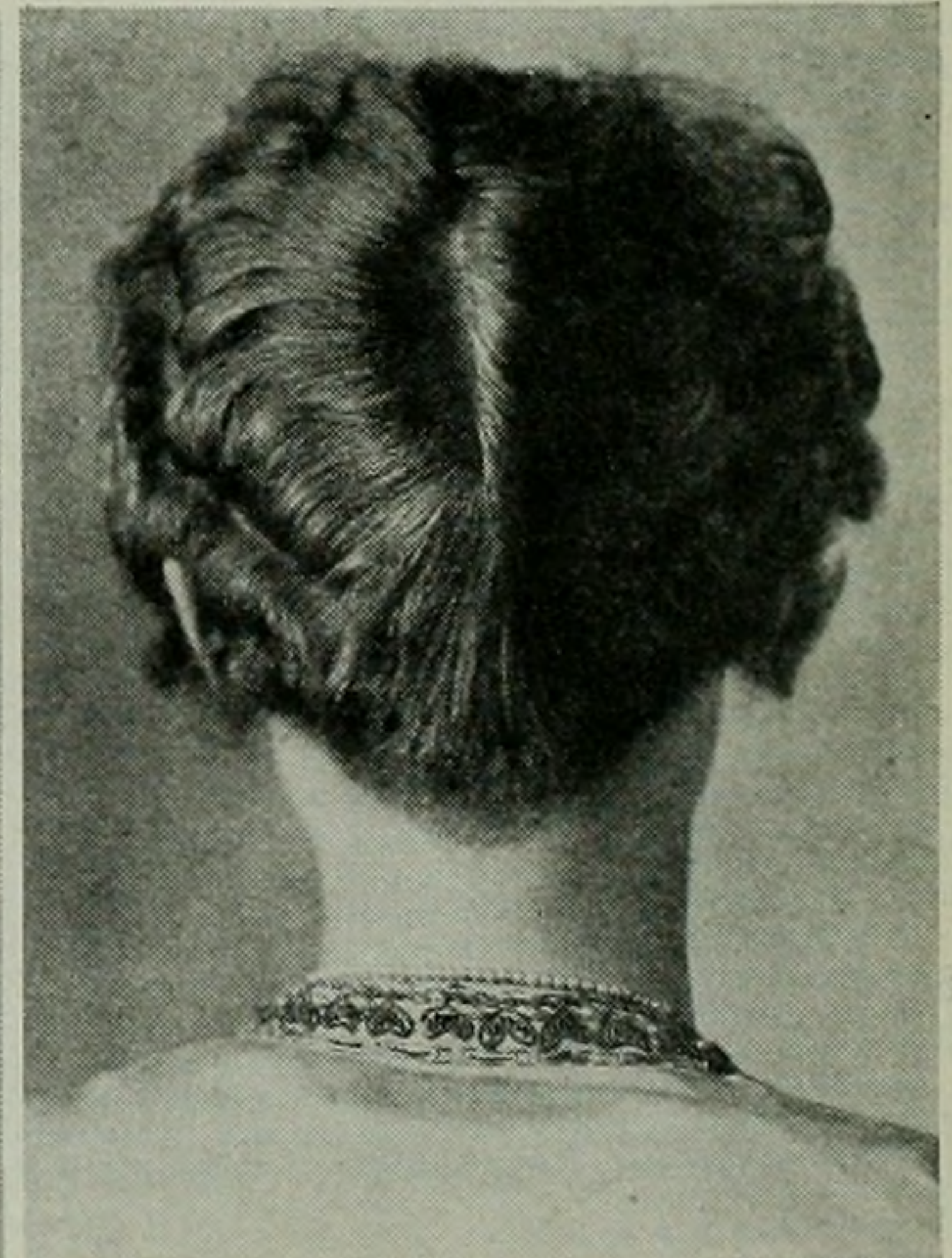
The excited young man walked up and down. "Those of you with pay checks, step forward," he shouted to the packed mass of humanity before him. "The rest of you get out."

The pay check people crowded forward. The rest did not move. The pay check people got their money, but only a few of them went away. The rest stood as silent, as expressionless as tired horses.

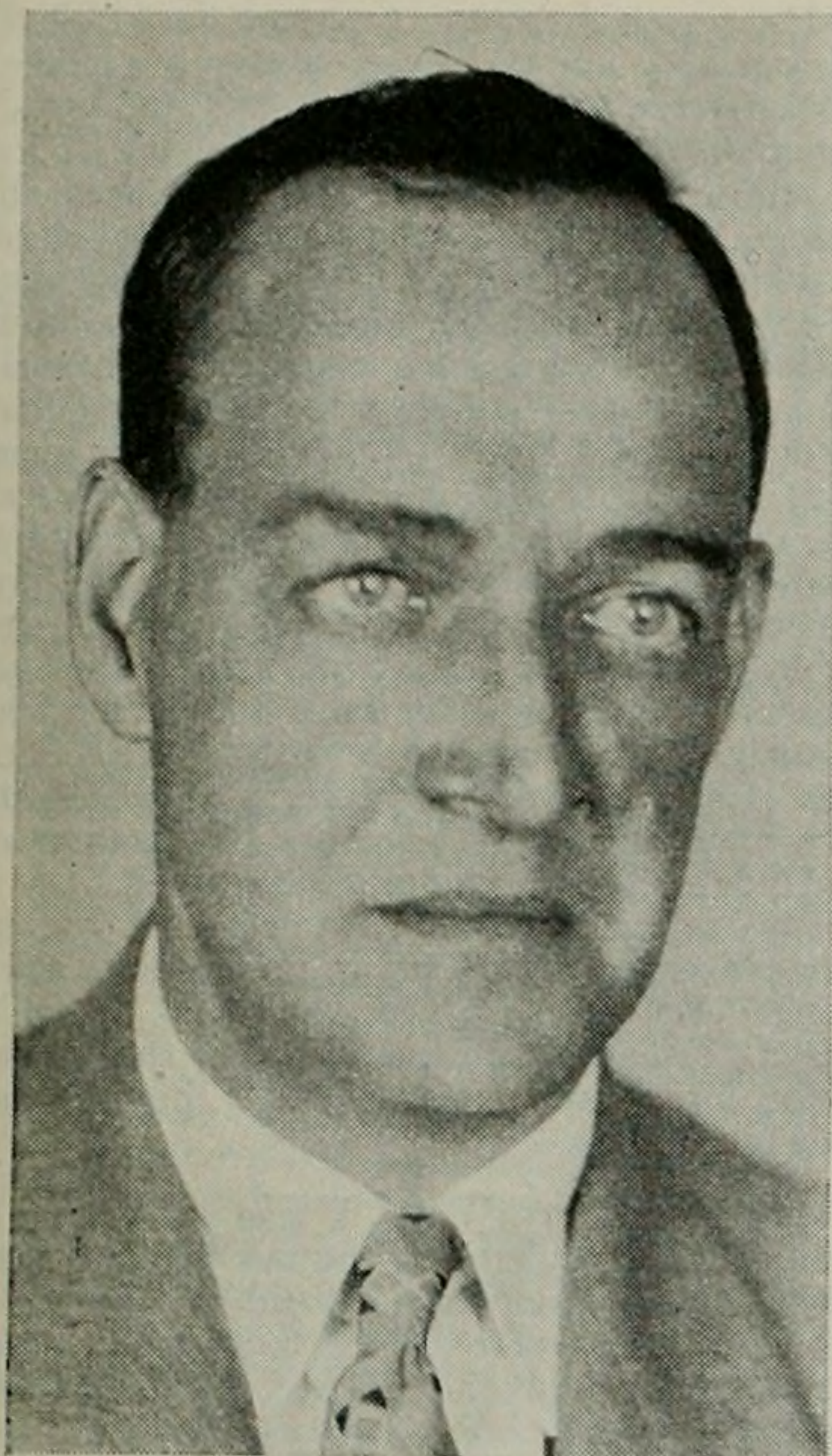
"Get out," screamed the young man. "There's nothing doing." No one stirred. I



Reversing the usual order of things, Gilda Gray wears all her curls on the front of her head—



While the back of her head is closely clipped with a neat little part running right down the middle



Just a typical casting director's face. This one happens to be Dan Kelly's, but they're all alike. Imagine trying to sell such a guy on the news that you were only sweet sixteen

noted there were three other women besides myself. I tried to get forward, into line with the young man's eye, but I couldn't. "There's nothing doing. What are you waiting for? Get out, get out." Nobody moved.

The outer door opened and a tiny figure came into our crowded corral. "There's nothing doing," the young man started, and then he saw her. "Oh, hello," he said.

She was about five feet tall and her lips were crushed strawberries and her eyes were much too meek. "Hello, yourself," she lisped.

"Come right in." The young man held open the gate. "There's nothing doing," he screamed at us. "Get out, all of you." He put his arm across the girl's shoulders and they disappeared into the inner office.

The crowd slowly began to dissolve. A bearded man standing next to me smiled. "Work yesterday?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Or the day before or the day before that?" he asked. I shook my head. "Well," he said, "I'm big hearted. I just made three-fifty. So I'm going to treat you four girls." He dug into his pocket and brought out several little rolls of mints. "Every girl gets one," he said.

I HAD noticed a gaunt woman next to me. Now she rushed forward and clutched at the man's hands, grabbing the little packages. "No, you don't," he cried. "Give those back. You can only have one."

She paid no attention to him. She was already stuffing those candies in her mouth. To her, plainly, they were food.

I was trembling a little as I walked down toward Hal Roach's studio. There was a very pert and very beautiful girl behind the telephone switchboard. "Central Casting," she flung at me over her left ear and went back to pushing plugs.

Eleven o'clock. I stood by the roadside, thinking. How, oh how, was I going to break in? How does any girl ever break in?

A flivver stopped beside me. The driver was a nice looking man and he said he would be

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glad to take me down to United Artists' on Santa Monica Boulevard. He told me about himself as we rode along. He was a carpenter and married. "But I've got her so trained she don't say a word if I'm missing a couple of nights," he confessed. "How about our having dinner together tonight?"

"Well," he said when I had replied I feared I couldn't, "I guess you'd better get right out here."

I was, at least, back in Hollywood. I plodded along through the sunshine that beats down like bright copper pennies. A black satin dress, high heeled slippers, a tiny close hat of Austrian velours are a smart ensemble in New York. During a California afternoon they can become a menace. I was so hot and so thirsty and so tired.

"Come back around the middle of November," they encouraged me at United Artists. Several blocks farther. "Central Casting," said the telephone girl at Educational. Miles farther and no shade anywhere. "We're not doing a thing," said the girl at the Fine Arts studio. She smiled most pleasantly. "I'd help you if I could, but we haven't got a company working." She spied a woman behind me. "Oh, come in, Miss Nelson," she cried to her. "We're casting and Mr. Jones will be so glad to see you." She looked back at me. "We're not doing a thing," she said.

Miles and miles and miles, literally, back to Fox's where I met exactly the same situation, where a red-haired young person went into a studio I had just been told was closed.

That was one day. The next I started out early for Sennett's which is in Glendale.

"Try yourself out on a scales, kid," said the man in charge. "You've got to be a shapely mamma to get by us." I rode back to Hollywood, transferred and got another bus for Universal City. A gay and smiling youth took my name. "Registered at Central, Ruth?" he asked.

I WAS getting desperate. "You can get me on their list if you will," I pleaded. "Please help me."

"Well, come around some time next month and bring your pictures," he said. "I guess I can fix it up for you then."

Back again to Hollywood. I got to Metropolitan the hour the casting office was closed. Many casting offices do close for certain hours every afternoon, but as none of them close at the same time, you can only learn each one's schedule for yourself. A weeping girl was coming down the steps at Warner's. "Don't go in there," she cried at me. "It's always the same in there. Either the casting director's out, or there's nothing doing, or they've got a new director, or something. You never can get in, even for a moment." She went sobbing away. Her beauty in any other city would have stopped traffic.

That was a second day. At F. B. O. and at Lasky's they see all comers every morning. I was at F. B. O. at ten. "Say, I like 'em little," remarked the assistant-casting director, looking me over. "Why weren't you around yesterday? I could have given you a break. Now I don't know when we'll have a thing for girls—we're making war pictures. But I do like 'em little—so you keep in touch with me."

Silly as that was, it bucked up my spirits. By foolish words that man had made me less a commodity, more a person. Lasky's is close by. I entered there happily. When, out of the jumble of more than sixty there, the boy weeded me out and took my name, I laughed with joy.

I forgot I was a newspaper woman getting a story. When I got that summons to see a

real live casting director, I was convinced I had personality, ability, even beauty. That's what Hollywood does to you in three days. Going down the boulevards you see the backs of sets against the sky. You see fenced off spaces, "These cars belong to the employees of Blank's studio." You see bright lights burning fiercely at midday and occasionally you catch a fleeting glimpse of some wide, vacant, beautiful face that is set to earn its owner a million dollars. And a sort of madness comes upon you. You believe it would be more wonderful, more beautiful, to be on the inside of a studio, just to belong, in any way, in any capacity, than to do anything else in the world. You know why girls stay there and starve. You know why boys rob to remain. It takes so much and so little to get in. Success is an accident. Failure is an accident. The mirage occurs. You sniff the gold dust and your sense of values is destroyed.

I know because I went in to see that casting director, expecting anything, prepared for anything. Why I survived the mob, I don't know. I shall never know, for he turned me down immediately. "Go back home," he told me quietly.

IT was the fourth day. I was subdued. I climbed very quietly on the bus for Burbank and the new First National studios. I hadn't been out there before, since that studio is so far away from any other. The girls at the club had told me only one company was working. In New York I would have held such a trip hopeless. But in Hollywood I didn't dare, any more than any other girl there dares, to be hopeless. I couldn't permit myself to fail. I had to take this last chance.

The First National Studio is the most beautiful one in the West, the first great studio to be builded as a unit with complete modern movie equipment. I stepped slowly off the bus and stopped to see the roses blooming riotously before the low Spanish buildings which are the studio offices.

It was my last chance. I walked up the path to the casting office slowly. I wanted to cry. I had noticed, getting off the bus, that there were two holes through the toes of my slippers, and the cap was gone off my left heel, new shoes worn out in my four days job hunting.

"You can go in to see Mr. Kelly," said the office boy. There was no one else about.

I walked into an inner office. I was so blue and low I hardly could look up. It would have been something of a joke in the beginning to admit to my editor I had been beaten by Hollywood. But the joke was gone now.

"I may have something for you in a month or so," said the casting director.

I looked at him very directly. "Do you mean that?"

He smiled. "No," he said.

"Then why say it?" I asked.

His name is Dan Kelly. "When I don't," he said, "the girl or boy trying to break in hangs on anyway. They stand here and argue with me. They take up much more time than if I hand them out pleasant lies. And, besides, I don't know positively that I won't be able to use them in another month. I never can tell what calls I'll get from the studio. All things are possible here."

"Listen," I said, "I'm a newspaper woman. I must break in. Please give me at least a day's work."

"That's a new gag," said Kelly. "Why don't you call yourself a countess, too?"

I produced my credentials. "That's different," he admitted. "You can work tonight, if you want to. Come at seven and I'll put you on Miss Moore's picture as a street walker."

Next month you will see the inside workings of a studio through Ruth Waterbury's eyes, read about her crashing into Central Casting's good graces and learning the almost ghastly statistics that office has to offer.

1927, According to the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Ramon Novarro, like Richard Dix, is in for a particularly fortunate period of his career. Also like Dix, he will come before the public in a rôle that will add greatly to his popularity. During the spring months, Mr. Novarro will be especially happy in his work and there is another good cycle ahead of him in the fall of 1927.

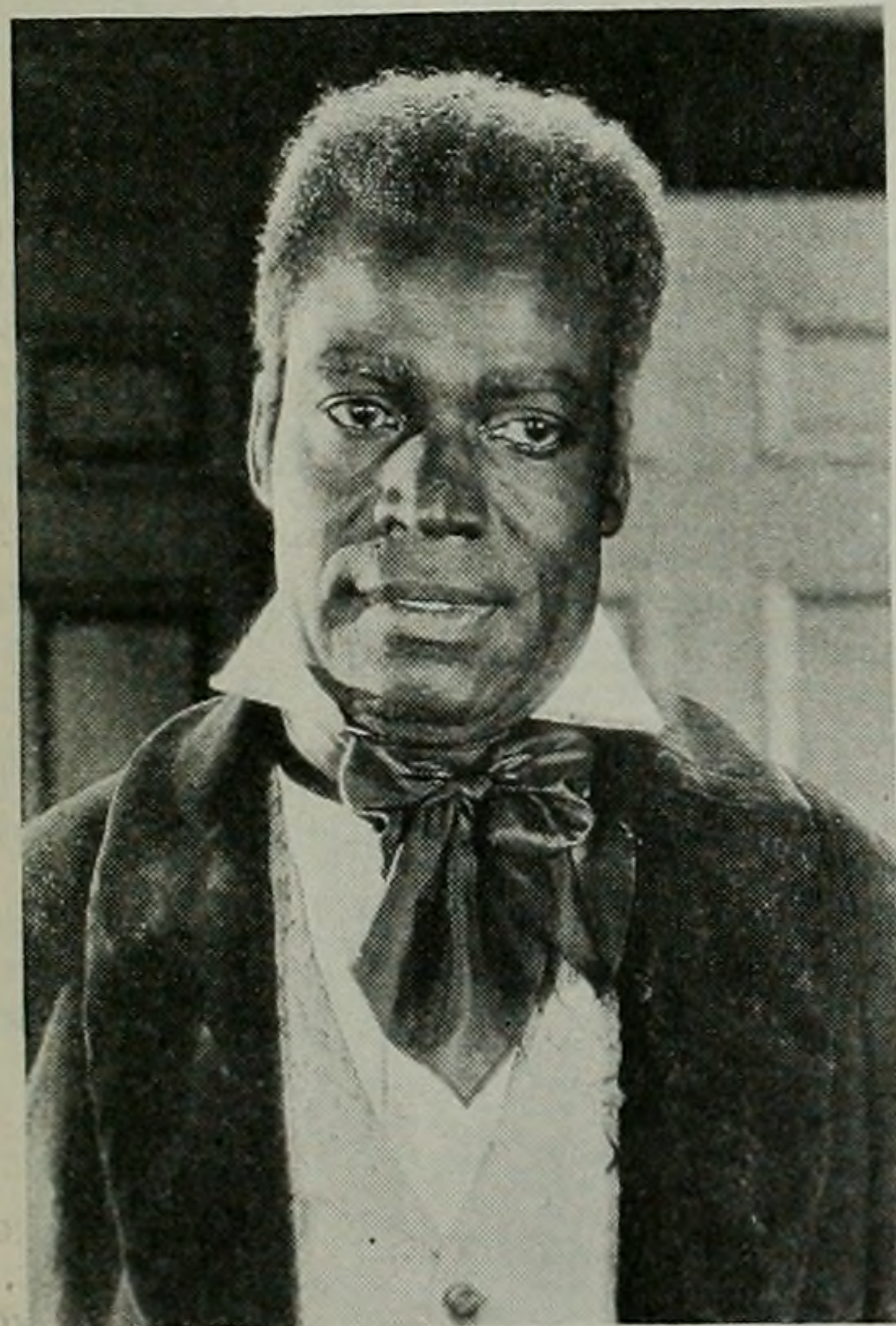
The Professor had seen Ramon in "Ben-Hur" and was an admirer of his work. But when he predicted the fortuitous rôle for Ramon, he didn't know anything about the ambitious plans for starring Ramon in "Old Heidelberg." Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899.

Marion Davies' horoscope was immensely interesting to the Professor. Marion was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 1, 1900. In the past, things haven't been so happy for Marion. Her younger days were not particularly fortunate. Marion has a great sense of duty and she was born to take on her shoulders the responsibilities of others.

WHILE the stars gave Marion some handicaps, they also gave her definite assurance of wealth and success. The Professor finds that she should stick to comedy and not attempt drama. And she is a born leader.

Clara Bow, born in Brooklyn on July 29, 1905, is swayed by Leo the Lion. Don't blame Clara for her flapper ways; blame Leo the Lion. Leo is an emotional animal and all his subjects are emotional. Clara is destined to lead a sunny, happy life and she will shake off her troubles.

Leo the Lion also roars in the horoscope of Colleen Moore, born in Port Huron, Mich., on August 19, 1902. The emotional Leo is a good sway for an actress and there are some good rôles and some good pictures ahead of Colleen. Colleen, too, is a good leader and she has a sympathetic, tactful and diplomatic personality.



This is a photograph of a character that helped make American history—the *Uncle Tom* of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great novel. James B. Lowe, noted colored actor, has been chosen to create the part in Universal's special production of the classic

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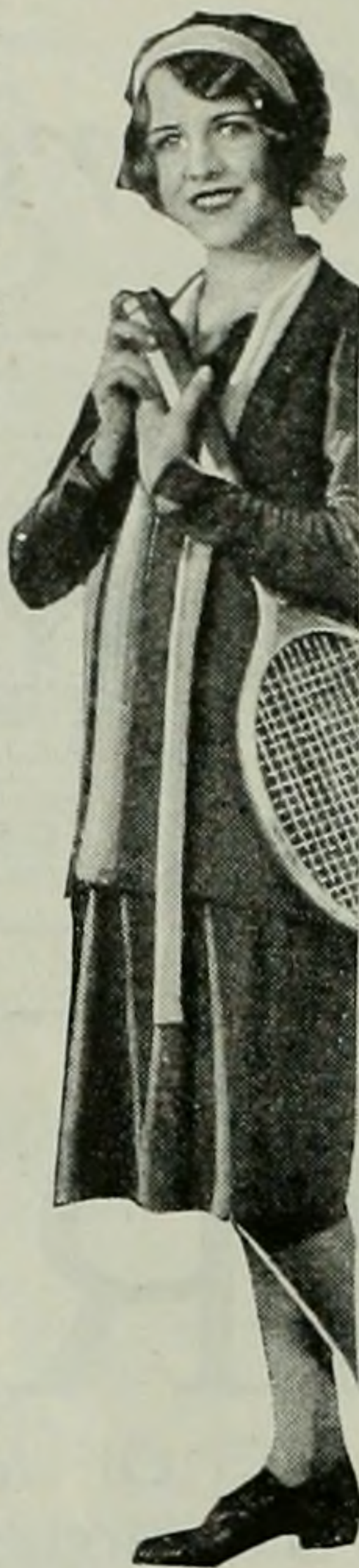
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Professor Meyer advises Gloria Swanson to watch her health carefully during 1927. Gloria was born under the same sign as Mary Pickford and both girls were destined, from the start, for eventful and checkered careers.

But, the professor says, Gloria must guard against nervous disorders and trouble with her eyes, teeth, head and heart during the coming year.

And just in case Gloria wants to know definitely when to be careful, the Professor warns her to be on her guard during the latter part of March and the first of April, late in June and early in July, late October and early

November and the latter part of December. Unless Gloria heeds this friendly tip from the stars, says the Professor, she will have much to regret. Gloria was born in Chicago on March 27, 1898.

Of course, if you don't believe in this star business, that's your own affair. But if you don't believe that others believe in it, just ask any star-gazer to tell you, in confidence, how many clients he has who are leaders in the business, professional and social world.

And, anyway, since Jupiter is such a good pal of the movies for the year 1927, why not give the planet a little credit?

Just a Little Fella Trying to Get Along

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

next spring I may produce a stage play. Maybe on the Coast. Maybe here in New York. Anyway, I have a little play I'd like to produce."

And then I remembered that Roy D'Arcy married Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy, daughter of Joseph L. Rhinock. Mr. Rhinock died recently, leaving an interest in Loews, Inc., and some more interests in the Shubert Enterprises.

SO, if you follow me, the actor who happened to make a hit in "The Merry Widow" is now, in the language of Broadway's gross materialists, "sitting pretty."

It makes one a little dizzy.

"As for pictures," again the flashing teeth, the hypnotic eye, "I have just begun. I have just served my apprenticeship. I could have been starred before this. But, no, I didn't want to be starred. I said to Louis—that's Louis B. Mayer, you know,—I said, 'Just give me lots of parts in lots of pictures. I want to stick around and learn. Just let me do my stuff. You may cut me out if you want to. But just give me the parts.'

"I have just finished 'Valencia' with Mae Murray. We have made a knock-out. 'Bucko' has done a really big thing. That's Buchowetzki, you know. It's a masterpiece. The best thing 'Bucko' has done.

"Of course, I am just a poor little fellow trying to get along. The studio was strange to me and so were the movies. But I have learned a lot, hanging around and watching.

"Maybe I am only a beginner, but whenever I have anything to say, I speak right out. If I have any suggestions to make—anything to improve the story or put punch into the picture—I go right to the director and give him the idea. If he wants to use it—fine! If not, what's the difference?

"I have been all over the world—traveled in all countries. I speak six languages—French, German, English, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese."

"Then, naturally, you want to be a director?" But, really, it isn't necessary to ask such questions.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. D'Arcy and his eyes lighted up. (Don't forget that the word is "hypnotic.") "I have written a story which I want to direct myself. It will be my

first starring picture. I can't tell you much about the story except that it is a combination of 'Variety' and 'The Last Laugh'."

"That," I commented truthfully, "ought to be good."

"Good, yes. But maybe not good box-office. However, you never can tell."

"You see," and Mr. D'Arcy pinched the ends of his waxed moustache, "some critic wrote in a Los Angeles newspaper that I smile too much on the screen, that I don't use enough expressions. This man said that I only use two expressions.

"So when that sap came to the studio, I took him aside and told him a few things. 'Look here,' I said, 'Why should I use all my expressions at once? Why should I give my public everything at once? No, no; the secret of success is holding something back. Some day I shall be a star and I shall want something left. And when I am a star, I shall use all my expressions.'"

TO paraphrase the advertising slogan: when better expressions are used, Roy D'Arcy will use them.

"Yes, yes," and those hypnotic eyes flashed again, "I may be just a poor little fellow trying to get along, but I use every trick I can think of to put myself over in a picture. There is nothing I won't do before the camera to attract attention.

"No matter who the star is, I can give him opposition. That's fair enough, because I like opposition myself. I like to put up a fight to get attention. If I am playing in a close-up with John Gilbert, I pull my handkerchief out of my pocket and wave it at the camera. That gets me notice. Jack Gilbert does the same sort of thing himself. Why, Jack would break a sword over his knee in one of my close-ups to steal the scene from me!"

For years and years, I have been waiting for an actor to say something like that. For years and years, I have waited for somebody to tell the whole, strict truth about picture-stealing.

It remained for Roy D'Arcy to say it. There you have it at last: the Whole Truth About Actors.

And there, plus hypnotic eyes, plus sideburns, plus waxed moustache, is how poor little fellows trying to get along develop into stars.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

MYRTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am so kind that some day I know I shall grow wings. Virginia Lee Corbin is the blondest blonde I ever saw—and I have seen plenty of blondes. Irene Rich has dark brown hair. Write to Helene Costello at Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

G. G., SEATTLE, WASH.—Ben Lyon is a swell dancer, and he likes it, too. You have a good start on your career; it isn't so bad to be a lit'ry critic. Don't wait so long before writing to me again. Age has mellowed my style; I was only an impulsive young thing when you wrote to me before.

S. B., SEATTLE, WASH.—Very few hairs of any kind—gray or brown! Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Brown hair and brown eyes. Ramon is now working on "The Great Galeoto." Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Raymond Keane has black hair and brown eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs 168 pounds.

A FRIEND, TAMPA, FLA.—Richard Dix never gets more than a two weeks' vacation so he can't find time to go to Europe. You see, Richard's pictures are very much in demand and he has to keep at work. So you want him to stay single. Well, he seems to be obliging you. I don't know why he changed his name; for convenience, probably. John Barrymore is married. He was born Feb. 15, 1882.

F. G. P., BRYN MAWR, PA.—Slower, slower! Only five questions at a time. Come again with the rest of your requests. Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901. She is engaged to Charlie Paddock. Monte Blue is married to Tova Jansen. Corinne Griffith is twenty-five years old. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Married to Walter Morosco. Bill Boyd and Elinor Faire were married Jan. 19, 1925. Some of his pictures are "The Road to Yesterday," "Eve's Leaves," and "Jim, the Conqueror." His hair is straight but sometimes he has it curled for pictures. Elinor Faire was born Dec. 21, 1904. She is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds.

ESTELLE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ben, shave off that beard! This lady doesn't like it. Mr. Lyon is unmarried, as yet, and was born Feb. 6, 1901.



Will she try to come back? Mary Miles Minter has not completely abandoned her hopes for a place on the screen. She has been trying to reduce. Mary has sailed for Italy for a vacation. Maybe she will appear in a foreign film

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

We Are Taking Lessons

Washington, D. C.

Having been an ardent motion picture fan since the old Biograph days, I had an opportunity during the last week to visit no less than six cinema theaters. Of the six, four showed first-run American films, and two, UFA specials, and I have been pondering the difference in the two styles of productions ever since.

Confession must be made that the foreign photoplays brought a keener enjoyment, although one was the expurgated "Variety," which seems nothing more than a work-over of the *Pagliacci* story. It was, in fact, good drama on the screen.

"The Waltz Dream" was the other, and its straight comedy and sentiment allow excellent illusion.

One of the American pictures, "Diplomacy," was well thought out and directed, but was too politely extravagant.

I am all American, but art is slipping when the illusion of the drama or the photoplay becomes more like delusion—for instance, some of our slapstick comedies. Perhaps the difference between the two sets of films is the same as that between an ornate musical comedy and a successful drama—the distinction between mere recreation and art. If this country can produce "The Big Parade," that "greatest" which came to an American out of a soul-searing experience, must we forever soothe our public with dressed-up fairy tales? Is there no way to introduce dramatic art into Hollywood except through the von Stroheims?

GRACE GREENWOOD.

To Keep Peace in the Family

Toronto, Canada.

This is to be neither a brickbat nor a bouquet but, with sublime nerve, a suggestion.

I have just been reading about the English criticisms of "The Big Parade" and feel that a great big effort should be made on the part of peace-loving citizens, of all countries, to stamp out this horrible narrow-mindedness that is still painfully present, even in this day and generation.

It is a good thing for the movies that you refuse to divulge the religion of the different actors and actresses, or these narrow-minded persons would have a bad time remembering who is an English church member, who is Methodist, Presbyterian, Catholic, etc., and which ones they should or should not go to see.

Now here is the great suggestion: You know what an influence the different film favorites have over their admirers. Why not let some of these folks write, in PHOTOPLAY, their ideas on narrowness of thought and of intolerance. All the Sunday school superintendents and ministers in the world could not make a young man quit drinking or gambling if he was so inclined, but if he reads that his screen favorite, some real he-man, scorns these things, just see how quickly the young fellow puts an end to his folly.

Do you get my idea? It is very badly put, I admit, but I'm sure that a few little talks by some of the best-loved idols, told in a human, probably humorous manner—not sermons, heavens, no!—would cut a lot more ice than anything else could.

To my mind the greatness of "The Big Parade" lay in the fact that there was nothing in it for anyone of any nationality—not even German—to take offense at. But trust some people to find fault. By criticizing you Americans they do just what they accuse you of doing.

Where's the "brotherhood" we are taught to practice?

A CANUCK COUSIN.

The Wise Theater Manager

Richmond, Calif.

I noticed a most peculiar thing the other day. An odd, almost unprecedented thing in the matter of advertisements. It was a sign outside a local theater. This especial line caught and held my attention: "In spite of its title, 'The Marriage Clause' is one of the outstanding productions of the season." Notice anything peculiar about that? I did. Just this. The title is one that would ordinarily be associated with a cheap sex picture. It is a title that, a few years ago, would have been called a big box office magnet.

However, the more discriminating fans (and their number is daily increasing) now demand good pictures. Pictures about real people, and with sound values. And the manager of the better class theater knows this. Hence that unique advertisement. Are motion picture audiences improving? That advertisement is a sign that they are.

VERA HOGUE.

Orgies of Close-ups

Corte Madera, Calif.

"The play is the thing." This was said by Shakespeare, the world's greatest dramatist! And that is as true today as it was in Shakespeare's time, but in motion picture plays it has been parodied to—the close-up is the thing!

Why, oh why must we see picture after picture spoiled by the stars stealing valuable footage from the play itself with the everlasting close-up? The plot suffers and scenes are cut and eliminated to permit bigger and better close-ups. The play itself gets lost in a perfect orgy of close-ups, not of the cast, but of the star!

The tempo of the picture limps along. The precious lines of communication between actor and audience are lost in a desert of close-ups. In the spoken play do you find a scene acted and then stopped while the star laboriously grimaces through precious minutes that SHOULD belong to the play itself? You do NOT.

Then why in the moving pictures?

A moving picture should MOVE and not die of stagnation in an orgy of close-ups. Perhaps the secret of the public tiring so quickly of the stars is that they get them in too big doses in the frequent close-ups, that stars demand and GET! Many pictures fail and their failure can be laid at the door of the close-up because the story is buried under them. Plot and characterization are sacrificed to this Golem. Let us have moving pictures that MOVE and not those that die in their tracks standing still wasting precious film on close-ups.

HELEN GIMMINI.

Bang at the News Reels

Rochester, N. Y.

I have long desired to present in this department my ideas concerning the news reels shown in every movie house today. Practically every week I am bored by seeing several lion cubs being adopted by a dog, a venerable warship being sunk, or the two White House collies. To my mind such things as these have become quite cliché. Quite occasionally I am forced to sit through a visit to Yellowstone National Park, where the starving deer are coming down from the mountains for a drink, a tour about the Grand Canyon, or an airplane view of the White House. This sort of thing was acceptable a few years ago, but it is now grown so trite that I make a request for its cessation for the next ten or twelve years.

A. N. HARTSHORNE.

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Beautiful and spacious studios replace the wooden shacks.

Magnificent homes of picture millionaires dot the Beverly Hills. Sky-scrapers rear along the business streets.

UNIFORMED butlers at "Pick-fair," the palatial home of Mary and Doug, now receive the hats of Duke and Lord with more indifference than Levy's check girl received the hats of Mack Sennett's comedians. No motion picture star worthy of a twenty-four sheet poster but has a tennis court carved out of a Beverly hillside, a swimming pool of tile, a four car garage, and a private projection room that costs more than the average motion picture theater did in those good old days.

Charlie Chaplin has become one of the world's great artists. "Vanity

Fair" proclaims the slapstick comedian a genius. The fifty dollar a week cowboy is paid fifteen thousand a week. Harold Lloyd's income is computed at two million a year.

Famous authors sit patiently awaiting their turn in the offices of producers, who now realize that the public will tolerate a sense of humor in the blackest villain—a little bad in every hero.

The studios have become cosmopolitan.

THE great artists of Europe, those who have contributed most to the screen in every nation, are brought here to add their resources and developments to ours. They are not foreigners any more. They are fellow workers keeping the fire bright under the melting pot.

Of All the Luck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

It is best to let Helen tell her own story; it is an enthralling tale and she tells it well—coolly, calmly and impersonally. She draws it off with a Southern accent that is too tricky to put into type.

"You see," explained Miss Mundy, "it was like this: Karl Brown and Captain Paul Wing had gone down into the Carolina mountains to make a native drama of the hills for Paramount.

"They planned to pick the whole cast from the mountaineers and they found all the characters they wanted except the girl to play the heroine.

"Well, Captain Wing came back to Knoxville on business and also to look around for a girl.

"But he couldn't find the right type anywhere and he had to rush back to the rest of the company in the morning.

"So Captain Wing dropped into a drug store near my school to buy himself some razor blades. And he said to the girl who waited on him:

"Say, do you know of any girl around here who is movie-struck?" It just happened that the girl he asked had always waited on me. So she told him my name.

"Now, this is the funny part. I never had been really movie-struck. I had planned to be a dancer. I used to dance in lots of the local entertainments. But the girl thought of me because there was a poster with my name on it hanging in the drug store. The poster was advertising an entertainment to be given by the Kiwanis.

"Just as they were talking, I came into the store with a bunch of the girls. The drug store had a tea room in the back and a lot of us used to go in every afternoon after school for a soda. So the girl pointed me out to Captain Wing and he came over and asked me, straight off, if I wanted to play the leading part in a movie.

"Well, naturally I thought it was some kind

of game and I just laughed and started to walk away. But the man kept talking very fast and begging me, until I began to think he was crazy. I told him flat that it was all a lot of nonsense and made another start for the tea room.

"Then he grabbed me by the shoulder and that made me mad.

"So I pushed his hand away and went back with my friends.

"When I told the girls about it, they all began to laugh and kid me and called me a 'movie queen.' Poor Captain Wing! None of us believed that he was a real movie man.

"AFTER the soda, I went home. Mother wasn't there. I was going to a party that night and I started to take a bath. Every time I got into the tub, the telephone rang. So when I finally finished and was almost dressed, I was pretty mad when the door-bell began to ring. It was a chauffeur with a note written on a card. A man was asking me if he couldn't see me that night at eight o'clock on business. It's funny, but it never occurred to me that the call might have something to do with the man I had met in the drug store. I thought it was something about dancing at the entertainment, so I told the chauffeur to tell the man to come around, as mother would be home by that time.

"Eight o'clock came and so did Captain Wing. And he started the talk about the movies again and he argued and argued and argued.

"At ten o'clock, I definitely said 'No.' At half-past ten, I said 'Yes.' At five o'clock the next morning, I was on the train and headed for the Carolina mountains.

"It was like this: I had been working pretty hard at school on the April examinations and mother and I figured out that a rest would do me good. We never thought I would get the part. We thought that I would go to the

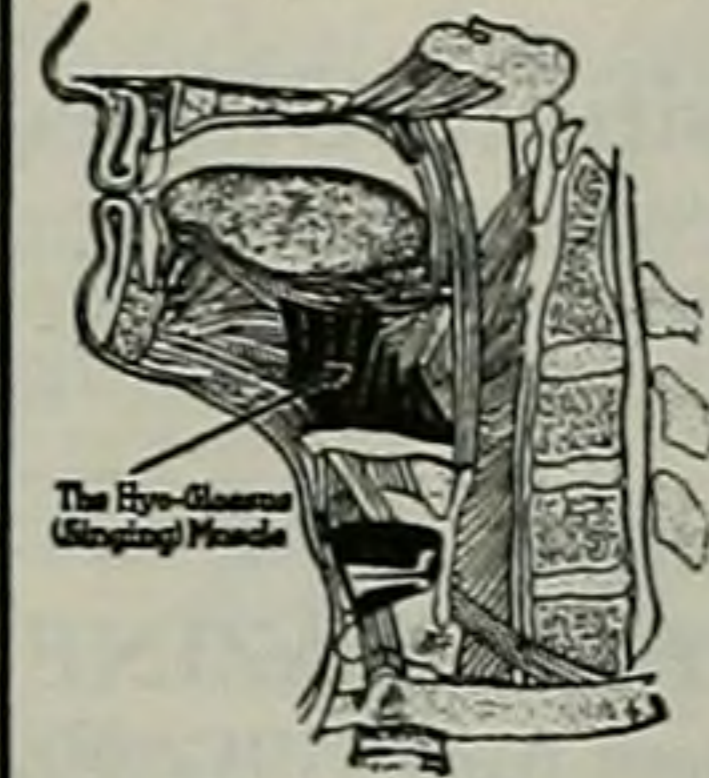
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mountains, take a few tests, be refused the part and sent home.

"The night I decided to go into the movies, I was going to a party with a boy friend. He was to call for me at my sister's house, across the street. I forgot all about it and the boy is still mad at me."

Helen Mundy went to the mountains for her free vacation and she stayed there over five months. Her tests were taken, submitted to New York and accepted. The company worked all summer in the hills; an ideal life of fishing, riding and swimming. The scenes were filmed without make-up and without lights.

When the finished picture was sent to New York, Jesse Lasky wired for Helen Mundy to report immediately at the studio to sign a contract. Miss Mundy came and the contract was presented to her, figuratively at least, on a silver platter.

As Miss Mundy is only sixteen years old, it was necessary to get her mother's signature on the document. So back to Knoxville she went.

"Of course," I commented, when Helen reached this part of her story, "you were very proud, returning in triumph to the home town."

But, quite unexpectedly, Miss Mundy's eyes filled with tears—sudden, hot tears.

"I had been going with a boy—the only boy I ever really cared anything about. When I went back to Knoxville, we had a date for every night in the week. On Saturday night

he was killed. His roadster turned over and crushed him to death.

"The next morning the papers had the story of his death and the story of my signing the contract—on the same page."

Success is like that; it usually demands swift and unexpected payment for its gifts.

As for New York, Miss Mundy likes it not at all. So she lives in Jackson Heights where one may keep a cat and see a few green, growing things. For in the midst of all her wonderful luck, Miss Mundy is experiencing the pangs of homesickness and loneliness. A black cat, brought up from Knoxville, is her mascot and friend. On account of the kitten, Miss Mundy was refused permanent residence in three large New York hotels.

At the studio, Miss Mundy has found Richard Dix, Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez the most sympathetic and friendly. As for her own hopes for the future, she knows quite definitely what she wants.

"I want," Miss Mundy says, "to be a character actress. It is no use trying to pretend that I am beautiful. I am not and I couldn't hope to compete with the pretty girls. Anyway, the 'pretty, pretty' parts are tiresome and the public gets tired of the actresses who play them all the time.

So I want to play character parts, small ones at first, of course."

And with this sane philosophy, plus a black cat, plus a five-year contract, Miss Mundy's future ought to be a safe gamble.

Romance and a Hard-Boiled Shirt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

and a lot more stuff like that, but I knew what really thrilled them was the sneakin' up. If Romeo Montague had called on Miss Capulet—those were the program names and I'm not guaranteeing 'em—in the regular way with his cutout wide open nobody would have paid any attention to him and the show would have been a flop.

When I was a right young feller workin' on a ranch, romance always appealed to me a heap. I once read a piece of poetry in a book about a young western feller named Lochinvar that I thought was the best of the brand. It seems this young feller lived somewhere down on the border and liked a girl whose father

wasn't hankerin' none after him as a member of his family. So young Lock just rode up to the house one day and grabbed her off without waitin' for no permission. I used to picture him ridin' up past the corral, jumpin' the picket fence around the ranch house, callin' the girl out on the porch, settin' her up behind him and goin' down that trail so fast that her father couldn't catch him noway. I always strung along with that young feller because I was sort o' bent that way myself and beside the book said he come out of the west, same as me, and I was grateful he made a good getaway.

For years this young Lochinvar feller was my idea of a real romantic gent. I don't mind



A home-made Topsy. Otherwise Betty Bronson in a scene, with Henry Walthall, from "Everybody's Acting"



Betty simply refuses to look pretty. Here's another one of her trick get-ups in Marshall Neilan's comedy

addin', confidential-like, that I used to picture myself doin' the same thing with a certain young woman who lived on an Oklahoma ranch 'bout half an hour from where I was workin'. But nothin' serious come of it because I found out her father wasn't the objectin' kind and would have staked almost anybody to a getaway horse if he'd take the girl along and promise to feed her.

But my trip to England sure robbed me of my Lochinvar illusion. They took me to see a famous paintin' by a feller named Ben West which showed Lock ridin' off with his girl. In the first place I didn't like his ridin' clothes and if what I saw was a fair picture of the horse he rode, he couldn't have got away from a good burro. The poem allowed as how "in all the wide border his steed was the best" and if that was true it was a rotten horse country.

If I had been ridin' my horse Tony with the girl, and the old man chasin' me had been settin' on the horse Lock had in that picture, he'd have arrived about in time for the first christenin'.

At Christmas time down on the ranch, we boys got more kick out of givin' our gal a celluloid hand lookin' glass in a velvet case, that they held us up four-fifty for, than any rich man ever got out of presentin' his better half with a fifty thousand dollar string of pearls. I know, for I'm one of the birds has played both ends of the string and is willin' to admit it.

The first present I ever give Mrs. Mix cost less than twenty dollars—how much less I hope she'll never know. What Mrs. Mix's last present cost only me an' the bank clerk and the jeweler will ever find out. But she liked it and that made it cheap at any price. But she still keeps the little manicure set with the mother of pearl handles in the red plush box on her dressing table along side of the French enameled gold toilet outfit I grabbed off for her in Paris. Say, one of them little knives you use to fix your finger nails with in that French set costs twenty times as much as the whole manicure set. But between you and me, I get more kick when I notice that when Mrs. Mix is packing her jewelry to put it in the safe deposit box while we're away she always puts in the red plush box with the manicure set in it first, than out of anything I know. The day she puts her diamond dog collar in first I'll know romance is dead.

WHEN I first come to Los Angeles and worked in pictures as a cowboy for five dollars a day, I used to buy my clothes on Main Street. Right here I want to admit I always had a weakness for nice clothes. An' I reckon the Indian in me come out pretty strong when it came to selectin' color schemes. As a cowboy, I remember I always had the reddest shirt and the greenest and yellowest handkerchief on the ranch. Down in Ponca, Oklahoma, a man named Isidore Einstein operated the New York Dry Goods and Clothing Emporium, and he used to say he'd never get stuck with a suit of clothes because it was too loud as long as Tom Mix was around. He sure said the truth. What's more, I was always ready to try to lick any guy that didn't agree with my taste in such sartorial matters. Well, a little maturity has toned me down some, but I got

to admit I've still got a hankerin' after plaid suits.

I used to go window shoppin' on Main street in Los Angeles before I finally bought me a suit. Savin' money for me was considerable effort. I know a lot of boys that sported white jackets and aprons that weren't barbers. Anyway, after resistin' temptation to spend my money on other pleasures, and after pickin' me out the right raiment, I'd take it home and try it on in front of a two-foot square mirror, and then I'd canter out in the firm belief that Solomon and I was rivals and I had him licked.

Now I get my clothes made in London and New York and by gosh there's no use denyin' it, I don't get half the thrill out of them.

I want to tell you about the first time I arrayed myself in what was then known as a full dress suit. I had rented it from Wolf and Bean. I was takin' a young female out to the Oriental cafe on Main street, which was supposed to carry class to spare.

The only taxis Los Angeles could sport in them days were Ford sedans. I rented me one as near the gal's house as I could find it, hopin' by that diplomatic procedure to cut down the bill because I wasn't holdin' none too strong, and pretty soon me and the gal rolled up in state.

Since then I've been driven up to some of the most exclusive eatin' joints on this continent and Europe and in cars that'd stack up even with the taxi and the cafe thrown in, but they never succeeded in givin' me no such thrill. Say, even the girl—and you know when women are mixed up in anything it never comes out accordin' to Hoyle—though she's been around a lot since, still says that supper at the Oriental cafe was the great event of her life.

Anyway, she went in there free and unattached, but when she come out I sure had my brand on her for fair and we got married not very long afterwards.

NOW Mrs. Mix plays bridge and we've a butler, but there's a certain night in the year when we leave our string of cars feedin' in their stalls and rent us a Ford Sedan. We always drive down Main street and look at the buildin' that used to house the Oriental cafe. It's the least expensive evening we spend in the whole year, but it's the one we enjoy the most.

That's what I am aimin' at when I mentions previous about keepin' romance. You can't buy romance. But if you use a little ingenuity and don't get too hard-boiled, you can keep it sproutin' quite a while, as I've proved.

Personally, I got the idea that most folks consider it a heap wrong and indecent to admit to enthusiasms and enjoyments. They regard a poker-face as the proper expression with which to face life, and I'm not arguin' that they're wrong.

But for myself, I'm for romance and a lot of excitement and I hope I won't quit gettin' a kick out of anythin' and everythin' until I'm through kickin' altogether. I'd rather be all dead than half dead myself.

It's harder to find romance in a hard-boiled shirt than a flannel one, I tells you that straight and honest, but it can be done—if you get a little cooperation.



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Can a Genius Be a Husband?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

films, the great comedian whose art alone has won certain great critics to include the motion picture among the arts at all.

I don't know exactly what is back of the present split between Charlie and his girl-wife, but I am convinced that whatever the particular trouble is, the real trouble lies in those tremendous difficulties that always beset the marriage of genius.

Which brings us face to face in the flesh with some of the most interesting psychological questions in the world.

Should a genius marry?

What is it like to be the wife of a genius?

More specifically in this case, what has it been like to be the wife of the greatest comedian in the world?

As far as I know, Lita Gray Chaplin has

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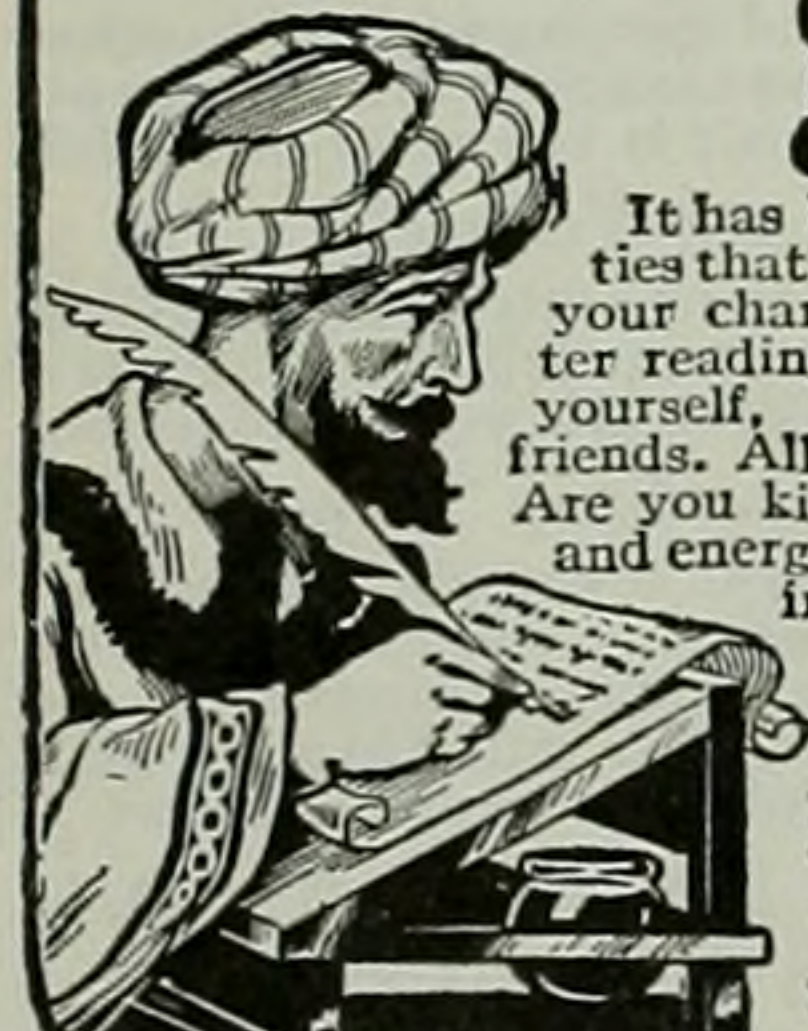
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never told anyone. She is very, very young and neither very analytical nor very articulate.

But it is possible just the same to get an awfully clear picture of the thing and to feel somehow a great throb of sympathy for them both, the little girl-wife and the great genius.

Any marriage is a great and dangerous adventure to a girl in her teens.

Marriage to Charlie Chaplin would, therefore, be a thousand and one adventures.

For to be married to Charlie Chaplin must mean living with all the known or imagined eccentricities of genius since the world began. Nobody who knows Charlie Chaplin can doubt that.

The strange aloneness that always marks genius exists to the *nth* degree in Chaplin. His soul stands off from his fellow man, wistfully, a little sadly. You see it in his eyes in the midst of a crowd. You see it in the amazing mixture of egotism and humility in his conversation. He can never find the happy medium, that common ground upon which exists the normal.

It must be an awful thing to live with a person whose soul you can never touch, either in its joys or its sorrows. It must give you an unbearable sense of strangeness and loneliness, like living in a solitary house without clock or calendar.

Somehow, I have a picture of Lita Chaplin watching her husband with those great, dark eyes, her young throat tight with tears.

No marriage can be a real success without some spiritual union.

SPiritual union with a genius like Chaplin is almost impossible. The super-sensitiveness, the introspection, the nervous suspense, the colossal selfishness of all creative genius makes it a task only a superwoman, lit by the fires of a great passion, could accomplish.

Still, some marriages do manage to get by without being a huge success—that is, marriage manages to be a pleasant and convenient thing, without achieving great heights.

I think everybody has hoped very deeply that the Chaplin marriage would thus survive.

Two things will make that difficult in the case of the Charlie Chaplins.

One is that Charlie is the most supreme individualist I have ever come in contact with.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, for instance, have made a beautiful thing of their marriage by the great modern commandment

of 50-50. They are comrades, equals, giving and taking, exchanging, sharing. But neither one of them is a genius.

Charlie Chaplin, like every man endowed with that glorious and spontaneous ability to give out the new and fresh and unexpected, wants 99.01% all the time.

And just here, lest you misunderstand Charlie's side of this tragedy—for any broken marriage where there are children is a tragedy—let me explain just a little of what Charlie Chaplin means to the motion picture.

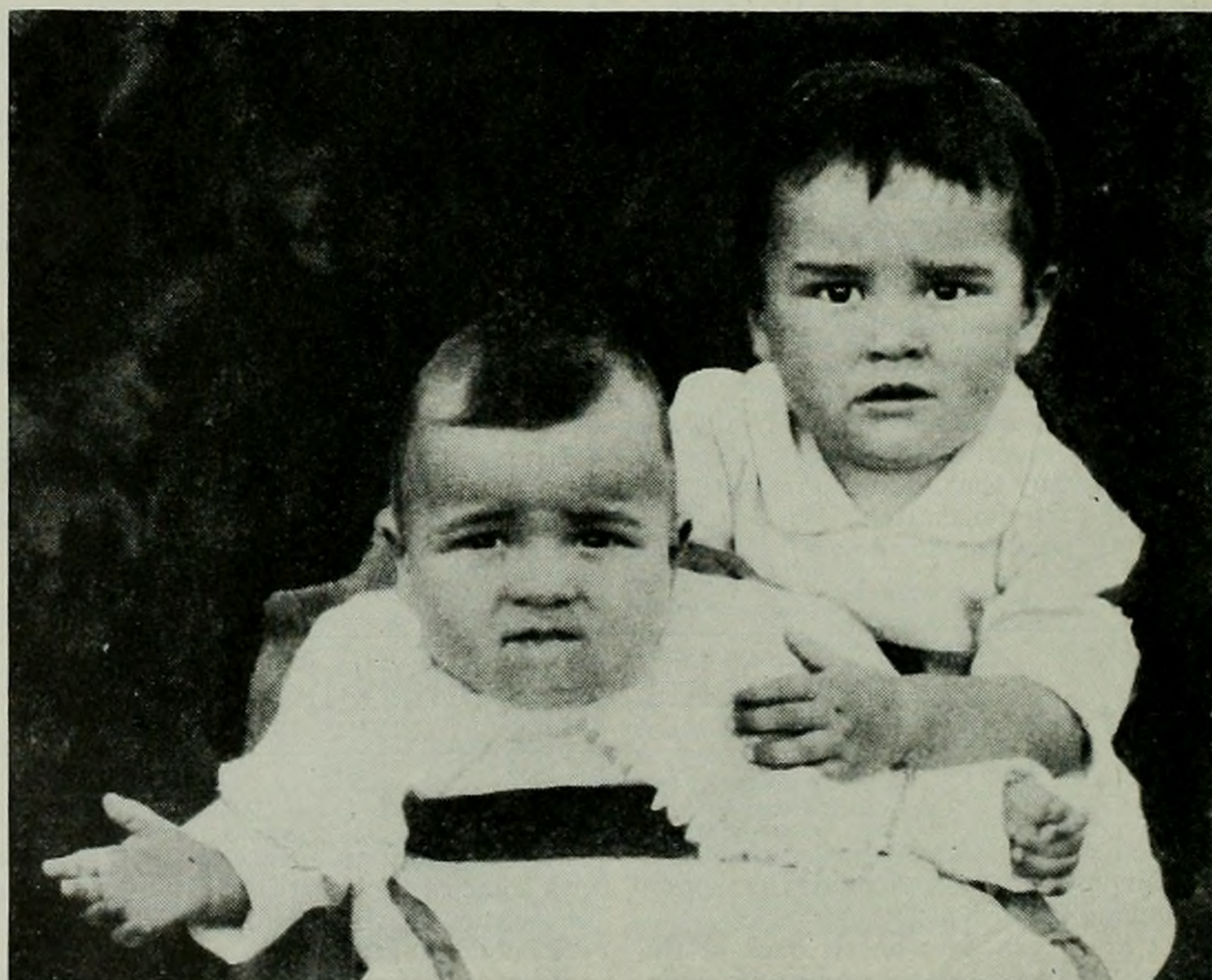
To the public, he is just the great comedian, who makes them laugh and weep.

To those of us working to make motion pictures, he is the way-shower, the trail-blazer. He is the master. Almost every new step in motion picture technique, every advance step in motion picture art, has come from Charlie Chaplin. He is the creator of the new forms, the new ideas. To the greatest directors and the greatest stars his pictures are like a text-book. I know directors, for instance, whose names stand at the very head of the list, who went ten and twelve times to see "The Gold Rush." And, when I asked them why, they explained that it was the greatest example of perfect motion picture timing ever seen, and that it opened new fields in that direction just as "The Woman of Paris" opened new dramatic and directorial fields.

His mind, therefore, is like a giant sponge, taking in everything, sucking up every idea, suggestion, emotion. And nothing stops him. Nothing.

For instance, I have known Charlie to do things like this. He has a friend—a young man of decided artistic talents—who lives in a funny house on a hillside, with a lovely balcony overlooking the whole of Los Angeles, from the mountains to the sea. The young man is a good listener, he has original ideas. Charlie will go to visit him and they will settle in the wicker chairs on the balcony and sit there—literally—for three days. A little Jap boy who understands these matters will bring them food and drink on a tray whenever it occurs to him. They will go off to sleep in their chairs—and awake to continue the idea where they left off.

LITTLE Mrs. Chaplin will sit at home, perhaps, watching the clock, listening to the sounds outside, just like any other wife. Charlie has forgotten her. He has forgotten



Here is the only existing picture of the two children of Charlie and Lita Grey Chaplin. Master Charles Spencer Chaplin is shown with his baby brother, Sidney Earle Chaplin

himself. He can't help it. The tremendous sincerity of the man in pursuit of his ideas makes you forgive him.

Charlie is just as reliable, in big things and little things alike, as a young hurricane. Time does not exist, so far as he is concerned. Nor do people, in the ordinary sense.

Yet when he finds a human brain that has something to give, or a human character that is new and worth studying, he grabs it like an octopus.

He may bring home a tramp, a great psychiatrist, a colored washwoman, an English duchess, and spend hour upon hour talking with them.

His moods are mad, terrific, uncontrollable. Sometimes he is gay as a diamond, he will hold everyone spellbound for hours with his wit, his mimicry, his delicate and ever-fresh clowning.

At other times he will be almost in tears with nerves and depression, unable to say a word, trembling with strange apprehensions, his face a mask of tragedy.

All this a woman can understand and forgive, if she is big enough. And there is so infinitely much of the maternal in Lita Chaplin that I think she has the understanding heart.

But that isn't enough.

A woman married to a genius must be wise enough never to let him know he has been forgiven. She must be clever enough not to bore him with her sweetness, and yet not to annoy him with reproach. She must be an individual and still be only 00.99% of a marriage. She must have charm, but never intrude it and she must be a lightning change artist in moods to follow his.

And then it won't be enough.

Did Lita Grey ever have a chance—has she still a chance—to make a success of her marriage to Charlie Chaplin?

Let us consider this Lita Grey Chaplin, who has tried, like the Empress Josephine, to be the wife of a genius.

In the first place, she is still—after three years of marriage and two experiences of motherhood—at the age when most girls are being graduated from high school.

She is a slim, dark beauty. For she is a beauty. She has now the perfect and arresting loveliness of a rosebud. Her eyes are enormous and dark as a blackbird's wing in her white face, and her dark curls cluster close about her perfect head. Her mouth is almost heart-shaped and she has slim legs, like a gazelle's.

Everyone likes her, and feels a little sorry for her. She is gentle and sweet, she is a nice little thing, quite interesting to talk to. She dresses with exquisite taste. I think she would have made a marvelous wife for almost any man, for she instinctively desires to please and there is much about her that is pleasing. Her nature is happy and placid and kindly. Her disposition is obviously domestic and maternal.

If she does succeed in averting this threatened break, it will be because she has developed, through suffering and motherhood, to the selflessness necessary to the wife of a genius.

At first, domesticity appealed to Charlie Chaplin. It was a new rôle. It soothed his heart, worn and frayed by intense and frequent emotional upheavals.

But as an ordinary man loves life, so a genius loves many lives.

THE wife of a genius must either be great enough to supply all these herself—and the woman who can do that is rarer than a

mermaid—or she must be willing to sit at home and keep the fire burning and the children fed, until her husband returns.

Return he will. I believe that Charlie Chaplin loves Lita, his wife, as much as he could love any wife. I believe he means to be kind to her, and I know that he loves his children.

But that is not and can never be enough for him. He must be free—free to allow those impulses that bring created art into the world.

If Lita Chaplin can leave him free, if she cares enough to leave him free and to realize that she is playing a great part in great things by doing it, the marriage may still come through.

Tom Mix once made a profound remark to me. Tom is a profound thinker.

He said, "There are many things a woman may be to a man, some of them good, some bad. But there is only one thing she *must* be to him, if their love is to be successful—and that is an inspiration."

If Lita Chaplin can grow to the measure of that—but I do not know whether one woman could ever inspire Chaplin. His sense of the dramatic is so intense that he must have an entirely new phase of womanhood to inspire each new phase of his work. He is like Napoleon in that.

THE greatest marriage of genius of which I know was that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Personally, I am not yet convinced that Browning was a genius, but certainly Mrs. Browning was, for she wrote poems of a beauty surpassed only by Keats himself.

And to me she put into words the sort of love that must exist to make marriage to a genius a success, the sort of love without which no genius should ever marry.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right; I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,

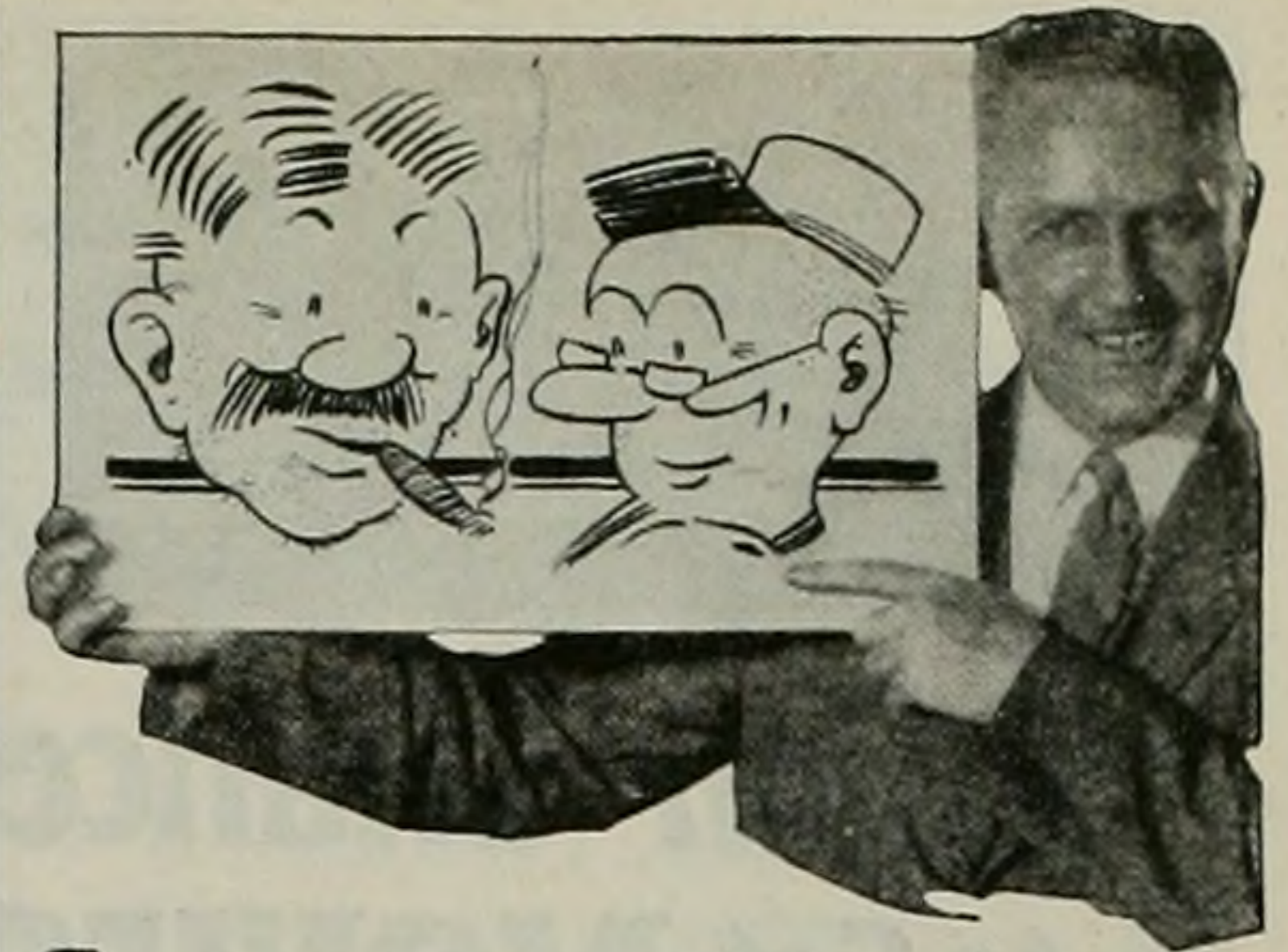
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death."

That's the only kind of love that can surmount the tremendous temperamental obstacles a woman encounters when she marries a genius. And it is the love of a superwoman, it is the divine fire that strikes, but too seldom into mortal clay.

If Lita Grey Chaplin is inspired with such a love, she may win through, and refine and inspire and increase the Chaplin genius. If she is such a superwoman as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, she may be the thousand women in one woman, or the saint-and-mother woman, who alone can make a success of marriage to a genius.

Otherwise, this separation will be permanent, for the genius who burns up his whole heart and soul and mind in his work has nothing to give to help make a marriage a success. That must all be done by the woman.



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The Girl Who Is Getting the Breaks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

comedy leads with a small company, but they were leads—in six months.

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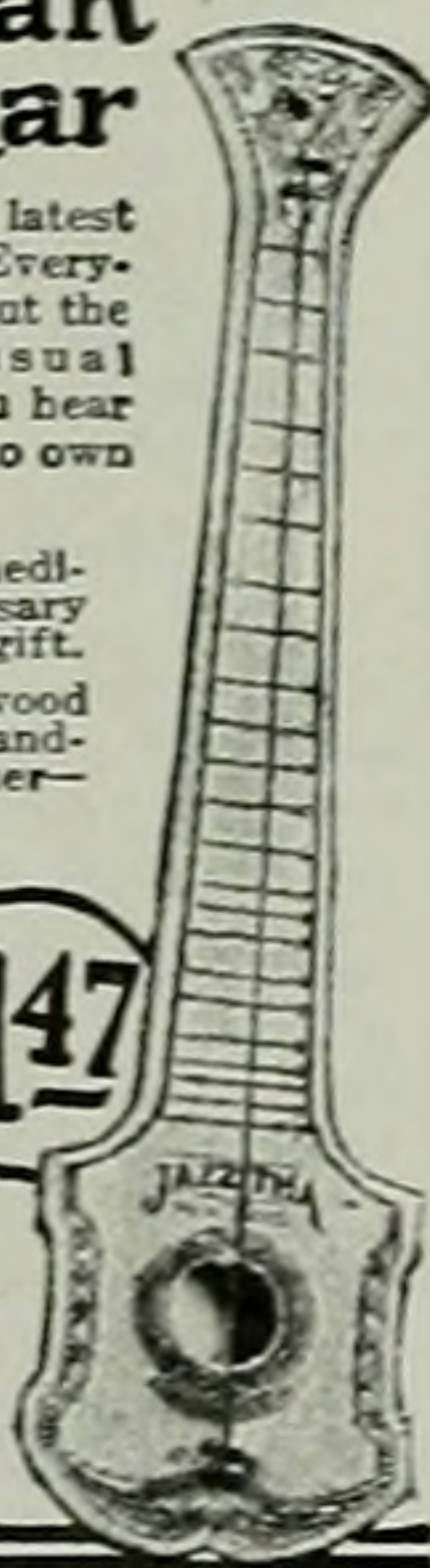
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the film was released, Janet stood out of it as a balmy day stands out of the month of February. She followed that with "The Shamrock Handicap" and "The Midnight Kiss," inconsequential films both of them, in which she was perfectly delightful. That is the sum total of her experience up to "Peter Grimm."

She came to take me for lunch one day in Hollywood, a slim little girl in a plain little sweater and skirt. She might have been any little girl in any little town in America. Not a little city girl, by any means, but one of those gazelle-eyed small town girls who can create so much havoc in any good frat house. She has a little freckled face and a snub nose. Her eyes are very bright and rather wise and her hair is red and curly. She is just five feet tall and properly thin. She is rather gamin, but looking at her, the last thing in the world you can conceive of her being is an emotional actress.

Fay Wray? She and Fay had started about the same time and more or less kept step.

The cake was quite exhausted. Had I seen Olive Borden? Lucky Olive, beautiful and full of personality. It must be awfully nice to be like Olive. Should we go to a movie? She loved going to movies.

We went, stopping on the way to purchase some candy. We kept the bag on our laps and munched throughout the feature. Janet didn't think much of the picture and neither did I. Then I walked back to the little white house where she lives with her people and where supper was nearly ready, and as I saw her go hopping up the steps I simply couldn't believe that kid was an emotional actress.

That night John Roche and Elizabeth Patterson, distinguished troupers both of them, with long experience on the Broadway speaking stage, rang me up and asked me if I would go to the pre-view of "Peter Grimm" with them.

Identification of Pictures on Pages 60 and 61

1. Mrs. Daniels' only child—**BEBE**—at the charming age of seven years.
2. Mrs. Hersholt's little boy—**JEAN**—at the solemn age of four.
3. Mrs. Purviance's **EDNA**, posed by a photographer out in Lovelocks, Nevada.
4. That pretty little Compson girl—**BETTY**. Seven years old, but already taking violin lessons.
5. Mrs. Ray's handsome baby—little **CHARLIE**. And the pride of the home!
6. Little **BLANCHE ALEXANDER**, who changed her name to **SWEET** when she went into those funny movies.
7. Young **OLA CRONK** of Cawker, Kansas. She is now **CLAIRE WINDSOR**, you know.
8. Mrs. La Plante's daughter—**LAURA**. A serious child and no trouble to anybody.
9. **HOUSE PETERS** at the age of nine—a victim of bad direction and overdressing.
10. Mrs. Joyce's daughter, **ALICE**, always did know how to wear clothes.
11. Mrs. Boardman's **ELEANOR**—and the smartest child in the Philadelphia schools.
12. And Mrs. Barthelmess' boy, **RICHARD**. Just the model boy of the neighborhood.

The restaurant, on top a Hollywood hill, was quiet and cool. It used to be a religious center. Janet played with her salad and tried hard not to wiggle. It was, she said, her very first interview. Not that she had a theory about life or art or anything. Murnau wanted her to bleach her hair for "Sunrise." He wouldn't hear of her wearing a wig. He wanted her to be one of those pale, peasant girls, and her freckles were to show. But she had been at the hairdresser's three solid days. Everything had been on her hair from ammonia to white henna, and it simply wouldn't take, that's all. She pulled a crinkly little end of it from beneath her hat to show me.

Wonderful, though, her playing for Murnau. He didn't direct you. Just talked, quietly. It was a wonderful chance. Would I think it terrible if for dessert she ate a piece of cake? We both had a piece of cake. Had I seen

I went along and saw Janet. I can not explain it. She was wonderful. Her work in that tense, emotional, difficult rôle could not have been bettered. "Isn't she amazing?" whispered John Roche. "She's absolutely right in every gesture, every movement."

"The technique it has taken us years to learn," sighed Elizabeth Patterson, "that child knows by instinct. She doesn't need direction. She simply is an actress."

We sat, tears in our eyes, and watched the final fade-out. We were silent for several minutes.

"I think the best thing I can do," said Elizabeth, "is to go back to Broadway. That marvelous child."

Two years in the business. She is getting the breaks and gaining the experience. I am wondering a great deal about Janet Gaynor's future.

Snatched from Slapstick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

chin, re-living the moment. "But I knew it was right for me to have that part.

"Mr. Von Stroheim's office has two rooms, maybe you know?" The two tapering brows were lost in query under the jaunty brim of the red hat. "Two rooms, rather dark. Mrs. Schley went with me. She is the woman who was responsible for the interview.

"He sat in one of the rooms. In a corner sat his secretary. He didn't talk to me at all, but I knew he was looking at me. He talked to Mrs. Schley, and I sat there, in that semi-darkness. Presently he said, looking at last at me:

"Are you sure you can do it?"

"I know I can." And I did.

"Then Von Stroheim swung about in his swivel chair.

"Whom does she look like to you, Mrs. Westland?" he asked.

"Mitsi," answered his secretary. Not a word more. That was all.

"It seemed that the darkness grew heavier. Not a word was spoken. Von Stroheim arose and approached me. He put his hand over mine:

"Good-bye, Mitsi!"

Fay's eyes grew misty under that audacious red hat. It became a hateful, taunting thing—that crimson bonnet. Her hand, the restless one, clenched the passive left for a moment and she continued:

"I cried. I couldn't help it. That part was right for me. I knew I would get it. But when Mr. Von Stroheim said 'Good-bye, Mitsi,' it was just too much.

"Mrs. Schley cried. Mrs. Westland cried. Tears came to Mr. Von Stroheim's eyes. They left me and I sat in that dark little room and cried until it seemed I could cry no more."

And Fay smoothed the gay little black-and-white checked skirt so it completely covered the gold and pale green of the period chair that had been made for Gloria Swanson's dressing room. The voluptuous sleekness of the black satin chaise longue, that had also been made for Gloria, sprawled before her eyes. Something of the spirit of Gloria seemed to pervade the tiny mauve-paneled interview room.

It might have been reflected in the almond-shaped, but not oriental, eyes of Fay, strangely like, and yet unlike, Gloria's. In the parted rosy lips. In the delicately arrogant set of her head upon her slim young shoulders.

Certainly the spirit of Gloria insinuated itself into Fay's remark:

"It is great . . . it is grief . . . it is marvelous!"

Not only the spirit of Gloria, but the spirit of every motion picture actress who has found herself at the top of the film heap was in those naively spoken words. It is great—the joy, pride and happiness; and it is grief—the sorrow, misgivings, heartaches. But it is marvelous, if you can forget the greatness and the grief.

"I waited two months without hearing a word from Mr. Von Stroheim. I knew he wouldn't forget. I made a Western. My heart wasn't in the rôle. Then came my first scene in 'The Wedding March.' I was so happy. Happy, you know, to think that I really had the part. It was the courtyard sequence. Everything was pink apple blossoms.

"Mr. Von Stroheim okayed the very first shot without a retake. I was so happy I didn't notice it. The cameraman came over to me:

"Say, do you know how lucky you are?" he asked. "Von has okayed your first scene." I didn't know, then. I was too happy to understand. And Harry Carr nodded his head in approval.

"It seemed quite natural, quite right that he should. But I didn't understand it then, like I would now."

The red hat was again a flagrant thing. A crimson crepe over a saddened oval face. Fay knew greatness and grief. But in the distance was this marvelous thing of fame, which to a girl not long graduated from the Hollywood High School is the most priceless thing on earth.

Then came a smile that made her look very, very young, and with the slightest sigh, Fay remarked:

"Do you like the new shade of red they are wearing this winter?"

Here Are the Winners

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

extent, and the prestige of PHOTOPLAY's circulation. To those who did not win, PHOTOPLAY says, "Come in on our next contest, and better luck to you."

To the winners, PHOTOPLAY extends heartiest congratulations.

ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

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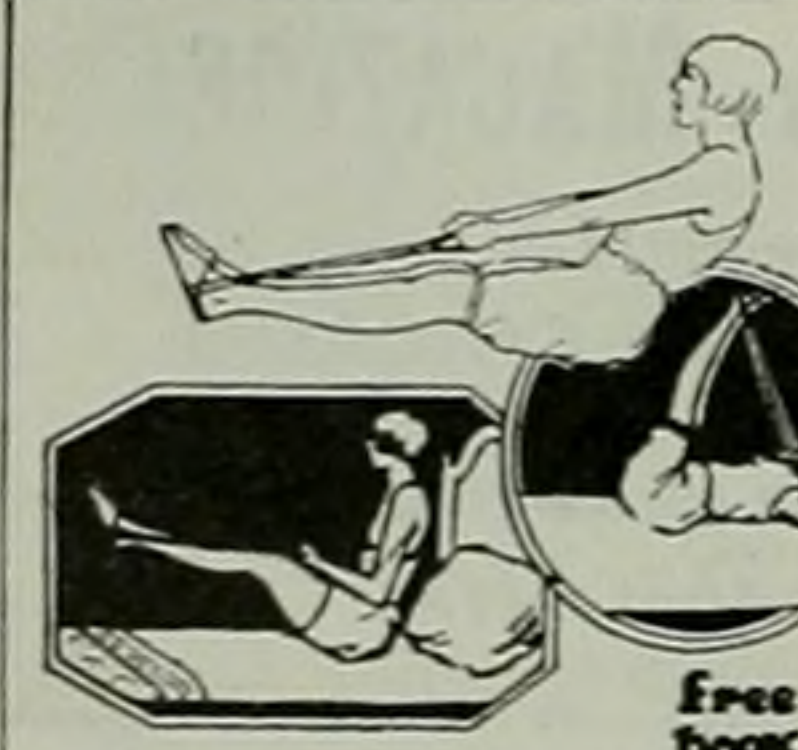


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Amazing April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

threatening to shoot themselves. But they won't, because they never do! And I'll ask them in and give them tea and they'll think better of it. And she won't get married until she's old—twenty-five, perhaps—because it will be such fun for us to watch her spend all your money having a marvelous time."

Now, in the usual course of things, April grew up. And as she grew her parents wondered.

She was a beauty. No doubt of that. But with the pale, placid, slightly vapid beauty of a Botticelli angel. She gave an impression of folded hands. As a matter of fact her hands were rarely at rest, for at an early age she discovered needles and spools and became, under the delighted tutoring of a fat German governess, a very accomplished needlewoman. She also cooked and baked, at thirteen, an entire dinner, including a master loaf of bread. And at sixteen she demanded the equivalent to the household keys and, upon receiving them, ran the great house and every one in it with a quiet practicality and a really alarming economy.

Cherry, who couldn't thread a needle and who would have starved to death if left alone with a range and raw material, was horrified.

"I can't think where she gets it!" she said and, for the hundredth time, "How on earth did we produce her, Jack?"

Jack, who smoked less because April said it wasn't good for him and who had given up tennis because April had suggested that it wasn't quite dignified in a parent of his age,

looked gay and gloomy at the same time, which is a very hard thing to do.

"Did you ever have a missionary in your family, Cherry-ripe?" he asked.

"Two. Aunts. Nice women. One got eaten by cannibals," answered his beautiful wife.

Jack groaned a little.

"And I had a great uncle. Died of fever in China. That explains all. She's a throw-back."

They were both a little relieved. After all, it hadn't been their fault if you accepted that easy explanation.

April did not care to dance, and men bored her. She went in for social service a little heavily, she visited the poor, she taught Sunday School, and exhibited a keen mind for ethics and philosophy and comparative religions. And she grew more lovely every day and every day she reformed her parents.

She'd a perfect manner with them. She was deferential, she never "answered back," she humored them slightly, she looked reproach beautifully, she left the room when the atmosphere grew too light for her to breathe. And dearly as they loved her, it was hard on Jack and Cherry.

Things had changed. Bridge was in, so was golf. The Masters played both together, with all the verve of twenty years. Women were smoking openly. Cherry had a hundred eccentric holders. Her clothes were French and her skin magnificent and carefully tended. Her figure stayed a figure, pliant, corsetless, slim-

mer than April's own—and her hair remained red, without any synthetic air. She was still a great beauty—and still Cherry.

Nor had the years taken from Jack. They'd added, to his money and his charm, his grace of bearing, his good looks—and—day by day—to his love for his wife and hers for him.

April tolerated the bridge and the golf. But cigarettes made her ill and Cherry took to bathroom smoking when April was about. Makeup the child detested and said so. And as for her ancient parents kissing behind doors when any one might come along and see them, she thought it silly and a little abnormal. And so, in a way, the presence of a filial chaperon in their house added to the legal and wedded love of April's parents a certain spice, a piquancy. It seemed almost intrigue, they had to be so careful. It amused them to be a little brazen at times, flirt outrageously with each other, hold hands. They knew just how it would affect their progeny—how she would sigh patiently, withdraw discreetly, close the door with a slight but firm bang of disgust. . . .

"Dear thing," Cherry murmured, on such an occasion, "I wonder if she will ever fall in love? And if she does, will she spare us an understanding—and perhaps apologetic—thought?"

To which Jack, irrelevantly, "You're the loveliest thing in the world! Come here at once and sit on my knee. April your child? It's absurd! You aren't more than nineteen and we've been married just ten minutes!"

WELL, in a way you couldn't blame April, with this spectacle of middle-aged turtle doves constantly affronting her cool young eyes.

When April was nineteen herself, they took her for a winter at Palm Beach. They had a wonderful time—Jack and Cherry did. They swam and golfed, wheel chaired and walked, they danced, mornings at the Breakers, afternoons in the Cocoonut Grove, they gambled and won, they gave luncheons and dinners at Bradley's and the clubs, they reveled and frivoleed and grew younger every minute. And were careful to see that April met attractive men and charming girls.

Only she wouldn't stay met, as it were. She engrossed herself in war work—for it was war-time—she knitted and rolled bandages and spent the evenings over mufflers and stayed alone, at unfashionable hours, on the beach. She had, you know, a really rotten time. Cherry said that. April wouldn't.

When they went home Jack, feeling about eighteen, went to war. He couldn't get over, but he could be useful in Washington, so he went there. Cherry went with him. April, who had no unwomanly desire to drive an ambulance at the front, stayed at home with a companion and ran Red Cross chapters and was horribly efficient.

Jack and Cherry enjoyed Washington. But they never knew just when April would run down for a day or two and see how things were progressing. Jack said he had all he could do to keep her out of the White House. Had she gotten in, the war would have been run differently.

Then, suddenly, there was no more war and Jack and Cherry felt a little flat and a little lonely, for they had worked hard and had made themselves part of it all, and so they came on home and found April with a suitor.

Such a suitable suitor. Her first. You see, for all her clear beauty she startled men a little. She reformed them so soon that they lost interest. But Professor Warren liked reforming, as he didn't need any personally, and he loved April—mildly. He was a dark, thin young man, with a clever face and spectacles and his wooing was conducted with a decorous seriousness.

Cherry asked him to stay with them a time, after discovering that April had met him in her work—he was Y.M.C.A. to her Red Cross—and so he stayed. They had the little library evenings to themselves and I regret to state that Jack and Cherry took turns at the key-

hole. What they heard turned them pale—long, ardent, passionate discussions of evolution. Kant, biology, sociology, Labor

"My God!" breathed Jack, in real reverence, straightening up with a kink in his broad back after five minutes of this vulgar eaves-dropping.

He repeated some of the things he had heard to Cherry, who stood beside him stemming giggles with a scrap of lace. Then, sincerely shocked, they went hand in hand and on tiptoe upstairs to Cherry's little boudoir. Once there they locked the doors and lighted cigarettes and Jack with a desperate gesture went to a cellarette and poured himself a stiff, and Cherry a little, one.

It was too much. The professor departed for the Western College in which he held the chair of philosophy. And wrote regularly. April, reading his letters at the breakfast table under the black and blue fire of four curious eyes, would smile quietly and fold up the sheets and return them to their envelopes—when she didn't hand them over with the remark that they were of "great interest." Then Jack and Cherry would read them dutifully and understand about six words in ten.

A few weeks after this, on a gorgeous spring day, Cherry met young Howard Andrews at a party in the Ritz. Young Andrews was rougher and faster than any boy of his age—which was twenty-four—in New York. He'd been an aviator and had returned with medals and a limp and a fixed determination to get all there was out of life, having seen death a little too often. So he knew the value of living flesh and blood.

It so happened that he had never met Cherry until this momentous occasion and with the promptness that characterized him, he fell in love with her. He was just off with an old love—it had lasted six weeks—and had left the lady to console herself with her art, which was that of the Voiceless Undraped in the Follies.

Andrews, at a loose end, became enslaved. A day or so later he appeared in Westchester driving an English car and when his card was brought to Cherry she gave a little scream.

"It's that bad Andrews boy!" she said with delight to Jack and the impassive butler, "Show him in, Hodges."

That began it. And when he'd left she said to Jack, a little wistfully, "Our son—really."

JACK nodded. For young Andrews was all they'd planned for Junior—gay and generous, a little wicked, terribly appealing, as charming as a prince out of a fairy tale.

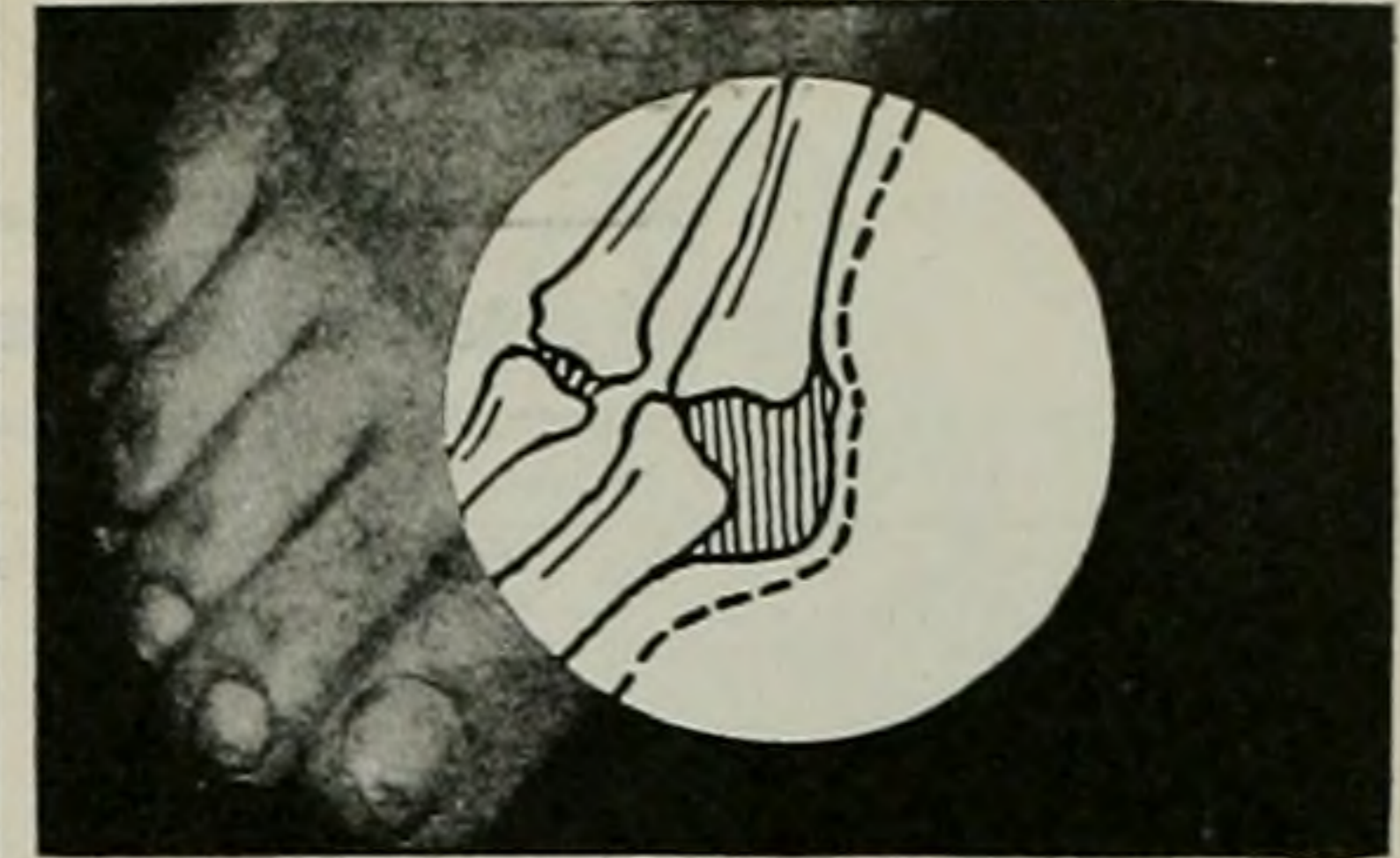
And he was motherless, which touched Cherry very much.

He came often. He did not meet April, for April was visiting a war work friend in Cleveland and indulging in a perfect orgy of some kind of research work. He met Jack, however, on every occasion and tried to hate him, but couldn't and only envied him instead.

"He's in love with you!" said Cherry's husband.

"Perhaps, poor boy . . ." said Cherry with half a tear in one eye; "I wish he belonged to us!"

Now, you'll say, that was a reprehensible attitude for Mr. Masters to take. A careless "He's in love with you!" and no more, uttered with an air of "it's happened before, it will happen again and it's rather flattering, if anything." But as a matter of fact Jack had seen so many men fall in love with Cherry, with her gay sweet eyes and her friendliness and her vivacity and her beauty, that it didn't disturb him at all. Cherry could handle them. She never made an enemy, she never encouraged a scene, she never let a man down or showed a grain of malice or greed or meanness. Jack knew her too well to bother. He was only sorry, he said, for the poor devils who couldn't have her—he likened her to an alluring bake-shop display, with small, hungry boys standing outside on a cold street, their noses against the pane. And Cherry, who loved her own man so



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much that she was kind to all men but thought of them as bloodless shadows, tweaked his nose, kissed him behind the ear and said, "Nonsense!"

Then April came home, unheralded, on a day when Jack really had to go to business. He had no business, as you may have guessed, but sometimes he cut coupons and took his brokers to lunch.

April had a latch key. She didn't need it, with a million sleepless servants in the house, but she had it as a symbol. She therefore let herself in at the tea hour and walked straight into the smaller drawing room just as young Andrews slid, very gracefully for a wonder, to his immaculate knees and with Cherry's hand against his cheek, made a heartbreaking declaration.

"Oh!" said April.

Young Andrews rose, still with grace and not at all abashed. Cherry, who had just patted him on the head with her free hand and who had just opened her mouth to say that she thought he was a dear and was quite glad he cared for her, only he mustn't be silly because that would spoil things and would he dine with her and Jack tomorrow? sat quite still and never turned a red hair. Not feeling guilty she didn't act it. Instead, she said, in a pleased tone:

"April, my darling! Why didn't you phone for a car?"

Young Andrews was presented, tea came and talk was general. Then Jack arrived with a stiff right arm from wielding scissors and greeted his guest and his child. And there sat April, outwardly serene, but with her cold young heart flaming for the first time in her life, and flaming with a real passion. A passion of horror, of disgust, of wrath, at her mother, of pity for her father, and maternal anxiety for the poor duped youth whose dark head had shone so sleekly in the afternoon sunlight, whose dark eyes had been so full of other flames—flames she had not felt, and could not understand.

WHEN young Andrews had gone, conscious of anticlimax and a little puzzled, and when April had gone to her own room to think things out, Cherry sat still in the smaller drawing room and gave Jack a graphic account of April's entrance.

"If only she'd come a minute later," she sighed. "Now, I'll have it to do all over again—Howard, I mean. He's such a dear—he doesn't really mean a word he says. But he's lonely—I wish we could do something for him."

She pondered and Jack laughed and frowned over her recital, and then the great black eyes shone with mischief and something softer—

"Listen!"

She put her head on the shoulder so near her and whispered for five minutes. When she was silent Jack was speechless with admiration.

"Now if you had directed the late war—" he suggested, respectfully.

Young Andrews came often to the house in the hills. It was plain to April that he was being encouraged. Her father remained "blind." She struggled, poor young thing, with her conscience, her distaste for the unconventional, her loyalty, her real love for her "mistaken" mother. Struggled—was silent, until one day, her mother being out, she received young Andrews alone, clothed in some straight blue thing that fell in lovely lines about her body, with her face above it as pale and stern as that of a young archangel, and crowned with a halo of pale gold hair.

This was, she knew, her opportunity.

Now young Andrews, as Cherry very well knew, had grown a little tired of worshiping at the shrine of a gay goddess who was never serious and never sentimental. He had been so tenderly laughed at for his pains and pangs. Had been made an intimate of the household, so much a friend of his older host. And he was a nice boy, really. He was lonely, as Cherry had guessed, and he loved beauty. There was no vice in him, no real harm. Only boyishness and an effort to live up to an exaggerated repu-



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tation. He wanted sympathy. He wanted—all the warm reach of humanity. He'd been in a war and he'd looked on things he couldn't forget. So he'd come home, a little reckless and feeling a little cynical. Just now he'd reached a stage when confession would be very good for his soul.

And April helped him—as Cherry had known she would.

There she sat now, in a great high carven chair, her pale head a flower against the dark background—and after a moment or two of banalities she spoke, hardly stirring, her long hands held hard in her lap—

“Mr. Andrews—”

He was sitting, a little gloomy and *distract*, on the couch opposite. He looked up quickly from the brown hands clasped around his knees and smiled.

“Miss Masters?”

“I think,” she said with the austerity of a nun and the sweetness and chill of ice-cream, “I think you come here too much.”

He brightened. Gloomed instantly.

“Your mother has said so—?”

“No—”

She paused, then went on, evenly:

“My mother—and I am not disloyal when I discuss her with you—my mother is used to admiration. She has always had it, she is a very beautiful woman. She is not—serious minded. She does not realize that she encourages people—”

Young Andrews broke in there.

“Then I'm not the first to—?”

“Oh, no!” She lifted her hand, looked at it, ticked off the roll call on the slender fingers, “There was Stephen Peters—and Tommy Lord—and Sir Henry Marshall—and the Frenchman whose name I've forgotten—and the Washington man and the Belgian attache and—oh, dozens,” she said hastily. “I shouldn't name them—you must understand there's never anything—sordid in it—it's only that she loves to be admired and my father doesn't seem to care—”

“I've noticed that,” said young Andrews, with even deeper gloom.

He rose and crossed the room and stood before her.

“You're right. I come here too much,” he said. “But she's very lovely—and I do care for her. Help me,” said young Andrews, with real appeal, “help me to get over it!”

SHE looked up at him. He was so young, so virile, so amazingly engaging. To her astonishment, she felt the rare color creep to her neck and cheek. Under young Andrews' melancholy and ardent eyes she bloomed as a pale rose blooms, to scarlet life. For one shining moment she had flashed from what he had secretly characterized as a pretty stick into a human, breathing girl, very lovely, very much aware of him. Young Andrews felt his heart miss a beat.

“If I can,” answered April, falteringly, unusually.

He drew a hassock close beside her and sat at her knees, a worshiper at a saint's shrine.

“You're—lovely—” he said—“so cool and sweet—”

It came over him suddenly, as it does to all normal young men in like circumstances, that he was a very sad dog indeed, stained with the world's dust, wholly unworthy to touch the hem of that heaven-blue garment. With this feeling of self abasement, paradoxically his self-respect came back. Damn it, he was a rotter, unfit and spoiled. That's how she made him feel. Cherry, on the other hand, made him feel like a little boy, a child whose lisp arouses tolerant laughter, about as wicked and as dangerous as a precocious cherub. In a word, April had given him back his manhood, his perilous, dark manhood.

He bent a little closer and laid those wicked lips against the cool white hand and then rose to his feet.

“May I come again . . . and often . . . to see you?”

And April said yes.

When their engagement was announced to April's parents there was rejoicing. Oh, but young Andrews was head over heels in love . . . and April, was she sure?

Her mother questioned her, the night of the announcement.

She went to the girl's white-and-rose room and sat beside her on the bed.

“Oh, yes . . .” said April, with eyes like stars. “I'm sure! You see—” she turned and laid her hand on her mother's—“you see, he needs me so much—he hasn't been *bad*, not really—he's just never had anyone to help him.” She stopped and blushed a little, blushing came so easily now, and added, in a rush, “Women have spoiled him—you too, Mother—you know he thought he was in love with you?”

Her mother held her close.

“No, my dearest, he was in love with love! Who would want December,” she asked smiling, “when he can have—April?”

“Oh, Mother!” April was shocked.

“December? Why, you're only just middle-aged!”

Cherry went to Jack for consolation.

So young Andrews came into safe harbor and never recognized the hand on the wheel. And quite sincerely told Cherry that he would be a son to her. He felt it. She was, after all, the mother—the gay, pretty, understanding mother he'd always wanted. Merely, when he met her his emotions got a little mixed, they were so used to running in one channel that he didn't quite recognize the difference in the current.

Something of this he told her in a long talk they had together.

HE TOOK April away from them and the big house in the first flushing of Autumn. When the car had gone and the farewells still rang in their ears . . . “Take care of mother!” (that was April) and “I'll be good to her, Dad!” (that was young Andrews, feeling pleasantly unworthy and radiantly happy), and after the guests had departed, Cherry and Jack sank into armchairs in the disordered room and looked at the wilting flowers and at each other.

“Cigarette!” said Cherry.

He gave her two. She lit them both and smoked them alternately. She kicked off her beaded slippers and put her slim silken feet in her husband's lap.

“If he hadn't needed reforming she would never have married him,” she said.

Heartless, middle-aged creatures, listen to them laugh.

Jack put her feet carefully on a cushion, departed, and then returned with two small glasses bright with an exotic liquor.

“Here's to them,” he said, tenderly, “bless 'em.”

When the toast was disposed of and they were sitting in one chair, Cherry asked:

“Happy?”

He kissed her.

“Will *they* be happy?” she pursued.

Jack pondered.

“Yes. She'll always have him to look after, she'll always be fetching his moral rubbers and he'll always feel that if it weren't for her he'd be a Very Bad Man indeed. Yes, they'll be happy. Much as I love our child, I confess she's been hard to live up to. Howard won't have to do that. She'll do all the living up for both of them.”

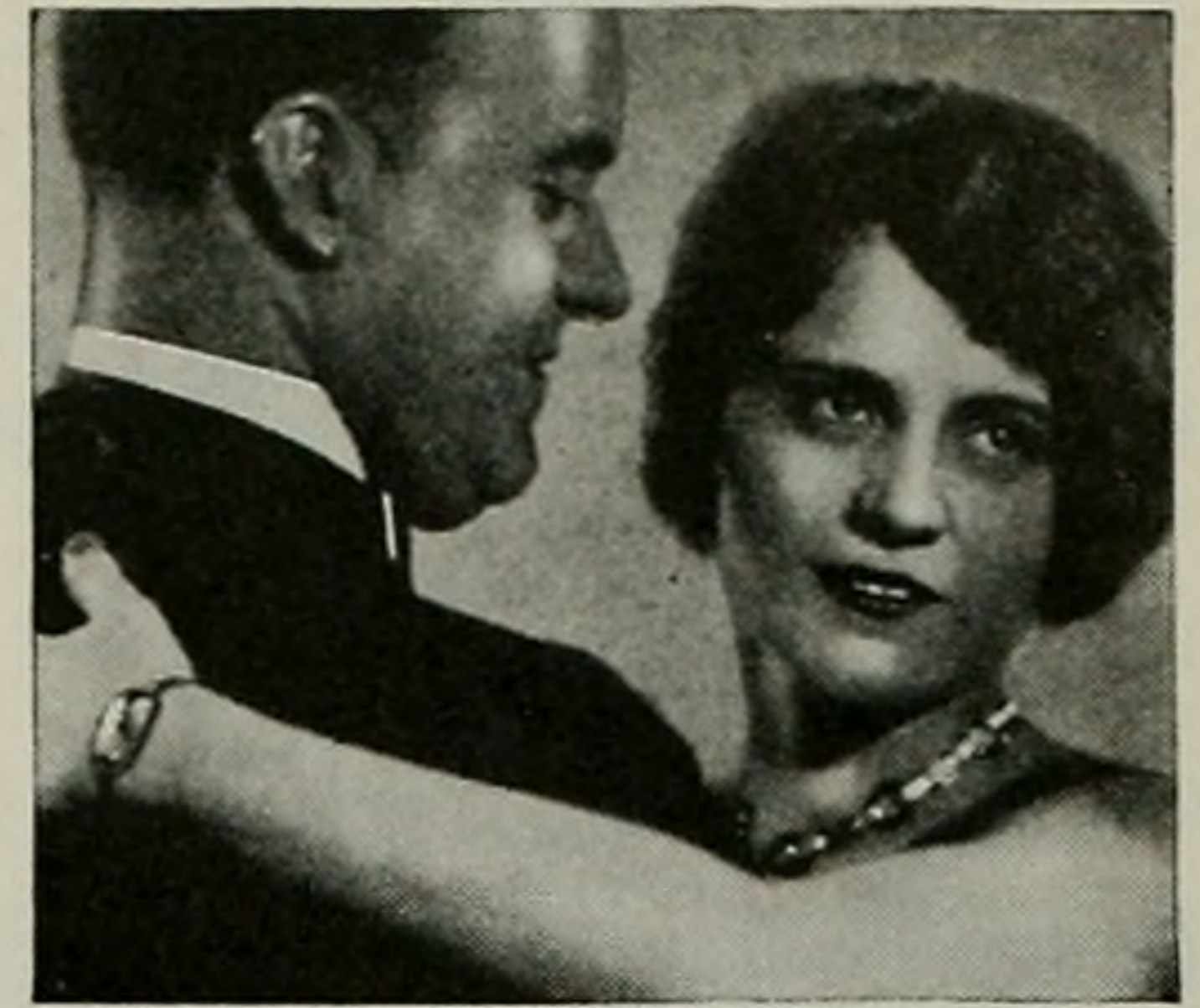
Cherry clapped her hands suddenly and spilled ashes in all directions.

“Grandchildren! Lots of them! Bad ones! Throw-backs . . . just like us!”

At this they clasped each other and rocked to and fro in a silent rapture. Now they could plan again.

“How we'll spoil them!” said Cherry, sleepily.

“Meantime,” said Jack, holding her very close, “meantime, my darling—you look about sixteen—kiss me. April's not here. . . . Alone at last—” he added, as she, with considerable enthusiasm, graciously complied.



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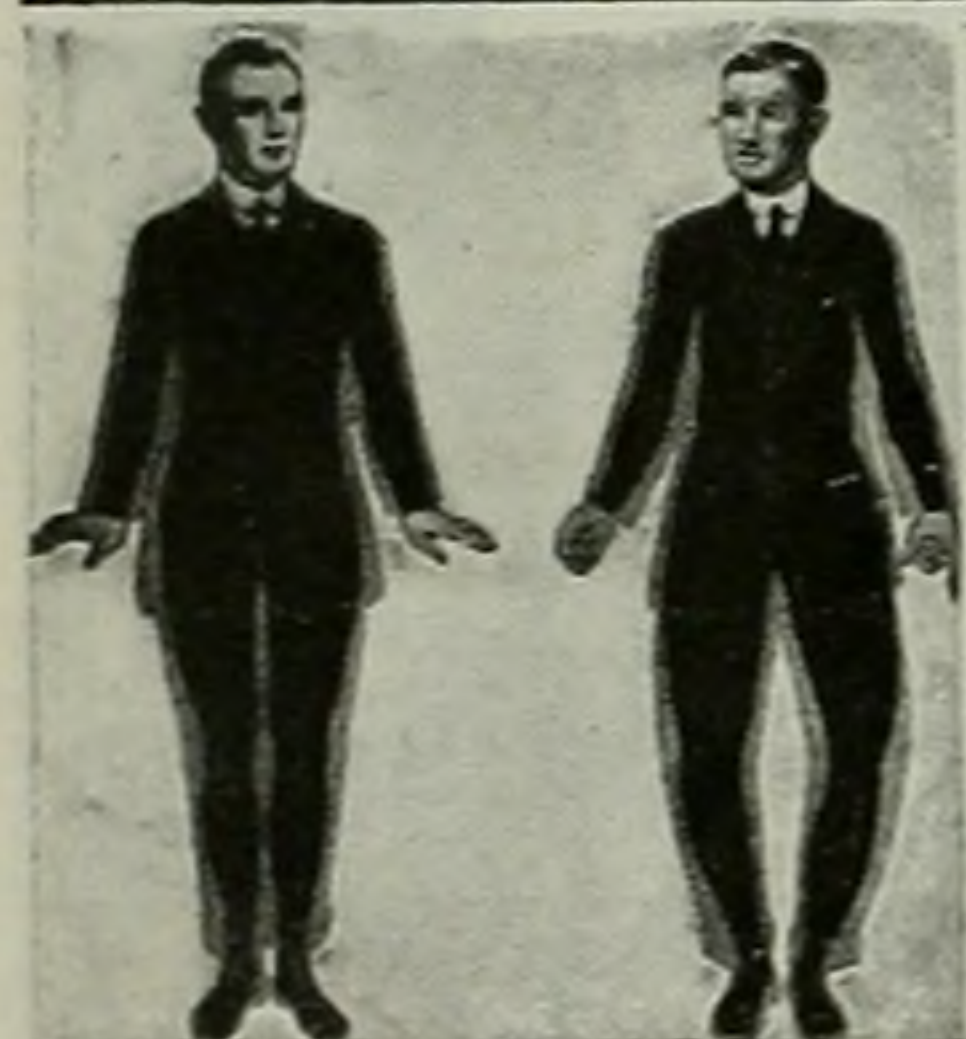


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The Gentleman Known as Lew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

best friends are writers . . . there's Odd McIntyre and Billy de Beck and Don Stewart. 'Bugs' Baer, too. All great fellows. . . . Yes, I like writers."

And, as a matter of record, Lew does. But he also likes actors, directors, musicians, singers, dancers, vaudevillians, clerks, bank presidents, producers and just people. And they like Lew. He has no apparent enemies. On the other hand, he has no intimate friend. Plenty of acquaintances, plenty of people who mill around him, yes. But no particular confidant.

He shoots through the heaven of Hollywood like a comet, leaving in his wake a wide swath of admirers. Lew is the symbol of what most men would like to be.

A dilettante of life, sipping at its splendors. A thoroughly likeable chap, obliging and generous.

HE is always being called upon to officiate at premieres, at benefits, at bazaars, at beauty contests, at dance hall openings. And Lew is always there, debonair, wholly charming and witty. Idolized by the women, admired by the men.

And so funny, my dear, you'd die! Funny with that charming easy way of his that makes no one feel uncomfortable, as you do when awaiting a diamond-tipped barb from the lips of a John Barrymore. But funny, you know, like the time of the opening of "The Merry Widow" when Lew made a long and exceedingly complimentary speech about a rising young actor and then introduced himself! And then said that Norma Shearer couldn't come to the opening because her mother wouldn't allow her to stay up so late. Which was ridiculous, and everyone knew it.

They laughed so heartily that Marcus Loew, who was to make the next speech, had to wait until the laughter crept to the back of the house and made its exit. It wasn't so much what Lew had said, you must understand, but how he said it.

And there was that time—Lew laughs about it yet, and so does Jack Mulhall and "Buster" Keaton and Lloyd Hamilton—that they all went to New Orleans to be present at the opening of a new Loew theater.

Lew was master of ceremonies. He introduced Jack and "Buster" and Lloyd and they got their applause.

Then he launched into an introduction of "a little lady whom you all have seen on the screen many times. A little lady whom Hollywood loves as much as you do. Our favorite child actress—Baby Peggy!"

And onto the stage was trundled "Buster" Keaton with sunbonnet and nursing bottle, legs hanging over the side of a perambulator. "Baby Peggy" was followed by "Ham" Hamilton, alias "Pola Negri," in Spanish shawl and rose, and he was supplanted by Jack Mulhall as "Nita Naldi."

You see how resourceful Lew is. But that is not all. There was the grand chase that took place between Lew and "Ham"—I have forgotten the cause—but Lew did a Brody from the stage to the aisle and chased "Ham" around and around the theater amidst the exciting cackling and loud guffaws of the first night audience.

Lew chased him through an exit, down the street and caught him two blocks from the theater.

Still the fun was not ended. Not with Lew and "Ham." They ruffled their hair, untied their collars, Lew grabbed a fire hatchet from the lobby of the theater, and again the chase started.

The audience was gasping for breath. "Stop it, boys!" ordered Marcus Loew, whose speech had been interrupted by their

reappearance. It seems that Lew is forever cramping Loew's style. So Lew and "Ham" contented themselves with crawling up and down the aisles on all fours, whispering in stage tones:

"Here you are, folks! Popcorn and peanuts! With every nickel bag of peanuts you get a copy of Marcus Loew's mustache!"

You see what a very funny man Lew Cody can be if he wants. And he can be very romantic and very boyish, each at the right time and under the right circumstances.

He can be romantic when he talks of his first meeting with Mabel Normand, whom he recently made his fireside companion. He can be romantic and sentimental and boyish and wholly charming as he says he met her "years and years ago," and then smiles under that teasing mustache, "years ago, you know, when we were very young."

"Mabel promised to meet me on a certain street corner in New York at a certain time. I'm still waiting. But when I met Mabel again in Hollywood I vowed I'd make her pay. I did. I married her. And Mabel says she never enjoyed paying any debt more."

"We intended to take ourselves quite seriously—Mabel and I. Then one of our friends told Mabel that she certainly had married a big laugh, so," with a shrug of the shoulders, "we couldn't be serious. After all, we're both comedians. Why not laugh? It's nice to be able to laugh, together."

And it is, isn't it?

Cody can also be a bit bashful and embarrassed, as he was that night at the Wampas dinner for Irvin Cobb, when Lew, who is the mascot of the publicity men's association, was to follow the illustrious speechmaking of George Jessel and Marc Connelly and Irvin Cobb. It was the same Lew who is so brilliantly clever on other occasions who fumbled with his water glass, said a very few words and sat down with almost an apology on his lips.

Perhaps it was the weather, or perhaps it was the mood, but whatever it was, Lew's presence was greeted with the same warmth as though he had given his famous French-Canadian monologue for the first time.

There must be something genuine in the Wampas' affection for Lew. They gave him a hip flask, all hammered silver, on which was engraved:

"To Lew Cody, for no good reason." Lew uses it to carry chocolate malted milk.

"Have you heard of my stinkin' dinners?" There being a negative nod, Lew continued: "Every once in a while I get the press boys together for dinner at my house . . . a stinkin' dinner. I have corned beef and cabbage and plates of young onions and radishes. For dessert we have cheeses—Limburger, Rocquefort, all the smelly cheeses I can get. A real stinkin' dinner—reminds me, I must have one soon."

NOW it's up to me when I see the long slim girl with the blue, blue eyes and the gold, gold hair and the long, long lashes, to tell her all that I have told you. I will tell her, too, that Lew was born in Berlin, New Hampshire, for she will be interested, and that his name was originally Cote. That he was educated at McGill College in Montreal and studied medicine. Then he turned to the study of dramatic art and went on the stage. Eventually he owned five stock companies and played in vaudeville.

When pictures were very, very young he came to Hollywood. I will tell her of his marriage. That will crush her.

No longer will I have to introduce her. Which is lucky when you consider Lew's tantalizing eyes, that teasing mustache, that devil-within cleft in the chin.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"HOTEL IMPERIAL"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lajos Biro. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: Anna Sedlak, Pola Negri; Andreas Farkas (Almasy), James Hall; General Jaschkiewitsch, George Siegmann; Elias Buttermann, Max Davidson; Tabakowitsch, Michael Vavitch; Anton Klinak, Otto Fries; Baron Fredrikson, Nicholas Soussanin; Maj. Gen. Sultanov, Golden Wadams.

"FAUST"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on story by Goethe. Manuscript by Hans Kyser. Directed by F. W. Murnau. Photography by Carl Hoffman. The cast: Cherub, Werner Fuetterer; The Evil Spirit, called Mephisto, Emil Jannings; Faus', Gosta Ekman; Marguerite, Camilla Horn; Her Mother, Freida Richard; Her Brother Valentine, Wilhelm Dieterle; Her Aunt Martha, Yvette Guilbert; The Duke, Eric Barclay; The Duchess, Hanna Ralph.

"WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Monty Brice. Scenario by John McDermott. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: Knockout Hansen, Wallace Beery; Stinky Smith, Raymond Hatton; Captain Smithers, Chester Conklin; Sailor Percival Scruggs, Tom Kennedy; Radio Officer, Donald Keith; Madelyn Phillips, Lorraine Eason; U. S. Admiral, Joseph W. Girard; Admiral Puckerlip, Max Asher.

"RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the stage play by David Belasco. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Peter Grimm, Alec B. Francis; Frederik Grimm, John Roche; Catherine, Janet Gaynor; James Hartman, Richard Walling; Andrew MacPherson, John St. Polis; Rev. Henry Bartholomey, Lionel Belmore; Mrs. Bartholomey, Elizabeth Patterson; Marta, Bodil Rosing; William, Mickey McBan; Annamarie, Florence Gilbert; The Clown, Sammy Cohen; Tob, the dog, Hank.

"UPSTAGE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Walter De Leon. Scenario by Lorna Moon. Directed by Monta Bell. Photography by Gaetano Gaudio. The cast: Dolly Haven, Norma Shearer; Johnny Storm, Oscar Shaw; Sam Davis, Tenen Holtz; Dixie Mason, Gwen Lee; Miss Weaver, Dorothy Phillips; Mr. Weston, J. Frank Glendon; Wallace King, Ward Crane; Stage Manager, Charles Meakin.

"EVERYBODY'S ACTING"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Marshall Neilan. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: Doris Poole, Betty Bronson; Michael Poole, Ford Sterling; Anastasia Potter, Louise Dresser; Ted Potter, Lawrence Gray; Thorpe, Henry Walthall; Ernest Rice, Raymond Hitchcock; Clayton Budd, Stuart Holmes; Peter O'Brien, Edward Martindel; Paul Singleton, Philo McCullough; Bridewell Potter, Jed Prouty; Barbara Potter, Jocelyn Lee.

"SYNCOATING SUE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Reginald Goode. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: Susan Adams, Corinne Griffith; Eddie Murphy, Tom Moore; Arthur Bennett, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Joe Horn, Lee Moran; Marge Adams, Joyce Compton; Landlady, Sunshine Hart; Marjorie Rambeau, Marjorie Rambeau.

"LOVE'S BLINDNESS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story and adaptation by Elinor Glyn. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The

cast: Vanessa Levy, Pauline Starke; Hubert Culverdale, Eighth Earl of St. Austel, Antonio Moreno; Alice (Duchess of Lincolnwood), Lilyan Tashman; Benjamin Levy, Sam de Grasse; Charles Langley, Douglas Gilmore; Marchioness of Hurlshire, Kate Price; Marquis of Hurlshire, Tom Ricketts; Col. Ralph Dangerfield, V. C., Earl Metcalfe; Oscar Issacson, George Waggner; Madame De Jainon, Rose Dione; Valet, Ned Sparks.

"MILLIONAIRES"—WARNER BROS.—Suggested by the story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Screen story by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Herman Raymaker. Photography by Byron Heskins. The cast: Meyer Rubens, George Sidney; Reba, Louise Fazenda; Esther Rubens, Vera Gordon; Maurice, Nat Carr; Ida, Helene Costello; Lew, Arthur Lubin; Lottie, Myrna Loy; Detective, Otto Hoffman; Helper in Tailor Shop, William Strauss.

"MAGICIAN, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Somerset Maugham. Adapted and directed by Rex Ingram. The cast: Margaret Dauncey, Alice Terry; Oliver Haddo, Paul Wegener; Dr. Arthur Burdon, Ivan Petrovich; Dr. Porhoet, Firmin Gemier; Susie Boyd, Gladys Hamer.

"PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Raymond L. Shrock and Edward Clark. Scenario by Philip Lonergan. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: Izzy Murphy, George Jessel; Eileen Cohannigan, Patsy Ruth Miller; Sara Goldberg, Vera Gordon; The Shadchen, Nat Carr; Jacob Goldberg, William Strauss; The Monohan Kid, "Spec" O'Donnell; Cohannigan, Gustav von Seyffertitz; The Attorney, Tom Murray.

"MIDNIGHT LOVERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by J. E. Harold Terry. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Major William Ridgewell, R. F. C., Lewis Stone; Diana Fothergill, Anna Q. Nilsson; Owen Ffolliott, John Roche; Moriarity, Chester Conklin; Heatley, Dale Fuller; Wibley, Purnell Pratt; Archer, Harvey Clark.

"EXIT SMILING"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Marc Connelly. Scenario by Sam Taylor and Tim Whelan. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: Violet, Beatrice Lillie; Jimmy Marsh, Jack Pickford; Olga, Doris Lloyd; Orlando Wainwright, DeWitt Jennings; Macomber, D'Arcy Corrigan; Cecil Lovelace, Franklin Pangborn; Jack Hastings, William Gillespie; Dave, the Stage Hand, Carl Richards; Jesse Watson, Harry Myers; Canada Phillips, Tenen Hoitz; Phyllis, Louise Lorraine.

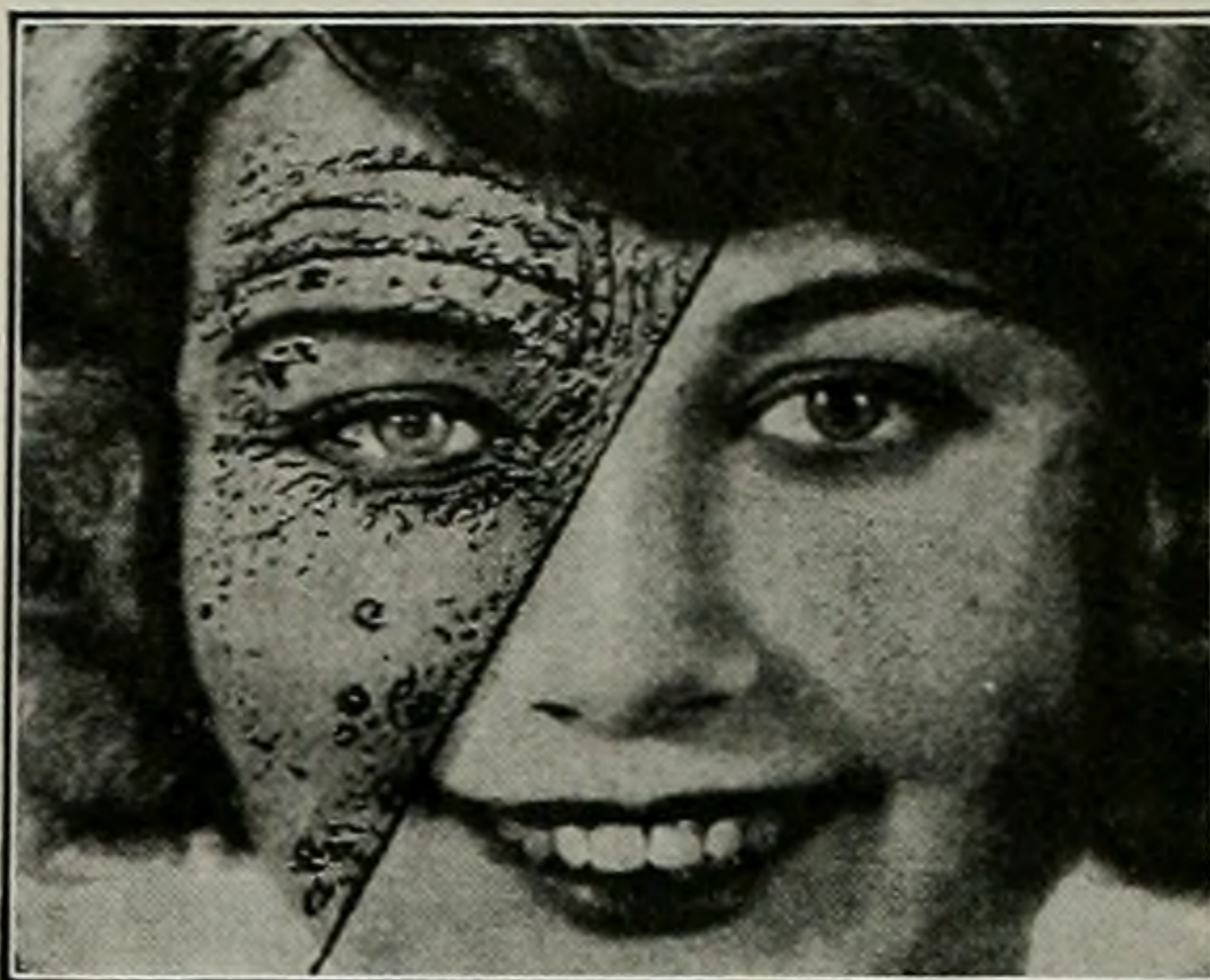
"SO'S YOUR OLD MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Julian Street. Adapted by Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by George Webber. The cast: Samuel Bisbee, W. C. Fields; Princess Lescaboura, Alice Joyce; Kenneth Murchison, Charles Rogers; Alice Bisbee, Kittens Reichert; Mrs. Bisbee, Marcia Harris; Mrs. Murchison, Julia Ralph; Jeff, Frank Montgomery; Al, Jerry Sinclair.

"RED HOT HOOFS"—F. B. O.—Story by George Worthington. Continuity by F. A. E. Pine. Directed by Robert De Lacy. Photography by John Leezer. The cast: Tom Buckley, Tom Tyler; Frankie Buckley, Frankie Darro; Frances Morris, Dorothy Dunbar; Gerald Morris, Stanley Taylor; Jim Morris, Harry O'Connor; Battling Jack Riley, Al Kaufman; Al Skelly, Barney Furey.

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"LONDON"—BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURES—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Thomas Burke. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: *Mavis Hogan*, Dorothy Gish; *Artist*, John Manners; *Paul Belnord*, Adelqui Millar; *Kate*, Elissa Landi; *King of Chinatown*, Gibb McLaughlin.

"OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE"—PATHE.—Written and arranged by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo D. Maloney. The cast: *Miles Wayburn*, Leo Maloney; *Ann Townsend*, Joan Renee; *Sheriff Townsend*, Melbourne MacDowell; *Carl Larson*, Albert Hart; *John Mills*, Henry Otto; *His Secretary*, Paul Hurst; *Ma Hemsteller*, Evelyn Thatcher; *"Chaw" Egan*, Nelson McDowell; *"Borax" Jones*, Fred Burns; *"Blackie" Lewis*, Bud Osborne; *Scott*, Frank Ellis.

"BELLS, THE"—CHADWICK.—From the play by Erckmann-Chatrain. Directed by James Young. The cast: *Mathias*, Lionel Barrymore; *Koweski*, Fred Warren; *Mesmerist*, Boris Karloff; *Frantz*, Gustav von Seffertitz; *Annette*, Lola Todd; *Christian*, Eddie Phillips.

"COLLEGE DAYS"—TIFFANY.—Story and continuity by A. P. Younger. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Photography by Milton Moore and Mack Stengler. The cast: *Mary Ward*, Marceline Day; *Jim Gordon*, Charles Delaney; *Larry Powell*, James Harrison; *Phyllis*, Duane Thompson; *Kenneth Slade*, Brooks Benedict; *Louise*, Kathleen Key; *Bessie*, Edna Murphy; *Mr. Gordon*, Robert Homans; *Kent*, Craufurd Kent; *Bryson*, Charles Wellesley; *Carter*, Gibson Gowland; *Prof. Maynard*, Lawford Davidson; *Coach*, Pat Harmon; *Dean*, William A. Carroll.

"THAT MODEL FROM PARIS"—TIFFANY.—Suggested by the story by Gouverneur Morris. Adapted by Frederica Sagor. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier. The cast: *Jane Miller*, Marceline Day; *Robert Richmond*, Bert Lytell; *Mamie*, Eileen Percy; *Morgan Grant*, Ward Crane; *Lila*, Miss Dupont; *Monsieur Martel*, Arthur Hoyt; *Henry Marsh*, Craufurd Kent; *Mr. Katz*, Otto Lederer; *Katz & Katz's Cashier*, Sabel Johnson; *Office Boy*, Leon Holmes; *Masseuse*, Nellie Bly Baker; *Grant's Valet*, George Kuwa.

"SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Adapted by Douglas Bronston. Directed by Albert Kelley. Photography by Nicolas Musuraca. The cast: *Daphne Carrol*, Edith Roberts; *Custis Lee*, Harland Tucker; *Jack Lee*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Calhoun*, Martha Mattox; *Joan Lee*, Grace Carlyle; *Sally Long*, Louise Carver; *The Butler*, Hayes Robertson.

"HIS NEW YORK WIFE"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Story and screen play by Leon Abrams. Directed by Albert Kelley. Photography by Nicholas Musuraca. The cast: *Lila Lake*, Alice Day; *Philip Thorne*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Alicia Duval*, Ethel Clayton; *Lila's Aunt*, Edith Yorke; *Julia Hewitt*, Fontaine La Rue; *Jimmy Duval*, Charles Cruze.

"SPANGLES"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Nellie Revell. Adapted by Leah Baird. Directed by Frank O'Connor. Photography by Andre Barletier. The cast: *Spangles*, Marian Nixon; *Dick*, Pat O'Malley; *Bowman*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mlle. Dazie*, Gladys Brockwell; *Vincent*, Jay Emmet; *Zip*, James Conly; *Bearded Lady*, Grace Gordon; *Armless Man*, Paul Howard; *Giant*, Tiny Ward; *Dwarf*, Charles Becker; *Fat Woman*, Nelle B. Lane; *Rawlins*, Clarence Wertz; *Strong Man*, Harry Schultz; *Skeleton*, Herbert Skelly.

"THERE YOU ARE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by F. Hugh Herbert. Adaptation and continuity by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Maxmillian Fabian. The cast: *George Fenwick*, Conrad Nagel; *Joan Randolph*, Edith Roberts; *William Randolph*, George Fawcett; *Anita Grant*, Gwen Lee; *Eddie Gibbs*, Eddie Gribbon; *J. Watson Peters*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Gibbs*, Gertrude Bennett.

"PLEASURE GARDEN, THE"—ARTLEE.—From the story by Oliver Sandy. Adapted by Eliot Stannard. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Patsy Brand*, Virginia Valli; *Jill Cheyne*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Levet*, Miles Mander; *Hugh Fielding*, John Stuart; *Hamilton*, George Snell; *Prince Ivan*, C. Falkenberg; *Mr. Sidey*, Fred Martini; *Mrs. Sidey*, Florence Helminger.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany

HERE is a fairly amusing number of the office plain Jane who poses as a model from Paris. Bert Lytell is the gay son of the owner of the establishment and he falls hard. The villainous Ward Crane does his dirty work and Bert loses faith in the girl. Later the lovers are reunited and then—the final clinch. Sounds rather interesting, eh—well, the pleasure is yours.

THERE YOU ARE— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

POP is the kind of a fellow that has a very efficient Bobby secretary. Daughter is the kind of a girl who has her say-so in everything. She decides the secretary is all wet and under her guidance what a guy he turns out to be. They elope with the usual chase by the pater and everything turns out hunky-dory. It really is quite amusing—and we can think of duller ways of spending your evening.

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman

THE little country girl again comes to New York to become a success in life. She takes to writing plays—but is unsuccessful. Then

she accepts a position as a secretary, which demands that she pose as the wife of a rich college youth. She falls in love with the lawyer who tries to buy her off—lots of complications, but little entertainment. Alice Day, Theodor Von Eltz and Ethel Clayton are in the cast. Fair.

THE OUTLAW EXPRESS—Pathe

CURSES, curses, curses! Mail robbers again. Will the great open spaces never be cleared of these bold unscrupulous marauders? But wait—a stranger appears and the plot thickens as he falls in love with the sheriff's daughter. You've heard all this before? Yes, so have we. Leo Maloney, the hero, is far from any young girl's fancy. The best that may be said of this piece, however, is that it is just a picture.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN—Aywon

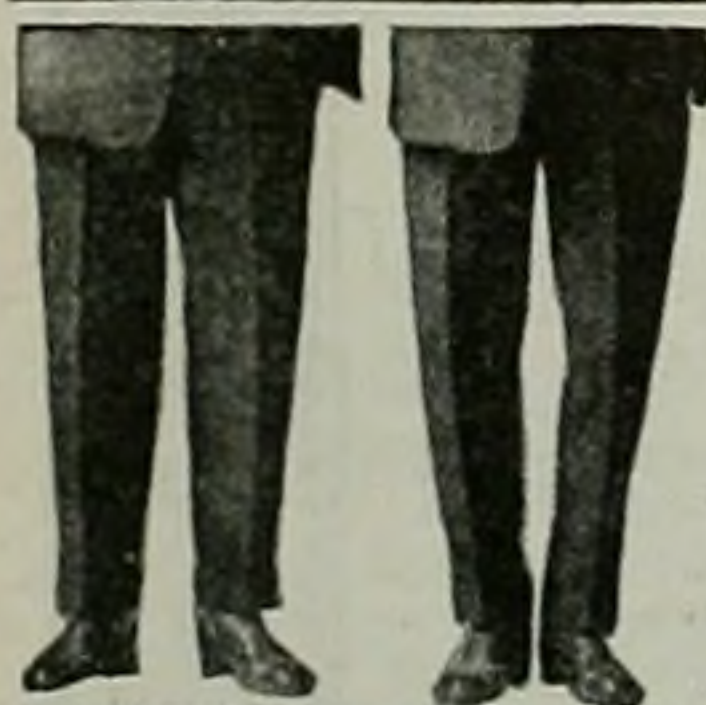
PROBABLY one of the worst of the foreign pictures that was ever put together—even though it does boast of two American players—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty. Poor direction and lighting, over-acting and an inexcusably bad story. When this comes to



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your local theater spend the evening at home with the kiddies for it doesn't contain any nourishing food for grown-up intellects.

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany

THE football season is on! It's the same old story of the smart aleck freshman who falls in love with a sweet little girl. He makes the team but breaks training the day before the big game. At the proper time he is allowed to play and the day is saved for the dear old Alma Mater. It's good entertainment if

you haven't been fed up on the football entre already.

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman

TALK about laughing at your own jokes—we didn't begin to realize that this was a comedy until we read the press sheet. It states, "The laugh picture you've waited for! A gay burlesque of censors and reformers that's farcically funny." But don't believe everything you see and hear. This is far from being a comedy knock-out.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

MRS. P. C. L.:

I wouldn't wear brown, if I were you, but any of the tan shades should be flattering to you. The more delicate pastel shades belong to the blondes, but you should be able to wear the yellows and those bordering on red. The simplest styles are always the best styles. You can adopt that for a shopping rule and never go wrong.

A. J. M.:

You don't need to gain weight. You are heavy enough now. You can wear white, relieved with some other color: golden brown; blue; green; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose. If you are serious about taking up stage dancing, you should go to New York, for it has the best dancing instructors. Of course you don't have to be coarse to be a chorus girl. There are some very nice chorus girls these days.

MARY ELLEN FOX:

It wouldn't do any particular harm, Mary Ellen, for you to use one of the light mascaras like Maybelline on your eyelashes. Don't use so much that it is particularly noticeable. Used regularly, it has a tendency to dye the lashes. Your red eyelids are probably due to a combination of two things—a lack of physical tone and putting your eyes under some strain in reading or work. If you build up your general health your eyelids will go back to normal.

BUNTY:

No, I do not think that you are lucky in not having a mother, though you are lucky your father is so kind to you. But every girl's mother is one of the most important factors in her life. Yes, I think you're pretty young to go to parties with boys, but if your father approves it probably is quite all right. Dark, rachel powder would be the best for you. You can wear white, relieved in some other color; golden brown; blue; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose. The following formula is very effective for freckles: Oxylchloride of bismuth, one dram; calomel, one-sixth grain; peroxide of hydrogen, one dram; lanolin and vaseline, four ounces each.

MRS. H. L. B., WORCHESTER:

You are quite right in your choice of colors. Bright red is delightful for an occasional change. You could wear violet nicely and pale green. I like such colors in lighter materials. Yellow is very cheery and would become you. With your fine complexion, use very little powder. Natural color is a great asset. Don't cover it up.

BEATRICE L., CHICAGO:

Unless your skin is very fair, rachel powder is best with your black hair. Don't touch-up your hair. It will look artificial then and be a continual nuisance and expense to you. You are washing your hair too often. Brush it more. Simplify your diet, exercise more and drink sufficient water. I believe that will do away with your skin trouble.

G. M. L., DETROIT:

You should be thankful that nature has endowed you with a distinctive personality. Don't try to look like everyone else. That isn't an asset, and your black hair and almost eyes sound fascinating. I would use rachel powder. Correct diet and exercise will reduce any one. Eliminate potatoes, candy, white bread and pastries from your diet. Eat green vegetables and salads. Exercise all you can.

REBECCA H., NORTH CAROLINA:

The best thing to use on your hair to make it glisten is a hair brush. Brush and brush, and your hair will grow thicker and shine beautifully. You should be able to wear almost any color. Grey would be splendid with your eyes and it is a fashionable color this year. The lines around the mouth may only be laughter lines.

BLANCA M.:

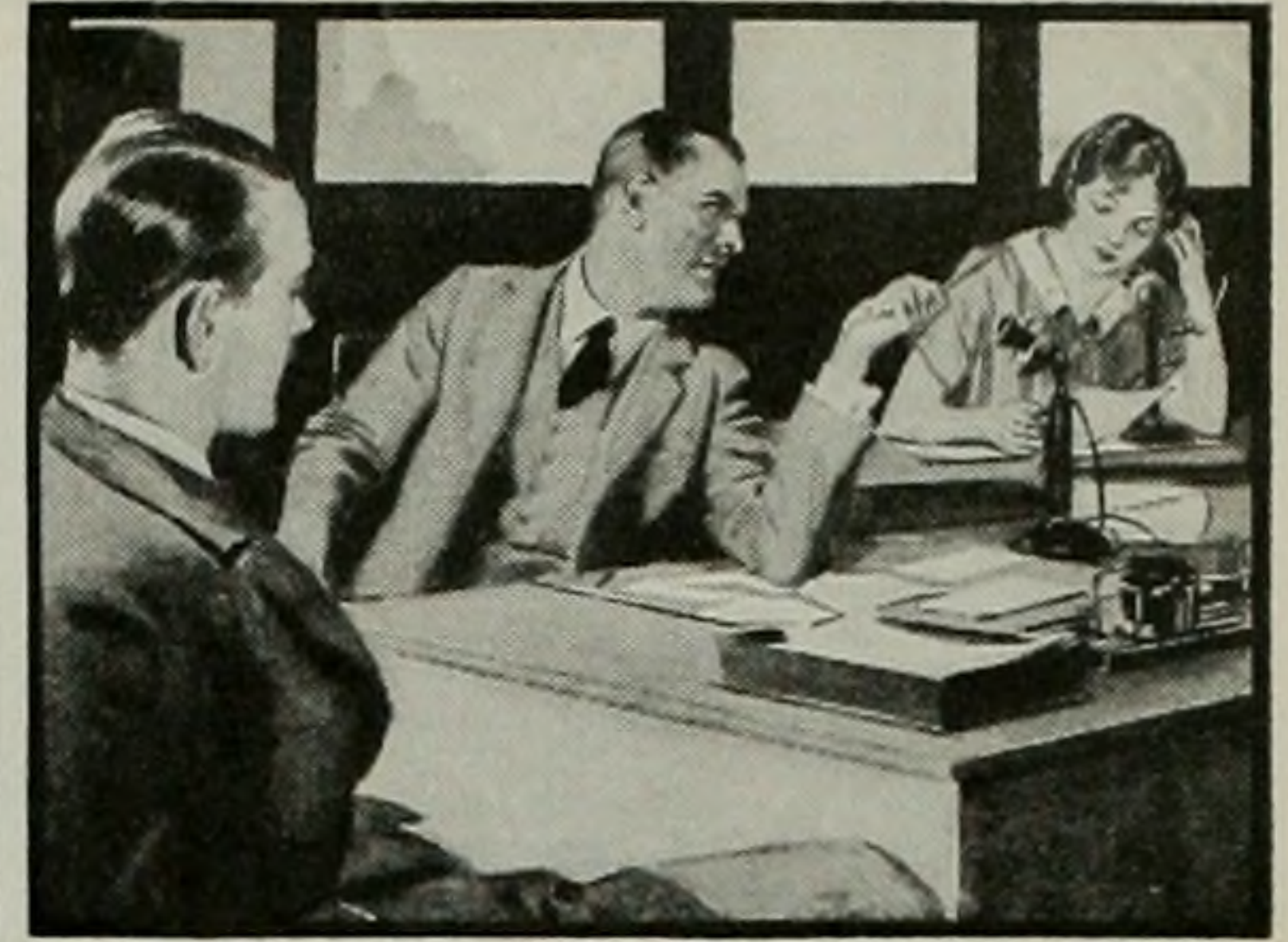
Never, never put powder or vanishing cream over old powder. It clogs the pores and only adds to the oily condition of your skin. There are special cold creams made for oily skins and also astringents that will help correct this condition. After you wash your face with warm water, be sure to rinse it thoroughly, first with warm water and then with cold. Or you can rub your face with ice, being careful not to allow the ice to remain on the skin too long. The cold water will close the pores. Bathing the face with witch hazel is another excellent remedy.

EVELYN:

I am not surprised that you suffer from that "dull feeling." It is the result, I imagine, of plunging into a sedentary life after your interest in athletics. But why not keep on with the sports that you enjoy? Walk all you can, play tennis and seize every opportunity you can for being out in the open air. Choose your companions from friends with similar interests. Also watch your diet. Eat fruits and green vegetables and don't eat too much. You are leading a quiet life and it's a great temptation to eat too much and exercise too little. As for the young man, he sounds jolly and friendly, so why give up a diverting friendship?

QUESTION BOX:

Yes, you are six pounds overweight. And once again, I must recommend plenty of exercise in the open air. And watch the starchy foods! The creams you mention are excellent for the skin and the depilatory is safe and effective. Do you rinse your face thoroughly after washing? Use first hot water and then cold. Too many rich foods will make your skin oily. You can wear golden brown, blue, blue gray, pale pink and soft rose. Use natural face powder and a coral color lipstick. And your eyebrow stick should match the color of your hair. High-heeled slippers aren't correct for daytime wear, except for afternoon parties. The medium heel is better for ordinary wear. If you want to look taller, wear dresses with long, straight lines.



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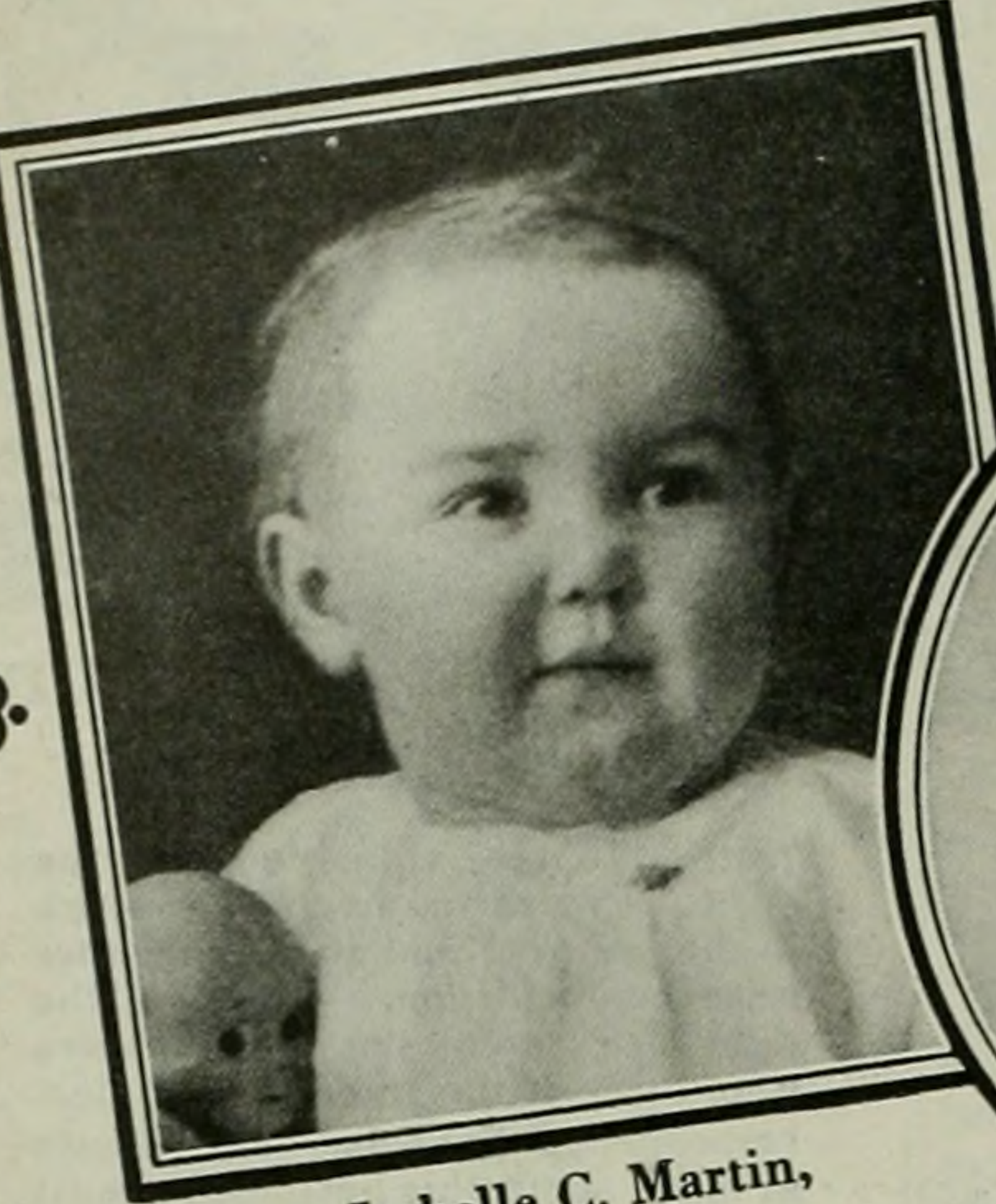
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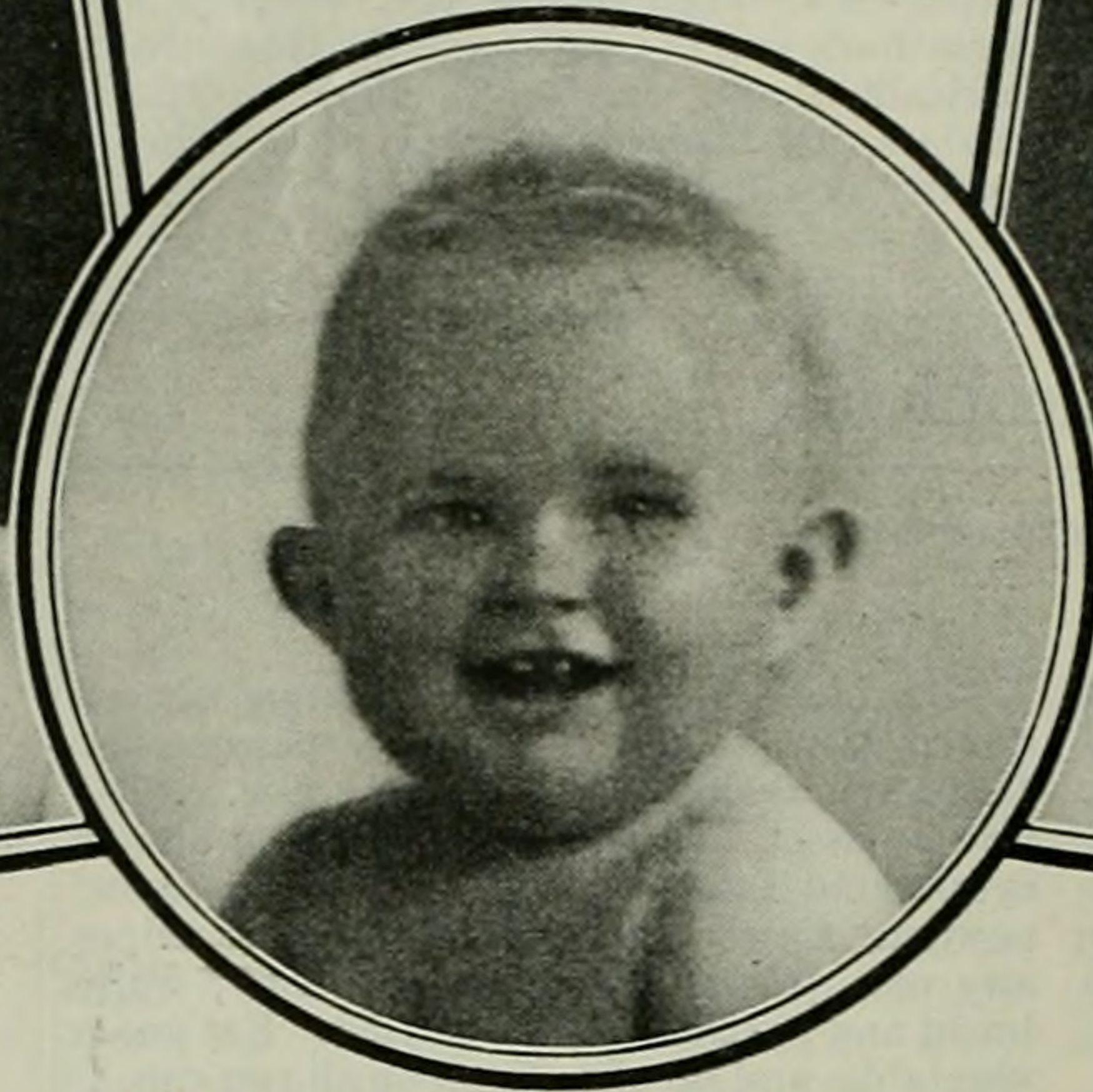
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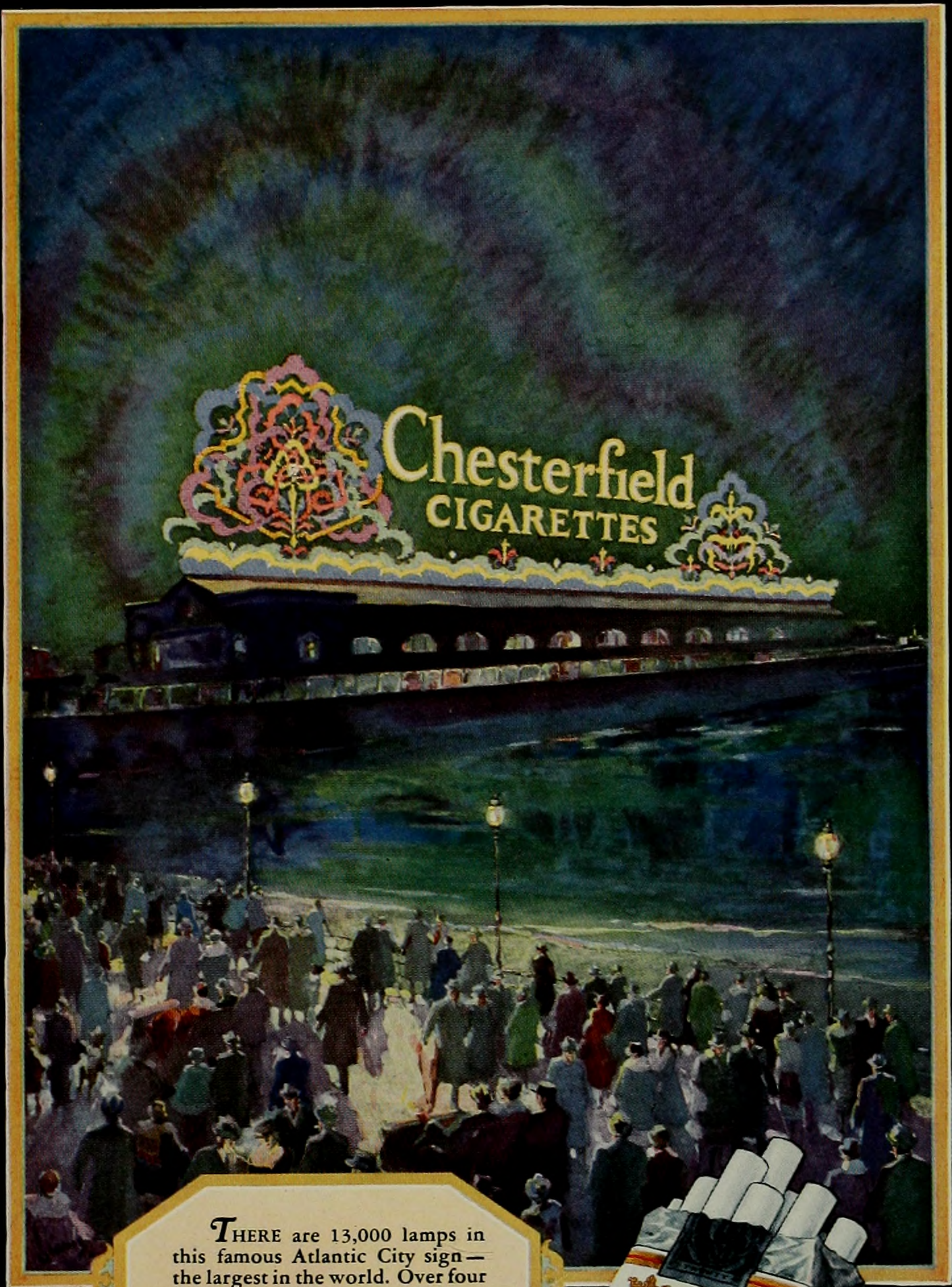
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