

# PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

MARCH

25 CENTS

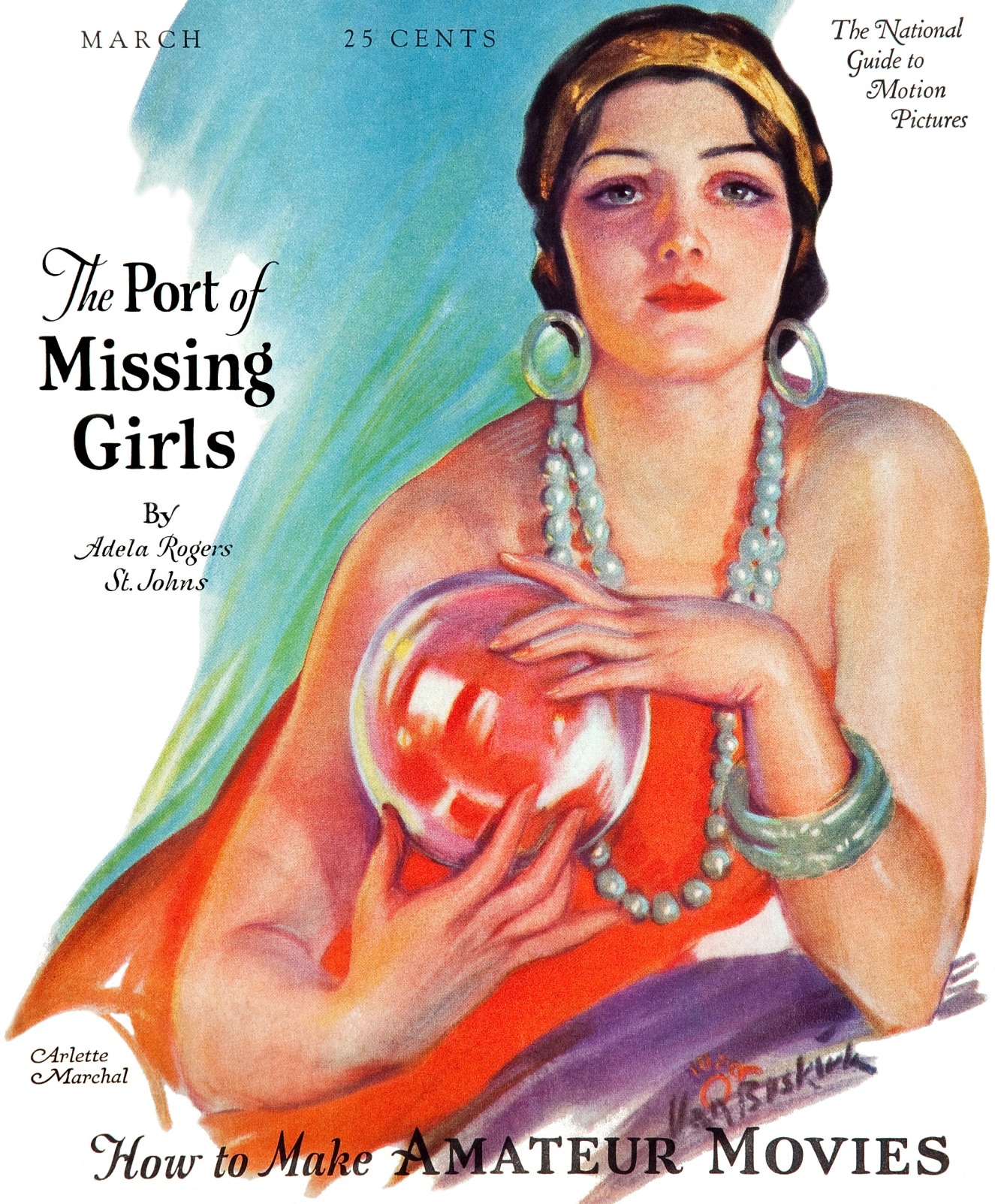
*The National  
Guide to  
Motion  
Pictures*

## *The Port of Missing Girls*

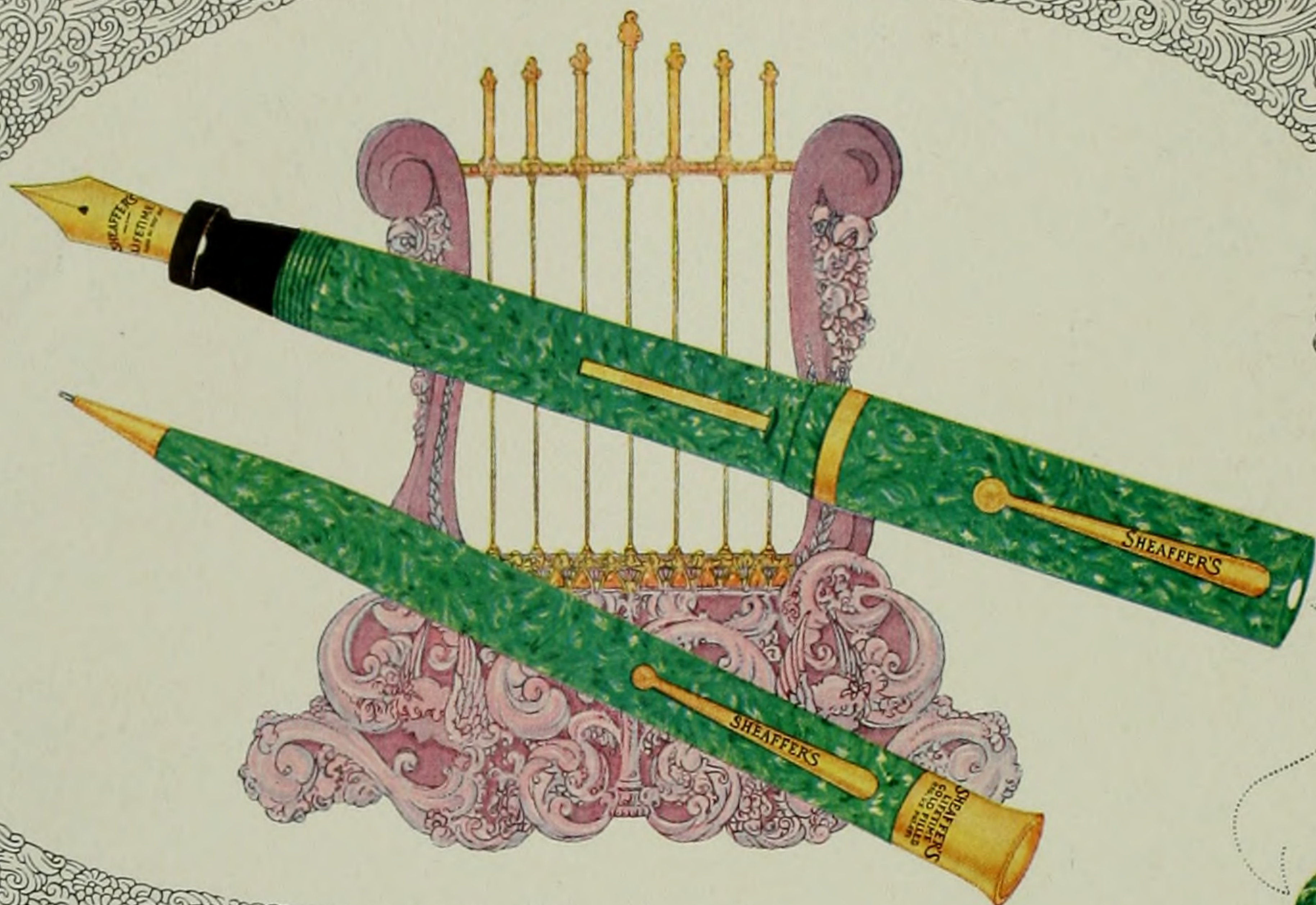
*By  
Adela Rogers  
St. Johns*

*Arlette  
Marchal*

*How to Make* **AMATEUR MOVIES**







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Attractive—yes, but tense and restless. Strained under the press of modern life, unrelaxed, well one day and tired the next, rarely in repose . . . Auto-Intoxication is often the cause.

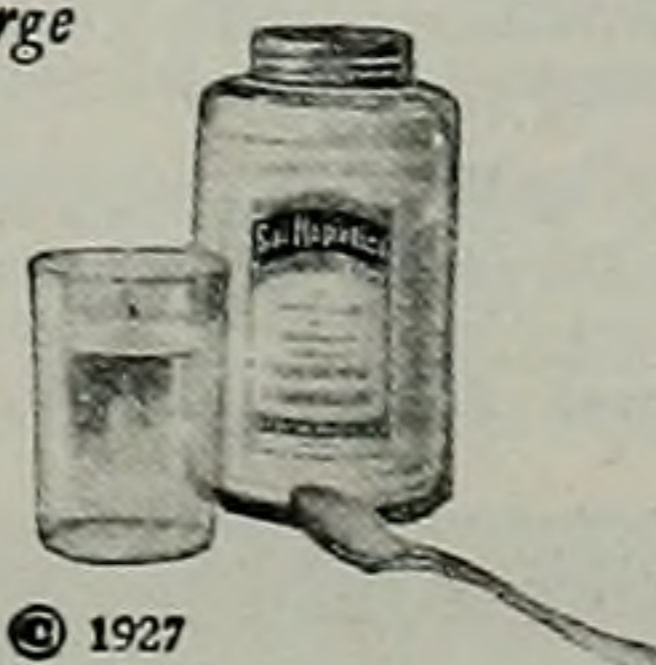


hours it starts to ferment and set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—causing the most common American ailment Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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mitted to exist—the poisons of waste must be swept away.

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Just off the press there is a new book on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of this self-poisoning and the many ills which follow in its train. It also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit. This booklet is free—send the coupon for it today.



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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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NO one can reasonably lecture the American woman upon her taste in dress, her carriage or upon the way she handles her affairs. She is brilliant socially—she goes to many parties—she is an excellent manager and a good mother, and her home is the best conducted home in all the world.

But the American woman may be justly lectured for imposing upon herself too many tasks, too many duties, too many obligations. She may reasonably be censured for the very things which she so deprecates in her husband.

It is an American failing—or excellence, if you prefer, that keeps us constantly "on the go." We work hard. We play hard. We go to parties. We exhaust ourselves with the pace of life. We take too little care of our physical well being, trusting to our nerves to pull us through.

### *The result of ill-adjusted habits of life*

No wonder that nature so often rebels when we violate the a-b-c's of health. No wonder that digestive disturbances are set up—that the food we eat fails to properly nourish the body, and that 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

# Sal Hepatica





"Hello, Theatre Manager's office—tell me please when you are playing these Paramount Pictures . . ." and down goes a date for every picture in the Paramount Guide—Happiness on Schedule!

Your theatre manager will be glad to give you the dates.



# Paramount Pictures

"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 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.	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland. Directed by John Waters.	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring Florence Vidor. With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.	
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.	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
LONDON	Starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.	
SORROWS OF SATAN	Adolphe Menjou, Ricardo Cortez, Lya de Putti, Carol Dempster. Directed by D. W. Griffith.	
THE KID BROTHER	Starring Harold Lloyd. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation.	
NEW YORK	Ricardo Cortez, Lois Wilson, Estelle Taylor, William Powell, Norman Trevor. Directed by Luther Reed.	
HOTEL IMPERIAL	Starring Pola Negri. With James Hall and George Siegmann. Directed by Mauritz Stiller.	
Zane Grey's THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER	Jack Holt, Betty Jewel. Directed by John Waters	

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

### Super Attractions Coming!

"WINGS"

"METROPOLIS"

"BEAU GESTE"

{Now in its 8th Month, Criterion, N. Y.}

"OLD IRONSIDES"

{Now in its 4th Month, Rivoli, N. Y.}

"THE ROUGH RIDERS"

{Now at the Geo. M. Cohan, N. Y. for a long run}

"THE WEDDING MARCH"

Watch for these great Paramount super-productions coming! The pictures below and those in the Guide you can see now or very soon. Ask your Theatre Manager.

## Love's Greatest Mistake

"Liberty" Serial Story

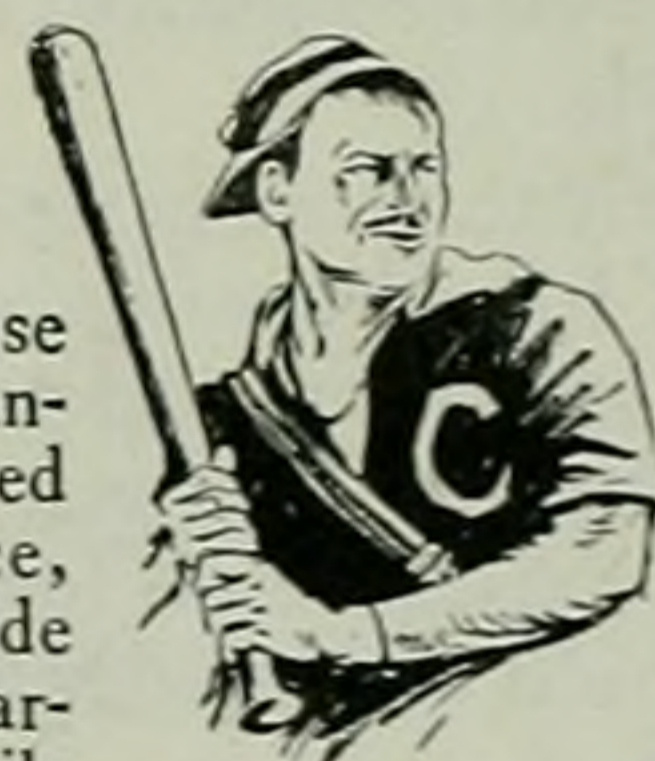
FROM the story by Fred-eric Arnold Kummer, appearing in "Liberty." An Edward Sutherland Production with Evelyn Brent, William Powell, James Hall and Josephine Dunn.



## Casey at the Bat

Starring  
Wallace  
Beery

"There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place, there was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face"—just picture Wallace Beery with a role like that!



A HECTOR Turnbull Production, directed by Monty Brice; story by Hector Turnbull.

With Ford Sterling, ZaSu Pitts and Sterling Holloway.

## Clara Bow in It

An Elinor Glyn-  
Clarence Badger  
Production

IF you don't know what "it" is, it's time you did! Read the story in Cosmopolitan, then see Clara Bow demonstrate what you can do when you have "it." Even her wealthy employer, Antonio Moreno, falls for "it."



## Douglas MacLean

in *Let It Rain*

YOU know Doug. Nothing ever fazes him. Whatever happens, he always comes up smiling. And believe us, enough happens in "Let It Rain"—not much fun for Doug, but a lot for you! With Shirley Mason. Directed by Eddie Cline.





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXI

Contents, March, 1927

No. 4

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ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The First of a Series of Six Sensational True Stories of Girls Who Disappeared from Hollywood

### The Amateur Movie Producer

FREDERICK JAMES  
SMITH

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Proving That an Ugly Mind Makes an Ugly Face

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.

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

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

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

JAMES R. QUIRK, President    ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President and Treasurer    KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Assistant Treasurer

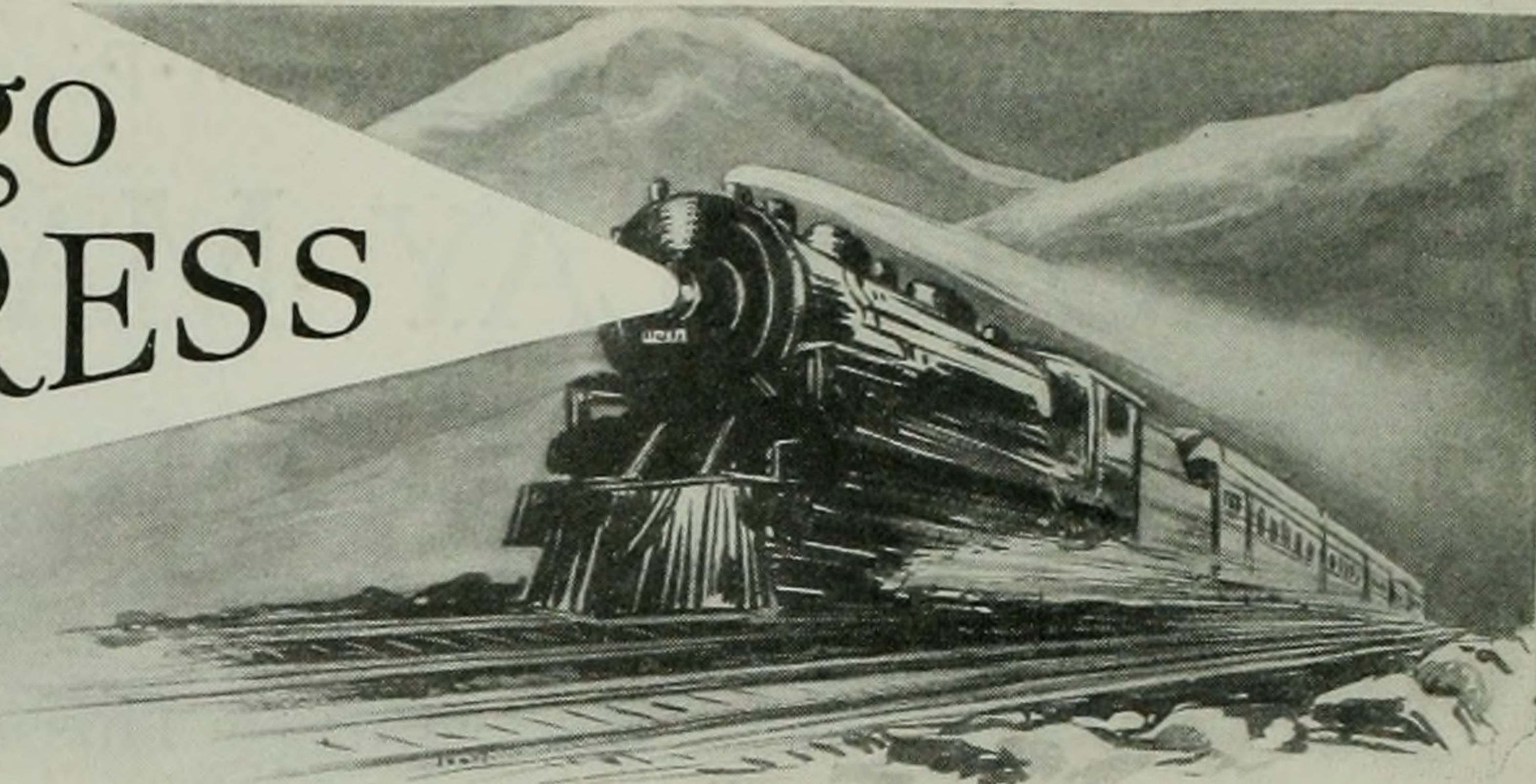
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Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# As we go to PRESS



**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY** reported buying the screen rights of "Abie's Irish Rose" for two million dollars. This lifts the earnings of the play to five millions.

**GRETA GARBO** returns to Metro-Goldwyn studio after her walkout. To do Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina."

**TEMPERAMENTAL** clash reported at De Mille studio involving Jetta Goudal. Rumors have it that Lya De Putti may succeed to Jetta's rôles.

**AT** last Elinor Glyn has given out an official list of screen luminaries possessing IT. Here it is: Clara Bow, Jack Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Pola Negri, Wallace Beery, Emil Jannings, Doug Fairbanks and Gary Cooper. She says that Gloria Swanson and Tom Mix once had IT. Not now, though. However, she declares that Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and William Haines are IT-less. Madam Glyn concedes that the Prince of Wales and Mussolini have IT and that Napoleon once was a glorious example of IT. So that question is settled for all time.

**WALLACE BEERY** and ZaSu Pitts injured (not seriously) in premature explosion during making of "Louie the Fourteenth" on Lasky Ranch.

**RAYMOND HATTON** returns to work at Famous Players-Lasky studio after sudden withdrawal. Hatton is in cast of "Fashions for Women," now being directed by Dorothy Arzner. You can read all about Miss Arzner on page 41.

**OWEN MOORE** signs Metro-Goldwyn contract.

**DOROTHY MAC-KAILL** reported in clash at First National coast studios over rôles.

**LOIS WILSON** may sign with Cecil De Mille.

**BUSTER KEATON** starts new comedy with Ann Cornwall playing opposite.

**NATACHA RAMBOVA** going on speaking stage.

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** reported divided between two film ideas: a world history of civilization, showing, in particular, the Crusades, and a story of California in its early days. Mary Pickford, too, is still debating her next photoplay idea.

**LEON ERROL** starring at First National studios in "The Little Cafe."

**WANDA HAWLEY** making vaudeville tour of the Orpheum Circuit.

**STILL** more war stories are coming. First National announces a comedy, "Bayonets."

**FAY WRAY** to have the leading rôle in "Glorifying the American Girl." Gilda Gray was once announced for this, but declined in favor of "Cabaret," now under way at Famous Players Astoria studios.



No wonder Lloyd and Mrs. Hughes are all smiles these days. Baby Donald Reid was two and a half months old when this photograph was taken, and rushed to Chicago via telephotograph service so that the large family of Hughes admirers could see the youngster

**A**CHANGE in the line-up of Wampus Baby Stars as announced in this issue. Martha Sleeper, the young comedienne, has been substituted for Jean Navelle, the French entry. Miss Navelle was too ill to accept the honor. At least, that's the reason given for the change.

**GLORIA SWANSON'S** first independent picture will be known as "The Loves of Sunya," instead of "Sunya." The original title conflicted with the name of a stage play.

**JACK HOLT'S** contract with Famous Players-Lasky has expired and Mr. Holt will free-lance in the future.

**EDDIE SUTHERLAND** has gone to Hollywood to make a series of comedies for Paramount. Louise Brooks (Mrs. Sutherland) is playing the lead in a new Adolphe Menjou picture. It's a family reunion.

**TWO** new ones from Metro-Goldwyn: "The Grey Hat," with Lew Cody and Renee Adoree. And "The Branding Iron," with Aileen Pringle and Ralph Forbes.

**ROD LA ROCQUE** leaving for European vacation.





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**"PERSONALITY"**  
*too!*

**I**N your desire for style, do not overlook the greater thing, "personality." It is just as important in your life as in the career of Laura La Plante, fascinating Universal Star. Women with personality not only are smartly clothed, but they have poise and the happy faculty of being at their best all the time.

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**Send for our interesting booklet and the name of your dealer.**



Laura La Plante, popular Universal star, now being presented in "Butterflies in the Rain," is shown here wearing the "Laura" Model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio, for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



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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.)

**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.)

**BELLS, THE**—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (January.)

**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.)

**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.)

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

**BLONDE SAINT, THE**—First National.—Wherein Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (February.)

**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.)

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

**CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE**—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (February.)

**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.)

**CANADIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (February.)

**CANYON OF LIGHT, THE**—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (February.)

**CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE**—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

**CITY, THE**—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (February.)

**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.)

**COLLEGE DAYS**—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (January.)

**CORPORAL KATE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (February.)

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.

**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.)

**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'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.)

**EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE**—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (February.)

**\*EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (January.)

**EXIT SMILING**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (Jan.)

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

**\*FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as Mephisto and Camilla Horn as Marguerite. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (January.)

**\*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.)

**FLAMING FOREST, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (February.)

**\*FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingy acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

**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.)

**FOR WIVES ONLY**—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (February.)

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

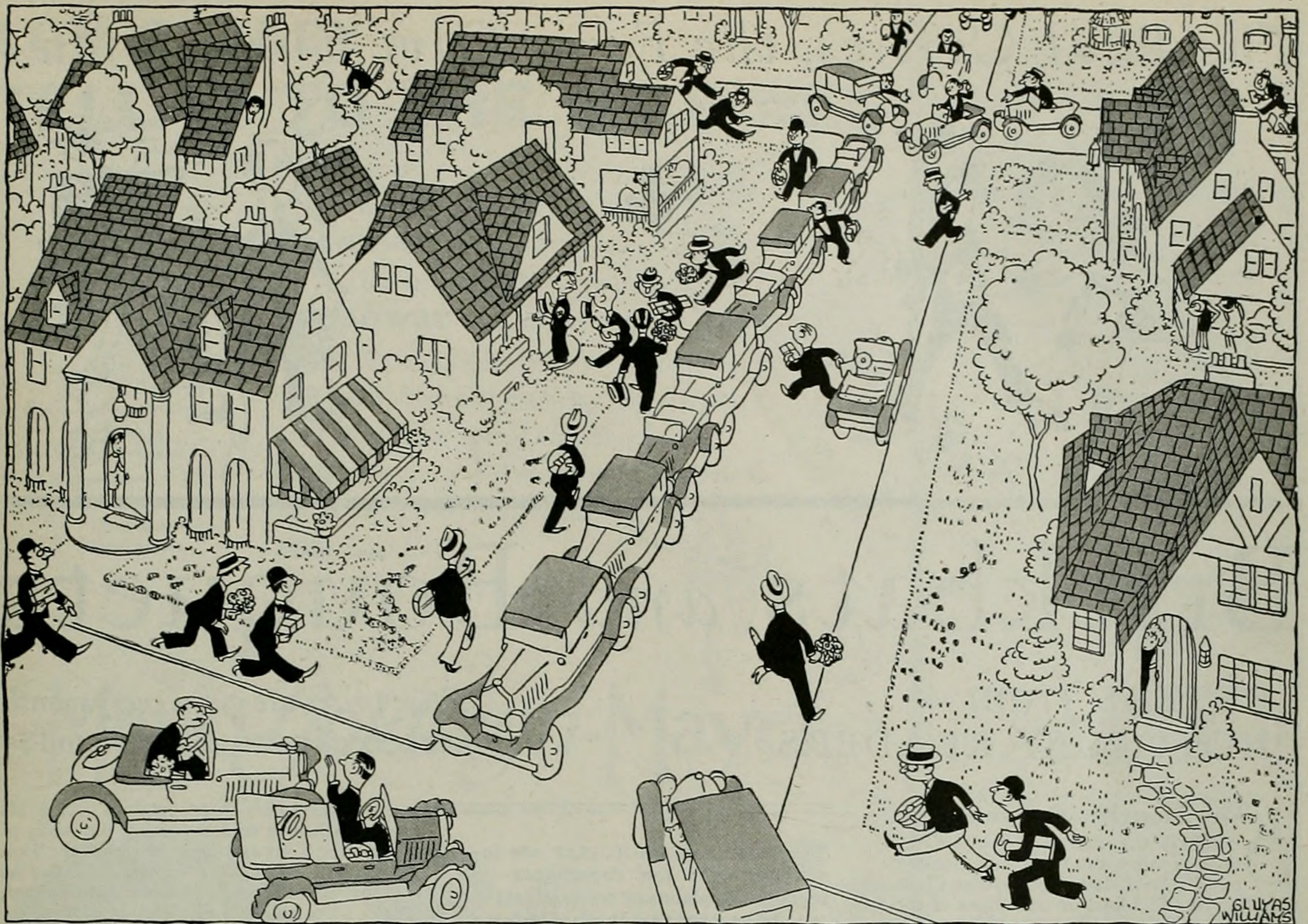
**FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE**—Universal.—Cast your eagle eyes over the pictures we recommend and forget that such a thing as this was ever produced. (December.)

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

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

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]





## The Most Popular Girl In Town!

**S**HE wasn't beautiful. Nor college bred. Nor wealthy. Yet everybody liked her—from the butcher boy to the bank president. She had more suitors than any other girl in town. For she knew how to smile—her laugh was as contagious as the measles!

If you want people to like *you*, smile more. Laugh more. See one of *Educational's Comedies* once or twice a week and treat yourself to a whole flock of laughs. You'll be so bubbling over with good nature that your friends will think you've discovered a diamond mine. And you *have!*

You don't have to try to laugh at *Educational's Comedies*. You can't help it. You'll find yourself laughing just as you did when you were a child, naturally and easily. You'll look younger, feel younger, act younger.

*Educational's Comedies* lead the field. For clean, wholesome fun they are unequalled. That's why they are featured by the largest motion picture houses—and the smallest. And why they draw millions of patrons in this country alone—every day.

### ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS

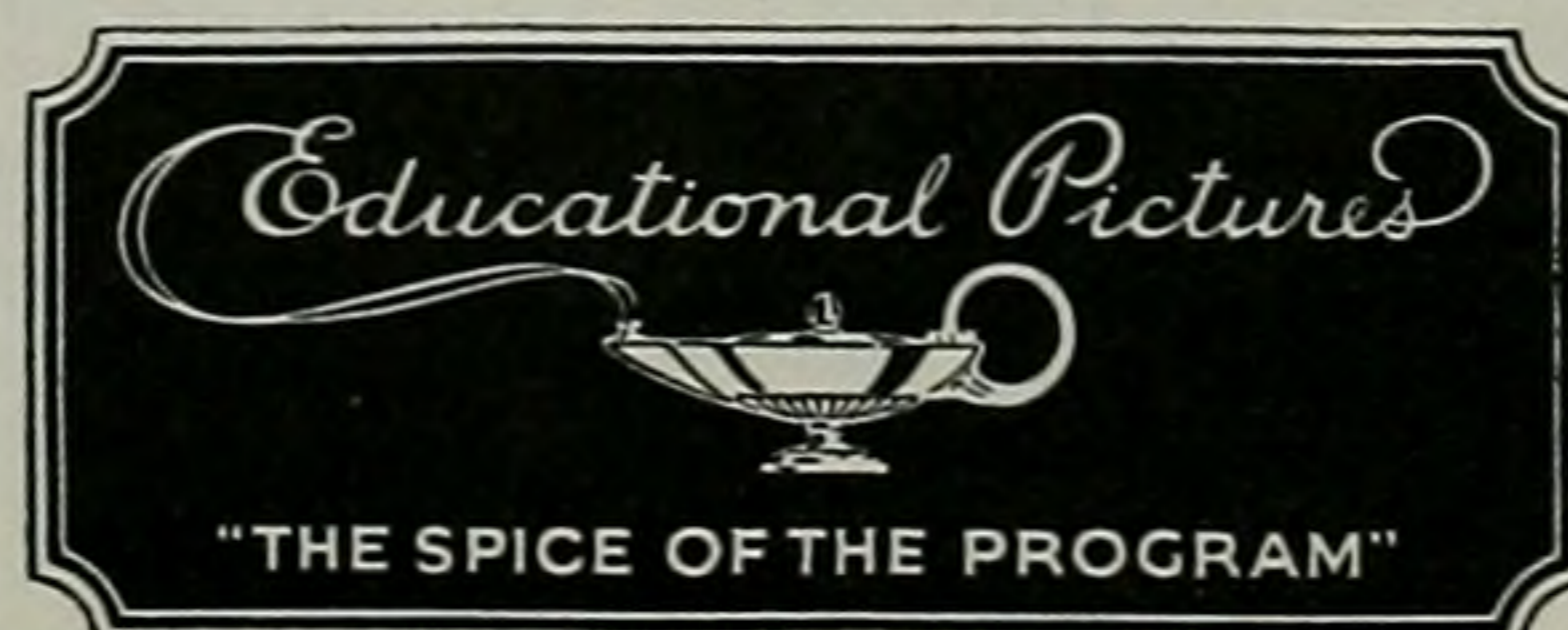
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HAMILTON COMEDIES  
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BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES  
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES  
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES  
MERMAID COMEDIES  
(Jack White Productions)  
CHRISTIE COMEDIES  
JUVENILE COMEDIES  
With "Big Boy"  
TUXEDO COMEDIES  
CAMEO COMEDIES  
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FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS  
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*Educational's* supremacy in the Short Subject field does not end with comedies. It includes all those features for which *Educational* is famous—news reels, novelties, scenic pictures of rare beauty, and the exquisite Romance Productions in natural colors. These, no less than the mirth-provoking comedies, have earned for *Educational Pictures* the right to be called "The Spice of the Program."

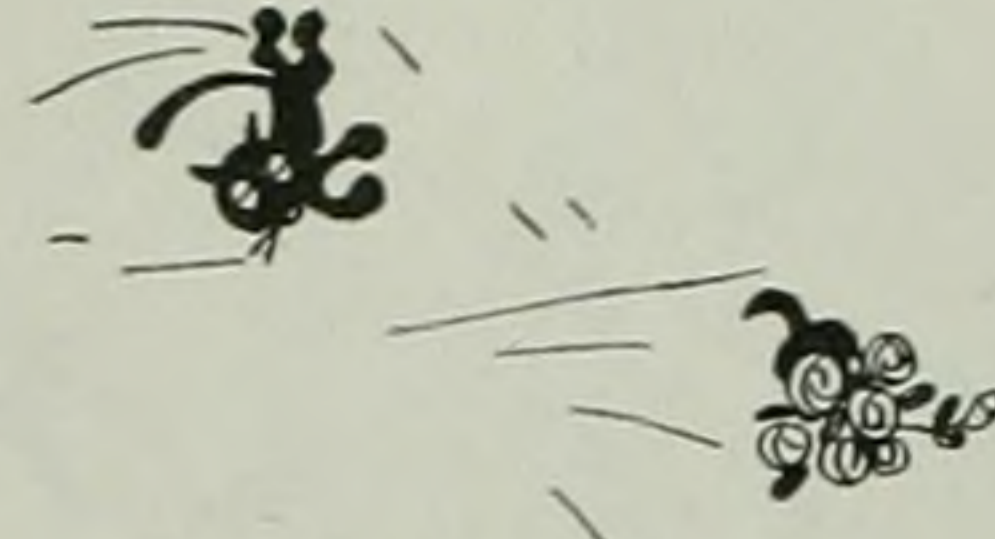
EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.  
E. W. Hammons, President  
Executive Offices  
370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

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# 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

DESPITE the enormous popularity of their pictures Brickbats and Bouquets rarely receives letters concerning Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd or comedians of their type. Apparently fans go to see their pictures, and not the stars themselves. Now a new development appears—Harry Langdon is causing many a fan to rush to the mail box. Harry's personality is the interesting point in Harry's pictures. He pulled more fan letters than even John Gilbert during the month.

Ronald Colman is being scolded by the fans. Many claim Ronald has not lived up to the artistic promise he gave last year. The same is also claimed of Belle Bennett. Ronald's "Beau Geste," however, is liked tremendously.

The leading praise boys are—in this order—William Boyd, Wallace Beery, William Haines, John Gilbert, Lloyd Hughes. A hot partisan feeling is growing up about Lillian Gish. It seems to be all love or all hate for Lillian. Greta Garbo is plainly the most interesting of the newcomers. The greatest brickbat receivers this month were astonishing—Corinne Griffith and Mary Pickford.

### \$25.00 Letter

Bennington, Vt.

The McPherson case is still being investigated, so let us be charitable to the Los Angeles lady evangelist. But if she were a film star it would be unnecessary to prove anything against her to make certain clergymen and clubwomen demand her expulsion from the profession. The mere accusation of misdemeanor would suffice.

Whatever the truth may be in her case, we do know that the Rev. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas, not long ago shot to death an unarmed man. The next day and since, Norris has preached to great crowds, and has been showered with compliments, admiration and support. Why have not the censors objected to the continuance of these suspected two in the pulpit? I wish those who object to Arbuckle pictures being shown, would prove to me why it is morally or legally right to ostracize Arbuckle and not Norris.

Isn't it hypocritical for the public to spend millions on make-believe tragedies of imaginary people while we permit the Arbuckle wrong to

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.

remain unrighted? Any screen character in Arbuckle's position would have been reinstated, with wild acclaim, after he had been proved blameless. Norris and Mrs. MacPherson are permitted to live their own lives.

I yearn, positively yearn, to know how two wrongs can make a right.

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

### \$10.00 Letter

Olympia, Wash.

Let me tell you how PHOTOPLAY did its part in making a small boy happy.

It was nearing Christmas, that day when everyone should be happy, and I knew that happiness was going to be marred for little Tommy Lea, whose parents are quite poor. Tommy had been a special little movie pal of mine, and we had many good times together until infantile paralysis put him to bed. Christmas coming, I thought of a plan, remembering how tickled he had always been when I would take him to see a "western."

I gathered together my back numbers of PHOTOPLAY, bought some heavy paper, a jar of paste and set to work.

Christmas day I hurried over to Tommy's

house. There he was, propped up in bed, his face wreathed in smiles, turning the pages of "Tom Mix, Tony and Their Friends," the book I had made him from PHOTOPLAY. After he had showed me his other presents, he whispered, "Ame, I like my Tom Mix book best of all."

The final happiness for both of us came when his doctor called next morning and told Tommy that it would not be long until he would be able to go to a real movie again and see Tom gallop across the screen.

AME MEARS.

### \$5.00 Letter

Salem, Mass.

The movies now play to ninety million people a week. It seems to me that the power of any institution influencing the minds of that many people is something to consider with respect.

I'm awfully tired of this applesauce about art. Those ninety million are looking for entertainment, not art. It's pathetic the way people long for real entertainment and get so much that isn't, in the movies. Look around any movie theater whether it's a first run Broadway house or a two-bit neighborhood grind, and you will see the look on the faces as they wait for the show to begin—relaxed, eager, tired people hungry for escape, a little color, life and laughter. It's up to the industry the public has made to give them what they crave—and quit talking about their art.

MARY STAUNTON

### Well, Maybe!

Spokane, Wash.

In STUDIO NEWS and GOSSIP in December PHOTOPLAY Elinor Glyn gives a definition of love as: "The physical emotions of the soul."

The soul has no physical elements and it can therefore have no physical emotions. We cannot say the physical emotions of the soul any more than we can say the foot movements of the hand.

Well, then, what is love?

Love is the physical yearnings of the body, registered through the brain and measured in degree and intensity by the heart.

Believe it?

PEGGY BROOM.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



# LON CHANEY In TELL IT TO THE MARINES

HERE it is!

**THE** Marines' own story

**SPANNING** the world

**WITH** brave laughter and courage

**BROADWAY** cheered this mighty

**ENTERTAINMENT.** Now it comes

**DIRECT** from the Embassy Theatre, N. Y.

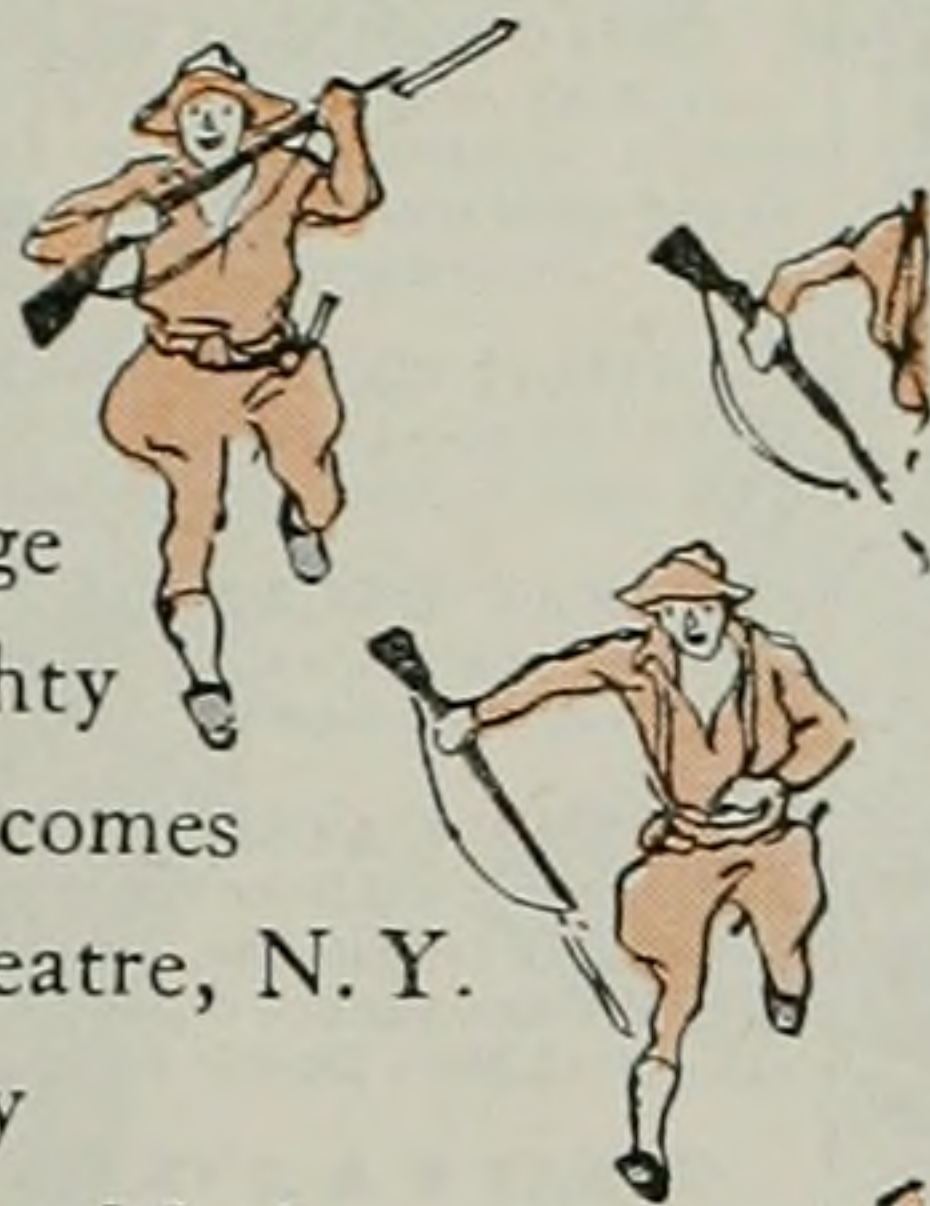
**WITH** its great star, Lon Chaney

**AND** thousands of daring, dashing Marines

**TELL** it to your theatre manager

**YOU** must have

**"TELL** it to the Marines"



With  
ELEANOR BOARDMAN  
WILLIAM HAINES  
and CARMEL MYERS  
A GEORGE HILL  
PRODUCTION  
Screen play by  
E. RICHARD SCHAYER  
Titles by  
JOE FARNHAM  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
PICTURE  
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GEORGE HILL

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"More stars than there are in Heaven"



William Haines  
and Eleanor Boardman



Tell It to  
Joan Crawford  
and Win This  
Valuable Prize!

HERE is a chance for every M-G-M Fan to show what he can do. And what an enviable prize! Something actually used in the making of motion pictures. A really personal prize. Something that has belonged to perhaps your favorite star. And it all depends on whether you actually see motion pictures or merely look at them.

I am submitting six questions. For the lady who sends the best answers I have selected as my reward the Slave Anklet I wear in "The Taxi Dancer".

Nor are the gentlemen forgotten. If it is a man who is the lucky winner, Lon Chaney has promised the wrist watch he carried in "Tell it to the Marines".

And moreover I have fifty of my favorite photographs which are ready to be autographed for the next fifty best contestants.

Read over my questions carefully. Think over the pictures you have seen. And then tell me the answers.

Cordially yours,

*Joan Crawford*

### Joan Crawford's Six Questions

- 1 What M-G-M star in actual life holds a commission in the U. S. Marines? What is his latest picture?
- 2 What M-G-M picture is based on a famous Oscar Strauss Operetta?
- 3 Where was the secret meeting place of Hester Prynne and the Rev. Dimesdale in "The Scarlet Letter"?
- 4 Who is your favorite M-G-M star and why? (Not more than fifty words.)
- 5 What were the Glencoe Massacres and what M-G-M star plays in what picture concerning them?
- 6 Give four M-G-M reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by March 15th. Winners' names 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 event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Eleanor Boardman Contest of December

MISS MAUD O'BRYAN, c/o Union Sulphur Mine Office, Sulphur, La.

MR. LLOYD E. SCHULTZ  
30 Seneca Street, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS**—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall. (February.)

**GOING CROOKED**—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (February.)

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

**GREAT GATSBY, THE**—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking Daisy Buchanan. (February.)

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

**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.)

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

**HIS NEW YORK WIFE**—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (January.)

**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.)

**\*HOTEL IMPERIAL**—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (January.)

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

**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.)

**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.)

**JOSSELYN'S WIFE**—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (February.)

**JUST ANOTHER BLONDE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (February.)

**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.)

**LADIES AT PLAY**—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (February.)

**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.)

**LONDON**—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (January.)

**\*LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human western that will be great for the kids. (February.)

**LOVE'S BLINDNESS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (January.)

**LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM**—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (February.)

**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.)

**MAGICIAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (January.)

**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 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.)

**MIDNIGHT LOVERS**—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (January.)

**MILLIONAIRES**—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (January.)

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

**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.)

**\*NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (February.)

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

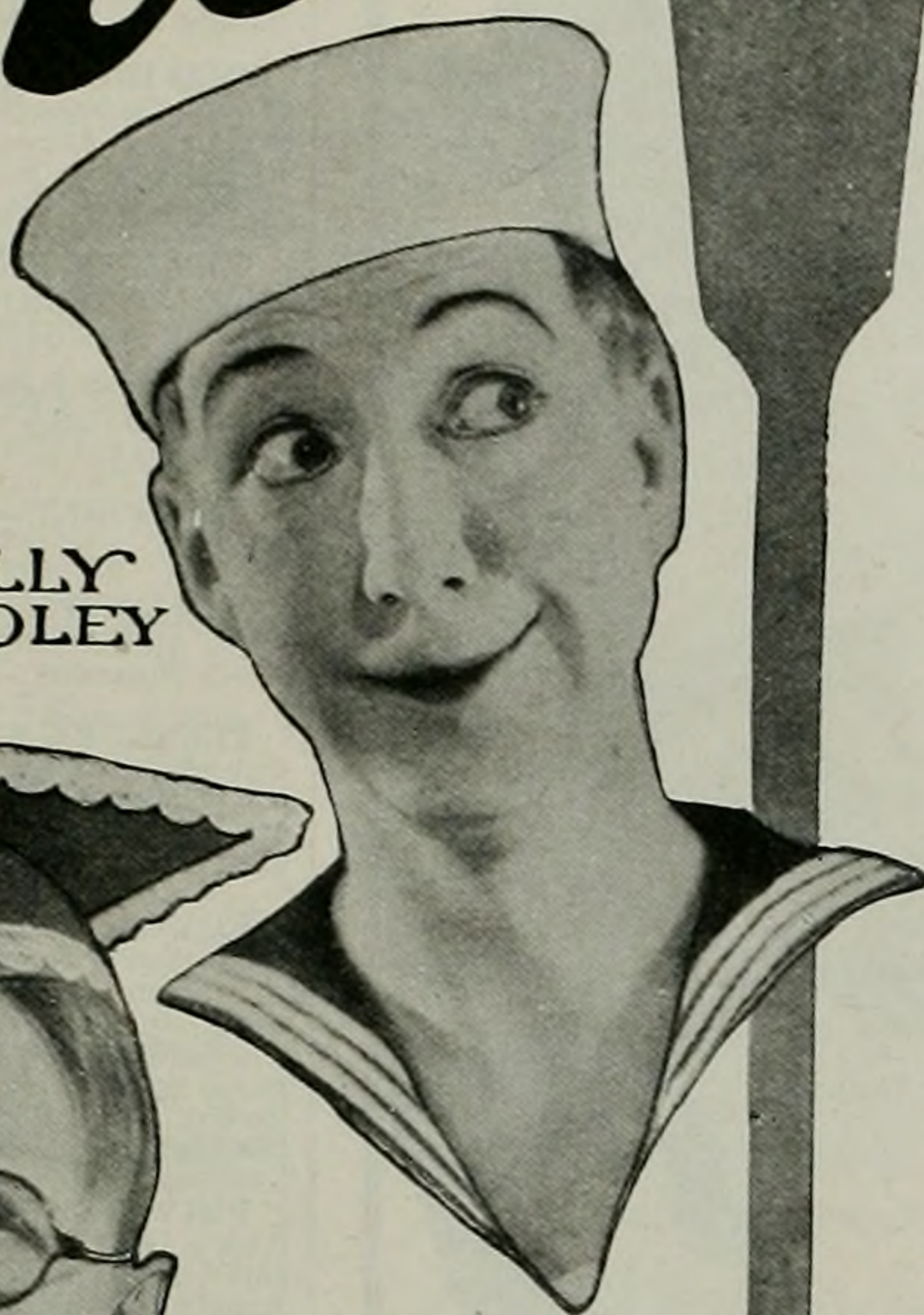
**OBEY THE LAW**—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jail-birds. So-so. (February.)

**OH, BABY**—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.) [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]

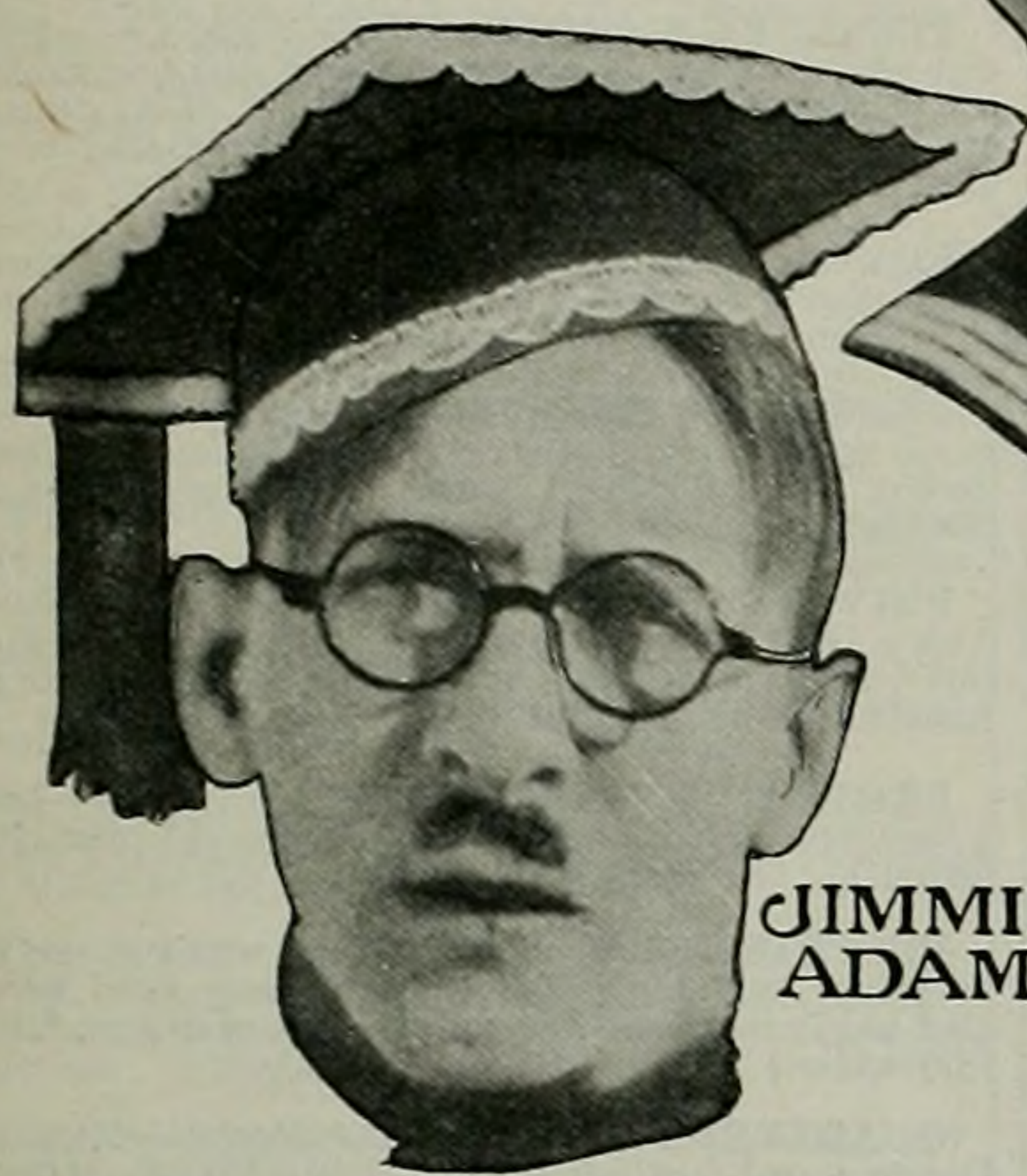
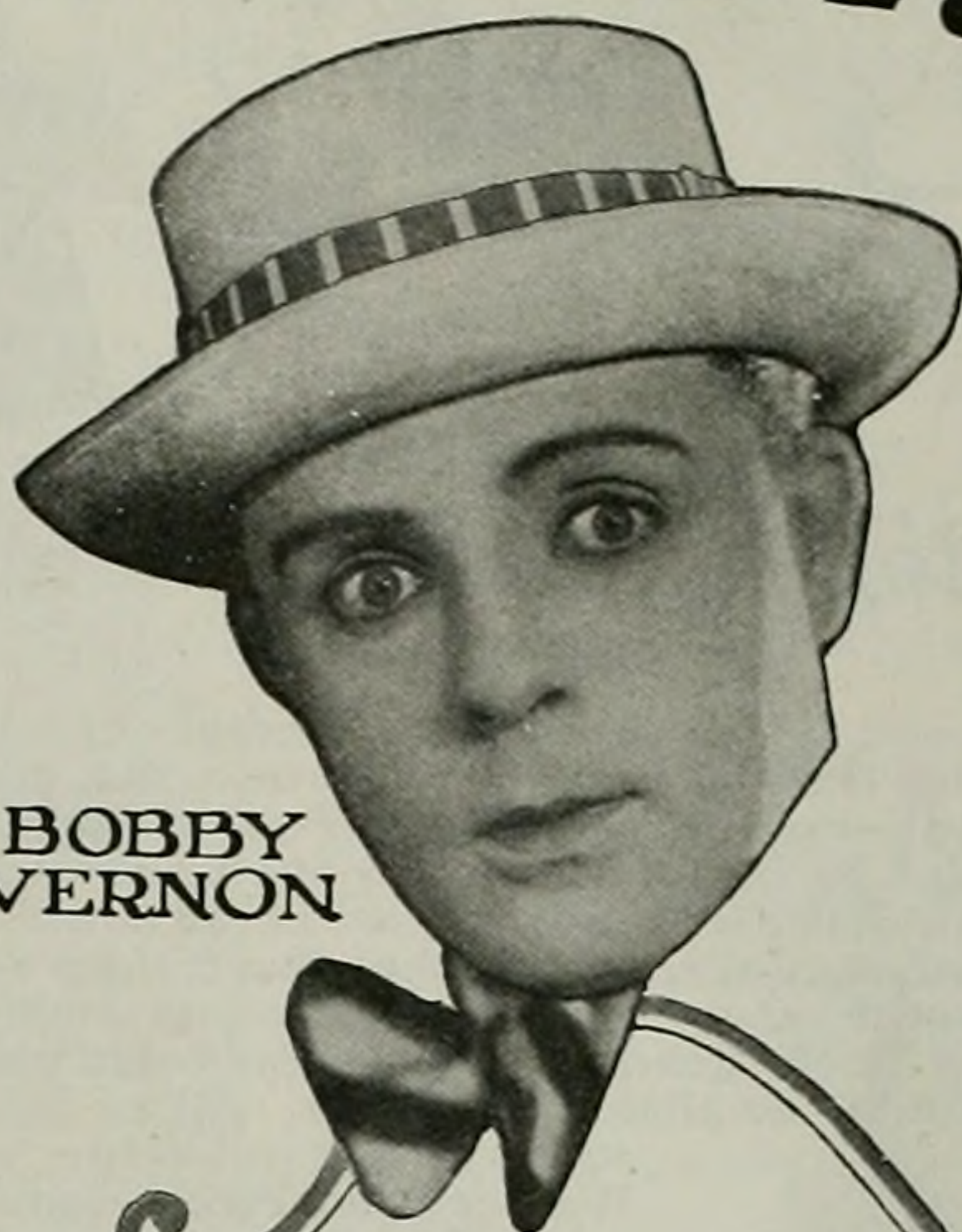


# Entertainment

BILLY DOOLEY



BOBBY VERNON



JIMMIE ADAMS

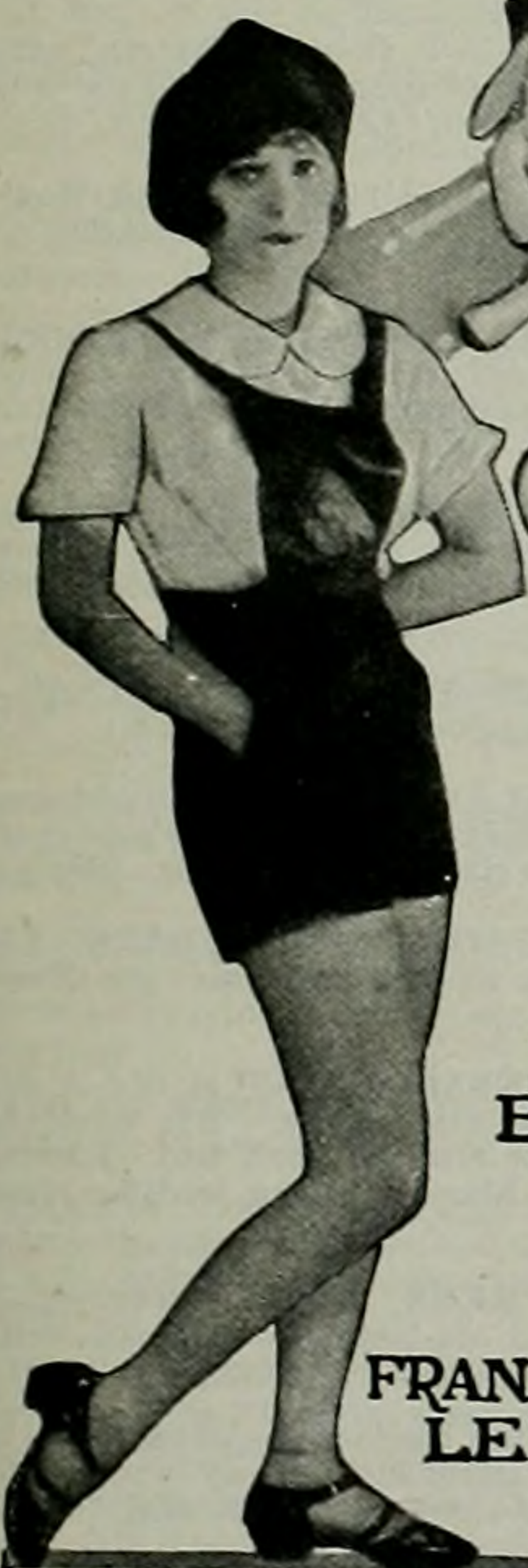
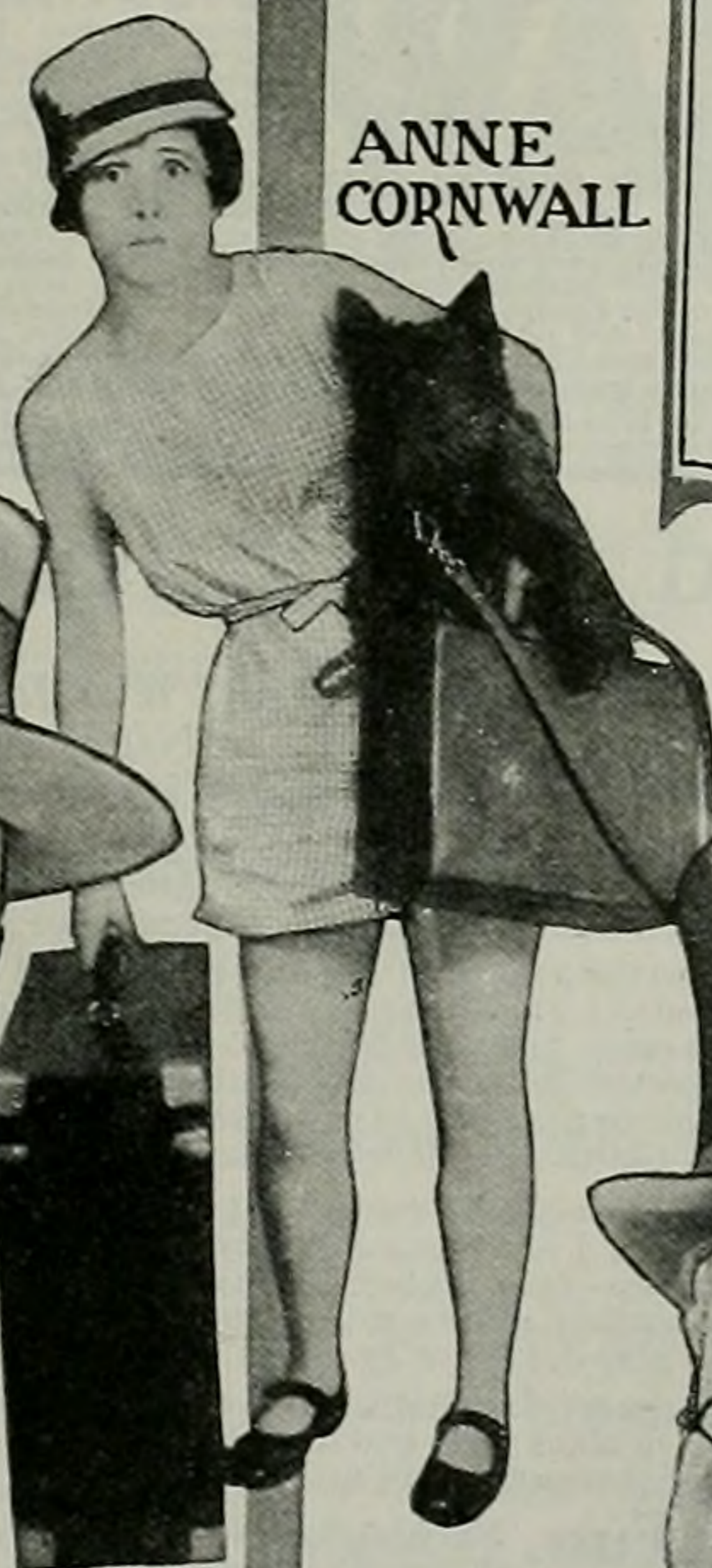
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ANNE CORNWALL

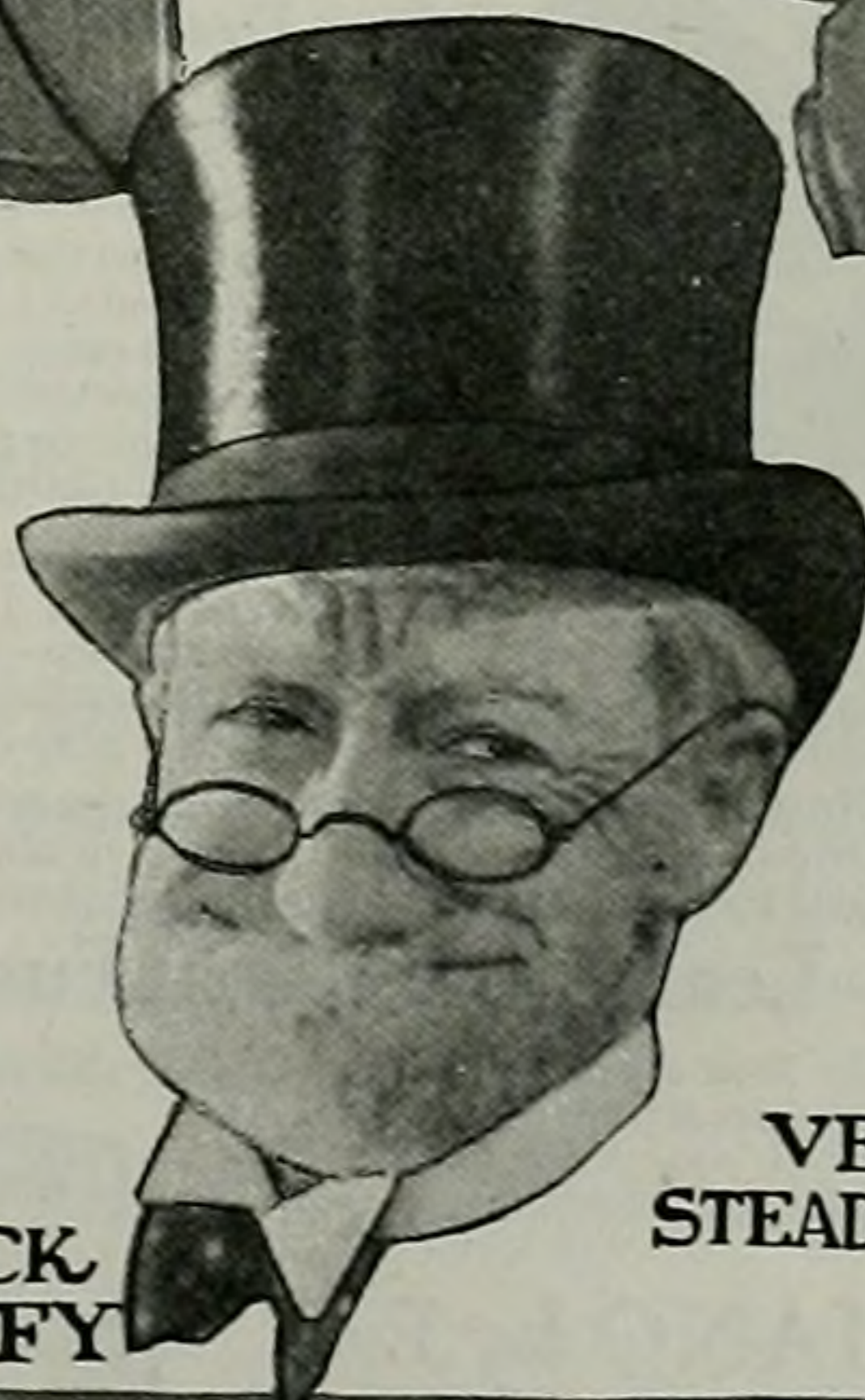


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JACK DUFFY



VERA STEADMAN



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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

**\*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.)

**\*OLD IRONSIDES—Paramount.**—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (February.)

**OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.**—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (Jan.)

**PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.**—What, oh what, is duller than a dull western? (February.)

**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.)

**PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.**—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (January.)

**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.)

**PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.**—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nobody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (January.)

**PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.**—Just a western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

**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.)

**RED HOT HOOF—F. B. O.**—A "Western" with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (January.)

**RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.**—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (February.)

**REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.**—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (February.)

**\*RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—Fox.**—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (January.)

**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.)

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

**ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.**—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading rôles. (February.)

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

**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.)

**\*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.)



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

**SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR**—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (January.)

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

**SILENT LOVER, THE**—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (February.)

**SILENT RIDER, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional western plot. (February.)

**SIN CARGO**—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (February.)

**\*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.)

**\*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.)

**SO'S YOUR OLD MAN**—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small townner who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (Jan.)

**SPANGLES**—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (January.)

**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.)

**STEPPING ALONG**—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (February.)

**STRANDED IN PARIS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (February.)

**\*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.)

**SYNCOATING SUE**—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (January.)

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

**SWEET ROSE O'GRADY**—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (February.)

**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.)

**THAT MODEL FROM PARIS**—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (January.)

**THERE YOU ARE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (January.)

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

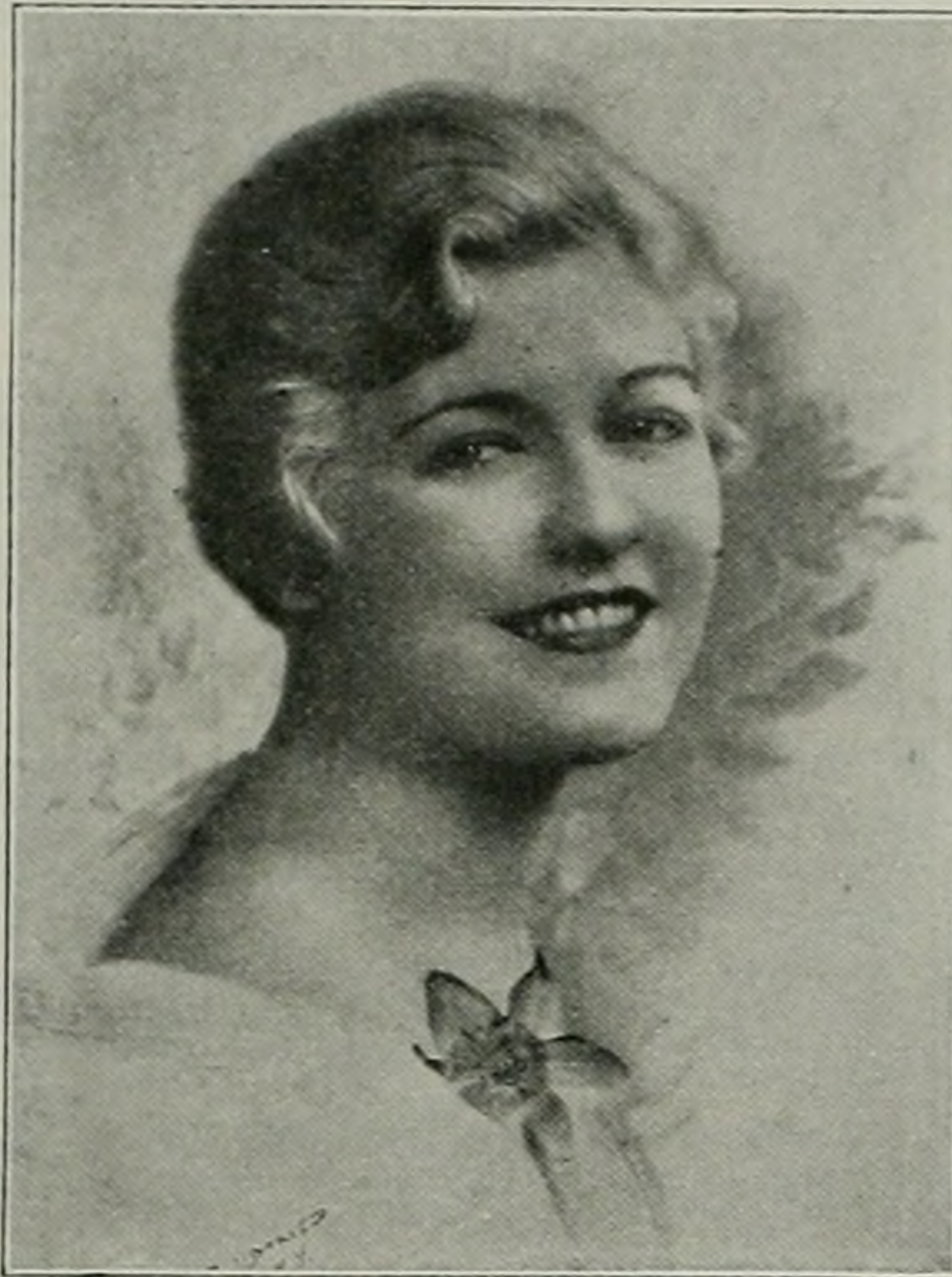
**TIMID TERROR, THE**—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (February.)

**\*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.)

# Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

## Big Pictures in the Making



LAURA LA PLANTE

I am writing this from our California Studio which just now is a veritable hive of industry. More than 2,500 people are working like Trojans doing ambitious things for the followers of Universal pictures.

We are about concluding "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" which will be one of the big pictures of this coming year. Already it has been many months in the making. To get some of the actual scenes of Harriet Beecher Stowe's story, we chartered a steamer and took players along the Mississippi River. This is a Harry Pollard production.

"*The Cat and the Canary*," which you will recall as one of the most successful of the Broadway mystery plays, is being produced by Paul Leni, a German director whose work attracted my attention when I was abroad. LAURA LA PLANTE will star.

"*Alias the Deacon*," another well-remembered Broadway stage success, is being made with JEAN HERSHOLT in the leading role. This is an Edward Sloman production.

It will interest you to know that we have "*Show Boat*," Edna Ferber's best seller, and will produce it on an elaborate scale. Also we are making "*The Chinese Parrot*," Earl Derr Bigger's fine novel, which appeared serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

We are also installing sets and making extensive preparations for screening "*The Big Gun*," an epic of the American navy.

This is real advance information I am giving you, and of course, it will be some time before you can see these pictures.

As you go to the theater these days, remember when you see a Universal you like, that you encourage the producer and the theater man when you tell your friends about the picture. Better still, phone your friends, then you are certain to make the pleasure unanimous.

(To be continued next month)

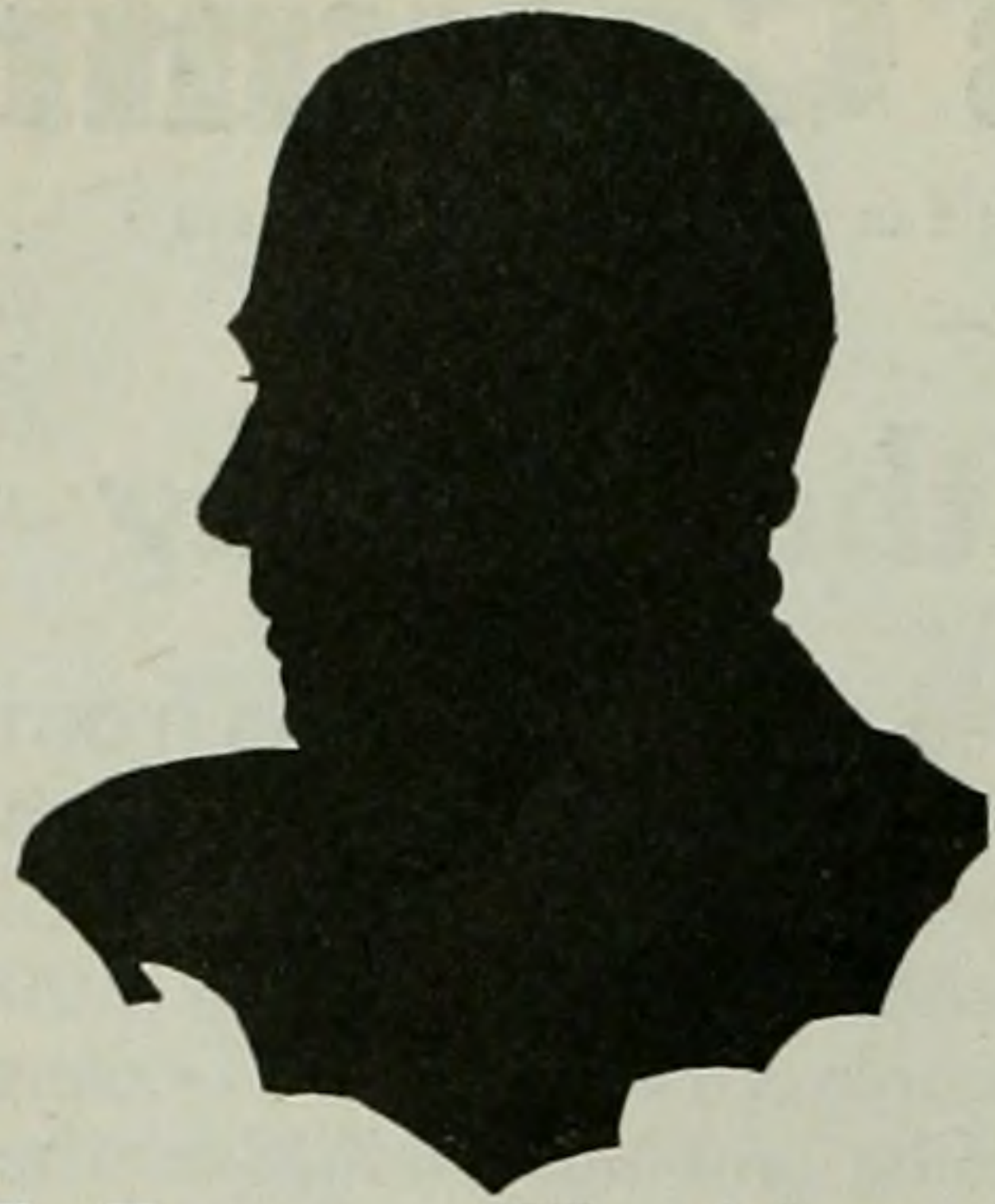
Carl Laemmle  
President

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante

# UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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## To Everyone Who Admired Rudolph Valentino

Dear Friend:

Too much has been written about our Valentino, most of it false, much of it malicious. Since I was his close confidant and friend, as well as his manager, I thought it wise to write, very simply but very truthfully, the real story of Rudolph Valentino, his career, his aims, his life and loves. Because you loved Valentino, you ought to want to read the book I have written, which is called "Valentino As I Knew Him".

This book is a handsome one, of close to 250 pages. Critics, like Quinn Martin, have all praised it. It costs two dollars, and you can buy it at any bookstore. Or else you can use the coupon below to order a copy sent directly to you by the publishers, Macy-Masius. I think you would like to have a copy.

Very sincerely yours

*S. George Ullman*

Macy-Masius: Publishers  
250 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

I enclose two dollars, for which I would like you to send me, postage prepaid, one copy of "Valentino As I Knew Him," by S. George Ullman.

My name is.....

My address is.....

.....

.....

**TIN HATS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (February.)

**\*TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (February.)

**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.)

**\*UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (January.)

**VALENCIA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (February.)

**\*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.)

**\*WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW**—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (January.)

**\*WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (February.)

**WHILE LONDON SLEEPS**—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (February.)

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

**WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (February.)

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

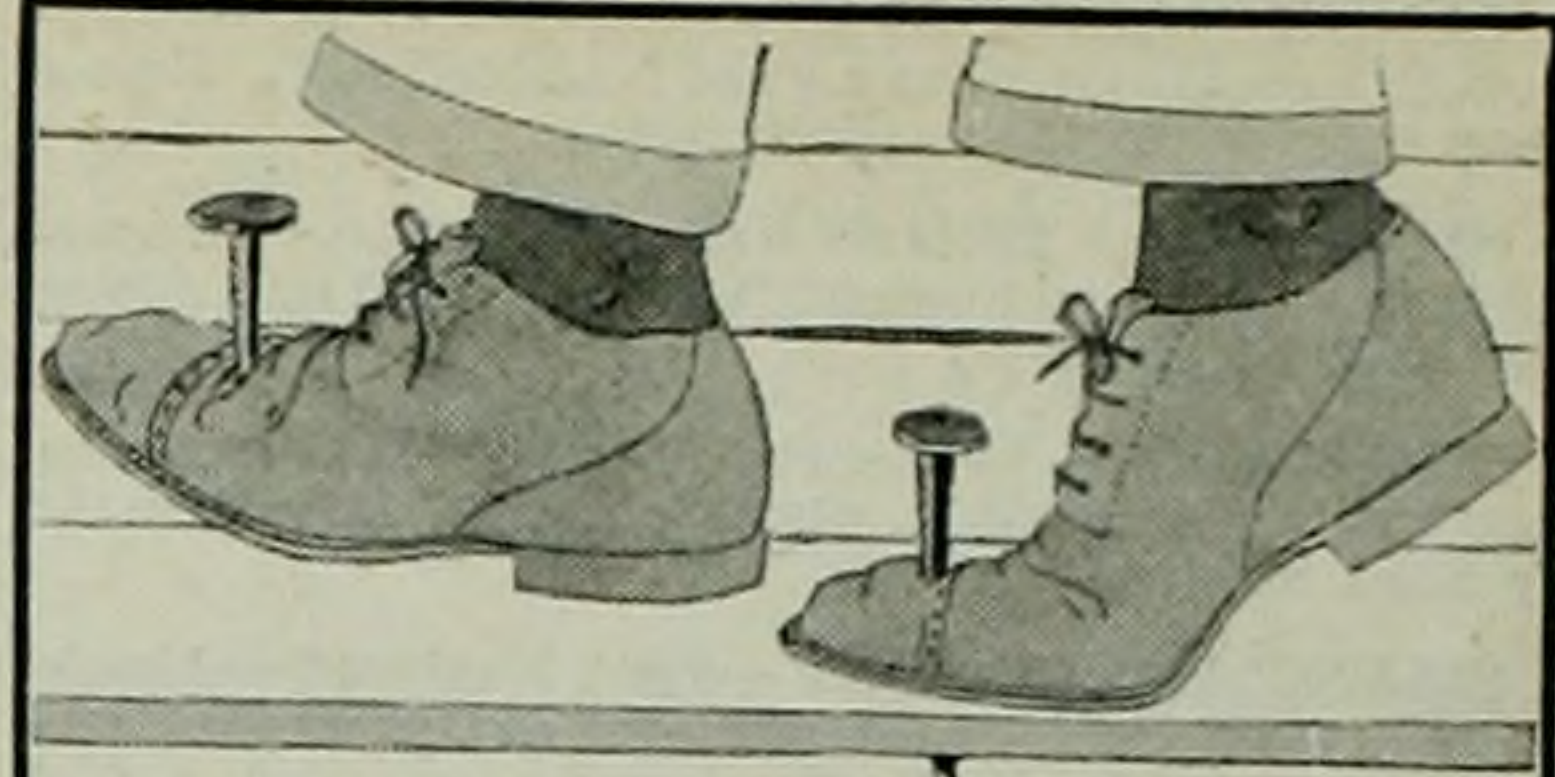
**WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE**—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

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

**WINGS OF THE STORM**—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (February.)

**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.)



# 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 and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is a real reason why some people of seemingly less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put over your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there so mysterious about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it.

You are cheating yourself of your greatest success if you don't know and practice Salesmanship. Our new book,

## Salesmanship Simplified

Contains  
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of proven  
methods  
that will

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Your  
Income**

It's the greatest book ever published on Salesmanship, containing page after page of snappy, to-the-point paragraphs in plain, understandable English, which you will be quick to absorb, showing you just how to handle each individual situation.

This information is supplemented by over 100 specially posed photographs, carefully selected to bring out the finer points in Salesmanship. These photographs in themselves are virtually a course in selling.

This 300-page volume is printed on high quality paper, in clear-cut, legible type, handsomely bound in beautiful dark blue embossed fabricoid. It is a book you will be proud to own.

Think what this great book will mean to you. It will train you to earn bigger money than you have ever earned before. It will equip you to meet competition; break down barriers that have heretofore seemed impassable; show you how to go out and accomplish the things you have always wanted to accomplish. Others are doing it. You can, and owe it to yourself to take advantage of the unusual opportunity this great book offers.

This remarkable book will be sent you **Absolutely Free** with a one year's subscription to OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE, the leading and most interesting salesman's magazine published. Every issue chock-full of interesting articles on selling and hundreds of new ideas for Making Money. In its columns you will also find attractive offers from large, responsible business houses, who are looking for men and women who know how to produce.

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Just send in your name and address. Pay the postman \$2.00 when this book arrives, and your subscription will start at once. If not more than satisfied, return the book within five days and get your money back. Address:

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For Ideas for Motion Pictures

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Full details in the April

## PHOTOPLAY

On the Newsstands March 15th



# Colleen's on the phone!

"Sure thing, honey, I got that job—Ritz Hotel 'phone girl de looks... Yes-sir!—Now I've got to get that Millionaire!"

"There's plenty of 'em here alright... But 'em's fat, fifty, and flirtatious!"

"And sa-a-ay, you should see the goings-on in this parlor-bedroom-and-bath emporium... Enough flirtations and romances to make a dozen Follies plots! Orchids and ermine? This lobby struts nothing else but! I'm not having any in mine, though, thank you, until I meet that good little Millionaire... Gee, I wonder if there is any such animal!"

That's "Pink" Watson for you... And that's celebrated Colleen in her latest, gayest role! She'll give you the lowdown on the high-hatters at the Ritz—and the surprise of your life when she finds out who her nice, shy boy friend really is...

Don't give her the busy signal when she calls at your theatre—sometime soon!

John McCormick presents  
**COLLEEN MOORE**

in *Orchids and Ermine*

with Jack Mulhall  
Story and Scenario by Carey Wilson  
An **Alfred Santell** PRODUCTION



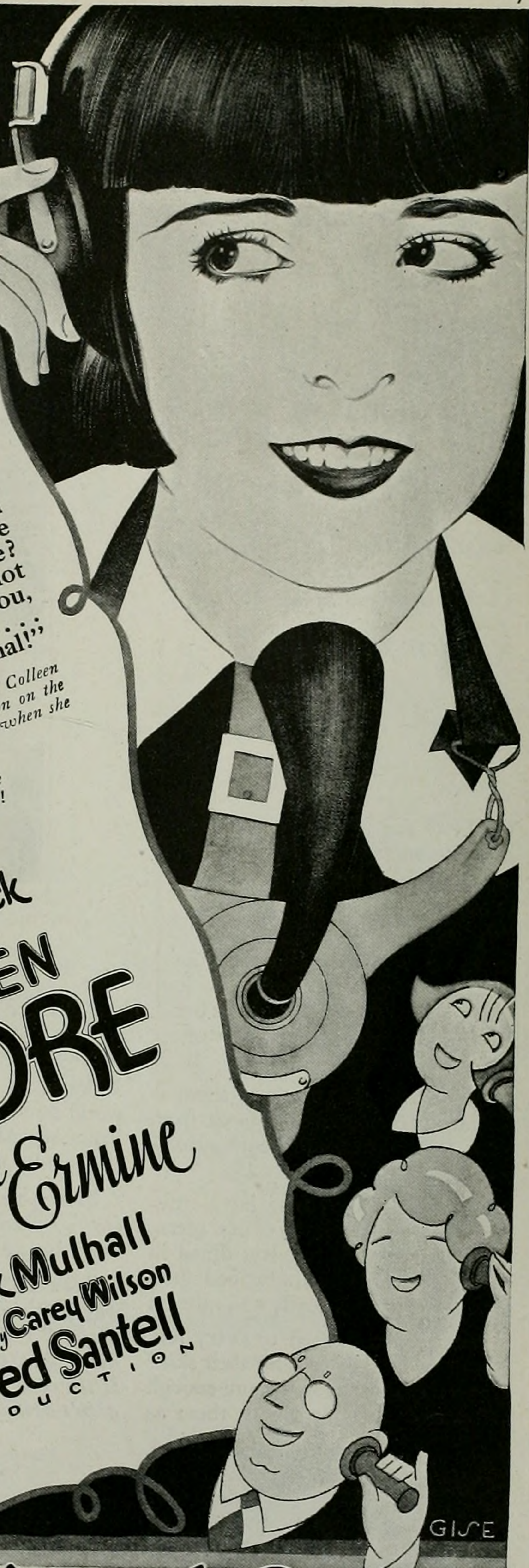
By actual vote America's theatre managers have named COLLEEN MOORE "The Greatest Box-Office Star in Pictures"!



## A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



GISE



# AT THE PALACE in San Francisco

132

## WOMEN GUESTS

*"like this soap better than any other"—find it a wonderful soap for the skin"*

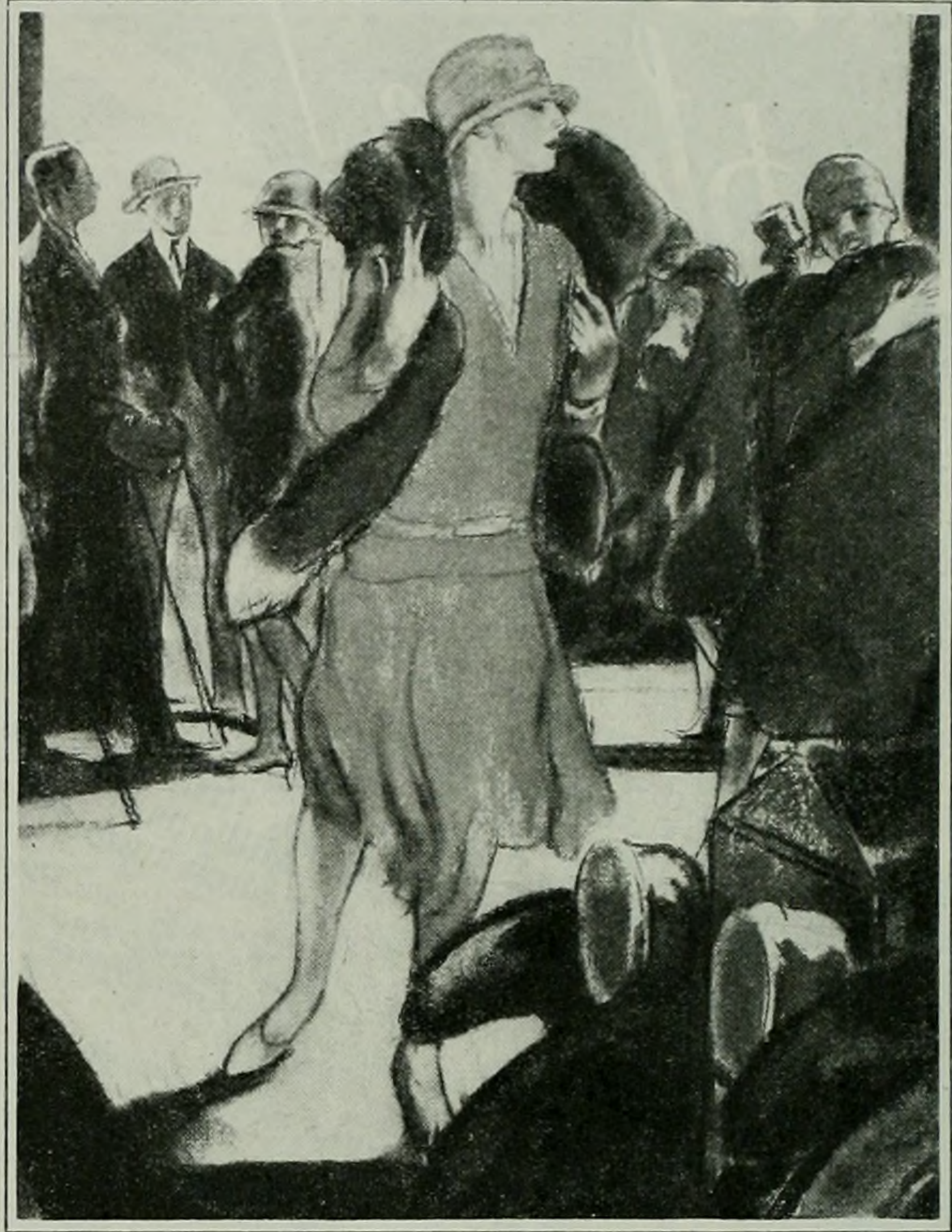
WHO can forget it—the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on one of its gala nights?

Into its whirl of music and laughter there steals now and then the breath of the great Pacific trade winds . . . Just outside its doors lies waiting all the mystery and wonder of the East.

The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan; faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . .

Beautiful women who have travelled the world in search of new pleasures, danced with royalty, dined in the palaces of rajahs, gratified their taste for all that is costly and rare . . .

Women accustomed to every luxury—how do they care for their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to satisfy them as



*"The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan—faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay . . ."*

the ideal soap for the complexion?

We asked 214 women guests at the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco what soap they prefer for the regular care of their skin.

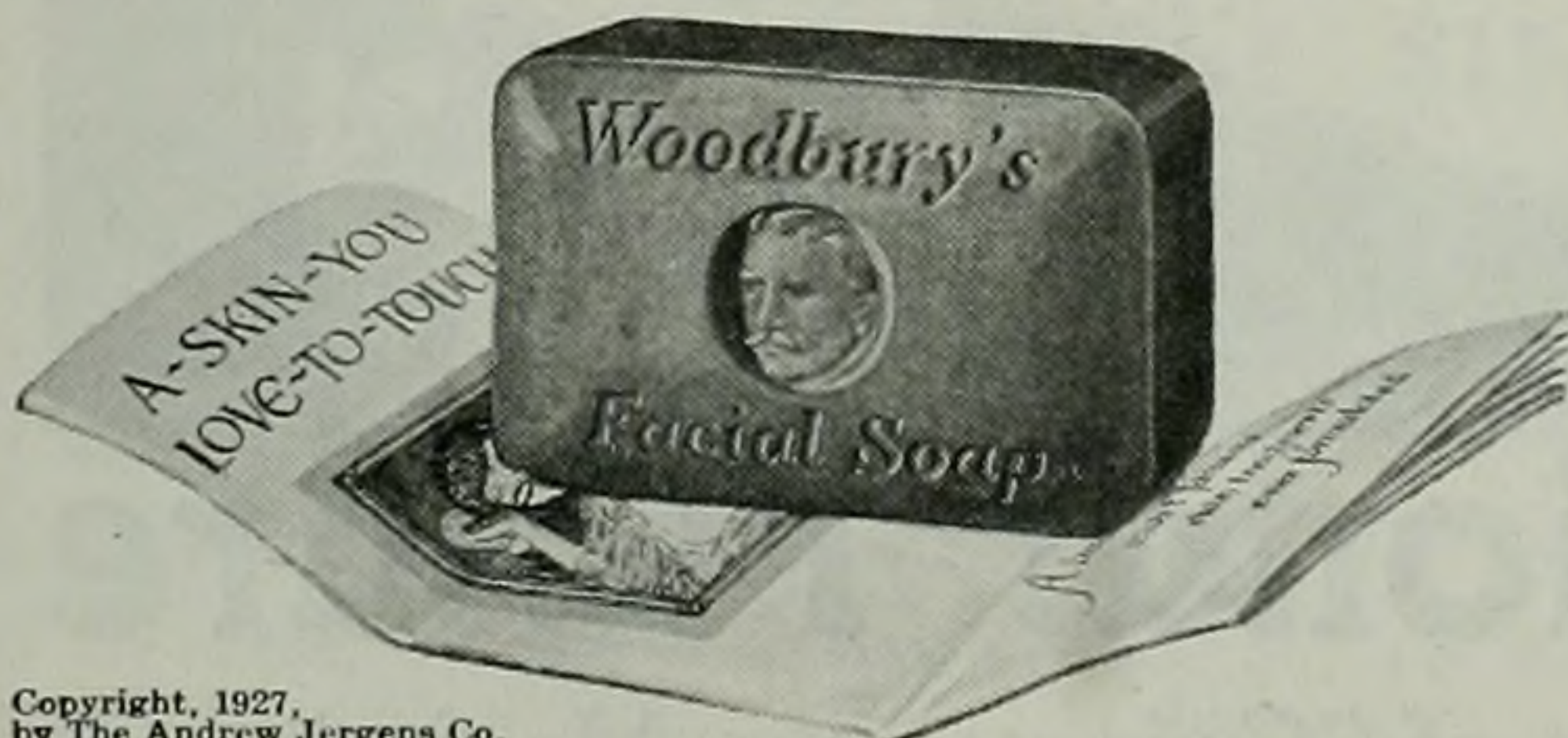
More than half answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap.*" The largest number using any other one soap was 20.

*"It's the most satisfactory in all ways,"* they said. *"It's a wonderful soap."* *"The only soap I can use on my face."* *"I like it particularly because it is the only soap I have ever used that didn't irritate my skin."*

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 soaps.

A 25c 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. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

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



Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

*Cut out this coupon and mail it today!*

Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days + Now—the new large-size trial set

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,  
2205 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2205 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

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





Russell Ball

# *New Pictures*

**G**LORIA SWANSON has joined the Valhalla of heroes and heroines who, having fought their mundane battles as mere employees of producers, are now masters of their own destinies. Such being the case, the only thing to do is to wish Gloria success in "Sunya," her test picture.





Ruth Harriet Louise

WHEN William Haines first entered a studio, as winner of a contest, a high mogul of the producing staff looked at him and said, "No sex appeal!" The high mogul is no longer connected with the studio. Bill is one of its stars. And that's that.





Harold Dean Carsey

**H**OLLYWOOD'S center of excitement—Clara Bow. Will she or will she not get married? We vote against it, because something tells us that Clara will be more successful as an untamed flapper than as a domesticated little wife.





Russell Ball

**N**ATALIE BARRACHE paused just long enough in New York to learn the English language, before journeying on to First National's California studio. And now they've gone and changed the beautiful Russian's name to Natli Barr. Is *that* pretty?





**A** NNA Q. NILSSON is now involved in a cinematic affair called "Lily of the Laundry." It's an answer to the big demand — heh! heh! — for cleaner pictures. Miss Nilsson will be supported by a washboard and a nice big cake of soap.





Witzel

**C**OMES the dawn of a new day for Charles Ray. After all these stormy years, Charlie makes the hit of his life in "The Fire Brigade." In a picture of thrills, Charlie's great comeback is the biggest thrill of all.





**E**AGER—poised—well-groomed—that's the American business girl of today! And always her figure is pliantly confined, though she may choose the filmiest type of Gossard combination, step-in or girdle. She knows the importance of an immaculately groomed appearance, and graceful carriage. She realizes that proper figure support—Gossard figure support—is a vital necessity to her continued charm.

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

*The Gossard Line of Beauty*



# "My Wardrobe used to worry me" says BEBE DANIELS



**I**N her picture success, "The Campus Flirt," Bebe Daniels, petite, vivacious, daring, is winning admirers by the hundreds of thousands. Her maid announced that the lovely frock Miss Daniels is wearing had already been laundered three times in Lux!

*Often lovely clothes faded, lost their fresh, attractive look—now they are kept like new this way*

**T**HEY must always be fresh, immaculate—ready on a moment's notice," said Bebe Daniels as she graciously showed me one beautiful thing after another from her justly famous wardrobe.

Lovely lace and chiffon evening frocks. Smart French models just received from Paris. Trim sports clothes, both flannel and silk, that she adores to wear when off location. Exquisite lingerie, too. Adorable costume slips and knickers of soft crepe de chine, myriad-tinted. Sheer, gossamer-like stockings, so frail in texture, so delicate in coloring!

"My wardrobe used to worry me," said Miss Daniels. "I sent many things to the cleaner's but this was not satisfactory, and oh! such bills. Then my maid tried laundering them, using various

different kinds of soaps, but almost every time they lost their fresh, attractive look—even faded. Someone suggested Lux and the maid tried it out on this adorable chiffon. It came out like new! Now she launders practically all of my clothes herself and I no longer worry for Lux keeps everything in order." Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



**T**HIS dashing beach costume which Miss Daniels designed herself, is creating a sensation among her friends. She wears it when she seeks refuge from the ardors of picture making in her new beach home at Santa Monica, California.



**D**OGS and horses are Bebe Daniels' favorites. She adores nothing more than a brisk morning canter along the beach. Just as she does everything else, she rides well.



*If it's safe in  
water... it's safe  
in Lux*

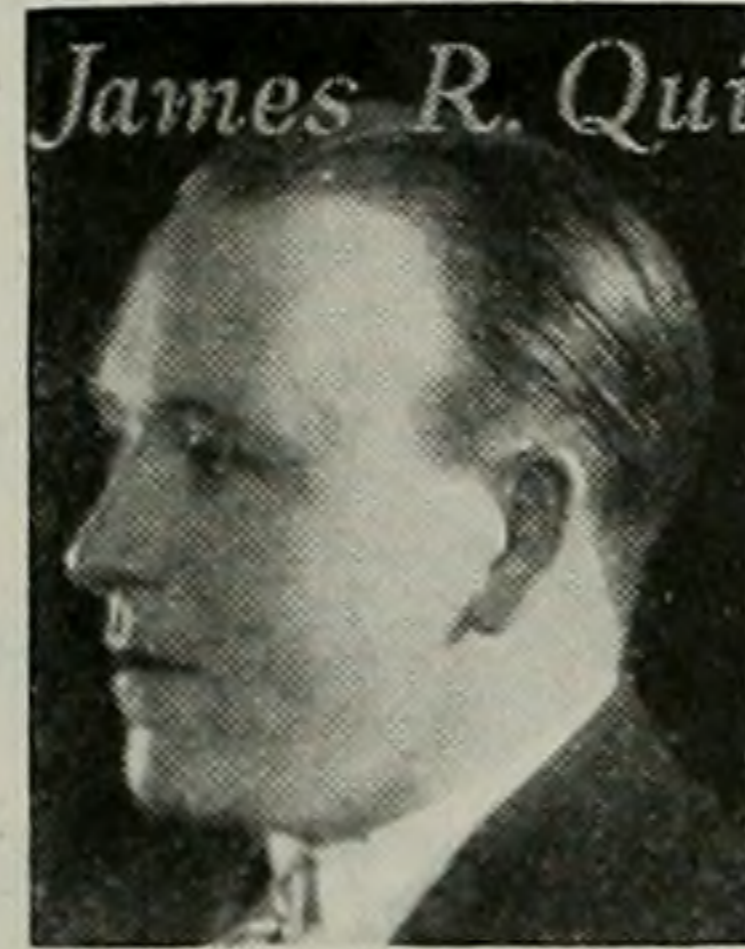


# PHOTOPLAY

March, 1927

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN is the world's greatest comedian, but that little Mexican gal, Lita, is a better showman. The poor little fellow had just finished his "Circus," but she released hers to the public first. Good showmanship but unfair competition, and it may not turn out to be such good business, for if her suit hurts the profits of his new picture there will be a few millions less for her family.

**C**HARLIE made two millions on his "Kid." Lita wants that same amount for each of her two productions. And she claims a lot more for her gold rush than Chaplin was able to get out of his.



**C**HARLIE done right by little Nell and there's gold in them thar mountains.

**I**HAD an idea that he was a pretty astute financier. He had turned a pair of baggy trousers, oversized shoes, and an undersized hat into a fortune. He was the richest actor in the world.

**H**E could not have been called a spendthrift. Nearly all the stories about his penuriousness were unfounded and unfair. His early hardships instilled into his mind a wholesome respect for money, and he saw enough of life to know that a fool and his money are mere acquaintances.

**H**E had seen the popular spenders of Hollywood go the lonely way of all good fellows. He had seen the fair weather friends scuttle

away from Arbuckle whose heart was as great as his girth. He had seen how few showed genuine grief at the passing of Rudy Valentino, who thought money was invented to make life pleasant for others as well as to secure happiness for himself.

**I**ONCE heard a ham actor, slightly tipsy, accuse him directly of being tight, urging him to set up the champagne for the boys at the old Alexandria bar.

"I hope," he replied, "to become famous as a comedian—not as a fool."

No single individual in history has ever given us so many laughs. Now that he is in trouble let us save our chuckles for his next picture.

**D.** W. GRIFFITH is back in Hollywood groping about for a theme worthy of his megaphone. We hope he finds one that will bring him back to the position that he earned and held for years as our finest director.

His golden throne has been melted by inferior productions and the metal fashioned into medals for a dozen directors who were unheard of when D. W. was making motion picture history.

**M**R. GRIFFITH'S trouble seems to be that of a man who starts out to design and build a beautiful cathedral single handed. He wants to be architect, stone mason, sculptor and mural painter. Motion pictures today demand many minds and many hands. If D. W. could get set on this we could call in all the medals and give him his throne back. [CONT'D ON PAGE 72]







Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin

# The Port

Head and shoulders over every other writer is Adela Rogers St. Johns in stories of the most romantic place and the most romantic people in the world. She knows the heart of Hollywood, its secrets, its triumphs and its tragedies. The series, here starting, represents her finest work

## The Story of Greta

**H**OLLYWOOD is the Port of Missing Girls. They come from the far corners of the globe—from here, from there, from everywhere. Wearing gingham, wearing silk.

Like flies drawn to a honey pot, they come. And the honey within this pot is sweet with fame and wealth and romance and adventure.

Out of that long list of girls, one name in every ten thousand comes to be written in gigantic letters upon the billboards of the world. The movie game is at least a ten-thousand-to-one shot.

The story of success is always the same. There is only one story of success.

But the story of every failure is different.

The one who succeeds wears jewels and rides in a Rolls-Royce and her face is a trademark.

What becomes of the rest of the ten thousand?

Ah, those are the stories that tingle to the very ends of your fingertips to be told, that come clamoring at the door of your memory. Some of them can never be told.

**O**THERS should be nailed as warnings across the entrance to movieland to turn back the hordes of unwelcome, unwanted, movie-mad young things who come bearing their prettiness to Hollywood, as coals borne to Newcastle.

What a procession!

Pick this one—that one—out of the mob.

Those whose stories can be told now.

Persis, of the violet eyes.

Little Judy Keene.

The lovely Paula, once belle of a Baltimore country club.

Marilyn, the lily maid.

Patty, of the flappers.

And Greta.

I do not know why Greta comes first, demanding to be told.

Only that there is an epic quality to the story of Greta, the girl who knew love twice.

In a way, it symbolizes the strange waste and futility of the Port of Missing Girls.

And yet—and yet—as Greta herself said—

But of that you must judge for yourself.

**T**HE long, late twilight lay deep upon the farm. In it, the rippling wheat was like some golden sea of mythology, breaking into a crest along the majestic, crumbling bluffs. Even the great, red barns and the idle windmill were outlined widely in gold. And the early golden-rod hung graceful plumes over the flowing dust of the road. A streak of fiery crimson burned along the very edge of the deep-blue sky.

Greta looked out over it, wringing the dishcloth between strong, competent hands. Her face at the small window was rather like a reflection, with its mass of golden hair, and the burning, crimson cheeks, and the deeply blue eyes. There was an affinity between the strong, vivid beauty of her face and the glory of the sunset land.

A little moustache of sweat kept forming along her upper lip and she wiped it away absently with the back of her wet hand, but it did not discompose the little half-smile that curved up the corners of her mouth.

"Don't forget you should wash out them dishtowels, Greta," said Mrs. Harkness sharply, from across the big kitchen.

The glowing face darkened, fell. The lovely under lip shot out.

"Aw, Mrs. Harkness—" said the girl slowly. Her voice was deep, sweet, almost purring. It had a peculiar quality, foreign, uneven.

**M**R.S. HARKNESS straightened up from her bread and her lips snapped open.

"You heard what I said," her eye was firmly upon the girl, "you wash out them dishtowels before you go sneaking off to the movies. You left 'em last night and I ain't going to stand for it tonight!"

Greta glowered, her face a deeper crimson. Then she moved to the big stove and brought back the steaming teakettle. Even against the background of the drab kitchen, her movements suggested old-time Norse goddesses.

"Since five o'clock I been working on my feet," she muttered.

And then, as the stream of water hissed into the dishpan, her laugh rang out, tingling with life.

"What a smart eye you got, Mrs. Harkness," she said. "I guess nobody puts it over on you, hey?"

The only thing untrue about this story is the girl's name



# of Missing Girls

By



Adela  
Rogers  
St. Johns

## No. 1

Greta, who knew love twice, the first of six girls with strange destinies

Mrs. Harkness went on setting her bread, the stern line of her lips softened by an expression of satisfaction.

"You bet they don't," she said; "you're a good girl, Greta, and a hard worker. But you got to get some of these flighty notions out of your head. Chasing around the movies every night and such foolishness. You'd be a heap better off if you wasn't so pretty. I come mighty near not hiring you after I seen you."

"You think I'm pretty?" asked Greta, naively delighted. "But I should bob my hair maybe. It's got a funny look, so long like a horse's tail."

"You let your hair alone," said Mrs. Harkness grimly. "You got beautiful hair, and it's a woman's crowning glory. Oh yes, you're pretty enough. What'd you think these half-baked farm hands are always hanging around my kitchen door for? But let me tell you, Greta, they're worthless as shucks. You behave and save your money like you been doing and some day a decent fellow with a piece of land will come along and marry you. You'd make a good wife for some man."

Greta took off her apron and hung it up. Her cheap gingham dress clung to her hot body and revealed the slim, full lines of it. There was a little droop about her shoulders and waist, a tired droop that added a soft, sensuous charm.

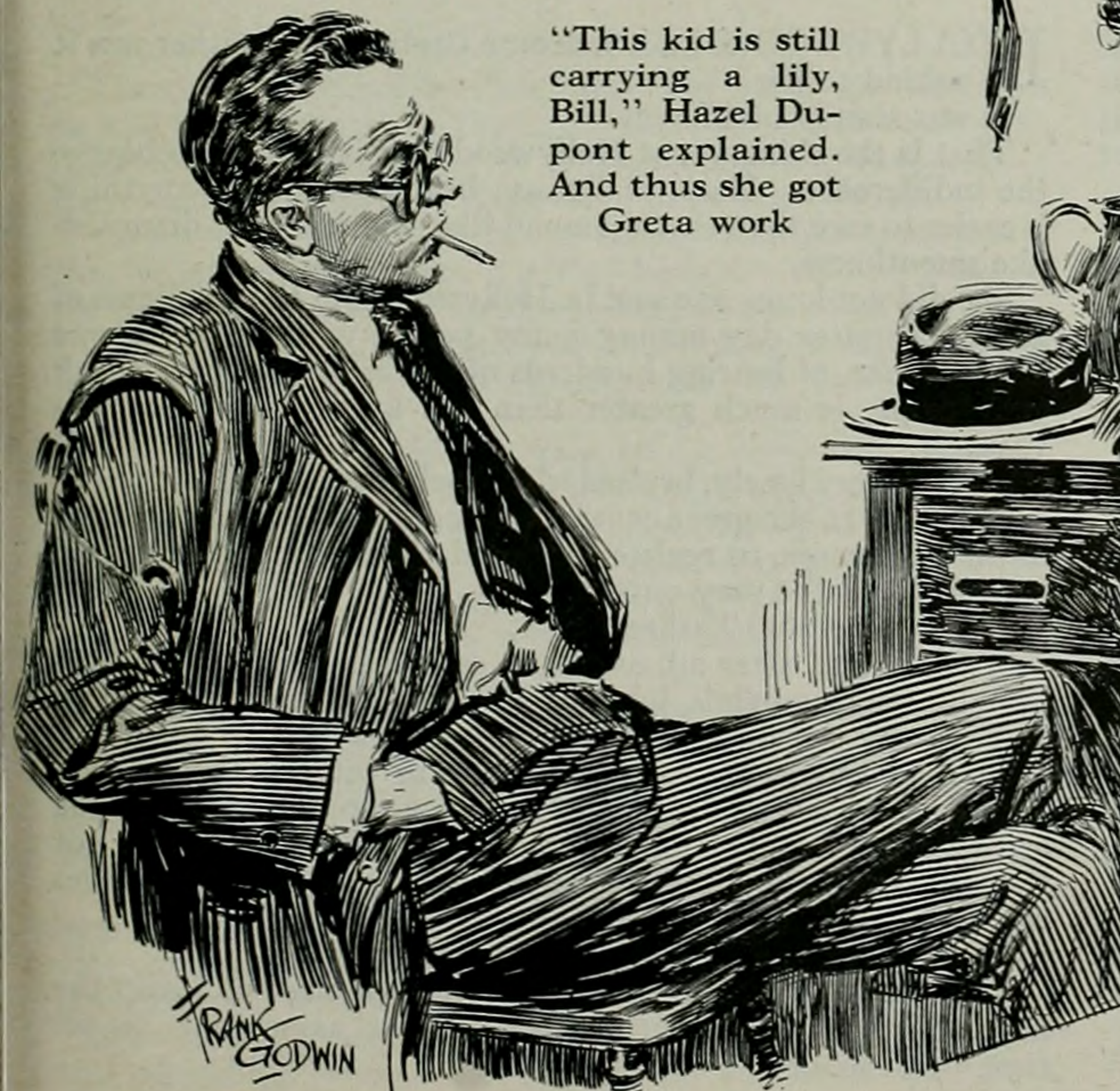
"I ain't going to marry no farmer," she said.

"Is that so?" Mrs. Harkness was belligerent. "Why not, Miss?"

Greta was putting on her plain, ugly straw hat in front of the cracked mirror where Mr. Harkness shaved—when he shaved.

"Oh, too much hard work. I been working hard all my life. Get up, work hard, go to bed. I worked like that at home. Plow, milk cows, make garden, help in the fields, cook, wash, take care of chickens—I know it all. Work like man and like woman, too. Since I been on this farm, I work just so hard, too. No, I don't marry with no farmer. Not me."

A little smile of superiority touched her lips. She was somehow conscious just then of her tall, perfect body, of the nice regularity of her features, of the deep blue of her eyes. She *was* pretty. Even Mrs. Harkness had said so. There were places where those things counted. A girl as pretty as she was shouldn't have to drudge.



"This kid is still carrying a lily, Bill," Hazel Dupont explained. And thus she got Greta work





# Girls, like flies drawn to a honey pot, globe to Hollywood, Land of

But now Mrs. Harkness waxed sarcastic. "I suppose you're figuring on marrying some millionaire," she said. "You got less sense than I give you credit for, Greta. Looks don't always lead to *marriage*. Often as not they lead to something else. If you could catch some nice, steady fellow like Ambrose Peters, with some land, you'd be pretty lucky."

But Greta looked suddenly stubborn. Her mouth was sulky. She started to slip away into the soft dusk without answering.

"Where you going?" demanded Mrs. Harkness.

From the dusk outside, Greta's voice came soft, mysterious. "I'm going to the movies, Mrs. Harkness. You shouldn't care?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Harkness, "if you're such a fool as to drive sixteen miles to town and lose all your sleep for one of them silly movie pictures."

"Aw, Mrs. Harkness," pleaded Greta, "movies is wonderful. Gee, I can live all day thinking about what I seen in them. They're—like heaven."

"Greta, that's blasphemous!"

"No, it's not," said Greta, simply. "I'm going with Ambrose Peters."

**H**OT, dark, packed with human bodies, vibrant with human breath, dirty and restless—the movie house in the little farm town.

Sound of a tinkling piano, of scraping feet, of too-loud laughter and rough, raw voices.

Ambrose Peter's young shoulder pressed hard against Greta's, his knee sought hers and retreated, afraid.

But she saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing of it all.

The screen unfolded its silver magic and transported her as easily as a child is transported by a fairy tale. Her mouth was a little open with breathless delight, and her hungry eyes never wavered.

Lovely head upon the screen, clear as a cameo, glistening, perfect.

"Gee, how much she looks like you, Greta," whispered Ambrose Peters; "it's wonderful. Only you're prettier. Her nose is exactly like yours."

He thought she did not hear him.

Coming home across the miles of prairie she was very silent, amazingly silent for Greta—who usually talked and laughed boisterously.

The sound of her breathing was hurried, tense, in the darkness.

Somehow the man beside her sensed that it was not his presence that caused that hurried, tense breathing, nor was it the sight of the great prairie awash with starlight, nor the night scents, heady and delicious, that poured upon them.

"Greta?" he said at last.

"Yes, Ambrose."

"Greta, I been thinking a lot about you lately."

He could just see the outline of her head in the starlight. She had taken off her hat, and the clear, fine line of her profile silhouetted against the shimmer of the night and her golden hair had a faint gleam. It confused him.

But he floundered on, something nice in his simplicity. "I got a good piece of land," he said. "I'm doing well on it. If I had a woman, I'd do better. Two good years, and maybe I could build a nice house. What I need is a good wife."

Greta's voice came from a great distance.

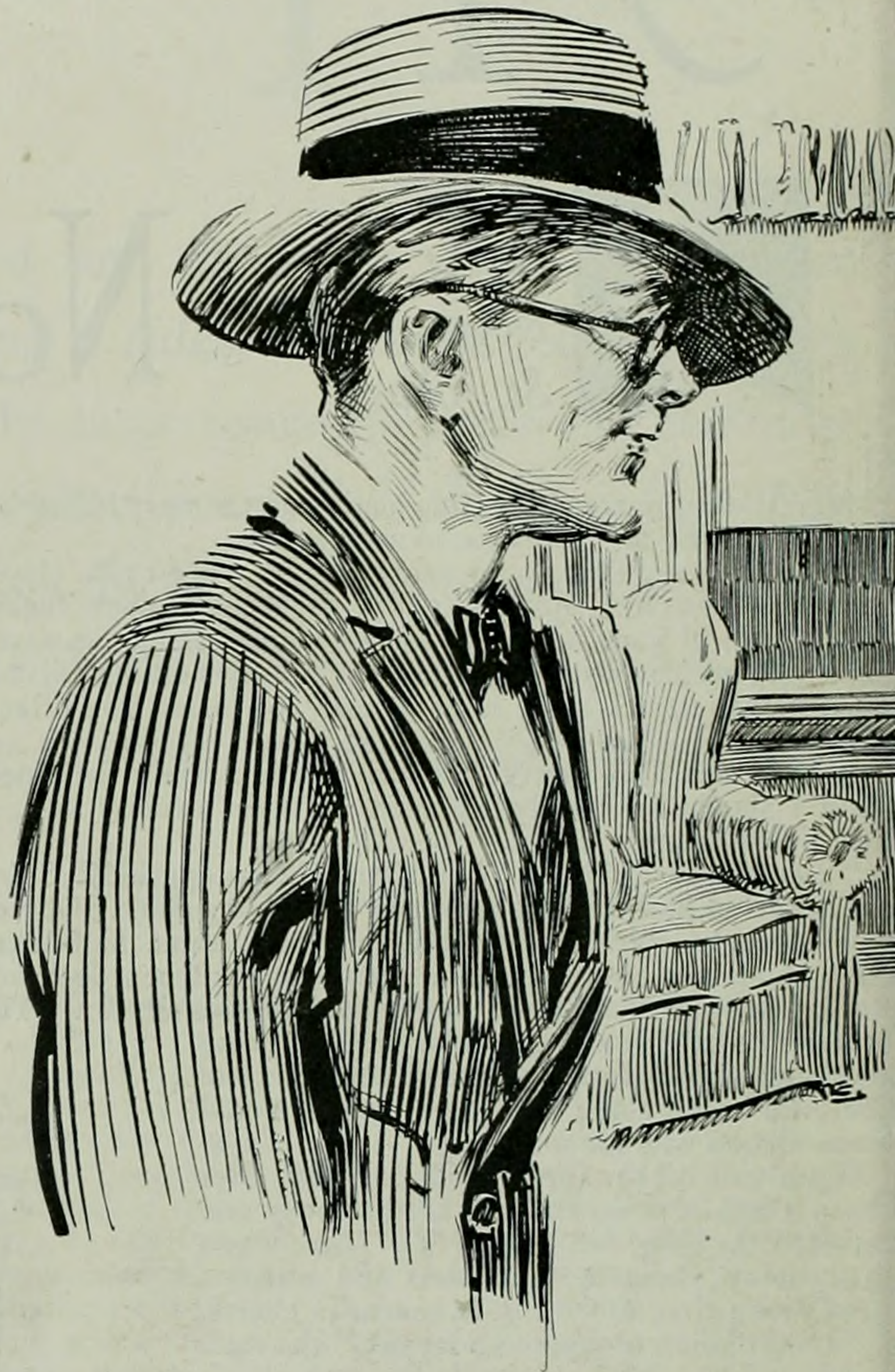
"Did you mean it when you said I looked like that woman that played the duchess—like Virginia Calvert?"

The man was puzzled, a little offended and sullen. What kind of an answer was that to give a man?

"Sure," he said, "and I'm not the only one that says it. I've heard lots of folks say it. You look like her, all right. Only—I think you're prettier, Greta."

There was another long silence, while Greta stared at the land before her. She did not know herself how much she loved the land. Now she did not even see it. As for the big, slow, homely young man beside her, she had forgotten him completely.

"I'm not going to marry a farmer," said Greta. "Not me."



**H**OLLYWOOD did not welcome Greta. But neither was it unkind to her.

It was simply indifferent.

That is the thing about Hollywood that is hardest to bear—the indifference. Hate, malignity, brutality, almost anything is easier to face than that diamond-like coldness, that diamond-like smoothness.

She did not know one soul in Hollywood and the loneliness of going day after day among many people without seeing one familiar face, of hearing hundreds of voices which never speak your name, is much greater than the loneliness of nature's vastness.

She was very lonely, bruised with loneliness.

The man at the great central casting office had refused even to take her name, to register her, and that blow had staggered her a little at the very outset.

"But—why not?" asked Greta.

Was she not, after all, as pretty as she had been led to believe by the farmhands, by Mrs. Harkness, by Ambrose Peters, and even by the cracked old mirror?

"We never register anybody any more without they've had experience or are recommended by some recognized producing organization," said the man, kindly but wearily. "We've got thousands and thousands registered now more than we can get work for."

"Perhaps at the studios—" said Greta, slowly.

"All the studios do their extra casting through us," said the man. "It's an agreement of the producers' association. Saves time—and money."



# come from the far corners of the Promise, Port of Missing Girls



People get acquainted very quickly in a warm kitchen on a rainy night. When they left Larry kissed Greta good-night. And that was that. Just an evening. Meant nothing. Only it happened that Greta had fallen in love. That love lighted a fire that was almost to consume her

enough now for her healthy young appetite—but as long as she had something she would stick it out, hoping for the miracle.

She might have been waiting yet, sticking it out, starving to death from sheer stubborn determination not to quit, if it hadn't been for Hazel Dupont.

You don't know Hazel. No, of course you don't. She is just one of the failures whose story can never be told. And she had been in the Follies, too. Or at least, they said she had, though if all the ex-Follies girls in Hollywood were lined up one beside another they would stretch from here to the moon.

The first time Greta ever saw Hazel, she was slum-

bering peacefully upon the spot where Greta usually found her milk bottle. It was very early in the morning, but Greta had not learned to sleep late, and when she woke up she was hungry.

It startled her a little to find that small, soft body curled up at her door.

But it did not startle Hazel. There was practically nothing left on earth that could do that. She sat up and looked at Greta.

"AM I in your way?" she said politely. "You don't happen to have a pot of coffee or a bottle of gin about you anywhere, do you? Because if so, I'll be right in."

"I'll make a cup of coffee right now," said Greta.

Funny how her heart ached with longing, grew cold with fear that this waif of the night might turn away. You can judge from that how lonely she was. Why, she even tried to lure her in with an offer of the one egg left in her lean larder.

But the girl warded off the egg with a small, none-too-clean hand.

"Not yet," she said. "Something tells me this is not a moment to trifle with eggs. I'll stick to a liquid diet until the old tummy quits impersonating the channel on a rough day. You said you didn't have any gin? Well, maybe it's just as well. Coffee has its advantages. Who're you, sister?"

Greta told her. The words tumbled over each other. Never had she talked so much. The stored-up speech of those lonely months poured itself out and Hazel listened, frankly yawning behind her cigarette.

"Sister," she said, "I've heard that story oftener than anything else in this world except

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

"But—what shall I do?"

The man looked her over with wise and weary eyes and then he told her to go back to the farm. He had seen so many girls come to that window that he could usually tell from whence they came—he always advised them to go back there.

"Hollywood doesn't want any more untrained girls, unless they've got money or folks or a job," he said. "It's no place for them. Breaking into pictures is the hardest game in the world."

But that peculiar stubbornness that was so much a part of her had settled upon Greta's lovely face. She did not believe him. They never do.

The endless tramp-tramp from studio to studio. The refusals—sometimes mere shut windows with a painted sign "No Casting"—sometimes a rude and bellowing voice—sometimes no answer at all. Greta's feet, so unused to pavements, followed the old, old trail and no detail of it was changed.

At night, she went to the picture shows on Hollywood Boulevard, by herself.

And when she was not tramping from studio to studio, she stayed in her little room, that was like a prison. Her body, used to physical toil, to the outdoors, ached and cramped in its narrow confines. And discouragement engulfed her in black waves.

But Greta came of a race used to indifference, used to coldness, used to long waiting. A race that has more often battled and conquered the indifferent sea than any other. Her own movements and thoughts were slow. So she could wait without that panic of nerves that drive most girls mad. As long as she had something to eat—not enough, for she never had quite





**D**OLORES COSTELLO—considerably less soulful than usual. After playing a wistful *Manon* to John Barrymore's *Des Grieux*, Dolores takes another fling at modern melodrama. In "The Third Degree," she goes from wide-spreading skirts of the 18th century to no skirts at all



# Five in

# 1

Edna Huber, studio hair-dresser, conducts these little lessons in bobs

Pauline Starke's variation on one simple hair-cut. Try these before your mirror



The Coquette. For that flirtatious feeling. Part it from ear to ear and pompadour the hair straight back. The bangs are curled flat to the forehead



The Frizette. Ideal for that Greenwich Village romp. Or that Montmartre mob. A tumble of tiny curls that stray in wild confusion. Popular for Wednesday and Saturday nights



The Ritzette. Just the thing to go with orchids and limousine. Looks well under an imported hat. Hair parted to the side and swept across one eyebrow. Wear this and write your own check



The Surfette. Ready for a dip into the ocean. Right for any sport. Coiffure sleek and smooth. Parted to the right with hairslicked back over the ears and plastered to the head

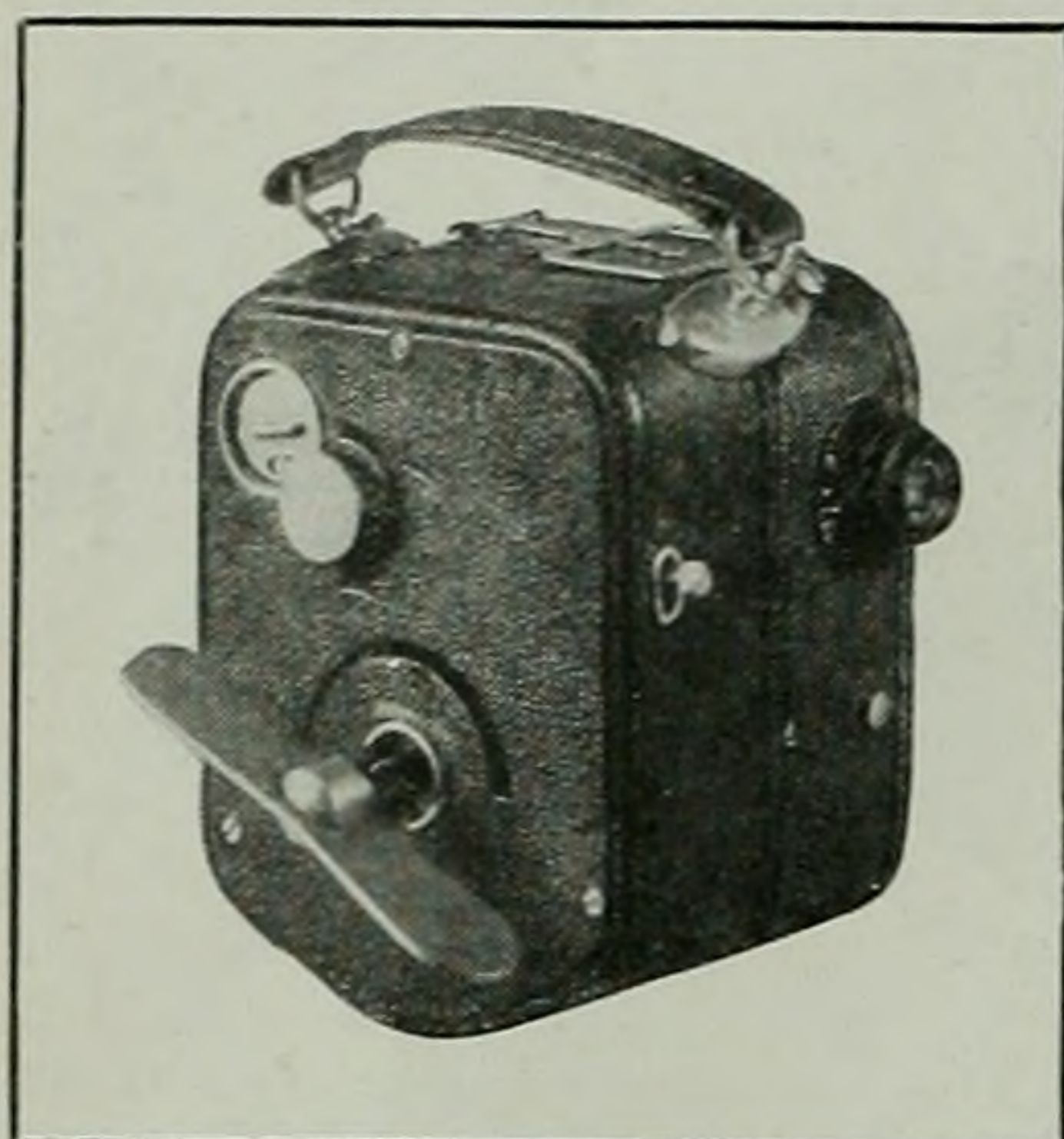


The Demurette. Guaranteed to attract the minister's son. Neat but not naughty. The kind of hair-dress father approved of. Parted in the center, it is waved over the ears. Wear it to the strawberry festival



# The Amateur

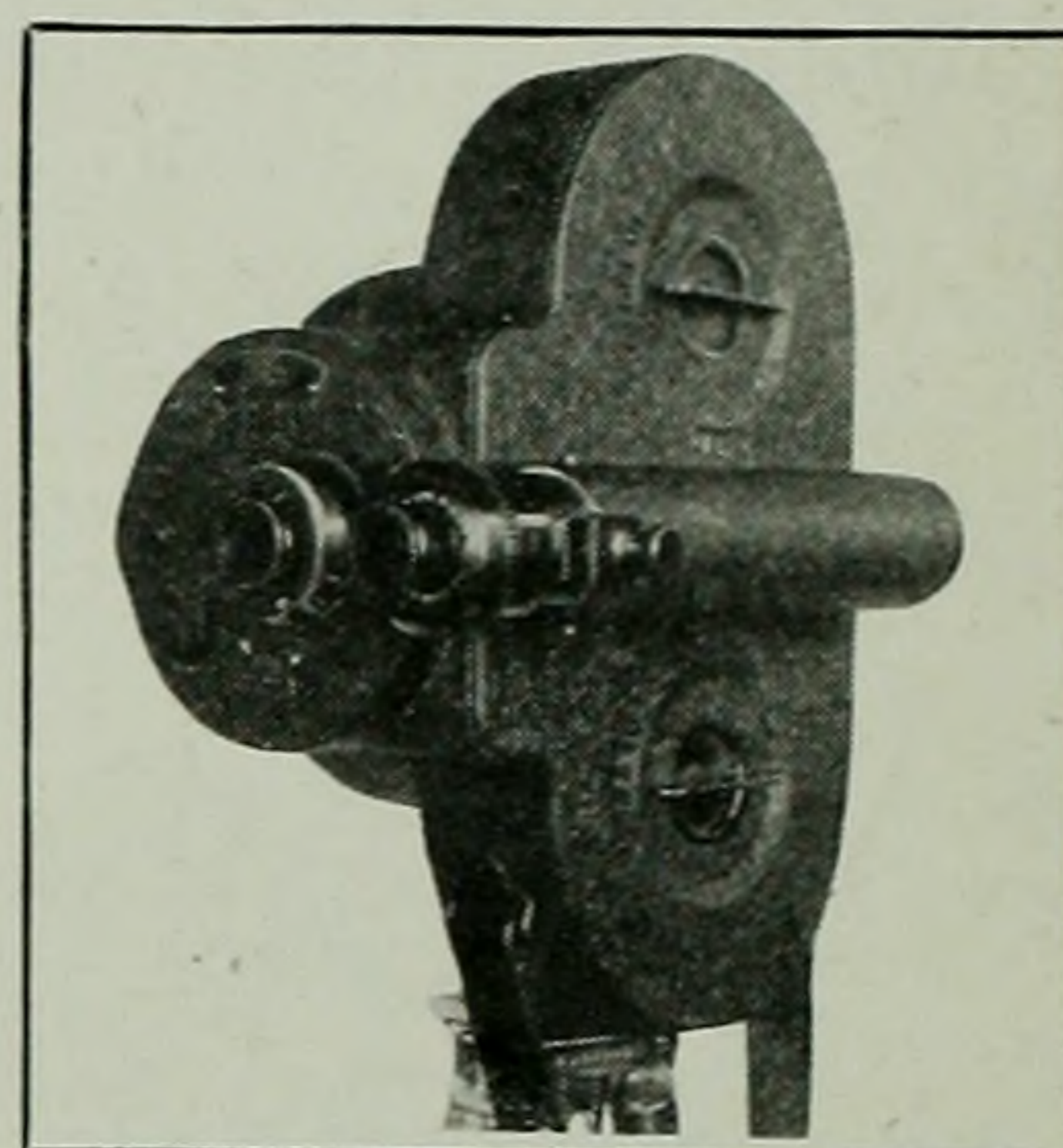
Conducted by Frederick James Smith



The Pathex  
with motor unit



Cine-Kodak Model B  
in operation



The Filmo  
showing spy-glass finder

**A**MATEUR motion picture photography is now within the reach of everyone. Adventuring with a movie camera today is no more expensive than maintaining a good radio set.

If you haven't invested in your own movie camera yet, a glance over the field will be of keen interest to you. Before selecting a camera you will have to face the problem of deciding what size film you want to use. Do you want to take your pictures on standard film stock of the size used in all professional motion picture cameras, 35 mm., or will you use the smaller 16 mm. or even smaller 9 mm. size? The amount of your investment will depend upon this decision.

Naturally, there are advantages to the various sizes. Suppose you decide to use the highly popular 16 mm. size film. You will find a certain distinct saving. There are sixteen pictures to a foot of standard 35 mm. film. A foot of 16 mm. film carries forty pictures. In passing before the camera or projection machine lens one hundred feet of 16 mm. film

occupies the same time required by 250 feet of standard film. Thus 100 feet of 16 mm. film is the condensed equivalent of 250 feet of standard stock.

Eastman non-inflammable 16 mm. stock comes in hundred foot lengths, costing six dollars. This is the total expense of the film, since the initial cost covers the development of the reel and its reversal by a special process into positive for projection. Upon taking his movies, the amateur sends his film to one of the Eastman laboratories. The film is taken through a process of reversal so that the positive which is returned is the actual ribbon of film which was exposed in the camera.

The 9 mm. film, used in Pathex cameras and manufactured by the Pathex laboratories, has particular advantages of cheapness. This will be pointed out in the description of the Pathex camera in this article.

Suppose, however, that you decide to use standard 35 mm. film. Then you must have your negative developed and a positive print made.

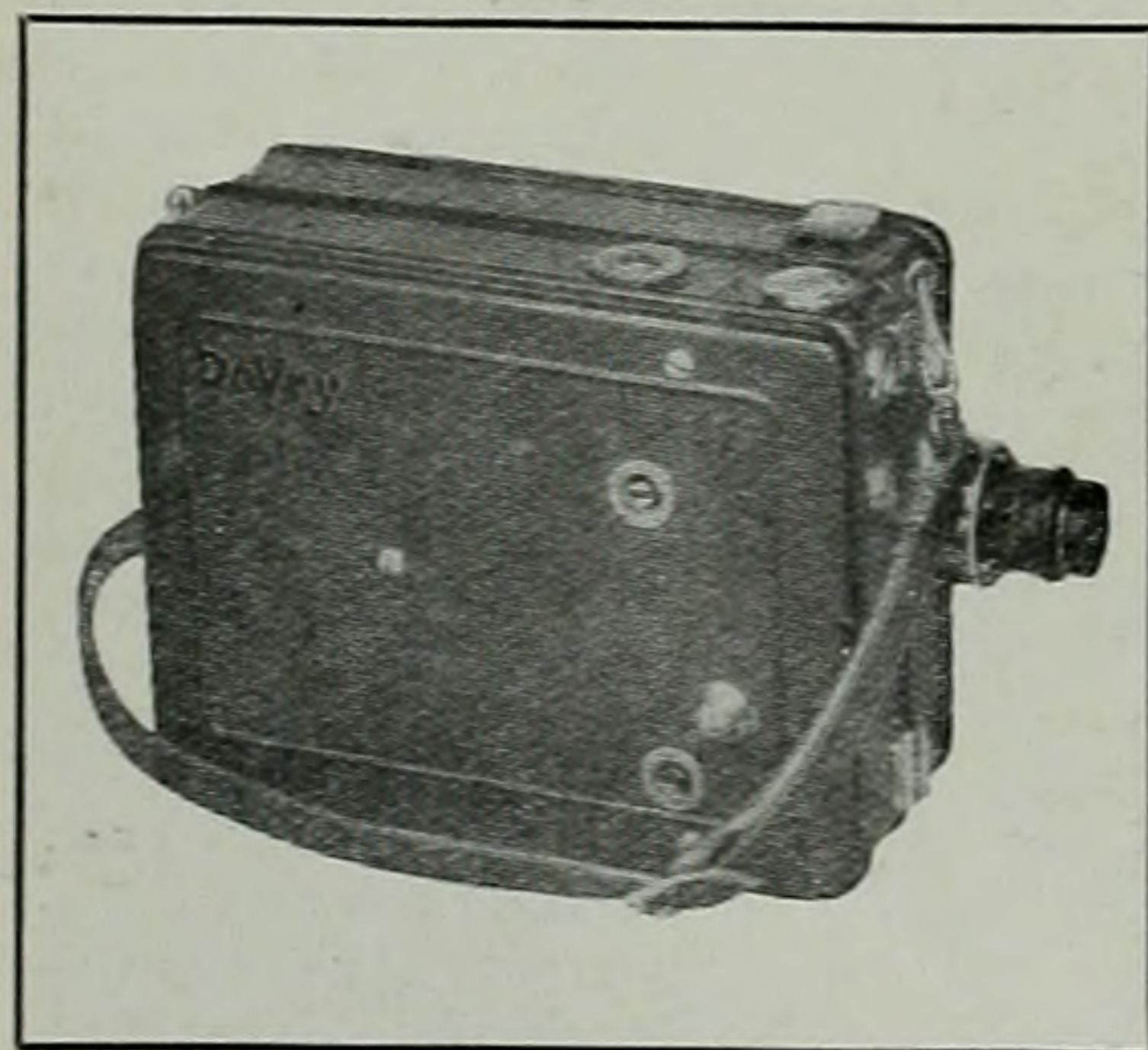
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 74 ]

## Easy to Make Good Movies

If you are going to make amateur movies, do it intelligently. It doesn't cost any more to make pictures that you will be proud of. It is simple when you know how. Follow this department closely and you will improve your movies immeasurably.

If you do not own an outfit now you will soon. So learn about it now.

Don't miss a single month.



The De Vry Camera  
using standard film



Cine-Kodak Model B  
as portable as a kodak

Next Month: Full Descriptions of Projection Machines for Amateurs



# Movie Producer

## Making the Home Movie Production

**M**R. ROBERTSON is one of our leading motion picture directors. He is the maker of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Sentimental Tommy," "Classmates" and other well known photoplays, and recently completed "Annie Laurie," starring Lillian Gish.

**W**ITH the advent of the new "baby" motion picture camera, as professionals term the little instruments by which any amateur can take pictures that move as easily as of yore he made kodak snapshots, a new and interesting branch of amateur photography has opened up.

I refer to amateur photoplays. Amateur theatricals we have had with us these many years, but heretofore translating these to screen drama was too expensive.

But, with the use of the new amateur cameras, operated by clockwork, so simply that any amateur can make perfect pictures; taken on a special narrow film that gives nearly three times the action to the foot that the standard professional film does, and—this is important—at a nominal cost, amateur screen plays are as easily arranged as amateur stage productions. In fact—even more easily.

In arranging an amateur screen play, the would-be producer must bear in mind one of several things. First, it is desirable



Director John S. Robertson operating a Bell & Howell Eyemo

By John S. Robertson

to choose outdoor settings as much as possible, as the cameras are designed for outdoor use, and the elaborate electric lighting equipment of a studio is not to be had for such work.

However, the amateur may create interior settings after a fashion in this manner:—choose the side of a barn or wall, and on it hang a drape of burlap, hang a few pictures, spread a carpet before it and place furniture on this—and you have a section of an interior setting that will pass very well. You might even use wallpaper, placed on the side of an exterior wall with thumbtacks, for the "interior" wall.

Then, at a height of ten feet or so, fasten a sheet by the corners with tacks, and with strings and poles bring it out toward the camera so that it forms a sort of canopy, over the camera range, to break up the hard shadows. Use nothing heavier than a sheet for this.

At once you have a miniature studio at very little cost.

Reflectors can be used to catch the sunlight and deflect it into the faces of the players to bring them out. Boards or pieces of cardboard about two by three feet in dimensions should be used. These can be

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 74 ]

## What the Amateur Is Doing

**T**HERE are some fifty thousand amateurs operating motion picture cameras in this country at the present moment.

Most amateurs miss the fun of assembling a film. They take shots here and there, without continuity or selection, and then store their reels away on shelves. Actually, they have had only half the fun of the amateur movie producer. Learn to cut and edit your film. Learn to make sub-titles. Learn how to assemble the result into a reel with story and humor.

Every amateur should have a rewinder and splicer. These come at various prices. A very fine outfit costs \$14. Every amateur should have some sort of an arrangement to make titles. The Bell & Howell Company puts out a crack title board outfit for \$45. You can make successful titles much cheaper, of course. With the Bell & Howell board, however, you can make animated titles with cartoon and other comic effects.

We are not advocating a lot of spending for the amateur. We are pointing out that, without titling and editing, you are missing fifty per cent of the fun. Maybe more.

**T**HE usual amateur is disappointed if every shot of his first reels is not perfect. Don't forget that professional directors and cameramen, with unlimited studio resources and for-

tunes to spend on a single picture, take thousands of feet of film. Often as much as 200,000 feet of film are shot to make a single picture, which comes to your theater in 7,000 or 8,000 feet. Actually, if you achieve one especially fine shot in every hundred feet of film you are hitting a higher average than the best professional cameraman.

**W**ITH spring coming and the unlimited opportunities of the warm months opening up, every amateur should get at least one reflector. It is impossible to get good outdoor shots of people without reflectors. Professional cameramen use whole batteries of reflectors to get the lights right upon the faces of players. For instance, reflected light from below is needed to offset the strong rays of sunlight from above. Too, you need them to get modeling to the shadowed sides of faces.

Reflectors are about the cheapest thing an amateur can get. Build your own out of thin boards or beaver-board. Paint them with white kalsomine paint or aluminum paint. On extremely bright days, drape thin gauze over them to kill the blinding reflections.

Try backlighting. You know the sort of glow that always follows the little blonde around in professional

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 117 ]

### \$2,000 IN PRIZES

#### For Motion Picture Amateurs!

Get next month's PHOTOPLAY for full rules and details of its big \$2,000 contest for motion picture amateurs.

A grand prize of \$1,000, a second prize of \$500 and five prizes of \$100 are to be offered for the best reel of film produced anywhere in the world by an amateur. Details of film length and time of submitting will be printed in the April PHOTOPLAY.



# Will the Screen Back

Is "The King of Kings" going to bring about a great spiritual awakening—a new impulse to Christianity?

If DeMille films the Life of Jesus with the power of his own belief, the illusion will seem like a modern miracle

**T**HE greatest thing in the world is being attempted. What it may mean to humanity is so tremendous that I think every heart must beat a little faster before the mere thought of it.

The motion picture is going to try to reproduce for you the life of Jesus Christ.

I am one of those who did not think it could be done. I am still not sure that it can.

But I have had one of the greatest thrills of my life in the revelation of the attempt—of what its success might mean to the hungry, seeking, hard, restless people of today.

If Jesus could live again today! Then we would *know*.

Or if we could have been in Jerusalem when he was there!

How would you like to have lived in the days of Jesus? How would you like to have followed him for three years while he lived the greatest, the fullest, the most dramatic and successful life ever lived? How would you like to have seen the raising of Lazarus, to have heard the high priest, Caiaphas, put to rout by the clever brain and subtle wit of the carpenter of Nazareth, to have witnessed the casting of the seven devils out of Mary of Magdala?

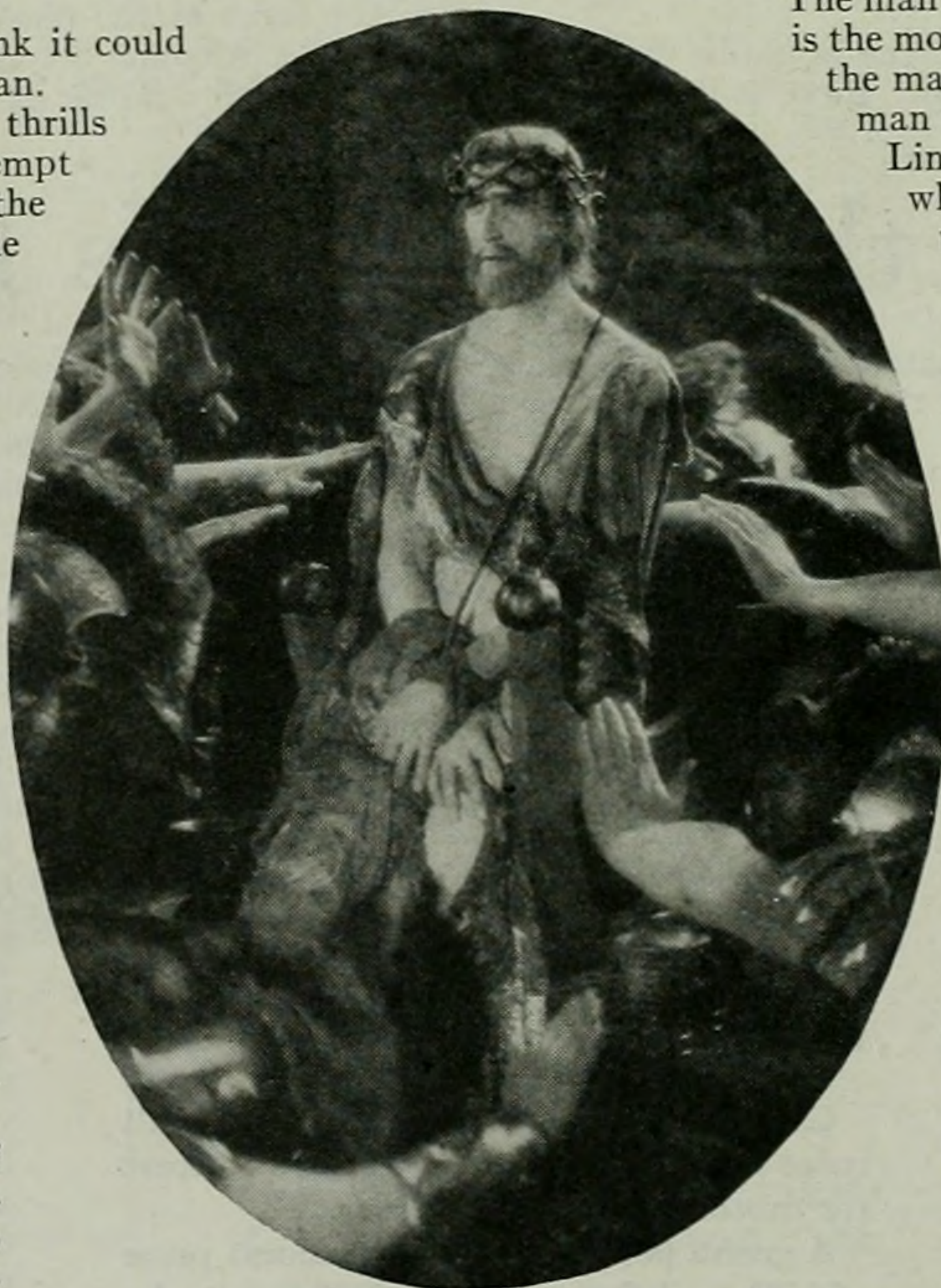
Think for a moment of the privilege of being one of the twelve.

If Cecil De Mille puts the life of Jesus on the screen the way he believes he is going to, you will come so close to all those things that the illusion will seem like a modern miracle.

The story of the three years of Jesus' ministry is the story of stories—the greatest story ever told. Whether you are religious or not, you

are bound to admit that the master writers of all ages have failed to approach it. It builds from climax to climax as no other story has ever built in history or in literature. And its supreme climax is man's dearest hope, the proof of immortality.

The man who moved through those three years is the most interesting figure of all time. He is the man whose ability Napoleon envied, the man whom you somehow know Abraham Lincoln regarded as a friend, the man whose face Da Vinci labored for years to paint to his own satisfaction.



Mankind's great Symbol and Hope of Immortality — the Saviour who died to prove that there is no death, vividly shown in "The King of Kings"

**B**UT more—ininitely more—his life has been the spiritual impulse and vitality of mankind. A great religious leader and teacher has said that Jesus' acts were of higher importance than his words. Those acts, written in simple, unadorned words, have kept alive the flame in the soul of humanity for over nineteen hundred years.

And now you are to see those acts through the one perfect medium which art has evolved for reproducing them—for making them live again.

You are to follow him amid the hills of Judea and the valleys of Galilee.

And I predict, having seen some of this most amazing film, that having seen it you will never be quite the same again. The crucifixion, the resurrection, will never again be just words to you, no matter who or what you may be. You cannot look upon them in this vital illusion of reality that the screen gives you and ever go back to just where you were before.



# Bring Christ to Us?



By *Adela  
Rogers  
St. Johns*

"I went to scoff at the screening of Christ. In all sincerity, I tell you, I remained to pray"

What is that going to mean to the world?  
Is it going to bring about a great, new, spiritual awakening?  
Is it going to give a new impetus to Christianity?

I believe that more people will see this picture than have ever seen a motion picture before. I believe that they will be drawn, as they have always been drawn, by the fascination of the Christ-idea. I believe they will come because in every heart, no matter how hardened, how cynical, how unbelieving, there is a little spark of love for the Friend of Little Children, for the man who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

And it may be that those people are going to be the most fortunate people who ever lived, since Jesus was actually here among men. It may be that they are to be brought nearer His life and His mighty works and His tender words than any other people have ever been.

FOR they will see with their eyes the garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives.

A master director, with millions of dollars at his command, with long years of experience in every department of motion picture making behind him, and with a consecrated ideal of whose sincerity I am absolutely convinced after many doubts, is working day and night, as I have never seen a man work, to give them that unbelievable experience.

That director is Cecil B. De Mille, the man who made "The Ten Commandments."

When you think for a moment you

will see that it was inevitable that the life of Jesus should be screened, sometime. From the very first motion picture, I should have seen that, myself. It is the ideal and perfect medium—ininitely greater, more real, more accessible in every way than artist's canvas or the plays of Oberammergau, or even pilgrimages to the Holy Land.

I think my feeling that it could not be done arose from my fear that no one and nothing could equal the conception we create in our own hearts. And this, in some measure, will always be true of people who have deeply loved and closely studied the New Testament.

But there are many people who have no such vivid conception.

And there is another side to it as well.

I simply cannot tell you the feeling of *reality* that this thing gives to me.

I have seen some of it in the making.

I am a pretty hard-boiled picture spectator. For years and years I have been looking at sets—this stupendous mechanical achievement, that enormous spectacle, this artistic triumph. I am very tired of sets. I have watched all the great stars work and all the great directors direct. I am pretty familiar with methods, tricks, ways and means. I am not easily fooled nor easily stirred by motion picture acting in the flesh. I know how often the leading lady will start to chew gum as soon as the camera stops cranking her death scene.

Moreover, as I have told you, I went down to the De Mille studio prejudiced against this undertaking,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



H. B. Warner, the man who must sink all his own personality in the supreme rôle of Christ in Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous film of the Bible



*The Greatest and Simplest of All Contests*

# \$15,000 In Cash

*Prizes for Ideas for Motion Pictures*



You don't have to be a writer. No experience required. Your idea in 200 words may

"You've got it! That idea for a movie ought to get you one of those big cash prizes PHOTOPLAY is offering."

win a small fortune. Watch PHOTOPLAY for ideas, suggestions, helpful hints. Now get busy

**M**OST of the finest pictures made today are based on simple ideas. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture company in the world, knows that there are thousands of picture devotees who have ideas for screen productions. They want them and are offering \$15,000 in cash prizes. They want the idea. Great writers will be employed to develop them and make them into picture scenarios. Everyone has an idea. Yours may be worth thousands of dollars. Put on your thinking cap, and see that April issue of PHOTOPLAY for full details.

## Starts in April PHOTOPLAY

*On newsstands March 15*

*Order in advance to make sure of getting your copy. Take no chances*



The *Revolt*  
of the  
Angel

By Ruth  
Waterbury

YOU would think that a girl like Lois Wilson, who has never had a moment's hard luck, would be happy. You would think a girl with her beauty and her fame would feel she had the world licked to a stand-still. A girl who started as a stenographer, who won a beauty contest, and became a leading woman; who has for eight years been one of the best leading women in films and who has had a fine salary with mighty Paramount, should be happy. Instead Lois Wilson is miserable.

*Iris March* from beneath the brim of her *Green Hat* suffered all for purity.

Lois from beneath her smart new bob is ready to suffer all to abandon her purity, cinematically speaking, of course. Movie vamps before they die get glimpses of starring contracts. But the movie good die young by boring themselves to death.

Thus Lois, the pure, the beautiful, believing she is doomed if she keeps on in the spotless rôles she has been playing, is up in arms against herself. And she seems terribly unhappy about it all.

IT was a cold grey day when I visited Lois to ascertain whether any of the fantastic things I had been hearing of her lately could possibly be true. The cheerless winter light had filtered into her apartment. Outside chains rattled on the snow-encrusted wheels of taxicabs. Manhattan is irritable on a day when snow is melting. It is desolate. That desolation rather than the spirit of any mad wild life was present, somehow, in Lois' rooms.

She, herself, looked rather like a precious book, bound as she was in scarlet leather.

Her dress was yellow kasha and the scarlet leather made several belts here and there upon it, holding on tiny ruffles, the last of which just skirted her knees.

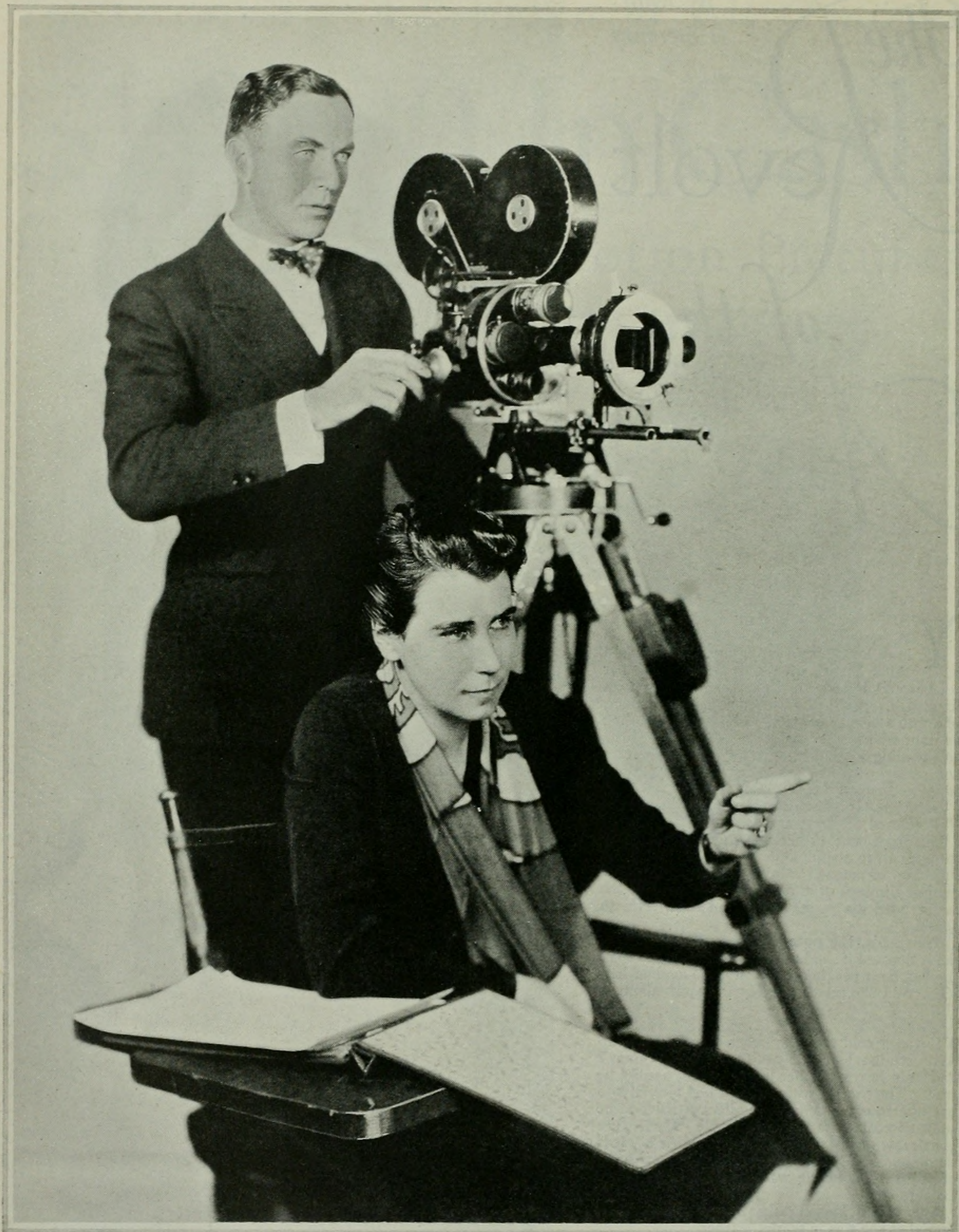
That impudent dress, her scarlet lips and cheeks, her too bright eyes were signals of her mood, the new mood of Lois that all New York has been talking of.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 84 ]



Behold Lois Wilson, her career hanging by a hair cut. Paramount guaranteed her perpetual purity if she'd go back to long hair and to being the name rôle amid the hills and cows features. But Lois left them flat





**Y**OUNG Dorothy Arzner always has been a playmate of the movie great. Years ago, Dorothy's father was host of the Hoffman Cafe, a rendezvous for ambitious but unknown screen folk. And Dorothy, as a child, was a favorite in the little circle. Now, thanks to her old friends, she has joined the ranks of the great herself.



# Good-Bye to Another Tradition

By



Ivan  
St. Johns

## Dorothy Arzner overcomes a studio prejudice. She is the first woman director in ten years

Of course the first thing you will hear is that she was the best cutter in the business. That single-handed she cut "The Covered Wagon," that Fred Niblo simply raves about the way she cut "Blood and Sand," that Jimmy Cruze wouldn't have anybody else to cut "Old Ironsides."

**Y**OU wouldn't think a girl would get so all-fired excited about a megaphone, now would you?

If somebody handed her a diamond tiara or a sea-going yacht, that'd be one thing. But a dinky little megaphone made out of red cardboard which probably cost about a quarter!

Yet when they presented it to little Dorothy Arzner she looked the way I have always imagined Victoria did when they placed the Crown of England upon her head. Upon my word, I believe if everybody hadn't been looking, she would have burst into tears. There have been other women directors, of course, but they have nearly always been their own producers as well—have had their own money, made their own stories, co-directed with somebody else. All, with the exception of Lois Weber, have ceased to be directors.

If I could tell you half the prejudice there has always been in Hollywood against women directors, you would understand a little of what it means to have Paramount deliberately hand over a megaphone to a woman. Yes, it's something unusual.

There is no job in the world as hard, as nerve-breaking, as continuous, as loaded with responsibility as that of a motion picture director. The scenario writer does his part, and is finished. The actor comes on then and does his. The cutter steps in.

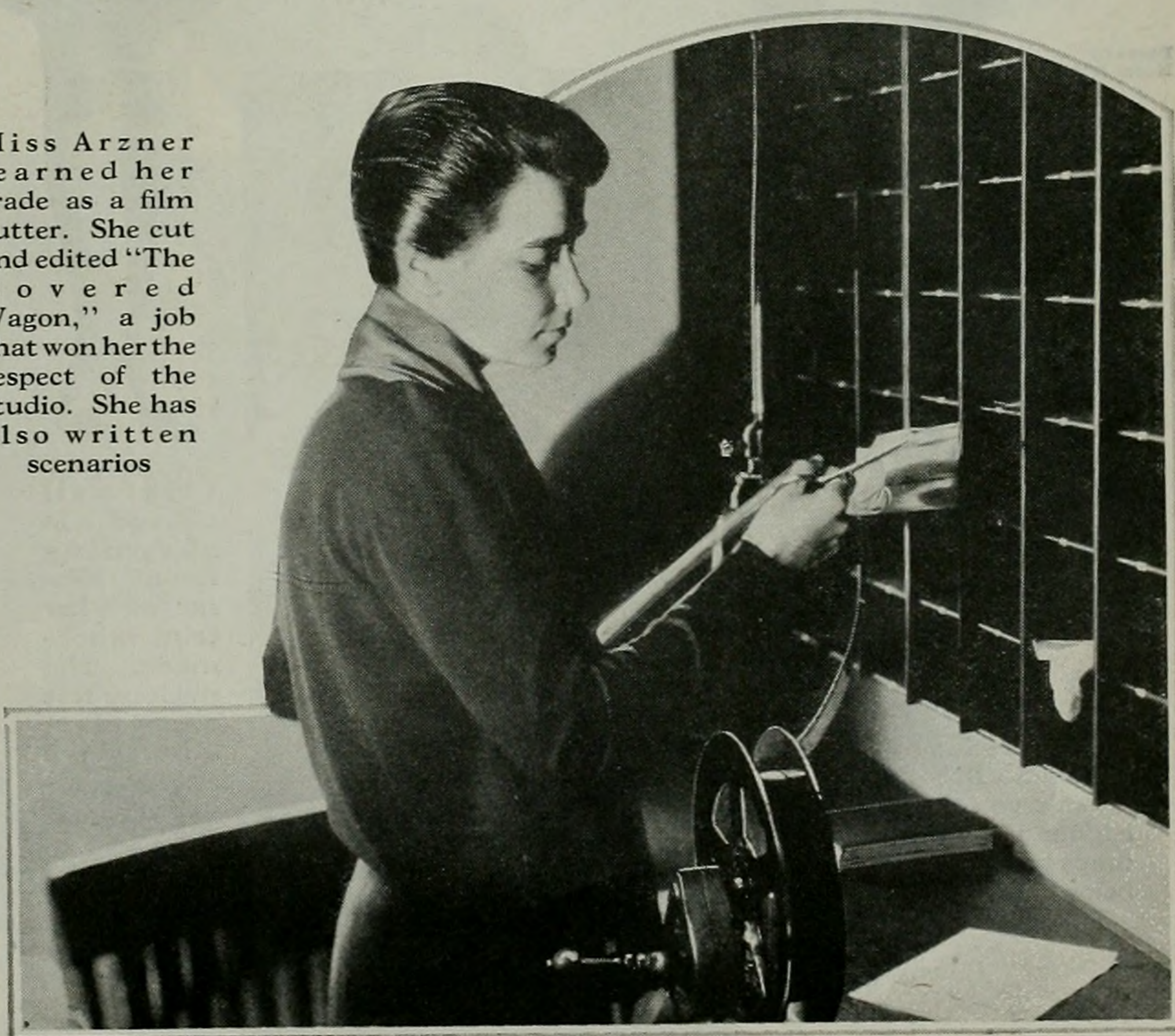
**T**HE director goes all the way through. The final responsibility for everything and in everything rests upon his shoulders. Physically, it is an endless, wearing, terrific job. It means being at the studio before anyone else and staying at night to the last flicker. *Hard work.*

"Women to direct?" Producers and big producing organizations have always said, "I should say not. They can't stand it. They haven't got the head. Too much to do, too much detail, too much executive ability has got to go along with the artistic side of it all. No women!" Look at her, look at the situation, and you say to yourself, "What in the world did she have, this girl, to overcome that prejudice, to break through what had become practically a tradition in the industry? How did she do it?"

Miss Arzner learned her trade as a film cutter. She cut and edited "The Covered Wagon," a job that won her the respect of the studio. She has also written scenarios

What is a cutter? That's the question.

Well, briefly, the cutter is the one that takes the umpty-nine reels the scenario writer has written, and the umpty-steen reels the director has shot and makes them into the five, six, seven up to twelve reels that are released. He is the fellow who takes the photographed film and cuts it so that it runs smoothly—often edits it, taking out what can come out and leaving in what must be there. Most good directors supervise cutting. But a good cutter is always invaluable. More pictures have been spoiled in cutting than anything else. Take "Twinkletoes," for example. When I saw it in twelve reels, it was one of the screen's masterpieces, a great artistic triumph. When it had been cut to seven and sent out to the world, it was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]





# How Much Leg

Can a girl be modish though modest? Paris decrees complete freedom of the knees.



Find the man who wouldn't like to be a traffic cop in Paris this spring. Legs across the sea will support the mode as Mlle. Marcelie Lucas illustrates

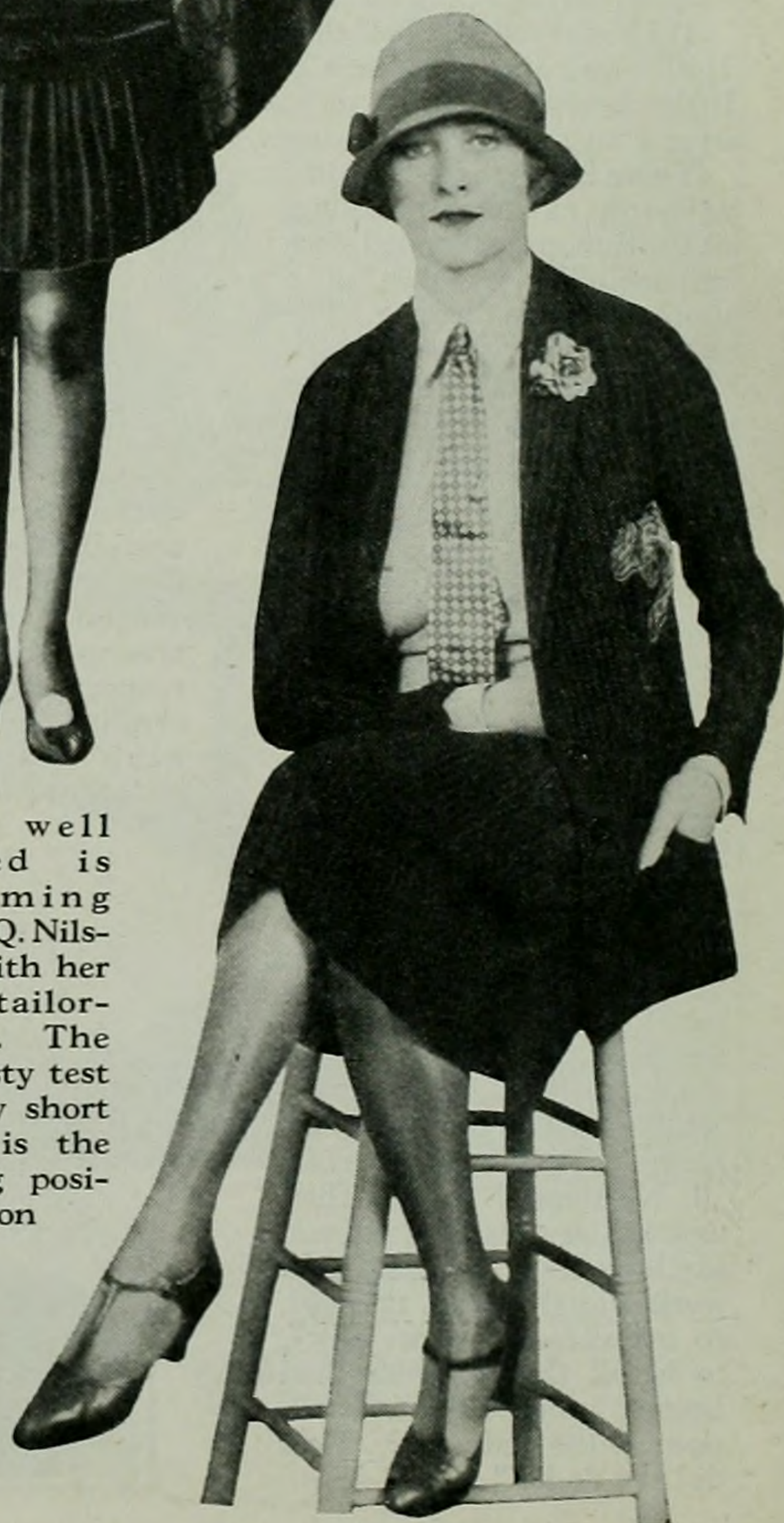
Photo by Kadel & Herbert



Josephine Dunn, the Paramount Junior star, is perfectly willing to meet the new style half way. A little hiking at the hipline will do it and there is, you can see, no reason why Josephine shouldn't do so



Very well suited is charming Anna Q. Nilsson with her trim tailor-made. The modesty test of any short skirt is the sitting position



But when she's just being herself around the studio, Miss Dunn doesn't go in for the higher things. She drops her skirt a little below her knees and lets it go at that



# Should a Lady Show?

The film favorites emphatically say NO to Paris' brief skirt decree.



The Borden baby of the Fox lot likes them short. Probably she feels her movie standing's taken such a rise recently her skirts should follow suit



Tomboy Leatrice Joy says she doesn't like her knees making public appearances when she sits. Which decides the length matter for her

Greta Nissen, standing or sitting, thinks good form has everything to do with the matter. The better the form, says Greta, the briefer the dress goods



The Marquise versusthemode. By many Gloria Swanson is considered the screen's best dressed woman. Yet Gloria has her hem close to her slim ankles





# Paris Cannot Make Skirts Shorter When Movie Girls Refuse to Obey



Clara Bow beats the game by wearing them long and short at once, down in back and up in front



No ladylike limb limitations for Dorothy Sebastian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She goes in for sports and makes short shift of them



Deliver Alberta Vaughn from long dresses. Never will she wear them. Paris can fly as high as it likes. Alberta will follow



She may be a movie madcap, but Colleen Moore announces she favors skirts "short and sensible"



Esther Ralston effects a dainty compromise. An uneven hem line of chiffon with soft scallops solves her dress question



# What Happens to YOUR Movie Money

By



Frederick James  
Smith

**T**HIS is no business for a piker. Don't think because you have \$15,000 you can make a picture. \$15,000 would last you just long enough to meet Wallace Beery.

Today it costs \$250,000 to make an average, every-evening movie. Super pictures run all the way up to four millions.

The film audience is the most pampered audience in the world. It pays an average admission price of thirty-five cents and expects to see at least a good portion of a million dollars blown in before its very eyes every evening.

A stage play can be produced for \$10,000. An admission price of five or six dollars can be charged. There is hardly any gamble involved for the producer. The spoken theater audience can either take it or leave it alone.

Back in 1903 it cost \$150 to make a movie—to be exact, to manufacture "The Great Train Robbery." It costs \$250,000 today for Famous Players to produce the films starring Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels and its other luminaries. You paid ten cents to see "The Great Train Robbery." If admission prices had kept pace with production costs you would pay a little more than \$166 to get inside a screen theater today. The movie ticket costs would be about the same, too, in relative comparison with the spoken theater's low overhead and high admission price.

There are good reasons why producers can afford to make

## How the Cost of Production Has Advanced

"The Great Train Robbery"	
1903.....	\$150
Kalem's "Ben-Hur"	
1907.....	\$500
Griffith's Early Pictures	
1910.....	\$1,000
Average Picture Costs	
1914.....	\$10,000
1917.....	20,000
1923.....	75,000
1925.....	150,000
1927.....	250,000

## Famous Films and Their Earnings

"The Ten Commandments".....	\$4,500,000
"The Four Horsemen".....	4,500,000
"The Birth of a Nation".....	4,500,000
"Way Down East".....	3,500,000
"The Gold Rush".....	3,500,000
"The Covered Wagon".....	3,000,000
"Robin Hood".....	2,500,000
"The Miracle Man".....	2,000,000

\$250,000 pictures day in and day out. There are more movie theaters—and consequently greater distribution. Which means more money coming back in rentals. Exhibitors have bigger and better theaters and can afford to pay higher rentals for bigger and better films. And the foreign market has been developing rapidly since the end of the world war. This has become an important, and ever growing, source of revenue.

**Y**OU can remember the first million dollar film. It was Erich Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, had not intended to spend the million, but Von Stroheim maneuvered him into the position of celluloid spend-thrift. So Laemmle put up electric signs announcing the million.

Even the Germans are spending money on films today. "Metropolis," the UFA feature, cost \$2,000,000. Pretty soon you will hear of a Scotch studio making big one-reelers.

Nowhere but in a movie theater can you get such a marvelous return for your money. The pampered film-goer sneers at make-believe settings and any sort of sham. He must have the real thing in Saharas, silks and sapphires. Actually he gets a Rolls-Royce for the price of a scooter every time he goes around to his neighborhood screen theater.

Perhaps you have protested because you spend twenty-five cents at the theater around the corner. Or eighty cents downtown. Forget it. Only amazing business organizations make it possible at any price.

Hold tight, and listen to these figures. There is a total investment in the film business of \$1,500,000,000. The capital invested in and around Hollywood alone runs to \$1,125,000,000.

The annual cost of making photoplays ran to \$165,000,000 in 1925. The cost for the present screen year will top \$200,000,000. Authorities estimate the average weekly attendance in the 20,233 theaters of the country at 130,000,000. Assuming that the average admission is thirty-five cents, the annual paid admission total runs to \$2,366,000,000.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 130 ]



# News and Gossip

By Cal York



Gertrude Ederle shows Wallace Beery the stroke that conquered the wild waves of the English Channel. Mr. Beery has ambitions to be the first man to swim the Channel in a full dress suit. He's training hard for the feat in the bathing pools of Beverly Hills

WE want to be the first to tell you the good news. Mae Murray is expecting a baby elephant in the spring. It isn't mere hearsay. Upon stepping off the liner that brought her home from Paris, Mae volunteered this interesting information: "We have ordered many things for our new home, and all our friends are searching for a baby elephant. All my life I have wanted one. My adorable new family also love elephants, so we will be expecting him in California very soon."

MAE'S contract with Metro-Goldwyn is a thing of the past and Mae now intends to make her own pictures. The trip to Europe with her husband, Prince David Mdivani, was in the nature of a pilgrimage to Mdivani's home town. It is best to let Mae tell you about it in her own words.

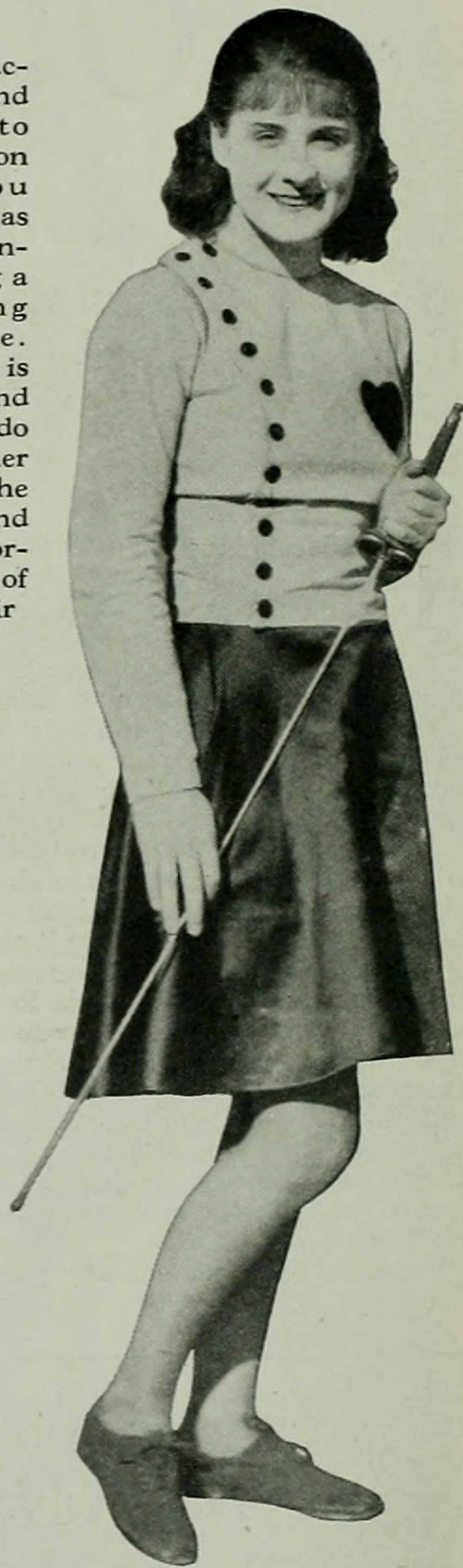
"I understand why my husband is as he is," says Mae, "since meeting his wonderful father. He is like a father of childish dreams—of books we love. My European trip has been very full. Every time we entered a restaurant, the musicians would play the 'Merry Widow' waltz.

"I saw the marvelous work of Mr. Sert, the Spanish artist. He is the greatest painter since Michelangelo. His pictures are like The Magic Carpet—they transport you to the fairyland and he visualizes for you. As soon as our new home is completed, we are going to have him do a room for us of the Arabian Nights. That room will be a great help. To enter and close the door will mean leaving all the troubles of the day outside."

MAE hadn't been on the home shores for very long when an ugly rumor arose that Mae had gone to Cincinnati to have her nose remodeled. Mae indignantly denied it, and finally the following explanation was forthcoming.

It seems that a Mrs. Margaret Mergentime visited the facial specialist. After the operation had been performed, someone—either Mrs. Mergentime or a nurse—sent the following wire to Mr. Mergentime: "All ready to go to Hollywood and star. Signed, Mae Murray." Anyway, the wire started the rumor, and Mae was filled with indignation. And the Mergentimes, when called upon to explain, were covered with confusion.

If you want to acquire grace and poise, learn to fence. In addition to keeping you slim, fencing has the further advantage of requiring a most becoming sports costume. Norma Shearer is taking lessons and you will see her do some fencing in her new picture, "The Demi Bride." And please notice Norma's new way of wearing her hair



"ABSOLUTELY untrue. Perfectly ridiculous." With these words John Barrymore set to rout any reports of a divorce between Mrs. Barrymore and himself. They have been separated two years while John has been picture-making in Hollywood, and Mrs. Barrymore, under the name of Michael Strange, has met with success in the East as poetess and playwright.

THE "for sale" sign swings from Lew Cody's house. Fannie Hurst's "two-breakfasts-a-week" plan is in disuse. Lew and Mabel Normand Cody are being sheltered by her roof, and seven breakfasts and dinners a week is the order. As soon as Lew's home is sold, they intend to market Mabel's, and then build an entirely new home for both.

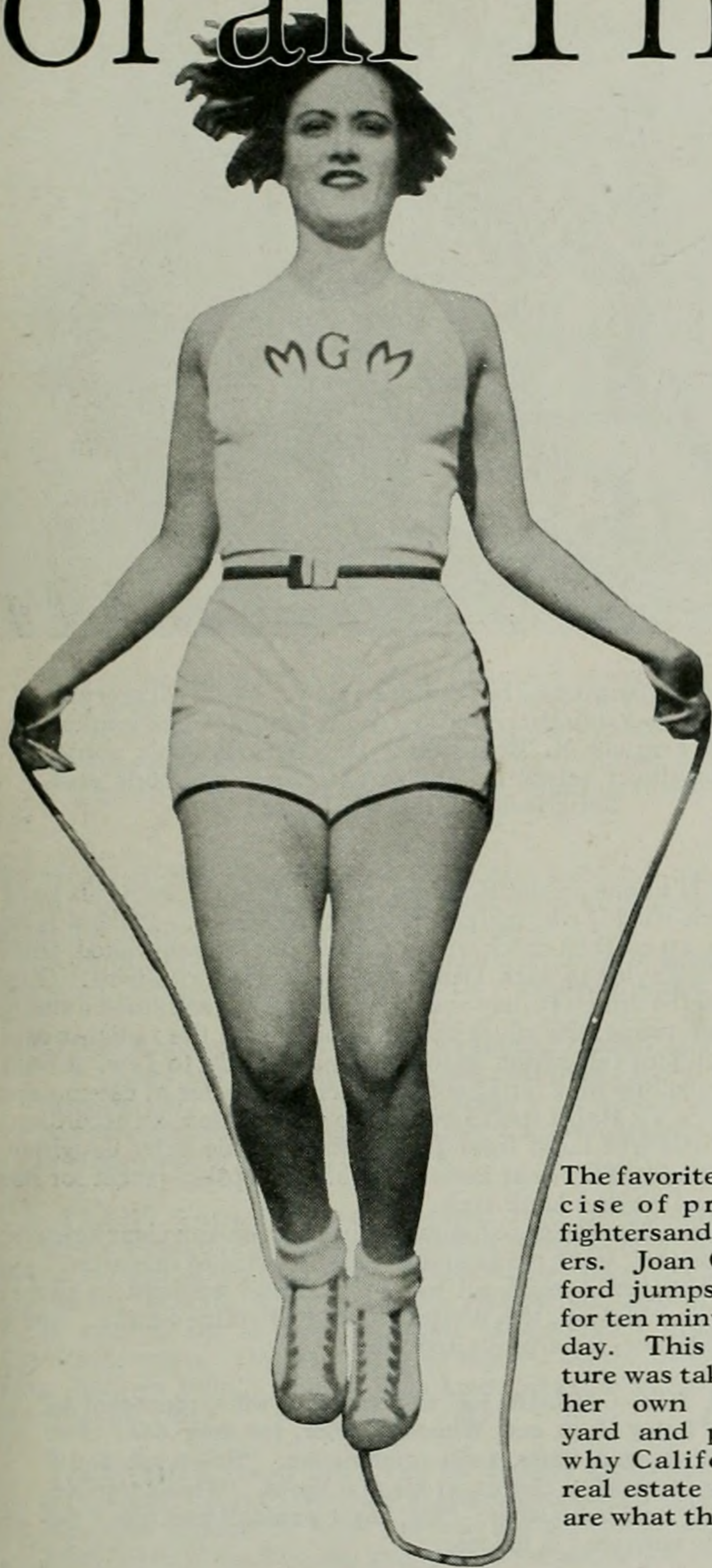
Can it be that Hollywood's gilded butterfly is turning to a meek domestic moth?

HAVE you heard the one, retailed in the "Film Mercury," about the slightly *passé* feminine star who said she didn't know whether to have her face lifted or join United Artists?

CATHERINE HILL and Adolphe Menjou often meet to dine in a cosy twosome at Montmartre or the Ambassador, but from Catherine comes only denials, augmented by a "pish, posh and tush!" from Menjou. In the meantime Catherine is seeking a divorce from her husband, Ira Hill, the Manhattan photographer.



# of all The Studios



The favorite exercise of prize-fighters and dancers. Joan Crawford jumps rope for ten minutes a day. This picture was taken in her own backyard and proves why California real estate prices are what they are



When D. W. Griffith visited the Cecil De Mille studio, De Mille asked him to direct a scene for "The King of Kings." So a few hundred feet were made under his direction. Jeanie Macpherson (right) was formerly an actress in Griffith's company

Adolphe Menjou, one of the few film people at the auction, purchased an antique cabinet and a Spanish carved screen; Eleanor Boardman bought an album, Thomas Santschi's wife secured a silver dinner service, Alberto Guglielmi, Valentino's brother, bid and won a coupe and many intimate belongings. A white marble hand of Valentino, exquisitely modeled by Prince Troubetskoy, was the first possession to be sold.

Six hundred people, some curious, others sad, watched the hundreds of relics and prized personal belongings, memory-laden, pass into strange hands.

**T**HERE is nothing like the pioneer spirit to enable one to find adventure—even in Hollywood.

Recently Maria Corda, the Hungarian beauty, and her director-husband, Alexander Korda, came to Hollywood, where they will make pictures for First National. They set out to explore Hollywood. They came back quite enchanted, and told Colleen Moore and John McCormick of the most delightful little restaurant they had discovered tucked away in Hollywood in an out-of-the-way spot.

"It is quite delightful," they said, "and they have the quaint custom of dancing during lunch." John and Colleen, ready for an adventure, agreed to go to lunch with them the next day.

They did—only to find that the restaurant the Corda-Kordas had "discovered" was the Montmartre—famed for years as a rendezvous of movie stars!

**I**T has remained for "Punch," the dear old British funny paper, to spring the best line on the Chaplin separation. Says "Punch": "Mr. Charlie Chaplin is getting so much notoriety from his wife's threatened divorce proceedings that there is some talk of his going in the films."

**T**HE greatest event in the life of Frances Marion has just occurred. Far greater than the success of any of her screen stories. Greater than "Abraham Lincoln," "Pollyanna," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "Stella Dallas."

Greater than the time she crossed the Rhine, one of the first woman war correspondents. Greater, almost, than when she married Fred Thomson, war chaplain, all-around athlete, now a tremendously popular Western star.

**T**HE height of filial generosity was reached, it seems to me, when Adolphe Menjou purchased two adjoining lots in the exclusive Los Feliz section of Hollywood, and made plans to erect a \$100,000 home on one property for himself and a smaller, but equally pretentious residence, for his mother.

**A**N extra girl flapped into the Hollywood Public Library. "Say," she said to the librarian, "I want that Darwin book everyone is talking about—'Oranges and Peaches.'"

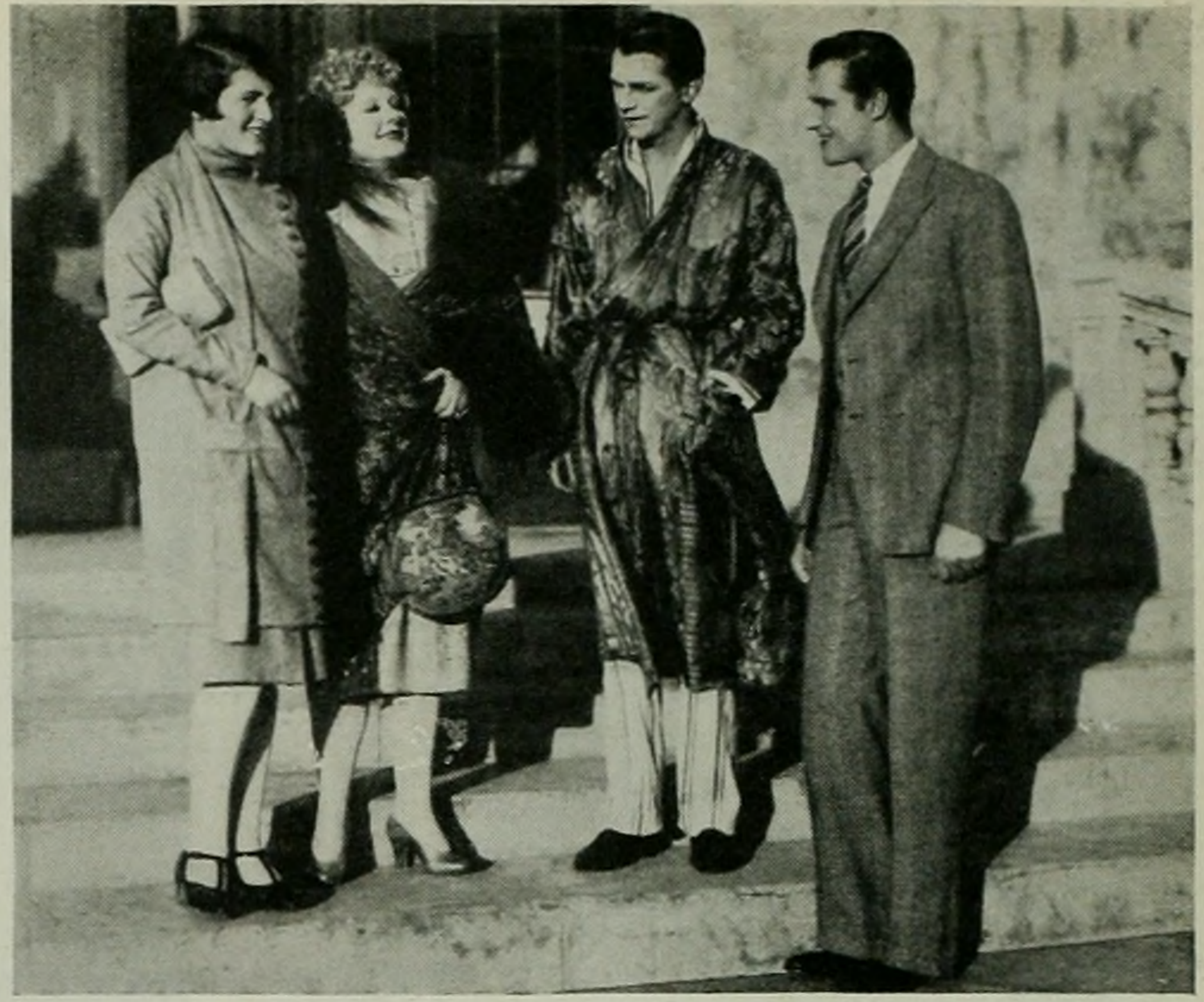
After a little hard thought, the librarian figured out that she wanted "The Origin of Species."

**T**HE Valentino home was stripped of its possessions when furnishings, hangings, paintings, horses, dogs and motors went under the gavel of the auctioneer. One of the first things that was sold was Falcon's Lair, the beautiful Beverly Hills home, which will be occupied by Jules Howard, a New York jeweler. He paid \$145,000 for it. The painting of Senorita Gaditana by the Spanish painter Beltram Masses was also purchased by Howard and will hang, as it was in Valentino's life, in the great drawing room of his former home.





Anna May Wong shows Renee Adoree how to eat with chopsticks. But Miss Adoree looks as though she still preferred the Occidental knife and fork. Miss Adoree plays a Chinese rôle in "Mr. Wu"



They are getting to be big children now. Cissy Fitzgerald introduced her daughter, Cissy, Jr., to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Why doesn't some bright producer select an entire cast from the sons and daughters of famous stars?

She has a son. And Fred Thomson is as gloating a father as anyone could find. Even "Silver King," his flashing white steed, must idle in his stall while father gazes admiringly upon the first child of the house of Marion-Thomson.

They haven't decided whether young Master Thomson will follow in father's Western tracks or whether they shall give him one of mother's scripts to play with. At present he is leading a very healthy, and much adored, babyhood on the Marion-Thomson estate high in the hills near the sea.

**D**. W. GRIFFITH arrived in Los Angeles after seven years' absence to be met by many of his old friends who braved the early morning hours to greet him. Joe Schenck, Douglas Fairbanks, Sid Grauman, Josephine Crowell, George Fawcett, Seena Owen, Charles Mack, Estelle Taylor, they all surged about Griffith, who was so overcome by the reception that he inadvertently kissed a bearded track walker. Probably he was under the impression he was an old-time friend in character for a Biblical rôle. For the benefit of the press, Griffith conceded that Hollywood was the only place to make pictures, and that he was returning to do that very thing.

**N**O one will know, but when "The King of Kings," C. B. De Mille's masterly effort, reaches the screen, it will be the combined efforts of two great directors, C. B. De Mille and D. W. Griffith. Don't get excited, Mr. Hays, it happened this way. On Griffith's recent visit to the coast he called on De Mille, who was about to shoot a scene.

De Mille, after the greetings, handed Griffith the megaphone and told him to direct the scene, with the result that at least a hundred feet of "The King of Kings" was filmed under the direction of D. W. Griffith.

**C**LEVER, these Chinese. Anna May Wong, for instance. She was rolling rapidly down the lane in her little roadster when out popped a cop.

"Stop, my dear young lady, stop!" he ordered. And she did.

What she got for halting was a neat tag for speeding.

"Sign your name here," commanded the policeman. And she did. But she signed it the way her father had taught her—in Chinese—and bowled away, leaving the cop scratching his head.

**S**UCH humor in the Hollywood Christmas presents this year. Such ribald, rib-tickling, fun-poking humor. Pickled pigs' feet in an earthen crock with a fat felt pig that squeaked, from Estelle Taylor to Jack Dempsey. Jack's favorite fruit. Outside, in the driveway, however, from Estelle to Jack stood a smart maroon coupe with silver hound leaping from the radiator cap.

A billiard table from Mabel Normand Cody to Lew. Could it be a subtle hint for Lew to neglect his master of ceremonies duties? To Mabel from Lew, for no good reason, an accordion.

A little live lamb from Jack Gilbert to his baby daughter, Leatrice Joy II. That assures her of a sheepskin jacket for her college days and lamb stew.

Charlie Murray gazed mournfully at seventeen cigar lighters, "Guess they want me to smoke here, instead of hereafter."

A miniature saddle, all hand-tooled and wrought in silver, from Tim McCoy, the Western star, to Pauline Starke. She's looking, now, for a pint-sized pinto.

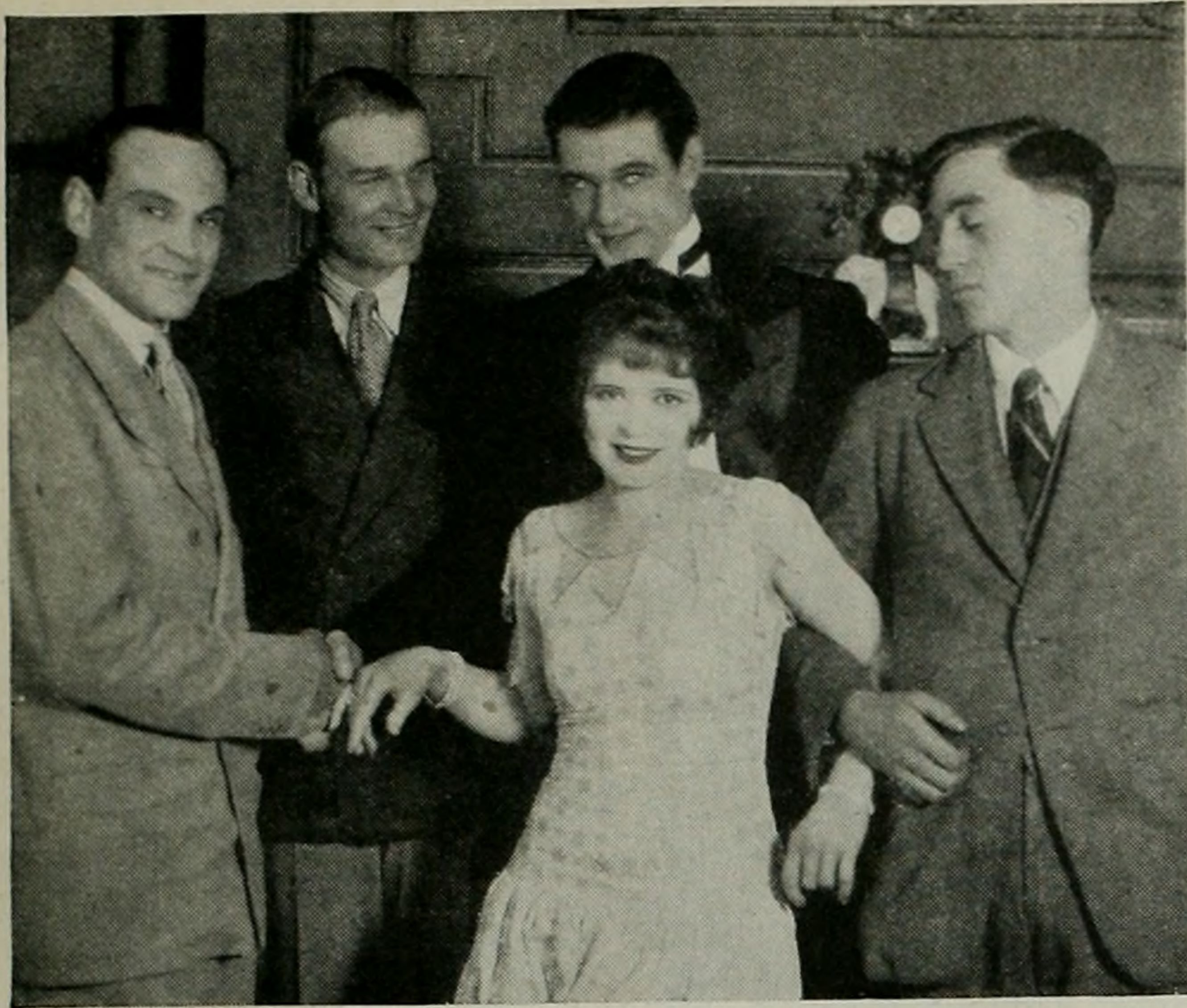
**A**FIVE-GALLON jug of homemade wine, concocted by Patsy Ruth and Winston Miller, for their dad. Red ink, vinegar, water, a vile combination. "Spit it out, dad!" they warned in chorus, at his first tipple. "That's terrible, Pat!" scolded mother. "Oh, but it wouldn't hurt him," the kids answered in unison.

**D**IAMOND bracelets galore. A diamond and sapphire band from Harold to Mildred Davis Lloyd; a diamond circlet, fabulously priced, to Mabel from Lew Cody; diamonds and emeralds in glistening design from Jack Dempsey to Estelle; her first diamond bracelet from mother and dad to Pat Miller. A slim platinum chain on the arm of Rosetta Duncan, "Topsy" of the Duncan sisters, and the diamond and platinum letters of "Hyme," her nickname, dangling from it. From "Jake," her sister.

**C**HARLES CHAPLIN turned Santa Claus to his two little boys, and Christmas eve a truck drove up to Lita Grey Chaplin's house with two hundred dollars worth of toys, ranging from non-sinkable steamships and a complete small fire department to a drum, a violin and other musical instruments. There was also a tricycle for Charles, Jr., and a go-cart for Sydney Earl, the baby.

**A**RTHUR STONE, comedian, gave Lloyd Hughes a handsome transparent rubber raincoat. There was a miniature tire-patching set in one of the pockets, on which Stone had written, "For road repairs."





Three members of the Oxford debating team speak in the affirmative. Clara Bow, the collegiate's favorite, wins without an argument. Gary Cooper, standing in back of Miss Bow, attended Dunstable School in England. The Oxford boys are studying movie making—heh, heh!



Ramon Novarro and Ernst Lubitsch test some of the "props" for "Old Heidelberg." It is very important that there shall be no faking in pictures. Near beer, for instance, would be all wrong in this story

**EMIL JANNINGS** received a single gift and gave but one. Mr. and Mrs. Jannings exchanged presents—a shaving brush for Emil and a chow dog for the wife.

"Now Mrs. Jannings, she uses my shaving brush to brush the dog's hair," commented Jannings with a mournful smile.

"**TALK** about useless Christmas giving," wailed Eddie Cantor as he unwrapped a racoon coat from a friend in Minneapolis. "Guess I'll have to trade it for a straw hat and some light-weight sport wear, now I'm making pictures in Hollywood."

"**MERRY** Christmas from Mother," read the little tag on the wheel of a handsome Rolls Royce which Bebe Daniels found in front of her door when she awoke to look in her stocking to see if Santa had visited her. There was also a green Rolls touring car in front of John McCormick's house on Christmas morn. On this the card read—"Merry Christmas from John to John." Guess John knew what he wanted and was playing safe.

**JACK HOLT** simply can't wait for another Christmas to pass on his most startling gift to some unsuspecting friend. He's now looking for some one who has a birthday soon. John Waters, his director, gave Jack a mountain lion cub, and it simply won't get along with Jack's great Dane.

**THERE'S** great rivalry between Frank Lloyd and Wallace Beery over their trout-fishing prowess. Both lands a huge one—every time he goes fishing alone. So Wally got a huge rubber trout from Frank for Christmas. It was built along the lines of a tuna. The card read—"Here's a model taken from life on the last big one I landed. Merry Christmas—Frank."

**FLORENCE VIDOR** had a wonderful Christmas. It reunited her with her little daughter Suzanne Vidor after weeks in New York. Her most cherished gift was a little painting by Suzanne herself in a frame purchased from pennies from Suzanne's savings bank.

**THE** month's most unimportant news item. Ivan Moskvine is very sore at Ivan Moskine for using a name similar to his own. Ivan Moskvine is a member of the Moscow Art Company and plays in foreign pictures. Ivan Moskine appears in "Michael Strogoff," and has been signed by Universal. He is not the Moskvine who made the hit in New York with the Moscow company.

Therefore the first Ivan says that he will tear off the second Ivan's crepe hair whiskers if he doesn't do something about changing his name.

**A**NOTHER name has been added to those immortals who, Elinor Glyn says, have IT. Down in history with John Gilbert, Gloria Swanson, Rex, King of Wild Horses, and Vilma Banky, goes the name of Arthur Bridges, Pacific coast tug boat captain.

Clarence Badger was Mme. Glyn's confidant when she made the big discovery. The company was working on Bridges' boat.

He took the captain in on the secret.

"Madame Glyn says you have IT," Badger confided.

"I never even knew we were playin' tag," replied the tug boat captain, who had evidently confused his verbs a trifle.

**MAY ALLISON** is to play the woman in "The Woman," tentatively retitled "The Telephone Girl," the successful stage play of a decade ago, which Herbert Brenon is filming at the Long Island Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Company. After poor breaks in half a dozen pictures, beginning with "The Greater Glory" and ending with "One Increasing Purpose," it looks as though she had an emotional acting part worthy of her talent, and a director who can make the most of it.

**GARDNER JAMES** and Marion Constance Blackton became Mr. and Mrs. James at a ceremony which was attended by a score of motion picture celebrities.

Patsy Ruth Miller was one of the bridesmaids, and after the wedding the young couple left for a seaside resort for a short honeymoon.

**A**T a recent opening, I was standing in the theater lobby talking to Arch Reeve, head of the Lasky publicity department and two or three other lads of the same persuasion, all former employes of Reeve who are now working for other studios.

Just then Lew Cody came up, gave the bunch the once over, and slapping Arch on the back, said:

"Good old Arch! To know him is to leave him."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



# Don't Go to

Is the Advice of PHOTOPLAY'S

Writer Who Tried

By  
Ruth Waterbury

BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

**D**ON'T go to Hollywood! Don't go! Don't go, no matter what beauty, talent or youth you have, no matter what inducements are offered you.

I have no words to express it strongly enough. Stay away! I saw things in Hollywood, heard them, learned of them, when I was posing as a girl trying to break into the movies that I want to forget.

Understand, there is no vice, as such, among the extra girls of Hollywood. Their only vice is ambition. But that vice consumes them.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, in her story of *Greta* in "The Port of Missing Girls" in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, states that stellar success in Hollywood is a ten thousand to one chance. That amazing figure is absolutely true. And a girl's even getting a single day's work is a thirty to one chance, with the cards stacked against her.

For every Betty Bronson, for every Sally O'Neill, talented, beautiful, lucky little kids who get the break and rise to sudden stardom, there are 9,999 girls who never get any-

where—who strive, suffer, and starve, and never get a close-up.

It is not alone that a girl cannot reach fame in Hollywood. She can not reach anything there—not that tenderest dream of women, the love of some good man; not that maintainer of self-respect—a good job. Nothing, unless she is the lucky girl.

This is not the fault of Hollywood, the city.

My call on the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce persuaded me of that. To get to see the publicity man of the office, I had to pass five very beautiful girls.

"ALL trying to break into the movies," he explained. "When Central Casting turns them down on registration, they come to us. We always issue the same advice. Go back home. If a girl has to have help, we have an arrangement with the Chamber of Commerce in other cities that helps us get her back to her own city."

"The city of Hollywood is for the movie people, absolutely. But as its representative, the Chamber of Commerce is bending every effort to keep these unwanted people from coming here. Unemployment produces bad conditions. After all, Hollywood's only a small place, not a manufacturing community or a big trade center. They can't get work in the movies and they can't get work in ordinary lines. The jobs aren't here, that's all, and for those that there are, the supply is ten times too great and pulls down the wage scale. But we get these aspirants back to their homes somehow, if we even have to make them accompany a body."

Then it was explained to me how many a disillusioned girl reaches home by acting as chaperon to a corpse. The dead are not supposed to travel alone. So when a body must be shipped out from Hollywood, the railroad lets the Chamber of Commerce know, and some girl gets a free ticket for performing this gruesome job. Adventure can not possibly end more abjectly than this. Don't go to Hollywood!

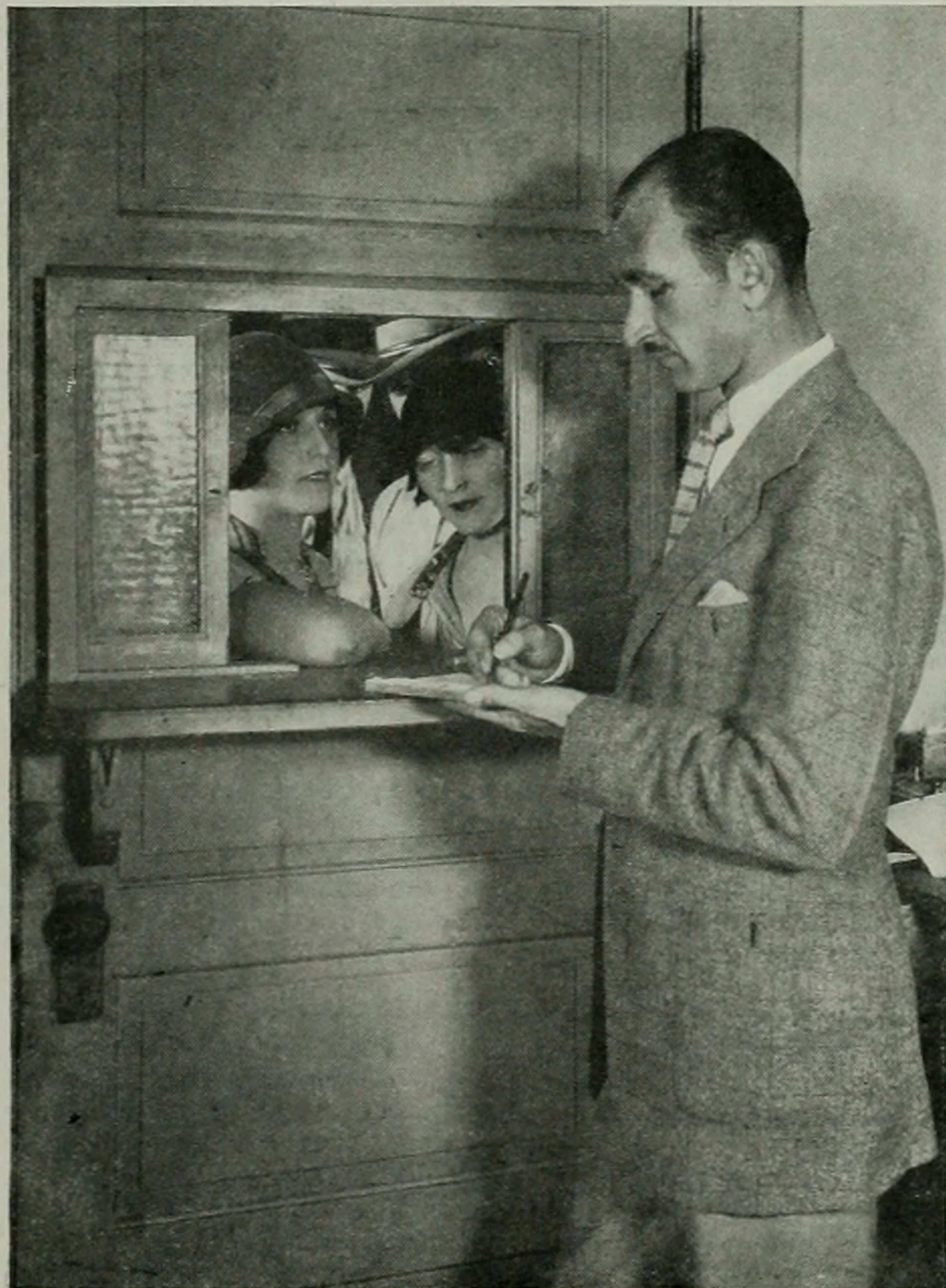
There simply is not room for another girl in any line in Hollywood. The girls who go there and stay in face of all the pressure there is on them to make them return to their homes must face utter failure.

**I** KNOW what I am talking about. I gathered these facts for myself, living as the extra girl lives.

Take, first, the simplest thing, loneliness.

I have no conception how the average girl, fresh from home, stands the loneliness of Hollywood. Its kindness, its charity is there, but it is extremely difficult to get at either. Friendships are quite impossible. You see, very occasionally, intense attachments between two individuals on sets, but Hollywood is primarily a city of individuals, intent on self, as any city must be where everyone is excessively ambitious. Everyone is afraid

Fancy your chance in that instant's grace before the casting window, beauties to the right of you, acting geniuses to the left, a hard-boiled, disillusioned male gazing critically on your crow's feet. Think you could triumph?





# Hollywood!



of everyone else, as it must always be where the only standard is that whoever can get in movies, can get in, and whoever can't, can not. Hectic wealth on the one hand, hectic poverty on the other, unreality and sunshine, silence and watchfulness. There can be little conversation in such an atmosphere. Few can afford to be helpful. The two-faced tomorrow is always just ahead, tomorrow equally compounded of fear and hope.

Long before I lost my editor's bet of five hundred dollars that I couldn't break into movies, I moved from the Studio Club, for I regarded those girls, protected from Hollywood, some of them supported by indulgent parents, the others within reach of charity when it was needed, as no true picture of the extra girl. I moved, still under an assumed name, to a cheap little hotel, in search of local color. And it was there that the Hollywood loneliness got me, as I was facing my first Sunday alone.

**T**H**ERE** are three movie houses on the main section of Hollywood Boulevard, and those are the only amusements you can reach without a car. One is the luxurious Egyptian Theater, but its cheapest seats cost more than a dollar. The other two, offering pictures I had already seen, did not seem worth fifty cents. I knew no one to telephone. I wanted plain, human companionship. Finally I went for a walk.

He was standing near the corner of Las Palmas Avenue as I approached it. His face, though young, was marked by the heavy lines which almost always characterize the actor. His smile insinuated many things. I tried to ignore him. I bought popcorn from a curbside stand. I bought magazines in a drug store. I went back to the quietest corner of the hotel lounge, but I couldn't discourage him. He sat opposite me, staring, until curiosity conquered me.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 125 ]

Not an extra girl in ten thousand has a chance of becoming a star. It's a lucky break that even gets her a single day's work in a mob like this





TELL IT TO THE MARINES—M-G-M

**N**O, it doesn't tell about the Marines at Belleau Wood. It doesn't touch the World War. But it clicks as a story of the making of a marine. *Skeet Burns* is a race track tout, and a fresh one, until he wanders into the service. The hard boiled *Sergeant O'Hara* moulds him into something else again. The high spot of "Tell It to the Marines" is a fight between a handful of leathernecks and Chinese bandits. It's a thriller.

This picture is going to do a whole lot towards making a star of William Haines. He does very commendable work as *Skeet Burns*. Lon Chaney, sans grotesque make-up for a change, proves himself as an excellent actor by his playing of *O'Hara*. Indeed, his *O'Hara* has all the authentic earmarks of a real, honest-to-Tunney marine.



THE GENERAL—United Artists

**T**HEY'RE kidding everything now and any day you may expect to see U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee break into a Charleston. Not that they do it in "The General," but Buster Keaton does spoof the Civil War most uncivilly in his new comedy. Buster is a locomotive engineer who saves a whole Confederate army single-handed. There is an undercurrent of heroic satire in the way Buster is always saving the moron heroine in crinolines. *Annabelle Lee* is a gorgeous laugh at all the helpless young ladies of historic fiction, if you read between the pictures.

They spent a lot of money on "The General." A whole train is wrecked in a deep ravine, if that means anything to you. We mustn't neglect to add that the basic incidents of "The General" actually happened.

# The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE KID BROTHER—Paramount

**T**HIS newest of Harold Lloyd comedies takes its place among the popular comedian's best efforts. We place it well below "The Freshman," just back of "Grandma's Boy" and "Safety Last," and a thousand miles ahead of "For Heavens Sake."

"The Kid Brother" is a bucolic comedy. Actually it is a comedy "Tol'able David." Harold plays *Harold Hickory*, youngest of the fighting *Hickorys* of Hickoryville. He is kicked about by the rest of the *Hickorys* until, like *Tol'able*, he proves himself. That all comes about after a pretty little girl of a traveling medicine show gets stranded in the hamlet. The strong man of the defunct troupe steals the village funds, the elder *Hickory* is suspected, but *Harold* recovers the coin and saves the family name.

"The Kid Brother" is full of snappy gags. Perhaps the best comes when *Harold*, hiding from the murderous strong man in a deserted boat hulk, puts his shoes on a little monkey belonging to the medicine show. The strong man chases the clattering boots all over the boat. There are scores of other good gags.

The bespectacled Lloyd gives a human, mellow comedy performance. He was never better than as the timid *Hickory* who saves the day. "The Kid Brother" marks the last appearance of Jobyna Ralston as Lloyd's leading woman. She does the medicine show girl with charm and appeal. Miss Ralston has been an excellent foil for Lloyd, and he isn't going to find it easy to get a successor.

Hand it to Harold! You'll want to see "The Kid Brother." Lloyd never mixed a pleasanter blend of laughter and pathos.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE KID BROTHER      THE FIRE BRIGADE  
TELL IT TO THE MARINES  
THE GENERAL      BLONDE OR BRUNETTE  
THE MUSIC MASTER

## The Best Performances of the Month

Harold Lloyd in "The Kid Brother"  
Charles Ray in "The Fire Brigade"  
William Haines in "Tell It to the Marines"  
Lon Chaney in "Tell It to the Marines"  
Eugenie Besserer in "The Fire Brigade"  
Greta Nissen in "Blonde or Brunette"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 144



**THE FIRE BRIGADE—M-G-M**

IF the spectacle of a gallant Irishman rescuing an orphan, perched on the roof of a blazing building, fails to thrill you, then that is your curse and this picture is not for you. But any picture in which an Irishman rescues an orphan is, fortunately, pure gold to the great majority of this still human race.

"The Fire Brigade" is made of simple stuff. But we refuse to call it hokum.

Hokum is a quality that cheats you by offering you something false to play on your emotions.

This film doesn't cheat. The thrills in it are not only tremendously exciting, but real. And it is silly to say that the story is childish because young men often join the fire-fighters out of sheer bravery, and they too often die in the performance of their duty.

So this picture of peace-time daring and bravery is quite honest entertainment. For one thing, it is splendidly presented.

Personally, this reviewer found the race to the fire, with the horse-drawn vehicle winning over the motor apparatus, more exciting than the chariot race in "Ben-Hur." And the scenes showing methods of fire-fighting will delight small boys with noble ambitions. It is a picture that will warm anybody's blood.

Charles Ray makes the hit of his career as the young fire-fighter. It is his best and strongest acting. Eugenie Besserer is wonderful as the mother whose sons are killed in duty. And May McAvoy is a lovely heroine. All in all, a swell thriller.

Especially recommended for the children.



**BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—Paramount**

THIS has verve and sparkle—and Greta Nissen. Not, of course, to overlook the suave Adolphe Menjou, who contributes one of his neat high comedy performances. "Blonde or Brunette" is an adapted French farce, playing, of course, upon the problem of marriage. Yes, it is a bit rakish at times, but it is charmingly played and directed.

Henri Martel grows sick of the fair Parisiennes and marries a simple country blonde. The blonde, prompted by a spurned brunette, adopts the ways of all the giddy Parisiennes. So Martel gets a divorce and weds the wily brunette.

You will find "Blonde or Brunette" sophisticated stuff. Not, probably, the thing for grandpa or little Willie. But, for your adult eyes, we heartily recommend the piquant Miss Nissen.



**THE MUSIC MASTER—Fox**

AS delicate as a Chopin melody, this faithful version of the Belasco stage success is aimed directly at the heart-strings of the older generation. Its sentiment and its story belong to the days of the nineties, and many a mother will sigh with remembrance at its love scenes.

It is a slender legend, the chronicle of an old music master and his daughter, separated for sixteen years through the faithlessness of the girl's mother. The old musician has become reduced to poverty in his long search for his child, but, when his last possession is gone, she, all unknowing, comes to him as a piano pupil.

There is real tenderness in Allan Dwan's direction, exquisite playing by Alec Francis and Lois Moran, and a shy newcomer, Helen Chandler, who looks like a real find.



**THE LITTLE JOURNEY—  
M-G-M**



EXCEPT that its plot is a bit thin, this would be listed among the six best. Rarely is a film done with such simplicity and perfection. A girl, journeying to her fiance's home, meets a man on the train and falls in love with him. That's all. But it's delightful. William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey give charming performances. Robert Leonard wins honors for his direction. Don't miss this when it comes to your town.

**THE POPULAR SIN—  
Paramount**



THEY met, they married, they divorced, they each re-married. All four were unhappy. The wife of the first part divorced her husband of the second part. He married again, a girl the first husband loved. Another divorce. Second husband goes back to first wife for happiness. Thus, the popular sin. It's as muddled as it sounds, and not too funny, despite Malcolm St. Clair's direction. Florence Vidor, Clive Brook and Greta Nissen head the cast.

**IT—  
Paramount**



AT last Elinor Glyn has sidestepped her famous royal characters and has given us a story of the everyday working girl. And Clara Bow is the girl—so you know what to expect. Clara is just marvelous as the peppy little saleslady who has IT personified. From all appearances Clara is the only person who will fill the niche in Paramount stardom left vacant by Gloria Swanson. And Paramount feels the same way—just watch Clara from now on. Good stuff.

**BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—  
Fox**



BERTHA and Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model were always the highlights of the use-to-was stock companies. They did right by our Nellie when they brought her to the screen, but Bertha got a mean deal. They took Bertha real seriously and turned her into a modern jazzy sheba with a wicked villain pursuing her, but wait—the handsome hero does some tall stepping to poor Bertha. And then Bertha learns he is just a poor millionaire struggling along in this world.

**NEW YORK—  
Paramount**



THIS is no skyscraper, though some of New York's colorful contrast is shown. The story had possibilities, being the saga of *Michael Angelo Cassidy*, a musical genius of the slums who pounds his way up through Tin Pan Alley to the heart of a Fifth Avenue heiress. It is conspicuously miscast. Ricardo Cortez, excellent actor that he is, will never make a *Cassidy*, and Estelle Taylor overacts violently. This will do for an evening you're not feeling critical.

**ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—  
Fox**



A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S novel of the unsettled post war days of England and an army hero seeking his purpose in life is badly translated to the screen. There is so much story detail that one feels overburdened and confused with the entire piece. Too many ingredients in the recipe. At no time does the story jell on the screen. Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee all did excellent work to no avail. Harry Beaumont directed.



**NOBODY'S WIDOW—**  
Producers  
Dist. Corp.



**SUMMER BACHELORS—**  
Fox



**G**OOD entertainment—no ifs and ands about it. Charlie Ray, who has been unfortunate in his rôles of late, just romps away with the whole piece, even though Leatrice Joy is starred. There is one amusing sequence that is a gem. Leatrice marries Charlie after a whirlwind courtship. She believes him unfaithful, and returns to her friends as a widow. Charlie appears on the scene and makes matters hot for Leatrice. But anyway he wins her back again. See it!

**M**EANT to be hot stuff, Warner Fabian's story of the husbands who play while their wives are away on vacation, promises much more than it fulfills. Imagine a bachelor girl—she's Madge Bellamy—who is opposed to marriage but who makes her acts censorproof by going into a coma and wedding the hero while hypnotized. Indiscretion becomes idiocy after that. There's a newcomer, Leila Hyams, who runs away with the acting honors. Allan Dwan directed suavely.

**JIM THE CONQUEROR—**  
Producers  
Dist. Corp.



**THE POTTERS—**  
Paramount



**J**UST another of the famous feuds between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, set against a background of beautiful scenery. William Boyd is the very handsome sheepman who outwits the cattle guys. Elinor Faire is the most unattractive and colorless leading lady ever placed in front of a camera. The gorgeous scenery, if that is all you care to see, is worth the price of admission—the remainder of the picture isn't. Need we say any more?

**T**HE subtitles are funnier than the scenes, which is always a bad sign. Perhaps the star, W. C. Fields, will blame this on the director for making him play a middle-aged, middle-class clerk without the benefit of a single gag. Fields is *Pa Potter*, a hero to nobody except on pay day. He invests the family's life savings in oil stock, loses all, but unlike everyone except screen characters recoups to make a million. Not so bad as entertainment and not so good.

**THE LADY IN ERMINE—**  
First National



**THE PERFECT SAP—**  
First National



**T**HIS tries very hard to be oh, so naughty, but all grownups will get out of it is a grand ha-ha at the seemingly *risque* situations. Directors should remember this is the twentieth century—but we won't go into the subject any further. The entire cast resembles the greatest assemblage of bad actors—Einar Hansen, Francis X. Bushman and Ward Crane. Corinne Griffith is also included in the above mentioned Armour class—even her famous beauty is missing here. Pass.

**W**ILL register as pleasant entertainment with most audiences. It's all about a wealthy boy who has a hankering to be another Sherlock Holmes. He gets mixed up with a gang of crooks, and how he solves the mysterious robberies is nobody's business. Ben Lyon, wearing Harold's famous goggles, is the hero. Pauline Starke is very attractive as the newspaper girl out to get a story. Virginia Lee Corbin, Diana Kane and Sam Hardy complete the cast. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



# How to Hold Your

## Bad mental habits, not the flight of time, etch the tell-tale lines of age on your face

**T**HE Class on Keeping Young is now called to order. And the subject of today's lecture is how to lift the face without the aid of facial surgery; how to keep slim and active without the aid of Dr. Hokum's anti-fat pills.

Last month, Dr. Eugene Lyman Fish told you some of the causes of old age—the germs, the parasites and the chemical disarrangements that turn us into subnormal human beings long before even half our life-span is past, adding it is God's will that with the help of science and common sense, you should remain young in appearance and feeling as long as possible.

And last month, too, we learned some simple tricks of hygiene that help overcome the almost totally unnecessary handicap of growing old.

This month we will learn some about the dangerous mental habits that are as fatal to good health and beauty as a pastry diet, an abscessed tooth, bad gin or a case of ty-

phoid fever can possibly be. It sums up in this statement:

A faulty adjustment of the mental and emotional life is, in all too many cases, a chronic, insidious and dangerous disease. In extreme instances, many poor women are groping through life with infantile minds in adult bodies.

**F**OR these rules of mental hygiene, I am indebted to Dr. Edward J. Kempf of New

York. Dr. Kempf is an eminent psycho-analyst. Like all things that combat superstition and prejudices, it is a science that demands considerable bravery. So in the rules of mental hygiene, prepare to have some of your pet habits condemned as dangerous. And prepare to have some of your feminine tricks exposed as childish and ridiculous.

Dr. Kempf says that mental hygiene simply boils down to the simple maxim, "Don't worry."

By Agnes Smith



**I**T is a journalistic platitude shouted from the house-tops by amateur and professional optimists. And yet—perhaps because it is so heavily emphasized, it remains unheard. It has become more heeded in the breach than in the observance.

The average woman, told not to worry, answers aloud, "But I can't help it." And in her mind, her process of thought runs about as follows: "It is all very well for this sap to tell me not to worry, but the cook is leaving, the furnace needs repairing, the living room needs new curtains, little Mabel has failed in arithmetic, the acid from the radio battery has burnt a hole in the rug, there are four grey hairs in my head, and I think my husband is interested in another woman."

Whereupon the average woman keeps on worrying, without taking any definite steps to set her muddled world to rights.

It is the duty of psychology to set to rights the jumble of minds that have so deteriorated through lack of use or misuse that they rattle like an old Ford. This is where the rules of mental hygiene must step in and explain a way to vanquish worry and fears.

Here are Dr. Kempf's rules for keeping young and attractive—and incidentally for gaining that chief of all feminine charms—an amiable disposition.

**F**IRST of all, remember that the giving of love is more important than getting it. Most women want to be admired and loved. They want to be petted. (The word "petted" is not used in the collegiate sense.) They want to be sheltered and coddled and made much of.

And when they don't get this sort of love, they feel that life has cheated them. It is better and healthier to love, to admire and to protect than to eternally demand these emotions of others.

The heaviest damage to beauty is caused by suppressed or misdirected emotions. Artists and actresses who, by the very nature of their work, must free their emotions, actually stay young longer than women whose life is outwardly serene but inwardly a mass of suppressed feelings.

Worry during sleep brings about loss of beauty and old age more nearly than any other factor. Tormented rest is worse than no rest at all. Therefore, never retire at night with a grouch or hurt feelings. If you are angry, explode and get it over with. Lose your temper. A flare of temper is soon over and leaves no wrinkles. Square accounts with yourself at night. Insist on getting satisfaction. A rousing scene of ten minutes is better than a week's grouch.





# Youth

Organize your next day's work before going to sleep. Map out your day, carefully and systematically. You'll sleep sounder for it.

Begin the morning with a jump. A few brisk exercises will help a lot. Those added minutes in bed help put on fat. They also reduce your energy for the day.

And here is a radical rule. It is one that will upset a lot of feminine tricks. Don't hide jealousy. If you hide jealousy, it twists your thoughts in a way to make life very disagreeable. Come out in the open with your jealousy and get it over as quickly as possible.

**I**F YOUR digestion is upset, if you are harboring fears, if your peace of mind is disturbed, it usually means that you are concealing jealousy. If coming out in the open with your jealousy makes you too disagreeable to live with, you have two alternatives. Either you must learn to be a good fellow and give up being jealous, or you must get a divorce.

But don't forget that jealousy is your own fault. It is caused by the infantile method of getting love—the craving for eternal admiration, eternal coddling.

Jealousy is not the result of getting old; it is the cause of getting old. Pouting, sulking, hurt feelings, peevishness, obstinacy and revengefulness are absolutely guaranteed to trace wrinkles on faces.

For good health and staying young, every woman must surrender these infantile tricks and learn the mature method of giving love, of being fair, of working courageously, of accepting tough luck, of being a good sport, of having faith in herself.

Dr. Kempf believes that every woman should take up an outdoor sport, if not for her health and looks, then for her mental good. Every woman should learn to accept life as a game. If you lose, play it over the next day. If you win, don't gloat. The gloating winner is a poor loser.

**W**ORK and live in beautiful surroundings. Put good pictures on your walls and reproductions of great art around your house. If you can, have a garden, and work in it. If you can't, grow flowers in the house.

Dr. Kempf finds that neurotic women are poor readers. And his cure for neuroses is a good book. One should always be reading some delightful book. It expands the imagination.

The movies, psychologically considered, are a great safety valve. The screen brings to life our ideals. And this is as it should be. The little boy who admires Douglas Fairbanks will try to cultivate health and cheerfulness. The girl who adores Norma Shearer is not going to fall into slovenly habits.

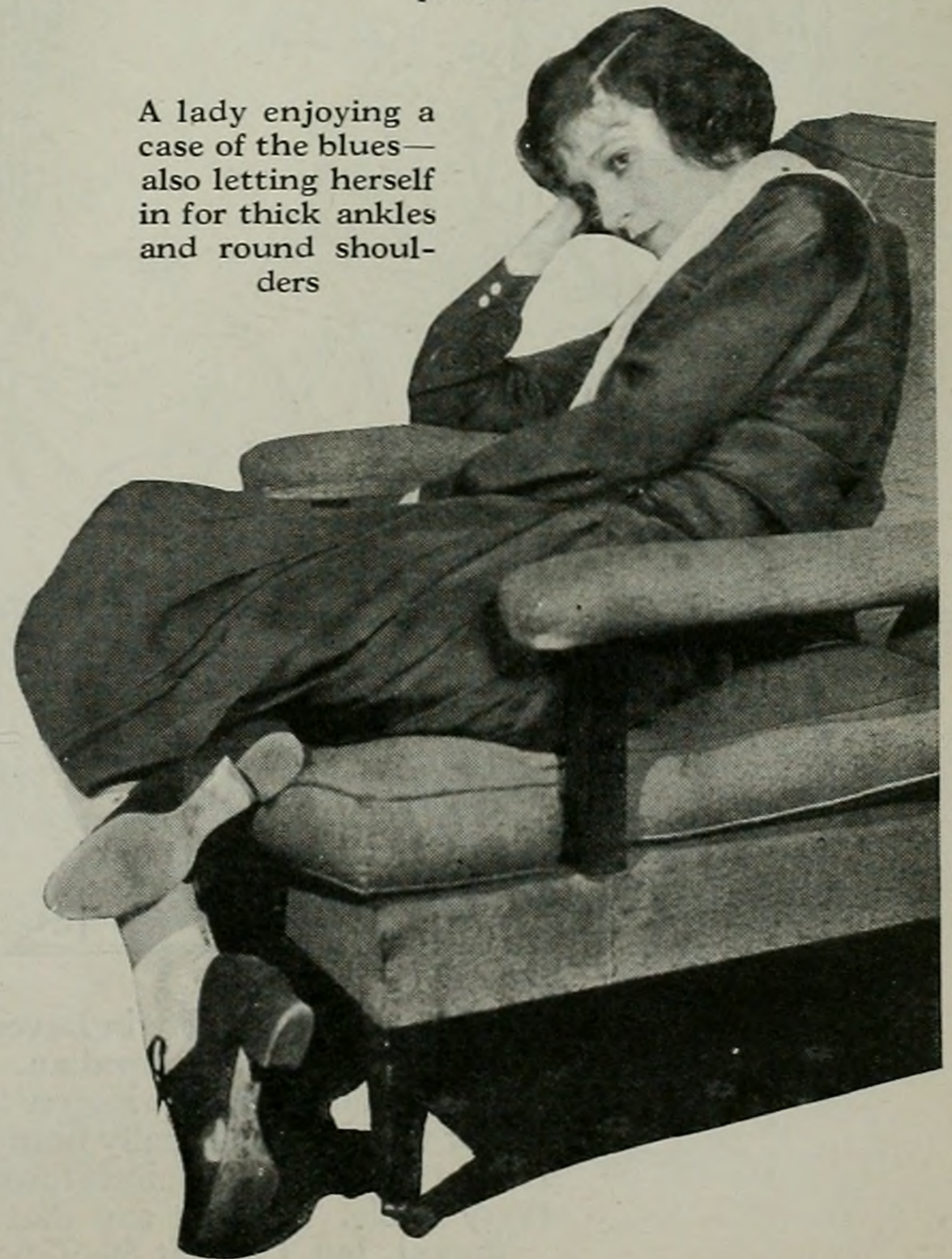
Above all, don't take life too seriously. Neither must you turn it into a jazz dance. The jazz mania spoils your ability to work, to concentrate. Neither must you go crazy on golf, religion or other excessive interest. Take your pleasures sanely.

These are, after all, simple rules. Their very simplicity makes them easy to break. If you break them, day after day, week after week, the results will be written on your face. And that is no idle threat. If you can hold to them steadfastly for a week or a month, they will become a fixed habit, a second nature. And you will be building up your most invaluable insurance against old age.



Four sure ways of cultivating wrinkles. Let your mirror guide your disposition. Carol Dempster demonstrates her ability as an actress by posing for these examples of mental habits that should be avoided by every woman. Russell Ball took the pictures

A lady enjoying a case of the blues—also letting herself in for thick ankles and round shoulders







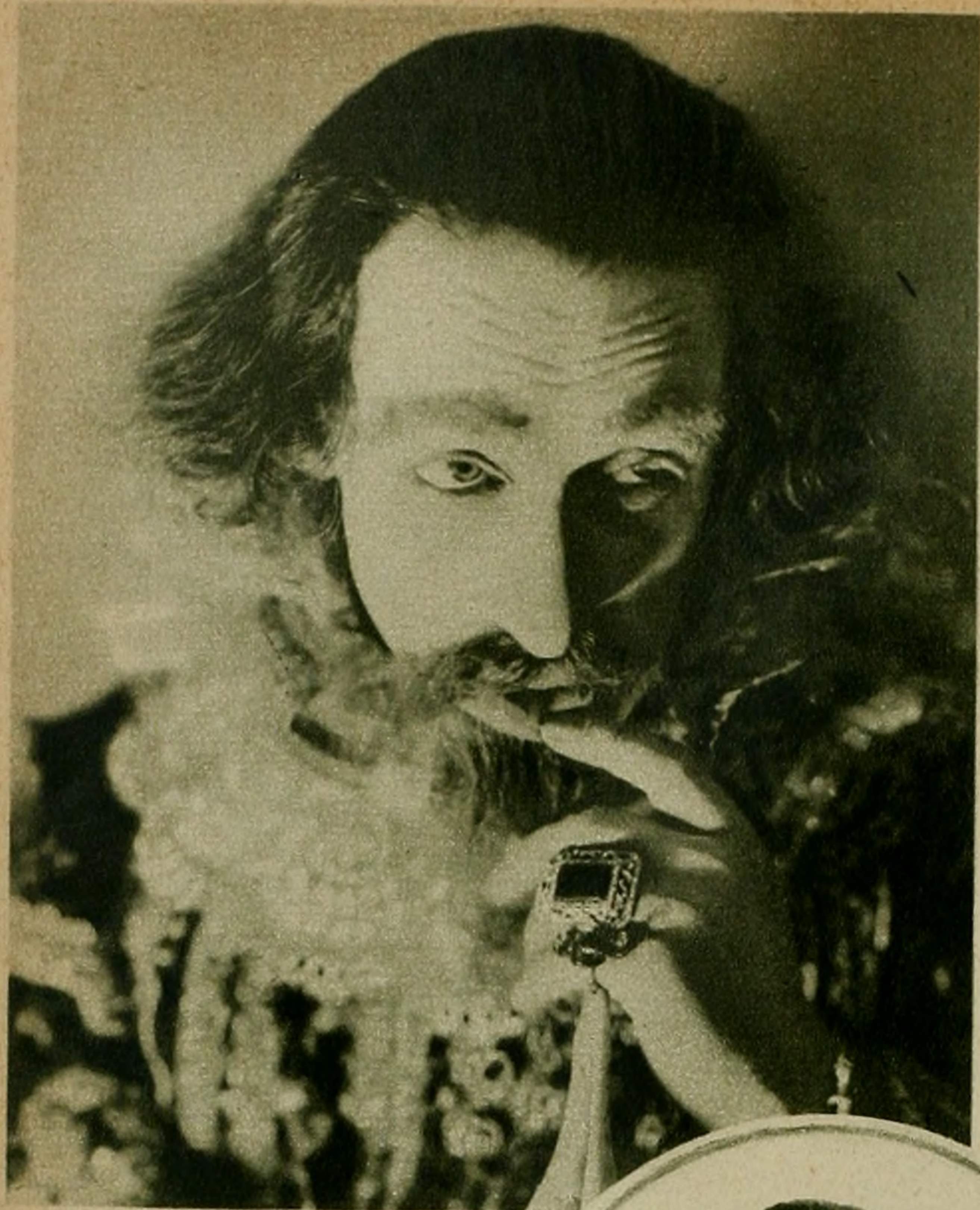




**I**N spite of her ultra boyish bob—the most feminine of all stars. Leatrice Joy brings to the screen a quality of charm, romance, and gay comedy that gives grace and deftness to the most trivial plot.



# Guess



One. He used to play kings—or at least dukes—in costume dramas. There's no money in being a royal villain these days so he turned private in the army.



Two. Years ago, after a matinee in Colorado Springs. A member of an English burlesquetroupe. Poor but happy. Who?

Three. Just a silly old bean, watto? It's Archibald, the old fruit. The comedy tricks he learned in England are coining money for him today. Look again and you will recognize him.



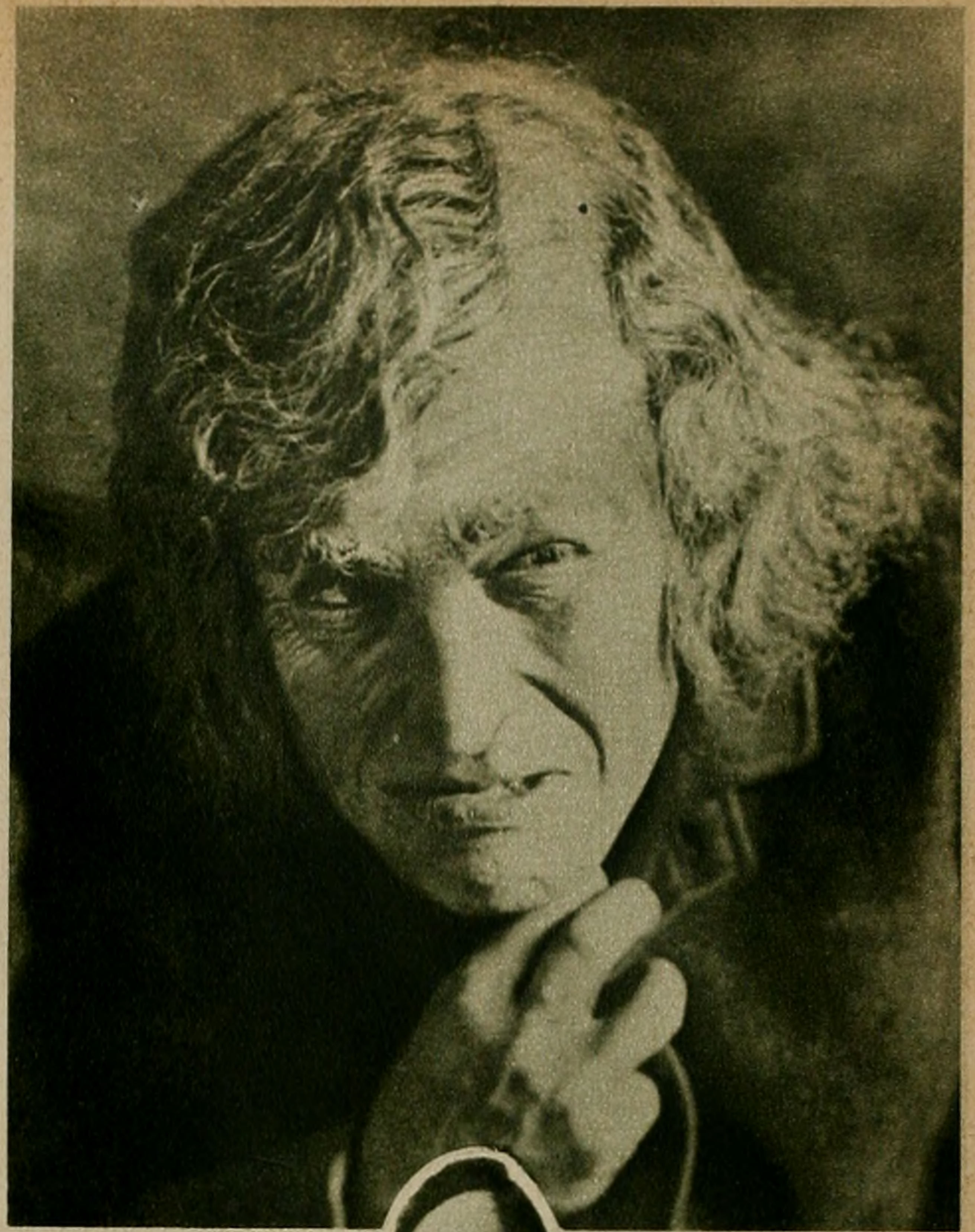
Four. The hero of a hot comedy called "Cinders of Love." Because of the moustache, this gentleman adopted the name of a sea-going animal. All together now! Of course it is—





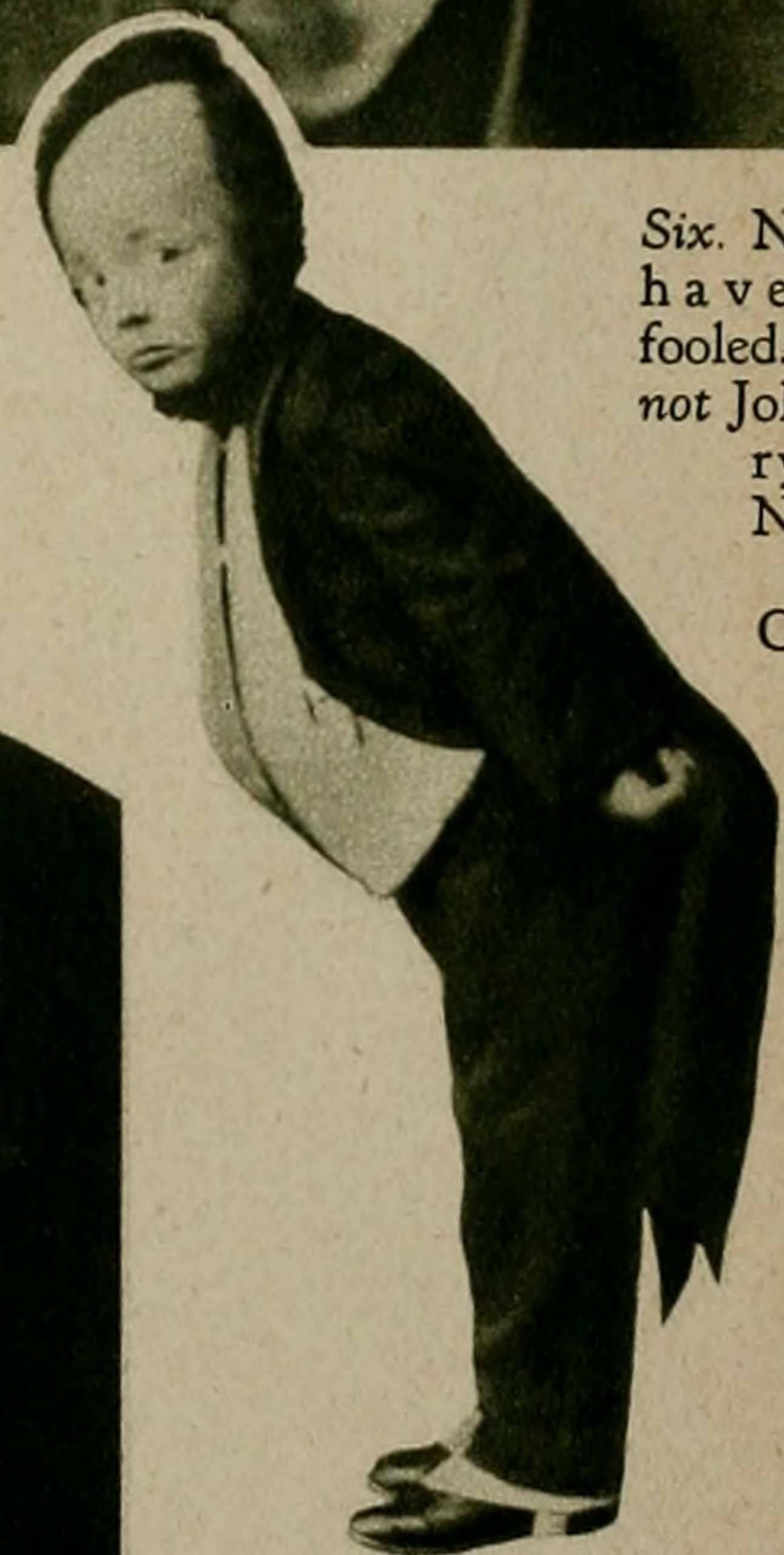
How many of these  
comics do you  
recognize?

Answers on Page 118



*Five.* This is really too easy. Since his early days as a comic Dutchman, this swell slapstick artist has been stealing pictures from ladies and gentlemen who take their drama seriously. Plays with or without moustache.

*Seven.* For years he played the clumsy servant girl in a series of comedies. Then he discovered that villainy pays well. But he's gone back to his original business of making them laugh. Take a long, hard look.



*Six.* Now we have you fooled. This is not John Barrymore. Nor is it Lon Chaney.

*Eight.* A solemn child—and a smart little fellow. As a kid, he was a headliner in vaudeville. He's been doing acrobatic stunts since he was a baby. Naturally, he had no trouble in landing in the top ranks of screen comedians.





**E**STELLE TAYLOR has developed a regular habit of stealing pictures. Her latest was her runaway performance of Lucrezia Borgia in "Don Juan." Across the page Miss Spensley tells of Miss Taylor as an actress and as Mrs. Jack Dempsey.



# The Girl with Sexpression

By  
Dorothy  
Spensley



THERE is something about Estelle Taylor. I've been trying to find the word for it ever since I met her.

Something in the toss of her head, the curve of her body, the half-pout of her crimson lips, the velvet black of her eyes.

Charm? Sure. But something more. Personality? Oodles. Beauty? Plenty. Sex appeal? Something more than that.

Then suddenly I had the word. "I've got it!"

"What?" said Estelle looking alarmed.

"The word that describes you," I, elated, told her.

She smiled. You know how she smiled in "Don Juan"? You know how her arched upper lip curved higher? That's the trick it performed then. She smiled more. Then she laughed, broadly, tauntingly.

"I'll bet I know. 'The bunk' or something like that."

That's just like Estelle. Always depreciating herself. I don't believe she has any ego. If she has, it is kept trained, a malleable mass that she shoves to the background. Maybe it's her sense of humor that beats her ego into a retiring pulp.

I have seen it happen. Time after time. People will congratulate her on her performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* in "Don Juan."

"DON'T congratulate me," she will say. "It was John Barrymore. You can't help acting with him. He's a great actor. He's so generous, too. Gives you scene after scene." And she meant it. There is something almost fatalistic in the way she avoids compliments.

"What is the word?" Estelle asked, doubtfully.

"Sexpression."

"Sexpression?" There was still doubt in Estelle's voice. "It sounds immoral. What does it mean?"

"It means everything. It is the concentrated blessings of the sirens of all centuries. It is the essence of Helen of Troy's applesauce, Scheherazade's patter, Eve's snake-charming act. Your fairy god-mother probably sprinkled you with it in your cradle. It's three leaps and one plane beyond Madame Glyn's IT."

Estelle looked troubled. "Don't tell Jack," meaning Jack Dempsey, her husband.

"Why not? It's a compliment. Why, gee, it should make us famous — just like the Smith Brothers!"

"That's all right, but I'm not a cough drop. Still you

Miss Spensley told Estelle Taylor that she had coined the word *sexpression* to describe her.

"It sounds immoral," Miss Taylor protested. "Anyway, don't tell Jack."

even better." I tried to impress this upon her.

Visions of fame swam through my head. A purple diaz next to Madame Glyn's. Anoint my head with stardust, oh hand-maiden of the Hall of Fame. I've coined a new word.

"Don't be silly," said Estelle, bringing me down from a couple of downy clouds. "Don't be silly. I haven't got it." And then she laughed. I could see Ego doing a nice tailspin with Humor ascending.

"No, I don't suppose you have," trying to save Ego from a complete smash. "I suppose you thought you looked like a maiden schoolmarm when you did *Miriam* in 'The Ten Commandments'?" We might as well have it out now.

"Well," said Estelle, alibiing herself, "it was a great costume."

"That was sexpression—not costume," I said severely.

"And *Mary Stuart* in 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.' That was sexpression and acting, too. And 'Don Juan.' You just stole the picture, that's all, with it. And still you say you have no sexpression."

Estelle was silent, as she should be when she argues a point.

She had just returned from New York where she had been busy stealing another picture. This time it was "New York." The dogs were glad she was home, four of them, the littlest a Pekinese. There was a parrot outside who was glad too.

ESTELLE looked around the room with its low lacquered tables, comfortable arm chairs and deep lounge. There was warmth in her tones: "I'm glad to be home." Jack was in the garden conferring with the architect about a four-car garage with ball and billiard rooms overhead. The Dempseys are home people. They go out a great deal, they travel a great deal, but it is by necessity—Jack's profession, Estelle's career.

They had just returned from Salt Lake City, Jack's home town, where they had accompanied his mother.

[CONTINUED ON  
PAGE 143]

The Dempseys are home people. They go about a great deal, they travel a great deal because their professions demand it. But, at heart, they're home folks





She was going home, beaten,

# Life for a Night

By  
Jean Dupont

"MANANA" land! That's Hollywood. Not as the lately vanished Spanish regime may have meant the word, the cheerful postponement till tomorrow of everything that can be postponed, and much that shouldn't be. In the Cinema City, "tomorrow" is the day of hope, a glorious day. It may bring a square meal or a Rolls-Royce. Today you may be dodging your landlady. Tomorrow you may be flirting with the newest real estate subdivision. Boston may dwell in the past, New York clutch madly at the present, but Hollywood lives for tomorrow.

Amber Evans believed that on some tomorrow she would be a star. Any tomorrow might carry her a step onward to the goal. Anticipation being what it is, she had been buoyed along for some two years of ups and downs. Because most of the people around her had the same germ, there was no one to tell her the disease was fatal.

Golden hair and brown eyes flecked with gold, twinkling ankles, poppy mouth. That was Amber. A pretty girl walking up a boulevard full of pretty girls. Beauty queen and belle of belles in Daletown, in Hollywood she was one more lovely creation in the vast show window. Just an infinitesimal part in the glittering display which evoked a yawn of boredom from the crowd, the small hypercritical group, that is, of director, casting man, and Potentate of Production.

"I'M hurrying home to honey in my old home to-ow-n." Outside a music shop on Hollywood Boulevard, a blaring radio joined the glaring sunlight, commingling, to the noise of the traffic, a tumult of light and sound. Amber loved the friendly clamor of the Boulevard. Ever so little her shoulders responded to the tune; her toes accompanied its gayety. A dancing girl was Amber who would respond to any of life's tunes, happy as long as there *was* a tune! Then abruptly her joy ceased. Her step slackened. Amber remembered she was in immediate danger of "going back to honey in the old home town." In fact, she had quite decided to go.

Vivid dreams of the joy that stardom would bring had never waned. But Amber's purse contained three dollars and sixty-two cents. Her immediate prospects were just as slim. She turned a corner into one of those shaded side-streets which remind one that Hollywood was but recently an orange-grove. With the boulevard and its glamour behind her, Tod Brunt's check became a comfortable reality in her hand.

Tod ran Daletown's leading hardware and tractor establishment. He was twenty-six, indifferently blonde, and as fond

of Amber as he was of a new contrivance for shelling corn, or a clever invention for canning fruit. For Tod this was the maximum of affection. During a lull in hardware he had had a chance to seriously contemplate matrimony. So Amber had received an ultimatum and a check. The former told her to make her choice—Hollywood or hardware forever. The latter covered a return ticket to Daletown—to safety, security and a stuccoed bungalow.

Amber sighed. There was no compromise, she was certain, for Tod had never approved of the Hollywood venture. She ran prideful fingers over the golden cap, boy-cut and smart, which the sun struck slantingly. She supposed she was a lucky girl. No more skimping of body and soul. Tod was a darling and a decent sort. She had met all the sorts in the last two years. She was in a position to know. Later on there would be a car, the country club, babies. "Mrs. Tod Brunt of Daletown."

Around the corner came a low-slung car of jaunty lines. Over it were draped some four or five young men, as carelessly careful of dress, as lean and sportslike as the car. In their midst an elevated camera box stamped them as part of a company on its way to location. Hands went up in hearty greeting, "Hi, Amber, La, Amber." The girl responded. She remembered them vaguely as star, director, camera-man with whom she had worked one time. "Squint" Miller, the camera-man, had been a dear. Three, four months ago, in Las Vegas on location, he had chased away a drunken cowboy and trotted all over town to find her a clean and quiet place to stay. He was



Illustrated by  
Harley Ennis Stivers



# when she found the magic ticket



"Miss Amber Evans — Hollywood's Golden Girl," the announcer megaphoned. She started the long, long march to the theater entrance

semester of her life, she had majored in hard knocks with laboratory courses in Humanity. In the large and varied sorority of working girls Bunny was senior.

"Whatinell's matter?" It was the language of a truck driver in the tones of a mother-bird.

"Bunny, I'm going home and marry Tod. He sent for me to-day."

"Send you the jack?"

"Yes."

"Gee, I'm glad, honey. Gosh, you lucky kid. No more walking the weary, no more faking the paint. Little white cottage 'n'all the trimmings, huh?"

Amber nodded.

"Gee-ee!" Wistful envy. Bunny's boy friend was third assistant camera-man. Bunny permitted herself to dream, now and then, amid the nervous speed of the cutting room of a cottage in Lankershim. But only occasionally. Bunny had been born in Los Angeles and had grown up as a child actress

part, now, of her vanishing movie career. She watched the car out of sight—"Miss Amber Evans of Hollywood."

Up two flights of stairs, in an old frame house, which had once been proud, but had come down in the world, Bunny was waiting for Amber.

"Luvva Mike. Thought you'd never come. Open up the table an' take the milk outta the window-sill."

Amber halted in the doorway. Bunny, flipping a hamburger, turned to superintend the job. A wise woman, Bunny. Every



siren word to which women between nine and ninety cannot help giving ear. She listened to the future, caught the fever. In a gale of laughter and tears supper was finished, the dishes washed.

It didn't take long to pack Amber's things. A tiny trunk, a suit-case, her make-up case, battered veteran of many studio lots. Somewhere in the process Bunny slipped from her own particular treasure hoard the "set of undies" she had mentioned.

"If someday I should own three mansions, a hotel and a house-boat, I'll never forget this room," said Amber with a backward glance for the ugly, friendly cubicle, already forlorn in the places where Amber's belongings had been.

"You gonna turn on the glycerine? This time next month you'll be wonderin' what you ate to give you a nightmare like this. C'mon."

It was a momentous expedition up to the boulevard to pick out the white garters. Veil, orange blossoms, white satin might be impossible, but Bunny insisted on these. They were priced, moreover, within the difference between what Bunny absolutely could live on, and next pay-day.

There was a blissful moment of giggling barter with a sale's girl, a tiny moment for Amber of the flushed and envied joy which is the inheritance of a bride. Homeward bound they had already planned Bunny's first visit to the stuccoed bungalow that was to be Amber's when she found it! So engrossed were they that when Amber trod upon the tiny pasteboard square, only the hole in her shoe brought it to her notice.

Amber picked it up. A shriek from Bunny. "It's a ticket to the opening! This must be your birthday!"

Amber held the ticket out. "You take it, Bun. You've always wanted to go to an opening."

"Don't try to pull that number. You're the one who is going away. As for me, gee, in a little while I'll be going to openings every night, rollin' up in my town car and a mink coat."

Amber wasn't deceived. "Please take it. I have to rest up for the trip tomorrow."

"Listen, dearie," Bunny regarded her. "You know what marriage is these days. You may be resting for thirty-five years in the sticks. When you're married I'll still be a bachelor girl with lots of wide-open nights ahead of me."

"Then maybe we had better turn it in at the box-office. It might be traced."

**A** FLASH of withering scorn from the little cutter. "Not a nickel in your pockets, but you want to play Santa Claus. Snap out of it! Luck's with you. Go to that opening. It's dropped at your very feet. You'll have to hustle if you're going to be there on time. Beat it home and get into my white georgette. I'll drop in at Maizie's and see if I can borrow her Spanish shawl for you."

Amber realized it wasn't exactly generosity, but a certain prescience which inspired her last appeal.

"It would be better for you to go, really."

"Squirrel food, absolute! But I'll forgive you because you've had a large day. Toddle along—before I get normal and grab the ticket."

Amber knew she was about to have a dream realized. Yesterday she had enviously passed the great Egyptian Theater where "The Age of Gold" was to have its world premiere. Now she was planning to go. Yesterday no hope. Then a Hollywood tomorrow! Wonderful City! In her hand was the magic pass to three glittering

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



On the rickety porch, screened by a venerable palm, Julio suddenly gathered her, floppy dog and all, into his arms. Amber did not protest the sudden fleeting warmth of his lips, his swifter leaving

with the moving picture industry. Her radiant vision of Tomorrow was slightly clouded by long experience.

"When are you going?" Briskly Bunny turned out the hamburgers. She forebore, in this crisis, to chide Amber for her inactivity, and turned to set the table, a contortionist table which could fold its legs and disappear within the wall.

"I guess I'd better go tomorrow, if it won't matter to you."

"If you're broke I suppose you'd better. Hate like the devil to have you go."

Amber felt a sudden deep pang which amounted almost to fear at leaving Bunny. Bunny knew all the bumps ahead, and had always pointed them out.

"But say, honey, you haven't any glad rags—none of the 'smart an' more intimate garments which mark the bride of distinction!" Dish towel held in the manner of an up-stage sales person in one of those shops which she had seen mostly from the outside, Bunny mincingly quoted the advertisement.

"This bride will be thankful if her shoes hold out to carry her to the altar."

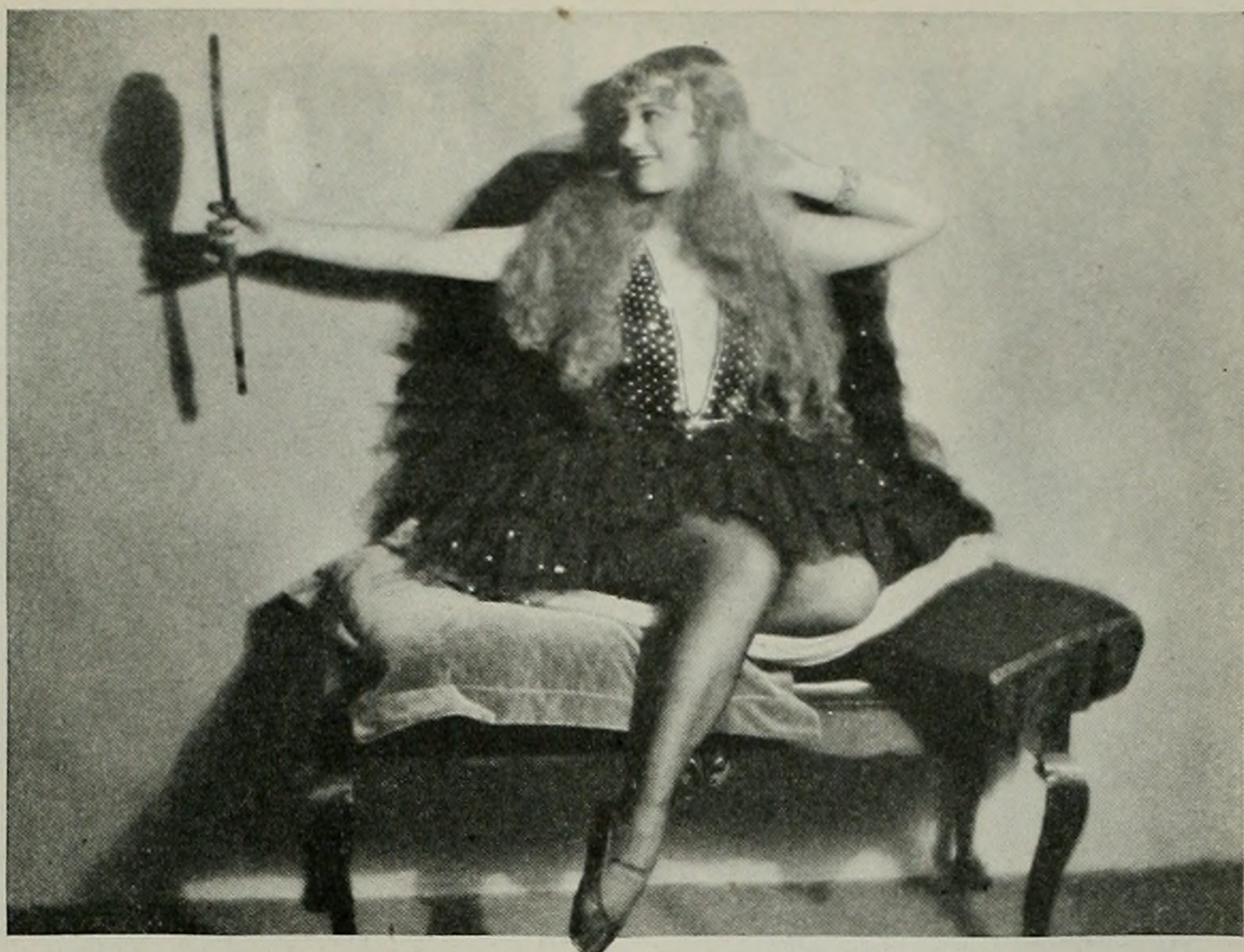
Amber said, "Sit down and shut up."

Bunny slammed down the plates. "No girl friend of mine is going to get married without a new set of undies and a pair of white garters. 'Tisn't decent."

Through the sketchy supper Bunny rattled on, while Amber listened to her trousseau being planned. "Trousseau" is the

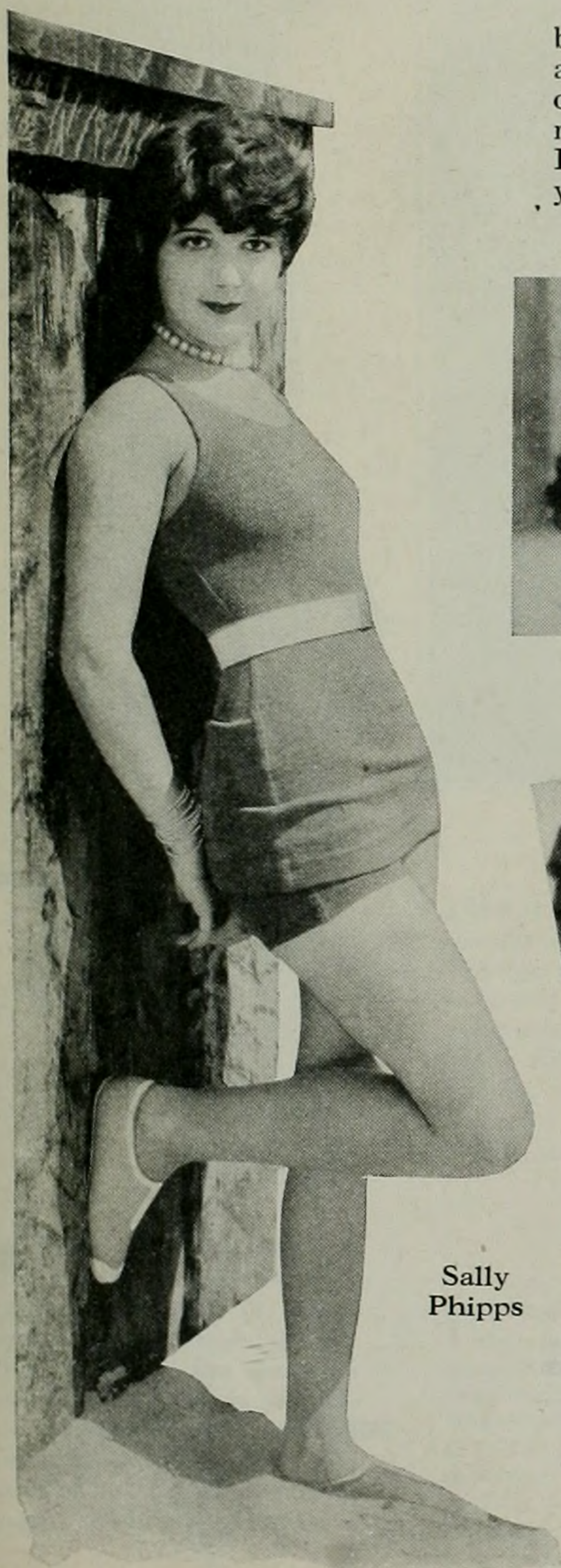


# Baby Stars of 1927



Sally Rand

Introducing the Wampus Stars of 1927. Thirteen talented kids have been selected by the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers to be presented at the frolic and ball early in the Spring. For the past six years, the Wampus have chosen thirteen of the most promising of the younger players and press-agented them through the magic medium of publicity. Colleen Moore, Eleanor Boardman, Clara Bow and Dorothy Mackaill were among the Wampus graduates of other years. On page 82, you will find more about the lucky thirteen chosen for 1927.



Sally Phipps



Jean Navelle



Adamae Vaughn



Mary McAllister



Frances Lee



Rita Carewe



Barbara Kent



Patricia Avery



Helene Costello



Gladys McConnell



Natalie Kingston



Iris Stuart

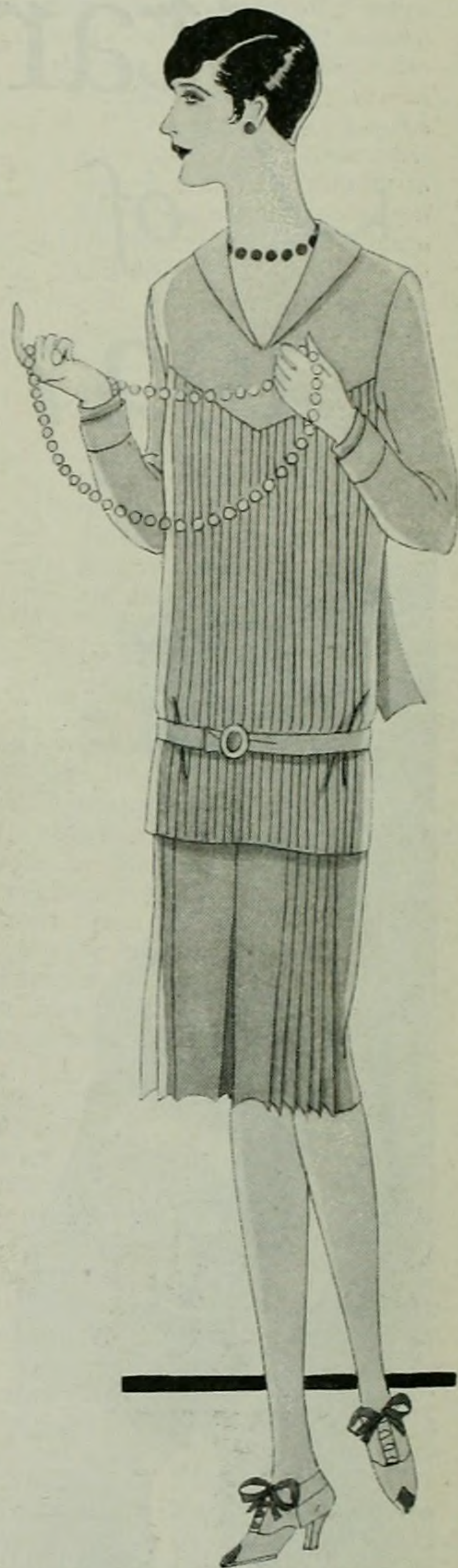
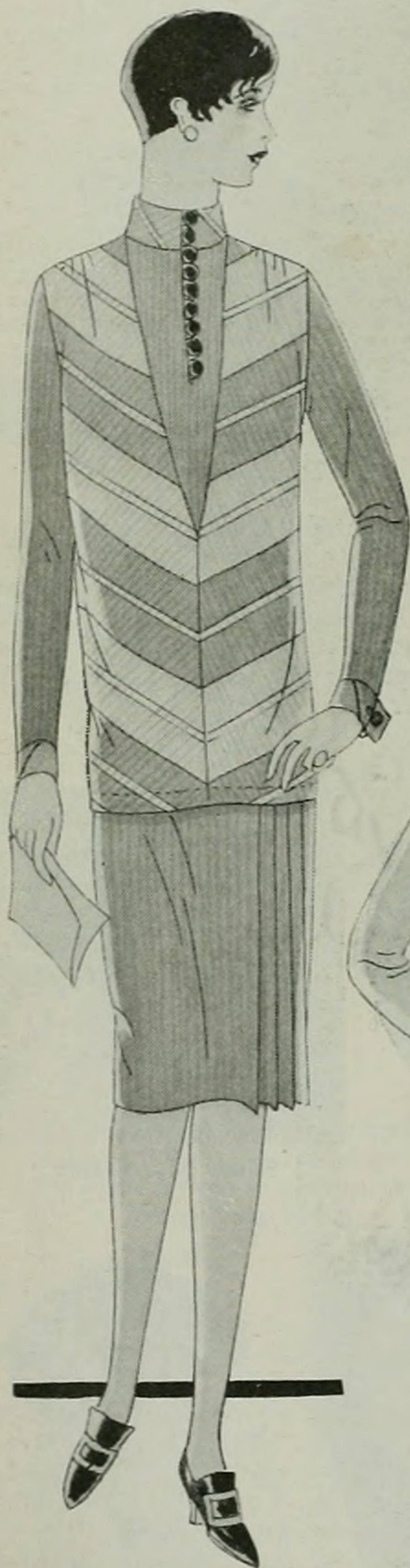


# How to Dress Like a Star

on an extra's income—by using  
Photoplay's Famous Shopping Service

The two-piece sweater suit at left has a smart pointed yoke and high collar, with the stripes in the front woven in diagonally, giving a new effect. The back of the sweater is striped horizontally. The skirt is on an elastic belt for comfort. In two tones of green or blue, also in navy with gray, and sand with bois-de-rose. Sizes 14-40. Price \$12.95

Very new and charming is the frock at right, of washable crepe de chine which doubles its usefulness and saves cleaning bills. The blouse has a very flattering collar with scarf ends, which, by way of being different, tie in the back. It may be ordered in beige, rose, Queen blue (copen), and palmetto (medium) green. In Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 only. Price \$15.75



A well made frock of jersey for business or general wear is the backbone of many a smart wardrobe, and the youthful model sketched at right has a flattering silk tie, a wide suede belt and front pleated skirt. It may be ordered in tan, copen, rose and palmetto green, sizes 14-20 and 36-40. The price is \$10.95

A lovely two-piece frock of crepe de chine is trimmed with motifs of hand drawnwork. This is charming for spring-wear and can be enjoyed well into the summer. It may be ordered in Queen blue (copen), palmetto green, tan or the ever-popular navy blue. The sizes are 16, 18, 36 and 38. Price \$15.75



# Latest Styles—Greatest Values—Smartest Shops—at Your Service

Betty Blythe, recently returned from Europe, displays for you the latest Parisian pearl craze. The long strands of large pearls are priced at \$5.95 a strand. The smart pearl bracelets wending their snaky way up Miss Blythe's arm are very new. They are strung on wire, and take on many amusing shapes. These are priced at \$1.95, for the smallest; \$3.00 for the medium size, and \$5.00 for the large ones. It is smart to wear several on one arm



Miss Blythe, whose charming frocks testify to her excellent taste, has chosen the attractive array on these two pages for the young girl who must combine smartness with economy. These are the newest fashion details for spring. None of the frocks is priced at more than \$15.75, and we feel sure that many of our readers will welcome the opportunity to secure the exceptional values offered here

Betty Blythe has selected for your wardrobe that happy combination of Paris and Hollywood which is the ultimate in smartness and becomingness for the American girl, all at remarkably moderate prices



There is youthful style and smartness in this model for the larger girl or woman. It is made of flat crepe in navy, tan, palmetto green, or black with a strip of colorful embroidery down the vest, and touches of embroidery at the cuffs. Sizes from 36 to 46. Price \$15.75

This georgette dance frock with silk slip, for the very slender figure, has a slim bodice, picoted ruffles, and a dashing flower at the low waistline. Cap sleeves are included and may be attached if wanted. In flesh, Nile, white and powder blue. Sizes are 14 to 38. \$15.75



## HOW TO ORDER

PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service is famous for its smart selections and remarkably low prices. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.





## The Lark of the Month

**T**HE movies get 'em for all sorts of reasons. Some quit the stage for the screen because they can make more money.

Some prefer living in California bungalows to New York apartments.

Some just want to try out the novelty of acting before the camera.

But Eddie Cantor comes forward with the prize reason for deserting the stage for the films.

Eddie is in the movies because he wants to get acquainted with his wife and daughters.

That is what he says.

All the time that Eddie was playing on Broadway, his wife and four girls lived 'way uptown in New York and it was a commuter's

trip for Eddie to go home. And a commuter's life is not a happy one.

"I am leaving the stage," Eddie explained recently, "because I really must spend more time with my family than the theater permits.

"Otherwise, all I would be living for would be to leave them a lot of money.

"And yet there are some who insist that the movies are home-wreckers.

"Why, recently, when I came into my apartment after the theater, my youngest girl pointed to me and called to her mother, 'Mama, that man's here again.'

"That settled it with me. I am going to stay in the movies, so I can spend my evenings with the wife and the girls."





MRS. VANDERBILT'S spacious English living-room, where deep divans, old Chinese chests, Ispahan rugs, books and rare prints, rest the eye with blended beauty while three windows frame the changeful pageant of East River. In a gown of silver gray crepe Mrs. Vanderbilt is informally receiving friends with characteristic graciousness and charm



In her little Georgian morning room, with its panelled walls of deal and gay chintzes, MRS. VANDERBILT relaxes after her duties in her many charities. Especially to the Neurological Institute of New York, the only hospital in the United States devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means

## In her Enchanting House in Sutton Place Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt receives with gracious informality

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Oliver Harriman, has few peers. Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a beauty-lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything that contributes to womanly charm she considers highly



No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style

important, prizing all the subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

She advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams will give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

This is how they should be used:—

Before retiring at night, and often during the day, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your skin. In a few moments its fine oils lift from the pores all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, a little Cream left on until morning keeps your tissues supple.

After every cleansing except the bedtime one, apply lightly just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It

makes a marvelous powder base, gives a lovely even finish and guards the smooth white texture of your hands. It protects your face admirably, too, when you fare forth into weather, soot and dust.

Care for your skin with these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's. They will, as Mrs. Vanderbilt suggests, give you the assurance of being your best self.



On Mrs. Vanderbilt's little old Eighteenth Century poudreuse, are painted powder boxes and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams

**Free Offer:** Mail this coupon and receive free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q  
114 Hudson Street, New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Steichen

Mrs. Vanderbilt loves unusual flowers



# Close-Ups and Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

IN a recent issue of the Saturday Review of Literature Jim Tully reviewed Terry Ramsaye's splendid opus, "A Million and One Nights," and draws the conclusion that because the material was first printed as a serial in PHOTOPLAY that the workmanship is not all that he thinks it should be. In the midst of his brain-straining but astigmatic criticism of the book he digresses to nominate the editor of this bible of the screen as the "Mencken of the Morons."

NOW that was mighty nice of Tully because no other scrivener whose pay check I have amputated has given me anything more than a private's rank among the brethren of the arrested development. Although he arrived in Hollywood walking the ties, and motion picture folks took him in and gave him a square meal and a bed, Tully has a habit of snapping at their hands with ink on his teeth. That's not so nice.

TULLY'S trouble is that his viewpoint of Hollywood is from the rods under a freight car, and the tinkling of a tomato can on the railroad ties is his inspirational music. The lad will never get used to a Rolls-Royce.

BUT Tully can write with the power of a blacksmith. He fashions his pen from the tail feather of a vulture and when he sets to work the air is full of words I cannot use because there is an old lady in Des Moines who would be disappointed in me.

Some day he is going to get out from under that freight car and when he does he'll write a fine novel.

THE *kontingent* system, which I proposed last month to offset the German system, which provides that only one American picture can be distributed there for every German picture made, seems to have met with favor. I suggested that for every good production sent to this country from Germany, England, France, Italy or Russia, we (the American audience),

would force a bad American picture into the ashcan of public disfavor.

So that if the nations who are trying to bar our films get a wiggle on themselves and put the effort they are now wasting on protestation into production, our American audiences will be happier, European picture makers will be prosperous, and everybody concerned with the *internationale cordiale* of pictures will be satisfied—always excepting the reformers whom even He could not please.

I NOW have a counter *kontingent* for Germany. For every director you have sent us—and the Holly Woods are full of them—we will send you one of ours.

No, that's not so good. The better ones wouldn't go, and it would be a dirty trick on Germany to send the ones we could spare.

THE Federal Censorship bill is coming up again, but the nation is not busy trying to win a war now, and is too alert to have this snooping little brother of prohibition put over on us. They tricked us into prohibition under the guise of a patriotic effort to conserve grain for food. Why not national censorship to conserve celluloid for white collars?

BEHIND every great motion picture is an idea. The idea is the thing today, not the play. The Famous Players-Lasky Company realize this and is out to get the biggest ideas in the world on which to build future productions. Their colossal success, "The Ten Commandments," was built up from an idea received from readers of a Los Angeles newspaper.

So that when I proposed to this company that they extend their search for ideas to the whole world through PHOTOPLAY they leaped at the suggestion.

NEXT month, this publication will give the details of a remarkable offer of \$15,000 in cash prizes for ideas for motion pictures. The first prize will be \$5,000—a fortune for an idea.





"A STEADY HAND and a clear eye," writes Mr. Sig Smith, "are mighty important in my game." He might indeed have said that they are of life and death importance. Scaling towering skyscrapers, precariously balancing from dizzy heights, his life is one continuous series of risks. "I cannot afford to take chances with my condition," Mr. Smith adds. "A short time ago I was away off form, when a friend recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It brought back my health then and I continue to use it because it is of great help in keeping me in first rate shape."

SIG SMITH, New York City.

## Theirs the confidence of Health

Three who conquered their ills, achieved vigorous health again  
—simply by eating one amazing fresh food



"MY BROTHER-IN-LAW was visiting me. He had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for indigestion and was so elated at the results that when I told him about my own troubles he made me try it too. My sufferings with indigestion were so severe I couldn't sleep at night. But after eating Yeast—I ate it with every meal—my stomach troubles vanished. I am now entirely well and holding down a secretarial position."

MILDRED M. WILLIAMS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"INDIGESTION so bad I could not sleep"—  
"My face was so badly broken out I was  
ashamed to go around"—"Felt myself  
getting badly out of condition" . . .

What a difference—to them—to their families—when they saw their ills disappearing, their old health and vigor returning once more. And how simple and easy it was!

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a fresh, corrective food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in each cake tone up the whole system, aid digestion, clear the skin.

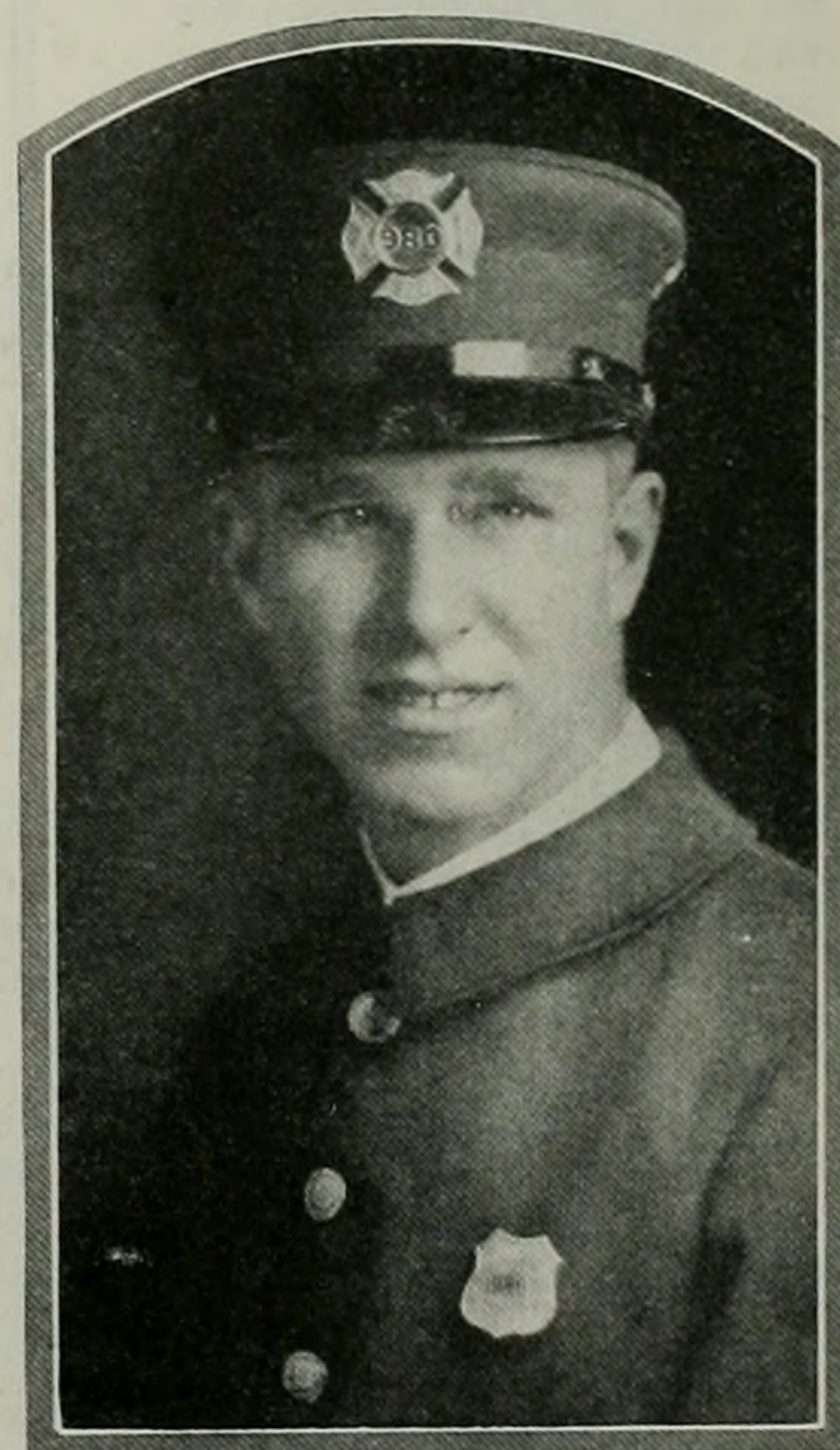
Taken regularly over a period of time, Fleischmann's Yeast brings complete release from constipation. Where drugs and cathartics tear down, yeast makes the intestinal muscles healthy and strong. It checks intestinal putrefaction and prevents the absorption of poisons by the body.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers; in fruit juice, water or milk; or just plain. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime.*

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Send for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 27, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—  
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



"I WAS ASHAMED to show myself—my face was so broken out with pimples. One day my chum said to me, 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' I thought it was a wild suggestion but was ready to try anything. I started in eating 2 or 3 cakes of Yeast a day, and my face cleared right up. I got my kid brother to try Yeast when he got to the pimply age and it worked fine for him too."

J. W. KELLY, San Pedro, Calif.



# It's Easy to Make Good Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34 ]

One hundred feet of Eastman superspeed negative costs \$7.50. A positive print for projection costs \$6.50, or \$7.50 for non-inflammable stock. This means a total of at least \$12.50. Remembering that a hundred feet of 16 mm. film equals 250 feet of standard, the difference is readily apparent.

There are advantages to the standard film, of course. Any number of prints can be made from the original negatives, at any time, all of equal clarity and definition. Duplicates can be made of the 16 mm. film, but not with the complete success to be had when utilizing a standard negative.

Fine photographic results can be obtained with either standard or sub-standard film. In fact, it is probable that the amateur can obtain better results with the smaller film. Indeed, the most inexperienced amateur can't go wrong with the smaller film. A good movie is far easier to obtain than a good still shot.

**STANDARD** film is better where professional results are aimed at; when you want to commercialize your work. If you care to obtain pictures of factories or industries for sales or demonstration purposes, if you want to get local shots for your town exhibitor, or if you want to try to sell film to news reels, the standard stock is of genuine value to you.

The Eastman Kodak Company, Pathex, Inc. (a subsidiary of Pathe Exchange, Inc.), the Bell & Howell Company and the De Vry Company are among the foremost manufacturers of motion picture cameras for amateur use.

The name of Eastman is synonymous with photography. George Eastman, in fact, with Thomas Edison, is one of the two great pioneers of the motion picture business. This firm was the first to put the 16 mm. film and cameras on the market.

The Eastman Company presents the Cine-Kodak in two models. Model B is a spring drive, hand-held amateur motion picture camera, so compact in size that it may be easily carried exactly as other Kodaks are carried. It will make good movies with astonishing ease for anyone. Its price is \$70, with Kodak Anastigmat f.6.5 lens; \$100, with f.3.5.

Cine-Kodak Model A is an instrument for the more advanced amateur. This is a hand cranked camera with special lenses for a more specialized type of cinematography. Model A, with Kodak Anastigmat f.3.5 lens and tripod, costs \$150. Model A, with Kodak Anastigmat f.1.9 lens and tripod, is \$225.

**THE** Pathex, originated by the French film pioneers, the Pathe Company, has many advantages of extreme simplicity. The Pathex uses 9 mm. Pathex film, furnished in daylight loading magazines. This film, unlike Eastman stock, with sprocket holes on the sides, has its sprocket holes running down the center, between pictures. The Pathex is now furnished with a motor unit, which makes it possible to operate it in the hand without a tripod. This motor unit costs \$17.50 extra. The Pathex weighs but 22 ounces and costs \$47.59 with its automatic unit, or \$30 without. Pathex non-inflammable film costs \$1.75 for a magazine containing 30 feet. Without additional charge, the Pathex laboratories develop the film by the reversion process, converting it into a positive.

The Bell & Howell Company, which manufactures the large percentage of the professional cameras used in American studios, offers the Filmo and the Eyemo. Both are distinctly original types of cameras. The Filmo's finder runs along the side and the camera is sighted like a spy-glass. The finder presents an upright image, unreversed. The Filmo is driven by a spring motor and is fitted with a 25 mm. Cook f.3.5 lens, universal focus. Any size lens can be used on the Filmo, however, from a f.1.8 to a telephoto. The camera is strongly made, many years of experience in making professional apparatus being condensed into the tiny machine. It weighs 4½ pounds and uses 16 mm. film. The Filmo costs \$165. With a double speed attachment this camera costs \$175.

The Eyemo is the big brother of the Filmo. It weighs seven pounds and is designed to carry in the hand. It has the same sight arrangement as the Filmo and is operated, after the fashion of the Filmo, by pressing a button controlling a strong motor. This camera, using standard 35 mm. film, is frequently utilized in studios and by news cameramen for special work. It costs \$336.

**THE** De Vry Camera weighs nine pounds, is spring motor driven and costs \$150. It can be had cranked for trick work, double exposure, titles and special effects. The De Vry uses standard size film, taking 100-foot rolls. This machine is used frequently in studios and by news reel cameramen.

Amateur movie photographers will be interested to learn that new models are shortly to appear of the Victor and the Ica Kinamo. As soon as these models are ready, full descriptions will be published in this department.

## Making the Home Movie Production

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

painted with aluminum paint or coated with tinfoil and library paste. An even brighter reflector can be made by utilizing a large looking glass and covering it with cheesecloth.

With an interior set so arranged on an exterior wall, the sheet canopy above out of camera range to break up and soften hard shadows, and the reflectors to direct light to any spot where more light is needed (faces usually—it helps keep the expression) and the wide outdoors for other locations, almost any play can be produced—depending of course on how much film is available.

These "interiors" should not be more than ten feet square—the amateur camera is not effective at more than twenty-eight or thirty feet from the scene, at which distance it will cover a space about six by eight feet.

**IF** you will consider your kodak, you will remember that pictures cannot be taken with it nearer than six feet—unless a special lens is used—from the subject. This is true of the amateur movie camera—which means that the "Closeups" of the professional camera are not possible—without the special lens—at six feet the camera takes the human figure from the waist up, or in other words covers about three feet of height. Outside of that, almost anything can be done.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 116 ]

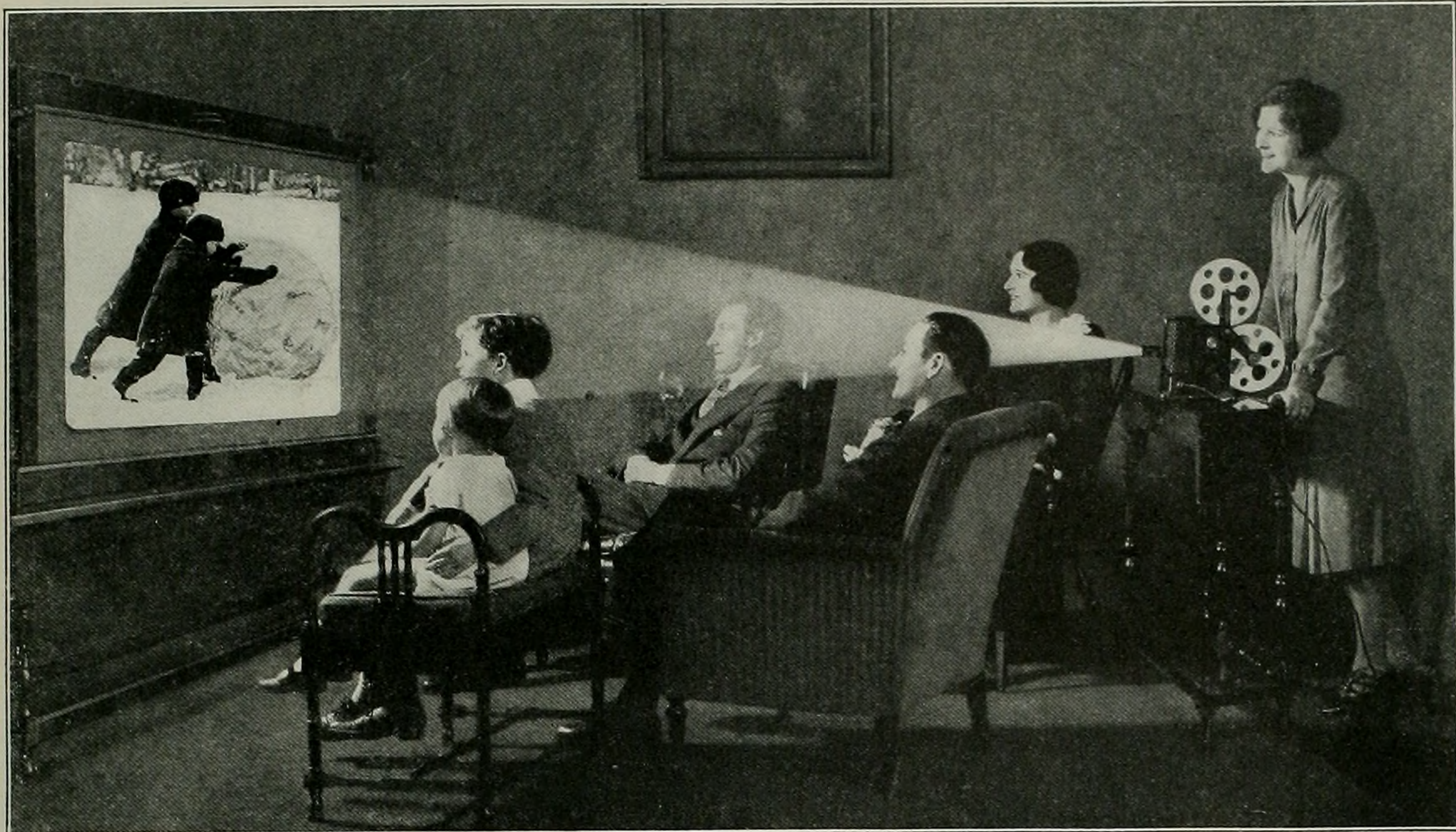
## How to Get a Motion Picture Camera

# FREE!

Do you want to know how you can earn a motion picture camera absolutely free? Do you want to know how your club or your fraternal order can get one free?

Write today to The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay, 221 West 57th St., New York.





*A click of the switch on your Kodascope projector—and the movie you've made is on your screen.*



## Ciné-Kodak for Home Movies



*You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.*

**S**O REAL is it all that you can almost hear the children's shouts of laughter when your play-time movie of them flashes on the screen—in fact you *can*, for the youngsters themselves are right beside you and their enjoyment is keen—and audible.

Ciné-Kodak for making movies, Kodascope projector for showing them—that's the Eastman idea as applied to this new pleasure—and it's a striking achievement.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f.6.5* lens, is priced at \$70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f.3.5*, at an even hundred. A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as **\$140.**

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.

*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Ciné-Kodak*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.,** *The Kodak City*





## BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

Leading Lady for Reginald Denny  
in Universal's "Take it from Me."

### Knows The Value of A "Magic Touch of Beauty"

The Professional woman must look her best at all times. Her appearance is her success or failure. She cannot gamble with beauty—she must be sure. That is why Blanche Mehaffey and thousands of other professional and business women depend on

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

to keep their appearance always at its best. It renders to the skin and complexion a soft, bewitching, pearly beauty that commands the admiration of all.

Far superior to dry powders, creams and lotions. The entrancing, seductive beauty it renders does not streak or show signs of perspiration. Antiseptic and astringent, giving exceptional results in cases of skin troubles, wrinkles, flabbiness, muddy complexions, redness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,  
430 Lafayette St.,  
New York

M-28.7



Arlette Marchal was "found" for us by Gloria Swanson

## The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

**T**O Gloria goes the glory of Arlette Marchal.

At least, to Gloria it is due.

Arlette was considered one of the handsomest women of Paris before she was imported by Paramount more than a year ago. And it was Miss Swanson who really was responsible for her coming from France to this country.

When Gloria went to Paris to film "Madame Sans Gene" and returned a Marquise, she brought reports of a strikingly attractive Frenchwoman who had played the rôle of the *Queen* in her picture.

At that time Gloria's work was quite enough to get anyone signed to a Hollywood producing company's contract.

When the film arrived, the entire Paramount organization agreed that Arlette, beautiful and aristocratic, actually could act. So cables buzzed with contracts and finally Arlette decided to accept the call to the American film land and boarded a boat.

When she arrived, she was unable to speak a word of English.

Now she can converse quite fluently, even over the telephone.

So the girl is clever.

Paramount sent her immediately to Hollywood and her first rôle was as a prima donna in "The Cat's Pajamas." Then she appeared in a Jack Holt picture, "Born to the West," and so skilfully did she bridge the gap between her Parisian background and the wild and woolly, Paramount assigned her to play another Western, "Forlorn River." Then came the film that proved conclusively she was worth all Gloria's praise—Marshall Neilan's "Diplomacy." She played a crooked Countess in a manner that won her the acting honors of the picture. It was a direct reward of this work that Arlette got the rôle of the *Brunette*, the tint less preferred by gentlemen in "Blonde or Brunette," Adolphe Menjou's next starring vehicle.

As for her biography, Arlette was born in Paris, January 29, 1902. She was educated in a convent near Versailles.

Then, on a holiday, she saw a cinema for the first time.

Immediately she secured the address of the Gaumont studio, the largest in France, and was given work as an extra.

Her beauty soon won her leading rôles, which in turn led to Gloria and America and a Paramount contract.



# Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

## As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It



Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSOLUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

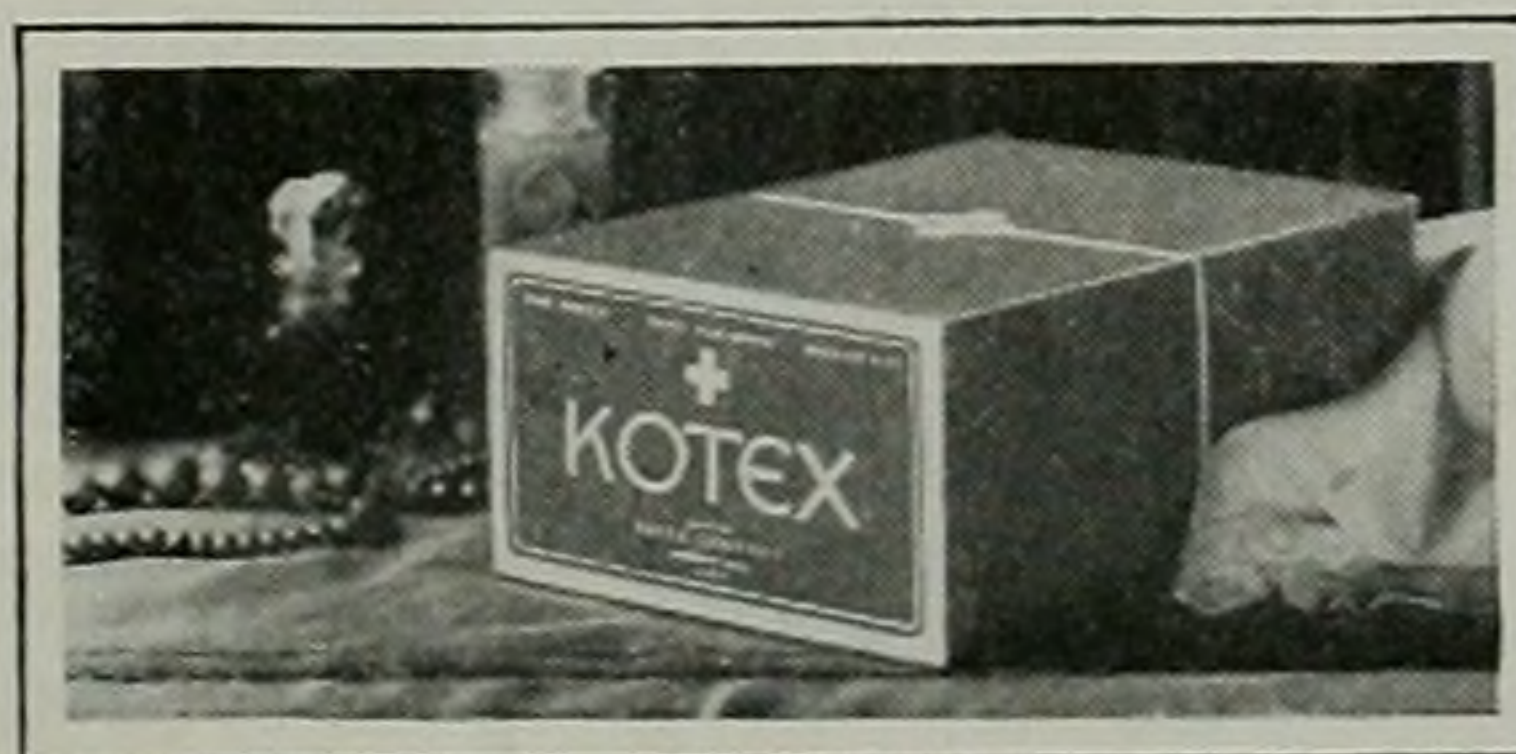
By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, makeshift ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace-of-mind unknown before. Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

### KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

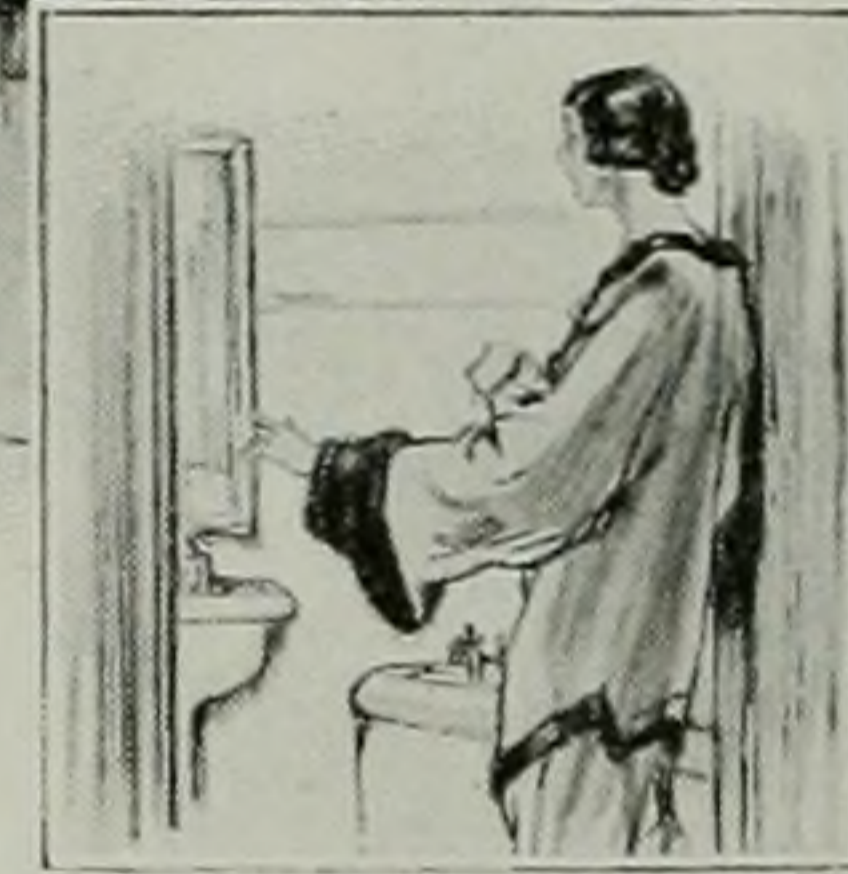
### Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

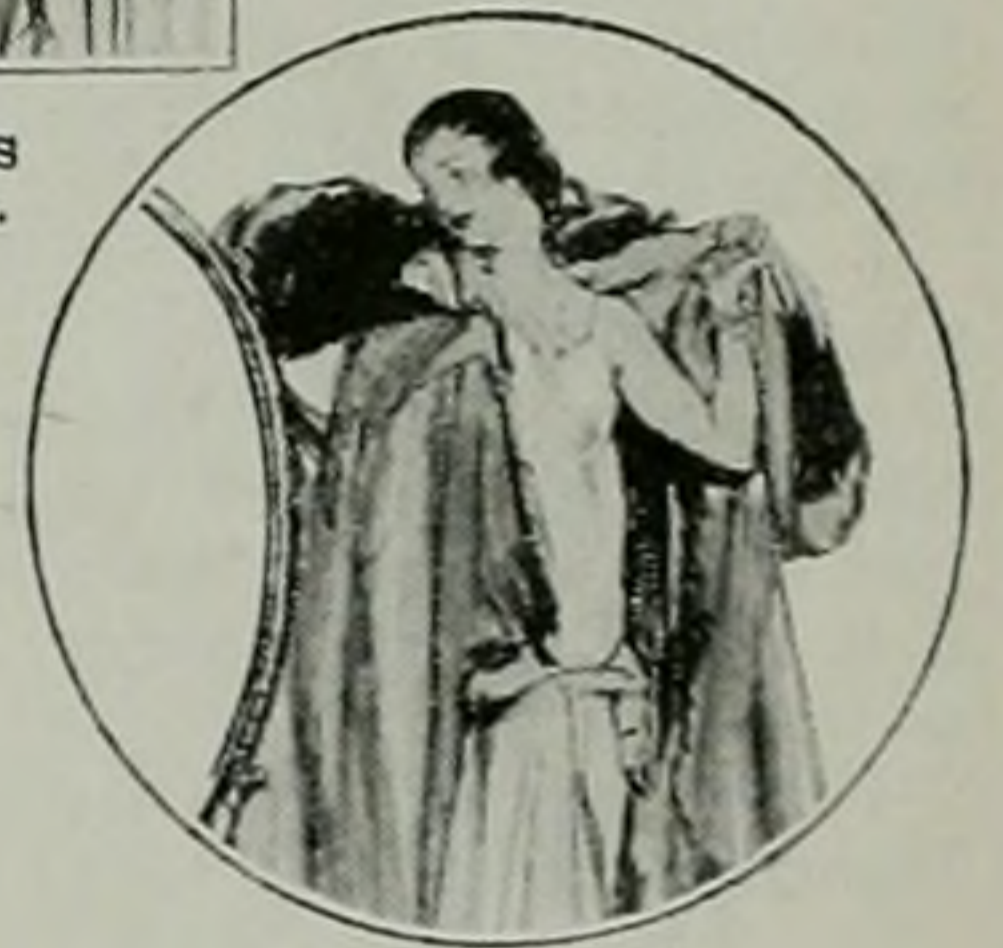
You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store, simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

# KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex-Regular  
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super  
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



# Will the Screen Bring Christ Back to Us?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]



The crucifixion, the most dramatic event in the world's history, as represented in "The King of Kings"

thinking of it in merely commercial terms as an attempt to make a big picture, rather resenting the idea.

I felt somehow that through some pretty tough hours of my own, in my most secret thoughts, in those sincere moments of prayer that every heart knows, I had found a conception of those things I love in the life of Jesus that I didn't want interfered with. Actors—acting? Oh, no.

I went to scoff. In all sincerity, I tell you, I remained to pray.

I SAW Calvary! I tell you I saw it! I saw the three crosses, against the strange and brooding sky. I saw the good thief and the bad thief hanging there, and between them, upon his wooden cross, I saw the Man who was dying to prove to the world forever that there is no death.

I cannot tell you how I know that that is why He hung there. But I did know it. I know that His great struggle was to accept death, so that He might overcome it and reassure us all concerning that last enemy. I know He didn't *have* to die. I know He could come down from that cross and go away and leave them all wondering. And I know that He knew it.

But I knew, too, that He would not come down. He would let them kill the body—so that He might demonstrate eternal life.

The earth before me went mad as He died. The rocks twisted and split asunder in their agony. The heavens burned with lightning. The wind beat trees and people to the ground.

A glittering figure before that laden cross cried out, "You have crucified the Son of God," and the people stopped and listened and fled on in a panic.

But I knew He was not dead. I knew in time He would prove it.

Hard-boiled where pictures are concerned—case hardened, wise, as I thought myself, I had to be *helped* off that set. And it was an hour before I was *able* to drive my own car home.

This is not an irreligious age. That is only a shallow criticism, made by people who are deceived by surface things.

It is above everything else a hungry age, a seeking age. It seeks something real, something provable, to satisfy its intense spiritual longing. It is a disillusioned age, longing for reality. It is an age that saw the world war and is no longer interested in platitudes, that can no longer be intimidated. What more can be done to it? What is there to be afraid of?

Above all, it is a frightfully honest age. Pretense and hypocrisy have passed into the dark ages.

It looks out with honest eyes, unshadowed by fear, intelligent, honest, and demands an understandable, demonstrable Truth, that can be used every day in all the things that go to make up a human life.

If it rejects superstition and dogma, does that necessarily mean retrogression? Maybe it means just the opposite. Maybe it means an intense hunger for God. Maybe it is the most hopeful sign of the centuries.

Will the life of Jesus, if it is retold on the screen as it was lived, be the answer? Will this picture be able to set forth the works of Jesus in such fashion as to bring about a new, strong, vital understanding of Him as a man, and create an honest, fearless impulse to follow Him? It is possible, I am sure it is possible—even as I stand in awe before the thought. Think of the heights to which that raises the motion picture!

It is a strangely impersonal picture, from the standpoint of actors and director. I do not know any more personal man in the motion picture industry than Cecil De Mille. He has

always left his stamp all over everything he has ever touched.

But this is different.

Quite simply, quite reverently, with all humility, Cecil De Mille believes that this picture may prove to be something very close to a second coming of the Master. Of course, it is an amazing thing to say, an amazing thing to believe. But he does believe it. And in a way, I can understand. Cecil De Mille has given his whole life to motion pictures, to perfecting them as far as he knows how. He believes in them. He believes they should be the medium for the greatest lessons and advancements of civilization.

The actors mean nothing—as actors. This picture is not going to "make" anybody. I do not think people will know or care who plays the parts. If they do, the picture will have failed.

CECIL DE MILLE is trying to re-create the time, the surroundings, the people, the life—and the Man. He is following the gospel narratives simply and exactly. But he has extracted from them the last ounce of vitality and drama.

I think what he is trying above everything else to do is to show Jesus as a man, like you, like me, like our neighbors, faced with the same problem, living the same kind of life, meeting the same kind of people, faced by the same temptations.

I think that he understands that the keynote of Jesus' ministry was joy, and that the keynote of His character was strength, and that what made Him the Christ was His understanding of His Sonship with God.

I think he wants to make every man and woman who goes in there to see that picture feel inspired to go out and "do likewise." I

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 94 ]





Gulbreusen

## “A Friend in Need!”

When you're hungry for good candy—when your appetite craves a wholesome sweet—**Baby Ruth** fulfills every longing. There's ten minutes of delight in every 5c bar.

It's good for you, too! **Baby Ruth** has all the nourishment and food value found in pure milk, good butter, refined sugar, crisp peanuts and rich chocolate. And all this wholesome nutriment is blended into a piece of irresistible deliciousness that captures your appetite at the very first taste.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

Otto Y. Schnering, PRESIDENT

*Candy Makers to the American Nation*

5¢





H A V E A C A M E L



## *The happiest words in the world*

A SAYING becomes universally popular if its expression recalls an experience of pleasure. "Have a Camel!" are the three happiest smoke words ever uttered because no other cigarette ever gave the world so much enjoyment. To millions of experienced smokers, Camels are contentment realized.

Camel has become the most popular smoke of all time because of quality. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that nature grows. Then these superb tobaccos are given a blending that can be found in no other

cigarette. The largest tobacco organization in the world puts its all and its best into Camels. You could smoke, end to end, a mile of Camels—they will never tire the taste, never leave a cigaretty after-taste.

We invite you now to introduce yourself to the finest made.

Millions of friendly voices are calling you to the mildest, mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette. Once you know what they mean, no words can compare with

*"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



# Say you Believe in Peter Pan

Betty Bronson must  
choose between wings  
and a tiger skin

By Frances Clark

OVER two years ago, Sir James Barrie selected her as the ideal *Peter Pan*. Today Elinor Glyn has chosen her for her new heroine.

Her managers and advisers warn her against sex stories. But Mal St. Clair—an authority on such delicate problems—says that she is the most sophisticated girl on the screen.

She played the *Madonna* in "Ben-Hur." And she also has played flapper stories.

Amid a chaos of conflicting influences, what, oh what, is to become of Betty Bronson? She must choose between wings and a tiger skin.

When you put the question up to Miss Bronson herself, she speaks her own mind. "I want to play in a screen version of 'The Constant Nymph.' But that has been forbidden. The book is banned in the movies. And I want to work under the direction of Erich von Stroheim. But that is remote, unlikely."

Miss Bronson's magic wishing ring is not in good working order these days. There are times when *Peter Pan's* faith in the movies wavers ever so slightly. You see, Miss Bronson once triumphantly asserted that she was the luckiest girl in the world. And Fate answered, "Is *that* so?"

BETTY has had two unforgettable rôles, two great triumphs in her young life. There was *Peter Pan*; there was the *Madonna*. The two big opportunities of her lifetime were crowded in a few short months. And now Betty looks around and learns that such rôles do not grow on trees. Consequently, the world seems a little arid.

And the tough part of it is, Betty's success was not merely luck. Betty had—and has—remarkable gifts. But after you have had big parts thrust upon you, it is hard to sit down and wait for just a good picture.

Another *Peter Pan* would be impossible for Betty now. Because Betty is not the unknown, jubilant little girl that flashed on the screen two years ago. She is no longer chubby and perky. She is fragile and wistful. And, on the whole, she is a much more fascinating person.

Betty's eyes are faintly shadowed and slightly tired. Her smile is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



Sir James Barrie discovered her. Elinor Glyn has re-discovered her. And Mal St. Clair has added to the perplexity of Betty Bronson by pronouncing her the most sophisticated girl on the screen. No wonder Betty would like to know what kind of person she really is





To be smart nails must be brightly polished

## Gleaming Nails

Whether your preference  
is for Natural Pink  
or Deep Rose

**N**ORTHAM WARREN, the authority on the manicure, has perfected two liquid polishes so that every woman may have just the kind of lustre she likes, and the convenience of a liquid polish.

The Natural Pink catches the natural brilliance of the nails—gives them for almost a week just the soft rose lustre many women want.

The Deep Rose gives an exotic note of color to the finger tips with the very high brilliance fashion now sponsors.

Before a fresh manicure, use Cutex Liquid Polish Remover to take off the old polish. Each is 35c, or send 10c for samples of Remover and the color of Polish you prefer. Northam Warren—New York, Paris, London.



Mail this  
Coupon  
Today

I enclose  
10c in  
stamps or coin  
for samples.  
(Please check  
your choice)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-3A  
114 West 17th St., New York  
Natural  Deep Rose

# Introducing the Baby Stars of 1927

**T**HE 1927 Baby Stars, whose pictures are reproduced on page 67, nominated to fame by the Wampus, include a girl from France, a girl from Canada, and representatives from the South, West and East. Two of the girls have sisters who are already famous stars and another is the daughter of a director.

The girl from France is Jean Navelle who was a dancer in Paris until the picture idea came to her. Now she has a contract to appear in Paramount pictures.

Adamae Vaughn is Alberta's kid sister. Alberta gave Adamae a small part in one of her films and now sister has an F. B. O. contract. Adamae was born in Ashland, Ky.

Brooklyn is the home town of Iris Stuart, a newcomer who appears in "Casey at the Bat." Miss Stuart posed for advertisements in the magazines before she went into the movies. She was one of the highest paid models in the profession.

Sally Phipps is a seventeen year old flapper. She was born in San Francisco, educated in Salt Lake City and came to Hollywood just one year ago.

**M**ARY McALLISTER, who plays leads opposite "Red" Grange, is a movie veteran. She was a child star with Essanay. Mary was born in Salt Lake City.

Frances Lee is Bobby Vernon's leading woman at the Christie studios. Frances comes from Eagle Grove, Iowa, and was a dancer before coming to Hollywood.

Rita Carewe's father is Edwin Carewe, the

director. A year and a half ago, Rita told papa that she wanted to be an actress and she has been playing small parts. Rita is blonde and blue-eyed. Born in Ottawa, Canada.

Another Canadian is Barbara Kent, from Gadsby, Alberta. Miss Kent is seventeen and a beauty contest winner. Nevertheless, she has decided talent which she proved in "Flesh and the Devil."

**H**ELENE COSTELLO is another daughter of Maurice Costello. She is as dark and piquant as her sister, Doiores, is blonde and pensive. Helene was born in New York City.

Natalie Kingston is a California girl—of Spanish ancestry. She is descended from the first governor of California and her birthplace, Vallejo, was named after him. She is playing the leading rôle in "Don Juan's Three Nights."

Gladys McConnell is the pretty, trusting blonde who is rescued by the cowboy hero in Fox "Westerns." She was born in Oklahoma, so the great open spaces aren't new to her.

Sally Rand is a Cecil DeMille discovery. She was born in Winchester, Ky., and was playing in comedies when De Mille made her a member of his stock company.

Patricia Avery is a Boston girl who was pounding a typewriter at the Metro-Goldwyn studio when a casting director convinced her that she ought to act. She plays with Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie."

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

### For Fenton Fans

Louisville, Ky.

Please, for heaven's sake, let up on the deluge of Gilbert-Colman letters long enough to consider the case of a charming screen personality whom, it appears, we are about to lose through lack of appreciation. In PHOTOPLAY recently, I read that Leslie Fenton is returning to the stage. This is a distinct blow to me and I have no doubt to all other Fenton admirers. Can't something drastic be done to dissuade him from such a course?

Mr. Fenton has been the victim of bad breaks and a little injustice. With the exception of a small rôle in "Havoc" he has never played a really good picture. He needs a new contract with another producing company. Besides this, nearly all reviewers have failed to give him credit for his really fine performances. I sincerely believe that, given the opportunity, Leslie would take his place among our small group of talented players.

I wish all the Fenton fans would get together and protest against his desertion of the screen.

JAMIE F. HESS.

### Heroes, Old and New

South Sioux, Nebr.

I should like to pass judgment on three illustrious actors, tendering one a brick, one a zero and one a bouquet.

Charlie Chaplin, a victim of his own making. For stars, no matter how potential, cannot hold the public eye with one picture every year or so, even if it is hailed by critics with such adjectives as stupendous, thrilling and marvelous. It is a fickle public they serve.

Wake our dear Charlie up before we write "finis" after his famous name. He knows it not, but he is signing his own death warrant.

Ronald Colman. What has become of the man with the passionate temperament who played "The White Sister" with the incompa-

rable Lillian? Who is to blame for the stone that is sinking Ronald?

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" is a splendid accomplishment, but Ronald is not the type. He is at a zero point. Which way shall he go?

John Gilbert! What has he done? He has been all that the public wished, he has given us what we wanted. He may not have wished to be heralded as a great lover, but he has played up his rôle in fine style. In short: "He knows his stuff."

He was great in "La Boheme." He was "Big in the Parade." "Magnificent as Bardelys." He wins the big bouquets.

M. L. BROWN.

### Flag Waving

Hollywood, Calif.

This foreign invasion into Hollywood is all very foolish. What with the Garbos, Nissens, Bankys and De Puttis, we might as well pin a foreign tag onto our entire movie industry.

Are they so beautiful that we should pay them a fortune to put them on the screen? Are they such wonderful actors and actresses that we should let them take the places of our own boys and girls? Are the Hansens so handsome that they should make our hearts flutter? No! I should say not!

It is decidedly unjust to our own American boys and girls. There is unlimited talent among our beautiful girls and handsome boys, but is it given a chance? Hollywood, the mecca of our motion picture industry, is literally running over with beauty, talent and brains, but do our big directors see them? No! They haven't a foreign name, and can understand and speak our language.

Come on, movie people, let's wake up and give our own boys and girls a chance, and not all of these foreign products.

NORMA WALSH.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]





# Youthful Beauty can be Yours

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET  
*Specialiste en Beauté*

**N**OW you can have more beauty — beauty that is young-looking and natural-looking — and you can have it instantly.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom — accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty — *instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break — and comes off on the puff easily.

### GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.



*Tear off now! You may forget*

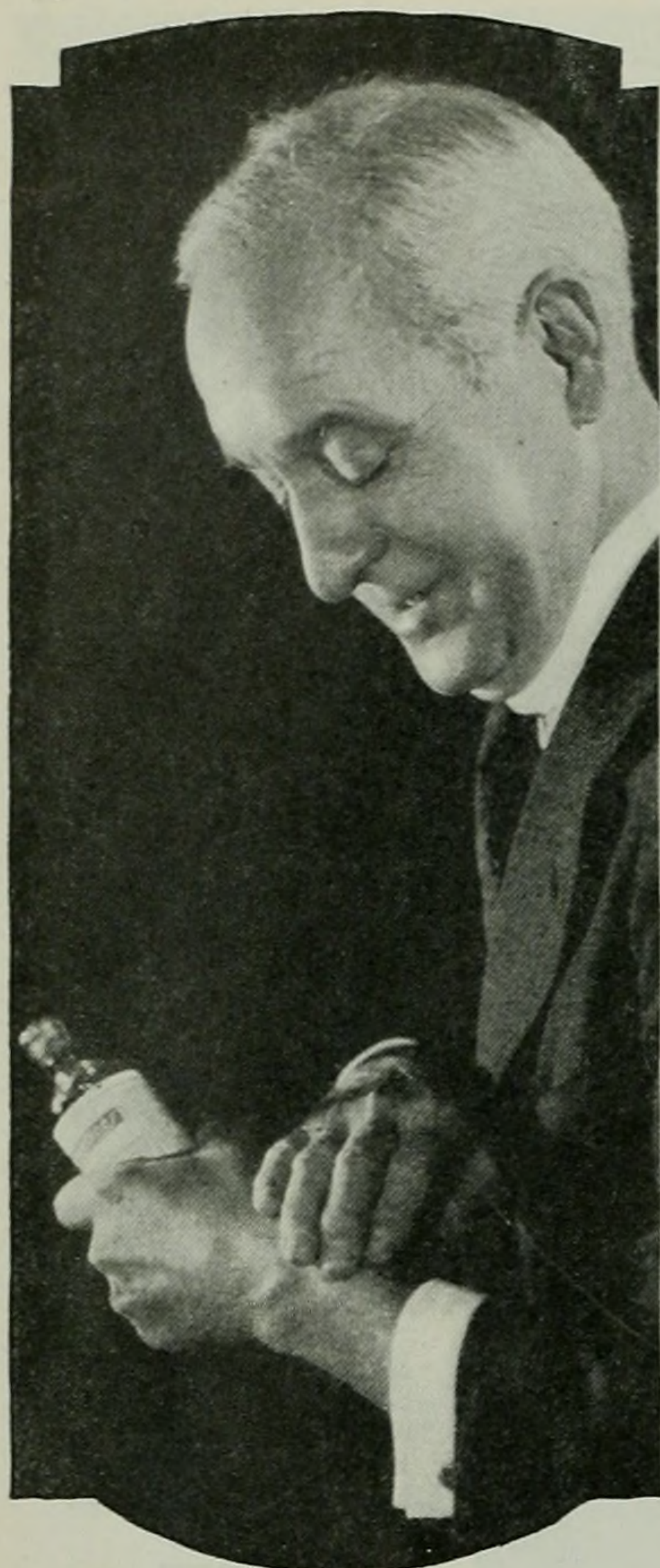
*Youthful Beauty  
— instantly*

# Pompeian Beauty powder and Bloom

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories  
2800 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.  
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)  
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Powder shade \_\_\_\_\_  
*Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested*





## For Aches and Pains

Rub in Absorbine, Jr.

CHANGING weather often brings muscular or rheumatic pains. Absorbine, Jr. gives prompt relief. In most cases, a few treatments completely drive away the pain.

Absorbine, Jr. is prepared from vegetable extracts, essential oils and distillates from the finest herbs. While it is a powerful liniment, it is pleasant and harmless to use, and does not discolor the skin. Keep it handy—use it freely!

Read "Timely Suggestions", packed with each bottle.

Send for free trial bottle  
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
Springfield, Mass.

At all  
druggists  
\$1.25

**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

## The Revolt of the Angel

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

And Lois was prepared to do battle for it. She needed no urging to talk. "I am an interesting person," she announced. "I am. I am. I have personality. I can prove it. I am determined to be myself on the screen. I never have been. I am going to play myself from now on or stop acting."

She looked at me challengingly to see what I was going to do about it and her bravado was so plainly external that if you had been there you would have wanted to baby her a little and tell her she was really generous and sweet and good. But when I refused the challenge, she drooped a little and shifted restlessly in her chair.

"I KNOW I've got an inferiority complex," she said. "I've always had about my work. Now I'm trying to get free and it makes me talk a little wildly at times. I'm—I'm at a crossroads. I know the way I want to go, but I'm not sure it's the right way. As *Daisy Buchanan* in 'The Great Gatsby' I did something adult. I loved *Daisy*. I want to do more characters like her, no matter what they cost me."

*Daisy* did cost Lois something—her hair, for one thing, and much criticism for another. But as *Daisy*, Lois did act. She petted and smoked and got thoroughly pie-eyed before her wedding, married a man who was a terrible egg and loved him regardless.

And impossible as that sounds for Lois, she did it beautifully.

She was gazing out of the window and her voice came muffled. "You do think me more interesting off screen than on, don't you? Every interviewer does. Critics, even those who have slaughtered me on acting, say upon meeting me, 'I'm amazed. You are so much more interesting than I thought you.' She leaned toward me suddenly. "I'm sure that isn't the usual sort of compliment. They would tell me I am always interesting if they were trying to flatter me, but it is as though upon meeting me it came as a revelation to them that I'm not a sap."

LUNCH came and she nervously broke half a dozen crackers into bits. "Oh, what's the use of pretending?" she asked. "I'm unhappy and bewildered. I expected that rôle of *Daisy* to change the universe for me. It hasn't. The studio sees nothing different in me, but expects me to go back to the spotless darlings I've played before. That's why I'm fighting. That's why I won't let my hair grow long again. That's why you've read some of the things they've been saying about me in the papers. One came out and said that since bobbing my hair I'd lost all my friends and most of my sense. I almost wish the latter were true, but it isn't. I'm simply determined I won't go back to playing the dumb Doras I've been doing for too many seasons. *Daisy* proved to me that I can get away from them. Some critics praised her. PHOTOPLAY, bless it, gave her a 'best performance of the month.' But even if I hadn't received a bit of praise for her I'd know she was good. Honestly. We all of us have an artistic conscience within us that tells us when work is good or bad. *Daisy* was the best work I've done. I can't—and I won't—go back on her now.

"This stand I'm taking about my future rôles means nearly my whole life to me," Lois said. "It may kill my career right now. Or it may save it. But the time comes into the life of all of us when we must stop and look around us to determine whether we are going ahead, at no matter what the cost, or going to slip, unprotestingly, behind the procession. I am struggling now to get the personality I know I have in private life on the screen. To be knocked for being colorless and unin-

teresting on the screen, when off screen I am pleasing, is tragic. I am willing to work. I have been willing to serve my apprenticeship. But when I see a girl like Greta Garbo, for instance, step into pictures and in two rôles accomplish more than I have in twenty, I think it's time for me to pause."

I had forgotten until that moment how long Lois has been in pictures. Eleven years ago she won an Alabama beauty contest. She had just started on a career of stenography, three weeks of it. The beauty contest rescued her and sent her to Chicago, where she failed in the national contest. But the girl who won it is forgotten, while Lois got a bit with a Universal outfit present in Chicago making scenes for a drama starring Pavlova, the dancer. She stood out of the mob so definitely Universal put her under contract and within a year she was a leading woman. The man playing opposite her was J. Warren Kerrigan. Kerrigan played with Lois when she went over to Paralta. It was Kerrigan who played opposite Lois three years ago in "The Covered Wagon."

And in a way that is a complete epitome of all she has accomplished.

"THEY have promised me new parts for three years," Lois continued. "In the eight years I've been with them, they've been so good to me in many ways. But something I realize they refuse to face. I'm no *Peter Pan*. I've grown up. I want to grow more. I see things from a different viewpoint than I did when I first signed with them, more intelligently, more honestly. No girl, unless she is a moron, can remain untouched by life today. For playing sweet things of sixteen there are always new girls coming into the studio—talented youngsters like Lois Moran, for instance. Never again can I play such rôles as well as she does. But I believe I can play women like *Daisy Buchanan* better than Lois can, because I understand such women, because I am, to some extent, such a woman."

"*Daisy* smoked and drank," I said. "Do you?"

"No," confessed Lois. "I don't smoke. I can't." She caught herself up quickly. "Not that I object to any girl's doing so. I don't drink because it makes me ill. But I'm really—really for those things, you understand." She smiled brightly, trying to convince me again.

A GUST of snow came sharply against the window. A furious winter wind tore around the corner of the building.

"Oh, why, why, why does everything have to be so desolate?" cried Lois, the lost angel.

The next day the Paramount press department announced Lois Wilson was leaving for Hollywood to play the lead in a new Zane Grey Western.

That evening there were newspaper headlines. Lois Wilson has broken her contract.

"I did it. I did it," she exulted over the telephone. "I'm so happy. I feel like a child who's been spanked and sent out into the world alone. But already the effect's wonderful. Three companies have made me offers. I could sign up again at once but I'm going to hold out. If I only get a chance to give one fine performance it will be worth it all."

The movies' pet angel has really revolted, stepped from the peace of Paramount to the lower regions of free lancing.

So give Lois a hand.

Paramount says she could have had a life job with them. Instead she had the courage of her convictions.

And even an angel can't be expected to have more courage than that.



# "Ready=Camera"

and You  
are right there  
watching!



THAT need not be an idle dream. Next summer, when the director calls, "Ready Camera," in HOLLYWOOD there are going to be guests of the makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES there, watching it all in chairs reserved for them. They will meet and chat with the stars personally. For one glorious week they will be a part of the life of HOLLYWOOD. The SECOND ANNUAL ROMANCE-HOLLYWOOD CONTEST gives you that opportunity. Take advantage of it.

## CONDITIONS

1. The winner will be the author of the most original, interesting, and practical synopsis or plot for a motion picture based on a human experience in which a box of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES plays a prominent part. Literary ability will not be considered, but in case of a tie, the neatness and attractiveness of the presentation will determine the winner. No manuscript shall be more than 1500 words in length.
2. The winner, and a companion of his or her choosing, will be given a trip to Hollywood, including visits to the studios during a week's stay there, with all expenses paid. In addition, the fifty most worthy plots will have careful consideration by the scenario department of one of the large distributing companies, and if any are purchased, the full purchase price will be remitted to the author.
3. The Judges will be:  
MR. JAMES R. QUIRK, Publisher of *Photoplay*.  
MR. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, Editor of *Life*.  
MR. FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Critic for *Liberty*.
4. There is nothing to buy in order to enter the Contest. The illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," is simply to help contestants.
5. Entries should be sent to *Contest Manager*, COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY, Boston 28, Massachusetts, and must be received there before the close of business on June 1, 1927.



PURCHASE a box of ROMANCE SELECTIONS at \$1.00 and get this illustrated booklet, "How to Write for the Movies," as well as the most extraordinary assortment of chocolates ever offered at the price. Twenty-two different kinds of centers, including liquid cordials, nut centers, and novelty combinations.



Welcome anywhere—  
ROMANCE SELECTIONS, and  
MISS PHYLLIS HAVER  
DeMille-Metropolitan star



# ROMANCE CHOCOLATES



## News and Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



*Resinol Soap  
wins the praise  
of business  
women*

In its Resinol  
properties they  
find the elements  
which every skin  
needs

**A**LERT, clear skinned, dainty, with the ever present necessity for appearing well groomed—who could be a keener judge of toilet requisites, than the feminine business executive? And these women—thousands of them—are endorsing Resinol Soap. Why? Because they have discovered what its Resinol ingredients mean to the skin.

They write enthusiastically about their use of this distinctive soap, and in the hundreds of letters received are such expressions as:

*"My skin feels so fresh after using"*

*"Soothing as well as excellent cleanser"*

*"First soap I've found that leaves my skin feeling soft"*

*"Like its healing properties and it does not waste like other soaps"*

*"Leaves my face clean, and the skin pliable"*

The experience of these women can be yours. Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist or toilet goods dealer and give it a week's trial.

If you are now annoyed by blotches, or similar disorders, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which is so widely used for various skin troubles—and see how quickly the blemishes disappear.

**FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon today**

Dept. 13-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

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

**A**LL Hollywood turned out to meet Will Rogers, and when he stepped off the train he was not only besieged by hundreds of friends but hundreds of communications welcomed him home. Eddie Cantor drew a laugh from Rogers (who was made honorary mayor of Beverly Hills and presented with the key to that city) with the following wire:

MR. WILL ROGERS  
BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL  
BEVERLY HILLS CALIF  
CAN MAKE YOU WHOLESALE  
PRICE ON TWO HUNDRED  
DOZEN KEYS TO CITY STOP  
WIRE ME WILL SEND SAMPLES  
REGARDS

EDDIE CANTOR

**A**FTER seven long years of friendship, Lois Wilson and Famous Players-Lasky have come to the parting of the ways. And with some regrets on both sides. Lois was such a nice, reliable good girl—until she bobbed her hair. And now she won't be good any more and she refused to accept the rôles that Paramount offered her. A divorce followed and Lois is on her own.

Lois is going to change her type. She is going to play sophisticated ladies. She doesn't want any more "so-so" parts. Of course, she is taking a chance; she either makes good in a big way or she flops. Many helping hands have been extended to Lois from other producers. Nobody wants to see her flop.

**A**LSO another artistic divorce. Lya de Putti and Famous Players-Lasky have torn up the contract that brought Lya to this country. Famous says that Lya is free to accept other engagements, but it reserves the right to summon her to any of its pictures at her Ellis Island salary. The company says

that it is satisfied with Lya's work, but that there is really no steady job at its studios for a vamp.

Lya has signed up with Cecil De Mille and will co-star with Joseph Schildkraut in a film called "The Heart Beat."

**T**HE *New Yorker* vouches for this one: A certain director was speaking of an alien star, recently come under his command. "She's a nize goil," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."

**L**IL DAGOVER has arrived from Germany to play opposite Emil Jannings in his first American picture. Something tells us that Lil is more than the usual bit of imported bologney. In the first place, she has a big continental reputation as a stage actress. And in the second place, she landed on these shores without first jumping out of a window, shooting the ex-Crown Prince or announcing herself as the daughter of a noble family gone broke in the late unpleasantness.

Miss Dagover is going to marry George Witt, who is Erich Pommer's assistant out in the Paramount studio. Any fellow with a job in an American studio is a big catch in Berlin matrimonial circles.

**O**H, yes, and Camilla Horn, who was the lovely *Gretchen* in "Faust," has been signed by Famous Players, they say. *Sprechen sie deutsch?* Then, you get the job.

**S**TILL another foreigner is coming to these shores—Willy Fritsch, the likable hero of "The Waltz Dream." Please don't write in to ask me why all these foreigners get jobs, when we have plenty of talent in our own country.

However, if you really want to know, I'll [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 103 ]



"Have you heard the one about the man who stopped at the farm house for the night?" asks the jovial Lew Cody of the sour Lew Cody. "No, I haven't," snaps the sour Mr. Cody, "and unless you have something uplifting or instructive to tell me, I wish you'd step aside and let me pass"



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*Perfume Toilet Water  
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 NEW YORK

*Two Ounce Bottle  
 Ten Dollars*



*They like it in Paris*

Painted especially for Rigaud by Jean Gabriel Domergue, Paris

*Rigaud* 16 RUE DE LA PAIX\*

PARIS



# Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems



by  
Carolyn Van Wyck

**D**EAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:  
I'm married and just eighteen. My husband is only a boy of nineteen, so you can imagine how strange we feel, away from family and friends. He is making a small salary, and I'd like to work to help out. He says that it's because I feel I'm not getting what I want of our marriage. It isn't true. I love him more than life and I want to work to help him. He thinks I'd rather work than be with him. I would work only during his working hours. I have a chance at a job that needs only my afternoons. I worked before I was married. I honestly believe we'd be happier if we had more money. Still my husband protests. Please advise me.  
M. T.

**T**O work or not to work is the problem of many married women today.

It is not a problem that can be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." The circumstances in almost every case are different.

But in this case of M. T. above, I think the answer is very flatly "yes." I strongly believe if M. T. doesn't go to work her married life is going to be pretty miserable. No marriage can be happy when one partner is restlessly idle. So the main problem of M. T. comes down to whether she can face the responsibility of being a working wife.

Do you know, my young correspondent, what you must give up of your marriage to work? Do you know what you will get out of working to replace the marital loss?

There is more to working though married than the mere execution of the work. There is the responsibility of one's home; there is a husband's attitude to be reconciled with your own; there is the envy of unmarried girls in business who will say you are taking their jobs away from them; there is the matter of one's own energy and ambition.

Too many modern wives have become the idle poor. Once wives were the cheapest economic labor in the world, building the home and holding it together, conserving the family resources.

Today, families, houses, kitchens, all are shrinking as the demand on the man's pay envelope increases. Wives can't do their traditional job. Under those circumstances it seems to me a healthy thing for girls like M. T. to seek work. It is fine and noble to truly help the man one loves. A useless little wife with nothing to do, away from mother and friends, nowhere to go, not a cent to spend, husband gone all day, must either become bored to death or look for release. Some girls escape this boredom by making their husbands miserable. To quarrel and then forgive becomes their only indoor sport. But to me that seems a terrible waste of energy.

It is a strange pride that makes a man work himself weary supporting such wifely moods. When a couple are rich, the situation alters somewhat. When there is luxury or beauty or

happiness in this marital vacuum for either partner, it is not so deadly. With couples in moderate circumstances I have never seen a home in which a pinched pocketbook, an idle wife and a devoted but misguided husband made for peace and prosperity. For making divorces, however, it is perfect.

For most girls of today wage earning is a real adventure into independence. To paraphrase Stevenson, they go to their resting beds weary and content and independent.

Then they get married and lose the content and the independence. They don't have to work in an office or a shop, true. But the monotonous round of keeping a small house in order is slight recompense. In thousands of cases today, the work they do could be done by a good maid in half the time for five to ten dollars a week. The young wife can earn double that, get mental stimulus, social and business contacts and the joyful drive of ambition by returning to her job.

Most women have a deep desire to be a help and inspiration to the man they marry. Yet equally many men can stand

no touch of equality in their wives.

**T**HE wife who wants to work must face this. If she goes back to work she must be prepared for the fact that she will be tired in the evenings and therefore not always an adoring darling. She must make plans for the care of her home. I think that usually hours of work such as M. T. writes of in her letter will be most suitable. Then if one can not afford a servant, there is sufficient time to attend to domestic duties, as well as securing extra money.

The position with flexible hours—not the nine to five job—but the one that allows some leeway for a private life, is safest. If a woman loves her husband, she must see that their common interests always supersede her personal interest in her work. But—and I believe this most emphatically—no selfish interest of her husband's should be allowed to interfere with her doing her work well.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 96 ]

## Should a Wife Work?

### Is This Month's Problem

**WORKING** girls when they get married often want to be working wives. They don't want kitchen duty and no wages but a real outside job and real wages. Then the fun begins, for many a husband objects to such arrangement. Now I'm stepping into the fray.

Complexion troubling you? Weight too heavy? Write me about it, sending stamped addressed envelope. I've a free pamphlet on care of the skin, and one, for ten cents, on reducing.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



# NATURE'S GIFT TO BEAUTY

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

AFRICAN  
PALM TREE



COCONUT  
PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



## Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for olive and palm oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

**T**HE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurements.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with

warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

### *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

### *Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

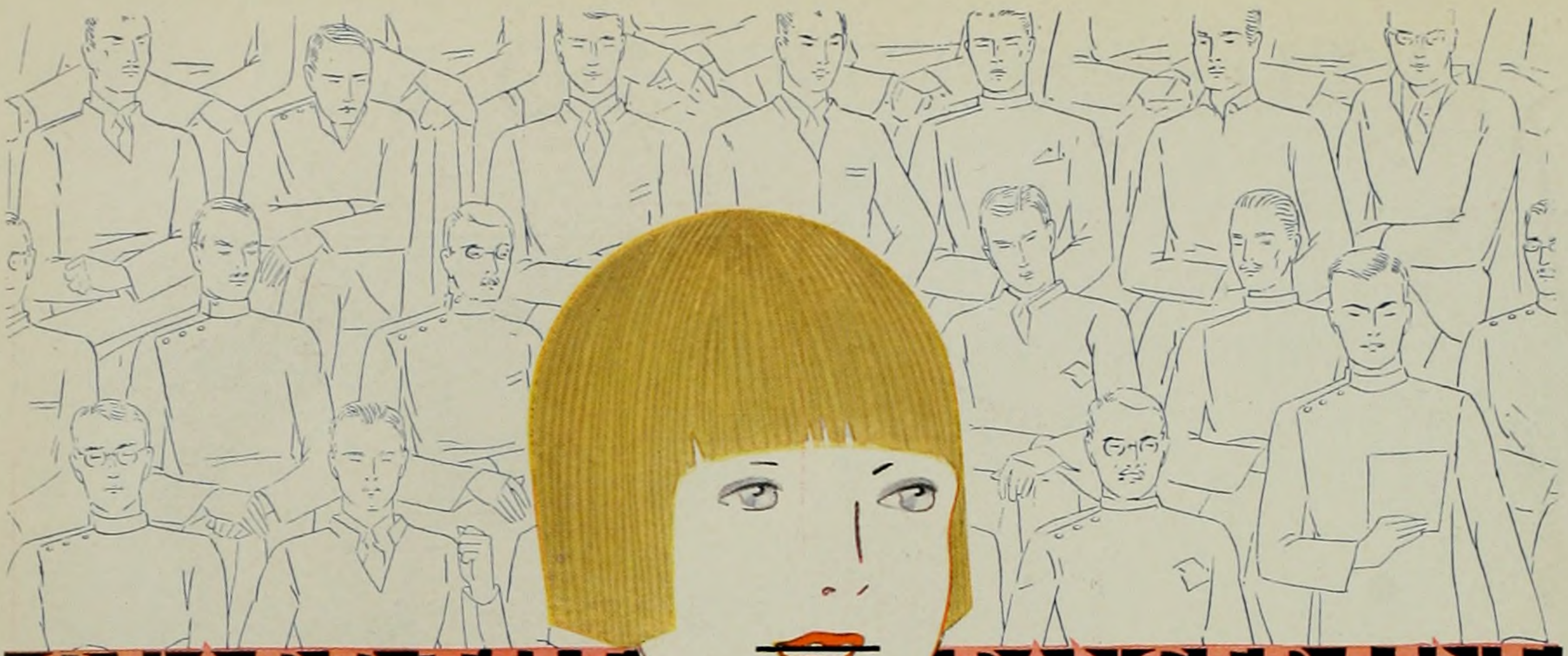


Retail Price 10c

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS





**GUARD THE DANGER LINE**  
**WHERE TEETH MEET GUMS**

# THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING

*You must protect the Danger Line from acids that attack teeth and gums — the verdict of practicing dentists.*

EVERYONE today appreciates the vital part played by proper care of the teeth and gums in the drama of keeping well and keeping young.

But what is proper care? You have been asked to believe dozens of plausible, but conflicting theories! On your druggist's counter you may find as many as 50 different dentifrices! . . . Millions who brush their teeth regularly nevertheless suffer from decay! . . .

E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get the real facts regarding the proper care of the teeth and gums.

In one of the world's greatest dental clinics more than 100,000 treatments are given every year. We asked to what conclusions this stupendous work had led. These findings were then compared with the opinions of practicing dentists everywhere. The result was an almost unanimous agreement that —

- (1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and gum infection.*
- (2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums — The Danger Line — especially that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*
- (3) *The best product to prevent acids from causing decay and irritating the gum tissues is Milk of Magnesia.*

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most pleasant and effective form, plus every other ingredient necessary for the proper care of the teeth and gums. It is a

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**SQUIBB'S  
 DENTAL  
 CREAM**

thorough cleanser. It relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It contains no harsh abrasives. You can safely use it to brush the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream not only neutralizes acids at the time of use, but tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia lodge at The Danger Line and prevent the formation of acids there for a considerable time after.

So much of health depends on the soundness of your teeth and gums. Take no chances. The highest authorities say that acids cause the trouble at The Danger Line and that Milk of Magnesia is the best antacid. See your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. You will be doing the utmost to protect your teeth and gums.

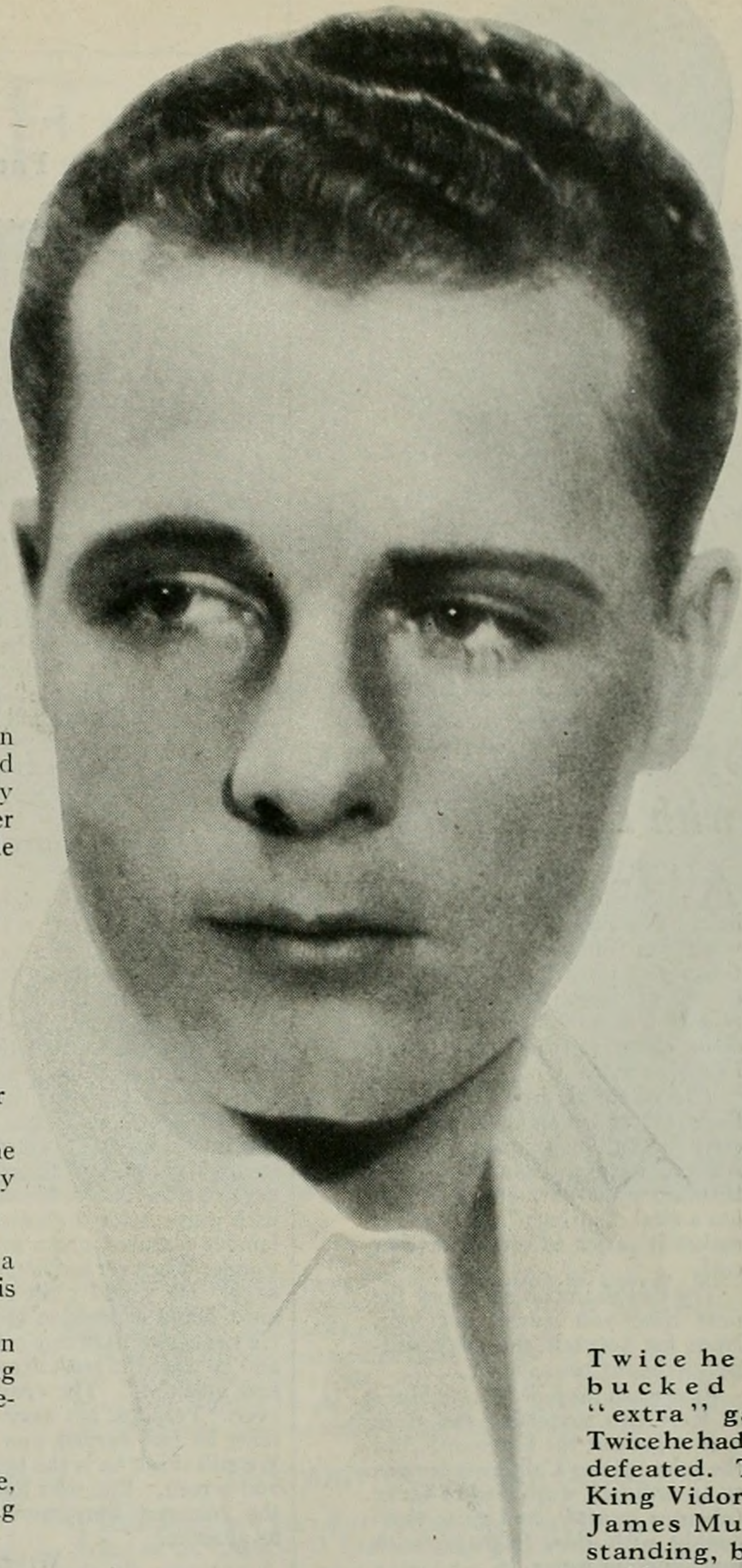
At all druggists—40c a large tube.

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER



# Mister Cinderella

By Ivan St. Johns



Twice he had bucked the "extra" game. Twice he had been defeated. Then King Vidor saw James Murray standing, broke and hungry, outside the studio. And he gave him the leading rôle in his new film

JIMMY MURRAY was standing under a street lamp in front of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The rain had drenched him to the skin and the turned-up collar of his only suit of clothes did no more than allow large rivulets of water to trickle down his spine. He didn't have the price of a ride back to Hollywood, nor the price of a meal when he got there. The sole of his right shoe had just gone through and he could feel the cold pavement against his foot.

Jimmy Murray had come to the end of the trail seeking that will-o'-the-wisp Cinema Fame, and as he stood shivering and hoping some passing motorist would give him a lift, he had determined to go down to San Pedro Harbor in the morning and ship on some outgoing vessel as chief potato peeler. Then he'd see the world at least—and eat regular. He'd seen enough of Hollywood.

The street lamp gleamed on the pavement and reflected the light up into his young, good-looking Irish face, but Jimmy Murray was past thinking about his face now.

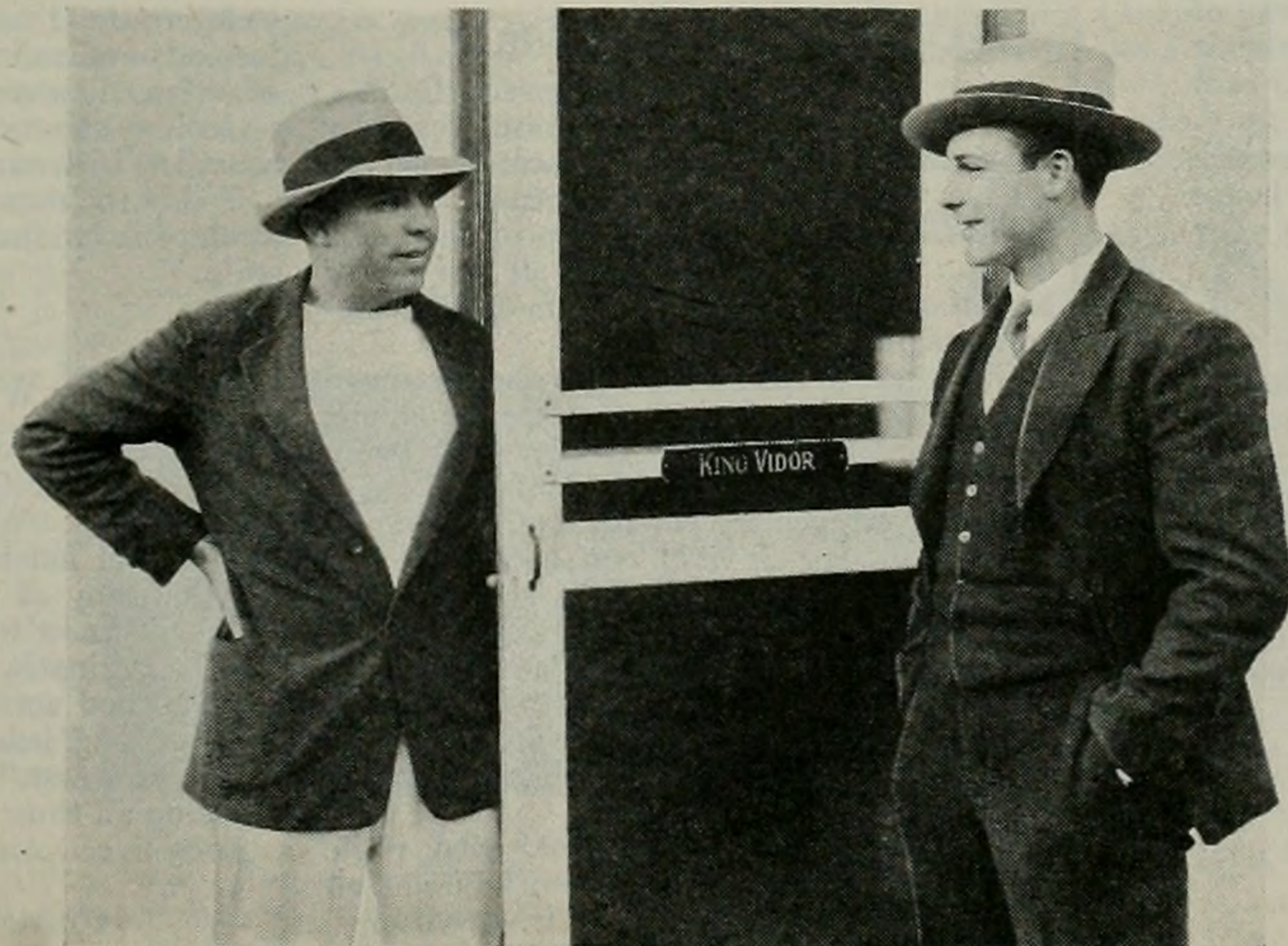
Jimmy Murray was licked.

King Vidor, who is usually a mild-mannered man, slammed a batch of costly photographs against the opposite wall of his luxurious office and stood up.

"They all look like actors," he said bitterly. "I want a man who doesn't look like an actor. I want a young, good-looking man who looks like he might really be a clerk, not an actor pretending to look like a clerk. But I guess there aren't any."

HE wrapped himself in a fur-lined coat, took his pretty wife, Eleanor Boardman, on his arm, and descended to his waiting limousine. The chauffeur threw open the door and said something pleasant, but the great director of "The Big Parade" didn't hear him.

He had a great story. He was all ready to make a big picture. It was an ideal woman's part for Eleanor Boardman. But he had searched all Hollywood for weeks for a leading man and couldn't find him. It wasn't a matter of salary. They'd pay anything. The biggest names in the business had been offered. But they didn't suit King Vidor. He wanted the part to count—not the name.



One brief glimpse of Murray and Mr. Vidor knew that he was the man he wanted. And a subsequent screen test proved that the discouraged "extra" had that rare photographic quality—screen personality

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

### More "Big Parade" Praise

Rochester, N. Y.

After years of hard-riding cowboys, chest-heaving vamps, and these ultra-sophisticated society slickers, "The Big Parade," in all its glory, has reached the sticks. Buddy, it knocked us cold!

Mr. Vidor has produced a picture with sufficient appeal to send us back to the box-office time after time at two dollars the crack. That is the acid test of achievement.

Watching the average mediocrity from Hollywood I become so restless that *Madame Ma Femme* has to hold me in my seat, but the gripping intensity of "The Big Parade" held me spellbound until Jack Gilbert limps over the hill into the arms of Renee Adoree. There may have been better pictures produced, but I've never viewed them and I've been going to the movies since the days of Biograph, Kalem, Lubin and all those other old timers.

Is the "Big Parade" authentic? Take it from an ex-doughboy and his French wife, it is!

Thanks, Mr. Vidor, you've given the others a mark to shoot at for a long, long time.

HAROLD R. COPE.

### A Barrymore Close-Up

Newark, N. J.

When I read interviews that tell of John Barrymore's eccentric actions and bored manner, I laugh, for I remember . . . some years ago, there were three little girls (with curls hanging) and they had a most persistent crush on John Barrymore. We had seen "The Jest" and every time we met the one who "rhymed things" brought along a poem about him to read aloud. Our favorite meeting place was the theater where he was playing and we saw the illustrious John emerge from the sacred stage-door many times. Sometimes he neglected to remove his makeup and came out with queer colored grease paint adorning the famous features, green and gray and blue—I wonder if he ever hurries, he never did in those days! He would walk to the curb with the most bored expression and climb into a taxi. He never saw us or any other hero-worshippers and he wore the most atrocious suits, gay blues and mustards. The crush did not die, however. Perhaps his very indifference to the fame he had earned won him our allegiance. We still think he is the best actor on the stage and screen. But who has heard the voice of the youngest Barrymore can help regretting its absence?

WINIFRED S. MERRICK.

### Aloma and Gilda

San Francisco, Calif.

For sheer beauty (even though the company did go to Porto Rico to film Samoan scenery) I believe "Aloma of the South Seas" deserves high praise. And the revelation of one Gilda Gray! Where has she been all our lives? Now if only they won't spoil her—but I somehow imagine they can't.

Gilda surely runs away with the picture—and this in spite of the keen competition she had to meet in such seasoned players as Percy Marmont, Warner Baxter and William Powell. Never have I seen the portrayal of a woman in love done with such vividness, especially in the closing scenes where she relinquishes the man she loves to another woman. This was nearly as poignant as the scenes Belle Bennett gave us in "Stella Dallas."

Percy Marmont, the most versatile of actors, was charming in a somewhat less lugubrious rôle than usual.

Warner Baxter was excellent, even while never for a moment could one delude oneself that he was a Samoan.

R. NEWCOMB.

### In Defense of Dad

Maplewood, N. J.

It's time someone wrote and criticized the selection of screen "Dads." Somehow, in every single picture where a young girl is cute and full of pep, her dad is old and quiet and severe.

Doesn't anyone know that our dads aren't old and fussy? Why they're the best people living 'cause they're young and *modern!* They have grown with us and those old ones ought to take a long vacation. Don't you agree with me, you young people, I mean?

NATALIE BOGUE.

### Those Superlatives!

San Francisco, Calif.

The past year I have been thoroughly disappointed in all screen productions, not because they lacked the essentials of really fine productions, but because of the publicity agents.

To read the advertisement and the press-agent stories of photoplays one is led to expect each new one far superior to its predecessor. But it isn't. If the publicity agents would use fewer superlatives the public would not expect the phenomenal in each new production. For example:

Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas" was very fine, but long before the picture was released there was broadcast such tommyrot about the star and the production that those uninitiated expected in that production the inception of a superlative era for the movies, whereas it was no better nor worse than the best. But, because of the press agent's superlatives, the public expectancy was bolstered to such heights that the full value of the sterling qualities of the production became minimized instead of enhanced.

MRS. C. K. HARDING.

### Alice, You Said Something

New York City.

Why have the movie producers lost sight of the fact that there is little or no real dramatic art shown on the screen? It is always a series of illustrations, a great many of which are not true to life and very often impossible. To see the hero maim, slay or evade from six to sixty well armed men, or single handed capture a pirate-ship may delight children, but the grown-ups are beginning to find it silly and uninteresting because they know it is a physical impossibility.

Let us have more realism and more pictures so interesting that they assist the imaginations instead of offending them—less lightning speed of action and more dramatic art, that will make us look at the moving pictures with our souls as well as with our eyes.

Today too many of our moving pictures are a complete intellectual muddle on an enormous scale.

ALICE HILLER.

### That's What They All Say

East Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Dolores Costello is truly the "find" of the season. We don't know whether she's beautiful or not but we would rather gaze at her than any of the "Ten Most Beautiful." We don't know whether she has "IT" or not but she fascinates us. We don't know whether she's a good actress or not but her work in "Mannequin" held us spellbound, not to forget the "Sea Beast." Anyway, we're ready to argue on all three points.

Long live Dolores Costello and PHOTOPLAY!

T. B. F.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 115 ]

## New Beauty For Your Hair with Lemon Rinse

**A** LEMON rinse gives you the beauty of thoroughly *clean* hair. No matter how well you wash your hair, or how many times you rinse it—only the addition of lemon juice to your rinse water will insure the thorough *cleansing* that means true hair beauty.

The natural, harmless mild fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water. All the natural beauty of color becomes apparent, and the hair has a vital, "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note for yourself the silky softness—the lustrous sheen.

First wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It will insure the full beauty of your hair—whether you wear it bobbed or long. One trial will convince you.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet—"Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," and learn other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,  
Sec. 1103, 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, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

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



# The Story of the Most Famous LIPSTICK in the world



**I**T HAPPENED on a cold December morning. Outside the wind was piling up the snow in big fleecy drifts. Inside a group of men were eagerly examining a little stick of something orange. . . It was the final result of three years' experimenting—an entirely new kind of lipstick!

"We must test it on the girls!" someone said; and Peggy, a vampish blonde, was called in to try it first.

Everyone watched her intently as she ran the little magic stick lightly over her pale but pretty mouth. A second passed. Nothing happened. Two seconds—and then, quite suddenly, a lovely glow mounted to her lips. Not the orange color of the lipstick, but a rose glow, the delicate natural bloom of Youth. . .

Then came the most astonishing test of all when Mary, a vivacious brunette secretary, put it on. For it gave her lips a different color—a glow that harmonized exactly with her own dark mysterious complexion, a blush-rose hue deeper than Peggy's, but just as lovely. . .

**S**CARCELY three months passed before Paris, that autocrat of fashion, claimed this lipstick for her very own; and New York Society praised its never-failing magic.

And now, in London, Berlin, Rome, Madrid. . . in all the important Capitals of Europe. . . where beautiful women from the four corners of the world gather to toy with the hearts of kings and princes. . . where crowned heads bow at the feet of feminine loveliness. . . *Tangee is favorite.*

## Remarkable Improvements over the old-fashioned lipstick

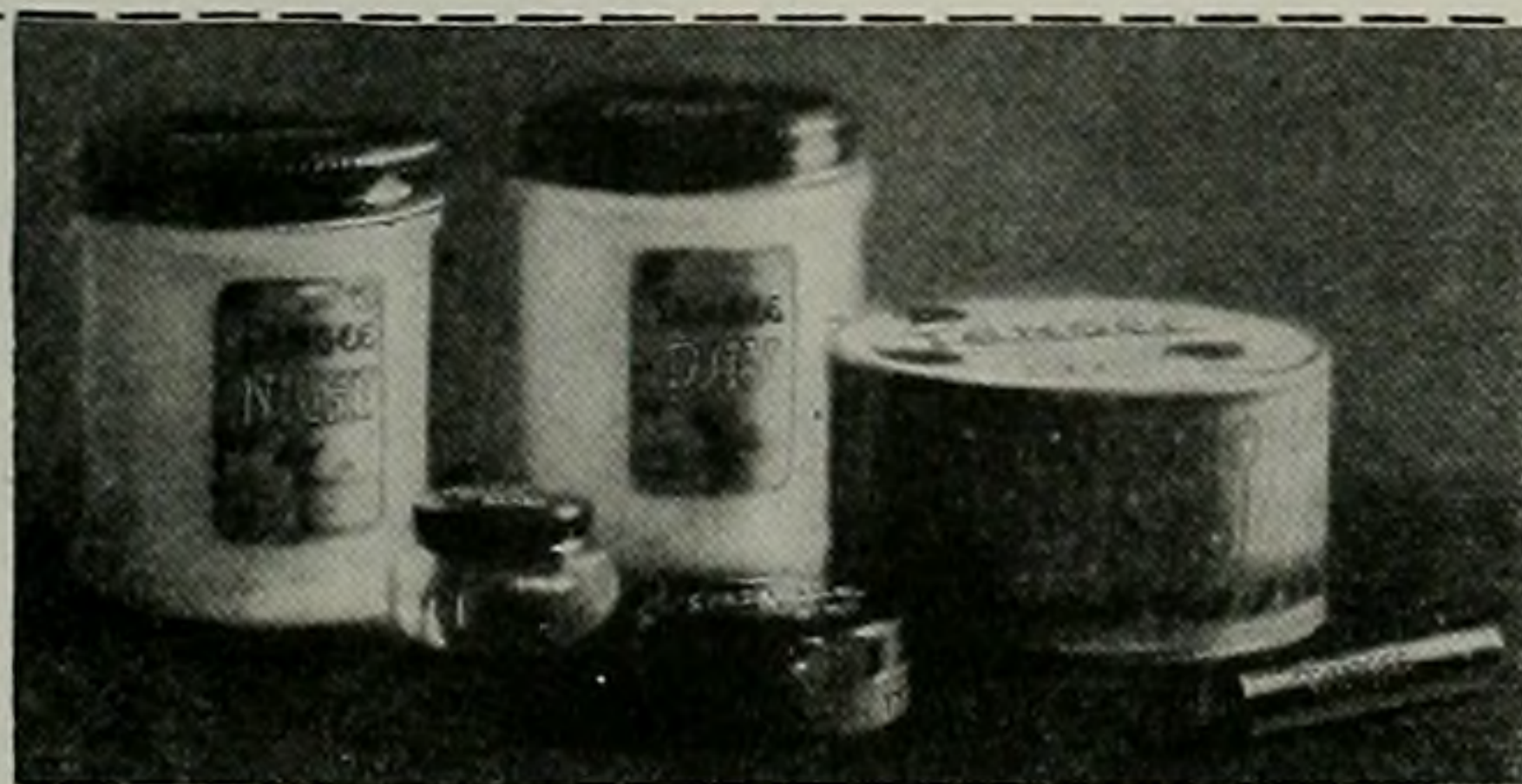
**B**EAUTICIANS' say there are now two kinds of lipsticks—Tangee and the other kind! For Tangee lipsticks are fundamentally different from all the rest.

The old-fashioned type consists of a fatty base containing a pigment. The color you get on your lips depends on the color of the lipstick you choose. And, of course, there is always that greasy smear. . .

Unlike others, Tangee contains no grease, no fat, no pigment. It has an entirely new coloring principle. And this is the remarkable thing about it. The orange in the stick turns to rose on your lips—a light rose-coral for some—a deep blush-rose for others—depending upon the complexion and upon how heavily it is applied. . . To every woman it gives just the shade that is natural to her own self, whether she is blonde or brunette.

**W**HEN you use Tangee Lipstick, you can be sure that it is *really* waterproof, and that it will stay on all day without fading, smearing or rubbing off. Its purity makes it absolutely harmless, and its firm cold cream base enables it to soothe, soften and beautify the texture of your lips—preventing chapping and parching.

**T**HE penalty of popularity is imitation. And here is an important thing to remember:



Tangee Lipstick \$1; Tangee Rouge Compact 75c; Tangee Crème Rouge \$1; Tangee Face Powder \$1; Tangee Day Cream \$1; Tangee Night Cream \$1. Prices 25c higher in Canada.

There have been more than a score of imitators of Tangee, but *not one* of them has yet succeeded in analyzing its priceless formula or in reproducing its astonishing effects. . .

Tangee is the original orange lipstick and the only one in the world that will change color as you put it on to give your lips the loveliness of nature's alluring bloom. It will pay you to be sure the name "Tangee" is on both the box and the chic little gunmetal case!

## For your COMPLETE beauty

**T**HERE are now five other Tangee aids to loveliness, each as marvelous as the lipstick. A Crème Rouge and Rouge Compact that give you the same kind of color magic for your cheeks. Two marvelous creams, Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream, to smooth out your complexion. And a wonderful Face Powder in the five shades of Nature. . .

Let these famous specialists start you on the road to beauty today. Ask your dealer for Tangee *by name!*

# TANGEE

For TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Dept. 81,  
The George W. Luft Co.,  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me your generous trial Tangee Beauty Set by return mail, including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, DAY Cream, NIGHT Cream and Face Powder. I enclose 20c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....



**IN A TWINKLING!**  
your nails will glow  
like tinted pearls



*Always Searching for Exquisite Perfection, Smart Women of Fashion Have Decreed This Lovely New Manicure the Latest Vogue.*

What magic! In a twinkling this wonderful Glazo Liquid Polish gives dull, lifeless nails the delicate lustre of pink perfection. Dainty! Alluring!

No buffing. Just a light brush over the nails and *voila!* . . . they gleam with fascinating loveliness. Not for an hour or a day. This lovely beauty lasts for many days.

The irresistible Glazo lustre never diminishes. It will not crack, peel or turn an ugly brown. To insure the permanence of this sheer loveliness make sure that you get Glazo. For this excellent new Glazo has qualities not found even in the highest priced liquid manicures.

To insure the most charming manicure and to conserve the polish, it is wise to use the separate Glazo Remover. Glazo, by the way, is the only polish (except the absurdly expensive, imported ones) that comes complete with separate remover.

In dainty twin bottles you will find Glazo, the Remover, and Glazo, the Polish. It is the manicure demanded by fashion for fashionable hands.

The better shops, everywhere, sell Glazo. Ask for it by name. The Glazo Company, 403 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont. Canada.

*The Only Polish That Comes Complete With Remover—Fifty Cents*

**GLAZO**

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary.



Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS— M-G-M

WE have had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Tim McCoy. And you will feel exactly the same way after you have cast your eagle optics over this lovely picture. Colonel Tim is not hard to look at, has a pleasing personality and can perform his stunts better than many of our Western cowboys. However, there was one thing that spoiled an enjoyable afternoon for us—the presence of grinning Roy D'Arcy in the cast. Come on, Roy, show us what an artiste you are and use the other expression that you are bragging about.

### WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Bros.

A FEEBLE attempt at comedy. If you can see anything funny in seeing a crazy man run wild and a silly Englishman trying to be smart—and then find out that it was all a dream—you're welcome to this. Though we'll guarantee you will be bored to death.

### THE AUCTIONEER—Fox

BELASCO'S stage production in which David Warfield starred has finally been transferred to the screen. But in the transposition it becomes a slow moving affair, the story being submerged in a series of atmospheric scenes. George Sidney is fair in the leading rôle. Marion Nixon, Ward Crane, Doris Lloyd and Gareth Hughes complete the cast.

### EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred

PICTURES dealing with capital punishment have always been a hobby with this company. This is a series of murders—in fact they really become funny. The wrong man is accused and condemned to death. And then we have that nerve-racking march to the death chair only to have the governor appear at the right time. Even if you are given free passes don't waste your time.

### THE THIRD DEGREE—Warner Bros.

THE poorest picture that was ever unreeled. The whole piece is filled with a series of German camera-angles that don't mean a thing. Except that one becomes dizzy trying to figure out what they symbolize. Louise Dresser surprised us by giving a very poor performance. Helene Costello, Jason Robards and Tom Santschi are in the cast. This is in the same class as that other classic—"The Little Irish Girl."

### STAGE MADNESS—Fox

A COLORFUL romance of a charming actress who decides to give up her marriage for the stage. Years later she befriends a little dancer in her chorus who turns out to be her own little girl. I know you've heard it before. It is quite remarkable how this actress never ages. The other members of the cast become gray and wrinkled. Evidently she made a number of trips to Fanny Ward's Fountain of Youth. Fair.

### LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.

HERE'S our old pals Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. Frankie happens to be a king of one of those mythical kingdoms. Political troubles arise and he is brought to America by his governess. He is befriended and protected by Tom. The government is overthrown and Frankie remains with Tom, and Tom—go see and find out.

### FINGER PRINTS—Warner Bros.

APITIFUL attempt at a comedy-mystery melodrama. Louise Fazenda supplies some comedy relief but the rest of the cast seem to be as mystified as the audience when the picture is ended. One or two of the characters just naturally disappear for no reason whatever. Don't waste your time.

### THE OVERLAND STAGE—First Nat'l.

THE finest of the Ken Maynard entries for the year. This impressive production presents one of the really great events in the making of American history—the linking of the stagecoach lines from the East to the West. Ken is a scout for the stagecoach company. He poses as a gambler to learn who is robbing the lines and stirring up Indian antagonism against the whites. Take the whole family.

### ROUGH AND READY—Universal

AGAIN Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Nothing else can be said except that this is very, very poor entertainment.

### RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany

FROM all appearances Raymond Hitchcock was allowed to do just as he pleased. But his sense of humor differs from ours. Raymond runs wild and has a grand time for himself, but there will be many racing to the exits before half of it is unreeled. And we don't mean maybe.

## Will the Screen Bring Christ Back to Us?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]

think he wants to prove that Jesus' life, and the thing back of it that made His works possible, is just as available to us today as ever it was.

But there is to be no preaching in "The King of Kings."

There it is—Jesus' life as He lived it.

There is His battle with the temptation to use His great power wrongly, His struggle with lust, His hourly contact with petty trials and petty people, His final clash with death, His victory over sin, disease and the grave itself.

All there—real, alive, vital. Set down in pictures, simple, straightforward—the life story of a man who knew the power of good and used it to bring happiness, contentment, peace and health to all.

That is what Cecil De Mille has started out to make.

If he succeeds, it is my sincere and honest belief that he will have achieved the thing which will have the greatest effect upon the world of anything done in many generations.

He is backing his belief in this picture, his desire to make it and make it right, with over two million dollars.

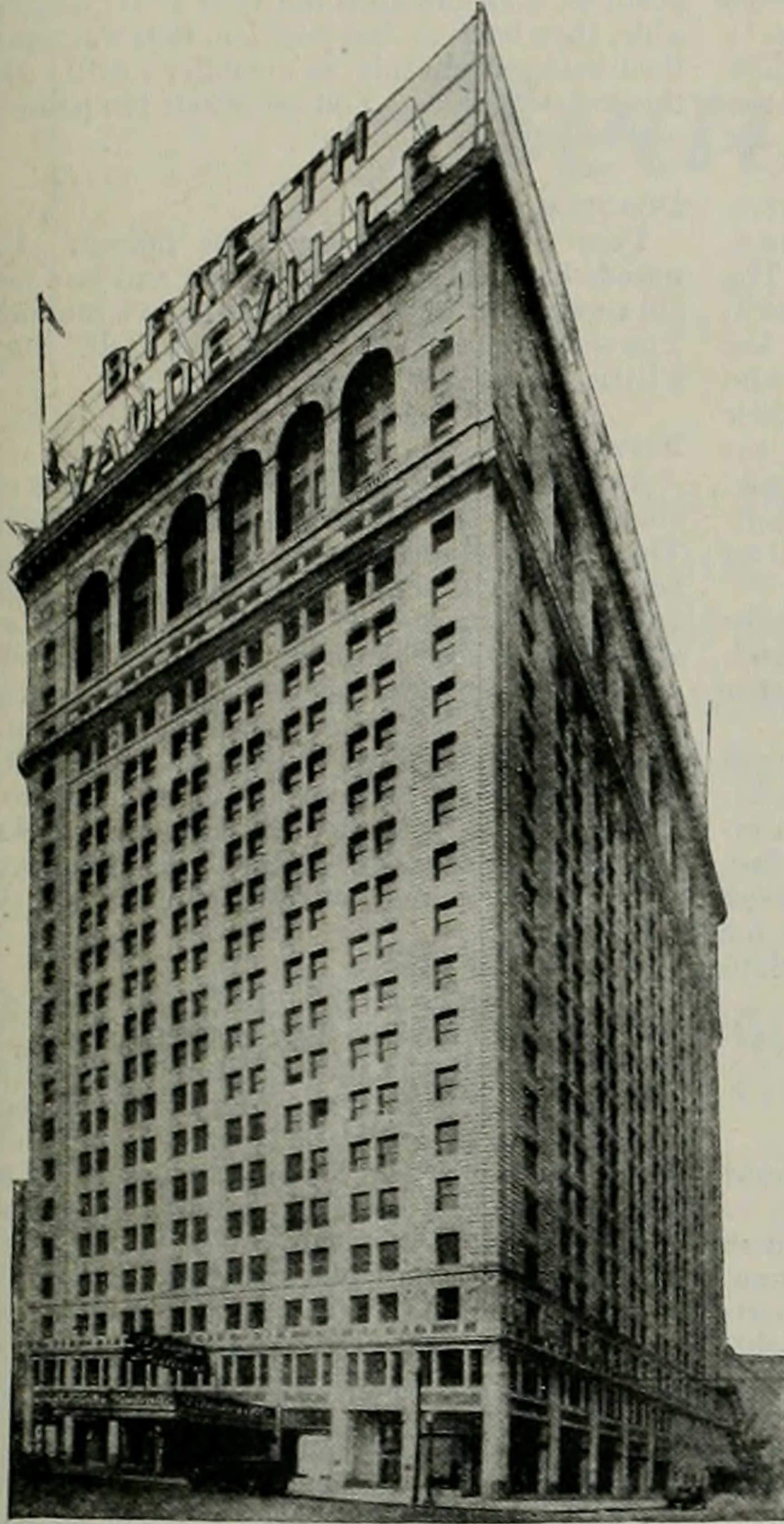
It will either be a colossal flop, or it will be something so far beyond mere motion picture making that it cannot even be compared to other motion pictures.

Right or wrong, it is a wonderful thing to do—a brave thing to do—and it has the greatest possibilities both to the motion picture and the world of anything that has ever happened since the first camera turned.



In the world's finest theatres  
*the promise of superlative  
entertainment is fulfilled by*

# DE MILLE- METROPOLITAN PICTURES



B. F. Keith's Palace Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio. This magnificent show house is typical of the great theatres throughout the country featuring DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES.

The Keith-Albee-Orpheum theatres are known from coast to coast. Their size and beauty and number are symbolic of the place that good entertainment holds in the heart of the American public.

DE MILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES are shown in all

Keith-Albee-Orpheum and other great show-houses throughout the country. Produced lavishly by the screen's greatest directors, embodying the works of the world's greatest dramatists and authors, interpreted by stellar artists of the stage and screen, DEMILLE-METROPOLITAN PICTURES represent the fullest measure of entertainment possible within the scope of photoplay production.



CECIL B. DE MILLE  
*Master Producer*



E. F. ALBEE  
*President Keith-Albee Circuit*



MARCUS HEIMAN  
*President Orpheum Circuit*

The association of these personalities, combining the foremost genius in the field of photoplay production with the world's greatest showmen, represents a guarantee of superlative entertainment.

Coming!

John C. Flinn presents  
**"JIM the CONQUEROR"**  
 By Peter B. Kyne  
 With WILLIAM BOYD and  
 ELINOR FAIR. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey  
 Directed by GEORGE B. SEITZ  
 Produced by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation

Coming!

**LEATRICE JOY** in  
**"NOBODY'S WIDOW"**  
 With CHARLES RAY, PHYLLIS HAVER  
 DAVID BUTLER  
 A DONALD CRISP PRODUCTION  
 Adapted by Clara Beranger and Douglas Z. Doty  
 from the stage play by Avery Hopwood  
 Directed by DONALD CRISP  
 Produced by De Mille Pictures Corporation

PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

JOHN C. FLINN, Vice-President and General Manager



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

The working wife must watch that she doesn't do too much. Some husbands, while glad to have their wives earn their own living, believe they should do just as much as ever at home. This is unfair.

There is nothing degrading about picking up his own laundry. But many a man seems to think there is. The same type of man who leaves these petty tasks, beneath his dignity, to his wife, often refuses to let her "lower" herself by earning money. If, by reading between the lines, you discover I think such men are idiots, you're perfectly right. I do.

Once the self-supporting woman found it necessary to rig herself out as an imitation man. That nonsense has gone, thank heaven. The girl who works today is more smartly dressed, more smartly groomed, her hair waved, her face and hands well kept, than the women who don't work. Wise wives are maintaining their charm for their husbands through the expenditure of their own money. Love sometimes begins in an atmosphere of shabby ugliness and discomfort. It never lasts in such an environment.

I approve of work for wives. It may take a woman's interest away from her husband. But a love that can't stand up against another interest isn't much of a love, anyway.

My advice to girls is, get a husband who will co-operate with you in the household tasks. Pick one who isn't afraid of your being an individual. To work teaches women fair play. It teaches co-operation and the value of honest toil for honest pay. That is a good thing for wives to know. It will make them appreciate their husband's work more.

Get your job and do your part. And happiness to both of you.

GOLDIE.

With slim legs meaning so much in the world of fashion, I don't advise you to attempt to fatten them. To develop your arms, try these exercises: Take a good standing position. Throw your head up, your feet a foot apart, your body erect. Keep your knees straight, your abdomen flat, your shoulders back. Let your hands hang by your sides. Then, bring your hands up to your shoulders, fists doubled and turned in. Raise the arms sharply upward, as high above your head as possible, stretching the fingers. Then return to first position. Repeat this movement ten to fifteen times and do it with snap and pep. Half-hearted exercise does very little good. Next, with hands, fists

doubled in, at shoulder height, shoot them outward in straight line from shoulders, fingers stretched. Repeat ten times. Another good one starts in the same standing position. Bend your arms quickly and raise your elbows in line with your shoulders, the palms of your hands turned downward on your chest. From this position, fling the arms outward as far as possible, then back to first position, then outward, then back, as sharply as a soldier's drill. Do this a dozen times. You are about ten pounds underweight.

DOROTHY.

Your boy sounds very nice indeed. He sounds like a healthy, active boy and he's not old enough yet to be interested in love-making. You shouldn't be. Don't cheat yourself. Stay a little girl a little while longer.

KITTY.

A girl's popularity with boys at sixteen is no guarantee of her future popularity with men. The sixteen-year-old attractive with boys of her own age is usually something of a "hot date." The more quiet girl of that age either appeals to much older men, or fails completely with the male youngsters. So, don't worry about it now, Kitty. Boys of sixteen aren't very selective. Appeal to them must be pretty obvious. Dress as becomingly as you can. Take care of your health and your looks. Develop your own personality. Then, I believe, you'll come into your own by nineteen or twenty.

D. L., ONTARIO.

Oh, my dear, be careful. I can only give you that old, old answer—there are so many girls trying to get on the stage. The standards today are higher than ever. The chance of your succeeding is so small, the chance of your failing, so great. If your home is as distasteful as you say and you are determined to leave and equally determined to get on the stage, then New York is the only place for you. But don't come with less than \$150. Get yourself a real job, and after hours study at one of the professional dancing schools. Get some stage equipment before you hunt your job. If you have any talent, the school will spot it and help you. But, above all things, don't come to New York and believe your appearance alone will get you a stage opportunity. Talent, training, youth, prettiness—these you must have for the smallest opening, in combination with good luck.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 114 ]



# Kissproof

TRADE MARK REG

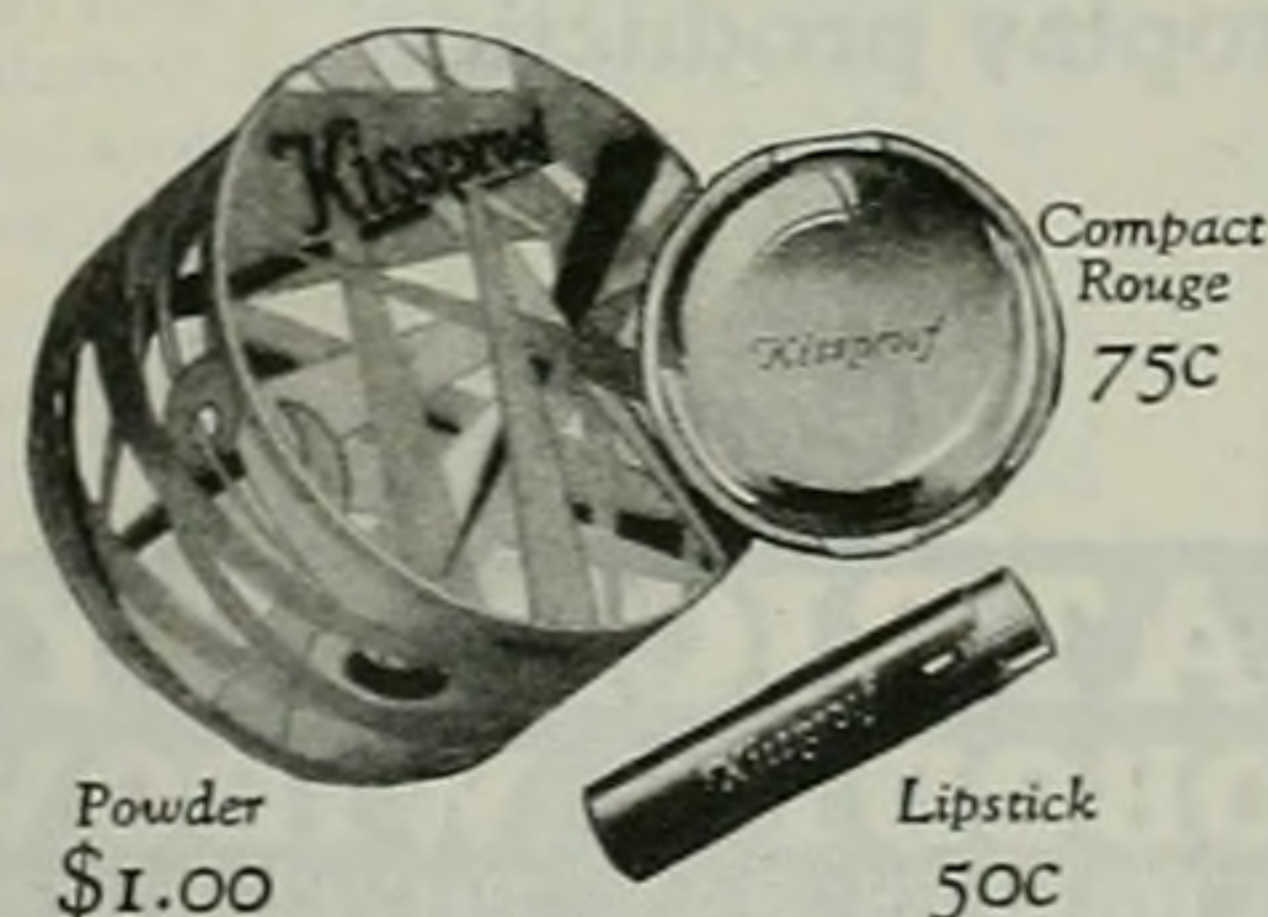
## Lipstick

### Will Make You More Beautiful Instantly

Your first application of Kissproof Lipstick will show you lips alluring, bewitching, tantalizing—lovely beyond compare. Kissproof is Waterproof. One application lasts all day. And then a dash of Kissproof Rouge—such color: new, vivid, dashing, yet soft and delicately warm—neither red nor orange, but an artist's blend of both. Made in both paste and compact form.

## Now! Kissproof Powder

What a surprise it will give you—different than any other powder. Kissproof gives your skin a tone—a deep transparent effect—gorgeously beautiful. Kissproof flatters tremendously. Make the most of your beauty. Get Kissproof today. At all better stores, or direct.



Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1253  
3012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago

Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box containing a week's supply of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, Kissproof Face Powder and Delica Brow. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Underline shade of Powder

FLESH      WHITE      BRUNETTE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Kissproof**



The most famous chorus that ever stepped on the American stage—the Floradora Sextet—is revived for "Casey at the Bat." And the words for this particular bit of stage business were: "Won't you take a little walk with me?"—sung flirtatiously by the chorus men. And that, my children, was once considered the height of daring



# *Beauty secrets—* **FREE!**

**H**AIR shining and exquisitely coiffured . . . the gleaming, pink finger-tips of fashion . . . a frock with all the charm and *chic* of Paris . . . today these are within the reach of every woman—*through the magic of advertising.*

In the magazines, beauty secrets are given away every day—free! How to wear your new hat smartly. How to improve a fading complexion. How to have prettier clothes for less money. Beauty, loveliness, charm—no longer are they the heritage of a favored few. Advertising makes them a universal opportunity.

Follow today's beauty and fashion advertising. It teaches good dressing, good grooming. It tells you what clever women here, there and everywhere are finding out about beauty. It will help you make the most of yourself—your eyes, your hair, your own precious personality. It will keep you young!



*Follow the advertisements in this magazine.*

*They will keep you up to date in smartness*



# Harold Again *the Underdog*

As in "Grandma's Boy," Harold Lloyd's latest comedy gives a few hints on how to overcome that inferiority complex. Harold plays the weak son of a hill-billy family. As usual, Jobyna Ralston is the sympathetic heroine



**H**AROLD LLOYD'S new comedy, "The Kid Brother," takes its place among his best efforts. It's a story of the Southern mountains

Although dominated by a father and two brothers, the underdog finally gets up enough courage to slam pap with a barrel of corn licker. And here is where you cheer as well as laugh





*Betty Blythe*

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy.  
The Olovnit vests are too lovely  
for words and I am delighted to  
have them called after me.  
If the women of America could see  
for themselves how pretty, how  
stylish and how serviceable the  
"Betty Blythe Vests" really are,  
you would not be able to make  
them fast enough.  
Wishing you the greatest success,  
I remain  
Yours sincerely,

*Betty Blythe.*



Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

**The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.**  
Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your new spring garments.

Name.....

Street.....

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

# Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

OLOVNIT garments are reasonably priced because they are sold through our factory representatives direct to you.

In the privacy of your own home you may select Olovnit garments and be sure that they will harmonize with each ensemble.

Mail the coupon and we will have our representative call and show you the new 1927 models.





*Viola Dana*

### *Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes*

Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

She has used "MAYBELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.

Millions of women; from charming girl to queenly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.

"MAYBELLINE" is harmless. The popular Solid Form or waterproof Liquid Form, BLACK or BROWN, are 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

## *Maybelline*

*Beautifies Eyelashes and Brows Instantly*

*Photo by Seely  
Hollywood*



# 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.

**MARJORIE R., GARDEN CITY, L. I.**—Greta Garbo no spik English so gut. Greta bane Swedish gal and she is yust beginning to learn our language. Born in Stockholm in 1906. That's her real name.

**MRS. G. S. W., DETROIT, MICH.**—Charlie Chaplin was born April 19, 1889. No trouble at all.

**HOWDY HANK, TAMPA, FLA.**—Hop aboard. There's always a welcome out for newcomers. Colleen Moore was educated in a convent in your city, although born in Port Huron, Mich. An American, yes—but with more than a dash of Irish. Her birth-date is Aug. 19, 1902. Married to John McCormick. You may write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. *Au revoir.*

**R. M. R., LONDON, ENGLAND.**—You may obtain the complete life of Rudolph Valentino, written by himself, by writing to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Ask for the issues of February, March and April, 1923. The issues are twenty-five cents a copy.

**ANNOUNCING SOME NEW CLUBS.**—The Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club. For information, write to Miss Margaret E. Driver, Luxora, Ark. Also a Rudolph Valentino Memorial Club—Helen V. Sunderland, 245 W. 7th Street, Garnett, Kan., president. And still another Valentino Fan Memorial Club, with W. E. Stephens, 815 Forest Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn., as president. Any one wishing to join the Clara Bow Correspondence Club, may write to Catherine Conway, 375 E. 146th Street, New York, N. Y. Elinor Ward tells me that she is president of the William Boyd Fan Club. Her address is 33 Nassau Ave., Freeport, N. Y. Also William Haines has a fan club. For information, write to Miss Vivian Stephens, Perry, Lake County, Ohio. I thank you.

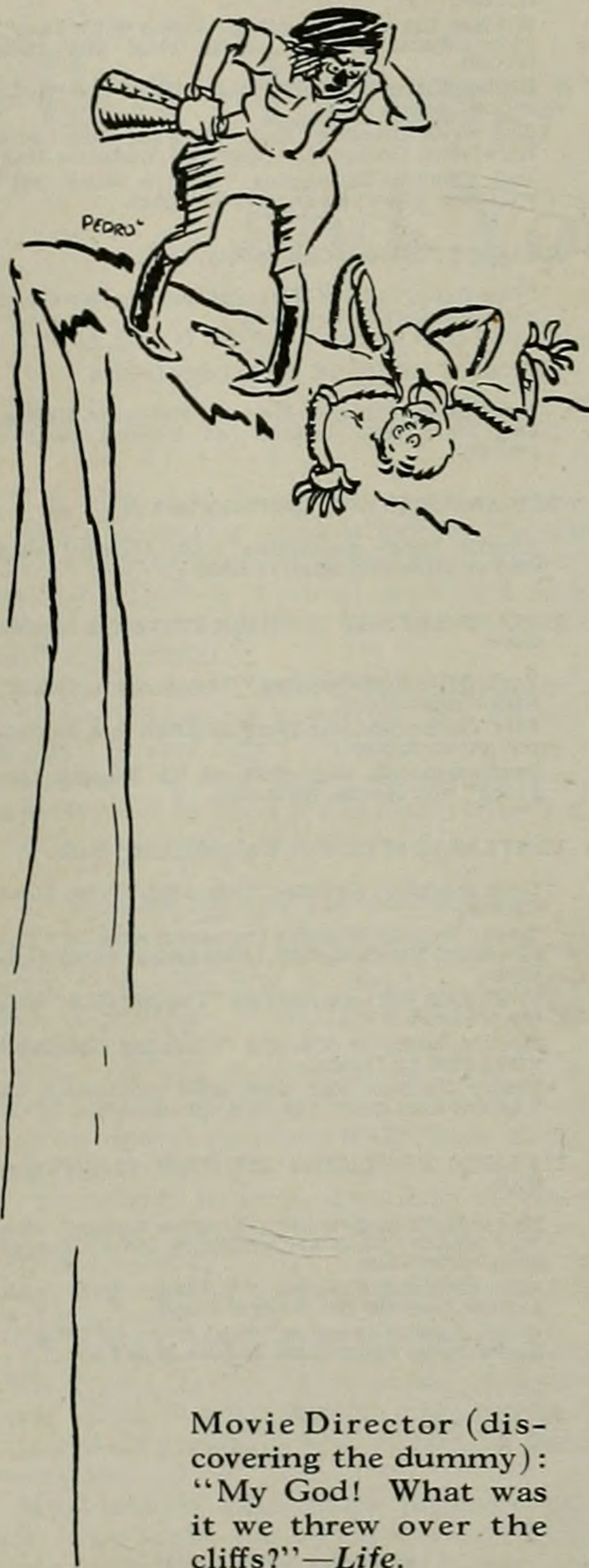
**BETTY, ARLINGTON, MASS.**—Sure, I'll tell you all; I haven't a heart of stone. Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He's married. Address him in care of First National Productions, Burbank, Calif.

**J. E., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Norma Shearer is twenty-two years old. She has golden brown hair. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn. He's thirty-one years old.

**C. B., SAN MATEO, CALIF.**—Don't scold me, please, and I'll never do it again. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914. Colleen Moore, Aug. 19, 1902. Colleen Moore's real name is

Kathleen Morrison. Laura La Plante and William Haines both use their own names.

**A. C., HAPEVILLE, GA.**—Walter Pidgeon was born Sept. 23, 1897. He's a widower. Gloria Swanson's next picture is "Sunya," and in it Gloria certainly gets a chance to prove her versatility, because she plays several different character parts.



**Movie Director (discovering the dummy):** "My God! What was it we threw over the cliffs?"—*Life.*

**M. I. S., DAYTON, O.**—I don't have to be a mind reader to know that you are a very systematic person, with an orderly mind. And so it's a pleasure to answer your questions. Esther Ralston is married. Mary Philbin is twenty-three years old and unmarried. Norma Shearer is twenty-two; also unmarried. I don't know Richard Dix's matrimonial intentions. Nor do I know how Leatrice Joy plans to dispose of her heart and hand. She's divorced from John Gilbert. Greta Garbo is unmarried.

**A READER, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.**—You will find the addresses of the stars in the department headed "What the Stars and Directors Are Doing."

**M. L. M., BARTHVILLE, OKLA.**—Roy D'Arcy is married; no children. Born Feb. 10, 1894. No, I don't know what kind of tooth-paste he uses. Ask him yourself and address your letter to the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif.

**J. J. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.**—Still more about Greta Garbo! Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Not married. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

**V. C., NAPPANEE, IND.**—Right you are. Both unmarried. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. His ancestors didn't come over on the *Mayflower*. They were here when the *Mayflower* arrived. Ramon, you see, has Aztec blood and that is an ancient American race. Surely, write him a letter and address it to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. If you want a photograph, send a quarter.

**FLOSSIE, CHARLESTON, W. VA.**—Rudolph Valentino's height was five feet, ten inches. He weighed 154 pounds and had black hair and brown eyes. Vilma Banky's next picture is "King Harlequin." Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans.

**B. R., OIL CITY, PA.**—Did the Milton Sills your father knew live in Chicago? That's where the Milton Sills of the movies was born and raised. He is about forty years old and married to Doris Kenyon. Address him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

**M. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—Esther Ralston was born Sept. 17, 1902, in Bar Harbor, Maine. She's a real, down-east Yankee. Esther weighs 125 pounds. Not related to Jobyna Ralston.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE III]

**I**N 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.



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

**CHADWICK STUDIOS**, 1440 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "Ladybird" with Betty Compson and Malcolm McGregor.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS**, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

**CHRISTIE STUDIOS**, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Jimmy Adams, Bobby Vernon, Anne Cornwall, Jack Duffy and Neal Burns—all working on two-reelers.

**COLUMBIA PICTURES**, 1438 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "Business Before Pleasure" with Pat O'Malley and Virginia Brown Faire.

William Craft directing "Birds of Prey" with Allan Simpson and Priscilla Dean.

**GOTHAM STUDIOS**, Universal City, Calif.

Production will soon start on "The Final Extra" with Marguerite De La Motte and Grant Withers.

**DE MILLE STUDIOS**, Culver City, Calif.

Production has started on "The Heart of a Thief" with Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut.

Paul Sloane directing "Turkish Delight" with Julia Faye and Rudolph Schildkraut.

William De Mille directing "The Little Adventurers" with Vera Reynolds.

Donald Crisp directing "Vanity" with Leatrice Joy.

**EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS**, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.

Lupino Lane, Al St. John and Lloyd Hamilton—all working on two-reelers.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES**, 780 Gower Street.

J. P. McGowan directing "Tarzan and the Golden Lion" with James Pierce, Edna Murphy and Dorothy Dunbar.

Production will soon start on "Limehouse Polly" with Viola Dana.

Ralph Ince completing "Hello Bill" with Conway Tearle and Margaret Morris.

**FINE ARTS STUDIOS**, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The American" with Bessie Love, Charles Ray and Ward Crane.

Spencer Bennett directing "Melting Millions" with Eugenia Gilbert.

**FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS**, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Wallace directing "The Poor Nut" with Jack Mulhall, Gertrude Olmsted and Chas. Murray.

King Baggot directing "The Notorious Lady" with Barbara Bedford and Lewis Stone.

Al Rogell directing "The Sunset Derby" with Buster Collier and Claude Gillingwater.

Millard Webb directing "An Affair of the Follies" with Billie Dove, Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes.

Al Rockett directing "See You in Jail" with Jack Mulhall and Alice Day.

George Fitzmaurice directing "The Tender Hour" with Billie Dove and Ben Lyon.

**FOX STUDIOS**, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Ben Staloff completing "A. W. O. L." with Nancy Nash, Gene Cameron and Judy King.

Production has started on "The Broncho Twister" with Tom Mix and Helene Costello.

Production has started on "Whispering Sage" with Buck Jones.

Frank Borzage completing "Seventh Heaven" with David Butler, Janet Gaynor and Gladys Brockwell.

Al Green directing "Is Zat So" with Kathryn Perry, George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe.

Production has been completed on "The Wedding Ring" with Virginia Valli and Allan Durant.

Production will soon start on "Grandma Bernley Learns Her Letters." John Ford will direct.

**KEATON STUDIOS**, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton directing and playing the lead in "The Poor Fish" with Edith Roberts.

**LASKY STUDIOS**, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Mauritz Stiller directing "The Man Who Forgot God" with Emil Jannings and Lil Dagover.

Luther Reed directing "Evening Clothes" with Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Valli and Louise Brooks.

Clarence Badger completing "A Kiss in a Taxi" with Bebe Daniels, Douglas Gilmore and Chester Conklin.

Production will soon start on "All Women Are Beautiful" with Raymond Griffith and Doris Hill.

Rowland Lee directing "Soundings" with Norman Trevor, Lois Moran, James Hall and Douglas Gilmore.

Frank Lloyd completing "Children of Divorce" with Hedda Hopper, Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper and Norman Trevor.

Lothar Mendes directing "Confessions" with Pola Negri and Ricardo Cortez.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Too Many Crooks" with Mildred Davis, Lloyd Hughes and George Slegman.

Production will soon start on "Underworld" with Evelyn Brent and Ricardo Cortez.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS**, Culver City, Calif.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Enemy" with Lillian Gish and Lars Hansen.

Tod Browning directing "Three" with Lon Chaney.

Harry Millarde directing "Tell Her to Stop" with Norma Shearer.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Grey Hat" with Renee Adoree and Lew Cody.

Chester Franklin directing "A Dog of Mystery" with Peter the Great.

Reginald Barker completing "The Branding Iron" with Aileen Pringle and Lionel Barrymore.

J. P. McCarthy directing "Becky" with Sally O'Neill.

William Beaudine directing "Frisco Sally Levy" with Charles Delaney, Kate Price and Sally O'Neill.

Reginald Barker directing "The Bugle Call" with Jackie Coogan.

Sam Wood directing "Red, White and Blue" with Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Marceline Day.

Jack Conway completing "Twelve Miles Out" with Jack Gilbert and Ernest Torrence.

**ROACH STUDIOS**, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang," Mabel Normand and Charley Chase—all working on two-reelers.

**SENNETT STUDIOS**, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Ben Turpin, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKee, and Mary Ann Jackson—all working on two-reelers.

**TEC-ART STUDIOS**, 5360 Melrose Ave.

Charlie Hines completing "All Aboard" with Johnny Hines and Edna Murphy.

**UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS**, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd.

Lewis Milestone directing "Two Arabian Nights" with William Boyd.

Sam Taylor directing Mary Pickford in a production as yet untitled.

Production will soon start on "A Woman Disputed" with Norma Talmadge.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIOS**, Universal City, Calif.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Ace High" with Hoot Gibson.

Wesley Ruggles directing the second series of "The Collegians" with George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver.

Production will soon start on "The Big Gun" with George Lewis.

Edward Laemmle directing "Cheating Cheaters" with Laura La Plante.

Emory Johnson will soon start production on "Arm of the Law." Cast not announced.

**WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS**, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Byron Haskins directing "Matinee Ladies" with May McAvoy, Malcolm McGregor, Hedda Hopper and Charles Lane.

Alan Crosland directing "A Million Bid" with Dolores Costello and Warner Oland.

Chuck Reisner directing "What Every Girl Should Know" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Ian Keith.

## EAST COAST

**COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS**, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York City.

Production will soon start on "Broadway Nights." Cast not announced. (Robert Kane Prod.)

**FOX FILM STUDIO**, 55th St. and 10th Ave., New York City.

Allan Dwan directing "The Joy Girl" with Olive Borden.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIOS**, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, New York.

Mal St. Clair directing "Knockout Riley" with Richard Dix and Mary Brian.

Frank Tuttle directing "Blind Alleys" with Thomas Meighan and Greta Nissen.

Herbert Brenon directing "Holbrook Blinn, My Allison, Madge Bellamy and Larry Gray in 'The Telephone Girl'."

Gregory La Carva directing "Rubber Heels" with Ed Wynn, Lawrence Gray, Thelma Todd and Chester Conklin.

Robert Vignola completing "Cabaret" with Gilda Gray and Tom Moore.

## ABROAD

**AFRICA**

Rex Ingram directing "The Garden of Allah" with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich.

## CHANGE IN TITLES

**FIRST NATIONAL**

"Venus of Venice" changed to "Naughty Carlotta."

"Manon Lescaut" will be released as "Manon."

"The Runaway Enchantress" changed to "The Sea Tiger."

"The River" changed to "The Notorious Lady."

"Jailbirds Inc." changed to "See You in Jail."

"Here Y'Are Brother" changed to "An Affair of the Follies."

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

"The Day of Souls" changed to "The Show."

"Alonzo the Armless" changed to "The Unknown."

**FAMOUS**

"The Beautiful Blonde" changed to "All Women Are Beautiful."

**UNITED ARTISTS**

"Sunya" changed to "The Loves of Sunya."

## 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.



## News and Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

give you one good reason. The local talent, as soon as it makes a hit, has an annoying way of asking big money. Several leading men, on the golf side of forty, have been asking \$3,000 a week—and more—before they'll give the camera a soft look. The Germans will work for less—temporarily. So the producers grab them before they learn to talk Hollywood money. But wait until they pick up a few tricks themselves! And wait until they gather a box-office following! Then we shall see what we shall see.

**I**T'S anybody's joke, and it is being told about every new theater on Broadway. Anyway, here it is: After the opening of a certain new palace of art, Harry Thaw was heard to remark that he had shot the wrong architect.

**T**HE William de Milles have come to the parting of the ways. It was a very quiet and dignified divorce. And with the split in the family, Agnes de Mille, the director's eldest daughter, has made her debut as a professional dancer in New York. She is appearing in the Mozart comic opera, "La Finta Giardiniera." Miss de Mille is a graduate of the University of California, and has played small parts in the movies under the direction of her father and her uncle Cecil.

**T**HE newspapers recently published front-page stories about Michael Cudahy's frustrated attempt to marry Marie Astaire, described as a motion picture star. Of course, we know that Michael Cudahy is the son of John P. Cudahy, millionaire meat packer. But who is Marie Astaire, so widely publicized as a movie "star"? We never have heard of her.

The mother of nineteen-year-old Michael was horrified at the thought of her son marrying a movie actress, and she called in a sheriff to prevent his elopement. Mrs. Cudahy evidently feared that some movie star wanted to marry Michael for his money.

What nonsense! An honest-to-goodness movie star doesn't have to marry a rich man for his money. Movie stars these days can match incomes with the Cudahys—or any other rich family in the country. A rich man's son is no temptation to a girl who makes, by her own efforts, two or three thousand dollars a week. A few of the stars may have gone around with young Cudahy—for a brief time.

But movie stars cannot afford to waste their time on society people who go to Hollywood for a thrill. And this sensational elopement—or attempted elopement—is no more representative of real Hollywood life than Mrs. Jean Nash's escapades are indicative of the character of the French nation.

In fact, Hollywood, like Paris and New York, suffers from the misdeeds of the "visiting firemen," whose invasions annoy the hard-working natives.

**M**AKE way in the Academy of Dumb Mortals for the little girl May Allison tells about. She was so unintelligent she thought a smelter was a place where they cooked smelt.

**I**T cost Jobyna Ralston \$300 to say "Hello" and "Good-bye" to Dick Arlen, whom she is to marry, but it was worth it. Dick has been in Texas playing in "Wings," and Joby was lonesome, very lonesome, so she boarded a train for San Antonio. No sooner was she clasped in Dick's arms at the station than she



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

## Film—Enemy of Your Teeth and Your Smile

To which many serious tooth and gum disorders are charged

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube

**I**N a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised as embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

### Now an effective film combatant

By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

Film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. That is why, according to leading dental opinion, teeth look dingy and "off color."

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It invites and breeds the germs of decay. And that is why it is judged so grave a danger to the teeth by authorities.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea. That is why regular film removal is urged as probably first in correct gum protection.

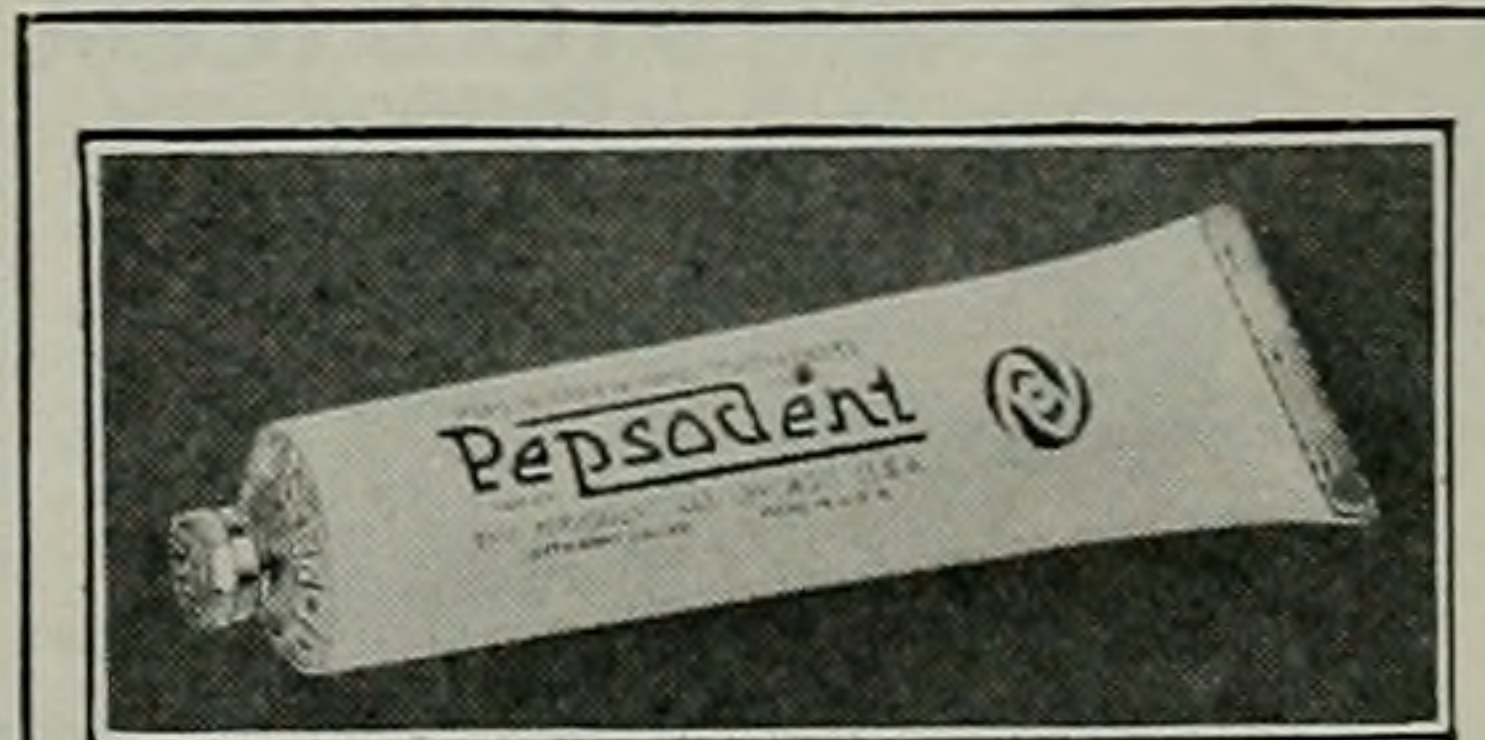
Most dental authorities urgently advise thorough film removal at least twice each day. That is every morning and every night.

For that purpose, obtain Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice which leading dental authorities favor. Different from any other tooth paste.

Pepsodent curdles the film, then re-

moves it; then polishes the teeth in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay and scientifically firms the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And meets, thus, in all ways, the exactments of modern dental science.

On dental advice, people are adopting this new way of tooth cleansing. Obtain Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, at drug stores. Two months' supply at a moderate price—or send coupon for 10-day tube. Use twice every day. See your dentist twice each year. Make both a habit.



**FREE**—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1078, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories:  
191 George St., Toronto, Canada. 2379

## PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth





All the beauty of the world  
'Tis but skin deep.—VENNING

**R**ADIANT beauty is possessed only by the woman whose skin is satin smooth—luminous—untouched by the shadow of unlovely hair.

Used beneath the fashionable bob, on the forearm, underarm or lower limb the new X-Bazin Cream Depilatory removes the slightest trace of unwanted hair swiftly and gently, toning and cleansing the skin.

The same exquisite ingredients used in the finest soaps and creams are combined with the famous X-Bazin depilatory formula in making the new cream. The result is a product which is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate skin, and does not coarsen, increase or darken the later growth.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## X-BAZIN Cream DEPILATORY

X-BAZIN CREAM—50¢

X-BAZIN POWDER STILL OBTAIN-  
ABLE EVERYWHERE—50¢

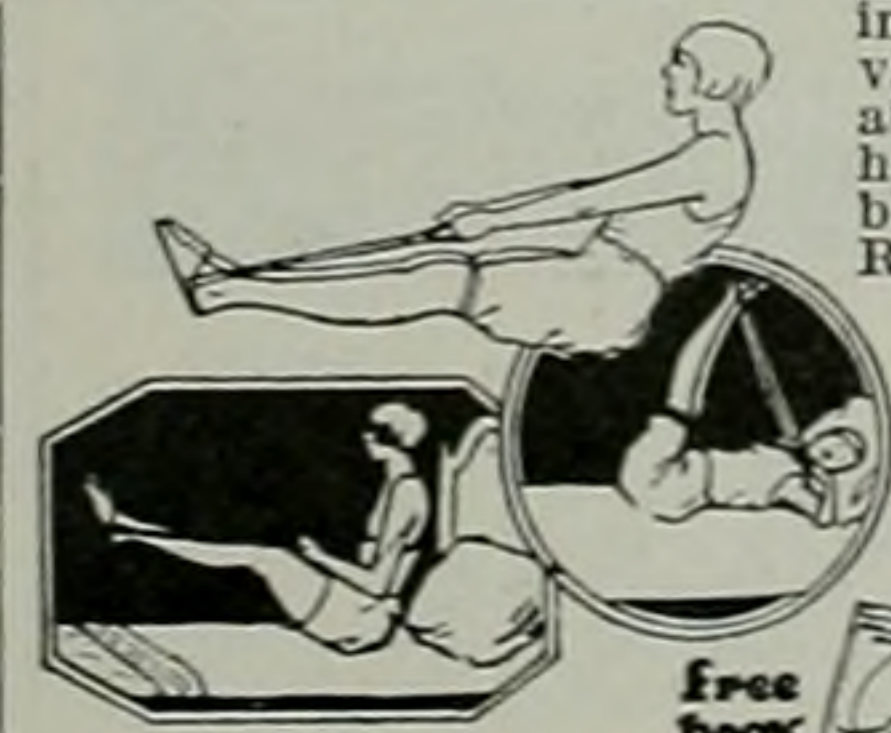
"Put on Like Cold Cream,  
Wash off Like Soap"



## Reducex

the easy exerciser  
Takes off Fat  
easily & quickly

Reducex gives you strength, vigor and radiant health! Developing muscle, it eliminates fatty tissues, invigorates the body, aids in correcting poor heart action and forces blood circulation. Use Reducex and notice the refreshing effect. It can be used in the bed with comfort and ease. Reducex will add years to your life. Send for booklet—PM-3



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booklet

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## Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Mercolized Wax gently, gradually, absorbs muddy, freckled, pimply, faded or aged surface skin; reveals fresh, young, white beautiful skin beneath. Have girlish beauty; look 10 to 20 years younger. Greatest beautifier and face rejuvenator known. Any drug store. Dearborn Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.

### Mercolized Wax



Completing their Even Dozen as star and director. Johnny Hines' brother, Charlie, directs all his comedies and the parrot is the chief gag man. Sure, Polly wants some cracked ice

received a telegram summoning her to Hollywood and a very good part. Joby took the next train home. The Ralston-Arlen wedding is to be early in the spring.

**N**O longer is the Santell domicile a house divided. Al, the motion picture director, and Rose, his wife, are again living in happy accord in their Beverly Hills home.

**M**ARTHA MATTOX' son, the tall one, was laughing when I met them, and her granddaughter had joined with a small, dignified giggle. Martha, who plays elderly maidens, oppressed by desires, had just finished reading a fan letter from a spinster who sympathized with Martha because she knew from Martha's excellent old-maid characterizations that she, too, had been deprived of love and children.

**G**REAT excitement at the opening of "The Fire Brigade," at the Central Theater on Broadway. Just as the audience was filing into the theater, the marquee collapsed and a fire alarm was turned in. Of course, there were some cynics who said that it was merely a press stunt.

Anyway, inside the theater, one newspaper reviewer ran up to another, saying, "The marquee has fallen outside the theater." Whereupon the second critic ran from the theater in a state of great glee.

Returning a few minutes later, she upbraided her co-worker. "You said the marquee had fallen. Say, I thought you meant Gloria's husband. That would have been a real story."

**S**ANTA BARBARA, that Gretna Green of the Pacific slope, had another wedding recently when Ena Gregory ran away from home and mother and married Al Rogell, to whom she had been engaged for long. Mother had said she was too young to marry, but what is youth to Love? Mother's happy now, though, because Al is a nice boy and a dutiful son-in-law.

**L**EATRICE JOY was elected god-mother to the Alabama football team, better known as the Crimson Tide, which came out to Los Angeles for New Year's. And we hear that Leatrice had practically a unanimous proposal for the squad.

While lunching with them one day, a friend who was along said, "Well, I can't root for the Alabama team because my husband used to play on the Stanford varsity."

Leatrice gave the boys from Alabama a smile and said, "Well, I've never had a husband on the Alabama team, but I sure wish I had."

Whereupon the team rose *en masse* and said, "Do you mean that?"

The last seen of Leatrice she was trying to explain herself to Captain Barnes and All-American Winslett.

Later developments will be reported.

By the way, Leatrice seemed to have come back suddenly. She looks marvelous and is full of pep. You can't keep a girl like Leatrice down.

**H**ERE is the latest on Sam Goldwyn, that astute producer. He was talking to James R. Quirk about the many recent deaths of prominent people in the motion picture industry.

"Look," he said, "at the great people who have died. And in such a short time, too. Valentino—he was a great actor. Hiram Abrams, as fine a man as the picture business will ever know. Jules Mastbaum, who had that huge chain of theaters."

Sam paused and stroked his chin: "Say," turning to Mr. Quirk, "how do you think I look?"

**P**ATROLMEN'S badges and those of deputy fire marshals are much sought after by the men in the picture colony. Tom Mix is a fire marshal, Clarence Brown has a police lieutenant's badge and there are many more "decorated for service."

Even Buster Keaton has one—but he's just a sergeant or something.

Anyway, Buster's glad he has one, for when a speed cop stopped him for making a bare



forty-five in a thirty-mile zone, the comedian flashed his badge and said:

"Don't you observe professional courtesy, brother?"

The cop was so astounded he waved Buster on his way without so much as a lecture.

**TED COOK**, one of our favorite newspaper comics, calls Cecil B. De Mille "The Man Nobody No's."

**THE** great Suzanne Lenglen played an exhibition match of professional tennis in Los Angeles recently, and while it seemed to cause no great excitement, the Hollywood tennis crowd, which grows larger all the time, turned out to see her do her stuff.

Patsy Ruth Miller, who has a court of her own and isn't so bad with a racquet herself, was there, all eyes to see how Lenglen manages those perfect shots. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix—Mrs. Mix has just built the most beautiful tennis court in Beverly Hills, by the way—got a bigger hand than Lenglen when they sailed in. Marion Davies had a big dinner party, in which were Jack Gilbert, Dick Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) Elinor Glyn, Harry d'Arrast, Hobart Henley, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Price. Theodore von Eltz was one of the officials. Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud had a party that included Marion Williams, the tennis champion. Ronald Colman was there, I couldn't see with whom, and the Niblos, and George Fitzmaurice and Florence Vidor, and Bebe Daniels and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Willat (Billie Dove). Priscilla Dean was there with some good-looking young man, and I thought I saw Mrs. Thomas H. Ince with her three sons. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd were there, too.

**DICK BARTHELMESS** tells about him. The actor who was being interviewed by the pinch-penny producer.

"And now, my son," smiled the producer, rubbing his hands together reflectively, "what is the lowest figure you will work for?"

"How high do I have to start to get \$350 a week?" replied the actor, who held a B. A. from the Hollywood school of experience.

**WHETHER** or not the "final papers" have been signed, the divorce of Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay in the Paris courts seems to have gone through and to be a final thing.

Dick is back in Hollywood, getting ready to go to work on "The Patent Leather Kid" and looking very serious and sober, as though getting a divorce wasn't all it's sometimes cracked up to be. He has moved into a beautiful new home in Beverly Hills with his little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, who is to remain with her father for the present.

Mrs. Barthelmess is still abroad, fulfilling dance engagements in Cannes, St. Moritz and Rome. She expects to open a cabaret in Paris later on.

The Barthelmess menage was broken up a couple of years ago when the couple signed separation papers, but many of their friends thought that a reconciliation was at hand when Mrs. Barthelmess came to Hollywood a short time ago and spent several months with the little girl.

Just what happened to these two young people who were so terribly in love when they married a few years ago, no one seems to quite know, including Dick and Mary themselves. The consensus of opinion seems to be "too much career." Mary Hay wanted to continue her work as a dancer and had little if any domestic inclinations. Dick wanted a wife who was more interested in his career than her own. So the end of what looked like a perfect romance.



*Already America has bought tens of millions of cakes*

*From France*

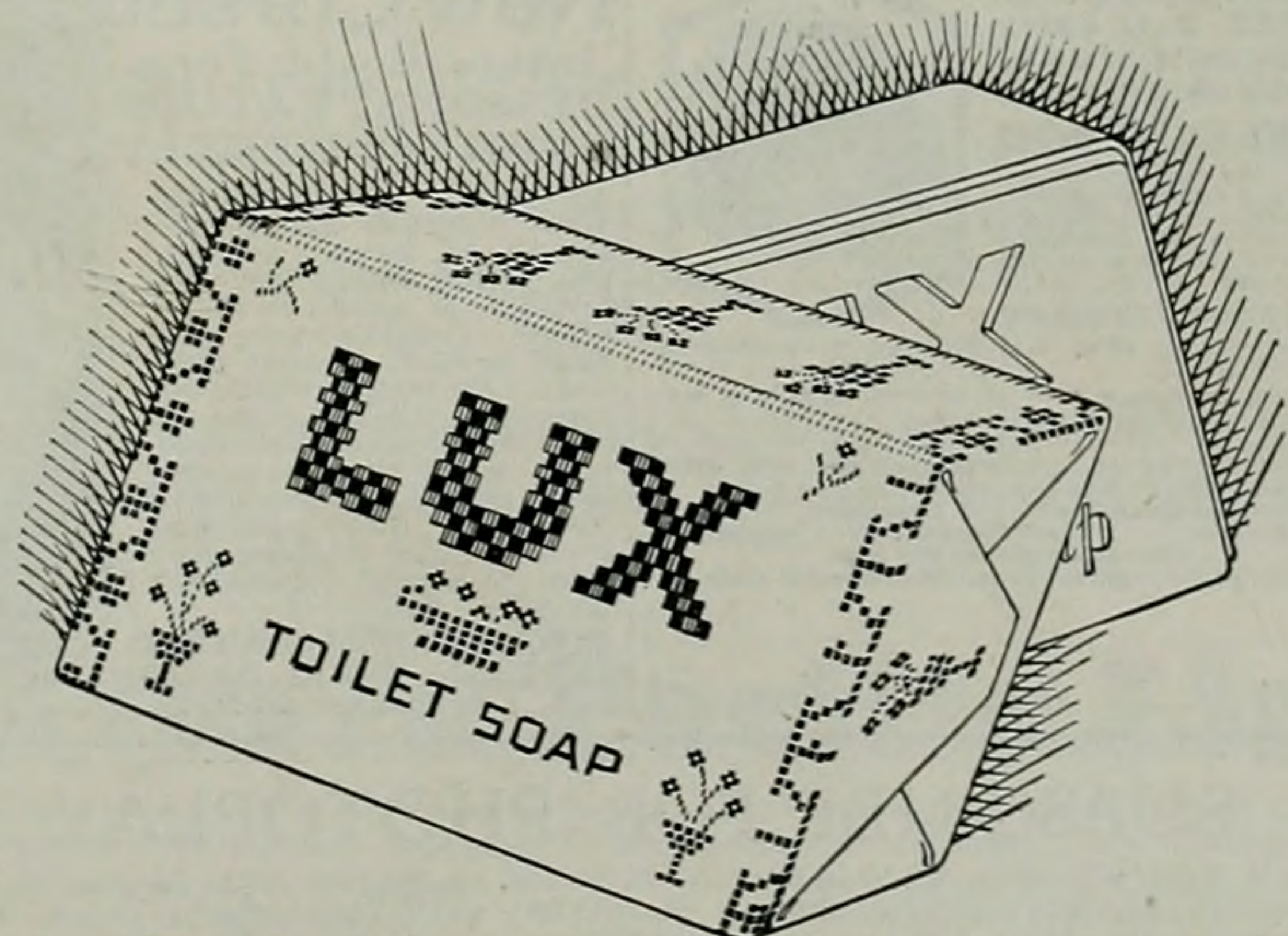
The gift of a Smooth Skin

**BEAUTY-WISE** France! Loveliness for women! For hundreds of years all the world has looked to France for petal-smooth skin, for the magic of her fine toilet soaps.

Costly, extravagant — French soaps! But today, *by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps*, Lux Toilet Soap is made!

That creamy smoothness you loved in French soap — that firm, fine textured cake! The instant, luxurious lather of Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way. It even lasts like French soap!

France with her passion for perfection — America with her genius for achievement! For Lux Toilet Soap is but 10c. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



**LUX TOILET SOAP • 10¢**



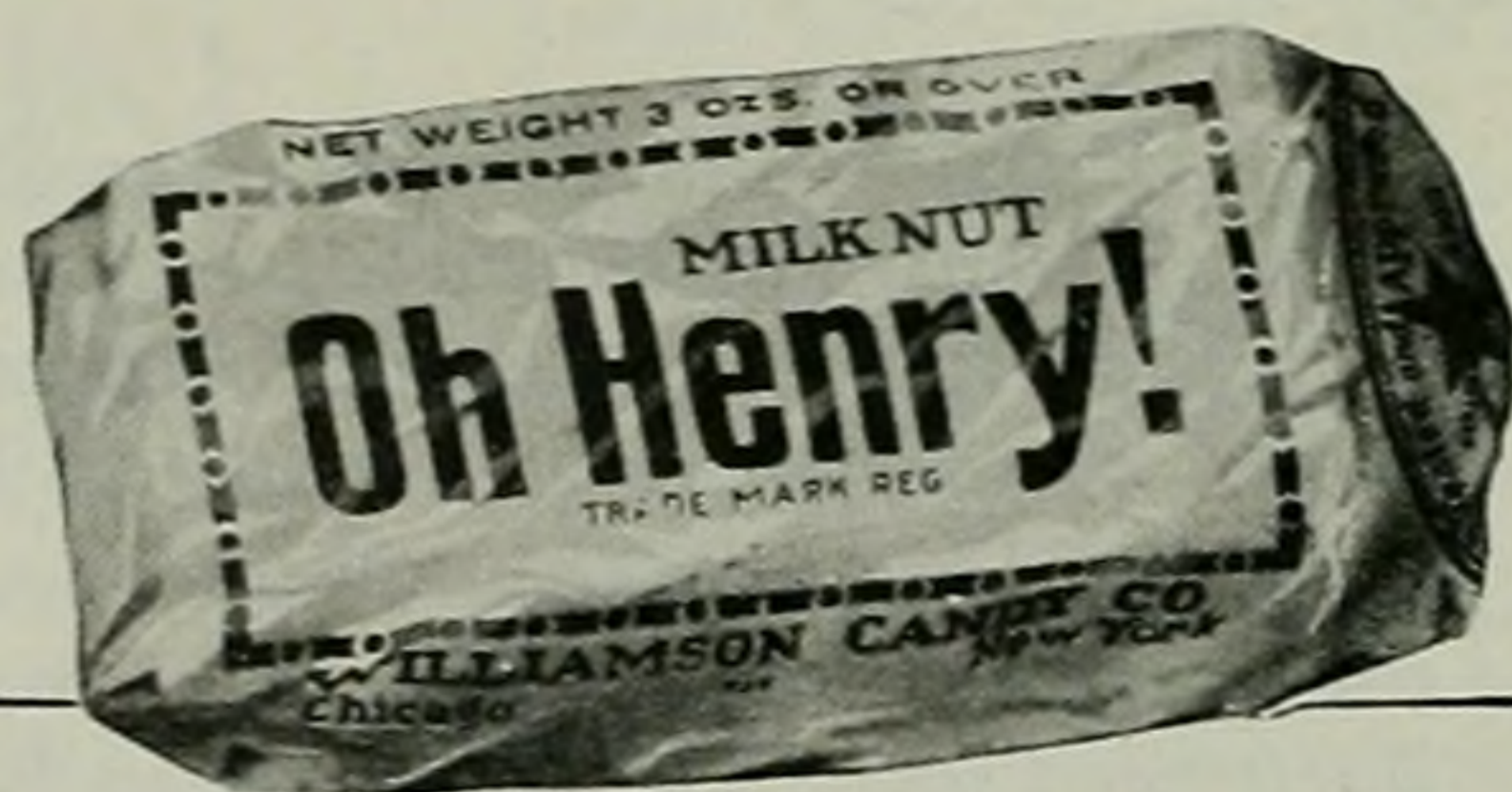


**D**o you skim the milk you use at home? No! Neither do we in making Oh Henry! Only rich, full cream milk is used. And there's the same insistence on top quality in all the other ingredients. That's why Oh Henry! costs a trifle more, and is worth it.

You can taste the difference!

# Know Your Candy

A convenient portion of dollar candy!



Try the new 5c candy made by the Oh Henry! people...  
"Copy of Oh Henry!"... the finest candy ever made for 5c.

EVERY year, Frank Wilstach makes a collection of the best similes of the year. When he isn't chasing pungent sayings, Mr. Wilstach is press agent for Producers Distributing Corporation. And here, according to Mr. Wilstach, are some of the best phrases of 1926.

- "No more nerves than a set of false teeth."—PHOTOPLAY.
- "Full of bad manners as a Pittsburgh stogie is of burlap."—George Jean Nathan.
- "Rare as an unbroken spring in a taxicab."—F. P. A.
- "Laughter, like silver bells against the snow."—Margaret E. Sangster.
- "His face was as red as a picture house exit bulb."—H. I. Phillips.
- "Resemble each other about as closely as an alligator pear resembles an alligator."—The New Yorker.
- "Small as a night-club dance floor."—New York Sun.

AS you probably know, Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great Tolstoy, is helping Edwin Carewe with the filming of his father's novel, "Resurrection." It is the Count's duty to see that all the settings are 100 per cent Russian.

The company is working at the Tec-Art studios in Hollywood, where Johnny Hines is also making pictures. One day the Count came up to Carewe in great agitation.

"This is really too much," he exploded. "The Russian prison setting on the next stage is all wrong. It must not be used."

Carewe followed the agitated Russian to the next stage, to inspect the terrible mistake. What the Count had supposed was a Russian prison turned out to be the gangway of an ocean liner, to be used in Hines' comedy, "All Aboard."

EVERY now and then at the Christie Comedy lot they burn all surplus film, and the other day the incinerator was crammed full so they loaded a truck with waste film.

## To be LOVELY in WINTER

Use these delightful, new **BEAUTY AIDES** that carry the same unconditional guarantee as my now famous **PARISIAN FLESHFOOD**

Here's a marvelous home treatment for regaining the charm of a clear, wholesome complexion the wonder way of restoring youthful freshness and beauty marred by time, illness or neglect. Wrinkles, crows-feet, frown lines removed.

**CORRECTS ALMOST OVERNIGHT** Restores girlish elasticity to skin, and firmness to underlying tissues **AMAZING RESULTS!**



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Insures Boyish Form DEMONSTRATORS EARN \$60 WEEKLY

At last any woman can display Youth's grace, and beauty of form. Amazing new corset, stylish and comfortable, is sensation everywhere. Demonstrators earn \$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour spare time. No matter what your experience you can make big earnings. Demonstration corset given. Write for amazing offer, and FREE demonstration outfit. Start earning at once. Quickly establish your own wonderful permanent business. Write today.



**GRECIAN HEALTH CORSET CO.**  
63 E. Randolph, Dept. H3 Chicago, Ill.



Sequel to Emil Jannings' "Last Laugh" which appeared in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Jannings goes 100 per cent American. But he learns, alas, that not even an expert can put real "collar" on a glass of milk

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



"Take this out and burn it," said Fred Porter, general manager of the studios. The kid came back eventually. "Did you burn the film?" "Yes, sir." "Fine. Where's the truck?" "I burned it too." And he lives to tell the tale.

**T**HERE is a parrot in the private office of a great movie director in Hollywood who can say only one word, "Yes." It's the only word the poor bird has ever heard.

**T**RY as I may to omit his name, I must mention "Rex, King of Wild Horses" when I write of this romance. Last January Rex needed a beautiful young person to appear in his picture and Gladys McConnell was selected. It was at the Hal Roach Studio that Gladys met Arthur Q. Hagerman, who writes thoroughbred stories about Rex for the papers. Then, in the way that is mortal, there was courtship and marriage. But I still insist that if it had not been for Rex, there would have been no romance.

**A**H, the brutality of fame. Ronald Colman shaved his mustache and traveled to and from Honolulu without so much as being recognized, and Adolphe Menjou grew a goatee for his picture and a stranger stepped up to him and said, "I'd like a prescription, doctor."

**K**ING VIDOR will have to add "Squire" to his name and cultivate a nice fat tummy. He's getting to be a landowner, a man of money and finance. Just spent \$400,000 for a hundred and seventy-five acre tract which will be developed and improved. That's the reward of being a fine director and saving your money.

**W**HOEVER compiles "Who's Who" has sprung some funny selections and omissions on the Hollywood film colony, so far as the film people themselves look at things. Some that are included are difficult to figure and some omissions are even harder to explain.

Taking them alphabetically, here are the film celebrities from Hollywood who are mentioned.

Hugo Ballin, J. Stuart Blackton, Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, William de Mille, Robert Edeson, Douglas Fairbanks, Marion Fairfax, Otis Harlan, William S. Hart, Sessue Hayakawa, Frank Keenan, Harold Lloyd, Tully Marshall, Mary Miles Minter, Tom Mix, Byron Morgan, Mary Pickford, William N. Selig, Milton Sills, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Bryant Washburn, Lois Weber and Clara Kimball Young.

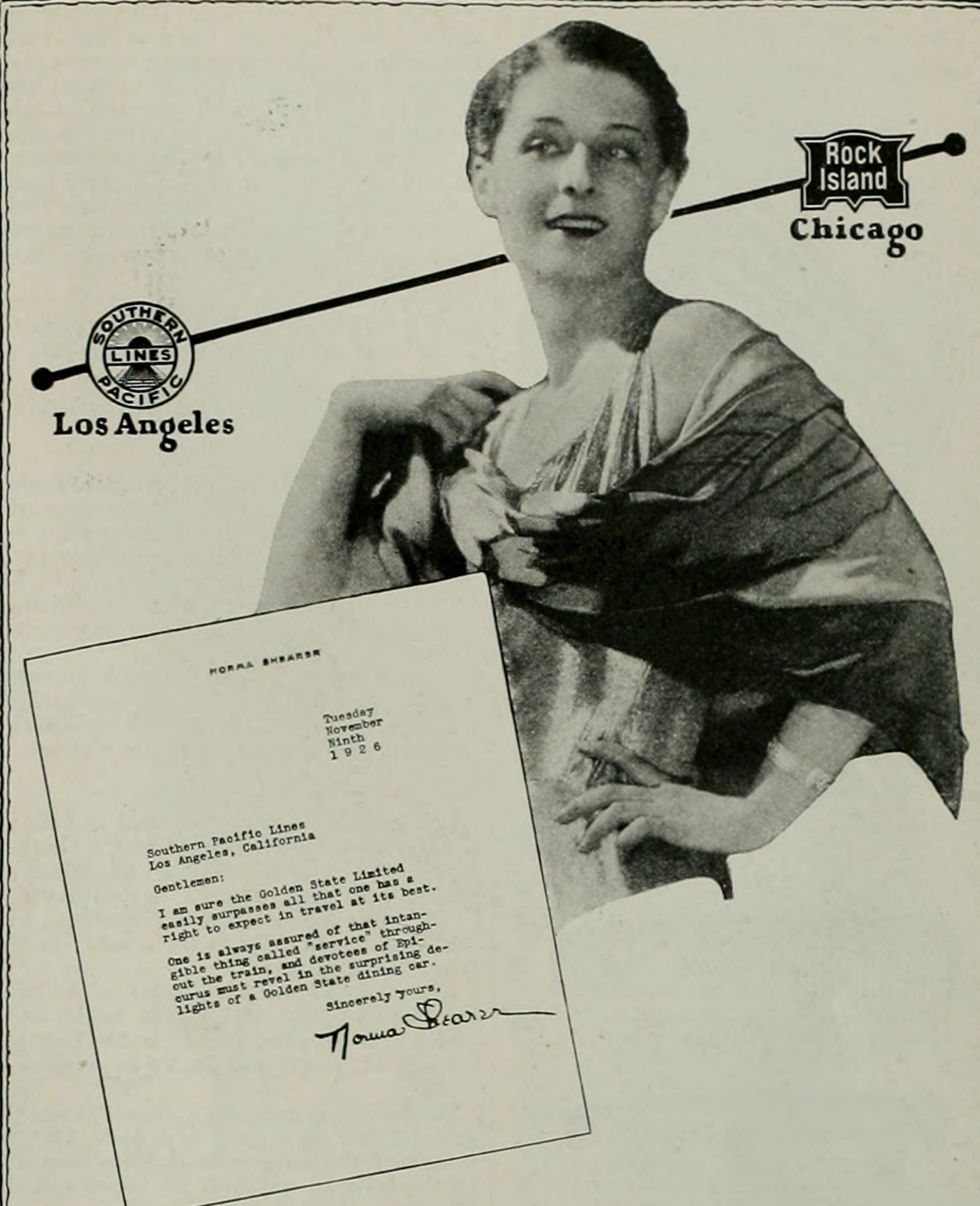
**W**HEN Buster Collier was in New York, he made no secret of his admiration for one of the pretty McCarthy sisters who sing in the "Scandals." On the night before he left for the Coast, Buster was dining with his family at their home on Long Island. However, Buster seemed anxious to break away and finally told his father that he had to leave early and go to the theater.

"What are you going to see?" asked Willie Collier, Sr.

"I am going to the 'Scandals,'" answered Buster.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed his father, "haven't you memorized that show yet?"

**G**ENTLEMEN may prefer blondes but women are all for brunettes, if you'd ask me. It has been proven by twenty-six women press agents who call themselves the Wasps. Nancy Smith, dark-haired mother of Dorothy Dwan, has been elected president of the club to take the place of another raven-haired scribbler, Elizabeth Riordan, whose term expired.



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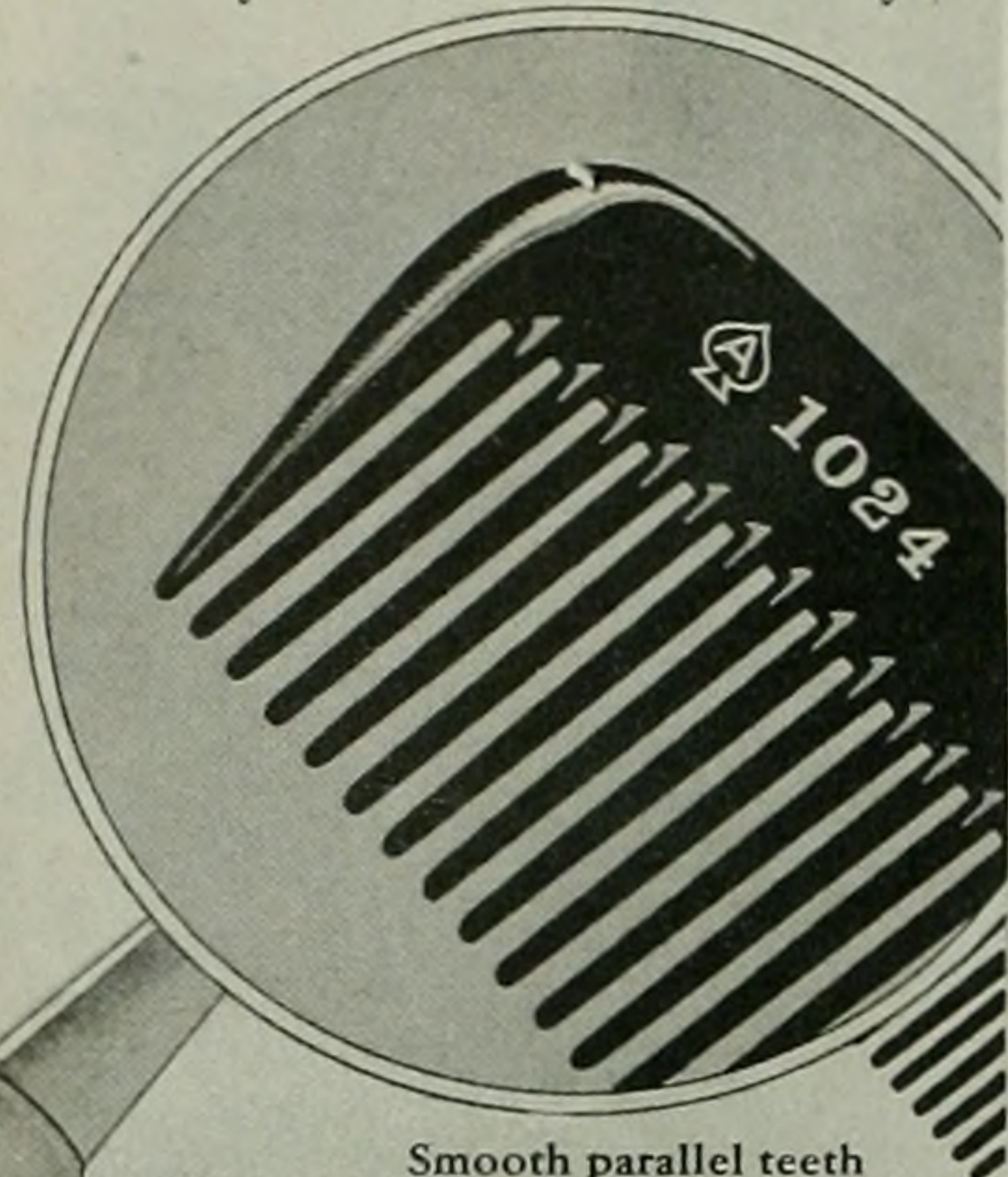
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TO saunter through the lobby of the Hollywood-Plaza Hotel is to believe you are again in the Algonquin Hotel of New York. Eddie Cantor, late of Broadway, scurries past, followed by William Powell, just arrived from the East, to play in Eddie's picture. Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner pause for a moment at the curios displayed in Bertram Grassby's oriental shop, and are greeted by Lew Cody. Writer, director, actor, just from New York, or about to return, are part of the throng who swirl through the doors of Hollywood's "little Algonquin."

GEORGE MARION, JR., suggests that the title of Constance Talmadge's picture, "The Vamp of Venice," be changed to "Where Girls Swim Home."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, as Mrs. Lothar Mendes, is a very busy young matron who divides her time between preparing for her next First National picture, searching for a cosy house for two and explaining to her Hollywood friends how she met the German director and married him before anyone had a chance to say "boo."

"I liked him immensely," explains Dorothy. "And I guess he liked me. So we married." It's all very simple, you see, with a simplicity that amounts to great happiness for both of them.

A STRIKING actor threatened to hold up Harold Lloyd's latest picture, "The Kid Brother," and cost thousands of dollars in retakes. Strategy won the day, however.

The offending actor was a monkey, who contributes materially to the comedy in this latest Lloyd picture.

The company was working on an old hulk, tied off the coast of Catalina Island by a cable. For days and days Jocko had been put through his stunts and finally he wearied of it all.

He decided to quit—leave them flat and the cable offered an avenue of escape. Out the cable went the monkey, headed landward, and all the honeyed words of his owner and the Lloyd troupe failed to halt him.

"Jocko" reached the beach in safety—amid the prayers of the Lloyd company—for if Jocko fell into the ocean and drowned many days work would be lost.

A couple of the men put off from the hulk in a dory intent on bringing back the runaway. Then a flock of black birds took a hand in the game.

They attacked the runaway from all sides, pecking maliciously, and the frightened monk fled into the ocean. When the rescue party reached Jocko and routed the birds he was entirely submerged, all but the tip of his nose, and more dead than alive.

The monk gladly returned to his acting. He had had enough of adventuring alone in the big world.

LATEST proof of the single-track feminine mind. A gorgeous creature was emoting beneath F. B. O. klieg lights. The director breathed instructions to her. At the sound of his voice she halted, peevishly:

"Please don't talk to me! You know I can't think and act at the same time!"

NOLA LUXFORD (visiting the M-G-M set): "What is that huge new set over there?"

Director: "That's no set. That's Marion Davies' dressing bungalow."

THERE are rumors that Marilyn Miller, Jack Pickford's wife, has established a legal residence in Chicago and will eventually secure a divorce there, but Jack declares he knows nothing about it. There is a persistent story that Marilyn wants her freedom so she may exchange it for marriage to Ben Lyon.

Ben is in Hollywood, picture-making, and is very disconsolate at his forced parting from Marilyn. So the course of loves runs turbulently.

HARRY LANGDON, as you know, has just begun to produce his own pictures. During the holiday season—his head full of gags and thoughts of his increasing bank account—Harry told his stenographer to send out Christmas telegrams to all the names on his list of correspondents.

The steno got one of those suggestion lists for holiday telegrams issued by the telegraph companies, and went to work.

To one actor whom Langdon had fired and whom he detested, she sent this one: "You are constantly in my thoughts, which carry to you today all affectionate wishes for a happy Christmas."

To a rival comedian, to whom he hadn't spoken for a year, she sent this: "It is my dearest wish that I might be with you at this season of happiness and goodwill."

LONG, long ago when Monte Banks was a youth of seventeen, he's twenty-seven now, he applied to an Italian steamship office for a ticket to America.

"Which America?" asked the ticket agent. "America," insisted Monte, who had heard his returned friends call the United States "America."

He got a ticket—for South America—and it was not until he was in the center of the Atlantic that he learned he was bound for Brazil, where the nuts come from. It was months before he worked himself to the north-

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## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



ern America, but by that time Monte knew his geography well enough so no ticket seller could spoof him.

**JACK DEMPSEY** took Estelle Taylor and Sylvia Breamer to the Orpheum the other night and in the foyer a freckle-faced kid dashed up to him and chortled, "Hullo, Jack!" receiving a mighty pat on the back from Jack. But that wasn't enough. The kid raced in front of Estelle and Sylvia, peered into each face and turned to Jack:

"Which one ya married to, Jack?" Another look into Estelle's face, "Pola Negri?"

Always gallant, Jack answered soberly, "Both of them."

The kid was satisfied.

**THERE'S** a most efficient gardener at the Paramount studios.

Orders are orders with him.

He had been told the flowers and shrubs weren't getting watered enough. This from one of the studio's high up executives. "Water things good every day—don't miss a day!" This was the order given him.

An actress, seeing the gardener diligently watering one rainy morning, was astounded.

"What's the idea, Mike? Why water in the rain!"

"Orders is orders, mum. I was told to water good ivery day, and water I will, mum."

**WELL**, there were more marriages than divorces in the films during 1926, if that's any consolation to anybody.

Of course it is true that some of the marriages have been made possible by some of the divorces. But that's a mere technicality.

There's been a lot of shuffling around though, for a fact, and statistics about it are invaluable to a film colony hostess, who doesn't want to make impossible mistakes at her parties.

One can't help wondering in this re-matching of marriages if the new ones are going to be happier than the old, and if so, why.

Anyway, here's the vital record:

Constance Bennett married Phil Plant, millionaire scion of an old New York family. Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens, this being Alma's third attempt, the two previous mistakes being Franklyn Farnum and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman. Mae Bush and John E. Cassell, the bridegroom being a handsome young oil worker. Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, after Milton had been divorced by his wife, Gladys. Ruth Clifford and James Cornelius. Mabel Normand and Lew Cody—these being the real surprise package of the year. It is Mabel's first venture, but Lew had tried the marriage game a couple of times before, once with Dorothy Dalton. I think this marriage carries as many of Hollywood's hopes for happiness as any contracted for a long time, because of the affection everyone bears Mabel. To continue: Elinor Faire and William Boyd, after playing opposite each other in "The Volga Boatman." Marian Constance Blackton and Gardner James. Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendes. Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon. Louise Brooks and Eddie Sutherland, the result of a wild and swift courtship, and Eddie's second venture, the first being to Marjory Daw. Ben Turpin and Babette Elizabeth Dietz. Carlyle Blackwell and Leah Barnato Hexton, in London. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. Laura La Plante and William Seiter—the first society wedding of the Hollywood film colony, in a church with bridesmaids and ushers and all the trimmings. Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn. Robert Z. Leonard and Gertrude Olmsted. Roy D'Arcy and Mrs. Laura Rhonock Duccy. Olive Tell and Henry Hobart. Mae Murray and Prince Mdivani—Mae Murray was divorced from Bob Leonard, who married Gertrude Olmsted. May Allison and James R. Quirk. Jack Conway and Virginia Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman.



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It's very embarrassing to directors. When Pauline's mother is around the studio, directors are always mixing them up and giving orders to mother instead of Pauline. Girls nowadays have a lot of tough competition

Of course the Charlie Chaplin-Lita Grey divorce was the most prominent one of the year. And Constance Talmadge and Allstair MacIntosh have separated, but no divorce has yet been asked, as is the case with Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin's first wife, who has left Terry McGovern.

Divorce decrees have been granted to Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay; Dagmar Godowsky and Frank Mayo. Mae Murray and Bob Leonard, both remarried. Adolphe Menjou from his wife, Katherine. Beverly Bayne from Francis X. Bushman, marking the end of one of the screen's great early romances. Milton Sills by his wife, Gladys. Florence Vidor from King Vidor. Louise Fazenda from Noel Smith, the divorce revealing for the first time that Louise had been married for years. Peggy Hopkins Joyce from Count Morner. Katherine MacDonald, once called "The American beauty," from Charles Johnson. Anna Q. Nilsson from J. M. Gunnerson, Robert Ames from Vivian Seegal, George Fitzmaurice from Cuida Bergere, and Natacha Rambova from Rudolph Valentino.

Do you wonder Hollywood hostesses collapse early and often and have to spend a lot of time travelling or in the milk baths?

## You'll Want to Be an Amateur Producer

A new department for those who wish to make films starts in this issue.

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A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

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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## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101 ]

M. L. D., MONMOUTH, ILL.—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. He has brown eyes and dark brown hair and is five feet, eleven inches tall. His weight is 160 pounds. John is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Don't tell me that you didn't know that? Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. His newest film is "Flesh and the Devil."

A. K., CHICAGO.—Aileen Pringle's name is pronounced Eye-leen and Pringle to rhyme with tingle. Alyce Mills has light brown hair and blue eyes. You see, it has been no trouble at all.

JEAN, RICHMOND, CALIF.—Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty years old. She is five feet, seven inches high. Divorced from John Gunnerson. The door is always open.

M. E. M., DUNSMUIR, CALIF.—Buster Collier's matrimonial prospects are uncertain. He is still single, but I can make no promises about these handsome fellows. Buster is five feet, ten inches tall, and was born Feb. 12, 1902.

M. E. B., GREENVILLE, O.—Wallace Reid was thirty-two when he died, and Rudolph Valentino just a year younger. "The Son of the Sheik" was completed before Valentino's death and is now showing all over the country. Robert Frazier may be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Bebe Daniels' new picture is "The Campus Flirt." Hey, Corinne Griffith, will you please smile and oblige this lady!

F. B. W., ROSEMONT, PA.—Broadcasting all about Ian Keith! Mr. Keith was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 27, 1899. Separated from his wife. Six feet, two inches tall. Grey eyes and brown hair. His next picture is "The Prince of Tempters." Signing off.

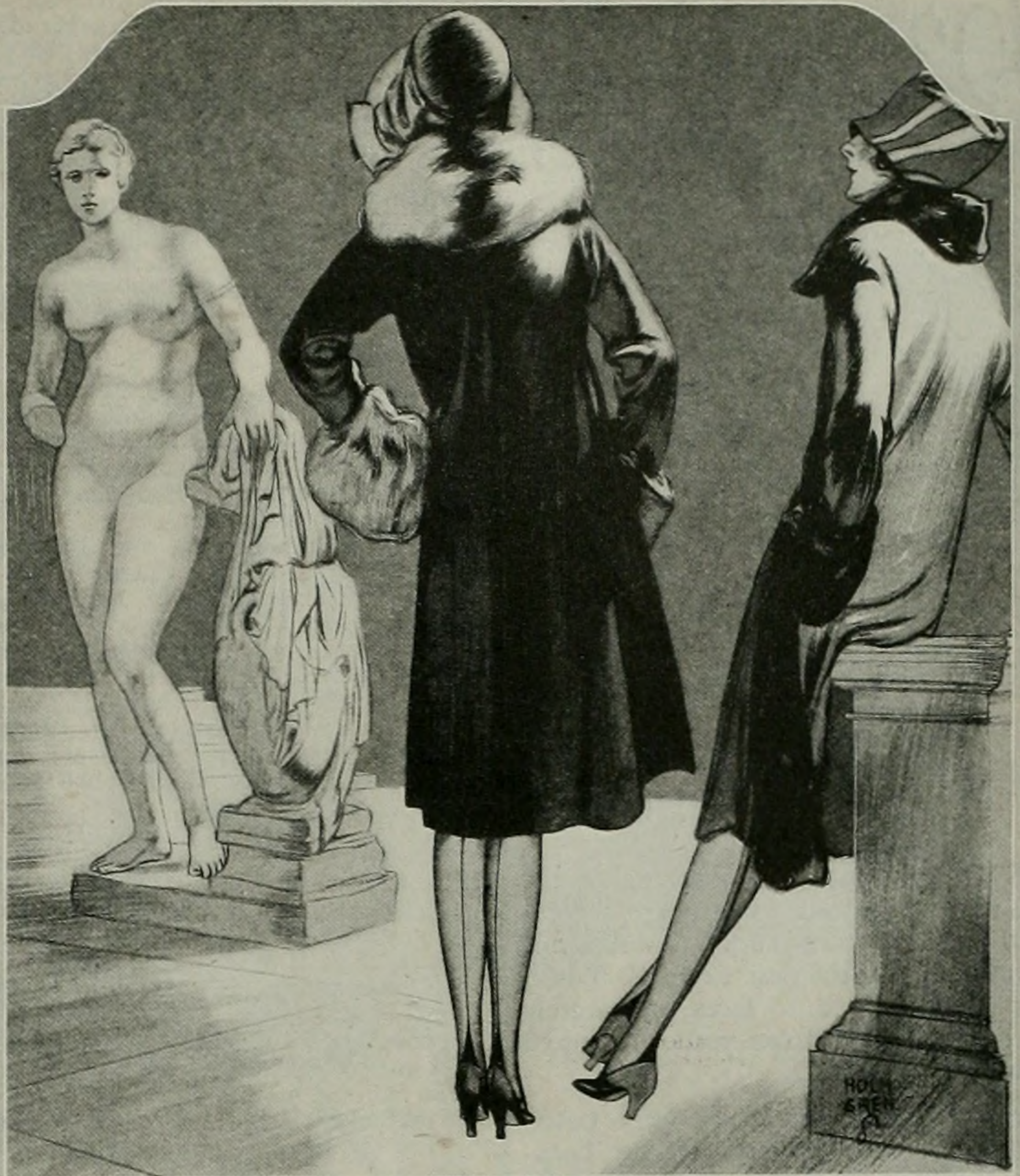
E. D., TRENTON, N. J.—Arthur Rankin was the boy you liked in "The Volga Boatman." He was born Aug. 30, 1900.

A. L., MONTAGUE CITY, MASS.—Mary Brian isn't married. That's her real name. Nita Naldi is an American of Italian descent. Nevertheless, Nita is a Manhattanite. Mary Pickford is thirty-three years old. Her real name is Gladys Smith Fairbanks. Leatrice Joy is divorced from John Gilbert. She is twenty-nine years old. That's her real name. Aren't you methodical to list your questions so neatly?

LOVEY MARY OF HARRISBURG.—That's pretty. Claire Windsor will be seen next in "The Little Journey." Married to Bert Lytell. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1897. No children. Ben Lyon may or may not be engaged. They say that if Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford are divorced, that Ben may marry Marilyn. Complicated, isn't it?

M. M., ALLENTOWN, PA.—See "What the Stars and Directors Are Doing" in each issue of PHOTOPLAY for addresses of the players.

E. M. C., COLFAX, ILL.—You ask for my sympathy but, frankly now, isn't it lots of fun? It's safe and harmless and, pretty soon, someone will come along and you'll have another "ideal." Clive Brook was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He is five feet, eleven inches high and weighs 150 pounds. Brown hair and grey eyes. He is married and has a daughter and a baby son. I haven't violated any confidences, have I?




When Venus made her reputation as a beauty, they didn't pay much attention to ankles!

THE far-famed Goddess of Beauty was beautiful, no doubt. But, the much-press-agented mother of Cupid made her reputation long before the world had made up its mind as to what did, and what did not, constitute real beauty in ankles. And it is well that this was so. For, Venus' ankles would cause no more excitement on Fifth Avenue today than a traffic jam—that is, unless Venus chanced to wear Onyx Pointex.

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LUCILLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Leslie Fenton is an Englishman, born in Liverpool. Not married. Mr. Fenton has black hair and blue eyes and was born March 12, 1903. He made his debut on the stage as a boy and appeared for six years before going into the movies in March of last year. Sure, he had a small part in "Havoc." Glad to oblige.

YVONNE, BOSTON, MASS.—What a pretty name! And what pretty writing paper! And so nice of you to call me "Mr. Wisdom!" Mae Murray weighs 115 pounds and she gives her birthday as April 10, 1893. Mae is five feet, three inches tall.

M. K., KENOSHA, WIS.—I have promised not to tell my age. But I am still too young to marry. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1889. Address him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

WILD, WILD SUSAN OR THE PRISONER'S SWEETHEART, STOCKTON, CALIF.—Hello, li'l artist. Back again so soon? But why not? So the boy friend is adopting a sophisticated manner because you like Adolphe Menjou. Well, if you ever fall in love with Ben Turpin, the boy friend will be out of luck. Menjou was born February 18, 1891. Dolores Costello is now appearing in a screen version of "Manon Lescaut." It is pronounced almost like "Manon Lets go."

SHORTY, ILL.—So "you'll love me always" if I'll answer your question. Sure, why wouldn't I, under the circumstances? Ernest and David Torrence are brothers. Ernest was born on June 26, 1878. David is several years older. Don't forget your promise.

PEGGY, EUREKA, CALIF.—Back again! Tom Tyler was born at Port Henry, N. Y., in 1903. Brown hair and brown eyes. Bill Haines was born on January 1, 1900. Have you forgotten anything this time?

A. S., PELHAM, N. Y.—Simple, my dear Dr. Watson. Ronald Colman speaks with an English accent because he is an Englishman. And a most fascinating, intelligent and likeable chap. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Separated from his wife. Constance Talmadge is five feet, six inches tall; Esther Ralston, five feet, five inches tall; Larry Grey, five feet, ten inches, and Greta Garbo, five feet, six inches. Ernest Torrence is the biggest of them all, with his six feet, three inches.

A. A., NEW ENGLAND, N. D.—Thanks for all those good wishes. Ramon Novarro is twenty-seven years old. He's five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Black hair and brown eyes. Think twice about dashing right off to Hollywood!

J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Write to Gloria Swanson at 522 Fifth Avenue for her photograph. Send twenty-five cents with your request and I am sure it will be answered.

BESSIE LOVE ADMIRER, ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.—There was a picture of Bessie Love in the August, 1923, PHOTOPLAY; another picture and article in the issue of January, 1925; and still another picture of Miss Love in the February issue, 1926. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazines. And call on me again if you want to know more about Bessie.

ANDRINE, NEW YORK CITY.—Congratulations! Your English is wonderful—far better than my French. Now for the bushful of answers. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah. Do you know where that is? He is divorced from Leatrice Joy. His latest picture is "Bardelys the Magnificent." Renee Adoree was born in your own France—in Lille, to be exact. You can see her in "Tin Gods." She is divorced from Tom Moore.



Another successful family team of the movies. H. H. Caldwell and Katherine Hilliker wrote the subtitles for "Ben-Hur" and "Faust." They are now titling and editing pictures for William Fox. Miss Hilliker is Mrs. Caldwell—again two salaries prove better than one



G. D. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—It isn't always possible to answer the questions in an early issue, my sweet and patient friend. It takes some little time to print a magazine and then you should see how the letters do pile up! My hair is getting whiter and whiter. I am thinking of having it dyed. What color would you suggest? Alberta Vaughn wears her own natural hair and, I hope, will continue to do so. She was born on June 27, 1906. Yes, yes, Ramon is indeed a fine fellow.

J. E. F., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Polite girl! Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. Born on October 21, 1897. Six feet tall. Oh yes, he is a native of Bisbee, Arizona.

T. B. M., GUINEA, VA.—Why all this sudden rush for French? Are you girls trying to transform this department into a French class? *Je me porte bien, merci.* John Gilbert's mother was on the stage. Does that check up with your family history? He was born on August 10, 1897, and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Write him a letter at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. I like your name but don't let your friends spoil it by mispronouncing it.

M. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.—No, Charles Ray isn't a Greenwich Villager. Sorry to disappoint you. He was born in Jacksonville, Ill. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. He was born July 10, 1897. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. Born Oct. 21, 1897. Jack Holt is a native of Winchester, Va., born May 13, 1888. He has two daughters and one son. Weighs 172 pounds and is six feet tall. Brown hair, brown eyes and very, very nice looking!

L. M. L., PORTO RICO.—Renee Adoree is extremely French. She was born in Lille, France, twenty-five years ago. Renee is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Renee has been on the screen for five or six years, but only lately has she risen to prominence. Remember the old saying about "safety in numbers."

C. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—After reading your charming letter, I rushed in to the Editor and asked him to grant your request. You have such a sweet way of asking for things. I think you will see a photo of your favorite very shortly. You're welcome! Call again!

H. V. W., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—And why not? Ramon Navarro is working at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Address Evelyn Brent in care of the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Now, as for Larry Gray, let me think; oh yes, Larry was born in San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1900. You may write him at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

L. J., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Now just sit down and write a nice interesting letter to Richard Dix and ask for a photograph. Not forgetting of course to enclose twenty-five cents. Richard and Lois are at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. John Gilbert puts on his make-up at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma Talmadge's bungalow is at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal., and last but not least, Corinne Griffith is at the Metropolitan Studio, 1040 La Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Now, don't you think I'm generous?

A GEORGE O'BRIEN FAN, MOLINE, ILL.—Gorgeous George is not married. He is twenty-six years old and was born in San Francisco. Address him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

A theater. Darkness. The sudden blare of an orchestra. The flash of a spotlight. Caught in its glare, a single dazzled figure in a stage box. A moment of consternation, and then—a smile. Gleaming, white teeth. Natural beauty triumphant!

Thus unexpectedly, women meet beauty's greatest challenge—the SMILE TEST. Could you pass it now?



## When Nature alone determines Beauty

Unexpected, even unrecognized, such moments come to everyone. Moments when beauty's artifices are swept away. When appraising eyes are seeking some evidence of that natural charm upon which real beauty rests.

Then, women as well as men, come to realize this important truth: Gleaming, clean teeth are the only attribute of beauty no artifice can adorn or conceal.

How vital they are to loveliness—these well-kept teeth! Yet how easy to have! Yours at the cost of but four minutes a day, with your Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Two minutes in the morning, two at night—thorough brushing, away from the gums.

For the convex shape of Dr. West's Tooth Brush fits the natural contour of the mouth. It cleans inside, outside, and between the teeth. Note how the sloping, tuftless end enables it to slip easily between teeth and cheek with sturdy bristles firmly erect.

Used faithfully, Dr. West's will not only clean your teeth, but will polish them to a new brilliance! If you would enjoy this special polishing quality, however, never try to "wear out" your brush. A long-lived Dr. West's may be serviceable months after its polishing ability is lost. The cost is small, the benefit great of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always.

For your protection, Dr. West's is packed in a sealed glassine container, inside the usual carton.



The adult's size Dr. West's is 50c; the youth's, 35c; the child's, 25c; the gum massage brush, 75c.

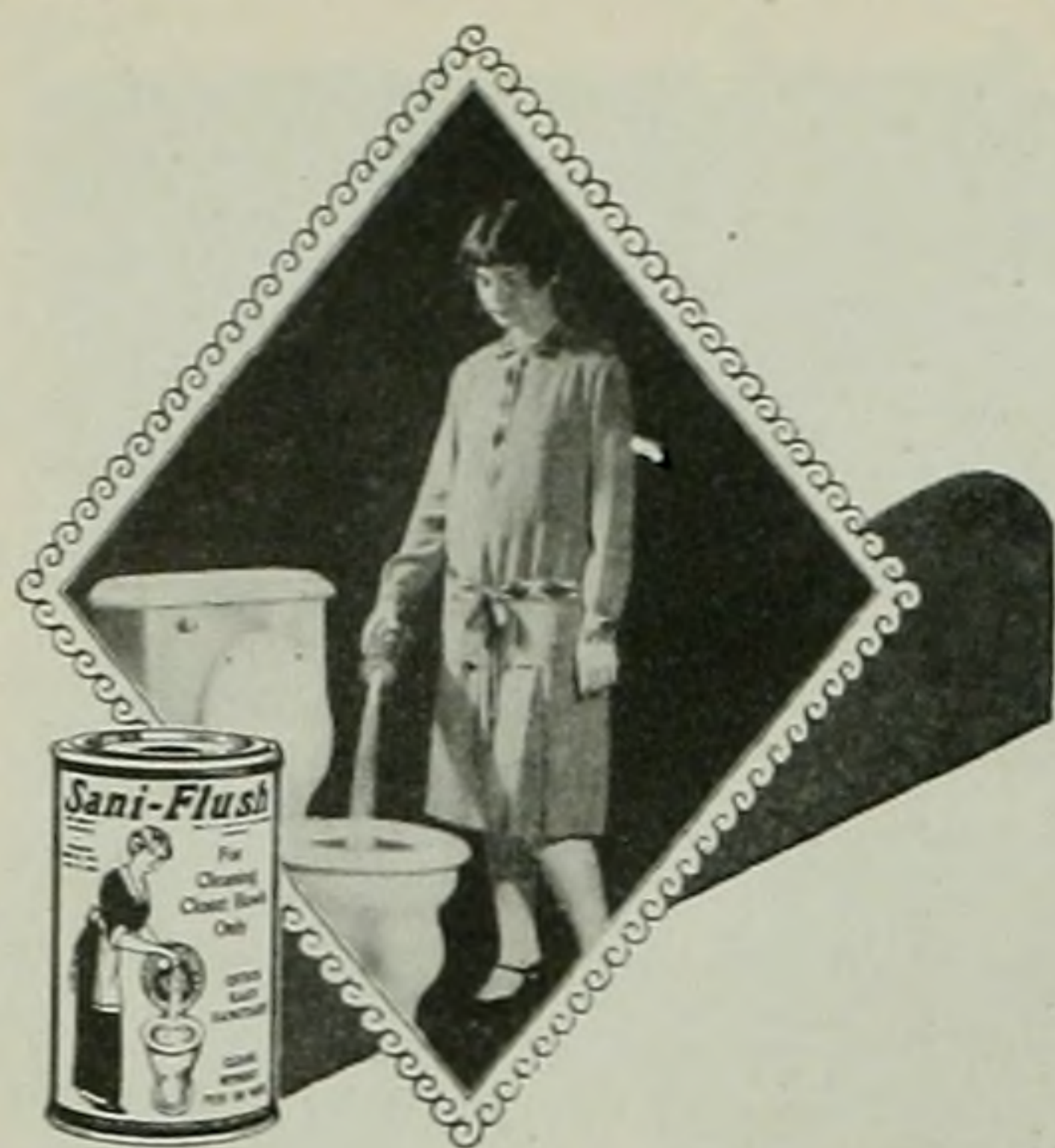
© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 147 ]



## Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]



### It sparkles

A GLISTENING toilet bowl is now easy to have. The stains, marks and incrustations, which used to be so hard to remove, vanish almost at once. The bowl sparkles like new! How? Use Sani-Flush!

You need only sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. What used to be a disagreeable task is over in a jiffy. No scrubbing, scouring or dipping water.

The hidden trap, so difficult to reach with a brush, is clean. The whole closet is clean! And Sani-Flush banishes every foul odor. Harmless to plumbing connections. You need this household necessity. Keep it about the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio



## STOP Skin Troubles!

Do you suffer from skin troubles? Do you long for relief from that irritating itch? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin? Then try the famous lotion

## D.D.D.

This healing antiseptic wash has a record of 25 years of success in relieving skin troubles. The action of D. D. D. is calm and gentle; still it soothes the irritated skin instantly. Apply D. D. D. to your troubled skin. It will remove your skin affliction and allay irritation.

### Trial Bottle Free

Write today for generous free trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Sample mailed free and postpaid. No obligation. A postal will do. Send now!

D. D. D. Co., 1723 Batavia Ave., Batavia, Ill.

## PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98<sup>c</sup>



**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage—or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

**Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

**UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY**  
115 N. Desplaines St., Dept. 133 Chicago, Ill.

### THE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Your little sister should be in bed by a quarter of eleven at least. To reduce your hips, stand in correct standing position with feet about two foot lengths apart. Then stretch arms sideward. Now try to touch the fingertips of the right hand to the toe of your left foot; keep abdomen flat and knees stiff. Repeat ten times, gradually increasing. If your nails break easily they should be soaked every night in slightly warm sweet almond or olive oil. The soaking should be at least for ten minutes. You can usually get rid of a corn by wearing surgeons' plaster over it for a continued length of time—say from two weeks to a month. The corn will come off when the plaster is removed. It is not the kind of powder that you use but the way you use it that causes your blackheads. You must be very careful and cleanse your face every night. The brand you use is very good. The perfumes the better class of women are using are those made not so much from synthetic preparations, but the natural scent of some flower, such as violet or heliotrope or rose. Something on that order would be best for you.

### NONDAS.

Another stage letter. I advise you exactly as I do D. L. above. You are younger than she, and therefore your chances are just that much better. The school of which you speak is excellent. I know, for I've been there myself. My advice is to get yourself a good stenographic job in New York, study there in the evenings, and see if they will not help you toward your ambition. I know they will if they think you've got the stuff.

### MISS A. F. C.

Your trouble is that you are washing your hair too frequently. The more often it is washed, the more oil the scalp glands secrete. It's a vicious circle. The more often you wash the oil off your hair, the oilier it gets. Try and hold out a little longer. Go from three to four weeks between shampoos and see if the condition does not remedy itself.

### BLONDIE.

No, you're not over-weight. Try the following exercise to reduce your legs. Stand with hands on hips, raise right knee vigorously to form right angle with trunk and at same time stretch the toes downward and back. Repeat with left leg. Do these movements with snappy motion, five times each day, gradually increasing. I think Woodbury's soap with the blackhead treatment they recommend would be very good for your skin. Why are you worrying about keeping the same boy friends for long periods? If you do, then you will probably marry some one of them, and I judge from your letter that you are not prepared to settle down already. Since you are very popular with the boys you haven't anything to worry about.

### YVONNE.

You are a little over-weight. It would be fine for you to lose about four pounds if you can without a great deal of dieting. You can wear these colors: black of high lustre; clear, oyster white; dark brown and bronze brown; peacock, navy and delft blues; pale and dark green; pearl and dove grays; soft violet and wistaria; no reds; softest yellow and most delicate shades of pink. Are you sure you are following the right diet and getting a sufficient amount of exercise? A combination of these two will banish your tired feeling. Eat all the green vegetables you possibly can and drink lots of water. Try to get more than the average amount of sleep. Ten hours a night is not a bit too much in your case.

### LYDIA ELIZABETH MARKS.

Here, little dark brunette, are your colors. No black, ivory or cream white, mahogany brown, darkest blues, dark green, no gray, no purple, dark reds, terra cotta and buff and apricot, pink in pale shades. Yes, I think the perfume you chose is excellent for your type. White taffeta would be very nice on you, I think. It is very girlish. You should weigh about 120 pounds. Certainly, write me again whenever you want to.



Baseball in the pre-Landis days—before games were played under the grandstand. Here is a picture of the Cincinnati Red Stockings, America's first professional team, as reproduced for "Slide Kelly Slide." In those days, whiskers were considered an ornament, not an affliction



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

### What Makes a Picture?

Baltimore, Md.

*What makes a picture?* The following points rank in the order named:

- First—the story.
- Second—the director.
- Third—the finish or technique.
- Fourth—the player.
- Fifth—the publicity and advertising.

I rank the story first because without the proper plot there is no picture.

Second, director. He must develop both story and players. Their weakness and strength. Strengthening its frailties. Ranging the beauty of the picture or the comedy relief.

Third, technique. Simple scenes. Moral points not overdone. Scenery just as one visualizes it. Costumes according to period.

Fourth, players. Some may rank them first for it is up to them to make or mar a picture. Sometimes a minor part will bring forth a feature rôle due to able playing.

Fifth, publicity. For at this age and generation advertising plays a strong rôle in everything, including the modern picture. When each company director and player dissects every picture, then and only then will we have clean and better pictures. Even if not so many, fewer and better.

ALBERT OPPENHEIMER.

### The Younger Generation Speaks

Greenwich, Conn.

The narrow-mindedness of some of the people of today is amazing. I admit that I am of "the younger generation," but at least I am open to argument. Whereas the individuals of whom I am speaking would not even submit themselves to doubt upon the presentation of facts. I mentioned to an older couple with whom I was conversing that I had not seen a movie for a long time. The gentleman immediately began expostulating upon the harmfulness of pictures.

"Vulgar, sordid, immoral trash!"

I disagreed, stating that one saw in a picture exactly what one wished to see and no more. If one went with the intention of picking out and making the most, or rather the worst, of the incidents in a movie, one saw reflected on the screen the so-called sordidness, vulgarity and immorality. (I must admit that this was a "bit thick," but you see I am an ardent "movie fan" and defend it as a panther defends its young!) The gentleman held up his hands in a gesture of hopelessness mingled with a bit of "That's-what-you-have-to-expect-from-this-generation. You-can't-tell-them-a-thing!" expression. The woman then took up the argument.

"But they're such an immoral lot! They all have been married, divorced and married again! Their lives are made up of scandal and dissipation. How can you possibly admire such people?"

To that I retorted, "Ourselves, our friends, our acquaintances and our neighbors are all having divorces, scandals and dissipations every day, but, because they are not motion picture stars and consequently not before the limelight, it is not called to your attention but suppressed as quietly as possible. They are human—why should we drag forth into glaring press all their marital problems?"

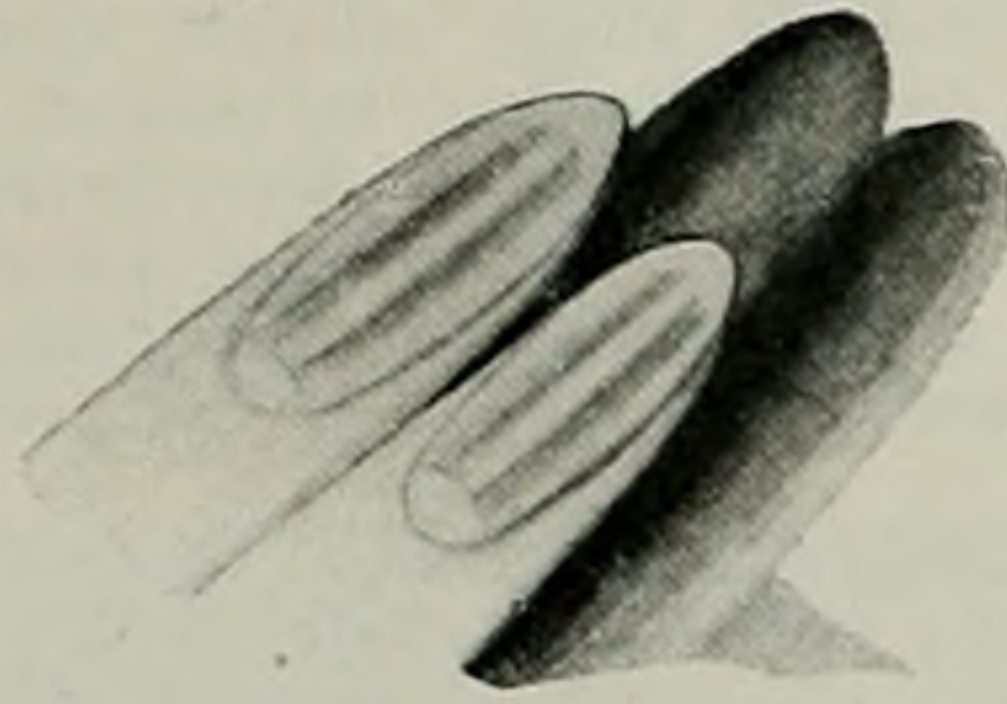
I dared go no further. The man and woman were neither convinced nor shaken from their original ideas and furthermore they were both angry with me.

Won't some enterprising young person enlighten this sort of people and explain to them the policy of "live and let live"?

FLORENCE H. FITCH.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 118 ]

# You can have lovely Oval Shaped Nails! by shaping the Cuticle correctly



**T**HE secret of attaining lovely oval nails is the shaping of that delicate rim at the base of the nail which we call the cuticle!

There are just two things to do for it, says Northam Warren, the great authority on the manicure.

First remove the roughnesses that seem so obstinate. Moisten each nail base with Cutex. It softens the dead broken cuticle, so you can just *wipe it off!*

And second, restore the oils your cuticle lacks. The more we use our hands, and expose them to water and grime and weather, the drier becomes the cuticle. After removing the broken cuticle with Cutex, rub into the nail base Cutex Cuticle Cream which supplies the very oils it needs. If your cuticle is in very bad shape, he advises you to rub it in every night. In a week it is easy to shape into perfect curves.

Cutex Sets containing everything for the manicure are from 35c to \$5.00. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-3, 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Canada.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.



LUCREZIA BORI is known throughout the world for her lovely lyric soprano voice.

**"Do just TWO THINGS"** says NORTHAM WARREN



**Remove every trace of dry broken cuticle that clings to the nail and disfigures it. To do this, moisten it with orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex. Then you wipe it off!**



**Rub in, immediately, Cutex Cuticle Cream, to supply the cuticle and nail root with the oils they lack. Your cuticle is soft and pliant, immediately shaped to a beautiful curve.**

### LUCREZIA BORI

speaks of Charm of the Hands

"For every woman," Lucrezia Bori says, "the possession of smooth and shapely hands with graceful finger tips is an endless charm. I enjoy caring for mine the Cutex way."

Send 10c—Enough for 6 manicures!



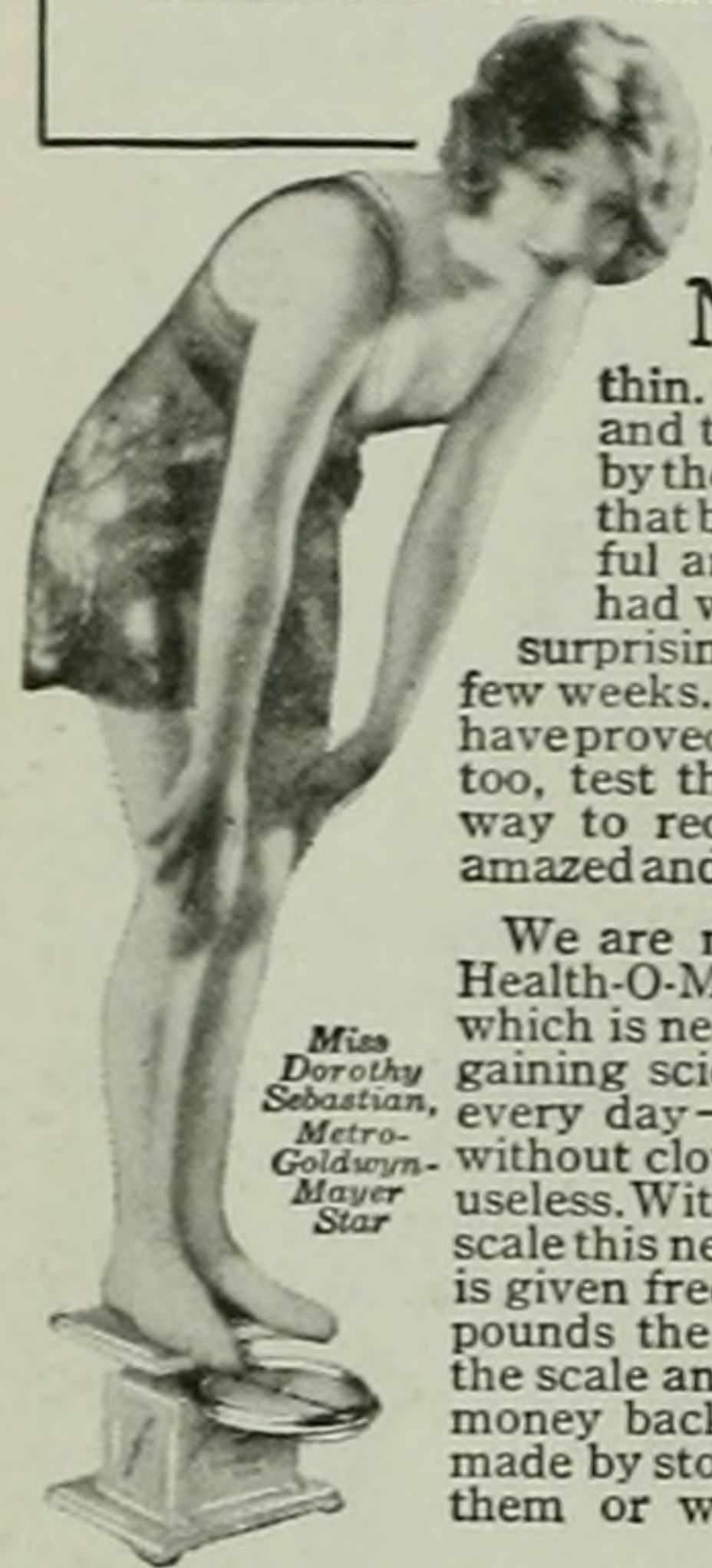
I enclose 10c for Introductory Set containing Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, emery board, orange stick, cotton, and booklet.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-3,  
114 West 17th St., New York City



# Watch Your Weight Each Day

Now gain or reduce according to latest scientific findings. New system (Free—see coupon) demands you weigh every day. See the new bathroom scale—Health-O-Meter.



Miss Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star

NO excuse now for being fat or being too thin. There is a new way—and the only one approved by the medical profession—that brings back the beautiful and alluring body you had when a girl. And most surprising of all it takes only a few weeks. Thousands of women have proved it. So we ask that you, too, test this safe and pleasant way to reduce. If you are not amazed and delighted test is free.

We are manufacturers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale which is necessary in reducing or gaining scientifically. You weigh every day—at the same time—without clothes. Public scales are useless. With the purchase of each scale this new method of reducing is given free. If you do not lose 5 pounds the first 2 weeks return the scale and course and get your money back. This guarantee is made by stores in your city. Go to them or write for Free Book.

## HEALTH-O-METER

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS,  
Dept. C-37, 5701 So. Claremont Ave., Chicago  
Send free book on reducing and gaining.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....  
(Please print name plainly)

## Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week



Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write, being sure to enclose a two cent stamp, to

The Star Developing System  
Iron Mountain Michigan

## MASCARILLO



Darkens and Beautifies Eyebrows  
An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beards and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascariello has been Standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of \$1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of **10¢**  
CHARLES MEYER, 13 EAST 12th STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

## Making the Home Movie Production

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]

Some of the amateur cameras have a special attachment for subtitles, which are made with white letters on a black board much as certain portable signs are made, and the projector for this machine has a "stop" arrangement that will show one frame of subtitle for a second or so, then resume winding the picture.

A good heavy tripod is advisable, so that persons walking about will not vibrate the camera, as its slightest movement will be "jumpy" on the screen. Also—action must be kept at an even tempo—the cameras have only one speed, regulated by the spring motors that actuate them.

SO much for the technique of the camera and the possibility of "interior" settings lighted by sunlight.

Before starting an amateur play, figure it all down to its briefest possible action, and mentally time it. Thus you will arrive at an idea of how many feet it will require. Jot down the action in the form of a scenario, remembering in each scene whether the camera is to be far or near. Usually such a scenario will have two central characters—the others being incidental. Therefore when the action is between these two characters only, we move the camera forward to include

cations—pick a building that looks like a castle, also a garden with a small cottage.

WE would start with a title suggesting the home of the widow and her little boy—then show the little boy coming out into the garden—then photograph him from a distance of six feet as he pets his dog or does something of the kind—and introduce him. Then we go to the first interior—and show his mother knitting at her table. The little boy comes in to her—they register great love. Then they hear a knock on the door and turn. (Here we show another scene—a messenger boy knocking on a door)—the boy enters with a letter. She reads it. She speaks to the little boy—close shot—then a title explains—"Your grandfather, Lord Fauntleroy, has sent for you." After this title we go back to the scene—the boy apparently asking if she can go too. She answers—another title says, "No, dear—when your father married me he disowned us both—but he is old—and wants you—he is rich—"

We come back to the scene, the little boy rebels at going—she tells him he has to—and we fade out.

Then a title explains that the little boy has arrived in England—at the home of his titled

## Photoplay's Service for Movie Amateurs

Have you any technical questions to ask PHOTOPLAY'S department, THE AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCER?

Have you camera or projection troubles?

Write to this department. A department of technical service, handled by an expert, starts in the April PHOTOPLAY.

If you want further details about any cameras, projection machines or accessories mentioned in THE AMATEUR MOVIE PRODUCER, send a stamped envelop to the department, care PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th St., New York.

just these—which keeps us from the sight of others standing awkwardly around, or, at any rate, distracting attention from the main theme. This is the basic reason for "close-ups" and long shots. The long shot outlines general surroundings, general action—establishes the scene. The close shot takes up the actual narrative. In other words, the long shot describes setting and situation—the closer shot tells the actual story.

THE "fadeout"—made by closing the diaphragm—or in the amateur camera by slowly passing a jagged piece of cardboard across the lens—corresponds to the period in punctuation. When we reach the end of a train of events we "fade out"—then take up the next.

As an instance—suppose we decide to film "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in an amateur way. The central characters are the little lord, his mother, and his old grandfather. The scenario—quite condensed of course for the amateur camera—would require two "interiors"—one a plain wall with a bare table and a chair—a basket of knitting for the mother,—the other could be the same space with drapes changed, some elaborate furniture—a great armchair for the grandfather and whatever bric-a-brac could be assembled. For lo-

grandfather—we show the building that looks like a castle—the little boy being driven to it in an auto which stops in front. We bring the camera closer—and show a butler helping him out and turning to take his luggage.

Then we go to the second interior—the old grandfather in the chair—perhaps with the gout—the butler ushers in the boy. The stern old grandfather looks him over and softens toward him.

A title says: "Tell me about America."

In the scene—a close shot of grandfather and boy now on the arm of his chair, talking animatedly.

Fade out.

A TITLE explains that the boy has brought the grandfather a new happiness. We show them in a garden, the grandfather quite proud; the boy now dressed in fine clothes—but seemingly not happy. We see the boy playing with toys or something—he looks at a letter from his mother—tears come in his eyes. Then we cut to the grandfather, watching him. The old man makes up his mind—and beckons—the servant comes in. The grandfather speaks.

"Wire for the boy's mother," says a title.

Back to the grandfather, who beckons the boy who runs into the scene to him—grand-



father starts telling him his mother is coming, and fade out.

Then a title, something to the effect that in forgiveness and the happiness of two others the old man found his true happiness.

We show the interior scene—grandfather in the chair—mother on one arm, boy on other—all very affectionate. The old man drops off to sleep with a happy smile on his face—and fade out.

**T**HIS is just a very rough outline of what can be done—the amateur director can fill it with his own ideas, his own business, ad lib. Of course, it is quite long—a super feature for the amateur, although professionally it would be very brief—hardly a reel.

One can make a shorter play out of an episode in a newspaper comic supplement—just carry out the action in one of these pages—the Katzenjammer Kids, for instance, or Happy Hooligan, in just a few feet.

The ingenuity of the amateur director will suggest these things. The main thing is to jot the action down so that it can't be forgotten or mistakes develop—be sure the scenes and properties are all in place—that the camera is in a firm foundation—then go ahead. Practice will do the rest.

## What the Amateur Is Doing

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

pictures. Try it out yourself. All you need is a reflector—and a blonde.

\* \* \*

**A**MATEURS fall into a common error in taking scenics. Get action into your shots. Remember you are taking *motion* pictures. That shot you made of the Washington Monument would be a lot better if you had someone you know moving about in the near foreground.

Look over the professional scenics. Those shots of the Dutch windmills have interesting natives in wood shoes up by the camera. Esquimaux are skinning fish close to the lens in those shots of the Arctic floes.

Remember—action, action, action!

\* \* \*

**A**MATEURS have been complaining about the need of an arrangement to get scenes to fade in and out.

Most of us can remember when D. W. Griffith first created the fade-in and fade-out. Up to that time the camera had jumped sharply and abruptly from scene to scene. This jerky effect clashed with an observer's continuity of thought.

Griffith made it possible for the professional cameraman to ease in and out of scenes. Now amateurs can achieve the same professional effects. An Iris Vignetter has been put on the market, by which they can get the fade-in and fade-out of the most expert \$2 movie. Get one and try it. Try it particularly on close-ups. You will be surprised how much added force and shading it gives to a few feet of film.

\* \* \*

**W**E are interested in recording adventures with small movie cameras. If you've had one, write us about it.

However, we doubt if you can equal the thrill won by J. M. Beatty, president of the Federal Glass Company, of Columbus, Ohio. Perhaps you remember the sinking of the Japanese freighter *Raifuku Maru* in 1925. The freighter foundered off the grand banks of Newfoundland, carrying the crew of thirty-eight to the bottom. Perhaps, too, you remember the remarkable news reel shots of the sinking freighter shown immediately after the disaster. These shots were taken by Mr. Beatty from the deck of the White Star liner *Homeric*.

But let Mr. Beatty tell you the story:

# HINDS

## Honey & Almond

# CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



## O-o-oh! What winter does to sensitive skins!

**N**EARLY A BLIZZARD—and how they revel in it! But cold, wind and snow sadly chap children's delicate skins, make them raw and sore—unless you first protect them with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Keep Hinds Cream in the bathroom. Let the youngsters rub it on every time after they wash. Because Hinds Cream *prevents* chapping. Smooths the skin. Keeps it fresh.

(It's a good skin health habit for grown-ups, too.)

If their skins are already chapped, Hinds Cream will make them soft and smooth again. It does wonders for chapped knees and ankles.

And for your own skin, use Hinds Cream as a powder base. It will make the powder cling—for hours.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream? For a sample bottle just mail the coupon below.

Prevents windburn  
Prevents sunburn  
Prevents chapping  
For children's skin  
Makes enlarged pores normal

### Try HINDS CREAM—

Smooths "catchy fingers"  
Softens cuticle  
After shaving

Softens skin  
Soothes skin  
Cleanses skin  
Protects skin

Makes powder cling to face  
Protects from hard water  
Protects against alkali

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., a division of LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY.



LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors  
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Dept. 20

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM,  
the protecting cream for the skin.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN, STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(This coupon not good after March, 1928)





You can keep unruly hair in place!

## Hair out of place? NEVER!

—if you use the dressing  
more people rely on  
than any other

Give your hair a new deal!

No more plastering it down with water! And no more *experimenting* with your hair.

From Coast to Coast, today, the hair dressing which more people prefer than any other is—*Stacomb*.

With *Stacomb* your hair becomes instantly tractable. All day long it stays in place—*right*.

Yet never looks gummy nor sticky. Nor dry and "dead," as when you wet it with water. *Stacomb* supplies the natural oils your hair needs. Helps to prevent dandruff.

You can now get *Stacomb* not only in cream form—in jars and tubes—but in the popular new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE  
OFFER

*Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,  
Dept. M-37, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of *Stacomb* as checked:  
Original, cream form  New liquid form

Name.....

Address.....



## The Lure of the Ancient Trail

THERE are trails that are older than history waiting for you today. Out through the purple hills they lead to that land of dreams-come-true. Go follow these trails—these water trails at the helm of a sturdy "Old Town Canoe."

For "Old Town Canoes" are durable and strong. They are light in weight and surprisingly easy to handle. Their lines are graceful and trim—patterned after actual Indian models. Remarkably low in price too. \$58.00 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 723 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

*"Old Town Canoes"*

"The camera I used was a Filmo, made by Bell & Howell of Chicago. I used this machine on a three months' trip through the Mediterranean countries in Europe and Africa, and also in France and England. As a result I have several thousand feet of film, outlining the entire trip from start to finish, ending with the sinking of the Japanese freighter *Raifuku Maru*, in April of 1925.

"THE International Newsreel representative boarded the *Homeric*, on which I was a passenger, at Quarantine, and learned that I had taken a shot at the Japanese boat. I turned my reel over to him and it was taken by airplane to the Eastman plant at Rochester for development and enlargement. On Saturday,

whether there was light enough to get any results. The waves were running forty to sixty feet high, and both ships were rolling heavily. I took what footage I did, and then decided to wait for a possibly more favorable opportunity for further pictures—and possibly some shots at the rescue work we felt would follow.

"As it developed, it was impossible to send help, as no boats could be lowered and live. Then, without warning, the Japanese boat turned completely over. Its bottom was exposed to view for a very few moments and then disappeared entirely. . . . We stood by for half an hour or more after it sank, trying to locate any of the crew, but not a single living person could be seen. Nothing was in sight but some odds and ends of wreckage."

## Identification of Pictures on Pages 60 and 61

1. RAYMOND HATTON made his first hit as a character actor. He was *King James I* in "To Have and To Hold."
2. The member of the English burlesque troupe is CHARLIE CHAPLIN, then touring the country in "A Night in a London Club" and "A Night in an English Music Hall."
3. SYD CHAPLIN was another member of Fred Karno's London burlesque company.
4. CHESTER CONKLIN's moustache won him the nickname of *Walrus*. Mack Swain and Conklin starred in a comedy series, "Ambrose and the Walrus."
5. FORD STERLING, of course. And Mack Sennett's first prominent comic.
6. HAROLD LLOYD! Lloyd once played character roles with the John Lane O'Connor Stock Company.
7. WALLACE BEERY as *Sweedie*, a familiar figure in old Essanay comedies.
8. BUSTER KEATON. He played with his father and mother in vaudeville as The Three Keatons.

of the same week, the pictures were shown on the screen in New York City, and on Sunday I saw the pictures on the screen at Columbus, Ohio.

"I only caught about sixty-five feet of the Japanese ship, because it went down so suddenly. When we approached it, the situation was serious, as was easily observable, but I did not dream the end would come so soon.

"It was a terrible day, with a hard rain and a gale estimated at anywhere from sixty to eighty miles an hour blowing. The outlook was dark, and what footage I did take I was uncertain of. By that I mean I questioned

DID you try a color filter on your camera this winter? If you did, you added a lot to your snow shots. If you didn't, be sure to get one before summer comes. Try it on your bathing beach shots. You will be surprised at the shading it gives to sand, water and clouds.

Filters are inexpensive. You can get either the gelatine kind, in which a dyed piece of gelatine is cemented between two flat pieces of glass, or you can get special natural glass filters.

Since heat and moisture affect gelatine, the natural glass filters are best, even if they cost a shade more.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115 ]

### Smoking Ladies

Oakland, Calif.

My complaint is not against players or pictures, but directors. They unintentionally give the wrong impression of the modern woman of today. I refer particularly to the small item of cigarette smoking among ladies. Directors invariably depict in their pictures but two classes of the feminine sex who indulge

in Lady Nicotine. One class is the society woman who openly defies conventionalities and a cigarette is produced to enhance her vicious attitude on life. The other class is of the lowest strata of humanity, whose depravity is stigmatized by a vulgar use of the weed. Never, with but few exceptions, have I seen a maiden or matron on the screen smoke a cigarette in a modest manner becoming a lady.

CAROLINE BOONE.



**A Grand Slam**

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Everyone offers suggestions as to the best picture of the year. It remains for me to suggest the worst. I think my vote goes to "Into Her Kingdom." It introduces the young Scandinavian, Einar Hansen, and if he's a representative specimen, Europe can have 'em! Of course he was under the handicap of a ridiculous attempt at a beard. He looked as though his face were raveling. The ending was too inane for words. Corinne Griffith played the part of a daughter of the Czar of Russia. She gave up all claim to the throne for bewhiskered Einar Hansen, a notion shop in New Jersey, and a baby. . . .

A good second is "The Kick-Off," with George Walsh. I think he bears a great resemblance to Bull Montana. He may be the missing link Darwin was raving about. Thanks to the powers that be, he didn't play "Ben Hur." In this picture he gave us a sample of his prowess in chariot-driving. He drove a buggy in a thrilling race, to get to the football game in time to save the dear old Alma Mater's name in the last quarter. Some day one of those fellows will lose a football game, if they don't take care! E. MURIEL BARRIE.

**The Bicuspid Babies**

San Pedro, Calif.

For some time past I have been bothered by a most disturbing thought. It is this: What is the appropriate way for an actress to express emotion?

Seemingly most feminine stars consider it merely necessary to open their respective mouths. By this I mean they open their mouths and gaze vacantly at the camera, thus registering at will, viz.: surprise, anger, love or deep thought. Perhaps the director employs a dentist to stand behind the camera and repeatedly urge the sweet young ingenue to "open your mouth wider, please."

The chief advocates of this school of expression are, to my mind at least, Corinne Griffith, Dorothy Mackaill, Dolores Costello and Olive Borden. Lovely girls all, but evidently a little too proud of the fact that they are not the "four out of five."

MARGUERITE M. SNYDER.

**Her Heroes**

Portland, Oregon.

After reading "Brickbats and Bouquets" in two different issues of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, most of the praise was given to Ronald Colman, John Gilbert and Ramon Novarro. I am not writing against them, because they are good actors. But for my choice I select:

Richard Talmadge—the stunt king.

Fred Thomson—one of the best Western actors.

William Boyd—will be successor to Wallace Reid.

Richard Dix is one of the best actors in the movie colony.

Reginald Denny is a comedy by himself.

Lloyd Hughes, the typical American youth.

But why isn't there more praise given to Richard Talmadge? He has many admirers; but he deserves more. Is it because he is not well known? Or is it because there is not much published about him?

Here is best of luck to my six favorite actors and to PHOTOPLAY, the best magazine going.

MISS CAROLINE PROTENTOR.

**Lon on His Own**

Connersville, Ind.

Hoop-tee-le-a! Lon Chaney is coming out from behind the scenery. If he is going to use his own face in "Tell It to the Marines," I am going to see it. Take it from me, Lon, you've been putting it on a little too strong.

Oh, lovely Mary Brian! If ever I dream of a sweet girl with apple blossoms, sunshine and the fragrant breeze of a spring morning, it will be a girl just like you.

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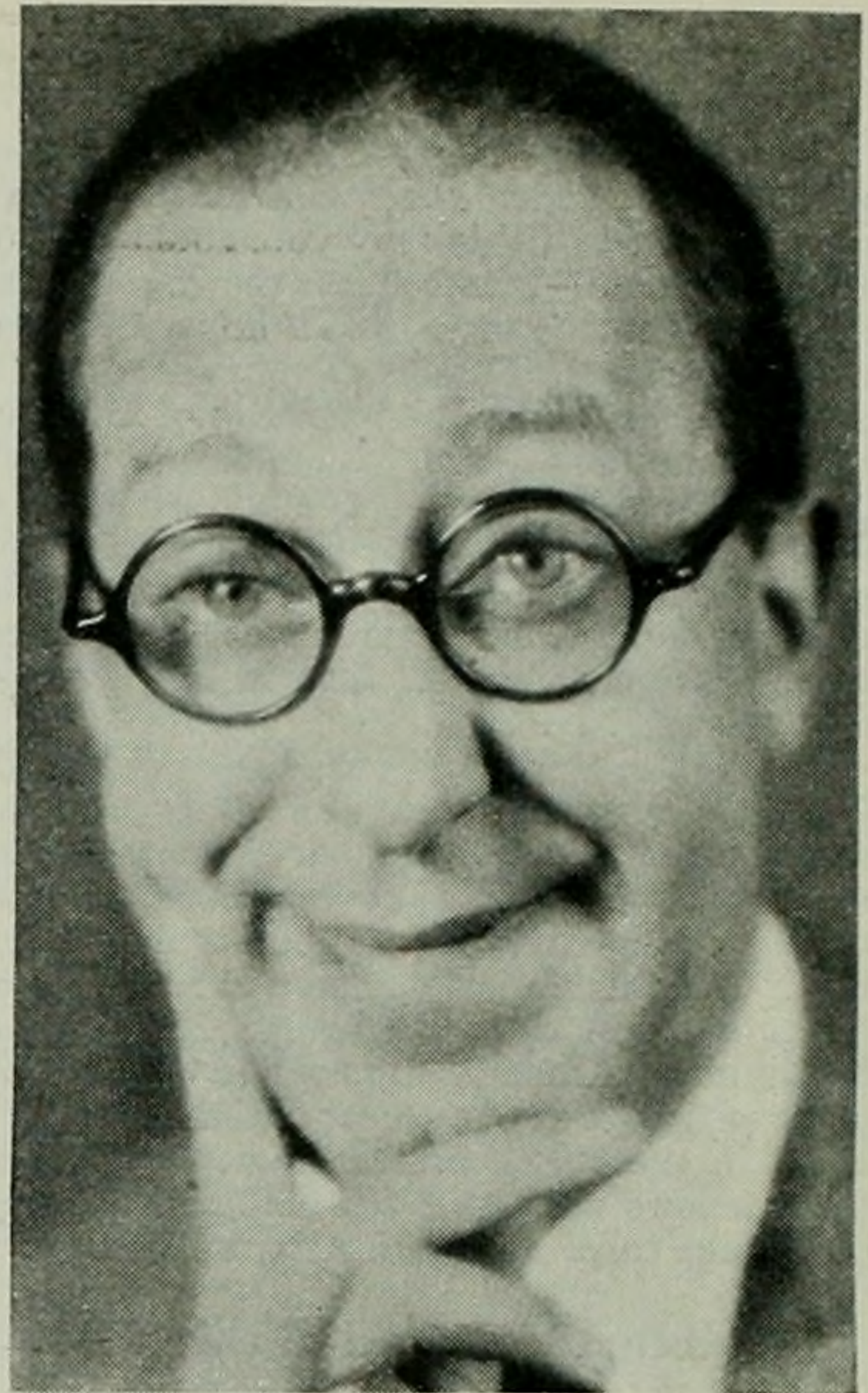
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That young intellectual, Ed Wynn, makes his screen debut in a Paramount comedy called "Rubber Heels." Mr. Wynn hopes to make good, in spite of the fact that he comes from Great Neck, L. I., and not Berlin. He feels that he has a very UFA face

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Now listen, Buster Keaton. Don't do it again,—I mean dress up like you did in "Battling Butler." If you're not going to smile, put on the pants you've been wearing. I would like to see Pola Negri in a sob story. I think she is a great actress.

Where are you, Wallace Beery? We want to see more of you with your mischievous grin that comes out through your cussedness. You're the real thing, Wallace, whiskers and all.

If a few more of our wealthy movie stars would take trips to Europe it would be quite a relief. Some of their faces are getting to be as common as the bull on a tobacco sign.

HARRY JAY NICKEL.

**Some Jewelled Impressions**

Birmingham, Ala.

*Alma Rubens*—A topaz ring in an antique setting—Debussy's "Arabesque."

*Pola Negri*—A rare, square cut emerald—worn on the little finger.

*Mae Murray*—A crystal and pearl necklace—with the lights playing on it.

*Lya De Pulli*—A cigarette holder of red and black lacquer with a circle of diamonds—smoke rings.

*Esther Ralston*—A gold locket hung on a black ribbon.

*Mary Pickford*—Necklace of tiny seed pearls.

*Lillian Gish*—A moonstone—church chimes.

*Jetta Goudal*—Bits of rare ivory—"Chanson d' Indy."

*Mary Carr*—A heavy gold band wedding ring—a braided hair breastpin.

*Alberta Vaughn*—A jeweled fraternity pin.

*Dorothy Gish*—A string of natural pink coral.

*Mary Astor*—A cameo—"Oh! Promise Me."

*Gloria Swanson*—A Marquis diamond.

SARA HELEN COLLINS.

**Kenyon Fans, Please Note**

Southport, England.

We have a bouquet of the best kind to hand to Doris Kenyon for her work in "The Halfway

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Girl." We think it is the best work she has done. We would point out that we have not seen Miss Kenyon in "Men of Steel" as yet, but we are hoping it will be even better than "The Halfway Girl."

We have a bouquet for Lloyd Hughes, too, whose splendid acting helped to make "The Halfway Girl" such a success. May he play in many more films with Miss Kenyon.

We consider the combination of these two as great as, if not greater than, that of Talmadge and O'Brien, and we hope it will continue to flourish.

THE DORIS KENYON FAN CLUB,  
Evelyn Jackson, Pres.  
Finchfield, Kew Gardens,  
Southport, England.

### Dick's Defender

Marshall, Mich.

Why all these brickbats about Richard Barthelmess? Why criticize so severely one of our best screen men? No matter what the picture itself, Mr. Barthelmess makes it worth while.

He has that imitable sense of humor, that youthful boyishness and lightheartedness, and flings himself into his pictures with the carefree abandon of a schoolboy, or adds just the right touch of seriousness.

He has that look of extreme youth which enables him to take boyish parts. Who else but Richard Barthelmess could stand before the camera and be photographed with hundreds of young West Point Cadets, as he did in "Classmates"? Which, by the way, was one of his best pictures. Who else but Mr. Barthelmess could make some of his pictures possible?

If people are going to criticize in this manner let them turn their criticisms in other more justifiable channels.

Mr. Barthelmess is one in a thousand, one who will never lose the secret of youth and charm.

ETHEL PRATLEY.

### Desiring Dix Dramatic

Williamsport, Pa.

We are all so interested in Richard Dix that we must throw one friendly brick in hopes that it will wake someone up. For such silly, play-boy, frothy rôles as he has had in his last pictures we could all punish, with pleasure, whoever is responsible.

Let us have more of his *acting*. More of such rôles as the ones in "The Ten Commandments," "The Vanishing American," "Ice-bound," and all of his serious pictures and less of "Say It Again" and "Woman-handled."

One letter in the last PHOTOPLAY said he should play in "Sheiky" rôles. We would rather say "manly" rôles, with their share of heart interest. Surely, in such a superb physique and handsome face with actual acting ability is better material than is needed for light comedy.

We are twenty girls, all twenty years old, and every girl in the club agrees, so we must represent what lots of girls want in the movies, and there are others not in our club that think as we do about Richard Dix's rôles. We want him serious!

THE TWENTY CLUB,  
Miss M. Matilda Smith, Pres.

### Praising Colleen

Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks! Many thanks! to Colleen Moore for giving the public such splendid entertainments as "It Must Be Love." This play is decidedly in the superior group of pictures. It embraces love, humor, pathos, and works keenly upon our emotions. There is a strong sense of probability which merely lends enchantment to the picture. Who can see Colleen without living into the picture with her? Surely, to laugh, to cry, to be embarrassed, to enjoy life, to live and to be loved, and to be happy along with Colleen, will relieve the most fatigued mind and gladden every soul in the audience.

Keep up the good work, Colleen. You are giving us something for which we are truly



. . . often you've experienced it. Crowded in, close row on row . . . none too much air . . . tense, living life as it is played on the stage or screen. Perfect circumstances—these—for one of Nature's most unpleasant manifestations. Dampness creeping out in dark half moons under the arms. Worse . . . odor. But Nature never catches you off guard. Two times a week you, like millions of others, use your Odorono—a physician's formula for checking excessive perspiration. Thus you enjoy a constant assurance of after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness . . . an assurance you know you can never have with soap and water alone.





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Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

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## Mencken in Hollywood!

H. L. MENCKEN, the famous critic of American manners, morals and literary tastes, and editor of the *American Mercury*, made a visit to Hollywood recently.

He met all the movie stars and visited the studios.

Mr. Mencken has written his impressions of Hollywood exclusively for PHOTOPLAY.

Watch for his comments in the April issue

grateful, which we can enjoy, and which causes us to forget ourselves and troubles. Pictures like yours are a contribution of great value.

E. W. STONE.

### A Beery Boost

Waco, Texas

Bet your last carfare on Noah Beery! I've met Noah Beery. Dignified and modest, he avoids notoriety. Eluding the cheering throng which greeted Paramount stars upon their arrival in San Antonio, Texas, to film "The Rough Riders," while fellow players were basking in the limelight, Noah was quietly renewing old friendships which dated back to his trooper days of legitimate drama.

His friends are legion. Grasp his hand, meet his friendly smile, get his philosophies of life, and proud you'll be you've met this star of the film world! Well read, a serious thinker, you'll do some rapid-fire thinking yourself to keep up with Noah! Characters like this lend dignity to his vocation, a profession at whose door everything from an Elinor Glyn complex to the break of day is laid.

Give us more like Noah, and movie critics along with the censors will get pink-eye looking for something further to cut.

MRS. T. L.

### Two Queens

Vancouver, B. C.

PHOTOPLAY is always delightful, but the October issue pleased me particularly because Alice Joyce adorns the cover. She is my favorite actress. She is the most beautiful woman on the screen. She affects me in the same way that certain pieces of music do. She is moving, exquisite, well-nigh divine. There is something not of this earth about her lovely face. And she is a splendid actress. Always convincing and sincere. I shall never forget her in the "Green Goddess." There are so many mediocre actresses among screenland's beauties, that when loveliness and talent go hand in hand they should be appreciated and receive a fitting reward.

Esther Ralston is another favorite of mine. I was interested to read of her happy married life. She, too, is very beautiful—it is a cozy type of womanhood, and a great relief from the wrist watch size flappers. DORA AUSTIE.

### Teacher Replies

Middletown, N. Y.

In a recent PHOTOPLAY a correspondent asks, "Has any teacher been known to keep track of the distribution of good pictures in her town, has she advertised their showing?" Has any teacher? Yes, there are thousands of them.

Not only does the "bigoted" teacher suggest pictures which would help pupils in their class work or in some way make their lives bigger and happier, but they have often paid the way of children who otherwise could not have gone.

In reference to using pictures as subjects for oral English talks, the syllabus of the state of New York (which the teachers in city, town and country schools generally follow), suggests the moving picture they had seen as one very excellent topic.

The English book used in many places in this part of the state has, in six different places, outlines for discussing movies seen or questions asked about movies. One question is, "Was it a good movie? Why do you think so?"

History, oral English, geography and literature have been made more vital and real to the children for the past fifteen years, at least by the teachers' intelligent use of the movies.

ALTA M. TREPP.

### Raving About Rod

London, England.

Stars come, and stars go, but Rod La Rocque goes on forever. There's one word applies to him perfectly—*dependable*. You can absolutely rely on Rod never to give you anything bad, or half and half: his work is perfect, it never deteriorates. You can *depend* on him. If one sees "Rod La Rocque" written outside a cinema, one need not trouble to see what the play is, or who else is in it: if Rod's there, you'll find a perfect performance.

His work is never shoddy, or weak, or false, or overdone. Apart from his work is the magnet of his personality. There again you'll find nothing artificial. He is the most natural actor in filmdom. He doesn't put over any nasty ideas of worldliness, or sophistication, or boredom; but presents to us a fine, straight, gay and charming fellow—most likeable. No, lovable. *Vive La Rocque!*

MISS C. MURRAY.

### He's a Real Fan!

Seattle, Wash.

I am peculiarly indebted to the silver sheet, inasmuch as it is the medium that revealed to me the only image of perfect womanhood I ever hope to see. She has enamored me to the extent that I get a positive thrill just from seeing her name in print. I buy every movie publication I can find and peruse them eagerly in the hope of finding something about her. To me she is endowed with every attribute that constitutes perfection. I have been a patron of the movies for years and have seen all the stars in action, but she has captured my imagination to the exclusion of all the others. I have never



seen her in person, but they say the camera doesn't lie. I have not even a picture of her to console me, but this must be a mental world, for I glean contentment from the very fact that she exists. All my life (and I am not young) I have searched for an embodiment of my ideas of perfection in womanhood and at last she has materialized in the person of—Elaine Hammerstein.  
J. W. HUNTINGTON.

**A Call for Comedy**

Glenside, Pa.

Enough of the big feature films are being made to satisfy the present needs of the regular movie patrons, and while there are a number of short humorous pictures, there is a woful lack of mirth-provoking feature comedy pictures.

Whether it's one of Harry Langdon's, Charlie Chaplin's, Harold Lloyd's or Raymond Griffith's pictures, crowded houses attest the fact that there is still room for more. Even the most blasé patron quickly responds to the tonic effects of a real laugh-producing film, especially when accompanied by the merriment of a delightful audience, the faint titter of a timid tot, the partly suppressed giggle of the girl in her 'teens, the loud "guffaw" of the old gentleman who formerly wore side-whiskers, and the "hyena-like" laugh of the portly movie fan. All are cheered and refreshed after such entertainment, the tired business man or busy housewife, the jaded old gent with the "hairless dome," and the rest of the patrons.

HARRY HILPERT.

**An Enthusiastic Fan**

Bloomington, Ind.

The thing that impresses me most about the movies is the way they keep moving—toward bigger things. Now and then comes a picture which seems perfect. It satisfies. Apparently it cannot be improved upon. But the next time a big picture appears it is better. This is not written merely as a compliment to the pictures. It is an effort to express a belief in their inevitable progress. The desire for excellence as well as success is a seed planted in them. It grows. Good movies today mean better movies tomorrow.

It should be recalled to the movie audience occasionally—though not too often, for in art the means are best lost sight of in the end—the painstaking toil of the actors in producing pleasing effects. The more delicate, the more graceful the effect, the greater the artistry. An art which works in silence! What can be more exquisite? What can require more intense concentration, more devoted study on the part of its followers? Let us value the movies fully!

ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER.

**Ladies Prefer Blonds**

Boston, Mass.

I have long thought that Conrad Nagel has been holding the place as the Screen's Only Blond Leading Man for too long. And here, (God bless 'em) are three unusual blond gentlemen to hold the honor with him.

Ralph Forbes is one; perfect manners, delightfully different, with a most disarming smile. Pola, here is your next leading man.

Rex Ingram atones for any past sins (such as "Mare Nostrum") in giving us Ivan Petrovich, the blue-eyed Serbian who saved "The Magician" from utter disgrace. Here is deep emotion restrained under a mask of apparent carelessness. George Fitzmaurice could make him a blond John Gilbert.

Another foreigner, the sparkling Willy Fritsch, a German, who can teach our own John Gilbert how to smoke a cigarette in a most intriguing way. His technique is an unheard-of technique here with us. One cannot but realize it while watching "The Waltz Dream" unreel. He gives us a new charming hero—ah! if Von Stroheim could direct him! He is altogether different from any other actor.

MISS BARBARA PHILLIPS.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 129 ]



**9 basic rules for BEAUTY**

By HELENA RUBINSTEIN  
International Beauty Scientist

IT ever has been my doctrine that no two skins are exactly alike . . . that each complexion is a law unto itself . . . that if you seek the utmost beauty in complexion and contour, you must care for your skin according to its individual needs. Nevertheless, there are nine fundamental rules for beauty which never vary no matter how widely skins may differ:

1. Know your own skin.
2. Make your skin work—the active skin alone is lovely.
3. Cleanse the skin thoroughly at least twice a day.
4. Tone and brace the tissues and muscles.
5. Protect the skin against extremes of climate.
6. Nourish and—where bleaching is necessary—bleach.
7. Do not mix various brands of preparations and expect your skin to harmonize them.
8. Use pure cosmetics—be sure they combine scientifically with your beauty preparations.
9. Persevere in regularity of home treatment.

Choose from these Scientific Treatments, evolved by the world's leading Beauty savante, those suited to your particular needs.

**Basic Daily Home-Treatments**

FOR NORMAL SKINS	FOR OILY SKINS	FOR DRY SKINS
<p>At Night, cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00)—freshens and revitalizes cells and tissues. Then film lightly with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00) to clear, purify and refine. Three times a week, use Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00), the delightful penetrative wash—keeps pores active, refined.</p> <p>Mornings, cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Remove and apply Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion (1.25) to tone, invigorate and brace.</p>	<p>At Night, Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00) the gentle penetrative wash, cleanses and checks oiliness. Follow with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00), to purify and refine.</p> <p>Mornings, use Valaze Pasteurized Cream (1.00) or, on alternate mornings, Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00). Brace and tone with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion (1.25). During day, use Valaze Liquidine (1.50) to remove shine, refresh complexion.</p>	<p>At Night, cleanse thoroughly with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (75c, 1.25). Follow with Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) (1.75)—richest of nourishing creams—leave on all night.</p> <p>Mornings, or during day, film face with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00), to clear, whiten and refine—leaving on twenty minutes. Follow with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion Special (1.25) to tone and brace.</p>

**CORRECTIVE PREPARATIONS FOR SPECIAL CONDITIONS**

<p>Valaze Georgine Lactee—the muscle bracer and tightener—for relaxed condition of face and throat. (3.00).</p> <p>Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—richly nourishing, penetrative and tissue-building—corrects crowsfeet, lines, wrinkles, puffy eyes, drooping chin, and dry, shriveled skin of face, throat or hands. (1.75).</p>	<p>Valaze Pore Paste Special—for sensitive skins—Valaze Pore Paste—for coarser skins—active, penetrative washes to remove blackheads, check oiliness, close and refine pores. (Each 1.00).</p> <p>Valaze Liquidine—instantly removes shine and oiliness—refines large pores—excellent for cleansing and refreshing face during day. (1.50).</p>
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**WINX**  
Waterproof

## Mister Cinderella

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

King Vidor was licked.

The limousine skidded through the big iron gates and splashed water upon a shivering figure under a lamp post. The boy looked up, his face illuminated in the reflection from the wet pavement.

King Vidor let out a yell of command to his driver. The limousine slid across the boulevard and into the middle of the next block and stopped on two wheels. King Vidor was jumping up and down inside of it like a maniac, issuing commands. They swung around and started back.

A guy in a Ford stopped beside Jimmy Murray.

"Want a ride, kid?" he asked.

Jimmy gave him a grateful grin and jumped in, and pulled his coat collar up tighter. "Wet night," he said, because his Irish heart was still keeping him warm inside.

The traffic along Washington Boulevard was reduced to picturesque curses by the passage of a limousine gone mad. A big limousine that darted and skidded through at a reckless speed, while the pretty lady within wrapped her furs closer around her and the man urged further speed.

They caught up with the flivver.

KING VIDOR and Jimmy Murray had met, strangely, brought together by fate on a rainy night.

"You're going to play the lead in my next picture," King Vidor yelled frantically through the darkness. "What's your name?"

"Am I now?" said Jimmy Murray, thinking that maybe the cold and hunger had turned his head a bit. "Well, my name's Jimmy Murray, and I'd be obliged for the same from you."

"Mine's King Vidor," said the man in the limousine.

Under his breath Jimmy Murray said, "The saints preserve me—'tis true."

He didn't believe it until the contract was signed. A five year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

He didn't believe it then.

I don't think he quite believes it yet.

And why should he—remembering what had gone before.

Jimmy Murray was born in Tammany. In case you don't know what that means, I'll

mention that it is in New York City. He had four brothers and two sisters and nobody paid any more attention to Jimmy than they did to the other six Murray kids.

When he was old enough to go to work, he went to work. Christopher Murray expected his sons to go to work. There were no loafers in the Murray family. Jimmy began as a clerk.

And he hated being a clerk with all his heart and soul.

He had always wanted to be an actor. So Jimmy Murray got a small part in a William Brady stage play—on his looks—and that was a lucky engagement because it convinced him and everybody else that he wasn't cut out for a stage actor.

So he started for Hollywood. It takes a good man to get from New York to Hollywood without a cent in his pocket. Jimmy walked part of the way. He bummed rides. When he got to Hollywood he had a bit of luck, and it all looked like plain sailing. He worked three months as an extra in a Buster Keaton picture and wondered why people talked such rot about it being hard to get into the movies.

Then he didn't work again for six months. And being very hungry he decided to go home, where there was always corn beef and cabbage and a bit of home made bread in the Murray cupboard for a prodigal. He bummed his way home. He got a job as a theater usher, rose to be manager and saved his pennies. When he'd got a grub stake, he started back for the El Dorado of Hollywood once more.

AND the last of his grub stake had gone, for a meal the day before when he stood under the street lamp in front of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio that night. The next day would have seen him at sea, somehow, bound for a trip around the world.

But the luck of the Irish turned up again, and now he's James Murray with a slick contract and a great director back of him, and a chance to become a big motion picture star—for the boy's handsome, and he has an Irish sort of charm, and King Vidor says he's a born actor.

Of course you mustn't forget that there are 99,999 boys who stand in the rain with their sole on the wet pavement—and don't even get a ride back to Hollywood. So don't let this



Eddie Cantor poses in his idea of the biggest lie in the world—a stranger from the East looking for a California realtor. Here is Eddie, right in the midst of a subdivision and not a fellow in sight to sell him a lot! Now you tell one



little Cinderella yarn start you westward for a movie career.

Murray's experiences and hardships are just the same old story of Heartbreak Town.

But he is made of fighting stuff.

Here's one they tell on him at M-G-M which happened when he was an extra, before the rainy night which skidded King Vidor across his path.

Murray was one of a couple of hundred called for work on the "Annie Laurie" set one day. There was a battle on the castle wall and Murray was one of those thrown off the wall and killed. The assistant director started taking names of those still on the wall. And Jimmy knew what that meant. The "dead" ones were through and the "alive ones" would get another day's work.

A FALL from a twenty foot wall isn't fun, but an extra day's work is three more days' food. Stealthily young Jimmy Murray detached himself from the "dead" at the foot of the wall and joined the "live" ones at the top.

And sure enough it won him another day's work—another ticket—and another fall off the high wall.

Murray had been tested by almost every big director in Hollywood before Vidor discovered him. "Either they didn't see the tests or they couldn't see me," says Jimmy, "until along comes Lady Luck in the form of Mr. Vidor.

"I'm sure going to keep my mouth shut, do just what he tells me to and make good or bust. I'm tired of being outside looking in and now that I'm in I want to stay. I'll do my best and now that the big chance has come I won't have any alibis if I don't make good."

## Don't Go to Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

"Why do you follow me?" I asked.

He seized the opening quickly. "I know when a girlie's lonesome," he said. "I've been getting bad breaks lately and if you want to buy me my dinner, I'll see you get less lonesome."

The white pages of the magazines fluttered to the floor as I fled from him toward the elevator.

When I came down stairs, two hours later, I stopped to speak to the room clerk. It was largely because I wanted to hear my own voice.

"Mr. Blank over there could help you break into the movies," said the clerk, to whom I had deliberately confided my supposed ambition. "He's an assistant director and lives here in the hotel. I'll introduce you."

MR. BLANK spent an hour impressing me with his importance at an unimportant studio. Then he whispered, "Say, a friend of mine's got a house in Laurel Canyon. He's away and I've got the key. Let's go up there for the evening. I can help you a lot and I bet we'll find we're on the same mental plane."

I knew we wouldn't, so I ate dinner alone. I took another walk. Suddenly in the stillness of a little dark street I heard a scream. I saw two figures twisting together before a stucco wall, and as I flew forward, with some vague idea of being of help, I recognized the girl. You would have known her, too, for she had been a well known leading woman. Her head was being vigorously slammed against the stucco by a thick throated gent. I stopped aghast but a girl, passing me, grinned unconcernedly. "It's only her husband," she explained. "He's a chauffeur and every time he gets tight he knocks her around trying to spoil her face. He's jealous of her success, I guess. No use to interfere. He's never spoiled her expression yet and she keeps on loving him."

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Due to women's tremendous acceptance of Kleenex, it is now made in volume production, at greatly reduced price to you. This lowered price with 30% more 'Kerchiefs in each box makes the present price of Kleenex scarcely more than half what you paid before.

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Fifty Cents**

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Supply of This New  
and Exquisitely Dif-  
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**S**CARCELY a beauty expert today but urges this remarkable new way of removing cleansing cream.

Women by the millions are flocking to its use.

Virtually every stage and screen star of note employs it.

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It makes a unique and marked difference in the color and fineness of your skin—in the elimination of oily skins, blemishes and imperfections. And—it costs less to use than any other way known to remove cold cream.

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It is called the Kleenex 'Kerchief. It comes in exquisitely soft, pure white sheets of handkerchief size. It is 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. It is the only material made, in consultation with leading dermatologists, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

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It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus rub dirty cold cream back into the skin. That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it all from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

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End these mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference quickly in your skin.

Your make-up will hold hours longer than before. Your skin will lose its oily look. Your nose will seldom call for powder.



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Oily skin and nose conditions amazingly.  
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Nor had I reached the limit for that day. I had been put on the trail of a certain assistant director at one of the largest studios. Knowing he had much to do with hiring extras, I rang him up, explaining who I really was and my connection with PHOTOPLAY, and asked him if he could give me some human interest stories.

Central Casting has tried to do away with the power of the assistants, the camera men, the prop boys over extra girls' destinies, but it hasn't succeeded conspicuously. When Central was formed, a rule was made that any girl recommended by any studio official must be placed on their lists. The result is that when a call comes from a studio asking for eighty girls, say, seventy-seven of the names are frequently already on the call. And behind each of those demanded names there is always a story of personal influence. Central protects itself by marking the girl's pay check "requested." Then if such a girl is unsatisfactory to the studio for any reason, the blame can not fall on the agency.

IN this case, the assistant knew perfectly well I wasn't some poor kid up against it, looking for a job and willing to pay almost anything to get it. Yet that stupid boob proceeded on the supposition I wanted to mix kisses with my facts and when I refused to give them, he refused to give the facts.

These are the types of men the lonely girl encounters. Not that a girl might not encounter such men in other lines of work, but in Hollywood there are more of them because there are more beautiful girls there, freed from all restraints of home.

That is that side of it. To get the other side I moved to Hollywood's best hotel, which is an excellent one, and registered for the first time under my own name.

I had little more than got to my room when the telephone began ringing. The hotel press agent wanted to give out a little story to the papers. A woman's press club asked me to be their guest at dinner. A man who manages a rising young star asked me to lunch with the little star and himself and maybe I could write something about the dear in PHOTOPLAY. The leading Hollywood restaurant invited me to dine there as its guest.

And those things are Hollywood, too, as much as extras are. I knew perfectly well it



Marion Kummer, the 17 year old daughter of Frederic Arnold Kummer, makes her debut in Paramount screen version of her father's story, "Love's Greatest Mistake." And Mr. Kummer broke all precedents in such incidents by giving her his approval and blessing

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was only my association with PHOTOPLAY that made me suddenly so important, but I accepted all invitations as they came. Throughout a hectic week I went everywhere, for lunch with stars, for tea with stars, for dinner with stars and it was all perfectly marvelous. I went to the Writers' Club and to the magnificent beach clubs at Santa Monica. I attended a meeting at the Thaliens, a club organized by young Lincoln Stedman to which the movie youngsters who are climbing toward stardom belong. Earnest and ambitious, they held a solemn meeting, talked of their careers and art, and left at ten after a supper of ham sandwiches and cider. A more circumspect group couldn't have been found at the most select prep school.

EVERYWHERE I saw the miracles of the movies, the luxurious homes of Colleen Moore and Tony Moreno, the veritable palace set in formal gardens that Milton Sills recently purchased for his bride, Doris Kenyon, the apartments in Los Angeles that Norma Talmadge owns—wealth and ease purchased by movie success. I saw, too, an old woman come into a casting office and faint from hunger though she is the mother of one of our most successful stars. I went to cabarets near Culver City and to Henry's, the sandwich emporium run by a former Chaplin comedian. You see the crowd there, but never a star. A star who matters today can not afford night life.

There is little bohemianism in the upper ranks of the movies. Their work demands too much.

Then because I wanted to learn if the girl beaten at extra work could get into a studio in any other capacity, I rang up First National, since I had already worked there, but giving my own name said I wanted to learn about scenario writing.

At the studio, June Mathis, that very successful writer, saw me. "A beginner at scenarios must face these facts," she said. "You will have to start at a salary of fifty to possibly seventy-five dollars a week for the most severe, nerve-racking creative work in the world. You will have to learn to do a treatment for a picture over and over again. Almost never will your first version be accepted, or your second or third, but maybe the tenth, when you're so tired of the plot your mind has gone stale on it. Possibly you'll discover another novice has been working on the same story and her tenth version, rather than yours, is accepted. But say, on the other hand, you succeed at once. Your story treatment is produced. The film made from it earns millions. Don't hope for that success to get you anywhere. Each picture you do stands by itself. What you have done in the past is forgotten. Today's picture must score, or you are out of luck."

MISS MATHIS sighed. "To me," she said, "that is the hardest part of all. I have been very fortunate and many of the pictures I have done have been highly successful at the box-office. Yet I can not, as a fiction writer often does, live on my name. I must fight as hard today to get points over with the director as I did when I was completely unknown. Movies need new writers with new ideas, but on those writers the struggle for survival, picture by picture, is merciless. If you think you can stand it, come in. The field is wide open, the rewards great. But I don't advise it to anyone."

Carey Wilson, who wrote the script for "Ben-Hur" and scores of other successes, agreed with her and yelled at me, "Why do you want to stay here? Hollywood is a terrible place, the world's newest illusion, the last gold coast, the final jumping off place. You lose your judgment here, your good taste, your energy, unless you get too much energy, as I have. If you don't succeed, you hang on, starving, struggling, daily believing you're about to win. When you succeed, you stick, believing always you'll soon quit. Only you

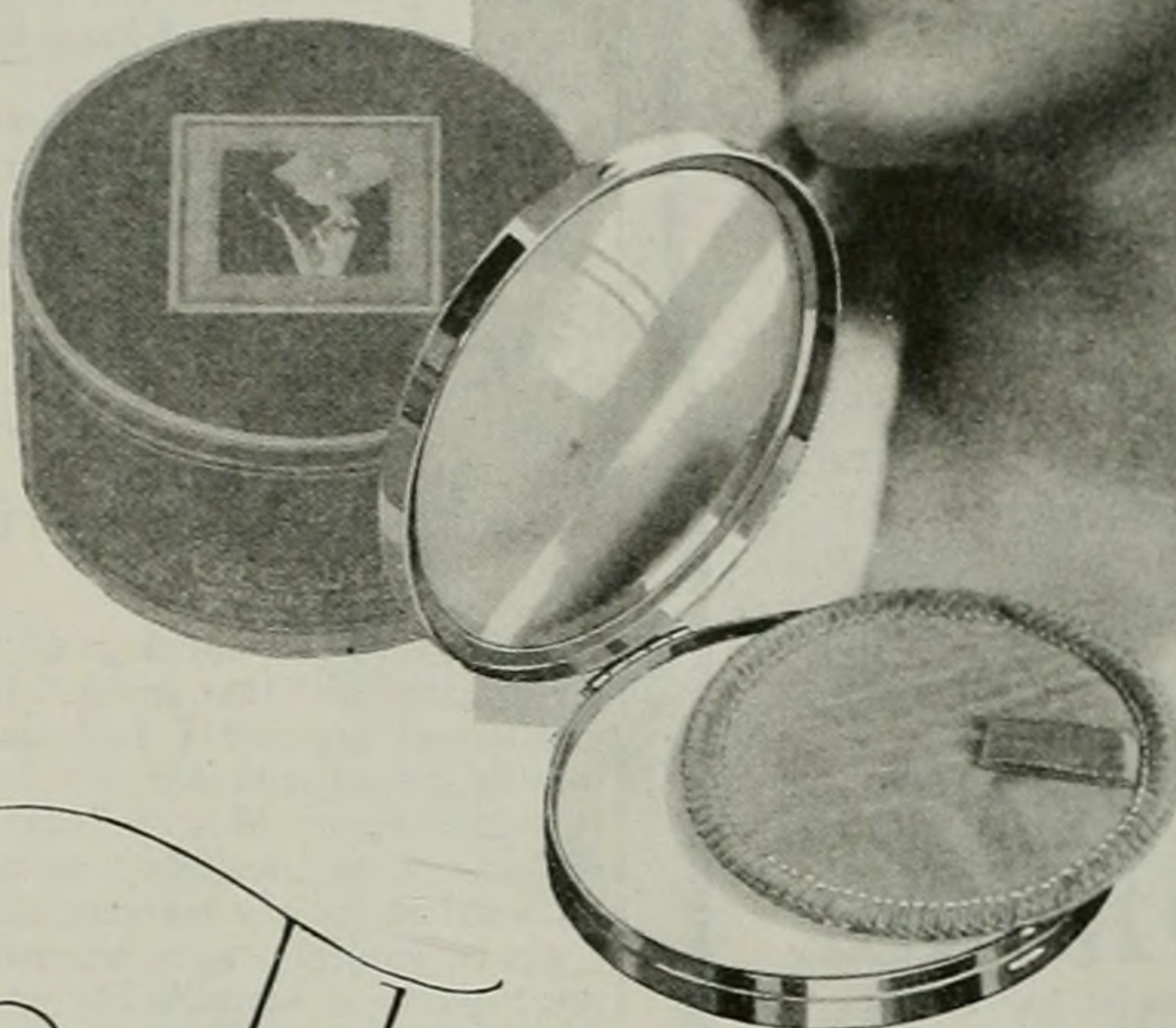
UNKNOWN BEAUTY

You will not find her on the stage — her face may never grace the screen — yet it is such loveliness as hers that makes this land the home of Charm.

Tre-Jur's appeal is to beauty known and beauty still unsung. Its exquisite ingredients are a priceless aid to Charm.



Face Powder  
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The powder holds the secret

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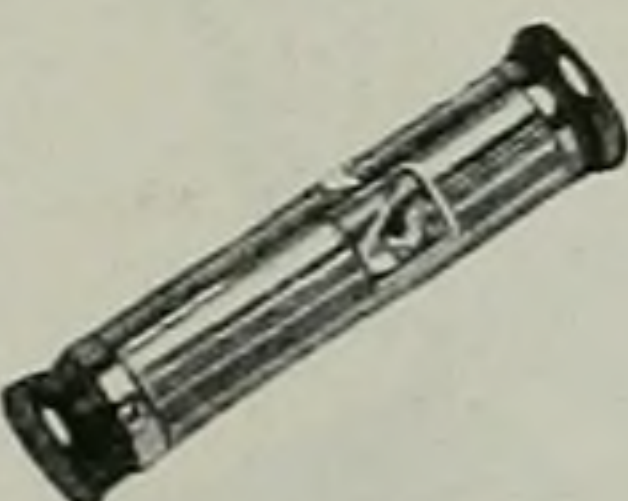
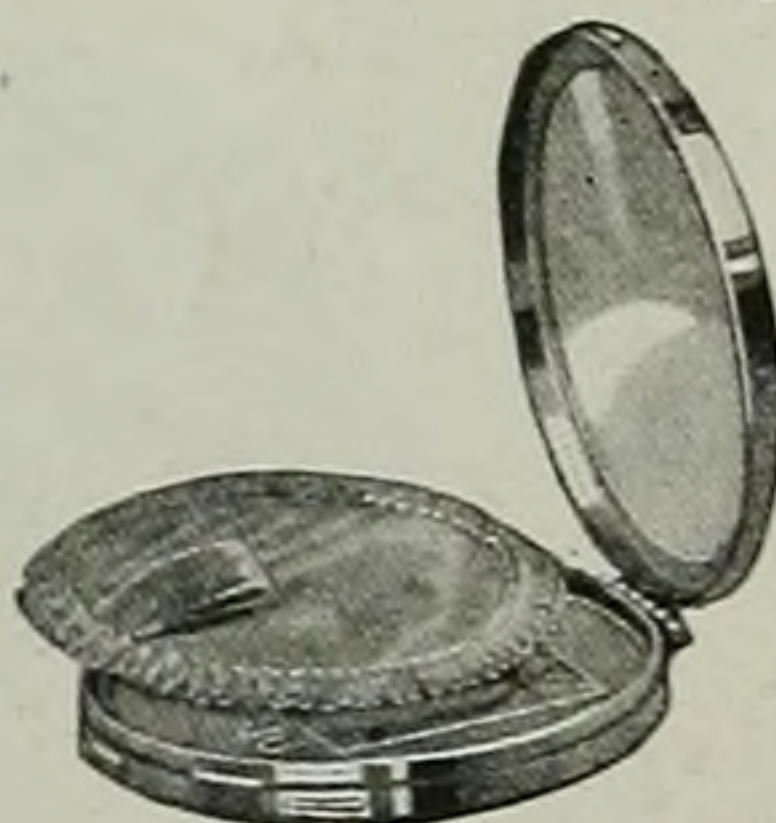
It has been ascribed to their beauty—their value—their cleverness of form. But the secret lies deeper... *it is in the ingredients themselves.*

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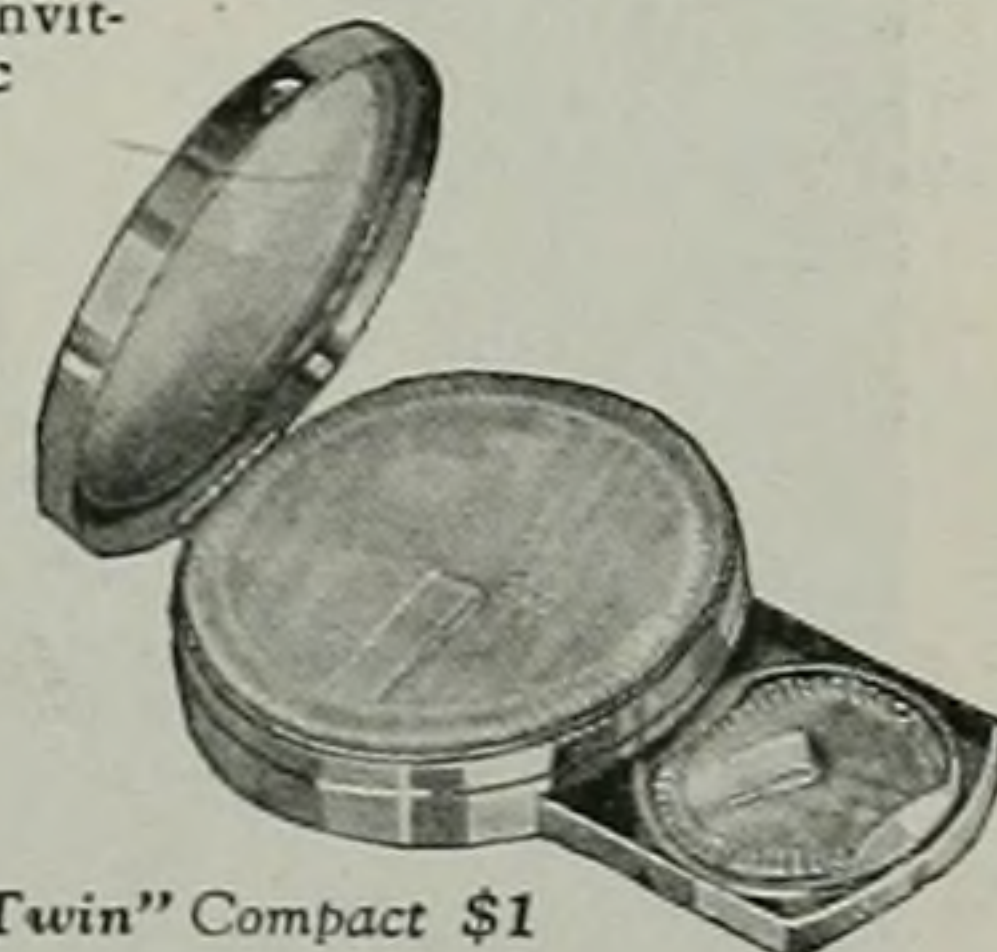
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Po-Go is creamy-smooth—exquisite—hand made.

Brique (naturelle shade) is generally preferred by blondes. Ronce (raspberry) is delightful for dark skins and evening use. Vif is the new bright red. All three blend well for beauty.

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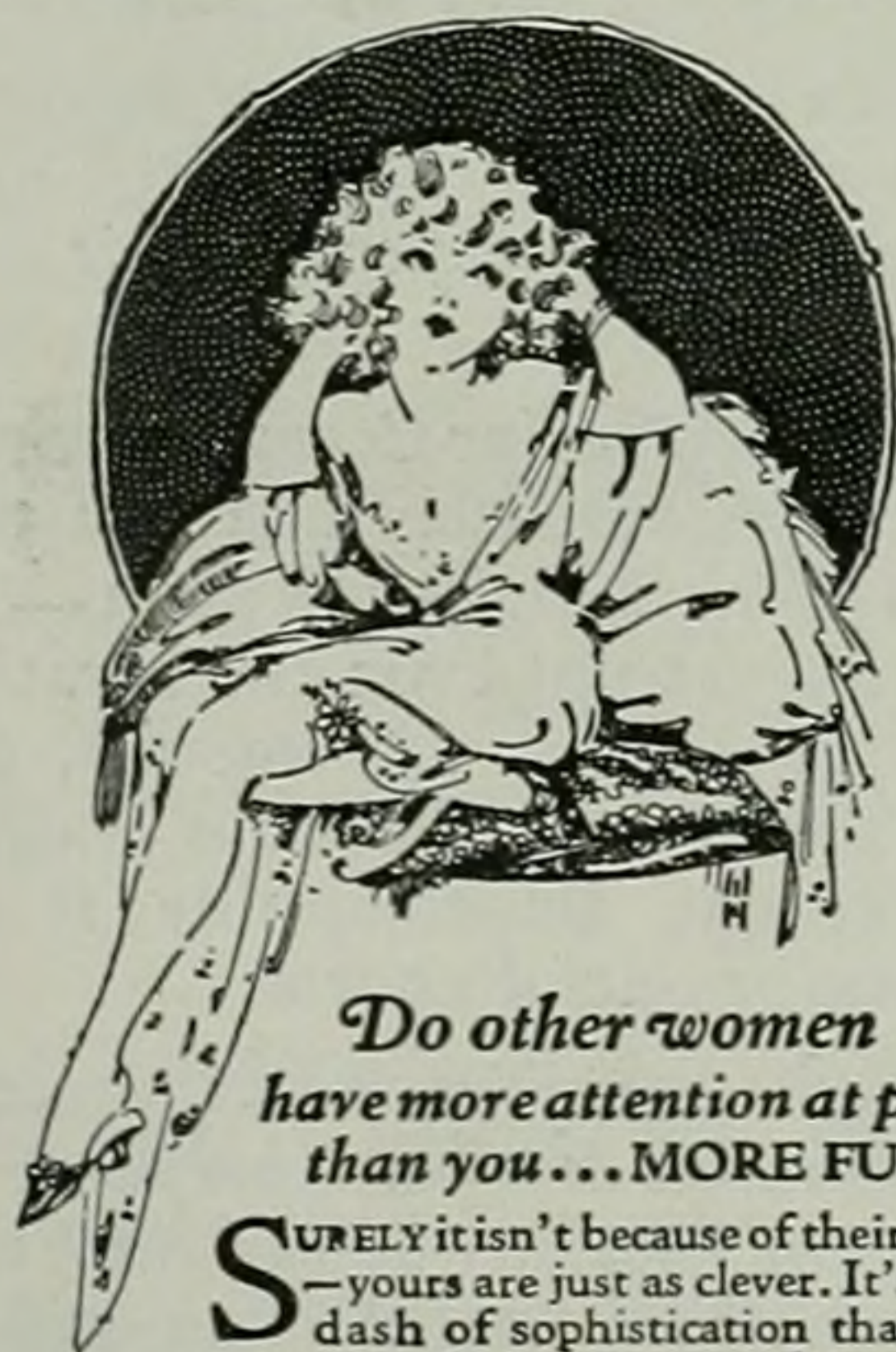
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don't. We all stay here and work like slaves, from stenographers to electricians. Get out, before the disease of Hollywood gets you."

Leaving his office I ran into Billie Dove who has recently signed a First National contract at a salary reputed to be \$1650 a week.

"Excited over being starred?" I asked her.

"No," she smiled. "The first part I ever went after in the movies taught me better. It was with Lillian Gish at the time she first broke away from Griffith and was about to begin work for an independent company. Miss Gish chose me to be one section of a pair of twins. The other one had to be a blonde. For days I was kept at the studio making tests with the little blonde girls. It meant everything to me. After a week they decided to cut the sequence out, since they couldn't find the blonde. I couldn't be persuaded then it was for the best, but later I knew it. The picture was never finished.

"Miss Gish left the company, and those engaged never got paid for their work. So I'm neither joyous nor unhappy over pictures any more. If one hopes to survive in this game, one can't afford to be. The result of any contract here is almost always different from what you expect."

And that is the way three of Hollywood's most successful feel about it.

Let me give you two more pictures, and I am through.

I WENT to the opening of "Bardelys the Magnificent" that night. It was the first Hollywood premier I had seen and I was totally unprepared for the brilliance of it. It was the sort of scene that lures girls to Hollywood as inevitably as a candle flame lures the moths of a summer night.

Great sunlight arcs around the theater, great piercing searchlights crossing and recrossing the sky. The scream of motor cars, the rattle of trolleys, the noise of loaded busses. The crowd of fans, roped off at either side, the police holding them back. The "cash custom-

ers" coming in one path, the stellar world down another before the camera under the arc lights. Everyone of the movie world was present, out to see and be seen, out to watch John Gilbert, whose story is so typical of Hollywood. There was what Hollywood gave you if you won out, adulation, awe, money, beauty, luxury, jewels, clothes, comfort.

When I returned to my hotel I was still dazed with the exotic magnificence of it all. And there in the lobby was a girl weeping, a girl who had been a star and who has been off the screen for three years.

Now the Hollywood hotels have a habit of what is called "plugging keyholes." So many girls register with them while waiting the lucky break. A hotel bill doesn't have to be paid for a week. Sometimes it can be stalled a month. And in that time luck may turn. If it doesn't the girl can, if she's smart, drop her clothes out the window after dark, walk out and collect them and disappear, leaving the bill. And just this happened until the hotels learned their little trick. Now when a bill stays too long unpaid they plug the keyhole of the room, leaving the girl locked outside and her possessions inside.

The girl in the lobby was locked out of her room.

"I HAVEN'T a friend or a dollar left," she sobbed. "Used to have both. I've tried to get work but they don't believe I'm off the hop. I haven't a place to sleep. When I found my door plugged, I got drunk and raised a row on the Boulevard thinking I'd get pinched and locked up. That'd give me a place to sleep anyhow. Instead I just get dragged back here. Make 'em lock me up."

I rushed to the desk for a telegram blank. "Lost our bet," I wired my editor. "Returning East immediately where jobs are jobs and where the women have wide, homely faces." But he wouldn't let me pay it. He raised my salary instead.

Gee, I'm glad I didn't break into the movies.



Just Married—Gardner James and Marion Blackton were married in Hollywood on Christmas Day. Mr. James is the new star of Inspiration Pictures and Mrs. James writes scenarios. Also she is the daughter of J. Stuart Blackton



## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123]

### Wow! What a Bouquet

Pawtucket, R. I.

Here is a bouquet for William Boyd.

A toast to the man whose kisses have fire and tenderness, not lust; whose beauty is rugged, not feminine and affected; whose portrayals are always sound and big. To the great American fighter, victor, lover of 1930—a typical example of our finest manhood; a clean, very human boy; a generous and sincere actor, Bill Boyd! The sort of man you'd like to have for a friend off the screen.

I hope he will have plenty of opportunities in the future. His wonderful strength of character, and his sincerity, come across on the screen more vividly than any other actor's I can think of.

Bill Boyd looks as if he would go after his mate like a man, and conquer her by the sheer strength of his will. She wouldn't have a chance in a million to get away if he wanted to hold her—but it is nice to think that he would not hold her against her will! He is tender; and nothing suits a strong man so well as tenderness!

It makes him seem stronger.

Congratulations, Bill Boyd, and good luck! You're splendid!

D. P. D.

### Producers, Take Notice

Independence, Mo.

To be miscast is a tragedy for both the player who is the victim of the crime and for the fan who is the victim of the resulting picture. Yet there are certain actors and actresses who are continually unfortunate in this respect; why, the producers only know.

Consider Esther Ralston, a girl of ethereal, almost incredible beauty. Though reminiscent of fairy princesses and medieval ladies she seems inevitably doomed to portray nothing but leggy American flappers. Alas, poor Esther!

Also, Aileen Pringle. Aileen has had only one rôle which was not an insult to her obvious intelligence—that of *Zara* in "The Mystic." Yet if we may believe Joseph Hergesheimer, her ambitions lie in a totally different type of character. If Aileen wants to do sophisticated comedy, why not let her? She could be a feminine Menjou, but she remains a Glyn heroine!

We all like to see capable players become artists, but they can never do it with poor stories and unsympathetic parts.

DOROTHY HORNE.

### Yes, Teacher

Ralston, N. J.

I am not a movie fan; I am just a plain, very ordinary school teacher. However, the brightest spot in my vacation memories is a movie—"Ben-Hur." It is the most exquisite picture I have ever seen; the unseen presence, very keenly felt, of our Lord; the beauty of scenery; the magnitude of settings, the coloring—everything is perfect in every detail.

Ever since I have been old enough to think intelligently I have loved the book—"Ben-Hur." I hesitated about going to the picture for I feared it might be sadly mutilated. But each character, in his or her own part, I think has given the world a masterpiece of acting. And I, a perfectly sane twenty-four year old teacher, actually and literally sat on the edge of the seat during the galley scenes and the chariot race.

I am very happy that I have seen "Ben-Hur" for it was truly beautiful—beautiful!

ELIZABETH WELLS.



Portrait of Anna Q. Nilsson by the well-known English artist, Pearce Emett



## The Bête Noire of the Modern Woman

Once superfluous hair was a cause of anxiety only when the occasion demanded evening dress. But today—how much the world knows of women!

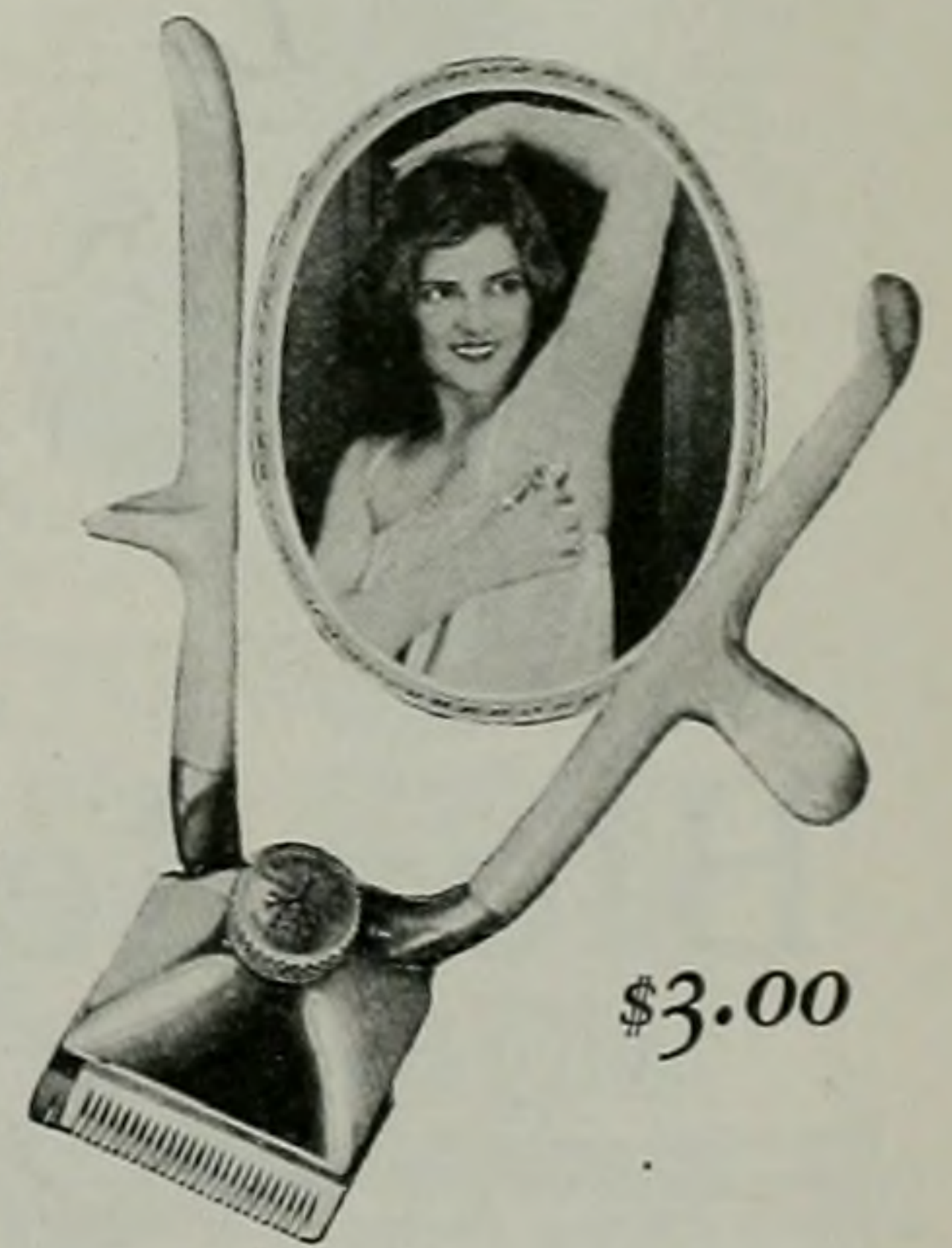
How necessary to be always on guard against the *bête noire* of the fastidious woman—superfluous hair.

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the vigilant little guardian of womanly daintiness. Clip, clip, clip with Shavette, and arm or limb or underarm is smooth. How deft and quick is Shavette. And how light its touch.

Shavette banishes superfluous hair as effectively as the sharpest razor or the strongest depilatory. And yet, Shavette does not coarsen or stimulate growth of hair. Shavette cannot harm the tenderest skin.

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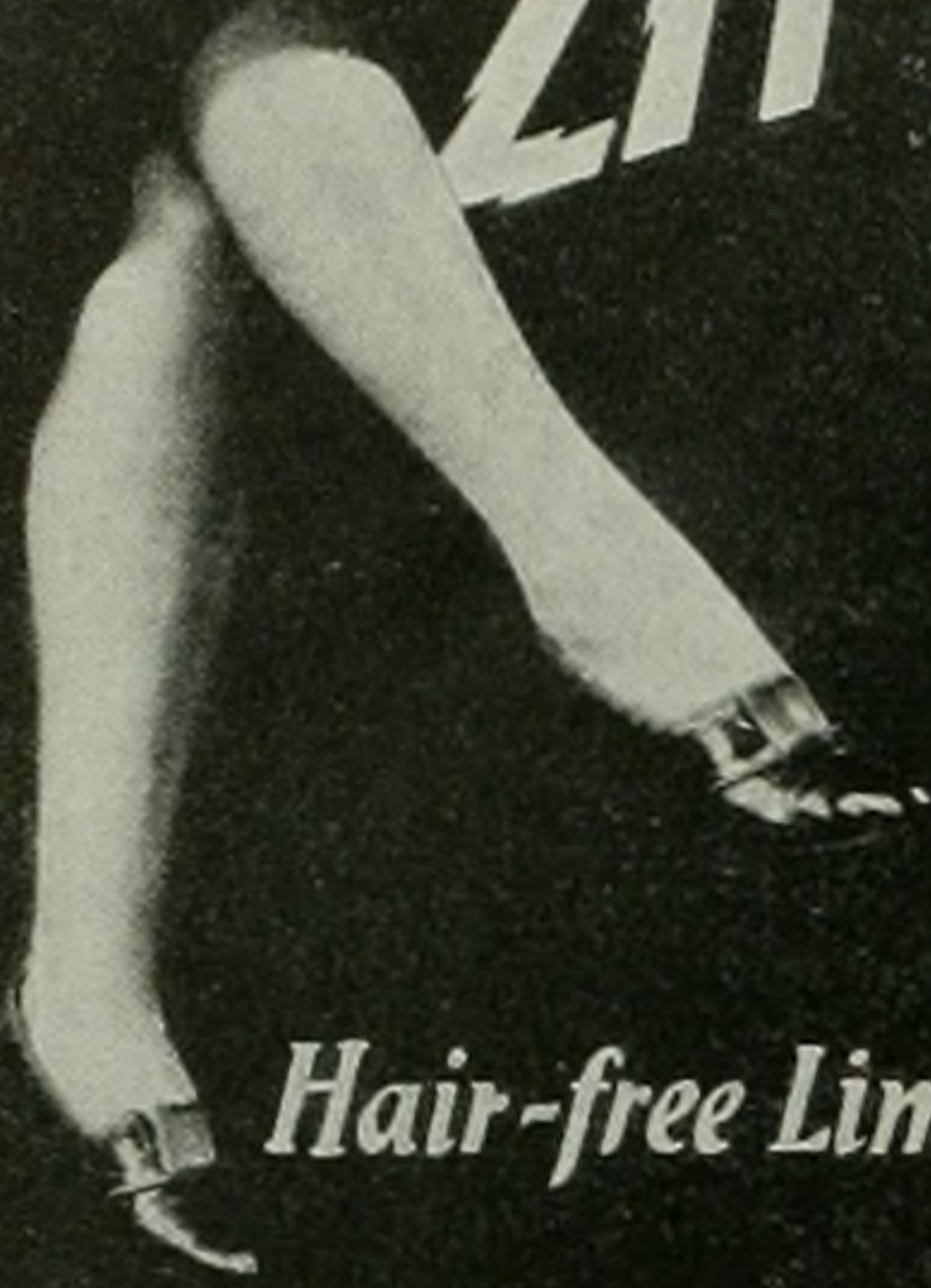
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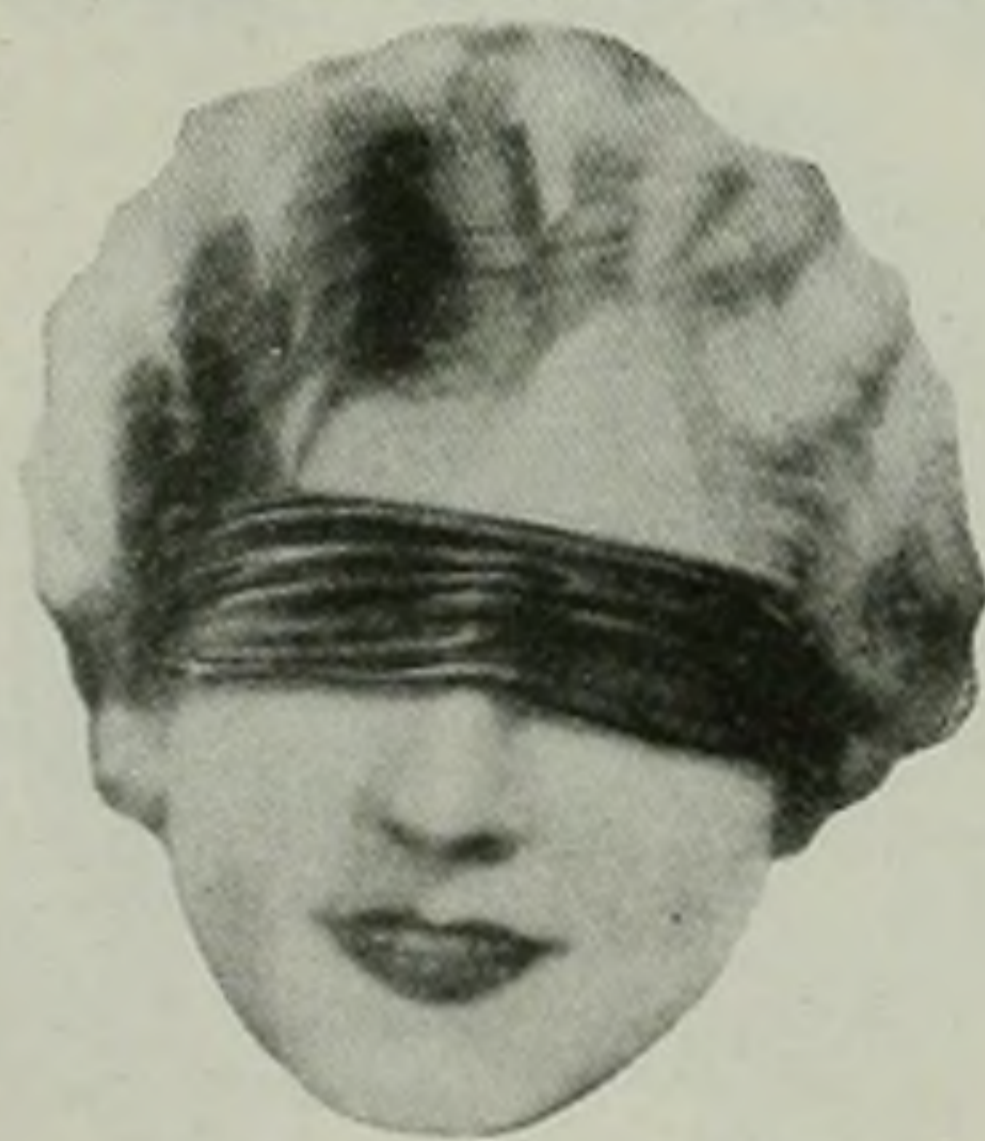
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## Blondes why be blind?

Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful new shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Keeps light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky. Nearly a million users.

### FREE—TRIAL PACKAGE

To get a generous trial package of Blondex entirely free, just send your name and address to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 53, 303 Fourth Ave., New York City. Or you can buy a regular size package at any good drug or department store.

## What Happens to Your Movie Money?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

Back in 1917, in an interview given me for "The Dramatic Mirror," an official of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation named \$20,000 as the average cost of production. He also said that production costs could not advance further. Needless to say, he is no longer with Famous Players.

Richard W. Saunders, comptroller of Famous Players-Lasky, places the sum of \$250,000 as the average cost of all productions of his organization at the present time. This sum was \$150,000 two years ago. Big specials run much higher, of course.

Mr. Saunders outlined for me some of the details of financing picture making. "The production cost of 'Old Ironsides' ran to more than \$2,000,000," he said. "Add to this the cost of exploitation and the carrying charge of five per cent upon the money tied up in the investment, along with the other incidentals to the presentation of the film. 'Old Ironsides' will be far into its second year before the initial cost returns to us.

"Today big pictures are road showed for almost the entire first year of their existence. The road showing of 'Old Ironsides' will bring in somewhere between a few hundred thousand and more than a million, dependent upon the extent of its success. Profits in the case of 'Old Ironsides' will begin at about the end of the second year.

"**W**E figure the average so-called program picture to bring back two and a half times its cost in its gross. That means a \$250,000 picture should return almost \$700,000 in its gross. Naturally this difference in totals is not, by any means, entirely profit, or anywhere near that. Add twenty-five per cent to the picture's cost for distribution and advertising. There are other items, as the overhead of the home office, taxes, and so on.

"Until recently we figured that the average so-called program picture returned the large portion of its earnings in the first ninety days of its release. The major portion of the earnings come in quicker now, because we issue more prints. Only the rare film earns anything

after its first year and a half. Even such an extraordinary success as 'The Miracle Man' brings in only a little here and there after the first eighteen months."

Famous Players issue 150 prints of each regular release. Fifty more prints go abroad, with titles and cutting adaptable to the country of release. Some years ago fifty prints was considered a record number for domestic release, Charlie Chaplin being the first star to achieve the fifty mark in prints.

**M**R. SAUNDERS brings out another reason why a big film corporation can afford to put a quarter of a million into each regular release. "While every picture can not be a success," he said, "an organization as large as Famous Players-Lasky can eliminate the failure. If a picture turns out badly, it has a big battery of experts to fix the production. The picture becomes a mere incident to the organization where it would break a small concern. In this way, our organization can absorb the lesser picture. Indeed, with a big organization, it is impossible to have a real bloomer."

The cost of the super-feature has advanced even more rapidly than the average release. The fourteen great money makers of the screen can easily be listed. "The Ten Commandments," "The Four Horsemen" and "The Birth of a Nation" probably lead at about \$4,500,000 each. "Way Down East" is said to have gathered \$3,500,000. The earnings of "The Gold Rush" are placed at this figure, one million coming from Great Britain. Behind these films come "The Covered Wagon" at \$3,000,000, and such notable pictures as "Over the Hill," "Robin Hood," "The Miracle Man," "Scaramouche," "The Sea Hawk" and "The Iron Horse." "The Big Parade" has already grossed more than \$1,000,000 in one New York theater alone. "Ben-Hur" is due to run a huge international gross.



Reunited after years of separation—Renee Adoree and her sister, Mira. Mira is visiting in Hollywood these days and so perhaps that means she is going into pictures. She is a stage actress and has been touring the country with "The Green Hat" company



Comparisons are interesting. Cecil B. De Mille spent \$1,700,000 in making "The Ten Commandments." He is spending more than \$2,000,000 in filming "The King of Kings." The Kalem Company once sent a company to the Holy Land and produced a life of Christ for \$2,500. This film is still playing churches in various parts of America.

"The Covered Wagon," as directed by James Cruze, cost \$700,000. Three years later Cruze ran over the \$2,000,000 mark in making "Old Ironsides."

CONSIDER the case of D.W. Griffith, maker of more big successes and big failures than any other one screen figure. "The Birth of a Nation" cost less than \$100,000, and has earned over \$4,000,000. "Way Down East" cost \$800,000 (\$125,000 of which was for the story) and has earned close to \$4,000,000. "Intolerance," rated a Griffith failure, cost \$700,000. The same film would cost over \$2,000,000 today to make. "Broken Blossoms" cost Griffith \$80,000. "America," which brought his independent production career temporarily to an end, put Griffith in the hole for \$500,000.

### The Movie Dollar

J. Homer Platten's estimate of how each dollar goes into production costs:

Actors' salaries.....	\$ .25
Directors, cameramen, assistants.....	.10
Scenarios and stories.....	.10
Sets (manufactured).....	.19
Studio overhead.....	.20
Costumes, etc.....	.03
Rental of locations, transportation.....	.08
Raw film.....	.05
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1.00</b>

How each dollar is spent, and the profit:

Production cost.....	\$ .40
Distribution.....	.30
Positive prints.....	.10
Administration and taxes.....	.05
Profit.....	.15
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1.00</b>

Samuel Goldwyn recently stated that "The Winning of Barbara Worth" cost him \$900,000. At the same time he pointed out the tremendously advancing cost of film making. When he was the head of Goldwyn Pictures he produced "Carmen" for a cost of \$20,000, "Maria Rosa" at \$15,000 and "Temptation" for \$18,000. This included everything, among the items being Geraldine Farrar's stellar salary of \$20,000 for three pictures. Mr. Goldwyn estimates that "Carmen" could not be done now for \$450,000.

Cecil B. De Mille's career has not been completely one of successes, despite the tremendous record of "The Ten Commandments." "The Whispering Chorus," although it has always been looked upon as an artistic success and possibly De Mille's best picture, lost money, even at a production cost of \$100,000. "Joan the Woman," starring Miss Farrar, lost, despite its comparative low cost, \$250,000.

"Over the Hill," made in 1919, cost William Fox just \$50,000. It earned \$2,500,000. "The Iron Horse," made by Mr. Fox five years later, cost \$450,000. In making "What Price Glory" Mr. Fox had to go away beyond the cost of "The Big Parade," produced by Metro-Goldwyn.

You see, the picture business is no place for a piker. Better invest that \$15,000 in a chicken farm and lose the money slowly.



Number three of the Princess Pat informative Series giving women really valuable and scientific facts about complexion care. Here we tell something about skin cleansing which will be news to 99 women out of 100.

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Everyone has experienced the sensation of stepping dead tired into the warm bath, and emerging fresh as a daisy. Not many know *why*. Physicians call it the "reflex arc." Simply stated there is stimulation to the nerves and blood vessels which *does not stop at the surface*. It is carried along underlying nerves to deeper centers. (Clear down through the tissues may go this impulse *started at the skin surface*). Opening and cleansing the pores, stimulating the skin—that has been the sole cause of revived life.

*But You Cannot Possibly Scrub Your Face As You Do Your Body*

No. But Princess Pat Cleansing Cream does for your *complexion* precisely what a vigorous bath does for your *body*—and with the necessary gentleness. It does this in a wholly different, *scientific* way.

For Princess Pat Cleansing Cream removes *pore film*, which resists ordinary creams. Leading skin specialists will tell you what *pore film* is—an invisible film which forms on *every skin every day*. Your face is covered night and morning. *Pore film* is acid and irritating. You cannot see it, but it is present, causing blackheads, oily skin, coarse pores, eruptions, etc. Perspiration and oil from the skin cause *pore film*. And sooner or later the skin suffers its effects.

Very well. When you use Princess Pat Skin Cleanser you *remove* *pore film*, as well as the customary dust and dirt which ordinary creams remove. Then, for the first time in your life perhaps, the pores of your skin will be *completely* cleansed, completely freed of invisible, choking *pore film*.

And what happens? Thousands upon thousands of tiny nerves within the skin telegraph to the deeper nerves, "we're free,

we're free." Countless little blood vessels sleepily relaxed respond to the message, awaken and contract. They expel their sluggish, poisoned contents and rush fresh, pure blood to the skin, making it tingle and glow with new health and life. Through the "reflex arc," all of nature's forces are concentrated to benefit the skin.

*You Do Nothing New, But Your Cream Does*

You apply Princess Pat Cleansing Cream just as you would any other cold cream. No new habits to form. But how different the results! A few days free from *pore film*, a few days with the pores really cleansed and awakened, and you *could not be persuaded* to go back to creams which do not remove the injurious acid film. Too, Princess Pat Cleansing Cream is delightful to use—entirely free from objectionable "stickiness." It is utterly free of any ingredient that could promote hair growth. You cannot help but delight in its use.

You cannot reasonably deny yourself the advantages of *pore film* removal. One jar of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser will convince—or your dealer will refund its cost.

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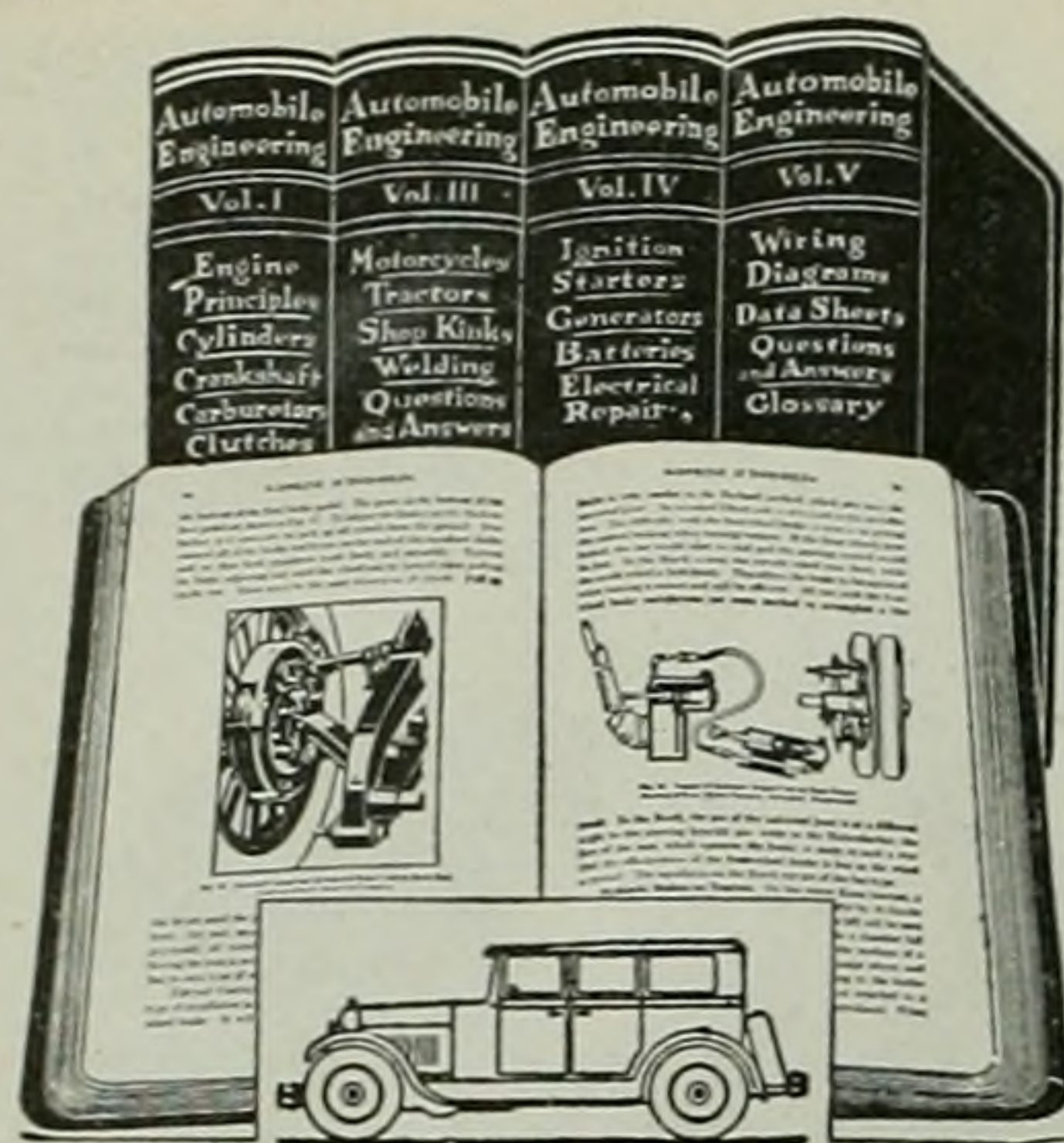
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## Life For a Night

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

hours which could happen only in Hollywood—Proud stars who were in the picture, envious ones who were not, directors swelling with achievement, producers, scoffers who came to criticize, society folk to give the smart touch, all the dazzling personnel of an opening night.

Half an hour later, radiant in Bunny's only slightly worn dress, the precious shawl about her shoulders, Amber awaited her taxi. Bunny had advised this latter luxury. "You can eat a chocolate bar on the train. Tonight is curtains for you in Hollywood, and you might as well take it big."

THE boulevard surged with activity, glowed with anticipation. This was premiere night in Hollywood. The uninvited curious came thronging to watch the pageantry, to gaze upon those who had been blessed beyond belief with beauty and fame and wealth all at once. The huge theater was a focal point of light. Kleigs and sun-arcs had been mounted for the occasion. They beat a shaft of light straight down the great out-door court which was the lobby. A dazzling promenade to glorify the smart men and women already descending from their cars. Expensive cars worthy of a show by themselves. A sun-arc, swinging back and forth, picked up here and there patches of upturned faces, draining the color from them, little green-white patches which were curious eyes and open mouths. Persons of no importance gathered to watch the personages promenade, peacock-wise, down the path of light.

"Oh, I'm a lucky girl, a very lucky girl," whispered Amber to the little voice of anxiety within her. She paid the driver with a flourish and turned her back on the cab that was driving off with her last dollar. Tonight she was a princess, tonight she was playing a part. Tomorrow she would return to reality.

The door-man unctuously escorted her to the announcer. Even for publicity man he was exuberant, having acquired the feeling that he was giving this show himself. Amber caught the admiration in his glance. It buoyed her up. He swung his megaphone to his lips.

"Miss Amber Evans. Miss Amber Evans—"

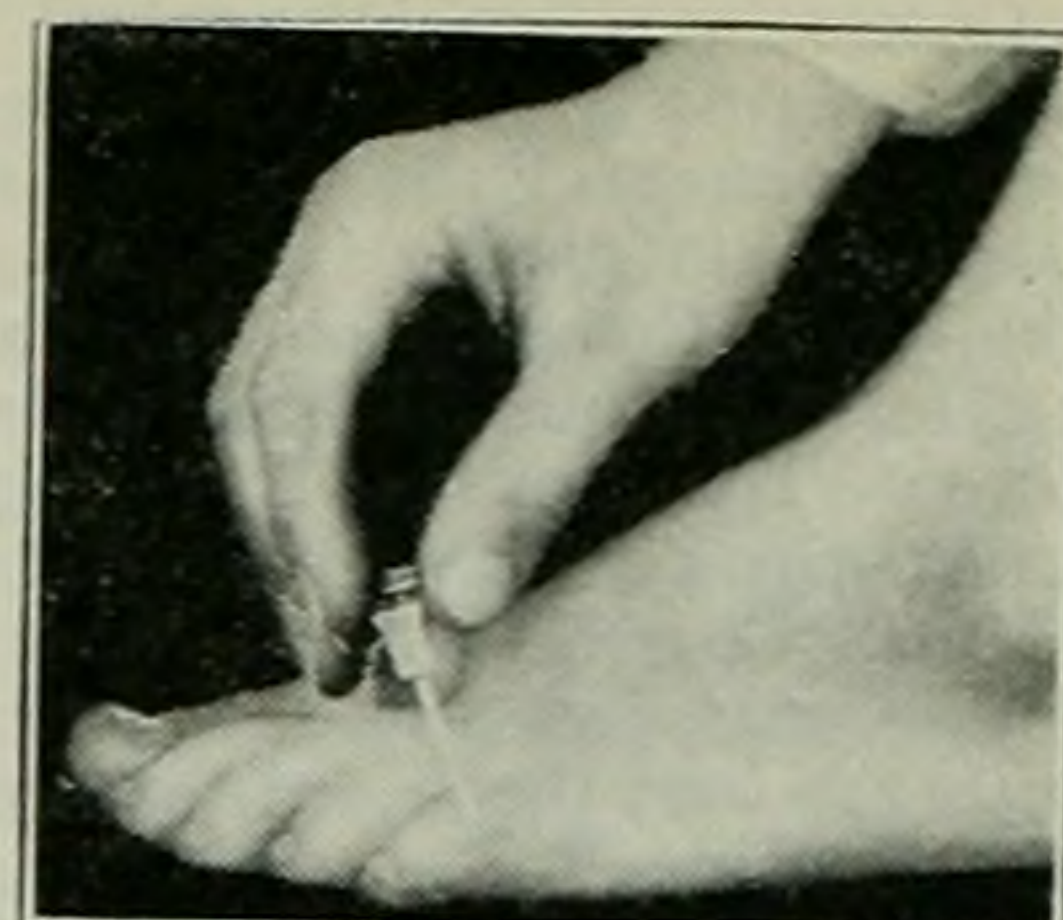
HE frowned for a moment. A darned pretty girl, but who was she? The crowd waited, interested but unconvinced. They were out for blood tonight. Names and big ones—Talmadge, Pickford, Lloyd, Negri, alone would satisfy them. A grin of appraisal, a twinkle of inspiration—

"Miss Amber Evans—Hollywood's Golden Girl," and she started the long, long march to the entrance. A patter of hands, the sun-arcs turning her hair to golden green, shimmering sea gold. A smile, and the crowd approved. They couldn't just remember who she was, but they liked her. Amber found her way, breathless, accompanied by the sound of a cordial clapping.

"It would be like this if I were a star. Like this all the time." Trembling, she handed her lately orphaned ticket to the usherette who waved her down the aisle with all the imperious grace of the Egyptian Princess whom she was dressed to represent.

It was a very good seat, evidently, among distinctive guests. Sudden panic assailed Amber. She should have turned in the ticket. Suppose she were questioned? Suppose she were forced to do a march of shame over her recent path of stolen glory? Her thoughts whirled around in her head as her feet carried her on to an unknown crisis. About her she dimly sensed a clash of expensive perfumes, each warring for supremacy. Splash of Spanish shawls—glitter of sequin gowns!

The only vacant seat in an area of resplendent show was third from the aisle. Amber went toward it, going forward only because she



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Will You Marry Me?*



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no longer had the strength to flee. Unexpectedly she found herself facing the man in the fourth seat. He rose, a polite, exquisitely black and white silhouette, and lowered her seat. He bowed slightly. Amber gasped. Eviction, then? Exposure?

"Don't you like this seat?" A pleasant voice, vaguely bantering.

Amber managed to raise a shamed face to his, "I really—I—" Her eyes met his. As they did so she gave a dismayed gasp. The theater took a whirl or two about her, and because her knees gave out, she sat down.

Thousands of maidens had looked upon the face bending graciously above hers, had looked upon his love-making and lived through ecstasies of imagined joys. Later they had married mere grocers, automobile salesmen—and hardware merchants. Matrons, seeing him, had wept over their lost youth. He was Romance, he was Conquering Love, incarnate. He was Julio Conrad!

AMBER gathered her shawl about her for instant flight. Back of her, dimly, came a buzz. Already a hundred tongues were conjecturing as to her identity, the woman next to Julio. Dismay complete, embarrassment overwhelming, rushed over her in waves. She didn't have money to pay for the ticket and no very plausible excuse came to her out of the heavily perfumed air. She found, after a moment of agony, that her hand was clenched around her seat stub. A very anaemic straw at which to clutch. With a smile she held out this stub to the World's Champion Lover.

"You are very careless. I brought this to you to remind you that finders are keepers." Her own audacity took her breath away.

Julio was agreeably surprised. He had not anticipated that she would use the good old strategical trick of striking first. Having fired a shot which she felt would leave her a few rags of dignity, Amber started to go. The flawless black-and-white silhouette was alarmed.

"Please don't go. You're an answer to prayer."

A prelude to the cheapest of all cheap lines, thought Amber. It was peddled gratis on the lots. She had hoped better things of Julio. Narrowed eyes and scornful mouth betrayed her thought.

"No, no—I don't mean that the way it sounded. When Wayne—Wayne's my secretary—lost the ticket I was hoping some one unusual would pick it up and use it. You know, an 'adventure for a night,' sort of thing."

Amber appreciated the mood, but she declined to be the chef d'oeuvre of such an entertainment. The modern exponent of Romeo's art, who had learned how to put it on a paying basis, saw that he was losing. He threw all of his famous charm, smile, eyes and gracious adulation into the breach. Pleading was new to him. He rather liked it—for a while.

"Well, Girl of Gold, if I can't threaten you, and you won't be flattered, let me throw myself upon your mercy." His hand closed over hers, lightly, with practiced skill. Amber enjoyed it, as one professional to another, she told herself.

"If you leave this seat vacant there is a large talkative woman with three chins going to pounce on me. She is five seats to your left in front. Look, and have pity."

FAITHFUL disciple of Eve, Amber looked. She saw a perfect boyish bob above a neck that had long since reached voting age. As she looked the woman turned. Amber was subjected to quick appraisal. She felt herself sized up as someone who might, must possibly, be of use later on, but at present was nobody. There was a flattering, intimate smile for Julio, which said, "Ah, you and I are familiars, dear boy." Cheeks flushed with excitement, Amber turned incredulous eyes upon Julio, the famed.

"Alas, she doesn't want me for myself," murmured America's great lover. "She desires me only as exhibition stuff at a party afterward. Pasadena society racket. Then



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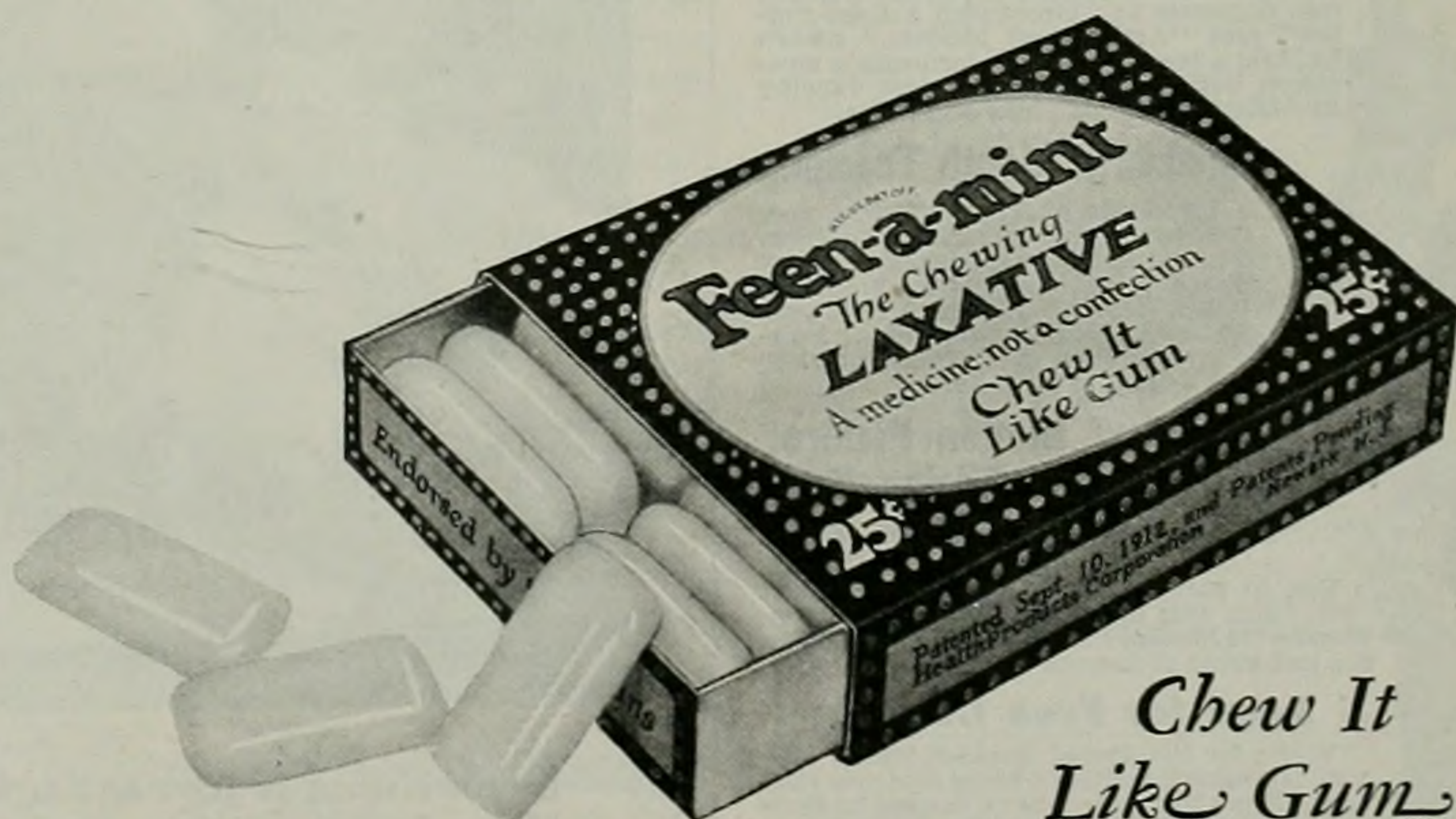
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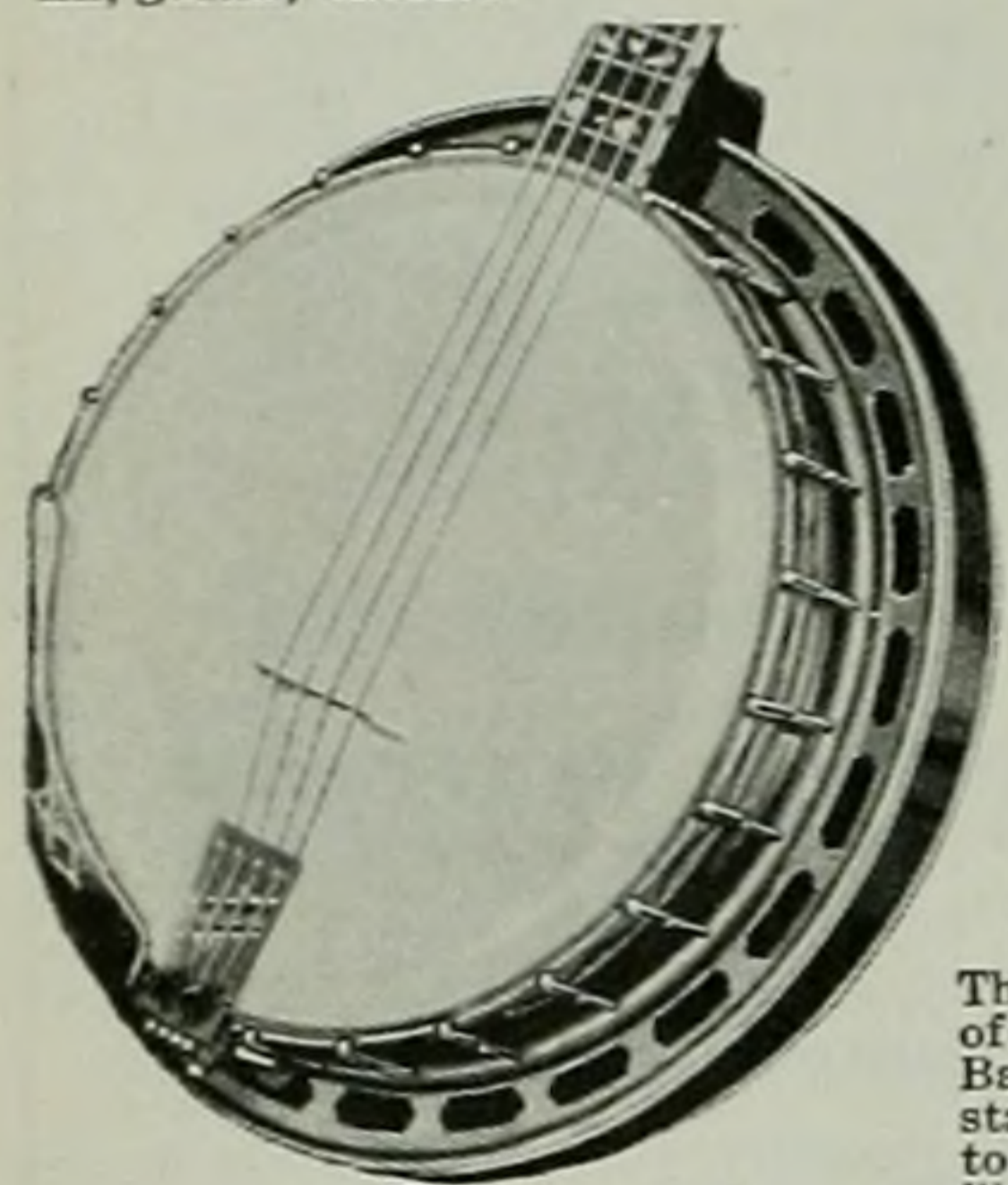
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she's going to ask me to get daughter into the movies. Daughter was raised scientifically on oat-meal, and swings a wicked golf club, tennis racket or polo stick—depends on the hour of the day, consider that."

Amber chuckled and leaned back, considering. Keeping Julio waiting was an unheard of luxury which few women had experienced. So Amber indulged it, reveled in it.

"Stay, lady fair. We can have one evening of joy together, you and I, before we go our ways. Besides, think how much it'll worry the gossips and publicity women." Julio's desire to speak in the flowery idiom of his mother-tongue had a most entrancing way of tangling with his more recently acquired American diction.

**WOMEN** had fainted and been trampled on in an effort to shake his hand. Who was Amber to turn down a date with him? She thought of the society woman's daughter who might get a chance while she went home defeated. The thought rankled. She surrendered to the lowered lights, the orchestra's crashing overture. Reveling in condescension she allowed Julio to remove the shawl. The lights went black.

An hour and a half of strained attention to the feature film. People finding fault, experts in hot air criticizing, kindly experts temporizing, lights once more and fifteen minutes of glittering intermission standing by Julio in the lobby with all the experts, kindly or severe, coming up to tell Julio how much they revered him and how wonderful he was. Bows, glances, whispers for Amber. They didn't know who she was, but Julio made her a personage. "I suppose," thought Amber, "suppose, it was I they were praising. Blessed luck, I've almost been a star for a night."

She knew very well, of course, that as far as Julio was concerned it was just for that night. Something of the wary stag, over-cautious of pitfalls was in his attitude.

"Del'Or! That's what we'll call you tonight. Golden." Julio had whispered this in the scented darkness during the first reel. He had not asked her name. For him, Amber knew this evening was nothing. For her, with all its fleeting sweetness, it was a great adventure.

The picture was over. Out upon the boulevard, which still pulsated with life, they waited for his super-gorgeous chariot. Amber hugged every second to her heart. She didn't question Julio. She would follow the adventure to the end. Down the boulevard the car swung. They took their triumphant way to a cafe, hotter, more heavily scented, far more hectic than the theater.

Julio displayed extreme deference to Amber. She played the game with him. Women subjected her to penetrating inspection, men speculated, trying to remember whether she was somebody they should have known. In the protection of Julio's arm Amber didn't care if this night should be the world's last. The Latin blood within Julio came forward on the dance floor and did his ancestors credit.

"Hello there, Amber. Why don't you come around and see your Uncle Jim?" She raised a star-eyed face over Julio's shoulder and saw a fat, pompous director who was desperately climbing to recognition. Amber knew that seeing her with Julio had made him fear he had overlooked a chance. She smiled and nodded. One mustn't spoil magic with reasoning or resenting. Perhaps tomorrow she might see him. He might give her a bit, a part. Tomorrow. Bosworth, important Bosworth, whom she had been trying to see for months, danced by and spoke to her. Why didn't she come in to see him soon, he questioned. Sure, come tomorrow if she liked. Glad to have her. A reporter on the Los Angeles Eagle came through the crowd and deliberately asked her name. One could never tell what such a change of attitude might bring. Tomorrow, she mused—she recalled her dreams, came back to earth and remembering the check in her bag and Dale-town, she swayed closer to Julio, her hand on his arm tightening, clutching to her the youth and the folly, the chance and change of Hollywood.

**JULIO** smiled, looking down at her, lazy-wise through his lashes. "Sorry you stayed?" Step and step and sway to "Valencia," Julio, a flame of quickness, a masterpiece of motion, held Amber to him, entranced.

"No, oh, no. I'll never forget it, never." He could never dream what it meant to her.

"Neither will I," replied Julio agreeably, his eyes over Amber's head turned upon Sonya, newest importation from Poland.

"It's been almost like being a star myself," Amber said.

"How long have you been here?" Julio recalled himself politely.

"Two years—"

"And you still want to go on with it? Hit the top and glitter around for a while?" He assumed high contempt for the luster which he spent his every waking hour to preserve.

"I want to be a star," said Amber.

"You poor kid." He looked at her directly after that, and with all manner of trinkets, a Pierrot doll and a sad floppy dog, and then they started home.

On the rickety porch, screened by a vener-



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able palm, *Julio suddenly gathered her, floppy dog and all, into his arms.* "The cherry on the cocktail, you know," he whispered very close. Amber did not protest the sudden fleeting warmth of his lips, his swifter leaving.

Standing on the steps she watched the tail-light of his car far up the street. She was all alone now with Tod Brunt's check. It loomed ominously, portentously in her little bag. Her shaking fingers drew it forth. Hollywood! Manana land. Tomorrow coming. Her firm fingers tore the check to impotent bits. They fluttered white upon the walk.

Gathering Pierrot and the dog to her, as a child clutches its toys in the dark, Amber fled into the house.

## Say You Believe in Peter Pan

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]

quick and nervous. Her hands are fluttering. She wants to enjoy herself, but she works so hard that she doesn't find much time for fun. When Sir James Barrie dragged the unknown child from obscurity, he unwittingly started another drama. And Miss Bronson is forced to play it.

As for this business of being selected by Elinor Glyn: "I really don't know much about it," said Betty. "But I suppose it must be true. I saw it in two newspapers. One newspaper might make a mistake. Two newspapers could not be wrong."

Can it be that the child was kidding?

"I only met Mrs. Glyn once. It was at a party—at Mary Pickford's, I think. And Mrs. Glyn was analyzing the guests. She was telling them what to do and what not to do. Well, she pointed to me and said, 'You are all out of balance, my child. Your forehead is too high for your figure. You ought to wear your hair pulled down over your eyes.' And I was rather disturbed."

**H**OWEVER, there was no real cause for Miss Bronson to worry. The inspired Elinor once assured the 100 per cent Spanish Antonio Moreno that he had been an Irishman in another incarnation. And Tony was plunged into Castilian melancholy for a week.

"So if she really is going to write a story for me," continued Betty, "I don't understand it. However, I'll get out the tiger skin."

Whereupon, Betty confessed that Mal St. Clair's pronouncement that she was the most sophisticated girl on the screen delighted her more than anything that ever had been said about her. Especially because Mr. St. Clair, in the next breath, announced that Pola Negri was the most child-like of all the stars. Perhaps Mr. St. Clair observed that Betty wears thin black silk stockings instead of the conventional flesh-tinted ones. It denotes an uncanny wisdom in one so young and otherwise guileless. Perhaps Mr. St. Clair leaped at the conclusion that it was not alone Betty's elfin profile that influenced Sir James' selection.

I asked Miss Bronson, frankly, how she would feel about playing *Peter Pan* today. How, in the light of the experiences of the last two years, she would feel about attempting such an important rôle.

"I should be frightened," she answered, without hesitation. "It was a joy, of course. But I realize now it was a tremendously difficult rôle." There you have Betty's problem. She wants to remain in the Never Never Land of children's stories. She wants to play fairy tales. But good children's stories are hard to find and elfin tales are precarious undertakings—financially speaking. The tom-toms of sex stories drown out the more delicate music of the screen. It's *stobewingsortigerskins* for Betty.

Now what do you want *Peter Pan* to do about it?

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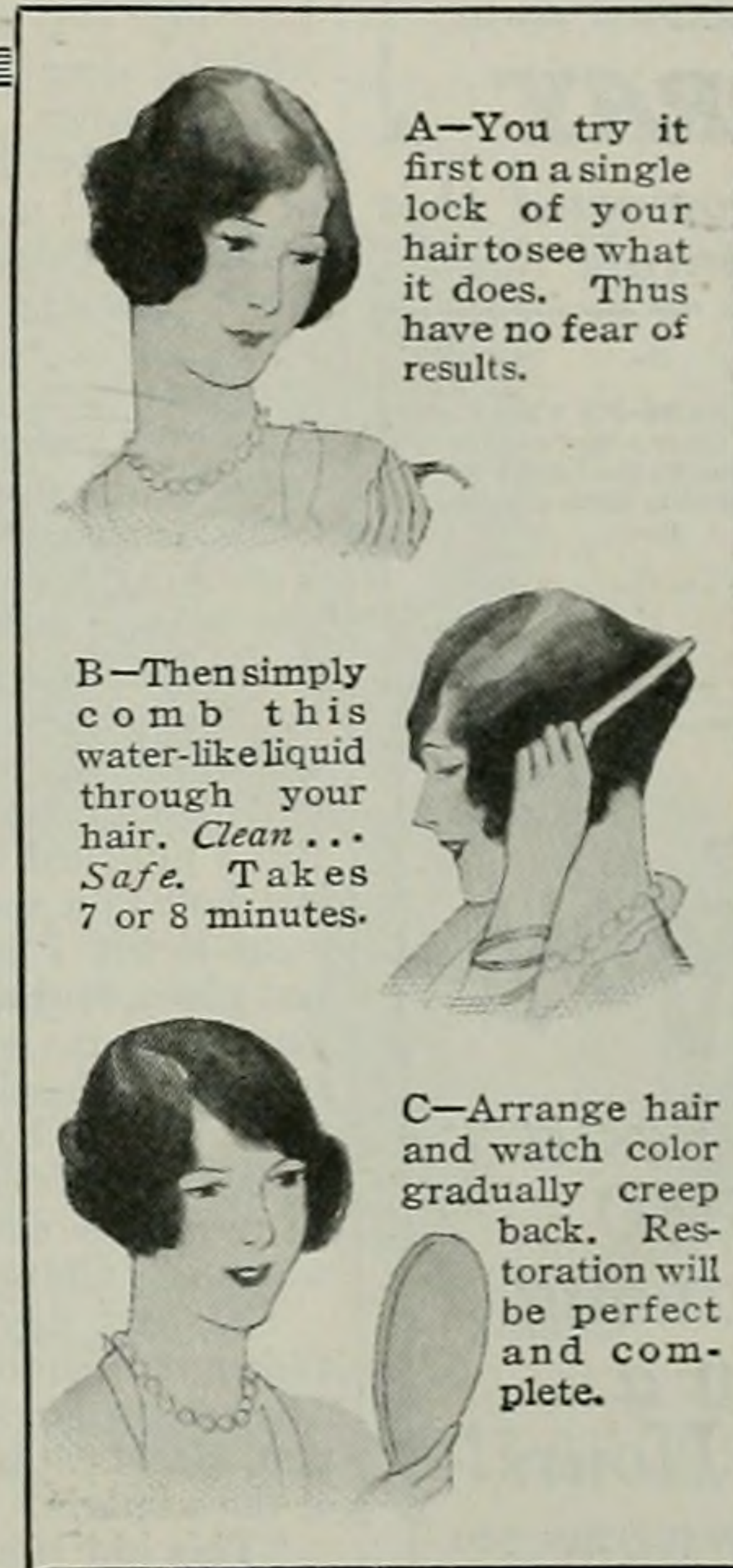
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# The Port of Missing Girls

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

'yes, we have no bananas.' Tell me something—are you straight?"

A crimson flood burned over Greta's face.

"ALL right, don't get excited," said Hazel. "I read about this girl Anna Christie come from your part of the country and I just wanted to know. I guess I better take me a nap. The old brain appears to be off its course in a fog somewhere. Hold everything until I come to. When I'm myself, I'm full of ideas. Most of them are wrong, but at least they're a sign of life."

True to this promise, when she woke up, she produced an idea.

"I know everybody," said Hazel Dupont.

"At least I know all the assistant directors, and cameramen and assistant cameramen, and press agents, and they're the only ones that count in an extra girl's life. But my old pan, while it does well enough when the lights are low, sort of breaks all up in front of a camera. Next year I can start playing grandmothers.

"Say I move in here with you and get you some work. You look young and fresh. You can pay the bills for the both of us outta what jobs I get you. I'm no Shylock. But I punched the last hole in a sorta meal ticket I had last night, and this could give me eating and sleeping until I can hook onto a boy friend or a job as charwoman." Greta, visioning work, consented.

The next day Hazel Dupont produced an assistant director by the name of Bill Lane. They seemed to know each other very well. To him, Hazel explained what she called the plot of the scenario.

"This kid is still carrying a lily, Bill," she said, and Bill nodded.

The method was this. Bill Lane sent her to the central casting office with a request that she be registered, as his director wished to use her in a picture. She was registered. Then Bill Lane, sending in his list of extra girls to be called for three days work on a ball room set, had her name well up in front.

The day after that, Greta went to work.

Six months later, she was on the preferred extra list and was working regularly for ten dollars a day. Her blondeness positively shone on the screen and her figure, both dressed and undressed, was exquisite.

Funny, too, how the boys liked her and pulled for her, though she granted favors to nobody. But that was largely due to her cooking.

Funny, if you come to that, about the little house of Greta's and all the things it led to.

As soon as she began to have a fairly steady income, Greta took an old, ramshackle cottage out on the Dark Canyon Road. It wasn't much of a place, goodness knows, and very lonely, but it had a little ground around it, so that you could see and breathe and move. And it had a big, old-fashioned kitchen, painted

Dutch blue. The rent was so cheap that Greta could easily afford to drive her little second-hand car in to the studios, and besides, living was cheaper, for she kept a few chickens and did her own cooking.

And a lot of "the boys"—those assistant directors and cameramen and press agents to whom Hazel Dupont had rightly referred as really important in an extra girl's life—actually found a good, home-cooked meal harder to get in Hollywood than more intimate favors. They were so sated with cheap perfume in cheap boudoirs that they actually preferred occasionally the fragrance of fried chicken and creamed cabbage in Greta's warm kitchen. So, Hazel having drifted out of her

life as casually as she had drifted in, Greta paid commission to the boys who kept her working in matchless dumplings and apple pies rather than in the common coinage of Hollywood.

True, she hadn't become a star overnight. But she was working in the movies. She was wearing marvellous gowns made especially for her by the wardrobe departments. She could walk in and out of any studio. She had worked on the same set with many of the biggest stars—had talked with them. Hollywood knew her—a little. She thought she had a chance.

If Mrs. Harkness and Ambrose Peters wondered what had become of her

in the Port of Missing Girls, it was not mutual, for she never gave them a thought.

She was happy, everything was progressing smoothly, until she met Larry Devore.

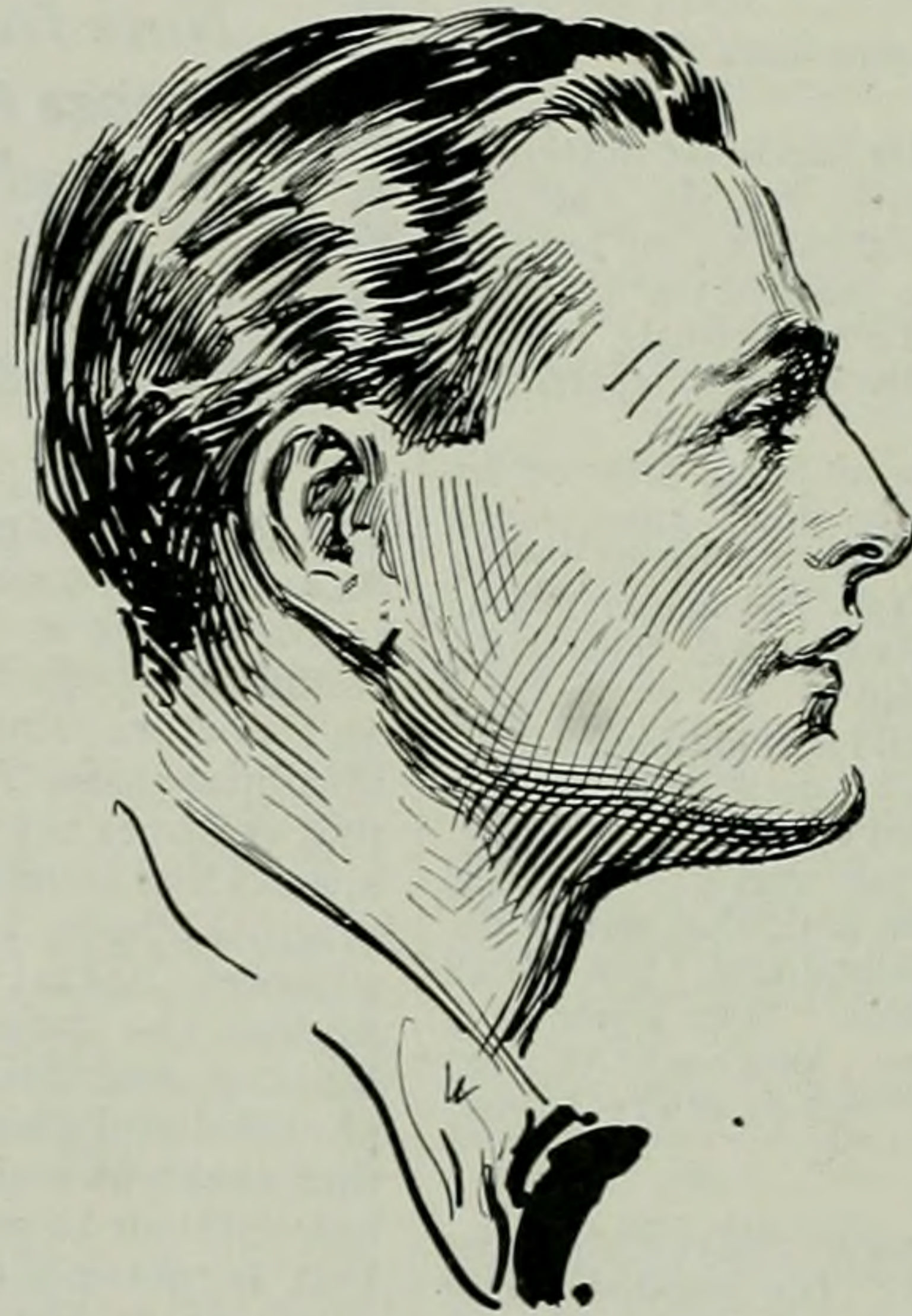
Ah, but you see that is the chance every girl takes in coming to Hollywood—the chance that she will meet Larry Devore or someone like him. For there are more men in Hollywood who kiss and ride away than anywhere else, but that is only because it is a part of their business to be attractive and attractive men have more chances to kiss and usually more reasons to ride away. After all, with men, it is merely a question of opportunity.

LARRY—Larry Devore. Never meant to harm anyone. Wouldn't so much as step on a spider. Just wanted to be friendly and gay and flattered.

Was it Larry's fault that women's hearts melted like wax at the sound of his voice and women's souls beat themselves ragged against the light of his eyes? Was it Larry's fault that he created a sort of madness in women and that, being easy and kindly and acquiescent by nature, he could never refuse what their madness led them to offer?

Truly, he did not seek women. He did not have to.

Certainly, when he came through the door of Greta's little cottage that night with Bill Lane, he intended no harm. He had never seen Greta, but the boys, with whom he was always friendly and democratic in spite of his



Larry Devore



great fame, had told him about the funny little house out in Dark Canyon, and what a good sort Greta was. His wife was in Europe, and he was having one of his casual free evenings when he met Bill, who was on his way to Greta's to dinner. So, the easiest way being with Larry always the most travelled, he simply went along.

He liked Greta. And he felt instantly at home in her kitchen. He had been born and brought up on a west Missouri farm himself, and this somehow took him back. He insisted on setting the table, and they sat around and ate hugely, and smoked and laughed a lot, because Bill Lane was very amusing in a dry, bitter way, and both Larry and Greta laughed easily.

ABOUT nine o'clock it began to rain and they could hear the drops rattle on the tin roof of the woodshed and it made them feel snug and comfortable.

People get acquainted very quickly in a warm kitchen on a rainy night.

When they left, Larry kissed Greta good-night.

And that was that. Just an evening. Meant nothing.

Only it happened that Greta had fallen in love.

Few women could have spent that kind of an evening with Larry Devore and been unmoved by it.

In Greta it lighted a fire that was almost to consume her.

She felt it while they sat over the table and Larry smiled at her. He could no more help smiling at a pretty girl than he could help breathing. And Greta felt the very springs of her being flow out to meet that smile. When he kissed her goodnight, for no good reason except that he always kissed a pretty girl goodnight, she knew it. When they were gone, she sat very still, breathless, swamped in a dizzy sweetness.

Perhaps you have met girls like Greta. They are not so uncommon.

All the money in the world, all the fame on the silversheet, could never have bought one touch of her lips. Not that anybody wanted to buy her, but if they had Greta was not for sale.

But for love!

The very slowness of her awakening pre-saged its strong, steady flame. The simplicity of her nature foretold the absorption of her soul in her love. No one knew, no one even guessed.

IF Larry Devore had formed the habit of dropping into the little house now and again for an evening, what did that matter? He was only one of the many who did the same.

Larry was a queer sort of duck. He liked the rank and file of the picture industry better than he did its aristocracy. His pals were apt to be a bit varied and by no means socially eligible.

Prize-fighters and musicians and racing drivers interested him. Actors did not.

Usually he sought Greta's when necessity had forced him for some time into the social channels of Hollywood, when he had been obliged to put on his dinner clothes for three nights in succession, or when he had been forced by the studio powers-that-be to attend a banquet for exhibitors, or when his wife had insisted upon his appearance at the opening of some fellow star's picture.

"One must do these things, Larry," she would say.

And Larry did them, pleasantly enough, and then, feeling the need of being himself, drifted up to Greta's.

He liked the way she met him at the door. He liked the strong, vivid, earthy quality of her. He liked the way she served him with her own hands.

For a long time it did not dawn upon Larry that Greta loved him. He knew she spoiled him, babied him outrageously. That satisfied him.

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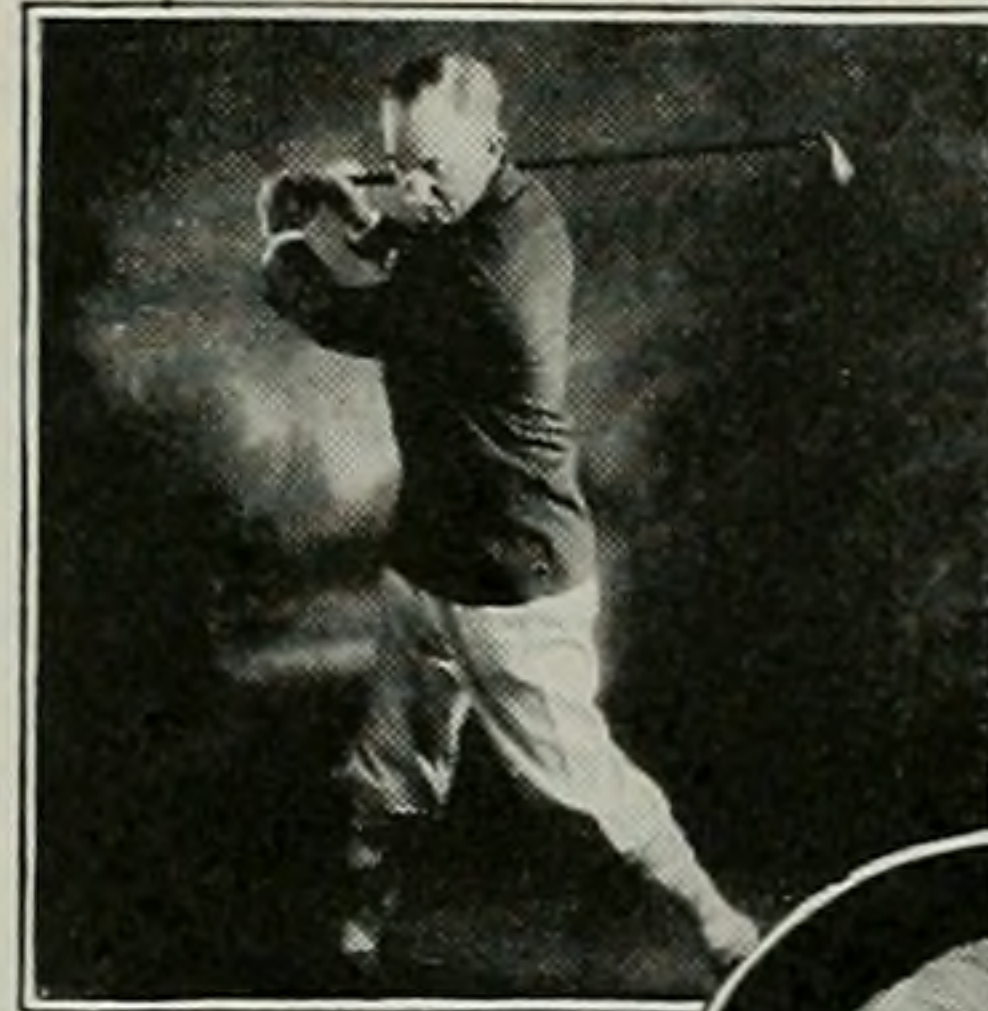
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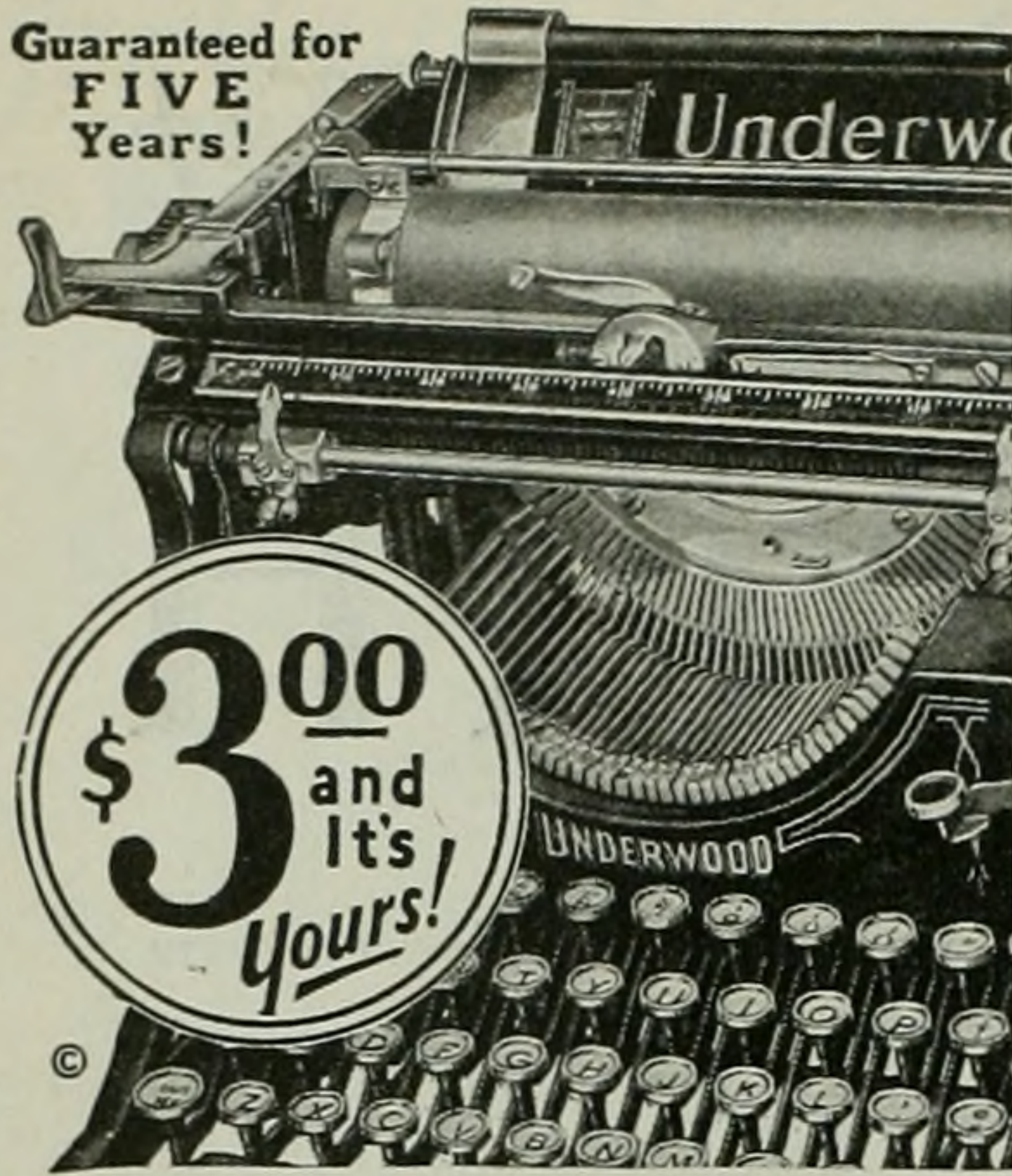
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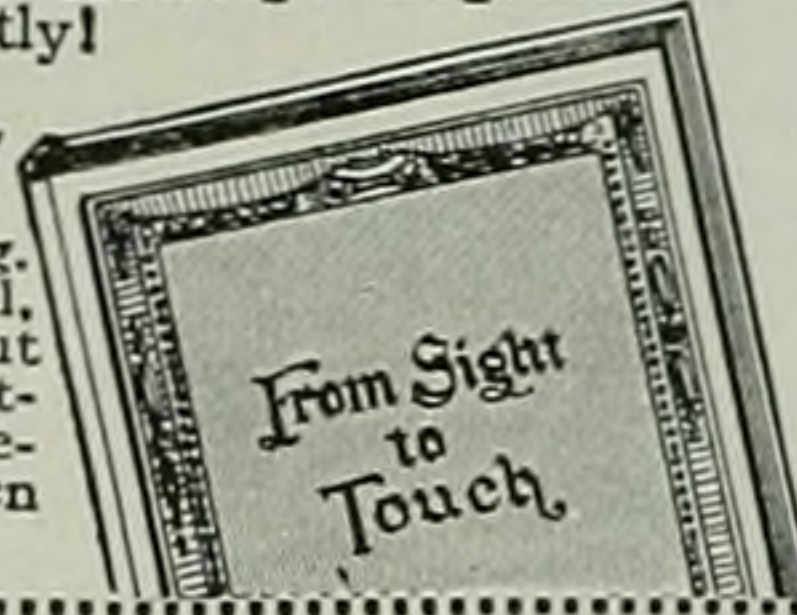
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And then one night, it rained again. They were quite alone. The rain poured down in one of those infrequent California cloudbursts. Little torrents drowned the window panes. Soon the little house lay, an island, surrounded by muddy lakes and rivulets. "I guess I'd better go," said Larry, lazily uncurling himself. He kissed her. Perhaps it was the rain, the lonely feeling rain gives. Perhaps it was the end of her long months of longing, hunger, for him. Greta clung to him suddenly. Her lips grew hot beneath his. "Larry—" she said. There were not many men who knew that real love-note in a woman's voice better than Larry Devore. And of course he had hated the idea of going out in the rain, anyway.

HE went to Greta's just the same after that. No less and no more frequently. If he stayed longer, that was nobody's business, since nobody knew it. And Greta got what joy and comfort she could from those casual visits. For she loved him better than all the world. She loved him to madness. She was powerless even to desire to stop loving him. She had no conscience, no regrets, no morals, no fear. She was all love for this man.

You must not blame her too much. You have never known Larry Devore. She would have told you that nothing could make her stop loving Larry in just that same way.

But something did. When she knew she was going to have a baby, everything in her that had been held silent rushed forth like a Niagara of icy water.

The worst of it was that Greta had always wanted a baby. Naturally. That is the kind of woman she was. She was actually built for it—the wide, soft breast, the big, capable, tender hands, the crooning voice, the love of service.

And to know that she was going to have a baby who had no right to be born struck deep enough into her heart to pierce the love-spell that had held her.

The torture of it wrung no cry from her. The old stubbornness settled upon her, squared her jaw. She took the thing silently, absolutely alone.

She had never been articulate. Besides, she knew Hollywood.

They would be kind, they might even be helpful, but they would be annoyed with her for getting herself into such a mess. Any girl ought to know better than that in this day and age.

They would make wise-cracks—oh yes they would—about somebody having done wrong by our Nell. She would have to accept it, because that was to date the one law that Hollywood had achieved—you must not take yourself seriously. You must not annoy other

people with sadness. You must not gloom up the atmosphere with your troubles. It wasn't done.

With the coming of this thing, Greta had reverted back to the simple, primitive laws of her childhood. The veneer she had acquired in Hollywood, along with her bobbed head and her short skirts, her cigarettes and her slang, wore so thin that she could see her own soul through.

She was just a girl alone "in trouble." She worked as long as she could, for she needed the money.

Then she quietly disappeared. It is strange how a girl can disappear without leaving a ripple upon the waters of the Port of Missing Girls.

Alone, in the dawn, Greta met woman's greatest experience.

Alone in a strange hospital with an indifferently kind and efficient nurse and doctor working over her, on the narrow, white operating table.

This was not the way her child should have been born! It should have been born in a huge old-fashioned bed, in a big, barren bedroom, with the windows open to the sun and the scent of the prairies, with friendly women comforting her with tea and reassuring tales, and with her husband awaiting the glorious news of a son.

There was no one to welcome Greta's son. Greta was down somewhere in a dark pit fighting for her life.

And as for his father, Larry knew nothing of all this, then or ever.

Perhaps that is why Greta's son stayed such a very little while in this world. Little, unwelcomed baby.

So when Greta fought up out of the darkness and called for him, it was too late.

"You mean—" she said, and the poor, dazed eyes implored an answer the nurse could not give.

"My baby," said Greta, softly, and then she broke for the first time in all this sorry business. "You're not keeping him because—I've been wicked?"

She cried wildly, weakly. "Let me have him. Please, God, don't take him away from me. I'll be good—I'll be good."

The woman in the next bed spoke irritably. "I wish to heaven you'd shut up," she said.

Greta stared at her a long moment, her aching arms clasped tight about breasts that ached.

"All right," she said, and lay back like a stone effigy on a coffin.

HAZEL DUPONT met her on the street a week after she got back to Hollywood. Amazing how much Hazel saw with those indifferently eyes of hers.

"Hello, Lady Macbeth," she said, "is it that extra twenty pounds you've put on or have you another tragedy in your life?"

Greta laughed. "Do I look so terrible?" she asked anxiously.

## A FORTUNE FOR IDEAS

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



"Well, I could do with a lot less of you, especially around the hips," said Hazel.

"I'm dieting," said Greta.  
And she was. But if she didn't work pretty soon, the diet would pass the stage of beauty treatment and become grim and deadly earnest.

Things didn't break.  
In the first place, Greta had no heart to put into them. No easy camaraderie to oil the wheels of getting a job. Moreover, she had come back broke, without clothes, and twenty pounds overweight. There was something about her mouth that did not go with entertainment. Her name had been dropped from the list of preferred extra girls and when her old friends, the boys, took a good look at her they didn't quite dare put it back on. After all, an assistant director can go just so far without getting bawled out by the man higher up.

Her time had passed.  
Her chance, which had she only known it had never been worth a fifty cent lottery ticket, was gone forever.

She hung onto the ragged edge for a while and then she got a job as housekeeper to a young scenario writer she knew. And she soon discovered what many another girl has discovered, that the name of housekeeper can, upon occasion, cover a multitude of sins. So she left.

There was no joy in her now. No ambition. Only a great fear and an almost insupportable loneliness.

No pride, either.  
That was why she was able to go to Bill Lane—you will remember Bill Lane, that assistant director who gave Greta her first job—and beg him for work.

He was hard-boiled, Bill Lane.  
And soured with waiting too long for a chance to direct.

"You can come up to Tulare with us if you want to," said Bill Lane. "We've got some small town stuff to do. No class. We're only paying five. But then, Greta, you can't expect to do high class stuff any more. You don't look so good."

Greta met his eyes stonily.  
"I know," she said. "I'll go."

THE troupe stayed at the hotel in Tulare, but they went out every morning to location—which was a grape ranch belonging to a man named Tilden, Sam Tilden.

He was a big, homely young man, who went on about his business, undisturbed by the presence of a motion picture company within his borders. They paid him well for the privilege of photographing his ranch and he needed the money, but he saw no reason to change his quiet and philosophical demeanor on their behalf.

Besides, it was time to gather the grapes, help was scarce and it took him eighteen hours a day hard labor to keep one jump ahead of the work.

They didn't pay any attention to him, and at first he returned the compliment.

He couldn't have told exactly when he became conscious of the blond girl.

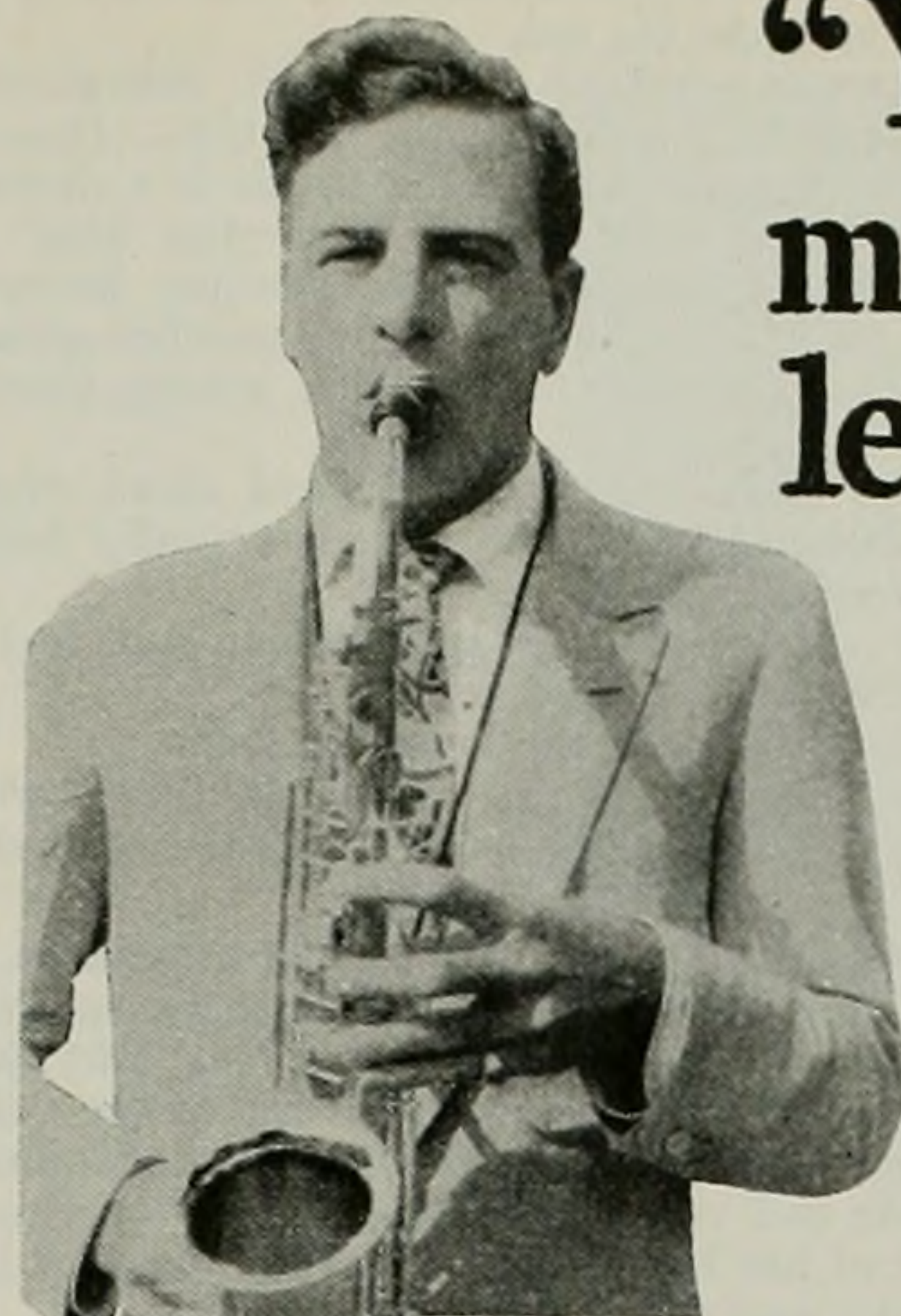
Odd, how she behaved.

He'd actually found her once, lying flat in the vineyard, her cheek pillowed on the soil. She lay quite motionless, her eyes were open, and her breast rose and fell against the dark earth as though it were against the breast of a lover.

ONE night he came in late and she was sitting on the back steps of his two room shack, looking out at the barn and the windmill.

"You'd ought to keep a cow," she said absently.

She had gone before it occurred to him to ask her how she was going to get back to town. The company had gone. Certainly she couldn't walk those eight miles—a movie actress! Probably somebody had been waiting for her.



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# Multiply Your Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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The greatest help I have ever found is a clay. Not the crude and muddy clays so many have employed. I found in France a new-type clay, the final result of 20 years of research. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines many helps in one. I cannot conceive of any girl or woman going without it.

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And she seemed actually to have fallen in love with the big oak.

It was a noble tree, that big oak. Sam always admired it himself when he had time. It gave him an uplifted feeling, like music in a church. There was strength for you—the kind of strength a man needed to conquer himself, and meet life. And its great branches spread out like wings of a mother hen, strong, gentle, safe.

That blond girl was always down there somewhere, when she wasn't actually being photographed.

He could see her head, a golden spot in the shadow.

He was glad if she loved his tree.

But nevertheless he was completely bowled over when she came to him with her request.

ACCORDING to the terrific standards of Hollywood, Greta might not be as fresh and lovely as she had been once. But Sam Tilden saw with different eyes and as she stood before him he became suddenly conscious of how strong and vivid she looked, and of the strong gold of her hair, and the fiery crimson of her cheeks, and of the deep blue of her eyes.

His heart began to beat hard, as it had done the first time he went over the top at Chateau-Thierry.

Then, deliberately, he took himself in hand. A movie actress! Fine business he'd be in, a rancher sweating eighteen hours a day to get a bare living off his land, getting stuck on a movie actress. Why he'd be laying up enough torment and unfulfilled desire to last him the rest of his life.

So he faced her.

And she said, "I was wondering—you're pretty short handed ain't you, Mr. Tilden?"

He nodded.

Now, how had she known that?

"I was wondering if you'd let me stay and work for you for a—while?"

The amazement in his eyes called for some explanation.

"I thought maybe I'd like an outdoor vacation," she said, slowly. "I couldn't afford one any other way."

"You wouldn't need to pay me—much. I could help with the grapes—and I'd sleep in the barn."

So Greta stayed.

She worked until the sweat poured in rivulets over her body, until her heart pounded like an overworked engine. She lay down at night on a cot in the barn loft, every muscle aching with a fatigue that was pain. Youth came back to her face, and her eyes sparkled with joy in what they rested upon. Her blood was warm in her veins again, it sang as it pounded.

She didn't know herself what had happened. She did not realize that the land had reached out and claimed her again, drawn her back to its bosom. But she knew that she was at peace.

She dared not look into the future, she saw the grapes disappearing from the vines with a little sense of panic that she was the only flaw in her new peace.

She was thinking of the end of the harvest, as she stood in the sandy loam and counted the acres left to pick, when Sam Tilden came up and stood beside her.

THE late sunshine of the vineyards turned them black and gold.

At the first hint of evening, a little chill had crept into the air. Greta trembled a little under it.

Sam Tilden did not tremble, but his homely face was white and set.

Greta spoke suddenly, passionately, from the ache of bitter-sweet memory.

"I love it," she said.

Sam Tilden stared at her profile. His voice was harsh. "It does look pretty now, don't it? Everything cool and quiet and growing. But—it's a hard life. Might seem fun for a vacation. But—for a steady diet, it means working awful steady. It's a terrible hard

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life for a woman, too, if folks want to get ahead. I'd not be satisfied now not to get ahead.

"I been through too many panics, what with bad years and no water and unsettled markets, for grapes, since prohibition."

"I know," said Greta. "I was raised on a farm."

He looked at her in astonishment. His blue eyes were alight.

"I thought you was an actress," he said simply.

"I'm just a bum extra girl," Greta's voice was hard, her eyes were hard, "but I know about farming. I can milk and raise chickens and make garden—"

No one except the boys who had been in his company overseas knew that Big Sam Tilden could move so swiftly.

At her side he said, "Greta, would you marry me? I've been crazy for you ever since I saw you.

"There's not much to offer—"

**G**RETA looked out upon the land. Her heart squeezed tight with longing. The smell of growing things! The creak of the windmill! The welcomed end to the day, bringing rest to man and beast! The earth itself, still warm with the sun!

A love for it all swelled within her like the bursting of a seed. This was love, this was life.

Her face was aflame with courage when she turned to him.

"I've been bad," she said.

She knew she must tell him. Even if it cost her all this that she loved, she must speak the truth now. This very thing that had once been hers for the mere taking and that she had so lightly spurned, now seemed like a paradise almost within her weary grasp, something that might elude her. But a strange honesty pervaded her, came to her from the very ground beneath her feet.

She left the land, she trod again in words the circle of her lost honor, of her broken heart, her love-child lowered into a nameless grave.

She came back from that unhappy journey to stand facing him with brave, honest, fearful eyes.

"I'm right back where I started from," she said, "and it seems like all that was such a waste. But maybe I had to be taught how much—all this—is worth.

"I'd work my fingers to the bone to make a good wife for you."

**H**ER eyes were on the great oak raised in benediction against the evening sky. Pleading crept into her voice, though she tried to choke it down, pleading that revealed nakedly her fear and her longing.

The man's arm went around her.

"I guess any woman is too good for a man," he said.

Greta's face puckered, her throat pumped terribly.

And then she turned suddenly to kiss him. It was Greta's first kiss.

Oh, she had been kissed before. She had lain acquiescent before love.

But it was the first time she had ever kissed a man.

The night had grown darker about them.

And turning, shoulder to shoulder, they walked across their land and into the house.



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# Good-Bye to Another Tradition

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

panned a-plenty. So when Miss Arzner earned the title of one of the two or three best, if not the best cutter in the motion picture business, it meant a lot.

But let me take you back of that 'way back—and give you something of this girl's background, and perhaps you'll understand why she won her megaphone in spite of prejudice and tradition.

IT began, as lots of things did, in the old Hoffman Cafe in Los Angeles.

The Hoffman Cafe was one of those places that O. Henry loved to write about. It smelled of garlic and spices and beer. It was a small place, with dark paneled walls and dim, warm lights. The kind of a place where folks went for dinner and left at two o'clock in the morning—and there was no dance floor and no music.

It had an atmosphere, that was it—that and its famous food and its excellent beer. Newspaper men gathered there, and lawyers, and the wits and characters of the day.

They loved the Hoffman and they loved old Louis Arzner, who ran it. And they all knew his daughter, little Dorothy Arzner, who used to come and walk about the tables with big, serious blue eyes, never saying a word, but always looking.

Seventeen years ago the Hoffman was the rendezvous for the pioneers of the motion picture industry. They were mostly poor in those days—poor and very full of ideas. They came to the Hoffman because you could get a great deal of food there for a little money, and you could get quiet in which to talk—talk all night, if the mood held. And these young men wanted to talk about the great future of the then lowly and scorned art of the motion picture.

They wanted to tell their visions, outline their plans, talk over new discoveries.

IN the center of the Hoffman was a Round Table, sacred to their use at the dinner hour. And around it would gather D. W. Griffith, Bill Hart, Eric von Stroheim, Charlie Chaplin, Jimmy Cruze, Marshall Neilan, Harry Pollard, Mack Sennett, Hal Roach, Lew Cody, J. Stuart Blackton, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling. That round table was little Dorothy's favorite. Naturally. The tales they told! And then they were generous. And Dorothy, we cannot deny, had a fondness for sweets, for the French pastry and the after-dinner mints of which the Hoffman made a specialty. She would creep up to the arm of Mr. Griffith's chair—when was he not a Pied Piper for the kiddies, the great D. W.?—and stand there listening, fascinated, until he would turn and see her and with his rare smile pop a sweetmeat into her little red mouth, open with awe and excitement.

Bill Hart was her hero. They exchanged long and solemn glances. And it worried her because he looked so sad. Her little heart was troubled over the sadness of his expression, and she used to slip around and offer to share with him the loot she had gathered from the rest of the table.

But Jimmy Cruze became her pal. He used to take her on his knee, where she would sit motionless, and tell her for hours about his deeds before the camera—he was a leading man then, with a salary any truck driver would have scorned, not the highest priced—six thousand dollars a week—director in the movies.

He liked to tell stories. And she adored to listen. He told her the scenario of every picture he made, and acted out the scenes, too.

She was audience to them all, this funny, solemn little kid.

Once Charlie Chaplin got her off in one corner of the cafe and pantomimed a bit he was doing for his new picture, tried out a gag on her to see how the rest of the children all over the world were going to take it.

Can you imagine the impression on an alert child-mind by these men who were to impress the whole world with their genius, and blaze the great trail of a new art?

NATURALLY, she decided that some day she was going to be in motion pictures. But her father was a level-headed man. Schooling, he said, was important. It was necessary, and Dorothy Arzner went to the proper finishing school—the Westlake School for girls—and helped with the school plays and graduated—just as war was declared. She enlisted as a member of the Los Angeles Emergency Ambulance Corps, of which William de Mille was one of the organizers.

When she got back from France after the Armistice, she met William de Mille and asked for a job in pictures. There was nothing unusual about that. Nine out of ten girls he met asked Mr. de Mille for a job in pictures. But this girl was different.

She didn't want to be a star or a scenario writer that minute. She wanted to start, she said, at the very bottom.

"And what do you consider the very bottom?" he asked her.

She considered a while, and decided that it was typing scripts, and that is where she began. But she didn't stay long. She progressed steadily upward—script girl, cutter—and there Fate took a hand.

JIMMY CRUZE, by that time one of the best young directors in the business, was bound for his projection room at the Famous-Players-Lasky studio one day. By chance, he stumbled into the room where Miss Arzner was running several reels of the Valentino picture, "Blood and Sand," which she was cutting.

The young director was interested in the way the picture was cut and stayed to see what it was like. When the showing was complete and the lights went up, he demanded the name of the cutter.

"I cut it," said a girl in the background. Cruze turned to look at her.

"Hello, Mr. Cruze," she said, with a little smile. "I'm Dorothy Arzner. Don't you remember me?"

"By the great horn spoon," said Jimmy Cruze, "little Dorothy Arzner that I used to hold on my knee not so many years ago."

Cruze had just completed "The Covered Wagon." Incidentally, he was having trouble with the cutting. He went to Mr. Lasky and asked for his old-time playmate as a cutter. And her work on that picture brought her recognition with the whole industry.

After that, she decided to write continuities, for the experience. And this she did. Until Jimmy Cruze insisted she must come back to cut "Old Ironsides." I don't know whether Dorothy held out for her megaphone then, or whether Jimmy Cruze recommended her for it afterwards. But anyway, she got it, and she deserved it.

And I rather think, from the calm, determined, wise way she goes about it, and from the things she has learned in her seven years of working up from the bottom, and the inspiration that she got seventeen years ago at the Round Table in the Hoffman, that she will make good.

Her first picture will be "Fashions for Women," starring Esther Ralston.



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# The Girl with Sexpression

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

Before that they had just returned from Tia Juana in Mexico, a little pleasure jaunt. A week before that they had returned from New York.

Always traveling.

Always going places.

But always glad to be back home. They seem to move, united, on the impulse of the moment. Sometimes I wonder if they don't go places so they can come home again.

There was that time they were billed to appear together in Seattle. Their manager arranged letters of introduction, interviews, appearances.

The day arrived for their Seattle appearance, and no Jack and Estelle.

Frantic wires sizzled back and forth between theater and manager.

Then a reassuring wire from the Dempseys, over two thousand miles in the wrong direction—in Chicago: "We are on our way to New York. Home soon."

I THINK they were running away from publicity that time. Being plain "Mr. and Mrs." while the rest of the world was gaping for them elsewhere.

They always run into publicity. In New York on her last trip, Estelle tells me she had the crowds in front of the court house following her, yelling: "Hey! How's Jack?" "Tell him 'hello' for me!" Luther Reed, who was directing "New York," used her as a decoy to move the thousands of people who were gathered to see the picture making. Cameras were everywhere. Focused from the Brooklyn Bridge, from the inside of delivery trucks parked at the curb, and Estelle was in the milling center of the crowd, leading them this way and that, to the cry of "Where's Jack?" "How's Jack?"

BACK to Estelle, who has suddenly developed the most regular habit of stealing pictures. She has been in pictures eight years, during which time she has appeared in good pictures and bad pictures, but mostly mediocre pictures, with occasional striking performances such as in one of her early pictures, "When New York Sleeps," *Mary Stuart* in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments." Then suddenly in "Don Juan" this amazing performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Estelle would probably attribute it to her blond wig, to working with Barrymore, to anything but herself. But it rests entirely with Estelle Taylor. After eight years she has come upon her proper meter. There is a rhythm to her work. She has poise and assurance.

Confidence, no matter what she says, and, of course, sexpression.

The little girl from Wilmington, Delaware, has made good.

Let's give her a big hand.

## Men's Eyes See

*these little faults that must be guarded against*

NOW, more than ever before, is woman's beauty exposed to discerning eyes. Knee length dresses, sheer silk hose, revealing evening frocks, all demand that skin be free from blemish—free from disfiguring hair.

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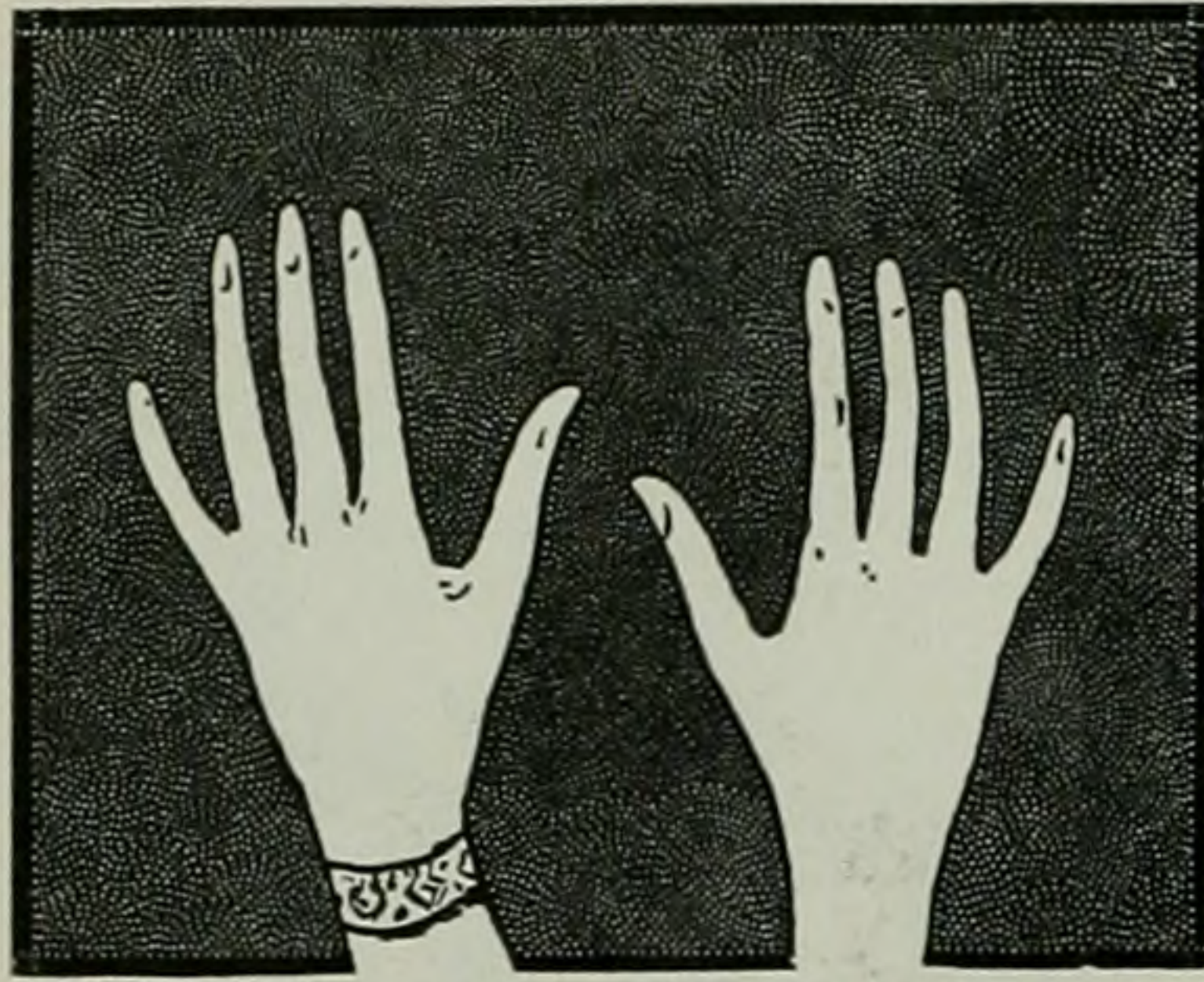
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"KID BROTHER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—The cast: *Harold Hickory*, Harold Lloyd; *Mary Powers*, Jobyna Ralston; *Jim Hickory*, Walter James; *Leo Hickory*, Leo Willis; *Olin Hickory*, Olin Francis; *Sandomi*, Constantine Romanoff; "Flash" *Farrell*, Eddie Boland; *Sam Hooper*, Frank Lanning; *Hank Hooper*, Ralph Yearsley.

"FIRE BRIGADE, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Kate Corbaley. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Helen Corwin*, May McAvoy; *Terry O'Neil*, Charles Ray; *James Corwin*, Holmes Herbert; *Joe O'Neil*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. O'Neil*, Eugenie Besserer; *Jim O'Neil*, Warner P. Richmond; *Captain O'Neil*, Bert Woodruff; *Bridget*, Vivia Ogden; *Fire Chief Wallace*, DeWitt Jennings; *Pegleg Murphy*, Dan Mason; *Thomas Wainwright*, Erwin Connelly.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by E. Richard Schroyer. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Sergeant O'Hara*, Lon Chaney; *Private "Skeet" Burns*, William Haines; *Norma Dale*, Eleanor Boardman; *Corporal Madden*, Eddie Gribbon; *Zaya*, Carmel Myers; *Chinese Bandit Leader*, Warner Oland; *Native*, Mitchell Lewis; *General Wilcox*, Frank Currier; *Harry*, Maurice Kains.

"BLONDE OR BRUNETTE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Jacques Bousquet and Henri Falk. Adapted by John McDermott. Directed by Richard Rosson. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Henri Martel*, Adolphe Menjou; *Fanny*, Greta Nissen; *Blanche*, Arlette Marchal; *Grandmother*, Mary Carr; *Mother-in-law*, Evelyn Sherman; *Father-in-law*, Emile Chautard; *Butler*, Paul Weigel; *Turney*, Henry Sedley; *Hubert*, Andre Lanoy; *Detective*, Henry Menjou.

"GENERAL, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Adapted by Al Boasberg and Bert Haines. Directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Johnnie Gray*, Buster Keaton; *Captain Anderson*, Glenn Cavender; *General Thatcher*, Jim Farley; *A Southern General*, Frederick Vroom; *Annabelle Lee*, Marian Mack; *Her Father*, Charles Smith; *Her Brother*, Frank Barnes; *Three Union Officers*, Joe Keaton, Mike Donlin, Tom Nawn.

"POTTERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by J. P. McAvoy. Adapted by Sam Mintz and Ray S. Harris. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. Photography by Paul Vogel. The cast: *Pa Potter*, W. C. Fields; *Ma Potter*, Mary Alden; *Mamie*, Ivy Harris; *Bill*, Jack Egan; *Red Miller*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Rankin*, Joseph Smiley; *Eagle*, Bradley Barker.

"A LITTLE JOURNEY"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Continuity by Albert Lewin. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Julie Rutherford*, Claire Windsor; *George Manning*, William Haines; *Alexander Smith*, Harry Carey; *Aunt Louise*, Claire McDowell; *Alfred Bemis*, Lawford Davidson.

"IT"—PARAMOUNT.—Written and adapted by Elinor Glyn. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Betty Lou*, Clara Bow; *Cyrus Waltham*, Antonio Moreno; *Monty*, William Austin; *Adela Van Norman*, Jacqueline Gadsdon; *Mrs. Van Norman*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Molly*, Priscilla Bonner; *First Welfare Worker*, Eleanor Lawson; *Second Welfare Worker*, Rose Tapley.

"ONE INCREASING PURPOSE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Sim Paris*, Edmund Lowe; *Elizabeth Glade*, Lila Lee; *Charles Paris*, Holmes Herbert; *Linda Paris*, May Allison; *Andrew Paris*, Huntly Gordon; *Doctor Byrne*, Lawford Davidson; *Miss Andiron*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Glade*, George Irving; *Old Gand*, Josef Swickard; *Alice Paris*, Jane Novak; *Jules*, Nicholas Sousanni; *Sir Torrid Lesson*, Frank Elliott; *Blinky*, Tom Maguire; *Lardy Quinnet*, Patrick Sommerset; *Mrs. Yeoman*, Gwynneth Bristowe; *Old Mr. Yeoman*, Fisher White.

"LADY IN ERMINE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the operetta by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Countess Mariana*, Corinne Griffith; *Count Adrian*, Einar Hansen; *Archduke Stephan*, Ward Crane; *General Dostal*, Francis X. Bushman; *Mariana's Maid*, Jane Keckley.

"POPULAR SIN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Monta Bell. Scenario by James Ashmore Creelman. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Yvonne Montfort*, Florence Vidor; *Jean Corot*, Clive Brook; *La Belle Toulaise*, Greta Nissen; *George Montfort*, Philip Strange; *Alphonse Martin*, Andre Beranger; *Lulu*, Iris Gray.

"BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Theodore Kremer. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Bertha Sloan*, Madge Bellamy; *Roy Davis*, Allan Simpson; *Jessie*, Sally Phipps; *Jules Morton*, Paul Nicholson; *Flo Mason*, Anita Garvin; *Mr. Sloan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Sloan*, Ethel Wales; *Salesman*, Arthur Housman; *Sam Ginsberg*, Harry Bailey.

"NEW YORK"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Barbara Chambers and Becky Gardiner. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Luther Reed. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Michael Angelo Cassidy*, Ricardo Cortez; *Marjorie Church*, Lois Wilson; *Angie Miller*, Estelle Taylor; *Trent Regan*, William Powell; *Randolph Church*, Norman Trevor; *Buck*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Helena Matthews*, Margaret Quimby; *Izzy Blumenstein*, Lester Scharf; *Jimmie Wharton*, Charles Byers.

"SUMMER BACHELORS"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the novel by Warner Fabian. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Derry Thomas*, Madge Bellamy; *Tony Landor*, Allan Forrest; *Walter Blakely*, Matt Moore; *Greenway*, Hale Hamilton; *Willowdean*, Leila Hyams; *Preston Smith*, Charles Winninger.

"NOBODY'S WIDOW"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the stage play by Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Clara Beranger and Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Roxanna Smith*, Leatrice Joy; *Honorable John Clayton*, Charles Ray; *Betty Jackson*, Phyllis Haver; *Ned Stevens*, David Butler; *Roxanna's Maid*, Dot Farley; *Mlle. Renee*, Fritzie Ridgeway; *Valet*, Charles West.

"JIM THE CONQUEROR"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Jim Burgess*, William Boyd; *Polly Graydon*, Elinor Faire; *Hank Milford*, Walter Long; *Dave Mahler*, Tully Marshall; *Sam Black*, Tom Santschi; *Judy*, Marcelle Corday.



**"OVERLAND STAGE, THE"**—FIRST NATIONAL. — Story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Jack Jessup*, Ken Maynard; *Barbara Marshall*, Kathleen Collins; *Hawk Lespard*, Tom Santschi; *Jules*, Sheldon Lewis; *Aunt Viney*, Dot Farley; *Alice Gregg*, Florence Turner; *John Gregg*, Jay Hunt; *John Marshall*, Wm. Malan; *Hell A-Poppin' Casey*, Paul Hurst; *Butterfield*, Fred Burns.

**"PERFECT SAP, THE"**—FIRST NATIONAL. — Adapted from the play by Howard Irving Young. Directed by Howard Higgins. The cast: *Herbert Alden*, Ben Lyon; *Polly Stoddard*, Pauline Starke; *Ruth Webster*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Tracy Sutton*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Roberta Alden*, Diana Kane; *Stephen Alden*, Byron Douglas; *Mrs. Stephen Alden*, Christine Compton; *Fletcher*, Charles Craig; *Nick Fanshaw*, Sam Hardy; *George Barrow*, Tammany Young; *Cissie Alden*, Helen Rowland.

**"WOLF'S CLOTHING"**—WARNER BROS. — From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Barry Baline*, Monte Blue; *Minnie Humphrey*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Johnson Craigie*, John Miljan; *Herbert Candish*, Douglas Gerrard; *Vanelli*, Lewis Harvey; *Vanelli's Pal*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Hotel Manager*, J. C. Fowler; *Hotel Doctor*, Walter Rodgers; *Hotel Detective*, Arthur Millett; *Crook "Doctor"*, John Webb Dillion; *Millionaire*, Lee Moran; *Three Toughs*, Paul Panzer, Charles Haefeli, Jack Cooper; *Ship Captain*, Kala Pasha; *Two Sailors*, Jack Curtis, Edwin Sturgis.

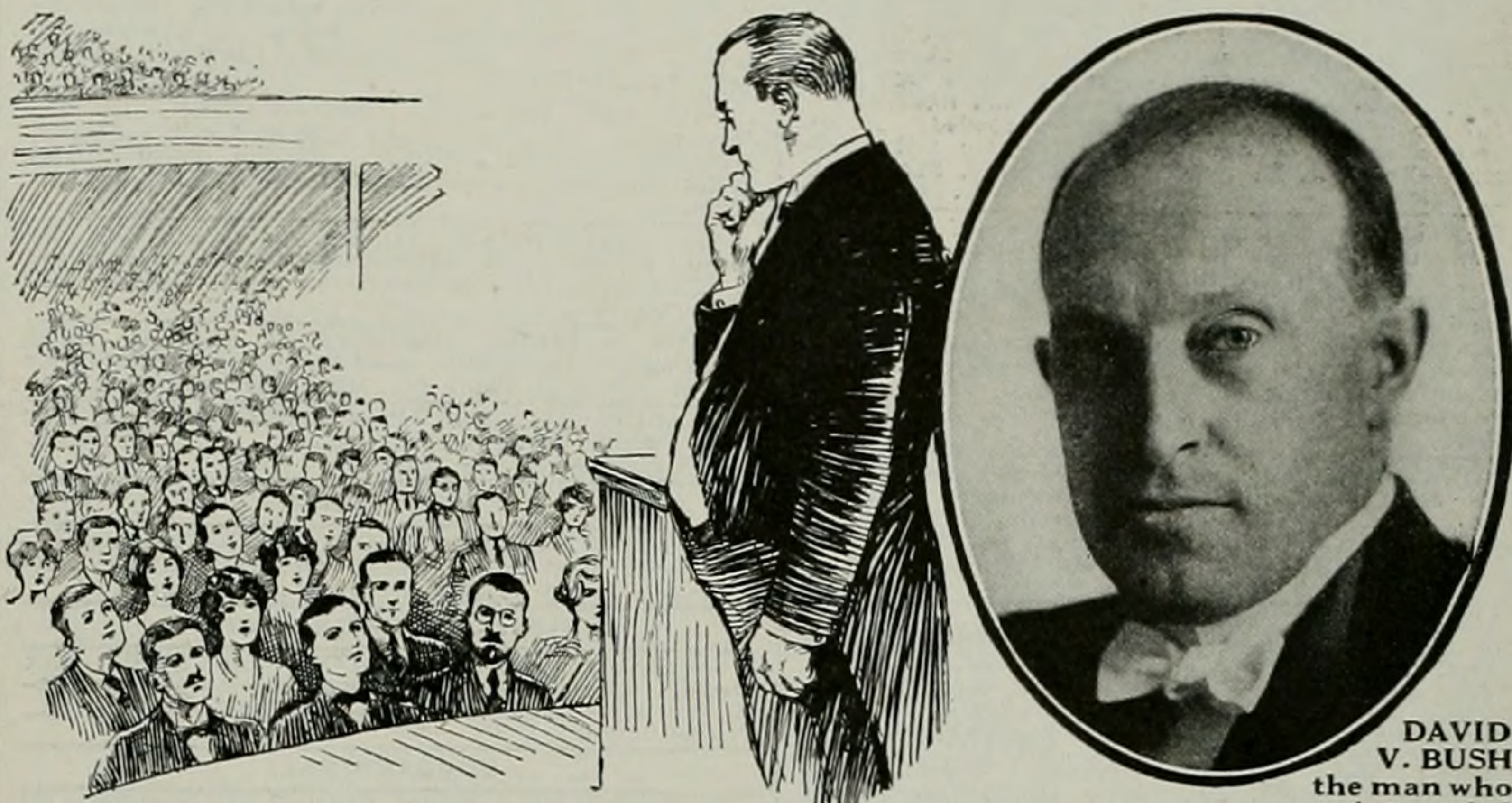
**"WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS"**—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. — Author, John Thomas Neville. Director, W. S. Van Dyke. Photographer, Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Colonel O'Hara*, Tim McCoy; *Renée Contrecoeur*, Joan Crawford; *General Contrecoeur*, Edward Connelly; *Governor de Vaudreuil*, Frank Currier; *Captain Dumas*, Roy D'Arcy; *Mimi*, Louise Lorraine; *George Washington*, Edward Hearn; *General Braddock*, Will R. Walling; *Timothy*, Tom O'Brien; *Pontiac*, Chief Big Tree; *Governor Dinwiddie*, Lionel Belmore.

**"STAGE MADNESS"**—FOX.—Story by Polan Banks. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Photography by Glenn McWilliams. The cast: *Marcia Ferrand*, Mrs. Andrew Marlowe, *Madame Lamphier*, Virginia Valli; *Andrew Marlowe*, Tullio Carminati; *Dora Anderson*, Virginia Bradford; *Pierre Doumier*, Lou Tellegen; *Jimmy Mason*, Richard Walling; *H. H. Bragg*, Tyler Brooke; *French Maid*, Lillian Knight; *Maid*, Bodil Rosing.

**"FINGER PRINTS"**—WARNER BROS.— From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Graham Baker and Ed. Clark. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Dora Traynor*, Louise Fazenda; *Homer Fairchild*, John T. Murray; *Jacqueline Norton*, Helene Costello; *S. V. Sweeney*, George Nichols; *Mother Malone*, Martha Mattox; *The Bandoline Kid*, Franklin Pangborn; *Cuffs Egan*, William Demarest; *Hard-Boiled Ryan*, Robert Perry; *O. K. McDuff*, Ed Kennedy; *Chicago Ed*, Jerry Miley; *Cabbage Head McCarthy*, Joseph B. (Doc) Stone; *"Annie Laurie"* Andy Norton, Warner Richmond; *Secret Service Man*, Lou Harvey.

**"REDHEADS PREFERRED"**—TIFFANY. — Story by Douglas Bronston. Directed by Alan Dale. Photography by Milton Moore and Jos. A. Dubray. The cast: *Henry Carter*, Raymond Hitchcock; *Angela Morgan*, Marjorie Daw; *John Morgan*, Theo Von Eltz; *Mrs. Henry Carter*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Mrs. Bull Williams*, Vivien Oakland; *Bill Williams*, Charles A. Post; *Office Boy*, Leon Holmes; *Miss Crisp*, Geraldine Leslie.

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DAVID V. BUSH the man who Astounded America

## But It Ended My Stoutness

My first and only attack of stage fright showed me the way to banish excess fat—forever!

MY heart beat fast! In 15 minutes I was going to face a vast audience! In 15 minutes I was going to speak in Carnegie Hall, New York—the most famous lecture platform in America! One of the largest crowds that had ever assembled in that great hall was waiting for me.

Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

### Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I am not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

### A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people's inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of reducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue! Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed!

### Nature's Method of Reducing. It Works or It Costs Nothing!

I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic!

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

No starving—no exercising, no drugs—no external agencies—no mechanical appliances. You simply follow my instructions for a few days until your excess pounds disappear—until the scales tell you that you weigh exactly what you should.

This method is so simple that anyone, even a child, can understand how it works and why it works. It is so logical, so reasonable, so sensible that the moment you hear about it you will know instantly that it works.

### Send No Money

Merely send me your name and address. When the postman brings you my complete instructions, "How to Reduce," simply pay him the special, low price of only \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. If at the end of two weeks you are not completely satisfied—if you do not lose weight rapidly and easily—then simply tell me so and your money will be instantly refunded. You risk nothing. WRITE TODAY. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. H-1273, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

David V. Bush, Dept. H-1273, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your complete method, "How to Reduce." I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus a few cents postage. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of two weeks, I may return treatment and you will refund my money at once.

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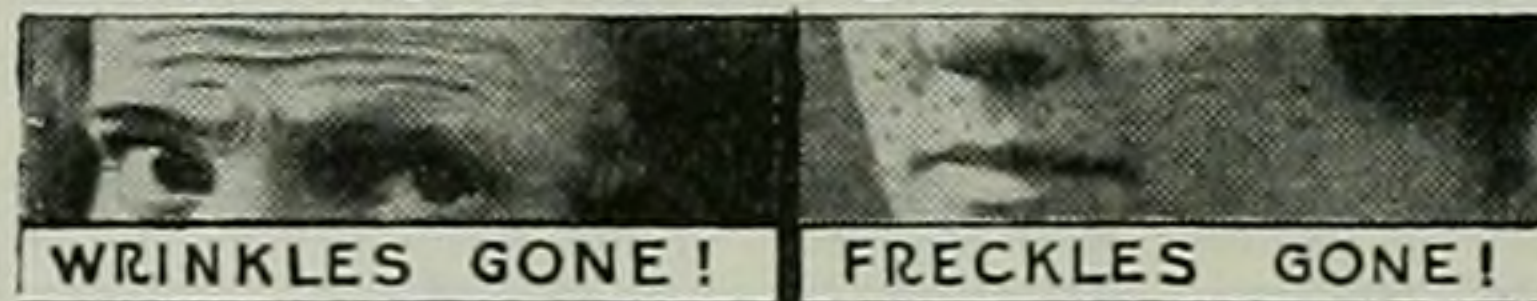
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"ROUGH AND READY"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Gardner Bradford. Continuity by William Leste. Directed by Al Rogell. Photography by Wm. Nobles. The cast: Ned Raleigh, Jack Hoxie; Beth Stone, Ena Gregory; "Poison" Smith, Jack Pratt; Morris Manning, Wm. Steele; "Rawhide" Barton, Monte Montague; John Stone, Clark Comstock; Martha Bowman, Marin Sais; Blake, Bert DeMarc.

"LIGHTNING LARIATS"—F. B. O.—Story by George W. Yates, Jr. Continuity by F. A. E. Pine. Directed by B. DeLacy. Photography by Nich Musuraca. The cast: Tom Potter, Tom Tyler; Janet Holbrooke, Dorothy Dunbar; Alexis, King of Roxenburg, Frankie Darro; Cynthia Storne, Ruby Blaine; Henry Storne, Fred Holmes; First Officer, Ervin Renard; Second Officer, Carl Silvero; Gus, Leroy Scott.

"AUCTIONEER, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Charles Klein and Lee Arthur. Scenario by L. G. Rigby. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Simon Levi, George Sidney; Ruth Levi, Marion Nixon; Richard Egan, Gareth Hughes; Esther Levi, Doris Lloyd; Paul Groode, Ward Crane; Mo (Finiski), Sammy Cohen; Mrs. Tim Egan, Claire McDowell.

"THIRD DEGREE, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the play by Charles Klein. Adaptation by Graham Baker. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: Annie Daly, Dolores Costello; Alicia Daly, Louise Dresser; Underwood, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Howard Jefferies, Jr., Jason Robards; Mrs. Chubb, Kate Price; "Daredevil Daly," Tom Santschi; Mr. Chubb, Harry Todd; Annie as a baby, Mary Louise Miller; Clinton, Chief of Detectives, Michael Vavitch; Howard Jefferies, Sr., David Torrence; Asst. Chief of Detectives, Fred Kelsey.

"MUSICMASTER, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the play by Charles Klein. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Anton Von Barwig, Alec B. Francis; Helene Stanton, Lois Moran; Beverly Cruger, Neil Hamilton; Andrew Cruger, Norman Trevor; Richard Stanton, Charles Lane; Joles, William T. Tilden; Jenny, Helen Chandler; Miss Husted, Marcia Harris; Mrs. Andrew Cruger, Kathleen Kerrigan; August Poons, Howard Cull; Pinac, Armand Cortes; Fico, Leo Feodoroff; Mrs. Mangenborn, Carrie Scott; Pawnbroker, Dore Davidson; Medicine Show Barker, Walter Catlett.

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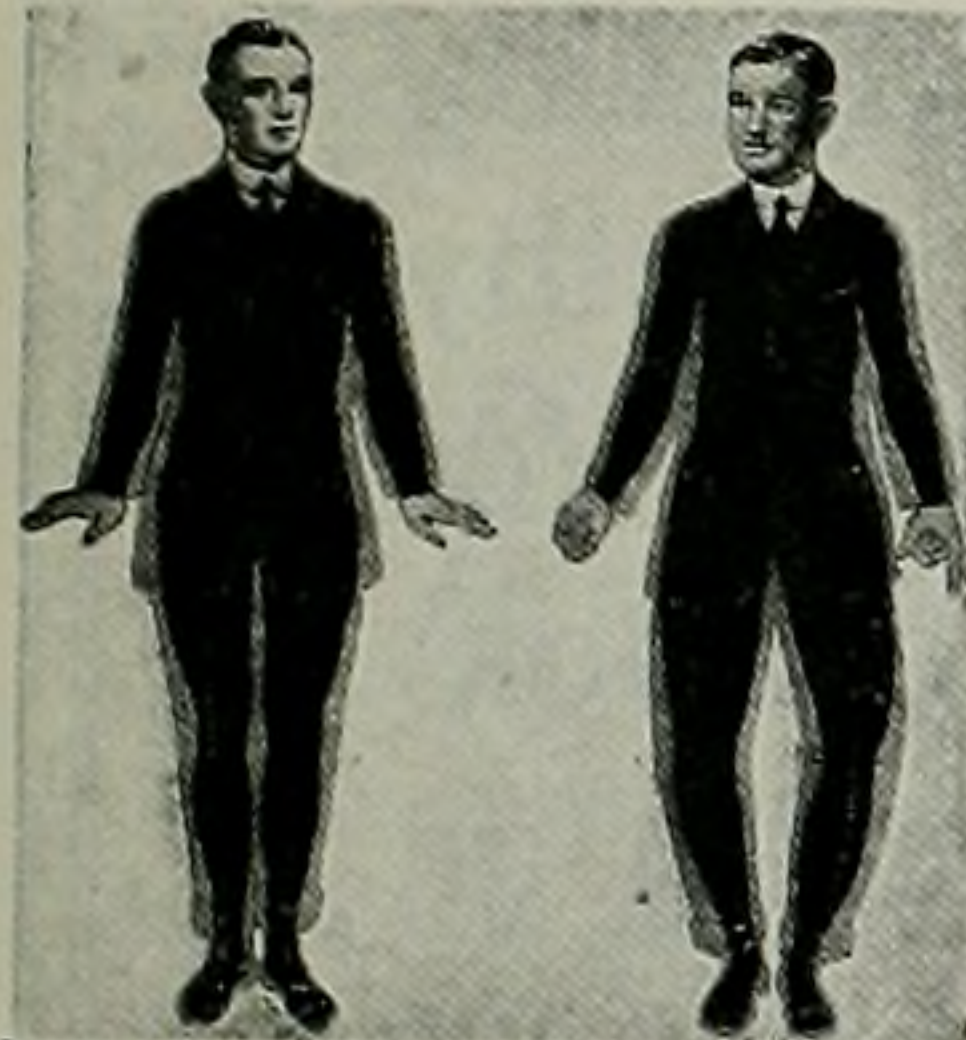
How foolish to let your stomach dictate your diet. It is possible you could eat lots of things you now deny yourself—have you ever taken a Stuart tablet! Harmless, but the effect is there—distress from indigestion often ended in two minutes.

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is now more than ever the key-note of success, both in social and business life. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without

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## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113 ]

**S. J. OF SEATTLE.**—So you think I have "Wallace Beery's nose, Ben Turpin's eyes, Buster Keaton's smile and the charming and gracious personality of Billy Bevan." Yes, and Harry Langdon's bright expression. And you think that Ramon Novarro ought to get married. Listen to some wisdom from an old man: If more young fellows—and young girls—were in less of a hurry to take the fatal leap, we'd hear of more happy marriages.

**V. S., WICHITA, KAN.**—Betty Bronson was born Nov. 17, 1906. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Address her at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. Ricardo Cortez was born Sept. 19, 1899. He is six feet, one inch tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

**FRANK M. P. B., PENSACOLA, FLA.**—Virginia Valli was born Jan. 19, 1900. She's an American. Address her at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Oh, yes, Virginia has been married, but she is divorced now.

**S. T., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**—The "Geste" in "Beau Geste" is pronounced with the G sound soft as in the French "je." The English "Jest" is pretty near to it, but not quite. It's a French word and you'll have to get your French teacher to give you the correct sound of the soft G. But "Guest" is absolutely wrong.

**M. B. L., NEW YORK.**—Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer.

**PEGGY, OAKLAND, CALIF.**—"How many times has Mary Brian been married?" Oh, my dear girl, Mary is nothing but a child and never has been married. She was born in Corsicana, Texas, in 1908. Mary weighs 100 pounds and is five feet tall. Alberta Vaughn was born June 27, 1906. I think her hair must be naturally curly. It looks so to me. But I am no authority on these feminine questions.

**D. L. OF MINNESOTA.**—William Haines has black hair. He was born Jan. 1, 1900, and you may write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Not married. King Vidor never was married to Lila Lee. Lila is married to James Kirkwood. Mr. Vidor's first wife was Florence Vidor and he's married now to Eleanor Boardman. Sure, come again.

**DORIS C. BOWEN, KANSAS CITY, MO.**—Good-natured letters never bore me. Did you send a quarter with your request for a photograph of Ben Lyon? Malcolm McGregor is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is married and has a young daughter. He was born Oct. 13, 1896. See The Studio Directory in PHOTOPLAY for his address.

**BLUE EYES FROM OTTAWA.**—Don't be angry. It isn't exactly my fault. Sometimes there are so many questions that there isn't room for all the answers. You see, you must wait your turn. Allene Ray was born Jan. 2, 1901. She is five feet, three inches tall and is married to Larry Wheeler. Walter Miller was born in 1892 and is six feet tall. Married to Lillian Coffin. Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. "The Patent Leather Kid" is his next film. Not so angry now, are you?

**E. H., LANSLOWNE, PA.**—Seems to me I have written about Larry Gray. Anyway, I don't want to be accused of neglecting him, so here goes: Mr. Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. He started in pictures in 1924. Cal York tells me that he is engaged to marry Marion Coakley, a stage actress.



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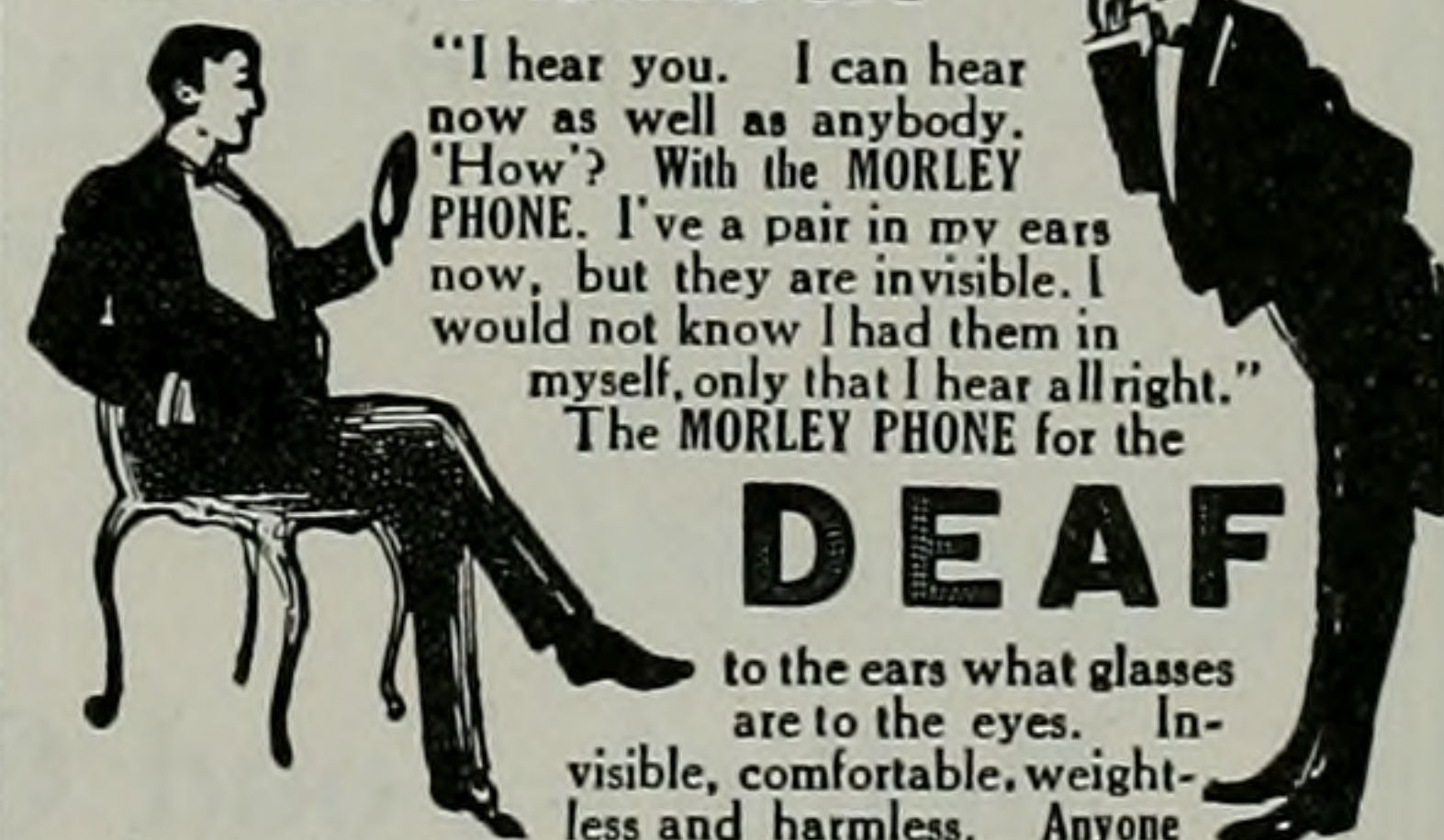
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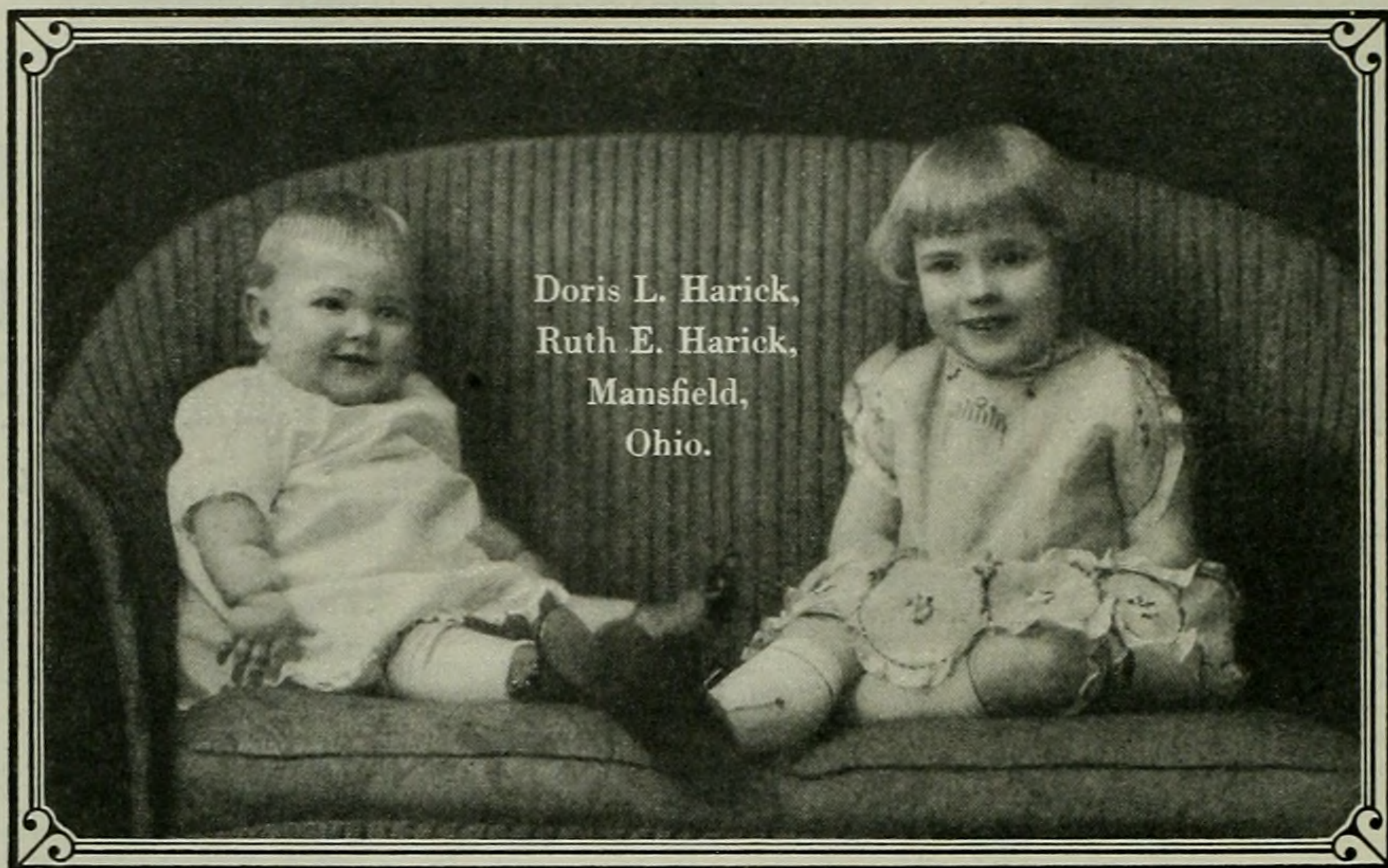


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