

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures

JULY
25 CENTS



Charles Sheldon

\$22,000.00
In Cash Prizes
In this Issue



THE BIG PARADE OF STARS



AGAIN the lion leads
THE most dazzling constellation
OF talent in all screendom

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Who Said That Brown Eyes Are Sharpest?

These PRIZES will decide it!

COME on, you blue and hazel and gray eyes — and brown ones too. Which *are* the keenest? Which eyes really *see* motion pictures — and which merely look at them? Which catch the vivid details of plot and acting that increase so much your enjoyment of an M-G-M classic and help you remember it?

We would like to know. These prizes and the six questions below will tell! For the answers that reveal the sharpest feminine eyes, George K. Arthur will give his favorite cigarette case and a cash prize of \$50.

And to the lucky possessor of the keenest male optics, Karl Dane will award his personal wrist watch and a cash prize of \$50.

To the next 50 best, our favorite portraits specially autographed will be sent.

Let's go! And may yours prove the prize eyes!

George K. Arthur

Karl Dane

Our Six Questions!

- 1 What M-G-M picture has a scene laid on a Patagonian island and where is Patagonia?
- 2 How many laughs did you get out of "Rookies"? Name the author and director.
- 3 What do you think of the newly formed co-starring team of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody? (not over 50 words).
- 4 In what M-G-M picture does the star soak the old apple for a circuit clout? Name the star.
- 5 Name two individual stars M-G-M developed this year.
- 6 How many M-G-M pictures did your local theatre show in the first six months of 1927? Give titles and names of theatre.

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 July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures 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 William Haines Contest of April

MISS MARTHA MANSKI
 547 Main Street Webster, Mass.

WILLIAM E. JARY
 1505 Grand Ave. Ft. Worth, Texas

Autographed pictures of William Haines have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



“This dietetic crime of pap feeding and food bolting* . . .”

It is an ever-present menace, the dentists declare, to the health of our teeth and our gums

IN THEIR fight against the present rise of gum disorders, the leaders of the dental profession have not failed to make clear the source of these stubborn ailments. They lay the blame upon our soft foods and our habits of hasty eating which, they say, rob our gums of the stimulation that keeps them in soundness and health.

But as the three brief quotations on this page will further testify, they have found a way to combat these ill effects—they describe a simple means whereby we may repair the ravages of a diet deficient in roughage, and restore the gums to their normal firmness and health.

How modern habits of eating injure teeth and gums

To make delicious things to eat, we soften, we refine and denature our food. We peel and crush our fruits and vegetables. We husk our grains and grind them to a powder. As a result, our diet yields far too easily to our teeth and gums.

Small wonder that gums grow soft and weak—that the circulation of the blood within their walls grows stagnant—that often “pink tooth brush” appears, to

warn of more serious troubles on the way.

Massage of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers, is the simple counter-

Glance over these statements—they reflect modern professional opinion on the care of teeth and gums

From a standard text:

“The dietary of civilized nations is unnatural. Refined and processed foods are . . . soft and pappy, so as to require little or no mastication. The teeth and jaws do not have proper function because the coarseness and fibre of the food have been removed.”

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:

“If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent to you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth.”

From a gum specialist's instructions to dental hygienists:

“If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated three or four times a day, a change takes place in texture which . . . seems to act as a protective armor for the underlying tissues.”

measure the dentists propose. And if you will perform your massage with Ipana Tooth Paste, your gums will benefit even more quickly, because of

Ipana's content of ziratol. Thousands of dentists, knowing the hemostatic and antiseptic virtues of ziratol, ask their patients to adopt Ipana both for the massage and for the regular twice-daily cleaning with the brush.

In fact, the dentists of America, through their recommendations first gave Ipana its start toward the nation-wide success it has made.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon in the corner entitles you to a ten-day tube, gladly sent. But after all, isn't it better to give Ipana the full thirty days' trial that the full-size tube from your druggist will provide?

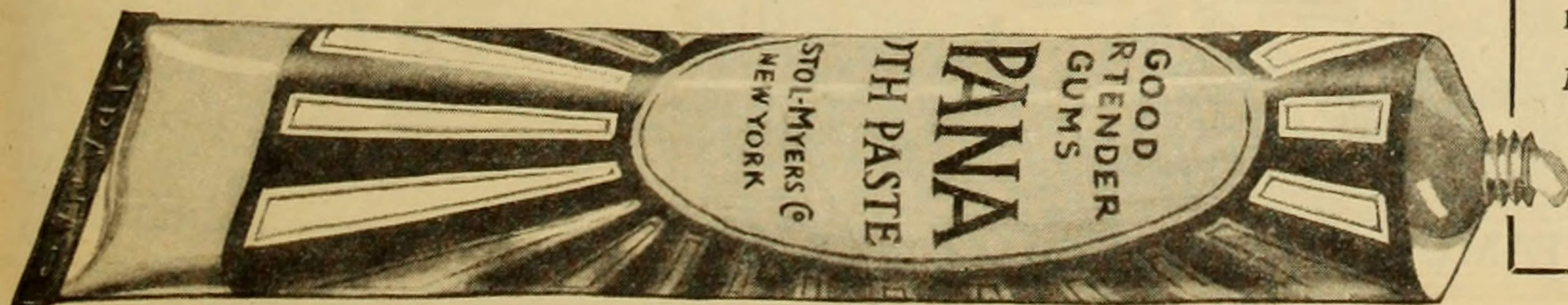
Used faithfully for a full hundred brushings, Ipana will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums and whiter, brighter teeth. And very likely it will surprise you to learn how delicious a really beneficial tooth paste can be!

*Two famous dentists, in a text-book on gum troubles, use these words to describe soft food and hasty eating.



IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

Coming in August

Paramount News

"the eyes of the world"

Paramount—the Whole Show! Soon, at the best theatres in the country, you will see *two whole hours* of Paramount. Paramount News "The Eyes of the World", a Paramount Feature Picture, and then, to round out a glorious evening—a Paramount *Short Feature!* News Reel, comedies and cartoons of the same high standard, the same unvarying quality as the Paramount Pictures you know so well! Now, "*if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town,*" in news reel, and short features, too! Tell your theatre manager you want to see the 100% Paramount Program—you want Paramount in the **WHOLE SHOW!**

and Paramount Short Features



PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., N. Y. C.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
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IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII

Contents, July, 1927

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

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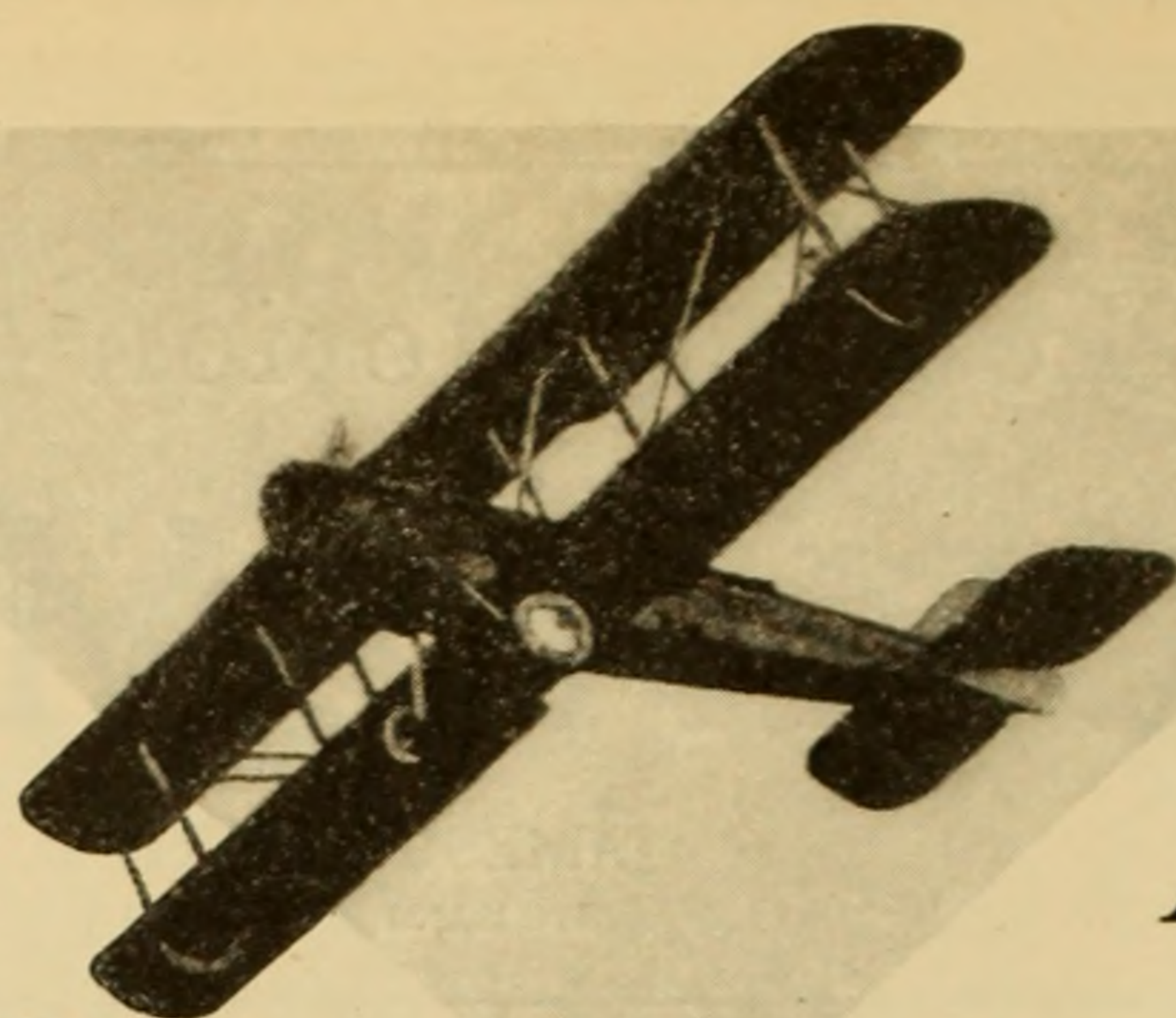
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As we go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

ARE the Mixes going to get a divorce? Mrs. Mix sailed for Paris with Thomasina, denying that she was looking forward to a divorce. In the first reports from the coast, Tom Mix was credited with saying that a divorce was in the offing. Later reports from Hollywood carried Tom's denials. And there you are.

THE Famous-Players production of "Abie's Irish Rose" starts as soon as the millionaire author, Anne Nichols, returns from Europe. Julien Josephson has been at work on the continuity for months. Victor Fleming is scheduled to direct.

ANNA Q. NILSSON leaves First National, the result of a quarrel over rôles. For one thing, Miss Nilsson didn't want to play opposite "Babe" Ruth in "Babe Comes Home." Now she is playing the lead in a Universal film, "Honor and the Woman."

WARNER BAXTER declines to do any more Westerns and leaves Famous Players.

NORMA TALMADGE and her husband, Joseph Schenck, going to Paris, following completion of "The Dove." Upon her return, Miss Talmadge will start work in "The Daughter of the Gods."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH leaves Famous Players and, according to reports, is going to hang up his silk topper in the Metro-Goldwyn studios.

FAMOUS PLAYERS re-signs Chester Conklin.

D. W. GRIFFITH still looking for a story to serve as his first production for United Artists. "The White Slave" is shelved, apparently. Mr. Griffith announces that Carol Dempster will continue to play the leading rôle in his productions.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, former star with Paramount and Selig, announces that she is returning to the screen. She has been absent a year and a half, vacationing in Europe and Africa.

W. C. FIELDS leaves Famous Players to join Film Booking Offices. He is signed to make three comedies for F. B. O.

MALCOLM MACGREGOR selected by Universal to play opposite Lya de Putti in "Buck Privates."

J. FARRELL MACDONALD comes to New York for his first visit in eleven years. He is playing with George O'Brien and Virginia Valli in "East Side, West Side," being made at the New York Fox studios by Allan Dwan.

THE first partial making of "Anna Karenina" at the Metro-Goldwyn studios has been scrapped at a cost of \$200,000. This production experienced a lot of tribulations. The argument between the producers and Greta Garbo, the star, held up the production. Then, when work actually

started, Miss Garbo became ill. Now the film has been thrown away and a fresh start made. Norman Kerry has succeeded Ricardo Cortez in the cast and Marc McDermott has taken the place of Lionel Barrymore. And Edmund Gouling has followed Dimitri Buchowetzki at the megaphone.

LOIS MORAN makes flying trip abroad with her mother. Guess why? To attend a prom dance at Oxford.

SOME time ago Sam Goldwyn offered a prize of \$2,500 for the suggestion of a film story. He has just awarded the money to Mrs. Winifred Osborne, of Milwaukee, for suggesting the Baroness Orzey's novel, "Leatherface," a story of William of Orange.

DOLORES COSTELLO suffers a slight breakdown, which is holding up production work for a few weeks.

MARY ASTOR and Gilbert Roland have the leads in George Fitzmaurice's production, "The Rose of Monterey."

DOUGLAS GIRRARD painfully injured during the making of a shipwreck scene on the Warner Bros. lot. He is in a Los Angeles hospital with two broken ribs.

ELMER CLIFTON, maker of "Down to the Sea in Ships," is directing a sea story, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," for Cecil B. De Mille.

CECIL B. DE MILLE purchases the screen rights to "Chicago," the New York stage hit.

EDDIE CANTOR apparently is leaving the screen, after making three comedies for Famous. He has just signed a five year contract with Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., the stage producer who glorifies the American girl. This means that Cantor will devote his entire time to the footlights.

KARL BROWN, maker of "Stark Love," completes the direction of "His Dog" at the Cecil B. De Mille studios in Culver City, Calif. He is next to make "Skyscraper."

"SPRING FEVER," a golf comedy, will be William Haines' first starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn.

RENE E ADOREE still very ill at the Hollywood Hospital, suffering from a relapse following a severe attack of flu.

KING VIDOR in New York shooting the Manhattan exteriors of his new picture, temporarily called "The Mob." His wife, Eleanor Boardman, is playing the leading rôle opposite his find, James Murray.



Mrs. Mix says she is just going to Paris on a shopping trip. Tom announces that she is shopping for a made-in-France divorce. Anyway, there seems to be a disagreement in the Mix family. Little Thomasina sailed with her mother



Unafraid - when Nature hurls her challenge

A WOMAN SMILES. Instantly an indelible impression is registered.

Natural loveliness, daintiness, personal care? Or, neglect and unattractiveness?

Daily, Nature hurls this challenge. How few of us can face it unafraid—confident that our smile will reveal the loveliness of gleaming teeth!

Stripped of our little artifices, how poignantly then we realize this truth: *clean, gleaming teeth are the only attribute of beauty no artifice can adorn or conceal.*

Yet how simple it is to have lovely, unstained teeth! You need give but four minutes a day—two in the morning, two at night, with your Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Thorough brushing—away from the gums.

For Dr. West's makes proper brushing easy! Small

A fashionable beach. A breaking surf. A fair bather overwhelmed by a wave. Down. Down. Then up, gasping, drenched. All beauty's artifices washed away. Then—suddenly—a smile, spontaneous, unafraid!

Thus the loveliness of gleaming teeth triumphs over beauty's greatest challenge—THE SMILE TEST. Could You pass it now?

enough for the daintiest mouth, its sloping, tuftless end slips into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect.

With its convex shape and widely spaced bristle rows, it fits the often neglected inside surfaces and gets deep into the crevices between the teeth. Thus, Dr. West's really cleans *all* the teeth—and its specially selected bristles *polish as they clean!*

And here's a secret: If you would benefit from this special *polishing* quality, never try to "wear out" a Dr. West's brush. So long-lived is Dr. West's that it may be serviceable months after its polishing ability has faded.

The cost is small, the benefit great, of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always. Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage Brush, 75c. *Sealed*, for your protection, in a glassine container, inside the usual carton.



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N. B. TO MOTHERS: *Be sure your husband and children have no less effective a brush than the one you personally prefer.*



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (May.)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (June.)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (June.)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (May.)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (May.)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (March.)

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

BELOVED ROGUE, THE—United Artists.—John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of Francois Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (June.)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (March.)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (June.)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (May.)

***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (March.)

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

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (June.)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (June.)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (June.)

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.)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (June.)

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.)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (May.)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (June.)

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.)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (May.)

DENVER DUDE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (April.)

DOWN THE STRETCH—Universal.—Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (June.)

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.)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (April.)

EVENING CLOTHES—Paramount.—Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (June.)

***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.)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (March.)

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.)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN—Paramount.—Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eye-fel, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (June.)

***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.)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (March.)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (March.)

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 dashing-ly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"

"Beau Geste"

"Resurrection"

"Chang"

"Slide, Kelly, Slide"

"The Big Parade"

"Old Ironsides"

"What Price Glory"

"The Rough Riders"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (June.)

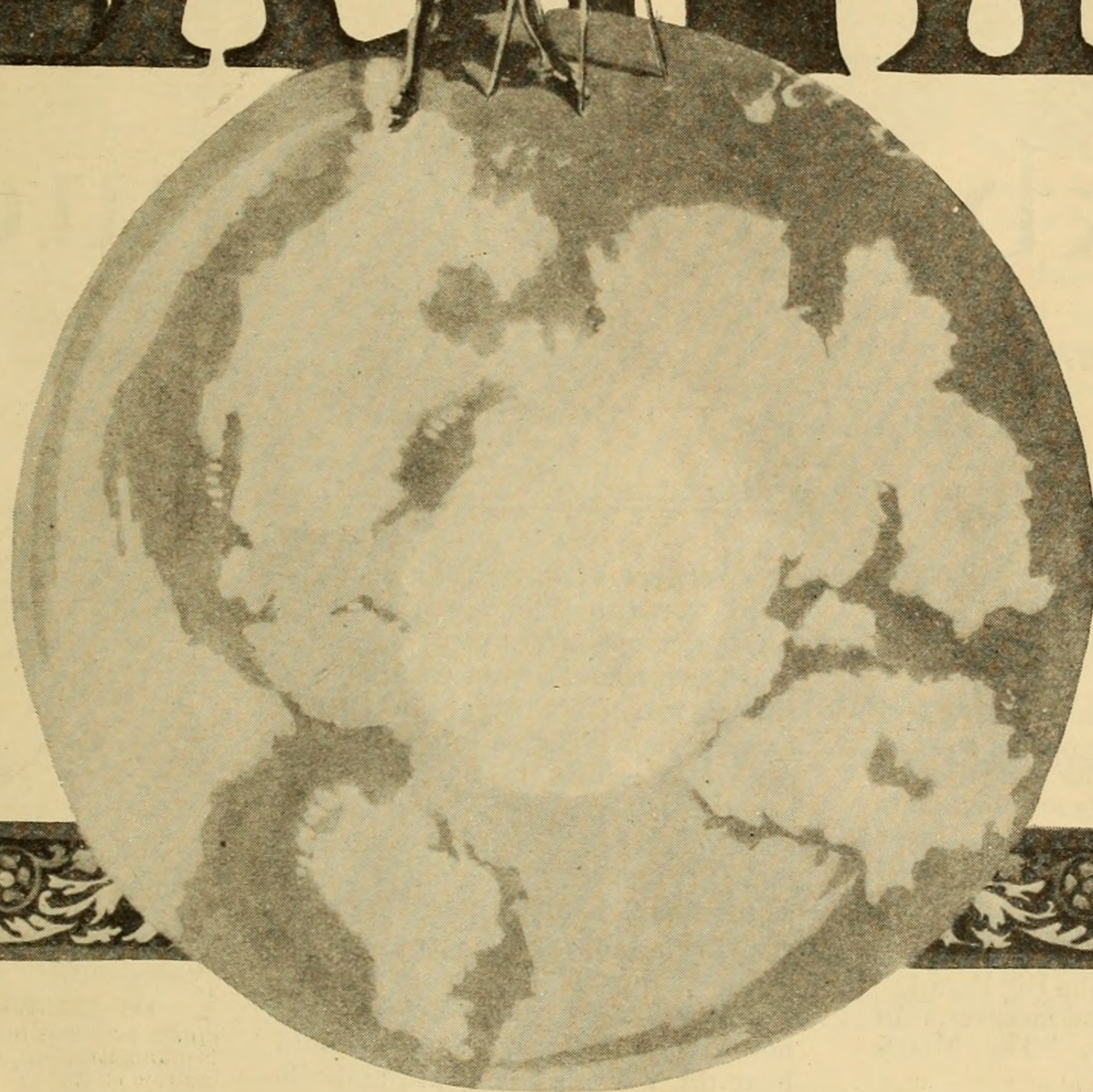
CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (February.)

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.)

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.)

The Favorite Newsreel of all Movie Fans

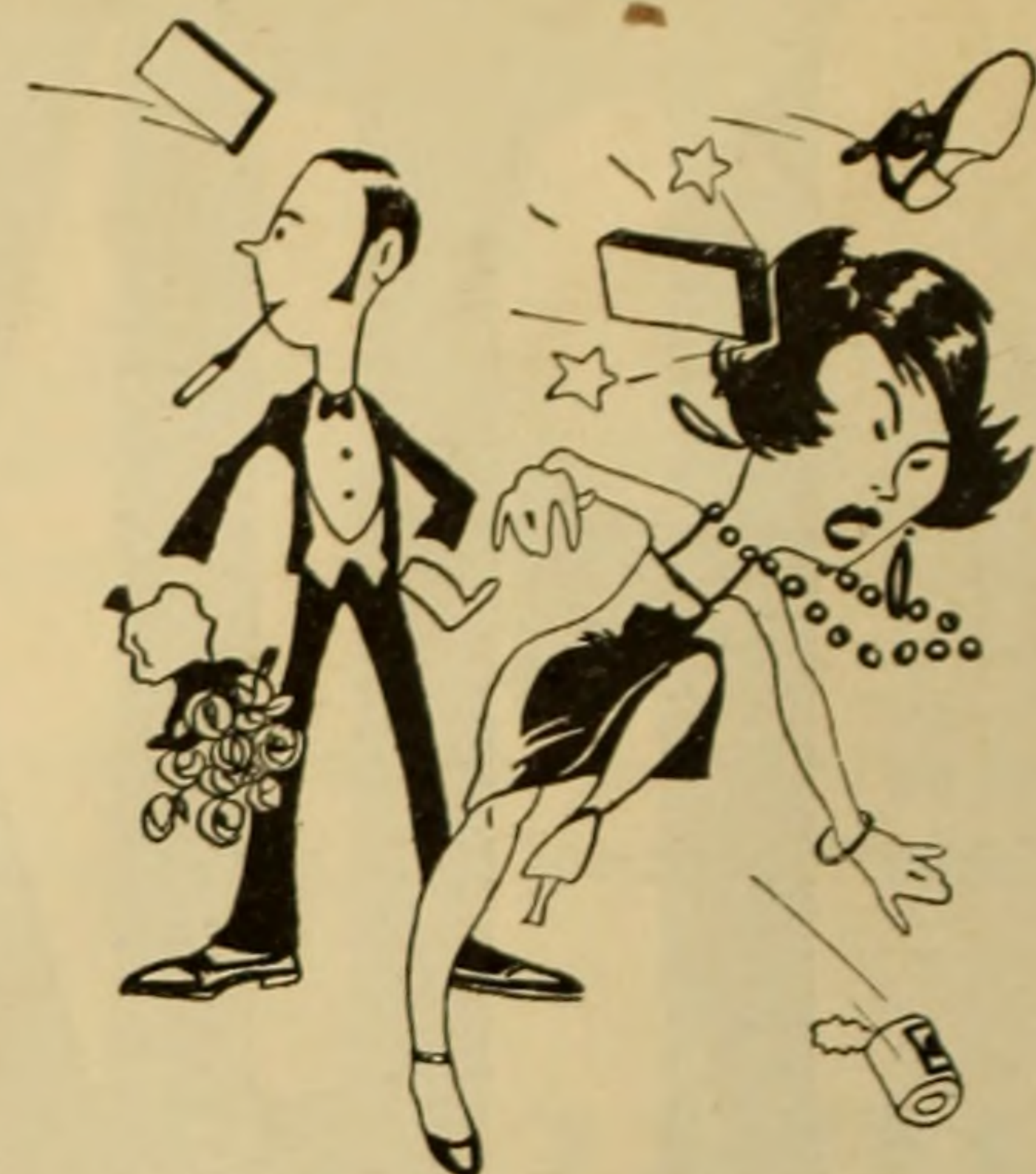
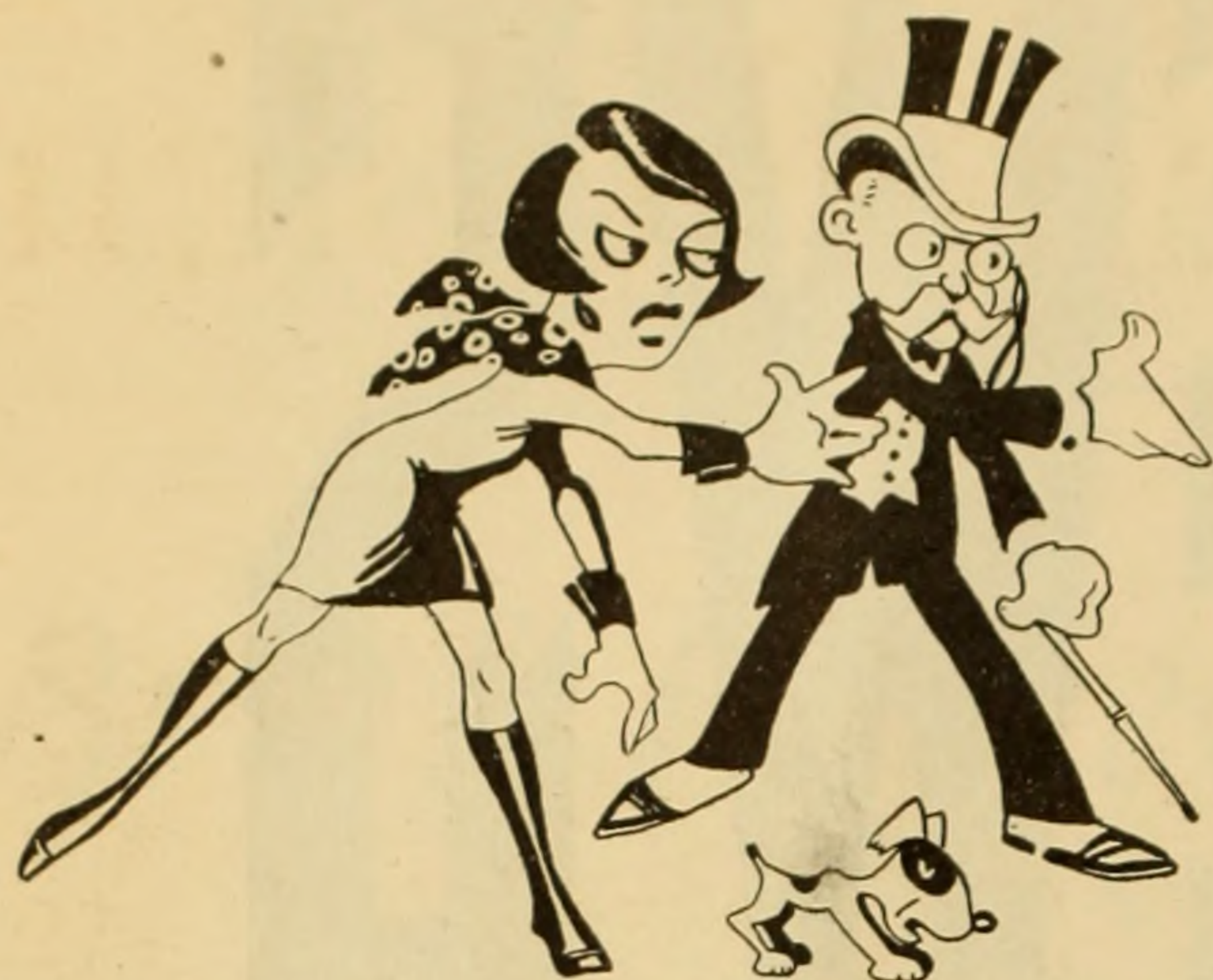
FOX NEWS



BECAUSE of its long record of integrity, impartiality and intelligence in its presentation of the pictorial news of the universe, FOX NEWS is today the pre-eminent newsreel in the public's esteem.

MIGHTIEST OF ALL

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

ELINOR GLYN'S selection of players who have "IT" started the liveliest discussion of the month. The opinions pro and con are equally divided—and equally violent.

Following this interest in "IT," Clara Bow is the star who is riding on the crest of the wave. Greta Garbo is the most violent storm center; both brickbats and bouquets are aimed at her Scandinavian head. Most of Clara's letters are bunches of roses. Lois Wilson's "revolt" has brought forth many brickbats and a sprinkling of bouquets.

"Beau Geste," "What Price Glory," "The Fire Brigade," and "The Big Parade" still remain the most popular pictures. In point of lasting popularity, "The Merry Widow" is the leader.

John Gilbert, Ronald Colman and Richard Dix are still the most popular masculine stars, with Harry Langdon giving the comics a run for their money.

"The Lady in Ermine" and "Altars of Desire" gathered the most brickbats. Because of the many letters received asking for their return, *Casts of Current Photoplays* will be printed in this and future issues of PHOTOPLAY.

Now what have you to say? When you write your Brickbats and Bouquets, make them brief and make them snappy.

\$25.00 Letter

Ludlow, Ky.

Think of all the national and universal heroes and heroines about whom the public hears and reads—the Amundsens, the Prince of Wales, the Mussolinis, the Mayos, the Mary Gardens, the Harold Bell Wrights, the Mary Roberts Rineharts, the Dempseys and Tunneys. What is it about these illustrious beings that most interests their admirers?

Why, what they DO.

Consider the screen idols. Of course the public is concerned about their profession, and how they do it, but it is what the movie people ARE that gives the fans the biggest thrill.

We actually see these favorites of ours on the screen, in such a fashion that we become

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.

acquainted with their faces, their forms, their mannerisms, their affectations, their very personalities. Through the movie magazines we hunt frantically for news and more news of this and that player. How does she wear her hair, and why? Is this his fifth wife, and why? Was she born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of Italian descent, at three o'clock on a Thursday morning in September, and why? Is it true that he drinks four cups of coffee every morning for breakfast, and why?

We award these people the common attributes of men and women, yet, strange to say, we make no allowances for the human weaknesses and vices.

Odd, eh?

All these newspaper celebrities we idolize through the press, with scarcely a true knowledge of even their features, for heavens knows the pictures in the dailies and Sunday supplements are anything but fortunate—we do not care what they are, just so long as they continue to do. We allow them the privilege of living their private and active lives apart.

Now, I ask you, is that nice? In this day and age when we actually boast about our

broad-mindedness, when we call the prude and the bigot by all sorts of uncomplimentary names, why must we deny the citizens of Hollywood the same rights of living that are so generously allotted other kinds of artists in various other kinds of professions?

MRS. BERNICE JACKSON.

\$10.00 Letter

Dallas, Texas.

Sometimes a magazine can do more than amuse—and although we all enjoy PHOTOPLAY at our house, we feel that its function is more than that of mere news and entertainment.

My grandmother was very ill, although she was not suffering, and we were told that her strength could only last for a few weeks. She took an interest in nothing and the doctor told us that this was largely responsible for her condition.

One day, I happened to read aloud to her a few paragraphs from PHOTOPLAY. I noticed that she seemed really interested for the first time in months, and I read almost every word of the issue to her. The cheery, colorful spirit of PHOTOPLAY seemed to buoy her up and that day marked the beginning of her improvement. We can hardly say that PHOTOPLAY cured Grandmother, but without a doubt it was the instigator of her new lease on life.

I am afraid that many will sneer at this letter, but I know that it is true and for that reason PHOTOPLAY means more to me than any ordinary magazine.

R. P. MILLER.

\$5.00 Letter

Milford, Iowa.

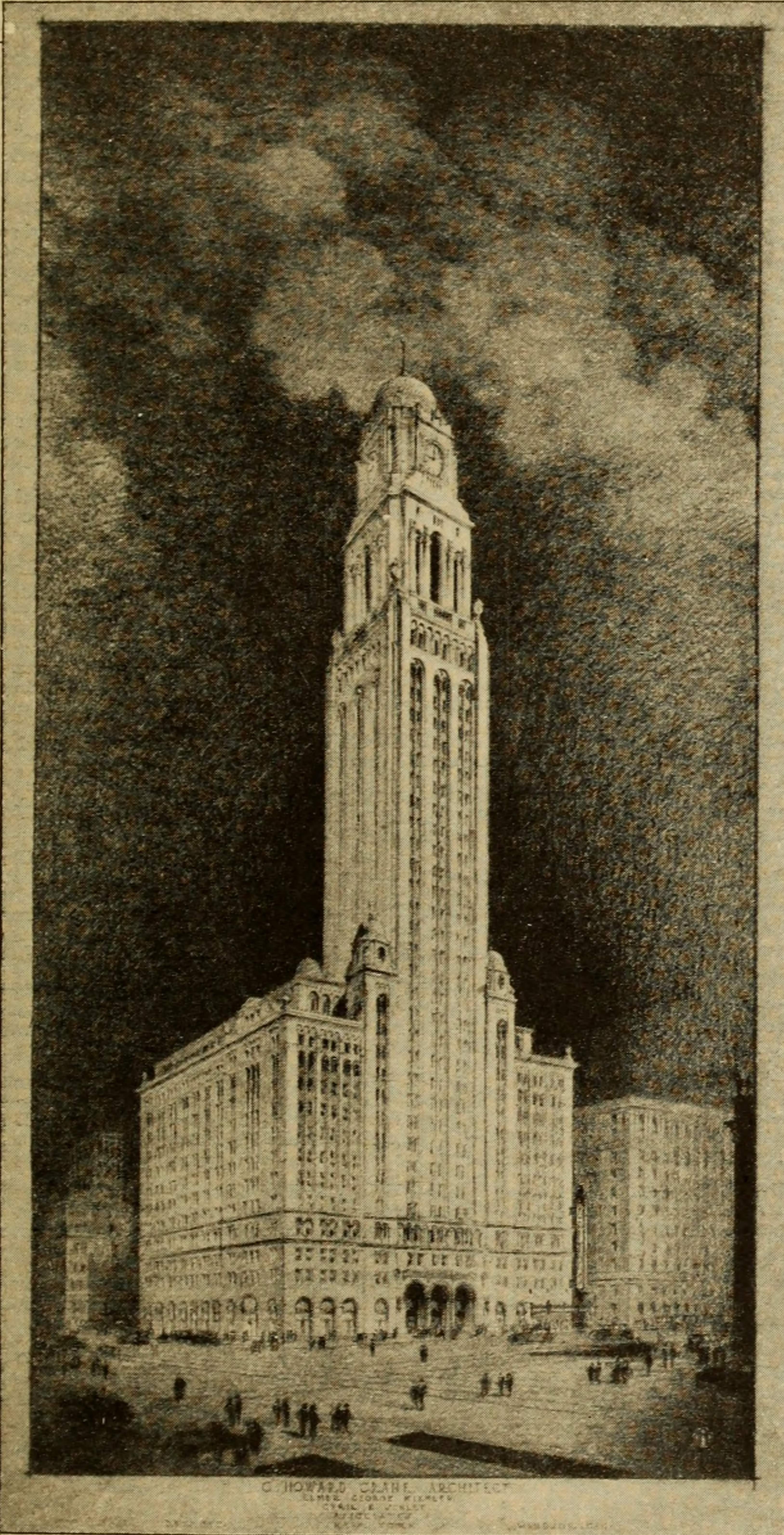
A friend, seeing me reading the last PHOTOPLAY, asked me why I wasted my time reading about scandals and trash. Asking her if she ever read the magazine, she replied: "No, I see enough about the scandals of these people in the newspapers."

"And," I replied, "jump at conclusions and cheat yourself out of a great deal of entertainment, inspiration and knowledge."

And then to answer her question, I added:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

The National Answer to Your Entertainment Problem



This magnificent structure houses the new Keith-Albee Theatre, Columbus, Ohio, a glorious link in the great chain of Keith-Albee-Orpheum Theatres, showing DeMille-Metropolitan Pictures as the feature of its entertainment program.



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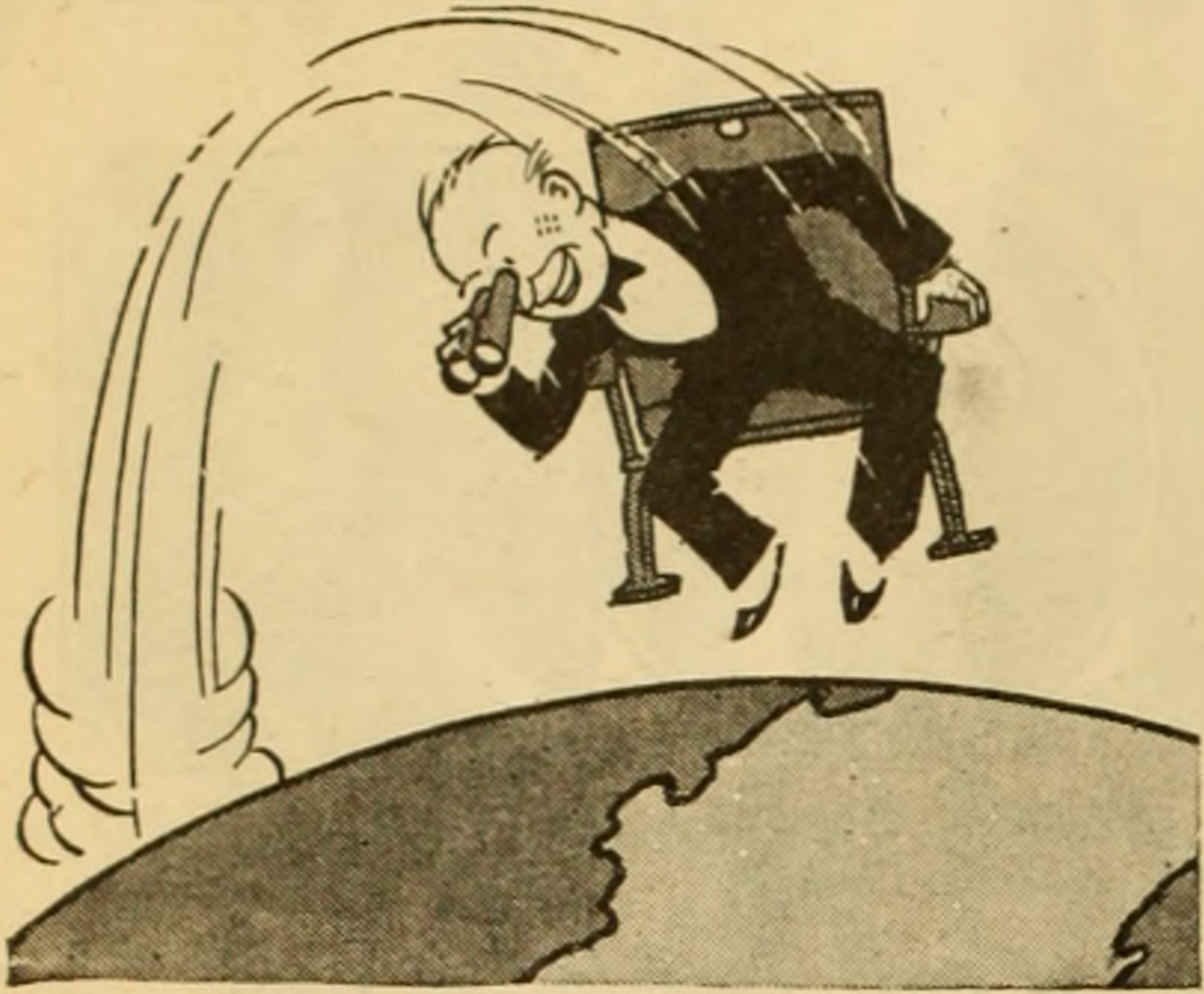
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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.)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe. Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (June.)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (May.)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (March.)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (April.)

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 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.)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (June.)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (May.)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (May.)

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.)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (June.)

***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.)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (May.)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (March.)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (March.)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (April.)

JOSELYN'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.)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (March.)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (June.)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (May.)

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.)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (March.)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (April.)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (May.)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with their version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (March.)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (March.)

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

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (June.)

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

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.)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (May.)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (May.)

LOVERS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (June.)

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'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (April.)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (April.)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN—Fox.—Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (June.)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (April.)

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.)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (April.)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (April.)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (June.)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National.—A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (April.)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (June.)

***METROPOLIS**—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (May.)

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.)

***MONKEY TALKS, THE**—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (April.)

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (May.)

***MUSIC MASTER, THE**—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (March.)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (March.)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (June.)

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

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (June.)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (March.)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (June.)

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

***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.)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (March.)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE—First National.—Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (June.)

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

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (June.)

OVERLAND STAGE—First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (March.)

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

***PARADISE FOR TWO**—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gayety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (April.)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (March.)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (April.)

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.)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (March.)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (March.)

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.)



LAURA LA PLANTE

In a Great Mystery Play

Paul Leni's production of the super-fine mystery play, "*The Cat and the Canary*," is a masterpiece of ingenious directing—so full of illusion and bewildering action that it may be described as one continuous thrill.

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(To be continued next month)

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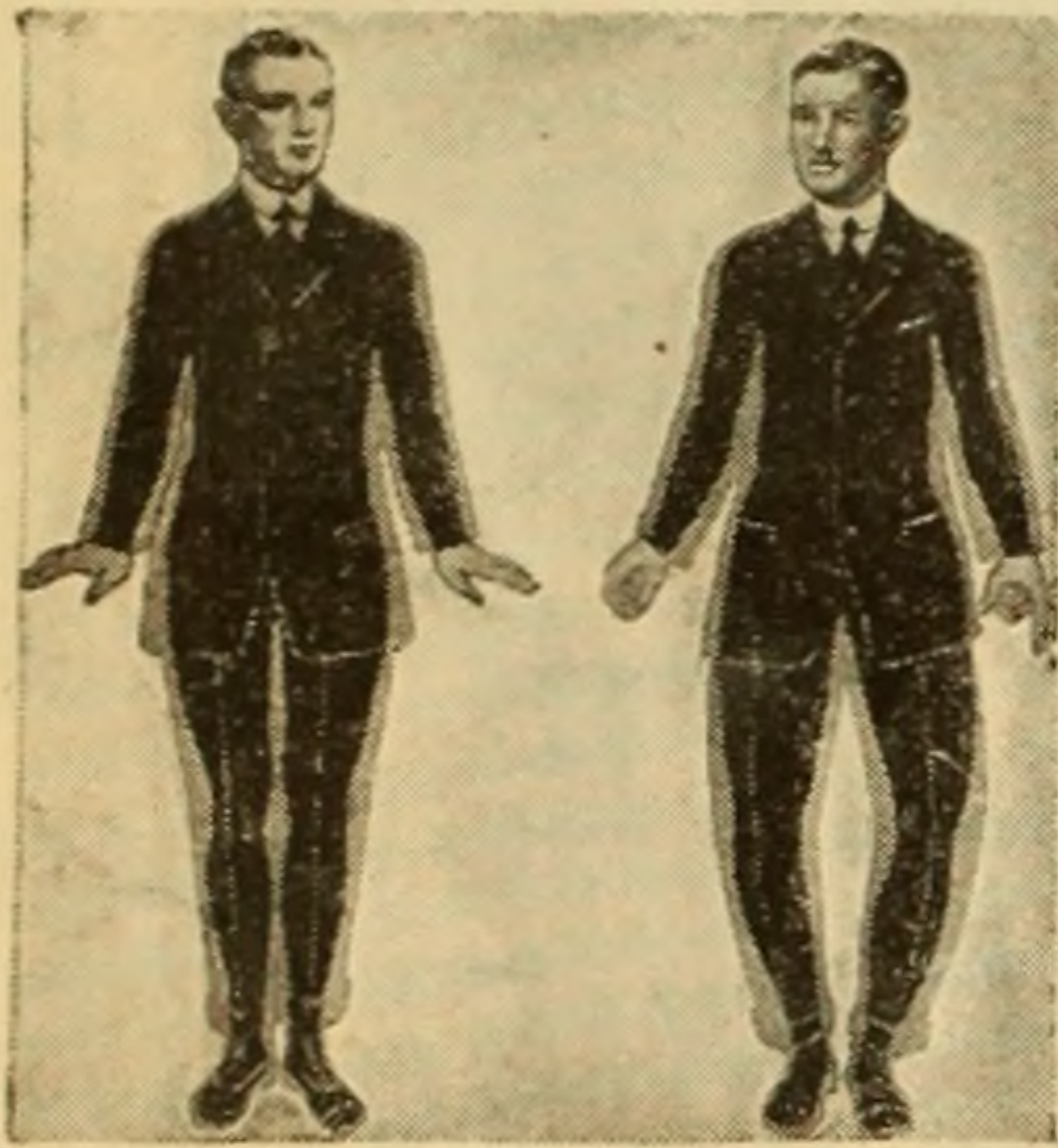
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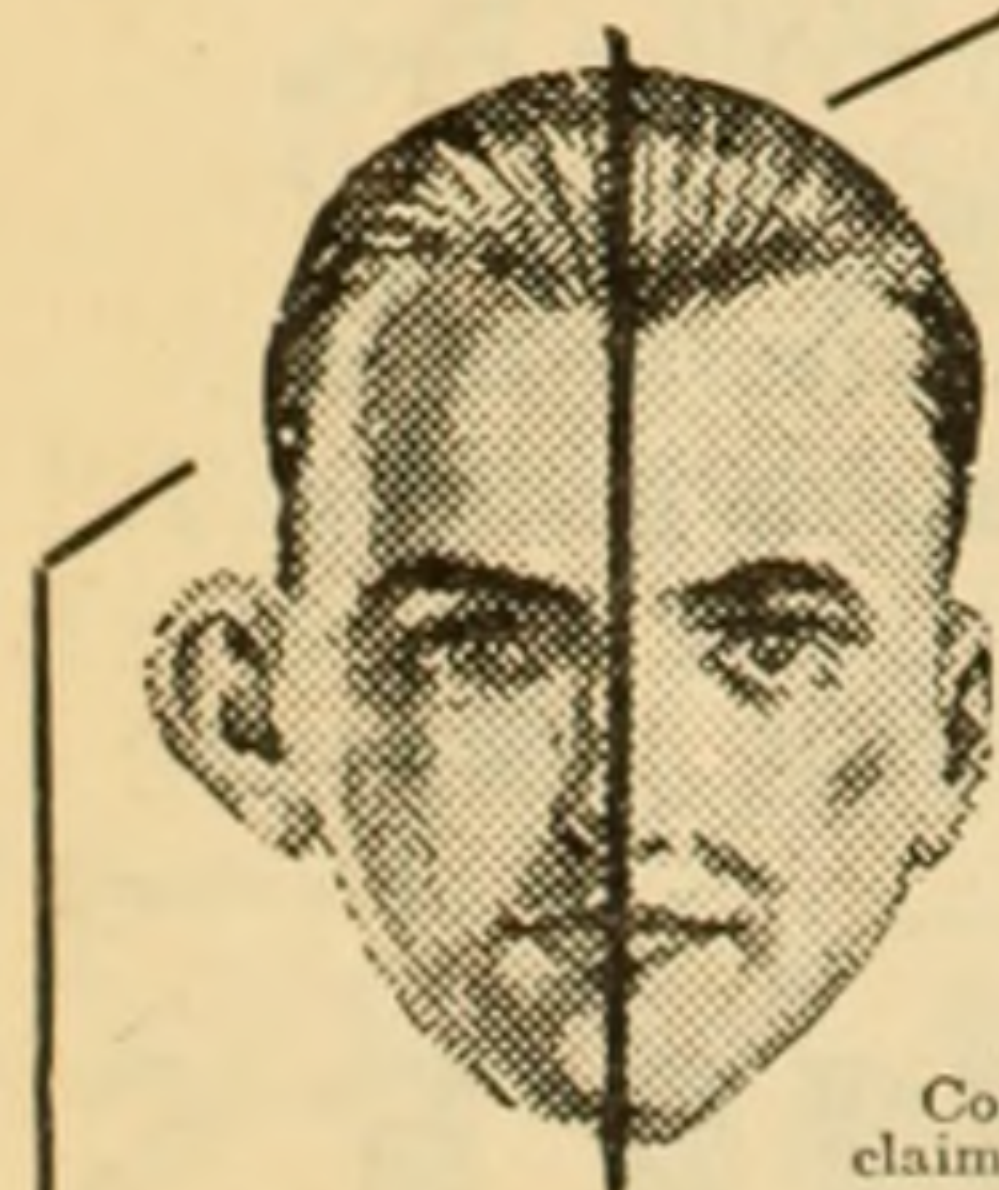
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PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (February.)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (March.)

RED HOT HOOFS—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.)

***RED MILL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (April.)

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.)

***RESURRECTION**—United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores Del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (May.)

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

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (June.)

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.)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (March.)

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (May.)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (May.)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (June.)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (June.)

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

***SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too macabre for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (April.)

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.)

***SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (May.)

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.)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (June.)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own che-ild later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (March.)

***STARK LOVE**—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (May.)

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.)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (March.)

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.)

SYNCOPIATING 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.)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.—The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (May.)

TAXI DANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (April.)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (April.)

***TELEPHONE GIRL, THE**—Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (June.)

***TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (March.)

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.)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (March.)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (May.)

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

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.)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (June.)

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

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (April.)

***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.)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (April.)

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.)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (May.)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (April.)

***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 EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (May.)

***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.)

***WHEN A MAN LOVES**—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (April.)

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 SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (June.)

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.)

WHITE FLANNELS—Warner Bros.—The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (June.)

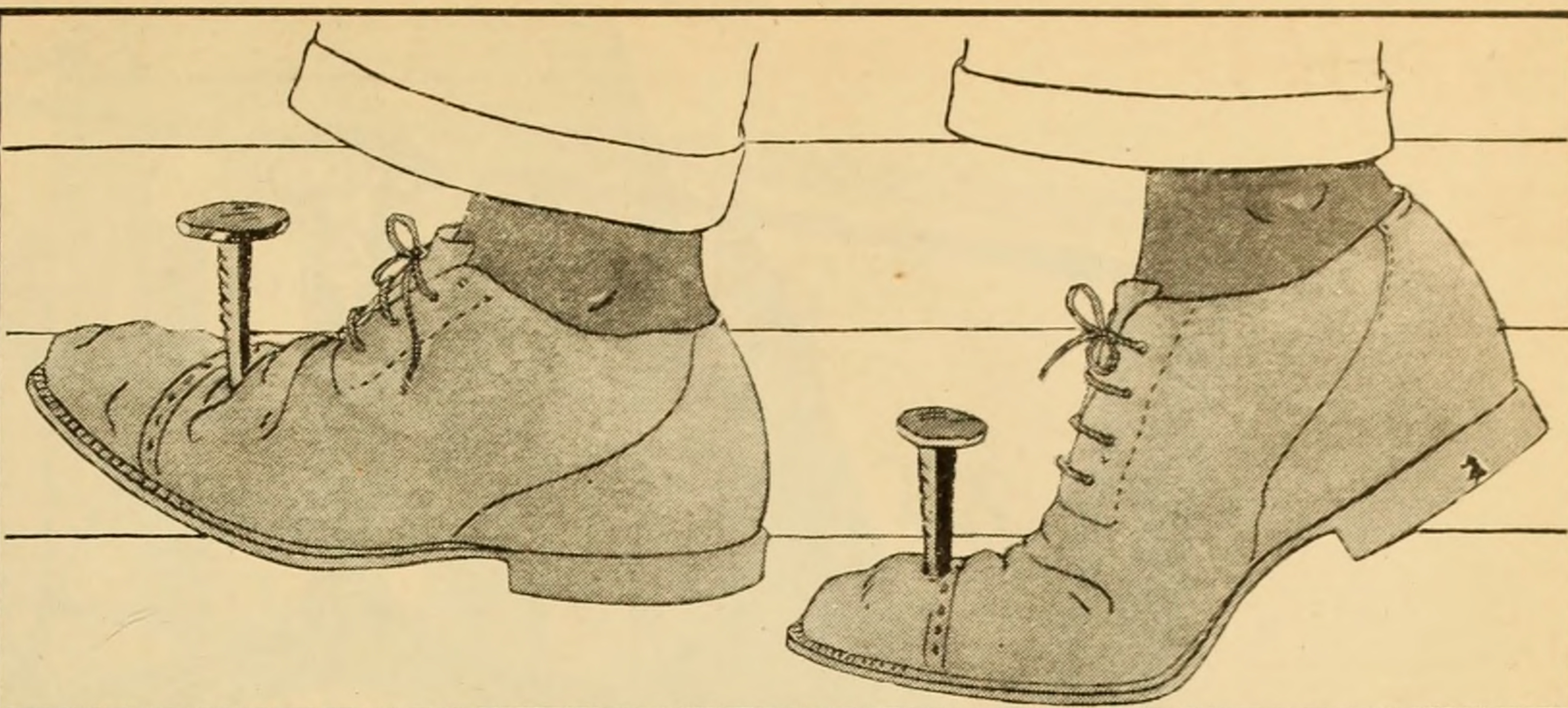
WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (May.)

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.)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (March.)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (March.)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (June.)



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

THE SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS

Contains 300 pages of proven methods that will

Double Your Income

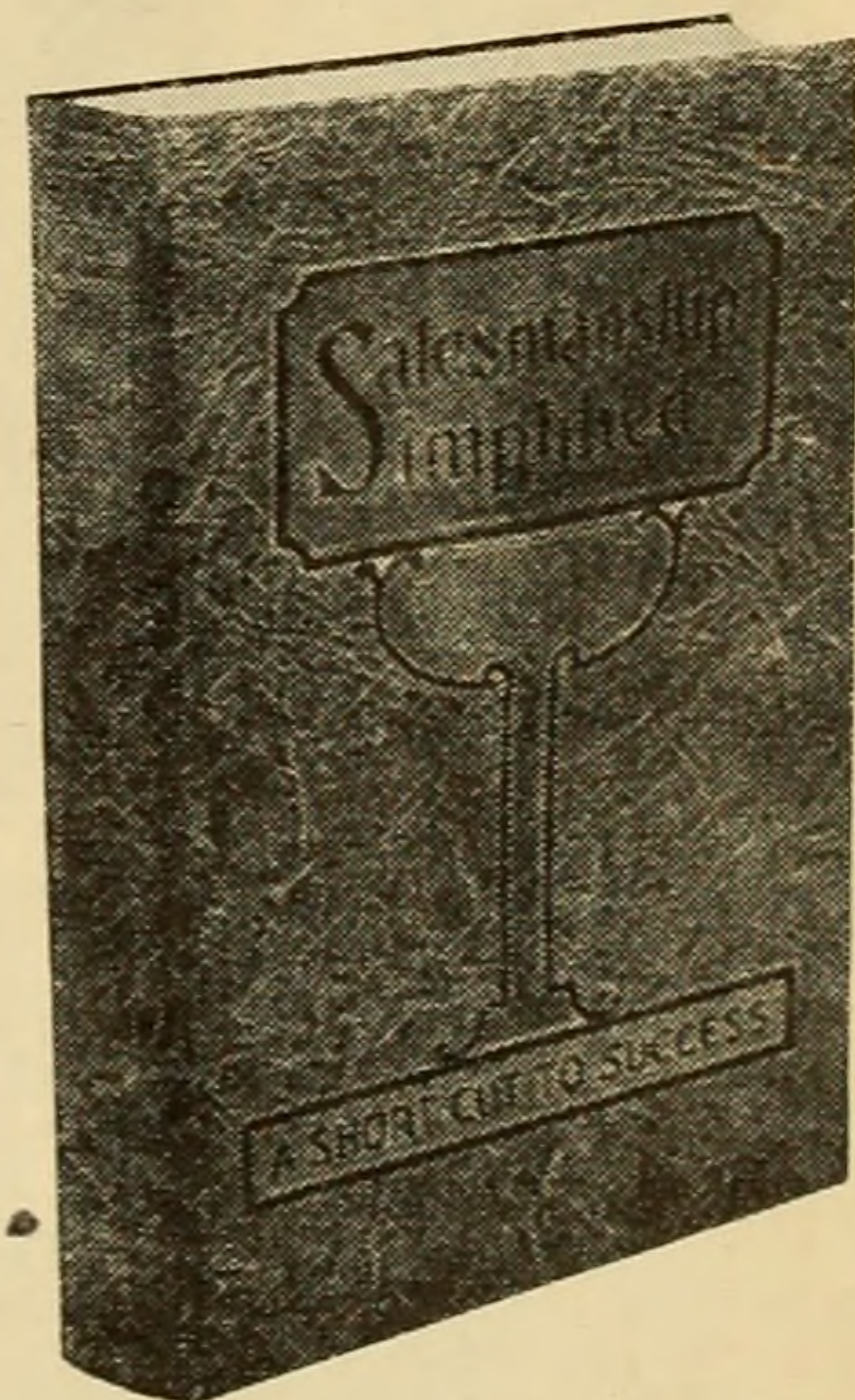
It's the greatest book ever published on Salesmanship, containing page after page of **snappy, to-the-point** paragraphs in plain, understandable English, which you will be quick to absorb, showing you just how to handle each individual situation.

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 fabricord. 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.



Don't Send Any Money Just fill out and mail the coupon. 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:

OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE P. M.
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Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for *Opportunity Magazine* for one year (12 issues); also send me my copy of your 300-page book entitled "Salesmanship Simplified," in accordance with your special offer. I agree to pay postman \$2.00 on receipt of the book and my subscription is to start at once. If I am not more than satisfied with my bargain, I will return the book in five days and you will refund my \$2.00.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"I read PHOTOPLAY because I am interested in the people it writes about. Stories of hardship—bravery—patience—sacrifice—success—great sorrows and great joys. Suppose the spotlight of the World were turned on our little town, and each individual's private life held up for the whole world to see. Would it show the beauty, talent and achievement that these people show? Scandals they have—but what town doesn't? But our scandals are local affairs, while theirs are scattered to the four winds. Instead of reading all about the Chaplin scandal I have been reading about the wonderful marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. An inspiration to any one who reads the article. Can you name a couple of your acquaintance who is perfectly happy?"

"I give up," laughed my friend. "May I take this number home to read?"

And after reading it, she admitted that the movies held a different meaning for her.
 LYNNE E. HANSON.

The Man Who Made Buster Laugh

Allentown, Pa.

Once I heard a story concerning Langdon and Keaton. Buster was making a picture and Harry walked on the set with his simple facial expression. Buster laughed and that part had to be re-shot—when Langdon wasn't around.

LEHMAN H. KLEPPINGER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



The **WORLD'S GREATEST**
"SUMMER RESORT"
opens with 20 Amazing NEW Attractions

THE most popular "Summer Resort" in the world is just up the street!

Nothing like it for convenience.—No trunks to pack... No brain-twisting time-tables... You don't even have to dress up.

Just "Let's Go!" and you're off... to the Movies!

And what Movies!—Never, in any season, has there been such a Film Feast as **FIRST**

NATIONAL offers you this summer!

Just look at that list!—Studded with the greatest names in Stardom... Hits that have delighted Broadway... Successes so sensational they have amazed even the most blasé "insiders"!

Keep the list to make sure you see them all... If you miss a single one, you'll be missing a lot!

from

First National Pictures

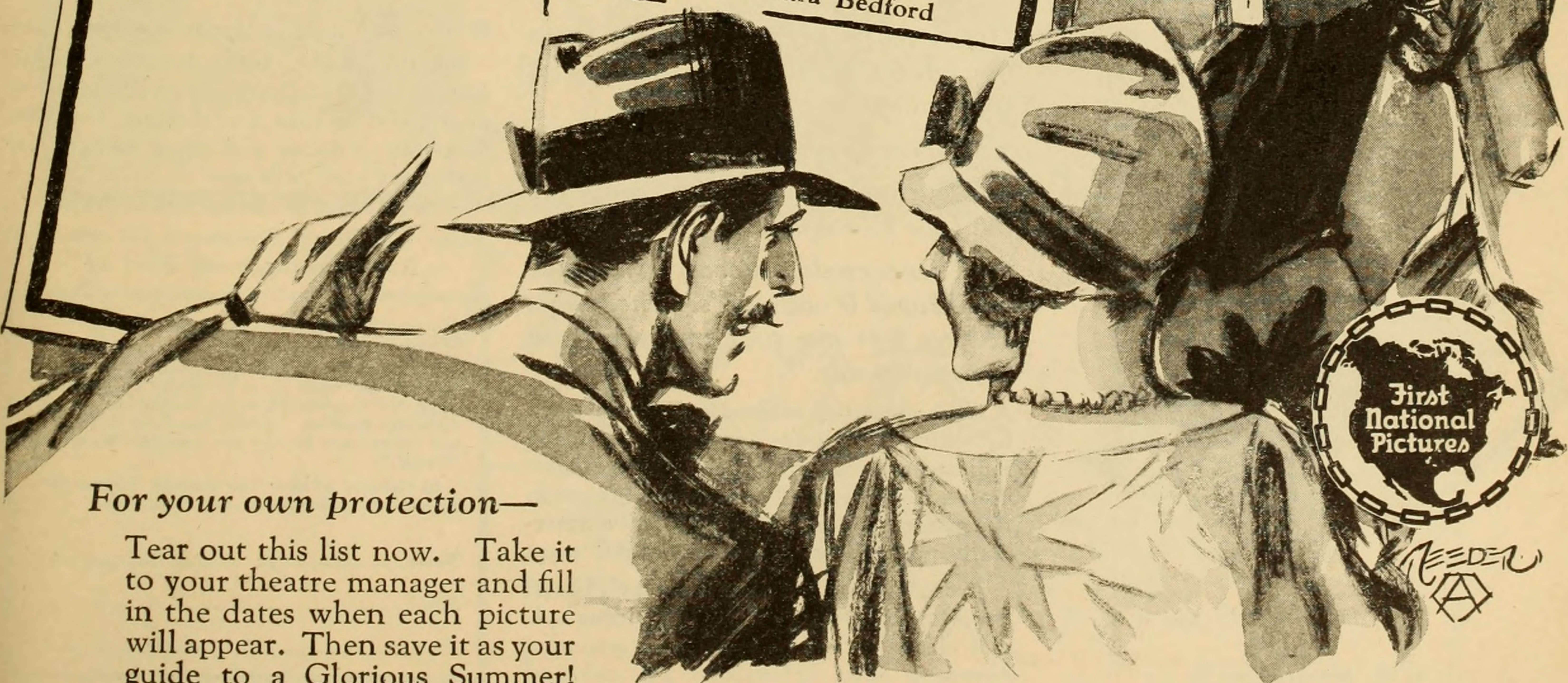
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

The Finest Program of
SUMMER STAR-HITS
 Ever Offered You!

DATE

DATE

	COLLEEN MOORE in Naughty but Nice		George Sidney and Charlie Murray in LOST at the FRONT
	COLLEEN MOORE in Orchids and Ermine		CONVOY with Dorothy Mackaill and Lowell Sherman
	CONSTANCE TALMADGE in Venus of Venice		KEN MAYNARD in The Land Beyond the Law
	CORINNE GRIFFITH in Three Hours		KEN MAYNARD in Somewhere In Sonora
	MILTON SILLS in Framed		SEE YOU IN JAIL with Jack Mulhall
	JOHNNY HINES in All Aboard		Broadway Nights with Lois Wilson, Sam Hardy
	HARRY LANGDON in Long Pants		The SUNSET DERBY with Mary Astor, William Collier, Jr., Ralph Lewis
	A George Fitzmaurice Production The TENDER HOUR with Billie Dove & Ben Lyon		MILTON SILLS in The Sea Tiger
	BABE RUTH in BABE COMES HOME with Anna Q. Nilsson and Louise Fazenda		HIGH HAT with Ben Lyon, Mary Brian Sam Hardy
	Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in McFADDEN'S FLATS		The Notorious Lady with Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford



For your own protection—

Tear out this list now. Take it to your theatre manager and fill in the dates when each picture will appear. Then save it as your guide to a Glorious Summer!

At the LAKE PLACID CLUB

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

*133 women
guests tell how
this soap has
helped to improve
their skin*

SHE is tireless as Diana—the wonderful woman of 1927.

Tramping through the green gloom of Adirondack forests—driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—

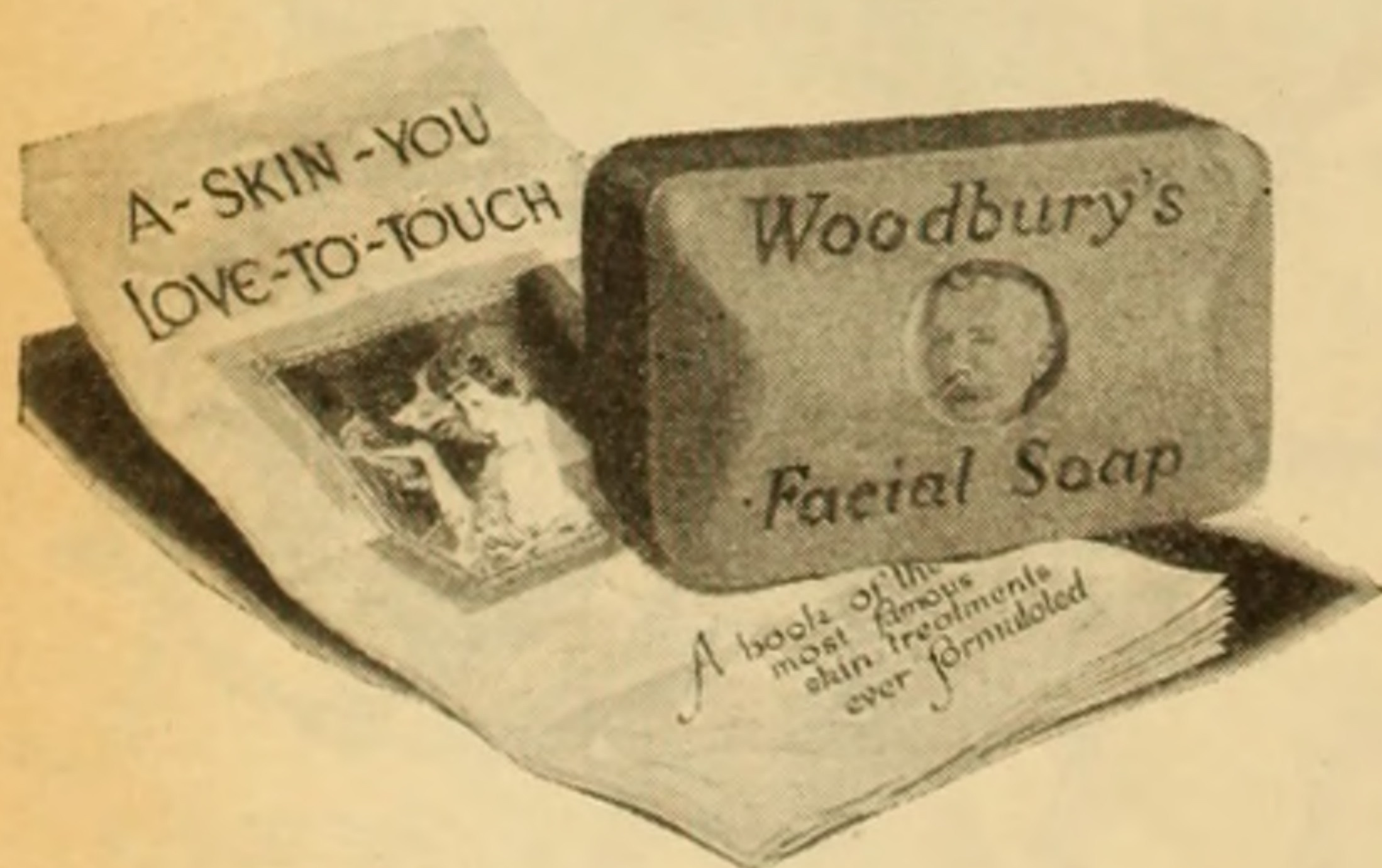
And at night—fresh, unruffled, with a skin of rose and pearl, dancing to the last beat of the orchestra.

One sees her in her perfection at the Lake Placid Club, this loveliest of American types: vital, exquisite, with the arrow-like simplicity which is the finest flower of wealth and cultivation.

How do these women who spend half their fortunate lives in the out-of-doors, care for that soft, smooth skin of theirs—keep it delicately flawless in spite of wind and weather?

We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the outdoor exposure.



Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



"... through the green gloom of Adirondack forest—driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—"

"It seems to protect my skin from the effects of outdoors, keeping it very smooth."

"It keeps my skin so soft."

"The only satisfactory soap for the face I've ever used."

"I never could use soap on my face until I used Woodbury's. Other soaps always left my skin smarting and uncomfortable."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25c cake of

Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.

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

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

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2213 Alfred Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2213 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Ruth Harriet Louise

New Pictures

THE Noonan sisters were re-christened with the lilting names of Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. Sally, at left, you already know. Molly, her sister, will flash to fame in "The Patent Leather Kid," First National's big Fall special.



Richee

NANCY PHILLIPS knew some of the college students who played atmosphere in "The Quarterback." Through them, she met Richard Dix, who gave her a role in "Paradise for Two." Now Miss Phillips is signed up as a Paramount Junior Star.



Bull

ALSO new to the screen—but not new to the patrons of Mr. Ziegfeld's Museum of Fine Arts. Avonne Taylor has achieved the great ambition of all chorus girls; she has signed a movie contract. Metro-Goldwyn captured the gal.



Spurr

CAUSING considerable commotion in "Camille"—Gilbert Roland. He's a Spaniard and the son of Don Francisco Alonzo, once a famous matador. Mr. Roland aspired to the bull-ring but found Hollywood just as congenial to his sense of adventure.



Hommel

UNLESS PHOTOPLAY prints a new photograph of Richard Dix every few months, the editor is swamped with menacing letters signed "Indignant Subscriber." And so this picture is presented as a peace offering to those who cannot see enough of Richard.



Spurr

THE beautiful and dumb enjoy a brief furore and then pass on to the realm of Discarded Ingenues. Louise Fazenda's caricatures of the Kind of Girls that Men Forget have made her the Kind of Girl that Audiences Never Forget.

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



PRESENTING

THE GOSSARDETTE Uplift Bandeau — Garter Belt Panties

A TWO-PIECE foundation for Summer by Gossard. The soft, silk yoke of the panties forms a foundation support, the hose supporters beneath it in front and back holding it firmly to the figure. The dainty uplift bandeau completes the set. They are trimmed with bindings of contrasting color, or edged with lace, and come in soft shades of flesh, orchid, green, peach, and white.

*Developed in Crepe de Chine or Georgette Crepe, \$10
In Fancy Tricot, \$4, \$5, \$6.50 and \$7.50*



The value of relaxation, robed in a gown of some exquisite color to match her mood, is one of the secrets of life which Miss Shearer has learned very early. Does it perhaps account for her marvelous poise and graciousness?

“Now it is easy to keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters looking like NEW”

says **NORMA SHEARER**

“MY clothes must be in perfect condition all the time!” and Norma Shearer smiled as she talked of her problems as a star.

“You can’t imagine what that means with clothes worn in the studio or on location. The life of the screen is really hard on clothes! No matter how grimy a dress may become today, it must be fresh again tomorrow! In fact, everything in my wardrobe must be ready for instant use.

“When I first started in screen work that was awfully hard for me. Often there is no time to send things to the cleaners’ yet makeshift cleaning would not do at all. I found that out when I tried to sponge off the spots my Jerry’s paws left on a printed silk frock with soap and a damp cloth. My treatment only made the situation worse!

“Then mother stepped in and bore the frock off. Next day it looked as good as new! She had

had my maid wash it in Lux. Now, between them, they keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters, my most



ONCE the lovely clothes which fill her wardrobe were a trial as well as a delight to Norma Shearer. But now she can enjoy them all the time—thanks to Lux!

adorable negligees and underthings, as well as all my sport togs, exquisitely fresh all the time.

“But they could never do it without Lux. Mother says old-fashioned washing methods—rubbing or using harsh soaps—would ruin things in no time,” says Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

*“If it’s safe in water
... it’s just as safe
in Lux”*

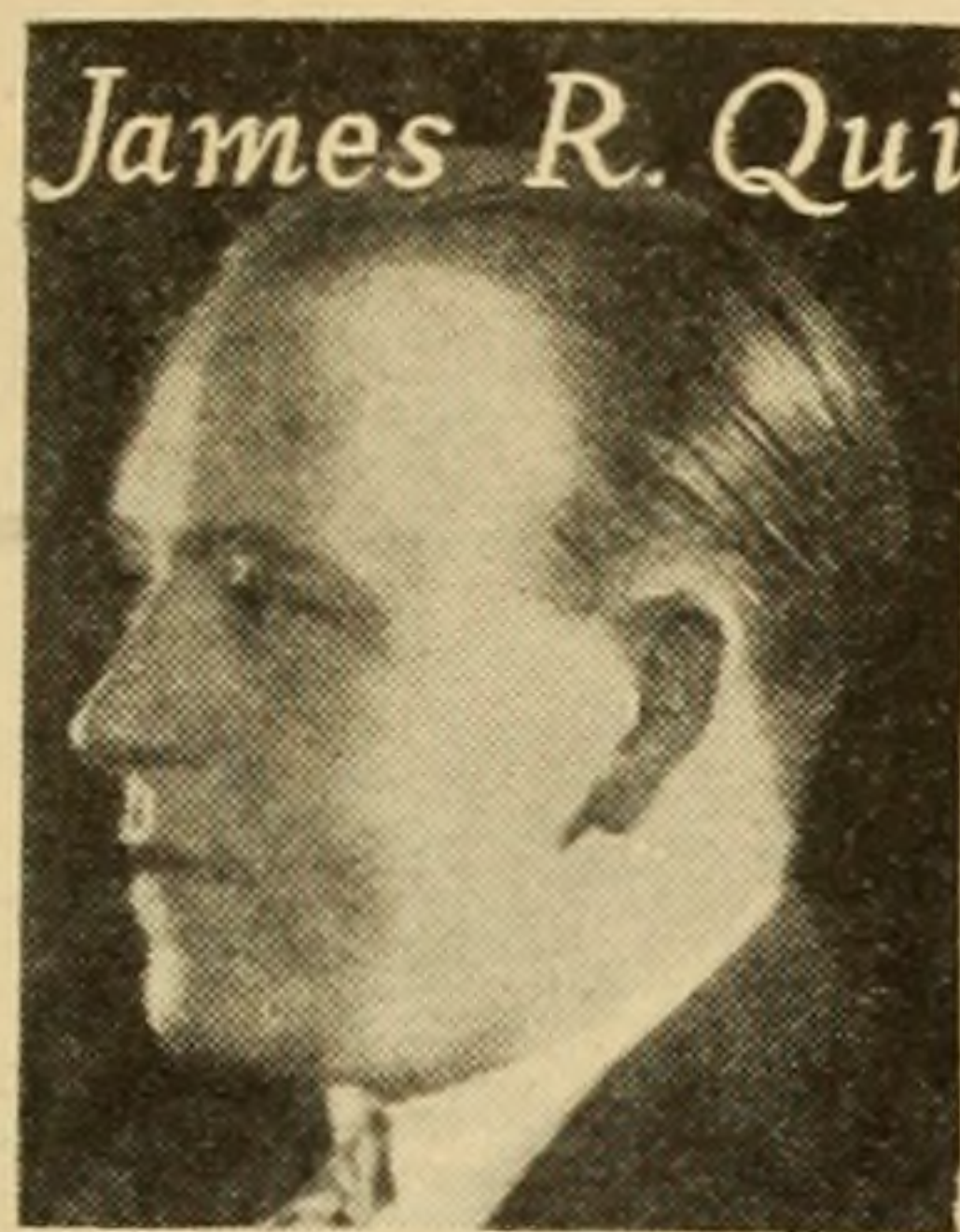


PHOTOPLAY

July, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WHAT this country needs more than good five cent cigars is good twenty-five cent movies.

IF I want acrobats, Swiss bell-ringers, contortionists, clog dancers or mammy sobbers I can go to a vaudeville theater. If I want second-rate Italian baritones or German sopranos I can go to grand opera and be bored. If I want symphonies I don't want to hear them murdered.

If I want Vitaphone, or other forms of squawking pictures, I can wait until they get the right combinations.

I LIKE my pictures straight, and I am but echoing the voice of millions of cinema enthusiasts when I cry out for a theater where I can get a fairly good movie and three reels of news pictures for fifty cents.

BIG exhibitors have gone daffy on fantastic architecture, symphony orchestras, prologues, toe dancers, and other forms of cinematographic sauces. A chap wants a nice square meal of steak and fried potatoes with a large cup of coffee, and he has to wade through a banquet beginning with *hors d'ouvres* and ending with *fromage avec crème fouettée* and *demi tasse*, or goes hungry.

I LOVE to go to the movies, but I am tired of hearing the "1812 Overture."

When the drums begin to bombard Moscow and the Kremlin starts to blaze I burn up.

SOMETIMES I sigh for the good old days when I could slip into a seat to see "Tillie's Nightmare," and see Tillie's instead of the theater manager's.

THE best of the picture palaces are worthy enterprises, marvels of diversified entertainment. You can take your vaudeville or leave it, and you can telephone and learn the exact hour at which the feature is shown, enjoy it, and leave the toe dancers and operettas for the folks who don't dare to go home because Pa is trying out a new loud speaker on the radio.

But the Lord preserve us from those second rate movie palaces which imitate high class presentations like the little Japanese imitate American-made locomotives. They imitate everything including the defects, and the result is a combination of twenty German street bands in plush dinner coats and vaudeville acts that never got beyond Little Rock, Ark.

OUT in Los Angeles, the home of the movie and Jeanie Macpherson; the heaven of the retired Iowa farmer, and the happy hunting ground of the realtor, Sid Grauman, the canny showman of the Pacific, is showing us real swank. His Chinese Theater surpasses the dreams of an oriental potentate. To attend the opening of "The King of Kings" the customers had to have eleven dollars in cash and a dress suit.

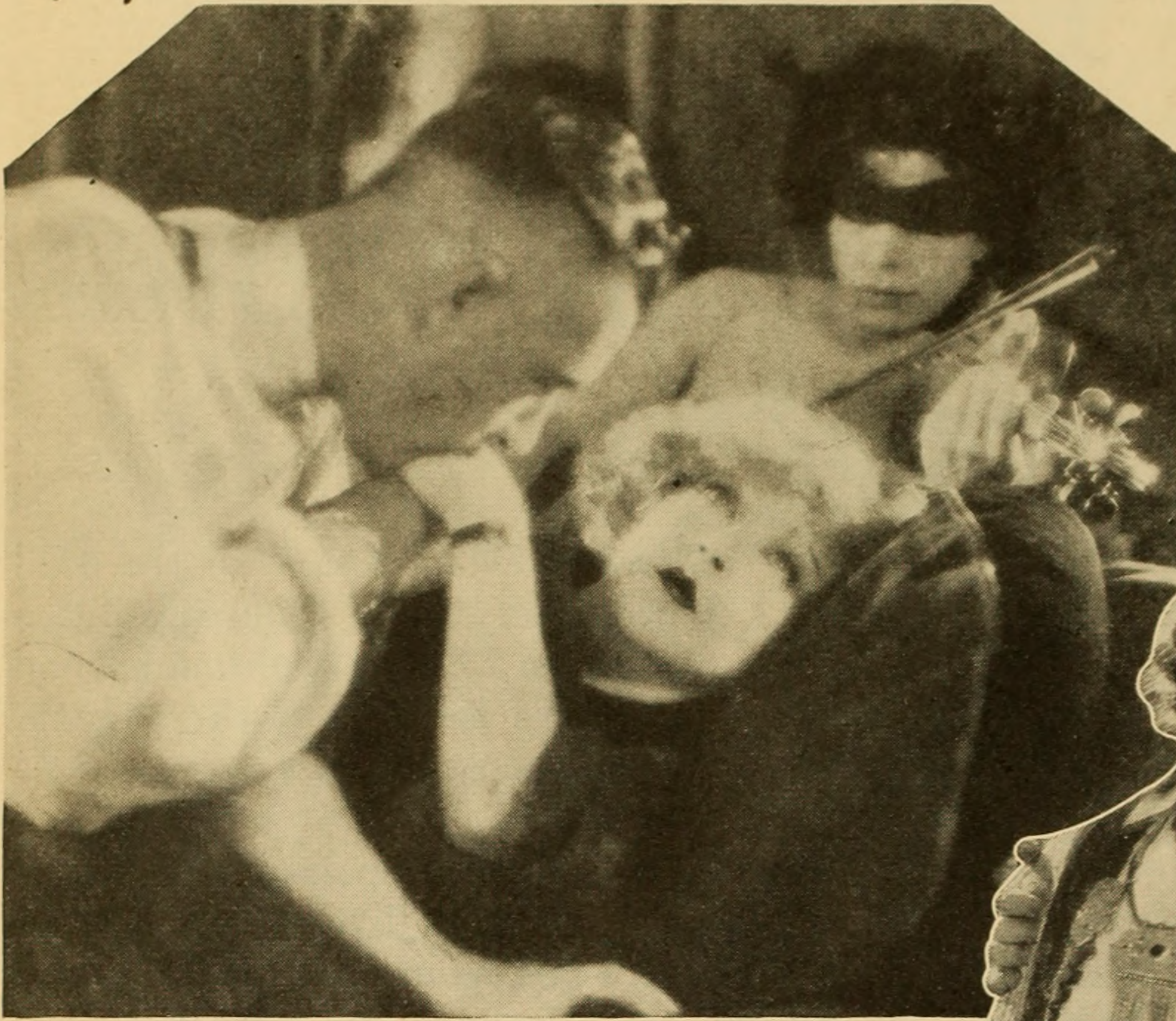
Jesus wouldn't have been allowed in the gallery. He never had eleven dollars and his garments would have been *de trop*.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Why do Great Lovers

Romance and domesticity fail to mix

Child-like, picturesque Valentino—the greatest matinee idol who ever lived. He adored his wife but failed as a husband



John Gilbert—impulsive and with some of the impulses divinely directed. But, plainly, as a husband he wouldn't do

PERSONALLY, I wish I'd never started this thing.

I like to have a definite answer to my questions. There isn't usually much doubt in my mind as to what I think about anything—right or wrong, for I'm what my friends call a positive person.

But this question about why great lovers fail as husbands is a very difficult and delicate one. Especially as they are all alive. This writing about people who are alive has its disadvantages. Some day I'm going to give it up and go in for Henry the Eighth and Cellini.

The question came popping up in what, as Ring Lardner says, I like to call my mind, one day when I had been talking to a young debutante, a la John Held, Jr. We talked about Jack Gilbert.

"I should die happy," said she, "if I could even just eat a meal with Jack Gilbert."

"Not eat a meal," I said; "eating is so unromantic."

"Not with him it wouldn't be," said she.

And I thought, "Well, I suppose you're one of five million women who feel just that way about it. Yet Leatrice Joy didn't find eating with him very



Fail as Husbands?

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Adored by many,
they are often
deserted by one

satisfactory and neither did his first wife—I can't remember her name."

And then it began to dawn on me that all these great matinee idols, many of these great screen lovers who inspire a glowing flame in feminine bosoms all over the world, don't seem to go so well at home.

Funny, isn't it? But true.

There was Rudy, for example. Dear, child-like, picturesque Rudy. The greatest matinee idol who ever lived. And with it all a kindly and gentle and generous soul.

First he married little Jean Acker. She left him not very long after the honeymoon. I never knew Jean Acker very well, just a nodding acquaintance, but she always seemed to be a pretty and rather commonplace girl, a "good fellow," no different from hundreds of other girls in Hollywood.



Even self-contained, mysterious Ronald Colman—a gentleman and a charming person—has a background of hectic domestic troubles



Gilbert and Greta Garbo paused on the very brink of matrimony—and drew back. Why attempt the impossible?

She was followed by Natacha Rambova, born Winifred O'Shaunnessy. Exotic, bizarre, wrapt in mysticism and strange silver turbans, dominating, artistic, fascinating was Natacha. They separated after a stormy matrimonial voyage that is generally conceded to have greatly injured Rudy's career and was surrounded by tales of continual strife in its last years.

Yet Rudy, I will swear, adored Natacha. Perhaps he got over it. Assuredly she did. But he did adore her in the beginning. He allowed her to run his life, his business, his career, his finances.

And she left him, in the end.

Let us take Jack Gilbert, in passing. Quite mad, of course, but adorable. Utterly impulsive, but with some of the impulses divinely directed.

To save me, I cannot remember the name of Jack's first wife. I don't suppose it matters. Of course Jack wasn't listed among the great lovers in those days. (He will bitterly deny that he is now, and probably stop speaking to me, but he'll have to forgive me. His fan mail is the final proof.)

"The Women Who Could Hold the Great Lovers Won't Put Up With Them"

He was, at the time of his first marriage, a poor young actor trying to get along and selling automobile tires between times. But the potentialities were all there. He was actually the same man who has since swept the country.

But the first marriage wasn't a go.

Then of course he married Leatrice Joy. Never were two people more in love than Jack and Leatrice when they married. They were so much in love that Michael Arlen might have written about them. It's none of my business and I make just as many mistakes as anybody else, but I think they are still in love.

Nevertheless, Leatrice cast him forth. They were both very sporting about the whole thing, but plainly, as husband he wouldn't do.

Even Ronald Colman, the mysterious and reserved Ronald, who keeps himself and his affairs and his ideas so much to himself that you sometimes wonder if he has any, even Ronald had a wife and couldn't



Lew Cody, when he was the original "male vamp," tried marriage with Dorothy Dalton. He was hardly a success as Dorothy's husband. She left him flat



John Barrymore and his wife live happily several thousand miles apart. When a man is told continually that he is a remarkable and wonderful and amazing person, the wife's position becomes practically untenable

keep her. Be that as it may, the dark and unbelievably self-contained Ronald has a background of hectic domestic troubles. Which is really amazing, for kidding aside, as we say, Ronald is a gentleman and a most charming person, and quite as attractive on as off, which you can't say for everybody in pictures. His wife was Thelma Wray, an English musical comedy actress.

John Barrymore is another failure as a husband.

His first wife—I think she was his first wife, I don't remember any previous—was the prettiest blonde I ever saw. A New York society belle,—Jack runs to aristocracy matrimonially—named Katherine Harris, who looked like a French marquise and had the disposition of an angel. Jack told me that.

But she left him, after several years of married life. Now she is married to a New York millionaire and very happy.

His present domestic partner was the famous Mrs. Leonard Thomas, and though they are still married they haven't seen each other for a couple of years, so I think we may count that among the failures.

Lew Cody, the original "male vamp,"—though he has lived that down and we shouldn't hold it against him—had matrimonial disasters, before he married Mabel Normand. He

was once the husband of Dorothy Dalton, whose performance in "The Flame of the Yukon," though it is ancient history now, still stands out in my memory. Whatever [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



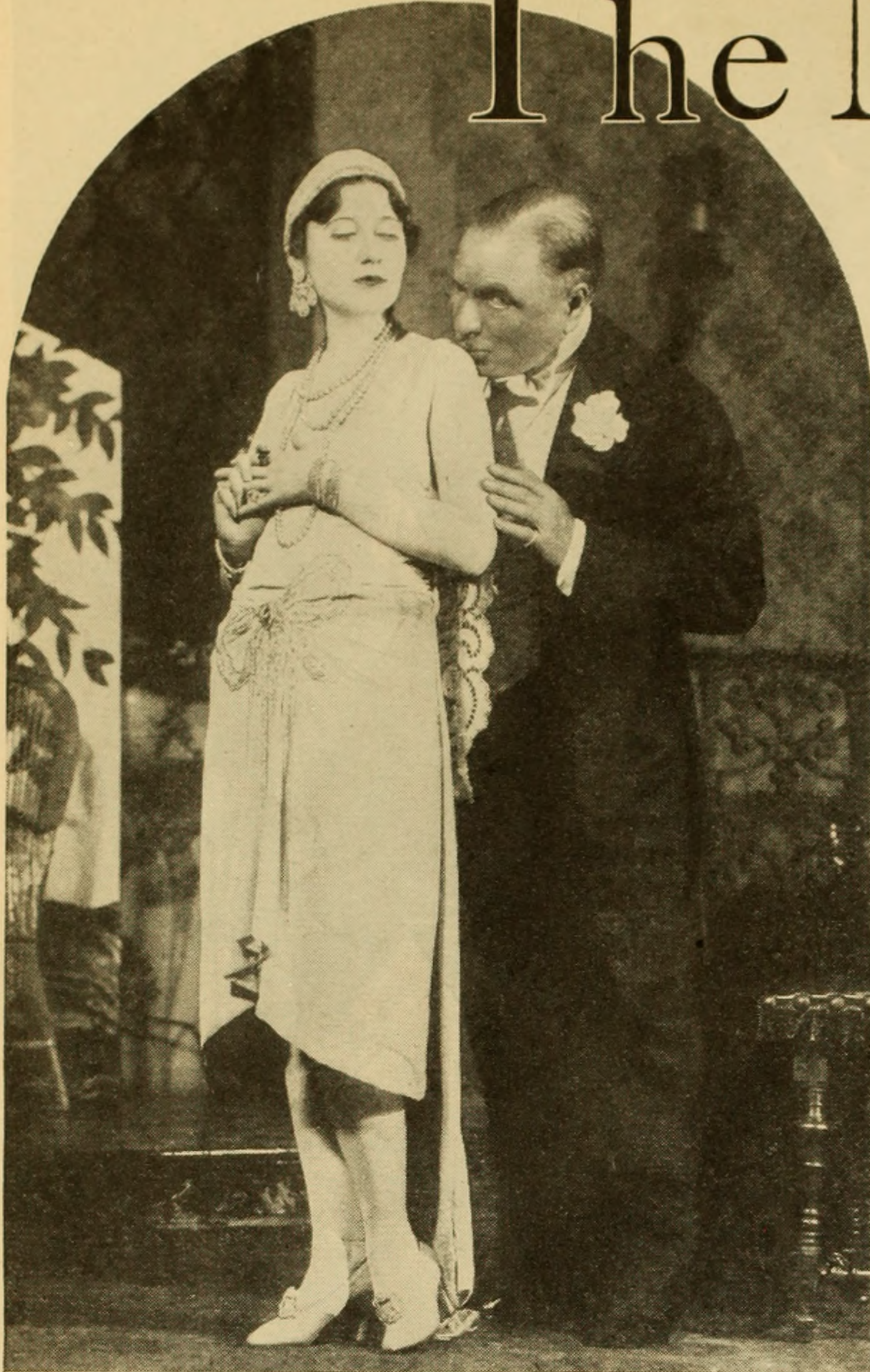
Drawing by Kliz

SPECIAL DISPATCH: CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA. The jungle is in an uproar at the news that Mae Murray, accompanied by an arsenal of guns and Mdivani of Georgia, has landed on a big game hunting expedition. Lions are tearing their manes, cubs are crying their eyes out and four monkeys are learning to speak English. The South African Premier has protested to the Foreign Secretary in London to prevent this wholesale destruction of innocent leopards and defenseless tigers, by the reckless use of Kleig lights.

The New York

A Veteran Dramatic
of Pictures for Enter-

By Frank Vreeland



Genevive Tobin and Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's the Thing," a racy bit of comedy gossamer. "Sexiness in good taste," says Mr. Vreeland

Five Ways in Which the Screen Beats the Stage:

1. Interesting Diversity
2. More Vivid and Realistic
3. Greater in Mass Punch and Thrill
4. Swifter in Action
5. Greater Spectacular Spaciousness

What can the silent drama give you which the spoken drama can't; and vice versa?

In considering this, you would be determining incidentally whether the films have stolen some thunder irretrievably from the oral plays, and whether the oral plays can ever do anything about it. So in order to gain a basis for determining this critical question which might conceivably agitate the bosom of out-of-towners, let us nose around among the attractions of four hits from each list. Afterward we can go into the respective merits of each type of drama, and settle this point for posterity.

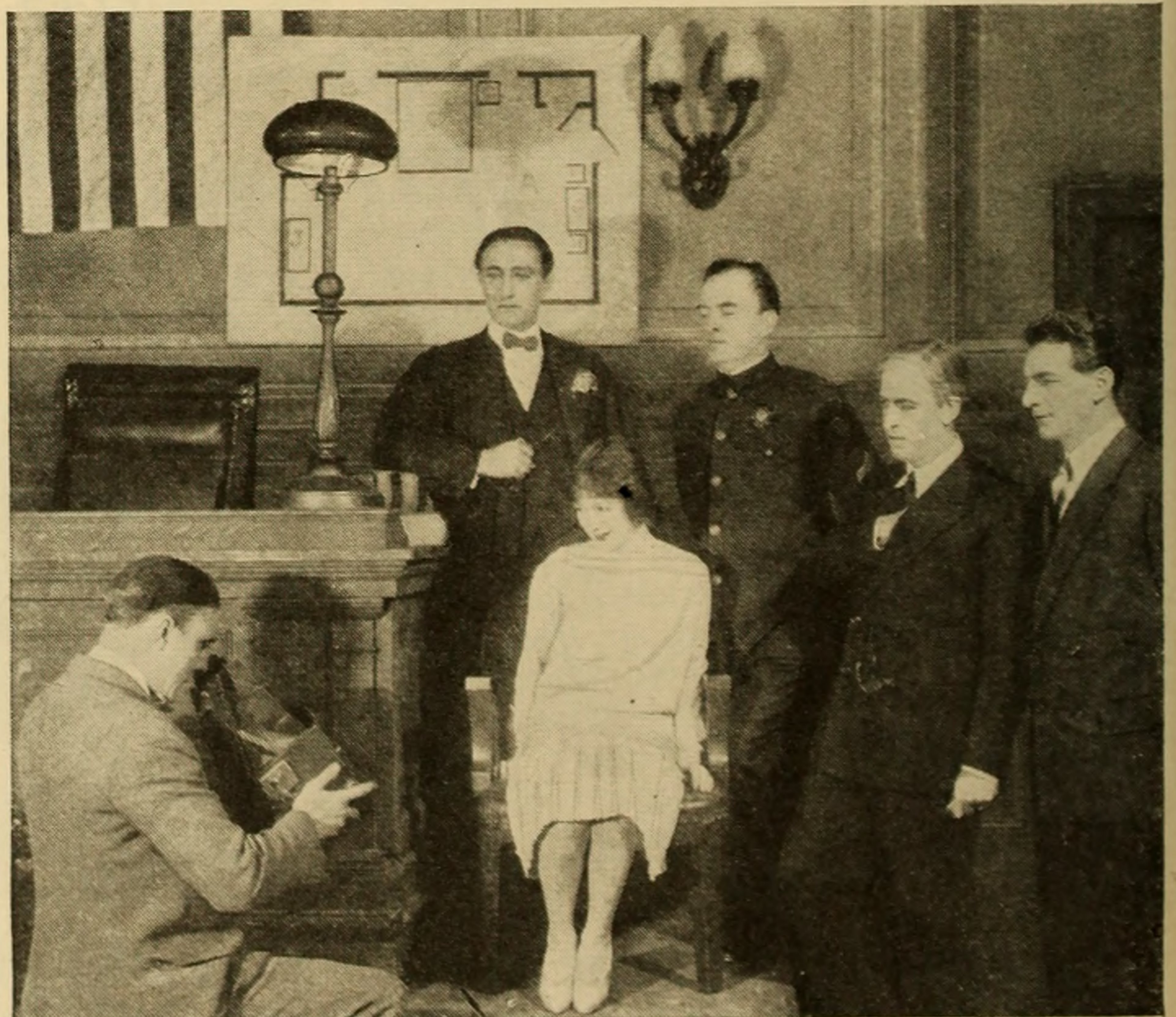
First, let us see what there is in the outstanding pictures to cheer about.

Frank Vreeland, the author of this article, is a prominent New York dramatic critic. He became dramatic editor of the old MORNING SUN in 1917. After war service, he rejoined the dramatic department of THE MORNING SUN and was successively on the dramatic staffs of THE EVENING SUN, THE HERALD, THE HERALD-TRIBUNE and THE EVENING TELEGRAM. Mr. Vreeland has been critic of THE EVENING TELEGRAM for the past two years. He was selected to write this article because he has always been interested in motion pictures and regularly reviews the big pictures as part of his duties as critic.

THE EDITOR

SUPPOSE you're an out-of-towner, hell bent for Broadway. Suppose during your short stay in New York you had time for only four shows, besides the usual trip to the Statue of Liberty with side stops at the orange drink stands. Which would you choose—photoplays or spoken plays (omitting Coney Island)?

In other words, which would you figure as offering you the most entertainment per dollar per hour—movies or speakies?



The court-room scene of "Chicago," with Francine Larrimore as the acquitted girl murderess. This is a satire on the way the newspapers of 1927 handle crime

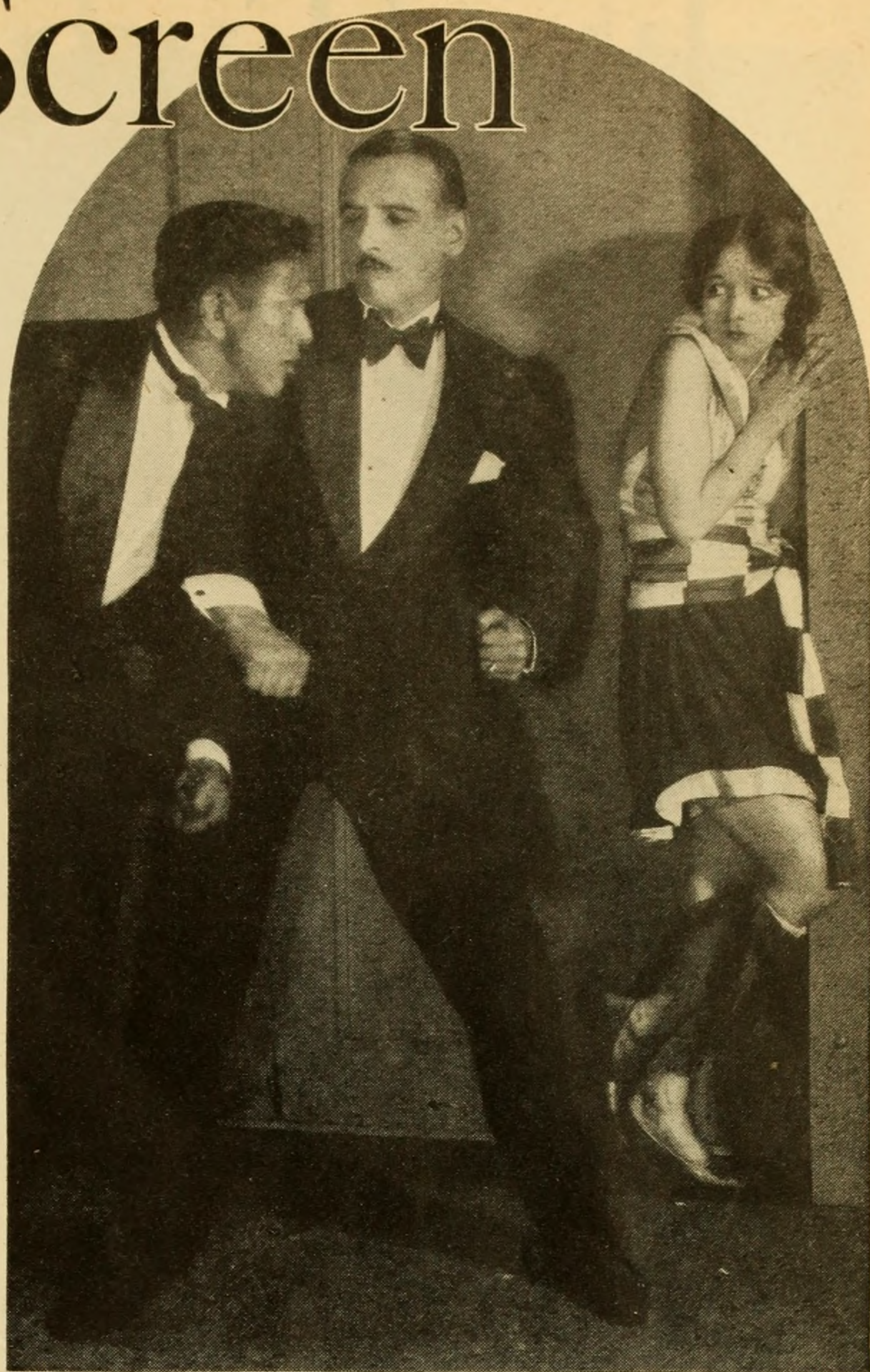
Stage and Screen

Critic decides in favor of tainment Values

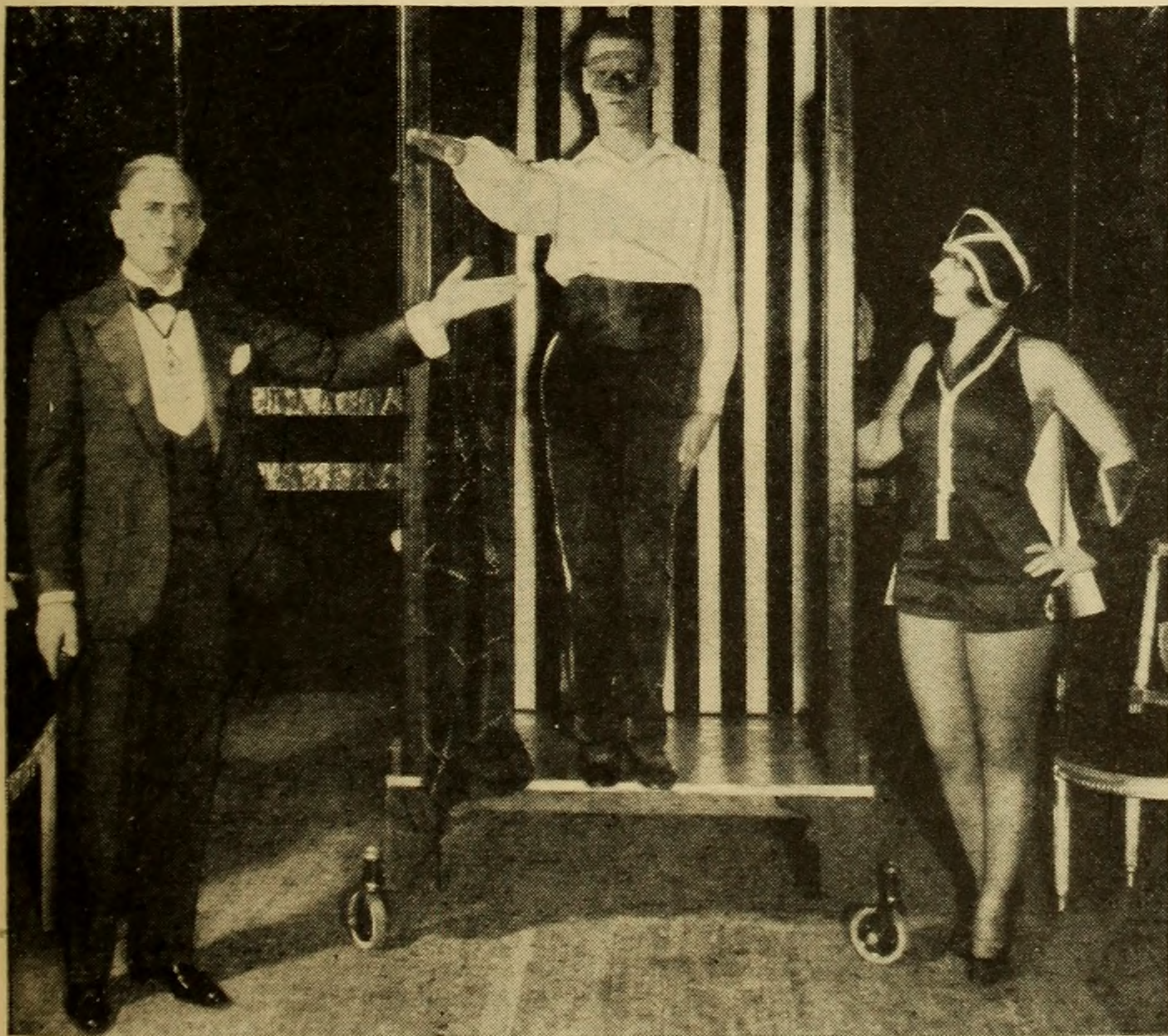
"Chang," the new screen earthquake, has a great variety of scenes, and all the exciting adventures possible to a Siamese Frank Merriwell. Plunging you deep into strange foreign climes, it loses no time in shifting you from jungle to river, from plantation to village, and from monkey to tiger. The veracity of its views are unquestioned and indelibly memorable, with clear photography which brings out every intimate detail in the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Kru of the Siamese Krus. And it has an epic sense of all mankind holding back lawless nature—that nature which is constantly crowding the mourners.

Its collection of varied animals is enough to make an old circus man water at the mouth. The climactic sequence of the elephant stampede through the forest hamlet is something that outranks in sensationalism the Siamese twins of vaudeville. Bear in mind that matter of variety and sensationalism, boys and girls. The class will take that up later.

WIDE diversity of locale is also plastered all over "Beau Geste." From the African desert, to England, to Marseilles, to the fort in the desert again it snaps you about, while a full-blown mystery plot envelops the three Geste brothers with the irresistible, penetrating power of a sandstorm. It can plant atmosphere and action commingled with one swoop, and the glimpses of the seething, vicious life of the Foreign Legion are done with an exactness and genuineness to make the hair curl.



"Broadway," the inside story of bootleggers, gunmen and Manhattan night life, with Sylvia Field as the cabaret girl. It is nippy melodrama



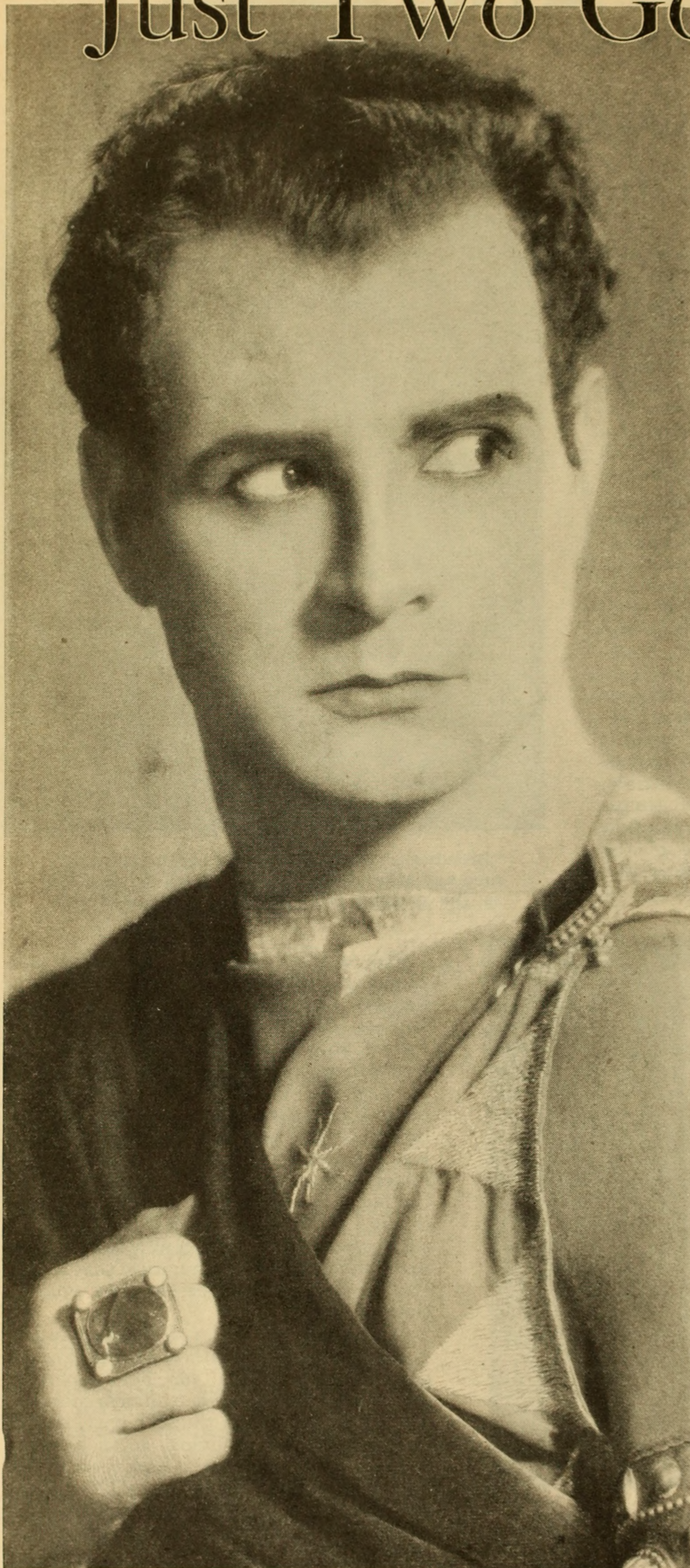
"The Spider" is Broadway's newest thriller, involving a stage magician, a dope ring and a murder done right in the audience. Germaine Giroux is the magician's assistant

The whirling charges of the Arab marauders, freckling the desert dunes, are features that the best trained supers in Buffalo Bill's show couldn't duplicate. Fasten to the old bean these points of atmosphere, mystery and swift charges.

"The Big Parade" has a multiplicity of fresh and vivid detail which brings the late war right home to your doorstep. It has at times a poignant reality to it which impels war veterans to listen uneasily for the bugle call again. Here, too, is an epic quality, a throbbing touch of the headlong ruthlessness of the war, and a sure, honest understanding of human nature that makes the doughboy no better—and no worse—than he ought to be.

Where can you find a scene of such universal, compelling pathos as the French girl's frantic search for her departing soldier sweetheart, while camions, caissons, cavalry and cannons thunder past, bound for the front and oblivious to such insect matters as love affairs? And there is robust humor too—as a few million others have said. File that realism and that epic quality away in the card index system of your memory. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Just Two Good Boys



Victor Varconi *From Hungary*

SOME like 'em hot. There is Victor Varconi, the lad who plays *Pontius Pilate* in "The King of Kings" with such intelligence that, for a few minutes, the whole picture almost seems a drama of *Pilate's* personal tragedy.

Victor Varconi comes from the fiery, independent land of Hungary. In 1924, he made his first assault on Hollywood.

Perhaps you remember him as the villain in "Triumph."

Anyway, De Mille liked his dirty work so well that he wanted to sign him up on contract as a Big Ogle and Leer Man.

But Mr. Varconi broke all records by saying:

"No, Mr. DeMille," and going back to Hungary. But he wasn't the sort of person that De Mille could forget.

A little over a year after his return, De Mille cabled him to come back and play the *Prince* in "The Volga Boatman."

WHEN Varconi got back to Hollywood, Mr. De Mille told him that he wanted a von Stroheim sort of characterization.

Again Mr. Varconi went to the mat for his own ideas.

"Mr. von Stroheim," he said, "is a very fine actor, but I cannot play parts as he does. I do not believe in the characters he makes almost convincing.

"I was in the War, fighting on the Russian front. I saw much there. I have seen my own country struggling back through the poverty war left upon it.

"But I never have seen the people whom von Stroheim plays. I have seen all classes, but I always have found in them a spark of something tender, good, humorous."

De Mille gave him his own way. After all, Varconi was leading man at the National Theater in Budapest and he is no mere upstart.

Varconi is married—happily so. His wife was formerly a star in Viennese operettas.

"My wife and I love this beautiful land," says Varconi. "We want to stay and be one of you."

Young Victor was aptly named. He knows his goulash.

From the Other Side

Lars Hanson *From Sweden*

SOME like 'em cold.

Consider Lars Hanson, who gave Lillian Gish such a race for honors in "The Scarlet Letter," that he was given the unqualified lead in John Robertson's production, "Captain Salvation," listed among the six best pictures of the month while his performance is among the best of the month.

Mr. Hanson comes from the chilly, the aloof land of Sweden where nights are long and art is earnest.

One of those strong, silent Nordics with blonde hair and eyes like blue ice.

A thoughtful, studious young fellow who sees in the movies, not personal exploitation, but something fine, something noble, something big and new for the artist.

LIKE Varconi in one respect, Hanson belongs to the cream of the foreign element in Hollywood. He is no bogus prince, no busted nobleman, but an actor of reputation in his own country—a member of the Royal Theater of Stockholm.

Hanson is a hard worker, with years of struggle and experience to his credit.

A discreet, a proud and a shy man who will lapse into a glacier-like silence rather than talk of his success, his personal affairs.

He came to America for his Big Chance and he isn't going to talk himself out of it.

The hot sun of Hollywood has shone on him for over a year, the fires of temperament have swept around him; but Lars Hanson hasn't thawed out yet.

His wife is Karin Nolander, a distinguished and beautiful Swedish actress. She will not go on the screen—no.

One in the family is enough.

But they study together, work together and the gayer world of Hollywood knows them not.

But they like America, yes. And the reason is simple.

"Your movies," says Hanson, "will be the great one. Your people have the poise, the confidence to make great pictures. So your movies will triumph."

And Mr. Hanson wants to be in on that triumph.

He knows his herring.



Put Your Heads To-

Some tips on the fascinating new game
fat checks. There's

THE great \$15,000 Idea Contest has two more months to run—until midnight, August 15th—but already PHOTOPLAY has sent out for more locked steel files, where the manuscripts are kept, awaiting the decision of the judges.

Thousands of ideas have been received, from every state in the union and from nearly all the countries in Europe. But that doesn't mean that there isn't ample time and opportunity for those who have not yet put their ideas on paper.

The question most frequently asked of those who are in charge of the contest is whether it is permissible for more than one person to work on an idea.

The answer is "Yes." This contest is distinctly a family affair. Brother may have a bright way of pepping up Father's idea for a political picture. Sister may put a touch of romance into Mother's suggestion for an historical story.

In signing the coupon, which you will find at the bottom of the page whereon the rules are printed, the head of the family may sign for all the members. Or each member of the family may submit his or her own suggestions and sign the coupon. In the case of two or more persons working on the same idea, in collaboration, one collaborator should sign the coupon, or type-written copy thereof.

Most families have the pleasant habit of discussing and criticizing the pictures they have seen together. Very often the family comes home from the movie theater and tell each other how, in their opinion, the picture they have just seen could have been improved.

THAT is the sort of constructive spirit PHOTOPLAY wants to bring out in this contest. Only instead of criticizing a picture you have seen, try to map out a film story of your own that would entertain the whole family.

After all, that is what the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which is offering the prizes in this contest, is striving to do—produce pictures that will please all the members of your family.

Don't be afraid of putting your idea before the Home Critics before you send it to the judges in this contest. Father might be helpful in telling you where your idea is too immature. Your wife surely would be able to judge whether your idea would appeal to feminine fans. Grandfather would be able to give you pointers on historical accuracy.

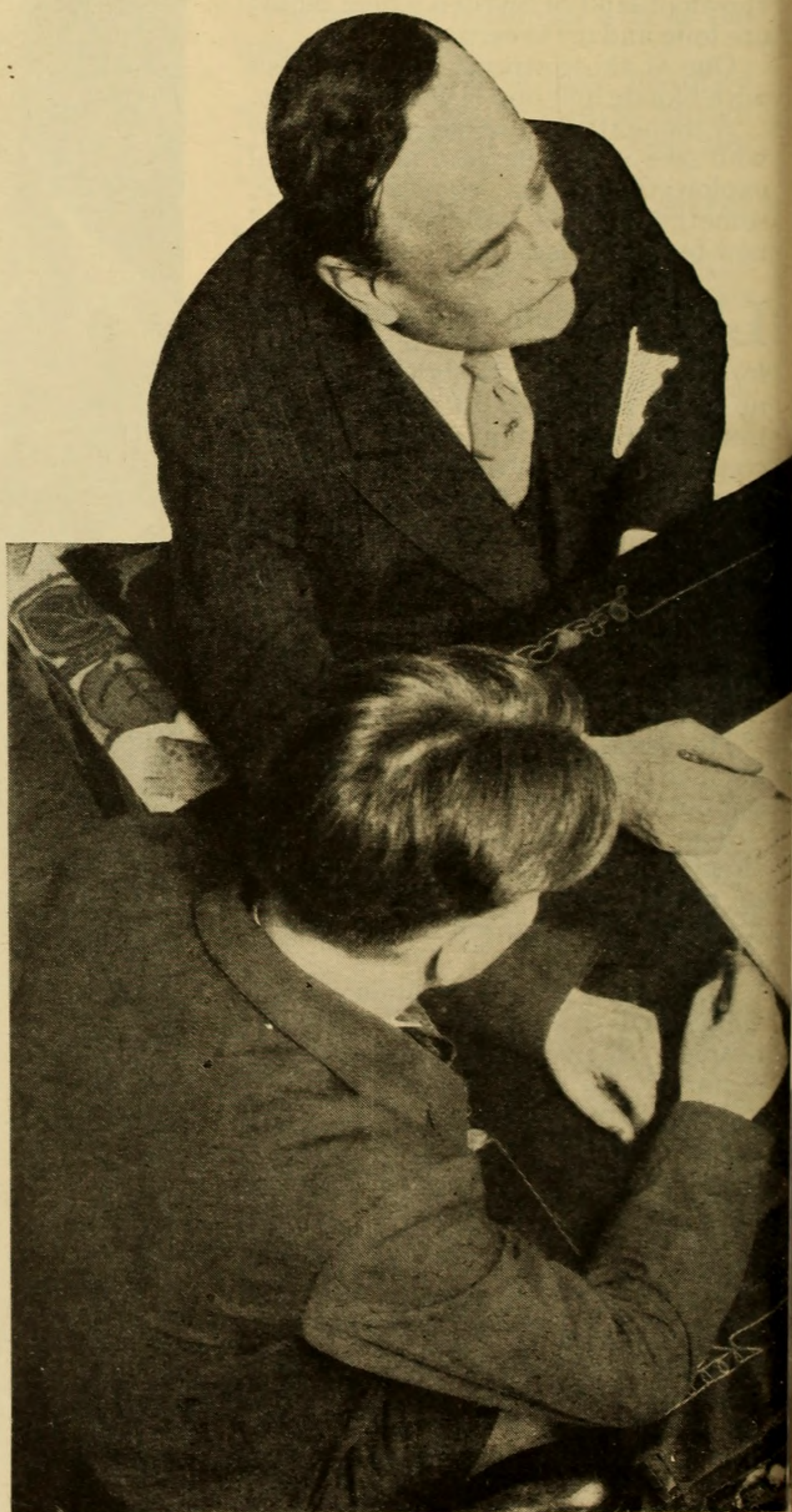
If you think that the Home Critics might be inclined to be harsh, just imagine how much harsher is the public judgment of a picture idea!

The members of your family will be glad to work with you. It is a fascinating game and the \$5,000 first prize would bring a lot of happiness to your home. \$5,000 means a fine new car, a first payment on a house, a trip to Europe, a college education, or a start in your own business. Your best efforts and the best efforts of your family should be concentrated on winning a prize that would bring you so much happiness and independence.

While it wouldn't be fair to say much about the

suggestions already received, the ideas that have come into this office show great thoughtfulness and imagination. Many of them give evidence of wide reading and serious research.

Numerous suggestions have come from college professors—in this country and in Europe—and from teachers and librarians. Lawyers, surgeons, merchants and officers in the Army and Navy are among those who have contributed ideas.



gether *and* Win \$5,000

of turning your picture ideas into nice,
plenty of time yet

\$15,000 in Prizes

First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	\$2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes	\$1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	\$500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	\$250 each
Forty Prizes	\$100 each

Students, working in groups and singly, have submitted manuscripts. The range of subjects covered in the ideas would give a representative cross-section of the topics that most concern the minds of Americans today.

HOWEVER, there is nothing to discourage you in this vast competition. You may have some original twist of your own to put in your idea that will make you one of the lucky winners. An unhackneyed treatment of an original theme will count for more than fine writing. As we have stressed before, this is in no sense a literary contest. It is an earnest endeavor, on the part of PHOTOPLAY and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to search the field of public opinion for a brand-new idea to present on the screen.

The audience, indirectly, moulds the trend of pictures. But in this contest, you—as a member of the audience—have an opportunity to present your own idea directly to the millions who look to the screen for entertainment, instruction and inspiration.

In order to avoid obvious ideas, keep clear of generalizations and give your idea real value as a production possibility by suggesting a definite, original manner of treatment.

In arranging a definite treatment, you will find that many heads are better than one. Before a story is filmed in a studio, the script is subject to many revisions, changes and suggestions from a story committee. The story you see on the screen is seldom the work of one person.

So don't be afraid to call a conference on your idea. Remember it is the professional way of working.

A word about the problem of condensing your idea to 200 words: it is easier than it sounds, off hand. A few little hints may help you. Eliminate all unnecessary descriptions. Adjectives, flowery phrases, detailed comments all use up a lot of words and instead of embellishing your idea, they tend to weaken it. Don't try to express yourself in the ornamented style of romantic literature.

Moving pictures are told in terms of action; that is to say, in verbs. In outlining a course of action, you will find that adjectives are unnecessary cargo.

IF you will count the words in the reviews of PHOTOPLAY'S "Shadow Stage" you will find that all the pictures, except the two long reviews, are summarized in approximately 135 words, for the longer criticisms, and 70 words for the shorter ones. And yet, in this brief space, every month PHOTOPLAY gives you a clear and concise idea of the films, with comments on the acting and production.

Furthermore, these reviews mention players and directors, a problem that does not confront you in presenting your idea. So you see, with a little care and patience it can be done.

Now call a family conference, put a new ribbon on your typewriter and go to it. There is still plenty of time to get into this fascinating contest. Again, let us advise you to read the rules carefully. They will answer all your questions. You will find them on Page 76.





I BELIEVE that my pictures have had an obvious effect upon American life," says Cecil B. De Mille. "I have brought a certain sense of beauty and of luxury into everyday existence, all jokes about ornate bathrooms and de luxe boudoirs aside. I have done my bit towards lifting the level of daily life."

How Christ Came to Pictures

By Frederick James Smith

“The King of Kings” had its genesis in a little Episcopal Church in Pompton, N. J.

HOW did Cecil B. De Mille come to make “The King of Kings”?

How did the director who has been accused of all the faults of the film calendar come to create such a sincere and compelling study of the life of Jesus of Nazareth?

How did a director, supposedly barricaded by a small army of yes men from contacts with the world at large, come to conceive such a straightforward and dramatic argument for Christianity?

It is possible to say that “The King of Kings” was made by a master showman with a cagy eye on the box offices of the world. It is possible to say that, because “The King of Kings” is so clear and incisive that it could not have been directed by a man with deep religious feelings. According to this argument, fervor would have clouded the telling and sent De Mille up blind alleys of religious argument.

Only one man can tell you just what lies behind the making of “The King of Kings.” That man is Cecil B. De Mille himself.

I took the question to De Mille. “The King of Kings” had just surprised Broadway. De Mille sat in an improvised office in his suite of rooms at the Hotel Ambassador. He had just returned from a long walk.

On his desk was a framed picture of Christ, a pile of newspaper comments on his production, letters and documents, and a tray of some two dozen pipes. The picture of Christ, by the way, has stood on De Mille’s desk, wherever he has been, for years.

De Mille considered my question.

“The making of ‘The King of Kings’ really goes back to my boyhood.

“My father, Henry C. De Mille, was born in Washington, N. C. He had planned always to become a minister, but he had shifted somehow to other channels. Eventually he became a professor at Columbia, then a

playwright and finally a stage collaborator with David Belasco.

“My father was a young man when he met my mother, who had just come over from England to teach at Lockwood’s Academy in Brooklyn. They fell in love and were married. It was my mother who persuaded my father to write for the stage.

“Down in his heart, my father still held his dreams of preaching. When we lived at Pompton, N. J., there was a little Episcopal church there. It could not afford a minister and my father volunteered to preside as lay reader.

“I CAN remember going Sunday after Sunday to church with my father and listening to him preach. ‘The King of Kings’ had its genesis on those hard pews of that little Pompton church years ago. I was confirmed an Episcopalian. I was raised to its teachings.”

I asked De Mille to define his personal religion.

“I think it is best defined in the words of Rama Krishna:

“‘God is the same flame, but men see it in different colors.’

“I believe in all religions. We all are worshipping the same God.



Cecil B. De Mille believes that “The King of Kings” comes at the right moment. “A singular spiritual note is running under the current of life at this moment,” he says

“I cannot understand why ‘The King of Kings’ has surprised critics. I always have made pictures with a message and a moral. True, I have dressed up these morals in elaborate trappings, principally because I wanted people to see my pictures. Messages without an audience aren’t worth much.

“Think back. My first so-called sex pictures, ‘Old Wives for New’ and ‘Don’t Change Your Husband,’ were really preaching against the menace of divorce. ‘The Whispering Chorus’ pointed out that you couldn’t do wrong and get away from your conscience. [CONTD. ON PAGE 118]



LAATEST War Bulletin from the Firing Line: Greta Garbo starts peacefully to work on "Anna Karenina." Someone changes the name to "Love." Greta goes home, pleading illness. She says she's not temperamental. Study those eyes and bring in your own verdict.



JOHN GILBERT temporarily abandons Red Hot Romance to try his hand at comedy melodrama in "Twelve Miles Out." It is a story of rum-runners and their wild ways. Mr. Gilbert feels that he has to do something drastic to live down his title of the Screen's Greatest Lover.

Gossip of All *the*



The brass band bride, Pola Negri, and her husband, Serge Mdivani, spend their honeymoon in France. Serge is one of the famous Mdivanis of Georgia, Hollywood and the front pages

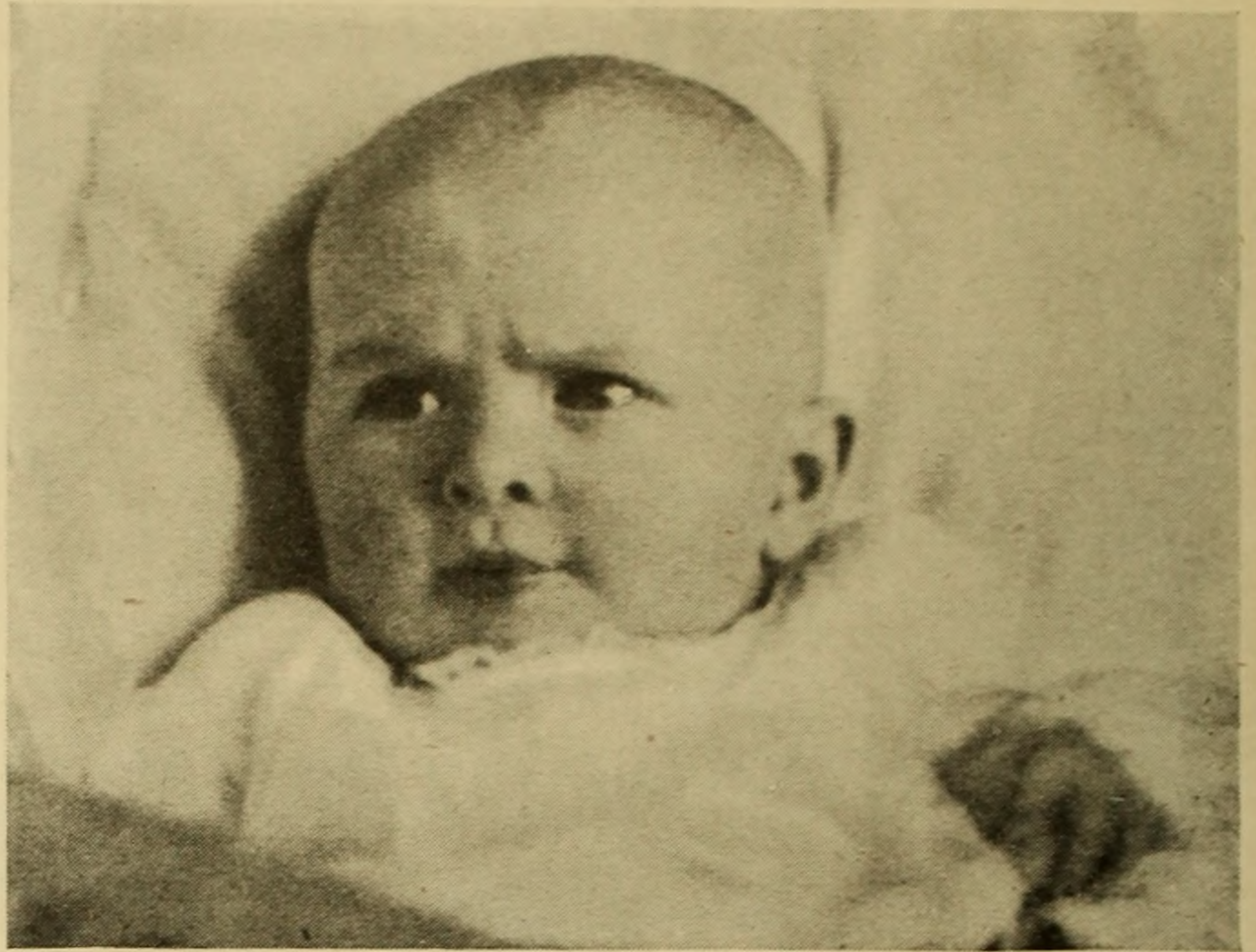
ALAN HALE, far too good an actor to be allowed to hide behind a megaphone, encountered the old lady from Dubuque on the train. It was her first trip into the great world and Hollywood was just another name for earthly perdition.

Calling the conductor she said, disapprovingly, "There is a girl smoking a cigarette on the observation platform. I am sure she must be in pictures. Isn't there some way to stop it?"

Alan, passing, overheard, and stopped a few feet away. "By the way, conductor," he said after a moment, giving him a generous wink, "can you get me another compartment? I'm from Hollywood—motion pictures, you know. The compartment we have now will be all right for the drinking, but we'll want another for the dope taking."

By that time the little old lady from Dubuque had slid to the floor.

CONGRATULATIONS this month to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills. It's a boy.



His mother is Frances Marion, highest paid writer in pictures. His dad is former world's champion athlete, inventor of a new type of gasoline engine and screen idol. Four-months-old Fred Thomson, Jr., looks out on the world with unblinking eyes

COMMISERATIONS this month to Tom Mix who announces that his wife, the former Victoria Ford, has departed for Paris to get a divorce. Mrs. Mix denied the rumor, expressing great surprise, but went to Paris, nevertheless.

Since her marriage to Tom, the erstwhile cowgirl has climbed high up the social ladder—and would climb higher. She has also amassed a fortune in diamonds and another fortune in cash—all made possible by Tom's huge salary.

Tom, for all his eccentricities, is a good egg and has been a generous provider for his wife and daughter. Not exactly a drawing room sheik, but a pretty regular fellow.

Yes, it is quite a sad story and you can find its parallel in the get-rich-sudden sets of New York, Chicago or Ashtabula.

AND speaking of Tom Mix, reminds me of the way he gets Arid of panhandlers who hang around outside the studio and ask him for the price of a meal when he comes out. Tom now has an arrangement whereby he simply hands the gent a card and it entitles him to a dollar's worth of food at a nearby restaurant. But even this is not proving so successful, for the last hungry man who got a card from Tom went for fifteen cents worth of beans and eighty-five cents worth of asparagus tips.

"O-O-O!" shrilled Fannie Ward as she ran out on the Orpheum stage in Los Angeles, "I'm so fri-i-ghtened. Daddy Browning is out there in the wings and he wants to adopt me."

EARLE WILLIAMS is gone, a death that saddened the entire motion picture colony, for he was one of its most loved members. Friends who played with him in the old Vitagraph days, intimates who were close to the little family circle of his wife, Florine Williams, and their three-year-old daughter, Joan Constance, and countless unknown admirers attended the services at the Forest Lawn Cemetery. His death was caused by bronchial pneumonia.

IT'S little Ann Rork, Sam's daughter, who is wearing the most gleaming white stone you ever saw. And the man, if you must know, is Bobbie Agnew whom I had definitely assigned to May McAvoy. But May is seen often with Maurice

Studios

By Cal York



Dolores Del Rio goes 100 per cent Hollywood by creating a new bathing suit. It looks like a Spanish shawl, but it is made of Turkish toweling and the colors will not run if, by any chance, Dolores should wear it in the salt sea waves

Clary, the young New Yorker, and I hereby refrain from any further matrimonial speculations.

Ann and Bobbie, who met while playing in one of Daddy Rork's pictures, are to waltz to the altar in July.

CLARA BOW was giving an account of the filming of a thrilling scene. "Was it dangerous?" she exclaimed. "I'll say it was. Why, it was so dangerous that the doubles had doubles!"

I HAVE learned definitely that the Vilma Banky-Ronald Colman combination is to be broken up. It almost made me weep, for soon that trio—Banky, Colman and Fitzmaurice—who have given us all many happy evenings' entertainment with their pictures, will be scattered to the four winds, for Fitz is now making pictures for First National. If I am to believe what I hear around Sam Goldwyn's studio, the reason for separating Colman and Banky is that they have played together for so long, they are both becoming tired of it. Sounds like a couple who have been married so long they feel the romance slipping and are looking for new fields to conquer.

Colman is to be starred and it will probably not be long until the fair Vilma will also be given a chance to carry her own productions.

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry, like so many other folks, had their money on Carlaris at the last Coffroth Handicap.

And, like so many other folks, they stood alongside the track at Tia Juana after the race and looked at each other ruefully.

"We're broke," said Cody.

"Oh, well, what of it?" replied Kerry. "We're well known here."

"Yes, unfortunately," said Cody.

MRS. VICTOR VARCONI, the pretty Nusi of the gay little Viennese clique in the foreign colony of Hollywood, is serving as interpreter for the brave domestic actors who venture into the imported set. Rod La Rocque, for example, telephoned her hastily the other night.



Mae Murray and her husband, David Mdivani, did *not* attend Pola's wedding. They ignored the feast of publicity and went to Africa, leaving sister-in-law to face the cruel limelight alone

"I've invited the Conrad Veidts and Vilma to a private showing of 'Resurrection' Tuesday night. I'm not sure they understood me. Will you call them?"

Mrs. Varconi did, and discovered from Mrs. Veidt that she thought they had been invited to a beach party on Saturday. But Vilma was different.

"I oonderstan' efery vord Rod spiks to me."

And a week later their engagement was announced.

WHEN Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky recently announced their engagement I was a bit skeptical, but everyone has a right to change his mind and I have certainly changed mine. If they are not married within the next sixty days, I am completely fooled, for they are two of the most lovelorn young people I have ever seen.

GIVE a hand to Adolphe Menjou for keeping his brother out of mischief and supplying new faces for the screen. Be-times when "Hank" is not managing Adolphe's business affairs



It may be just a photograph, but it's a Rembrandt to King Vidor. Five dollars bought it from a drug-store where it had been displayed since Eleanor Boardman Vidor was the Eastman Kodak Girl. Do you remember her?

he enacts tiny parts in his brother's pictures. Rather more plump than Adolphe, he still has the celebrated Menjou manner although in a less stellar degree.

YES, revolution is rife in the studios. There are people like Greta Garbo, Rod La Rocque and Ricardo Cortez rebelling against the studio czars. There is also Jim Hudson, for years studio chef at Sennett's *atelier*. Jim owns a gas station and from now on, he told Sennett, he is going to free lance.

Incidentally, Jim told me his memory of Gloria Swanson was her fondness for strawberry shortcake. "That's all the girl ever ate. Just shortcake with a double portion of whipped cream." But that wouldn't do in these days of slim figures and the necessary diet.

LIKE a lot of other good stories, this one is sponsored by Walter Winchell, brilliant New York columnist. Louis B. Mayer was showing Laurence Stallings around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, telling the playwright how lucky he was to work in such a swell place.

"We make the best pictures in the world here!" exclaimed Mayer. "We have the biggest sets, the biggest stars, the biggest directors, the biggest cameramen—"

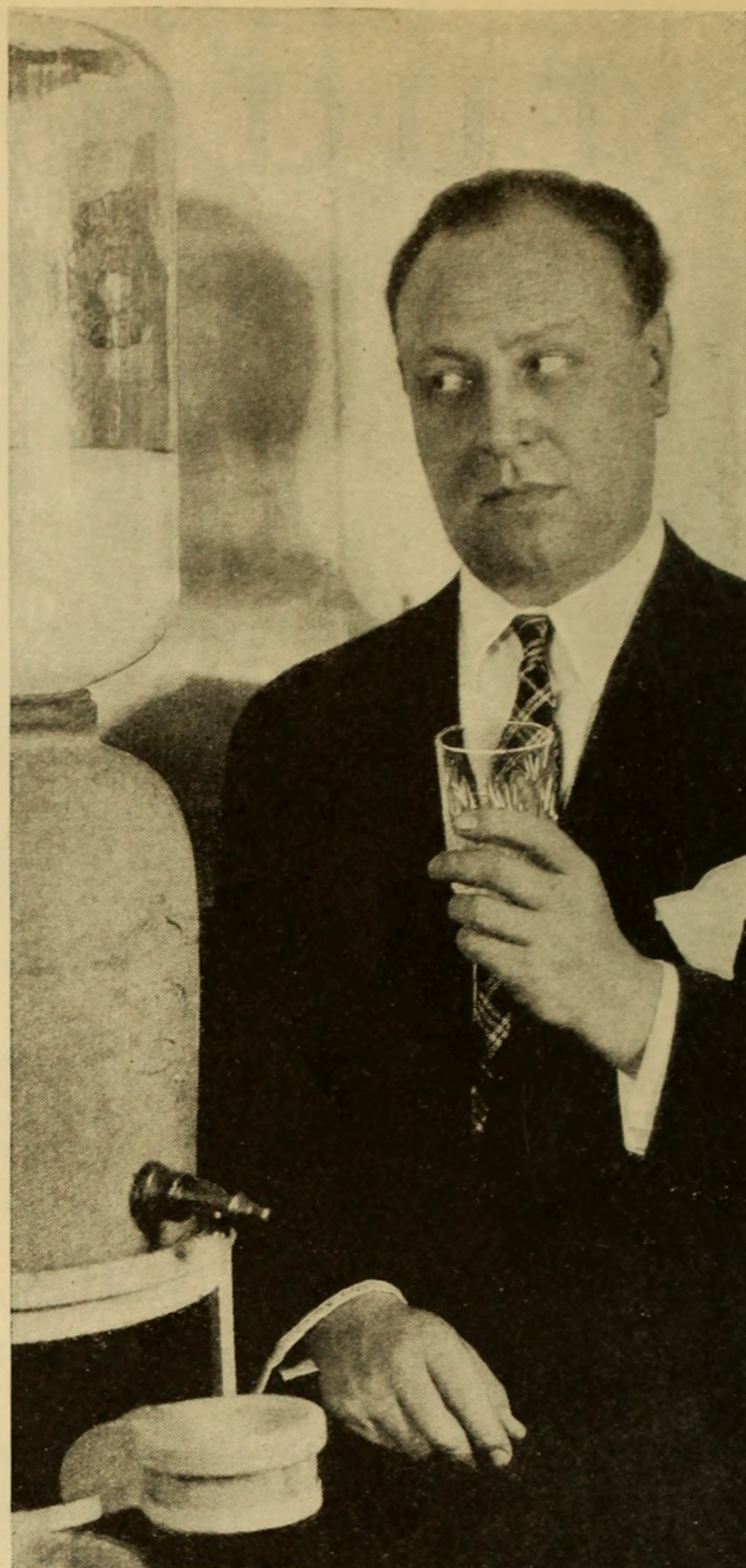
Then he interrupted himself and absentmindedly fingered Stallings' coat lapel.

"Hmmd," Mr. Mayer hmmd, "what a rotten buttonhole!"

WALLY BEERY is a big Swedish fireman in "Fireman, Save My Child," and so dumb, as he described it, that he thinks Lady Godiva was a channel swimmer.

And, by the by, the white birdie of peace is roosting over the starring team of Wally and Ray Hatton. The storm which severed the cinema partnership is settled and cameras are grinding merrily.

"**N**OT everyone who goes to Paris gets a divorce," declared Mrs. Peg Talmadge, the coast's favorite motion picture mother. So the half of Hollywood who thought Capt. Allastair Mackintosh's trip to Paris was for the purpose of eventually presenting Connie with a French divorce decree was all wrong, apparently.



Nothing but water in the cooler! Just dank, cold, nasty, insipid water, fit only for fishes! And Emil Jannings thousands of miles from a schooner of Pilsener. So gehts in dieser welt

WAITER, will you carefully wrap one young and highly explosive bomb and address it to Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer? They've changed the title of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" to "Love" and a bomb is the only fitting reward. Even Greta Garbo in the cast doesn't vindicate that.

I'm praying that dear faithful old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" does not come out as "Icy Passions."

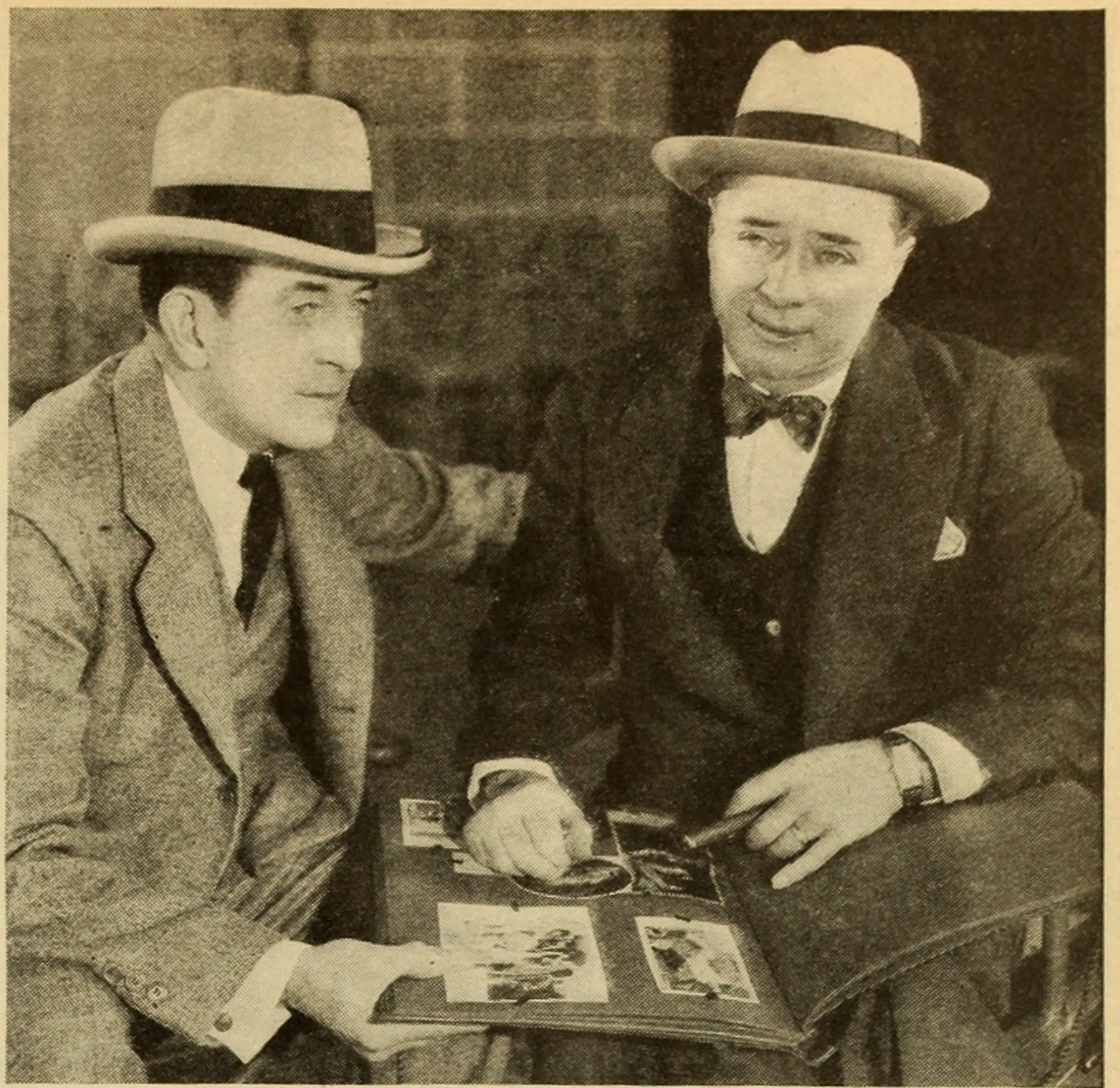
CCHECK this one up to Chester Conklin. Chester says he observed one of life's greatest tragedies the other night. It seems an Irishman and a Scotchman stood in one of those small, crowded rooms where the Volstead act has never been heard of. They stood there with their feet on the brass rail—and the Irishman didn't have any money.

THE boys and girls around New York can swap some rare "I knew him when" stories about David Mdivani, husband of Mae Murray. When David first landed in these parts, he earned his coffee and cake playing "extra" parts in the Eastern studios.

Meeting up with an attractive actress, of established position in the film world, he outlined to her a neat little "business" proposition. He told her that she might announce her



Priscilla Moran, child actress, has the leading rôle in a lawsuit. An aunt would take her from the kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. John Ragland, her foster parents



Herbert Brenon holds a reunion with his first leading man, William E. Shay. Over eighteen years ago, Brenon directed Shay in a film for the Imp Company and used him many times in some of his biggest successes

Ragland, who quit being business advisor of Harold Lloyd to become business advisor of Raymond Hatton. Priscilla's father, shortly before his death, gave the child—she's now eight—into Ragland's custody, Ragland and his wife having been good to him and her and she being attached to them.

Everything went along all right until the Raglands moved to California, whereupon Priscilla's aunt, who lives in Long Beach, went into court to demand that the child be given to her.

WILL ROGERS was deploring the flood of publicity on the Snyder case one day at the Lambs Club.

"England handles these things better," commented Will. "One day you read that the murderer has been indicted. And the next you hear of the case in the newspaper is when the criminal eats a hearty breakfast and walks manfully to the scaffold."

GEORGE FITZMAURICE has moved into his beautiful new Beverly Hills home and it is rapidly becoming the favorite gathering place of real tennis enthusiasts for Fitz has the best tennis court in the entire film colony on his estate. Incidentally, Colleen Moore is trying hard to buy it, but Fitz insists on living in it and enjoying it a while himself so Colleen may be forced to build for herself.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has selected Eve Southern for an important rôle in "The Gaucho." Miss Southern has been playing extra rôles and small bits for five years or so. Several times, she has been on the verge of breaking out of the seven-fifty a day class. Rupert Hughes once considered her for a leading rôle. Finally Edwin Carewe put her under contract and got her the job with Fairbanks.

IT was just another of the Southern California days. "Nice weather," said the visitor to Richard Dix's set. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of," replied Richard.

RATHER a touching tale, this, on Eddie Cantor whose ascent from the very first rung on the theatrical ladder of success has been nothing short of inspiring. It seems that all his life his great desire was to celebrate the Passover by not appearing on the stage, but it was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]

"engagement" to him, thereby winning a lot of front page space on being the betrothed bride of a "prince."

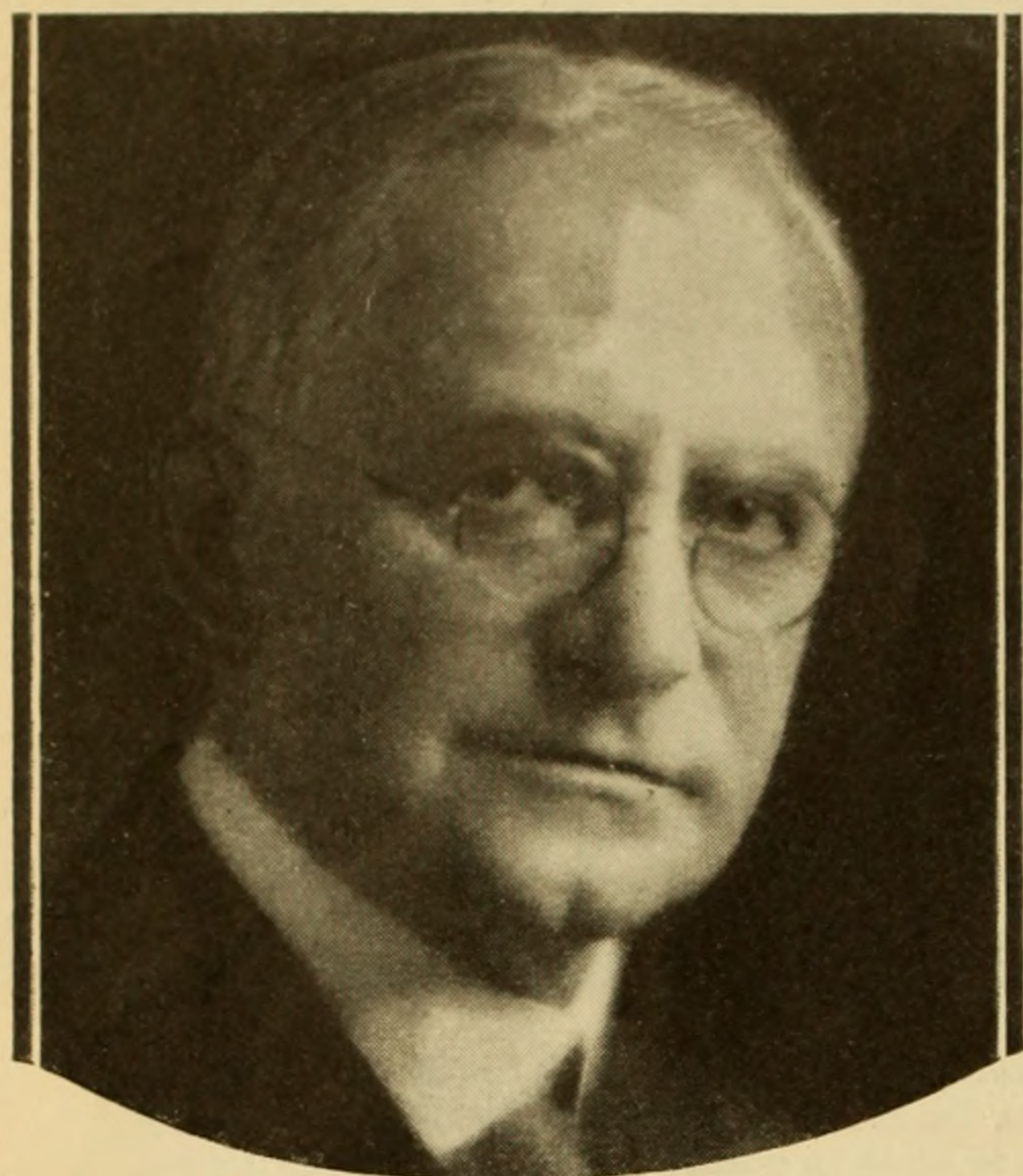
The actress refused this "business" proposition with a "no" that shattered windows over in New Jersey.

FOLLOWING an epidemic of gun play among the smaller fry of Hollywood, some of the film companies are stipulating that cowboys in their employ may not carry guns.

WILLIAM FARNUM'S only child, Sarah, has gone into the great world as bride of William Gerard Tuttle. It was a pretty wedding, the Farnum home a mass of flowers, and was attended by Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett, Lois Wilson, Hedda Hopper, Lois Weber, John Roche, Frank Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson, among many others.

LITTLE Priscilla Moran, the child actress, who, awhile back, was being touted as about to step into the size 1½ shoes of Baby Peggy, is announced to appear in the courts of Los Angeles in a rôle something like that played by the baby the wise King Solomon was going to bisect in an effort to discover which of the two women who claimed it was its real mother. In Priscilla's case, the claimants are her aunt and John C.

Little Journeys to



George Eastman built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion from a hobby—photography

The Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates

By *Terry Ramsaye*

Author of "A Million and One Nights"

The third of Mr. Ramsaye's pen portraits of the big men of the screen world

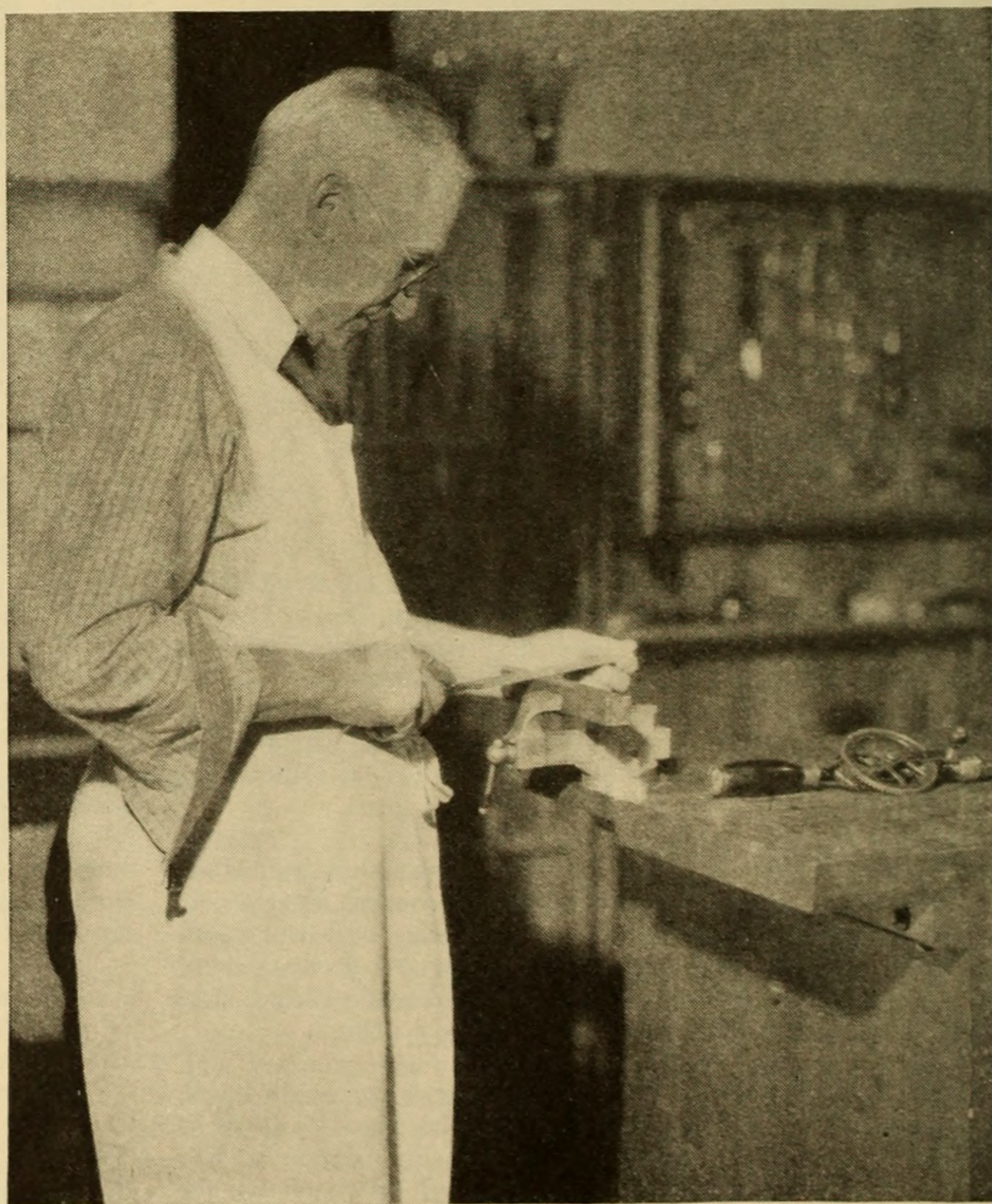
DISCRETION personified — that is George Eastman, a crystallized, hard, dry, seasoned success, entirely surrounded by millions and discipline.

If the whole of this man's life were to be run through a white filter paper there probably would not be a tint or trace of abandon or recklessness. Likely he has never in his life let himself do anything that he thought he should not do. If he did, it has been covered with precaution so deep that it does not count.

Most of America's conspicuously rich men can be classified readily. Eastman can not. He is the only one of his kind. Yet in nothing is he peculiar. Every trait is normal. But the sum total of those traits is extraordinary.

George Eastman is 73 years of age, grey, crisp and wiry. He might be any age beyond the middle fifties, if measured by appearances. He has never been married. Very possibly he has never been in love. Work has been his passion, success his mistress. He has built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars out of a hobby—photography. He is still a photographer, and a somewhat amateurish photographer, too. "I am in the most interesting business in the world," he says, and his career has proved that he means it. He is a matter of fact, ingenious inventive Yankee, a whittler with a jackknife always in his pocket.

Also this Eastman is an exceedingly American citizen, born of the stock that came over in the days of the famous Mayflower Line. Persistence and prudence and will power



The most interesting place in the big Eastman residence is its owner's workshop. Here George Eastman still experiments



George Eastman's estate is on East Avenue, Rochester. It features a concealed pipe organ, for Eastman loves music, although he calls himself a "musical moron"

George Eastman has never married. He is the greatest anonymous philanthropist in America. He is a direct descendant of Roger Eastman, one of the founders of Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1638—an ingenious, inventive Yankee, a multi-millionaire with a jackknife always in his pocket

radiate from him. He makes no flourish of virtue, no public professions of religion. He is a conspicuously successful specialist at tending to his own business. His private fortune has been guessed at a probable hundred and fifty millions, of which he has given away not less than sixty millions and no one knows how much more, anonymously.

The evidence indicates that George Eastman has always known precisely what he wanted most and that he has proceeded to go at getting it, in a straight, sharp line, meanwhile letting no one, including himself, get in the way of the getting.

System, efficiency and precision rule all of Eastman's life. His code of the absolute covers, apparently, his every thought and act. Some seasons past, when he was preparing for a long Alaskan hunting trip, he attended in person to the packing of all of his extensive equipment. He parcelled out each item, from tea to

ammunition, into matched packages, equalized to the last fraction of an ounce; this to permit accurate balancing of the packhorse loads. Bad loading makes saddle galls and sore horses make trouble. Eastman refuses to have trouble.

EASTMAN lives with the grandeur of a rajah, but a very careful Puritan rajah, on a wide ten acre estate in the heart of the city of Rochester, New York. It is a setting as improbable as a ranch in Central Park. It is a sort of platinum mounted farm. Eastman is good to Rochester and if he wants agriculture deluxe in town it is all right with Rochester.

When Michel de Montaigne, the French philosopher of the sixteenth century, was a boy he was awakened each morning by soft music. It was his father's notion that the day should be begun in poetic happiness. George Eastman's alarm clock is a pipe organ. At 7:30 o'clock in the morning in the great mansion at 900 East Avenue the organ recital begins, and continues through breakfast.

The day of this little journey began at breakfast, with a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy accompaniment, in the great conservatory, bowered with palms and banked with blossoms, pink and mauve and white in the pale light of a misty morning. In the center of the room stood an antique table, gleaming with the mellow tones of time-ambered wood, enriched by contrast with Italian linen and the frosty highlights of an old silver service. Beside the table stood George Eastman, in an attitude of welcome, cautiously cordial.

"On time—let us sit down."

At a glance one saw that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



NOT long ago, Rod La Rocque built a beautiful, new house. But Rod realized that it was only a house. When he met Vilma Banky he decided she was just the girl to turn it into a home.

AND just recently Vilma announced that she was going to marry a big, strong man who would make Mr. Goldwyn allow her to bob her hair. One look at Rod and she knew he was just the right man.

The Port of Missing Girls

No. 5

Judy: the human
sacrifice on the altar
of a mother's ambitions

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin



Author of
"The Sky Rocket"
and "Free Souls"

Judy Keene was a mixture of all the girls who come to Hollywood. A slightly tragic figure, despite her prettiness

HOLLYWOOD is the port of missing girls. Girls who don't write home any more, girls who have lost their identity under impressive but unsuccessful screen aliases, girls who came out to be stars and remained to be secretaries and script clerks and waitresses and wives and other things not so agreeable to mention, girls shattering themselves against the most heart-breaking game in the world where the odds are ten-thousand-to-one against them—these are the girls who make up the ever-changing, fantastic population of this strange port.

So many come and there is room for so few at the top. Some of them are funny, and some of them are oddly noble in failure, and some are very tragic.

Little Judy Keene, for instance, was a mixture of all three.

Judy was funny without knowing it and certainly without meaning to be. There was something about the beautiful but dumb way she did everything that just was funny. The way she called everybody "dear" and that wide, blue gaze. And yet she was a decent enough kid at heart. And she was a slightly tragic figure because she never quite knew what it was all about.

But her mother did. Oh, yes, indeed.

Now Hollywood boasts the strangest collection of mothers in all the wide, wide world. That is natural, because they, too, are drawn by the honeypot of fame and wealth and romance and adventure.

Mrs. Keene was THE typical, ambitious Hollywood mother. You could have cast her for that rôle in any production and been perfectly safe.

Of course, if a girl happens to be one of the few successes, whose stories all have such a sameness, glory gilds everything about her and she may exhibit to the world something very sweet and very beautiful in mother-and-daughter photographs. Great success justifies most things nowadays.

But these are stories of failures, the warnings that might be nailed across the entrance to movieland to turn back the hordes of unwelcome, unwanted, movie-mad young things—and their mothers—who come bearing their prettiness to Hollywood as coals are borne to Newcastle.

There is seldom anything sweet or beautiful about failure. It may be darn funny, or it may be dramatic, it may even be ennobling, but it is not sweet nor beautiful.

V—JUDY KEENE

JUDY squirmed like an eel in the effort to get herself and her breakfast tray comfortably settled in bed. This is an art known only to women and to very few women at that. Judy was, frankly, not born to breakfast in bed and she made hard going of it. When she had succeeded in arranging herself in anything like proper order she said, "Mama, dear."

Judy was always saying that.

A Genius, a Dumb Dora—and "Mama, Dear"

The Tragedy of a Blackmailing Mother who

Mrs. Keene cast a swift glance over the contents of the tray—sugar and cream, salt and pepper, napkin, knife, fork and spoons, grapefruit, toast and marmalade, coffee in the small pot—yes, that was as it should be. An eminently proper breakfast tray for a screen star. If this estimate was a trifle premature, Mrs. Keene would have explained that by saying it was well to be prepared. She sat down on the foot of the bed, small, dark, intense, a Napoleon of a woman.

"What is it?"

"Mama, *dear*, can't I have an egg?"

"NO, you can't have an egg," said Mrs. Keene firmly, "eggs are bad for your complexion and they're fattening besides. Don't put all that sugar in your coffee. Anybody'd think you were getting ready to be the fat woman in the circus."

Judy giggled at that. She laughed easily. Liked to laugh. Her eyes were very big and very blue and her mouth was round, like the magazine cover of babies.

"All right," she said good-naturedly. "Only I would like an egg. Breakfast never seems like breakfast to me without an egg. And I've forgotten what a pancake looks like. Won't you ever make me any more pancakes, *Mama dear*?"

"Pancakes are fattening," said Mrs. Keene, "and there's another thing. Eggs are expensive."

"I suppose they are," said Judy cheerfully, spreading marmalade as thickly as possible on her toast.

"When you get to be a great star," said Mrs. Keene, "you can have eggs and lots of other things. You can have everything, Judy. You can have limousines and diamonds and maids to wait on you. But right now we got to be careful. There isn't so much of your father's life insurance left. I always told him he ought to carry more."

"You never know what's going to happen to you in this world, do you?" said Judy. "It don't seem possible how quick things change. One minute papa was here and the next he wasn't."

"Yes," said Mrs. Keene grimly. "Your father was a peculiar man. He didn't have

any gumption. You'd better get up now and do your exercises and let me fit that new dress while I got a chance. You might get a call from the Stanart today. They're going to make another Parisian art student ball and they always want your legs."

Obediently, Judy got out of bed and with a little sigh began to go through the series of exercises recommended by a screen beauty, printed in a Sunday supplement and tacked relentlessly on the wall by Mrs. Keene.

Later, as she stood in the little back bedroom of their small flat being fitted by her mother's expert hands, it was plain that in so far as Judy's legs were concerned her mother was not blinded by maternal pride.

Judy's little round face was pretty and her slim girl-figure was nice, but her legs were divine. They were more graceful than a high-priced artist's drawings of silk stocking ads. They were so artistically perfect as to be impersonal and therefore quite decent, from the tiny, arched feet to the lovely and dimpled knees—and

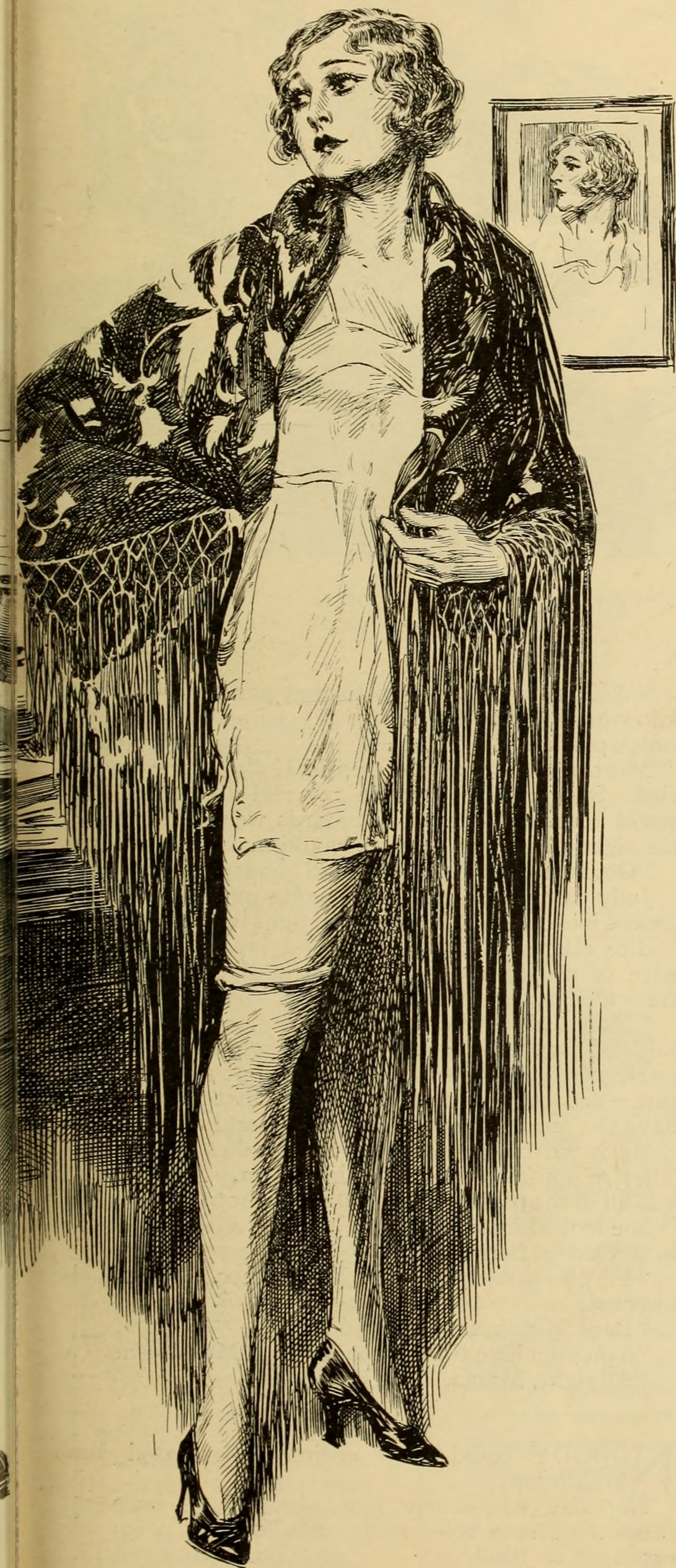


Basil Middleton, the director, sat silently while Judy, without self-consciousness, had taken off most of her clothes. She did it as impersonally as an artist's model, finally standing before him in long sheer black stockings. "You have beautiful legs," said Middleton

Tried to Drive her Daughter to Fortune and Fame

even farther. Judy's legs were really exceptional.

Mrs. Keene smoothed the black velvet, which last winter had served as an evening coat, over the round young shoulders in the process of transforming it into an afternoon frock. A silent woman, Mrs. Keene. Upon her face a set expression, as of one who tramps toward an unseen goal.



"What *are* you talking about, Mama, dear?" asked Judy, curiously.

But her mother did not answer just then, partly no doubt because her mouth was full of pins, but partly because she always thought out very carefully everything she had to say to Judy. You had to be careful with Judy. You never knew what she would say or do later on, like a child who has overheard a conversation and suddenly asks in a lull of the minister's afternoon call, "Mama, why didn't you want Papa to kiss the cook?" Judy was like that. Her father had been like that, simple and direct and without guile. But Mrs. Keene was of different stuff.

There was nothing simple or direct about her. Her designs were deep, they were dangerous because of their unswerving intentness. Her methods were ruthless and unscrupulous. Her ambition was a prairie fire.

FEW people in Little Rock had suspected the inner workings of Mrs. Keene's mind, or her secret determinations. She wasn't popular. It was her husband, who ran a corner drug store, who was beloved by the townfolk. Nobody quite understood Mrs. Keene. Her tongue was too sharp to make her sought after and she obviously regarded very lightly things that most folks regarded as pretty nice. Her comments on Little Rock and its joys were caustic enough at times. But no one recked them as anything but the expression of middle-aged feminine discontent.

So the town suffered a flurry of surprise when, upon her husband's death, she wasted no time—in fact, she hardly allowed a decent interval to elapse—in leaving for Hollywood. The plan must have been maturing in her thought for years, so carefully was every detail worked out. As for hesitation, she didn't know the meaning of the word.

"My, you got more gumption than I'd have, setting off like that for a strange place, you two women folks," her next door neighbor, Mrs. Henna-berry remarked, as she stood watching Mrs. Keene pack trunks for the momentous journey to the land of the new gold rush.

"Nobody ever said I lacked gumption," Mrs. Keene said, folding a dewy chiffon evening dress she had copied from a fashion magazine. "I intend for Judy to have her chance. Judy's a beauty and you know it. If she stays here, what'll happen to her? Just what happened to me and you. She'll get married. I'd just as soon see her in her coffin as married to anybody in this town. I was a homely girl myself. I never had any chance to do anything but get married and I guess plenty of folks thought I was lucky to get a chance to do that. But it wasn't my idea. I wanted to be somebody in this world and be paid some attention to. I wanted to live in places a lot different from Little Rock. You bet I did. And Judy, with her looks, she can do all the things I never had a chance to do. Women with looks are getting most everything they want nowadays."

"Judy's pretty," her neighbor agreed. "What's she think about all this, Mrs. Keene?"

"Judy," said Judy's mother, "Judy thinks what I tell her to."

Which was true. Judy wasn't particularly anxious to move to Hollywood. She liked the pictures, but it had never occurred to her to try to become part of their creation. There was a boy who worked in her father's store and, when Papa died, he wanted to try running it for them. A nice boy. He had hinted

She Had the Most Beautiful Legs in Hollywood

"Listen to me, my child," said Sue Middleton. "You're doing a dastardly, cowardly, terrible wrong. You're trying to ruin an innocent man, bring disgrace upon his home, break his wife's heart. You can't just shove it off on your mother altogether"



that maybe if he succeeded—well, anyway, she liked him. Not passionately, she was too young for passion, but in a sweet way. And she rather expected to get married, as young women did in Little Rock, and set up housekeeping and have children. Judy liked children.

The diamonds and limousines and the dazzling success of Hollywood did not especially intrigue her.

But she went to Hollywood without a murmur. After two years, she liked it well enough. She had liked Little Rock just as well. Hollywood was all right.

ONLY this set expression that was growing on her mother's face disturbed her a little. It boded happenings. There was always something troublesome or exciting not far ahead when her mother's jaw hardened and her eyes narrowed. Judy liked peace.

That was why she asked, apprehensively, "what are you thinking about, Mama, *dear*?"

When she had pinned in the sleeve, Mrs. Keene said, "I'm thinking about you, Judy. Something's got to be done. You ain't getting any younger. I want you to have five or six good years ahead of you when you get to be a star. I'm going to think up something, somehow. We're here, we got everything. I'm not going to let anything stop me making you a success."

The telephone bell interrupted her and Judy moved to answer it.

"Maybe that's Stanart calling for you," said Mrs. Keene.

But it was only Judy's most intimate friend, Agnes. Mrs. Keene went on cutting out the skirt of the black velvet while Judy talked, but her mind was far away. Only occasional flashes of Judy's endless conversation reached her.

"Oh, Agnes, he never did that. You're making it up." There must be ways and means to crash through to this thing she wanted so terrifically for Judy.

"Well, *dear*, I didn't go to that party, because you know how rough they always get there and I don't like rough parties. I did hear—"

Most of the important men in Hollywood were married. Still, need that make any real difference? The world has changed so. Standards were different. If the right man came along it would make things easier.

"Oh, how exciting. Tell me all about it, *dear*."

Judy came back and stood again in her place. She looked like a Parisian poster, the tight little black velvet bodice clasp her shoulders and breast, the feather edge of chiffon and lace below, and the long, bare, creamy legs, feet tucked into black satin mules.

"Mama, *dear*, listen to what Agnes told me," she said. "Stanart is going to make a picture—I don't know just what or what it's about, but anyway a picture—and they've put out a story that they have to have the most beautiful legs in the world for it. Something is written in the story that makes it necessary. They're going to search to find them. Agnes says it was all in the paper. She thinks I ought to try for it."

She looked into the mirror, turning a little to see the best view of herself.

"I'll go right over," said her mother. "Who's the director?"

"Basil Middleton," said Judy.

"You stay here till I get back," said Mrs. Keene.

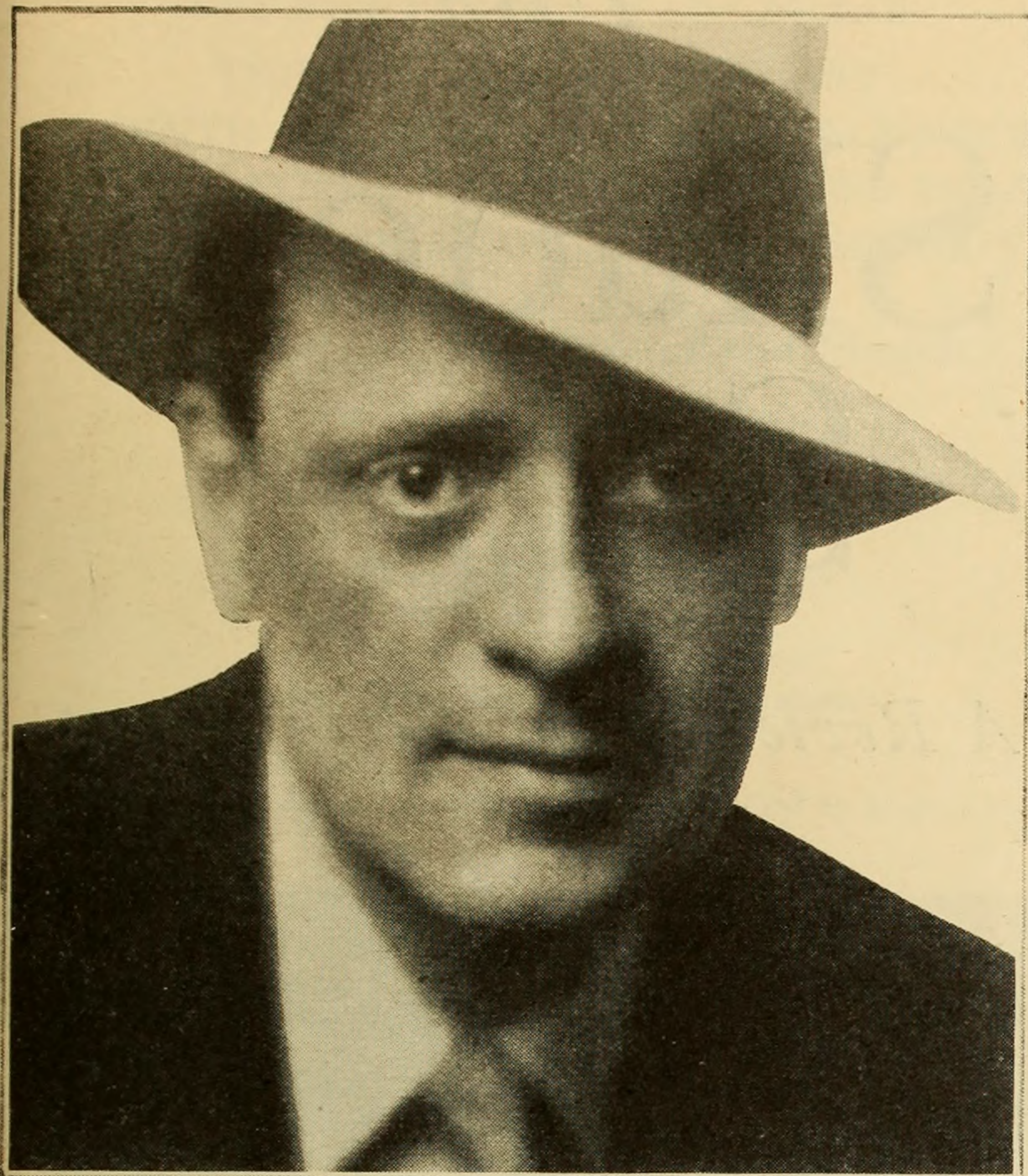
"All right, Mama," said Judy.

II

NOBODY could have entirely exonerated Basil Middleton.

Not one who knew him would have been surprised. The whole thing was exactly what one expected of Basil. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

A Big Lens *and* Light Man



Here's an actor PHOTOPLAY thinks is a great comedy bet. In the words of Gene Buck, "give the kid a chance"

What a Real Actor Really says About His Trade—*Sans* Bunk

By
Agnes
Smith



This brings us to Sam Hardy. Mr. Hardy at a table by a window in the Hotel Algonquin where he had a fine view of Forty-Fourth Street and the passers-by headed for the Lambs Club. And Mr. Hardy talked shop and something of this perilous business of being an actor.

You know Mr. Hardy. He is the fellow who played the hero in "Orchids and Ermine" and was Lois Wilson's leading man in "Broadway Nights." He used to be a villain but he has decided to go straight, because it pays better and you get more parts.

In Broadway parlance, Mr. Hardy works steady—stage and screen. Considered by theatrical standards, a swell and successful existence. But by business standards, a precarious and whimsical sort of career.

A Wop villain one month, a dashing millionaire in the next. A part in a show that may run forever or die the death of a dog on the opening night.

"Movies," said Mr. Hardy, admiring the beautiful view of the stage entrance of the Hippodrome, "are a funny business. Look at Ed Wynn. On the stage for years and never in danger of losing his life. But in his first picture, what do they do but get him to make a lot of scenes on the brink of Niagara Falls! Dangerous? Sure, but good for a laugh. When Ed finished those scenes and was dragged out of the raging torrent, the first person who rushed up to congratulate him was his double.

"In one of my first pictures, I had to play a scene on a raft with a leopard. You heard me—a leopard. The raft was out in the rough waters beyond Sandy Hook. Everybody was worrying for fear something would happen to the leopard.

"Well, I got on the raft and
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

WHAT is an actor? An actor is a handsome devil who gets paid big money for doing nothing. He is a gaudy boy who wears noisy clothes and has to fight through the crowds of women who are stuck on him. He is a witless egg, too dumb to be a street car conductor. An actor is also a conceited monkey who ought to be locked up, but who is only allowed to live because we are a soft-hearted nation.

On the other hand: what is an actor? An actor is a conscientious workman entirely dependent on the whims of public and managers. He is a poor fellow who must be well dressed and dashing at any cost. An actor is an honest man constantly humbled by a public opinion that places him only one degree higher in the social order than a vagabond.

Of course you know how actors talk. When they are in the presence of cocktails or interviewers, they talk about "my art, my public and my next picture." When they are sober and themselves, they are just like you and me—they talk business.

But there is this difference. Our shop talk is pretty generally dull. But an actor's shop talk is the world's most amusing light conversation.



Sam Hardy Says

"WHEN I was in the Follies several years ago, I played the part of *Henry VIII* in a sketch and sang a little song. There was a cute little chorus girl on the end of the row who had just one line to speak. She was supposed to be *Anne Boleyn* and when I finished my song, she piped up and said, 'He sure was a hell of a king!' Not a very bright line, but it got a laugh. There was something engaging about that sweet kid. Her name was Marion Davies—and it took several years in the movies to bring out that sense of comedy she put into that one line in the Follies. She is a born comedienne."



CAPTAIN SALVATION—M.-G.-M.

A WELL knit drama is this story of how the first gospel ship came into being. *Bess Morgan*, ordered out of the water front of Boston, is tossed ashore in a shipwreck on the Massachusetts coast. *Anson Campbell*, a divinity student, alone comes to her aid. The fishing folks ostracize him and, in the end, he ships on a sailing vessel on which the girl takes passage. The vessel turns out to be a slaver, the captain a scoundrel. How the girl dies, regenerate, and how *Anson* brings the slaver home to be a gospel ship is the story. Director John Robertson has created a profoundly moving story. Lars Hanson, as *Anson*, gives a big performance. Pauline Starke is excellent as the water front derelict and Ernest Torrence is superb as the wicked violin-playing captain of the slaver.



BABE COMES HOME—First National

WE always have considered that Babe Ruth has a mighty personality. Babe is a tremendous figure whether he hits a home run magnificently or strikes out magnificently. He is the voice at the baseball box-office.

This same good humored, never-quite-grown-up personality radiates out of "Babe Comes Home." The lad is a screen bet, and no mistake. And he can act. Don't let anyone tell you different. Without effort, he is humorous and he is touching. "Babe Comes Home" isn't much of a comedy and it is dreadfully padded. But Babe makes it a six-best. The story? Babe swears off chewing tobacco to please his best girl and immediately loses his batting eye. On such little things do the fate of empires hang. The best girl relents, Babe gets his plug-cut and—a home run!

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



SEVENTH HEAVEN—Fox

ONE John Golden play plus one talented director plus two brilliant young people equals one fine picture. That is "Seventh Heaven." It is permeated with the spirit of youth, of young love, of whimsy. A splendid picturization of the play that ran for two years on Broadway.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are *Diane* and *Chico*, waifs of the Paris slums, thrown together by merest chance to eventually climb to the seventh heaven of ecstasy through the simple medium of faith, hope and courage. *Chico* is a sewer cleaner, a young braggart, who saves *Diane* from her absinthe-crazed sister, only to be forced to give the girl shelter. Adoring him, her gratitude turning to love, she mothers him until 1914 thunders into French history and then the Fox company could not resist becoming epic. There are battles and the usual shell-hole scene, but, when the story again returns to *Chico* and *Diane*, you can forgive everything in the beauty of their performances.

They are twin joys, those kids, their work entirely unmarred by studied technic. And this picture should plant them firmly near the top of the picture world. *Chico's* departure to the front is superlatively done, but his return to the garret heaven, blinded, is one of those unforgettable scenes. Dave Butler is clever as *Gobin* and so is Albert Gran as *Papa Boul*. And don't forget to watch Gladys Brockwell as the sister.

See this, by all means. It's tender and tragic and wholly appealing, splashed now and then with that grandly human comedy for which Director Frank Borzage is known.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

SEVENTH HEAVEN CAPTAIN SALVATION

ANNIE LAURIE BABE COMES HOME

KNOCKOUT REILLY SENORITA

The Best Performances of the Month

Norman Kerry in "Annie Laurie"

Lars Hanson in "Captain Salvation"

Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"

Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven"

Pauline Starke in "Captain Salvation"

Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie"

Babe Ruth in "Babe Comes Home"

Ernest Torrence in "Captain Salvation"

Bebe Daniels in "Senorita"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 135



THE CAT AND THE CANARY—Universal

HERE is a corking melodrama. Mysterious fingers reach out of mouldy draperies to steal jewels and trick book-cases swallow up unsuspecting victims.

It all happens in an old, shabby mansion once occupied by the eccentric recluse, *Cyrus West*. It is exactly twenty years from the date of his death to the second and his will is being read to his anxious relatives while a storm beats upon the broken windows.

It develops that *Annabelle West*, his pretty niece, is the heiress, *provided* she sleeps that night in his dusty, cobwebby bedroom and is able to prove her sanity next morning. *Annabelle's* sanity gets a stiff test, we'll tell the world, between disappearances and murders. To help things along an asylum keeper happens in, searching for a runaway maniac.

Of course, there is a guilty person who hopes to inherit the estate. This person is the instigator of the dire doings.

"The Cat and the Canary" is adroitly directed by Paul Leni, the German who made "The Three Wax Works." He uses trick angles galore, but they all help the atmosphere of mystery and murder. Leni is a director to be reckoned with.

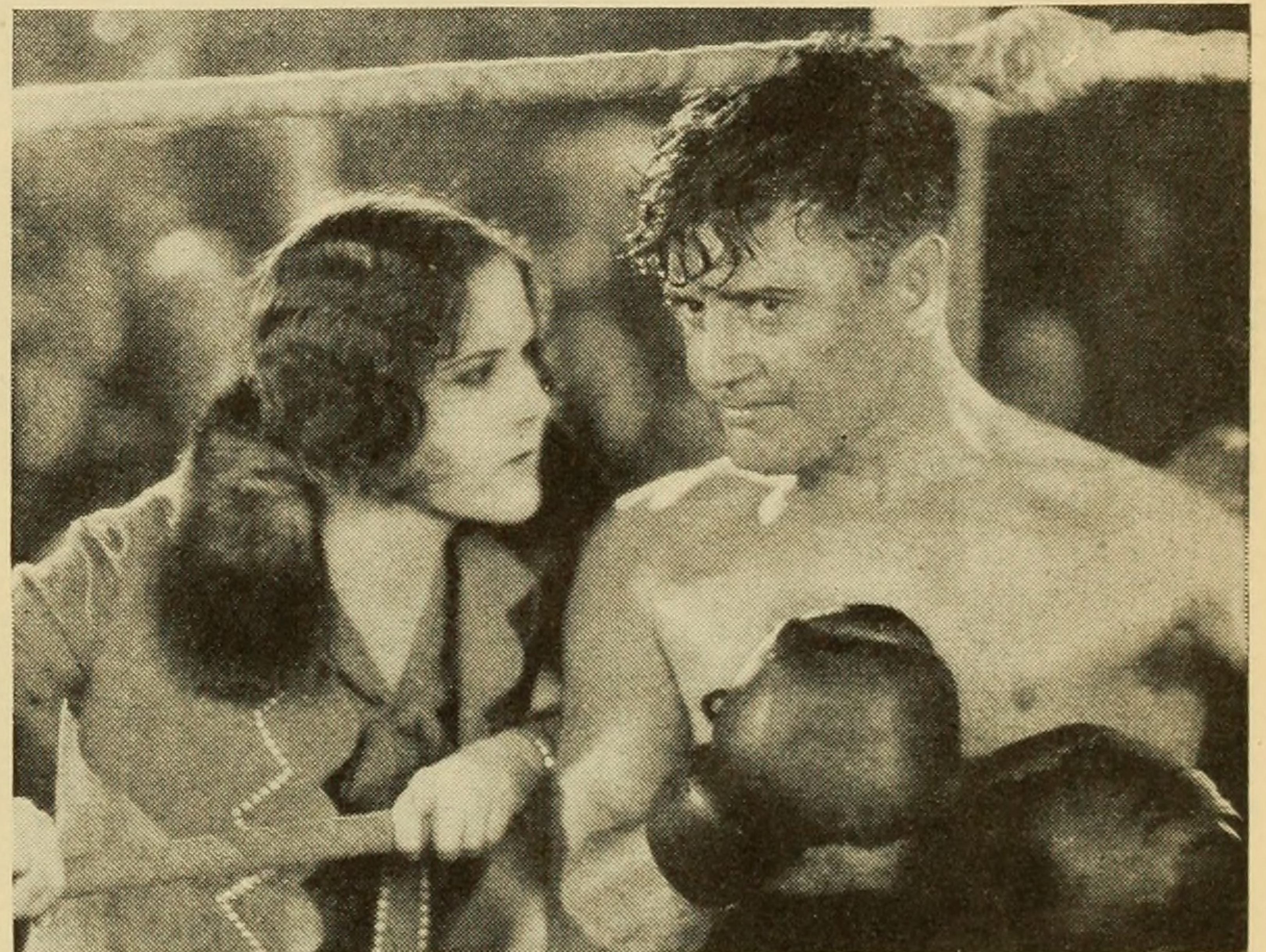
"The Cat and the Canary," which, by the way, is based on John Willard's Broadway mystery shocker, has an excellent cast. Laura La Plante is the blonde heroine, *Annabelle*. Creighton Hale overdoes the nervous comedy hero, *Paul Jones*. Indeed, the comedy is the one weak element in "The Cat and the Canary." Well done bits are contributed by Lucien Littlefield and Martha Mattox.



ANNIE LAURIE—M.-G.-M.

A NEW and picturesque locale for a story—the Scottish Lowlands. *Annie's* home is neutral ground in the fight between the clans of Campbell and MacDonald. And how they fight! The story has swirl and dash, sometimes spoiled by over-cutting. Moreover, the studio carried the Scotch idea too far by using painted scenery instead of the real thing.

Norman Kerry as the mountain clansman who "has a wae wi' him" steals the picture from Miss Gish. He is a magnificent figure. John Robertson's direction is excellent—both spirited and charming. And Lillian Gish displays a vivacity heretofore unsuspected. But Kerry's performance is the thing that set the girls to humming "Annie Laurie" with a far off look in their eyes.



KNOCKOUT REILLY—Paramount

THERE is something fascinating about stories of the roped-arena. Especially when they have a background of adventure and romance.

Mal St. Clair, who has brought to the screen a goodly number of sophisticated comedy drama, has never presented a more entertaining piece. From sophistication to fisticuffs is a broad jump. St. Clair made the leap successfully.

Now Richard Dix is a hard-boiled ironworker who protects a pretty little dancer from the advances of the heavy-weight champion, *Killer Agerra*. Richard has such a powerful punch, it isn't long before he is in the ring matched against *Agerra*. And boy, what a battle is fought! Richard sends the champ to the canvas for the numeral "ten"—copping the title and the girl. The picture is no "paluka."

Photoplay's Review Department Must

SENORITA—
Paramount



THE best Bebe Daniels' feature in years. Bebe masquerades as a boy in order to protect the ranch of her grandfather, *Don Hernandez*, who really thinks she is a boy. Bebe does a Fairbanks-Gilbert-Barrymore act by jumping through windows, winning numerous duels, swinging from chandeliers and what-not. A rip-roaring, peppy piece—one of the finest of the month.

ROOKIES—
M.-G.-M.



THIS just missed being one of the six best pictures of the month due to the number of special productions released. You will find this one of the most amusing comedies of the season. Here is pure, unadulterated comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Karl Dane is the sergeant and George K. Arthur the rookie entrusted to his care. And you can imagine what happens to poor Arthur. You must see it!

**CHILDREN
OF DIVORCE—**
Paramount



"IT" is in again—that charming Clara Bow lady who just runs away with this whole picture in spite of her hideous haircombs. Taken from the Owen Johnson novel, this starts out to be a preachment against divorce and ends in convincing audiences that circumstances alter cases and divorce isn't such a terrible thing after all. Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper and Einar Hansen are in the cast.

**SPECIAL
DELIVERY—**
Paramount



A FAIR little story, lots of gags and Eddie Cantor—presto—a real hilarious evening is in store for you. Eddie's family have been in the postal service since the Scarlet Letter was mailed and Eddie sticks to the family traditions and becomes a mailman. But, besides delivering his mail, he learns the whereabouts of a notorious crook. In the final reel Eddie does the rescuing and capturing act.

**BROADWAY
NIGHTS—**
First National



ALL the different views of Broadway are presented for your entertainment. This time from the angle of the hoofers who strive to succeed on Broadway. The husband feels he is the main cheese in the act, but after a separation the wife rises to stardom while he sinks to playing in a honky tonky cafe. Eventually they are reunited and become a success together. Not so hot, but Lois Wilson is especially good as the hooper.

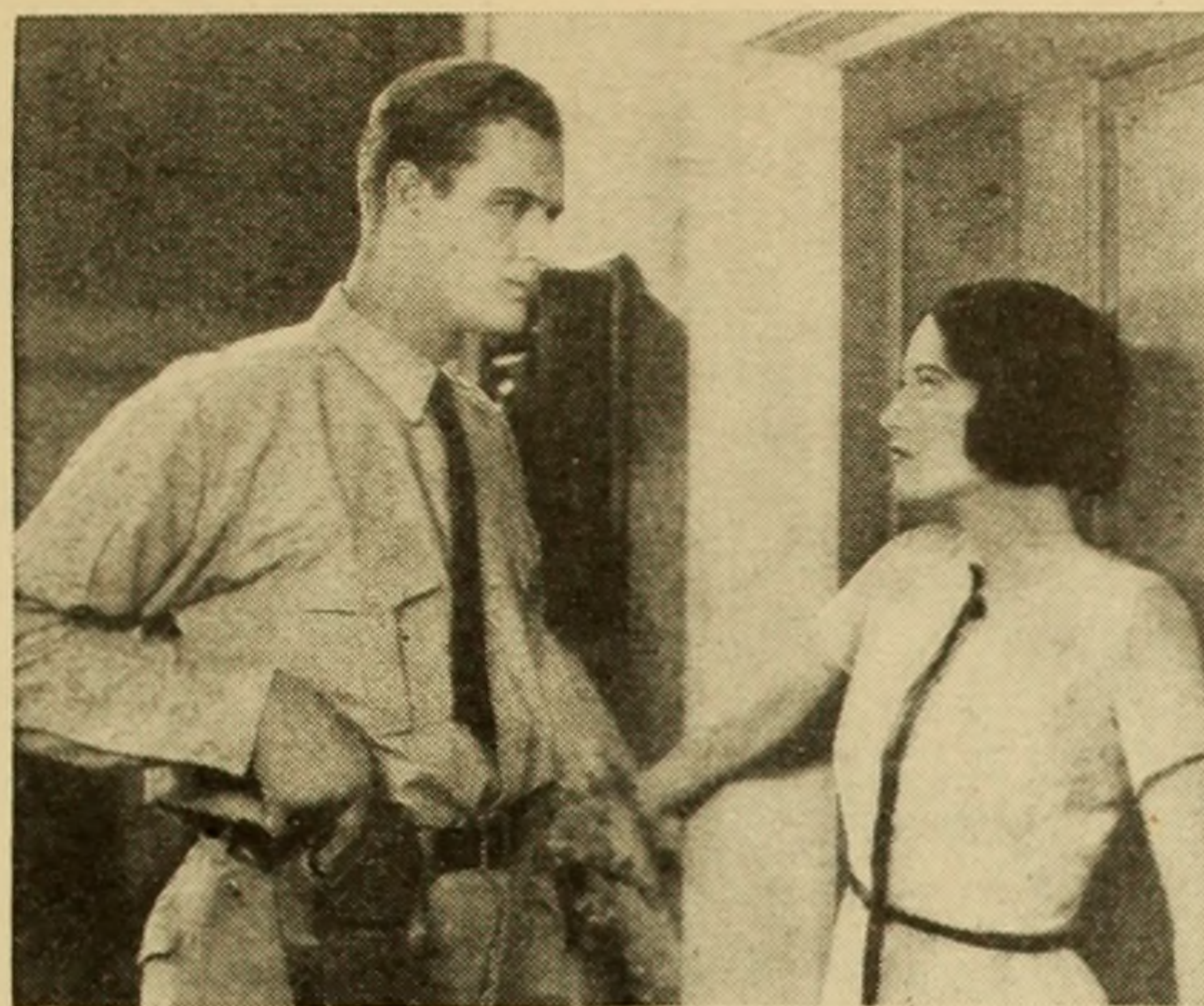
**THE HEART
THIEF—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



A FAIR vehicle if you don't take your movies too seriously. It's about a handsome young hero who is engaged to break the engagement of a wealthy count and a peasant girl. He is supposed to make love to the girl and disgrace her, but when the hero sees the girl he—well that's for you to find out. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut have the top places in the cast.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

**THE UNDER-
STANDING
HEART—
M.-G.-M.**



WITH all these highlights: story by Peter B. Kyne; the players—Joan Crawford, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Rockcliffe Fellowes and Carmel Myers; directed by Jack Conway; and still this is one of the dullest pictures. There is but one punch in the picture and until that is reached it is just agony for the players and audience. A forest fire is the only thing in the picture worth seeing. Very poor.

**THE
MISSING
LINK—
Warner Bros.**



WE'RE back in Africa again, folks. Syd Chaplin, a bashful Englishman and dreadfully afraid of animals, is a member of a hunting party bound for the jungles to trap the "Missing Link." Syd does the job perfectly with the aid of a chimpanzee, whose funny antics shame those of Chaplin's. This chimpanzee just gathers the whole picture under his arm and walks away with the celluloid. He's a perfect riot. See it!

**THE CLAW—
Universal**



EVIDENTLY this was produced just to make the contract players earn their salaries. We still have the wealthy papas endeavoring to make great big he-men out of their sons. To Africa they are sent for the rejuvenation. And between cannibals and jungle animals the hero wins out. Sure, there's a gal in the case! Norman Kerry, Claire Windsor and Arthur Edmund Carewe are in the cast.

**TRACKED
BY THE
POLICE—
Warner Bros.**



RIN-TIN-TIN better do some loud barking about the future selection of his stories. It is a crime to wish such moron stuff on such an intelligent animal. Rinty is the whole show and if you do see this you'll stay to the very end just to see Rinty do his stuff. The title has nothing to do with the picture and neither have the human actors—if their performances are any criterion. See Rinty in spite of everything.

**THE
CLIMBERS—
Warner Bros.**



MARK an X against this, for it isn't worth your time and money. It's all about the Duchess of Aragon who is exiled to Porto Rico when an escaped criminal is found hiding in her bedroom. Here she rules her ranch with an iron hand and resents the attentions of a guitar-playing, romantic hero, who is none other than the guy who caused her banishment. Everything ends sloppily and happily.

**THE LOVE
THRILL—
Universal**



HOW to sell insurance—according to Laura La Plante. Laura poses as the wife of a supposedly-deceased explorer. His best friend endeavors to help her and Laura manages to sell him a big insurance policy to help make ends meet. During the course of things the explorer returns and is very much amused with all the happenings. Needless to say the would-be married couple fall in love. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

\$5,000 in

Cash Prizes

There's Gold in Them Thar Scissors!

Photoplay's Fourth Annual Summer Prize Contest



Rules and Conditions of the Cut Puzzle and Name Contest

Read Carefully and Start Out to Win a Big Prize

Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61

Star Names on Page 86

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

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

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. \$5,000 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York Office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clues to the identity of each fragment. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

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

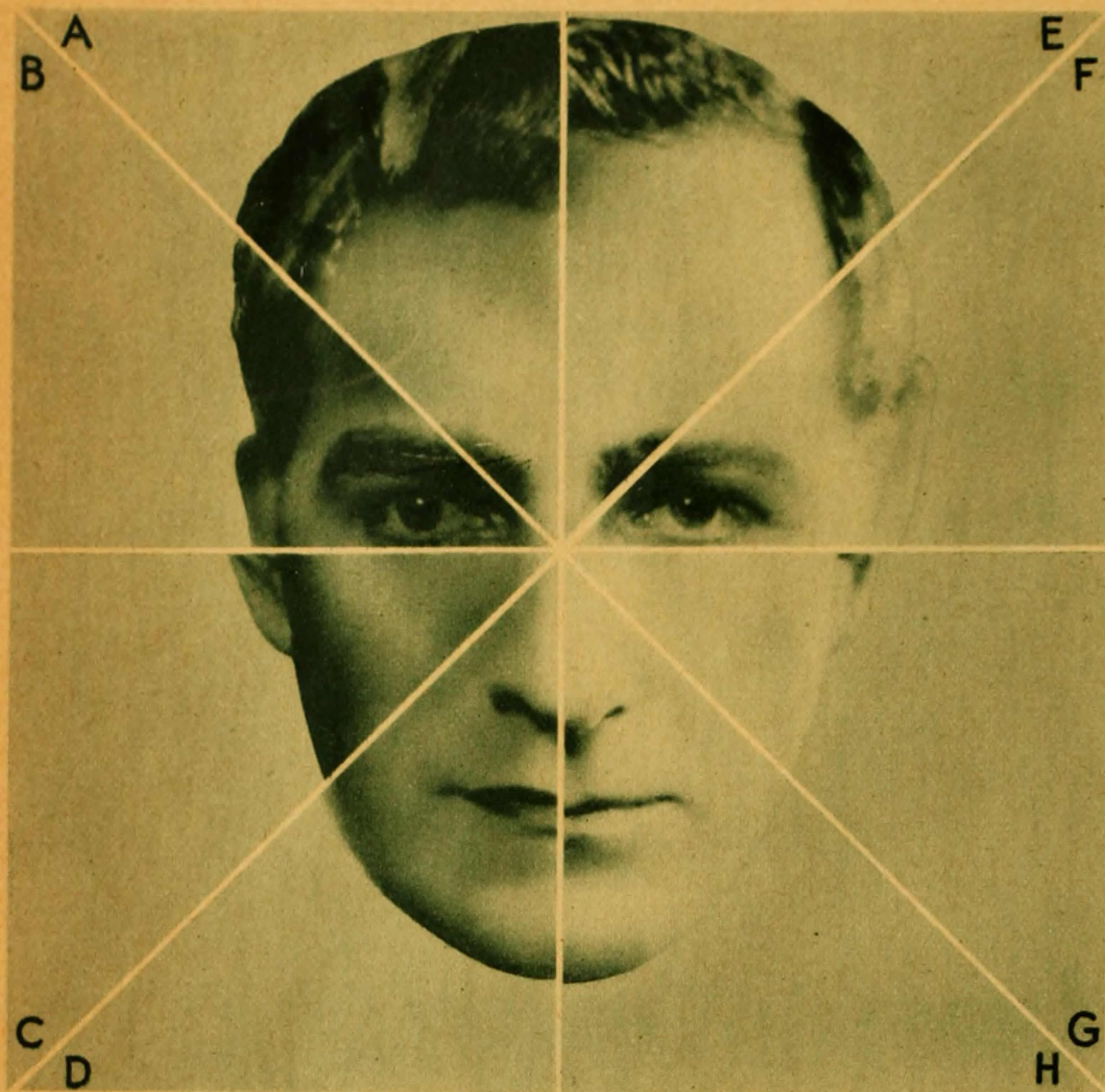
8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

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



THE present leader of the Latin invasion—Dolores Del Rio. Her sudden success has been equalled only by the Scandinavian Greta Garbo and the American Clara Bow. Translated from the Spanish, Senora Del Rio's name means "Sorrow of the River."

Photoplay's New Contest



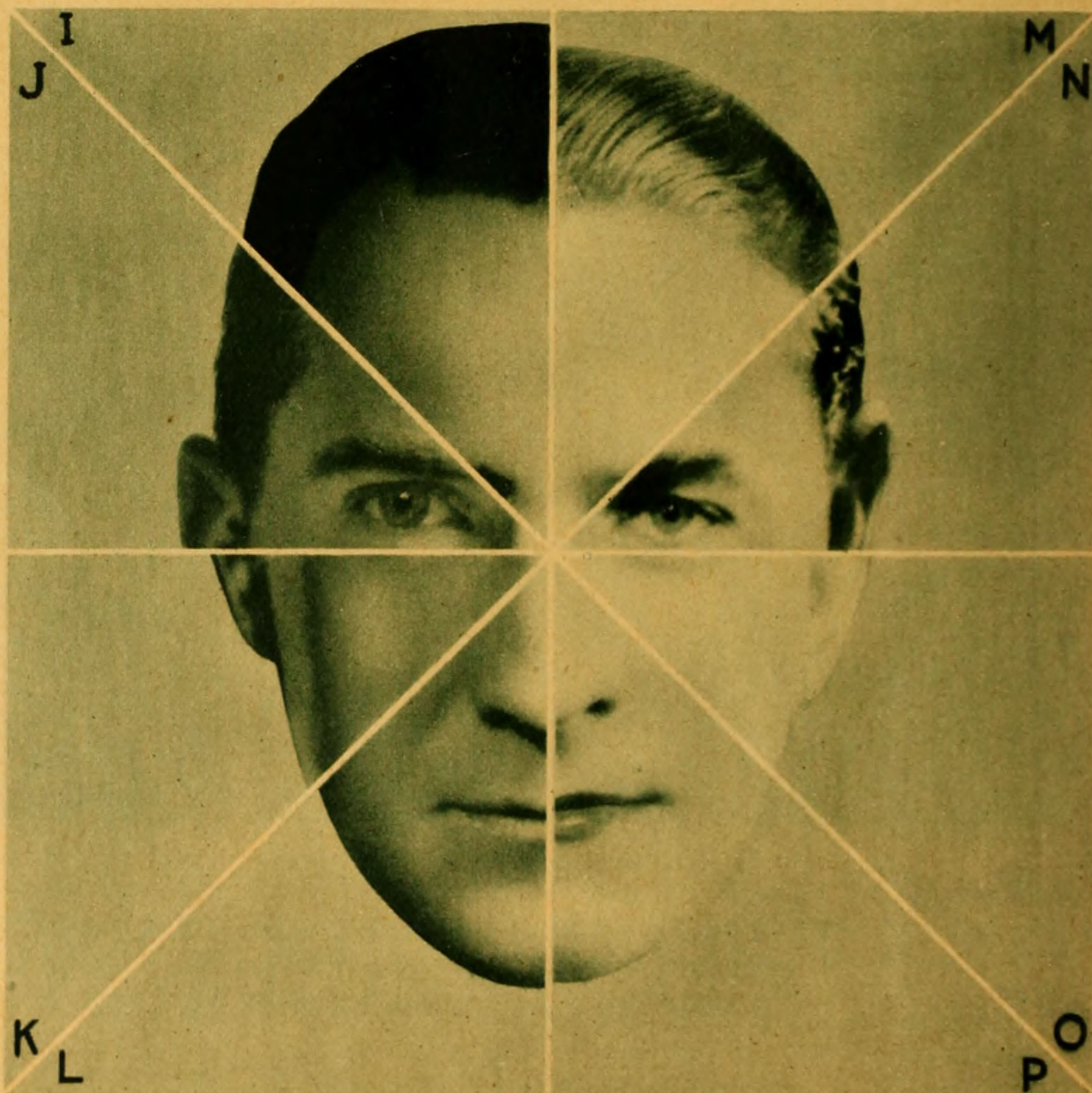
Be Sure to Read

Upper

Who has black hair?
 Why, A has it, we'll say!
 B came from Spain,
 Via New England way.
 Who played with stars
 On the stage? That was E.
 Who changed his name?
 F did, quite recently.

Lower

Who is twice married?
 C—and he's a dear.
 Who came from Philly?
 D did, so we hear.
 Who's from Ohio?
 G came from that state.
 Who was with Selznick?
 H—and he was great!



Upper

Who is a brunette?
 I—dark hair and eyes.
 J was an extra,
 Who caused a surprise!
 Who has a son?
 M. (The son's very new.)
 Who's one of three?
 N's the brother of two.

Lower

Who went to college?
 K did—liked it fine!
 Who's an old timer?
 L—screen since '09.
 Who knows the meaning of Hope?
 Mister O!
 P is unmarried
 And happily so.

Offers \$5,000 in Prizes

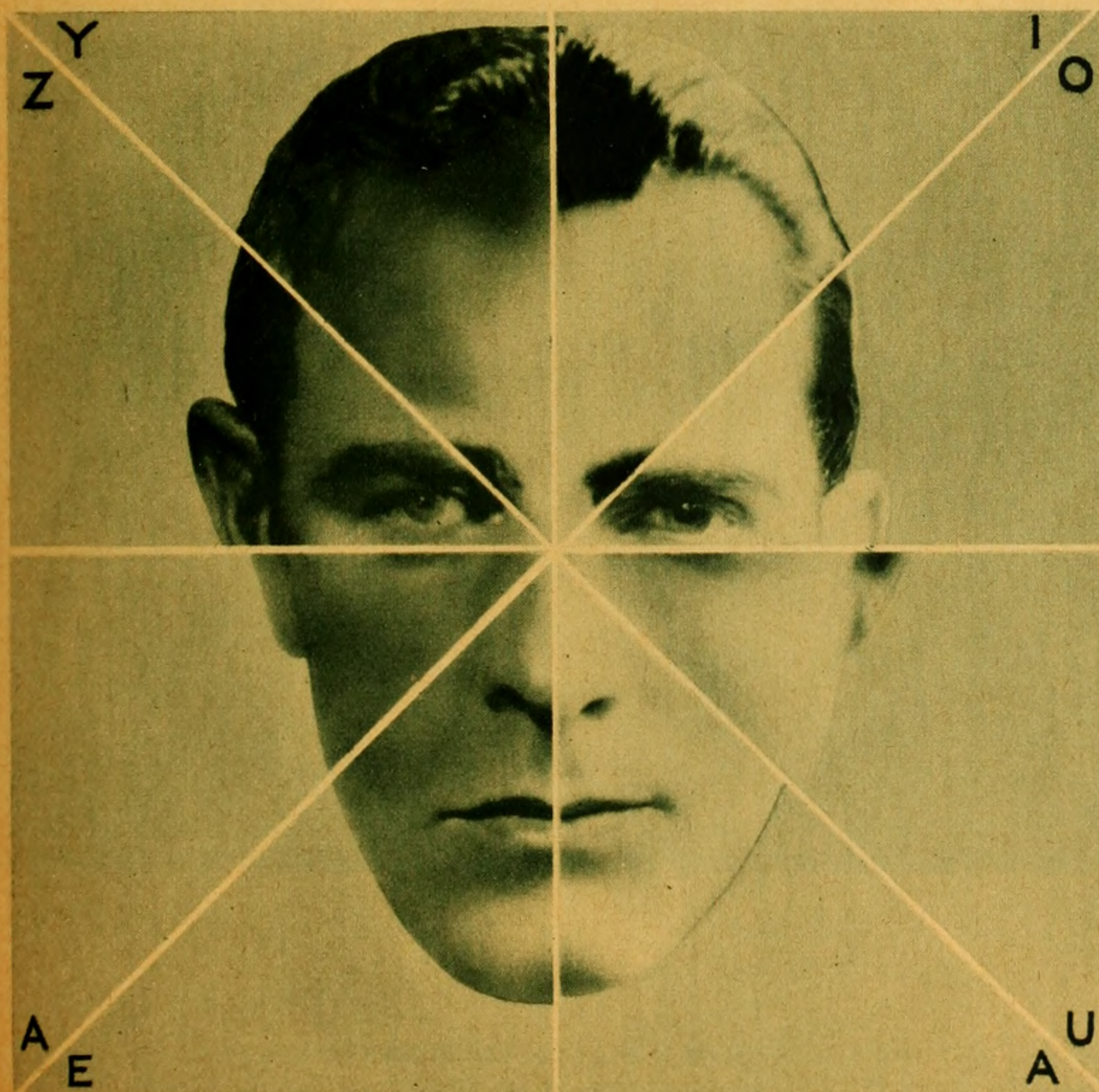
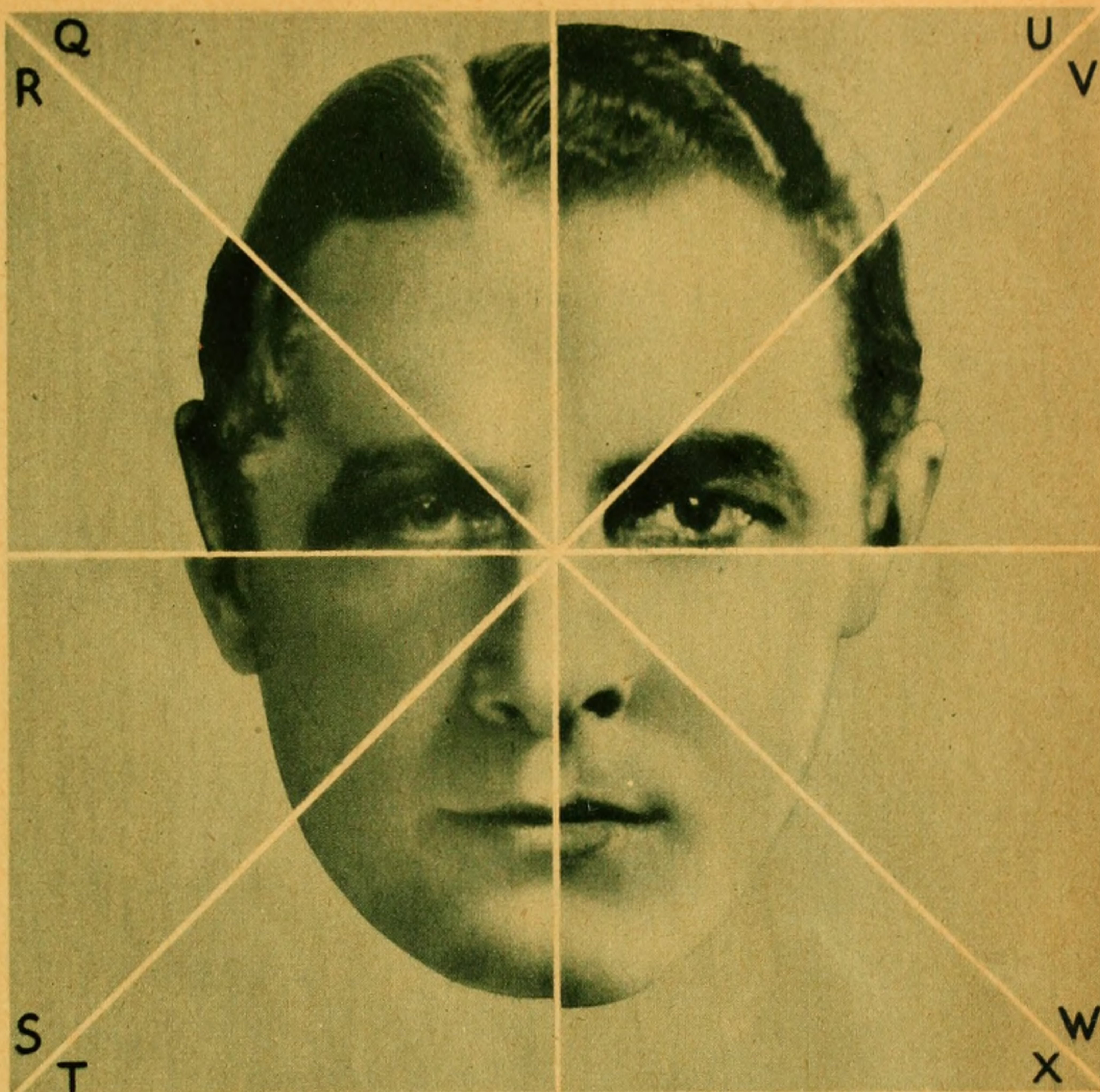
Rules on Page 58

Upper

Who's of the desert?
 Q left arid lands.
 R was in stock,
 So he knows where he stands.
 U has grey eyes,
 And he's six feet in height;
 V is as dark
 As a tropical night!

Lower

Who knew a Hollywood marriage?
 Just S!
 Who has two brothers?
 T answers a yes.
 Who had four stage years?
 Guess W's name.
 X has been liked
 Since his Vitagraph fame.



Upper

Y read a meter
 Before he could act.
 Who loved earth's sweetheart?
 Z—this is a fact!
 Who played with Chaney?
 I, not so long past.
 O, in a decade,
 Has gone ahead fast

Lower

Who wed a widow?
 A did—she is sweet.
 E, for a while,
 Knew a fisherman's fleet.
 Who was a super?
 U did very well.
 A weighs one-fifty—
 His name we won't tell.



INTRODUCING "The Gaucho," who rides down from the top of the Andes to upset a villainous dictator and establish peace and free tamales in an imaginary South American republic. Yes, it's Douglas Fairbanks dressed up for his new picture.

When the Doctors Disagree

Proving that those moulders of public opinion—the New York critics—often fall out among themselves

"WHITE GOLD"

"'White Gold' is a commendable venture into the forbidden realms of serious drama on the screen—but I can't feel that it is worthy of any great applause." ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, *Life*.

"Clyde Cook was for no apparent reason thrown in as comedy relief. He's neither comedy nor relief." ROSE PELS WICK, *N. Y. Journal*.

"'White Gold' undoubtedly will find itself on the list of the ten best pictures for 1927, so don't miss seeing it." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

"Clyde Cook contributes a sterling characterization, mingling comedy with pathos and wistfulness." DOROTHY HERZOG, *Daily Mirror*.

"ROOKIES"

"There are a number of episodes that are about as vulgar as you can imagine the local censors passing by unheedingly." *Herald-Tribune*.

"The script exhibited at times the subtlety commonly found in the temples of third-rate burlesque." *Evening Telegram*.

"There is also a very amusing touch that cannot be told in print. You must see the picture if you want to see this very humorous bit." LANGDON W. POST, *Evening World*.

"'Rookies' never descends to burlesque." *Variety*.

"CAMILLE"

"To us it is not a satisfactory Camille, for there is none of the gayety, none of the spirit that went to make the most famous courtesan of French fiction." LANGDON W. POST, *Evening World*.

"All of the story is told slowly and without a moment that is really convincing." RICHARD WATTS, JR., *Herald-Tribune*.

"It was powerfully dramatic, never descending to the obvious, and by some miracle did not attempt to be bright and cheery in the Hollywood manner." DONALD THOMPSON, *Evening Telegram*.

"The first 'Camille' never could have been more convincing than this flower of the screen." BETTY COLFAX, *The Graphic*.

"VENUS OF VENICE"

"Nonsensical, dumb and dull." *Variety*.

"A cheerful, beautifully photographed piece of filmery." *Daily News*.

"MOTHER"

"'Mother' is the sort of picture that should be suppressed." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *Herald-Tribune*.

"William Blakewell is decidedly amateurish." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

"It is easily the best thing Belle Bennett has done since 'Stella Dallas'." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *Morning Telegraph*.

"William Blakewell gives probably the best performance of a movie youth the screen has witnessed in many a day." *Evening Sun*.

"HIS FIRST FLAME"

"The Pathe organization has done Harry Langdon no good by digging an old picture of his out of the vaults." *Evening Post*.

"'His First Flame' proves . . . that some years ago, Harry was doing the same round of tricks, doing them with more spontaneous gayety than he is now." *Evening Sun*.

"THE HEART THIEF"

"Joseph Schildkraut looks and acts like a suspender salesman somewhere along Third Avenue." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

"'The Heart Thief' at the Hippodrome is as good a picture as has been seen in this theater in some time." JOSEPH McELLIOTT, *Daily Mirror*.

"Schildkraut has no mean amount of histrionic ability. . . . He manages to make an improbable character charmingly convincing." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *Morning Telegraph*.

"'The Heart Thief' is as incongruous, incredible, unconvincing a cinema drama as it is possible to put forth on any screen." IRENE THIRER, *Daily News*.

"New York minister, out to reform the stage and screen, suggests that no producer ought to ask a feminine member of his company to wear her skirts shorter than he would permit his own wife."—*News Item*



"I understand she's married to that Mr. Schmitz, but I don't believe it. I'm sure no decent man would ask his wife to raise her skirts that way. Do you?"

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

VACATION time is near.

The amateur movie camera is always a valuable thing—but in vacation days it is almost a necessity.

How are you going to preserve the memories of your July and August play days without your movie camera?

You can easily imagine the fun you can have this Summer with your outfit. If you are going on a fishing expedition, you can catch the actual catch. No longer will you have to face skeptical

friends with that story of a twelve-pound speckled trout. Your film will prove your piscatorial powers.

Suppose you are going camping. You can picture all the joys and tribulations of your outdoor trip. You can catch Bill frying that fish, Jack paring potatoes and you can get a shot of the cook tent being blown down in that hard July thunderstorm.

How about a hunting trip—with your movie camera instead of a rifle? You will have a lot more fun trapping birds in celluloid.

A motor trip? You can photograph as you go—with animated pictures. All the interesting locales, the picturesque spots and the unusual events of your trip can be preserved in celluloid. On winter nights next December you can make the trip all over again, via your projector, an easy chair and a log fire.

You have seen the advertisements of the young chap who bought a saxophone and immediately became the life of the party. Up to that point



Twenty years from now a motion picture like this will be your most valued possession. The baby is Peter Bennett Niblo, son of Fred Niblo, who is an amateur movie devotee

he had been a wall flower. Guess then, what a center of interest you will become at your favorite summer resort with a movie camera. Your camera will be sure fire—and much easier on your home neighbors.

Aside from the camera being an open sesame socially, you can catch interesting shots of your friends swimming, riding, playing tennis and indulging in all the Summer sports. You can even slow motion them if you wish.

If you are going abroad, your movie camera is indispensable. You will want to preserve your recollections of Paris, London and the cities of the Continent.

Before you start on your vacation, plan your film. Map out the things you want to get, jot them down on pocket cards and, when you shoot later, follow your schedule.

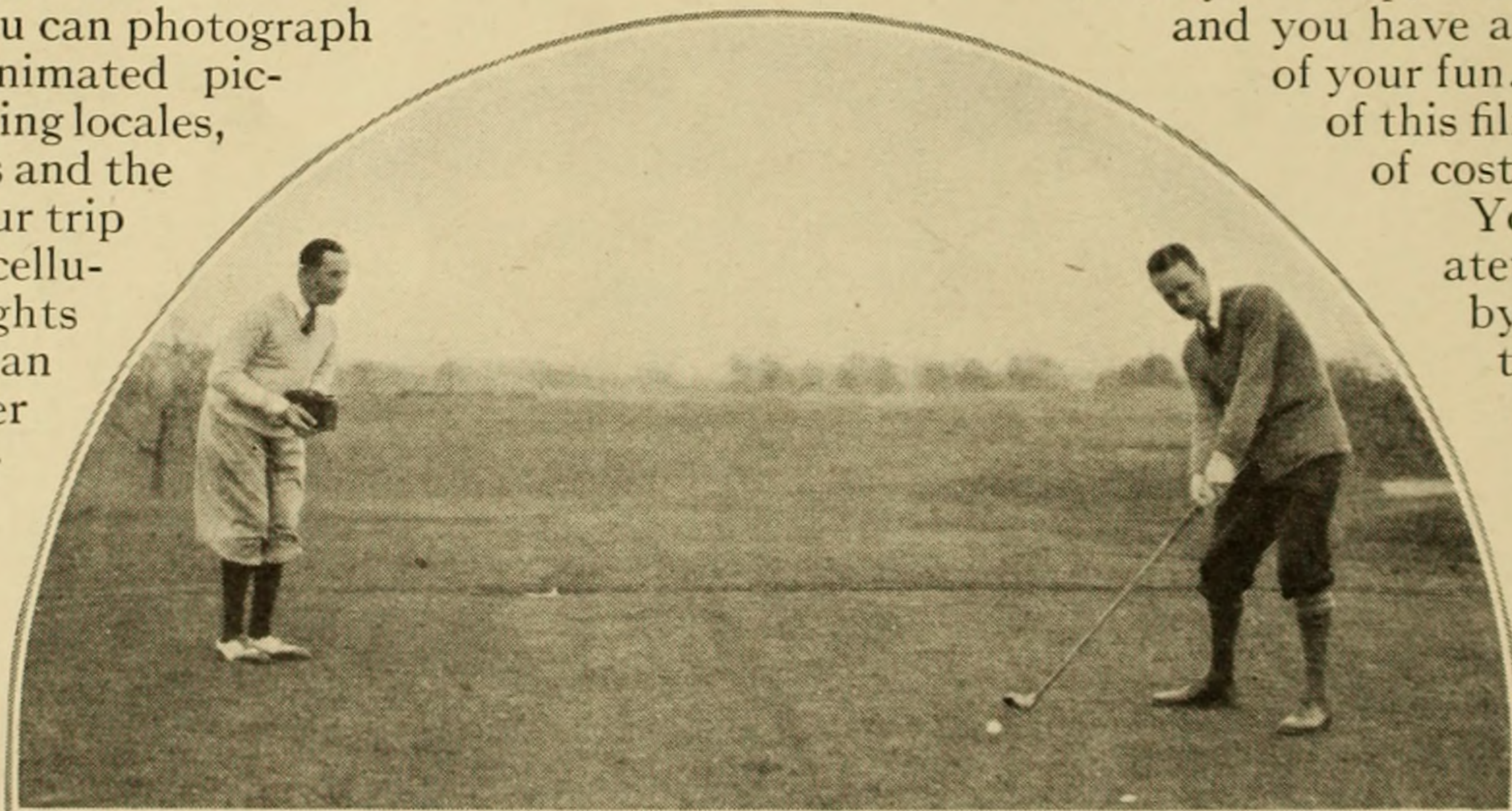
This will add a lot to your vacation anticipation, as well as to your actual vacation enjoyment. Add ideas as they develop, of course. Put in titles—

and you have an actual living record of your fun. You can have copies of this film made at a minimum of cost for your friends.

You can earn your amateur movie equipment, by securing subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY if you wish. Write the Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Here's an idea, too. You may be able to develop a film to enter in

[CONTINUED
ON PAGE 105]



The amateur movie film is a great help in studying your sport faults. Here is Walter Hagen, the golf star, filming a friend with a Cine-Kodak

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment by taking subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

For Vacation Days

Here are some tips for contestants in \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

PHOTOPLAY'S Amateur Movie Contest is arousing tremendous interest, not only in this country but in other lands.

Every day the Amateur Movie Department receives letters from motion picture amateurs telling about their plans for contest films. Every state in the Union, Alaska, Cuba; the Philippines, South America, Great Britain, China and other distant lands will be represented in the contest.

The contest is now open and the films are coming in. Many of these have extraordinary interest and a number of them are highly promising prospects for the four contest prizes.

There are important things for the contestants to note. Be sure that you have followed every rule carefully.

For consideration, all films must be within the prescribed length. Some contestants have failed to observe this rule.

YOUR contest contribution need not be in one reel. You can submit it in two or more reels, provided its total length comes within the required footage. Number your reels clearly, however.

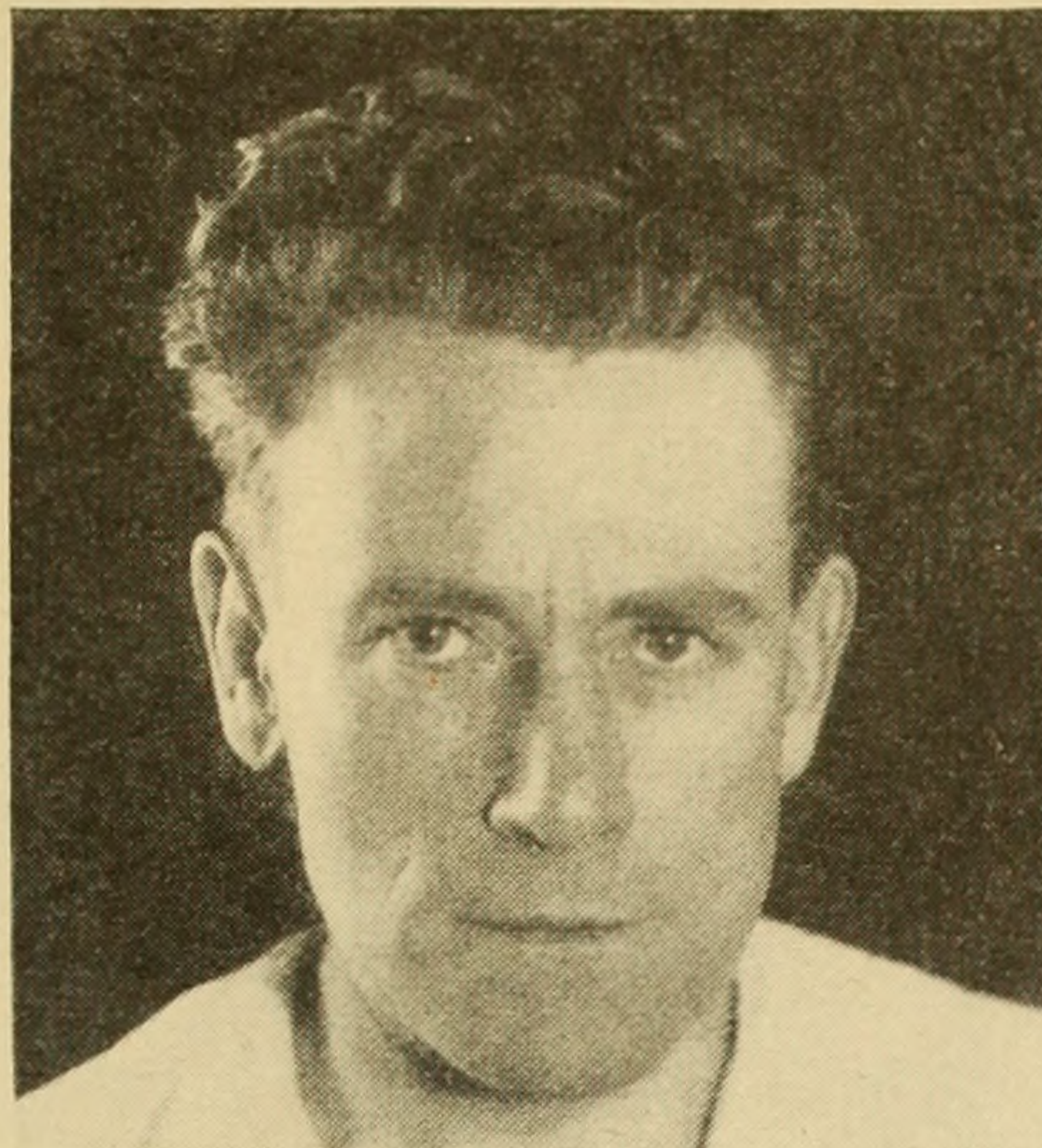
If you do a film drama, it must be original. It can not be adapted or taken from a published book of amateur scenarios or from any professional photoplay.

Another suggestion: Your name and address can be incorporated on the film itself, if you wish. It should also be securely attached to the film container.

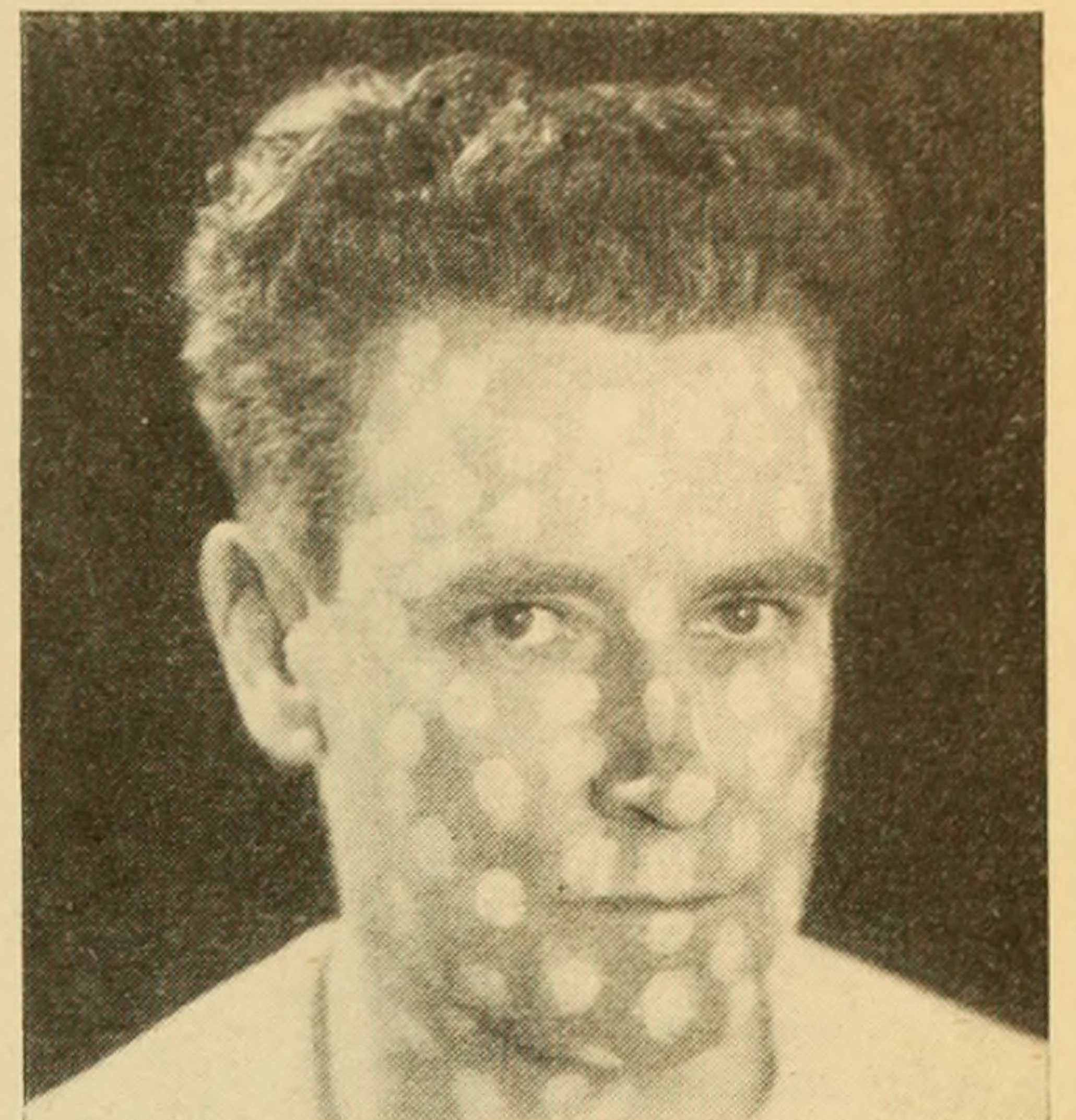
It is probable that the full list of judges will be announced in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

No films will be returned until after the conclusion of the contest.

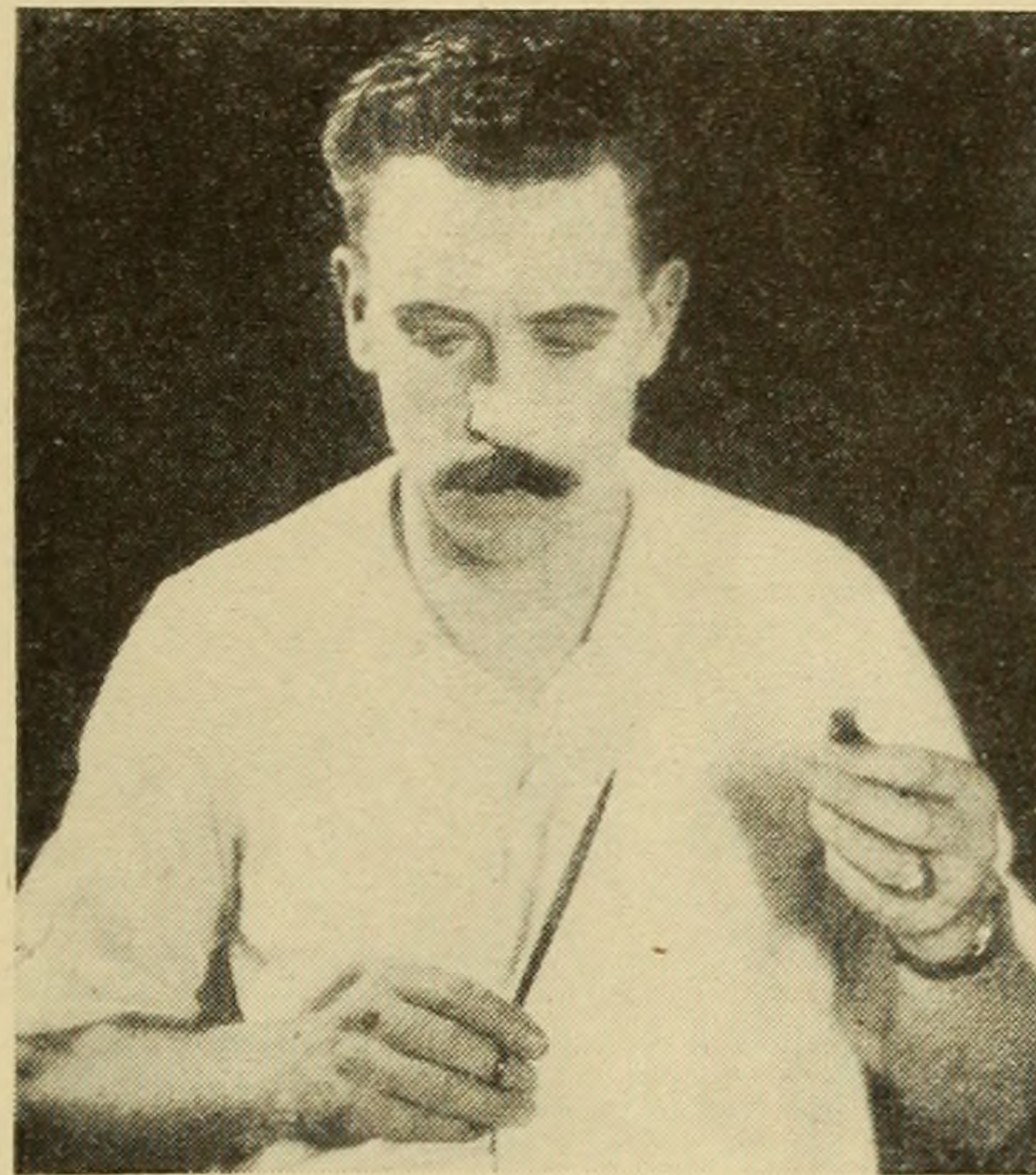
Do not write unfair questions to the department. The editor can not advise you as to the best subjects or methods of handling. It is up to you. [CONT'D ON PAGE 105]



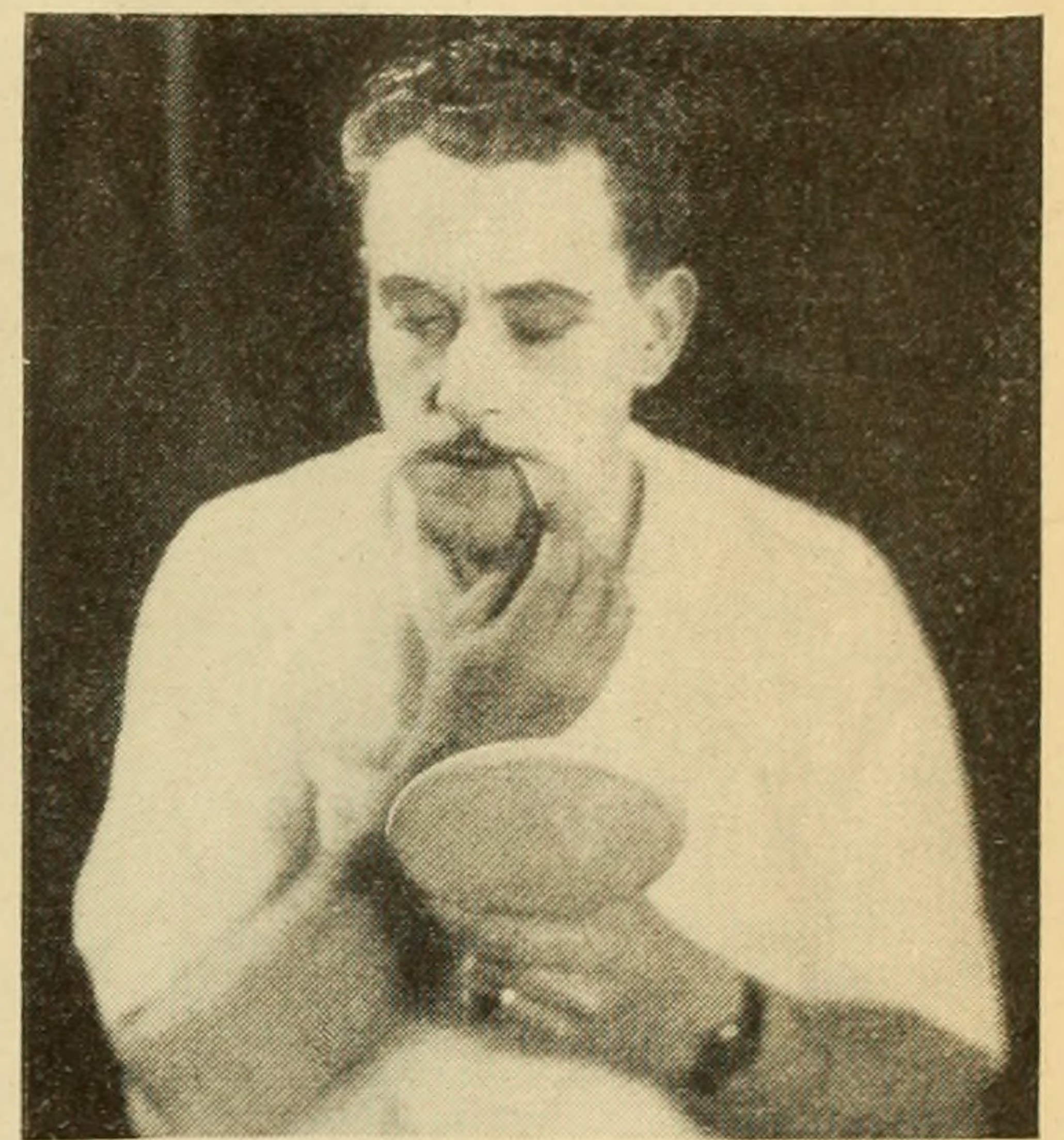
How to make up in six lessons. Cecil Holland, the actor, photographed without a make-up. Note how facial blemishes show



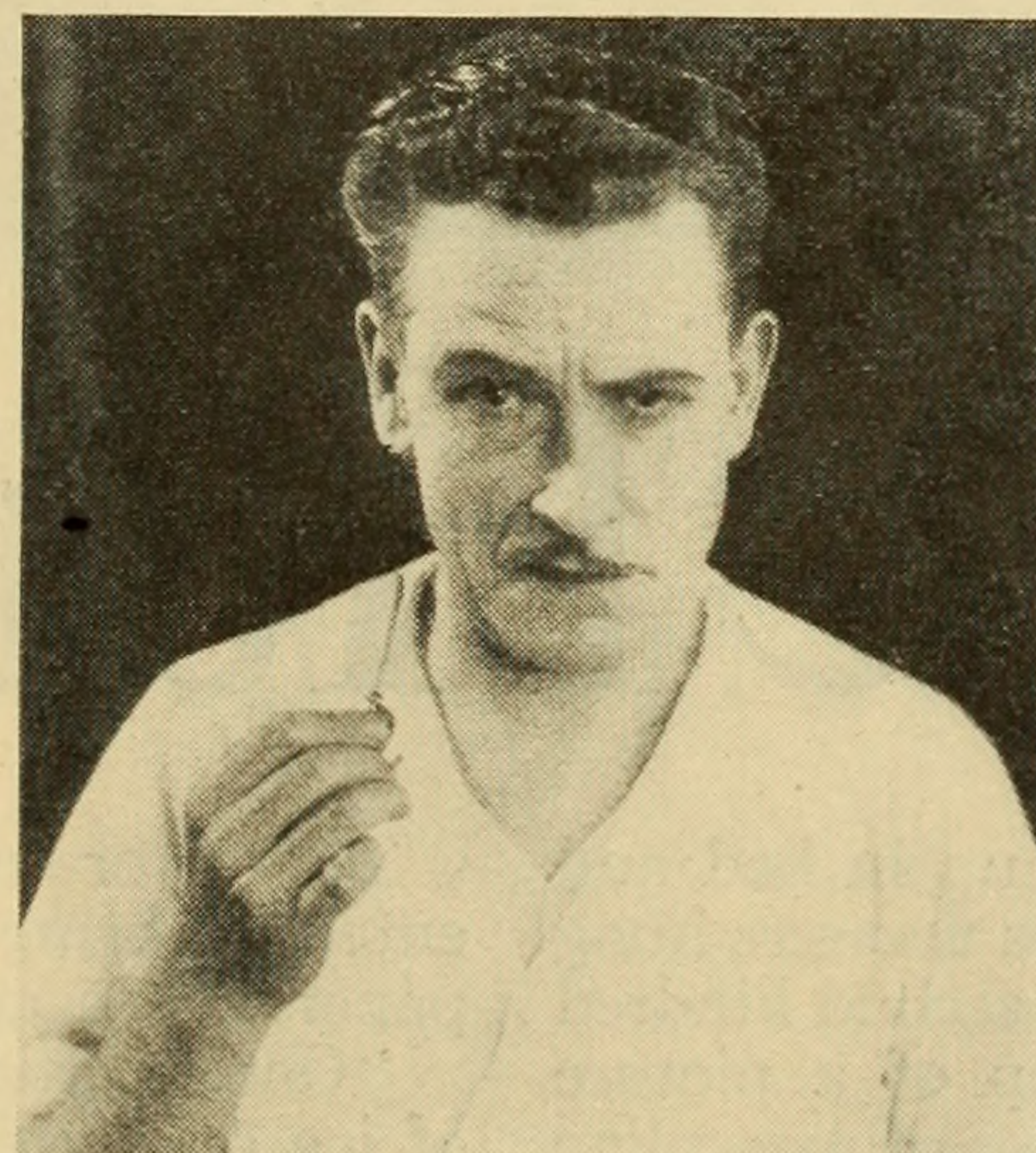
Grease paint is first applied in spots and then smoothed over the entire face. Powder is then shaded over the grease paint



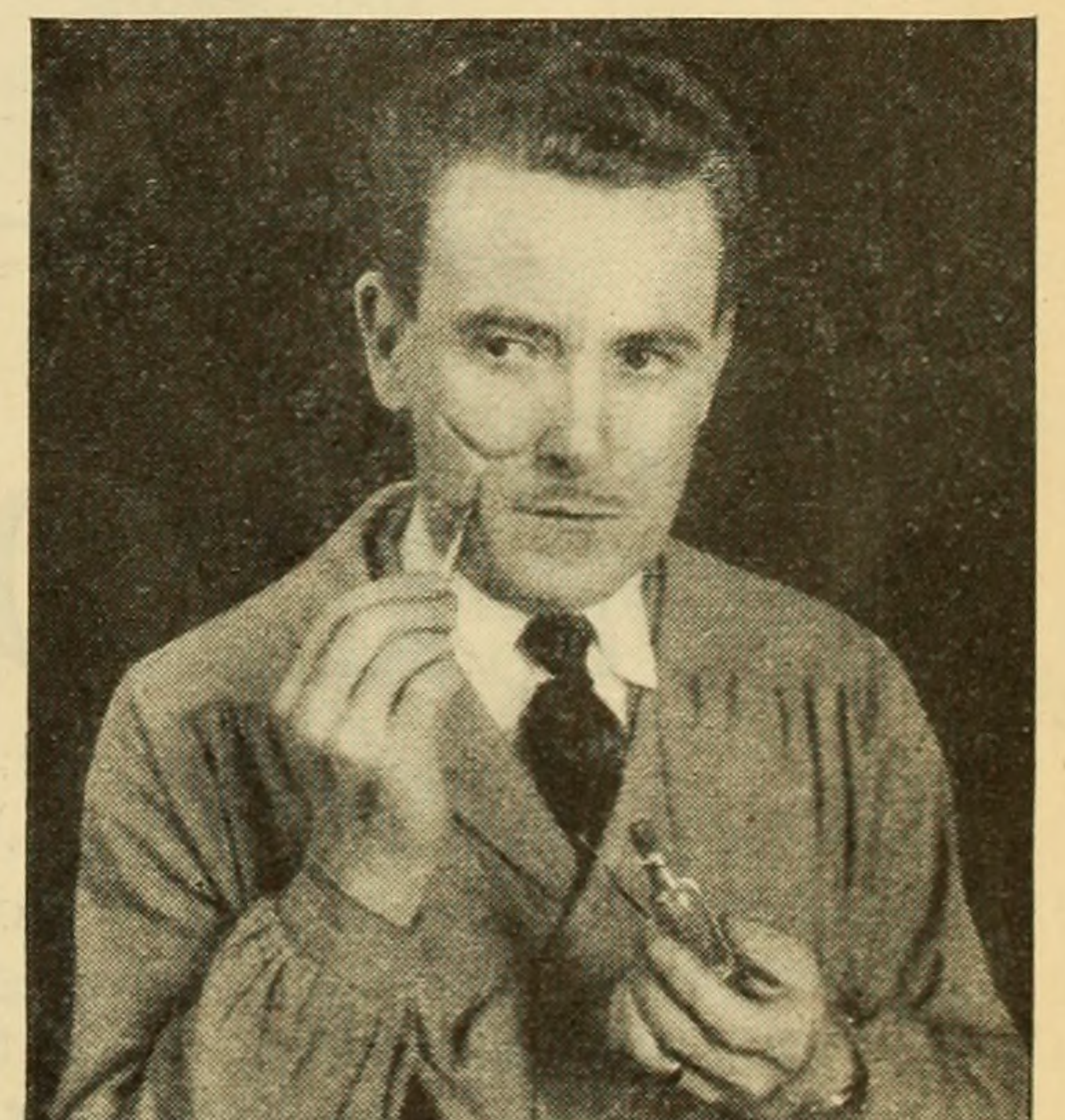
Face fully made up. Hair is applied for mustache. Spirit gum is used to stick the hair to the desired place on the face



After gum has dried, the hair is combed to remove surplus. Tweezers are used to pluck the mustache and give it shape



Shadows and lines are applied to give age or youth. Mr. Holland demonstrates with both sides of his face as contrasts



Want a scar? By use of flexible collodium, the skin is drawn to give effect of deep, authentic looking gash across the cheek

Full Rules for Amateur Movie Contest on Page 106

Illustrated
by
Harley
Ennis
Stivers



The Love Hunch *By William Slavens McNutt*

BOB CRAIG stirred, groaned, sat up in bed and surveyed the room. A pair of dress trousers hung from an arm of the chandelier. A second kindred garment was draped over the top of a picture frame high on the wall, and other articles of masculine evening wear were scattered about the floor and on the furniture. The place was Paris, the season was spring and the hour was about two in the afternoon.

Bob shook his head gently, experimentally, and turned to look, grinning, at the form of his friend, George Mason, sleeping noisily on his back in the other of the twin beds. The sounds of his slumber were as the voice of a mill saw biting angrily on knotted wood.

The door swung open and Craig's Chinese boy entered, bringing a just-arrived New York Sunday paper and a sweating silver cocktail shaker.

"Oooh!" said Bob, voluptuously, as the pleasing clink of ice on metal spoke a promise in his ears. "News from home and nectar from the gods, all in the hands of one small Chink. Gimme!"

The Chinese boy filled a thin, long stemmed glass and handed it to Craig who drank off the magic amber fluid at a gulp, grunted with a shock of relief and signalled for a dividend.

"What time did we get back to the hotel last night, Sam?" he asked as the boy refilled the glass.



The whole affair seemed like a dream to Bob Craig. Elaine Gardner and the people she worked and played with were creatures of a dream — in a dream world — a fantastic world of strange light and much music, of Alice-in-wonderland creatures, fairy-tale palaces and hovels, princes and paupers, beggars and kings

He was a war ace and he thought he was in love with a Hollywood darling

"Velly late," Sam answered gravely. "Th'ee, fo', mebbe-so five o'clock."

As Craig began sipping his second drink George Mason groaned, shifted his position and immediately began a nasal imitation of a pig pen at feeding time. Craig reached over and banged him on the face with a pillow. George sat up suddenly, glared wildly about and then grabbed his head in both hands and eased himself prone once more, groaning earnestly.

"Oil him, Sam," Craig ordered.

Again the silver shaker yielded its magic need.

"What happened?" Mason asked weakly, as he finished his drink and lay back on the pillow.

"Why ask me?" Craig retorted. "I was there too. The last I remember is arguing with that English major in Kiley's about who won the war. That was somewhere around midnight. Sam says we got in between three and five."

"So this is still Paris!" Mason moaned. "Oooh! My head."

"Shut up!" said Craig unfeelingly. "If you will drink—"

He picked the rotogravure section from the bulk of New York Sunday paper that the boy had placed on the bed and scanned the pictures idly. One caught and held his attention. As he studied it an intent,

When Romance Collides with a Press Agent

"I had to come to your room to make sure of seeing you," Louise Hubbard said, in a low voice. "You're going to elope with Elaine Gardner. You stupid, stubborn fool! I've come to tell you that you're running into a trap"



hypnotic expression grew on his face. He brushed his hand across his eyes and shook his head as though attempting to clear his vision. Then he stared at the picture again, long and earnestly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said at last, softly, wonderingly.

"What'd you say?" Mason mumbled.

Craig did not answer. He got out of bed and went into the bath room. There followed splashings and exclamations. After a little he emerged, his lean, hard-muscled body pink from a cold shower and vigorous toweling, and briskly began to dress.

"What's the big idea?" Mason asked sleepily. "Got a date?"

"I'll say I have," Craig said emphatically. "A sailing date."

Mason sat up. "A what?" he exclaimed. "Say! Are you goofy?"

"I'm not sure," Craig replied, thrusting his long legs into his trousers. "I think I'm in love."

"Yeh?" said Mason grinning. "Some one we met last night?"

"Some one I never met," Craig answered solemnly.

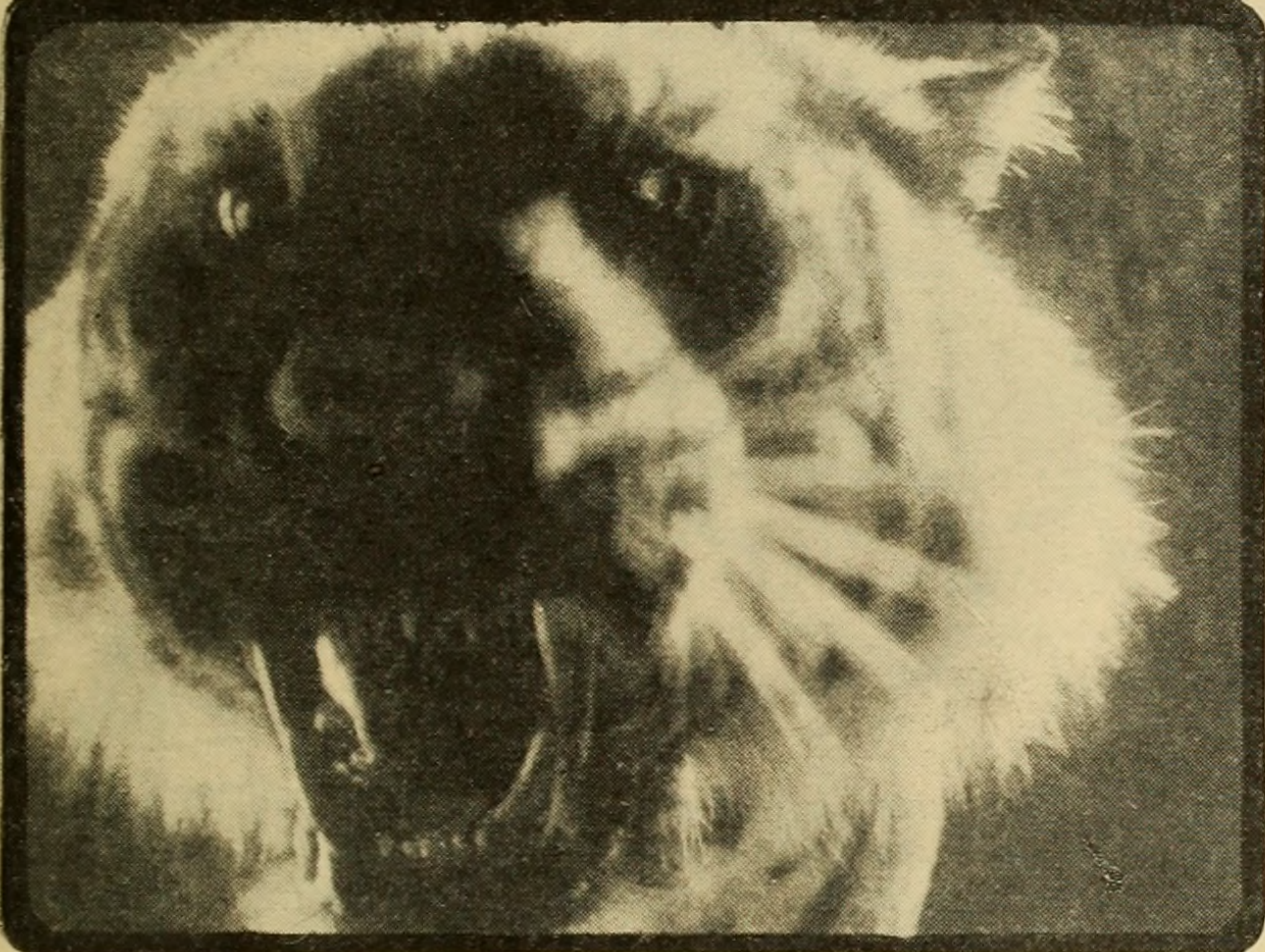
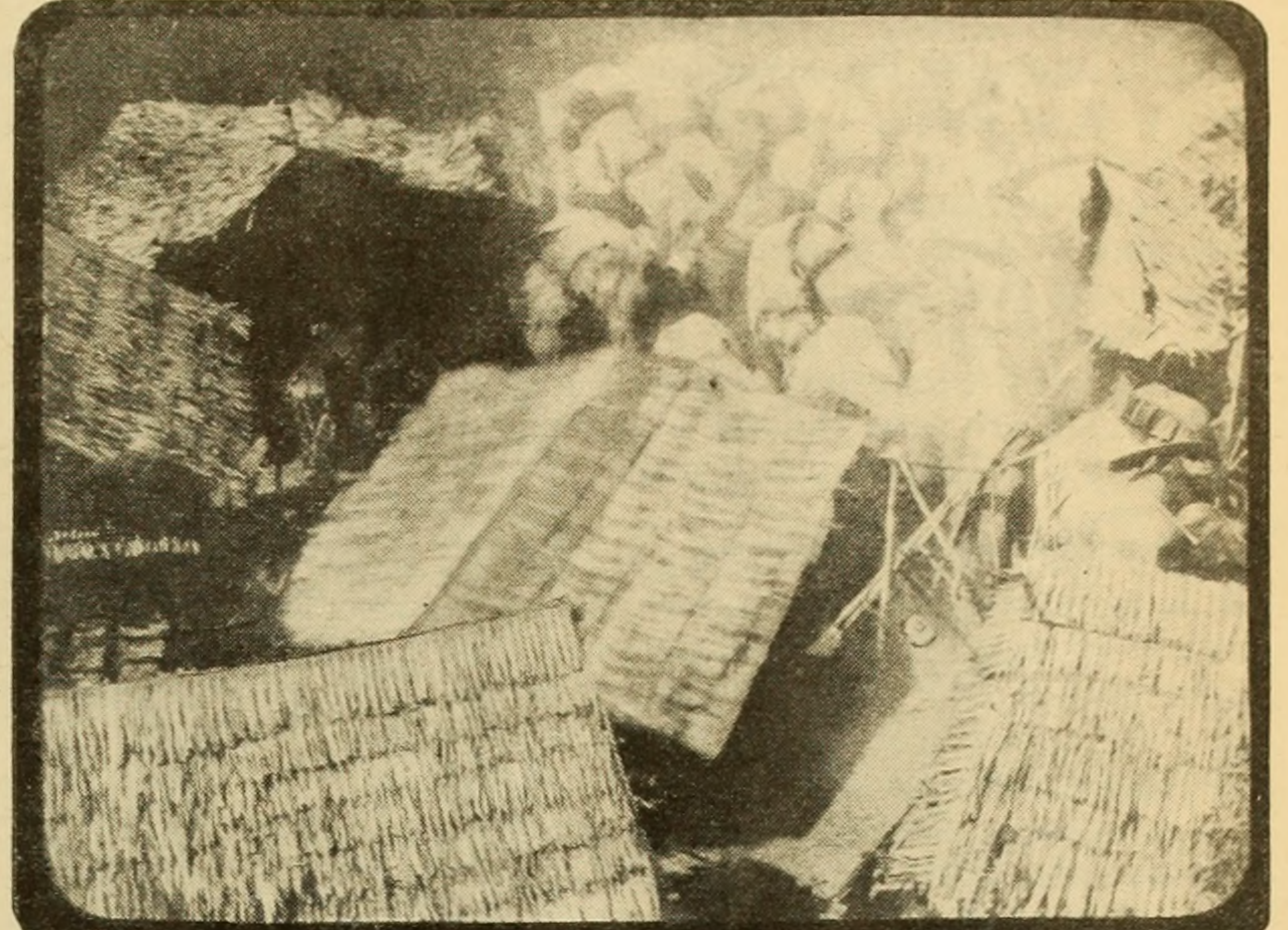
"Go on back to bed and sleep it off," Mason advised scornfully. "You're still cockeyed."

Craig, standing before the mirror, fastened his belt, knotted his tie, picked up the rotogravure section of the paper and handed it to Mason.

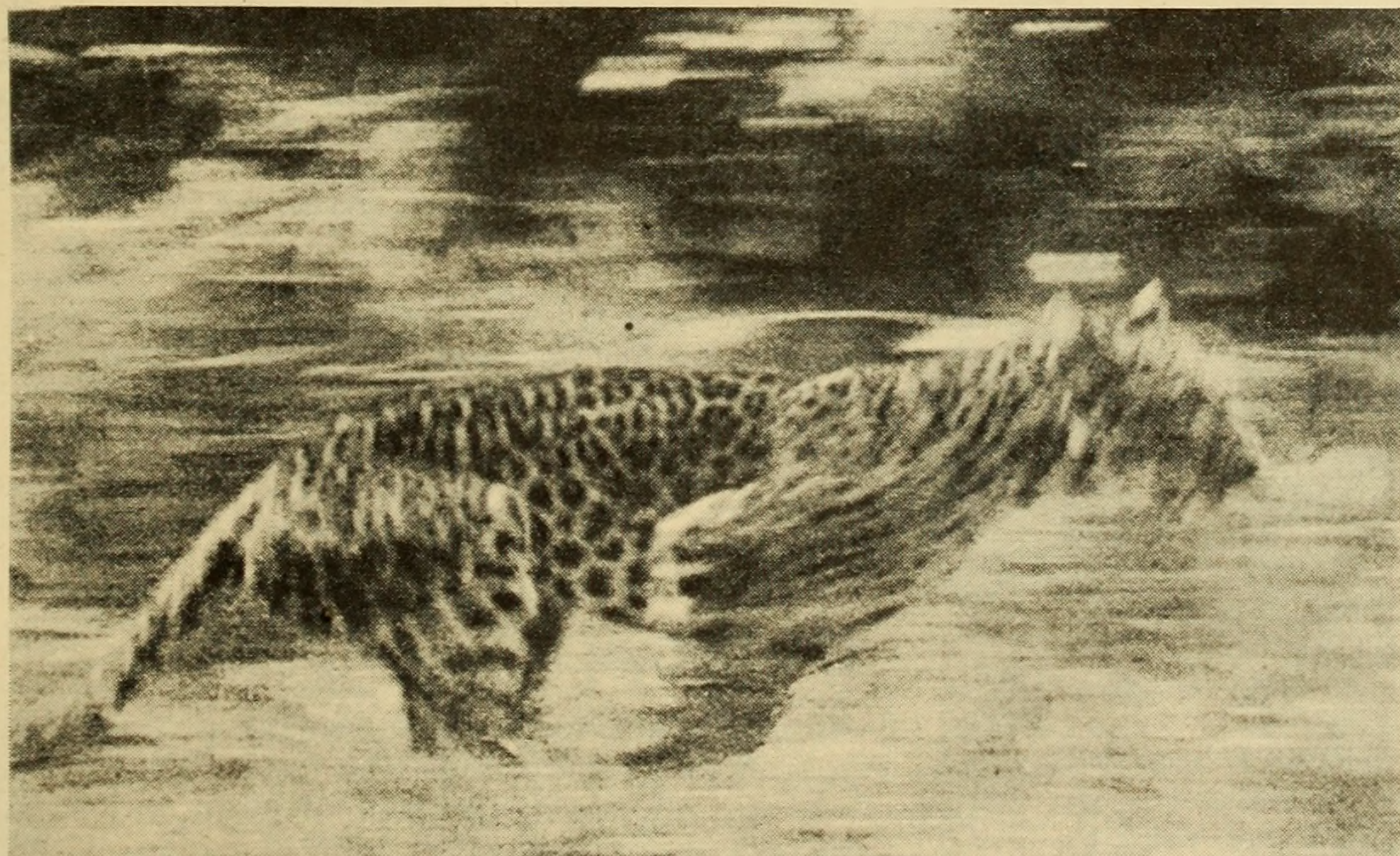
"There she is," he explained, indicating the picture of a girl posed, smiling, before the doorway of a vine-masked bungalow. The caption read: [CONT. ON PAGE 127]

A Close-up of the Jungle

Meriam Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack use wild tigers and elephants as screen actors in "Chang"



A sabre-tooth tiger climbed up Schoedsack's tree and shoved his nose into the movie camera. Naturally, this is a film enlargement. It wasn't the moment to take a good still photograph. However, Schoedsack kept on grinding and Major Cooper disposed of the tiger with his rifle



Another film enlargement, showing the huge herd of wild elephants wiping out the native village in "Chang." Schoedsack filmed some of this from a pit while Cooper took these scenes from a high tree. When the pachyderms left, not a hut remained in the village

A tiger in pursuit of a monkey—and another film enlargement. You can't see the gibbon. He is fifty feet ahead, breaking all known jungle records and screeching—in monkey language—"Gangway!"

Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

SHOPPING becomes a science when you get the best results with the least money. So don't be easily satisfied.

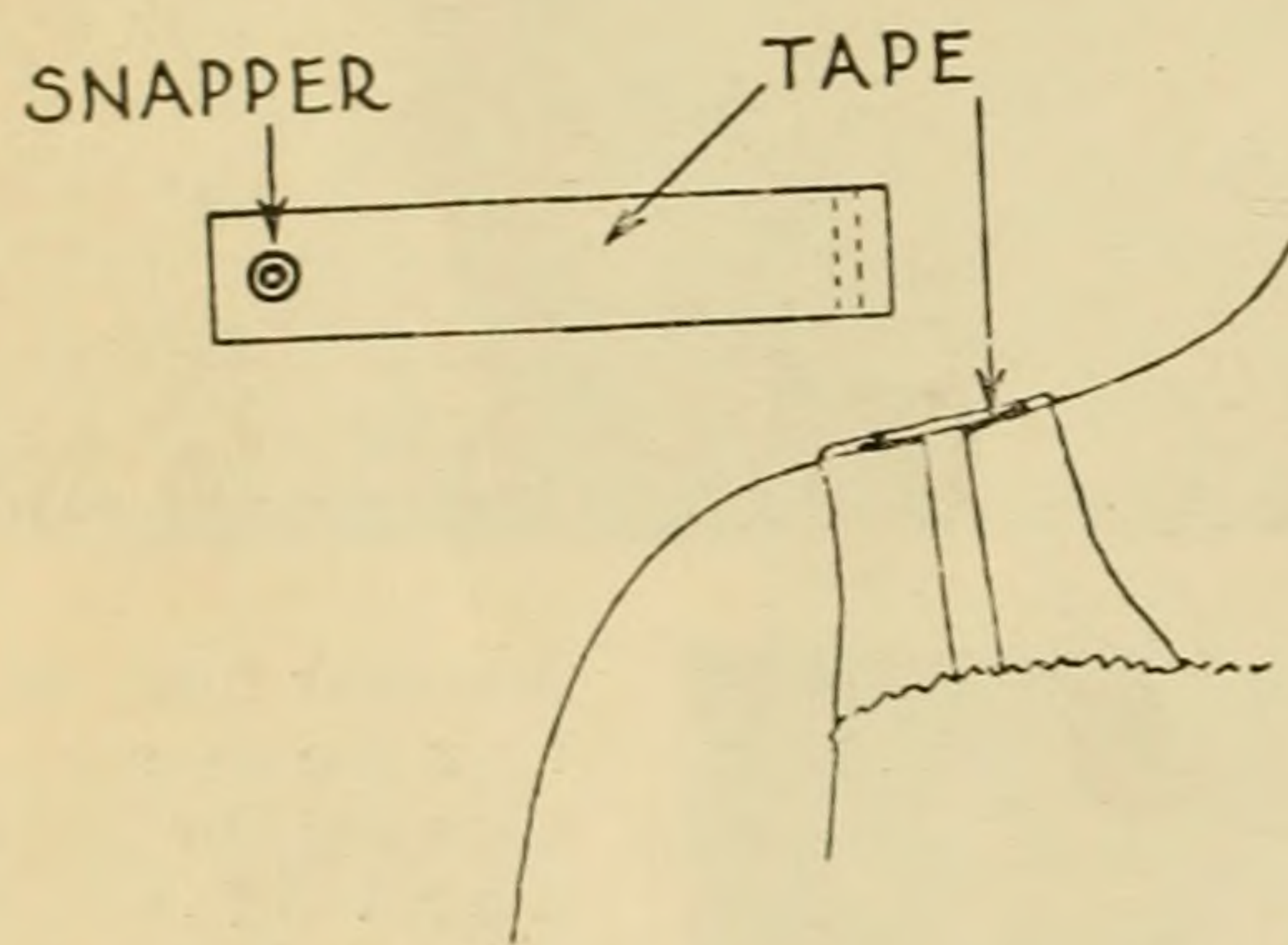
SHOPPING should begin at home with pencil and pad. Careful preparation of your shopping list saves hours of aimless wandering.

IF you have time, take a whole day just to look, and if you are a business girl, then take your lunch hour for three or four days in which to gaze. Find out the new colors, the length of skirts, the materials which are new, the size of hats to be worn, etc., before purchasing anything.

A FRIEND of mine, who has the reputation of being extremely smart on a very limited income, takes one entire week each season just to "window shop." Her entire wardrobe is planned before a single article is bought, hence her shoes, hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, matching flowers, and other accessories all have the appearance of having been especially designed for her.

ANOTHER friend who shops at random, buying when the spirit moves her, spends twice as much and never achieves that well groomed look.

IT is surprising how few women know about those little lingerie straps that, attached to the shoulder seam of your frock, prevent the underwear ribbons from running wild over your neck, giving a sloppy effect. They are so easy to make.



Take a narrow piece of tape or ribbon, about a quarter of an inch wide and an inch and a quarter long. One end is sewn and the other end attached with a snapper which leaves the strap loose to pass under the ribbons and confine them to the shoulder of the frock.

MOST people shop too haphazardly. When a new season rolls around, it is so easy to lose one's perspective in the dazzling array of alluring things that tempt you from every shop window.

HOW many times have I been led astray by a gorgeous spring hat, so attractively displayed in a shop window, only to find that it did not harmonize with my coat at all when I got it home. None of the shops are gracious about exchanging millinery.

Shop Through



In the city or country, the printed linen dress will serve you on all day-time occasions. Blue, red or black figures on a white background with hand made lace of Irish pattern trimmings as a touch of elegance. Priced at \$10.75. Can you believe it? Sizes 34 to 44

The sheer voile frock comes in all the most becoming shades—green, rose, copenhagen, maize, orchid and white. So reasonably priced at \$5.00 that you can afford the luxury of several. It's hand made, too. Sizes 16 to 44

A gay little dress for verandah or garden—or any informal wear. It is of the crispest dimity with bright colored dots. Its cost is merely \$5.00—very little for such a becoming frock. Sizes 36 to 44

For those week-ends in the country, a knitted sport coat of wool and rayon, with a most flattering white collar of clipped wool. In buff, shell pink, powder blue, maize, green or white. Sizes 36 to 44. And only \$15.95

To take the curse off the inevitable rainy day—a short handled snub-nosed umbrella. All silk with sixteen ribs. Incidentally a good sun shade. In red, purple, blue or green. Its price \$4.95

And, to complete the week-end outfit, a bag for your Saturday and Sunday clothes. It has slim graceful lines with a wide roomy base, of cobra grain leather and leather lined. In black only. \$4.95

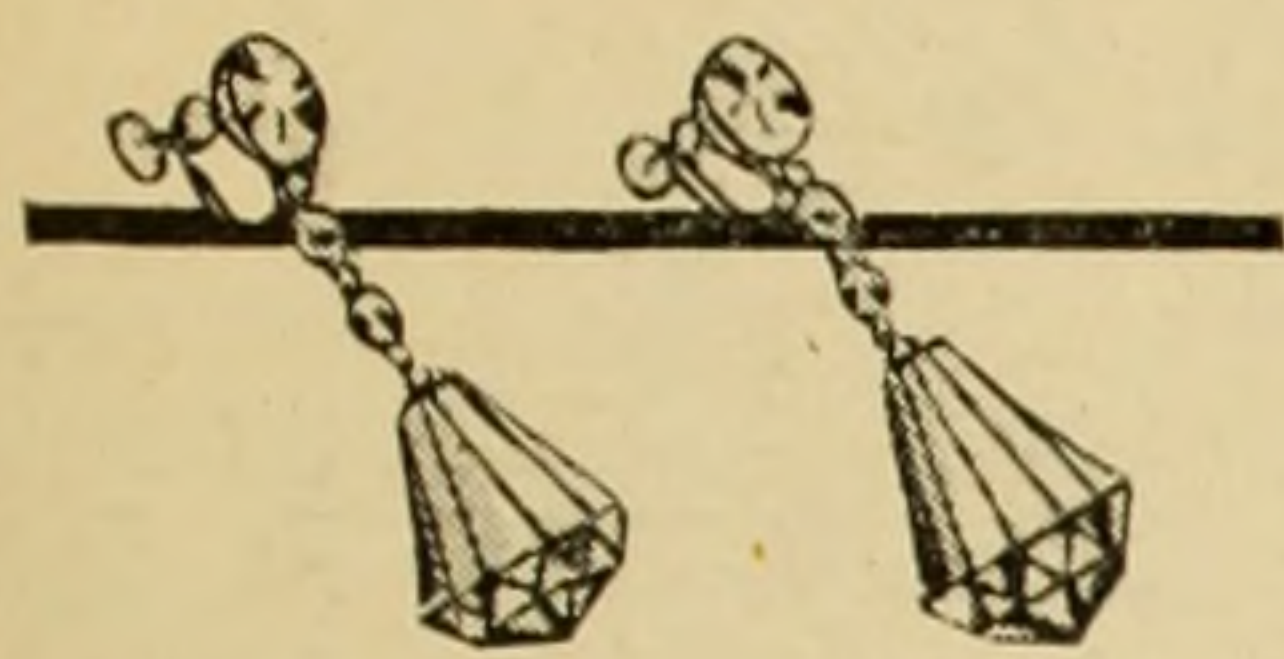
What One Woman Says

"I cannot be too extravagant in my praise of PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service. Your selections are always in the best of taste and it saves me many hours and many, many dollars. Keep up the good work."

MRS. GEORGE B. FOLSOM
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Photoplay *Thousands of Readers Delighted with this Service*

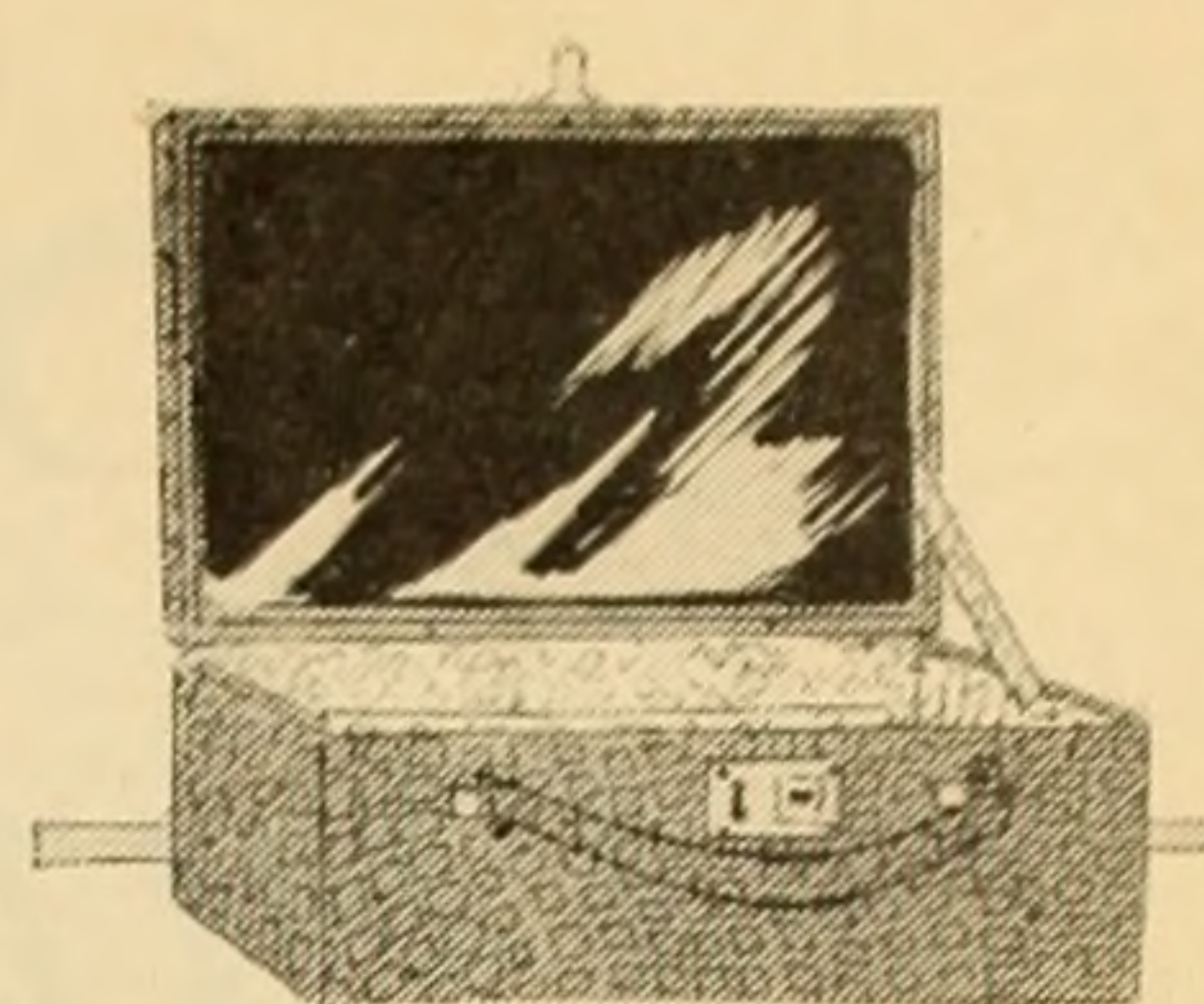


The new short bobs demand ear-rings. And long pendants add grace to the contour of the face. These crystal ear-rings come in white to set off your skin; rose to blend with your cheeks; or blue to match your eyes. A charming accessory for \$0.95

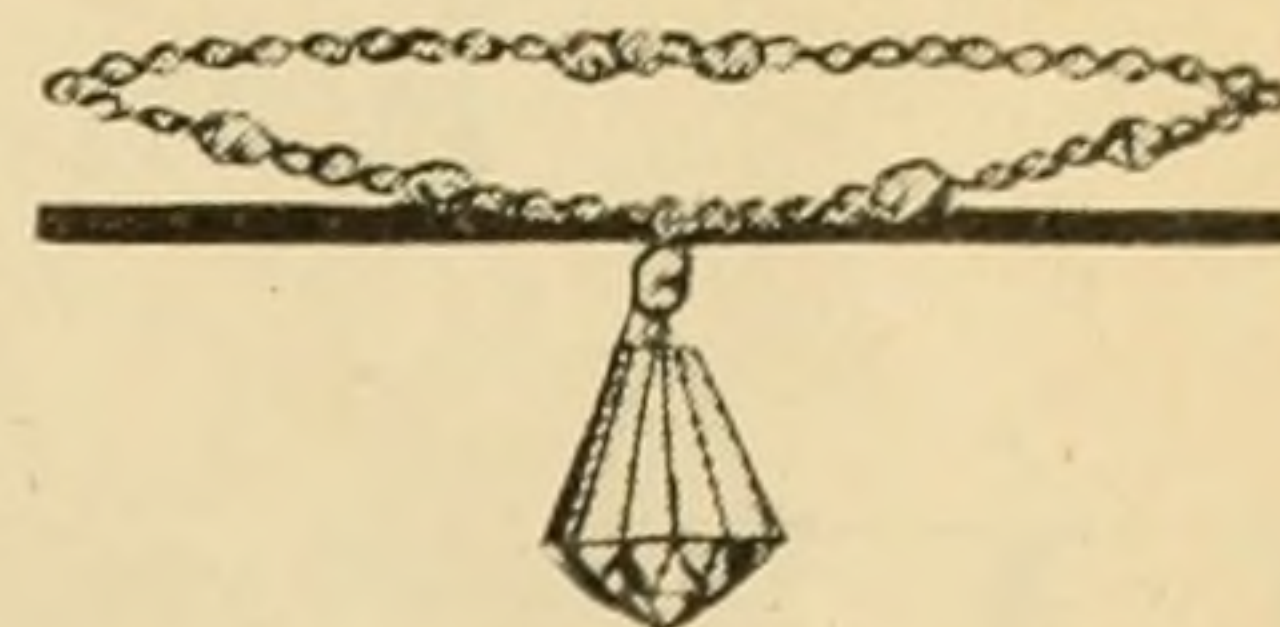
Pauline Starke adopts Billy the Lucky Dog to guard her pocket money. Billy is no mere toy; he's a commodious zipper purse made of washable mohair. You may see him all up and down Fifth Ave. He comes in all white, brown and white, fawn and white, grey and white. Just pick your pup. You may buy this little friend for \$4.95



A close up of the fancy weave of the sport coat, described on the opposite page, and worn by Pauline Starke



Not a luxury — a summer necessity. A square vanity case with a large, useful mirror. It is lined with rubber so it may also be used as a bathing suit case. Rose, blue, gray, tan or black cover. Eight by eleven inches. \$2.85



A delicate crystal pendant to wear with the sheer summer dress that forbids a heavy ornament. The chain is short and forms an attractive neckline, particularly becoming to young girls. The colors—white, rose or blue—match the ear-rings. And the price is the same—\$0.95

How to Order

INSTRUCIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. 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 summer fashion says it with flowers. No wardrobe is complete without one ever-useful, ever-becoming flowered chiffon. This dress is in assorted patterns of all the fashionable shades. With a silk slip, too. Sizes 34 to 44 and the price—\$16.50

The graceful slenderizing lines of the all silk crepe frock will appeal to the woman who would look tall and slim. The skirt has the fashionable pleats. In two tones of French blue, all navy or all black. \$16.50 Sizes 34 to 44

Another variation of the popular flowered frock, this time in linen with contrasting blue or green linen trimming. The long, straight lines give it a particularly trig appearance. Sizes from 34 to 44 and low priced at \$10.75



She Outgrew Stardom

By
Ivan St. Johns

HOW would you like to have two or three inches of superfluous height stand between you and stardom?

That, in a manner of speaking, is exactly what happened to Gertrude Astor.

Gertrude Astor has beauty, acting ability and experience. Time and again, since she went into motion pictures back in 1913, she has been considered for great rôles to which she seemed eminently suited. She has made tests for all sorts of pictures. And in Hollywood they consider her one of the best troupers who ever put on a make-up. She has a big following among the fans.

So you see in many ways she has been qualified for a chance at stardom. During the six years she was with Universal, she was featured in serials and in comedies and she played a few leads. But that was all.

Of course I didn't understand about all this. I had always admired her work and her statuesque blonde beauty. Once in a while when I'd see her at an opening or a party, I'd sort of say to myself, "I wonder why she never got to be a star."

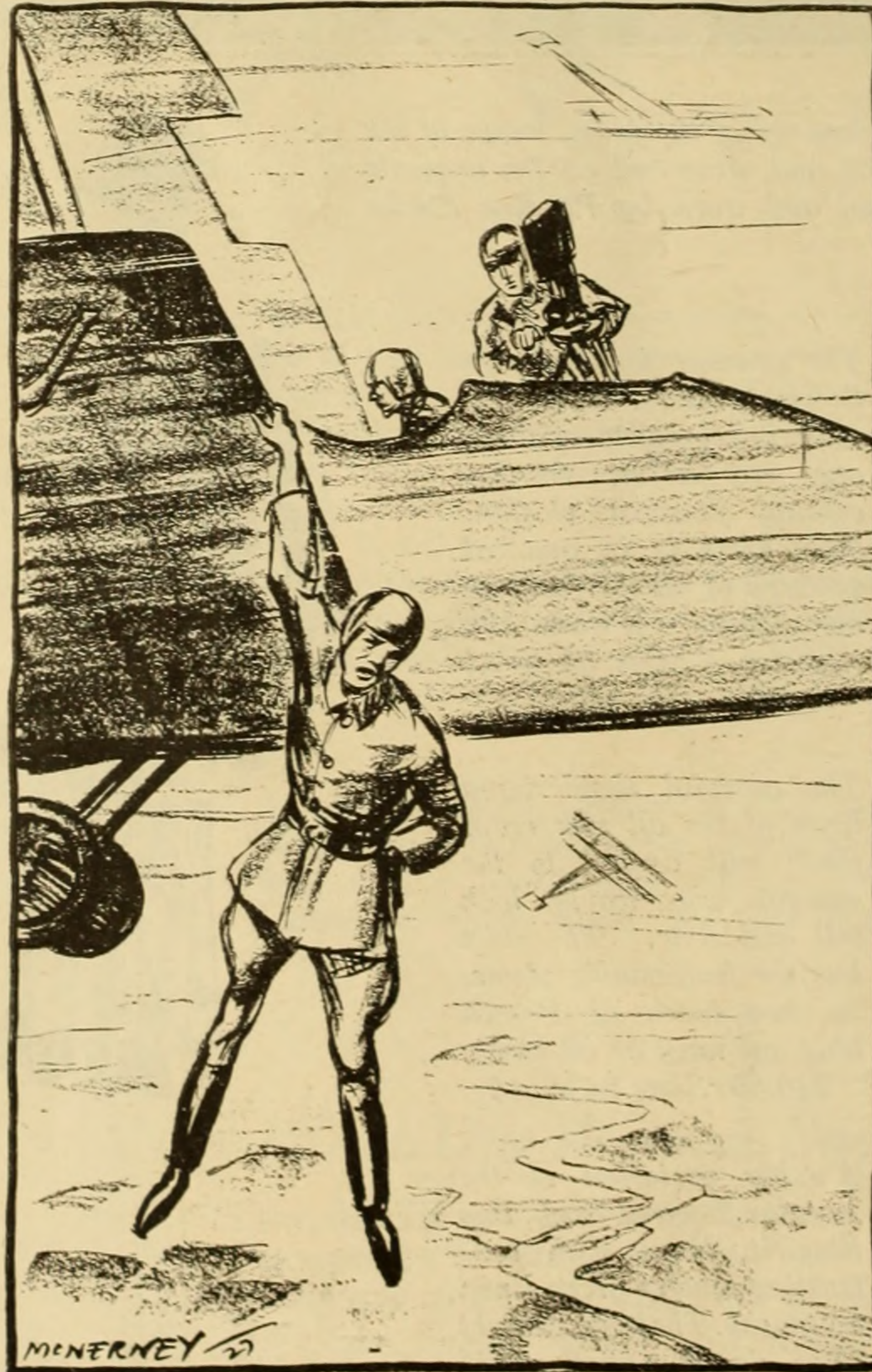
Then a few nights ago, me and the girl friend happened in to see a picture called "The Taxi Dancer." Joan Crawford was the star, dainty and alluring, but the great performance of the piece was that given by Gertrude Astor. She was cast as a contrast for Joan, with an ugly make-up and a hard-boiled characterization, and yet for all that her work stood out as vivid and clean-cut as a pine tree against a mountain top.

And the old question revived in my mind.

So when I bumped into her a few days later in the



Gertrude Astor—beautiful and clever, but just three inches too tall to be a star



What they say while the camera grinds:
"My God, my flask!"

Hollywood Plaza, which is the equivalent for the famous Algonquin in New York, I decided I'd ask her about it. We got off in a corner of the lobby all by ourselves—like the Algonquin, the Hollywood Plaza will eventually show you at least half the interesting people in town—and I asked her.

"Why haven't you ever had a chance to star?" I said. "Or at least why haven't you had a real chance at some big parts?"

She got right up off the davenport and stood erect, very haughty and dignified, and gave me a glance that seemed half indignant and half reproachful.

I thought she was going to walk out on me without any further explanation. But she didn't, she just stood, looking at me.

I didn't know exactly what to say, so I got up, too, and then she laughed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



In a Chanel sports costume, vert amande, Mrs. Doubleday's blonde beauty has the perfect setting. She is one of the season's favorite hostesses at Palm Beach

MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY was Miss Elizabeth Heymann of Vienna before her marriage to the son of the president of the well-known publishing house, Doubleday, Page & Co. Chanel has displayed finesse in this exquisite gown

Steichen



The restrained simplicity of a navy blue capeline and crepe de chine frock by Chanel enhances Mrs. Doubleday's charm

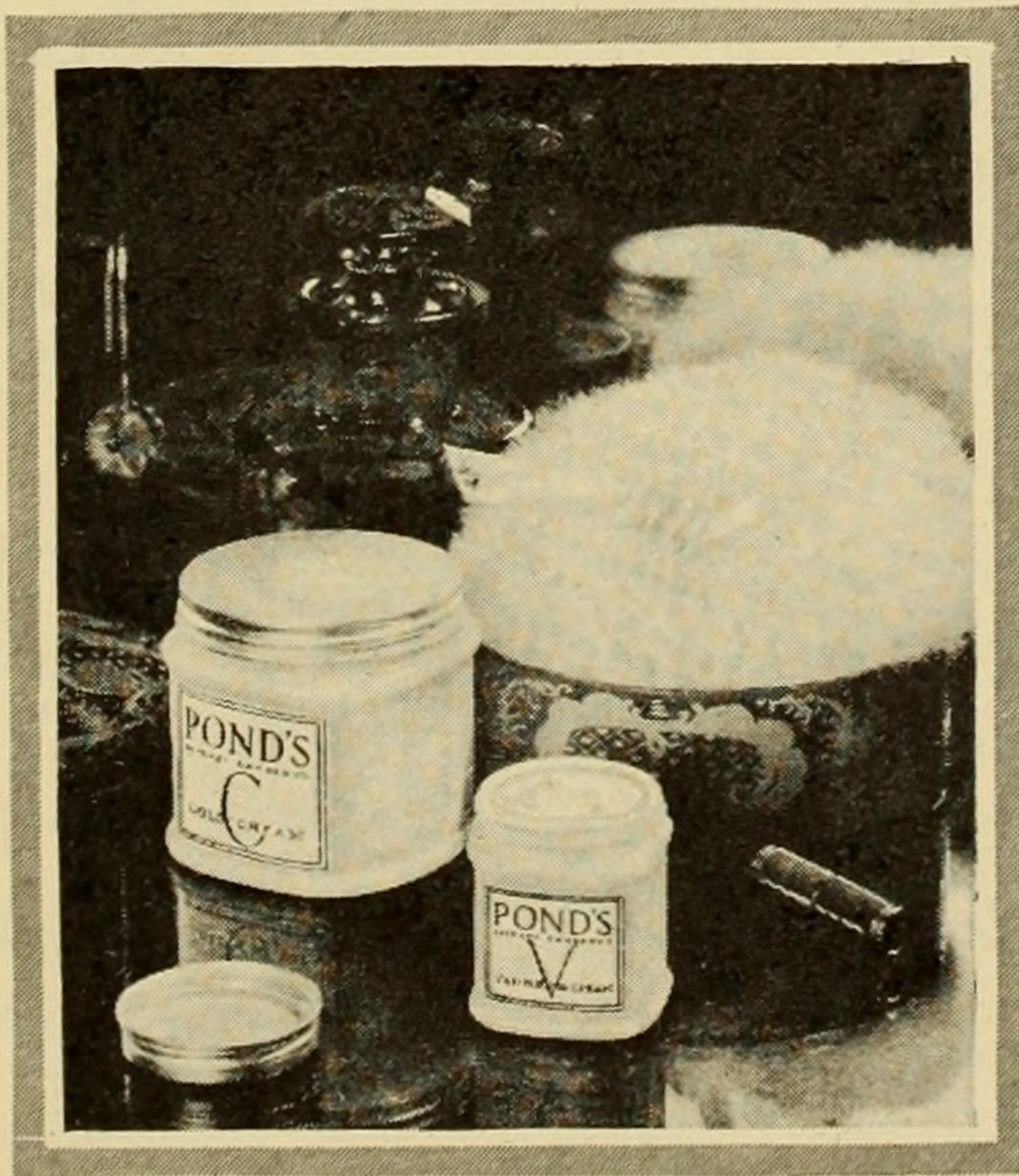
Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY discovers two secrets of beauty

THE smart international set has recently been adorned by a lovely new member—Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday. Her interest in the best way to care for her skin led her to the discovery made by many women of the social world.

“Although accustomed in Vienna,” she says, “to seeing beautiful women, I was amazed when I came to America, at the fine complexions so many women have here. I found that your Two Creams are used by the women whose skin I found so beautiful.

“I am now using them daily. I like them so *very* much—they keep my skin in such perfect condition—that I thought you would like to know what a Viennese woman thinks about them.”

For cleansing and keeping the skin supple, before retiring and whenever your skin feels dusty and



These are the TWO CREAMS women of social prominence have chosen

tired, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your face, throat, hands. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores, removing every trace of dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, pat fresh cream on at night and leave until morning.

For a lovely even finish, a velvety powder base and protection against the weather, smooth just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and before you powder. Now go out into wind, sun and dust-laden air. Your cheeks stay soft and fresh. And how smooth and white your hands! And your powder lies smoothly for hours, like the nap of velvet.

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions*

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

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James
R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been launched in Hollywood. Two hundred and seventy celebrities were invited to a swell dinner. They went in—producers, writers, actors and directors—and they came out artists and scientists. And one hundred dollars.

Well, that's a good start. What's money to genius?

The problems of the motion picture are settled once more, and the Academy will make all Hollywood one happy family. But Harry Langdon and Charlie Chaplin were not there, and there is still hope.

I trust, however, that these academicians do not take their arts and sciences too seriously, because if they do, Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin may get down to real acting and howl for admission, and, if the Academy starts to discriminate, folks are going to say it's run by a *clique*.

ISN'T it about time someone called Pola Negri's attention to the possibility of living her emotional life in private instead of in a show window?

Less than a year ago she gave a public exhibition of weeping and swooning over the bier of Valentino, to whom, after his death, she announced her engagement.

"The world does not know my grief," she moaned to the reporters in September.

"Red roses for passion," she cries gaily to them in the springtime, and her wedding is a *fete* for the French journalists.

WE make no charge of insincerity, nor have we any right to criticize Pola's personal temperament, but it is no wonder that the public, judging all screen stars by the emotional outbursts of a few, are quite ready to believe they are all temperamental freaks.

THE Mdivani boys are nice lads. Serge, Pola's husband, came to these shores a few years ago. His brother, Mae Murray's hus-

band, followed. Misguided friends urged them to use the titles of "prince," pointing out our natural weakness for royalty. Their country, Georgia, has been a province of Russia for more than a hundred years, and their family is a good one.

These boys needed a good job more than a fine title, and it was bad judgment on the part of their friends to steer them onto the royalty route.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asked a noted Slavonic genealogist to investigate the claims of the brothers to their titles of nobility.

Here is his report:

"The name is Mdivani, Mdivanov being the Russified form. It does not figure in the list of princely families of Georgian (Caucasian) derivation, which was sanctioned by the Government in 1850, and which is given in Dolgorukov's Russian Genealogy.

"A lady who is half-Georgian and a native of Tiflis says that she knew the Mdivani family at Tiflis, that they are of the common gentry and do not belong to the titled nobility. Mr. N., another Russian, never has heard of any *Prince Mdivani*.

"Mdivani, senior, commanded the Erivan Regiment and got a high promotion during the war. If he had been a prince, that fact would have been noted in the official list of the Russian General Staff.

"It appears that an American became interested in the Mdivani boys at the time of the Menshevik revolution in Georgia and brought them to this country. The mother is a Russian and the family includes two sons and three daughters."

WRITING in the two-pound *Ladies' Home Journal*, Lionel Barrymore says that the movies aren't getting anywhere.

Neither is Lionel Barrymore.

A consensus of opinion, but on slightly different subjects.

NEXT month—kind words for all.

"I had really lost all interest in living"

"THREE MONTHS AGO I was utterly depressed and miserable. I really didn't care what happened to me. For years a sufferer from chronic constipation, I finally began to feel nauseated most of the time. I was getting worse and worse. I couldn't sleep; could scarcely eat. Medicines?—I took all kinds of them—but still could find no relief.

"One day my mother came over to see me and my little girl. She told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and the good it was doing others. To please her I got a dozen cakes—thinking, however, that a little cake like that never could help me.

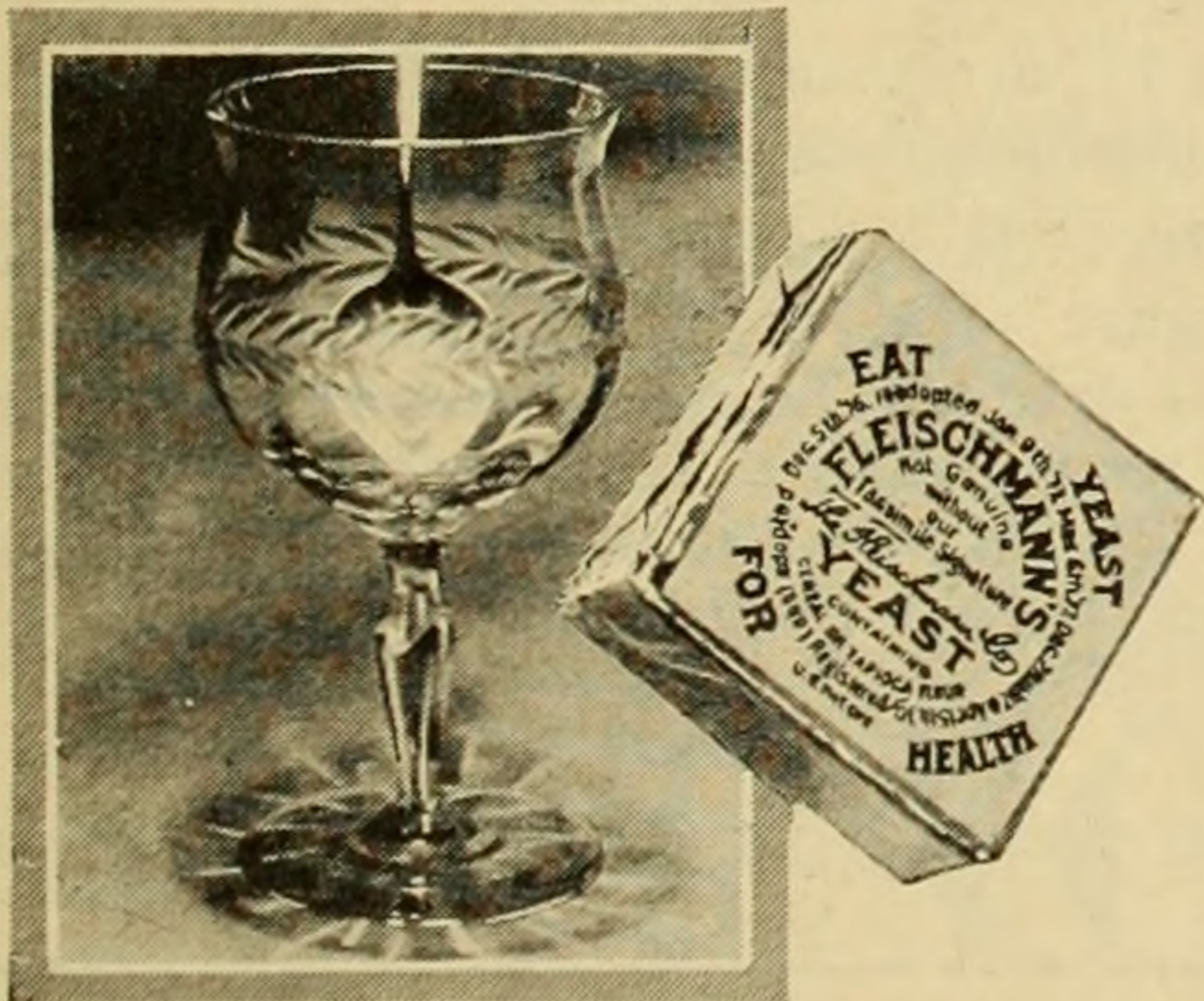
"I began by taking it in a glass of hot water morning, noon and at bedtime. In less than six weeks I was feeling much better. My elimination was much more regular and I was again enjoying my food.

"Now three months have passed and I feel fine. My constipation has disappeared and I really look like a new person."

MRS. A. E. SUMMERVILLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

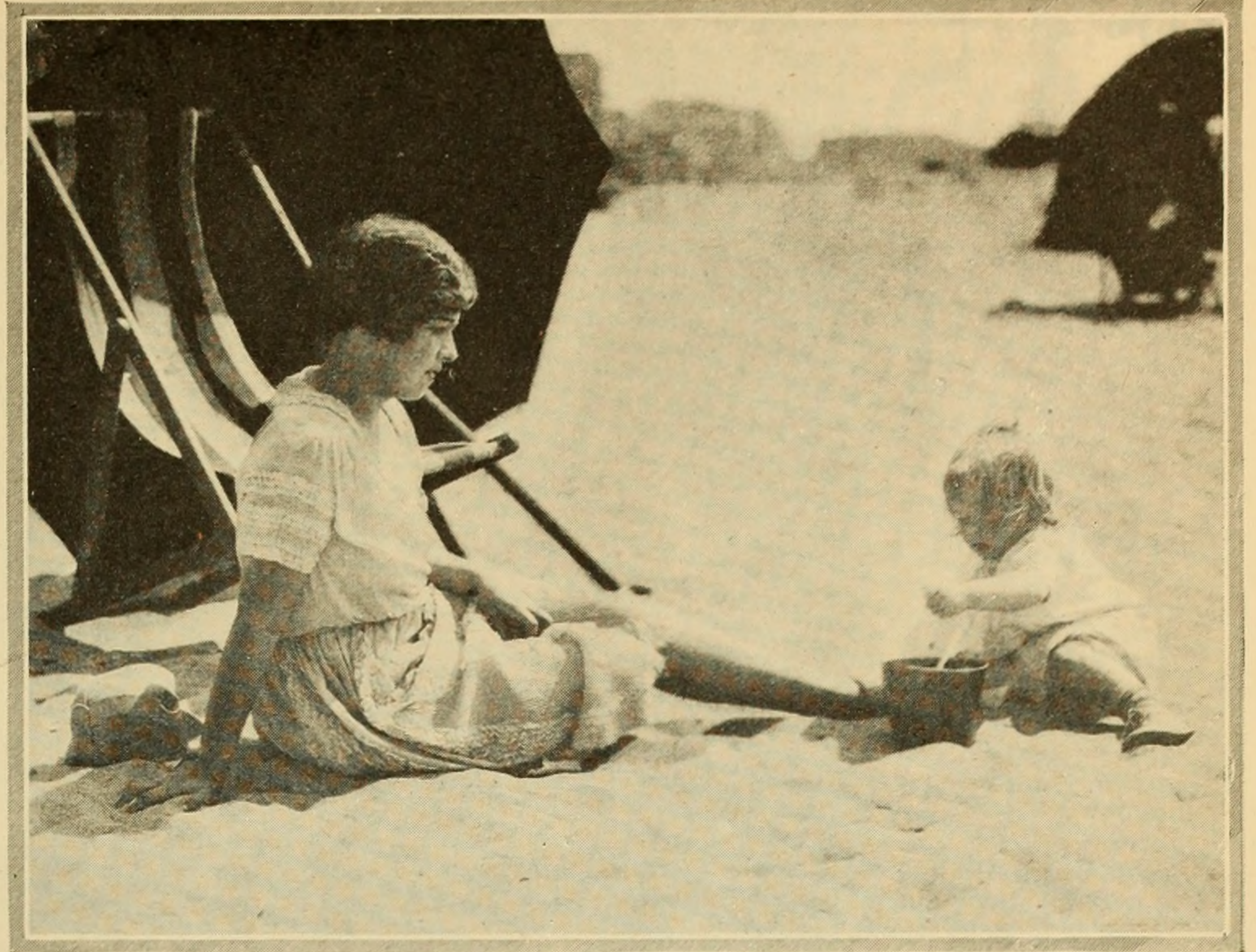
THIS is the way yeast works—gently but surely overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. Almost before you know it you really feel like a new person.

Mysterious?—not at all. Yeast is simply a corrective food. Each cake consists of



One person in every third American family keeps well this new easy way—

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

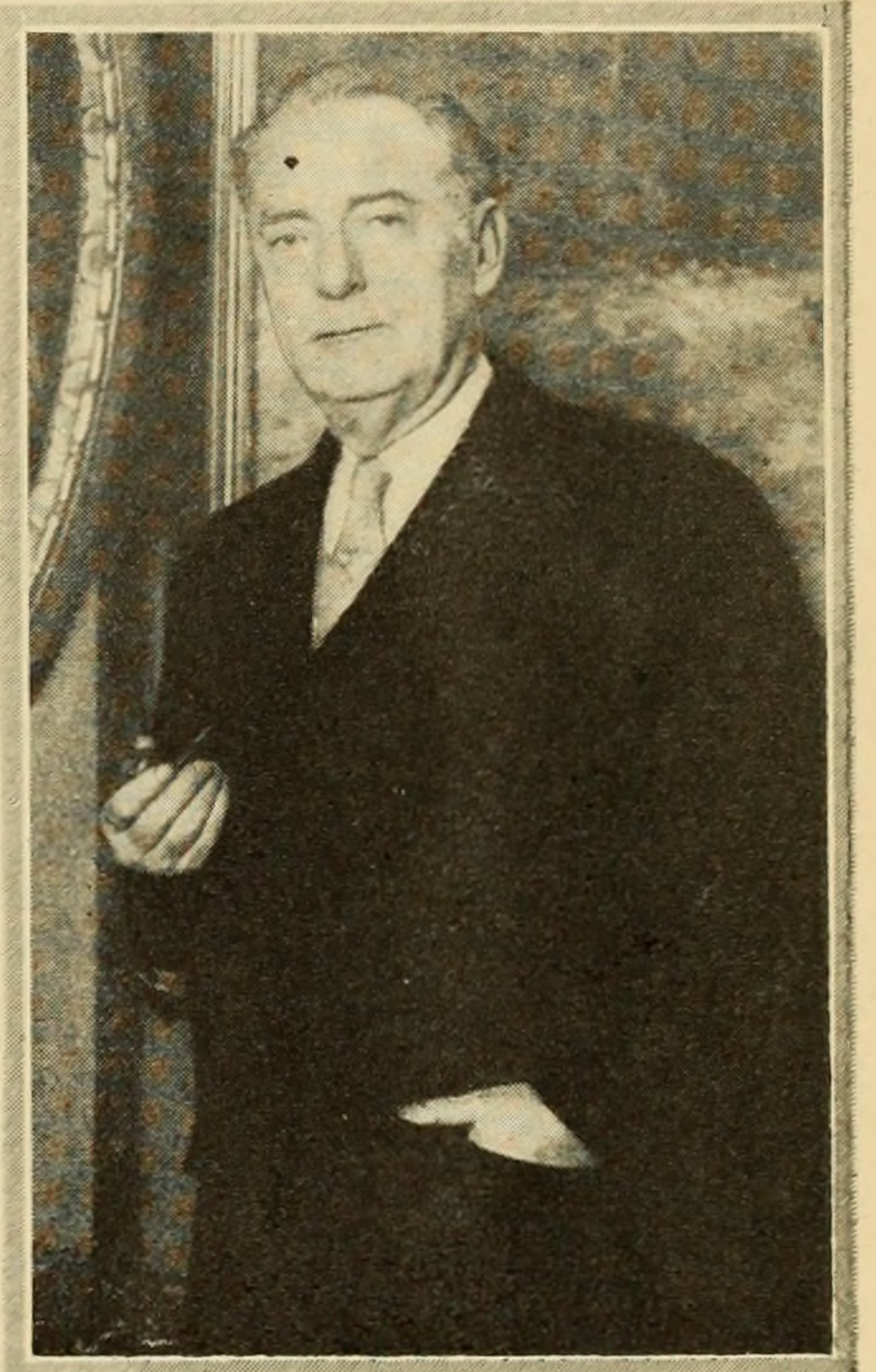


MRS. ARTHUR E. SUMMERVILLE of Los Angeles, and her daughter Evelyn on the beach at Santa Monica, California.

millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. Unlike drugs, which merely stimulate the body into temporary, abnormal activity, yeast keeps the whole system *clean—and active*. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tract, checking the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood. It gradually strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles.

One person in every third family in the United States and Canada is a user of this amazing food! Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. See how your constipation gradually disappears. You can again enjoy a normal digestion, a fresh healthy skin.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



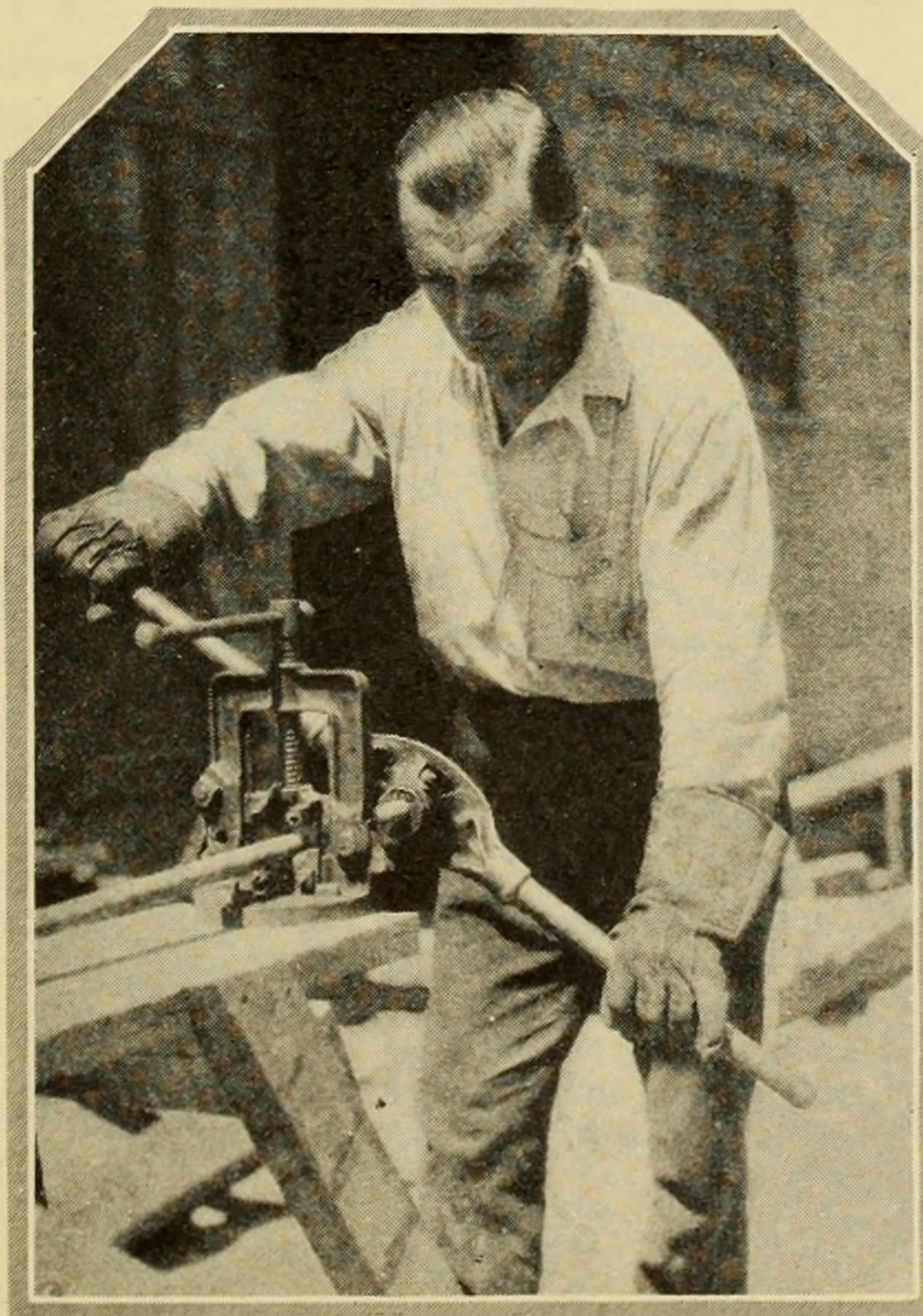
HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, noted American painter.

"I AM PROMPTED to write you this letter of appreciation for the benefit which I have received from using your fresh Yeast. In painting portraits all day long a great expenditure of vitality is required. I find the use of your Yeast is a great benefit in restoring my energy, and in keeping me fresh for the work, and a-plenty left over for enjoyment of The Social Life."

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, New York City

"I FEARED I was going to lose my job, as my ill health was preventing me from performing my duties. Two years' use of drugs of various kinds had made it a necessity for me to take medicines continually in order to whip my digestive organs into action. Then, my face became covered with pimples . . . Just when I was most discouraged a friend induced me to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I have become a new man. I've not only regained my health and strength but my face is clear and free from all blemishes."

CHARLES J. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio



\$15,000 *in* Prizes *for* Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest—Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in type-writing, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$5,000
Second Prize.....	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes.	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes...	500 each

Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.....	\$250 each
Forty Prizes.....	100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the fullaward will be given to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason whatsoever by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to make any use of such

suggestions in whole or in part. If they contain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas will be received at any time up to close of Contest.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]
Address:



When you take off your hat....

what does the mirror show?

IS your hair so soft, so fluffy, so friendly a frame for your face that your eyes look brighter—your features more piquant?

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to *make* your hair lovelier; to make it satiny to see, soft to touch—exquisite.

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians and others specializing in the care of the hair. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two

shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's can help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

Quick to lather . . . Quick to rinse

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-G
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil Pine Tar

(If you wish samples of both types, send 20c)

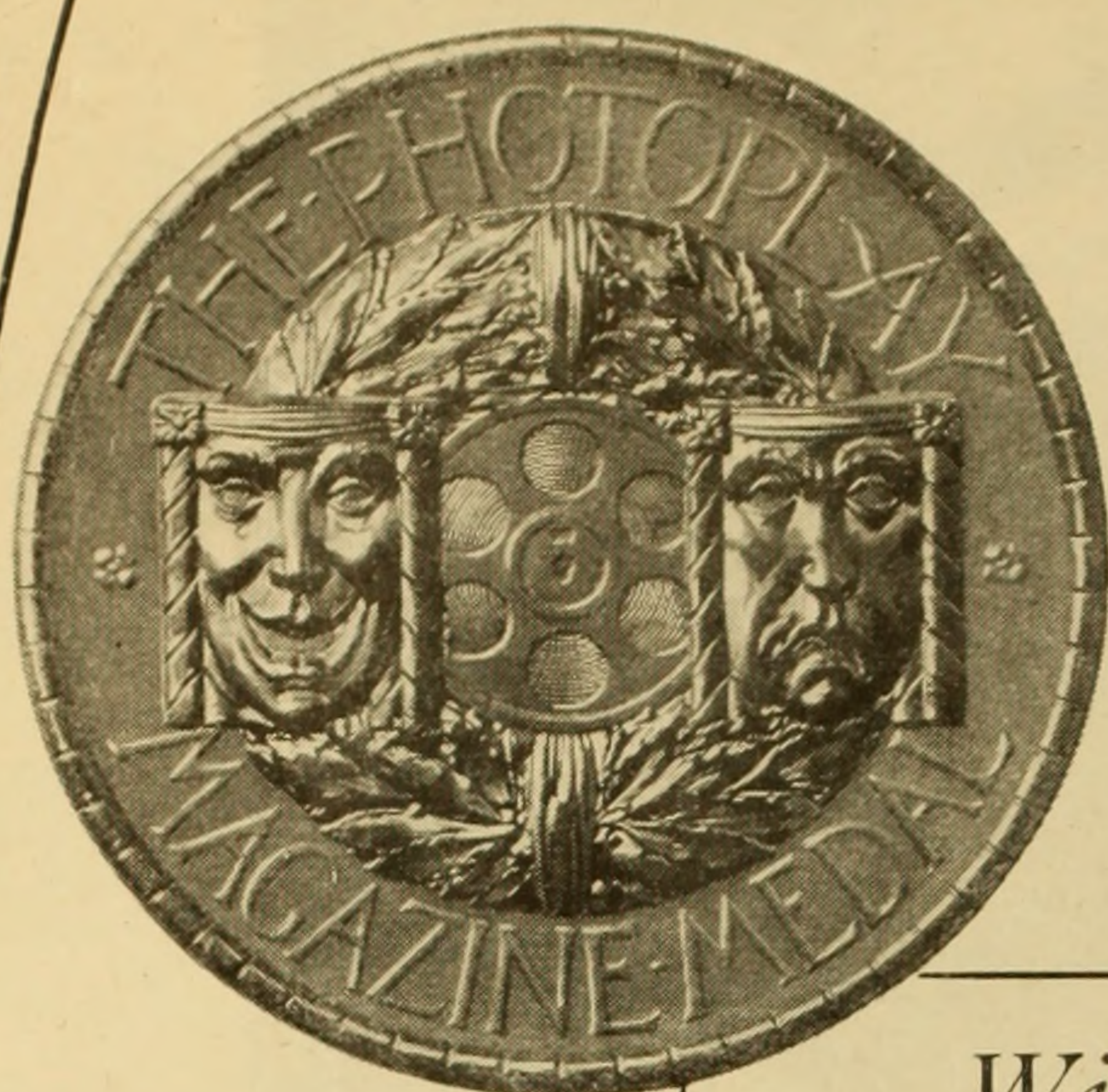
Name.....

Address.....

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

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

What was *the* Best Picture of 1926?



Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

Seventh Annual Gold Medal Award

FOR the seventh time the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, recognized as the highest reward in the world of motion pictures, is to be awarded. Voting in this award is now open.

As heretofore, the conferring of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal rests entirely with the two million readers of this magazine. Ever since 1920 PHOTOPLAY has awarded a gold medal to the screen production selected by its readers as the best motion picture of the year. A glance over the six awards indicates why PHOTOPLAY has such complete faith in the sanity and accuracy of judgment of its readers. The six selections present the complete half dozen best productions of six years. PHOTOPLAY's readers have been unerring in choosing the really fine production of each twelve months.

Once again PHOTOPLAY wishes to point out that the gold medal is awarded as an encouragement to the

- Winners of Photoplay Medal*
- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
 - 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
 - 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
 - 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
 - 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
 - 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

making of better pictures. Each year the medal has gone to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY's readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

Once more attention is called to the fact that voting for the medal of honor begins six months after the close of each year. This is done so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see all of the films released during the year. Should there be a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Mail in your vote at once. Send it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial

offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach these offices not later than October 1st, 1927.

Be sure to participate in this award of merit. On this page, in order to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty noteworthy photoplays of the year. Your selection, of course, is not limited to this list. You may vote for any picture released between January 1, 1926, and December 21, 1926.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>American Venus</i> | <i>Irene</i> | <i>Silence</i> |
| <i>Aloma of the South Seas</i> | <i>Kid Boots</i> | <i>Son of the Sheik</i> |
| <i>Bardelys the Magnificent</i> | <i>Kiki</i> | <i>Sorrows of Satan</i> |
| <i>Beau Geste</i> | <i>La Boheme</i> | <i>Sparrows</i> |
| <i>Behind the Front</i> | <i>Love'Em and Leave'Em</i> | <i>Stella Maris</i> |
| <i>Ben-Hur</i> | <i>Mantrap</i> | <i>Strong Man</i> |
| <i>Better 'Ole</i> | <i>Marriage Clause</i> | <i>Temptress</i> |
| <i>Beverly of Graustark</i> | <i>Men of Steel</i> | <i>That Royle Girl</i> |
| <i>Black Pirate</i> | <i>Moana</i> | <i>Three Faces East</i> |
| <i>Brown of Harvard</i> | <i>Nervous Wreck</i> | <i>Tin Gods</i> |
| <i>Dancing Mothers</i> | <i>Old Ironsides</i> | <i>Tramp, Tramp, Tramp</i> |
| <i>Don Juan</i> | <i>One Minute to Go</i> | <i>Upstage</i> |
| <i>Faust</i> | <i>Padlocked</i> | <i>Variety</i> |
| <i>For Heaven's Sake</i> | <i>Quarterback</i> | <i>Waltz Dream</i> |
| <i>Grand Duchess and the Waiter</i> | <i>Return of Peter Grimm</i> | <i>We're in the Navy Now</i> |
| | <i>Road to Mandalay</i> | <i>What Price Glory</i> |
| | <i>Scarlet Letter</i> | <i>Winning of Barbara Worth</i> |
| | <i>Sea Beast</i> | |

H A V E A

C A M E L



No half-way verdict — Camel is supreme

THE American people have had many favorites. But there's never been a choice like Camel.

Camel is the most popular cigarette this nation ever had. Millions unite to place it first, and there's no comparison. Camel is supreme.

There must be reasons back of such a preference. There must be mountain-high quality in this famous cigarette to make millions join in saying, "I will have only Camel."

That is true. Camel quality is just as supreme as its leadership. In Camel, no

substitute has ever been made for quality. No compromise has ever been made with expense. For Camels, the world's largest tobacco organization buys the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. There simply are no better tobaccos or blending.

If you don't yet know that supreme tobacco enjoyment, try Camels. All the taste and fragrance, all the mild and mellow pleasure you ever hoped to find! We invite you to compare them with any cigarette made, regardless of price.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



The Beauty Men Admire

Is natural beauty—which to thousands means “that school-girl complexion”—kept and guarded in this simple way

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment.

Remember that before Palmolive came women were told, “use no soap on your faces.” Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only; to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

NATURAL skin loveliness is the clever woman's goal. For she knows that thus alone true attractiveness is gained.

For that reason, present-day beauty culture is based on natural rules in skin care—soap and water, a clean skin, pores kept free of beauty destroying matter.

The only secret is in knowing which soap to use; to be sure that only a proved complexion soap touches the face. A good complexion is too precious to risk to any other sort.

Thus, millions, advised by beauty authorities, use Palmolive *and no other* on their faces; a soap made of rare cosmetic oils, a soap made to be used freely, lavishly, on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

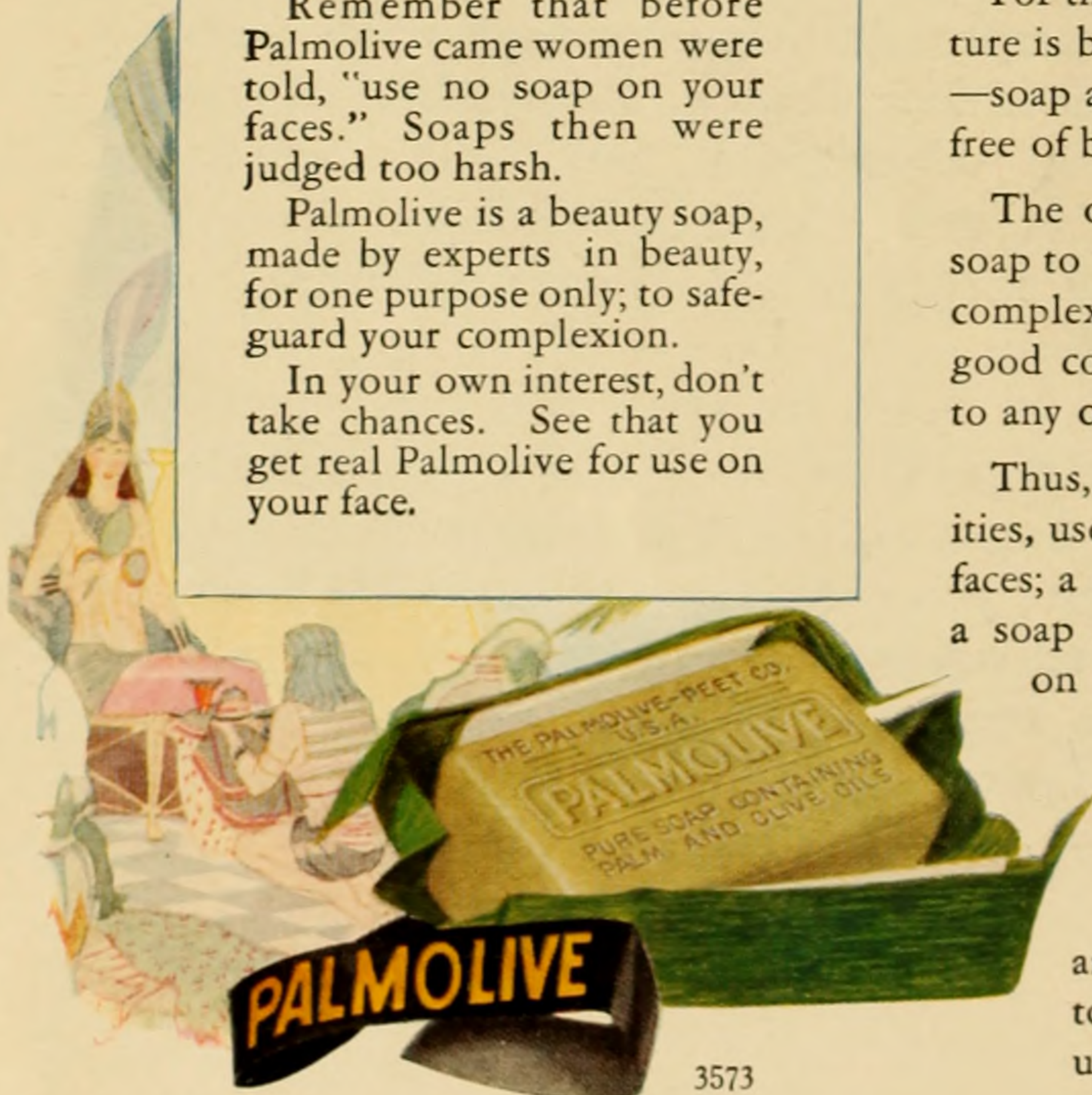
If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

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—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.



3573

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



ANOTHER case of mixed nationalities. Ramon Novarro of Mexico woos Norma Shearer of Canada under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch of Germany. The result is this Chinese kiss. There are as many representatives of different nations involved in the making of "Old Heidelberg" as there are in a Swiss hotel. You will see the picture sometime in the early Fall.



She came down the gang-way a picture of health

THERE she was, radiant and refreshed, a "new" woman after a month at a European Spa, drinking its saline waters.

To the great saline springs of the Continent—Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Weisbaden—doctors from all over the world send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—

There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, effects the same benefits as the "cure" at the famous saline springs. Like these health-giving waters, Sal Hepatica effectively clears away the stoppage that is so often the real cause of bad complexion, headaches, lethargy and similar ills.

Promptly and safely, Sal Hepatica flushes away waste products, neutralizes acidity and corrects self-poisoning.

At the first sign that waste products are not being thoroughly and regularly eliminated, take Sal Hepatica. Its use is the approved way to relieve the many ills traceable to intestinal stoppage.

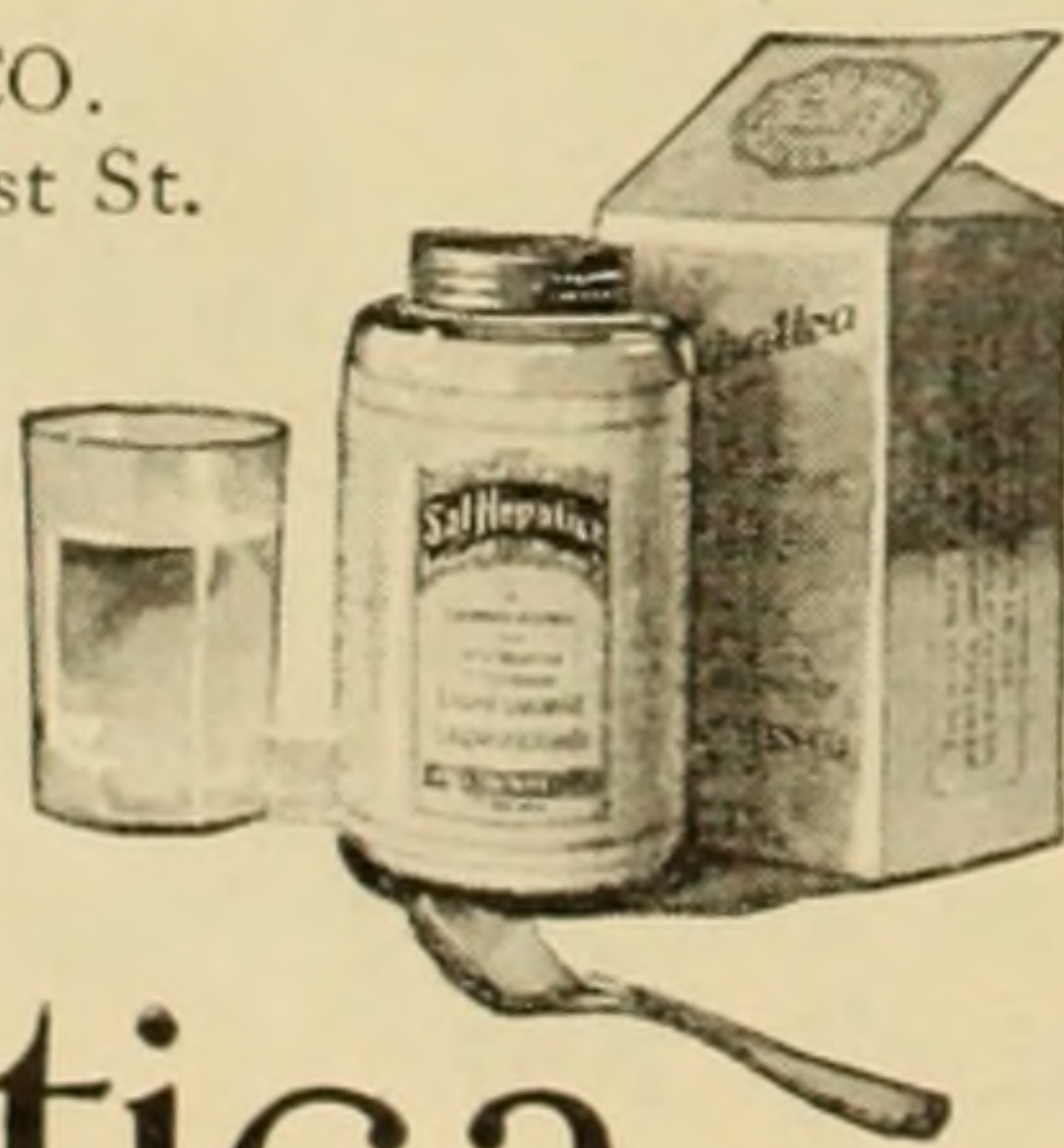
Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a palatable, refreshing drink. It may be taken on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for our booklet which explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-77, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica



© 1927

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

They Don't Envy Broadway

Montclare, Pa.

If things were turned about for a year—if we country people had a new theatrical success each week at the village theater, at motion picture prices, and movies played only at the city theaters—in a month we'd be yammering for the old order of things.

UNDERWOOD HUNTER.

True Stuff

Hibbing, Minn.

"The Great Train Robbery," the first picture to have a plot, probably is, artistically speaking, as fine a movie as any being shown today, because it does what it has to do clearly and with a minimum of effort. It goes about the business of relating its story, and does not swerve from one path.

Too much frosting spoils the cake and too many frills and furbelows spoil the picture. I think I am not alone in hoping some day to see a movie whose chief bid for attention is in the tale it has to tell, and not in a microscopic examination of the heroine's nostrils, and a Cook's tour of the studio art department.

DOUGLAS D. McEACHIN.

Who Can Name a Few?

Green Bay, Wis.

Our children are the future citizens of this country and, as such, are the potential critics of moving pictures. What foundation are we giving them on which to base these future opinions? I haven't seen a movie in a year that I'd care to have a child remember.

L. M. B.

An Alibi for Parents

Pensacola, Fla.

The critics who say that moving pictures have an immoral effect on the younger generation make me *sick*. The young people of today are not any worse than the young people of yesterday, and besides, a child's life and character is molded by its parents. They must feel guilty or they wouldn't be putting the blame on the theaters.

HILMA A. HALL.

Tom Mix Plays Nurse Maid

Denver, Colo.

I want to say a few words in commendation of the much-maligned Westerns. It is certainly a relief to a mother to know that her boy is attending a Tom Mix play. She knows that he's out of mischief for a couple of hours, having a good time, and seeing nothing that will harm him.

E. L. WATSON.

The Ideal Love-Woman

San Francisco, Calif.

What Valentino meant to women—Greta Garbo means to men. The embodiment of Romance—the ideal love-woman.

Before, it was men who couldn't understand. Now it is girls who sit in sullen silence, or deprecate, when men eulogize Greta. She brings romance into the romance-starved lives of men, and gives them dreams they have never had.

Greta isn't the most beautiful actress on the screen, nor the greatest. But then, neither was Rudy the handsomest nor the greatest actor. Yet, we had only one Rudy, and we have only one Greta Garbo.

GINO RINALDI.

As a Woman Sees Her

Chicago, Ill.

Why all the excitement over Greta Garbo? Went to see her for the first time in "The Temptress." I really expected to be lifted right out of my seat by her, but instead I was greeted by a soapy-eyed creature swaying and tottering across the screen, like some feeble old woman too weak to stand up.

MRS. H. JOHNSON.

The Contest Is Now Open

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just a word about Harry Langdon. Some individual said any half-wit can do what Langdon does. The movies are open to all the half-wits in the world to come in and beat Langdon.

JACK OESTERLE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



Not just playing house—really married. This is the first photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen taken in their new home. Naturally, you recognize Mrs. Arlen as young Jobyna Ralston

“My dear, he’s terrible”



Now dandruff is inexcusable

Today dandruff is an unpardonable sin. It is unpardonable because it is disgusting and because, being so easy to check, its presence can only be considered a wilful offense.

Many things are good for dandruff, but no treatment is so pleasant and so effective as Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Thousands of letters testify to that.

You simply douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Almost immediately you note improvement. Keep it up several days systematically. We'll wager final

results will delight you.

Even stubborn cases usually yield to this pleasant method.

And every time you apply it, Listerine leaves your head with that cool, clean feeling which is so refreshing. Furthermore, your hair seems soft and so easy to part and dress.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff (epithelial debris) go after it with Listerine at once before a chronic condition develops. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

SPREADING
LIKE WILDFIRE
So goes the good
news about Lister-
ine Tooth Paste—
gets teeth whiter in
quicker time than
ever before. The
price 25c for the
large tube.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

*Friendly
Advice
from*

Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



*Social
Success*

Is This Month's Problem

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,
How can I achieve social success? I seem to score neither with boys or girls. I have no accomplishments though my friends call me pretty. When my college class gives dances, I am always lonely and out of it all. I can't talk very well, but I do want friends. What shall I do to become popular?

BEATRICE.

Month after month I get letters like this of Beatrice's. It worries more of you girls who write to me than any other single thing. There are girls overweight and with bad skins. There are broken hearts and deadened ambitions, but no letters contain more pathos than those I receive from girls who never get a chance at a good time.

Yet every girl can have friends if she wants to. I am sure of that.

THE saddest girl is the would-be flapper who never gets within roadster distance of a date. I am sorry for her and all girls like her. Desperate, worried, to pet or not to pet presents no problem to her. She can only pitifully wish it did. The life of such a girl today is a tragedy. Yet the more I see of socially unhappy girls, the more convinced I am that their loneliness is their own fault always.

There are lucky girls, of course, born with an intuitive understanding of the social graces, as there are girls born to rich and established families, and to beauty and power. For such girls the way is easy. But they are so few against the rest of us, no girl striving to win her social way should take them too seriously or be discouraged by their assets.

But popularity can be earned, social success manufactured, and friends made. It takes work, much the same sort of work that success in any line demands.

The first thing to do is to catalogue yourself. Stop and figure whether, if you were giving a wonderful party, you would have yourself as a guest at it. It's worth thinking about. People are invited to dinners and dances because they will contribute some-

thing to the occasion, prestige, beauty, wit, charm, entertainment or the capacity for listening. Girls are asked to house parties and frat dances for the same reasons. So think what you contribute. Do you look after the lonely people in a crowd? Or keep the conversation going? Or stop it? Or do parlor stunts? Or merely sit? See yourself as hostesses see you. It will probably startle you and change you for the better.

THE trouble with most of us women, and particularly with those of us who are less popular, is that we think things should come to us. It may be training, or it may be shyness. But it's literally nonsense. Watch men. They consciously earn their social success with women and with their own sex. They always have something to give, and give it, if it is only a cigarette or an abstract thing like encouragement. Girls can well copy them in this. Remember an ingrowing personality does not attract. This is the age of publicity. The violet stays in the wood, but the orchids get out in society.

For the girl who has no friends and doesn't know how to get them I say, do something. Do almost anything but stay inconspicuous. Join a church and its societies. Go in for charity organizations. Get a hobby—anything that makes you meet people. When you do, talk. Talk nonsense or be high-brow, as you will, but don't stay silent. To listen in a sympathetic way is a very fine thing, but to listen just because you can't think of anything to say yourself, is stupid.

Be sensitive, not so that you get hurt, but so that the other person doesn't get hurt. Sense moods. In friendship there is actually very little difference between the demands of men and women. Make enough women friends and you'll learn to make men friends. Or the other way round.

FRIENDSHIP demands not sex appeal but common humanity. That's what you need for popularity. All of us are lonely and pretty shy. All of us feel somewhat unappreciated. The thing to learn is that these emotions are as true of the other person as of yourself. As much as you want sym-

SOcial success is any girl's for the making. The requirements are simple and the price is small. Yet I have had so many recent requests for advice on gaining popularity that though I have written on it before I here give you my views on it again. Two of the most essential things, of course, are keeping your skin fair and your weight down. Pamphlets on care of the skin are yours for sending a stamped self-addressed envelope. Reducing booklets are ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

pathy, so does the other person. As much as you desire warm-heartedness, so does some one else. Learn to give. Don't sit around and wait for someone to bring you friendship on a plate. Give literally and figuratively — gifts, pleasure, happiness, sympathy, whatever you have. There is about everyone something distinctive and pleasant. It won't hurt you to tell them so and it will do them a lot of good. Try to be a friend before you try to make a friend.

Social success demands time, energy, thought and unselfishness where you have not beauty and wealth, and often where you have.

Give of yourself then and develop yourself. There are outside things you should master, of course. There is Emily Post's very fine "Book of Etiquette" that every girl should study.

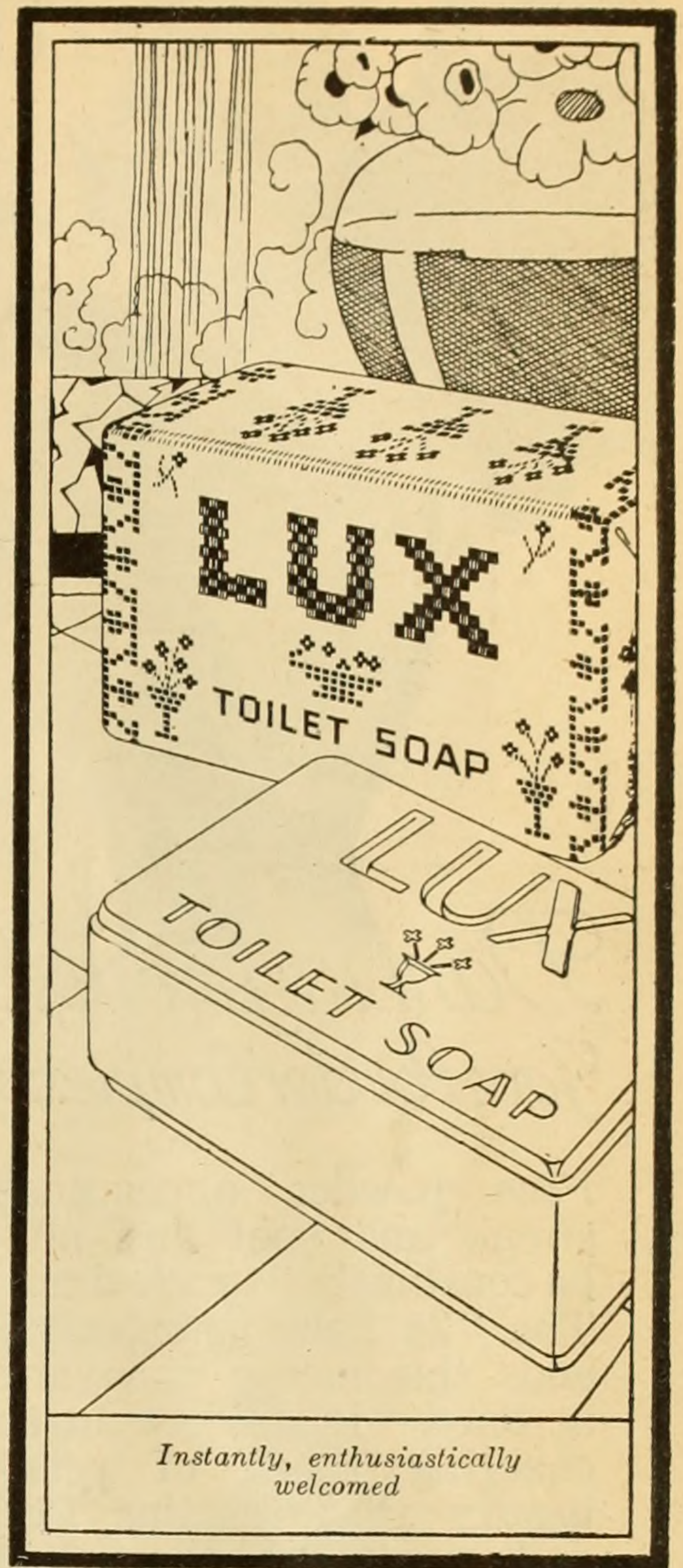
It is simply dumb not to know what to wear and when to wear it, how to eat and serve food at your home.

It is just plain lazy not to keep your appearance up to its best point.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



It makes you feel so exquisite, so deliciously, gaily invincible



Instantly, enthusiastically welcomed

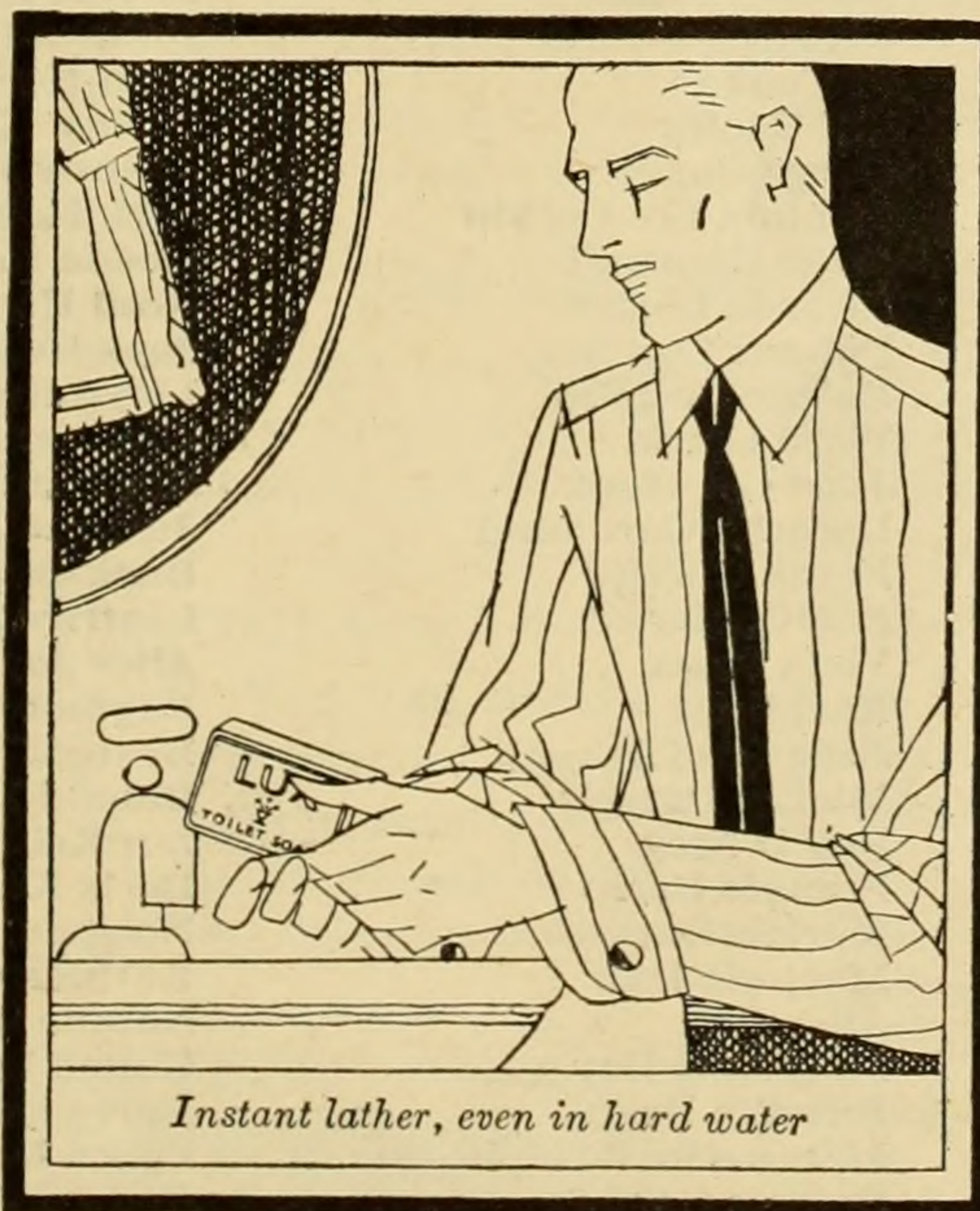
*Yesterday.. 50¢ for a French toilet soap
Today.. the same luxury
for just 10¢*

Made by the method France developed—for the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

YOU adored the way French soaps made you feel—satin-smooth, charming, luxurious. But oh! how costly they were!

“We just can’t pay so much all the time,” you told us. “Do, do make a soap as delicious as French soap but not nearly so costly.” And we did! We made Lux Toilet Soap. White, delicious!

Made it just as you asked—“as exquisite as French soap.” Made it by the



Instant lather, even in hard water

very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For wise France knew that her matchless powders and perfumes lose half their magic unless the skin itself is *smooth*, exquisite.

Your delighted fingers recognize this satin-smooth, firm, fine-textured cake as true *savon de toilette*. How good it is to feel again that caressing, gentle lather, magic, delicious, you so adored in French soaps. Ah, it tends your skin the true French way. And, somehow you do feel lovelier, more gracious, afterwards.

France with her passion for perfection, America with her genius for achievement—for Lux Toilet Soap is just 10c wherever soap is sold. Parisian luxury without extravagance! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX TOILET SOAP · 10¢

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree	Jack Daugherty	Ben Lyon
Robert Agnew	Billie Dove	Bert Lytell
Mary Alden	Louise Dresser	Marc MacDermott
Ben Alexander	Dorothy Dwan	Dorothy Mackaill
May Allison	Helen Jerome Eddy	Douglas MacLean
Don Alvarado	Robert Edeson	Arlette Marchal
Robert Ames	Snitz Edwards	Percy Marmont
Richard Arlen	Leon Errol	Tully Marshall
George K. Arthur	Elinor Fair	Shirley Mason
Gertrude Astor	Douglas Fairbanks	Ken Maynard
Mary Astor	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	May McAvoy
Agnes Ayres	Virginia Browne Faire	Tim McCoy
George Bancroft	Farina	Malcolm McGregor
Monty Banks	Charles Farrell	Victor McLaglen
Vilma Banky	George Fawcett	Thomas Meighan
John Barrymore	Julia Faye	Adolphe Menjou
Lionel Barrymore	Louise Fazenda	Patsy Ruth Miller
Richard Barthelmess	Rockcliffe Fellowes	Tom Mix
Barbara Bedford	Leslie Fenton	Colleen Moore
Noah Beery	Casson Ferguson	Matt Moore
Wallace Beery	Helen Ferguson	Owen Moore
Madge Bellamy	W. C. Fields	Tom Moore
Belle Bennett	Lefty Flynn	Lois Moran
Alma Bennett	Ralph Forbes	Antonio Moreno
Constance Bennett	Harrison Ford	Jack Mulhall
Enid Bennett	Allan Forrest	Edna Murphy
Andre Beranger	Johnny Fox	Mae Murray
Holbrook Blinn	Earle Foxe	Carmel Myers
Monte Blue	Alec B. Francis	Conrad Nagel
Betty Blythe	Betty Francisco	Pola Negri
Eleanor Boardman	Robert Frazer	Anna Q. Nilsson
Olive Borden	Pauline Frederick	Greta Nissen
Hobart Bosworth	Dale Fuller	Marion Nixon
Clara Bow	Greta Garbo	Mabel Normand
John Bowers	Pauline Garon	Ramon Novarro
William Boyd	Janet Gaynor	George O'Brien
Evelyn Brent	Hoot Gibson	George O'Hara
Mary Brian	John Gilbert	Gertrude Olmstead
Gladys Brockwell	Claude Gillingwater	Pat O'Malley
Betty Bronson	Douglas Gilmore	Sally O'Neill
Clive Brook	Dorothy Gish	Mary Philbin
Louise Brooks	Lillian Gish	Jack Pickford
Edmund Burns	Gaston Glass	Mary Pickford
Neal Burns	Huntly Gordon	ZaSu Pitts
Mae Busch	Jetta Goudal	William Powell
Francis X. Bushman	Gibson Gowland	Marie Prevost
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.	Red Grange	Aileen Pringle
David Butler	Ralph Graves	Esther Ralston
Eddie Cantor	Gilda Gray	Jobyna Ralston
Harry Carey	Lawrence Gray	Charles Ray
Mary Carr	Corinne Griffith	Vera Reynolds
Cyril Chadwick	Raymond Griffith	Irene Rich
Helene Chadwick	Kit Guard	Lillian Rich
Lon Chaney	William Haines	Jason Robards
Charles Chaplin	Creighton Hale	John Roche
Sydney Chaplin	Georgia Hale	Charles Rogers
Ethel Clayton	James Hall	Gilbert Roland
Ruth Clifford	Neil Hamilton	Ruth Roland
Lew Cody	Einar Hanson	Alma Rubens
Buster Collier	Lars Hanson	William Russell
Ronald Colman	Kenneth Harlan	Tom Santschi
Betty Compson	Mildred Harris	Joseph Schildkraut
Chester Conklin	Johnny Harron	Rudolph Schildkraut
Lige Conley	William S. Hart	Dorothy Sebastian
Edward Connelly	Raymond Hatton	Norma Shearer
Jackie Coogan	Phyllis Haver	Lowell Sherman
Clyde Cook	Holmes Herbert	Milton Sills
Al Cooke	Jean Hersholt	Pauline Starke
Hal Cooley	Walter Hiers	Myrtle Stedman
Gary Cooper	Johnny Hines	Vera Steadman
Virginia Lee Corbin	Jack Holt	Ford Sterling
Anne Cornwall	Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Ricardo Cortez	Reed Howes	Gloria Swanson
Dolores Costello	Jack Hoxie	Blanche Sweet
Helene Costello	Lloyd Hughes	Constance Talmadge
Ward Crane	Gardner James	Norma Talmadge
Joan Crawford	Emil Jannings	Richard Talmadge
Dorothy Cumming	Julanne Johnston	Lilyan Tashman
Frank Currier	Buck Jones	Estelle Taylor
Bob Custer	Leatrice Joy	Conway Tearle
Viola Dana	Alice Joyce	Lou Tellegen
Karl Dane	Raymond Keane	Alice Terry
Bebe Daniels	Buster Keaton	Fred Thomson
Mickey Daniels	Donald Keith	Ernest Torrence
Roy D'Arcy	Ian Keith	Ben Turpin
Frankie Darro	Doris Kenyon	Tom Tyler
Marion Davies	Norman Kerry	Virginia Valli
Marjorie Daw	Kathleen Key	Victor Varconi
Alice Day	Natalie Kingston	Alberta Vaughn
Marceline Day	Cullen Landis	Florence Vidor
Priscilla Dean	Harry Langdon	Johnny Walker
Marguerite de la Motte	Laura La Plante	George Walsh
Dolores Del Rio	Rod La Rocque	Henry B. Walthall
Carol Dempster	George Lewis	H. B. Warner
Reginald Denny	Margaret Livingsto	Bryant Washburn
Lya de Putti	Harold Lloyd	Lois Wilson
William Desmond	Jacqueline Logan	Claire Windsor
Dorothy Devore	Bessie Love	Jane Winton
Elliott Dexter	Montagu Love	Grant Withers
Richard Dix	Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray

Dancing Ruins a Face Powder Complexion

Face powder appearances streak and spot and must be constantly "touched up." The "24 hour complexion" ends this messy annoyance at once. It renders an enchanting touch of pearly beauty that remains fresh and unaltered throughout the day. Just try

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does far more than any face powder. Its astringent and antiseptic properties are very helpful in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness and rough, muddy skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts. For a better appearance, start its use today.



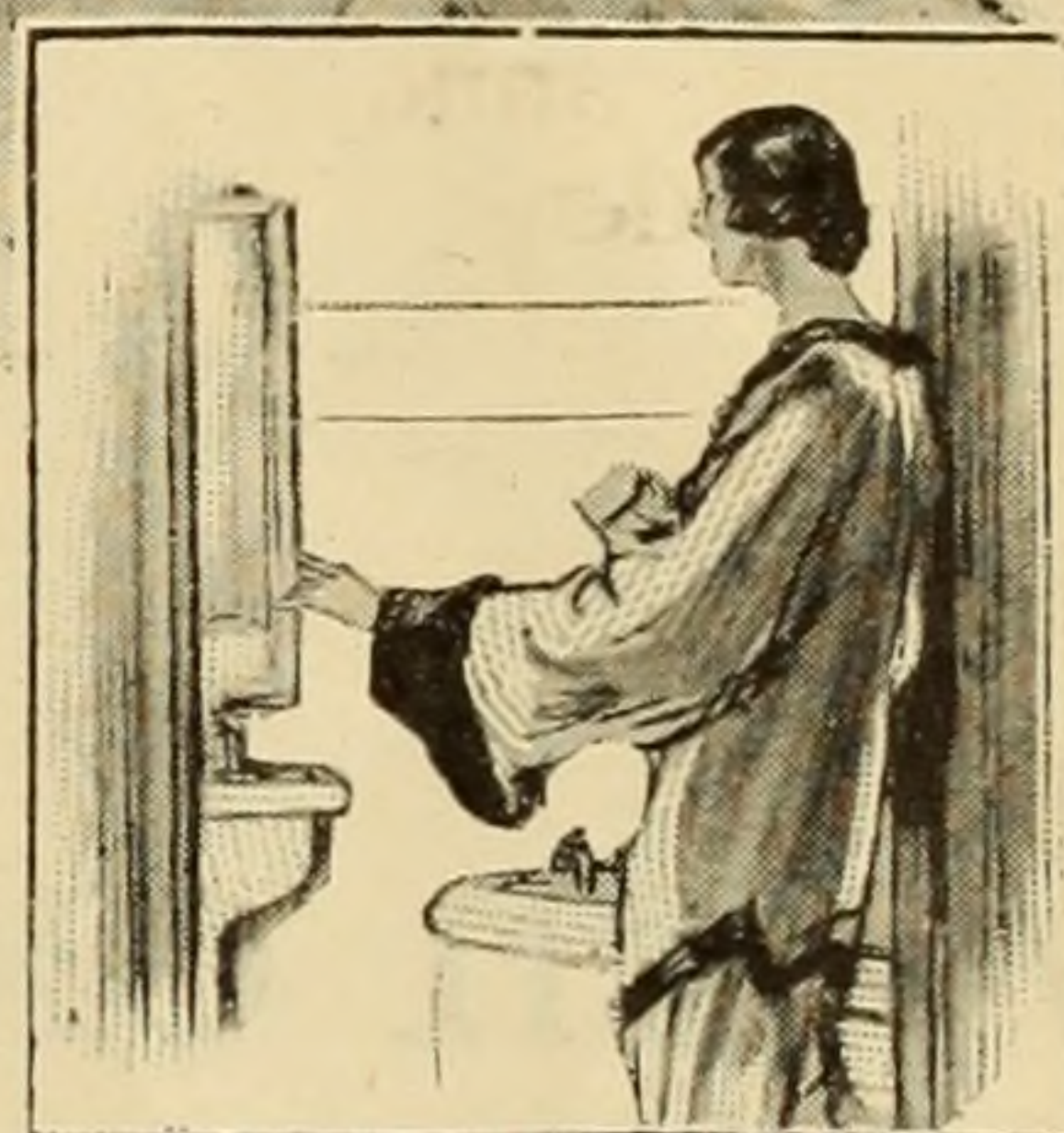
M-30-7
Send 10c for Trial Size

*Ferd. J. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.,
New York
N.Y.*

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy



Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this new way.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex is

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.

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.

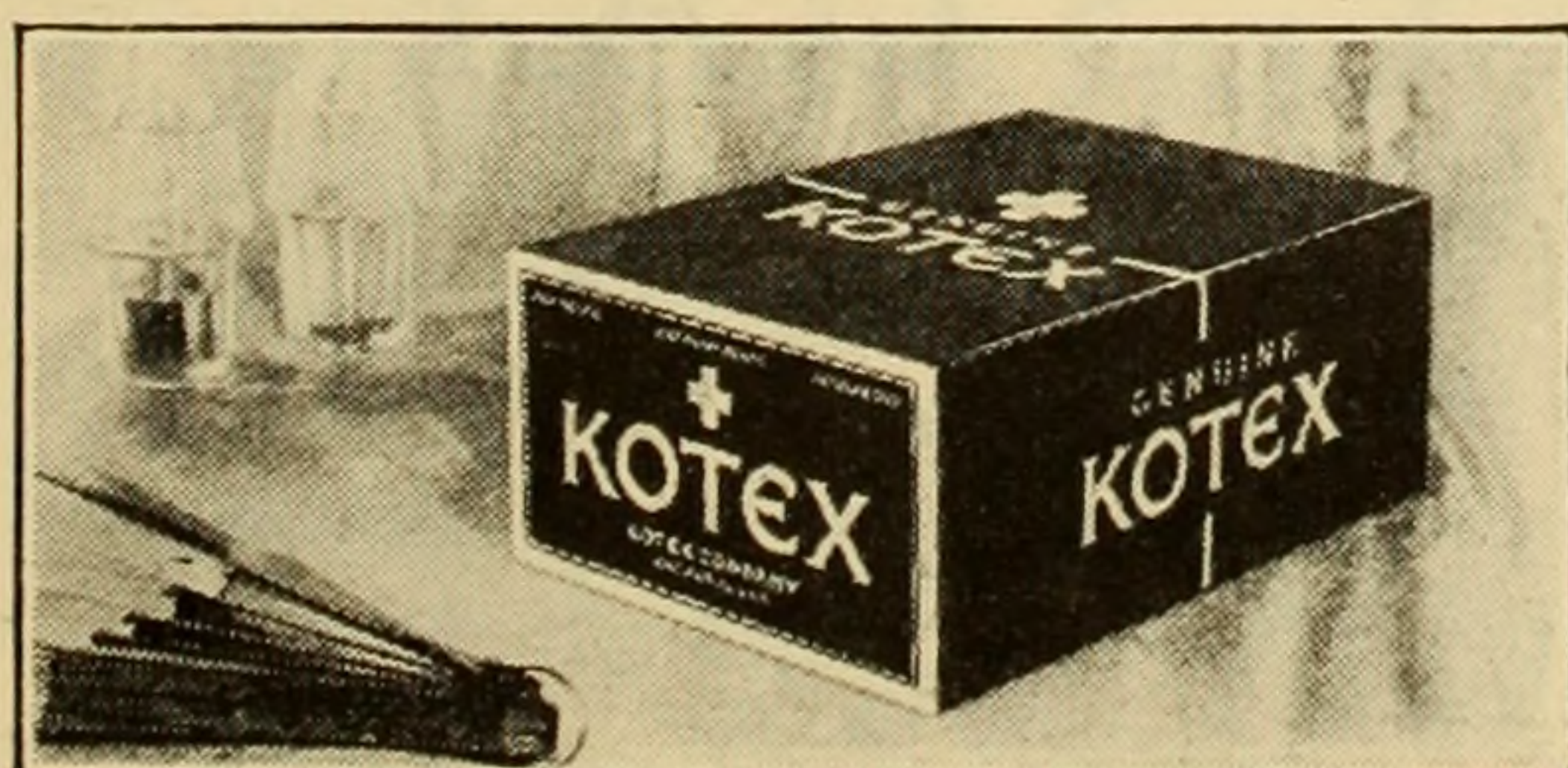
Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

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, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

But then, why shouldn't she?

"Lunch instantly!" Thus Joyce, as she danced from the telephone. "Bob's just up from Princeton with a fistful of matinee tickets."

"Edouard, at two?" reminded Sally, wickedly.

"Sunk!" wailed Joyce, flopping into a chair. "Edouard simply rages if I break a shampoo appointment."

"Joyce, you're a dear goose. Your ingenuity is a burst bubble the instant Bob appears on the horizon. Go and concoct a few sandwiches, while I tell Edouard you've been called for jury-duty."

"But my hair—"

"Silence, child. Obey your elder. I'll shampoo your hair with Ivory while you're eating, and I guarantee to outdo the famous Edouard himself."

And she did!



When expensive "experts" disagree — What is the truth about complexion care?

A fashion magazine recently printed the "secrets" of four of the most widely known (and expensive) beauty "experts" in New York. No two agreed. Indeed, they flatly contradicted one another. For example—

A—forbids massage

B—bases her whole treatment on massage

C—washes the face with "soap substitutes"

D—insists that no water—warm or cool—touch the face.

How is one to find the truth? Well, almost anyone with nerve and a little capital can set up as a beauty-expert—and then we get another crop of triple creams and magic methods, all "marvelously different."

But there is no difference of opin-

ion among scientists. They say, in perfect agreement, "Wash your face daily with pure soap and water."

"Do not be afraid of soap and water," says the Life Extension Institute, in its bulletin *Care of the Skin and Scalp*, "but be very much afraid of 'skin-foods' and 'marvelous' internal and external cures for skin troubles. As an ordinary hygienic measure the face should be washed once a day with water and a good quality of soap."

A "good quality of soap" is scientific conservatism for "As fine a soap as you can buy." And Ivory happens to be *as fine a soap as you can buy*. No strong perfume, no artificial

coloring matter, nothing but pure soap in its natural creamy white state, made from the very best ingredients obtainable.

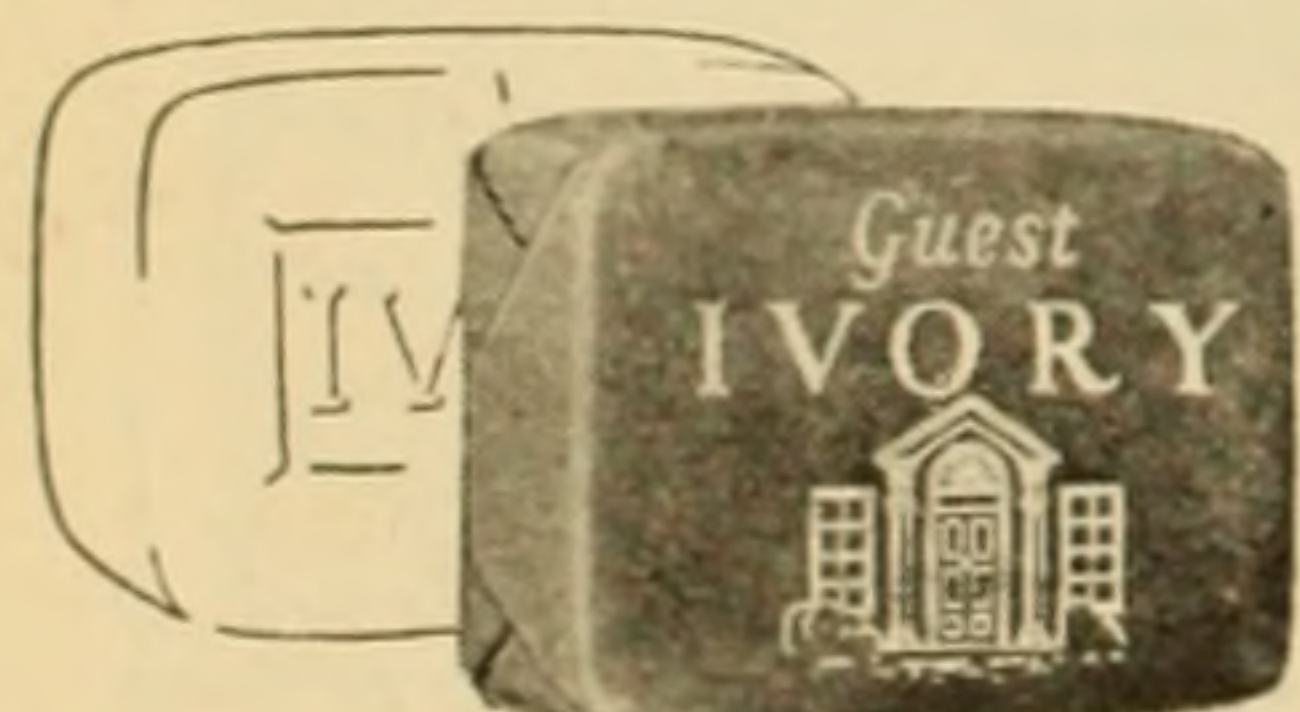
Daily washing with warm water and Ivory Soap is considered by millions of lovely women to be the best and safest beauty treatment they have ever used.

If you have not yet used Ivory to preserve the beauty of your complexion, until August first we shall be very glad to send you—free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family—Guest Ivory. Simply mail your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. 450-G, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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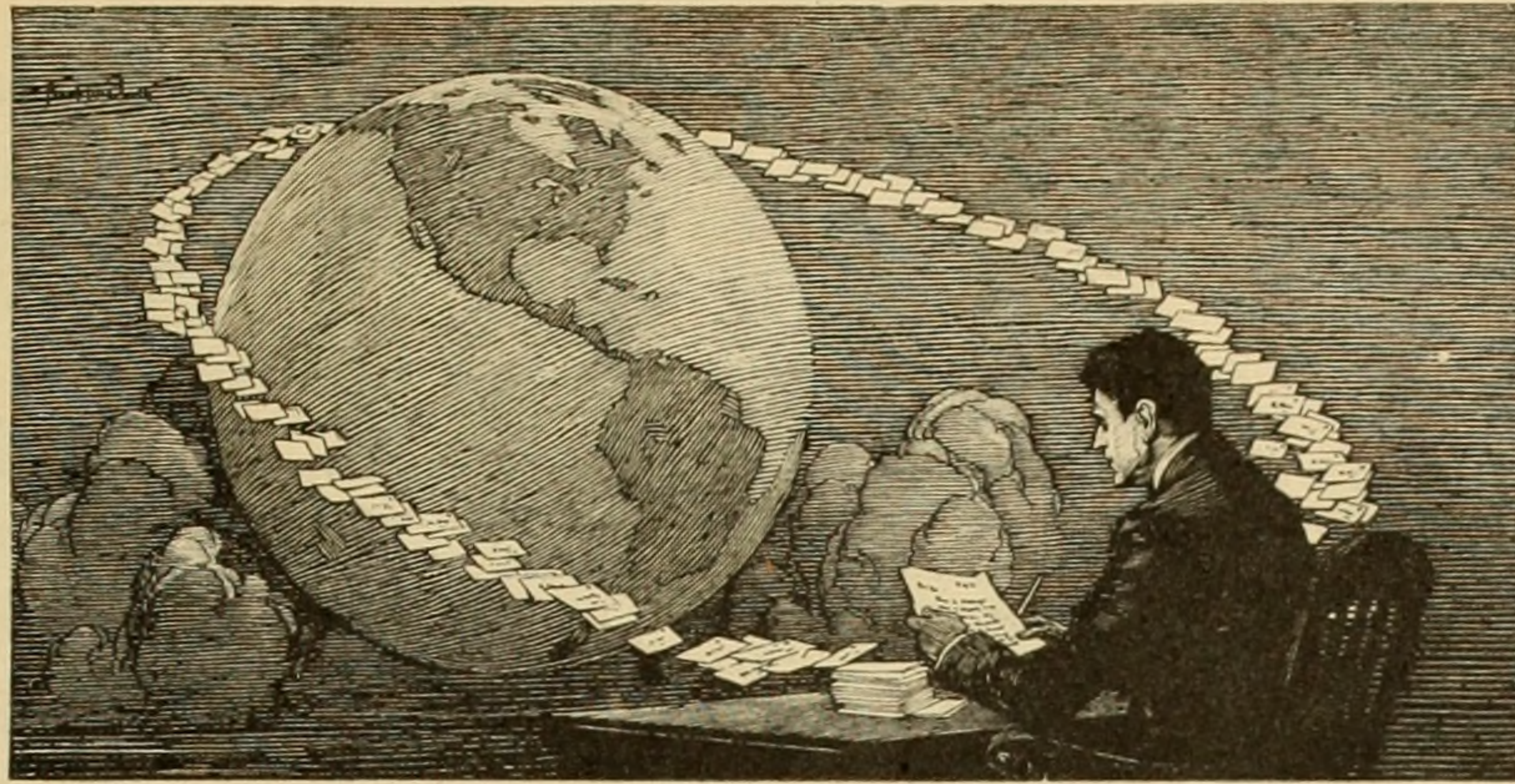
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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. M. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., isn't married. He was born Dec. 10, 1910, so you see he's pretty young to be thinking seriously about the girls. Marilyn Miller is married to Jack Pickford, but they are separated. Hence the confusion.

L. A. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.—I can't say whether, at this moment, John Barrymore is on a yachting trip or not. But as to that little argument with your friend, "no!" Barrymore's wife writes under the name of Michael Strange. Her real name is Blanche Oelrichs. His daughter, Jean, is six years old.

L. V. A., CHICAGO, ILL.—Victor Varconi was born in Hungary. He is married and lives in Hollywood. Six feet tall and born March 31, 1896. If you like him now, wait until you see him in "The King of Kings."

R. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Wallace Reid, not Lou Tellegen, played opposite Geraldine Farrar in the screen version of "Carmen."

M. J. R., MOBILE, ALA.—Willy Fritsch is the name of the young man in "The Waltz Dream." Pretty nice, eh?

E. G. T.—Yes, Kenneth Thompson is somewhat of a newcomer. His first picture was "Risky Business." He is about twenty-eight years old and is five feet, eleven inches tall.

NOVARRO ADMIRER, FRESNO, CALIF.—Ramon is neither married nor engaged. He was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. His name was originally Samaniegos, but he legally changed it to Novarro. "Old Heidelberg" is his latest film.

H. T. H., MELBOURNE, FLA.—Evelyn Brent was the girl who loved and lost Tom Meighan, in "Blind Alleys."

A. M., HAWERA, NEW ZEALAND.—You represent a lesson in faithfulness to all other women. Think of keeping Francis X. Bushman as your favorite movie star for ten long years! Well, in these ten years, Mr. Bushman has been having his troubles. He was divorced from Beverly Bayne and for a long time he didn't appear in pictures but played in vaudeville. Then he came back to the screen in "Ben-Hur" and has been appearing steadily almost ever since. Quite a come-back. Mr. Bushman is forty-two years old.

CLARA OF BROOKLYN.—You are right. "The Scarlet Letter" was produced in 1917 by William Fox. Mary Martin and Stuart Holmes played the leading rôles.

JOSEPHINE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Gary Cooper is twenty-six years old and is six feet, two inches tall. He has dark blue eyes and black hair. Address him at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ELLEN W., CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Dix never has told me what sort of girls he likes. He is not married—nor engaged. Richard is six feet tall and has dark brown eyes and hair to match. He was born July 18, 1895. Victor McLaglen, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are all over six feet tall, but the average for the men is an inch or so under six feet. As for the girls, Betty Blythe, Alma Rubens and Anna Q. Nilssen are five feet, seven inches. Most of the girls are about five feet, three inches.

NATA SPIRINA, HARBIN, CHINA.—I am glad I don't have to answer your letter in Russian. Your English is remarkably good. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Austria, Oct. 9, 1896. He was educated in Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg, and played on the stage in Europe before coming to this country. He is married to Elise Bartlett, an American stage actress.

R. T. P., NOTTS, ENGLAND.—"Old Heidelberg" was produced in 1915 by the Fine Arts-Triangle Company. Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid were *Kathe* and the *Prince*. The title of "Love Me and the World Is Mine" has been changed to "Viennese Lovers." Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897.

HONEY LOU, MIAMI, FLA.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1901. She has blue eyes and light brown hair. Five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

M. K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—That's Neil Hamilton's real name. Address him at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, *Photoplay* advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

J. E. D., DODGE CITY, KANS.—Do you know that your town furnished the background for many of the old Bill Hart pictures? Bill collected his stories from the adventures of the pioneers of Dodge City. Live and learn. I am not going to say whether Clara Bow is really engaged or not. It is too uncertain. But at the time this is written, she is not married. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans, and Louise Brooks to Edward Sutherland. Madge Bellamy is not married; she is twenty-four years old. Malcolm McGregor played with Colleen Moore in "It Must Be Love." He's married. And John Roche's hair is naturally curly.

M. P. S., CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.—I am one lone person and not a whole row of typewriters. And, honestly, I read your letter—every word of it. William Collier, Jr., is his real name. He has black hair and brown eyes. Not married. His next pictures are "Convoy" and "The Sunset Derby." Write to him in care of First National Pictures, Burbank, Calif. He's an American and his father was a famous stage comedian. Betty Bronson is twenty. Barry Norton is not married. Nor is Raymond Keane. Keane has brown eyes and black hair. Fred Thomson has brown hair. And that is Bebe Daniels' real name. Margaret Morris was the feminine interest in "The Magic Garden." Whew!

M. B. F., ROTTERDAM, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet's family name is Alexander. She was known in England as Daphne Wayne when she first appeared in movies. Now she is Mrs. Marshall Neilan. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo. Rin-tin-tin and Strongheart are both very much alive.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Ruth Roland is in the real-estate business and only makes pictures every now and then—for the fun of it. She is the Hetty Green of the film colony. Pearl White is living abroad. Yes, Ralph Forbes *does* look like the Prince of Wales. Married to Ruth Chatterton, the stage actress. Mary Pickford is thirty-four years old and Douglas Fairbanks is ten years older. Do your own adding. Address them at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here we are again! William Boyd is about twenty-six years old and married to Elinor Fair. Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Z. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—The man who played the preacher in "The Sensation Seekers" was Raymond Bloomer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Resinol Soap—the choice of the younger set

Its soothing
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ties protect the
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"I have a skin that is easily
irritated, but Resinol Soap
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and smooth it made my skin."

"Resinol Soap is wonderful
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Does not draw the skin as
some soaps do."

"I have so many compli-
ments on my complexion and
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on the market."

The above extracts from a few of the letters written to us by enthusiastic girls show that even the youngest of the "younger set" has found that her skin must be watched carefully or it will grow tired looking in this modern age of cosmetics, jazz and excitement. She has accepted the fact that thorough cleansing once a day is a positive necessity, and she turns to a cleansing agent that will soothe the skin at the same time.

In Resinol Soap the required elements are found because of the special Resinol ingredients. Begin today to use Resinol Soap and you will be giving your skin the protection of daily Resinol treatments. In countless homes the name Resinol is synonymous with skin health and beauty.

If blackheads, blotches, etc., are already present, apply Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating skin troubles slight or serious. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, prickly heat, etc.

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Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

HEART OF SALOME—Fox

THIS is a very poor piece of work coming from the hands of Victor Schertzinger. But we must admit he was handicapped with a most improbable story. Alma Rubens is an accomplice of a clever thief, Holmes Herbert, who is almost unrecognizable in "bangs." Walter Pidgeon, the boy friend, learns of this and denounces Alma. She imagines herself as another Salome and asks the master-mind for the life of her former lover. And very movieish, at the last moment she weakens and saves him.

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.

AND quite bitter entertainment—in fact this needs a lot of sweetening for most audiences. A really absurd affair about a gal who marries for revenge and then learns she really loves the hero. Now you tell one. Monte Blue is a big brave hero—y' know the kind that beats up a whole hard-boiled crew of pirates. Did you know pirates were sailing the seas these days? But, perhaps to fool the censors, pirates is a camouflaged name for rum-runners. Anyhow, don't bother.

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe

THIS is Harry Langdon's first feature length comedy and for reasons best known to Harry's former money-making employers, it has just been released. It was made about two years ago and the improvements in pictures in two years are remarkable. Langdon is, was and always will be funny but it is just a plain low trick to show this to audiences. The lighting is bad, the girl's clothes are a scream—in fact the picture looks like a number of two-reelers pasted together—but Harry is always worth the price of admission.

DON DESPERADO—Pathe

A REAL good Western featuring Leo Maloney. Now let's see—there's a "Black Bandit" to be caught and with Leo as the deputy-sheriff you know things will happen fast and furious. There's a villainous lawyer at the bottom of the whole mess but he couldn't fool our hero. You'll like this even though it is rather shy on the romantic angle.

THE BRUTE—Warner Bros.

JUST another Western, in which Monte Blue is wasted. This time a few oil wells are added for novelty. However, it's the same old theme: the honest cowboy falls in love with the dance hall cutie. If you want to waste your evening, it's up to you.

THE FIGHTING THREE—Universal

THE usual Western pep is missing here because the hero becomes enamoured with a prima donna of a traveling show. He takes the place of the mind-reader of the show and startles the audience by telling who committed the recent murder. Then matters liven up a bit and we have a little fighting and hard riding but not the kind that would cause any great comment afterwards.

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox

ANOTHER version of the poor little saleslady's problem. As soon as she is fired it is inevitable she will turn to the stage. The backer of the show becomes interested in her but she still remains true to the poor boy-friend because poor people are supposed to be honest. But the poor boy-friend turns out to be a dirty cur and the wealthy hero pulls the rescue act. It's just as bad as it sounds.

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe

THE children will find this enjoyable and thrilling but grown-ups will find it very inconsistent. The secret service are baffled by the numerous robberies of the mail planes. Charles Hutchinson is put on the case and solves the mystery after a lot of silly running around.

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe

THIS resembles the movies made ten years ago. The story and players are too dramatic for words. The heroine's husband is murdered. Their life's savings stolen. Alone in the world with a baby to bring up. So mama disguises as a beggar at the "Eyes of Totem" and watches everyone pass—she is intent on finding the murderer. And how she does before the final reel is nobody's business. Go and see for yourself.

IS ZAT SO?—Fox

THE screen version of this hilarious stage success loses some of its spontaneous quality in the picturization, but for all that remains a worth-while entertainment. George O'Hara plays the prizefighter as a wise-cracker rather than a dumb pug, but that isn't altogether fatal, and the lad, stripped for the ring, is a great physical specimen. Edmund Lowe, as his manager, credits himself with another fine part after "What Price Glory!" You will probably enjoy it.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

The Fight Is On!

Tulsa, Okla.

I have just finished reading Elinor Glyn's list of people who have "IT," and those who haven't.

And have come to the conclusion that "IT" isn't so darned important after all is considered.

Aren't those "Itless" stars as great, and as well loved by the public, as those who, according to Madame Glyn, are blessed with

that elusive quality?

And, well, to clinch my argument, don't people usually prefer the unfortunate doggies, who haven't a particle of "IT," to any member of the personality possessing cat family?

And as for Ramon Novarro, he couldn't possibly be any more wonderful than he is, so "IT" must be a rather negligible quality, since it seems he hasn't got it.

MARION WALLACE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



The Allure of Young-Looking Skin

Accent your natural coloring with these youthful shades of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

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Famous Beauty Specialist

AS suave and supple as the touch of a rose petal . . . as clear and fresh as the skin of youth . . . Your complexion can gain this appearance of youthful beauty—almost instantly. The deft application of Pompeian Beauty Powder with Pompeian Bloom brings just this effect.

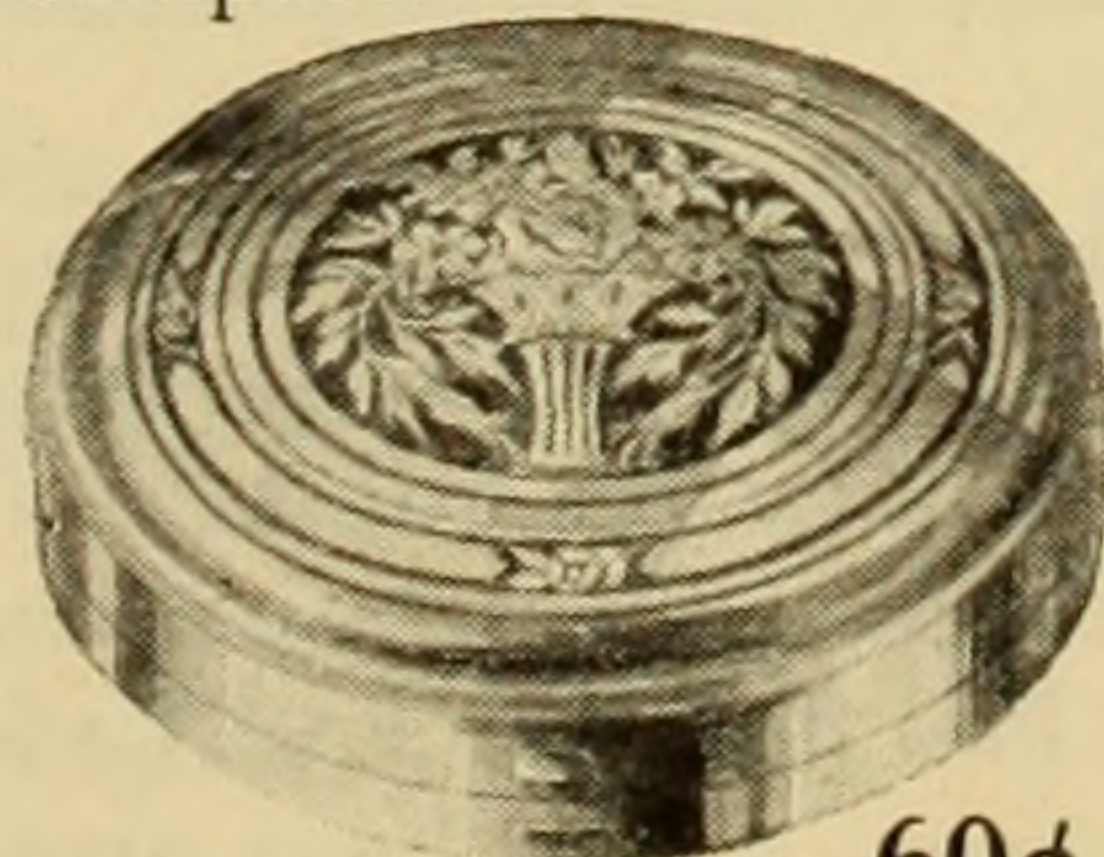
Discriminating women select Pompeian Beauty Powder for its purity, its velvety texture, and for the perfection of its shades. There is the correct shade for each type of skin, from the pale golden blonde to the vibrant, vivid brunette.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has the ever-desirable virtue of adhering well, maintaining its subtle finish of loveliness for hours at a time. Its faint odor has a mystery that intrigues

you—an enchanting elusiveness that becomes an individual possession with each wearer.

Pompeian Bloom adds the colorful note that typifies youth. Medium, Oriental, Orange, Light and Dark Rose tones are to be found in Pompeian Bloom—with the more subtle differences in the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—Flesh, Peach, Rachel and White.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive free samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

STELLA M. S., AUCKLAND, N. Z.—Hoot Gibson's real name is Edward Gibson. Dignified, eh what? He is married, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Hoot is a real Westerner; born at Tekemab, Nebraska. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Eleanor Boardman's newest picture is "The Crowd." She is twenty-eight years old.

C. M., SHARON, MASS.—Malcolm McGregor was christened Malcolm McGregor. Born in Newark, N. J., Oct. 13, 1896. He has black hair and brown eyes. And married. Shirley Mason has brown hair and light gray eyes and was born June 6, 1900. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Is that all?

C. W., NEWAYGO, MICH.—"The sweetest, most charming actress on the screen" is twenty-six years old and unmarried. Also May McAvoy is four feet, eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-four pounds. She has blue eyes. When you write address her at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

A. J., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The "Q" in Anna Q. Nilsson's name stands for Quercenia.

A. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Barbara La Marr's last pictures were "The Heart of a Siren," "The White Monkey," and "The Girl from Montmartre." "The Prisoner of Zenda" was made in 1922.



She was so big he couldn't hold her. Karl Otto Lewin married Josephine Williams, the largest extra girl in pictures, hoping that a fat girl would prove good natured. But little Josephine loved her art better than a home and walked out on her better one-eighth. She weighs 550 pounds and Lewin is 400 pounds lighter. It proved to be a one-sided marriage

Lenore Ulric, Famous Belasco Star, protecting her wonderful voice,

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Lenore Ulric



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“It’s toasted”
Your Throat Protection



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Daily beauty aids—for summer

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—cools, soothes—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Sunproof Cream—Applied before exposure, prevents tan, freckles, sunburn. (1.00)

Valaze Sunproof Liquid Powder—imparts a delightful sunproof finish. (1.50)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—corrects shine on nose. (1.50)

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New York Stage and Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Another massive war film, more broadly treated, which an out-of-towner would want to see is "What Price Glory," from the stage play which brought glory—at a good price—to Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The original drama has been considerably elaborated, but always justifiably, while the comedy has been broadened until it will penetrate even the smallest brains.

Some of the original irony is lacking, but there is enough rollicking humor so that only the most finicky would miss the earlier satire. Fine points in characterization have been added, while blasting barrages and careering attacks, as in "The Big Parade," have been organized with a sharp eye to the business of war.

NOW, would four equally salient theatrical shows have similar qualities, or would they have attractive characteristics sufficient unto themselves? Let's have a look.

One of the first shows that the visitor to New York clamors to see is "Broadway," that "inside story" of bootleggers and gunmen at work and at play in a typical night club. One of its chief characteristics is its speed, and if any company of actors could maintain the initial pace at the end of a year's run or more, then they have the stamina of Mexican Indian runners, plus the vivacity of French tennis players.

Another feature is the endless series of wise cracks, which scream with Tenderloin sophistication. The deft, breezy characterization, added to the nipping melodrama, keeps the audience in happy palpitations.

Equally fast and exuberant, and even more rough and ready, is "Chicago," the inside story of lady murderers at work and at play. Its story of the conscienceless little wife who kills her secret lover and then is acquitted amid front page fireworks, stresses sex and satire, along with a hearty clout for the tabloids, the new testaments of to-day.

It is quite broad, having time only for the garish high lights as it hustles to keep up with the current of sewage. Its pungent satire, amounting to burlesque, provides the impish appeal of this mischievous rampage through modern publicity.

Quite at the opposite end of the foot-light scale is "The Play's the Thing"—that polished comedy in which Holbrook Blinn has been spinning Molnar's gossamer strands of fancy into something as smooth as silk. Nothing zippy about this play—nothing to turn the abdomen into quivering jelly. A suave, temperate time is had by all.

It is all very dexterous and dapper, with everything as discreet and well-bred as the etiquette page of a woman's magazine. This despite the fact that it deals with a petting party, overheard through a door, which leaves little to the anatomical imagination. (Wonder how they'd reproduce that comprehensive caress on the screen?) But its sexness is kept in

good taste, for "Lots of aplomb!" has been the slogan of this production.

Finally we take up the case of "The Spider," that mystery play which is quite the most ingenious thriller that has pounced on an audience since the drama recently began crying "Boo!" It is a whizzing melodramatic yarn of a play within a play, centering about a stage magician, a dope ring and their connection with a murder right out under the noses of the audience.

Getting the whole house embroiled in the mystery is the set purpose of this play. Actors and cops are yanked out of the orchestra, till you begin to doubt whether the man alongside you is really the harmless suburbanite he looks, or a sleek murderer at bottom. It is very expeditiously managed, baffling without being confusing, and it becomes quite creepy what time some pale-green clots of ectoplasm hop into the plot to solve it.

Now let us compare the two mediums with cold-blooded impartiality, putting aside all the likes and dislikes of childhood.

It must be obvious at the start that the leading screen entertainments put the stage offerings into the flivver class when it comes to variety. They are capable of far greater expansion of territory covered, and "What Price Glory" on the screen attests how the stage original can be elaborated until it seems to have turned into a growing family of rabbits.

Now and then a play like "Chicago" comes along with as many as five scenes, but they look paltry and meagre compared to the splatter of settings poured out by the film cornucopia. On the whole the stage, which used to have litters of 8 and 10 scenes to every melodrama, now sticks sadly and wanly to one or two settings. Moreover, the scenes of movies like "Chang" can be shifted in the twinkling of an eye, in sharp contrast to the tedious waits while the stage hands lumber about with the scenery for the next act on the stage. Score one for the screen on interesting diversity!

LIKEWISE the films can be much more vivid and realistic than the stage, which usually turns into papier mache when it tries extensive settings. On the screen a castle, through focussing, can be made to look like a castle, even though home-made. On the stage, due to lighting and nearness, it always looks like somebody's barn, painted over and fixed up with curlicues. Nothing could be more genuine than the forest in "Chang," but on the stage the same trees would look as if they were made out of wrapped army puttees.

In the more thrilling side of entertainment, in charges, battles, fights, the screen is easily superior, both in mass production and piece work in the exchanging of wallops. "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" handle their throngs consummately, but on the stage such hordes would be too cumbersome, and would be obviously afraid of falling all over one

another in the small space, or landing in the drummer's lap. Even the limited "mob" in "Broadway" appear strained and self-conscious beside the free-swinging gang in "Beau Geste."

That same veracity of the movies permits the introduction of all sorts of captivating animals with positive abandon. Where the drama reinforces the stage flooring and tremulously uses one elephant, with great precautions, the screen in "Chang" introduces a whole brigade of them and gleefully lets them smash everything in sight. Once a play called "Tarzan of the Apes" daringly presented a real lion (in a hidden cage). But he was so aged and decrepit that he refused to roar, and the stage manager in the wings had to bellow for him. The tigers in "Chang" do their own stuff.

That same spaciousness in graphic spectacular productions enables the screen to assume an epic quality that the stage never attains, even with carloads of supers. "Broadway" is typical of night life, but it is not, like "The Big Parade," typical of man in all his groping frailty. Score two for the screen for diverting realism!

The screen can be infinitely more swift in its action than the most daring moments in "Broadway," and still never lose breath. It is almost too obvious to say that the principals at the end of a screen run will never be as jaded as those on the stage. Moreover, the screen can lay the groundwork of explanatory preparation in terms of action and movement, whereas on the stage the exposition is often spread like a heavy verbal jam. Witness the way in which the screen "What Price Glory" can set the atmosphere with the early Chinese hostility of the two soldiers, without missing step in the narrative. Score three for the screen for action!

HOPELESS of competing with the screen in action, the stage has been forced back into a more intellectual aspect, into glorifying smart dialogue. No picture can equal the lines of "The Play's The Thing"—yet the average man would prefer an episode to an epigram. The drama is superior on aplomb and subtlety, but few amusement seekers are growing fat on fine shadings. The Blinn play reveals, as I have indicated, how the stage can handle delicate situations more discreetly. And yet, oddly enough, profanity goes over less offensively on the silver sheet than behind the footlights, because only those acquainted with the cuss words can recognize their rendition in lip-reading. Whereas in the theater grandma, no matter how deaf, always hears anything stronger than "darn."

In satire the screen more than holds its own, as shown by "Hollywood," for "Chicago" was one of the rare plays of this type to go over, primarily because it was roughed up into unmistakable burlesque. Mystery plays like "The Spider" are usually more successful on the stage than on the screen, yet "Beau Geste" has shown how this style can be achieved simply, when the screen doesn't bulge with distracting detail.

On the whole I think the average out-of-towner would select the four movies. Perhaps he would be right.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A SANE MAN PHONING TO HIS DENTIST

"Just want you to look them over, Doctor. Nothing wrong, I think. I've kept them..."

CLEAN

HE is not scared. His sound sense tells him to see his dentist twice a year—and in the meantime, he keeps his teeth *clean*.

The same good sense tells him to buy a dentifrice for the purpose of keeping teeth, gums, and mouth *clean*—not to cure some frightful or imaginary disease of teeth or gums.

Since boyhood he has known that the surest way to healthy teeth and strong teeth is *clean* teeth. When he chooses his dentifrice he selects one made to clean—one made with the sole purpose of cleaning, and cleaning better.

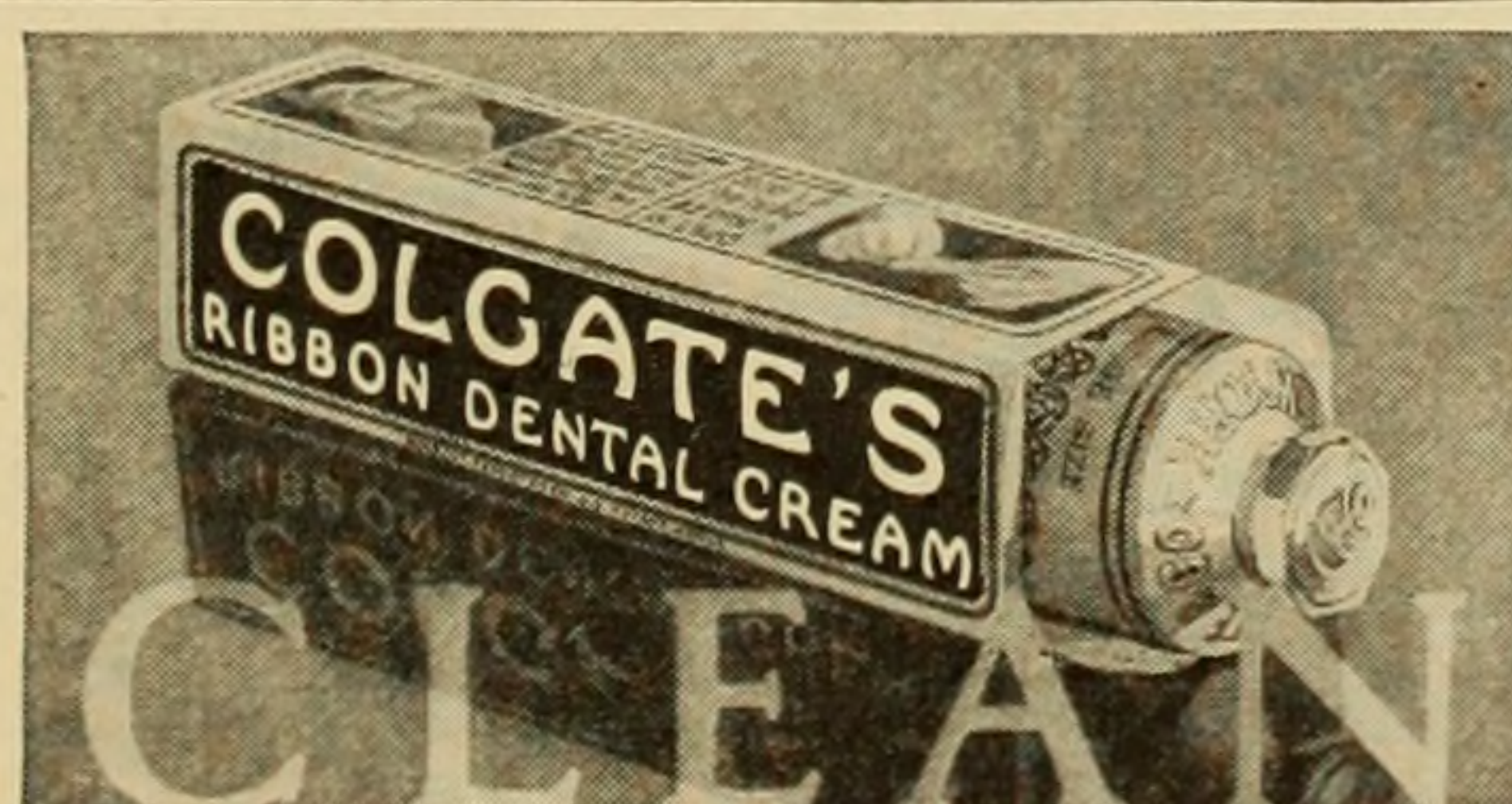
Most people use the same dentifrice he uses. Most dentists recommend that same dentifrice. It is Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—designed by Colgate & Company for the express purpose of doing the one thing

that leading dental authorities agree a dentifrice must do.

Ribbon Dental Cream is made to clean teeth, and it cleans them better by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces. Next, this foam, in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums, washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure—rely on Colgate's to clean.

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COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-G, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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Ruth Harriet Louise

NO wonder Pauline Starke is so interested in what John Robertson has to say. Mr. Robertson guided to stardom such artists as May McAvoy, Jetta Goudal and Nita Naldi and directed the unforgettable "Enchanted Cottage" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And now Norman Kerry has Mr. Robertson to thank for a big hit in "Annie Laurie."



Irene Rich

uses

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'MAYBELLINE' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best." Sincerely,

Irene Rich

"MAYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadow pools of enchanting loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectly harmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid—Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Maybelline

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Patsy Ruth Miller

Mr. M. J. Shaughnessy
Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, New York

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

The Olovnit Princess Slip is a delight and I am charmed with the opportunity to give it my name.

It is perfectly made and in such beautiful, harmonious colors you should recommend that it be worn with sport dresses or gowns for any occasion.

I am sure the "Patsy Princess Slip" will delight every woman as it has me, and I am flattered that you give it my name.

Sincerely,
Patsy Ruth Miller

Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

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Please have your representative show me your latest garments.

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BEAUTIFUL Olovnit frocks, undergarments and hosiery are available to you through our money-saving plan of distribution direct from our large mills.

You can choose your garments at home—free from all nervous strain—and be sure of getting fashion's latest dictations in style and quality from a fresh, clean stock.

Send the coupon today and our representative will call.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

only a few years ago in Chicago, at the head of his own company, that he could hang the "Closed" sign out, bearing the loss himself, of course.

"But," said Eddie, spoiling the spiritual aspect of my story, "now that I'm in pictures, I get my vacation and pay besides."

"**WHY,**" said Bebe Daniels to Eddie Cantor who had just returned, tonsil-less, from New York, "didn't you have them removed in California?"

"They were New York tonsils. Why should I bring them back here?"

HENRY KING of "Stella Dallas" fame and his family are living in Beverly Hills temporarily while an addition is being built to their beach home. The reason—Mr. and Mrs. King have a brand new son who is to occupy the addition.

MR. KING is a most versatile person. He can twirl a rope or ride a horse or strum a banjo. Veteran cowboys were his students in lariat-throwing in "Barbara Worth." His general competence has become the source of gentle raillery among the Goldwyn organization. There is, seemingly, nothing he cannot do.

They had reached the circus sequence of "The Magic Flame," and Ronald Colman, who starred in "Barbara Worth," knowing King's penchant, said:

"Wish you'd come over and show the sword-swallower how to do his stuff. And the parachute jumper, too. He needs some instruction."

THE opening of the month in New York was John Robertson's production, "Annie Laurie," at the Embassy Theater. Lillian Gish is the star of the film but oh, what a hit for Norman Kerry! "Annie Laurie" will do for Norman Kerry what "The Merry Widow" did for John Gilbert. With his first close-up, Mr. Kerry had the picture all his own way. Under Mr. Robertson's direction, he topped his performance in "Merry Go 'Round" and put himself into the ranks of "Doggone Dangerous Men."

A HANDSOME prize of a last year's rain check goes this month to the censors who changed the title of "Children of Divorce" to "Children of Today."

The word "divorce" is considered naughty in some states—when flashed on the screen.

But it is not naughty when it appears in the newspapers.

That, in our notion, is the height of hypocrisy.

STIRRING proof that art does not submerge keen business instinct in the minds of Hollywood extras. One of the day-to-day players in Clarence Brown's "Trail of '98" company, upon hearing of the gold rush at Weepah, hustled north with a supply of blankets and came back with two thousand dollars jingling in his jeans.

He knew his movies well enough to know that the gold easiest mined is in pants pockets.

THEY were making a balloon sequence, so Lew Cody tells me, and a producer, known for his bombastic speech, walked onto the set.

"We can shoot now. The hot air has arrived," whispered a second cameraman.

And that night he drew his last pay check.

Which shortens a perfectly good short story.

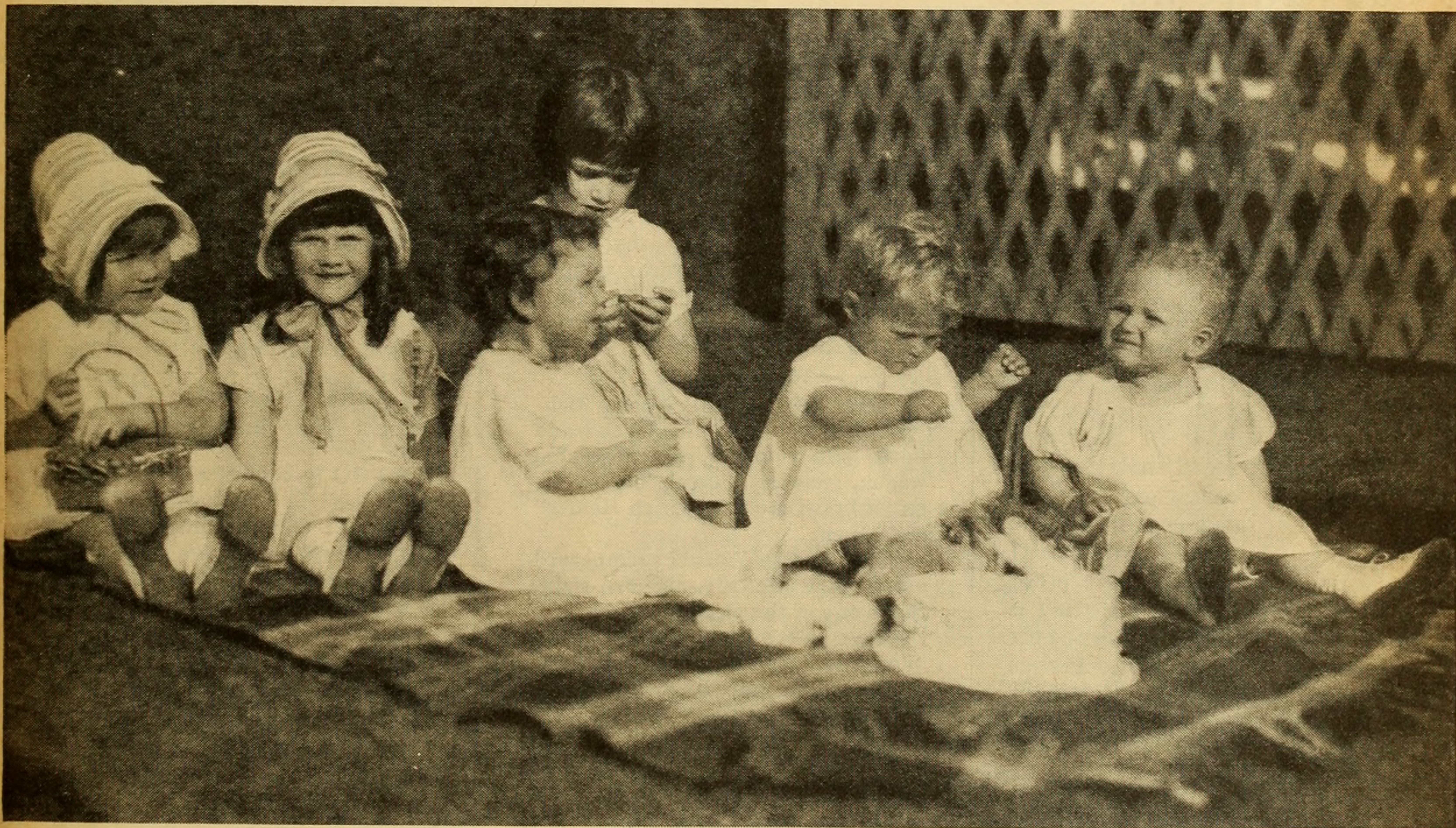
TOM J. GERAGHTY, big Verb and Noun man, has invented a new game of questions and answers, which goes big at the more refined movie gatherings. Here is the way it goes:

"What has four legs and flies?"

"A dead horse."

"What is it that flies, swims like a duck and has 2,000 legs?"

"A centipede."



With the complete approval of Will Hays, Barbara Ann Blue staged a wild birthday party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue. Bottles were found, the next day, all over the front lawn. In this picture you see (from left to right) Ann and Geraldine Beaumont, Maria Eugenia Reachi (daughter of the former Agnes Ayres), Thomasina Mix (Tom's little girl), Barbara Ann Blue and Sally Ann Carewe. Barbara Ann is just a year old

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Kissproof Lipstick is waterproof— it stays on!

Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things—and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. *Kissproof* is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

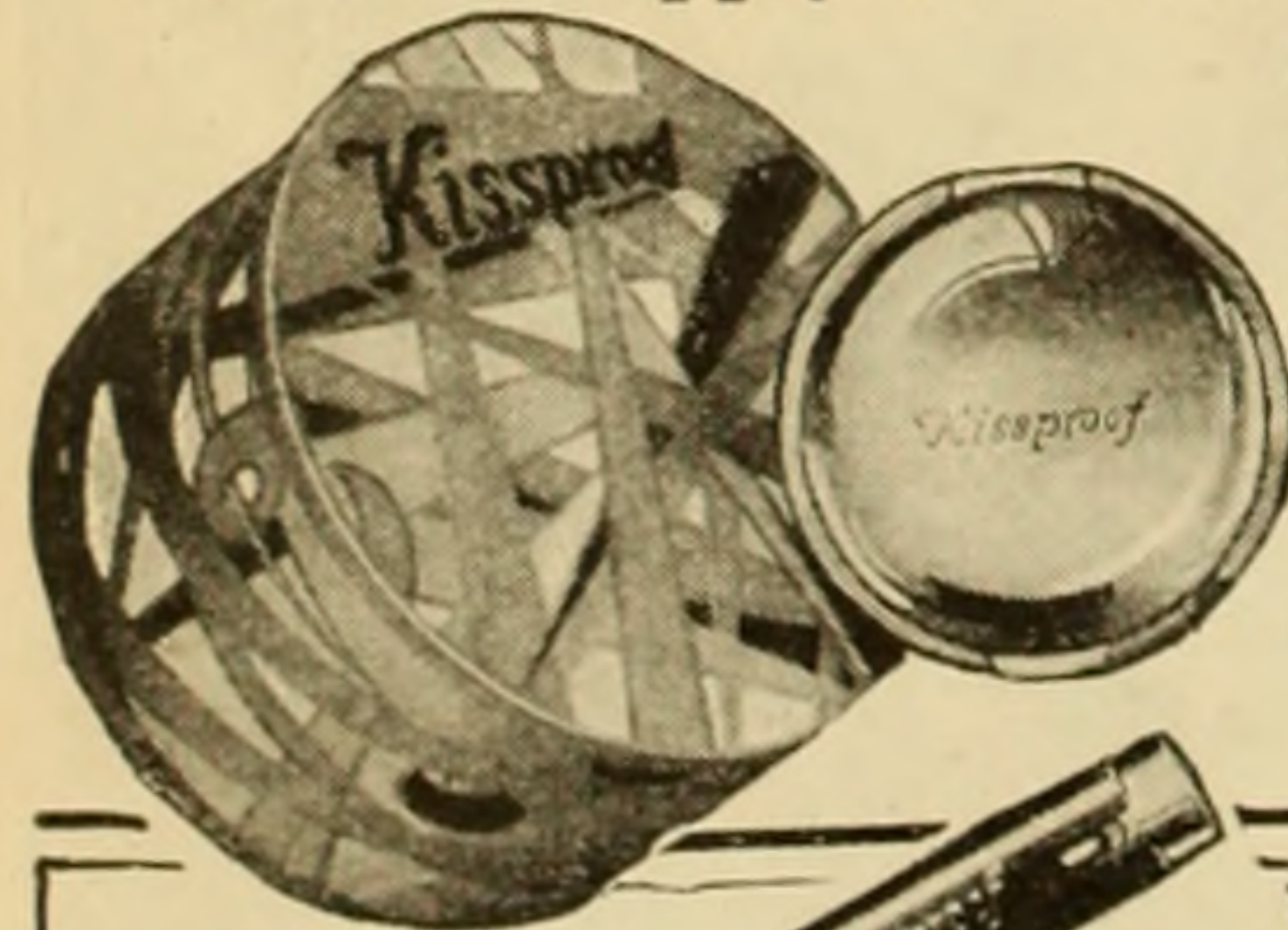
Flatters every complexion

Kissproof is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous—yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof *Kissproof Face Powder*, a generous supply of *Kissproof Rouge*, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of *Delica-Brow*, the

original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



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Flesh White Brunette Ivory

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"What is it that has eight legs and sings?"

"A quartette."

Now make up your own.

WHILE the waters of the Mississippi swept around New Orleans, a woman lay ill at the Tour Hospital, regretting that she could not help in the desperate work of holding back the flood near her home in Paterson, La. The woman was Marguerite Clark, once one of the most popular stars. In these days of domestic scrambles it is pleasant to record the fact that Miss Clark and her husband, Harry Williams, are proving that an old-fashioned marriage is not beyond the realm of possibility.

AMAZING perception of James Hall's young caddy after a morning trailing Jimmie about the course. In justice to that handsome young blade let it be said that being leading man to Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri and Betty Bronson has swallowed much of his time.

"You won't need to pay any green fees today, Mr. Hall," piped the kid at the ninth hole.

"Why not?"

"'Cause you ain't been on the greens all day."

DOFF hats and tread softly, a whiskered gag is passing by.

"The past two days have meant a trying ordeal for Max Davidson," mimeographed the press agent. "Max has been spending most of that time eating soup. A certain sequence of the Hal Roach comedy revolves about his method of disposing of a bowl of tomato soup which has been tampered with. In order to get the desired effect, it has been necessary to re-take the scenes frequently. The result is that Davidson and David Butler, who plays the scene with him, are rather fed up on tomato soup.

"To cap the climax, Max went forth into society for a quiet dinner with some friends, and they are wondering yet why he excused himself from the table so hurriedly when the tomato soup was served."

And then there is that one about the star losing her diamonds.

THINKING guy, this Warner Richmond, who plays villains now and then. He stood by the vegetable wagon, gnawing a turnip before the street brawl scene in "Irish Hearts" was taken.

"What makes Warner so hungry?" asked May McAvoy. You're right. She's one of the Hearts.

"He's not hungry. He's wise," answered Jason Robards, the other Heart. "The more he eats now, the fewer he'll get in the back of the neck later."

"BUCK" JONES has a horse. Not an ordinary one, dearie, even if he did pay only \$100 for it in Chatsworth from an eighteen year old kid. It doesn't dance, nor does it sing. All it does is drink when "Buck" tells it to, and if you know horses like I know horses, you will know how rare that is.

"Eagle," that's the tippler's name, has snared \$3,800 to the Jones' coffers from the pockets of trusting folk who believe that old adage, "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"WE killed Rod La Rocque last Sunday. This Sunday let's kill John Barrymore and save Adolphe Menjou for the next week-end."

It was Emil Jannings talking to Mrs. Jannings over the shaded lights of a table at Madame Helenes, and not two arch-conspirators plotting death. Then Jannings, in that blonde, broad-grinned German way, turned to me and said:

"Chickens. I name each one after a favorite actor. But, alas," his shoulders shrugged and two expressive hands flew out, "we grow hungry and they must die."

His great delight is that he knows them by name.

ETHEL SHANNON, titian-haired and lovely, now has her very own scenario writer. It came about at the Wilshire Congregational Church with Helen Ferguson as matron-of-honor, when Ethel married Joseph Ashurst Jackson, one of Hollywood's very clever young playwrights. They are popular in the colony, so of course I saw William Russell, Tom Mix, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill and many others there.

THINGS, I would say, have come to a pretty pass with personal appearances permeating even the sanctity of the church. There are Hollywood houses of piety that bear the banner, "Filmdom's place of worship," where you may blend voices with a motion picture star. Imagine sharing the hymnal with the heroine of last night's epic.

Aimee's going to have strong competition.

JACK DEMPSEY is in training high in the Santa Barbara mountains and every week-end Estelle Taylor, like the good little housewife she is, totes tempting viands to her fighting husband. No one, not even the devoted Chinese cook, can compete with Estelle in the gentle knack of frying chicken and browning cornbread, as far as Jack is concerned. And steak smothered in onions! That calls for a hymn in a different key.

WHO is your choice for *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"? Ours is Lillian Gish. But, failing to get Lillian, we suggest that Paramount borrow the services of Harry Langdon.

PIGS is pigs, but to the Goldwyn company, including Ronald and Vilma, "Sweenie" is a future feast. All through "The Magic Flame" her rounded curves have been eyed hungrily, each member of the cast gloating over the promised delicacy. "Sweenie" is an actress, inclined to porkliness, but when this picture is finished, she is going to star on a platter with an apple in her mouth.

Pigs is pigs and for that reason, if you revere yours, don't let 'em go hog-wild for pictures.

ONE of the saddest things that's happened in Hollywood for some time happened recently to a certain fresh young actor who is a charter member of the Ancient Order of Know-it-Alls. But, sad as it was, it contained some valuable information that will be useful to anybody who is thinking of training a troupe of pigs for the movies.

That was the bright idea that occurred to the know-it-all actor, and for weeks, three or four weeks, at least, he spent his odd moments in trying to drill a routine into the heads of his all star cast of three real hams.

When he was satisfied that the porkers were letter-perfect he got an agent to come to see him have them do their stuff. In honor of the occasion he had arrayed himself in the clown clothes with which he intended to make his debut in two-reelers at the head of his bacon brigade.

Said brigade, which never before had seen him in clown clothes, did not recognize him and none of them would do any trick.

WHILE I was sitting in Norma Talmadge's portable dressing room as Norma waited to play "The Dove," Eugene O'Brien bounded in to call on her. Gene was so full of social patter that neither Norma nor myself got a chance to get in a word. He was, it seemed, going on to the Soandos for tea and then to the Suchandsuches for dinner. Yesterday he had been here and there and tomorrow he was doing this and that. He had engagements, engagements, for every hour of the day and evening.

Norma listened, quietly smiling, and then nodded after Gene as he rushed away.

"Just a wild cup of tea," she said.

OUT of a sound slumber, Roy del Ruth, the director, was awakened at four the other morning by Douglas Gerrard, who indulges in just such pranks.

"I say," said Gerrard, "did I have a nine o'clock call this morning?"

The answer is quite unrepeatable.

Time elapsed as time does and early one morning the Gerrard telephone jingled.

"This is the inspection department of the telephone company. You're having trouble with your telephone, aren't you?" the muffled voice asked.

"Uh-huh. I guess so," answered Gerrard, groggy with sleep.

"Will you please unscrew the mouth-piece? Now take the little screws around the edge out. You've broken your pen-knife? We'll take care of that for you. Now remove the three screws at the bottom. That's right. Does it still work? It does? Well, there's nothing wrong with it then. It must be with you."

Loudly, and in clarion clear tones, the voice of Del Ruth came through the transmitter: "And don't forget that nine o'clock call."

ANOTHER lifelong ambition has been realized by Eddie Cantor. And Hollywood, dear children, brought it, Aladdin-like.



"It's a Great Train"

Golden State Limited has won this note of appreciation from Norman Kerry. Now this star of the screen joins the thousands who choose this finer and faster transcontinental flyer.

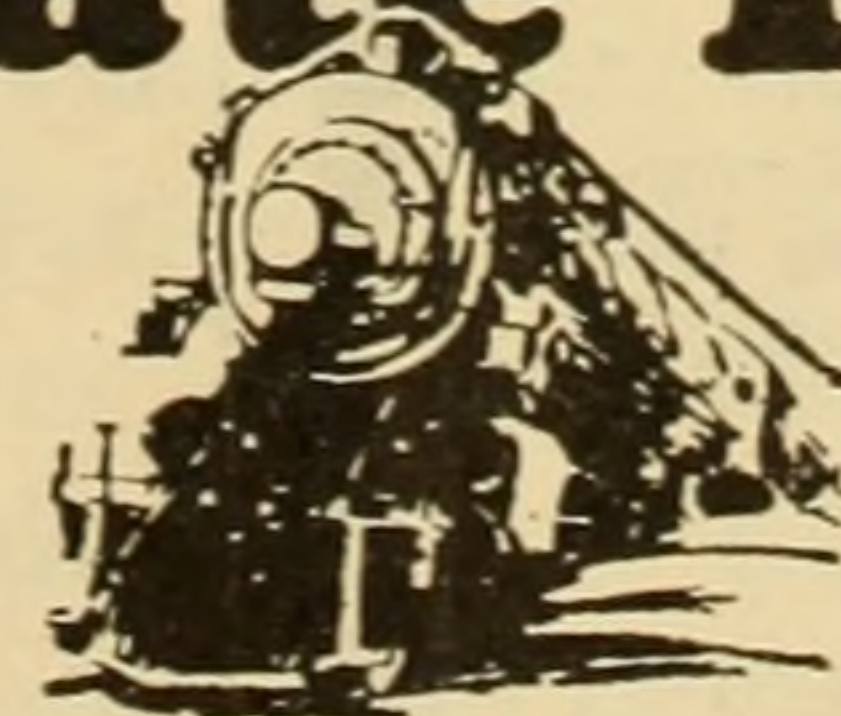
Busy, successful people "go Golden State". Its 63-hour schedule between Chicago and Los Angeles saves a business day over any previous passenger schedules across the continent. And its luxurious appointments are comparable to a metropolitan hotel.

You, too, may enjoy this delightful travel experience. Any Southern Pacific or Rock Island agent will secure your tickets and reservations on

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Have Lustrous, Clean Hair with *Lemon Rinse*

THE mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water, assuring you of that absolute *cleanliness* that means truly beautiful hair. That's why thousands of women today are using this natural aid to complete hair beauty. They know it means that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

Try this shampoo accessory next time. See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note its silky lustre, its soft, fluffy texture, the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results first wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then 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 is the one best way to insure the full beauty of your hair—to make all its loveliness apparent—whether you wear it bobbed or long.

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." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1107, 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.....

"All my life," said Eddie, looking soulful, if eyes like his can, "I have wanted a whistle. A dear little whistle. And now as a mailman in 'Special Delivery' my dream has been realized."

And that may explain why Henry perfected the Ford. Perhaps he had always longed for a squeak.

HE was a young leading man who had played opposite a most prominent star for three consecutive pictures and he spoke in this wise:

"If I should ever get a boil on the back of my neck," he sighed, "my career would be ruined."

Study that one.

ALAMENTATION to the effect that the little fellow always gets it in the neck. Ray Hatton, for instance. Wally Beery got the only remaining dressing room at Lasky's, by dint of earlier arrival. Came afternoon, a custom peculiar to Hollywood, and another dressing room was vacated.

"That's mine," said Ray.

"Sure, you can have it," assented the dispenser.

"Sure, you can have the dressing room," echoed Wally, standing nearby, his tongue in his cheek.

When Ray got there, he met the furniture being carried out.

"Say, what's the big idea? Didn't they say I could have this dressing room?" he asked Wally, again conveniently near.

"Sure, you can have the *dressing room*, but not the furniture." And that all went to Wally's lair, leaving Ray's room as lonely as Crusoe's sandpile.

PITY the poor iceman when the gals read Lupe's advice. Lupe is the reason why the entire male personnel of the

Roach studio is anxious to get to work on time. And her last name is Velez, from Mexico City, of course.

It seems that Lupe, who now plays in comedies, is in favor of ice rubs for reducing. And it took eyes, hands and shrugging shoulders for her to tell me this—

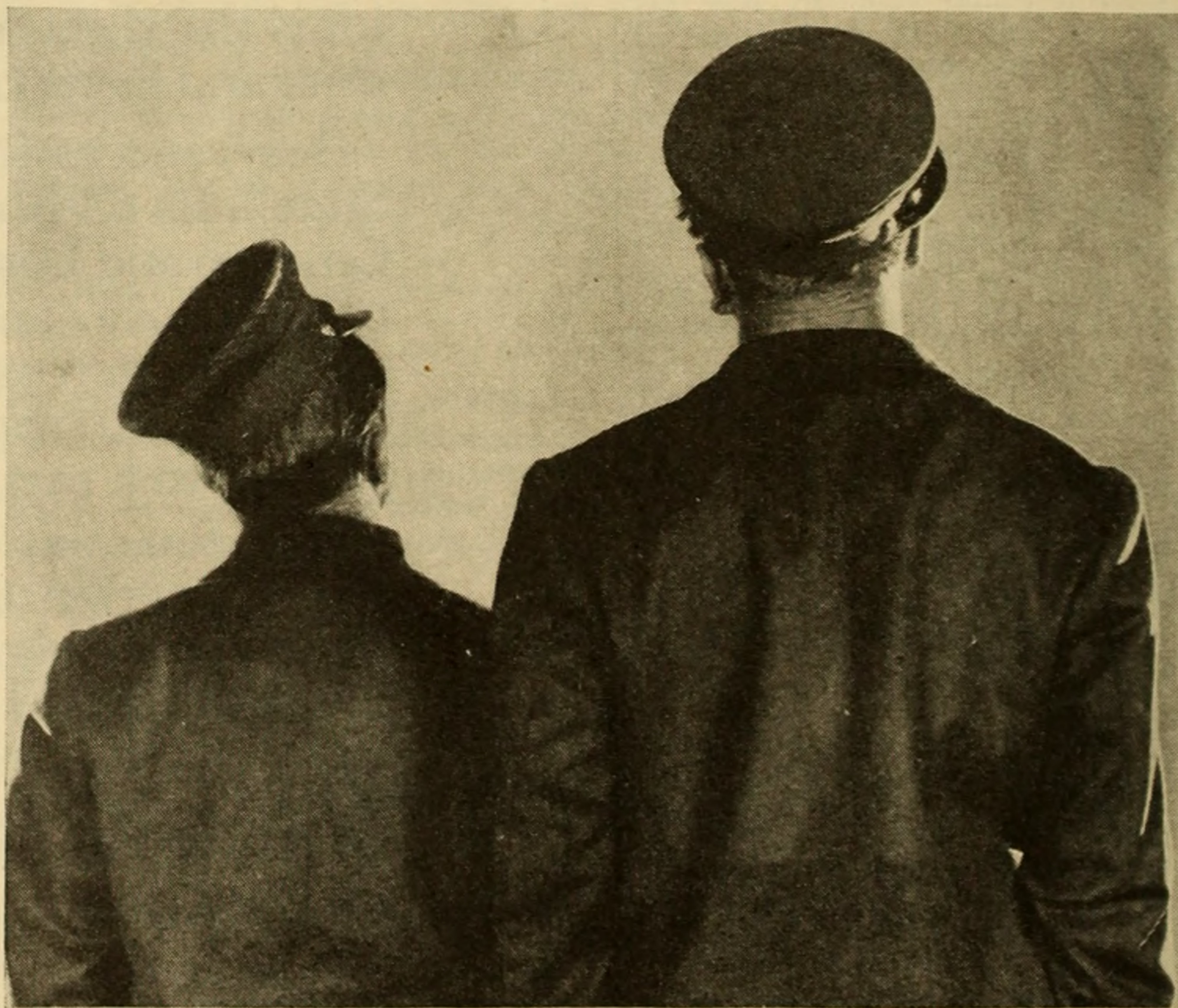
"Eet ees no use a-tall to diet to keel the heart. Better be fat and leave than theen and go die. In Mexico we dance, we seeng, we play—then we rub nice leetle ice all over body every morning. Eet makes hard body, no fat, all pretty. See?"

After all, perhaps the iceman should not be pitied.

MARY PICKFORD, golden curls neatly coiled beneath a smart dark hat, is becoming something of a civic figure in Los Angeles. Not that she has abandoned pictures—she is busily preparing "Paradise Alley"—but the attacks of the tree choppers on her beloved Hollywood and Los Angeles have made Mary active in the reforestation movement of the community. So active, that she evolved a plan which she revealed to members of the Chamber of Commerce at a recent luncheon.

Mary's plan is to appoint a city forester in every large city in the country. His duties would be to see that the trees are not mutilated or destroyed. Twenty-five miles of double-row trees are to be planted annually under his supervision. He will, of course, work in conjunction with the reforestation association.

AT last Raymond Griffith is an actor among actors. These ten long years Ray has struggled along without a screen kiss. Never has he clinched the leading lady to his lips and smacked her. He's tried mistletoe and "post office," but to



Back together again—Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery. They are all dressed up as big hook and ladder men for "Fireman, Save My Child." Yes, it glorifies the red suspender brigade. Eddie Sutherland is directing it

no avail. Even Rin-Tin-Tin has been kissed by sympathetic leading women. But not so with Ray.

He was a man apart. He noticed it when he went into his club. His actor friends would whisper over their lotto games, "Poor chap! Think what he has missed. He hasn't *lived*. He has never had a screen kiss."

But it's all changed now and Ray can walk into the club with head high and shoulders flung back. In "Time to Love" he had to kiss his leading lady, Vera Voronina, before the peeping lens.

AND then there is that enterprising young director of slam-bang Westerns and animal pictures, who asked Herbert Brenon if he might collaborate with him on "Sorrell and Son," "because I understand horses."

MARIETTA MILLNER has come to town from Vienna and Vera Voronina from Russia and Lena Malena from Berlin, to join Greta and Lya and Natli Barr and Maria Corda and Lil Dagovar and Nathalie Kovanko and Lupe Velez and Lil Dagovar. It looks like a long parched summer for the all-American gals.

CHEERY little item on the happy influence the Wampus boys have worked in the community. The Thirteen Baby Stars of 1927, selected at the time of the annual tussle, have not let the seeds of envy and rancor separate them, but have banded themselves into a little club with a golden "W" and the figures "13" and "27" worked in, as insignia. And they have parties and dances and everything.

Sally Rand of the De Mille playground is president, with Gladys McConnell as vice-president, and Adamae Vaughan as secretary. And it's all because of those dear Wampus boys.

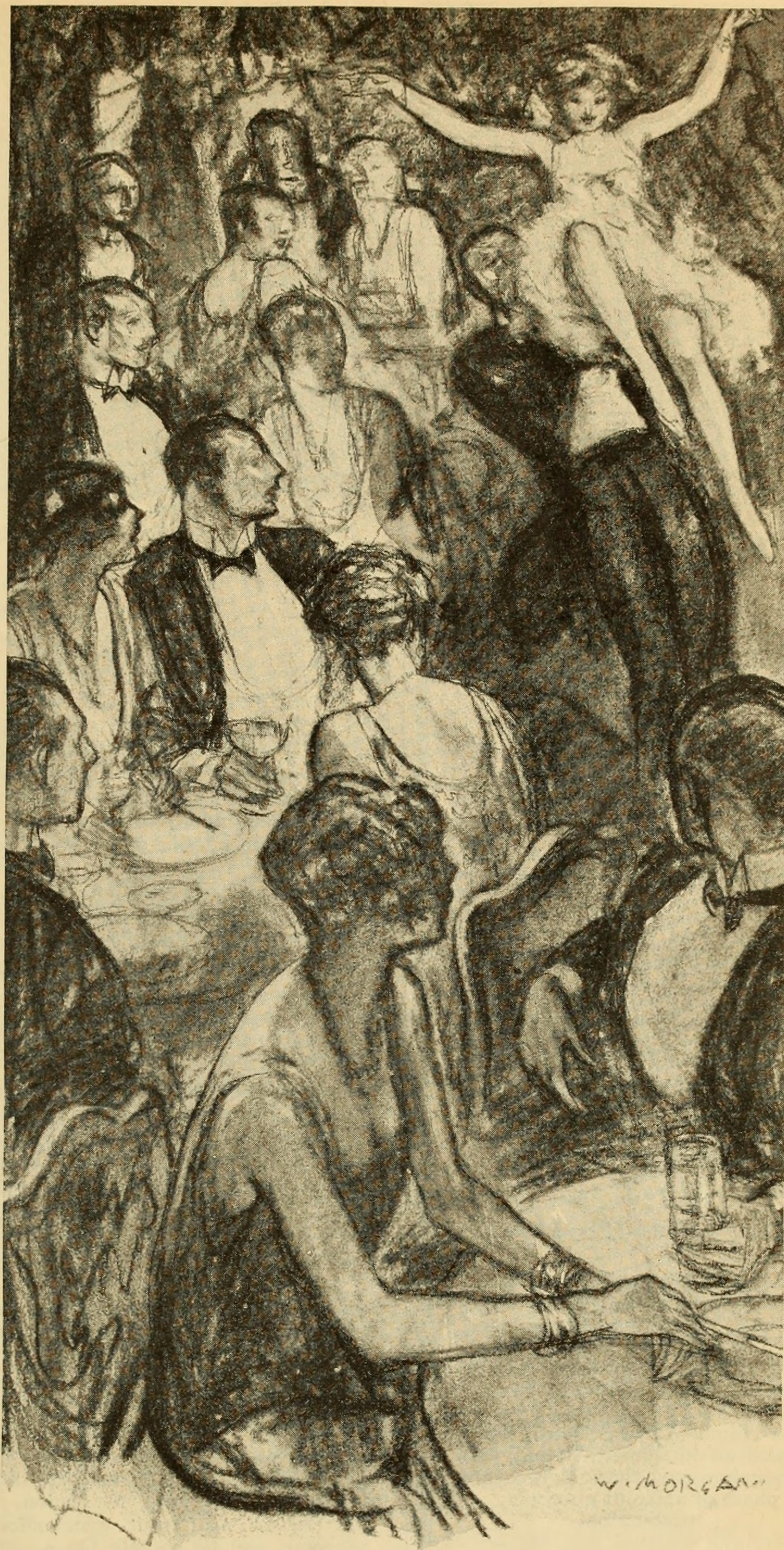
"I CHECKED myself up the other day and found that I have been smoking fifteen or sixteen cigars a day," Al Green, the director, told a group of his friends at lunch.

"A fellow has to ring a lot of canes to get that many cigars every day," Carl Harbaugh remarked.

RAY McKEE, that funny Sennett boy, whose favorite avocation is pulling bunnies from tall top hats and cards from sleeves, has probably the smallest theater in the world. Challengers will now step up!

It's in the basement of his home, twelve little wooden seats facing a gold-curtained stage, upon which Ray makes impressive appearances in mandarin coat and magician's paraphernalia, pausing now and then to leap into the tiny orchestra pit to give a one-man symphony. There is a projection machine, too, and he and Mrs. McKee, who used to be Marguerite Courtot, have their own small and select premieres.

JACK McDERMOTT, the flaming-haired young scenarist whose scenario of "Senorita" for Bebe Daniels won several back pats from Poppa Paramount, now has a dog named Nick. And it isn't named after Saint Nick or Lady Nicotine. But I'm getting ahead of my story.



. . . dozens of times you've noticed it. The climax of a long evening . . . a cabaret, crowded, warm . . . a merry party sitting close . . . bodies twist, necks crane to watch the entertainers. Something unpleasant creeps in. Under the arms, dampness . . . stains . . . inevitably, odor. Nature's sure reaction! But Nature never catches you off guard. Twice a week you, like millions of men and women the world over, use your Odorono for checking excessive perspiration and odor. That's what gives you your assurance—which soap and water can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.

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By

MORRIE RYSKIND
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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$2.50, for which please send me a copy of The Home Movie Scenario Book.

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City _____ State _____

Jack visited the dog pound and was won by the shaggy appeal of a big English sheep dog. But he had to wait twenty-four hours for a possible owner to call for him before he could claim him. Twenty-three and a half hours later Jack was at the pound.

"We've just sent the dog to the gas-house to be killed," Jack was told by an official with an errant watch. Jack jumped in his car and did an Oldfield to the mansion of death, just as the sheep dog was entering his third and last minute of life in the gas-filled room.

And that is why Jack calls him Nick . . . because he reached him in the nick-of-time.

BELIEVE it or not, a Los Angeles newspaper gives space in its Local Laugh section to the bright blurb from the infant who was asked by his mother what he had learned in Sunday School that Sabbath morn:

"Oh, we heard all about Bebe Daniels in the lions' den," replied the young picture addict.

THE latest in pillows, hemmed and shirred and tucked by Estelle Taylor's own fair hands. It's the "nightie pillow," and it has no feather filling, for after you remove your night garment you fold it neatly and insert it in the pink or blue or orchid satin case. Thereby forming what Estelle calls the "nightie pillow."

It is not only decorative, but useful, for it adds another cushion to the sea of lacy frilled things that billows over every well behaved bed.

BLAME it on Sam Messenheimer if you don't like the wry expression on Jack Gilbert's face in "Twelve Miles Out," or the soul-seared light in Renee Adoree's eyes. Sam, who throttles a set melodeon, is a composer of popular melody and every time he creates a new one he tries it on the actors first. If they like it, Sam beams. If they don't, it goes back for repairs. Appropriately, "Idolizin" is his latest.

RARE intuition on the part of "Scooter" Lowry, smallest and most acrobatic member of "Our Gang." He was twirling and twisting on a rail near Hal Roach's office. At the door stood Roach, talking with a business conferee. "Scooter," with small boy impetuosity, attempted to enter the conversation.

"Go on with your gymnastics, Scooter, and let us talk business," Roach admonished.

But "Scooter" kept on with his turns and talk.

"Keep still, 'Scooter'! I can't even think with all that noise."

"Scooter" arose with dignity—"How did I know you were trying to think?"

Roach and his friend retired to his private office.

A GORGEOUS first night, that of the Los Angeles opening of "Resurrection." It seemed to me that not a person missed it. The Criterion Theater lobby was a gleaming mass of ermine and orchids and diamonds and beauty.

Gloria Swanson, of course, with the Marquis. Her chanel red frock clung close to her figure, flaring like a lily about the knees, and her hair rippled to a low knot on her neck. Mary Pickford and Doug, Dolores del Rio and her husband, with the Edwin Carewes and Count and Countess Tolstoy; Vilma Banky with Rod LaRocque, Elinor Glyn in claret-colored satin, Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, the Duncan sisters—Rosetta in batik shawl, Vivian all poudre blue and dimples; Dorothy Mackaill and her husband, Lothar Mendez; Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue. And John T. Murray was master of ceremonies.

GERALD BEAUMONT, who is dead but whose stories go marching on, is the author of "Betty Is a Lady" in which Charlie Ray will play a prize-fighter and James Gleason, who wrote the stage play, "Is Zat So?" will play his manager.

Twice each week, after he's finished a hard day's work as a prize-fighter, Ray goes to his vocal teacher and sounds his A. He's having his voice trained so that he'll be able to lift it with some credit in a musical comedy he has in mind and in which he's long wanted to appear.

LYA DE PUTTI journeyed down to a cold-storage warehouse in Hollywood to store her fur coats for the summer. Lya, it must be admitted, felt rather proud, for among her coats were three of ermine, one of chinchilla, one of broadtail, two of caracul and three other furs just for casual morning wear.

"Have you room for ten coats all from one actress?" asked Lya.

The storage man gazed at Lya down his nose. "Ten?" he said. "Say, come look at Constance Talmadge's lot. She's got forty-seven coats stored here with us."

EVIDENTLY having exhausted the possibilities of the boundless deep, John Bowers, once one of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen in the Hollywood colony, has put the old schooner on the shelf and has bought a ranch. There, between pictures, he and his wife, Marguerite de la Motte, raise oranges.

Another actor lately to become a rancher is Noah Beery. But he never did like the water—the scowling Noah being one of the few heavies in pictures who has never learned to swim. Well, the original Noah made quite a name for himself in his day without having to swim, either.

THE Hollywood Business Men's Association put up a big tent recently on the lot at Vine street and Sunset boulevard, where the Famous Players-Lasky Studio formerly stood, and in the tent they held a week-long exposition, one feature of which was a voting contest to elect the Queen of Hollywood, whatever that means.

Which is where Belle Bennett comes in. She wasn't a candidate for the job of royalty, but she was brought on the stage the night of the election and asked to

make a speech about anything she wanted to make a speech about it. What she did was to deliver an impassioned address in favor of a friend of hers, an extra girl who was running for Queen.

The speech made a great hit with this friend, but none of the other fifty or sixty candidates rushed up to kiss Belle Bennett when she finished it. And the loyal Miss Bennett's friend is still running.

ALONG with your summer vacation plans, here is something else to meditate upon. Who was the first motion picture pioneer? Friends of Scott Sidney, the director, maintain he was, for back in '96 he ran a motion picture show at an exposition in Nashville, Tenn.

I nominate Terry Ramsaye, the industry's historian, as referee, for there's bound to be a battle.

SAD news of little Mary Kornman who formerly reigned as Queen of "Our Gang." She and Mickey Daniels—and I just learned today that Mickey is one of seventeen energetic offspring, all delightfully freckled—have been Orpheum-ing the country. The rigors of it were a bit strenuous and Mary has returned to Hollywood to get long hours of sleep and many glasses of hot milk.

Mickey, in the meantime, has taken himself another partner in the dimpled Peggy Eames, an eight year old acrobatic dancer, and is touring the provinces.

Tips for Amateur Movie Contestants

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Better read Rule No. 2 on this point. It covers every problem of the contestant. Do not rush your contest films. You have until midnight of December 31st to submit your film. Take your time with it. Get it in the best shape possible. Reshoot scenes when they fail to measure up to your expectations. Don't be satisfied until the result meets all your tests.

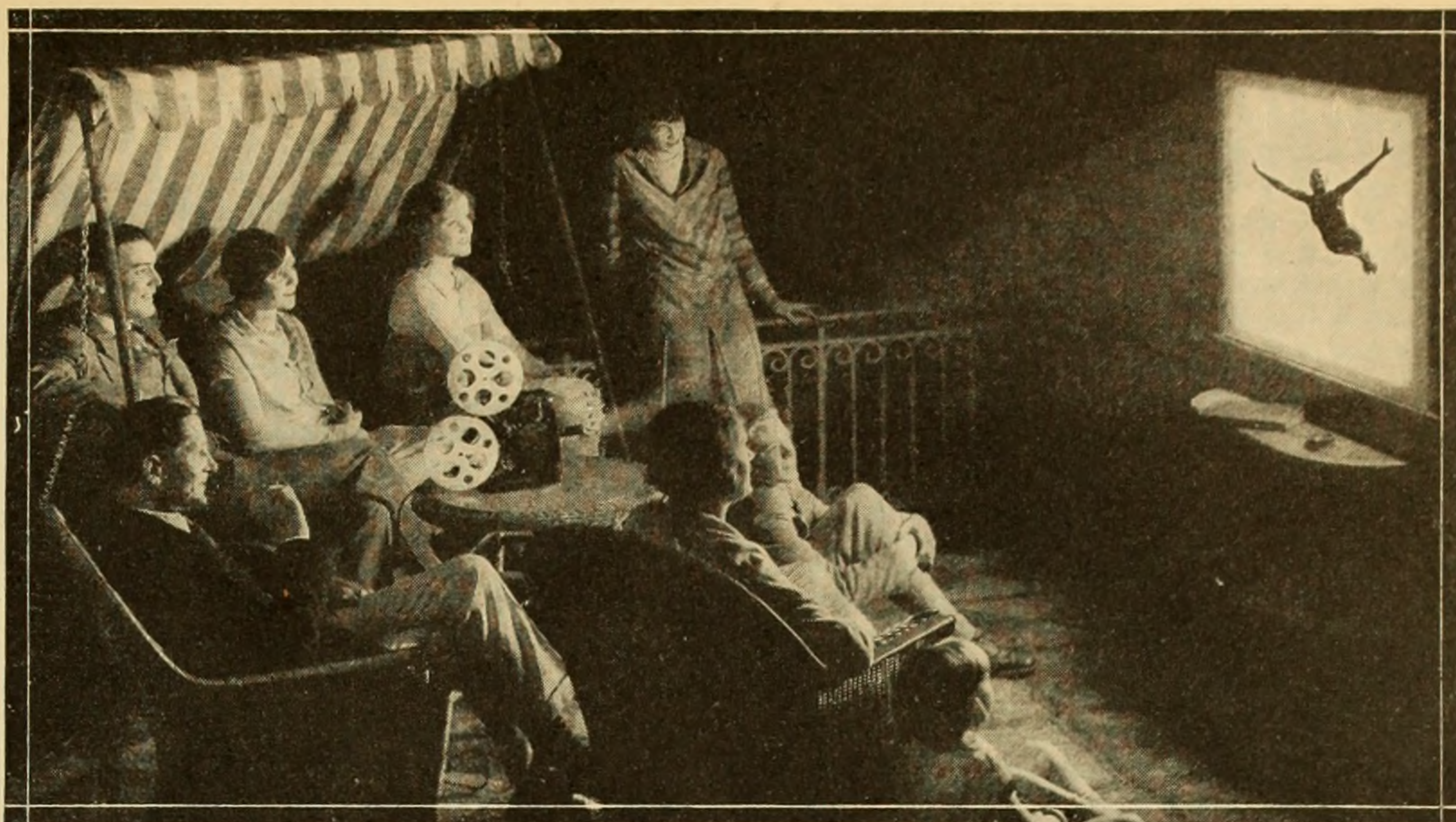
Be sure to study the rules carefully.

Amateur Movies for Vacation Days

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

PHOTOPLAY's Amateur Movie Contest. An interesting entry could be made of a fishing or hunting trip, a motor tour or a vacation abroad. You might even win one of the prizes, thus cutting down or eliminating your 1927 vacation costs.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 106, 107 and 108



A New Thrill millions may now enjoy

Today Home Movies with Ciné-Kodak are as easy to make as the simplest snapshots

YOU'VE ridden 60 miles an hour in an automobile. You've listened to radio concerts 1,000 miles away. You've read about wireless photographs and television. Now, here's a thrill that's different from any you've ever known before.

Movies—real movies—of people you know, children you love, places you go—are now easy to make and show right on your own silver screen.

Home Movie Making—Simplified

Eastman scientists have made Home Movies as easy to take as the simplest snapshots.

You sight your camera either from waist height or eye level. As you press a button, a shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on your film.

Then, no troublesome developing. No mistakes. "You press the button—we do the rest." We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you. And you are ready to make romance, adventure, sports and humor live again on your screen. Crisp and clear the scene flashes itself in swift light and shade upon your silver screen. The

amateur actors re-act their parts. "Your own movies!" It is all as easy as that.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, comedy, drama, cartoons, travel, are now available at your dealer's. Price \$7.50 per reel, which becomes a permanent feature of your film library.

Full length films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured at a modest rental from the nearest Kodoscope Library.

Complete Outfit Now Costs Only \$140

Today a complete Ciné-Kodak outfit, for movie taking and projection, may be had for as little as \$140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the famous yellow box.

Thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to show and explain the Ciné-Kodak to you. See your dealer or write us for the new Ciné-Kodak booklet.

Ciné-Kodak

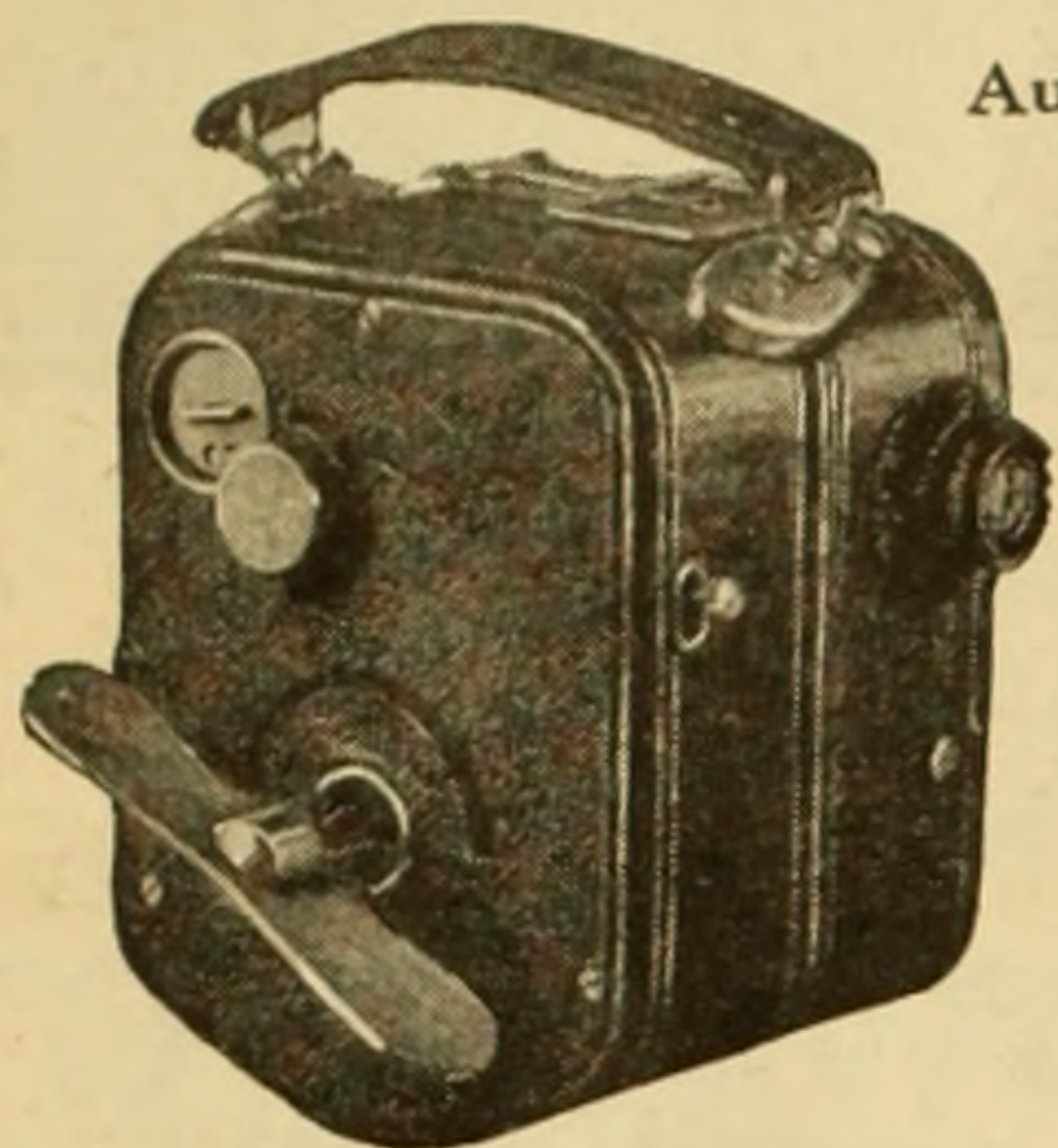
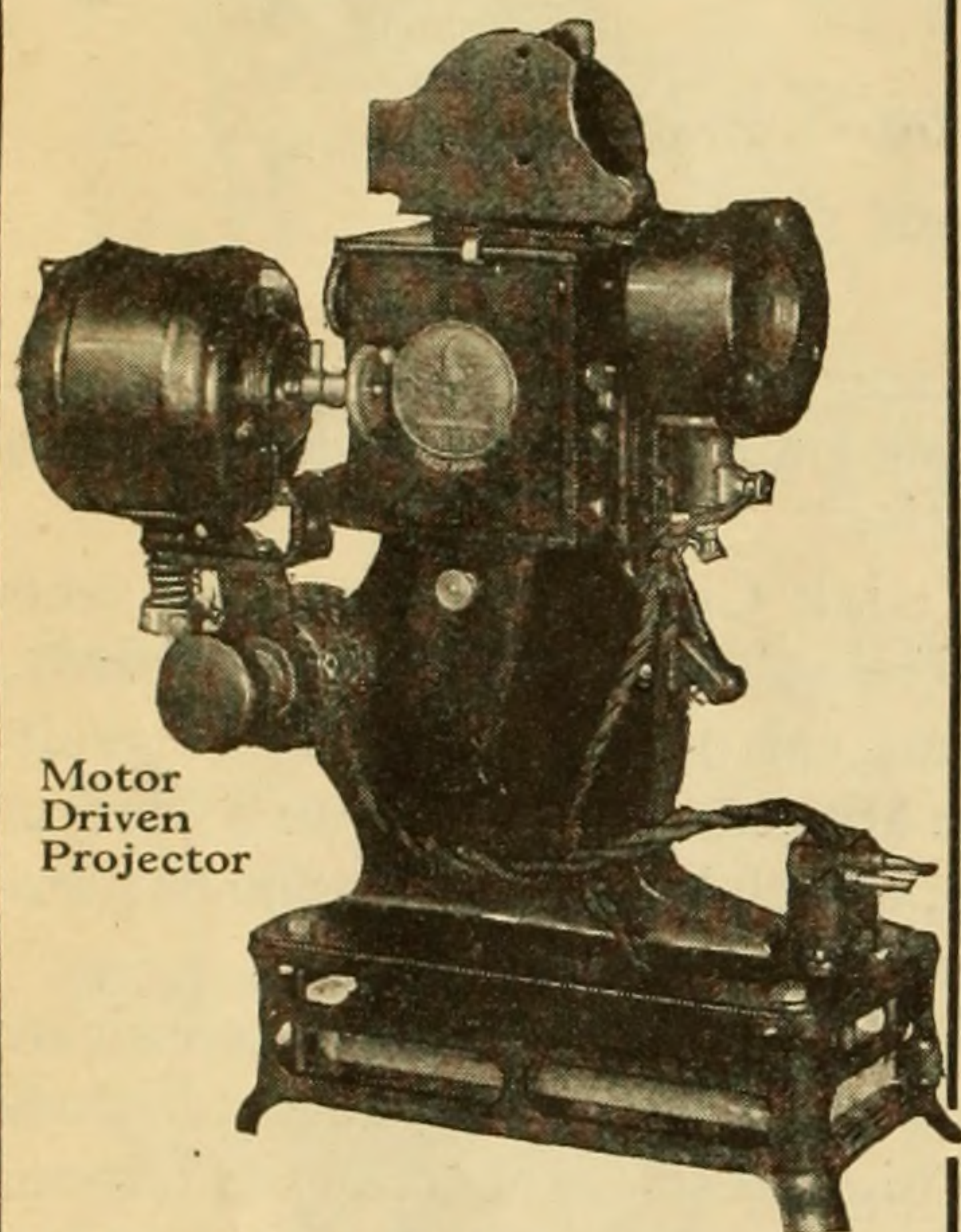
The Simplest of all Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. M, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....



Make better Movies at lower cost with Pathex

Automatic
CameraMotor
Driven
Projector

The CAMERA

equipped with F3.5 lens—is simple and automatic—just a few seconds to load—aim and press the button—that's all!

The PROJECTOR

motor driven, enables you to show your own and Pathex Library films. Operates from ordinary lighting current.

500 ASSORTED REELS

in the Pathex Library offering a vast range of subjects, all up-to-date entertainment for young and old.

YOUR FILMS

are developed and returned free.

NON-INFLAMMABLE FILMS

only are sold for use with Pathex.

Demonstration at your dealer's or write to us for illustrated booklet.

PATHEX, Inc.

A Subsidiary of Pathe Exchange, Inc.
35 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

SUPPOSE, when you first became interested in the radio, you were able to see the foremost radio experts at work and to observe their finished efforts. Suppose, being a tennis or golf devotee, you were able to be present every day when the stars of these sports practiced and played in competition. Imagine what you could have gained from watching them.

Think, then, how easy it is for the movie amateur to obtain practical instruction from the foremost motion picture experts. A motion picture experiment, running in cost from \$200,000 to \$3,000,000 is being shown in your neighborhood screen theater or the big downtown film house in your community every night.

Here is your opportunity to get first-hand instruction from all the film leaders of Hollywood.

At your next photoplay, watch the acting, the length of the scenes, the use of camera angles and the other items now of tremendous interest to movie amateurs. See an important film two or three times. Study the editing and titling. Watch how the titles are cut in, how they are used to clarify and strengthen the plot and to cover gaps.

Observe the technique and style of the various directors.

OPINIONS have been expressed that the growth of the movie amateur will deplete audiences in the professional screen theaters.

Every new invention and every new

adventure in mechanics has been met by similar cries from pessimists.

Rutgers Neilson, of Pathex, Inc., meets these arguments tersely:

"Amateur movies are a helpful stimulant for the older amusement that brings countless joy to millions.

"Let us compare parallel conditions in other fields of amusement.

"Do amateur theatricals deplete the Broadway theaters of audiences? They do not.

"Amateurs go to professional shows and study. They profit by the experience of those in the know.

"Observe the audiences that sit spellbound during the dance recitals of Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. You will find many student dancers present to observe the technique of the masters.

"You will notice vocal students at every song recital.

"Like the dancer, the singer and other students of an art, the embryo movie maker must observe the work of professionals.

"The average movie fan goes to see one picture once. It is only in the case of some outstanding epics, like 'The King of Kings' or 'The Big Parade' that he will attempt to see it again and again. With a deeper understanding of screen art and a strong desire to figure out its meaning, he will go two or three times to see one picture.

"Yes, undoubtedly amateur movie making is a boon to the parent art—the big time cinema."

Photoplay's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
 1. \$500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
 2. \$500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
 3. \$500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
 4. \$500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of \$500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and

addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.



Eugenia Gilbert, star in Pathe comedies, uses a Pathex

Here is an interesting adventure with an amateur movie camera, recounted by E. W. Howe, in *The Miami Herald*:

"It is a wonderful world (as has been remarked before). I lately visited at a home in Miami, and saw a display of amateur moving pictures made with one of the machines one sees so generally advertised. During the hurricane on the 18th of September, the house was not very hard hit, and someone trained the machine on the street.

"In no moving picture theater have I ever seen anything so wonderful; it was like watching the storm from a safe and dry place.

"The house happened to be located at a good place for recording the storm, and I saw the water pouring over the sea wall; the streets flooded; waves running in the streets as at sea; a boat cast up out of the bay and floating along the street; great trees snapped off.

"And it was all done with a machine anyone can operate."

Doubtless a lot of sensational films were made by amateurs during the recent Mississippi river floods.

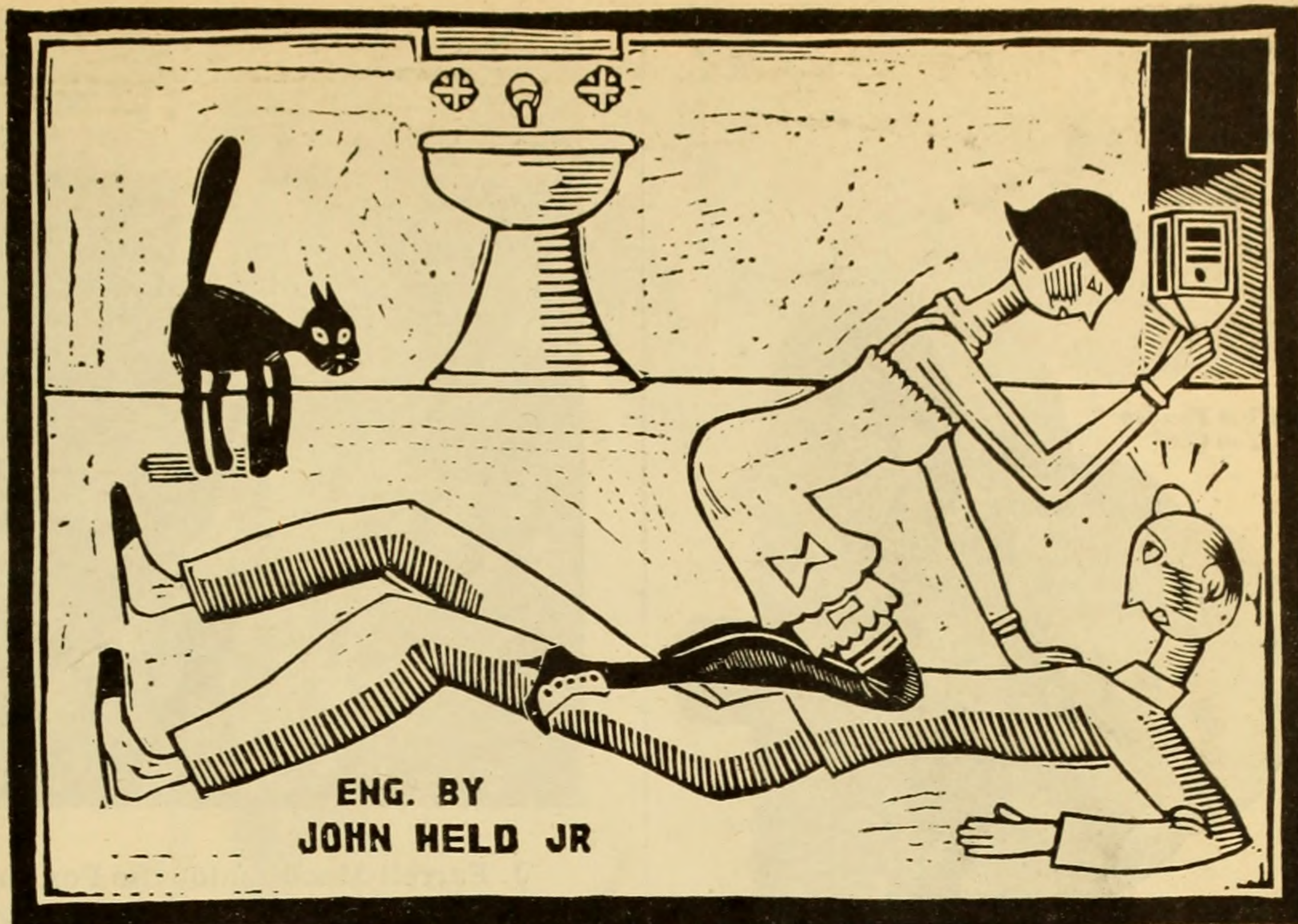
HAVE you tried your movie camera on baseball?

With the aid of a telephoto lens fitting to your camera, you can get sensational shots of the big league stars, if you take reasonable care.

The editor of this department got some good shots of Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins and others when the American League Baseball season opened in New York with New York and Philadelphia in combat. A 4-inch lens was used.

Although a tripod is best for use with a telephoto lens, satisfactory scenes can be caught if the operator's arms are rested against the seat arms.

IF you own one of those neat Bell and Howell subtitle outfits, this is the time to catch some striking studies of flower petals opening as the blossoms burst into bloom.



ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR



Caught in the act again! The *second* time Reginald has swiped—yea, *stolen* Veronica's pet bottle of Hinds Cream. Soothed his face just wonderful after shaving, said Reginald. Veronica, flushed with her victory, suddenly got big-hearted and soothed his wounds with her own fragrant Hinds. But, did he buy a bottle of his own? He did!

Use my Hinds again, will you!

After all, you can't blame even the fondest of wives. The sad scene above is but an organized counter-attack by thousands of otherwise ladies against the growing national menace to their personal bottles of Hinds Cream.

But then, why blame the *men* for discovering right on their own bathroom shelves a real *before* and *after-shave* that will bring the tenderest skin to terms?

Men! If you want the thrill of a smooth, relaxed cheek and jowl, swipe the wife's bottle of Hinds. Rub it into your beard *before* you lather; add a little more *after* shaving. It's *worth* a battle! Or play safe and send for a sample bottle and a clever non-theft device that will *keep* your Hinds beside your soap and razor.

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company

In Canada: A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited

A word to the wives:

Keep peace in the family. Buy your husband a bottle of Hinds Cream for his own. And show him the little trick of rubbing in Hinds Cream until his fingers begin to cling.

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Before and After Shaving



LEHN & FINK, Inc., (Sole Distributors)
Dept. 497, Bloomfield, N. J.

I want to keep peace in the family! Send me that non-theft device and the sample bottle of Hinds Cream to try.

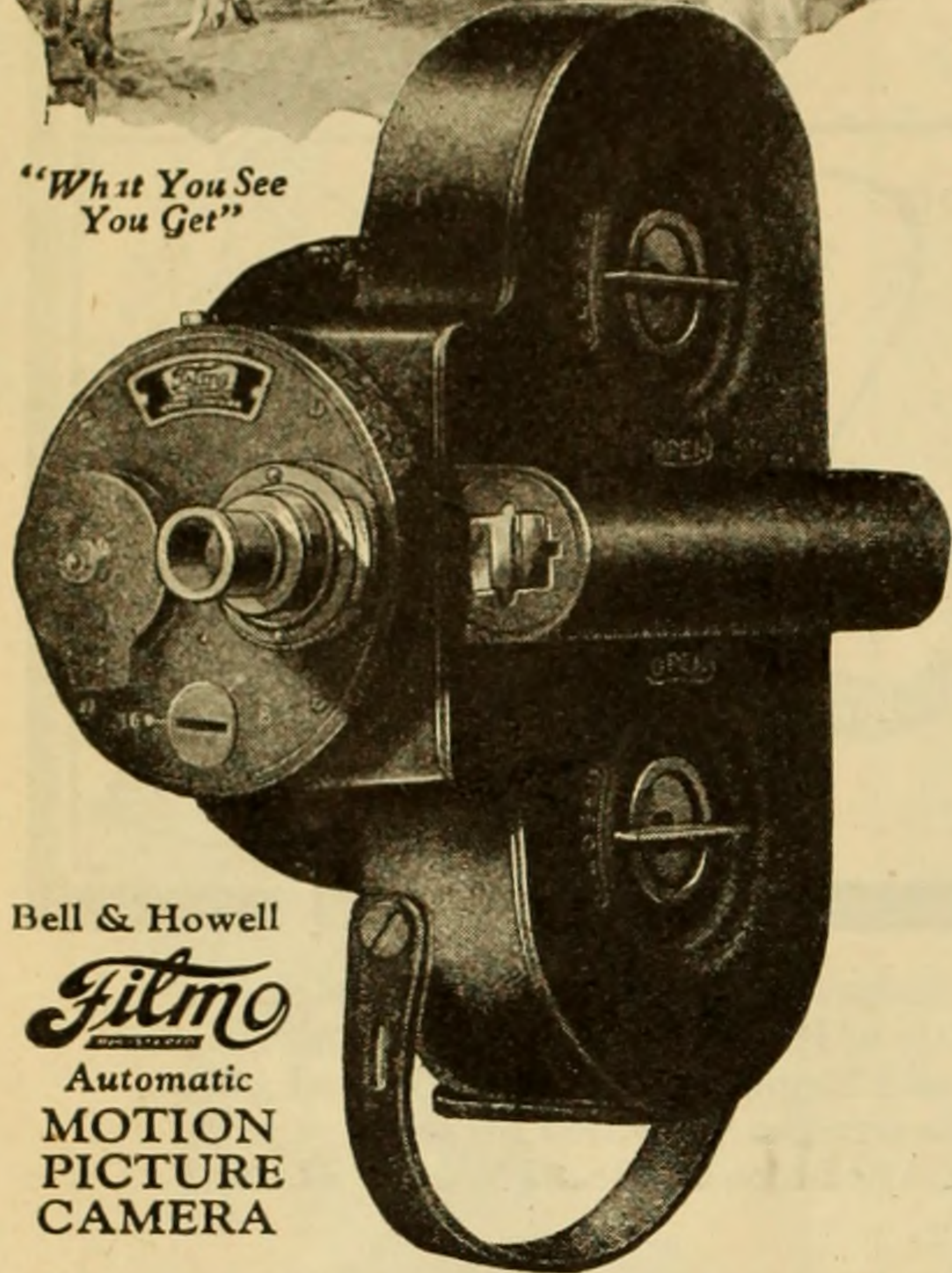
Name.....

Address.....

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"What You See
You Get"



Bell & Howell
Filmo
Automatic
MOTION
PICTURE
CAMERA

**for Real Summer Thrills
take MOTION PICTURES
with this camera**

WHEN you go boating, fishing, riding, swimming, golfing—you're missing the biggest thrill of all if you fail to take your own Filmo motion pictures.

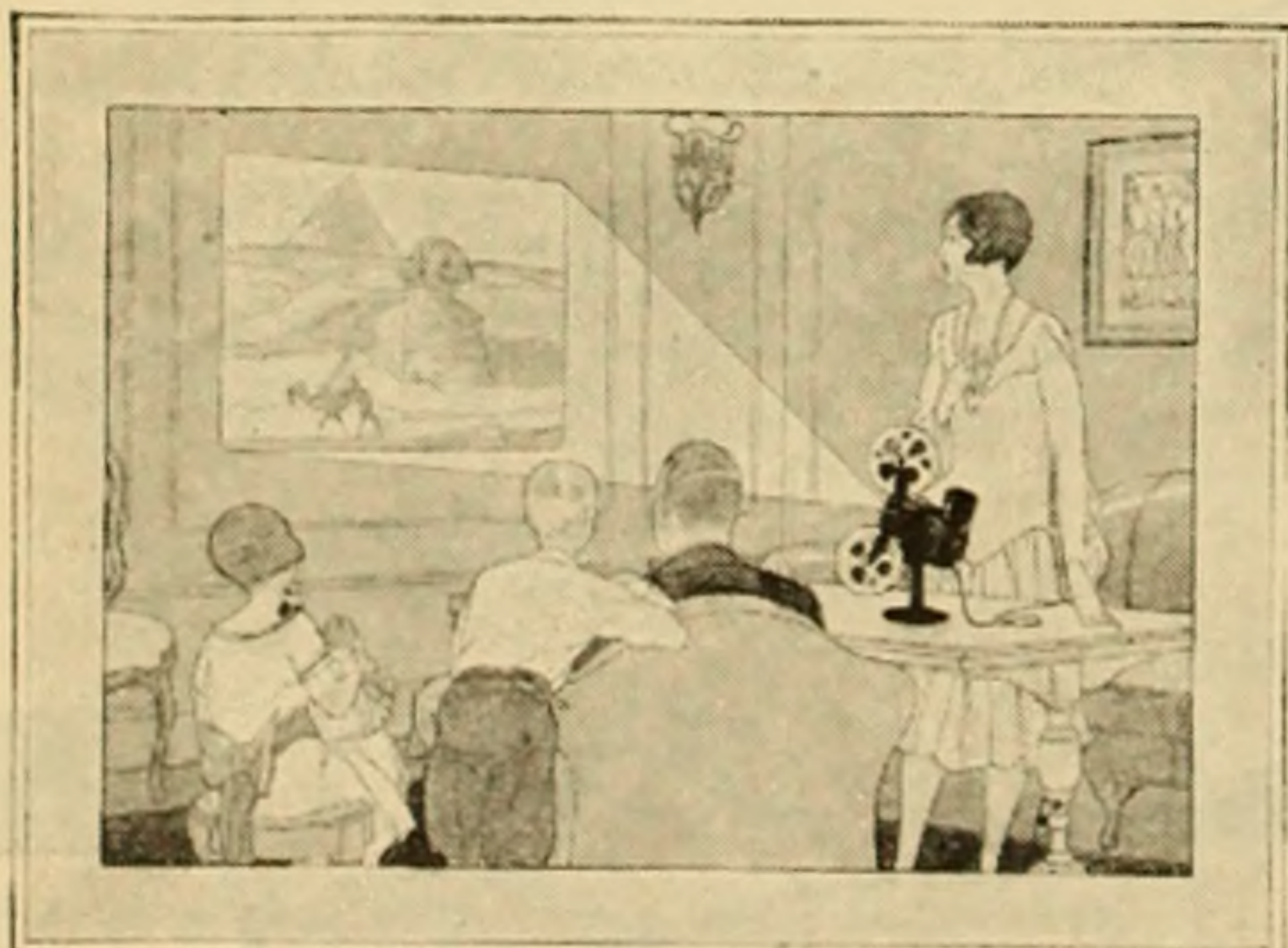
It's so easy! Simply look through Filmo's spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. Two simple operations. That's all. And you are taking movies as sharp and clear as those shown in best theatres everywhere. No focusing, cranking, tripod or other inconvenience.

In Filmo you find exclusive features developed by Bell & Howell's 20 years experience in making cameras and equipment used by leading motion picture producers all over the world. The Filmo booklet, sent on request, describes these features in simple language.

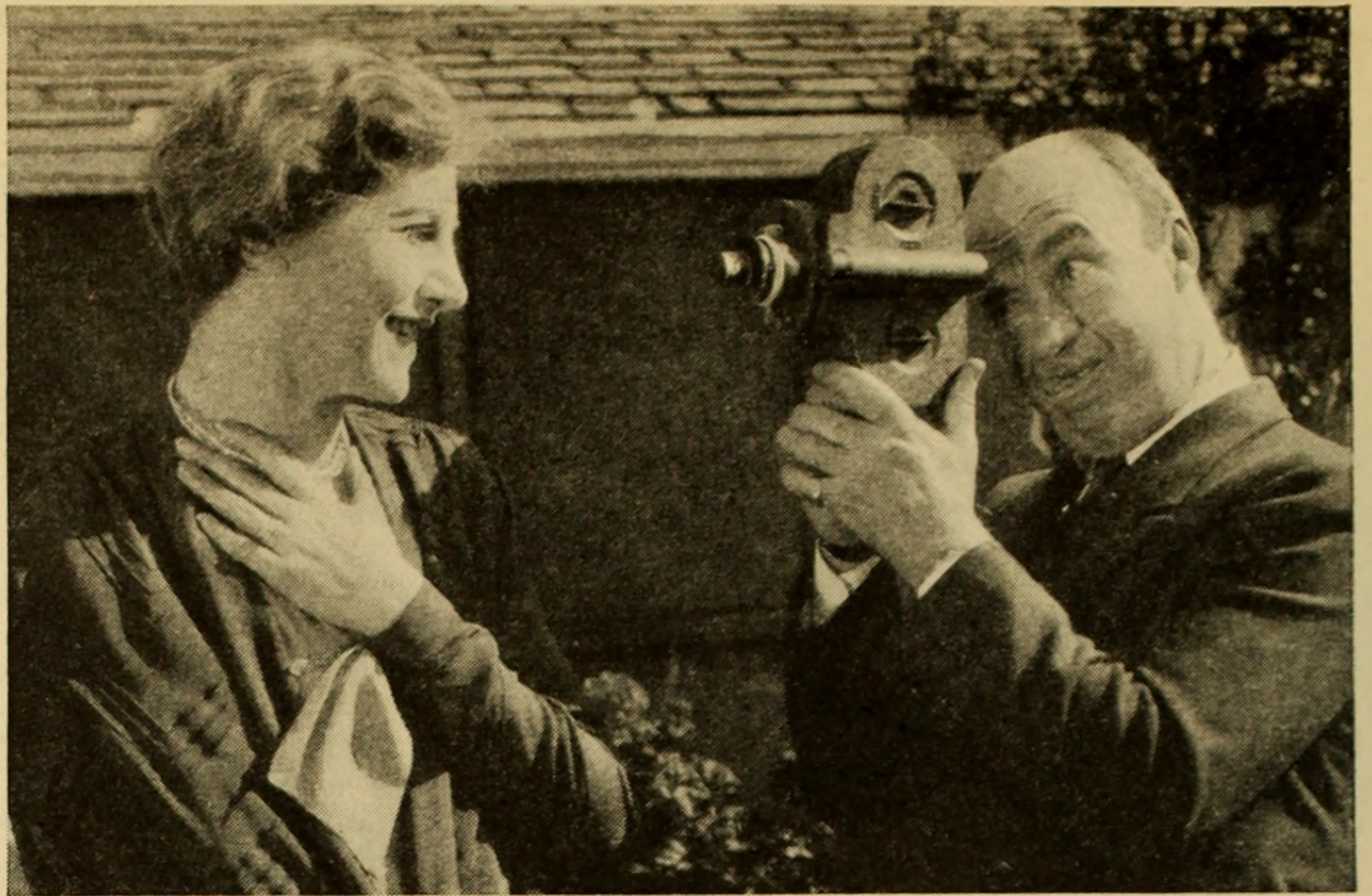
Eastman Safety Film [16 mm.]—in the yellow box—used in Filmo camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Write for descriptive Filmo booklet "What You See You Get" telling the whole interesting story.

BELL & HOWELL CO.
1826 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
New York · Hollywood · London · Established 1907



Showing movies at home with Filmo Automatic Projector



J. Farrell Macdonald, the Fox character comedian, uses an Eyemo. Here he is getting a close-up of Mrs. Macdonald

Set your camera as for a subtitle. Fold back the title rack and place your flower, cut to get in range and set in water. Shoot a few inches of film every hour or so, much as you would do making an animated subtitle. Be careful not to move your outfit or to disturb the position of the flower. Continue until your bud is open. The resultant film will show you a flower opening in continuous motion,

just as professional films reveal it. A new volume of interest to film amateurs has just appeared. It is "The Home Movie Scenario Book," by Morris Ryskind, C. F. Stevens and James Englander. This carries a large number of plots for amateur production, as well as a vast amount of advice and information on the various phases of amateur photoplay production.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

An Up-to-date Pastor

Tarboro, N. C.

I feel that you should know what pictures have meant to our church. Our rector, Rev. B. Brown, has seen fit to recognize this as an age of speed. The question that confronts us is: how are we going to lift the morality of the country to higher principles of living? Rev. Brown struck the keynote of interest when he introduced good, humorous, spiritual pictures in the Parish House Sunday nights. Not always strictly religious pictures, but good moral ones, such as Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American," Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself," Harold Lloyd in "For Heaven's Sake," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Call of the Wild."

As pictures are one of our largest industries sometimes used by man and Devil for worthless purposes, why should they not occupy their place for good in our churches?

MRS. WALTER C. HARGROVE.

Blame the Theater Owner

Lincoln, Neb.

From my observation, I have come to the conclusion that the average movie patron is of ordinary intelligence and fair education, at least enough to know that the Great Stone Face does not refer to President Coolidge. But there is certainly some vital quality lacking when a theater owner is forced to send out the warning: "Don't book it, brother, unless you want to make a handsome contribution to Art," about such a wonderful, inspiring and enduring creation as "Beau Geste."

Being unequal to the task of assigning a reason for this, I leave it up to the psychologists. What is the matter with the American public?

OPAL L. PAAP.

She Is Out of the Picture

Hollywood, Calif.

Well, I see by the pages of your magazine that five more Germans have arrived to star in American films—but the most laughable example of this extremity is an account in a Los Angeles paper which tells of United Artists pains in importing and signing a young lady from Germany—only to find upon her arrival here that she was a former American chorus girl with a particularly notorious past—"Bubbles" Wilson. It would seem that an excellent way for American boys and girls to gain an opportunity in American films would be to go to Germany and get "imported," the only difficulty being that the Germans do not employ many players other than their own nationality.

ALICA MOORE.

Casey Strikes Out!

Tampa, Fla.

I'm betting three doughnuts to a pie that if a prize was to be awarded for the most absurd and ridiculous picture of the century, "Casey at the Bat" would get it. Anyone who has seen this slam at our intelligence and contended it a "supreme performance for Wallace Beery"—or "the best thing he ever did"—should slide back into their cocoon and wait a couple more seasons.

F. J. G.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the host had already been seated, for a sector of his grapefruit had been eaten, the coffee poured and a scone buttered.

The guest glanced at his watch. "No—it is 8:03—three minutes late—sorry, but I caught a taxi driver who never heard of George Eastman or where he lived."

This drew a thin smile. Possibly Eastman would admit that he is fairly well known in Rochester, although he is so guarded he might not. Anyway he rose casually to the sally. "There is a taxi strike and there are some new drivers in town." He turned his attention to the coffee and another touch of the very yellow cream.

The tones of the concealed organ rose from a far faintness to a subdued crescendo and lulled again. Eastman paused, contemplatively, listening. His eyes swept up to the banked drift of flowers before him. The coffee was excellent, even to the third cup. A humidior laden with cigarettes appeared, and Eastman produced a slender onyx holder, with a trick ejector tip, gold and delicately ornamented. He fitted the cigarette to the tip with deft care and leaned back to enjoyment.

There were long pauses in the idling time at the table, but filled with the flood of music. George Eastman is not fond of talking. He is most likely the world's best listener.

ALL of that great mansion on Rochester's East Avenue seemed redolent with extreme comfort glamoured with magnificence, yet a restrained magnificence, a subdued splendor here and there almost gay but never conscious—the whole reflecting most accurately the man who has made this home. It seemed very like him, with his dark business suit of grey, his slightly sprightly vest and really merry scarf set off with a great plum of an iridescent black pearl.

This morning late in March is typical of the beginning of each day in the life of George Eastman, the great unknown figure and personality who has these thirty odd years been the Atlas, the personified foundation, of the world of the motion picture. He, in Eastman film, is the weaver of the magic carpet of the screen, the bearer of dreams to a wishful world. The name of Eastman, on films and kodaks and cameras, has for nearly four decades been one of the most widely known on earth. His wealth, his tremendous munificences and charities have marked him for fame, but it has been a strangely impersonal fame. The public which knows the name Eastman so well knows the man Eastman not at all. This is as he would have it. He lives alone, with and within himself, and happily.

The little that the world knows of Eastman is of a stern, exacting materialist, rigid in his demands upon himself,



If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other* face powder.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is a splendid powder base cream. It vanishes instantly, cools and refreshes the skin and keeps the pores of normal size. You can try this cream on the same plan as Powder. It must delight you, or your money will be returned.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are medium weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

Get This Week End Set—



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and FIVE other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

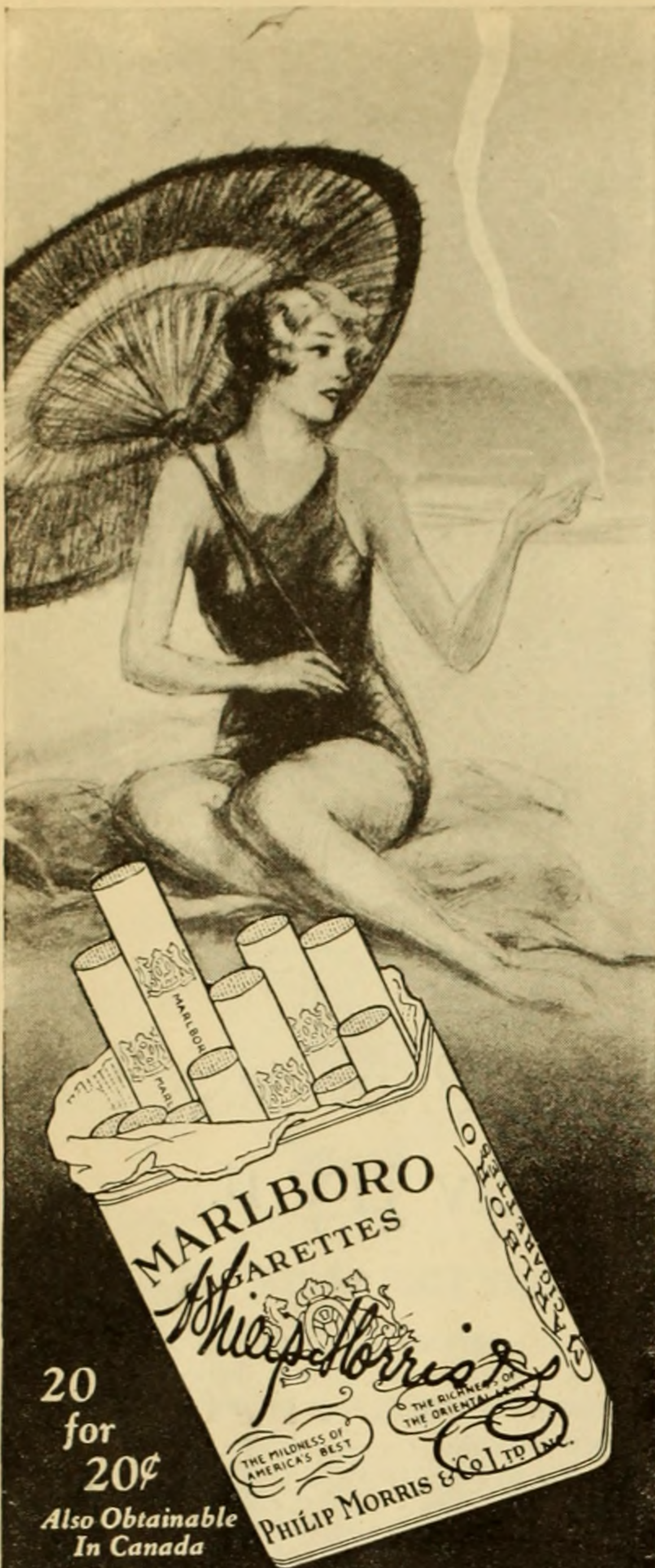
PRINCESS PAT LTD.,

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1257, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....



On the beach and at Casinos — on Fifth Avenue and in their homes—connoisseurs of cigarettes agree.

That is why the delightful Marlboro blend . . . so mild and yet so rich . . . wins instant favor with discriminating smokers everywhere.

Marlboro Bridge Score sent free upon request.

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Always fresh—
Wrapped in heavy foil.

Created by

PHILIP MORRIS & Co., LTD Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. K, New York

upon his organization, his products and even his customers, too. In no other such institution as the Eastman Kodak Company will one find such discipline of discretion, such guarded correspondence, such cautious statements, such limited promises, such conservative advertising and such formal literature.

It is all as neat, concise, elegant. The company reiterates the man, whose self mastery dominates and rules an industry with twenty thousand workers, circling the globe with factories enough to make a large city.

But in truth that is not the inner Eastman at all. The Eastman of industry is the outward shell of the man, the social and commercial armor of a sensitive romanticist and sentimentalist, a shy, proud bit of a poet-adventurer stung into wariness and success by a bitter world. Eastman is the culmination of Yankee heritages, a true descendant of that Roger Eastman, of the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony of 1638.

BUT this sublimated son of a Puritan has a Benvenuto Cellini in his heart, betrayed only rarely to inquiring eyes by the exotic indulgences of his inner life. It is revealed in hints as one finds vine leaves carved into the severity of a Salem mantel.

Quite possible George Eastman may be the last great Yankee American. He pertains to that America which began to dim and fade and pass in the middle eighties when industrialism opened the gates to the invading immigrants who have Europeanized and Orientalized these United States into a caricature of the nation of the founders. It is paradoxical that this supremely American American should now as the maker of motion picture films have provided the very medium which has perhaps been the most potent single force in the Orientalization of the United States. The motion picture in its content and taste and spirit and thought—if any—is everything that Eastman and the social forces which evolved him are not.

Yet without Eastman the coming of the screen might have been long delayed. He has had all the luck in the world, by never trusting to it. He started with nothing and never took a chance, and on that system has earned for himself wealth which has been guessed at a hundred and fifty million dollars, besides fortunes for investors and associates. There is something in that for plungers and gamblers to meditate about.

For the thirty years of the history of the motion picture Eastman film has been the only non-speculative fact of the art, the only element that could never under any condition be permitted to fail. Civilization, in its material aspects at least, is but a system of eliminating chance. Eastman's film, in its amazing intricacy of colloidal complexities and chemical perfections, is a material epitome of science-culture.

Looking back into Eastman's life and his formative years one discovers there the influence which shaped his pattern of performance, his bents and traits that have decided everything for him. He was born in the town of Waterville, New

George Washington Eastman and Maria Kilbourn Eastman. His father was a modest success. Six years later Eastman's parents removed to Rochester and there his father established a tree nursery and a business college.

After a year in Rochester George Washington Eastman died, and when the estate was settled, there was next to nothing left.

"It is not the improvident paupers who are poor," observes George Eastman. "The really poor are those who have had and lost—those with tastes and appreciations and ideals that they can not even hope ever to satisfy."

There were hard years now for Maria Kilbourn Eastman, the widow and her boy of seven. She met the problem of a living and a home for the boy by operating a boarding house in Rochester. She kept the lad in school until he was fourteen. He started to work then in an insurance office at \$3 a week, studying accounting at nights. Six years later he was a junior clerk in a saving bank at \$800 a year and when he left the bank seven years later he had saved \$3,000. If you want to know what a dollar is worth ask the man who has saved one.

And if you wonder about the stern absoluteness of George Eastman's codes and conduct, reflect upon the moulding pressures of banking house exactions in the '70s and the formative influences of mother love intensified by adversity. It was decided for George Eastman then what manner of man he should be. And it was decided then, somehow, in the mutual devotions of those years, that there should be only one woman of importance in George Eastman's life, his mother.

IN the living room, where we sat facing a glowing friendship fire of hard maple logs, the mantel bears seven photographic portraits of Maria Kilbourn Eastman, and another, a daguerreotype, of her with George Washington Eastman.

"I am sorry now that I did not take her name, too." Eastman was pensive for the moment. "I should have called myself George Kilbourn Eastman."

No doubt the new psychology, which takes us all apart, can explain the Eastman worship of the letter "K," enshrined in "Kodak" and its derivatives, as the expression of a mother complex. But it is explainable too in the simpler terms of a less analytical day as filial devotion, as the appreciation of a grateful son.

Anyway "K" is a symbol of strength and beauty and perfection to Eastman, and the while a tribute to the memory of Maria Kilbourn.

In this room with its many pictures of her were numerous vases of carnations, white and pink, suggesting that perhaps they were favorites with her.

The splendors of this setting of the Eastman residence made a spectacularly dramatic background for reflection on the earlier chapters of the life story brought to climax here. This dwelling was completed in 1906, a little more than a year before the death of Maria Kilbourn Eastman. It is said to have cost a million, which was a deal of money in 1906.

"It must," the visitor ventured, "have been a big satisfaction to you to have

been able to give your mother this home."

"Yes," Eastman assented, and then smiled a thin wistful smile, "but do you know it did not seem to make so much of an impression on her after all. She was pleased that I had succeeded, that was all."

Eastman stopped to toy with his cigarette holder again and to light another smoke with careful deliberation. He was thinking of something very earnestly. Eastman is inclined to do some thinking always before he says anything.

"I was just remembering," he said after a silence, "the time I got my first million. It was back about '98, when I had reorganized the company, and the British Kodak Company, too. I came home from London with, among other things, a million dollars in cash. I had had plenty of money before that, but this was, I felt, really my first million, in cash, all mine and not in the business, I was proud of it. I hurried home to Rochester and out to see mother.

"'MOTHER,' I said, 'we have got a whole million dollars now,' and I told her of the London transaction. She just looked up and said, 'That's nice, George,'—and she never mentioned it again."

Most likely there were not surprises in the success of her son for the Maria Kilbourn who bore him and reared him and watched over the trying, hard years of his boyhood, and after that the saving, striving years of his work and research. The success of George Eastman is an aftermath from the investment of the wealth of sacrificing mother love that Maria Kilbourn poured into his life.

While Eastman was working in the bank about 1878, he decided to take his first real vacation, a trip to San Domingo, which was in the limelight of the day because the Grant administration was projecting an important naval base there. A friend suggested that Eastman should take a camera and record reported scenic beauties of the island. This was the deciding moment in the fortunes of Eastman. He got a camera. There were only two other amateur photographers in Rochester. He paid one of them five dollars to teach him to use his camera. It seems to have been worth it. But photography was complex, messy and difficult then. It depended on wet plates which had to be coated in a dark room immediately before use. The processes were uncertain and the possibilities of the camera were extremely limited. Eastman became so immersed in the problems of photography that he did not get to San Domingo. He took a short trip to Mackinac in Michigan instead, making pictures there, with a little black tent darkroom. He had now a new interest. This photographic thing was entirely too much trouble. He would simplify it.

Eastman acquired such literature on photography as could be had. He studied encyclopedias and tinkered. He built a workshop in the attic at his mother's home and made his apparatus as he went along. His first masterpiece of construction was a ruby lamp, with copper flashed red glass and a lantern within it for illu-

at the sign of the first gray hair

NOTOX



HANS
FLATO

My—how the times have changed!

IT is hard to believe that a few short years back, women—perhaps you, yourself—looked on a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, as signs of skittishness, and a bobbed head as evidence of a freakish brain.

Times have changed—ideas too. If once it were considered unfair to turn back the years, today it is certainly a sign of bad taste to let mere years betray you. If once gray hair was an accepted misfortune—today, no woman will wantonly permit it to mar her youthful charm. Today, with the discovery of the natural corrective, Notox—*gray hair swiftly surrenders to science.*

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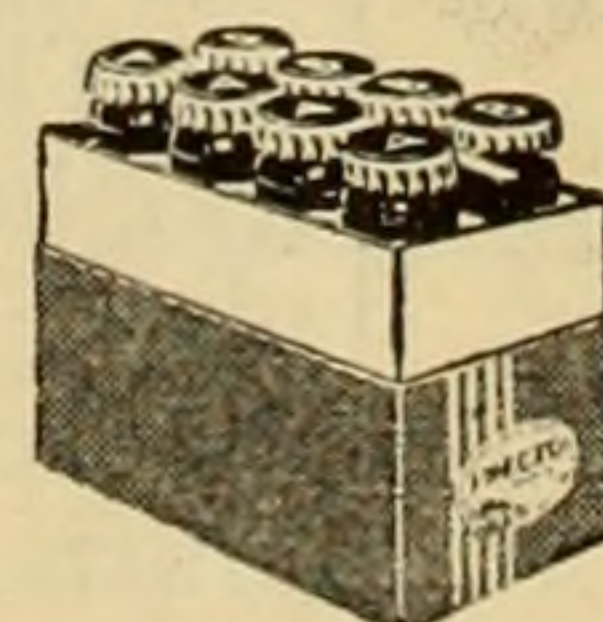
Hair is a long, very tiny stem, with a lustrous outside covering. Beneath the covering, is a layer of fibres. In these fibres, Nature puts her color. Hair turns gray when Nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres.

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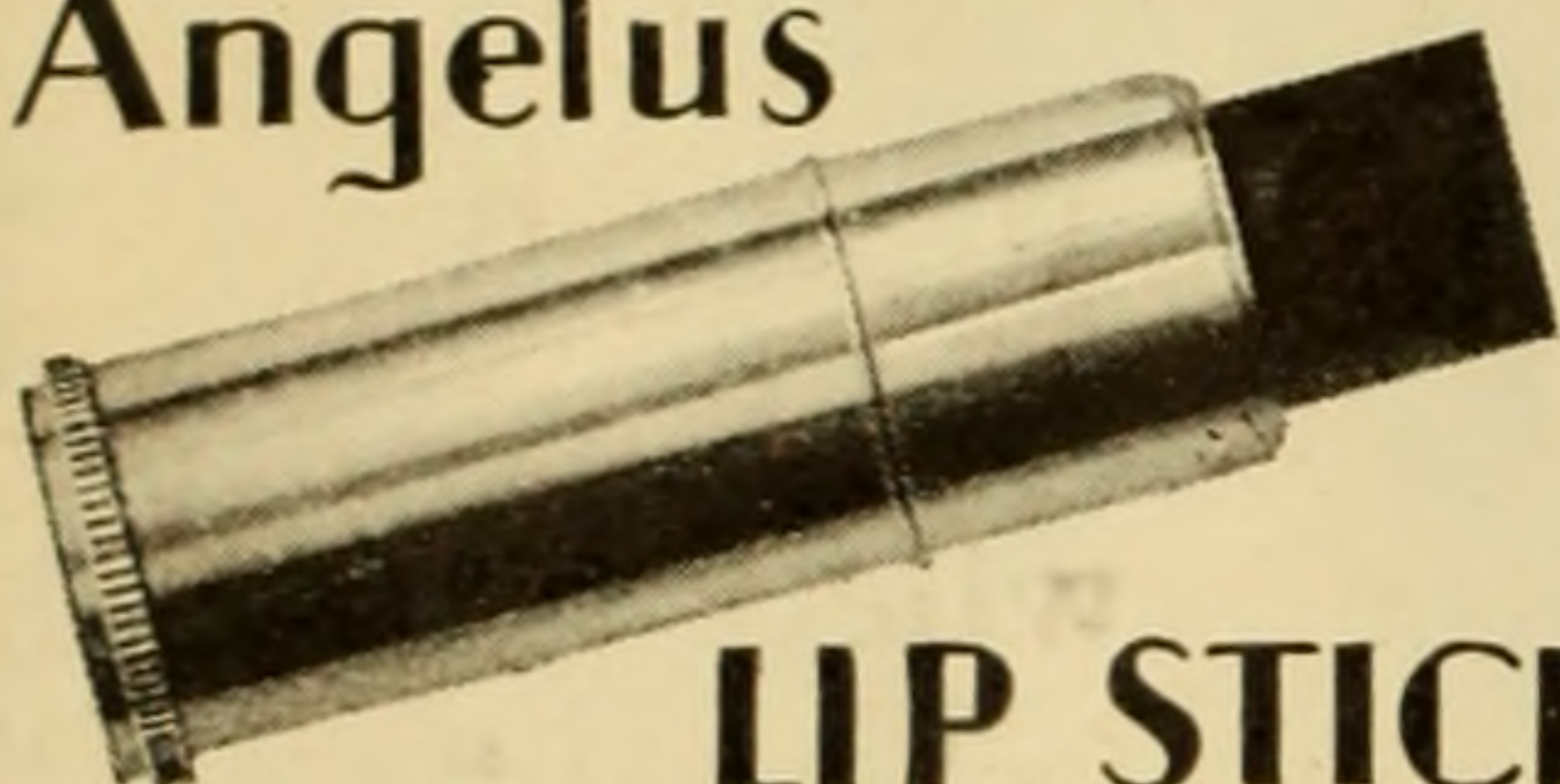
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I enclose 10c for each item checked to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

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mination. The lamp gave out a lot of heat, and the young bank clerk-chemist was thoroughly baked in his laboratory.

"If I must say it, it did get hotter than—than Hades," remembered Eastman. And that is a very strong statement from him. It may be accepted that it was indeed warm.

Eastman was determined to make dry plates, a photographic material which would keep indefinitely and which required none of the troublesome difficulties of the wet plate process. The thing was being done in England and he was determined to do it too. Formulae were secrets, and there was even within those secrets very little known about the chemistry of photography. Eastman had to work it all out by cut-and-try methods.

THE work began to make heavy demands on the young man. Eastman was inevitably punctual at his desk in the bank, determinedly giving his employers their day and due, while he took his nights for himself and photography. Probably each night through the week he slept hardly more than three or four hours. When Saturday night came he took up sleeping in a big way.

"I slept through from Saturday night until Monday morning," Eastman explained. "I would lie down after dinner and knew nothing until mother called me for breakfast. Right after breakfast Sunday morning I went to sleep again and stayed asleep until she called me for dinner and again at supper. It got to be almost automatic. I could go to sleep on schedule by the watch. I could feel myself going to sleep as I got up from the table. When Monday morning came I was slept and rested and charged for the week, feeling as fresh as though I had never lost a night in my life."

In the background of those hard years one can see the patient devotion of Maria Kilbourn, whose seven portraits on the mantel keep her sweetly serious, almost sad, face ever in the eyes of her son.

All this while young Mr. Eastman was saving, saving. He had a total capital of \$3,000 when he was ready to make the plunge into the commercial manufacture of dry plates. His experimental product was nearly perfect. The leading photographic supply concern of the time agreed to distribute his product. He entered into volume production and through the winter piled up a vast reserve supply for the coming summer trade. Spring came and with it disaster. The wonderful plates had spoiled. Eastman was ruined before he had well begun. He examined the plates and looked failure right between the eyes. "Ship them back to Rochester, I will make them good."

Eastman did not know how he was going to make them good, but he knew that he had to. In a strict commercial sense he had no obligation. The plates were good when he sold them and they had been accepted.

"There was nothing else to do about it," he observed this morning of interview just forty-seven years later, sitting in the room of the seven portraits of Maria Kilbourn.

Eastman did make good with the plates, at a terrific cost and many struggles. Today there is a vast research de-

partment which goes deep into the chemistry of photography at the big Eastman plant at Rochester. But in 1880 when Eastman's problems were solved there was little science in the craft. It was all as empirical as grandmother's cookbook. One did thus and thus and no one knew why. All of which accounts for the secrecy and cautions of the photographic trade, persisting even today. And which too perhaps accounts no little for the extreme conservatism of the institution of Eastman. It makes few promises and more than keeps those few.

"Results are all that matter to the public," observes Eastman. "The amateur is interested only in the end product, not the materials and the processes. And the machine age is making us more and more that way. Have you noticed how few men carry pocket knives today? I have, and I know a manufacturer of cutlery whose business has been falling off just because of that. I would feel lost without a knife in my pocket."

There was a long silence, about the length of half a cigarette, with much looking into the fire.

"Speed and machinery. This is the automatic age. People have so much idle time on their hands. That is why I am so interested in music. They must have something to fill the time and fill it emotionally."

"But just why music?" the guest urged. "You have put millions into music and it seems a curious gesture. I have heard you are not so very musical."

"I am a musical moron," Eastman returned with a grin. "At the Eastman School of Music we have a very scientific department devoted to psychological tests to determine the fitness of students. I took the test and they found I was several points below admissibility."

HERE was a charming mixture of contradictions. Eastman has given millions to music in the Eastman School of the University of Rochester and the Eastman theater, and he eats his breakfast oatmeal with an accompaniment of Wagner on the pipe organ.

"But," he went on, "I do like music myself. And I want good music for the public because it cannot be abused."

But Eastman's estimate of his knowledge of music is contradicted by musicians. He has been known to call a 'cellist's attention to an error of a quarter of a tone.

Here was a chance for a challenge. "Cannot be abused? Did you ever hear a saxophone, Mr. Eastman?"

He smiled at that. Probably he has heard a saxophone and more than likely he knows what it so often says.

"I wonder," he murmured, "if they teach the saxophone at the School. But after all it does not hurt the man who plays it, and the neighbors can protect themselves as they see fit."

So it appears that Eastman, one of the major contributors to the machine age and its idleness of automatism, would give the world music to fill the vacuum of the hours. Still his benefactions in music are somewhat of a piece with the principles of the business which made him wealthy. Phonograph and radio made music for the masses is almost as automatic as

the kodak. "You push the button, we do the rest." That was the first slogan that Eastman invented, and in it is the magic of his fortune.

Eastman's solution of the dry plate problem in the '80s was only a beginning. He wanted to make photography available and easy for the lazy, careless millions. He wanted to make it foolproof merchandise. Through technical complications, of no importance here, he arrived at last in the late summer of 1889 at a formula for making film, which eliminated breakable clumsy glass plates and enabled the perfection of "roller photography" in the roll film kodak. Coincidentally, and with vast importance to the immediate future, this film was precisely the material that Thomas A. Edison awaited for the completion of his invention of the motion picture. Edison sent William Kennedy Laurie Dickson to Rochester for a sample and within two weeks the motion picture was born on kodak film at West Orange.

THIS chance market for Eastman film grew and grew until it reached up into the millions. Other films came on the market and vanished again, unequal to competition with the persistently high standard of the Eastman product, exactly sold and as exactly made. The rigid straight line code that Maria Kilbourn bred into her son, and the iron impress of discipline of counting-house days and laboratory nights, went to the film that has made the world of the motion picture.

Something of the aloof detachment of

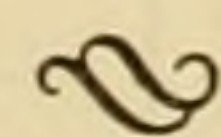


When you look in the heart of a rose, you find a lipstick. This new feminine deception is practised by Marcelline Day who carried her war paint in the artificial flower pinned on the shoulder of her frock

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Eastman is indicated in an incident of three years past when George Kleine, one of the founders of the motion picture industry, arranged a luncheon at the Ritz in honor of Thomas Edison's birthday.

George Eastman arrived early and just after him came Edison. There was no sign of recognition between them.

Frank Tichenor with the Edison party took the situation in with a gasp of astonishment.

He drew himself up to Edison's best ear and shouted:

"I'd like you to meet Mr. Eastman."

Edison stiffened up with surprise and looked puzzled.

"George Eastman?"

"Yes," replied Eastman, extending his hand.

Edison beamed. "I've heard a lot about you."

Eastman was ready enough for that. "Oh, yes, I bought a dynamo from you about 1885."

"Was it any good?" Edison inquired in mock seriousness.

"Pretty good machine," Eastman replied. "I have got it yet, and it will still work."

"That's fine," Edison responded. "And say, your film is pretty good, too."

EDISON and Eastman went up the steps to the Crystal Room together. This was the first meeting of the two men who made the motion picture possible—more than thirty years after.

While these things were in the recounting the mail arrived at the Eastman mansion and came neatly stacked to a table beside the divan before the fire. Eastman reached for a paper knife and while he busied himself with a methodical opening of each envelope, the guest went wandering among the bookshelves and tables of the library, curious about the literary provender of this household of magnificence.

Rows of standard works and sets, a few volumes on music, countless books of travel, a miscellany of the contemporary works of significance, a heavy sprinkling of science, Keyserling's Book of Marriage—Eastman is so conspicuously the bachelor—a scattering of periodicals ranging from Ainslee's and pulpwood magazines to the Political Science Quarterly, that was the inventory.

In a moment he was alongside and pointing to an impressively massive table with curiously finished surface with a waxy soft orange tint and an amazingly hard surface.

"I shot that table top myself," he explained.

"It is a rhino hide, from my African hunt with Martin and Osa Johnson last year."

On the table stood two exceedingly life-like miniature toy lions.

"They were table decorations at a dinner they gave me in Paris," Eastman went on, picking up one of the fluffy maned beasts. He found a key in the table drawer and wound up the lion's mechanical gizzard. Then he placed the brute on the floor where it crouched and crept and growled and leaped in most life-like manner, to the vast delight of the two man audience.

"Let's go and see my guns and play-things," Eastman suggested, with his mind on Africa again. Up at the top of the residence, where play rooms always should be in an American home, is a little motion picture projection room, a trophy room and a gun room and a workshop laboratory.

An arsenal of sporting rifles stands ranked in cases against the wall, everything from squirrel rifles to great double-barrelled English elephant guns, ready to hurl steel case slugs with a 5,000 pound impact.

Also there are wall cases with trout rods, each in its groove and niche, gay with silken wrappings and bright with varnish.

And there are rods of greenheart and lancewood, bearing the marks of hard service with affectionate care.

A great round table is covered with native African weapons.

There are hand-hammered iron arrow heads, once coated with poison, spear heads, still too sharp to handle carelessly, war clubs and amulets and charms from the blackmen.

All about are vases made from elephants' feet, mounted heads of Rocky mountain goats, Alaskan mountain sheep, and the skins of bear and puma, trophies of many an Eastman hunt in the North American wilds.

In the picture room Eastman projected a film from his own Cine-Kodak, made by his own hand, as a rhinoceros charged him in British East Africa.

The big beast was picked up on the distance and came plunging down the screen headlong, to fall at last right under the camera.

"Too close for comfort," the guest commented.

"I was too busy with the camera to notice it at the time," Eastman assented. "Anyway, Philip Percival, the best guide in Africa, was standing by with the rifle. I knew he would not miss.

"It would have been ruin to him if anything happened."

Eastman repeated the film on the screen.

"Overexposed it," he remarked with a slight air of apology for the photography.

"But I can get rather good laboratory service and they helped the negative a lot in the printing."

ONE can imagine that the films Eastman sends to the plant for finishing get fairly efficient attention.

"Now," he said, deftly rewinding his precious African film, "we will see where I have the most fun of all." Which proved to be the workshop and darkroom, fitted with everything to delight the heart of a tinkering youngster of any age, from 8 to 80.

There is a great developing sink in the center of a large room, equipped with a greater array of photographic apparatus than will be found in most professional establishments.

One corner of this room is dedicated to carpentry, with a heavy bench equipped with vises and clamps and stops, while on the wall above are tool cases, all in the typical Eastman apple-pie order, and all with their evidences of use.

From these lofty windows at the top

of the house one surveyed the grounds, ten wide acres in the heart of the city, bordered with stone walls and majestic rows of Lombardy poplars.

"I got the last large tract, the last remnant of a farm, inside the city," said Eastman with a strongly possessive sweep of the landscape. "You see I keep cows and chickens here."

This Eastman city-farmer in Rochester is quite as improbable as a cattle ranch would be in Central Park, New York.

"Something of a luxury, hardly commercially efficient, this dairy farming. Do you go in for blooded stock?"

"No, really it is not actually business-like," Eastman assented, "but I do get good milk and cream and poultry. I am not a fancier at all. But," and he smiled widely here, "I will admit I have very good cows."

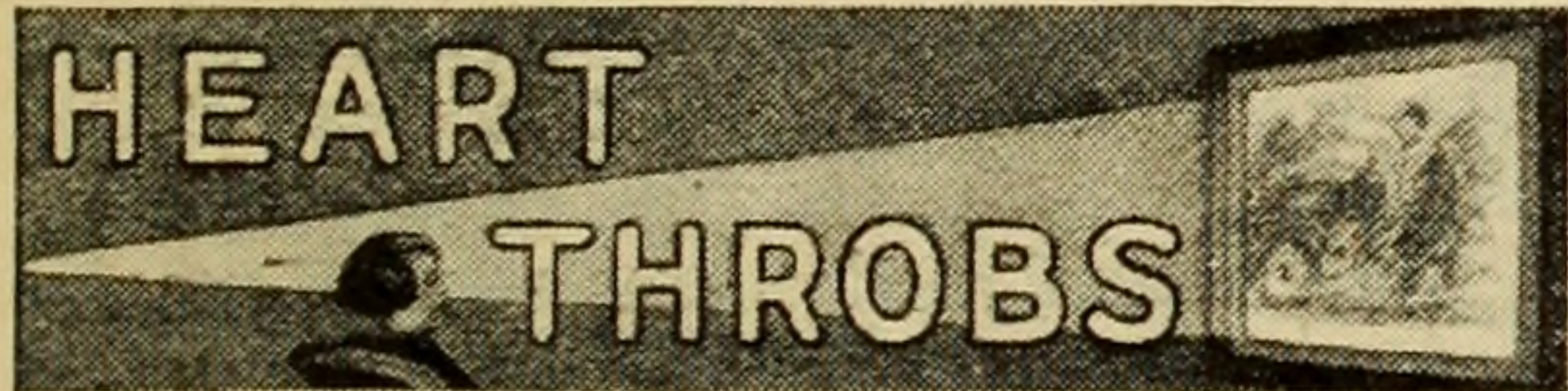
"It is just utility." He pointed away to the greenhouses back among the stables and garages. "I am not a collector of orchids, either, but I raise a great many of them. I observe that my women friends like them."

DOWN at the carriage door a long nosed straight-eight was waiting. In a few moments we were at the offices of the Eastman Kodak Company, and the guest was renewing acquaintance with an executive of the concern and confidant of Eastman affairs.

"Been out to the farm for breakfast with Mr. Eastman, he says he is doing a fade-out, now."

"If you know your camera, let me say it is a very slow fade," was the answer that came.

"If you want to know who is boss around here, start something!"



Allston, Mass.

May I thank God—and John Gilbert?

Picture a Puritanical home and a modern girl. I was forbidden to go to the movies. I went, however, and felt mean and cheap. But they cheered my deadened spirits.

The war. My brother died. My mother's mind was affected with grief. Life would have been Hell for me, were it not for the movies.

Last year, the Heavens opened with a smile. I went to see "The Big Parade." John Gilbert! It was like seeing Bobby alive again. I wanted mother to see it, but I knew her aversion to the movies. I fooled her, however; I told her I was taking her to a lecture.

She cried. That was good. She had not wept for years. She loved John Gilbert—he was Bobby. I wish Mr. Gilbert knew of the happiness he has brought into a sorrowing home. Anyway, I want the old busy-bodies who rip apart the movies to know that there are at least two people in the world who pray for the long life of the cinema.

C. W.



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When Esther Ralston was first beginning her climb to fame she engaged George Webb to act as her manager. George managed her so well, and with so much tact and sympathy, that Esther consented to enter into a life contract with him. That was almost two years ago and it is still a happy domestic partnership

Why Do Great Lovers Fail as Husbands?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

success Lew may have had with ladies at large and with his screen following, he himself would be the last to claim that he was a success as Dorothy's husband. Certainly she left him flat.

Why?

Why do great lovers fail as husbands? Why do their wives find them unsatisfactory?

Why is it that men who are adored by thousands of women all over the world are consistently and persistently deserted by their own wives?

I asked several people—wise people, who know about these things.

The first was a director, who is famous for the way he directs love scenes. His answer was:

"They are spoiled by the flattery of other women."

Then I asked a brilliant Russian woman who has been loved by kings and people of less importance.

"THE answer is in the question," she said with a shrug. "Great lovers fail as husbands because they are great lovers. Domesticity is not in them. They should not marry. One of the secrets of a successful life is never to attempt the impossible."

I went away and asked a great motion picture star, who was born a thousand years old and who knows a great deal that she does not know why she knows.

"They marry the wrong women," she said, very wisely.

I asked her to explain more about that. So she put her head on one side and closed her eyes for a moment as though com-

muning with her Irish great-grandmother, and then she said:

"The women who could hold them won't put up with them. And the women who would put up with them can't hold them."

Which, analyzed, seems a sound reason.

A great lover wants a woman as vivid, as thrilling, as endlessly satisfying as his own ideas of romance.

He wants a woman who can make him a mother and a mistress all rolled into one.

Such women are, to begin with, very rare.

AND when they do exist, they will not as a rule consent to play the rather difficult rôle of the wife of a great lover.

Such men as make romantic figures on the screen need to be taken care of, protected, surrounded and helped.

But the kind of women that make that kind of wives, are not the kind of women who satisfy romance.

A wife's position is difficult enough at best. But when she is the wife of a man who is told continually all day long by every woman he meets that he is a remarkable and wonderful and amazing person, a wife's position becomes practically untenable. You can see for yourself how it would be.

Then—I don't really know about these things—but it occurs to me that many women married to great matinee idols might expect too much of them. Women are romantic. They long to live in the midst of a continual love affair. And it may be that men who are romantic on

the screen all day long would like to be unromantic at home.

Seriously, if this were a hundred years from now, and all these people had passed into the Happy Hunting Ground, and I was writing reminiscences about them, I should say this—the pressure from the outside is too great. There is too much interference with the personal and private life of such men.

They call forth something in women that burns them, as it burns the women. They are beset by continual, hourly, daily temptation. They are pulled this way and that.

They are necessarily temperamental, which means that at best they are not easy to live with.

MANY of them are afraid of marriage for that reason—do not believe they should marry. Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Rod LaRocque—have all admitted to me that they are afraid to marry.

Nearly always, too, they are child-like, sweet, rather easily influenced, susceptible. In the midst of fiery and exotic situations, they have to be treated like children.

And if they fall into the wrong hands, if they trust the wrong person, they can be so easily wrecked.

Men are only men. The flattery, the temptations, the temperament and romantic urge within themselves, the peculiarly undeveloped sex sense of most American women—all these things don't necessarily mar them as men. For instance, the men of whom I have spoken are all charming, at least three of them are remarkably unspoiled.

But it does make them unsatisfactory husbands.

It isn't their fault. It's the fault of the conditions under which they live. I believe if any of them retired from the screen and went to live on a farm in Sussex, as Ronald Colman intends to do some day, they would make marvelous husbands for most any woman.



Buffalo, N. Y.

Aren't the blues a terrible sickness? I had the lonesome blues for almost ten years. Ever since my mother died I have been lonely. I tried to cure them by going to see comedies and laughing them away. But that didn't seem to help much.

The other day I saw "The Return of Peter Grimm." I am not lonely now. I feel that my mother is with me, although I cannot see her. I feel as though she has been with me all these long and lonely years. Since seeing the picture, I have tried to live the life that I know she would have me live, if she were with me now. There is no one we love to please so much as we do our mother.

Isn't it wonderful how much good a little reel of film reflected on a screen can do?

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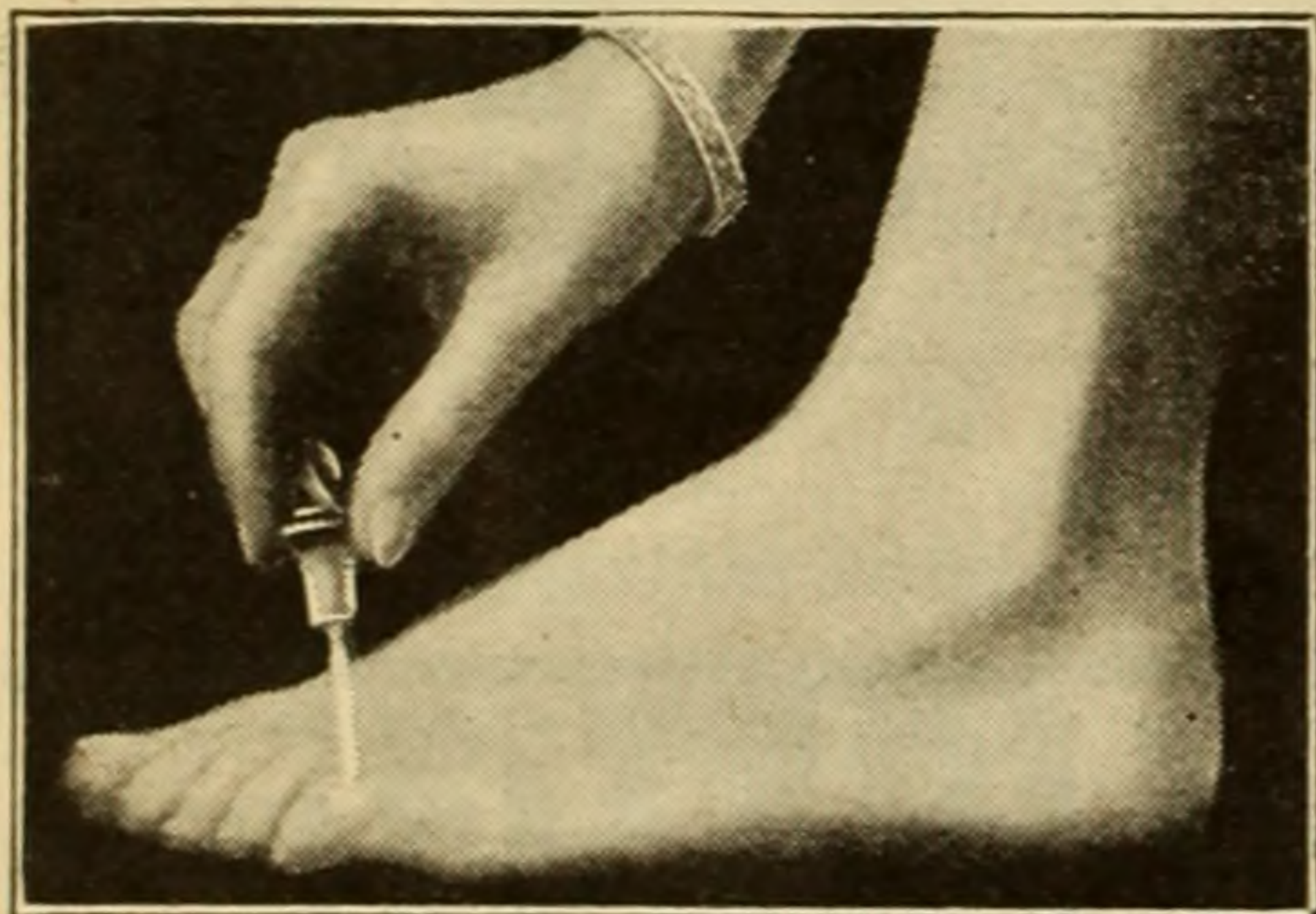
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How Christ Came to Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

'The Ten Commandments' preached that you do not break the commandments but that they break you. 'The Volga Boatman' attempted to prove that all ruling classes are ruthless while they rule.

"I believe I have had an obvious effect upon American life. I have brought a certain sense of beauty and of luxury into every day existence, all jokes about ornate bathrooms and de luxe boudoirs aside. I have done my bit toward lifting the level of daily life.

"I also believe my pictures have helped in other ways, in strengthening the morale of the nation, along with its spiritual hopes. I cannot see why, in the light of my career, 'The King of Kings' is at all surprising.

"I have been asked why I did not include the Nativity in 'The King of Kings.' I wanted to show what Christ taught, not to picture his career. I tried to make Christ a composite of all the heroes of history. Christ was a hero. He was no whining, sniveling leader. Had he been, he could not have led. I felt that Jesus must have had humility, heroism, tenderness, strength—and a sense of humor. He was, in reality, the ideal of man. I tried to bring out some of this through Mark, the boy, who looked up to and loved Jesus as a hero."

The matter of courage in making "The King of Kings" came up.

"**SCREENING** the life of Christ was no tax upon my courage," said De Mille. "I spent \$2,300,000 in filming it, but never once did I doubt its reception. For the first time in my life, I was completely confident. So I deserve no medals for bravery."

De Mille originally had not planned to make "The King of Kings" for another year. "I wanted to build up to it," he continued. "I planned to do 'The Deluge' first and then to approach the life of Christ. But another company suddenly announced its plan to film Noah and the flood and I had to revise my schedule. Still, I think 'The King of Kings' comes at exactly the right moment. There is a singular spiritual note running under the current of life at this moment. A spiritual groping, per-

haps. The world is seeking to believe. Yes, 'The King of Kings' comes at the right moment."

De Mille went on to tell how various film magnates and stars had co-operated during the making of "The King of Kings."

"The picture really united the industry, in a way. Jesse Lasky came to the studio and offered any help in his power. After his serious illness Marcus Loew came to the studio directly from his sick bed. He was tremendously moved by the scenes and wanted to help in any way possible. Doug Fairbanks was present day after day. His enthusiasm was a great help. It was the same way all down the line.

"**NOTHING** was quite so stirring," went on De Mille, "as the things that happened while we were filming the Crucifixion. The scenes were made on last Christmas eve. There were three thousand extras—of every creed—as Roman soldiers, Judeans and Pharisees. They had worked magnificently for months. This scene, however, was a severe strain on everyone, as you may well guess. It was the California rainy season. Although the huge set was built inside my studios, it was cold and damp. Fifty wind machines had been hurling dirt for hours. Everyone was grimy, dirty and tired—yet we were all uplifted.

"We reached the foot of the cross when I called a halt for a rest. The great pipe organ, which we used during the making of every scene, was silent.

"'You can do just as you wish,' I told the vast crowd. 'You can laugh, you can sing, you can pray, you can rest. Do what you wish.'

"Suddenly they began to sing 'Lead Kindly Light.' Out of the three thousand extras and players, fully twenty-five hundred fell on their knees. The organ picked up the hymn. I saw tears streaming down the faces of hundreds of the grimy extras.

"It was as if we had been whirled back two thousand years. That I think was the highest emotional point in my whole life.

"That is why 'The King of Kings' has the ring of sincerity. We did it with complete sincerity."

A Big Lens and Light Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

to make things safe for me the leopard's trainer nailed a piece of meat to the raft, thinking that the leopard would jump at the meat instead of me. When the time came to take the scene, the leopard jumped at the meat all right and grabbed it, nail and all. The nail got jammed in his throat and he was the maddest animal you ever saw. The trainer leapt down on the raft and saved the leopard and I went

overboard. The next thing I knew I was swimming past Liverpool.

"I think," mused Mr. Hardy, "that I'll go in for society stuff."

Mr. Hardy ordered a fruit salad. "As I was saying, movies are a funny business. I wish producers would stop slapping me on the back and saying, 'Sam, I am going to do something big for you.' Then I fall for their talk and take a part

in a picture that doesn't mean anything to anybody.

"Lowell Sherman has the system. He treats 'em rough. Whenever anyone calls him up about a part, he acts all hot and bothered. Finally, he consents to play in their silly picture—just as a big favor and all that sort of thing.

"When I was in the Follies several years ago, I played the part of *Henry VIII* in a sketch and sang a little song. There was a cute little chorus girl on the end of the row who had just one line to speak. She was supposed to be *Anne Boleyn* and when I finished my song, she piped up and said, 'He sure was a hell of a king!'

"Not a very bright line, but it got a laugh. There was something engaging about that sweet kid. Her name was Marion Davies—and it took several years in the movies to bring out that sense of comedy she put into that one line in the Follies. She is a born comedienne.

"A few years ago in 'Princess Pat' there was an awfully pretty girl in the chorus. And she could sing, too. Moreover—and such things do happen—she was a nice girl. Victor Herbert himself had recommended her for the job, and that meant a lot.

"One night a movie producer sat out front and wrote a note to this girl asking her how she'd like to go into pictures. The girl came to me and asked my advice. I told her to go to it and put her up to demand a hundred dollars a week salary. Well, the girl was making only thirty-five at the time and I had to rehearse her so that she could say 'one hundred a week, please,' without stammering.

"THIS nice little girl got the hundred a week and she got a contract, too. Her name is Doris Kenyon—and she was—still is, too,—a sweet kid.

"Yes, movies are a funny business, but they are fine business for the actor. Not only because of the money, but because of the appreciation and because of the chance that is just ahead."

At this moment, Mr. Hardy stopped to admire Mrs. Thomas Meighan, walking along Forty-Fourth Street in a new hat. Just starving, the Meighans.

Inspired by the sight, Mr. Hardy spoke up: "I am going to play straights or rather character leads. I am tired of being a 'heavy' and leering at girls. It is my ambition to work with a big director. The director, not the star, is the whole works.

"A bad picture is a bad picture, regardless of star. And a good picture is a good picture, whether it has a star in it or not.

"People will go to see a good picture these days, even if there is nothing in it but a lot of Eskimos, hilly billies, or what have you.

"IT is one grand free-for-all. Everybody's got a crack at a big hit. I think I'll go to Hollywood again and ask some director to let me play a hero. And when I get a swing at a love scene I'll make it the hottest, roughest, wildest thing ever seen in those parts. If that doesn't prove that I'm a leading man, not a villain, nothing else will."

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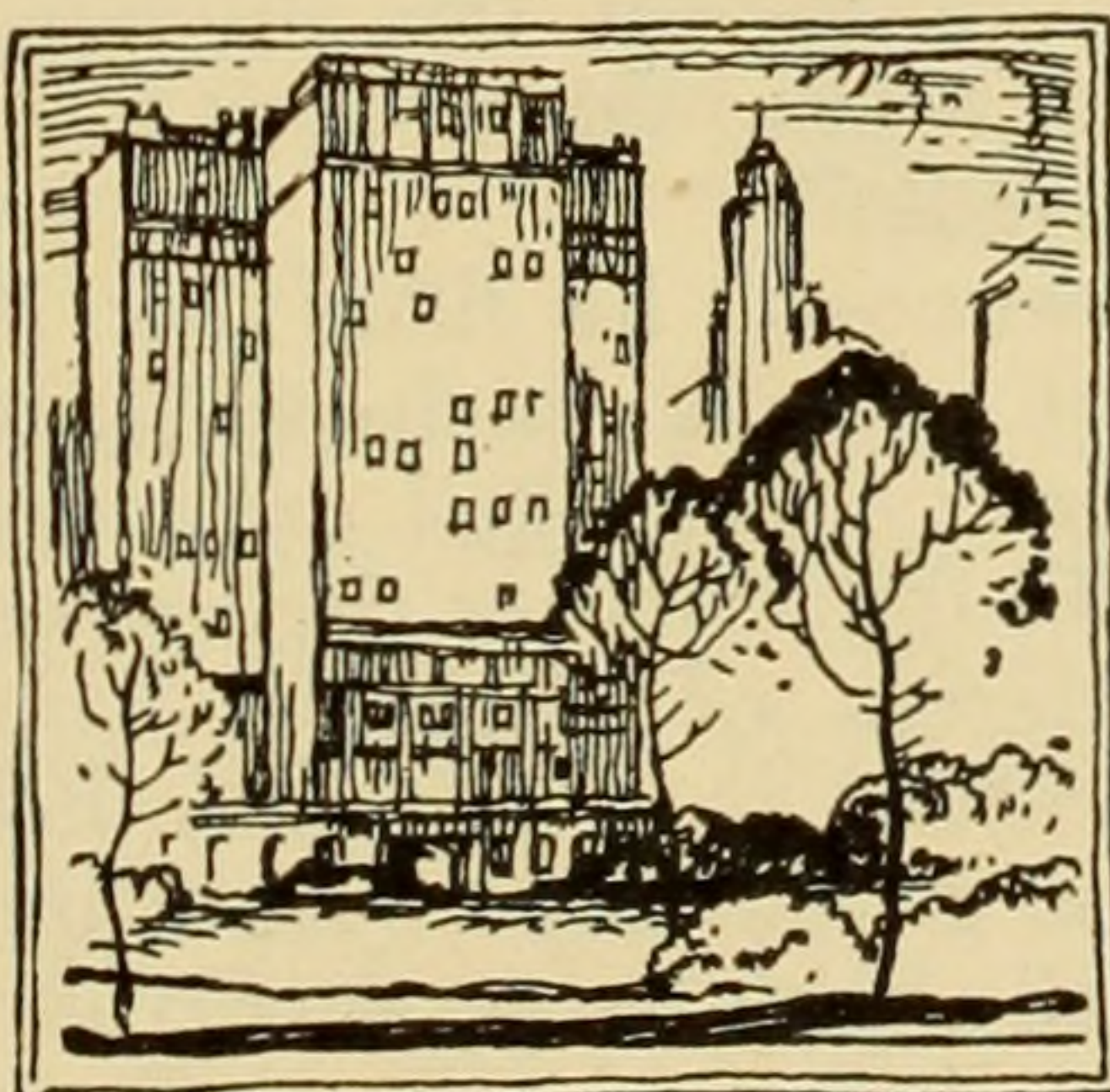
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The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

As Sue Middleton herself said, "Basil's brain, so far as I can make out, works in sections. At least some sections work and some don't."

People who had seen Middleton's pictures and then met him always went away puzzled. Was this the great Basil Middleton, this slow, rather dull and slightly stout young man who did card tricks? Could this uninteresting and uninspiring youth be the man who was responsible for such moving and tremendous pictures as bore his name?

"Basil understands how to make motion pictures," said Sue—Sue, by the way, was his wife and a very good one, too. "I don't know just how or why, but he does. He understands pictures. The whole of him seems to run into that channel, all his understanding, all his imagination, all his sense. He just understands them and—and doggone little else, God bless him."

THE gang that gathered frequently in the Middleton house on the top of the hill, gathered mostly about Sue with her impish wit and her lovely sense of humor and her gorgeous ability to let people alone, laughed.

"It's a wonder to me," she went on, "that he manages as well as he does. He's such an absent-minded idiot. He can invent new camera angles better than any German and he can take the one trite situation you think has been wrung absolutely dry and make it sublimely new, Basil can, but he can't drive an automobile without backing into a water plug and he nearly gets arrested for shoplifting everytime he goes into a store because he just will pick things up and start out without mentioning it to anybody. I always say he's probably forgotten his name and address just then and doesn't like to admit it. Basil, to be brief, has all the earmarks of a genius, which he is, of course."

All this being true, it is plain to be seen that Basil Middleton was no match in everyday affairs for the shrewd, implacable, utilitarian middle class intelligence of Mrs. Keene.

Oddly enough, he liked her. Basil's liking had nothing to do with anything but interest. He liked people if they interested him, whether they were potential murderers or potential saints. It never occurred to him to ask how Mrs. Keene got in his office. As a matter of fact, Basil Middleton was the easiest director in the world to see. He built no hedges of any kind. He dared not shut out the world. He was a sponge and his ideas came from allowing life to happen around him and being quiet enough so that he could absorb it. That was why he gave nothing out. He was too busy absorbing. He never, for instance, shone in his wife's brilliant circle. But he took the brilliant ideas none of them ever did anything but talk about and executed them. He didn't care what people thought about his mind, as long as he could get into theirs.

He observed Mrs. Keene closely and liked her because she was so alive. Odd to find such life-force in a woman her age, so much fermenting desire and determination. He felt it, saw it there. That was usual only when women were young. Usual only when women were in love.

All the time she was talking about her daughter's legs he was trying to figure out whether after all motherlove could possess that wild disregard for everything, that flaming, reckless, driving quality of other kinds of love. Maybe it could. Maybe it rejuvenated. This woman was young with something, some flaming purpose.

"I don't think it's much use," he told her kindly, about the legs, "that's just an advertising stunt. The part isn't really anything—though, of course, it would mean a lot of publicity. But I think the front office has already made a tie-up of some kind with somebody. I never interfere in things like that—that's the business of the men who have to sell my pictures. I keep out of that and they keep out of my end of things."

He gave her his simple, disarming smile. But Mrs. Keene continued to talk. She was not easily put off.

But now Basil Middleton wanted to be alone with the idea he had gotten from his contact with her. He wanted to think it to the end and put it away in a little pigeon hole where he kept ideas for future use.

So he wrote down her address, which seemed familiar to him, and promised to see her daughter some day.

Promises were easy for Basil, because usually he wasn't thinking about them at all, but about something else. He never had any intention of actually keeping one.

But he kept this one, by the merest and most unfortunate chance.

WHEN he kept his men late he was always solicitous of their welfare. A couple of nights later when he and his assistant had worked until almost nine o'clock, Middleton drove him home. Then he suddenly remembered why the address that little dark woman had given him had seemed so familiar. It was almost next door to his assistant's house.

A great curiosity came upon him to see this woman's daughter. What would she be like? What kind of a creature had such intense devotion molded.

So, having sat outside for half an hour in his roadster turning the thing over in his mind, he went up.

Clean little flat, frightfully commonplace. And the daughter—such a disappointment. Pretty, certainly. But how perfectly awful merely pretty women are. Thank God for Sue's distinguished, different, changing plainness. Sue was always different. Pretty women were always the same.

He wished he hadn't come. (He was to wish it more poignantly later.) Imagination was always so much more satisfactory than realism. He should have worked the thing out mentally and never



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come near. Now the thing was practically spoiled.

And while he was thinking about that, Judy Keene had quietly and without much self-consciousness taken off most of her clothes. She did it as impersonally as an artist's model might have disrobed for an artist. She had worked a great deal in very scant costumes on many sets.

Mr. Middleton had come to see her legs and you cannot show legs properly by merely pulling up your skirts. It spoils the effect.

So she stood before him in long, sheer black stockings—Mrs. Keene was no piker—with a shawl she had caught up from a chair draped about the upper part of her body.

"You have got beautiful legs," said Basil Middleton, without much interest. He wasn't, as a matter of fact, interested in legs. Never had been. But no man could have said less than that to Judy Keene. Still, there seemed no reason why it should cause her to scream aloud. But scream she did.

And, quite surprisingly, it seemed to Basil Middleton that the room was suddenly quite crowded. There were several people there who had come from the inner recesses of the flat, or from the sky, or goodness knew where, and very much in the foreground was Mrs. Keene.

III

"BUT Basil," said Sue Middleton, coming back from the window, "how could you do such a thing?"

"I didn't do it," said Basil Middleton. "I didn't do anything. I was just there."

"But you shouldn't have been there," said Sue briefly. "What business had you in the girl's flat, anyway? The place to look at her legs was in your office."

"I can't see why it made any difference whether I looked at her legs in her flat or in my office. I wasn't interested in her legs anywhere, anyway. I only—"

"You've explained that already," said Sue. She rang a bell. To the butler she said, "Barker, bring me a ginger-ale highball."

Basil sent her a startled glance at that. So Sue was really seriously annoyed. Yes, she was annoyed. He could tell by the way, having drunk the highball, she walked up and down the long, lovely room, her eyebrows up and her lips compressed.

"Sue," he said, coming out of a long silence stung by a sudden thought. "Sue—you don't think—you're not—"

The mere thought was too awful to put into words.

She stopped and stared at him, hands in her pockets, feet wide apart. And slowly a tiny grin flickered up in her eyes.

"Do I think you did anything wrong? Am I jealous? Don't be an idiot. What I want you to realize is that this is apt to be one of the prettiest little scandals that ever rocked the industry. Can you see the newspapers? 'Famous movie director accused of attack on girl?' With art of director, young girl, heartbroken mother and betrayed wife? Sweet mess, isn't it? As near as I can find out the girl has a spotless reputation and that old hellion of a mother of hers breathes middle western conviction and respectability. Beyond question, my love, it is a mess."

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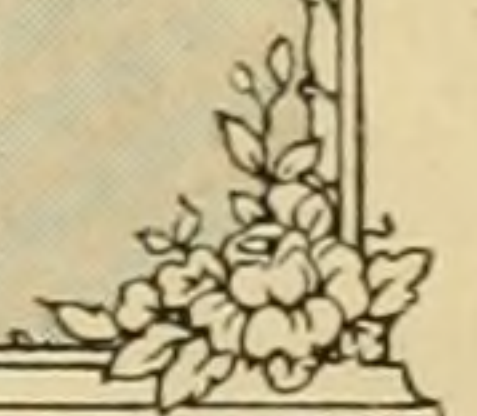
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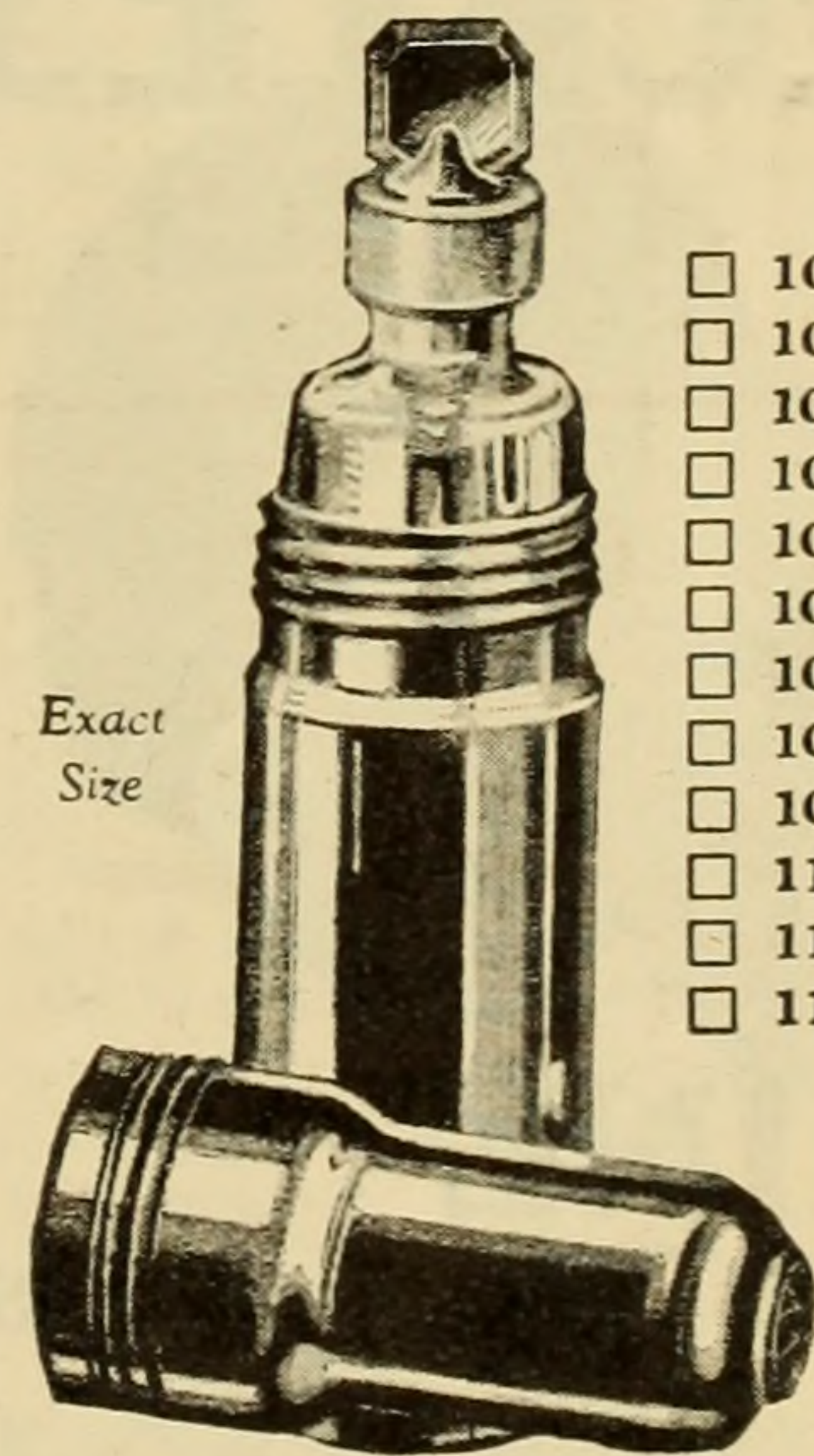
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"But I didn't attack her," Basil Middleton protested again. "I was thinking about something else and, when I looked up, she's taken off her clothes to show me her legs for the part in this picture—"

"BASIL," said his wife, and she came over and put her hands on his shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes, "I've been a true and loving wife to you for ten years. I've tried to be regular in this matter and I'm going to stand by and see you through it, but there's one thing you must promise me."

"What is it?" asked Basil Middleton, startled. Sue was so seldom serious.

"Promise me you'll never tell that story to anybody. It's—it's too much, really it is."

They were at dinner when Basil said suddenly, "But—Sue—listen, couldn't we pay her some money not to do this thing?"

"Darling," said Sue, helping herself to the sanddabs, "did you just think of that? She doesn't want money. We're being blackmailed all right—the old badger game—oldest trick in the world but still one of the best—but we're not being blackmailed for money."

"What are we being blackmailed for?" asked her husband.

"For fame, my love, for fame. For the chance to be a movie star. For future glory and greatness and fat pay envelopes. Oh, it's been done before, a little less crudely and very successfully. You know that. In simple terms adapted to

the infant intelligence, she wants to play the leading rôles in your next two pictures."

A roar went up from the other side of the table that made Sue sit upright and caused the butler to drop what was left of the sanddabs on the floor of the pantry.

"No," roared Basil Middleton, and he was no longer mild. "No, by the eternal gods, I say no. Let her sue me. Let her say I attacked her or any damn thing she pleases. Let her run me out of the business. Why, she'd ruin my pictures. She's a ghastly little round-faced doll. She's a pretty young thing. She's—she's a dumb dora. She's got the emotional qualities and the mental reactions of a child of six. Let her play the lead in 'The Diamond Necklace'—why, she'd ruin it. The greatest story I ever had. The greatest picture I'll ever have a chance to make. No. I'll go to jail first."

HE had tipped over his wine glass, flung his napkin on the floor and was shouting at the top of his lungs. She hadn't seen him so excited in years.

"I won't, you know, Sue," he said, banging his fist down on the table. "No use, I mean it. I won't do it. Give her this house and the cars and what money we've got and we'll start all over at the bottom, but I'll never let that girl play in a picture of mine. Not even for you."

Sue Middleton lighted a cigarette from one of the jade green candles in the middle of the table and blew a reflective puff.

"Well," she said, "I guess we'll have to think up some other way. You've only

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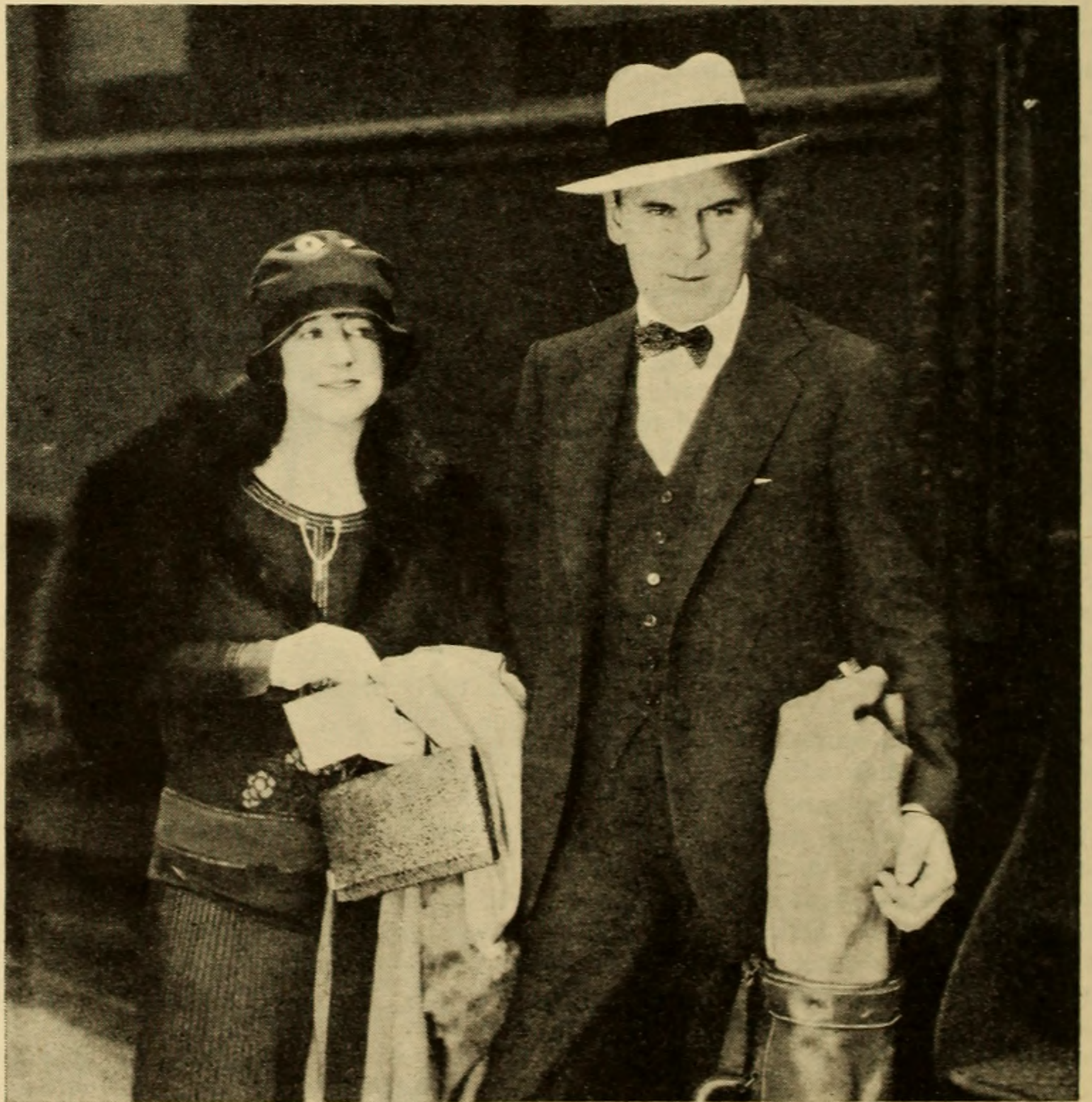
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After all, says Thomas Meighan, there are golf links in California as good as those on Long Island. Thomas didn't want to go to California, but he finally packed up his sticks and went. He is shown here with the seldom photographed Mrs. Meighan

said 'I won't' twice to me in ten years and, by Jove, both times you meant it."

IV

SUE MIDDLETON sat on the middle of her spine in her long yellow roadster and watched the door of the flat across the street. In spite of her gay white sport suit and the saucy scarlet hat she wore, her face had a drawn look and the eyes were very grave.

The cloud of this thing hung low over her. She didn't like it the least bit.

The lawyer who had seen Mrs. Keene had brought back a most discouraging report. The woman was adamant. Of course, the thing could be easily beaten in court—easily—these attack cases were, nine times out of ten—but the harm would be done then. He suggested that she see the company and possibly effect a compromise. Undoubtedly they would suggest some sort of a contract that would satisfy Mrs. Keene rather than see so valuable a piece of property as Basil Middleton damaged.

Yes, they would suggest something. And henceforth have Basil Middleton exactly where they wanted him, have a club over him, a hold that she and he had fought from the very beginning.

There must be some other way out than to sacrifice Basil's freedom to make his own pictures as he saw fit without the constant interference of a group of men who never looked at anything but the box office. She knew Basil so well. Under such conditions he would lose his enthusiasm, lose his power, his happiness before long.

Blackmail was a vile thing, even if you happened to be a private citizen. It became magnified by every pair of eyes focused upon you.

One of the prices of fame, this blackmail business. Nobody knew better than Sue, who loved to keep her finger on the pulse of Hollywood because it fascinated her continually, how many people in Hollywood paid wholly innocent blackmail, paid dearly for the fact that they simply could not afford to be accused. They were the easiest victims in the world for all sorts of unscrupulous men and women, for every sort of dirty game. Their positions were so vulnerable as to be practically defenseless against any sort of clever defamation scheme.

She could remember at least one girl who had fought blackmail to the bitter end and to whose untimely death that long, nerve-wracking struggle had undoubtedly contributed.

And it seemed to her that in the past five years the picture industry had been marked and marred as much by outside injustice as by inward wrongs. So that now everyone in the business was touched by fear—fear of any sort of scandal, fear of any breath of accusation, because of its effect in loss of money and prestige.

What wouldn't this thing mean to Basil if it broke? Basil who was as sensitive as a shy child, who kept to himself, kept his own feelings so deeply buried, his own thoughts so well hidden. The least little thing could throw him off his stride for weeks on end. Who should know better than she, who spent her life defending him from those very things?

The main door of the white stucco flat building opened and Mrs. Keene came out. Her back was stiff as a ramrod, an uncompromising, threatening back, and her eyes were hard as nails.

Sue Middleton waited until she had disappeared around the corner toward Hollywood Boulevard and then she slipped out of her seat in the roadster and went swiftly across the street.

A pleasant enough young voice, with a flat middle western note in it, was what said "Come in."

The first thing Sue saw was a girl in a pink corduroy "morning coat" sitting on the corner of a divan reading a novel bound in brilliant scarlet. Her hair was blonde and she was very pretty. Her eyes held almost no expression as they looked at her unexpected visitor, but what little they did hold was pleasant.

"I thought it was the laundry man," she said. "Mama left me money to pay the laundry man. But you're not—no, of course not. I guess you're in the wrong flat. There are four flats in this building and you'd just be surprised if you knew how often people get in the wrong one, though every one has got the name written up outside just as plain."

She took a chocolate out of a box beside her and bit into it, watching the other woman with a slight smile.

Pink corduroy and chocolates in the morning! A wave of hopelessness engulfed Sue Middleton. And yet—there was something about the girl's eyes that seemed more important. Her smile didn't exactly go with pink corduroy and chocolates in the morning. It went with—oh, with sunlight on a daisy field, and babies in clean little white beds and rocking chairs on a quiet front porch.

"You are Judy Keene, aren't you?" she asked, in her very crisp, sophisticated voice.

The girl looked startled. Fear, evidently, fear of many things, lay close to the surface of her glance. "Yes, I'm Judy Keene. Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Basil Middleton."

SLOWLY the color left the girl's face, left it white and staring. She looked around frantically, at the two doors leading from the small room, though whether for ways of escape or to summon a rescuer you could not have told.

"You want to see Mama," she said.

"No," said Mrs. Middleton, "I want to see you. May I sit down?"

Judy Keene gasped. "I'd rather you didn't. I don't think Mama would like it. She told me not to talk to anybody."

"But that's hardly fair, is it?" said Mrs. Middleton. "You're the one chiefly concerned in this. Or rather you and I the two people most concerned. It seems to me necessary that we should talk it over alone, face to face."

Suddenly Judy Keene shoved aside the box of chocolates and stood up. She looked very young, like a tall, startled child caught playing in her mother's clothes.

"I—I don't know what to do," she said pathetically. "I'll say something wrong and Mama will be angry. I don't know anything about—all this. I don't really. It would be better if you talked to Mama. She knows."



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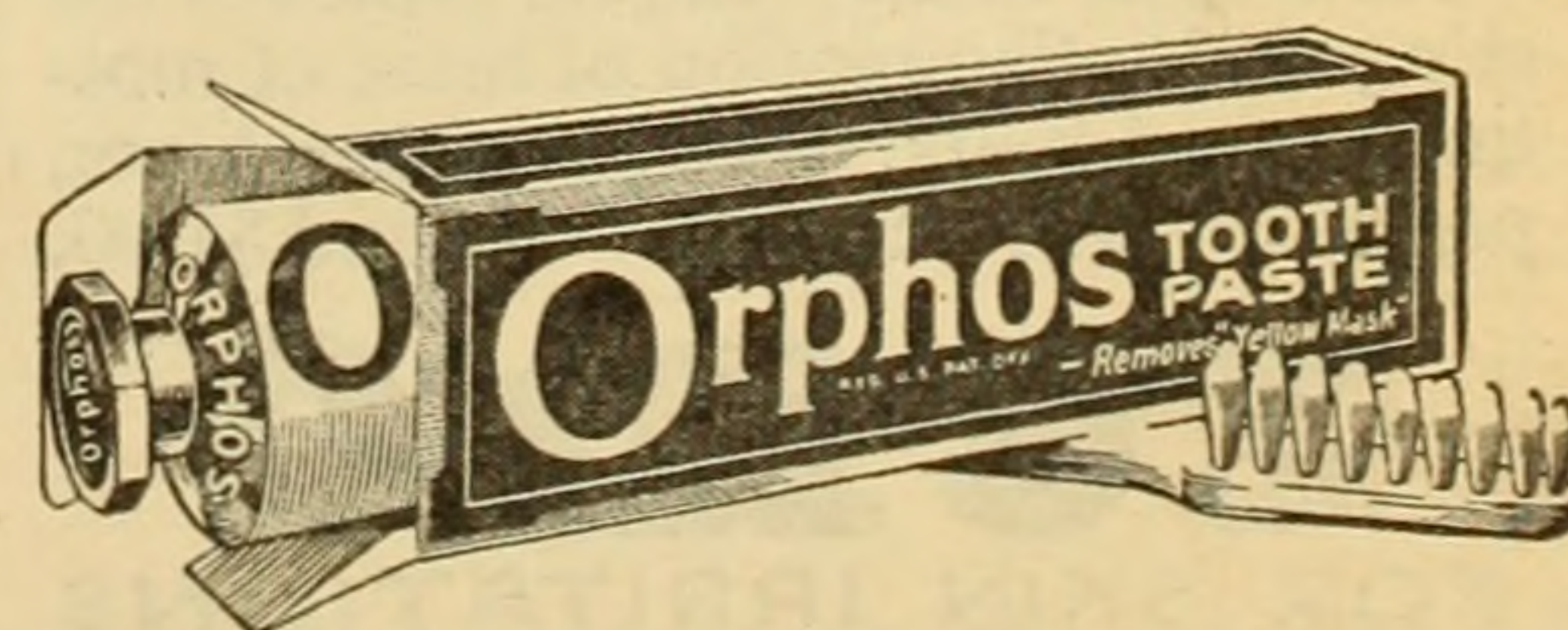
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"I daresay," said Mrs. Middleton, dryly. "You *have* got pretty legs, by the way. However, that's not the point. The point is—the point is—"

The eyes of the two women met and suddenly Sue Middleton abandoned her plan, abandoned her carefully arranged cross-examination and her clever questioning. She went over and took the girl by the shoulders.

"You don't like all this one bit. Tell me the truth," she said. "Let me help you. We're the two that are apt to get most hurt by this thing."

Judy looked into the plain, sweet face where so plainly the marks of high living and right thinking showed and for an instant she swayed forward. Then terror swamped her completely again. Her lower lip quivered.

"Mama wouldn't—" she began.

"Damn your mother," said Sue Middleton from the very depths of her soul. "Listen to me, my child. You're a person yourself, you know. You have an immortal soul. Let's face it. You're doing a dastardly, cowardly, terrible wrong. You're trying to ruin an innocent man, bring disgrace upon his home, break his wife's heart. But more than that, if you go through with this thing, you may destroy forever a great creative genius, a man who has much to give the world. It's your responsibility, too. You can't

just shove it off on your mother altogether. I know you're only a dupe and a tool. But you'll be answerable just the same."

Judy Keene stood motionless, eyes riveted. A new look had come into them. A stirring in their depths, an awakening. The pretty face took on a strange, dumb honesty, a stubbornness, almost an anger. Folks back in Little Rock would have said just then that Judy Keene looked exactly like her father. And her father had died a poor druggist after prohibition.

"But—but if he does what Mama asks, nobody will be hurt," said Judy slowly. And began to cry. She cried violently, childishly, her face buried on Sue's shoulder.

"I don't want to be a movie star," she sobbed out. "I don't want to be in pictures. I hate pictures. I don't want to have my breakfast in bed. I don't like going around in front of men without any clothes on. It's not decent. I never wanted to be an actress. I can't act and I don't want to act and I feel such a fool when I try and the directors make fun of me. I hate it. I don't want to be a movie star."

"Don't worry, darling," said Mrs. Middleton, but there was a break in her voice, too, "you never will be."

But Judy would not be comforted.

"What's the use of it all?" she gulped, wiping her eyes on her sleeve. "Pretending to be something you aren't and trying to get something you'd hate if you did get it. I would hate it. I don't want to go around in front of people. I couldn't be interviewed and go to openings in front of crowds and all that. I'd like a steady job so I'd know where I was at, and I'd like to be respectable and know respectable people. That's what I'd like. I'm a good girl—I am really."

"Lots of motion picture stars are very good girls," said Mrs. Middleton.

"I know it," said Judy Keene, "but I think they lead a terrible life. I'd be scared to death all the time. Why can't Mama let me alone?"

From somewhere she produced a handkerchief and began to stop the flood of tears as best she could. But they kept on flowing and the slim shoulders heaved.

IT seemed to Sue Middleton that she was a figure infinitely pitiful. A child used as a channel for a mother's ambition, driven like a frail and unwilling boat before the storm of another's belated desire.

"Look here, my girl," she said, "you've got to snap out of this. You can't go on doing something you know to be vile. You can't really. You'd never forgive yourself."

"I know it," said Judy, miserably. "Papa wouldn't have liked it. I know he wouldn't. He told me always to remember that honesty was the best policy."

"Why don't you tell your mother where she gets off?" Sue always used whatever words came handiest to express her exact meaning.

"Oh—I couldn't," said Judy.

"Well, I could," said Sue.

"Could you?" said a voice in the doorway, a dry, cold, terrifying voice. "Well, go right ahead."

They whirled to face her, shoulder to shoulder, the tear-stained, drooping girl, stricken with terror so that she trembled from head to foot, and young Mrs. Middleton, instantly cold and collected.

"Mama dear," it was a plea for mercy.

But Sue Middleton shoved her back with one hand. "Never mind, Judy," she said quietly, and her level gaze did not fall before Mrs. Keene's rage. "Perhaps this is just as well. I'd at least like a chance to tell your mother what I think of her."

"I'd like a chance to tell you what I think of you," said Mrs. Keene unflinchingly. "You and your husband both. Not having any children of your own, I guess you can't understand a mother's feelings. But I should think as a woman you'd have decency not to be coming here tormenting this poor child that your husband so cruelly wronged. I should think you'd keep out of it. She's had enough suffering without you trying to scare her to death."

"No, I won't keep out of it," said Sue Middleton. "You can't bluff me, Mrs. Keene. You were married. Women always know their husbands underneath. They may deceive themselves outwardly, they may lie to the world ostrich fashion, but underneath they know what their husbands are capable of. I know my husband isn't capable of attacking a



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young and unwilling girl. A willing one, maybe. But the very idea of forcing himself upon any woman, any human being, in any capacity would horrify him. I know he didn't attack your daughter and you know it. I know this is common, dirty blackmail. Call it anything you like, that's what it is—blackmail."

"I know a woman always believes what she wants to believe about her husband," said Mrs. Keene, stepping farther into the room. "You believe what you like. What you believe doesn't interest me. I know what folks'll believe and what a judge and jury'll believe."

"You can't put this damnable story over," said Sue. "You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Mrs. Keene. "You know I can. My daughter's been in Hollywood two years and she's got a good reputation. I've got witnesses that heard her scream, then came in and saw her with her clothes torn off and your husband there with her."

The two women had both lost their tempers, Mrs. Keene hotly, violently, Mrs. Middleton coldly. And suddenly another voice broke into the tumult.

"It ain't a bit of use, Mama dear," said this tired, hopeless, but unbelievably determined little voice. "I can't do it. Papa wouldn't like it. I guess you meant right, Mama, but I—I just can't do it. Besides I'm no good at lies. I suppose you're going to be awful mad at me, but I can't do it."

"I knew you couldn't," said Sue Middleton, applauding.

Mrs. Keene was game. "You're just like your father," she said, slowly, fighting for breath. "Always was. No sand."

V

ON a very bright spring afternoon when Hollywood, in common with all the rest of the world, looked her best, an elegant limousine drew up before a certain rambling little tea house where it was very much the mode for the smart young women of Hollywood to take tea.

From it stepped a plain young woman, very smartly dressed, very distinguished

for all her lack of beauty, whom the elect of Hollywood would instantly have recognized as Sue Middleton, wife of that more and more glitteringly successful director, Basil Middleton. There was another woman with her, a beautiful woman, a tall and celestial creature whose name and face were known around the globe.

Arm and arm they entered the tea room and settled themselves at their favorite table, ordering tea and the cinnamon toast for which the place was famous. Their cigarettes glowed in peaceful unity as they waited the coming of these viands.

It was the famous star who broke the silence, her eyes caught by something across the room.

"That's the prettiest pair of legs I've ever seen," she said, dreamily.

Mrs. Middleton started. She followed her friend's eyes. Little arched feet, tiny ankles in sheer black stockings, adorable and dimpled knees, a brief little black frock with a bit of white apron and—

"Judy—Judy Keene," cried Mrs. Middleton, and jumped up and ran across the room, which was almost deserted, to her.

Judy had a tray in her hands, which she preserved by a miracle.

"Hello, Mrs. Middleton," she said, smiling broadly. "My, I'm glad to see you."

"I'M glad to see you, Judy, my dear Judy," said Mrs. Middleton. "I thought you were back in Little Rock."

"I went back," said Judy. "But—I liked California. I don't know—after you once live out here you don't like to go anywhere else very well. I came back. I've got a good job here. I like it. Hollywood's all right, as long as you're not in the pictures."

"Where's—your mother?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"Well," said Judy slowly, "you'd be surprised. Mother got married again. The man's got some money and six kids."

"How heavenly for you," said Sue Middleton.

"Yes, it's heavenly for me," said Judy, "but it's rough on the kids."

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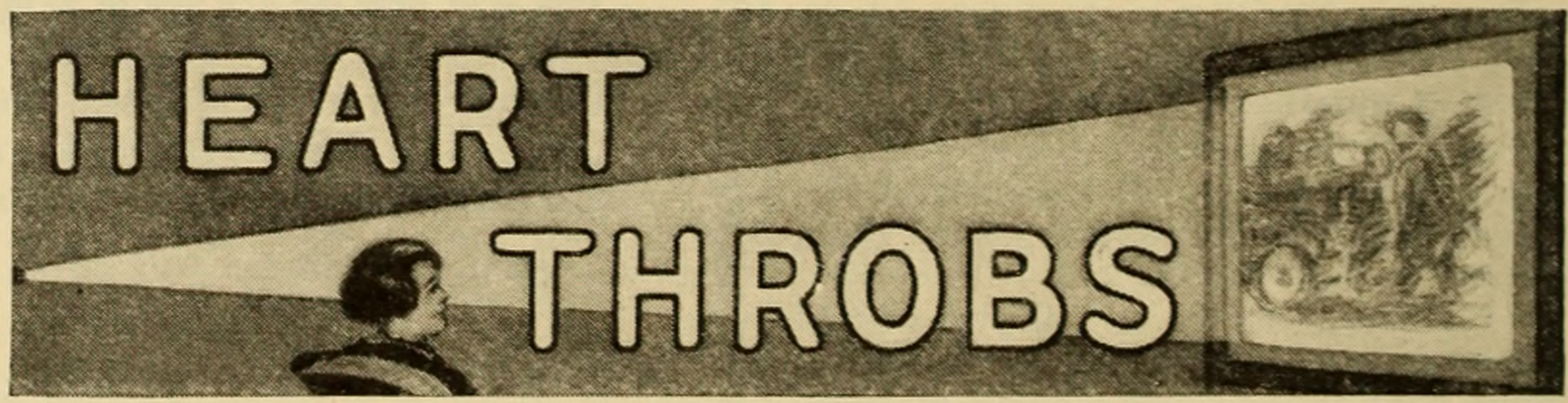


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Bowling Green, Ky.

All my life I have had to sit back in the shadows and watch the rest of the world go by. Why? Because mother's three first children, born within five years, were nothing but experiments. I am the only one of the experiments alive. And I am only half alive, having been delicate all my life.

Today is the first day of May—Child Health Day. What a farce! One hundred thousand babies die in this country, at birth, every year. Another hundred thousand die at the age of one month.

Movie people are, in my opinion, the only people in the world today

who look life squarely in the face and are free from hypocrisy.

The church? Bah! It is the haven of hypocrites.

I wish some talented person would compose a thrilling scenario showing the injustice of the terrible law, sanctioned by church members, rendering the dissemination of safe and reliable birth control knowledge illegal.

I have not been inside a church for years. Oh yes, I belong to a sanctimonious Methodist family. And I am named for a Methodist bishop. I go to the movies every chance I have. In my opinion, the screen is a far more potent factor for good than the church.

M. C.

She Outgrew Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

"I was just trying to show you why," she said. "It's my height. I'm too tall. I'm five feet seven and a half inches tall. And that is just three inches too tall to play opposite almost any star in this business.

"If I were a star there aren't two leading men I could get to play opposite me.

"Of course I don't say I could have been a star. But I'm sure I could have had a chance at it if it hadn't been for my height.

"Sometimes I wish I hadn't 'grewed' quite so much. I outgrew stardom, I guess."

Of course there isn't really anything to feel exactly sorry for Gertrude Astor about. She is one of the props of the

industry. She's one of the people you always see playing the difficult rôles, the big character parts. And her salary is as big or bigger than many leading women's. She has an assured position, and as a matter of fact it may last longer than that of lots of the pretty, fluffy little girls who star for a day and then wither away. Gertrude Astor can go on indefinitely, because she has brains and ability.

But—but I don't know. I got a tear out of it, somehow. I just had a feeling that there were a lot of nights when she'd heard the old verdict of, "Sorry, Miss Astor. We did want you, but you're too tall," that Gertrude Astor cried into her pillow.

The Love Hunch

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

FAMOUS SCREEN ARTIST AT HOME

Elaine Gardner Caught by the Camera Man in the Doorway of Her New Bungalow in Hollywood.

"Lying there in bed a few minutes ago I looked at that picture and had a hunch," Craig said earnestly. "You know how I am about those things, George. I never had a real hunch that was wrong. The one I just got is that that's the girl I'm going to marry. I'm thirty-two and I never had that sort of a hunch before. Never! I'm going to follow it and see what happens."

"What do you mean 'follow it'?" Mason asked.

"I'm beating it back to the U. S. by the first boat I can get booked on," Craig explained. "There I'll find out where this girl is now and go to her. I'll tell her frankly just what—"

"Bob, you're crazy!" Mason wailed. "Spoil our chance for a party in Morocco to follow a crazy hangover hunch about a movie star you never met? Aw, Bob! Nix! All our old gang are down there now flying for the French. We can get our commissions if you'll stick around for another couple of weeks. It'll be just like old times before that darned old armistice made the world safe for democrats and deadly dull for guys like us who want a little flavoring in our fun. Be good, Bob! I wouldn't have come abroad this year if we hadn't planned getting in on this party with the French. Have another drink and forget it."

Bob Craig shook his head stubbornly. "My mind's made up," he insisted.

"Your what?" Mason asked insultingly. "Of all the prize idiots! Oh, well—"

LOUISE HUBBARD had a plentiful store of patience and tact. Her job demanded an abundance of both. She was Elaine Gardner's secretary and it was her duty to humor and serve her temperamental employer on the one

hand and on the other to variously pacify, repel or encourage, according to their means, methods and motives, the many who sought personal audience with the blonde screen favorite.

Louise had a gift for the delicate business of refusing a request and making the disappointed applicant like it. She seemed so genuinely sorry when she voiced a negative that many of those with whom she dealt thus—particularly the men—felt obligated to minimize their concern in the matter to allay the pangs of regret that so evidently distressed her. Her hair was dark and soft and wavy, her eyes were blue and large and tender and her mouth was a blood rose red and of young rose texture and much too big to be beautiful—or mean. Her beauty was of a sort that a camera lens can't catch, a loveliness of expression and coloring rather than perfection of feature outline, and so, at twenty-four in Hollywood, she was a secretary instead of a screen star.

TO her, seated behind a desk in a little office on the Sedgewick-Scallan lot in Hollywood, came Bob Craig, seeking audience with Elaine Gardner.

"It's personal," Bob assured her in answer to the stock request for the nature of his business.

Louise smiled. "I'm afraid I'll have to give Miss Gardner a little more information than that to arrange an interview," she explained.

"I suppose so," Bob agreed reluctantly. "Well, you see, it's like this."

Following which preamble he seated himself, lit a cigarette and told his tale.

"Well!" Louise exclaimed when he had done. "I'll say it's personal."

"Um!" Bob grunted, eyeing her uneasily. "Sounds balmy, doesn't it?"

The expression in her blue eyes embarrassed and irritated him. There was something of amusement there and a hint of contempt and the suggestion of an accusation. Her look made him feel that



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he was being unjustly judged and roused the desire to defend himself, explain, answer a question that her eyes asked. He realized he was blushing and was instantly, absurdly annoyed with Louise Hubbard for being responsible for it.

"You don't look like a lunatic," she said helpfully.

"Nice of you," Bob said shortly, nettled.

"If you're not a lunatic you'll admit that you do talk like one," she continued.

"Freely," said Bob. "In fact, if I came to myself with the story I've just told you I'd probably throw me out the door or sit on myself and call a cop."

"I thought of calling a cop," Louise confessed demurely. "In case you got violent."

Bob flushed, feeling keenly the need of setting himself right with the mind back of those cool, irritating blue eyes.

"After all, why should my story seem so crazy?" he demanded. "Is romance so obsolete that a man touched with it need necessarily be regarded as a lunatic?"

Louise thoughtfully made marks on a blotting pad with a paper cutter.

"You're quite sure you're really and truly in love with Miss Gardner?" she asked. "Just from seeing her picture in a Sunday newspaper?"

"No," Bob exclaimed explosively.

"Of course, I'm not sure. All I know is that I looked at that picture and something happened to me. I don't know what it was. I know I never felt that way before."

"How did you feel?" she inquired.

Bob considered. "Funny," he said. "Little tingles up and down my back. Then my heart began to beat fast. That was another thing. And—let me see—Oh, yes. All of a sudden I got ashamed of some of the wild parties I'd played here and there. Then I felt a little as I used to when I was a youngster sitting in church Sunday mornings when the organist was playing hymns. Sort of—you know — solemn and — and high-minded."

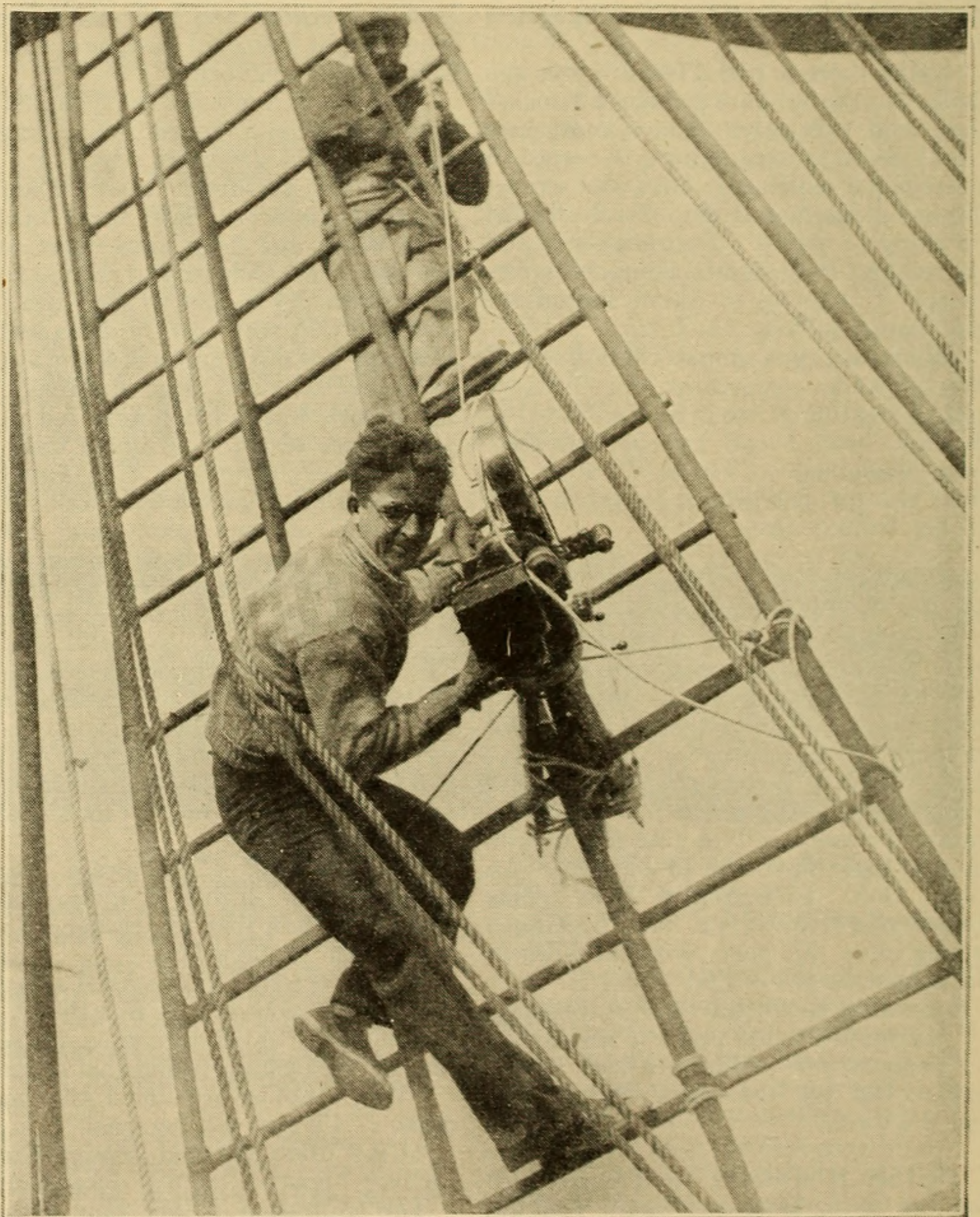
She raised her eyes and looked at him, questioningly, accusingly.

"You think that was love?" she asked.

"I don't know, I tell you!" Bob said irritably. "All I'm sure of is that I got a hunch."

"A hunch?"

"That's it. I've been a hunch player all my life. I don't know what it is. Apparently without reason I get a sudden feeling of conviction about something and when I do I'm right. Always! Never been wrong once when I had that feeling, one of those hunches. They saved my life three different times during the war.



A sea-going cameraman—Bill Daniels—straps his camera to the rigging to get some striking scenes for "Captain Salvation." This sea story was directed by John Robertson

I'd have a hunch to do a certain thing and do it and find out later that if I hadn't I'd have been killed. The same thing's happened in different ways time and again. When I saw Miss Gardner's picture over there in Paris I—well, I had a love hunch. I guess that's what you'd call it. And here I am."

Louise nodded, smiling slightly. "That at least is plain, hard fact," she agreed. "You're here. And since you've crossed an ocean and a continent to see Miss Gardner I'll do my best to at least arrange an interview."

"Say, that's nice of you," Craig said gratefully.

"Probably silly of me too," Louise said almost petulantly. "The chances are I'll only get a call down for my pains. Really, you know, if I did what I'm paid for I'd shoo you out of here as pleasantly as possible and then warn Miss Gardner to be on the watch for a loose nut who might accost her on the street and get violent."

"I'm not a nut," Bob protested earnestly. "Honestly I'm not."

"I believe you," Louise assured him. "In spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary I believe that you are really not a nut and I'll do my poor little best to convince Miss Gardner of your sanity. You sit here and believe in Santa Claus while I go try to make her believe that life is sometimes as strange—and funny—as pictures."

She smiled and moved briskly out of the office, leaving Bob feeling painfully uneasy, ashamed. He felt like a reprovved schoolboy, and he, Robert M. Craig, man of means by inheritance and adventurer by instinct and choice, was not accustomed to that sensation of ashamed inferiority. Something in the expression of Louise Hubbard's eyes had caused the mood. He decided that he was probably going to dislike her—actively.

ELAINÉ GARDNER was a baby faced blonde with the expression of a martyred cherub and the heart of a dyspeptic miser. If eyes are the windows of the soul she wore a borrowed pair. They were large and light blue and looking into them one saw reflected only the qualities of mercy, tenderness and generosity. She was, in fact, as merciful as a mad dog, as tender as a tiger and as generous as a comic supplement Scot. She had one great love in her life. That was herself and she looked out for herself with a fierce and never-ceasing care. All things that added to the fame and fortune of Miss Elaine Gardner she did, and all things that might conceivably detract therefrom, she left undone. She led a pure life for the same and sole reason that an athlete in training eschews tobacco. And she looked upon love and marriage precisely as a broker looks upon stocks and bonds.

Millions of picture fans, who followed her on the screen, believed her to be a high and holy thing and were, perhaps, uplifted by the everworthy example of her mirrored shadow. A few hundred of her picture co-workers who were compelled to endure her on location and in the studio, regarded her as one of the annoying and inexplicable miracles of the inexplicably miraculous industry, art, business, sport or what-have-you, of the

screen, and were driven to desperation, drink, profanity, philosophy—and even, on occasion, to the final horror of other and older vocations, by the ever poisonous character and comment of the lady herself, in person, not yet a picture.

It was, then, to this Miss Elaine Gardner that Louise Hubbard, secretary, by accident of facial contour and force of circumstance, went with her tale of the strangely love-stricken young man who had traveled many a mile at the bidding of a mere love hunch, and now humbly sought audience and the opportunity to woo and win.

Miss Gardner was in conference with her director, her supervisor, her scenario writer, two gag men and a noted novelist when Louise entered and submitted a brief synopsis of the case of Bob Craig and his love hunch.

"Say! What do you think I pay you for?" Miss Gardner demanded angrily, when Louise had spoken her piece. "You getting tired of your job, that you come bothering me in conference with the story about some loose-footed sap who saw my picture in the paper some place and wants to meet me? My God! They all want to meet me!"

"Amazing!" the novelist exclaimed, more in envy than wonder. He was regretfully reminded by the incident that no fair admirer had ever been sufficiently fired by one of his paragraphs to so much as follow him across the street in search of possible romance much less traverse an ocean and a continent in its quest; and he was moved to secret bitterness at the inequality between the appeal of the pictured person and that of the printed word.

"I'll say!" the director agreed enthusiastically. "It's the limit the way Miss Gardner gets over sex appeal in these lousy milk-and-water stories she has to do! The men fans are all crazy about her!"

Miss Gardner looked upon the director with an approving eye. "I always claim it ain't necessary to be dirty to put it over," she said, with a satisfied smirk. "Let the vamps shiver and shimmy and wiggle their hips all they want! Just give me a few close-ups as a sweet young thing with a baby stare, and I'll take my chance on whose photograph the boys carry around in the old breast pocket."

"Did you say this guy was an aviator?" one of the gag men inquired.

"Yes," said Louise.

"And his name is Robert M. Craig?"

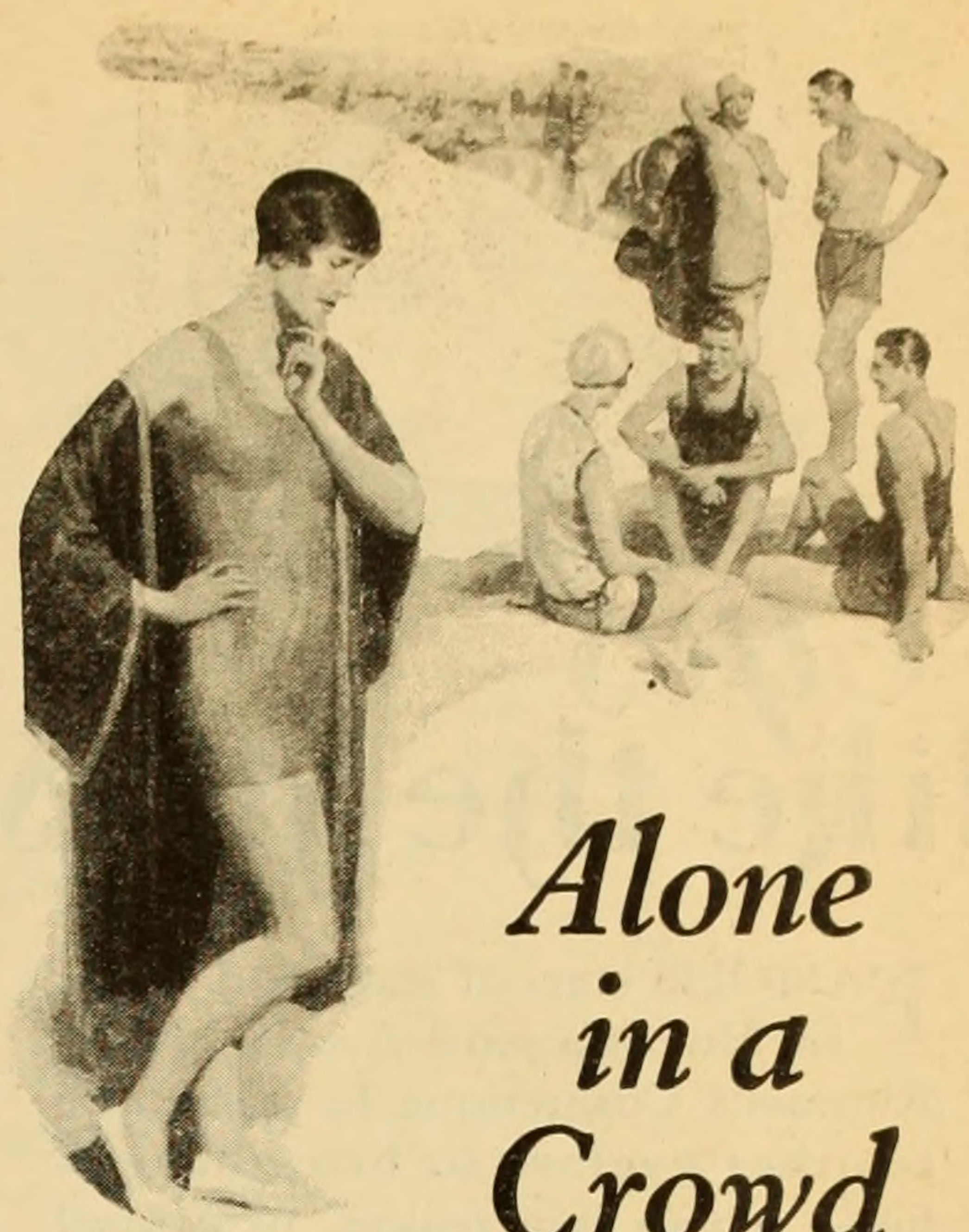
"That's what he says."

"**O**NE of the pilots in the aviation outfit I was with as a mechanic during the war, was a fellow named Robert M. Craig," the gag man continued. "This fellow couldn't be the same guy, though. This Bob Craig we had with us, he was an ace an' a reg'lar guy. He could hold his liquor an' fly his ship an' wise-crack with the best of 'em. He was no goof. This fellow that's here now, he ain't about five foot 'leven an' a half tall, is he?"

"Yes," Louise said shortly.

"Yeah?" said the gag man. "Well, he don't weigh about one hundred and seventy-five, does he?"

"He does," Louise said firmly. "For your further information, if you wish it, he has light brown eyes, krinkly brown



Alone in a Crowd

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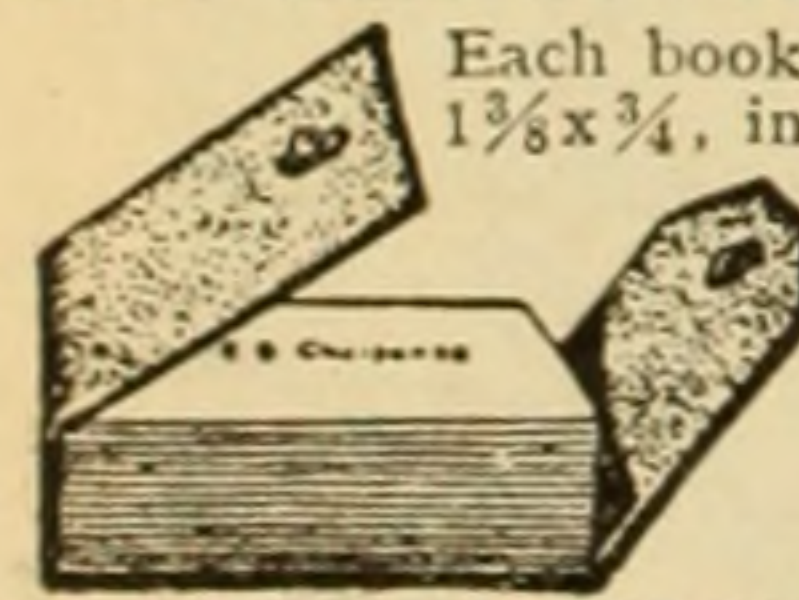
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hair, with just a tinge of red in it, a nose and a mouth and a chin and some hands and feet, with enough freckles to go around. In addition to this, if it's of any interest to you, he acts and talks like a regular guy and a gentleman."

"Yeah?" said the gag man. "That's Bob Craig, sure. Why say! He was an ace."

"What's an ace?" Miss Gardner inquired.

The gag man explained.

"Oh!" said Miss Gardner, thoughtfully. "A war hero, huh?"

"I'll say he was a war hero!" the gag man enthused. "Why say. He was up all alone one day, when ten boche took after him. You know what he did?"

"No," Miss Gardner admitted without interest. And then: "Just a moment."

She took up the telephone, called the publicity department and demanded the immediate appearance of one Kenny Field, her personal press representative.

Kenny appeared within a few seconds and listened with a bored air to the story of Robert Craig and his mission.

"I thought there might be something in it," Miss Gardner suggested, hopefully.

Kenny flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Them war hero gags are pretty well played out," he said, disparagingly.

"You might think of something new to hang this one on," Miss Gardner reminded him.

"I might," Kenny admitted doubtfully. "Whatever it is, we'd have to build it up to make it any good, though. Do you want to meet this goof and be seen around with him enough so people get to talkin'?"

"Will I have to do that?" Miss Gardner asked, plaintively.

Kenny shrugged. "Suit yourself," he said. "If you don't want to take the trouble, that's up to you. I can cook up some kind of a hokum yarn on this thing, on what we got, but it'll get the waste basket in most of the offices, an' the papers that do use it'll only trick it up an' give it the razz. I've told you time an' again that the only way to really get space these days is to frame new stunts that'll stand up an' then go through with 'em."

Miss Gardner sighed. "The things a person in the public eye has to do!" she exclaimed. "Honest, I sometimes wish I was just somebody's wife, or something! All right! I'll go through with it. Make a date for me with this palpitatin' papa, Louise. I'll try him once, an' if I can stand him, he can hang 'round till Kenny gets something framed. Now listen, Kenny, don't let this run on, now, will you? I got my private life to lead, haven't I? I mean, I can't sacrifice everything for the sake of my work."

"I'll get a line on this sucker and fix up up something soon," Kenny promised. "Make it good for me, though. Have him 'round enough so they'll get to talkin' about who this new guy is you're gettin' interested in. That's the only way."

WITHIN two weeks after Bob Craig met Elaine Gardner, people were talking. He was seen everywhere with her—at dinners and dances, at lunch and even on the lot. He was, in fact, dazed

by the wealth of opportunity offered to pay court. He had come prepared to make a determined fight to win her, and amazingly, found his suit aided in all ways, opposed in none. The whole affair seemed like a dream to him. Miss Gardner and the people she worked and played with were creatures of a dream. They worked and played in a dream world—a fantastic world of strange lights and much music, of Alice-in-wonderland creatures, fairy-tale palaces and hovels, princes and paupers, beggars and kings. He felt himself a disembodied part of this strange dream, and in the inevitable and involuntary action thereof, he made love to his lady and wondered vaguely when the alarm clock would go off and wake him up.

LOUISE Hubbard was the only figure in the dream that really bothered him. He saw her often, but seldom to talk to. When he did have an opportunity for a chat, she was sure to cut him short with a casual sentence or two, with the plea of work to be done. He was ever conscious of her, however, and she constantly irritated him. She was not quite a part of this dream in which he was involved. It was a little as though she were a part of the wide-awake world, watching him, the sleeper, dreaming. He felt her as a pair of wise eyes, watching—always watching. Watching with an irritating expression of patronage, pity and censure. As on the first day of their meeting, he felt the need of explaining something to her—something about him that she misunderstood. And when, occasionally, he had the opportunity to speak to her alone for a moment, he did not, for the life of him, know what it was that he wanted to explain. She wore on his consciousness, until he began avoiding her when he could, and sulking, when inevitable meetings occurred. He told himself that his first feeling about her was right. He certainly was not going to like her—not ever!

His courtship of Miss Gardner was to him the least realistic part of the entire dream. He assured her of his passionate devotion as mechanically as a squeezed doll says, "Mama." It was the thing he had come to do, and he did it. He listened, too, to her counter arguments, questionings and adroit phrasing of partial promise, with as little real interest as a west-bound traveler in a station waiting room harkens to the announcement of the departure of east-bound trains.

IT was all a part of the dream. He was adrift on an irresistible tide, headed for some definite and destined port. Nothing that he could do or say would alter his course or hasten or delay his arrival. When reason spoke to him in protest, he silenced it with the reminder that he was following his hunch. Had he not always been right—mysteriously, inexplicably right—when he had followed a hunch? Yes. Had he ever been wrong when obedient to the promptings of a hunch? No. Well then! On with the dream!

Something short of a month after his first meeting with Elaine Gardner, Bob Craig repeated his much uttered request that she marry him, and she varied the monotony of the proceeding by agreeing to do so.

In outward manifestation Bob reacted to this as a happy and accepted lover should. Actually, he was as free of emotion as a stuffed doll. He kissed her, however, with a passable counterfeit of due ardor, and urged her to name the day.

"It's been such a strange, sweet romance," she murmured in answer, snuggling into his embrace, and looking up into his eyes. "I wonder if we couldn't have our marriage in keeping with it."

"Why sure!" Bob agreed readily. "What's your idea?"

With her arms about his neck, and her lips close to his ear, she haltingly whispered her plan. Bob laughed and squeezed her tight.

"Why, you nice little person!" he said tenderly. "I think that's a perfectly grand idea. Sure thing! Saturday morning, just at dawn, eh? I'll be there with my hair in a braid."

When he parted with her he was aglow with the first approximation of genuine romantic feeling he had experienced since their meeting. He still felt as though he were moving in a dream, but he felt, too, for the first time, that it was developing into a real love dream, with the assurance of a happy awakening. He was following his hunch, and everything was working out right. He was sure of that—absurdly, insanely, pitifully sure.

CONCURRENT with this sense of assurance, he experienced an almost savage jolt of joy at the prospect of being able to confound Louise Hubbard with the success of his strange, hunch-born plan. Look at him as if he were just an ordinary, silly, love-sickened John, capering after a screen star, would she? He'd teach her! He'd make the expression of those watching eyes change! He'd alter it from amusement, censure or pity—whatever it was—to one of amazement, at least. He chuckled exultantly, to think of the way the expression of those eyes would change when she found out what had happened. He was so pleased with this prospect, that, for the time, at least, it occupied his imagination almost to the complete exclusion of any thought of the romantic joy in store for him as the husband of the famous Elaine Gardner.

The following morning he visited the plant of an airplane manufacturer in a suburb of Los Angeles, and introduced himself to the local head of the concern. After a little talk he took up a ship and flew it for an hour. On his return, he complimented the head of the firm on the ship's behavior.

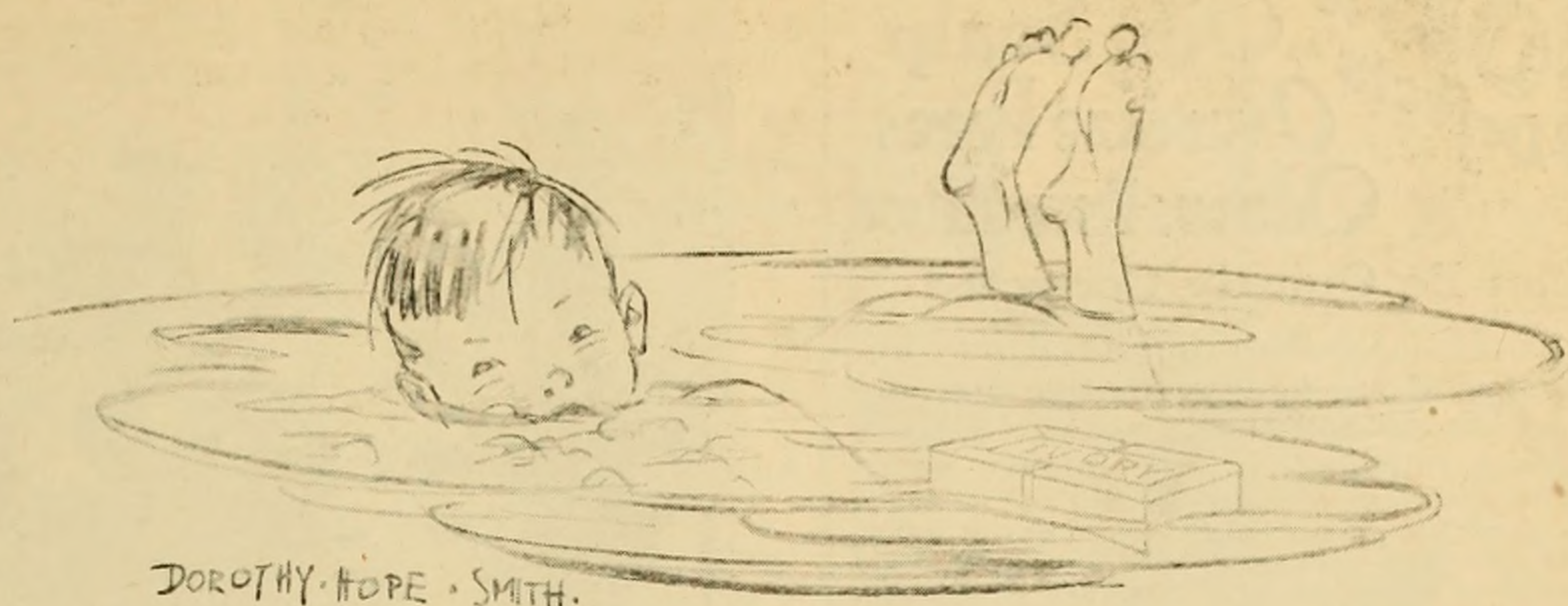
"Nice bus," he assured him. "She'll do."

"Say!" said that official, admiringly. "Give you a pair of canoe paddles and a Ford engine, an' you'd come as near flyin' a chicken coop as anybody I ever saw. Glad you like the ship. We're proud of it here. She'll be all tuned up an' ready for you."

"Saturday," Bob reminded him.

"Righto," said the official, "any time after three o'clock in the morning."

At ten o'clock on Friday night, Bob Craig went to bed in his suite in a Los Angeles hotel, leaving a call for a half hour after midnight. When he had switched off the lights and cuddled his head into the pillow, determined to get a little sleep, he became suddenly, star-



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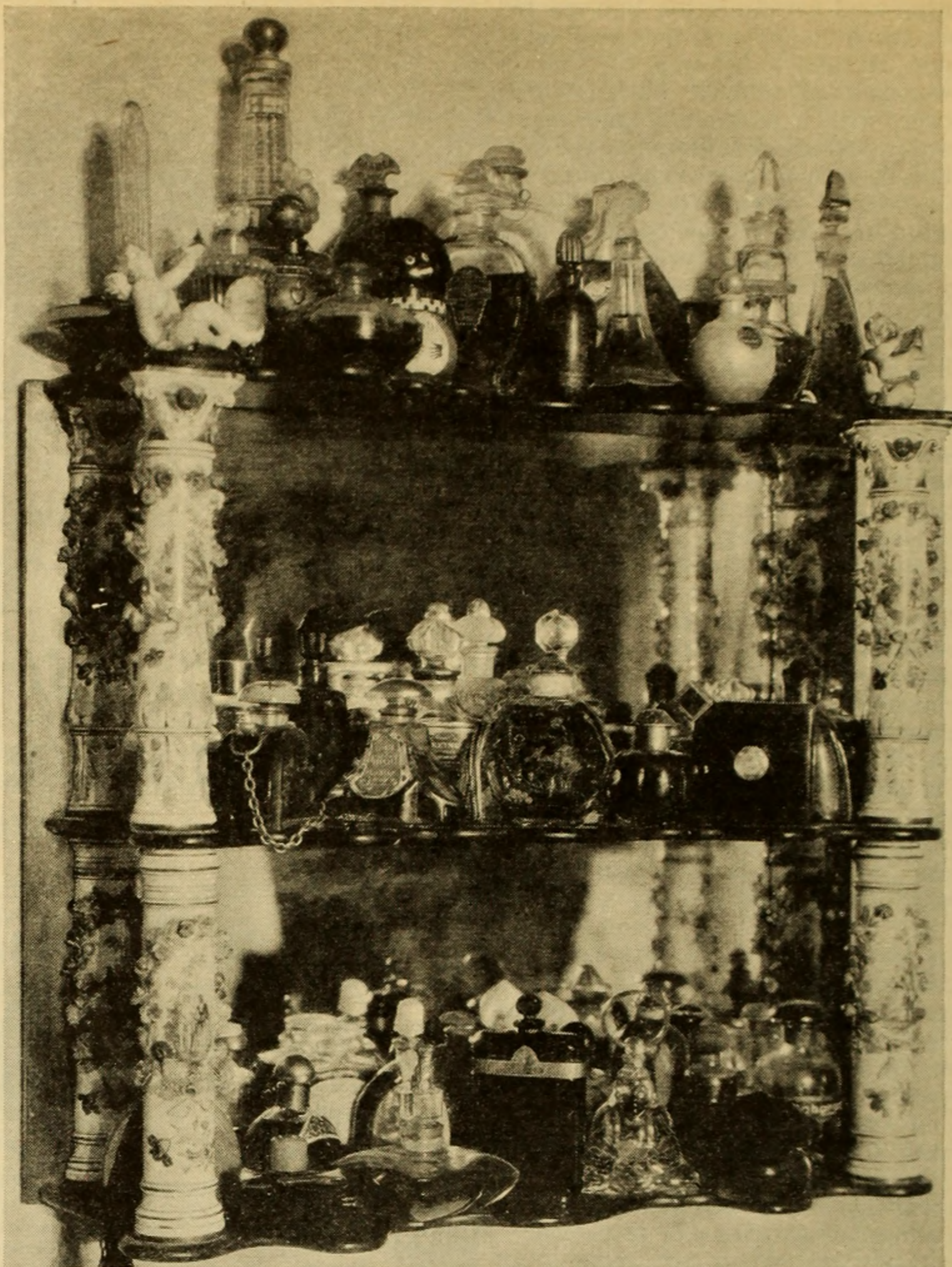
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tingly aware of a pair of eyes watching him—the cool, contemptuous, accusing eyes of Louise Hubbard. The initial illusion of those eyes, actually in the room watching him, was so convincing that he involuntarily sat up in bed, switched on the light and looked about.

"Damned idiot!" he muttered sheepishly. "I've got the bridegroom heebie-jeebies."

He switched off the light and lay down once more mentally striving to force from his fancy the impression of those watching eyes. They would not be banished, but remained in his consciousness, two clear-seen, disembodied orbs, floating about him, staring, ever staring, accusing, contemptuous, pitying. He fought for sleep, and persistently the eyes remained to torture his imagination. He was still wide awake, still stubbornly attempting sleep, when the phone rang his twelve-thirty call. He arose, nervous and shaky, took a cold shower, ordered a pot of coffee sent to his room and dressed himself in riding breeches, boots, heavy gray flannel shirt and corduroy jacket. He started violently when the waiter

with his coffee knocked at the door, and swore at himself for his nervousness. After swallowing a cup of strong, black coffee, he held out his hand experimentally. It shook in spite of his utmost efforts at control.

"What the hell ails me?" he demanded angrily of himself. "Am I breaking up?" Muttering, he put a small hand-bag on the bed and began packing it carefully with week-end necessities.

As he was nearing the completion of this task, the telephone rang, and at the sound, his taut nerves again expressed their irritation by forcing him to jump.

"Your car is waiting, sir," the hotel operator announced.

"All right!" he said shortly. "Be down in a few minutes."

He took another swallow of coffee, put on a cap, picked up his hand-bag and started for the door. As he moved toward it, he heard a light knocking.

"Come in," he called. His voice was harsh with the fret of his nerves. The door opened slowly and Louise Hubbard stepped in.

"I had to make sure of seeing you."

she said hurriedly, in a low voice. "I didn't dare take a chance of phoning you at your room and being refused. I had to come to your room to make sure of seeing you."

She looked at the bag in his hand and then back at his face. Her eyes were as he had seen them in fancy—accusing, contemptuous, pitying.

"You're going to elope with Elaine Gardner," she said abruptly.

"That," said Bob hotly, "is none of your business."

"In an airplane," she went on evenly, paying no attention to the text or tone of his rebuke, "to the little Mexican town of Ensenada, on the coast of lower California."

"Well, what if I am?" Bob asked, sulkily. "What is it to you?"

"OH, you fool!" she cried, suddenly angry. "You stupid, stubborn fool! You don't deserve to be warned out of this mess. I ought to let you go and learn for yourself."

"See here!" said Bob. "If you've come to tell me any lies about Miss Gardner—"

"Lies!" Louise stormed at him. "About Miss Gardner! I've come to tell you that you're running into a trap. You think you are going to take her down there and marry her! You think she suggested it because it's an appealing piece of romantic nonsense. Oh, you perfect idiot! Do you know what will happen at Ensenada?"

"Now, see here," said Bob, a little weakly, "I won't have you say anything against Miss—"

"The moment the machine lands, she'll jump out of it and run away for help." Louise rushed on. "There'll be people near by—Americans who just happen to be down there on a little trip. Oh yes! They just happen to be there! I saw the telegram from them yesterday, saying that they just happened to arrive. They'll be there to see Miss Gardner run screaming from the machine. They'll be there to hear her story, and testify to it afterwards. Do you know what the story will be? I'll tell you. It will be that you invited her for an early morning ride to see the sunrise from the sky, and then kidnapped her. That you threatened to hold her by force down on the California desert, until she agreed to marry you."

"You're crazy," Bob exclaimed. "Why should she do a thing like that?"

"Publicity, you poor, prize idiot!" Louise said scornfully. "Aviator kidnaps screen star! Oh, it's a water-tight story. They'll even prosecute you and make you stick. Keep the story alive in the newspapers all through the trial. You'll tell the truth and be laughed at. They'll all lie and be believed. It will be your unsupported word against all the circumstantial evidence and the testimony of many people! Why, you're liable to be actually convicted and sent up."

"I don't believe it," Bob said.

There was the sound of a hurried step in the hall and an imperative knocking on the door. Bob opened it and Kenny Field, breathless, stepped in. He looked anxiously at Bob, and then glowed at Louise Hubbard.

"Spilled the beans, did you?" he said angrily.

"I told him," Louise admitted defiantly. "I warned Miss Gardner I would and I did."

"She phoned me you were going to squeal," said Kenny. "I didn't think you'd really go through with it, you little double-crosser! Spoiled one of the best stunts I ever cooked up."

"I did," said Louise, "and I'm glad of it. Why, he might have been put in jail!"

"Ah, we'd have taken care of him somehow," said Field.

He turned to Bob and grinned. "Good idea I had, wasn't it?" he went on in a conciliatory tone. "No hard feelings, I hope. Just business, you know."

"I understand," said Craig, quietly, "Just business, as you say."

He stepped to the door, inserted the key and turned the lock. An expression of alarm appeared on Kenny's face.

"Hey!" he said nervously, "what's the idea of locking that door?"

"Just a precaution," Bob explained courteously. "You might be a coward and try to run."

"Be reasonable," Kenny begged. "Don't get tough. It's just business with me."

"Precisely," said Bob. "There are risks in every business, aren't there? Put up your hands and fight."

"Help!" Kenny yelled, backing away.

Smack! Bob's knuckled right fist caught him in the mouth, and sent him sprawling to the floor.

BOB was on him as he fell, hands at his throat. "Get up and fight and keep your mouth shut while you're doing it!" he demanded furiously. "One more yell out of you, and I'll choke you senseless and beat you small afterwards. Come on now. Get up and take it!"

Two minutes later, he led the well-beaten Field to the door, and shoved him, staggering, into the hall. "No hard feelings," he said cheerfully, as he thrust him forth.

"Just business, you know."

He shut the door and wiped the knuckles of his right fist with his handkerchief. Louise Hubbard's eyes were on him, watching, appraising, reproachful.

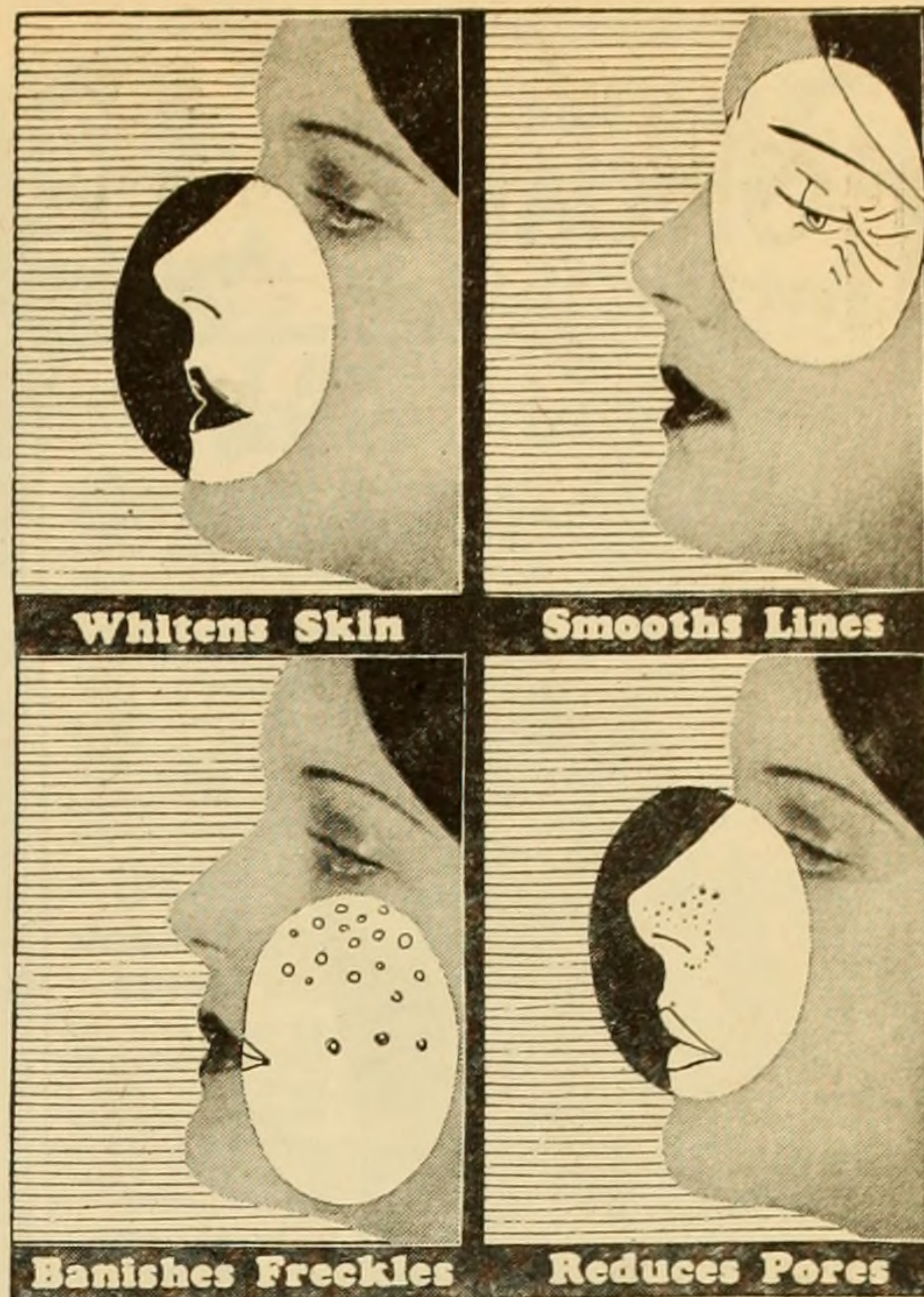
"He was pretty much of a sucker as a fighter, wasn't he?" Bob said smiling. "Almost as much of a sucker in a fight as I was in a love affair."

"It was beastly," Louise said hotly, "the trick they were trying to play on you!"

Bob sighed. "Oh, I don't know," he said philosophically. "You can't blame a wolf for using his teeth if a lamb butts into his den and bleats to be eaten, can you? I was a lamb, all right, and I sure have been begging to be bit."

"I can't understand how you could be so silly!" Louise exclaimed, with a quaver of emotional distress in her voice.

"I deliberately left reason out of the affair," Bob explained, gloomily. "I was following my hunch and I was bound to follow it to a finish. When I met Miss Gardner, my reason tried to tell me that she was just a shallow, selfish, vulgar little gold-digger, but I wouldn't listen. I had a hunch, and never before, in all



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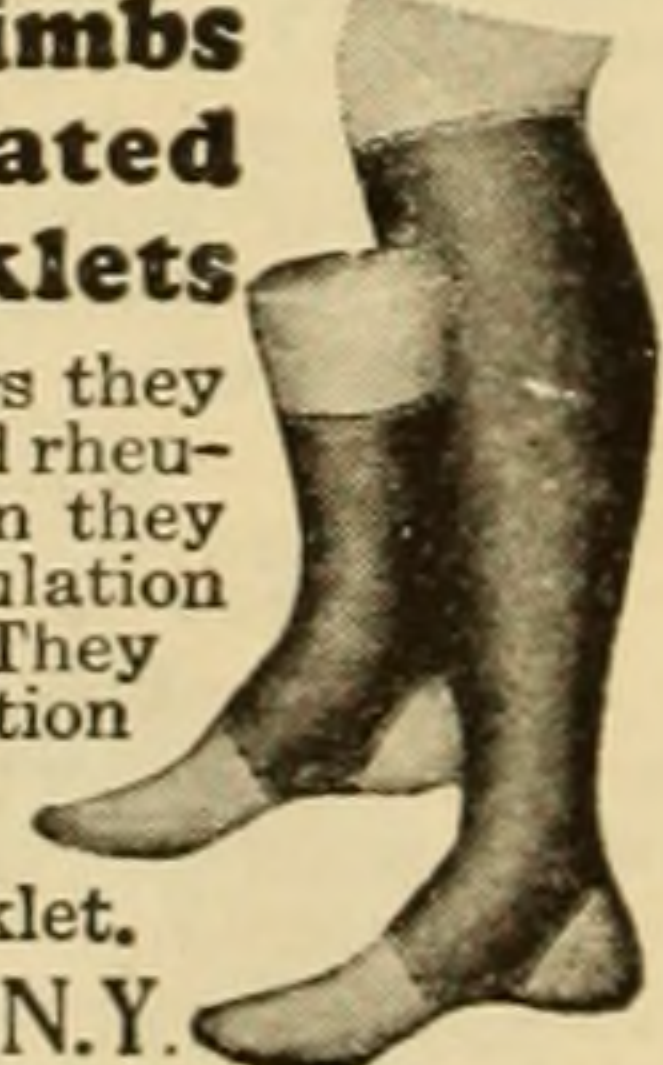
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my life, have I followed a hunch and lost."

"You think you really didn't love Miss Gardner, then?" Louise asked timidly.

"Love her!" Bob exclaimed. "Hell, no! That's what bothered me. You see, I had this hunch—this love hunch, and I came on here and—Why, what's the matter?"

LOUISE had burst into tears and crumpled down into a big chair sobbing convulsively, her face hidden in her crossed arms.

"What is it?" Bob asked anxiously.

Kneeling before her, solicitous, wondering, he put his hand on her shoulder and a strange, sweetly shocking current of emotion flowed through him at the touch. He began to tremble violently, as he plucked at her arms, clumsy, fumbling, trying to unmask her stubbornly shielded face. Words came unbidden from his heart.

"Louise! Louise, honey! Sweetheart! Listen to me. Don't cry. Listen! I—I—I love you."

"You don't!" she wailed, fighting him off. "Oh I'm so ashamed—I wish I could die! You don't love me. You don't."

A revelation of glorious certainty blazed in Bob Craig's heart like a leaping flame.

He crushed her tight against him and kissed her warm, yielding mouth, with a tender, compelling ferocity.

Words spilled from his lips between kisses, wild, sweet, helter-skelter words that meant nothing—and everything.

"I love you! I do! Sweetheart! From the very beginning! Always! You lovely thing! Look at me. I love you! I love you so!"

Dazed with a delirium of perfect abandon, they clung and kissed, and kissed and

clung again, desperate to clutch and keep the wild sweet miracle of passion that possessed them.

"I—I thought you'd never know!" she murmured, her wet cheek against his, her fingers trembling in his hair. "I loved you so! From the very first. From the day you came into the office—looking for her. I knew then. I knew you belonged to me. I knew! Oh, I thought you'd never learn. And I loved you so!"

Suddenly Bob Craig held her from him, her shoulders in the grip of his hands, and laughed triumphantly.

"My hunch!" he said. "It worked. It brought me you. A wild, crazy, roundabout trail, sweetheart, but it brought me to you, it did!"

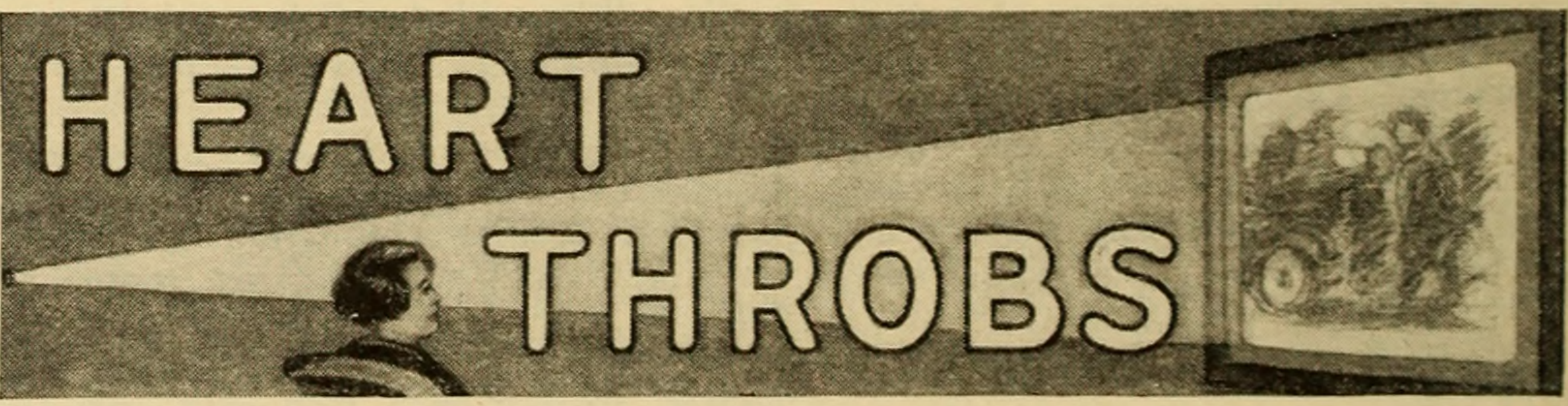
He kissed her then, and laughed again. "You're sure?" he asked happily, "about us?"

She nodded, the radiance of faith shining from her face like the reflection of a bright light.

"SO am I," said Bob. "I couldn't be more sure if we waited for ten years. Why wait? There's a plane all tuned up, and ready to go. There's a dawn coming. There's a lazy, lovely, old Mexican town down there below the border and a priest to be found for the asking. We'll meet that dawn in the air, and that priest in Ensenada, lady mine, and then—Oh Baby! Let's go!"

Two hours later, an early rising farmer busy in his barnyard, south of Santa Ana, looked up and saw a plane high in the thin, blue morning sky, looping, diving, zooming, sporting about in a seeming ecstasy of winged emotion. At last it flattened out and buzzed purposefully away to the southward.

"Huh!" the earth-bound farmer said scornfully, pouring a pail of swill into the trough for the grunting, hungry swine. "Damn fool!"



Phoenix, Ariz.
I have just read the instructive article about Schools of Movie Acting by Agnes Smith, in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.

This article carries untold information to the short-change person who has visions of bursting into the land of box-car denomination pay checks.

The result is too bad for the poor fish who digs up his or her hard-earned cash for bunko artists who supply nothing but promises.

I have a dear old mother to thank for my liberty outside prison walls today, after a run-in with a member from the bogus field. I took a bite of this famous movie cake a while back, thinking there might be a nest egg in it for old age.

I met a bogus producer, director

and God knows what else he was in the movie world. I am a free-lance guide and roamer through the silent scenic wonders off the beaten path, out west. I have followed the vocation for twenty years. This gave me plenty of spare time to kill and look for new adventures. Thinking there would be another notch added to my gun of experience and looking for something soft, I took a shot at this glittering line of bunko.

This movie bubble busted a bogus director west on the rocks. Hot lead stops a lot of them. So it goes the world over—dishonesty leads to disaster.

I am a reader of PHOTOPLAY and a fan for good pictures. More power to PHOTOPLAY with its ideals of honesty and square deal to its readers.

L. L.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"MISSING LINK, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Charles F. Reisner and Darryl F. Zanuck. Scenario by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Photography by Dev Jennings. The cast: *Arthur Wells*, Syd Chaplin; *Beatrice Braden*, Ruth Hiatt; *Colonel Braden*, Crauford Kent; *Ship Captain*, Nick Cogley; *The Missing Link*, Sam Baker; *Chimpanzee*, Akka.

"CLIMBERS, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the stage play, Clyde Fitch. Scenario by Tom Gibson. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Duchess of Arrogan*, Irene Rich; *Pancho Mendoza*, Clyde Cook; *Duke Cordova El Blanco*, Forrest Stanley; *Laska*, Flabelle Fairbanks; *Countess Veya*, Myrna Loy; *Hans Nelson*, Anders Randolph; *Juna*, Dot Farley; *Queen*, Rosemary Cooper; *Duke of Arrogan*, Nigel Barrie; *Ensign Carlos*, Joseph Striker; *Miguel*, Hector Sarno; *King Ferdinand VII*, Max Barwin; *Clotilda*, Martha Franklin.

"CLAW, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by Sidney Olcott. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: *Maurice Stair*, Norman Kerry; *Diedre Saurin*, Claire Windsor; *Major Anthony Kinsella*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Marquis of Stair*, Tom Guise; *Judy Saurin*, Helene Sullivan; *Scout Mac Bourney*, Nelson McDowell; *Captain Rockwood*, Larry Steers; *Wagon-driver*, J. Gordon Russell; *Saba Rockwood*, Myrta Bonillas; *Richard Saurin*, Jacques D'Aurey; *Nonie Valetta*, Pauline Neff; *Dr. Harriatt*, Bertram Johns; *Mrs. Harriatt*, Billie Bennett; *Mrs. Mac Bourney*, Annie Ryan; *Chief Logenbuela*, Dick Sutherland.

"TRACKED BY THE POLICE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Scenario by Johnnie Grey. Directed by Ray Enright. Photography by Ed Du Par. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Bob Owen*, Jason Robards; *Marcella Bradley*, Virginia Browne Faire; *Sandy Sturgeon*, Tom Santschi; *Wyoming Willie*, Dave Morris; *Bull Storm*, Theodore Lorch; *Princess*, Nanette; *Crook*, Ben Walker; *Tom Bradley*, Vilfred North.

"LOVE THRILL, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Millard Webb and Joe Mitchell. Adapted by Marian Orth. Directed by Millard Webb. Photography by Gilbert Varrenton. The cast: *Joyce Bragdon*, Laura La Plante; *Jack Sturdevant*, Tom Moore; *J. Anthony Creelman*, Bryant Vashburn; *Paula*, Jocelyn Lee; *Peter Chadwick*, Arthur Hoyt; *Soloman*, Nat Carr; *Harpe*, Frank Finch Smiles.

"FIGHTING THREE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Lester. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Jack Conway*, Jack Hoxie; *Mlle. Jean D'Arcy*, Olive Hasrouck; *Clara Jones*, Marin Sais; *John D'Arcy*, William Malan; *Widow Henshaw*, Fanny Warren; *Marshall Skinner*, Buck Connors; *Timothy Bright*, William Dyer; *Paul Revere*, Henry Roquemore; *Steve Clayton*, William Norton Bailey.

"HIS FIRST FLAME"—PATHE.—From the story by Arthur Ripley and Frank Capra. Directed by Harry Edwards. Photography by Wm. Williams and Ernie Rockett. The cast: *Harry Howells*, Harry Langdon; *Ethel Morgan*, Natalie Kingston; *Mary Morgan*, Ruth Hiatt; *Amos McCarthy*, Vernon Dent; *Hector Benedict*, Bud Jamieson; *Mrs. Benedict*, Dot Farley.

"EYES OF TOTEM"—PATHE.—From the story by W. W. Dickson. Adapted by E. C. Maxwell. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photography by Abe Sholtz. The cast: *Mariam Hardy*, Wanda Hawley; *Philip La Rue*, Tom Santschi; *Betty Hardy*, Anne Cornwall; *Jim Hardy*, Monte Wax; *Bruce Huston*, Gareth Hughes; *Toby*, Bert Woodruff; *Stella Haynes*, Violet Palmer; *Mrs. Francis Huston*, Mary Louis Jones; *Peggy Huston*, Dorothy Llewellyn; *Bessie Snider*, Nell Barry Taylor.

"BITTER APPLES"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Harold McGrath. Directed by Harry Hoyt. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *John Wyncote*, Monte Blue; *Marie Blanco*, Myrna Loy; *Stefani Blanco*, Paul Ellis; *Cyrus Thornden*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Joseph Blanco*, Sydney de Gray; *Mrs. Channing*, Ruby Blaine; *First Officer*, Robert Bary.

"PIRATES OF THE SKY"—PATHE.—Adapted by Elaine Wilmont. Directed by Charles Andrews. Photography by Leon Shamroy. The cast: *Bob Manning*, Charles Hutchinson; *Doris Reed*, Wanda Hawley; *Bruce Mitchell*, Crauford Kent; *Jeff Oldring*, Jimmie Aubrey; *Stone*, Ben Walker.

"DON DESPERADO"—PATHE.—From the story by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo Maloney. Photography by Ben White. The cast: *Leo McHale*, Leo Maloney; *Doris Jessup*, Eugenia Gilbert; *Nathan Jessup*, Frederick Dana; *Aaron Blaisdell*, Charles Bartlett; *Ables*, Whitehorse; *Frenchy*, Bud Osborne; *Joe Jessup*, Morgan Davis; *Stage Agent*, Allen Watt; *Dr. Wilder*, Harry W. Ramsey.

"RICH BUT HONEST"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Florine Candles*, Nancy Nash; *Bob Hendricks*, Clifford Holland; *Dick Carter*, Charles Morton; *Diamond Jim O'Grady*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Barney Zoom*, Tyler Brooke; *Heinie*, Ted McNamara; *Maybelle*, Marjorie Beebe; *Archie*, Ernie Shields; *Mrs. O'Grady*, Doris Lloyd.

"HEART OF SALOME, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Allen Raymond. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Diana Mayfield*, Alma Rubens; *Monte Carroll*, Walter Pidgeon; *Sir Humphrey*, Holmes Herbert; *Redfern*, Robert Agnew; *Diane's Maid*, Erin Labissoniere; *Chauffeur*, Walter Dugan; *Henri Bezanne*, Barry Norton; *Madame Bezanne*, Virginia Madison.

"BRUTE, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by W. Douglas Newton. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: *"Easy Going"* Randall, Monte Blue; *Oklahoma Red*, Clyde Cook; *Janice Duan*, Leila Hyams; *Janice's Brother*, Carrol Nye; *John Felton*, Paul Nicholson.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"—FOX.—From the stage play by Austin Strong. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Frank Borzage. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: *Diane*, Janet Gaynor; *Chico*, Charles Farrell; *Brissac*, Ben Bard; *Papa Boul*, Albert Gran; *Gobin*, David Butler; *Madame Gobin*, Marie Mosquini; *Nana*, Gladys Brockwell; *Pierre Chezillon*, Emile Chautard; *The Rat*, George Stone; *Uncle Georges Vulnar*, Brandon Hurst; *Aunt*

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Valentine Vulnar, Jessie Haslett; Arlette, Lillian West.

"ANNIE LAURIE" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John Robertson. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: Annie Laurie, Lillian Gish; Ian MacDonald, Norman Kerry; Donald, Creighton Hale; Alastair, Joseph Striker; The MacDonald Chieftain, Hobart Bosworth; Enid, Patricia Avery; Sandy, Russell Simpson; The Campbell Chieftain, Brandon Hurst; Sir Robert Laurie, David Torrence; Cameron of Lochiel, Frank Currier.

"CAT AND THE CANARY, THE" — UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by John Willard. Adapted by Alfred Cohn. Directed by Paul Leni. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: Annabelle West, Laura La Plante; Paul Jones, Creighton Hale; Charles Wilder, Forrest Stanley; Roger Crosby, Tully Marshall; Cecily, Gertrude Astor; Susan, Flora Finch; Harry, Arthur Edmund Carewe; "Mammy" Pleasant, Martha Mattox; Hendricks, George Siegmann; Lawyer, Lucien Littlefield; Milkman, Joe Murphy; Taxi Driver, Billy Eagle.

"CAPTAIN SALVATION" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Frederick William Wallace. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Anson Campbell, Lars Hanson; Mary Phillips, Marceline Day; Bess Morgan, Pauline Starke; Zeke Crosby, George Fawcett; Captain, Ernest Torrence; Peter Campbell, Sam De Grasse; Nathan Phillips, Jay Hunt; Mate, Jack Curtis; Missus Buxom, Eugenie Besserer; Missus Bellows, Eugenie Forde; Missus Snifty, Flora Finch; Old Sea Salt, James Marcus.

"BABE COMES HOME" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: "Babe" Dugan, "Babe" (George Herman) Ruth; Vernie, Anna Q. Nilsson; Laundry Girl, Louise Fazenda; Georgia, Ethel Shannon; Laundry Driver, Arthur Stone; Peewee, third baseman, Lou Archer; Angel, team manager, Tom McGuire; Mascot, Mickey Bennett; Baseball players, James Bradbury, Big Boy Williams, James Gordon.

"KNOCKOUT REILLY" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Scenario by Pierre Collings & Kenneth Raisbeck. Directed by Malcom St. Clair. The cast: Dundee Reilly, Richard Dix; Mary Malone, Mary Brian; Killer Agerra, Jack Renault; Pat Malone, Harry Gribbon; Spider Cross, Osgood Perkins; Mrs. Reilly, Lucia Backus Seger; Kewpie Dugan, Larry McGrath; Buck Lennard, Myrtleland La Varre.

"SENORITA" — PARAMOUNT. — Story and scenario by John McDermott. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: Senorita, Bebe Daniels; Roger Oliveros, James Hall; Ramon Oliveros, William Powell; Don Francisco Hernandez, Josef Swickard.

"ROOKIES" — METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER.—Story and continuity by Byron Morgan. Directed by Sam Wood. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: Sergeant Diggs, Karl Dane; Greg Lee, George K.

Arthur; Betty Wayne, Marceline Day; Zella Fay, Louise Lorraine; The Judge, Frank Currier; Colonel, E. H. Calvert; Sergeant O'Brien, Tom O'Brien; Corporal O'Sullivan, Charles Sullivan; Sleepy, Lincoln Stedman; Smarty, Gene Stone.

"CHILDREN OF DIVORCE" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Owen Johnson. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: Kitty Flanders, Clara Bow; Jean Waddington, Esther Ralston; Ted Larrabee, Gary Cooper; Prince Ludovico De Sfax, Einar Hanson; Duke de Gondreville, Norman Trevor; Katherine Flanders, Hedda Hopper; Tom Larrabee, Edward Martindel; Princess de Sfax, Julia Swayne Gordon; The Secretary, Tom Ricketts; Mr. Seymour, Albert Gran; Mousie, Iris Stuart; Mother Superior, Margaret Campbell; Manning, Percy Williams; Little Kitty, Joyce Marie Coad; Little Jean, Yvonne Pelletier; Little Ted, Don Marion.

"SPECIAL DELIVERY" — PARAMOUNT.—Continuity by John Goodrich. Directed by William Goodrich. Photography by Henry Hallenberger. The cast: Eddie, Eddie Cantor; Madge, Jobyna Ralston; Harold Jones, William Powell; Harrigan, Donald Keith; Flannigan, Jack Dougherty; Nip, Victor Potel; Tuck, Paul Kelly; The Mother, Mary Carr.

"UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. — From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Jack Conway. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: Monica Dale, Joan Crawford; Bob Mason, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Tony Garland, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Kelcey Dale, Carmel Myers; Sheriff Bentley, Richard Carle; Uncle Charley, Harvey Clark.

"BROADWAY NIGHTS" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Norman Houston. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: Fannie Fanchette, Lois Wilson; Johnny Fay, Sam Hardy; Baron, Louis John Bartels; Bronson, Philip Strange; Dancer, Barbara Stanwick; Night Club Producer, "Bunny" Weldon.

"HEART THIEF, THE" — PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the play by Lajos Biro. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Nils Olaf Chrisander. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: Paul Kurt, Joseph Schildkraut; Anna Galambos, Lya de Putti; Count Franz Cserhati, Robert Edeson; Count Lazlos, Charles Gerrard; Countess Lazlos, Eulalie Jensen; Galambox, George Reehm; Victor, William Bakewell.

"IS ZAT SO?" — WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the play by James Gleason and Richard Taber. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Ed Chick Cowan, George O'Brien; Hap Hurley, Edmund Lowe; Marie Mestretti, Kathryn Perry; Robert Parker, Cyril Chadwick; Su Parker, Doris Lloyd; Florence Hanley Dione Ellis; Major Fitz Stanley, Richard Maitland; G. Clinton Blackburn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Little Jimmy Parker, Philippe De Lacy; Gas House Duffy, Jack Herrick.

Three Prize Contests in This Issue

- \$15,000 For Motion Picture Ideas Page 36
- \$ 5,000 Cut Picture Puzzles Page 58
- \$ 2,000 For Amateur Movies Page 64

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

It is folly if you have even a single dollar a week not to be learning something that is a social asset.

It costs little to learn how to swim or dance or play bridge or cook expertly.

But these small things may make you meet the man you want to marry. Five cents a day and a couple of newspapers will keep you conversant with the latest murders, books, plays and music.

Any girl who doesn't know how to make up properly, to be neat, to speak in a pleasant tone and to smile is just a dud and deserves no attention anyway.

Lonely girls, snap out of it. I mean that literally. It takes snap. Put your heads in the air and a smile in your voice. Spend some energy and time on yourself. Give to others as you would they would give to you.

These things will open up the social way to you.

MARGARET:

You don't need to do anything to stand out from the flapper. You do, without trying. I think you will find that being natural, my dear, is the thing that makes a girl most alluring. Be a good listener, be sweet and always charming. Those are the things that make a girl sought after. Dress attractively but don't overdress. Be yourself, is my best advice.

PAT:

Subdued tones lend a slender appearance to the form. Black and white is very fashionable this season and should be becoming. I suggest also cream and ivory white, shades of brown and tan, orchid, dull red, and amber. Sapphire blue might be very charming on you. The mistake that you are making in your love affair is obvious. You should play the game. Stop trying to get the attention of someone who is apparently indifferent to you. It will work out much better if he sees that others are interested in you. Don't be influenced by your sister's method. Both of you should play at love making less seriously. You will have a much better time.

HELEN:

You certainly have a pleasant home environment coming to you. I feel very sorry for girls in your predicament. You need to play, and a place to play in. Sometimes a job makes up for the loss of sociability in your home. You're missing out at both ends. Can you support yourself on your income? If so, I suggest that you live in a girls' club, if there is one in your town. There you should find plenty of life, and girls of your own age. Yes, I fully understand, Helen, the embarrassment of not introducing young men to your family, when they call. Also continual domestic quarreling is bad on one's disposition. How about your sister? You seem to be good pals. Perhaps you could live together.

MRS. F. G.:

It is a pleasure to receive a letter from a wise mother who wants to be the first to enlighten her child. I suggest that you write the Bureau of Social Hygiene, New York, and ask them for full information. This is an educational organization devoted to sex and social hygiene research. Their suggestions would be up to the minute and helpful. The two best books on social

etiquette are Etiquette by Emily Post, and Vogue's Book of Etiquette. Your daughter is approaching the age when her curiosity will demand answering. I only wish that more mothers would follow your example of giving the first information at home. It is so much fairer to your child. If I can be of any further assistance, please write to me.

GLORIA:

I hope you realize that students from the very best dramatic schools here have a hard time breaking through the lines. It is next to impossible to get a start in the theater in New York unless you have plenty of money to wait patiently for an opportunity to open. Even then you may spend weeks, perhaps months, haunting producers' offices to no avail. It is most discouraging. I have known girls, who, through fruitless efforts, have come to think of themselves as inferior, simply because the lucky chance did not come. Of course, if you are determined on the stage as a career, then you will endure the struggle. I cannot suggest a correspondence school in dramatics, Gloria. It isn't learned that way.

YVONNE:

You have no cause for worrying about attention from the opposite sex. I would say by your letter, that you are a real good sport—just the kind to be popular with boys. Have you honestly tried? Your brother ought to be helpful in giving you the opportunity to make the proper acquaintance. I would make only one suggestion to you. Don't try to impress the young men—particularly those around your age—with your intelligence. Be charming to them, and I'm sure you will succeed in arousing their interest. If you really want to, you certainly can do it.

WINIFRED:

I should say that your weight is about right, although I am unable to tell exactly not knowing your age. For an olive complexion, I suggest shades of dark brown, particularly mahogany. Also dark tones of blue, green and red. Summer frocks in soft pinks, buff and apricot should become you. I suggest that you write to the Dennison Service Bureau in New York about novel ideas for a bridge party. They make a specialty of that. Particularly bridge favors and table decorations.

SUSAN B.:

It seems to me that your young lawyer fiancé is the most promising one. The fact that he is only twenty-one, and already out of college sounds as though he were mature enough for you. Still it does take a lawyer a long time to get started. Why don't you try a little test on yourself? Better before marriage than after. Perhaps a vacation away from both of them will help you to make up your mind.

P. M. A.:

Your problem of a career is one which most every young girl going to college today is facing. If writing is your ambition, and you have the talent for it, you need no advice. It is a very interesting field. A course in journalism will give you a good literary background. You will also get an excellent foundation in editorial work. University life is preferable in many ways to that in a woman's college. It develops a broader point of view. The university you mention creates a particularly fine spirit among the men and women. I am sure you would enjoy it.



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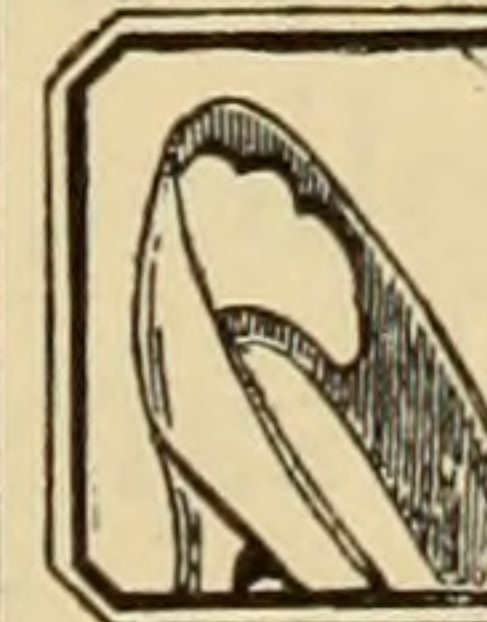
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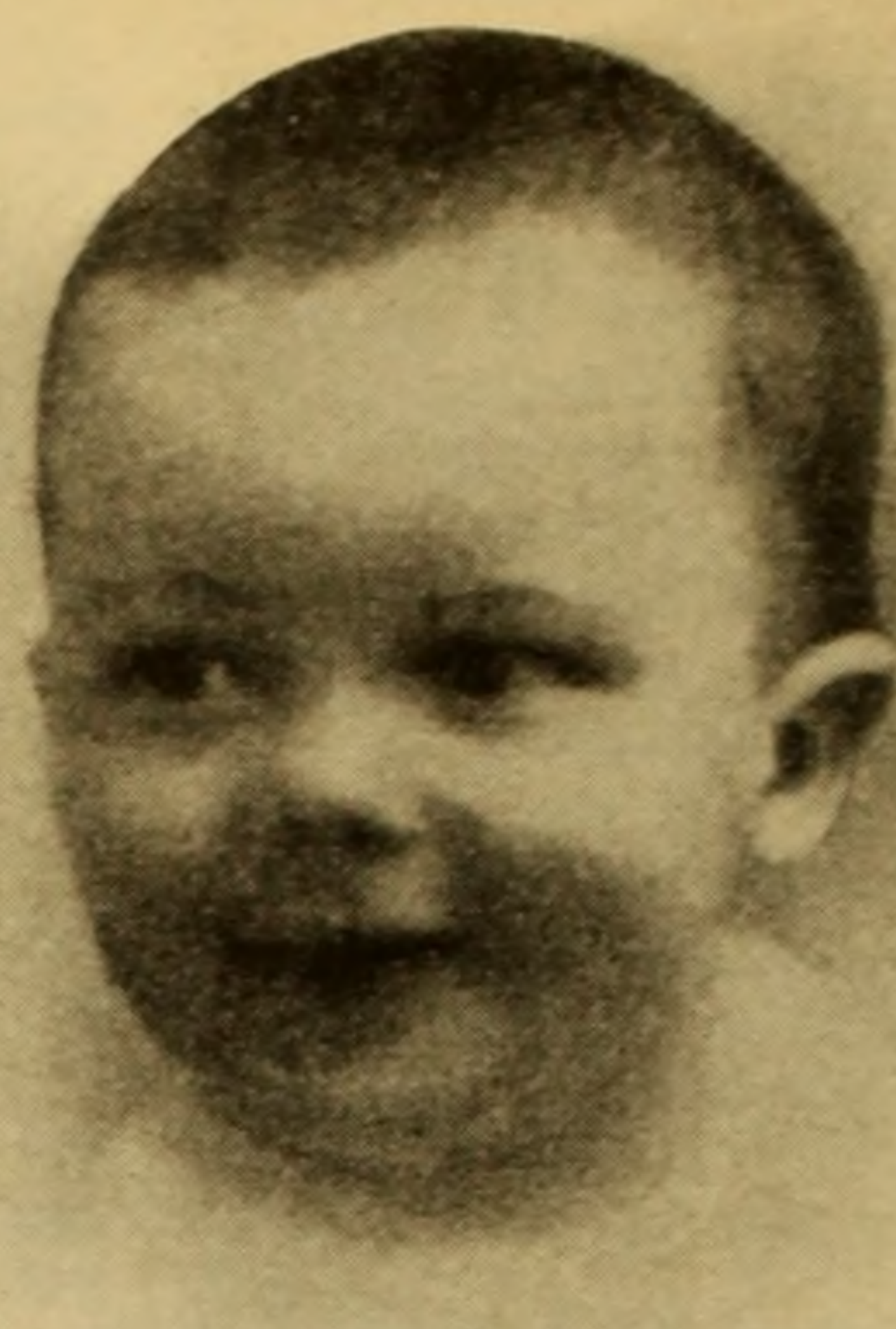
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