

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY
25 CENTS



Clara
Bow

Charles Sheldon

The Dramatic Story of Clara Bow's Life

Told For The First Time

Enrich your Beauty with

REALLY NATURAL ROUGE



You can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself! Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented!

Precisely this praise is the compliment always paid women who use Princess Pat Rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience.

You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it! Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

Any fixed, *definite*, unyielding color you put upon your face will clash, *inevi-*



A scene from Universal's new picture, "Surrender," showing Mary Philbin, the famous star, who says, "I love Princess Pat Preparations." The handsome lover is Ivan Mosjoukine.

ably. This is known in making Princess Pat — and *provided for*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral, background colors that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the colors have transparency, so that they *do not blot out the skin tones*.

And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess

Pat Rouge give its marvelously lifelike color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin

And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat Rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious Almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all six shades.

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 SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the
Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....
Street.....
City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chaps and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

Why are modern gums so tender and so frail?

The dental profession clearly and logically points out both the reason and the remedy

IF you or any member of your family have suffered from troubles of the gums, you know how stubborn and destructive these ailments often prove to be.

So, perhaps, there is welcome news for you in the findings of the eminent men who have so constantly studied these disorders. For they now offer us protection against this enemy. They point out a means to prevent and to defeat its ravages — a method, fortunately, as simple in its performance as it is effective in its results.



How our diet breaks down the health of our gums

Very logically, the dentists begin by getting at the cause of the difficulty. Why are soft and tender gums so widely prevalent today? What makes "pink tooth brush" almost a national complaint?

The profession at large lays the blame at the door of soft food — a viewpoint summed up by this "keynote" statement from the convention address of a gum specialist:

"THE majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet."

Soft food weakens gums by depriving them of work



For the gums, like all living tissue, need exercise and stimulation to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls. And another investigator briefly explains nature's plan to accomplish this when he writes:

"THE rough, unprepared food of primitive man necessitated a vigorous and complete mastication, which meant that the vascular and nervous supply received continual stimulation."

But our modern cuisine, with its soft, delicious foods, stripped of fibre and roughage, has defeated this plan. And, as if that were not enough, our national bad habit of hasty eating still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that our food yields to our gums. Dental writers do not mince words on this point, one of them, in a widely-quoted professional paper, putting it like this:

"TAKE an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets; if there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook. The habit of bolting food and the lessened mastication required with our more elaborate dietary supply the clue to many matters now engaging the attention of the profession."

How IPANA and massage strengthen tender gums



Gums that are soft and weak, gums that bleed easily, or are tender to the brush — these are the common symptoms of gingival breakdown. They herald the approach of more stubborn, more distressing troubles against which we must guard ourselves if we are to keep our mouths healthy and our teeth sound, white and strong.

Massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—is the great restorative agent the dentists propose. For through massage we may renew the flagging circulation, bringing fresh vigor and health to the depleted tissues — a process which one practitioner outlines as follows:

"ANOTHER striking feature of this (gum tissue) circulatory system is the effect produced by pressure . . . This will cause blanching of the gum tissue, and blanching is followed by 'blushing' due to the influx of arterial blood."

And it is so simple, this gentle frictionizing of the gum tissues! You may easily perform it, twice a day, as you care for your teeth in the regular way.

Your own dentist will confirm this reasoning

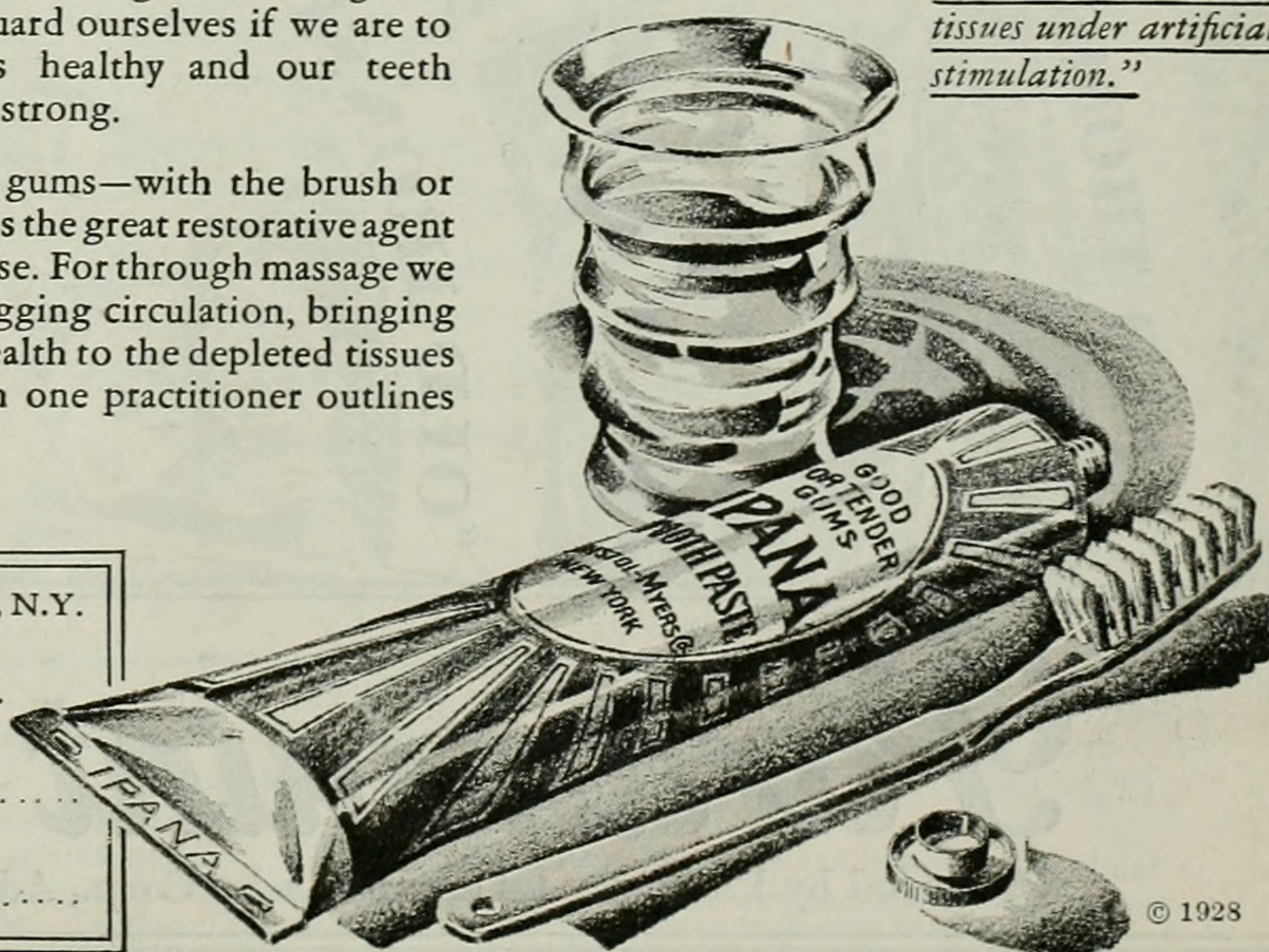


Ask your dentist to explain the benefits of this massage, and its simple technique.

And ask him about Ipana Tooth Paste, too. Thousands of the best dentists now order the exclusive use of Ipana, for the regular cleaning of the teeth as well as for the massage. For Ipana is a tooth paste of peculiar virtue for the gums. It contains ziratol, a healing and stimulating hemostatic long used by dentists.

If you wish to try a sample of Ipana, by all means send the coupon. But the simpler and quicker way is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for 30 days. Then you, too, will probably share the enthusiasm of the well-known authority who makes this statement:

"ONE cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvements in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation."



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 1-28, 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.

Name

Address

City State

PARAMOUNT greater than ever in 1928!

¶ "Beau Geste," "Chang," "Underworld," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wings"—only a few of the high spots but enough to show that 1927 was Paramount's year by a wide margin. ¶ Now look at 1928! These eight are only the start! Then there are Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels, Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri, Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, Thomas Meighan, George Bancroft, Esther Ralston, Florence Vidor and the rest! ¶ Paramount will be greater than ever in 1928! Because only Paramount is making pictures for this "new world" with stars attuned to these changing times! ¶ See them or you miss the best screen entertainment of 1928!

HAROLD LLOYD
IN "SPEEDY"



FRED THOMSON IN "KIT CARSON"



"OLD IRONSIDES"



"LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"



"TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE"



Paramount Pictures

Produced by Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N.Y. C.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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For
February
1928

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JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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As we go to PRESS



MRS. TOM MIX gave Tom a set of books dealing with psychology for Christmas.

DOLORES DEL RIO received a set of gold service plates from her husband.

WILLIAM BOYD gave his wife, Elinor Fair, an emerald and diamond bracelet.

TIM McCOY was given a hand carved saddle by Mrs. McCoy.

RENE E ADOREE has been resigned by Metro-Goldwyn.

OLIVE BORDEN is reported to be going with Tiffany-Stahl pictures.

EDNA MURPHY and Mervyn Leroy are married.

WILLIAM BOYD is going to do "The Cop," a story of the New York Police force.

LEW CODY is planning to make a series of domestic comedies with a company of his own.

CECIL B. De MILLE'S next big film will deal with the well known collapse of the Roman Empire. Jacqueline Logan has been selected to play the rôle of Placidia, Empress of Rome, and the time will be 405 A. D. Thus you will see the struggles between the Romans and the Goths.

KATHRYN CARVER and Adolphe Menjou will be married late in May or in June. They both admit it.

JACK DEMPSEY is likely to do a picture or two for Tiffany-Stahl. Guess what one of them will deal with? The prize ring!

THEY'VE changed the title of Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," in which Norma Shearer is to be starred, to "The Actress." This is called creating a box-office title. Ralph Forbes will play opposite.

WHILE making "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," which stars Lon Chaney, Herbert Brenon, the director, celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of his picture-making in California. Brenon made "The Heart of Maryland," starring Mrs. Leslie Carter, in California eighteen years ago. At that time Fort Lee, N. J., was the capital of film making.

WITH the closing of "The King of Kings," "Wings" became Broadway's longest run picture of current productions. "Wings" opened on Aug. 12, 1927.

CLARENCE BROWN, the director, has signed a new three-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

THERE seems to have been an adjustment of the difficulties between the Fox studios and Janet Gaynor. They say she is to play the lead in F. W. Murnau's circus story, "The Four Devils."

LYA DE PUTTI has returned from Germany. She is to do a film for Universal.

HARRY LANGDON has completed his new comedy, "The Chaser," and all Langdon fans are in a flutter. It's gotta be good or—

THEY say that Gilda Gray is getting a divorce from her husband, Gil Boag. As this issue goes to press, the rumor is both denied and affirmed. Take your choice.

YOU'LL see Clara Bow's flaming hair in its true colors in her next film, "Red Hair." They are filming it in Technicolor.

WILL ROGERS is planning to make the late John Kendrick Bangs' grimly fantastic "The Houseboat on the Styx."

ROMAIN E FIELDING, the veteran film actor, died in Hollywood on December 15. He was a star in Lubin Western melodramas in the old days.

LLOYD HAMILTON is no longer a star in Educational releases.

METRO-GOLDWYN announces a renewal of Conrad Nagel's contract.

REGINALD DENNY has gone serious. Denny is tired of playing in farces. So Universal has promised to let him do a big production of "Ivanhoe."

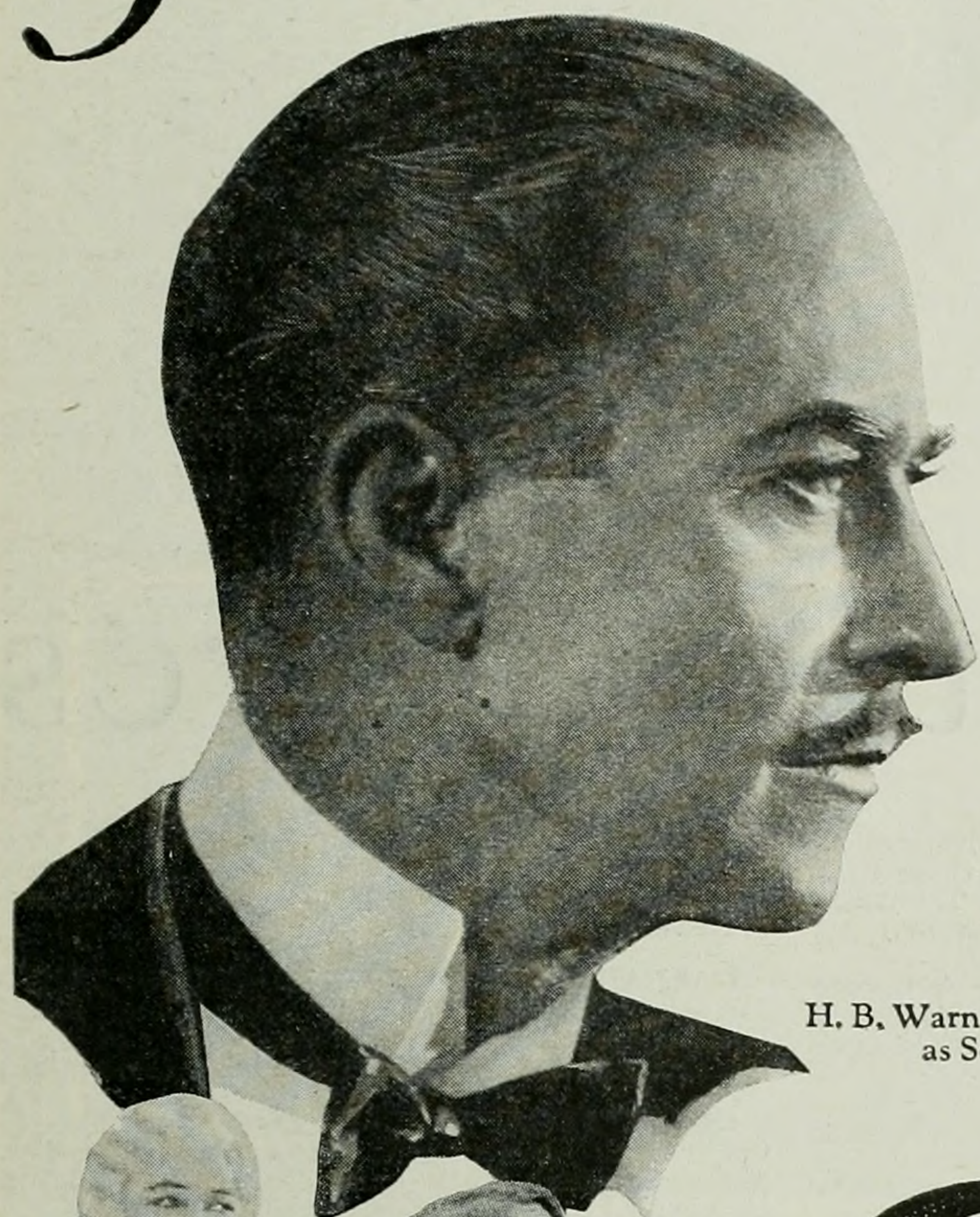
THE Martin Johnsons have sailed for Africa on another camera hunting trip. George Eastman is their guest.



Virginia Pearson was once a vamp star. Today she plays a bit—a Texas Guinan character—in "The Big City," with Lon Chaney

The Novel you loved —

is to-day the
**dramatic
sensation**
of the screen



H. B. Warner
as Sorrell



Mickey McBann as
Kit in younger years



Anna Q. Nilsson



Alice Joyce



Nils Asther



Carmel Myers



Louis Wolheim



Mary Nolan



Norman Trevor

Sorrell & Son

By Warwick Deeping

WHAT CRITICS SAY

"Life's very own drama crammed with heartaches, smiles, hope and the thousand and one other things which make everything seem worth while. Don't miss it."

—New York American

"Deserves place among the screen's elite."

—N. Y. Evening World

"The greatest father-love story ever told on the screen. I know of no greater love story than this one."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer

"'Sorrell and Son', is great photodrama. Compares most favorably with the greatest creations for the silver sheet. A photoplay which should find place on the entertainment schedule of every devotee of the films."

—San Francisco News

"'Sorrell and Son', a great novel in its book form, is as great a picture."

—Washington Star

To the millions who have read and discussed this great novel, let it be said that all the power, sweep, heart-gripping and beautiful moments so vivid and enjoyable in the reading, have been caught and brought to life before your eyes in a motion picture that easily wins its place among the finest ever made.

To you who have not read this best seller, "Sorrell and Son" portrays a boy's love for a girl, a father's love for his son, and a mother's love for her boy.

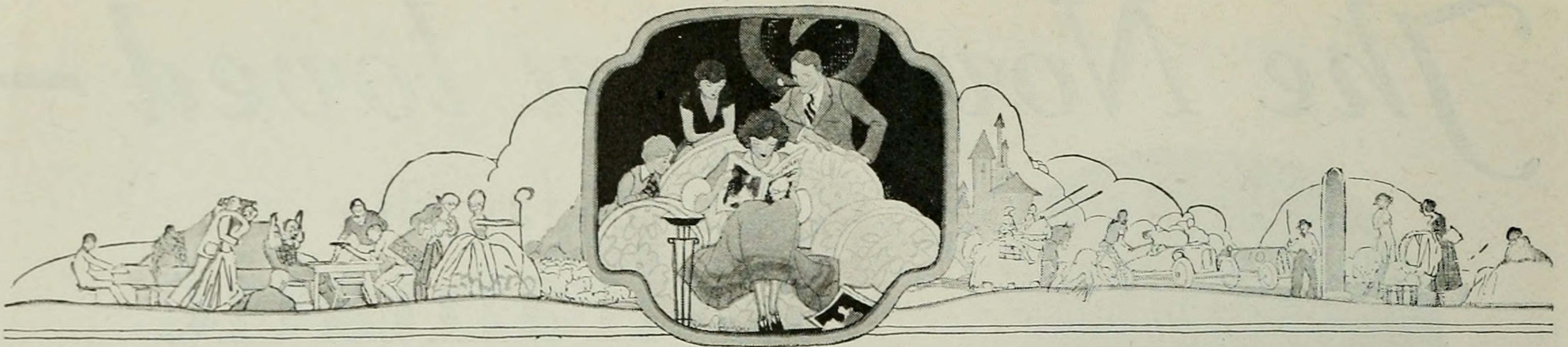
The pleasure of viewing one of the greatest love dramas ever filmed awaits you when you see this outstanding film achievement.



A great book—
a mighty photo-
play.



UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE
Now Showing at Finest Theatres—Everywhere



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ADAM AT EVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a dual rôle. What could be sweeter? (September.)

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (October.)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a psalm-singing card sharp with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (September.)

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago. A crook story, well told, agreeably acted and safely presented for the family. (January.)

AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National.—Billie Dove has her fling at playing a modern Cinderella. Frothy but nice. (December.)

ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE—Pathe - De Mille.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to look for drama. She finds it. You'll like Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi. (November.)

BACK STAGE—Tiffany.—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (November.)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also splendidly played by Renee Adoree and a fine cast. (September.)

BARBED WIRE—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Einar Hansen. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—More than three thousand pies were used in one sequence of this two reel comedy. A burlesque on the fistic doings in Chicago. (January.)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—FBO.—A swell series of two reels, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (September.)

BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia.—Priscilla Dean goes in for a little ladylike banditry. The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

BLONDES BY CHOICE—Gotham.—The adventures of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no appeal." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)

BLOOD SHIP, THE—Columbia.—Mutiny, brutality and murder. A fine performance by Hobart Bosworth. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (October.)

BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Should a surgeon kill his wife's boy friend? Even the acting of Aileen Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry can't enliven this cheery little problem. (December.)

BOY OF THE STREET, A—Rayart.—Wherein a little brother reforms a crook. Young Mickey Bennett makes the sentimental yarn agreeable. (January.)

BOY RIDER, THE—FBO.—The exploits of one Buzz Barton, a freckle-faced kid who can ride a horse. For the less critical of the younger generation. (November.)

BRASS KNUCKLES—Warners.—More crooks reform, thanks to the sweet presence of Betty Bronson. With Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (January.)

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Deftly played by Constance Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (December.)

BROADWAY KID, THE—Warner.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old gags. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a newcomer. (October.)

BROADWAY MADNESS—Excellent.—Proving that people who go to the deuce on Broadway always reform at the first whiff of country air. (December.)

BUCK PRIVATES—Universal.—Laughing off the War. Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Gribbon, Lya de Putti and ZaSu Pitts are the members of an excellent cast. (January.)

BUSH LEAGUER, THE—Warners.—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the owner's daughter. Need we say more? (November.)

CABARET KID, THE—Peerless.—Made in England and France, with Betty Balfour, the Belle of Britain, as its star. Some good scenes but a disconnected story. (January.)

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (September.)

CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (November.)

CHINESE PARROT, THE—Universal.—Who swiped the pearl necklace? The mystery is well sustained and the Oriental backgrounds are interesting. And Sojin does a real Lon Chaney. (January.)

***CIRCUS, THE**—United Artists.—The triumphant return of Charles Chaplin. Must we waste space advising you to see it? (January.)

CIRCUS ACE, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (August.)

CITY GONE WILD, THE—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a lively meller of the Chicago Underworld. Good stuff. (October.)

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING—FBO.—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye!" (October.)

CLOSED GATES—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (August.)

COLLEGE—United Artists.—Buster Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not overwhelmingly funny. (November.)

COLLEGE WIDOW, THE—Warners.—Dolores Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the game for dear old Whoozis. Just another one of those things. (January.)

COMBAT—Pathe.—Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminate this as entertainment. (December.)

***COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkraut in the title rôle. For discriminating audiences. (September.)

COWARD, THE—FBO.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy sap who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (November.)

***CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (August.)

***CROWD, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The story of a white-collar man and his wife and their struggles in a big city. Truthfully and beautifully told by King Vidor and sympathetically acted by James Murray and Eleanor Boardman. A high-spot in movie making. (December.)

CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE—Rayart.—In which a bad boy is reformed by an energetic papa. It's good stuff. With Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

CRYSTAL CUP, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in the drama of a man-hater that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (October.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "The Big Parade"
- "The King of Kings"
- "Beau Geste"
- "Sorrell and Son"
- "The Circus"
- "The Gaucho"
- "Love"
- "The Way of All Flesh"
- "Underworld"
- "The Patent Leather Kid"
- "The Crowd"
- "My Best Girl"

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.

***BUTTONS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A sea story, with Jackie Coogan as a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with gallant work by Jackie. For the whole family. (December.)

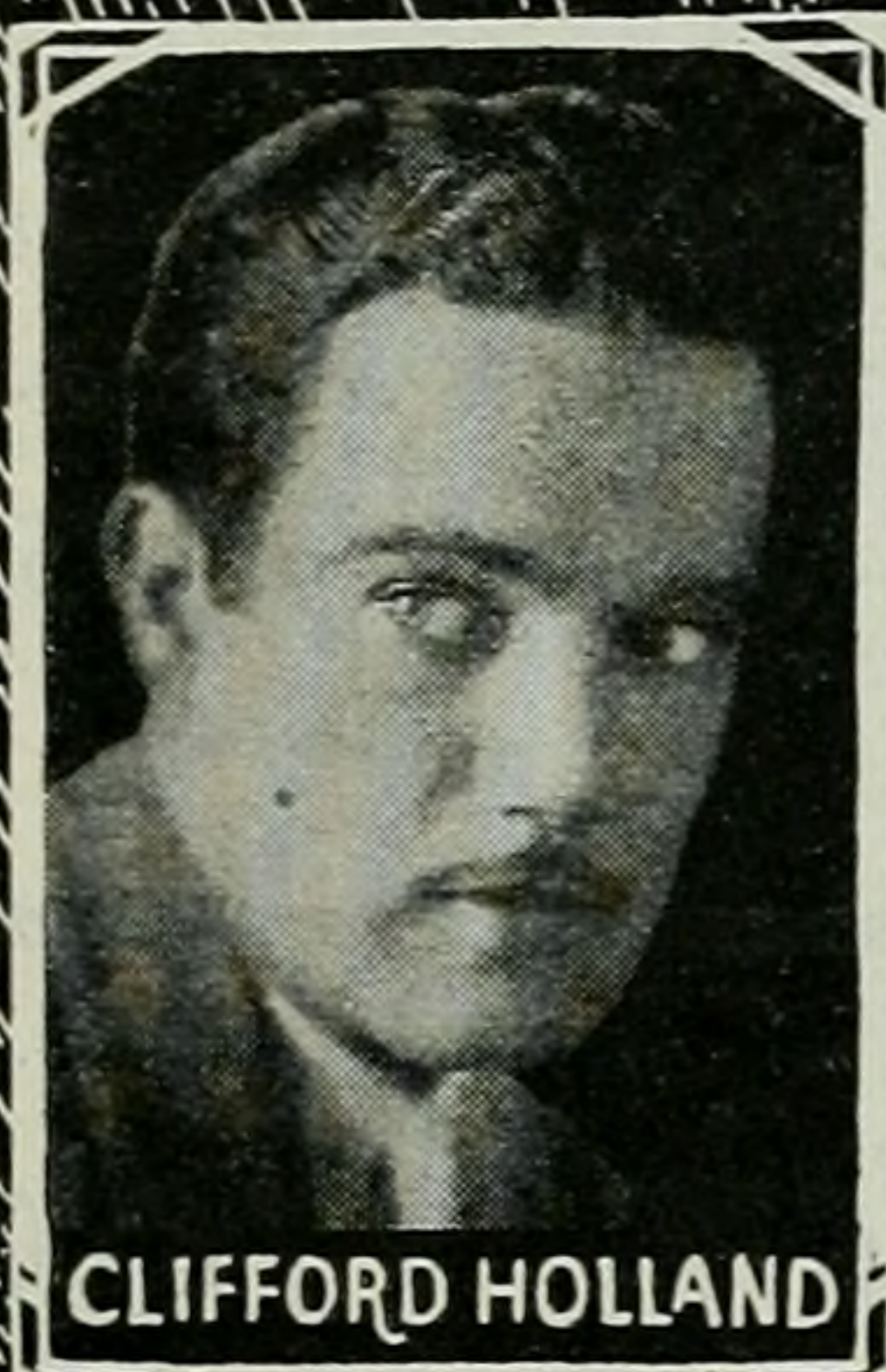
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



GEORGE OBRIEN



VICTOR MCLAGLEN



CLIFFORD HOLLAND



EDMUND LOWE



CHARLES FARRELL



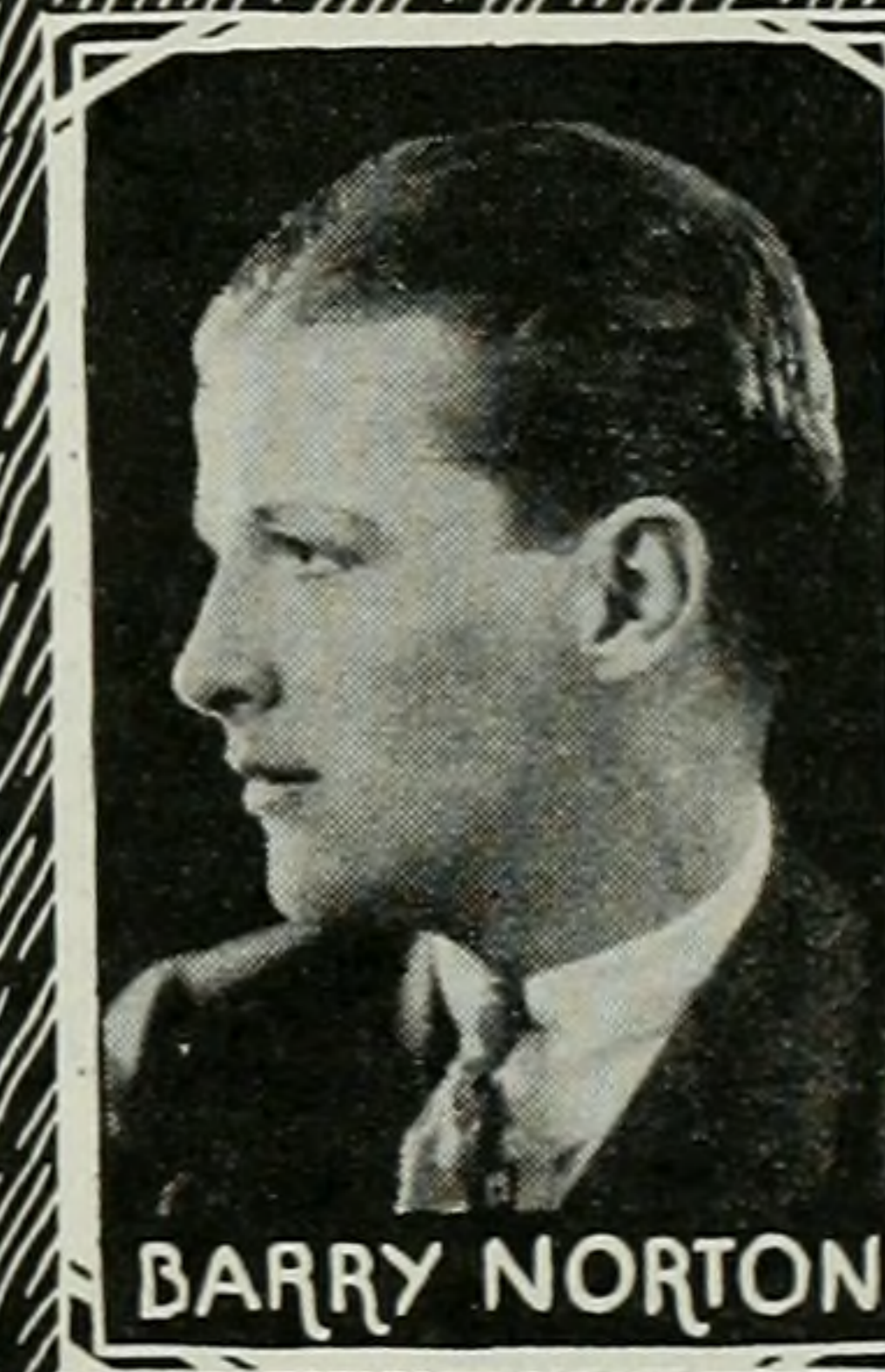
EARLE FOXE



CHARLES MORTON



SAMMY COHEN



BARRY NORTON



TED MCNAMARA

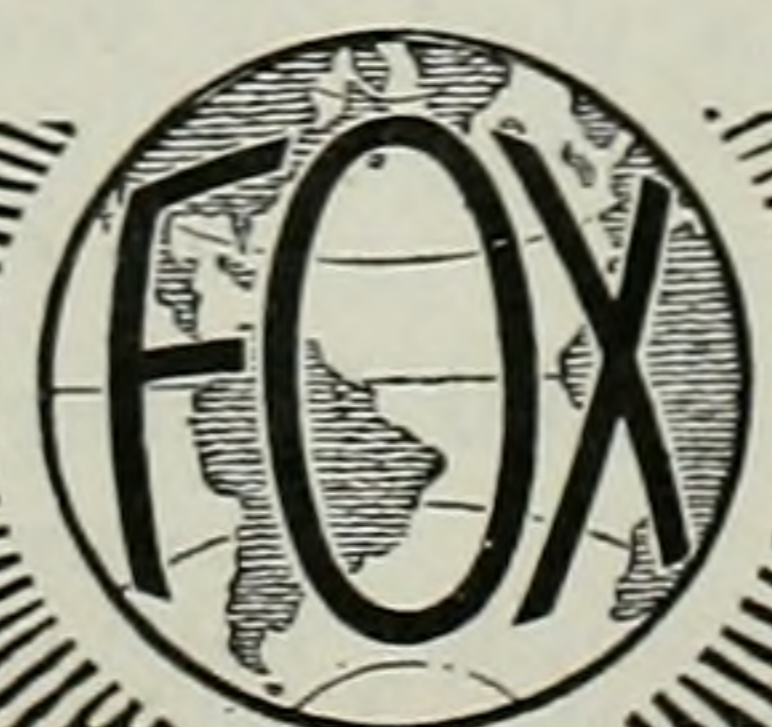
TRUE TO THE LIFE!

The secret of the essential realism, the convincing fidelity to the life so noteworthy in the male characterizations in Fox Pictures, lies in the wide range of masculine types assembled under the Fox banner for Fox casting directors to draw upon!

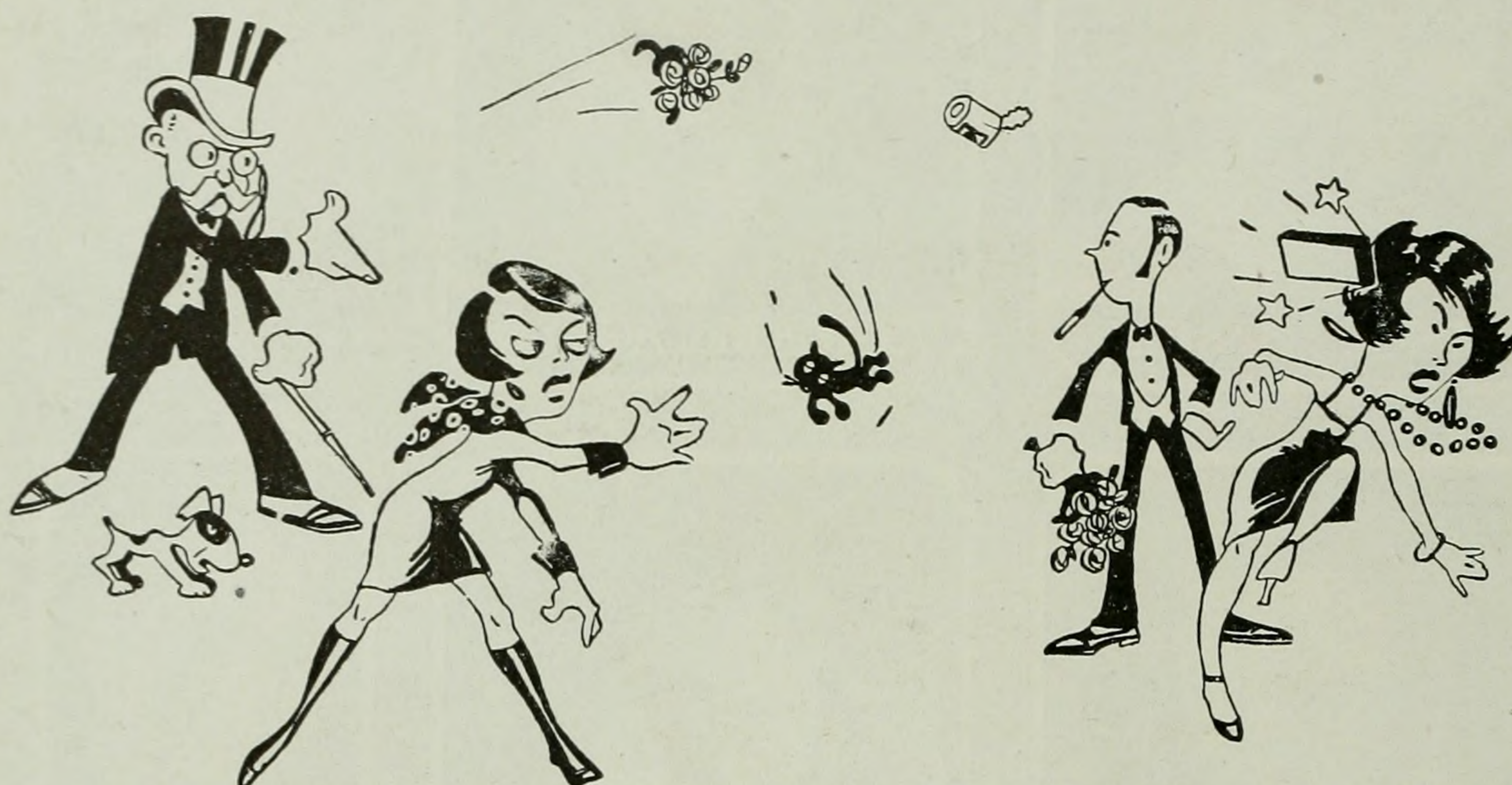
The international renown achieved by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as *Capt. Flagg* and *Sgt. Quirt* in "What Price Glory" is due in large measure to the fact that each was unerringly cast for a part which he was peculiarly fitted to portray with conspicuous success! So too with Charles Farrell, as *Chico*, in "7th Heaven" and George O'Brien in "Sunrise"—the perfect suitability of the man for the part in each case assured that fidelity of characterization which inevitably wins universal acclaim!

Watch the Fox male stars this year! They are going to make film history in the splendid vehicles which Fox is providing for the expression of their individual genius during the coming twelve months!

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES



Brickbats and Bouquets



LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY
READERS

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

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

PHOTOPLAY's article on "Youth" by Ruth Waterbury was the storm center of the month. The consensus of opinion is that it is not a question of years but of ability.

"Seventh Heaven," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wings," and "Beau Geste" are still the most popular pictures.

Charles Farrell, John Gilbert, Emil Jannings and Ramon Novarro are the gentlemen most favored by bouquets, while Dolores Del Rio, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor and Clara Bow are the girls who received the most flowers.

"Copy Cat" pictures are widely and heartily panned. The public wants no imitations.

PHOTOPLAY takes a deep bow in acknowledgment of all the kind things said about its review department.

The Brickbats and Bouquets department is your open forum.

Speak your mind!

\$25.00 Letter

Montreal, Canada.

Moving pictures have been the means of making both my husband and myself get on in the world. When we were first married we had very little to live on and our only pleasure was a movie every Saturday night.

Every movie lover knows the dreams that come to us while watching some lovely picture.

I dreamed myself the heroine surrounded by beautiful things and found myself making those dreams come true by degrees. Every lovely room I saw on the screen, I began copying certain things from. A pretty chintz covered chair would take my fancy and I would buy several yards of chintz and cover a chair. Then I would copy pretty window hangings, cushions and odd lamp shades.

In two years, I had the sweetest apartment, all from ideas I had seen in the movies.

Now we can afford two movies a week and my husband is doing fine, thanks, he says, to the cheerful atmosphere I have created from my movie ideas.

MYRTLE WHITEHOUSE.

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.

\$10.00 Letter

San Diego, Calif.

I am the widowed and employed mother of a fourteen year old son. My only hours with him are in the evenings and on Sundays. Almost my only recreation—the movies and my good-looking escort, my son. We both enjoy the same kind of pictures, although we sometimes disagree about the merits of this or that actor or actress. Such pictures as "Stella Dallas," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Beau Geste," "Ben-Hur," and "The Big Parade," stay with us a long while, for we talk them over and over.

I think I am only one of many mothers who are eternally grateful to the movies for providing thrilling, yet wholesome, entertainment for growing boys, and by so doing, help much to keep them off the streets.

And just a word for PHOTOPLAY: It visits our little home each month.

MRS. ZELMA PICO.

\$5.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

Pride and formality have so over-run the modern church that I seldom feel worshipful therein. More often I find the still

sense of beauty and praise filling my heart in some good theater. The music, shadows and pictures—the majority of which I believe depict only the highest ideals and preach the greatest sermons—work upon my spiritual self in an unusual way. Often I feel the throb of praise or a reverent "thank God for the beautiful privilege of living" singing in my heart.

So I do not understand this constant knocking of the screen. In more than fifteen years, I do not recall a single picture that had a bad influence on my life. I do recall scores of pictures that thrilled, encouraged, inspired! The good and the beautiful so far overbalanced the dross that I have forgotten it entirely.

Every great picture is an objective sermon. Which, after all, is the strongest teaching method.

MARY NORRIS.

More Art, Less Youth

Vienna, Austria.

Excessive youth, according to the November PHOTOPLAY, is the one new demand of the screen. But Cecil B. De Mille says that a star needs at least seven years' routine to be anything. Judging by the infantile efforts of the "baby" stars, we should say give them fifteen years' schooling at least.

We want more art, not more youth. Let the puppies play for those who have no judgment and are satisfied with vapor. We want more experienced actors. No one cares how old they are.

JACK STUART.

Correct!

Chicago, Ill.

Censorship is the motion picture prohibition, which permits no picture to contain more than one-half of one per cent of the truth.

J. J.

Where Parents Are to Blame

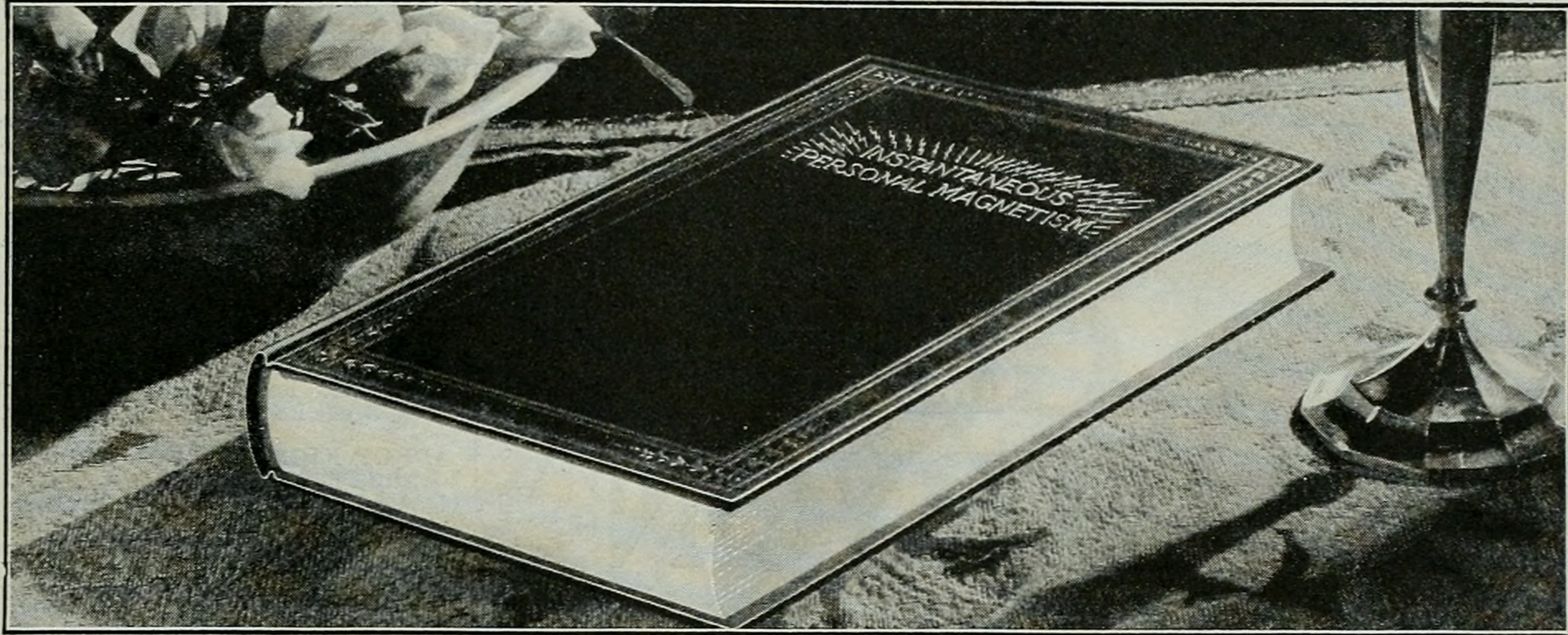
Bethlehem, Pa.

Some folks who carefully supervise their children's reading matter do not hesitate to trot these children along to "the pictures" without knowing what they are going to see. Then they become indignant and denounce

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!



Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book!—read a few pages—and then *sent for a copy!*

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting-room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then *ordered copies for themselves!*

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student

of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

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Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$25 to \$50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!*

And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

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Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes,

even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

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What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

Read This Book 5 Days Free

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit Special Price of only \$3 in full payment. This volume was originally published to sell at \$5—but in order to reach as many readers as possible—it is being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—so clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept 9-B, Meriden, Conn.

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Dept. 9-B, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE Examination in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00 in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name

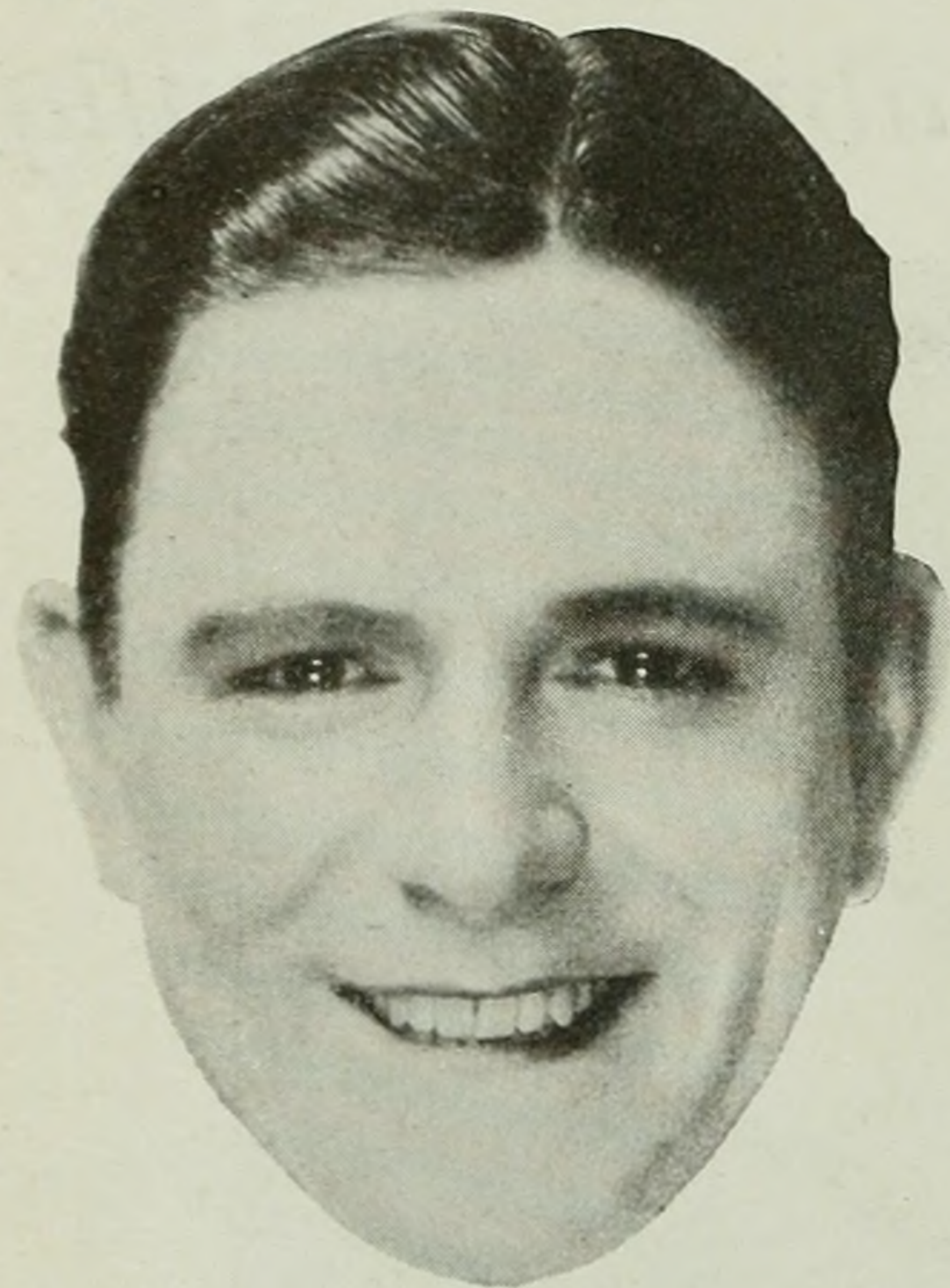
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73 cash prizes!



UNIVERSAL WANTS A SLOGAN

for

Carl Laemmle's New Screen Comedy Find

GLENN TRYON

Universal Pictures Corporation wants a slogan to be used under my name. A slogan that will typify me. A catch line that means "me." It must suggest snap, pep, bubbling, sparkling personality. Universal will use it everywhere. If you give Universal a slogan they can use you'll win a cash prize and, furthermore, your slogan will be used in billboards, posters, in national magazines—everywhere! You can then point with pride to your handiwork. You can say, "See that Glenn Tryon? He's a big star—everybody knows him and I did it—I helped to make him—he's a personal friend of mine—he's my boy." Yes, sir—that's the kind of a slogan Universal wants—and you can do it. **DO IT!** There's money in it for you!

Here are the rules

- 1 Slogans must consist of one sentence—the shorter and snappier the better.
- 2 The slogan must get over to the public the new, unique and different personality of Glenn Tryon.
- 3 The contest opens January 15th and closes April 4th, 1928.
- 4 Contestants are limited to six slogans each.
- 5 In the event of a tie the entire amount of the prize involved will be paid to each contestant.
- 6 This contest is open to every one except employees of the Universal Pictures Corporation.
- 7 No manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 We reserve the right to use any slogan submitted to us whether it wins a prize or not.
- 9 Judges: Carl Laemmle, President of Universal Pictures Corp., and the editors of the leading national film trade papers.

- 10 Send your slogans to Dept. Ph., Universal Pictures Corp., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- 11 Be sure to write your name and address plainly.

73 Cash Prizes

- First prize, \$100
- Second prize, \$25
- Third prize, \$10
- Five prizes of \$5 each
- Fifty prizes of \$2 each
- Fifteen prizes of \$1 each

And here are some pointers on Tryon personality—just to help you originate your slogans

- 1 I'm the phenomenon that comes once in a generation—A NEW AND REFRESHING PERSONALITY!
- 2 I'm a totally new type with dyed-in-the-wool appeal to all AGES, SEXES and CLASSES!
- 3 I combine boyish charm, manly vigor, romance, physical grace and a fascinating, never-forgettable SMILE!
- 4 I'm an athlete and I can dance—how I can DANCE!
- 5 I'm a magician with NEW gags and SURPRISE tricks!
- 6 My comedy is clean, wholesome—and FUNNY!
- 7 Men ADMIRE me—women ADORE me!
- 8 I've got a line that will split your sides with laughter.
- 9 I'm a cave man and I make the girls on and off the screen LOVE IT!
- 10 I'm handsome—I sparkle! I bubble! I scintillate Good Cheer! But, above all, my work is as NEW as a fresh laid egg! I'm clever and I know it—it's a gift!

—Glenn Tryon

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. (Dept. Ph)

New York City

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DANCE MAGIC—First National.—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (September.)

DEARIE—Warners.—A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (August.)

DEATH VALLEY—Chadwick.—Just a lot of horrors. Stay home and catch up with the darning. (December.)

***DEVIL DANCER, THE**—United Artists.—Gilda Gray among the Llamas of Thibet. The lady can act, and her dancing would insure the success of a far less interesting picture. A good show for the grown-ups. (January.)

DOG OF THE REGIMENT—Warners.—Rin-Tin-Tin plus a good story plus good acting. In other words, a good picture. (December.)

***DRESS PARADE**—Pathe-De Mille.—The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Bessie Love and Louis Natheaux. (December.)

DROP KICK, THE—First National.—It is now Richard Barthelmess' turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who's next? (November.)

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Fox.—A modern Horatio Alger story of New York, with some fine realistic backgrounds. Well played by George O'Brien. See it. (January.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

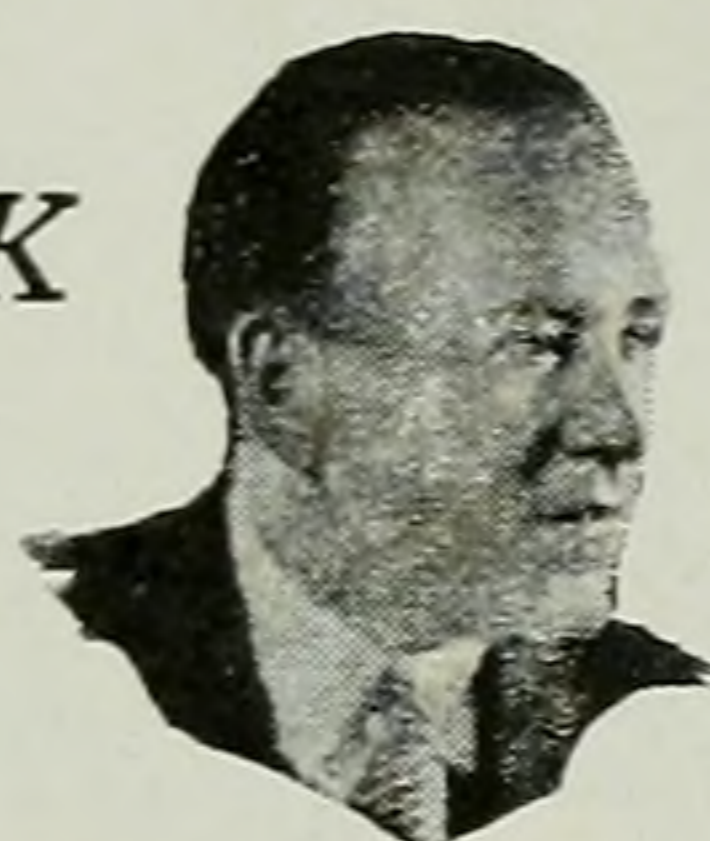
Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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An Impression of CHARLEY BOWERS

by JAMES R. QUIRK



EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

HIGHBROW critics talk in ornate polysyllables about the ingenuity and art of the German film makers. If they condescended to witness the nonsensical genius of a Charley Bowers comedy they could drool dictionaries.

In the world's most individualistic industry, he is Aladdin and the camera is his lamp. He is a Jack of all trades and a master of one. He can act. He can direct. He can write. He can conceive the most glorious idiocy. He is a MASTER of camera wizardry.

Every short feature bearing his name proves the camera is a monumental liar. He makes hard boiled eggs hatch little Fords, turns time upside down and releases the blessing of laughter. Once in a comedy he drove a herd of elephants and donkeys into the Capitol at Washington. The learned Solons got so excited they demanded an investigation. They had been deceived by trick photography. Charley and the elephants had never been near the District of Coolidge.

I suspect Charley of a conspiracy against the school system. He is a living proof of the bliss of booklessness. All the education he ever received consisted of six months in kindergarten. Then he was kidnapped by a circus. And look at him now. In one of his recent comedies I witnessed a former Biograph director playing an extra bit.

His life has been almost as goofy as his genius. His mother was a French countess, his father an Irish doctor, and Charley was born in Iowa. After that anything was possible.

It happened. At five a tramp circus performer taught him to walk rope. At six the circus kidnapped him. He didn't get home for two years and the shock killed his father.

Before he was nine Charley was supporting his mother. He walked rope, mowed lawns, ran elevators, printed menus, broke broncos, jockeyed horses, packed pork, sketched cartoons, toured vaudeville, directed plays, designed scenery, produced advertising, wrote history, animated one hundred reels of cartoons, worked out the Bowers process, invented a camera and—grew up.

Naturally the impossible is a joke to him. His whole life has been impossible and as a practical joker he is a near-millionaire.

Give this little lad a great big look.

* * * *

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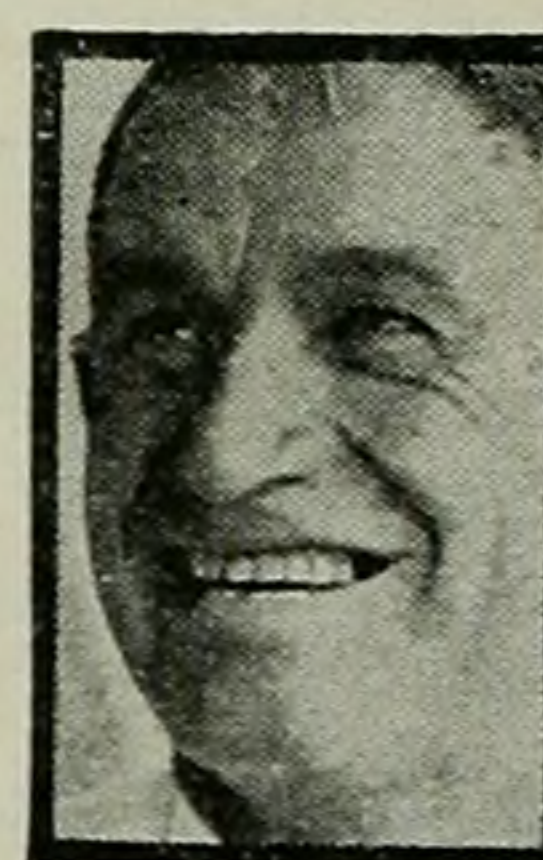


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THE LOVE MART

A slashing, sparkling romantic drama of the days when a sword-thrust was the password to youth's ambition, and beauty could be bought on the auction block. It makes you wish YOU had lived in gay New Orleans of 100 years ago.



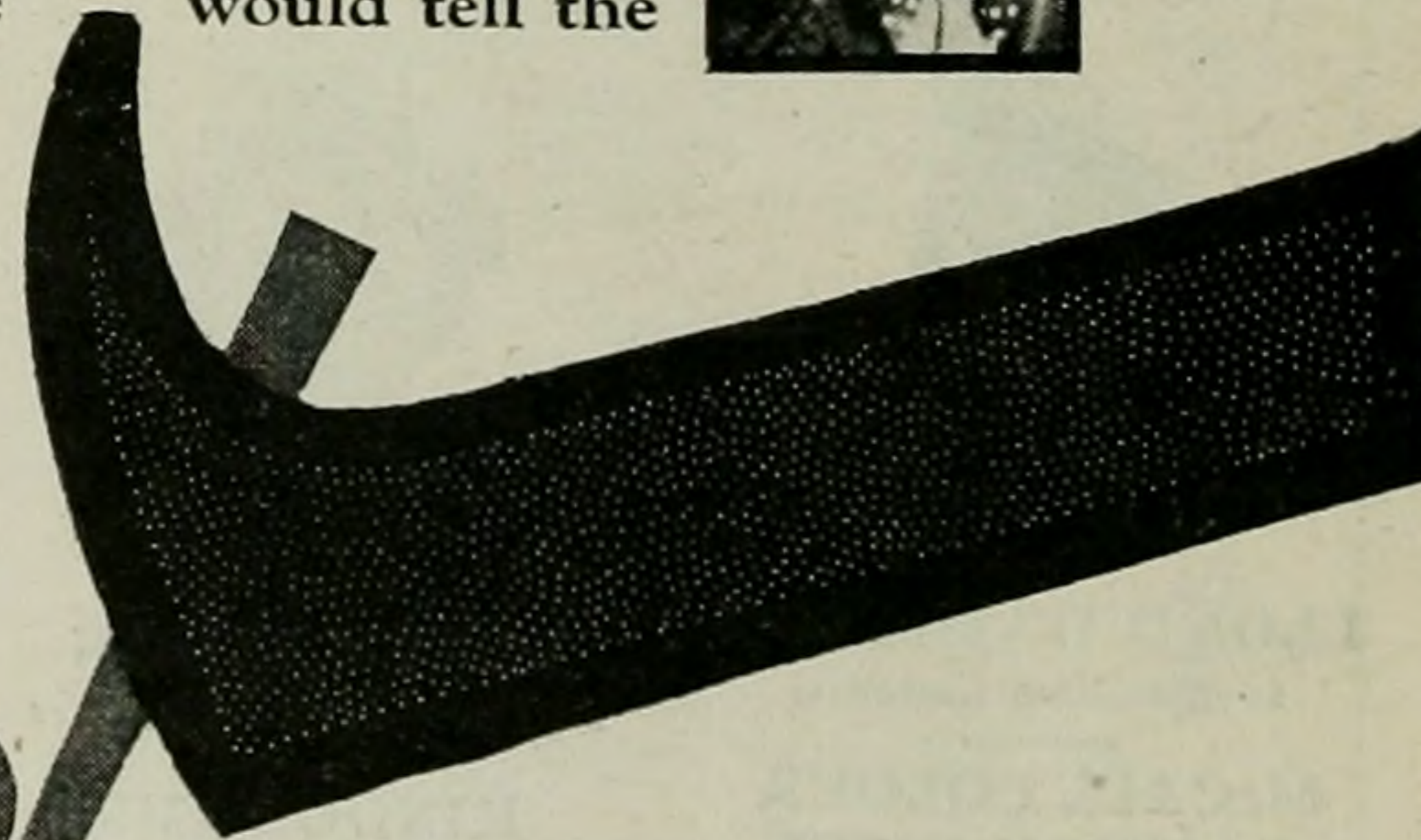
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY with
Maria Corda—Lewis Stone—Ricardo Cortez
New York paid \$2.00 a seat to see this sumptuously spectacular screen version of the John Erskine novel that made America hysterical. "A new and intelligent step in movies"... "Side-splitting," said N. Y. critics.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "The Noose"

New York — night life — a side street Honky Tonk—a shot above the blare of jazz! Just a kid—but he faced the Noose rather than betray his mother's shameful secret... And a mother who could save him—if she would tell the fearful Truth.



let's go!





Army

is

FIRST
NATIONAL
MONTH

First
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Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out
of "Going to the Movies"

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

ON

Girls' Problems



Is the Bob Banished?

Is This Month's Problem

LAST year one was old-fashioned if long haired. Will the reverse be true when spring comes round? Hairdressers say "No." Fashion advisers say "Yes." Here's my advice to help you in deciding this most important problem in chic.

I will be glad to help you individually on this or any other problem relating to beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without return postage, in the columns of Photoplay. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck.

Such methodical treatment combined with eight hours' sleep nightly and a diet in which green vegetables predominate will make Lelia's hair so strong no number of marcel's can harm it. And when it has grown to an adaptable length Lelia can make it so beautiful and so changing a frame for her face people will murmur, "That girl always manages to be distinctive and full of personality."

And isn't that comment worth every girl's working for a half hour a day?

BETTY H:

Rubber reducing anklets will help to keep the lines of your lower leg trim and shapely. "Piano legs," since you ask the question, are legs that appear fat and bulgy—they evidently get their name from their resemblance to the legs of a baby grand. Exercise may develop the leg muscles but it will not alter the bone formation. Do not give up either tennis or walking—they are both good for you.

W. D.:

As your boy friend dropped one girl flat to go about with you, you mustn't be too surprised if he drops you flat to go with another girl. It is always wisest to be prepared for what may be part of a man's character. Usually this rushing from girl to girl

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK, What can I do about my hair? It's thin and the color looks so drab. It's cut now in a boyish bob, but I hear long hair is coming back. If that's true, shall I let my hair grow or is there some distinctive bob I can acquire? Though I'm eighteen I've never had long hair, as I had a "Dutch cut" when I was little and all varieties of bobs since. Please advise me how I can make this dull "crowning glory" an asset.

LELIA.

LELIA is quite right. Long hair is coming back. Only a little while ago the big question for every girl was "To Bob or Not to Bob." This spring for really smart girls the problem will be "To Grow or Not to Grow." The answer, I'm sure, is "To Grow."

I have this information from many authorities. A friend of mine who is one of the smartest designers in America warned me months ago I must let my hair become long.

A fashion artist recently returned from Paris astonished me by the crop of combs, hairpins and barrettes she had purchased for her own use.

At the opera, the young debutantes appear in new dignity with tiny chignons on their lovely necks and recently when I visited my fifteen-year-old niece at boarding school I observed that all those young things were letting their hair grow to the pinning-up length in order to give themselves the air of sophistication and charm.

But don't weep, Lelias and Kates and Marys and Susans because your pretty bobs are no longer fashionable. The hair prospect for 1928 is much more exciting than ever. The bob taught most of us for the first time how to care for our hair. Now longer hair will teach us how to dress it to give ourselves distinction and beauty.

Paris will never admit it, I suppose, but I think the movies are entirely responsible for this return to longer locks. Every woman star in movies uses her hair to express moods and character, though none does it so superlatively as Greta Garbo, whose fascinating face decorates this page. Greta dresses her hair high, she dresses it low, she slicks it back, as it suits her mood and the character she is playing. She

fairly makes her hair talk for her and it gives her an unfathomable attractiveness. To do this, of course, her hair has to be beautifully taken care of and at a very adaptable length. But granting that, every girl can make her hair as expressive as Greta's, if she will expend an equal amount of thought and attention upon it.

So the problem for all you Lelias is to sit before your mirror and to decide upon what you want to make yourselves, fluffy girls, or tailored girls, or sophisticates, or darlings with a piquant touch of girlish dignity. Then let your hair grow accordingly.

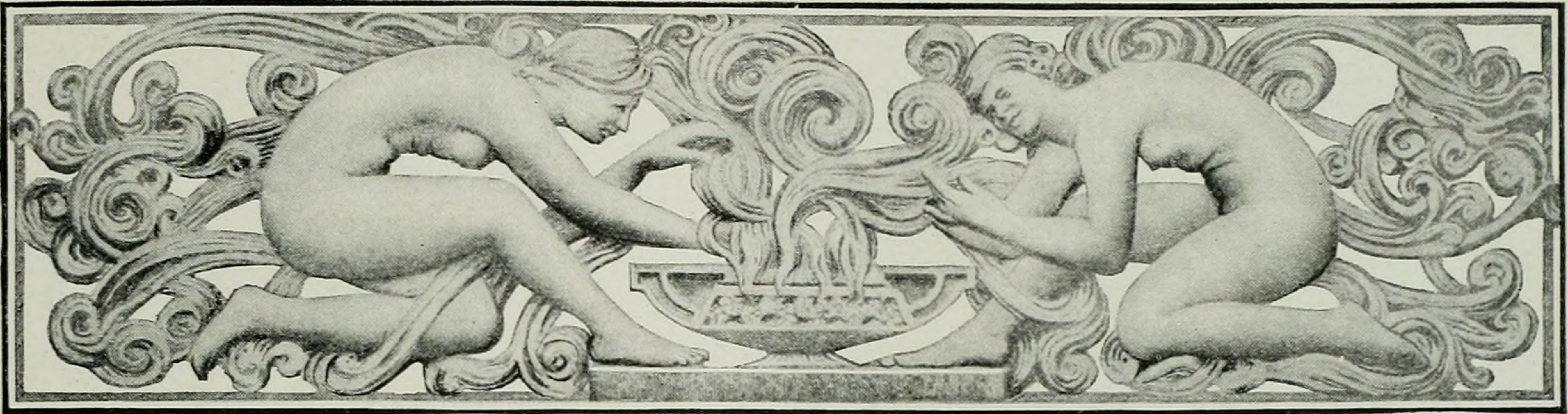
Long hair in the 1914 sense will never return. Few of you will want your hair to reach below your shoulders. Some of you will find tricky ways of having it cut. Some of you, depending upon your faces, will let your back hair grow, while keeping the sides short as ever. Others will let one side grow, swirling that long lock over the shingled back to make a coiffure new and different. A few will have the sides grown very long, while the back stays short, and curl the long side pieces around tiny ears to come up on the cheeks in flattering arcs. It's simply limitless what one can do.

But remember the head line is still to be kept as small as possible in the same svelte manner the bob initiated. The only real change is toward a new picturesqueness and away from the definite restrictions the bob set.

Then while your bobs are growing, take the opportunity to bring to your hair real life, vigor and tone. Fifteen minutes' care, night and morning, plus a good, sane diet for health—for physical health affects the hair more than any other factor—will make the dulllest head of hair a thing of beauty. All hair colors are beautiful, you know, when given their natural sheen.

Lelia should brush her hair one hundred strokes before retiring and upon arising, for lustre and to restore its natural oil. If her scalp is not so pliable that it moves freely over the bones of the skull, she must correct this tightness, due largely to nervousness, with massage. Kneading the scalp with the fingertips until it feels warm and alive will accomplish this.

When Lelia shampoos her hair she must make sure her hair is thoroughly rinsed and dried. Sun drying is most beneficial.



LES POUDRES COTY

WITH COTY ROUGES FOR PERFECT COLOURING

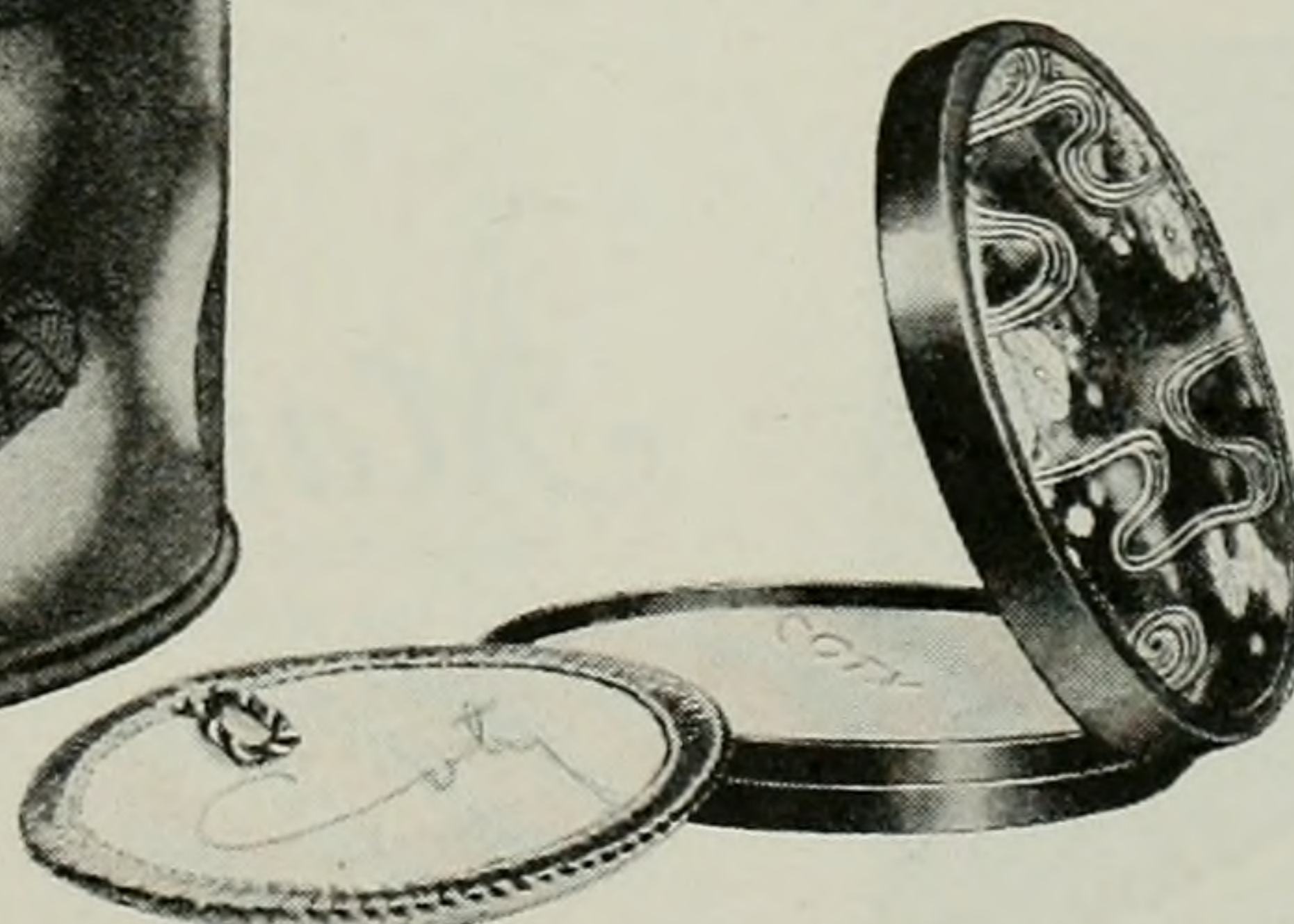
*Ravishing delicacy or thrilling
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DOUBLE
COMPACTE



FACE POWDER

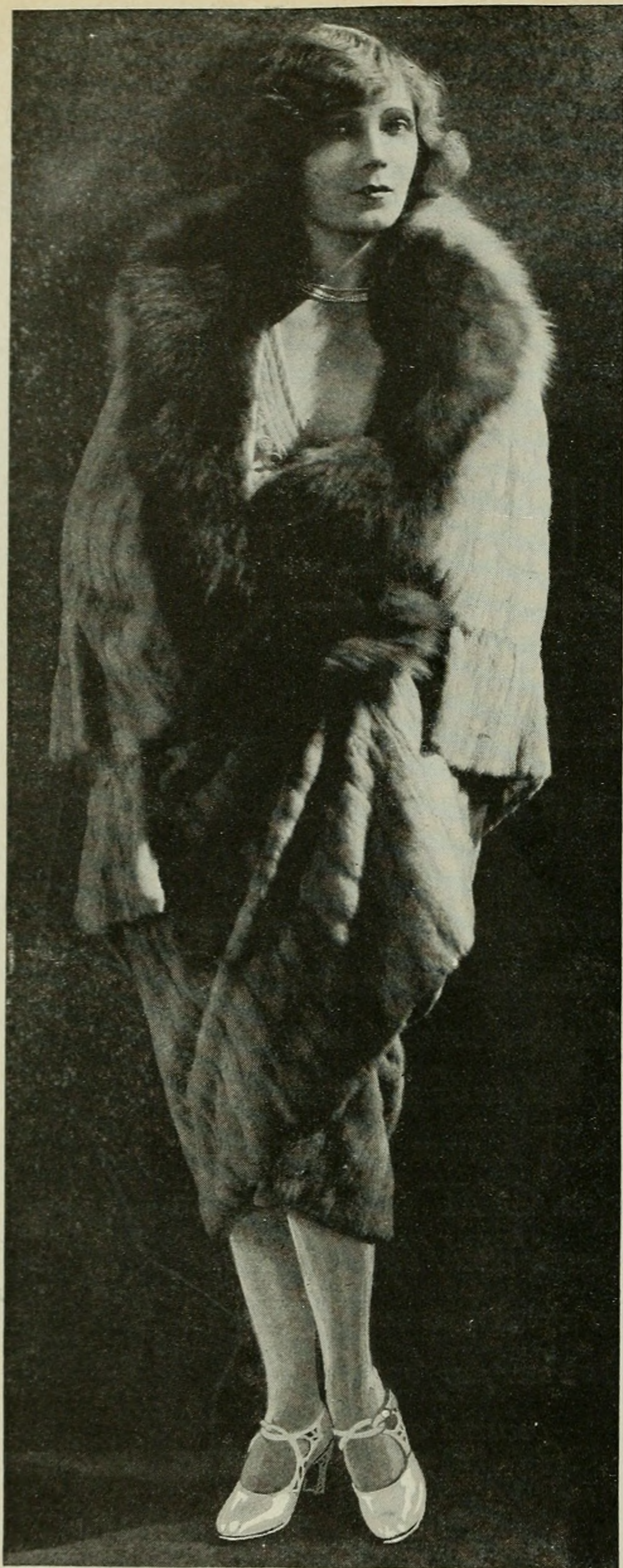
Blanc	Naturel	Rachel No. 1
Rose No. 1	Ocre	Rachel No. 2
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FEET

... that talk!

COUNTLESS thousands have watched the wonderful dancing of Gilda Gray. "She has feet that talk," they say. "What grace and activity! What Charm!"

Feet that talk are feet free from abuse, free from strain and pinching and distortion. And because the famous stars, such as Gilda Gray, must have active and youthful feet, they are turning to

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

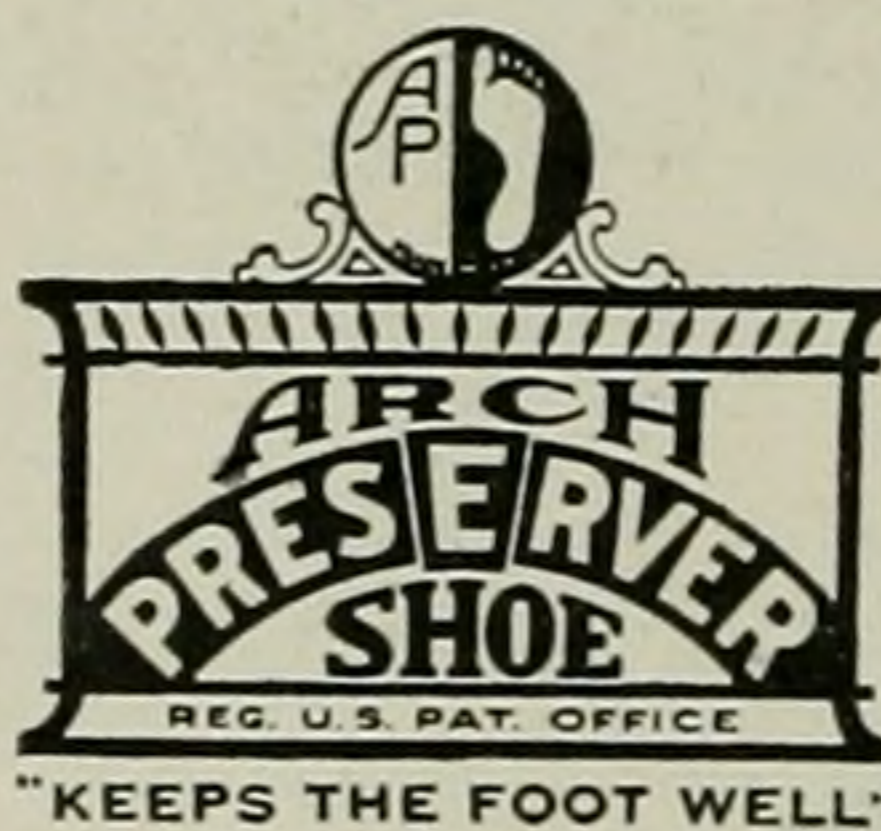
the superbly styled shoe that keeps feet youthful, vigorous and comfortable.

The sheer loveliness of the Arch Preserver Shoe is in no way marred by the scientific built-in principles. There is an ingenious concealed arch bridge that prevents sagging, a flat inner sole that prevents pinching, and a metatarsal support that prevents distortion.

A correct, normal walking base, assuring foot happiness — foot help — clear through the busiest day. The Arch Preserver Shoe will give you "feet that talk." Try one pair and you'll understand.

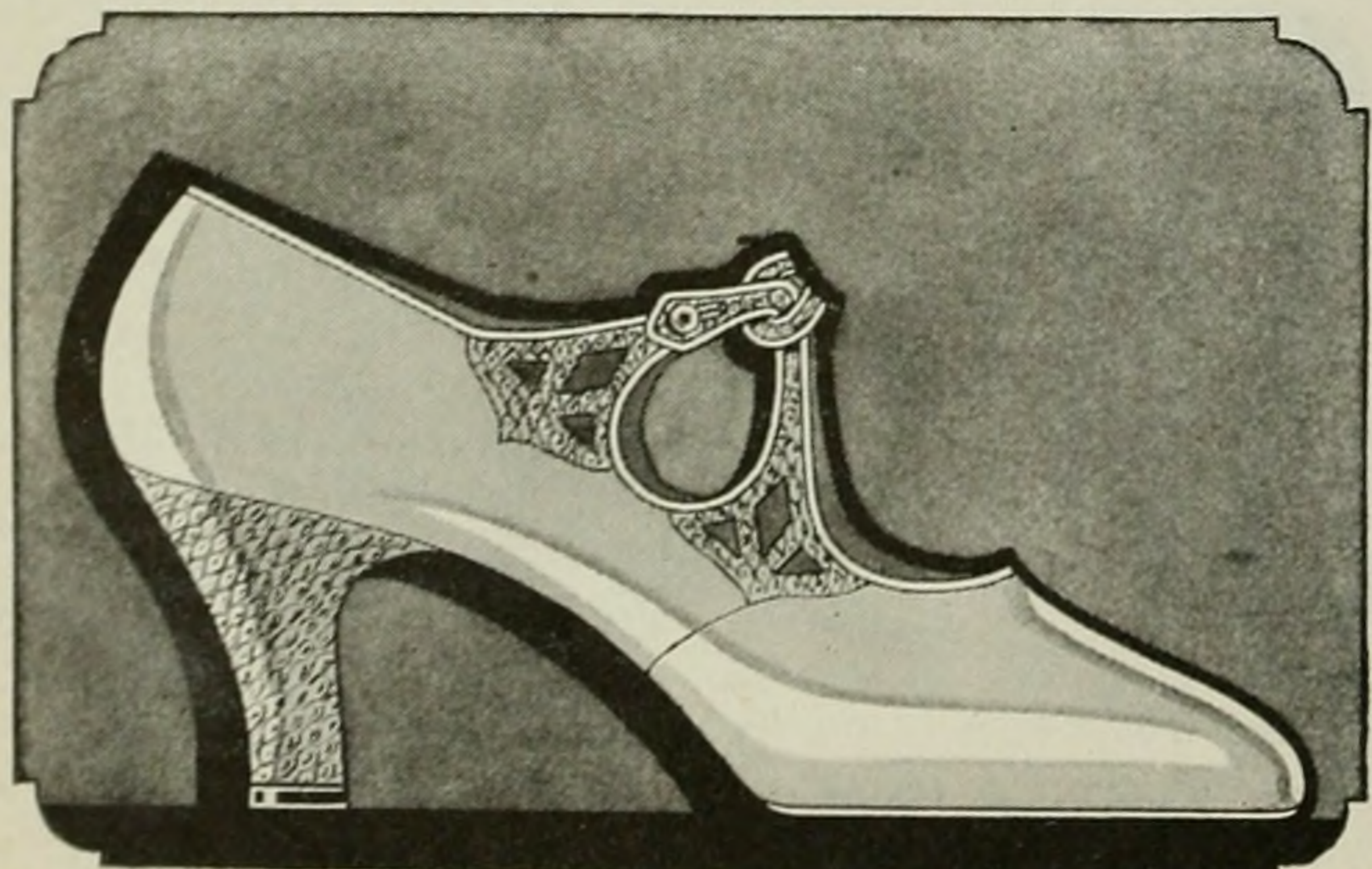
Write for booklet and name of your dealer.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
Portsmouth, O.



There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with the Trade-Mark. Made for women and misses by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Gilda Gray, Samuel Goldwyn star, now appearing in "The Devil Dancer." She is wearing the Gilda Model, named in her honor.



The Gilda Gray pattern in Silver Kid with Silver Lizard trimming.

Mail this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Co., 950 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new free booklet No. T-50 "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness" and name of dealer.

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Ruth Harriet Louise

New Pictures

NOT America's Sweetheart, but America's Suppressed Desire—
Greta Garbo. What every woman wants to look like. The
Eternal Feminine to every man. One of the reasons why people
run, not walk, to the nearest theater.



EDUCATED at dear old Universal for the last four years, Laura La Plante wins her B. O. degree—meaning box-office. With only three remote exceptions, all her films have been made by one company, a rare record these days.



Keyes

P**PETER PAN** has been locked out of the Gardens. Betty Bronson refused to play a scene she considered naughty. Her contract was not renewed. She is the sole support of a family of four. Say you believe in her!



Spurr

CECIL B. DE MILLE is training her for ultimate glory. Her name is Virginia Bradford and she had her first real fling as the Cap'n's little daughter in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," adding IT to Longfellow's ballad.



JUST a Mexican wild kitten and Douglas Fairbanks' contribution to the game of New Faces. In "The Gaucho," Lupe Velez plays with so much ease and spontaneity that it's hard to believe she is a novice before the camera. ✓



Ruth Harriet Louise


EXEMPLIFYING the new type of movie hero—Johnny Mack Brown. He came to Hollywood as a football star; he remained to establish himself as one of its most promising and popular young leading men.

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY AND QUALITY— THE CREED OF FASHION

WOMEN of the fashionable world have come to have a fine appreciation for Gossard foundations—an appreciation which comes from the pliant texture of materials, the unusual smartness of the patterns, and the surprising durability hidden in the softnesses of their weave, which is realized only after constant wear. Beauty and quality are inseparable characteristics of Gossard garments, from the design of the garment to the weave of the fabrics, and because of this fact they are the foundation creed of the fashionable wardrobe.

Go to your Gossard corsetiere and ask to see the various kinds of Gossard garments. In *Gossard Completes*, *Clasp-arounds*, *Combinations*, *Step-ins* and *Front-lacing Corsets* you will find the same choice of materials, the same exquisite texture.



This front-lacing corset, a garment which gives unusual support, is made of a lovely brocade, and combined with a smart checked-weave elastic. Average and heavier figures find its long graceful lines particularly suited to their needs. Model 1052, \$10.



AILEEN PRINGLE (above)

Immensely proud of her beautiful negligee of real lace (once belonging to the Czarina Alexandra of Russia), Aileen Pringle supervises its washing—in Lux.

DON JUAN (right)

Costumes costing \$300,000 were used in this Warner Bros. picture, starring John Barrymore. Their loveliness was guarded by safe cleansing with Lux.



IN EVERY GREAT MOTION PICTURE STUDIO

costumes stay *New-Looking twice as long*
through the use of Lux



BENNETT NATHAN

designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at work in his studio on a new fabric pattern. "A box of Lux seems like a small thing," says Joseph Rapf, wardrobe supervisor, "but it stands for dollars upon dollars saved in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. We insist upon Lux."

8 out of every 10 families in cities from New York to San Francisco—investigations show—save money with Lux! Like the great studios, they find that magical bland Lux suds double the wear of silks, chiffons, woolens and gay colored cottons, too.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

WITH millions of dollars invested in beautiful clothes for stars and players and "extras"—in gorgeous materials for hangings and sets—

the movies face a fine fabrics problem every woman meets—on a vast scale!

For these costumes must be kept brilliant and new-looking, in spite of long, hard wear. It may take months to "shoot" a big picture.

Often, too, there are priceless historic garments—irreplaceable—to be cared for.

When just one mistake might cost so much, motion picture studios dare not guess—they must know the best way to care for their vast stock of clothes and

fine fabrics. And it has been found that the *one safe way* to cleanse all washable fabrics is with Lux!

Through the use of Lux, the studios say, sheer, filmy materials and the more substantial and brilliant fabrics, too, stay beautifully lustrous and new-looking through repeated cleansings—*more than twice as long as when washed any other way!*

This means a saving of more than a million a year in wardrobe expenses!

As TRAVIS BANTON, costume director for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, puts it:

"We no longer discard costumes which have lost their new look. We 'Lux them'—they come out looking as though they had never been washed—wear longer than I ever thought possible."

Now all the great motion picture studios—

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Universal, Pathe-DeMille, Fox, First National, United Artists and Warner Bros.—

use Lux—the same Lux in the same familiar blue boxes found in homes all over the country!



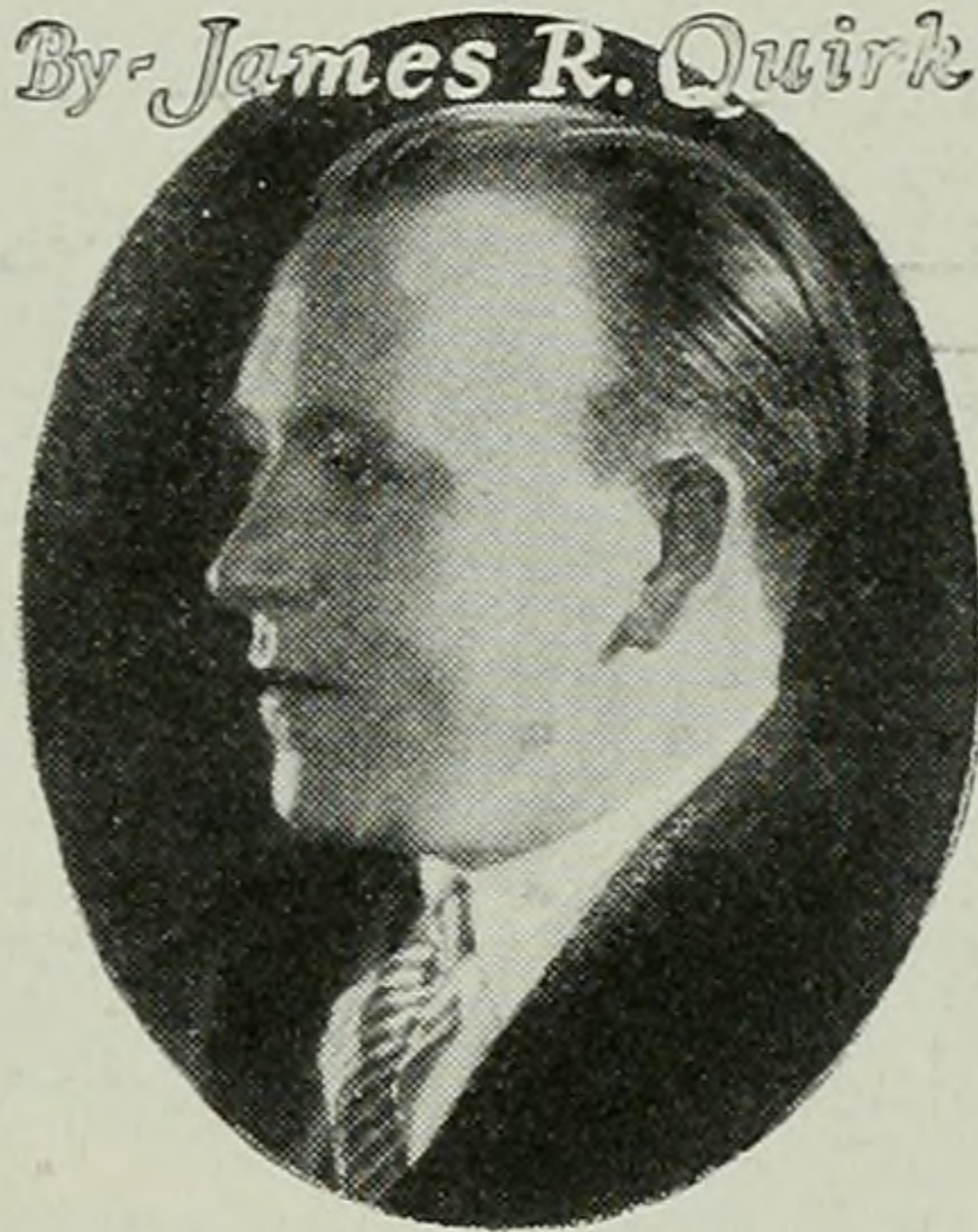
SO SAFE AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR, IT'S AN ECONOMY TO USE LUX

PHOTOPLAY

February, 1928

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



DR. WILL HAYS, the eminent specialist, like any other good surgeon, is willing to adopt any new improvements in operative methods if it will help his patient, the screen.

Only a few decades ago surgeons assumed that all operative wounds would putrefy because of the introduction during the operation of malignant germs. So they laved the cut tissues liberally with chemicals that were calculated to kill the germs, and often killed the tissue also.

Then came the modern aseptic method which was based on the wholesome theory that if the surgeon did not permit the introduction of germs he wouldn't need chemicals to kill them.

THREE years ago Will Hays, as head of the organization of motion picture producers and distributors, adopted a formula. In his own words this was "to prevent the prevalent type of play and novel becoming the prevalent type of picture."

Briefly, the formula worked this way: If a questionable play or novel was rejected by one producer, or if, in the opinion of the Hays organization, it contained objectionable elements for screen production, it was barred to all producers.

THAT worked—with a lot of groans and creaks to be sure—for a while. It was the best method that had been evolved up to that time.

At least it cannot be said that it was not a

sincere effort on the part of Mr. Hays and the producers, and at a time when the stage and the novel were suffering from an epidemic of smut, it was instrumental in keeping the screen comparatively healthy.

Mr. Hays is now working with a committee of the Authors' League, a militant and efficient group organized to demand and enforce a square deal for writers.

They are trying to evolve a new formula, based on the aseptic and more modern method.

For it has demonstrated that a motion picture can be made from a play or story by removal of questionable situations or episodes or single lines, and kept clean.

THE issue is this: Should all plays and stories containing episodes, permissible on the stage or printed page but questionable in motion pictures, be barred outright, or is the screen entitled to be considered as a distinct medium which can adapt and expurgate, and in picture form be considered on its own merits, if no attempt is made by use of title or inference to deceive the public into thinking it is to see the original objectionable features?

In other words: Shall a motion picture be adjudged guilty before it is made, or shall it be given a fair trial and judged on its merits?

ALONG comes a desperate case, a gal named "Sadie Thompson," who was brought into the hospital late, and demanded desperate methods of treatment to save her screen life.

Frantic for a picture that would retrieve her

prestige and fortunes, with her whole future at stake, Gloria put over a fast outside curve on the old formula, and bought the original story from which "Rain" was made into a play. The title of that story was "Sadie Thompson."

The objectionable element of that play was that a sanctimonious minister fell for a South Sea trollop, Sadie, and, conscience-stricken, committed suicide.

Gloria transformed the minister into a hypocritical lay reformer, and, it is announced, cooled down other objectionable features. I hope so, but I have not seen it and am in no position to judge it.

IF it is "Rain" in substance and spirit it will furnish ammunition to the censors and to that detestable group of ignorant and professional busybodies who are seeking, by argument or political blackjack, by fair means or foul, by half truth or deliberate misrepresentation, to bring about Federal screen prohibition and Volstead movies.

Whatever the outcome the case of "Sadie Thompson" has opened the eyes of the producers to the vulnerability of the old formula, and the necessity of a new one.

Sadie was a tough baby and all wet. But the difference between this gal and Du Barry, Nell Gwyn, Helen of Troy, Carmen, Camille, and Lorelei is purely a question of clothes, manners, methods and weather.

If one hundred per cent virtue and righteousness is to be demanded of every screen character and this should be carried through to its logical conclusion in plays, novels, bibles, magazines, radio, operas and sermons, this would not be such an interesting world.

IN any event such subjects demand delicate handling. Produced crudely and with salacious intent they are screen abominations. With delicate treatment and deft direction Lubitsch and St. Clair fashion delightful and unobjectionable if sophisticated entertainment. Given the same material clumsy workmen smear the screen. It is all in the treatment. Fine watches are not made by blacksmiths.

The methods by which Mr. Hays and the motion picture producers work out their problems is their worry, and not the public's. It is their problem and they should be permitted to settle it among themselves without interference.

The screen must be kept clean and no one knows it more than they, for it has been amply demonstrated that the American people who want entertainment and pay for it have a code that must not be violated. But that public is interested only in the picture as it appears on the screen and is fair enough to judge by that and that alone.

NOTE on the untold wealth that awaits the girl who goes to Hollywood to break into the movies.

Central Casting Corporation, the free employment bureau for extras on which all the studios call when "atmosphere" is required, has come forward with its semi-annual statistics.

It has 6,000 women, including girls from sixteen to sixty, registered on its books.

Within the past six months one girl out of this 6,000 has averaged five days' work a week.

Eight in the 6,000 have averaged four days a week. Twenty-one have averaged three days a week. The other 5,970 have worked two, one or no days.

FOR all this stunning array of employment the average pay is \$8.32 daily. Figure that out and you'll see that the most successful girl, the five-day-a-week darling who scores the 3,000-to-1 chance, has made slightly over \$40 a week.

This girl and the lucky eight in the next classification are "dress extras," which means they have a very expensive, very elaborate wardrobe of their own which they wear for society pictures, opera scenes and the like. Deduct that cost from the weekly \$40.

Then make your decision. Are you going to Hollywood?

I AM sick and tired of hearing the motion picture audiences of this country referred to as "morons."

The term is usually applied by self-styled "intellectuals," folks overburdened with education and egomania, and deficient in normal intelligence and common sense.

The charge is usually based on the results of the old-fashioned mentality tests applied to the lads who served in the ranks of the American army during the late war.

The allegation is triple-barrelled, for it is a direct slam at the army, and, as *motion picture audience* is almost synonymous with *population* in this country, it means that this, the most prosperous and contented nation in the world, is mentally sub-normal.

PHOTOPLAY has taken the case to a distinguished psychiatrist who served in the American forces, and submitted many thousands of our boys to mental tests.

He will report in next month's issue of the magazine.

OVERHEARD at The Union League Club, one of New York's most conservative.

"Yes, I'm going to spend the winter at Miami, George, but you see I've got to have at least ten rooms for my family—and a house is too far out. They all want to be near the movies, so we're going to a hotel."

What Happened to Mary?

By Jane Dixon

Seven years ago, Mary Miles Minter was the screen's symbol of Cinderella. Then came the Taylor murder, the first of a series of misfortunes



Mary and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, at the height of their glory

Today, Mary is a voluntary exile in Paris. The golden child has grown into a mature woman. Read this story of a vanished star

ONCE there was a little girl with golden hair, blue eyes and a face that was fashioned for the camera. For the most part she was a good child; a little selfish perhaps, slightly wilful and not particularly clever. She didn't have to be clever, because she was beautiful and she had a shrewd mother. But she wasn't bad or vicious or mean.

For a few brief years, she had a most amazing run of luck. She received one of the highest salaries ever paid to a star. By careful publicity, she became the living symbol of innocent, happy girlhood. Her future was so bright that she was hailed as the successor of Mary Pickford herself.

Then, at the height of the fairy tale, the clock struck twelve

and as strange a series of misfortunes descended upon Mary Miles Minter as ever befell a human being.

And after these calamities, Mary Miles Minter faded away as completely as a discredited myth.

First there was the William Desmond Taylor case—Hollywood's one classic murder. Taylor was found dead in his bungalow with a bullet through his back. In the investigation that followed, love letters, silly and pathetically girlish, were discovered written by Mary on butterfly-crested notepaper.

Mary's name became inseparably linked with a particularly sordid and sinister murder. The mystery never has been solved and stalks about even now, like a restless ghost, to haunt those who were even remotely connected with it.

Then Mary left her mother and brought suit against her for an accounting of the money that the mother, as Mary's guardian, controlled for her. Not a pretty spectacle—a girl suing her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Miss Juliet Shelby of Paris. The famous curls are bobbed. Mary has grown plump. "People aren't interested in me any more," she says. "They don't remember me. My name is forgotten"

My LIFE

First Installment of the touch-
of a tragic child who became

promises. You must make living a sort of gay curtain to throw across the abyss into which you have looked and where lie dread memories.

I think that wildly gay people are usually hiding from something in themselves. They dare not be quiet, for there is no peace nor serenity in their souls. The best life has taught them is to snatch at every moment of fun and excitement, because they feel sure that fate is going to hit them over the head with a club at the first opportunity.

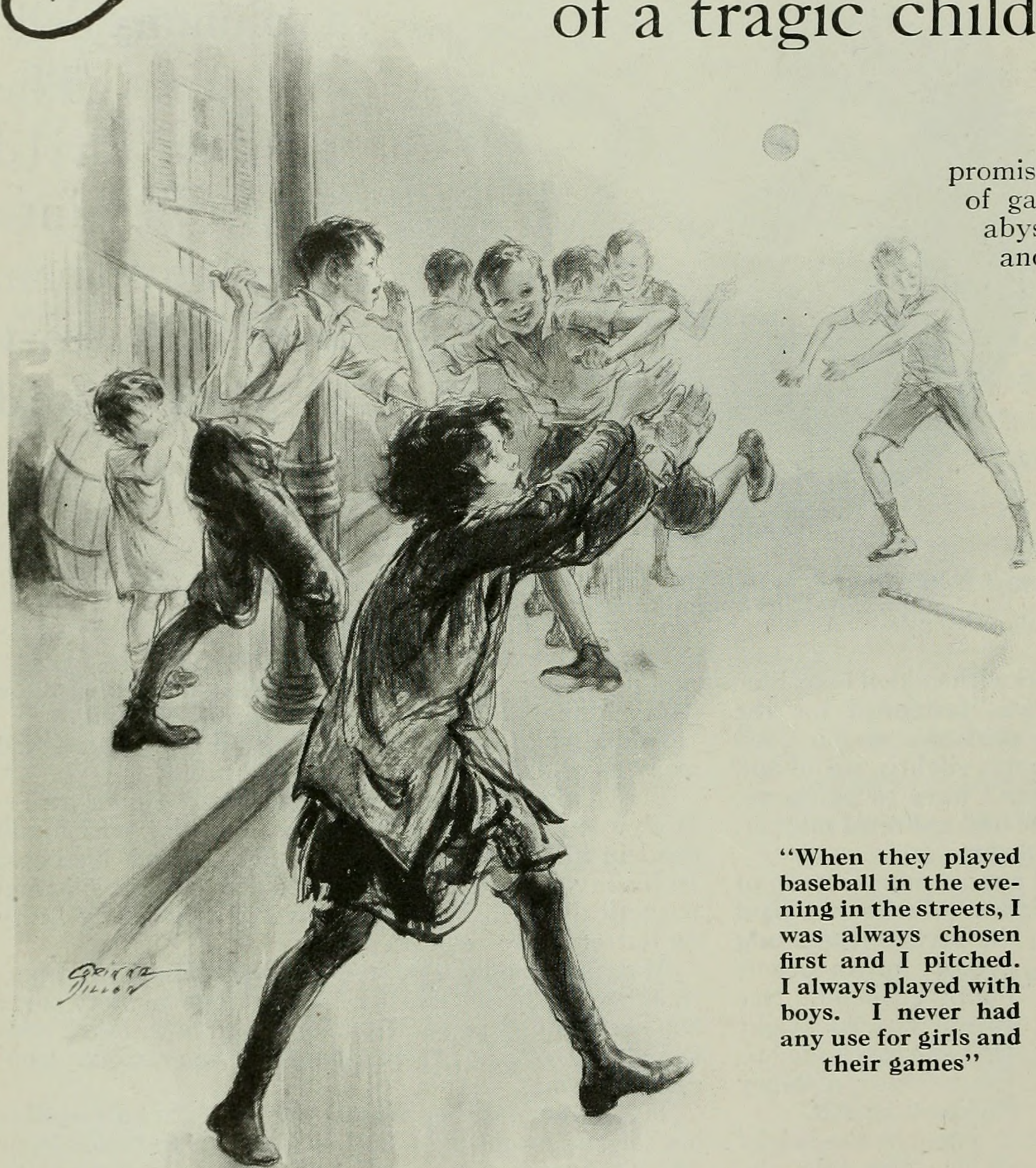
I DON'T want to feel that way. But I do. When I have told you about my short life, maybe you will understand why, in spite of its incongruity, I am a madcap, the spirit of the jazz age, the premier flapper, as they call me. No one wanted me to be born in the first place.

And when I was born, at first they thought I was dead. They thought every spark of life had been strangled out of me during my long and stormy entrance into this world. They fought for hours, fanning the poor, feeble little flame of life that was in me, and it would flare up and then die down again, quite as though I didn't want to stay.

Everything was against my coming here at all, everything was against my staying here.

There have been a great many times when I wish they hadn't fought quite so hard to keep me here. But I don't feel that way any more.

I don't know an awful lot about my ancestors or relations. It isn't really strange if my memory is not good, if I am not very definite about facts and dates. I have been trying all my life to forget, not to remember. Besides, young people aren't much interested in family history. At least I wasn't. I don't like my relations, anyway. They never paid any attention to me until I was successful and they weren't kind to me or to my mother when we needed it so much. I try not to have resentment against them, but I don't care anything about them.



“When they played baseball in the evening in the streets, I was always chosen first and I pitched. I always played with boys. I never had any use for girls and their games”

*Illustrated by
Corinne Dillon*

WHEN I write down at the very beginning that I am twenty-two years old, I can hardly believe it.

I feel much older than that. I feel as though I had lived a long, long time. That is because I have suffered so much, and suffering makes you feel old inside, just as happiness makes you feel young even when your hair is white.

I think this story will surprise you very much. It isn't at all the sort of life story you would expect to belong to Clara Bow. For you know the Clara Bow who has been driven by misery and loneliness to clutch at joy and merriment almost wildly.

There is only one thing you can do when you are very young and not a philosopher, if life has frightened you by its cruelty and made you distrust its most glittering

STORY

By

CLARA BOW

as told to

Adela Rogers St. Johns

ing human document
the very spirit of gayety

My father is the only person I care for, really.

My mother was a very beautiful woman. She came of a good family in New York State and her mother was French and her father was Scotch. They lived on a country place a few hours from New York City. I was never there, because it was gone before I was born. But from what my mother told me it must have been quiet and beautiful and prosperous.

Perhaps that was the reason that my mother didn't want to marry. She idolized her father and loved the home where she had been born and brought up, and that was all she wanted from life. Marriage frightened her. She felt no need of anything more in her life than her father and mother and the quiet life she led in the country.

On an adjoining farm lived a family named Bow. They had always been neighbors. The Bows were Scotch and English, of the kind I guess that make landed farmers and squires in the old country. There were thirteen children in the Bow family and my mother had always played with them. The youngest of them was a boy, Harry Bow. And



Clara Bow's first professional photograph, taken at the age of sixteen, when she won the contest that put her on the screen

he was the darling of the family and just about my mother's age. He was a handsome, talented boy who captivated everybody. He just made people like him so much that they didn't stop to think much else about him. He had a merry laugh, and he could ride and play and was always good-natured and happy.

My mother's mother adored him.

When she knew that she was dying, she called my mother to her and told her that this young man had asked for her hand and that she must marry him. My grandmother was very old-fashioned, very French in her thoughts and traditions, and she did not believe that a girl could be happy unless she was married. She said she couldn't die happy unless she knew that her daughter [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



"I would massage her throat. It is terrible to see someone you love suffer like that"



Ten little "no"
girls; ten little
girls wedded to
their Art, and
coily dodging
the wedding ring
which never stops
chasing them.
They are Clara
Bow, Greta
Garbo, Bebe
Daniels, Sally
O'Neil, Madge
Bellamy, Joan
Crawford, Olive
Borden, Phyllis
Haver, Janet
Gaynor and Lois
Moran. What will
the story be in a
year?

Dodging *the* Wedding Ring

By Ruth Biery

BEBE DANIELS sank into Harrison Ford's arms. Her face was enraptured; his impassioned. Their lips met. "Bebe!"

A voice from off-stage interrupted the fervid scene in "Lovers in Quarantine."

Bebe turned to face her fiancé who had come onto the lot unannounced. She finished the scene; then joined him.

"You're going to leave this business," was his guttural greeting.

"Why, what do you mean?"

It is understood that you are never to interfere with my business, darling." Bebe's tones were beseeching.

"This changes matters. You can't tell me you can make love to a man, kiss him like that and have absolutely no feeling for him." His speech had grown louder. Bebe glanced hurriedly around her.

"Why, you big silly!" She drew him adroitly to one side, away from the others. "That means nothing. It's only acting."

"But there was no argument that could convince him. So that was the end of that matter!"

Bebe looked at me half wistfully, half humorously, across the shining mahogany of the desk, over which we were talking.

"And that wasn't all." She shook her head sadly. "He couldn't understand why I couldn't go to lunch with him whenever he wanted. You know we always have story conferences at noon, or see the rushes of the picture and talk things over. Naturally, I couldn't take an outsider in on my business, and that's just what he would have been. So," she dimpled, then gradually grew pensive, sighed a little,—"so there was nothing to do but make him a real outsider and not marry."

"Which man was it, Bebe?"

She shook her head. "'Twouldn't be fair," she answered. "You can guess, but I won't tell you."

IRAN my mind over the list. Harold Lloyd, Jack Gilbert, Michael Arlen, Phil Corss, Charlie Paddock, and that silk king somebody or other. These I knew had been among those definitely reported to marry Miss Daniels.

"And I'm never going to be engaged again," she interrupted my silent reminiscing. "No! If I ever make up my mind to it, I'll just get married. No more formal betrothals for mine."

"And do you plan on marriage, eventually, Bebe?"

She laughed, hesitated a moment. "The man who is the husband of a motion picture actress must have the disposition of an angel," she evaded. "And I haven't met that perfect being yet."

"Of course I've been in the game too long to think of giving it up for anyone. Just think what marriage would mean. Hubby coming home tired, wife not there yet. She comes in. There's a six o'clock call at the studio for the next morning. Or she has to return and work all night. What chance is there for 'home' in

Here are five reasons why girls do *not* leave home—for a husband.

Because divorces are too prevalent in Hollywood. Because men, particularly when they are husbands, are jealous. Because studio hours prevent a real domestic life. Because they love their work. Because they want to be loved for themselves alone, and not because they are rich and famous. So they say.

an arrangement like that?

"The unhappy marriages in this business are not because we are more or less human than others, but because our business is not standardized. We have no certain hours. We don't start at one definite time and close at another. Yet a man's nature remains the same. He is possessive. He wants to have something to say about his woman—"

Thus did Bebe organize into words the whyfore of the wedding ring business in the Cinema City.

No place in the world are divorce rumors more rampant than in this unique movie-city. Pola and her prince; Gloria and her marquis. Always it's the same story—

"I hear Gloria was lunching at the Montmartre with Raoul Walsh."

"Did you know that Pola was thinking of divorcing her prince?"

"Norma Talmadge has gone to Paris. You know what that means. Poor Joe Schenck!"—

And so on, in that endless procession of "they say" marriage gossip.

YOU know, I have been really happy for Gloria Swanson during the filming of "Sadie Thompson." At least Henri was in Paris. If only all the Hollywood hubbies could take a vacation during the filming of each of their wives' productions! Can we wonder that Clara Bow, the one youngster in the whole city who craves marriage as an antidote for her lonely unhappiness, quivers and hesitates at each new wedding ring offered!

"I want to get married," Clara told me. "I'm so lonesome. But I want the kind of man who will understand always. Someone who will stroke my hair and pet me at the end of each day and tell me not to worry."

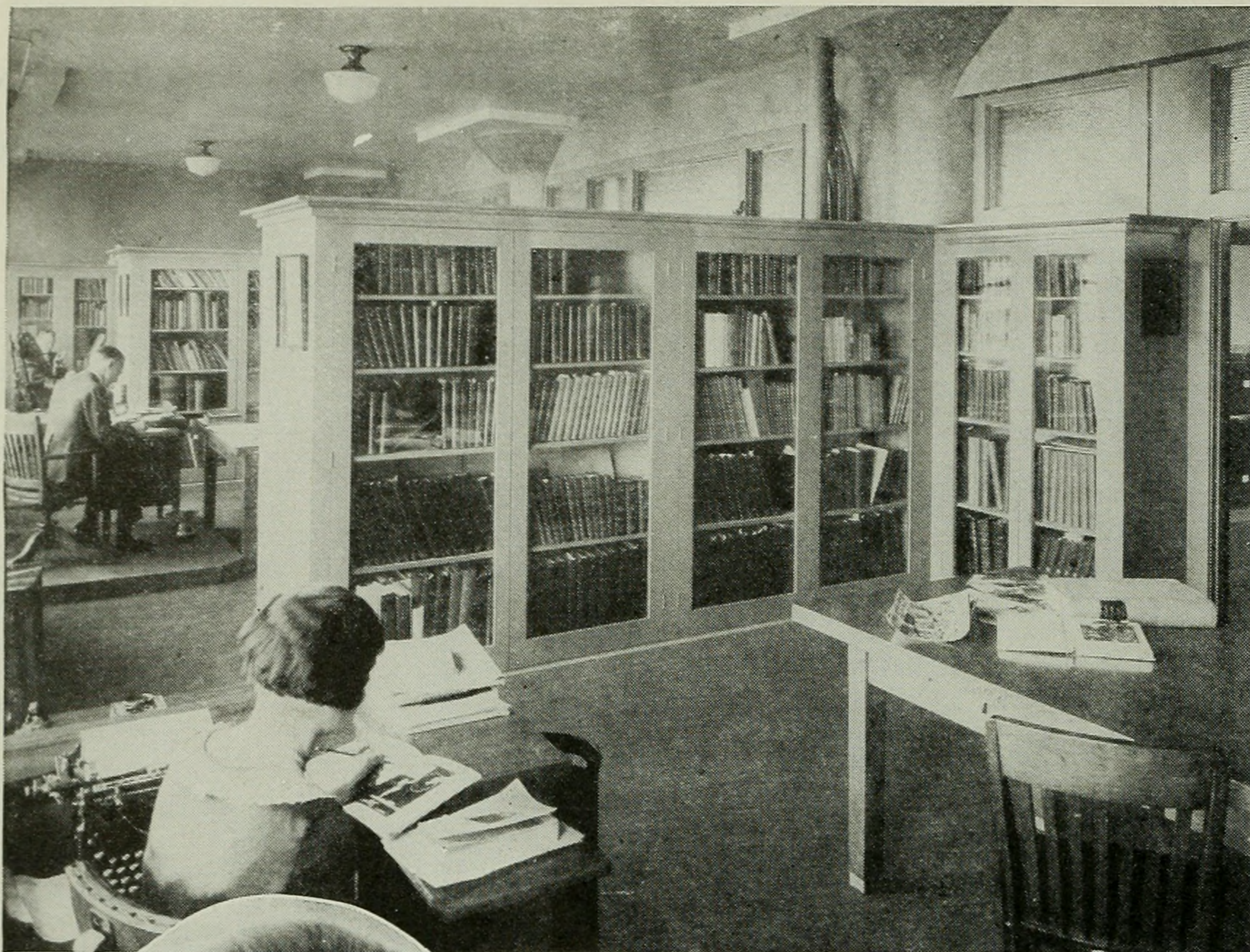
"But I'm afraid. I want someone to love me for myself, love me just because I'm the girl I am, not because I'm Clara Bow, the screen actress. My life hasn't been any too happy, and I don't want any more heart-breaks. So I keep holding back."

"For two years I was engaged to Gilbert Roland—and I loved him. Loved him madly. And Gilbert loved me, I am certain. I was never engaged to Bob Savage. He just came out here and made himself silly. Why, I was still engaged to Gilbert and in love with him. And Gilbert was sick and couldn't understand about Bob Savage."

"Then, of course, I was reported married to Donald Keith. But there was nothing to it. And I was supposed to get my ring from Victor Fleming last Christmas. Then two days before we had a fight. I had been seeing too much of Gary Cooper!"

"Engagements are so silly. Two weeks and no more. Just get married is the only way. That's what I'm going to do next time. At least if you once know you're married, you won't look around for awhile."

"But I want to fall in love, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



How big was Louis XVI's head? How tall was Cleopatra? Was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?

The Library of the Western Costume Company. These reference books make possible accurate, realistic detail you see on the screen



Edward Phillips Lambert, who not only owns books but reads them, thereby saving directors a lot of time and money

The Ask Me

"HELLO! . . . Hello! . . . This is Assistant Director Zero of the Hysterical Studios. What would be the greatest necking party?"

A break in the connection as the switchboard operator plugs in the library telephone. And the director of research replies: "That between an octopus and a giraffe."

The assistant director gives a sigh of relief. A question answered in a minute that would have taken his studio's research department a week or more to unravel. For little things like this bit of absurdity are not always as trivial as they may seem. In motion picture making they sometimes amount to magnitudinous proportions and suspend all activities until they are solved. No one knows this

better than the research director of the Western Costume Company.

Throughout the day questions and requests pour into this amazing establishment, the like of which can scarcely be imagined:

"What was the subject, title and artist's name of the oil painting that hung in the Hoffman House Bar, New York City?"

"What figure, or object symbolic of virtue?"

"Is it true that Louis the Sixteenth's head size was seven and three-quarters? Was this with or without his wig?"

"What does a Siamese dancer wear — on her head?"



The greatest "prop" picture ever taken. How many articles can you find and identify in this photograph?

Read the story of Edward Lambert, the man who answers Hollywood's strangest questions

Need a hat? Here are the lids, with uniforms to match, of all the nations. They can be delivered in a minute's notice



Another Man

By
Fred Gilman
Jopp

"Get us a bottle of colic cure, eight men-sized dummies and John Doe's Magazine for March, 1886."

And in all seriousness: "Was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?"

This latter type of question is not frequent. It usually comes from some dumb, to say the least, yes-man who is apt to make an error if not carefully watched. Nor is it the purpose of this article to encourage or engage in a controversy with "Ask Me Another" fans. Its aim, rather, is to direct the spotlight upon Edward Phillips Lambert, the comprehensive human dictionary who functions within a twelve-story encyclopedia devoted to the motion picture art and science.

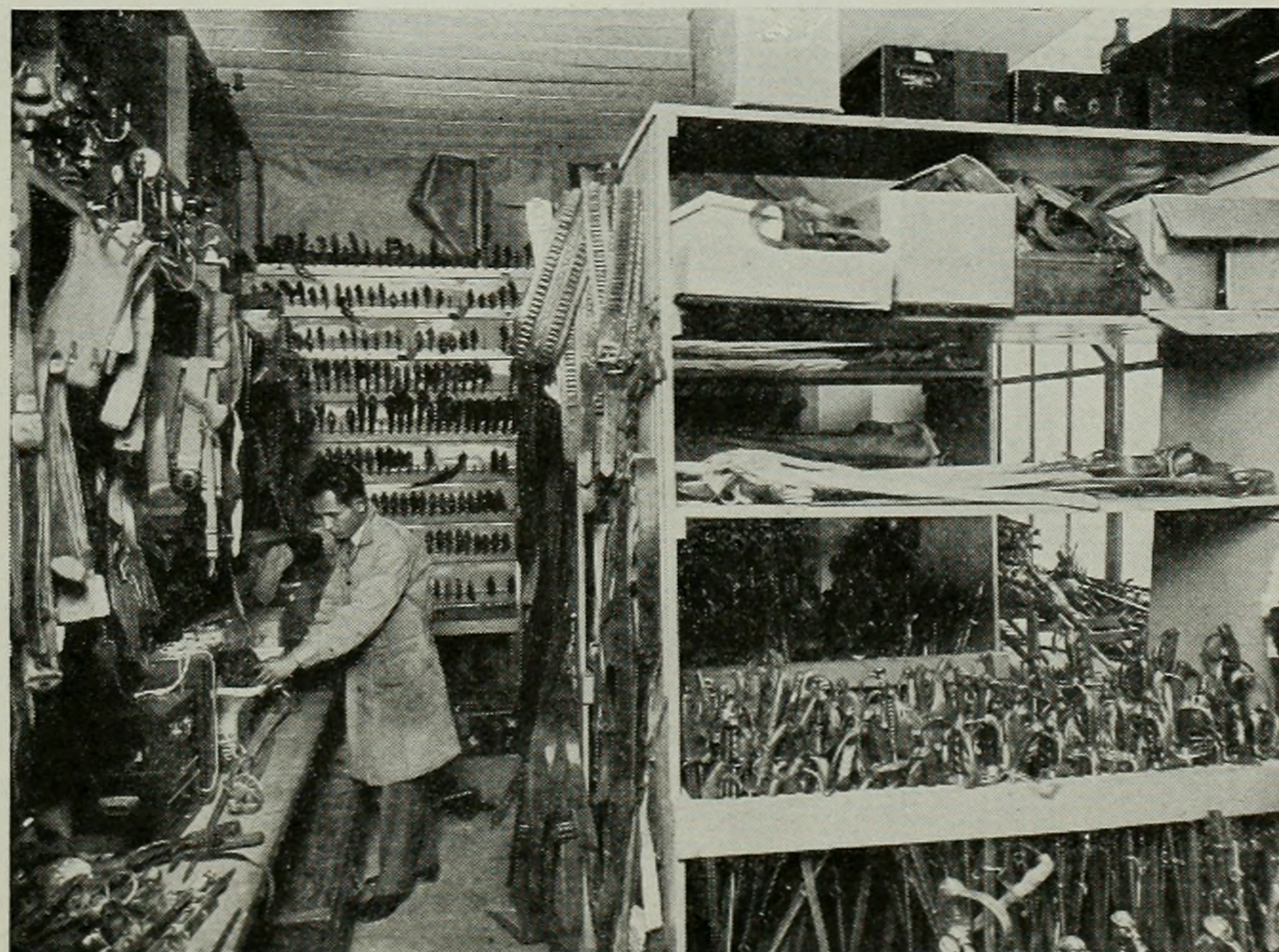
There are two reasons for Edward Lambert's success. One is his calm, pleasing way of handling people; the other the man's natural cleverness. He solves problems by letting his mind stay passive; by not trying to force things into it. Nothing ever worries him. His is the happy faculty of doing many things at once, yet always returning to where he left off, even completing an unfinished sentence. He has the unique gift of being able to photograph mentally the most minute details of a scene, event

or an object. This gift, coupled with his ease of description, makes his use infinite.

The library, which he has gathered through the years, is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—millions to the cinema producer. Every known science is represented. But books of travel predominate.

Mr. Lambert has diplomacy—plus. Diplomacy is highly essential to his work. He is in hourly contact with human stars that have all the explosive powers of meteors.

"In a nutshell," he explains, "our establishment functions in the picture business in this wise. A



Antique swords and pistols for any sort of battle. What a playroom for Erich von Stroheim. These old weapons are so valuable that the room is kept doubly locked

More fascinating information about the



A corner in antiques. This section is chiefly Oriental. But all periods and nations are represented in the twelve story building

director will send us his technical advisers and state that he is going to do a certain thing. We work directly with the scenario far in advance of actual production. When completed we hand on our data to the various departments of this organization, whereupon it is transformed into costumes, properties, and so forth.

"Sometimes, though, the star is a wee bit skeptical about the part she is to play and so beats her staff down here. She looks over volumes that will show her in costumes the picture will represent. Ofttimes a picture ends right there.

"Our stock is valued well into the millions. It has taken twelve years to collect and it occupies twelve

mona's handkerchiefs cost more than her gowns. At which time Lambert will whittle down his vocabulary of sixty-thousand words into the eight-hundred words used by the average American. His slang phraseology will then enable the comedy director to make a wow out of that particular thought.

His sense of humor, God's most glorious gift to man, is highly developed. This is due, no doubt, to a dizzy telephone that keeps shooting fact and fancy at him all day long. Real laughs come flowing over that electrified wire.

"Once there came a voice," continued Mr. Lambert, "asking me the name of a once popular screen star.

The tailor shop, with experts from all over the world. All materials must be of the finest and all workmanship the very best. There can be no faking or scrimping in front of the camera



movies than any other story ever written

Offhand I couldn't recall the actor's name but I did remember that he was the chap with the locomotor ataxia. A dirty laugh came from the receiver and I was told that there never was an automobile of that make."

In our walk about the building no less than fifteen motion picture celebrities stopped Mr. Lambert with a "Hello Ed!" And for the purpose of my visit each was asked to query him with something personal about the stars. Here are his answers:

"Douglas Fairbanks has the greatest imagination in motion pictures. Mary Pickford is the greatest student. She always has a tutor with her.

"The greatest fisherman is John Barrymore.

"His brother, Lionel, paints beautiful marines in oil.

"Jean Hersholt has the best private collection of books on the life of Napoleon in the United States. Harrison Ford is not only an avid collector of first editions, he is also one of the few real intellectuals in motion pictures.

"Esther Ralston has the most beautiful face and figure. Fay Wray is the most quaint. Patsy Ruth Miller has the most unusual finger-nails. They are very long and beautifully tapered.

"And instead of a platinum or diamond ring Norma Talmadge's wedding band is exactly like your mother wears—a plain, old-fashioned wedding ring.



Horses! Horses! Horses! Everything from a cowboy saddle to equipment for a European cavalry officer. They are all kept in perfect condition

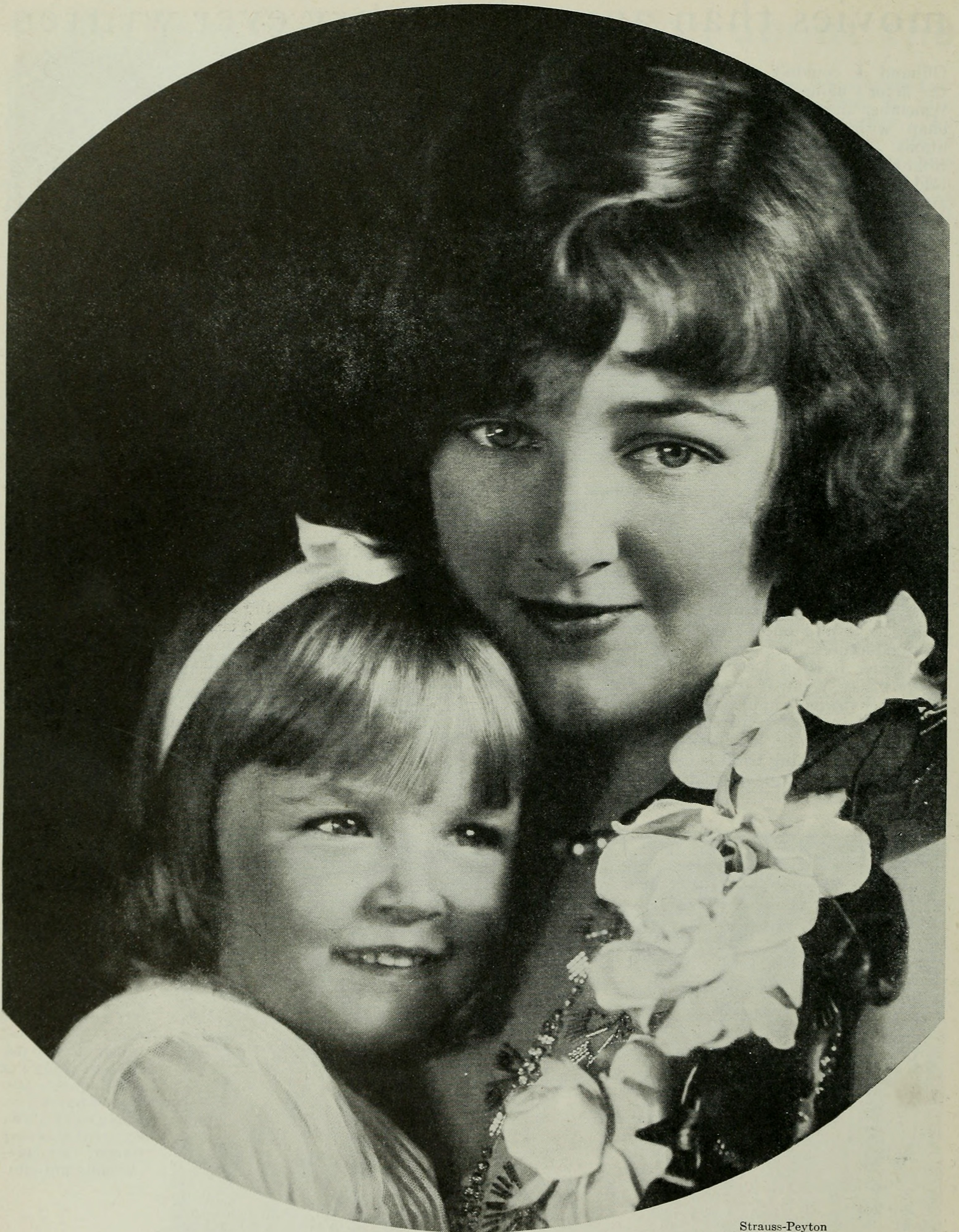
"Conrad Nagel is the most religious. Ronald Colman the most aristocratic. Erich von Stroheim the most superstitious.

"Tom Mix makes the largest weekly salary, with Emil Jannings running a close second. But Adolphe Menjou knows how best to take care of his money. He is a smart business man. Ruth Roland earned a million clear in real estate last year.

"Tommy Meighan loves apple pie. Jack Holt prefers pumpkin. Lew Cody must have an old-fashioned boiled dinner twice each week. Lewis Stone craves the breast of Guinea hen. He can afford it. Clayton is Harold Lloyd's middle name." [CONT'D ON PAGE 92]



An aisle in the armory. The suits of armor are made of metal which looks like the real thing but is as light as felt. For which the Knights of the Central Casting Bureau are profoundly grateful



Strauss-Peyton

CONGRATULATIONS to two lucky girls. To Mildred Gloria Lloyd for having a millionaire daddy and a new-fashioned mother. To Mildred Davis Lloyd for managing a home, career, husband and little daughter all perfectly and yet remaining simple and unspoiled

Haven in The PORT of MISSING Girls

By Ruth Biery

It's provided by a Los Angeles woman judge

SHE was just a wraith of a woman, but with an ambition so overpowering that no arguments of her frightened parents could circumvent it.

"I am going into the movies. You simply cannot stop me!" Again and again she warned them.

And one night, just as she had promised, she disappeared. Disappeared into the darkness of the small mid-western town as completely as though it had been a big, tumultuous city.

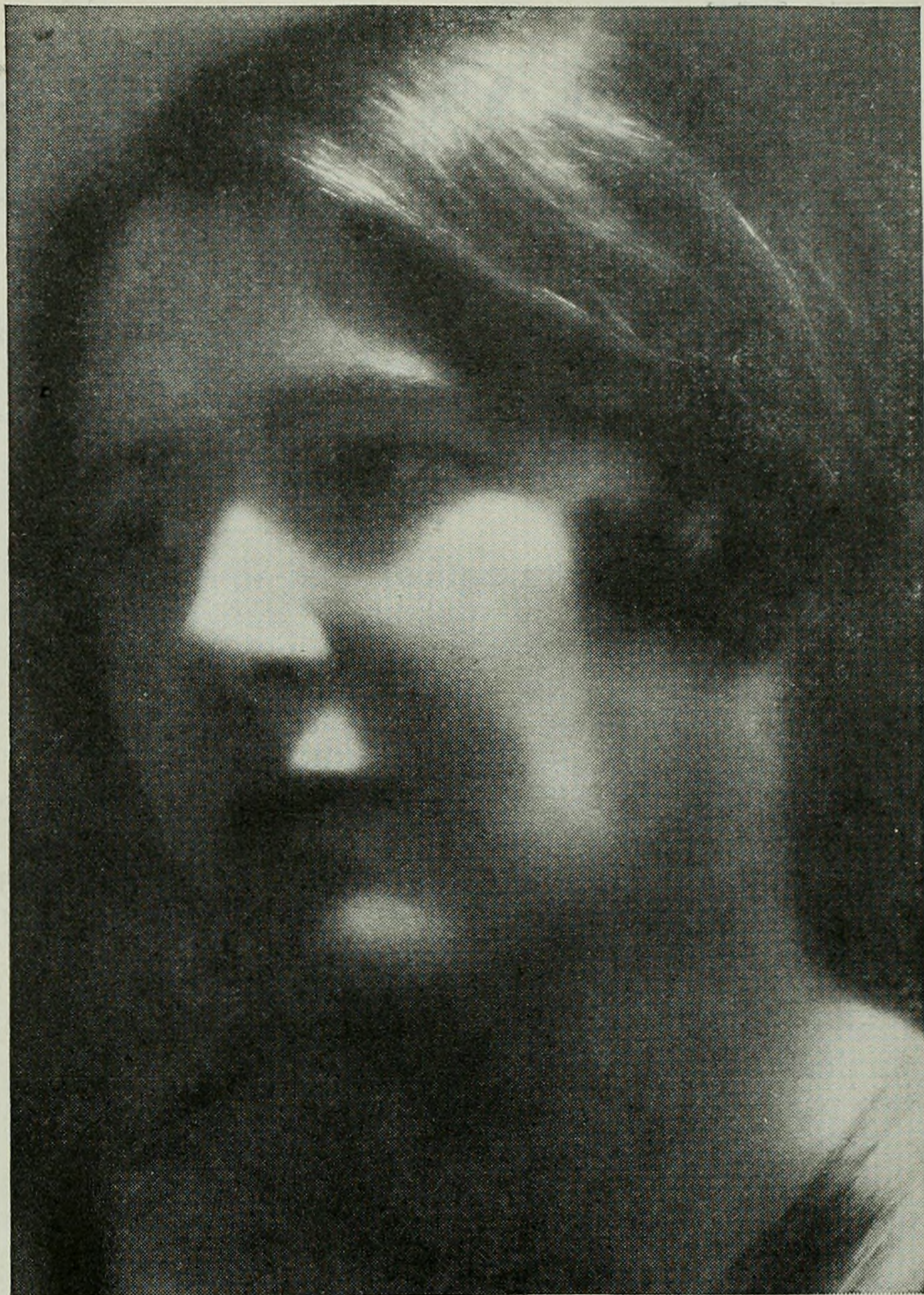
Frantic appeals were sent to the western motion-picture city. Appeals to locate a beautiful, lithe, fair-haired girl answering to the name of Betty.

But in all Los Angeles, the police could find no such young woman as the descriptions painted. Oh, yes, there were dozens of light-haired, fair-skinned Bettys; but none who admitted to having parents in that particular South Dakota village. So the police, as is the way of police, dropped the matter.

And probably the heart-broken home folks who had loved their child for eighteen winters and summers would never have heard of her again, had it not been for one woman in the movie-city. One woman, who, although a judge, counts a law which is higher than the legal jurisdiction of which she is the only feminine representative in the Cinema City.

Perhaps six months after the police had forgotten all about the pleas from the mid-western hamlet, a dark haired youngster, in the dirty, ragged clothes of a boy, was hauled into Judge Georgia Bullock's court by a policeman.

HERE is the way Judge Georgia Bullock, of the Los Angeles Woman's Court, meets the problems caused by the thousands of movie struck girls who besiege the Hollywood movie studios. You read Mrs. Adela Rogers St. Johns' stories of the Port of Missing Girls. Here are some real life tales.



Judge Georgia Bullock sent seventy-five movie mad girls back home from Hollywood last year

"She's a girl in boy's clothes. Picked up for stealing," was the announcement of the arresting officer.

Judge Georgia Bullock, from her high seat behind the high judicial bench, looked at the black haired boy-girl with a keenness which has become proverbial in the Woman's Court, Division Number Six, Los Angeles.

"Physical examination," she ordered.

"But, Your Honor—" The officers, the probation women, the least assistant disagreed with Her Honor. The girl had not been brought in for vagrancy, but for stealing. Why was a physical examination necessary? It only took time from hundreds of other cases where examinations were law-requisitions.

"Physical examination," Her Honor was insistent.

The report was brought from the jail a little later. "Tuberculosis!"

Tuberculosis in its advanced stages. Tuberculosis eating away the body of the young woman, remorse gnawing at the heart of the once fair-haired Betty who had donned the clothes of a boy and ridden on the rods to the Cinema City.

The girl did not at once tell her story—did not speak of the yearning mid-western parents. She had been arrested for stealing; she would have been confined in the city jail along with the rest of the thieving women. Would have been, had it not been for the woman judge whom Los Angeles had the good sense to put in charge of such cases—and the poor sense to leave without funds to take care of such cases.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

How the Screen

The doctor explains why the movies exert an uncanny influence on audiences

HAVE you ever noticed that what you see in pictures affects you more strongly than anything you may experience elsewhere under any other condition?

Here is John Jones, for instance. His wife had been trying for many seasons to make him wear spats.

"No, no!" he declared with the firmness and assurance that goes with deep-rooted conviction. "Spats are foppish. What would the office force think of me walking in with those things on? No, my dear, I will try to please you in everything—but spats! Never!"

Then one night said John took his wife to the movies. Lew Cody was playing. Lew Cody's spats looked particularly effective. And the next day John bought two pairs, fawn colored spats to go with his tan shoes and pearl grey spats to match his grey suit.

Another case in point is Mary Smith. She was a very practical, prosaic type of girl. She dressed always in severe tailor-made fashion. Feminine folderols she abhorred. Her room was stripped to its barest necessities.

But! She admires Norma Talmadge. She considers her a great actress. In "Camille" she saw her in a highly decorative bedroom, frills and laces everywhere.

Mary's room immediately was transformed as if by magic. It now resembles more the boudoir of a story-book Parisian courtesan than the practical eight by ten of a New York business woman. Mary's whole character has been changed by this single screen production.

YOU must know of examples like these yourself. Have you not caught yourself wanting to imitate the settings and furnishings of your favorite photoplay and the clothes and mannerisms of your movie idols?

It is well known, of course, that famous couturiers vie with each other in persuading the stars to dress at their establishments. Often gowns and hats and all kinds of apparel are named after them.

It is good business because the influence of what picture people do is so tremendous.

The perfume "Nar-

cisse Noir" jumped into overnight popularity when Gloria had a bottle of it prominently displayed on her dressing table in "Beyond the Rocks."

De Mille started the craze for fancy tiled bathrooms and doll telephone covers.

The boyish bob, abbreviated skirts, and the slender figure would never have attained the vogue they now enjoy had our screen folks not led the vanguard.

I KNOW a husband who wouldn't stand for his wife wearing a one-piece bathing suit until he saw Clara Bow in "Kid Boots." Then suddenly everything seemed to be all right.

Yes, we are all suggestible.

But when we sit in a darkened moving picture house we are one hundred per cent more so.

The next time you attend a photoplay observe what you do. Perhaps I had better say, take note of your reactions—that is, observe how you think, feel and act.

Two striking situations affect you the moment you have dropped your ticket into the box and the swinging doors have closed behind you.

One, and the more impressive, is the absence of human voices. The second is the darkness.

No matter how excited or buoyant or jovial or noisy

you have been in the street this peculiar hush, this quiet immediately gets you. The music plays, yes. But it accentuates the absence of the human voice all the more.

You become sober at once. The soothing melodies sort of engulf you and shut you in. For a few seconds the strangeness of the place may even appear ominous. At any rate, it checks any tendency on your part to give way to any emotion or behavior that is loud or boisterous. You quickly merge with what your senses experience. You become a part of it.

Already you are a different person!

A thick, velvety carpet that deadens sound also helps to increase this same feeling-tone. As you walk, you walk noiselessly. It is contrasted with your footfalls in the lobby. You may even be struck by the fact that you do not hear yourself walking.

WHY the screen heightens your suggestibility:

1. Music—and the absence of human voices.
2. Darkness.
3. Relaxation.
4. Concentration on a bright, elevated object that shows motion.
5. The presence of a "collective mind."

Under these conditions, writes Dr. Bisch, "the mind becomes uncritical. Reasoning, logic and judgment are submerged and practically cease functioning. In a corresponding way emotional responses become more alert Instinctive reactions gain control.

"In this heightened state of suggestibility, you respond in most striking ways. . . . Thoughts, feelings and actions may be moulded and transformed without your quite realizing how it all happened."

Hypnotizes You!



By
Louis E. Bisch
M. D., Ph. D.



The atmosphere of a movie theater, with its relaxation and concentration on a bright object, is identical with the condition a hypnotist creates when he wants to hypnotize his subject

Your own state of calm and quiet corresponds with the atmosphere in which you find yourself, which, in turn, tends to make you want to be more quiet still.

Then the darkness!

This reacts upon your nervous system in the same way. You become more shut-in than ever. You feel rather isolated and alone. I have known two individuals of very high-strung dispositions whose first entrance into a dark movie theater actually produced a feeling of fear.

OF course, these sensations last but a short while, perhaps not more than half a minute at best.

You may never have noticed them even, they are so fleeting.

Nevertheless they are the preliminaries to the heightened state of suggestibility into which you are soon to enter. Now you take a seat.

If the seat is soft, yielding and comfortable your sug-

gestibility will increase much more rapidly than if the seat is hard, straight and cramped.

As soon as you seat yourself your attention is directed to the screen.

This screen, please note, is bright, glaring at times, shows movement, and is elevated.

Of course you look at it. You cannot help yourself. But the point is you look at it in a certain way which is exceedingly important from the suggestibility angle.

You look at the screen with eyeballs rolled slightly upwards!

Often your head is tilted back and your eyeballs turned upwards at one and the same time!

NOW then, this atmosphere of comparative silence and darkness, plus the relaxation of a comfortable position, plus the concentration on a bright object with eyes turned up—all these several factors are the identical ones a professional hypnotist deliberately creates when he wants to hypnotize his subject.

His room is quiet, he darkens it, he lets his subject recline in an easy chair, he tilts the head back, he holds a bright, shining and sometimes vibrating object before the eyes.

The gaze is fixed.

There descends upon the mind a spell of fascination.

The mind drinks in everything the ears hear and the eyes see without question.

The mind becomes uncritical. Reasoning, logic and judgment are submerged and practically cease functioning.

In a corresponding way emotional responses become more alert. Primitive, instinctive reactions gain control.

The mind is now open to suggestion!

The mind is now ready to accept what it might not accept under ordinary and usual circumstances.

In this heightened state of suggestibility you respond in most striking ways.

Spats, that never appealed to you before, now may appear as most attractive. Feminine luxuries you always denied yourself may suddenly become necessities.

In dozens and dozens of ways your thoughts, feelings and actions may be moulded and transformed without your quite realizing how it all happened.

I am reminded of a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

“Don't Dare Touch Us!”



HERE'S the newest League of Nations. The French protest about "Beau Geste," the Irish kick about "The Callahans and the Murphys," the Jews complain about "The King of Kings," Spain bans "Valencia," England howls against "The Big Parade," the Serbs bar "The Merry Widow" and the Germans rail against "The Four Horsemen." What chance has a producer? Of course, there's the Esquimaux, who haven't complained about "Nanook" yet

The Banker Who TRUSTED Pictures

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"



From one banker to another. Will Rogers inscribed this photograph "To 'Doc'—my favorite banker—Will Rogers, 'always in the red'"

STRANGE things have come to pass in movieland. Mary Pickford, America's Cinderella sweetheart, Douglas Fairbanks, who fled from Wall street to be an actor, and wise-cracking Will Rogers, the Oklahoma cowboy, all are bankers now.

These stars have been put into this new real life rôle by a casting director who has given the screen many credits but never took one for himself.

It is a story of many sequences, in which nothing turned out the way it started.

Once upon a time a little boy lived in the toiling, moiling "Little Italy" of San Francisco. His alert brown eyes looked on a world of labor, markets and little shops, a world where a transplanted Latin race worked with diligence evolving opportunities into a new culture on this glamorous shore of the New World. Mostly the people he knew lived close to the pregnant soil of California and its products, producers and vendors of the wares of the farm and vineyard. Not many years before his parents had come to this land of opportunity from the mountain country back of the famous port of Genoa, the same Genoa that gave us Christopher Columbus, and the world's first bank—Banca San Giorgio.

This boy was of the second generation. The Italians of San Francisco were getting somewhere. He was en-

Another intimate visit to the home of a famous film magnate—Dr. A. H. Giannini

titled to ambitions. He decided on a professional career. He was to be a physician, a figure of dignity and service among his people.

So much for a lad's ambitions. So much for the making of plans and purposes. Now it turns out that he is one of the builders of the most remarkable financial institution of modern history—and, incidentally, one of the major powers of the motion picture world.

When and where motion picture magnates and managers are gathered in conference on matters that deal with dollars, this man is most likely to come into the discussion, either in person or by name—Dr. Attilio H. Giannini. To the motion picture Dr. Giannini personifies the mighty Bank of Italy and its endless array of branches and allied banks, including the Bowery and East River National Bank, with its president's office on neither the Bowery nor yet the East River, but in Broadway at Forty-first street, which is one block below Times Square, "the Cross Roads of the World."

Now bankers are very rare indeed in the troubled annals of the motion picture. Bankers have to do with business. The motion picture has not been a business very long. In the beginning the movies financially resembled something between a gold rush and a second class revolution in Costa Rica. After that things got worse. Until a few years ago a motion picture man was about as welcome in a bank as the James boys.

Now the motion picture is arriving at that state of respectability where it pushes right into the banker's office alongside dignified industries like steel and coal and motors and cigarettes and chewing gum. Dr. Giannini has had a hand in this uplifting of the rough-neck of the arts.

The steps and processes by which Giannini came into this status in the world of finance and the motion picture run through a success career bespangled with vicissitudes.

Shortly before the Spanish-American war young Dr. Giannini, just emerged [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

After a careful weeding out process, only one of the sixteen Paramount school girl graduates has been signed by that company to a long term contract. She is **Thelma Todd**. Charles Rogers is the only boy from the school now among Paramount's contract players. Still, say officials, these two justify the school



Gossip The

By Cal

WHEN Tom Mix's contract with William Fox expires in March, Tom will temporarily retire from the screen. And that is bad news. Tom has several million dollars tucked away and he plans to travel in Europe or South America. The cowboy star is sitting pretty. He has worked up a literary following for himself through PHOTOPLAY and other publications and he is deluged with business offers, rivaling those of Lindbergh.

If Tom cares to, he can do anything from running a circus to being president of a steamship company. But as far as we are concerned, we'd like to see him continue as a movie star, with literary flings between pictures.

WE won't tell you the name of the producer about whom they tell this story. He has been the hero of too many jokes.

Anyway, the producer was telling an author why his story wasn't acceptable.

"You fellers," he cried, "don't know what you are writing about. You don't know your business. I'll tell you, in two words, what's the matter with this story, im-possible."

IT is said that professionals are not good business people. This little tale will belie that.

King Vidor decided to sell his Beverly Hills home. Jack Barrymore wanted the house, but instead of going out personally to make the purchase he sent an old couple who looked like fairly prosperous retired farmers.

They looked the place over and when the agents started extolling the tennis courts and the swimming pool, the old folks sadly shook their heads and remarked that they were far too aged to indulge in the strenuous exercise necessary to enjoy either the pool or the courts. And when they were quoted a price of \$60,000 for the house they offered \$40,000. Finally a compromise was made at \$50,000.

So you see John saved \$10,000 by hiring a couple of extras to go out and do his house buying for him.

WELL, it's a girl at King Vidor's. And Eleanor had picked such a beautiful name for a boy—Boardman Vidor. Since they had provided no name for a girl, the Vidors have tentatively titled their daughter "Mike." Later, of course, they'll select a better box-office name.

King Vidor, you know, is the only man in Hollywood who does not claim entire credit for "The Big Parade." Vidor was



Why it is so interesting to watch the dancing at Montmartre. Joan Crawford wears her diamonds where now you see them and now you don't. She is going to have "Evil is he whoevil thinks" engraved on the garter

merely the man whose brilliant direction made the picture a success.

And so congratulations to Miss Mike Vidor for her choice of parents.

AN electrician was explaining the status of Norma Shearer.

"On the set, she's Miss Shearer.

"At night, she's Mrs. Thalberg.

"All other times she's Miss Shearer if Irving Thalberg isn't within earshot."

Always pays to be up on these things. Thank you, electrician.

TALKING of Norma Shearer, she has a dressing room, which is making dressing room history in the Cinema City. It isn't any bigger than a second! On wheels, and fashioned

of All Studios

York

What "French Dressing" has done to Lois Wilson. Paris calls a costume like this a "hostess gown." To be worn for tea, bridge or dinner. It epitomizes Lois' revolt against the calico and gingham girl of the great open spaces



like an old fashioned stage coach, it is fastened as a trailer and carried anywhere on the lot or to any location.

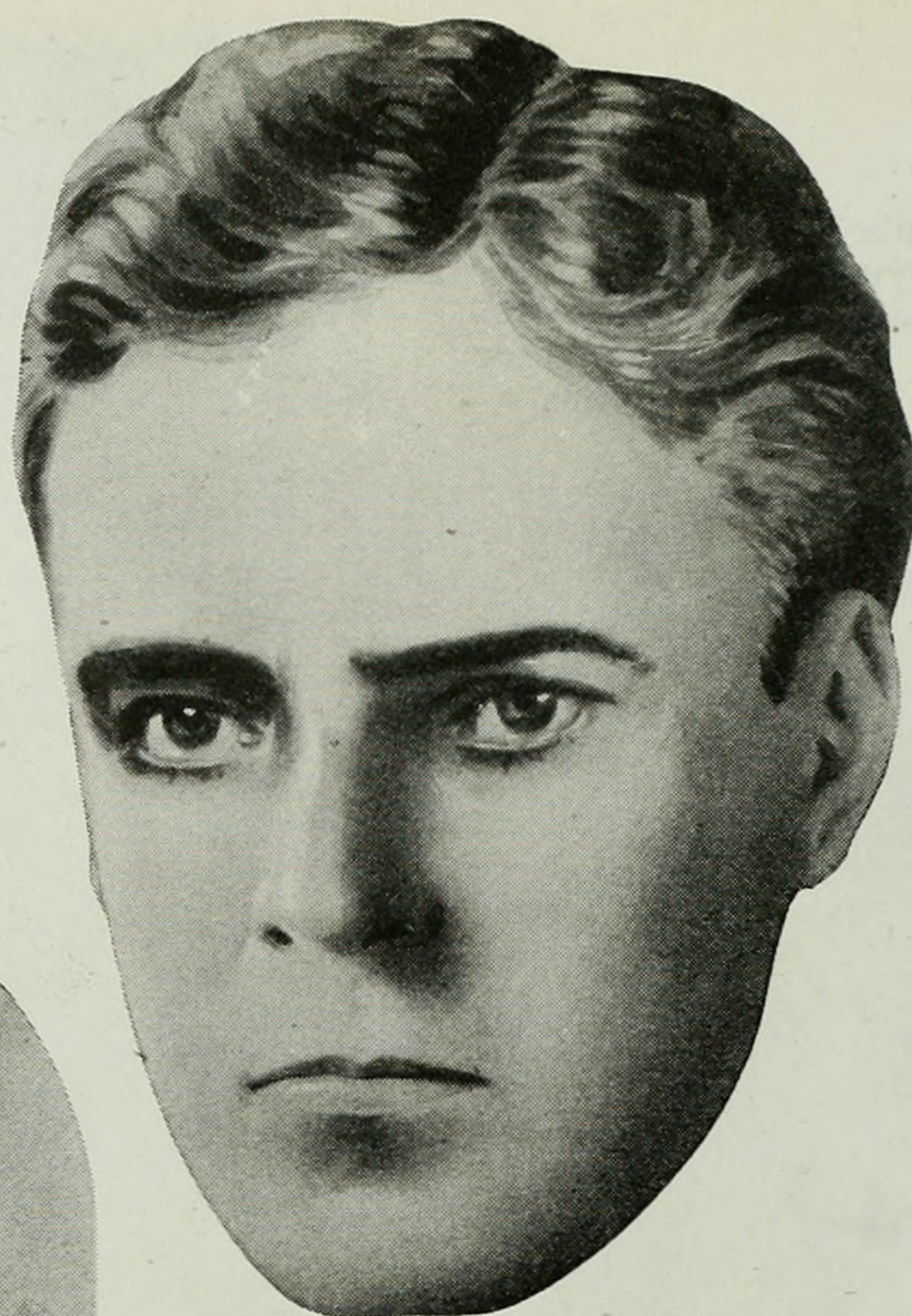
Just wide enough for Norma to stretch across the end, and long enough for her to stretch twice. It has an ice box, a thermos to keep things hot, a tiny ironing board for her maid to do pressing, a dressing table with small mirrors which hide cupboards, and room for a couple of dozen dresses in the end closet.

We were admiring with earnest appreciation when Norma explained seriously,

"But the company didn't give it to me. It was a wedding present from my husband."

WHAT a time John Barrymore has had with his picture, "The Tempest."

First, Greta Nisson was heralded through the press notices of United Artists as the leading lady; then Vera Veronina was



The world's greatest movie star and the completely United Artist. A composite photograph, with Chaplin's forehead and hair, Ronald Colman's eyes, Buster Keaton's nose, John Barrymore's lips and Douglas Fairbanks' chin. He earns \$5,150,000 a year, is five feet, seven inches tall and has IT. Do you look like him?

scheduled to replace her. When Vera became ill, Dorothy Sebastian was borrowed from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company. After five weeks of work Dorothy was called home and Camilla Horn, just imported from Germany by Joseph Schenck, replaced her.

And there have been the same number of directors on the picture. Frank Lloyd was originally hired, but refused to do it with the changes which were to be made in the story; Slav Tourjansky replaced him. Lewis Milestone loaned a hand, without pay, it is stated. One night Sam Taylor made a scene which made such an impression he was given entire charge of the direction. Now it is being made all over again.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is returning to First National Studios, after a try at making her own pictures.

And to greet the wandering daughter, First National has arranged to give her one of the finest plums of the year, "The Divine Lady."

A WOMAN was visiting the Jack Gilbert set of "The Cossacks." She was thrilled at the fish drying, the Turkish costumes, etc., but amazed to watch them so realistically flogging Jack Gilbert.

When the rescue party dashed forward, one of them accidentally shot off a gun behind her.

She jumped and cried: "It's all right, you can kill me now. I have seen Jack Gilbert working."

CECIL B. DE MILLE bursts into prophecy and says that in 1930, "IT" will have disappeared from the screen; that sex appeal will be supplanted by intelligence; that brains will be more important than legs.

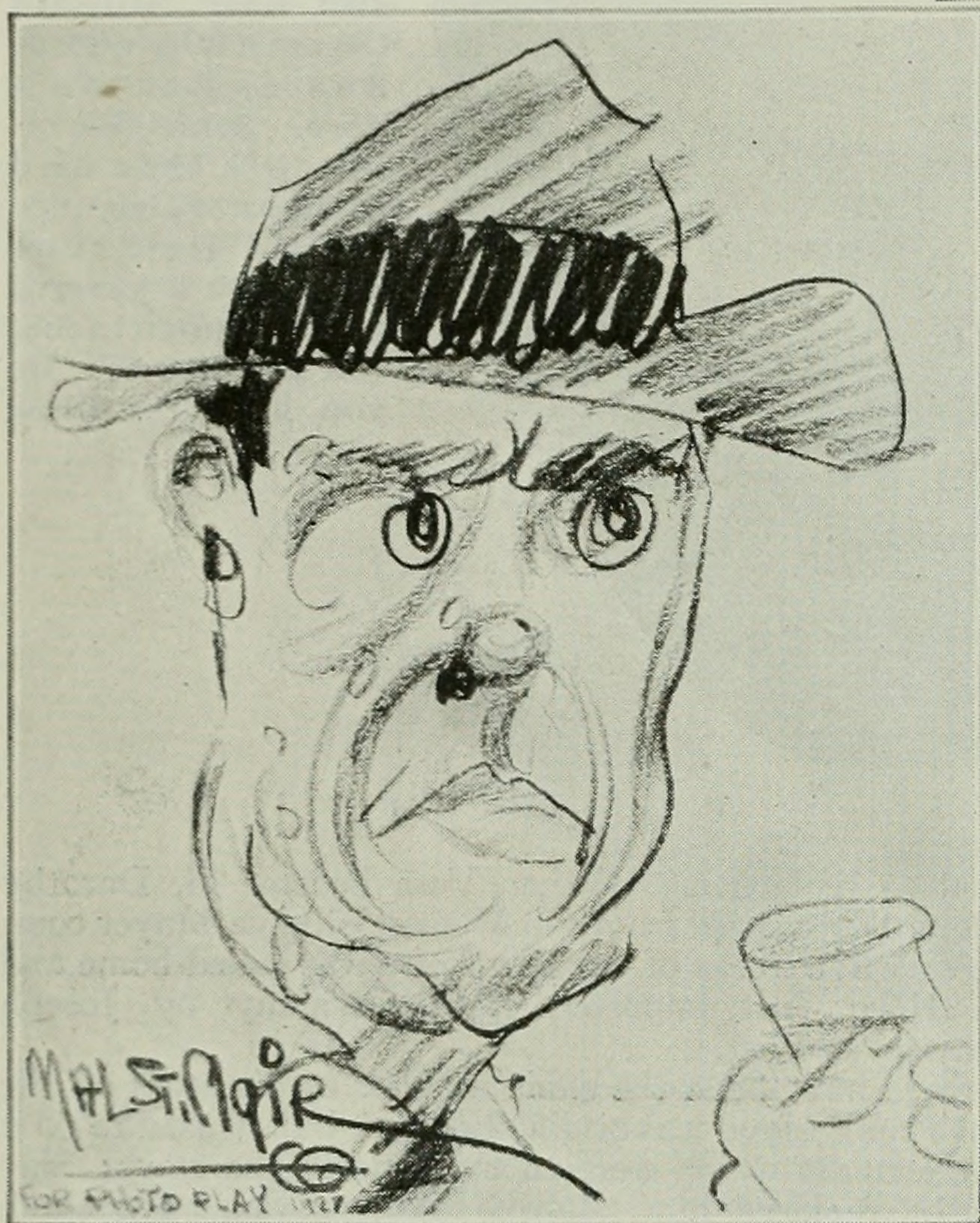
And the answer to that is, "No, Mr. De Mille!"

EVERYBODY knew that it was coming—the separation of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. It's a sad tale. Forbes is a young Englishman who came to this country not so long ago. He was fairly successful in supporting casts of Broadway shows. Then he met Ruth Chatterton, an established star. They were married, and everyone said that Ruth had married romantically but impractically.

Then the movies discovered Forbes and on the strength of his work in "Beau Geste" he got a good contract. Ruth Chatterton gave up Broadway and her own career and moved to Hollywood, to be a dutiful wife to her ambitious young husband.

Forbes got ahead and Ruth was relegated to the background. And the young Englishman became the successful member of the family. The separation was inevitable. Draw your own moral.

Wilson Mizner, playwright and the favorite wit of Hollywood, caught in the midst of a big sneer by Cartoonist Mal St. Clair. Mr. St. Clair is the director of some of your favorite comedies



Gene Stratton is a worthy descendant of her famous grandmother, Gene Stratton Porter. She plays a part in "Freckles" and John Fox, Jr., has the title rôle. Just two natural kids, ideally suited to Mrs. Porter's stories of the Indiana dunes country

CLARA BOW went to Yosemite National Park for a vacation recently, and celebrated by getting lost and falling in a pool of water in hunting her way back to camp.

Every ranger in the district was sent on a frenzied hunt for her.

But they all missed her, and she came staggering home alone.

What we want to know is how any man could ever miss finding Clara!

"IMAGINE my embarrassment," says Bill Haines, "when I went home, entered the front door, walked to the kitchen—and found there wasn't any."

It had been burned out during the day.

IT'S all off between Katherine Wilson and Richard Barthelmess, so save your congratulations.

Miss Wilson has returned to New York and is going back on the stage.

It was just another one of those things.

And Mary Hay Bath, Dick's first wife, has returned to this country with her husband, because she wants her baby born on American soil.

Perhaps, too, she wanted to see Dick.

Anyway, almost simultaneously with Mary's return, Dick and Katherine Wilson announced that their marriage has been "postponed."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER officials were giving a luncheon for the Prince of Sweden.

A secretary telephoned Greta Garbo and requested her attendance.

Miss Garbo's secretary replied she was sick and could not attend.

Louis B. Mayer asked to speak to Miss Garbo. "He is from your country, Greta. It is your duty to come."

"But vat ees eet for?" Greta demanded.

"For luncheon," Mr. Mayer answered.

"But I am not hungry," Greta responded.

Which is reported to have ended the matter.

WE were entertaining Neena Quartero, James Cruze's "baby find" in pictures, at the Montmartre for luncheon. She ordered a famous, highly-priced salad.

At the completion of the lunch we noticed that she had scarcely taken one bite.

"What is the matter, Neena?"

"All my life I've dreamed of having a magazine writer entertain me. And now that it's happened, I'm just not hungry," she answered.

May they never spoil this youngster!

JUST to show you how gossip starts. Persons living in the same hotel with Lillian Gish reported that George Jean Nathan had a rival. The new suitor was said to be tall, dark and handsome. Girls with a sharp eye for things like that vouched for the fact that he was most attentive and positively affectionate towards Lillian.

This old sleuth investigated the affair and found that Nathan's "rival" was none other than James Rennie, husband of sister Dorothy, who occasionally has a brotherly dinner with Lillian.

OLIVE BORDEN was getting \$1750 a week, they tell us. Came the time to renew her contract, which called for a raise to \$2000 a week. But the producers, following their economy program, announced she could continue at her old salary and work every week, or take the raise for a forty-week year.

And Olive became temperamental and refused to listen to any half-way propositions.

Incidentally, a very wise bird whispers that she did it of her own free will, not even listening to the advice of her mother.

What, with \$80,000 a year, some folk seem to feel that twelve weeks would have offered a good chance for a trip to Europe.

Perhaps Olive plans on a longer vacation!

AND now they call them "snoopervisors."

FOLK are wondering whether Richard Dix has suddenly realized that gentlemen *do* prefer blondes. After choosing Mary Brian, the little dark-haired ingenue, for three leads in his pictures, he suddenly switched to the blonde curls of Thelma



Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore in one of the scenes that caused all the fuss about "Sadie Thompson." Barrymore plays a professional reformer, not a clergyman. And there's a big difference, as every intelligent minister knows

Todd for "The Vanishing American," then immediately signed her again for "The Traveling Salesman."

IF you don't think the boys were glad to see Bill Farnum come back into pictures, you should have been a mouse-in-the-corner at the welcome proffered by the Fox players on the eve of his first day of work in "Hangman's House." It was a glad hand of welcome which made history in the picture city.

PARAMOUNT is still hunting for a Western hero, they tell me. When Jack Holt left, the Lasky officials grabbed off Gary Cooper, hailed him as their "new Western find" and bought him a horse worthy of their publicity efforts.

Then he photographed so well and caught onto the camera angles so quickly, that they decided to put him in a dress suit.

Next, came Jack Luden. But Jack was the good looking son of a cough-drop king and wore dress suits so naturally, that they cast him for the lead in Esther Ralston's new picture.

To the wilds of the North-West, they rushed for their new man and snatched Lane Chandler from his position as guide to Yellowstone National Park tourists.

He played in one Western and now he, too, is to grace a dress suit in the very near future.

Don't start a stampede for Hollywood, cowboys. Someone is probably on his way north before now in search of the next Western hero.

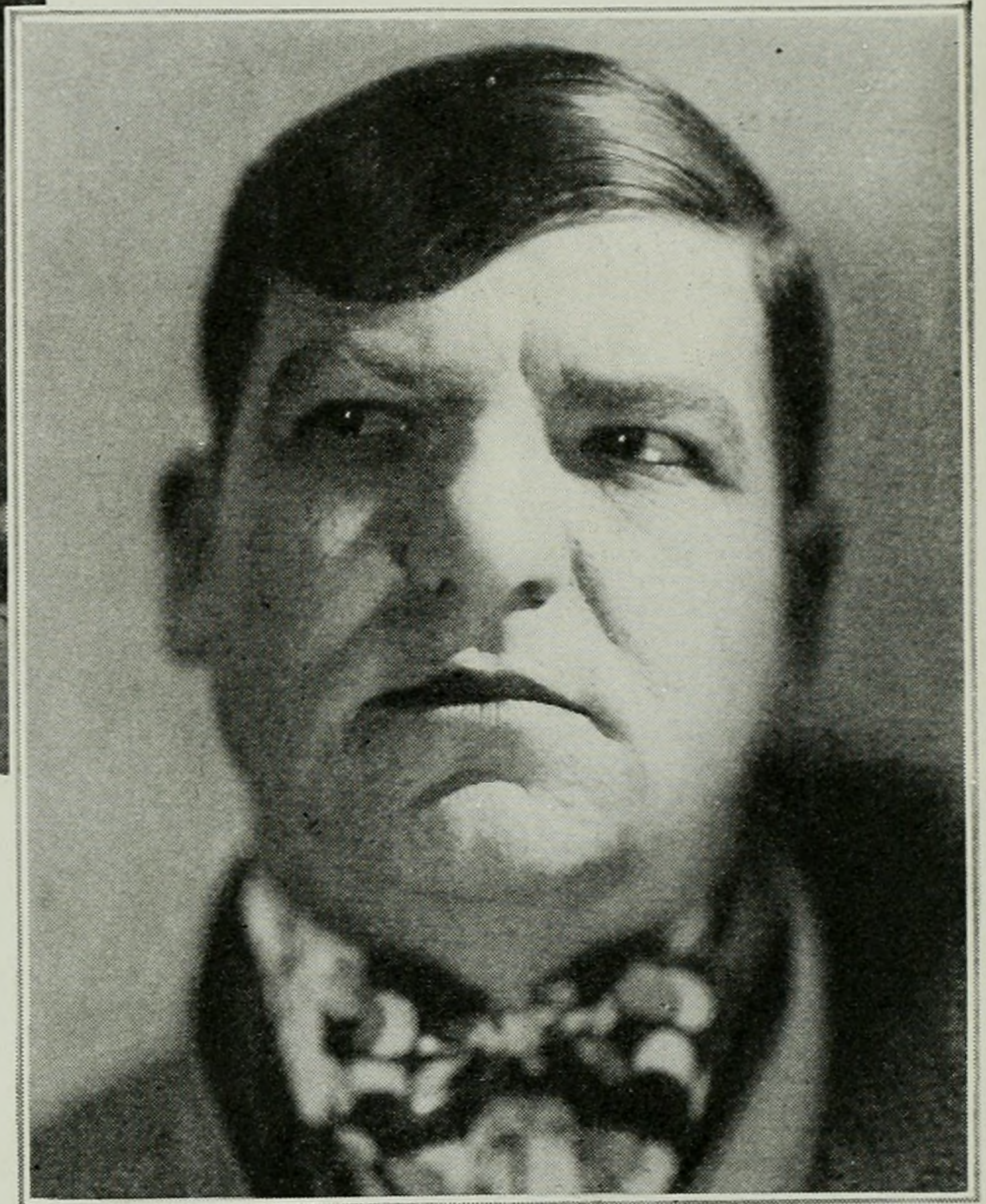
LANE CHANDLER tells us that the main difference between playing in a Western and a society picture, is you have to paint your hands to keep them white in society and mud them to keep them black in a Western.

BIG and blooming as ever, in fact, even bigger and more blooming than ever, Nita Naldi returned to New York recently after making several pictures abroad. Nita was literally weighted down by diamond bracelets and sable coats, but no amount of wealth will ever make Nita swank before her friends. She stays her natural self.

With the sables and the diamonds, a high velvet hat and a startling make-up Nita appeared every inch the vamp but she announces she is through with that line of acting, at least as far as movies are concerned.

Chiefly she doesn't want to go back to American movies because they mean going back to California.

From property boy to actor—Frank Mills. Two months ago Mills was toting furniture around the sets. Now he is playing a leading rôle in "Chicago After Midnight" for FBO



"California," wisecracked Nita, "is just a place where people go with one lung and one dollar and keep both."

THE Naldi paid her deep tribute to Greta Garbo while explaining why she felt vamps die young in the public's affections.

"Garbo can give us all lessons in playing vamps," Nita observed. "As for the rest of us, the public tires of us because we are never allowed to do anything different. One performance and they've seen all."

"We slink in, we pet the leading man's arm, he elevates his chin and refuses to fall, we pet his arm harder and he does fall, only to kick us out in the end. No real vamp ever acted that way, but producers think she did."

"TAKE my own case. I've got a grand pair of legs. After all, I started in the leg shows—the Winter Garden and the Follies. But have I ever been allowed to show my legs on the screen?"

"No, my dear. I always had to wear my velvet skirts tight to the ground because producers think vamps grow that way. It's the bunk."

Nita should go into talking movies. Her line's a riot.

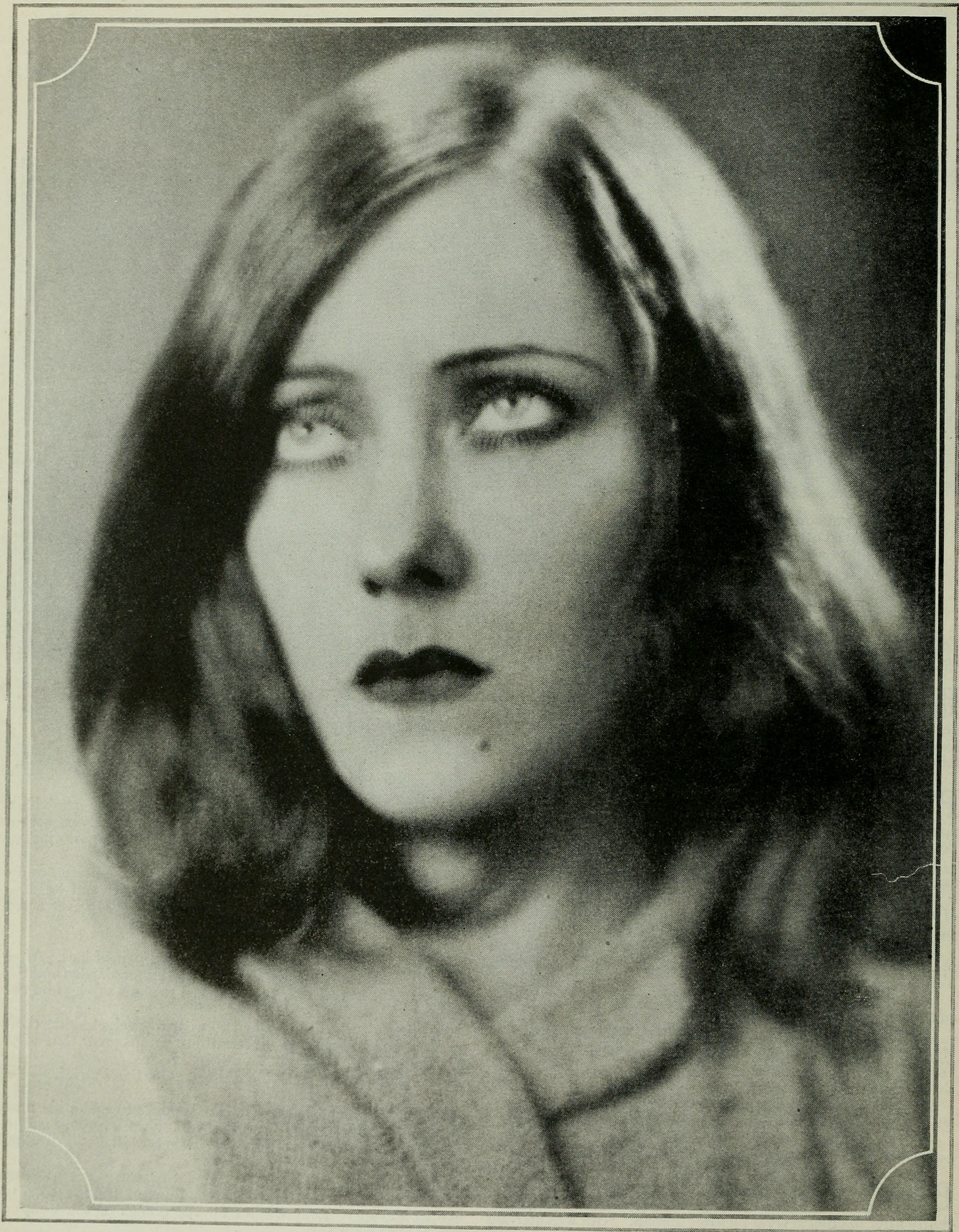
THEY say that Charlie Chaplin is going to make his next picture in New York, where he may work quietly and in comparative obscurity. Merna Kennedy will be his leading woman.

And you may not know that Syd Chaplin is now making pictures in England. He has left Hollywood and has gone to live in Europe. That washes up the doings of the Chaplin family for this month.

AN old western street lay deserted on the Al Christie lot in Westwood. It was the property of Cecil De Mille,—a holdover from "The Flame of the Yukon," made two years ago. Came the time it must be torn down according to De Mille's contract with Christie.

George Bertholen, De Mille studio manager, went to look the situation over.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

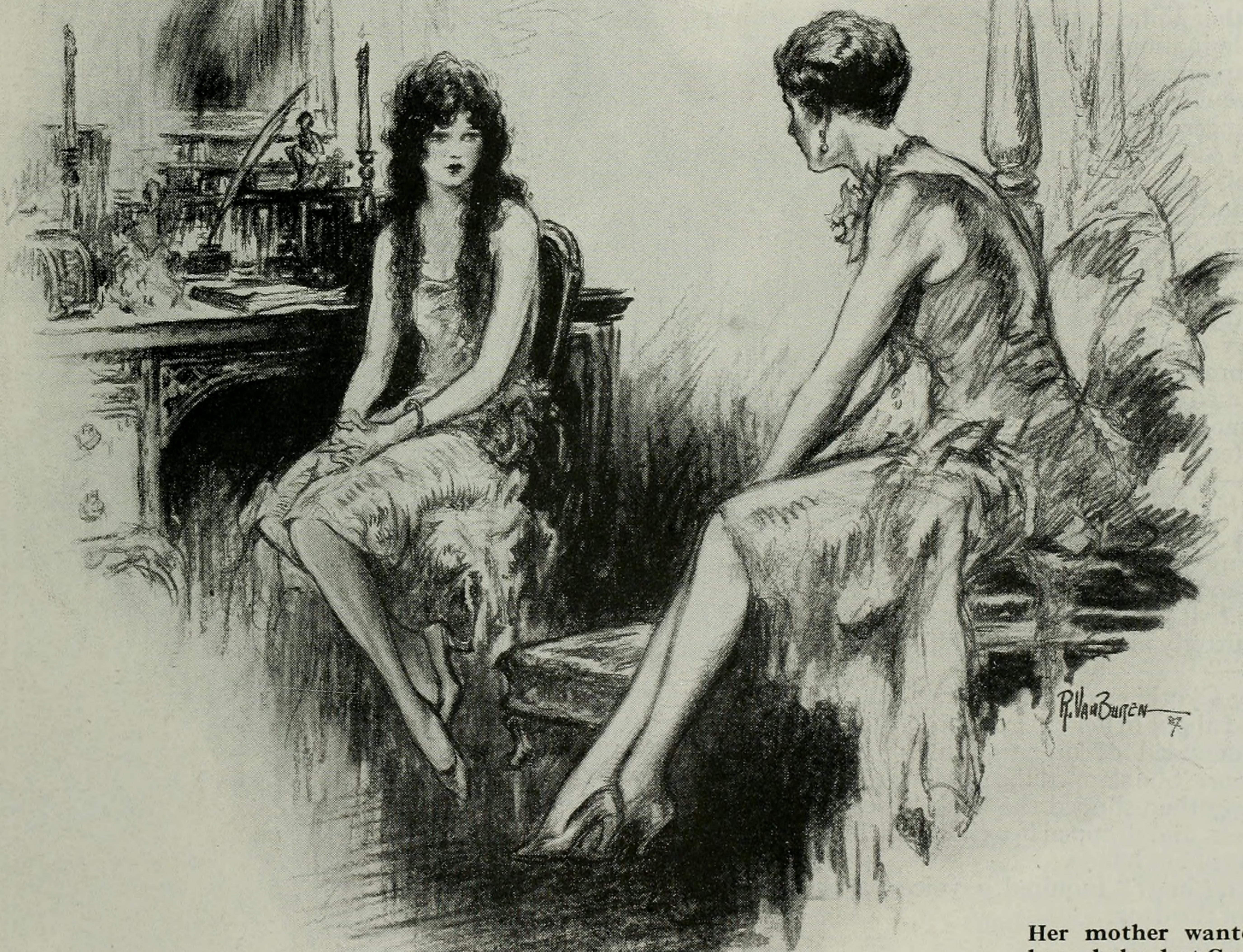


SADIE THOMPSON of "Rain" runs into a storm. Rival producers, forbidden to film the story, are raising a ruction over the release of Gloria Swanson's version. And oh, how badly poor Gloria needs a real good money-making picture

Sweet Sixteen

By
Phyllis Duganne

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren



Her mother wanted to keep her a baby, but Cynthia, being sixteen, knew herself ready for a grand love affair

CYNTHIA PERRY was sixteen years old—which is only another way of saying that Cynthia was desperately, hopelessly unhappy. She sat at the writing desk in her bedroom, chin cupped on her brown little hands, staring with melancholy eyes into the starry moon drenched night. At the base of the cliff, she could hear the sea pounding in a tragic monotony upon the rocks; there was no other sound in the world, until a sob escaped her tremulous lips. She heard it, heard its echo, and sat, tense and quivering with inexpressible emotion.

“A sob in the night!” she wrote firmly at the top of the blank page of the scarlet-covered book which lay open before her, and then she set down the scarlet quilled pen with which she had traced those words and felt the slow course of two tears over her cheeks.

Two candles burned on her desk, unflickering before the open window, and their light gleamed on her smoothly tanned skin, on the peach colored flush of her cheeks, the luminous gray of her wide, searching eyes. Gleamed also on fair hair that streamed in a straight flow over her shoulders to her waist . . .

Young love to young love forever and always.

"I'm going to have one baby," her mother had said firmly. "Irene and Patty are disgustingly grown up, and the only way you can tell a little girl from a woman these days is that little girls sometimes have long hair." She had brushed her fingers over her own smooth bob, and smiled at Cynthia that smile which was inevitably irresistible. "Please, Cynth darling, don't cut your hair!"

Along the strip of road that lay between pine trees at the foot of their lawn, a motor hurried, casting yellow light before it; drifting through the stillness, came the sound of young voices, raised in song. Cynthia seized the quilled pen frantically.

"I think," she wrote, "that I must be the unhappiest girl in the world. Once I thought that to be sixteen was the culmination of happiness. Happiness! If only someone would realize that I am no longer a child! If only someone would peer through this outer coating of childness and see that I am truly a woman, as capable of a *grande passion* as any vampire or moving-picture star! Patty, who is pretty but shallow, has any number of suitors. Only today she brought home a new one, a youth named Tommy Lowell, who is a sophomore at Princeton. I am not interested in these callow youths of Patty's—not really interested—but I do think one of them might realize that I am no longer a baby. This Tommy has very nice black hair and plays a knockout game of tennis. As I sit here before my window, I feel utterly alone in the world, alone and—"

Suddenly Cynthia raised her chin and wheeled about in her chair, turning eyes, denuded of dreams, toward the door. She slapped the scarlet covers of the diary together, slipped the book beneath a pile of papers, and dropped her chin back again into the cup of her hands.

"Cynth darling?" inquired a voice on the other side of the door.

"Come in, Mother."

JANE PERRY, in a rose-colored negligee, peered through the opening. Her eyes, wide and gray like her daughter's, but glowing with life and humor, rested on Cynthia; her rather large mouth jerked into a smile. "Cynth, you're a most incorrigible child! What earthly use is it to send you to bed at half past ten, if you sit and ponder on the world's woes until midnight?"

"Midnight?" echoed Cynthia, lamely.

"Midnight," repeated her mother. "Twelve o'clock. It's tomorrow. Hop into bed like a good infant and I'll tuck you in."

Obediently, if resentfully, Cynthia hopped, but when her mother leaned over, she flung out her arms, wound them tightly about her neck, and pressed her hot cheek

close against her mother's face, sweet and cool from cold-creaming. "Oh, Mother darling, I'm so unhappy!" she wailed, and then bit her lip tightly. She hadn't meant to say that . . .

Jane Perry merely held her closer. "Of course you are, my darling!" she agreed. "Of course you are!" With which extraordinary remark, she kissed her again, turned off the electric light, and closed the door gently behind her.



That was the truth Cynthia had to learn

He was very wise, an artist and married. Cynthia forgot everything except that he was a man when he leveled his flattering eyes at her

bed and fell almost immediately asleep.

Mornings, of course, were different. The rising bell sounded, and from all over the house came the sounds of movement. She had to hurry through her bath and dressing, hurry through her breakfast, in order to catch up with the day. In the pensive shadows of the evening, she would wonder at this senseless display of enthusiasm for life, but in the sunlight, something seemed to urge her forward . . .

Her parents and Patty were already at the breakfast table; a stack of letters rested beside Jane Perry's place, and between turning the bread on the electric toaster, pouring coffee, and sending swiftly appraising glances about the table, she opened and glanced through them.

"Ho!" she said suddenly, turning to her husband. "Letter from Margaret De Hart, Gordon. She says that she and Max are arriving the seventeenth for a week with us — Good Lord, that's today!"

Gordon Perry groaned. "I do love Margaret," he said, "but does she have to bring that swine with her?"

His wife grinned. "Gordon, how can you speak so of the artist? Yes, of course she has to, or she wouldn't! I wrote her that if she could possibly drown him before, I'd be that grateful. It'll be heavenly to have her here."

Patty looked at her mother reprovingly. "Did you really say that to Aunt Margaret, Mother?"

"I really did," her mother answered, gravely. "But as I've told you before, Pat, you're never to pattern your conduct on mine."

PATTY shrugged delicately. "May I be excused, please?" She stood up, taller than either Cynthia or her mother, charming in an orange sweater and striped sport-skirt. "I'm going over to Dell Wheeler's to play

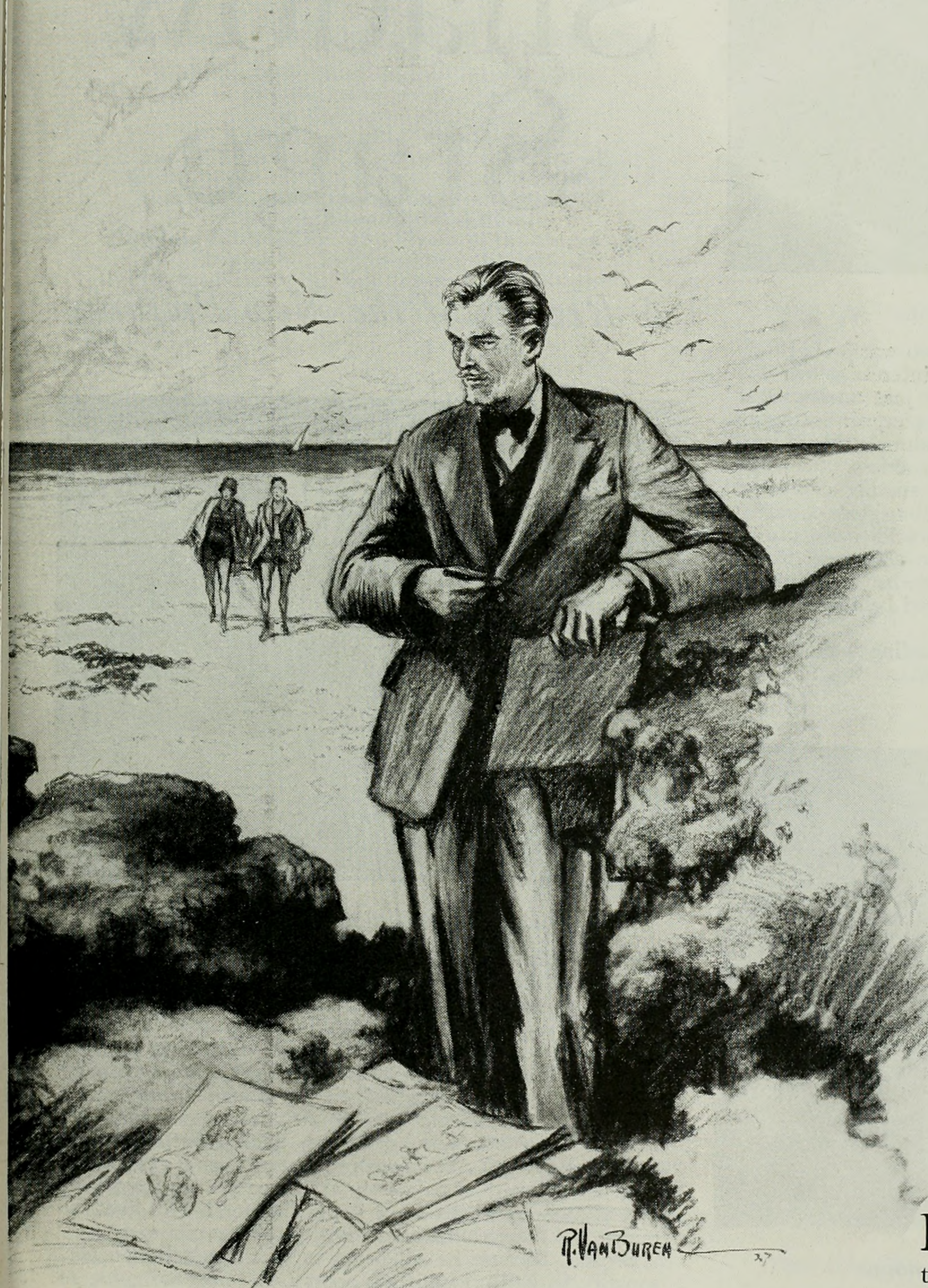
tennis."

Gordon Perry turned to his youngest daughter. "Thank God, I have one child who prefers me to the younger generation! Take me on for a couple of sets, Cynth, after I've read the paper?"

Cynthia nodded and sat listening to her parents' conversation. She wanted to know why they didn't like Aunt Margaret's husband, but at the same time she didn't want to hear. Grown [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

For a few minutes Cynthia lay rigid, considering her mother. Then, "Midnight!" she repeated in a whisper. "A sob—a secret sob—at midnight!" With muffled movements, she turned on the light, tiptoed to her desk where the extinguished candles still smouldered, and pulled the scarlet-covered book from its hiding-place.

"A secret sob at midnight," she wrote, blotted the page, and returned the book to its place. With a smile of morbid satisfaction, she crept back into





THE ENEMY—M.-G.-M.

THIS picture offers the most stirring anti-war propaganda ever filmed, yet maintains a heart interest which will thrill you during every moment. Not just another war yarn. Not a trench scene in the entire picture; not a gun fired; not a bayonet shown. It is the woman's side of war.

Lillian Gish ceases to be the ethereal goddess. She is an every-day woman who sacrifices her man, her child and finally her honor, for the necessity rather than glory of battle.

As the Austrian bride of an Austrian soldier she proves that she is a really great actress. Her love scenes with Ralph Forbes are superb with genuine emotion; her sufferings as realistically tragic as though she had lived behind the German trenches.

A happy ending; but not a happy ending which spoils the realism. Men did return from battle.



GET YOUR MAN—Paramount

MEN have called Clara Bow irresistible and women admit it. In this picture she demonstrates her continued adroitness. Clara and Buddy Rogers meet accidentally in a wax-works museum in Paris and become so engrossed in one another that they are unmindful of the passing time and are locked in that night. In the morning, he tells her of his engagement to another. Does she give him up? I should say not! Josephine Dunn plays the demure girl who has long been engaged to Buddy. Josef Swikard and Harry Clarke are splendid actors, well cast. Charles Rogers has a boyish appeal that is winning him many friends. This story may be fragile but the photography is beautiful and Clara continues to charm and fascinate.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Paramount

WHETHER or not you read Anita Loos's laugh provoking "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," you are certain to go into ecstasies when you witness the picturization of the tale. It is sure to be one of the outstanding comedy screen successes of 1928. First, because it is a laugh compelling tale of a beautiful but far from dumb gold digger, who took men like Grant took Richmond. Only much faster! Her triumphant climb from a small Arkansas town to Little Rock, Hollywood, New York, and, finally, Paris, along a road that she left strewn with shattered hearts and swains from whom she had painlessly extracted jewels and gowns and the wherewith to make it possible for her to live and pursue her educational quest, is absorbingly pictured.

Second, because it will bring to you a new screen personality in Ruth Taylor as *Lorelei Lee*. You are going to love her. She was selected for the rôle after a nation-wide search and proves herself so capable an actress in this rôle that she has been placed under a long term contract by Paramount. The fat laugh lines are in the very capable hands of Alice White, the living embodiment of *Dorothy*.

Ford Sterling as the Chicago Button King will cause you to laugh until you cry, and Mack Swain will make you laugh some more. Holmes Herbert as the eligible millionaire bachelor gives a great performance. Chester Conklin and Trixie Friganza add to the gaiety. Mal St. Clair has turned out a delightfully handled production that keeps him in the forefront of directors. Atop of all this, the picture is titled by Anita Loos, an assurance of an evening of laughter.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES CHICAGO
 THE ENEMY GET YOUR MAN
 LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED
 VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

The Best Performances of the Month

Ruth Taylor in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
 Phyllis Haver in "Chicago"
 Lillian Gish in "The Enemy"
 Junior Coghlan in "Gallagher"
 Fay Wray in "The Legion of the Condemned"
 Gary Cooper in "The Legion of the Condemned"
 Ford Sterling in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
 William Haines in "West Point"
 Virginia Bradford in "The Wreck of the Hesperus"
 Lupe Velez in "Stand and Deliver"
 Holmes Herbert in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED—Paramount

THIS picture has been heralded as the companion to "Wings." Emotionally it is above "Wings." The leading rôles are played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and the combination is one that the public will love.

"The Legion of the Condemned" is a French flying Escadrille during the world war. Like the Foreign Legion, composed of men who wanted to die to forget their past. Francis McDonald, E. H. Calvert, Lane Chandler, Charlotte Bird and others do excellent work. Barry Norton does a bit that will touch the heart of every woman. There are some tremendous aerial combat scenes and, when the heroine stands before a firing squad of Germans, the suspense is terrific.

Because William Wellman flew over the lines ten years ago he knew just how to direct this picture.



CHICAGO—Pathe-De Mille

THE story of a girl, *Roxie Hart* (played by Phyllis Haver), who was all wrong . . . not a redeeming characteristic. Briefly, the story of a married woman, who is not satisfied with what her husband can give her, and selects herself a man on the side to furnish the luxuries. When this man tires of her, she kills him. The husband (Victor Varconi) would take the blame, but the law tries her for the murder. To *Roxie Hart*, being featured as "Chicago's most beautiful murderer" was worth anything. It mattered not that her husband had to sacrifice, borrow and steal to raise money for her defense.

Never for a moment is she played for sympathy and yet she is so beautiful that you never want to see her suffer—even when she is cruel, when she is selfish, when she cheats her husband, and even when she commits murder.

Lenore Coffee has done a beautiful piece of work in adapting this play for the screen, and Cecil De Mille's supervision is evident throughout the picture. Frank Urson's direction needs commendation, too. Victor Varconi does his very best work, and that in a very difficult rôle.

Robert Edson, as Defense Attorney, T. Roy Barnes as a reporter, Gene Palette as the man she killed, May Robson as the matron, Virginia Bradford, Josephine Norman and others do work worthy of mention, but, after all, the picture belongs to Phyllis Haver, who gives a marvelous characterization. We agree with Mr. De Mille that she is his greatest "find" since Gloria Swanson. Of course, nobody will miss seeing "Chicago."



THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—First National

PETER B. KYNE'S thrilling story has been graphically reproduced, with Milton Sills starring and Doris Kenyon playing the feminine lead. George Fawcett plays a lumber man who pioneered in the Big Tree country and eventually built a town around him. His adored son, done by Milton, goes away to be educated, and on his return he finds his father blind and all of the property encumbered. It becomes necessary for Milton to build another railroad. The fight between Milton and Paul Hurst is one of the most thrilling ever put on the screen. The wrecking of a lumber train is another harrowing experience. Delightful comedy at our heart ed by George Stone. George Fawcett's comedy-drama. excellent work. Doris looks beau in page 81]

Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS—
Pathe-De Mille



REMEMBER "Down to the Sea in Ships"? Elmer Clifton, the man who made that classic, transformed Longfellow's poem into celluloid. The sea storm is superb, a glorious motion picture achievement. Virginia Bradford is lovely as the captain's daughter. Here she proves to be one of the most promising young people in the films. They have changed Longfellow's verse, but you will like the spirit of the sea.

THE LOVE MART—
First National



PICTORIALLY, this is an exceptionally fine picture. The reigning belle of the South, claimed as a descendant of colored people and sold on the auction block as a slave, is bought by a dashing young adventurer. Billie Dove proves she is not only one of the most gorgeously beautiful women in pictures, but is an actress as well. Gilbert Roland makes a handsome fencer and lover. George Fitzmaurice directed.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—
M.-G.-M.



LON CHANEY has the stellar rôle in this mystery drama and the disguise he uses while ferreting out the murder is as gruesome as any he has ever worn. The story attempts to prove that a murderer, when hypnotized, will enact again every detail of his crime. The suspense is marvelously sustained. Chaney plays a dual rôle, and, when conventionally clad, is a little less convincing than usual. In the other rôle, perfect.

WEST POINT—
M.-G.-M.



FOLLOWING so closely upon De Mille's "Dress Parade," we are compelled to note the similarity between the two pictures. Both make desperate effort to correctly portray "The spirit of the Corps" and both succeed. Bill Haines' starring vehicle is a comedy drama and treats everything in a humorous vein in the beginning, getting many laughs. It winds up with the Army-Navy game. Joan Crawford is Bill's sweetheart.

FRENCH DRESSING—
First National



THE success of this comedy-drama is attained through the excellent work of the four principals: Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner, Clive Brook and Lilyan Tashman, the last named almost stealing the picture. She is altogether attractive throughout. Wilson, married to Warner, qualifies as a good housewife but her husband to her friend (Lilyan Tashman) continues to charm and into the usual bird of paradise.

STAND AND DELIVER—
Pathe-De Mille



RODLA ROCQUE offers his services to the French Army to help capture a noted Greek bandit, a bandit who says "Stand and deliver." Rod was never more lovable, and Lupe Velez, the girl who finally interests Rod, proves without question that she has a permanent place on the screen. She is a combination of Dolores Del Rio and Olive Borden, with something which neither of them has.

of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

GALLAGHER
—Pathe-
De Mille



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' story picturized. Junior Coghlan, as office boy for a big newspaper, covers himself with glory. He appoints himself partner of one of the police reporters (Harrison Ford). The detective work he does; his naturalness in his fear, and yet his courage withal, will win him an abiding place in the hearts of boys from eight to sixteen. Junior will be a tremendous hit before he knows it.



SERENADE—
Paramount

ERNEST VAJDA, the Hungarian, has given Menjou a different type of vehicle. A musician in Vienna, Menjou gets the inspiration for his first operetta from *Gretchen* (the beautiful Kathryn Carver), and names it for her. By the time it is produced, they are married and his interest has wandered to his dancer (Lina Basquette). When Kathryn learns of this, the trouble begins. Consistently good work by all three.

BECKY—
M.-G.-M.



WHETHER or not you read Raynor Seelig's serial, you won't be disappointed in "Becky." Sally O'Neil is only a poor working girl in a department store, whose Irish wit keeps her in trouble and eventually costs her her job. The boy friend, Owen Moore, came along at the right moment and places her on the stage. Sally has an interesting bundle of tricks. Light entertainment that will lift you out of monotonous surroundings.



PAJAMAS—
Fox

OLIVE BORDEN is a pampered society cut-up who insists on playing practical jokes on the hero. And seeing they have no effect, she up and kidnaps him in her aeroplane. Through an accident they land in God's country—the Northern woods. Their simple living makes the gal realize what a selfish cuss she has been and then the familiar fadeout. Very, very silly, that's our opinion.

**LEGION-
NAIRES IN
PARIS**—
FBO



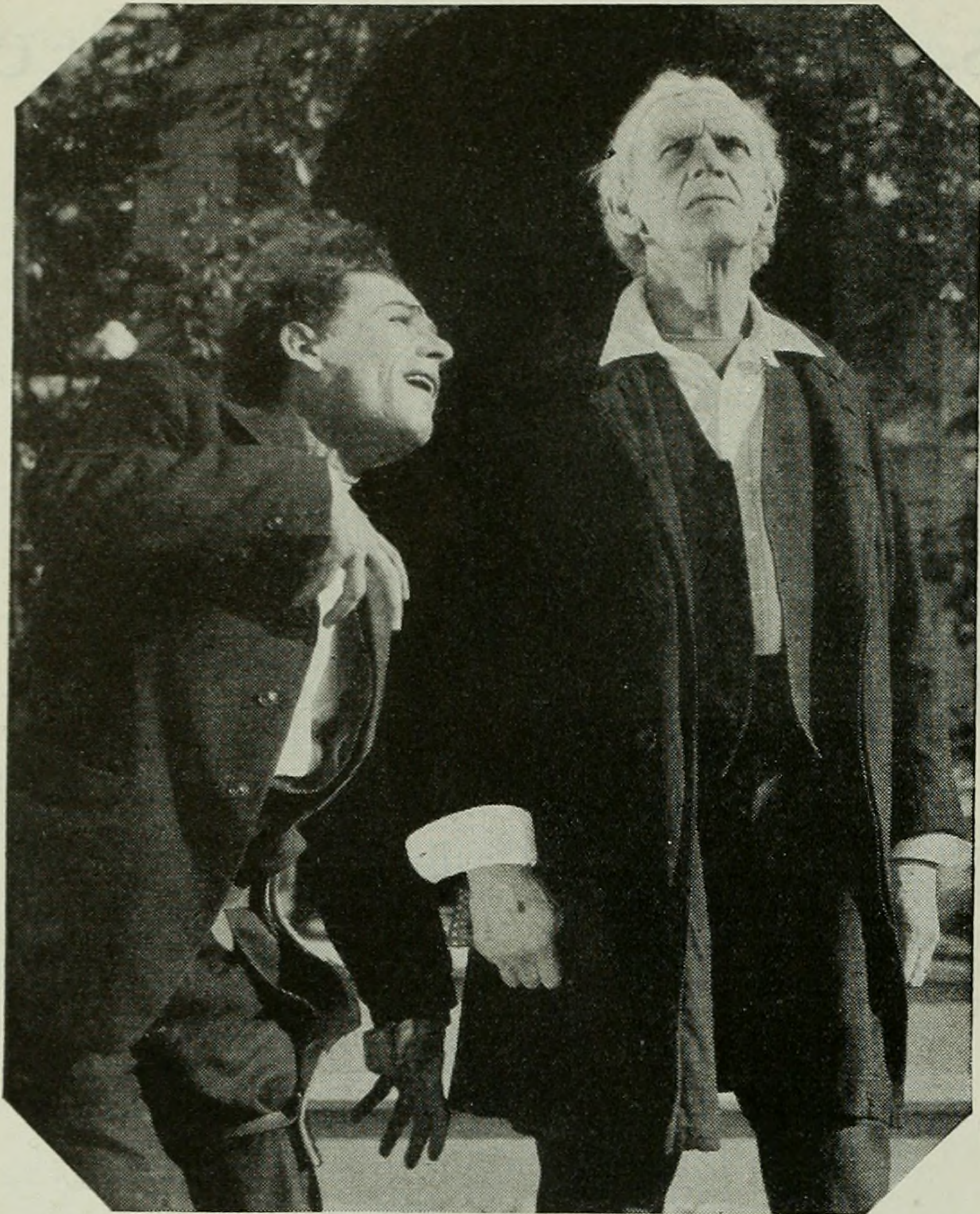
FOR real laughter, see this. Comedy as is comedy combined with authentic views of the American Legion Convention's conquest of Paris last summer make a bouncing burlesque of war's aftermath. Al Cook and Kit Guard are two visiting Legionnaires who believe they are pursued by the police because of being implicated in a fake murder when really the police are chasing them to decorate them for saving a general's life.



**HER WILD
OAT**—
First National

MARY LOU SMITH'S legacy from her father was a portable lunch wagon, a dog, and lots of ambition. One day she took her savings and went for a two weeks' vacation at a fashionable beach resort, at \$30 per day. Then the complications begin. Colleen Moore, as *Mary Lou*, tugs at our heart strings. Don't miss this delightful comedy-drama.

[Additional reviews on page 81]



The reward of the long, long struggle. "The Miracle Man" was Lon's life miracle turning him from failure to fame

LON Chaney was the second of four children born to deaf and dumb parents. The year was 1883, the town, Colorado Springs, Colo., and Lon's father was a barber.

By the time the boy had reached the fourth grade, his mother had become an invalid, her speaking hands locked powerless by rheumatism. Lon stayed home to do the housework. He got no more schooling, but through the necessity of talking to and understanding his mother he unconsciously learned the art of pantomime.

When the younger children had grown strong, he started working. He was a guide up Pike's Peak, a carpet layer, a decorator's apprentice, a mine worker, a prop boy, a nineteen-year-old barnstormer.

Manhood found him touring the kerosene circuit of shabby honky-tonks, getting stranded in God-forgotten villages, being broke in Chicago and while hunting engagements, he and his young wife were often close to starving. Nine struggling years later he was still a ham comedian in a five-a-day musical comedy house on Los Angeles' Main Street and by every law of reasoning and common sense he had no right to expect anything at all from the movie profession on which he took a gamble in the late days of 1912.

A MAN, drab and weary after thirty years' struggle, stood outside the casting office of the young Universal Film Company. Never handsome, his clothes far from flattering, the daily battle for existence was written large upon him.

He was hunting a day's work. He hadn't even the satisfaction of being unknown. He had worked on the Universal lot for more than a year. But he still had to beg for every bit he got.

The picture that morning—they made a new one every third day—was "The

The True

Few men work as hard or wait as long for success as Lon Chaney. Read this triumphant chapter in the career of the movies' mystery man

By Ruth Waterbury

Bloodhound of the North" and they finally handed Lon Chaney a scarlet coat and let him be a Northwest Mounted Policeman in the distant background.

"Even among all those other terrible actors I couldn't be important," Lon explained. "The only person who was aware of my existence was myself."

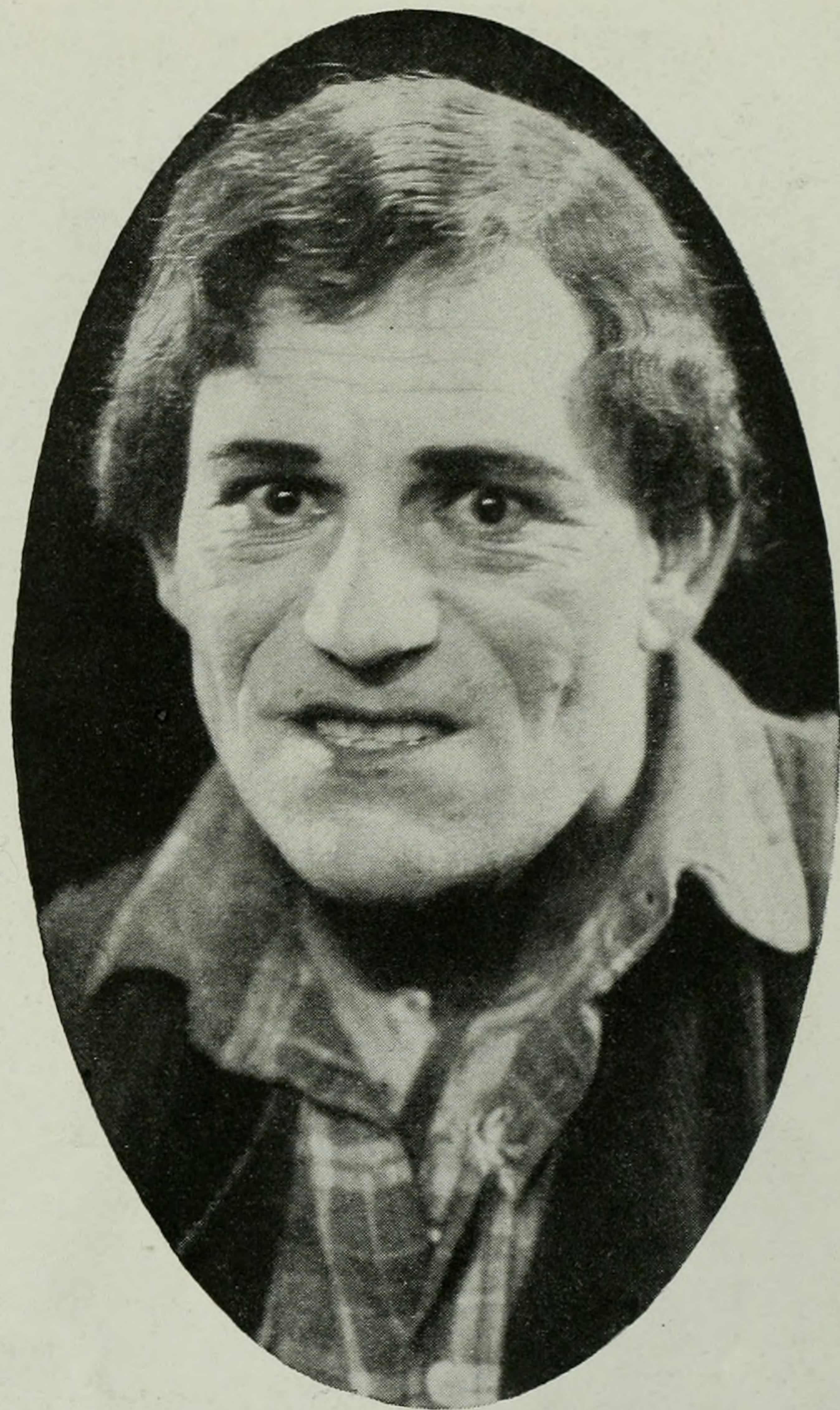
The sole movie pioneer who today ranks among the first ten at the box office, and that entirely on program pictures, sat with me under an arbor on the back lot of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. "The Hypnotist" had been finished that morning, completed as nearly all Chaney pictures are, a week ahead of schedule. It was the final talk we were to have together, but in contrast to my sense of disappointment Lon was voluble and gay.

"Tonight I start out for the high Sierras," Lon crowed. "No shaving, no make-up, no interviewers for four long lazy weeks. We take a stove along and the wife cooks the fish I catch. We sleep under the pines and I try to climb high enough to reach the snows. Camping's the biggest kick in life for me."



After months of idleness Lon was rescued by Bill Hart who cast him as the heavy in "Riddle Gwan." The girl was Mary MacLaren

Life Story of LON CHANNEY



Contrast today's quietly self-possessed Chaney with this Chaney playing "The Trap" in 1921

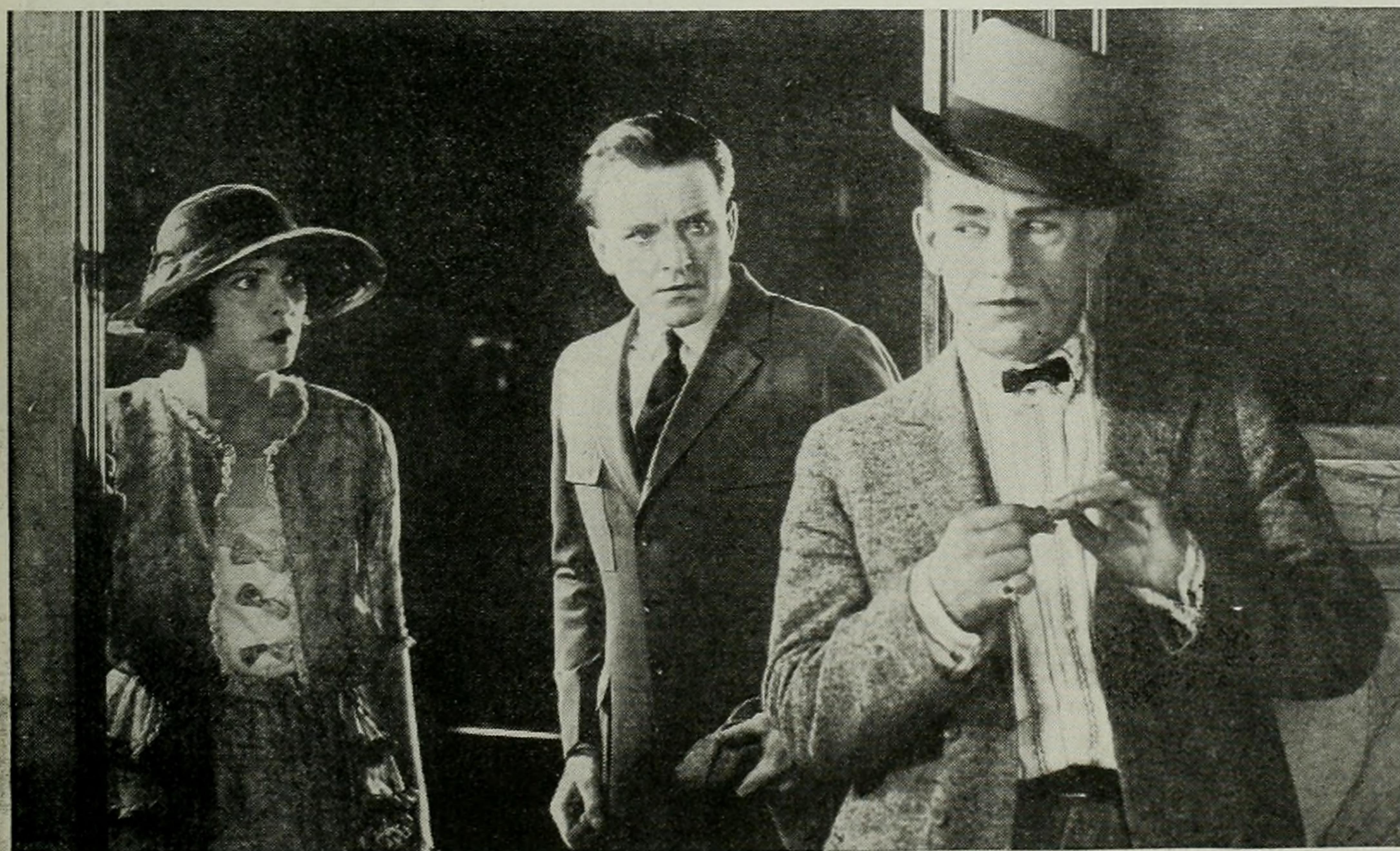
Most creative artists have dual personalities, but in few men are they so sharply marked as in Lon. I was seeing this afternoon the quiet, successful man of property. His very clothes expressed his relaxation. His grey sack suit was carelessly worn. His hands, which are so rarely still, worked around the edge of a grey cap. Earlier that day I had sat on "The Hypnotist" set watching Lon enact a monster creeping through a fearful room. Then he had worn a black frock coat and a high black hat. He had a wig that matted greyly about his shoulders and from his slobbering mouth pointed teeth gleamed and tears of agony flowed from his awful, distended eyes.

For nearly an hour it seemed impossible for a human body to suffer severer torture than that to which Lon subjected himself in order to gain that effect with his eyes. I promised him not to reveal the make-up trick, yet it would make little difference to the profession if I did, for few men could have endured it. Yet in this visible suffering Lon was plainly an artist in the ex-

quisite travail of creation. To endure pain for his work brought him strange joy. Now, with the character creation ended, he was just a good business man who had done his job and was off for a rest. It even made reminiscing almost agreeable to him.

"I alternated between comedies and one-reel Westerns at Universal," Lon recalled. "We slapped pictures together in two days to a week. I must have been in at least a hundred. Only a few names stick. I remember a Joker comedy called, 'Back to Life,' another titled 'Red Margaret.' I was a moonshiner hidden among the rocks in that one. The chief thing for me was that I got three dollar checks daily and that occasionally they were worth that.

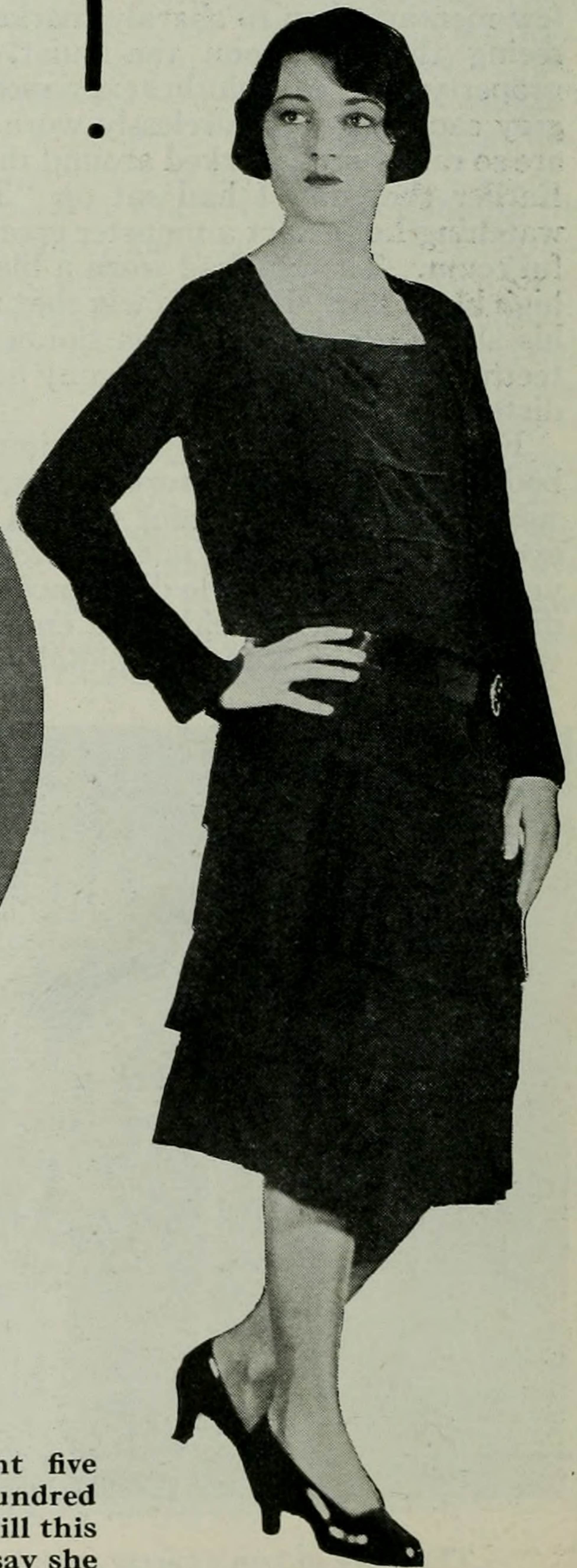
"The movies had their forces at work but none of us quite sensed the gigantic thing we were mixed up with. Some of the troupe were getting somewhere, but I wasn't in that class. The big stars on our lot were J. Warren Kerrigan and Jeanie [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



The story of Lon's career reveals how many other stars have faded. Priscilla Dean was his co-star in "Outside the Law"



Will Ruth Elder "Screen"?



The first movie close-up of the face that launched a flying ship. Ruth embodies all that the American girl typifies. She's courageous, daring, independent, self-reliant, beautiful, healthy and young



Ever since her fearless flight across the Atlantic, her thrilling rescue and her international fame, whether Ruth Elder would screen has been a question in motion picture circles. Accordingly, PHOTOPLAY engaged Vandamm, the photographer—motion picture make-up expert, to give Ruth a Kleig complexion and staged these portraits to determine if her face was suitable for pictures.

Like almost everyone else, Ruth's left profile is a shade better than her right but she possesses an almost perfect "camera face"

Age twenty-three, height five feet four, weight one hundred and seventeen pounds. Will this little girl screen? We'll say she will



P & A

CAMILLA HORN, the *Gretchen* of "Faust," was imported from Germany to play opposite John Barrymore in "Cellini." Barrymore was so impressed with her upon her arrival, that he substituted her for Dorothy Sebastian in "The Tempest," thereby necessitating a complete retaking of the picture.



Richee

RUTH TAYLOR as that perfect bride of the reformer, *Mr. Spoffard* of Pennsylvania. In this gorgeous gown, *Lorelei Lee* marches straight to the altar and the rewards of virtue. In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," of course.



Ruth Harriet Louise

HAY! Hay! Love among the rural Russians, as portrayed by Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in "The Cossacks." It's a story of the peasant classes and these two players know all the Steppes.



Curtis Biltmore Studio

A WOMAN war worker found this little orphan in the fighting zone ten years ago. Mrs. de Lacy adopted him, took him to Hollywood and Philippe has repaid her by becoming one of the most eloquent and appealing child actors.

Our News Reel in Rhyme

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert

Off again, on again—Greta and
John again—

How they have stirred up
the news for awhile!

Making the critics first sigh
with them, die with them,
Making the cynical smile!

Off again — on again — Greta
and John again,

They say it's over now—let
that be true!

Let's hear some other, more
staple love stories,
At least they'll be new!

PHYLLIS HAVER

in the
Leading Rôle
of
"Chicago"



*A Sonnet Impression
of the Month's Best
Performance—*

Cold blooded, pretty, made for love and dresses,
With baby eyes, and ice about her heart;
The crime to which her pretty mouth confesses
Is but a fragment of her life, a part
That she is playing to a man made jury
(And men have always fallen for her charm!)
Her smile could change to hope the coldest fury,
Her very voice could lead a soul to harm.

The world's her game—a game that centers round her,
A game that could be labeled solitaire;
For even guilt has never really found her—
And, if it did, perhaps she wouldn't care!
With cheeks new rouged and legs in chiffon hose,
She nonchalantly hates, and kills—and goes!

Vacations

Lots of folks have sailed away
For a winter holiday.

Hanson (Lars), the Swedish
boy,
Will give to the fjords some
joy.

Victor Varconi will rest,
With his wife in Budapest.

Marie Prevost—shorn of ties—
Will, in Paris, rest her eyes.

All these folks have sailed
away—
But we hardly think they'll
stay!

Lillian Gish Makes a Move

With United Artists,
Lillian has signed,
And the figure on her
checks
Would strike an
extra blind.

She has signed for iron men,
Ten thousand of them
strong,
And they'll come to her
every week
For Heaven knows how long!

"Gentleman of Paris"

They'll be married in France,
in April—
(Not the first, that crack is
out!)
Every one now has French
weddings,
Wonder what it's all about?

Kathryn Carver—she's the
fair bride,
Adolphe—he of Menjou
fame—
Will repair to Paris shortly
Where the lady'll change
her name!

Mrs. H. Wallis

Louise Fazenda's comedy,
Has gotten her in many a part,
But this new rôle, it seems to me,
Came to her solely from her heart!

Give the Little Girl a Name!

King Vidor, the big director,
And Eleanor Boardman V.,
They have a bran' new
daughter,
The finest you'd care to
see.

But because they wanted a
son, these two,
The baby hasn't a name.
And they call it Mike—and
it seems to us,
That that is an awful shame!

A New Constellation

Camilla Horn of Germany,
Has taken Hollywood
by storm;
It's not her flaxen hair,
my dears,
Her eyes of blue, her
lovely form—

They like her in the west
because—
(And, oh, this story is
quite true),—
The only English words
she knows
Are—"I luf you!"

Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Making A

The famous cowboy star con-
for a fortune and relates how he be-



"I went to bed an' dreamed I was bein' pursued by wolves with gleaming eyes like camera lens an' buffalos with three legs like movie camera tripods"

CHAPTER II

MAKIN' a million dollars ain't much of a job as jobs go nowadays, but at the time of which I'm a writin', an' to me, the trail a leadin' to my million looked a long an' rough ridin' road.

Still, I didn't feel downhearted because my first million in killin' wolves for a movin' picture concern hadn't turned out so well.

I just naturally figured that I'd taken the wrong fork of the trail an' been ridin' along the river road when I should have been higher up, a headin' over the hog-backs.

After I got rested up from my bad-resultin' an' money-losin' wolf killin' contract, concernin' which I have already wrote, somehow I felt that notwithstandin' all the young feller's talk about millions in the movin' picture business, it was a goin' to be mighty hard an' tough sled-din' to get at. So, I hunted up this studio gent again.

He was glad to see me, he said, an' hoped I hadn't been so badly chewed up by the wolves after all, declarin' it was exactly his fault, an' promis-in' nothin' like it would ever happen again. He said he'd have another job in a few days an' for me "just to stick around."

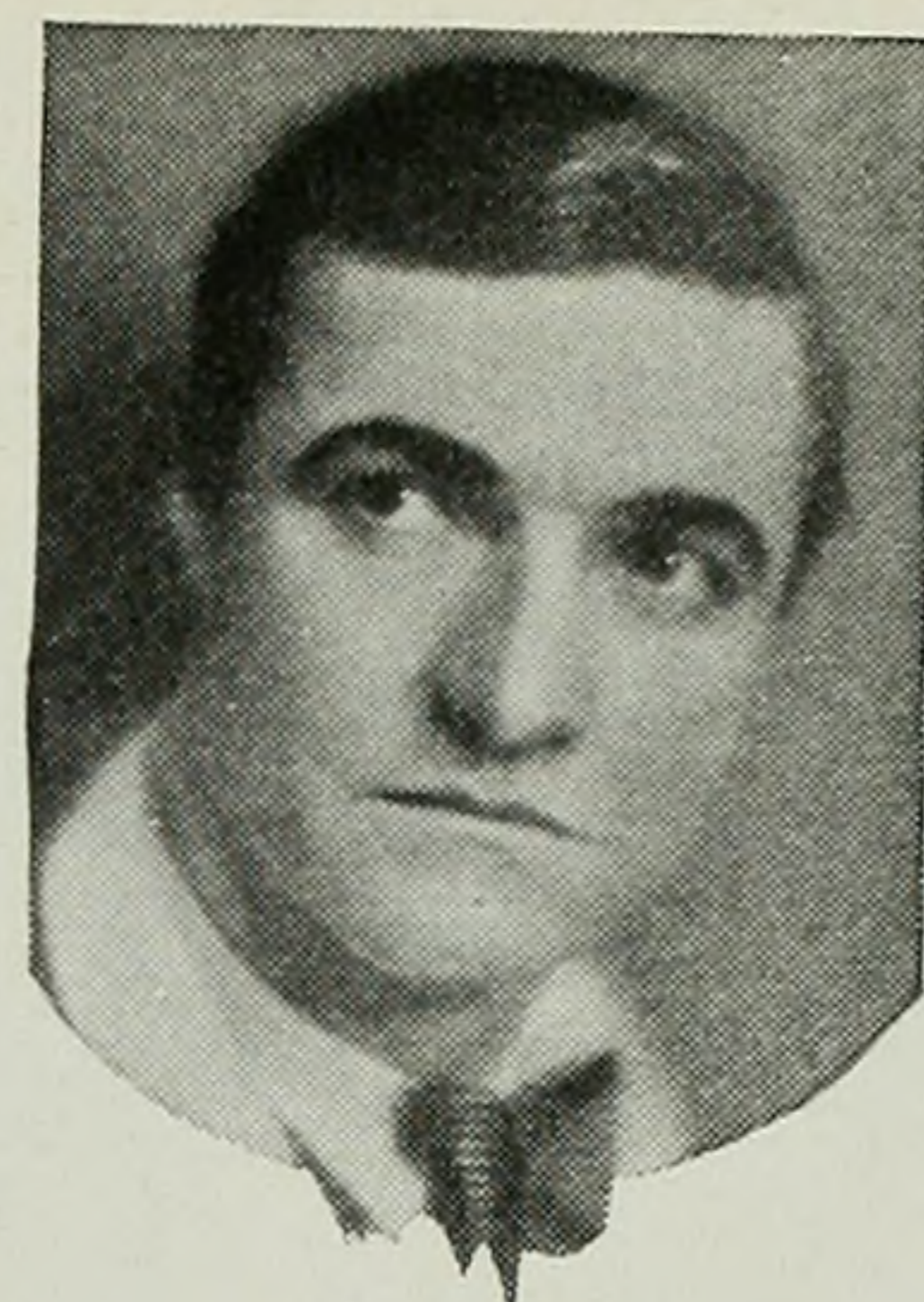
In passin' I might add that in all movin' picture history from the first film ever made down to the last one finished yesterday there ain't no advice that's been so freely handed out as that one single phrase, "just stick around."

So far as I was concerned the picture game hadn't been so good, an' starin' me in the face was my job to get that million an' head back to Texas where I belonged an' where I promised my mother I'd fetch it. About this time I did a heap of thinkin' as all the time the idea kept a sneakin' in that mebbe this young studio gent wasn't so heavily bankrolled as his partner had promised.

"Have you got a million dollars?" I busted in cold when the next day, he offered me another job, a doublin' his leadin' man.

"Got what?" he says, surprised like, "sure I ain't got

Million



By
Tom Mix

tinues the story of his quest
came sheriff of Dewey, Oklahoma

a million. If I had a million, I wouldn't be stickin' around here—but I'm a aimin' to get a million before I quit."

Here I was hopin' to get a million out of a bird who hadn't even got one for himself. Like me, he was only a hopin'. That settled it an' night found me on a trail a headin' for Oklahoma. I still had enough money to buy a good saddle horse an' a fair outfit, so I decided I'd punch cows again until the next step toward the million had been figured out.

My first job was to ride over in the Osage country with an old friend of mine, Mike Cunyan, after some cattle he'd bought. One day, a ridin' along with the herd, we pulled up under a cottonwood tree for a little shade an' to rest our horses.

"Mike," says I, "where can you an' me get ourselves a million dollars?"

"Well, Tom," he finally says after thinkin' a bit an' brushin' some dirt from his chaps, "it's thisaway. I got an idea if you an' me will just sit here an' wait long enough, some feller will ride up an' give it to us. All we got to do is be patient an' wait."

I THOUGHT Mike was funny, an' Mike thought I was crazy, an' we rode on after our cattle. The funny part of it all an' why I mention this conversation at this time is that Mike was right—dead right—only he didn't know it. That talk took place up in a corner of what Oklahomeans today know as the Osage country—land allotted by the government to the Osage Indians. If Mike an' me had just waited on that spot an' waited long enough an' in the meantime acquired title to ten or a dozen acres of it, today we'd have many millions.

That day Mike an' me was a talkin' that funny talk, we was a sittin' right on top of millions—on land that later proved the richest oil field of the Osage country, which means

richer territory than any other section of all Oklahoma.

We was right on top of millions, an' as many another man unknowin'ly has done, gone wildgoose chasin' somewhere else an' in another direction a leavin' the million behind him. Many a man is rich an' don't know it.

Next day in a little town in the Osage called Grey Horse, Mike an' me sighted a coupla fellers who reined up as they saw us an' turned their horses down toward the Hominy Flats. We noticed that one of 'em was a ridin' a light sorrel an' the other a black horse. At the time, their turnin' seemed sort of queer, but we didn't pay much attention to it.

When we got back into Ponca, a feller at the corral told how two men, the day before, had stuck up the bank in Dewey, Oklahoma, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



Mike said, "If you and me just sit here and wait some feller will ride up and give us a million." He was right. If we only knew, we were right on top of the richest oil fields in Oklahoma



Aileen Pringle is suspected of being a decoy employed by producers to meet all visiting authors

A Lady

The Hollywood Boulevardier returns to PHOTOPLAY with his impressions of Aileen Pringle

By Herbert Howe

understand that these writers happen to be my friends?"

Nevertheless the legend endures: Pringle is an institution and *Pringling* a cult.

Club ladies come in delegations to view her reverentially. They all but lay a wreath. "It would be a terrible blow to come all the way to Hollywood and not see *the Pringle*."

"*Jesu!*" cries *the Pringle*, a clutch at her hair. "I feel like Grant's tomb."

I WAS one of the first to give her title. After the New York showing of "Three Weeks" I panted to PHOTOPLAY's belfry and proclaimed her The First Lady of the screen. The title was ambiguous and drew me buck-shot. But that's immaterial.

As soon as I could pack I left for Hollywood, though that likewise is nobody's business, and I only mention it to show that I've been authoring round Pringle for some time.

PRINGLE leaned over the luncheon table and swatted a fly on my chest. The fly expired and went to heaven. Presently his pal appeared for obsequies and buzzed mournfully around my head.

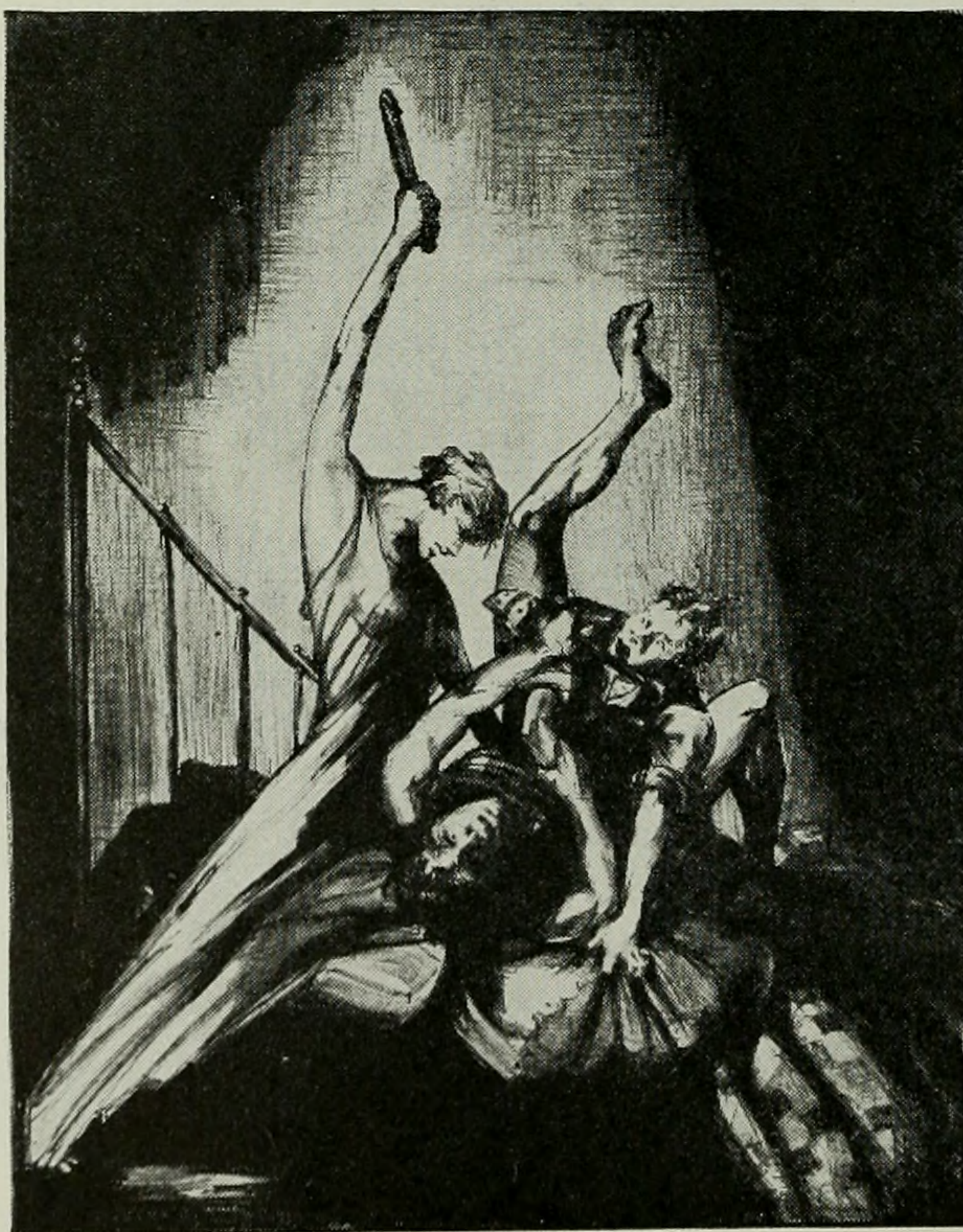
Pringle sprang up and whammed the air with an expert hand. The fly went West to join his buddy.

"Can't stand 'em," said Pringle. "They give me fits."

The beach club where we were lunching had hitherto been considered fashionable. It was Pringle's first appearance there. If anyone recognized the Author's Favorite in the person of the divine fly huntress I dare say his preconception underwent a swift reform.

She's suspected of being a decoy employed by producers to meet all incoming trains bearing Authors. Those who might pan Hollywood go back to praise Pringle, and Will Hays never served the home town better.

This intimation gives Pringle the furies. "*Bon Dieu!*" she cries or lusty equivalent on being placarded Favorite of the Literati or High Priestess of Highbrowism. "Can't they



"Make me a homelike picture," said Aileen Pringle, and Cedric Gibbons furnished a study of a recent sash-weight murder

My first impression remains as vivid as a poinsettia.

I was in a Hollywood party when Pringle entered. Pringle's entrance is something more than arrival; it's an event. The effect is that of a commanding officer entering the barracks of buck privates.

This night she was justly robed in sweeping flame.

Three youths sprang forward to arrange the train—others quickly gravitated—and soon there was a court.

It's always so, wherever Pringle sits there the throne is—and there the courtiers gather. Her popularity with women does not obviously follow. . . . She's known to give dinners where all guests are male.

In Pringle's lure for authors her dinners are not to be ignored. True, authors no longer starve unanimously in garrets, this being the day of "movie rights;" nevertheless it's safe to say that mortal man, literate

Surrounded

BY MEN

or illiterate, rarely partakes of such Lucullan fare. The daughter of a French mother, Aileen rates culinary genius among the gifts from God, and so her cuisine remains intact through all servant revolutions.

I received a royal command for dinner on the eve of one of her sudden departings for New York; suddenness amounts to regularity with Pringie, especially as regards her departures East.

The only other guests were her mother, whom she celebrates as "Julie," and Cedric Gibbons, the art director.

Pringie was in pajamas and pearls, and it was easy to see why she is the authors' favorite, authors being by profession the most discerning people.

She wears silk pajamas for tennis and achieves dinner dress by the simple addition of a string of pearls.

"I HAVE an offer to play *Caterina Sforza* in a new stage play," she said. "What do you think?"

Caterina was one of the girls I had forgot. With help I recalled a fifteenth century lady who captured the Castle of St. Angelo and wouldn't yield even to the pope until her husband made her.

Back home in Forli, where the Mussolinis now reside, she held her castle single-handed against terrific opposition. Upon her refusal to surrender, the besiegers threatened to bash the daylights out of her kiddies, whom they had in their power.

Caterina's reply was to the effect that she intended to hang on to her property, kiddies or no kiddies, as real estate values were sure to rise. Any reader of Arthur Brisbane's column will appreciate the foresight of this medieval dame. The enemy slew her husband before her unblinking eyes; a few weeks later *Caterina* ran amuck and killed the conspirators, their wives,



Through this door enter the famous authors of America. When they emerge, they are bearing glowing superlatives about Aileen Pringle. In the accompanying article, Herb Howe tells you why

children and dogs. Nor is this just Hollywood gossip. *Caterina*, like Pringie, was a forthright lady, dominant, fearless and sufficient.

"She had only one eye and went about slitting throats," added Pringie. "Oh, I think she's elegant!"

When Pringie presides in the red patent leather chair of her library—her conversation room, rather, since the autographed volumes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

Better Than

The story
of a girl
who
jumped
overboard
for fifty
dollars—
and
couldn't
swim



“BABY doll girls off the set!”

An assistant director megaphoned the order and a sextette in checked gingham rompers and half socks danced off camera left.

Five-sixths of the sextette put down their slates and took out cigarettes or make-up. The other sixth perched herself on a ladder alongside Stage 3, her slim, little girl legs dangling in rhythm with the syncopated wails of the jazz band.

The set represented an imaginative director's dream of an exotic night club. Smooth, satin shoulders gleamed above abbreviated evening gowns. Weary eyes flashed promises they luckily would not be asked to keep. Tired hands applauded the hard working entertainers.

But the little girl on the ladder saw none of this. She gave but a passing glance to the slim loveliness of

Miss Radia Benson, the star, who had danced into the spotlight in a hazardous bathing suit on which ten thousand—or maybe it was two thousand—seed pearls had been sewn. Mary Rose saw only the salads on the table in the foreground. Oh, the most beautiful salads—the reddest tomatoes, peaked with goldeny mayonnaise—nestling on little beds of crisp green lettuce leaves. Tomato surprise it must be. Tomatoes would be ripe now in her garden back home. . . .

She looked with wistful longing at the trays heaped with tempting little sandwiches, cut in squares, oblongs, triangles, and tried to forget that her dinner the night before had been a stale doughnut and half a bottle of milk; that her breakfast had been a still staler doughnut and the other half of the milk.

Mary Rose had been one of those Cherryvale, Iowa, girls whom everybody said ought to be in the movies.

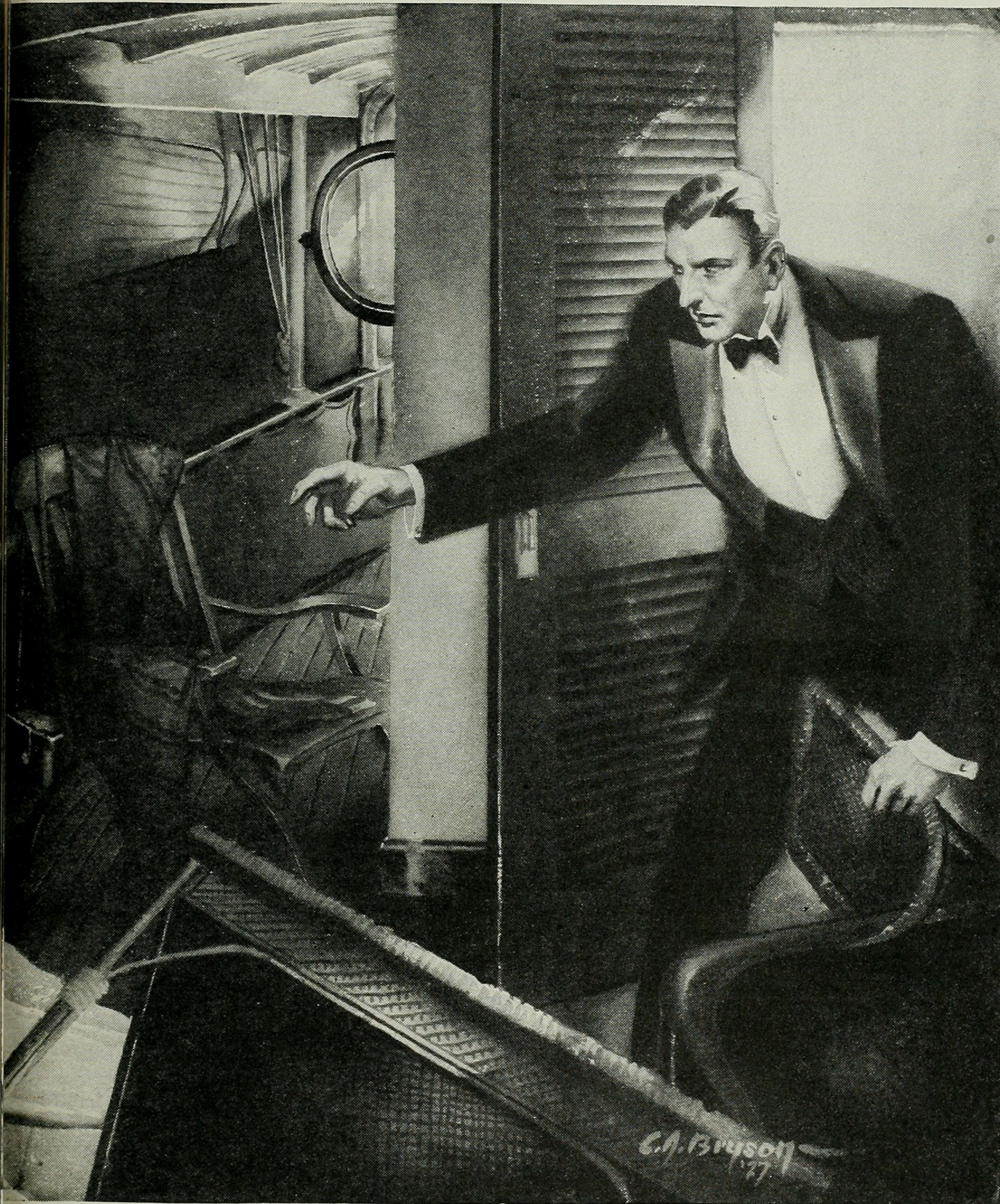
Pickford!

By
Grace Mack

Illustration

by

C. A. BRYSON



Far beneath her lay the dark water. Behind her the cameras ground and the villain still pursued her. It was her great chance. She jumped, terrorized

Why, with her lovely hair and her big blue eyes, she might be another Mary Pickford. Mary Rose dreamed of her name in electric lights—saw herself photographed at her breakfast table, or stepping into her car, with dozens of newspaper reporters begging to know just how she kept her figure, and her peachbloom complexion.

And so her father, instead of buying a new flivver with his spring chicken money, was persuaded to buy his little Mary Rose a ticket to the cinema gold coast. She had never let him know that it was a heartbreak coast to which she had come; that for every extra girl's job there were six thousand girls waiting; that just being a pretty little blonde didn't count for anything at all. At a moment's notice a casting director could summon dozens of girls who would duplicate her in size, coloring, accomplishments. Casting offices were

glutted with youth and beauty. . . . There had been days when Mary Rose had wished for a hairlip—or cross eyes—*anything* to make her stand out in a crowd. Each letter from home begging to know just when her pictures would be coming to Cherryvale became increasingly difficult to answer. She lived on the stories of extra girls who had been *made* overnight and the exhilarating hope that at any moment it might happen to her.

Reluctantly, Mary Rose forced her eyes away from the tantalizing salads and tried to concentrate on Radia Benson as her dance came to its whirlwind finish.

"Cut!" yelled the director.

"Hold your positions!" echoed the assistant director. "Still cameras!"

Kleig lights flickered out and the erstwhile night club devotees rose wearily [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Is Extended to February 15th—Interesting Activities of Amateur Clubs

THE \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest of PHOTOPLAY will close on February 15th. The original closing date—of December 31st—was extended to meet the many requests of PHOTOPLAY readers.

Many schools and organizations have been preparing contest films and the Christmas holidays naturally interfered with the completion of these efforts. Then, too, Christmas shopping held up many individual contestants. In response to the pleas of these readers the closing date of the contest was moved to February 15th.

This gives you a further chance to win fame and a substantial reward, as well as another opportunity to help the advancement of amateur cinematography. Remember, your efforts are to be used by the Amateur Cinema League to study amateur progress and to develop a definite amateur standard.

Plans are under way to show the winning films throughout the country. Future issues of PHOTOPLAY will tell more about these plans.

SINCE PHOTOPLAY, less than a year ago, inaugurated its amateur movie department the amateur club movement has grown with great strides. Upwards of thirty important groups are now engaged in photoplay production.

These organizations are, broadly, divided into two classes. There are photoplay making clubs, such as The Little Screen Players of Boston, the Cinema Crafters of Philadelphia, the Cinema Guild of Milwaukee; and there are



Mary Currier and Gilbert Carr in a scene of "Framed," made by a Des Moines High School

amateur cinematographers such as the Movie Makers Club of Chicago, the Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club and the Movie Club of Western Massachusetts.

In presenting its news of amateur club activities, PHOTOPLAY has the cooperation of the Amateur Club Department of the Amateur Cinema League, with headquarters at 105 West 40th Street, New York.

AMATEUR movie makers in the national capital have organized under the leadership of John W. Thompson, a prominent Washington business man. Since Washington amateurs include such men as General Edgar Saltzman, chief of the Army Signal Corps, Tris Speaker, and Walter Tuckerman, the amateur golfer, the prospects of the Washington club are unusually bright.

A state amateur organization has been launched in California. Charles S. Morris, of San Francisco, has sent out an announcement of the Amateur Movie Makers of California. He estimates Central California amateurs to be in the neighborhood of 2,500.

"Framed" is the photoplay recently produced by the motion picture division of the Players Club of the Roosevelt High School of Des Moines, Iowa. Charles J. Luthe, Jr., is cameraman and director of this group, which includes Charlotte Thomas, Mary Currier, Clarence Cooper, Gilbert Carr, Henry Martin and Frederick Bauder. Miss Currier has just withdrawn to go to Hollywood, where she will be [CONT'D ON PAGE 134]



Courtesy of Judge.

"It's all right, Mister; we're making amateur movies"

Full Rules of PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Contest on Page 135

Test Number 107

Neena Quartaro was
one of many candidates.
Then came discovery!

By Ruth Biery

A WEARY eyed director watched the bits of film being flashed on the screen in the dark projection room.

Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety girls walked, sat down, twisted and turned, one after another, before him. Girls well known in the motion picture profession; girls who had never before had a test shown.

"Surely one of these will do?" an assistant said.

"Do—Do! I don't want a girl who will do! I want a girl who will fit the part to perfection!" And the director relaxed in disgust to watch the rest of the parade flash before him.

The one hundred mark was reached; the one hundred five—one hundred six; one hundred seven—

"Wait!" The man jumped to his feet, pushed the buzzer connecting with the camera operator.

"Run that one hundred seventh girl over again. Run her several times. That's it; again—Who is she? Never mind, whoever she is, send her to me."

And in less than an hour a diminutive young lady with sloe-black hair, naturally curly; huge eyes of the same color; a full-lipped mouth, slightly pouty; a well-bosomed but dainty figure, stood before him.

Three days later James Cruze had signed Neena Quartaro to play as his "find" in "The Red Mark"; had signed her on a five year optional contract—as the first woman he had ever discovered.

For, although James Cruze directed "The Covered Wagon," "Old Ironsides," "The Pony Express" and many other

They always told Neena Quartaro that she was too young. But Director Cruze thought differently



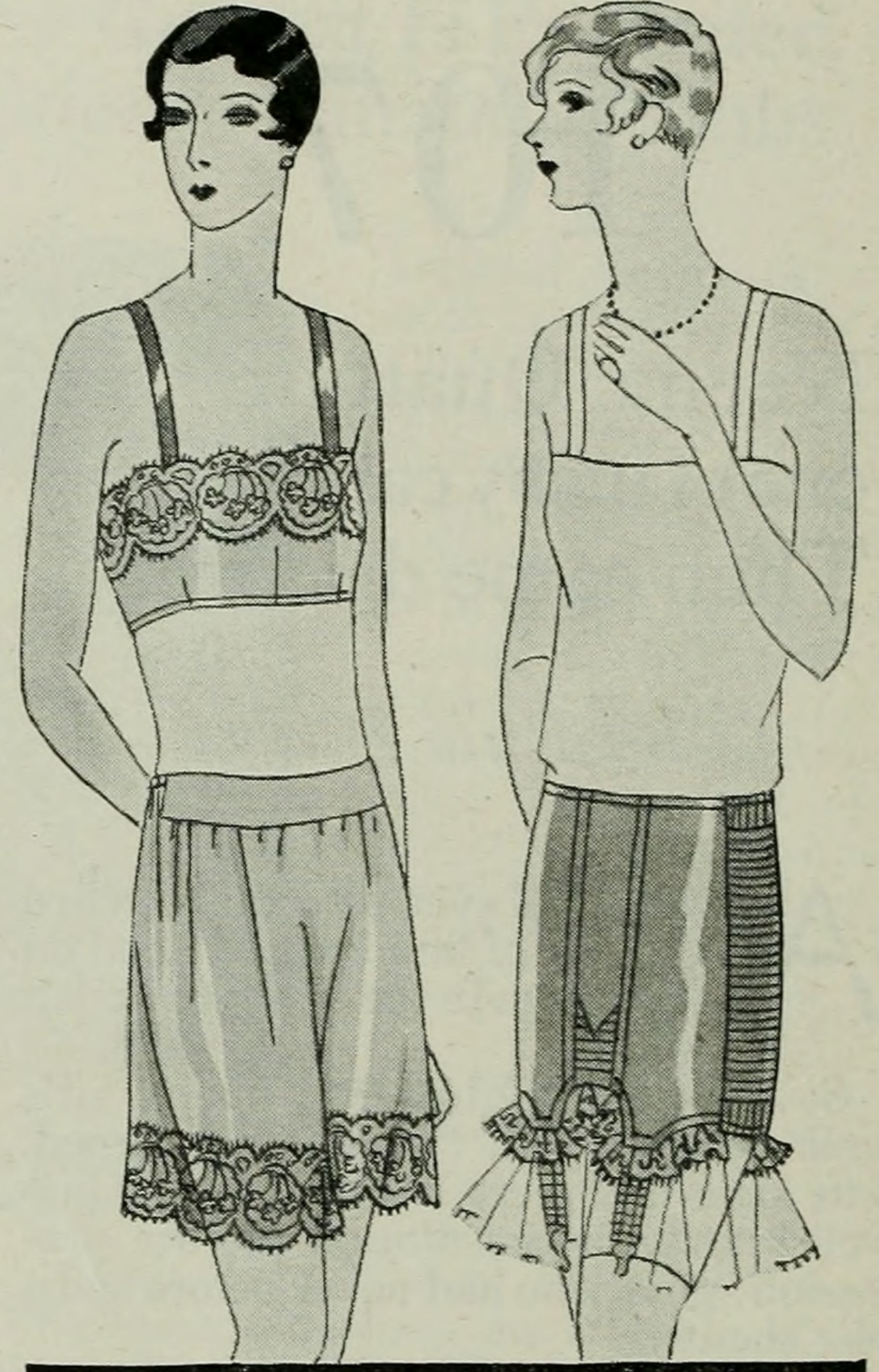
Let Photoplay

Thousands of readers are

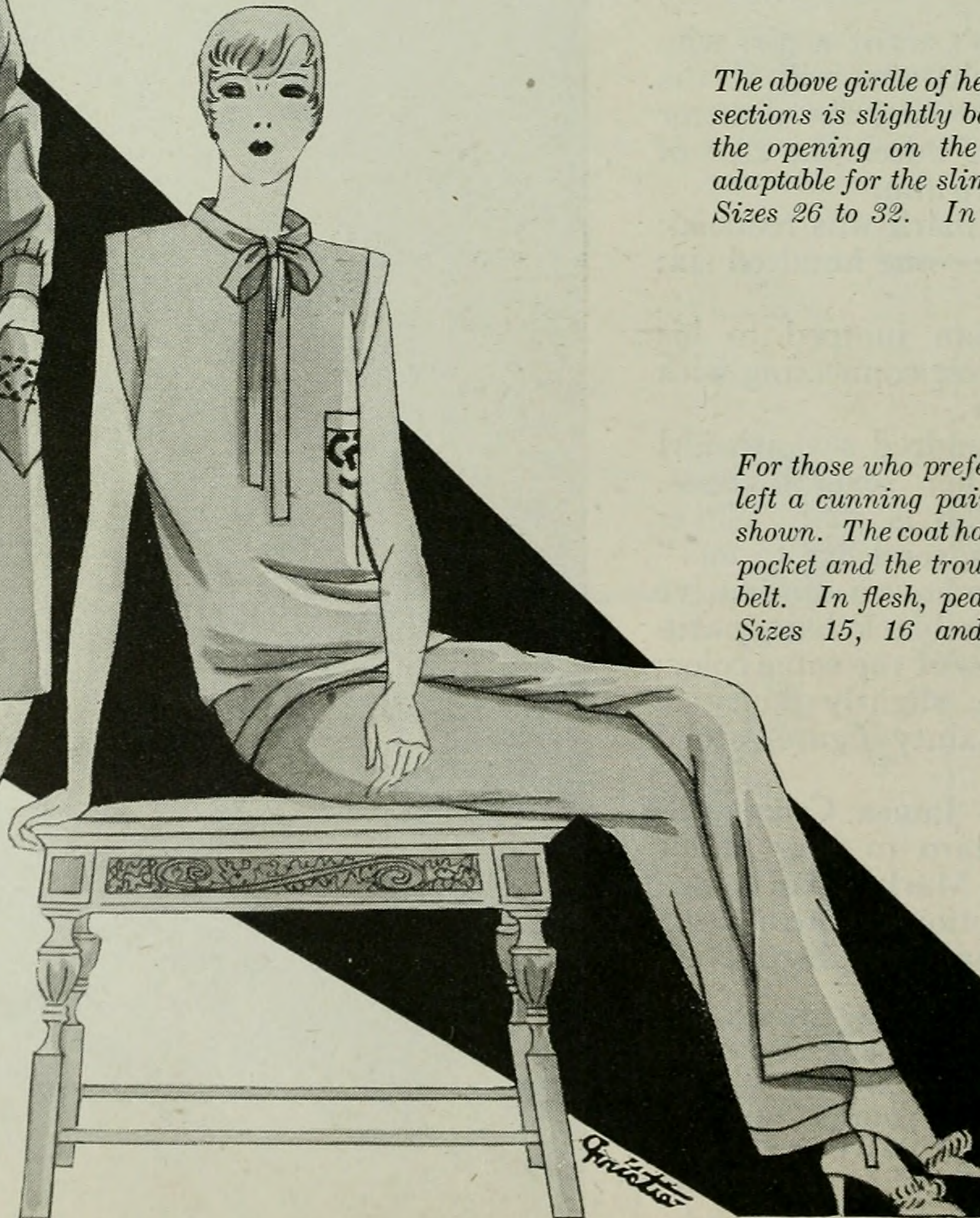
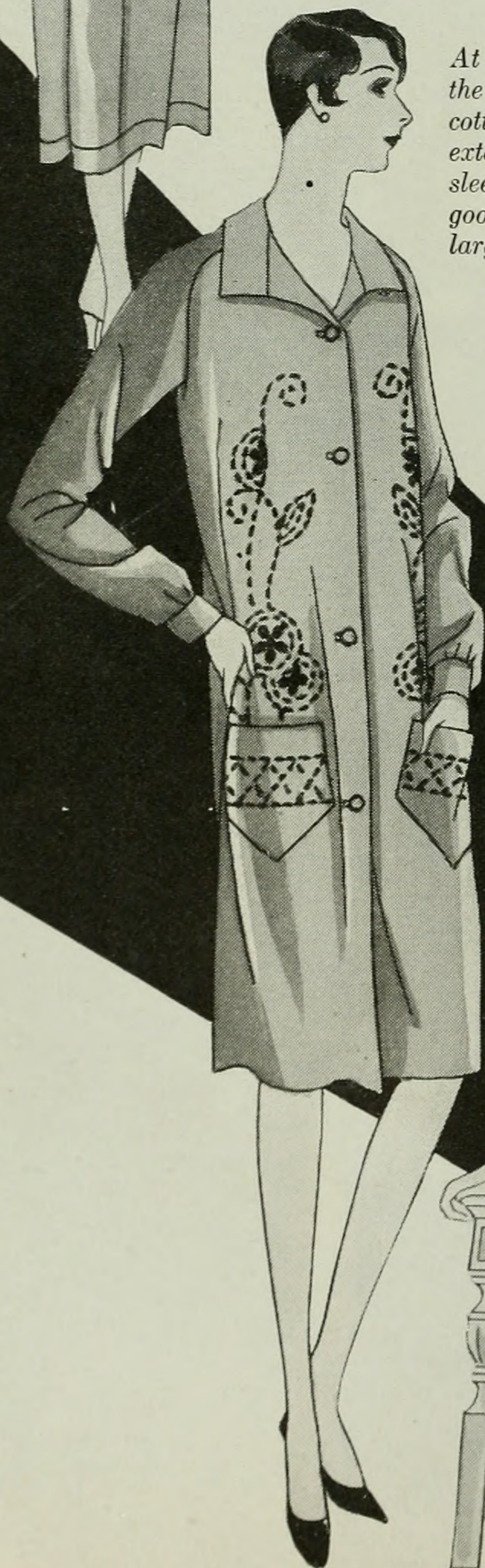


The nightgown at the left is a marvelous value because it is of a good quality crepe de chine and simply but becomingly trimmed with Irish lace; comes in flesh, peach, nile and orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. Price \$3.95

Right—This enchanting set consisting of step-in panties on fitted yoke and snug fitting bandeau exemplifies the mode for smart lingerie. In flesh, peach or nile crepe de chine with pretty thread lace trimming. Sizes 32, 34 and 36. Moderately priced at \$2.95



At left—a tricky little smock—one of the prettiest we have seen. It is of cotton broadcloth with embroidery extending above the pockets, and the sleeves are raglan style to insure a good fit. Sizes small, medium and large. Colors: Rose, tan, peach, blue and green. Priced at \$1.98



The above girdle of heavy satin with elastic side sections is slightly boned back and front, with the opening on the side, and is especially adaptable for the slim miss and small woman. Sizes 26 to 32. In flesh only. Price \$4.95

For those who prefer pajamas—at the left a cunning pair of broadcloth are shown. The coat has a monogrammed pocket and the trousers are on a fitted belt. In flesh, peach, nile or orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. Price \$2.50

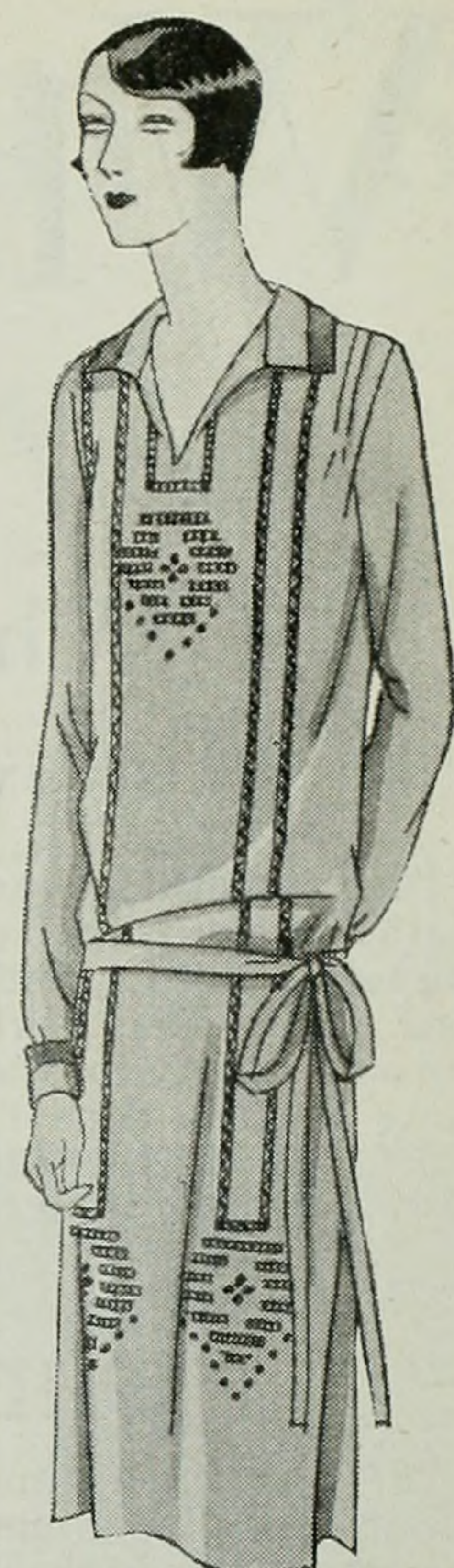
Do Your Shopping

delighted with this service

How to Order

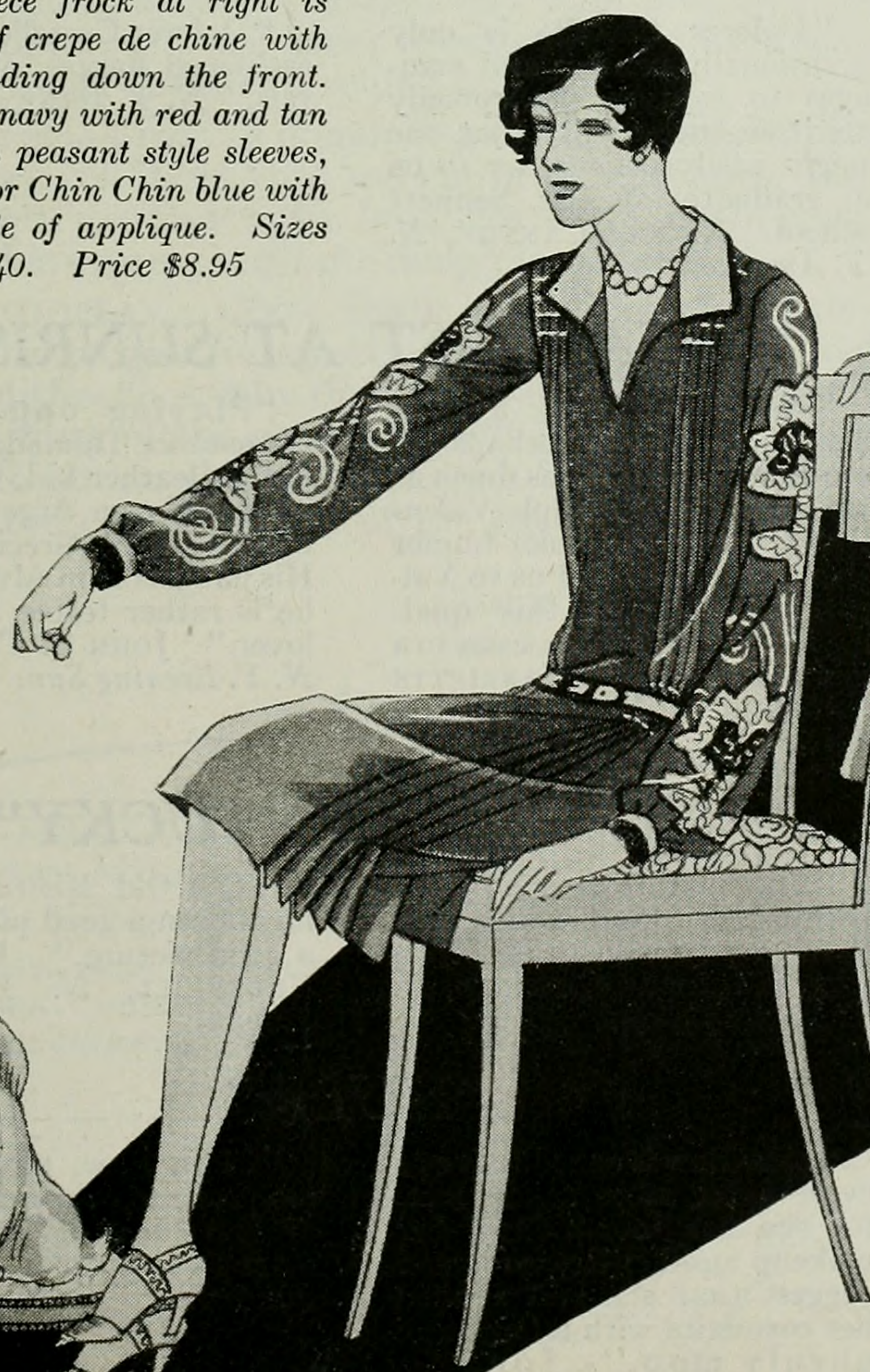
INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. **STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.** No articles will be sent C. O. D. If 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 dress of linen at right with hand drawn work and embroidery will delight the stay-at-homes as well as those who can enjoy southern climate. Colors: Maize, white, blue, green and orchid. Sizes 36 to 44. Price \$5.00



The lines of the frock at right are remarkably youthful. The blouse is trimmed with hand smocking and embroidered tab—skirt has graceful shirring in front with pockets attached to belt. Designed for sizes 16 to 40. In navy blue, tan, red or French blue crepe de chine with pipings of contrasting colors. Only \$8.95

The one-piece frock at right is fashioned of crepe de chine with pleats extending down the front. In black or navy with red and tan applique on peasant style sleeves, or in green or Chin Chin blue with darker shade of applique. Sizes 16 to 40. Price \$8.95



Directly above is pictured two-piece frock of heavy crepe de chine nicely tailored and trimmed with hand fagoting on collar, cuffs and pockets. In Alice blue, cocoa brown and almond green. Sizes 14 to 40. \$15.95

When the DOCTORS DISAGREE

Why producers go crazy when they read criticisms

"MY BEST GIRL"

"It was wisdom that chose Kathleen Norris' naive tale as the next story for Mary Pickford. 'My Best Girl' offers her opportunity for the sort of thing she has done best and which she will continue to do best." JOSEPH McELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

"Only the artist that this star really is, only the sincere purpose she puts in all her screen work, could make a good picture out of the slush and slapstick that 'My Best Girl' borders on in many of its sequences." BETTY COLFAX, *Evening Graphic*.

"THE HARVESTER"

"If you have time, steal over to the Hippodrome, lie in the grass, bask in the sunshine and hear the purling brooks." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

"'The Harvester' is a rare example of how bad a picture can be. . . . Improbable, unconvincing and at times revolting." JOSEPH McELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

"THE LAST WALTZ"

"'The Last Waltz' . . . is charmingly conceived, directed with a certain sophistication and boasts camera angles galore." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News*.

"The movie-goer, accustomed to a UFA grade of picture, just a few jumps ahead of the native brand, will be disappointed in 'The Last Waltz,' a new importation from Germany." JOSEPH McELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror*.

"LOVE"

". . . It is Miss Garbo's film. In scene after scene she captures you with her uncanny powers of fascination. One reads volumes in the close-ups of her eyes, and other volumes in her smoldering, repressed gestures." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *Evening Sun*.

"Miss Garbo is a stylish young woman, but I have failed as yet to discover her great gifts as an actress." QUINN MARTIN, *Morning World*.

"'Love,' the most exquisitely beautiful thing the screen has offered since Murnau's 'Sunrise,' enraptured a premiere audience at the Embassy Theater last evening." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News*.

"'Love,' in fact, is just about the limpest bit of film fare Broadway has seen this season." *N. Y. Evening Post*.

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

"Dolores Costello is only occasionally pensive and manages to capture the comedy spirit so successfully that one might easily believe her to be a graduate of the Sennett school." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American*.

"Dolores Costello is a rather sad-faced flapper of the campus." *N. Y. Daily News*.

"BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE"

"We have found a man whom, we think, perhaps we are going to care for as much as we cared for Rudolph Valentino. It was the quiet humor thing that attracted us to Valentino. . . . And this quality Don Alvarado possesses to a marked degree." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

"Playing opposite her (Constance Talmadge) is a new patent leather kid, with Spanish eyelids, an Argentine mustache, and a Grecian profile. His name is Don Alvarado, and he is rather feeble as a smart lover." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *N. Y. Evening Sun*.

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"

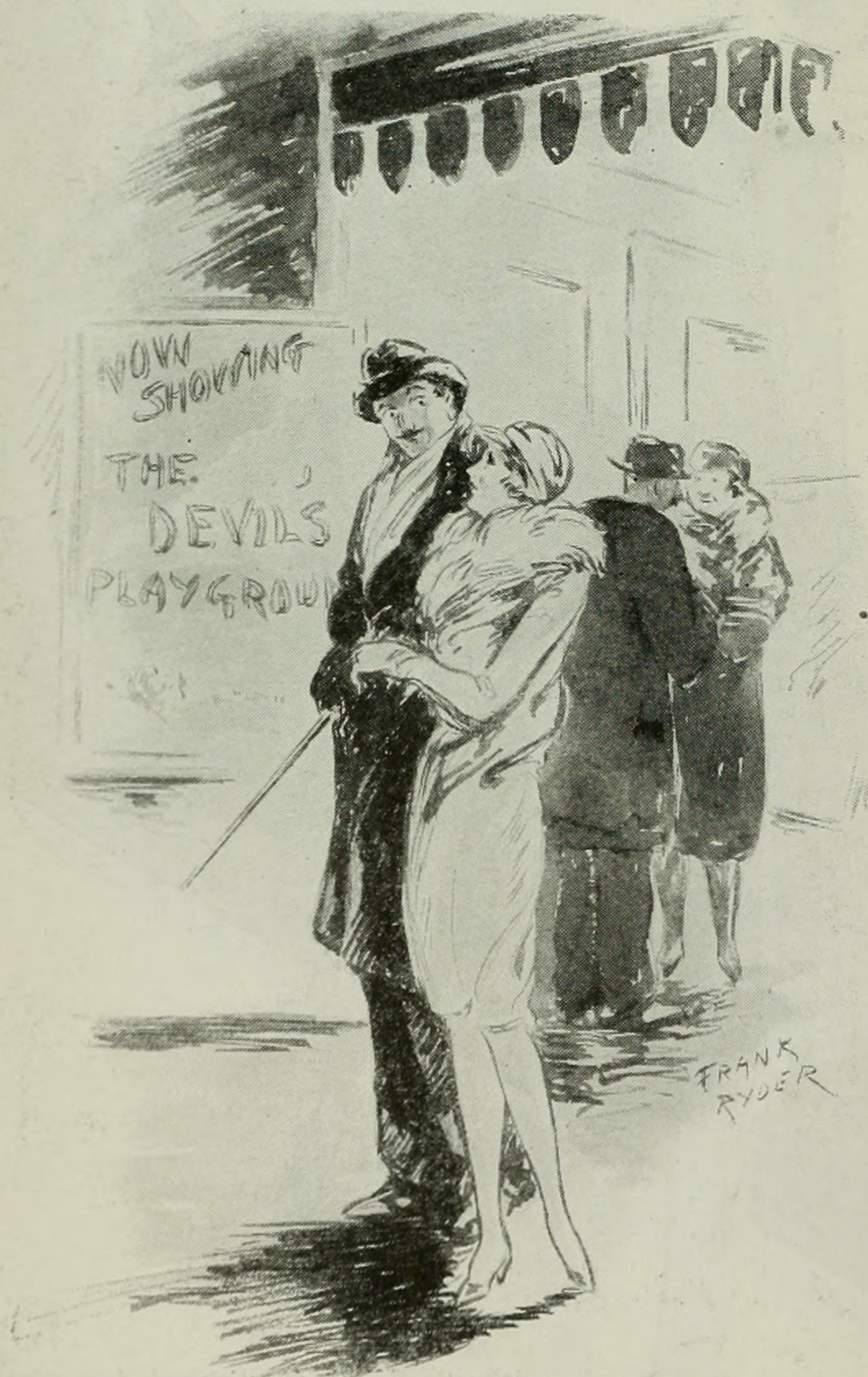
"This picture is one of the best of its kind which has shown on Broadway in a long time." GEORGE GERHARD, *N. Y. Evening World*.

"'In Old Kentucky' may have been a good play. It isn't a good picture." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*.

"HULA"

"Miss Bow is as seductive as ever—a bit more so, in fact, for she has toned down her makeup and her lips no longer suggest that she had applied her cosmetics with a large and unruly mop." JOHN S., *New York Sun*.

"Clara Bow, too obviously too prone to over-acting, is one of the Hawaii Calhouns." ROSE PELS WICK, *N. Y. Evening Journal*.



Playwright (after the play): "What did you think of my scene in 'Hell's Pit?'"

"Oh, Jack, I thought it was just heavenly!"

Sweets *for* Valentine's Day

Do you want to send a Valentine that will be really appreciated? Would you like to serve something different in the way of a sweet at a Valentine party?

If you want a Valentine that carries a sweet message, I recommend Hungarian Honey Cakes. The recipe for these delicious cakes was contributed to PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK by Maria Corda, the Hungarian star of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Try making them and sending them to your friends instead of the more conventional and less substantial Valentine of paper.

The joy of these cakes is that, if they are kept carefully covered, they will remain fresh indefinitely. And, of course, they are delicious to eat.

Here is the recipe:

1½ lbs. honey	½ cup candied and chopped citron peel
8 cups flour	3 eggs
1 level cup sugar	1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ cups blanched and chopped almonds	½ teaspoon powdered cloves
½ lemon	3 level teaspoons baking powder

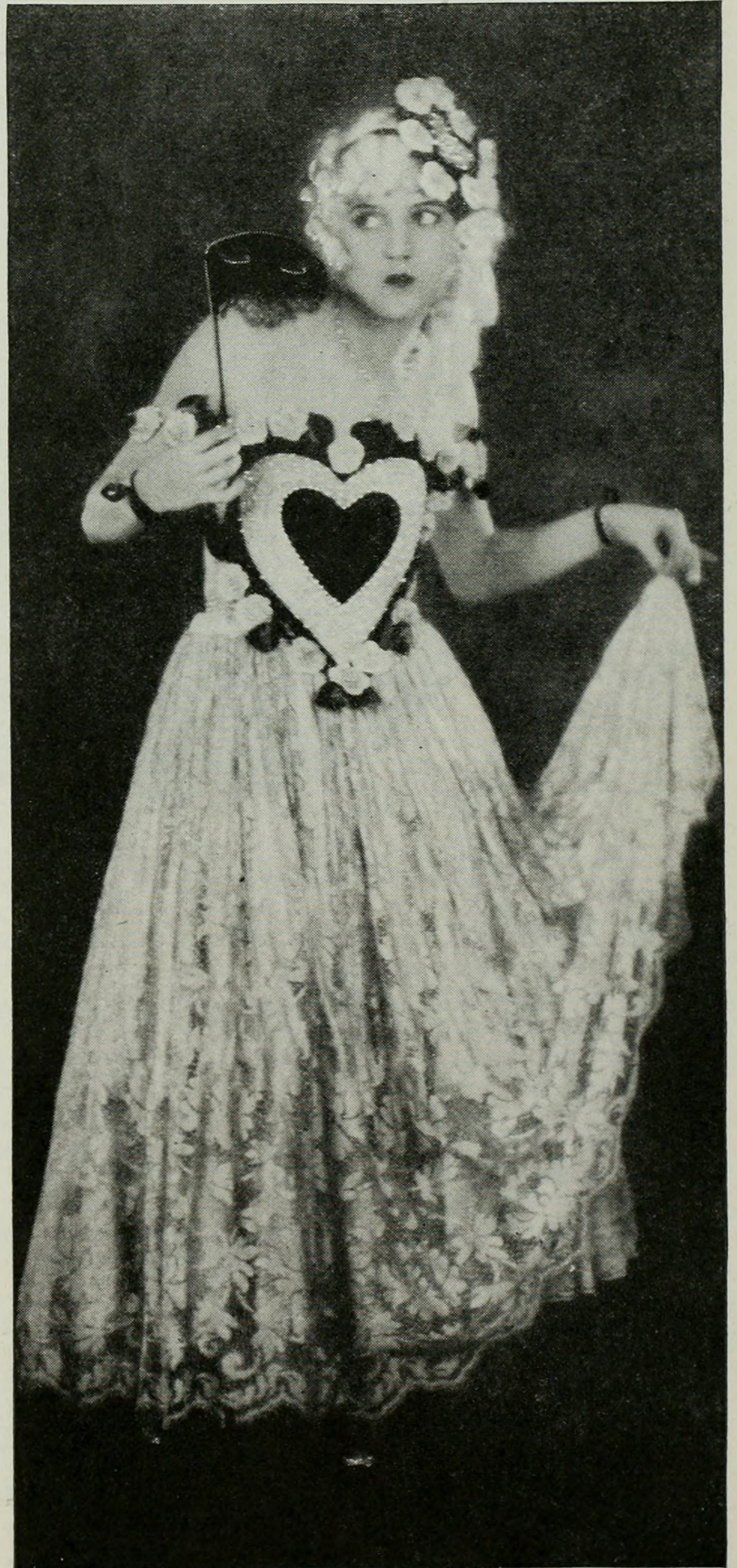
Bring honey to a boiling point, then skim and take from fire. When cool add one pound of the flour and set overnight in a cool place. Next day beat up eggs with sugar, add almonds, citron peel, spices and baking powder, grated rind and strained juice of the lemon. To this add the honey dough, mix well and add remainder of flour, or sufficient to make a dough that can be easily rolled out with a rolling pin.

Take a small part of dough (leave the remainder in a cool place), roll it out thin and cut in heart shapes. Lay on greased tin and bake in a hot oven until crisp. Repeat this process until the dough is all used.

In PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK you will find twenty-three other recipes for sweets, among the one hundred unusual dishes chosen by the screen stars. In the kettle at the bottom of the page, you will find full directions on how to obtain this unusual cook book. Send for it and get the choice recipes of the best cooks in Hollywood.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Make These Hungarian Honey Cakes and Send Them to Your Friends as Valentine Greetings



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 100 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.



The girl who fooled Hollywood and made 'em like it

She CALLED HERSELF SONIA

Jeanne Williams, extra girl, acquired a foreign accent and landed a contract

By Carroll Graham

Broke, discouraged and blue, Jeanne decided that the screen held nothing for her. She decided to return to New York and "The Follies."

Then her first break arrived in the person of an agent, sent to her by a mutual friend. Jeanne had no faith in the agent's ability to get her any sort of work. On the spur of the moment she adopted her mother's maiden name, "Sonia Karlov," and an accent along with it. The agent fell for it, so Jeanne continued to build the hoax as she went along, acquiring a romantic European background, an early life in Berlin, Paris and Vienna, and all the trimmings of a highly colorful past.

The agent arranged with William Sistrom, general manager of the De Mille studios, for a film test, and Jeanne, still with her accent and her foreign mannerisms, went through the test with flying colors. De Mille saw the test and in it Jeanne's charm and personality.

THE contract followed. With it came a lot of trouble. Sonia began to get publicity. She began to run into many people she had known as Jeanne Williams. And she began to meet Danish folk, who were probably somewhat curious.

Fearing that De Mille might be incensed at her deceit and break the contract, she continued to build and build on her magnificent hoax. She succeeded in convincing many persons who had known her as Jeanne Williams that she never really was Jeanne Williams at all. But the strain of being [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

AS Jeanne Williams, of New York, former chorus girl in "The Follies," Hollywood paid no attention to her.

As Sonia Karlov, of Europe, with a Danish mother and a Russian father, an accent you could cut with a knife and a naive innocence of American ways, she got a five-year contract and was dined and feted by Hollywood elite.

Thus was the greatest hoax which has been perpetrated in many a day brought to a successful climax, with Jeanne Williams Karlov the proud possessor of a five-year contract with Cecil De Mille and a bright future confronting her.

Jeanne, born in New York, came to Los Angeles to get into the movies. Extra work was the only thing she could get, try as she would.

A year passed by, with Jeanne working as extra in Universal's "Collegians," entering a beauty contest at First National conducted in connection with "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and even doing a perilous high-dive in one production because she needed the money.

When she was injured in an automobile accident and spent several weary weeks in a hospital, it seemed that bad luck had done all it could to her.



POND'S opens its Letter Box to you

Women reveal for other women's sakes experiences as varied as life itself

BEAUTY'S but skin-deep? "That's deep enough for me," a witty young woman once declared. Pond's Letter Box attests that countless others, young and old, agree with her.

From every state in the Union women write us delightful "thank you letters," enthusiastic in appreciation of Pond's Two Creams. And how varied the writers—from eastern farm and western ranch, from northern prairie and southern cotton-field, pretty girls in society, business women, writers, world-travelers.

Pond's Creams—so inexpensive yet so fine that they are favorites of the aristocracy—win honorable mention for distinguished service "in all climates, from Duluth, 42° below zero—to Texas 105° above;" in "bitter frosts," in "driving winds," in "brilliant suns," in "alkali dust"!

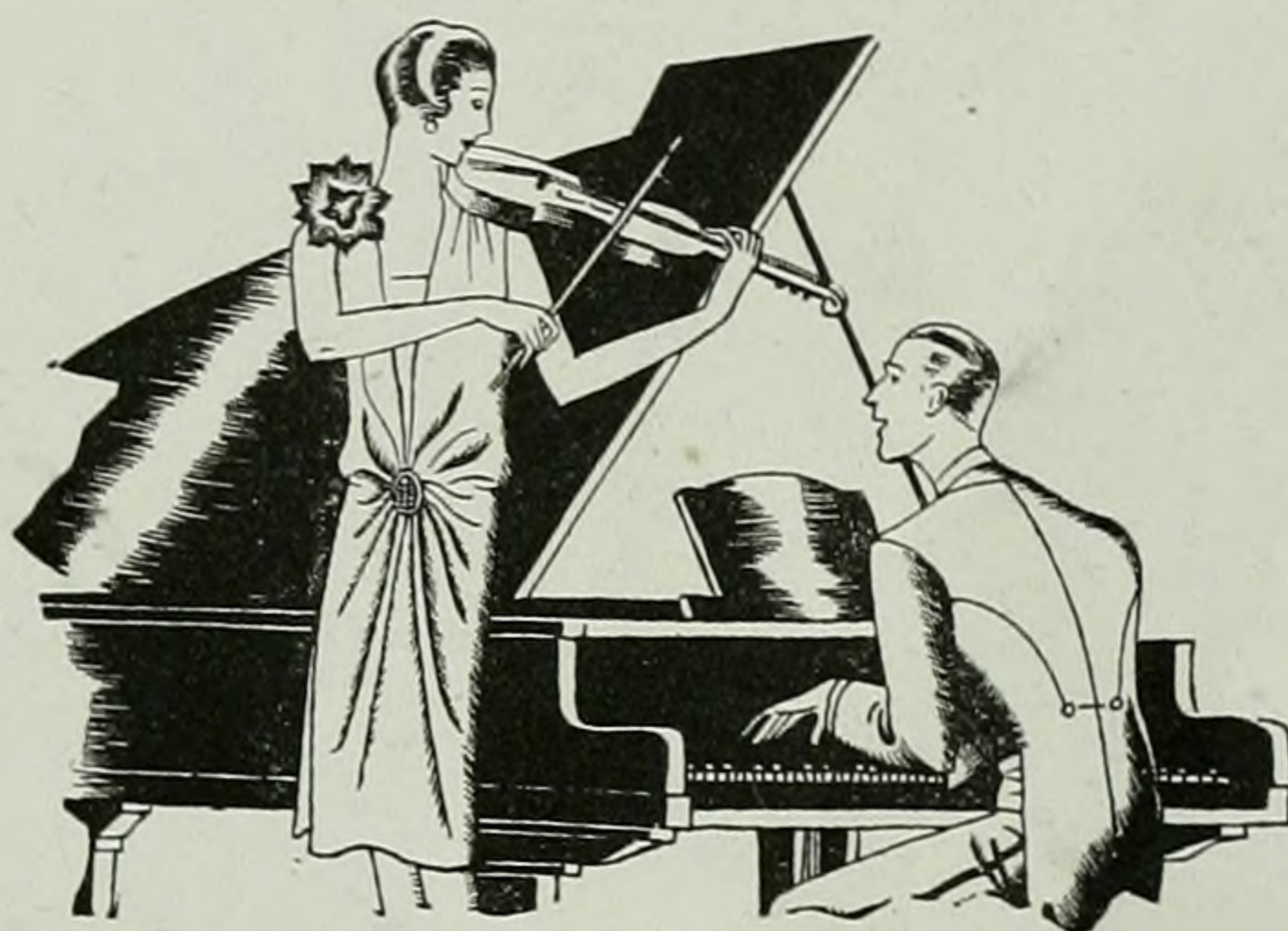


"I'm not a society lady—I live on a ranch..."

"I'M not a society lady, far from it!" one charming letter from Colorado begins. "I live on a ranch, am out all day, face unprotected from stinging winds. Yet—a lady asked me how I could possibly have such a smooth, soft skin. I opened my cupboard and showed her my jars of Pond's Creams!"

A Brooklyn woman has flivvered four times across the continent. She says: "A University friend and I wanted to see America first-hand. We camped in every climate from the Siskiyou in January to the Desert in July. Water and alkali just ruin the skin... We found Pond's Cream a necessity of tourist equipment."

From the California Desert: "For years my skin was treated

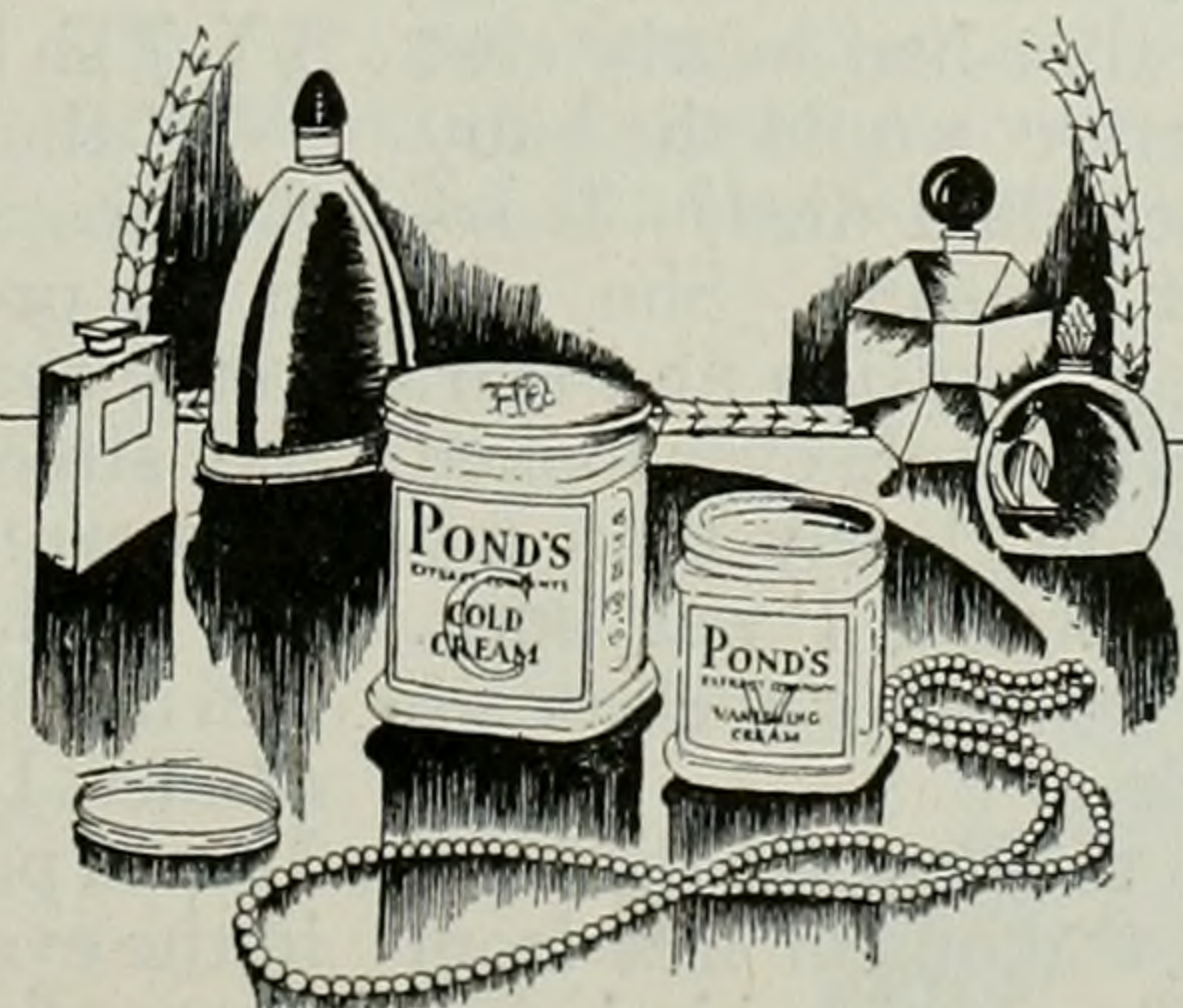


"I am a violinist, having difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand..."

at beauty shops. When it was necessary for me to live on the Mojave Desert, I started using your Two Creams. Now I have been here 18 months with hot winds and cold winds, yet my skin is softer, clearer than it has ever been... And it is not a young skin, either, as I am middle age."

But fie upon middle age! Keep youthful with Pond's! This from Massachusetts: "I am a mother of six. I look so young that when I am with my husband folks ask for an introduction to his daughter! The only explanation is Pond's Two Creams. I have used nothing else for 17 years."

A PRETTY Georgia girl got rid of premature wrinkles: "They made me look old. I was ready to give up in despair. A month ago I tried Pond's Cold Cream, massaging it well, leaving it several hours. Now I'm looking young once more. I'm delighted!"



These Two Creams are needed to cleanse and protect every normal skin

Other clever uses for the Two Creams: "I am a violinist," a Chicago girl writes. "I have difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand. They constantly harden and peel—unless kept soft with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Yours is the best skin softener on the market."

A graduate of the University of Missouri says: "Your

Vanishing Cream is a favorite of mine. It sure softens 'rusty' elbows—important with evening gowns. It keeps my hands soft and white?"

A California mother uses the cream to "massage tired feet." She says: "In a few minutes we feel like dancing."

MOTHERS, especially, prize Pond's Creams. From Maryland one writes: "I have twins, six months old. Each morning as I prepare them for their baths I cover their faces with Pond's Cold Cream. In the tub they kick and splash to their hearts' content. When I take them out their soft rosy skin has been both cleansed and protected."

A New Jersey mother says: "I have three out-of-door kiddies. You know what winds and snows do to their tender skins. Pond's Vanishing Cream has saved them hours of suffering. My little daughter has a 'fairy' skin. A good rubbing at night (legs, too) keeps her in perfect condition. Vanishing Cream does not soil the bed linen, either—an asset, I assure you!"



"Three out-of-door kiddies... with tender skins"

And so they come—letters as welcome, as kind as if from personal friends. Won't you, too, write us your experiences with Pond's Creams?



"Across the States in a Ford..."

THE following is the complete Pond's method of caring for the skin. First cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues remove every trace of oil. Next tone and firm your skin with Pond's new Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for finish and protection. At night cleanse and refresh your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener. Used regularly this method brings new beauty to your skin.

New! 14c Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14c) for trial tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

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

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

had a husband to care for her and provide for her later years.

They promised.

They were married shortly after she died.

I do not know all the story of what happened here and it is too painful for my father to speak of.

But you see my father had been terribly spoiled. He had neglected his opportunities for education and training. He often speaks sadly now of his wasted youth and I know that is what he means. He had a quick, keen mind, he had imagination, he had all the natural qualifications to make something fine of himself. But he just didn't.

HIS people thought him too young to marry; they realized he was not able to face the world and take care of himself and a wife. They were very unjust it seems to me, for after all his life had been in their hands. But they cast him off after his marriage.

My mother's people had gradually lost what money they had—they had never been rich—and I think my grandmother must have been the business head of the family, for after her death things went to pieces very quickly, and the home my mother had loved was sold.

So, soon after they were married, my father and mother and her father moved to Brooklyn and my father started a small business there. They lived in a very small place to begin with, only two rooms, and it was hard on them both. My mother had always been accustomed to country life and she always hated the city. My father had never worked and he had always had money and attention. My grandfather was unhappy over the loss of his wife and his home and over being dependent upon them.

I DO not think my mother ever loved my father. He knew it. And it made him very unhappy, for he worshipped her always. His devotion to her, his unfailing gentleness and kindness all through the years of her illness is like a miracle to me.

There were two children born before I came along, both girls. One lived two hours. One lived two days.

My mother came forth from the tragedy of that second death a woman



The Clara Bow that Hollywood knows. "When I have told you about my short life, maybe you will understand why I am the spirit of the jazz age"

broken in health and spirit. I don't think she ever recovered from those two terrible illnesses, nor from the sorrow and horror of losing her two first born babies.

The doctor told her she must never have any more children. And she said over and over that she didn't want any more. They might die, as her two little girls had died. They might leave her without any reward for all she had gone through, without the comfort of a baby's presence which wipes from a woman's mind the suffering of such times.

She didn't want me. Terror possessed her all the time before I was born. Would she die, as the doctor had said? Or, if she survived the ordeal that had nearly cost her her life twice before, would the baby die, as the two others had died? If so, would she lose her reason? She was almost mad with apprehension and fear.

I don't suppose two people ever looked death in the face more clearly than my mother and I the morning I was born. We were both given up, but somehow we struggled back to life.

From that day to the day she died my mother never knew a moment free from ill health of the most shattering kind. She idolized me, but with a strange, bitter love, almost as though she was afraid to

love me for fear I, too, would be snatched away from her. She used to watch me when I ran about the house as a little thing, never taking her eyes off me, and in their depths were many things I was too young to read.

I loved her terribly. Her beauty to me was something divine. She had long, golden hair that hung way down below her knees, the most beautiful hair I have ever seen. It shone like pure gold. I used to make up fairy stories about it. And her face was pale, almost transparent, with fine chiselled features.

THE pain had worn her face thin, but it hadn't lined it, and still, to me, in spite of all that happened, the word beauty brings up a picture of my mother's white thin face under that mantle of gleaming hair. She was tall and slim and carried herself like a princess, so I think it must be true that she had good blood in her. No woman could have carried herself like

that in the midst of so much misfortune unless she had.

When she was mean to me—and she often was, though I know she didn't mean to be and that it was because she couldn't help it—it broke my heart.

I wasn't a pretty child at all, in spite of the fact that both my parents were and such a contrast to each other. My mother so slim and fair, my father a squat strong man, with black hair and twinkling black eyes. My eyes were too black, and my hair was too red.

But I was sturdy and healthy. When I was little people always took me for a boy.

WE lived then, and all the rest of the time we stayed in Brooklyn, in the upstairs of a house on a side street in an ordinary neighborhood. I went to the nearest public school and played in the streets like the other children. I always played with the boys. I never had any use for girls and their games. I never had a doll in all my life. But I was a good runner, I could beat most of the boys and I could pitch. When they played baseball in the evening in the streets, I was always chosen first and I pitched. I don't think I had very good clothes, they were rougher and older [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



OLIVE TREE

SOAP FROM TREES

*Nature's Gift
to Beauty*

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurements. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do

this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Black-heads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

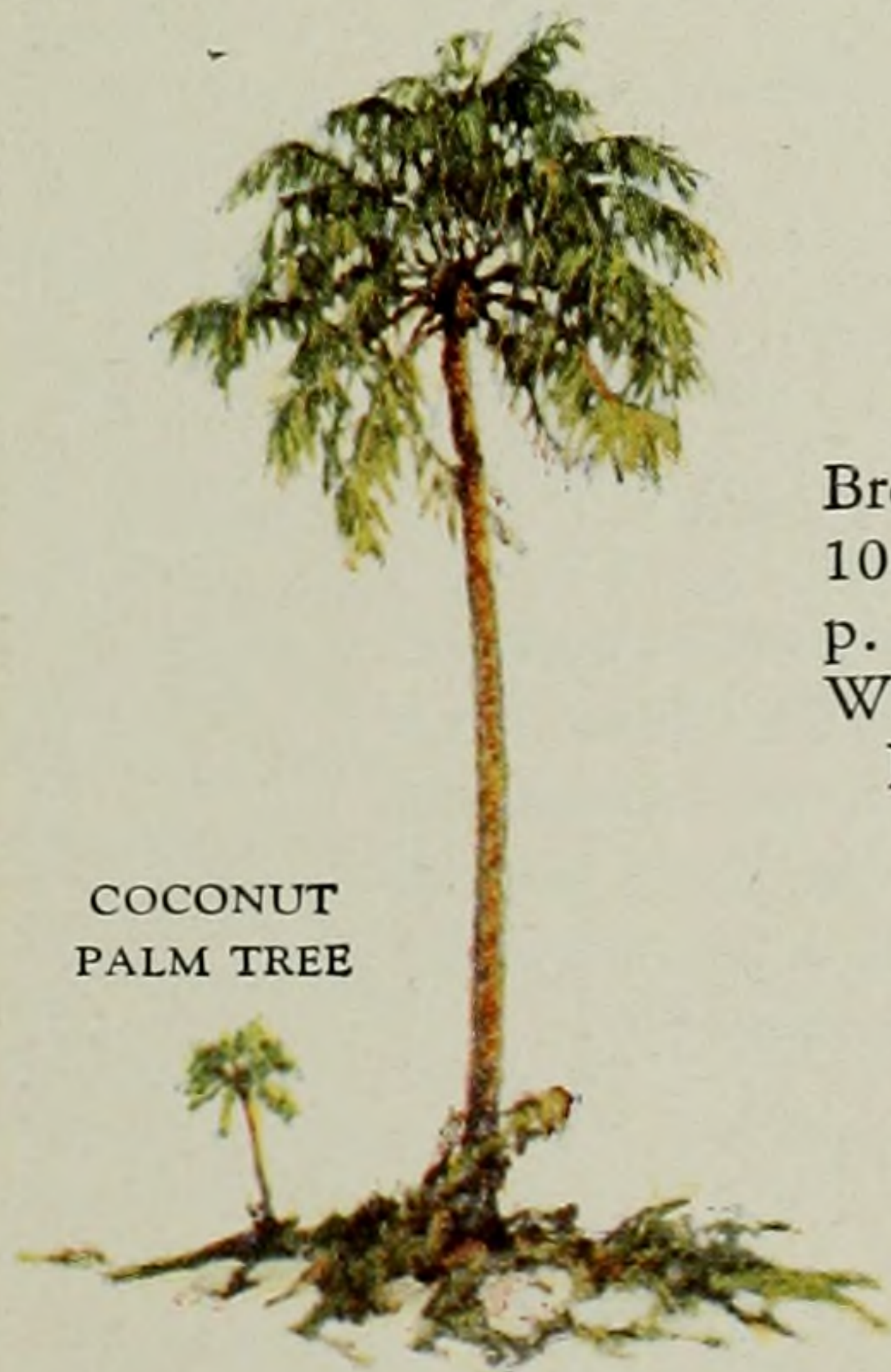
DO not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.



COCONUT
PALM TREE

Palmolive Radio Hour —
Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time, over station WEA and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.



AFRICAN
PALM TREE



3788

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price
10c

Camel

*The cigarette that leads
by billions*

Just to state a great truth in
another way—Camel is so ex-
actly what so many smokers
want that no other brand is
even a close second.



*If all cigarettes were as good as
Camel you wouldn't hear any-
thing about special treatments
to make cigarettes good for the
throat. Nothing takes the place
of choice tobaccos.*

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists

THIS picture does not do Corinne Griffith justice. It hovers between drama and comedy without being either. A young girl meets the proverbial temptations of a cabaret singer; avoids them through the assistance of the wardrobe woman and goes with her benefactor to Monte Carlo. A wealthy young man enters. You can guess the rest. The star makes the most of her opportunities, as does Charles Ray, who seems miscast as the young hero.

THE GAY DEFENDER—Paramount

RICHARD DIX has grown a mustache and Spanish sideburns as *Joaquin Murrietta*, an aristocratic Spanish youth, who turns to banditry to right the wrongs done him and his people by American desperadoes. Thelma Todd, in the costume of 1850, is quite attractive.

THE DESIRED WOMAN—Warners

IRENE RICH portrays an English woman married to the commander of a military outpost in India. He is inconsiderate and neglectful. She turns to a youthful lover (William Collier, Jr.) and he persuades her to leave her husband. They are thwarted by a fearful windstorm. John Miljan, as *Lieut. Kellogg*, does the best work of his career.

THE WIZARD—Fox

IF you're one of those creatures who just loves those blood-curdling mystery dramas here's your dish. Taken from the stage play "Baloo" by Gaston Leroux, it tells the story of a newspaper reporter and a cluck detective who solve the mystery of—but why spoil your enjoyment by revealing the plot? Edmund Lowe, Leila Hyams and Gustav von Seyffertitz are the reasons why you'll spend an enjoyable hour.

VERY CONFIDENTIAL—Fox

IT'S nothing but the old plot—that of the little sales-girl copping society's best bet—but so cleverly has it been camouflaged that one doesn't realize it is ancient history until the picture ends. It's amusing and many will find an enjoyment in it—especially if they are keen about Madge Bellamy.

THE TIGRESS—Columbia

IF you are interested in observing how remarkably Dorothy Revier resembles Gloria Swanson, this may be worth a few moments of your time. Otherwise, stay away. Jack Holt is featured, but the real acting is furnished by Miss Revier and Phillipe de Lacey.

LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox

THIS is that faithful standby—clothes make the woman and get the man. *Eve* resembled a "prairie schooner" until she was taken in hand by her girl-friend. And then, my dear, you should see the boy-friends. Virginia Valli plays the gal well enough but the outstanding performer is Nancy Carroll, the G. F.

THE THIRTEENTH HOUR—M.-G.-M.

ANOTHER mystery yarn with secret panels, trapdoors, underground passages and a series of other mysterious what-nots. But a criminal can't outsmart the clever dog, Napoleon, also on his trail. And there you have the whole plot.

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO

THEY correspond to our Mounted Police. Now you know what the story is about except the locale is in Canada.

Nevertheless it is well filled with action and romance and what more does one want! Charles Byer and Patsy Ruth Miller are the lovers. Okay.

DEAD MAN'S CURVE—FBO

THIS is very poor entertainment even though Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast. Another variation of the famous motor-maniac yarn that has about as much pep as a flat tire. Need more be said?

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal

ONCE upon a time there were two bands of crooks—each one out to do the other. Now, in one band there happened to be a charming young lady and in the other a charming young man. As to the outcome—that's your business. Trot down to the first theater showing this, for a good time. Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan are in the cast.

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Fox

JOHN GOLDEN'S stage play makes a very enjoyable movie. The story is about a little steno who substitutes for the boss's capable secretary while on vacation. Everything goes wrong and she prevents the hero (the boss's business rival) from being double-crossed. You know the inevitable ending. Janet Gaynor is the whole show here. Go see this.

WOMAN WISE—Fox

WALTER PIDGEON, American Consul to Persia, went four thousand miles to get away from a woman. Then he is sent a woman assistant, who is none other than June Collyer. Of course, you know his attitude will change now. June Collyer has beauty. Walter Pidgeon and William Russell render smooth performances.

THE GIRL IN THE PULLMAN—Pathe-De Mille

A NEWLY married couple on their honeymoon find themselves in the same Pullman with the groom's ex-wife and the bride's ex-beau. Surprises, and consternation follow. Marie Prevost, as the ex-wife, has the stellar rôle. She is ably supported. Delightful, light entertainment.

THE SILVER SLAVE—Warners

IRENE RICH portrays a widow who had loved one man and married another for his money. She has a daughter whom she denies nothing. John Miljan is the globe-trotting villain. The mother finds it necessary to win him away from the daughter in order to expose him. Irene Rich is good, and Audrey Ferris, as the daughter, does exceptionally good work.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW—Rayart

HENRY B. WALTHALL again delights with a fine portrayal. This time it is a Swedish cobbler. His chief interest in life is his daughter *Dorothy*. He has brought her up in strict isolation, except some association with the manicurist, *Mazie*. On her eighteenth birthday she runs away and marries a man who deserts her the same night. Then the agony begins.

THE LAST MOMENT—Fine Arts

THIS picture has been heralded as one of the most unusual independent films of the year—and we have to admit it. To begin with, there is not a sub-title in the picture. The picture opens with a drowning man. It closes as the last fingers of the hand go down under the water. Fans will not be interested in the kaleidoscopic review

of *Otto Matieson's* life, especially when so terribly over-acted.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners

A COMBINED war and aeroplane story with some old angles dished up in a new manner. Monte Blue does a Lindbergh and flies to Paris, just in time to keep his "widow" from marrying his brother. At least, she thought she was a widow, with her husband reported lost in action and missing six years. An aeroplane cost him his memory; an aeroplane altitude flight recovers it. Program entertainment.

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling

IN this Jobyna Ralston lets herself in for a lot of trouble when she allows a man to give her an account at a fashion shop. Since this is a nice little love story, with a happy ending, we shall not tell more. Johnny Walker makes a fine lover and Jobyna is good.

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox

WHATEVER story interest there might have been in the beginning is lost by the lagging, insipid direction. Even Olive Borden's gorgeous figure is wasted by over-dressing. Antonio Moreno supported Olive as well as possible under the conditions offered. Don't waste an evening.

CASEY JONES—Rayart

MOST people are familiar with the old song "Casey Jones," and will be expecting this story. Ralph Lewis and Kate Price do their usual good work and Jason Robards and Ann Sheridan furnish the love interest.

DISCORD—Pathe

THIS is a foreign made picture, which is reputed to have cost \$650,000. Lil Dagover plays a woman who is coerced into marrying a man she does not love, in order to save the family finances. Her husband (Gosta Ekman), takes her to Sweden. Life in a lumber district is monotonous, so she goes home for a visit and from there on the troubles begin. Strong love scenes between Lil Dagover and Gosta Ekman.

BABY MINE—M.-G.-M.

THIS is a gag-comedy. But uproariously funny. George K. Arthur, in order to marry his sweet little lady, must first find a husband for her older sister. He picks on Karl Dane as a life-partner for Charlotte Greenwood. Such a pair as they make!

THE LIGHTER THAT FAILED—M.-G.-M.

A SHORT Hal Roach comedy, starring Charley Chase, showing how careful we should be about birthday presents. Lovely Edna Marion plays the feminine lead and Gene Paulette renders capable assistance. There are laughs enough to cure your indigestion.

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE—FBO

HOWDY folks, meet FBO's newest cowboy star—Buzz Barton, the thirteen year old rope slinging hero. The story is just plain old Western hokum but Buzz's refreshing personality, his swell riding and big freckles will place him among the top-notchers.

WOLF FANGS—Fox

THE brutal step-father is at it again but of course the handsome Mouny steps in on time and saves the little gu-u-rl. But the real hero of this piece is Ranger, another clever canine.

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

an' rode away with \$8,500 in cash. One of the men, he said, was a ridin' a dark horse an' the other a sorrel. Instantly, I figured that in not meetin' the gents, I'd missed a good chance to add \$4,250.00 to my own bankroll, a leavin' only \$995,750 necessary. About that time a lot of banks had been held up in Oklahoma an' the banks an' express officials was a payin' fifty per cent of all the money that was recovered as a reward.

Then it was that I got a letter from a man askin' me to come to Dewey, so I rode over to that town. This gent, whom I'd known for a long time, told me the Dewey bank had been twice held up, each time for a considerable sum. The people around Dewey, he went on to explain, was a withdrawin' a lot of their cash from the bank, an' others seemed to be afraid to put more in for fear they'd lose it, as in those days there was no money insurance for banks like they have today.

"Now, Tom," this Dewey man said, "when you lived down in Texas, you always turned out when they needed a posseman, an' gave a good account of yourself. The job of town marshal of Dewey is vacant. Me an' the mayor are good friends an' from what I've told him about you, him an' the bank folks are satisfied that you can keep law an'

order in this town. Besides, it's a steady job."

"What became of the feller who had it last?" I broke in.

"Well," says the man, "he had a little bad luck an' quit. He ain't here any more."

"Where did he go to?" I inquired.

"I think," says he, talkin' kind of slowly, "that they buried him either in Arkansas City or Wichita as he had friends in both places an' some of 'em looked after the remains."

"Just what did he die of?" I kept on, askin' more to see if Dewey was a healthy place to live in than anything else.

"Tom," announces my friend, "there ain't no use in my a deceivin' of you, but this here last marshal got killed. You see, he wasn't a very good shot anyway an' a coupl'a fellers beat him to the draw."

Further inquiry disclosed that the last town marshal had held down the marshalin' job for about three months. The one before him lasted seven weeks an' one feller wasn't there long enough to draw his first month's pay. It seemed a steady job as my friend had said, but not steady for one man. Still it paid \$90 a month, which was a heap better than cowpunchin' an' from all accounts, a heap more excitin'!

I told my Dewey friend that I'd think

the thing over an' decide durin' the day. Walkin' around the town I dropped into the postoffice to mail a letter to a feller in Chicago. Tacked in front of the writin' desk in the postoffice I saw a big circular, announcin' a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest an' apprehension of a feller who, when last heard of, was a bearin' the temporary moniker of Henry Morgan, an' more generally known as Buck Morgan.

It seemed that this here Buck Morgan had dropped into a bank just as it was a closin' up an' overdrawed his account somethin' like \$27,300, an' the sheriff of El Paso county stood ready to pay out the \$5,000 so Buck could come back an' help get the books of the bank straightened out.

I had a sneakin' idea about this time that I knew this gent, Mr. Buck Morgan, havin' seen a bird who looked like the man in circular's picture a punchin' cows around Amarillo, Texas, an' who was called Buck by the rest of the boys in his outfit. In my mind came a question—should I go marshalin' an' round up this overdrawed gent? If he had less than \$5,000 when I found him, I figured I'd probably claim the reward, but if he was still a carryin' the \$27,300 it was hard to say what I might consider was the next best step.

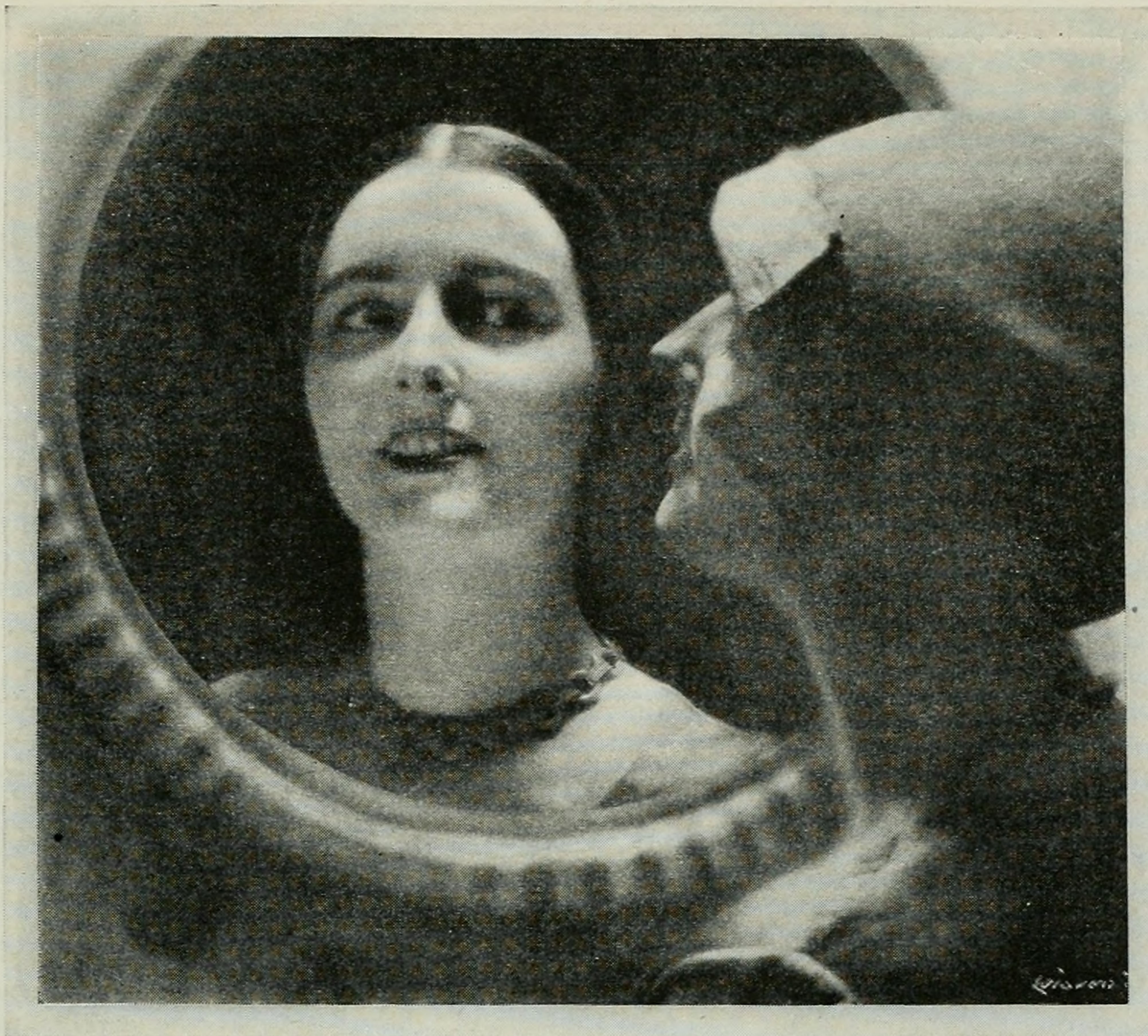
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Winners of Idea Contest in the March Issue

Because of the difficulty in making a choice among the many excellent ideas submitted in the PHOTOPLAY-Paramount-Famous-Lasky Co. \$15,000 Idea Contest, the judges are unable to announce the winners this month.

Thirty thousand manuscripts were received and the judges wish to give the ideas the careful consideration that they merit.

In the March Issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine you will find the complete list of winners. Watch for the March PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands February 15th.



Pleased? or Regretful?

when you take off your hat...

Does your hair make you *prettier*? Does it frame your features becomingly? Do its natural little lights warm your coloring? Does its gleam lend a sparkle to your eyes?

Your hair is *so* important. And brings to your looks such charm if it is always fluffy, soft, alive. To make it so—here are 2 Packer Shampoos. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians.

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—*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 will 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

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. 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-B
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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

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Better than Pickford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

as the assistant thanked them mechanically and excused them for the day.

Five-sixths of the baby doll sextette hurried away to dressing rooms. The other sixth climbed down off the ladder with a last wistful glance toward the untouched food on the tables.

"Say, baby, we're killin' this set in about a minute. A bunch of swell salads goin' to waste there. How'd you like to have me slip you one for your lunch?"

Mary Rose looked up to meet the smiling eyes of Jimmy Riley, the prop boy. It was not the first time she had encountered Jimmy. That morning, when a button had popped off her pump just when the cameraman was ready to shoot, it was Jimmy who quickly attached a new one with a tiny safety pin.

"Oh, that would be just wonderful!" Mary Rose wanted to throw her arms about his neck and hug him tight. "It seems like you're always doing something nice for me," she added shyly. "The way you fixed my shoe this morning—and everything."

"That's all right." Jimmy's face flushed to match the carrot shade of his hair. "You're not like these other jazz babies. I sure can't give most of 'em much. You're kinda different—see?"

It was Mary Rose who blushed then, though the makeup disguised the blush and Jimmy saw only the wistful little smile which he mentally catalogued as a knockout.

"Do you think anybody'll care—I mean about your giving me one of the salads?" she questioned timidly.

"You just leave that to me, baby," he reassured her. "I wouldn't do this for everybody—see—but you're kinda different. I been watchin' you up there on that ladder and I said to myself, I'll bet that little baby doll'd like one of those salads."

"You certainly are a good guesser," she laughed self-consciously.

At Jimmy's direction she slipped back of a flat where she would be out of sight.

"Say, there's chicken a la King in the chafing dishes." He spread a napkin across her knees and deposited the salad plate. "I guess it's cold now but I'll bring you some if you like it."

"I just love it!" beamed Mary Rose.

She was glad that Jimmy did all the talking and didn't seem to notice that she was eating every single bit of the salad.

"Been in pictures long?" he questioned.

"Not so very," she answered non-committally, scraping up the last bit of

chicken which she was eating with a spoon.

"Well, I don't know as you've got IT," he studied her critically, "not like Clara Bow has, anyhow—but you've got something else, baby. I can't just name it—maybe there ain't never been a word coined for it yet—but believe me I know it when I see it."

Mary Rose watched him roll a cigarette. He was like one of the boys back home. He didn't look at her in that disrobing way that always made her feel so self-conscious.

"You know, baby, I ain't going to be in this job all my life. No sir. I've been saving my money and I've got an idea all doped out for a quickie."

"Honestly?" Mary Rose listened eagerly.

"You see I've got a swell bunch of sets that I picked up cheap. Gee, you ought to see the way I've got my place all gagged up."

She loved the way his eyes crinkled up at the corners when he smiled. They had a way of making her smile right back at him.

"The front part of it is a sort of mountain cabin that I grabbed off a Western set for ten bucks." He began to

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She Called Herself Sonia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

always Sonia Karlov began to grow heavier and heavier. It had been fun at first, when there was nothing at stake. Now it was becoming more nerve-racking, for always was the fear that her employer would learn and the contract would go up the chimney.

Sonia was the rage of the Saturday press luncheons at the new Roosevelt Hotel.

THE Saturday luncheons, however, proved to be Sonia's undoing, for at one of them she came upon Lina Basquette unexpectedly, in company with a number of newspaper and magazine representatives.

Before the introduction Lina cried out in friendly fashion:

"Why, hello, Jeanne."

Then, before anybody could explain, she turned to her escort and said:

"I knew this girl in the Follies four years ago. We used to dance together."

Sonia carried on the pretense for awhile even after this.

The luncheon was an ordeal for her, but she got through it, even facing down the pointed wise-cracks of a journalist who claimed to have remembered her in a Texas Guinan show.

The agent heard of the story and they

discussed at length the best method of procedure. Obviously, the only thing to do was to tell De Mille before someone

else did. So, fearfully, like two truant school children, they went to Sistrom, the man who had originally arranged for the test.

Sistrom went to tell De Mille while Jeanne waited, trembling and expecting catastrophe.

It didn't happen.

De Mille has a sense of humor and he is a good sport.

When he was told of the hoax his first answer was a loud and robustious laugh.

He admired anyone who could fool Hollywood. Moreover, he liked the test and he liked Sonia.

So the contract remains with the promise of good screen rôles in the near future. Sonia has dropped her accent, to the extreme amazement of those who were still fooled by it, and she is happy and care-free once more.

But the greatest quip of all remains untold.



Charles Byer gets his first opportunity to be a romantic leading man in "The Red Riders of Canada." Patsy Ruth Miller is the girl who is making his initiation so pleasant. Look what the screen has been missing all these months

AFTER her contract had been signed, she was considered for a rôle in "The Godless Girl."

Studio officials at De Mille finally decided against her. She was too continental for the rôle of an American girl, they decided.

“Only a sore throat”

Don't ever underestimate the danger of a sore throat; if neglected, it may develop into something serious—as many know to their sorrow.

The same goes for a cold; pneumonia at this time of the year is your great enemy.

At the first sign of cold or throat irritation, use Listerine full strength as a gargle. Keep it up systematically.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria in mouth and throat, and halts many an ailment before it becomes dangerous.

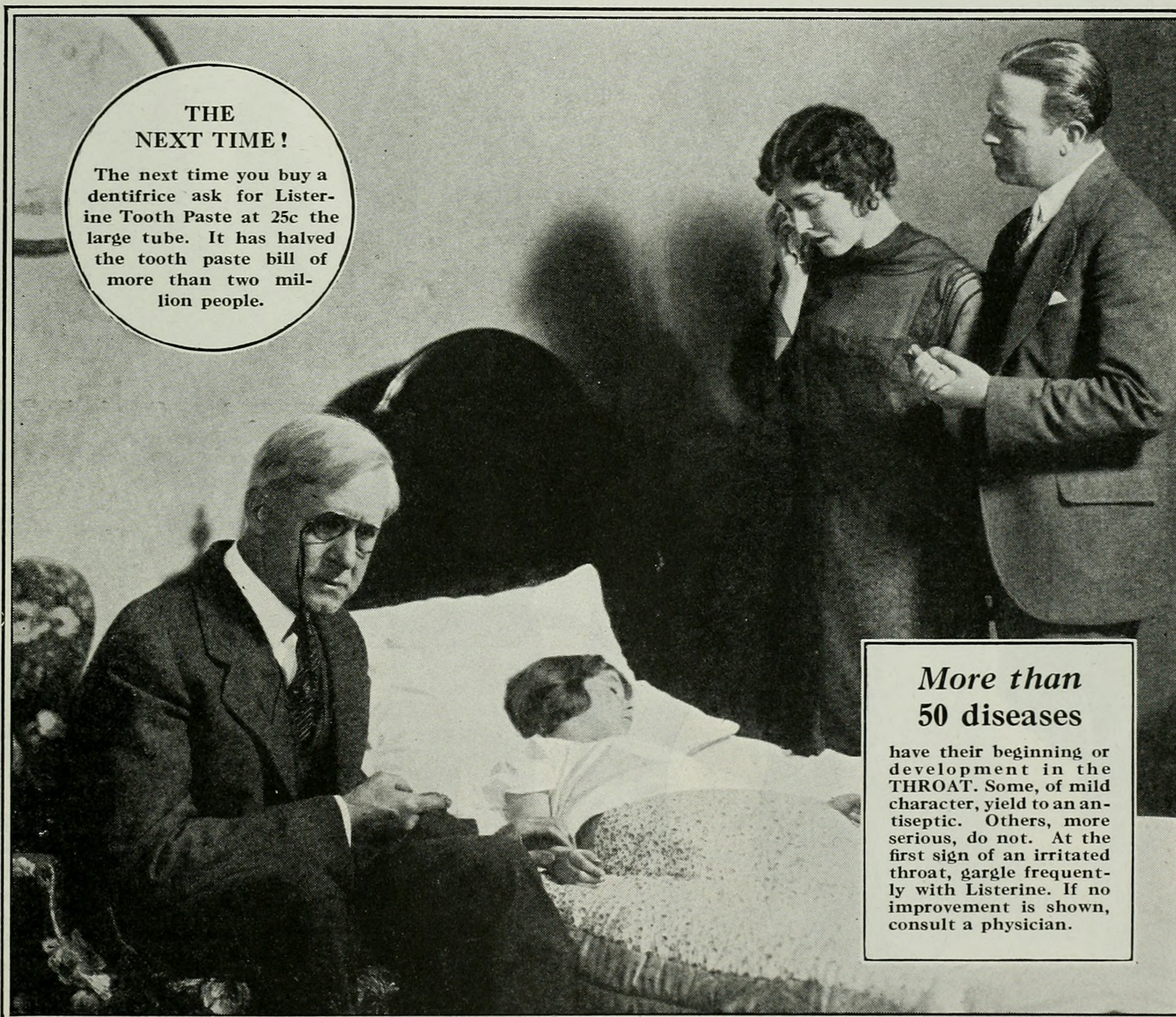
During winter weather, when you are usually subjected to poor air and sharp changes in temperature, it's a good idea to use Listerine every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

This pleasant and easy precaution may spare you a trying and painful siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat

THE NEXT TIME!

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.



More than 50 diseases

have their beginning or development in the THROAT. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine. If no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

L I S T E R I N E

-the safe antiseptic

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"What a rip-roaring fire it would make," he murmured. "Why don't we write a scenario and burn it down in a picture."

And that's why "Sin Town" is now in production, with the burning of a town as one of its salient features.

That, friends, is how one scenario was written.

WHAT these fans won't ask to have autographed next!

A girl was visiting the Paramount lot, met William Powell, handed him her raincoat with an urgent solicitation that he write his name upon it.

So Bill affably signed, "From one slicker to another."

REMEMBER young Iris Stuart who made such a brave start in Hollywood about a year ago? Iris, an experienced model, had a fine career mapped out for herself and a nice contract to back up her hopes when suddenly she became ill and had to leave Hollywood.

It was a tough break, but Iris went quietly to her aunt's home in Coopers-town, N. Y., and there recovered her

Stiller. "Americans give you more opportunities," Hanson says.

"They say in substance, 'You're an actor, now act.' They make you create your rôles."

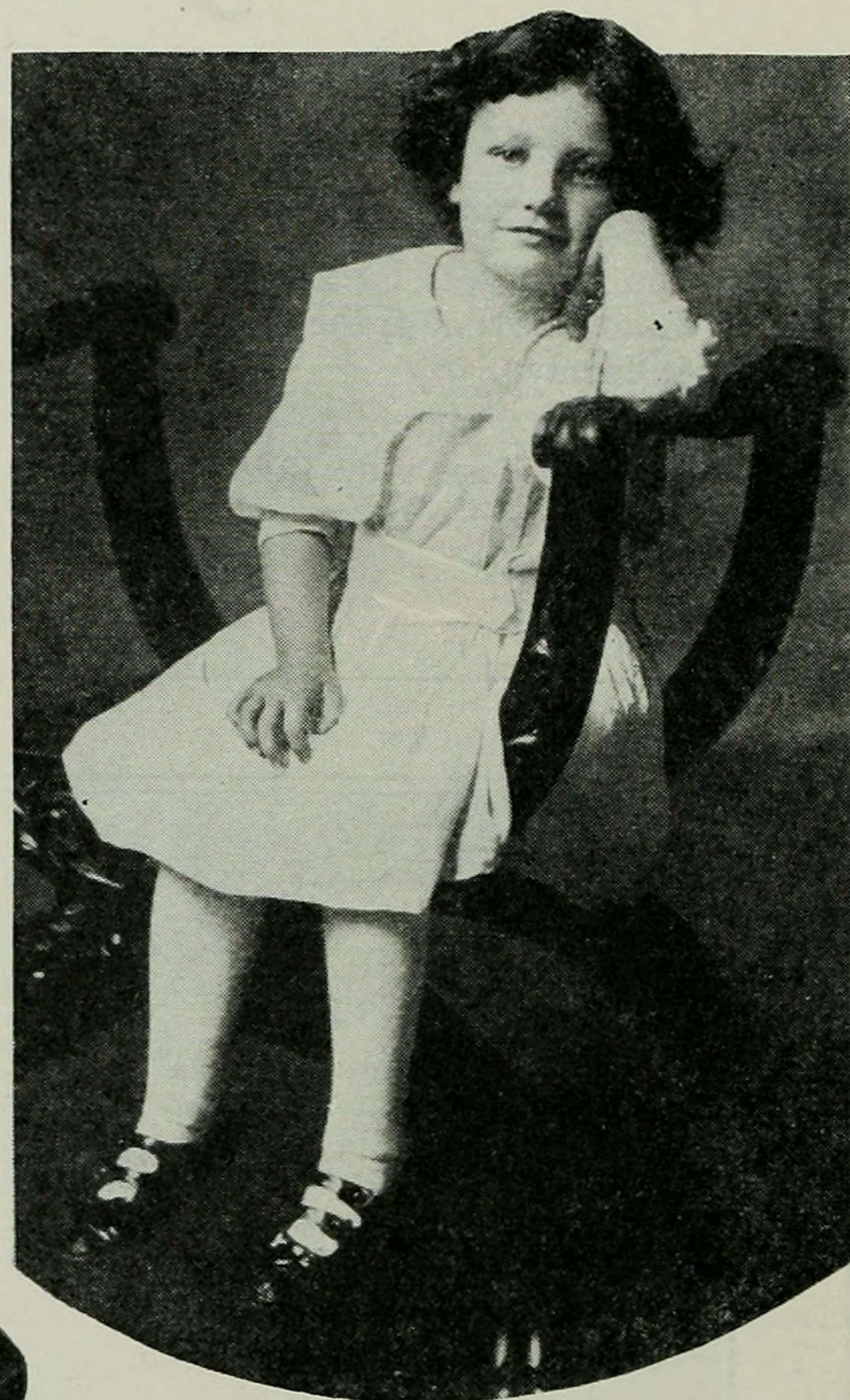
WHEN W. C. Fields was injured, Wilson Mizner sent him the following telegram:

"Sorry you are hurt. My blood is two-thirds formaldehyde from drinking Hollywood gin. However if you need blood transfusion can let you have two quarts."

THIS really has all the elements of a short story.

A certain studio, ambitious for "big names" in its scenario department has established the custom of importing famous authors from the east to Hollywood, putting them under a high salary for a short period and commissioning them to turn out an "idea."

In almost every case the "ideas" so turned out have been quite



Joan Crawford at the age of four years and one of the prettiest little girls in Texas. The neighbors knew her as young Lucille Le Sueur



At last Marion Davies' imitations, the treat of every Hollywood party, come to the screen. In "The Patsy," Marion imitates Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mae Murray. King Vidor, her director, is the fellow who is comparing one of the take-offs with the original model

health. She has returned to Hollywood, looking more beautiful than ever.

LARS HANSON and his wife, formerly known on the Swedish stage as Karlin Nolander, sailed for Sweden to spend the holidays. In New York Hanson expressed himself as liking to work for American directors, although he has a great personal admiration for his countryman, Victor Seastrom and Maurice

worthless but because of the money expended upon them, they have been turned over to some writer already on the studio staff with instructions to turn them into epic continuities.

ONE young writer, who must be nameless, got tired of this situation. She was receiving about half the salary, none of the publicity the visiting writers got, and all the work.

Accordingly she recently hied herself to New York, locked herself in a hotel room and turned out some fiction. It sold immediately to the major magazines with the result that the smart young thing is returning to Hollywood, signed to a contract twice as big and three times as long as her former one.

Having seen her in print, her company now knows she's good.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

“ I love it as I did expensive French soap..it gives my skin the same smoothness ”



“It does make me feel so much lovelier”

NOW America has learned the way to make toilet soap by the French method for just ten cents!

How eagerly it has been welcomed—this new different toilet soap! Already in just two years it is the delight of seven million families! “Only expensive French soaps ever left my skin so smooth” —“it makes my skin as beautifully smooth as the French soaps I used to pay a whole dollar for!”

Naturally, for Lux Toilet Soap is made exactly as the finest French soap is made. In her cult of woman’s loveliness France found

a special way of making soap — to give a woman’s skin satin smoothness!

But the French method was costly, especially since so little French soap was made. It was only when America found literally millions of women wanting a finer toilet soap that one could be made

by the famous French method and still be kept reasonable in price. Then came Lux Toilet Soap for just ten cents. As luxurious as costly French soap! Made by the makers of your indispensable Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

“Is any one thing of first importance in making a woman beautiful?” the famous artist, McClelland Barclay, who paints the exquisite, wholesome loveliness of the American girl as no one else, was recently asked. “Decidedly,” answered Mr. Barclay, “a smooth skin is absolutely necessary—you can’t have beauty without that.”

★ THE DOLLAR A CAKE LUXURY OF FRENCH SOAP, NOW 10c ★

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Do you remember Richard Harding Davis' Van Bibber stories? Tyler Brooks is playing Van Bibber in a series of short comedies that Fox is filming around the Davis character

MARY PHILBIN admits to excitement because a famous Hollywood fortune teller said she was to play in another Von Stroheim picture.

HOMER'S Iliad may be one of the most famous yarns in the world, but this actually happened at a matinee of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Two women watched, with breathless interest, the Greeks as they worked their famous gag with the Wooden Horse. When the soldiers emerged from the big Dobbin, one woman turned to her friend and said: "Ha, I knew all along that there was something queer about that horse."

CONRAD VEIDT made history among motion picture extras the other day, during a scene in "The Man Who Laughs," on the Universal lot.

It was in the House of Lords. Mr. Veidt, who maintains a huge grin supposed to have been cut upon his face, was interpreting a dramatic scene. He held this grotesque expression upon his face, without a touch of make-up, through 250 feet of film. As he staggered down the House of Lords in the last tense moments of the scene, the extras could hardly wait until his exit to burst into a spontaneous acclamation of applause. Something I had never seen any group of extras do before.

"Encore. Encore!" They stamped and yelled. There were several. For what motion picture scene was ever made without at least a half a dozen retakes?

I SAW Maria Corda, the current cinema sensation of New York, just before the holidays, three different times in three different settings and each time she gave a different but no less delightful performance of Maria Corda being Maria Corda.

The first occasion for a luncheon for the press, given with much high-hatting at the Ritz. Maria, appearing in a pearl grey chiffon afternoon frock, was then the sweet, shy foreigner meeting the oh, so powerful press people. At the opening performance of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" she wore a picturesque gown of tulle, shading from lemon to flame color and reaching to the floor. She entered, after a suave and delightful introduction by John Erskine, the professor who wrote the best-seller, a nervous star, childishly eager for plaudits.

Finally I saw Maria at a party her fellow countryman, Willy Pogany, gave for her. She was probably the real Corda there, a gay, delightful Hungarian with a sparkling sense of humor and a love of life. A great actress, this Madame Corda.

HENRY FORD'S career has been crowned with success. Elinor Glyn says his new car has IT.

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, has returned from Europe with several European offers and a collection of Bond Street clothes. And with a lot of interesting stories of film producing in England. Among the various pests of the foreign producers are the gentlemen who seek positions on the strength of vast experience in America. Most of them are unknowns.

AT least Olive Borden has one consolation along with that broken contract which has caused so much Hollywood gossip.

George O'Brien has been rushing her madly since his return from Europe.

But it is nothing serious, Olive insists, and proves it by letting him go to a buffet supper given by Virginia Valli in his honor.

HARRY LANGDON approached the entrance of a tony Los Angeles apartment house on Christmas Eve with a large turkey under his arm, a gift to a friend.

"Hey, you!" shouted the doorman, "go in the delivery entrance."

Harry obeyed him, and when he came out handed the doorman his card.

"If you ever come out to the First National studio," he said, "I'll see that you walk right in the main entrance."

LIGHTS on dimmed stars—Dorothy Dalton, looking very gay and beautiful, though a bit heavy as to figure, pushing her way through the throng in the smoking room in her husband's, Arthur Hammerstein's, new theater. It was the opening night of Hammerstein's most ambitious production, "Golden Dawn," but Dorothy was engaged in the act of calling the attention of the smoking room maid to the cigarette butts careless patrons had thrown on the carpets. . . .

Geraldine Farrar, white-haired and radiant, staging a come-back on the concert stage and falling flat on the stage, because of sheer fright, on her first entrance. . . . Clara Kimball Young, emerging from a quiet, faintly shabby West Side hotel, unknown, unnoticed.

Such is fame!

DOROTHY CUMMINGS, the Madonna of "The King of Kings," won the right to divorce her husband. Cecil De Mille sought to stop the suit, on the grounds that such conduct was unbecoming a Madonna. However, since the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Dorothy Dwan is fond of motor boating and has borrowed Gloria Swanson's speed boat, appropriately named the Sadie Thompson. Dorothy drove thirty-five miles an hour in a contest held recently at Elsinore Lake, California

Now Ready!

AN IMPROVED KOTEX

Offering Two New Exclusive Features:

- 1 *A new, form-fitting shape . . .* you wear it under the most clinging gowns without possibility of detection, without marring smooth, fashionable lines.
- 2 *It is softer, too—fluffier—eliminating unpleasant chafing and binding.*

WITH the presentation of the new style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

What form-fitting means

You can wear the new Kotex without self-consciousness no matter how close fitting your gown, how thin and clinging its fabric.

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely, and is worn in the knowledge that closest-fitting gowns will retain their slim, smooth lines.

This brings a composure, a sense of well-being, heretofore impossible.

Softer—fluffier—chafing eliminated

New exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer*. Chafing, binding, similar discomforts are eliminated.

Utmost protection is afforded delicate, sensitive skin. The importance of such an improvement cannot be exaggerated.

The improved Kotex retains all the advantages of the old Kotex, including the same area of effective absorbent surface you have always known.

Women doctors, nurses, approve

Women doctors, nurses in hospitals, in welfare departments—have given these improvements their enthusiastic approval. So will you! Your good health, your comfort, are considered—and, for the first time, your appearance.

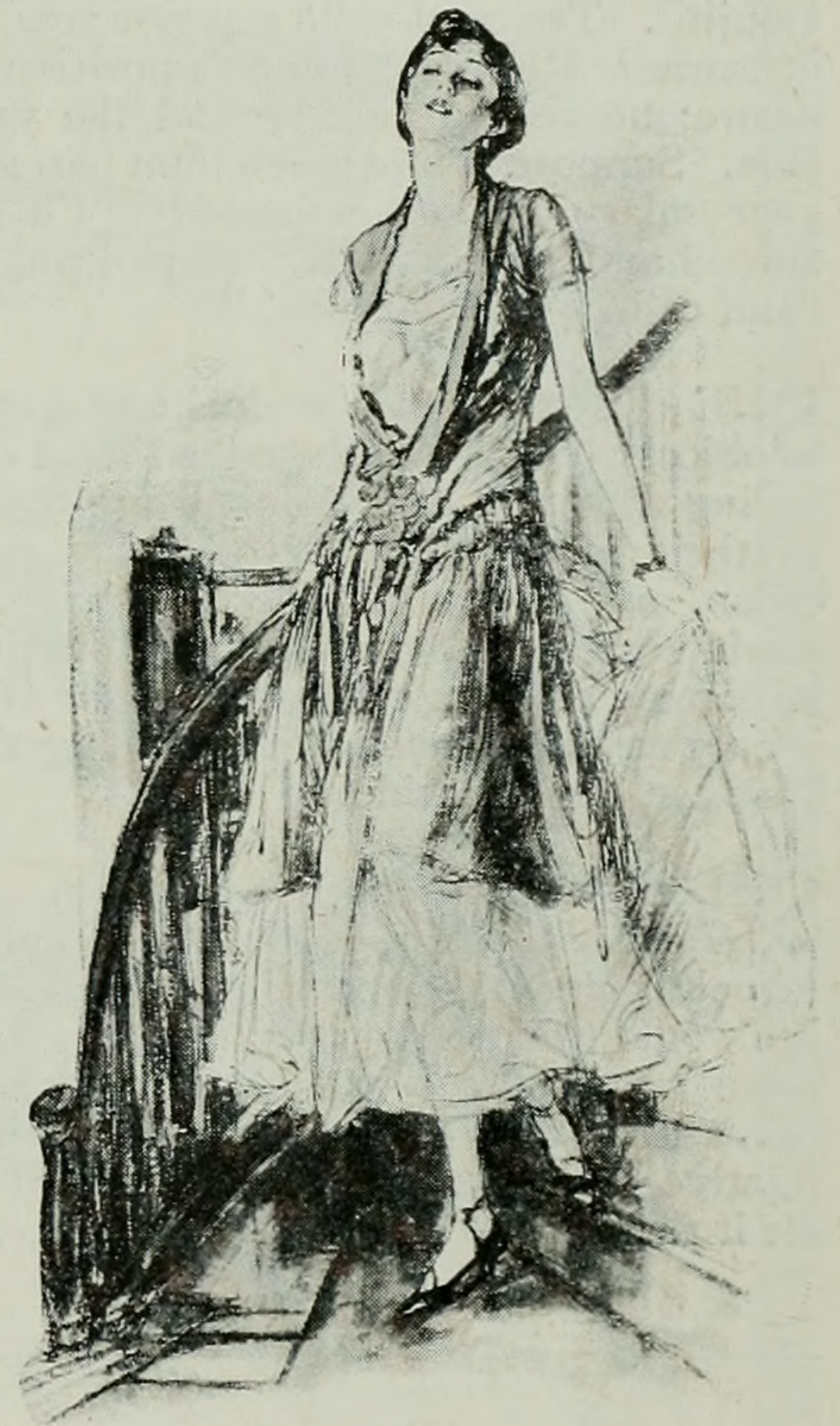
Embarrassment now definitely ended

Utter safety is assured by the remarkable Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex . . . for it is 5 times more absorbent than cotton; it discards like tissue—you simply follow the directions given in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while worn.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the improved Kotex. Buy a box today. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



How gaily social events can now be met . . . No limitations set by physical handicap . . . The lines of any gown, however clinging, will remain smooth, unbroken.



No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

A Lady Surrounded by Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

are a minor note—here evenings are like unto seventeenth century salons, when Ninon d'Enclos reigned, and wit matched beauty. . . . So say authors with better memories than mine. I will confess, however, that when I regard the etchings on the walls—one of the Snyder Murder and another of Billy Sunday astride the pulpit—I distinctly recall what Moliere said of Ninon:

"She has the keenest sense of the absurd of any woman I know."

PRINGLE has a rapacious wit. It plays over Hollywood like the searchlight of the Carthay movie theater. No absurdity escapes it. With the selective eye of a dramatist she creates a revue of shams and foibles. Her frankness inspires an awful reverence among the fear-dumb moujiks. Terror of exile was not greater in tsaristic Russia. No one's position is secure; hence the flattery and the yes-men. Suppose you're given bum parts or your salary is not increased? "I'll go abroad and write a book," snaps Pringie, "and call it 'Sour Grapes.'"

SHE dissects with a scalpel and a cool objectivity. While she talks I have the feeling that slim bright knives are flying to their mark with death-dealing precision, and all the time her face has the marble serenity of a madonna's, offering no comment whatsoever on what she says—only now and then a swift bright gust of laughter, like an aside.

SHE might have been a surgeon. As a child, frilled out for Sunday school by a pious mother, little Aileen Bisbee would whisk away to a mortuary and there with the assistance of the mortician's little daughter she'd spend investigative hours sticking pins in the dead to see if they'd bleed.

As a debutante she bolted her first tea party in order to make the rounds of operating rooms with a surgeon, friend of the family.

THE interest in surgery was supplanted by an ambition for the drama, but on that there was a paternal curb. So she created her own. She married Charles Pringle, son of Sir James Pringle, and went to New York to live while he went to war.

But she couldn't sit in a hotel all day and twiddle her thumbs and it wasn't the season for flÿes, so she decided to do pictures with the idea of correcting certain social errors.

With this determination she dispatched the family lawyer to live at the Lambs club for necessary contacts.

She supposed it was her histrionic talent that got her the first part. But the director had had other persuasion. The star of the company had a meagre wardrobe; Madame Pringle of the Ritz could dress up the picture with authentic gems and Paris gowns.

The extra arrived from the Ritz in a Rolls-Royce to take the boat for location. Her friends considering the thing a hilarious stunt had so filled her car with orchids and fruit that it resembled a prize float. "Bon Voyage!" went up with shrieks of laughter.

PRINGLE'S part consisted in walking through scenes with her fictional mother. But her artistic conscience was alert. When the director ordered her to enter a carriage ahead of her mother she cried, "Certainly not! I would never do such a thing!"

The director mumbled something about footage.

"That's of no importance to me," cried Madame, the extra, assisting her mother in. "What would my friends say if they

saw me entering a carriage before my mother? Simply impossible."

AS I've noted, she would be a queen were queens not out of season. Elinor Glyn so recognized and cast her for "Three Weeks."

Alice Terry and I dined with Queen Pringie shortly after a review appeared saying the Queen had the warmth of an Eskimo pie.

This ran up the royal temperature to a warmth which the reviewer would have found uncomfortable had he happened around.

Madame Glyn said it was the first touch of the common she had seen in Pringie—the reading of vulgar papers. "Go to the mirror at once," she urged, "and say I'm Pringie, I'm Elinor's Queen."

The advice was unnecessary. Pringie in wrath is majestic enough. The reviewer has since apologized, reformed, and become an Author.

I MIGHT expatiate indefinitely on the Lure, but, as the good 'a Kempis says of compunction, "I'd rather feel it than know its definition."

There's her beauty, imperial if not classic—but you have her pictures before you.

And not least in her spell for authors is her art of listening. I've often wondered what the sirens did to hold their victims after the come-hither song. Now I know they sat and listened to the gentlemen's croakings.

Pringie listens with an intensity that's mesmerizing. An author goes home feeling very proud of himself, and he who is not an author goes home feeling he's been made one.

Thank God I'm an Author . . . It's elegant!

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

the movies as a menace if the little innocents want to know why the man is chasing the lady around the table. Libraries contain both the *Elsie* books and Balzac's novels, yet no one considers the libraries dangerous, except possibly Mayor Thompson of Chicago.

ELECTA A. SARGENT.

All for Many

Salt Lake City, Utah.

"My Best Girl" excels any other star's picture. Once more the public will be loyal and steadfast to Mary Pickford. Let each and every one of us hope that Mary will produce "Joan of Arc" for her next picture.

R. ROTHERY.

Not So Loyal

I read Kathleen Norris' "My Best Girl" and thought it a very sweet and appealing little story and looked forward with much

pleasure to seeing Mary Pickford in the movie version. And when I did, what a disappointment! It was just about as punk and mediocre a picture as possible. It was just a repetition of Mary Pickford in every other part I ever saw her play.

MRS. EDITH MADDOX.

How to Keep Young

Los Angeles, Calif.

Your magazine is fine, but some of your articles lay too much stress on youth in years. If I'd believe all I read, I'd want to commit suicide before I ever reached the sublime old age of thirty. But, you see, I'm modern and young and always intend to be, so the articles don't worry me. Just because man invented years to keep some sort of record of events, is no sign that a year is anything in God's sight. Keeping track of one's own years and of others' is a good way to become old. Let's forget the stars' years, as they mean nothing, but

notice how well a life is lived, or how fine an art is portrayed for the world.

M. A. ROBINSON.

Saving the Younger Generation

Kansas City, Mo.

People are always talking about the way the younger generation "carry on." Just think of all the extra time they would have to "carry on" if it weren't for the movies!

MRS. J. B. K.

So Do We

Salt Lake City, Utah.

I feel indignant about the report that the missionary preacher in "Rain" is to be tamed. What beautiful conflict will be spoiled if that is done. So "Anna Karenina" is to be called "Love" because we morons must have our sex appeal! Really I wish they wouldn't do that.

J. H. ENGBECK.

James Cruze,

Director of Feature Photoplays,

writes:

"In the direction of any of my big pictures, and especially during the filming of the Covered Wagon, the constant use of my voice demands that I keep it in first-class condition. As a cigarette smoker it was necessary that I find a cigarette which I could smoke without any chance of throat irritation or cough. After trying them all, I decided on Luckies. They are mild and mellow—which both protects the throat and gives real smoke enjoyment."

James Cruze



MADE OF
THE CREAM OF
THE CROP

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

The Ask Me Another Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Jobyna Ralston, who is the most mid-Victorian of all the feminine stars, asked: "Why do Elinor Glyn's characters always endure such a long, lingering death in bed?"

Mr. Lambert thought a moment and then replied: "Because Madame Glyn receives a dollar a word for her scripts."

A GLANCE at the racks in which were stored thousands of liquor bottles brought the following remark:

"Did you know that prohibition was first tried out in this country one hundred and ninety-three years ago? This is a fact that seems to have escaped most historians. Savannah, Georgia, was the town. But then no effort was made to have the act enforced.

"You wonder what's become of Sally? Well, we'll clean that one up right now. Sally—our Sally!—is just now out to one of the studios being fixed up for tomorrow's shots. For poor little Sally is to be buried in the burning sands of a synthetic desert. She is Hollywood's most famous skeleton—a real one. Frail, bony Sally has earned this company over four thousand dollars. She has worked in two hundred and sixty-four pictures; has had twenty broken bones replaced and will, like Tennyson's Brook, probably 'go on forever.' There is something fascinating about a human skeleton.

"I can't show you Sally, but here's Bill who has lately decided upon a movie career. Bill, it seems, is a fitting mate for Sally. His bones were found in Death Valley beside a rusty musket. Strewed around him were forty empty shells. Before biting the dust Bill had evidently accounted for more than one bad Indian.

"Speaking of Indians, fifteen years ago no tobacconist's store was considered complete without one. Today they are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Here are five mute Redmen, the last in this part of the country. I call them 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"

BESIDES being research director Mr. Lambert is also the vice president and purchasing agent for the Western Costume Company. He is in daily touch, through various foreign agents, with the four corners of the globe. If given a little time he can procure anything—a white elephant or a tsetse fly.

"Once," and Mr. Lambert grinned, "I cabled frantically all over the old world in my search for a human giant. Later, when hope had nearly departed, a real live giant walked into the office to dispose of some heirlooms. He had just landed from Sweden and had no idea of going into the movies. Here is something to think about:

"Many war heroes come in to dispose of medals won by valor. They claim that they never want to see them again."

"That might also go for scenario writers," I remarked. "There are thousands in this country that believe their scripts are returned unread from the studios."

"And they are ninety-nine per cent right," he rejoined. "Scenarios, so-called, come to Hollywood by the train-load. Everyone seems to think the art simple. But they're only stirring up grief for themselves. Unexpected suits in the courts, charging motion picture producers with plagiarism, are threatening to close the scenario market to the outside world. Instead of seeking material from unknown writers, studio executives look warily upon scripts that are sent in for inspection, and they are weighing the advisability of even reading them. The ultimate result may be the refusal to read anything that comes from outside the studio."

A dainty diamond-studded circlet was held up for my inspection. And Lambert told this story: "A certain star flipped it to me with the remark: 'Keep it, dear boy, in memory of Diogenes, who endeavored to find something with a



The Ask Me Another Man says Broadway will always remember her as Imogene Wilson. But to movie audiences she hopes to be famous as Mary Nolan. Her beauty and ease before the camera are getting her some enviable breaks. Universal has signed her to appear with Norman Kerry in "The Foreign Legion"

lantern that couldn't be located with a searchlight. Me? I'm going out and find a brighter lantern.'"

The laughter following this story was broken by a department head who came in to state that a certain article was not in the building; had never been there.

"**YOU'RE** crazy!" And Lambert beckoned me. Then we three went down to a lower floor whereupon, with all the scenting instinct of a bloodhound, he threaded his way through a kaleidoscope of properties directly to the article. He invariably does that. Later that department head told me that he would rather take a whipping than ask his boss to locate something that was missing.

"In the costume departments many things happen. When costuming players for a big set it is discovered that they all expect to be in the first row. Each girl, who is costumed for a set on which four hundred players are to appear, demands special attention. One small blue-eyed woman, in a mob of seven hundred extras, wanted something to bring out the blue of her eyes. Another girl sought a costume that left nothing to the imagination and everything to self control.

"Jetta Goudal is considered to exercise the most attention to costume detail, while the Barrymores—John and Lionel—are very, very discriminating. On the whole men show better artistic taste and a sense of color value. In this particular John Gilbert is acclaimed the leader. And he is a real prince to work with. Women look at costumes from a standpoint of beauty and see them only as the wearer, while men keep in mind the viewpoint of their audience and also the character the costume is to portray.

"**I**N spite of color experience many of the stars and directors do not know what shade of grey will result from the use of various colors," continued Mr. Lambert. "For this reason practically everyone in Hollywood that has to do with pictures carries a little monocle of cobalt glass. Through this blue eye-glass one may see the approximate black and white effects of any costume or setting. Those who have visited a movie set and viewed the costumes under the glare of the Kleig lights have wondered how the ghastly appearance of the players ever softened on the screen. But glance through this bit of cobalt glass and everything appears exactly as it does on the screen.

"An idea of the tailors' abilities to do things in a hurry is demonstrated by the fact that fifteen hundred military uniforms have been designed, made to order, and turned out complete in every detail, including equipment, within thirty days. This rush order did not interfere with regular business, and is about one-eighth the time it would take an army contractor to do it.

"Three or four costumers often get out rush orders of fifty to one hundred costumes at an hour's notice. Once, at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

You must see NORMA in this— *her latest success*

Dolores "The Dove" seemed out of place in "The Yellow Pig Cafe." Her strumming guitar and her languorous songs caused all sorts and types of men to long and fight for her. Against the odds of sordid surroundings, and in spite of them, she had the courage and fire to fight for her soul and her lover.

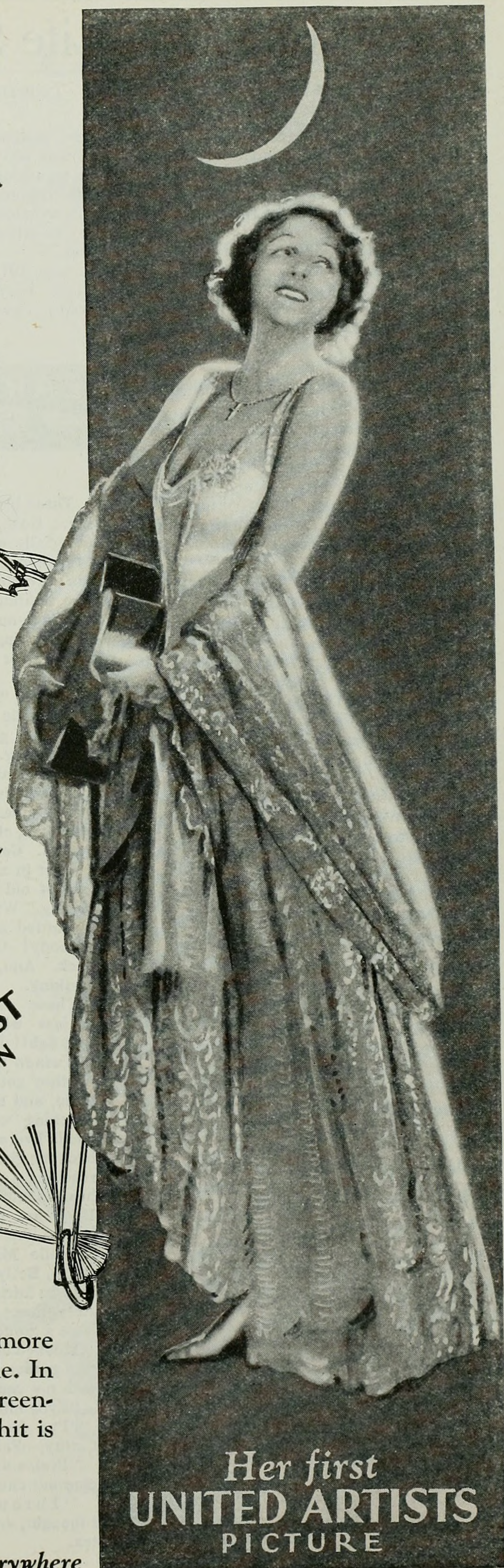
Joseph M. Schenck
Presents

NORMA TALMADGE
in David Belasco's
great stage success
"THE DOVE"
with
Noah Beery and Gilbert Roland
adapted by Roland West and
Wallace Smith from Willard Mack's Play
A ROLAND WEST PRODUCTION



Here is Norma Talmadge, more beautiful in her greatest role. In romance and color, this screening of the famous Belasco hit is a glorious triumph.

See it at *Finest Theatres—Everywhere*



Her first
UNITED ARTISTS
PICTURE

The True Life Story of Lon Chaney

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Macpherson, but I was really happy. For years out on the road I'd battered through awful boarding houses and cheap restaurants. Now I was in a miracle land where the sun shone all the time and I had a home. No touring and I had a sure twelve to fifteen dollars a week. I hoped, hoped constantly for something better, but that much was good. Hollywood was a village of shadowy lanes, orange groves and carnations. I loved it then. I love it yet."

THERE is no sight in life more thrilling than that of a human being who has found his true destiny. Lon was now being as nearly urbane as his lonely temperament would let him. He leaned back against the white birch tree trunks that formed the arbor, peacefully content.

"Tell me about the opportunity Jeanie Macpherson gave you," I prompted.

"Gee, we were in awe of her," Lon said. "First, she was a lady. Then she had a foreign education, had played Broadway, had worked under D. W. Griffith in New York, and finally she had the ability to write as well as act her own pictures.

"She wrote and acted a feature a week. I've forgotten the name of the one in which she first cast me but I do remember that if she had been anyone else I would have refused to play the scene. It was straight character drama and I was convinced I was a comedian.

"I had to be an outraged husband who discovered his wife in another man's arms. Desperately I walked into the scene and started calling my wife names. I had done a lot of listening in my life and I discovered I had quite a store of names to call an erring wife. I raved on until Miss Macpherson's laughter stopped me. I thought that finished me but she was only laughing at my vehemence. She then directed me through the scene, ordering me to keep my mouth shut."

Shortly after that Jeanie Macpherson had a nervous breakdown from overwork. With her health restored, she forgot Universal and joined the growing Lasky Feature Company as assistant to Cecil B. De Mille, for whom her most recent work was the scenario for "The King of Kings."

SHE would probably have helped Lon Chaney more, had she stayed. As it was, that one picture lifted him from the ranks. The studio began giving him regular bits and he jumped from comedy to characterizations, from Italian dramas to cow operas, never being more than one week on any picture and working constantly.

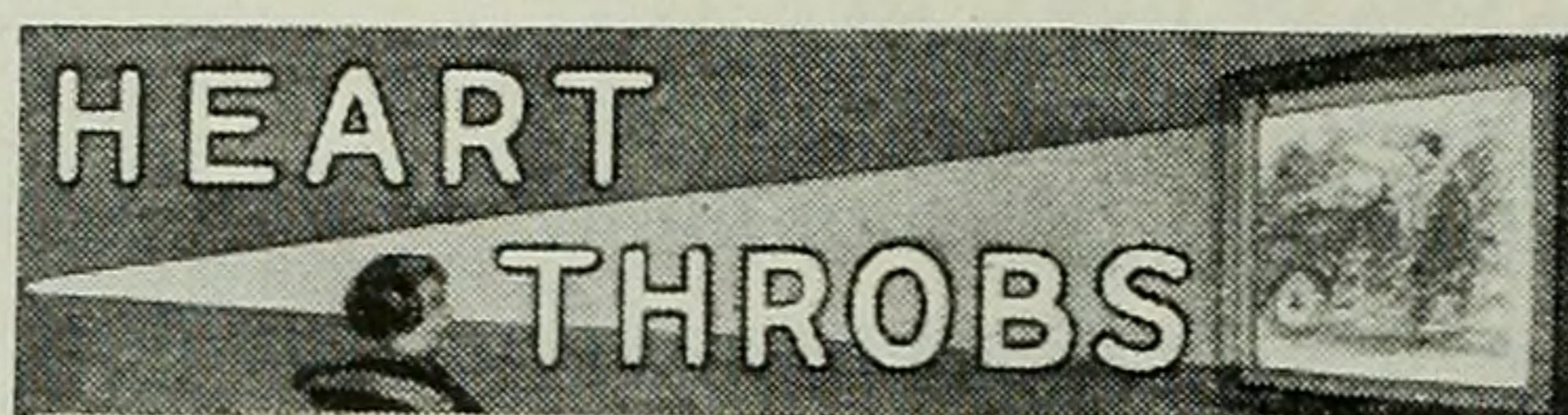
A man of less morose, less idealistic temperament might not have builded for fame from that novitiate. But Lon plodded along, solemnly, hopefully, driven by a soul desire which he himself but dimly understood.

He took a whirl at directing J. Warren Kerrigan for six months. He made good

on the assignment but the grease paint urge was too strong for him. He went back to acting, learning make-up, learning technique.

Nevertheless it took six years for his salary to advance to one hundred dollars a week.

It was 1918 and the big stars were William Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, Fatty Arbuckle, Fran-



Tetotum, Va.

Three blankets deep—and shivering. Gosh, East winds are nippy, especially when one's been ordered to bed on a porch for six months and it's only the second week! Nothing but fighting the old "temp" and cough on and on, hopelessly. Everybody buying spiffy new clothes, and no togs for me but pajamas and a bathrobe!

I closed "Romola" with a shudder. Not a smile in all its dark pages; not once that glorious, swept-off-one's-feet feeling.

I felt bleak as the East wind; I had lost faith in everything. Thinking over the past, I didn't wonder. But unlocking old memory chests is dangerous. Could I fight on?

Over in a corner, I spied a collection of old magazines. I'd go exploring. Wriggling into my slippers, I scuttled across. PHOTOPLAYS—goody! Gathering them up, I slid back. And, after two hours, I was thinking.

These people of the screen—against what towering difficulties they fight! But they didn't stop when the winds blew East; they kept on till they got there. And because of them, and all they give their great, watching world of followers, lost ideals live again and romance brings back the gleam into drab lives. Love, reaching out, touches hardened hearts, and the fires of Faith and Hope are relit, to guide doubting souls—like mine.

While Mary Pickford brings us youth, Betty Bronson makes us believe in fairies and Thomas Meighan strengthens our trust in men. Why have a grouch with the world?

I looked out. The sun shone across the garden and there was Cinthy with my supper.

"Eyes mighty bright," quoth she.

"I've found something I'd lost, Cinthy,—Faith."

"Praise de Lawd! Child got religion out cher by herself."

"Through PHOTOPLAY," I thought, and smiled as I stirred my tea.

F. G. B.

cis X. Bushman, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Marguerite Clark. High salaries were the mode and Lon Chaney felt he was worth a little more than he was earning. He sought out William Siström, then studio manager of Universal, and asked for \$125 a week on a five year contract. Mr. Siström, revealing that he was just a typical wise supervisor, stated that he knew a good actor when he saw one but that looking directly at Lon Chaney he only saw a washout. He added that Lon would never be worth \$125 a week to any company. Lon walked off the lot. He was thirty-five years old and success was still invisible.

THE curly-haired boys and girls were then holding forth," Lon said. "Character work meant nothing. I went from one studio to the other but I soon discovered I was totally unknown except at Universal. At first I wasn't frightened. I had saved my money in those six years. I had a little home and my boy was going to school. But as the weeks became months I began to believe Siström wasn't such an idiot. Then Bill Hart saved my life."

Lon's whole face softened as he recalled that friendly act of Bill Hart's. Bill cast Lon for the rôle of heavy in "Riddle Gwan," overriding his manager's objections that Chaney was too short, fighting the officials who wanted to cut Lon from the finished picture. Bill Hart was a power in 1918 and he could get away with anything.

"Riddle Gwan" was Lon's first release on an important program. From it he got two other engagements and then George Loane Tucker sent for him.

"Tucker didn't really want me for the rôle of the cripple in 'The Miracle Man,'" Lon confessed. "He wanted a professional contortionist, but the five he had already tried out in the part couldn't act it. When Tucker described the part to me I knew my whole future rested on my getting it.

TUCKER explained that the first scene he would shoot would be the one where the fake cripple unwound himself before his pals. If I could do that, I got the job.

"I went home to try to think it out. I'm not a contortionist, of course. It would have been easier lots of times in my subsequent work if I had been. While I was sitting, pondering over that part I unconsciously did a trick I've done since childhood. I crossed my legs, then double crossed them, wrapping my left foot around my right ankle. I caught sight of myself in the mirror and jumped up to try walking that way.

"I found I could do it with a little practice. Then I rushed out to buy the right clothes.

"When I came to the studio on the test day Tucker was already behind the camera. He gave me one glance and called 'Camera.' I flopped down, drag-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

MIRRORS OF LIFE

In Them You
See
YOUTH—
BEAUTY—
IMAGINATION—
BURNING
ROMANCE



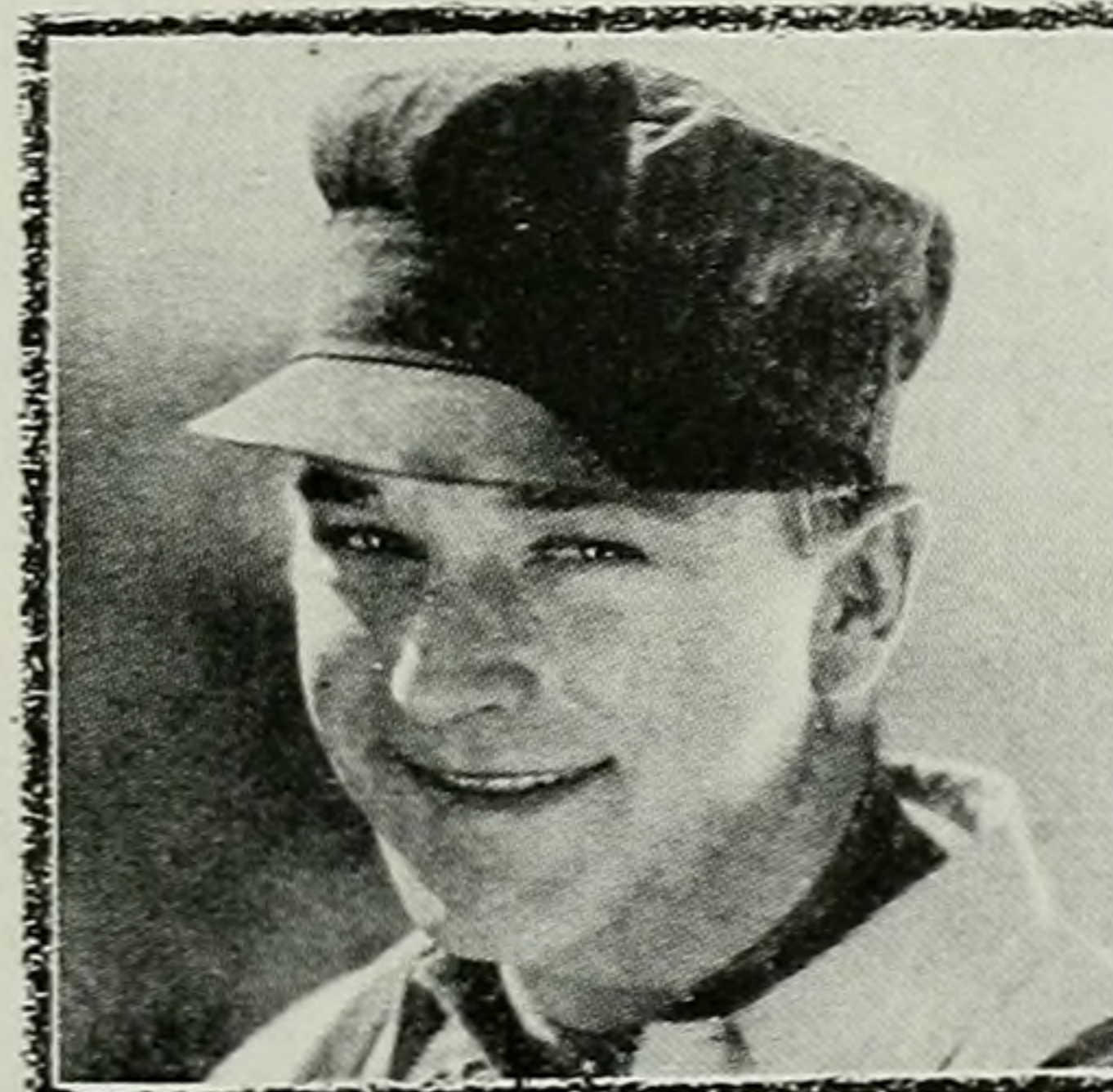
PHYLLIS HAVER
in
"CHICAGO"



LEATRICE JOY
in
"THE BLUE DANUBE"



NENA QUARTARO
in
"THE RED MARK"



WILLIAM BOYD
in
"THE NIGHT FLYER"



ROD LA ROCQUE
in
"HOLD 'EM, YALE"



Coming

These superb entertainments from the great De Mille Studios.

"Chicago"

With Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. Directed by Frank Urson. From the famous play by Maurine Watkins. A maelstrom of emotions—the story of a wife who tried to get away with it.

"The Blue Danube"

Starring Leatrice Joy, with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. Directed by Paul Sloane. Associate Producer, Ralph Block. A witching title for a rarely beautiful romance.

"The Red Mark"

With Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Rose Dione and Gustav Von Seyffertitz. Personally directed by James Cruze. Remember the famous "Ticket of Leave Man"? This is that sort of a gripping drama and presents Nena Quartaro, a real "find," in her very first picture.

"The Night Flyer"

Starring William Boyd and featuring Jobyna Ralston. Directed by Walter Lang under the supervision of James Cruze. A railroad drama as powerful and fast moving as the "20th Century Limited."

"Hold 'Em, Yale"

Starring Rod La Rocque. Directed by E. H. Griffith. Produced by Hector Turnbull. The title tells the story, but it can't tell how fascinating this gem of college stories is.

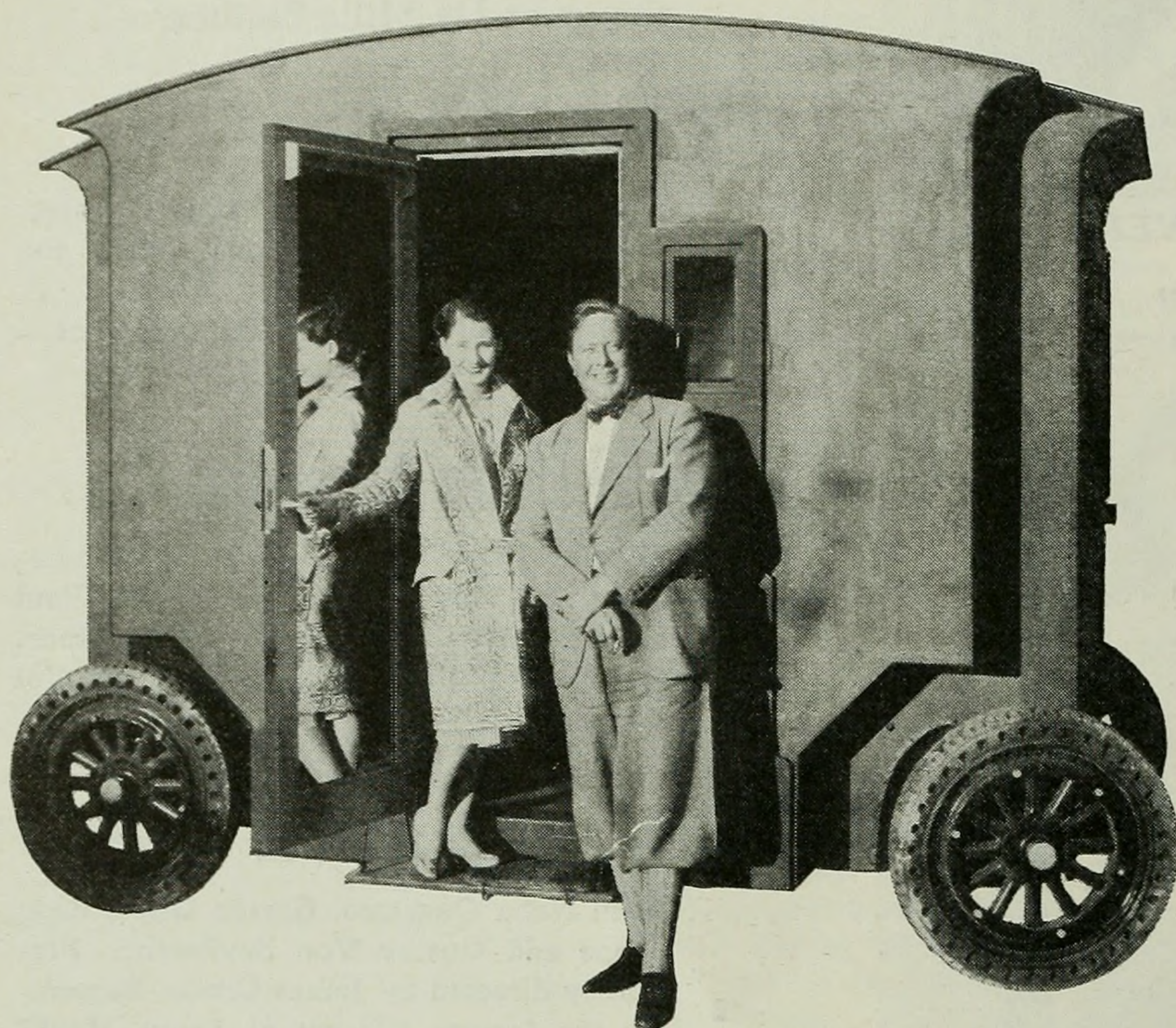
Pathé

Exchange, Inc.

Foreign Distributors of De Mille Productions
Producers International Corporation,
Wm. Vogel, President

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



Norma Shearer shows her new portable dressing room to Robert Z. Leonard. The dressing room was presented to Norma by her husband, Irving Thalberg, as a wedding gift

option on Miss Cummings' contract with De Mille was not renewed, she went right ahead and obtained her freedom from Frank Elliott Dakin, an English actor.

AS you know, Florence Vidor's contract with Paramount was not renewed. Paramount claims that Miss Vidor's pictures did not bring in the coin at the box-office. So Florence was preparing to go to Germany. That handsome German menace, Mr. UFA, is flirting with lots of the girls.

Then up speaks Emil Jannings, whose Paramount contract gives him a say-so in selecting his casts. Mr. Jannings would have Miss Vidor and none other for his leading woman. Emil usually gets his way. For Emil's pictures *do* bring in the coin at the box-office.

MARION DAVIES, Adolphe Menjou, Seena Owen, Larry Grey, Fred Thomson, George K. Arthur, Dorothy Mackaill and other Hollywood celebrities were traveling north from Los Angeles on the train recently.

A University of Southern California football man going to Leland Stanford to see a game entered the private car by mistake, stood silent a moment, then walked over to George K. Arthur and held out his hand:

"I certainly know talent when I see it. Glad to meet you, Mr. Lupino Lane!"

Everyone else passed unnoticed. And this is a true story.

MARCEL DE SANO, a promising young director, has set a horrid precedent in Hollywood. De Sano has given up his salary of \$3,500 a week to quit the films and enter the University of Southern California. He has also sold his Lincoln and will buy a Ford—all that he may get an education.

AFTER one grand row with his wife, Viola Dana, Lefty Flynn packed his trunks and disappeared from Hollywood.

Even Viola didn't know where he was, until Lefty turned up as a ranch owner in Craig, Colo.

Viola isn't following him to the great open spaces, neither is she planning for an immediate divorce.

And Lefty has been quoted as saying: "If I never see Hollywood again, it will be soon enough."

All of which sounds like one of those back-to-nature conversions that you see in western films.

WE asked little Mary Brian if she's been falling in love, or doing anything exciting, recently.

"No," she naively answered. "But I might, if you wish, for publicity."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN has quit the movies for the legitimate stage. And, by way of a farewell address, he calls the movie producers more fancy names than even H. L. Mencken ever thought of.

Says Bushman: "The pioneers, the real showmen of the pictures, are all gone. Instead, we have only buttonhole makers and pants pressers. The attempts at economy have led them to place before a gullible public a crop of high school kids who have no idea of the art of acting."

With that parting shot, Bushman went out the door and banged it after him.

WHEN word reached Los Angeles from New York that another plagiarism suit had been filed against "The King of Kings," a local newspaper man called Cecil De Mille for a statement.

De Mille is said to have answered, "I have always supposed that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were responsible for this story."

Whereupon the reporter came back, "Just how does it happen then that Jeanie MacPherson's name is plastered over all the billboards?"



Here is a strange photograph of four young girls leaping right out of a sunset on the Pacific Ocean. Figure out for yourself how it is done. The girls are (1) Edna Marion, (2) Dorothy Coburn, (3) Martha Sleeper and (4) Viola Richard



FIRST STAR—"They tell me you'll endorse any cigarette for a consideration . . ."

SECOND STAR—"Sure, so long as the *consideration* isn't that I give up my Chesterfields!"

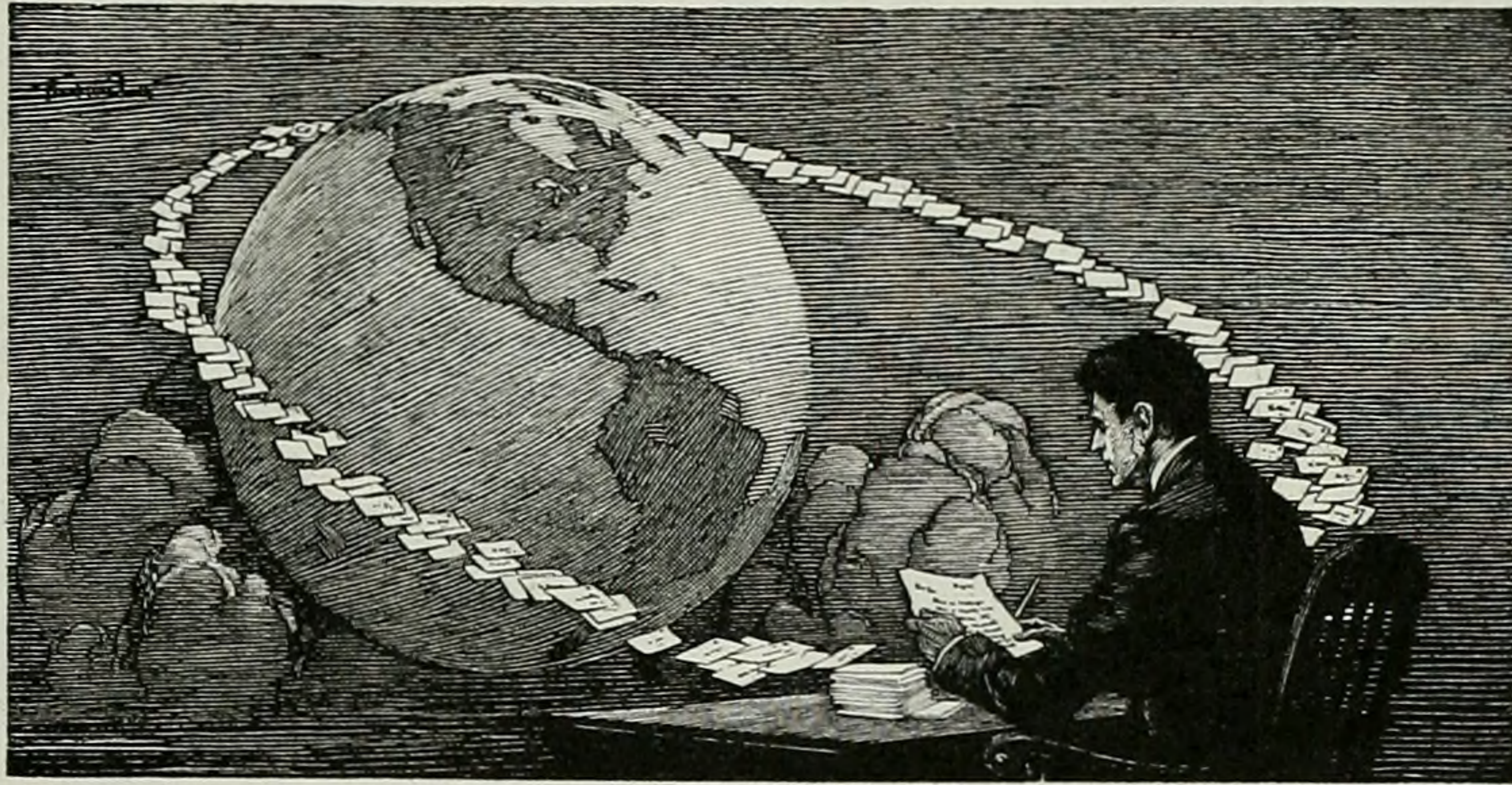


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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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.

JIM PANDY, SOURALAYA, JAVA.—First place, this month, to my most distant reader. Walter Pidgeon played opposite Dolores Costello in "Mannequin." Write to Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Greta Garbo is not engaged—as yet. But don't take my word as final in matters of this kind. You know how girls are. Nita Naldi has just returned to America after a long sojourn in Europe. Not working in pictures at present. How are the movies in your part of the world?

D. B., FORT WORTH, TEX.—Tom Mix was never married to the late June Mathis. Nor has Gloria Swanson ever counted John Boles among her husbands. Where did you pick up all those ideas? Katherine MacDonald's first husband was the late Malcolm Strauss. Irene Castle has retired from the screen.

MRS. T. R. C., AMARILLO, TEXAS.—A lot of Texans this month! Jeanie Macpherson adapted "Manslaughter" for Paramount.

J. D. P., MONTICELLO, IND.—Don Alvarado was the good-looking young fellow in "The Monkey Talks." He is twenty-four years old and his new film is "Drums of Love." Barbara Bedford was the girl in "Mockery." Born in Prairie du Chien, Wis., and twenty-five years old. Her next is "White Lights." Welcome and come again.

J. C. KLINE, INDEPENDENCE, PA.—Leila Hyams played opposite Johnny Hines in "White Pants." Cute, isn't she?

JANE, JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.—Joan Crawford, born Lucille La Sueur, is a native of San Antonio, Texas, but maybe her ancestors originally came from the Island of Jersey. It's a pretty name, but too hard to remember to make a good name for a star. Eleanor Boardman played in "Memory Lane." Carmel Myers is twenty-six years old and divorced. Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez are still married. Cortez is in France.

F. K., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Dorothy Dalton is married to Arthur Hammerstein, stage producer, and retired from the screen. Theodore Kosloff and Tully Marshall were also in "Law of the Lawless."

H. V. L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I hate to hear of family fights, so I'll settle the argument that Emil Jannings was on the stage for twelve years. He was a well-known actor in Germany before he went into the movies, so he never has played in minor parts. Richard Arlen's real name is Richard Van Mattenore and he was born in Charlottesville, Va., twenty-eight years ago.

I. H., ROYAL OAK, MICH.—You are "interested in Mary Brian"? So are a lot of other people. Mary has brown, unbobbed hair and she is nineteen years old. Not married. That is her real name and she was born in Corsicana, Texas. And her eyes are blue.

R. V., SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Tom Mix has two daughters—Ruth, who is grown-up, and Thomasina, aged five. Lois Moran was born on March 11, 1909. Cecil B. De Mille is an American and Nita Naldi is a native of New York. Drop in again, neighbor.

HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., twenty-six years ago. His real name is Frank J. Cooper.

Janet Gaynor is twenty-one years old and was born in Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes, it is possible for a girl over five feet, five inches to be a movie star. Anna Q. Nilsson and Alice Joyce are five feet, seven inches. Greta Garbo and Constance Talmadge are five feet, six inches. And Gertrude Astor is five feet, seven and one-half inches.

Lon Chaney is forty-four years old and was born in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tom Mix weighs 176 pounds and is just a half an inch short of six feet.

Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is twenty-eight years old.

Laura La Plante weighs 112 pounds and was born in St. Louis, Mo.

In writing to the stars for photographs, **PHOTOPLAY** advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

ELEANOR D., BLACKVILLE, S. C.—Ivor Novello played opposite Mae Marsh in "The White Rose." He's in England at present.

M. T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Braveheart" was adapted from the stage play, "Strongheart," by William C. de Mille.

R. S. C., RIVERSIDE, N. J.—I hate to break your heart by telling you that Lars Hanson is married. I'm sorry, but it's true. His next picture is "The Divine Lady." Lars has been in this country for a couple of years. Einar Hansen, who was not related to Lars, was born in Sweden in 1900. He was not married. Write to Lars Hanson at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TEDDY, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Here's a wise girl. She doesn't want to be a movie star because she doesn't think she has the qualifications. Good for you, Teddy. Charles Emmet Mack was the actor you liked in "Old San Francisco." Charles Mack was killed recently in an automobile accident, I am sorry to say.

E. V. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never heard of any other Antonio Moreno. There are few pictures now being made in New York. None of the regular studios are working.

VIOLET D., DETROIT, MICH.—It's Leap Year, and I open every letter in feminine hand-writing with a fluttering heart. Just a romantic old silly. Kenneth Thompson is a bachelor. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and five sisters, but none of them are in pictures. His sisters, I hear, are very beautiful. Warner Baxter has no children.

SALLY R., WORCESTER, MASS.—Let's get all these relationships straightened out. Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Esther and Jobyna Ralston aren't related. Pola Negri is Polish and recently married Serge Mdivani. Clara Bow is twenty-two years old, Lois Wilson is thirty-one, Vilma Banky is twenty-four, Richard Arlen is twenty-eight and Gloria Swanson is twenty-nine. Although I do not answer questions about religion, I am violating no confidences when I tell you that Eddie Cantor is Jewish.

E. H., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—You are not at all too fat. I'll prove it by giving you the comparative heights and weights you ask for. Alyce White is two and one half inches shorter than you and weighs 105 pounds. Mary Brian is also five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Louise Brooks is a half-inch shorter than you and weighs six pounds more. And Bebe Daniels, who is five feet, five inches, weighs 120 pounds.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]



Beware the Coated Tongue

EVERY physician since the days of Hippocrates has regularly examined the tongue of his patients.

For a white, furry tongue is the first and unerring index of disturbed bodily processes. It is a sure warning of intestinal stoppage, the underlying cause of many, many ills of life.

To correct the condition of stoppage signalled by a coated tongue, take Sal Hepatica—the standard effervescent saline. Sal Hepatica sweeps away accumulated food wastes promptly—usually within a half hour.

When you take Sal Hepatica you have taken the simple, basic step to avoid the headaches, and all the other enervating physical troubles due to stoppage. Sal Hepatica corrects stoppage, relieves acidity and gently flushes away the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as are found in the natural spring waters of the noted European spas. Like these health waters, Sal Hepatica is efficacious in the treatment of indigestion, disorders of the liver and kidneys, hyper-acidity, rheumatism and many other ills.

Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G 28, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



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How the Screen Hypnotizes You

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

lady who took a particular dislike to a wrought-iron chandelier which adorned the living room of a new house she purchased.

The chandelier got on her nerves so much that she finally had it replaced with an expensive crystal affair, selling the iron one to a junk dealer.

"I simply could not stand that hideous decoration," she said.

"I took five dollars just to get rid of it."

About a month later the lady attended a picture in one of the scenes of which an iron chandelier, almost identical with the one she had scrapped, played an important part.

It appeared in a luxurious and harmonious setting.

THIS upset her considerably. She now saw her old iron chandelier in a new light.

Her feeling-tone toward the fixture had been completely changed by the picture.

The more she thought of it the more keen she became to have it back.

In the end, to pacify herself, she bought back the chandelier from the junk man for thirty dollars.

"Some of my friends think I've gone mad," she confided to me.

"But I could not help myself, Doctor," she went on.

"Once I saw that chandelier in that beautiful setting, it transformed itself from a thing of ugliness to a thing of entrancing beauty.

"Is anything wrong with me, do you suppose?"

I could, to be sure, quickly reassure her on that score.

It was merely a case of a perfectly normal suggestibility streak being enhanced and augmented in a moving picture theater.

AND here is another interesting fact about the suggestion power of photo-plays.

You may not be able to make this experiment under perfectly ideal conditions, but you may be able to come somewhere near it.

Observe the difference between the force of the suggestion when you are alone in a motion picture theater and when the house is crowded and every seat has been taken.

I say, you may not have the opportunity of being alone.

You may, however, by going very early, when the doors open, achieve almost the same result.

Note, then, that the picture does not hold your interest as much alone as when others are seated all around you.

What you miss is the "collective mind," the minds of a few hundred persons which, miraculously, tend to blend into one.

You feel their presence in a vague yet telling way. It is a mysterious composite effect.

When you are in a crowd you lose your individuality.

Your cultural taste and standards are lowered.

You become more primitive and animal-like.

You let yourself go, you laugh, weep and are emotionally stirred in ways you would not be if you were alone.

When your mind merges with the collective crowd mind you step down a peg.

I have seen refined men and women laugh at the most vulgar kind of slapstick comedy in a motion picture house who, when confronted with the occurrence afterwards, have felt positively ashamed of having exhibited their feelings in this way.

Brutal killings, such as might appear in a wild animal hunt, have, in a picture crowd, called forth responses of admiration and fierceness in the most gentle and tender sort of human souls.

A crowd always augments our suggestibility tendencies.

Undoubtedly this is one of the chief reasons why motion picture palaces are forever growing larger and larger.

A FRIEND of mine told me once that he does not enjoy pictures as much when he sits in the balcony as when he occupies an orchestra seat.

You can understand why that is so. In looking down at the screen when sitting in the balcony we do not assume the position of eyes looking upward, which is the ideal one for hypnotism.

It is no exaggeration to state that you are hypnotized to a degree when you attend the movies.

To be sure, if the screen subject does not interest you, the hypnotic element is reduced to a minimum.

On the other hand, the picture story may fascinate you to such an extent the resultant hypnosis amounts to a definite trance state.

TAKE a look around at the faces of your neighbors sometime.

Observe the peculiar staring look in their faces.

They are completely lost to themselves and their surroundings, completely absorbed in what is passing before their eyes.

They look for all the world like the subjects in an hypnotic trance.

Because motion pictures have such overwhelming suggestion power is the very reason why they can have such a tremendous educational value.

Many a boy and girl has been inspired through pictures.

The lessons learned through a picture stick in the mind and last longer than lessons learned through any other medium.

Undoubtedly it will not be many more years before the movies will play as important a rôle in our pedagogical system as the blackboard, spelling and arithmetic books.

Make the experiment and find out how strong the suggestion power of pictures really is!

THREE SPLENDID PHOTOPLAYS

you should see in February

The New Year brings you three of the finest motion pictures produced by FBO in a twelve-month three glittering gems of the cinema art big with drama bristling with comedy warm with young romance!

"Coney Island"

Stirring love drama against the flaring background of the world's greatest pleasure resort . . . famous old Coney . . . to which fun-loving millions go each summer! With Lois Wilson. A Ralph Ince production.



The
BIG
7

"Legionnaires in Paris"

Bouncing burlesque woven about the recent convention of the American Legion in Paris See your home folks in the great parade the convention and its hilarious highlights With Al Cooke and Kit Guard.



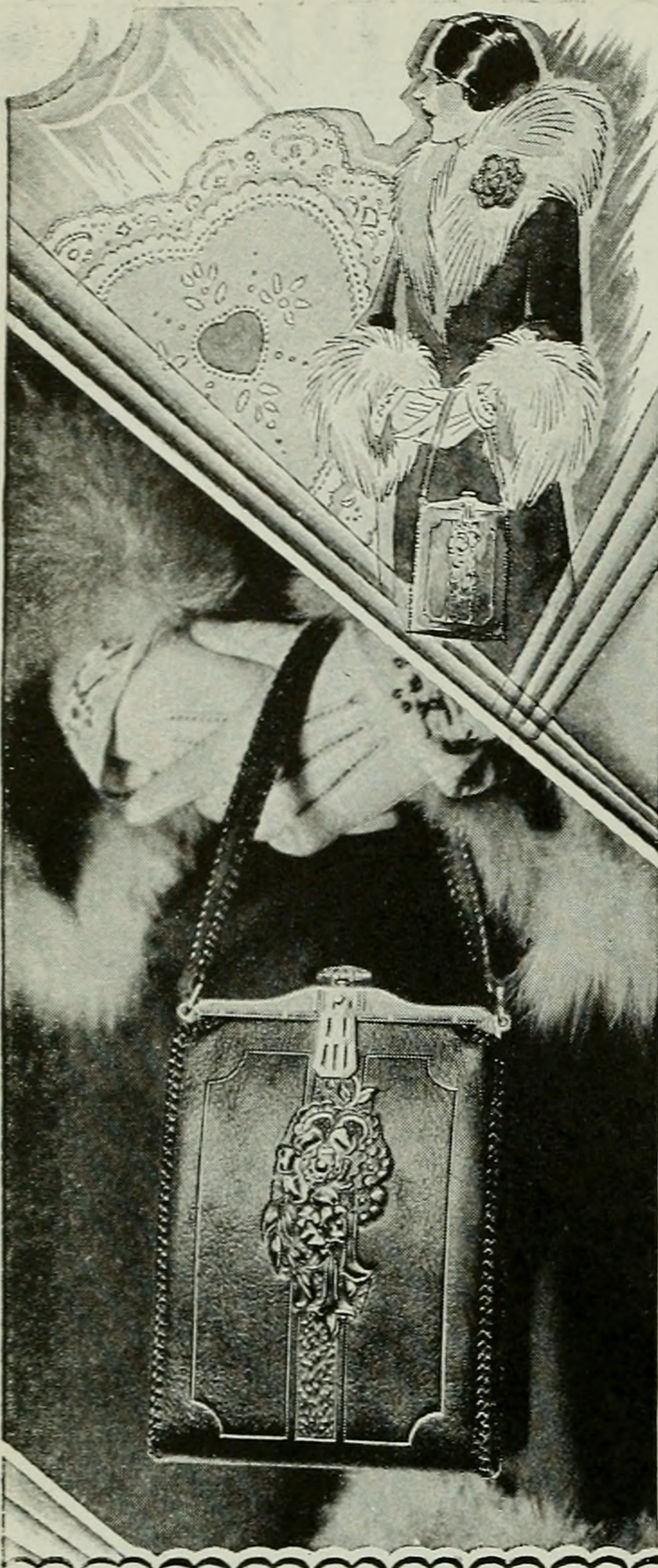
"Chicago's after Midnight"

Crackling melodrama of the underworld The eternal struggle between the forces of Law and the Crime Ring. With Ralph Ince, Jola Mendez and Helen Jerome Eddy. Directed by Mr. Ince.



The month of February marks the Joseph P. Kennedy-FBO Grand Jubilee in commemoration of Mr. Kennedy's second year as president of FBO Pictures . . . Master Showmen of the World.

F B O Pictures Corporation



A Lasting Valentine

CAPTURE her heart with a beautiful Meeker Made handbag, envelope, pouch, or vanity. Here is a Valentine that will win any woman's heart. Lovely--always lovely, because age and use give the leather a mellowness--stylish--always stylish, because their neutral tones harmonize with any costume--refined--smart and *serviceable*.

Dealers will show you many styles from which to choose. Look for the name "Meeker Made" stamped into the merchandise. It is your guide to better grade leather goods.

MEEKER MADE

Hand-tooled, hand-tinted, genuine
imported steerhide

HAND BAGS
Purses — Vanities
Billfolds — Novelties

Displayed by Better Dealers Everywhere

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

Haven in the Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

What was to be done? The only funds were those which would keep her in that penal institution until her time "was up" or death released her. But desert air, milk, eggs and tender care were what this movie-mad child needed. And that she received, from the personal funds of Judge Georgia Bullock.

When she was well, well in soul as well as in body, she wrote those South Dakota parents. She told them that, although she was not in the movies, she was in a home of her own with a fine upright husband and a baby coming, and asked them to pay her a visit.

This judge sent seventy-five movie-yearning girls back to their homes, safe and in most cases, happy, during the year of 1926. She has almost doubled the number in 1927. The woman who with the help of her probation officer, Mrs. Minnie Barton, and the home which bears Mrs. Barton's name—has housed and cared for hundreds of movie-mad girls each season.

TAKE the case of the Denver woman who fancied herself madly in love with a certain well-known actor, that her mother mortgaged the family home to let the daughter come to Hollywood that she might "just see him."

When Alice landed here she had exactly five dollars between her and starvation. In Denver she had worked in a laundry, but, to complicate her Los Angeles situation, she broke her glasses on her second day in the city. This prevented her from securing a position.

An empty room, advertised for two dollars a month, attracted her attention. She rented it, then proceeded to secure her furnishings in a manner so unusual as to make history, even among the police records of the motion picture city. From one apartment house she stole out a chair; from another a pot of geraniums. A mattress was secured from a room near her own. Her two-dollar-a-month living quarters were a bower of cheap knick-knacks when the police detective finally brought her to Judge Bullock.

AT the instigation of Mrs. Barton no charges were preferred and the furniture was returned to the owners. Glasses were purchased and the young woman was secured a position in a laundry.

For the first week everything went smoothly. Then the laundry supervisor telephoned that the girl must be ill, as she was not working. Investigators found her trying to gain entrance to the studio where worked her favorite actor, for whom she had left Denver.

A call at the actor's home, a few words of explanation, and the funds were secured to put little Miss Alice on the train for Denver. Late reports prove her to be working in her old laundry position, happy to have seen the man whom she will probably spend the rest of her life loving!

Dolores, we will call her, came to Hollywood with the rest of the ambitious ten

thousand, to seek her place as an extra. She was barred, and like so many, many others, stooped to petty larceny as a manner of living. But instead of being sorrowful and sorry, she became bitter and extremely revengeful. Because Judge Bullock read her mind correctly, she did not turn her loose to secure her own position, but placed her in the Barton Home to learn a useful vocation.

ON June 24, 1927, she ran away, trying to carry a layette prepared for another unfortunate girl with her. Thus she hoped to convey the meaning she was to become a mother.

But in the last moment she became frightened and left the baby clothes behind, escaping with only the dress she was wearing.

It was not until September that Judge Bullock and her assistants found trace of her. She was suing one of the well-known motion picture players for being the father of her approaching infant.

Probation at first glance, in this case, seems to have been a waste of energy and donated money. But look closer! As it was, the district attorney's office knew from the date of her escape from the Barton Home that, although she had been working as a maid in the actor's home, he was an innocent party. In other words, Judge Bullock's kindness to the pitiful waif not only secured her another chance at upright living, but protected the player, his wife and the entire motion picture colony from another utterly false scandal.

JUST another example picked at random from among the hundreds we might tell you. This eighteen-year-old youngster adopted the name of Juanita. She also chanced to come from South Dakota. She was a game little soul, worthy of mention. Although she could find no place in the motion picture world, she did try to work and keep her family from knowing her real condition. Here are excerpts from one letter she wrote her mother.

"As you see I am in California.

"I am working as an extra making ten dollars a day.

"I don't need much here as it doesn't take much to live here.

"If you have any extra clothes put them in. I am a little low, especially a coat.

"I have cut off my hair and dyed it red.

"I have taken the name of Juanita _____ . Please address me as such—

"Alice."

Then she wrote no more to her mother. Here is a line taken from the mother's letter written to Judge Bullock and Mrs. Barton whose name for kindness had penetrated even to South Dakota.

"I am a heartbroken mother. Please, please find my baby for me."

The baby was found, brought in with a group of vagrant colored people, into whose unclean hut she had crawled to thwart starvation.

Today, she is back in South Dakota.

Clara Bow

SAYS: "Smart Set does for its readers the thing which I attempt to do on the screen.

"Sincerity, in my opinion, is the keynote of all art. I try to bring to my screen characterizations all the sincerity and understanding of which I am capable. I try to picture life.

"In this I find Smart Set an invaluable aid, for Smart Set is sincere. Its stories are real as well as vivid and dramatic; they happened; they are the world as it is — not as some one imagines it!

"And one cannot read the articles in Smart Set without gaining a better understanding of the clear-eyed young people of today, and of the problems which confront them in our modern day.

"Is it any wonder, then, that I read every issue from cover to cover?"



WHY should a famous actress find in a magazine the means of adding power to her art? Why will you find in the same magazine the means of broadening and enriching your life —?

Because Smart Set's stories are told by the men and women who actually lived them; because its articles are written by noted authorities who deal with topics of vital interest to you; *because of such features as these:*

Uneasy Love

IF you were a model in a fashionable dress shop—and you "borrowed" a gown from your employer so that you might crash the gates into the social fairyland of wealth and leisure—and if you were caught—Would you trust a strange man to rescue you from the consequences? What would he do? This novel tells!

"Mama! How Could You?"

WHEN the charming widowed mother of a marriageable daughter refuses to retire to the chimney corner, and in fact is found being kissed by one of the daughter's men friends who is nearer the mother's age than the daughter's—when the daughter cries, "Mama! How could you?"—You have the start for a tensely dramatic story! In February Smart Set.

Trial Marriage

CLARA BOW says, "Read Booth Tarkington's views on Trial Marriage, as he explains them to Dorothy Holm in the February Smart Set. From his marvelous knowledge of human nature, he gives what seems to me the last word on this much-discussed subject." See if you also can agree with his conclusions.

The Love Pirate

WHAT do you think ought to happen to a girl who deliberately sets out to tame a man for another girl? Then read the romance of Little-Miss-Man-Wise, who met her match at last—in a story that Miss Bow says "made me want to dance up and down for pure joy!" Don't miss it! You'll find it on page 26 of the February number.

AND these are only a few features of a single number of Smart Set. Nowhere else, never before, has there been a magazine like it! Read one issue—February for example—and like Clara Bow, you'll "read every issue from cover to cover!"

SMART SET

Stories from Life
February Issue Now On Sale

My Life Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



I consider MELLO-GLO Face Powder a real contribution to cosmetics. Its soft velvety texture gives a youthful bloom that doesn't wear off quickly. Miss Desirée Tabor (*Operetta Star famous for her beauty*), 66 W. 46th St., N. Y.



My friends tell me that my complexion is lovelier since using MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible.

Miss Mimi Palmer, 345 W. 71st St., N. Y.



Since using MELLO-GLO, I can appear all evening without repowdering. It stays on longer yet does not clog the pores or leave the skin dry. Miss Barbara Carrington (*well known singer*), The Golden Dawn Co., Hammerstein Theatre, N. Y. C.

Good Looking Well Groomed Women

prefer this marvelous NEW Face Powder

THIS new wonderful Facial-tone Powder is made by a new French process which belongs exclusively to MELLO-GLO. It has a distinctive youth shade all its own. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full sized box and "Beauty Booklet". Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE

Please send me, without charge, sample of this new wonderful face powder with a Beauty Booklet. MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass. Dept. B

My name _____

Address _____

Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.

My dealer's name _____

than the other girls', and the girls used to say snippy things to me and shout "carrot-top" and things like that. Outwardly, it seemed as though I were just a rough, strong little tomboy. But tragedy seemed to mark me early for its own.

I was about five when the first thing that really stands definitely in my mind happened. Clear, with all the little details. All children have those memories, I guess, but oftenest they are happy. Mine are not.

MY grandfather, who lived with us, was very dear to me. Father worked so hard and mother was always ill, always strange and depressed, sometimes smothering me with kisses and sometimes without a word of any kind for me. My grandfather was the one who played with me and taught me little things and sometimes told me stories. He must have been a very good and gentle old man, for he used to look after mother and me both.

He had built a little swing for me. I used to sit on the floor and watch him while he was making it. He fixed it so that you could pull it up out of the way, on hooks. There wasn't much room, you see. We thought it was a very famous contrivance and perhaps it was. On cold winter days, when I couldn't get out to play, grandfather used to swing me and we had great fun that way.

It was very cold on this particular afternoon. Snow lay everywhere, the whole outdoors was white with it. It was even a little cold in the house. We had always to economize on coal. Sometimes we had to economize on food, too. There was usually enough of these things, but never just plenty, never all you wanted. Scrimping the corners, that's the way it was in our house.

I WAS cold and lonesome. I went out into the kitchen, looking for something to do. My mother was washing and she didn't speak to me. Her face looked desperately ill, white and weary. I felt she shouldn't be washing. She was washing a red tablecloth for the kitchen table. While I stood there I saw tears dropping from her eyes and splashing into the soapy water. I felt like crying, too.

I went back in to my grandfather and asked him to swing me. He got up and pulled down the swing and began to push me, and pretty soon I forgot I was cold and that mother was crying again, and began to shout with glee. Then, suddenly, the swing gave a violent twist so that I nearly fell out and then it stopped, and I heard a kind of dull fall behind me.

I looked around and my grandfather was lying on the floor. His face was purple and his eyes were open and staring.

My screams brought my mother to the door. In her hands she still held the red tablecloth. It dripped water all over the carpet. She threw it down and ran to my grandfather, saying over and over, "Father, speak to me. Speak to me." She looked so wild I was frightened and ran downstairs and called a neighbor.

They brought a doctor, but it was too late to do anything. He had died instantly, while he was pushing me in my little swing. That was my first encounter with death and I didn't believe it. I was quite sure they were mistaken.

The first night as he lay in his coffin in the dining room, I crept out of my bed and lay down on the floor beside him, because I had a feeling that he might be lonely. My father found me there in the morning, almost frozen. I said, "Hush, you mustn't wake grandfather. He's sleeping." But I knew that he was dead. I missed him very much.

That was a terrible blow to my mother. There had existed a great love and sympathy between them. He was the only one who could make her laugh and talk naturally. Often, when they sat together talking, I would see her pass her hand across her head, as though something cleared away.

AFTER his death, she was sad for a long, long time. She wanted to die, too. She often spoke of it. But she never mentioned suicide. Her courage was too high for that. Though she suffered all the time, more and more, and was depressed, and couldn't seem to rise above it, she went on as best she could.

My school life in those earliest days didn't seem to make much impression on me. I have no distinct impression of any of my teachers, or my school mates.

I had one little playmate, though, to whom I was devoted. He was a little boy who lived in the same house with me. I think his name was Johnny. He was several years younger than I was and I used to take him to school with me, and fight the boys if they bothered him. I could lick any boy my size. My right was quite famous. My right arm was developed from pitching so much.

One day after school I was alone in our house upstairs when I heard a terrible noise downstairs. For a minute it curdled my blood, then I ran down wildly. Johnny had gone too near the fire and his clothes had caught and were burning and he was screaming with pain and fright. His mother was standing there, wringing her hands and screaming, too, like a crazy woman and not doing a thing.

When I came tearing in Johnny screamed "Clara, Clara, help me." He ran over and jumped into my arms.

I HAD just enough sense to know what to do. I laid him on the floor and rolled him up in the carpet and tried the best I could to put the fire out. The poor little fellow struggled and screamed all the time.

I shouted for his mother to get a doctor and she ran out. I stayed alone with Johnny, holding him in my arms rolled up in the carpet and trying to soothe him and quiet him. I was crying all the time myself and pretty nearly crazy, too. I seemed to feel the fire on my own flesh, and every time he cried out it seemed to me I couldn't bear it any more.

The doctor came. He couldn't do anything. The little fellow died in my arms. He was just—just all burned up, that's all. I tried to pray then, begging God not to let him suffer like that. The last thing he said was "Clara—Clara—"

When I knew he was dead I went upstairs and cried for hours. I have never cried but once like that since. That was when my mother died. It seemed to me that life was just too terrible to be borne. When my mother came in I was asleep. I had cried myself into complete exhaustion, and I was ill for several weeks. The shock had been too much. For months I used to wake up and think I heard that little fellow calling "Clara—Clara—help me." Things like that are terrible for a little child to go through—I was only about eight or nine, I guess.

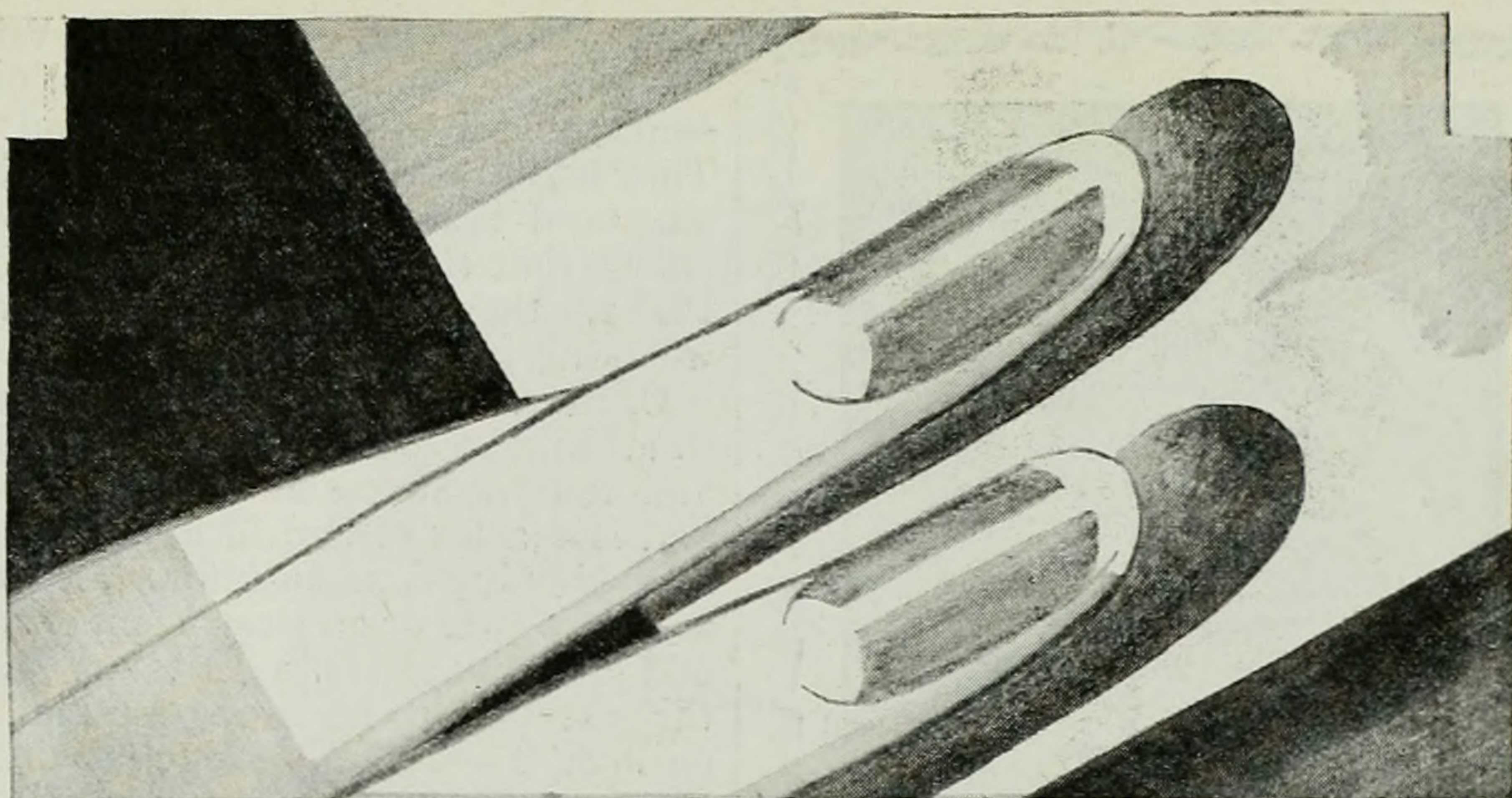
As I got older, I played with the boys more and more. I still was an awfully plain kid. I was shy and nervous around girls. They were always hurting my feelings and I thought they were silly anyway. I wore plain clothes and kept my hair tied back out of my face. I was as good at any game as any of the boys. And just as strong. They always accepted me as though I had been one of themselves.

We used to skate together and play baseball and all sorts of rough games in the street and I never felt there was any difference between us. At night sometimes we would build a bonfire and sit around it after we had skated awhile, and the boys never noticed me. They talked about everything just like they were alone. That was where I learned what boys really think. I knew how they judged girls. I knew which ones they could kiss and how they made fun of them. I was mighty glad they didn't think I was a sissy. I'd do any darn thing to prove I wasn't. We used to hop rides on trucks and get lost and do all sorts of crazy stunts. They let me take care of myself, too, just like I'd been another boy. Once I hopped a ride on behind a big fire engine. I got a lot of credit from the gang for that.

All this time my mother was growing more ill. She had always been subject to fainting spells and they grew gradually worse. They weren't fits and they weren't regular fainting spells. Often they would happen two or three times a day, and then maybe she would be free from them for a long time. When she felt them coming on she would look at me so pathetically. Like a woman caught in some trap. Then her eyes would grow glassy and she would start to gasp for breath. It was just as though she were being strangled. She would fight and fight for breath.

Usually I was alone with her, and I would run to her and massage her throat to try to make her breathing easier. I'd say, "Mother, mother, don't—please don't." When father was there sometimes we'd cry together, because it is terrible to see someone you love suffer like that and not be able to help them.

We never had much money, you know, and so we couldn't consult any specialists. Our own doctor told us it was a nervous disease. My father said her mother had once told him that when she was a child



Three simple steps will give your nails this perfect shape

Do you long for lovely ovals, perfect half moons?

Now there is a simple way anyone can follow

WHAT a lovely thing a beautiful hand is! Slender, graceful . . . the nails perfectly shaped, with beautiful crescent half moons.

Such loveliness comes only with the proper care of the cuticle. Before the nails can be shaped to deep ovals, this tiny rim of skin must be freed from the nail and the shreds of dead cuticle removed. Because frequent washing tends to dry and roughen the cuticle, you must restore the missing oils. Here are the three steps—so easy to follow:

First—Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work around the nail base gently. Now every shred of dead cuticle can be just wiped away.

Second—Apply generously the delightful new Cutex Cuticle Oil, pressing the cuticle back gently. This leaves the nails

almond shaped, with lovely graceful half moons. And it keeps the nails from getting brittle.

Third—After the polishing, as a final step, smooth the new Cutex Cuticle Cream into the cuticle and the whole finger, in a gentle downward massage.

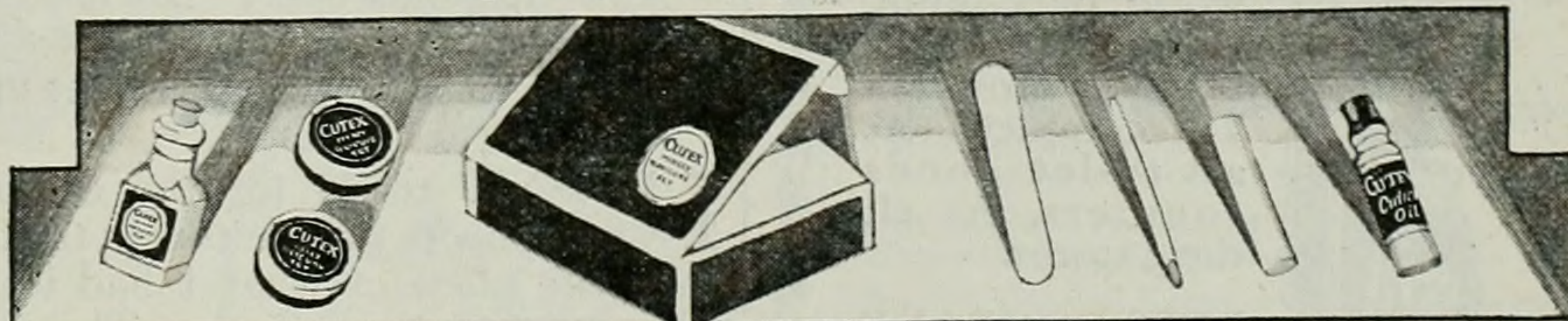
A bit of Cinderella magic this simple way seems, so smooth and shapely does it leave your nails, so graceful your whole hand! Cutex is on sale everywhere. Each item is 35c.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



Perfectly shaped nails give the hands aristocratic slenderness

Send coupon and 10c for this new manicure



I enclose 10c for samples of Cuticle Remover, Oil, Cream, Powder Polish, Orange Stick, Cotton and Emery Board. In Canada, address Dept. QQ-2, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-2, 114 West 17th St., New York



Once the beautiful Renee Adoree has been seen, she can never be forgotten. A queen of pantomime, this M. G. M. star expresses each delicate shade of emotion in her eyes that shine like stars.

Instantly! Eyes that were dull are beautiful

SLUMBERING in the depths of your eyes is bewitching beauty which awakens with the magic touch of Winx.

Without the slightest hint of artificiality this wonderful Liquid Lash Dressing bestows on lashes soft texture and beauty. And it is so easy to apply!

Do this: Cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty little plume. Then with a soft brush, flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. And instantly!... your eyes shine like stars. A stray tear... a cinder... You are always safe. Because Winx is *waterproof and lasting*. It is harmless.

Remove Winx this way: Pat cold cream on the lashes... then gently remove it with a cloth moistened in tepid water... and Winx comes off with the cream.

To reveal the beauty that hides in your eyes, insist upon Winx—the originator of the mode which

is sweeping the world of fashion. Your choice of black or brown — 75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores.



ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street
New York City

WINX

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing

she had a bad fall on her head. When I was four years old she fell again, on the stairs, and it opened up the old scar. They had to take stitches in it. Probably advanced brain specialists today would tell us that that had a lot to do with it. Perhaps they might have helped her, but we didn't know what to do.

Of course when she was having her bad times I had to do most of the house work and the washing and cooking. Father had had a lot of bad luck. Everything seemed to break against him. He worked as a carpenter or an electrician, or at any odd jobs that he could get to do. Everything seemed to go wrong for him, poor darling. He wanted so much to do more for us and he worked so hard, but just bad luck followed him all the time. So I had to do the best I could taking care of mother and the house, but I wasn't very good at it. I never had any knack about housework, or cooking. I got to be a pretty expert nurse for mother, but it always frightened me when she got bad and I dreaded seeing her suffer.

WHEN I first started to the Bayside High School in Brooklyn, I was still a tomboy. I wore sweaters and old skirts made over from my mother's. I didn't give a darn about clothes or looks. I only wanted to play with the boys.

I guess I was about fourteen or maybe fifteen when my mother had quite a long spell of being almost herself. Her health was better and things brightened up quite a good deal. Then she began to take a little interest in my clothes and my looks. She combed my hair a new way, so the curls fell around my face, and she made me a pretty dress, that was cut in at the waist and showed pretty plainly that I wasn't a boy after all.

Right away there was a change in the boys' attitude toward me. Oh, I was heart-broken. I couldn't understand it. I didn't want to be treated like a girl.

There was one boy I knew who had always been my pal. We always fought each other's battles and he used to catch on the baseball team I pitched for. Well, one night when we'd been out skating, he kissed me on the way home.

I wasn't sore. I didn't get indignant. I was horrified and hurt. It seemed to me that the end of everything had come. I knew now that I could never go back to being a tomboy. The boys wouldn't let me. They'd always liked me so well, I'd always been their favorite. Not to kiss or be sweet on, but because I was game and could run fast and take care of myself. They'd always liked me better than those sissy girls that put powder on their noses.

Now that was over. No matter how much I wanted to be a tomboy still, I couldn't. The boys wouldn't let me.

I WASN'T ready for the dawning of I womanhood, for the things that would take the place of what I had lost. I'd been cast out by my pals. The girls still made fun of me for being a tomboy. I was absolutely alone.

I had never liked to study. I was just skimming along because I was naturally quick, but I never opened a book and the teachers were always down on me. I don't blame them. I guess I must have looked pretty hopeless. But I often think now, when I have come of myself to

realize how I love reading, how much I want to know things, that it wasn't all my fault. If they had made me see what I see now, by myself, I know I would have been good.

In this lonesome time, when I wasn't much of anything and hadn't anybody except Dad, who was away most of the time, I had one haven of refuge. Just one place where I could go and forget the misery and gloom of home, the loneliness and heartache of school.

That was to the motion pictures. I can never repay them what they gave me.

I'D save and save and beg Dad for a little money, and every cent of it went into the box office of a motion picture theater. For the first time in my life I knew that there was beauty in the world. For the first time I saw distant lands, serene, lovely homes, romance, nobility, glamour.

My whole heart was afire, and my love was the motion picture. Not just the people of the screen, but everything that magic silversheet could represent to a lonely, starved, unhappy child. Wally Reid was my first sweetheart, though I never saw him except on the screen. He was Sir Galahad in all his glory. I worshipped Mary Pickford. How kind and gentle and loving she was. Maybe there were people like that in the world.

A great ambition began to unfold in me. I kept it hidden for fear of being laughed at. I felt myself how ridiculous it was. Why, I wasn't even pretty. I was a square, awkward, funny-faced kid. But all the same I knew I wanted to be a motion picture actress. And I can say one thing, right here. If I have had success beyond my own greatest dreams, it may be that it is the reward for the purity of my motive when I first dreamed that dream. For I truly didn't think of fame or money or anything like that. I just thought of how beautiful it all was and how wonderful it must be to do for people what pictures were doing.

One day I saw in a paper an announcement of a contest. Not a beauty contest. I wouldn't have dared to enter that. This said that acting ability, personality, grace and beauty would be judged in equal parts.

I WENT to Dad. Shyly, I told him my dream. He was so kind. He always understood. He was harassed and miserable and overworked, but he was kind and understanding always.

He gave me a dollar. I knew, even then, what a sacrifice it was to him. I went down to a little cheap photographer in Brooklyn and he took two pictures of me for that dollar. They were terrible.

Without daring to tell mother, I sent them in to the contest. And sat down to wait and pray.

No star ever has spoken so frankly, so bravely about her childhood and early struggles. No actress has written more dramatically or truthfully about her rise to fame. In the second installment of her Life Story, Clara Bow tells Adela Rogers St. Johns about her first pathetic efforts to find a place for herself in the movies. You won't want to miss a word of this great Life Story.

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

is a fear of becoming serious with one in particular. Therefore I wouldn't crowd the boy at the moment. Stay charming and serene. Watch the other girl more than you watch the boy friend. The battle for him is really between you two girls, you know. Outsmart her, my dear, and the victory will be yours.

E. M. W.:

If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to give you my advice in the matter of your love affair. I can not answer you through the columns of the magazine.

S. B.:

The above suggestion applies to your case. Send your address so that I may write to you. The matter of your mother and your baby complicates the whole situation, I think.

ELSIE:

You should weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds—you are slightly overweight, but diet and exercise will correct that matter. To reduce your stomach do bending exercises and exercises in which you lie on your back and raise your legs until they are at a right angle from your body. An elastic girdle, especially an elastic reducing girdle, will help.

L. R.:

These books will be a help to you in your pursuit of general knowledge:

- I. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."
- II. Emily Post's Book on Etiquette.
- III. The verse of Kipling, Browning and Tennyson.
- IV. The plays of Shakespeare.
- V. The novels of the Brontes, and Jane Austin (to get the spirit of the Victorian era).
- VI. The novels of Edith Wharton (for familiarity with the ways of a fine modern novelist).
- VII. Brander Mathews on Versification.
- VIII. Apollo by Reinach (for an outline of art).
- IX. Durant's "Story of Philosophy."
- X. The Bible.

M. E. B.:

Put bitter aloes on your finger nails—just as mothers do to their children when they wish to cure them of an unpleasant habit. The taste will soon break you of nail biting. The cures that you are using for freckles are the best on the market. Help them out by keeping in the shade as much as possible, and by wearing sun hats and carrying parasols. Always use a good bleaching cream both night and morning. And put a trifle of lemon juice in the water that you use upon your face.

JOAN T.:

Those who will not believe your story are not truly your friends—a friend will not be unkind and will not fail in faith. It is easy enough to prove the date of your marriage by displaying your certificate, you know.

L. C. C.:

You are not too young at fourteen to learn how to dance or to swim. If you do not learn now you will find your lack of knowledge a handicap when you are a little older. You are too young, however, to think seriously of "going" with boys. Time enough for that several years from now!



Rock Island Railroad
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

I have just completed a trip east on the Golden State Limited with my young son. Boys of his age often find such a trip tiresome but I think you will be pleased to know that Bill Hart, Jr. loved every minute of it. You seem to have gone the limit in including every equipment for the comfort and pleasure of Golden State guests no matter what their age. Bill, Jr. and I are already looking forward to the same train on our return trip.

Cordially yours,
Winifred Westover Hart
Winifred Westover Hart

BILL HART, Jr.
Loved every minute of it.

De Luxe
Golden State Limited
Chicago - California

The wise choice when you travel with children—low altitude keeps them well and happy. Only 63 hours Chicago-Los Angeles. Shortest and quickest Chicago-El Paso, Tucson, Phoenix and San Diego.



Tickets and reservations at

Hollywood Ticket Office
6768 Hollywood Boulevard, Phones Granite 1801-1802

Los Angeles Ticket Office
212 West Seventh Street, Phone Metropolitan 2000

B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines
809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department
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MISS ROSALINE DUNN

Well-known authority on manicuring
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At last I have found the PERFECT MANICURE

By MISS ROSALINE DUNN

THOSE beautiful women of New York's smartest society are my clients. Their patronage is my reward for a life devoted to the art of manicuring.

For years I have studied the care of the nails and hands, always striving to achieve exquisite perfection . . . to give nails an alluring, lustrous tint of the correct shade, and frame each one in a soft, pink cuticle curve of beauty.

Then from Paris came the whisper that liquid polishes had been created. I tried all of them. But some of them peeled or dulled in spots. Others gave the nails an unnatural tint that was too obvious.

Then just when I despaired of ever realizing my ambitions I discovered the Glazo Manicure. What a happy meeting!

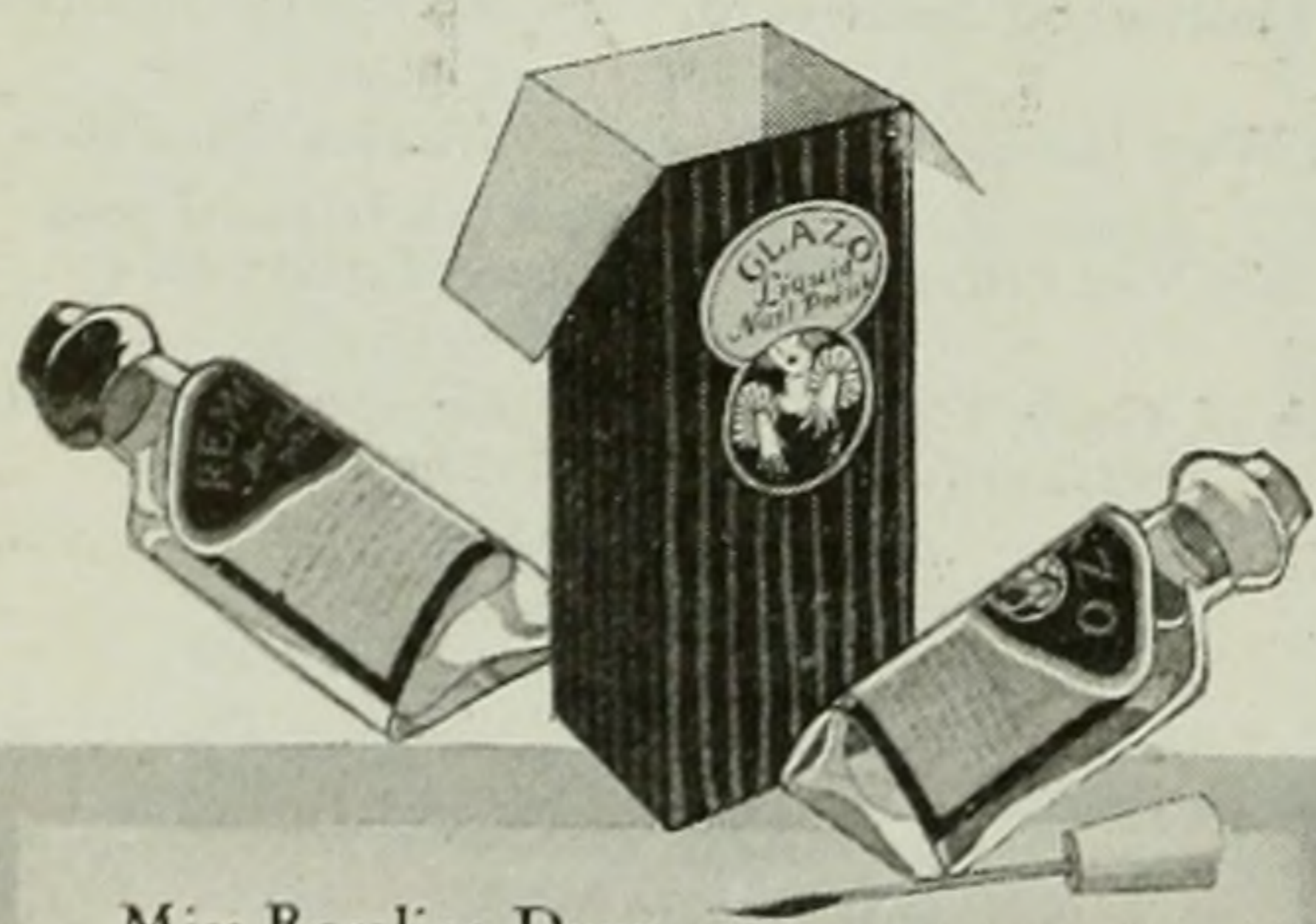
The marvelous Glazo Polish brings to nails such enchanting loveliness. Its radiant beauty makes the hands seem fairer.

It will keep your nails as perfectly groomed, as beautiful as if I were manicuring them for you. And the Glazo Cuticle Oil (for those who prefer, the Glazo Cuticle Cream) softens the cuticle and keeps it smooth, pink, and beautifully curved.

Let me send you the little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide the telltale traces of work and how to keep your hands youthful. Also, it explains the very latest method of manicuring the hands.

Your favorite shop sells Glazo. Its price, including the remover, 50c.

Mail this coupon for a Miniature Glazo Manicure and Miss Dunn's booklet.



Miss Rosaline Dunn
Dept. 1102, 551 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet and the miniature Glazo manicure set, 10c enclosed.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

The Banker Who Trusted Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

from medical school, came to public attention in San Francisco by volunteering to take over the treatment of a man strangely stricken by a disease supposed to be typhus. The patient with the mysterious plague had been removed to a distant isolation hospital.

Out on a hill top alone with his patient and a nurse the young doctor waged his fight for a life for two weeks. Then the patient died and Giannini and the nurse were stricken. Another doctor was sent to their relief. The other doctor and the nurse died, leaving Giannini the sole survivor of the desperate experience of the isolation hospital.

IN the Spanish-American war Dr. Giannini served as a lieutenant in the U. S. A. Medical Corps, and again distinguished himself by volunteering to take charge of an isolation hospital when an outbreak of smallpox occurred in camp near San Francisco.

After the Spanish-American war the young doctor wanted to see the world. He came to New York for a year at Columbia University and went rambling off through Europe for another year.

Then he returned to San Francisco and entered the practise of medicine, with success and considerable local distinction.

It looked as though Dr. Giannini's career was set for life. But, despite all the success texts and preachments to the contrary, men do not make their own careers in any such single handed way as represented.

Dr. Giannini has an older brother, known crisply as A. P. Giannini, in the business world, but the "A" stands for Amadeo, which, to the Italian, makes him Love-of-God Giannini.

THIS Amadeo, by the period reached in this tale, had worked his way up through the produce business to such estate that at age 31 he was ready to retire upon his competency. In this decision to retire one discovers an amazing sagacity beyond most American understanding in this Love-of-God Giannini. He had in fact enough capital to pay him an income of some four hundred dollars a month, an abundant living in the North Beach region of the San Francisco of those days. He had enough and knew it. Why struggle for more?

However it just so chanced that a certain San Francisco bank, observing the high standing of the name of Giannini among its Italian customers, elected the retiring young produce merchant to its directorate. He was to be window dressing for the enticement of the Italian business. He refused to be a decoration. He studied the bank and banking, and its treatment of various types of customers. He recommended changes and was vigorously overruled.

This was precisely the kind of challenge needed to put Amadeo back to work again. He answered by organizing a new little bank on his own particular idea of what a bank ought to be. So August,

1904, that very small portion of the world in the vicinity of Montgomery Avenue and Washington Street, San Francisco, was greeted by a new gilt sign which announced "The Bank of Italy."

Giannini's notion was somewhat revolutionary. Previously most banks had been formed and operated in the special behalf of the bankers concerned. Love-of-God Giannini had the impression that it would be a service to have a bank which was operated for its depositors and stockholders, so safeguarded in its structure that none of the directors or officers of the bank could borrow its money, speculate in stock or entertain outside interests that might in days of crisis conflict with the well-being of the institution.

This bank began to prosper and in some five months was on a dividend basis. Then April 18, 1906, came the San Francisco disaster known elsewhere as the earthquake and described locally as "the settling of the geological fault and the fire."

THE fire was sweeping through the North Beach region when the Gianninis reached the bank. The fire was only a block away when two big dray wagons belonging to Lawrence Scatena, stepfather of the Gianninis, backed up to the bank and hauled its treasure and records away. Thoughtfully enough, even in the haste of that flight, the Gianninis loaded in a supply of stationery and forms. They were going to do business somewhere, sometime. The immediate idea was to bury the bank's assets and records to protect them from the fire which at the time seemed likely to utterly destroy the city.

But when those treasure loaded wagons stopped it was at the home of A. P. Giannini, Seven Oaks, at San Mateo.

The fire was extinguished on Saturday following the earthquake. All day Sunday the Gianninis sat at Seven Oaks writing letters to depositors notifying them that the Bank of Italy was open for business and that proportionate amounts could be drawn by depositors, also that loans might be negotiated.

The obscure little Bank of Italy, first in all of stricken San Francisco, plunged into the rehabilitation of the city.

ONLY nine days after the quake the bank was back in town again, doing business at the city residence of Dr. A. H. Giannini at 2745 Van Ness Avenue. They set the North Beach district to rebuilding with bricks that were still hot from the fire.

The psychological value of the move was as great as its immediate financial service. Within a week the bank's deposits were coming in again at a rate that exceeded the withdrawals. The Bank of Italy was made. Its fame spread.

This San Francisco earthquake ordained a new career for Dr. Giannini. He threw himself into the increasing responsibilities and labors of the bank, and

found himself drawn, by this community service, into public service and political office.

The records of the remaking of San Francisco and its delivery from the corruptionists and the graft ring are abundantly marked with the name of this aggressive Dr. Giannini. He became chairman of the Committee on Public Utilities of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, in a stormy and strenuous period. He was a leader in the fight which revised downward the public utility rates, gas, electricity and telephone. He went to Washington and waged a winning fight there for the Hetch-Hetchy valley water supply.

It would appear that Dr. Giannini had the unique notion that the city ought to be run for its citizens, by the same reasoning by which his brother had decided on a bank for its patrons.

MEANWHILE in 1907 Amadeo Giannini came east on a tour of observation. He decided there was a financial storm brewing. He set about gathering into the Bank of Italy all of the bullion and coin possible. In a few months the panic of 1907, called "the stringency" then, swept the country. While other San Francisco banks were issuing clearing house certificates and script, merely polite banking terms for I.O.U.'s, the Bank of Italy added to its repute and fame by paying in gold through the crisis. The Pacific Coast, having seen the Giannini bank unwavering through earthquake and panic, decided it was a good place to put money.

Other communities demanded like service and the Bank of Italy extended its operations through branches. The first branch was opened in San Jose by Dr. Attilio Giannini. It is entirely accurate to say that branch banking, the most significant modern development in financial machinery, was founded and fathered by the Gianninis. They now control more than 300 banks.

BY 1909 the Bank of Italy's far flung affairs demanded so much attention that Dr. Giannini resigned from the Board of Supervisors, declined some important invitations to official posts, and devoted himself entirely to banking affairs.

Dr. Giannini in his practise of medicine and his practise of politics got decidedly intimate with a good many facts concerning the human race and the great Commonality, Mr. Demos. A good diagnostician sees a great deal more in the patient beside what makes the tummy ache. Among other facts he observed that "get them young" had proven an excellent policy for churches and political parties. He had a plan for applying it to the bank.

So the Bank of Italy was made the official depository for a system of savings accounts opened by children of the California schools. Dr. Giannini went about the schools lecturing on thrift. He introduced the savings stamp system so that any child with a penny could begin to save. That same system was used on the grown-ups by the U. S. Government during the world war. Giannini's efforts brought down on him a campaign of opposition by the makers and vendors of



CHAPPING is more important than you think—because it weathers the skin—ages it. Feels uncomfortable, too—and looks far from alluring. So keep your skin silken and fresh. You can—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. It prevents chapping—and drying—prevents all weathering.

Pat on Hinds Cream before you go out. Again when you come in. Pat it on every time you wash your face and hands. Then your lips, your hands, your

face will stay invitingly smooth and soft—through all chapping weather. (Hinds Cream also heals and soothes a skin already chapped. Wonderful as a powder base, too!)

Let us send you a generous sample bottle to try. The coupon below will bring it to you. Just fill in your name and mail it now while you think of it.

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

HINDS

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CREAM



Buy Hinds Cream in the 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You get more at less cost.

Try HINDS CREAM Prevents chapping, prevents windburn, prevents sunburn, makes powder cling to face, smooths "catchy" fingers, softens skin, protects skin, cleanses skin, softens cuticle, soothes skin, before and after shaving, protects against alkali, protects from hard water, for children's skin.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. 918, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name _____

Address _____

This coupon not good after February, 1929

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LABLACHE MUST BE a wonderfully fine Face Powder to retain its prestige and popularity through all the years since 1871.

And so it is!

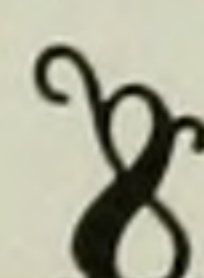
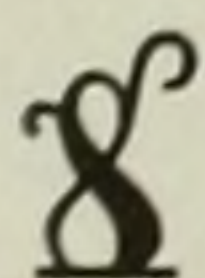
Delicate, clinging, with an illusive *odeur* that effuses quality and exclusiveness; it has been the choice of Gentlewomen through three generations. Its charm endures.

Your favorite store carries both the fifty cent and dollar sizes (the *odeur* of the dollar size is slightly more pronounced)—or send 10c for a generous sample.

BEN LEVY COMPANY
Dept. 57, 125 Kingston St.
PARIS BOSTON



*The Face Powder
with a million friends*



cheap candy and peanuts. He took candy from the kids and gave them money in the bank instead.

The other day a report from the School Savings Department of the Bank of Italy brought to Dr. Giannini's desk on Broadway the amazing tidings that now one in five of all the school children of California had an account, 145,163 out of an enrollment of 725,000, with nearly two and a quarter million dollars to their credit. Thus does the Bank of Italy tie itself into the lives of the people and make customers for tomorrow.

Meanwhile about 1913 Dr. Giannini came into contact with this new and hectic business of the motion picture. Herman Wobber of San Francisco had a nickelodeon and some ambitious ideas that needed financing. The nickelodeon was not much to look at, and the motion picture had really not gained anything in status since those pioneer days when Peter Bacigalupi of San Francisco's own "Little Italy" had brought west to his phonograph parlor the first motion picture machine in California, an Edison Kinetoscope of 1894. But Mr. Wobber had sounder assets in his family connections and his brothers' well established printing business. Dr. Giannini extended the banking accommodation—and began to look into this movie thing.

Along came W. W. Hodkinson, with the uplift idea for the motion picture and plans for making it a business, with better and longer pictures, drawing Herman Wobber into the service of the idea.

From that contact developed the Progressive exchanges, first customers for the feature pictures made by Adolph Zukor's Famous Players and Jesse Lasky's Lasky Feature Play Company. And from that came Paramount, founded by Hodkinson and carried forward in the West by Wobber. Incidentally Herman Wobber is today, although but slightly known to the public, one of the wealthy and powerful men of the industry, continuing his career with Paramount-Famous-Lasky.

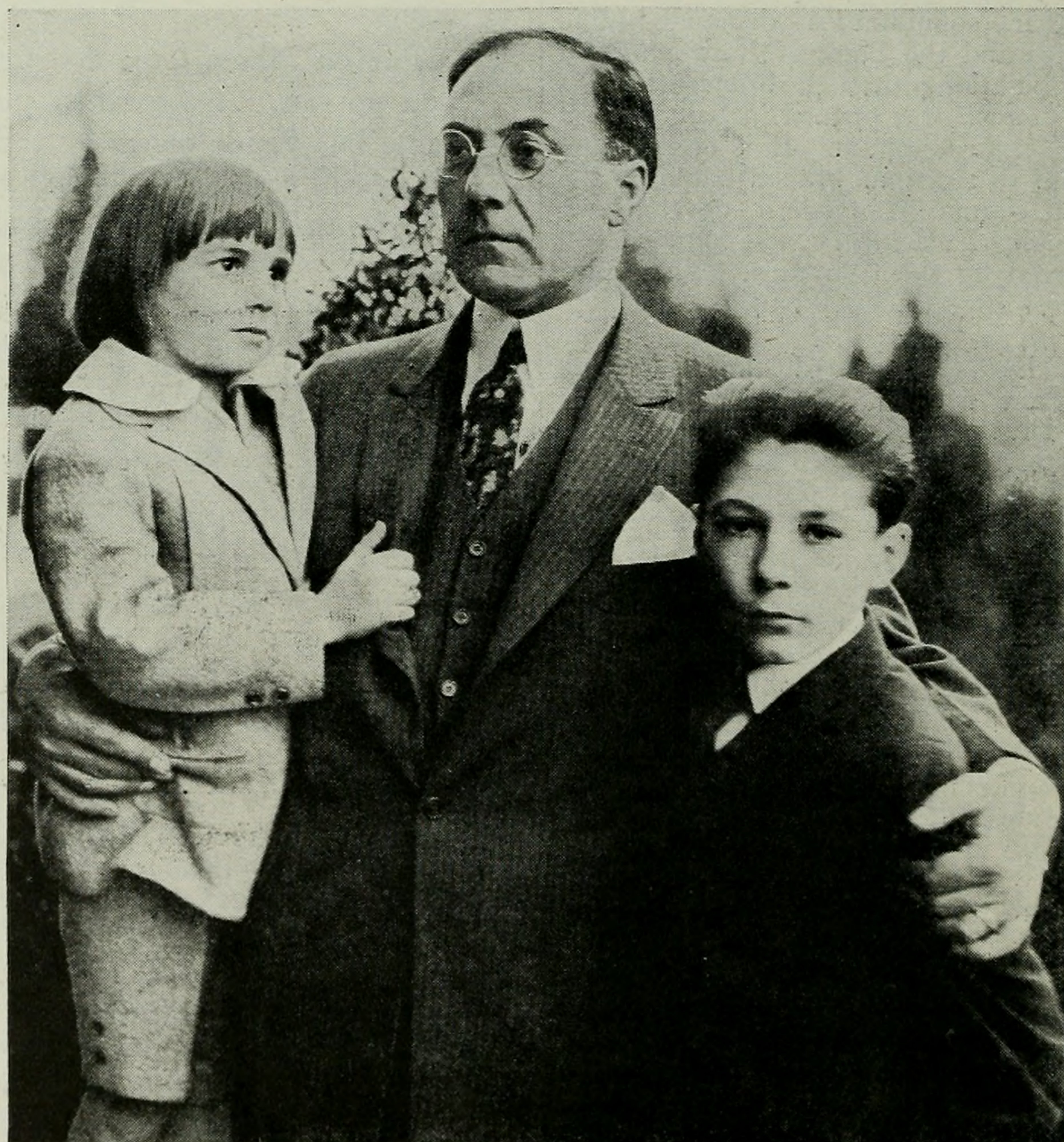
Even so Dr. Giannini's interest in motion pictures might have continued local, but again destiny was about to deal from a new deck. Along came the world war. There was an embargo on shipments of food stuffs out of hungry Europe.

In consequence New York's million Italians began to miss their antipasto.

The Italians are patient. They will suffer long and work hard. But there are limits to their denial. They will have their pimentos, their anchovies, their olive oil, and tomato paste.

So when the war cut off imports from the homeland New York's Italians turned to California where the Italian farmers of the Sacramento Valley produced these viands, *con amore*.

In San Francisco to buy delicatessen, the Italian merchants of New York opened their eyes wide at the Renaissance elegance of the Bank of Italy, with its marbles from Pavanossa and Carrara. And they marvelled more when they



Dr. Giannini, with Jackie Coogan and his own son, Bernard. This brave Italian from San Francisco was the first banker to treat the movies as a legitimate business enterprise

found that this Bank of Italy was the great bank of the great Pacific Coast, with branches extending in all directions.

These visiting merchants demanded a Bank of Italy for New York. In sequel they subscribed a million dollars. The East River National Bank was taken over and Dr. Attilio H. Giannini came to New York to administer its affairs. He was to stay one year. He has been in New York nine years.

New York is necessarily the home of motion picture financing. When Giannini came to New York all save a limited few of the stronger concerns were, when in need of funds, too often at the mercy of loan sharks, "the twenty per cent boys."

THE motion picture, lacking status in the minds of the bankers, was really outside the pale of legitimate business, or at any rate orthodox business. The bankers did not know about it, and the stranger is never trusted.

This situation gave the loan sharks their opportunity. They could demand and get usury. Also they could demand and get a share of the profits. They bled the industry.

This was also Giannini's opportunity. He saw in many of the motion picture enterprises a banking opportunity—for an honest six per cent with ample security. It was a matter of knowing the business and, more importantly, knowing the men. He became the financial father confessor of many a producer. Also he practically drove the loan sharks out of their screen hunting grounds. From four to seven millions of Giannini dollars are continuously at work in the motion pictures. Along with this the banker has exerted influences toward better business practices in the industry which are too technical for elaboration here. It may be summed up that he has helped to make the movies a business.

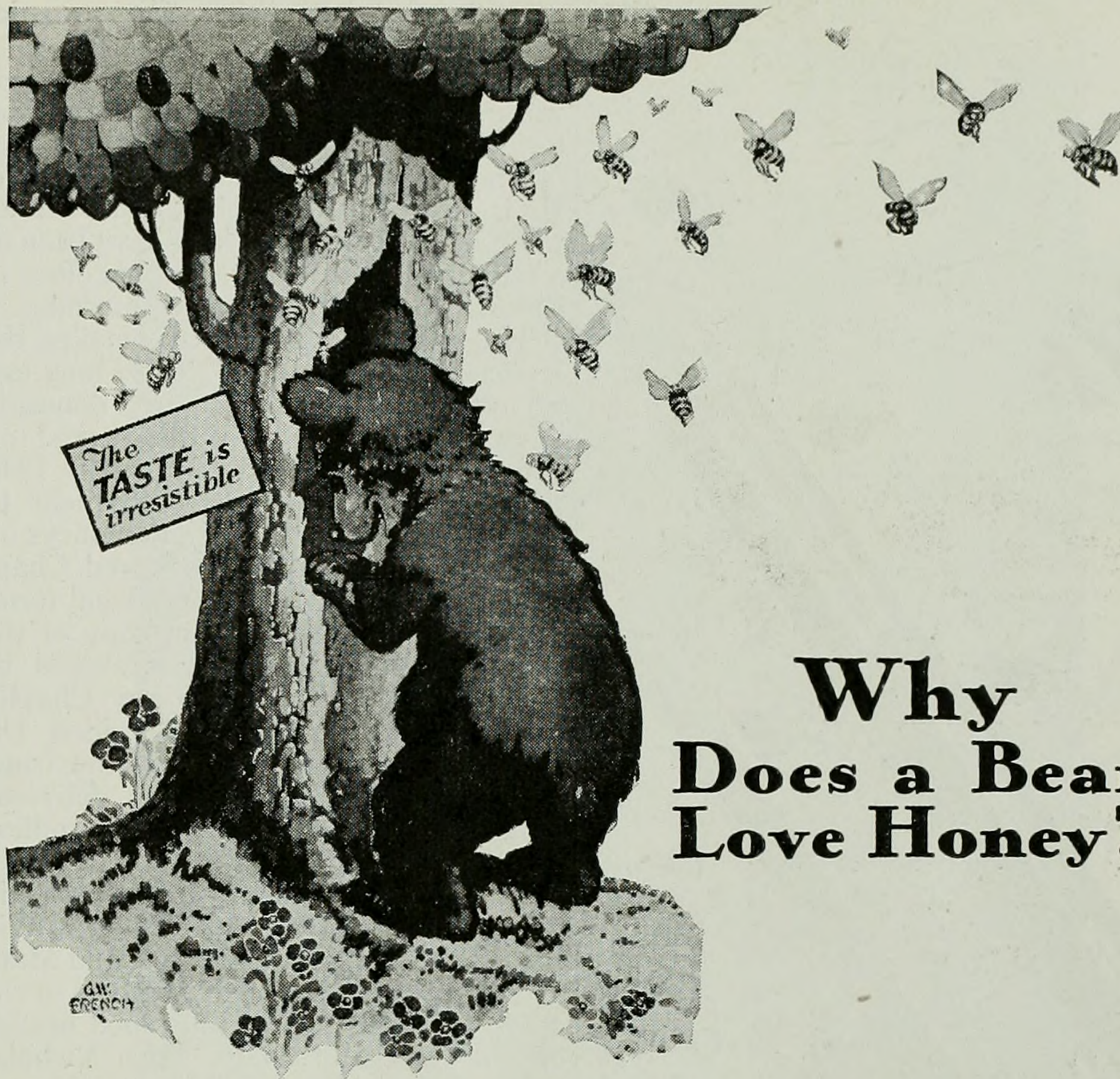
VERY recently Dr. Giannini made an extraordinary international gesture by financing the making of a Sydney Chaplin feature by the British National Pictures in England. In view of the international situation in pictures and agitations against the American dominance of the screen, this move acquires a special significance.

British bankers are just about to discover the world of the motion picture. A few weeks ago Dr. Giannini was called into conference to tell Michael Herbert, London partner of the House of Morgan, about the motion picture and its banking. The Bank of Italy influence may help the movies overseas.

Dr. Giannini has so much fun at his work that he seems never to get around to it to play. Banking entertains him more than golf.

"If any man comes in here talking golf and boasting he shoots under 80, I am doubtful, and if he has a score close to 70 he doesn't get the loan," observes the banker. "It proves he spends too much time on the links and not enough on his business."

Giannini makes it a business to know the screen and its affairs. He sees the pictures, up and down Broadway and at the neighborhood houses. He knows



Why Does a Bear Love Honey?

Taste-teasing, tantalizing honey — how bruin does love it! Nothing can stop him when he is gripped by that overwhelming desire for his favorite sweet.

There's irresistible deliciousness in the enticing flavor of Blatz Grape Gum. Its popularity has swept the country. Don't say grape — ask for Blatz, the original.

Lovers of mint are offered a new delight in Blatz Mint Gum — full of real, old-fashioned peppermint.



Two irresistible treats, sold everywhere. Look for the name, Blatz, on the label. There's a world of difference in the taste.

Also
Blatz Buttons
—GRAPE and
MINT FLAVORS

Blatz
MILWAUKEE
CHEWING GUM
"Everybody Loves It!"



the new way to have beautiful lips

TANGEE

Lips more lovely than ever before, with an entirely new kind of lipstick! Tangee changes color as it goes on—from orange to blush-rose, Nature's loveliest color . . . How soft or how deep this blush-rose depends upon your own complexion, and upon how heavily the little magic stick is applied . . . Even the closest scrutiny fails to detect any artifice. Ask for it today—on sale everywhere. Be sure you see the name TANGEE on carton and case.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.

The Power of . . . Twenty Cents

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up". Address Dept. P. P. 1. The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

Name
Address

what the stars are worth at the box office, regardless of what charming statistics may be presented at his office.

Bankers used to be bulwarked in their working hours by austere offices and vast formalities. Giannini does a great deal of his banking over the luncheon table. He is always to be reached and in times when motion picture affairs have been at a crisis he has been found at his office in Broadway at 3 o'clock in the morning.

This banker extraordinary makes the screen cause his cause. Not so long ago when Charles Chaplin was in a domestic litigation an injunction was served on every bank and banker known to hold Chaplin funds to prevent payment to the unhappy comedian of any moneys on deposit. The injunction covered Chaplin's personal funds in proper legal form. A footnote on the Giannini copy of the injunction requested that it should be interpreted as applying to any Chaplin funds whatsoever. That, decided Dr. Giannini, was not a part of the court order proper. Thereupon he delivered to Chaplin the major fraction of a million dollars, which stood in another account.

By way of further identifying the institution with the screen world, Will Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have been made members of the advisory board of the Hollywood branch of the Bank of Italy. Also Nicholas Schenck, president of Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer Company, and Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists Corporation, are members of the board of directors of the Bowery and East River National Bank.

Dr. Giannini's home, despite the fact he wants to live in California, is on Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson, which is probably all that he has overlooked in a long time. Mrs. Giannini was Leontine Denker, daughter of one of the owners of the vast Hammel-Denker lima bean ranch which occupied the present site of Beverly Hills, now the home of those screen star-bankers, who so assuredly know their beans. The Gianninis have a son Bernard, now 16 years old. He does not see as much of the movies as his father.

In a room just outside Giannini's private office stands a most elaborately professional barber's chair. In this chair each morning Giannini is shaved, while as he dictates, blowing bubbles through the lather. The chair carries a story, short and with a happy ending.

A few years ago one A. DeSio, a barber down at West Houston and Lafayette street in New York, plunged his all in Bank of Italy stock. One day he counted up and quit. He sent his chair as a present to Dr. Giannini whom he had never seen.

"I send you my chair because I shall not need it again—now I have \$300,000."

The True Life Story of Lon Chaney

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

ging myself forward along the floor, my eyes rolling, my face twitching and my legs wrapping tighter and tighter around each other. Tucker didn't speak and the sweat rolled off me. Finally I heard a single whispered word from him. 'God,' Tucker said. I wanted to say that, too, but not for the same reason."

The success of "The Miracle Man" was instantaneous. It made stars of Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan and Lon. The first two are practically through today.

LON has drawn as close to few men as he did to George Loane Tucker. They became pals and planned many adventures together, one of which was to be Lon's direction of one of Tucker's productions. Tucker's sudden death shadowed Lon's happiness for years.

But with "The Miracle Man" the struggle was over. He had played the part for the salary Universal had said he would never get, \$125 a week, and the offers flew fast. He had established a new type. In his work there was a blend of the unusual, the ideal, and the tragic. Lon knew what it was to be in demand but he did not yet know his own worth.

A conversation that he happened to overhear taught him that. Goldwyn Pictures wanted him as the legless lead of "The Penalty." He was the only possible man for the part and he held out for \$500 a week. Then he happened to hear Abe Lehr, production head of the studio, talking to the casting director.

"I wouldn't have believed we could get Chaney for \$500," Lehr said. "I was prepared to pay him \$1,500."

"The Penalty" gave Lon the idea he has used ever since. He makes his appearance news value. For "The Penalty" he designed a harness to wear, which apparently cut off his legs. The public wondered what on earth he would do next. The public, after each of his pictures, still wonders and Lon still outwits it.

LON played four pictures for Goldwyn, two for Metro, and then went back to Universal as star of their most ambitious production, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

He outdid himself on make-up for *The Hunchback*. He wore a harness to stunt his body, he used false teeth so that it was impossible for him to speak while on the set, he placed putty over one eye, so that when he removed it at the end of the day's work he was quite blind for a few moments. It was this trick that still forces him to wear glasses. "The Hunchback" made back its million-dollar cost many times and Lon Chaney was a star of the first magnitude.

One of his best loved parts came next, the clown in "He Who Gets Slapped." He played that at the Metro studios, returned to the Universal for "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust," then back to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under his present contract.

"As for the real Lon Chaney," said

that gentleman, "he was in 'Tell It to the Marines.' I never had a bit of make-up on during the entire shooting of that picture and I played it straight."

Lon lighted a cigarette. "The story's over," he said.

"Have you gotten a philosophy of life out of it all?" I asked finally.

The amazing Chaney eyes observed me carefully.

"It's in my pictures," Lon said. "I've tried to show that the lowliest people frequently have the highest ideals. In the lower depths when life hasn't been too pleasant for me I've always that gentleness of feeling, that compassion of an under dog for a fellow sufferer. 'The Hunchback' was an example of it. So was 'The Unknown' and, in a different class of society, 'Mr. Wu.'

"I TRY to bring that emotion to the screen. Beyond that I don't fuss. People seem to have the impression I study scripts all the time. I don't. I don't even try to find stories for myself like some stars. I wouldn't know where to look for them and I probably would not recognize them if I found them. I trust my producers to look out for my good. All I want to know is what the character is like and what emotions rule him. It takes me two to four weeks to work out a make-up for a new picture. That set, I don't worry.

"I've had good directors. Tod Browning and I have worked so much together he's called the Chaney director. I like his work. I think Victor Seastrom and Benjamin Christonson are great directors. Their values are finer. But I really don't worry over who they hand me. The chief thing for any actor to remember is that it wasn't his brains that got him to stardom. It was only his acting. He isn't paid to think about production plans and when he starts he usually sinks his whole career."

We walked together across the studio lawns, and out the gate. Lon sent for his car.

"You've found success and wealth," I said. "Why didn't you let your boy become an actor?"

"HE'S six-feet-two," said his father. "That's too tall. He would always have had to have parts built around him. He couldn't build himself for the part. Besides, he's happy in business and he's got a great wife. They're grand kids."

The garage man parked Lon's very expensive roadster at the curb and gave the wheel over to Mr. Chaney.

"Good-luck at your camp," I said. "Where is it, by the way?"

Lon grinned. "No you don't," he said. "I've answered more questions than I ever dreamed could be asked. Nobody but my wife and the boy and his wife and our chauffeur knows where that camp is. And nobody else will ever find out. They've gone up there ahead of me. But I'm starting right out there this moment. Good-bye and good luck to you."

So the car door slammed and he drove away, up through the golden hills, out toward the sunset, all alone, going heaven knows where, Lon Chaney, the mystery man of the movies, being just as mysterious as ever.



Shampooing this way gives hair Unusual Beauty

In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, silky and radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it!—see how lovely; how beautiful your hair will look.

BEAUTIFUL hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it can not stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

IT keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage, and makes it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Ask Me Another Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Look what happens to "YELLOW MASK"

THERE are few things more unbecoming than yellowish teeth.

Observe yours—white or yellowish?

The presence of "Yellow Mask" is not a confession of neglect. Only now has dental science successfully provided the means for its removal. Safely, pleasantly and positively.

Here is what has happened! Dental science has perfected a pleasant, tasty tooth paste of "Tri Calcium Phosphate." This is a white, satiny powder that foremost dentists use for cleaning and polishing teeth. How it whitens! How it makes the enamel gleam! No "Yellow Mask" can cling when it gets to work. And yet it cannot harm the most delicate enamel.

The name of this marvelous dentifrice is ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. You will like it from the start. Practically every noted movie star uses it. Thousands of dentists, too. Get a tube from your druggist or mail coupon below for FREE tube.

Won't foam and froth—but, oh, how it cleans and whitens!

FREE—20-Time Tube

ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.
New York City, Dept. P-7

Name

Address

City State



twenty-four hours' notice, we completely outfitted a Confederate Army of one thousand men. These costumes are, of course, taken from stock.

"The most common comment made by customers and visitors is with reference to the immensity of the establishment. They marvel that not only is there every kind of costume but also the many duplicates of each costume.

If they knew that a director never calls for anything until the last minute they would marvel even more.

"MASQUERADES run to current pictures. Up until the passing of Valentino heavy demand was made for sheik costumes by males with a penchant to emulate Rudy. Women likewise seem to follow popular pictures. But tastes cannot be accounted for. Why, for instance, should the cowboy of the real west—the buckaroo that wouldn't work in pictures on a bet—buy and wear the same style gloves that Tom Mix made famous? Yet this is an established fact.

"Also interesting is the outfitting of the school boy and girl for amateur performances. It isn't, 'How does it fit?' or 'How does it look?' The supreme question is, 'Who was it made for?' or 'What star has worn it?' And once a youthful movie fan finds a costume that was worn by Douglas Fairbanks, Lon Chaney or other actor of prominence, out it goes regardless of fit. Of such stuff are heroes made.

"Once some one sold a load of old costumes to the junk man. The very next week there came a call from one of the upper floors for rags—more rags. Beggar costumes were being made and old rags were needed. New rags would not do. They photographed new. That little sale netted us twelve dollars and lost us eight hundred dollars. So you see that rags are really important in our business. Natural wear cannot be faked—at least not to the eye of the all-seeing camera. For this reason even the most tattered costumes are preserved."

"THERE seems to be an absence of white clothing," I remarked.

"Because white clothing is taboo for the screen," replied Mr. Lambert. And then he went on to explain why.

"The first rule of every studio is an avoidance of dead-white materials. White, catching the artificial lights, produces halation and in the finished picture shows a ghostly shadow which seems to follow the players. Long, long ago actors learned to beware of white things. Women choose any sort of light shade rather than white. This is the reason why white screen clothing is a light yellow. Light yellow photographs a clear white.

"Light pink and blue photograph a dainty white, but one must always remember that there are only three shades in the finished picture—black, white and neutral grey tones."

Motion picture cameras have been so perfected in the last few years that the quality and texture of fabrics show

with remarkable accuracy. A cheap fur pelt will tell its own "skimpy" story and an ordinary bit of "store" lace cannot pass for Duchess. For this reason—because the camera does not lie—the very finest of silks, satins, linens, woolens and furs are used—and tailored to measure. Tailors from Bond Street, Paris and Fifth Avenue are in the employ of this remarkable concern. Therefore, your favorite star can, and does wear screen clothing on the street and at social affairs. Why not? No better workmanship or materials can be obtained anywhere. When you see what you think are antique furnishings on the screen they generally are as represented. Exquisite importations that are upholstered in the most delicate shades and tapestry are not "cheaters." They are genuine articles and many are priceless. Costs must be saved some other way.

"The wig department is very important," says Mr. Lambert. "Anything from a caterpillar to an ape can and has been made. Brown or blonde hair photographs best. Mary Pickford has the most beautiful head of hair on the screen, but Nita Naldi has the finest.

"OUR armor collection is kept as well oiled as the finest of machinery. Were the Knights of the Round Table to visit here they would go wild with envy. For no longer would it be necessary for them to stagger around in steel suits that weigh a ton. We have a light-weight substitute that has all the appearance of genuine metal but which is as light as felt. It is felt—a felt composition with a metallic surface.

"More than just a faint breath of a national sensation was created when the royal carriage of the late Emperor Franz Josef, was literally yanked out of the Vienna Museum. Along with it came the royal coat of arms, the actual uniforms and equipment worn by the Emperor's coachmen, lackies, footmen and postillions, as well as the matchless harness of the eight horses which drew the carriage. These things were acquired by an European representative of the company under somewhat strenuous circumstances. They now repose on the second floor of this building.

"The carriage is considered a remarkable accomplishment in body building. Incidentally, it was Erich von Stroheim's mania for perfect detail that started the carriage on its journey. You will see it in the 'Wedding March.'

"EVERYONE knows that tricks of the trade abound in the movies, probably more so than in any other line of business. Even the smallest of film concerns have their own property rooms, mechanical and carpenter shops, costuming and research departments. The larger the studio, the more extensive are these departments. Usually, it is only after their resources are exhausted that aid is sought of us.

"Romantic little Myrna Loy once told

me that I had the key to Pandora's Box. A pretty thought. But my particular brand of magic results from reading books—good books."

Lambert's sole paraphernalia for wizardry, then, is a marvelous memory and books.

He tells you that Cleopatra was five feet, two inches tall. And you're properly astonished. But he doesn't tell you that it took him weeks to pore through sufficient data to reach this conclusion. Nor does he mention that Jules Verne and Edgar Allen Poe were pikers compared with any scenario writer. But he will tell you that he is thankful that the average human life isn't constructed like a movie scenario.

Even Michelangelo may be in Mr. Lambert's employ for all that I know. For in leaving his office I saw Mike's motto on a placard, which read:

"Trifles Make Perfection. Perfection Is No Trifle."

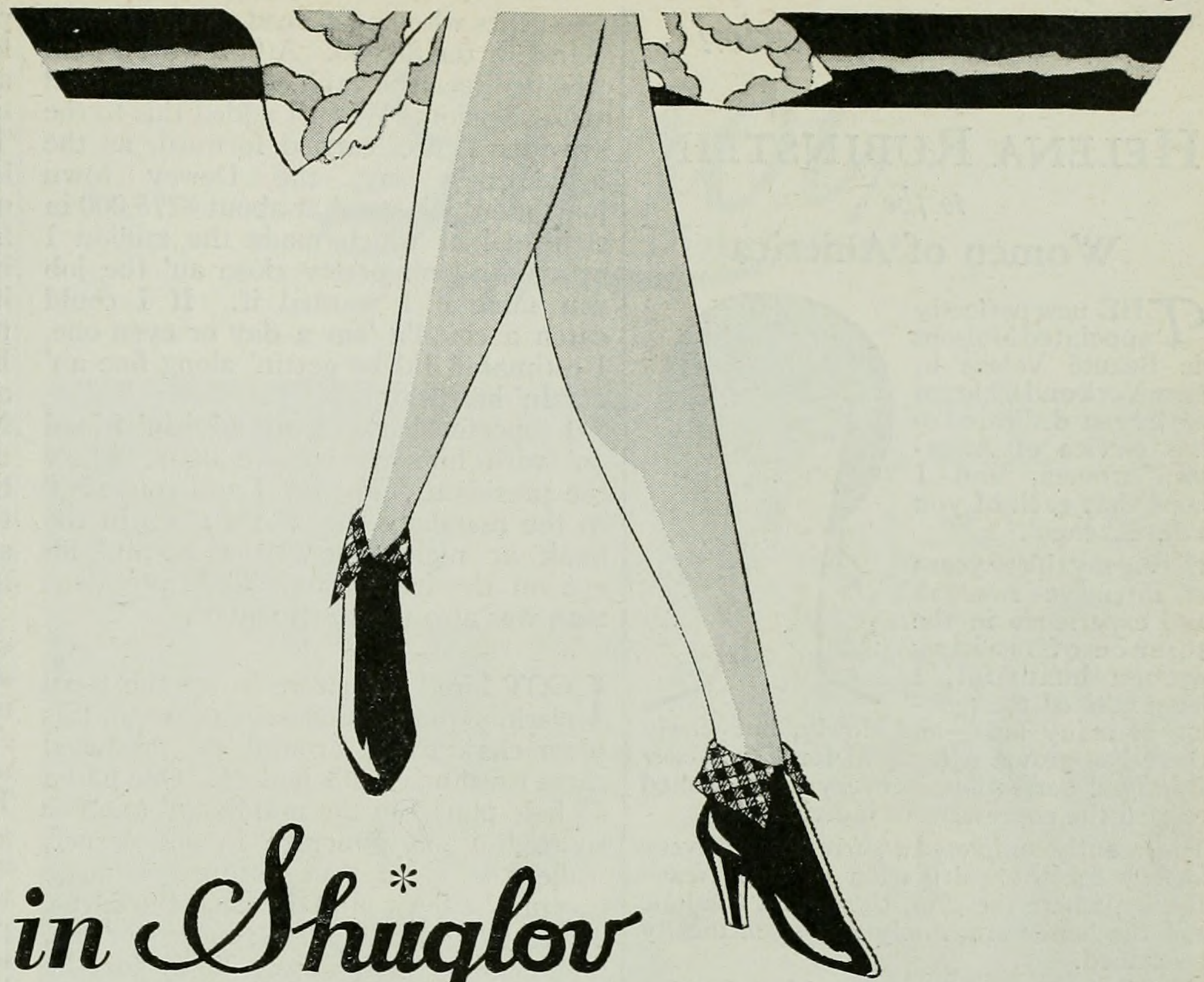
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

From the postoffice I went down to a buildin' occupied as the Dewey City Hall. I saw "City Marshal" painted on a door an' walked in. The room looked sort of lonesome an' deserted. There was an old fashioned wooden desk, a coupl'a chairs an' nothin' else in it. Tacked on the wall I saw a lot of printed circulars, like the one in the postoffice, announcin' rewards for young fellers who'd disappeared without a leavin' forwardin' addresses. The rewards run anywhere from \$50 an' \$100 to \$5,000 an' \$10,000. In the top drawer of the marshal's desk, I found mebbe two hundred postcards, likewise givin' details of missin' an' much wanted gents, with similar rewards. Quite a few, an' in fact, many of the circulars stated it was believed these gents were a headin' out Oklahoma way.

"Tom," says I to myself, "it would be a smart trick to take stock on this here town marshalin' job an' see what's in sight." I spent the rest of the afternoon figurin' up the posted rewards. They toted up exactly \$87,650. Cards in the desk footed up about \$40,000 more. From what the rewards read, the money these birds had extracted from banks, trains, express companies, stage coaches, merchants an' trustin' individuals made a nice total of more'n \$105,000, to say nothin' of jewelry, general merchandise, two hundred an' five head of horses an' three span of mules, all worth a grand balance of \$252,650 in sight or somethin' like that, all a waitin' to be grabbed. It seemed a heap more'n the movin' pictures had to offer or probably, from the way things looked at that time, ever would have.

BACK in the postoffice I read about Buck Morgan an' that \$5,000 again. From the fact he was a ridin' a sorrel when last seen, I was satisfied he was one of the two birds me an' Mike Cunyan had seen a ridin' toward Hominy Flats over in the Osage an' likewise, one of the



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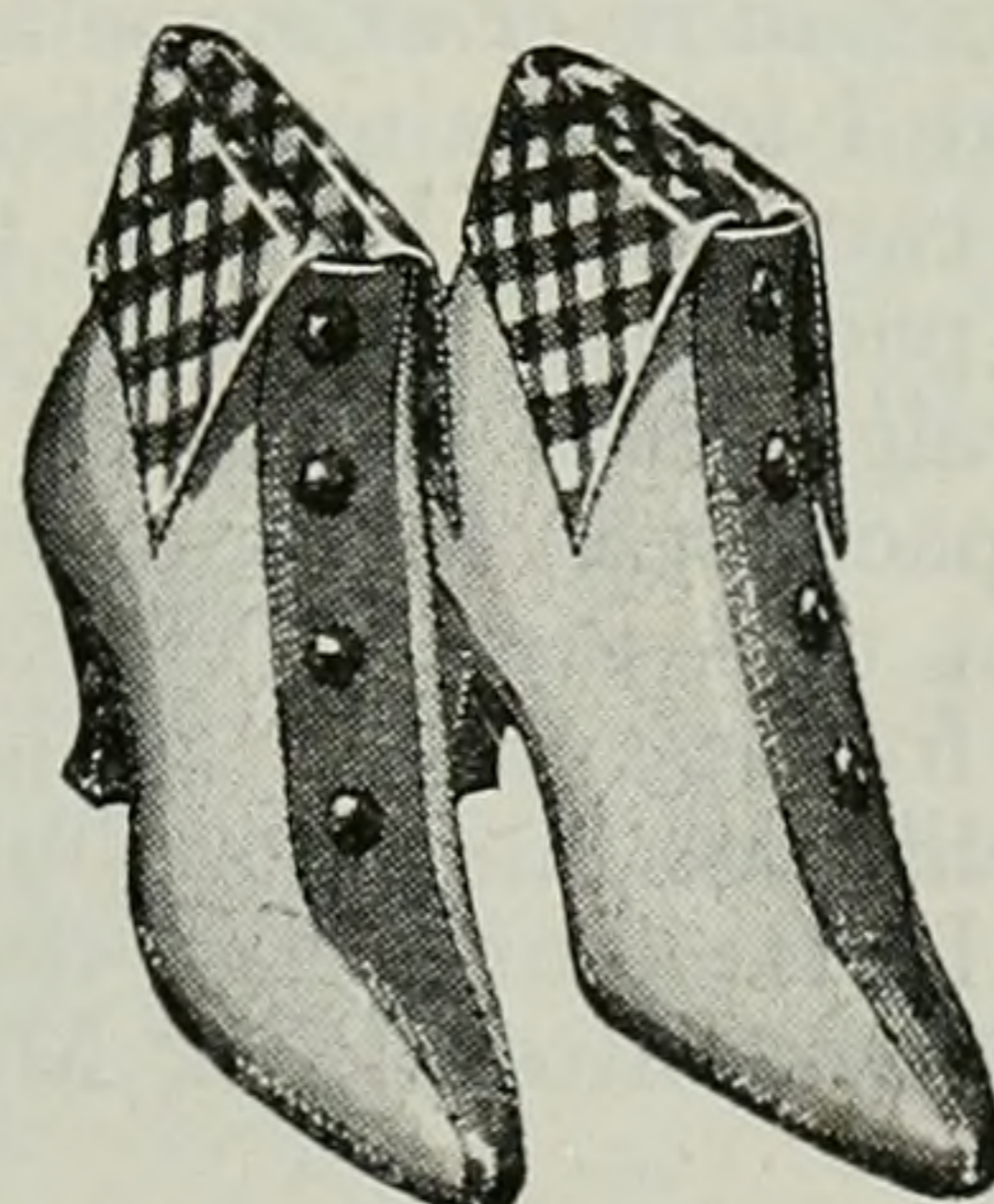
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blend harmoniously with any outfit. And what a reception Shuglov has enjoyed!

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You will want them, no doubt, immediately. All smart shops are showing them. Women who dictate the vogue are wearing them. They tell us candidly... it is the first time they have ever found footgear protection they are glad to wear.



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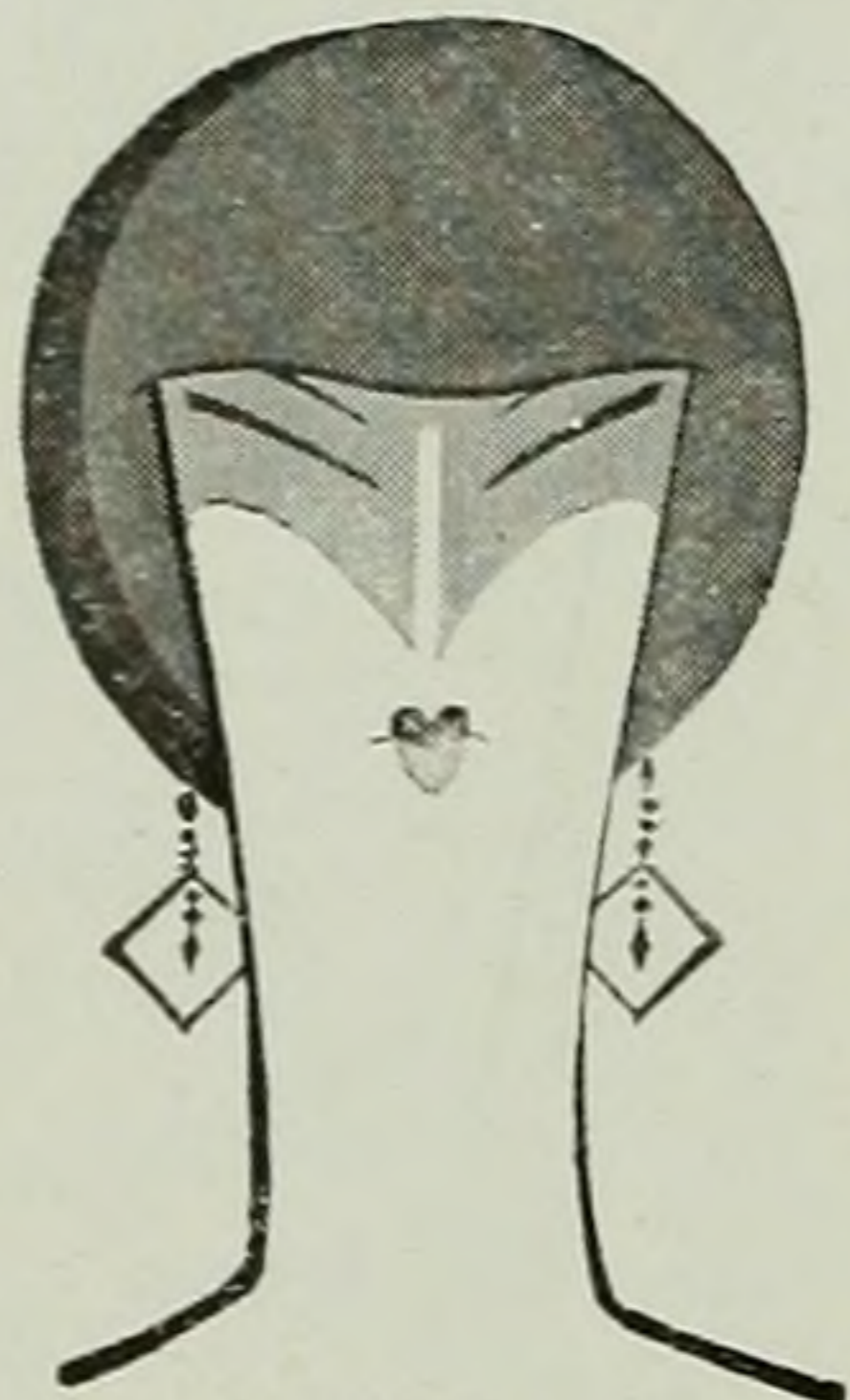
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Average Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Puffy Eyes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles | <input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crowsfeet | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan, Freckles |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sallowiness | <input type="checkbox"/> Pimples, Acne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads | <input type="checkbox"/> Hollows |

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

two gents who had turned off the Dewey Bank for the \$8,500. A talk with a man who had seen the bank hold-up confirmed this suspicion. When I added this to the previous figure, carried forward, as the bookkeepers say, the Dewey town marshal's job stood at about \$275,000 in sight, all of which made the million I was after look pretty close an' the job was mine if I wanted it. If I could catch a coupl'a 'em a day or even one, I estimated I'd be gettin' along fine an' makin' headway.

I reported back to my advisin' friend an' with him visited the bank, where the president said they'd add somethin' to the marshal's pay if I'd sleep in the bank at night, thereby a keepin' an eye on the institution. This president man was also the town mayor.

I GOT hired an' swore in by the town clerk. After administerin' the oath, this town clerk fished around an' produced three town marshal's badges. One had a 45 hole plumb in the middle an' another sported a .38 puncture in one corner, while the third had escaped damage exceptin' a few round dents on the edges. These badges didn't look lucky for me, an' certainly hadn't been lucky for the gents who had been a wearin' of 'em. I told the mayor if it was the same with him, I'd send up to Wichita an' get me a new marshal's badge on my own account.

My new badge came in a coupl'a days an' after a few days a marshalin' around, I slipped in an' told the bank president an' cashier that I was satisfied this here Buck Morgan had robbed 'em an' that I had a good line on his whereabouts. I also added that I thought it a good thing if I slipped out an' brought him in. As he had shorted them plenty, they thought it would be about the right thing for me to do. Another thing that appealed to me was that this Buck Morgan reward had been offered by the sheriff of El Paso county, an' as I originally came from Texas, I felt it my duty to go an' get that reward by bringin' in this bank robbin' gent.

I was a ridin' a mighty good horse an' I headed straight into the Osage country, figurin' as I rode along the first night, on where I'd get my next hundred thousand or so after I'd finished up the town marshalin' an' run out of rewards, or if the rewards would come in fast enough to keep me busy, once I had got caught up on the job.

FROM Dewey I struck south, crossin' the Canadian river at Appalachia station. There I found a man who recalled seein' the two men. He said they had bought a packhorse at that point an' headed straight into the west. I knew from the packhorse an' provisions they had bought that they were a aimin' to keep away from civilization. That suited me, for I like nothin' better'n an open country. I also found that the man a ridin' the sorrel fitted Buck Morgan to a "t."

At Stillwater, I had my bridle fixed an' a rip in my chaps sewed an' picked up another trail, skirtin' north of Guthrie an' got into Kingfisher. I reckoned now I was mebbe a week or ten days behind 'em. At a Kingfisher corral I found the

pair had put up there for a night an' kept on west, but pickin' up at that point an Osage squaw, who seemed to have been a waitin' for the man on the sorrel. Then I discovered that when the party left Kingfisher, it consisted only of the man on the sorrel an' the Osage squaw, her now a ridin' the black horse an' leadin' the pack. I reckoned the other gent had taken his share of the money and took a train out, probably east or north. But as I wasn't wantin' him, I kept on after Mr. Morgan an' the pro tem Mrs. Morgan. The indications to me was that the pair was a makin' for the Texas border an' this puzzled me, as I naturally thought he'd want to keep out of the state where the big reward was offered for him.

At Watonga, I found Morgan an' the squaw had purchased more supplies an' again crossed the Canadian at a little out of the way ford, but had gone around Arapaho, the county seat. As I rode along, followin' this trail seemed so easy, I wondered what eminent bank robber I'd go after next, after I'd got Mr. Morgan an' the squaw back in El Paso county—that is, if I took him back, it all dependin' on how much of \$27,300 he had left when I got him, as I reckoned that him an' his partner had split the bankroll when they parted near Kingfisher.

BUT I was a ridin' a mighty good buckskin horse, and restin' him proper, an' makin', I guessed ten or fifteen miles a day better'n they were, especially hampered as he was by a Osage squaw an' a pack horse. So I took the trip carefully, stoppin' at good water holes along the way for a coupl'a hours at a time so my horse could get plenty to drink. You know a horse don't get watered right if you just stop for a drink. He's got to drink an' rest an' then drink again, to keep in good condition. I did a lot of ridin' at night to help my horse an' also, you can spot camp fires mighty easy after dark.

Roger Mills county, Oklahoma, is on the Texas border, an' along about dusk one evenin' an' after coverin' somethin' like 340 miles an' my horse a gettin' a little footsore an' needin' a coupl'a shoes to be re-set, I came in sight of a little shack on the banks of the Washita river. I found later that the shack had been built by a homesick nester, who'd decided that he had enough of homesteadin' an' departed for his wife's folks back in Missouri. If he had a had my experience, he'd a headed in most any other direction. From behind a bunch of river willows I watched. Hobbled an' grazin' near the shack was the sorrel, the black an' the pack horse. Then I knew it wasn't goin' to be long before me an' Mr. Morgan got acquainted. I stashed my horse about a mile back around the river bend, where he could get plenty of grass an' water an' rest up, as I calculated I'd probably be a needin' a good horse before long.

FOR two days I kept back in the brush a watchin'. At night, I'd ride three or four miles up the river before lightin' a fire to cook the one meal a day I was now a livin' on. Durin' the days I watched, I saw Morgan an' I saw the squaw.

From the way they moved around an' knew where the spring was, I calculated either the squaw or Morgan had lived there before. Later, I found that it was the squaw's second housekeepin' job in the same place. Each mornin' about sun-up Morgan would come out, turn the horses from the little corral so they could graze, an' himself pick up a little brushwood to get breakfast with. Next mornin' long before day break, I stretched myself behind a little old hayrick where I couldn't be seen from the shack an' waited.

Morgan came out. Twice he started toward the corral an' then turned back. I wondered. Somehow, he seemed to look a heap over toward the hayrick where I was a hidin'. Then he went back in the house. I wondered if he had a rifle an' how good a shot he was. He seemed to stay in the house for hours, although the sun didn't get more'n fifteen minutes higher while he was gone. Then he came out. I couldn't see any rifle. I was willin', six shooter for six shooter, to take a chance, askin' nothin' better'n an even break. Morgan walked slowly toward me. Twice he stopped an' shifted his belt. I reckoned he was afraid to come, gun in hand, for fear I'd start it. Then he walked into the barn with his back toward me an' I sure breathed easier, for that told me he didn't know I was there. It was a cool mornin' but he sure had me a sweatin' a little.

AT last Morgan walked toward the hayrick, lookin' right at it, an' to me it appeared as if he was expectin' somethin'. I waited until he was not more than a rod away an' then I threw down on him. He took it quite cool, stuck up his hands an' said nothin'. I took his gun an' tied him to a cottonwood near the shack. While Morgan didn't talk, the squaw wasn't exactly pleased an' she kept a mutterin' to herself or me in Osage—part of which I understood, an' some parts of what she said concernin' me, an' which she knew I savvied, wouldn't bear printin'.

I searched the pair an' went through their belongin's. The man had \$135 an' the squaw was a carryin' \$12 in a beaded bag. Incidental, I've got that bag yet, an' it's a hangin' on the wall of my Beverly Hills home, but I gave her back the \$12. In the shack I found a 12-gauge shot gun, an' threw all the shells into the river. They had no other fire arms except his six shooter, which I had.

MORGAN wouldn't talk. The squaw brought him his meals, but wouldn't cook for me, but I could manage that myself. I put in two days an' more tryin' to find where Morgan had stashed that money, but could locate nothin'. After I searched the shack an' found nothin', I looked for hideaways, such as woodchuck an' gopher holes. Nothin' doin'. A search made for fresh dirt, where somethin' might have been buried, brought no better results. I turned over old logs an' brush heaps. Then I started to dig on my own account, selectin' what I thought might be likely spots. I turned over enough ground around that river bottom an' shack to seed a pretty good crop of corn. I kept the squaw

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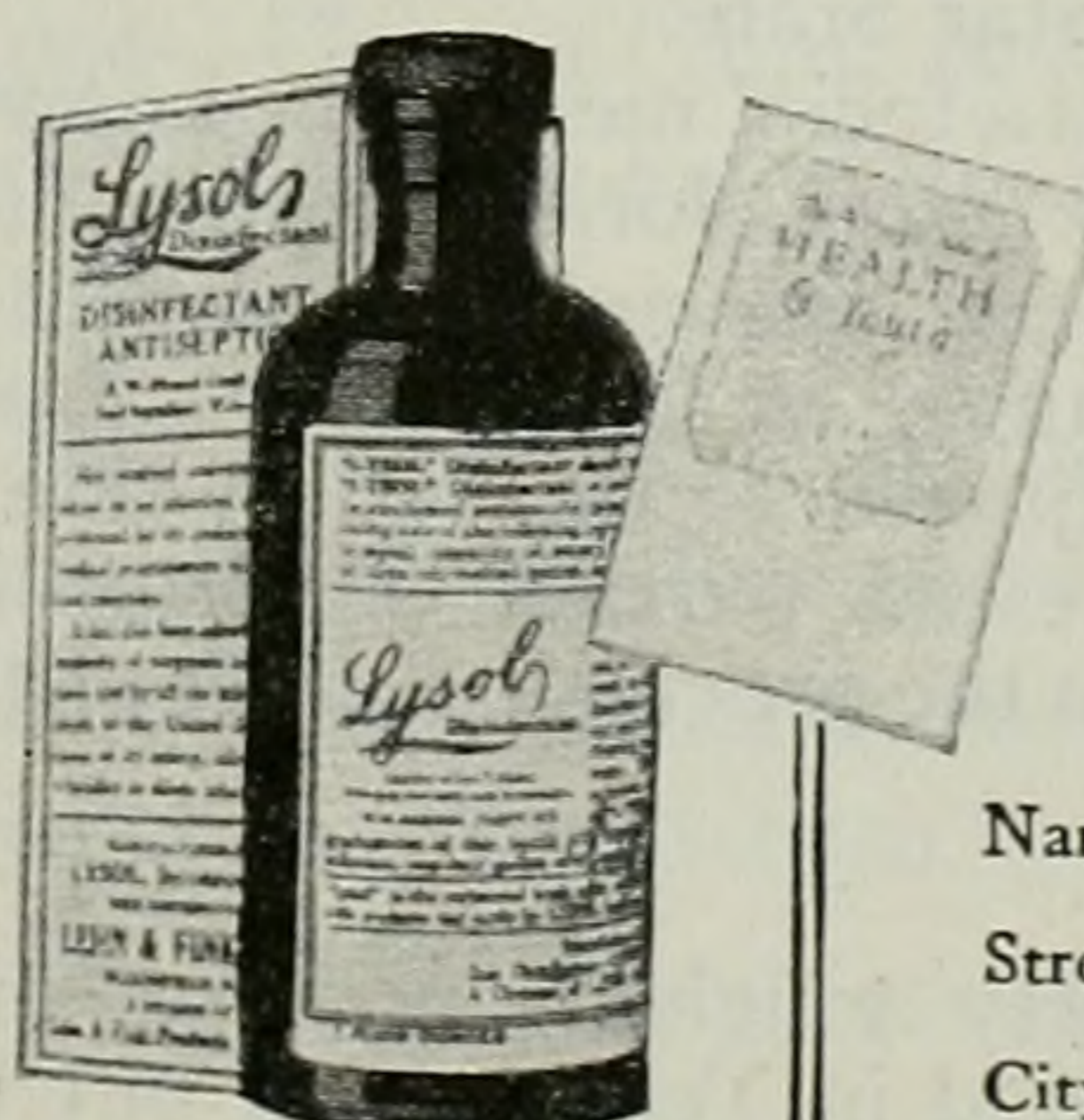
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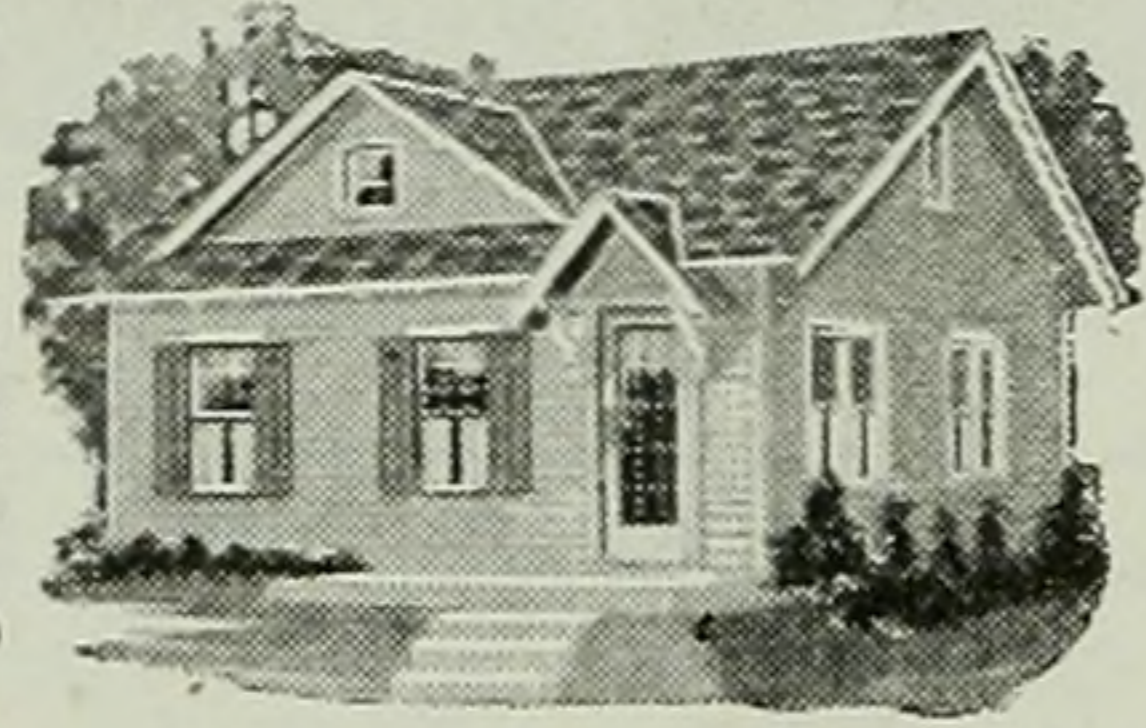
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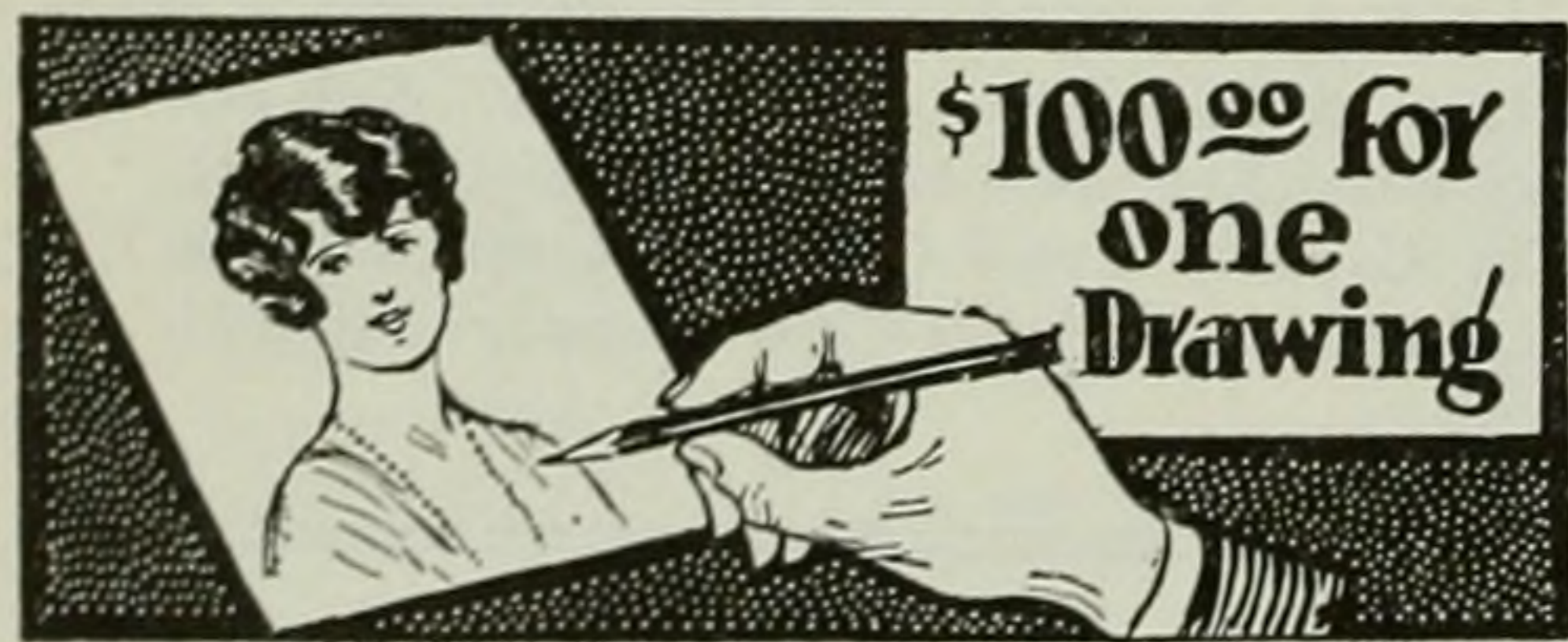
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with me, leavin' Mr. Morgan still tied to the cottonwood, but so he could sit down an' use his hands a little.

The fourth day, I must have grown careless like, for suddenly the squaw jumped from the shack door an' let go the double barreled shot-gun at me, a usin' shells I didn't know she had or I had overlooked. Three or four small buckshot lodged in the fleshy part of my shoulder an' arm, but none of 'em went in deep enough to do any worryin' damage. I threw the shot gun in the river, an' tyin' his feet to the stirrups, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Squaw an' me pulled up stakes an' set out for the little town of Red Moon, about fifteen miles away.

THE marshal in Red Moon, who was one-fifteenth of the town's population, got much excited when I came in with my prisoner an' insisted he ought to get half the reward because Morgan had been found near his burg. That wasn't to be considered, so I pulled out an' by ridin' most of the night got into Strong City, county seat of Roger Mills county, an' then the end of the railway. The town had a calaboose an' in it I locked Morgan, a lettin' the squaw go, which she did pronto, takin' the bay horse, the pack horse an' beatin' it back to the Osage. Years later while in Kansas City, I saw that same squaw, a ridin' around in a \$5,000 automobile an' dressed to kill with nothin' less than \$25,000 in diamonds on her. I found she was a drawin' \$3,000 a week oil money. Funny thing, the more money a squaw's got, the more clothes she'll put on; the more money a white woman's got, the more clothes she'll take off—but then the squaw's only a savage an' don't know any better.

Meanwhile a doctor in Strong City fixed me up pretty well an' the next day I decided to notify the sheriff in El Paso that I was ready to come on with his much wanted Mr. Morgan, an' to have the \$5,000 reward handy, as I was a goin' to be in a hurry to get away an' back to my marshalin' job in Dewey.

At the telegraph office I took out the old reward circular to get the sheriff's name in El Paso. Then it was that for the first time I made a discovery of somethin' that set my heart a sinkin' down to the bottom of my bootheels. The man I was to wire was Charles Cantaberry, sheriff of El Paso county, COLORADO, an' not El Paso county, Texas. That was the first time I ever knew there was an El Paso county in Colorado but it seemed there was. Lookin' at the reward circular I just read El Paso, an' bein' a Texan, I naturally supposed there could be but one El Paso on earth, an' that was in the Lone Star State.

All this was a facin' me, an' me knowin' I couldn't go into Colorado until a little matter between me an' the sheriff of Fremont county, at Canon City, Colorado, was adjusted to the satisfaction of several interested parties, all of which I explained in the previous chapter of this story.

IT was pretty tough to find my man I wasn't wanted in Texas at all, but the fact there was a warrant for Mr. Morgan

in Colorado, made me an' that gent members of the same lodge.

Next day I figured out a plan to play safe an' sent Sheriff Cantaberry a wire that the town marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, would deliver his man to him in a little town called Benda, just on the Oklahoma side of the Colorado state line. I reckoned he'd know that my official authority as a marshal ended at the Oklahoma state line, an' that was why I didn't want to cross with my prisoner.

I waited at Benda for a week an' finally turned Mr. Morgan—him an' me had got to be pretty good friends by that time—over to a coupl'a deputies who'd been sent after him. They gave me a receipt for my man an' took him back as he had waived extradition. Lucky for me, the two deputies had never heard of me, an' knew nothin' about Canon City or its troubles, a part of which had been me at least so they said although personal, I couldn't see how that could be. Anyway, then I sold the horse I'd been a ridin' to a young feller I thought would give him good care as he was a mighty fine horse an' I hated to lose him, an' took the train back to Dewey.

ABOUT the first gent I saw when I got off the cars was a husky young chap a wearin' a new shiny badge which read "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma."

"Where's the old marshal," I asked, unconcerned like.

"Oh, that feller," says the new official, "he was a young feller named Mix, kind of a slicker, so they said, an' about a month ago he went off a bank robber huntin' an' ain't never come back an' he ain't sent no word. We reckon the bank robber out-smarted him an' beat him to it, so I got the job."

"Sort of a steady job, I reckon?" I went on.

"That dependin'," says he, "some says it is—some says it ain't."

All this didn't look so good for me an' my marshalin'.

I hunted up Earl Woodward—an' who's still a livin' down there—an' related my experiences. He said hearin' nothin' from me, they'd been obliged to put in a new man as marshal. After the bank folks an' Mr. Woodward found that Morgan didn't have any money from their bank on him when arrested, their interest just naturally faded away an' so far as Dewey was concerned, Mr. Morgan was at liberty to come an' go.

I hung around Dewey for a week waitin' for the Colorado sheriff to send me my reward an' then one day I got a telegram which read: "Tom Mix, Dewey, Oklahoma: Jury today acquitted Henry Morgan of bank robbery. Officials and citizens here fail to positively identify him as the right man. Morgan send his regards to you, and says in appreciation of your many kindnesses to him, you may keep the squaw. Charles Cantaberry, Sheriff, El Paso county, Colorado."

An' that was how my \$5,000 reward faded away an' likewise about sunk my second start to get that million I was after. I felt pretty blue. Then I went to my room, gathered up the big bundle of reward circulars an' post cards that I'd put away for safe keepin', an' burned 'em up in the back yard. I felt at least that

I was a doin' the new town marshal a favor—I was a givin' him a clean start an' puttin' temptation out of his way. An', just sort of incidental—wrapped in a buckskin strip, tucked away in a corner of a drawer in my room in Beverly Hills is somethin' still slick an' shiny an' without a scratch on it. Once in a while I take it out, look at it an' think how proud it once made me—it reads "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma."

THE day followin' the bonfire of the circulars, I got a telegram from Chicago. It read:

"Tom Mix, Dewey, Oklahoma. Can you bull-dog a buffalo for an important scene in moving picture stop we will pay liberal price for this work stop can you meet me in Dewey Saturday morning please answer (signed) George W. Walrath."

I went to bed early that night to think it all over, an' dreamed I was a bein' pursued by a pack of hungry wolves an' a big herd of buffalos. The wolves all had gleaming eyes that looked like a camera lens, an' the buffalos a chasin' me were a runnin' on three legs, just like the legs under the tripod of a movin' picture machine. Then I dreamed I saw a man a comin' toward me carryin' great sacks of money, which I took to be a million or more. About sun-up, I got out of bed an' wired Mr. Walrath to come to Dewey an' to bring on his buffalos.

Next month Tom Mix will tell how a motion picture concern employed him to bulldog a buffalo. "Up to that time," says Mr. Mix, "I had considered this fairly easy of accomplishment but, unfortunately, the buffalo didn't give me even reasonable co-operation."



The long hidden ear becomes conspicuous. This ear-let is to replace the old-fashioned ear-ring, according to Vera Reynolds

SHE KNOWS

*the secret
of being*
POPULAR

**in spite of a tendency
towards drab, lifeless hair**

"You are almost sure to see her, no matter where you go. Find the most attractive group of men—and, sure enough, there is Helen—bright, youthful, glorious, with sparkling eyes and radiant hair that the girls all envy. I can hardly make myself believe she's the same drab, little school teacher I used to know . . ."

* * *

OFTEN the difference between plainness and popularity lies in some slight, unaccented feature. A complexion, flawless perhaps—yet not properly rouged; a style of coiffure that is unkind to profile; or, so frequently the hair itself is plain and drab and lifeless.

What a pity! For your face may be as pretty as a picture—but if your hair is dull—a shadowy gloom will dim its loveliness like an ill chosen picture frame!

And, how easy it is to be guilty of this neglect! These modern days we live so fast and play so hard that Nature, unaided, often fails to combat Time's dulling touch. Dullness creeps in—lustre fades—in spite of ordinary shampooing.

Fortunately there's a *special* shampoo—Golden Glint. It was created especially to combat dullness—to add new life, new lustre—or prevent hair fading! "The shampoo-plus" it's often called—for it does more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees—those youthful lights return.

Rich copious lather—faintly fragrant—removes the film that hides the nat-



ural color of your hair. Two lathers and your hair is *clean*, gloriously immaculate.

You rinse—remove all trace of soap and your hair will be shades lighter.

Then you apply the *extra touch*—a *special* rinse—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different*. Your hair takes on new gloss—new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights! You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses—soft, silky—exquisitely fragrant and lustrous. *Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!*

Millions today use this modern shampoo-plus. It brings much of the skill of the master hairdresser to your own boudoir. No harsh chemicals to bleach or change the natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—plus an extra touch that brings back youth! Your nearest toilet goods dealer can supply you. Money back if not delighted.

Golden Glint

the SHAMPOO plus
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL "LOCKS"

* * * * *

If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Department B, 604 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name—and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.

Gray is

Gone



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

You Test It Free at Home

INSTEAD of dangerous "crude dyes" that do not fool anyone, you now call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear, water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—if black, black returns.



2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean . . . safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

This scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. 3,000,000



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

women have used it. Makes hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash off. May be applied only to gray parts. Keeps hair easy to curl.

Test free by sending coupon—or go to nearest drug store. Few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed.

FREE TEST

Mary T. Goldman, 108-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 Check color: Black dark brown medium brown auburn (dark red) light brown light auburn blonde [Print name]

Name

Street

City

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Itching Skin

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Boys—Be the Envy of Your Crowd
 I'll teach you birdcalls and fancy whistling in 24 hours using tongue and lips—easy new method.
 Amaze Your Friends
 Whistle latest songs, solos at parties, over radio, earn money, be popular. Complete instructions 10c. Free with order—Swiss Warbler and a handsome souvenir. You'll like it.
JACK THE WHISTLER
 Box 262, Dept. K-3, New Haven, Conn.

10c

Test Number 107

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

outstanding productions; although Charles Farrell gained his first recognition of note under his direction; in spite of the fact that Ernest Torrence reached the high salaried class after "The Covered Wagon" and George Bancroft took several rungs of the success-ladder because of "The Pony Express," it was not until Cruze met Gladys Quartaro (a name which he promptly changed to Neena) that he made any effort to promote one player.

"I always used the cast they chose for me. If I've helped any one player it has been accidental," he told me.

IN fact, Cruze has been noted for preferring the well-known, "old line" men and women.

When he sent word to Neena that she was to be the exception and that he would not only use her in one picture but promote her in others, she just couldn't quite believe it.

"Didn't he think I was too young?" she exclaimed.

"They have always said I was too young to be a real actress. They've said it for three years and I don't look or feel one bit older."

For, although Neena is James Cruze's discovery, although her lead in "The Red Mark" is her first part of real importance, she was not picked from the Hollywood air by the director. She had been working for nearly four years to secure just such an opening.

First in New York, at fourteen years of age, with D. W. Griffith. D. W. signed her at five dollars a day and then seems to have forgotten to use her.

"Then I was to go to the Paramount school. But Mr. Lasky said, 'You don't seem to grow up, Gladys.'"

"And when I asked him about Betty

Bronson and Mary Brian, he told me, 'You stick to it. Remember, Buster Collier was an extra for eight years.'

"Then, a year ago, mother decided I was old enough to really go into the movies in earnest. You see I am the baby of seven children and even my own family thought I was too young for pictures.

"But I was so determined that mother finally brought me to California."

Came a prospective opportunity to play the lead with Ramon Novarro in "Romance." She thought it all settled. But when Supervisor Hunt Stromberg saw her—

"He thought I was too young!" her voice broke at the memory of the occurrence.

SO she gave up. "I just went and stayed at home I was so discouraged. My manager was about ready to give up too. She brought my test over to Mr. Cruze, but I guess she thought it was a hopeless errand. Then, all of a sudden, this happened! Do you think I'll make good?"

But how could I tell her? How could anyone foretell the future of these young women who are getting their chance in such miraculous fashions? How could anyone say what is to become of Ruth Taylor, Shirley O'Hara, Betty Bronson—even Janet Gaynor?

She does have something "different." With an ancestry of pure Spanish on her father's side and equally unmarred Italian on her mother's, she combines the eyes of an Olive Borden; something of the wistfulness of a Janet Gaynor; the "IT" possibilities of Clara—but all undeveloped.

Only time can tell you the end of this story.



Irene, Jane and Frances Rich taking a ride on a sea-going mattress. If you think the children of movie stars are silly little flappers, take a long look at these two husky outdoor girls

Better than Pickford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

trace a diagram on the top of the box on which he was sitting. "Then at the back I've got a wow of a Chinese interior. It was some sheik's opium den or something but I've got it all gagged up with the cutest little fountain—looks like real marble. Then I've got a couple of prop trees that at night you can't hardly tell from the real thing."

"But you can't use them all in the same picture, can you?" questioned the practical Mary Rose.

"SURE. Why not? You see the hero can be a beachcomber or something over in Shanghai. Then he meets the girl—see—and he decides to go straight. That's where the big situation comes in. Then I'll get a swell title about him going out west where men are men and I'll fade right in on the cabin—see."

"It sounds just wonderful." Mary Rose's admiration for such a creative mind was genuine.

"Well, you see these birds squander a pile of money on sets, when if they'd just use their heads—"

But the impromptu luncheon came to a sudden end when a couple of inconsiderate grips started to shift the scenery. With the deftness of a magician, Jimmy grabbed the telltale plates and did a quick fadeaway.

"Don't listen to that goofy prop boy, sister," one of the grips kiddingly cautioned Mary Rose. "To hear him tell it, he's the reason why girls leave home. Has he been signin' you up to be the star of the James X. Riley Productions?"

Mary Rose wished she could think of something fresh to say back to him, the way the other girls did.

"No," she answered truthfully, "but he was telling me about his idea for a quickie. I thought it was just wonderful—"

"So's your old man!" guffawed the grip.

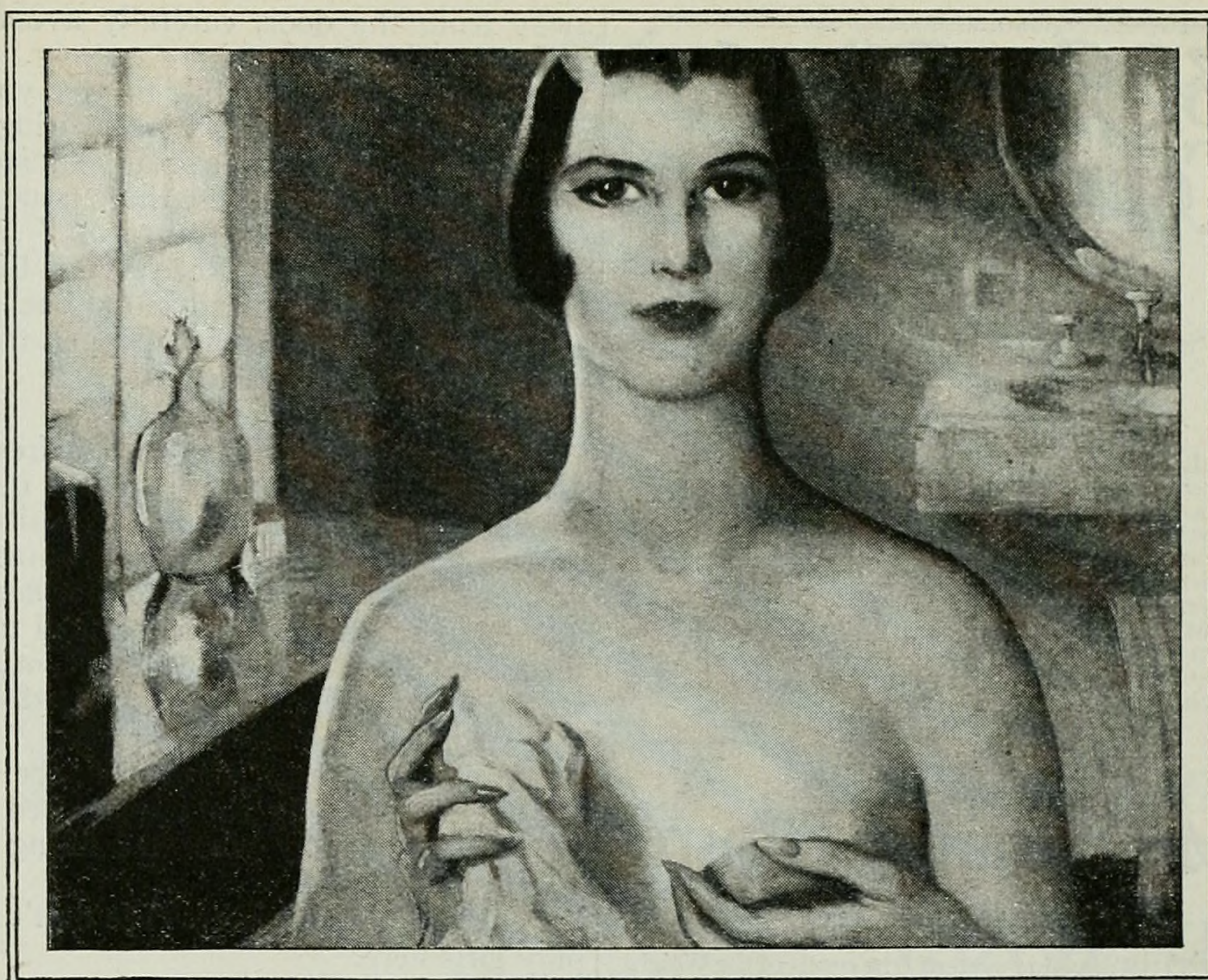
THAT night Mary Rose paid her landlady \$8.00 on account and assured her that things were looking up. She hinted that she *might* have a chance to play a lead before long. The landlady skeptically indicated that it had better be soon.

A week went by. And another. With each day she trudged a little less hopefully from casting office to casting office, lingering longest on the Colossal lot, hoping for a glimpse of Jimmie Riley. Each night she faced a little less courageously the questioning eyes of Miss Plank, the landlady.

Then one morning the dreaded ultimatum came.

"If I'm not paid up by tonight, out you go." Miss Plank made a sweeping gesture with her brawny arms which caused Mary Rose to wince.

"I'm expecting something today—out at Colossal." She lied weakly. "They said to be there at nine sharp." Her fingers were fussing with the catch on her make-up box as she began to edge



It puts back into your skin the vital elements your daily life steals from it

ONE great cause is responsible for blackheads and blemishes, for roughnesses, coarse-textured or oily skin—one great cause, and you can remove it.

THOSE clear, smooth skins you see about you—do you ever look at them with just a touch of envy? Does your own complexion—perhaps sallow, oily, or marred by blackheads—give you in contrast a sense of hopelessness as you stand before your mirror?

prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today, from that early prescription, Resinol Soap has come into nationwide use. No drugs,

creams or cosmetics! So simple and effective a treatment, your own physician himself will in all probability recommend it!

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath—Resinol is everywhere today in daily use. Note its clean, tonic odor.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

The soothing, healing properties of Resinol Ointment have for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face

—lack of the full amount of exercise necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally

—harsh, dry winds that roughen and redden the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these little evils in daily life—each in itself perhaps unimportant—are, combined, the one fundamental cause of every skin blemish and fault. If the skin—any skin, your skin—can only be kept acting normally, the body itself will do the rest.

Thirty-three years ago an important discovery

Thirty-three years ago a well-known physician decided that ordinary patchwork treatments were not enough for even the slightest skin blemishes. At last he developed a simple formula—not a complicated drug, but a basic

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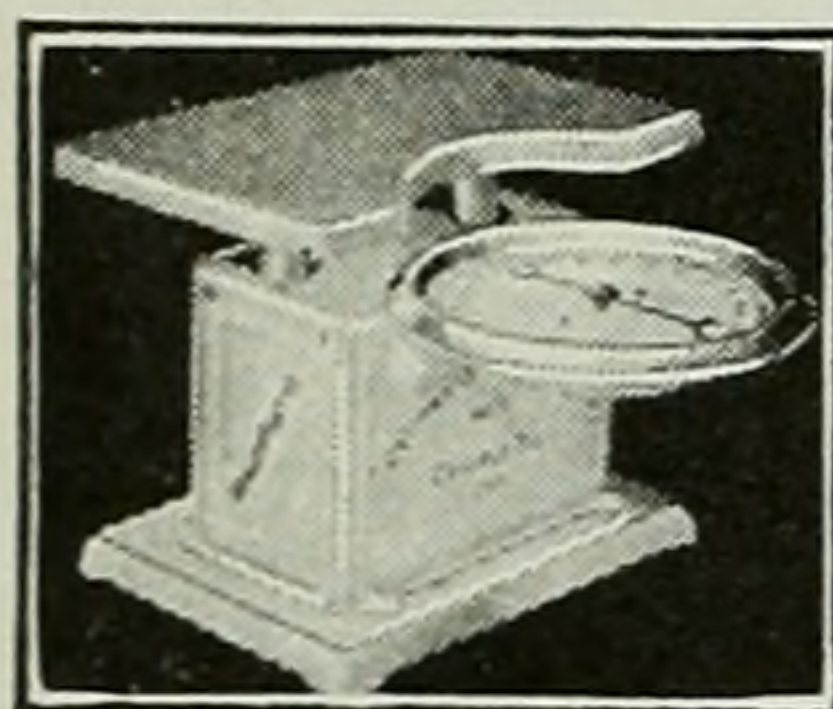
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FOLLOWING this program gives wonderful results, and proves one does not have to be or become too fat, too thin, or illy proportioned. It is based on the simplest, best, safest system of weight control known to the medical profession. Send for it today. It's absolutely free.

A Charming Figure Easily Acquired

BY THIS amazing system (the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine), you can weigh what you want and take off or put on weight where desired. Approved by physicians. Endorsed by thousands. Following the 30-Day Program will enable you to take off at least 10 pounds and convince you that you can be youthfully slender, perfectly formed.



This Program (complete with daily menus, exercises, instructions) is given you by the makers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale that makes weight control easy and safe, warns you if you are starting to gain or lose. Procurable at most department, hardware, physicians' supply and drug stores.

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away from the door, carefully avoiding Miss Plank's eyes.

"If you had any spunk to you you'd get out and get yourself a job waiting on tables—something that's steady—instead of hanging around these here studios, waiting for something to turn up."

A waitress! Mary Rose's chin lifted scornfully as she hurried along the gay little street bordered with pepper trees, not daring to look back.

THE intoxicating aroma of freshly brewed coffee as she passed a quick lunch caused her to hesitate. A waitress probably had all the coffee she wanted to drink—and bacon and eggs for her breakfast—and toast. Her heart seemed to be throbbing somewhere in the pit of her stomach. Involuntarily, her tired feet turned into the quick-lunch room.

"Are there any openings for—a waitress?" Timidly she approached the white-coated husky who was filling the shining percolator.

"Nothing doing, sister. We don't employ girls here."

Mary Rose couldn't take her eyes off the large printed card which announced that they served the best coffee in town for ten cents—one dime. Her fingers closed over the two lonesome coins in her purse. They would buy her a cup of coffee—or they would take her out to the Colossal Studio. In that faltering second she tasted every cup of coffee she had ever swallowed—felt its burning warmth on her moist tongue. The tantalizing odor of the coffee seemed to be pulling her toward the counter.

"They want a dish washer down the street," volunteered the man behind the counter.

Mary Rose managed to smile her thanks for the tip and walk bravely out of the lunch room.

BUT by five o'clock that afternoon her bravery was at low ebb. All day she had sat in the casting office of the Colossal Studio, watching the motley parade of extras come and go. Cute little flappers; character men, cowboys, fat boys, freckled boys, funny boys; elderly ladies, exotic ladies, eccentric ladies; midgets; matadors; musicians; the fag-end of a glorified profession, each one certain that his big rôle lay just around the corner.

To one and all the same reply had been given. No casting today.

Mary Rose had heard it so often that now the clock seemed to be ticking No-casting-today. The typewriters tapped out their staccato No-casting-today, and the swinging doors echoed it with emphatic slams.

"No use your hanging around," someone had told her. "Only one company working on the lot today—and they're doing re-takes. All the rest on location."

But still she lingered, putting off as long as possible the moment when she must again face Miss Plank—and the street. Where would she spend the night. . . . This and a dozen other similar thoughts jigsawed through her mind.

Inside the office an assistant slammed a telephone receiver on the hook with a "Jees, can yuh beat it? Benson's got temperamental and says she'll have to

have a double. We gotta rush somebody out there pronto." His eyes searched the mourner's bench in the outer office. "Where's that kid that's been sittin' around here all day. She was about Benson's size."

Mary Rose, standing dejectedly just outside the door, caught this last and whirled about eagerly.

"Say, Kid, can yuh swim?" he demanded.

"Sh-sure!" she tried to gulp the lie down carelessly.

"It's a stunt," he explained briefly. "Doubling for Benson. It'll be good for fifty bucks—maybe more."

She followed him, unquestioning. This, she thought numbly, was what they called a lucky break.

IT took little more than an hour to whisk Mary Rose from obscurity to the blinding glare of a battery of Kleig lights set on the deck of a yacht, some two hundred yards offshore.

With fear-struck eyes she watched them anchor a camera on a two by four rock jutting up out of the churning water. Another camera was being set up on the deck, close to the rail. It was to be a night shot. Juicers were busy testing the lights. Farther along the deck a fat, pimple-faced boy tortured the piano, while a couple struggled with the Black Bottom rhythm. All happily unaware that a scared little girl was about to gamble with life itself—for fifty dollars.

Mary Rose braced herself against the rail to keep her trembling knees from hitting together. Below her the water shimmered like oiled silk in the first dark of evening. It sent shivers over her tense little body—the way it swished against the side of the ship. She turned the other way, trying to concentrate on the fifty dollars . . . how it would feel stuffed into her purse . . . five ten dollar bills or ten five dollar bills . . . how she would pay Miss Plank, proudly.

"Well, if it isn't the little baby doll herself!" Jimmy Riley came sliding across the deck, a pleased grin on his face as he recognized Mary Rose. "Where have you been all these weeks? I've been watchin' for you on the lot."

"I haven't been working—so very much."

"NO? Well, we'll have to look into that. A baby doll like you ought to be working every day. Some of these bozos that call themselves directors certainly have trouble with their eyes." The way he smiled down at Mary Rose was conclusive proof that there was nothing wrong with his own eyesight.

"Say, what are you doing here?" he asked suddenly. "You're not the girl they brought out to double for Benson are you?"

She could only nod her head. "Well, I hope you brought your water wings. It looks like a wet evening."

Her icy fingers gripped the rail a little tighter.

"They won't let me drown—will they?" she asked with a hysterical little laugh.

"Not if I know it, baby!" He patted her arm reassuringly and courage began to trickle through her veins.

But her courage was short-lived. There were shouts for Jimmy Riley and with a "see you later" he hurried away. A moment later her heart volplaned to her stomach as she watched him climb down the rope ladder, into a waiting launch, which chugged off toward the shore. "We can't have a rehearsal on this," the director had come over to explain the scene to Mary Rose. "So you'll have to get it right the first time." Numbly she listened while he outlined the action.

"**N**OW the villain—that's Mr. Gordon over there—got you on his yacht under false pretenses—see. He's determined to possess you. You've managed to get away from him and run along the deck. You stop here—see—and look back over your shoulder. That's where the camera picks you up. You're scared. He's pursuing you—his arms reaching out for you. You pause a second—then go overboard. Have you got that?"

She nodded understandingly, afraid to trust her voice to speak. All a-tremble she watched the Kleig lights sputter on. Her chance had come at last—her lucky break. This time she was to be "it." No hovering in the background of the scene, wondering if her face would show when the scene was flashed on the screen. This time the camera would be grinding for her alone . . . perhaps for the one and only time. She was to swim toward the rock where the second camera would get a full shot of her.

What if she told them now that she had never taken more than a dozen strokes in her life, in Bailey's pond back home. . . .

Oh, please God . . . she started to breathe a little prayer as she followed the director out of the scene.

"Ready?" asked the director. She gave him a scared little nod.

"**C**AMERA!" he yelled. "Action!" She started running along the deck. Her legs didn't seem to belong to her at all. They were like dummy legs moving up and down. Through her mind flashed the incongruous thought of how they would look in slow motion. Back of her the camera was clicking—thousands of feet—it seemed to Mary Rose.

"He's after you!" shouted the director. "You stop—look back—**YOU'RE SCARED!**—you tell him you'll jump if he comes any closer!"

For a split second she stopped, her slender hands gripping the rail, and then with tightly closed eyes, she jumped.

The camera on the deck caught her going over.

The camera on the rock picked her up as she hit the water.

The pimple-faced boy at the piano struck up "Clap Your Hands" with renewed vigor.

A bored foursome continued to play bridge.

Below, the dark water had closed over Mary Rose. For an instant her blonde head appeared, only to be swallowed up again, as though so many greedy hands had pulled her down. And the camera kept on grinding.

.. and
YOU



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born a*
WOMAN

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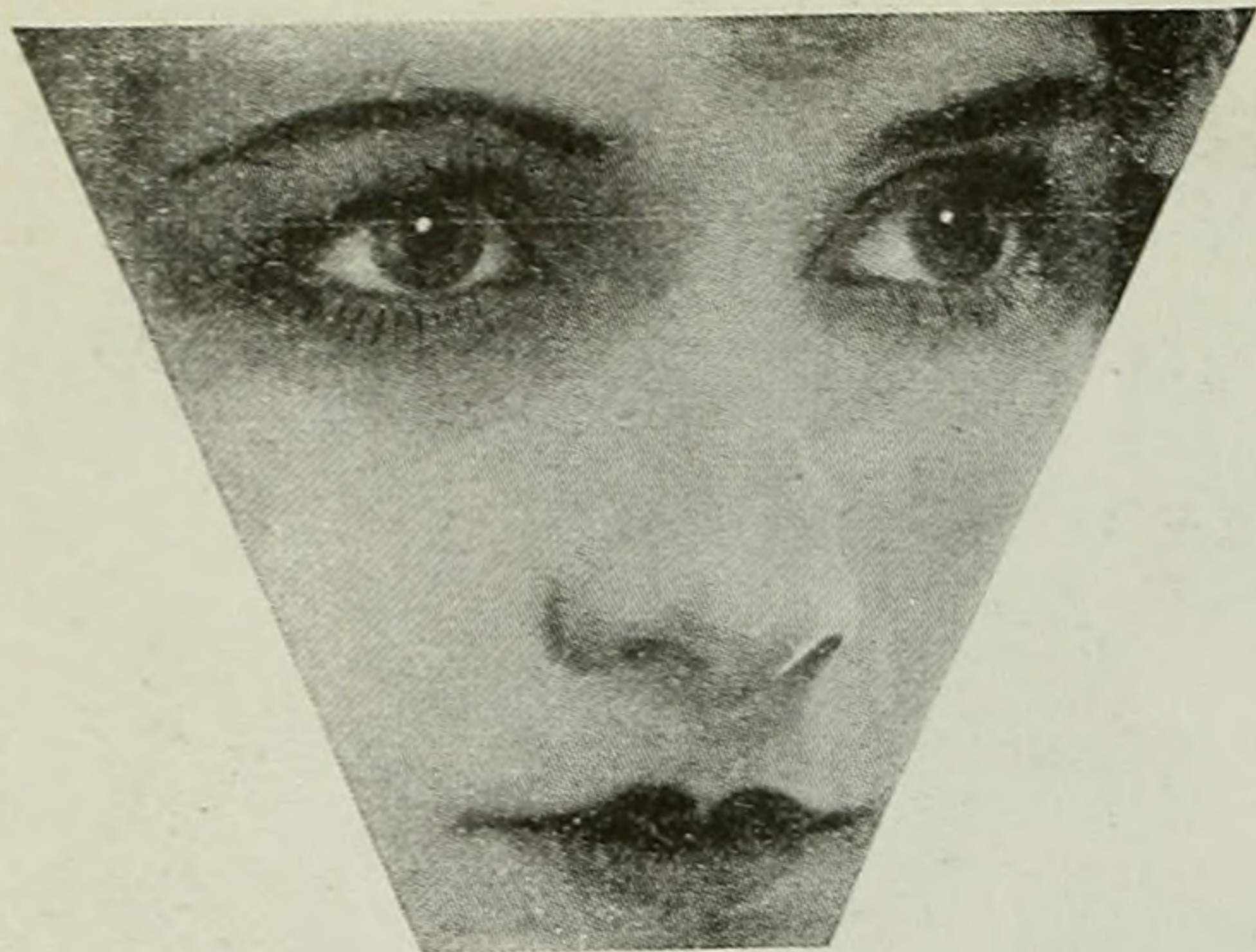
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"Swim toward the rock," megaphoned the director when her head came up for the second time. "Just like an extra to want to take up a lot of footage," he complained to his assistant, flicking cigarette ash with his forefinger.

But the girl struggling in the water was unaware of the hundreds of feet of film being used on her. She was being pulled down . . . down . . . Crazy, misfit thoughts were jigsawing through her brain . . . Jimmy Riley . . . quickies . . . sandwiches cut heart shaped . . . the picture house back in Cherryvale . . . electric lights spelling out Mary Rose . . . Her arms impotently thrashed the water—then sunk out of sight.

"Jees, that's gonna be *some* shot," exclaimed one of the grips who was coming back in the launch with Jimmy Riley. "That little baby's sure taking a chance."

JIMMY RILEY strained his eyes for another glimpse of the blonde head. What was it the kid had said? "They won't let me drown—will they?" Suddenly he knew why her lower lip had quivered so. The game little baby doll couldn't swim . . . and this bozo of a director was letting her drown . . . right there before his eyes . . . thinking of nothing but getting a good shot.

In less time than it takes to tell it Jimmy had jerked off his tennis shoes and dived overboard, his strong arms ploughing through the water with swift, over-hand strokes.

What followed caused the director to rewrite the script completely. Maybe you've seen the picture and remember the scene where the juvenile rescued the girl, climbing up on the slippery rock with her slender little body held in one arm.

The censors cut out several feet of the most convincing kiss of the picture but they left the title where he said: "Poor little baby doll!"

When Mary Rose came to she was lying on a narrow white bed in a room filled with flowers.

She had some vague idea that it might be heaven but the smell of chicken broth which someone was holding to her lips seemed very real.

"What do you think of the flowers, baby?"

She stared dazedly at Jimmy Riley, standing at the foot of the bed.

"I GRABBED them off the Benson set," he surveyed the floral display with pride. "Get the orchids, will you? They set the company back two bucks apiece. I been keepin' them alive with aspirin—just for you."

Her eyes filled with tears as she tried to speak her thanks. How often had she dreamed of receiving quantities of flowers—after some picture premiere—with little cards attached bearing the congratulations of admiring friends. She tried to swallow the little lump which had worked its way into her throat.

"Were they very mad—because I pretended I could swim?" she asked hesitantly.

"Mad? Say you gave 'em a wow of a shot. It'll probably *make* the picture." Mary Rose listened with amazement.

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With a grand gesture he traced the name on an imaginary screen.

Tears were rolling down Mary Rose's pale cheeks as she tried to take in the meaning of what he had just said.

"Don't cry, baby," he whispered. He was at the head of the bed now and his arms were about her. How fragrant and sweet she was as he held her close to his heart, and her lips, when he shyly kissed them, were as soft and velvety as the rose-buds he had brought her.

"It's just like I told you that first day," he continued after many minutes of exquisite silence. "You ain't got IT like Clara Bow—but you've got something else. It's the same thing Pickford's got . . ." He tried to study her with the professional eye but it was the eyes of love that gave the verdict, "—but, honest, beautiful, with your eyes and your hair—and with me to direct— *Jees*, I'll bet you'll be better than Pickford!"



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I have, during my life, spent many a gay and happy hour watching the silver screen unroll its stories and solacing my moods. But never before have I loved them as dearly as now. I never knew how deeply they could plumb the depths of human emotions, nor how sympathetically heal one's sorrows. So I write this as a mother's tribute to the magic of the silver screen, for I have seen two masterpieces, "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory."

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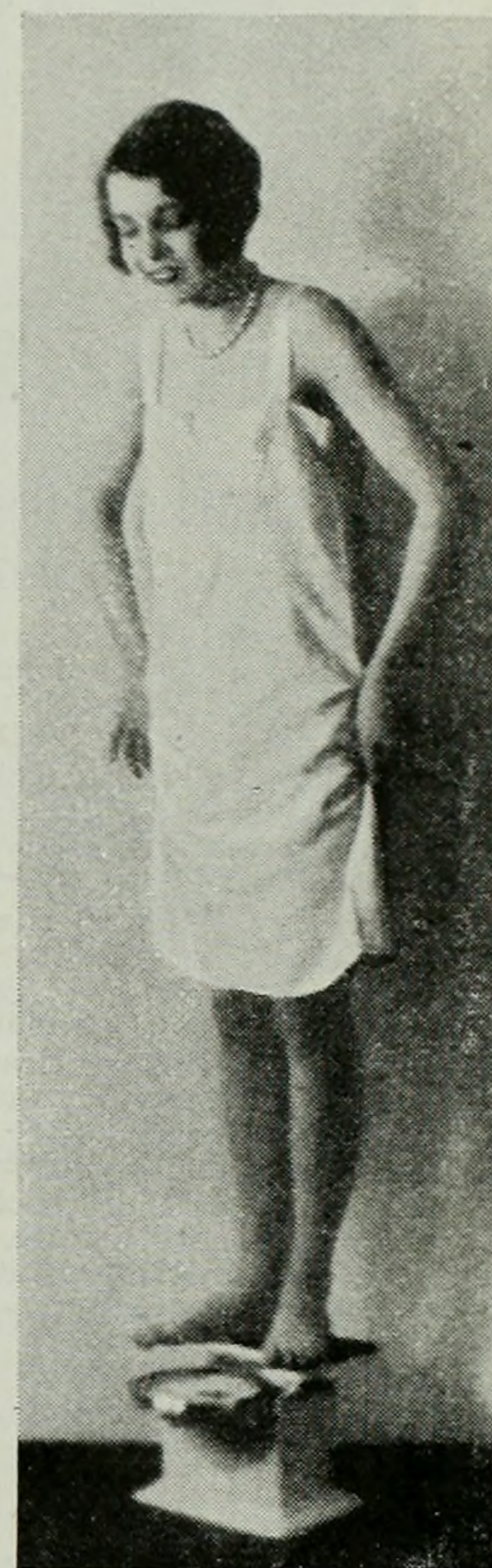
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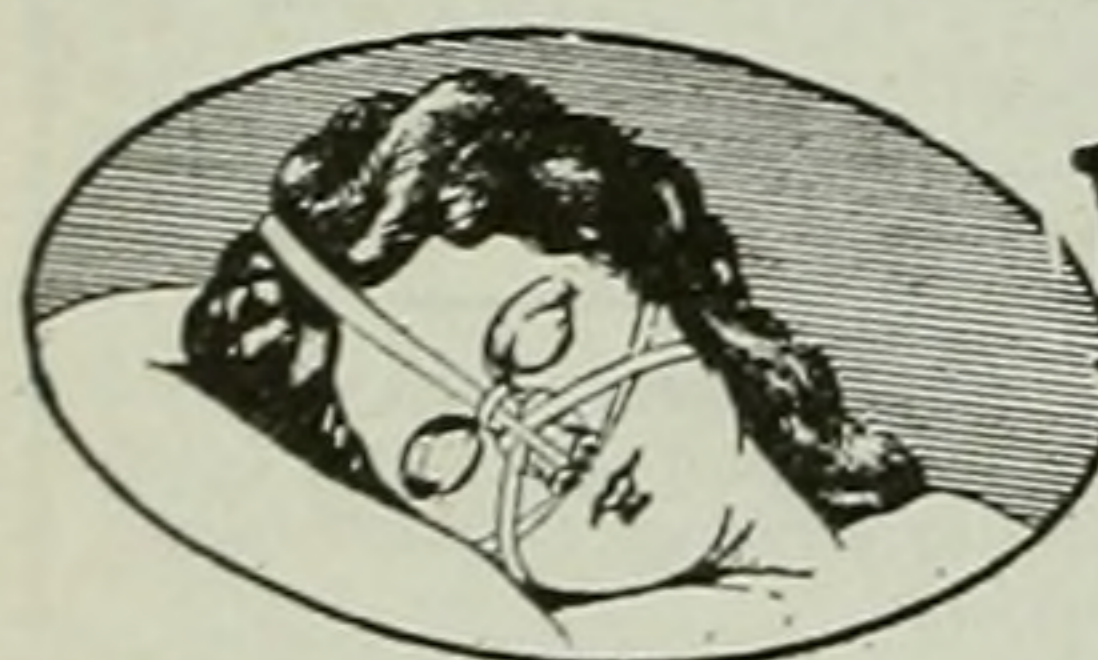
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Sweet Sixteen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

people were so strange. And, too, she had always considered it a bit indelicate of Aunt Margaret to marry, at her age. Max De Hart was a painter, not of miniatures, as was his wife, but of soft, shadowy sketches of nude dancers and bathers . . . it was, decided Cynthia, all very odd.

PATTY was never at home, and in the afternoon Cynthia sat with her mother and father on the verandah, waiting to greet their guests. When the yellow car swept up the drive, she saw the slender, long-legged figure of a man unfold itself from behind the wheel, and her eyes widened incredulously. This, then . . .

"Margaret!"

"Jane!"

Her mother and Aunt Margaret were hugging one another, talking at once.

"H'lo, Cynthia, there!" Aunt Margaret kissed her brusquely. "You've never met your Uncle Max, have you?"

"My God, Margo, not uncle!" protested a liquid voice, as Max De Hart took Cynthia's hand in his and bowed.

Cynthia's eyes, wide and clear, looked up into his. But he was *beautiful*, Aunt Margaret's husband! Tall and willowy and fair, with blue, blue eyes and a laughing mouth half hidden by a blond beard . . . he wore white flannels, with a turquoise striped belt about his slender waist . . . the color of his eyes. . . .

"You know, that's a delectable dress you're wearing!" he said to Cynthia. "The wind, rippling it against you like that—delightful! I say, Margo, look at this girl! Isn't she exquisite?"

Margaret De Hart looked calmly upon Cynthia's confusion. "She's my lamb-child!" she returned, in that hearty, beloved voice of hers. "Heavens, she's grown, Jane! How old is she?"

CYNTHIA'S flush deepened. How would they like it, these grown people, if someone was always asking how old they were? Aunt Margaret, for instance. She must be terribly old—her own mother was thirty-eight!

"Probably the most exquisite of all ages," Max De Hart murmured, as her mother told. "Sixteen! Delightful!"

"It's not delightful!" Cynthia contradicted him. "It's hateful and loathsome and horrible and I wish—" Her voice broke, and the eyes she turned away from his were stormy.

"My dear—" His hand, taking hers, was smooth and white, with long flexible fingers.

Cynthia looked again at him—her heart swelled as she realized that he understood; his blue eyes were bent intently upon her, upon her angry, parted lips, upon the indignant rise and fall of her young breast, beneath the flowered dress . . . slowly, with a delicious, creeping feeling of contentment, she smiled at him. His fingers tightened, for an instant, over hers. . . .

"Max, are you getting the bags?" From within the house came Aunt

Margaret's voice, shattering the moment; as Cynthia turned, another voice sounded behind her.

"Lo, Cynth. Aunt Margaret come?" It was Patty, brisk and laughing, towing Tommy Lowell behind her.

Cynthia nodded irritably. "This is my sister Patricia, Mr. De Hart. And Mr. Lowell." She watched the handshaking, watched the artist's soft fingers against Patty's plump ones, against Tommy's brown fist. "I'll help you get the bags, Mr. De Hart."

"Don't be sil!" Tommy Lowell detained her at the piazza steps, arms outstretched. "Little thing like you. Don't want to get your pretty dress all dirty, do you?" He grinned, a curly, boy's grin, showing square white teeth.

Cynthia shrugged and turned away from him. Her pretty dress! Pretty! *Delectable . . . with the wind rippling it against you!*

CYNTHIA was poised on a rock against a background of sea, her slender legs pointed downwards toward a little pool of sea-water, one slim arm flung across the smooth surface, balancing her. From the flanks of the rock dripped shaggy brown and yellow seaweed, like the mane of a water-lion; her one-piece bathing suit was a pallid green against the bronze of her skin.

"That's too utterly splendid!" Max De Hart approved, eyeing her. "You know, we'll have to do something in colors—you're entirely too vivid a person to be caught in black and white."

The peach color in her cheeks deepened. "Am I?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Tomorrow," he returned, smiling. "And now come over here and see what I've done with you."

She sat beside him, exclaiming in excited monosyllables, as he lifted one after another of the sketches he had made.

"Oh, but I'm not like that! So—" she turned wide eyes to his. "They're heavenly!"

"And so are you, my dear! We'll do one in oils—get the texture of this lovely flesh." His long forefinger lightly touched her knee, white against the sun-baked brown. "So you don't like being sixteen, Mademoiselle Cynthia?"

She shook her head, and amber colored hair caught the sunlight in its meshes. "I want to be—really grown up."

"I'll wager that you were really grown up, as you call it, when you were twelve! Women—some women—are so ageless. There's something of the eternal Lilith in every one of them."

"Is there?" Cynthia's lips parted; then words spilled through them, in a rush. "Men are so different, I think. I don't think they're ever interesting at all until they're—well, *thirty!* These callow boys Patty has about her all the time—what do they know of—of life? They—" She broke off, as she saw Patty and one of the callow boys, Tommy

Lowell, himself, approaching up the beach.

"You don't like them?" De Hart was leaning back against a rock, contemplating her through lowered lids.

She shook her head. "Of course," she confessed honestly, "they don't like me, either. They don't realize that—that—I mean they don't see that I'm really grown up and everything."

"Young idiots!" He was quite serious, intensely alive to her problem. "Sometimes it takes an older man, a man of more experience, to read deeply into that mysterious riddle, a young woman's heart."

Cynthia sighed. She was boiling over, like a tea kettle on a hot stove, with a thousand things she wanted to say—and Patty and Tommy were upon them.

THEY looked at the sketches, praising them as enthusiastically as Cynthia herself, but she could see that the artist was little interested in their comments. What did they, Patty and Tommy Lowell, know of Art?

"They look older than Cynth," Patty commented, crudely.

"They're as ageless as she is," their author returned, and Cynthia flashed him a radiant smile.

"Ageless?" Patty frowned. "Course she's pretty young."

Cynthia concealed her amusement . . . or at least she presented the tableau of a young woman concealing her amusement.

"I think they're darned like her!" asserted Tommy Lowell. "She's so cute and skinny and all." He looked at the model approvingly. "Going back now? I've got my car parked down the line, if you'd like a lift."

Cynthia glanced at Max De Hart. "Thanks—quite as soon walk. Cynthia and I've been settling a few universal woes and I really think we should keep up the good work. Someone has to attend to these things. Unless you'd like to ride, Cynthia?"

"Oh, no!" Her heart was throbbing with gratitude. "Tell me, Mr. De Hart," she said, as Patty and Tommy turned away, "don't you think that youth is really a very tragic time? I mean, unless you're one of those people—well, like Patty—who is content with the outer crust of life?"

"Youth," said Mr. De Hart, thoughtfully, "is, after all, a state of mind."

"Is it?" She leaned toward him, wrapping her arms about her bare legs and peering at him over her round, brown knees. "Do you mean . . ."

A LESS sensitive person might have found the maned rock, there on the edge of the sea, an uncomfortable seat, but Cynthia, the next morning, felt bodiless, exalted, as she sat posing for the portrait in color. Lips parted, eyes heavy with dreams, she leaned toward the painter, uncaring that while the brush moved in his supple fingers, he was unaware of her existence as an actual person. As he painted, she watched him, watched the changes of expression in his mobile face, watched his eyes that looked directly into hers without noting anything but their color and shape. Then that sublime moment, when his face relaxed, when his



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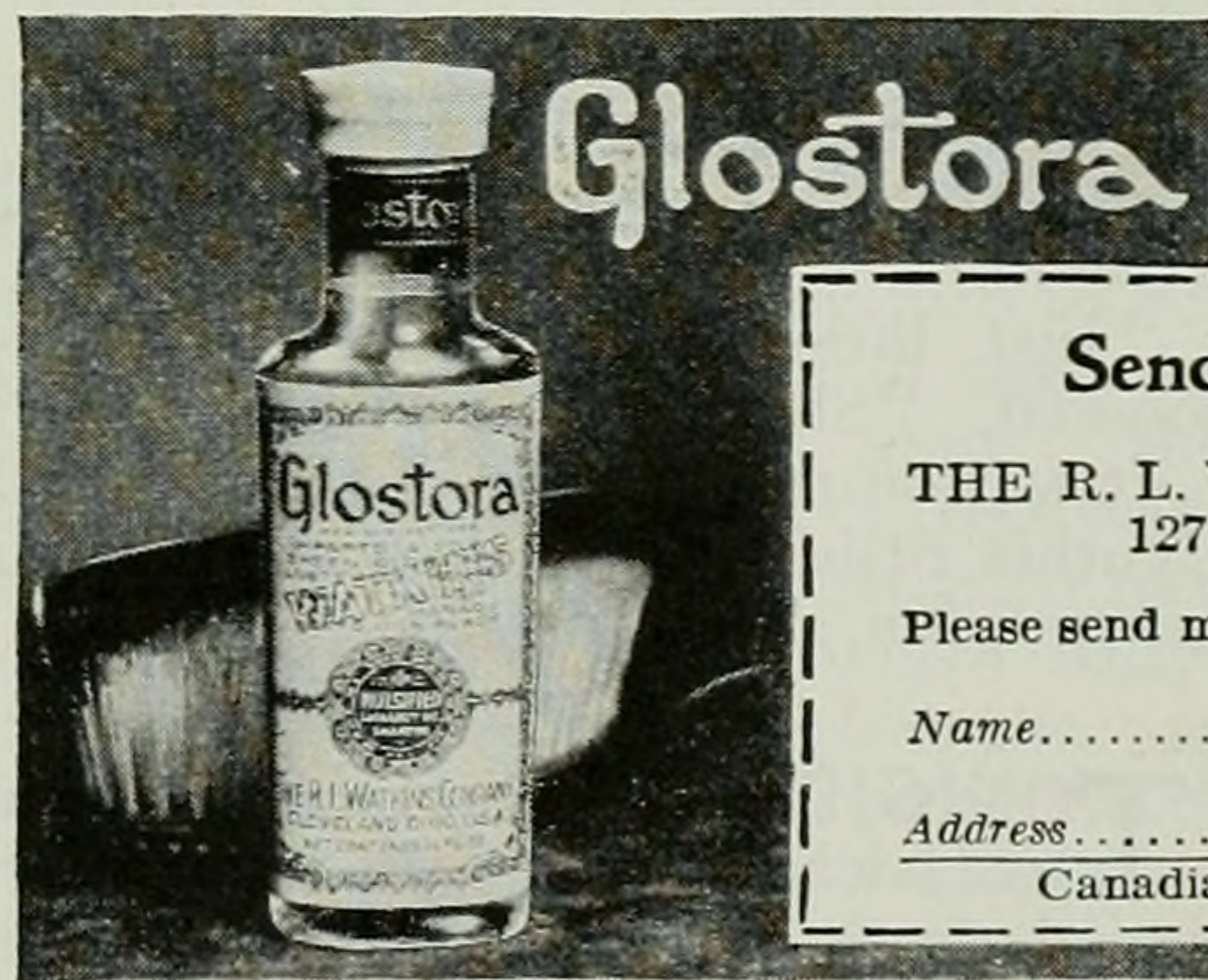
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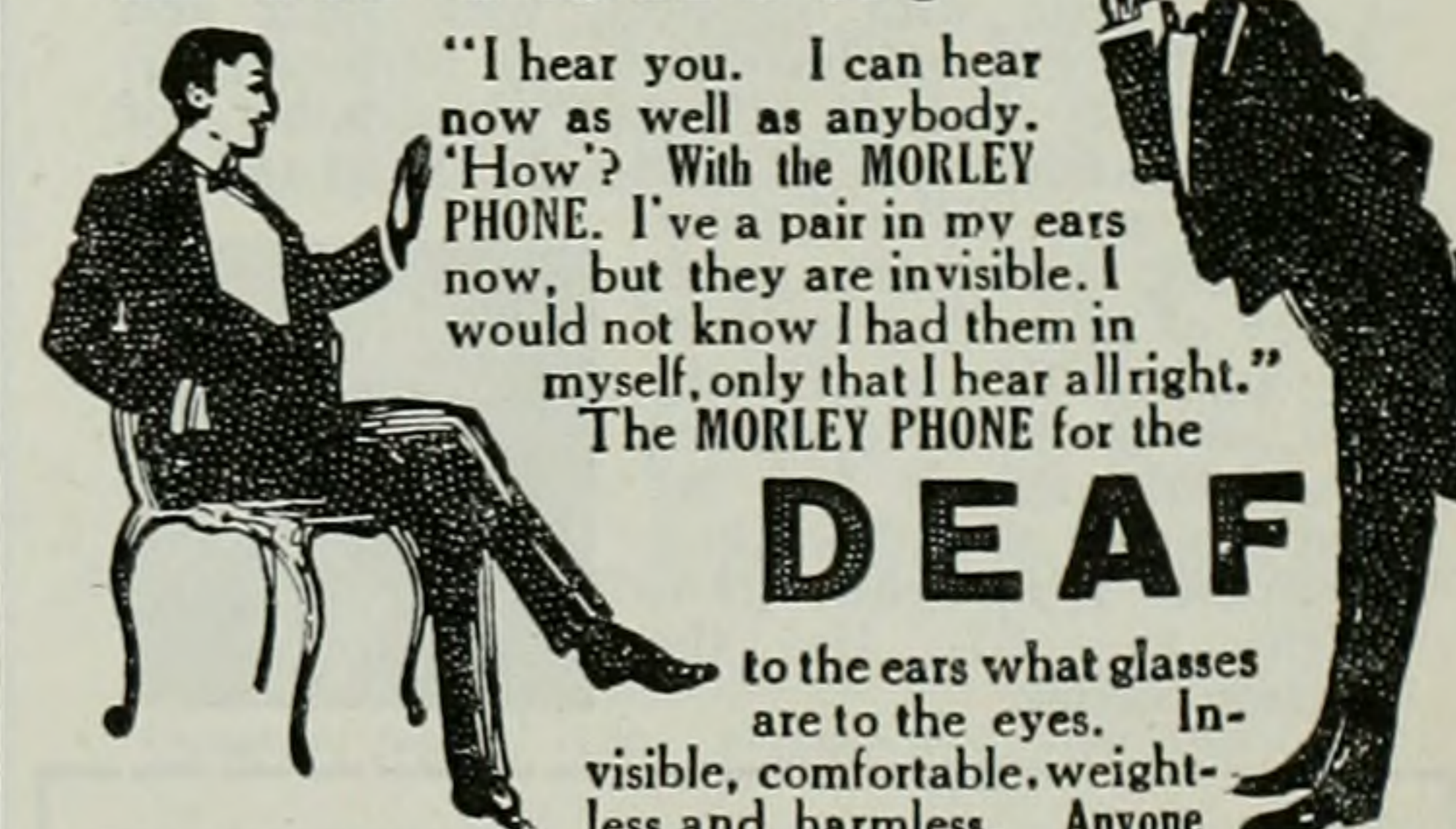
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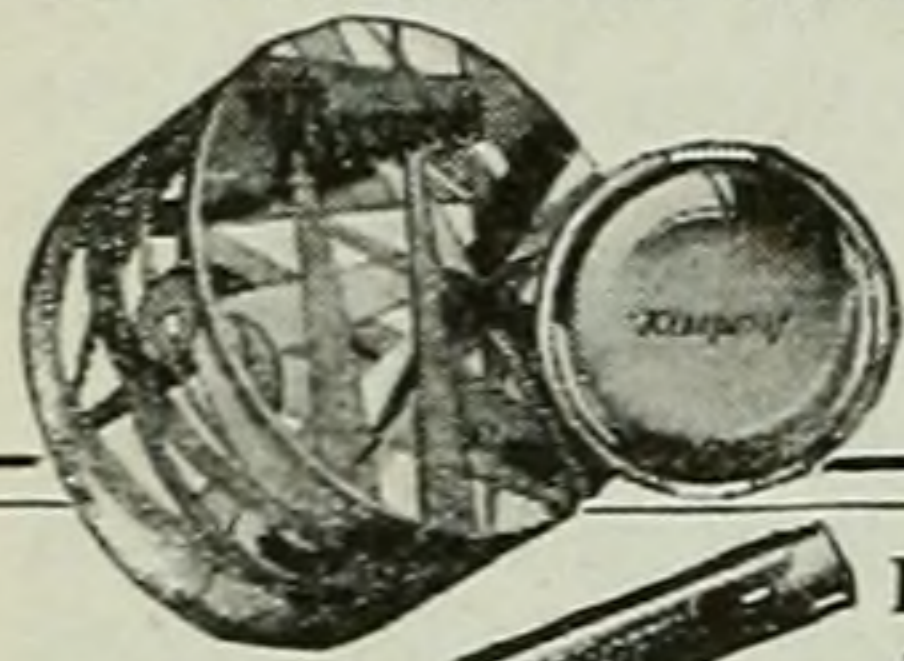


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blue eyes, really meeting her own, fused with them, and he smiled and asked if she was tired, inviting her to come and sit beside him and rest and see how the picture was getting on!

"We seem to have picked the favorite spot of your sister and her lover," he remarked, with, it seemed to Cynthia, a slight irritation as Patty and Tommy came strolling toward them.

"Patty hates this end of the beach," she said. "It's funny . . ."

"Thought we'd stop by and see how the picture was coming on," Tommy Lowell said cheerfully, apparently unconscious of the unfriendliness in Cynthia's gaze. "Is she a good model, sir?"

Max De Hart winced. "Excellent," he replied, shortly.

TOMMY'S hazel eyes met Cynthia's. "It's great to be a painter!" he said. "I wouldn't mind sitting here all morning myself, looking at that view." But he continued to look at Cynthia.

"There are lots of views," she suggested, politely.

"Wow!" Tommy clapped his hand to his cheek, as though he had been slapped. "Woman, do you mean what I think you mean?"

She tossed her head. "I'm sure I don't know." Their eyes met, squarely.

"Oh, do come on, Tommy," Patty was urging. "I want to swim."

He hesitated, looking at Cynthia. "You going to take a dip?" he asked her. "Or is that bathing suit the kind that mustn't get wet?"

She shrugged. "Have a good swim, Pat."

After they had gone, Max De Hart threw back his head and laughed.

"What?" Cynthia asked him.

For the first time, he seemed like a grown person . . . or made her feel like a child.

"Just life—and women." His face sobered. "Shall we go on with it, now?"

It was on the evening of that day that Cynthia rushed to her desk and her diary before, even, she undressed.

TONIGHT Mr. De Hart kissed my hand when I came up to bed! He leaned over it and said, 'Au Revoir, Little Model' in the most thrilling, husky voice! I'm sure that no one heard him. Oh, I do think I am the happiest girl alive! To be a woman and young—sixteen is probably the most exquisite of all ages! Mr. De Hart has asked me to call him Max. Max. It seems strange. I don't know if Mother would like it. Mother—" Her hands came down, palms flat, fingers outspread, over the page, as the door of her room opened.

"Mother! You frightened me."

Jane Perry laughed. "Honestly, now Cynth! And do take your hands off that silly book—I've written enough of 'em in my own life not to have the faintest curiosity about what's in yours! Even if I didn't have a slight sense of honor, which, among other things, is something to discuss with you."

"Mother!" Cynthia stared, as her mother sat down at the foot of the bed. "Did you keep a diary, too?"

"Passionately, my dear. Did girl ever grow up without it?"

"I bet Patty never did!"

"Patty! Do you mean to sit there, Cynth Perry, and tell me that two years ago when she was sixteen and you were fourteen, you didn't know—oh, well!" She leaned forward and seized a pillow, wedged it behind her back as though she were planning to stay.

Cynthia looked reluctantly at her scarlet book. "It must be quite late" she said.

"Oh, not so very. Come on over here and sit down where I can look at you." Uncomfortably, Cynthia submitted to her mother's scrutiny. "Growing up, my lamb—and, gosh, how I've dreaded it! I wish that Irene would hurry up and have a baby so we'd have one in the family."

"She's only been married three months!" Cynthia protested, aghast.

"Yes, dear, I know." Jane Perry grinned at her daughter. "It's grown up," she repeated. "Lord, Cynth, I bet you're going to be more trouble to me than the other two put together!"

Cynthia was silent. Of course if her mother realized that she was different. . . .

"Cynth!"

She looked up, called to attention by the note in her mother's voice. "What?"

THERE was a smile around Jane Perry's lips, but her eyes were serious. "So funny to be talking to you like this. You like your Aunt Margaret, don't you?"

"Why, I love her!" Cynthia's eyes widened in amazement.

"I thought you did. She's just about the finest woman it's ever been my good fortune to know." She bit her lip, looking down at the blue and white bedspread in a sort of confusion. "Cynthia, what do you think of Max?"

Cynthia's eyes blazed into soft flame. "Oh, he's wonderful, Mother! He's so understanding, so sympathetic! He doesn't treat me at all as if I were a little girl. He—"

"Hmph!" said her mother. "Baby, I don't know how to say what I want to say. I don't want to put silly ideas in your head . . . or give you names for the silly, nameless ones that are there. But you're not a child any longer. You're a woman."

"Mother!" After an enthralled second, Cynthia flung her arms about her, kissing her again and again. "Do you really think so?"

JANE PERRY nodded. "Max," she said slowly, as though she were picking her words carefully, "is a good artist and a . . . an impulsive sort of person. Aunt Margaret is very fond of him. If anyone—any woman—was to flirt with him, it would probably hurt her."

"Oh, yes!" agreed Cynthia, fervently, and a shadow seemed to drop from Jane Perry's face; her gray eyes were suddenly less clouded.

"Women rather stand together, in life," she said. "And you've become a woman, Cynth. If you ever saw a woman deliberately flirting with—well, say Max—you'd feel that she was being dishonorable, wouldn't you?"

Cynthia stared at her. Did her mother think that she was flirting with Mr. De Hart? Flirting! It was extraordinary,



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fantastic! One flirted with boys like Tommy Lowell—at least one did if one knew how. . . .

"Why, it would be rotten!" she said. "He's so wonderful, Mother. I do so like to be with him and talk with him. But he's Aunt Margaret's husband, of course. I mean—" She paused, not knowing exactly what she did mean. Flirting—with Mr. De Hart! She'd never thought of it!

Her mother leaned over and kissed her. "I'll stay while you undress, honey."

They chattered about unimportant things—her mother was fun to talk with—but Cynthia's head continued to whirl with a disorder of thoughts. If Max De Hart were not Aunt Margaret's husband, could she, then, flirt with him? Her mother had said she was a woman now! A woman!

"Nighy-night, darling."

She put out her arms in the old little-girl gesture, lifted her face to be kissed. Her mother moved toward the door, humming softly.

"Mother!" Cynthia sat up in bed, suddenly alert, and Jane Perry, one hand on the door-knob, paused. "Mother, do you think that Aunt Margaret *understands* Mr. De Hart?"

THE lights were out in the room, but in the dimness, she could hear mother duck her head, with an abrupt movement.

"Do you, Mother?"

Her mother cleared her throat, coughed. "Why," she answered in a voice that was still a little choked, "I think so, dear," and she closed the door swiftly, without further comment.

Tommy Lowell was always hanging around the house. Sometimes Cynthia looked from him to Patty and wondered what the intangible quality in her sister could be that drew young men to her as a magnet draws steel. Not that she cared, especially—not any more. She preferred talking to a man of the world, like Max De Hart, to being escorted to a country-club dance by a whole body-guard of Tommy Lowells. But she was curious. She had attended several dances at the clubhouse; once, even, she had gone with a young man, a cousin who had been visiting them. But no young man had ever singled her out, as they did Patty, for his special attention. . . .

MAX DE HART was upstairs—he always took a siesta after his lunch—and Cynthia was alone on the verandah, curled up in the Gloucester hammock with a book, when Tommy appeared.

"What you reading?"

She looked at him vaguely. The book was a novel, but she hadn't been reading it; she had been lying drowsily with the sun beating upon her, thinking of the conversation she had had that morning with the painter. About honor . . . her mind had been wrestling with it, since her mother's talk. "A purely artificial, arbitrary thing," Max De Hart had termed it. "More often than not a crutch for the emotionally infirm to lean on." She hadn't known what he meant, but he had been so certain that she did understand and sympathize with his attitude that she had not persisted.

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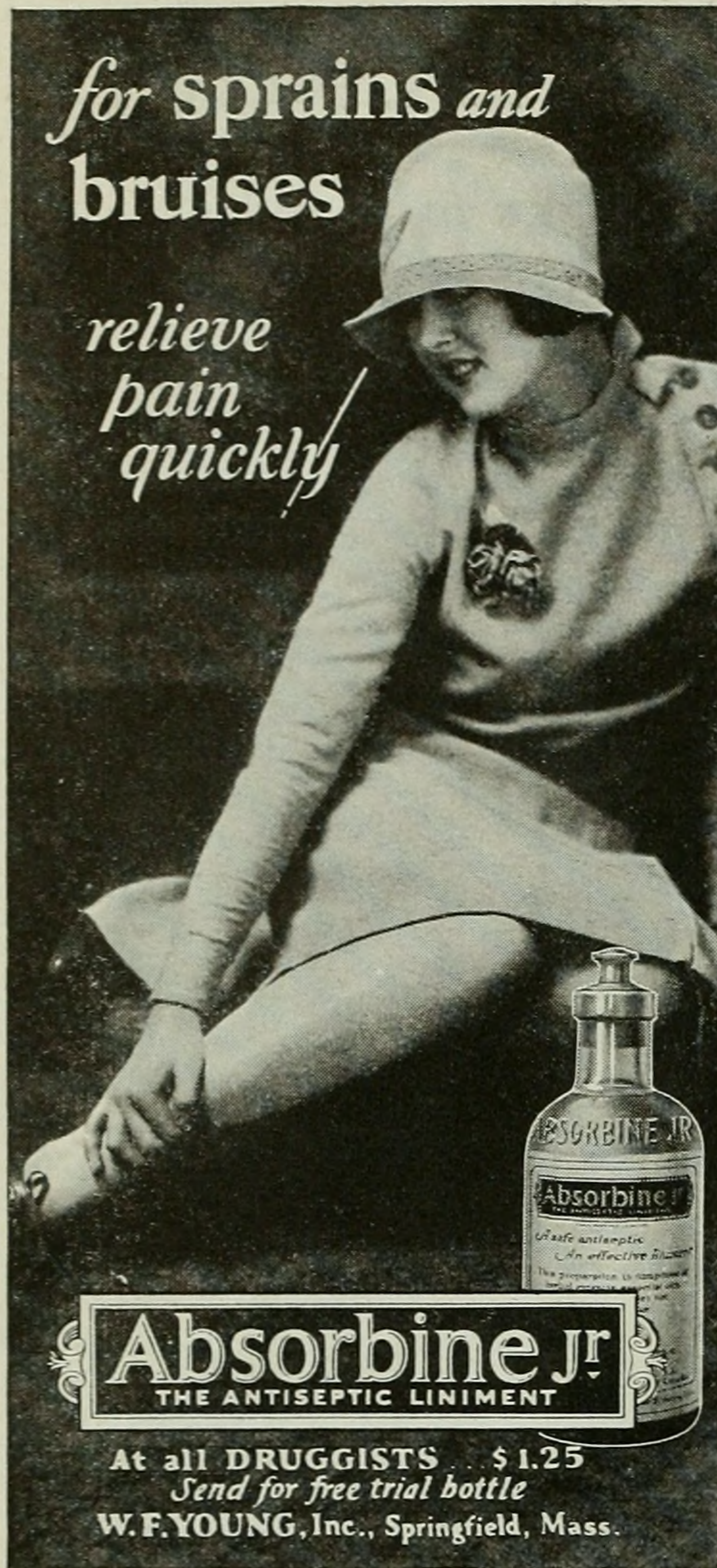
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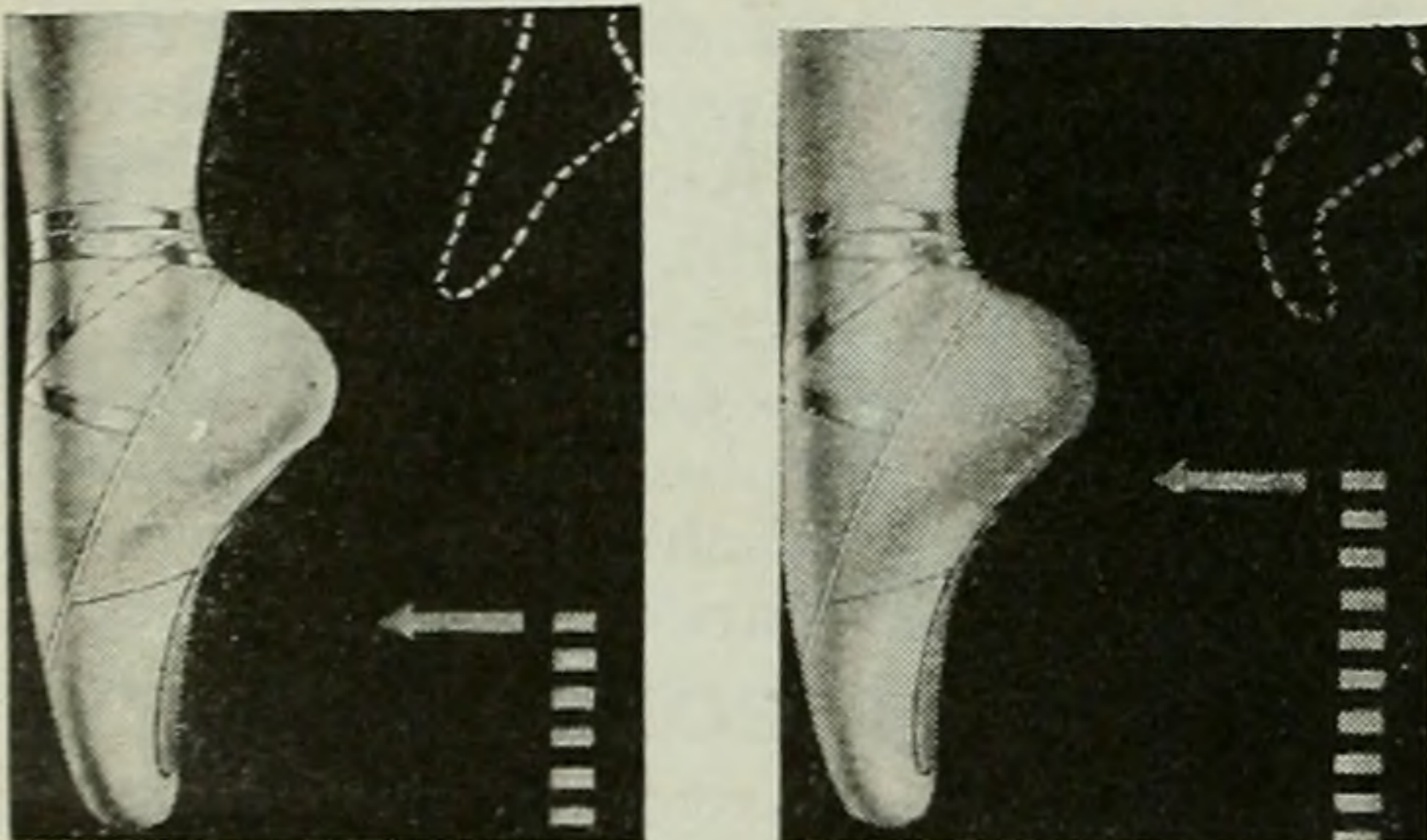
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"Pete Carter's coming along in a sec," said Tommy, sitting down, uninvited, at the end of the hammock, "Thought we'd have some doubles, if you'll play."

Cynthia stretched out her arms lazily and yawned. "I don't think that—Max—" She rather tripped over the name—"wants to paint any more today. He'll be down soon. Patty's in town with Mother."

"Yes, I passed her on the road." He lighted a cigarette. "You're a funny kid, Cynthia."

She shrugged.

"Always around with older men. Why don't you pick on some one your own size?"

"Oh, I like 'em older—they know more." She turned to watch Patty's car speeding along the road, conscious of Tommy's eyes still on her. Funny, that she used to be so awkward and self-conscious with young men and that now, when she was no longer interested in them, she felt perfectly at ease.

TOMMY grunted. "They know more, do they? Do you insist on their being married, too?" She looked at him vaguely, and he flushed. "That was a dirty crack—I apologize, Cynthia."

The vagueness did not leave her eyes. She didn't even know what he was apologizing about. "A man's a man," she said, "and being married doesn't keep him from being interesting."

Tommy laughed. "You're a hard-boiled little kid—with your hair all hanging down your back, too. I—I never saw anyone like you!"

"There is no one like Cynthia," Max De Hart interrupted, from the doorway. "They made her and then they broke the mould."

Cynthia flushed. "Tommy wants me to play doubles."

"Fine. I'll bring my pad and pencil down and make some sketches on the court."

"You'll need a fast movie camera to catch Cynthia," said Tommy.

With her flying hair pinned up on her head, Cynthia looked very grown-up—like a little Psyche, Max told her.

"Long hair's sort of nice, you know," said Tommy. "I think you're awfully wise not to cut it."

CYNTHIA only smiled. As she walked to the court between the two men, she had a feeling of elation . . . and she didn't know why. She played with Tommy, while Max sketched, and she found him a pleasant partner, not taking her shots as so many men did, and returning the balls to her, when she was serving, with a manner that was positively courtly. They won two of the three sets, and when he took her hand in his and shook it, in mock congratulation, she smiled up at him.

Her parents and Aunt Margaret were going to the Carters' to play bridge after dinner.

"Coming, Max?" Aunt Margaret asked.

He grimaced. "Oh, heavens, Margo—you know how these suburbanites bore me! And I don't play. I think I'll take Cynthia to the movies, if she'll go with me."

"I was going anyway," Cynthia said,

smiling at Aunt Margaret. "Everyone's going."

Patty was still dressing, and Cynthia and Max De Hart sat on the verandah, watching the last shreds of the sunset shifting over the sky.

"I'm going to hate going away, in two days," he said softly.

"Two days!" Cynthia's heart froze. "Oh, you can't be!"

"Have to. Margo's having an exhibition in New York."

CYNTHIA'S eyes were fixed on the sunset. What did Aunt Margaret have to have an exhibition for—now? "I'll miss—talking with you," she said.

"I'll miss you, my dear. Somehow, in these few days, I think we've grown very close to one another. These talks—do you really want to go to the movies? Or should we just sit here in the evening and talk?"

"Oh, let's!"

Patty looked at them oddly, when they told her. "It's a Fairbanks picture, Cynthia!"

Cynthia shrugged. Fairbanks—what did he matter?

"It's so beautiful here," Max was saying, softly. "There's not enough beauty in life, little Cynthia. We have to seize it, greedily, with both hands wherever we find it. Beauty should have no laws. It—"

Cynthia leaned toward him, lips parted.

"Come and look at the moon, Cynthia—you *should* look at the moon! Isn't yours the name of the moon goddess?"

Cynthia shivered delightedly at his voice, so soft in the darkness. She sat beside him in the hammock, looking across his shoulder at the little new moon in the sky. He put his arm gently about her and she sat, rigidly, holding her breath.

"YOU'RE trembling, Cynthia!"

She shook her head. "Just a shiver. It—" She couldn't explain to him, but she wished he'd take his arm away. She didn't quite like to say so. She could feel, rather than see, his face turned towards hers. She wished he'd talk. Sitting, so, with him—it was almost like lovers, here in the moonlight. And after all, he was old as her father, nearly. . . .

"I think—" she began.

"Don't," he said softly, without moving.

She was silent. This was all rather silly. Suddenly she laughed, a short, nervous little laugh. "It's so dark—and quiet," she said.

She felt as if she had been swooped up, by a wave. . . .

"Adorable . . . little moon goddess. . . ."

"Oh, please!" said Cynthia.

Curved, like the crescent moon itself, his arms had been about her; as she swayed back in the darkness, she felt the softness of his beard, unpleasantly, shiveringly, on her face.

"Please?" He laughed under his breath, and suddenly, while her young body became as tense and stiff as a doll's, he was kissing her lips.

"Please—*don't!*" she said, against his mouth. "Mr. De Hart, please—"

He paid no attention to her; again she felt that smothering, dizzying feeling, as though she were being engulfed by a great wave. She beat against him with her hands. If this was being grown-up, she didn't like it!

"Please!"

The sound of footsteps running up the verandah stairsechoed through the breathless quiet, and in the darkness, Max De Hart released her and leaned back carelessly against the cushions of the hammock.

"Cynthia! Cynthia!"

"Tommy! I'm here!" Through the dimness, she rushed toward him, flung herself against him, and felt his arm, firm and comfortable like her father's, close about her. "Oh—Tommy!"

HIS voice was trembling, in the darkness. "I came to take you to the hall," he said. "The Fairbanks picture has just started. Are you ready?"

She nodded, still trembling against his arm, clinging to him, and silently they went down the steps, down the path to his car, at the foot of the driveway. In the light of the headlights, they looked at one another, questioningly, searchingly.

"I'm so—so glad you came!" she said.

His face was sober. "So'm I. Patty said you were at home alone—with him. I couldn't stay at the pictures. Oh, Cynthia, I suppose I'm just a kid in lots of things, but I do like you such a lot!"

She smiled radiantly, and then, at the same moment, they were both conscious of his arm, about her shoulders.

She moved imperceptibly and it dropped to his side, but their eyes exchanged a smile.

"You ought to come down to Princeton, some day," Tommy said, as he started the car. "You'd like it!"

Cynthia's lips parted, as she turned toward him. "W-would I?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

IT was nearly three weeks later that Cynthia thought of the scarlet-covered book. She found it, still hidden under the pile of papers, a pile suddenly augmented by dance programs and notes and photographs.

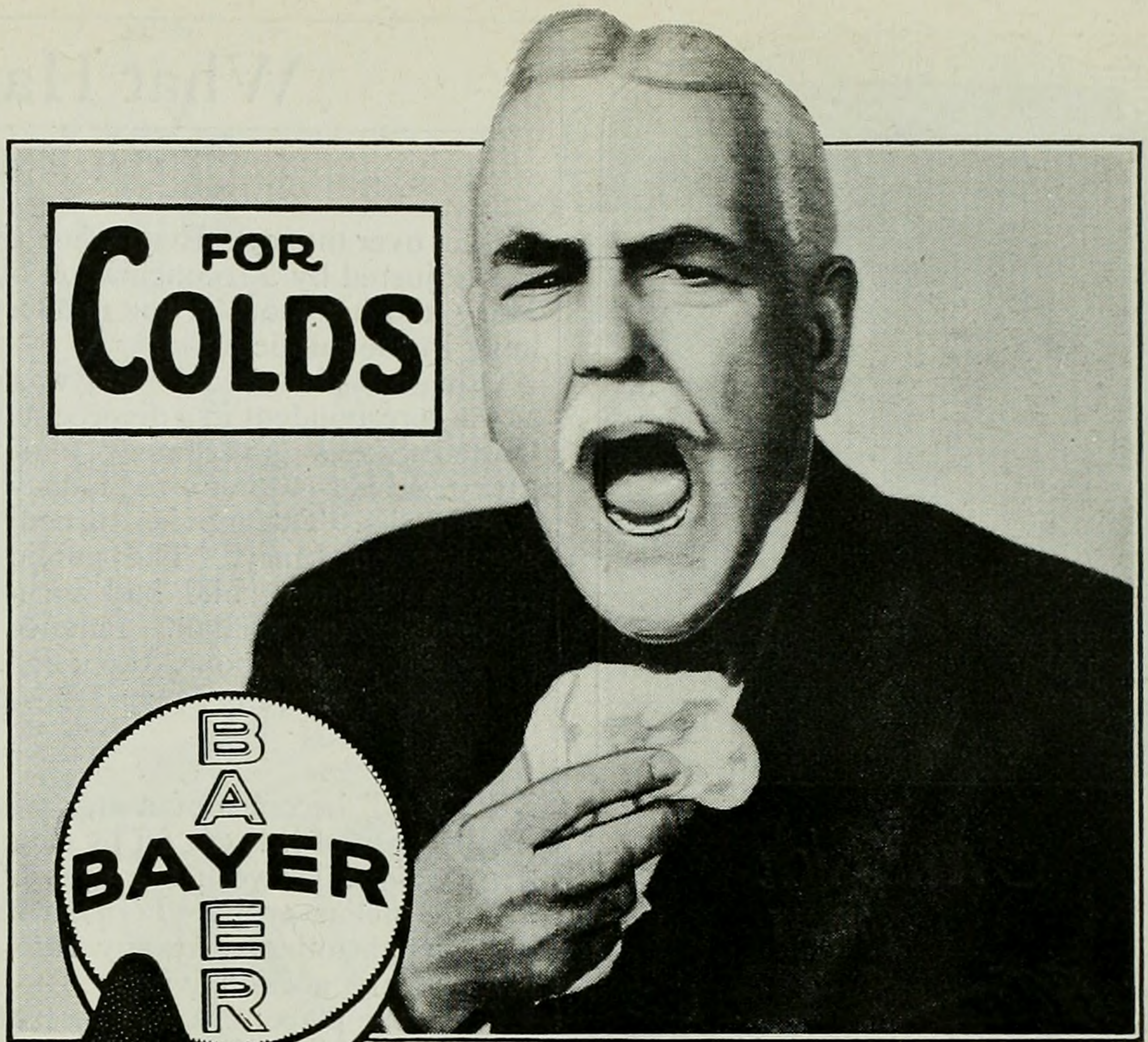
"I don't seem to have any time to write in here any more," she wrote. "Here it is the sixteenth of August and—"

The sixteenth! She put down her pen swiftly and hurried to her closet, flung open the door.

A sigh of relief escaped her lips. Yes, the green dance frock was back from the cleaner's, just as they'd promised. Heavens knew she'd worn it to the Club enough times, but Mother had promised her a new one for the dance next week. She looked down at her slippers, in a row on the shelf, critically. If only silver didn't tarnish so, at the seashore. . . .

She shrugged and returned to the desk, took up her pen. The grandfather's clock, downstairs, struck once, lingeringly. Cynthia started. One o'clock—and she was playing golf with Tommy at nine! She looked at the scarlet-covered book and grinned.

"Bosh!" she said, emphatically, and with strong, brown young hands, she tore it across—and across—and dropped it into the wastebasket.



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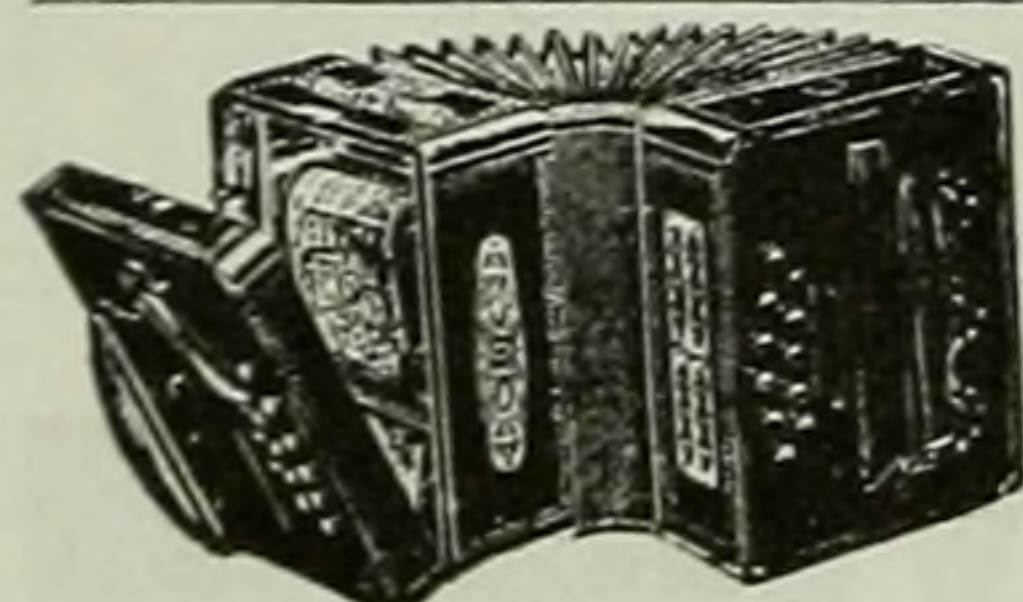
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What Happened to Mary?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

mother over money. Even when the case was adjusted by a reconciliation between Mary and her mother, the memory of it hung in the public mind.

Other suits followed. Mary was named as the correspondent in a divorce suit. The United States government found that Mary and her mother owed money for income taxes. The movies turned a cold shoulder on Mary. The public heard that the slender child had turned into a plump young woman. Pursued by all the malevolent demons, Mary fled.

How and where is Mary Miles Minter living?

WHAT becomes of a star when the gleam of it is cut off by clouds that scurry along between the eyes of earth and its stellar orbit? Perhaps the star goes on gleaming. At any rate, Mary Miles Minter goes on living.

First, the place: In an unostentatious hotel in a quiet street just off the fashionable Champs Elysees in Paris. On the top floor.

When I asked a hotel official to be shown to the apartment of Miss Shelby, he denied all knowledge of any such person. I assured him that no longer than an hour before I had telephoned Miss Shelby and had been invited to visit her.

The official shook his head. His suspicion was by no means appeased. He

retired through a door, which he closed securely behind him. After fifteen minutes he returned, summoned an attendant, whispered a long string of instructions and motioned us toward the elevator. We proceeded upward under escort.

In the beginning I rather resented this escort, who insisted on keeping uncomfortably close to my elbow. Later I was grateful for his familiarity with the terrain. Never, otherwise, could I have found my way through the labyrinth of service halls, storerooms, unexpected turns and blind passages leading to a heavy gray door which gave no indication of what might go on behind it.

The attendant knocked on the door. A staccato knock of dots and dashes that sounded like a signal. The whole thing struck me as being ludicrously like a scene in a mystery play.

THE door was opened by a slender, bird-like woman with searching eyes, straight set lips and a crown of reddish hair. The woman was Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, Mary Miles Minter's mother.

Yes, Mary is living with the mother she once accused of appropriating her salary and whom she sued for approximately one million dollars of those earnings.

Mary and mother are playing a sister act. Love me, love my mother. Love me, love my Mary.



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"Have you taken up philosophy?" I inquired. Philosophy is so modish. And psychology. And psycho-analysis. The refuge of the misunderstood.

"You're getting deep," laughed Mary. "I have philosophy only so far as I have lived it. And," she went on, "I haven't read a newspaper or a magazine story about myself since 1923. What's the use? One blunder, one mistake, one misfortune, and fame becomes infamy. The climb to public favor is sweet. The fall is swift. The return journey is interminable.

"Not long ago, I was named as correspondent in a divorce case. A man I had met only in a casual way. When the news reached me, I was in Italy with my mother. Investigation brought out the fact that the wife of the casual acquaintance had selected my name as being the most sensational one on which to base a divorce suit.

"I wanted to sue the wife who had taken recourse to such unfair methods in order to win her freedom, or whatever it was she hoped to win. My attorney advised me against such procedure.

"Drop it," he said. "Your friends know better. Folks who like to believe such things will believe what they want, anyway, no matter how much you exonerate yourself."

"I took my attorney's advice. One blunder. One mistake. One misfortune. The fireworks forever after."

"And if you had it to do over again? If you were just beginning your career, how would you plan it?"

MARY smiled. She has taken too many wallops from life to be disturbed by a powder puff.

"I would NOT go into the movies." Take that, you youngsters and you oldsters with young ideas.

Not that Mary turns thumbs down on the movies. How can she? But, according to her own confession, she has seen ten movies, aside from those in which she appeared, in her lifetime. Two of the ten were Chaplin comedies.

"Moving pictures," confesses Mary, "are a wonderful art and a wonderful industry. But—not for me.

"I should have remained true to the speaking stage," sighs Mary. "I made my first appearance at the age of four. The play was 'Cameo Kirby' and Nat Goodwin was the star. Perhaps I will return some day, somehow. Who knows?"

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

secretary to her cousin, Richard Dix. Another high school release is "Over the Goal Line," produced by students of the Cleveland High School of Seattle. The cast includes Betty Dettore, Leona Surman, Lew Smith and Ray Willers. The picture had its premiere at the Mission Theater in Seattle.

The Movie Club of Western Massachusetts (Springfield, Mass.) has been very active. Film records were obtained of the New England flood; a film contest was staged by the club with entries in

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both 16 mm. and 9 mm.; and a short experimental comedy, "Home Cooking," was started. Robert White is dramatic director of the club, William H. Mitchell is technical director and the cameramen at work on "Home Cooking" are William G. Edwards, Carl Wilhelm and Ray Wia Winans.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Photographic Society, one of the leading amateur organizations in the United States, maintains a lively motion picture division under the chairmanship of Lloyd W. Dunning. Trick photography and slow motion experiments have been conducted. Having a completely equipped studio, this group plans trick lighting experiments, make-up studies and, eventually, a photoplay.

THE Philadelphia Zoo proved an interesting location for a recent filming party organized by the Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club. In the club competition prizes were won by Dr. H. G. Goldberg and Mrs. James W. Hughes.

British film amateurs have launched the Amateur Cinematographers Association, a national body similar in purposes to the Amateur Cinema League.

The Los Angeles High School, with "Merrill of Los Angeles High," and the University of Southern California, with "A Sporting Chance," have entered the amateur field from the heart of the professional screen world.

Colgate University, which offered "Roommates" last winter, is now producing a campus newsreel, which includes university shots from an airplane.

ROBERT FLAHERTY, the creator of "Nanook of the North" and "Moana," made another interesting comment upon the movie amateur before he sailed for the South Seas to make another picture.

"The motion picture of today is limited in its scope by tradition and conventions," he said.

"It resembles the artificiality of the still photograph of former days, when everything was posed in a stilted fashion.

"Real motion picture technique has been lacking, though there are signs of its development now.

"Some of this naturally is freakish, but in any event the camera itself is being given greater scope.

"I think the biggest development will come from the amateur field, however, where the restraints will not be as great as they are in the film studio. There are few studio-made motion pictures that suggest this freedom."

AN interesting example of amateur cinematography used for civic advancement has just been brought to the attention of PHOTOPLAY by Jack London, of 2618 Madison Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. London and his associates made a thousand foot reel of 35 mm. film called "A Visit to Some of the Community Chest Agencies." This reel was shown at all the luncheon clubs in Birmingham, as well as at some of the bigger industrial plants.

The Birmingham theaters took various scenes from the reel and ran them as trailers for two weeks during the Community Chest drive to raise \$500,000.

The reel showed some of the directors of the Chest visiting the agencies that are helped by the fund, it revealed scenes of people in various institutions and how the poor children are cared for. In brief, it showed graphically where the money went and the good it did.

The film, which was made by Mr. London and Clyde Engle, both amateurs, proved to be the most important item in the city's drive.



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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 February 15, 1928.
7. The judges will be Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League; S. L. Rothafel; Nickolas Muray; James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY; and Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY.
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.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

FAIR CO-ED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies at her very funniest in a pretty fair college yarn. The gal is a real comic. (December.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (September.)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (September.)

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (August.)

FIGURES DON'T LIE—Paramount.—A zippy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

FIRST AUTO, THE—Warners.—Missing on all sixes, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (September.)

FLYING LUCK—Pathe.—Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Dramatic doings in Morocco, well played by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schildkraut. Worth your money. (December.)

FOURFLUSHER, THE—Universal.—Pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

FRAMED—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (September.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram's best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Hichens romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

***GAUCHO, THE**—United Artists.—Love, life and religion among the bandits of the Andes, excitingly and picturesquely enacted by Douglas Fairbanks. Keep your eye on Lupe Velez, his new leading woman. Fine for the younger set. (January.)

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (October.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps. (December.)

GINGHAM GIRL, THE—FBO.—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (October.)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE—Warners.—Life and love in the underworld, agreeably acted by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE—Gotham.—An independent production, colorful and above the average. Carmel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (November.)

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (August.)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warners.—The sad story of an old trouper, played with so much true feeling by Warner Oland that you forget its sentimentality. (January.)

***GORILLA, THE**—First National.—Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey, as a couple of dumb Sherlocks, plaster laughs all over this mystery yarn. It's a darn fool thing, but you'll like it. (January.)

***GRANDMA BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS**—Fox.—The screen rises to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. See it, and learn a lesson in tolerance and compassion. Margaret Mann scores a hit as Grandma. (January.)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (September.)

HAM AND EGGS—Warners.—A war comedy, done in colors as it were. An occasionally amusing but oftener silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (November.)

***HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY**—First National.—No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-lines. Milton Sills at his best. (October.)

HARVESTER, THE—FBO.—Came the yawn! If you like Gene Stratton Porter's stories, help yourself. (January.)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warners.—Now it is Dolores Costello's turn to swing on the bell. An old favorite. (September.)

HEBIE GEBIES—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (October.)

HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE—Fox.—A youthful, refreshing story of "prep" school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

HIS DOG—Pathe-De Mille.—Fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone blah. (October.)

HOME MADE—First National.—Johnny Hines pursuing his Art. Some of the "gags" don't belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December.)

HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount.—Florence Vidor and Tullio Carminati enact a neat little comedy duel between an American heiress and her Italian husband. For those who like 'em subtle. (January.)

HOOF MARKS—Pathe.—Meet the new Western star, Jack Donovan. He knows his cactus. (January.)

HOOK AND LADDER No. 9—FBO.—Some good newsreel shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December.)

***HULA**—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (October.)

IF I WERE SINGLE—Warners.—The girls will get a giggle out of this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January.)

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story of the Kentucky Derby that is better than most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance by James Murray and an exceptional "bit" by Wesley Barry. (January.)

IRISH HEARTS—Warners.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (August.)

IRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE—Universal.—What happens when a hard-boiled bachelor meets a sweet young thing. Just a lot of nonsense, snapped up by Norman Kerry and Lois Moran. (January.)

JAWS OF STEEL—Warners.—Rin-Tin-Tin draws a bad one. (December.)

JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners.—Neither a Broadway reputation nor "Mammy" songs on the Vitaphone nor a good story can conceal the painful fact that Al Jolson is no movie actor. (December.)

***JESSE JAMES**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an exciting, sure-fire presentation of the exploits of the distinguished train robber. Don't let the blue-noses interfere with your enjoyment of a corking melodrama. (December.)

JOY GIRL, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden's eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (November.)

LADIES AT EASE—Chadwick.—A bum imitation of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December.)

LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox.—A comedy that starts off like a whirlwind and then collapses. (January.)

LAST WALTZ, THE—UFA-Paramount.—German sentiment that needs music—and a certain *verboten* beverage—to put it over. Willy Fritsch wears uniforms—and how! (December.)

LES MISERABLES—Universal.—The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and settings prove that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray in—you'll never guess—another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (October.)

LONE EAGLE, THE—Universal.—Another picture inspired by Lindbergh. Fair, thanks to young Raymond Keane. (December.)

LONESOME LADIES—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic ructions. (October.)

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (August.)

***LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karenina? Not so's you could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo melt the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don't be silly! (November.)

LOVELORN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The tale of two sisters who could have avoided a lot of tragedy by heeding the wisdom of Beatrice Fairfax. Not for the sophisticated. (January.)

***LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (September.)

MADAME POMPADOUR—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (October.)

***MAGIC FLAME, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (September.)

MAIN EVENT, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Prize-fight stuff. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That's all. (January.)

MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of Down East high-hats who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

***MAN POWER**—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (August.)

MAN'S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (October.)

***MAN, WOMAN AND SIN**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Scandal in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, but Jeanne Eagels is no Greta Garbo. (January.)

***MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the picture. (November.)

MILLION BID, A—Warners.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (August.)

***MOCKERY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (October.)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (September.)

MR. WU—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (August.)

MUM'S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reel comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps that deserves your kind attention. (January.)

***MY BEST GIRL**—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played with "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children, of course! (December.)

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—Pathe-De Mille.—The sort of thing that made 'em laugh when girls wore long skirts and high laced shoes. (January.)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (September.)

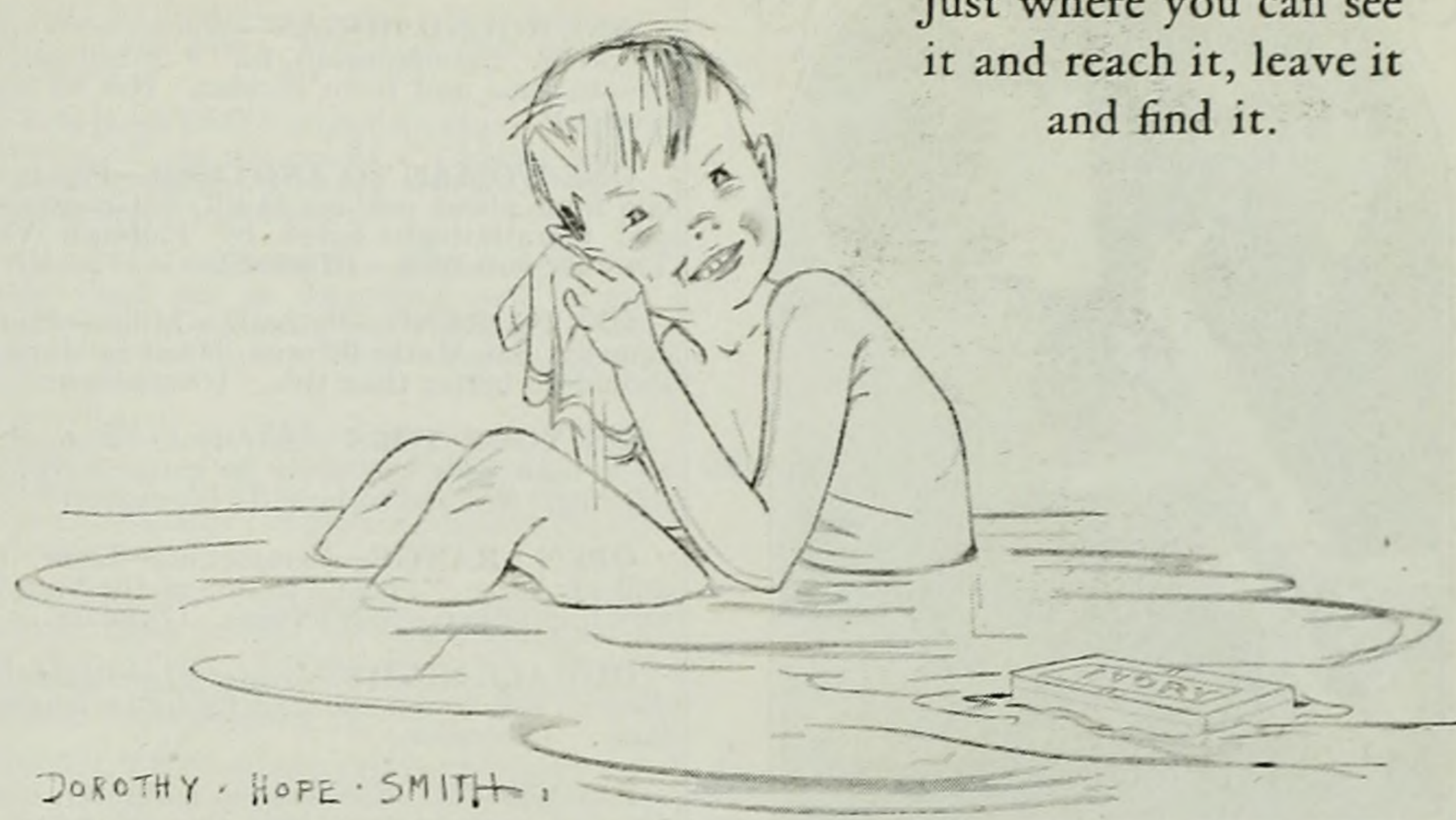
NEST, THE—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (October.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff has an original twist and Eddie Gribbon, Johnnie Harron and Alice Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)



DOROTHY HOPE SMITH

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OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warners—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (September.)

ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warners—Wherein love saves the championship for a prizefighter. With Monte Blue and Leila Hyams. Not so bad. (December.)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and Theodor von Eltz. (November.)

ON TO RENO—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but Marie Prevost, aided by James Cruze, should do better than this. (December.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Reginald Denny as a man who would not be a teacher of aesthetic dancing. We had to laugh! (January.)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount.—Lane Chandler and his horse, "Flash," in one of the best Westerns now leaping across our screens. (January.)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made farce. (December.)

PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A sprightly, charmingly directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (October.)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breathtaking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (October.)

PAINTING THE TOWN—Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (September.)

PARIS OR BUST—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as a boy who knew he was a flyer "because his mother gave his father the air." Anyway, you'll laugh at it. (December.)

***PATENTLEATHER KID, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prizefighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (September.)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathe.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (November.)

POOR NUT, THE—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of overdrawn characterizations. Not so much. (September.)

PRICE OF HONOR, THE—Columbia.—An old-time, tear-jerking, heart-stirring melodrama, well presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more widely touted extravaganzas. (December.)

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (September.)

***PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE**—First National.—Not the satire of Erskine's novel, but a movie burlesque of Homer with wise-cracking titles. Maria Corda is a fascinating new type. (January.)

***QUALITY STREET**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. (October.)

RACING ROMEO, THE—FBO.—"Red" Grange in a motor maniac yarn. A weak one. (January.)

RAGTIME—First Division.—Just a lot of celluloid. (January.)

RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard does his version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (October.)

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—May Robson plays the screen version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. (October.)

RENO DIVORCE—Warners—Ralph Graves wrote the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was too much for him. A fair film with May McAvoy as its ornamental heroine. (November.)

RITZY—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (September.)

ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Joseph Conrad's novel comes out as an unreal movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

ROLLED STOCKINGS—Paramount.—The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (September.)

***ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—First National.—Flappers will be more interested in the romantic love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor than they will be in the story. It's a beautiful picture. (November.)

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (August.)

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (September.)

RUNNING WILD—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (September.)

SAILOR IZZY MURPHY—Warners—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrills and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (November.)

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART, A—Warners—They have nerve to call this "comedy." Don't do it again, Louise Fazenda! (December.)

SATIN WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preachments—if you care for them. (October.)

SECRET HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A white-washing of that fine play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which proves that you can't make picture to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

SECRET STUDIO, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (September.)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (August.)

***SHANGHAI BOUND**—Paramount.—Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambunctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (October.)

SHANGHAIED—FBO.—Eat-em-up love story about a sailor and a dance-hall girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

***SHE'S A SHEIK**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is great as a wild Arabian gal who captures her man and tames his proud spirit. A swell evening. (January.)

SHIELD OF HONOR—Universal.—Help yourself, if you like crook stories. (December.)

SHOOTIN' IRONS—Paramount.—Jack Luden and Sally Blane in a jitney story of the great hokum places. (November.)

SILENT HERO, THE—Rayart.—A new dog—one Napoleon Bonaparte—in the same old story. But you'll like Nap. (October.)

SILK STOCKINGS—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (September.)

SILVER COMES THRU—FBO.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (August.)

SILVER VALLEY—Fox.—Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has IT. (December.)

SIMPLE SIS—Warners—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (August.)

SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

SINGED—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (September.)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (August.)

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First National.—Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (October.)

SOFT CUSHIONS—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway gags in a Bagdad harem. A lot of wise-cracking and a real hit by a newcomer—Sue Carol. (November.)

***SORRELL AND SON**—United Artists.—Herbert Brenon has made a touchingly beautiful picture of this story of a father's love for his son. Superbly played by H. B. Warner and a fine cast. (January.)

SPOTLIGHT, THE—Paramount.—How the bucolic Lizzie Stokes became *Roslova*, the Russian star. Nice kidding of our craze for foreign names and temperament. With Esther Ralston. (January.)

SPRING FEVER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines and Joan Crawford in a mildly funny comedy built about the golf mania. (October.)

STOLEN BRIDE, THE—First National.—A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer—there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (August.)

STRANDED—Sterling.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. . . . It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

***STUDENT PRINCE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of the best love stories ever written. Unfortunately Norma Shearer is mis-cast and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

***SUNRISE**—Fox.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything but talk. Short on story interest but long on beauty. (December.)

SUNSET DERBY, THE—First National.—A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (August.)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (August.)

***SWIM, GIRL, SWIM**—Paramount.—Credit Bebe Daniels with another personal hit in a story of college life. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (October.)

SYMPHONY, THE—Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Master." Redeemed by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE—UFA.—Proving that when the Germans make a bad one, they can equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings cannot save it. (October.)

TEA FOR THREE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second of the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, neatly and subtly acted. (November.)

TELL IT TO SWEENEY—Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Bancroft in a comedy that is just plain nickelodeon. (November.)

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and such-like, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (September.)

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (August.)

TEXAS STEER, A—First National.—Will Rogers, as star and title-writer, pokes fun at our politicians. A picture that papa will enjoy. (January.)

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE—Universal.—Or the Birth of a Popular Song. A comedy with an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Plante's best. (December.)

THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE—Universal.—A satisfying and well-made picture, with Francis X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson doing fine work. See it. (October.)

THREE'S A CROWD—First National.—Harry Langdon attempts too much in this one. The boy's good, but he's not Chaplin yet. Better luck next time. (October.)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (August.)

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste— (September.)

TIP TOES—British National.—Dorothy Gish in another English picture that is just a filler-in. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (October.)

TOPSY AND EVA—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (September.)

TUMBLING RIVER—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (October.)

TWELVE MILES OUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (September.)

***TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**—United Artists.—Proving that there can be something new in war comedies. Bright! Original! Entertaining! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

***UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**—Universal.—Harriet Beecher Stowe's story re-written to include the Civil War and Sherman's March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

***UNDERWORLD**—Paramount.—Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (September.)

***UNKNOWN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (August.)

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (September.)

WANTED, A COWARD—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

***WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (August.)

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (October.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warners.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (September.)

WHITE PANTS WILLIE—First National.—Some snappy celluloid dedicated to the Art of Johnny Hines. (October.)

WILD GESE—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Martha Ostenso's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

***WIND, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (November.)

***WINGS**—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (September.)

WISE WIFE, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—One of those stories about How to Hold a Husband—if you are interested. (January.)

WOMEN'S WARES—Tiffany.—Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)



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I am a lonely, unbeloved, practically unknown old maid in a great city, and surely must live the world's most monotonous life. I get up by the alarm clock every morning at six, prepare coffee on a little alcohol burner, ride the street car to work, come home tired, weary and heart-sick, simply crushed, sometimes, by the utter futility of my life.

I recall one rainy night last winter—a night full of the desolate sounds of a strong wind—I was on the verge of a desperate act when I chanced to see from my window, in

electric lights, the advertisement of one of Harold Lloyd's comedies. On an impulse, I grabbed my hat and coat and suddenly was out in the wild night, walking briskly toward the theater. After seeing "The Kid Brother," I found faith again, and laughter, and knew that surely there were greener pastures beyond for me.

Moving pictures are my only happiness. They have meant more to me, I believe, than to anybody else on earth. Each year they are getting closer to life and to human hearts.

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But don't take my word for it—or even theirs. Send for my FREE Book and learn the secret. I want you to read this interesting and instructive book, "Sans Every Superfluous Hair," in which my theories and my actual success are substantiated by genuine historical and scientific references. Postcard or letter brings your copy in plain, sealed envelope absolutely without obligation. Merely address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 59 Chicago.



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Dodging the Wedding Ring

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

really in love. And I can't make up my mind." Clara became wistful. "I'm not really fickle. It's just such a chance in this business. If I could only know they loved me for myself, and myself only. Yes, I'm still seeing Victor Fleming. None of the rest, much. But Victor seems to understand me. Calls me 'A good little bad girl.'"

Lonely little Clara! Her big salary, her fame, her genuine appeal, her generous nature do not bring her the happiness of the average small-town marriage, because of that insistent fear, "It may not be the real me they love; it may be Clara Bow, the screen actress." So Clara has about decided to continue to dodge the wedding ring problem.

"IN Europe eet does not make me married or engaged to be seen weeth a man vonce in a vile. I cannot understand vhy zee private life has anything to do with those who play on zee screen."

Greta Garbo was frankly skeptical about just what I wanted of her. What she does on the screen is "zee pooblic's beesiness," what she does in private life is her own. She does not believe that it should matter whether a star is married or single; has children or no children. If she is a good actress, produces good pictures, that should be the end of her responsibility, she tells me.

When I brought up the question of John Gilbert and Mauritz Stiller, her glorious eyes became veiled with that impenetrable look of deep mystery which is one of the many charms of this alluring Swedish woman.

"I haf never been engaged to the both of them," she said quietly. "I haf never been engaged to anybody."

"I do not say I vill not marry. How do I know? I never say I vill do thees or I vill do that. I never know from one moment to another. I sit here now. Maybe I take off my clothes zee next moment and lay on zee floor without any clothes. I can never tell. But I do not thinks of zee marriage."

"EET ees not because of my vork. Eef you are so in lof nottings else matters. You do not tink of vat vill happen. You are in lof and if you marry, you marry. But eet ees not necessary to marry, ees eet not?"

"I lof my vork. Eet ees my life. I vill not give eet up."

"I like to vork weeth Meester Gilbert. He ees, I confess, a vonder. Eef he ees an example of zee American man, you must be veery lucky over here."

"I know Meester Stiller in Europe. He start me in zee picture. I do not know eef I marry."

Greta would never marry any man, however, if there were any danger of quarrelling.

"I never quarrel," she told me. "I hate zee idea of a voman being vat you call mad. I never get zat way even in zee

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pictures. I will not throw things or do anything like zat for no director."

Marriage is simply a question which this young woman leaves to the right moment. It has no relation to her work; none to her public; none to her present self, as far as that matters. Yet, and this is the reason she is included in this story, she has persistently refused every offer. It may be "for no reason at all," but nevertheless she continues to dodge the wedding ring obligations.

LITTLE Janet Gaynor thinks she is more or less hunting for the man "big enough" to place the gold ringlet upon her third left-hand finger. Yet she has just broken her one and only engagement.

"I just wasn't in love with him any more," was her earnest interpretation.

Janet became engaged to Herbert Moulton, a newspaperman and actor, while she was still a fledgling, flitting from one studio to another. When she became a dramatic sensation, reached the height of stardom, her love faded and died. She herself sees no relation between the two interests. We wonder.

"I want to get married. But I want my marriage to be the biggest thing in my life. I want to find a man so fine, so splendid whom I will love so much that my work won't make any difference. One who will come first always, for whom I would give up my career without a moment's hesitation."

Janet is just twenty—and just honest. She has heard people say that she is to be the Bernhardt of the movies, but she has no convictions about it. She does not realize that she has put her Prince Charming on a pedestal so high that no mere mortal can ever reach it. She believes she is shyly waiting the wedding ring, yet she has broken her engagement. Charlie Farrell's name has been linked with hers frequently, but they are just a couple of kids rising to glory together.

MARY PHILBIN is another screen-baby who believes she has started hunting for the perfect male-being.

"I have been too young to think of getting married before," she tells us. "But now I'm twenty. I figure I have five years more for my work and to save money. I have never gone out with the boys, but now I'm beginning. And I'm going out with all the nice ones who ask me. I want to know them all, so when the time comes and I'm ready to leave the screen I will know how to choose the man who will make me the best husband."

"After I leave the screen!" And if she never leaves it—

Olive Borden is essentially a home-body. She lives so closely within the walls of her home with her mother that in the four years of her career, her name has been linked with that of only one man—George O'Brien! They went away on location for "Three Bad Men," came back and went to the theater together, to mass Sunday morning, and so, of course, to the rest of the world they were "going to be married."

Only they have never been engaged, Olive tells me.

"You can't concentrate on two things at once!" she declared with assurance. "And I will not marry at least until

mother and I are economically independent.

"It takes a very clever woman to hold her husband in this business. I still have a fairy idea about marriage. Oh, I think divorce is necessary if you aren't happy. But when I see all the domestic split-ups, I am frightened.

"Marriage should be the crowning glory of a woman's life. And, at least now, when I am concentrating every thought upon my career, I would be afraid to even think of it."

JOAN CRAWFORD tossed her auburn-haired head in defiance. "The Wedding Ring!" she scoffed. "That's one thing I hope I'll always be able to dodge. I know too much about it from studying other professional women who have married. Never! Not as long as I can support myself.

"Absolutely everyone I know is divorced or wants to be and can't get one. Why should I marry?"

Joan was wearing an immense third-finger diamond which she admitted was a man's gift, but she insisted it had no meaning. Since the days when this wily young lady kicked her famous legs on Broadway, she has been reported engaged to one millionaire after another. Of course, the latest is Mike Cudahy, the scion of the Chicago packing-genius. In fact she left us with this remark:

"Got to hurry. The Cudahy family is going to the show this evening." But, methinks, she meant what she said. She'll never marry.

Madge Bellamy, Lois Moran, Sally O'Neil, Jetta Goudal. There are many girls in this much-married city who seem to be profiting by the examples of others. Madge has never been reported engaged to anyone, and her present ambition is a two year rest in Europe. John Barrymore is reported to have been the most recent admirer of Lois Moran. But she has avoided all serious arrangements. Sally O'Neil believes the old yarn, "There's safety in numbers." Phyllis Haver has been "going with" one man, Stephen Gooson, an art director, for five years. And she's too busy taking advantage of her big break to give a thought to any secondary matter!

Love!

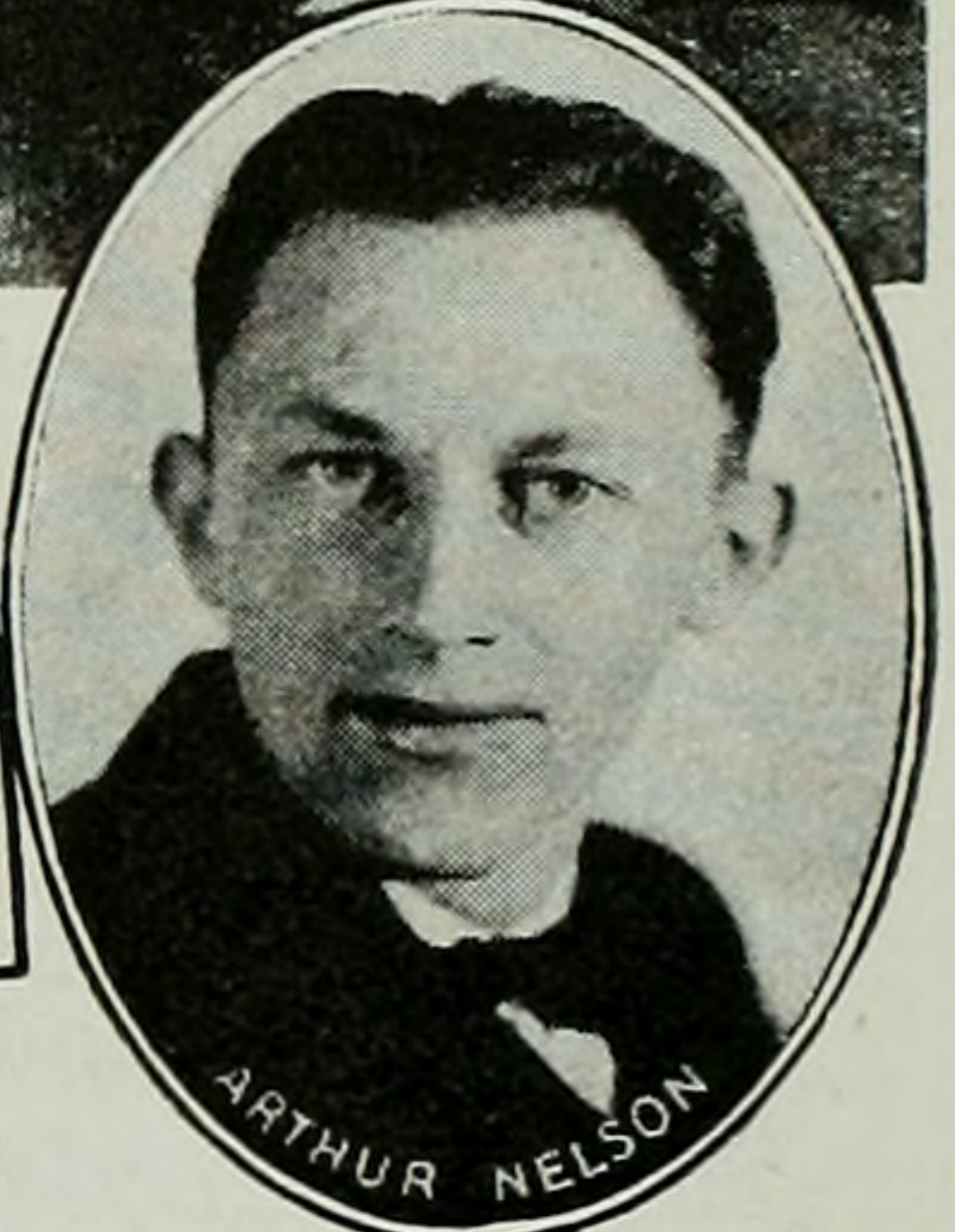
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IHAD not meant to make this a sob-story. But as I have talked with these girls whose ages would average twenty, as I have learned to know—admire—appreciate and love them, my heart has oftentimes yearned over their problem.

Money, yes. Fame! Beauty, prestige. But that simple little right of all women. A man, a home, happy children. The opportunity to quarrel and make up. The joy of fighting, struggling, working, one for another.

There are some disadvantages to their lives so glamorously painted for us. And, paramount among them, is the concentrated effort, consciously or unconsciously made by so many, to avoid professional and personal pitfalls by "Dodging the Wedding Ring" problems.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Anita Loos. Scenario by Anita Loos and John Emerson. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Lorelei Lee*, Ruth Taylor; *Dorothy Shaw*, Alice White; *Gus Eisman*, Ford Sterling; *Henry Spoffard*, Holmes Herbert; *Sir Francis Beekman*, Mack Swain; *Lady Beekman*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mrs. Spoffard*, Trixie Friganza; *Miss Chapman*, Blanche Friderici; *Robert*, Ed Faust; *Louis*, Eugene Borden; *Lorelei's Mother*, Margaret Seddon; *Lorelei's Grandfather*, Luke Cosgrave; *Judge*, Chester Conklin; *Mr. Jennings*, York Sherwood; *Lulu*, Mildred Boyd.

"CHICAGO"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the play by Maurine Watkins. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Frank Urson. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Roxie Hart*, Phyllis Haver; *Amos Hart*, Victor Varconi; *Casley*, Eugene Pallette; *Katie*, Virginia Bradford; *Police Sergeant*, Clarence Burton; *District Attorney*, Warner Richmond; *Reporter*, T. Roy Barnes; *Photographer*, Sidney D'Albrook; *Amos' Partner*, Otto Lederer; *Matron*, May Robson; *Velma*, Julia Faye; *Flynn*, Robert Edeson.

"THE ENEMY"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Channing Pollock. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Fred Niblo. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: *Pauli Arndt*, Lillian Gish; *Carl Behrend*, Ralph Forbes; *Bruce Gordon*, Ralph Emerson; *Professor Arndt*, Frank Currier; *August Behrend*, George Fawcett; *Mitzi Winkelmann*, Fritz Ridgeway; *Fritz Winkelmann*, John S. Peters; *Jan*, Karl Dane; *Baruska*, Polly Moran; *Kurt*, Billy Kent Sheaffer.

"GET YOUR MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Hope Loring. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Nancy Worthington*, Clara Bow; *Robert de Bellecontre*, Charles Rogers; *Duc de Bellecontre*, Josef Swickard; *Marquis de Villeneuve*, Harvey Clarke; *Simone de Villeneuve*, Josephine Dunn; *Mrs. Worthington*, Frances Raymond.

"THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by John Monk Saunders. Directed by William A. Wellman. Photography by Henry Gerrard. The cast: *Christine Charteris*, Fay Wray; *Gale Price*, Gary Cooper; *Byron Dashwood*, Barry Norton; *Charles Holabird*, Lane Chandler; *Gouzalo Vasques*, Francis McDonald; *Von Hohendorff*, Albert Conti.

"THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by Charles J. Brabin. The cast: *Bryce Cardigan*, Milton Sills; *Shirley Pennington*, Doris Kenyon; *Buck Ogilvy*, Arthur Stone; *John Cardigan*, George Fawcett; *Randean*, Paul Hurst; *Pennington*, Charles Sellon; *Felice*, Yola d'Avril; *Big Boy*, Phil Brady.

"THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Adapted by Harry Carr and John Farrow. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: *Capt. David Slocum*, Sam De Grasse; *Gale Slocum*, Virginia Bradford; *John Hazzard*, Francis Ford; *John Hazzard, Jr.*, Frank Marion; *Singapore Jack*, Alan Hale; *Deborah Slocum*, Ethel Wales; *The Bride*, Josephine Norman; *Zeke*, Milton Holmes; *Cabin Boy*, James Aldine; *First Mate*, Budd Fine.

"THE LOVE MART"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edward Childs Carpenter. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Antoinette Frobelle*, Billie Dove; *Victor Jallot*, Gilbert Roland; *Poupet*, Raymond Turner; *Capt. Remy*, Noah Beery; *Jean Delicafu*, Armand Kaliz; *Louis Frobelle*, Emil Chautard; *Fleming*, Boris Karloff; *Caresse*, Mattie Peters.

"LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Tod Browning. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: *Burke*, Lon Chaney; *Lucille Balfour*, Marceline Day; *Sir James Hamlin*, Henry B. Walthall; *Buller*, Percy Williams; *Arthur Hibbs*, Conrad Nagel; *Miss Smithson*, Polly Moran; *Bat Girl*, Edna Tichenor; *The Stranger*, Claude King.

"WEST POINT"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Raymond L. Shrock. Continuity by Raymond L. Shrock. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Bill Wheeler*, William Haines; *Betty Channing*, Joan Crawford; *Sperry*, Neil Neely; *Tex McNeil*, William Bakewell; *Bob Chase*, Ralph Emerson; *Hugh Anderson*, Edward Clayton; *Dana Stephens*, Baur Bradford Richardson; *Captain Munson*, Leon Kellar; *Coach Towers*, Major Raymond G. Moses, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.; *Major Mullens*, Major Philip B. Fleming, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

"FRENCH DRESSING"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Phillip Grey*, H. B. Warner; *Cynthia Grey*, Lois Wilson; *Henri de Briac*, Clive Brook; *Peggy Nash*, Lilyan Tashman.

"STAND AND DELIVER"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Sada Cowan. Directed by Donald Crisp. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Roger Norman*, Rod La Rocque; *Jania*, Lupe Velez; *Chika*, Warner Oland; *Capt. Dargis*, Louis Natheaux; *Patch Eye*, James Dime; *Muja*, A. Palasthy; *Pietro*, Frank Lanning; *Blind Operator*, Bernard Siegel; *Commanding Officer*, Clarence Burton; *Krim*, Charles Stevens.

"GALLAGHER"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Adapted by Elliott Clawson. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: *Gallagher*, Junior Coghlan; *Callahan*, Harrison Ford; *Clarissa*, Elinor Fair; *McGinty*, Wade Boteler; *City Editor*, E. H. Calvert; *Burglar*, Ivan Lebedeff.

"SERENADE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Ernest Vajda. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Franz*, a Composer, Adolphe Menjou; *Gretchen*, His Inspiration, Kathryn Carver; *Josef Bruckner*, Lawrence Grant; *The Dancer*, Lina Basquette; *Gretchen's Mother*, Martha Franklin.

"BECKY"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Rayner Seelig. Scenario by Marion Constance Blackton. Directed by John F. McCarthy. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Rebecca O'Brien McCloskey*, Sally O'Neil; *Dan Scarlett*, Owen Moore; *John Carroll Estabrook*, Harry Crocker; *Nan Estabrook*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Irving Speigelsberg*, Mack Swain; *Boris Abelard*, Claude King.

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"PAJAMAS"—Fox.—From the story by William Conselman. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Angela Wade*, Olive Borden; *John Weston*, Lawrence Gray; *Russell Forrest*, Jerry Miley; *Daniel Wade*, John J. Clark.

"LEGIONNAIRES IN PARIS"—FBO.—From the story by Louis Sarecky. Continuity by Jefferson Moffitt. Directed by A. E. Gillstrom. Photography by Phil Tannura. The cast: *Al Cooke*, Himself; *Kit Guard*, Himself; *Annette*, Louise Lorraine; *Fifi*, Virginia Sale; *Shorty*, the Giant Gendarme, John Aason.

"HER WILD OAT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Howard Irving Young. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Mary Brown*, Colleen Moore; *Philip Latour*, Larry Kent; *Tommy Warren*, Hallam Cooley; *Daisy*, Gwen Lee; *Dowager*, Martha Mattox; *Duke Latour*, Charles Giblyn; *Miss Whitley*, Julianne Johnston.

"THE GARDEN OF EDEN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Rudolph Bernauer and Rudolph Oesterreicher. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Scenario by Hans Kraly. The cast: *Toni Lebrun*, Corinne Griffith; *Rosa*, Louise Dresser; *Henry von Glessing*, Lowell Sherman; *Madame Bauer*, Maude George; *Richard Spanyi*, Charles Ray; *Colonel Dupont*, Edward Martindel.

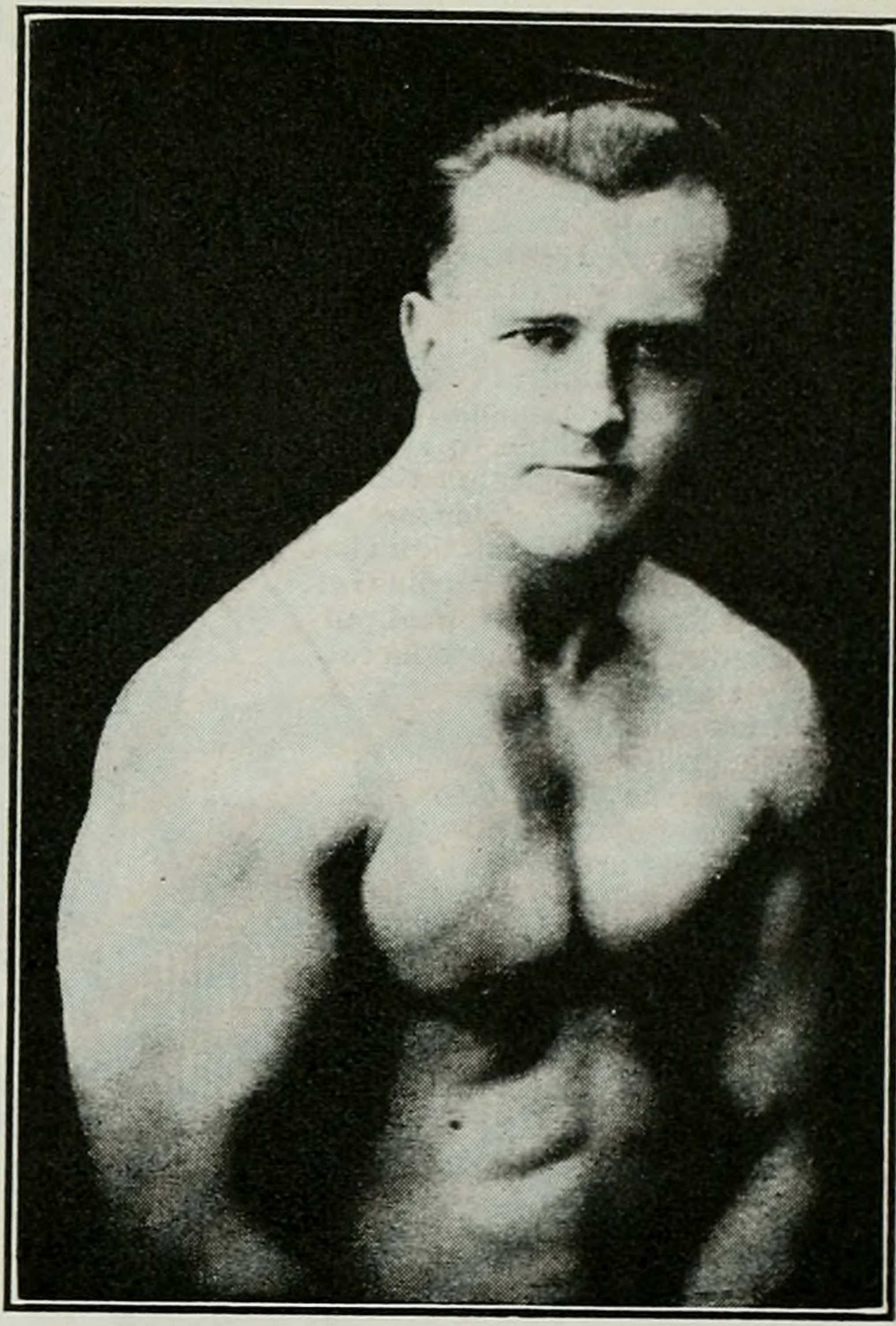
"THE GAY DEFENDER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grover Jones. Scenario by Ray Harris, Sam Mintz and Kenneth Raisbeck. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Edward Crin-jager. The cast: *Joaquin Murrieta*, Richard Dix; *Ruth Ainsworth*, Thelma Todd; *Jake Hamby*, Fred Kohler; *Chombo*, Jerry Mandy; *Ferdinand Murrieta*, Robert Bower; *Padre Sebastian*, Harry Holden; *Comm. Ainsworth*, Fred Esmelton; *Aunt Emily*, Frances Raymond; *Bart Hamby*, Ernie S. Adams.

"THE DESIRED WOMAN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: *Lady Diana*, Irene Rich; *Capt. Maxwell*, William Russell; *Lt. Larry Trent*, William Collier, Jr.; *Fitzroy*, Douglas Gerrard; *Henery*, Jack Ackroyd; *Lieut. Kellogg*, John Miljan; *Sir Sydney Vincent*, Richard Tucker.

"THE WIZARD"—Fox.—From the play by Gaston Leroux. Scenario by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: *Stanley Gordon*, Edmund Loew; *Anne Webster*, Leila Hyams; *Paul Coriolos*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Edwin Palmer*, E. H. Calvert; *Judge Webster*, Norman Trevor; *Reginald Van Lear*, Barry Norton; *Sam*, Oscar Smith; *Detective Sergeant Murphy*, Perle Marshall; *Chauffeur*, Richard Frazier; *Ape*, George Kotsouaros; *Mrs. Van Lear*, Maude Turner Gordon.

"VERY CONFIDENTIAL"—Fox.—From the story by James K. McGuinness and Randall H. Faye. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Patricia Murphy*, Madge Bellamy; *Roger Allen*, Patrick Cuning; *Priscilla Travers*, Mary Duncan; *Donald Allen*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Stella*, Marjorie Beebe; *Adelaide Melbourne*, Isabelle Keith; *Chauffeur*, Carl von Haartmann.

"RED RIDERS OF CANADA"—FBO.—From the story by William Byron Mowery. Directed by Robert DeLacy. The cast: *Joan Duval*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Sergeant Brian Scott*, Charles Byer; *Msieu Le Busart*, Harry Woods; *Pierre Duval*, Rex Lease; *Nicholas*, Barney Furey.



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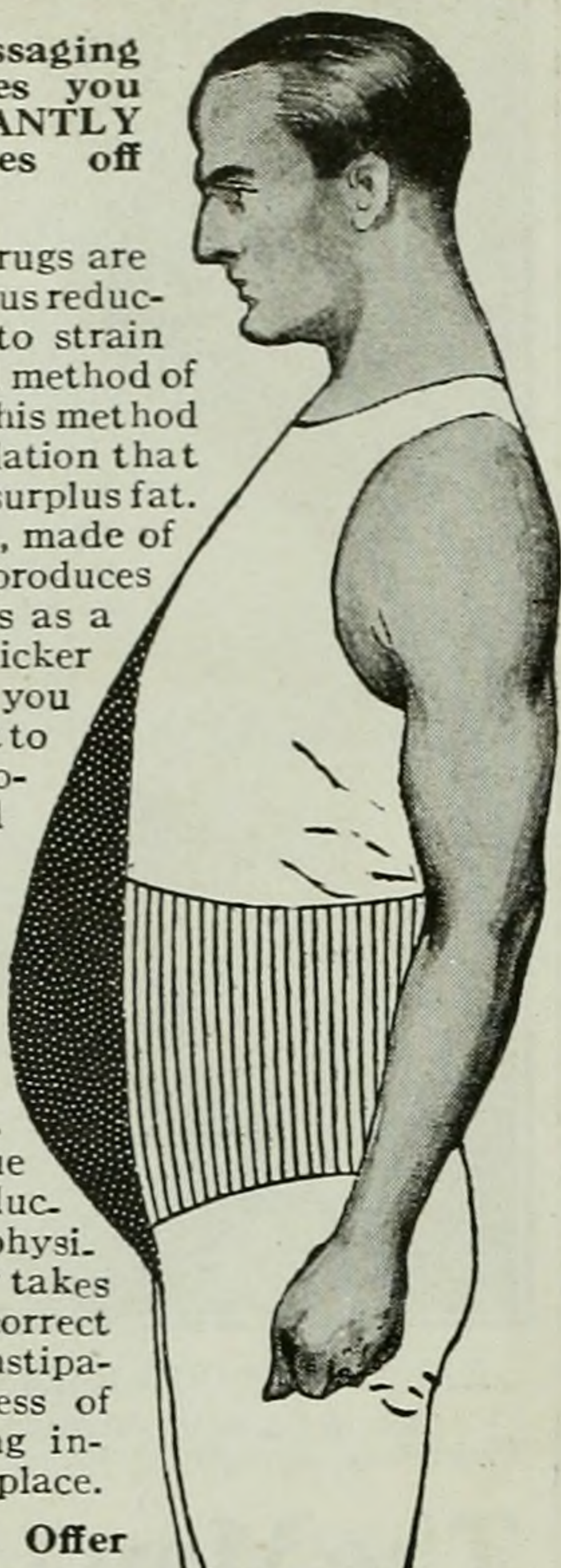
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"THE TIGRESS"—COLUMBIA.—Scenario by Harold Shumate. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Joseph Walker. The cast: *Winston Graham*, *Earl of Eddington*, *Jack Holt*; *Mona*, "The Tigress," *Dorothy Revier*; *Pietro, the Bold*, *Frank Leigh*; *Pippa*, *Philippe de Lacy*; *Tser*, *Howard Truesdell*; *Wibble*, *Frank Nelson*.

"LADIES MUST DRESS"—FOX.—From the story by Victor Heerman. Scenario by Reginald Morris. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Eve*, *Virginia Valli*; *Joe*, *Lawrence Gray*; *Art*, *Hallam Cooley*; *Mazie*, *Nancy Carroll*; *George Ward, Jr.*, *Earle Foxe*; *Office Manager*, *Wilson Hummell*; *Mr. Ward, Sr.*, *William Tooker*.

"THE THIRTEENTH HOUR"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Douglas Furber and Chester M. Franklin. Continuity by Edward T. Lowe, Jr., and Chester M. Franklin. Directed by Chester M. Franklin and Errol Taggart. Photography by Maximilian Fabian. The cast: *Professor Leroy*, *Lionel Barrymore*; *Mary Lyle*, *Jacqueline Gadson*; *Matt Gray*, *Charles Delaney*; *Detective Shaw*, *Fred Kelsey*; *The Dog*, *Napoleon*; *Polly*, *Polly Moran*.

"DEAD MAN'S CURVE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Richardson Pierce. Adapted by Ewart Adamson. Directed by Richard Rosson. Photography by Phillip Tannura. The cast: *Vernon Keith*, *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*; *Ethel Hume*, *Sally Blane*; *George Marshall*, *Charles Byer*; *Fergus Hume*, *Arthur Metcalfe*; *Goof Goober*, *Kit Guard*; *Benton*, *Byron Douglas*; *Derne*, *James Mason*.

"CHEATING CHEATERS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Max Marcin. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by Edward Laemmle. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: *Nan Carey*, *Betty Compson*; *Tom Palmer*, *Kenneth Harlan*; *Mrs. Brockton*, *Sylvia Ashton*; *Mr. Brockton*, *Edwin Connelly*; *Mrs. Palmer*, *Maude Turner Gordon*; *Mr. Palmer*, *E. J. Ratcliffe*; *Lazarre*, *Lucien Littlefield*; *Steve*, *Eddie Gribbon*; *Tony*, *Cesare Gravina*.

"TWO GIRLS WANTED"—FOX.—From the play by Gladys Unger. Scenario by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Marianna Miller*, *Janet Gaynor*; *Dexter Wright*, *Glenn Tryon*; *Jack Terry*, *Ben Bard*; *Sarah Miller*, *Marie Mosquini*; *Philip Hancock*, *Joseph Cawthorn*; *Miss Timoney*, *Doris Lloyd*; *Edna Delafield*, *Alyce Mills*; *William Moody*, *William Tooker*; *Mrs. Delafield*, *Pauline Neff*; *Johnny*, *William Blatcher*; *Michael*, *C. L. Sherwood*.

"WOMAN WISE"—FOX.—From the story by Donald McGibney and J. K. McGuiness. Adapted by Andrew Bennison. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Ne'er-Do-Well*, *William Russell*; *Millie Baxter*, *June Collyer*; *U. S. Consul*, *Walter Pidgeon*; *Abdul Mustapha*, *Theodore Kosloff*; *Valet*, *Ernie Shields*; *Khurd Chief*, *Raoul Paoli*; *Guard*, *Duke Kahanamoku*; *Native Girls*, *Josephine Borio* and *Carmen Castillo*.

"THE LAST MOMENT"—FINE ARTS.—From the story by Paul Fejos. Directed by Paul Fejos. The cast: *Otto Matieson*, *Georgia Hale*, *Lucile LaVerne*, *Anielka Eltar*, *Vivian Winston*, *Isabel Lamore*.

"ACROSS THE ATLANTIC"—WARNERS.—From the story by John Ransome. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Hugh Clayton*, *Monte Blue*; *Phyllis Joynes*, *Edna Murphy*; *John Clayton (Father)*, *Burr McIntosh*; *Dan Clayton*, *Robert Ober*.

"THE GIRL IN THE PULLMAN"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Willson Collison. Adapted by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Dewey Wrigley. The cast: *Hazel Burton*, *Marie Prevost*; *Dr. Donald Burton*, *Harrison Ford*; *Hector Brooks*, *Franklin Pangborn*; *Dollie Jones*, *Kathryn McGuire*; *Mrs. Jones*, *Ethel Wales*; *Jerry Mason*, *Harry Myers*.

"THE SILVER SLAVE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Howard Smith. Scenario by Peter Milne. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Bernice Randall*, *Irene Rich*; *Janet Randall*, *Audrey Ferris*; *Tom Richards*, *Holmes Herbert*; *Philip Caldwell*, *John Miljan*; *Larry Martin*, *Carrol Nye*.

"A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: *Johann Graff*, *Henry B. Walthall*; *Dorothy Graff*, *Patricia Avery*; *Maizie*, *Erin La Bissner*; *Peter Mayfield*, *Henry Sedley*; *Teddie Wales*, *Tom O'Grady*; *Bert Emmonds*, *Cornelius Keefe*.

"PRETTY CLOTHES"—STERLING.—From the story by Peggy Gaddis. Directed by Philip Rosen. The cast: *Marion Dunbar*, *Jobyna Ralston*; *Rose Dunbar*, *Gertrude Astor*; *Russel Thorpe*, *Johnny Walker*; *Philip Bennett*, *Lloyd Whitlock*; *Thorpe, Sr.*, *Charles Clary*; *Albert Moore*, *Jack Mower*; *Mrs. Dunbar*, *Lydia Knott*.

"COME TO MY HOUSE"—FOX.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Joan Century*, *Olive Borden*; *Floyd Bennings*, *Antonio Moreno*; *Fraylor*, *Ben Bard*; *Murtagh Pell*, *Cornelius Keefe*; *Renee Parsons*, *Doris Lloyd*; *Jimmy Parsons*, *Richard Maitland*.

"CASEY JONES"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Charles J. Hunt. The cast: *Casey Jones*, *Ralph Lewis*; *Casey, Jr.*, *Jason Robards*; *Roland Ayres*, *Brooks Benedict*; *Peggy Reynolds*, *Anne Sheridan*; *Mrs. Casey Jones*, *Kate Price*; *Jock MacTavish*, *Al St. Johns*.

"DISCORD"—PATHE.—From the story by Dr. Paul Merzbach. Directed by Gustaf Molander. The cast: *Cathleen Paget*, *Lil Dagover*; *Mrs. Brock (her Mother)*, *Karin Swanstrom*; *Poppy Brock*, *Brita Appelgren*; *Bruce Brock*, *Hakan Westergren*; *Ivor Willington*, *Gosta Ekman*; *Lionel Jessop*, *Wilhelm Bryde*; *Birger Holm*, *Urho Somersalmi*; *Antje*, *Stina Berg*.

"BABY MINE"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by Margaret Mayo. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Lew Lipton. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jimmy*, *George K. Arthur*; *Alfred*, *Karl Dane*; *Helen*, *Louise Lorraine*; *Flo*, *Charlotte Greenwood*.

"WIZARD OF THE SADDLE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Frank Howard Clark. Photography by Roy Eslick. The cast: "Red" *Heoner*, *Buzz Barton*; *Hank Robbins*, *Milburn Moranti*; *Tom Ellis*, *Jimmy Ford*; *Jenny Adams*, *Duane Thompson*; "Pop" *Adams*, *James Welch*; *Kirk McGrew*, *Bert Apling*.

"WOLF FANGS"—FOX.—From the story by Seton I. Miller and Elizabeth Pickett. Scenario by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Thunder*, *Himself*; *Ellen*, *Caryl Lincoln*; *Neal Barrett*, *Charles Morton*; *Pete*, *Frank Rich*; *Bill Garfield*, *James Gordon*; *White Fawn*, *Herself*; *Zimbo*, *Himself*; *Oswald*, *Himself*.

"THE LIGHTER THAT FAILED"—M.-G.-M.—Directed by James Parrot. Photography by Len Powers. The cast: Charley Chase, Edna Marion, May Wallace, Eugene Pallette, William Orlamond.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

M. E. D., SPOKANE, WASH.—Norman Kerry was born in New York City about thirty-two years ago. His wife is a non-professional. No, Norman doesn't do much travelling nor does he make personal appearances.

E. W. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Yes, Clara Bow was the ah—"sort of fat girl" in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Clara has the leading feminine rôle in "Wings." Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers are also in the cast. Sure, "Wings" has been released for some months.

NORMAN D., WEST CHESTER, PA.—Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke and she was born in Quincy, Ill., on May 3, 1906. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Raymond Griffith is not making pictures at present.

MRS. A. C., SWANSEA, MASS.—Richard Dix pays the penalty of being a bachelor in Hollywood; he's the hero of all sorts of rumors. But I don't think he's going to marry the girl you mention. Write to Lois Wilson in care of the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Thanks for the nice words.

E. E. G., GREENWICH, CONN.—Vilma Banky just passed her twenty-fifth birthday on the ninth of January. She came to this country from Hungary in 1925. Write to her at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

A READER, MARSHALL, TEX.—For the benefit of you and the twenty-three other girls, I hereby announce that Tim McCoy's address is in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

R. M., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Flatterer! Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat and Lloyd Hughes' wife is Gloria Hope. John Gilbert is an American.

A. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Rex Ingram was born in Dublin, Ireland. You're right; his father was an English bishop.

TOOTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Here's a short sketch of Clive Brook: Born in London, England, thirty-six years ago. Five feet, eleven inches tall and married to a non-professional. His current picture is "The Devil Dancer" and you may write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

G. H., HENRYETTA, OKLA.—You win and the boy friend was wrong. It was Antonio Moreno and not John Gilbert who played opposite Greta Garbo in "The Temptress." Collect your dollar.

V. G. S., CANTON, OHIO.—"Monte Cristo" was first released on March 19, 1922. Robert Harron has been dead for some years. Charles Emmet Mack was killed on March 17, 1927. His last picture was "The First Auto."

JIMMY, OTEEN, N. C.—George Bancroft is his real name and he attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis. So that looks as though he might have been in the Navy.

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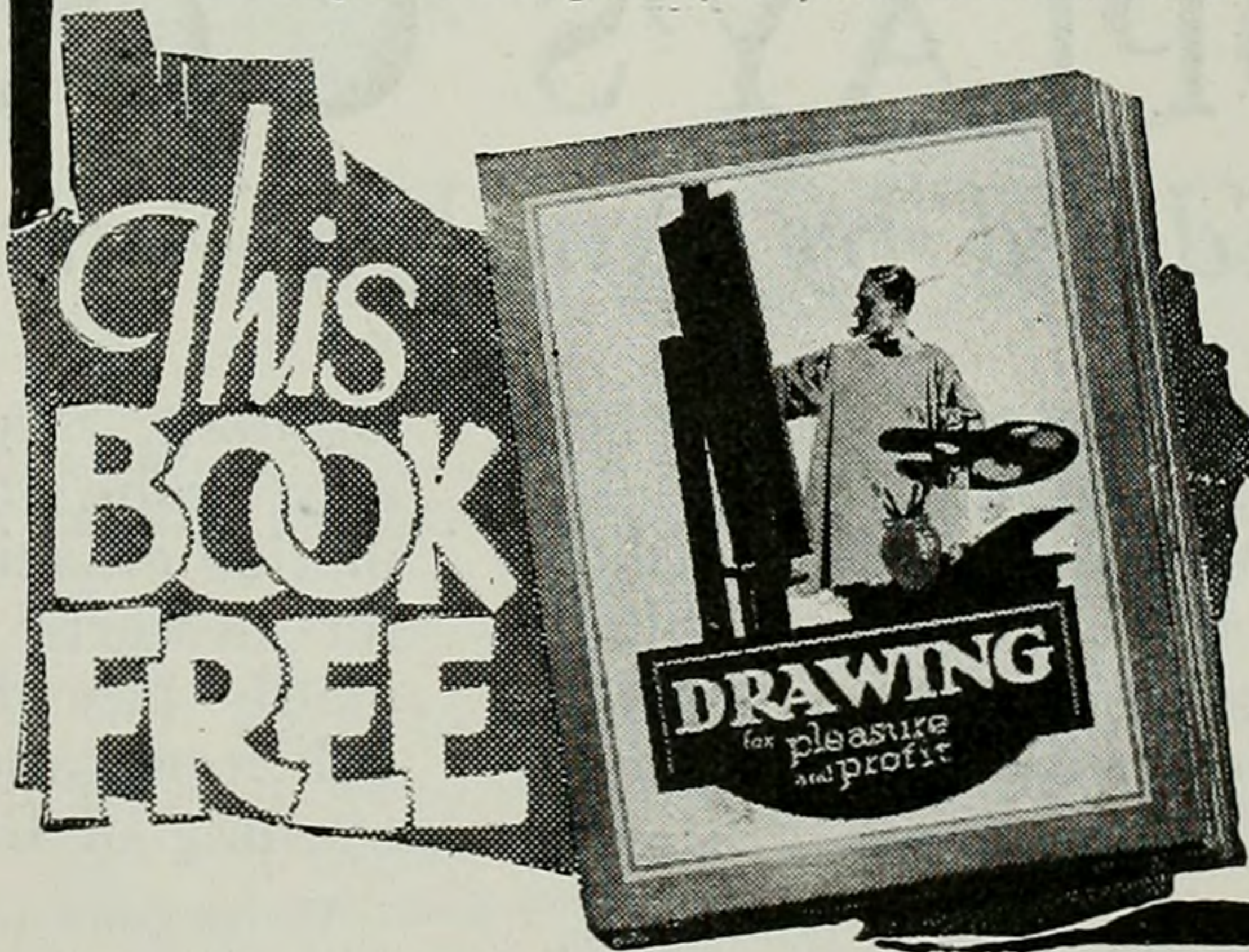
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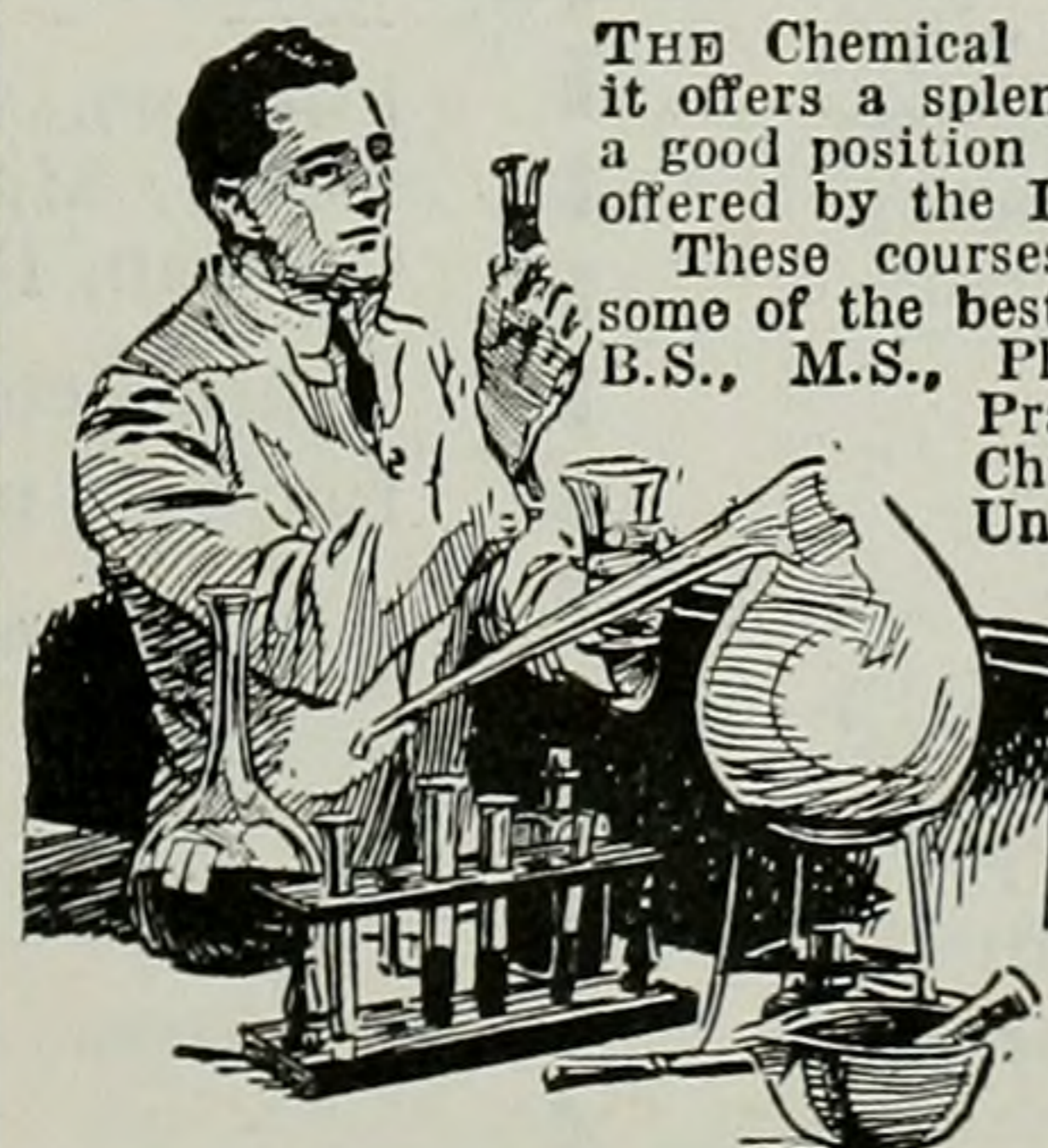
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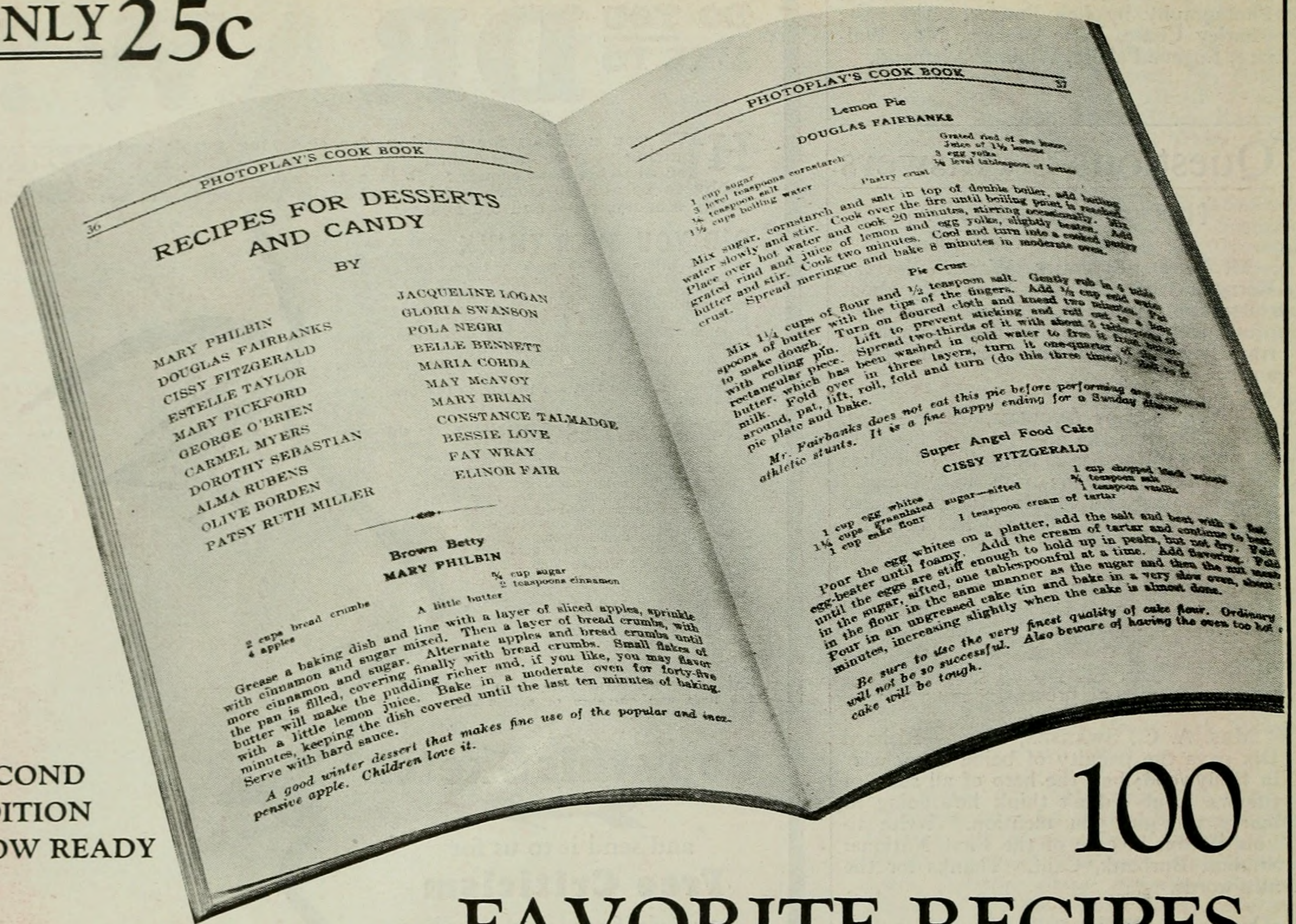
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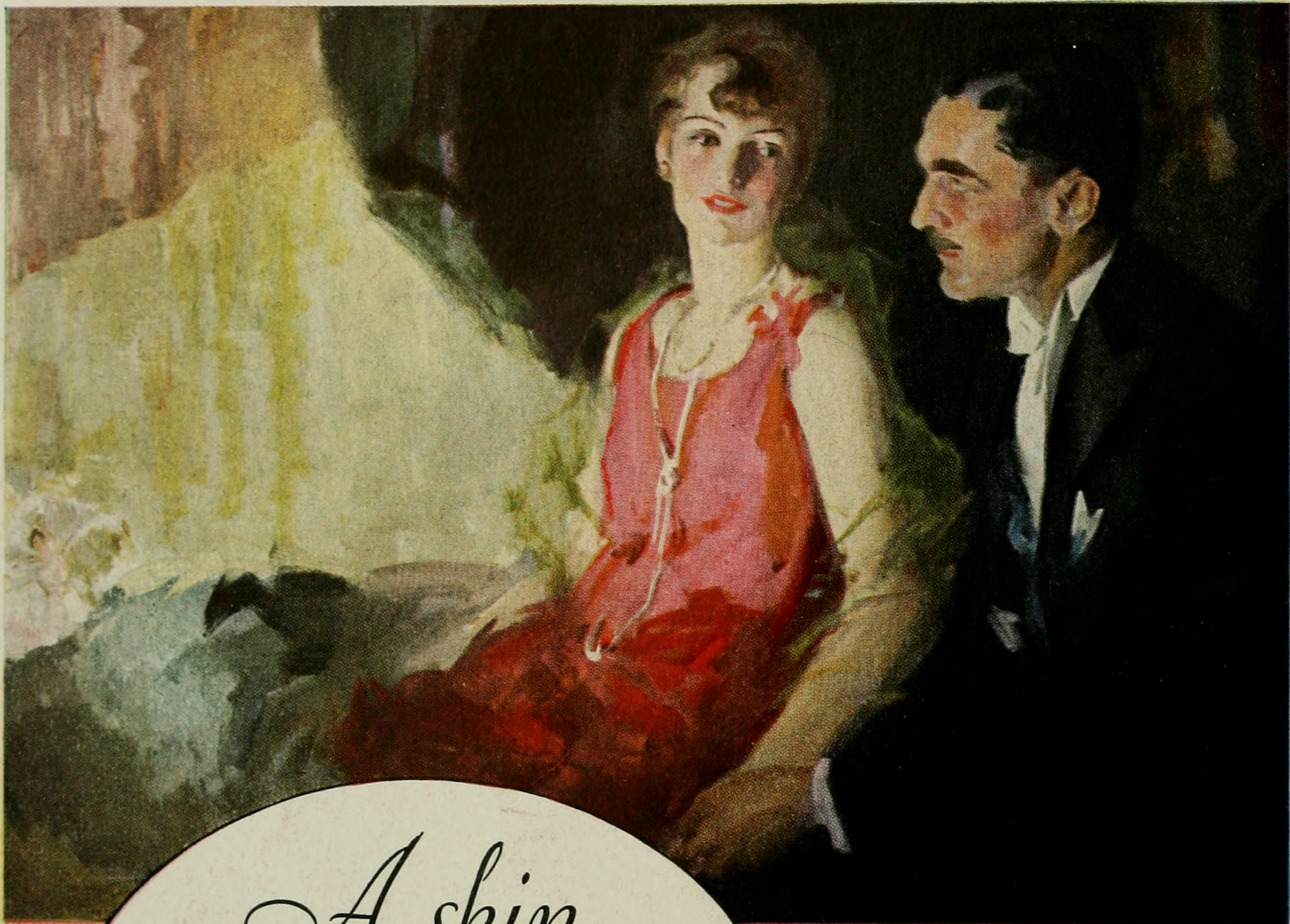
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