

PHOTOPLAY N.S.E.

APRIL 25 CENTS

*The National
Guide to
Motion Pictures*

*Esther
Ralston*

Charles Sholdon

Love Pictures

The Doctor Tells How We React to Them



Always Good Taste

*-the enjoyment
of the theatre*

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

If your gums are the least bit tender start with IPANA tonight!

YOUR teeth may be as white as Ivory—yet faced with grave and serious trouble.

There may not be a cavity in your mouth, or a filling in your head, yet you may need the attention of a good dentist and the use of the correct way of caring for your teeth.

For your gums may be tender—they may even show a tendency to bleed. If your tooth brush "shows pink"—even slightly or occasionally—it is a sign that something is amiss and that your gums need immediate care.

What to do if your gums need attention

Talk to your dentist. Probably he will explain the matter to you in some such terms as this:

"The food you eat is to blame. For it is too soft for the teeth and gums. It lacks fibre and roughage. It gives the gums no friction, no stimulation, no work. The blood does not circulate properly through the tissues and the gums become undernourished. And this often leads to more serious troubles."

But your dentist can do more than explain the cause of the difficulty; he will point out to you, too, the correct way to offset the bad effects of your diet.

In all probability, he will order gum massage. For today thousands of good dentists say to their patients:

"Massage the gum tissue with Ipana at the same time you brush your teeth. If



HEALTHY GUMS ARE FIRM AND CORAL PINK

your gums are tender to the brush, massage them gently at first with Ipana on the finger tips. For Ipana is as helpful to the gums as it is cleansing to the teeth."

The pressure and the friction of a light massage stirs the dormant blood within the gum walls, and speeds fresh, clean blood to take the place of the stagnant old.

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Massage and Ipana can make your gums firm and healthy. Their color will be right. You avoid "pink tooth brush". You improve the health and beauty of your mouth.

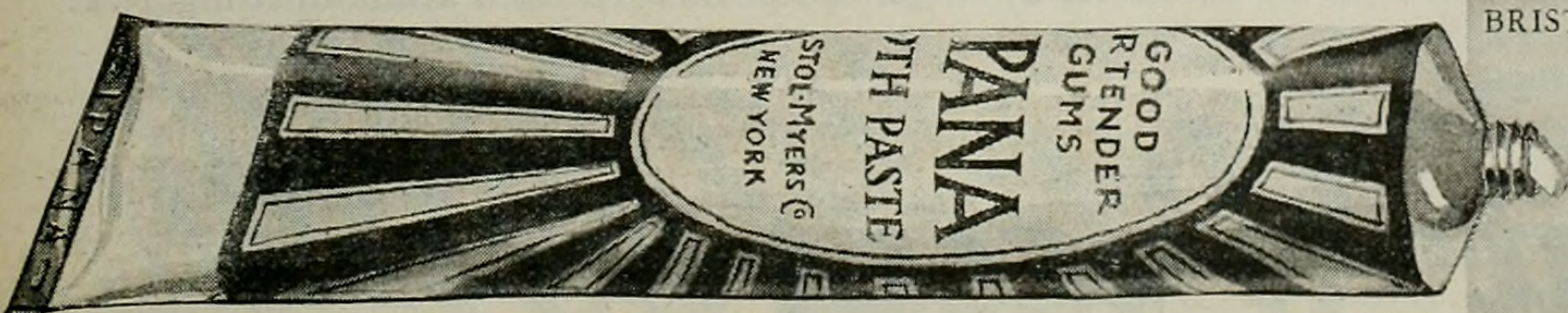
We have placed a coupon in the corner of this page. It offers you a trial tube, enough for about ten days. Use it if you will. Certainly this tube will prove to you Ipana's delicious flavor, its incomparable power to keep your teeth clean, white and beautiful.

Get a full-size tube at the nearest drug store

But ten days are all too short to show you what Ipana can do for the health of your gums. At least a month is needed—a full-size tube will show you a far better result. So, we urge you to go to your drug store and buy a full-size tube (about 120 brushings). Use it to the last squeeze! Then will you know what Ipana can do to tone and strengthen your gums—to improve the health of *all* your mouth!

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

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

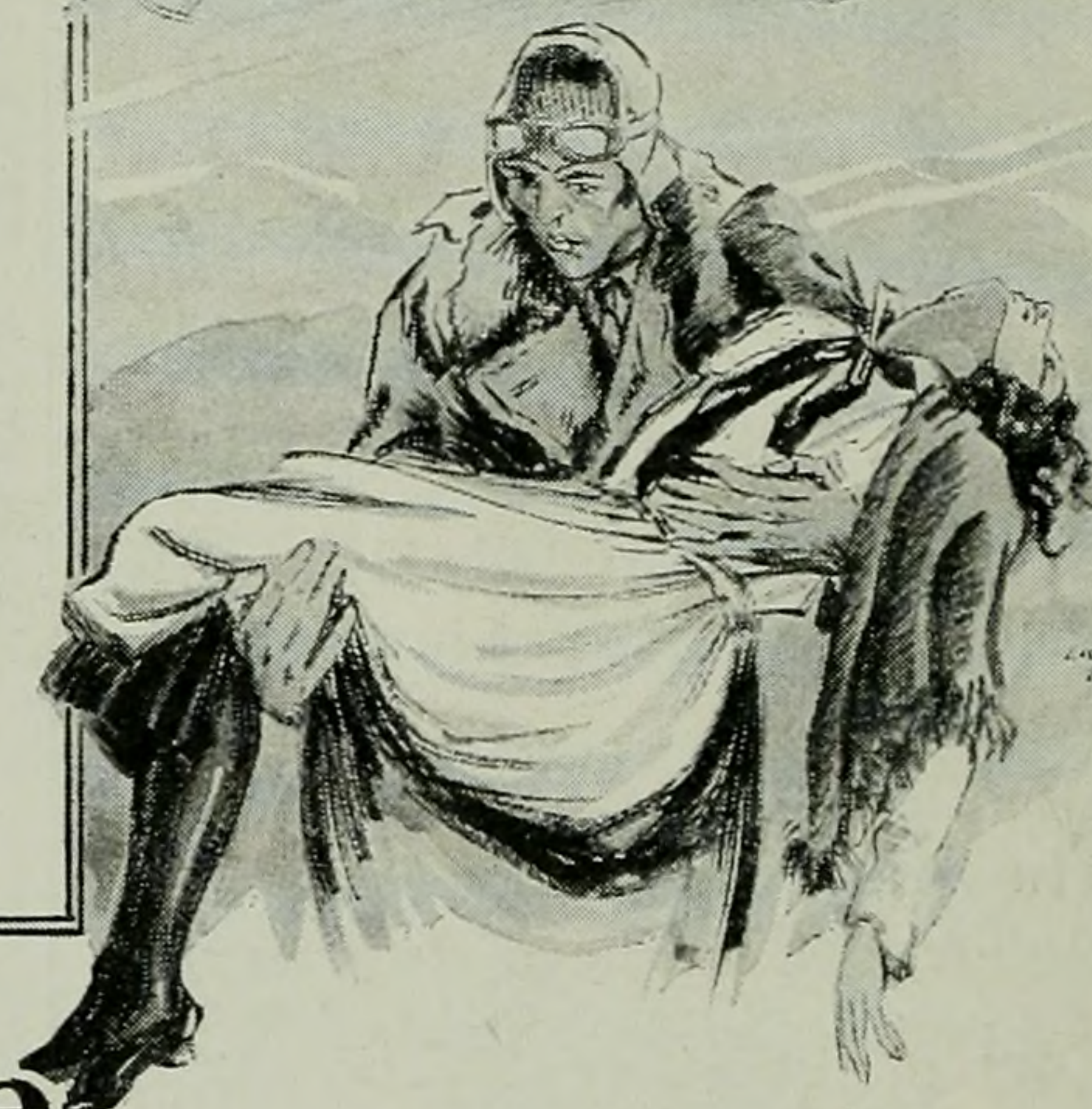
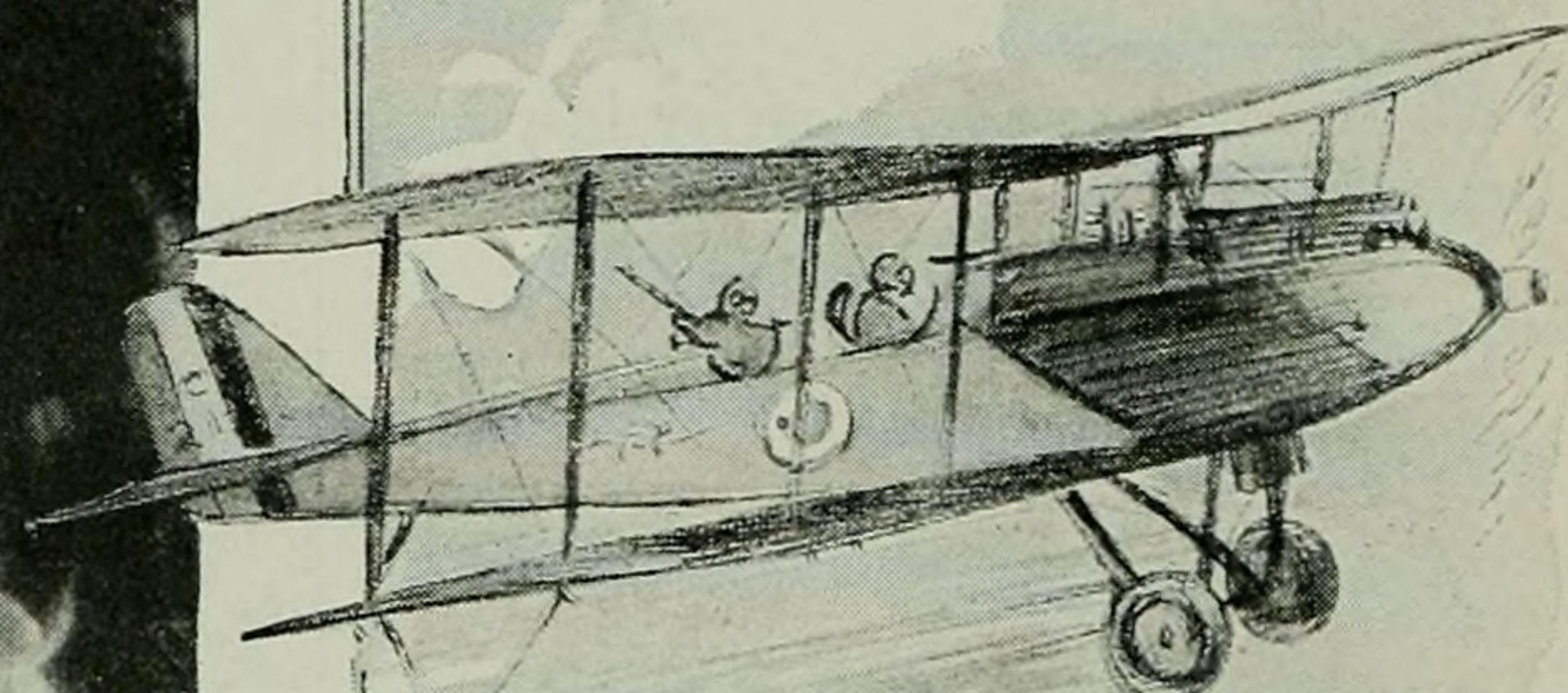
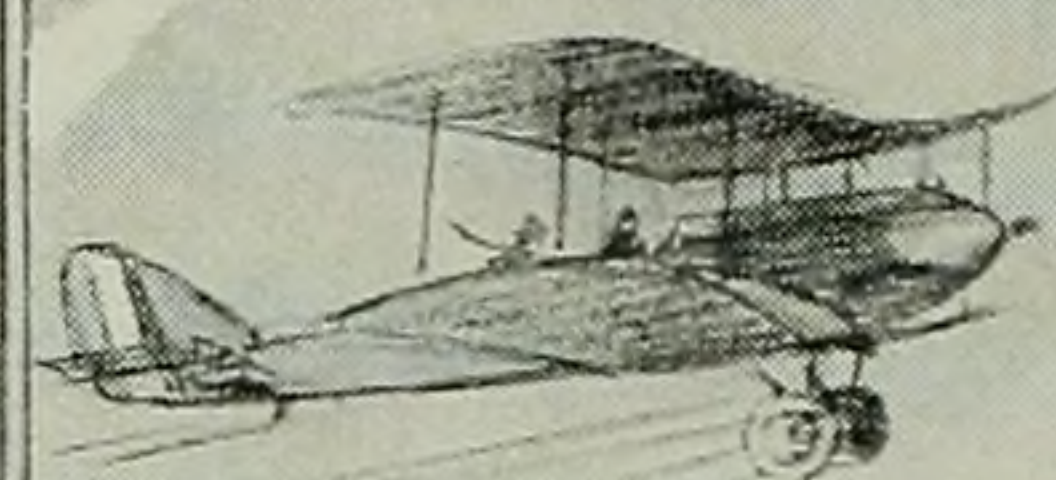
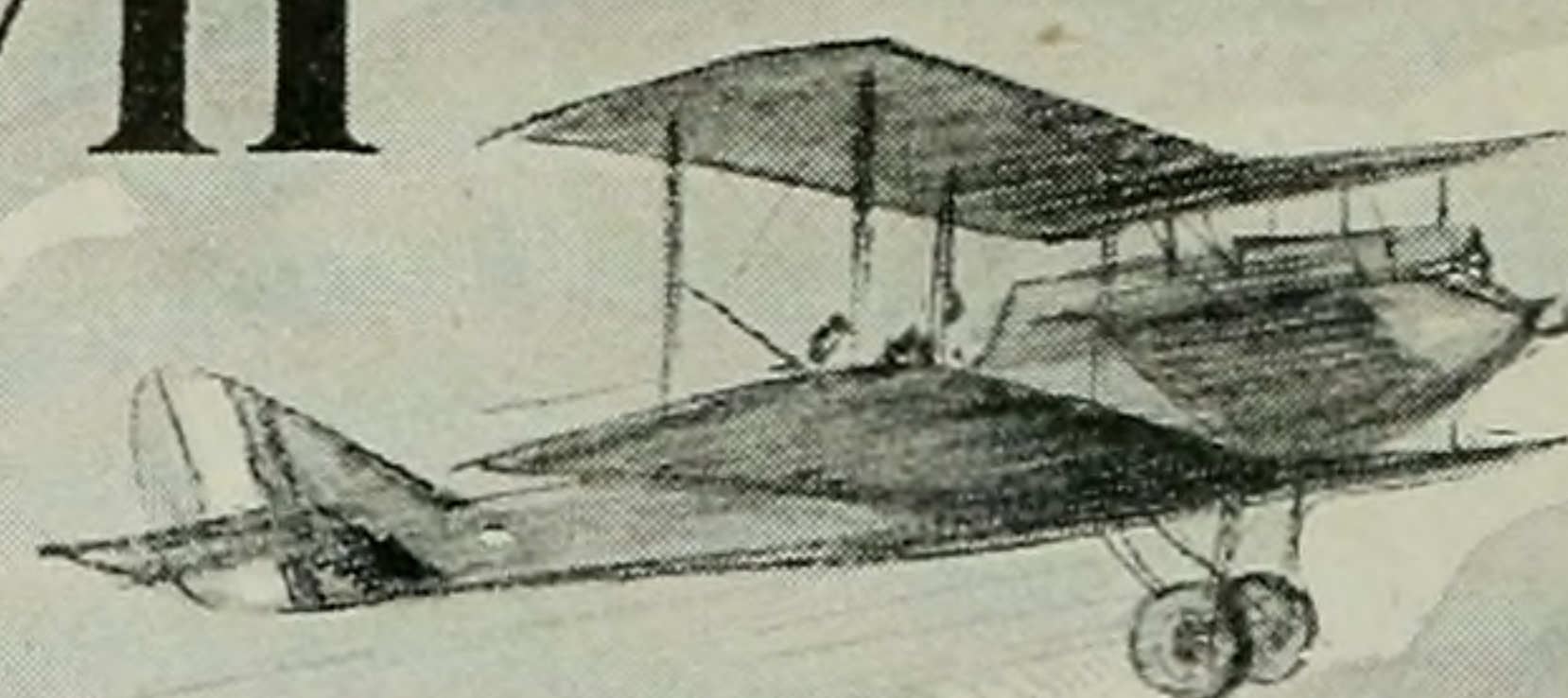
“best show in town”

“A Band of Men whose Sweetheart was Death!”

From every corner of the world they came, that valiant band of youths who had tried everything in life but Death! Fearful tragedies, smashed loves, lost fortunes had driven them to join that daredevil band of war fliers—“The Legion of the Condemned”. Day after day, high above the earth, they flirted with Death, or drove their roaring planes far behind the enemy lines to land spies—the most hazardous mission of the war.



FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER, Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers, in a scene from “The Legion of the Condemned”, their first co-starring picture. A William Wellman production.



The LEGION of the CONDEMNED”

☐ Another of those great Paramount Pictures that are talked about by everyone and remembered for days and days!
 ☐ Popular approval, and critical opinion from coast to coast, placed Paramount 'way in the lead on all lists of the best pictures of 1927. 1928 hits are even greater! Because Paramount goes ever onward and upward, accelerating progress year by year. ☐ Ask your Theatre Manager when he is going to show “Legion of the Condemned” and all the other great Paramount Pictures of 1928.

“If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.”

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

Paramount Pictures



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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For
April
1928

VOL. XXXIII

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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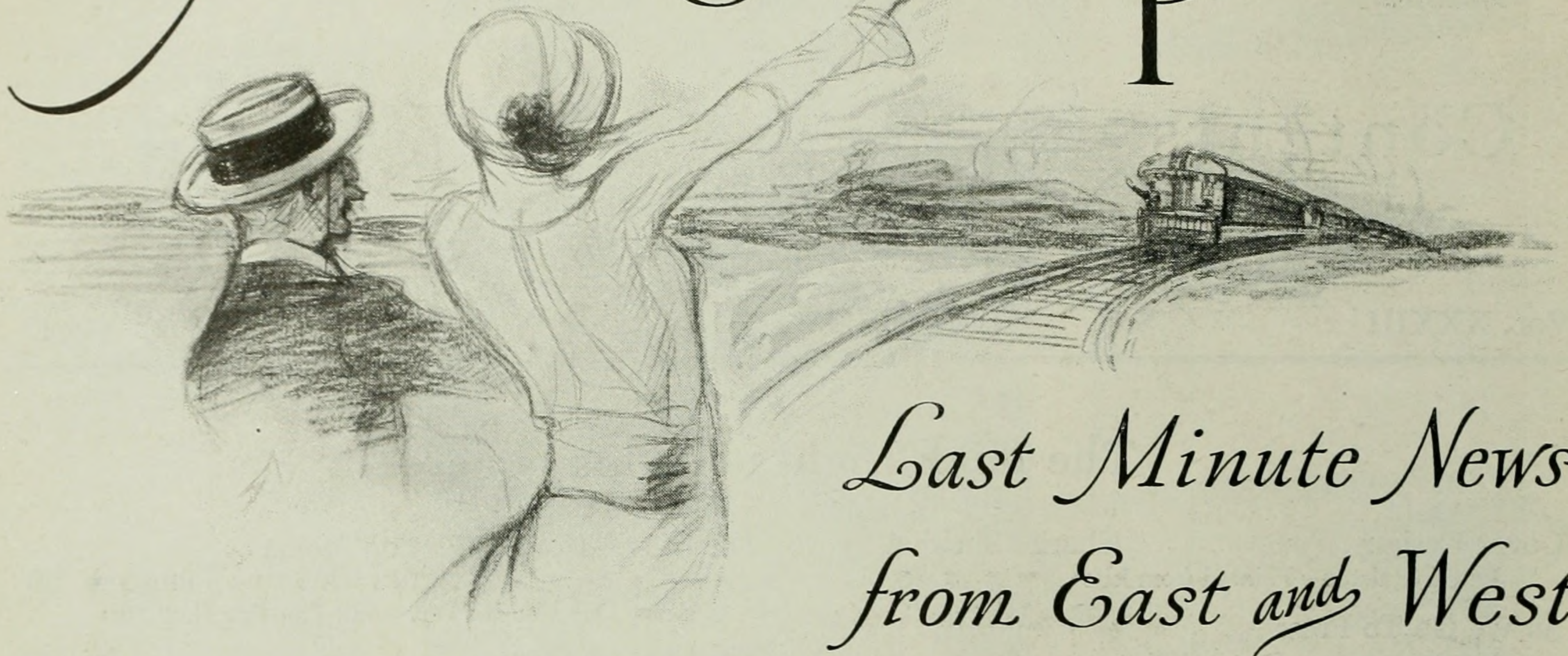
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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.
Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City
Publishing Office, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England
JAMES R. QUIRK, President
ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.00 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. **Caution**—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.
Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
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As we go to Dress



Last Minute News from East and West

BEBE DANIELS is recovering from injuries sustained while at work on a new picture, "Hold Everything." She was seated in a reproduction of a Pullman compartment, which was mounted on a truck. The limb of a tree swept the setting from the truck, pinioning Miss Daniels under the wreckage. At the same time James Hall, her leading man, and Clarence Badger, her director, were slightly hurt.

IRVING THALBERG and his wife, Norma Shearer, sailed for Europe Feb. 21st for a flying vacation trip.

NOW that Samuel Goldwyn has decided not to co-star Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, he is looking for a blonde leading woman for Mr. Colman. Ambitious blondes can apply immediately to Mr. Goldwyn.

NEWs of Lottie Pickford's secret Paris divorce from Allan Forrest has just leaked out. The divorce was obtained seven months ago. This was Lottie Pickford's second marriage.

CLARA BOW is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis. Miss Bow's operation held up the start of work on the star's new picture, "Ladies of the Mob."

JACQUELINE LOGAN has filed a divorce suit against her husband, Ralph J. Gillespie, Los Angeles real estate man. The couple had been married for three years. Miss Logan charges him with cruelty.

BESSIE LOVE is playing on the coast speaking stage, in a San Francisco production of the Broadway hit, "Burlesque."

IT is reported that John Barrymore may return to the speaking stage in New York. It seems that John is tired of the films.

EMIL JANNINGS has taken over the home of Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge on Hollywood Boulevard. Emil needs a bigger place for his growing household.

WALLACE BEERY is deserting the comic films. He returns to a dramatic

rôle in the screen version of Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life."

TED McNAMARA died suddenly in Los Angeles, breaking up William Fox's comedy team of McNamara and Sammy Cohen. McNamara is survived by a widow and a four-year-old daughter.

WILLIAM BOYD and Elinor Faire have been receiving hundreds of letters mentioning the impending arrival of the stork. But they both have entered strenuous denials. How do reports like this ever start?

HELENE COSTELLO is suing Jack Regan for divorce. She charges him with non-support. Jack and Helene were childhood friends, but their married life lasted less than a year after their secret wedding.

AILEEN PRINGLE gets a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at \$1,000 per week.

MAX REINHARDT finally succumbs to movie offer. The noted German stage director will direct Lillian Gish in "The Miracle Woman."

JANET GAYNOR, Charles Farrell and Frank Borzage will make a trip to Europe to film exteriors for "Blossom Time."

PHYLLIS HAVER will be starred in "Tenth Avenue," a film version of the stage play.

AARCH SELWYN buys the American rights to "Dawn," the film story of the Nurse Cavell case that has raised so much controversy in England and Germany.



Were you shocked at the news that Betty Compson had discovered her mother at a county poor farm?

Well, hold everything. The story wasn't true. It was all the mistake of a Philadelphia reporter. The woman who found her mother, Mrs. Anna Fisher, in the poor-house at Pottsville, Pa., was Betty Thompson. The reporter caught the name as Betty Compson and the story was wired to newspapers all over the country.

The "fans" were surprised but not half so surprised as Miss Compson herself. Miss Compson's mother has been living in peace, plenty and prosperity in Hollywood for years. Betty has always been devoted to her mother and has taken excellent care of her.

Here you see Betty and her mother, very far removed from even a hint of the poor-house. Anyway, all the newspapers are busy apologizing to Miss Compson. It was a beautiful sob story, a tale to wring your heart, but fortunately it wasn't true.



Miss Esther Ralston, Paramount Star, now appearing in "The Modern Ten Commandments", wearing the Esther Model of the Arch Preserver Shoe named in her honor.

The First "Commandment" About Feet

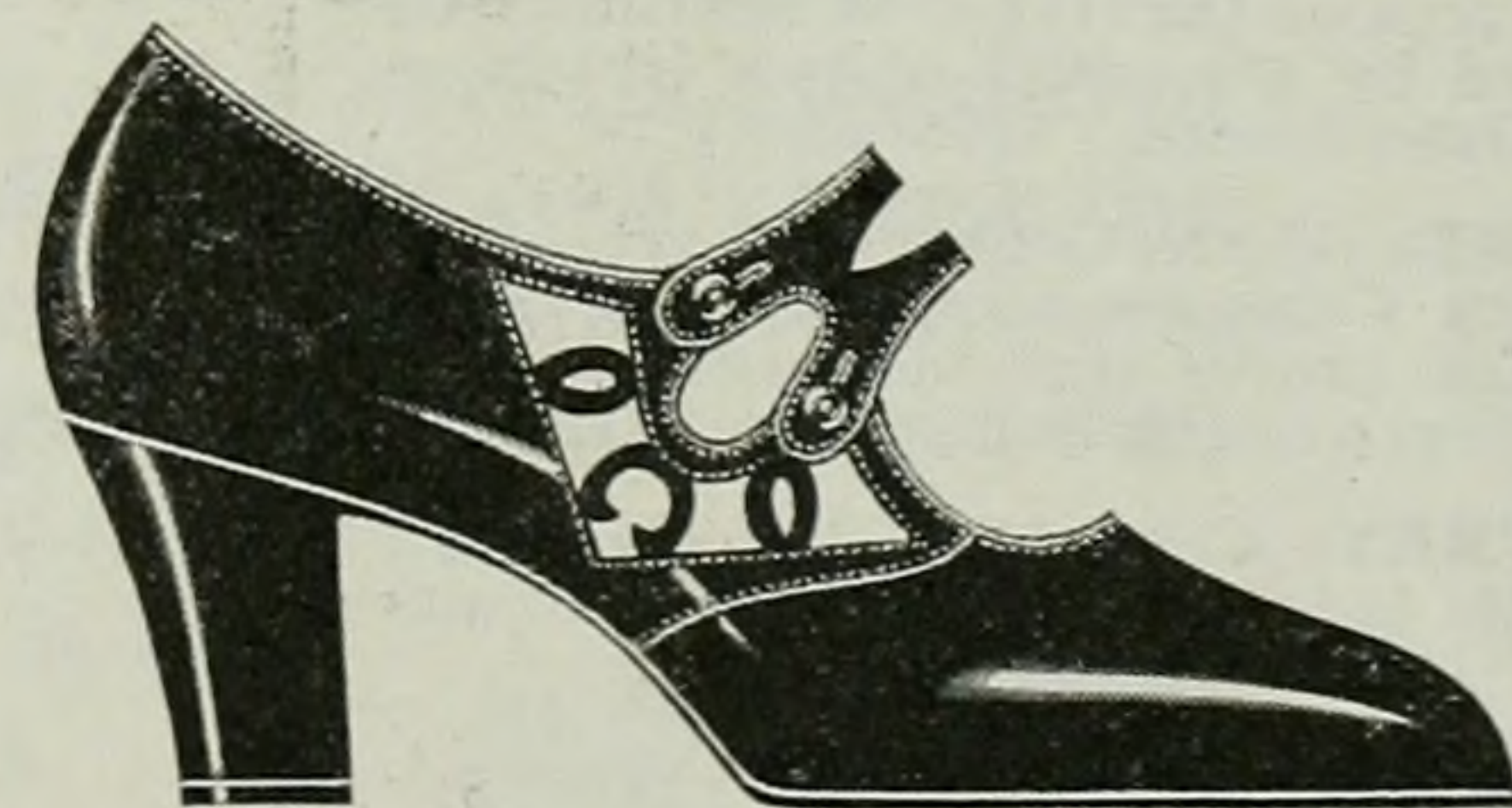
is that they must not be abused. If you abuse your feet in ordinary shoes that allow them to sag and be pinched, then you must pay a heavy penalty. Your feet ache, annoy you, dissipate your energy and youth. When the famous stars, such as Esther Ralston, find it worth while to turn to

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

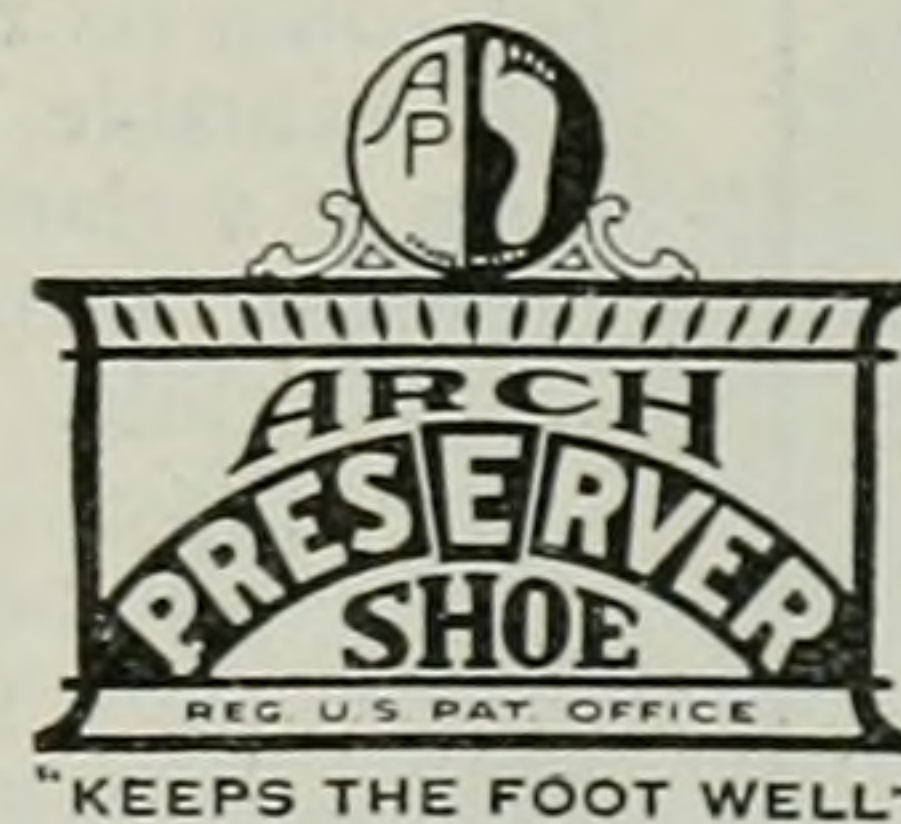
then all women should recognize the need of this shoe. For every woman, to appear at her best, must retain youth, vivacity and verve.

There is real help in the Arch Preserver Shoe, because it keeps the feet healthy and comfortable. Exclusive, patented features—a concealed arch bridge to prevent sagging and a flat inner sole to prevent pinching—explain the wonderful satisfaction this shoe gives. And it is as charming as it is comfortable, because it is designed in the smartest of New York and Paris styles.

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ESTHER — a dainty strap model in all patent leather.



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Mail this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Co., 951 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new free booklet No. T-51. "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness" and name of dealer.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners.—A war and aeroplane story that furnishes routine entertainment. (February.)

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 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.)

BABY MINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Charlotte Greenwood in an old farce, dressed up in new gags. (February.)

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

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.)

***BEAU SABREUR**—Paramount.—Not another "Beau Geste," but a thrilling and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Noah Beery. (March.)

BECKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Again the poor working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy brightened by the antics of two Irishers—Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore. (February.)

BIG CITY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney and Betty Compson re-united in a crook story in which Lon proves that he needs no trick make-up to make him a fascinating person. (March.)

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 boss. For the less critical of the younger generation. (November.)

BRANDED SOMBRERO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones plays Buck Jones in a conventional picture that is only enlivened by a good fight. (March.)

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—Warners.—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.)

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia.—Those dog-gone jewels are missing again. The result is the usual ga-ga crook stuff. (March.)

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.)

CASEY JONES—Rayart.—"Come all you rounders if you want to hear." Simple melodrama with Ralph Lewis as the brave engineer. (February.)

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.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (February.)

CHEER LEADER, THE—Gotham.—This time the cheer leader rushes in and wins the game for dear old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for college pictures. (March.)

***CHICAGO**—Pathe-De Mille.—A shrewd satire on the lady murderess, beloved of the newspapers. And Phyllis Haver. Grown-up entertainment. See it. (February.)

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO.—Ralph Ince in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of another one of those innocent crooks. (March.)

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.)

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.)

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.)

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox.—Olive Borden and Antonio Moreno flounder around in a lot of insipid doings. (February.)

COMRADES—First Division.—Again comes the World War! The story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helene Costello, Gareth Hughes and Donald Keith. (March.)

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

CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warners.—Drama between a couple of victims of bad luck in Singapore. Lots of action—and you'll like Myrna Loy. (March.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "The Big Parade"
- "The King of Kings"
- "Beau Geste"
- "Sorrell and Son"
- "The Circus"
- "The Last Command"
- "Love"
- "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
- "Underworld"
- "The Patent Leather Kid"
- "The Noose"

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.

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

***BUTTONS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A seastory, 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]

TEARING THE MASK FROM THE KINGS OF CROOKDOM



DRESSED TO KILL

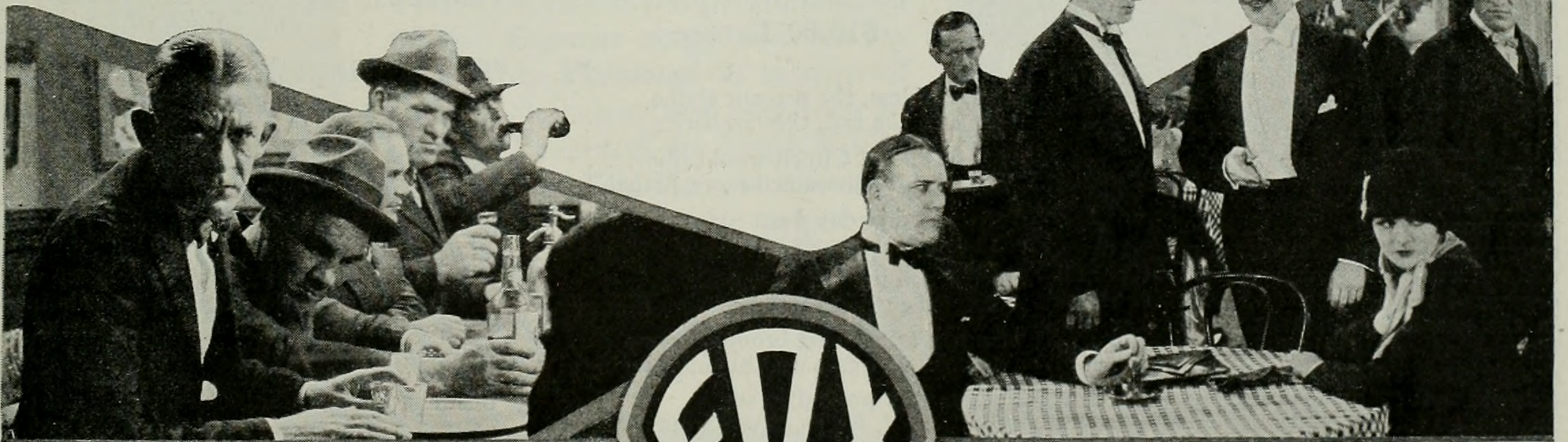
with EDMUND LOWE ~ MARY ASTOR

IF you have weak nerves, stay away from "Dressed to Kill"! But if you like a picture with a punch to it—a picture that will keep you right on the edge of your seat for forty-five minutes, with your heart so far up in your throat most of the time that you wouldn't dare cough for fear of losing it—then go see this one!

Go with Edmund Lowe, Mary Astor and Ben Bard behind the scenes of the underworld! See real newspaper headline stuff in the making! Get the thrill of your lifetime breathlessly watching the outcome of

the heart-stopping gun battle in the dark between the "brains" of the gang and his chief henchman—with Mary Astor the prize at stake!

In this story of super crooks and their cold-blooded methods, Edmund Lowe and Ben Bard give the best characterizations of their careers, and Mary Astor reveals a wealth of emotional expression that will arouse the enthusiasm of even her warmest admirers. In story, casting and direction, "Dressed to Kill" is the *perfect* picture. You'll remember it for a long time!

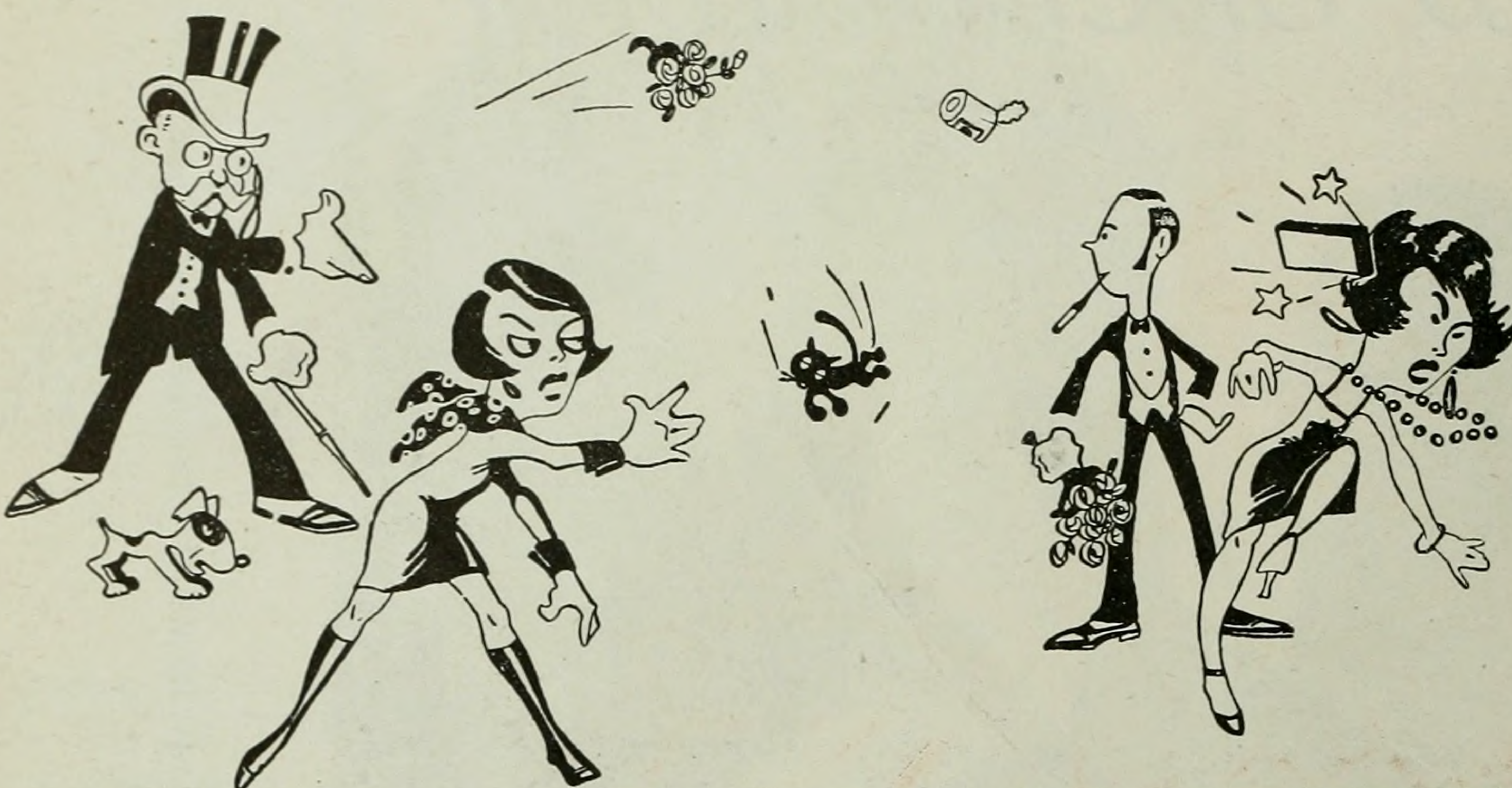


THE ONE GREAT



INDEPENDENT

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

A GREAT razzing for Canon Chase who had the effrontery to try to blame the Hickman case in Los Angeles on the movies.

Loud handclaps for Clara Bow's Life Story, as written by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Clara's frankness about her early life and her bravery have won her a lot of new friends. Big bouquets, too, for Janet Gaynor, Charles Rogers and Charles Farrell, the most admired among the newcomers. And the "fans" want to see more of Betty Bronson.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are still the leaders in the torrid zone. "Seventh Heaven" has climbed to an easy first place in popularity among the newer pictures, while "The Big Parade" and "Beau Geste" still prove to be two of the greatest pictures ever released.

Also PHOTOPLAY notices a slight tendency among its readers to be bored with inferior "Westerns" and an almost universally unfavorable reaction to the practice of cutting worthwhile pictures to make room for vaudeville and jazz bands on programs.

What have you to say? Make your letters brief, frank and to the point.

\$25.00 Letter

El Paso, Tex.

Two years ago I had for a little daughter, a dainty, fragile piece of Dresden china and you, PHOTOPLAY, have stolen her from me; for it was through you that she saw her first "Our Gang" comedy.

The next afternoon two strong wills clashed, and she was the victor. I could have annihilated both publisher and producer, for she donned a pair of ragged overalls and a shirt discarded by her brother and organized a gang of her own. Now she lives in the sunshine which has burnt her soft blond curls until they resemble parched prairie grass. All day, her gang dig caves or ride old mangy burros over the sand hills. At first I nearly died, but the doctor said I had been literally washing my child away. So now when I look at the sturdy brown legs, blistered nose and radiant smile, I could throw my arms about you all and kiss you.

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.

Time was when folks would murmur, "What a beautiful, flower-like child!" But now it's this from the whistling policeman—"Hello there! That you, Johnnie?"

So my girl is no more—but my tomboy is here with a bang.

MRS. E. M. CLARKE.

\$10.00 Letter

Uniontown, Pa.

Once, in films, the present scribe
Craved the sad, the fatalistic;
At the Blissful Clinch would jibe . . .
Death for All seemed more Artistic!
But one rainy day I sat
Through the woes of *August Schilling*;
Cried upon my new green hat . . .
Soon the aisles my tears were filling!
"Underworld" next brought to me
Crooks and gats and bullets binging;
As I wept, I prayed to see
Bull Weed, Killer, saved from swinging.
Carmen's passing finished me!
Carmen, made for love and laughter!
Little feet, from shoes set free,
Walking into the Hereafter!

Gosh, what grief the fan endures,
This new type of film attending!
Down with Sorrow!

I am yours,
Henceforth, for the Happy Ending!

CLARA PHILLIPPI JOHNSON.

\$5.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

It certainly is pitiful. Poor H. L. Mencken! A mighty intellect developed to a degree that finds this world of mere humans so largely morons. When I read his comments upon the movies, I waver between a suspicion that he is attempting witticisms and the impression that he suffers from some psychosis.

Why do some people expect each movie to be a flawless jewel, and rant when disappointed? Who goes to a stage play expecting each line, each gesture to be a masterpiece? Everybody feels that if the majority of episodes or phases in a stage play are good that the play is a success. But if some can find the merest faulty detail in a movie . . . ha! ha! the director is rotten. Should they recognize one of the only thirty-two plots extant, lo! this puerility is for morons!

Do you suppose Mencken is merely seeking the attention of the movie fans who otherwise have not noticed his existence?

BEULAH BARKER.

The Movies a Liberal Education

Pueblo, Colo.

I am an architect, and a better one than I would have been had it not been for the movies. I have not had the advantages of learning and travel that the majority of men of my profession have. However, I am not a failure by any means.

In my business you have to keep up with the latest ideas. In order to do this most architects do a great deal of reading or travelling. I don't do much of either. But I keep up with new ideas pertaining to my business by attending the movies, where I can see, with my mind as well as my eye, all kinds of building, engineering, decorating, landscaping and everything else pertaining to my business. And it is up-to-date.

FRED CLARK.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

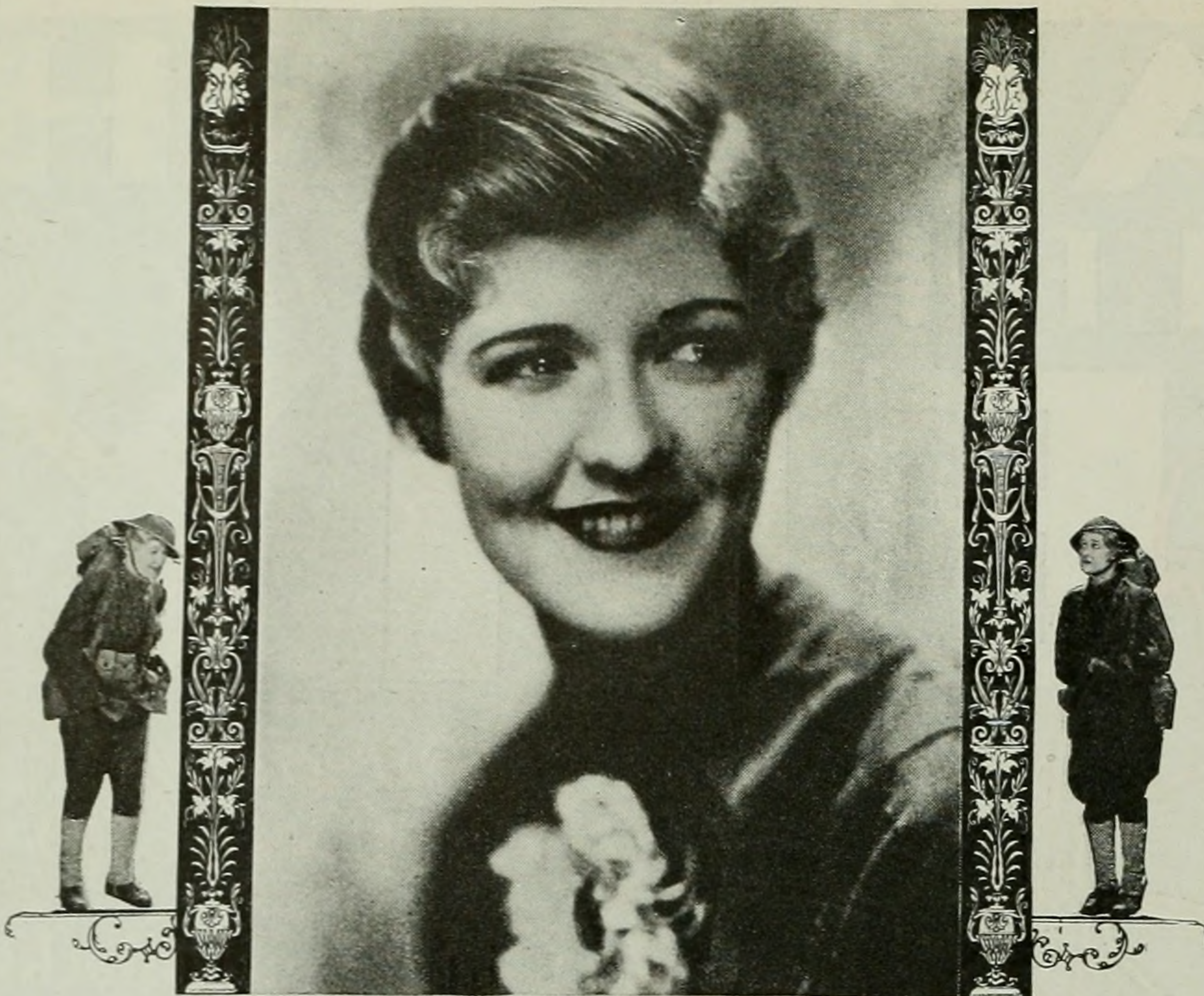
LILLIAN GISH and RALPH FORBES in the ENEMY

Directed by
FRED. NIBLO
from
Channing Pollock's
Stage Classic



THE ENEMY is the picturization of the famous stage success by Channing Pollock. It is one of the most important pictures in years. Directed by Fred Niblo, director of Ben-Hur, it has merited unstinted public appreciation as a \$2.00-a-seat attraction at New York's Astor Theatre, where "The Big Parade" played.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



LAURA LA PLANTE

A beautiful girl in odd atmosphere

Can you imagine the sweet face and figure of LAURA LA PLANTE clothed in a tin hat and a soldier's uniform?

She wears these "implements of war" in Universal's successful production, "*Finders Keepers*," adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's humorous and clever story of the same name, that ran in the Saturday Evening Post.

The story concerns the experiences of a Colonel's daughter who falls in love with a private in her father's training camp. JOHNNY HARRON, who played opposite MISS LA PLANTE in "*Silk Stockings*" is again the opposite in this play.

Washington papers praise the picture enthusiastically. The Post says: "An intensely amusing comedy." The Star: "Laura La Plante delights the eye with her beauty and throws the audience into hysterical laughter."

Pictures which I can conscientiously recommend to you are: "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," with an all-star cast; "*The Cat and the Canary*," with LAURA LA PLANTE; "*The Cohens and Kellys in Paris*" with GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARRELL MACDONALD; "*Love Me and the World is Mine*" with MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY; "*The Man Who Laughs*" with CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN; "*Les Miserables*," Universal Film de France triumph.

MISS LA PLANTE'S new comedy, "*Thanks for the Buggy Ride*," will appear before long. She is supported by a company of stars—GLENN TRYON, Universal's great find; RICHARD TUCKER, LEE MORAN, KATE PRICE, TRIXIE FRIGANZA, DAVID ROLLINS and JACK RAYMOND.

I don't suppose any picture ever made has such an irresistible appeal for every member of the family as Universal's production of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.

New York City

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

***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.)

DEAD MAN'S CURVE—FBO.—An automobile yarn that is a flat tire. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast, in case you care. (February.)

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

DESIRED WOMAN, THE—Warners.—Irene Rich in a drama that proves that English women sometimes have a rotten time in India. (February.)

***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.)

***DIVINE WOMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—How an ugly duckling becomes a great actress. With—goody, goody!—Greta Garbo. And Lars Hanson is a great help. Naturally, you'll go and see it. (March.)

DISCORD—Pathe.—Lil Dagover and Gosta Eckman in a foreign-made production. (February.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]

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 "BIG BOY"

BY JAMES R. QUIRK



EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Most infant prodigies are mere inflated promises forced in the hothouse of parental ambition. Because of their youth, their slightest aptitude toward art spotlights them. Put them up against a regular program of talent testers, however, and they generally go out as their second teeth come in.

Now "Big Boy" is an infant prodigy, a baby who got a break, a miniature Atlas supporting a world of good fun. He is a juvenile Jannings. But though he's known enough success to upset a strong bank balance, he remains an unspoiled, comic little kid. He is under contract to make eight two-reel starring comedies for *Educational* this year, and that schedule clinches all argument as to his consistent cleverness.

His father is a traveling salesman and his mother just a charming young matron. No theatrical background there; yet "Big Boy" is another proof that actors are born and not made.

"Big Boy," whose real name is Malcolm Sabiston, was born good and has become better. At one month, he was in "Three Weeks;" and, at four, he was in electric lights. Before he could walk, he could act; and the year he could travel on his own foot-power he reached stardom. Now he has a comedy technique that must make the long-haired boys who talk with sonorous solemnity about the art of acting want to go out and shoot themselves and a couple of other fellows.

Incidentally, "Big Boy" got into the movies through answering an advertisement. You can prove for yourself how such action pays by letting this little child lead you straight to the box-office the next time you see one of his *Educational* comedies advertised. And take the children. One sight of "Big Boy's" infectious happy grin will do them more good than a quart of sulphur and molasses.

Educational is the world's greatest producer and distributor of Short Features—exclusively. That's why Educational Pictures always make a good show better.



LUPINO LANE
in Lupino Lane Comedies



LLOYD HAMILTON
in Hamilton Comedies



LARRY SEMON
in Larry Semon Comedies



JOHNNY ARTHUR
in Tuxedo Comedies



JERRY DREW
in Mermaid Comedies
Jack White Productions)



DOROTHY DEVORE
in Dorothy Devore Comedies



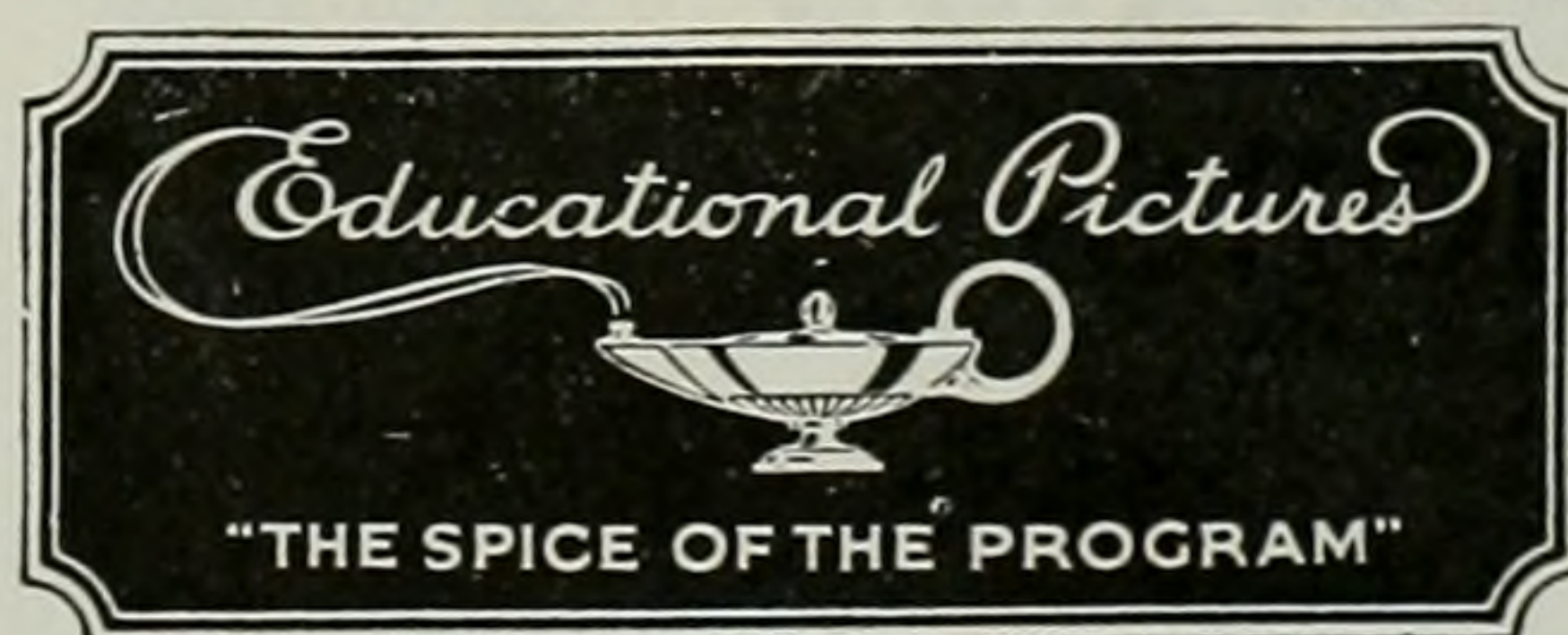
CHARLEY BOWERS
in Bowers Comedies

HOPE HAMPTON
in "The Call of the Sea"
and "Love's Springtime"
(Photographed in Technicolor)

McCALL COLOUR
FASHION NEWS
CAMEO COMEDIES

OUTDOOR SKETCHES
by Robert C. Bruce

LYMAN H. HOWE'S
HODGE-PODGE



KINOGRAMS
The News Reel That
Tops The Field

CURIOSITIES
The Movie Side-Show
Produced by Walter Futter

FELIX THE CAT
Cartoons by Pat Sullivan

CARTER DEHAVEN
in Character Studies

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC., *E. W. Hammons, President*
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THIS COUPON WILL HELP YOU TO SEE ONE OF THE YEAR'S GREAT FILMS

MISS COLLEEN MOORE,
c/o First National Pictures,
Dept. A, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

I want to be sure of seeing your new picture, "LILAC TIME." Will you please let me know when and where it will be shown in my neighborhood?

Name
Address
City State



Write to

COLLEEN

today . . . Find out when

"LILAC TIME"

is coming!

LILAC TIME will soon be here . . . What a Time THAT'S going to be for Movie lovers!

For "LILAC TIME" will be the most elaborate and exciting screen production of the films' most popular star—COLLEEN MOORE.

A lavish spectacle of beauty and thrills . . . Months in the making . . . (Miss Moore herself spent 900 HOURS on this production) . . . A superb love story from one of the stage's great romance classics—a famous Broadway hit.


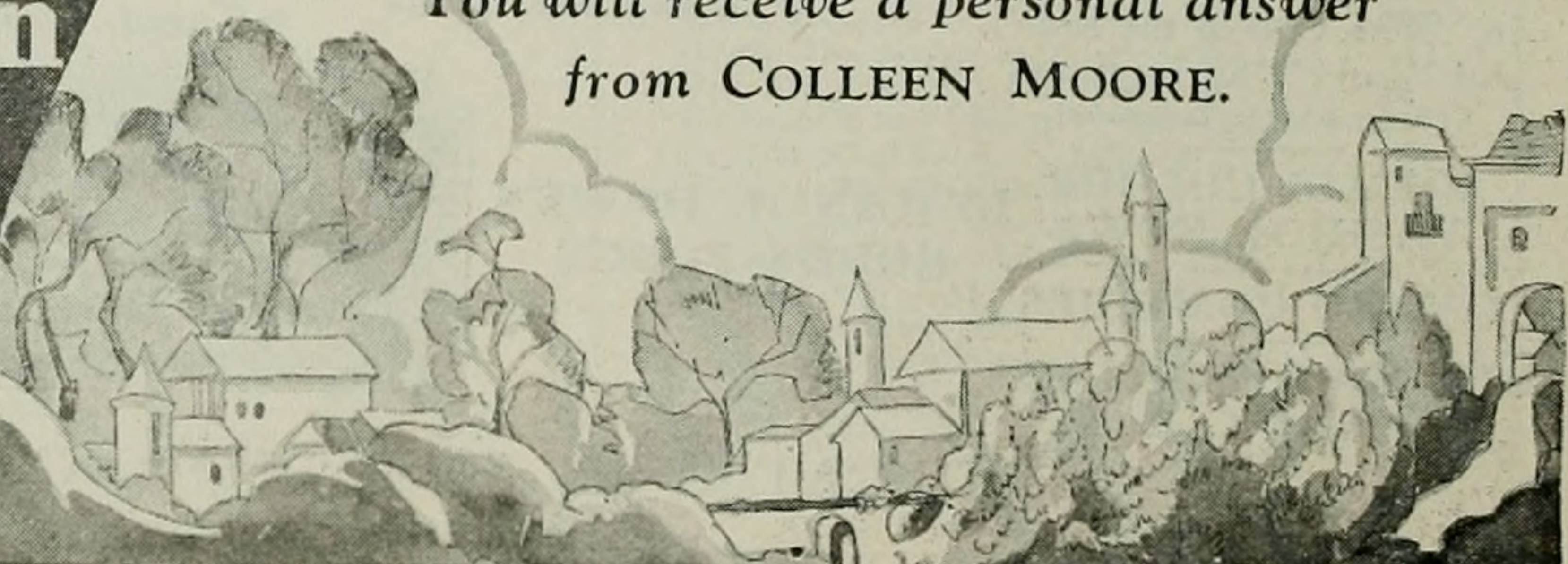
* * *

The showing of this FIRST COLLEEN MOORE SUPER-SPECIAL will be such an important screen event that no lover of truly fine pictures can afford to miss it. That is why we offer the unusual service of informing you when and where it will appear in your city. The coupon above protects you against any chance of missing it. Fill it out now and mail it—

You will receive a personal answer from COLLEEN MOORE.

With
Gary Cooper
From the play by
Jane Cowl and Jane Murnin

A George Fitzmaurice
Production
Adaptation by *Willis Goldbeck*
Scenario by **Carey Wilson**
A First National Picture

See Colleen as a perky, pranky maid of France. Piquant... picturesque. A Stranger to Love—until she falls in Love with a Stranger from overseas. How she loses him, how she wins him back when her last hope seems lost, is a story that will make you remember the supreme moments of your life!...

John McCormick presents

MOODIE



When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



ON

Girls' Problems

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

How can I learn to apply make-up correctly? I am considered as pretty as the average girl of nineteen, but I don't improve my appearance, as movie stars do, when I make-up. Something goes all wrong. I've medium brown hair, a round, full face, hazel eyes and a pale, clear skin. I want to be distinctive, but no matter how much rouge I put on, half an hour later I'm pale and when I use lipstick and eyebrow pencil I look hard. Does this mean I shouldn't use make-up or that I'm just using it ignorantly?
FRANCES K.

EVERY girl should use make-up, Frances, at least to the extent of powder and lipstick. A good make-up is a marvelous thing. It brightens the eyes and lightens the spirit. It hides a shiny nose and an inferiority complex. It adds to the general beauty of the whole world and I'm very much for it.

I have studied cosmetics and their use a great deal and I approve of them highly. I've watched stage stars on Broadway and screen stars in Hollywood creating their calcium complexions. I've taken personal lessons from Senz, the make-up master of New York. And here is what I've learned:

No make-up is a good make-up unless it individualizes the face. Movie stars, for instance, are loved for their startling distinctiveness and no "second Clara Bow," no "second Valentino" has ever succeeded. Remember this when making-up. You want to make your own face more charming, not make your face into somebody else's face.

I emphasize this because it is the commonest cosmetic fault. It is the attempt to give oneself eyebrows where they aren't and Cupid's bow lips on a thin mouth that create the hard, artificial look that Frances protests.

Frances has the necessary basis for a good make-up, a fine skin which every girl can have in exchange for a little care.

Frances must now study her face until she knows its every line, fault and value and the color of her skin, eyes and lips. The color study is most important for there should be no color in a make-up not originally in one's complexion. Hence it is generally wise to avoid "flesh colored" powder and green or lavender "eyeshadow." Most eyes are blue, brown or a combination of these two colors. Most skins vary between white and brown.

Powder must match the skin. Frances should buy several different shades of her

Make-up

Is This Month's Problem

A GIRL'S face still influences her fortune. Never has make-up been more important than in this day of the modern girl. To buy just the right shade of powder, the proper shade of rouge—there's the rub, and here's the advice.

Let me help you individually on this problem or any other concerning beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be answered by mail; those without postage, in PHOTOPLAY. Pamphlets on the care of the skin are yours for the sending of a stamped envelope. A booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck.

favorite brand and mix them to obtain the correct tone. If she will test the colors on the inner side of her arm just below the elbow, where the skin retains its truest tint, she will get the right color.

She must do the same thing with rouge, blending to get a shade one tone brighter than the natural tint of her lips. A heavy red rouge should never touch pale lips and cheeks. A pale rouge should never come near the beautiful dark red glow shown in the cheeks of a healthy brunette. Frances had best buy paste rouge for this purpose. Rouge in powder form can not be as carefully applied as paste and it blows off, where the paste tint lasts all day.

The mascara for Frances' brows and lashes should be the brown of her hair. Then she needs a large powder puff, good cold cream, cleansing tissues and a baby hair brush.

Working before a light similar to that under which her make-up will be judged—daylight for street, bright electric lights for evening, Frances begins. Her face is perfectly clean, her hair securely tucked back behind a towel.

If Frances' skin is dry, she uses a light coating of cold cream, or for evening, a very light coating of grease paint, spread thinly

and evenly over her entire face. (The grease paint should be one tone darker than the powder.) But if her skin is oily, Frances needs no other grease base than that.

Comes the cheek rouge, never put on in one round spot of color. Since Frances' face is a full one, she shades carefully downward from a line parallel to the top of her ear to a point directly under the center of each eye and parallel to the broadest part of the nose, where the color should be brightest. From here she lets it fade outward and downward to the angle of her jawbone, a triangle of color, blended into the skin so that no harsh lines show.

Lip rouge—paste, too, and not an unwieldy lipstick—follows. Start on the upper lip. With the tips of the little fingers, left finger for the left side, right for the right, draw the rouge down and back inside the lip, then out to the end of the lip. Use only a thin coating of rouge, never a heavy coat. The lower lip is stretched tightly over the teeth and its depth rouged equal to the height of the upper lip's Cupid's bow. The mouth make-up is very difficult and must be practiced repeatedly to gain perfection.

FOR evening Frances may put the merest dash of grease paint the color of her eyes over her eyelids and then her face is ready for powdering.

Powder should never be rubbed on but slapped on. Slap, slap, slap, goes the powder puff. Ten minutes isn't too long for this beauty task. Slap, slap, over the whole face, eyelids, mouth, cheeks, ears, neck. A face so powdered requires no retouching for hours.

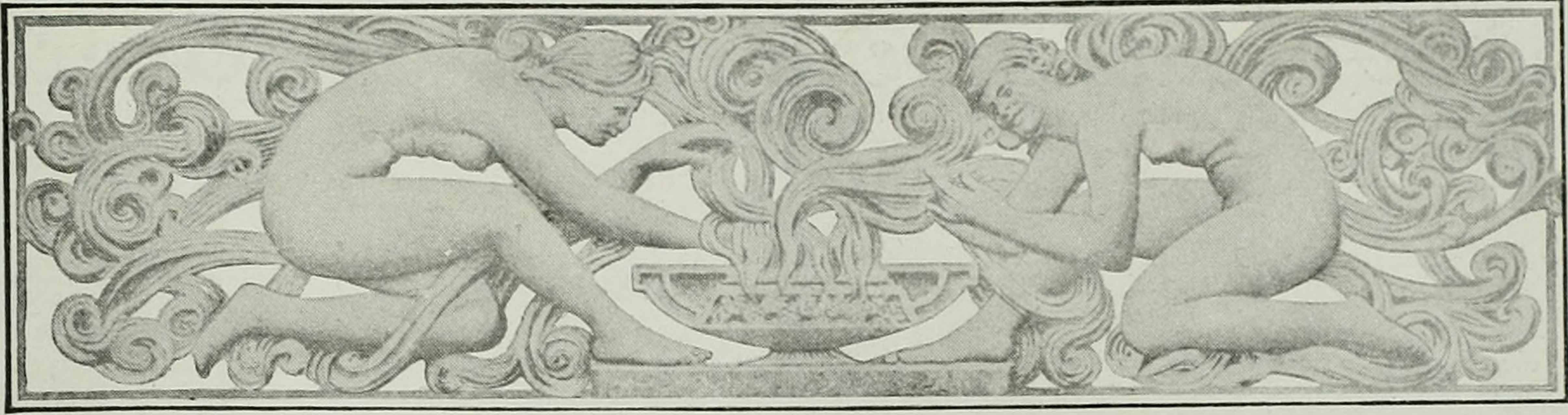
When her face resembles a snow scene, Frances uses the baby brush to smooth the excess powder off, brushing carefully around the base of the nose, the nostrils, the lashes, the brows. Her skin will emerge, tinted and smooth and very lovely.

There remains only the mascara. Frances scorns a brush already thick with mascara but makes hers very clear to start.

She rubs the brush once over the mascara cake, then once over her eyelashes, the upper ones down, the lower ones up. Then putting more mascara on the brush, she brushes the upper lashes up several times, the lower down, until all are evenly darkened. She touches her eyebrows lightly enough to take off every bit of powder but not enough to leave a definite dyed line.

Now Frances takes the towel from about her head, combs her pretty hair, shades the harsh light and really sees herself. She has worked for thirty to forty-five minutes, but

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]



BEAUTY CREATIONS

COTY

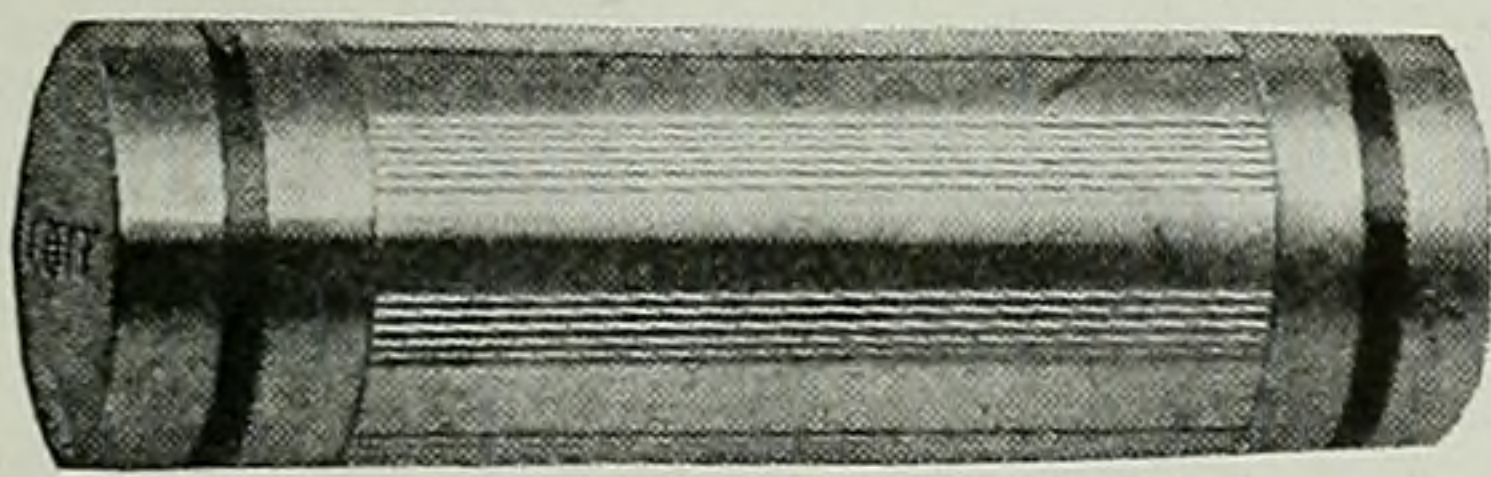
GLORIFY YOUR OWN TYPE

Make the most of your own beauty. Smartness itself dictates that Face Powder must match the complexion, and COTY Face Powders give you the one correct shade for your type. Then with the exquisite complementary shades of COTY Rouges and Lipstick you create the perfect artistic harmony which reveals your greatest loveliness.



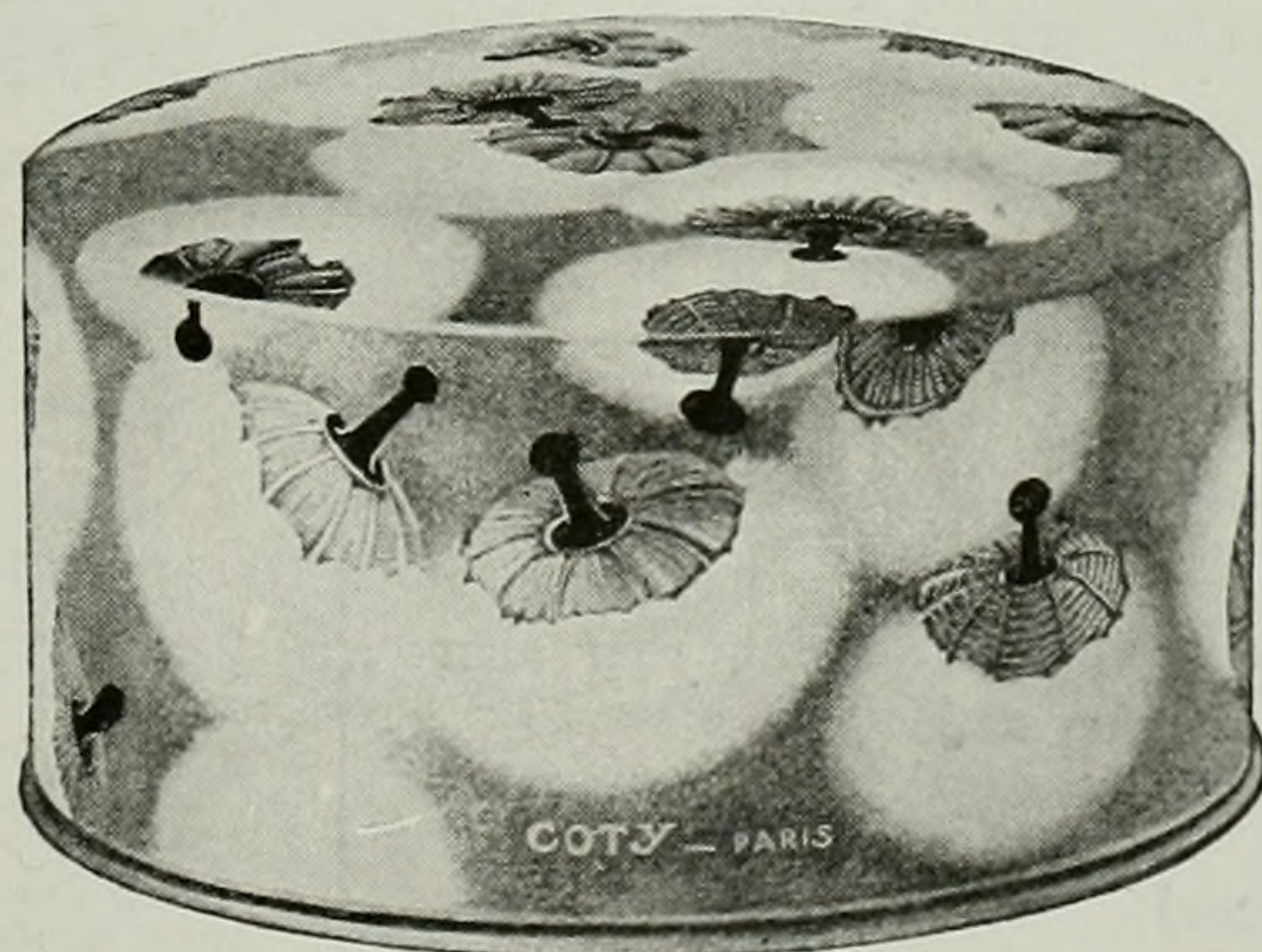
COTY ROUGES

*In the new East Indian box.
Bright No. 64, Light No. 72, Medium No. 68,
Dark No. 76 and Invisible No. 80.
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.*



OLYMPIC LIPSTICK

*The Delightful New Double Size in Light,
Medium, Dark, Cerise, Invisible.
REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.*



COTY FACE POWDER

*Blanc—Naturel—Rose No. 1—Rose No. 2—Rachel No. 1—
Rachel No. 2—Ocre—Ocre Rose—Mauve*

"ROUGE"
*A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Hot and cold water -- Gentle stimulation -- the clean sure method of science

To free your skin from blemishes—follow the famous Woodbury treatment shown in this picture. Clear directions are given below. Thousands of beautiful women are keeping their skin clear and smooth by this method.

ACNE (blemishes) even in its mildest form, is a skin defect that no woman can endure with philosophy.

But desperate remedies are of no avail in removing blemishes. A blemish is a tiny abscess in one of the pores of your skin, caused by infection.

The best—the only way to deal with this trouble is to trust to the clean, sure methods of science.

Hot and cold water, gentle stimulation, careful cleansing, with a soap especially made for a sensitive skin—this is the method, worked out by a famous skin specialist and approved by the best skin authorities, for dealing with blemishes.

Just before you go to bed, wash your face vigorously with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

After the last blemish has disappeared continue to give your face, every night, a thorough cleansing with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A clear, fresh, rosy skin will be the



Who can resist it?—the charm of a beautiful skin

result—a skin that will confront you from your mirror without shame, without reproach.

Thousands of beautiful women are making these treatments a regular part of their toilet.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. On sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Now—the large-size trial set!

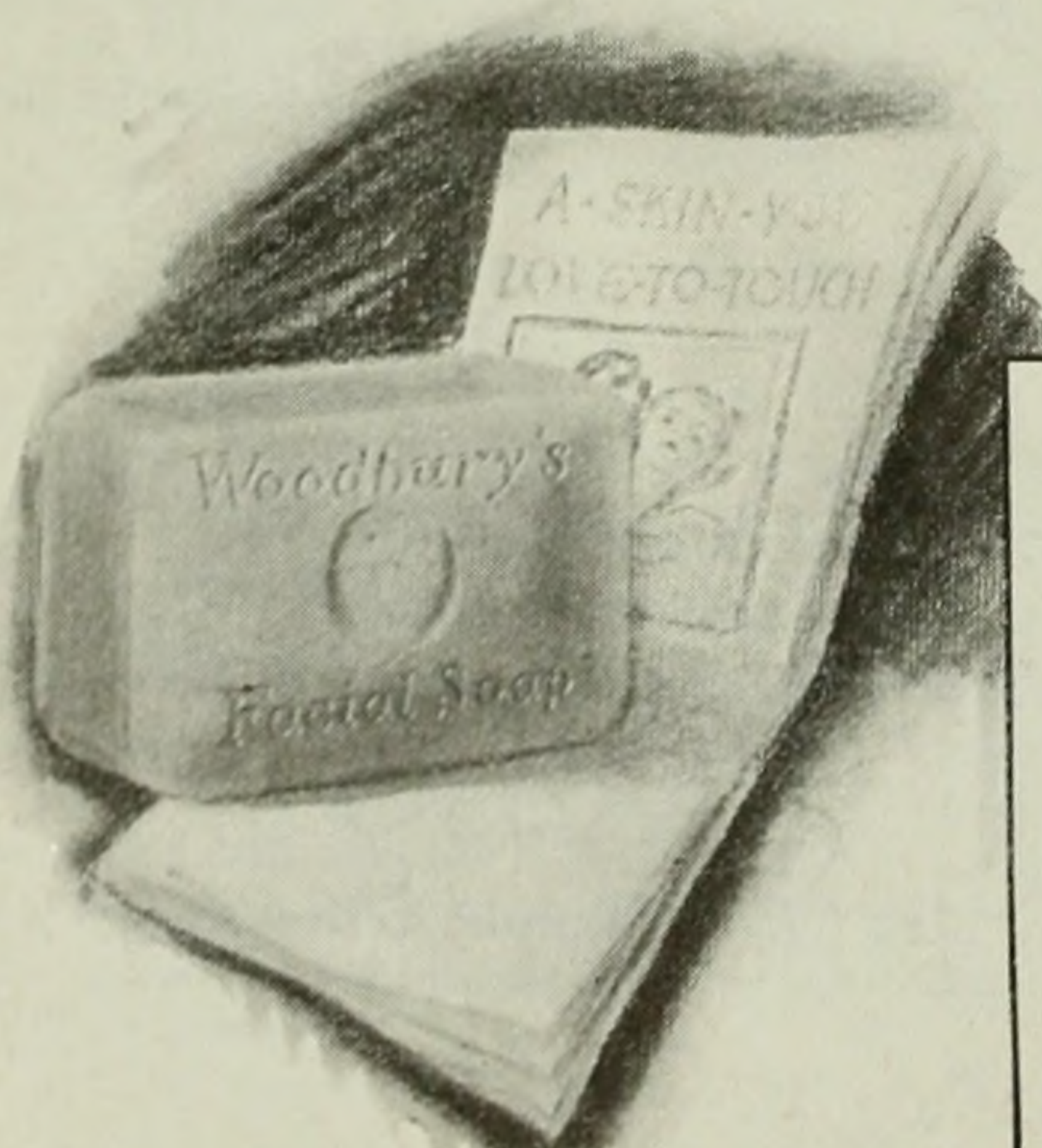
The Andrew Jergens Co., 2207 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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Is one of these conditions keeping your skin from being attractive?

<i>Blackheads</i>	<i>Dryness, scaliness</i>
<i>Blemishes (acne)</i>	<i>Sallowness</i>
<i>Excessive oiliness</i>	<i>Large pores</i>

Treatments for each of these troubles, together with the famous Woodbury ice treatment for normal skins are given in the free booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



Ruth Harriet Louise

NEW

JOHN GILBERT—in person and not a “ghost” writer—is working on his life story for PHOTOPLAY. John’s literary style has all the brilliance and warmth of his acting. His story will appear in an early issue.

PICTURES



Spurr

CECIL DE MILLE decided Jacqueline Logan's future when he cast her as *Mary Magdalen* in "The King of Kings." Since then, Jacqueline has been giving a series of engaging portraits of Bad Girls with Good Intentions.



Alberts

AS plain Joe Page, he came to Hollywood to teach dancing. The movies re-christened him Don Alvarado, as more fitting his type and his Latin ancestry. Now he is one of the most fatal of the recent discoveries.



Chidnoff

JUNE COLLYER'S father is a New York lawyer and she was educated for a social career. Her grand-dad was Dan Collyer, comedian with Harrigan and Hart. June's theatrical heredity triumphed over her social environment.



Spurr

AFTER one brief fling at independence, Corinne Griffith has returned to the old home-
stead at the First National Studios, where the truant daughter was welcomed with a
couple of good stories and a raise in salary.



Autrey

PROVING that an ounce of sincerity outweighs a ton of reputation. Barry Norton, an unknown, played the rôle of *Mother's Boy* in "What Price Glory" so beautifully, that Fox rewarded him by casting him in Murnau's "The Four Devils."

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



EVERYTHING that the Modern requires of a foundation garment is illustrated in this Step-in and bandeau by Gossard. Fourteen inches of openwork elastic and satin, lightly boned, ease the figure into lines of supreme smartness. One-side lacing permits adjustment to the individual waistline. Even the bandeau achieves new lines and new easiness by shaping to a 3-inch elastic. Ask your corsetiere for Gossard Step-in 1063, at \$10, and uplift bandeau 914, in satin tricot.

"Like a Million on \$20 a week"



She was always attractively dressed . . . here is the method she used.

"WHEN I was living at home," writes Miss Dorothy Ranson, 99 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, "I discovered that stockings soon lost their lustre and looked faded, unless washed in pure Lux suds.

"Shortly after that, I came to the city to work. My whole wardrobe was on a very meager scale. For instance, I rarely had more than three pairs of stockings at a time.

"Yet several times I heard comments on my wonderful-looking stockings, and one day the girls asked me how I managed to look 'like a million dollars' on \$20 a week!

"The chief reason was that I never took chances when washing my clothes. I knew from experience that dresses, even the \$9.45 kind, as well as stockings, stay nice twice as long washed in Lux."

"HER 'SURPRISE' SPOILED MY DRESS"

MANY mothers have had experiences somewhat like that of Mrs. Anna Wakefield, 907 Bryn Mawr Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Wakefield writes to us as follows:

"A year ago I bought a pink cotton print for dresses for six-year-old Julia and myself. I wore mine all winter and it stayed so fresh, washed in Lux, that I took it with me this summer on a visit.

"To surprise me the friend I was visiting washed it with the soap chips she uses.

"And I *was* surprised! My dress came out so faded looking! Little Julia's dress is still fresh and bright . . . thanks to Lux! I realize now how much I save in using Lux for colored things."

These are just two of the 491,000 letters received during the past year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Every musical show in New York uses Lux to keep stockings like new twice as long!

PHOTOPLAY

April, 1928

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

YOU must give Corinne Griffith credit for one thing. Unlike many of our stars and producers, she does not make the same mistake twice in the same place. This, it would seem, should prove that the lady has her share of brains in addition to more than her share of pulchritude, an unusual combination.

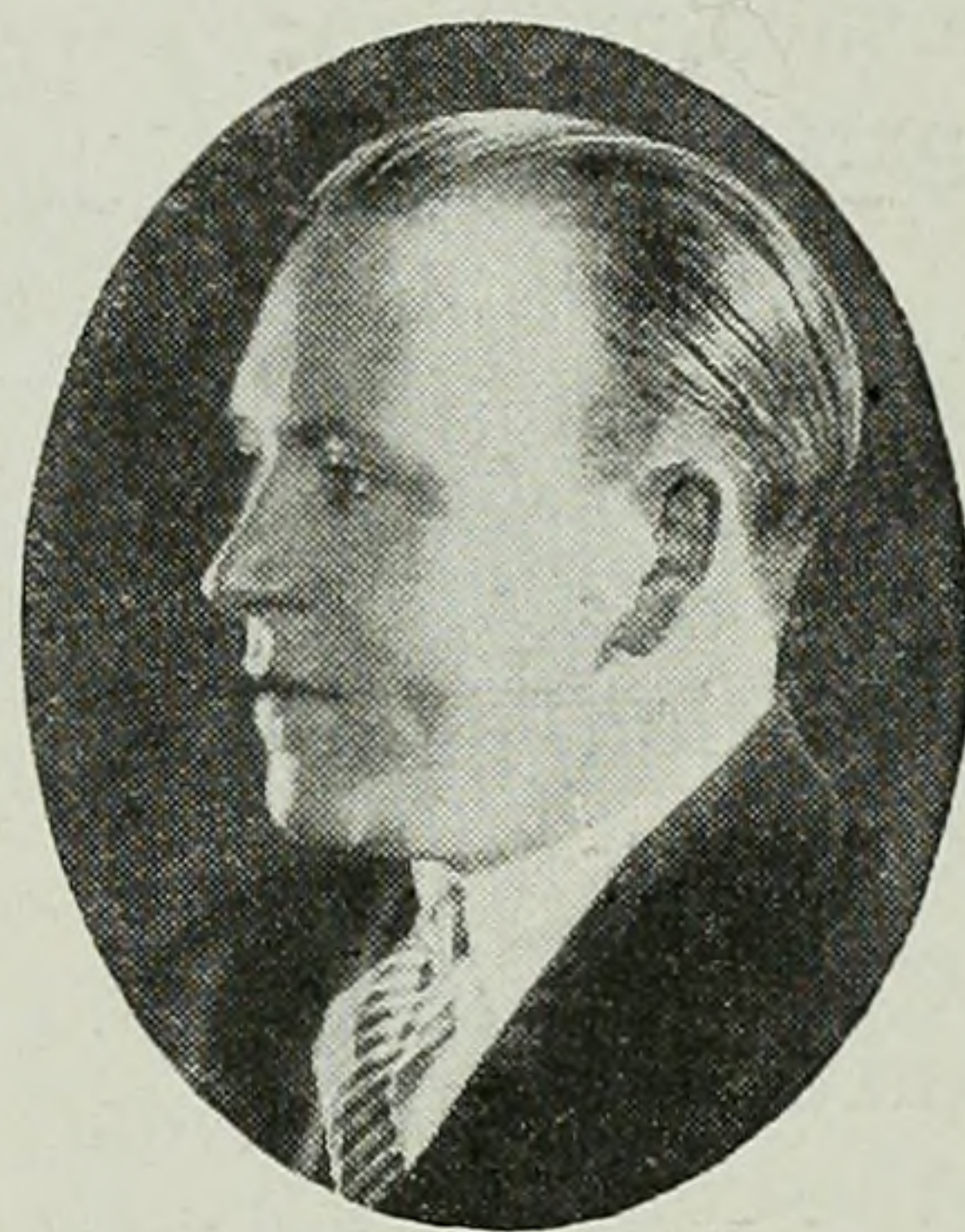
Having had her fling at being an independent producer like Mary, Doug, Harold, and Charlie, in the face of adverse conditions, she quickly accepted the offer of First National to return to their studios at half a million dollars a year.

The year she played truant from that studio her income dropped off over three hundred thousand dollars.

And just to show how happy they were to have their Corinne back the First National studio barons gave her one of the very choicest stories of the year, "The Divine Lady," as her first vehicle.

WHICH recalls the retort of one producer who, when urged to make artistic pictures instead of box-office attractions, replied, "What is the good of prestige in a poorhouse?"

IT has been intimated that one of the reasons motion picture production has been concentrated in Hollywood is that the three thousand miles between the cinema capital and New York veils the business from the eyes of the bankers who have money at stake, and surrounds production with an atmosphere of mystery.



That is not exactly true. California has a distinct advantage in climate and the proximity of all sorts of exteriors. But the California climate can be very tricky. Because of bad weather, one company, sent into the big redwood forests, ran up a cost of three hundred thousand dollars before the picture was finished.

At that rate, the company could have afforded a gold plated forest right in the studio back yard.

THAT recalls another one, the famous dictum of Julius Stern, comedy maker for his uncle, Carl Laemmle, when a director was ambitious and wanted to spend several hundred dollars to take a company to Catalina Island for a few days.

"Rocks and trees you want," said Stern. "A tree's a tree, a rock's a rock. Shoot the scenes up in the park."

STRANGE as it may seem, Charlie Chaplin's picture, "The Circus," was admitted to England as a British production under the recent law designed to check the invasion of American pictures.

The law provides that the star, the author, the director, and the promoter, must be British. Charlie, a British subject, is all of them in one.

IT is understood that one president of the United States urged Charlie to become an American citizen, but he is true to the land of

his birth. It certainly did not help any when those eternal revenue chaps soaked him recently for over a million and a half dollars for delinquent income taxes.

That was quite a little joke on poor Charlie, but for once he conformed to the legendary idea of an English sense of humor and could not see anything funny in it. And how in the name of human nature could you expect him to jump up and sing "Yankee Doodle" after a sock like that?

THE most vicious example of censorship I have ever seen is the manhandling of the Russian picture, "Czar Ivan the Terrible," by the New York state board. Here is one of the most artistically made pictures that has ever reached the screen from any country. The New York board ordered the elimination of scenes because they were "sacrilegious" and other reasons that were absolutely ridiculous. No wonder foreign nations feel that there is a concerted movement in this country to bar their pictures regardless of their merit.

Sending an art work to such a board is as absurd as giving an expensive watch to a baby to take apart and put together again.

A READER, an instructor of English in one of our large universities, intensely interested in motion pictures, and an incurable movie addict, writes to inquire as to the significance of mergers of producing and distributing companies that are contemplated and of the consolidation of large groups of theaters under the control of a few concerns.

"Does not this," he asks, "spell monopoly, with the ultimate destiny of the industry in the hands of a few individuals in whose power will rest the domination of this great medium of expression?"

No, professor, it does not. With a thousand times a billion dollars, Henry Ford could never make us all ride in his car, and he would not attempt it. Because he makes a good car, and is wise enough to sell millions of them, does not mean that he is a monopolist. No one ever made that charge against the greatest mechanic that ever lived. With all the money in the world Standard Oil could not stop independent companies.

In justice to the big motion picture companies, it must be said that none of them dreams of monopoly. If one group acquired all the motion picture theaters in the country today, thousands of others would open and operate so economically that the ornate palaces of the trust would lose money so fast that they would be turned quickly into office buildings, garages, and warehouses.

TOO many pictures are being produced, many cities are "overseated," which is the trade way of saying there are too many theaters. The little theater owners are howling murder, and asking the government to step in with federal supervision of distribution. But that problem is not peculiar to motion pictures, and other industries have gone through the same travail. But, being in the picture business, the fight is more spectacular, that's all.

The finest and most powerful government that ever

existed, buttressed by billions of wealth, the whole machinery of courts, army, navy, police, customs, and prohibition services, spies, stool pigeons, religious fanaticism, personal regard for health, and educational efforts cannot enforce prohibition. What chance would a film monopoly have with a wilful public like that?

TO hand comes a little brochure entitled "Standard of Christian Living" and is presented by M. E. Kern, general secretary of the Missionary volunteer department of some general church conference held in Tennessee recently.

"Recreation is necessary," it reads, "amusement is not. The theater is no place for the Christian. The moving picture house has popularized the theater and millions are daily in attendance at this school of iniquity. We appeal to parents, children, and youth to shun these places of amusement."

WHEN the police go chasing criminals these days, they don't search the crowds that spend riotous evenings at those awful movies. No, the wise sleuths trail the sanctimonious brothers who attend prayer meetings.

Two of the vilest of the recent criminals were led off to jail shortly after they had taken part in religious meetings. Adolph Hotelling, the Michigan fiend who murdered a little girl, was nabbed soon after he had been made a deacon of his church and had officiated at services. Cecil Clyde Campbell, who mashed in his wife's head with a hammer in a New York hotel, was caught after he had been joining in the hallelujahs at a revival meeting in Philadelphia.

The Rev. Mr. Priddy, ex-clergyman and vice reformer, wiped out his whole family with an axe and the details were so dreadful that even the New York newspapers balked at printing them.

Don't let the fear of getting into bad company keep you from going to church. But if your minister starts preaching about the evils of Hollywood and the movies, ask him to give a little sermon on Deacon Hotelling, the Rev. Mr. Priddy, and the religious Mr. Campbell.

UNDER the positive title of "Why German Films Are Better," a young writer in one of our new critical journals bellows out a lusty underline hoch, hoch for everything Teutonic and with one full swoop disposes of all American pictures as a sad mess.

Listen to these ravings:

"It does not appear that in order to enter the films in Germany one has to be of a low order of mind or a failure at some other profession, which is almost always the case in this country."

A few months before his drool appeared in type, this young cookoo, who modestly allied himself with the "Hated Cognoscenti," was trying in vain to get a job in a Hollywood studio. I helped him get a job as a reader in a scenario department, but he was fired after a few weeks.

A genius hasn't got a chance—



Ball

WHAT becomes of child actresses when they grow up? Some of them reach the awkward age and never outgrow it. Others, like Virginia Lee Corbin, develop a mature beauty that overshadows their baby prettiness. When she was a child, Virginia was starred in a series of fairy tales. Now that she has grown up, she has to work to recapture her early position. And, if she gets the "breaks," she ought to do it.

The STORY of

First Chapter in the Life of the Screen's Most Popular Star

IT WAS Saturday evening, New Year's eve, 1927.

Greta Garbo sat at a tiny table in a tiny tea room in Santa Monica, California. She had just thrown from her shoulders a gray woolly coat "such as we wear in Sweden," and was looking wistfully out of the window as though to penetrate the dark secrets beyond them.

"Let's not talk of me!" she pleaded. "It is New Year's eve. In Sweden that means so much, so very much. There we go to church and eat and drink and see everybody we know. I have been so blue all day. At home, in Stockholm, they are skiing and skating and throwing snowballs at one another. The cheeks are red—oh, please, let's not talk of me.

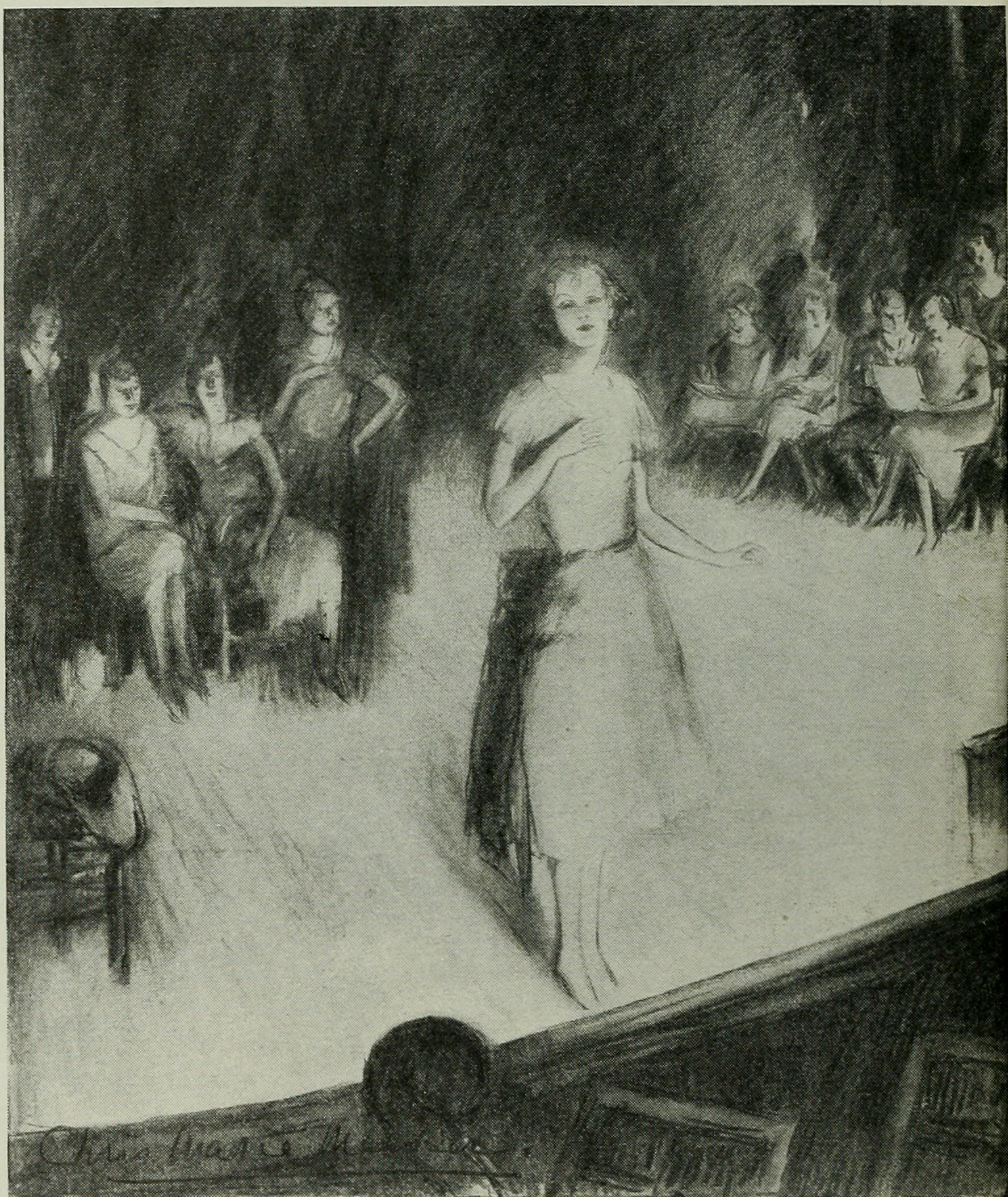
"I was born; I grew up; I have lived like every other person. Why must people talk about me? We all do the same things in ways that are just a little different. We go to school, we learn; we are bad at times; we are good at others. But we grow up, the one the same as the other. We find our life work and we do it. That's all there is to anyone's life story, isn't it?

"I have been reading other life stories. Some people were born in red brick houses, others in plain white board ones. What is the difference? We were all born in houses. I will not have it printed that I was born in this house or that; that my mother was this or my father that. They were my mother and my father, just as yours were your mother and your father. To me that is what counts. Why should the world talk about them? I don't want the world to talk about my mother and father.

"Nor my brother, nor my sister. My sister—she has died since I came to this country—I cannot believe it until I return to my home and find—she is not there to greet me.

"My brother—he wants to come to America. I do not know. Pictures? He is so timid. But, then, I, too, was timid.

"Why should I tell the world about them? They are mine! No, I am the youngest, but they have always treated me as the oldest. I can't remember being young, really young, like other children. I always had my opinions, but I never told my mind. No one ever seemed to think I was young.



"Then my test came. And I was frightened. I trembled all over. All hear was whispering. I almost fainted afterwards!" Thus Greta Royal Theater in Stockholm, the cli-

"My father died when I was fourteen. God, what a feeling. Someone you love is there, then he is not there. Gone where you can't see him, can't talk with him. You go to the studio, work all day, come home to the hotel, lie down, turn out the lights, and think about him.

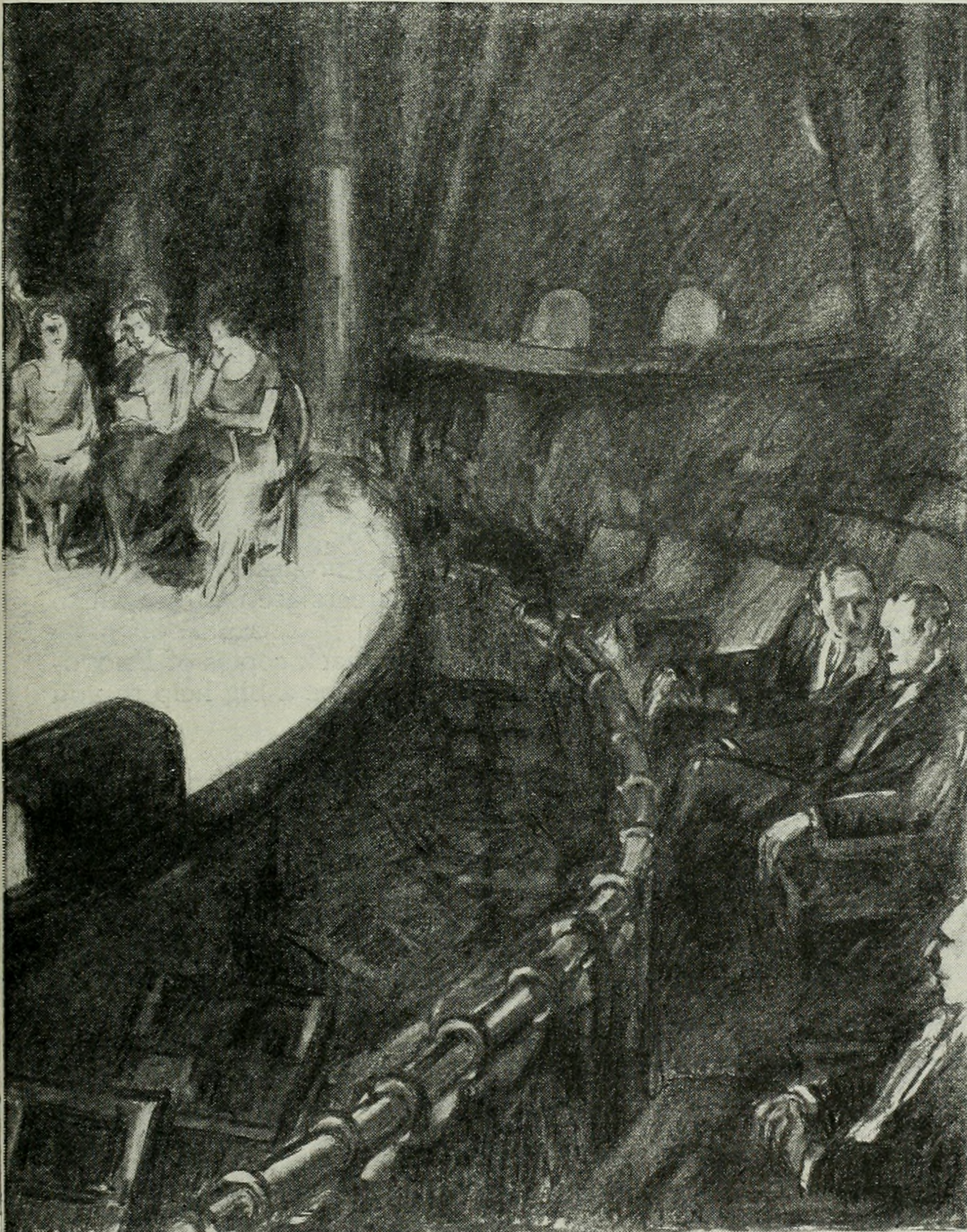
"The same flesh, the same blood—yet he is gone, never to return. Gone—my God, what a feeling.

"I have always been moody. When I was just a little child, as early as I can remember, I have wanted to be alone. I detest crowds, don't like many people. I used

Greta Garbo

As Told By Her
to
Ruth Biery

Illustration by
Chris Marie Meeker



I could see was that black pit—that black open space. All I could Garbo describes her first try-out at the Dramatic School of the max of all her childhood longings

to crawl into a corner and sit and think, think things over. When just a baby, I was always figuring, wondering what it was all about—just why we were living.

“Children should be allowed to think when they please; should not be molested. ‘Go and play now,’ their mothers and fathers tell them. They shouldn’t do that. Thinking means so much to even small children.

“When I wasn’t thinking, wasn’t wondering what it was all about, this living; I was dreaming. Dreaming how I could become a player.

“No, none of my people were on the stage. It was just born in me, I guess. Why, when I was just a little thing, I had some water colors. Just as other children have water colors. Only I drew pictures on myself, rather than on paper. I used to paint my lips, my cheeks, paint pictures on me. I thought that was the way actresses painted.

“Long before I had been in a theater, I did this. I don’t know where I got it; from pictures, from others talking—or just from me, the inside of me. I didn’t play much. Except skating and skiing and throwing snowballs. I did most of my playing by thinking. I played a little with my brother and sister, pretending we were in shows. Like other children. But usually I did my own pretending. I was up and down. Very happy one moment, the next moment—there was nothing left for me.

“Then I found a theater. I must have been six or seven. Two theaters, really. One was a cabaret; one a regular theater,—across from one another. And there was a back porch to both of them. A long plank on which the actors and actresses walked to get in the back door. I used to go there at seven o’clock in the evening, when they would be coming in, and wait until eight-thirty. Watch them come in; listen to them getting ready. The big back door was always open even in the coldest weather.

“**L**ISTEN to their voices doing their parts in the productions. Smell the grease paint! There is no smell in the world like the smell of the backyard of a theater. No smell that will mean as much to me—ever.

“Why, last night, for the first time since I came to this city, I went to a theater. Went down to the Biltmore in Los Angeles. Went behind and talked with the

girls; watched them make up; smelled the backyard of the theater just as I used to when I was little.

“Night after night, I sat there dreaming. Dreaming when I would be inside—getting ready. I was alone. I don’t like to be with people—and I can never stand any kind of fighting.

“One night when I was going home, I saw two men fighting. They were drunk. I can’t stand people who are drunk! One was big and the other little. The big man was hurting the little one. I went up and pulled on the big man’s sleeve. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

Correct These Nutty

How much do you know about the movie stars? Read how your knowledge of simple screen facts can earn money for you. It's a fascinating game

DO you know your movie stars? Here is a contest that will test your film information.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are visiting relatives in Hollywood. They are trying to get the real, true information about the stars. Either somebody is kidding them or else the old folks are getting their facts mixed, because they have been making some weird reports about the stars.

You can make money on their blunders. On the opposite page you will find two of Aunt Hezekiah's Nutty Biographies. Auntie is trying to tell you some real facts about Douglas Fairbanks and Clara Bow. Correct her errors and send your corrections to PHOTOPLAY Magazine, observing the simple rules set forth at the bottom of this page.

There are no mistakes in spelling or punctuation in these Nutty Biographies. There are no concealed meanings.

And—watch your step—Aunt Hezekiah has managed to glean a little true information jumbled up with her mistakes. So don't be overzealous and contradict *all* the poor old lady has to tell you.

Correct the mistakes in the captions under the photographs, too. They are part of the game.

In order to make the contest absolutely fair, the Answer Man is going to be hard-hearted and refuse to

answer questions concerning the heroes and heroines of the Nutty Biographies.

But there's nothing to prevent you from looking elsewhere in this magazine for any information.

The complete list of winners in the April PHOTOPLAY contest will be announced in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY, which is just as fast as is physically possible. The correct answers will also be given in the same issue. No solutions will be returned.

Right at this moment, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are sleuthing around the studios, picking up a lot of hot facts about more players. Next month they are going to give you the real inside information about these two other favorites.

But in the meantime, you can win a nice prize by correcting the mistakes in the Nutty Biographies just across the page. Good luck!

Accuracy, of course, will be the principal help in winning a prize. But neatness, originality and cleverness will also count in your favor. All of the Nutty Biographies will concern stars so prominent that most of the principal facts of their careers are well-known to every little girl or boy.

If you have been saving your back copies of PHOTOPLAY, you will find that they will be a big help to you in this contest.

Rules of Contest

1. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY for each month's solutions, as follows:

First prize	\$200
Second prize	100
Third prize	50
Fourth prize	25
Fifth prize	25
Ten prizes of \$10 each	100

2. Beginning with the April issue, PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing two Nutty Biographies of prominent screen players. Catch the errors in these biographies and send in your corrections. PHOTOPLAY Magazine will award fifteen prizes each month for the best solutions to its Nutty Biographies. Accuracy, neatness, originality and cleverness will be considered in awarding the prizes.

3. Each month's solutions must be submitted within one month after the appearance of the issue on the newsstands. Your solutions for the April Nutty Biographies must be received in the office of PHOTOPLAY by midnight of April 15th. PHOTOPLAY April issue is on sale March 15th.

4. Send your solutions to The Nutty Biography Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your name and address is written on your solution. All solutions must be typewritten on sheets of paper, using only one side of each sheet.

5. It is not necessary for you to buy copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may consult file copies in your local library. It is suggested that you study back copies of PHOTOPLAY for facts about the players written about in the Nutty Biographies. Better save your back copies of PHOTOPLAY for this purpose. However, you can also obtain back copies at your local library.

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

7. In the event of ties for any of the prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. It is impossible to answer inquiries regarding this contest. Do not write for facts or further information. Letters will not be answered.

Here Is an Amusing New Contest—Put

Biographies—\$500 in Prizes



Clara Bow

Uncle Jim wrote to Clara Bow for her photograph and this is what he got. His heart gave a leap when he opened it and recognized the girl who captured his heart in "Get Your Man"



Douglas Fairbanks

Aunt Hezekiah says that this is a fine picture of Douglas Fairbanks as Paul in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." The chariot race in this film was staged in Rome, so Auntie informs us

WHILE we were eating dinner in a cafeteria last night, we got into a conversation with a girl who went to school with Clara Bow up in Toronto, Canada, where Clara was born.

My dear, did you know that she was part Esquimau? However, Clara Bow is her real name, strange as that may seem.

Because I liked Clara so much in "Children of Divorce," I listened to every word this girl said. Clara left school to go on the stage and David Belasco starred her in "The Good Little Devil." Because she has had so much stage training, she is John Barrymore's favorite leading woman.

I was glad to hear that, off the screen, Clara is very demure and married to Conrad Nagel, the famous director. It was Conrad who selected her as the "IT" girl of Hollywood. Wasn't that a sweet thing for a husband to do?

This friend of Clara has promised to take us around to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio where Clara works and Pa is all excited about meeting her. Pa, like the other gentlemen, certainly prefers blondes and so Clara is one of his favorites. He has been raving about her ever since he saw her in "Down to the Sea in Ships."

Clara certainly should be glad to have such a loyal school friend.

This girl told us that Clara was very unhappy in her first marriage and that she has sworn never to marry another multi-millionaire.

Anyway, we all knew at the time, didn't we, that "Daddy" Browning wouldn't make her a good husband? I am glad to know that she has finally settled down to domesticity.

OF all the lucky things! Cousin Henry managed to get us in the studio where Douglas Fairbanks was working on his new picture, "The Circus." We picked up all sorts of fascinating gossip about Doug while standing on the set. Doug knows all about circus life because his father was a famous English clown. But he left the circus at an early age and enlisted to fight in the French Revolution.

Mack Sennett met him in Paris while they were fighting in the same mob scene and signed him up to play in the movies. His first picture was "The Lamb." Do you remember it? But, of course, you can't forget his great performance of *Richard the Lion Hearted* in "Robin Hood."

These movie stars are the oddest persons. In spite of all his wealth, Doug lives in a two-family bungalow in a suburb of Los Angeles called Pasadena. He is married to Mary Pickford and, as you know, she is the leading woman in all his pictures. Also she does all his housework, as Doug does not believe in keeping servants. Mary is a French woman and she and Doug were married in the stirring days of the Revolution.

Around the studio, Doug is known as "the man of a thousand faces" because he delights in playing the rôle of cripples or monstrosities. Do you remember him as *Ahab* in "The Sea Beast"? However, he is a fine athlete and fond of all out-door sports. Last year, he played in the Davis Cup Tennis matches.

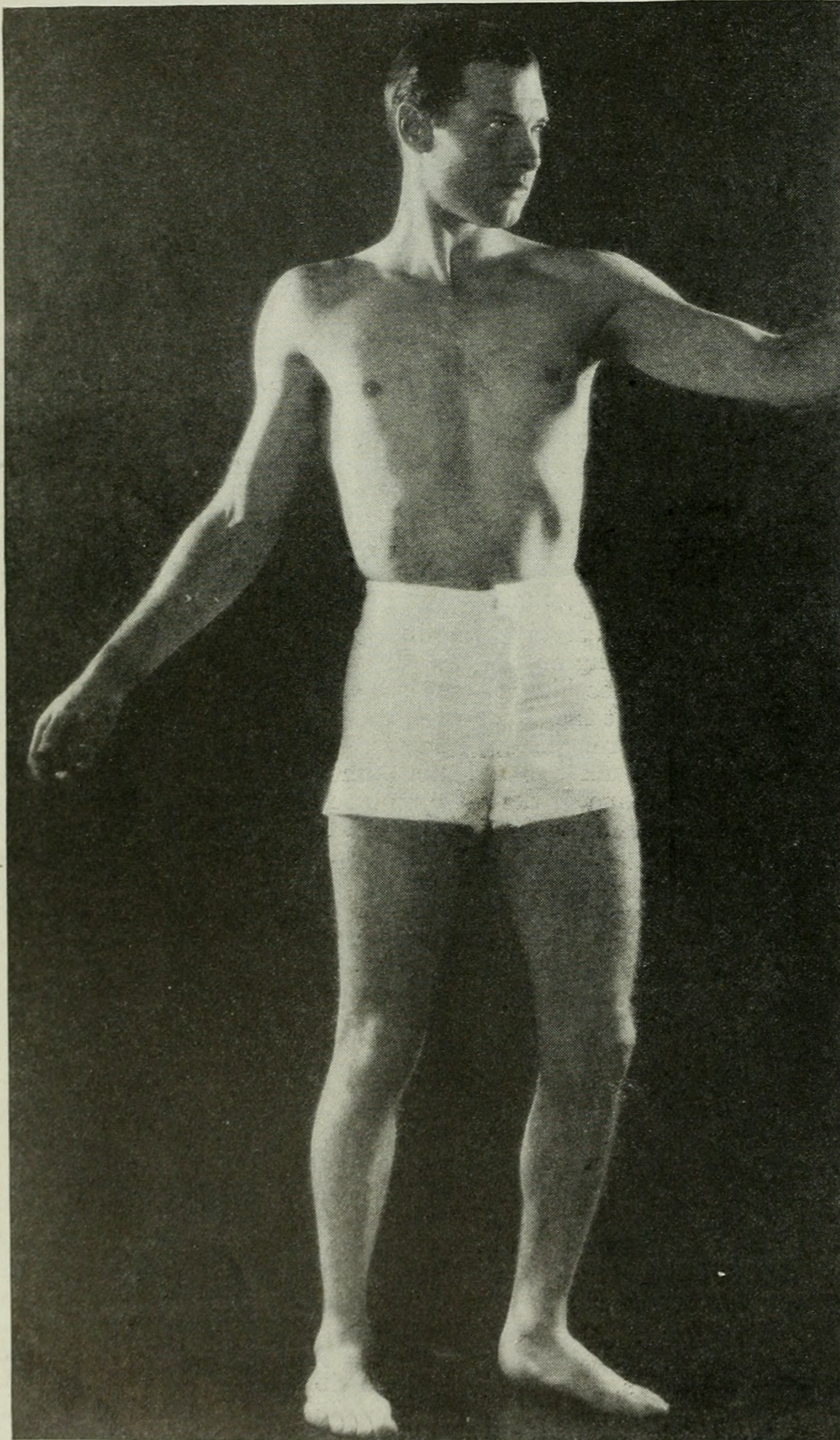
We certainly did enjoy our glimpse of studio life and it is wonderful to learn the real truth about the stars, after all the wild gossip you hear. I shall always boast that I once looked into the steel blue eyes of the great Douglas Fairbanks.

Your Brains to Work and Win a Prize

OLYMPUS Moves

By
Ruth Waterbury

The startling discovery that measurement movie gods and goddesses ancient ones



Richard Arlen outclasses all other male stars, coming within one-half inch of meeting the perfect proportions of the Greek Apollo

HOLLYWOOD is the world's new Olympus.

Hollywood is bringing back the glory that was Greece.

Hollywood, scorned by the so-called *aesthetes*, is restoring the finest ideal for health and beauty the world has ever known.

Hollywood, criticized by the self-elected *intelligensia* as glorifying the moron, is glorifying the American girl and boy as ancient Greece, the most intellectual of all ancient nations, glorified its younger generation.

The girl model that the Greeks upheld, the bare-armed, bare-legged, slender, short-haired girl of beauty and ambition, Hollywood has re-created.

The male of brain and brawn, bronzed, energetic and handsome, that the Greeks idolized, is the Hollywood male of today.

Their very gods are there—the Apollo and the Aphrodite—in the figure of a star of either sex, meeting measurement for measurement the marble proportions of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus di Milo—Venus being merely Aphrodite masquerading under her Roman name.

We will prove it to you with figures, beautiful figures, amazing figures in which Joan Crawford's and Richard Arlen's lead all the rest.

For centuries the Greek ideal has been dead.

The gods of Olympus ordained beauty of human face and figure the highest

Apollo Measurements

Early Greek	Modern Hollywood
Ht. . . . 5'11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	5'10 $\frac{3}{4}$ "
Wt. . . . 173 lbs.	168 lbs.
Chest . . . 41"	39 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Hips . . . 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	39 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Calf . . . 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	14"
Ankle 9"	9 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

To HOLLYWOOD

urement for meas- are beautiful as the of Greece

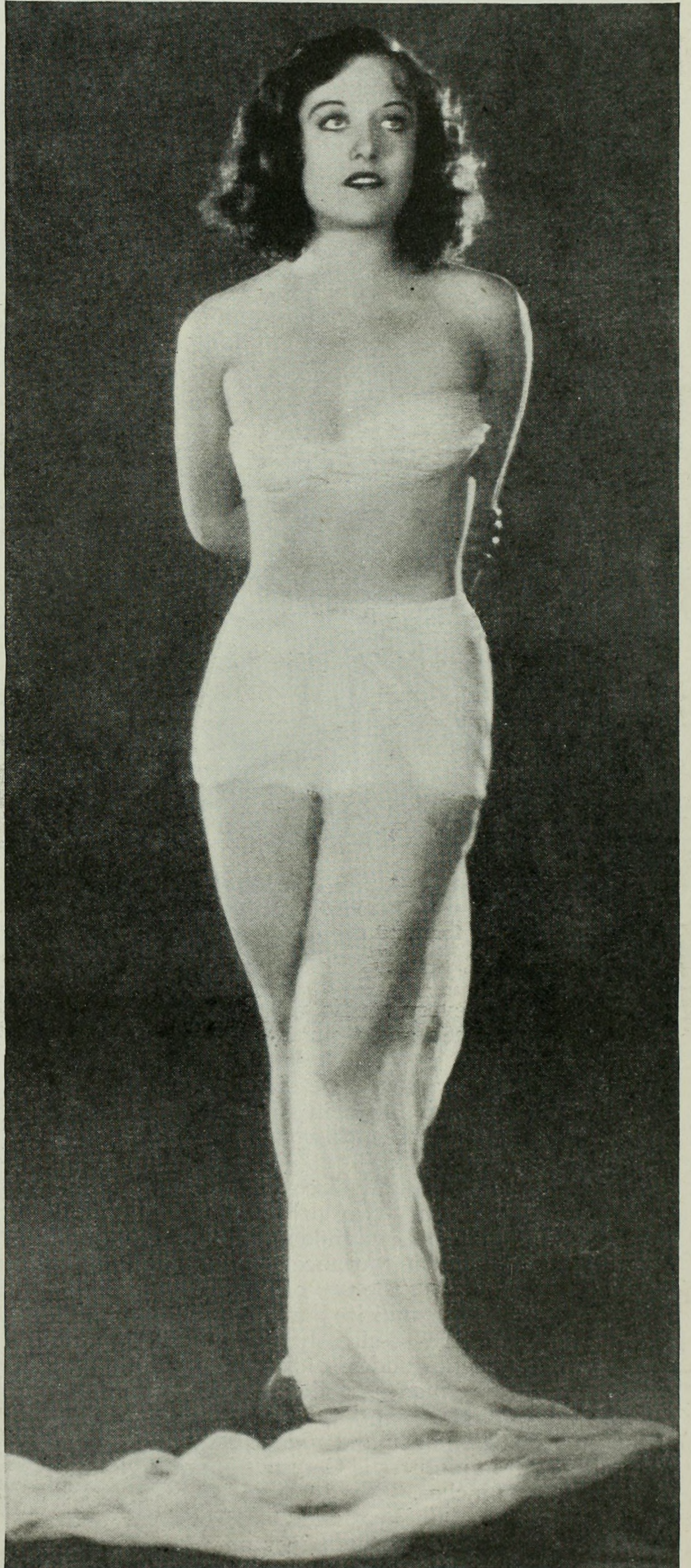
attribute. Birthdays went uncounted in Greece. They believed only in youth.

Clothes were mere draperies. They believed in beauty unadorned. No matron ever tried to get away with being a stylish stout. Beauty was her creed and she lived up to it. Gymnasiums were crowded. The populace was happy, and healthy. Art was created, literature, music, drama, sculpture; and its artists, actors and playwrights were superior to any since.

But Greece fell before the barbarians. Over the ages its ideals were lost while the human body was stuffed with food and covered by cotton flannel. Beauty was dethroned and Prudery put in its place. A sight of an ankle was considered a peep at the Devil. The glorious, free, joyous world of Olympus was forgotten. All that remained were a few Greek marbles, chief among them the Venus and Apollo, pale portraits of a vivid life.

Then the movies came with their demand for beauty, for youth, for health, for artistic productiveness. They happened to settle in a village near the sea. The Greeks had lived near the sea. The cinematropolis rose in a country where the climate made heavy clothing a joke, as it would have been in Greece. A community grew, made by beauty, urged by beauty, producing beauty. All over the world rose temples of the motion picture where the people went to worship the gods of Hollywood. And the standard rose higher and higher until these modern living gods who reached the heights had to be flawless indeed. To maintain their beauty movie stars had to live sanely, eat wisely, exercise daily, as the Greeks had. In other words, Olympus moved to Hollywood.

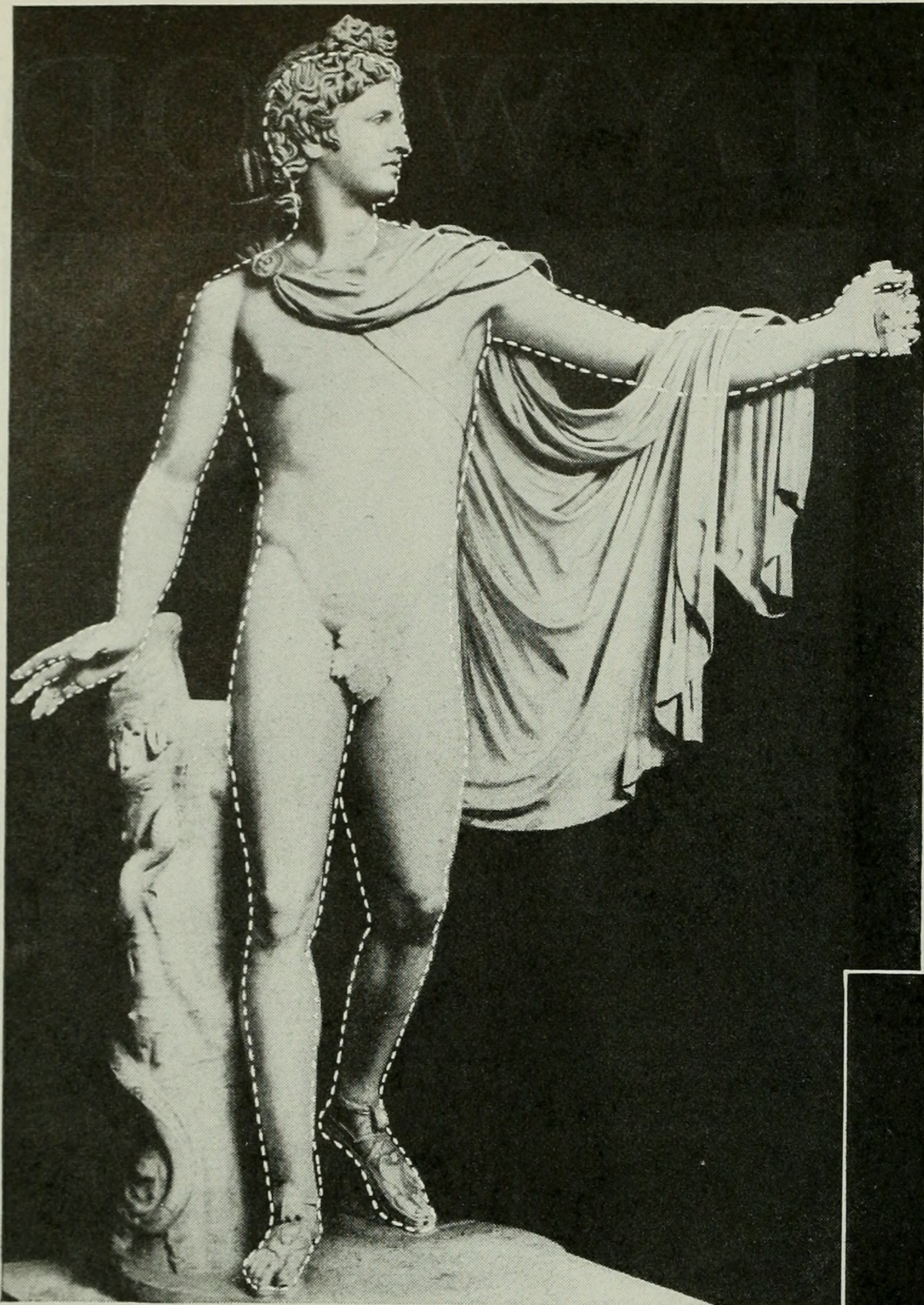
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE started gathering



Venus Measurements

Early Greek	Modern Hollywood
Ht. 5'4"	5'3 1/2"
Wt. 135 lbs.	112 lbs.
Chest . . . 34 3/4"	32 3/4"
Hip 37 1/2"	35 3/4"
Calf 13 1/2"	12 1/2"
Ankle 8"	7 1/2"

Venus rising from the movies. Just a modern American girl, but Joan Crawford, to a quarter inch, approximated the figure of the ancient goddess of love and beauty



When god meets god. Over the ideal figure of Apollo Belvedere is sketched, in dotted line, the nearly perfect form of the composite male star

statistics. From every studio we got the measurements of all the men and women under contract to them, their height, weight, chest measurement, hip measurement, calf, ankle, shoe size and glove size. We expected some of the men to meet the Apollo standard but I fancied the girls would be too small and slim for Venus' proportions.

But this is what we really discovered.

Estimated on seventy-two girls in pictures—stars and leading women—their standard of physical beauty is less than two inches at variance with that of Venus!

Compare for yourself the two sets of measurements in the box beside the exquisite portrait of Joan Crawford. There are the so-slightly different measurements of the ancient goddess of Athens as compared with the composite modern goddess of Hollywood.

From the 72 girls there are twenty-three taller than Venus, forty-one smaller and nine her exact height. The tallest girl in pictures is Gertrude Astor, five feet seven and a half inches. Next come Anna Q. Nilsson, Gwen Lee and Eleanor Boardman, five feet seven, and Constance Talmadge, Natalie Kingston, Greta Garbo and Doris Kenyon, all five feet six. A half inch too tall are Lillian Gish, Sally Blaine and Florence Vidor, while Jacqueline Logan, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels and Ivy Harris are half an inch too short. The shortest girl is Barbara Kent, a mere four feet eleven, with

Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, May McAvoy and Helen Foster nearly as brief as Barbara—they being each just five feet.

Incidentally, while this has nothing to do with Venus, the average girl star wears a four C shoe and a size 6 glove.

The nine who are exactly Venus' height are Billie Dove, Yola D'Avril, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri, Thelma Todd, Leatrice Joy, Elinor Fair, Aileen Pringle and the aforementioned Joan Crawford.

Venus' chest measured thirty-four inches. That's one of the points where the film girls vary most. Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, Molly O'Day, Doris Kenyon and Phyllis Haver are 36 bust, while Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, Ruth Taylor, Doris Hill, Marceline Day, Virginia Lee Corbin are only 31. The biggest feet of all—shades of Helen of Troy—are Maria Corda's size eights. The smallest are Helen Foster's one and a half B's. But the chief difference from the goddess is that every actress is proportionately under weight.

The heaviest of all is Gwen Lee, who weighs only 135 pounds. Greta Garbo and Natalie Kingston—remember their five feet six—show 125 pounds, but outside of these three every girl [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



The Venus di Milo herself. The dotted line shows the composite movie Venus, a difference so slight it can scarcely be seen

Box-Office Love

A true story of a studio conference

THE Master Minds of the Yesyes Studio were gathered together in important conference. In spite of the fact that they had just seen the grandest and most expensive picture that their company ever had made, the Master Minds were nervous wrecks and fit to be tied. They were in such a state that they didn't know whether to call in a psycho-analyst or a golf-professional or both.

One of their best directors, working with their most popular star, had just made a great picture out of "Macbeth." (Please remember that this is an imaginary occurrence.) It was a great box-office knockout, full of tears, laughter and sex appeal, but the Master Minds were faced with the horrid problem of finding a new title for it.

Of course, no member of the Yesyes Studio was dumb enough to suggest that the picture be released under its original title. An assistant cameraman hinted at such a possibility, but he was rushed off to an asylum and put under observation.

"I've got an idea," said one of the Lesser Master Minds. "Call it 'Scotch Passions.'"

"Not so good," answered The Chief, "there's no such thing."

"Then how about 'Passionate Princes'?" asked another bright boy.

"Sounds like a costume picture."

"Or 'Murder at Midnight'?"

"Might be a crook story."

"'A Highland Fling'?"

"This ain't a Beery-Hatton comedy."

"Or 'Night-life in Scotland'?"

"Be yourself. Who do you think we are, Burton Holmes?"

"I have it!" shouted the head subtitle writer. "Call it 'Murderous Wives.'"

"My boy," sobbed The Chief, "you're worth at least half your salary. You've saved the picture for us. Go and buy yourself a new hat and charge it to the Overhead."

This, of course, is an imaginary occurrence. But, as a D. W. Griffith subtitle would say, it is based on Actual Fact. There is, as you probably have noticed, an Art in selecting main

By Agnes Smith

titles for pictures. Maybe it is an Art; maybe it is a superstition. Anyway, whatever it is, motion picture magnates piously believe that by

observing the following rules in the main title, almost any picture will lure the public to the box-office:

1. All box-office titles should hint at a sex situation, a sex struggle, or a sex indiscretion.

2. The word "love" in a title is guaranteed to make men, women and children part with their quarters. Next in importance to the word "love" are such luscious words as passion, heart, kisses, woman, scandal, devil, marriage, flesh and sin.

3. If the name of a town must be suggested, use Paris or Broadway. "Paris Love" has a greater appeal than "London Love." "A Broadway Romance" is infinitely more potent than "A Main Street Romance."

4. If an hour of the day must be suggested, by all means, pick midnight. Thus "A Midnight Kiss," the film title of the stage play "Pigs," is far hotter than would be "An Afternoon Kiss."

5. If you are picking colors, choose crimson, scarlet or red.

6. Never select a title that is too long, hard to pronounce, contains a foreign name or hints at an historical event.

UNDER the sway of this superstition, "Aren't We All?" became "A Kiss in the Dark." "The Undying Past" went up in electric lights as "Flesh and the Devil." You went to see "When a Man Loves," whereas you might have passed up "Manon Lescaut." "Ladies of Hell" was substituted for "Annie Laurie." Balzac's "Pere Goriot" emerged as "Paris at Midnight." "Hail and Farewell" was changed to "Heart of a Siren." "Anna Karenina" blossomed out as "Love."

It's all very easy. I—and you, too—could go on quoting examples indefinitely.

And the screen magnates are very smart to work out these little rules for sure-fire box-office titles. It's a great system.

The only trouble with it is that nearly every great, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



The first rule of inventing box-office titles for pictures is to get a phrase that will suggest sex. Any hint of sex attracts you, just as this picture makes you look at this page. Easy?

Roles They'll Never PLAY



The girl who would a-luring go. Bored with being the sweet influence in a screen hero's life, Mary Brian hoped to slink around in velvet and earrings. But her producers refused. They know the movie bad die young



A triumph of bathing suit over beefsteak. In her early movie days Esther Ralston clad herself in khaki and spent her dramatic time making cows contented. But never again. For the moment Esther got into better and briefer things, particularly one-piece things, she revealed herself a real star with a chiffon complex



No Little Eva for Louise Brooks. She can get blonde curls from the wigmaker's and a gaga dress from the wardrobe but Nature decreed that chic Louise will always look beautiful but never dumb enough to be an angel child

Portrait of Richard Arlen's suppressed desire. From Poverty Row to Paramount stardom, from rags to Jobyna Ralston and marriage. All this Richard has won. But he won't be happy until he's a comedy cop, upholding a bathing beauty



Now this little star will not be permitted to play Mr. Barrie's favorite brain baby. Above all, proper Peter Pans have been chosen for a lack of IT and legs invisible to the naked eye. And Clara Bow's is not a Pan like that



George Bancroft, terror of "Underworld," roar of "The Rough Riders," a new star in the film firmament, triumphant but sad. For cruel casting keeps him playing these rough boys even as he yearns to sahara around, a sheik, with that mysterious something that melts an iron woman



Not always has William Powell been the city slicker. Once he was just a clear-eyed college boy like this and Bill longs to turn this spiritual side to the camera! Harsh fate! His art keeps him screening sin after sin

Love Pictures

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

I AM acquainted with a maiden lady of seventy who is as ardent a movie fan as one could wish to see. She lives in a neighborhood in New York where there is a picture house on almost every block. Nothing disconcerts her so much as when two or three of these local theaters play the same film the same week.

You might wonder what a woman of that age and experience—perhaps one might better say lack of experience—could want with love. But this is her story.

"Doctor," she said, "you take such an interest in motion pictures, can't you persuade the producers to give us more love?"

I had to confess that it seemed to me the producers were shoveling on love pretty thick.

"Well, maybe you are right," she replied. "Maybe I crave love so much because somehow life did not give me my share. I don't mind confessing that before the movies came along I often suffered terribly for lack of it. Now, at any rate, I am gratified when I see love on the screen. It unloads something inside, within myself, that has been trying to express itself for years."

Finally she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "Love is what keeps me so young, you know!"

This old lady is not the only one who continues to crave love.

The young hunger for it as much as the old.

Having loved, or still being in love, makes no difference either.

Love is an irresistible and irradicable longing that even love itself never completely satisfies.

The more you love, the more you want it.

And you don't have to get used to it to like it—like olives and kumquats. You just naturally cannot live without it.

Have you ever tried to arrive at an accurate evaluation of your own love life?

Have you ever sat down to a quiet, honest, heart-to-heart talk with yourself, actually checking up instead of wishing and hoping?

Ask yourself these questions:

How much do you repress and deny to yourself the promptings of your heart?

How often do you dream about expressing your love for someone instead of taking steps that would lead you actually to express it?

How often do you feel the need of petting and affection but are unable to make your desires a reality?

How many times have you thought that the man or woman you have chosen as your beloved object could be more loving?

How many times have you wondered why you do not feel to him as loving as you used to?

How often have you felt jealous?

How often have you resolved to be resigned and to forget?

I KNOW you have wrestled with thoughts such as these because everybody does.

And that is why it is such a relief to go to a picture show, see love free, untrammelled and adventure-bent, and feel like the lovers the picture story depicts.

To be sure, there are other varieties of love besides romantic love.

There is mother love, for instance, and that never fails to grip.

Do you recall how during the war those in authority in the army and navy were continually reminding the men to write home to mother?

Everybody has a mother and his or her mother becomes the individual's first sweetheart. Mother love becomes a "fixation," psychologists say, an emotional attachment the individual cannot shake even if he tries.

Five or six years ago, William Fox made a picture called "Over the Hill." It was a story of mother love, a simple tale of a mother who had worked and sacrificed for years to take care of her children. One by one, they left her and neglected her until, alone and destitute, she was sent to an Old Folks Home.



By nature we are polygamous or polyandrous. Such love scenes as these between Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson are a pretty safe way of satisfying that desire to philander. Motion pictures absorb our surplus longing for romance in a sane way

The doctor explains how we react to them and how motion pictures satisfy our incurable and insati- able longing for romance

In an address made at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Mr. Fox told of the remarkable effects of that picture. Two years after the picture was put in circulation, he said, he made an investigation of institutions for the old and infirm throughout the United States and he found that, during the two years that the picture was in circulation, approximately thirty-five per cent of the total inmates had been reclaimed and re-established in homes by their relations as a direct result of that particular photoplay.

Then there is love of country—patriotism—and that always ennobles and elevates.

"The Big Parade" is a case in point. Also "What Price Glory" and "Seventh Heaven." Whenever a screen production features humanity in an individual character study, sacrificed on the altar of that individual's country, there is bound to be an instant response. One is roused by such stories even if the hero in question be a foreigner, suffering for his own cause that appears to him as an ideal.

"**BEAU GESTE**" took the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE prize as being the finest picture in 1927. This dealt with brother love.

Then there is "Wings," likewise depicting a non-sexual love of one buddy for another. Again success!

Even the love of a dog for his master carries sympathy. Witness the popularity of the productions in which Rin-Tin-Tin appeared and the late Peter The Great!

Love of one kind or another must be brought into every picture if it would succeed.

A loveless screen story is like soup without seasoning. Every medal-winning picture stressed particularly the universal element of love.

Nevertheless, in the last analysis, the most appealing and most exciting form of love continues to remain the love between the sexes.

Romantic love is the most colorful and varied. It is the most stimulating. It is the most appeasing.

The imagination works like a house afire when the picture is about love.

We don't have to stretch it or strain it.

When love is on the screen we readily imagine anything, accept anything, believe anything.

A love story doesn't even have to square with reality to be convincing.

It can take place in the Garden of Eden or on the planet Mars. So long as it is about love we drink it in with the eagerness of a fever-racked patient.



Because we are curious about love, because we are always seeking for the perfect love affair, the screen romances of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman have a constant fascination for us

Nor does it matter whether love is thwarted or love is triumphant. So long as it is love. That is what counts. Romantic love we all must have.

We live by love!

And why?

Why always love?

What is love anyway?

SINCE my work as a neuropsychiatrist deals so largely with emotional mechanisms—with the origin, development, successes and failures of love—I am often asked these questions.

And to answer them is not so easy.

It would be much simpler to explain an irresistible compulsion to steal or murder than to explain this besetting obsession to love.

Love, that unquenchable urge, that cardinal desire, that supreme compelling and impelling motive that never dies, is the most elusive, involved and subtle human factor that psychology has to deal with.

Psychoanalysis claims that love starts with the Oedipus Complex.

It claims also that the Oedipus Complex is responsible for the way you love. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

FAVORITE

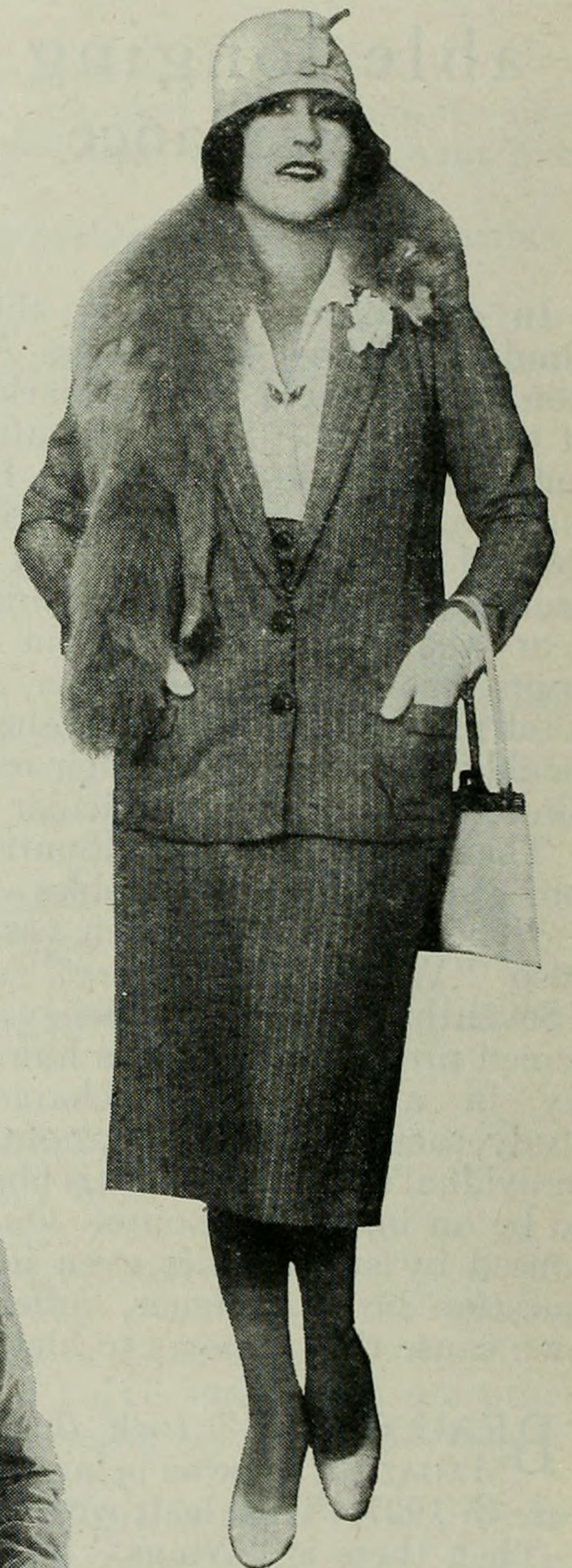


Marion Davies: Blonde hair, blue eyes. She chooses a Russian coat of white hand-woven linen crash. The pocket ornament is applied in silks—lavender, green, yellow and pale blue. The belt is of white kid. With it, Marion wears a white aviator hat, white shoes trimmed in green and nude silk chiffon hose

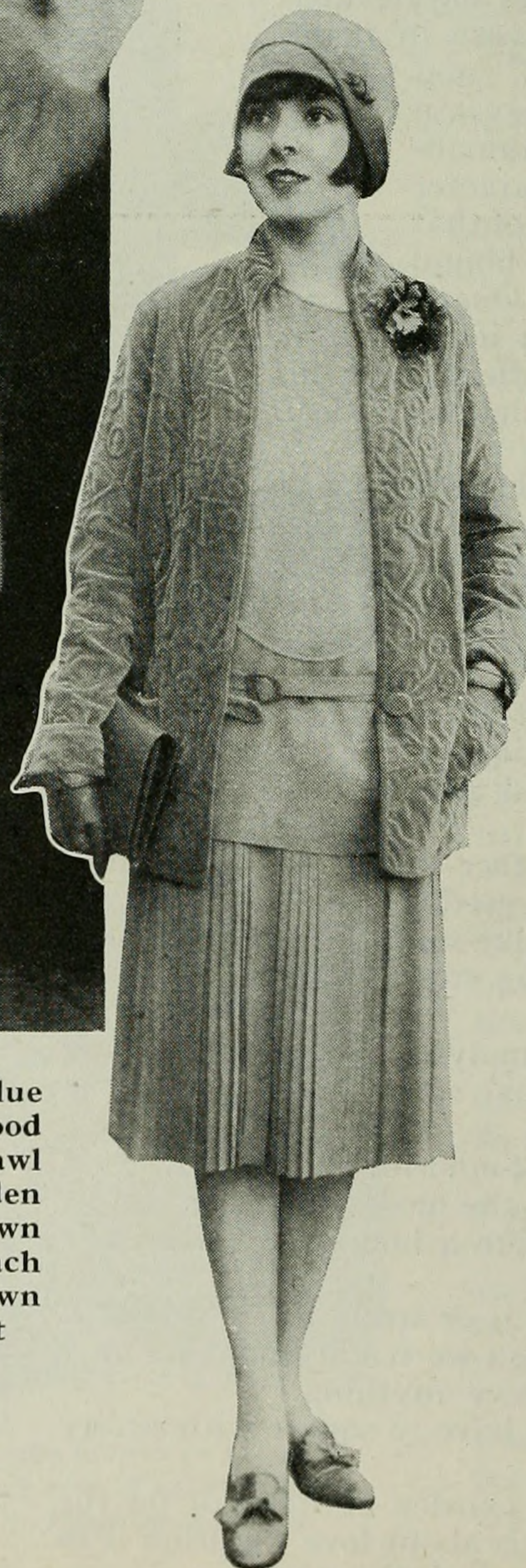


Ruth Taylor: Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ruth's coat is of wood nymph beige kasha with shawl collar and deep cuffs of golden beige fox. The skirt is brown kasha and the blouse is peach beige. She wears tan and brown oxfords and a beige felt hat

Aileen Pringle: Black hair, green eyes. Aileen selects a tailored suit of gray serge with white pin stripes. The hat is gray felt with a crown trimmed in silver mesh. She wears a jade pin

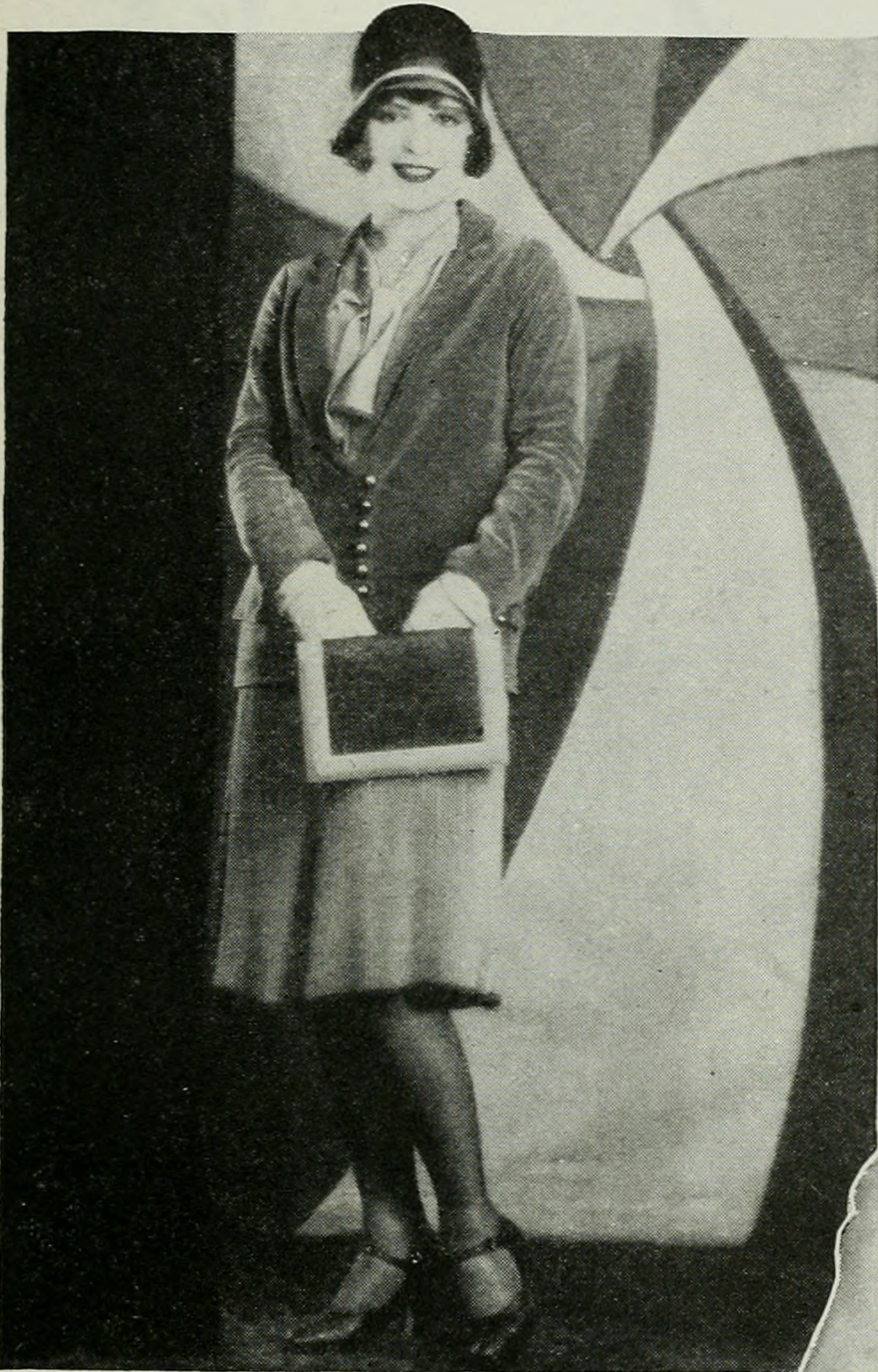


Colleen Moore: Dark auburn hair, one brown eye and one blue eye. Probably because of her mixed eyes, Colleen sticks to one tone in her street dress — sand color. The coat is quilted velvet and the one piece frock is of heavy silk crepe. The tan felt hat has a butterfly ornament of cocoa yarn. The hand-bag is cocoa antelope skin



Street Costumes

The stars choose these outfits for personal wear. To which type do you belong?



Clara Bow: Red hair, brown eyes. The coat—rose cocoa velvet. The skirt—pleated beige crepe. The hat—dark brown velour. The shoes—parchment kid. There you are, flappers!

Bebe Daniels: Black hair, dark brown eyes. All in dark brown velvet. The sable-trimmed coat may be used for informal evening wear. The only ornament on the hat is a dull gold buckle. The shoes are satin



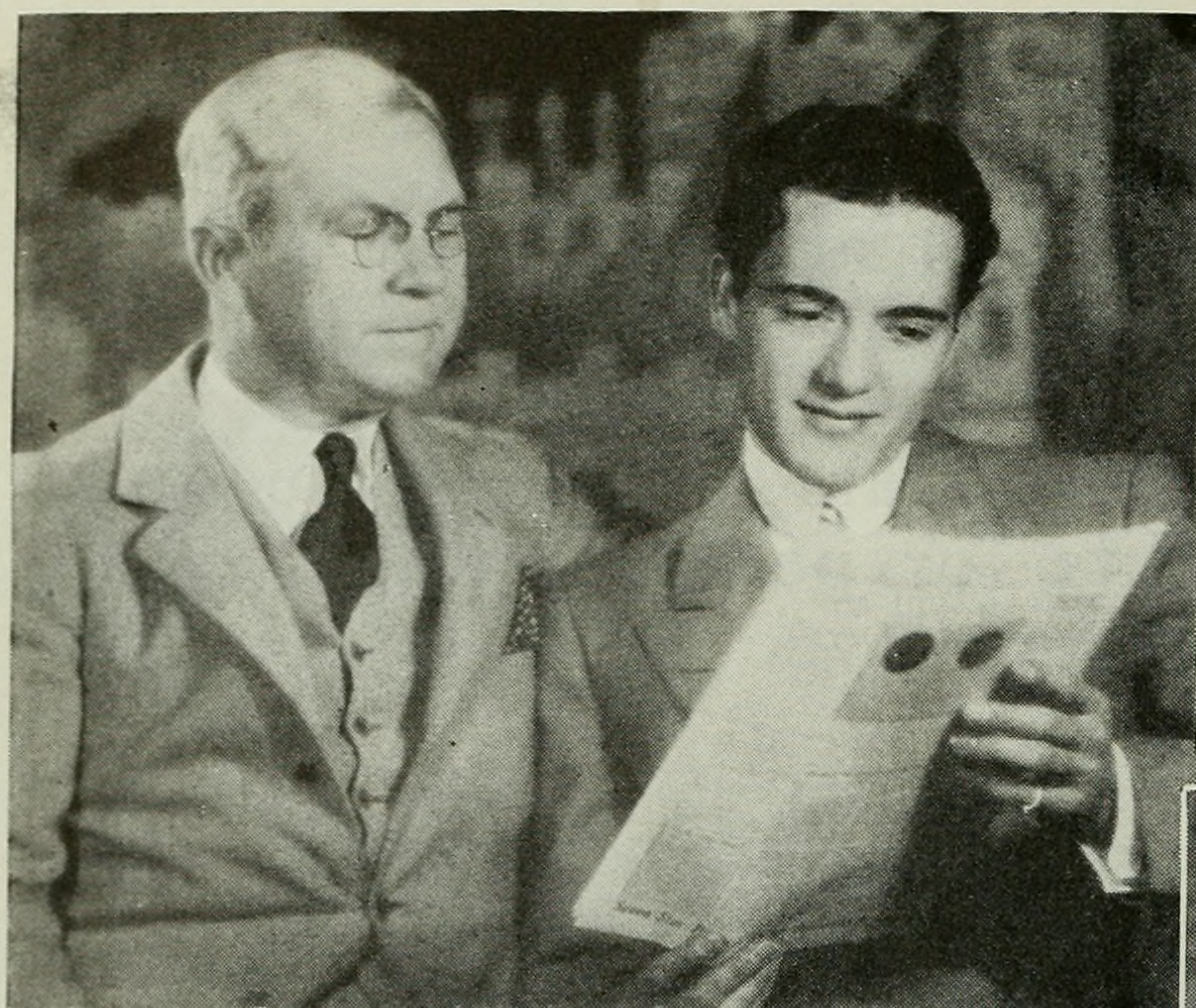
WHAT color shall I wear? Here is an answer to the question, given by seven stars of all different types and colorings. The costumes were selected by the actresses themselves from their own wardrobes and reflect the tastes of the wearers and not the ideas of studio designers.

Any of these costumes may be adapted by any woman to suit her own purse. If you cannot, like Bebe Daniels, afford sable trimming, you can remember that soft dark brown furs look well with soft dark brown eyes.

For more formal wear, Marion Davies prefers French blue. Clara Bow is happiest in peacock blue. Clara wears what makes her happy whether it is correct or not. Aileen Pringle advises brunettes with white skin to wear lacquer red. And Ruth Taylor finds that blondes prefer peach color.



Norma Shearer: Medium brown hair, blue eyes. Neither blonde nor brunette, she wears a dark green skirt with lighter blouse. The coat is robin's egg blue. The hat—blue with a dark green design



Editor Rogers of Olathe, Kansas, "viewed with alarm" his boy's ambitions to become one of those movie actors. And now that "Buddy" has established himself as one of the best young leading men, Editor Rogers "points with pride"

IF the meeting will please come to order, we will consider the first, but not necessarily the most important, question of the month. What's become of Constance Talmadge? A few months ago, Constance signed a contract with United Artists but, oddly enough, the powers in charge seem to be singularly indifferent to the lady's future. She hasn't worked for months and there seems to be no mad rush to put her back on the screen. And there's no denying that other younger and fresher comediennes have cut into Connie's position.

AS sister of Norma and sister-in-law of Joseph Schenck, overlord of the United Artists, Connie had her own way for a long time. Her marriages, her divorces, her engagements and her diamond bracelets were always good for publicity. Lately a strange silence has enveloped Connie's doings. There have been no reports of either a new husband or a new picture. At the rate Connie is heading for screen obscurity, I hope she still clings to the diamond bracelets.

THEY tell this story on Samuel Untermyer, the rich New York lawyer. Untermyer has a beautiful estate in Yonkers which he has often graciously loaned as a background for motion pictures.

Once, however, in Mr. Untermyer's absence, a small film company invaded the place and stole some shots of "Greystone" without getting the owner's permission.

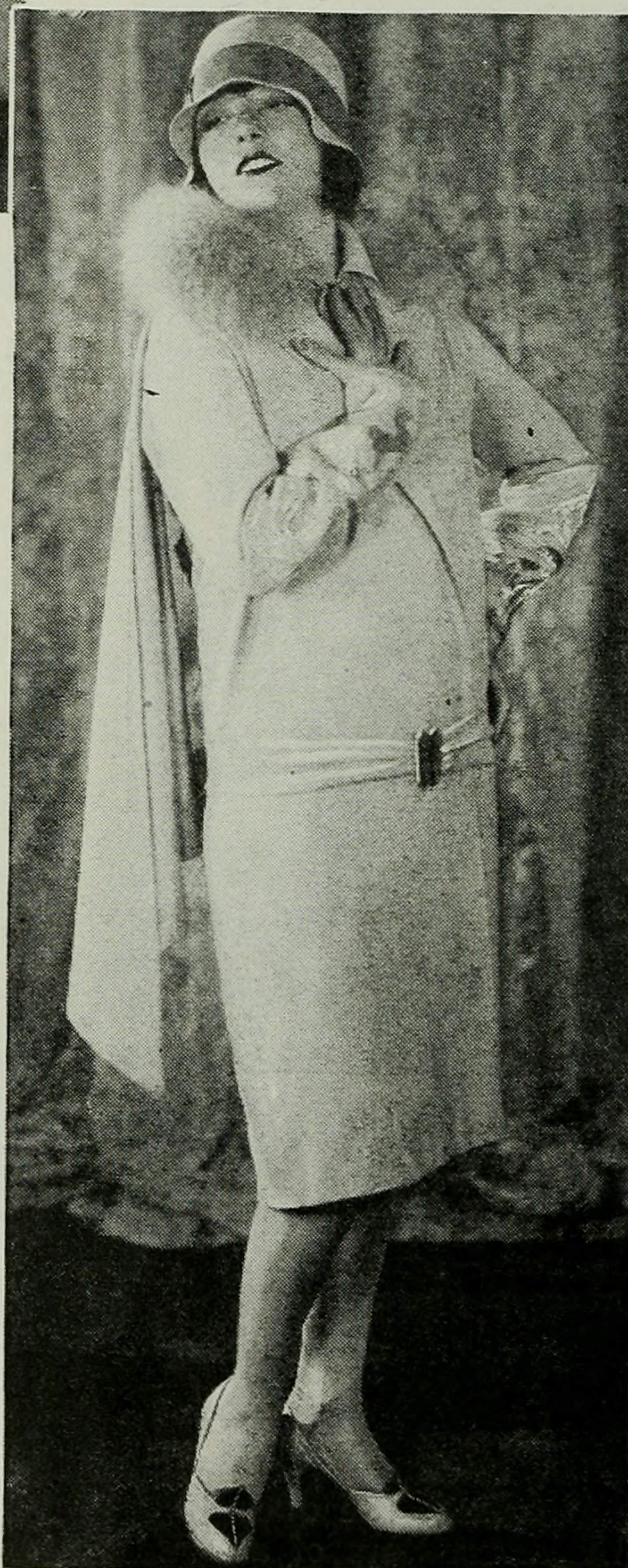
One night Mr. and Mrs. Untermyer went to see a movie in Yonkers and what was their distress to see a view of "Greystone" prefaced by the title, "The home where no happiness dwells."

SUE CAROL has denied her engagement to Nick Stuart. A statement which interests practically every male being in the Cinema City.

BEN LYON is saving a lot of money in long distance telephone calls to New York. He is taking Marion Nixon to all the Hollywood festivities and Marilyn Miller's dressing room in New York is decorated with photographs of Jack Warburton. And Marilyn gives it out to the press that the affair with Ben never was serious. Why, Marilyn, you little madcap!

NOW comes wind of another romance. Myrna Kennedy, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, and James Hall are going around Hollywood's "places to go" together. Oh, yes, also Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion, who are rising to fame together on the De Mille lot in Culver City. Interesting, how these youngsters hang together.

Gossip The



Some old meanie said that Lupe Velez wasn't the type to wear modern American clothes. So Lupe had this picture taken to prove that she can. But she can't make all that unbobbed hair stay tucked under a cloche hat

ARE we going to have no unattached girls left in the Cinema City? Marceline Day has been one whom engagement rumors have passed by until Richard Dix made his bow. Now they are being seen everywhere together and even Richard's closest friends admit he is "different"—more quiet, more settled down, they tell me. Ah, love! It does make a difference. And no one in Hollywood would deny that they both have the symptoms.

SPEAKING of Marceline, she went out and bought herself a lovely new home in Beverly Hills the other day. Which may or may not have something to do with the case, tra la.

RAN into William Powell the other day. "What you doing now, Bill?"

"Oh, I'm playing the comedy relief for Beery and Hatton." Powell is modest. There isn't a better actor or a finer guy on the screen.

of All Studios

The wrap-around evening gown, wrapped around Louise Brooks. This crushed gold dress is held in place by six little buttons fastening on the left side. And that is putting dramatic suspense in clothes



ELEANOR BOARDMAN and King Vidor moved from their hilltop home to allow John Barrymore, the new owner, to enter.

Moved to an elaborate new apartment house in Beverly Hills.

Stayed one night and moved to another.

They didn't like the bows painted on the breakfast room chairs.

"JUST why don't you name that child?" someone demanded of King Vidor.

"Why should we?" King retorted. "There's only one. No need, whatever, to distinguish."

Perhaps that is the secret of the nameless infant of the film metropolis.

Eleanor Boardman and King are waiting until necessity demands a cognomen.



Lina Basquette celebrates her debut as a star by acquiring a motor that has a make-up box, a chauffeur telephone and all those other ritzy contraptions that make motoring more comfortable than staying at home

CHARMING candor on the part of Mae Murray's husband. David Mdivani was arrested for speeding recently in Santa Monica.

When the judge asked him his occupation, Mdivani answered simply, "husband."

IRVING THALBERG and Norma Shearer are making a quickie trip through Europe. Not on business, just by way of a honeymoon. Furthermore, Norma announces that after one more year in pictures, she is going to retire and become merely Mrs. Thalberg.

Believe it or not, but that is what she says.

HELP! Jackie Coogan may go to England and make one picture this summer. That's nothing new, but the kick to the story lies in the fact that Jackie may remain over there and finish off his education at Oxford. What a wind-up for the wistful, ragged baby of "The Kid"!

AND now the favorite snappy come-back is, "Take your hand off my knee. I don't want to go into the movies."

LET'S go slumming. Let's consider the doings of some of our playmates who are skating so gracefully on thin ice. There is, for instance, the famous lady who has taken for her motto, "all for love and the world well lost." She is rich, popular and her whole reputation is at stake. Nevertheless, she is enamored of a young Latin who has nothing to lose, and much to gain, by the romantic attachment.

For months, Hollywood's favorite topic of conversation has been the story that the husband hired a gang of thugs to mess up the face of the handsome rival. True or not, the tale has become one of the legends of the movies.

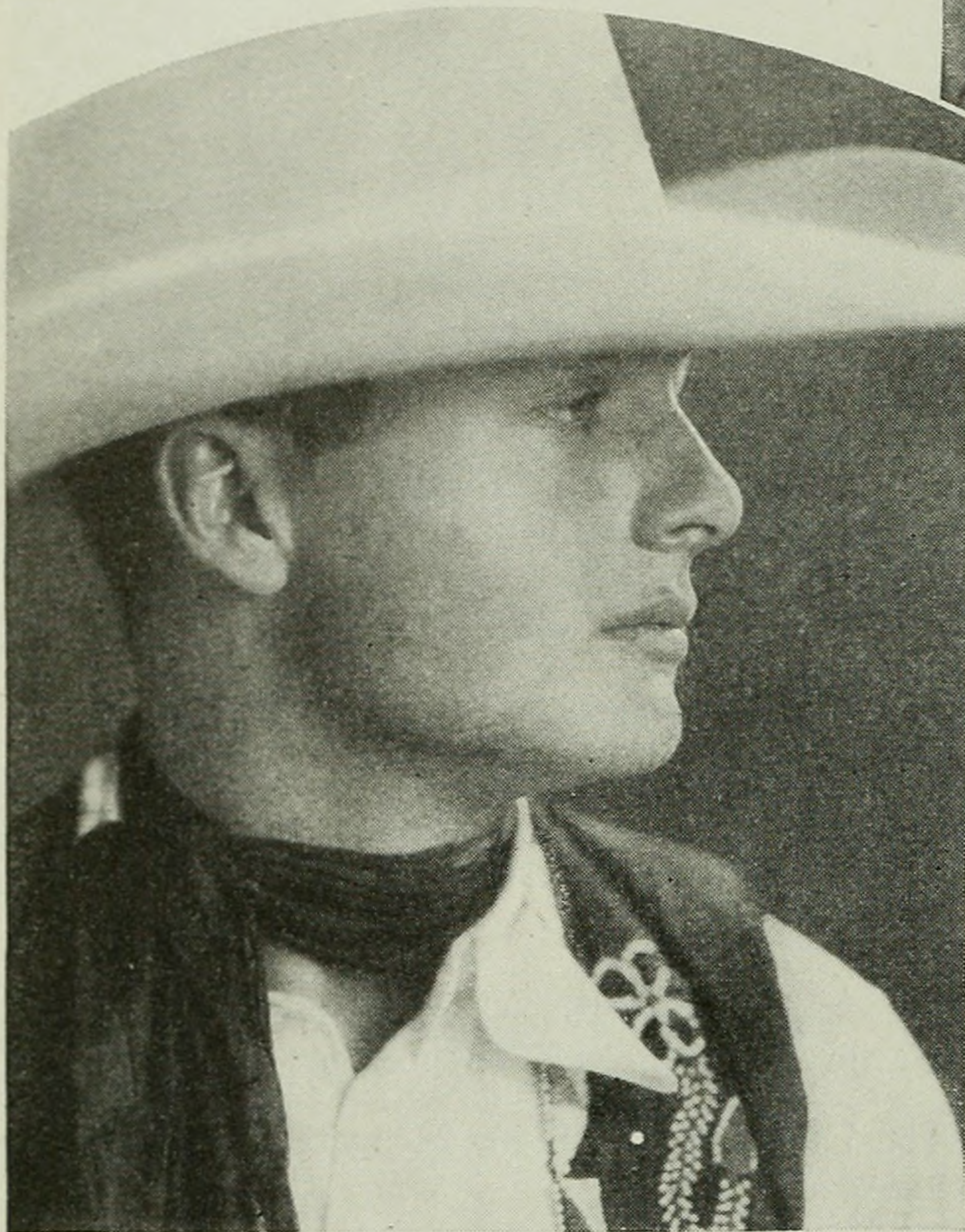
Undisturbed by all the gossip, the lady is having a great time making faces at the conventions.

CONSIDER, too, the frantic domestic affairs of Dolores Del Rio. And shed a few tears for Jaime Del Rio, who is only her husband. Before Edwin Carewe coaxed the rich Mexican beauty to Hollywood, all was sweetness and light in the Del Rio household.

When the couple moved to Hollywood and Dolores became a star, Jaime (it's pronounced Heim) felt that he was being slowly shoved into the background.

Jaime refused to play second saxophone and moved to New York, where he is writing a play in order to establish his own claim to fame. He's a gentleman and he won't talk. And he's still in love with his wife.

Don't you think you are going to like this young fellow? He is Rex King, former rodeo performer, who has been signed by Fox to perform in horse operas



How murders are plotted. Mal St. Clair forced Ford Sterling and Richard Dix to work in a rain scene. The rain was even wetter than usual. There's an unhappy ending ahead for the hard-hearted director. Won't someone please stop these men?

WELL, Henri de la Falaise is off on another one of his semi-annual trips to Paris. Every time Henri goes abroad the wise boys begin to bet he'll never return.

WALTER WINCHELL tells this one and it is worth passing on. A film company was considering making Emil Ludwig's story of Napoleon. At a conference of master minds, various actors were suggested for the rôle of Bonaparte.

Finally an exasperated magnate squawked, "But dese are all little fellers dot you are suggesting. Dis is a beeg story so we got to haf a beeg ector for Napoleon."

THE 1928 baby Wampas stars were asked to sell boxes for the ball in their honor, prices ranging from eighty to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Lina Basquette and Sue Carol, two of the lucky babies, met at a social function.

"I see Ruth Taylor has sold the most," Lina whispered.

Sue nodded. "Have you sold any, Lina?" Sue returned the whisper.

"Yes. One. Two hundred fifty."

"Who to?"

"Cecil De Mille—my director. Have you?"

"Yes. One. Two hundred fifty."

"Who to?"

"Mrs. Sam Lederer. My mother."

GRETA GARBO was having her pictures taken by Ruth Harriet Louise. During one of the close-up shots, her eyes blinked.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Louise," Greta apologized.

"But I twinkled."

WHAT a hard, hard life these movie producers do lead! Take poor Harry Rapf, for instance. Harry is one of the producers for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Recently Mr. Rapf had to search for talent. What a painful duty! Mr. Rapf had to come East and for two weeks he watched the finest dramas, the choicest musical comedies, the

slickest night club shows along Broadway. Talk about work!

I asked Mr. Rapf why, with Hollywood over-run with beautiful extra girls, he didn't search there for undiscovered stars.

"Hollywood girls all get to looking alike," he said. "New York girls retain their individuality."

Which, certainly, should be a hint to the ambitious.

FAY WRAY was thrilling over memories of a golf game played in the light of a full moon.

"Who were you with, Fay?" we queried.

A pronounced blush was the only answer.

"Who are you playing around with?"

"Oh, not any one person."

"Well, we might print a list."

"Oh, no! It would be too long," Fay modestly answered.

THE way these cruel-hearted directors get their heroines to cry is outrageous!

Marceline Day was just getting ready to weep in the picture, when the villain called out, "Bring on the glycerine." Marceline burst into a flood of tears, she felt so insulted!

HERBERT BRENON had been waiting for Loretta Young's flood gates to open, when he spied her sister and said in a stage whisper, "There's her sister. I wish we'd put her in the part instead."

Loretta went into real tears in a second!

JOHAN ROBERTSON, who has directed some of the most noteworthy American pictures, has gone to England to head his own company. Being a Canadian by birth, Mr. Robertson gets in under the new English quota law which required that British films be made, for the most part, by English citizens.

Mr. Robertson's chief problem will be to develop British talent.

And he's the director to do it, as he has discovered an unusual number of young American stars.

WITH Mr. Robertson goes Albert Parker, another excellent director and Hollywood's best *raconteur*. (Look it up in a French dictionary.)

And so Hollywood loses two of its limited supply of really interesting gentlemen.



Agnes Christine Johnson, wife of Frank Dazey, has managed to raise these three children, write a flock of scripts and a play, and turn out an occasional short story for PHOTOPLAY. Read "The Movie Hound" in this issue. It's clever

Most babies cry off-schedule. Three-year-old Evelyn Mills only weeps when the director gives the order. Here she is with Louise Dresser in "His Country"



O. P. HEGGIE, the actor played in the stage revival of "Trelawney of The Wells," was rushed from New York to Hollywood to appear in Norma Shearer's interpretation of the play under the name of "The Actress."

Production was delayed while he crossed the continent; special cars met him at the station and rushed him to the studio without even stopping to deliver his luggage.

When he arrived, it was discovered that he would work for two days with his face beneath a newspaper covering. Any "prop" boy could have sat in the position and no one know the difference.

"IT could only have happened in Hollywood" might well title this true story.

A famous producer was to be married. Another producer issued invitations to a big formal dinner in his honor on the eve of his marriage.

The elite of the male-notables attended.

The dinner was strictly formal. A huge plaque of honor was awarded the groom.

State speeches were offered eulogizing his accomplishments for the "beesness."

Finally a director slipped out to go home and tell his wife he was so bored he just couldn't stay another moment.

The next day he received a bill for \$106 for his participation in the "invited" dinner.

"ROSE-MARIE," the film version of the operetta, has finally reached the screen. It's a Northwest story and it is merely just another pretty good picture. The public that sees the picture will not realize all the money and heart-breaks it caused. The film was made three times, with various casts and various directors. It cost \$700,000 and a lot of valuable time and effort.

Yet it is no better than a lot of other pictures made for one-fifth the sum. And that, boys and girls, is why the business men connected with pictures go into nervous breakdowns.

PERHAPS you have read the story of how Phyllis Haver went to the Ten Cent store before Christmas to get some tree ornaments and was so struck by the girl who waited upon her that she obtained a part for her in Cecil De Mille's "The Godless Girl."

But I doubt if you have heard Dorothy Ward's side of this

story. When one of her customers interrupted the mad rush to ask "Say, little girl, have you ever been in pictures?" Dorothy was annoyed at the question. She didn't recognize Phyllis, and was disgusted at the attempt to make her talk against Mr. Woolworth's regulations. Nor would she give her name or address.

Lucky for Dorothy that Phyllis was persistent and sent her agent to Woolworth's bookkeeping department to get the necessary information.

I HAVE a hunch Phyllis Haver will never be out of a job. If she ever wants to give up acting she will be all ready to take up the promotion of others for acting.

After discovering Dorothy Ward in a Ten Cent store and placing her with the De Mille organization, she turned her attention to Ray Cook, a twelve year old youngster.

"He has such an interesting face," she told me. "A pug nose and real freckles. Eyes that laugh all the time. He can't help but register."

Oh, yes, she placed him. With the same organization.

AS you have probably heard, Universal spent \$2,000,000 and two years in making "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In spite of all the efforts to make a smashing hit of the film, the picture has been no more successful than other less expensive productions. The failure of the picture to knock the world cold has been a source of constant aggravation to Carl Laemmle.

And so, in the Universal offices, the film has been re-titled "Uncle Carl's Crabbin'."

LARRY SEMON, the comic who used more custard pies than all the other funnies put together, has gone into bankruptcy for a couple of million. Semon has been directing recently while his wife, Dorothy Dwan, has been doing all the acting for the family.

THE year 1927 marked one great improvement in Hollywood. The number of extra girls requiring assistance from charitable organizations was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

\$15,000 in Prizes



First Prize

Rena Vale
Los Angeles, Cal.

Over 40,000 Ideas Submitted in Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Contest for Stories—Fifty Prize Winners Named

by the judges, a set of fifty winning ideas was selected. These ideas were then submitted to the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation for a final opinion as to their exact screen possibilities. After a reading by Jesse L. Lasky, First Vice-President, and other executives of Paramount Famous-Lasky, the fifty ideas were returned to the board of judges and a final rating given the winners.

This effort to insure absolute fairness to every contestant required time and care. The contest was inaugurated in the April, 1927, issue of PHOTOPLAY and closed at midnight on August 15, 1927. The final decision upon the winners was reached on February 1, 1928, six and one-half months being required to examine and pass upon the 40,000 submitted ideas.

An amazing quantity of excellent ideas was received. The submitted ideas revealed a surprising level of originality and ingenuity, as well as a tremendous interest in the photoplay. If the 40,000 ideas did nothing else, they showed a genuine and sweeping love of motion pictures throughout America, and, indeed, the whole world.

Naturally, there was duplication of idea. Biography was one of the favorite fields of suggested idea. Practically everybody in the world's history, from Eve to Calvin Coolidge, was suggested. The favorite characters suggested were, oddly enough, Christopher Columbus and Mary, Queen of Scots.

Probably the Mississippi flood was suggested by more contestants than any other one subject. The

OVER 40,000 readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE submitted ideas in the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation—PHOTOPLAY \$15,000 contest. This avalanche of ideas presented a herculean task to the staff of PHOTOPLAY and to the board of contest judges.

In order to arrive at an absolutely fair decision regarding the submitted ideas, a careful reading was given each idea. The idea then received a rating from a committee of examiners. In this way the thousands of ideas finally were sifted down to a few hundred. From these few hundred, after repeated consideration

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

No. 17982

Chicago, Ill. MARCH 15 1928

Pay to the order of RENA VALE \$5,000.00

EXACTLY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS NO CENTS Dollars

TO THE Continental and Commercial National Bank Chicago, Illinois. (2-3)

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.
Kathryn Dougherty
SECRETARY & ASST. TREASURER

AUDITOR
W. M. L. L. L.

COUNTERSIGNED

Awarded *for* Ideas



Second Prize

Mrs. M. Caroli
New York City



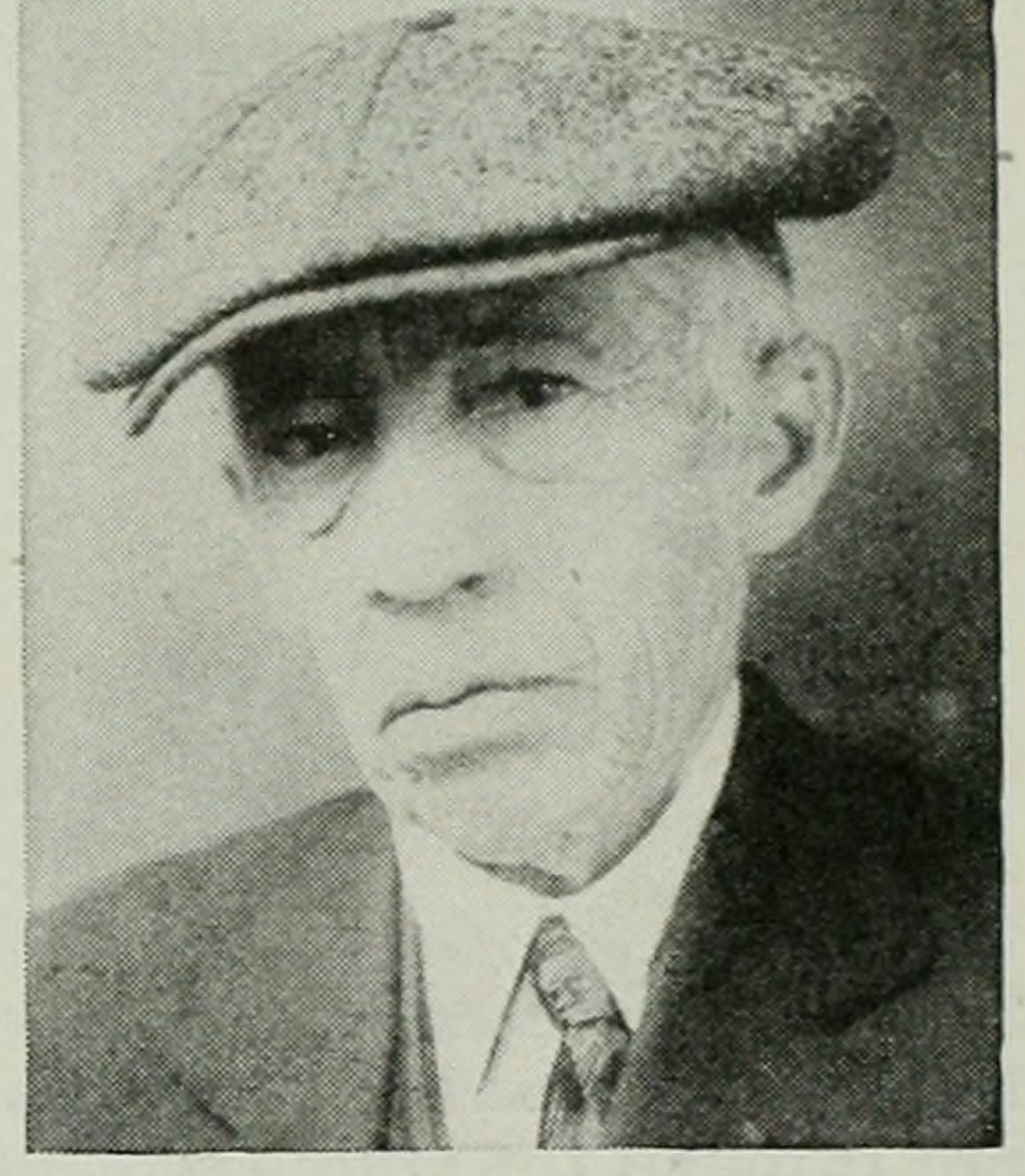
Third Prize

Yvonne Corriveau
Pawtucket, R. I.



Fourth Prize

Marvel Kingsley
Madison, Wis.



Fifth Prize

Lute Johnson
Denver, Col.

fact that the flood was raging during part of the contest period made this a favorite theme. The Lindbergh flight was another popular idea. Scores of contestants suggested ideas developed upon the possibility of life on Mars or the moon and life as it may be about 2,000 years from today. Job led all the Biblical characters in popularity. The favorite general theme was probably the separated-and-lost twin idea, with one living in poverty and the other in wealth. The lost parent idea followed right behind.

In announcing the contest winners, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can not tell the winning ideas themselves. Since the prizes are awarded by the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation, the ideas, upon being accepted as winners, become the property of that organization. To tell these winning ideas now would be to lay the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation open to the theft or appropriation of these winning stories by unscrupulous people and to

Says Jesse L. Lasky,

First Vice-President of Paramount
Famous-Lasky Corporation:

The \$15,000 Idea Contest conducted by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and Paramount Famous-Lasky has given me a great personal gratification and will, I trust, be most profitable to the successful participants.

To me personally the contest has brought a wealth of suggestions direct from the motion picture public and supporters, together with ideas of what they desire and expect from producers, which, otherwise, I should never have obtained at first hand.

The contest as no other medium has put the audience and producer in close touch. The sincerity of the contestants is appreciatively acknowledged, and the freshness and brilliancy of some of the subjects is an interesting revelation.

their possibly unconscious appropriation and adaptation by scenarists and fiction writers generally. Later, where it is possible, PHOTOPLAY will point out the winning ideas when and if they are produced by the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation.

Upon the final decision by the board of judges, the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation turned over to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE a check for \$15,000, covering the fifty prizes. Checks are now being mailed to the fifty winners by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The winner of the first prize of \$5,000 is Miss Rena Vale, whose address is Box 994, Los Angeles, Cal. Here is how Miss Vale describes herself:

"I was born about the time the neighbors began leaving to join the Rough Riders. My birthplace was a three-room adobe house on the famous 'Diamond-S' Ranch, where the jolly old Pancho Villa used to spend his week-ends,

[CONTINUED
ON PAGE 114]



Eighth Prize

Hilda M. Riehl
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Ninth Prize

Rose Cour
Chicago, Ill.



The comedy cream puff all over his face terrified the actors who ran through the studio screaming "Mad Dog"

The Movie

The story of a film struck mutt and a hilariously funny dog yarn

JUST another example of the demoralizing effects of Hollywood! Once Beansy had been a simple soul—innocent—young—carefree—unspoiled—

Of course, Sylvia should never have let him devil her into taking him to the movies that fatal afternoon. She should have known that home, a beautiful walled-in garden, an occasional game of ball, with just enough stray cats to give life a little fillip, was all that is necessary to any dog. Especially to a dog like Beansy, whose breed could only be designated as *inconsistent*. For though he started out at the nose, as one of those adorable, wistful-eyed Irish terriers, he reverted at the neckline to a half long, half short-haired body that suggested a mixture of Collie and Boston Bull and continued to a tail that waved in impudent defiance of every law of heredity.

It all began when Rajah, the big police dog, came to live in the Spanish villa across the street. Rajah brought his master along, the two of them driving up in a big sport roadster, one afternoon, when Sylvia and Beansy were playing ball on the front lawn. Sylvia saw them coming and gurgled with excitement.

"It's Jack Claibourne—the movie star, who plays in pictures, with his police dog! And, oh, they're going to live across the street from us, Beansie!"

Beansy, with the usual superior aloof attitude he took to any dog in which Sylvia showed an interest, pretended to be completely indifferent, and went on snarling and growling at the ball. But he took a rapid glance over his shoulder that Sylvia didn't notice and mentally catalogued Rajah as "nothing much."

Beansy became more tolerant, when he saw that Sylvia did not pay any attention to the big police dog, but confined her remarks to the subject of Claibourne. Beansy even felt obligated to take a neighborly interest in the newcomer. After all he owed it to the canine community to give a stranger a chance. Rajah was reticent at first and that was perfectly all right. Beansy had no use for the "pushy" kind who get too friendly, too quickly. But when he observed that Rajah never went out except in the company of his servant or master and then was led on a leash or driven in a high powered motor car; when the more virile members of

the canine neighborhood gossiped contemptuously about the police dog's baths, oil rubs and dog dentists, Beansy lost all interest. Rajah must certainly be more or less of a "wet smack," not a he-dog at any rate.

THEN suddenly everything changed. Sylvia was the reason. Sylvia was a goddess to Beansy. He considered her perfect from head to toe. Her graceful little figure that could rough-house so gloriously at moments, or rise to dignified heights when it came to discipline! Her little blonde bobbed head, that, every morning, nodded at him in such a friendly fashion from the bedclothes, when on being admitted by the cook, he tore up to wake his mistress with joyful barkings! Her childish, long-nailed fingers that caressed him or laid a restraining hand on his collar or fed him forbidden sweetmeats at the table. She was the Divine Adored Ruler of Beansy's destiny.

But she had one habit Beansy never quite approved of. Several days a week, she cruelly barricaded him in the back garden, jumped into her sporty little roadster and drove off alone. Beansy wondered what she did on those mysterious journeys. How could she have a good time without him?

Then one day, Sylvia carelessly let the hook slip on the garden gate and it swung open, allowing Beansy to escape. He followed her craftily, keeping right behind her and walking on the soft grass so she would not hear the pad of his feet. When she stepped into her car, he jumped into the rumble seat and crouched there, all the way downtown. He was puzzled when she parked half a block below a large glittering building decorated in bright colors with pictures on sign boards all around the outside. There Sylvia turned and discovered Beansy, who leaped out to lick her face, with waggy enthusiasm.

"OH, Beansy, you bad dog to sneak along! Now I've got to take you home and I'll miss half of the picture!" she pouted.

Beansy whined and pretended to be very repentant. He wasn't. He was jubilant. For she wasn't taking him home at all. She was walking up to read the bulletin board in front of the theater.

"The feature's on now and I just can't miss any of it. I'll just have to take a chance," she said and picking Beansy up in her arms, she flung her sports coat over

Every dog has his day—and Beansy had his

Hound

By

Agnes Christine Johnston

Illustrated by Robert Dickey



Beansy was cured of his movie ambitions. A good old buried bone was better than a career. Why not enjoy life?

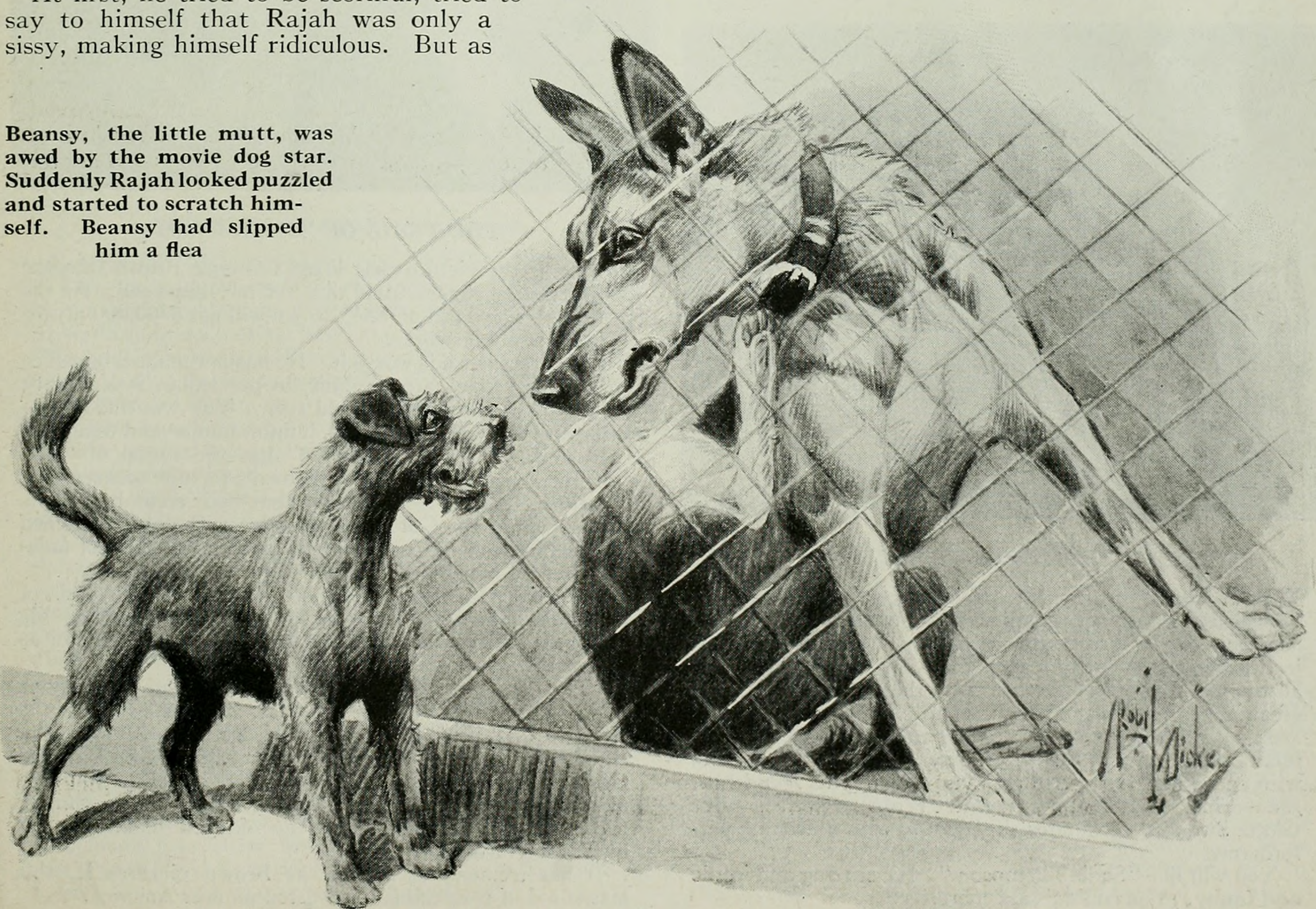
him, slipped smilingly past a man in uniform at the door and walked into a large dark room filled with people. That was how Beansy saw his first movie—the movie that changed his life. That was how he discovered what it meant to have a career.

At first, he thought it really was Rajah, who bounded before him, suddenly grown three times his own size. Excitedly starting up from Sylvia's lap, Beansy began to bark. Quickly Sylvia pulled him down and threw her coat over him. Then she looked up at the suspicious usher with such a sweet smile that this mere man apologized and went on up the aisle. After a while, she allowed Beansy to nose a little way out from under the coat and watch some more.

At first, he tried to be scornful, tried to say to himself that Rajah was only a sissy, making himself ridiculous. But as

he watched, he soon forgot these petty emotions. The things Rajah did! Why they were thrilling! His life as the companion of a cowboy on the Western plains was full of excitement. He chased wild cattle, corralled stampeding horses, fought wicked villains and rescued a lady—almost as fair as Sylvia—in a last desperate race with death. And then what attention and adulation he received, not only from the people on the screen, but from the whole audience! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Beansy, the little mutt, was awed by the movie dog star. Suddenly Rajah looked puzzled and started to scratch himself. Beansy had slipped him a flea





STREET ANGEL—Fox

CONTINUING the adventures of those Babes in the Wood—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Thanks again to the sympathetic direction of Frank Borzage, here is a picture that is as human and as appealing as "Seventh Heaven." Miss Gaynor plays a little Italian circus performer, whose innocence and poverty force her to attempt the last resources of desperate girls. How a tramp artist, played by Farrell, rescues her; how they are separated and reunited, forms the basis of a tear-wringing romance.

You'll like the simple, sincere playing of these two youngsters, the picturesque backgrounds and the fantasy-like treatment of the story. These two kids strike a fresh, new note on the screen. Natalie Kingston and Henry Armetta give good performances. Don't miss this one.



SADIE THOMPSON—United Artists

HOW Gloria Swanson beat the censors is being demonstrated in her newest and raciest picture. For "Rain" has come to the screen almost intact. Those portions objectionable to the purity leagues have been glossed over, but all the implications of the story are the same. And it is a great story. All normal people should be able to work up at least a mild frenzy over the battle between *Sadie* and the fanatical reformer of the South Seas. Raoul Walsh directs with speed and vigor, and acts very capably as *Handsome*, the marine. And Lionel Barrymore is almost perfect. But Gloria Swanson dominates the picture, with a flashing performance.

You will like "Sadie Thompson." It's stirring and ironic and funny. You couldn't ask more.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE TRAIL OF '98—M.-G.-M.

THIS is the picture that lifted Clarence Brown into the position of highest paid director in Hollywood. As the result of "The Trail of '98" Brown will get \$300,000 a year whether or not he works.

Probably Brown is worth it. He has not made a boxoffice flop in his whole career. This, in particular, is a mighty panorama of the Alaskan gold rush. You will find everything here: greed, love, pathos, humor, famine and wealth.

In a way "The Trail of '98" has the sweep of "The Covered Wagon." You follow Brown's fortune seekers with breathless interest from the moment their steamboat puffs its way out of the Golden Gate, laden with gold maddened humans from every corner of the globe, until the last fade-out after the burning of Dawson City.

The whole gold rush trail is here—over the snowy perils of Chilkoot Pass and through the river rapids. The big menace is always Old Man Mercury, hovering at forty or so below zero.

"The Trail of '98" is that dream of all megaphone wielders: a purely director's picture. Still, the story of the six principal protagonists—played by Dolores Del Rio, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Harry Carey, Tully Marshall and George Cooper—is never lost. Basically, it is the romance of two adventurers in the Yukon, one a young Scotchman, the other the granddaughter of an old Jew making a last quest for a fortune.

It has tremendous interest as Brown pictures it, this last stand of roystering, hard-fisted pioneer America.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE TRAIL OF '98 ABIE'S IRISH ROSE
STREET ANGEL SADIE THOMPSON
DOOMSDAY CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE

The Best Performances of the Month

L. M. Leonidoff in "Czar Ivan the Terrible"
Janet Gaynor in "Street Angel"
Charles Farrell in "Street Angel"
Lionel Barrymore in "Sadie Thompson"
Louise Dresser in "His Country"
Jean Hersholt in "Abie's Irish Rose"
Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson"
Florence Vidor in "Doomsday"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 146



ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount

ANNE NICHOLS' famous play, "Abie's Irish Rose," was no mere success. It ran four years in New York. It had remarkable runs everywhere else. The natives of Abyssinia and points East have gone wild over it.

In brief, "Abie's Irish Rose" was not just a play. It was not just a hit. It was an epidemic. They had to burn down theaters to get it out. It wore out a score or so playhouses during its long runs. In New York the wisecrackers said that the original cast had to have a vacation in order to get its collective face lifted.

If you liked "Abie's Irish Rose" as a spoken play, you will surely like it as a shadow drama. It has all the tears and laughter of the original, plus the usual Hollywood elaboration.

"Abie's Irish Rose" concerns the serio-comic marital problems of a Jewish boy and an Irish girl, with the inevitable racial clashes of the young people's families. Hollywood had embroidered the war into an elaborate sequence. The sub-titles are snappy. What more could you ask?

True, we have had a lot of Irish-Hebrew comedies during the past year or so but NOT "Abie's Irish Rose."

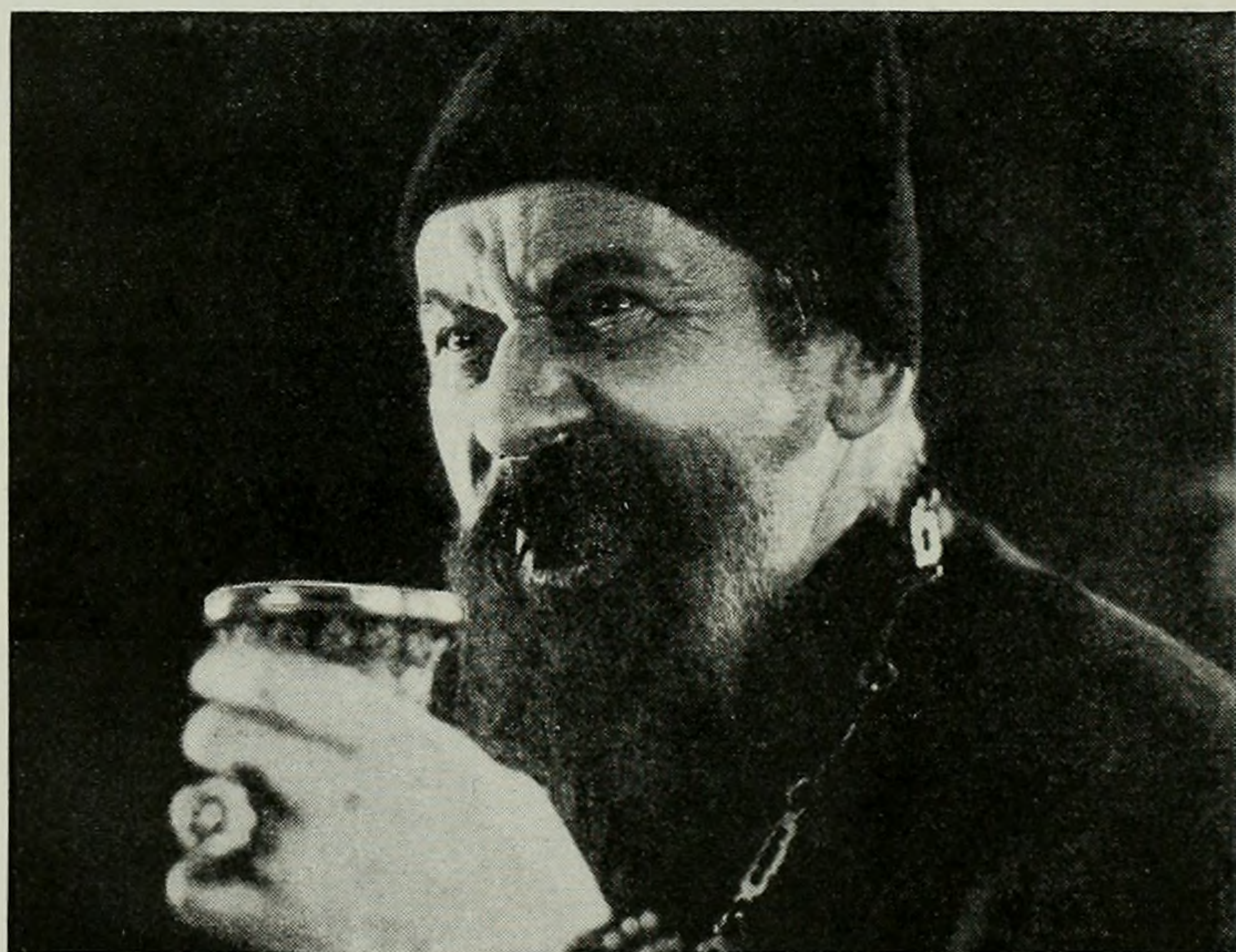
Charles Rogers is a likeable *Abie* and Nancy Carroll is an appealing *Rose*. Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer, who played *Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohen* 2,327 times behind the footlights, have almost perfected their rôles. J. Farrell MacDonald is excellent, but the outstanding performance is that of Jean Hersholt as the Jewish father. If the film version doesn't amuse you, you are in the minority.



DOOMSDAY—Paramount

AT last Florence Vidor shakes off the great lady manner, the coy sophistication, the tea-and-toast comedy tricks. Miss Vidor emerges as an artist and proves that she has something real to give to the screen. In this fine, intelligent story, she plays a household drudge. Although she loves *Arnold Furze*, played by Gary Cooper, he can only offer her the further drudgery of a farmer's wife. So she marries a rich neighbor. And then comes the drama.

Rowland V. Lee has made an absorbing picture. Women, especially, will like it because they will see in it their own problems, their own mistakes. And admirers of Miss Vidor, who have seen her fading into a genteel feminine version of *Adolphe Menjou*, will be glad to know that being a star hasn't made her forget how to act.



CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE—Sovkino

MADE in and about the medieval palaces of the czars this picture has never been surpassed in technical excellence, direction, and superb performances. A gruesome tale of life in Russia of the sixteenth century, it would perhaps fail in popular appeal to American audiences, but it has received unstinted praise and financial success in Russia, Germany and France. *Ivan*, as portrayed by L. M. Leonidoff, is one of the outstanding characterizations of screen history. The direction of Tarisch is flawless. It is one of the few excuses for the existence of little "art" film theaters. The vicious and ignorant and unexcusable butchering it received at the hands of the New York State Board of Censorship is an indictment of all official censoring bodies. You should walk a mile to see it.

Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

SIMBA—
Martin
Johnson
Corp.



THE Martin Johnsons, with their flair for getting intimate with wild animals, have made another jungle picture. Really just a travelogue, but far more entertaining than the average movie. Ferocious beasts allow themselves to be photographed in the most disarming poses. The climax is an exciting battle on the open veldt between a handful of natives and a lion. Be sure to see this. It's amusing, and beautiful.

**HIS
COUNTRY—**
Pathe-
De Mille



FROM the time that *Peter Plecznik* and his little family run the gamut at Ellis Island, their problems become yours. As the kindly, trusting *Peter*, the work of Rudolph Schildkraut is flawless. Through all his sorrows, even to the death of his only son, he displays a sublime patriotism nothing can destroy. Louise Dresser, as *Ma Plecznik*, has her best opportunity since "The Goose Woman." Her characterization is deeply moving.

**THE SMART
SET—**
M.-G.-M.



WILLIAM HAINES is a brash youth again. This time he plays a lad born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Polo and flappers are his chief interests. He is kicked off the polo team for being too fresh. Then father decides to make a man of the boy. There is an exciting polo game. Probably you will like Haines. He is amusing. And Alice Day, Hobart Bosworth and Jack Holt lend good support.

**THE
FOREIGN
LEGION—**
Universal



YOU may be tired of Legionnaire pictures but you will like this one. After all, "Beau Geste" said it all. But Director Edward Sloman has devised some new angles from Miss I. A. R. Wylie's story. Once again a heroic young man takes over the burden of another's guilt. He enlists in the Foreign Legion. Norman Kerry is the brave hero, Lewis Stone is good as a legion colonel and there's an effective sandstorm.

SKYSCRAPER
—Pathe-
De Mille



THIS story is a natural. It concerns the feud between two rival riveters in the raw skeleton of a metropolitan skyscraper. The noisy boys are William Boyd and Alan Hale and they both love Sue Carol. Laughs, some hackneyed plot development—but, on the whole, a novel comedy melodrama. A bit breathless part of the time, when you consider the ozone that is below our rival lovers. It's a novelty.

**THE COHENS
AND KELLYS
IN PARIS—**
Universal



THIS is an attempt to cash in on the great popularity of "The Cohens and the Kellys." But it was funnier the first time. The rival families now disport themselves in a movie director's grotesque dream of Paris, ending up with the inevitable aeroplane and some wisecracks about Levine and Lindy. Al Cohn wrote a good comedy story and a few glimpses of Sue Carol help. Universal should not let this sort of thing become a habit.

of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

DRUMS OF LOVE—
United Artists



THIS is D. W. Griffith's long awaited retelling of the Paolo and Francesca legend. Now it's laid in the South America of a century ago for some strange reason. Very turgid, with too much pageantry. Mary Philbin flashes a lot of new IT and Don Alvarado's performance will add to his fan mail. Too bad. This isn't the sort of picture we had hoped Griffith would give us. The old master can do better by miles.



A BLONDE FOR A NIGHT—
Pathe-De Mille

DO you remember "Up in Mabel's Room"? Again we have a domestic comedy, starring Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford, directed by E. Mason Hopper. Added to this, we have T. Roy Barnes (delightful as ever) and Franklin Pangborn, doing all the mischief possible, with some of their antics verging on to slapstick. Lucien Littlefield enjoys "Learning about marriage through a keyhole" and you will like Marie.

BURNING DAYLIGHT—
First National



AN interesting tale of a virile he-man who refuses to have the millions he made in the Yukon gold rush snatched away by San Francisco gentlemen crooks. Milton Sills digs his gold, manhandles his enemies and holds a gun as Jack London, the author, would have had him do it. Doris Kenyon is adorable as the faithful sweetheart. Jane Winton makes a stunning vamp. Splendid everyday entertainment. Worth seeing.



SOFT LIVING—
Fox

MADGE BELLAMY, stenographer, gets \$35 per week for making good while her much-alimoned friend, Mary Duncan, gets thousands per week for failing. Why not try alimony? Madge marries Johnny Mack Brown with only this in view, and discovers she doesn't want alimony at all. Henry Kolker, Thomas Jefferson and others help in this venture. You'll like the way Madge and Johnny work out their problems.

FEEL MY PULSE—
Paramount



RUM runners seize Barbara Banning's sanitarium. A wise young newspaper man is assigned to the story. Naturally, Richard Arlen, as the reporter, falls in love with Barbara, who is Bebe Daniels. William Powell makes it exciting as the head of the rum gang. There are dull moments as it switches suddenly from slapstick to sentiment and back again. Not as good as some of Bebe's recent ones, but quite entertaining at that.



LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE—
Universal

A STORY of war-time Vienna, conspicuously lacking in the gayety and romance it advertises, and with practically no plot. It's mostly a sort of Daddy Browning affair between Mary Philbin and Henry Walthall. The general effect is dowdy, old-fashioned, and tiresome, in spite of a few spirited scenes with Betty Compson. This was done by the director of "Variety," but don't let that fool you into going. [Additional reviews on page 147]

My Life



IN this final installment Miss Bow tells about her first success, her loves and her philosophy of living

"I am happy—as happy as anyone can be who believes that life isn't quite to be trusted. I give everything I can to my pictures, and the rest to being young and trying to make father happy. I don't think I'm very different from any other girl"

*I*N the previous installments of this engrossing story, Clara Bow told of her early life in Brooklyn; of her love for her father; of her devotion to her pathetic mother. Clara was the tomboy of the neighborhood—a strange, vivid but far from pretty child.

She entered a motion picture contest and won a prize. But when she tried to find work in the studios, she was snubbed and ignored. Her mother, desperately ill, fought against Clara's career. One night, in a fit of insanity, she tried to kill Clara. After getting her first chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships," Clara decided to give up pictures, for her mother's sake. Then, one night, she is called home from a party by an urgent message from her father.

Now go on with the concluding installment.

THAT night, after my father called me on the telephone at the party and told me to come home, we went through the dark streets in silence. All the laughter and gaiety had fled. We were just scared kids. I remember thinking then that fun didn't seem to last very long, that something terrible always happened, and maybe it was best to get *all* you could out of it *when* you could.

Mother was on a couch in the living room. She was white and still. She did not know me. She never knew me again, though I used to try so hard to make her. For days she lay like that and I cared for her, trying to ease the paroxysms of pain when they came.

And just then, with the peculiar way fate has of always bringing extremes into my life, my first chance in pictures came. They sent for me to play a little dancing girl in "Enemies of Women." At first I didn't want to do it. I didn't think I could, my heart was so heavy. But there was

nothing I could do for mother and Dad insisted that I go ahead. He saw that I was breaking down under those days of silent grief, of being shut up all the time in one room with mother like she was.

It was only a bit in the picture. I danced on a table. All the time I had to be laughing, romping wildly, displaying nothing for the camera but pleasure and the joy of life. As I say, it was only a bit, but no matter what parts I have been called upon to play as a star, or ever will be, not one of them could compare in difficulty to that rôle. I'd go home at night and help take care of mother; I'd cry my eyes out when I left her in the morning—and then go and dance on a table. I think I used to be half-hysterical, but the director thought it was wonderful.

One day when I was on the set working, in some sort of a little scanty costume, I looked up and saw father standing there. One look at his face told me that the end had come. I walked over to him and just stood staring. I was paralyzed. I don't think I had realized until that moment that mother was really going to die.

Story

By CLARA BOW

as told to

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Clara's Three Engagements

And I don't think I had ever realized how much I loved her.

Looking back on it now, it seems to me that the day of my mother's funeral was the beginning of a new life for me. Perhaps it was the birthday of the Clara Bow that you know. The end of my kid life had come. Sorrow and disappointment had been my lot so much that I didn't believe in anything but trying to get what you could out of life. I've come to a saner philosophy now, but then I was just hard and bitter.

On that day, we went across to Staten Island on the ferry, and I sat absolutely motionless all the way, my hand cold and frozen in my dad's. All feeling had left me. Loneliness engulfed me. Even during the services, in the church and at the grave, I didn't cry. Dad said my face was like a piece of marble. Poor dear, he was weeping enough for two of us, but I couldn't cry. When they started to lower the coffin into the ground, my heart began to beat again. Then the clergyman turned and told me to throw the first pieces of earth down upon her I had so greatly loved.

AT that, I came to life and went crazy. I tried to jump into the open grave after her. I screamed and cried out that they were all hypocrites, they hadn't loved her when she was alive, or cared for her, or done anything to make life easier. I raved and fought like a little wildcat. The thought of leaving her there in that hard, cold ground tortured my imagination beyond bearing.

And then I was overcome with remorse. Just think, when she felt the way she did about pictures, I'd actually been working, dancing on a table with just a few clothes on, when she left me for good. A deep knowledge, perhaps the deepest emotion I had ever had in my life, came to me then of how much she had loved me. I'd been the only thing she'd ever had to love, she'd poured all the frustration of her soul out upon me. And I'd disappointed her, gone against her wishes.

I felt that I never wanted to see another motion picture. I was very ill again after that. And for a while I stuck to my resolution about motion pictures. But Dad—who is so very sensible, who knows the



Gilbert Roland

"When I met Gilbert Roland I'd never been in love in my life. We used to sit and just look at each other. I think we might have been happy together if outside things hadn't interfered so dreadfully. I look back on my first love story with tender memories and maybe a tear, though I know it can never come again"



Clara Bow and Victor Fleming

"Victor Fleming is a wonderful man and he had a tremendous and very fine influence on my life. He showed me that life must be lived, not just for the moment, but for the years. Our feeling for each other became more that of close friendship than that of lovers. . . . I was young and I needed romance"



Gary Cooper

"While I was making 'Children of Divorce,' I met a young man named Gary Cooper. He was new to the screen. I always like to help anyone who is new. Well, we fell in love. It was very wonderful while it lasted. It's very difficult to be a motion picture star and be married. So many fail at it. Gary was—so jealous"

world well and understands so much—talked it all over with me. I remember he came in and sat on the end of my bed one night and looked down at me.

"Little daughter," he said, "you're making a big mistake. You're very young and I know you think your heart is broken. But it isn't. You mustn't allow it to be. You have a long life ahead of you, and your mother—as she was before her illness changed her—would want you to go on and live it to the fullest. She was a very wonderful woman and she expected a great deal of you. It would make her so unhappy to know that your grief is ruining your life. And at the time when she was herself, she would have understood your ambition, your desire to be in pictures. She loved beauty and all expressions of it. So you must, for her sake and your own and mine—because after all, Clara darling, I'm still here and I need you, too—you must pull yourself together and do your work."

THAT woke me up. I hate a quitter and I saw that I was quitting. And I knew he was right, that if mother had been herself she would have understood my picture work. So I started in again looking for work. I don't believe anybody ever had a harder time getting started in pictures than I did.

You see, I had to make a niche for myself. If I am different, if I'm the "super-flapper" and "jazz-baby" of pictures, it's because I had [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Just a Small Town Girl

By
Catherine S. Prosser

What the folks in Tennessee remember about the childhood of their own Jobyna Ralston, now Mrs. Richard Arlen



From her early babyhood, Jobyna was at home before the camera. Her mother was Mrs. Kemp-Raulston, South Pittsburg's only photographer, and in her little studio, she trained her daughter for a movie career. Here is one of the pictures that the mother took of her little girl

THERE are always plenty of pretty stories to be picked up in southern Tennessee, that magic land of wild honeysuckle, roses and magnolia where even in winter the sky hangs, fragrant, balmy, above purple-topped mountains and pale green valleys. And now since visiting the little mountain town of South Pittsburg, not more than forty miles from the Georgia line in Tennessee, I shall never see white roses without thinking of a little girl reared in that place. The little girl grew up in a rose garden, so to speak, which formed the side yard of the old fashioned red frame house with galleries running along one side both upstairs and down. The house stands on the main business street and stores have grown up all around it. But the garden with its great bushes of white, fragrant roses remained intact through the years and came to play an important part in this little girl's life.

The little girl is Jobyna Ralston, a favorite with thousands of film fans, a fact which Jobyna appreciates very much, but no more, I believe, than the fact that all her life she was a favorite in her old home town.

Jobyna's mother was the town's only photographer and a good one. There were two children, Jobyna and her younger brother who is with her in Hollywood.

When there was spare time she was making pretty dresses for Jobyna, curling her long curls over her finger about the little girl's face and often posing her for hours before her best camera.

"Not that you are so pretty at all, Jobyna. But all this will help you later," the practical-minded mother said.

And all the time Mrs. Kemp-Ralston had plans for her daughter in the back of her alert mind. From the first she ever heard of motion pictures she was interested. The magic photography of the cameras thrilled her. She bought every movie magazine available, learned of the stars and the directors, kept up with producers and their latest releases.

Jobyna photographed well; Mrs. Ralston decided she would screen well. She had always had some dramatic talent. If she could teach her poise before the camera, how to lose that self-consciousness that was so fatal to some screen players, she knew that she would have started Jobyna in the right direction when the time came to seek the opportunity to get into films.

Jobyna was sixteen when she had her first serious love affair. Then as she sat in the rose garden it was always in company with a hand- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

HAVE you ever noticed that most of the alluring screen beauties are small-town girls? Jeanette Loff comes from Wadena, Canada. Try to find it on the map. But you'll have no trouble finding Jeanette in "Hold 'Em, Yale."





ANNOUNCING two new screen duos now singing love's old sweet song. Here are John Barrymore and Camilla Horn in a scene from "The Tempest." The success of Gilbert and Garbo and of Colman and Banky has sent all the men stars on a search for congenial ladies to share their close-ups. Fraulein Horn was imported from Germany, after a succession of local beauties had failed to supply that certain something to the romantic scenes of the film. Do you like the team?



Hommel

OR do you prefer the strictly American team of Fay Wray and Gary Cooper? In "The Legion of the Condemned," Fay and Gary worked together so sympathetically that Paramount has decided to co-star them in a series of light romances of the younger generation.



Carsey

WHAT has happened to D. W. Griffith? Has he lost interest in the *Elsie Dinsmore* heroine whose only playmate was her canary bird? Anyway, he has chosen Lupe Velez, Mexico's IT girl, for the leading rôle in "The Battle of the Sexes."

More Luck O' the Irish

Little Hoosier with long hair selected as Harold Lloyd's next leading woman because she's a typical Irish girl of New York's East Side

By Frances Denton

GIRLS, girls, maybe, after all, you may have been too swift with the shears. Maybe, when that bob, bob, bobbin' came bob, bob, bobbin' along, you should have ignored the new fashion, kept your heads—and on your heads kept all your hair.

Ann Christy did.

And now she's Harold Lloyd's leading woman, the fourth leading woman he's had since he's been making pictures for himself.

And she's his fourth leading woman with long hair.

His first was Bebe Daniels. She was fifteen when she got the job, and her hair was hanging down her back in braids. His second was Mildred Davis, then seventeen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His third was Jobyna Ralston, then eighteen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His fourth is Ann Christy, once of Logansport, Ind. She's nineteen—and just look at her hair.

It's worth looking at, because there aren't many other woman's crowning glory like it in Hollywood. There, as elsewhere, everybody's bobbing it.

Ann Christy—she's exactly five feet tall—went to Hollywood four years ago without the slightest intention of going into pictures.

Born in Logansport, she'd lived in Indianapolis, and came to Hollywood to enter the business world. In Hollywood she studied bookkeeping. In Hollywood she got a job as bookkeeper in the office of a finance company, and she's held that job for over two years.

But, although she was keeping books, she also was keeping her blue eyes open. Seeing a chance to pick up more money in pictures, she took it. But hair or no hair, she set no studios on fire.

Luckily for Ann, she was not the only person in the picture business whose eyes were open.



Think before you bob! Ann Christy got her job because she resisted the Great Temptation

One other was Harold Lloyd, who, even when he's not wearing his spectacles, can see pretty well.

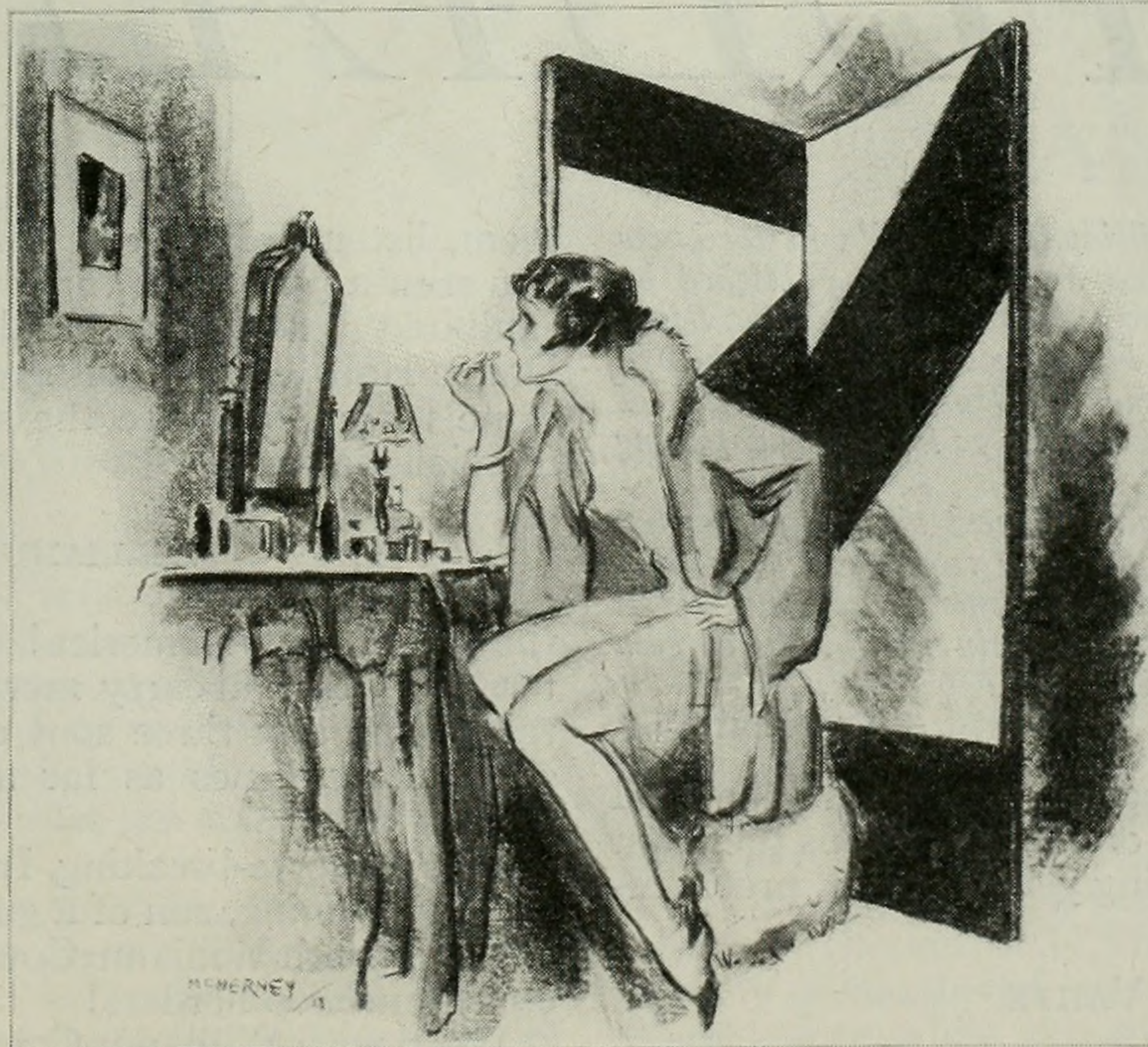
He was looking for a new leading woman. He needed her for his new picture upon which he's already spent more than \$100,000 for sets in California and upon which he'll spend several months in New York—the picture having a New York background.

What he was particularly looking for was an Irish girl typical of the East Side.

And here's where Ann Christy got her share of the luck of the Irish—and got it by right of birth, her real name being Cronin, and if Cronin isn't Irish, what is it?

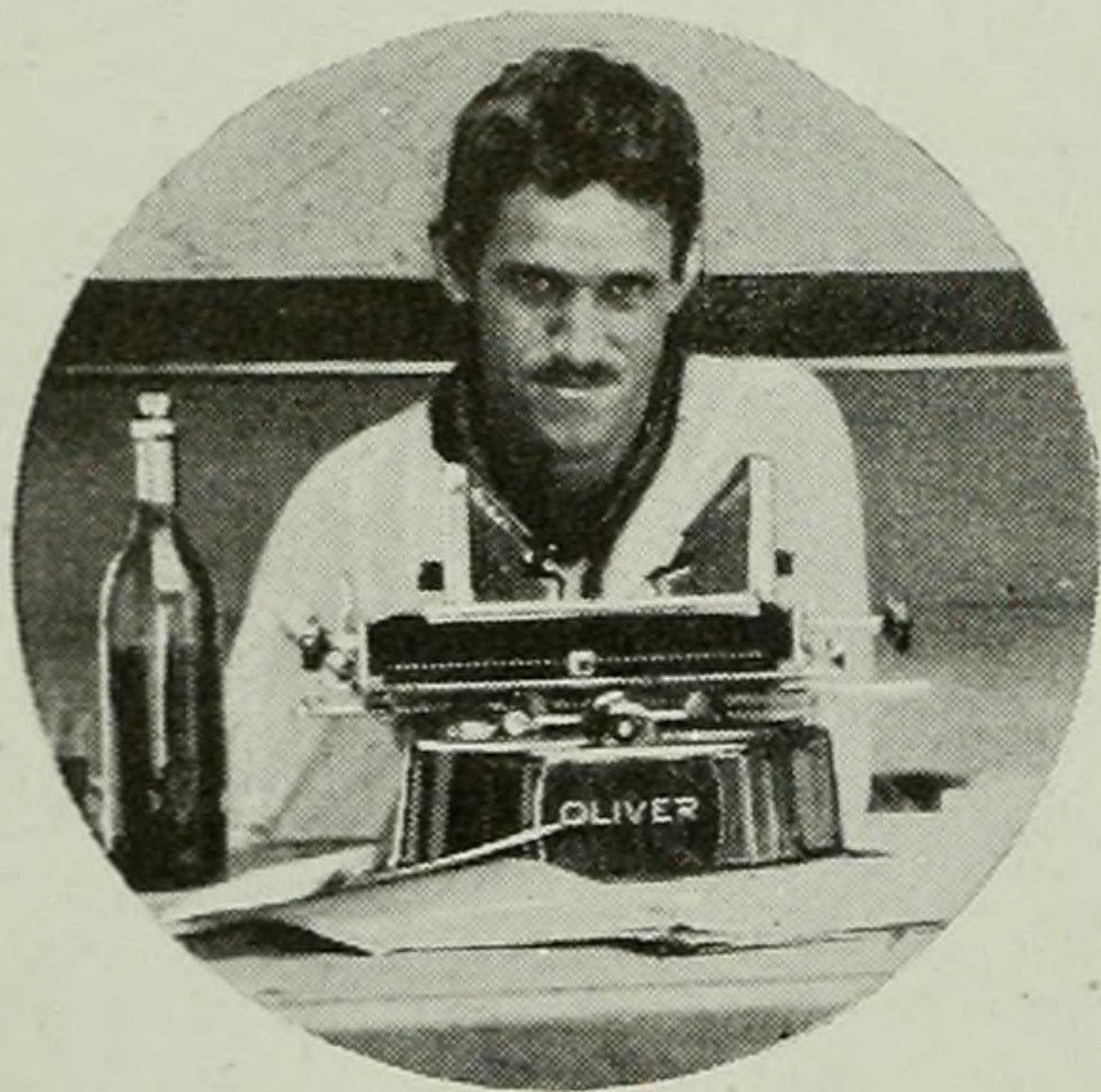
Her picture happened to appear in a Los Angeles newspaper as illustrative of a new way of wearing clothes — not, mind you, a new way of wearing hair.

Lloyd, sitting at breakfast with his wife, Mildred Davis, was read-
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



"Still in negligee! Don't be absolutely silly, my dear. This is my new evening outfit!"

What happens
when a
Bill Hart film
plays the
South Seas



By
Robert Dean Frisbie



WILLIAMU

Mr. Frisbie, the author of "Williamu Cowboy," will not know until May that his story has been accepted and published by PHOTOPLAY. He submitted the story from Penrhyn in the South Seas with this explanation: "This is a true story of how a Polynesian village goes to see William S. Hart in the movies. I think it is the best thing I have done as far as truthfully depicting native psychology goes."

"I will stop here in Penrhyn for the next six months to buy pearls and copra, and then will probably return to my trading station at Danger Island. No mail will come my way until next May and you will not hear from me again until July or even August."

—THE EDITOR.

TACKED to the big mango tree, where the trail leading from my house on the beach joins the main Tahiti road, was a glaring yellow poster, proclaiming:

BIG TIME IN VAIITE

To the children of Tahiti, every last mother's son of

them, listen well to this very new news. Never have you seen a picture as thrilling as the one which will be exhibited tonight in Abraham's Cinema Palace and Dance Hall. If you wish to cry, if you wish to laugh, come tonight and see the spectacular, blood-curdling, ferocious heroic

WILLIAMU COWBOY!

the great hero of America! A hero he is, wild-eyed and terrible. He can carry more fei down from the mountains than any three sons of Tahiti, and can throw a spear three times as far as the redoubtable chief of Papara!

He's a horse-breaking, Indian-killing, card-shuffling, woman-winning, son of a gun of a hero!

Laugh with Williamu Cowboy as he single-handed kills eighteen sheep herders!

Weep with Williamu Cowboy over the trouble he has with his sweetheart!



Cowboy

COME EVERYBODY TONIGHT!

Three Francs a Ticket!

LET'S ALL GO TOGETHER!

Early in the morning, before sunrise, I walked to the big mango tree to await the Chinaman who would bring my morning bread. I found a crowd of natives gathered about the poster. Among them, was the village schoolmaster with his bony six foot four inches towering above the rest, while he read the proclamation, slowly, augustly, magnanimously, midst the accompanying ahs of natives.

Rotund Nui-woman came hobbling down the road with her asthmatic pant and great bulging eyes. Shrivelled little Terii-woman met her near to where I was standing. Thus, I overheard the invariable exchange of platitudes that such a meeting must beget.

Nui-woman: "Iaorana, are you living?"

Terii-woman: "Yes, and are you living?"

Illustration

by

C. A. BRYSON

The ticket window was open. Tarva, the school teacher, was the seller. "Well, well, Ropati," he said. "How glad I am to see you again!" He politely declined to hurry. "What is the news from your end of the district?"

Nui-: "Yes. Where are you going?"

Terii-: "Nowhere. Where are you going?"

Nui-: "I am just going. Where are you from?"

Terii-: "From windward. Where are you from?"

Nui-: "From nowhere. What is the news from your section?"

Terii-: "Nothing. What is the news from your section?"

Nui-: "Nothing."

Now that they have agreed that there is a dearth of news, Nui-woman immediately begins telling the news: "There will be a cinema tonight!"

Terii-woman: "Ah, is that so? Are you going?"

Nui-: "I don't know. Are you going?"

Terii-: "How should I know?"

With that they hobbled off to exchange the same enlightening conversation with some other neighbors,—or perhaps to deliberate on whether they should wear their green silk frock tonight, or the yellow and purple one with its trimmings of Japanese lace.

"AH, a cinema tonight!" Old Tuahu, my native foster-father, spoke reflectively, yet there was an unusual tremor in his tone as though

even he, the district's most dignified old man, could be affected by the general excitement. I was having breakfast there that morning for I had arranged to stay there while a new roof was being put on my house.

"My son," he went on, "you have never seen a Vaiite cinema, so tonight I am going to take you, and you can explain many things which have long been a puzzle to me."

Tuahu's words were decisive, for when my old foster-father made up his mind to a thing there was no gain-saying him.

I don't relish these island shows. I saw one in the more pretentious theater in Papeete, and remember that it was photographed when the industry was in its infancy. It was entitled "The American Rose," and I had vaguely remembered seeing it some twelve or fifteen years before while attending a Connecticut boarding school. Upon realizing that this vestige of a nascent industry had been shown in Papeete, I wondered what they would throw on the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

She Makes Good at 59

“Mother”
Mann has
Scotch thrift
and Scotch de-
termination,
which explains
how she lived
for so long on
her meagre
earnings from
“extra” parts



Margaret Mann
waited eleven long
years for the rôle of
Grandma Bernle

By
Frederic H. Schader

“IT was the waitin’, the waitin’, the waitin’. Just think of eleven long years of just atmosphere before a chance finally came along. Once I thought I almost had my chance within my grasp—that was when I played the mother in ‘Hearts of Humanity’ for Alan Holubar at Universal—then came the finish of the war and that killed the vogue of white-haired mother.

“I really don’t know what it was that made me want to work in pictures, except possibly the fact that all of my friends told me that I should. Whenever there was a snap-shot picture taken of any of us I always photographed very well. They finally had their way, for eleven years ago I came from San Diego to Hollywood and tried to get a job in pictures and three days after I got here they put me to work at Universal. Only atmosphere to be sure, but I was in the pictures and I was working. That in itself was something of an accomplishment, as I have since learned.

“Today, I understand from those that have seen me in ‘Four Sons’ that I am standing on the edge of stardom. I don’t want to be a star, but I do want to play nice parts in nice pictures, parts in which the public will like me, parts in which I can be a mother to a lot of children—children that I might have had, had they lived to grow up. Unfortunately those that I bore all died at birth. And I was the fourth of a family of ten, and to me, as a little girl, fell the major part of the task of bringing up the six that came after I did.”

There, in a few words, you have the story of Margaret Mann, who after being an extra for eleven years finally has taken her place in the front ranks of the screen mothers because of her playing in “Four Sons,” which was reviewed by PHOTOPLAY under its original title of “Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters.”

It is a rôle which will take you by the throat and force a sob from you no matter how hard boiled you are, a rôle that is going to cause more wet handkerchiefs than did that of Belle Bennett in “Stella Dallas,” a rôle that is going down into screen history topping that of Mary Carr’s in “Over the Hill.”

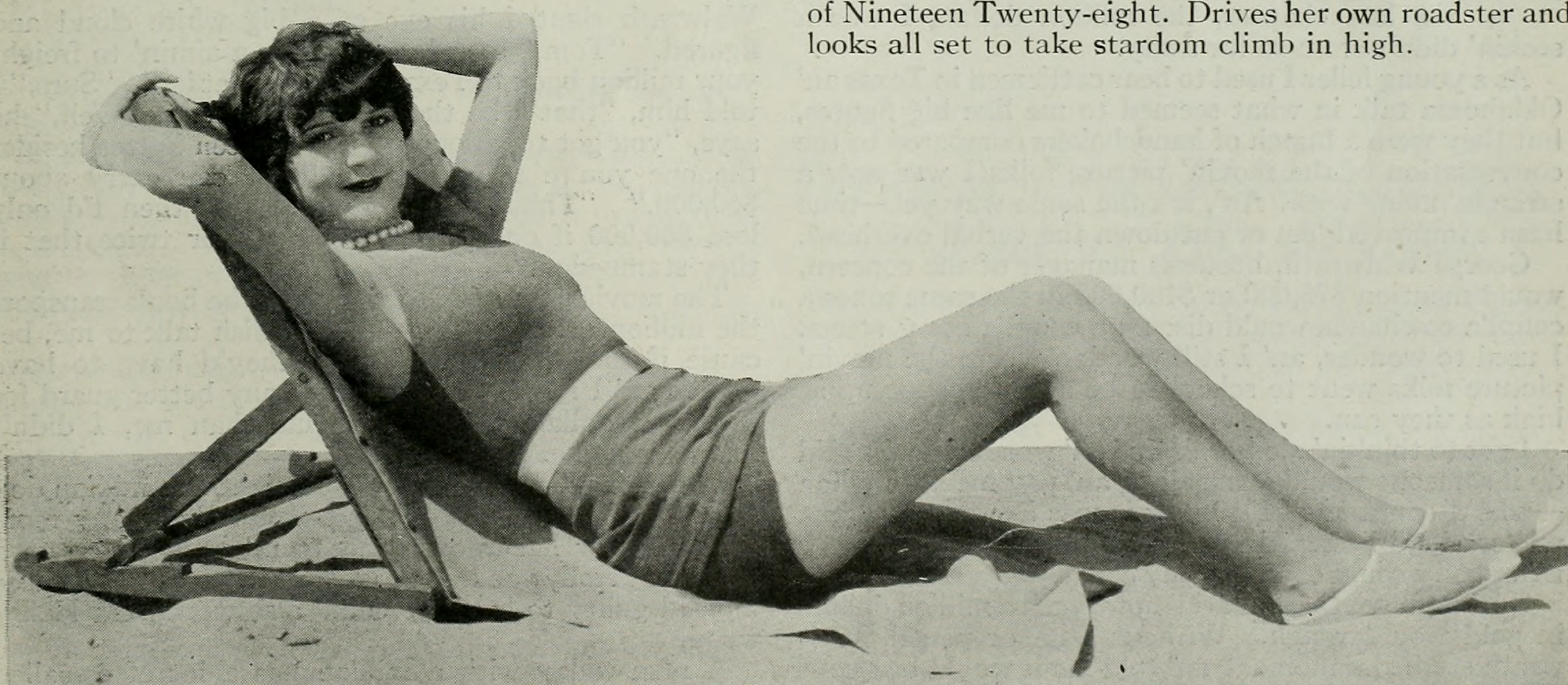
All Hollywood knows that Margaret Mann has arrived. Those who played in the picture with her have spread her fame. She, herself, doesn’t realize it and she probably won’t, until the picture is released. But even now they are negotiating a contract with her for the next year at the Fox Studios. She is another of those “finds” that have come along under the production regime of Winfield R. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



As *Grandma Bernle*, she plays one of those unforgettable rôles that mark the difference between impecunious obscurity and comfort and security



Sally Phipps, Fox's fairest and newest gift to the fans. A sure cure for that sluggish box-office statement and the right answer to the public's demand for youth, personality and ability among the leading rôles



Sally had aspired to a sign tacked up on the old homestead bearing her name followed by M. D. or Attorney-at-Law. But a visit to Hollywood persuaded her that beauty is more valuable than brains and that a shingle on the head is worth two on the front door

A Summary of SALLY

SURNAME Phipps. Eyes the golden brown color of the real old stuff. Bobbed hair like a red-gold autumn leaf. Height, five feet two and a half. Weight perfect. Age nothing to speak about. Ambitions plenty.

Really a narrowly averted tragedy because of once almost going highbrow. This induced by an overdose of study at the San Francisco High School. Actually believed for a while she wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor or something very professional. Fortunately before the diplomas came visited Los Angeles and went swimming at one of the leading beach clubs. After that, only a matter of form. Fox Film scouts who unearthed such jewels as Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden and June Collyer induced our heroine to take a film test. Cast her for a row of flappers. After "The High School Hero," Winfield Sheehan gave her a five-year contract.

Has now torn up sheepskin degrees for pigskin make-up case. Heartwhole but very provocative. Baby star of Nineteen Twenty-eight. Drives her own roadster and looks all set to take stardom climb in high.

Making A

*Illustrated by
Russell Patterson*

Tom tries to throw the bull in "Quo Vadis," but the bull sees him first and throws the whole company.

Our hero loses his youthful faith in history and dumb animals



AFTER I had been paid \$500 by a movin' picture concern for bulldoggin' a buffalo which really bulldogged himself an' which I wrote about in the last chapter, the million dollars I was a seekin' didn't seem so far away.

As a young feller I used to hear cattlemen in Texas an' Oklahoma talk in what seemed to me like big figures, but they were a bunch of handshakers compared to the conversation of the movin' picture folks I was now a stringin' along with. An', it's the same way yet—time hasn't improved 'em or cut down the verbal overhead.

George Walwrath, business manager of the concern, would mention \$75,000 or \$100,000 in the same tones a coupl'a cowhands would discuss a coupl'a stray steers. I used to wonder, an' I still wonder, where the movin' picture folks went to school to be able to count up as high as they can.

I got to thinkin' along this line an' wondered what I'd do if someone would come along an' pay me my million—who'd count it so I'd know it was all there? I just reckoned I'd better keep close to the movie people, for if anybody could count it they could.

One day I got to estimatin' how much a million dollars in gold would weigh. Without slate or pencil, Walwrath studied a moment an' told me it would be about 4000 pounds.

"If," says I, "a good pack horse can carry 250 pounds without discomfort or gettin' a sore back, how many horses will it take to carry a million dollars?"

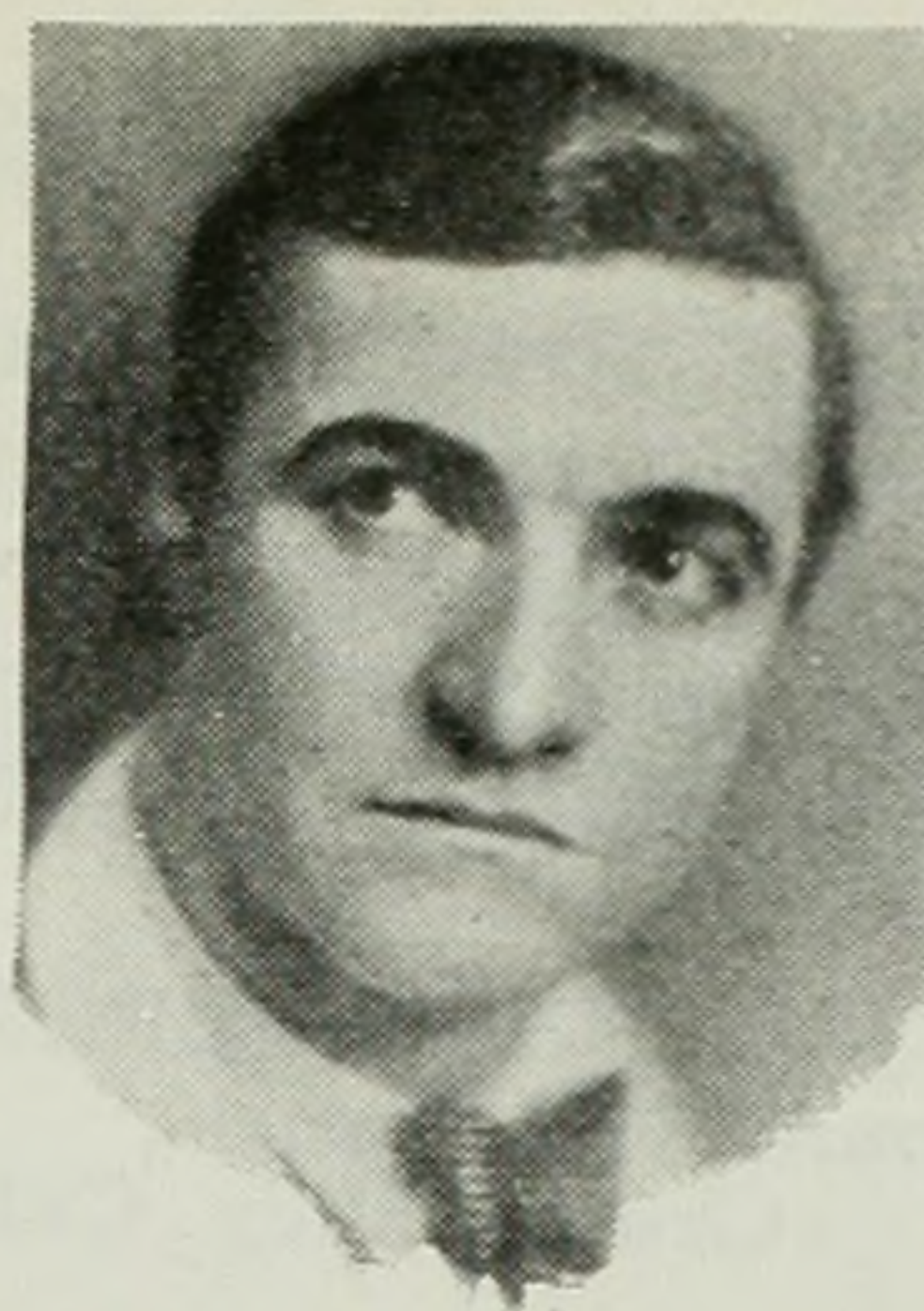
Walwrath slanted his eye at a big white cloud and figured. "Tom," says he, "are you a aimin' to freight your million back to Texas when you get it?" "Sure," I told him, "that'll be the only safe way." "Well," he says, "you got to go out an' buy sixteen horses besides the one you're ridin'. Each horse can carry about \$60,000." "That's fine," I told him, "then I'd only lose \$60,000 if one of 'em got away or twice that if they stampeded."

The movie man advised that I let the bank transport the million. That sounded like foolish talk to me, because if they sent it to Texas, they'd have to have guards an' I felt that if there was any better guard for a million dollars belongin' to me than me, I didn't know his name.

I might say at this point that freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland, wouldn't be any more dangerous or hazardous than tryin' to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it. I know, because I plead guilty to havin' one an' also workin' in Hollywood.

A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the worst hold-up men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew. I've been offered investments on more ground floors than there are acres in Texas. I always remembered that the other feller had

Million



By
Tom Mix



"As *Ursus* I got him by the horns an' the wrasslin' commenced. About this time the old black bull came bustin' out of his pen with the spotted bull behind"

the bargain first, an' that's why I still got my million—mebbe a little more.

In the meantime "Dad" Turner, the director, the leadin' woman, leadin' man and others in the buffalo picture had gone to Chicago. I sure hated to see Miss Stedman go. She promised to write, although now I come to think of it, she never did. I never saw the buffalo picture, but I heard the bulldoggin' scene saved it.

The company which was to make "Quo Vadis" an' for which I was hired to play *Ursus*, an' rescue the maiden from the wild bull's horns, would arrive in a few days, so Walwrath, the business manager, said. Meantime me an' him rode over to Ponca City an' picked up four bulls. He said we must have fierce ones.

If I had had more sense an' remembered it was me who was a goin' to wrassle with 'em, I'd a picked a different lot, especially a big black one I bought, yet I rode 50 miles out of my way just to buy that old black bull because of his mean reputation.

We drove the four bulls over to Mike Cunyan's place, where we had made the buffalo picture, havin' rented it for the new film. About this time the new director arrived. He gave me his [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Wisdom Tom Mix Learned in Making His Million

"Freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland wouldn't be any more dangerous than trying to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it."

"A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the toughest holdup men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew."

"This director didn't know much, which rule, I might stick in about here, still holds good with most of the moving picture directors at the present time—there are a few exceptions, but few. If you doubt this, talk to a couple of 'em."

"There ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls any more. I decided that I would have to have elephants, hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses to get in the Big Money."

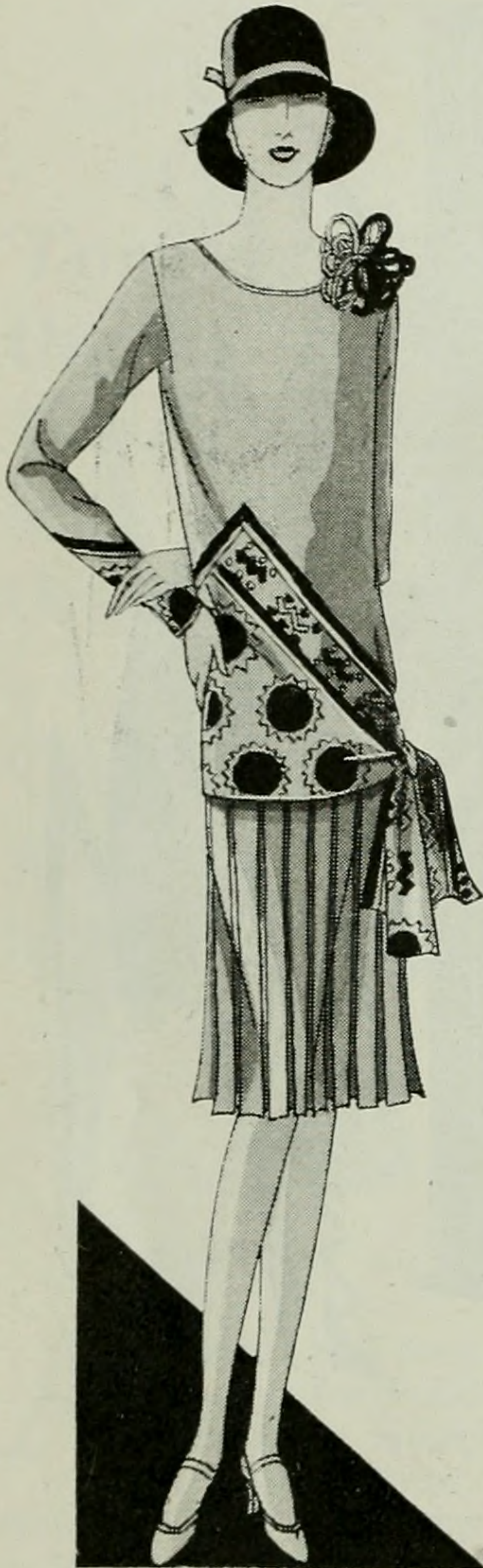
What One Shopper Says

I wish to thank Photoplay Shopping Service for their very excellent service in sending my recent order to California. I was extremely satisfied with all the articles, which were really better than I expected. Sincerely yours,

(MRS.) ETHEL DELRAI,
Loam Rica Ranch,
Grass Valley, Calif.

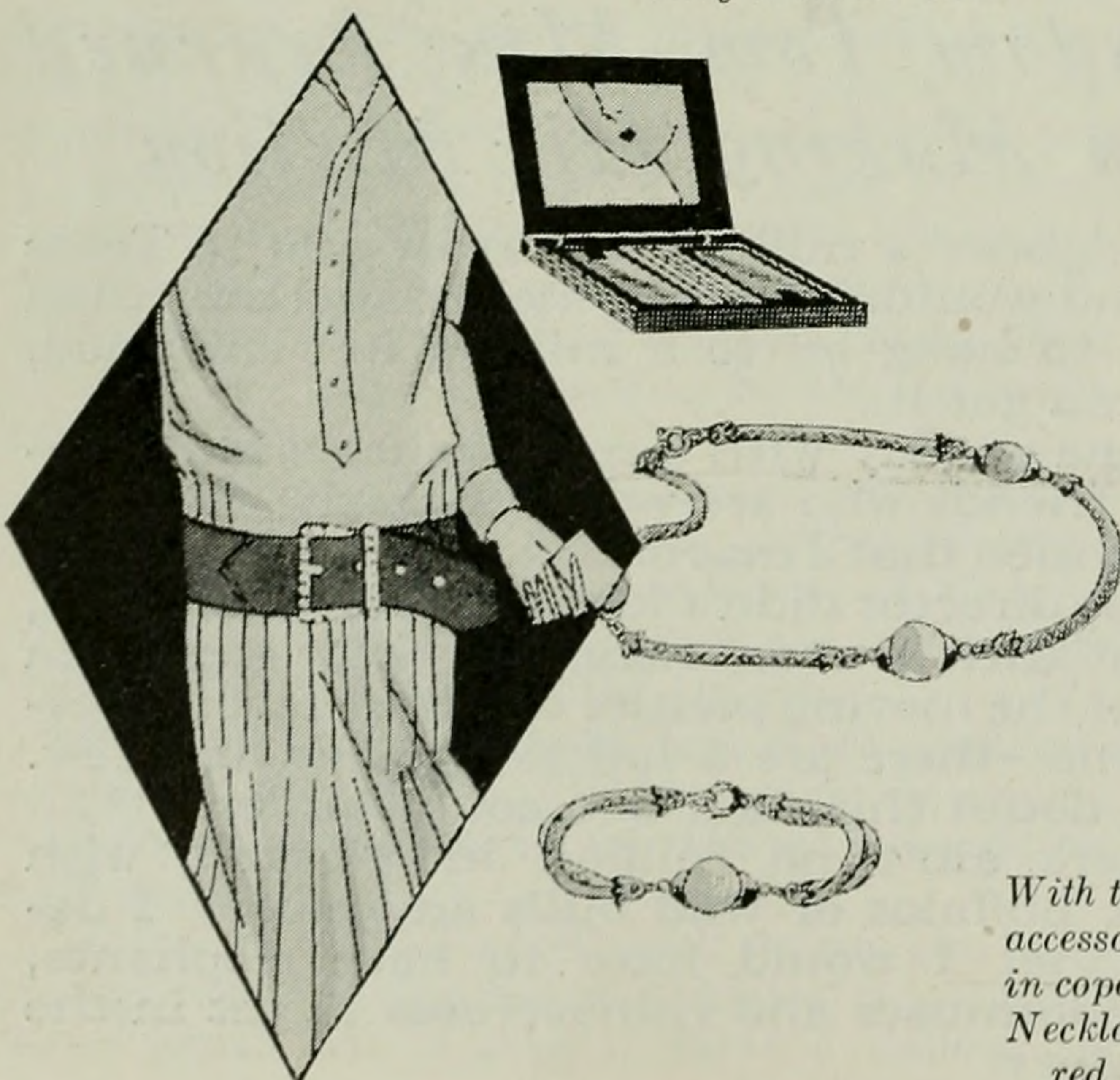
Shop

Save Your Shoes and Disposition and Shop Through Photoplay



Novelty is given to this sportswear frock of flat crepe, at left, by the printed handkerchief trimming the blouse. The skirt—pleated in front—contributes to the well groomed appearance. The colors are — copenhagen, maize, Nile green, orchid or navy. Sizes 16 to 42. \$8.95

Below—The greatest of necessities, the "make-up box." This Terri compact is a tiny book shape and will fit in the smallest purse. In red, black, green, yellow, or black and gold mottled enamel finish. Powder—rachel, natural or white. Rouge — medium, raspberry or coral. \$2.50



The tunic, at right, answers the demand for a simple all-occasion frock. Of crepe de chine, modestly embroidered, with hand hemstitched Vionnet neckline. Inverted plaits at sides add width to skirt. Sizes 16 to 42. In Mothergoose-tan, white, almond-green or Luzerne-blue. \$10.95

At left—just the frock for Easter—so smart and truly feminine. Of georgette with nail heads trimming front of blouse while the front of skirt is unusually pleated. In Luzerne-blue, almond-green, clove-pink, peach-beige and navy. Sizes 16 to 42. Also priced at \$8.95



With the return of the normal waist-line, belts are added to the list of accessories. On figure, at left, is one of suede, 2½ inches wide, in copenhagen, red, tan, Nile or olive green, brown and black. \$1.75. Necklace and bracelet, at left, of plated gold coil, with jade green or red stones, may be ordered as a set, or separately. \$1.25 each

Through Photoplay

Another Shopper Writes

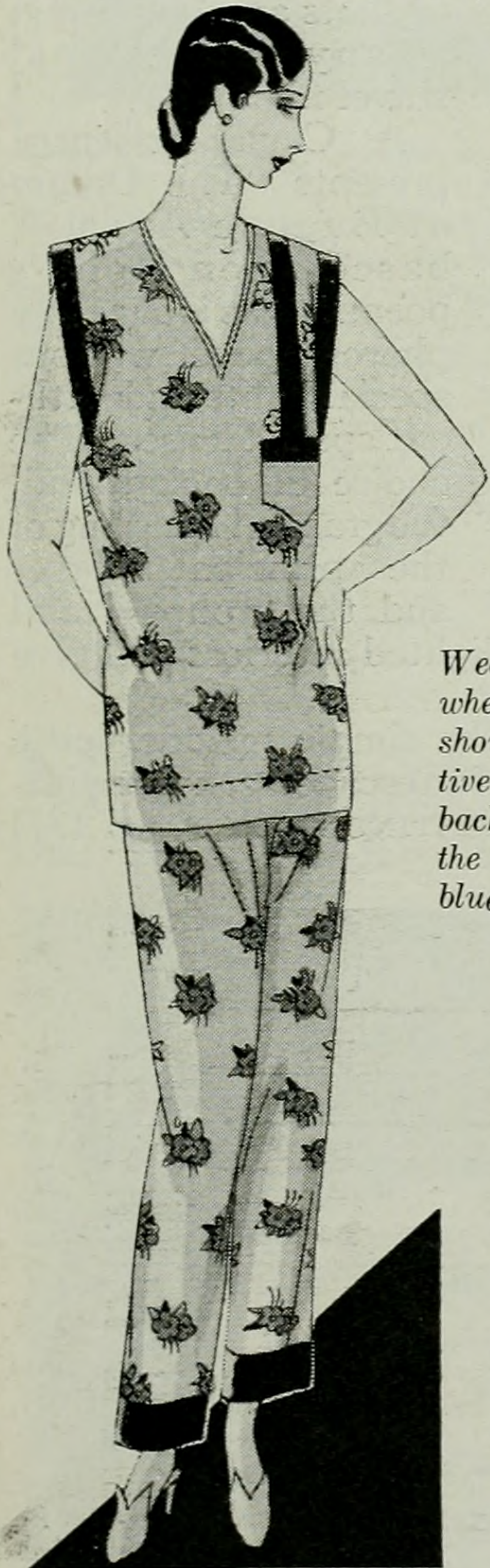
I want to thank you for your good service. My dress arrived and it is perfect in size and color. You may be sure I will use your service again. Yours truly,

RUTH FAY STEVENS,
Maryland T. Sanatorium,
Sanatorium, Maryland.

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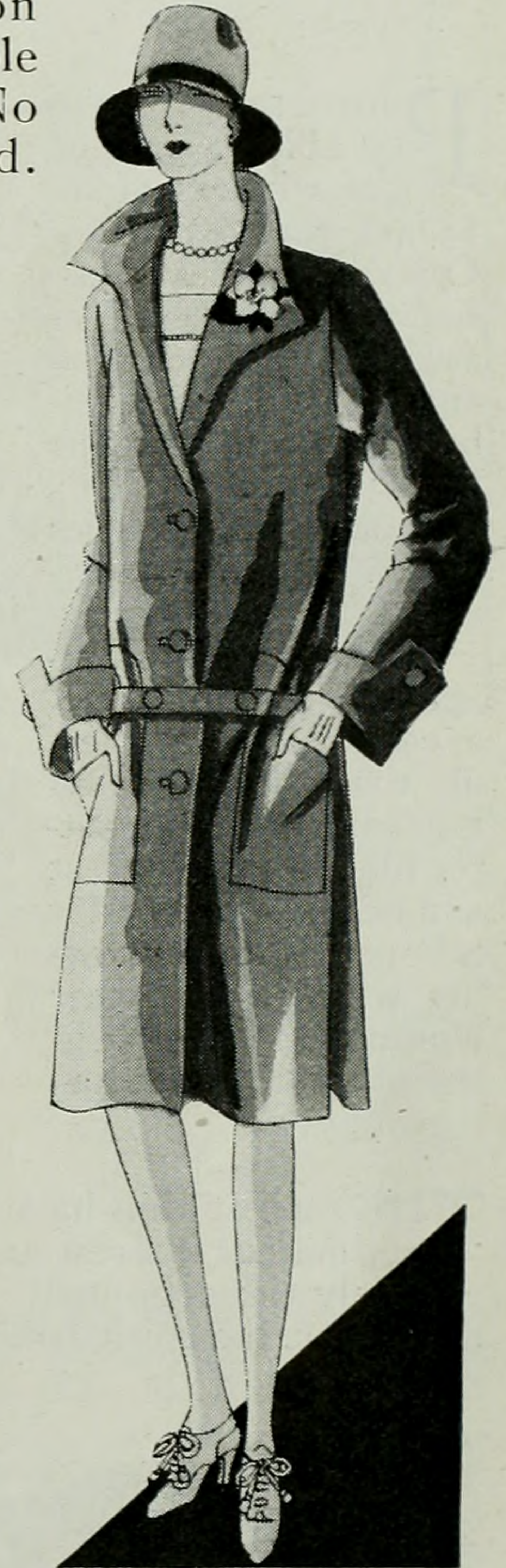


Weariness will vanish when you don pajamas, shown at left, of attractive printed dimity. The background is white and the figures are rose or blue. Sizes 36 to 40. \$2.95

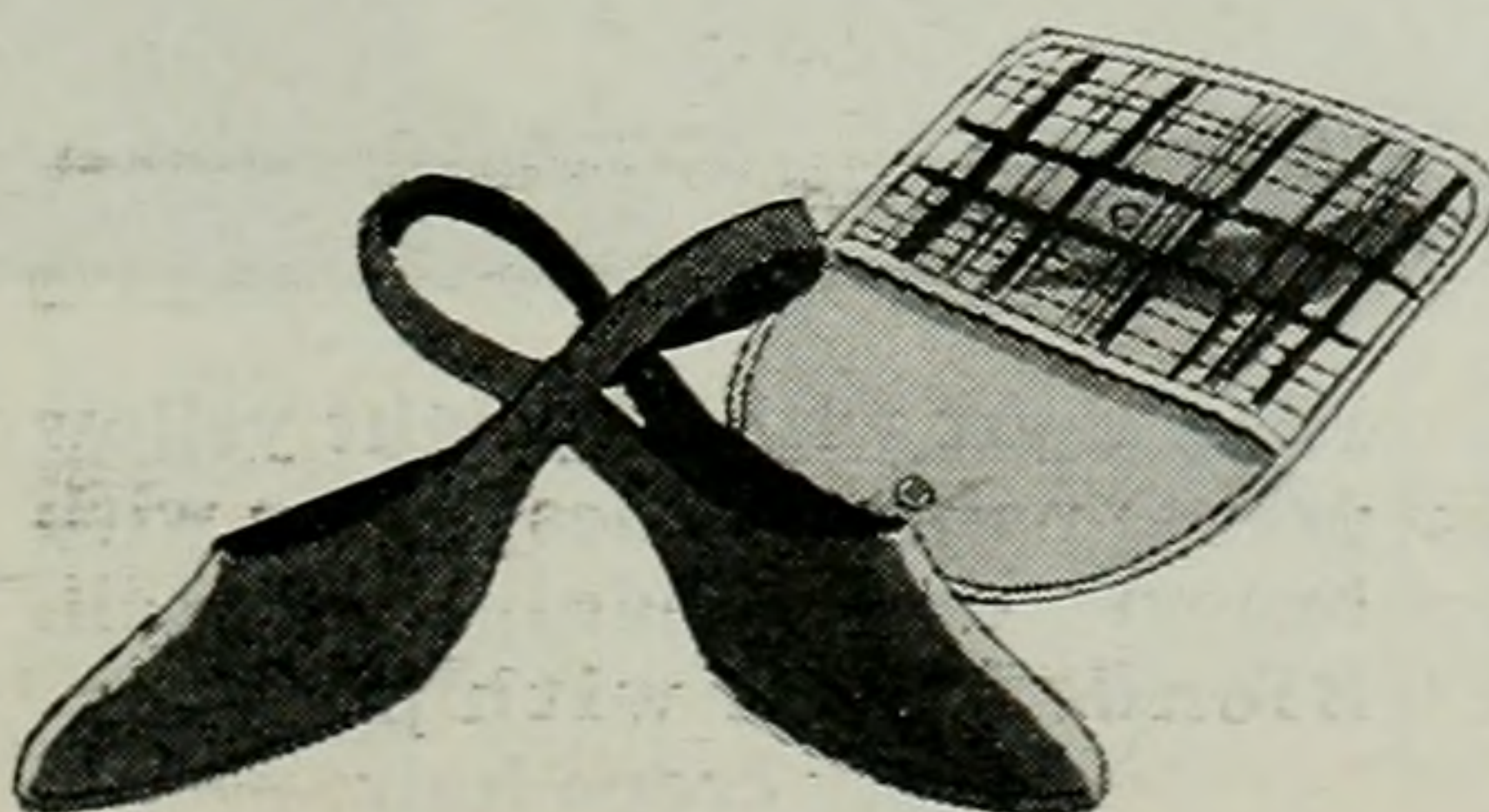


At home the frock, at right, has its innumerable uses. As it is made of soft voile the laundry problem is easily solved. Hand applied flowers give the blouse a pretty finish. Colors used are peach, Nile green, blue or sweet pea. Sizes 36 to 44. \$2.98

For April Showers — at right — a coat of Duro leatherette, guaranteed rain proof, is also good for a knockabout sports coat as it is warmer than the regulation rain-coat. In the new putty shade, blue, red, green or black. Sizes 14 to 42. \$9.75



At right — Ruffles and bands of georgette trimming this crepe de chine chemise makes it ideal for the trousseau, a gift, or an addition to one's own "undie" wardrobe. In white, flesh, peach, Nile or orchid. Sizes 34, 36, 38, and 40. \$3.95



Let it rain and don't worry for, at left, are slip-on rubber sandals to match your new Spring shoes—tan, grey or sauterne. And, a neat envelope case of plaid rubberized silk to carry them in. Sizes A (for 2½ to 4 shoe), B (4½ to 6 shoe), C (6½ to 8 shoe). \$1.00

Amateur Movies

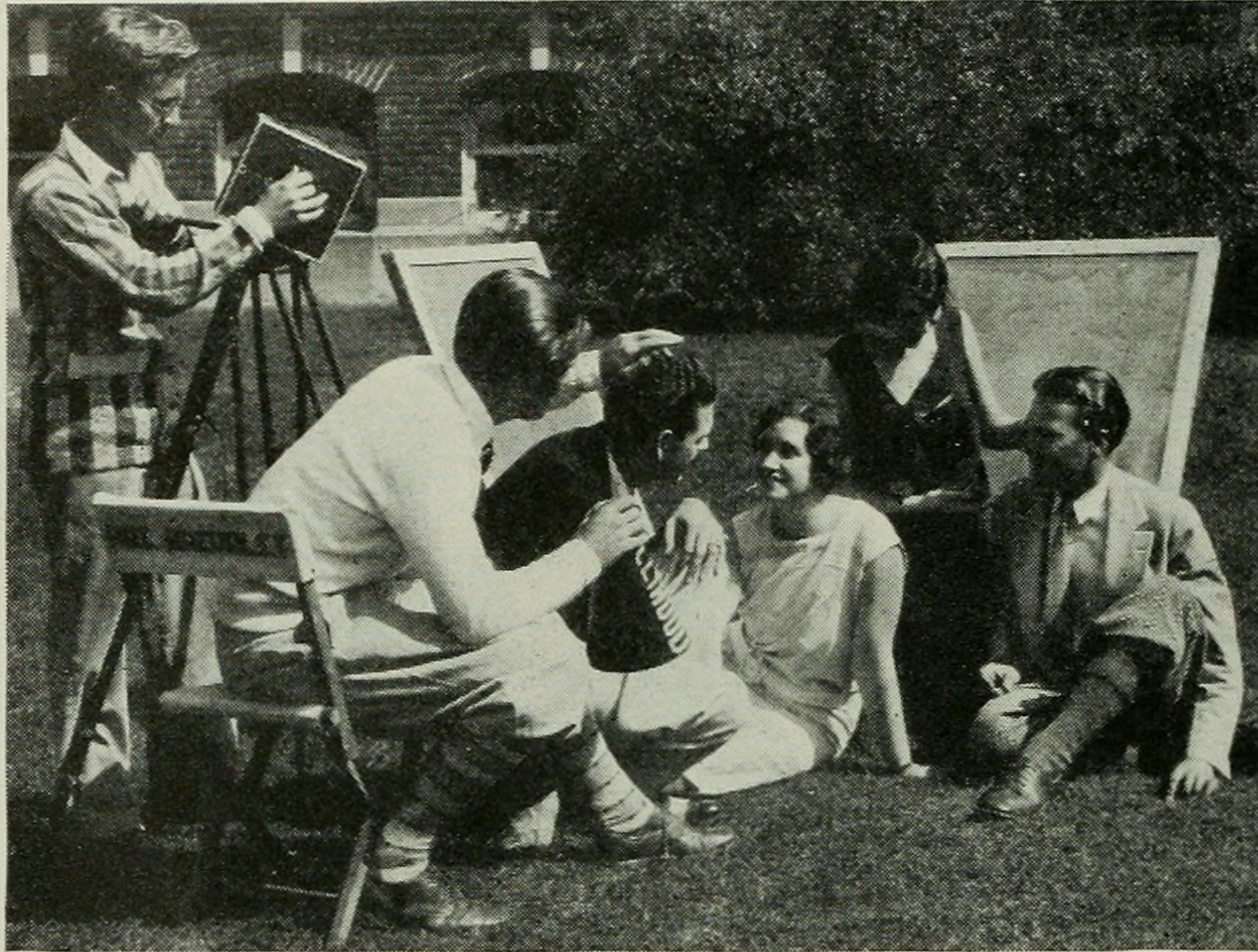
By Frederick James Smith

Judges Considering Contest Films—Special Showing for New York Critics—Amateur Club Activities

PHOTOPLAY hopes to be able to present the winners of its \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest in the May issue. The contest films are now being studied and a special showing is being arranged for the leading New York motion picture critics and amateur enthusiasts.

This showing will reveal, for the first time, a comprehensive view of the amateur film movement. All the better films of the contest will be presented and it is hoped that the showing will be a pioneer landmark in the progress of amateur cinematography.

THE contest films have disclosed a surprising amount of amateur interest and study. There are crudities—largely those brought about by equipment limitations—but the spirit behind the films is little short of startling.



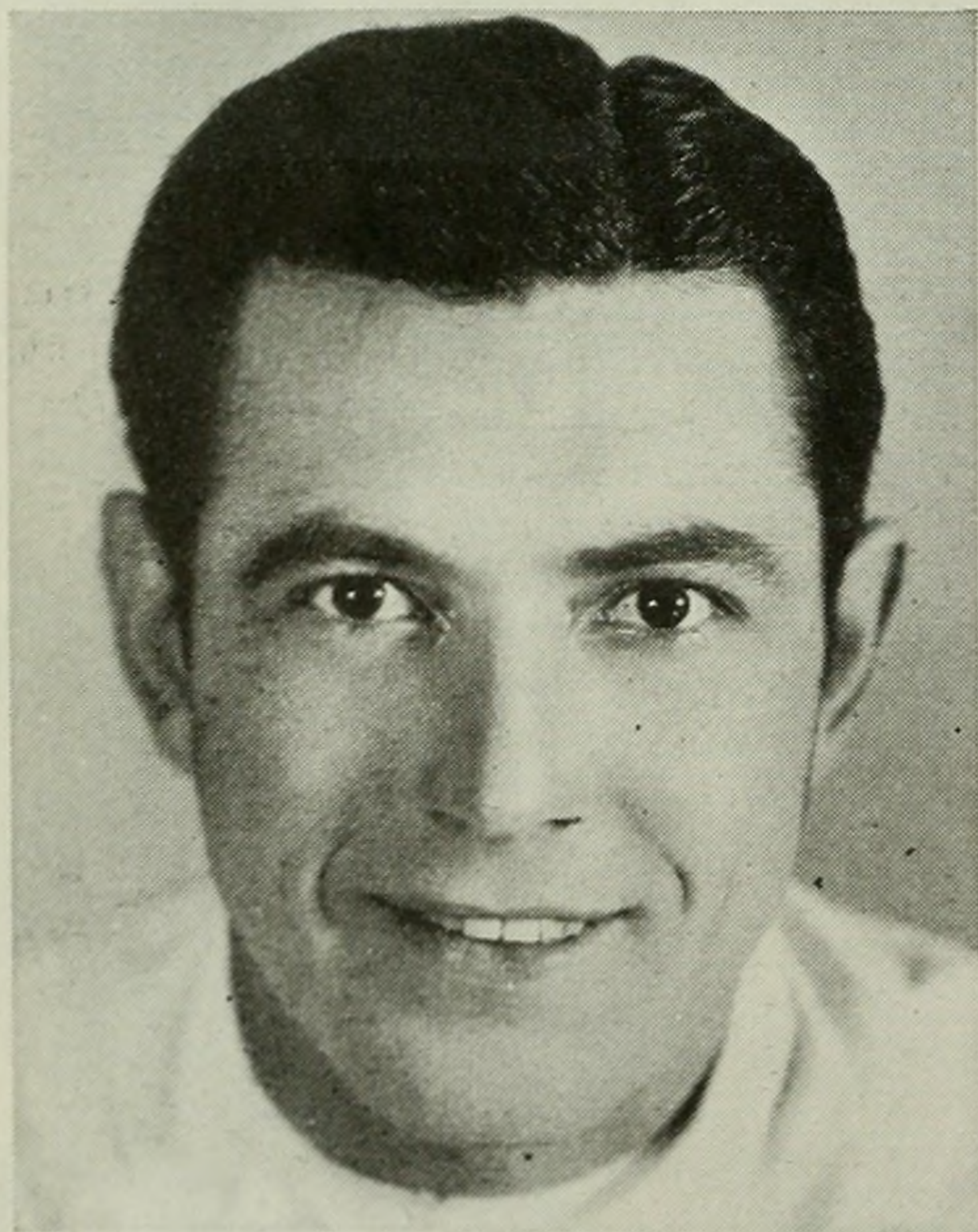
Between scenes of "The Sporting Chance," filmed by University of Southern California students

The amateurs reveal a surprising appreciation of tempo. In the main they have told their stories with freshness and directness, devoid of conventional movie tricks. One 16 mm. study of a South Sea burial ceremony is as well done, in choice of shots and in editing, as any professional travel film.

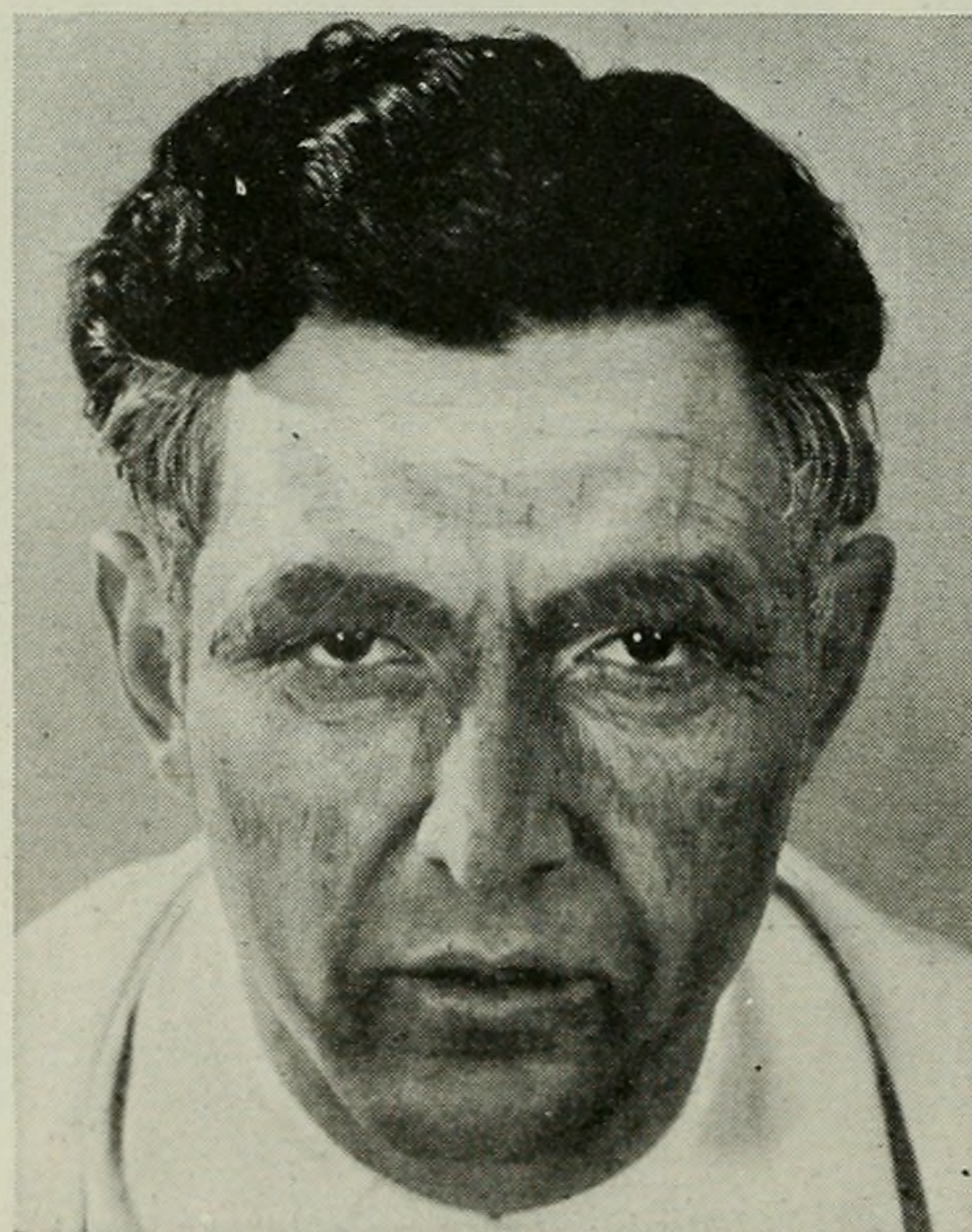
A Canadian entry presents "The Dream of Eugene Aram," based upon Hood's poem. This is superbly photographed without special lights and without special lenses. The choice of background, the graceful handling of the principal player and the grouping and

photography of the naturally lighted interiors will give this entry a high rating.

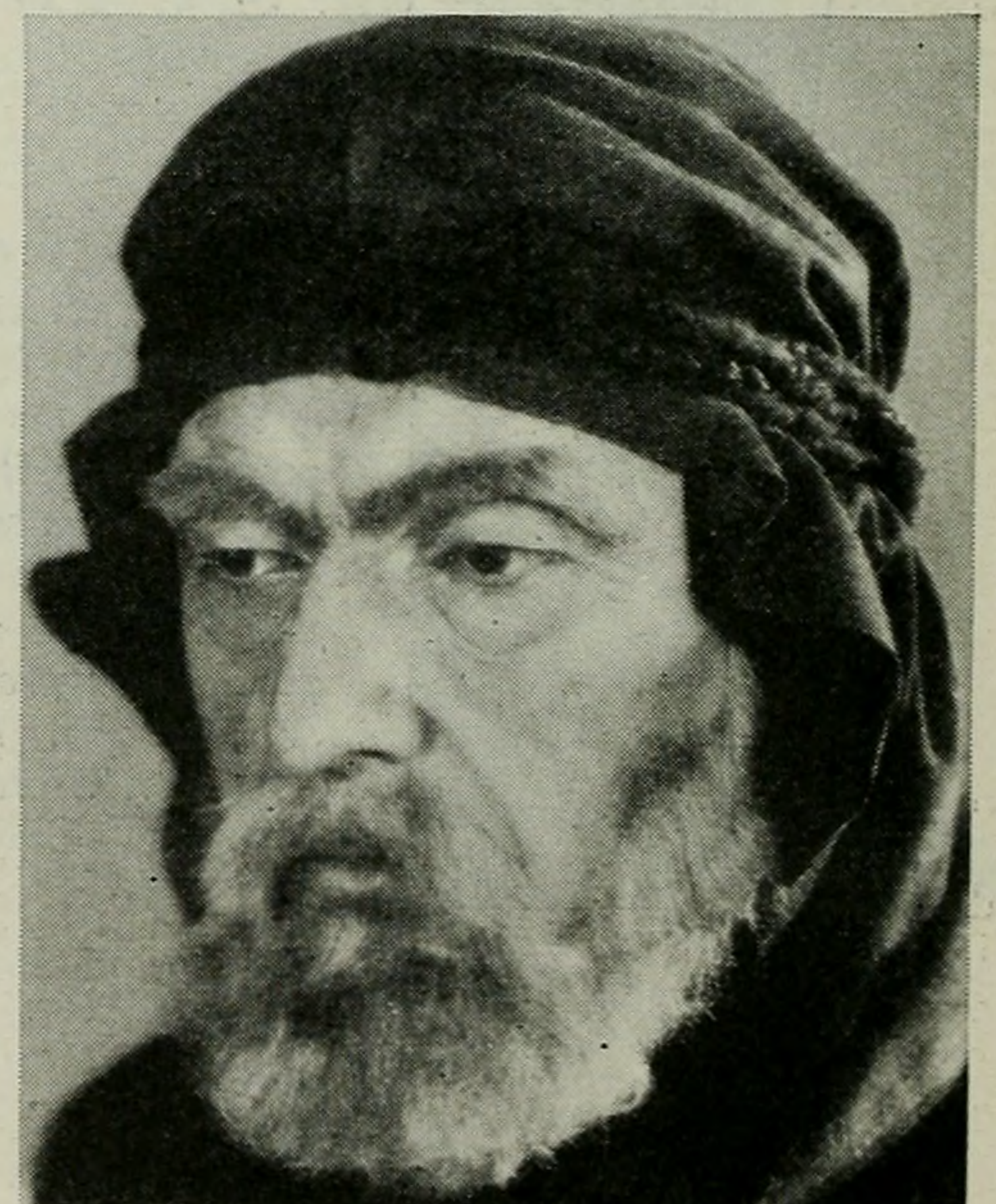
Still another amateur tells the simple melodramatic story of the chase and capture of an escaped convict without a single title and with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



The boy grows older. Johnny Mack Brown builds nose putty bags under eyes. These are of moon shaped cotton, stuck on with thinned glue



Coating of blue under eyes, 5½ yellow grease paint shadows on forehead and cheeks. Light brown lines blended with fingers



High light with 4½ light yellow grease paint. Lines drawn with brown dermatograph pencil. Blend. Dust with powder. Apply crepe hair

LOVELY MRS RICHARD PORTER DAVIDSON

of Washington..

GRAND DAUGHTER
OF
MARK HANNA



Mrs. Davidson's unusual beauty always finds its perfect setting in an exquisite taste and smartness that seem to be her heaven-sent gifts. The contrast of this smartly tailored trotteur and her own stirring beauty is characteristic of the lovely subtle effects she achieves in dress.



In this evening gown of white satin by Vionnet, the warm rich tones of Mrs. Richard Porter Davidson's lovely skin and hair, her great brown eyes, and her charm, are happily accented. Her radiant loveliness richly carries on the traditional beauty of her family.



A portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Davidson, painted by the famous English artist, Olive Snell.

MRS. Richard Porter Davidson—daughter of the renowned beauty, Daisy Gordon of Cleveland and granddaughter of Mark Hanna, the famous “Senator from Ohio”—is young and beautiful.

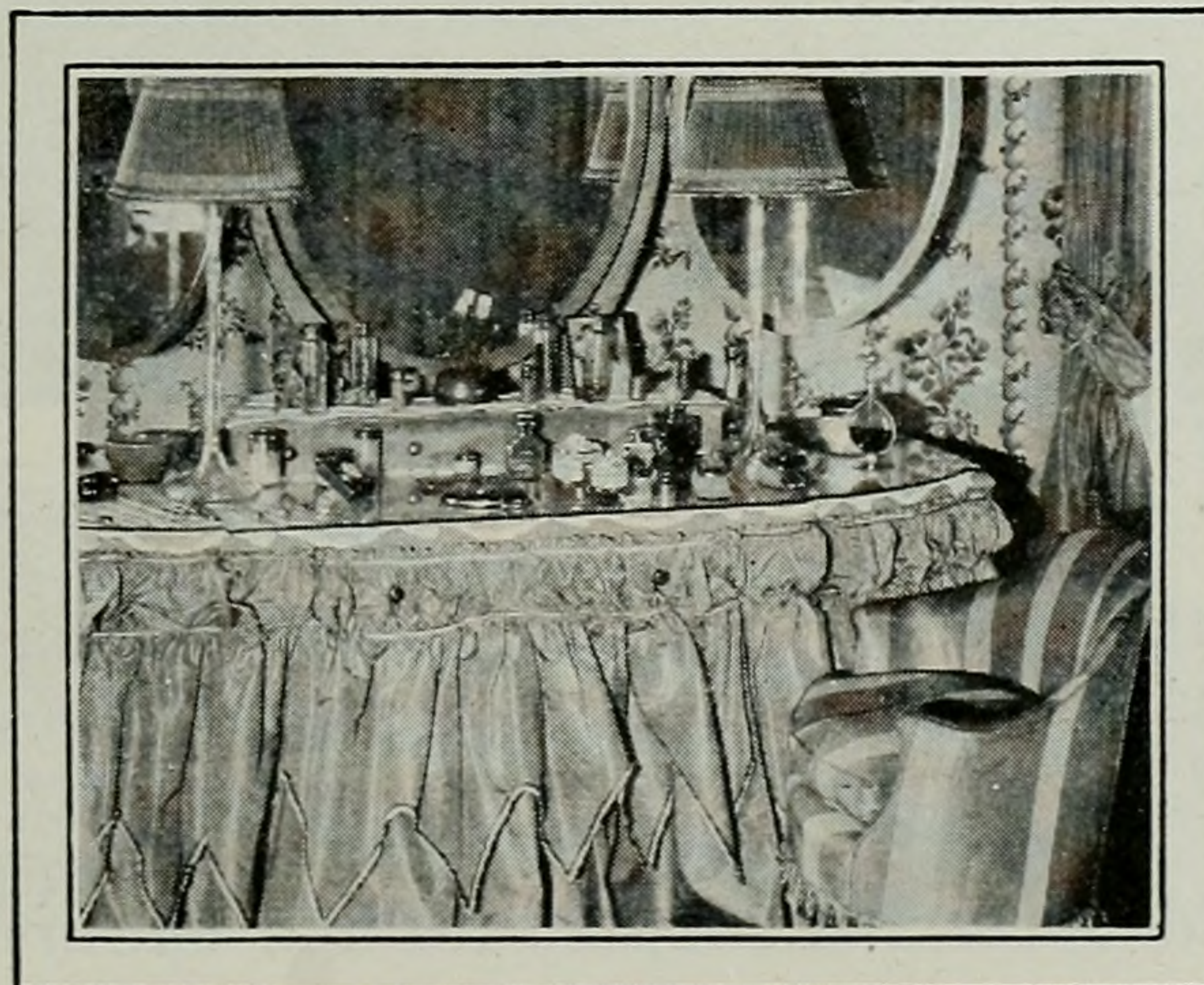
With chestnut-tinted hair and great brown eyes, she is a glowing figure in the more exclusive salons of the Capital and the brilliant international assemblies for which Washington is famed.

A strictly modern young woman with that urge toward achievement which is characteristic of women today, Mrs. Davidson has accepted the challenge of business and has proven her ability in this field.

But in spite of varied interests and days crowded with action, Mrs. Davidson's beauty is as fresh and undimmed as the day she came out: For she learned long since the value of Pond's Two Creams for the care and protection of her lovely skin.

“Of course Pond's Creams aren't new to me”—she declares—“I've adored them for years—their matchless snowy texture, their intriguing fragrance, the prompt magic of their effect upon the skin!”

On Mrs. Davidson's dressing table—exquisite in rose and green taffeta—lamps of delicate glass shed their soft rays over jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the tonic Skin Freshener.



“Delightful, too, are the new Pond's Skin Freshener and Tissues—to complete the perfect method of keeping the skin young!”

To guard the skin of youth, or to restore its fragile beauty, use these four enchanting preparations:

FIRST—as always, cleanse your skin with Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream.

THEN—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer than fine old linen, wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Skin Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine, without a trace of oiliness.

LAST—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Do this during the day. And always before retiring use again the Cold Cream and Freshener.

New 10c Offer: Mail this coupon and 10c for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and enough of Pond's Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues to last a week.

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Ball

*A*LTHOUGH the title of the picture Norma Talmadge is now making is "The Woman Disputed," there's no dispute about it. Norma Talmadge has settled all arguments by deciding that Gilbert Roland is just the type to be leading man in all her pictures. You will notice that Mr. Roland has removed those sideburns and adopted the hair-cut first made popular by John Gilbert.

Look at Your Silver — YOUR GUESTS DO

"That's what makes Pamela's table so perfectly DIVINE... she's as careful about DETAILS as she is about her manicure or her hair-cut..."

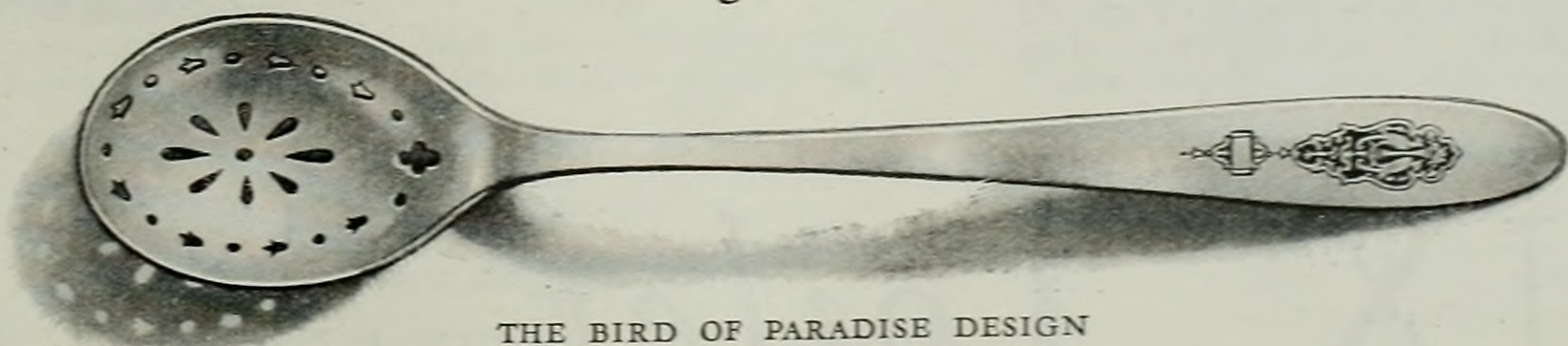


Women who care to do things in a way that establishes them as part of the 'great' world... assured, cosmopolitan, 'chic'... turn to COMMUNITY PLATE, with its wide assortment of 'correct service pieces' to help them serve, impeccably, every course, every dish, every sauce, every savory, of every meal...

You will find all the exquisite special pieces that are to a table what jewels are to a gown, in COMMUNITY PLATE's five luminous patterns... *Salad forks* are \$7.50 for six, for instance... Tiny, charming spoons for 'demi-tasses' are \$4.00 for six... Pierced servers are only \$3.50 each... At your jeweler's.

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Also makers of TUDOR PLATE



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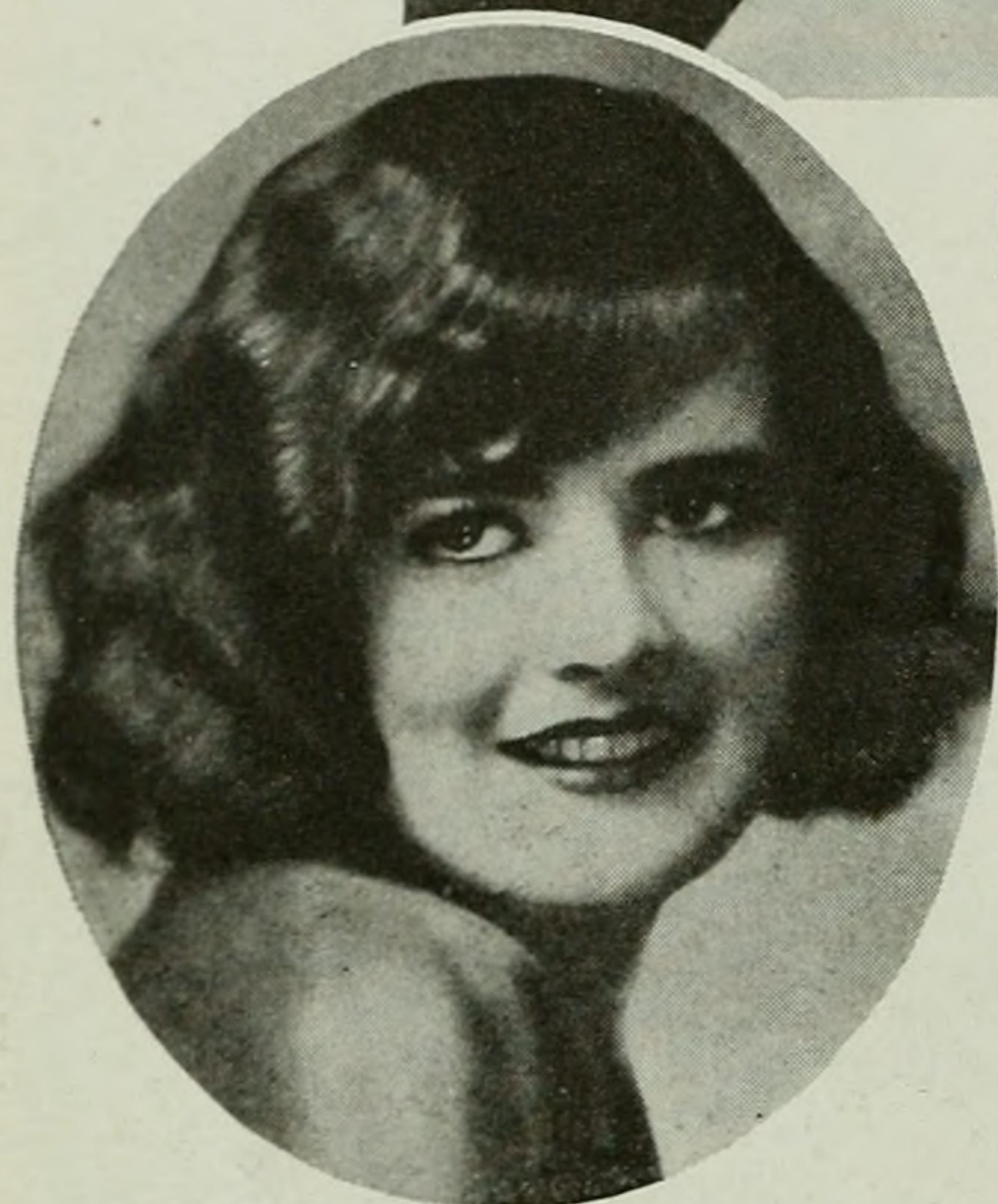
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36 Hollywood Directors
say smooth skin is girl's
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Molly O'Day—First National. "Lux Toilet Soap is the perfect soap to keep my skin always at its best!"



Lina Basquette—Pathé DeMille. "Lux Toilet Soap has all the charm of an imported French soap, it's so fine—and leaves my skin beautifully smooth."



Sue Carol—Independent. "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin gloriously smooth."



Sally Eilers—Sennett Pathé de Mille. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin velvety smoothness."



Audrey Ferris—Warner Bros. "I love the Parisian smoothness Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin!"

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all use Lux Toilet Soap

Lovely Skin

THE 13 Baby Wampas Stars are of widely different types, blonde, brunette, piquant, demure, but one thing they all have in common—their exquisitely smooth skin! Wise, talented, ambitious, they knew that first of all they had to have smooth, flawless skin to meet successfully the merciless glare of the great lights in the close-up. They have carefully guarded their smooth skin as their most priceless possession.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap! It cares for their skin the true French way. For this lovely, white soap is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in their dressing rooms. So important is beauty in Hollywood!

Order some today. Enjoy the instant fragrant lather that even hard water can't quell. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*The Wampas, an organization of Hollywood press agents, annually selects the girls to be singled out for special honors in the coming year.



June Collyer—Fox. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin wonderful smoothness!"

Ann Christy—Paramount—Harold Lloyd Productions. "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



Dorothy Gulliver—Universal. "Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous!"



Ruth Taylor—Paramount. "I guard my skin—Lux Toilet Soap treats it gently."



Alice Day—Independent. "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for my skin!"



Gwen Lee—M. G. M. "Smooth as dew-washed lotus blossoms—that's how my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap."



Flora Bramley—Independent. "I find Lux Toilet Soap a lovely soap—it leaves my skin so very smooth!"

10¢

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or \$1.00 a cake

THE STORY OF GRETA GARBO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Asked him why he was doing it. He looked down on me. I was eight years old—

"That's all right. You can go home now. Here's your little daughter." Then I ran away. I wasn't his little daughter.

"It's just the same today. If I see an accident or hear two people quarrelling, I am just sick all over. I never fight myself and I won't do any fighting in pictures.

"I hated school. I hated the bonds they put on me. There were so many things outside. I liked history best. But I was afraid of the map—geography you call it. But I had to go to school like other children. The public school, just as you have in this country.

"And I went to the movies, just like other children. I didn't see a regular theater—inside—until I was twelve. But I went to the movies often. I usually paid for my tickets, but sometimes, just sometimes, the man at the door could be persuaded to be kind, and money wasn't necessary.

"AND that's all I knew of the stage until I was sixteen. Then I met an actor. And I told him, just like millions tell actors, that I wanted to go on the stage. Asked him, just like all the others, how I could do it. He called upon another actor, better known, and sent me to him.

"It was Franz Envall. He is dead now, but he has a daughter on the stage in Sweden. He said he would ask if they would let me try to get into the Dramatic School of the Royal Theater in Stockholm.

"The School is a part of the Royal Theater of the King and Queen of Sweden. No, it doesn't cost anything to go there, but you are not paid for your work either.

"You take a test to get in. There is a jury of about 20 people. Newspapermen—critics; theatrical people, actors, the heads of the School, and others.

"I studied for six months. They gave me a Swedish play by Selma Lagerlov, and 'Madam Sans Gene,' a French one.

"My test came on a beautiful day in August. It wasn't cold, but it wasn't hot either, as it is in this country. I remember

it was right after noon. I was just seventeen. And I was frightened. My knees shook.

"I trembled all over. Oh, I almost fainted afterwards!

"I couldn't see a person. They were

would think I had not been polite because I had forgotten. In a couple of days, they telephoned that I had been admitted."

Greta Garbo stopped talking, drew in three deep breaths, flung her arms out—above her. Then went on:

"Oh, God, I was happy! I almost died. Oh, now, even now, I can hardly breathe when I remember. For now, pretty soon, I knew I was to be a real actress!

"But," her voice became wistful, perhaps, a little regretful. Then she laughed and her eyes twinkled. People do not often see Greta Garbo's eyes twinkle.

"But I was a very bad child. I upset the whole school. I liked to go out at night. We lived right in Stockholm and distances are not as far there, you know. You can take a taxi and be almost anywhere in five minutes. Any theater in the city. I liked to go to the theater in the evening.

"SO I was late almost every morning! Exercises came first—and I almost always missed them. The other pupils were charming, lovely girls who were always on time. Then, in would come Garbo, late as usual.

"I'd come in the door and say, 'There's a rumor about that this school is still here. But I'm so tired; Garbo's so tired—'

"And nobody would say a word to me!

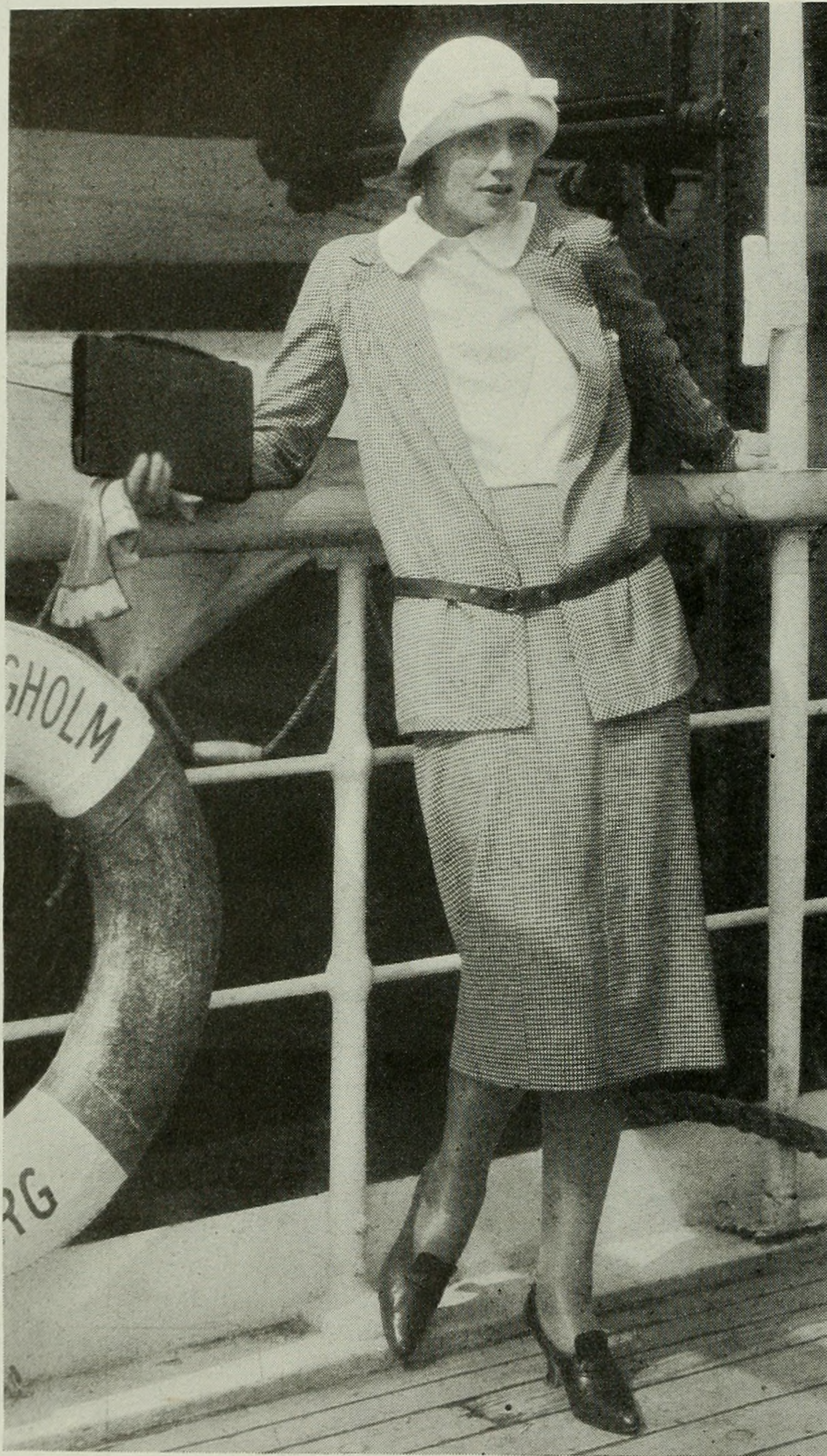
"Then it became serious. I started being late. If one had the privilege, you know. No, they didn't scold me. If I had been scolded, I'd have been there. I cannot stand to be scolded. Usually, we'd go out and drink coffee, all together, when I finally got there. Yes, they taught us dancing. But I can't dance. I was ashamed to dance. I was so big. Oh, yes, I was big. I was just the same size I am now when I was twelve years old. I haven't grown

a bit since then. Isn't that lucky?

"Everywhere I went as a child, I was pointed at because I was so big—so very big.

"The school was wonderful. We had the very best teachers. We were given plays to study. Two pupils and a teacher would study together.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



The first photograph taken of Greta Garbo upon her arrival in this country. She was shy, lonely and strange. Notice, please, the simplicity of her clothes, her unstudied pose

down in front. All I could see was that black pit—that black open space. All I could hear was whispering. I was so shy! I had never tried to act. The one-year pupils were on the stage. They read the lines of the parts which were not mine. I said my speech, all right. Then I just ran off. I forgot to say good-bye. And I was so frightened. I thought they

Green washable calf
with white
Also other colors and
combinations



Honey beige
with green, red, white,
or blue applique



Honey beige
with rose blush and
other colors



**BODY
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SHOES**

Sold where you see this
Body Balanced sign
on display



White with
honey beige, pastel green,
imperial blue, or
red applique



Honey beige with blue, red,
green, or white applique

Pumps, one-strap, high or
Cuban heels, in every color
combination, washable calf
Also all white or all patent



The Sandal Preferred
by RUTH TAYLOR,
the 'Blonde Preferred'
by Gentlemen,
PARAMOUNT star

Swish SANDALS OF 1928

With that look in her eye, it is obvious that the Blonde Preferred intends to wheedle out of her next victim a whole wardrobe of SWISH Sandals in colors to match every frock. For girls who buy their own it is some consolation to learn that these Heirs - Apparent to last season's Deauville sandals cost only \$8.50 a pair. **C**The reason SWISH Sandals are preferred by Ruth Taylor, and many other blondes in and out of Hollywood, is that they fit—as only Body Balanced shoes fit.



THIS mark on the soles
identifies shoes made by the
Improved McKay process

SWISH follows the natural curves of your foot. Its heel is hand-moulded to the human heel, tapers to the top. Its sole is invisibly strengthened to preserve the graceful lines of the arch for the lifetime of the sandal.

If you have difficulty in finding the local shoe shop who specializes in Body Balanced Shoes, write the Munroe Shoe Co., Dept. P-4, 139 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass., and ask for free Body Balanced Shoe Booklet.

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City _____
State _____

*

H A V E A

C A M E L



*One of life's great pleasures
is smoking*

Camels give you all of the enjoyment
of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment
good for you? You just bet it is.

Williamu Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Vaiite screen—surely one of first experimental one-reelers.

“Lordy! It will be as bad as old Wilkinson’s moving picture up in Whycomagh,” I thought. That took me back to childhood days when my mother and brother had lugged me north to this picturesque Breton Island village. While there we attended a magic lantern entertainment at the local school house, where old Wilkinson for the 7th time projected scenes of Iceland’s greeny mountains and Greenland’s icy shores. After he had exhausted the usual views of the leaning tower of wherever-it-is, etc., and slipped on the flowers-in-water-colors slide with Good-night painted thereon in six colors, he made us a little speech, explaining that moving pictures had lately been invented and that tonight he would demonstrate them for the first time in Whycomagh.

Needless to say, the audience buzzed with excitement. Coughing ominously, Wilkinson slipped in a slide of a letter of marque brig that we had seen a few moments before. A cackling laugh came from him as he picked up his magic lantern and turned it slowly round so

the brig appeared to be sailing around the walls of the school room without regard for maps, blackboards and a picture of the King and Queen.

Some of the audience laughed, but I was greatly disappointed. I whispered to my mother: “Gee, if that’s all movin’ pictures is I don’t think much of ’em.”

Later, when riding the Sierra ranges, moving picture acting became my supreme ambition; to ride with William S. Hart was the only thing worth living for. So one day, with a saddle over my shoulder, chaps flung with studied carelessness across my left arm, and long-shanked spurs jingling on my boots, I walked the long four miles from Santa Monica to Inceville and went to riding for the great cowpuncher.

I remembered those former days when Tuahu said that I must accompany him to the cinema, for the ferocious hero, Williamu Cowboy, is no less than William S. Hart, the Vaiitean’s conception of the most illustrious American. Presidents, millionaires, scientists, artists, all take a

seat behind Williamu Cowboy; he is Glorious Bill, the supreme American. When one of his pictures comes to a Polynesian village, Charlie Chaplin with all his pies, Mary Pickford with her enviable curls, and Douglas Fairbanks with his ear-to-ear smile, together with the few other really notable foreigners fade into dim recollections while Hart lopes wild-eyed to the front.

I agreed to go with Tuahu, but to ascertain that I would not change my mind he told me what the picture would be like: “It will be a great spectacle,” he said. “In the advertisement tacked on the



The fierce Williamu Cowboy as the South Sea audiences still view him. Here’s how the interpreter sees it: “There’s the villain drinking rum punch at the bar. Whoop! He sees Williamu!”

mango tree he is called an *aito taehae*, which, as you know, is a fierce warrior. It says he will have much trouble with his sweetheart, which means that there will be much fighting. No, Ropati, not with his wife. You speak foolishness. There will be much fighting with the men who try to steal her from him. There will be horses and guns, and a bad man with long drooping mustaches. There will be another bad man who is fat-faced, has bulging eyes, and a short coat with silver buttons. He will sit at a table playing with marbles in a big bowl, and take people’s money away from them for no reason at all so far as I have been able to make out. He always does this and the people never learn to beware of him. And, ah, Ropati, there will be a beautiful white woman who will make you weep when you see all the trouble she has with the bad man with drooping mustaches. But Williamu Cowboy will save her and marry her in the end, and everything will be fine with the bad man killed and buried and flowers put on his grave.”

Rotund Nui-woman had wobbled down with Terii-woman to exchange their lively conversation with my foster-father. Also, Tuahu’s relatives, Pauto and Toto, were sitting nearby. Pauto lit a pandanus leaf cigarette he had been fashioning, tapped the smouldering end on a match box so as to form an even coal, relit it, and then naively asked: “But are you sure they will bury the dead man?”

As Pauto inhaled a cloud of smoke, everyone looked to Tuahu in a troubled manner as though to say: “Aue, then the picture will be a poor one.”

Turning to me Tuahu asked: “Ropati, tell us why the white men often leave their dead unburied?”

“I do not understand, Tuahu. As far as I know, we foreigners always bury our dead.”

The natives glanced questioningly at one another as Tuahu informed me: “Many times I have seen it otherwise. In one picture we all saw a bad man thrown off a cliff. Later we were shown his body lying below, and as it was as high a cliff as the cliff of Autara where you get your plantains, we knew the man was very dead. But, Ropati, they did not bury him.

We children of Tahiti believe this was wrong. Even a bad man should be buried. That was indeed a poor picture. They should have put the bad man in a coffin and buried him while the preacher said the prayers. Then, some little children should have brought flowers, the relatives wept, and everything would have ended fine. But instead of this they just left the bad man lying there at the base of the cliff. Aue, that was a bad picture indeed.

“Another thing. At the end the hero and his sweetheart met and their mamas and papas told them they could get married. They kissed each other in the moonlit glade by the lagoon, and there the picture ended. Now, Ropati, I ask you, after the hero had risked his life for the girl, killing highway robbers and Indians and sheep herders, and after the girl had stayed true to him in spite of the handsome Easterner with flash clothes who tried to win her, should not they have married, instead of just kissing and leav-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



When your mirror says "Coated Tongue" ..there's trouble ahead!

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your tongue."

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that go with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. *When it is coated they take a refreshing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.*

Sal Hepatica promptly and gently rids the intestines of the products of waste the natural way—by releasing the secretions of water in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue,—and all the other enervating symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stoppage—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, biliousness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other common ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-48, 71 West St., N. Y. C.

Sal Hepatica



© 1928

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Prejudiced in Favor of Greta

Rainelle, W. Va.

Here I come with a load of brickbats for Jeanne Eagels. I have just seen "Man, Woman and Sin," and by all the shades of Will Hays, I think I've seen better two-reel Westerns! John Gilbert has never done anything to deserve a punk co-star, has he? Let well enough alone. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo will suit anyone.

GILBERT FAN.

A Boy's Perfect Mother

New York, N. Y.

A friend said to me not long ago, "I'm surprised that you encourage your son to go to the movies so much. It seems such a waste of time and money that he could be using to his advantage."

Well, it's all in the point of view, I guess. I would as soon try to keep my son from church as from the movies. I would rather have my boy find his amusement in the movies than most any place, other than his outdoor sports.

ELLA M. GRIFFIN.

There Were Plenty Like This

Peoria, Ill.

I have never written before to your magazine, but the caption written beneath the picture of Betty Bronson in the February issue is the cause of this outburst.

"Say you believe in her!"

I do believe in her, just as I believed in "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and the little girl in "Are Parents People?"

H. J. SHEA.

A Trouper Advises Betty

St. Cloud, Minn.

I notice that Betty Bronson's contract was not renewed because she refused to play a scene *she* considered suggestive. And being the sole support of a family of four, I am asked to believe in her!

I believe that she is very silly. To the pure all things are pure. I am a stock company actress and I have to play many parts I am not in sympathy with, but I must eat

and I am not in a position to tell the producer what I think. I realize that if I refused to play parts assigned to me, there would be a line-up waiting to jump in my place.

MARGARET O'BRIEN.

The Prince Agreed With Us

London, England.

I am greatly pleased to find Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus" among PHOTOPLAY'S Best Pictures of the Month. The Prince of Wales witnessed this picture recently and expressed himself as having greatly enjoyed it.

CECIL A. KITSON.

Be Fair to the Students

Madison, Wis.

I often wonder if parents who see college pictures hesitate to send their children to college. If they could only really know that at a real university there is little time for play when the students are seriously preparing themselves for life careers. "Play boys" who come to school with a cash background to act out ideas they may have gathered in college pictures rarely last a year. Wouldn't a serious, honest-to-goodness college picture have any box-office value?

CONRAD JAEGER.

Clara as a Golden Example

Chase City, Va.

Being a special Clara Bow "fan" I read with avidity the first installment of her life story. Who can doubt or hesitate to say that Clara is indeed pure gold, and a more worthy example to be copied than is found in many of our best church audiences!

E. P. SHELDON.

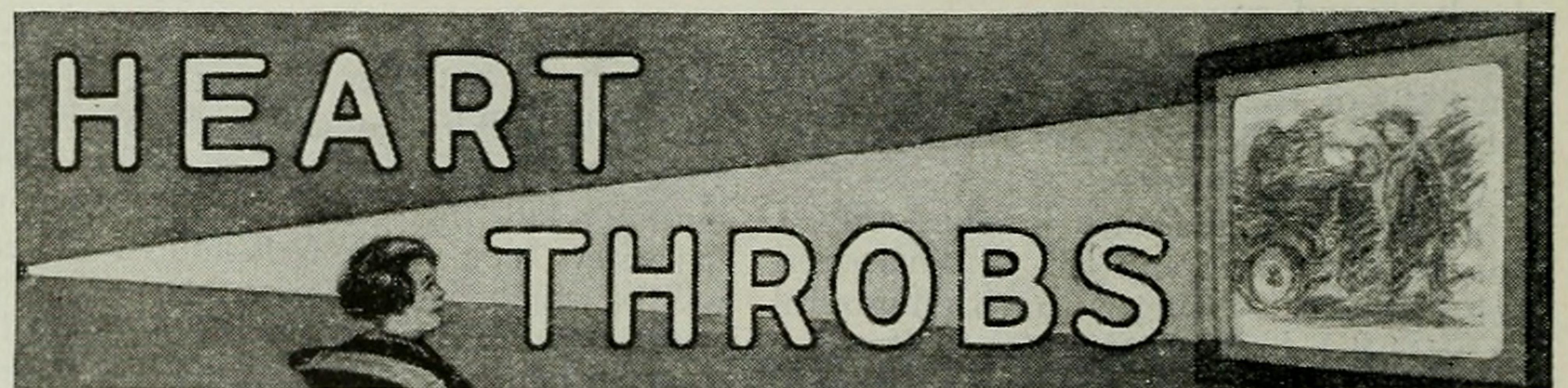
How Many Agree?

New York, N. Y.

I have recently read the article, "Dodging the Wedding Ring." I agree with Greta Garbo. She is absolutely right. What business is it of the public whether or not an actress is in love or wants to marry? Actors are human beings.

Their personal affairs should not be made public.

MISS TERRY BLUMENKOFF.



Grand Rapids, Mich.

Eight years ago, a young man stood at the cross-roads of life. Mentally and physically equipped for success, the handicap of an inferiority complex threatened his goal. He was the victim of pure imagination; yet it was exerting a destructive influence on his life.

I decided that the bonds of friendship obligated me to restore confidence and faith in himself and his friends, but I could not accomplish this in an obviously personal manner.

A movie fan since early days, I had benefited by the object lessons they taught and I valued the potential in-

fluence they possessed. With confidence, I enlisted their aid.

The movies unfolded pictorial reflections of his own problems before him and he could not ignore the significance of the logical solution. Vividly and clearly, they put across the message that I was unable to, and his really fine intellect assimilated the lesson of true proportions in life. Satisfactory reaction was evident in a new outlook on life.

A successful man stands where a failure might have stood; needless to add, another movie fan has joined the ranks.

K. F. J.

Sore throat's easiest victims— reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone—doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and "canary bird" diets.

For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

If rapid improvement is not apparent, consult your physician.

Time and time again, however, Listerine has checked colds and sore

throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, "flu," and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LAMB CHOPS AGAIN!

Lamb chops and pineapple . . . pineapple and lamb chops . . . lamb chops and pineapple . . . there is no Santa Claus for the woman trying to reduce.



THE NEXT TIME

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.

L I S T E R I N E

-the safe antiseptic

Your Beauty In the Morning

LOOK at your skin first thing in the morning. See it, as it really is, without "makeup" or powder to hide the defects. Perhaps you may notice the soft, smooth skin you once knew is giving place to a dull, ordinary appearance with signs of wrinkles and flabbiness creeping in. Or, your complexion may be slowly acquiring that listless, parched look that tells of neglect or ill-advised attention.



Now is the time to realize that you must give serious thought to your appearance. We wish you could read the thousands of letters we receive from grateful women telling us how much Gouraud's Oriental Cream means to their skin and complexion. How the pure, soft alluring beauty it renders instantly has added years of youth to their appearance.

A Gouraud's Oriental Cream complexion remains unaltered throughout the day without rubbing off, streaking or spotting and still with an effect that is of far greater beauty than you could obtain through face powders. Start its use to day. It will beautify, preserve and protect your appearance over the years to come. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White Flesh Rachel

Name _____

Street _____

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Ph. Pl., Apr.

M-34-8

Box Office Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

money-making picture ever released has violated one or more of the sure-fire rules.

Just to prove the fallacy of the "love and kisses" system of selecting main titles, we will take the seven winners of PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals. Each of these pictures was voted the most popular production of its year of release.

And yet, according to the Master Mind system, these films should have died the death of a dog.

1. "Humoresque," the 1920 winner, had an unpronounceable title, without the slightest sex implication. Furthermore, it suggests comedy, not tragedy and, moreover, few people have any idea what it means.

2. "Tol'able David," the 1921 winner, contains no reference to sex. It is a lazy, colloquial, slow sort of title without the faintest hint of dramatic suspense.

3. "Robin Hood" was the Gold Medal picture of 1922. This title, being historical, should have been absolutely poisonous.

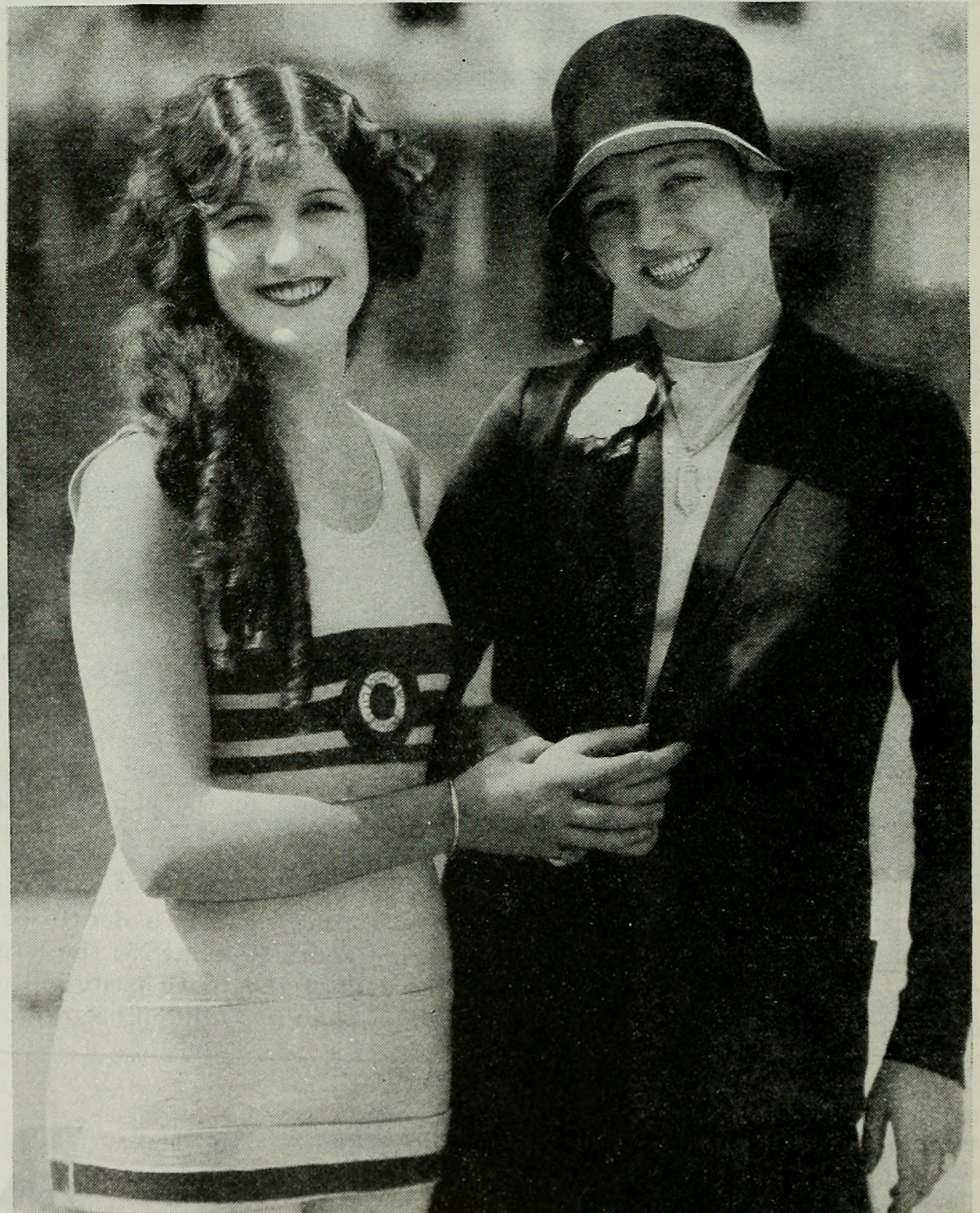
4. "The Covered Wagon," the winner of 1923, means nothing at all as a main title, by all the rules. It has no sex, no color, no dramatic implication. It might mean a horse and buggy or it might mean a furniture van.

5. "Abraham Lincoln" was voted the best picture of 1924. Not only does this suggest history, but it also suggests biography, school lessons, high ideals and all sorts of other things fatal to success.

6. "The Big Parade," the Gold Medal feature of 1925, might be about a circus or it might be about anything. According to all the superstitions, "French Passion" would have made this one a bigger attraction at the box-office.

7. Last, consider "Beau Geste," the 1926 winner. Here is a foreign title, an unpronounceable one, a title without any sex and one that doesn't mean a thing to the so-called average movie fan.

The sure-fire rule for picking box-office titles is a great one. The only trouble is that it doesn't work.



Proving that all girls named Phyllis are pretty. The Phyllis to the left is Phyllis Gibbs—"Miss Australasia"—voted the prettiest girl in the Antipodes. And, of course, you recognize the other Phyllis as our own Phyllis Haver

Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of quickly relieving shelves of the old-style Kotex so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

TO meet the immediate and overwhelming response of women to the two exclusive new features of Kotex we have been obliged to double our manufacturing facilities.

This fact and the introduction in our plants of our new, patented machinery enables us to announce a reduction of 30% in the regular price at which Kotex will be sold to all drug and dry goods stores.

Were it not for the fact of our being assured of a doubled demand for the new Kotex it would have to be sold at higher rather than lower prices.

* * *

Rarely is a manufacturer able to offer better goods and lower prices at the same time.

Two years of exacting work in our laboratories by designers and chemists (in cooperation with women doctors) led to the perfection of the Improved Kotex.

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.

- 1 *A new, skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded . . . worn under the most clinging gowns, the Improved Kotex remains non-detectable.*
 - 2 *Softer gauze, fluffier filler end the discomforts of chafing and binding.*
- & RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.**

What the new features mean

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. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composure heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler *still softer*. Chafing and binding are eliminated.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas. They know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view.

Kotex features are exclusive

Added to these two exclusive new features, the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5

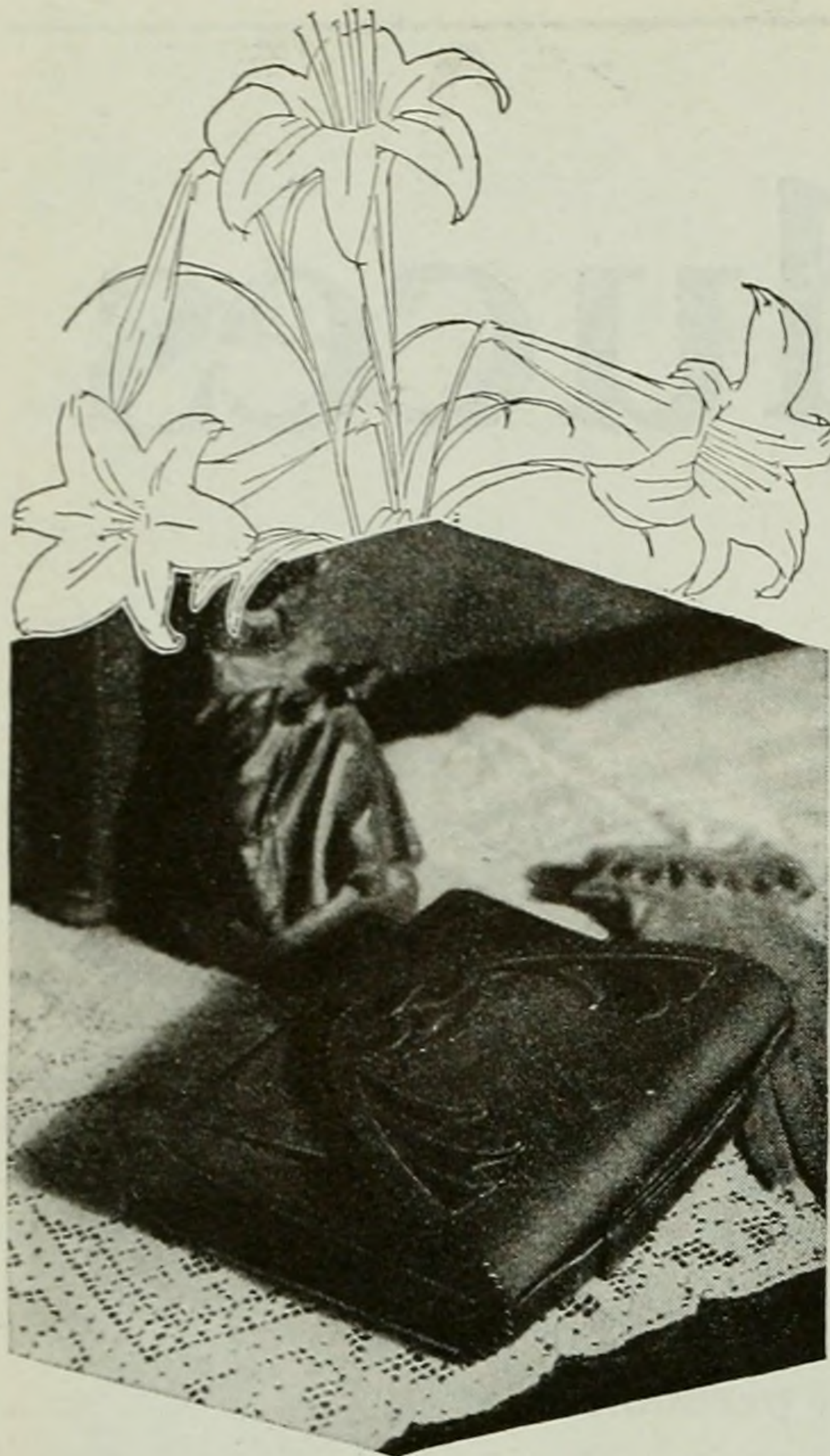
times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Complete your
Easter Ensemble
With a
**MEEKER
MADE R**
Smart, Stylish Handbag

IN Meeker Made, finest quality leather goods, you are constantly offered everything of recent mode. Newest of the new designs—always a jump ahead of the fashion—keeps any Meeker Made number ultra-smart and stylish.

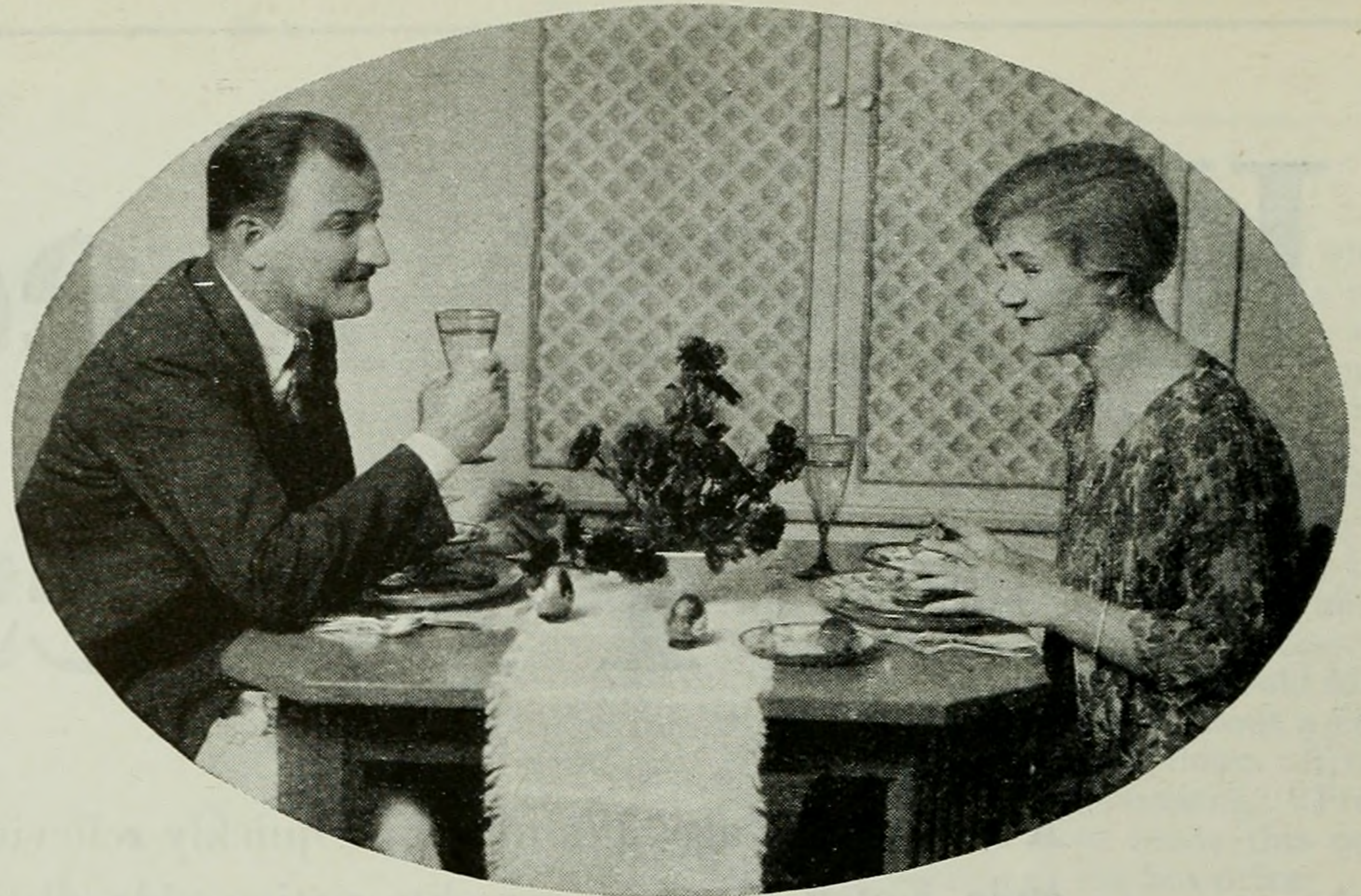
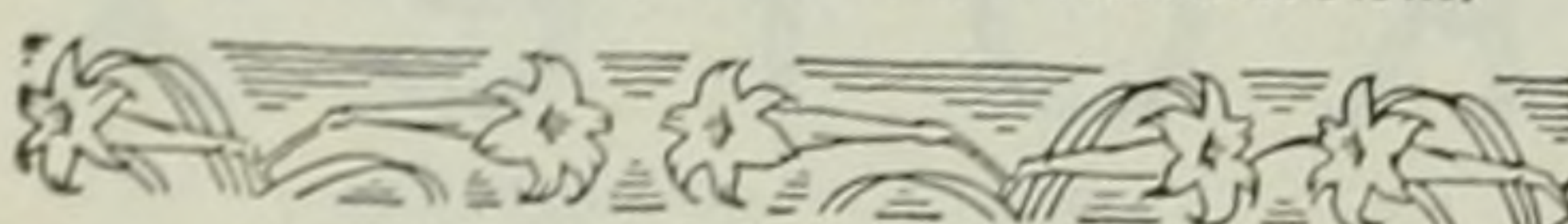
You can be sure of costume harmony because the neutral colors of Meeker Made bags harmonize with any outfit. Beautiful, rich imported leathers, artistically designed and hand-colored, plain or leather-laced edges, in many styles—a style to suit your fancy and to echo your own individual personality.

You can have a Meeker purse, envelope or vanity that will complete your Easter ensemble and yet harmonize with any other outfit you choose to wear. For this reason, you will find Meeker Made leather goods very practical, and further practical because of their lifetime of long wear.

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The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U.S.A.



At home, he's the head of the household. At the studio, he's merely a luncheon guest. Laura La Plante entertains her husband, William Seiter, the director, in her new dressing room bungalow at Universal City

Girl's Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

her skin is luminous, her eyes are bright. She has a make-up on that will last for hours, yet it doesn't show at all.

Time and tints are the secrets of a perfect make-up, and perfect make-up is an art that every girl should know.

SUZANNE B., ENGLAND:

Welcome to the family, little British girl. Of course, I'm glad to answer your questions. Your reply is really in the above editorial. I do not think seventeen too young to powder, though I realize your country has a slightly different attitude toward make-up than that of the United States. Write again.

MILDRED G., MINN.:

In the March PHOTOPLAY I wrote an editorial concerning the choice of a career. I hope you read it. You've talent for acting and you like to write, you tell me, but nothing more. I know nothing of your age, your environment, your true ambitions. You must assemble your talents, my dear, grow up a bit and get a real viewpoint. Knowing so little about you makes it difficult for me to advise you. Won't you write me more about yourself?

UNHAPPY F.:

Poor child! You are very, very shy and your stuttering is an expression of that shyness. But cheer up! It isn't hopeless. It can be cured. Can you afford to take singing lessons? This is the most helpful thing for stammering. If that is impossible to you, try very hard to get over feeling so timid. Do take the singing lessons if you possibly can. They will give you poise, an outside interest, happiness and they go right to the root of your trouble. As for the expression class in your school, isn't it possible to go to the principal and explain your position in this matter? Try it, at least. I think he'll let you off.

PEGGY, NEBR.:

It isn't color advice you need but diet and exercise advice. You don't need to spend money on your face and figure but you must

expend some care. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope and ten cents, I will post you instructions for clearing your skin and improving your figure.

BITTER BESS:

"Shy, sensitive, indifferent and unsophisticated" you call yourself. Mercy, what a list. You are going through that hard period all girls experience, growing away from your family, feeling lonely, growing up. I wish I could reach over the distance and give you comfort and assurance. You need them. This isn't anything more, Bess, than a growing period. You are changing from a girl into a woman. Don't make it hard for yourself. It's glorious. Don't stay by yourself too much, or brood. Older girls, books, exercise will all help you.

GLEE LOUISE:

The boy has just outgrown his love for you, I'm afraid, but you are a lucky girl to find this out before you two became engaged or, worse still, married. I see nothing for you to do but forget him. That is hard, I know, and the whole affair is unfortunate. But you attract boys easily, you have parents who indulge you, you've your own car. Surely you can be happy again!

J. M.:

Several good preparations are advertised in PHOTOPLAY. And the directions for their use come with each package. If neither of the boys writes an answer to your letter telling them of your bereavement, I do not think I would bother to write again. I think that a failure to answer your letters showed extreme unkindness and thoughtlessness in this case.

PUZZLED:

The only thing for you to do is to mark time in this strange romance that began in so unconventional a way. I doubt if you really love "Jack"—probably his present inaccessibility is the thing that interests and fascinates you. At any rate—do not be the aggressor. Let him make all of the advances.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Scene from "Sailor's Wives," new First National Pictures release, featuring Mary Astor

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th Street—and other New York Stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from \$1.50 to \$3 the pair.



*MARY ASTOR favors the modish
Allen-A Picot Edge . . . filmy
sheer from top to toe**

Famous movie stars and directors now fully recognize the important part hosiery plays in accentuating shapeliness of ankle and leg.

For they found that hosiery of *exactly the same weight* often created a vastly different effect when worn. One pair causing the ankle and leg to appear slightly thicker; another giving youthful slenderness. That is why such stars as Mary Astor now wear a certain type of hosiery.*

Her favorite is this lovely Allen-A Picot Edge style. It is all-silk, of filmiest, sheerest weave. Full-fashioned to cling tightly to the ankle and mold softly to the knee in a most engaging manner. Around the top is an adorable Picot Edge in contrasting color.

The *silken* foot has an extra narrow sole (invisible even when worn with "cut-out" slippers). The heel reinforcement and the new Allen-A side and top toe guards cushion and strengthen the foot at all points of wear. Thus service and beauty are ideally combined.

You will find this lovely Allen-A hose at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3710. \$2.50 the pair. If you prefer a slightly heavier weight chiffon, ask for style number—3712. \$1.95 the pair. Both with the Picot Edge. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles simply send us his name—a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A Hosiery

"Today, no woman

DARES

*to wear ordinary hosiery
if she would attain slender
Shapeliness of ankle and
leg" . . . says MARY ASTOR*

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

practically negligible. In other years girls have mobbed Hollywood, most of them without any qualities for screen success and many of them without any means of support. But in the last few years national publicity has been given to the situation—in which PHOTOPLAY played its part—and the result has been that the fame seekers now reaching the cinematropolis usually have sufficient funds for food. According to the Hollywood Studio Club, where many of these fledgling filmsters stay, about five per cent of the girls get work in studios in one capacity or another. The other ninety-five per cent go back home.

MARION DAVIES had a birthday recently. Of course there was a party. Enter: The cake covered with candles. Not a smile from Marion as it was placed before her. Slowly she counted each one then broke into joyful laughter. There were sixteen tapers burning.

VILMA BANKY went east on the first lap of her European trip on the same train as William Siström, general manager of the C. B. De Mille studio. As the train pulled out of the Los Angeles station, Siström thought the little



Thrown to the goldfish with nothing to wear but water-lilies. Scenes like this make Clara Bow feel that she is earning her money

bride would be lonesome so went to her drawing room to offer greetings. He pushed open the door and found Rod La Rocque sitting with his wife.

"My God—" Siström was dumfounded. He pictured "Hold 'Em Yale" standing still on the lot, until Rod should return from Europe.

When Rod got off the train at Pasadena, Siström was relieved.

SPEAKING of Rod, one of the most swiftest bits of news in the Cinema City is the fact that Rod is spending his evenings, having Vilma's films flashed before him in his home, where he had a special screen installed the day after her departure.

AND three days after her departure, a radio announcer of a movie program in Los Angeles stated that Rod La Rocque, now known as Mr. *Vilma Banky*, was to be seen in his latest picture at a well known local theater.

RAMON NOVARRO has learned the new "Five Step." Between scenes of his new picture, "China Bound," he entertains by dancing to his own singing.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



During lulls in his Biblical movies, Cecil De Mille keeps up the good work by posing tableaux for "The Godless Girl." This is "The Spirit of Religion." It might also be "The Spirit of Tiffany's." The girls are Seena Owen, Sally Rand and Jeanette Loff

DAY IN... AND DAY OUT..



© 1928, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

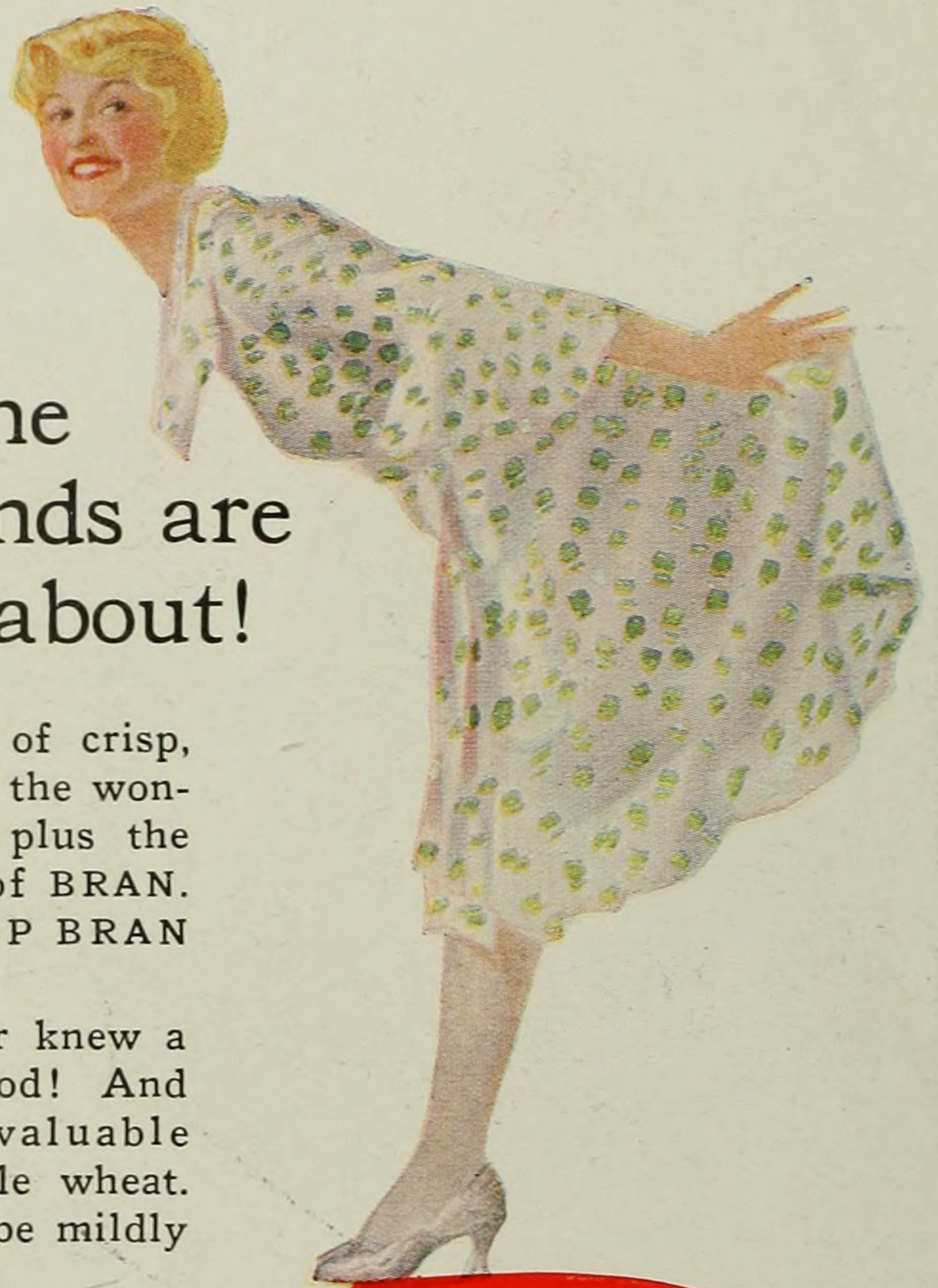
The call for Fatima comes from those smokers who are glad to pay for "the difference" — who are glad that there is a difference to pay for. And what a whale of a difference it is!



FATIMA

Outstanding favorite among higher priced cigarettes

When Laura La Plante dances across the screen, or Reginald Denny whizzes through a picture—the most serious person in the audience can't keep back the laughs. What joyous fun these two do radiate! What rollicking, contagious pep!



Here's the cereal thousands are enthusiastic about!

JUST imagine a dish of crisp, crackly flakes. Full of the wonderful flavor of PEP plus the added healthfulness of BRAN. That's Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES.

You'll say you never knew a cereal could be so good! And healthful. All the valuable food elements of whole wheat. With enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES add bulk and health to any meal. Especially fine for children. With milk or cream—practically a perfect food! Delicious with fruits or honey added.

Look for the red-and-green package. At your grocer's.

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES contain enough bran to be mildly laxative. . . . ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

Kellogg's

BRAN

FLAKES



Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, and Kaffee Hag—"the coffee that lets you sleep." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

PEP

Food with a Foreign Accent



The luncheons and dinner parties of Hollywood, as well as its movies, are acquiring that international flavor

Emil Jannings' cook, whom he brought with him from Germany, teaches him how to make *Kartoffel Kloese*, his favorite dish. And she's an artist in her line, too

WHEN the foreign stars come to Hollywood, they bring their own "home cooking" with them. And sometimes they bring their own home cooks.

In Hollywood, there are French dinners, Italian dinners, German dinners, Spanish dinners, Swedish dinners and even Chinese dinners to vary the routine of social life. From Hollywood's little colony of foreign stars and foreign cooks, PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book has collected a wide variety of recipes from different lands which you, too, may use to give a distinctive touch to your menus.

Here, for instance, is the favorite recipe of Emil Jannings—*Kartoffel Kloese*. In plain English, this

means potato dumplings and you serve them with any sort of stew, fricassee or pot roast.

To make them, take six potatoes, three eggs, one cup of flour and one teaspoon of salt. Boil the potatoes, peel and grate them. Add to this the three eggs slightly beaten. Stir in flour and salt. Then mix thoroughly, just as you see Mr. Jannings doing in the picture at the top of the page.

Mold into small balls and boil for fifteen minutes in left-over meat or chicken gravy or in water. Or cook them in with the stew.

But if you love your Art and your health, keep the cover on the kettle while they are boiling. If you don't the dumplings will fall and the whole meal will come to a morbidly unhappy ending.

PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book contains many other foreign recipes that are probably new to you and to your friends. Some of them are more elaborate but none of them contain ingredients that aren't in your own kitchen or that cannot be purchased at your corner grocery.

If you will print your name and address plainly in the little coupon to your left and enclose a quarter, PHOTOPLAY will send you its Cook Book. It is especially valuable to the woman who wants to make her luncheons and dinner parties distinctive and fascinatingly different.

These recipes represent the tastes of the men and women who have the best cooks in the world at their command and one hundred of the very best dishes have been compiled for your enjoyment in your own home.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

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.

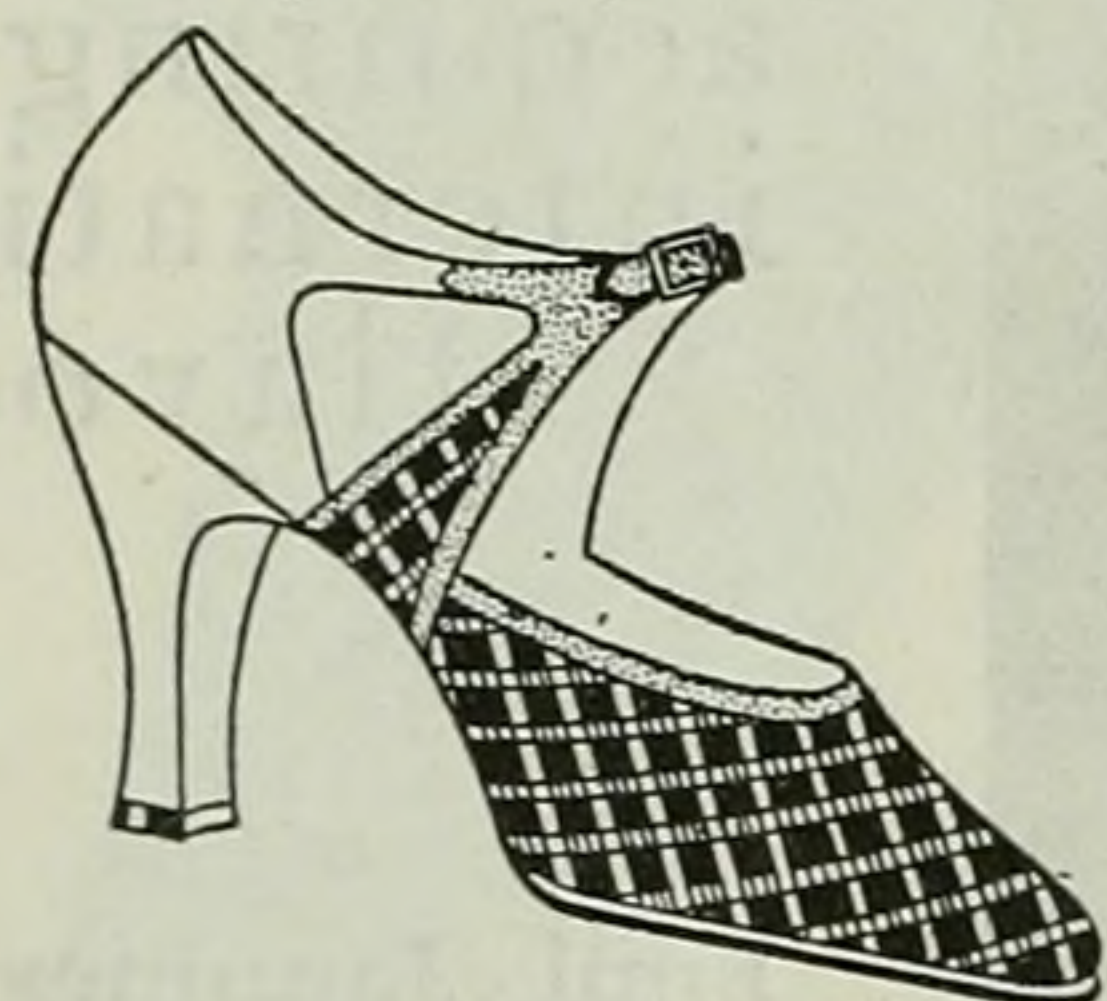
James Stoner



Exquisite Footwear

Style Secrets for Every Woman

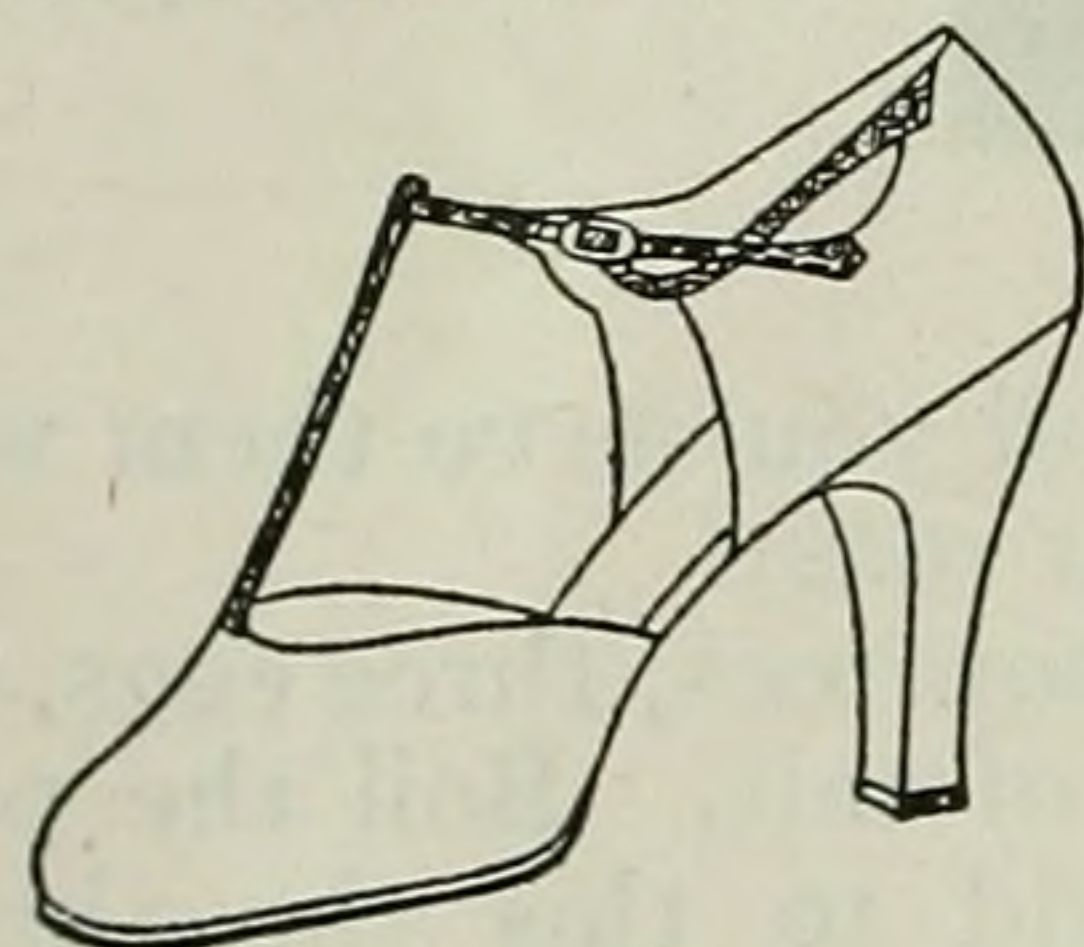
Our Spring Style Book brings Fifth Avenue to you! You will find in our new Style Book, which is just off the press, the smartest styles of New York and Paris—youthful, gay, bewitching. Send for our Spring Style Book today!



Molly

Medium Vamp and Heel

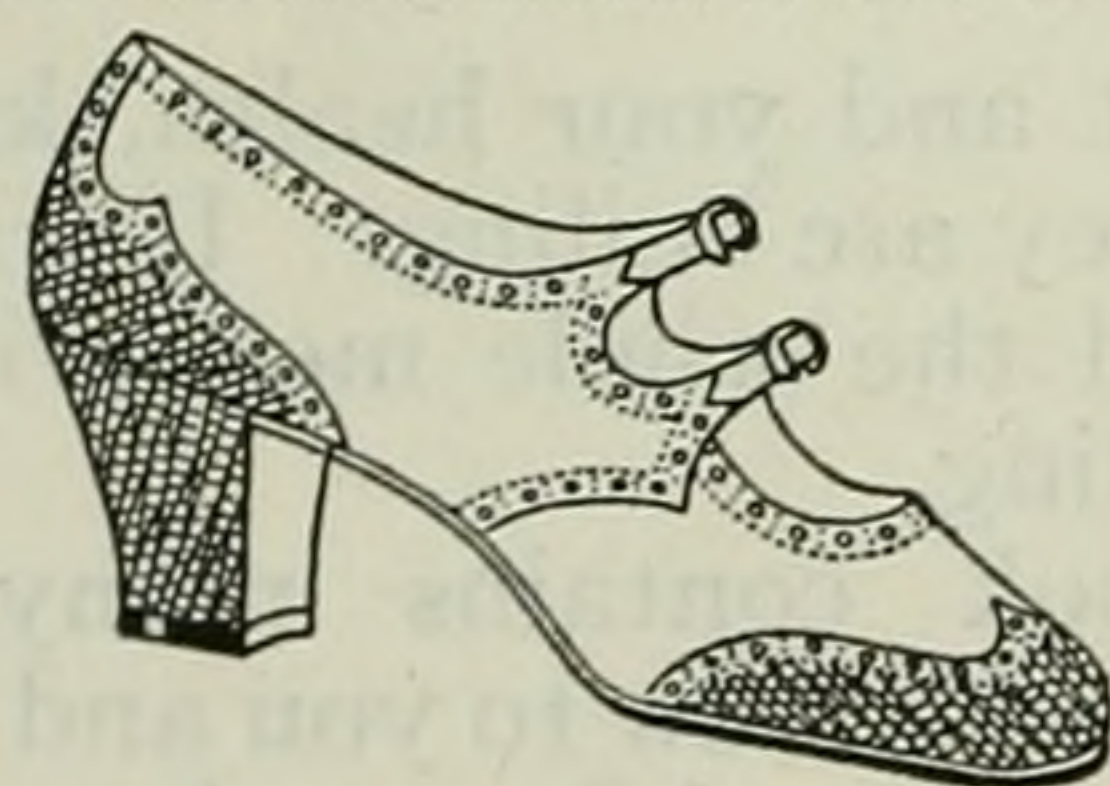
- All Patent Leather.....\$12.50
- White Kid Quarter
- Black and White Woven Vamp..... 14.00
- Honey Beige Kid Quarter
- Beige and Tan Woven Vamp..... 14.00
- White Kid Quarter
- White and Green Woven Vamp..... 14.00



Rosalie

Round Toe—Short Vamp

- Patent Leather
- *Fancy Calf Trim.....\$12.50
- Honey Beige Kid
- Darker Kid Trim..... 12.50
- White Kid
- Patent Trim..... 12.50



Vassar

- Parchment Calf
- Tan Calf Trim.....\$8.85
- White Calf
- White Lizard Calf Trim..... 8.85

WRITE FOR YOUR NEW BOOKLET OF SPRING STYLES

JAMES STONER

The Fashion Cross Roads of the World

7 WEST 42ND AT 5TH AVE. NEW YORK

Please send my copy of your Style Book

Name.....

Address.....

More Luck o' the Irish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

ing the paper. His eyes, traveling from the theatrical pages where they had rested on the names of his two other leading women, Bebe Daniels and Jobyna Ralston, fell upon a news page.

And upon that page was the picture of Ann Christy.

"Eureka!" exclaimed Harold, meaning, of course, not the California town of that name, but the Greek equivalent for "I've found it."

So he had. Because, after Ann Christy had been located, interviewed, and film-tested, it was discovered she was the typical East Side Irish girl of whom he was in search.

And this in spite of the fact that the little Hoosier has never even visited New York.

Yet, if Ann Christy's hair had been bobbed, Harold Lloyd would not have wasted upon her his Greek vocabulary.

What price scissors now?

Olympus Moves to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

in cameraland is less than 120 pounds, with Mary Philbin, five and one-half inches tall, the lightweight champion with her ninety-nine pounds.

Now here are the figures of the nine in the Venus' height class, revealing Joan Crawford's supremacy. Joan varies from Venus by a one-quarter inch loss around the chest, an inch loss through the hips, a half-inch loss in both ankle and calf.

But remember this. The camera has a trick of making everyone look ten pounds heavier than they really are.

Thus it does not permit Joan to weigh the 125 to 135 pounds correct for her height. If she did weigh that instead of the 110 pounds she maintains for screen beauty she would undoubtedly be exactly the size of the lady from Melos.

THE other eight vary much more than Joan. Leatrice Joy's ankles and legs are out of proportion to her very slender chest and hips—32 chest and 36 hips. Elinor Fair has the same chest measurement as Leatrice but her hips are 37 inches. Billie Dove is both too heavy in the bust and too slender in the calf. Yola D'Avril is hippy—39 inches. Colleen Moore is altogether too thin. Pola Negri's lower body, hips, calves and ankles are too heavy. Thelma Todd's chest is too narrow, her hips just right, her calves too small, her ankles right, which is not so good.

Aileen Pringle would delight the cloak and suiters if not the Greeks. Aileen is a perfect thirty-six, bust and hips.

Compare the figures in the box beside Richard Arlen's photograph and you find that the men are as close to Apollo's standard as the girls to Venus'.

Sixty-nine male stars made that composite star. Of them thirty-one are taller than Apollo, thirty-five shorter, and three his exact height.

The tallest is John Philip Kolb, six feet seven, yet he is not the only stellar skyscraper. Rod La Rocque, Monte Blue, Victor McLaglan, and Karl Dane are six feet three; Lane Chandler and Gary Cooper, six feet two. There's a mob of six-footers including Lloyd Hughes, Ben Lyon, Lucian Prival, Charlie Murray, Donald Reed, William Boyd, Tom Tyler,

Wallace Beery, Richard Dix, Charles Rogers, Fred Thomson, Conrad Nagel and H. B. Warner.

Ken Maynard, Clive Brook, William Haines, John Mack Brown, James Murray, Owen Moore and Ralph Forbes lack only a half inch of Apollo's height. They are five feet eleven. The very shorts are three and all of them funny—Chester Conklin, George Sydney and Raymond Hatton, these cut-ups being five feet five. The three true to Apollo's height are Richard Arlen, Paul Vincenti and Jack Mulhall.

But Jack Mulhall is otherwise under the standard; too slender through chest, hips, calf and ankle, and Paul Vincenti's proportions are too varying. Dick Arlen outclasses the other two quite thoroughly. He has a 38½-inch chest, 39½-inch hips, 14-inch calf, 8¼-inch ankle and weighs one-hundred and fifty-five.

The boys have the same need to be slim as the girls. There are five very husky boys prominent in the casting office but weight in their cases is an asset. Kolb scales 243 pounds, Tenen Holtz 225, Fred Kohler 209, Vic McLaglan 215, Emil Jannings 212.

Tyler Brook is the flyweight—one hundred and twenty-five.

McLaglan outchests all. His chest is 46 inches, that of his nearest competitor, Fred Thomson, 45 inches—and that above a 32-inch waist. Lucian Prival scores oppositely—30 inches. There are no particularly large feet among the boys, the average is size 8½ C, while the average above is an 8, but Tyler Brook has particularly small ones, two sizes smaller than Madame Corda's—size six.

THUS do the gods of the new Olympus compare with those of the old.

Centuries ago the Greeks knew how to be healthy, wealthy and wise. Then the world forgot so thoroughly that thirty years ago Oscar Wilde got by with the remark that all art was unhealthy. The senseless censors still think so.

The Greeks knew better.

Hollywood knows better. Its artists with their work, its figures with their beauty, glowing with the vitality of sun, sea and sports, prove it.

Art often lies but figures don't.



My Most Precious Beauty Secret

by Estelle Taylor

A FASCINATING revelation by one of the screen's most talented and beautiful actresses—a frank disclosure of the methods she uses for achieving loveliness—methods which you, too, in the privacy of your home, may use with surprising results.

Let Miss Taylor tell you of the short-cuts to beauty and skin loveliness she has found. Tricks of make-up that enable you to apply cosmetics with the skill of an artist—that enable you to emphasize the attractiveness of your features—and almost instantly seem to change the very contour of your face!

Yet this is but a part of a unique and priceless volume written by 20 of the most noted, most beautiful women of the screen—and a book which you may have for practically NOTHING.

Here is advice you know is invaluable. One star talks to you on the care of the skin; another discusses perfumes, their mystery, personalities and effectiveness. Another explains the development and care of gloriously beautiful hair; still another discloses her marvelously effective massage methods, new ways to relax, to banish "nerves"; how to enhance the beauty of your eyes, hands, arms, etc.

If sold in the usual manner, this book, profusely illustrated, at-

April Showers Talcum Powder—soft, smooth, fine as a fragrant mist—refreshing, protecting—metal box 25c; glass bottle, 50c.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only

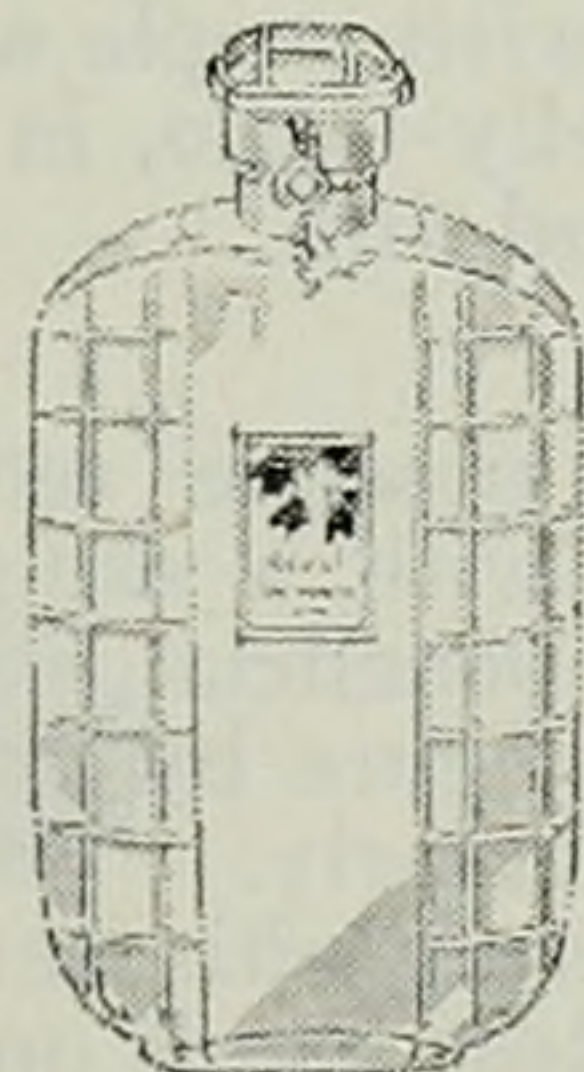
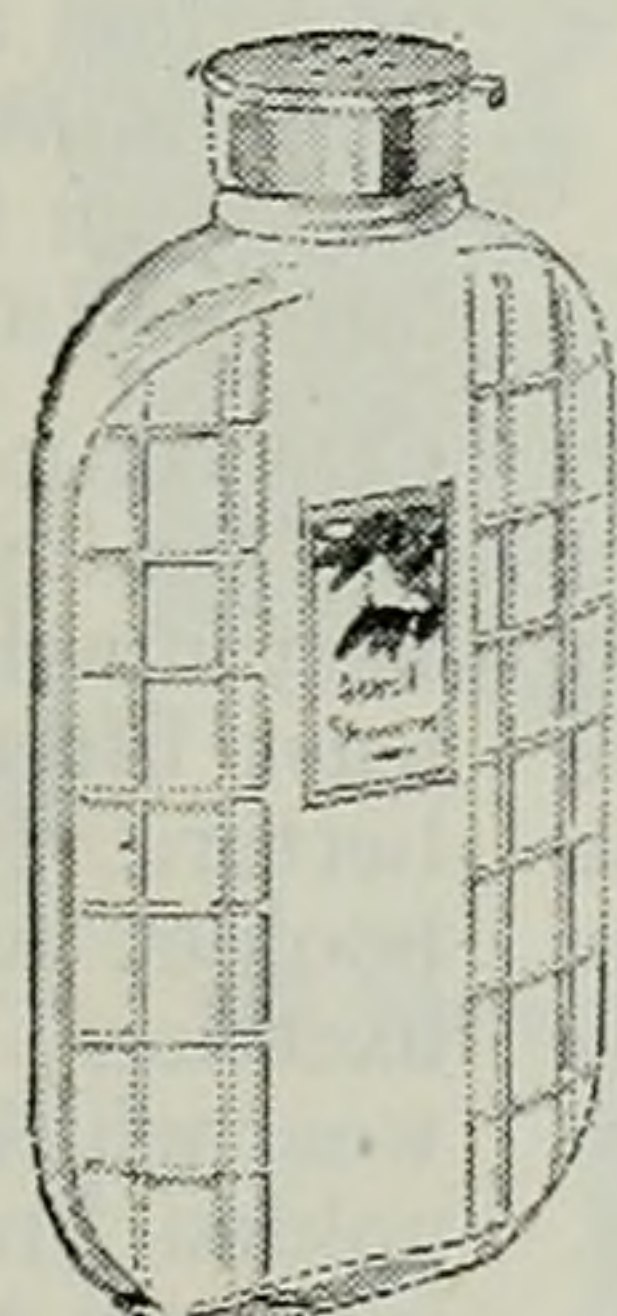


One of the screen's most beautiful celebrities whose recent noteworthy successes include "Don Juan" and her latest starring vehicle, "The Whip Woman."

tractively bound, would cost a dollar or more. Cheramy, parfumeur, offers it to you together with a generous container of April Showers Talc, the finest, most fragrant, most refreshing of all talcs, for 25c (to cover the mere cost of mailing, etc.).

April Showers Perfume—a glorious bouquet—the fragrance of a flower-filled springtime—\$4, \$2.50, \$1.

April Showers Toilet Water, delicately though lastingly fragrant with exquisite April Showers—wonderfully refreshing. 4 oz., \$2.



April Showers Face Powder—light or dark flesh, light or dark brunette, or white—75c.



April Showers, as you know, gayest and most youthful of all fragrances, favorite of Paris, smartest of continental odeurs, is the perfume motif of a group of exquisite toilettries known by the same name. To know them is to adopt them as your own, which is frankly why the talc is sent to you.

But . . . mail the coupon now, for this attractive offer is limited. You must act quickly . . . write today.

CHERAMY, INC.
PARIS NEW YORK

Cheramy, Inc., Dept. PB
539 West 45th Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "Precious Beauty Secrets" by 20 famous film stars and large size container of April Showers Talc. I enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

Name

Address

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

CHERAMY

PARIS - NEW YORK



Virginia Lee Corbin, the beautiful star playing under the First National banner has eyes no one can forget. They're so utterly beautiful.

Are Your Eyes as Beautiful?

A quick flick... and wonderful Winx weaves its magic spell. With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing bestows on the eyes divine loveliness. It makes them seem larger and more expressive, by framing them in a shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes.

Now arouse the beauty that slumbers in your eyes. Apply Winx, the original liquid lash dressing which is an indispensable part of the smart toilette.

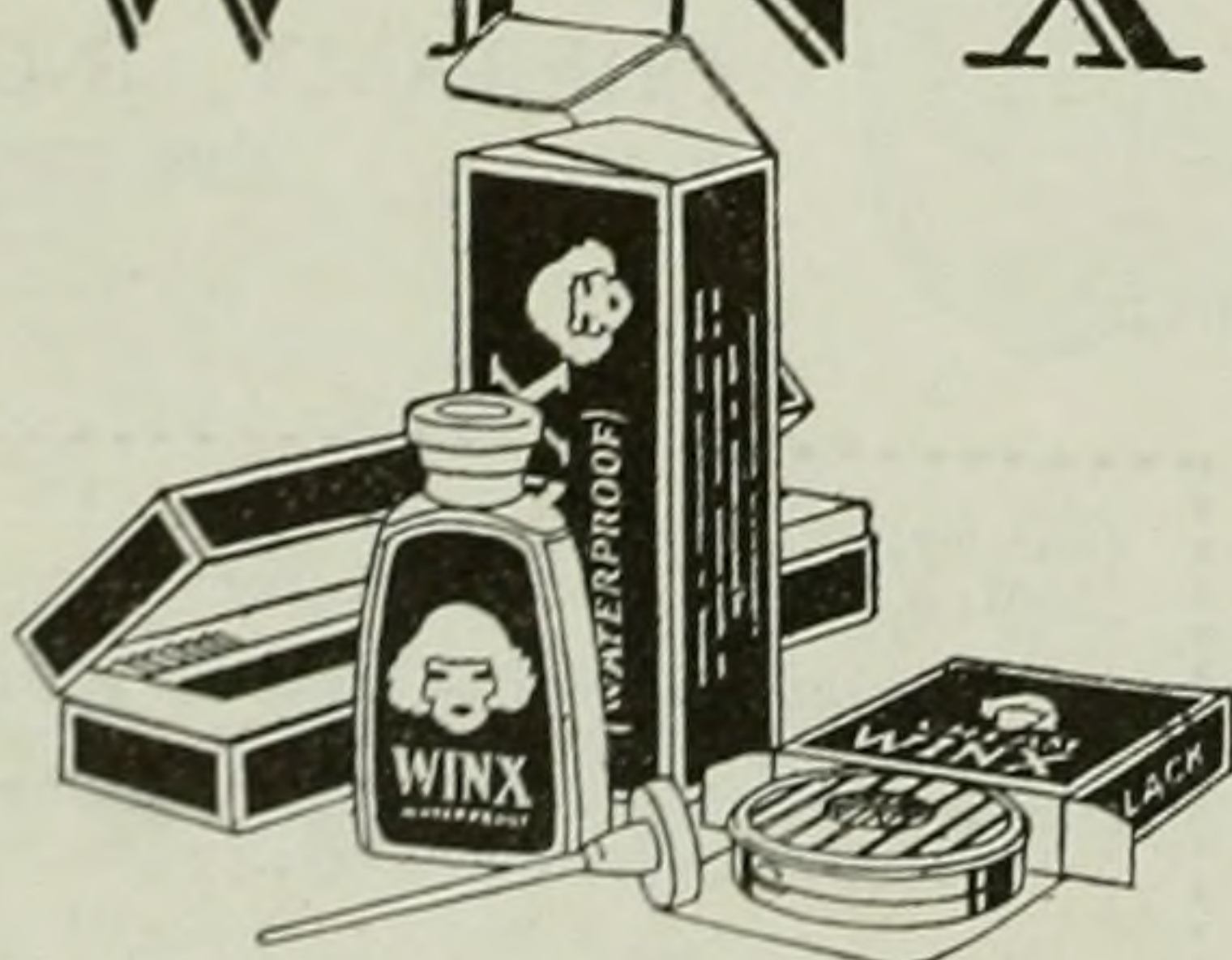
Neither fragile nor transient, the loveliness Winx gives to the lashes remains undimmed. A tear... a stray cinder... a day in the surf, nothing can harm it or cause it to run. Winx is steadfast. Just apply it in the morning, and remove it before retiring.

To be absolutely sure that your lashes are fashionable and fair insist upon Winx. And to insure the loveliest effect apply and remove Winx according to the directions in the booklet that comes in the dainty package. 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



Lavishes Beauty without a hint of Artificiality

Also you can now obtain Cake Winx and Cream Winx, in light or dark shades wherever waterproof Winx is sold!



Mal St. Clair and his "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" family. Alice White, the new *Dorothy*, is at the left. The girl in the center, showing what the well-dressed woman is wearing, is Anita Loos, who wrote the story. And the blonde, of course, is Lorelei Lee in the person of Ruth Taylor

Girl's Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

BARBARA K.:

A famous theatrical producer has said that a girl should weigh two pounds to the inch. This is a good rule to follow on determining weight. Do not change your style of hairdressing—and *do not cut your hair*. It suits your type very well, just as it is. Wear bright colors—red, orange, brown, flame, coral. Any of these vivid shades will suit you. But have your dresses cut along straight lines. If the men and girls in your town do not appeal to you, you are silly to feel that you must spend a great deal of time with them. Time spent with people who do not stimulate you mentally—who, in other words, bore you—is wasted time.

J. M.:

Exercise is the best possible reducing agency when combined with a sane diet. While osteopathy will be beneficial, you can reduce any part of your figure by yourself if you will exercise regularly. For the ankles, try this: Stand erect with feet close together and parallel. Rest hands on hips. Rise to tiptoe, then squat, bending knees sharply outward and supporting entire weight of the body on the balls of both feet. Be sure to keep upper body erect. From squatting position rise back to tiptoes, then lower heels to floor. Repeat entire exercise at least twelve times daily. For the chin, do these exercises. Stand with chest high, abdomen flat, head high and chin in. With-

out moving the body turn head sharply to the left five times, then to the right five times. Next, relax head and neck muscles completely and roll head around in a circle, going forward and back as far as possible. For the abdomen, stand erect with hands on back of head. Bend from side to side as deep down as possible without moving lower body. Next, rise on toes and stretch arms overhead, bend body at trunk and try to touch fingertips to the floor. Return to correct standing position and plant the feet about twenty-four inches from each other. Stretch arms to their fullest length and then try to touch the finger tips of the right hand to the toe of left foot, keeping abdomen flat and knees stiff. Reverse with left hand and right foot. Repeat twelve times.

CHARMAINE:

Thank you for writing me again. You are very much overweight. You should lose at least fifteen pounds, and twenty would be better. If you will send for my reducing booklet you will find in it both the diet and exercises you need. For colors you can wear white, when trimmed with other colors, golden brown, blue, blue gray, pale pink, soft rose and bronze. Wear your hair very simply dressed and, if possible, brushed back from the face. Your hats should be small but have some type of brim. In summer you can wear large, shade hats. "Off-the-face" models are not your type.

“Hoot, Mon, Luckies dinna hurt my wind or throat,” says Sir Harry Lauder, celebrated star

“I’ve smoked Luckies for years and all this time I’ve been active in my work which demands a clear voice for singing and good wind for dancing. And so I say to Sandy McGregor, ‘It’s always a bra bricht moon-licht nicht with Luckies—Hoot, Mon, they dinna hurt my wind or throat.’”

Harry Lauder



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

“In my business, I have noticed that in this Southland where tobacco grows, The American Tobacco Company buys ‘The Cream of the Crop’ for their LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. I am glad to testify as to their quality.”

Jud a Jones

Tobacco Warehouseman

“It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Discouraged

with patchwork treatments
of the skin—



Thousands of women
are turning to this
new method of care
and skin health

ARE you, too, one of those who have tried treatment after treatment for the skin, yet without any visible results? Have you perhaps come to feel that *nothing* can give you one of those clear, smooth, glowing complexions you envy in some of your friends?

Yet below those unsightly blemishes, deep down where patchwork remedies fail even to reach, natural forces in your skin are fighting day and night to counteract the harsh conditions of daily life. Unaided, these forces fight a losing battle. A little help on your part, and the balance swings toward the unlocking of a hidden beauty.

To cleanse the pores, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands of women have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap. Often in a few days, blackheads, blemishes, and even infections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment.

Also as a general toilet soap—for baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath! Note its clean, tonic odor.

Ointment for serious affections

Resinol Ointment has 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. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Dept. 9-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

Name
Street
City State

She Makes Good at 59

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Sheehan, who is responsible for both Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. On asking who she was, where she had been, what she had done prior to this picture, John Ford furnished the information that "She was just an extra woman who had been trying for years. We gave her a bit in 'Mother Machree' and she looked good enough in that for us to give her a chance in this."

"MOTHER" MANN lives in a little house of her own architectural designing. It stands in the rear of the one that she first built and which she now rents out. It was this little foresight that made it possible for her to maintain a rugged front in the face of adversity for the eleven years that she has struggled for her place in pictures. She is white haired and she speaks with a delightful Scottish burr. Her story is one that proves that nothing less than fortitude and determination will carry one along in this field where the competition is so great and the supply so far in excess of the demand when it comes to players for minor rôles or "atmosphere."

"Mother" Mann originally came to Southern California from the State of Washington. That was almost twenty years ago. She did not come to Los Angeles or Hollywood, but settled in San Diego. When the Fair came along "Mother" Mann went to the State of Washington Building on the grounds prior to the official opening. She met the Governor of her former home state. He suggested that she represent *Martha Washington* in a tableau which was to form part of the opening day exercises at the fair. "Mother" Mann consented, and a few months later made a second ap-

pearance at the Fair on Washington's Birthday.

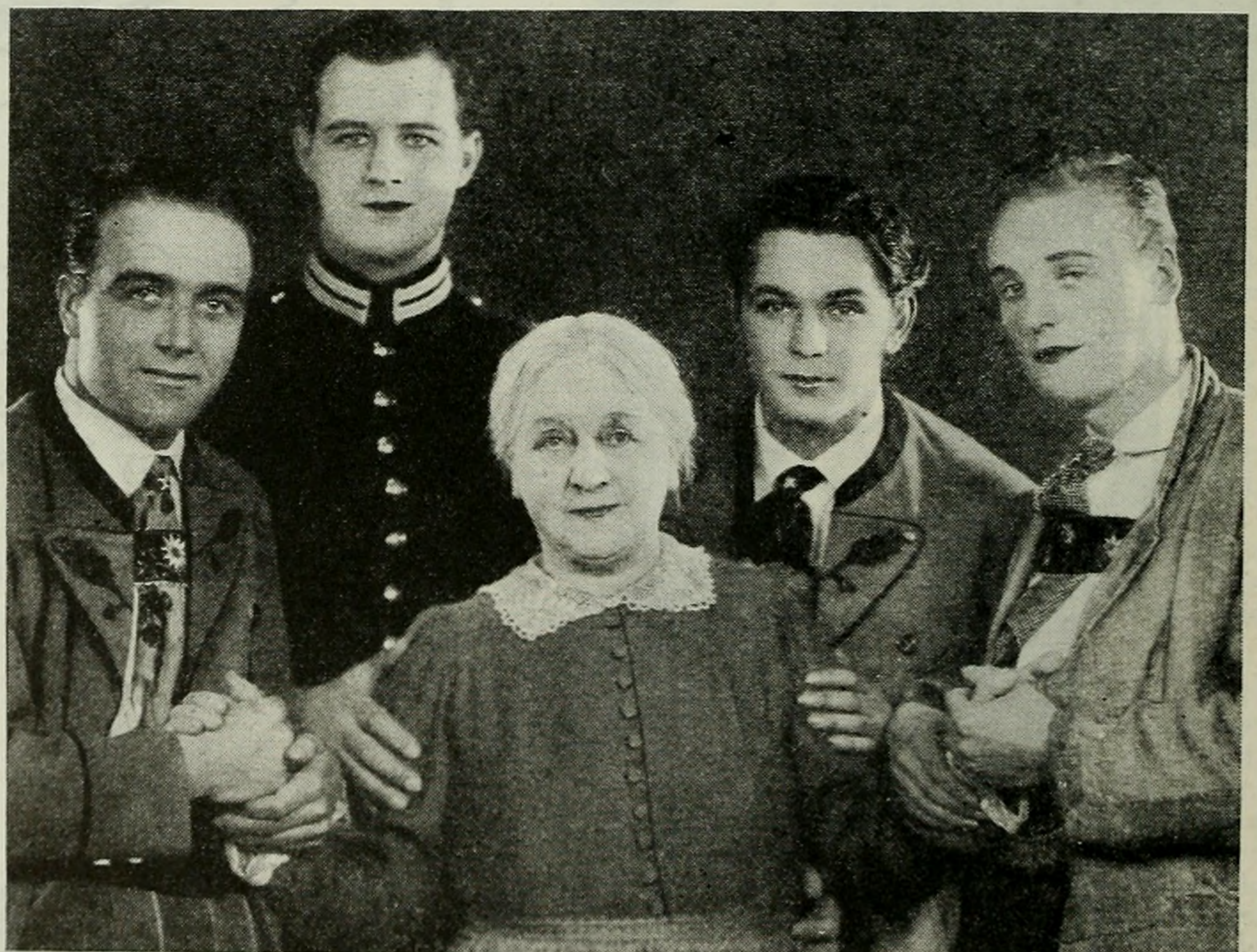
Naturally she was photographed in the *Martha Washington* costume. Friends insisted that her place was before the motion picture camera. Finally, the constant reiteration of the motion picture suggestion had its effect, and "Mother" Mann came north to Los Angeles. She made a round of the studio casting offices with her *Martha Washington* photographs and when she reached Universal, she finally was asked to leave a photograph of herself. She went home and three days later she was "called" to the studio.

FROM then on her troubles really began. It was a day here and a day there. Sometimes the wage was \$5 and at others \$7.50, but there was no regularity to the work. She would work a day and then skip a week before there was another call.

Then late in 1917 along came what she believed was her chance. It was the mother rôle in "Hearts of Humanity" which Alan Holubar directed for Universal. She was placed under contract for the picture. Her salary was \$60 weekly and she managed to get about six weeks out of the production. But her elation was soon dispelled when she learned that the picture would not be released for months afterward. With the ending of the war the vogue of the white haired mother waned.

"Mother" Mann went back to atmosphere. There were no parts and even an old lady must live. Today she is fifty-nine. She started looking for her chance for screen fame at forty-eight, and it took her eleven years to achieve her goal.

Think of that before you go to Hollywood!



Margaret Mann, as *Grandma Bernle* of "Four Sons," with the four sons: *Joseph*, played by James Hall; *Franz*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Andres*, George Meeker; and *Johann*, Charles Morton



TANGEE

A remarkable beauty aid!

The modern vogue for natural color has brought forward a new kind of lipstick with an astonishing property. In an amazing way it changes color, as you put it on, from its original orange to blush-rose — Nature's own shade — and blends with each individual type of beauty.

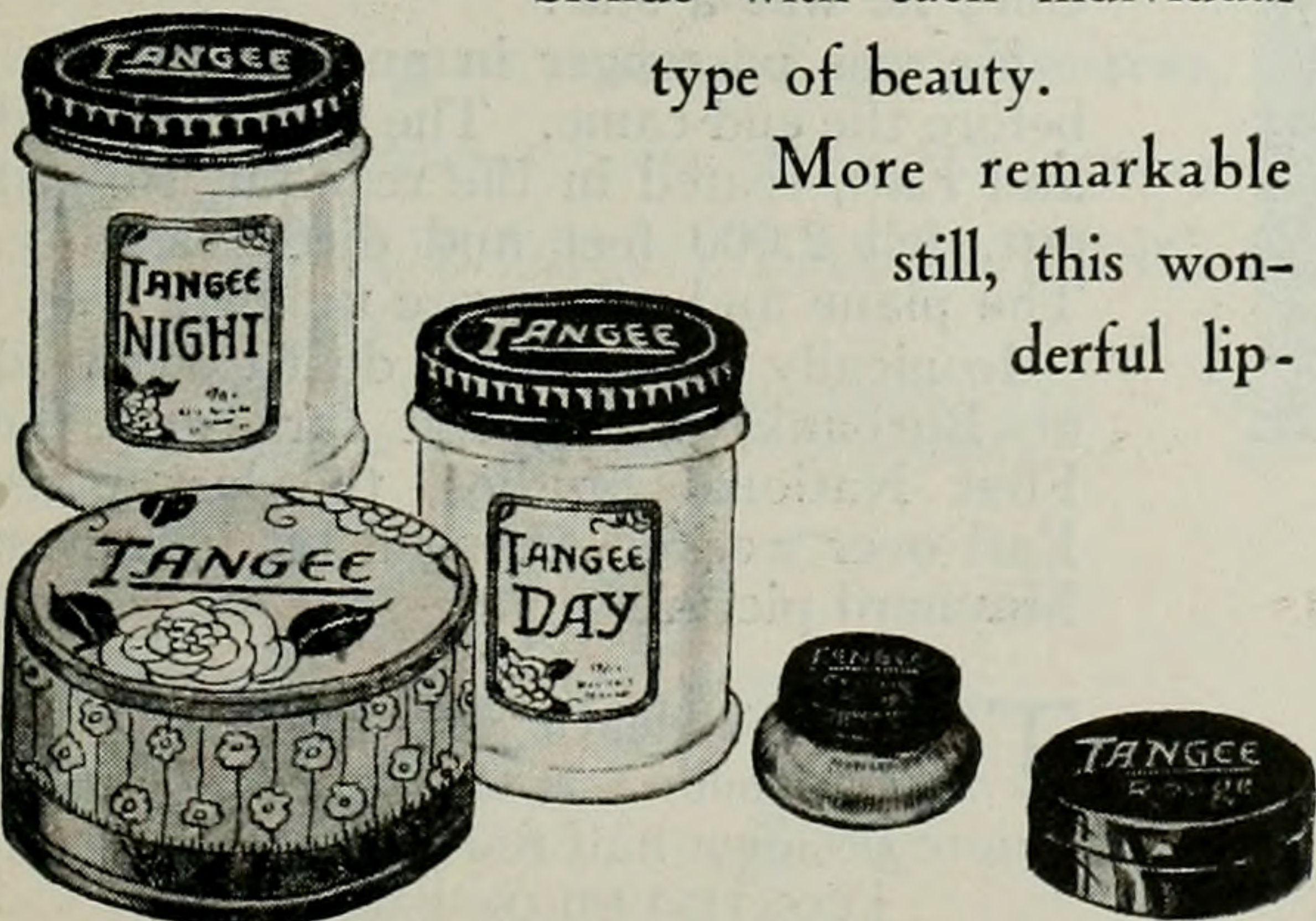
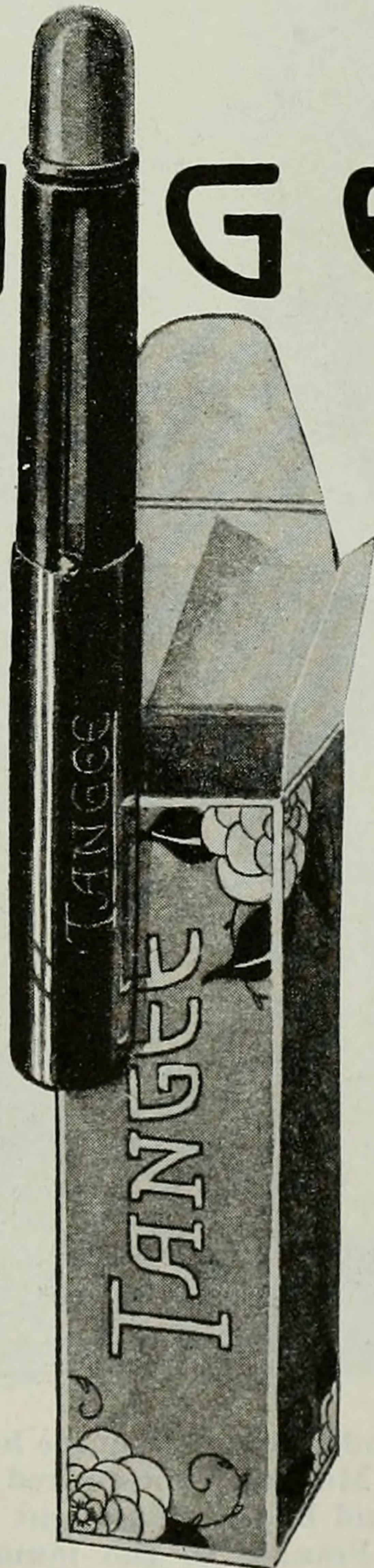
More remarkable still, this wonderful lip-

stick is matched in a color magic for the cheeks. A rouge which changes color to blend with your complexion and — like the lipstick — stays on all day without fading or rubbing off!

The name of this color magic? Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge.

Be sure you see the name on the box and gunmetal case.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crème 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. 33 The George W. Lust Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name
 Address

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

IF you think these falls taken at the risk of your neck in the movies are trick shots, I wish you had been with me on the set of "The Godless Girl" the other day.

Mary Jane Irving, a plucky little stunt girl, was on the third story stair landing. The railing was to break; she was to go over.

Standing out of the camera range was a youth on crutches. He was her fiance, another stunt person, who will walk on crutches indefinitely because of his last daredevil gift to the realism of pictures.

"Remember, Mary, if you feel you may be hurt, don't move!" he gave the unwritten law of all doubles as the last minute warning.

CHANGING your name to change your luck is becoming a Hollywood habit. Gretel Yoltz—erstwhile Eileen Sedgwick—is the latest.

Eileen went to interview Howard Hawkes concerning a part in a picture.

"I want a girl like Eileen Sedgwick, only not so heavy," he stated. "What's your name?"

"Gretel Yoltz," Eileen answered. She thought Howard was kidding and gave the first name that flashed before her, that of a former maid.

"Gretel" got the part.

Still thinking he was joking, Eileen kidded him about not seeming to know her.

Hawkes was amused, but seriously advised her to keep the new name. She kept it.

DIRECTOR Rupert Julian had missed seeing William Hale for two weeks. He met him accidentally.

"Where in thunder have you been, Hale?" Julian inquired.

"Oh, I've been out of sight for a couple of weeks. I've been pre-viewing Von Stroheim's latest picture," Hale retorted.



Map this out. Emily Chichester, playing in Italian films made in New York, is an Englishwoman out of the Follies that glorify the American girl. Her latest film is called "A Man from Manhattan." When the studios went West, Emily became one of the few movie players in the East and so fine has her work been in the domestic-made foreign-released Riviera films, they've bobbed her name to Chester in Mussolini's land and regard her as a star



No, not sisters, but a little girl with a blonde mother to guide her. Virginia Kirtley was a popular star with Mutual. She retired to raise her daughter, Frankie, while husband Eddie Lyons went on as director and comedian. They sent Frankie to the famous National Park Seminary, at Washington, D. C., and all that. Frankie's Lupino Lane's leading lady now, and Miss Kirtley is playing parts on the screen again

TWO more final fadeouts in the film colony, two more deaths as strangely tragic as many film deaths seem to be. Both were army officers who had been decorated for bravery in battle.

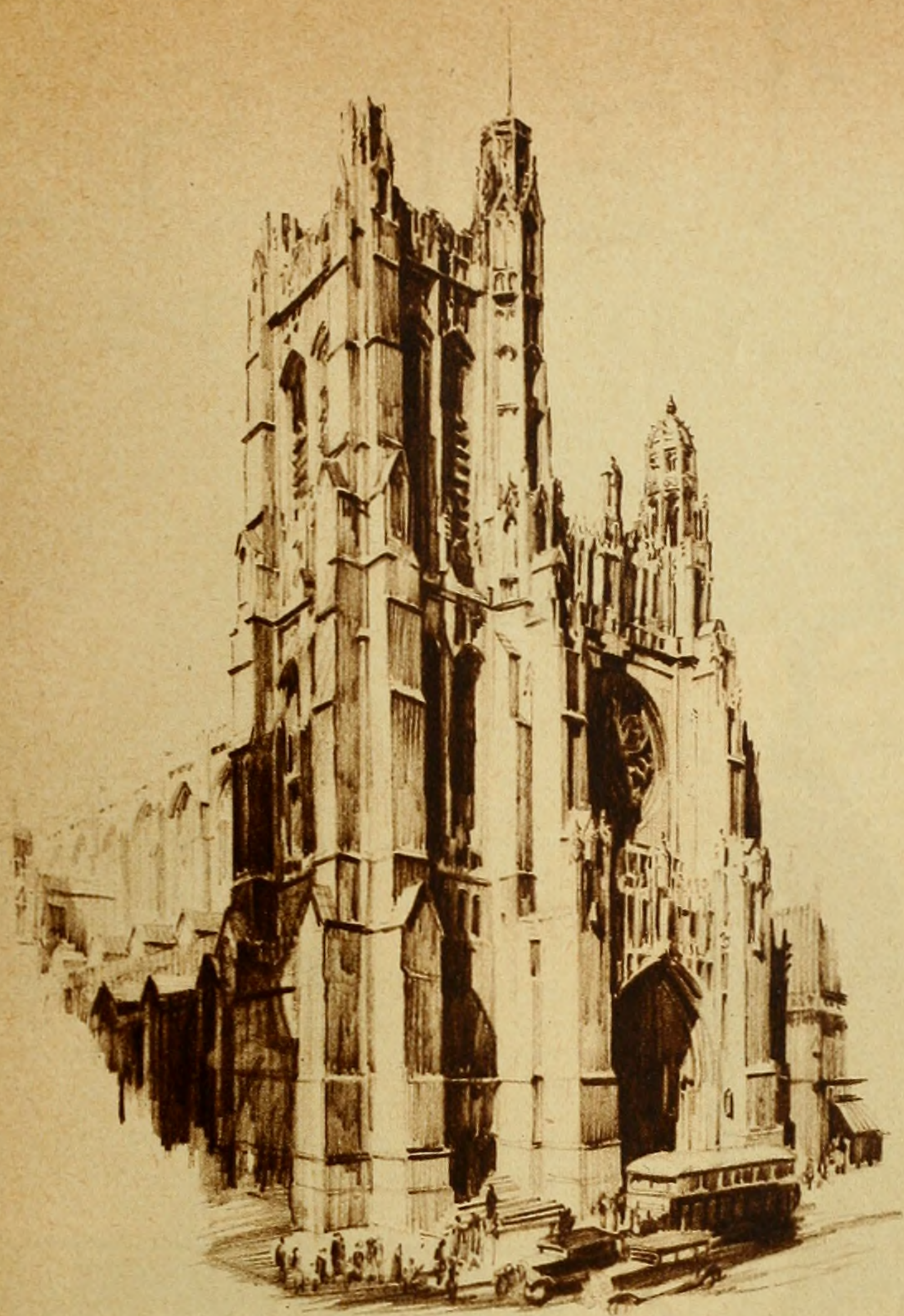
There was Earl Metcalfe. He had been generally forgotten though he was one of the movies' pioneers. He worked steadily from 1912 when he started with the old Lubin company until 1924. But the last three years found even Poverty Row practically closed to him. There was no real reason for it. Earl was a good actor. Once he was a star.

He was passenger in an airplane just before the end came. The plane swerved and Earl, seated in the rear pit, slipped out, fell 2,000 feet and died instantly. The plane and pilot were unhurt.

Ironically enough, his death occurred at Burbank, Calif., not far from the First National Studios, the last place Earl ever worked, doing a bit in a Ken Maynard picture.

THE other death was that of Wally McCutcheon. It was suicide. He left a note beside a half finished bottle of gin,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



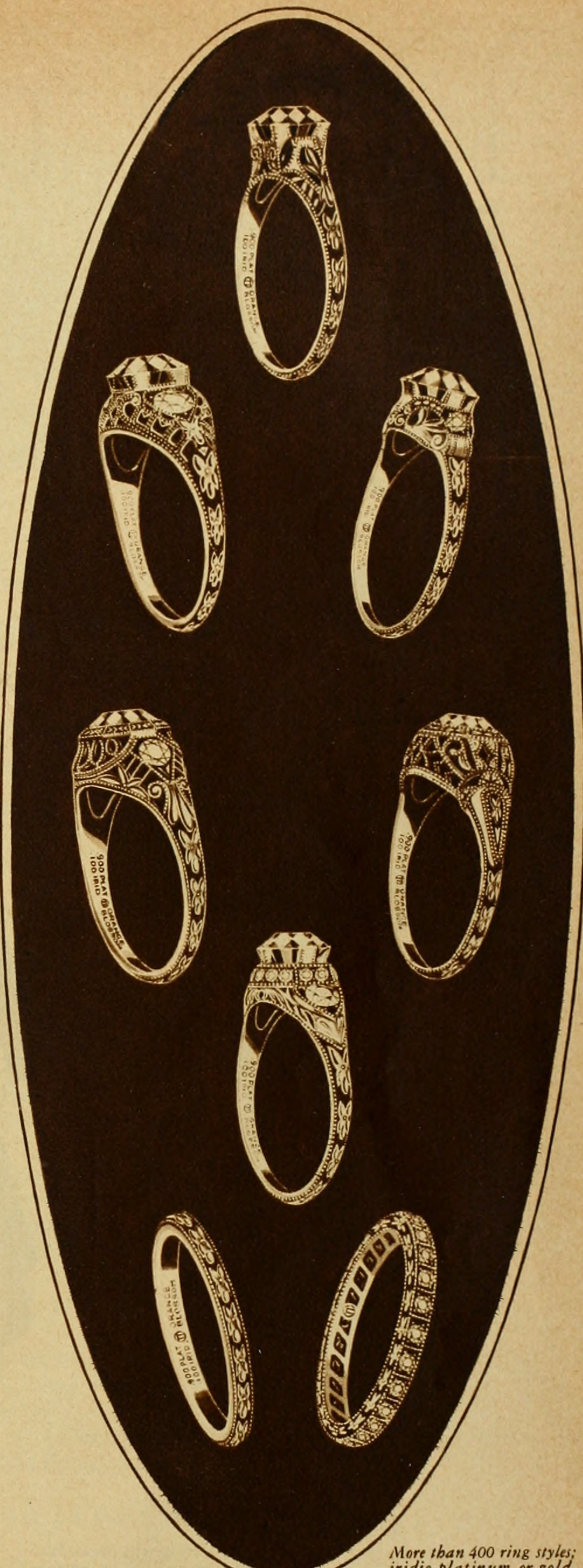
In architectural magnificence few churches, anywhere, equal St. Thomas, New York—scene of many of Manhattan's most brilliant weddings.

What will the jury of girlhood say?

THIS RING that so delights her heart of hearts † † † will it also deserve and win the admiration of girlhood's jury? Surely they will thrill to the beauty of any Traub creation † † † sensing the faultless good taste which links modish ring design with the age-old symbolism of the Orange Blossom. Or judging, humanly, by other than sentimental standards, they will recognize the Traub trade-mark † † † displayed at all the better jewelers' † † † as a guarantee of genuineness, vogue and value.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

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TRAUB Genuine
Orange Blossom
 Engagement and Wedding Rings

T R A U B

Printzess

COATS AND SUITS



Left—Doris Kenyon, First National star, featured in "The Valley of the Giants."



Right—Laura La Plante, starring in "Finders Keepers," a Universal production.



"To follow the stars" is wise in selecting a smart, new coat. For these two famous stars will lead you straight to a slim, youthful Printzess model. A leading merchant in your town is showing the chic Printzess Coats and Suits worn by America's best dressed women. Also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter figure — "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sports wear. Ask for Printzess by name. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland, New York.

Printzess garments cost less than you expect.

Dress Coats	- - -	\$39.50 to \$79.50
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Suits	- - -	25.00 to 59.00

Many leading merchants are featuring Printzess Week this season.

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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.

C. C. C. C., WACO, TEX.—Just to settle the argument and “do the whole school a favor,” I’ll announce here and now that Gloria Swanson is *not* dead. That rumor crops up about once a year and it is pretty tough on Gloria, who is still very much alive. So go back to your studies and don’t worry any more about it.

W. F., NEW YORK, N.Y.—June Collyer’s real name is Dorothea Heermance. She was born in New York—Aug. 19, 1907. Come again.

CORRECTION—A few months ago, I said that Katherine McDonald was once the wife of the late Malcolm Strauss. A thousand apologies to Mr. Strauss for calling him “late.” Mr. Strauss is very much alive and this poor old man is so ashamed that he is blushing to the roots of his whiskers.

M. R. L., FERNDALE, MD.—Valentino was thirty-one years old when he died. Lois Moran has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. She was born March 11, 1909, and she isn’t married. Write to her at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Not a bit of trouble!

MISS SIH-LIN-IN, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—That is a pretty name. What does it mean? Lillian Gish was born Oct. 14, 1896. Anna May Wong is not under contract to any company. She is a freelance player, which means that she is engaged by any producer who needs her services. Certainly, Vilma Banky is going to continue her career. Don’t apologize for your English. There wasn’t a single mistake in your letter.

F. D. OF IOWA.—Thelma Todd played opposite Richard Dix in “The Gay Defender.” Richard has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes.

Yes, Ramon Novarro is going to make more pictures; his present contract still has some time to run. Clara Bow’s next picture is “Ladies of the Mob.”

D. N., ILION, N. Y.—Betty Bronson played the *Madonna* in “Ben-Hur” and Francis X. Bushman was *Messala*.

A. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thanks for the Leap Year advice. I am a pretty wise old man and I’ve managed to escape a lot of Leap Years. Bobby Doyle was the boy you liked in “Johnny Get Your Hair Cut.” Sorry to break up your illusions, but it’s my duty to tell you that Don Alvarado is married.

TO VIRGINIA OF SAN DIEGO AND OTHERS.—Write to Gilbert Roland at the United Artists Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. That’s that.

M. B., HAYWARD, CALIF.—I don’t say “drat the women.” I like their “everlasting questions.” It’s only the married men who object to their questions. Yep, Thomas Meighan has signed up with Caddo Pictures. I don’t know where he’s going to work. And, so far as I know, his brother has no intention of going into the movies.

EVELYN, KENOSHA, WIS.—Hugh Allan was born Nov. 5, 1903. Write to him at the Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, Calif. He’s six feet tall. John Harron is another six footer and William Boyd is one inch over six feet. Don Alvarado misses the six-foot mark by just one inch. Alvarado was born in 1903 and Charles Rogers in 1905.

WHO started the rumor that Richard Dix had married a girl named Rolls? Letters inquiring about Richard’s marriage came from all parts of the country.

The answer is that Richard Dix is still single.

And here are the answers to the six other most persistent questions of the month:

Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa. She is twenty-one years old and that is her real name.

Esther Ralston is married to George Webb. She was born on September 17, 1902.

Richard Arlen is twenty-eight years old. Married to Jobyna Ralston.

Joan Crawford is not married.

Charles Farrell is twenty-five years old and was born at Onset Bay, Mass.

And—to repeat an answer of a previous month—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah.

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.

C. P., DENVER, COLO.—You have a sympathetic nature, a good imagination and plenty of force of character. Do all those nice compliments make up for my neglect of you? Richard Dix was born in St. Paul. He’s six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds.

P. S., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Right you are; Lon Chaney played *Fagin* with Jackie Coogan in “Oliver Twist.”

A LOIS WILSON FAN, YAKIMA, WASH.—Lois was born June 28, 1896, in Pittsburgh, Pa. She is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Brown hair and hazel eyes.

M. C. S., NORWOOD, PA.—Ronald Colman enlisted in a London Scottish Regiment at the beginning of the War and was wounded in the first battle of Ypres. But he’s a modest fellow and doesn’t talk much about it. Write to Charles Farrell at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. It’s spelled Barthelmess and Richard may be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Don’t forget that promise of “eternal gratitude.”

E. O’B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since I am so smart I can tell you that John Mack Brown is six feet tall, has black hair and brown eyes and may be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. How’s that for being clever?

W. L. F., DUNCAN, OKLA.—Bebe is pronounced Bee-bee. William S. Hart is out of pictures, temporarily I hope. He lives in Hollywood. Lewis Stone was born Nov. 15, 1879, and Clive Brook, June 1, 1891. Mr. Brook is married to Mildred Evelyn. Clive is pronounced Cl-eye-ve, with a long “i.” Clara Bow has brown eyes and she is five feet, three and one-half inches tall. She weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Just seventeen when she first went into pictures. And that’s her real name. Can that be all?

GEORGE W., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Write to William Russell at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MISS L. D., SEATTLE, WASH.—Colleen Moore was starred in “So Big” and other important rôles were played by John Bowers, Ben Lyon, Wallace Beery and Rosemary Theby.

PAULINE G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Jetta Goudal has green eyes and she was born in 1898. Alice Joyce’s hair is brown and her eyes are hazel. Joan Crawford has red hair and Jacqueline Logan has auburn hair and grey eyes. Don’t ask me the difference between auburn and red hair!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

The Story of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Individual Expression in
A.L.L.U.R.I.N.G
HAIR



No other hair is just like Miss DelRio's—which speaks its own charm-story of personal good taste and personal supervision

"Oh, of course it's no secret," says Miss Del Rio. "This hair of mine which so many folks talk and write about so kindly. I give credit to real fresh lemon juice.

"It's so simple to reason it out why you, too, should use real lemon juice. You see, all soaps leave a thin 'viscous' curd on each tiny strand of hair after a shampoo. No—you can't remove it with water; no, not if you try it twenty times. It leaves the hair like a mat! You just can't arrange it properly!

"But—when you use real lemon juice, the mild, harmless, delicate lemon acid cuts the curd away.

"Then, you know you have clean hair. And, real lemon juice makes it instantly possible to regain natural gloss; pretty color is undimmed."

Alonso Del Rio

P. S.—"Tell them to do it this way," my hairdresser writes me—"Wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California Lemons to an ordinary wash bowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse with this, following with rinse in plain water."

"That's the way he rinses my hair."

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of real fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on margin of this page, tear off and mail to

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 1904, Box 530, Station "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

"No, we were never on the stage. Oh, we were on the background of the Royal Theater.

"We never said anything.

"Just went on to learn what you call stage presence.

"THE usual course was two years. But I was just beginning the third, when one of the teachers came to me and said Mauritz Stiller wanted a girl to play in a picture for him. I said, 'Ya? I will go and see him!' I didn't think much about it. I never get thrilled about anything until it happens. It hurts too much to be disappointed.

"That day, after school, I went up to his house to see him. I had never seen Mr. Stiller. To me he was just a very big man.

"He is very big in Europe, you know; one of the biggest.

"He was not at home. So I sat down and waited. Pretty soon he came in with his big dog.

"I started trembling all over.

"He seemed such a funny person. He looked at me, looked me up and down, looked me all over.

"He has told me since, exactly what I

had on, even to my shoes and stockings. I had on black, low-heeled low shoes, with black stockings. He just said a few words about the weather and things in general.

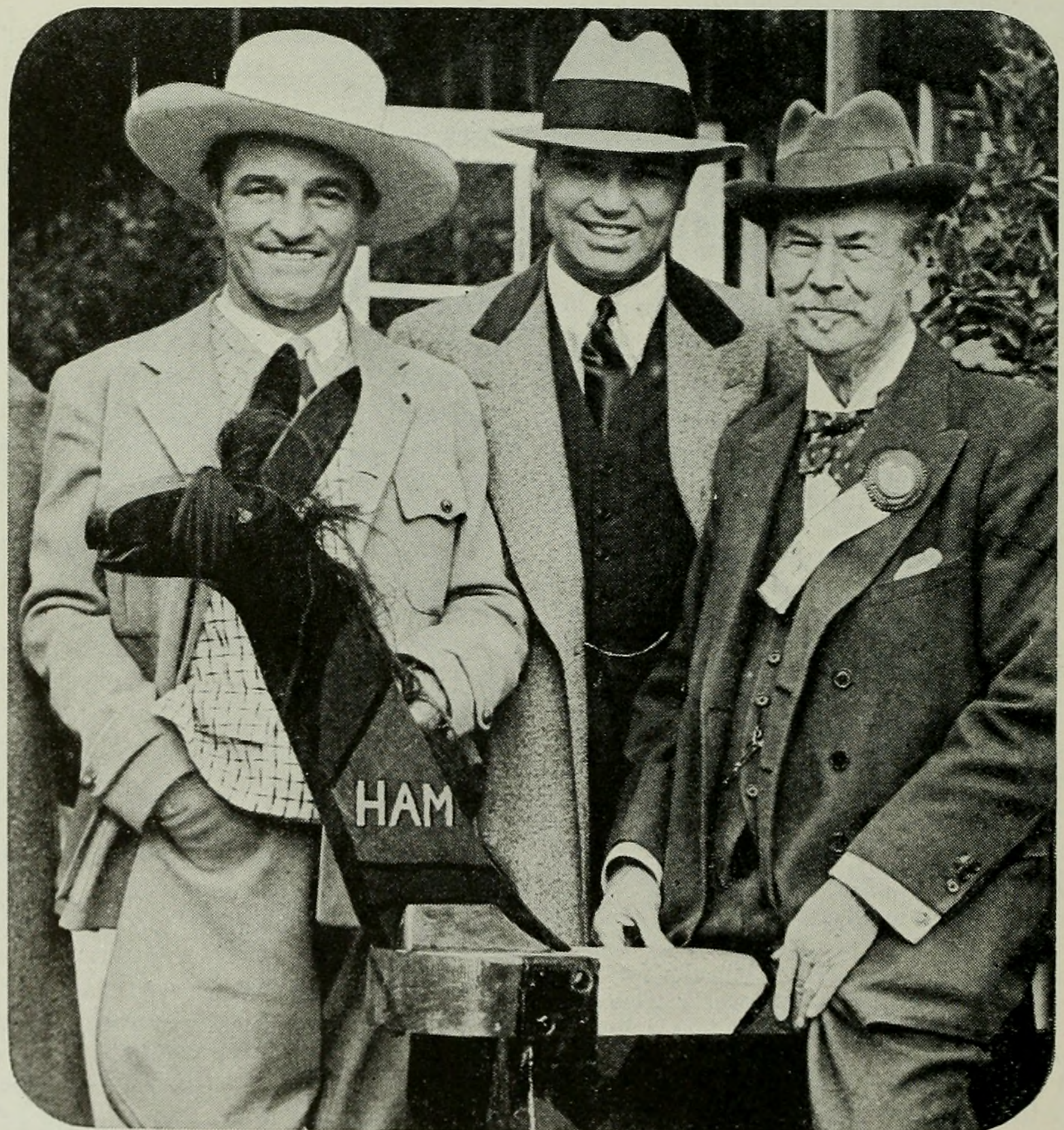
"At times it seemed as though he looked away, but I know he was really looking at me every moment. After quite a few moments, he said,

"Well, can't you take off your coat and hat?"—just as though he had asked me a dozen times before, when he had said nothing about it.

"THEN he just looked at me some more and said, 'What's your telephone number?'

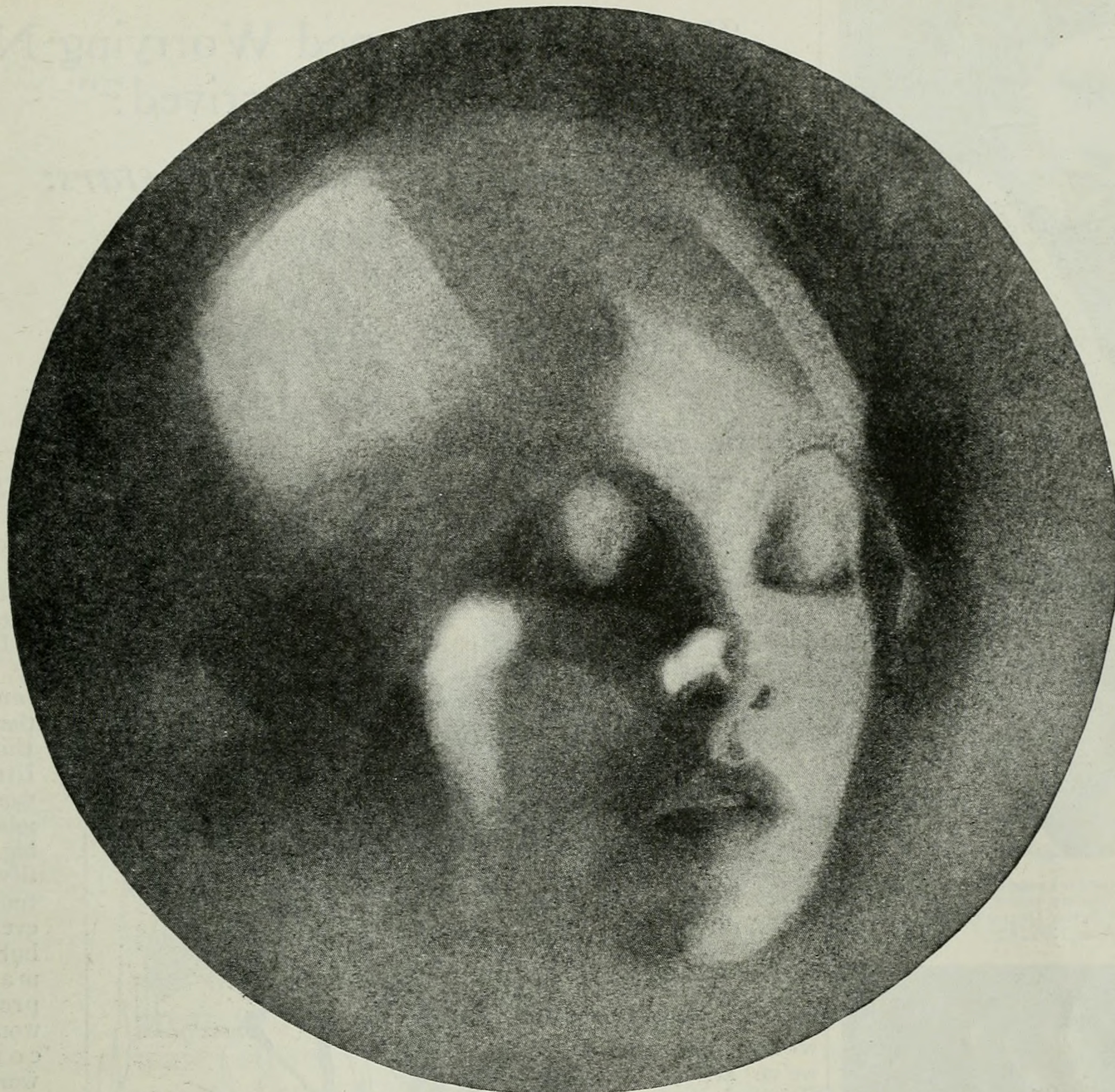
"Then I knew it was all over. 'He isn't interested,' I thought. 'When they're not interested they always ask your telephone number.' So I put on my hat and coat and went out. No, I wasn't worried. I just didn't think any more about it—"

But was it over? Miss Garbo, said by thousands to be the most interesting figure in the movies, and certainly the most mysterious, will continue the story of her career in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.



Three great sportsmen get together in Los Angeles. Tom Mix and Jack Dempsey initiate Sir Thomas Lipton, British yachtsman, into a Hollywood club. The horse that you see was part of the initiation ceremonies

TRE-JUR'S NEW ODEUR



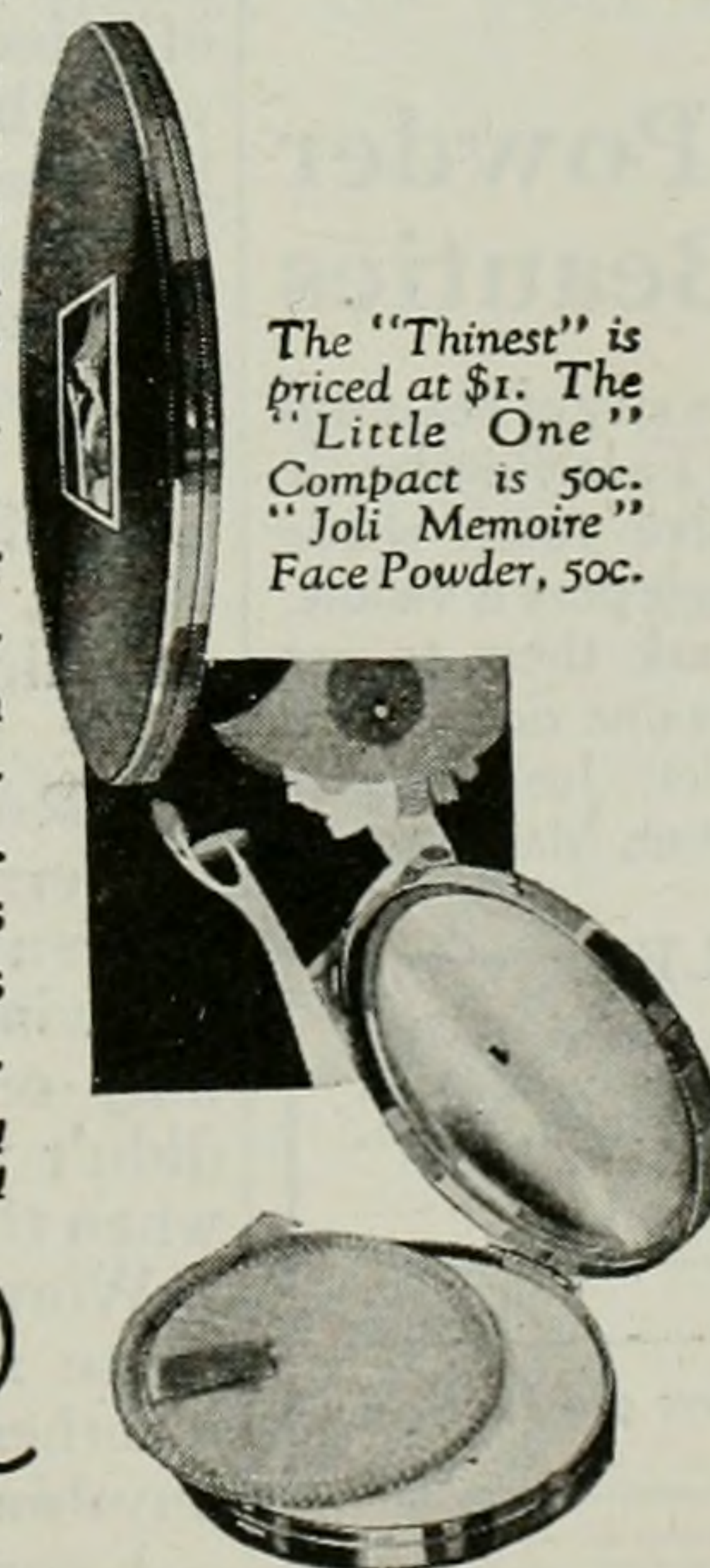
Charvai is the name of Tre-Jur's new odeur. Promptly preferred by smart women who assume the leadership in perfumes as in gowns. And no wonder! For there never was so thrilling a fragrance—subtle as a fleeting mood—with an exotic lure that stresses Charm.

Like Tre-Jur's popular odeur, Joli Memoire, *Charvai* is obtainable in the latest series of Tre-Jur Compacts, from the famous "Little One" to the modern size "Thindest". And may we add that the new "Thindest" is a revelation. It comes in "single" and "double", in gun metal and exquisite lacquered finish, variously colored to blend with every costume.

Did you know that Tre-Jur's Face Powder is *Pre-blended*? A carefully developed process of blending brings you the smooth delight of a light powder and the adhering loyalty of a heavy one. The result... an even, satinizing powder that remains flatteringly steadfast for hours—that veils sallowness, blemishes and coarse pores.

Tre-Jur Toiletries are sold at all leading stores! The House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Paris and New York!

The "Thindest" is priced at \$1. The "Little One" Compact is 50c. "Joli Memoire" Face Powder, 50c.



TRE-JUR

CHARVAI AND JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

WORRY

“Have You Stopped Worrying Now That You’ve Arrived?”

was asked of these six stars:

- BEBE DANIELS
- RICHARD DIX
- CLARA BOW
- DICK ARLEN
- COLLEEN MOORE
- ADOLPHE MENJOU

—And Here Are Their Answers.



“New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and the youthful bloom it bestows does not wear off so quickly.”
Rachael Chester, 301 W. 105th St., N. Y. C.



“MELLO-GLO Face Powder keeps away the ugly shine which mars that soft velvety touch so essential to a youthful complexion.” Berna Deane (beautiful prima donna), 243 West End Ave., N. Y. C.



“A new French process helps MELLO-GLO Face Powder to keep ugly shine away without drying the skin or clogging the pores.” Janet Salling, popular New York beauty, 660 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

The Favorite Powder of New York Beauties

THE most beautiful women in a city of beautiful women prefer MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and its exclusive youth shade spreads so smoothly that not a single pore is visible. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full-size box and Beauty Booklet. Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FREE SAMPLE

Please send me, without charge, a 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 _____

BEBE DANIELS

Stopped worrying? Heavens, no! The worrying I did before I “landed” wouldn’t hold a candle to that which I’ve done since.

Every picture is a gamble with me. I do my level best while I’m working on it, and then worry, worry, worry until I find out it has been received.

We should just begin to worry when we’ve arrived. Otherwise we might let down, and if one does that it is sure to show in one’s work.

RICHARD DIX

I never could stop worrying. When a picture of mine is shown for the first time, I go with the idea of enjoying it, but before it has gone two reels, I’m all ready for the nut house.

I watch the faces in the audience and tremble till the thing’s finished and I’m on my way home.

Anybody will tell you that it’s silly to worry, but then anybody will tell you anything if you’ll only listen.

CLARA BOW

Worry? Boy, if I were on my way to heaven I’d worry about whether or not my wings would stand the strain. There’s only one time when I can remember I didn’t worry, and I guess I’ve forgotten when that was.

Worry’s in my blood. I guess it’s because my mother worried so long over whether or not I would ever amount to anything.

I could have saved her all that long

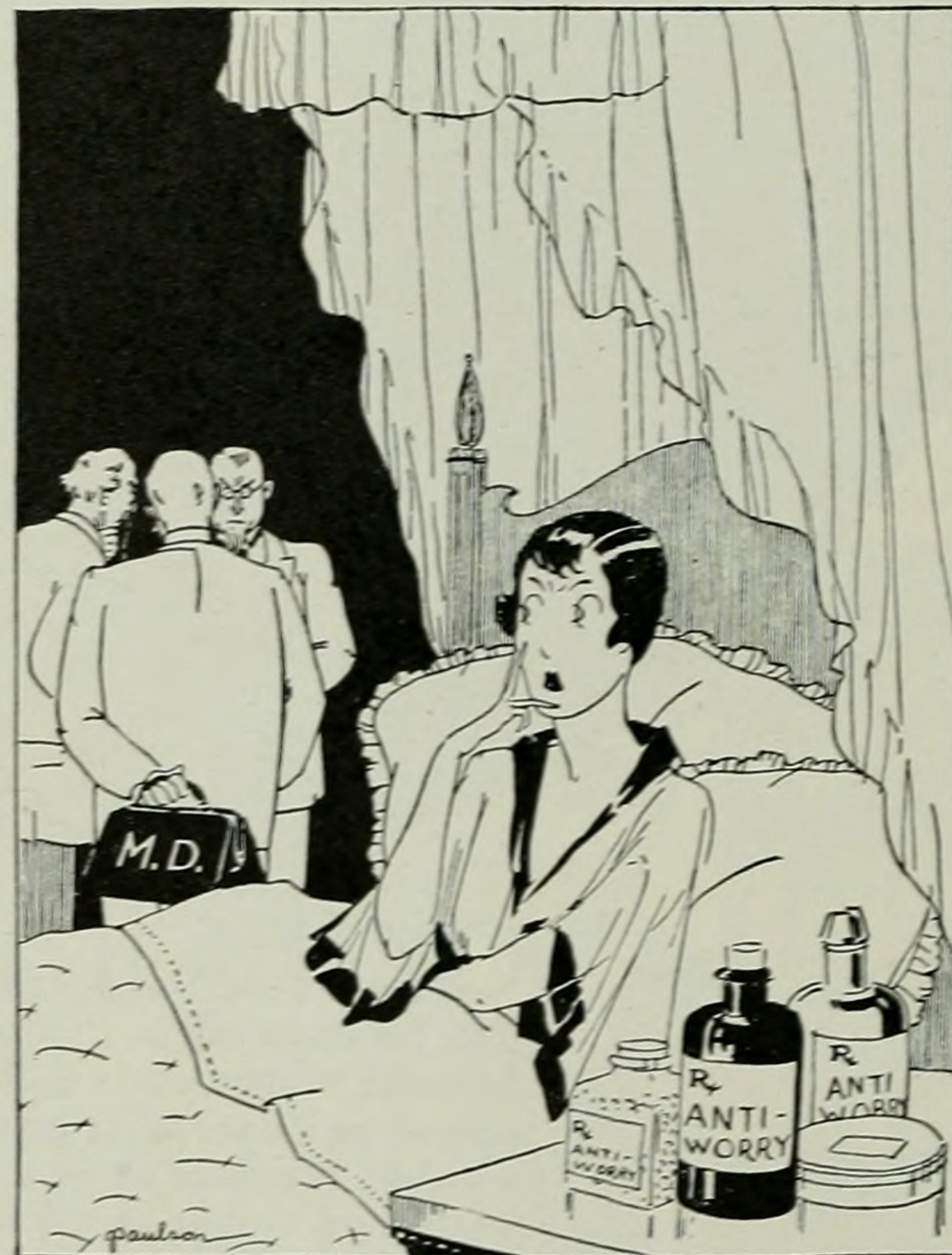
ago, but I guess I’d rather keep on living—and worrying.

DICK ARLEN

Unfortunately, I am of the temperament that can’t take things lightly. Little things worry me as much as do the big. I can’t justify this attitude. I can’t even explain it, but the fact remains I am probably the world’s most consistent worrier.

I worried before I got on my feet, and I continue to worry now that things are going smoothly.

Ridiculous, probably, and yet what is one to do about it?



Worry is a disease that baffles the doctors. It is incurable

COLLEEN MOORE

No, I certainly have not. I worry every bit as much now as I did before—if not more. I simply can’t imagine anyone in this work being free from worry.

I wish I knew just why we do worry so much. I’ve tried to figure it out, but it certainly isn’t an easy job.

It seems to me that doctors should consider worry more when they are searching for what ails us.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Let’s see—I once heard of a man that didn’t worry, but then he later went crazy. The truth is, I think the question a little silly, because everyone worries in this business.

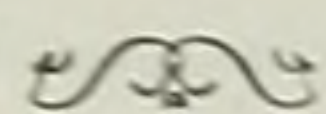
Possibly one should know better, but then as I see it, worry is just one of those things. If you show me a player that doesn’t worry, I’ll show you one whose work can be improved

Names you should know

YOU like to know names that everybody knows—name of the man who tied lightning to a kite; name of the man who watched a tea kettle and went out and made an engine. Just knowing such names gives you pleasure.

Yet there are names that thousands of people know that can give you much more pleasure in a much more personal way. Names that stand for the best things to eat, to wear, to sleep on, you can buy. Names that if connected with the salad dressing, hat, mattress you select—or any other desirable thing you select—means it is most desirable. Names written large in advertisements. Advertisements tell why those are wise names for you to know. Why such names greet you in the best groceries, department and hardware stores. Why those names are in the buying vocabulary of thousands . . . are believed in by thousands . . . justify belief!

Read the advertisements. Don't ask vaguely in a store for "cold cream," "a skillet," "a vacuum cleaner." Ask for So-and-So's Cold Cream, So-and-So's Skillet, So-and-So's Vacuum Cleaner. Use the names, you have learned through advertisements, that stand for the product that means most to you and most to most everybody.



Read the advertisements to know

no more "YELLOW MASK!"



Here is a Sure Way to Banish that Yellowish Tinge from Your Teeth and Keep them Eternally White—Guaranteed!

IF your teeth have a yellowish hue—(look now and see!)—there is a safe, scientific and pleasant way to remove that unbecoming color. Leading dentists recommend it. The foremost movie stars and stage beauties use it. Hundreds of thousands of women and men have accepted it and testify to teeth whiter and prettier than ever before.

We ask only that you try it—for *twenty days*. We know that this method will so whiten your teeth and impart such dazzling beauty effects that you will never revert to old-fashioned dentifrices. We'll go further—we'll *guarantee it!* If this new and marvelous means fails—and it won't!—return the unused portion of the tube to your druggist and get the full purchase price back. Could anything be fairer than this?

This way to white teeth beauty is ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. And the reason it alone can banish that stubborn, unlovely "Yellow Mask" is this: ORPHOS is composed of "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." This is a magic white powder that foremost dentists use to clean and polish teeth. It is *their* teeth beauty secret. The makers of ORPHOS have succeeded in composing a pleasant, tasty tooth paste from this wonderful powder. And it's *so safe*—can't harm the softest enamel.

Accept now this marvelous ORPHOS. Don't keep the white loveliness of your teeth hidden behind that "Yellow Mask." Remember our guarantee. Buy a tube from your druggist today—without fail.



Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

W. J. S., LONDON, ENGLAND.—PHOTOPLAY is on sale at the principal newsstands in your city. But if you want to be sure to get it, send your subscription direct to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PEGGY, ROME, N. Y.—Mae Murray is in vaudeville. Maybe she'll come your way. Sue Carol may be addressed at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix get their mail at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Conrad Nagel at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. And to Lois Moran at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood.

ELIZABETH L., SENECA, S. C.—The "Q" in Anna Q. Nilsson's name stands for Querentia, and the "X" in Bushman means Xavier. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914, Lloyd Hughes, Oct. 21, 1897, and Colleen Moore, Aug. 19, 1902. Mary Brian is just twenty years old. Oh, yes, Lloyd Hughes is married, but Clara Bow is still single. Those are their real names.

V. B., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Economical girl! "Please use my initials only; it will save space." Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He's just one-quarter inch under six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Black hair, grey eyes and married. You have simple tastes and an optimistic nature. Am I right?

CARLOLA, OSSINING, N. Y.—Let's get this straight: Ronald Colman never was married to Vilma Banky, nor were they ever engaged, in spite of all those lovely romantic pictures. Just a business partnership. Ronald has a wife in England—Thelma

Raye. No children. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891, and has black hair and brown eyes. Also five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. So there, my dear, you know about all there is to know about Ronald.

THE RED HEADED KID, YORK, PA.—I rush to tell you, Red Head, that Charles Rogers and Buddy Rogers are one and the same person. Charles was born in Olathe, Kansas, in 1905, and he was a member of the Paramount School. That means that he has been in pictures since 1925, unless my poor old memory is failing me. Black hair, brown eyes and not married.

V. L. B., TOLEDO, O.—I'll have to cut down on some of your questions. You've exceeded the limit. Sorry I can't place the handsome unknown. There are so many handsome Irishmen with dark curly hair, blue eyes and dimples. Mary Pickford is thirty-four years old and five feet tall. "Buddy" Rogers has brown eyes. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is six feet, two inches tall and twenty-five years old. He's married. Ronald Colman and Gilbert Roland are both five feet, eleven inches tall. One glimpse of your hand-writing shows me that you have a logical mind and great tenacity of purpose. Also you are extremely curious.

W. A. B., LINCOLN, ME.—If I were you, I'd persuade your son to go to college and forget about going into the movies for four years. If he has a college education, he'll have a better opportunity because the movies are coming to prefer boys with a college education. I couldn't conscientiously advise you to send your boy to Hollywood because the chances would be all against him.

Ye Towne Gossip

(Copyright, 1927, by Los Angeles Examiner.)

By K. C. B.

SOMEBODY TOLD me.
OF A splendid picture.
THAT I should see.
AND I looked through the ads.
AND FOUND the place.
AND AFTER dinner.
WE HURRIED away.
AND BOUGHT our tickets.
AND WENT on in.
AND FOUND that the picture.
HAD JUST been shown.
AND THAT the prologue.
WAS ABOUT to begin.
AND THE orchestra came.
ON A movable stage.
AND A spotlight was turned.
ON ONE of the wings.
AND THE leader came out.
HOPPING AND skipping.
LIKE A half-wit child.
AND HE had a joke.
HE JUST had to tell.
AND THE whiskers on it.
WERE WHITE as snow.
AND A woman laughed.
OR PERHAPS she screamed.



BUT ANYWAY.
THE ORCHESTRA leader.
ANNOUNCED THE piece.
THEY WERE to play.
AND IT might have been good.
IF THE leader himself.
HAD ONLY kept quiet.
BUT HE didn't do that.
HE KEPT leaping about.
AND MAKING faces.
AND THEN he sang.
AND AFTER that.
THERE WERE some girls.
AND THE leader said.
THAT IT was dancing.
THEY WERE to do.
AND PERHAPS it was.
AND HE danced with them.
TWO STEPS forward.

AND TWO steps back.
AND THEY kept it up.
UNTIL OUR boy said.
"YOU WAS the one.
"THAT PICKED this show."
AND I didn't answer.
AND AFTER that.
CAME THE weekly news.
CUT AWAY down.
SO IT just flashed through.
LIKE A cat and a dog.
ON THEIR way somewhere.
AND FINALLY,
THERE CAME the picture.
WE WANTED to see.
AND I guess it was good.
BUT ON the way home.
IN DISCUSSING the evening.
THE BOY expressed.
THE VIEWS of all.
WHEN HE remarked.
IN THE classic language.
OF MORAN and Mack.
"I WOULDN'T a' liked it.
"EVEN IF it was good."
I THANK you.

"RED," ELKINS, W. VA.—Donald Keith, not Ian Keith, was the hero of "The Plastic Age." They are not related.

H. McC., MERCER, PA.—Ivan Petrovich is a Serbian and, so far as I know, he has never been in this country. "The Garden of Allah" was made in France and Northern Africa. However, if you write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York City, you may be able to get a picture of Ivan. My foreign detectives tell me that he is six feet tall, thirty years old and weighs 178 pounds.

C. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Will Rogers' wife is non-professional. They have been married for years.

JUST FRANCES, HILLSDALE, MICH.—Ralph Forbes is a Britisher, born in London on September 30, 1901. He is married to Ruth Chatterton, the stage star, and has been in pictures since 1921. He is six feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. Blonde hair and blue eyes. His next film will be "The Enemy."

M. G., ROSLYN, N. Y.—William Collier, Jr., is playing in "The College Widow." Dolores Costello is a star of the picture. Write to Buster in care of Warner Brothers, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Buster is twenty-five years old and five feet ten inches tall. He weighs 150 pounds. Black hair and great, big soulful brown eyes.

B. E. J., DORMONT, PA.—Yes, the same Charles Rogers. Syd Chaplin is forty-two years old—four years older than brother Charlie. James Hall lives in Hollywood, naturally enough. He was born in Dallas, Tex.

MISS G. V. W., SEMINOLE, OKLA.—Pauline Frederick starred in "Madame X" in 1920.

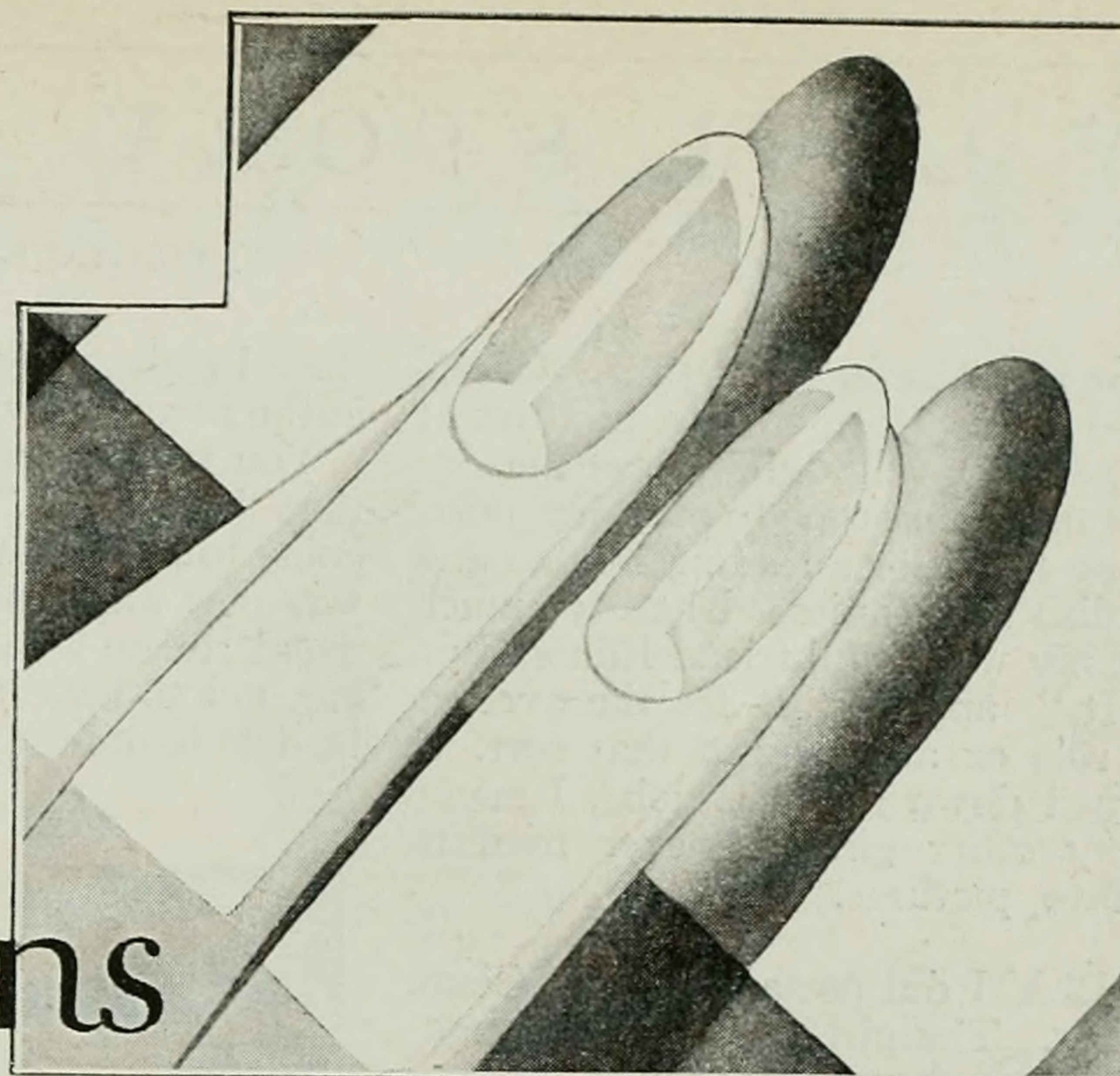
"OLD TIMER," BOWIE, MD.—Greetings, sister! Lillian Rich was *Violet* in "Never Say Die." And George A. Billings played the title rôle in "Abraham Lincoln."

H. McC., FRANKFORT, IND.—There was an interview with Betty Blythe in PHOTOPLAY'S issue of January, 1921. Write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back issues. Send a quarter for each copy. I thank you.

PEDRO MELLO, RIO DE JANEIRO.—My compliments on your English. The correct spelling is "Samaniegos" and his only christian name is "Ramon." I don't like to contradict the Spanish magazine, but Mr. Novarro's birthdate is February 6, 1899. PHOTOPLAY had a full page picture of Mr. Novarro in the October, 1927, issue.

FELISE, VANCOUVER, B. C.—Joseph Striker has played in "The King of Kings," "A Harp in Hock," and "The Wise Wife," besides the films you mention. He is twenty-seven years old and is five feet, nine and one-half inches tall. Brown hair, brown eyes and not married. That's his real name.

GILBERT McDONOUGH, BALTIMORE, MD.—There's your name, Gilbert, right out in print! Joan Crawford and William Haines may be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper may be reached at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Tom Tyler gets his mail in care of FBO Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Charles Farrell at the Fox Studios, also in Hollywood, and Colleen Moore at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.



Half moons

and lovely ovals

that make your hands slender

FLAWLESS almond nails, silver half moons give the hands patrician slenderness.

Are *your* nails oval as you would have them, with well defined half moons? Is the cuticle beautifully shaped? Or has it been allowed to grow tight to the nail, with shreds of dead cuticle disfiguring the rim?

Is the cuticle perfectly smooth? Frequent washing dries out the natural oils and tends to make it rough and dry. Proper care of the cuticle

will make your nails oval shaped, and will reveal the lovely half moons. It is almost unbelievable, the beauty these three easy steps will bring to your whole hand.

First—Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work around the nail base and wipe under each nail tip. Now every shred of dead cuticle will just wipe away and the nail tips are bleached and cleansed.

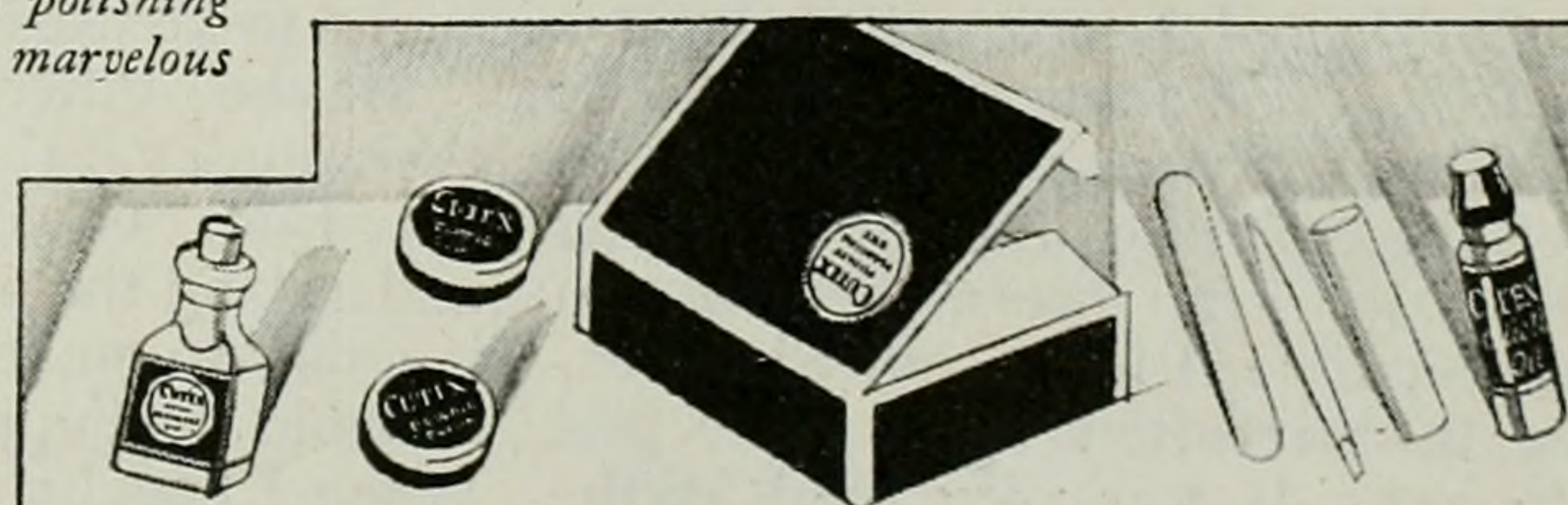
Second—With cotton and Cutex Polish Remover wipe away every bit of old Polish. This leaves the nail clean and dry, and makes the Polish go on more smoothly, last longer. Now apply the lovely new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—As a final step, smooth the new Cuticle Cream or Oil into the cuticle. This nourishes it and keeps it beautifully smooth and soft between manicures.

Women everywhere adore this simple way, so smooth and shapely does it leave the nails, so graceful the whole hand! Cutex Manicure Preparations at all toilet goods counters. Each single item, 35c. Liquid Polish Kit, 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris



Both here and abroad the smartest women tend their nails in this new way. First, removing the dead cuticle and bleaching the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover, then polishing and last, finishing with the marvelous new Cuticle Cream or Oil.



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and 14¢ for
Six
New Manicures

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Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-4, 114 West 17th St., New York

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

to create a character for myself. Otherwise, I'd probably not be in pictures at all. They certainly didn't want me.

I was the wrong type to play ingenues. I was too small for a leading woman and too kiddish for heavies. I had too much of what my wonderful friend Elinor Glyn calls "It," apparently, for the average second rôle or anything of that sort. I got turned down for more jobs, I guess, than any other girl who ever tried to break into pictures.

FINALLY I did get a lead with Glenn Hunter. The girl was a little rough-neck, and somehow they thought I fitted into it. I guess I did. I'd always been a tomboy, and at heart I still was. I worked in a few pictures around New York and by that time "Down to the Sea in Ships," which had been held up for such a long time, was released and that helped me.

About this time, I met a woman in New York who was sort of a casting agent. I am not going to mention her name in this story because I am trying to be truthful all the way through and I cannot say anything kind about her. Perhaps she did try to help me, but she did so many things that didn't help and while I try not to hold any hard feelings against anyone, I cannot help feeling unhappy whenever I think of her.

Anyway, about that time Mr. Bachmann saw me in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and he liked my work. He came to talk to me. At that time, he was B. P. Shulberg's partner and he wired Mr. Shulberg, who was in Hollywood, that he thought I was a "bet." He suggested that Mr. Shulberg give me a three months' contract and my fare to Hollywood, at a salary of fifty dollars a week, and give me a chance.

"It can't do any harm," he said.

So this agent—I'll call her Mrs. Smith, because that wasn't her name—and I came to Hollywood.

WE left my Dad in New York, because we didn't have the money for railroad fares and besides he'd gotten a job down at Coney Island, managing a little restaurant, and he liked it. So we thought we would wait and see how I made out.

Mrs. Smith and I took a little apartment in Hollywood and I started to work. I did nothing but work. I worked in two and even three pictures at once. I played all sorts of parts in all sorts of pictures. In a very short time I had acquired the experience that it often takes years and years to get. It was very hard at the time and I used to be worn out and cry myself to sleep from sheer fatigue after eighteen hours a day on different sets, but now I am glad I had it.

The story of my career from there on isn't so different from the story of all other motion picture careers. I'll wind it up later, but right here I'd like to stop and tell you something of my personal life in Hollywood and the three love affairs—or engagements—that have happened to me

since I came and that have been so much in the newspapers.

You know enough about me to realize that I'd never "had things." I'm not going to pretend that I had. Everything was new and wonderful to me. It was wonderful to have the things I wanted to eat, not to have to scrimp on dessert and be able to order the best cuts of meat. It



Clara Bow, at the age of two and a half years. This photograph was taken in Brooklyn, the borough of babies and churches. And Clara grew up to be one of its most famous babies. Somehow or other, the church influence passed her by

was wonderful to have silk stockings, and not cry if they happened to get a run in them. It was wonderful to have a few dollars to spend, just as I liked, without having to worry about the fact that they ought to be used to pay the gas bill.

Maybe other people don't realize that, don't get the kick out of those things that I do. Of course I still can't exactly understand the money that is coming and is going to make my Dad and me comfortable and happy all the rest of our lives. When I bought my first home, the one I still live in, a little bungalow in Beverly Hills, when I signed the check, I couldn't possibly appreciate what the figures meant. I knew I had that much in the bank—me, little Clara Bow—and that the home was mine and I'd actually earned it. But the figures were just too big for my comprehension.

But I do know what a hundred dollars is. That used to be a dream to me—to have a hundred dollars. I never thought

I would, not all at once—have a hundred dollars, and certainly not to do something I really wanted to with. So now I get more thrill out of a hundred dollars that I can go and buy a present for a friend with, or do something for Dad, or get myself something awfully feminine and pretty with, than I do out of my salary check.

I guess I'm still just Clara Bow at heart.

I'm getting away from the run of my story, but a life story ought to tell you a little about how a person feels, and that's how I feel about the success that has come to me.

Well, a short time after I'd come to Hollywood and Mrs. Smith and I were living in a little apartment and I was working in three pictures at once I met Gilbert Roland.

I'D never been in love in all my life. Funny, because I suppose people think I was born being in love with somebody. But Gilbert was the first man I ever cared about. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't tell it, because we were both kids, and we were engaged, and we were very happy. Not a bit in the modern, flapper fashion, but rather like two youngsters that didn't know what it was all about and were scared to death of it.

We used to sit and just look at each other, hardly breathing, not really knowing each other at all. He called me "Clarita"—he still spoke with a good deal of Spanish accent in those days, and I used to love to hear him say my name, it was so soft and sweet. Neither of us had much money, and we used to do all sorts of silly little things to have a good time, and we used to think it was wonderful when we could go out to dinner and to a theater.

I think we might have been happy together if outside things hadn't interfered so dreadfully. We were happy, for a year and a half, and used to talk about getting married, and the time when we'd both be stars.

Well, we're both stars now, but the rest of the dream has vanished, and like every girl, I look back on my first love with tender memories and maybe a tear, though I know it can never come again.

I DON'T know just what separated us, but Gilbert was working hard on one lot and I on another, and everyone came between us, and we were both very jealous. And at last we had a violent quarrel. I don't think either of us meant it, or dreamed it would be final. But it went on and on, and we were both too proud to make the first move, so the breach finally grew so wide and we were so far apart that we never made it up.

Mrs. Smith had been doing a lot of odd things about my business affairs. She kept trying to make me think that I wasn't making good and that they were going to send me back to New York very soon. I worried about that all the time,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

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STEWART . . . BILLIE DOVE . . . CHARLEY MURRAY . . . EDMUND
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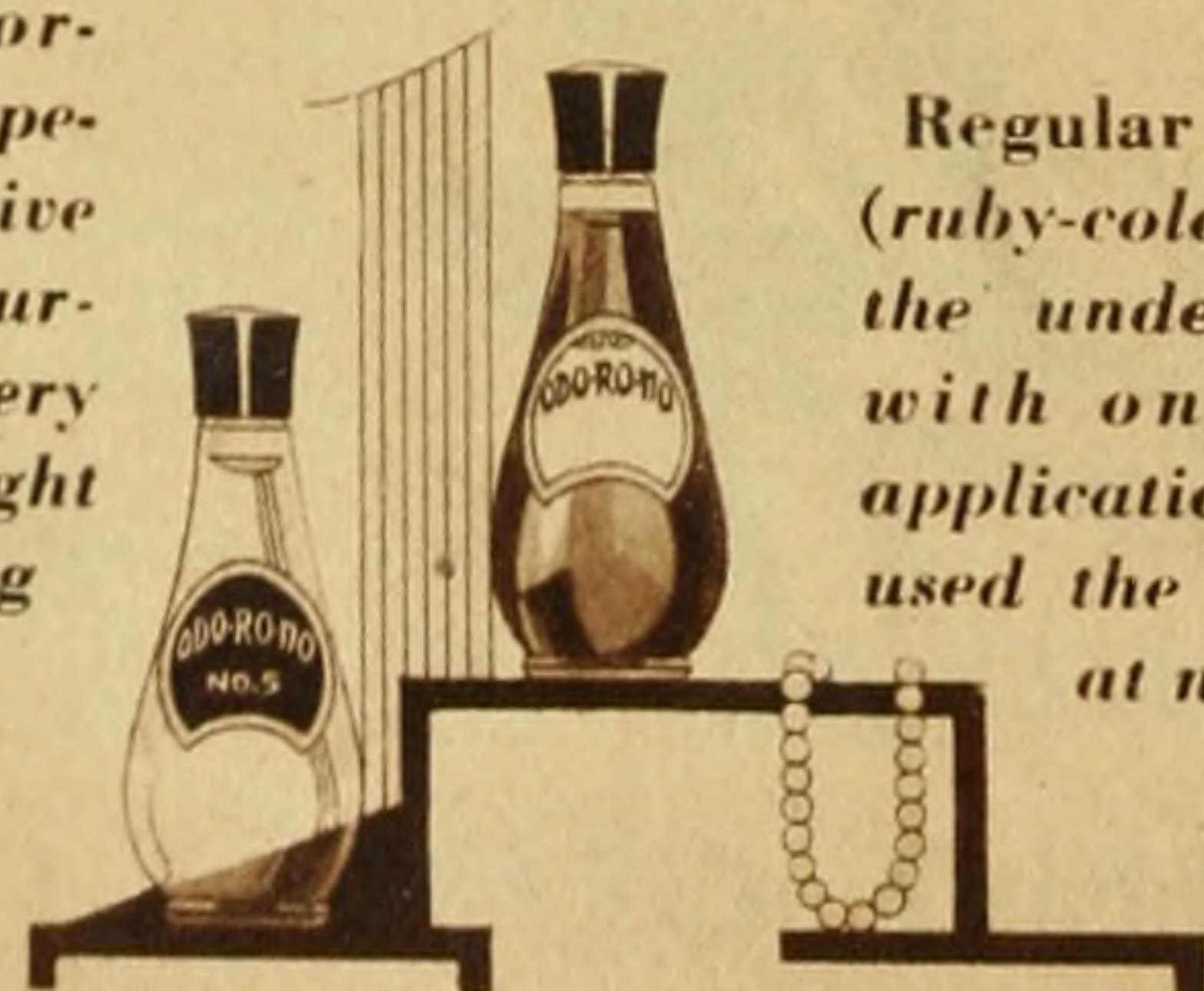
That protection, that certainty of personal irreproachableness, the entire social world identifies with Odorono. It is a regular part of its toilette.

Now, a new Odorono takes its place beside the slender bottle of ruby-colored liquid that stands in every toilet cabinet.

Odorono No. 5 is exactly the same as the Odorono you have always known—but milder, especially prepared for very sensitive skins.

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Odorono No. 5 Milder (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and hurried use, every other day, night or morning



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Odorono was first made by a physician. Soon members of his own family were using it for protection against perspiration offense. Now its regular use by fastidious women is commonly advised by their physicians. Regular Odorono (ruby-colored) and Odorono No. 5, at toilet goods counters 35¢, 60¢, \$1.—The Odorono Company, 244 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Just a Small Town Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

some youth. Johnny Campbell's people, who had a farm several miles from South Pittsburg, were well thought of. They and the Ralstons were friendly but neither family approved of the match. The "kids" were entirely too young.

"Jobyna and Johnny steal a march on friends," the town paper announced and the countryside gave them an ovation. They were leaders at all the parties, picnics and dances. An easy, lazy, dreamy life but gradually as the weeks passed it irked upon the spirited Jobyna, ambitious for her young husband.

Then one day Jobyna said, "Another month of this, Johnny, and I go to work. If I do, remember, it's all over with us."

The romance that had flourished in the rose garden along with the beautiful white blossoms withered and died. Jobyna got a divorce. The memory of those dream days left a sadness in Jobyna's eyes that has not passed with the years.

A week later she was off to New York determined to go on the stage or movies and make good. She had displeased her mother by marrying so young. She would make good now.

Some in South Pittsburg say that Mrs. Ralston engineered Jobyna's entrance into pictures. That she went to New York, hunted up certain producers and helped Jobyna obtain her first minor rôle. Eventually, she went to Hollywood where she struggled along from one minor rôle to another until good luck brought her one day to the Lloyd studio and Harold Lloyd recognized in her his type ideal for The Girl in a series of pictures which kept her engaged for several years.

Then not so long ago Paramount took Jobyna away from Lloyd and she is to have still greater opportunity.

Tennessee didn't see Jobyna for several years and then one day a year ago last summer she came for a long visit and to gather comfort, if possible, among her flower friends as well as her real friends.



Jobyna Ralston, as a baby, posed with her aunt. This picture, too, was taken by her mother. Jobyna is wearing a sprig of honeysuckle and her aunt has a rose in her hair, two typical flowers of the fragrant South

Jobyna's father, mother and brother had been with her several years in California previous to that time and they had been so happy in a bungalow, with Jobyna helping her mother with the cooking and

house work when she was not at the studio. Then two years ago happiness fled suddenly when a doctor called to see Mrs. Ralston and found her seriously ill with no hope of recovery.

Jobyna was inconsolable at first over this parting with her mother. Then with her usual fortitude she gathered strength to go back to a picture Lloyd was making and in which she was needed. After completing it she went back home.

That first evening Jobyna strolled down to the old house to view her roses growing in profuse but rather unkempt fashion. She gathered a handful, sat a full hour in the old swing but she could not bring herself to go inside the house. When she returned to the hotel her eyes were red.

Jobyna never lacks for courage long, however. A day or so later she turned the key into the front door of the house and went into those nine silent rooms so full of their memories and began her packing up. The dozens and dozens of photographic plates which Mrs. Ralston had made were packed with special care.

South Pittsburgians scented another romance but Jobyna had already given her heart to another. In Hollywood, the handsome Richard Arlen, also a Southerner, was counting the days until she returned.

And that is what Jobyna has made promise to her old friends to do; to come back once in awhile to South Pittsburg to see them and not make it too long between times.

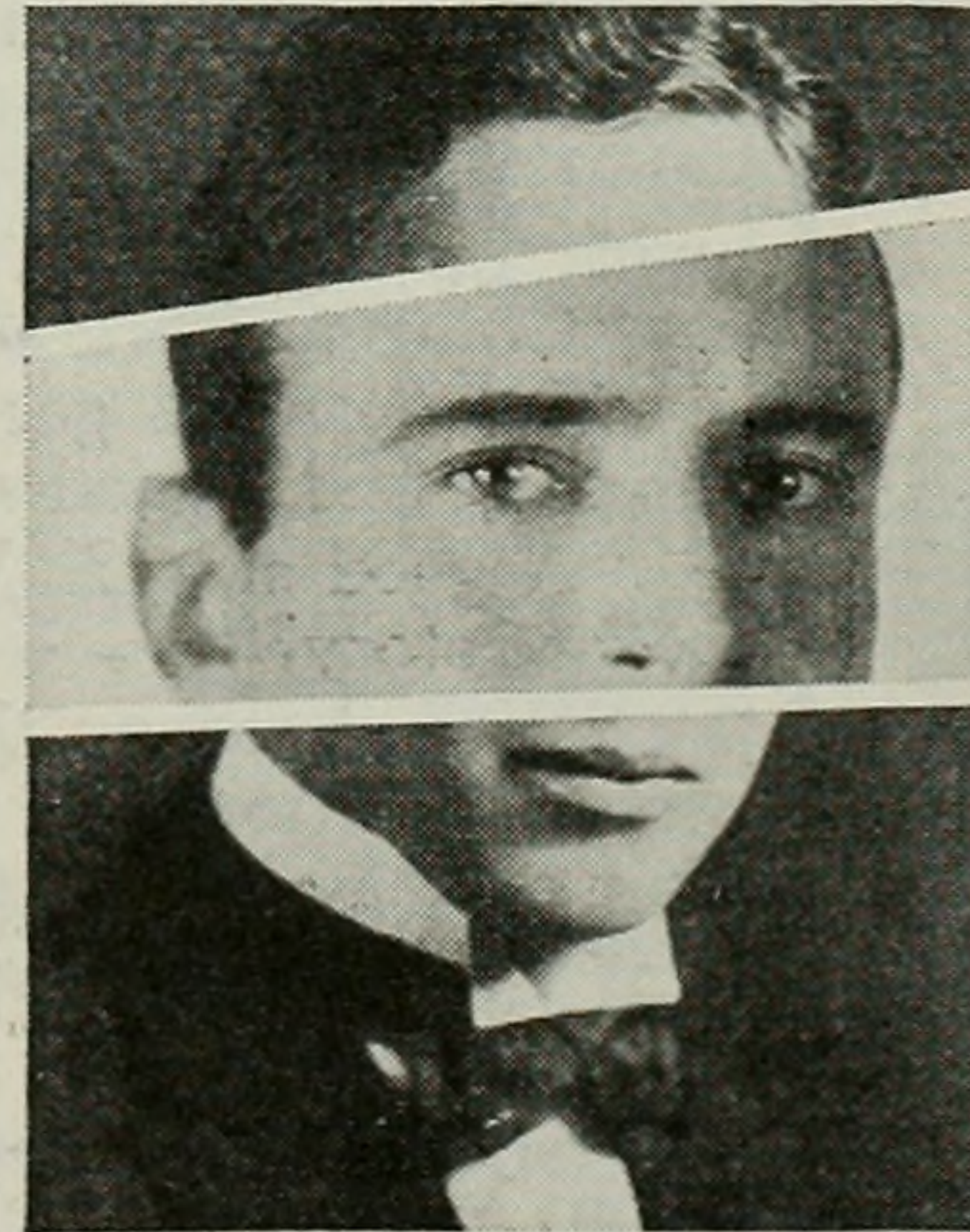
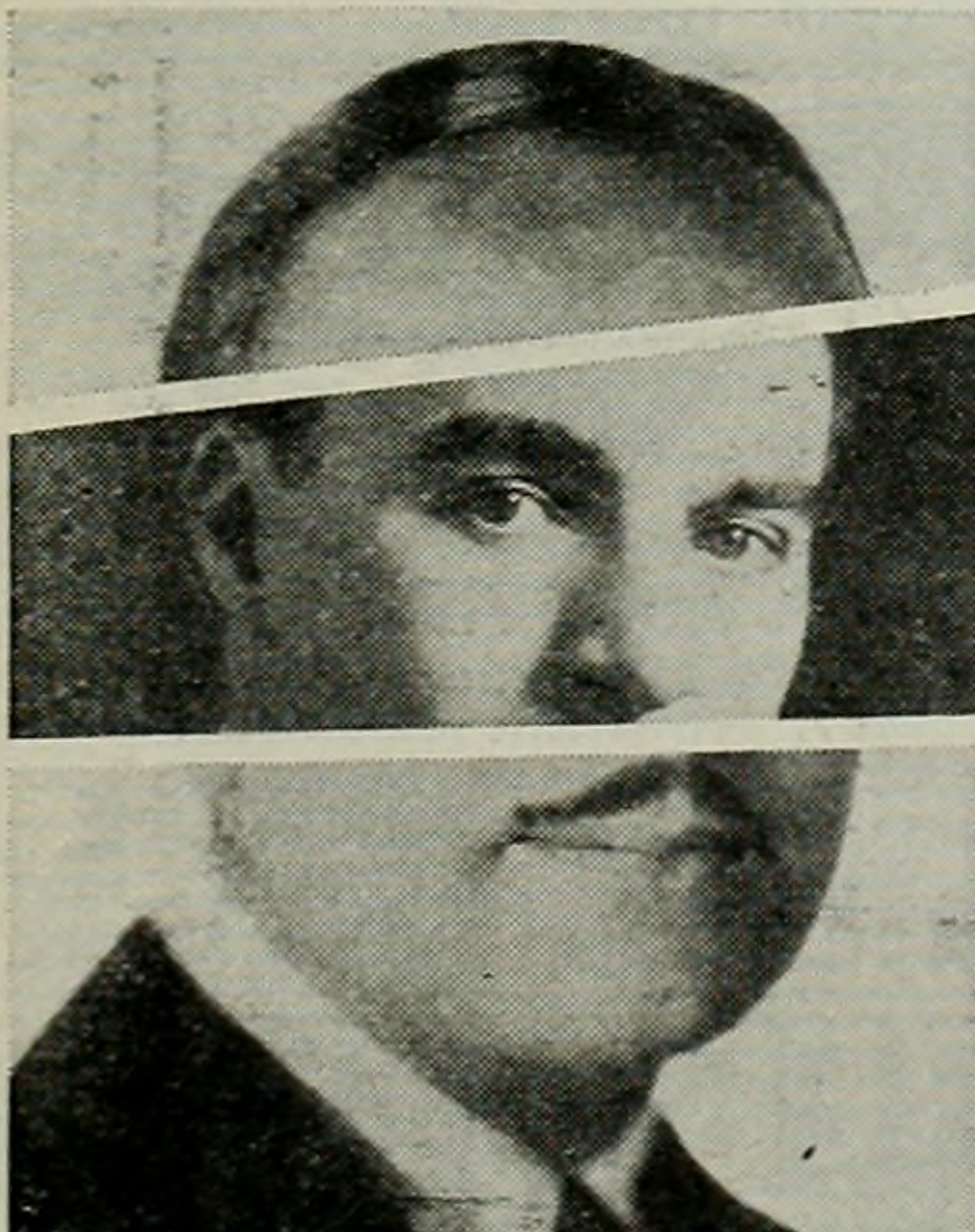
"And," she wrote to one friend not long ago, "next time I'm bringing South Pittsburg the handsomest man in the world to see. My husband, if you please!"

By Popular Demand:

a new

Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

\$5,000 in Cash Prizes



starts in the

June PHOTOPLAY

On all newsstands
May 15



He~

"Please, pretty lady, tell me true; what magic you employ? To what most wondrous Art is due the beauty you enjoy? Your skin's as smooth as any peach; its perfume is divine. Tell me, dear lady, I beseech; what alchemy is thine?"

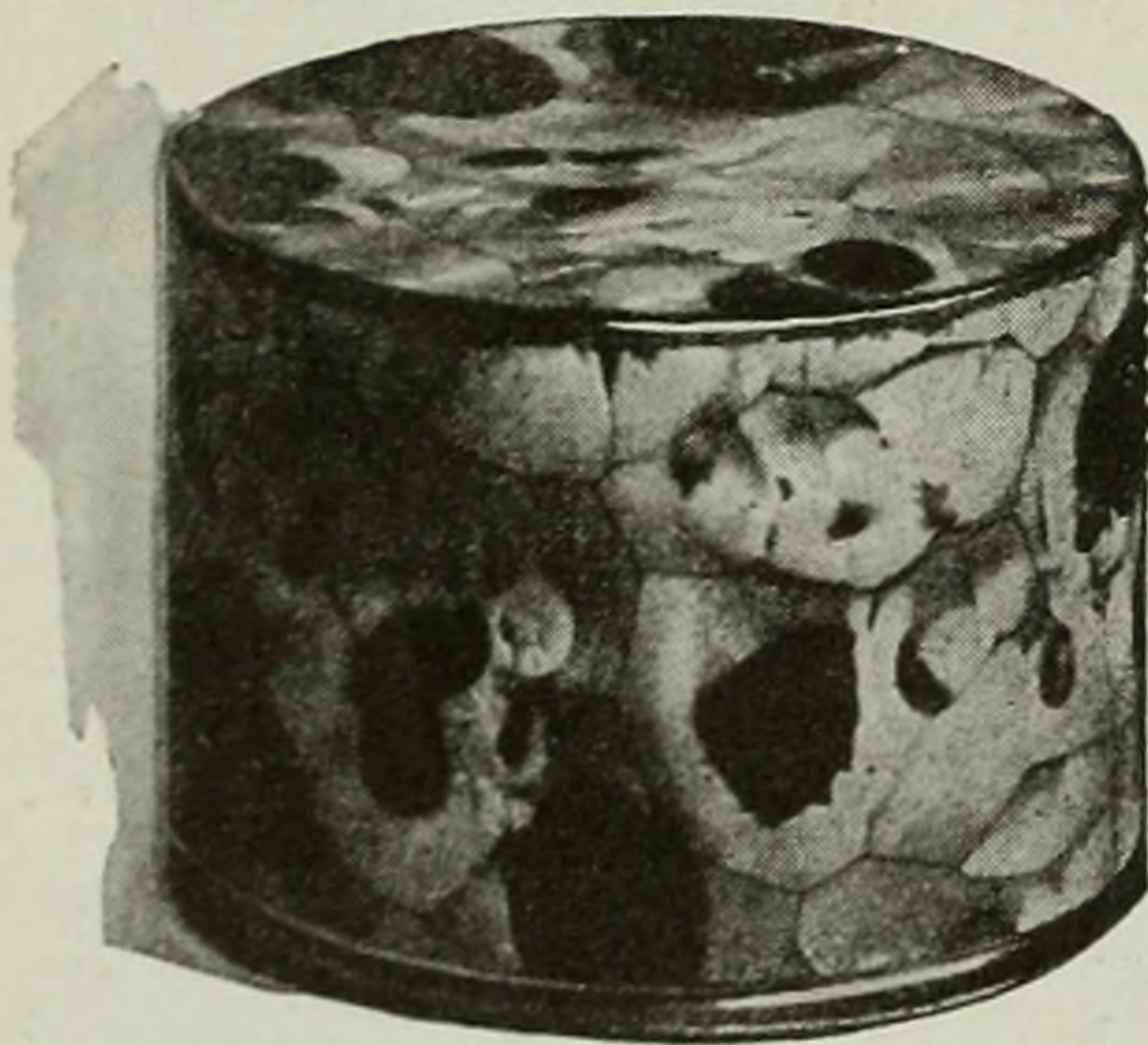
She~

"No secret, nor a magic wash, gives me my beauty rare; I simply powder with LABLACHE. On sale just everywhere."

Lablache Face Powder is on sale in both the 50 cent and dollar sizes (the *odeur* of the dollar size is slightly more pronounced) at drug and department stores.

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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

saying "Have a drink" and put a bullet through his brain. Wally had charm, he had personality, he had friends.

Early in the World War he enlisted under the English colors as a private. When the war ended he was a Major and had received all promotions for valor on the field. Besides his decorations, Wally carried many permanent war mementos—a silver plate in his head and several other plates on his body that covered wounds.

The police found his body in an obscure Los Angeles hotel. There were two pennies and nine clippings about Pearl White in his pockets.

LINA BASQUETTE was describing her rôle in "The Godless Girl."

"It's a regular female John Barrymore part," she stated.

"Oh, no," Dorothy Herzog, erstwhile newspaper columnist and now full-fledged scenario writer, exclaimed. "You don't wear tights and you haven't changed your leading man once since you started the production."

TOM MIX is going to the Argentine. It is not definitely settled whether he will make pictures that far away from home or not. But it is definitely known that he will fill a ten weeks' vaudeville engagement before he sails.

Intimate friends of Tom report that when he was approached by the vaudeville representatives he made just one price stipulation; one thousand more a week than paid any previous performer. The same friends tell in strict confidence that the figure will be \$8,500 a week, or one thousand more than the price paid Sarah Bernhardt for her vaudeville engagement.

AND now the Fox Film company has assigned Rex King, a real cowboy from the wilds of Arizona, as their new Western hero. His only appearances before the public have been riding, lassoing, and bulldogging steers in local rodeos.

His first day on the Fox lot, a publicity man thought he would have some fun with the newcomer.

"Going to work soon?" he queried.

"I reckon I'll get under way as soon as they find a good story."

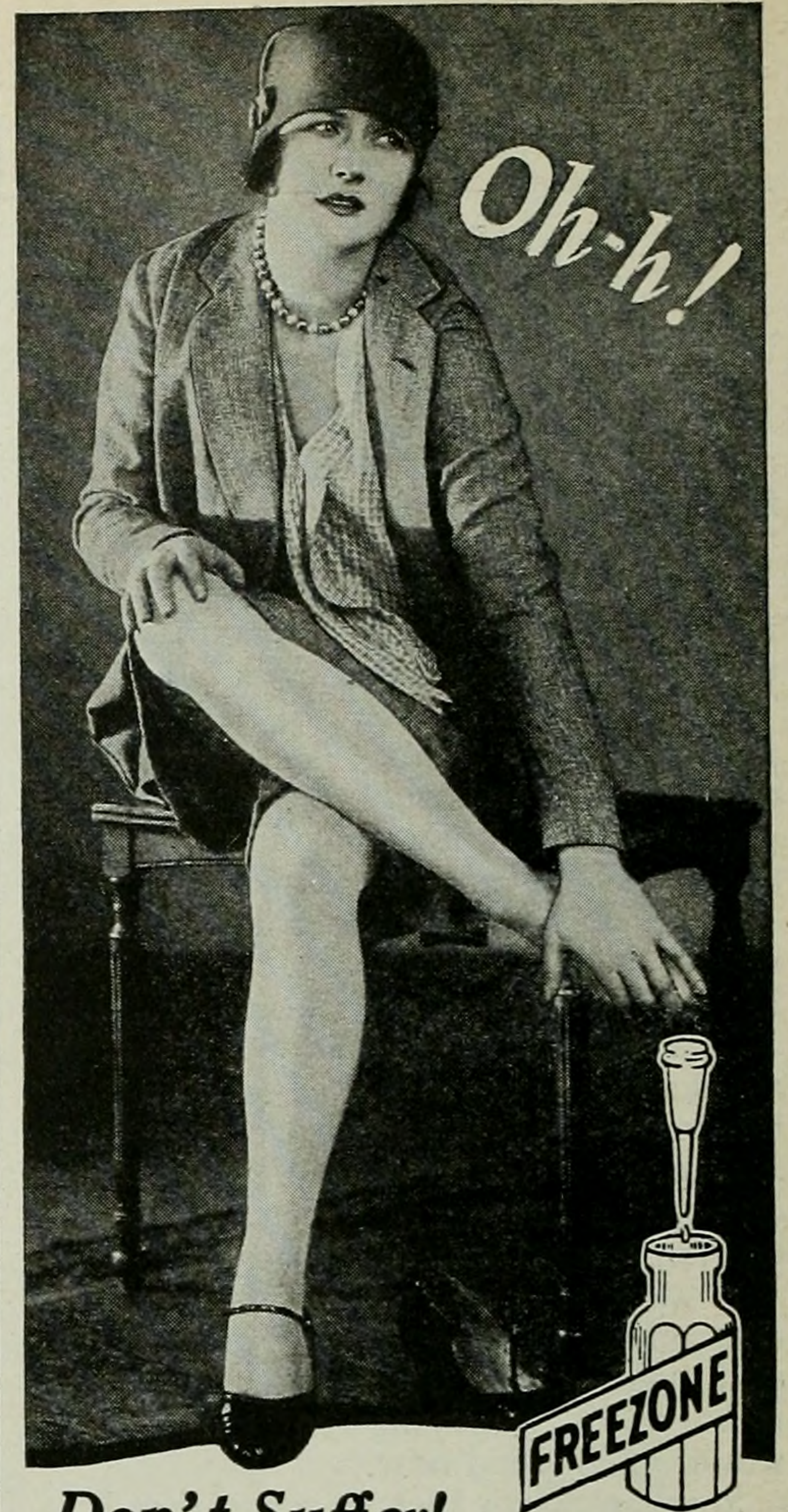
"A good story? What do you mean, a good story?"

"Wall, I reckon the story don't mean so much after all. It's the stunts that put over a guy's pictures."

"You're right, Rex. Are you going to use a double?"

"I don't reckon. I been following Tom Mix all my life and he don't use no double!"

And they claim it's merely coincidence that Rex enters the front door of this company at the same time that Tom makes his exit.

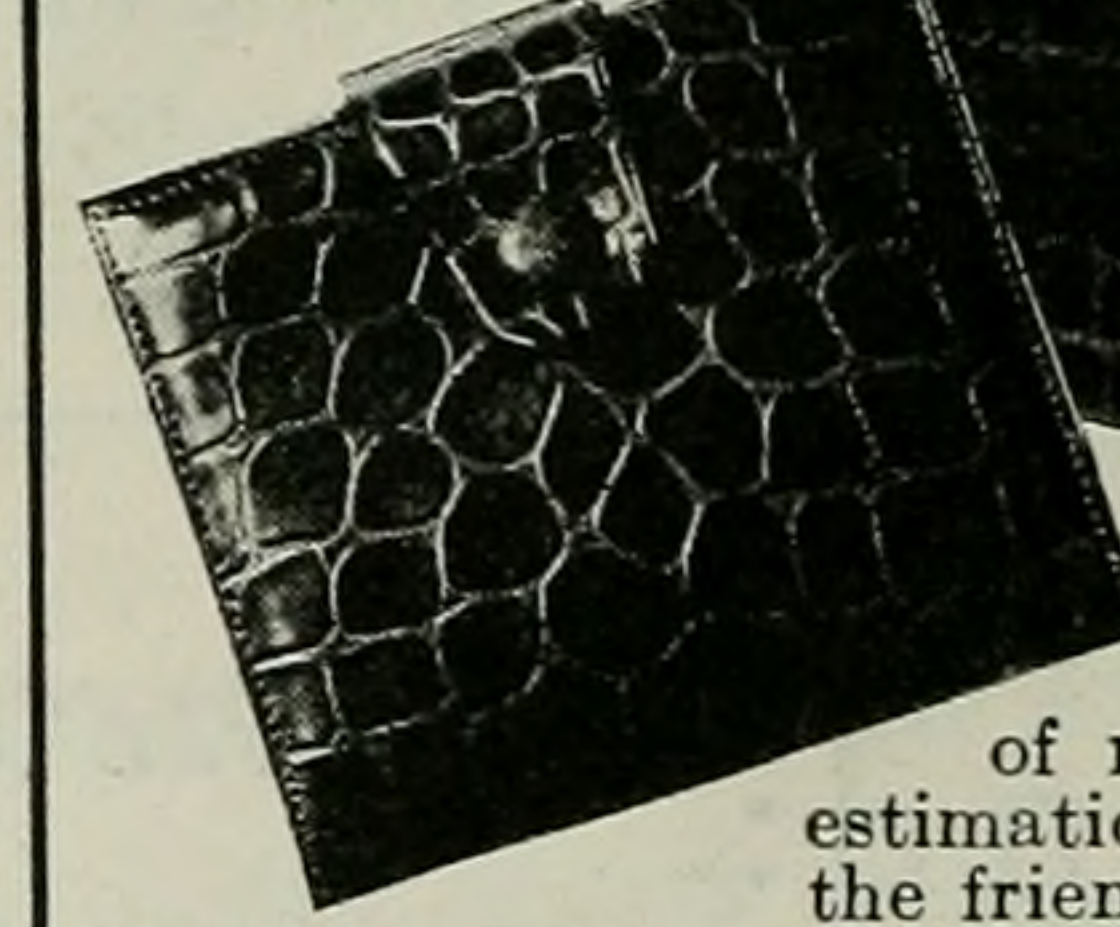


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Name.....
Address.....

BUT that doesn't end the story!

The next day Rex encountered the publicity man on the lot. Rex stopped him and asked in a worried manner, "Where does this here Winfield Sheehan guy camp out?"

"Why, Rex?"

"Wall, I reckon I just got to locate him."

"What's the idea, boy? Can't I help you?"

"No. I just heard tell that this here story's got some love business in it. If there's love I just got to tell him he's got to git me a double."

LEFTY HOUGH and Ed O'Fearn (Jack Ford's brother) are going to direct Rex's first picture. They decided they had to have their share of fun with the new fellow. So they called him before them.

"Now, here's the idea, Rex. A girl is tied on a railroad track. A train comes rumbling between you and your horse. You got to save the girl. A pole is lying by handy. You grab the pole, vault right over the box cars, land on the saddle of your horse, beat the train and save the girl. Think you can do it?"

"That's all right, boys," Rex answered in a most serious manner. "But what about not using the pole. Don't you think it would go better to just jump over?"

"He may be green, but—" is how these two directors describe him.

THERE'S no keeping the facts about this Jeanne Williams, who hoaxed all Hollywood by calling herself Sonya Karlof, straight.

In February's PHOTOPLAY, writing of this smart girl who got a contract with De Mille by acquiring an accent, this family paper stated in the best of faith that Jeanne was a New York girl.

Now comes the city of Syracuse, New York, protesting that Jeanne hails from that thriving metropolis and was in 1924 Miss Syracuse at the Atlantic City beauty parade.

THE facts prove that it was the *Syracuse Herald* that helped Jeanne's career considerably. Give the girl credit. She's always been good. When only fifteen she nearly won the *Herald's* local beauty contest. The only thing that withheld the prize from her was her youth. She got it next year at sixteen and at the *Herald's* expense went to the Atlantic City Pageant. There a Ziegfeld scout saw her who in turn got her glorified on Broadway. In New York she met an ex-press agent for the late Barbara La Marr, who whispered to her of Hollywood. Also she met a man she married. Jeanne went to Hollywood. Also she got divorced. She spent a year in Hollywood getting nowhere. Then she created "Sonya Karlof" and fooled even Cecil De Mille with the story of her Russian ancestry.

Give the little girl a hand. She's going to get ahead.

BEFORE every picture that he directs himself, Cecil B. De Mille goes into the mountains to freshen up for the task.

He had just returned from his lonely sojourn to start "The Godless Girl"

De Luxe Golden State Limited

Hollywood, Calif.
October 8, 1927
Mr. L. M. Allen,
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.,
La Salle St. Station,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Allen:

I had always supposed that good trains were just good trains, but I find there is a vast difference. To my mind, no train on the American Continent equals the Golden State Limited.

Just as I like to know that I have pleased my public, so I thought you might like to know that this beautiful train has pleased me greatly.

Sincerely yours,

Vera Reynolds
[Vera Reynolds]



Rock
Island

Path of the Stars
to California

De Luxe California Train

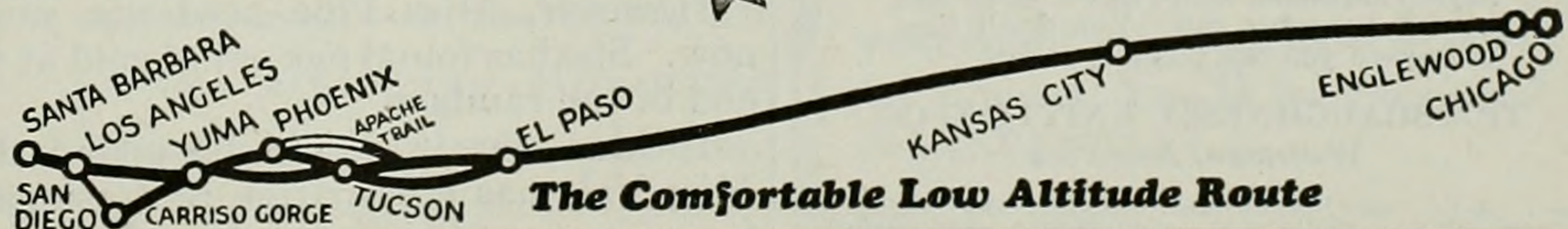
There is a statement in this letter that should make the selection of a train for your transcontinental trip an easy matter: "No train on the American Continent equals the Golden State Limited."

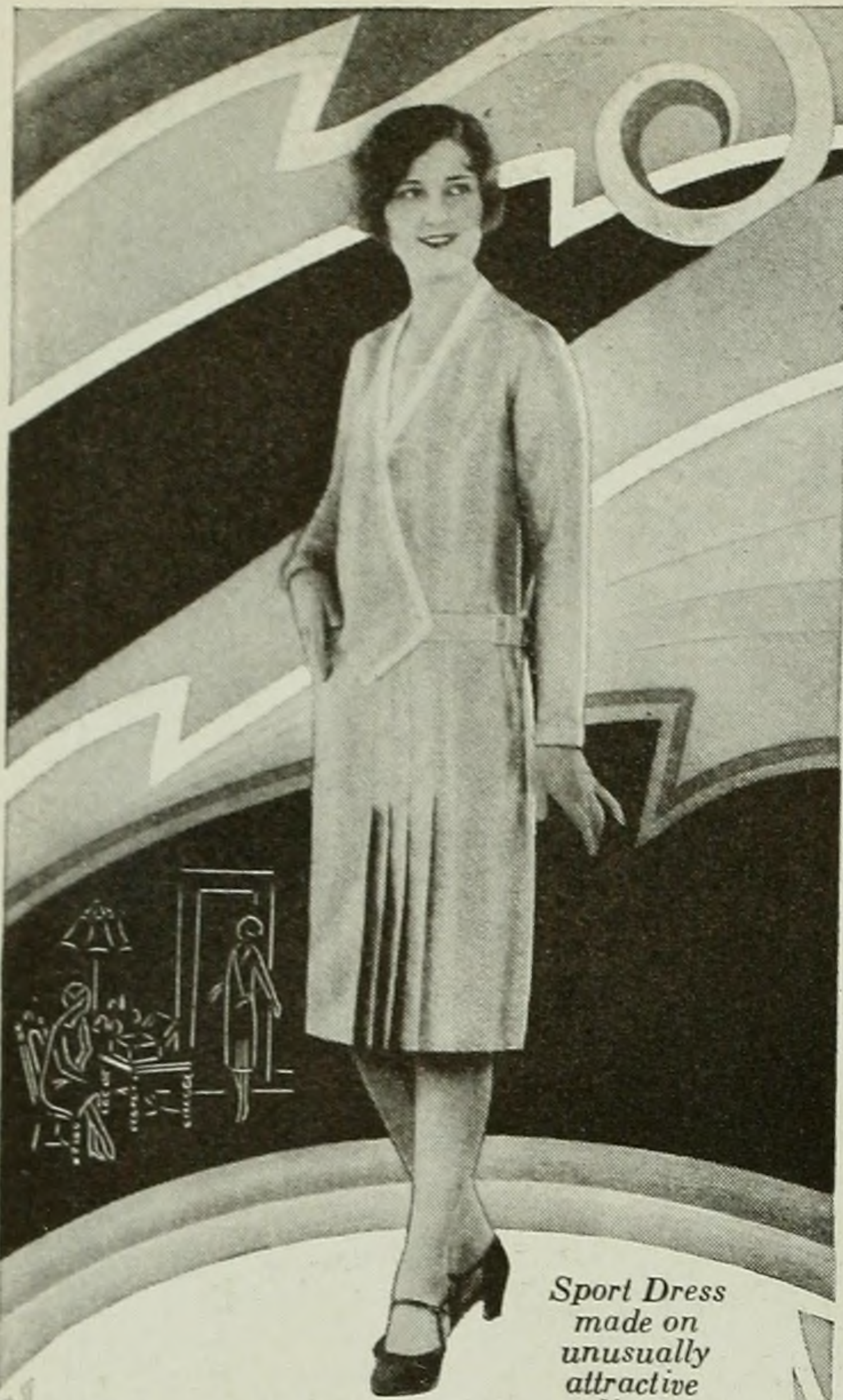
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Los Angeles Ticket Office, 212 West Seventh Street, Phone Metropolitan 2000
B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines
809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department
Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800
or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, Phone Cortland 4800, New York City
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852





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made on
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attractive
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DO you know that you have a Style Counsellor in your locality? She's the Olovnit direct representative who is waiting to serve you—at your request.

You want Paris-inspired clothes before your neighbors have them? What woman doesn't? Then why not have them? Your Olovnit representative will bring them to you before they are shown through any other source. And you buy them at a big saving, too, because you deal direct with the designers.

Shaughnessy Olovnit GARMENTS & HOSIERY

Have the Olovnit representative call. Let her show you spring's latest modes in lovely dresses, chic sports jackets, dainty underthings and hosiery in all the desirable shades. Let her prove to you how convenient home shopping can be!

In the comfort of your home you look over her tempting array. You are unhurried. There is no crowd, no bustle, nothing to distract you. You ask the advice of the counsellor who knows style—and you can trust her advice. Olovnit style counsellors have been selected for their personal good taste and, in advising you, their reputation is at stake!

Your purchase comes to you fresh and untouched from the great Shaughnessy designing plant. And remember—this personalized, exclusive service costs, not more, but actually less!

If you do not know the local Olovnit Style Counsellor write direct to us and we will have her call. You don't have to buy—if you can possibly resist!

THE SHAUGHNESSY KNITTING CO.
Watertown, New York

and was holding his first story conference with the writers and players.

Came an animated discussion on a certain part. Was it too daring, too different?

When the decision was made to leave it intact in the picture, brother William de Mille summed up the situation with this sentence:

"Anyhow, Cecil, it's better to be cussed at than yawned at in this business."

LON CHANEY was worried. He was running around the set in a balloon suit blown to capacity.

Everyone was secretly laughing at his great precautions to keep it from bursting.

Director Herbert Brenon thought to have a little fun with him. He shot off a blank pistol.

Lon gave one horrible cry and dropped to the floor. Yes,—the suit busted.

RAOUL WALSH was forced to hold up the production of "The Red Dancer From Moscow" nearly thirty minutes on a day when he had hundreds of extras working.

He had lost the script out of his vest pocket.

SWEET are the uses of publicity when a picture is poor. When it's good, nothing else matters.

Emil Jannings' "The Last Command" illustrates. It came into New York without any preliminary ballyhoo and quietly set at work breaking the box-office record of the Rialto Theater. In one week it took in \$51,000. The most successful picture this theater had ever had previously, "We're in the Navy Now," only did \$49,600 a week.

A few blocks away, another foreigner was upsetting statistics. Greta Garbo, going it alone as a star for the first time, took in \$77,700 in a week at the Capitol for her "Divine Woman."

THOSE of you who cried over Emil Jannings in "The Last Command" may squeeze a few more tears from the fact that the story of the picture was based on an actual occurrence. The real hero of the story was not, of course, the Czar's cousin, but he was a general high in command in the Imperial Russian Army. The ex-Russian general went to Hollywood and tried to get work as a movie extra. When he failed, just as any other poor old man might have failed, he committed suicide.

\$15,000 in Prizes Awarded for Ideas

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

when he was able to sneak across the border into Arizona."

Miss Vale grew up on the range. At six she could ride as well as any cowboy; at twelve she was proficient at lassoing and shooting. At sixteen she became a student of the Northern Arizona Normal School. After graduation in 1918, she taught school in Holbrook, Arizona.

"I WAS utterly unfit for the life of a quiet schoolma'am," writes Miss Vale. "I craved freedom and adventure. I bought an old Buick and drove a stage line until the Buick followed the example of the one hoss shay. Then I went to the army post at Fort Apache. There I taught vocational school and at the same time operated the canteen restaurant.

"Always I was seeking the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. My next jump was to San Francisco, where I worked and studied stenography. From San Francisco to Los Angeles and Long Beach, where I taught ball room dancing to sailors. I spent a year in Texas where I tasted a little of the honey of success, but I couldn't remain on account of that old adventurous spirit. Los Angeles again; working at stenography and then selling hosiery. Shortly after New Year's I gave up the hosiery route on account of illness and am not, at the present time, occupied at anything. I am investigating new lines of endeavor, trying to find something interesting and remunerative."

However, Miss Vale need not worry now. She has found her pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Incidentally, it should be added that Miss Vale has not written professionally for pictures. She says she tried many

times but gathered only a mass of rejection slips. She sold just one story, to the old Lubin company years ago, receiving a small check. Her professional writing is limited to a few published sketches and a series of impressions presented by a Texas newspaper, The Independent Oil and Financial Reporter.

MR.S. M. CAROLI, of 227 Audubon Avenue, New York City, is the winner of the second prize of \$2,000.

Mrs. Caroli was born thirty-nine years ago in Corfu, Greece, of Italian parents. Her mother was a singer and her father conductor of an opera company orchestra. She was brought to America at the age of six, her parents being attached to an opera company touring the Southern states.

Mrs. Caroli is a High School graduate, finances preventing a college education. Before her marriage she was employed as a French, Italian and Spanish stenographer. Mrs. Caroli has two children, one a daughter of nineteen and the other a boy of eighteen. Mrs. Caroli explains that she is the silent partner in an embroidery firm.

Third prize, of \$1,000, goes to Yvonne Corriveau, of 833 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I. Miss Corriveau is sixteen, a student of the Central Falls Faculty High School.

The fourth prize, also of \$1,000, was awarded to Marvel Kingsley, of 512 East Main Street, Madison, Wisconsin. Miss Kingsley is also a High School student, in her senior year.

Fifth prize, of \$500, was captured by Lute Johnson, of Denver, Col., but at present of 201 Masonic Temple, New Orleans, La. Mr. Johnson writes: "I

have been making a living writing for newspapers since I was fourteen years old. Am now half a century beyond that. Have been out of the game for the past year, although The Denver Post rather counts me one of them and treats me as 'on vacation.' On the side, like most newspapermen, I have all my life been doing creative work—stories, plays, songs, verse. Have had three plays produced, but without success. Have a trunkful on hand, but nothing doing. Had thought after quitting newspaper work to make some effort to get on with the plays, but lacked encouragement. If I am really a winner in the contest it will help a lot in that way.

"School experience has been sketchy. Left common school as a boy to go to work. Picked up some education at the printer's case, from much reading, newspaper work and late in life took a course with Prof. Baker in his English 47 at Harvard in the hope of finding what was wrong with that trunkful of plays."

THE sixth prize, of \$500, was submitted by Fred L. Freitas, who failed to give a complete address. If Mr. Freitas will get in touch with PHOTOPLAY immediately, identifying himself by giving a copy of the submitted idea or an outline of it, together with the street address which was attached, a check will be forwarded to him.

Seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth prizes, of \$250 each, go to May L. Brown, 1237 East 46th Street, Chicago, Ill., Hilda M. Riehl, 21 Greenbush Street, Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa., Rose Cour, of 5728 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Miss Lucile Hayum, La Neptune Apt., Redondo Beach, Calif.

Miss Brown is twenty-two years old and a high school graduate. She was born in Iowa and she submitted her idea from South Sioux, Neb., although she is now a resident of Chicago.

Miss Riehl is twenty-seven years old and at present employed as a bookkeeper. She has a public school and business college education.

Mrs. Cour is thirty-two years old and the mother of a small daughter. She describes herself as "the cook and general manager of a three room trick apartment." She has a high school education and has some newspaper experience.

Miss Hayum is thirty-five years old. She has had thirty magazine stories published and several one act sketches produced by the Hollywood Drama Club and others. Miss Hayum claims two homes: one in Boston and the other at Redondo Beach, Calif., with her sister, Mrs. A. Charles Burns.

The forty winners of \$100 each follow: Dorothy Carneal Love, 1312 Fernside Blvd., Alameda, Calif.

Mrs. Martin Woodworth, Main St., Palestine, Ill.

Solon S. Bloom, 3503 Morris Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Louis Henry Buckner, Box 221, Frum, West Virginia.

Madge O'Farrell, 1804 Exchange Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Raymond Goforth, P. O. Box 97, Lancaster, Texas.

Thomas J. Mannix, 207 North Annex, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.



This New BEAUTY BATH is astonishing in instant results

THE Linit Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—because not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are *immediate*.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the remarkable starch sold by grocers) in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

You will notice that Linit adheres well—never comes off on the clothing—eliminates "shine" and absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

You May Not Believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath. So we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced—INSTANTLY!

Corn Products Refining Co., Department P., 17 Battery Place, New York City.



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The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

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WITH Palmer help you can learn to write stories that reach a definite market—a profitable market. The Palmer Institute takes your talent as it is and, sizing it up from the start, gives you that "professional touch" that makes the difference between rejection slips and tangible checks.

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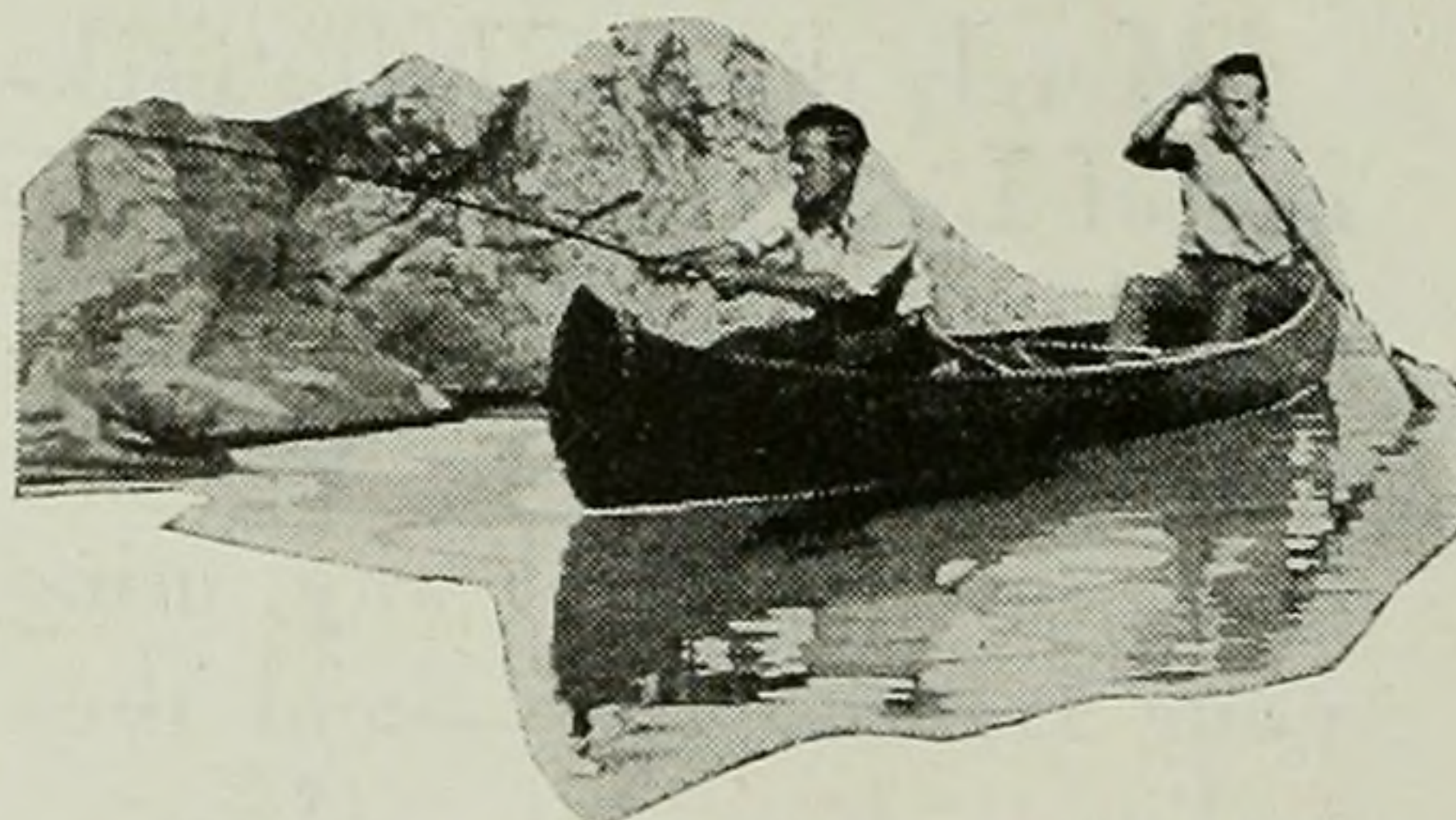
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There where the big fish strike



YOUR favorite fly flicks for a second on the quiet water. . . . Twice, three times you cast. . . . Then whirr! . . . You've hooked a big one. Quickly and easily your partner brings the "Old Town" around and holds it in position for the battle.

"Old Towns" respond instantly to every dip of the blade. Sturdy in construction and light in weight too. When you go out where the big ones strike, be sure that you go in an "Old Town." Prices as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also fast, seaworthy boats for *Outboard Motors*. Write for free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 824 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

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Leo Hofeller, 104-106th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

John Craig, 24 E. 8th St., New York, N. Y.

L. V. Spencer, Ascot Ridge, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

Catherine Clara Crews, 509 Berkshire Ave., San Antonio, Tex.

Rafael Fuentes, Jr., c/o Mexican Legation, P. O. Box 220, Panama, R. P.

Ruth Robbins, Box 246, Tempe, Ariz.

Mildred Thompson, 3600 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Anna T. Harding, 100 E. 2nd St., Frederick, Md.

William Lowell Clements, Black Mountain, N. C.

Dana Reed, 1228 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Georgea A. Wiseman, Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, Calif.

Regina Strauss, 12 Pine St., Danville, Illinois.

C. H. Ussery, Box 24, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Elizabeth Hamilton Kirkpatrick, Box 171, Indiana, Pa.

Laura Kienlen, 284 W. 15th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mrs. Jessie Kenyon, 308 Lovell Ave., Mill Valley, Cal.

Alfred McRobbins, Northbrook Ct., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry George, R. F. D. 2, West Union, Iowa.

Esther Erickson Young, Hotel Gayoso, Memphis, Tenn.

Fred C. Race, 135 Wilson St., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

Miss Lounette Kennedy, Box 209, Corsicana, Texas.

E. Irvine Haines, 452 77th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Carroll Stein, 343 S. Lorimer, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

M. D. Goodrich, 720 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Fraser P. Macdonald, 8609 111th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Jocelyn Paul Yoder, 520 Avenue Altara, Coral Gables, Fla.

Mrs. Fenwick Williams, 624 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal, Canada.

Rose Esther Weld, 1531 B Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Mrs. Louise Sparks Flewellen, Eufaula, Barbour County, Ala.

W. J. Taylor, 667 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.

To Unsuccessful Idea Contestants

If you have not received the return manuscript of your idea or if you do not receive it within a reasonable time after this notice appears, it is because it was not accompanied by return postage. If you wish it back, send postage before April 15th. After that date no unsuccessful manuscript can be returned.

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

card. It read:

Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay,
Piccadilly Club, London.

This gent was the Englishiest Englishman I have ever seen, even up to now an' I've been in England. He had words which no one could understand, an' accent that no one could imitate, an' clothes which no one else would wear. He arrived in the first pair of English ridin' breeches any of us had ever seen, flappy an' baggy at the sides.

Whether the public knows it or not, strange as it may seem, there isn't a thing about a cowpuncher's clothes that hasn't some use—everything he wears is there for a purpose. You can tell from his clothes where a cowhand is from, as each cattle section from the bleak ranges of Alberta an' Saskatchewan, the Montanas an' Dakotas, on down into Colorado, Oklahoma an' Texas, has hats, shirts, coats, chaps, boots an' even saddles, particularly adaptable to that section.

THE new director's clothes was some-thin' wonderful to behold an' me an' a lot of the other cowboys wasted a lot of time a arguin' about 'em an' why.

Mr. Macaulay, of London, lost no time in tellin' us that he was a nephew of a bird named Macaulay who, he said, was a great essayist an' who had wrote the most used an' most popular guide book about England. He seemed surprised when he found none of us had ever read it which wasn't surprisin' when none of us had any idea of goin' there. I slipped it to him as funny that a grown up man would be a writin' essays, since my sister started to write 'em when she was only eleven years old while attendin' district school in Texas.

One day we went to the depot an' met the members of the company just arrived from Chicago. The new girl was Miss Peggy Blevins, black haired, black eyed, trim figure an' quite nifty lookin'. She got my vote from the start. Two days after she got in I quit watchin' the post-office for the letter from Miss Stedman.

THE leadin' gent signed F. Frank Frayne on the hotel register an' with him was a nice, fine lookin' middle aged man who wrote down George W. Couldock, an' who, I found, came from a family of great actors.

Frayne was a good lookin' chap but seemed terribly out of place in Oklahoma, while old man Couldock fitted in an' in a week could borrow cigaret papers an' tobacco from anyone.

Miss Peggy Blevins didn't know much about horseback ridin', but in a week I had her a gallopin' around with the best of 'em.

Before I get any further, I'd like to put in an' say that Miss Blevins today is the wife of a prominent lawyer in Twin Falls, Montana.

I still hear from her an' we have always exchanged Christmas cards.

A recent picture shows she's a keepin' her good looks an' nifty style. The movies lost a fine girl when she got mar-



H. B. Warner, featured in Cecil B. De Mille Productions

The "Silent Drama"

The cinema is often referred to as the "silent drama."

The actors must get along without the powerful influence of the "spoken word."

They are forced to substitute eye appeal for ear appeal. This includes physical actions, facial expressions—and DRESS.

The leading actors of the screen are careful to obey the dictates of fashion and good taste. In scenes depicting business or social life—wherever the occasion demands—they invariably wear **STARCHED COLLARS**.

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ARROW SHIRTS, COLLARS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men at will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can truthfully say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you want to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use your power within reason. Well, then, you may; for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you free.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by like methods is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry, and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination."

You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the main reliance—with inevitable failure.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural sirens blind to their own methods.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You

Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is indispensable. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is absolutely necessary. Countless beautiful women are not fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows.

So Lucille Young gives you also the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly twenty years of study, by gleaning from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and putting together. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—things you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the siren type. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So marvelous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you at her own risk. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

Lucille Young

FREE 964 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

LUCILLE YOUNG,
964 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book. I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

State.....

ried an' started housekeepin' an' I hope she reads what I'm a writin' about her.

Old man Couldock an' me became great friends. Once in New York, a few years before he died, Mr. Couldock took me over to the Players Club, in Gramercy Square, an' introduced me to John Drew, Francis Wilson, David Belasco, Steel Mackaye, William Faversham an' a lot of actor folks. In those days stage players didn't think much of us movie folks—I reckon they don't now—an' I suppose my callin' didn't make much impression on them, but I've sure remembered 'em an' what a fine lot of gentlemen they was an' how nice they treated me.

ONE day up comes Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay an' says, "So you're *Ursus*?"

"No," says I, "you've got me wrong—I'm Tom Mix." He said I didn't understand. He looked over my arms an' shoulders.

"An' you think you can throw a bull?" says he.

"I don't think anything about it," I told him, "since I've thrown more of 'em than you an' your folks' neighbors over in London will ever see."

"But," he kept on, "you got to break this bull's neck, did any one tell you about that?" That made laugh since in bulldoggin' contests it's against the rule to break the animal's neck—it's a heap easier to break the steer's neck than not to—only I didn't tell him that.

"Well," he says, "you got a great part in this picture—best in the story. You break this bull's neck an' do it right an' there's millions for you in the movin' picture business." That sounded good, since I was only a needin' one.

Macaulay wasn't a bad sort of gent as gents go, only he didn't know much—which rule, I might stick in about here, still holds good with most of the movin' picture directors at the present time—there are some exceptions, but few.

If you doubt this talk to a couple of 'em sometime. Get 'em off pictures an' see what they know about things in general. Their talk on anything except movin' pictures is just about as valuable as the advice that comes from a gent who has stood the raise and then drew one too many cards.

BECAUSE of the way it started out, we soon switched Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay's name in "A.B.C.," an' finally it drifted into "Alphabet" an' he didn't seem to mind.

It was about this time that old man Couldock gave me a book to read. It was "Quo Vadis," the picture we was to make. The book was wrote by a gent whose name no one in the outfit could pronounce except Mr. Couldock an' the director. I tried to read the book but it was too tough for me. The names of the people in it were worse than the author's.

I got more'n a hundred pages in it an' when *Ursus* hadn't showed up yet, I commenced to doubt that he meant much to the picture, but Mr. Couldock turned over the pages an' read me the chapter where *Ursus* rescues *Lygia*, who was to be Miss Blevins, from the horns of the wild bull while Nero looked on, an' it sure sounded great.

I told him that the bull was just as good as dead.

Mr. Couldock said he was to be *Petronius* an' young Mr. Frayne the *Vinicius* of the story—the girl's sweetheart, while I was *Ursus*, the real bulldoggin' an' rescuin' gent of the outfit. Later, a few of the cowhands around there got picked for small parts an' lots more of 'em were used in the big scenes as populace.

MR. COULDOCK said that notwithstanding the fact the other bird was the sweetheart, everything depended on me—if I let the bull get the best of it, the play was shot.

"No matter what the rest of us play," my old friend told me, "you're the big show an' don't let anyone kid you that you're not. I don't know what money you're gettin' but nail all you can—it's worth a lot to do what you're a plannin'."

"If I succeed I suppose there's millions in the game for me?" I wanted to know.

"Sure," says he, "it's the greatest chance a man ever had in the pictures."

So by this time they had me pretty well steamed up, an' I was buzzin' around like a side-winder rattlesnake in the desert.

I've always been one of those fellers that tries to think things out in advance, an' so I got an idea. I told Mr. Walwrath, the business man, that if he didn't mind I'd like to drive the four bulls over on another pasture where they'd get better grazin' an' be wilder when the time came as it wasn't doin' 'em any good havin' so many folks around. You see, we'd bought four bulls to get one good one.

My real idea in gettin' the bulls out of the way was to do a little rehearsin' on my own account an' find out which of 'em was the real mean one—that bein' the one that wasn't goin' to get his neck broke. The bull that was goin' to make up with me was the bull selected for the great honor.

ALPHABET MACAULAY had explained to me they was a goin' to put a dummy on the bull's horns, only a usin' the girl for some close-up shots, so I hunted up some old clothes, stuffed 'em with straw an' made me a dummy. Next mornin', before sunup, I roped the old black bull an' after much effort managed to get the dummy strapped on his neck. He got up, lookin' kind of dazed, shook the dummy a little an' then calmly resumed grazin'. Plainly, he didn't propose to be annoyed.

Next mornin', I tried the red an' white spotted bull with the dummy. The way he cut up was somethin' awful an' which, I figured, would earn him a ticket to the stockyards in Kansas City, so far as I was concerned. I watched my chance, however, an' grabbed him by the horns to see how he'd turn out. I wrassled around for a time an' decided if the worst came to the worst, I could throw him, although it would be a tough job. But the lettin' go wasn't so easy, so I decided that in the next rehearsal, I'd better have help.

So it was that next mornin', I took with me Colorado Cotton, one of the best ropers that ever hoolied a steer in any man's cow country. Incidental, I might say, Cotton is one of the cowhands who is

goin' with me this summer to the Argentine, to make some pictures. Someone told Cotton he couldn't rope a llama, an' he don't believe it. Cotton's part of the wild bull rehearsin' was to step in at any time I needed help an' rope the bull so I could get away.

THE white bull didn't make half the fuss we expected. But the red bull was the boy. Him an' the dummy just couldn't get along. He wasn't interested in movin' pictures or the folks who made 'em, had never heard of Nero or Caesar an' didn't want to know 'em. I felt it in my bones he was goin' to hate Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay. I was the Nineteenth Amendment in cowland with that bull.

"Cotton," says I, "which one of these Oklahoma critters would you pick to bulldog?" He allowed he'd choose the white an' lay off the black an' the spotted one. "That black bull is a actin' simple to throw you off," advised Cotton, "black cattle is always treacherous, an' that there black bull will think up some way to do you a heap of dirt." Anyway, I had a feelin' by this time that when Mr. Ursus, of Rome, got into the ring an' was introduced by the announcer, everything would be okey.

About this time a coupl'a movin' picture carpenters came in from Chicago an' started to build the sets. They put up long rows of houses with funny columns in front of 'em, which they said were Roman residences an' one the Forum. Then they built a big corral with high tiers of seats which Alphabet told me was the Roman Circus, an' where me an' the bull would have our dispute.

THE day before the shootin' was to commence, my old friend Mike Cunyan rode over from Ponca City. "Tom," says he, "you ain't aimin' to let 'em start this picture in the dark of the moon, are you? You ought to know that it's the worst kind of bad luck." If a man ever uttered a prophecy, it was Mike Cunyan, only none of us knew it. We went over and drew Alphabet Macaulay's attention to the situation, but he said the dark of the moon talk was foolish an' the picture would start accordin' to schedule.

The first trouble came when the wardrobe boss started to dress up a lot of cowhands who'd been hired at \$3 a day, as Roman soldiers an' citizens. He give 'em some funny clothes which he said were togas, loose and roomy kind of garments. No one could tell which was front or back. All came out in 'em a wearin' their boots, spurs and Stetson hats. The wardrobe man said that wouldn't do. Buster Gardner, an old time cowhand, put his on over his chaps an' refused to take off the chaps, even if he lost the job. They put sandals on the men an' women, something like a Injun's moccasin. Around the men's heads, they tied bands, about like the Apaches an' Arapahoes wear. About noon, after much argument an' two fights, they got the clothes question straightened out.

The first scene was where a lot of Roman soldiers was to ride in, a bearin' of bad news—what the bad news was, none of us could find out.

"You gentlemen go down there behind

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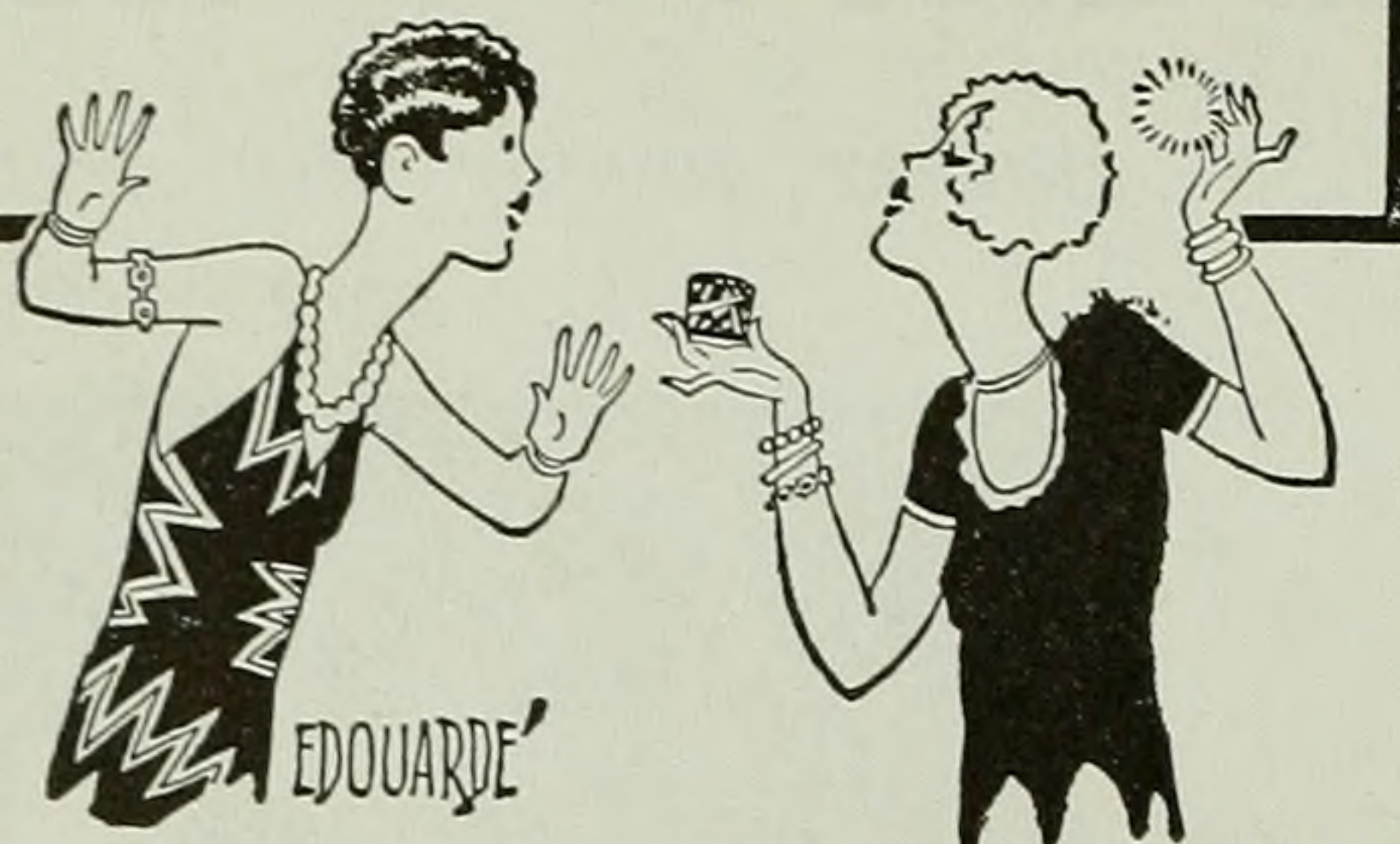
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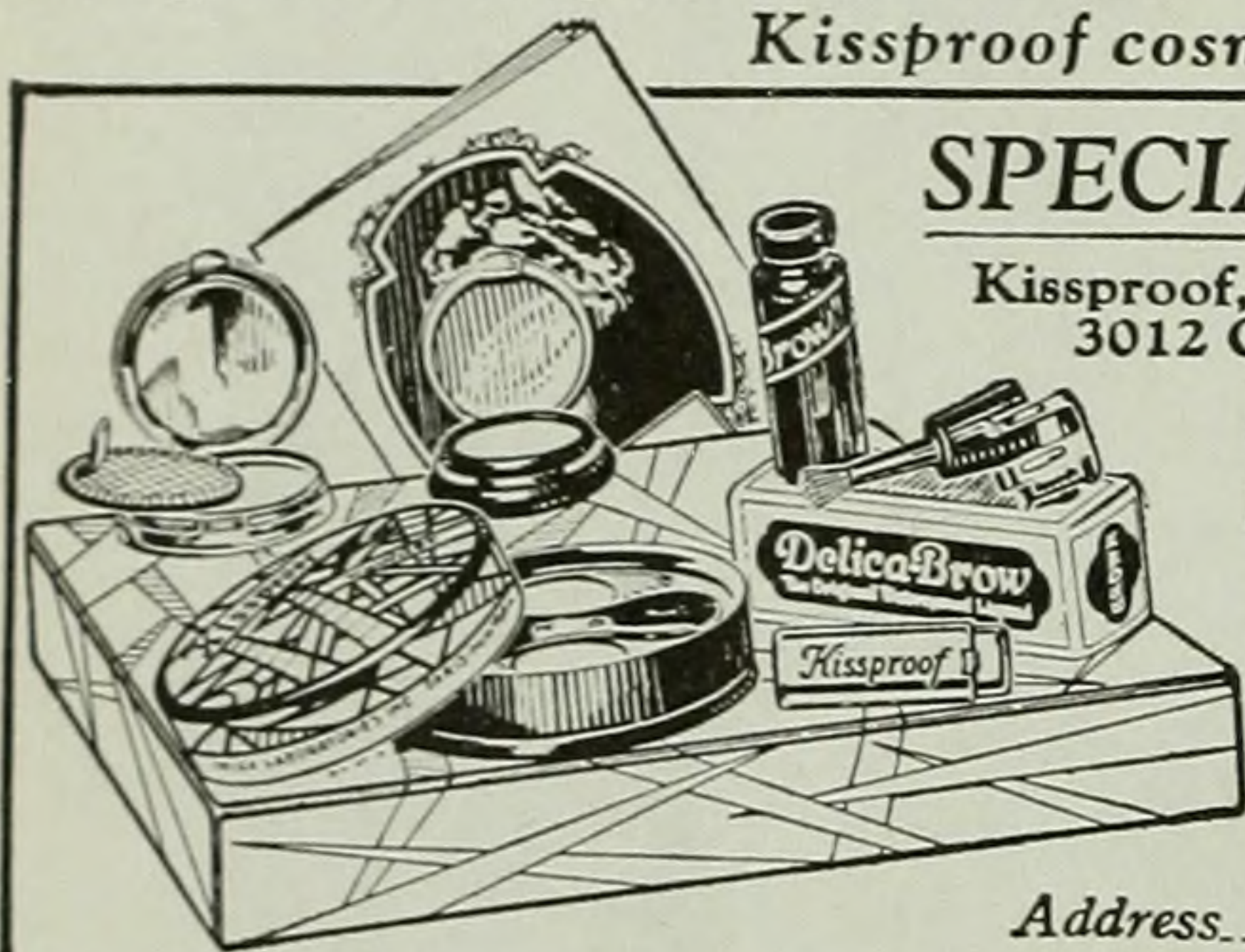


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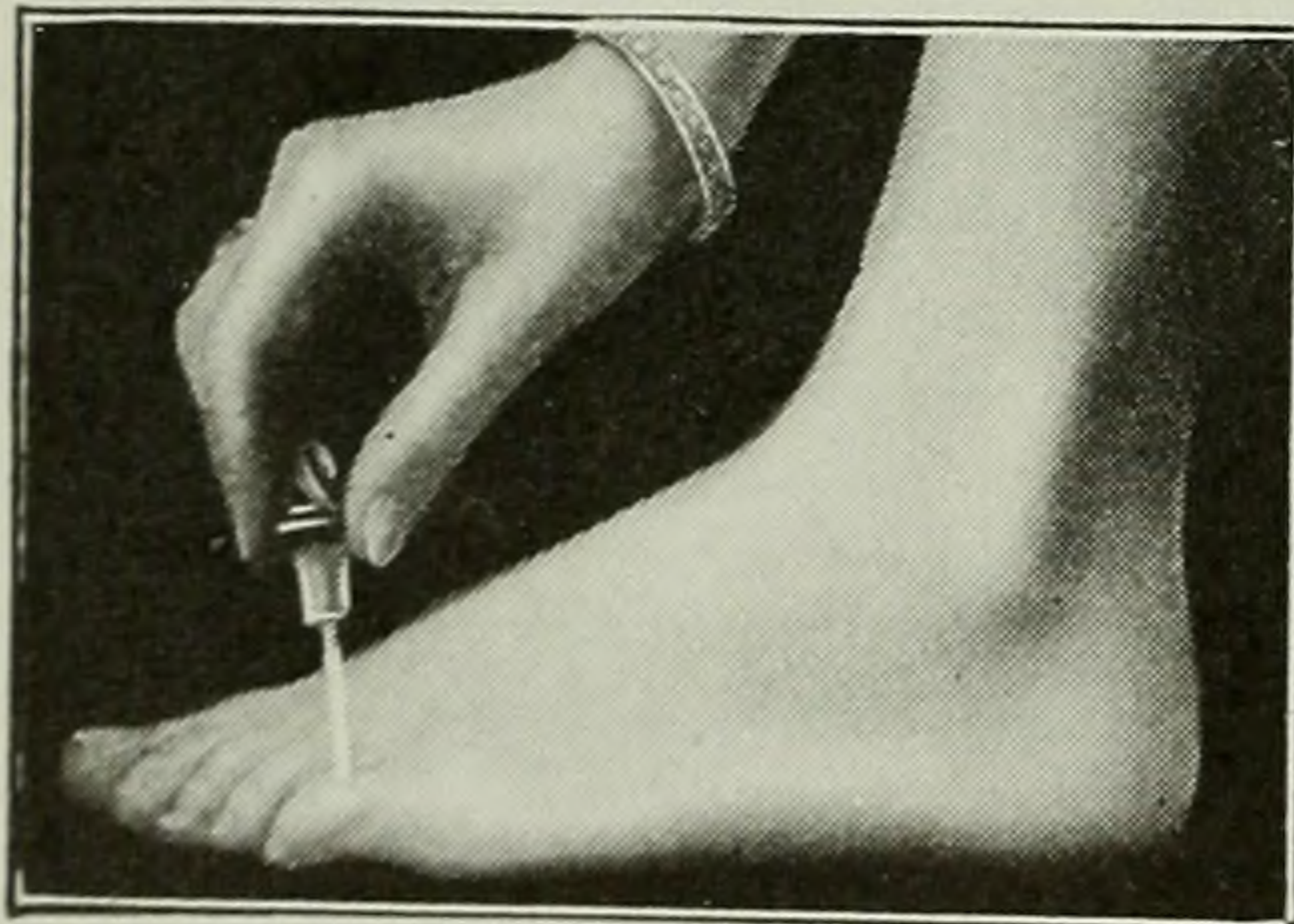
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those cottonwoods," yelled Alphabet, "an' come in toward the camera, where you meet the Centurion, an' tell him the bad news."

"But I ain't got no bad news to tell him," explained Buster, who was leader of the bunch, "unless you want me to tell him"—Herman Nolan a bein' the Centurion—"that they got out a warrant for him today in Guthrie for disturbin' the peace, an' which is a fact, the deputy sheriff a comin' up in the mornin' after him—shall I tell him that? If I do, he'll light out, pronto."

"All right, tell him," says Alphabet, "an' be sure when you come in to ride pell mell," only he pronounced it pall mall.

BUSTER, Cotton, Slim Johnson an' Tex Brode away for about a hundred yards. Then they stopped an' huddled like a bunch of football players. Leavin' the rest, Buster an' Cotton rode slowly back, an' called Mike Cunyan over.

"Mike," says Buster, "you been a livin' in Oklahoma a long time an' what's this pall mall style of ridin'? I kin ride a cow pony or a buckin' horse; I kin ride bareback an' me an' Cotton kin ride double, as his horse is broke to it an' mine ain't. If anybody's been a ridin' this pall mall way down here in Oklahoma or in Texas, where I come from, I ain't see him to do it. Us boys is willin' to try it, but some bird's got to show us how it goes, first."

Mike an' me went over to Alphabet, who says, "for one to ride pell mell, one must ride dashingly." "All right," says I, "as long as one must ride thataway, Cotton can do it, but how'll the rest ride?" "The same way," says he.

Mike Cunyan went back an' acted as interpreter. "What the gent wants," says Mike, "is for you boys to come in like you're on your last mile to Curley McBride's saloon, that bein' the place you're a headin' for." The boys went down behind the cottonwoods an' rode back whoopin' as loud as they could whoop. Alphabet says it won't do as they must come in solemn like, since they're a bearin' bad news.

"How the hell can a man ride the last mile to Curley's place without whoopin'?" Tex Riley wanted to know, "I been down here a long time an' I ain't seen it done yet."

THE scene was finally made. Then a row broke out between R. Frank Frayne, the leadin' gent, and E. Burdette Boardman, the deputy assistant villain, as to who had the right to wear the biggest wreath. Alphabet settled that by makin' them both the same size. At this point a cowhand rode up with a telegram for Alphabet Macaulay. It was from the town marshal in Ponca, who said he had just locked up a bird named William Ellis, who said he'd been fetched from Kansas City to play Nero. Nero, the marshal said, was drunk an' disorderly, an' was bail a comin' for him? "Decidedly not," declares Alphabet after talkin' to Walwrath. "Ellis got hisself in, let Ellis get hisself out." Then they drafted Buster Gardner in to play Nero, but they had to promise him \$1.50 a day extra to take off his chaps, wear the purple clothes an' wreath an' sit in the grand

stand box. He kept on his boots an' spurs. They started Buster in with a close-up.

"Look out there, *Nero*," yells Alphabet, "look out there, an' you see a lot of wild beasts a eatin' up Christians—do you see 'em."

"No, I don't see 'em, an' what's more," says Buster a declarin' himself, "they ain't a goin' to be no Christians et up with me a sittin' here. Besides you ain't got no wild beasts an' there ain't no Christians nearer than Ponca City." Alphabet finally got Buster agreein' to see things an' we was gettin' along great. Day by day we made scenes, hoppin' first to one place an' then another. It was so mixed up I didn't think anyone knew how anything was, but Chuck Hartman, the cameraman, said he did and everything was okey.

THE next day we had a scene where a lot of cowboys an' ranch women were in the circus grand stand all dressed up like they was Romans an' Augustans, whoever they were. They was supposed to be a seein' me a fightin' the bull with Miss Peggy Blevins tied to its horns an' settin' the girl free. That eminent citizen of Great Britain, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, had distributed little type written strips of paper among the folks in the grand stand an' which they was supposed to shout as a protest to *Nero* Gardner, who it seems wanted the girl killed. The three words they had to shout, as written on the slips were:

Ahenobarbus! — Matricide! — Incendiary!

Well, sir, what those cowhands an' ranch folks called those words was just somethin' awful. The nearest anyone knew about what the words meant was when Hank Emrick got arrested for settin' fire to John Porter's hay ricks, south of Ponca, an' he was charged with bein' one of those words. So far as we knew there was nothin' about *Nero's* settin' fire to hay ricks. Later, I learned that this *Nero* gent had got on a drunk an' set fire to the town. In view of the way they called those three words, it's a mighty good thing they didn't have no vitaphone in those days to record the scene.

THAT same day Alphabet made four close-ups of Peggy Blevins an' one of R. Frank Frayne, the leadin' man. That same night Frayne give in his notice an' announced himself a leavin' for Chicago in the mornin'. By promisin' Mr. Frayne five close-ups the next day and but one for Miss Blevins, the leadin' gent reconsidered an' stayed in the cast. For four days we had to lay off because the war film didn't get in. Later I learned it had come C.O.D., an' Walwrath had trouble in raisin' the money. After one day of shootin', it started an' rained steady for seven days. As soon as it dried up a little, me an' Cotton slipped over to rehearse the bulls once more an' finally decided on the white boy for the sacrifice.

The night before the great scene, me an' Cotton give him his last rehearsal. It didn't come out so good. I couldn't find my dummy an' had to make another out of an old suit of red flannel underwear left behind in the bunkhouse by Gus Hender-



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son, a cowhand just then a doin' a three month's sojourn in the county jail for fightin' with a squaw. The way the white bull acted with the red dummy was somethin' terrible, but I figured as the girl wasn't supposed to have any clothes at all it would be all right next day.

Early, Cotton an' me drove the four bulls over to a little pen on one side of the set. I told Alphabet we'd use the white one. Peggy was on hand to see the scene an' slip me a little encouragement an' hoped I wouldn't get hurt. I didn't tell her that bulldoggin' a steer meant nothin' more to me than a little exercise, an' not an awful lot at that. I wanted them to think I had a tough job.

THE first shock I got was when they handed me my costume. It was a piece of old red blanket to go over one shoulder. It had been daubed here an' there with white paint in spots. Chuck, the cameraman, said it would photograph like a leopard skin. I had a little pair of trunks an' wrapped about my waist was a wide, red sash. I told A.B.C. that the red sash wasn't goin' to help any, but he insisted it go thataway, as red photographed black an' it was what they wanted.

Up to now me an' the white bull was on good terms. I'd got him pretty well gentled an' he discovered gettin' throwed didn't mean much. Of course, I was aimin' to break his neck in the scene an' thought he didn't know it, but it seems if he didn't know it, he at least had suspicions.

Cotton an' Buster strapped the dummy they brought on the bull. It was a pretty nifty dummy. Alphabet an' Walwrath bought it from the New York Dry Goods Emporium in Dewey, where it had been used in the window to put women's clothes on. The white bull didn't make much objection to the dummy, bein' used to one by now, but when he saw me in my clothes—he started an' what he didn't try to do.

Everything was set. The big scene was on.

In the middle of the circus arena marched the bull. He stood for a moment

an' pawed the ground. Old man Nero was in his royal box an' all Rome was a watchin' as I walked out in my funny clothes. I was probably fifty yards away when the bull gave a snort an' started for me. Whatever friendship we might have once had, was gone. He made that plain. In a minute I saw what was wrong. From my dress he thought I was an Indian.

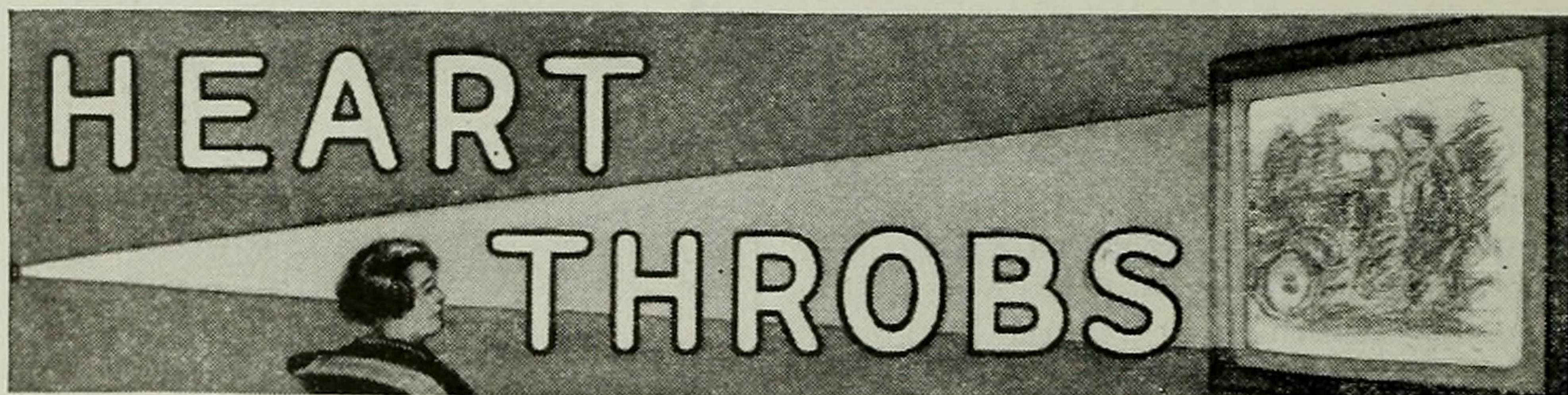
Down in Oklahoma, all cattle grow up a knowin' that if they ain't careful, some dark night a coupl'a of our native red men is a goin' to Injun up on him, an' the next day there's goin' to be beef stew in a near-by tepee. Oklahoma cattle keep an eye on Indians, just the same as cats watch dogs. You see, I'd always played around this old bull in cowboy clothes an' now he didn't know me—took me for an Indian.

I got him by the horns an' the wrasslin' commenced. I was a doin' good an' the populace was a yellin' as ordered by Alphabet. About this time the old black bull in the pen saw my red outfit an' me. With one bust, he came on through the pine board fence of the pen an' headed for me. Right behind him followed the red an' white spotted bull, also a snortin'.

Nero Gardner, in the royal box, stood up an' yelled, "Tom, the black bull is a comin'—get out of the corral if you can." Seein' my danger, Cotton, who was a wearin' a toga, chaps, boots an' spurs an' a wreath, grabbed a rope an' jumped into the arena, aimin' to rope the black bull.

"KEEP out of there," yelled Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, "you're spoilin' the scene—get out of there!" But Cotton was my friend, an' made a throw for the black bull an' missed. By that time I had the white bull on his knees an' in a minute more it would have been all over. Cotton yelled. I let go an' beat it for the fence with the white bull not more'n a foot behind me.

At this moment, Chuck Hartman made the mistake of his young life by a yellin' at the black bull an' wavin' his hat. Well, sir, that Oklahoma bull made two jumps, stuck his horns under Chuck's camera an' with the tripod a hangin'



Natchitoches, La.

It is not often that a woman in her seventy-fifth year gives expression to her feeling and writes about the movies. For the first time in his life, my husband had bad health about sixteen years ago. He became very despondent which naturally reflected upon me. We rarely left home after his business hours. My pleasure was to be with and entertain him. My children suggested we attend the movies. It worked like a charm. I, too, began to enjoy myself. Until a month before

his death, we rarely missed a night. We would return home and discuss the pictures which gave us so much pleasure and so many new thoughts.

For some time after his death, I would not hear of returning to the movies. But eventually I did and now I get as much pleasure from them as I used to. I see at least three pictures a week. I have really become a movie fan and, as old as I am, I get many thrills from the fine acting of the handsome young men and women.

Mrs. J. P.

around his neck started for Oklahoma City by the way of Bartlesville and Ponca. Two hundred feet away, he threw that camera a hundred feet in the air. When it came down on the hard sod ground, what happened to it was terrible. Brass parts an' glass lenses were just scattered all over the prairie. Some of the parts we never did find. The camera was a wreck. Miles of film was blowin' around between the arena of the great Roman Circus an' the Salt Fork of the Canadian River.

An' that, ladies an' gentlemen, was the end of "Quo Vadis"!

If it had been ended as planned an' hoped, the name of Tom Mix might have been seen in electric lights eight or nine years before it finally reached that dignity. It was my great chance. A red sash spoiled it. Still, I like red. Almost everything I own is painted red.

OUR troupe ended up much like an Uncle Tom's company that went broke in Dewey when I was marshalin' there an' it got attached. Little Eva married the sheriff; Topsy got a job in McGurk's restaurant; Marks, the lawyer, worked as a clerk in the town's best hotel an' Uncle Tom, who was a colored man, was porter in the same place. The only man in the troupe who couldn't find something to do was Simon Legree. He got out of the state in a box car an' my assistant shot the bloodhound.

I had a little money left an' helped Miss Blevins get a ticket to Chicago. I'd like to add in here some place that she paid it back; pronto. What I lent to that ambassador of good will from England, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, is still a owin'. Old man Couldock had money of his own to get away with. Chuck Hartman got as far as Oklahoma City where he opened a photograph gallery, got married an' has since become a very rich man in the oil business.

THEN came sad news for me. I got sued for two of the bulls I had bought an' for which Mr. Walwrath departed without settlin' for, so I had to pay. One of 'em was the black bull an' so far as I know, he's still at large, somewhere in the State of Oklahoma. I never could find him. The red one I sold to a butcher. By the time I got straightened around, my money was all gone an' I owed Mike Cunyan \$140.

"Tom, didn't this movie man tell you there was millions in the picture business?" Buster Gardner asked next day.

"He sure did," I replied, "but there ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls in 'em. You got to have elephants, hippopotamuses an' rhinoceroses to get in the big money."

That gave me an idea.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

NEXT MONTH:

Through joining up with a big animal picture in Florida where he was employed to protect Kathlyn Williams from wild jungle beasts, Tom finally reaches Hollywood and at last gets into the "Big Money." He found the human sharks of Hollywood worse than the denizens of the jungle he had been fighting in Florida, and is greatly amazed thereat.



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Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre. Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which makes Your Hair so much admired.

THE attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the loveliness of their hair.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

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 cannot 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.



Just wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

A Simple, Easy Method

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.

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.

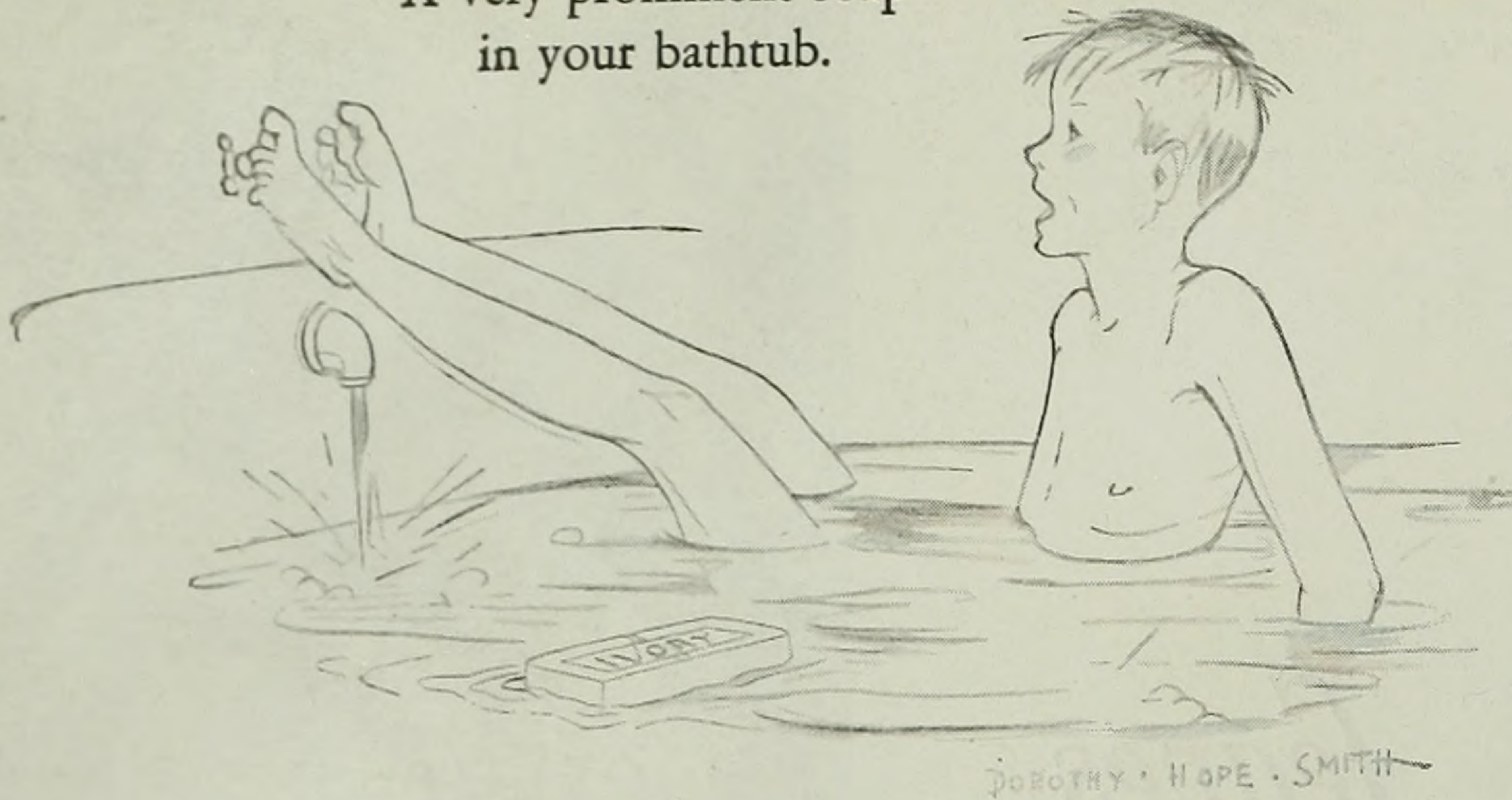


MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

My Life Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

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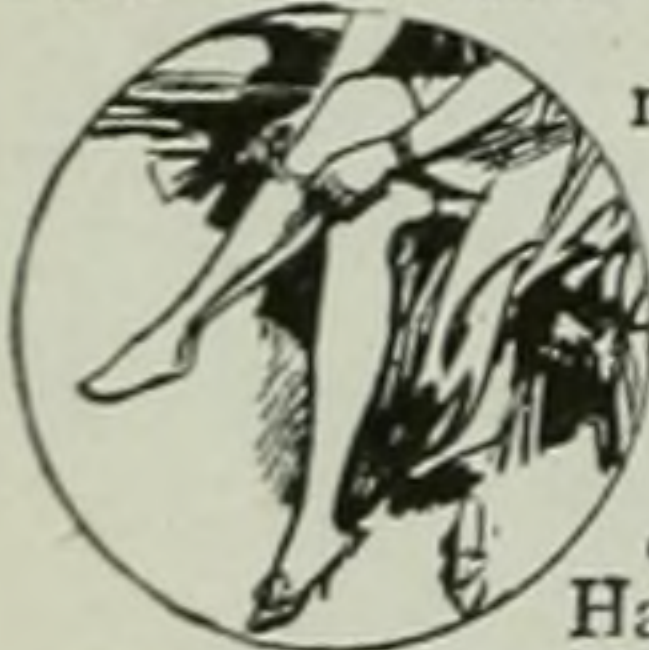
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Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty.



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Renews youthful firmness. Makes skin smooth and soft. Most welcome discovery—not an experiment—thousands made happy during many years. Write today for trial sample and Beauty Secrets. Enclose 10c. to cover cost of mailing.

**TRIAL
SAMPLE**

MME. FUOLAIRE

307 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

and gave her more and more authority and power, because I thought she might keep them from doing that.

Finally, my Dad came West. Mrs. Smith had done a lot of things to make me think that Dad wasn't what he should be and that he would handicap me in a business way. She said relatives always did and that it would make the bosses sore around the studios if my father came interfering. I believed her. I knew so little about things, and what with working the whole time and trying to enjoy myself in spare moments I was—just dumb, I guess.

WHEN Daddy arrived I had quite made up my mind to leave him out of things and to show him at once that he must not interfere with this great "career" that seemed opening up before me. I felt that perhaps he actually *would* be out of the picture and—oh, I am ashamed to tell this, but it came out all right and perhaps will make you understand a little of what I went through—when he arrived I was going to be very cool and aloof with him. I was now a successful motion picture actress and I intended to keep my new position and put him in his place.

When we met I just said, "Hello, Dad," and looked at him. I had on a new frock and, maybe, a new personality. I had learned so much about personality in the months I had been in Hollywood. I had been seeing the world and getting my first taste of success and admiration and money. I had begun to stand out a little, to hear people say, "That's Clara Bow. They say she's very clever."

Dad just stood and looked at me. He looked a little tired and worn, as though he had been working very hard. But as he looked the light went out of his face, the light and joy and welcome that had been his at seeing his little daughter again.

And suddenly I couldn't do it. I didn't care a—rap, for Mrs. Smith, nor B. P. Shulberg, nor my motion picture career, nor Clara Bow. I just threw myself into his arms and kissed and kissed him, and we both cried like a couple of fool kids. Oh, it was wonderful! I knew then how lonely I had been for someone of my own, someone who belonged to me and really loved me.

WE sat down and had a long talk, and right away Dad started looking into all these things. And soon I knew that Mrs. Smith hadn't told me the truth at all. She knew that the work I had done was very successful and that they liked me very much. But she wanted to keep a hold on me so she made me think I wasn't getting over and that nothing but her clever management kept me going.

About this time Frank Lloyd, the great director, was looking for a girl to play the flapper in "Black Oxen." He had looked at everybody almost on the screen and tested them, but he had not found exactly what he wanted and finally someone suggested me to him. I shall never

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Ph. 4-28

forget the kind way he received me. He didn't do as most people had done in Hollywood, try to make me think I didn't have a chance and that they were doing me a favor when they let me work in their pictures. When I came into his office a big smile came over his face and he looked just tickled to death. And he told me instantly that I was just what he wanted.

Of all the people in motion pictures I owe the most to Frank Lloyd, for the chance he gave me to establish myself as the screen flapper in "Black Oxen," for the direction he gave me which showed me entirely new vistas in screen acting—and to Elinor Glyn, for the way she taught me to bring out my personality, and the way she concentrated her great word "It" upon me.

ALL this time I was "running wild," I guess, in the sense of trying to have a good time. I'd never had any fun in my life, as you know. And I was just a kid, under twenty, with a background of grief and poverty that I've tried to make you understand, even though I've had to bare my whole soul to do it. Why, I'd never been to a real party, a real dance. I'd never had a beautiful dress to wear, never had anyone send me flowers. It was like a new world to me, and I just drank it all in and with that immense capacity of youth for understanding and loving excitement, I tried to make up for all my barren, hungry, starved-for-beauty years in no time at all.

Maybe this was a good thing, because I suppose a lot of that excitement, that joy of life, got onto the screen, and was the sort of flame of youth that made people enjoy seeing me. A philosopher might call it the swing of the pendulum, from my early years of terror and lack, to this time when all the pleasures of the world opened before me.

Just about this time I met Victor Fleming, who directed me in several pictures.

Victor Fleming is a wonderful man. You have no idea how wonderful he is because the public scarcely knows about directors at all. But he is a man, older a great deal than I am, and very strong. He knows the world, he has cultivated a great sense of values through living, and he is deeply cultured. I liked him at once, though I didn't feel in the least romantic about him.

BUT soon we became great friends and he had a tremendous and very fine influence on my life. He grew fond of me at once. And he began, with his strong intellect and understanding of life, to guide me in little ways. He showed me that life must be lived, not just for the moment, but for the years. He showed me what a future I might have as an actress, because I had made a place for myself that people seemed to want. He was very patient, and he taught me a great deal. He formed a lot of ideas that were running around in my mind.

Mr. Shulberg had gone into Paramount and taken my contract, which he had signed a while before, with him. So I was working for Paramount, and they were beginning to do things for me and I



Days that Would be Gone Forever

had I not taken the one precaution that keeps them alive today

"WHAT a thrill I got as I watched my two boys play their first games of baseball.

"Whenever they'd hit the ball, or catch a fly, or fan a batter, I was so proud I wished the whole world could be there to see them. Those were the happy days.

"But how quickly they passed. Overnight my boys became 'young men.' It was no longer baseball—it was golf and tennis. I watched them still . . . with all the intense interest of a father . . . but it just wasn't the same.

"I began to realize then how wonderful those baseball days had been . . . the days when they were 'just kids.' And I realized another thing also: those snapshots I had taken were now more precious than rubies. Year after year they keep the old days alive. Incidents that otherwise would have faded from my memory, I am now able to recall clearly and joyfully."

Some day you will want to remember your children as they used to be. When that day comes are you going to regret that you didn't take more snapshots? Are you going to be one of the unfortunate few who have no pictures to remind them of life's most precious moments?

How is your youngster going to feel later on when his friends proudly display snapshots of their childhood—will he have to make excuses for you?

As for not owning a Kodak . . . really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as \$2, and Kodaks from \$5 up.

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could see that I was important to them. It looked as though if I made good in the chances they gave me I would be a big star. So I began at that time to be subjected to flattery, to people who had never paid any attention to me coming around to tell me how wonderful I was, to getting a salary that I didn't in the least know how to spend or invest.

Under all this I used to feel a little lost. I'd wake up in the morning and like the old woman in the nurse rhyme I'd wonder if this "could be really I." I think that sense of things kept me from ever getting fatheaded, as the youngsters I know say. But it all had to be coped with.

AND in this crisis I learned to find the advice and companionship of a man like Victor Fleming invaluable. You couldn't deceive him with any false glitter. He steered me straight a lot of times when I was going "haywire."

And gradually our friendship seemed to deepen until it became the great thing in both our lives. I think he cared for me because he knew how much I wanted to get happiness out of life, and yet how frightened, in a way, I was of it,—and still am for that matter. Life has been so good to me. And yet, even now, with all I see before me, I cannot quite trust life. It did too many awful things to me in my youth. I still feel that I must beat it, grab everything quickly, enjoy the moment to the utmost, because to-

morrow, life may bludgeon me down, as it did my mother, as it used to do the people I lived with in Brooklyn when I was a kid.

I had had a pretty good education, in spite of lacks in other ways, and while Victor Fleming and I were engaged—we became engaged about that time—I began to read again, and to enjoy music, and to grow calmer about many things.

I was very happy. I was gradually growing more and more successful in my work. I loved it. There is one thing I must say about my work as a picture star. I have worked very hard. I've been at the studio terribly long hours. I've had very little time between pictures. It would probably amaze anyone to see how much of my life the last four years has been spent on a motion picture set. But I've loved it.

Perhaps the difference in age brought about the severing of the tie between Victor Fleming and me, though we are still the best of friends. Perhaps the feeling had grown so gradually and under such circumstances that there wasn't quite enough romance in it. I was young and I needed romance. Perhaps even he found that I didn't give him the sort of companionship he needed.

ANYWAY, our feeling for each other became more and more that of close friendship and less and less that of lovers. Until finally we agreed that it would be best that way, to be friends, nothing more.



The leopard is giving Rupert Julian a hard look. Julian had to direct the animal in Jacqueline Logan's picture, "The Leopard Lady," and the leopard doesn't think his director gave him enough footage. This photograph was taken at the special request of Count Felix von Luckner, German sea raider. The Count is on the extreme left. Captain Louderback, of the U-boat *Emden* stands directly back of Miss Logan and the Countess von Luckner is standing next to her

Right after that, while I was making a picture once more with my dear Frank Lloyd, a picture called "Children of Divorce," I met a young man named Gary Cooper. It was his first big part—he'd been a cowboy up in Nevada or something and played a small part in some Western picture. He was to play the lead. Of course he was new to the screen and didn't know exactly how to do things, though he was wonderful and photographed marvelously. I always like to help anyone who is new, so I was willing to go over and over scenes with him, in rehearsal, to help him out.

WHILE we were doing that, we fell in love. If I wanted to be the Clara Bow of the screen, I'd say—and how! It was very wonderful and beautiful while it lasted. But—I can't altogether explain. It's very difficult to be a motion picture star and be married. So many fail at it. I have made up my mind that I shan't fail when I do marry. I shall wait until I am sure. Gary was—so jealous. I know he wouldn't mind my saying that. Anyway, we parted.

Is that so many romances for a girl of twenty-two? Haven't most girls been engaged two or three times, before they're twenty-two? Yet just because I am Clara Bow and it is always printed, it sounds as though I were a regular flapper vamp. And I'm not at all.

It seems to me I've said very little about my career, after I became successful. But the story of every success is much the same. You work and suffer and battle and starve, and then you get your nose in a little way and then—you get the break. And if you have it in you, you make good. And then you just go on working, getting more money and loving the fame and the admiration of the public.

Somehow, I had managed to make a niche for myself. I'd created a Clara Bow, by being myself largely I guess, who fitted the public desire and the public imagination. I hope they'll go on loving me a long time. I don't know.

I live in my little bungalow in Beverly Hills with my father. I work very, very hard. I like young people and gaiety, and have a lot of both around me whenever I have time. I like to swim and ride and play tennis. I have a few close friends, but not many acquaintances. I don't have time. I am happy—as happy as anyone can be who believes that life isn't quite to be trusted. I give everything I can to my pictures and the rest to being young and trying to make my father happy, and filling up the gaps in my education.

I DON'T think I'm very different from any other girl—except that I work harder and have suffered more. And I have red hair.

All in all, I guess I'm just Clara Bow. And Clara Bow is just what life made her. That's what I've tried to tell you in this story. I'm terribly grateful and still a little incredulous of my success. It seems like a dream. But—I'm willing to work just as hard as ever to go on having it. Beyond that, I haven't yet evolved any plans or desires.

After all, I'm still only twenty-two. That isn't so very old, is it?



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by Rosaline Dunn

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At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

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MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

The Movie Hound

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

They watched breathlessly, all the way through and at the end, burst into wild applause. It was marvelous!

Beansy sat there panting with excitement. Of course, Rajah's master was in the picture too. Sylvia said something about him being the hero, but Beansy paid little attention. Rajah was really the most important character. To think that Beansy could have considered him a "wet smack"! Here was a he-dog of he-dogs—truly representative of the highest type of canine. Into Beansy's scornful little soul came envy and awe.

WHEN they reached home that night, Beansy jumped out of the roadster, almost before Sylvia put on the brakes. He raced across the street, worried his way under the hedge that surrounded the Spanish villa and trotted across a plot of newly planted lawn that Rajah's gardener had been sheltering with great care. To his delight, Rajah was at home and for the moment, alone, chewing busily on a sterilized bone in the small wire-enclosed yard that was his particular domain. Beansy could not reach him, but he could talk through the fence.

At first, Rajah was inclined to be distant in his reception—to bristle the hair along the top of his neck in a most uninviting manner—and, for a moment, it looked as if he were going to say in sniffy, doggy language, "You'll have to see my secretary." Then something in Beansy's big brown hero-worshipping eyes stirred the vanity of the star. In a few minutes, the two dogs were nosing each other through the wire and Beansy was getting an earful about the magic life of the studios.

Beansy was not the only one who "got something" from the meeting. A few minutes later, Rajah suddenly looked puzzled and then awkwardly raised his hind foot and started to scratch himself. In all his well ordered life, Rajah had never before felt the need of scratching. From early puppyhood, his thoroughbred iron gray coat had been daily fine-combed and scrubbed with odorous dog-soap. And it had taken much patient endeavor to train him to scratch on command, so that he could portray with sufficient realism, his clever characterizations of the lower levels of dog life.

NOW Rajah's valet observed the police dog's unusual actions from the kitchen window and horrified, rushed out swearing, to thrust Beansy back from the wire netting with a well placed kick. Beansy gave such a yelp that Claibourne himself came out to see what was the matter.

"That ridiculous little mutt's given Rajah a flea!" the valet explained.

Rajah's master knitted his handsome brow—but only for a moment. "Oh, he's the dog from across the street—belongs to that cute little blonde. I'll take him home. I was just going over that way, anyhow."

He gave Beansy a kindly pat on the head, as he spoke, and Beansy trium-

phantly waved his tail in the valet's face and trotted off in rare good humor. Could it be possible that Claibourne was so interested because Beansy had that essential ingredient for a dog star, who wishes to be popular with his public—that mysterious something called Personality?

IT certainly looked that way, judging from Claibourne's actions afterwards. Not only did he take Beansy home and spend two hours talking about him with Sylvia, but he came again and again. Every day, in fact. He formed the habit of walking past Beansy's house with Rajah each morning on his way to the studio, explaining to Sylvia, who by some strange coincidence always happened to be out pruning the roses at that hour, that the dog star needed a morning walk for exercise. Claibourne took an unusual interest in Beansy, too, lingering to romp with him, while Rajah looked on with tolerant amusement. Beansy had to hand it to him for not being jealous.

The one thing Beansy couldn't understand was, why Claibourne never suggested his coming to the studio for a screen test. Perhaps he thought that Beansy still considered acting beneath him—a ridiculous work which did not properly belong in a real he-dog's life. Beansy made up his mind to show him the error of his ways. Every morning, he practised standing on his hind feet, leaping up and grabbing things and all the high and broad jumps he had seen Rajah do on the screen.

One day he leaped at the collar of Sylvia's dad, pretending he was attacking the villain. Dad was a stupid man. He didn't get Beansy's idea at all. He wasn't even scared of the dog's fierceness. He playfully tossed him aside and exclaimed, "Gosh, Beansy old boy, you're playful this morning!"

AND, when the ambitious young dog tried to drag Sylvia to safety from the path of her brother's tricycle, she scolded him for tearing her dress. Nor did the cook relish his attempts to take a running jump into the kitchen window, which he pretended was his only way of entrance into the hut in time to prevent a wicked villain from choking the heroine. Cook had set out a row of custards to cool on the sill and Beansy, missing his foothold, knocked them all over and fell on his side, in a geranium bed, from which he was ignominiously banished with a broom. But there are sacrifices and suffering entailed in every career—Rajah had told him there were, so Beansy suffered, joyfully.

The delay in his becoming a star was really Sylvia's fault. Lovely and sweet as she was, she didn't help him in the least. Many times Mr. Claibourne hinted that he would like to take Sylvia and Beansy through the studio, but she always refused with an indifference that made the ambitious young dog furious. Perhaps she thought Claibourne might wean Beansy away from her. Foolish

girl. For loyalty to her, he would give up the most promising career in the world, bitter though the sacrifice might be. But after all, why might not a level headed dog serve two goddesses—Fame and Sylvia?

Finally the time came when Beansy's pent-up urge mastered him. In desperation, one day, when Sylvia had for the tenth time refused to visit the studio, Beansy dashed across the street, and plumped himself into the big morocco leather seat of Claibourne's car. When Sylvia called to him, he refused to get out. Claibourne couldn't help laughing, and for some reason it seemed to make her furious. She rushed across the street and grabbed Beansy out of the car by the collar. Claibourne laughed again, only louder, and Sylvia turned on him angrily. It all ended in a violent quarrel. Sylvia fled to her room, weeping. Claibourne frowned and puffed furiously at a cigarette he had forgotten to light.

Beansy, the cause of it all, should have followed Sylvia to her room, comforted her, licked her face if possible, and begged forgiveness. But Beansy, as has been remarked, was a changed dog. Hard! The spirit of the Kleig lights had "got him."

TAKING advantage of her absence from the garden, he tore down the street after Claibourne's car. Yelping and barking, he followed it several blocks, until Claibourne finally was forced to stop. Leaping up on the running board, with excited yelps of joy, Beansy proclaimed the actor King of the World. Claibourne was touched. If Sylvia despised him, at least her dog regarded him with favor. He turned to his valet.

"Do you know this is really a cute little rascal. I bet he'd screen. How about taking him with us and giving him a part in the picture today? I know just where we can use him. How about it, Beansy, old scout?"

"Beansy, old scout," became a wriggling bundle of joy. Then he remembered various hints from Rajah and controlling himself with great effort, he put up his head and pretended to be very blase about it.

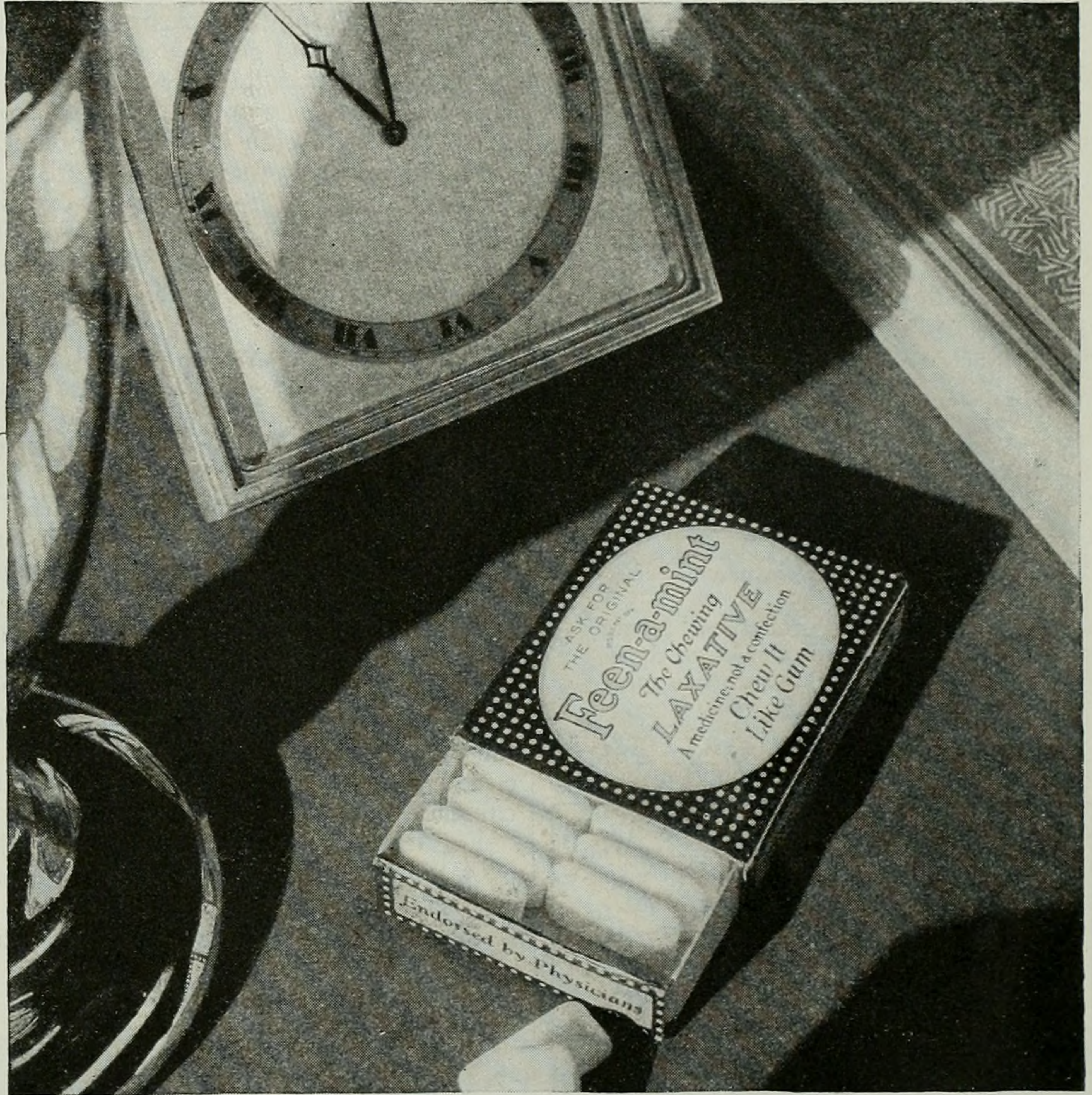
He looked so cute that Claibourne spoiled his dignity by hugging him.

What a day for Beansy! First he made a triumphal entrance through the great palace-like gates of the studio. Then Claibourne introduced him to the director who regarded Beansy with a critical interest, that was highly flattering and finally nodded approval. An assistant director now took charge and Beansy was scrubbed and combed and thoroughly de-flea-ed.

THEN came a long, long period of waiting. Beansy didn't mind that. He strutted about with a superior air, regarding the other actresses and actors with much condescension. He was tempted to chase a large Angora cat, one of the cast in Rajah's picture, but refrained, feeling it was beneath his dignity as a dog star.

At last, the great moment arrived, when he was to begin acting. He was a little disappointed when he found they didn't want him to do any of the fine jumps he had practised up so conscient-

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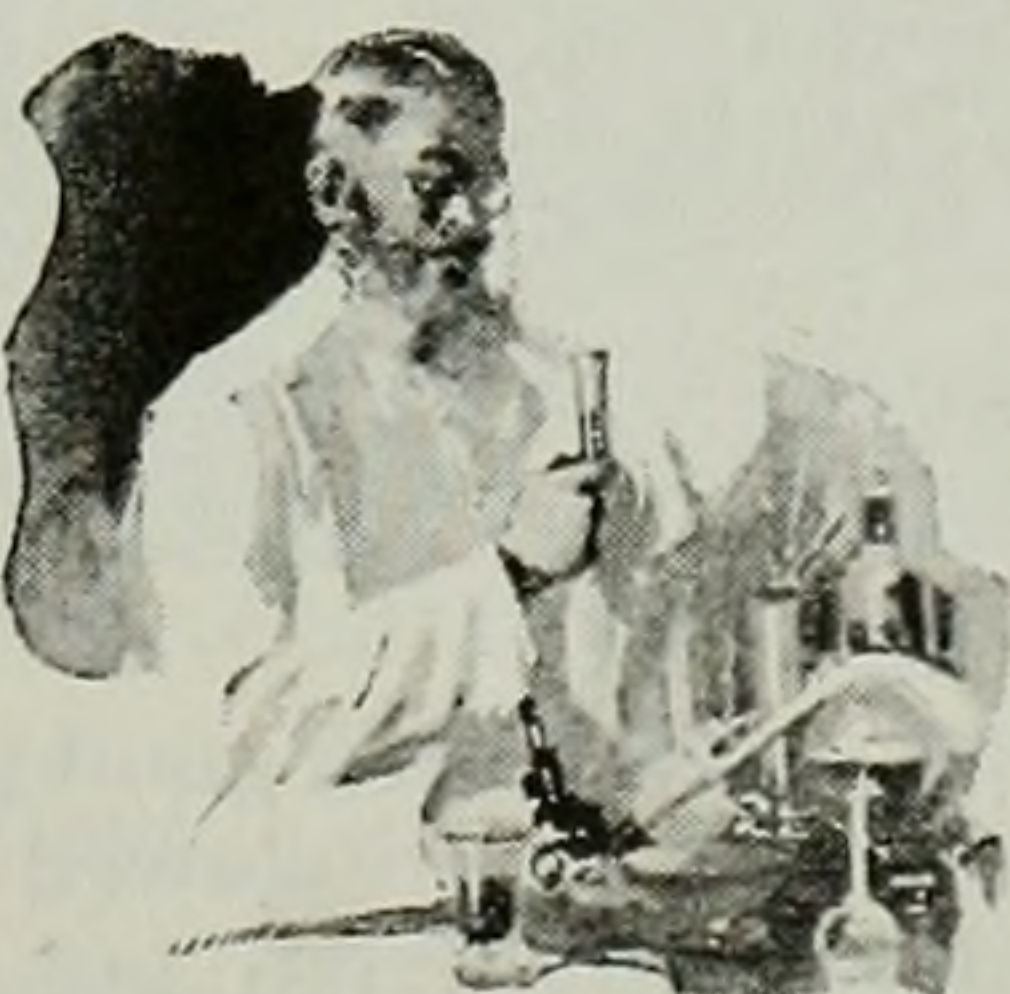
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tiously. They didn't even ask him to break down a door and leap at a villain's throat. Instead they took him into what appeared to be a restaurant cut in half. The director pointed to a large plateful of cream-puffs and told him to, "Sic 'em, Beansy—go to it, old boy!" Beansy realized that they wanted him to engage in a sort of battle with those foolish white things. It was a silly idea, but after all he was an artist and he would do it well, at any rate.

HE went after the cream-puffs, with such vim and gusto, expecting every moment that the villain of the piece would rush into the scene and attempt to choke him, the way Rajah had been choked in his picture. Then for a real fight! But no villain came. At least not an exciting one. Only a large fat man, with a silly baby face, who wore a big store-keeper's apron and entered with a most undignified waddle.

However, a fat villain is better than none, so as the man advanced, Beansy rushed in a wild fury for his throat. The actor not having been informed of Beansy's encounter with the cream-puffs and seeing a foamy-mouthed dog coming at him, flung up his hands in horror and screaming "Mad dog!" went tearing wildly around the set.

Beansy didn't quite reach the man's throat, but he got a good grip on the back of his pants and clung like a burr, even when they ripped half off as the villain finally rushed to the only clear avenue of escape—the open space where the clicking camera stood.

For a moment, everything was a melee of falling men and tripods wild curses and screams.

Then the camera man emerged tri-

umphantly with the camera, which he had protected in the fall. As it was unhurt, and they could use the film that registered the scene, the director declared it was all a lucky accident that would be a "wow" on the screen. Beansy received extravagant praise and felt quite a hero. Not half bad—an actor's life!

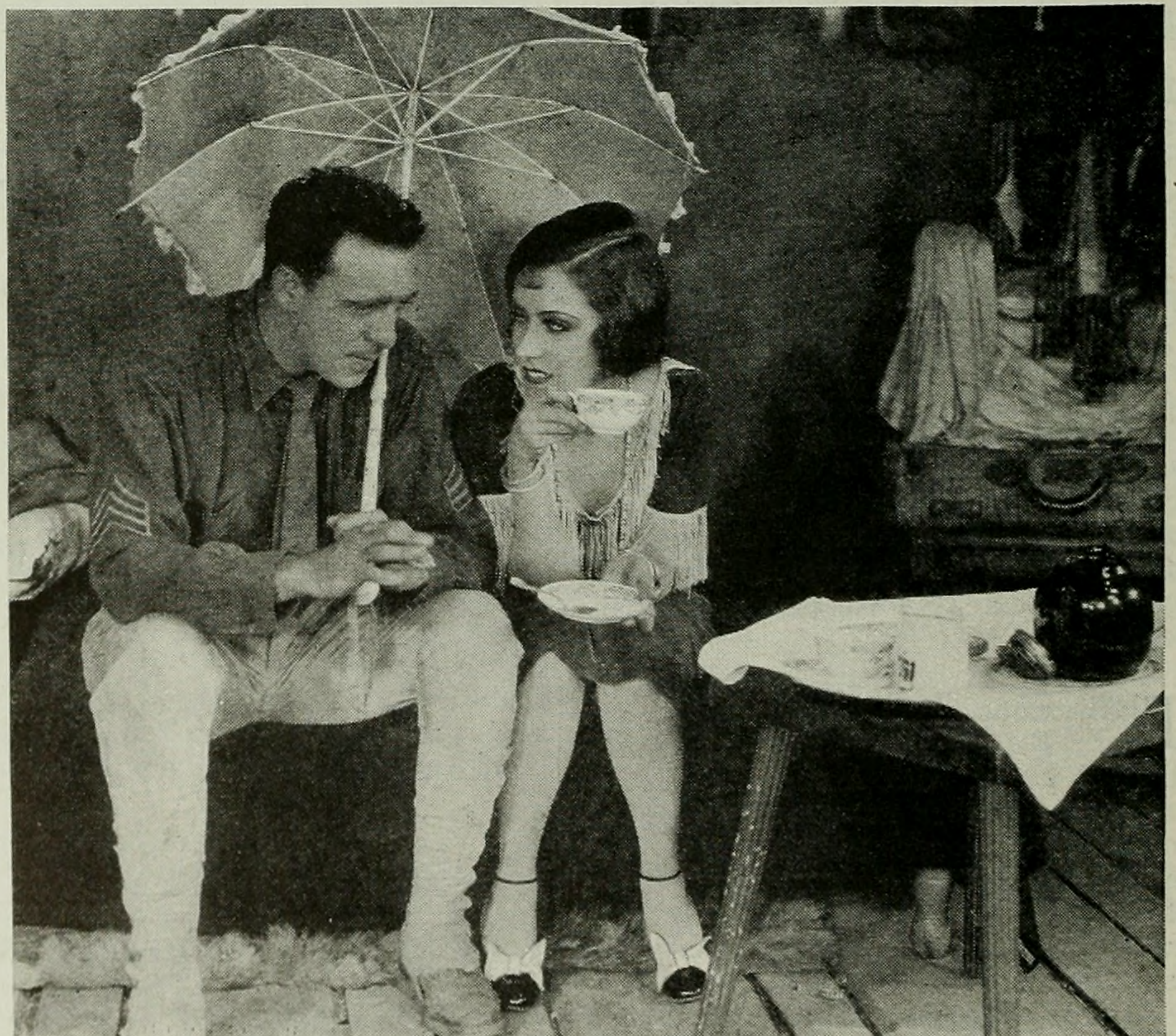
He was tired after that and didn't pay much attention to the other shots they took of him and refused to take a big jump over a couple of chairs, crawling under them, on his stomach instead. But the stupid people even praised him for that!

And once Beansy had thought it hard to be an actor.

ON the way home, Beansy nosed Rajah in a very chummy way, feeling on terms of complete equality with the big police dog now. Rajah received this attention with a faintly superior smile, which Beansy promptly attributed to professional jealousy.

When they reached the Spanish villa, Claibourne was so fearful something might happen to his new star, that he insisted on returning Beansy to Sylvia in person. Beansy was touched to observe traces of tears in his goddess' eyes. She was so glad to get him back again that she forgot to scold him, but instead received him with open arms, hugging him so tight it hurt. She strangely forgot the quarrel with Claibourne in her gratitude to him for bringing back her pet. Claibourne confessed to "borrowing" Beansy for his picture.

"We're rushing it through and we'll preview it Saturday, so if you want to bring Beansy—we might all run down in my car together?" he suggested. Sylvia did want to.



Sadie Thompson is such a good girl in the movies that she drinks tea. "Sadie Thompson" is reviewed in The Shadow Stage in this issue. The good-looking Irish lad is Gloria's director, Raoul Walsh

It was a hard few days for Beansy. He could scarcely wait until Saturday. He became quite obnoxious around the neighborhood, boasting of contracts and salary to the other dogs and refusing to romp or play tag. The only thing he regretted in his exalted position was a large ham bone, donated by cook a week before and buried in the back of the garden. It ought to be sufficiently mellowed by now—in just the right state of juicy softness. But much as he longed to sink his teeth into it, he felt it beneath his dignity to grovel about in the dirt after bones like a common dog. So he munched dog biscuits and tried to pretend that he liked them.

WHEN the day came for the preview, he submitted to a bath and brushing so eagerly that Sylvia thought he must be sick. They went to the picture with Rajah and his master and in view of the fact that they were with Claibourne, he did not have to be smuggled into the theater, but walked along boldly with Rajah, tail high in the air.

Beansy watched the first part of the picture with a bored air. He wasn't in it. But finally, there flashed on the screen, the restaurant where he had his great scene with the cream-puffs. Beansy sat up, eagerly, watching his shadow self as he attacked the cakes. In a moment, would come his struggle with the fat villain and then the audience would burst into applause at his heroism and another dog star would be made.

But what was happening in the theater? That strange rippling sound? It couldn't be!—alas—it was! *Giggles!* More than that—*laughter!* The audience were actually laughing at his struggles with the cream-puffs! When the fat villain entered and Beansy attacked him, the audience shrieked and rocked with hilarity. And to cap the climax, Beansy turned and saw that Sylvia was simply consumed with wild and unrestrained mirth.

It was more than Beansy could bear. They had made of him no hero—only a clown! They had tricked him outrageously. He crept surreptitiously from the theater, his tail between his legs. They would make fun of him, would they! He'd show 'em.

HE didn't go home—not for an hour at least. And then he stalked into the garden, his nose in the air, and a bitter look in his eyes, so Sylvia and Claibourne could make no mistake. They would know instantly, by his attitude, that he was wounded beyond reparation. But they didn't even see him.

They were sitting in the rose arbor, wrapped in each other's arms, while Rajah stood on guard.

Beansy gave the three of them one long contemptuous look—which they didn't notice. Then he turned his back and trotted off. Where had he buried that bone? It would be just nice and mellow now.

He dug excitedly in the corner of the garden. Ah, there it was! He growled and snarled over it with complete abandonment.

After all being a dog star entails too many sacrifices.

Why not enjoy life, when it comes as sweet as this?

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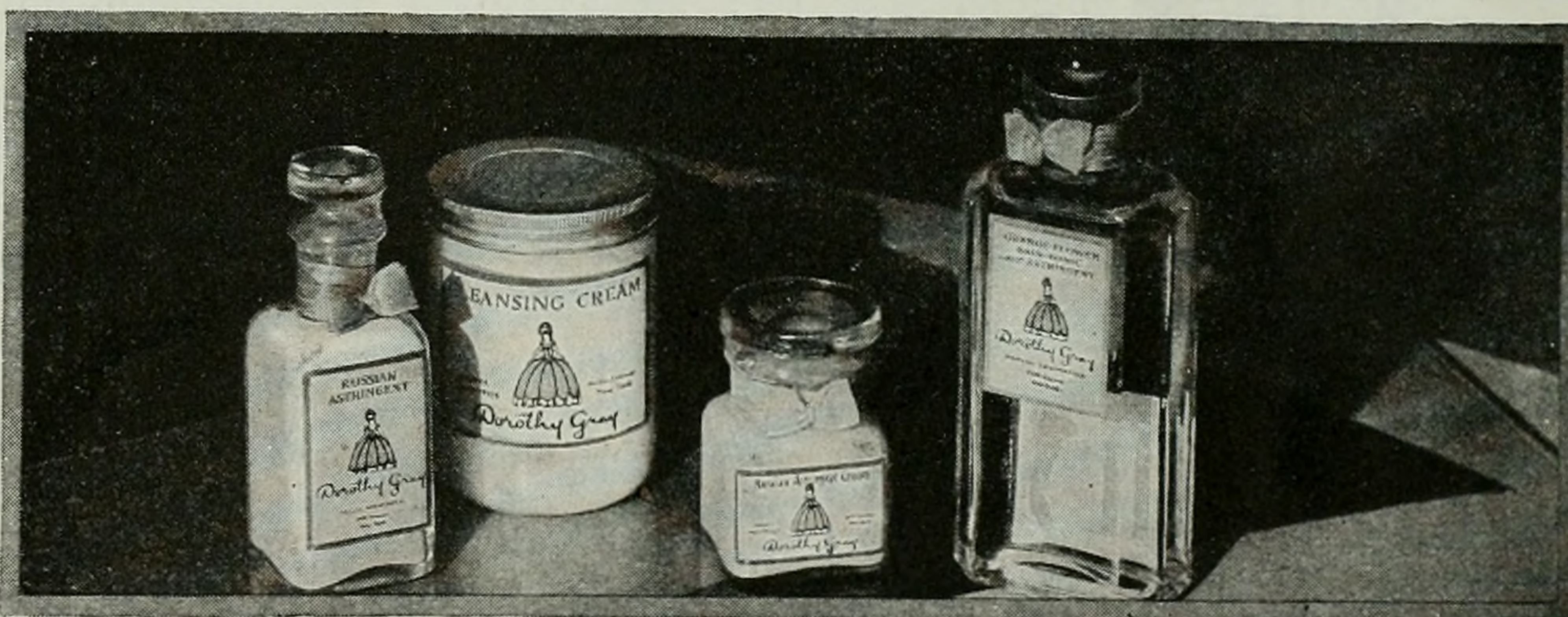


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Williamu Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

ing one another, for all I know, for the picture ended there? How much better if the hero and the girl had gone to church with all their relatives and friends and had a beautiful marriage, then a great feast with a dozen suckling pigs, and bunches of mountain plantain, and a dance, and a himene, and settled down in a nice galvanized iron roofed house. Aue, but that is the way with the foreigners; we never know what they will do next.

"They are a strange people indeed."

I TRIED to explain that in reality the villain was properly interred, and the hero and girl married; but they doubted it. "If so," Nui-woman asked, "why were they ashamed for us to know it? Personally I believe that they were not nearly as fine people as was made out. I shouldn't wonder but the hero took the girl for his mistress."

It was beyond them to understand that one is supposed to imagine certain parts of a picture. When I mentioned this Pauto ingenuously commented: "But suppose we imagine the wrong thing, what then?"

OLD TOTO could not join us at the cinema for he was ill. Leaving him with a lamp burning in the house to keep away the evil spirits, we strolled down the road. It was just dark with a fine half-moon directly overhead, while the cool mountain breeze wandered down from Vaiite valley suffused with a peculiarly soothing redolence.

Tuahu and the other older folks walked ahead carrying a lighted lantern. There was no call for the light, but a lantern adds a certain amount of respect, or an air of affluence, to a native group, so it could not be omitted. Timi, Tio, and some other nondescript children followed behind.

I joined these, and singing and dancing we made for the cinema house.

Tio had a mouth organ which he played well, and Timi had a voice of which he was unashamed. This latter youngster is very young indeed and small for his years; but nevertheless he is capable of having a good time. As Tio played a little refrain Timi would stop shamelessly in the middle of the road, stretch out his arms, and execute a voluptuous enough hula-hula dance to shame many a professional. Then unconcernedly hopping down the road he would chirp, while the other children joined in the chorus of "umphs:"

"O-rá-ra, o-ra-rá,
Umph, Umph, Umph, Umph,
E pae peni te tui',
Umph, umph, umph, umph,
Napoleamu te ho-o',
Umph, umph, umph, umph,"

Its subtle meaning does not surpass, for depth, our own American popular songs, for the translation goes something like this:

"Mackerel, mackerel,
Umph, Umph, Umph, Umph,
A nickel a string,
Umph, Umph, Umph,
Napoleon is selling them,
Umph, Umph, Umph."

Enough to make the great French general turn over in his tomb. But Timi puts all his young spirit into the song, which in a way compensates for its uncomplimentary sense.

Thus we proceeded to the Vaiite cinema house, our group being augmented at each house we passed. Seen by daylight, Theaham's Cinema Palace and Dance Hall would hardly have done credit to a cow-shed; but a moonlight night and an excited crowd in their green and purple dresses and stiff starched drill lent charm to the barren unpainted building. It was a hundred yards or so from the road between a Chinaman's shop and the school house.

Across the road lay the Protestant church, and beyond lay two thatched houses and the Catholic mission. This made up the Village of Vaiite.

THERE is a natural lawn around the cinema house where some great shade trees join their arms in arches. Beyond, toward the mountains lie the straight avenues of Charlie's coconut grove. Tonight the green arches were shimmering with the light of a score or more lanterns where some of the older and more thrifty women were seated crosslegged before white napkins upon which were stacked rubbery pancakes, and strings of island chestnuts. They were being sold for a mere trifle, but still I wondered that anyone would buy them, the cakes, at least. Being made of flour, water and sugar, boiled in grease, and without leaven of any kind, they have the elastic resilience of chewing gum. Once I foolishly tried to eat one; it was impossible,—and yet, I have seen little tots no bigger than Timi gobble down two or three without the slightest sign of moribund pangs. The island chestnuts are better.

After being boiled they are strung on coconut leaf ribs and sold for ten sous a string.

Feeling that I should patronize home industry I decided to purchase some of the nuts. "I will take two strings of mapés," I said to Faaipo-woman who was among the thrifty.

SHE was dressed in a blazing red split spongy robe, a blue chinese shawl laid gracefully across her shoulders, and a white flower was stuck coquettishly in her hair in spite of her fifty summers. She handed the nuts to me, and thoughtlessly, I asked the price.

Faaipo-woman seemed very much embarrassed at this.

"They are nothing," she said. "I give them to you, for they are but the food of Tahiti, and of what value is it?"

Realizing that I had acted with flagrant indelicacy, I cried: "Then I will give you

a franc, for it is only the money of France, and of what value is it?"

Faaipo-woman was pleased to accept the money, for, of course, she had expected it, but in her courteous Tahitian fashion had first wished to offer me the nuts as a present.

I walked to a small opening in the side of the cinema palace through which Taroa the six foot four school-master would soon sell tickets. There I watched and listened to my neighbors who were seriously discussing the probable events in the night's picture. The preacher of Vaiite and Tuahu stood near me. They are leaders in the district, and the dignity with which they bear themselves is almost incredible. When they speak to one another it is with much the same clear uninterrupted flow as one of Landor's imaginary conversations—impassive though argumentative.

They speak slowly, accenting each syllable, and expressing themselves in perfect Tahitian.

TONIGHT, of course, they are speaking of the cinema. Tuahu said: "Mr. Preacher, these are my thoughts concerning the work of the cinema: some say the cinema is truth and some say it is lies; but I believe it is truth, for no man could make these pictures with paint or pencil. They must be made the same as photographer in Papeete makes our pictures. These latter are truth and therefore the moving pictures must likewise be truth."

The preacher straightened, retucked his black pareu, coughed, and replied: "Tuahu-man, you say they are truth, and that all these things we see in the cinema palace are actual happenings. Perhaps they are, for we know little of the works of the white men. But I believe they are lies, for one time I saw a picture in which a man lay dying on a great tract of land which was just like the beach in front of my house, for strange to say there were no trees, no river, nor even any grass, in sight. He rose to his knees and raised his



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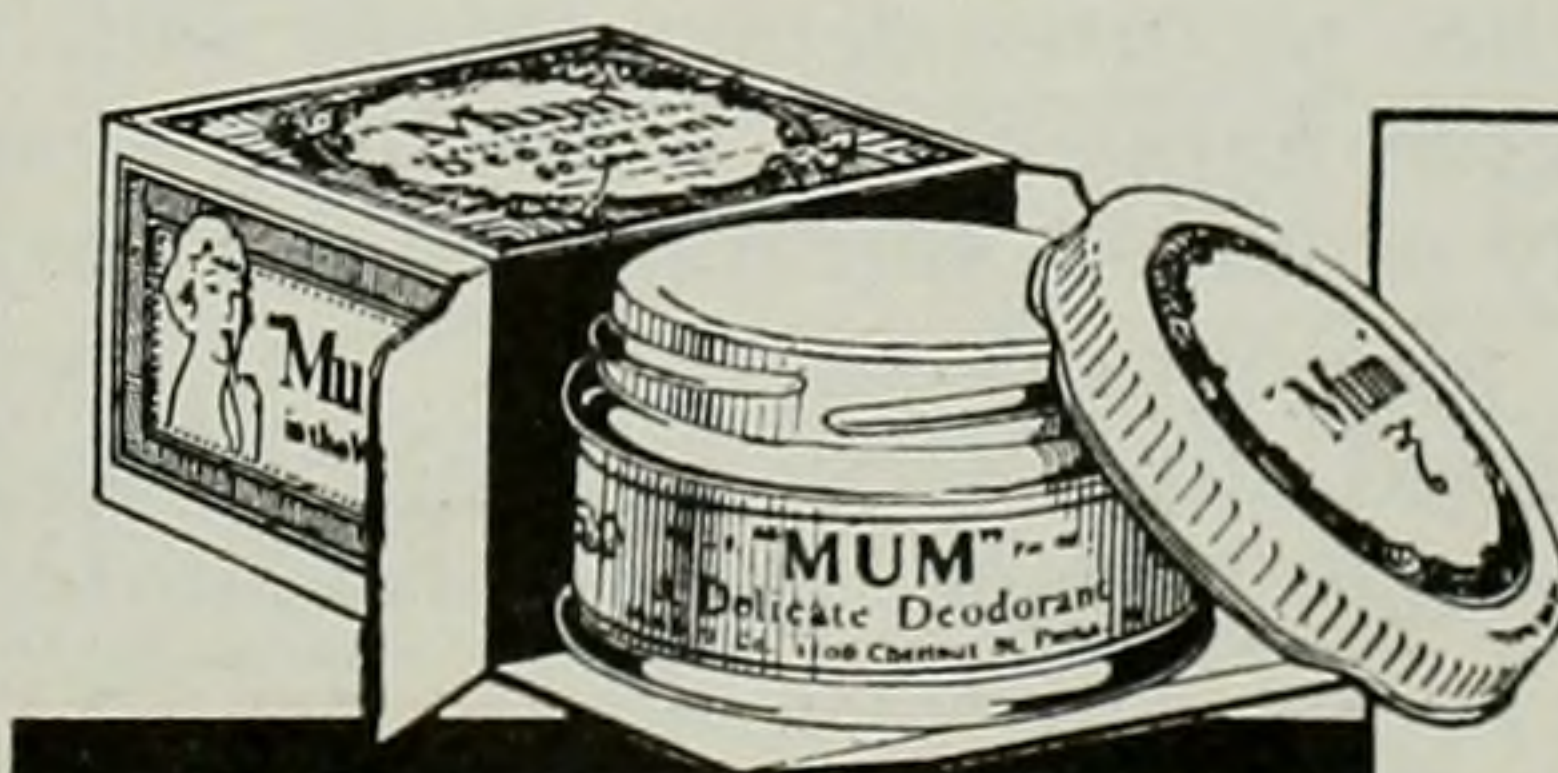
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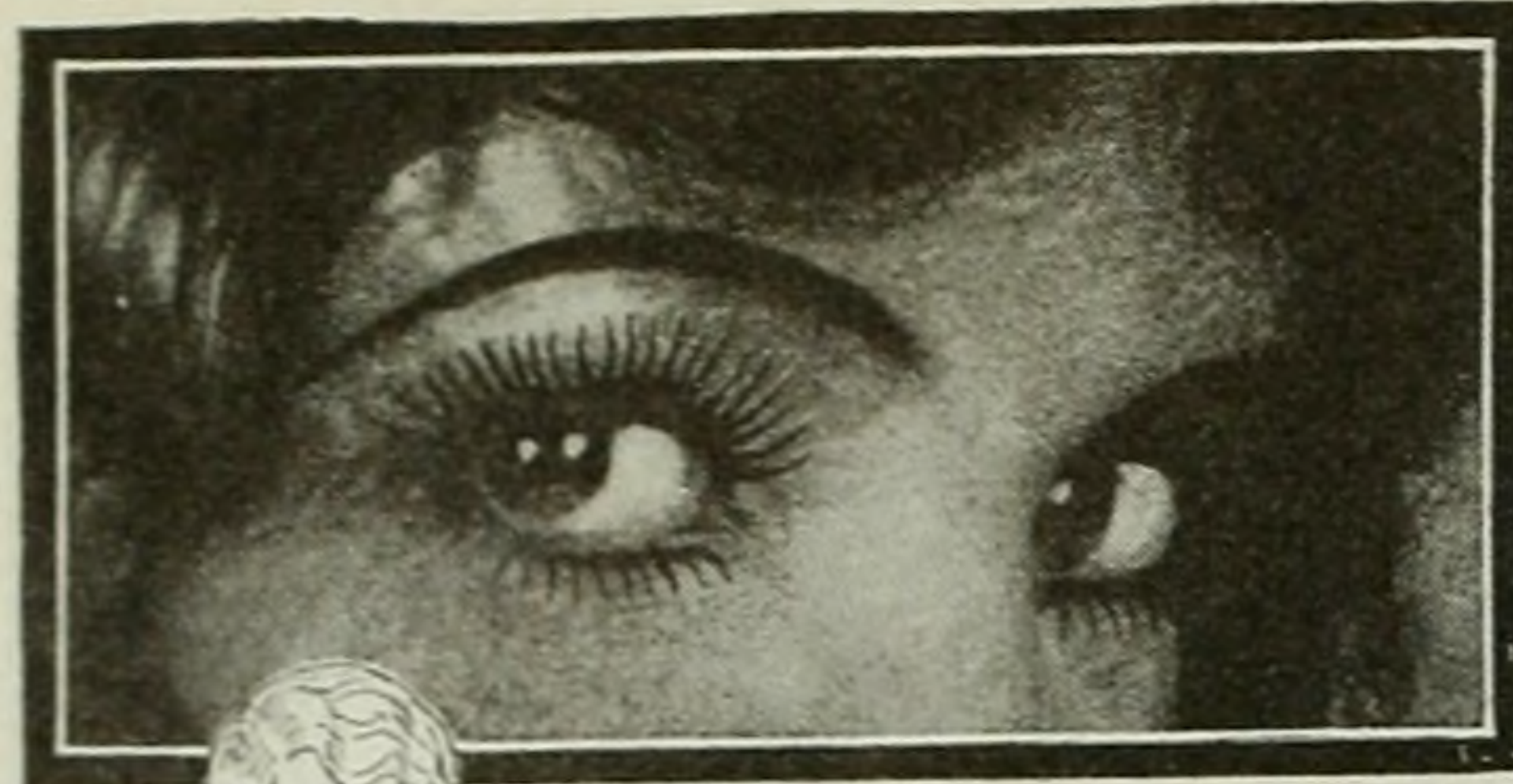


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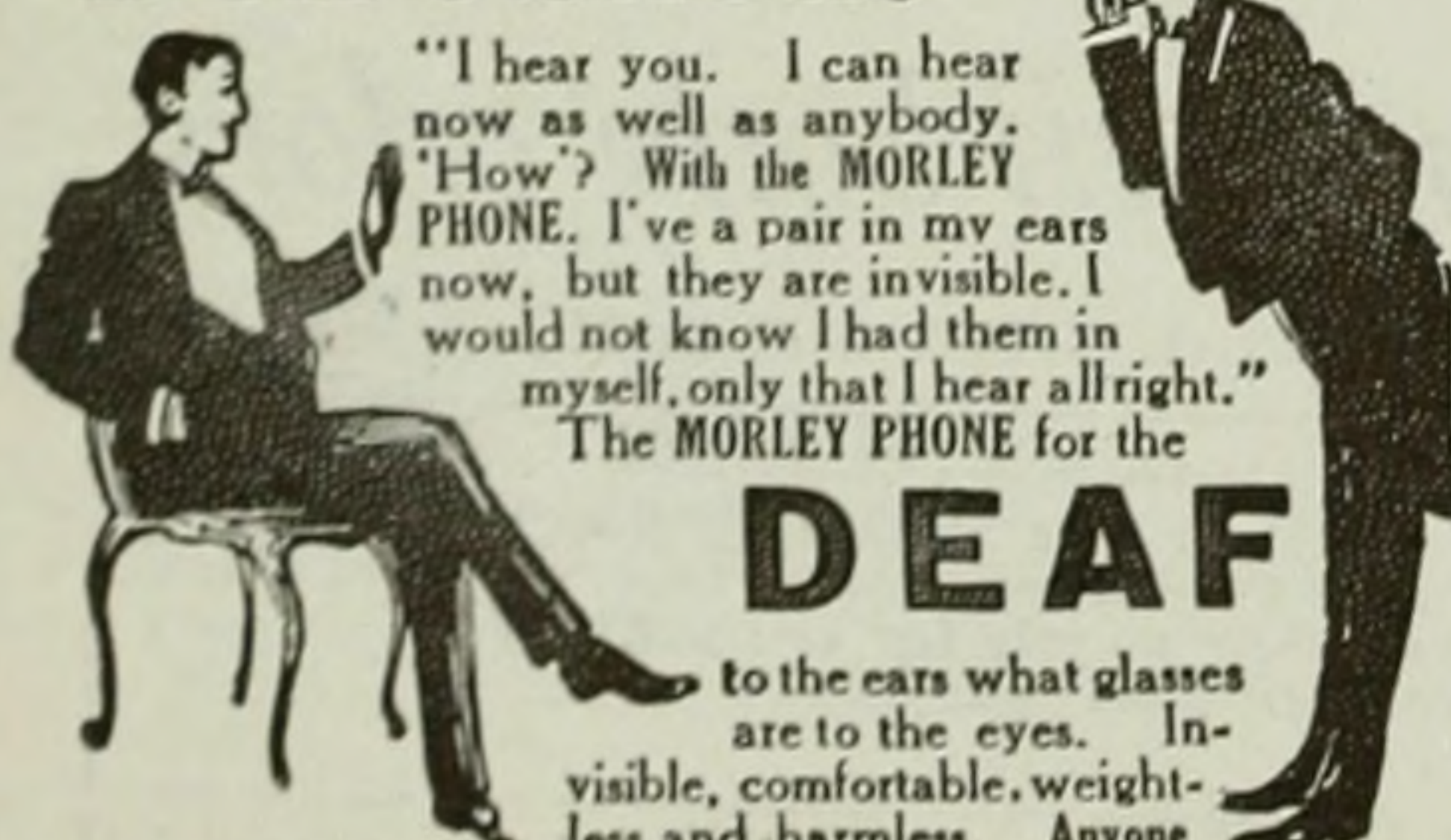
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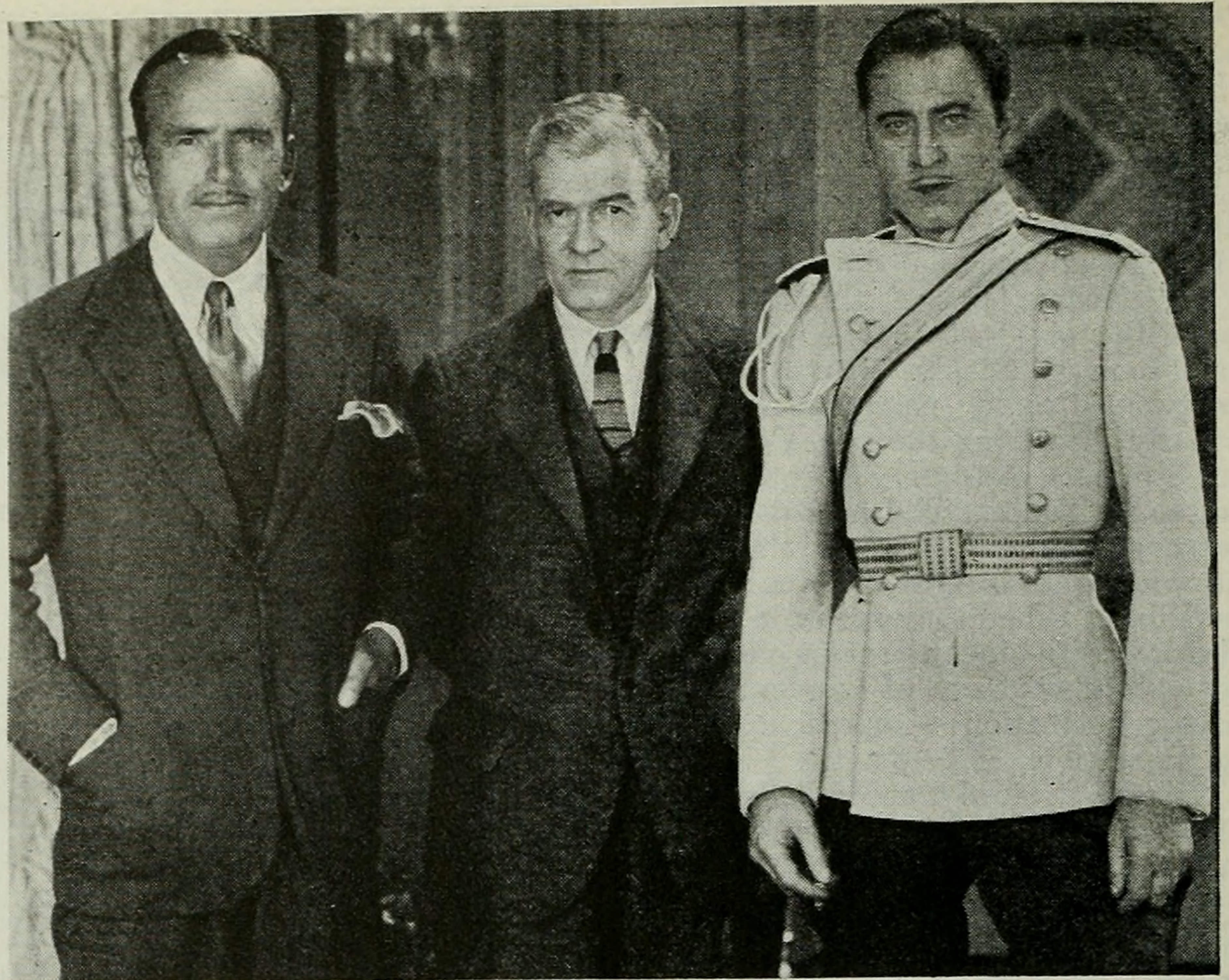


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Two stars meet one of their severest critics. Douglas Fairbanks and John Barrymore have their pictures taken with Welford Beaton, fiery editor of the *Film Spectator*, a Hollywood publication. Beaton is the brother of the beloved K. C. B., of newspaper fame.

hands to God, when suddenly the sandy country faded away and in its place was a beautiful house where people were eating and drinking. Strange to say, the dying man was there, dressed in his Sunday clothes, talking to a beautiful young white woman as he drank wine and ate corned beef. Later that scene faded away and the man was again in the sandy country. Now, Tuahu-man, if he could so easily shift himself from the bad land to the beautiful house, I ask you, why did he return to the bad land?

"For this reason I think that the pictures are a lie, a crazy work of the foreigner, and next Sunday perhaps I will preach against them, that is, if tonight's picture is not a very good one."

AFTER the proper moment's silence to assure himself that the Rev. Mr. Preacher had finished, Tuahu replied: "I, too, have seen strange things in the cinemas which I could not account for; but I am only a child of Tahiti, and do not pretend to understand the ways of the foreigner. However, one thing which makes me believe the cinemas are truth is that I once saw a picture in which many spirits of the dead walked through an old forsaken house, just as they do in Tahiti. When I saw this picture I knew the cinemas were truth, because I, too, have seen the spirits of my ancestors on dark nights when the moon is dead."

Tuahu and the preacher both turned to me to settle the argument: "Some pictures depict things that have happened while other pictures depict things which might have happened. Everything you see really occurred, but only for the purpose of photographing them." I, too, straightened up, feeling that I had handled the matter with considerable tact.

Tuahu turned to the preacher a trifle

diffidently and said: "There, I told you so; I knew they were the truth." But at the same instant the preacher said to Tuahu: "There, I told you so; I knew they were lies."

Just then a stream of light was thrown over my shoulder. Turning, I found that the ticket window was open, and Taroa, the school-master, was ready to do business.

Taroa stretched out a long bony hand to grasp mine: "Well, well, Ropati, how glad I am to see you again!" he cried. He had seen me and spoken to me but a few hours since, but then, you know, sociability. He went on: "What is the news, Ropati, from your end of the district?"

I assured him that nothing of note had happened and asked for my tickets.

He did not pay the least attention to me, but went on with the inevitable native conversation: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "Are you alive?" "What is the news?" "Have you any tobacco?" "Thank you."

AS a long line of natives were waiting I thought it no more than considerate to procure my tickets and make room for the next man.

Again I asked of them.

"Oh, yes, by and by," Taroa answered, continuing: "By the by, have you heard about the trouble Araitongatabu-woman had with her husband in the district of Mahina on the other side of the island? Ah, it was a great scandal. Now that we have plenty of time on our hands I will tell you the whole story in detail." With that he gave me a long account of the conjugal troubles of Araitongatabu-woman and her swain, ending with an apostrophe on the felicity of celibacy. Then, for an instant, I thought him out of breath, and so was about to repeat my request for

tickets, when with remarkable versatility he changed the subject to the high price of vanilla, and then branched off on the failure of the French government to raise the wages of school-masters in exact ratio with the depreciation of the franc.

Breaking in on his next harangue, which related to an extra large coconut from a neighbor's tree, I emphatically demanded my tickets. I imagined the people behind me on the point of exasperation, and had fleeting doubts as to the sanity of this emaciated Ichabod. Fumbling about for a moment Taroa counted my tickets, and then holding them spread out in one hand like a hand of cards, he explained that the school house needed repairs, that the fishing was poorer than it had been in forty years, and that one, Teriihoaterai-woman was expected soon to enlarge her family.

BUT all things come to an end; at last he gave me my tickets, reluctantly, and quite as reluctantly took my money, having first offered me free admittance, much as Faaipo-woman had offered me the mape nuts.

"Aue, things are very dear now-adays, Ropati," he cried, thrusting his head from the window to enjoy a few more sociable moments. "It's all due to this terrible trouble in France. Did you hear about it? Ah, well, I will tell you the whole story in detail—"

Unceremoniously I left him, realizing that in another half hour he would be on his favorite subject of the copra tax. But what was my surprise to hear the same conversation pass between Taroa and the preacher who was next behind me; nor did they stop until the copra tax had been settled for all time. The preacher entered into the spirit of the thing, prolonging the matter by lengthily expressing his own opinions before he moved on to make room for Tuahu.

We had arrived at the cinema at about half past seven, but it was ten before we had our seats inside. Apparently this was nothing unusual, for no one complained.

In the back of the room, on a platform, stood Rahia, the village dandy, dressed to kill, and beaming with pride over his job of turning the ancient projector's crank. Abraham himself stood beside his machine, busying himself with numerous minor details such as tying various broken parts with pieces of rusty wire, stuffing rags in divers holes, and other mechanical things which were a mystery to me.

The grown-up audience sat on benches, but half the room was taken up by children who sat on the floor directly in front of the screen, and who shook the old worm-eaten Cinema Palace and Dance Hall with native songs screeched to the utmost capacity of their lungs.

ABRUPTLY the singing stopped. There was a clank and rattle of decrepit machinery behind me, and then the children broke into yells of joy as first a white light was thrown on the screen, and then—I presume—the picture started!

The oldest picture ever projected in the most ne'er-do-well nickelodeon must have been fine in comparison to this one. It was so venerable that for long I could make nothing out of it except a tremendous downpour of rain. I wondered



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when the rain would stop and the picture begin.

Then for an instant I thought I could make out a figure drifting like a phantom through the storm.

Then came more rain, a blur of light, a smudge of black, and a flare of white light during one of the numerous breaks in the film.

FINALLY the rain stopped; the first reel had come to an end. The audience was genuinely excited; speaking about the beautiful white girl and the kind of dress she wore, the fierce Williamu Cowboy, and the bad man with drooping mustaches.

But I had seen none of these things, and could only follow the sense of the picture by listening to Abraham.

This Papeete half-caste interpreted the pictures. He could not read the English printed inserts, but he had shown the picture so many times he knew the story by heart. Throughout it all, or as much as I stayed to see, he told the audience all about it, shouting his orders in a voice which would do credit to a bully mate, and at times joking with some of the audience.

It was something like this:

"Aue! here comes the fierce warrior! Look out! It's Williamu Cowboy with two guns on his hips, and he'll use them! too, in the next reel. Ah Nui-woman, if you had a husband like Williamu Cowboy you'd never look at Nui-man again, There's the villain drinking rum punch at the bar. Whoop. He sees Williamu! He puts his hand on his gun and there is an evil look in his eye because he knows that in the fourth reel he will fight the hero and be thrown over a precipice!

"How terrible! Will he really?" Terii-woman cried. "And will they leave him there like they did the last picture, and not give him a Christian burial?"

"He'll be buried all right!" Abraham cried, "only I've lost that part of the reel, but never you mind I'll tell you about it when the time comes. Ha, there's the hero's friend; the man with the long nose, small eyes and crooked mustache. Look at the shoulders on him. When he goes up the valley for plantains I bet he brings down a big load. Ah, Nui-woman, if you had a husband like him you wouldn't get thin for lack of plantains."

A warbling laugh came from the great rotundity of Nui-woman as Abraham went on: "The villain is ashamed; he is thinking about how the heroine is going to slap his face in that last part of the third reel! See, Ropati-man, if you had a woman like that white girl you'd never have come to Tahiti! Whoop! Look out for Williamu, there, Nui-woman, he's getting so fierce he's biting his cigar in two. Whoop! End of the first reel!"

The audience was hilarious with delight. I enjoyed the spirit of the thing but the continual downpour of rain was hurting my eyes, so quietly I left and walked back to Tuahu's house.

THE old man, Toto, was wide awake. "Are you sick?" he asked as soon as I had entered.

"No, quite well."

"Then there is no cinema tonight."

"There is a cinema."

"It is finished, then."

"No, only just started."

"Ah- ah- ah- then- then why have you come back?"

"I felt sleepy."

"Aue, aue, aue, do not lie to me, you are sick; you must be very sick indeed, and when Tuahu returns I shall send him to the other side of the island to bring Tiurai, the doctor."

Again I assured him that I was well, but that was beyond Toto's conception. How could a well man leave the cinema in the midst of Williamu Cowboy's hair-raising exploits.

IT was inconceivable; Toto simply could not understand.

I lay on a mat, and as Toto had decided I certainly must be very ill, he let me go to sleep. In an hour or so I was awakened by Tuahu and the others who had returned. As they entered, old Toto whispered: "Sh, make no noise. Ropati must be very ill for he returned long before the picture was finished."

Realizing the futility of further explanation I said: "Yes, I was a trifle ill, but am quite well now. How was the picture?"

"Eiahaeru—wait," said Tuahu as he slowly replaced his Sunday clothes with a pareu, and then settled on the floor near Toto. Tuahu's wife, Reretu, squatted in a dim corner, while Timi and Tio sat close by the lamp. Then Tuahu commenced:

"First, Toto, my relative, I will tell you that there was a scene in a rum house where white women and cowboys were dancing, drinking, playing cards, and having a fine time—" Tuahu then described in detail every part of the picture from beginning to end, together with the comments and jokes of Abraham. He often dwelt at length on such minor details as the furnishing of a room, or the way a cowboy tied his horse, while he sometimes passed lightly over parts which at home would be considered of major importance. It was marvelous the way he remembered such small details as the bartender's clothes, the fact that one of the performer's shoe became untied, how the bar-room pianist didn't drink, or how one of the cowboys shot his six shooters seven times without reloading.

BUT I was asleep long before he had finished. When I awoke the first light of morning was seeping through the wattled sides of the house.

Reretu and the children were asleep, but still Tuahu was telling old Toto about the picture:

"But you know, Toto, my relative," he was saying, "the picture was not all it might have been, for again the bad man was left without burial, though it is true that Abraham told us he was buried. And again, Oh Toto, I blush to say, the children being present,—that Williamu didn't marry his girl in the end. He just put her on the horse behind him and ride off into the mountains in the most shameless manner. Ah, these white men, these white men!— But it is getting late, Toto, my relative, and so we must sleep. Tomorrow I shall again tell you of the picture, for perhaps I have forgotten some of the details."

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

only a single actor in nine-tenths of the scenes.

These films may or may not be among the winners.

That rests with the judges. But they are examples of the astonishing ingenuity and skill of our amateurs.

JUST now the motion picture business is worried greatly over the fact that the productions of most of the big film makers are available—in 16 mm. film—for home projectors.

Exhibitors seem to view this home movie movement as a blow to the professional theater. This fear appears to be based upon the theory that every film fan goes to his favorite movie house every night.

Thus, any home entertainment keeps one or more customers away from the boxoffice.

Of course, this theory is false. Otherwise exhibitors could stop advertising and they could anticipate a permanent capacity audience.

In point of fact, the home movie builds up interest in motion pictures.

It continually creates new film enthusiasts.

Imagine, for instance, how the PHOTOPLAY contest entrants must have studied professional films night after night. Imagine, too, how every amateur film maker goes to the theater to watch and analyse professional effects.

Exhibitors should forget their fears about home screen entertainment. The home movie is a salesman for the professional photoplay.

ADD Richard Rowland, general and production manager of First National Pictures, to your list of amateur movie enthusiasts. Mr. Rowland has obtained some remarkable 16 mm. films with his Cine-Kodak. No longer can Mr. Rowland's big staff of cameramen tell him about trick shots. Mr. Rowland is doing all sorts of angle stuff on his own estate at Rye, N. Y.

Then, too, you can add Jack Dempsey and Rod La Rocque to your list of DeVry users. They're both enthusiasts.

THE students of the University of Southern California have just produced a comedy, "The Sporting Chance." The director, Art Brearley, alone of the group had any film training. Paul Kiepe was cameraman and Matt Barr was production manager. The cast included Billie Walker, Josephine Campbell, Lafayette Taylor, Walter Outler and Tom de Graffenreid. The students are all enrolled in the motion picture department of the university.

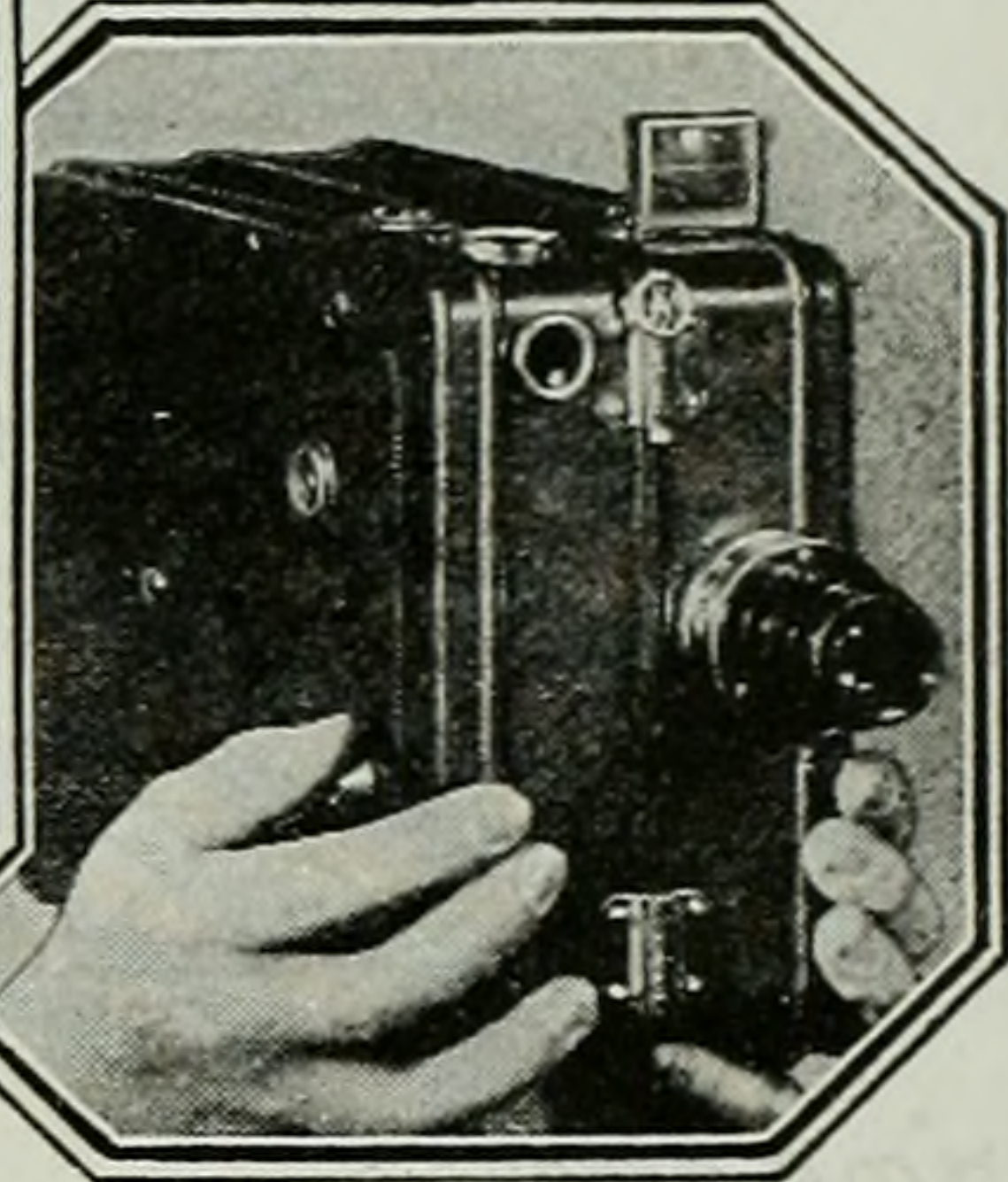
These students, by the way, used some home made reflectors in the production which will be of interest to amateurs everywhere. The reflectors were made of battened vernier wood, 30 by 40 inches, painted with aluminum paint, coated with varnish and sprinkled, while varnish was wet, with silver metallics.

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THE Portland, Ore., Cine Club is conducting a prize contest. George N. Black is president, Fred G. Meyer is vice president, Ray La Fever is secretary and treasurer.

These, with B. H. Davies and Dr. Merle Moore, constitute the board of directors.

The Cinema Club of Rochester, N. Y., has the advantage of the honorary presidency of George Eastman, the film pioneer, while Dr. C. E. K. Mees, the cinematic expert is its active head. Mrs. Helen Probst Abbott is vice-president and George W. McBride is secretary-treasurer.

Recently the club has listened to lectures by experts of the Eastman Kodak Company.

The Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club has been using what is possibly the world's smallest theater. The place seats just twenty, but every detail of a modern playhouse is present. James E. Richardson, of the Victor Talking Machine Company, was a recent speaker, discussing the correlation of music and pictures.

HERE is a simple method of making trick films with a Filmo. Obtain from your dealer two film reels with square holes on both sides. The regular reel has a round hole on one side and a square one on the other. You can square the round hole with a file, if you wish.

Put your film on the magazine spindle as usual. Load your film through the shutter, setting one of the letters of the word STOP at a definite mechanical position.

Use one of the reels with the square holes on the take-up spindle.

Shoot your roll of film. Lift the spool of film out and, turning it over, place it on the magazine spindle. Thread. Put the other reel with the square holes on the take-up spindle.

Run off the film. Lift out the reel of film, turn it over and again place on the magazine spindle. This time use a regular empty reel on the take-up spindle. Thread and set so that the word STOP is at the same definite mechanical position as in the first operation.

Re-shoot for whatever double exposure effects you desire.

You have now double-exposed without the use of a dark room and without handling the delicate film.

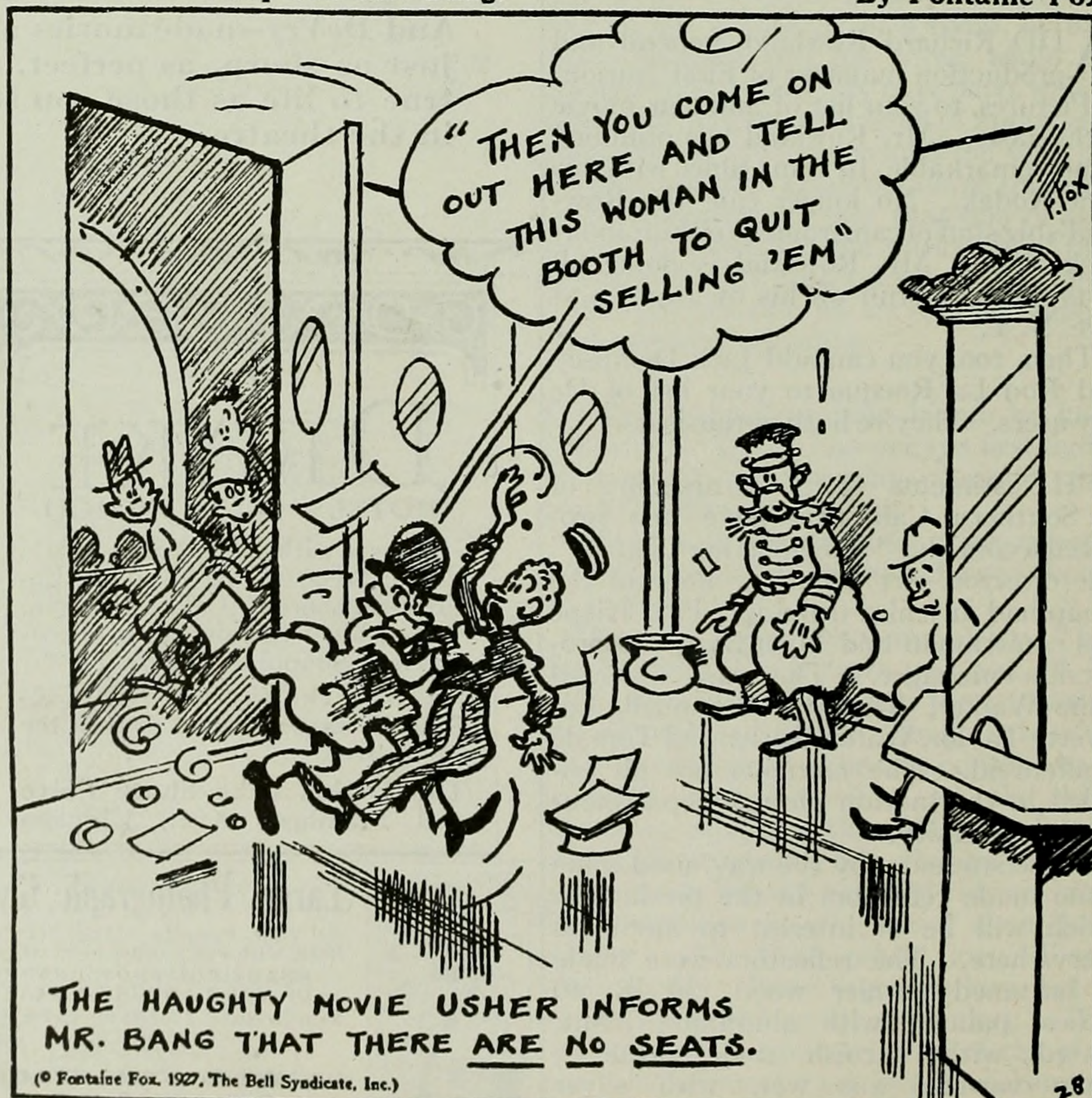
In this way you can get ghost effects and you can also get animated subtitles. Use black title cards with white letters. It is best to shoot five-foot scenes for subtitles, under-exposing them to subdue the backgrounds.

TWO interesting new devices for amateurs are just being marketed by the Bell and Howell Company. One, a lens modifier, screws over the regular f 3.5 lens in place of the sunshade. This obtains alternating fat and lean comedy effects after the fashion of trick mirrors used in amusement parks.

The other device, a picture viewer, permits the study of your film while you are cutting and editing. A prism reverses the object and a small electric bulb illuminates it. This picture viewer can be obtained with or without the regular winder and splicer.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang.

By Fontaine Fox.



(© Fontaine Fox, 1927, The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

DOVE, THE—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge is starred, but it is Noah Beery's picture, the naughty thief! An exciting stage play becomes a rather languid movie. (March.)

***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.)

***ENEMY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anti-war propaganda, told in the terms of a tragedy that befell a Viennese household. Lillian Gish's most human and appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February.)

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.)

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.)

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.)

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—Warners.—Syd Chaplin messes up a good comedy. Why people stay home. (March.)

FOURFLUSHER, THE—Universal.—Pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

***FOUR SONS**—Fox.—Reviewed under title of "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters." The screen rises to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. (January.)

FRENCH DRESSING—First National.—In which the dowdy wife outwamps the vamp. Swell trouping by Lois Wilson, Lilyan Tashman and Clive Brook. (February.)

GALLAGHER—Pathe-De Mille.—Richard Harding Davis' charming story of the adventures of an office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Coghlan merits applause. (February.)

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.)

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists.—Just a so-so vehicle for Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith and Charles Ray are hampered by a second-rate chorus girl yarn. (February.)

GATEWAY OF THE MOON—Fox.—Dolores Del Rio gets coy in a South Sea Island picture. This star should keep her clothes on. (March.)

***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 DEFENDER, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix, in Spanish get-up, strays by accident into a Douglas Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (February.)

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 BLONDES**—Paramount.—If you don't want to see this film version of Anita Loos' story, something is wrong with you. It is all laughs, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Ford Sterling. (February.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps. (December.)



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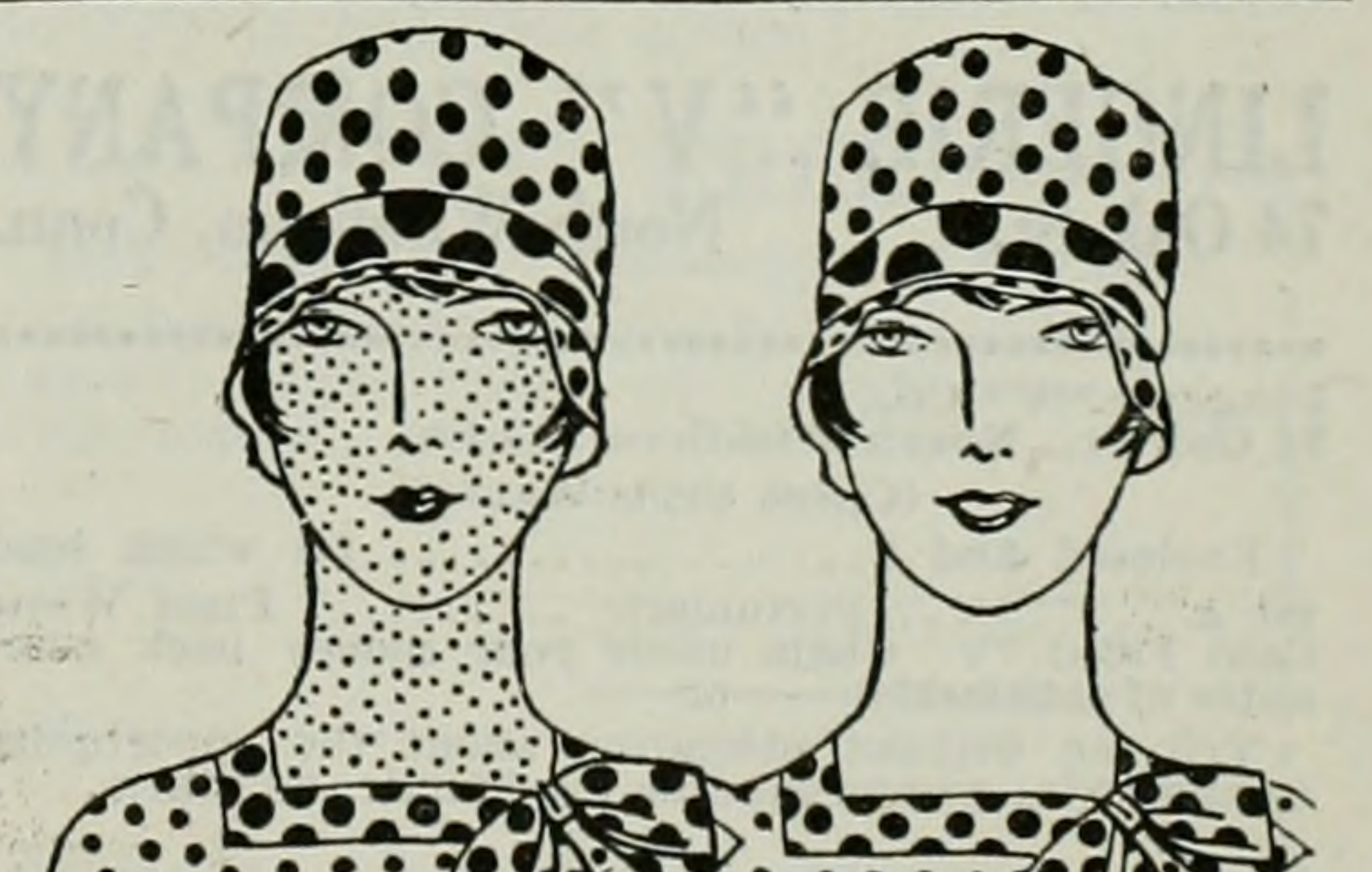
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***GET YOUR MAN**—Paramount.—Clara Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made especially for Young America. (February.)

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.)

GIRL IN EVERY PORT, A—Fox.—The romantic adventures of a deep sea sailor, played by Victor McLaglen. And very funny, too. (March.)

GIRL IN THE PULLMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—One of those farce honeymoon adventures that aren't for the very innocent, nor yet the very sophisticated. With Marie Prevost. (February.)

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.)

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.)

HEBIE GEBIES—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

HER SUMMER HERO—FBO.—Why movie theaters need good prologues. (March.)

HER WILD OAT—First National.—Colleen Moore, the humble proprietress of a lunch wagon, goes berserk at a fashionable resort. (February.)

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.)

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners.—Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry in a bedroom farce that will get by only with the less bright members of the community. (March.)

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.)

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.)

JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS—FBO.—An interesting and human story of life in the Kentucky mountains. Our hats off to Frankie Darro, a fine boy actor. (March.)

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.)

LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—First National.—There are lots of laughs in this adaptation of the stage farce. Not subtle, but funny. With Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall. (March.)

LADY OF VICTORIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The romance of Napoleon and Josephine, gorgeously presented in Technicolor. Only two reels, but very much worth seeing. (March.)

***LAST COMMAND, THE**—Paramount.—A powerful and tragic story of a cousin of the Tsar of Russia who becomes a Hollywood "extra." Thanks to the magnificent acting of Emil Jannings, this film is the most popular crying-fest of the season. (March.)

LAST MOMENT, THE—Fine Arts.—An independent film, built around the theory that a drowning man sees his whole life pass in review in a few seconds. Terribly overacted. (February.)

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.)

LATEST FROM PARIS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer plays a travelling saleswoman. Bright, snappy entertainment. (March.)

LAW OF THE RANGE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy in a thriller that has heart interest. Joan Crawford plays a sweet, old-fashioned girl. That ought to send you to see it. (March.)

LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING—Hal Roach-M. G. M.—It does. In two reels. (March.)

***LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED, THE**—Paramount.—More heart-grIPPING than "Wings." It's a story of the exploits of a French Flying Squadron. (February.)

LEGIIONNAIRES IN PARIS—FBO.—A burlesque of what happened to the American Legion in Paris last summer. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh. (February.)

***LEOPARD LADY, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—A story with a new slant and a surprise ending. It all takes place in a Continental travelling circus. A fine performance by Jacqueline Logan. (March.)

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.)

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, A—Rayart.—Simple tear jerker with some sincere acting by Henry B. Walthall. (February.)

LIGHTER THAT FAILED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hal Roach builds a comedy on a gift fad. Little, but oh, my! (February.)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney in a grand murder mystery. Mr. Chaney plays a dual rôle. (February.)

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.)

***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.)

LOVE AND LEARN—Paramount.—Wherein Esther Ralston keeps Papa and Mamma from getting a divorce. Smart, light comedy. (March.)

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.)

LOVE MART, THE—First National.—Pictorially fine romance of old Louisiana, with Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland. (February.)

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.)

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'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.)

***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.)

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.)

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.)

***NOOSE, THE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An extra-fine melodrama that will hold you spell-bound. (March.)

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.)

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.—Well, there's a good prize fight episode. With Reginald Denny. (March.)

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 kides the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (October.)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breathtaking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (October.)

PAJAMAS—Fox.—Olive Borden as one of those terrible movie society girls that ought to be slapped to sleep. (February.)

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.)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathe.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (November.)

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling.—Moral: Don't let a man give you a charge account. (February.)

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.)

***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.)

***RAMONA**—United Artists.—A pictorially lovely version of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian girl. (March.)

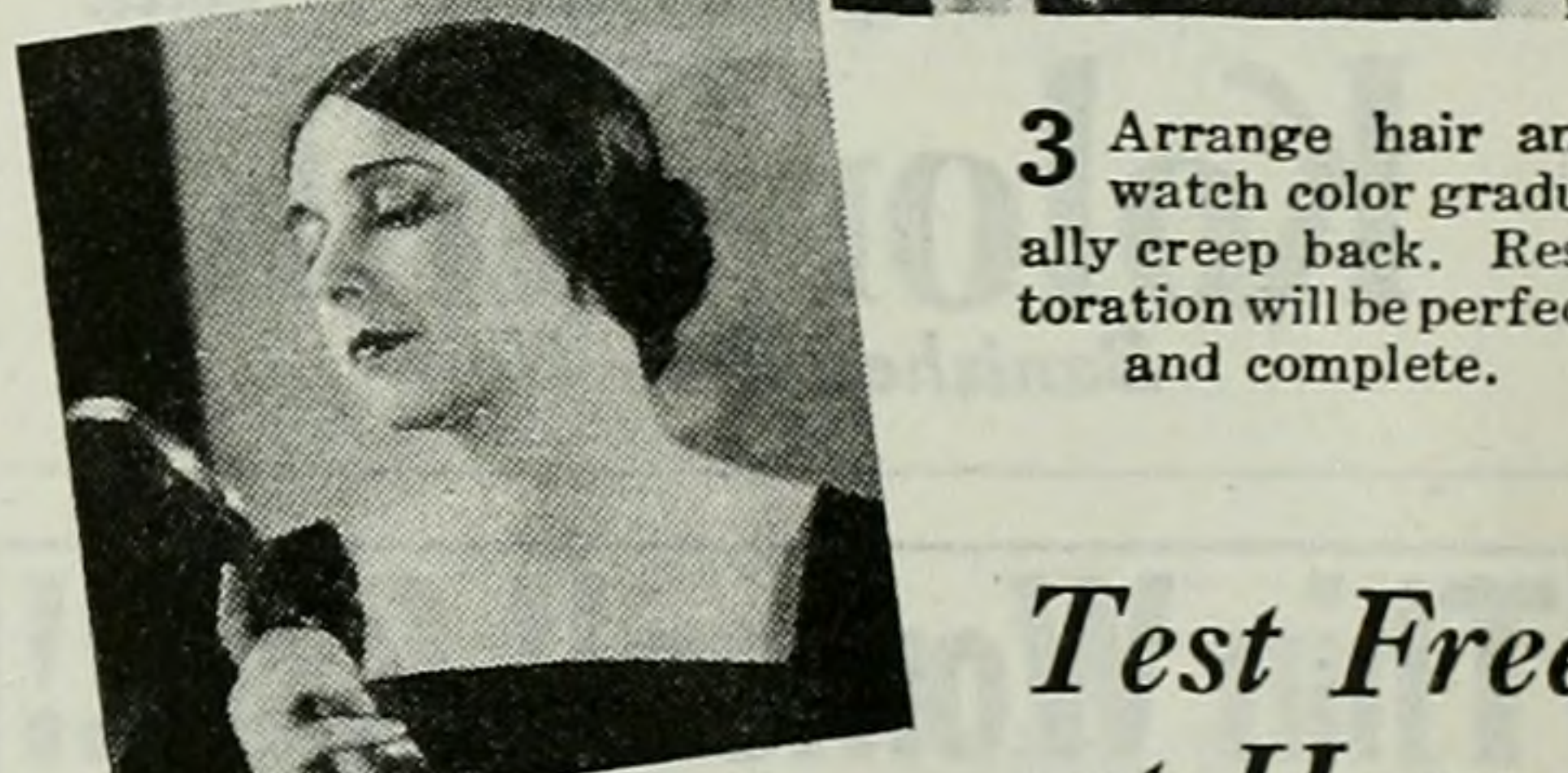
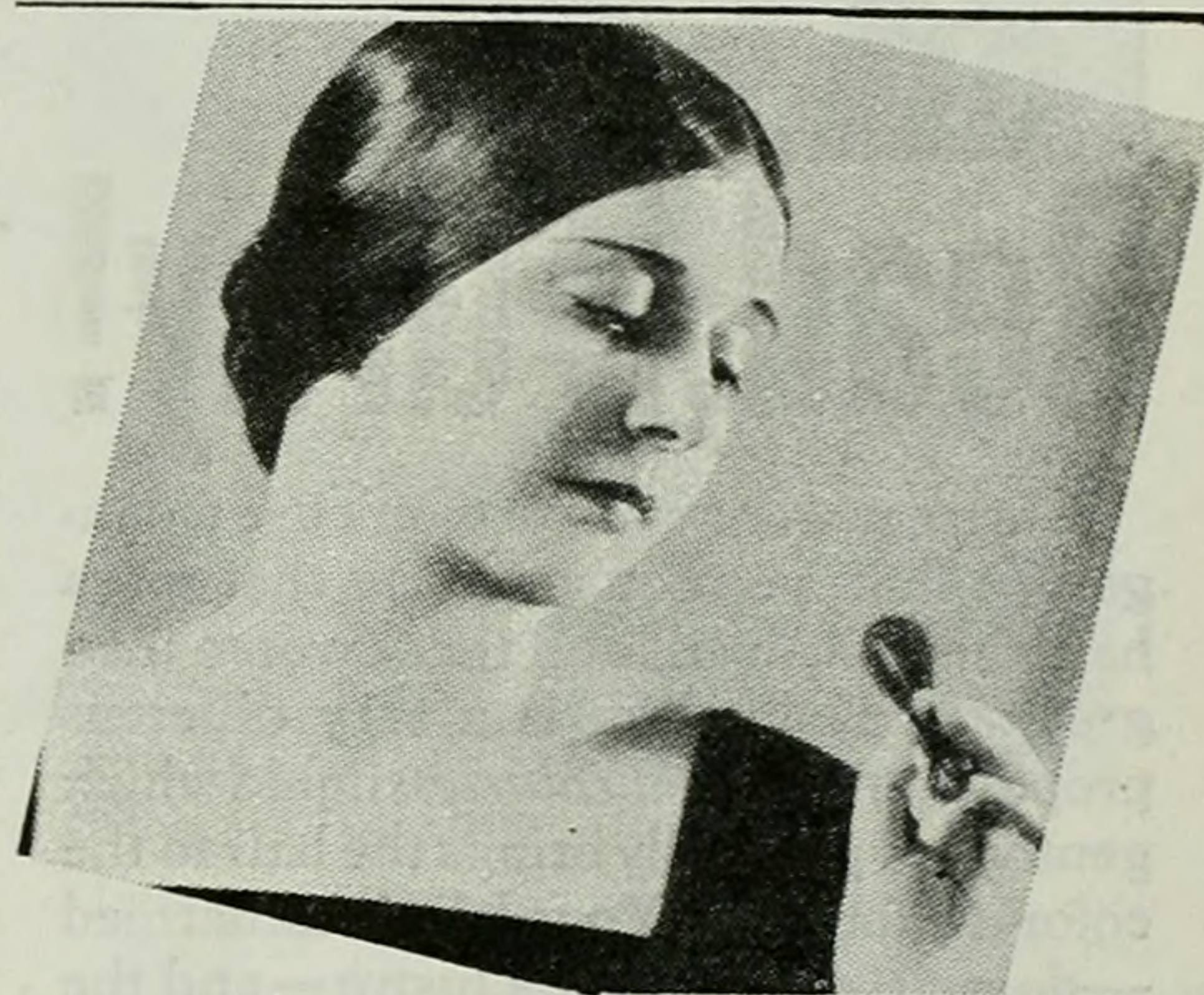
RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard does his version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (October.)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. Okay. (February.)

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.)

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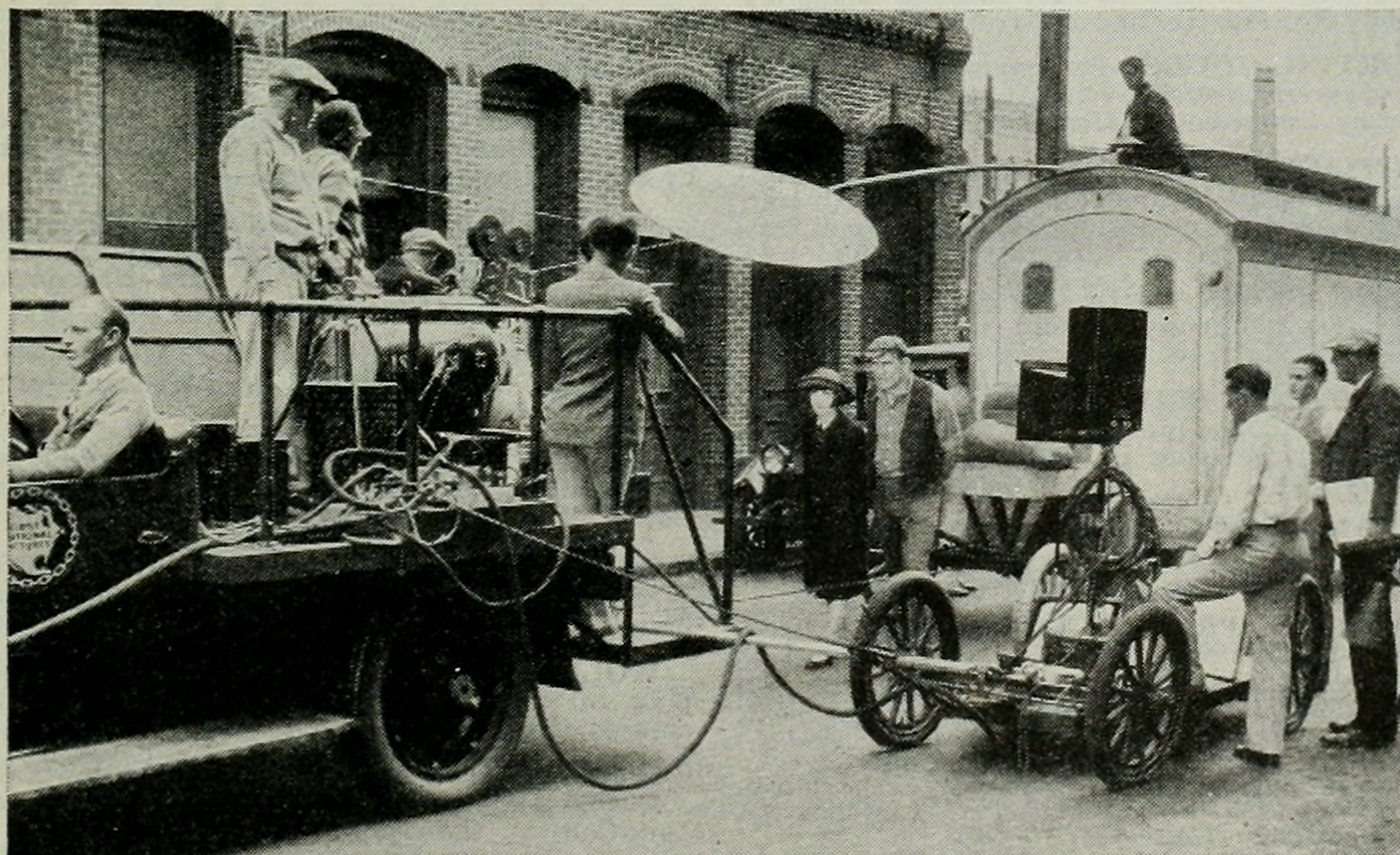
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ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.—Joseph Conrad's novel comes out as an unreal movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

ROSE-MARIE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting doings and hot romance among the fur traders of Canada. With Joan Crawford and James Murray. (March.)

***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.)

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 pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

SERENADE—Paramount.—Holding a stethoscope to the fluttering heart of a musician. One of Adolphe Menjou's best, and brightened by the presence of Kathryn Carver. (February.)

***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.)

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—First National.—Pure Harold Bell Wright and very sweet and clean. But just a teeny, weeny bit slow. (March.)

***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.)

SILK LEGS—Fox.—Madge Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings. Whipped cream. (March.)

SILVER SLAVE, THE—Warners.—How mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villain by vamping him herself. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (February.)

SILVER VALLEY—Fox.—Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has IT. (December.)

SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

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.)

SPORTING GOODS—Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the very best current light comedies. (March.)

SPOTLIGHT, THE—Paramount.—How the bucolic Lizzie Stokes became Rostova, 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.)

STAND AND DELIVER—Pathe-De Mille.—Rod La Rocque joins the French Army and goes on a bandit hunt. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (February.)

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.)

***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.)

TENDERLOIN—Warners.—This time the dirty crooks blame the robbery on Dolores Costello, thereby giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

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 HOUR, THE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and underground passages, Napoleon, the crafty canine, outsmarts the villains. (February.)

TIGRESS, THE—Columbia.—How much Dorothy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)

***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.)

TWO FLAMING YOUTHS — Paramount. — Introducing a new co-starring team—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic weepers. (March.)

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Fox.—Adapted from John Golden's stage success, it's a nice, amusing story about a modern working girl. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (February.)

***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.)

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Flash, "the wonder dog," shows that the doggies did their share in fighting the war. (March.)

***VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE** — First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree Country, stirring acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (February.)

VERY CONFIDENTIAL—Fox.—The little sales-girl ensnares the heart of society's pet. An old story in new clothes, with Madge Bellamy as the lucky gal. (February.)

WANTED, A COWARD—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

13 WASHINGTON SQUARE — Universal. — A mediocre mystery story with a bit of comedy and a good performance by ZaSu Pitts. Also with Alice Joyce and Jean Hersholt. Only fair. (March.)

WEST POINT — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — William Haines in a gay and amusing comedy of the U. S. Military Academy. Joan Crawford is the girl. (February.)

WHIP WOMAN, THE—First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through bad judgment of a reviewer, we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

WILD GEESE—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.)

WISE WIFE, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—One of those stories about How to Hold a Husband—if you are interested. (January.)

WIZARD, THE—Fox.—One of Monsieur Leroux's most thrilling mystery yarns enacted by Edmund Lowe and other capable performers. (February.)

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE, THE—FBO.—Western hokum, made enjoyable by the horsemanship of Buzz Barton, the freckled kid. (February.)

WOLF FANGS—Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from her brutal step-father. Elemental amusement. (February.)

WOMAN WISE—Fox.—Showing the downfall of a hard-boiled bachelor. With Walter Pidgeon and June Collyer. (February.)

WOMEN'S WARES—Tiffany.—Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Elmer Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Longfellow's ballad has been movie-ized, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)

Love Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

And there can be no doubt that the psychoanalytic hypothesis of love is the most rational and convincing explanation yet made.

Oedipus, you know, was the son of Laius, the king of Thebes. And Laius had been warned by an oracle that he would be slain by his own son. Therefore Laius gave the baby Oedipus to a shepherd with orders that it be put to death.

But the shepherd took compassion on the child, spared his life, and Oedipus grew to man's estate little suspecting his royal parentage.

One day Oedipus met Laius in a narrow mountain pass. They quarreled. Oedipus slew Laius, not knowing that his victim was his father.

Later, Oedipus came to the gates of Thebes where a monster, the Sphinx, guarded the entrance gates and propounded a riddle to every passer-by. Those who were unable to solve the riddle were devoured by the Sphinx. But Oedipus solved the riddle and killed the Sphinx.

THE city of Thebes was, of course, overjoyed to be rid of the monster. In gratitude it made Oedipus king and offered him in marriage Jocasta, the wife of the former monarch.

Thus, unknowingly, Oedipus married his own mother!

This story of Sophocles, also the similar idea in the drama of "Electra," has been used time and again in novels, plays and poems since the Greek poet first wrote it.

The point is that it emphasizes and stresses the overpowering love existing between son and mother (Oedipus complex) and between daughter and father (Electra complex).

On this basis all our future loves are fashioned.

A man tends to fall in love with women who remind him—generally unconsciously—of his mother.

A woman finds herself attracted by men who represent the childhood concept which she had of her father.

This does not mean, to be sure, that you, a woman, will fall in love with a fat man or a tall man if your father happened to be stout and six feet high.

Nor does it mean that you, a man, will fall in love with women who resemble your mother in physical attributes.

WHAT you really try to reduplicate is a sort of composite image of the father or mother.

You fall in love with those of the opposite sex who come nearest to duplicating this fused mental image of the past which has fixed itself in your mind as a child.

For instance, the mental image of her father that may write itself indelibly upon a girl child's mind may not be that of a handsome and strong man, but of a man who is kind, forgiving and understanding.

As the years pass this childhood impression sinks deeper and deeper into her underneath or unconscious mind. She may no longer recall that she thought of

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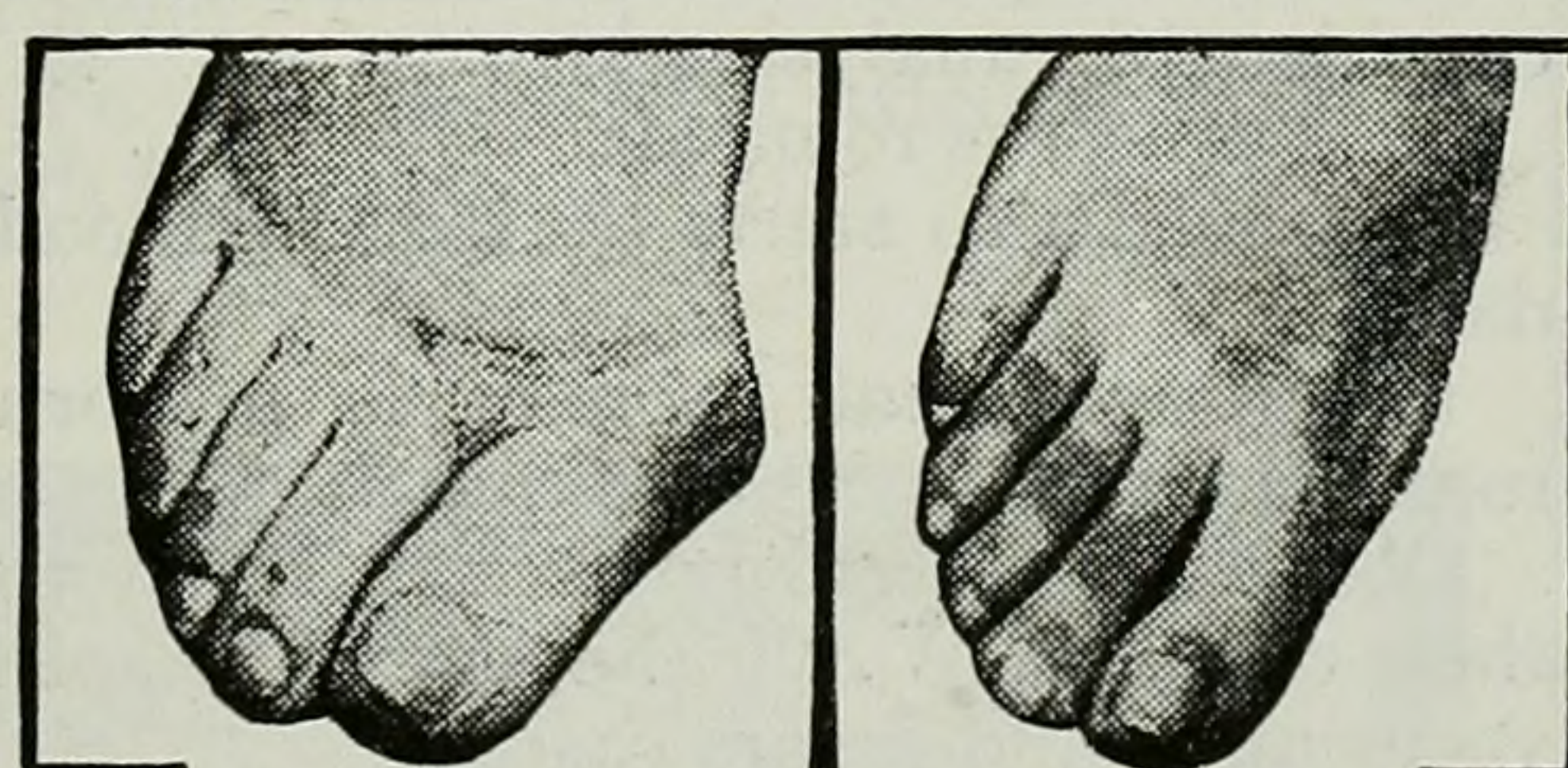


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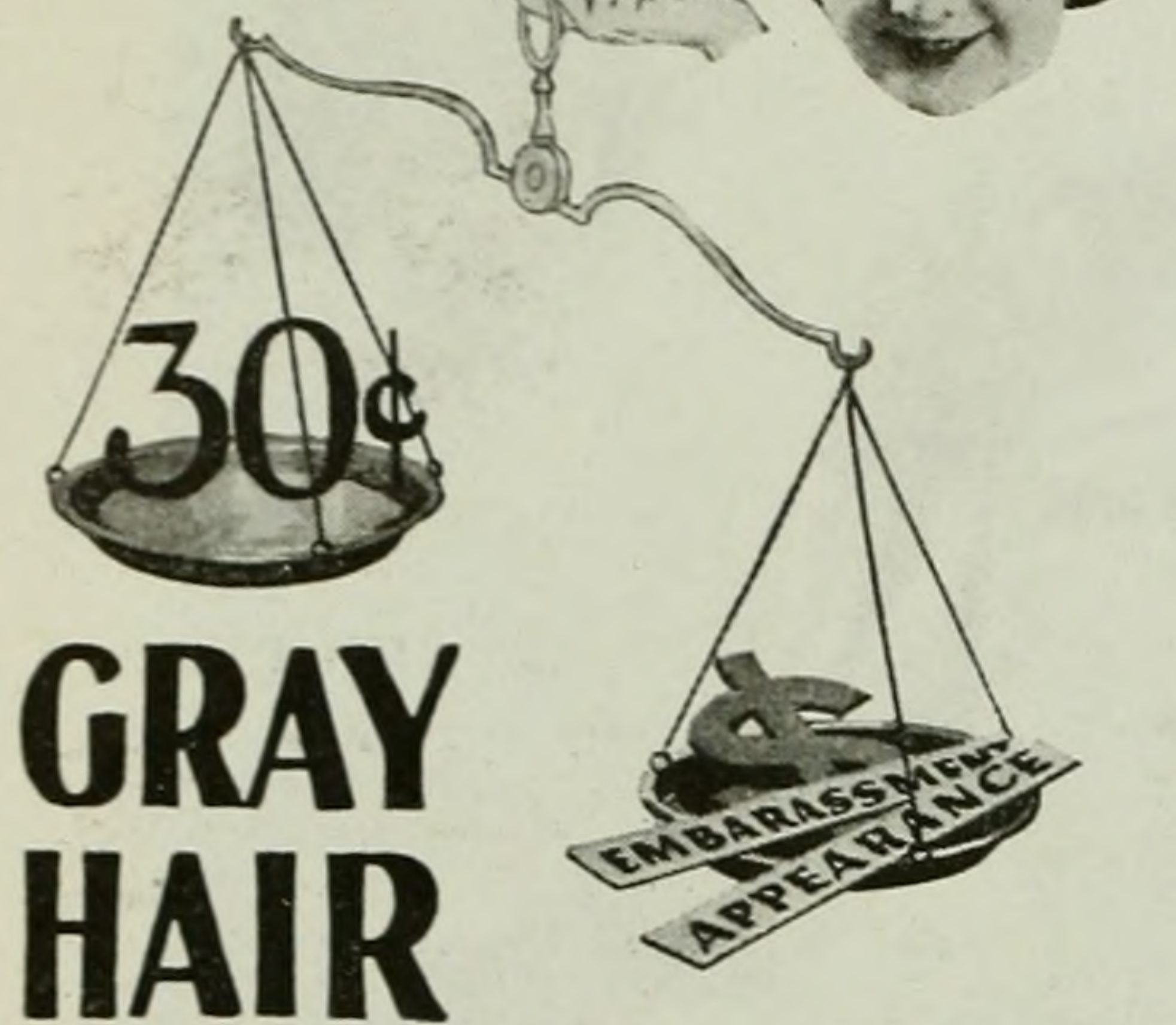


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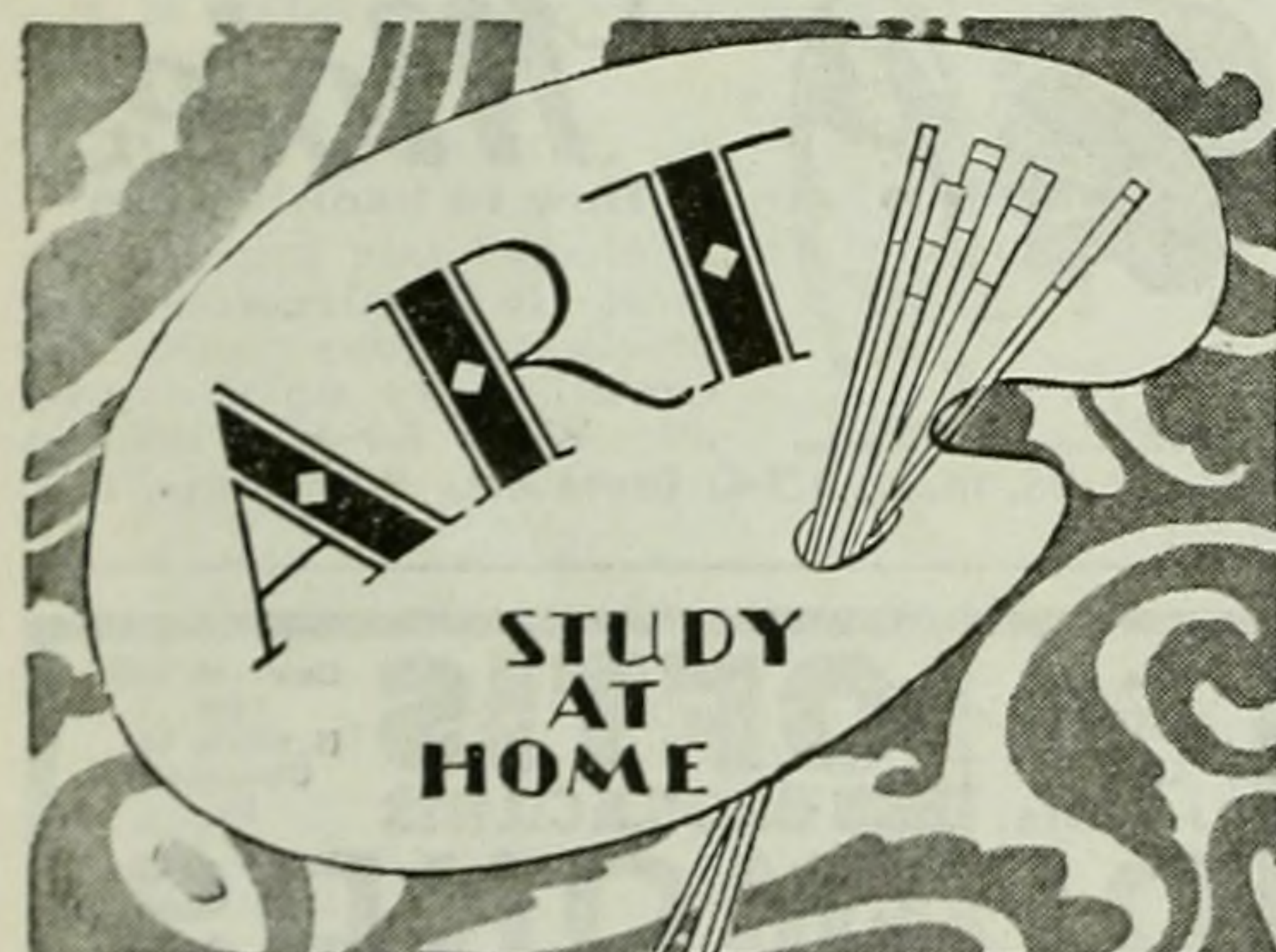
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We are attracted not only by sex love, but by love in any form. "Beau Geste" had a universal appeal because it presented a study in ideal brother love. Such stories appeal to us because they show a pure and high emotional feeling that is seldom possible to realize in everyday life

her father in this way. She forgets that these qualities of the father impressed her more than anything else about him.

Nevertheless, kindness, forgiveness, and understanding will motivate her always and most pronouncedly throughout life.

SHE will fall in love with men who are kind, forgiving and understanding.

She will remain unmoved by men who lack these traits even if they possess other admirable qualities.

We love, in other words, according to the pattern by which we loved the parent of the opposite sex.

And that answers the question, "Why always love?"

Even if we have been lucky in finding a father or a mother duplicate, that duplicate is bound to leave something to be desired.

And so we keep on searching.

So we are always interested in love.

Another important factor must also be considered in analysing love.

This concerns romance.

Romance also starts during childhood days.

Every man and woman is a born romanticist!

Observe children at play. Listen to their chatter. Watch the way they spin yarns and build dream castles.

"Now you must be a man on the trolley," said a five-year-old to her sister of seven. "And I must be a lady and you must move over and give me a seat and I must thank you and we must talk." Then after catching her breath she continued, "When we get home I must invite you in to tea and we must talk about running away and getting married."

There is always romance in a child's play. When it's a little girl it is nearly always tinged with love. Not always romantic love, to be sure. Usually it is mother love in the beginning—embryo maternity going out to her dollies.

When boys play there is the heroism, adventure and bravura that even as adults we like to associate with virile masculinity. Romance again! And romance that soon in the child's mind links these brave heroics with some dainty little feminine playmate that has stirred the boy's imagination.

Children think more about each other in love relationships than we realize. And, of course, there is always Daddy and Mummie to love and marry when they grow up!

To be sure, these childish love fancies are perfectly natural. They are instinctive.

Life is a continuous process from birth on. There are no interruptions or hiatuses in emotional development.

Fundamentally the human animal matures in order to reproduce his kind. And in order that opposite sexes may be irresistibly attracted to each other and the kind be reproduced, love is absolutely essential.

Love, especially romantic love, automatically fans itself into a flame in every human heart.

No human can be without it. To be without it would not be human.

We all know individuals who seem to rest content—perhaps are even tolerably happy—without apparent love.

BUT love is hidden deep down within the inner reaches of their private emotional lives just the same.

They may substitute their natural romantic love. After the outpouring of affection and devotion and sacrifice toward a member of the opposite sex has proved disappointing they may try to deny that love is worthwhile. They may start to love a cat or a canary, a flower garden, an orphan, an aged couple.

Always, nevertheless—first, last and always—love is motivating, guiding and directing them.

A motion picture, therefore, to be sure—

fire and have an unlimited general appeal must deal with some form of love.

The entire story need not necessarily be concerned with love. The story need not be only sex love either. It may deal with any of the varieties of sexual or non-sexual love that life presents—the more idealized it is, the better—but the love element must appear somewhere else the picture is bound to expire from sheer inherent inanition.

INDEED, the same holds true regarding other forms of expression. You may write a play that leaves love entirely out of the reckoning. Try to get a production on it, however, and see how far you get. Try to sell a loveless novel to a publisher and hear what he says. Send a short story devoid of love to the various magazines and count the number of times it is mailed back.

I talked over this subject with an editor recently, and this is what he said: "The reason we insist so much upon the love story is because none of us is perfectly adjusted in our love lives. That's my theory. What do you think of it?"

Well, I told him that I agreed one hundred per cent. But the theory is not new. Psychologists know that. So do the doctors. Especially are maladjustments of the love life brought home to the psychoanalysts.

Scarcely a person enters the consulting room of the analyst whose love life is completely appeased.

MARRIED folk complain that the husband or wife, as the case may be, has ceased to love or is annoyed at being loved. The unmarried are groping and battling with the problems of finding the "one and only" upon whom to project their love.

Young and old, all kinds and conditions or mankind, are thinking about love, wondering about it, trying to express it, sighing over a past that in retrospect seems fraught with love, prayerfully longing for a future that will at last appease that ever-present, ever-nagging love hunger. Everybody, you see, is trying to pacify that relentless Oedipus Complex.

And nobody quite succeeds!
Is it any wonder, then, that everybody wants love in his entertainment?

Is it not understandable that that photoplay is likely to score highest which concerns itself most with love?

It is curious to note also that everybody has a tendency to think the other fellow is better off in love than he is.

HOW often I hear patients say, "I wish I were in So-and-So's shoes. How happy she seems to be. She certainly must have picked a perfect lover." And men talk that way, too, about the wives and sweethearts of their acquaintance.

Little do we know that the people we envy are as starved as we are for love. It is true of love as of most other values in life that "the rosier apples are always on the other side of the wall."

Curiosity makes us want love on the screen. We harbor an irresistible impulse to compare our own love lives with the idealized portraits we behold. We want to see how others make love and are loved.

The psychological principle of "Identification" is likewise operative here. We obtain a vicarious pleasure in identifying ourselves with the lovers on the screen and we get a "kick" out of their love scenes because we feel ourselves in their place.

I had a married woman confess to me once that attendance at the movies kept her from falling in love with some other man.

"When my husband is cold and indifferent," she said, "I always select the most romantic picture I can find and I spend the afternoon there. It makes me feel better. It soothes the hurt. I let my fancy carry me along on the wings of love. I laugh and I cry and my heart beats fast—all by myself—where nobody in the darkness pays any attention to me.

"And then when I get home, after this emotional spree, my husband doesn't appear such a bad fellow after all!"

Each and every single one of us is essentially, instinctively, polygamous.

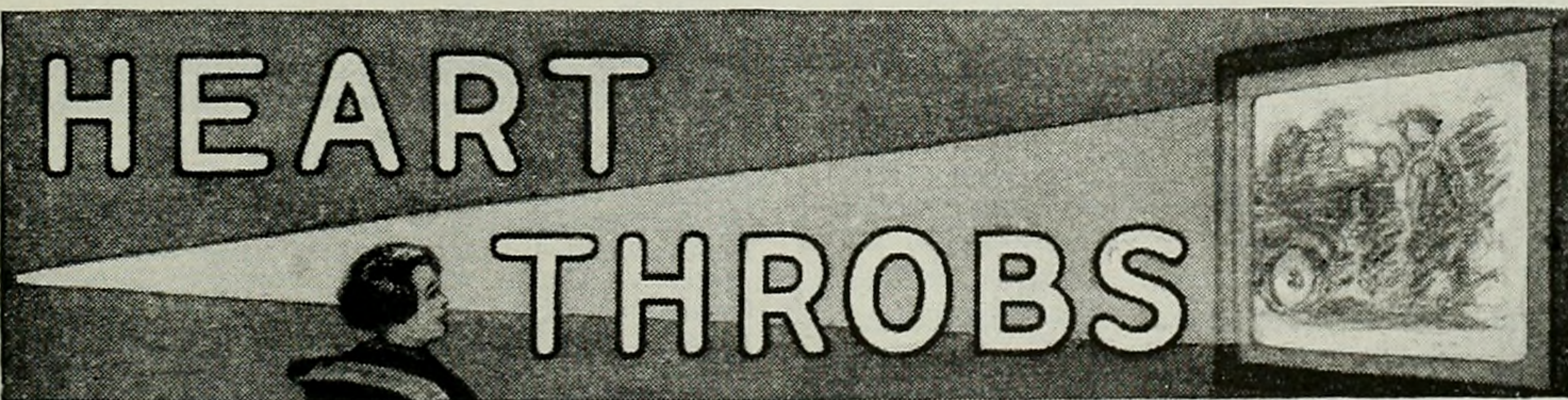
We may not give way to the impulse, but it can torment just the same.

THE movies are a pretty good and safe way of getting a lot of that philandering feeling off one's chest.

When producers continue to put love into their productions they are following a most sane, sensible, needful and even scientific policy.

Everybody suffers with an over-plus of love.

Pictures are wise in attempting to absorb this surplus.



Windsor, Ontario.

I am an old lady and my only amusement is a moving picture show. I try to pick the best ones. So I went to "The Big Parade" and that scene where Jim saves his chum brought back memories. All the people who sat near me only saw a little old woman

crying and they thought she was crying over the actors in the movies. They didn't know she was crying for her own boy who was lost.

Her own boy saved his chum in battle, but all his mother has left is a Victoria Cross.

M. M.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Anne Nichols. Scenario by Jules Furthman. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by Harold Rosson. The cast: Abie Levy, Charles Rogers; Rosemary Murphy, Nancy Carroll; Solomon Levy, Jean Hersholt; Patrick Murphy, J. Farrell MacDonald; Isaac Cohen, Bernard Gorcey; Mrs. Isaac Cohen, Ida Kramer; Father Whalen, Nicholas Cogley; French War Bride, Thelma Todd.

"A BLONDE FOR A NIGHT"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Willson Collison. Adapted by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Marie, Marie Prevost; Hector, Franklin Pangborn; Bob, Harrison Ford; George, T. Roy Barnes; Valet, Lucien Littlefield.

"BRINGING UP FATHER"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Jiggs, J. Farrell MacDonald; Dinty Moore, Jules Cowles; Maggie, Polly Moran; Annie, Marie Dressler; Ellen, Gertrude Olmstead; Dennis, Grant Withers; The Count, Andre De Segurola; Mrs. Smith, Rose Dione; Mr. Feitelbaum, Tenen Holtz; Oswald, David Mir; The Dog, Toto.

"BURNING DAYLIGHT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Jack London. Directed by Charles J. Brabin. The cast: Burning Daylight, Milton Sills; The Virgin, Doris Kenyon; French Louie, Arthur Stone; English Harry, Big Boy Williams; Morton, Lawford Davidson; Martha Fairbee, Jane Winton; Blake, Stuart Holmes; John Dossett, Edmund Breese.

"CHASER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Arthur Ripley. Directed by Harry Langdon. The cast: Wife, Gladys McConnell; Husband, Harry Langdon; Her Mother, Helen Hayward; His Buddy, William Jaimison; The Judge, Charles Thurston.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Mr. Cohen, George Sidney; Mr. Kelly, J. Farrell MacDonald; Mrs. Cohen, Vera Gordon; Mrs. Kelly, Kate Price; Patrick Kelly, Charles Delaney; Sadye Cohen, Sue Carol; Paulette, Gertrude Astor.

"CUPID'S KNOCKOUT"—HERCULES.—Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: Andree Turneur, Frank Merrill, Marce Charles, George Kotsonaros.

"CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE"—SOVKINO-AMKINO.—Directed by Tarish. The cast: Ivan, the terrible, L. M. Lenidoff. Remainder of the cast played by the Moscow Art Players.

"DOOMSDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Warwick Deeping. Adapted by Doris Anderson and Donald W. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: Mary Viner, Florence Vidor; Arnold Furze, Gary Cooper; Percival Fream, Lawrence Grant; Captain Hesketh Viner, Charles A. Stevenson.

"DRUMS OF LOVE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Gerrit J. Lloyd. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: Princess Emanuella, Mary Philbin; Duke Cathos De Alvia, Lionel Barrymore; Count Leonardo de Alvis, Don Alvarado; Bopi, Tully Marshall; Raymond of Boston, William Austin; Duchess de Alvia, Aunt to Cathos and Leonardo, Eugene Besserer; Duke of Granada, Charles Hill Mailes; The Maid, Rosemary Cooper; The Little Sister, Joyce Coad.

"FEEL MY PULSE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Howard Emmett Rogers. Scenario by Keene Thompson and Nick Barrows. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: Barbara Manning, Bebe Daniels; Her Uncle Wilburforce, Melbourne MacDowell; Her Uncle Edgar, George Irving; Her Sanitarium's Caretaker, Charles Sellon; Her Patient, Heinie Conklin; Her Nemesis, William Powell; Her Problem, Richard Arlen.

"GRAFT"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by George Melford. The cast: John Ballard Jr., Malcolm MacGregor; June Westcott, Marceline Day; Daniel Steele, Lewis Stone; John Ballard, Henry Walthall; Boss Maloney, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Callahan, Hayden Stevenson; Butler, Wilson Bengie; Organist, Morgan Thorpe; Criminal, Boris Baronoff; Cyrus Hazlett, Robert Ellis.

"FOREIGN LEGION, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by I. A. R. Wylie. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sloman. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: Richard, Norman Kerry; Colonel Destinn, Lewis Stone; Captain Arnaud, Crauford Kent; Sylvia, Mary Nolan; Gabrielle, June Marlowe; Corporal Goltz, Walter Perry.

"HER GREAT ADVENTURE"—A. G. STEEN, INC.—Directed by Jno. E. Ince. The cast: Herbert Rawlinson, Grace D'Amound, Vola Vale.

"HIS COUNTRY"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Julien Josephson. Scenario by Sonya Leven and Julien Josephson. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Peter Plecznick, Rudolph Schildkraut; Mrs. Plecznick, Louise Dresser; Eric,

Milton Holmes; Marthe, Linda Landi; Sokol, Fritz Feld; Dan Casey, Lucien Littlefield; Judge Gresham, Robert Edeson; Seymon, Louis Natheaux.

"HONEYMOON FLATS"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: Jim Clayton, George Lewis; Lela Clayton, Dorothy Gulliver; Mrs. Garland, Kathleen Williams; Anthony Weir, Ward Crane; Tom Twitchell, Bryant Washburn; Mr. Garland, Phillips Smalley; Jane Twitchell, Jane Winton; Mrs. French, Patricia Caron; Mr. French, Eddie Phillips.

"I TOLD YOU SO"—LEIGH JASON PRODUCTION.—Directed by Leigh Jason. Written by Leigh Jason. The cast: John Westwood, Mary Turner, De Sacia Moers.

"LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by E. A. Dupont. The cast: Hannerl, Mary Philbin; Vigilanti, Norman Kerry; Milzi, Betty Compson; Vanden Bosch, H. B. Walthall; Mrs. Vanden Bosch, Mathilde Brundage; Billy, Albert Conti; Mrs. Thule, Martha Mattox; Mr. Thule, Charles Sellon; Porter, George Siegmans; Orderly, Robert Anderson.

"MONKEY BUSINESS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Edward Sedgwick and Lew Lipton. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: Oscar Thrush, Karl Dane; Francis Byrd, George K. Arthur; Belle, Louise Lorraine; Mr. Magoo, Sydney Jarvis; Bimbo, Fred Humes.

"NIGHT FLYER, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Frank Hamilton Spearman. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Jimmy Bradley, William Boyd; Kate Murphy, Jobyna Ralston; Bat Mullins, Philo McCullough; Mrs. Murphy, Ann Schaeffer; Bucks, Division Superintendent, DeWitt Jennings; Tony, John Milerta; Freddy, Robert Dudley.

"PHANTOM OF THE RANGE"—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by James Dugan. Photography by Nick Musuraca. The cast: Duke Carlton, Tom Tyler; Tim O'Brien, Charles McHugh; Patsy O'Brien, Duane Thompson; Spuds O'Brien, Frankie Darro; Flash Corbin, James Pierce; Vera Van Swank, Marjorie Zier; Banning (not cast); Beans, Himself.

"PRINCE OF PEANUTS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Continuity by Carl Krusada. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: Leonard Higgins, Glen Tryon; Beatrice Fairbanks, Marion Nixon; Prince Hendryx, Raymond Keane; Count Olaff, Mario Carillo; E. H. Harriman, E. H. Harriman; The Turk, Bull Montana; Tony, Cesare Gravina; The Editor, Robert T. Haines; The Secretary, Leo White; The Stenographer, Violet La Plante.

"RUSH HOUR, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Continuity by Zelda Sears and Fred Stanley. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Margie Dolan, Marie Prevost; Dan Morley, Harrison Ford; Yvonne Doree, Seena Owen; Wm. Finch, David Butler; Dunrock, Ward Crane.

"SADIE THOMPSON"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Raoul Walsh. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: Oliver Hamilton, Lionel Barrymore; Mrs. Hamilton, Blanche Friderici; Dr. McPhail, Charles Lane; Mrs. McPhail, Florence Midgley; Joe Horn, the trader, James A. Marcus; Ameena, Sophia Artega; Quartermaster Bates, Will Stanton; Sergeant Tim O'Hara, Raoul Walsh; Sadie Thompson, Gloria Swanson.

"SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Leon De Costa. Adapted by Harold Shumate. Directed by R. William Neil. The cast: John Vickery, Percy Marmont; Flo, Mae Busch; Red, Tom O'Brien; Flash Hoxy, George Stone; Ruth, Alma Tell; Tommie, Hobart Cavanaugh.

"SATAN AND THE WOMAN"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Mary Lanier Magruder. Adapted by Adrian Johnson. Directed by Burton King. Photography by Art Reeves. The cast: Judith Matheny, Claire Windsor; Edward Daingerfeld, Cornelius Keefe; Mrs. Leone Daingerfeld, Vera Lewis; Ellison Colby, Thomas Holding; Dallam Colby, James Mack; Helty Folinsbee, Edithe Yorke; Clementine Atwood, Madge Johnston; The Three Graces, Sybil Grove, Lucy Donahue, Blanche Rose.

"SCARLET YOUTH"—S. S. MILLARD.—Directed by William Curran. The cast: Corliss Palmer, David Findlay, Mary Foy, Ruth Robinson.

"SIMBA."—Produced and released by the Martin Johnson African Expedition Corp.

"SKYSCRAPER"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Dudley Murphy. Adapted by Elliott Clawson and Tay Garnett. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: Blondy, William Boyd; Slim, Alan Hale; Sally, Sue Carol; Jane, Alberta Vaughn.

"SMART SET, THE"—M.-G.-M.—Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Tommy Van Asler*, William Haines; *Polly*, Alice Day; *Nelson*, Jack Holt; *Durant*, Hobart Bosworth; *Sammy*, Coy Watson, Jr.; *Cynthia*, Constance Howard.

"SOFT LIVING"—Fox.—From the story by Grace Mack. Scenario by Francis Agnew. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Nancy Woods*, Madge Bellamy; *Stockney Webb*, John Mack Brown; *Lorna Estabrook*, Mary Duncan; *Billie Wilson*, Joyce Compton; *Philip Estabrook*, Thomas Jefferson; *Rodney S. Bowen*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Rodney S. Bowen*, Olive Tell; *Office Boy*, Maine Geary; *Hired Man*, Tom Dugan; *Swede*, David Wengren.

"SQUARE CROOKS"—Fox.—Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Eddie Ellison*, Robert Armstrong; *Lany Scott*, John Mack Brown; *Jane Brown*, Dorothy Dwan; *Kay Ellison*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mike Ross*, Eddie Sturgis; *Harry Welsh*, Clarence Burton; *Phillip Carson*, Jackie Coombs; *Slavey*, Lydia Dickson.

"STREET ANGEL"—Fox.—From the story by Monckton Hoffs. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Maria*, Janet Gaynor; *Angelo*, Charles Farrell; *Young Carabinci*, Alberto Rabagliati; *Rio*, Guido Trento; *Massetto*, Henry Armetta; *Beppo*, Louis Liggett; *Bimbo*, Milton Dickinson; *Andrea*, Helen Herman; *Nina*, Natalie Kingston.

"TRAIL OF '98, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Robert W. Service. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Larry*, Ralph Forbes; *Berna*, Dolores Del Rio; *Jack Locasto*, Harry Carey; *Salvation Jim*, Tully Marshall; *Mrs. Bulkey*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Bulkey*, Tenen Holtz; *Old Swede*, Russell Simpson; *Lars Petersen*, Karl Dane; *Berna's Grandfather*, Cesare Gravina; *Samuel Fool*, the worm, George Cooper; *Mother's Boy*, Johnny Downs; *Engineer*, E. Allyn Warren.

"UNDER THE TONTO RIM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by J. Walter Ruen. Directed by Herman Raymaker. The cast: *Edd Denneade*, Richard Arlen; *Dad Denneade*, Alfred Allen; *Lucy Watson*, Mary Brian; *Bud Watson*, Jack Luden; *Sam Spralls*, Harry T. Morey; *"One Punch"*, William Franey; *Bert*, Harry Todd; *"Killer" Higgins*, Bruce Gordon; *Middleton*, Jack Byron.

"WALLFLOWERS"—FBO.—From the story by Temple Bailey. Adapted by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Leo Meehan. Photography by Al Siegler. The cast: *Rufus*, Hugh Trevor; *Sherry*, Mabel Julienne Scott; *Mr. Fisk*, Charles Stevenson; *Sandra*, Jean Arthur; *Theodora*, Lola Todd; *Mrs. Claybourne*, Mrs. T. Pigott; *Maulsby*, Crauford Kent; *Markham*, Reginald Simpson.



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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

SCARLET YOUTH—S. S. Millard

SUPPOSED to be a great, moral film exposing the social evils. Purporting to have high educational value. Advertised as just the picture to make the wayward boy and girl turn from the path of evil and rush back home. Razzberries! Pictures like this are the cheapest, shoddiest and lowest device for coaxing quarters from morbid morons. If you are foolish enough to be misled by the "men only" or "women only" sign and the sensational advertising, you'd better consult a psycho-analyst. A few more of these so-called reform films threaten to lower the decent standards of the screen and PHOTOPLAY is only giving space to this one, in order to warn you against being taken in by this sort of filth. It is no credit to Corliss Palmer and the other players that they would accept money for appearing in a mess of this nature.

GRAFT—Universal

GEORGE MELFORD, directing this Peter B. Kyne story, got some good work out of his players—particularly Henry B. Walthall and Lewis Stone—but somehow the picture just falls short of a big production. A newspaper man of high purpose loses his life trying to expose the city grafters. His son carries on but falls in love with the ward of the man he is exposing. Young people will like the romance provided by Marceline Day and Malcolm McGregor.

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PHANTOM OF THE RANGE—FBO

DESPITE its inane title, this Western has real attempts toward humor and characterization, and features that delightful pair, Tom Tyler and little Frankie Darro. Tom's a cowhand who aims to act, joins a troupe and strands near a dairy ranch. Too proud to milk, he gets put in his place by a pretty girl and comes down to earth in time to foil the usual villains. Excellent entertainment of its kind.

THE RUSH HOUR—Pathe-De Mille

MARIE PREVOST as a poor but marceled working gal decorates a duller than usual vehicle. She's Maggie Dolan who toils in a travel bureau and loves a drug store cowboy whose idea of a treat is a free sample. Innocently becoming involved with a gang of crooks she is transported to the Riviera and learns about boy friends from there. Nice performances by Marie, Seena Owen and David Butler. Otherwise very mild.

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham

GOOD enough entertainment, chiefly because of the humor and good nature Mae Busch brings to her part. This is melodrama of the underworld, and the plot gets tangled up in rum rings and legal battles. But some good comedy and a couple of love affairs emerge to hold your interest. Percy Marmont is unusually gloomy as the refined lawyer who goes to the dogs and is rescued by a cabaret girl. You'll like Mae Busch.

SATAN AND THE WOMAN—Excellent

A NICE girl is an outcast in her own home town, because of her uncertain parentage. Eventually she inherits a good name and a large fortune, but by that time she's grown pretty cynical about everything, and you can't blame her. Despite the passing centuries, Claire Windsor is still the same sweet girl. She's not at her best in this embittered rôle, but it doesn't matter because the whole production is correspondingly mediocre.

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason

IT'S only a two reeler, but there's a human interest story back of its making. The director is Leigh Jason, husband of Ruth Harriet Louise, M.-G.-M.'s woman photographer. Ruth and Leigh wanted to try movies but no one would give them a chance. They saved \$1,000 and produced this film. There wasn't a re-take, not an unnecessary foot of celluloid. The story gives you a little slice of life and it is originally and cleverly presented. Universal saw this picture and invited Jason to make a feature for them. The Jasons have the right spirit. May all their program features be epics!

THE TREE OF LIFE—Zenith

THIS is not an ordinary moving picture, as it has no actors in it, but it is most unusual and instructive. It was several years in the making. Whether you know biology, geology, or physiology, you will be able to comprehend this picture of the world's creation and subsequent development. No matter whether you are an exponent of the Darwin or Genesis explanation of life, you will be entertained highly by all this scientific data prepared by L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California. It will be an evening profitably spent.

THE NIGHT FLYER—Pathe-De Mille

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your engine. It happens in this picture. William Boyd's nice smile cannot be spoiled by a dirty face nor Jobyna Ralston's charm hidden by a 1924 gown. Philo McCullough, the villain, is on the job, but even with good work by the whole cast, the picture remains mediocre.

MONKEY BUSINESS—M.-G.-M.

A NEW variety of dance is here. You must see *Bimbo*, the gorilla, teaching this terpsichorean art to George K. Arthur. It affords Karl Dane inexpressible delight and will give you just as much fun. Louise Lorraine makes an attractive trapeze performer. Scenes are laid in a town that is "a wart on the pickle of progress," but if you miss this slapstick comedy, you may regret it.

BRINGING UP FATHER—M.-G.-M.

JIGGS and *Dinty*; *Maggie* and *Annie* come to the screen. Oh, yes, you'll recognize them, but not from any likeness to their cartoon pictures. They're a blunt, rolling-pin lot, who'll make you laugh once in a while but make you wonder just as often where you got the kick in reading about them. Polly Moran and Marie Dressler pull off some good team work for the women. J. Farrell MacDonald and Jules Cowles act neatly, but they don't look like *Jiggs* and *Dinty*. Gertrude Olmsted makes a cunning *Annie*.

HONEYMOON FLATS—Universal

NO marital voyage is without its reefs and shoals, but George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver had unusual troubles. Mother-in-law. No, not what you think at all. She smothered them with kindness. Bryant Washburn and Jane Winton, with cheating proclivities, instilled distrust into the minds of the young people and more trouble ensued. Ward Crane, Phillip Smalley, Kathlyn Williams, Patricia Caron, Eddie Phillips and Jackie Combs had a finger in the pie. See them and laugh.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount

A GOLD rush picture, in which Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Jack Luden win more laurels. The little town of Tonto Basin was changed overnight into a resort for gamblers, crooks and gold seekers. With rugged mountain scenery for a background, there is a swindle in gold claims, a murder and a romance. Chief interest centers around "the man who shuffles cards with one finger." It's a Zane Grey story and well directed. Enough said.

**HER GREAT ADVENTURE—
A. G. Steen, Inc.**

THE title is justified by the experiences of a stenographer who uses her first one thousand dollars to see life. She travels incognito and gives herself and the boys some fun. Herbert Rawlinson, Grace Darmond, and Vola Vale have the principal rôles, but there are few new angles to the story and the entertainment value is below par.

THE CHASER—First National

POSSIBLY Harry Langdon was chasing after a new contract while he was making this picture. If that was his idea he failed miserably. "The Chaser" would seem to spell his doom as a leader in the screen comedy field. The picture is just a series of gags with little or no story. It concerns a henpecked husband with a nagging wife and a shrew of a mother-in-law. Several of the gags are rough, especially the castor oil gag and the "when I kiss 'em they stay kissed" episode. Gladys McConnell as the wife doesn't get much of a chance. If you miss this one you won't miss much.

CUPID'S KNOCKOUT—Hercules

A MOTHER with a rich son-in-law complex, a prospective son-in-law who glitters but is not gold, a governor's son who peddles milk from contented bottles, and a girl who makes a man believe in Santa Claus in spite of himself, are convincing characters deserving of a better story than this lukewarm comedy. However, the moral might be valuable: that milk and bootleg can be mixed. Not bad if you've nothing else to do.

WALLFLOWERS—FBO

AN adequate visualization of Temple Bailey's story of the same title, directed by Leo Meehan. *Rufus* (Hugh Trevor) has wed a second time and, at his death, leaves one half of his fortune to the wife and the son, with the proviso that, in the event that the boy marries before he reaches forty, his share of the fortune is to revert to the wife. But there are a couple of angles involving a group of ivory statues, which make it possible for the boy to marry and retain his fortune. Mable Julianne Scott is the menace as the second wife, who, when a widow, would marry the son of her late husband, while Jean Arthur is the sweet young thing with whom he is in love. Light.

THE PRINCE OF PEANUTS—Universal

THE title lets you in on the general tone of this farce. It's a goofy story of a struggling cartoonist who changes places with a prince, goes in for selling peanuts and puts over a Foreign Loan in a Big Way. Nutty? Yes, but also funny. Glen Tryon is one of the most likeable of the younger comics and the fact that Marion Nixon is his leading woman is no handicap to the picture.

SQUARE CROOKS—Fox

THREE-year-old Jackie Coombs grabs the laughs in this comedy. His young father, Robert Armstrong, is suspected of lifting pearls when the real thief plants them on the youngster. Imagine Armstrong's embarrassment when the kid keeps trying to show "poppa" the pretty beads under the detective's nose! John Mack Brown, Dorothy Appleby, Dorothy Dwan, and Clarence Burton support the pair. Clever gags and a beautifully dumb detective make this worth anybody's money.



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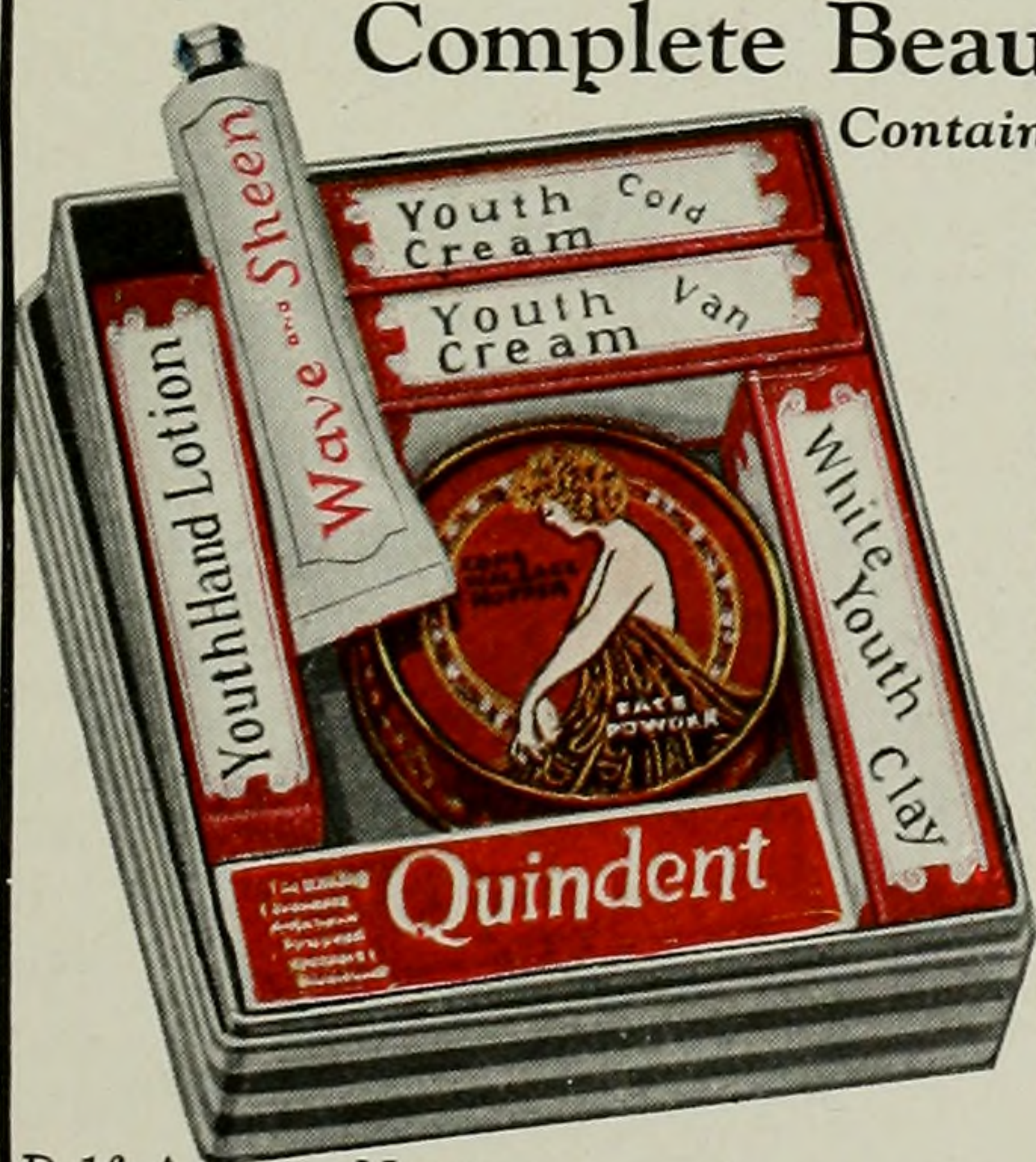
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