

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

MAY
25 CENTS



Greta
Garbo

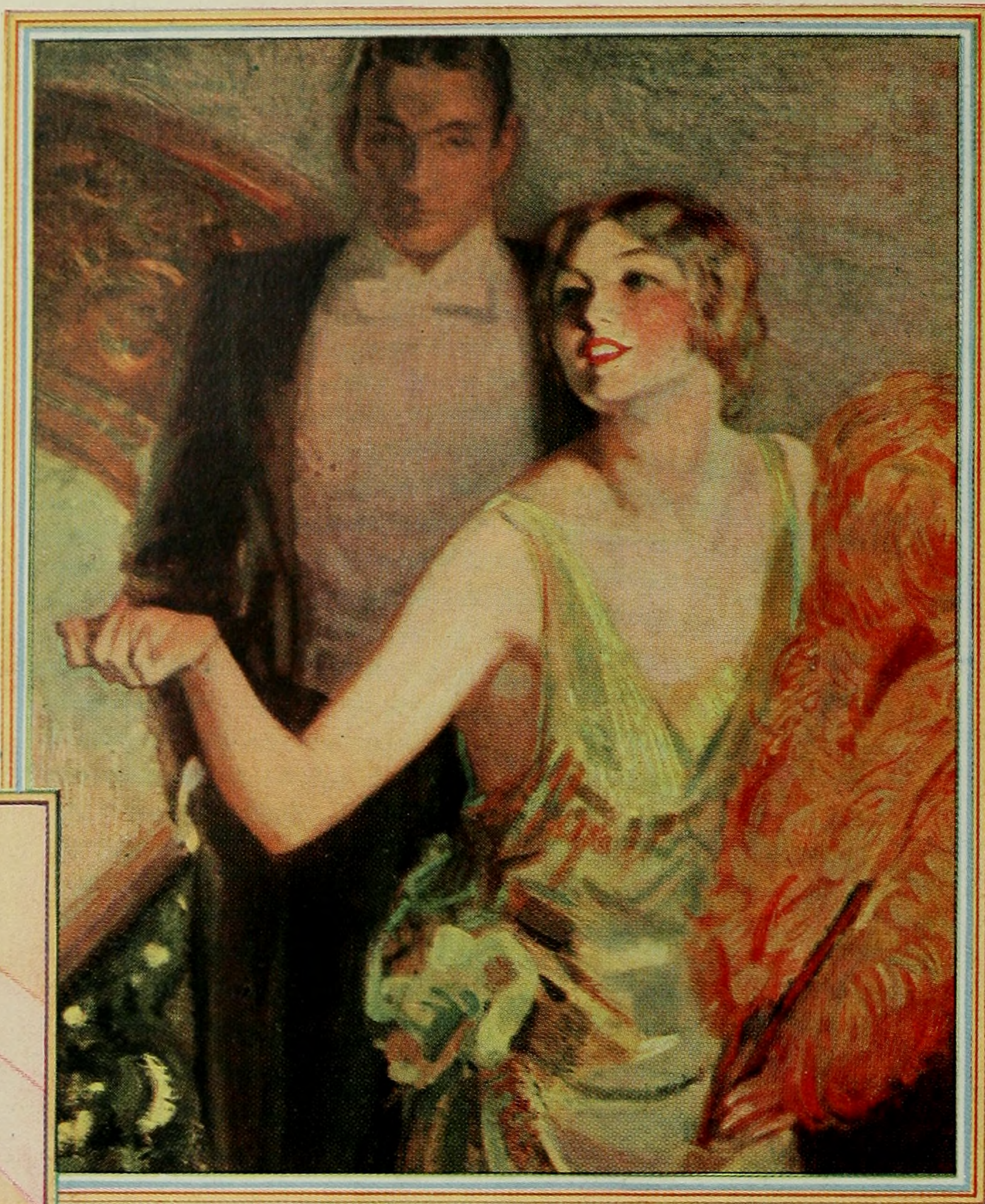
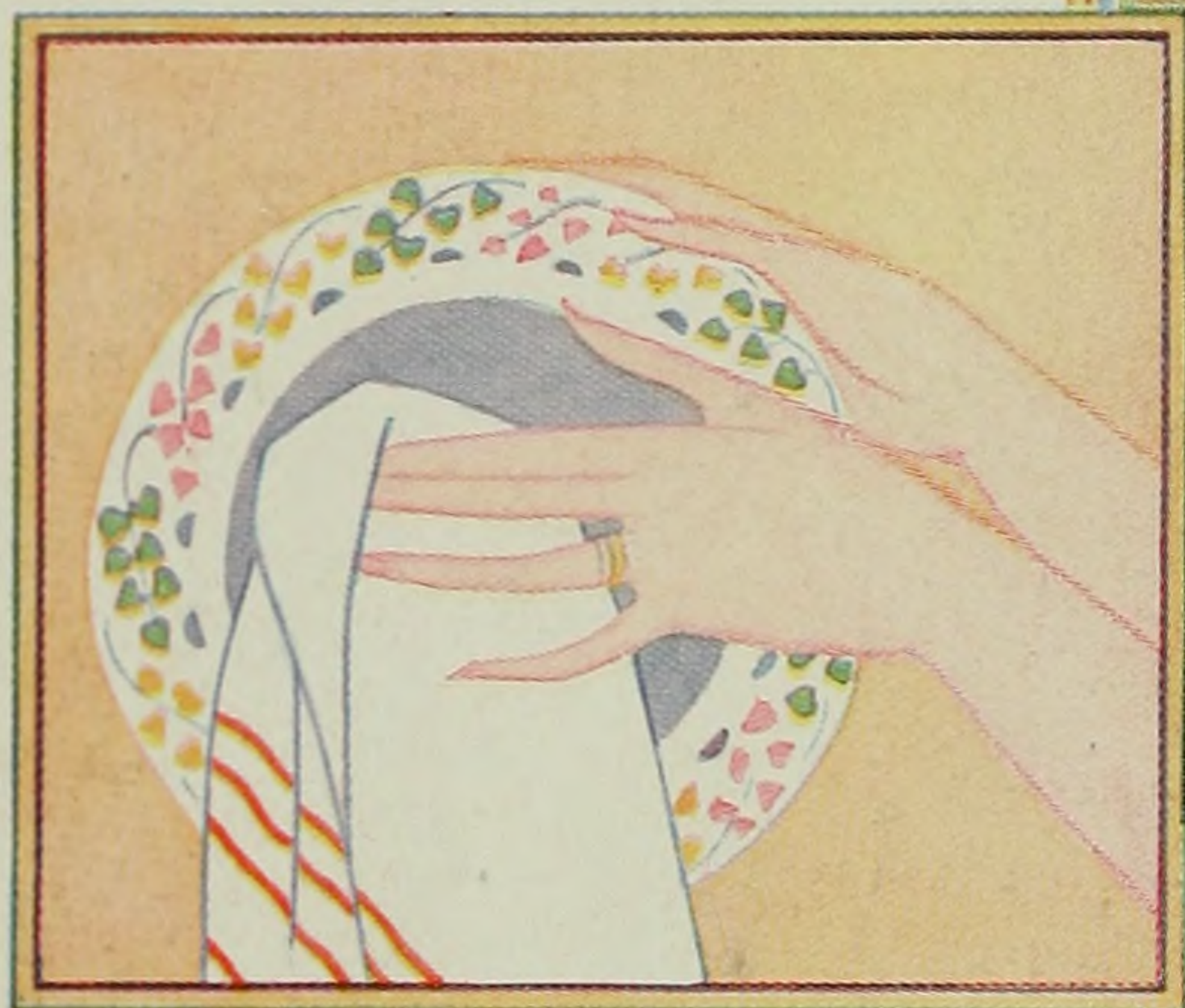
Greta
Garbo's

Life
Story

Charles Sheldon

In This Issue

Your
expressive
hands



Keep them lovely to say *pleasant* things

A gracious hand outstretched gives a welcome more cordial than words . . . a little half-finished gesture can agree or protest or wonder. These sensitive hands of yours act in a thousand little dramas for all your world to see.

Naturally you want them to look smooth and white and gently-cared for! You want them to say nice things about you!

Has it occurred to you, as to so many other women, that, with all the tasks they have to do, home-keeping hands *can* stay soft and

smooth? That their loveliness need not be squandered upon harsh, drying soap which parches away their satiny whiteness?

Ivory Soap, which cares so gently for lovely complexions and bathes so kindly such multitudes of tiny new babies—which is always ready to guard all sensitive and delicate and beautiful things—protects millions of busy hands a dozen times a day.

When they tub downy baby woolens, or wash aristocratic Wedgwood cups, or mahogany or

porcelain—*whenever* they use soap—hands are safeguarded if they use Ivory.

Women who use Ivory for everything know that its quick, lasting suds make soap-and-water tasks *pleasanter*. But more important—they have learned that Ivory's purity keeps their hands younger and prettier.

With Ivory to protect them all day long, your hands *can* say nice things about you always!

PROCTER & GAMBLE



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IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches
99⁴/₁₀₀% Pure · It Floats



MODERN FOOD

..it robs our gums of exercise and gives rise to "pink tooth brush." Counteract its bad effects with Ipana and massage

GOOD as it is to the taste, the food we eat today is doing untold damage to our teeth and to our gums. As any dentist will tell you, this modern diet of ours is too soft, too creamy, too easily masticated, to give the gums the daily stimulation they need to remain in health.

Lacking coarse fibre, our food deprives our gums of exercise. Lacking exercise, the blood courses but slowly within the gum walls. Softness of the tissues ensues—the gums become dormant. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea can follow in its train.

What to do to keep your gums in health

In this day and age, you cannot revert to the primitive provender that would give your gums the stimulation they need.

Nowadays you can't very well chew fibre. You can't change the menus of the restaurants. You can't become eccentric in the food you serve at home. But you

can provide the same effects—you can accomplish all good to your gums through the use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. In this way you avoid "pink tooth brush." In this way you firm the walls of your gums. In this way you improve the beauty and the health of your entire mouth.

Follow the good advice of the foremost dentists

The method proposed by dentists is simplicity itself. It is a gentle massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—performed faithfully, twice a day,



Even if your gums bother you seldom or never, the twice-daily use of Ipana and massage is a wise preventive measure.

at the time you brush your teeth. Thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana for massage as well as for the usual cleaning with the brush. For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the

gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a preparation well-known to dentists for its hemostatic and antiseptic properties. The profession has steadily supported Ipana since first it was placed upon the market.

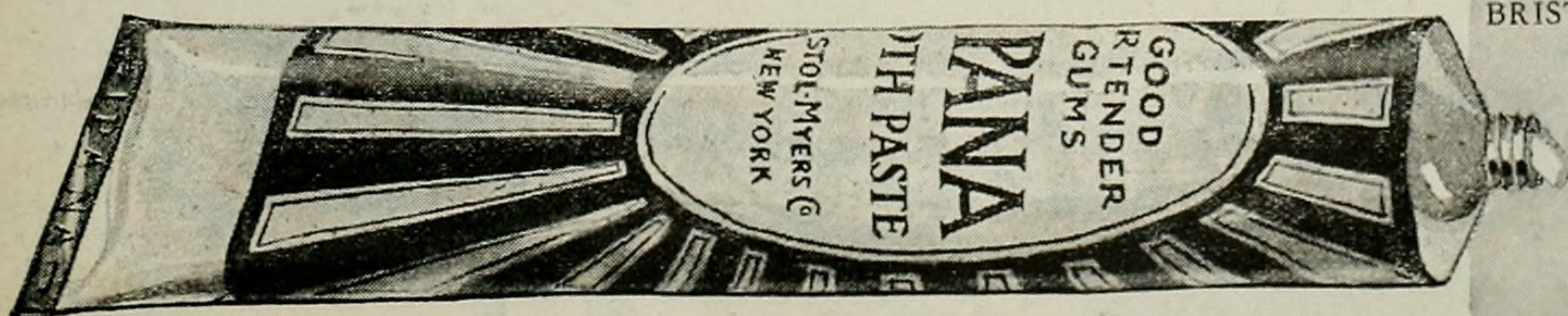
Give Ipana a 30 day trial

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its cleaning power.

But a better way to try Ipana is to get a full-size tube and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. Then, when you see how your gums have improved—in color, in texture and in health—you will know that Ipana deserves a permanent place on your bathroom shelf.

IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA

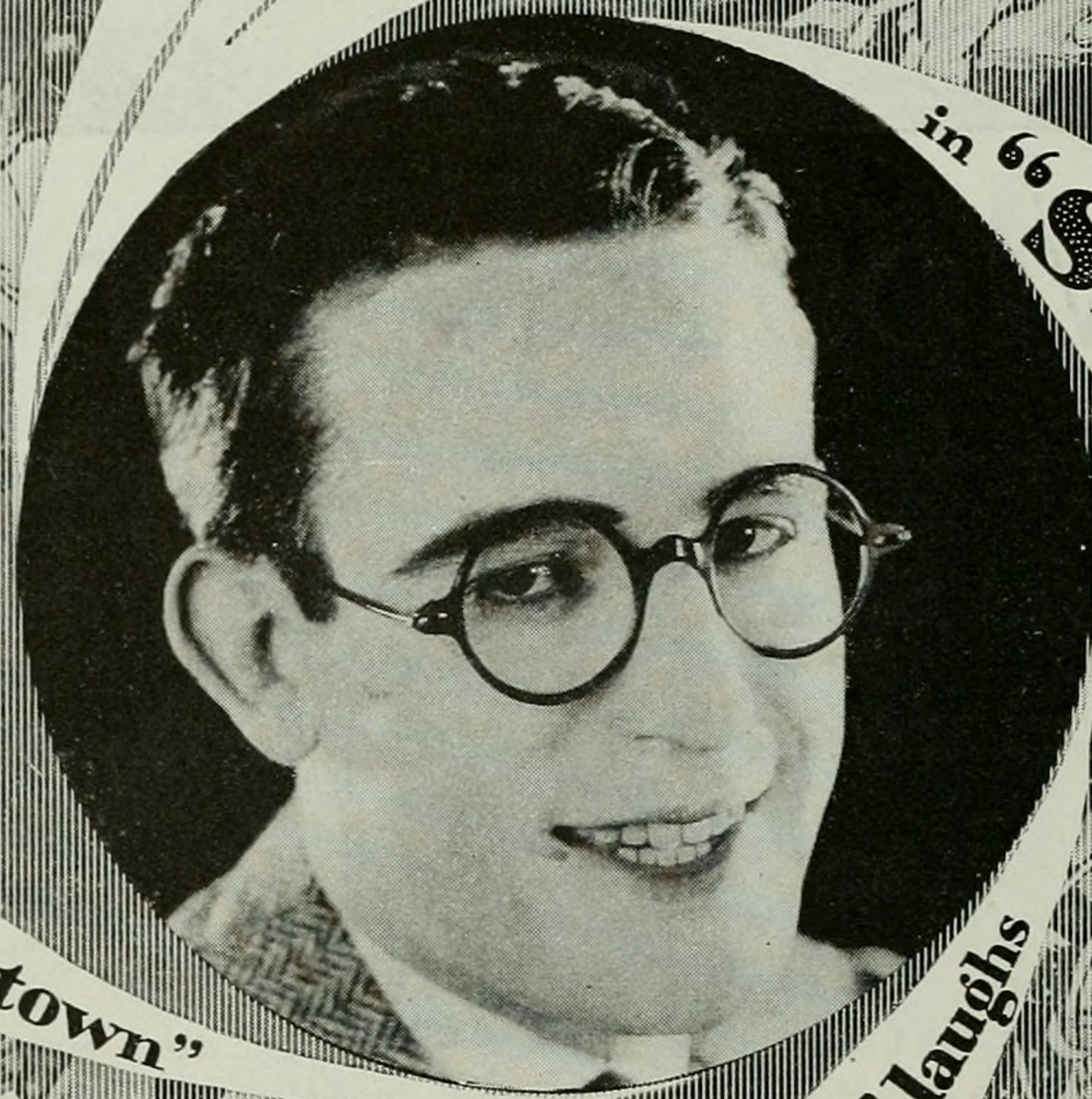


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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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

HAROLD LLOYD



in '66' **SPEEDY**

Produced by **Harold Lloyd Corp.**
a Paramount Release

"best show in town"

a horse car load of laughs

Let's have fun!

All out to see Harold Lloyd
in his latest picture . . .
"Speedy!" He's New York's
mile-a-minute, smile-a-
minute kid . . . jumping
from one job to another
and one laugh to another.
Ask your Theatre Manager
for the date!

Ask your Theatre Manager for the dates of
all the great Paramount Pictures of 1928—
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", Emil Jannings
in "The Last Command", "Tillie's Punctured

Romance", "Legion of the Condemned"—
everyone is sure to be the "best show in town".

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.
"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town"

Paramount Pictures



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

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For
May
1928

VOL. XXXIII

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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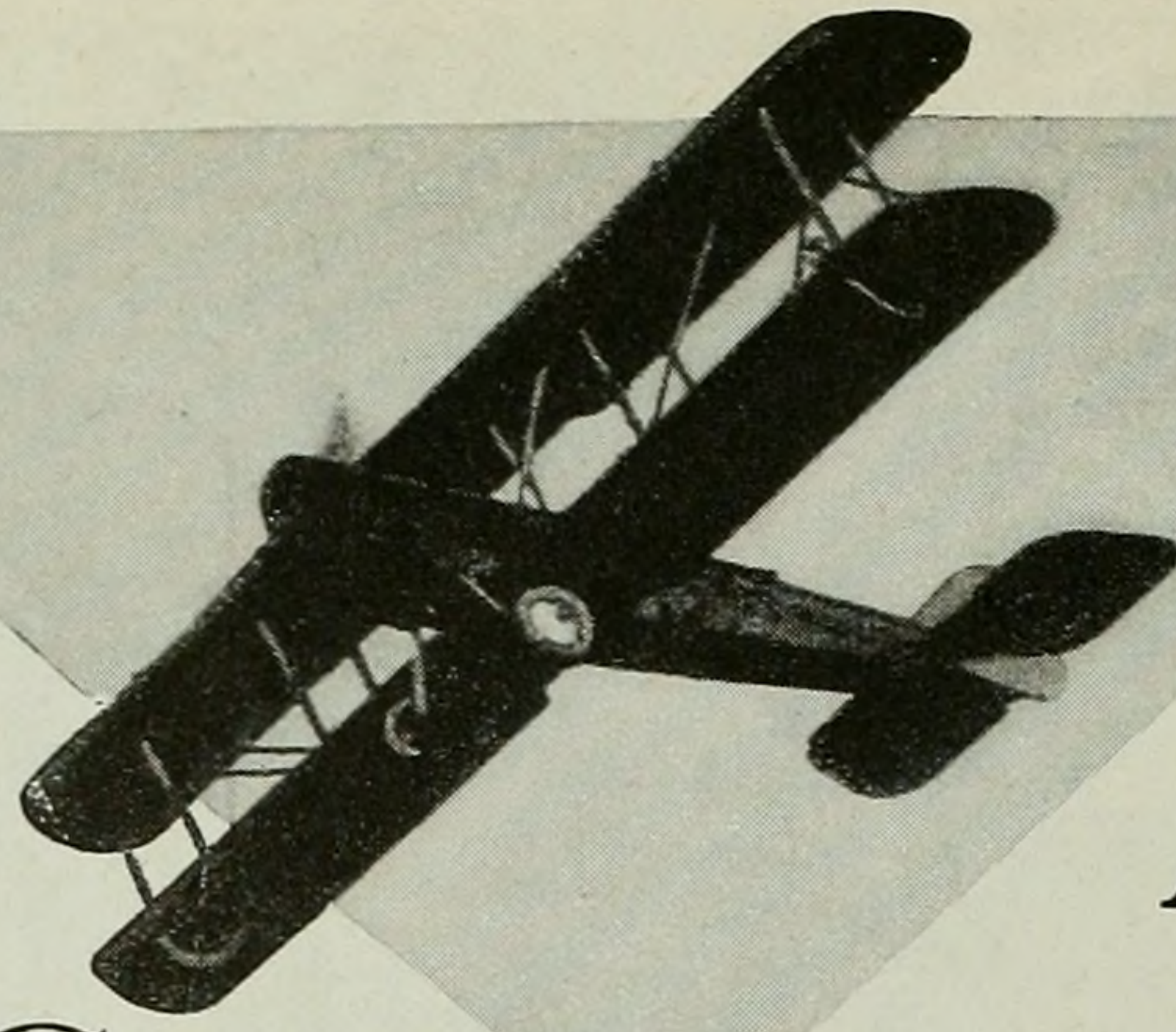
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As we go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

RUTH ELDER, the almost-across-the-Atlantic aviator, has been signed by Paramount to play the lead in "Glorifying the American Girl."

BILL HART'S new ranch home at Newhall, Calif., escaped in the big dam disaster, being on the very edge of the flood. His ranch home has been used as a center for relief work.

UNIVERSAL has selected Barbara Kent and Reginald Denny to play the leads in Edna Ferber's "Show Boat." Harry Pollard will direct. The news that Miss Kent is getting the leading rôle will disappoint the Mary Philbin fans. Mary had been promised the part.

LAATEST reports indicate that Cecil De Mille will join United Artists.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH has gone abroad with his bride. Upon his return to Hollywood he will be starred by Caddo Productions.

BETTY BRONSON has returned from London. She says she is not engaged. In fact, she doesn't recall meeting the London newspaper man to whom she was reported engaged in press dispatches.

BELLE BENNETT has just been signed by Tiffany-Stahl to star in four mother stories. The first will be called "America's Sweetheart" — and Mary Pickford won't be meant.

ROD LA ROCQUE and Vilma Banky have returned from their brief vacation abroad. They're still denying the many separation stories.

HERBERT HBRENON announces that he will film Fannie Hurst's novel, "Lummox." Everybody is helping him cast the leading

rôle, with Louise Fazenda prominently mentioned. Remember how everybody helped him cast "Sorrell and Son"?

JAMES HALL may be a Paramount star soon. Jesse Lasky is quoted as saying that "he is the most swiftly climbing screen actor of the present day."

DOUg FAIRBANKS may do a sequel to "The Three Musketeers." It will not be Dumas' own sequel but a specially constructed one manufactured in Hollywood.

REPORTS have it that Pola Negri may sign with William Fox after her Paramount contract expires. Pola herself says she will take a two-months' vacation abroad with her husband.

RUTH TAYLOR is the preferred of story writers. Anita Loos chose her for the Blonde and now Elinor Glyn has selected

her for her next story, "Three Weeks on a Week-end."

NOBODY knows what Charlie Chaplin will do next. He says his forthcoming comedy will be "The Suicide Club." Anyway, Merna Kennedy will have the feminine lead.

MRS. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD, mother of Mary Pickford, died at Pickfair on March twenty-second. Mrs. Pickford had been ill for three years. Recently Mary had suspended all production plans to take care of her mother. Mrs. Pickford's movie family, Mary, Lottie and Jack, was at her Beverly Hills home when the end came.

CLARENCE BROWN has purchased the film rights to "The Shannons of Broadway." The plans for Brown to direct Greta Garbo in "Java" have been shelved and he will now direct both John Gilbert and Miss Garbo in "The Sun of St. Moritz." After this production Gilbert will do "Four Walls."

FIRST National will revive that old Drury Lane thriller, "The Whip." Dorothy Mackaill has been selected to head the cast.

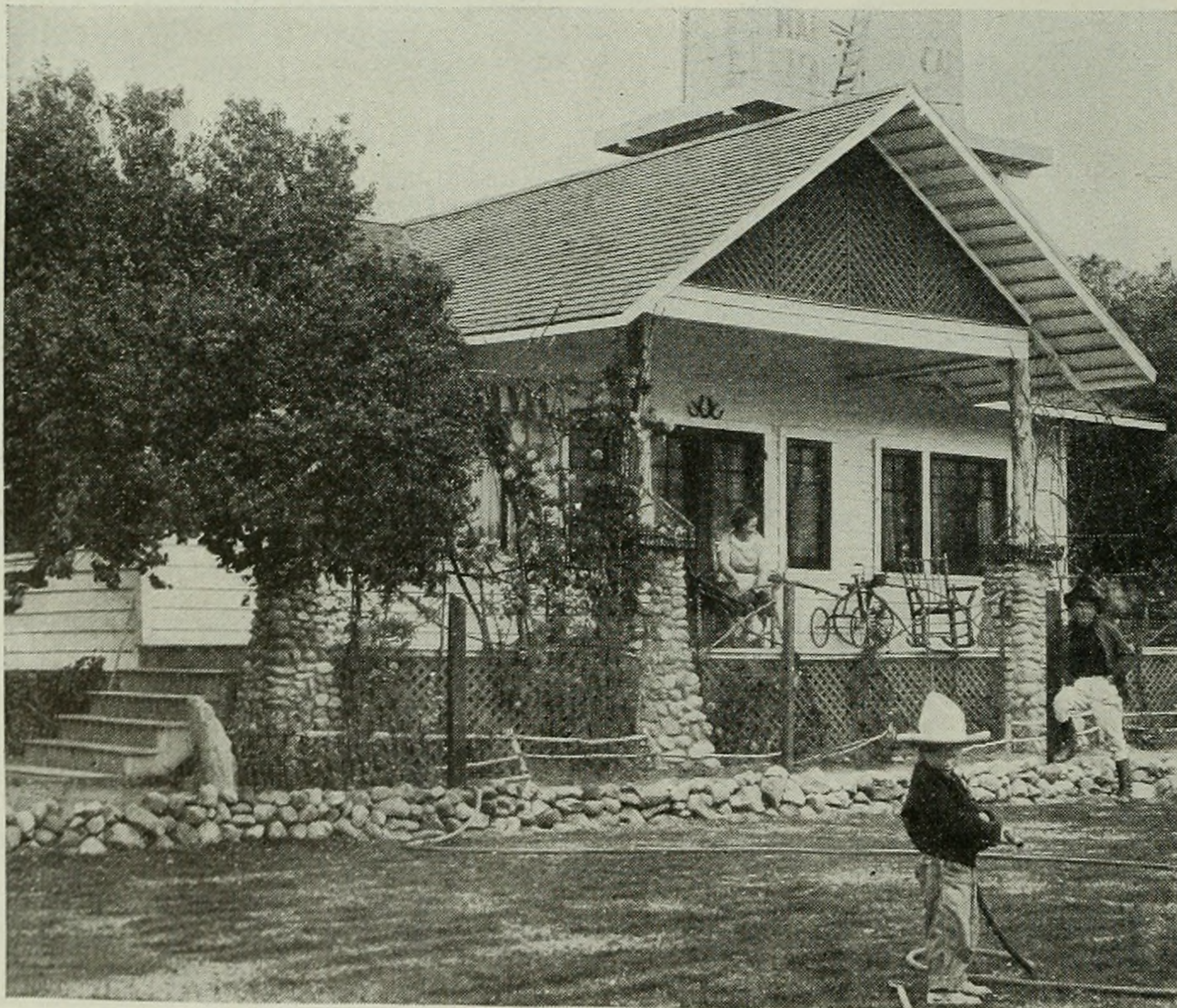
ANNA Q. NILSSON has signed a contract with FBO.

ART ACORD, the cowboy star, was badly burned in an accident at his home, when a gas heater exploded.

HUGO RIESENFELD has been appointed director general of the entire United Artists' chain of theaters.

M.-G.-M. has just taken up its options on the contracts of John Gilbert, William Haines and Dorothy Sebastian.

HAROLD LLOYD is contemplating doing another college story as his next comedy.



Harry Carey ranch at Saugus, Calif., was destroyed by the breaking of the St. Francis Dam. Carey, his wife and child, shown in the picture, were in New York at the time of the catastrophe. Sixty-four Navajo Indians, employed at the trading post, had left for their reservation, but other workers and 800 head of stock were caught in the rushing waters. The ranch represented an investment of \$500,000

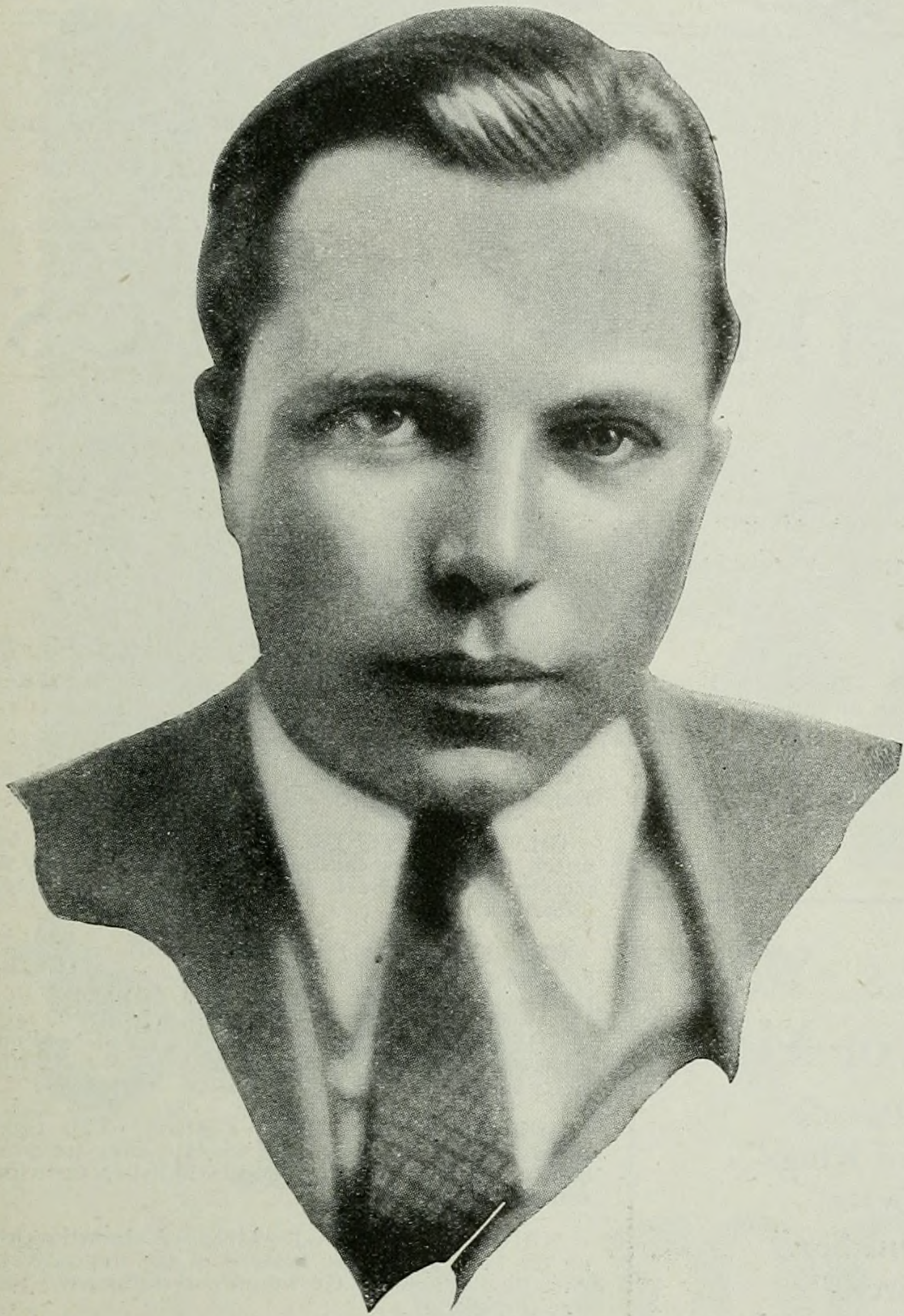
KING VIDOR,

Director of Feature Photoplays,

Writes:

"While directing 'The Big Parade' I had to shout my directions to hundreds of film players through the din and noise all about us. And through the entire taking of the picture, I smoked 'Lucky Strikes' which seemed to rest and ease my throat. It is wonderful to find a cigarette that relaxes your nerves and at the same time insures you against throat irritation—a condition from which film directors are bound to suffer."

King Vidor



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Buying tobacco is like buying clothing, shoes, or a hat. If you buy the best, you are always satisfied.

Judging from the vogue of Lucky Strikes, and the nice things said about them by discriminating smokers, they know as well as I do, that we buy the Cream of the Crop for Lucky Strikes."

R. M. Norman
Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount.—The great and original Irish-Jewish comedy, played by a likeable cast headed by Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer. If this doesn't amuse you, you are in the minority. (April.)

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

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.)

BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathe-De Mille.—A light domestic farce made agreeable by the cheering presences of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and T. Roy Barnes. (April.)

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.)

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.)

BRINGING UP FATHER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rolling-pin humor built around the characters of the comic strip. Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are funny. (April.)

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.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Big Parade"
"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Sorrell and Son"
"The Circus"
"The Last Command"
"Love"
"Abie's Irish Rose"
"The Trail of '98"
"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.

BURNING DAYLIGHT—First National.—An exciting tale of gold rush days that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (April.)

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

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.)

CHASER, THE—First National.—Harry Langdon and a lot of gags—some of them too rough to be in good taste. Don't cry if you miss it. (April.)

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 ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Reviewed under the title of "Monkey Business." With Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, and a comedy gorilla. Good slapstick. (March.)

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

COHENS AND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE—Universal.—It was funny the first time, but not so good in repetition. Time to call a halt. (April.)

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.)

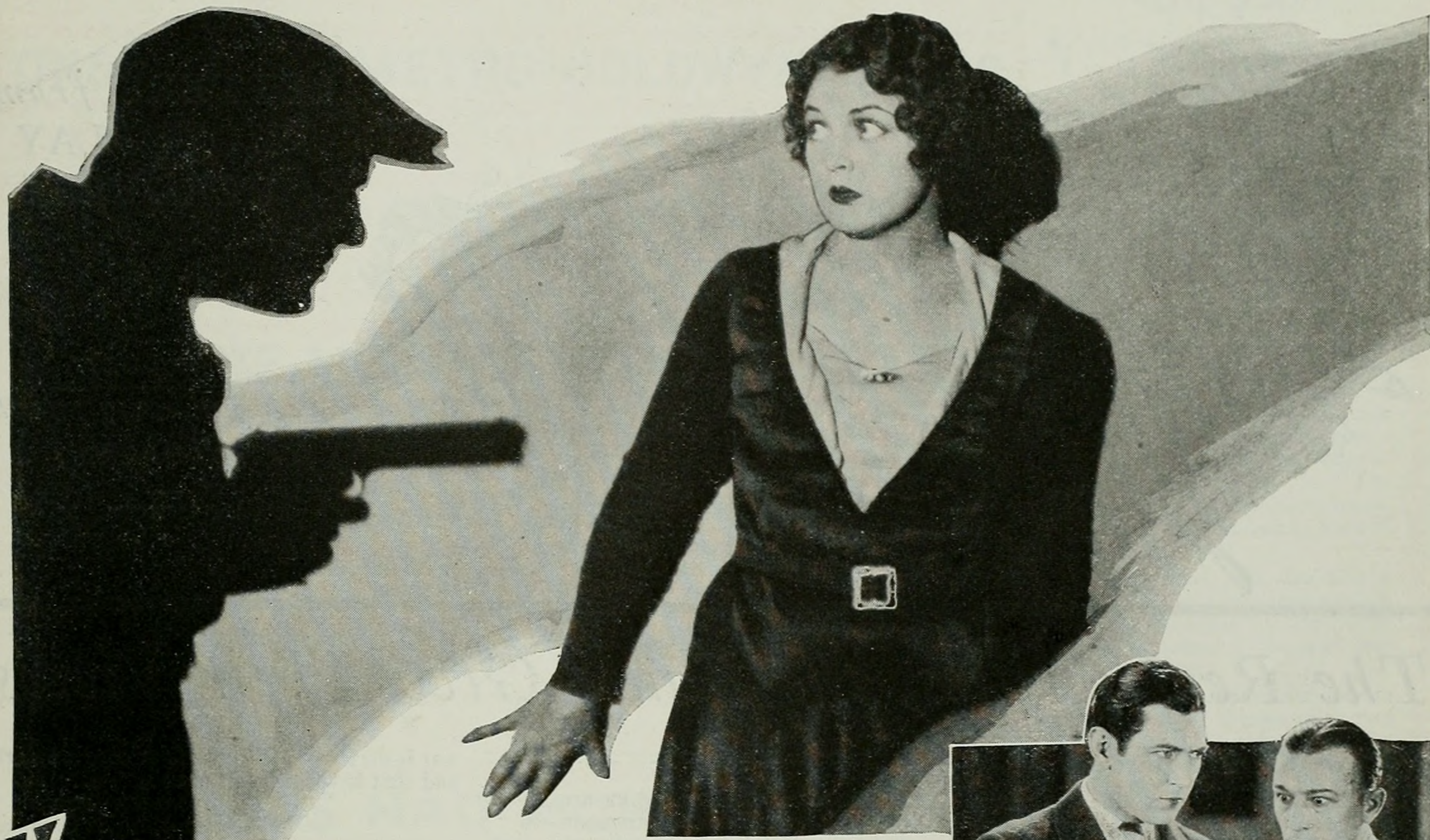
COMBAT—Pathe.—Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminate this as entertainment. (December.)

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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Two black sheep trying to turn white



"Square Crooks"

CAN a bad man live down his past—or does the underworld inevitably "get" its own when a crook tries to turn straight?

"SQUARE CROOKS" plays the spotlight on the seamy side of crookdom from an entirely new angle—and shows you a few episodes in the private life of a reformed gangster who is trying to "come back" that will make your skin creep!

Thrills, mystery, humor, romance and tragedy move side by side from start to finish of this super-study of the shady side of human nature! There are enough situations in it to make a dozen good stories! And a master story teller makes every one of them count in a feat of skilled directing that will stand as a model for a long time to come!

Watch for the announcement of "SQUARE CROOKS" at your favorite playhouse. You'll be missing one of the year's best pictures if you fail to see it!

with JOHNNY MACK BROWN—DOROTHY DWAN
DOROTHY APPLEBY—ROBERT ARMSTRONG



Johnny Mack Brown who is supposed to have turned straight, hands his pal in reformation, Robert Armstrong, a severe jolt by showing him the famous Carson jewels, which have just been mysteriously stolen.



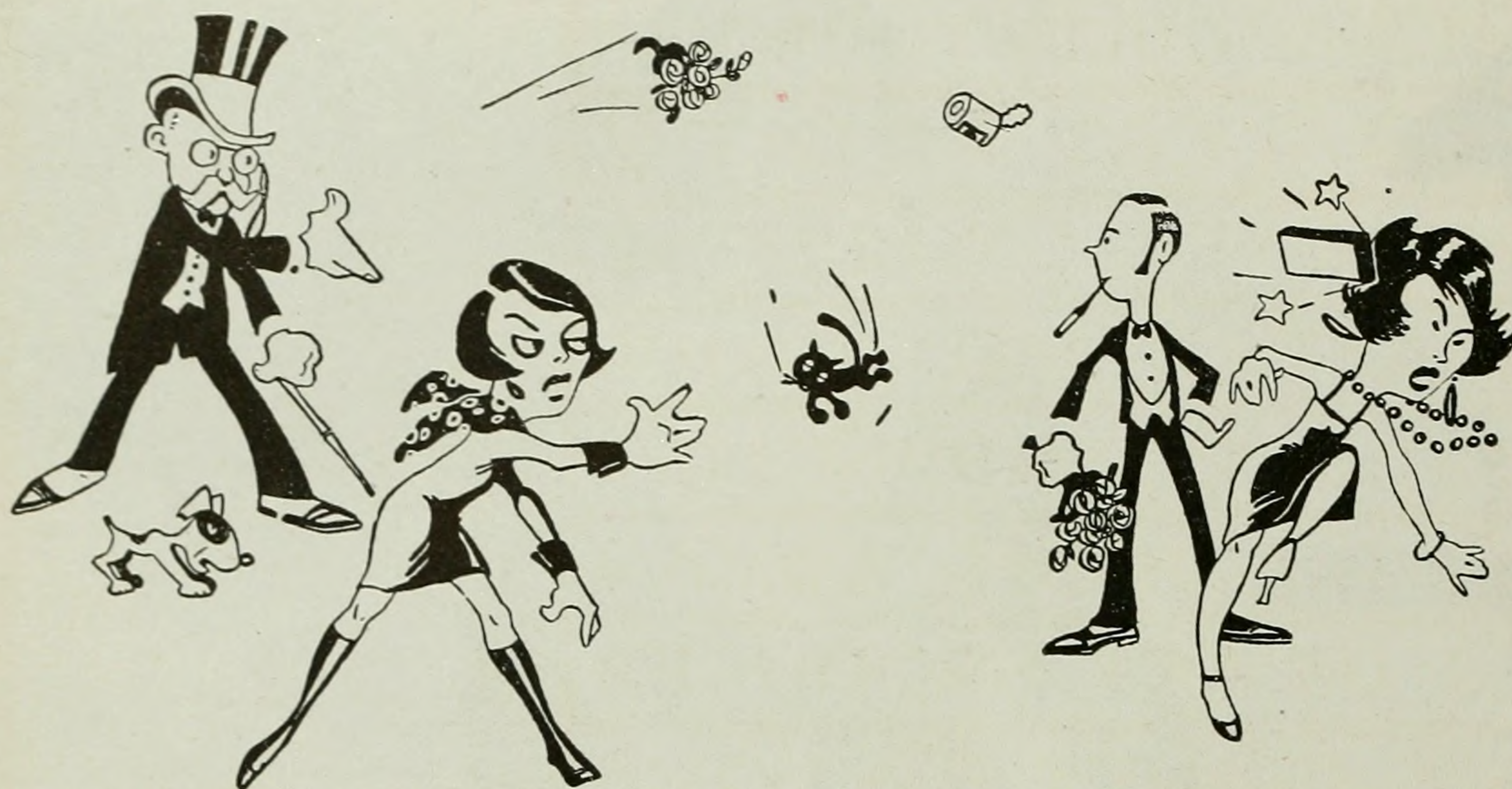
With their men hounded by the police for the theft of the Carson jewels, Dorothy Dwan and Dorothy Appleby set their wits to work to get them out of the net.

ANOTHER GREAT



PRODUCTION

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

"SEVENTH Heaven" is still in its seventh heaven of popularity. And Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have been fairly smothered with flowers. Next in popularity among the current pictures is "The Last Command" and Emil Jannings has jumped up among the favorites.

"The Big Parade," "Beau Geste," and "Sorrell and Son" are still inspiring many letters, with John Gilbert, Lon Chaney and Charles Rogers leading the male stars. Greta Garbo and Clara Bow are easily the feminine favorites.

PHOTOPLAY received last month letters from every state in the Union, as well as from readers in England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Japan and Sumatra.

Strangely enough, the pictures most praised are those with an unhappy ending, while the farce comedies are most vigorously panned. How come?

This is *your* department. Your likes and dislikes influence the trend of the movies. And these pages offer you the opportunity of expressing your opinion where it will do the most good.

\$25.00 Letter

Canton, Pa.

We read so many bouquets about screen personalities, and some of us try to observe our type and imitate it. I should like to give a bouquet to those who plan the settings for the pictures, because these trained decorators are helping us to develop our own personalities and are influencing us in giving our homes personality and charm.

Few of us can afford to have an interior decorator, but we do gain valuable help along this line from moving pictures. We learn where to place certain kinds of tables to make them useful as well as ornamental; how to distribute the larger pieces of furniture in order to give a room balance and harmony; where and how to hang pictures to the best advantage; different ways of arranging the little things, ash trays, lamps, flowers and all the details which make a house truly a home.

Surely, if we are subconsciously cultivating a taste for beauty, thus enriching our own personalities and creating homes with personality, we should be thankful to those who are

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write to 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.

responsible for this part of the work in producing moving pictures.

KATHRYN M. BEAM.

\$10.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

Inasmuch as college life stories are being constantly exploited before the public, we students at the University of California thought it might interest readers of PHOTOPLAY to know of an episode that is a regular occurrence at our Sorority house.

One of the duties of our pledges is to supply the house with three magazines, one of which is PHOTOPLAY. The day that PHOTOPLAY appears on the newsstands, the pledges buy a copy and turn it over immediately to a committee which we call our Movie Committee. This committee reads all the reviews carefully and a discussion ensues. A chart is then mapped out, which contains a list of pictures to be seen that month, one for each week, which, as far as possible we attend *ensemble*.

In addition, a list of other possibilities is pasted for the benefit of those who might want an extra indulgence or for those able to grab a "date." When the committee is finished, the magazine is placed carefully on the library table. It takes about a tenth of a second for someone to see it there, and then

war is declared! We only fight once a month and that is when PHOTOPLAY arrives.

MARGRATHA ERNEST.
Secretary, Alpha Gamma.

\$5.00 Letter

Toronto, Canada.

I first saw "Seventh Heaven" in a little Canadian town. It was an early Sunday evening in July, and, with my little grandson, a boy of ten years, I was on my way to church. We sat down to rest on a bench in the town park. It faced the "Theatre Royale" in whose entrance the sign "Seventh Heaven—Today" brazenly proclaimed that we were in Quebec.

The boy followed my wandering eye from the gay little theater to the distant spire of the English church. Evidently scenting weakness in my perfectly good church-going habit, he said, "Oh, Gran, wouldn't it be lovely to be a French-Canadian on Sunday night and go to the movies?" Suddenly the desire came to me to experiment.

It was hot and close outside, cool and dark and full of mystery within, where we sat hand in hand and watched this marvellous Lesson in Hope. No sermon ever has affected me as did that picture, and I have listened to them in some of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world.

When we got outside, I said, "Well, is that better than church?" And he answered, "I think it teaches you more." To my question "How?" he answered, "Well, always to look up."

Could you find a better lesson in the whole world to teach a boy of ten?

ELIZABETH WATKINS.

Every Woman a Heroine

Kansas City, Kans.

Many a tired housewife would let her appearance go, were it not for a vision she has carried with her from a movie. So she sucks the juice of a lemon, wipes the ugly stains from her fingers with the rind, brushes her hair till it shines, and puts on her most slenderizing dress. As she admires her efforts, she decides that she, too, can still be a heroine—of Love.

MRS. MYRTLE E. MILLER.
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

THE BIG PARADE

ONCE AGAIN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

BEN-HUR WEST POINT

HAS CLOSED THE SEASON, 1927-28

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT

WITH THE MOST OUTSTANDING LIST

BABY MINE THE DIVINE WOMAN

OF SUCCESSES OF ANY PRODUCER

THE STUDENT PRINCE LOVE

OF PICTURES IN THE INDUSTRY

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

M-G-M HAS HAD MORE BIG HITS,

THE ENEMY THE SMART SET

BIGGER STORIES, BIGGER STARS,

THE FAIR CO-ED THE CROWD

THAN ANY MOTION PICTURE COMPANY

THE BIG CITY THE PATSY

M-G-M GIVES YOU THIS PROMISE

JOHN GILBERT GRETA GARBO

FOR THE COMING SEASON, 1928-1929

NORMA SHEARER DANE AND ARTHUR

YOU WILL AGAIN GET THE BEST

MARION DAVIES RAMON NOVARRO

IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

LON CHANEY WILLIAM HAINES

FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN

How Much Can You Remember —for \$50?

YOUR memory is as good as you make it. Test it. See what it can really do. Here, for example, is a chance to test it and to win \$50 in cash for the test. Read over the five questions below. Think back over the M-G-M pictures you have seen or heard about recently and then see how well you can answer the questions. If you see, and remember, you have a good chance to win.

For the man who enters the best answers there is the \$50 cash prize and the cigarette case I carried while I was playing in "The Enemy". For the lady who sends in the best answers there is also a \$50 prize. In addition, Miss Eleanor Boardman, who stars in "The Crowd" offers the handsome hand-bag she wears in the early part of the picture.

Miss Boardman will also give a personally autographed photograph of herself to each of the fifty ladies or men who send in the next best sets of answers.

Your memory counts, not only in this contest but in everything you do. Read over the questions: if the answers do not occur to you immediately think them over and then send in as many answers as you can. Here's luck, and may the best memory win.

Ralph Forbes

Ralph Forbes' Memory Test

- 1 Name the directors of six of the pictures listed in this advertisement.
- 2 What popular comedy team, famous since "The Big Parade", has since been starred in its own pictures?
- 3 Name the part which, in your opinion is best acted in any M-G-M picture listed at the left (aside from the star parts). Give your reasons in 75 words or less.
- 4 In what M-G-M picture is a honeymoon night pictured and under what circumstances?
- 5 Name two recent M-G-M successes based on popular Broadway musical hits.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by May 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

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

Winners of the Norma Shearer Contest of January
ALICE KERFOOT
Riverdale, Maryland
WILLIAM T. TRAGSDOR
Neilsville, Wisconsin

Autographed photographs have been sent to the next 50 prize winners



DRAWING is a way to FORTUNE

ALI HAFED, a Persian, sold his farm and went away to seek his fortune. The man who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth. This old story illustrates a great truth.

Do you like to draw? If you do, you may have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent—your fortune lies in your own hand!

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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.)

***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.)

CUPID'S KNOCKOUT—Hercules.—Just a fair-to-middling comedy, for evenings when you have nothing better to do. (April.)

***CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE**—Sovkino.—A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and technical excellence, never has been surpassed. A marvellous performance by L. M. Leonidoff. If this comes your way, don't miss it. (April.)

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.)

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

***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.)

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

***DOOMSDAY**—Paramount.—Florence Vidor's sympathetic and intelligent portrayal of a farm woman who marries to escape drudgery merits your attention. (April.)

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.)

DRUMS OF LOVE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith tells the Paolo and Francesca legend, but spoils it by changing the locale and by overloading it with pageantry. Mary Philbin branches out with lots of IT and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (April.)

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

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

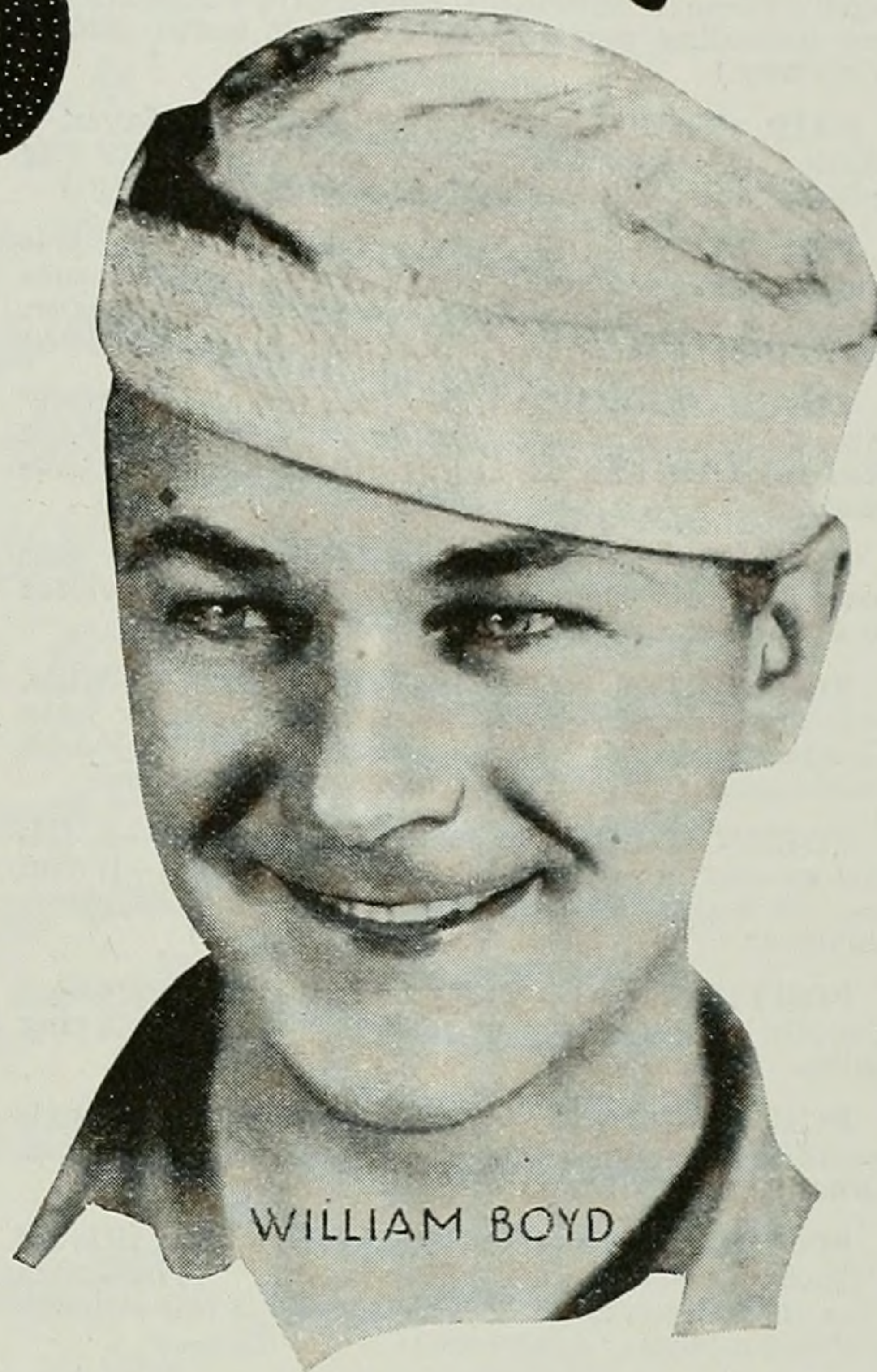
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WILLIAM BOYD "IN" **Skyscraper**

WITH
**ALAN HALE,
SUE CAROL AND
ALBERTA VAUGHN**



SUE CAROL



WILLIAM BOYD



ALAN HALE

He hadn't come to her, so she went to him. He was rough, almost brutal. Pluckily she tried to keep back the tears. Then she saw before him, half hidden, her little photo. He saw her face light up and knew the reason why. He dropped the ashes from his cigarette upon her picture. "All right, Big Boy," she said, with a catch in her throat, "it's O. K. with me," and walked away. Why did he act that way with the girl he loved? Thus harshly he gave her up. Did he get her back?

Pathos, yet with it, roar on roar of laughter!

If you were to tell in detail your idea of your ideal picture you'd be describing something very close to "Skyscraper."

Remembering William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman," "Dress Parade"

and "The Night Flyer" you'll want to see him in this.

He and Alan Hale, the bang-'em and slam-'em rough neck riveters, flirting with death far above the street, always fighting with one another yet inseparable, you'll love them; Sue Carol, who just can't understand why her riveter should pour his heart out to her one minute, then "throw her down" the next; Alberta Vaughn as the girl who didn't much care who the man was so long as she had a man; what a cast it is and how they fit their roles!

You'll love "Skyscraper." Ask at your local theatre when it will be playing.

Adapted by Elliott Clawson and Tay Garnett from the story by Dudley Murphy.



Directed by
HOWARD HIGGIN

 **Pathe** 
Distributors

DE MILLE
Studio Production

The New Shorthand

Easier to learn than stenography... and faster



"In November, a failure . . .
In February, secretary to the President
. . . that is my remarkable story.

"FRANKLY, I was a failure. I had to admit it. No matter how hard I tried for months and months, I could not master shorthand. I simply couldn't learn all those queer signs and symbols. I was earning very little and it looked as if I would never earn any more.

"Then a friend of mine was made secretary to a big executive. I heard what she was earning. I went to her and frankly asked how she did it.

Amazingly Simple

"When she showed me, I was amazed. It was all so simple. She had simply changed from stenography to Speedwriting . . . had learned it almost overnight . . . I profited by her experience and wrote for details about Speedwriting.

Only Three Months

"That was only three months ago. Now everything is so different. Here I am, the girl who thought herself a failure, now secretary to the President, at a salary that surprises me."

Thousands Have Learned

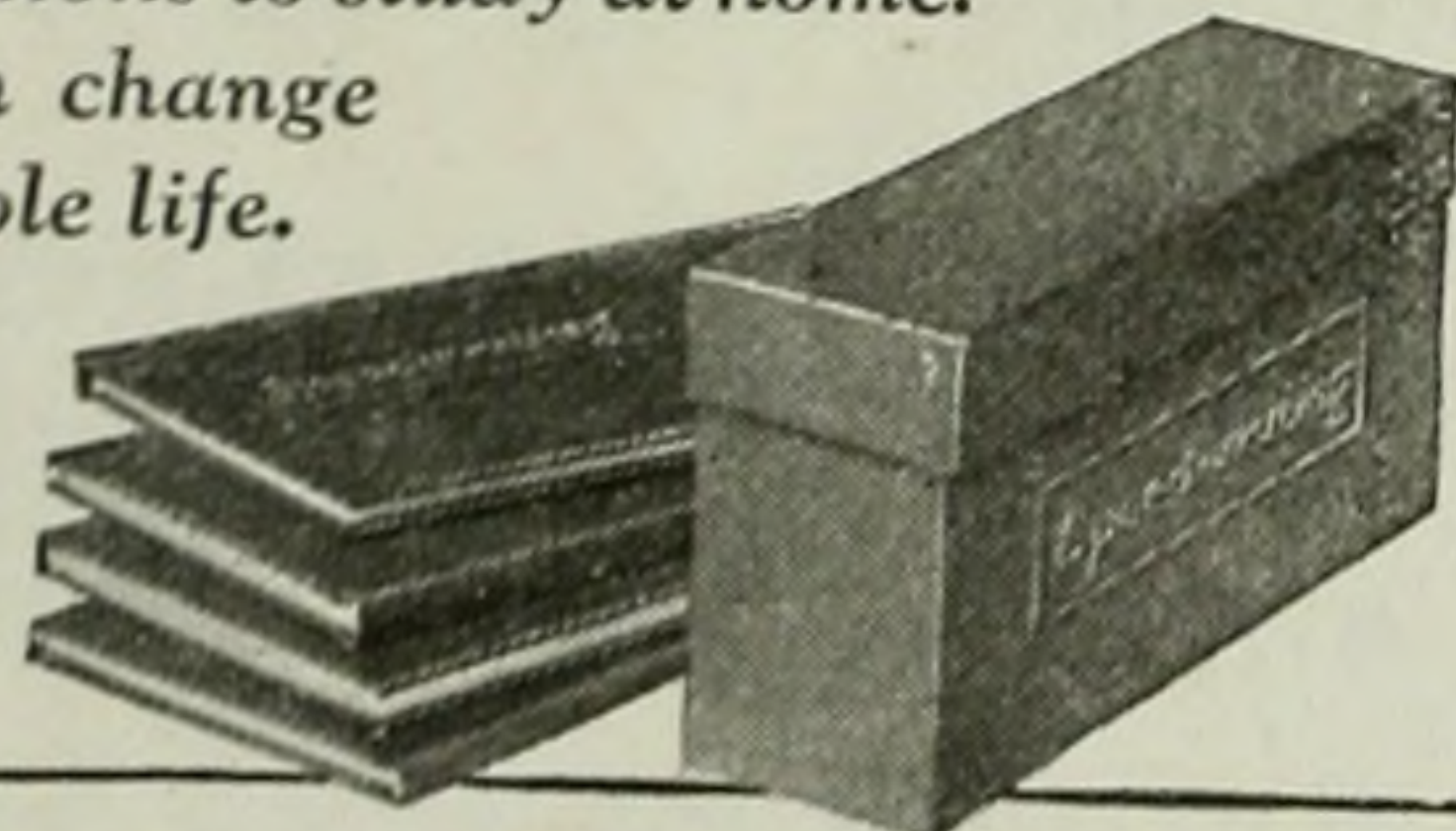
All over the world, Speedwriters astonish experienced people by their speed, accuracy and the ease with which they learn.

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Address.....

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

***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.)

FEEL MY PULSE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is terribly annoyed by William Powell and his rum gang. But Richard Arlen comes to her rescue. Fairly good, but not up to Bebe's standard. (April.)

FIGURES DON'T LIE—Paramount.—A zippy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

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.)

FOREIGN LEGION, THE—Universal.—A follow-up on the popularity of "Beau Geste." If you are just frantic for Legion stories, this is your entertainment. With Norman Kerry. (April.)

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 outvamps the vamp. Swell tramping 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.)

***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.)

***GET YOUR MAN**—Paramount.—Clara Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made especially for Young America. (February.)

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.)

GRAFT—Universal.—Wherein a newspaper reporter, bless his little heart, tries to clean up the big city grafters. Interesting performances by Henry B. Walthall and Lewis Stone. (April.)

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.)

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 GREAT ADVENTURE—A. G. Steen, Inc.—What a stenographer does with one thousand dollars. Below par. (April.)

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.)

HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE—Fox.—A youthful, refreshing story of "prep" school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

HIS COUNTRY—Pathe-De Mille.—Excellent heart interest story by two immigrants, beautifully played by Rudolph Schildkraut and Louise Dresser. Sincere drama. (April.)

HOME MADE—First National.—Johnny Hines pursuing his Art. Some of the "gags" don't belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December.)

HONEYMOON FLATS—Universal.—Clever little comedy of young married life, with George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver. (April.)

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.)

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.)

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason.—This picture—only a two reeler—cost merely one thousand dollars. But it shows so much promise that its producer won a contract for himself on the strength of a pre-view showing. (April.)

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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

What would you give to see another picture like "TOLABLE DAVID"

—with the same thrilling kind of story—in the same setting—with the same lovable sort of lad as the hero—and with RICHARD BARTHELMESS, of course, in the leading role?

You'd give plenty! But you won't have to. For there'll be no advance in prices when your theatre shows "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME"!

A dead ringer for one of the most famous hits in picture history. Mountain madness.... Blood feuds.... Blue grass beauty.... Amazing customs of the hidden people of the Kentucky Hills.— And a nameless kid's game fight to make a name for himself, and his surprising choice between two great loves.

Millions have praised the famous novel. You'll be one of other millions who'll see it on the screen!



First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



RICHARD A. ROWLAND
presents
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in
an ALFRED SANTELL production
The
Little Shepherd OF Kingdom Come
Story by John Fox Jr. vvv
Adaptation & Continuity by
Bess Meredyth

3

sensational hits in quick succession—"The Patent Leather Kid," "The Drop Kick" and "The Noose"—have made Dick Barthelmess the romance hero of the hour!

See

the lovers you loved in "The Patent Leather Kid"—RICHARD BARTHELMESS & MOLLY O'DAY—in their first picture together since that history-making Special.

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

ON

Girls' Problems



as the spectacle of a personality that is vivid and changing.

Then with half an hour of my day thus turned into a good habit—fifteen minutes for physical exercise and fifteen minutes for mental exercise—I'd fight a little for my own popularity. I'd dress as frequently as possible in gay colors and learn to laugh. Wherever I went, I'd act as though I were enjoying myself, no matter how bored I might actually be and I wouldn't sit in a corner and let people forget my very existence.

For myself, I'd rather do the wrong thing at a party than do nothing at all. The girl who stumbles into the potted palms or tumbles the music off the piano—she is laughed at, certainly, but she is also remembered. People will forgive your being incorrect but they will never forgive your being dull.

The truth is that it doesn't matter whether a girl's beauty or brains or blunders provide the good time. All three or any one can make you popular. Beauty has been extolled, brains have been feted and fools have been laughed at and loved for ages. But nobody ever heard of a monument to a girl who was a silent, reproachful wallflower.

WHEN we are afraid of people, we only make them afraid of us. Everyone wants to escape his own shy loneliness. Every one of us, I'm convinced, is an idealist hoping somehow to meet that glamorous delightful person who will persuade us anew that life is a lovely thing.

Virginia can be that person, if she will. We all are and all can be so many personalities. Turn self-consciousness into a consciousness of self. Lift up your heart and mind and chin and say to yourself, "My dear, you are going to make yourself into a very distinguished girl" and you'll find from that moment that more than half the battle is over and more than half your dates to parties are already won.

EVELYNE B., MASS.

Comb your long curls out and roll them into a soft flat line across the entire back of your head, pinning the "bun" close to your head line. This line is not as dignified as that of the hair dressed in a low knot on the neck and you are too young to yearn for dignity. Keep the sides soft about your face. Don't wear fancy combs or pins. Such a coiffure will carry you safely from the "little girl" look you dislike into a sub-deb mode.

H. T., OHIO.

Your "chameleon" eyes, changing color with the dresses you wear, showing light and shade according to the hour, are the loveliest in the world, but I don't like your "sandy" eyelashes. Use a little cosmetic on your lashes and brows. Brown mascara is the best shade for you. Put

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,
I'm in my first year in college, nearly nineteen, called pretty by my friends, have nice clothes and my own car. But I'm very unhappy because I am not popular. Do what I will, I can't seem to become a "party girl." When the boys and girls—this is a co-ed college—get together I'm always left out unless some girl friend gets me a "blind date." Even then I don't score. The mere presence of a boy makes me tongue-tied and silly. I guess I'm just impossible. Is there any help for me?

VIRGINIA B.

THIS is such a common letter. Virginia, poor dear, is feeling the pangs of an inferiority complex, making herself miserable thinking that because she was not born with the kind of charm which automatically makes her the pet of the party she can never acquire it.

It's not true, Virginia. You, or any other girl, can gain charm and personality and popularity. It's only a matter of realizing what you want and having the will to get it.

An Easter display of flowers in a florist's window is beautiful and scented and glowing. But it doesn't just happen. Behind it lies thought and care. Charm and personality are much like that. They must be carefully cultivated and artfully put on display before they become apparent to the passer-by.

Naturally Virginia wants "dates" and hopes that one of those "dates" will find her the girl of girls. But just because Virginia wasn't born one of those darlings of destiny with the gift of inspiring love and admiration—and so few of us are—she mustn't meekly be defeated by it.

If I were Virginia, only nineteen, at college, with youth and education, and life lying open before me—I'd determine to make myself and my life a glorious thing. I'd begin by being humble and honest with myself and dig down deep for charm in routine things, into diet, into exercise, into drinking quarts of water and eating pounds of green vegetables and getting hours of sleep. I'd learn to stand correctly and walk gracefully and study the fashion publications so that no matter how serviceable my clothes might have to be, they would always be

chic. For monotonous and usual as this advice may seem, it must be followed to acquire charm just as a pianist, no matter how gifted, must daily practice five-finger exercises if he is to become a great artist.

That's the physical side. Once I'd conquered that, I'd go after the spiritual—not in the churchly sense entirely—but in the sense of developing one's own consciousness.

IF I were Virginia I'd keep the fires of my imagination burning. A few sentences from a great book—a few lines of poetry—some measures of fine music—or a new cold cream, or a dance step, a parlor trick or a perfume. The gift I'd bring to myself each day need not be serious or "highbrow" so long as daily I gave my mind something to keep it alive. For the mind is so generous that whatever you give it, it in turn gives out to the world. And girls like Virginia need to cast off their shyness and realize that there is no fascination so great

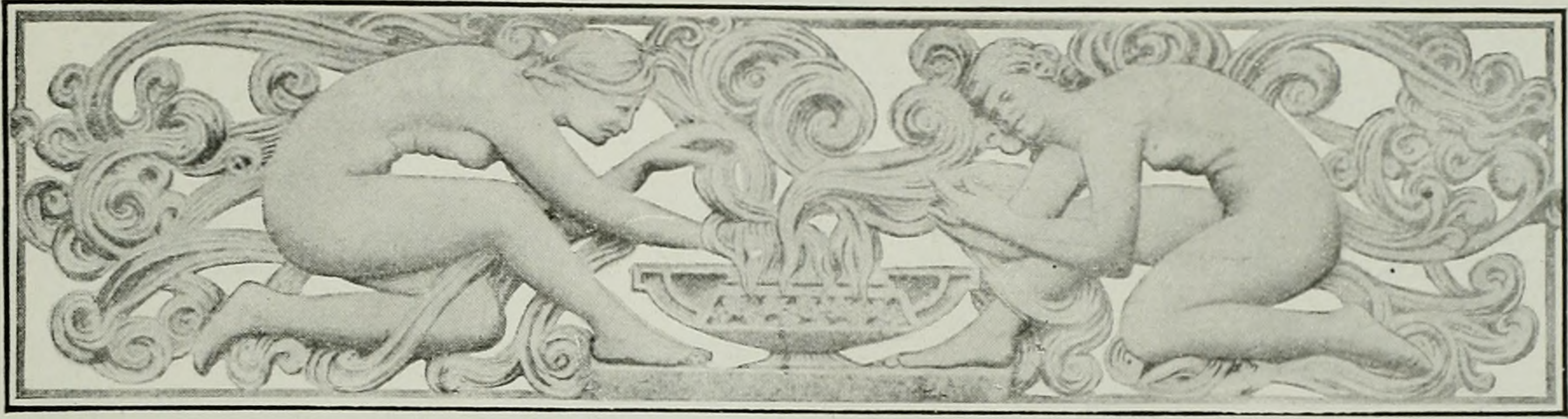
The Party Girl

Is This Month's Problem

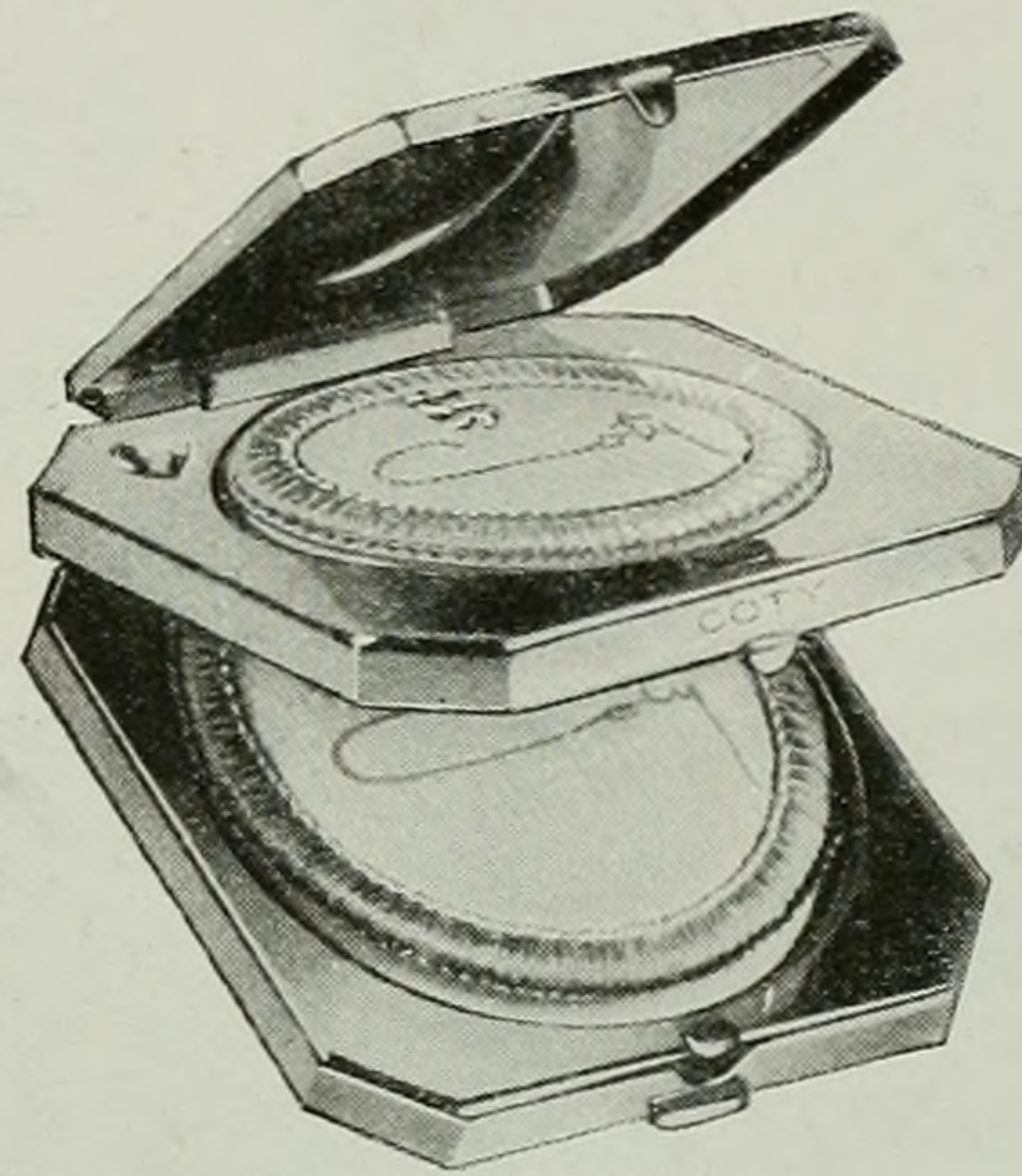
HOW to be the girl who is always invited; how to always have a date; how to get out of the corner and into the spotlight, this problem confronts every girl. But popularity isn't a mystic thing. Its rules are simple and easily mastered. Read those I give you here.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



DOUBLE COMPACTE COTY



*Powder
and Rouge*

NEW—AND EXQUISITELY SMART

*D*oubling the beauty of every lovely face with the glorifying shades of COTY Rouge and Powder. Gracing every charming purse with its chic slim box of platinum tone, with mirrors and dainty puffs— and as lasting as a watch, with Refills for both Powder and Rouge.

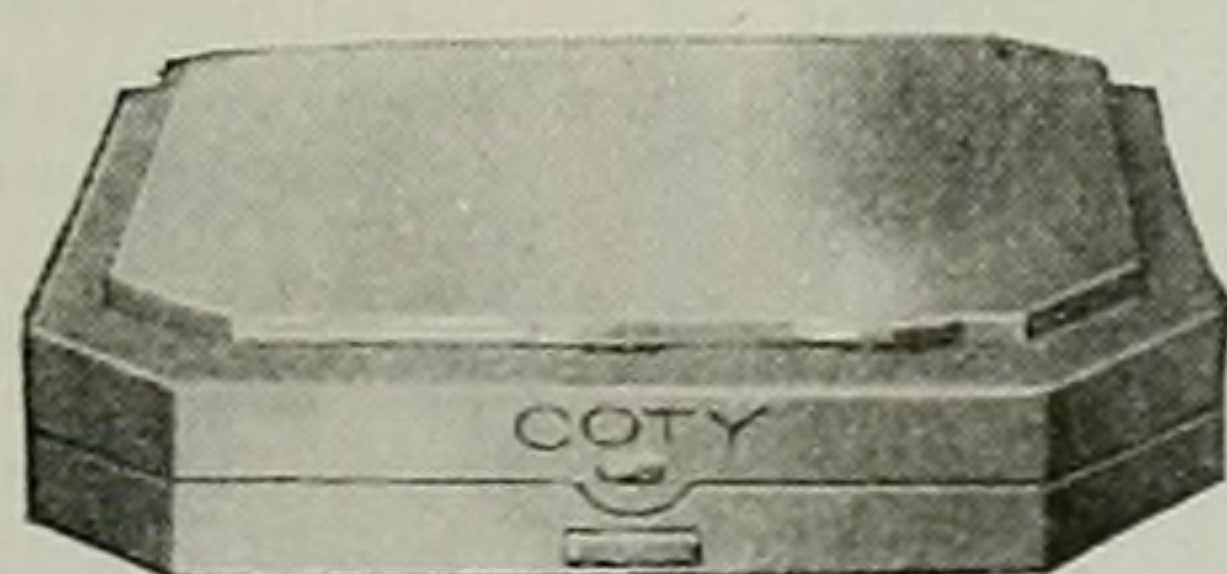
In Two Odeurs
L'ORIGAN AND "PARIS,"

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NATUREL " " with LIGHT, BRIGHT,
MEDIUM OR DARK (Rouge)
RACHEL " " , MEDIUM OR DARK (Rouge)

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"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"

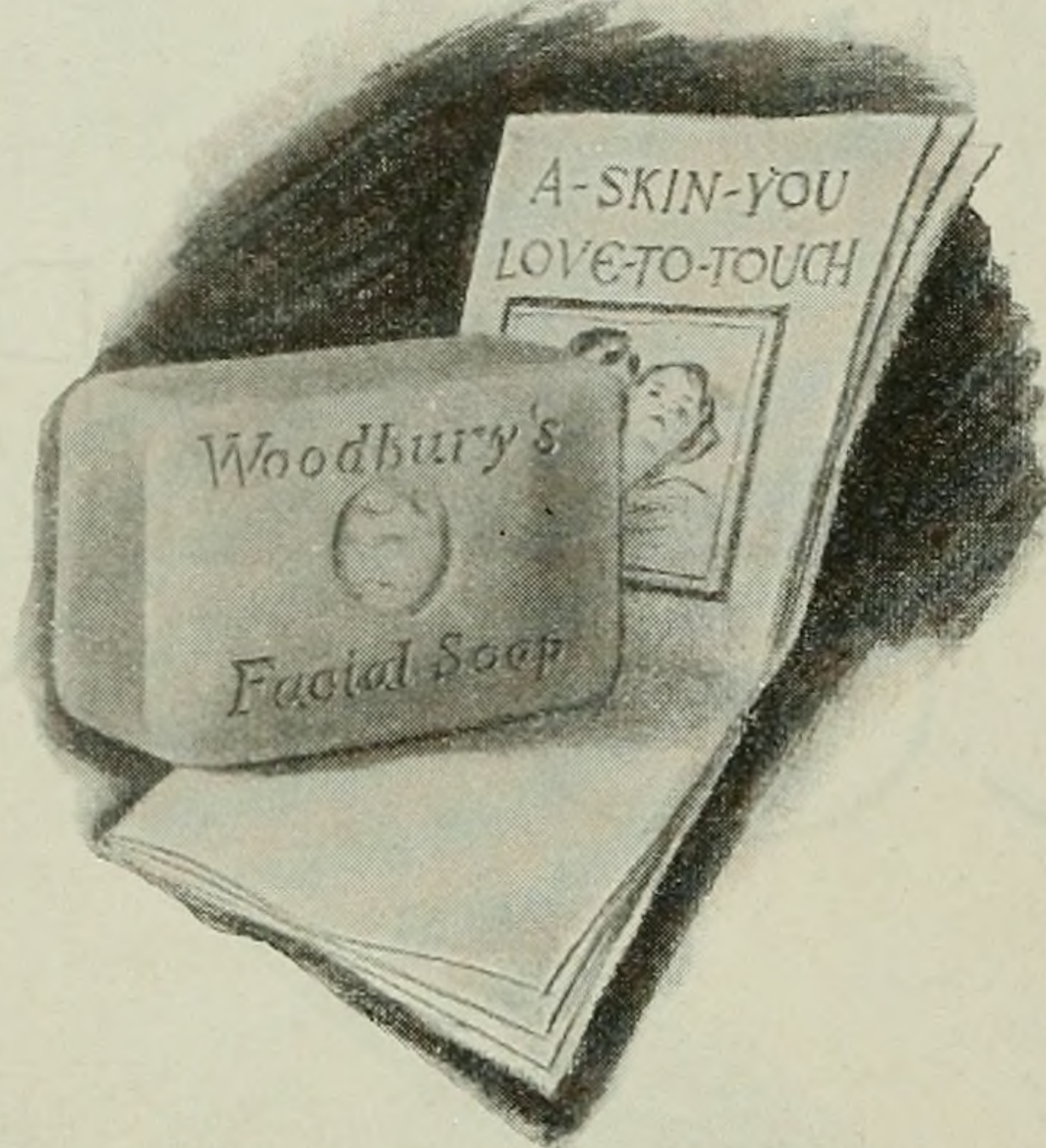
THAT wonderful thing, your skin . . .

So sensitive, so quick to change . . . that even the glance of a person you like can affect it—

Don't treat it as if it were something inanimate—a bit of porcelain, to be washed and put on the shelf; a piece of fabric, to be stretched and pulled and worked on and experimented with.

Trust it to none but the clean, sure methods of science! Care for it in the way the best skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap, the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Thousands of women today are building up a lovely, clear complexion with



In the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's—you will find the right treatment for your skin

Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury skin treatments.

College girls — debutantes — women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most exclusive resorts, are telling in their own words how Woodbury's has helped them to overcome skin troubles and to give their skin a beautiful, clear, smooth texture.

"My doctor advised Woodbury's because my skin is oily." "My doctor recommended Woodbury's to me for acne." "Woodbury's has done wonders for my skin." "Woodbury's makes my skin clearer, my color brighter"—these are characteristic comments—taken from among thousands.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble in the booklet that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you are fortunate enough to have a clear, unblemished skin—you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today—begin, tonight, to give your skin the benefit of this wonderful soap!



Your Woodbury Treatment for Ten Days

NOW THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2209 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, 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, 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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"Who Can Resist It?—The Charm of a Beautiful Skin"



Hommel

NEW PICTURES

FORESHADOWING the return from flapperdom to femininity, or the art of wearing a high hat. Florence Vidor remained immune from the most furious attacks of flapper-mania. Just as Miss Vidor was beginning to think about leaving the screen and all its ways, Emil Jannings selected her to play opposite him in "The Patriot," thus bringing her back to the sympathetic direction of Ernst Lubitsch.



Ball

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille set about immortalizing another river in celluloid—you remember, of course, what he did for the Volga—he chose Leatrice Joy as the ideal girl to waltz to the strains of “The Blue Danube.” This special picture was in answer to Leatrice’s plea for a change from trivial comedies whose only claim to your attention was Leatrice’s beauty. She has been promised other films worthy of her position as one of our best comediennes.



Ball

POSSESSOR of the most beautiful and the most eloquent shoulders on the screen—Greta Nissen. And there is no argument about it. This Greta could no more play a dramatic scene in long sleeves than could the other Scandinavian Greta with a mask over her face. Greta's newest picture is "Hell's Angel." And although she has been in pictures for three years and also played in the "Follies," the hard-hearted girl is still unmarried.



Ball

BEBE DANIELS' career is devoted to the adventures of the tomboy. Her comedies are dedicated to the glorification of the current sport thrill—be it channel swimming or aviation. Sometimes, the game little Bebe risks serious injury. And reducing, for her, is no problem. Bebe's studio life is so strenuous that her chief worry is about getting too thin. Neither married nor engaged; in fact, still Mother's Girl.



Ball

EXPLAIN it, if you can: Billie Dove has been intermittently a star for several years. But the producers were shy of her; she was too beautiful to be popular. First National had faith in Billie's acting ability and decided to star her in a series of pictures designed especially for her. And the results have been surprising. The little girl has made good. And the moral is that you cannot be too beautiful to be popular.



Hommel

JAMES HALL is the boy who has the difficult task of keeping up with Bebe Daniels in her strenuous comedies. He is what all producers are looking for—an ideal leading man. His presence in a picture assures the girls that the romantic interest will never lag. To steal the Answer Man's thunder: He was born in Dallas, Texas, of Irish-American ancestry; he is twenty-seven years old and married to a non-professional.



*The Gossard
Line of
Beauty*

THIS is what the slender Modern wears for grace and chic. It is just a twelve-inch bit of double crepe and fine elastic, soft as the skin it caresses but designed by Gossard! Ask for Gossard Step-in 994 at \$8.50. Uplift Bandeau 1594.

Ask to see these lovely garments.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Sydney, London, Toronto, Buenos Aires

Fashion Experts

who buy for 112 Leading Stores

*insist on Lux
for their
own things*

MILLIONS of dollars a year are entrusted to these clever women—the department store buyers of frocks and blouses, hosiery, underthings, gloves, the wardrobe of American women!

In the fashion centers of the world—New York, Paris, London—they buy tomorrow's styles—the latest thing in colors, in fabrics.

More than any other women—because they buy for *all* women—they must know how lustrous silks and the new sheer woolens, and lovely cotton prints, will wear—how proper washing will guard texture and color, keep them looking *like new*.

America's greatest stores

In 112 of the most important stores in America*—doing over three-fourths of all the large department store business—women buyers told us just how they took care of their own things.

These fashion authorities, knowing that the choice of soap is all-important to the life of fabrics, will take no chances.

And we discovered that for washing their own silks and woolens—

92% of these experts use Lux!

They insist upon Lux for stockings and gloves and lingerie, negligees, sweaters, their sheerest and sturdiest wash frocks.

And they buy it in the familiar blue package found, investigations show, in 8 out of 10 representative homes in cities from coast to coast.



Department stores send their buyers to Paris to choose from the great French couturiers the models and the materials that will please the women of America, the exquisite imported things women love

*Sparkling—bubbling—pure
Lux suds keep nice things new
twice as long!*



*America's leading department stores do a business of 2½ billion dollars annually: and three-quarters of this business is done in the great stores of 26 cities—Boston, Providence, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle.

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

L U X K E E P S F A B R I C S N E W T W I C E A S L O N G

PHOTOPLAY

May, 1928

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

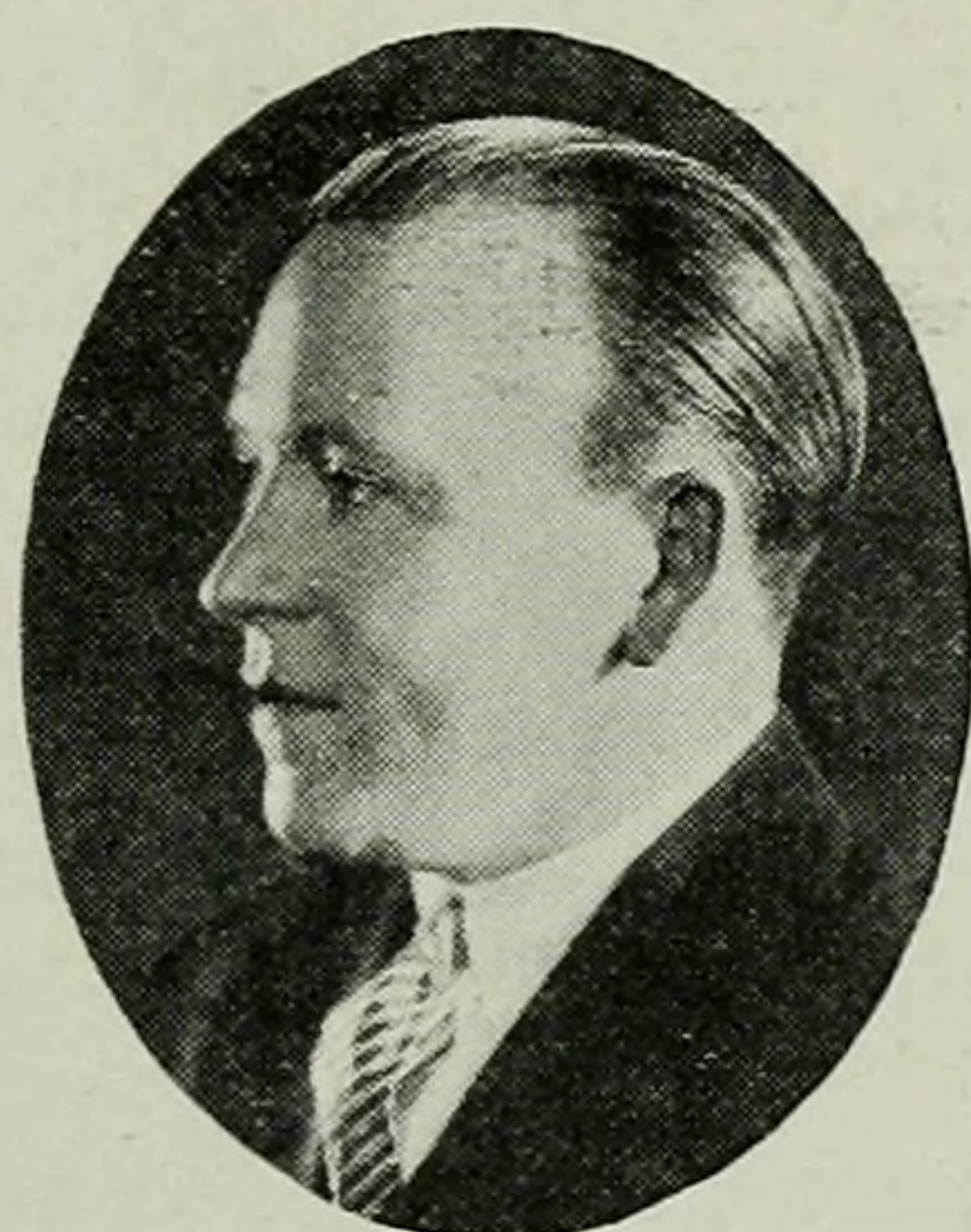
MARK this in your mental notebook. When Cecil B. De Mille releases his next big special picture, "The Godless Girl," it will start more discussion and controversy than his own "King of Kings."

Faint rumblings have already been heard in the premature objections of the organized atheists. The title of the picture indicated to them that the creator of the wonderful film version of the life of Christ was on their trail. They entered their protest with Will Hays, declaring that the screen was moving outside its province when it attacked the theories of those who deny the existence of a God, and insisted that the so-called czar of the movies order its discontinuance.

VERY sensitive, these folks. They take their beliefs or rather their lack of belief too seriously. They protest too much.

C. B. is after something much more immediately important than atheism. "The Godless Girl" is a film based upon reformatories for erring boys and girls. It will be based upon existing conditions in some of these institutions, and will direct the attention of millions of people, hundreds of newspapers and many state legislatures to the care and treatment of these unfortunates who have been segregated in juvenile prisons.

RARELY do we give them a thought. Newspapers seldom refer to them. Legislative committees make annual but casual inspec-



tions. Yet many celebrated criminologists declare that corrective measures in the young may be the solution of the great crime problem. Thousands of young lives and souls are at stake and it is notorious that in some instances brutality, ignorance, politics, incompetence, and utter lack of human understanding

and sympathy turn loose hardened criminals, filled with hate and desire for revenge on the society that incarcerated and ruined them mentally and physically.

Most of these state reformatories are well conducted, but a few of them are so intolerable that they are a disgrace to modern civilization.

"THE GODLESS GIRL" will focus the attention of the world on methods of correction of juvenile delinquency and on the plight of those unfortunates who, through baleful environment or defective mentalities, pass through our courts to institutions which often cripple for life through mistaken methods of re-establishment of manhood and womanhood.

This is just another indication that we are on the verge of a great discovery of vastly greater significance than Edison's invention of the motion picture.

THE influence of the screen on styles, manners, architectural vogues, interior decorations, foreign trade, and even speech is today recognized in only a desultory way. As yet we have noted merely the surface indications, the outcropping of gold in the rocks.

WE have been so concerned with the function of the screen as a medium of entertainment that we have not attempted to probe its field of possible usefulness. We hear of the attempts of foreign governments to restrict the importation of American films into their countries and colonies, but we have not yet heard of the underlying reason for these embargoes.

It goes far beyond industrial competition. The real reason is that these governments feel that pictures are Americanizing their people and their colonies, and that pictures made in Hollywood are influencing in a subtle but positive manner, through the eye and in a universal mode of expression, the adoption of American styles, manners, modes of living, and standards of moral behavior, the inhabitants of all climes.

THE British government is keenly aware of the commercial effects of American films and the other countries of Europe are very conscious of the influence on their young people. Girls in Berlin and Paris and Rome carry photographs of their cinema favorites, clipped from magazines and newspapers, into barber shops as style guides for the bobbing of their hair.

There are thousands of little Glorias, Colleens, and Polas to be seen on the streets of all European cities. The young men of the middle classes of the Balkan countries take Harold Lloyd as their model. The effect when they take Harold seriously as a clothes model is ridiculous, but this is nevertheless the case.

It is also a fact borne out by reports of our commercial attaches and trade commissioners that people of all oriental countries are dressing more and more after the manner of American film stars.

FEW of our films are shown in Russia, and only ones that do not visualize joyfully our national prosperity, happiness, and comparatively luxurious manner of living. The Soviet government worries more about American films than any other agency that might cause unrest among the peasants.

Witness this cable dispatch to American newspapers dated only a few days ago: "Moving pictures are putting high toned ideas into the heads of Russia's one hundred and twenty million peasants. The peasants want to dress like the heroes they see upon the screen. They are grumbling about their sheepskin jackets, sandals made of bark and cloth leggings wrapped about with heavy twine. They want shoes like Fairbanks'. The demand for leather has so increased that the Soviet leather factories are unable to supply it without disrupting the entire industrial budget. British distributors of tanning extract have just received a record order of three quarters of a million dollars from the Soviets."

CAN you imagine what is going to happen if twenty million Olgas make life miserable for twenty million Ivans because they cannot bob their hair, wear comfortable high skirts, and good looking leather shoes? Why, within a few years the Olgas would be demanding bathrooms and if the Soviet government, which has charge of all the factories, could not provide them with modern plumbing and automobiles there would be another Russian revolution.

And as yet we have made no search for the main lode of this amazing influence. Perhaps we shall soon realize that, if the motion picture can be used to promote

national unity in enthusiasm for dress, as was the case in the country mentioned, it may be possible to bring about international peace and consolidate the whole world in spiritual harmony.

AN English lady of consequence has been appointed official censor of etiquette for British motion pictures. They do not intend to permit those amazing lapses of manners that they say characterize American films. Now, if they can only solve the trifling problem of appointing an official somebody who can make pictures that their own audiences will patronize, everything is settled.

"THE BIG PARADE" was responsible for two things. It started a string of war pictures, and it originated the vogue of the supervisor.

If you ask in Hollywood what a supervisor is you are apt to get the classic answer, "A supervisor is a man who thinks he knows what he wants but cannot spell it." Allstudio lots affect supervisors like leading men who used to sport open shirts and directors who wore riding boots and white helmets, that is, all except two or three where the producers are not busy learning California politics or playing the stock market.

THEY are chaps who have never been successful as directors or writers, but who are relatives of high officers in the legion of yes men. They are supposed to supervise the work of highly paid directors and authors, but they are as economically essential as fifth wheels or as second pairs of suspenders. Often they try to hide their shame under other studio titles.

These birds are the pariahs of the industry, have no caste within studio circles and for lack of human society are usually seen wandering about or lurching in groups. Supervisors are rarely invited out, and, as a rule, carry heavy canes for self protection.

In the course of a friendly argument at the Montmartre restaurant recently I heard Ray Griffith, superb actor and famous wag, unintentionally and in a spirit of fun call Al Cohn, successful screen writer, a supervisor.

Cohn leaped from his seat, his face blazing.

"Damn you," he cried, "smile when you say that, and never say it again."

THE producer sensation of today is Winfield R. Sheehan, the miracle man of Hollywood. Sheehan is a new type, a business man who spent ten years building up a strong distributing and sales organization for William Fox before he came West to make pictures. His first group included "What Price Glory" and "Seventh Heaven," great box office successes, and "Sunrise," one of America's greatest artistic triumphs. His latest, "Dressed to Kill," is another outstanding success.

Sheehan is the one man boss of his lot. He works fifteen hours a day but he holds few conferences. He insists that his staff prepare a picture thoroughly on paper, thus eliminating uncertainty of result. Sheehan is more than a hard boiled business man. However, he knows life. He knows men. He was born with a sense of dramatic and emotional values.

Next month PHOTOPLAY will give you a sketch of this man's unusual personality and background. It will prove that one good cook makes a better broth than a hundred supervisors.



Ruth Harriet Louise

LON CHANEY joins the ranks of those noble but wistful heroes who laugh—ha-ha-ha-ha—to conceal a broken heart; who joke with a sob in their voices; who lose the girl to a prettier fellow. The picture is "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," a story of the painted people of circus life.

A Habsburg

The Capital of Motion Pictures Is Viewed by an Observing Royal Extra

THIS article by the Archduke Leopold has two points of striking interest. It was written—every single word—by the Archduke himself. It was first written in German, a language with which the Archduke is more familiar than our own, and afterwards translated into English.

Then, too, the article reveals in remarkable fashion how a member of a royal family could understand the problems of the minor movie employees in Hollywood. The Archduke, who lived in Hollywood for six months and himself worked in several films as an extra, was able to appreciate and sympathize with the thousands of actors and minor workers who are hoping eternally for the break that will bring fame and fortune.

According to the *Almanach de Gotha*, the Archduke Leopold-Marie-Alphonse-Blanche-Charles-Antoine-Beatrice-Raphael-Michel-Joseph-Pierre-Ignace was born on January 30, 1897. He was married in Vienna in 1919 to Dagmar, Baroness Nicholics-Podrinska. He has one daughter, seven years old.

The Archduke Leopold is a grand-nephew of Emperor Franz Josef and a cousin of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary, Charles I. He served with distinction as a captain in the Austrian army on the Italian front and was twice wounded. He received a number of decorations for bravery in action.

The Archduke, who is the first Habsburg to visit America, is now writing a book on his American adventures. His Hollywood experiences will constitute an important chapter.

—The Editor.

EVERYTHING that I had read or seen depicted in Europe about Hollywood gave me the impression that this city had become the Latin Quarter of the United States. Therefore, when making my itinerary for my visit to America, I included a stay of several days in Hollywood, assuring myself that I would enjoy the carefree and Bohemian life of the film actors.

But my first direct contact with Hollywood gave me a distinct sense of disillusionment. Mercury seemed to play an important rôle in Southern California and I feared that the business manager of the Gods oppressed the more inspired Muses.

My introduction to Hollywood came about in this way: When I was in New Orleans, I received a telegram from Herr Ben Westland, the ambitious young publicity manager for Eric Von Stroheim. The telegram asked me if I would inspect Stroheim's new picture, "The Wedding March," in which not only my great-uncle, Emperor Franz Josef I, but

also many of my other relatives are represented by actors.

I knew that Stroheim was anxious to get a favorable judgment about this part of the film from a member of the Imperial House. I decided, therefore, to visit the studio unannounced, in order to get an unbiased impression.

Two weeks later, I arrived in Los Angeles at one o'clock in the afternoon. At three o'clock, I was at Stroheim's studio. As Stroheim had not seen the evening paper, which told of my arrival, I took him by complete surprise.

My secretary found Stroheim in the midst of the work of cutting "The Wedding March." It was a very hot day and the director was working without collar or coat, drinking ice water and, I might as well say, perspiring fiercely. The interruption, caused by the appearance of my secretary, did not seem to please him at all. He only growled, "What do you want?"

"Are you von Stroheim, the film director?"

"Yes."

"I am Neuhardt, Secretary of His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Leopold. His Imperial Highness will be here immediately."

WHEN my secretary introduced me to Stroheim, he was still speechless, and it took me a half hour to pacify him so that he would show me "The Wedding March."

Later when we sat down to a hastily prepared dinner, when I saw the careless ways of his assistants and when the conversation became more lively and informal, I began to feel that Hollywood, after all, was not Wall Street and that the easy-going ways of the theater still survive in the studios.

During the next few weeks, this impression became even more vivid. Like most visitors, we were shown the make-believe villages of the studios and we saw something, too, of the life that goes on in these villages. So, in my first casual glimpse of Hollywood, I formed the opinion of the majority of visitors, who have only a superficial knowledge of the film city. Work seems like play. The flirtations, the high salaries, all the details of the lives of the players are subjects of interest all over the world. In those first weeks, too, I met the stars and the powers of the film industry. When I visited the studios, the work ended with a luncheon or dinner, in which the actors, actresses, directors and those concerned with making the picture were guests. If I visited the studios when scenes were being filmed at night, the work ended in a general supper, at which genuine French champagne usually was served.

I can readily understand why so many young men and women, in all parts of the world, want to try their luck in Hollywood. Unfortunately, they hear only of the happier side of its life.

It is not easy for the stranger to learn the true conditions in the film city. Only after I myself became an active worker in the studios, did I have a chance to look behind the scenes of Hollywood life.

At the left is a reproduction of part of the first page of the Archduke Leopold's original manuscript, written in German. The Habsburgs trace their line back to the Roman emperors. Archduke Leopold is the first to visit America

Von Seiner kaiserlichen Hoheit, Erzherzog Leopold
von Osterreich.

Alles was in Europa über Hollywood geschrieben und gezeigt wurde, hatte in mir den Eindruck erweckt, dass dieses Filmzentrum der Welt ein stadtgewordenes Quatier Latin der Vereinigten Staaten sei. Schon bei der Zusammenstellung meiner Reiseroute in Europa

Sees Hollywood

By
His Imperial Highness,
Archduke Leopold
of Austria

Perhaps the chief reason why it is so hard for the outsider to understand Hollywood lies in the fact that it has two classes, the workers and the idlers. "No work,"—that is a hard phrase anywhere. In the film capital, it is especially bitter.

When production is slow, the casual workers are forced to economize. Good quarters are exchanged for cheaply furnished rooms. Friends live together to save on rent. Automobiles, jewelry and radios are offered for sale. Twenty-five cents buys a breakfast; thirty dollars a month pays the room rent. And during the hard times, the young girls are the principal sufferers. They have to watch their step, lest they slip.

There are two questions which the outsider might ask: Why don't people with high salaries save for the rainy day which they know is inevitable? Why do they not seek steady employment elsewhere?

You will find the answers partly in the mental attitude of the workers themselves and in the economic situation in the city.

To be easy-going and improvident is, perhaps, inherent in the psychological make-up of those who consider themselves actors. Artists, or those who imagine they are, are poor figurers in any part of the world. In Hollywood, when times are hard, the artist faces a period of constantly growing debts and, when he finds work, it takes him a long time to get on his feet again. Naturally, whether he works or not, he must have new clothes. And when he catches up with his debts and might be able to save, work may be scarce again. So it goes, in a circle.

Even when he has an opportunity of saving money, the average worker in Hollywood will not do it. He constantly hopes that, with his next engagement, he will get a long contract and all his financial troubles will be ended.

Statistics show that the average actor or extra player without a contract—and these are in the majority—works for three months and looks for work for nine months. To live up to the American standard outside of the studio, it is necessary for him to receive four times as much as the average worker, during the times when he is employed.

I WILL make two comparisons which illustrate why there is so much misery in Hollywood among players without contracts.

The work of an extra may be compared with that of a common laborer. Such a laborer, on the Coast, earns from \$3.00 to \$5.00 a day. An extra makes from \$7.50 to \$12.00 a day. The yearly income of the laborer, who is employed steadily, is \$1,460. The yearly income of the extra, who is employed only casually, is \$900 on the average.

If we take an actor who plays small parts but who has no contract and compare him with a bookkeeper, we find that the bookkeeper receives from \$150 to \$250 monthly; the actor earns from \$150 to \$250 a week. But, again owing to the uncertainty of the work, their yearly incomes are about the same—\$2,400. And here it might be well to state that a bookkeeper in the U. S. is about the poorest paid functionary.

Now for the answer to the second question: Why doesn't the actor or the extra look for other work?



George Walters, Wescosco Atelier, Los Angeles

Archduke Leopold
of Austria

First,—psychology again—if a person has a concrete vocation he very seldom has any ambitions to become an actor or an extra. The result is that the actors, as a rule, are not able to fill other positions satisfactorily.

And secondly, the positions outside of the studios in Hollywood or in Los Angeles are generally so overfilled that it is almost useless to look for another job.

Hollywood, however, has one feature that is good. It laughs and brings luck. That is, when Hollywood works. During times of plenty, the artists live and let live. Debts are paid (perhaps I should have mentioned this last), better living quarters are rented, new automobiles and new clothes are purchased and the hard times are soon forgotten. And those warning voices which remind one to save money are drowned out by the desire for a good time, by the feeling that a long contract may be just ahead.

When times are flush, dance halls and theaters are overcrowded; new automobiles may be seen in the quiet spots along the ocean front; the bootleggers have a glorious time.

The average actor or extra only enjoys these golden conditions for a short time. For him the good times are seldom lasting. A small percentage of them, through luck, ability or other circumstances—and these are the three chief factors to be considered—may manage to get a long term contract. But the percentage is very small. I am sorry [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



“**I**F you want to get a moral out of my life story,” says Evelyn Brent, “just say that suicide doesn’t pay. It’s foolish. Every time I tried it, the next day something splendid happened. You get just so low in life and then something good is sure to happen. Suicide doesn’t help any. If you succeed you pass out and never know the break that is just around the corner.”

Suicide Never Pays

Evelyn Brent, who tried it twice in despair at ill luck, says "DON'T!"

By Ruth Biery

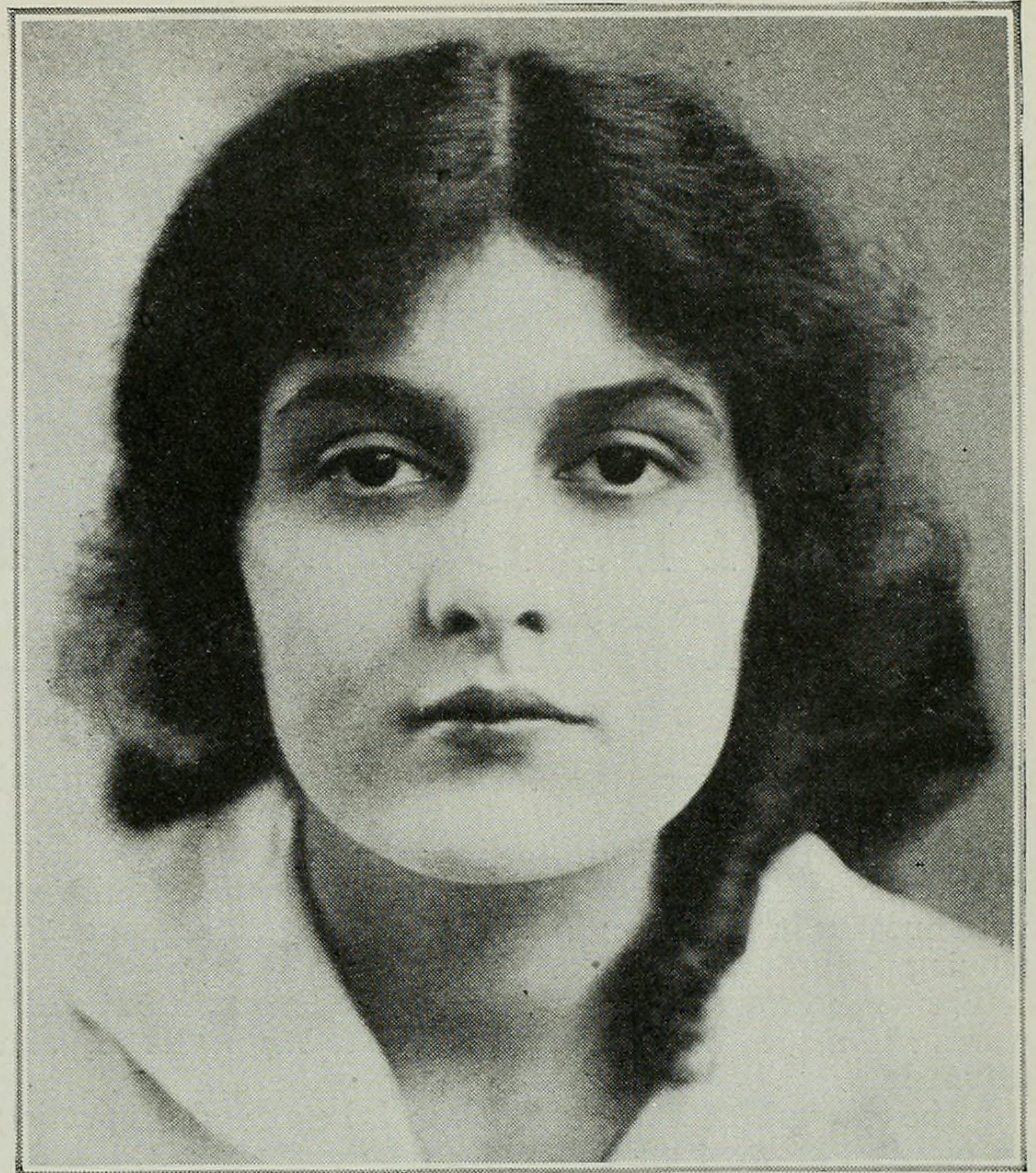
EVELYN BRENT has signed a contract with the Paramount-Famous-Lasky organization. It is not the usual Hollywood six months make-good-if-you-can proposition, but a straight one year dotted-line understanding, with options for the four years thereafter. And when we tell you that one thousand dollars of Evelyn's salary automatically goes into a trust fund each week, where she has no opportunity to spend it, you will realize that here is one of the few girls in this movie-mad city who is not worrying about the question "Are the Stars Doomed?" She is financially independent.

Probably there are some who will sigh with envy as they read this statement. As I sat with her in that luxurious own-your-own apartment, with its chic, novel appointments, I, myself, thought, "Well, here, at least, is one girl who has been thoroughly lucky. One girl who will not need sympathy or tears of understanding."

Ah, how premature, such a feeling.

I wonder if there are any folk in the Cinema City, who really do not need sympathy and understanding? Certainly not the dark-eyed, black bobbed Evelyn of this story.

She sat very still, a diminutive figure in dull gray, as she told us the facts of her life which have never before been told to any human being.



Evelyn Brent, as she looked when she first broke into motion pictures at Fort Lee. Many heart-aches were ahead but now Miss Brent is happy. "It's taken me twenty-six years but I've gotten there. Anyone else can do the same thing without being half as foolish"

It was to be Evelyn's first day in school in Brooklyn, New York. She was fourteen years old, but felt many years older as she stooped to kiss her little grandmother and pale, worn-out mother goodbye in that nondescript apartment which they had taken upon their arrival from Florida a few months before.

"Remember, Evelyn," her mother's voice broke as she whispered, "we want our girl to have the same education and advantages, as though father had lived to protect her."

Evelyn nodded, and rushed down to the street before anything more could be added. As long as she was in sight of those second story windows, she hurried; but as soon as she had rounded the corner, her pace slackened. Her mind began to work over her family problems.

"There's no use of my going to school," she argued. "I'm going to have to work sooner or later. It might as well be sooner."

"Gee, life is funny." Her mind skipped back a few years. Daddy busy with his horses; mother happy with her house-keeping; she, herself, running about under the great palms of a Florida city. Always the same until that one day. Then—Why did such things have to happen? She could see mother, now, working happily in the kitchen. Father was in the stables. The door opened. A group of men entered—laid down the body of her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Now Evelyn Brent is happy with a new year's contract—with options for four more years. You will next see her opposite Adolphe Menjou in "A Date With a Duchess"

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



UNHAPPY

The Doctor Analyzes the Minority That Cannot Enjoy the Movies

FRANKLY, I feel sorry for the people who cannot stand the movies.

And there are such, too, strange as it may seem.

Some months ago I heard one woman commiserate with another in this wise: "I wish I could get the fun out of moving pictures that you do."

The second woman made no reply at the moment but afterwards she made the following remarks to me personally and privately.

"The reason Mrs. D. talks that way is because she is putting on airs." She went on to relate.

"She likes to pretend that she is above such democratic entertainment as the movies. She wants to make one believe that she enjoys only opera and Ibsen and Shaw and Strindberg. If Reinhardt were to become a moving picture producer I suppose she'd go to see his pictures, not because of what he might be showing, but simply because it would be Reinhardt."

And then she concluded with a sarcastic tone, "I think Mrs. D. is an awful poser!"

Well, maybe Mrs. D. is a poser. Maybe she doesn't want to admit she likes pictures the way the majority of us do because of some queer notion that such commonplace taste would be a blot upon the escutcheon of her dignity.

Nevertheless, there are people, not only women but men as well, who are not posing when they say they do not and cannot enjoy pictures.

They really mean it. They are sincere about it.

And such people suffer!

I, personally, feel sorry for them!

But suppose we leave out of consideration for a moment the posers and the humbugs—the people who "put on airs." I will speak of them a little later because they are really of interest, especially from a psychological viewpoint.

LET us first examine a little into those individuals who honestly and genuinely possess refined feelings and caviar tastes as regards their longings for art—those highbrow folk.

I have talked with many such persons and I have come to designate them, in my own mind at least, as unhappy highbrows.

I recall attending a photoplay with a couple of that type who happened to be my guests from out-of-town. Before we went to the picture they admitted the movies held no interest for them and that they had not gone to more than a half dozen during their entire lives.

But they were eager to

see one of the famous picture palaces in New York City they had read so much about. Secretly, I hoped they might enjoy themselves better than they anticipated. I knew that pictures had made a decided advance in artistic presentation which they were ignorant of.

Frankly, the screen story was one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It was tense, vivid, colorful. It had plenty of suspense. There was romance and sentiment. It was well acted and directed. It even carried a theme that was worthy of serious thought. It was "What Price Glory." I felt that my friends would at last change their minds about not liking pictures. But I was doomed to disappointment. They marveled at the gorgeous grandeur of the picture house and they also commented favorably upon a vaudeville act that preceded the movie and which concerned itself with aesthetic dancing. But they still held to the notion that photoplays could never be for them.

THAT evening we discussed quite frankly the whys and wherefores in reference to their inability to enjoy pictures.

Said the husband: "I would like to make it clear, doctor, that I do not try deliberately to resist getting whatever pleasure I might from a picture show. The fact is, I have tried. But my training has been such that I incline markedly toward what, for want of a more specific term, I would call 'the better things' in the diversion and entertainment line.

"I never attend a play unless it has been running for some time and I feel quite certain, from the reviews that I have read, that it won't be an evening wasted. The same holds true of books. And so far as photoplays are concerned, I don't think

I could ever enjoy them."

To all of this his wife echoed assent. If anything, she was even more of a literary person than was her professorial husband.

These well-meaning and sincere people had found themselves unable to enjoy screen entertainment which daily affords gratifying pleasure to millions of people throughout the world.

AT a movie show they were like fish out of water.

That is what education, culture and refinement had done for them!

Their trained minds and emotions made them exceptional. It cut down their enjoyment possibilities.

But does education, culture and refinement, really make you content after all?

I know it is supposed to, but does it?

Is it actually a fact that a longing for the very best—

"THERE are well meaning and sincere people who find themselves unable to enjoy screen entertainment which daily affords gratifying pleasure to millions.

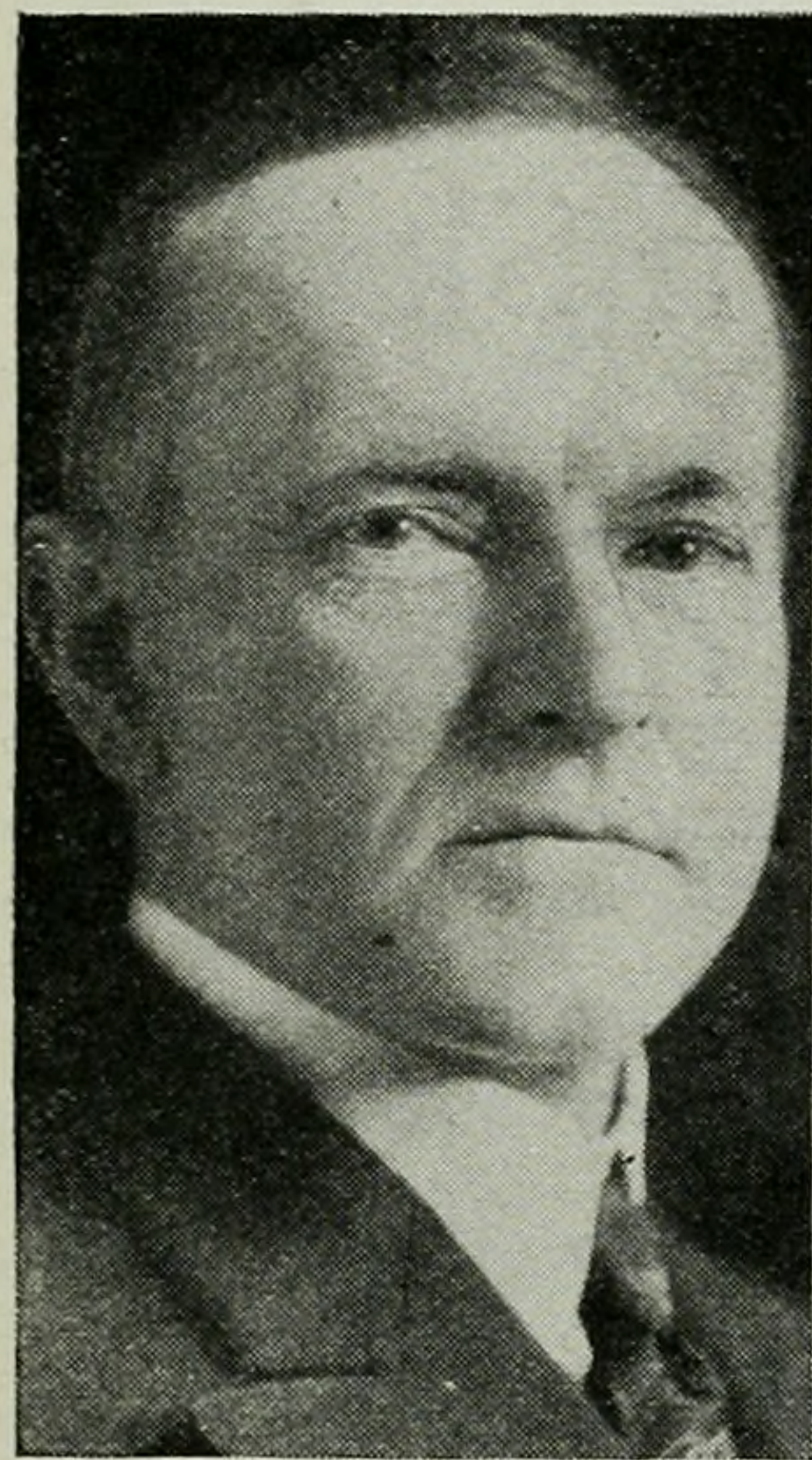
"Education and culture has cut down their enjoyment possibilities.

"Often this occurs because of intensive schooling. Often, too, even without any special schooling, the individual craves the so-called better things. But the pocketbook is inadequate to satisfy these longings. Such an incompatibility often leads to emotional malfunctionings that bring about all sorts of miseries.

"Some people are unfitted, emotionally and temperamentally, for the highbrow status, the exceptional intelligentsia.

"What does it matter what you know if your heart is yearning, if you are bored, annoyed or irritated by the more naive and simple pleasure that tickle the majority?"

HIGHBROWS



P&A

Motion pictures are one of President Coolidge's chief relaxations. He particularly likes comedies



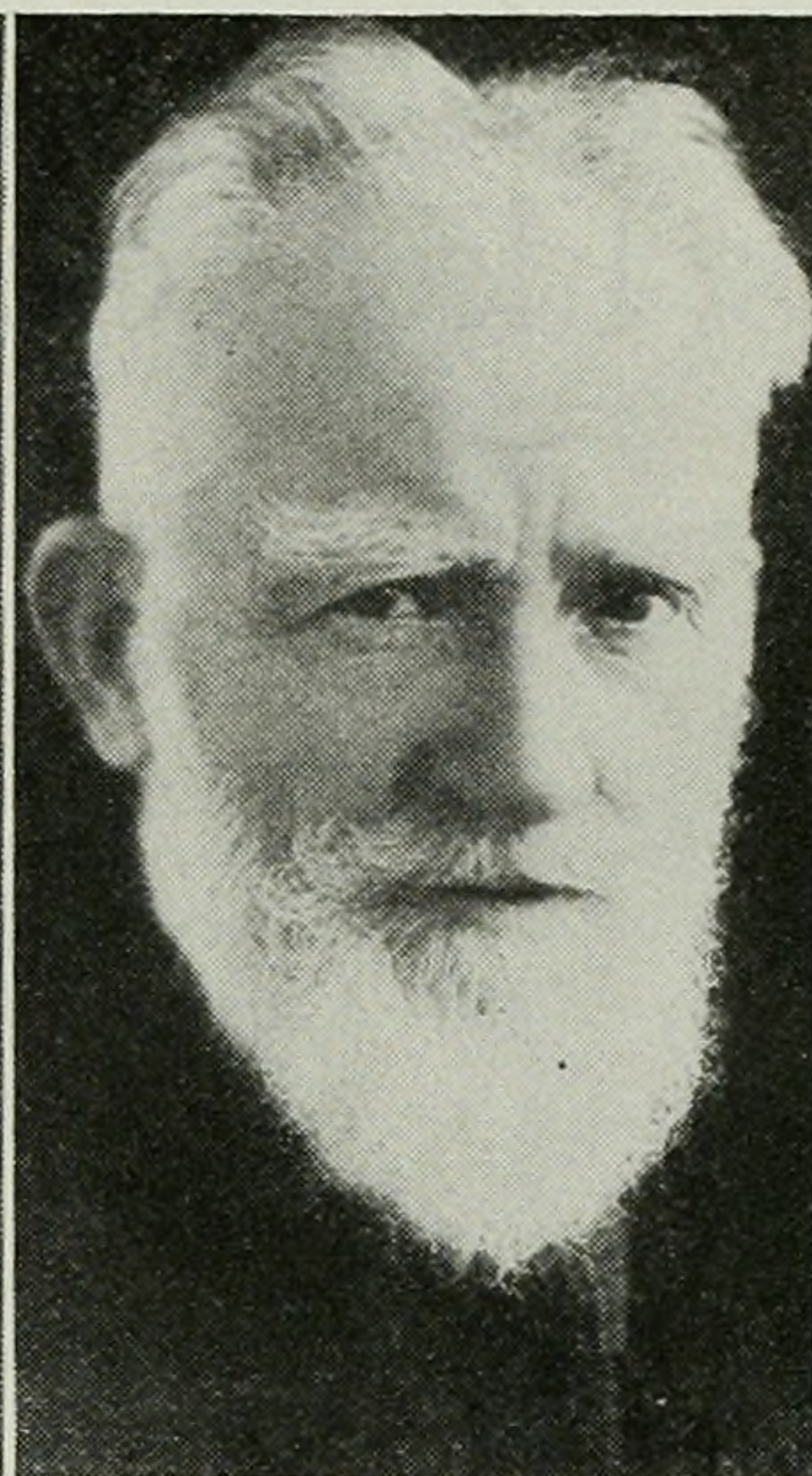
P&A

President Wilson was a regular patron of the theater—his only pleasure in his most unhappy days



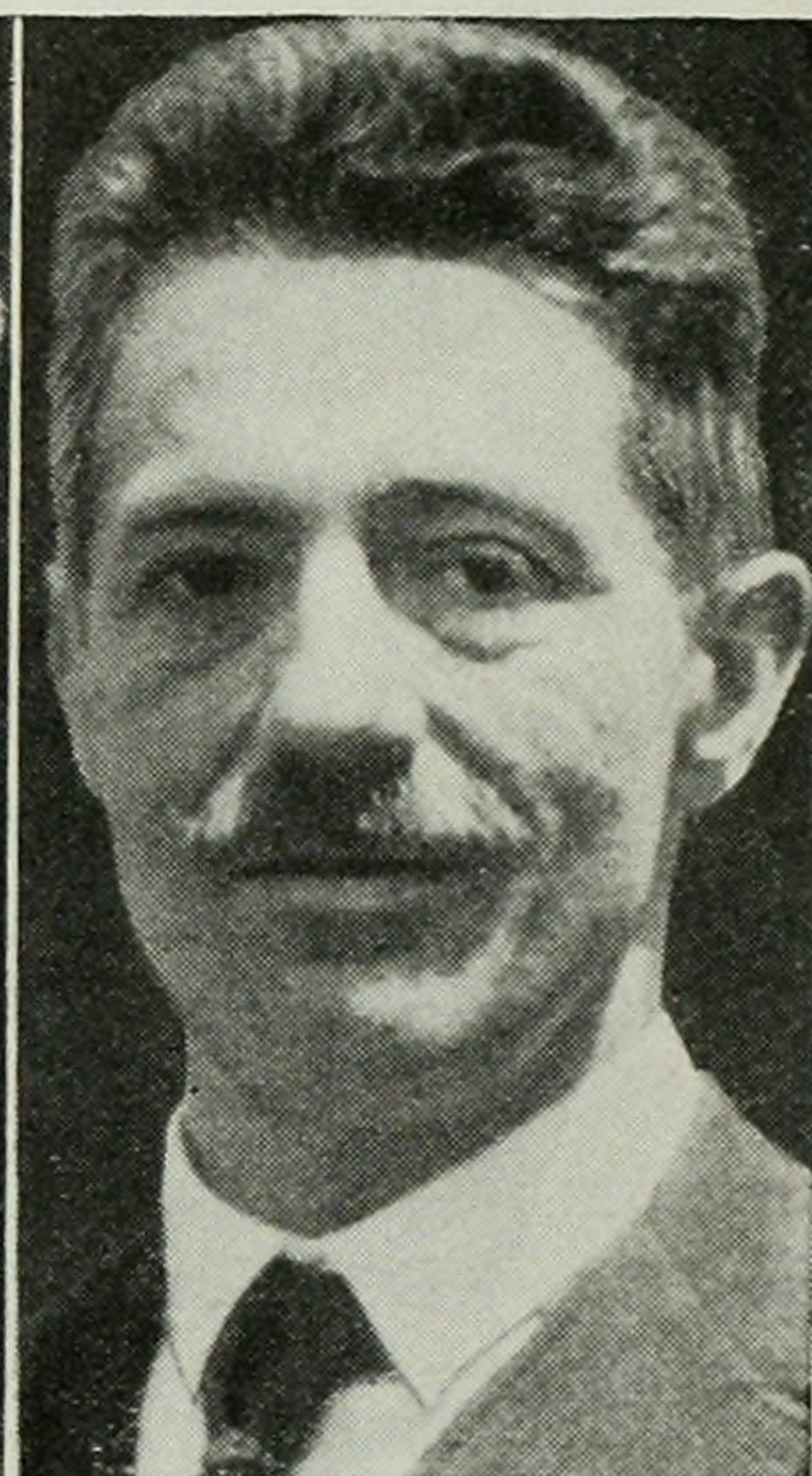
Underwood & Underwood

Theodore Roosevelt—a man of broad and varied culture—was not too highbrow to enjoy thrillers



P&A

Bernard Shaw, one of the world's greatest thinkers, takes the keenest interest in the movies



Sennecke

Fritz Kreisler, eminent violinist and composer, is an enthusiastic follower of motion pictures

in your books, your music, your drama and your photoplays—constitutes an asset? Would you perhaps be better off if you were what is commonly known as a lowbrow? Does the highbrow, in the last analysis, pay a price for being what he is?

There is absolutely no gainsaying the fact that hundreds, if not thousands of persons, are unhappy because their tastes and inclinations crave the "better things."

Often this occurs because of intensive schooling. Often, also, even without any special schooling, the individual inherently craves for these so-called better things.

I know of many such cases. I know, furthermore, that such a state of mind may lead to trouble.

Particularly have I noted what perhaps might be termed the "curse of culture" fall upon young people whose pocket-book is inadequate to satisfy their artistic longings.

Not merely sometimes, but distinctly often, does such an incompatibility lead to emotional malfunctionings that bring about all sorts of miseries in their wake.

A YOUNG girl of twenty, for example, is obsessed with ideas of self-destruction because she considers the world a sordid and vulgar place to live in.

Another young woman of twenty-three ran away from home because her parents "got on her nerves." She had had the advantages—generally assumed advantages, at any rate—of a college education. After four years at college the home folks and the home place became irritating. She noted that her father and mother did not possess the best of table manners. It was painful to her to observe her mother using bad grammar and her father profanity. The old horse-hair furniture depressed her. Everything seemed so "different and unrefined," as she put it.

As I said before, when she couldn't stand it any longer, this highbrow simply took French leave.

Many older persons also find themselves out of tune with reality like these younger people did.

There are hundreds of cases like this.

These unhappy highbrows actually suffer!

As a matter of fact, in almost every case of neurosis—that is, a functional disorder—one finds a distinct disharmony existing between what the emotions are craving and what reality has to offer by way of satisfying them.

SUCH persons usually do not like motion pictures nor do they like most of the other values in life that mean enjoyment for the majority.

Such men and women gradually divorce themselves more and more from the world in which they live, they become shut-in and seclusive, they build up a world of imagery distinctly their own, they depend more and more for happiness upon the dream castles their own thoughts conjure up rather than upon the actual, tangible facts of existence.

And were such people really happy one could not in reason bemoan their fate. But the truth is they realize their difference and it upsets them.

They are not actually proud of being different.

They worry because they are different.

Truly, they are unhappy highbrows!

Here we are, in America, going in for education with greater zest and energy than any other country in the world.

When I was a boy it was considered quite a stunt to be graduated from the grammar school. But already before the war nothing less than a high school diploma had become the badge of educational decency. In the present day and year people think no more of a college degree than they used to of a Sunday School certificate—it's all become so downright ordinary.

We Americans pursue "education" with an unflagging zeal that almost amounts to mania.

Parents stint themselves and save so that their sons and daughters may go to college.

But is that always wise?

If highbrow appetites are thereby created which are not likely to be satisfied later on in life, can one really say, in a blanket way, that everybody should be educated and refined to the highest possible degree? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Next Month: *Dr. Bisch* on WHY WE LAUGH

The STORY of

Miss Garbo makes her film debut and appears, like a comet, in the Northern Sky

HER childhood in Sweden, a little lonely, but colored by vague dreams and shy ambitions—this was the theme of the first installment of Greta Garbo's own story. In it, too, Miss Garbo told of her examination for entry into the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden, of her great desire to become an actress. She described frankly her bad habit of being late for classes, her neglect of routine. And she told of her first meeting with Mauritz Stiller, the director who first discovered her screen possibilities. Now go on with the second chapter in the life of the fascinating woman.

CHAPTER II

“AND a few days later, Mr. Stiller telephoned me to take a test at the studio of ‘The Swedish Film Company.’

“I was pleased, but not even yet, very excited. I do not get excited until I have something in my hand.

“I went out on the street car to the studio with a girl named Mona Mortenson. She is here in America—in Hollywood—now. But she is going back to Sweden. The pictures are not so good to her. We went to the Dramatic school together. Was it not funny that we met on the way to take the test together and then meet again in this city?

“The test was to me very funny. The stage is so different from the movies. On the stage you have your voice, but in the movies, only your face.

“I was all shaky. I come off the street, go in and they make me up and then they take me in and tell me to lie in a bed and be sick. Very sick. I didn't know what it was all about. It seemed to me like a big joke, to come off the street and be right away sick.

“And I was ashamed. I was ashamed to try and put myself over, as you say it. I had never done anything to put myself over before, and it made me very ashamed to do it.

“Mr. Stiller waited a few moments, and then said, ‘My God, can't you be sick? Don't you know what it is to be sick?’

“Then I knew it wasn't play and it wasn't funny. I knew it was necessary in the movies and I became a very sick lady.

“One day I was walking alone on the street in Constantinople and I followed along behind one of the old Turks. I do not know how many hours I followed him. He did not go anywhere; did not have anywhere to go but to wander. He was fascinating”

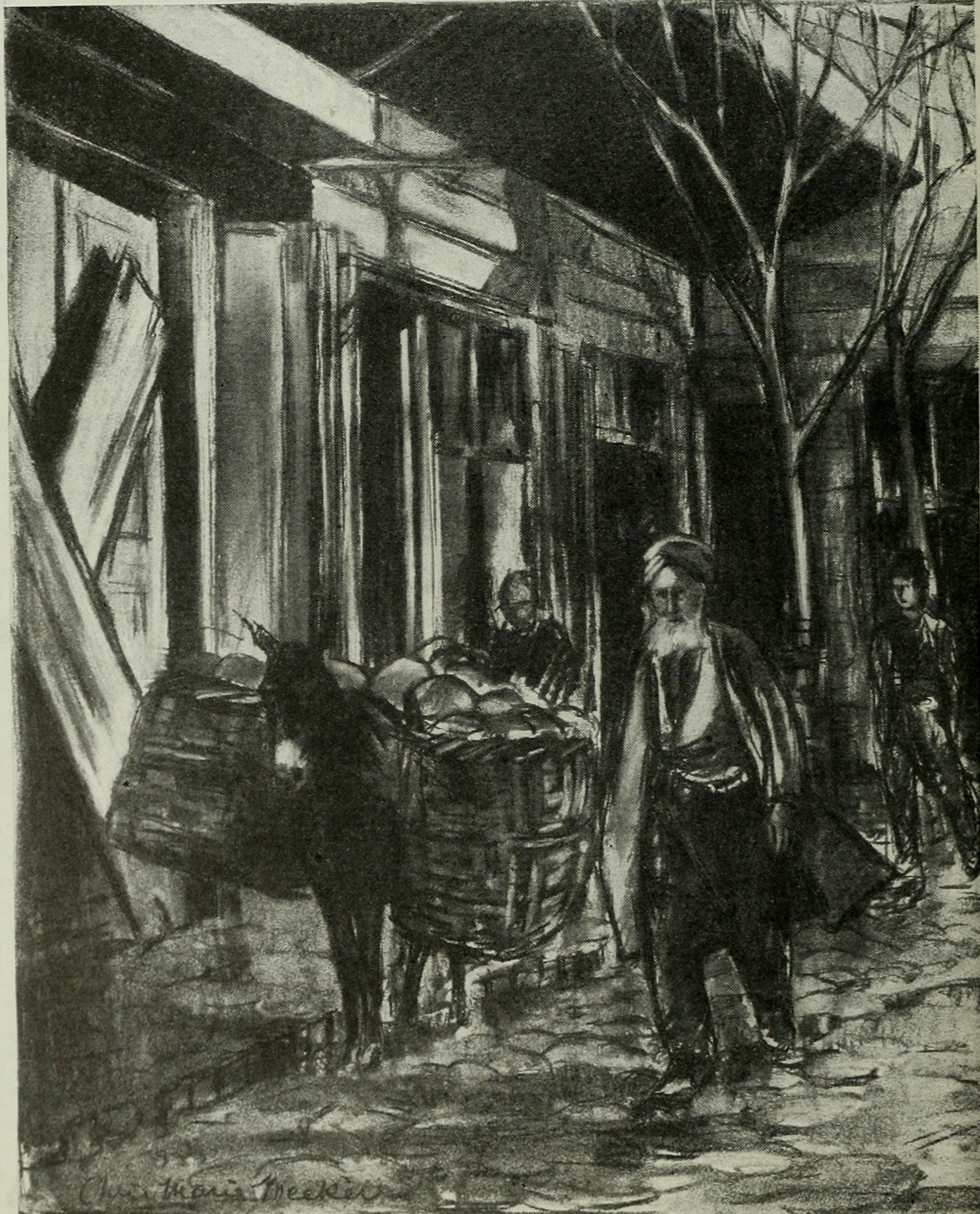
“I went home. I still did not know whether I would get any part. I went on at school. Then, in a few days he called me and told me he had a place for me. I had it in my hands; now I could get a little excited.”

Greta Garbo paused, paused to remember the thrill of the eighteen year old youngster with her first dramatic position.

“And he gave me the part of *Countess Dohma* in ‘Goesta Berling.’ The very best part for my very first picture!”

She paused again to remember.

“The first days of work I was so scared that I *couldn't* work. I was sick in earnest. Finally, everyone went



Greta Garbo

*As Told by Her
to Ruth Biery*

*Illustrated by
Chris Marie Meeker*



"I am always nervous when I am making a picture. I stay by myself all I can"

out and left me. The electricians, the prop boys—even Mr. Stiller. He told me to practice alone. But I knew he was in some corner watching. I looked all around and could not see him, but I *knew* he was there. So I would not practice. I would not rehearse all by myself,—I would not look so stupid.

"Lars Hansen played my leading man. Now he is back in Sweden—" She interrupted herself with a voice which trembled with longing. "But there were no love scenes; not even a kiss. It was not an American picture.

"The picture took a long time. There were snow scenes and we had to wait until it was winter. When it was over, I was no longer frightened. But I am always nervous and restless when I am making a picture. I cannot help it. That is why I never want people to see me while I am acting. I do not let people on the set. And I stay by myself all I can while I am making a picture. I sit in one corner alone, or go to my dressing room, or I walk outside by myself while the others are working. I cannot stand it for someone to come up and say, 'What did you think of the football game?' as they do here in America. I cannot get back on the track. I cannot do my best work then. It is the same with every picture—I tremble always, all over.

WHEN we had finished 'Goesta Berling,' there were no more pictures, so I went back to school. We have to make our pictures in the summer except for the snow scenes—No, school was not any different. I was still the naughty Garbo and still late in the morning.

"When it came toward summer again, I had a telegram from Mr. Stiller. 'Do not make any plans for the summer,' he told me. Of course, there were other companies who might want me.

"So I made no plans. I went away into the country. Oh, yes, I was alone. I always went away alone. That is what I like—to go away, far into the country, alone. An old couple to cook for you, look after your things for you. But there are not so many places in America where you can be alone." Her voice saddened. "Here there are always the people—I miss it. Some people need to be with people. I need to be alone, always.

"It is so wonderful alone in our country in the summer. In the midsummer you can read all night long, in the open. The little noises of the country, the wonderful air—Ah,—it gets you."

She paused, closed her eyes, to remember.

"While I was there," it was perhaps five minutes before she continued, "I received a letter from Mr. Stiller. They wanted me to come to Berlin for the opening of 'Goesta Berling.' I went back to Stockholm and Mr. Stiller came for me—I have everything in the world to be grateful to Mr. Stiller. I have never seen a more beautiful inside of a person! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



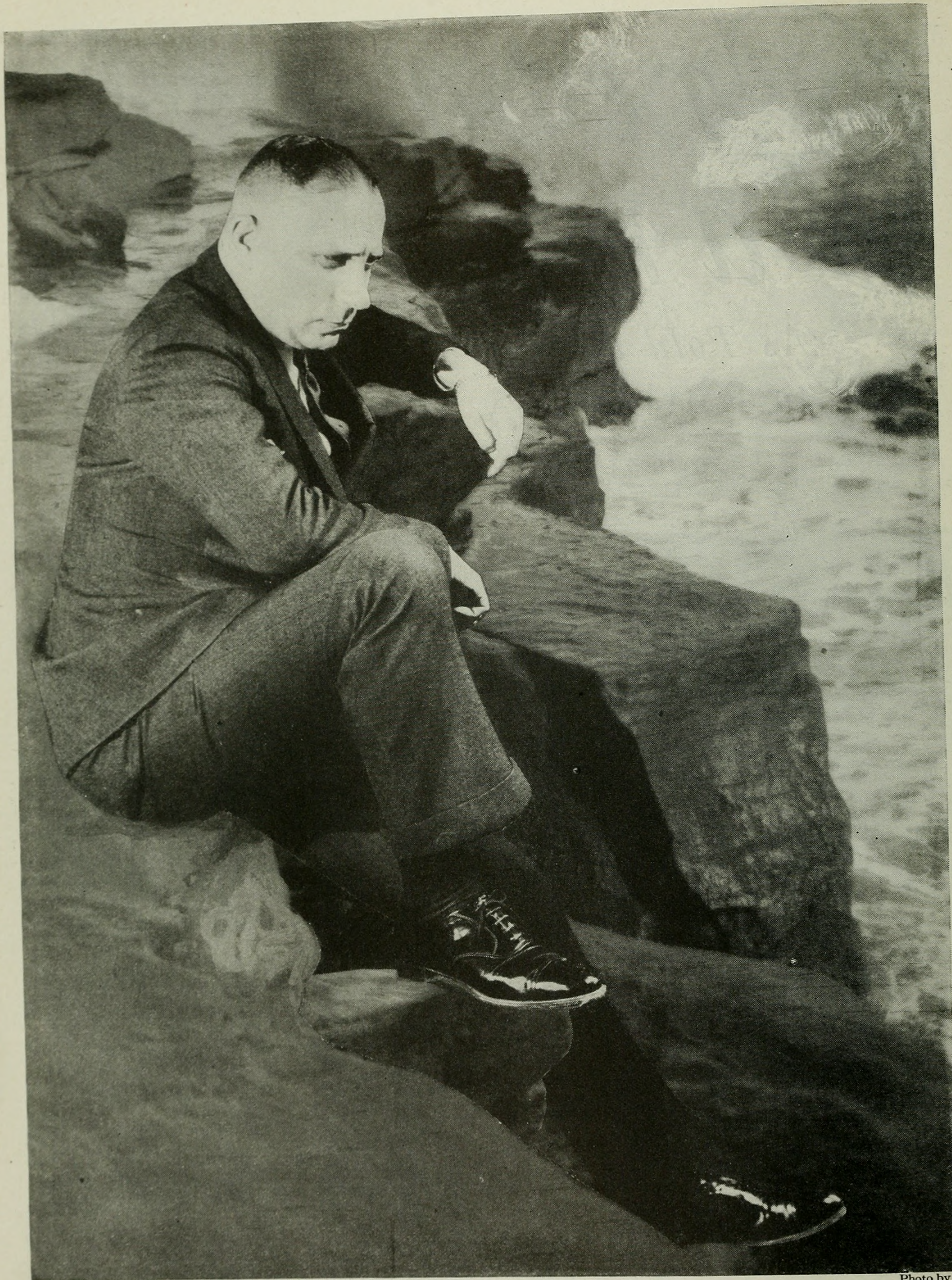


Photo by
STAGG

A PHOTOGRAPHIC impression of a genius in exile—
Erich Von Stroheim, the stormy petrel of Hollywood

Hollywood's One Real Genius—"VON"

By Harry Carr

The best analysis ever written of the most misunderstood man in pictures

AND now, as to Von
Erich von Stroheim is the most misunderstood character of the screen. The one who understands him least of anybody in the world is Erich Von Stroheim.

His firmest conviction is that Von Stroheim is a hard, cruel, rather ruthless, altogether terrible person who is in motion pictures only because he can't be a soldier. Von is convinced that his soul has been torn out by the roots because he can't ride in tight white leather pants and a gleaming snicker-snee in his sword hand, guarding a fat emperor with halitosis and a secret appetite for wienerwursts. Whereas, he is really a soft-hearted, sentimental rebel who would be bored to death by the army.

To analyze Von Stroheim is about as simple as trying to analyze a Democratic convention.

The trouble is, there are so many Von Stroheims.

There is one Erich Von Stroheim who is a fussy, hair-splitting cranky German college professor.

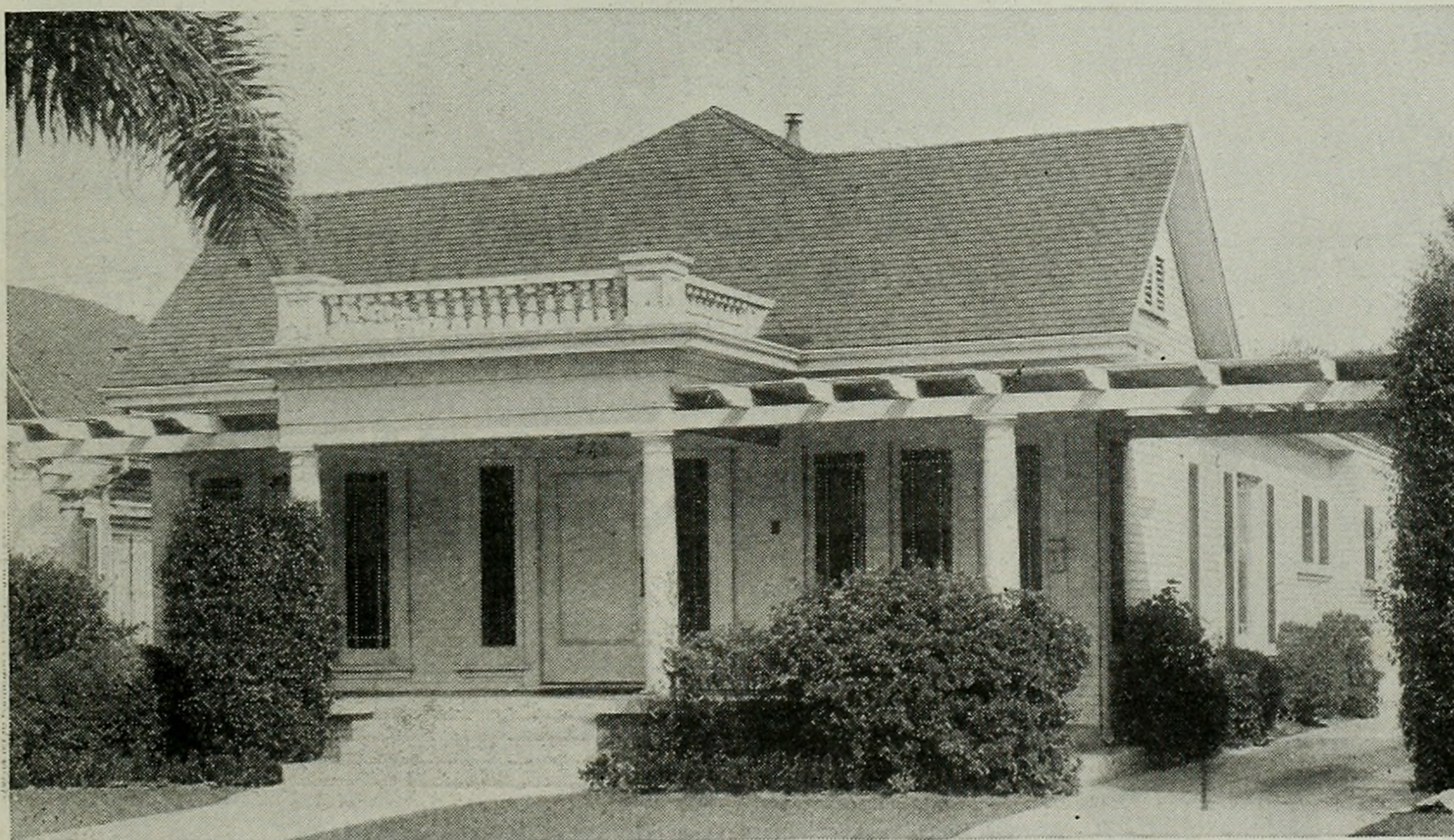
There is another Erich Von Stroheim who is a soap box orator: he could argue a bone out of a bulldog's mouth.

Still another who is a sentimental star gazer.

Yet another who is a very naughty, capricious "contrary"



A hair-cut, afternoon tea and work—all at the same time. But Von Stroheim's mind is completely engrossed in the scrap of film before him. He always works with Teutonic thoroughness. He's as fussy and cranky as a German college professor



Von Stroheim's simple little cottage is a strong contrast to the elaborate mansions in Beverly Hills owned by other directors who are more adaptable to the demands of the business offices

little boy—subject to tantrums—and very much in need of spanking.

Mostly, he is a naughty little boy. His golden genius for dramatic writing is a child playing "pretend." His famous "towering rages" of which you hear so much are a bad little boy kicking the nasty mean table which has bumped him on the head. Even his punctilious insistence upon detail has in it a good deal of child—the little boy who wants everything just so—or he won't play.

In this, he runs true to type. Every great genius is, at heart, a child. And Von is a great genius. I know them all. He is the only one who could be fairly called a genius.

Griffith is half evangelist and half actor. De Mille is an adroit and skillful mixer of certain theatrical lotions—and notions. Lubitsch is a master
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

Paper to Celluloid

653 LS

The door bursts open. Without a moment's hesitation, Jeannine flings herself across the room and into Philip's arms.

654 CU

Philip is still crouched helplessly on the floor as Jeannine comes into his arms. She is hysterical - sobbing - half out of her mind with joy and emotion. She clutches him desperately and despite his weakness he finds strength to slip his arm about her. His eyes half close. She is murmuring ecstatically over him and to him. They clutch each other desperately as if anxious to convince themselves that this wonderful, magical thing has really occurred. Then a little smile trembles across Philip's face as Jeannine murmurs:

She quotes
"Love can
never die"

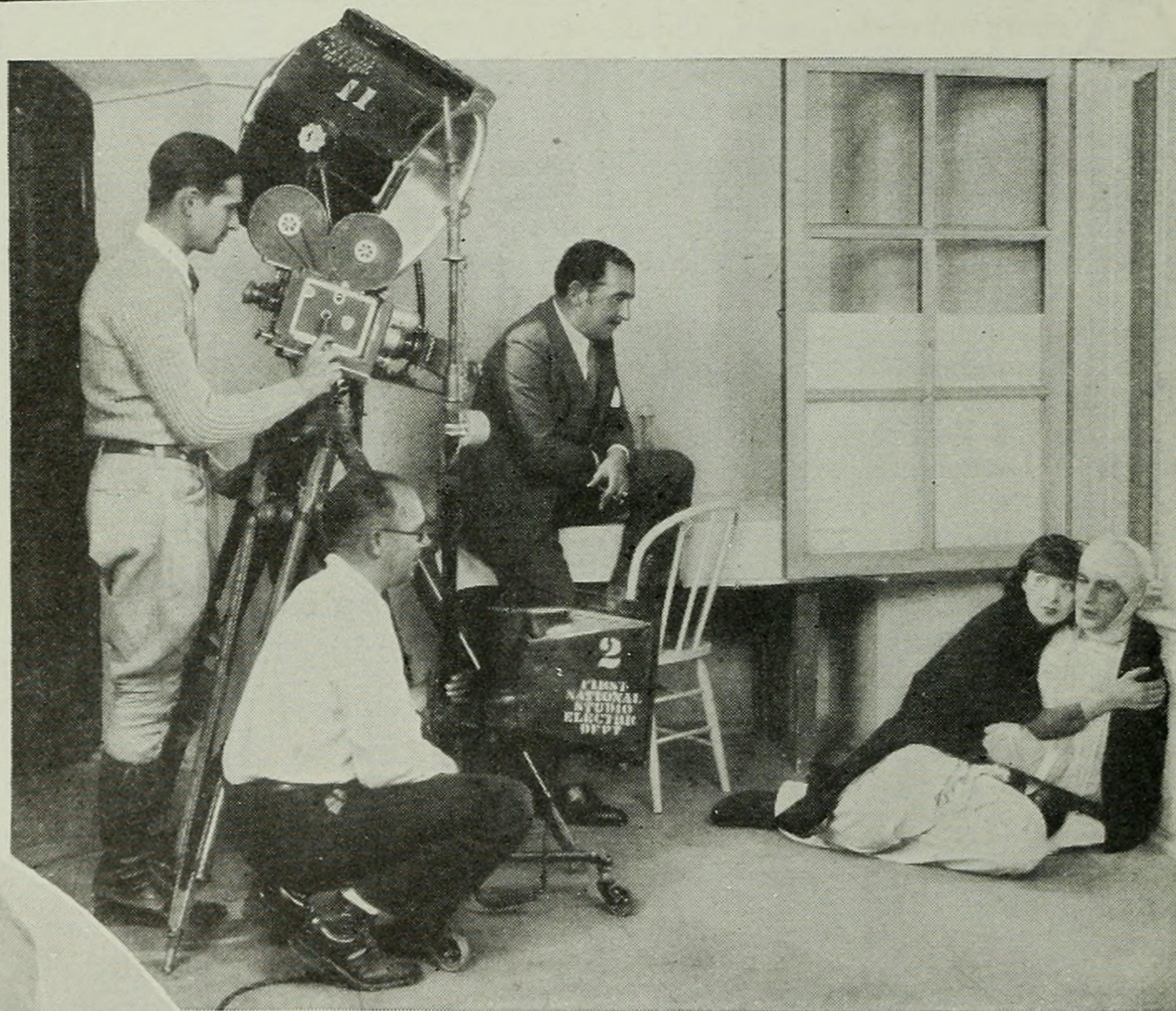
TITLE: "Lilac Time - it is our Lilac Time - forever." of youth

BACK TO SCENE: Jeannine's eyes close. She chokes with emotion and clutches him the tighter. FADE OUT.

↓ FOLLOW SHOT

Illustrating how the director and players translate a big scene from words into action

Above you see the big moment in "Lilac Time," as described by Carey Wilson in his script. The figures in the margin are the scene numbers. LS means long-shot and CU is, of course, close-up. The close-up dovetails into the action of the long-shot. Scenario writing is as much a technical as a literary job



Here is the way the scene would look if you were watching it from the side-lines. The setting is a base hospital in France, in which the lovers, played by Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper, are re-united. Director George Fitzmaurice is sitting on the table. Notice the two lights, the smaller one placed close to the floor to get the right lighting on the faces



This is the close-up of Miss Moore and Mr. Cooper, as you will see it. It is the moment when Colleen speaks the title in the script. Does it fit in with your idea of the written description?

Anita Rivers Becomes Anita Page

And makes good despite the fact that she was Harry Thaw's protege!

By Helen Walker

HARRY THAW'S little protege, Anita Rivers, bids fair to make good in the movies. But it was not, she would have you know, due to the changeable Mr. Thaw that she got her chance. It was in spite of him. It was, indeed, only by dint of changing her name to Anita Page that she stepped into a contract with M.-G.-M. and a leading rôle with Billy Haines in "He Learned About Women."

This naive, blonde child of seventeen summers was born at Flushing, Long Island. When she grew up, or at least partly up, she developed a yearning to go into pictures. So she betook herself to the New York studio of the Paramount company, where she obtained a bit in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." Thus encouraged, she made the rounds of other New York studios with the news that she was a motion picture actress.

An independent concern, yclept Kenilworth Productions, saw her possibilities and signed her for a leading rôle in a bathing beauty comedy called "Beach Nuts." Then they gave her a contract.

Soon after that they announced that the company was going to California to make pictures. This was fine. This was, indeed, just what Anita wanted. So she went home and broke the news to her mother who packed their belongings, gathered up Anita's four-year-old brother and the three of them accompanied Kenilworth Productions to Los Angeles.

There was in the party another actress, Susan Hughes, as well as several men about whose indentity Miss Page is still a bit vague. "Officials and directors and camera men and things," is the way she describes them.

When they reached Chicago another man joined them. He was Harry Thaw. Anita, who had never heard of him, was bewildered at her mother's consternation.

"I don't understand yet, just what he is famous for," she says. "Mother told me some— He was mixed up in a shooting scrape a long time ago, wasn't he?" And she adds, "He is a funny man!"

With the advent of Thaw, the glare of publicity focussed itself upon the party. Large headlines informed the world that Harry Thaw was bringing two beautiful girls to Hollywood to make pictures. Of the Kenilworth Productions which Thaw was financing, little was said.

After they reached Los Angeles complications developed. "The company did not want Mr. Thaw's name connected with the enterprises," explains Anita, "and that made him awfully



She came to Hollywood to play in Harry Thaw's pictures—but he never started making 'em. So the little blonde from Flushing changed her name and got a job playing opposite Billy Haines. Now Anita Page wants the public to forget her unfortunate start in films

mad! He said if they would not use his name, he would not make pictures. It was all horrid. The papers kept on taking pictures of him with Miss Hughes and me. Mother would try to get into the pictures and then afterward they would cut her out of them. It looked as if Miss Hughes and I had come out here with him alone.

"But the worst of the whole thing was that as soon as his name was connected with us, no one took us seriously. It all became a joke and the world laughed at us.

"Mother kept saying, 'We must get away from these people!' But you see there was the contract I had signed.

WE kept waiting and waiting. Mr. Thaw could not seem to make up his mind what he wanted to do.

"He is a strange person. He seems very nice and was always kind to us—although we really saw him very little. And he has the most wonderful memory! He can remember the littlest things that happened a long time ago—things about pictures. But it is so hard to follow him. He keeps changing the subject all the time. It really takes a very smart person to know what Mr. Thaw is talking about!

"Well—finally they said they were going back East. They had decided not to make pictures right away. It seemed they could not release them or something. And he would not do anything unless they used his name.

"We did not want to go back. I wanted to stay here and see what I could do. So we went to see an attorney about my contract and found out that it never had been binding. So we just left them and took an apartment and stayed here."

Subsequently, having changed her name to Anita Page, she made the rounds of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

Two Brand New Nutty

Do you know your movie stars? Try this fascinating game and see how your knowledge may earn money for you

HOW did you make out last month with Clara Bow and Douglas Fairbanks? In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find a list of the winners who made the best corrections in the Nutty Biographies supplied by Aunt Hezekiah which appeared in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

On the opposite page, you will find what Aunt Hezekiah has to say about Richard Dix and Gloria Swanson. Of course, you probably have heard a lot of things about Richard and Gloria, but how strong are your facts? Can you correct the mistakes made by Aunt Hezekiah in her brief history of these two popular players?

In case you haven't heard, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are visiting relatives in Hollywood and they are having an exciting time visiting the studios and gathering up all sorts of gossip about the movie players.

But, unfortunately, Aunt Hezekiah is a gullible old lady and she believes everything she hears and passes it on to you as the latest gospel-truth information. Fortunately for you, you have a chance of making money on her mistakes.

Send your corrections to PHOTOPLAY Magazine, merely observing the simple rules printed below. There is no special form for your correction; just make them accurate, brief and original. And be sure to correct the captions under the pictures. They are part of the game, too.

There are no mistakes in spelling or punctuation in these Nutty Biographies, so don't worry about that. Also there are

no concealed meanings, so that need not trouble you. Be careful about correcting *everything* Aunt Hezekiah has to say. Somehow or other, she has some real facts mixed up with all her bad misinformation.

PHOTOPLAY's Answer Man refuses to help you out, so don't waste your valuable time writing him letters about the hero and heroine of the current Nutty Biographies. But you may look in your back copies of PHOTOPLAY, or you may see if you can find the information you want in any other part of the magazine.

The complete list of winners of the April PHOTOPLAY Nutty Biographies will be announced in the July 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.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are amazed at the number of PHOTOPLAY readers who tripped them up on their mistakes. Aunt Hezekiah says that her memory isn't as good as it used to be, but her heart is in the right place.

Just because you have sent in one set of solutions doesn't mean that you can't keep right on submitting them. Come as often as you like. If you don't win on your first solution, there is always another chance.

Meanwhile, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are still in Hollywood and they are as busy as bees gathering up more material for Nutty Biographies. Next month, you'll have a chance to make some more money on their blunders. So good luck!

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 May Nutty Biographies must be received in the office of PHOTOPLAY by midnight of May 15th. PHOTOPLAY May issue is on sale April 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's a Contest to Amuse You—

Biographies—\$500 in Prizes



Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson presented this picture to Uncle Jim. It shows Gloria as she appeared as *Melisande* in "The Big Parade," Cecil B. De Mille's Civil War picture



Richard Dix

Richard Dix told Aunt Hezekiah that he grew this moustache especially for his rôle in "The Gay Defender." It was the story of a murder trial in Chicago

OUR luck is still with us. Uncle Jim and I have managed to meet more movie stars in our short stay than many of the people who have lived in Hollywood for years. While waiting for a trolley car down at the beach, we saw a girl who looked familiar. She came up and introduced herself as Gloria Swanson.

Well, Gloria doesn't look anything like she does in pictures. She is much taller—about five feet, eight inches tall—and she has light, curly hair.

Gloria explained this by saying she always wears a dark wig in pictures and very low heeled shoes.

This girl was so simple that we could hardly believe that she is married to a Grand Duke of Russia. But she laughed about her title and says she is much prouder of being a native-born Californian than of being a Grand Duchess. Isn't that democratic?

Uncle Jim was thrilled at meeting her, because he has liked her ever since she was a Sennett bathing girl. He asked Gloria if she remembered those pictures and Gloria answered that she did, but that she was also grateful to William de Mille for giving her a chance to play dramatic rôles.

Sometime, Gloria wants to play in a story by Elinor Glyn. She never has appeared in one of Mme. Glyn's pictures and she would like to try a dressed-up rôle, because she never has done one.

Mr. de Mille has directed Gloria in all her pictures. He also played the rôle of the *Marine* in her latest film, "Sadie Thompson."

Gloria cried with joy when she talked to us about "Sadie Thompson." She made the picture especially to please the censors and professional reformers from all over the country have written to tell her how much they liked it.

We asked her what was her greatest ambition in life. And she told us that above anything else, she wants to go to Europe. She has never been out of the United States and she is anxious to see Russia, the native land of her husband.

UNCLE JIM and I have been very busy enjoying society in Hollywood. The other night we attended a social affair and were introduced to Richard Dix. Uncle Jim was very much impressed by him and told him that he thought it was wonderful that an American Indian should become a famous motion picture star.

Dix is a full-blooded Indian, as you know if you saw him in "The Vanishing American."

We were fascinated by Dix's account of his adventurous life.

When he was a mere boy he was a star in rodeos and wild west shows and his ability as a horseman got him his first rôle as *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

Of course you will want to know about his affairs of the heart. Well, you will be glad to know that he isn't married. So all that talk you heard about his being crazy about Greta Garbo and playing opposite her in so many pictures was just a lot of silly gossip.

Mr. Dix told us that he is very busy, as he personally directs all his own pictures for United Artists. His latest one, "The Gaucho," was a story of Russia in pre-revolutionary days and Uncle Jim and I are just crazy to see it. Emil Jannings is in it, too, and Dix and Jannings are going to co-star in a series of comedies.

But Uncle Jim and I think that it is a shame that Mr. Dix, who has played such tragic pictures as "Variety" and "The Last Laugh," should break the habit of a career and go in for comedies.

Naturally, you will want to know what he looks like off the screen.

He is six feet tall and has blond hair and blue eyes. His hair is straight, but he had it curled for his rôle in "The Volga Boatman." But in his other pictures, like "Man Power" and "Shanghai Bound" he wore his own hair.

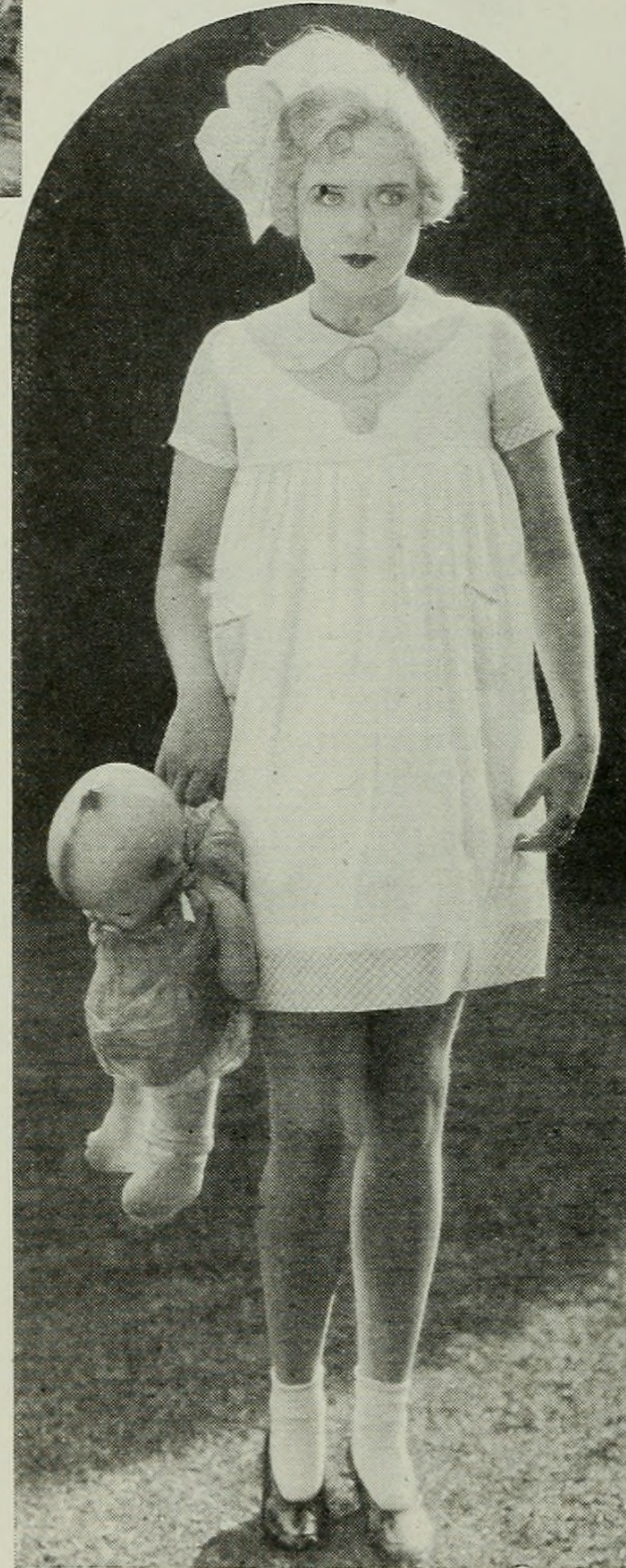
His real name is Richard Dix, a famous old Indian name of the Iroquois tribe to which he belongs.

Get to Work and Win a Prize



A star of 1910 and a Baby Star of 1928 meet in this picture. Florence Turner, one of the first favorites, plays the mother of Sue Carol in "Walking Back." Has the movie type changed much since those early days?

Gossip The



Cecil B. De Mille was looking for a child actress to play in one of his pictures. Phyllis Haver put on this make-up and presented herself as a candidate. Can this be the recent Mrs. Roxie Hart of "Chicago"? No, she did *not* get the kid part, alas!

THE private Photoplay seismograph at the Fox Studios records the following emotional disturbances: Charlie Farrell has transferred his affections from Virginia Valli back to Janet Gaynor. The rush which Charlie is giving his little film partner is causing their friends to wonder if making "Blossom Time" in Europe together won't promote another screen marriage.

And George O'Brien, although still seen sometimes with Olive Borden, is openly devoted to Virginia Valli.

ONE of the most pathetic endings of what seemed to be a brilliant Hollywood career is that of Josephine Lido who was imported from Europe by Carle Laemmle, Jr. It was unfortunate not only for the girl but for young Laemmle who thought to go Sam Goldwyn one better in making a European discovery.

The girl was a blonde beauty.

When she arrived in New York, Laemmle rechristened her Josephine Lido because it was at Lido on the Riviera that he first saw her.

BROUGHT to Hollywood under contract and with the usual blare of publicity, she never appeared before a motion picture camera.

She is now on her way back to Europe.

As soon as she arrived in Hollywood she began to take on weight in an alarming manner and it was rumored when she left there, after vainly consulting physicians in an attempt to check the increase in avoirdupois, she tipped the scales over one hundred sixty pounds.

It was a plain case of obesity which could not be checked by diet or medical treatment.

WILLIAM HAINES felt out of place, recently, when he was among a Hollywood group entertaining an ex-ambassador.

The ambassador was talking about this Queen and that Queen, until Billy became annoyed and exclaimed loudly: "I know a lot of queens, too. But they are not the kind that you know."

Black looks from the hostess made no impression on the effervescent Billy.

When the honored guest changed his line to "Al" this and "Al" that, Billy inquired loudly, "Who do you mean, Alfalfa?"

"No, sir," replied the guest with dignity. "I mean King Alfonso of Spain."

Billy exited from the party.

EIGHT months ago ten graduates of various American universities were chosen by First National for a trial in motion pictures. Today four remain in Hollywood.

Richard Clendenen, University of California, is working in a wardrobe department.

Stuart Knox, Yale, is an extra.

John Westwood, Princeton, and Jack Stambaugh, University of Chicago, have small bits in "The Yellow Lily."

Which may or may not prove how much a college education does for a motion picture actor.

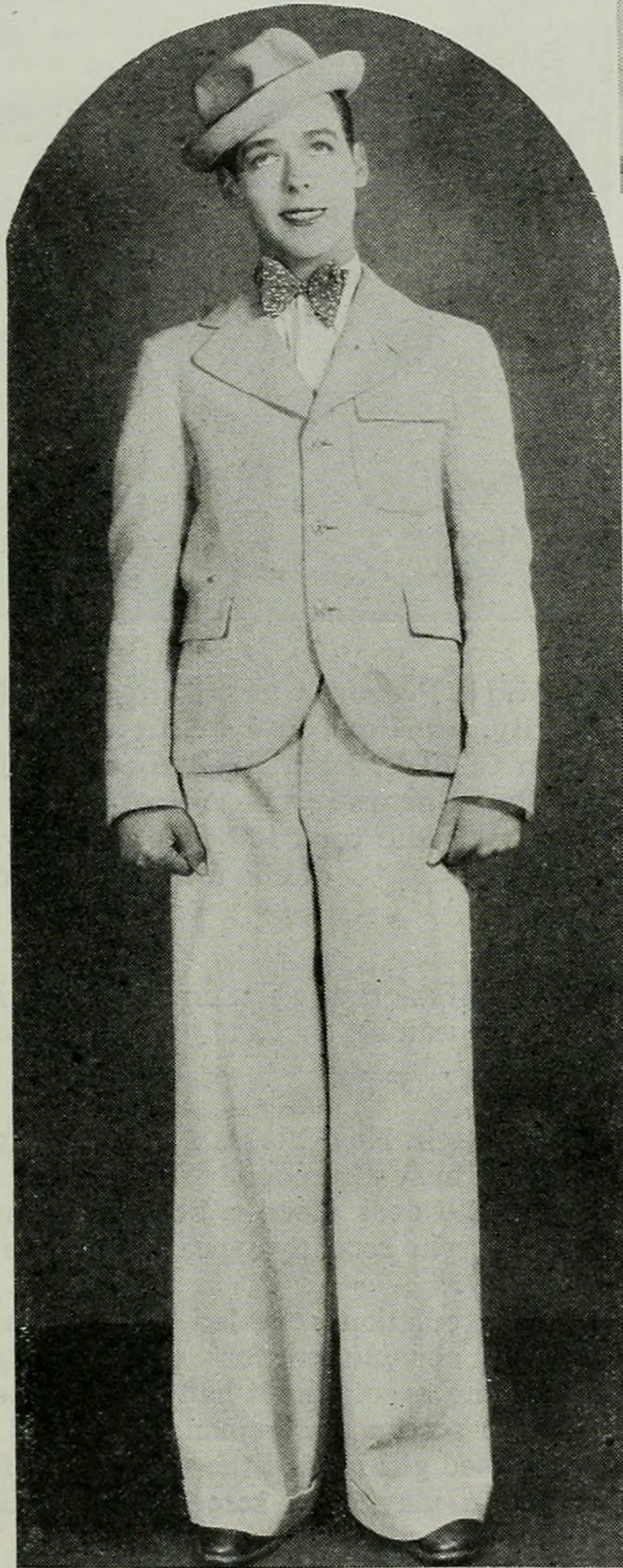
A YOUNG flapper boarded a steamship recently to sail for the Orient, and meeting the first mate, asked, "Could I see the Captain?"

To which the first mate replied, "He's forward, Miss."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," answered the flapper, "I've been out with movie actors."

of All Studios

Will this lad make your heart beat faster? He is Arthur Lake all dressed up for his rôle of *Harold Teen*, the hero of the funnies. And a perfectly swell get-up, too, if you care to have our honest opinion. Watch Arthur; he's one of these coming actors



ELEANOR BOARDMAN and King Vidor may not have wanted a girl, but believe me that youngster is making headways that mother and father had not even hoped for the expected boy baby. Their plans were all made months ago for a trip to Europe minus their baby. But now they wouldn't consider leaving her at home. So the still nameless baby will go along in a basket.

NOW comes word that Mary Brian and Arthur Lake are among the latest "happily going together couples" in the Cinema City. They are playing together in "*Harold Teen*." Perhaps the *Harold* of the screen will be more successful with his girl friend than the one of the comics.

EMIL JANNINGS has a new Ford. He has his chauffeur drive him everywhere in it, leaving his Mercedes, probably the largest car in the motion picture city, sitting alone and



Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills are one of the most devoted couples in pictures. Devoted to each other—and to tennis. They're playing a series of daily sets for the championship of their new home in a Hollywood canyon

jealous, in its especially erected mammoth garage. Who says this foreign actor is not becoming acclimated to his adopted country?

IT has just come to light how Emil Jannings came to get his new Ford so quickly. He wired Edison. "But do you know Edison?" a friend queried. "Nein. But I wire him and I get my Ford anyway," Jannings answered.

A FEW lines each week in the social column of the Los Angeles papers under the heading of "Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Dempsey Entertain" leads one to believe that the Dempseys are encroaching upon Mr. Tunney's social domain.

But why give up the "Jack"?

RUTH TAYLOR, the blonde that Paramount preferred for their production of Anita Loos' famous book, is very quick on the wisecracks.

An extra girl was telling Ruth about her new boy friend. "He is the kind of a man who makes me think," she sighed.

"Ah, a miracle man," Ruth murmured.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is going around these days with Josephine Dunn, graduate of the Paramount School.

MAL ST. CLAIR was writing a letter.

"What date is this?" he inquired.

"February 22. Washington's birthday."

"Mine, too," Lew Cody piped up.

"And mine," George O'Hara, the continuity writer added.

"Well, it's still just February 22nd," Mal remarked jrlly. "Let's go on with the picture."

WE have never seen Pola Negri as beautiful as in the pure white wig she is wearing in "*The Three Sinners*."

Much conjecture has been made as to what will happen to Pola when her contract is finished the end of May with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Rumor says she has had three tantalizing offers from other producers, among them the Fox organization.

Undoubtedly Pola will accept the one which meets her modest request for ten thousand a week. It is definitely stated that she will not work again for her present small stipend of eight thousand.



P&A

These production supervisors are having all the luck. Kenneth H. Hawks was recently married to Mary Astor, one of the real beauties of the screen. Mr. and Mrs. Hawks went to New York on their honeymoon. Mary's license was made out in her real name, Lucille Langhanke



Carsey

Marie Prevost was willing to relinquish, temporarily, stardom and beauty to play a character part in Cecil B. De Mille's special, "The Godless Girl." She appears in the rôle of a "trustee" in a reformatory. She took it because she wants to prove that she is a dramatic actress

Frank Marion was the first to start this make-money-on-the-side plan among motion picture actors with his chain of hot dog stands.

IT was in New York's most exclusive hairdressing parlor on a busy afternoon.

At the desk stood a beautiful blonde. She was Maria Corda, who recently appeared in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Conversation revealed that Madame Corda had once had an appointment for a wave but that, since she was very late, the appointment had been canceled.

The screen star remonstrated and it was then that the harassed girl behind the desk spoke forth.

"You may be a screen star in Hollywood, madame," stated the girl icily, "but here you are just another marcel."

MARGARET MANN, the dear old lady who runs away with the honors in "Four Sons," received far more publicity during her visit to New York than many younger and more beautiful stars. William Fox was awfully annoyed because some of the cynics suggested that Miss Mann was being used merely as a press stunt and that she would soon be demoted to the "extra" ranks again, after her little burst of success.

Just to prove that Miss Mann was no mere publicity stunt, Fox gave her a two-year contract, guaranteeing her \$10,000 a year.

DO you want to know the sort of person Miss Mann is? Then listen to this true story. The Archduke Leopold of Austria was offered a box for the opening night of "Four Sons." The understanding was, of course, that he was to get all dressed up in full regalia. The archduke was not inclined to make a show of himself and refused the box. However, later, he decided he wanted to see the picture. By that

AT least Pola saves her producers money by wearing her own jewels. During the filming of "The Three Sinners" she wore her famous 98 carat emerald bracelet. Also she sported five of the most gorgeous diamond rings in existence and a diamond necklace. Pola cannot be bothered with imitations. And her own violinist always plays the music she has personally selected as most befitting the moods of the picture. And she furnishes her own private detectives to protect her jewels.

IT is rumored that Evelyn Brent is being trained to take Pola Negri's place as a dramatic actress at Paramount. Pola leaves after her next picture, they tell me.

"HOW do you like Hollywood by now?" we asked Lena Malena, from Austria.

"Oh, I like it," she answered. "Hollywood is full of mens. Never before have I seen so many different kinds of mens!"

And there you have Hollywood's real secret!

AILEEN PRINGLE has turned author. Material for this was furnished through a rare and exciting experience. Some days since, Miss Pringle remonstrated with her Italian chef about his lack of courtesy. She said:

"I insist that you say 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' when you answer me." Whereupon the fiery wop let out a yell and said, "Me? I say yes-a-man no-a-man to nobody in dis country. This is land of the free," and brandishing a huge butcher knife he chased the terrified Miss Pringle out of the kitchen.

She ran breathless to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, then sat down and wrote an essay on the servant problem, entitled, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Slave."

1924—Rasmus Karl Thekelsen Gottlieb—mechanic.
1927—Karl Dane—movie actor.

Motion picture history in two lines. Discovered when Karl Dane filed application for citizenship papers the other day in Los Angeles, also asking for a change of name.

JAMES HALL has a doughnut and coffee stand! A four year concession at one of Los Angeles' beaches. And he netted three hundred dollars and a few cents on his first Sunday, two months before the season really opens.



Bessie Love is taking a vacation. She has gone on the stage. On the West Coast, Bessie played the leading rôle in "Burlesque," which gave her a chance to do some of her nifty hoofing. Also it gave audiences a glimpse of one of the best figures outside of an Art Museum

time the management didn't feel in the mood to let him have two seats.

But Miss Mann heard of his request and left the seats for him.

And that's courtesy from one good trouper to another.

CONGRESSWOMAN Florence P. Kahn, of California, was one of the guests of honor at a recent annual luncheon of the National Board of Review and stood posing for movie cameras and still cameras, along with Max Reinhardt, May Allison and Eugene O'Brien. After standing for several hundred feet of film to be taken, Mrs. Kahn turned to Miss Allison and said:

"Please tell me, my dear, do you know the burial place for the miles of film they take of us that nobody ever sees? It is as mysterious as the legend of the elephants' graveyard. Or worse yet, I have sometimes thought that they 'shoot' us without any film in their cameras just to soothe our vanity."

Which proves that as a Congresswoman, Mrs. Kahn is not taking herself too seriously.

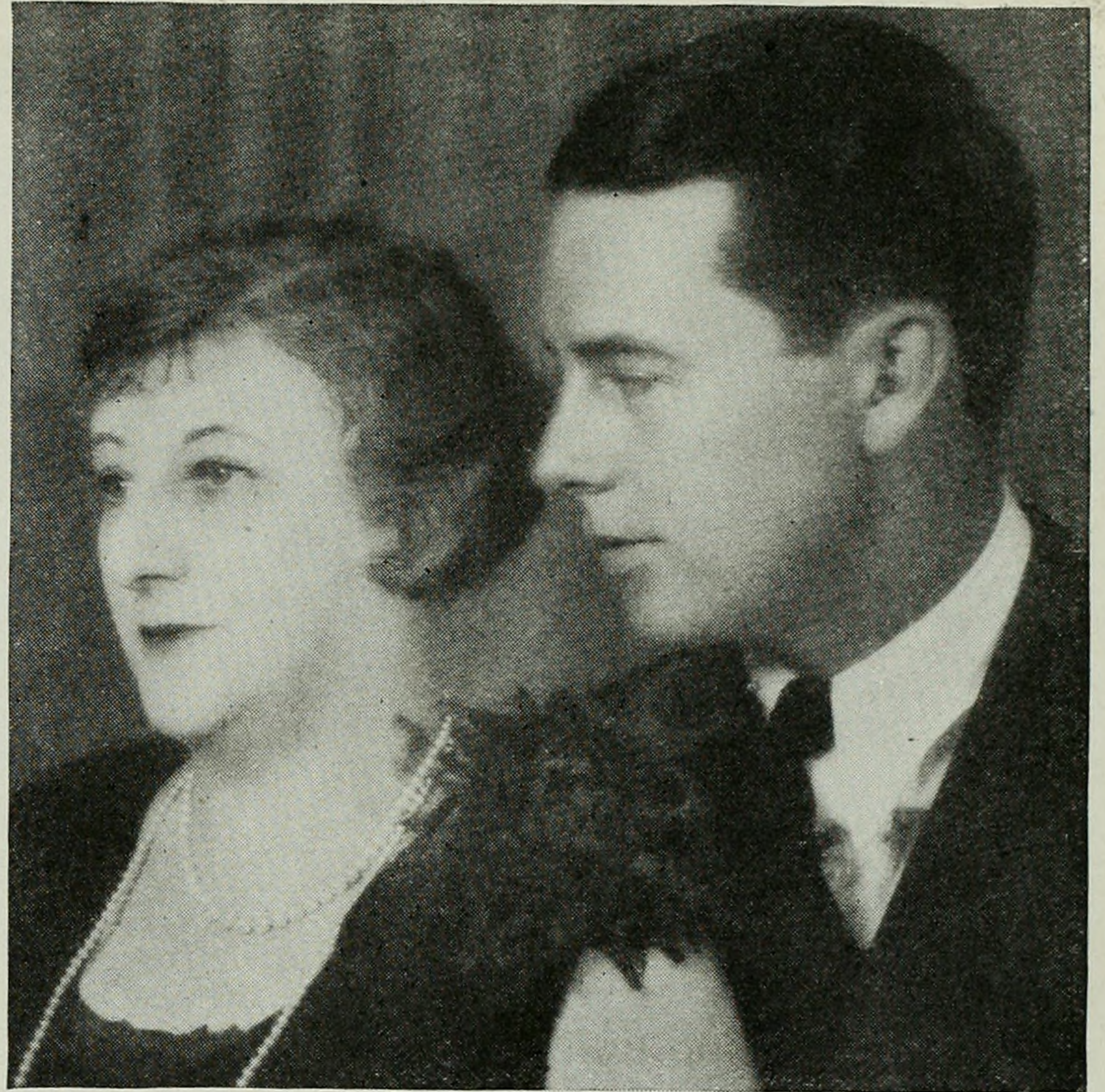
LEW CODY is enthusiastic about playing under the direction of Mal St. Clair.

"He is so truthful about everything! I told him I was a great actor and he agreed with me!"

JEAN HERSHOLT is to be starred in D. W. Griffith's next picture, "The Battle of the Sexes." Belle Bennett will support him.

And not so long ago Jean supported Belle in "Stella Dallas"!

But a few months can make a great difference in the Cinema City. Since the preview of "Abie's Irish Rose," Jean has been running around in circles trying to decide which was the best offer. Practically all of the producers were bidders. But Universal refused to release him from his contract although Jean offered them \$25,000 to break it. That settled the matter.



Evans

A mother's heart that beats for her boy is great stuff—in the movies. But a mother's brain that thinks for her boy is a better asset in everyday life. Ben Lyon's mother, Mrs. Aileen Lyon, is his business manager. She's saved him a lot of tough and annoying details

GRETA GARBO'S pet hobby is Swedish fan mail. She weeps with joy and with sorrow at each letter which comes from those who are either now in her homeland or who have lived there and know the secrets of the far-away snow country.

SUE CAROL is all excited about playing the lead in a new kind of aeroplane story for the Fox Company.

But she is more excited about the chance that Nick Stuart may return in time to play the lead with her.

"If I must die, I would rather die with Nick than any other way," she told me frankly.

Which proves that Nick's three months' absence hasn't affected that romance any.

WILLIAM DE MILLE is as famous for the nondescript clothes he wears while directing a picture as his brother Cecil is for the well pressed, tailored golf suits he sports during the making of a picture.

John McGowan, the author of the play, "Tenth Avenue," which William is now making, wandered onto the set the other day to see how his brain child was progressing.

His eye lit on Phyllis Haver. "So, that is our little heroine?" he asked. "Very good, very good."

He glanced around a little further, noted William standing carelessly against a step ladder. "And that is our hardboiled bootlegger. Splendid impersonation. Splendid!"

And they claim that the director was really flattered.

THOSE playing in F. W. Murnau's next picture "Four Devils" have discovered that working in the movies is not all pleasure.

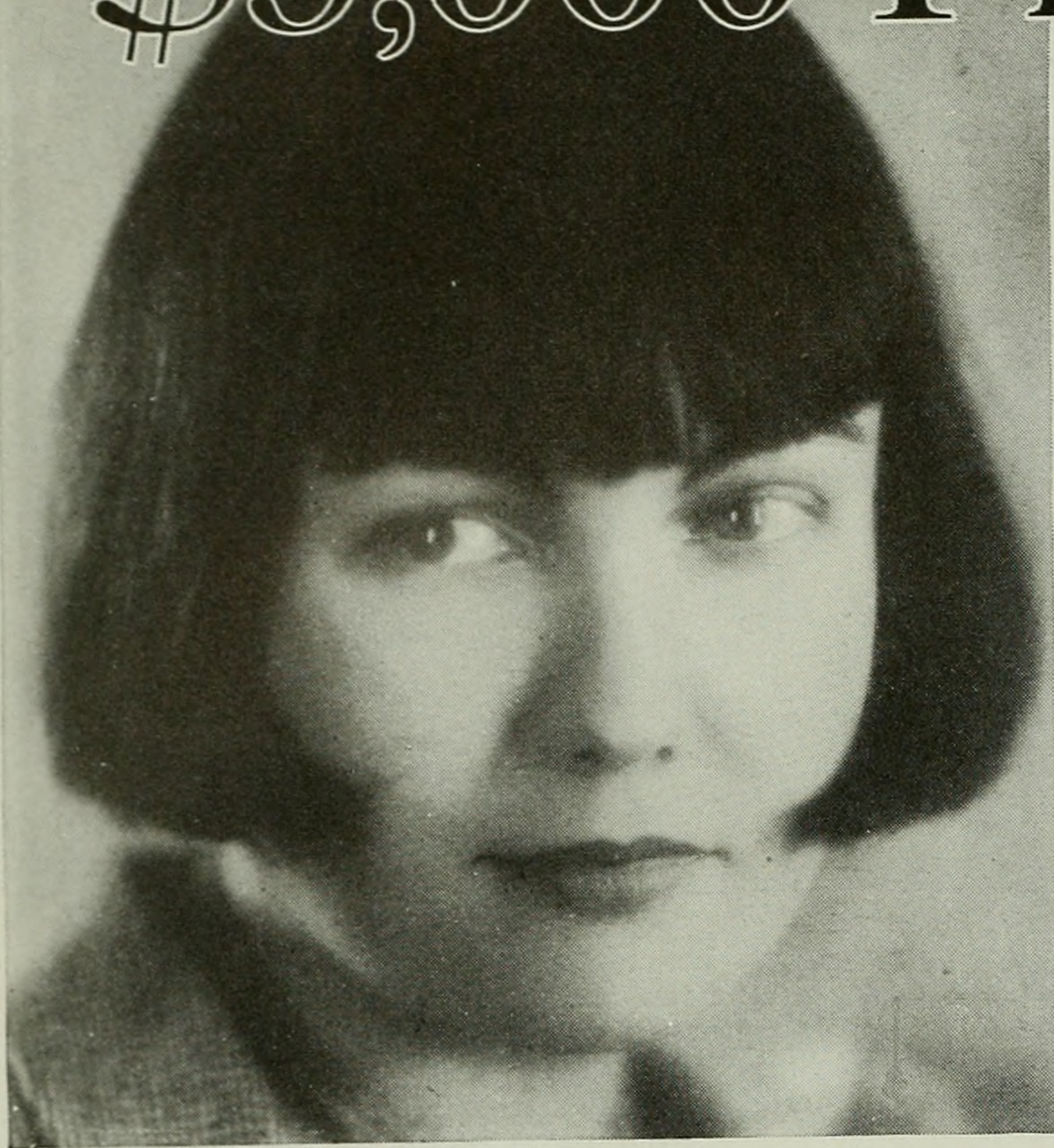
Janet Gaynor had hung on the high trapeze in the big circus tent scene from nine a. m. until one p. m. without intermission when the order came to flop from one ring to another. She made the fling, then collapsed from exhaustion and fear—for Janet is not a trained circus performer.

Charles Morton, another of the "Four Devils," hung in the same position until his hands were bleeding.

ROY D'ARCY is being sued by his wife for divorce, charging the usual complaint of cruelty and nonsupport.

Mrs. Roy Giusti (for this is the actor's real name) claims her mother has loaned the actor [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

\$5,000 Prize Winner



Rena Vale, cowgirl, stage driver, teacher, stenographer. Also, until now, unsuccessful writer, with the world's championship collection of rejection slips

Read this remarkable tale of a typical plucky girl of the Southwest who, after trying for years, crashed through to success in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Idea Contest

years ago and says she has never missed a month. When she saw the announcement of the Idea Contest, she was encouraged to put some of her ideas in brief form and submit them.

When she was called upon by a representative of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and told she was one of the prize winners, without being told of her great luck in landing the first prize of five thousand dollars, she took it very calmly.

"Just another false alarm," she said as she went to the Paramount studio to have her pictures taken.

It was difficult for the studio folks to restrain the temptation to tell her the truth until the announcements were made in the magazine, but, used to the rebuffs and disappointments of life, she took it all calmly.

When, on the date of the issue of the magazine, she was told and was handed the five thousand dollar check, her lips trembled and she turned her bronzed face away to hide her emotions.

"There is a God," she whispered and walked away to be alone.

Her own story, which follows, was written on a studio typewriter. She went at it, when asked, like a veteran. It is a remarkable story of a girl who has had to battle life pretty much alone, and the character of the girl is written into it.

Miss Vale is a typical product of the Southwest. About five feet, seven inches in height, and with a slim figure, she would be a perfect model for a cowgirl in a Remington painting.

She is as voluble as an Indian. Years of life on the desert with few companions have made her think much and say little. Her eyes are large and grey and she wears her blue black hair in a severely cut bob that is reminiscent of the Hopi Indians.

THIS isn't going to be a good story because I'm too excited to write. I'd like to climb to the top of the new City Hall and shout: "Hurray, I won the prize!" But perhaps there would be a few of the Los Angeles million who wouldn't know about the Photoplay-Famous Players Idea Contest. So, instead, I'll tell PHOTOPLAY about it because I know all the readers of that magazine are familiar with the \$15,000.00 Idea Contest.

A \$5,000.00 check! Wonder how many of you ever had that much money handed to you in a lump sum? Well, I'm one of the readers of PHOTOPLAY who never before had that much at once. Mr. Quirk had to hand me the check twice because my hand trembled so that I couldn't hold it the first time. I wondered if it was really me—myself—Rena Vale—who was winning FIRST PRIZE.

Foolish things come to our minds in great moments. I thought of the saying of a poor old half-wit, Mid Jones, I had known when I was a child in Arizona. He had a habit of drowning his sorrows in the cup at the "Red Star" saloon, then trusting to his mules to take him safely home. Once, however, the mules jumped up on a bank out of the river, breaking off the double-tree, leaving Mid stranded in the middle of the stream.

"SWAG," the five thousand dollar prize winning idea in the Photoplay-Paramount Famous Lasky contest, is already in the hands of the writers at the studio, and Jesse L. Lasky has taken personal charge of the preparations for the picture.

He has already cast George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in the leading rôles.

Three or four of other winning ideas have also been given to the story department for development, and it is Mr. Lasky's opinion that they will serve as the basis of other important productions.

In every case the author will be given screen credit for the idea.

Naturally enough the company does not want to make public the ideas until they are ready to announce the names of the pictures. Not that they would suspect other producers of lifting their ideas, but then the idea on which a picture is made is the essential ingredient, and there is no use tempting competitors.

One of the most satisfying features of the contest was that the girl who won the first prize was made so happy by her good fortune. But it was not altogether luck. Rena Vale has been writing and trying for years. Starting work at the age of twelve as a cook in an Arizona cow camp, she has never lost sight of her objective for a single moment. Her father wanted her to be a wild west circus performer. Her mother's ambition was that the girl would become a school teacher.

The mother's idea prevailed so the girl spent two years at the Northern Arizona Normal School, and went to teaching in a Mormon town near the Utah border. The Mormon school supervisors were not over friendly to the gentle teacher, however, and one day, after having been forced to larrup an unruly youth, who tried to set himself up as boss of the school, she quit, and went to San Francisco where she got a job in a bottling plant.

There she studied shorthand and became a stenographer. But the wanderlust and ambition moved her on again and this time fate sent her to Los Angeles, where she took up direct selling. Love came into her life for the first time and she married a bright young reporter who, recognizing the latent talent of the girl, encouraged her to persist in writing. She has the thickest stack of rejection slips in California.

Isolated in remote sections of Arizona, where there are no motion picture theaters and no newsstands, and fascinated by the make-believe world of the motion picture, she subscribed to PHOTOPLAY

Tells Her Story

By
Rena
Vale

He awoke, and realizing his plight, shouted at the top of his lungs: "Oh, Mid, is this you; is this YOU? 'Cause if it is, you're in an awful fix." Then, later when he won a trip to Ireland in a Pioneers' contest, he said the same thing.

This must be me, all right, for I can't think of anyone else I could be. I have the check: have seen it and felt it, heard the paper rustle and even smelled the ink on it. This dream must be true!

Now the next question is: what am I going to do with it? Strange, isn't it, but I didn't have that check spent before I got it, just "in hopes." So many of us count our chickens before they are hatched, just for the fun of counting them. Once, in San Francisco, I did that. I spent the summer as a guest of the County in the City and County Hospital, and I didn't know what I was going to do when—and if—I got out. So, whenever I was able, I studied shorthand and worked on a prize contest that was running in one of the papers. I thought I was clever and had undoubtedly won the first prize, so I spent the money—in my day-dreams.

It was a lot of fun going to the "City of Paris" and rigging myself out in gowns, and shopping on Van Ness Avenue for a bright blue car. On the day I got out of the hospital, the winners of the contest were announced. I hadn't even won a \$1.00 prize! Then and there I broke myself of spending prize money before I got it.

But this time it's different: I CAN go shopping in reality. But I'm older now, and my ideas of what to do with money have changed. The first thing I'm going to do with this crisp piece of paper with the magic naughts on it, is to buy an operation for my invalid brother. Maybe it will mean the end of twenty-five years of patient suffering; maybe he will walk, and even dance, like other young men.

THEN, there is a little girl whom I met twelve years ago on a train in Arizona. I was attending Normal school and she was trouping with a vaudeville company. Our tastes were so much alike and our ideas of what was funny so similar, that we have stuck together ever since. She needs some dental work and a new pair of shoes. I think she'll get them.

THEN, after a doctor bill is paid, I'll take a street car over to Figueroa Street — Los Angeles' Automobile Row. I'll probably have to say to the salesman: "Have you anything cheaper?" (But I DO HOPE the price doesn't end in 98 cents!)

The cowboys in Arizona say that they are "plum afoot" when they have no mount for the round-up. That's



With Mr. Lasky and Mr. Quirk. "Make a good picture of 'Swag,' or I'll bring my old cowboy friends to shoot up your studio"

the situation here in Los Angeles when one has no car. It isn't that street car service is poor; it's that the place is too big to cover going at street car speed. Just try going on a street car from Inglewood to Eagle Rock, or from Belvedere Gardens to Venice some day and see how much of the day you have left after you get there! An automobile is a necessity here.

There will be a few clothes, of course, and probably a marcel, then I'm going down Broadway or Spring Street, or perhaps on Hollywood Boulevard and find a nice, safe-looking bank where I'll put the rest of that money to bed.

Perhaps you'd like to know something about that idea I submitted. I have been enthusiastic about "Swag" ever since

it was born, but I never dared hope it would grow up into a Famous Players-Lasky picture.

'Way back in 1920 I was teaching vocational school and running a canteen restaurant in an isolated army camp in Arizona. I had a lot of eggs to fry, and had to spend considerable time showing Uncle Sam's boys how to keep books and operate a typewriter, but I had some time for thinking.

I noticed how different people reacted to the isolation. Some went insane; some developed tempers like hyenas; but others seemed to find themselves — to shed their petty habits and become tranquilized. For seven years I struggled with that thought (you know now that I'm [CONT'D ON PAGE 109])



George Bancroft says, "Say, girl, I never knew Western bad men were so bad. They make our New York crooks seem like Sunday School teachers"

THE winner of Photoplay's Idea Contest submitted this short story before she knew she was a prize winner—read this tale of a Hollywood star maker and a girl who wouldn't be fooled.

Play

the arms of the chair. "And then their mamas talking and talking after the lessons. Now I'm running away from the telephone that will be jingling and jingling for more appointments."

"Suppose it's the papas on the 'phone?"

Laughter tinkled in answer. Jule amused Jenny. Her wit was as brittle and transparent as the green and white cups she began to clatter in the untidy sink, and her ideas as square-cornered and practical as Mission furniture. Jule was always positive—one either agreed with her, or one was crazy. Jenny occasionally disagreed, and on rare occasions argued with her.

WHILE her hostess splashed in the bath room, she gave the disordered rooms a few tidying touches. She raised blinds, blew the dust off photographs and arranged them in rows on the mantelpiece, after which she removed wilted orchids from the phonograph, and retrieved a stringy white glove from under the escritoire. The maid came but once a week, and Jule could easily undo all the weekly house cleaning in a half hour; for the rest of the week she lived in comfortable confusion. Jenny never preached to Jule, but she sometimes cleaned house for her.

Today, however, she was more anxious to learn certain things from Jule than to impose orderliness upon her. These things which were racing round and round within her small head like a kitten chasing its tail, concerned Dale Cameron, Jule's director.

The actress emerged from the bath room carrying a wisp of crabapple georgette and almost wearing a moss green negligee.

She dropped both garments in a heap on the floor. "How's Ed?" she asked.

JENNY WARE fluttered along Hollywood's famous Boulevard toward an incandescent sunset. Jenny didn't trot, skip, walk, run, or dance. She fluttered. Perhaps her toes brushed the sidewalk; perhaps they didn't; but if she was defying the law of gravitation in an angelic manner, she showed a beatific consideration for her fellow travelers by hovering very near to earthly paths. If you were walking, she whisked by you like an infant whirlwind; and, as she passed, you knew the cloud of blue georgette and brown curls enveloped Jenny Ware. After she had disappeared into the multi-colored traffic of Vine Street, the image of her skimmed before you like a tantalizing mirage.

Her destination was a sage green bungalow opening off a court filled with shell bird baths, very young palms, and very clean pebble walks. There, lived Jule.

Before Jenny's toes brushed the white pebbles in front of the pseudo-massive door, she tossed the playful curls out of her eyes and swept up the panorama below her in a quick, comprehensive glance. A hundred reflected sunsets smiled back at her, and so she knew that Jule would be up. She pushed the saucy, dappled brass door bell with the palm of one hand, and the oak-painted door with the palm of the other. Both responded.

Jule was sitting directly in front of the door on the arm of an olive and brown easy chair, stirring a cup of coffee. The pleats were here and there pressed out of her nightgown of Nile green silk and black lace, and her auburned hair was jumbled. As her guest floated into the shade-darkened room, she lifted one thin black eyebrow and opened one aquamarine eye. She spoke in a porous voice that emerged bravely from a whisper: "Why'n't you come earlier and get me up? It was too hot to sleep and too hot to wake up."

Little puffs of blue georgette settled in another green and brown chair. Brown curls leaped away from grey eyes as Jenny tossed her head. Her clear-cut words fell like ink dots on the blotter of drowsy silence: "Dancing pupils, dancing pupils, dancing pupils." She sighed and patted



Houses

By

Rena Vale

\$5,000 Idea Contest Winner

Jenny snapped a sheet in the air and let it float down like a tired balloon. "Ed?" The brown curls bobbed impatiently. "Ed's always the same. Always has been the same. Always will be."

"That means he sent you violets again for your birthday, and that he has never repaired the porch floor for his mother, and that he still smokes the briar pipe, and still brings his collie when he strolls over to sit in the porch swing with you; that he designs bungalows at the office and builds castles in the air, that—"

"NO, 'Play houses,' Jule. Don't you remember 'Play houses by the sea?'"

"To be sure, that is what he calls his air castles. Guess he got that idea from the sand houses you and he built at Santa Monica when your mothers used to take you down there for a holiday."

"And the waves would wash them away, and we'd build them over again." The counterpane slipped from Jenny's hand and crumpled to the floor. She shook curls and memories out of her eyes. "Ed's a dear, but I'm so absolutely used to him; he could never give me a thrill."

What she meant by thrills were the squirmy feelings that raced over her when she made humming-bird-like dips into life. She had sipped a drop of nectar at the Montmartre one night, and had tasted honey at the Coconut Grove at another. Dale Cameron, on both occasions, had broken away from a group of flamboyant women and danced with Jenny. His wavy grey hair had mingled with her tumbled curls, and his soft, strong hand had caressed hers; his crooked arm had pressed her tightly to him, and she had gone limp as a wilted Easter lily.

Jule was now brushing her fingernails with a small buffer.

"Dale has the reel of your tests, Jenny, and he won't talk to me about anything else. Looks like I'm going to be left high and dry while he makes a star of you."

Jenny dropped to the corner of the bed, sitting on one foot. "How many times must I tell you, Jule, that, if

either of us is to be a star, it will have to be you? Makeup feels gooey, and the light hurts my eyes, and I like to sleep and eat."

"But Dale Cameron's stars—"

"Don't always remain Dale Cameron's stars. Nay, Jule, you can have your Kleigs and your yelling assistant directors and long hours and bath cabinets and diets and ogling public. Mother and I don't need a whole lot of money to live, and—"

"I know your little spiel, girl friend, but now you have Dale Cameron interested."

Jenny's rings cut into the enameled bed post, but she swallowed her heart and flung the argument: "I want to save myself a fall from dizzy heights. If Temptation whispers too loud, I can quiet him by coming down to the lot some morning and watch you sweat under your beads and makeup."

JULE picked up a jade mirror as if it were an enemy. "There are nine hundred seventy-eight kinds of fools in Hollywood, but you have the distinction of being the only one of your kind. Here is Dale Cameron, builder of the most magnificent sets, director of the biggest pictures, the greatest of all star-makers, ready to fall on his knees before you—you, little Nobody Jenny Ware. And you shake your empty head and say you want to teach clumsy kids to dance. And you moon over a dawdling dreamer and his 'Play houses by the sea.'" Jule's tongue paused while her little finger smeared a daub of lipstick into a cupid's bow.

Jenny stared straight ahead as delight danced before her like heat waves. Cameron, the director-wizard; Cameron, the builder of glittering palaces: Dale, of the hypnotic speech, of the magnetic hands; Cameron, Dale Cameron, on his knees before her! The brown curls screened the sparkle in her eyes, yet she wanted to know more of the same subject, so she threw another faggot into the flame of Jule's wrath. "But Jule, Ed builds real houses,—darling little bungalows that are lived in—while Dale Cameron's houses are only false fronts or three-sided rooms meant only to be played in."

Jule was plunging into her clothes, jerking at them viciously. "Of all the jabbering idiots; of all the foolish excuses. Next you'll spring that prize-winner about 'What will people say?' I don't want you to be a star, Jenny. It would break my heart to see you roll down the Boulevard in a Rolls Royce, and I'd tear up a newspaper that would dare to print your picture! Go on, and try to live in one of those sand houses by the sea!"

Jenny laughed. "Oh, keep your little green shirt on, Jule. I've too good a memory to see a glamour in the picture game. Hollywood and I have grown up together, and I remember WHEN, you know."

"I suppose you'd turn up your nose at Beverly Hills real estate, too, just because you can remember when it wasn't worth anything." Jule jabbed her finger through a narrow bright yellow band on which a small emerald gleamed.

Jenny traced a pattern with her toe on the rug. "Will you please stop arguing with me and tell me what Dale Cameron said about the tests?"

The jaws of the curling iron remained rigidly open when Jule's hand petrified in midair. "Did you suffer a stroke of sense, or did I hear you right?" she asked.

"Perhaps you sold me [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]"

Jule picked up a jade mirror as if it were an enemy. "There are nine hundred seventy-eight kinds of fools in Hollywood," she snapped, "but you have the distinction of being the only one of your kind. Here is the greatest of all star-makers ready to fall on his knees before you—you, little Nobody Jenny Ware—and you shake your empty head!"

Illustrated by
Nancy Fay

NANCY FAY



HAROLD TEEN—First National

IF you have a grouchy friend and he does not laugh at this, take him out and shoot him. He's hopeless. It is *Harold* of the comic strip come to life on the screen, but even with this flimsy story structure they have built an hour of laughter and entertainment.

If you want to see how movies are made, don't miss this picture. *Harold* and his gang make one for their high school Alma Mater. You'll never get more laughs than you do from this home-made melodrama.

Arthur Lake walks away with honors as *Harold*. Mary Brian, as *Lillums*; Lucien Littlefield, as *Grandpap*, and Alice White, as the dizzy blonde, rank as close seconds. And don't forget Mervin Leroy, who megaphoned these kids so that there isn't a dull moment. See it by all means.



DRESSED TO KILL—Fox

THIS is not a big production from the standpoint of money expended, scenery or numbers of people playing in it. Yet the perfect story construction, the splendid acting and uninterrupted suspense make it worthy of exceptional mention. A tale of the underworld taken from the inside of a gangster's lair. No detail of the methods employed by the criminal "mob" leaders are omitted.

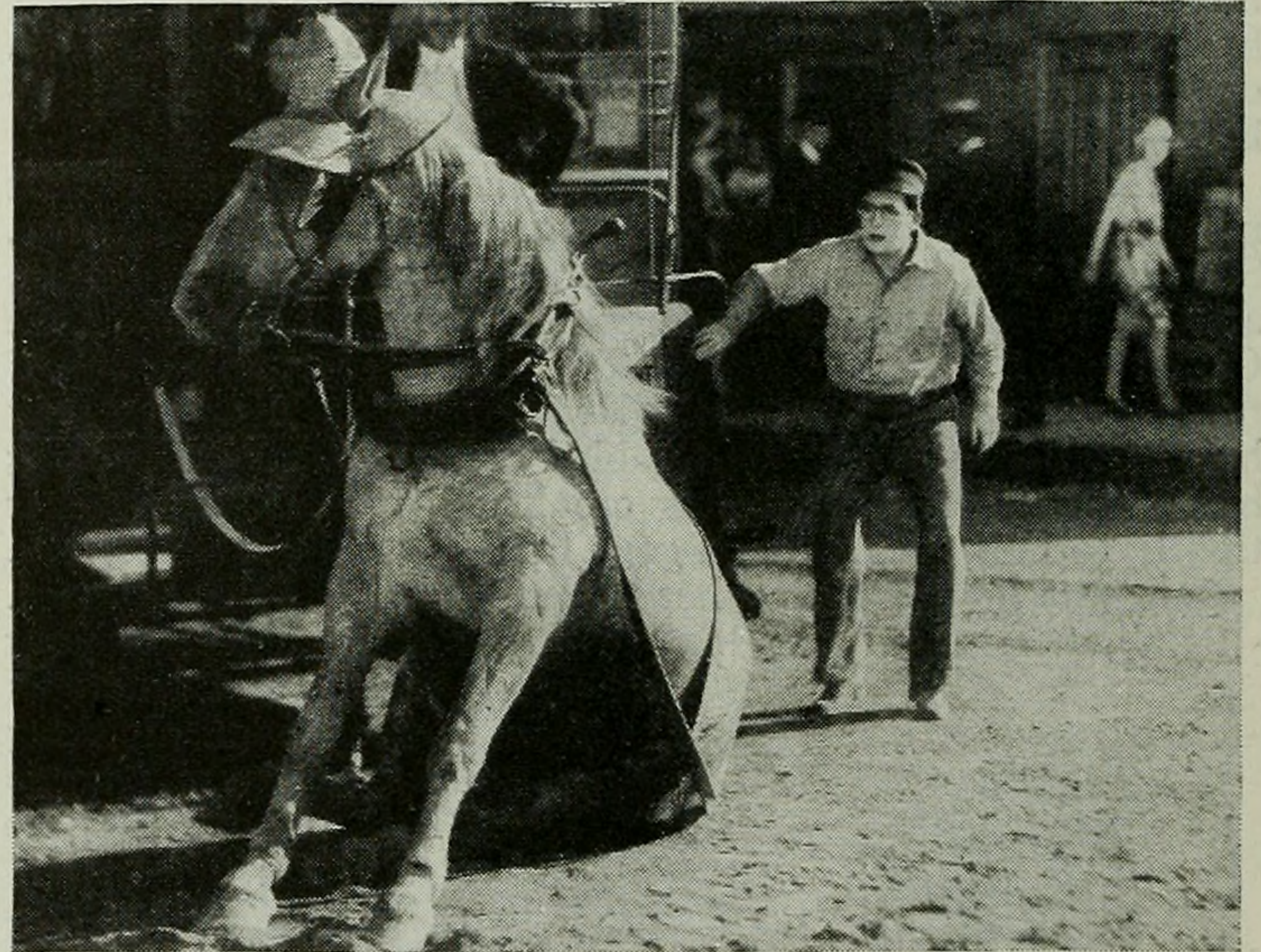
A girl becomes one of the "gang." You cannot quite believe that one so beautiful and refined can be really a thief, yet you are never certain until the end of the story.

Edmund Lowe as *Barry*, the mob's leader, is splendid. Mary Astor proves herself an actress of exceptional capabilities. Ben Bard is as slick as the underworld thief he interprets. If you enjoy all-action, don't miss this.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



SPEEDY—Lloyd-Paramount

HAROLD LLOYD took a year to make this picture and it was time well expended. It's a corking rib-tickler. Lloyd may work slowly and carefully on his films, but he never lets you down.

Like all of Lloyd's comedies, the story is the least of the picture. But the clever, rapidly moving gags, the wild stunts and the high-tensioned action make it well worth your money.

Lloyd spent months in New York City and his camera has caught up with the speed of the metropolis with amazing agility.

Babe Ruth's dash to the ball field with Lloyd at the taxi wheel will make you wonder just how they managed to photograph it.

Ann Christy was chosen from Hollywood's thousands of extras for the feminine lead because of her long hair. She is wistful and cunning, but has little chance to display histrionic ability, because it is wholly Harold Lloyd's picture.

A contest for the ugliest dog in Hollywood resulted in finding a nondescript cur so clever that he ranks second only to the comedian as a laugh-getter. Beauty isn't everything; brains are a big help, even to a pup.

The story is a little slow getting into action and we wish that they had omitted Coney Island, the only "old stuff" in the production. But they spent \$150,000 to get this part of the picture, so it would be unreasonable to expect them to cut it.

Take every member of your family.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

SPEEDY WE AMERICANS
HAROLD TEEN A NIGHT OF MYSTERY
MOTHER MACHREE DRESSED TO KILL

The Best Performances of the Month

Arthur Lake in "Harold Teen"
Edmund Lowe in "Dressed to Kill"
Mary Astor in "Dressed to Kill"
Adolphe Menjou in "A Night of Mystery"
Rod La Rocque in "Hold 'Em Yale"
Marion Davies in "The Patsy"
Tom Wilson in "Hold 'Em Yale"
Belle Bennett in "The Devil's Skipper"
Philippe de Lacy in "Mother Machree"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



WE AMERICANS—Universal

"WE AMERICANS" is not, in any sense, a racial picture, but a drama of American immigrants. A Russian (*Levine*), a German (*Schmidt*) and an Italian family (*Albertini*) came to America fifteen years before the war. Their struggles for an existence; their loyalty, and their perplexities (particularly over the younger generation who find it so easy to assimilate American ideas and customs) make a story of absorbing interest.

The picture, under the capable adaptation of Alfred Cohn, who graduated into the movies from PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, makes far greater national appeal than the original story when produced on the stage. A war sequence has been cleverly injected, which gives a motive for the high spot of the picture. *Mrs. Levine*, going to night school, has mastered enough English to read to the class the Gettysburg Address. As she reads the closing words . . . "and they have not died in vain," she is handed the telegram carrying the news of her son's death over seas. A very tense moment beautifully handled by Meryl Mercer.

George Sidney, as *Mr. Levine*, and Albert Gran, as *Mr. Schmidt* give superb character delineations. Patsy Ruth Miller, as *Beth Levine*, is excellent. Much credit for the entire production must go to Edward Sloman, director, who is consistently making pictures above the average.

The picture is of permanent value (in the same sense that "His People" and "His Country" are) and while highly entertaining to any audience, should make better citizens of all of us.



MOTHER MACHREE—Fox

OF course you know the old ballad. Rida Johnson Young, who wrote its lyrics, was engaged to construct the film. John Ford, who seemed to exhaust the tear possibilities of mother love in "Four Sons," was assigned to direct it. And Belle Bennett, whose choke-producing performance of *Stella Dallas* is still a high tear mark in filmdom, was hired to play *Mother Machree*. That was a sure-fire combination.

"Mother Machree" isn't as successful a sob winger as "Four Sons." This story of an Irish mother who brings her boy to America that he may have the advantages of the new land is more conventional. Still, it's effective emotionally.

The real hit of "Mother Machree" is little Philippe de Lacy, who plays the Irish son as a lad. He's delightful.



A NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount

SARDOU'S well-known stage play, "Captain Ferreol," under Ernest Vajda's adaptation and supervision, furnishes Adolphe Menjou one of the best vehicles he has ever had.

Menjou is frequently in trouble because of love affairs, but this time as a dashing captain of the French-African Chasseurs, he is "between the devil and the deep blue sea." If he speaks, his former sweetheart will be ruined; if he keeps silent, the brother of the woman he now loves will be hung. With Evelyn Brent the bewitching charmer, Nora Lane the demure, trusting sweetheart, and Buster Collier the honest, but confirmed weakling involved, it's no wonder he decides to commit suicide—but he doesn't.

Your loss if you miss it.

Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

THE PATSY
—M.-G.-M.



WE doubt if Barry Conner's comedy would have made such a delightful picture, but for the magic touch of Agnes Christine Johnston in the adaptation; the fine balance of comedy and drama by Director King Vidor; and the exquisite portrayal of *Patsy* by Marion Davies. Marion's impersonations of Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mae Murray are captivating. An "ugly duckling" story, but clean and amusing.

HOLD 'EM, YALE—
Pathe -
De Mille



WHAT'S the use of trying to be critical when you have had your money's worth of honest fun out of a picture? Rod La Rocque forgets his tailor and has a grand time for himself as a South American Jack Gilbert who becomes a football star. Big Tom Kennedy, as a bone headed cop, and a monkey called "Firpo" contribute to the nonsense. The girl? Jeanette Loff. See her in last month's PHOTOPLAY.

TWO LOVERS
—United
Artists



EVEN the lavish production of an intriguing story of William of Orange, and Niblo's skillful direction, cannot disguise the fact that this is the same plot which first put Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman over as a team. However, no one should miss so colorful a picture. It's the last co-starring appearance of this splendid pair of romanticists who combine here, as always, the *nth* degree of beauty and finesse.

THE SHOW-DOWN—
Paramount



A PICTURE teeming with splendid acting, but a story which leaves a questionable taste in your mouth. Droning oil wells, merciless tropical heat, the menacing attitude of lonely, desperate male beings will depress you as they depress the young American woman who invades the Mexican oil well region. The work of George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, Fred Kohler and Neil Hamilton make it worth seeing.

RED HAIR—
Paramount



MISS BOW is with us again, this time in an Elinor Glyn Mopus of a gold-digger who gave up gold-digging for love. And if a gold-digger does that, she IS in love! Miss Glyn, who openly admits being a super-theorist on love, and the bewitching Clara as its exponent should be an irresistible combination. George Marion titles and the famous Bow tresses in natural color are highlights.

THE HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL—
First National



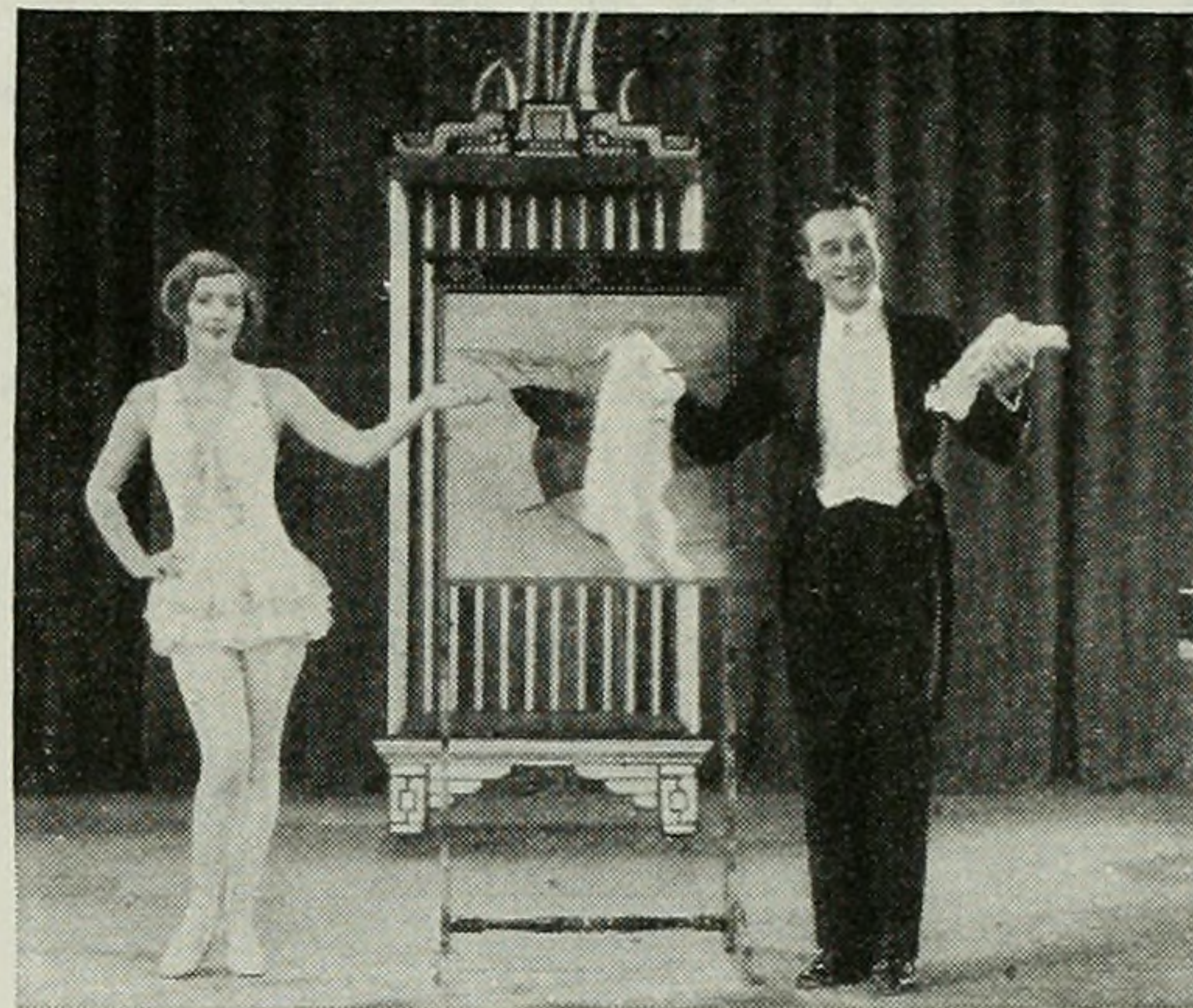
NOT even Billie Dove's beauty can compensate for such a weak story. A tale as hackneyed as the proverbial love triangle. No humor; not even a good fight to vary the monotony of a Follies girl's persistent sacrifice for a man who sells his honor to win her attention. Larry Kent as the boy; Lowell Sherman as the menace and Mildred Harris as the gold-digger, as well as Miss Dove, do the best acting possible.

of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**THE
DEVIL'S
SKIPPER—
Tiffany-Stahl**



THIS is a virile story, packed with dramatic action, dealing with slave ships, piracy, mutiny, revenge and death. Belle Bennett's characterization of "The Devil's Skipper" is a great personal achievement, rarely equalled on the screen. You can't forget the tense moment when she discovers it is her own daughter she is subjecting to the horrible humiliations she had experienced herself. You'll appreciate Montagu Love's support.



**LADY BE
GOOD—
First National**

THE Mackaill-Mulhall team goes over big in this snappy screen version of the recent musical show. Dorothy is not only a clever comedienne and dancer, but has a perfect right to lay claim to a perfect right—and left! Jack is better than usual as the young magician who can get anything out of his hat but the rent money. The story is about the two young—but see it yourself; it's darn cute!

**SOMETHING
ALWAYS
HAPPENS—
Paramount**



IT'S dangerous business, girls, to pray for something to "happen." You might get such a surprise as Esther Ralston gets when she finds herself in this haunted house of musty stairs, sliding panels, walking chairs, etc. A delightful melodramatic farce, in which Neil Hamilton and Sojin vie with each other in giving Esther a lasting thrill and one which you will enjoy.



**MAD HOUR—
First National**

ELINOR GLYN gives us another moral on the folly of jazzmania. Just how Madame Glyn thinks that a daughter of a taxi driver is clever enough to entrap the son of a multimillionaire into marriage via the gin route and dumb enough to sign him away, lose the custody of her baby and go to his jail in his honor, is beyond average comprehension. But the tale will interest you and the acting of Sally O'Neil will surprise you.

**THE MAN
WHO
LAUGHS—
Universal**



THIS picture may get by in Europe under the name of Art, but in this country it will have little interest. Dragged into a super-production by extremely slow action, it loses the dramatic value of a story which might have succeeded under the name of "something different." Historically it gives an insight into the lives of the yokels of the King James II period. Conrad Veidt does a splendid piece of acting.



**BARE KNEES
—Gotham**

AFINE jazz baby Virginia Lee Corbin is, but she knows her signals—"when to stop and when to go"—and that's more than her married sister (Jane Winton) does. Maude Fulton shows her mirth-provoking legs, and Johnny Walker, Donald Keith, and Forrest Stanley have illuminating experiences. A good cure for flapper-pessimists.

[Additional reviews on page 96]

Hollywood Trousseau

Kathryn Carver, soon to be Mrs. Wood for her wedding in



Adolphe Menjou, whose marriage to Miss Carver will take place in Paris in May, views with approval "La Scala," an evening wrap of red crepe with white fox collar. The flowers are embroidered in gold and silver metal thread

This chic creation was designed to be worn at cocktail time at the Ritz in Paris. It is a draped satin dress with a bodice of black lace over nude satin. A diamond and onyx pin catches the folds in front.

A snug fitting wrapped turban made of black crocheted visca with a small Paradise feather adds to the ensemble effect



"THE biggest influence on world fashions is not Paris; it is Hollywood. New York may sniff, London may put up its lorgnette in amused disdain, and Paris may foam at the mouth; but deep down in their secret hearts they all know the movie studios evolve more fashion novelties than all of them put together."

This statement was made recently by Campbell McCulloch in *Liberty*, in which, as a result of the study of the origin of fashions, he demonstrated the statement, often made in *PHOTOPLAY*, that Hollywood fashions set the pace for the world.

It was inevitable that this should result in such an establishment as the new *Maison de Haute Couture*, presided over by Howard Greer, creator of fashions, whose gowns have graced the forms of many of the most charming actresses of the screen.

Nothing in America equals the charm and color of the atelier, which Greer opened recently in a delightful Spanish court in Hollywood, within a few minutes of all the studios. In an elaborate salon, whose rich furnishings and glittering crystal chandeliers lend background and illumination char-



This charming *robe du soir* was one of the distinctive creations among the seven evening gowns which Miss Carver took with her to Europe. Forty-seven yards of tulle, edged in silver thread, make up the skirt and the bodice is a mass of crystal beads. To carry this gown and another of orchid tulle special wicker tubes were made to prevent crushing of the material in train and steamship travel

for Parisian Honeymoon

Adolphe Menjou, outfits in Holly- the late capital of Fashion

acteristic of the ball room, screen stars and society ladies can select evening gowns of original design. Afternoon gowns are shown in the Peasant room, which is a glorified adaptation of the decorative motif of European peasantry. The sports-woman is conducted to the Patio, where she may choose her clothes and accessories in the brilliant light of the California sun—a perfect atmosphere for the robe de sport. Thence she may go into the loveliest of French boudoirs as the proper setting for the selection of negligees, lingerie, and other charming intimacies of the dainty woman's wardrobe.

Panelling of Toile de Jouey in the Jeanne d'Arc pattern, with furnishings that harmonize with the soft old rose coloring, is the ensemble that arouses the admiration of all.

There is a fitting room for every aura in the house of Greer. Particularly suited for blonde beauty is the room completely walled in black, with ceiling of mirrors. An intense midnight blue room emphasizes the charms of the red-haired women. For the Castilian brunettes, there is a room with a canary yellow background. Completing this amazing suite are a soft green room and a silver room that will lend themselves to varied complexions.



When Miss Carver wears this street coat of black crepe romaine, trimmed in silver fox, on the boulevards in Paris the French couturiers will have something to think about. It is one of the smartest ensembles in the entire wardrobe that was made in Hollywood for the future Mrs. Menjou from original designs by Howard Greer



Howard Greer, creator of fashions, designed twenty-six gowns, coats and sports outfits for Miss Carver's trousseau. One of his creations is the Ambassador model shown above. It is a charming dinner dress of red chiffon edged in gold. Note the uneven hem line and interesting cape collar

Miss Carver took with her to Paris five sports outfits. The one pictured above shows the newest mode of the moment in jumpers. It is handwoven in red and white wool thread with a cross-weave of gold thread. The coat and skirt are of red crepe romaine. A red beret gives this outfit a particularly jaunty air



Flaherty, Great Adventurer

By Terry Ramsaye
Author of "A Million and One Nights"

The Maker of "Moana" is the Last of the Long Pioneer Line that Sought the End of the Open Road

ONE merry evening in June of the distant year of 1668 His Highness Prince Rupert and a blithe party of friends sat in the captain's cabin of a ship riding at anchor off Wapping Old Stairs dock in London River.

There were toasts in the wine of Oporto, maybe a song or two and farewells. At the turn of the tide the Prince and his party went ashore in a cutter and the brave little ketch-rigged *Nonsuch* dropped down the Thames.

The first expedition of "The Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," was off "for the Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea, and for finding Furs, Minerals, and other Considerable Commodities."

The little ketch *Nonsuch* was burthened with the fate of empire. "The Company of Adventurers" was made up of sundry "noblemen, knights and esquires," a lusty array of daring, swash-buckling entrepreneurs. In their hands was the exploration and the making of half the New World.

That "Company of Adventurers" lacked yet—by some two hundred and fifty years—one of its proper members, Robert J. Flaherty. He should have been in that captain's cabin aboard the *Nonsuch* that night.

The adventurers sailed across the Atlantic and through Hudson's Bay down into James Bay. There they found furs and other "Considerable Commodities," such as they sought. For two and a half centuries this went on; then Flaherty came and caught up with the expedition, completing that task of exploration that the crew of the *Nonsuch* began.

To Flaherty, in dramatic adventure, came the distinction of discovering the last of the unknown lands of the New World. Also there he discovered "Nanook" and something of a new career for the motion picture. Fittingly enough, further, in co-incidental fulfillment of that ancient charter with the

royal seal of King Charles upon it, this discovery brought Flaherty, in time, a "Passage to the South Sea."

This romantic Flaherty, in spite of the fact of his contemporary existence, in spite of his very modern concern with a new phase of the newest art, the motion picture, is in truth a man of the seventeenth century.

At interludes between his voyagings, Flaherty may be found undergoing the conventionalities of New York—commuting to New Caanan—the restaurants, the night clubs, the theater, the self-conscious sophistication of the Coffee House club, and the studios of Greenwich Village. Here there is a tension of suppression over him. A voice that is used to wide spaces is

adroitly softened to an improbable, considerate restraint. And there is that attitude of continuous alertness, bearing testimony to the automatic, continuous vigilance of the wild places. His cool blue-eyed glance is unconsciously penetrating and restless. There is an air of impatient patience under a bearing of the most polite suavity. His very broad shoulders and deep chest dispute the punctilio of his dinner coat. For the time he can be utterly New Yorkly; but it is not really so.

Sometimes when morning begins to break over Washington Square and the company is to his liking, Flaherty lays aside his mask of convention. Then there are songs of the trails and seas; tales of far away campfires, sagas of the trappers and prospectors. Flaherty's real life is out where the world is still young—a seventeenth century world with endless wonders yet to be seen and wide lands and waters yet to be mapped.

It is only for that occasional hour that one meets the actual Flaherty, who just chances to be among us in this effete twentieth century. And it is then that one knows him for a true confrere of Radisson and Groseilliers, for a successor to the traditions of Paul de Chomedey and Cham- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



The story of Robert J. Flaherty is a romance in itself. Flaherty is filming a South Sea yarn in Tahiti



Dyar

PICTURE of an actor who has a home and a wife and is proud of it. Who says that marriage is a handicap in achieving screen popularity? Since Richard Arlen married Jobyna Ralston over a year ago, he has had nothing but luck. A few years ago, he was an "extra" who had left the University of Pennsylvania to seek a career in Hollywood. Today, he is one of the most sought-after young men at the Paramount Studios.



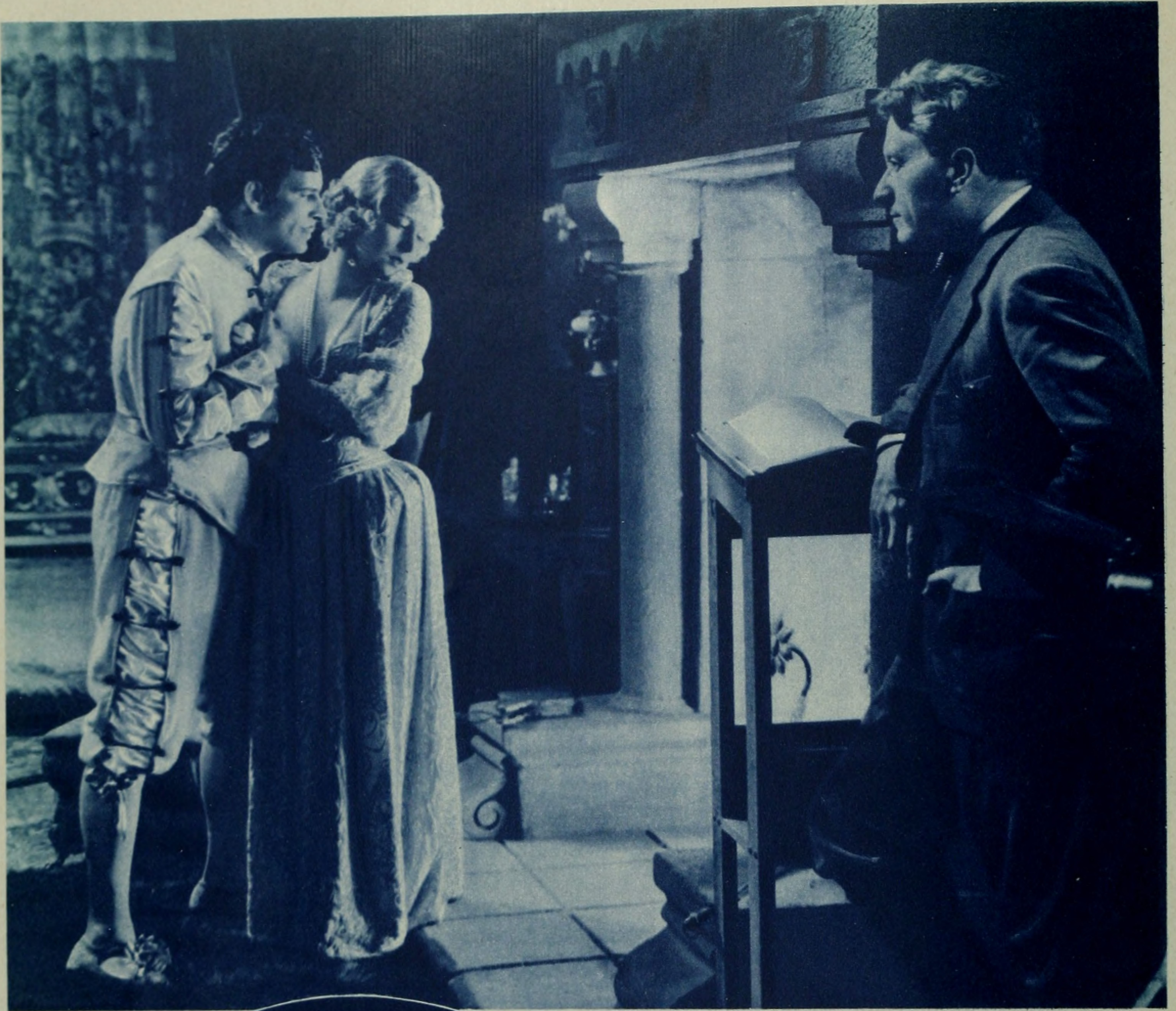
HOLLYWOOD'S leading young modern woman—Eleanor Boardman Vidor. In November, Mrs. Vidor presented her husband, King Vidor, with a daughter. In February, she reported for work at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Her first picture will be "Diamond Handcuffs," not directed by her husband.

Ruth Harriet Louise

ALL on her
toes—
Mary
Brian. Most of the
“fan” mail Mary re-
ceives is written on
fraternity letter-
heads. She is the
Dream Girl of the
Younger Set. Heart-
whole, fancy free
and devoted to her
Art. First National
has engaged her to
play the girl in “Har-
old Teen,” a story
built around the
characters of the
popular comic strip.



Richee



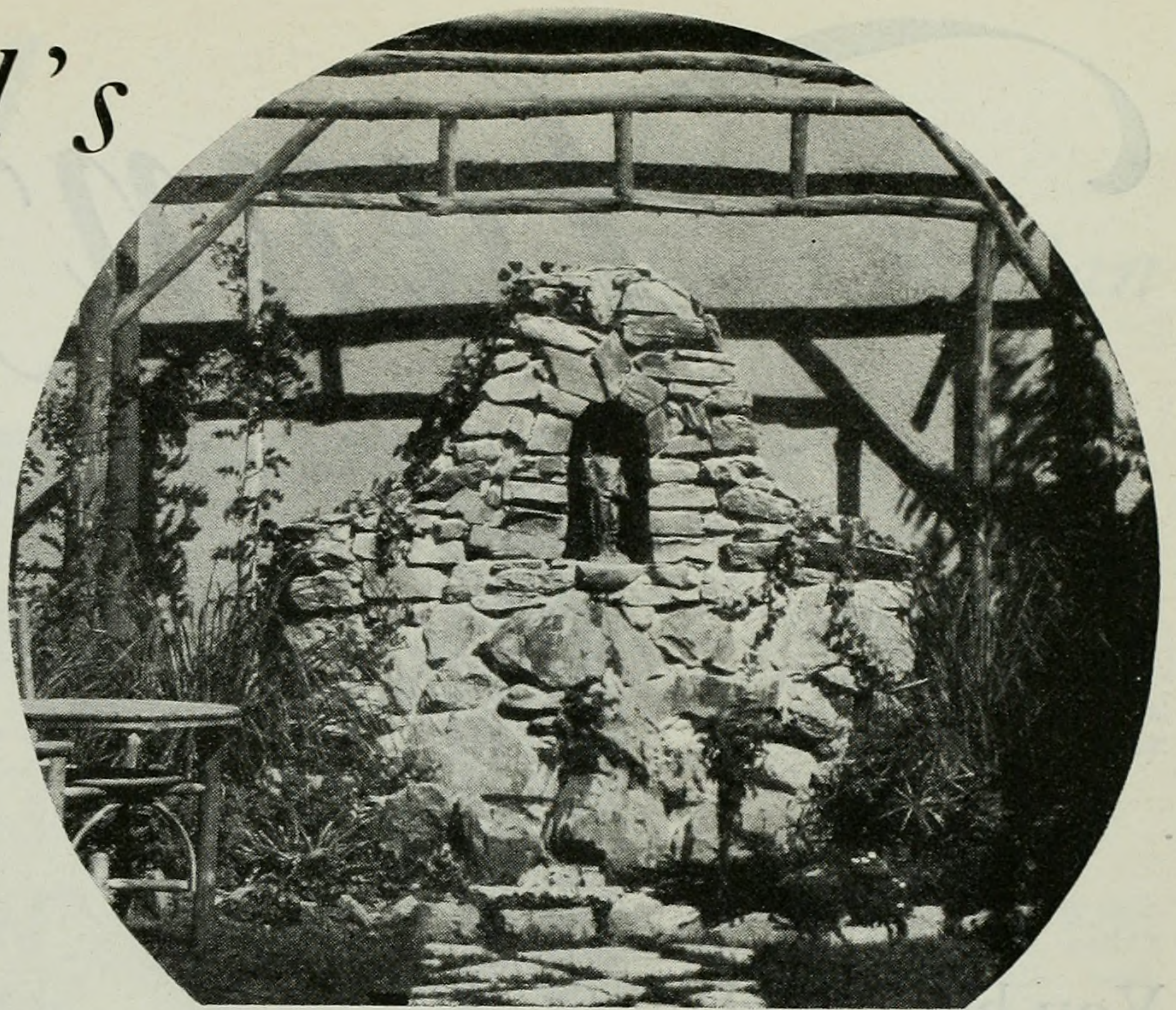
Alexander



THE scene above shows the last appearance together of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman before any camera. Let's all have a good cry. The gentleman regarding them so wistfully is Fred Niblo, who directed them in "Two Lovers." The artistic divorce was granted them by Samuel Goldwyn on the grounds of incompatibility of stories. Mr. Goldwyn has gone to Europe to find a new *Isolde* for Ronald's *Tristram*, and a new *Romeo* for Vilma's *Juliet*. The lady must be a blonde; the new hero must be a brunette. Now won't there be a real panic in the foreign studios?

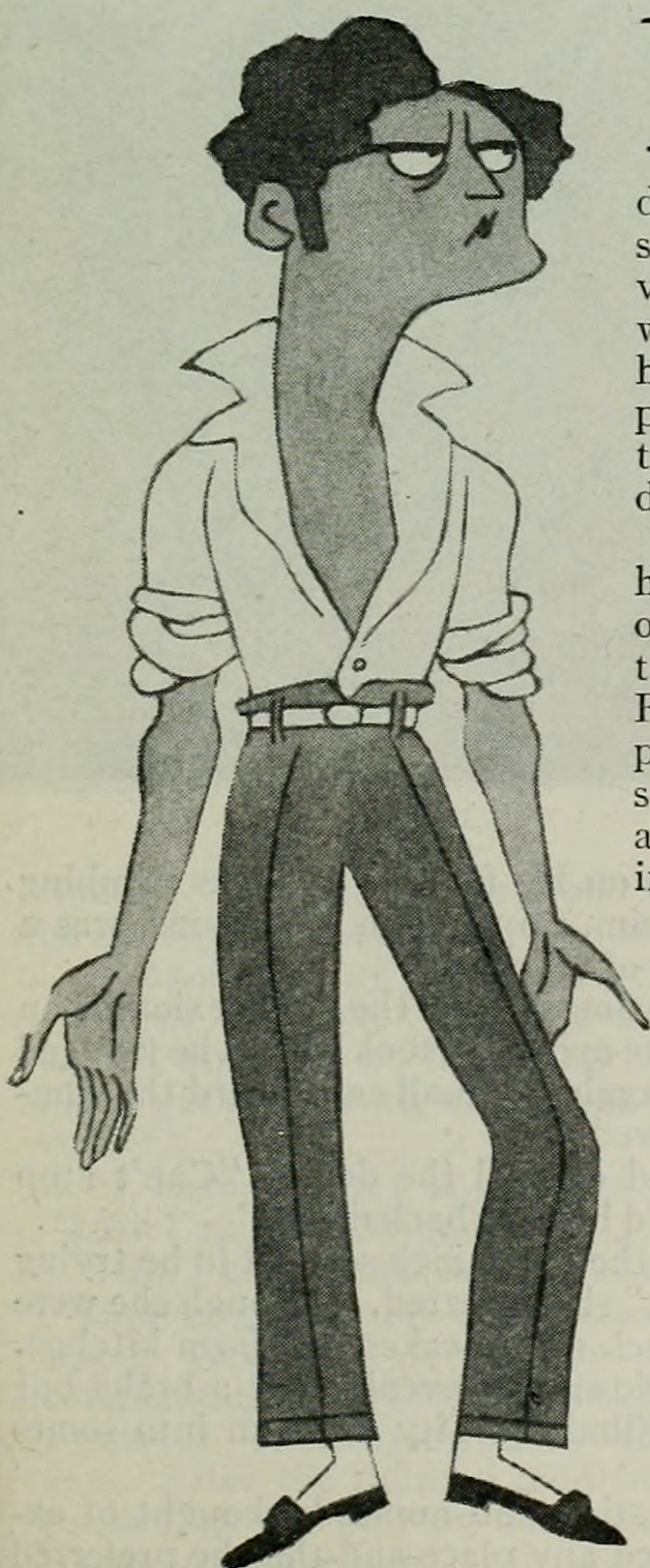
Hollywood's Garden of TRUTH

By John Hanlon



A shrine to St. Paul, Patron Saint of Truth, watches over this charming retreat at the Fox Studio. Here stars and interviewers are urged to tell the truth and shame the devil

*Under the strange spell of the garden, Vincent D'Almonde
breaks down and tells all*



NATURALLY, I had hoped that the interview might take place in the "Garden of Truth"; but I cannot say that it was more than a vague desire. And then, when Vincent D'Almonde himself suggested that we repair to that spot for the continuation of our chat, I was delighted.

From the very first that I had learned of the existence of this charming little nook that has been provided in the Fox Studio for the express purpose of interviewing the stars, I had been possessed of a sincere desire to sit therein in quest of a story.

I had seen the "Garden of Truth." Really an enticing spot—a pretty bit of lawn, with trees and shrubs, and surrounded by a wall, quiet and secluded. At one end there is a

"Lissen, scribe," said Vincent D'Almonde, "I'm not only not bright. I'm just plain dumb"

shrine containing an image of St. Paul, patron saint of Truth, symbolizing the spirit of the place. At the base of this statue shrine there is an attractive little pond with goldfish and water lilies. Really a pretty little spot.

To usurp the use of a feminine writer's word, I was truly "agog" that morning. Fancy Vincent D'Almonde—the exclusive, elusive, publicity-loathing Vincent D'Almonde—granting permission for an interview right upon the "lot" of his activities! You may be sure that I agogged right down to the studio bright and early that morning.

I found Vincent in his dressing-room, just putting the finishing touches upon his make-up. To be specific, I found him penciling-in, by the aid of fore and aft mirrors, imitation hair upon that perceptibly thin spot at the crown of his head.

"Well," said Vincent, as he reached for a cigarette, "another one of those interview things, is it? I suppose the public's desire to read about us celebrities must be appeased; but I certainly become fed up on it."

"Part of the game," I ventured.

"Yes," he agreed, "it is. But I resent it. I'm an artist, with an artist's delicate sensibilities and inherent distaste of public contact—of cheap advertising—of vulgar publicity. Why cannot I be left alone in my appreciation of the finer, more delicate things of life? Why must my every thought and action be dragged before the public? I want to be left alone with my books and my music; my garden and my pal-wife. Why—"

It was just about then that it happened. I had just concluded in my mind that I was in for a session of the same old, stereotyped tripe, when "Props" of D'Almonde's company suddenly appeared in the doorway of the dressing-room.

"What is it, son?" inquired Vincent.

"Mr. Puffingham has decided to shoot inserts this morning, Sir; and will not be needing you till after lunch."

"There you have it," said D'Almonde, turning to me with a shrug. "That's pictures—I might have stayed at home, comfortably reading. . . ."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

Funny Old

Illustrated by
May C. Burke

You have read all about the youth of Hollywood. Here is the other side of the picture—a story of an old stager. It's something different in film fiction.



WHEN Campbell Mandare arrived in Hollywood he rumbled his name in Shakespearean sonorousness at the addle-pated louts selected for gatemen by the studios.

At first Mandare allowed a gateman ten seconds to recall his honored name before stalking away. Later he extended the time and once tried argument, unconscious of a pleading note.

He gave up gatemen then and tried telephone girls.

"How, my dear, do they make these cinemas if the managers are forever popping out to be gone all day?" he would inquire; then clump briskly out, his stick tapping bright animation on the pavement until he was out of hearing.

A light heart even in a heavy car, can circle Hollywood in twenty minutes. Hollywood is tidy, compact, smiling fairyland for singing tires; a sprawling, sneering wilderness for tired feet.

It takes a good walker to get turned down at five studios in

one day—and Mandare was on his fourth. He was climbing Cahuenga Pass. Ahead of him, up through mountains, was a studio and every probability of failure.

A white haired little old woman, with the complexion of an Oregon apple and flaming blue eyes, overtook him as he trudged up the grade. She was zig-zagging a small car toward the summit as fast as its innards allowed.

"Hop in!" she called, and opened the door. "Can't stop this tea kettle on the hill or I'd have to back down."

He was walking as fast as the car, which seemed to be trying to jerk itself over. "Hop in," she repeated, as though she were smiling over the top of a stack of hot-cakes in a farm kitchen. "Hurry up before it starts down. Haven't nary a brake but we'll coast lickety-split to Filmland City and run into something soft to stop."

Campbell Mandare, hesitating and amazed, thought of explaining that he never hopped any place and that he preferred

Fool

By
Malcolm Stuart Boylan



"Who, may I ask, is the miserable little bounder?" Mandare inquired. "He's a big star," Mattie told him. "Draws better than \$1,000 a week. Give him his due. He never had a day's schooling, but now he's going to write his memories, or whatever they're called"

"But die! . . . your grandfather's nightcap! I hadn't been here a month when another old woman I met took me to a studio and I've been working ever since.

"I'll tell you there's nothing like working in the movies for folks our age. I know how to set a lamp in a window and look at a wayward boy when he comes home and I do it in picture after picture."

Campbell Mandare forcibly acquired the art of listening.

"We'll have to coast up the Ventura road for about a hundred yards," she explained, "because there's a little raise there and we can stop easier. Then we'll trapse back to the studio. I could get the brake fixed; but why in Tunket should I take all the fun out of driving? I used to beg to drive the thresher back home but the men would never let me run anything but the washing machine. . . ."

THE car died of gravity; the little old woman pushed it to the side without losing a breath or a word.

"Most people in pictures say they're what they ain't, but not me. I'm no society woman with what they call the 'on-wee.' I'm just plain Mattie

walking. But the feet that had trodden the boards ached and he swung onto the car as it gained momentum down the slope.

"Thank you, my good woman," he said.

"Well, now that you put it that way," she answered, "I am a good woman . . . for my age. I guess I'm as old as you are, and I get more work with every wrinkle. Do you work in pictures?"

"I have not yet appeared for the cinema," he answered. "I am Campbell Mandare."

"Oh," she smiled with a cheerful little bob of her head. "Glad to meet you. My name is Mattie Carpenter. Now where were we . . . oh, yes. . . . There are some forever complaining about the hard work and small pay at the studios, but I relish it. I was dying on my feet two years ago back in Michigan. After the railroad paid for my husband's death, I just packed up and told my daughter that I was coming out to die under an orange tree.

Carpenter of Hollywood, *née* Michigan.

"Coming in?" she asked.

Mandare hesitated. "I am to see some of the managers," he answered, stopping at the turnstile leading to the lot.

"See you again," Mattie called cheerily over her shoulder. "Got to get made-up and on the set." She walked away with the springy enthusiasm of the employed.

The telephone girl looked at Mandare as though she recognized him, an encouraging sign, he thought. And she did. She was a charter member of the all-powerful switchboard sorority and over the strumming lines from three studios below Cahuenga Pass had come word that a funny old fool was trudging the hill. She had been promised a laugh, but somehow she couldn't. The funny old fool wasn't very funny, just then. He was sitting down, steeling himself to bounce up with firm, young knee-action, if, by miracle, someone should crook a finger.

Prayers turned in before 9:00 that morning were being

The story of an idol of yesterday

answered at 11:00. A finger crooked at Mandare and he responded as to a curtain call. An office boy in white golfers and Castilian sideburns lead him into the presence of the casting director.

A voice brought Mandare out of a bow more quickly than he had intended. It demanded: "Ever work in pitchers?"

Campbell Mandare spoke until the plasterboard rang.

"... but I have not yet appeared for the cinema; my art has been consecrated to the stage," he was concluding when he was interrupted.

"THAS all right—I got a part you can eat up." The casting director caught himself being enthusiastic and paused.

"Didja ever play *Shylock* in the speakies?" he resumed.

"I am credited with having revived that glorious rôle," Mandare started. "At my opening performance in Glasgow, the Scotch, notoriously poor patrons of the drama, stormed the theater and . . ."

"Okeh—Okeh," the casting director stopped him. "Hang some crepe on your chin and be on the set tomorrow morning at 8:00. \$7.50 a day and you ought to get three days out of it."

Mandare scowled.

"I do not appear for \$7.50 per diem," he said with tremulous voice, "and I do not begin any rôle at 8:00 A. M."

He strode from the room.

The casting director called after him; waving eloquent hands.

"Listen, for \$10 I could get a guy to play it with his own beard!"

The old Shakespearean actor had nothing to do for the lunch hour. He strode forth under the drowsing pepper trees and a warm zephyr ruffled his thin hair. He reviewed his life. A pageant of triumph and defeat. Now—

At 65 he was beating at the gates of the infant art.

A whistle aroused him. "Like a damned factory," he thought as workers in overalls jostled stars and nearstars in a great studio's exodus to lunch.

HE could hear Mattie chatter before she stepped from the corridor that led to the stages.

She came from the building in a flying squadron of old women of like age and appearance who bore down on the studio cafeteria. But at the door Mattie veered off and started up the road. She saw Campbell Mandare doing great acting, impersonating a man too busy with important matters to think about lunch. She confronted him. He crossed his breast with his hat; using the gesture with which Raleigh cloaked the puddle.

"Come and have some dinner." She fairly sparkled.

Mandare announced that he rarely lunched, which was true. But Mattie Carpenter ordered: "Come right along and

don't be foolish. If I can't season my victuals with a little talk I don't relish 'em a mite. I wouldn't eat in a studio cafeteria if I starved. I bring a basket lunch and I eat it sitting on the back seat of my sputter-buggie. Come along—"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing your name," Mandare began ponderously, "but I shall be glad to sit with you as you lunch."

"Bless the man, he's forgot," she laughed. "I told you this morning it was Mattie Carpenter. You can call me either Mrs. Carpenter, Madam or Mattie but you've got to eat with me while I talk."

They sat together in the little car. "Have a snack!" She displayed the contents of the basket proudly and proffered a sandwich. Mandare took it.

"A BIT odd—unconventional—and all that sort of thing, this munching food by the side of the road," Mandare commented to cover his embarrassment.

"But real filling and cheery," Mattie added.

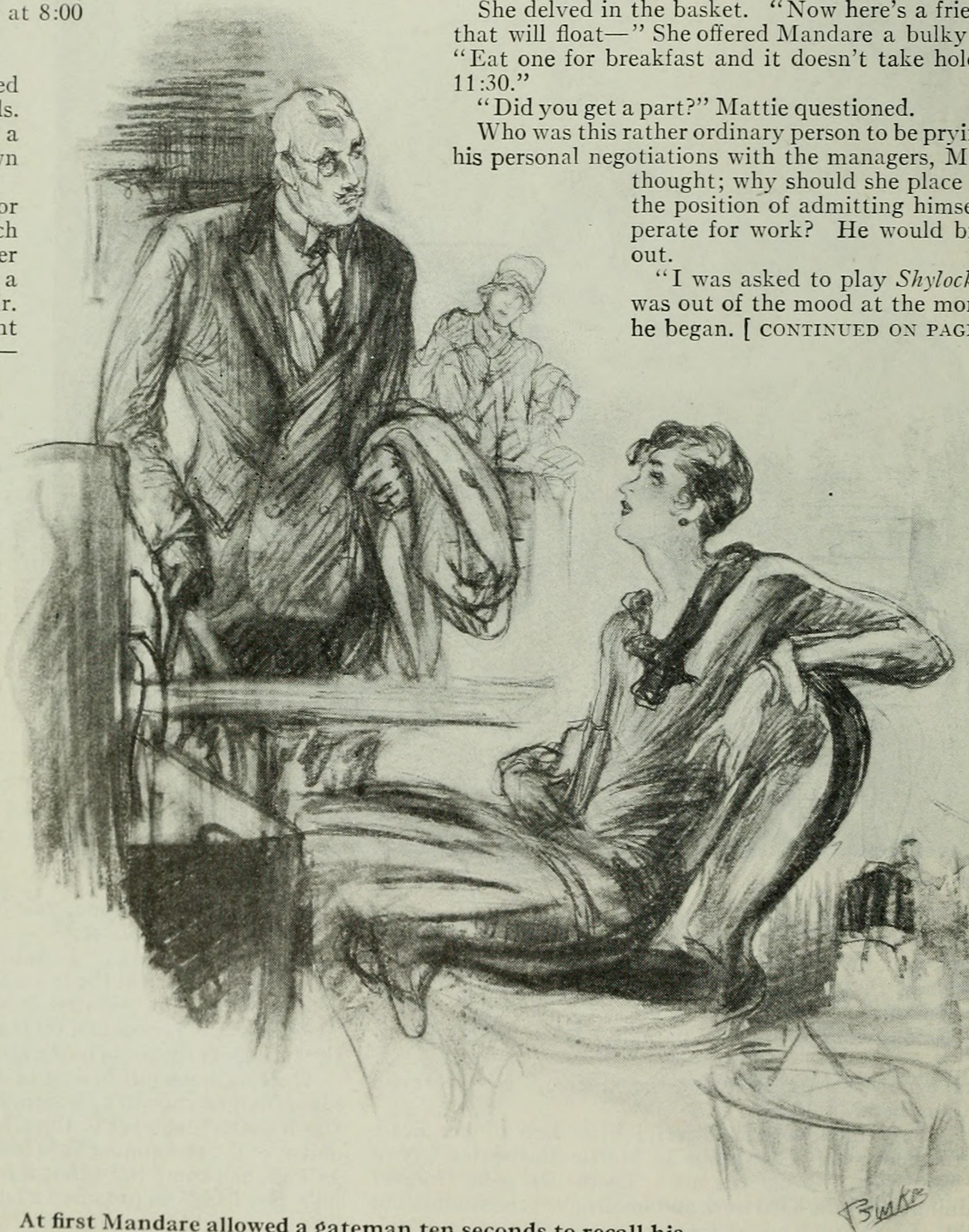
"You know," she went on, "I'm probably the best cook in Christendom. I made a pie once that got me a part that was intended for Jackie Coogan," she chuckled. "Casting directors vary a good deal but this director here—why there's nothing he wouldn't do for a pie."

She delved in the basket. "Now here's a fried cake that will float—" She offered Mandare a bulky circle. "Eat one for breakfast and it doesn't take hold until 11:30."

"Did you get a part?" Mattie questioned.

Who was this rather ordinary person to be prying into his personal negotiations with the managers, Mandare thought; why should she place him in the position of admitting himself desperate for work? He would brave it out.

"I was asked to play *Shylock* but I was out of the mood at the moment," he began. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



At first Mandare allowed a gateman ten seconds to recall his honored name before stalking away. Then he tried telephone girls. "How, my dear, do they make these cinemas, if the managers are forever popping out to be gone all day?"



The late Barbara La Marr's little adopted son, with his new mother, ZaSu Pitts, and his "sister" in his new home in the beautiful California hills

Stagg

Barbara's Little Boy Is Happy

WHETHER in New York or Hollywood, on location or in a studio, the tiny lad whom Barbara La Marr adopted from a Texas orphan asylum was her most devoted companion. When she realized that her long illness might mean death, it was thoughts of her baby companion, rather than the passing of a glamorous career, which grieved her.

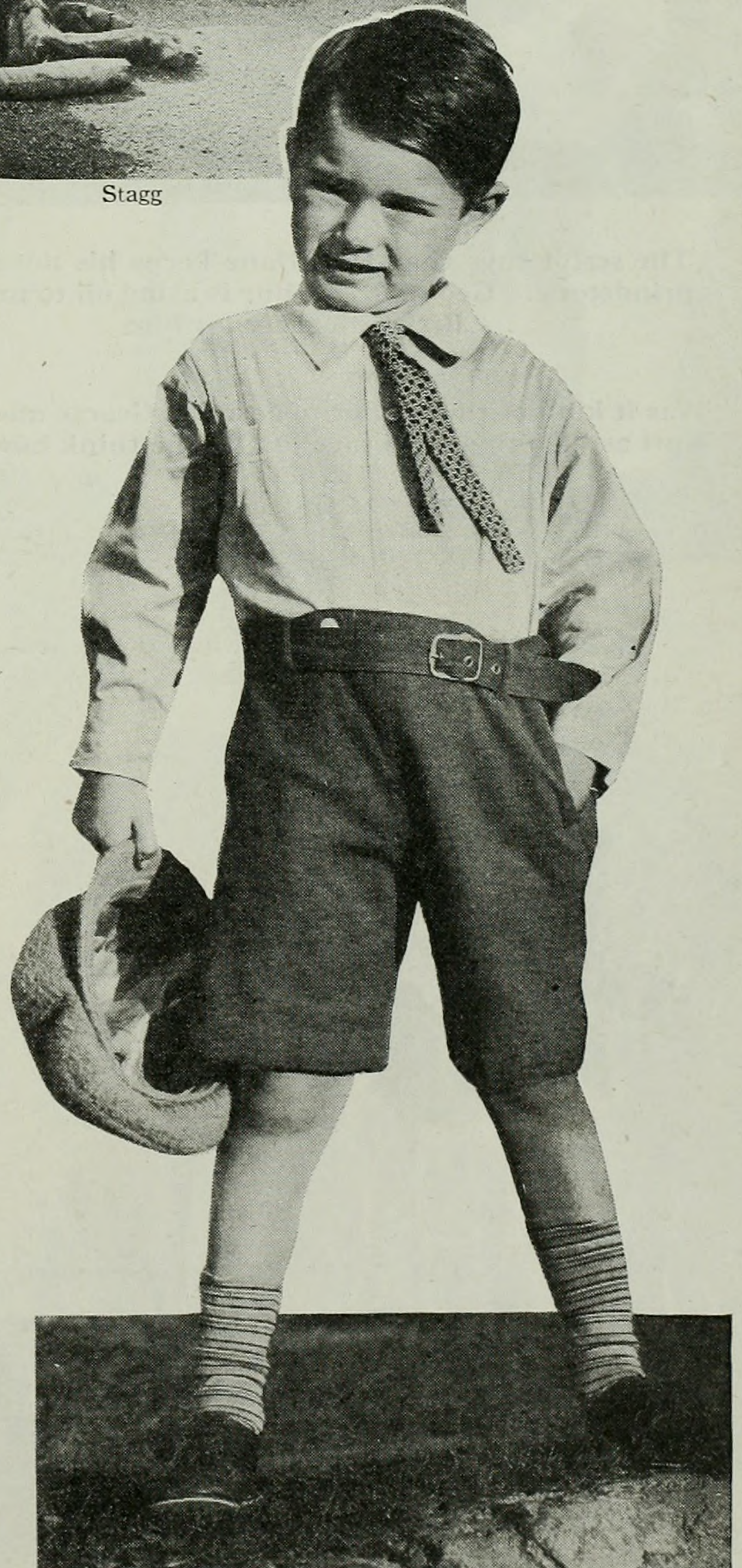
During the filming of "Poor Men's Wives" Barbara had met ZaSu Pitts, that splendid dramatic actress, also working in the picture. The talk of their children, at that time mere infants, drew the two women together.

When Barbara became dangerously ill, "Sonny" went over to live with "Baby Anne."

He is living there yet. Only his name is now Don Mike Gallery, adopted son of ZaSu Pitts Gallery and her husband.

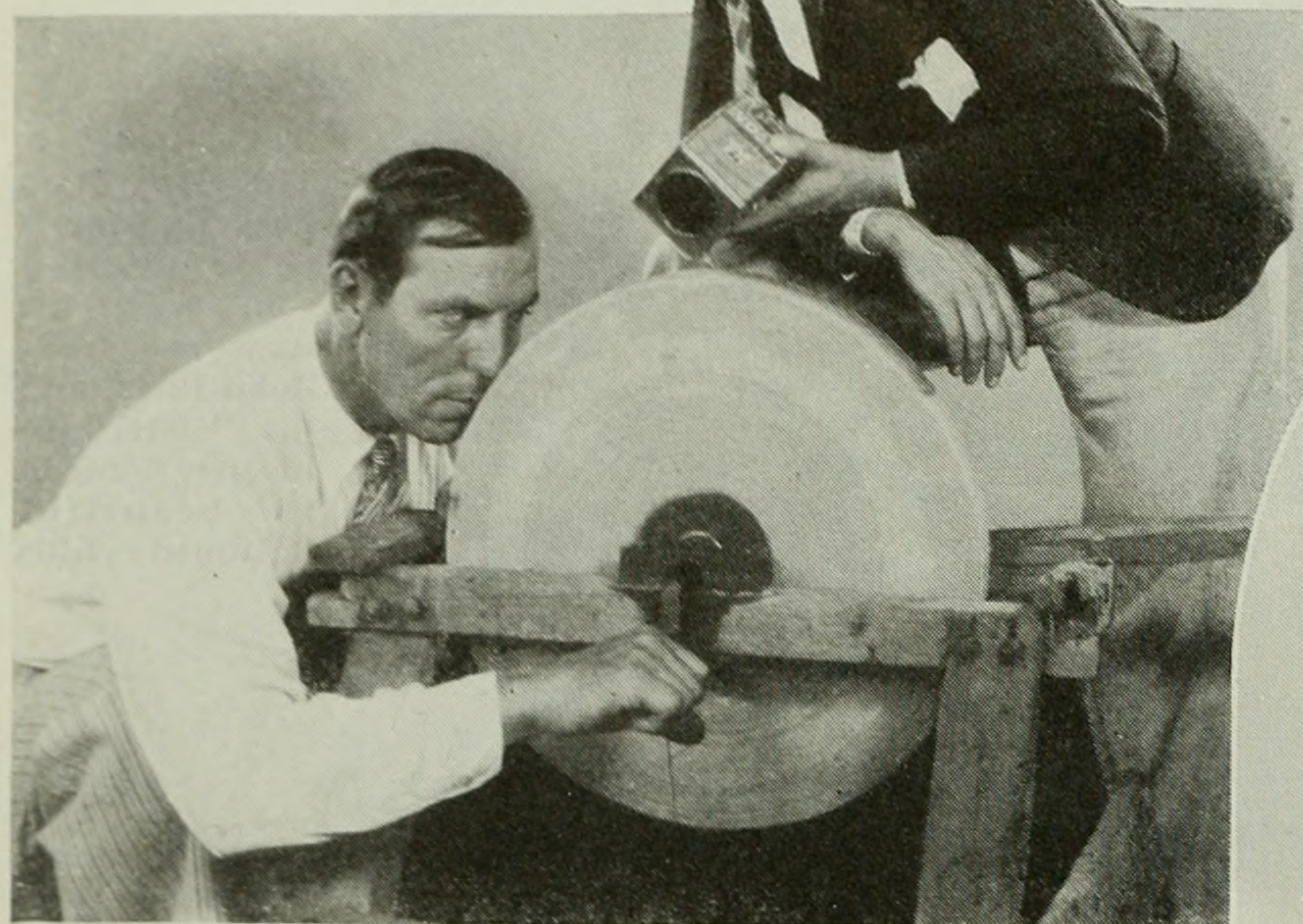
A picture of Barbara was shown to Sonny. "Oh, yes," he remarked simply. "That was my first mamma. She has gone to heaven and God has given me a new mamma and sister."

And there could be no doubt that the first mamma must have been happy, could she have seen her little pal slip his hand into his sister's and smile into the face of the woman whom he now calls "mother."



Do You Mean

What strange movies translated



The script says that Karl Dane keeps his nose to the grindstone. George K. Arthur is using oil to make it a little smoother for him

Was it kind of the author to describe George and Karl as "flaming with rage"? Did he think how it would feel?



"Determination was written all over his face." This is how Karl and George see the close-up



"Now boys," said the director, "you are laughing up your sleeve." But this isn't what he meant at all

What You Say?

things we'd see, if the
the writers literally!



"The villain has something up his sleeve," says the author. But, oh Karl, say it isn't true!

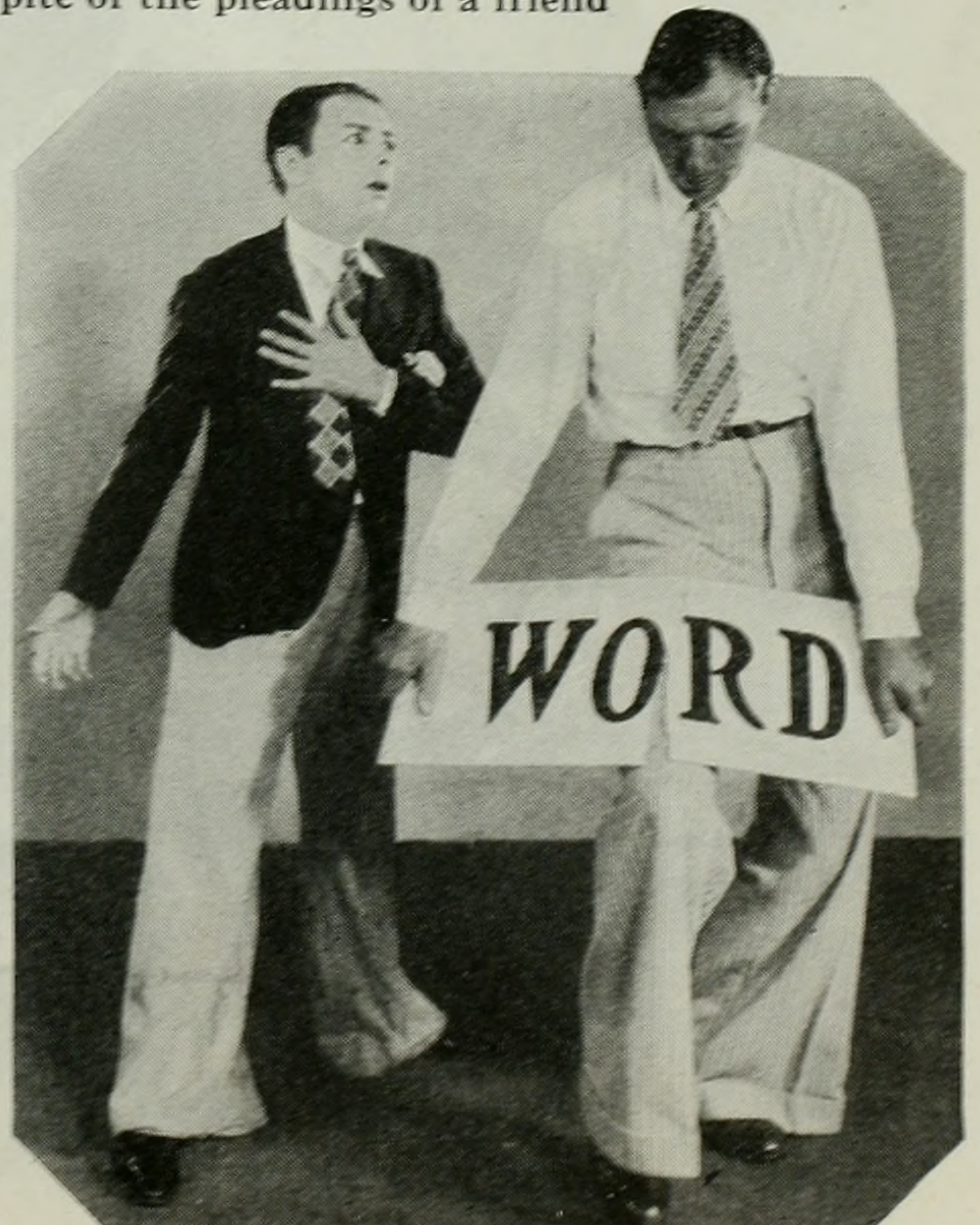


They "raised their eyebrows," as directed. But if the writer knew how hard it was, he wouldn't have asked it

George hits the nail on the head and Karl suffers in the interest of realism



Sad picture of a man breaking his word, in spite of the pleadings of a friend



Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Making A

Do you want to get rich quick?
these tales of wild ani-

MAKIN' a million in the movin' picture game, accordin' to figures of the present day press agent, don't seem like a heap of hard work. Yet, from personal experiences an' admittin' that I got mine, I'd like to rise up an' say that grabbin' the aforesaid million is just as tough a job now as it was in the days when I first started to round up one for myself, an' concernin' which I'm a-writin' these pieces for PHOTOPLAY.

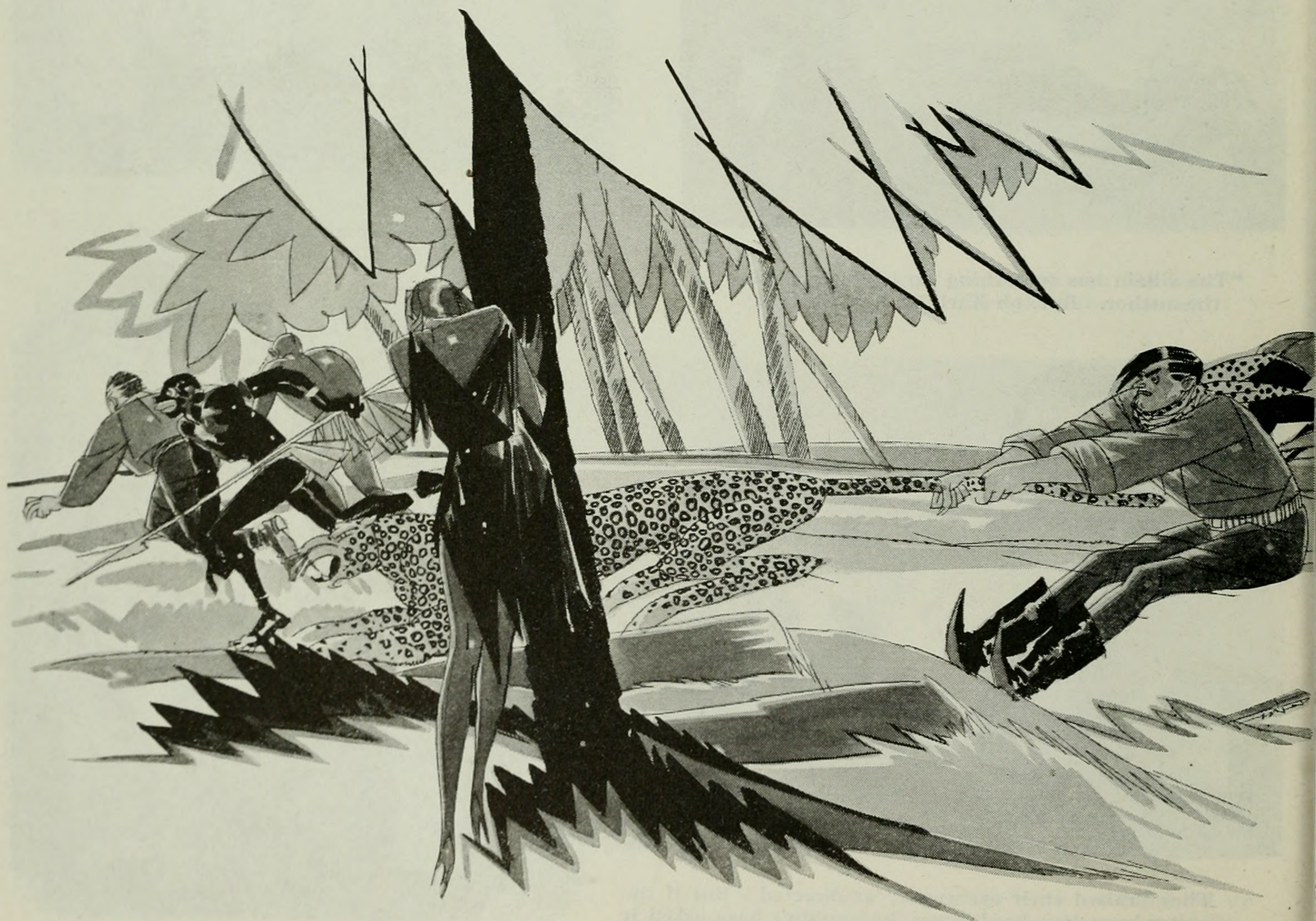
You read a lot about the millions made today in movin' pictures yet I know, an' the income tax reports will show what I'm a-sayin' is correct, that such millions as have been apprehended by movin' picture folks are today in the hand of not more'n ten individuals. I ain't a-sayin' that a lot of us picture folks ain't got money an' that some of us are fairly well to do, but when it comes into ownin' a million of real money, that's another matter.

I know big executives in the movin' picture game that can't count up to a million, there bein' no such numbers in the sixth grade, which is about as far as a lot of 'em ever got. If it wasn't

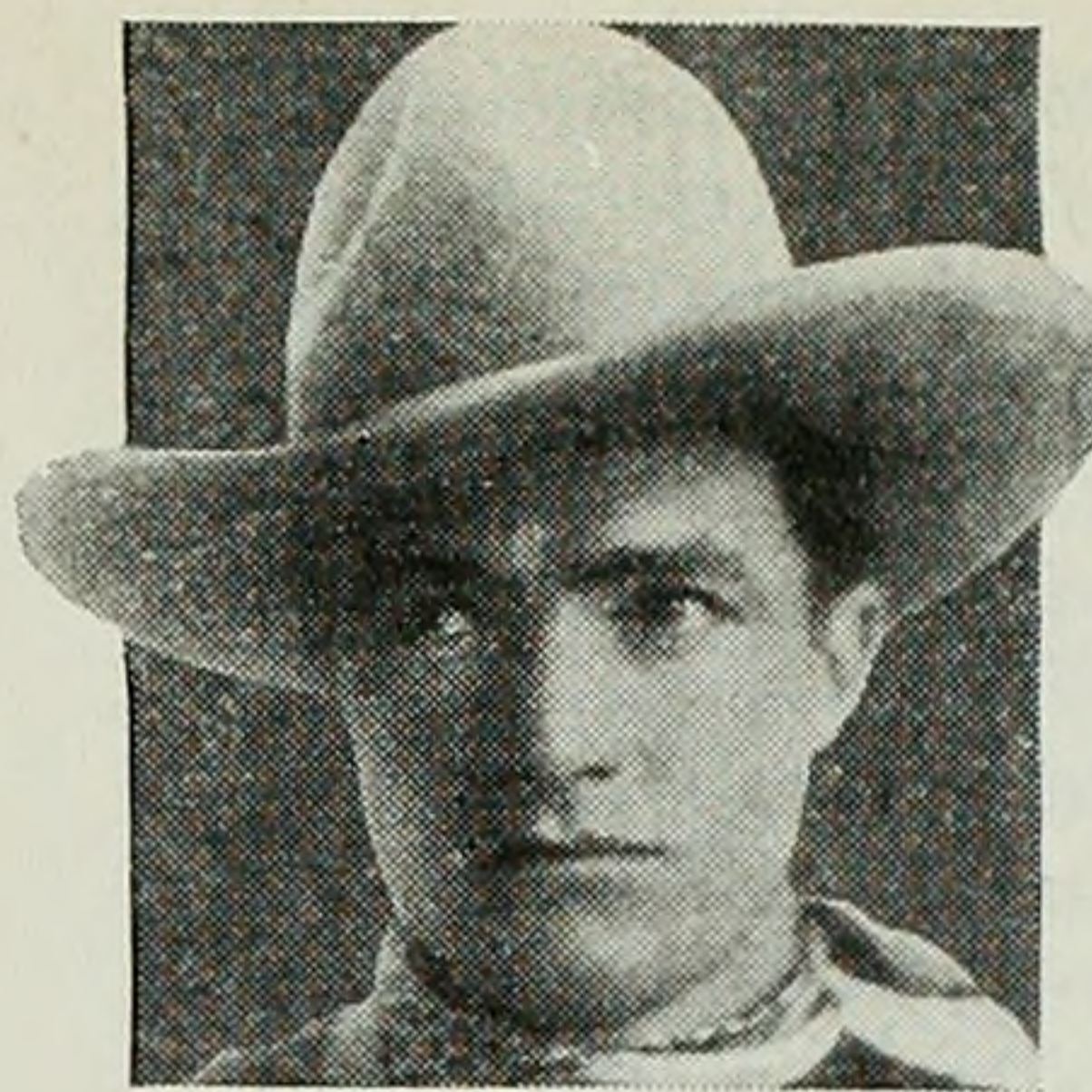
for good secretaries an' addin' machines a lot of 'em would sure be out of luck. I know one important executive who never got past the "9's" in the multiplication table, and yet has a salary that makes Coolidge's wages look like Cal was just one of the hired hands.

I admit here an' now that I had to have the assistance of a bank teller an' Bill Steincamp, the good lookin' and obligin' paymaster of the Fox lot, Hollywood, to tell me when my bank roll got that high. I asked Harry King, auditor of the Fox lot, if he thought Bill Steincamp's figures could be relied on an' when he said Bill could count money faster an' more of it than any man in Hollywood, an' havin' the day before heard Jesse Lasky talkin' money to Cecil DeMille, I knew Steincamp must be a mathematical genius if he could outcount those two birds. So I took it for granted that Bill was right an' that I really had a million. Later on the bank confirmed it.

But to get back to the story of how I made this here million. It will be remembered that chokin' wolves, bulldoggin' buffaloes an' rescuin' a helpless maiden from the horns of a wild bull in



Million



By
Tom Mix

Then you can't afford to miss malls and high finance

"Quo Vadis" hadn't proved much of a financial success. The last of the \$500 in gold that Madera paid me in Mexico had dwindled down into nothin' an' at the finish of the "Quo Vadis" picture, which, as I wrote, never was finished, I found myself the proud owner of one horse, a red an' white bull that nobody wanted, an' owin' Mike Cunyan \$135.

I reasoned to myself that there was somethin' wrong with those birds who said there was millions in the movin' picture game. Mebbe they knew what they was a-talkin' about but I hadn't seen none of 'em get very far yet. I figured by this time that we was usin' the wrong kind of animals. They all was too small. If there was millions to be made in makin' movin' pictures I reckoned we'd better be gettin' rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, elephants an' try for it in that way. I thought they'd look a heap more like a million than a few ornery wolves an' a coupla Oklahoma bulls an' a buffalo too old to be on speakin' terms with any of his three former wives, that we'd been a-usin'. With this in mind I wrote a letter to Colonel Selig in Chicago an' told him if there was a job makin' pictures with some real big live stock in it to count me in, but so far as ordinary Oklahoma stock was concerned I was through.

ABOUT a week later I got a letter from Chicago tellin' me about a picture to be made in Florida where they was a-goin' to have all kinds of big animals includin' lions, tigers, an' elephants an' that they could use me at once. I was told to report to my old director friend, "Dad" Turner, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Boardin' my cow pony, "Old Blue," and the yearlin' colt which I claimed although I couldn't have shown a bill of sale for

it, on a friend's ranch, I journeyed south. On the way I stopped in Memphis and Atlanta to see a coupla friends an' finally reached Jacksonville, an' found my old friend, "Dad" Turner.

With him as members of his cast was Kathryn Williams, as leadin' lady; Charles Clary, Bill Mong an' a young English feller who could almost out-London my old friend A. B. Chatsworth McCauley, who it will be remembered was the feller I wrote about in the last chapter, an' who directed or tried to direct the "Quo Vadis" that came to such a bad end.

"DAD" TURNER will be remembered by PHOTOPLAY readers as the director who made the picture where I was hired to bulldog the buffalo. Of course, "Dad" always thought that I threwed the buffalo on the level an' I suppose he learned for the first time in PHOTOPLAY that the old boy slipped on the movin' picture salt an' mica snow an' almost threwed himself.

"Dad" told me that he was a-goin' to make two pictures—one, "Back to the Primitive," an' the other, "Lost in the Jungle." He said he could use me in both, but especially needed me for the one about "Lost in the Jungle." He sure made my heart glad when he said that the jungle picture was a-goin' to have lions an' tigers an' a elephant. Here, says I, to myself is my great chance. I'm at last with the big animals an' the big money. It's more'n likely I'll have my million an' mebbe a little more in a few weeks an' can take it back to El Paso County, Texas, as I promised my mother.

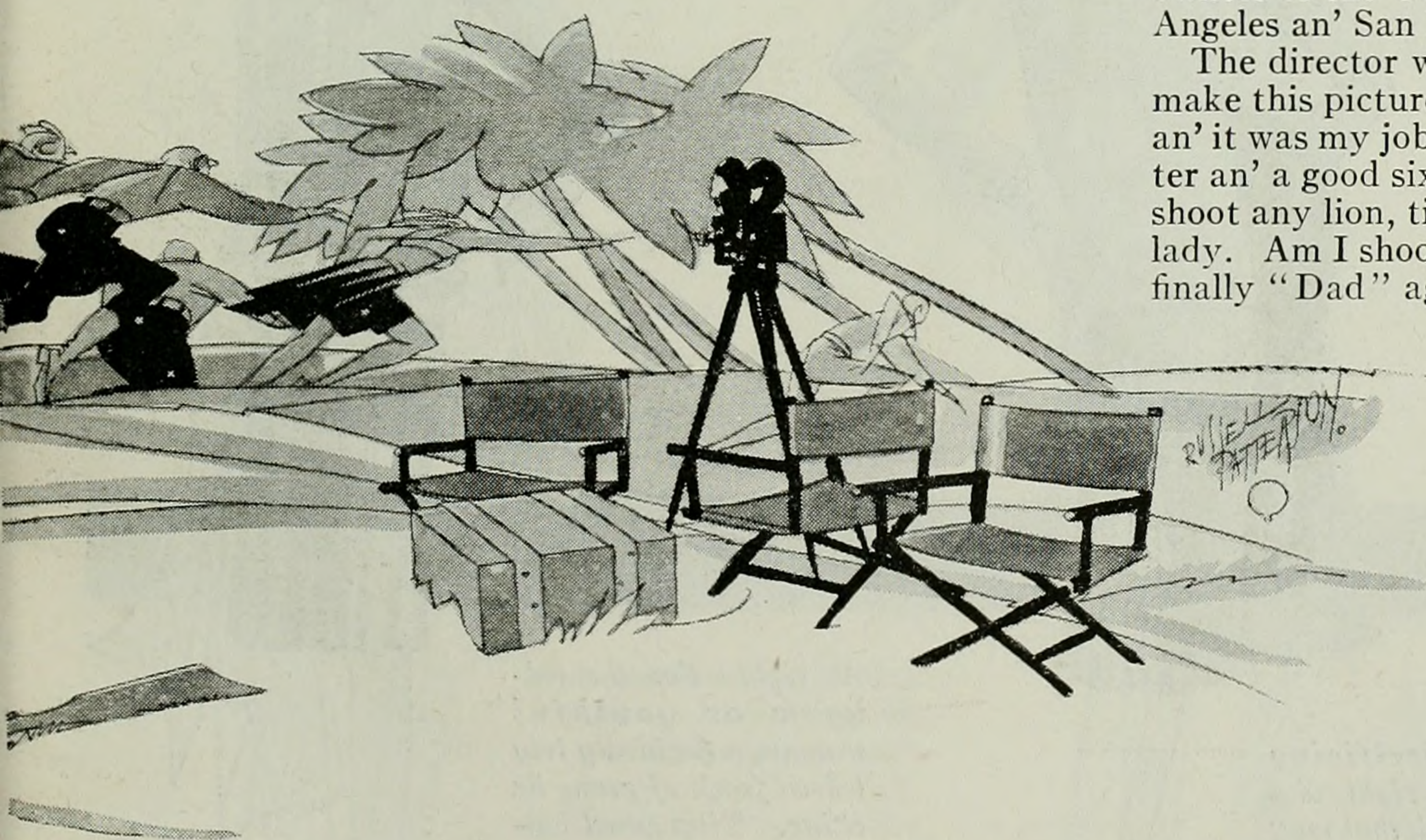
"Dad" said that he'd hired a feller known to the circus world as Big Otto, who owned a animal show. Big Otto, I may say, is still a-livin' an' still got a animal show. His good lookin' daughter is married to a young feller named Furness, one of the owners of the Continental an' a lot of other hotels 'round Los Angeles an' San Francisco.

The director went on to explain as how they was a-goin' to make this picture with wild animals runnin' loose in the jungle an' it was my job to sit on a horse or somethin' with a Winchester an' a good six shooter close by, an' be ready to head off an' shoot any lion, tiger or elephant that got fresh with the leadin' lady. Am I shootin' 'em by the head or by the day I asked an' finally "Dad" agreed that in view of the peculiar job I had, I

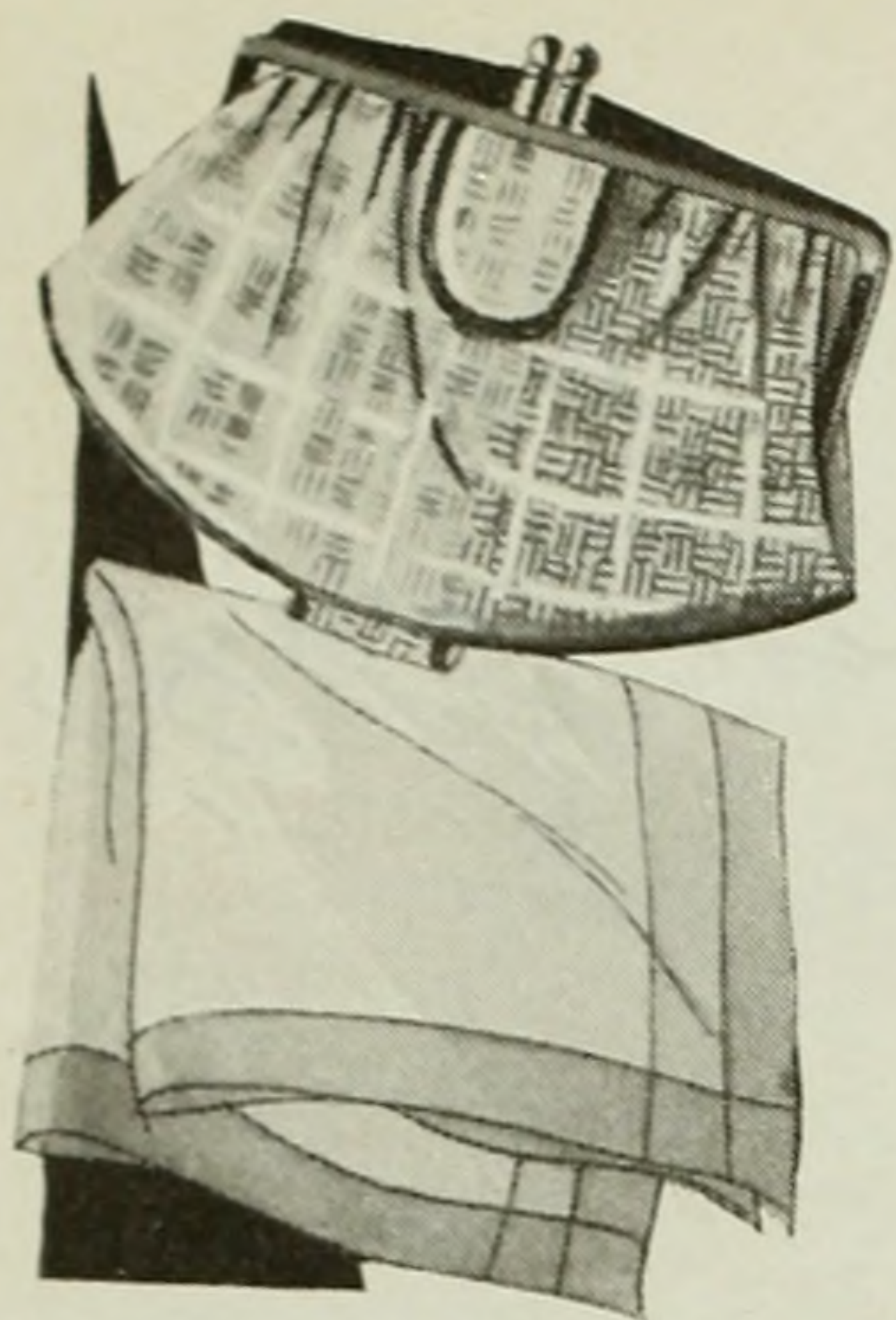
was to be paid \$25.00 a day. He said the job would last quite a few weeks an' that if in the end nobody got hurted there would also be a nice bonus that would set me on my way for the million in fine shape.

BEFORE makin' "Lost in the Jungle" "Dad" said they was a-goin' to make a picture called "Back to the Primitive" with Kathryn Williams a-playin' the leadin' lady an' Charles Clary an' this English gent doin' the scenes as leadin' man an' heavy an' Bill Mong a-playin' the girl's father. An' he said besides usin' me in another way he allowed to let me play the girl's brother. That sort of swelled me up.

That night in the hotel a man seen' my big Stetson hat an' high
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

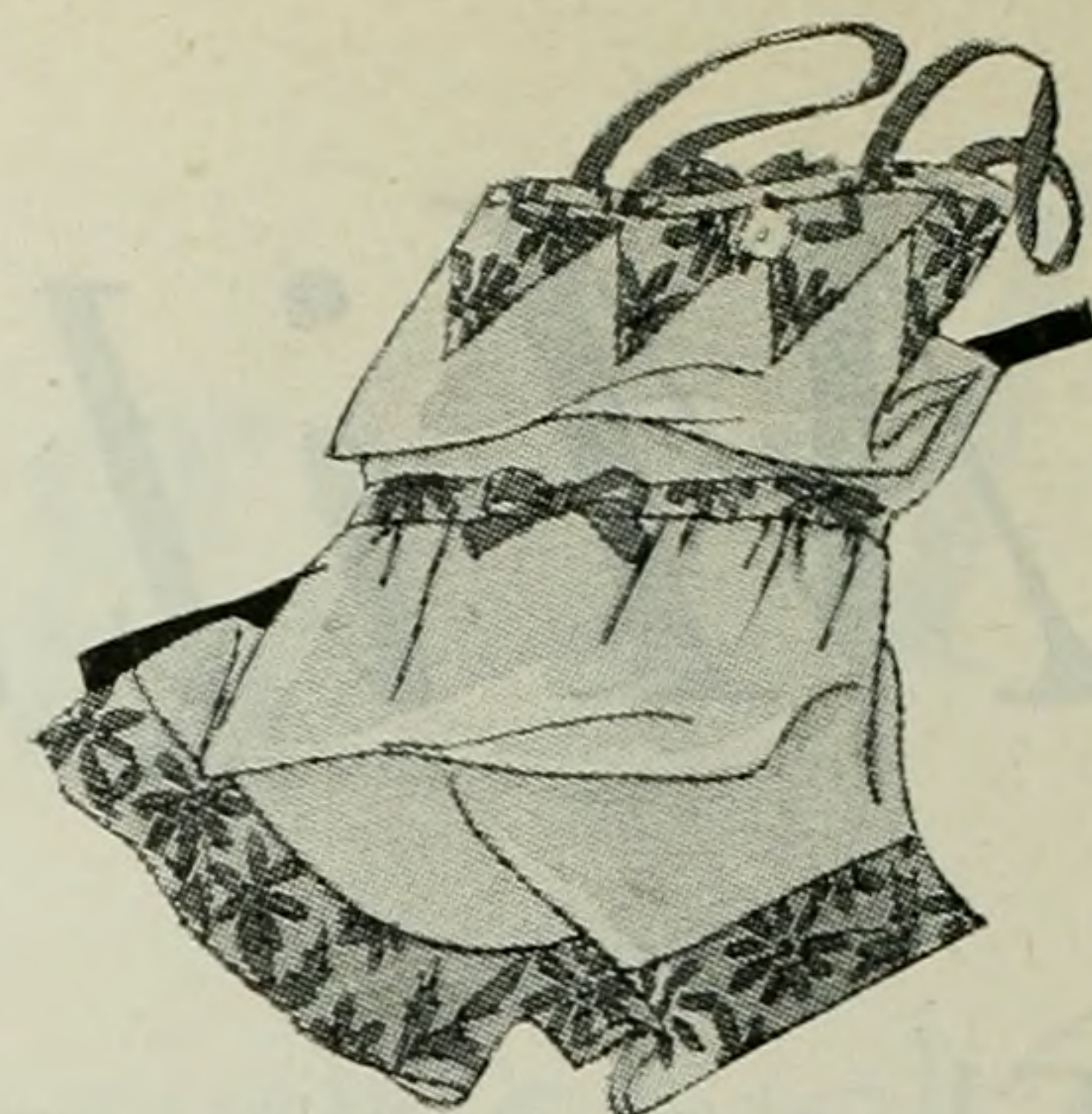


"I grabs Mr. Leopard by the tail, gives him a yank an' swings him clear. I don't know how many fellers have experienced the sensation of havin' a full grown and hungry leopard by the tail, an' at the same time tryin' to figure out some way of lettin' him go. I'm here to inform any inquirin' gent that it ain't so funny"



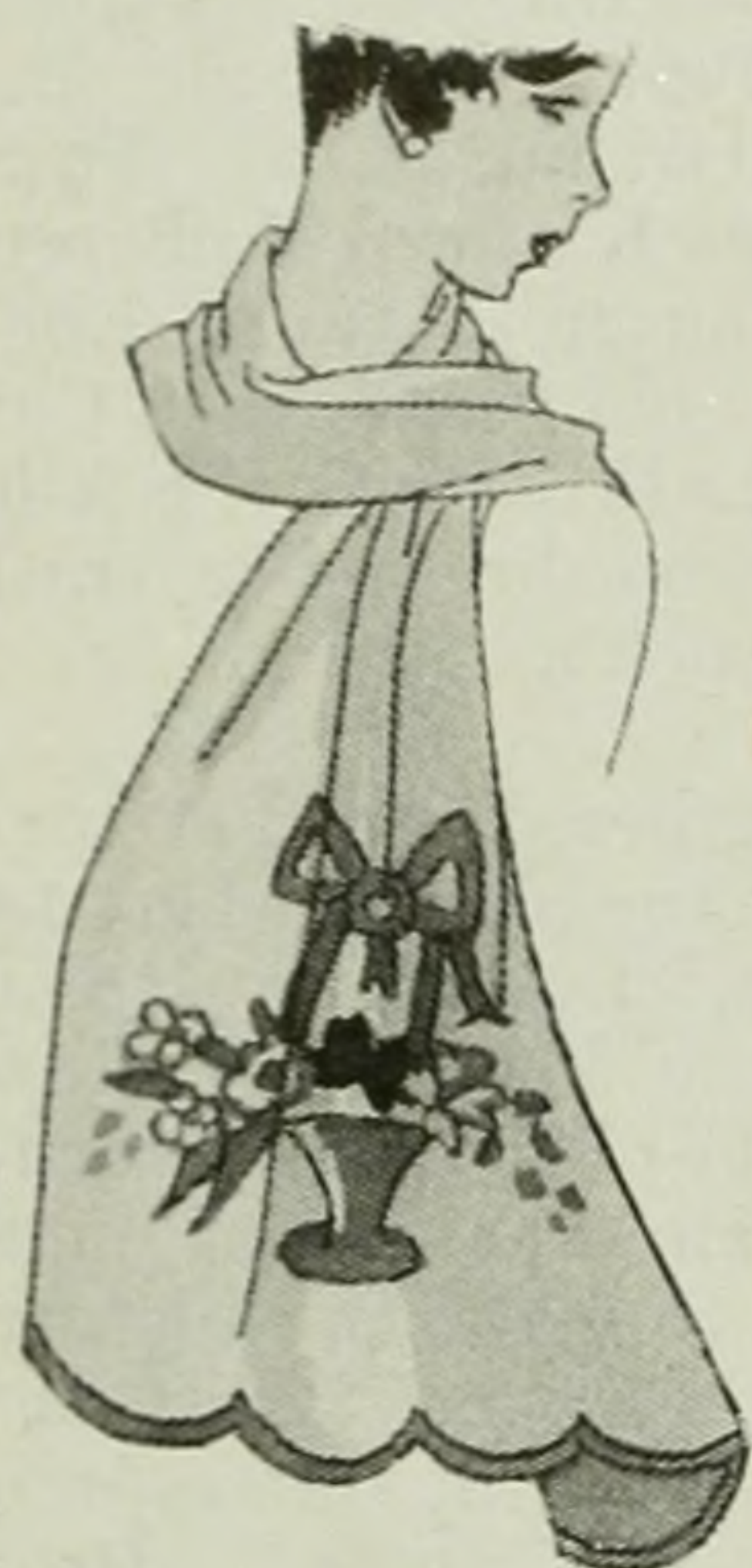
Pouch pocket book, at left, will complete the tweed ensemble. In tan, grey or Spring colors of Tapir, calf or shark, with double polished gilt frame. \$2.95. The latest importation—Large handkerchief of crepe chiffon with hand rolled hem. In shaded tones of rose, blue, tan or green. \$1.50

Georgette chemise — at right — achieves a daintiness that all femininity strives for. In orchid, peach, Nile or flesh banded with flowered georgette. Sizes 34, 36, 38 or 40. \$3.95

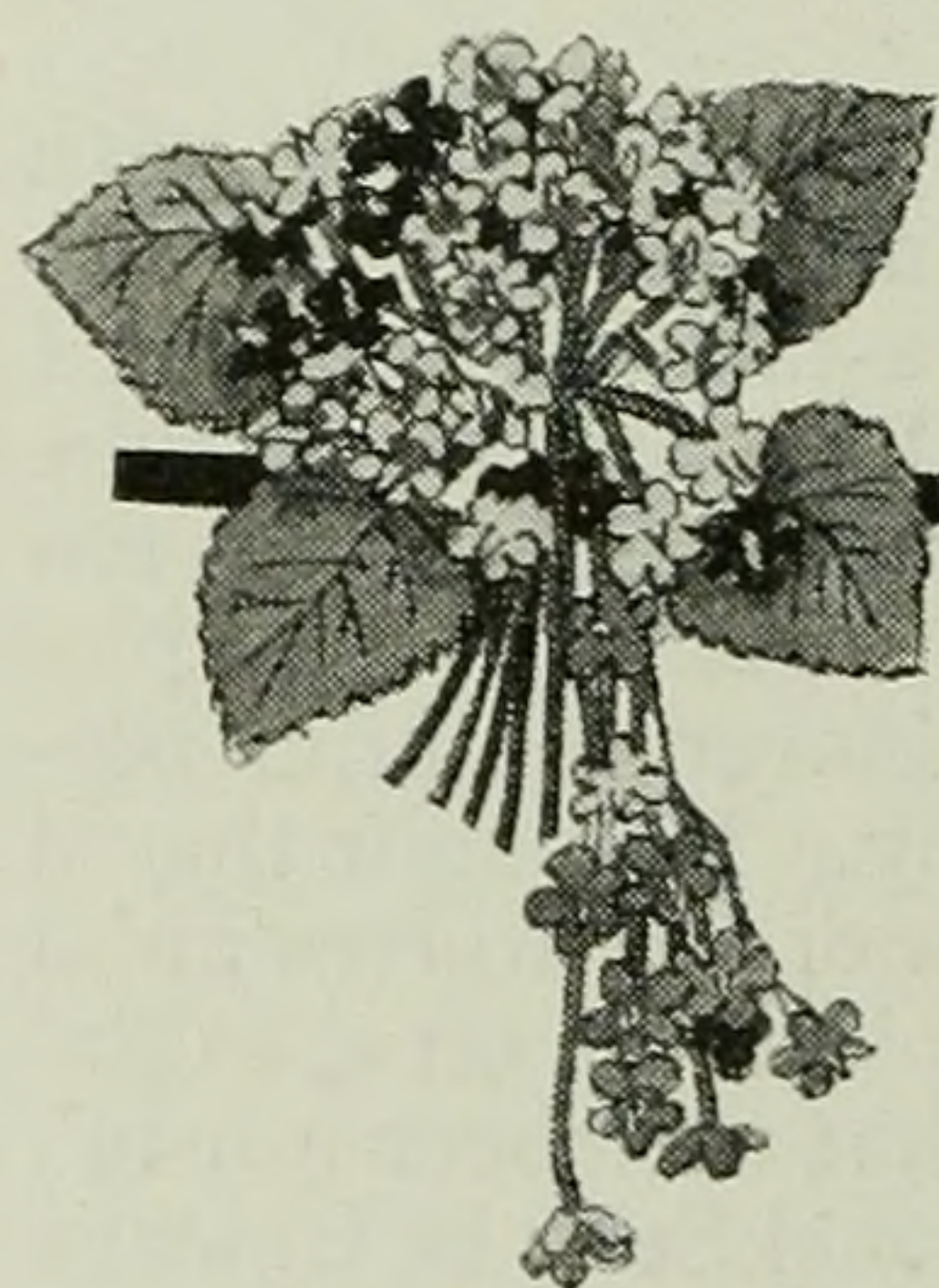


Shop Through

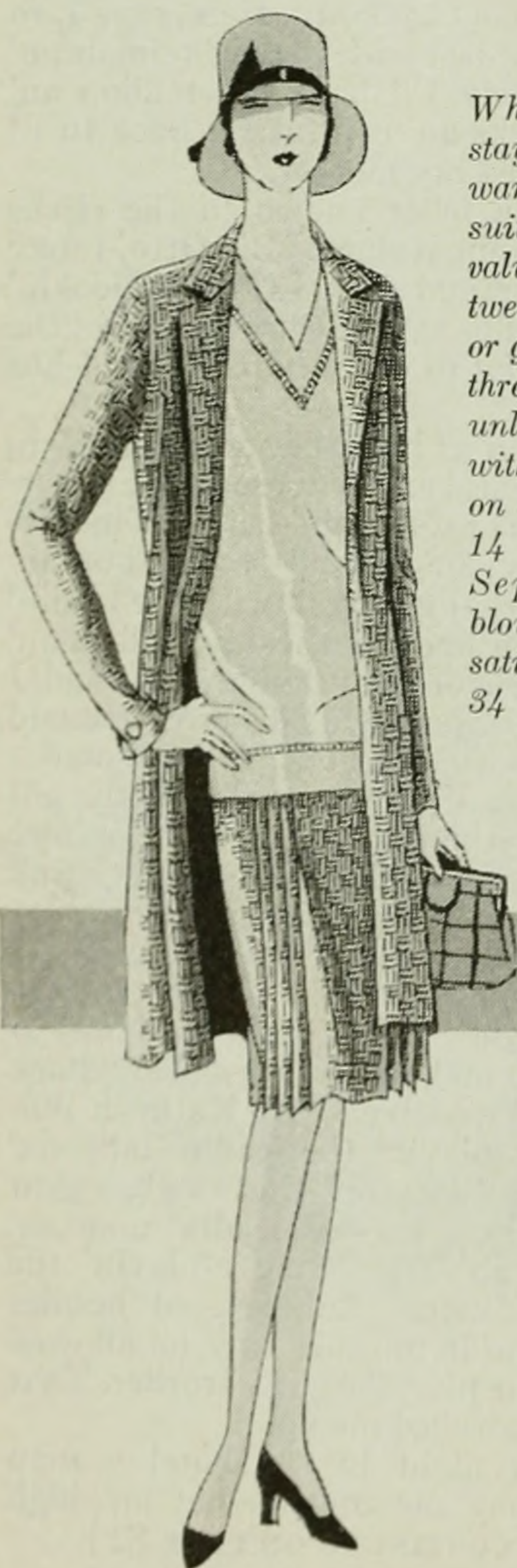
Thousands of readers are



Scarfs have assumed a greater significance than ever before. At left is shown one of georgette with hand painted and cut work design. It comes in a triangle shape at \$2.95, oblong \$2.95 or square \$3.95. The colors are white, flesh, peach, light tan, orchid, Nile or powder blue



Just to be different a cluster of flowers are worn on the back of the collar—coat or frock. At left you have Spring's smartest cluster of violets of high luster velvet with the new droop effect. In light, natural or dark violet shades. Price \$1.00



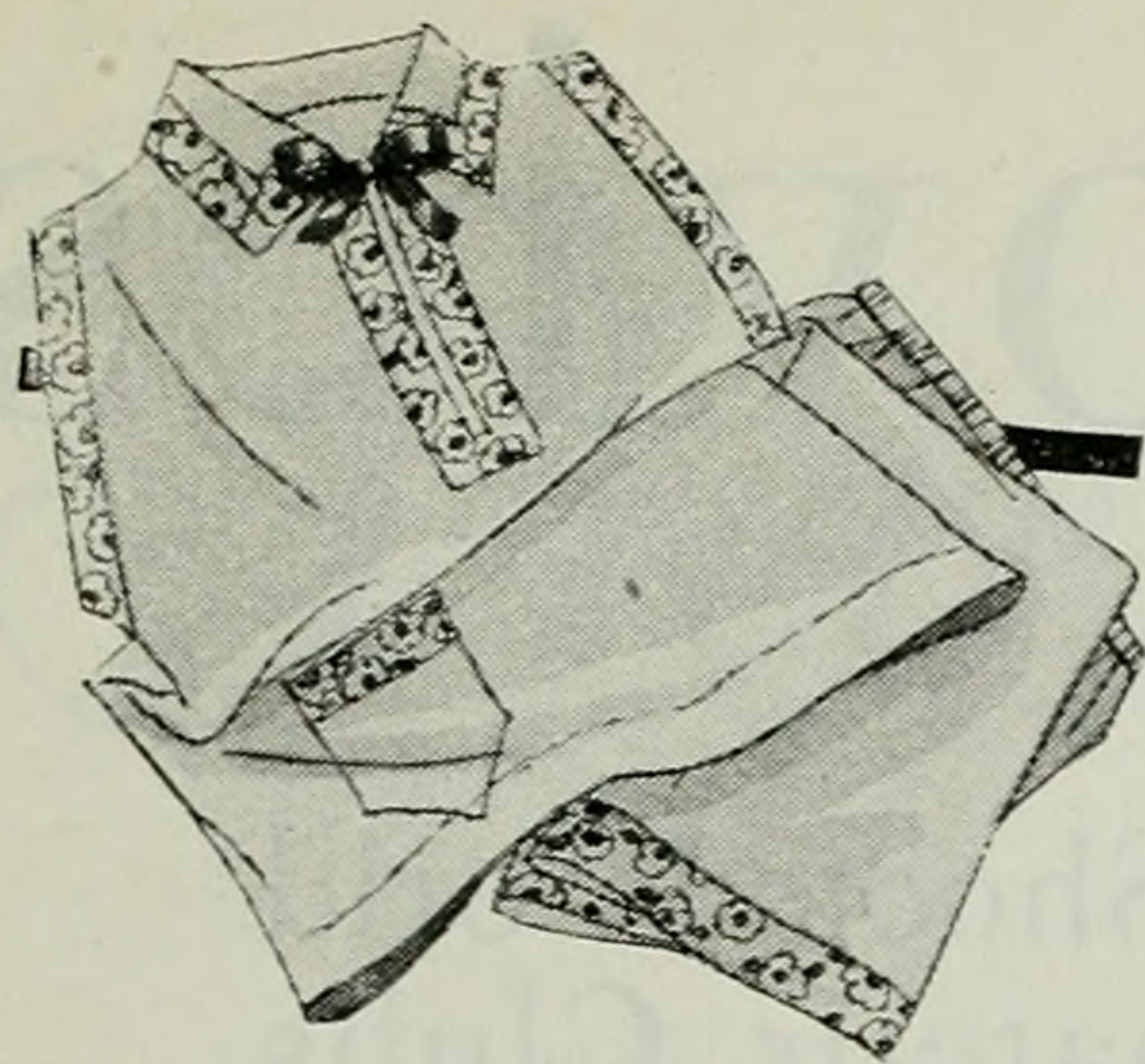
Whether you travel or stay at home you will want an ensemble suit. At left—a real value — of novelty tweed mixture in tan or grey. The tailored three-quarter coat is unlined and the skirt with front pleats is on bodice top. Sizes 14 to 20, \$12.95. Separate Vionnet blouse of white crepe satin comes in sizes 34 to 42, for \$5.95



Without sacrificing smartness, at right, is a practical frock that may be worn for Sunday or week-day events. Of heavy crepe de chine with jabot and cuffs of georgette. In navy or copenhagen blue, orchid or white. Sizes, 16, 18, 38, 40 and 42. \$8.95

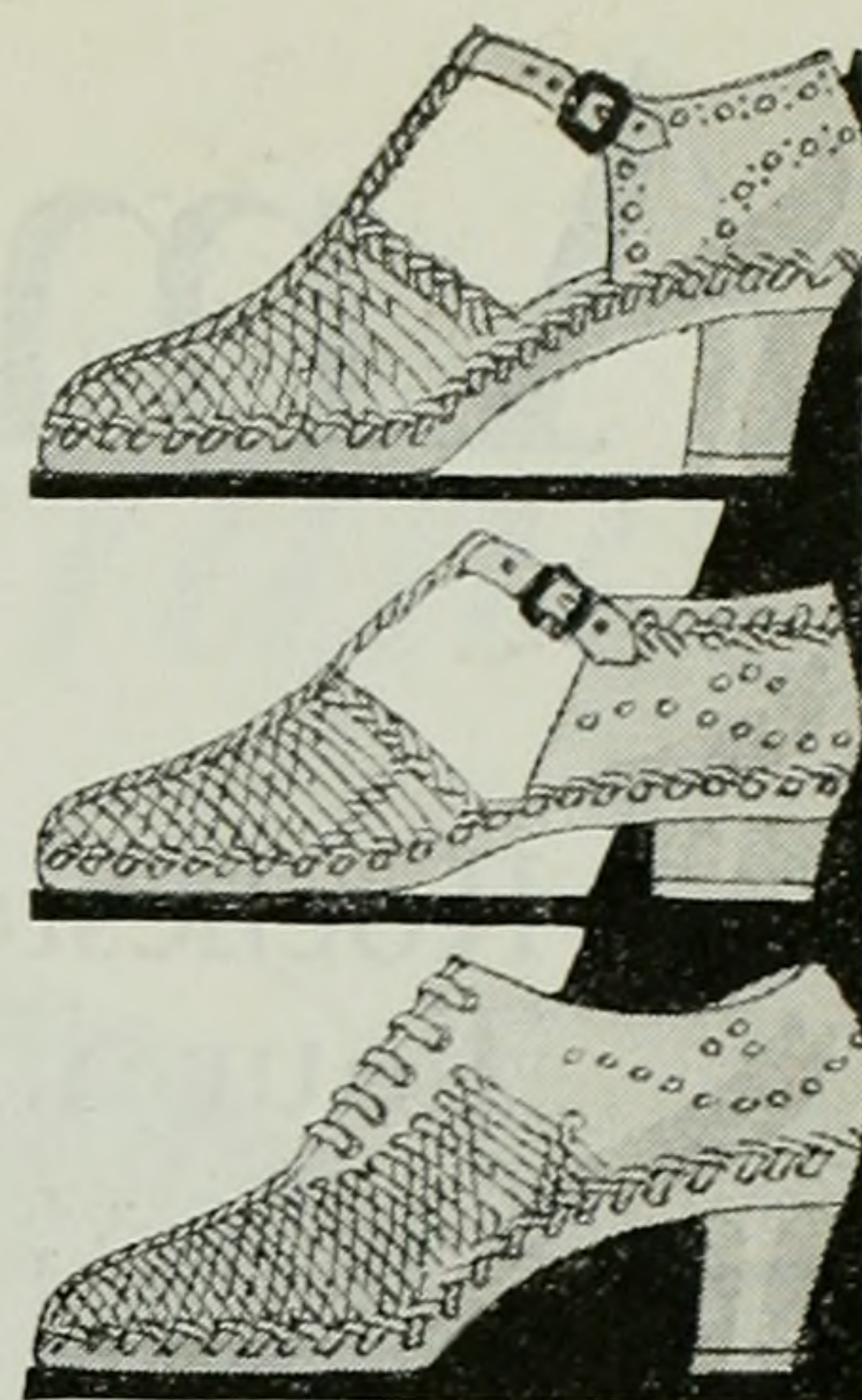


At right—For the collegiate or youthful woman, a decidedly trig bolero frock of crepe de chine. Tiny pearl buttons trim the bolero, while the detachable collar and cuffs of pique offer opportunity for variation. In navy blue, tan, almond green or copenhagen. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 38 and 40. \$8.95



A bedtime story could be better told in pajamas, at left, of soft cotton crepe trimmed with printed crepe of contrasting color. In pink, peach or orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. \$1.95

We must follow the "heels of time" and on the Spring and Summer days why not be well shod? At right are three types of leather sandals. At top is the one-strap model with Cuban heel, the center model is the same with flat heel, and last but not least, the Cuban heeled oxford. In tan or white. Sizes 2½ to 8—widths A to D. Each pair \$5.00

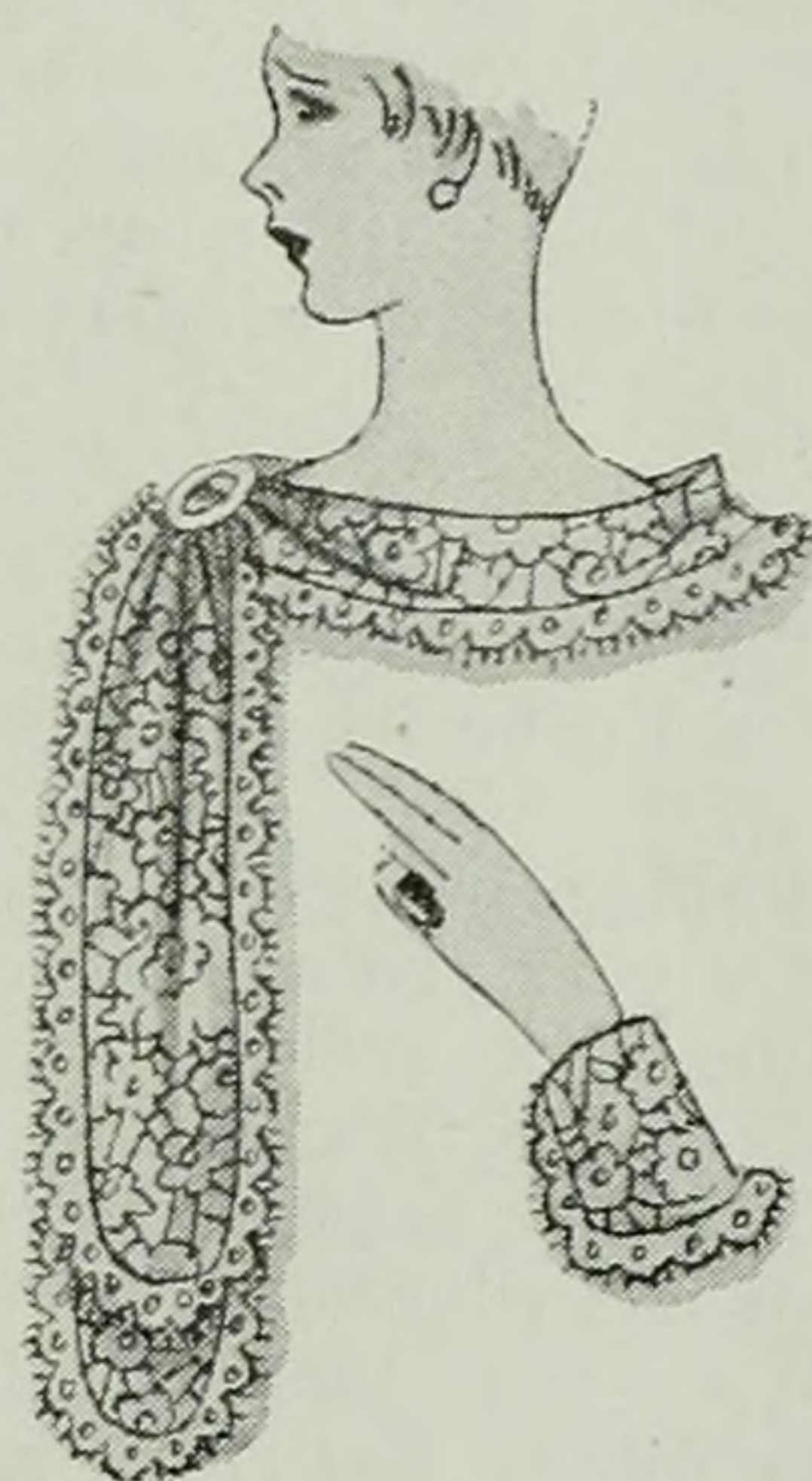


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At left—The new Varsity collar and cuff set, that is adjustable to any style neckline, is of assorted novelty lace with ruffled val edging in a creamy color with pearl slide. May also be ordered in plain crepe de chine in all the staple shades.

\$1.50



A graduate — bridesmaid — hostess or guest — would be delighted with georgette frock at left. The full circular skirt and graceful side drape of blouse, with detachable sleeves, makes it adaptable for many dress occasions. In white, flesh, Nile or black. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 38 and 40. \$15.75



At right — Challis Coolie Coat with new printed yoke effect on black, jade, Chinese blue or red background, will fill the need for boudoir or beach attire, and so remarkably priced you will want more than one—only \$4.50



In Princess smock—at left—one will feel inspired to start gardening, Spring cleaning, etc. It is of a pretty patterned cretonne and is so cut that it fits neatly through waist and hips while the skirt has a graceful flare. Sizes small, medium or large. \$1.95

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Rochester Amateurs Film Poe—Virginian Shoots World Tour in 18,000 Feet—News of the Amateur Clubs

THE awards in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest cannot be announced until next month.

Considerable time is being required to give careful and complete consideration to the many contest films. The judges are giving each film a detailed examination, with ratings dependent upon originality and general workmanship, as photography, titling, lighting, editing and cutting.

All this takes time, of course. However, PHOTOPLAY feels safe in promising its complete list of contest winners in next month's issue.

A GREAT deal of amateur interest is centered in the production of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher," now being filmed by a Rochester group of non-professionals.

The Rochester amateurs are taking plenty of time with their production. It was started a year ago and is now half finished. When completed it will be in two reels.

The photography is in the hands of J. S. Watson, Jr., who is also directing. In the last named task he is being assisted by Louis Siegel. Melville Webber has contributed the continuity and the scenery. Hildegard Watson is playing *Madeline Usher*, Herbert Stern is acting the rôle of *Roderick Usher* and Melville Webber plays the *Traveller*.

"We decided to work first of all on scenery," writes Mr. Watson to PHOTOPLAY. "'The Fall of the House of Usher' seemed to us to be a suitable story because its intense mood and atmosphere depended more upon background than upon character drawing.

"We first constructed a thirty-foot mansion out of painted wallboard. This, of course, proved to be worthless, but it furnished us with one scene and some experience. After that we stopped painting wallboard and tinted the surfaces with light only. To make these surfaces more interesting, we break them up with various shaped prisms. When we want a flight of stairs or a landscape we introduce it by double exposure.

"Films must have movement, of course. For movement we

have the actors walk about, the camera moving about on a rubber tired truck and the scenery also in movement. This all requires expert timing and we are getting better at it with practice.

"Sometimes we resort to double printing, but only when absolutely necessary. With a Duplex printer this is no joke. We do our own finishing—and our film looks it. The Standard Bell and Howell is one of the few cameras which will take backwards and still register perfectly. We are fortunate in having one available. As we are limited in our light power, we use a 43 mm. F 1.5 Ernemann lens for most long shots. We use arcs and Kirby lights, but not many at a time because of lack of juice. On account of the Kirby lights we use panchromatic film."

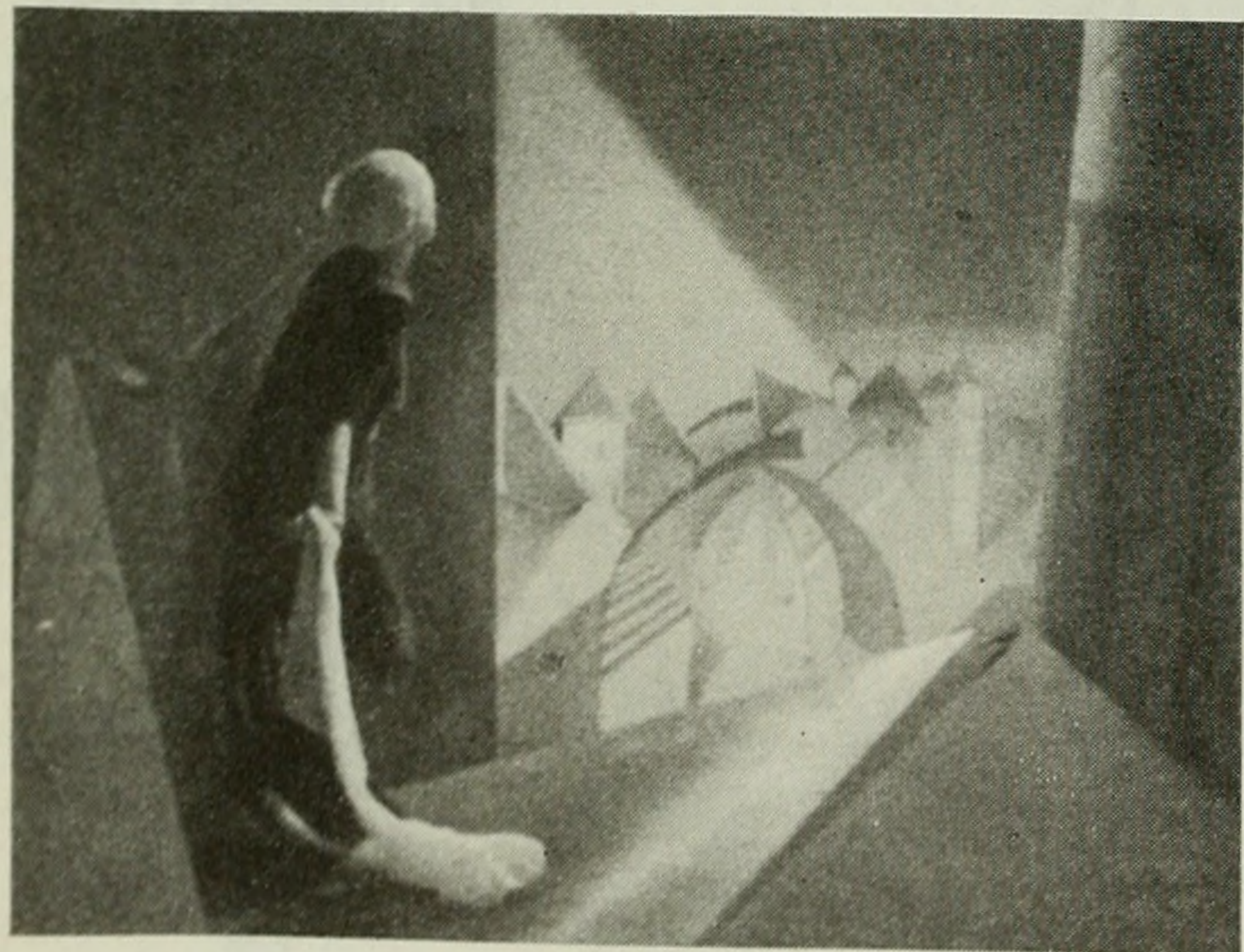
This Rochester group of amateurs has no official name yet. The amateurs have been too busy working at their production to select one.

MR. WATSON'S reference to panchromatic and frequent inquiries about its use by amateurs lead us to go more into detail about it.

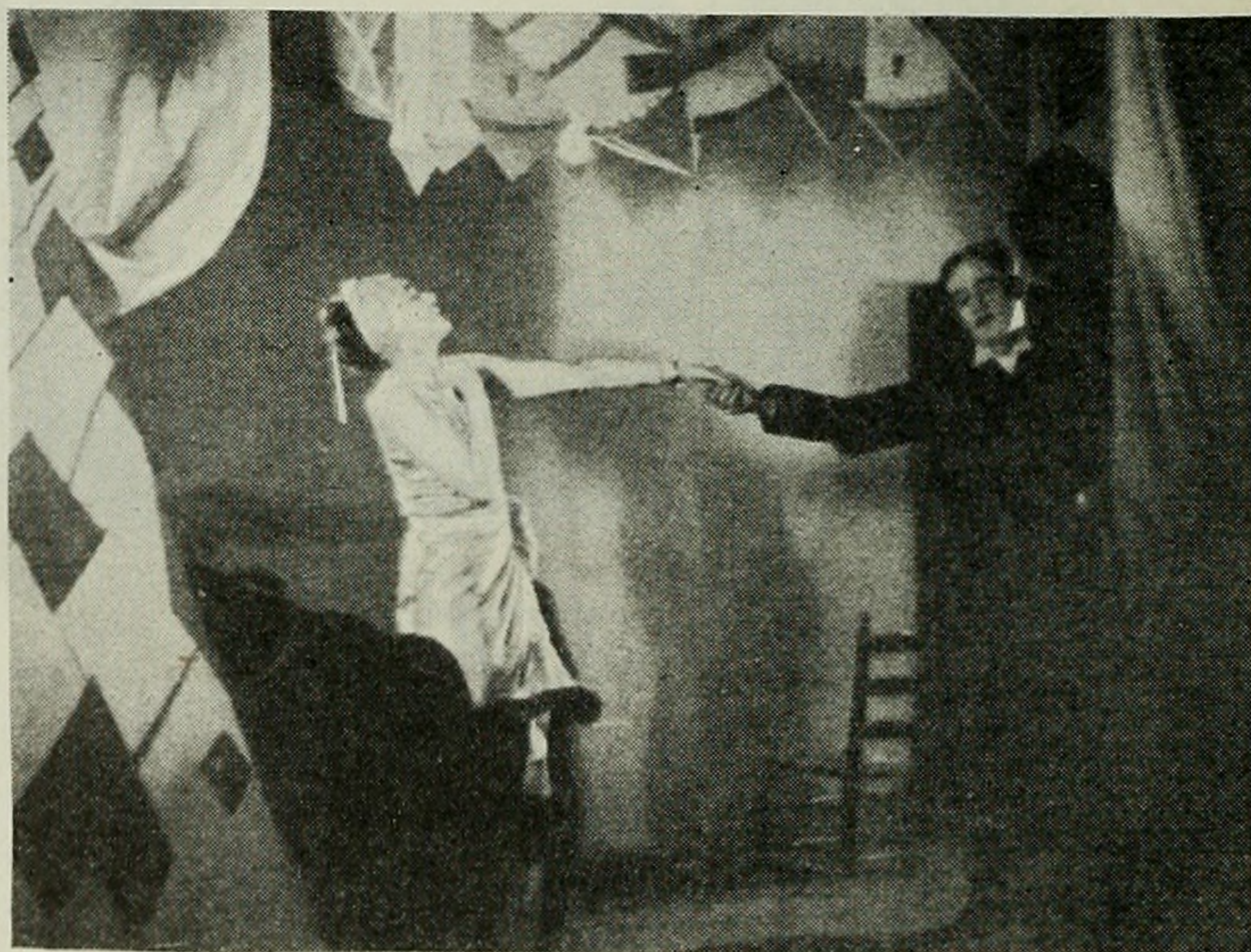
Panchromatic stock is particularly sensitive to reds and yellows. You will find that it picks up many details missed by ordinary film stock. It is decidedly effective, for instance, late in the afternoon when most film stock goes rather dead. It is great for cloud shots. It will pep up your interior close-ups, too.

Panchromatic dates back to 1873, when a German investigator, H. M. Vogel, was experimenting to find a way to eliminate the halation caused by rays of light reflecting back to the sensitive emulsion of photographic plates from the glass supporting the emulsion. Vogel thought that by incorporating a dye in the collodion, used in those days, he could reduce the halation.

As the experiments progressed in the hands of Vogel and other scientists it was found that a negative more sensitive to reds and yellows had been developed. Thus, in time, we came upon panchromatic stock. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



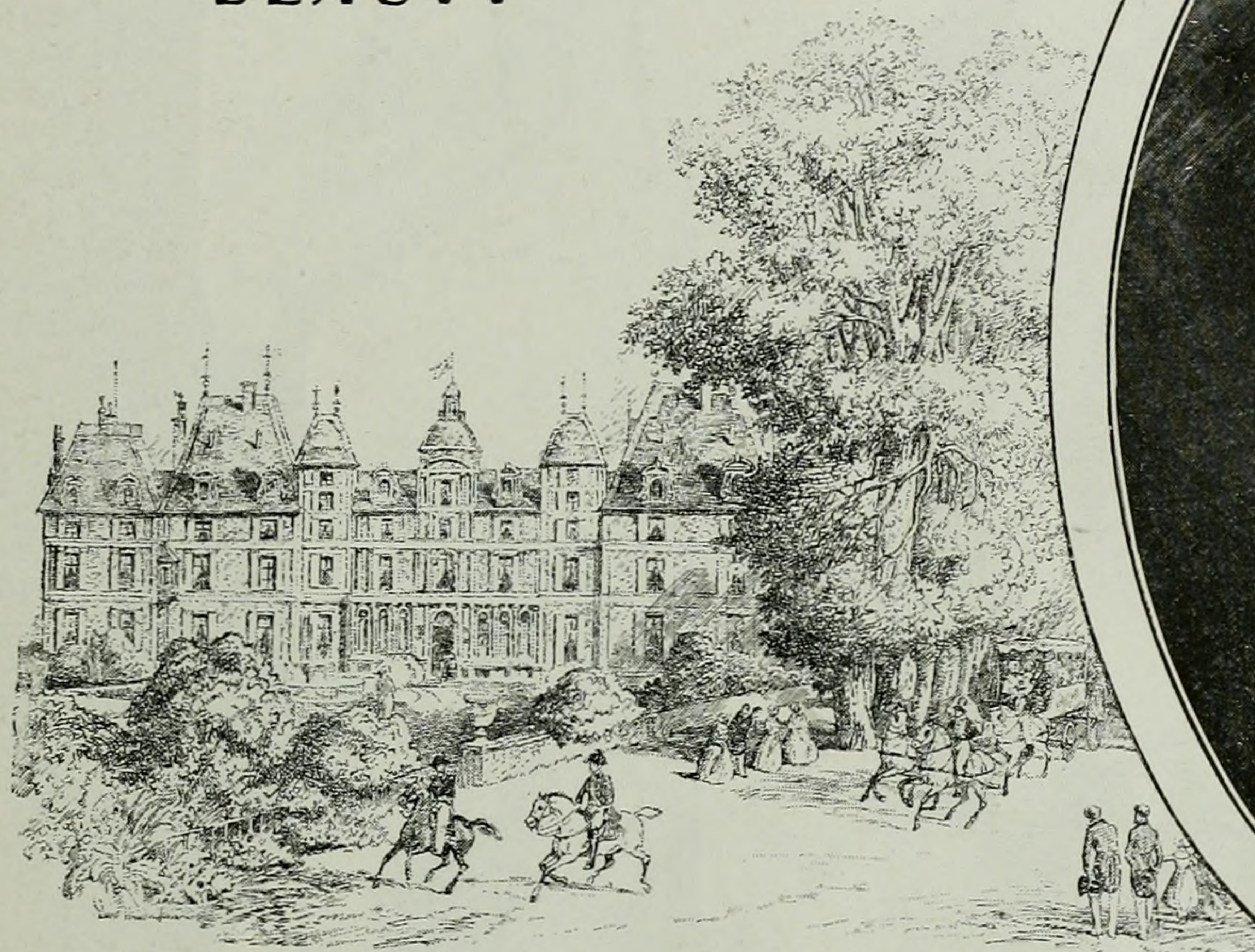
Scene from the Rochester amateurs' production of "The Fall of the House of Usher." The scenery isn't painted. The striking effect is gained with lights and reflected prisms



Another fine shot from "The Fall of the House of Usher." This has been one year in the making and now is half completed. Hildegard Watson plays the rôle of *Madeline Usher*

The Wife of the Pretender to the throne of France

On the art of
CULTIVATING
BEAUTY



The Duchesse de Guise has shining chestnut hair, amber eyes, and perfect features made vivid and radiant by the loveliness of her skin, smooth as magnolia petals . . . La Duchesse was born at Chateau d'Eu (above)—domain of the Guise family for many generations



Isabelle, Duchesse de Guise

ISABELLE, Duchesse de Guise—the illustrious name breathes romance! And provokes a chain of fascinating thoughts of France under the kings.

For all that France is a Republic, the Duchesse has been surrounded throughout her life by the glamour of royalty. Philippe VII, Bourbon Pretender exiled to England, was her father, Philippe VIII, her brother. The present much-loved head of the House of France—known to Republicans as Pretender to the throne—is her husband.

No less popular than her royal husband is the Duchesse de Guise—and no less ambitious! With infinite tact she has done much to further her husband's aspirations to the throne.

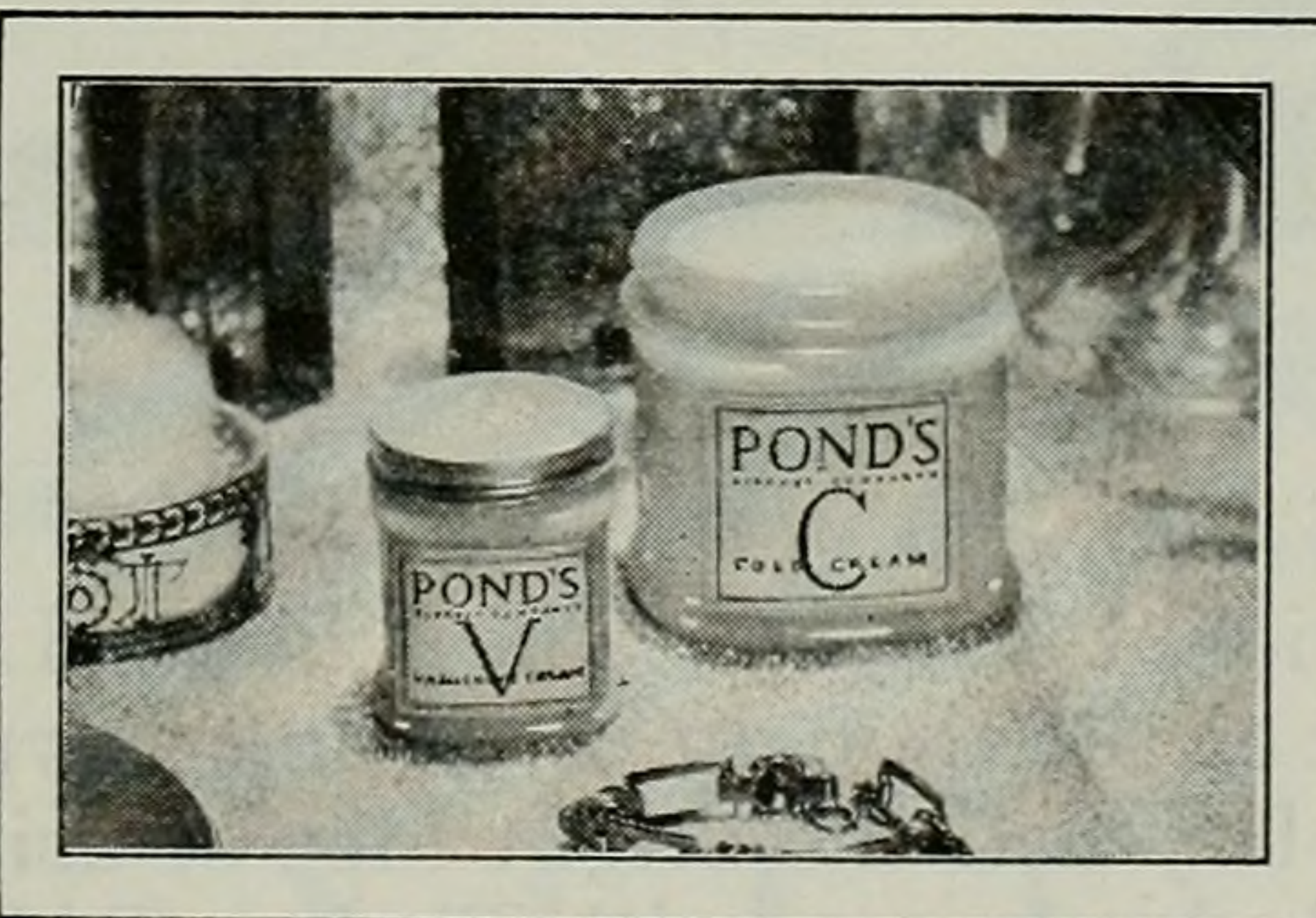
Of high position and high ambitions, the Duchesse de Guise knows well the power of beauty. It increases every woman's influence. And absolutely essential to beauty is a good complexion! The

Duchesse wisely uses Pond's Two Creams, to guard and protect her lovely skin.

"Every Frenchwoman," she declares, "instinctively delights in the art and wisdom of cultivating beauty, in performing all those little rites which keep her loveliest.

"I am delighted to find Pond's Two Creams. Delicate and delicious, they keep the skin fresh and vigorous."

Now there are two exquisite new Pond's preparations. With the Two Creams,



These Two Creams, chosen by women of distinction, used with Pond's new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues

they afford a delightful new Pond's way of caring for the skin!

FIRST, cleanse to the very depths of your pores, with Pond's Cold Cream.

SECOND, remove the cream with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues. Velvety of texture, ample in size, they absorb oil and moisture instantly.

THIRD, pat Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your face and neck for several minutes. Firmed, toned, invigorated, your cheeks are all aglow, your skin is lifted like magic—and your spirits, too!

AND AS THE FINAL TOUCH, before you powder—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Send this very day for all four Pond's preparations—a week's exquisite care for your skin!

A New Offer: Trial sizes of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues—and Pond's Two Famous Creams. Try this magic for your skin! Send this coupon and 10¢

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____



*W*HEN First National finished "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," the officials wept at the thought of tearing down the beautiful Grecian sets. Then one boy had the bright idea of using them for a comedy, "Vamping Venus." The burlesque, with Thelma Todd and Charles Murray, is said to be better than the original. And Thelma's work was so excellent she won a long contract.

Look at Your Silver — YOUR GUESTS DO



"I give you my word, before I try to dissect filet mignon again with a SILVER blade — I'll STARVE —!"

A hostess successful with men is almost always exacting about the quality of her *knife-blades* — Part of an intuition about men — as logical as her lip stick.

Your table may look as breathlessly lovely as a stage setting . . . but if your guests have to

struggle with a silver blade knife, conversation will flag. The new Community DeLuxe Stainless Knives — made in all Community patterns — have steel blades as relentlessly sharp as a Turk's scimitar . . . and as bright as burnished silver . . . They are \$9.00 for six . . . *At your jeweler's.*

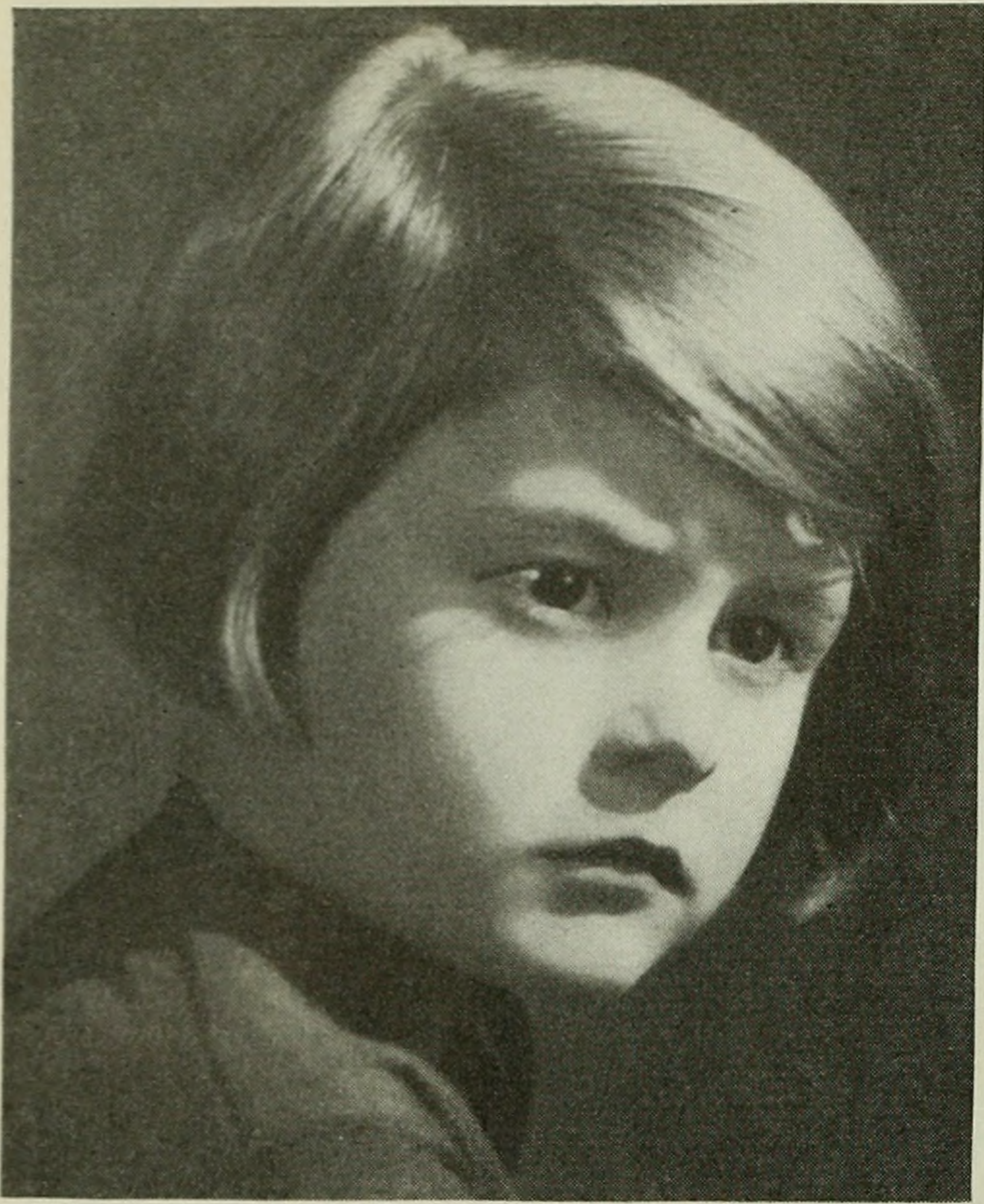


The GROSVENOR Design

COMMUNITY PLATE

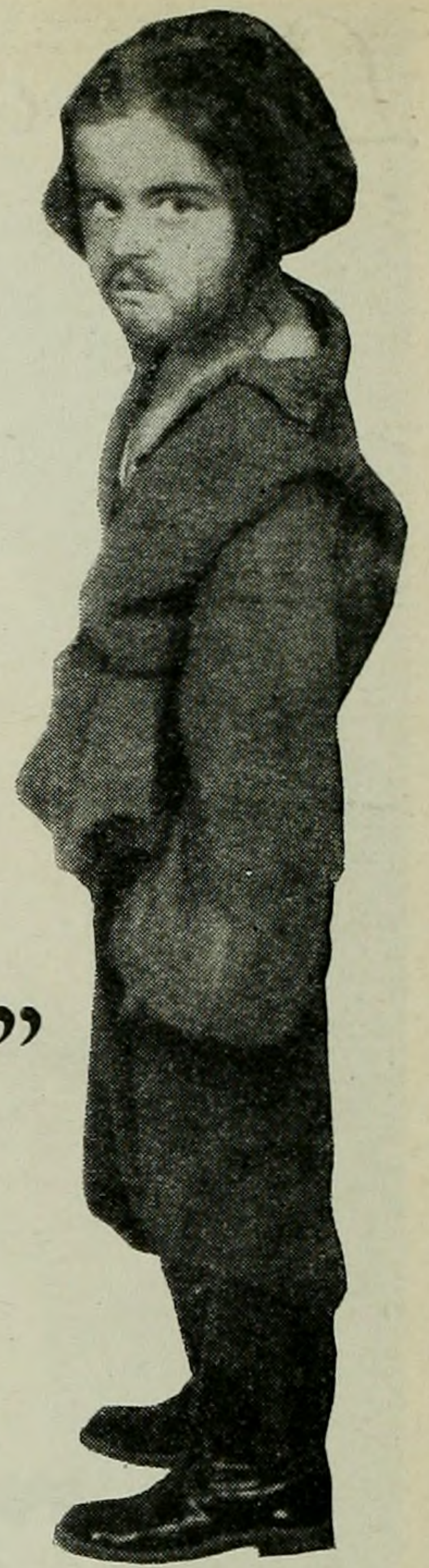
Also makers of TUDOR PLATE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



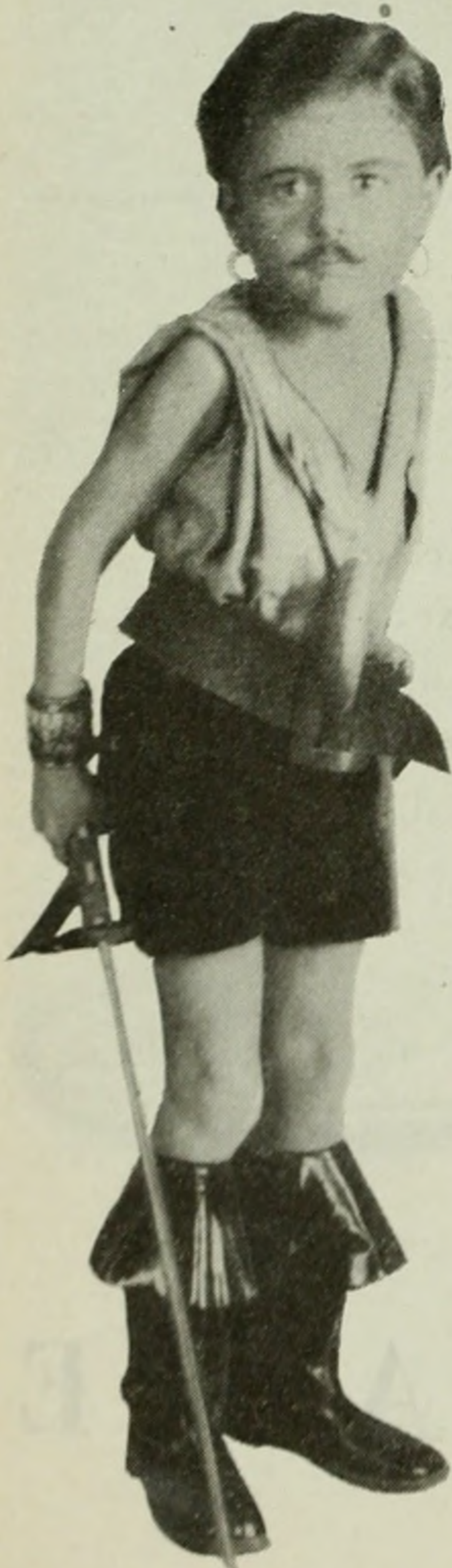
Here's the boy himself—Freddie Burke Frederick, just six years old. Half of his young life has been spent in pictures and he has the assurance of a veteran. When a well-known director failed to treat him with due respect for his importance, Freddie reminded him every five minutes, "Isn't it about time for my close-ups?"

"I Know My ONIONS"



A few reasons why Freddie Frederick may be the logical successor to Jackie Coogan

"My first imitation," says Freddy, "will be of Lon Chaney in 'Mockery.' And I don't use one third as much make-up as Lon. Can I play tough kids?"



FREDDIE BURKE FREDERICK is a Los Angeles boy. Before he played *Junior* in "The Crowd" for King Vidor he appeared in the Smith Series on the Mack Sennett lot. You'll see him, too, in Norma Shearer's "The Latest From Paris."

Freddie's father is a newspaper man. Possibly that is why Master Freddie knows his publicity angles. Freddie earns twenty dollars a day when he works. He insists upon being called an artist. The kid has the trick of building up his parts and suggesting business for himself. If you remember his striking scene with his father on the railroad bridge of "The Crowd," you will realize his ingenuity.

Freddie recently walked up to a director for whom he was working and said: "What's the use of playing me for atmosphere. *I know my onions!*"

As Master Frederick sees Mr. Fairbanks. Another reason why Freddie goes wild when stupid people refer to him as an "extra" kid. "We stars," Freddie told his mother, "got to look out for ourselves. The directors don't know it all." And that's the sort of talk that makes them take notice



With the aid of a pair of spectacles, Freddie gives you his impression of Harold Lloyd. Now do you understand why King Vidor chose Freddie to play *Junior* in "The Crowd"?

MILE-STONES

In the Love Affairs That Last a Lifetime



At Eighteen—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Staying young with your husband—the priceless reward that comes from keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"—the simple rule to follow



At Thirty—Keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"



At Fifty—Still "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

SWEETHEARTS in the first fresh radiance of Youth . . . lovers sharing the experience of the years . . . comrades together in life's mellow afterglow . . .

Staying young with her husband! A priceless faculty . . . yet no secret, to the millions who are doing it. To these fortunate ones Mile-stones in life come only as happy reminders of congenial miles together.

The art of keeping young—of staying beautiful, today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty.

Women with lovely complexions know that common-sense care surpasses any synthetic beauty treatment known. They know that beauty endures the years, comes from following Nature's rules, not man's, in beauty preservation.

More and more every day, women turn to this safe way to beauty

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for *one purpose only*, and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing

Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.



Retail Price **10c** *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color. The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 31 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



Why Does a Pickaninny Love Watermelon?

"I'se comin', you big boy, I heah you calling me"
Luscious, red-ripe watermelon—what an over-powering appeal to his craving appetite!

The tempting taste of Blatz Gum "gets you" in the same way. Simply irresistible. Two delicious flavors, grape and mint. Blatz Grape Gum is the greatest gum sensation in years—the original grape gum! And talk about mint! Blatz Mint Gum is packed full of it, real old-fashioned peppermint! Sold everywhere. Look for the name, Blatz.



Also Blatz
Buttons, Grape
and Mint Flavors

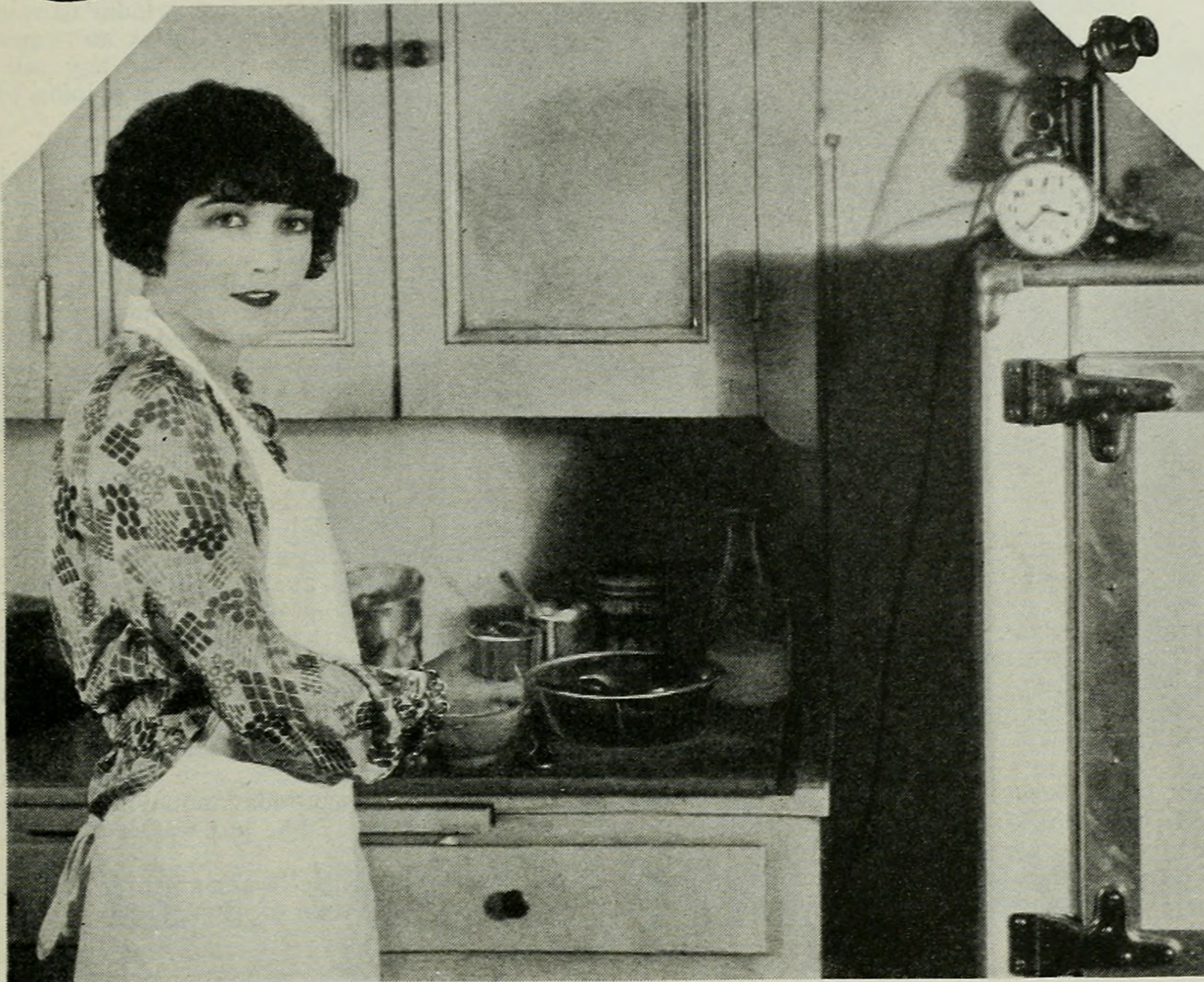
20 BEAUTIFUL AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS OF
POPULAR SCREEN STARS

with attractive 20-page album for mounting them, will be sent for 20 wrappers from single sticks of Blatz Gum, either flavor, and 20 cents. Size of prints 3½x5½ inches. Address Blatz—Dept. "N", P. O. Box 1573, Milwaukee, Wis. Mail this coupon.

Your Name.....

Address.....

Salads for BEAUTY



Crisp greens and fresh fruits with your meals may mean the big difference between a bad complexion and a good one

Aileen Pringle is one of the best hostesses in Hollywood. And also one of its most beautiful women. Try her favorite salad recipe, given below, and learn why her dinners are so popular

DO you make it a point to serve a salad with dinner every night? If you don't, you are missing the most health-giving course of the meal. Fresh greens, vegetables, preferably uncooked, and fresh fruits are the most important items in the diet of the woman who would keep both her good looks and her health.

Raw fruits and vegetables, and these are the basis of the best salads, are absolutely essential, if you want a clear skin and bright eyes. While the rest of the meal may provide nourishment and energy, the salad is the tonic. Here, if you keep books on your diet, you will find most of the very necessary vitamins.

Most salads are easy to prepare, if you follow a few simple rules. Be sure that all your ingredients are cool, fresh and clean. Lettuce should be washed and allowed to drain in the refrigerator for several hours before it is to be used. Whether you like French dressing or one of the many variations of mayonnaise, use only the best materials.

Salads are, as a rule, the cheapest item on your dinner

menu, and it is poor policy to try to economize on oil, vinegar or seasonings.

There are fourteen splendid recipes for salads in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. Salads are a popular item of food in Hollywood; green things are generally cheap and in season. Many stars make a salad their principal dish at luncheon and, of course, the girls who must keep slim make it a point to eat heartily of leafy foods, because even allowing for the oil in the dressing, they are almost the least fattening article of diet.

I am going to give you Aileen Pringle's recipe for her favorite salad. You'll find it useful for many occasions. It is almost a luncheon in itself. It is an ornamental salad and consequently would be ideal to serve at any afternoon affair. And, of course, you may serve it for dinner, particularly when you are having only a light dessert.

Here is the way Miss Pringle prepares her Pineapple Fruit Salad. You need a sliced pineapple—canned or fresh— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cream cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chopped walnuts, two oranges, lettuce, sliced apples, maraschino cherries and whipped cream.

Chop nuts and mix with cream cheese and roll into small balls. Slice oranges and apples and place alternately on beds of lettuce with pineapples. On top of this place cheese balls in attractive designs.

Top this with whipped cream and decorate with maraschino cherries.

If you wish, you may use your favorite salad dressing instead of the whipped cream.

This salad tests your artistic talents, as it is important to have it attractive to the eye, as well as to the taste. As a rule, it is best to make all salads at the last possible minute. Few of them gain anything by standing, as many uncooked fruits and vegetables discolor quickly.

PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, with its one hundred unusual recipes supplied by the stars, has been immensely popular. It is a particularly attractive book and an invaluable aid to the girl who likes to give parties. If you will write your name and address in the coupon, and enclose a quarter, PHOTOPLAY will send you a copy.

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.

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

heeled boots asked me what I was a-doin' with the picture company. "Young feller," says I, "I'm a actor."

So far as I can look back an' remember that's the only time in my entire picture career that I've ever made such a claim, or even tried to pretend that I was a actor. I'm anythin' else but. Nowadays, when asked my business, I explain that I'm makin' pictures. "Ain't you a actor?" I've been asked, an' I always tell 'em no, that we hires gents an' other ladies to do the actin'.

In this here picture, "Back to the Primitive," "Dad" Turner got me to help write the story. "Dad," says I, "there ain't a-goin' to be no sufferin' Osage squaw with a meat-eatin' baby in this here picture, at least with my help." So the story was written 'bout a young English gent a-bein' shipwrecked on a lonely island with the leadin' lady, who was Miss Williams, an' while this young feller was a wonderful waltzer an' knew the right kind of perfume to use an' which fork to pick up at the right time, when it come to bu ldin' shacks to protect the girl, an' hustlin' 'round to get a little food to keep 'em both from starvin', he was just no count an' didn't know nothin'.

WHEN it come to goin' back to the primitive he had no idea what it was all about. It was an easy part for this young London gent to play for he didn't know what it was all about anyway. An' so far as I know he ain't learned yet.

Finally I come along as the brother. I'd been one of these here young fellers who had to

get out an' hustle a bit an' it wasn't much of a trick for me knowin' outdoor life to build shacks, snare game, catch fish an' provide ways an' means of keepin' the family a-livin' until we got rescued.

It turned out to be a great picture, so Colonel Selig of the old Selig Polyscope Company afterward told me, an' in it my old friends, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, who are livin' right here today in Hollywood, did some mighty fine actin'. I've seen 'em both in many pictures since but don't recall anythin' better than they did then. We had a lot of ups and downs in this here picture an' about a week before we finished 'long comes Big Otto an' his animals—lions, tigers, leopards an' elephants.

Finally come a day when "Lost in the Jungle" got started. We didn't know nothin' then about enclosin' the sets with fine wire screen and hide 'em so the animals couldn't get away, an' still the audience couldn't see what was a-keepin' 'em in. In those days we just turned them loose an' the actors took the long chance of gettin' in the way.

Of course, Miss Williams was the gal lost in the jungle an' we was a-rescuin' of her. This jungle, as I remember it, was supposed to be somewhere in Burmah, between Rangoon an' Mandalay. Incidental, about that time I read the poem a feller named Kipling wrote about "The Road to Mandalay." He says, "On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play." Comin' back from the Boer War I stopped in Rangoon, Burmah, an' I discovered that Mandalay is more'n a hundred miles from

the sea coast an' if any flyin' fish flew that far he was sure a aviator. The "road to Mandalay" I might add in passin', is a long, windin' narrow dirt trail an' traveled most by ox an' water buffalo teams, an' no place for any self-respectin' flyin' fish, Mr. Kiplin's opinion to the contrary.

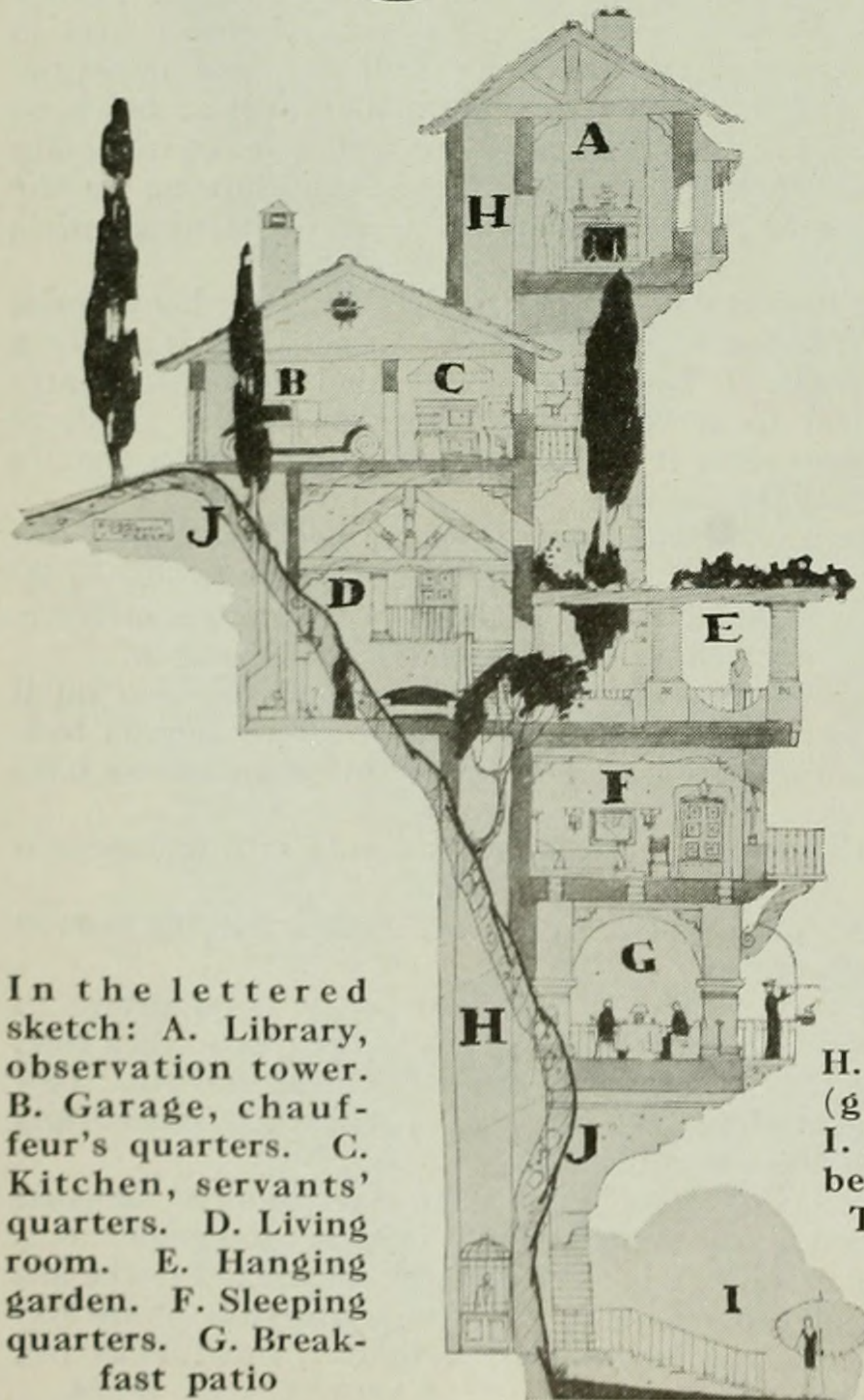
WHAT I knew about "cats" was confined to pumas, mountain lions, bobcats an' catamounts, with a triflin' knowledge throwed in of wolves an' coyotes; but about lions, tigers an' leopards I had a heap to learn.

My first experience in this picture that amounted to much was when old Toddles, the elephant, got a hankerin' to go a-visitin' an' me an' another feller chased him six or eight miles down the Atlantic coast an' was unable to turn him back until we'd prodded him with pitchforks for an hour or two. Every week Toddles used to bust out, an' him an' me had many a session. I followed him once into a swamp until nigh onto daylight. Me an' him got to be pretty good friends at that. Still he'd look at me once in a while out of one of his little funny pea-shaped eyes with a peculiar squint an' that told me he was a-preparin' for one of his nightly jaunts, an' I arranged my affairs accordin'.

I must say Kathryn Williams had a lot of nerve an' she made scenes with them animals that no livin' woman today in movin' pictures would dare follow. She just wasn't afraid of nothin'.

"Lost in the Jungle" was a great picture but
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Doug Trusts California's Cliffs

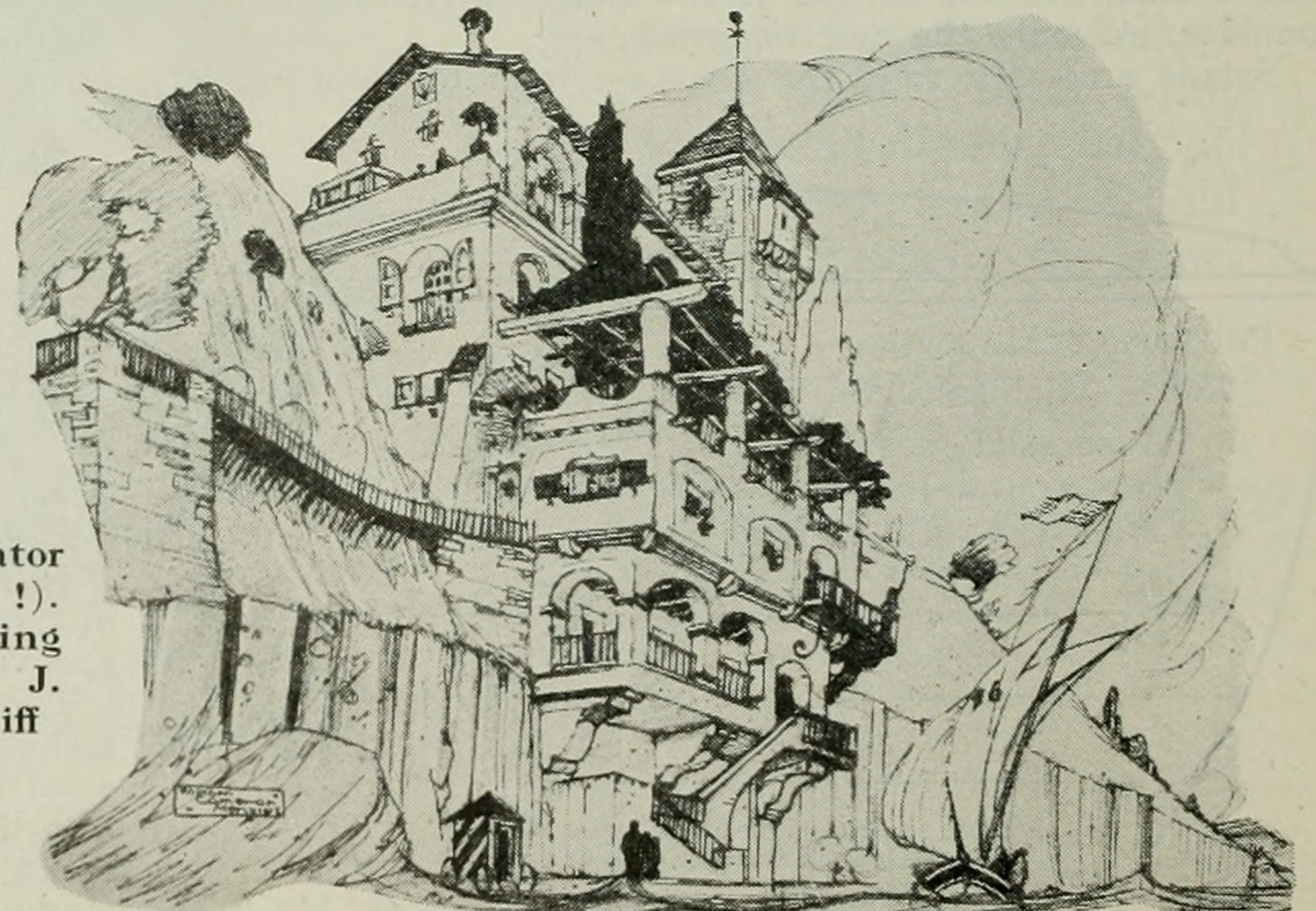


In the lettered sketch: A. Library, observation tower. B. Garage, chauffeur's quarters. C. Kitchen, servants' quarters. D. Living room. E. Hanging garden. F. Sleeping quarters. G. Breakfast patio

H. Elevator (goody!). I. Bathing beach. J. The Cliff

HERE is a mountain-climbing house guaranteed to keep the occupants slender by giving them more exercise than a New York walk-up flat. It was designed by William Cameron Menzies as a beach home for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

The house will cling—we hope—to the side of a cliff at Solana Beach, Calif. It's a cantilever structure, which means that Doug prays it will support itself by its own weight. You enter by the chimney or by boat during high tide.





Are you prettier when your hair doesn't show?

Are you just a little thankful you can keep your hat *on* at a tea? A little sorry to take it off at the theatre—because of your *hair*?

Or does your hair make you *prettier*? Is it so shining, so softly alive that it flatters your features, your coloring? It can be! Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair fluffy, gleaming with life and lustre. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55

years of consultation with physicians.

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, coconut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and coconut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. For *dry* hair, these two shampoos are gently cleansing, and

for *oily* hair, so quick and safe, you can use them as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier*!

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-E
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

Olive Oil Pine Tar
(If you wish samples of both types, send 20 cents)

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

between \$30,000 and \$40,000 and that the cruelty is not mental but actual beatings.

Meanwhile, D'Arcy goes ahead with his art at the M.-G.-M. studio and his devoted attentions to Lita Grey Chaplin, who he admits understands him. Lita doesn't deny it.

SPEAKING of Lita, who evidently jumped her interest from the greatest comedian in the world to one much more comical, perhaps you remember her as the little angel that flew about in the tinsel heaven in "The Kid" six or seven years ago.

RUTH TAYLOR, alias *Lorelei Lee*, has returned from her first trip to New York City.

And she agrees with Anita Loos that it is the paradise of all gold-diggers.

"I never had so much fun in my life," she tells us. "One man sent me six orchids a day. I never had more than two before in my life at the same time—and those mighty seldom. And I had a Rolls-Royce at my command every day.

"And the funny part was I never went out with the man. Didn't have time. If I had, I'd probably have had Times Square given to me!"

BUT there's a drawback to even a generous sugar daddy!

"He's coming out here soon," and the blonde that gentlemen prefer pouted. "I don't know what I'll ever do with him. You see, there's somebody else I like better."

Cheer up, Ruthie! When he reads this, perhaps he'll change his mind about coming.



Mary Duncan went to Cornell University and perhaps the lingering influence of George Jean Nathan swayed her career. Mary made a hit in New York as *Poppy* in "The Shanghai Gesture," and she was too good for the movies to pass up. F. W. Murnau selected her to play the vamp in "The Four Devils." Mary's the Fifth Devil

Just the kind of a dress to have on hand when your old aunt calls. When Dorothy Sebastian wants to play the flapper, she removes the extra length, which is fastened by snappers. When the occasion demands dignity, it's but the work of a minute to achieve it, without a change of costume



CAMILLA HORN, the recently imported German actress, was returning with a party from the Mexican race track at Tia Juana. Three border policemen stopped the car to inquire about contraband and immigration restrictions.

"What nationality is your party?" one asked the driver.

"All American," he responded promptly.

The policeman caught sight of Camilla.

"What nationality are you?" he demanded.

"Ach, mein Him—" a torrent of German rained upon him.

"Where were you born, young lady?" the officer jumped to the running board.

"New York!" Camilla answered in her two best known words of English.

The party passed into California.

FOURTEEN years ago Andy Rice, wise-cracker, sold the gag to a vaudeville actor, "That's no lady; that's my wife."

In all that time, Andy had never had an occasion to use his own innovation.

The other day, Mrs. Rice arrived in town to find a home for her husband, who has recently signed as title writer and gag-man with the Fox Film Company.

She managed to work her way past the gateman to her husband's office. As they went out together, the gateman stopped Andy and asked if it were all right to let the lady in whenever she wanted.

"That's no lady; that's my wife," Andy promptly retorted. And the Mrs. wasn't offended because she knew how long her spouse had waited to use the line he had invented.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

acceptable

Not until the last vestige of dandruff is gone can you be considered a fastidious person, acceptable socially.



Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:—

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for sev-

eral days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

“cures” have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

You'll like it

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25c a large tube.



Mary Astor
First National



Marion Davies



Bebe Daniels
Paramount



Corinne Griffith
First National



Anna Q. Nilsson
Independent



Lois Moran
Fox



Eleanor Boardman
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Renée Adorée
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Phyllis Haver
Pathé de Mille



Louise Brooks
Paramount



Dorothy Mackaill
First National



Greta Nissen
Independent



Mary Philbin
Universal



Clara Bow
Paramount



Blanche Sweet
Independent

9 out of use Lux

priceless

“Smooth Skin

*Luxury hitherto
found only
in French Soap
at 50¢ or \$1.00
a cake, now*

10¢

10 screen stars Toilet Soap *for their* smooth skins

Essential” say Leading Directors

SMOOTH, exquisite skin is essential for popularity, leading motion picture directors declare.

Every star in Hollywood knows that only smooth, velvety skin can successfully meet the all-revealing glare of the Klieg lights in the close-up. How carefully she guards it! *Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!*

It cares for their skin the true French way. For this lovely, white, fragrant soap is made by the method France devel-

oped and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

And all the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all their studio dressing rooms.

You, too, will be delighted with the velvety bloom of your skin when Lux Toilet Soap cares for it. Order some today. Enjoy its instant, caressing lather that even hard water can't quell. It is just ten cents. Wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Billie Dove
First National



May McAvoy
Warner



Janet Gaynor
Fox



Mary Brian
Paramount



Esther Ralston
Paramount



Laura La Plante
Universal



Joan Crawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Olive Borden
Independent



Doris Kenyon
First National



Maria Corda
Independent



Merna Kennedy
United Artists

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

OVER at the FBO studio Ralph Ince is just beginning to score as a director. But back in the days when Thomas Ince, the famous producer and director, was alive, nobody took much notice of Ralph. Just a good guy working hard at Vitagraph and brother to a famous personage.

Ralph married Lucile Lee Stewart. Lucile, too, was related to fame. Anita Stewart was her sister.

Ralph tried to make a star of his wife. He didn't succeed. He tried to make her happy. He didn't succeed there either. They got a divorce.

Times passed, as per custom, and Ralph kept working. Now he has turned out an excellent picture, "Coney Island." He cast the picture himself. The leading rôle is played by Lucila Mendez. She is Ralph's second wife. He is trying to make a star of her. The leading man Ralph chose is named Rudolph Cameron. He is Anita Stewart's ex-husband.

BEGINNERS' luck—not inside tips—is the secret of the good fortune of Mrs. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, wife of the director, in choosing the winning horses in each race at Tia Juana, the Mexican border racetrack recently.

It was their first trip to the Mexican race track and their intuitions were so sensational that all the old-hand gamblers crowded about for inside information.

They made for home with their winnings, not wishing to break the luck by a second encounter.

HOLLYWOOD does coin the oddest phrases. Among the latest is, "She's too young for suicide but too old for the movies."

THREE years ago an obscure director in a Poverty Row studio made a film called "The Salvation Hunters." There were three prime spirits concerned in its making, Georgia Hale and George K. Arthur, who played the leads, and Joseph Von Sternberg, who directed it. Fame was promised all three of them, but



What happens when mother goes wild. The hard-boiled lady is none other than Belle Bennett in "The Devil's Skipper." After playing in just one handkerchief drama after another, Belle goes tough on her public. Do you blame her?

the greatest success was prophesied for Georgia Hale.

Charlie Chaplin gave her the part opposite him in "The Gold Rush." Later Paramount gave her a long time contract. Von Sternberg and Arthur plodded along meanwhile hoping for an equally lucky break.

Georgia had good parts at Paramount and was good in them. But the same thing that

had happened to her at the Chaplin studio, happened again at Paramount. When her contract expired, it was not renewed.

TODAY, Von Sternberg is one of Paramount's leading directors, maker of the very successful "Underworld" and "The Last Command." George K. Arthur is a co-star with Karl Dane on the M.-G.-M. program.

Georgia Hale? Well, watch for her when you see an obscure little film made by an obscure director in a Poverty Row studio. This one is called "The Last Moment," and she plays the lead in it. She gives such a fine performance that were she unknown, she might well expect to be "discovered" in it.

Three years. From Poverty Row to Paramount, from Paramount to Poverty Row.

WELL, Virginia Lee Corbin and her mother are on good terms again. At least, if Virginia stays out after midnight, mother is up to her old habits of calling up Virginia's friends and asking them to send the little girl home at once. And Virginia is hunting for a chance to return to pictures. Which follows the routine established before Virginia started talking about suing her mother.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE owns a small wire haired fox terrier which accompanies him wherever he goes. Buddy knows all about motion pictures, having spent most of his short life on the sets. His favorite diversion is chasing motorcycles.

"When his birthday comes I am going to buy him a motorcycle," announced George. "And I am going to hire a man to ride it round and round the block for Buddy to chase. I am curious to see how long it will take him to get enough of it!"

"THEY say" that this happened. And maybe it did.

Wilson Mizner, John Barrymore, Jack Conway and Mal St. Clair had foregathered in the latter's bungalow at the Ambassador. Con-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

A New Fascinating Puzzle Contest

Fun for everyone
in the family.

Fifty cash prizes!

\$5,000

In Cash Prizes

Assemble the
pictures and win a
big check!

Begins in the June PHOTOPLAY—Out May 15

Put Your Order
in to Your Newsdealer Today

Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for 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 two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

- 1 **A new, form-fitting shape**—non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.
 - 2 **Softer wrapping, fluffier filler** eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.
- & ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.**

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

New, form-fitting Kotex

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the

lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

Doctors, nurses cooperated

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

Features exclusive to Kotex

Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. 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 waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Ask for Kotex or Kotex-Super

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. At all drug, dry goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.



Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Beauty FOR SALE



Sal Hepatica can help you have the clear complexion—the true, radiant beauty—that comes not from cosmetics, but from health, from internal cleanliness.

EVERY beauty authority will confess that make-up and cosmetics are only a make-shift—true beauty comes from within.

And many of these authorities point out that constipation is the greatest national trouble that robs women of the beauty of skin—the lustre of hair—the glowing health that should be theirs. And they will tell you the most important beauty service you can do for yourself is to keep internally clean.

For when intestinal stoppage is permitted to exist, waste poisons are set up which make the blood impure. Then the complexion suffers in appearance and soon come headaches, indigestion, “nerves” and countless other ailments.

SAL HEPATICA, the standard effervescent saline, is the approved way to promote internal cleanliness. Containing the same salines as the famous European spas, Sal Hepatica stimulates the secretions in the intestines and flushes away the poisons of constipation which cause so many ills and beauty worries.

Thousands of women find that a dash of Sal Hepatica added to the before-breakfast glass of water keeps them feeling well and looking well.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G58, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1928

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Getting Sales Ideas

Bismarck, N. D.

I am a salesman and I thank Providence for the movies. I personally obtain more original sales ideas from one good movie than from any other source. Personal appearance, confidence, approach—three things vital to successful selling—are inspired in me by viewing certain pictures. Business scenes are an aid in selling, and I obtain a world of ideas from reading PHOTOPLAY every month.

R. A. DEMMEL.

True Stuff

Buffalo, N. Y.

The motion picture always has been one of the sanctuaries of the Outcast. It has been dedicated to the glorification of the Inferior Man. It has championed the cause of the weak and the defective. The poor were always pious.

And now comes “The Last Command”—the triumph of the very antithesis of mediocrity. Emil Jannings’ concept of the Russian aristocrat is a veritable god-send in these drab, standardized days; he gives us a vision of hope—there may still be splendid people on this flat earth. *Sergius Alexander* may be unmoral, carnal and a little too full-bodied for our queasy stomachs, adapted to pre-digested movie food in the form of *Chicos* and *Gauchos*; but he is also magnificent, grand in body, regal in will, and true in heart. As played by Emil Jannings, he has that fineness, that quality and grace of spirit which it has been rather the fashion, in these stridently democratic days, to deny to aristocrats. The picture leaves us with the feelings that, with the extinction of *Sergius*, the world lost more of quality and beauty than can ever be replaced by anything that comes out of the minds or the bodies of his conquerors, the mass of inferior men.

ETHEL M. HOFFMAN.

Did Elinor Get IT from Kipling

Toronto, Canada

We have all heard so much about Elinor Glyn and her discovery of IT, that I got quite a shock the other day. I was reading one of Rudyard Kipling’s stories, published in 1904, and one of the characters speaks as follows: “That’s the secret. ’T isn’t beauty, so to speak, nor good talk, necessarily. It’s just ‘it.’” I wonder if Madame Glyn has read this story.

A PHOTOPLAY READER.

Why She Stayed Home

Philadelphia, Pa.

Like thousands of other movie-mad girls, I visualized gay Hollywood, a lovely Spanish house, gorgeous clothes, expensive cars, huge salary and numerous friends. I had almost made up my mind to ride to Hollywood and seek my fortune.

In a lucky hour, I bought PHOTOPLAY. I read “The Mother Confessor of Hollywood.” It described the way in which thousands of “extras” live. How different from my dreams and hopes! Right then and there, I decided to remain right where I am, instead of waiting wearily outside the studio gates. I owe this sensible decision to PHOTOPLAY.

SUZANNE BENAMY.

Carrying a Good Thing Too Far

Tallahassee, Fla.

For Homer to play with history was very good; he immortalized *Helen*. For Erskine to play with Homer was still quite all right; he modernized *Helen*. But for the movies to play with Erskine was a crime; they ruined *Helen*, as well as Erskine, Homer, History and the dispositions of thousands of spectators.

VIRGINIA DEAN.



Underwood & Underwood

Introducing the side seat for the pup, made necessary by the new California law which prohibits dogs from riding unprotected on running boards. Marceline Day is trying out this new device on Flash, the dog star. The side seat has a one-pup top and its own special door. The men with Miss Day are R. F. McClellan and Henry Wright, two humane Court Supervisors responsible for the ordinance

P I V E R

ANNOUNCES

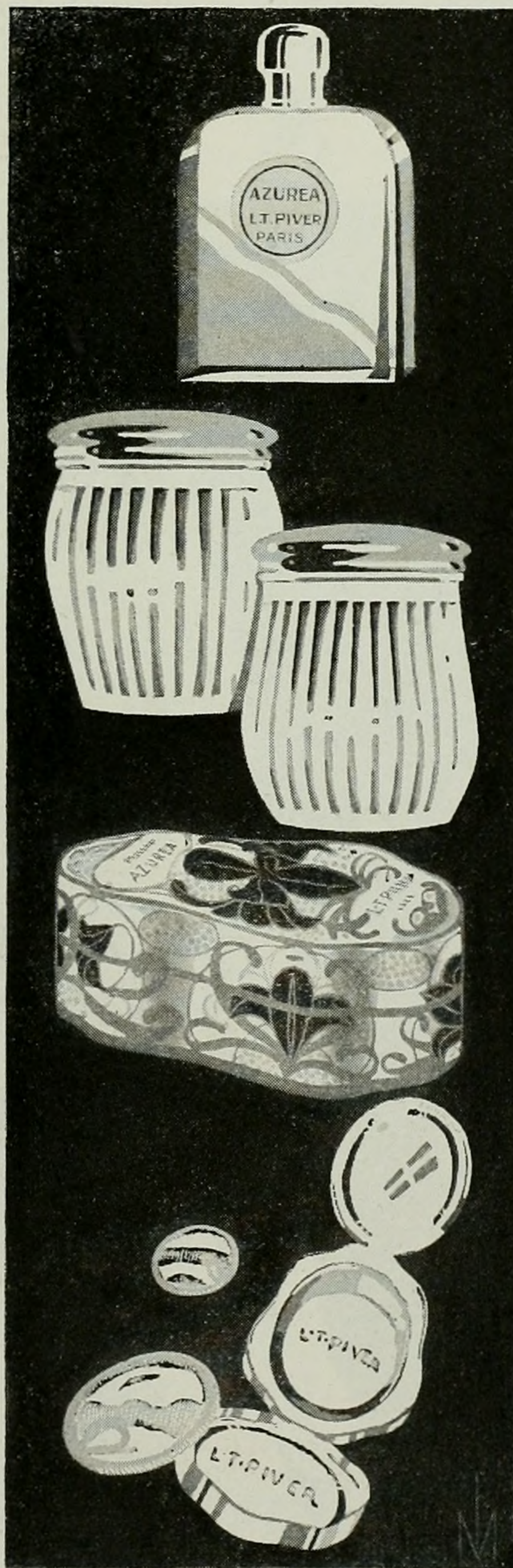
The Azurea Ensemble.

For the modern woman—sophisticated, exquisitely critical, trained in the art of creating a single perfect impression in each costume—the woman who will not permit the smallest jarring note in her accessories, her jewels, her perfumes—Piver announces the Azurea Ensemble. A single colour-scheme for her dressing table—blue and silver in four clever variations. A single odour that expresses every complex mood.

HER COLD CREME—A miracle of efficiency—just this minute launched in Paris. Carrying a very high percentage of perfume, so that she sinks to sleep wrapped in the same subtle Azurea fragrance. In an azure and silver container—\$1.50.



HER POWDER—Adherent and almost invisible, as the mode demands. In five perfect shades to care for every complexion—including the sunbrowned skin, ultra chic at the moment... Subtly impregnated with the same Azurea perfume—\$1.00.



HER PERFUME—Elusive, light, fresh! Sweet but not ingenué. With a bit of spice to pique the imagination. A hint of coquetry—not easily won... Azurea itself, in its blue and silver box. \$4.50.



HER VANISHING CRÈME—Equally new. So light it disappears absolutely, leaving a delicately scented but invisible film to which her perfumed powder clings, and clings, all day. Azure and silver, too, but the shape has been cleverly varied. \$1.50.



HER NEW TWIN COMPACTE—In silver, with blue enamelled tracery around the edge, the shape of this twin compacte is distinctive, and it fits the hand as no compacte has ever done before. Rouge and Powder, in shades for every complexion, delicately scented with Azurea. And 2 mirrors... Price, \$2.50.

L. T. P I V E R P A R I S
 «Oldest and largest among the great perfume houses of France»
 118 EAST 16th STREET, NEW YORK · Fondée en 1774 · 46 ST. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL

Bring the Touch of Springtime Beauty to Your Complexion

WINTER'S drab harshness disappears with the enchanting touch of Spring. The rebirth of life and beauty is nature's reminder that your appearance should also enjoy a similar transformation.



Now is the time to bring to your complexion the youthful freshness so effectively obtained thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It renders to your complexion a subtle, fascinating charm that cannot be secured thru powders. Your skin assumes a soft, silky, even appearance, that will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture. A beauty that "stays on" without constantly "touching up." Every moment Gouraud's Oriental Cream remains on your skin it is protecting your appearance. The effective, antiseptic and astringent action it always exerts helps correct and prevent blemishes, skin trouble, wrinkles, freckles, flabbiness, muddy or discolored skins, oiliness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White Flesh Rachel

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

M-34,8

A Habsburg Sees Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

I have no figures showing the number of workers with contract, compared with the free-lance players.

The favorites are the ones who get the high salaries which astonish the whole world. Stars and leading men receive \$1,000 to \$18,000 a week and directors earn thousands of dollars weekly. But how few these are! Fortuna is not very liberal in Hollywood.

Unfortunately, the world only learns about the small minority, and so Hollywood exercises its magnetic power and continually calls to new talent.

Many who come to Hollywood with great hopes leave again as soon as they learn the true conditions. These are the wise ones. But thousands remain. These also have some reason. It may be that these actors are not able to fill other positions; it may be that they sincerely feel that they are artists. The hope for wealth is nowhere so great as it is in Hollywood.

IT is like the roulette at Monte Carlo. The possibilities are there . . . perhaps . . . perhaps . . .

It is the remote chance of getting a golden contract that lures persons with childish imaginations.

And how easily their hopes are raised! A

director speaks to an actor or makes a few casual remarks. An assistant takes lunch with an extra. Fantastic hopes are aroused. When the extra gets home, he talks enthusiastically of the great contract that will be his within a short time.

MY secretary who worked in a technical capacity for a short time in a studio had a funny experience along that line. Just one example: He dreamed about his home town; when you are far away, the thought of your home town is a pleasant one. As he stared into the empty studio, he saw in the distance an extra girl. She was a typical Viennese girl.

The next day I learned that my secretary had talked to the girl, complimented her on her ability and had told her she was the Viennese type. And that little incident gave her high hopes of appearing in a Viennese film. Poor girl! When such trivial incidents raise such high hopes, you may understand what the poor actors have to go through during desperately hard times.

I believe I have given my honest views in this short article about Hollywood.

To sum up: Hollywood is a Fata Morgana—a mirage—which lures thousands to walk its streets, although only a very few reach the lucky oasis.



What with rumors of mergers and changes at the De Mille Studio, Vera Reynolds, like many of the other De Millers, is being "sold down the river." Her new master is Tiffany-Stahl

Just that you might say
“It’s so comfortable”

YOU know, Europeans complain that American women are pampered. Possibly, but the amazing welcome given Modess shows that women at least appreciate a sincere effort to free them from drudgery and old-fashioned annoyances.

Four years ago, Johnson & Johnson determined to perfect the sanitary napkin. Women were asked to write the specifications. “Above all,” they told us, “make it more comfortable—softer! Get rid of hard edges and conspicuous clumsiness. Be sure it is truly disposable.”

The great Johnson & Johnson laboratories, where so many Red Cross sanitary safeguards to health have been created, have labored four years just that you might say, “It is so comfortable.”

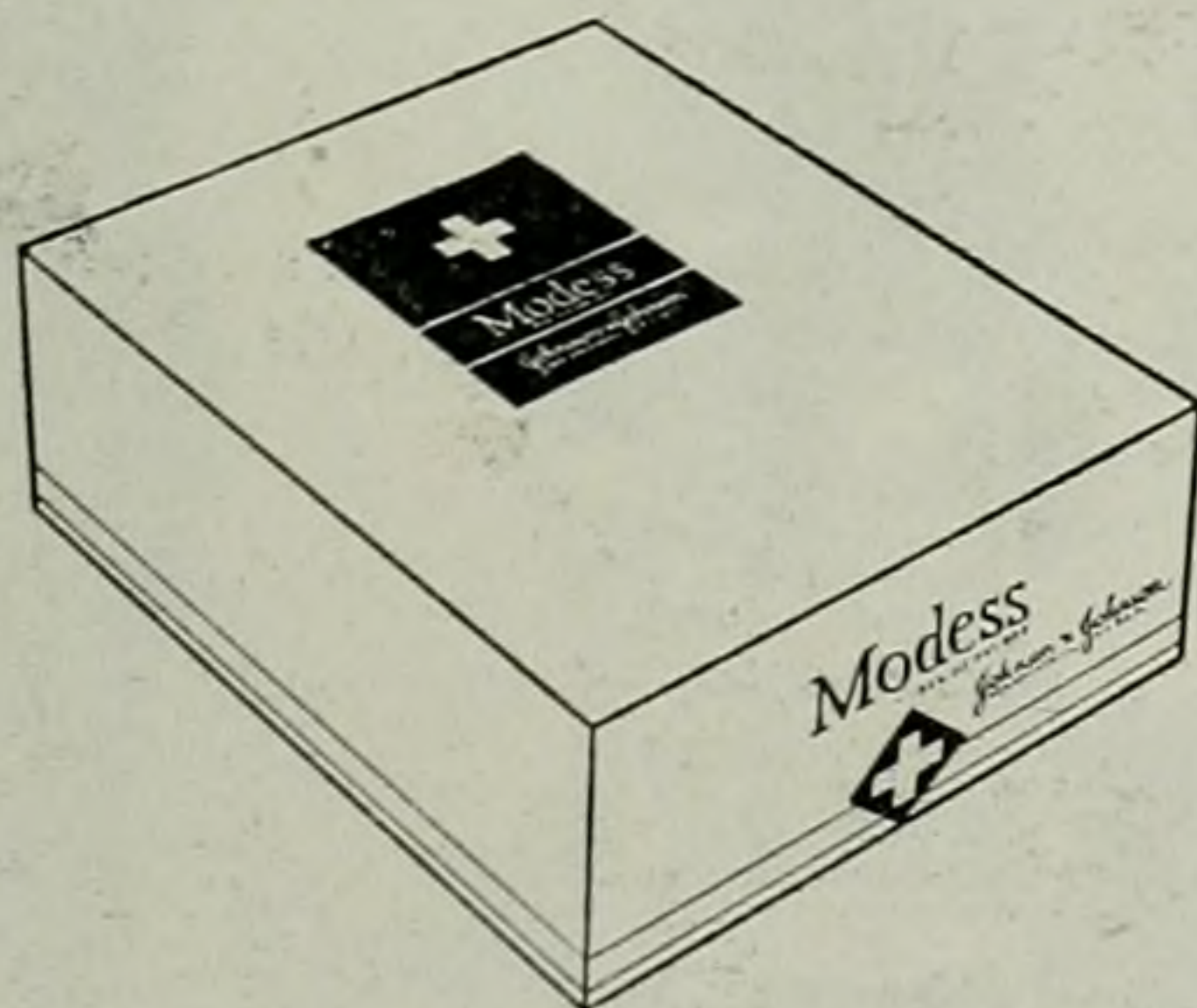
We believe that every woman who has tried Modess has marveled. So will you. Even the outer gauze, specially woven in our mills, has been softened by a process known only to us. The absorbent filler or center is an entirely new disposable substance, downier than fluffiest cotton, yielding, gentle, amazingly absorbent.

To prevent irritation, the gauze is cushioned with a film of down and the sides are smoothly rounded. The back is moisture-proof—your confidence in Modess will be complete.

Modess is disposable—it flushes away. 50 cents for a box of 12.

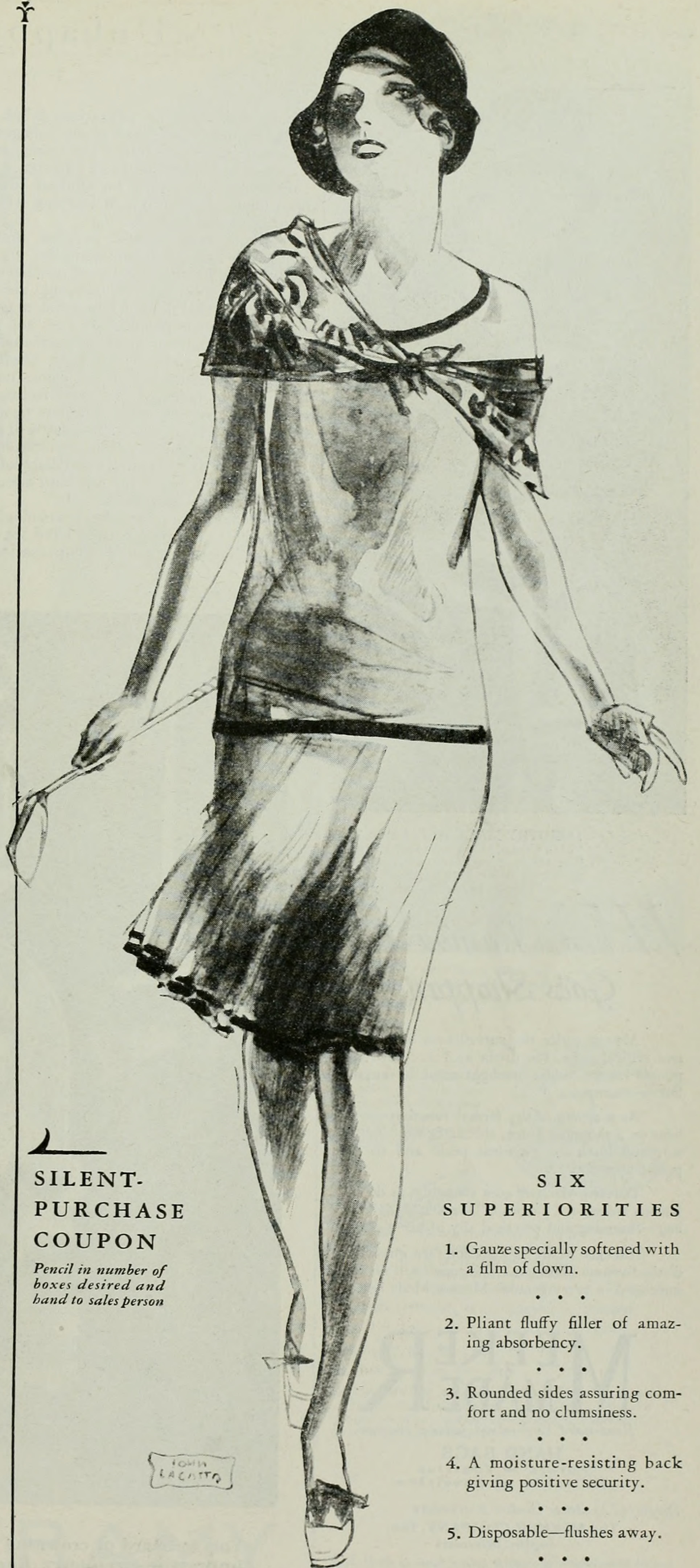
Johnson + Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

So infinitely finer



I wish to buy — boxes of
Modess

To SALES PERSON—Johnson & Johnson provide this coupon to facilitate purchase without embarrassment.



SILENT-PURCHASE COUPON

Pencil in number of boxes desired and hand to sales person

SIX SUPERIORITIES

1. Gauze specially softened with a film of down.
 . . .
2. Pliant fluffy filler of amazing absorbency.
 . . .
3. Rounded sides assuring comfort and no clumsiness.
 . . .
4. A moisture-resisting back giving positive security.
 . . .
5. Disposable—flushes away.
 . . .
6. Silent-purchase coupon.

Unhappy Highbrows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]



DOROTHY MACKAILL, featured in "Man Crazy," First National Picture. The above is an unretouched photograph of Miss Mackaill with her "Meeker Made" handbag.

When a Famous Star Goes Shopping

Always under the surveillance of admiring and critical eyes, the dress and accessories of people in the public limelight must be anything but commonplace.

At a sports affair, formal function or duty bent on a shopping jaunt, the outfit worn must be selected both for personal pride and to meet public approval.

Dorothy Mackaill goes shopping, as do other famous ladies, and carries a "Meeker Made" handbag—charming and practical ally of her costume.

"Meeker Made" stands for rare quality and distinctiveness of design. The name will be found imprinted in every genuine Meeker Made bag.

MEEKER MADE R

Hand-tooled, hand-colored, imported steerhide

HAND BAGS
Purses — Vanities
Billfolds — Novelties

Displayed by Better Dealers Everywhere
The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

I am not decrying education, mind you. The tremendous growth of our colleges and universities in every state of the union cannot, of course, be looked upon as a bad sign.

But should everyone be allowed to enter those higher institutions of learning who has the price of the tuition?

Are not some people perhaps unfitted, emotionally and temperamentally, for the highbrow status, the exceptional intelligentsia?

I believe specialists in nervous disorders would agree that higher education may seriously upset some people. It does not upset them intellectually as much as emotionally.

On the emotional side, however, whether it be roused by education or just comes natural the highbrow point of view and feeling-tone toward life most certainly hampers people in the pursuit of happiness. The day will come, I predict, when youth will have emotional examinations and tests as well as intellectual ones.

In conclusion, just a further word about the posers, the fake highbrows.

I said they were interesting psychologically.

And they are because they have set up a "defense" or exaggerated compensation for

deep-rooted convictions of inferiority. It may be conscious and it may be unconscious, this fundamental belittling of the personality.

In any case they pretend, make believe and show off in order to enhance their own egos and throw dust into the eyes of their neighbors.

These pseudo-highbrows knock the movies and pretend to despise them more than the genuine variety of highbrows.

They would enjoy them if only they were honest with themselves. And, frankly, from my own observations I would say that most highbrows are of the pseudo species.

Each and every human being tends to respond to primitive emotions.

These the movies supply.

Men like Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were not ashamed to admit that they got relaxation from reading detective fiction.

I am acquainted with educated people who get fun out of pictures too. Such individuals can like both highbrow and lowbrow pursuits.

That is because their emotional lives are adjusted with their intellectual.

I feel constrained to repeat again—poor, unhappy highbrows!



You've heard of crowning a king? Well, this is a glimpse of that impressive ceremony. Ramon Novarro is the owner of the "uneasy head," and Harry Beaumont and Hugh Cummings are the two menaces



PATSY RUTH MILLER, whose beauty, talent and charm were important contributions to the success of "The Tragedy of Youth", "A Hero for a Night", and her newest starring vehicle, "Hot Heels".

My Most Precious Beauty Secret

by Patsy Ruth Miller

HERE indeed is an opportunity that few women will care to miss. A frank, intimate revelation of the things which contribute most to the beauty and attractiveness of this charming and lovely screen star. Practical methods and aids which you, too, can employ without fuss or bother and with gratifying success.

Enjoy this fascinating "behind the scenes" chat with Miss Miller. Let her disclose to you the things she believes add most to the beauty of not only herself—but all women. Let her tell you how she cares for her hands, for example. How she keeps them beautiful. How she achieves the most exquisite manicure, and many other fascinating secrets.

Hitherto never before available—never before published—this priceless information is now yours for practically *nothing*—merely the cost of packing and mailing to you an amazing new book called "Precious Beauty Secrets", which the coupon below will bring.

Written by 20 of the most beautiful, most famous of moving picture actresses, this unique book is a veritable treasure chest of practical easy-to-apply beauty hints — hints which these stars have discovered in their



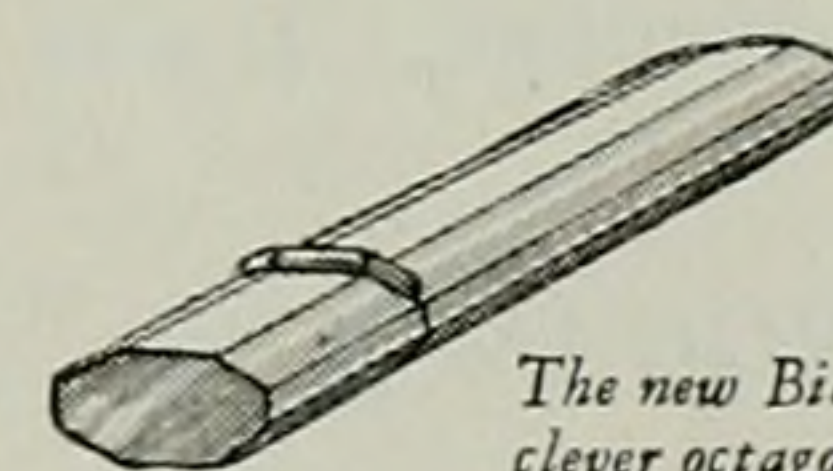
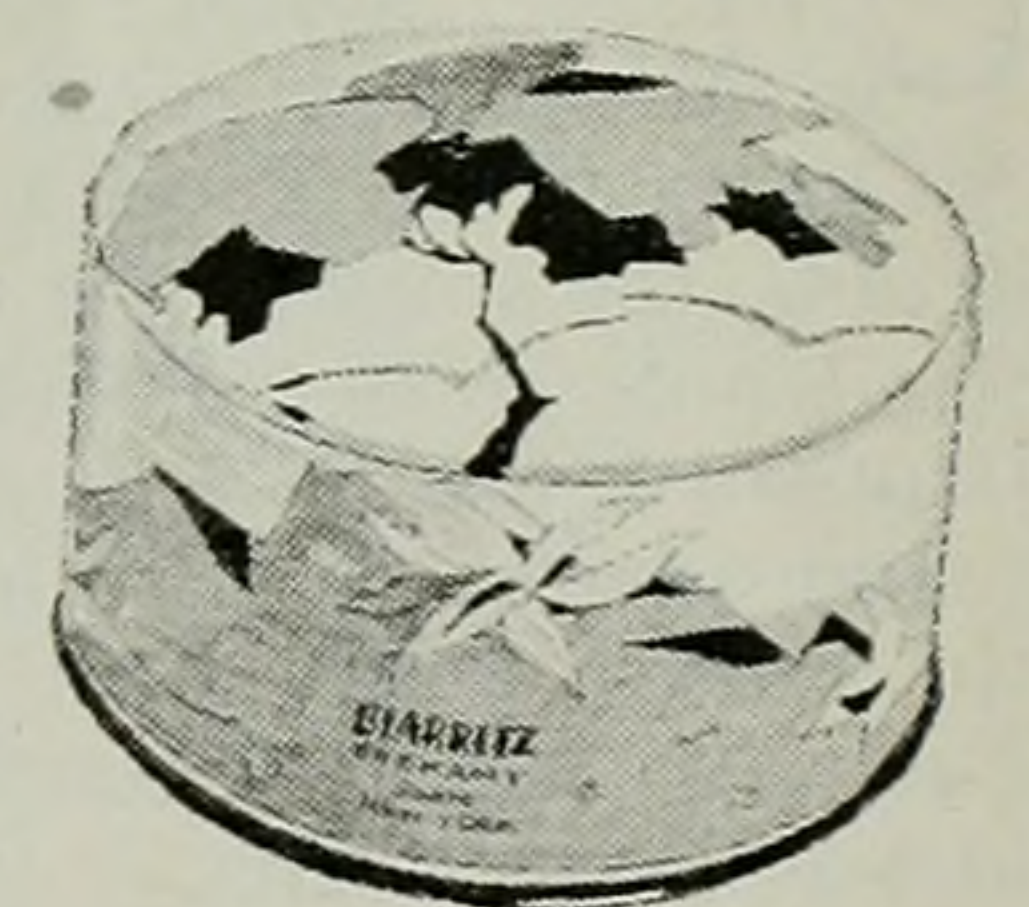
free
for the cost
of mailing

professional experience—and which you can use every day.

In addition to this attractively bound, profusely illustrated book you will be sent a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder—creation of CheraMy, Paris—which is a new, exquisitely fine and wonderfully effective powder. Imperceptible in texture, it comes in five amazingly natural shades and clings beautifully.

Simply mail the coupon below enclosing 25c to pay for mailing and both the book and the Face Powder will be sent you at once.

Biarritz Face Powder—delicately fine, fragrant with lovely Biarritz, clings tenaciously and comes in 5 most natural shades. Light and dark flesh, light and dark brunette and white—\$1.00.



The new Biarritz Lipstick in a clever octagonal case that opens, is used and closes with one hand. In three smart shades—carmine, orange and dark cherry—50c.

CHERAMY, Ltd., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal

Biarritz — a thrilling new CheraMy fragrance with all the gay colorful loveliness of Biarritz—garden spot of France. In smartly distinctive flacons—\$1, \$3 and \$5.



Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only.

CHERAMY

PARIS - NEW YORK

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. PC
539 West 45th Street, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me for the cost of mailing, a copy of Precious Beauty Secrets by 20 famous film stars, and a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder. I enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

Name

Address

City State

(Check Shade desired)

Light Brunette Light Flesh White

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

TURN BACK THE HOURS—Gotham

ANOTHER of those "quickies" that boasts of a cast of popular favorites—Myrna Loy, Walter Pidgeon, Sam Hardy and George Stone. As for the plot—it's your old pal, "Coward-ice," set against the background of the shores of the Caribbean. The ever-favorite flag waving ending has been tacked on so the hero can stage a come-back. Don't take it too seriously!

SADDLE MATES—Pathe

A CONVENTIONAL Western featuring Wally Wales. There's the handsome hero with a mean right, the gal and her villainous brother who has swindled the hero, intermingled with a lot of rough and tumble fighting that the kiddies enjoy.

FINDERS KEEPERS—Universal

Laura La Plante cavorts merrily in the latest Mary Roberts Rinehart story to reach the screen. Laura is one of the finest comediennes on the screen and it seems pathetic to see her wasted on such trite stuff. The comedy is of the two-reel type. The chief gag that tries for the hearty laughs is Laura dressed as a soldier, a la Wally Beery, and continually losing the trousers. Since that is the high spot of the picture you can just about imagine what the remainder is like.

THE COUNT OF TEN—Universal

HERE is a picture that is not great by any means but we assure you it is entertaining in spite of a few improbabilities. The story is of the fistic circles though very different from those that you have seen before. It affords Charles Ray a rôle that takes us back to the days when Ray was a favorite. But the chief claim to your attention is James Gleason, a legitimate star, who just tucks the picture under his arm and walks away with it. A safe bet for the family.

FRENZIED FLAMES—Eilbee

CULLEN LANDIS shows us some hot stuff in this scorching epic of the fire department. Skillfully directed, and accurate in all technical details, the story is of a boy who climbs out of the cradle into red suspenders. During his baptism of fire, he gets cold feet, but gets them warm again in a thrilling tenement blaze at the finish. Mary Carr and Virginia Browne Fair give effective characterizations. If you like action, see this.

LITTLE MICKEY GROGAN—FBO

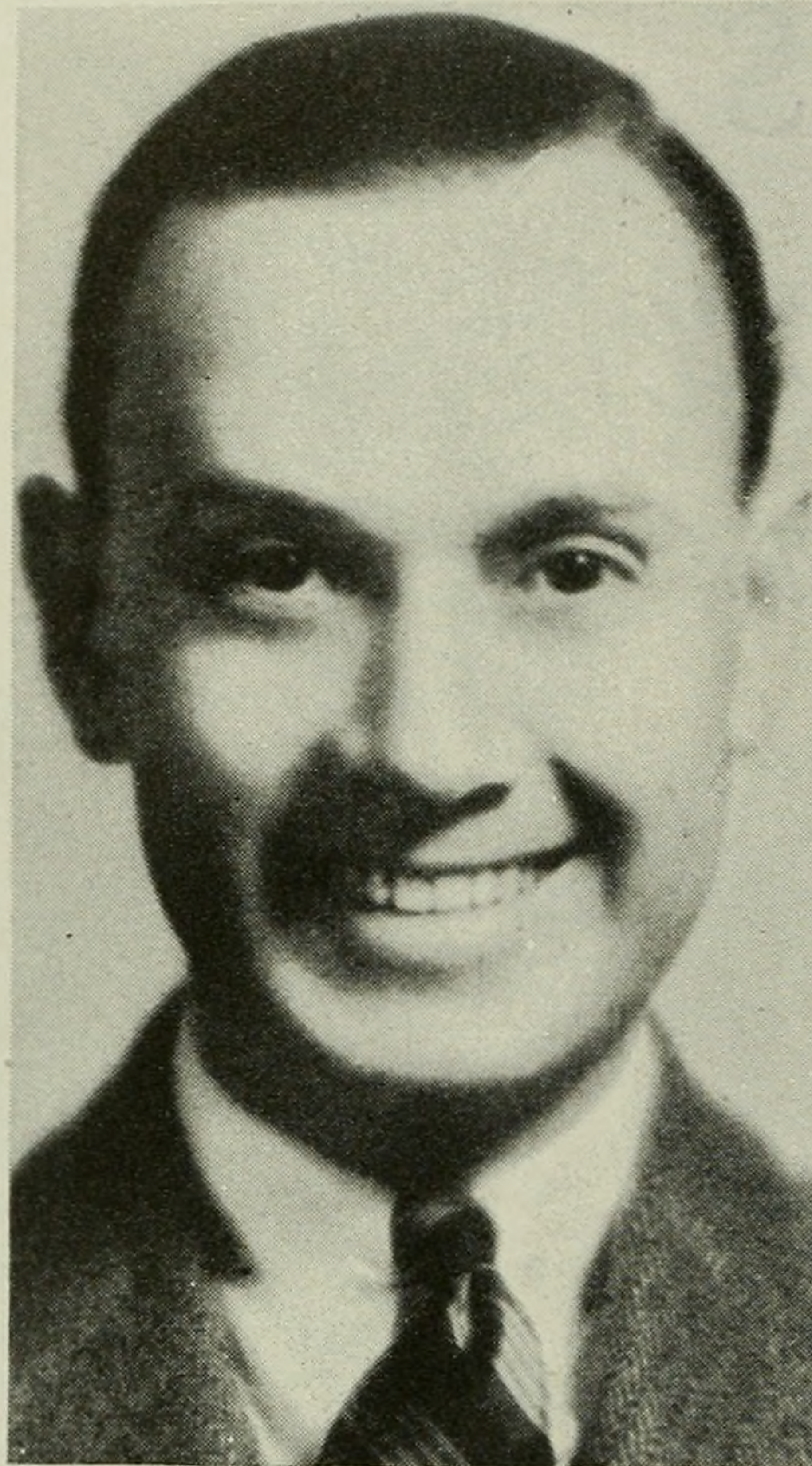
A SACCHARINE tale obviously cut down to fit its half-pint hero. Why must kid stories be such a strain on the credulity? Even so, Frankie Darro hypnotizes everyone into believing anything he does; the kid is good and deserves more honest stories. Jobyna Ralston, as the good fairy, looks and acts it; Carrol Nye is a convincing weakling. Sloppy story redeemed to the point of real diversion by good acting and snappy titles.

THE BLACK FEATHER—William Pizer

AN unreal melodrama of so-called society life which contains enough plot for nine stories, and several mysteries which are never solved. A silly crook staggers through the picture leaving black feathers as trademark, and consequently a large cast goes about doing strange things for no reason at all. Don't go unless you need sleep.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER—Krelbar

THE best thing about this picture is that it is only five reels long. Raymond Hackett is *The Faithless Lover* and Gladys Hulette is the girl the men fight over. Even the breaking up of a dam that required months to construct, the consequent flooding of the town, and the



In reporting George Hackathorne's recent illness, PHOTOPLAY stated that the doctors had ordered all George's teeth removed. Mr. Hackathorne was justifiably perturbed and had this picture taken to prove that he still has all his teeth. And very nice ones, too. Also Mr. Hackathorne has completely recovered and is returning to the screen, which is good news

timely rescue of the girl fail to arouse any enthusiasm.

FANGS OF JUSTICE—Bischoff

A PICTURE intended to pull all the heart-strings, with too many strings and not enough heart. A playboy, whose father dies leaving two wills—a villainous cousin—a dog—a child—a vamp—and a sweet young secretary—you can't beat that combination; everything but the parlor sink! So the whole thing goes to the dog. June Marlowe and Johnnie Walker battle bravely to put life into thankless rôles.

CAME THE DAWN—Roach-M.-G.-M.

A TWO-REEL comedy, in which Max Davidson, Polly Moran, Gene Morgan and others, are in bed and out, upstairs and down, thinking they are in a haunted house. The practical jokes of the flapper daughter combined with the antics of a tactless parrot and a trained cat give the family a wild night. Max Davidson will give you more laughs than you pay for in this.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW—Rayart

CORNELIUS KEEFE covers himself with official glory in this crook melodrama. He's a handsome young copper who cops Lila Lee's heart, but how very disconcerting to find that she's the sister of a notorious crook! Then the daily puzzle of how to keep both the girl and the job. But he does—it would be an original story if he didn't. The title tells the story, and the whole thing's really not important, so why bother.

CREAM OF THE EARTH—Universal

MARION NIXON and Charles Rogers perfectly cast in this vivid story of a fraternity week-end butterfly and a shy youth who refused to let college education interfere with his studies. What happens to them has been done before, but the way it happens has never been done! They both show just the right degree of abandon and restraint, and make the picture throb with the poignancy of young love. Melville Brown's direction is unusually fine.

THE DESERT PIRATE—FBO

A WESTERN, yes, but with a slight deviation in plot which makes it bearable. To be sure, there is all the orthodox clap-trap one always finds in these pictures of the great open spaces: flying bullets, fists, lassoes, cards, and whatnot. But the one redeeming feature is Frankie Darro, who is good enough to pull any horse opera together. Watch that baby's smoke—he's knocking all of his juvenile conferees into a cocked hat!

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—Christie-Paramount

AN antiquated story done in an antiquated manner. Lions and guns and circuses play around with Louise Fazenda in a manner supposed to be funny, but which becomes only silly. Tillie, enamoured of the circus, follows in the footsteps of her mother and runs away to the sawdust. The sawdust moves to France to cheer the soldiers. Pity the poor soldiers! Tillie becomes a boy—and is as ridiculous in one sex as another.

NAMELESS MEN—Tiffany-Stahl

JUST one of those pictures. If you must attend the theater the night it is shown, all right. But we would not advise passing up a good magazine, book or buggy ride. It is all about prisons and secret service and such. Claire Windsor flutters prettily through it.

THE LAW OF FEAR—FBO

A LITTLE review of the facts of life as dogs know them precedes the main body of this picture. Ranger, the smart police dog, is shown with his wife, from the moment of their first meeting, through their courtship and married life up to her untimely death at the hands of the villain. Then Ranger takes his revenge. This is a dog story, a Western, and a horror picture all rolled into one. So you ought to get your money's worth.

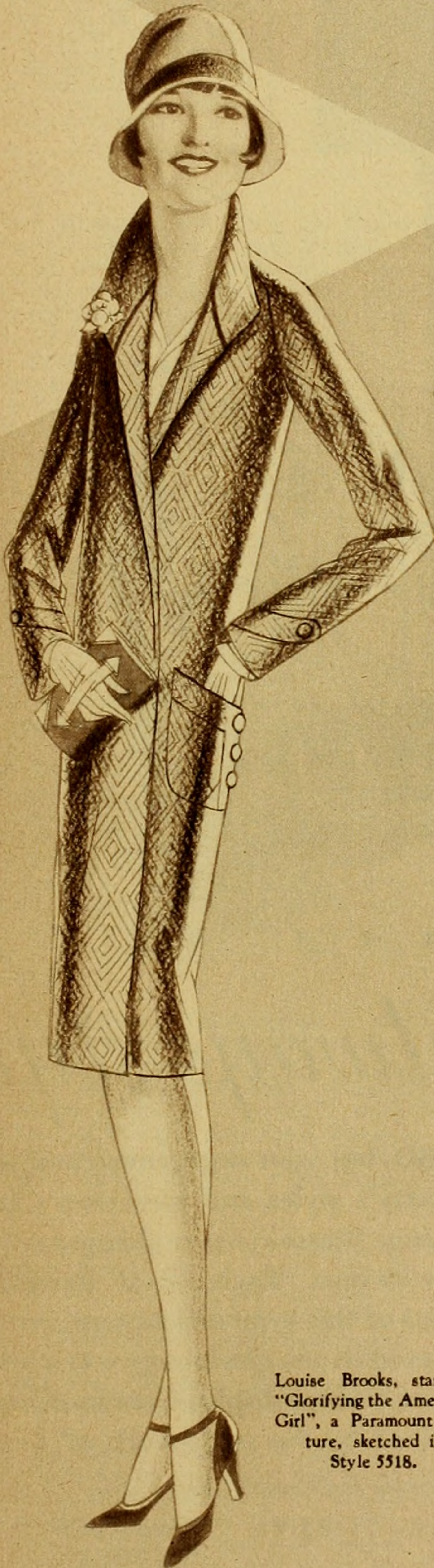
THE BRONCO STOMPER—Pathe

A VERY nice little Western, even though it does omit the gorgeous scenery which usually redeems these tales of the open spaces. A couple of slimy villains brew a plot too complicated to outline here, but the hero outwits, outshoots, and outrides them. Don Coleman is this champion bronco-buster and ladies' man. Some entertaining scenes from a rodeo make up for any other deficiencies.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]

Printzess

COATS AND SUITS

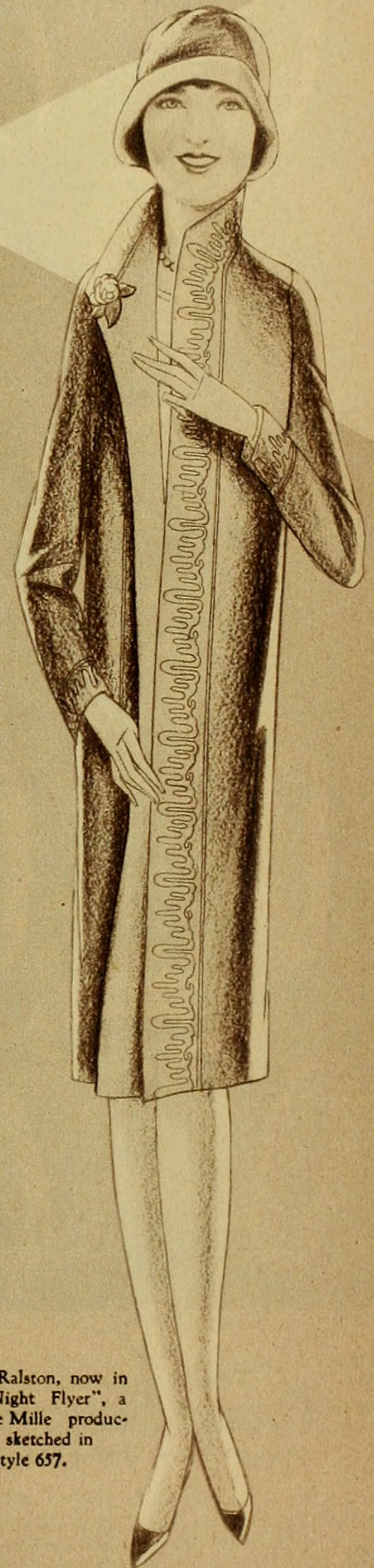


Louise Brooks, star of "Glorifying the American Girl", a Paramount Picture, sketched in Style 5518.



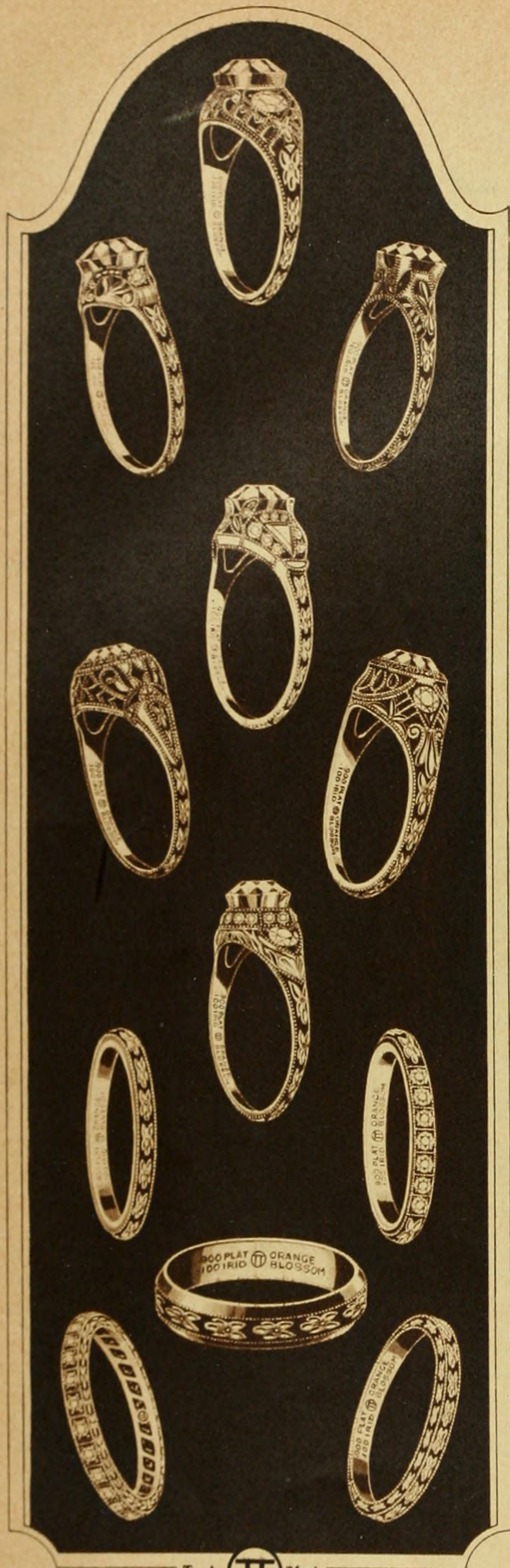
These two stars are as famous for *chic* as for charm—and they are shown in Printzess Coats that enhance both. You'll look your smartest in the styles favored by America's best-dressed women. A leading dealer in your city has Printzess Coats—also "Printzess Petite" for shorter figures—"Printzess Travelure" 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
 Travelures 25.00 to 79.50
 Suits 25.00 to 59.50



Jobyna Ralston, now in "The Night Flyer", a Pathe-De Mille production, sketched in Style 657.

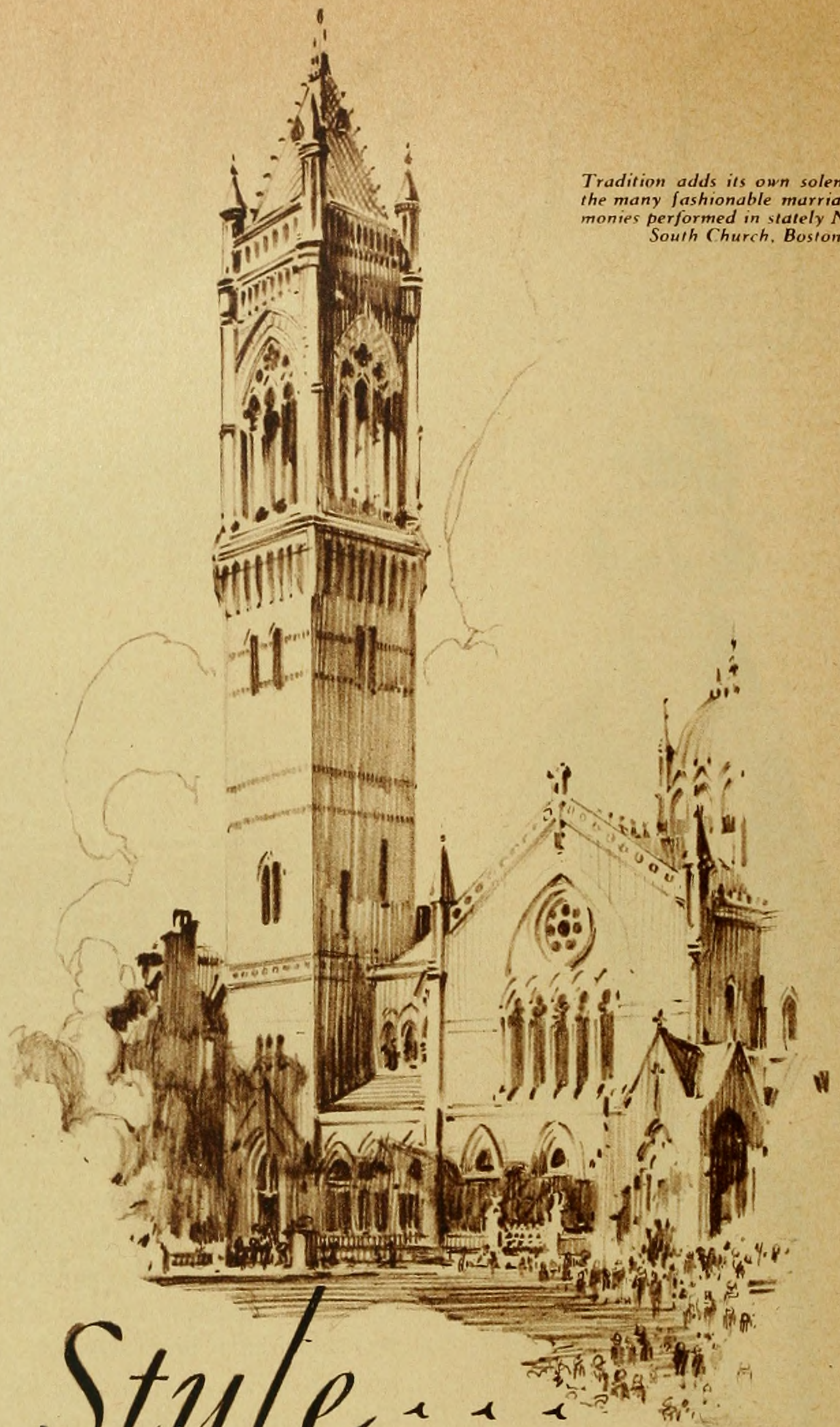
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Tradition adds its own solemnity to the many fashionable marriage ceremonies performed in stately New Old South Church, Boston

Style . . . that is always style

FASHIONS COME AND GO, but your engagement and wedding rings must outlive today's styles and tomorrow's fads. The vogue of Genuine Orange Blossom never changes . . . for it sets a fashion exclusively its own. Each season introduces new and delightful variations of this symbolic pattern, but the pattern itself is as eternally modish as a glorious gem or a lovely flower. The better jewelers everywhere display Genuine Orange Blossom . . . readily identified by the trade-mark of Traub.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

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T R A U B

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.

TO THE MEADOW LARK CLUB, ST. CATHARINE'S, ONT.—Grandpop is only too glad to help you out with your club scrap-book. Sorry to disappoint you, but I do not think that John Gilbert will marry Greta Garbo. They both deny it. But, of course, you never can tell. Ramon Novarro has promised that he won't leave the screen for several years, anyway. Write to Colleen Moore at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. And to William Boyd and Elinor Fair at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Douglas Fairbanks' address is in care of the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich., thirty-six years ago. Will you paste this notice in your scrap-book and please an old man?

FRANK R., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Tom Mix is neither an Irishman nor an Italian. Tell the boys that he was born on a ranch near El Paso, Texas, and is very much an American.

JINKS, WINCHESTER, MASS.—Marion Davies has three sisters, Rose, Reine and Ethel. Leatrice Joy's picture appeared on the cover of PHOTOPLAY in May, 1926. Raymond Keane was the leading man in "The Lone Eagle." Gilbert Roland is twenty-two years old and is a Mexican. Yes, that's true; Colleen's eyes aren't mates. And Billie Dove's newest pictures are "Heart of a Follies Girl" and "The Yellow Lily."

A. N., PASADENA, CALIF.—Here I am settling another argument. Just a little peacemaker. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are sisters; their real name is Noonan. Thelma Todd was the heroine of "Nevada." Gary Cooper has quit Westerns to co-star in romantic comedies with Fay Wray. Cute little couple, aren't they? Greta's newest is "The Divine Woman."

M. E., DALLAS, TEX.—You have an orderly, law-abiding mind. Am I right? Lloyd Hughes is thirty years old and was born in Bisbee, Arizona. Douglas MacLean is thirty-one years old and married. Edith Roberts was the girl who played in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and Neil Hamilton played opposite Betty Bronson in "The Golden Princess."

A. G. H., MYRA, TEX.—Don't break my neck; I'll answer your questions! And may I take this occasion to apologize to one and all for any delay in my answers? There's a regular epidemic of curiosity sweeping my readers and I never have been so busy in all my career. So be patient with an old man. Now to get down to business: Clara Bow appeared in "The Keeper of the Bees" and Shirley Mason played in "The Rose of the Tenement." Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, scenario writer. He's no relation of Dorothy Dwan. Antonio Moreno, who played in "It," is married.

A. I. B., WILMINGTON, DEL.—No, Helene Costello didn't marry Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She married Jack Regan, and now I am pained to hear that she is suing him for divorce. Heigh, ho! It's enough to make a cynic of an old man. Roy D'Arcy was born in San Francisco, thirty-four years ago. Thelma Todd comes from Lawrence, Mass., and Kathryn Carver is a native of New York City.

D. H. B., ST. KITTS, ONT.—Sorry you were disappointed. PHOTOPLAY goes on sale on the fifteenth of the month, so buy it early next time. Ken Maynard may be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. He is thirty-two years old and born in Mission, Texas. Sure, he's popular; I get lots of questions about him.

TO answer one of the most persistent questions of the month: "Love" was filmed with two endings; in one, Anna threw herself under the wheels of the railroad train. In the other, Anna and Vronsky were reunited after old man Karenin had passed on. Hence, the confusion of the "fans" who saw the picture twice, each time with a different finale.

Now for the other answers: Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, Hungary. She has blond hair and gray eyes.

Charles Rogers is twenty-two years old and not married.

Ramon Novarro's newest picture is "Across to Singapore." He's twenty-nine years old.

Greta Garbo was born in 1906 and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

William Boyd is twenty-six and married to Elinor Fair.

Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, at Nancy, France.

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.

M. J. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Ben Lyon is his real name. And Rod La Rocque is six feet, three inches tall.

KITTY AND BOOTS, AMARILLO, TEX.—You Texans lead all others in curiosity. You're the fellows that keep an Answer Man so busy. Charles Farrell is twenty-five years old and not married. He has brown hair and brown eyes and is six feet, two inches tall. Write to him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

IVY A. N., WEYBURN, SASK., CAN.—And next to the Texans, in curiosity, are the Canadians. Laura La Plante is twenty-three years old; she is married to William A. Seiter, the director. Write to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

R. C., SHAW, MISS.—Sue Carol played opposite Douglas MacLean in "Soft Cushions." She is nineteen years old and was born in Chicago, Ill. Her real name is Evelyn Lederer, married but has a divorce suit pending.

P. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Gloria Swanson has one daughter and an adopted son. Norma Talmadge has no children. Yes, Emil Jannings is married.

M. J., CENTRALIA, WASH.—Another argument. You lose your bet. Antonio Moreno, not Ronald Colman, played opposite Clara Bow in "It." Also Mr. Moreno was the hero of "Mare Nostrum."

HAZEL C., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—John Gilbert is thirty years old; divorced from Leatrice Joy. Write to Billie Dove at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

R. H. W., TULSA, OKLA.—You have a sociable nature, but you are inclined to worry over trifles. How's that? Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J. She is nineteen years old and weighs 104 pounds. She is five feet, one and one half inches tall and is not married.

PETE, CHICAGO, ILL.—The clipping you enclose concerns another Gloria Hope. The better known Gloria Hope is still happily married to Lloyd Hughes. So that's how the rumors start.

SPEEDY SWEDE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Buck up, boy! All the pretty girls aren't in the movies. Look around and maybe you'll find a little Clara Bow in your own neighborhood. Clara weighs 115 pounds and was born July 29, 1905. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall. Also, fickle man, Joan Crawford's address is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. She is five feet, three inches tall. Oh, yes, write to Clara at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

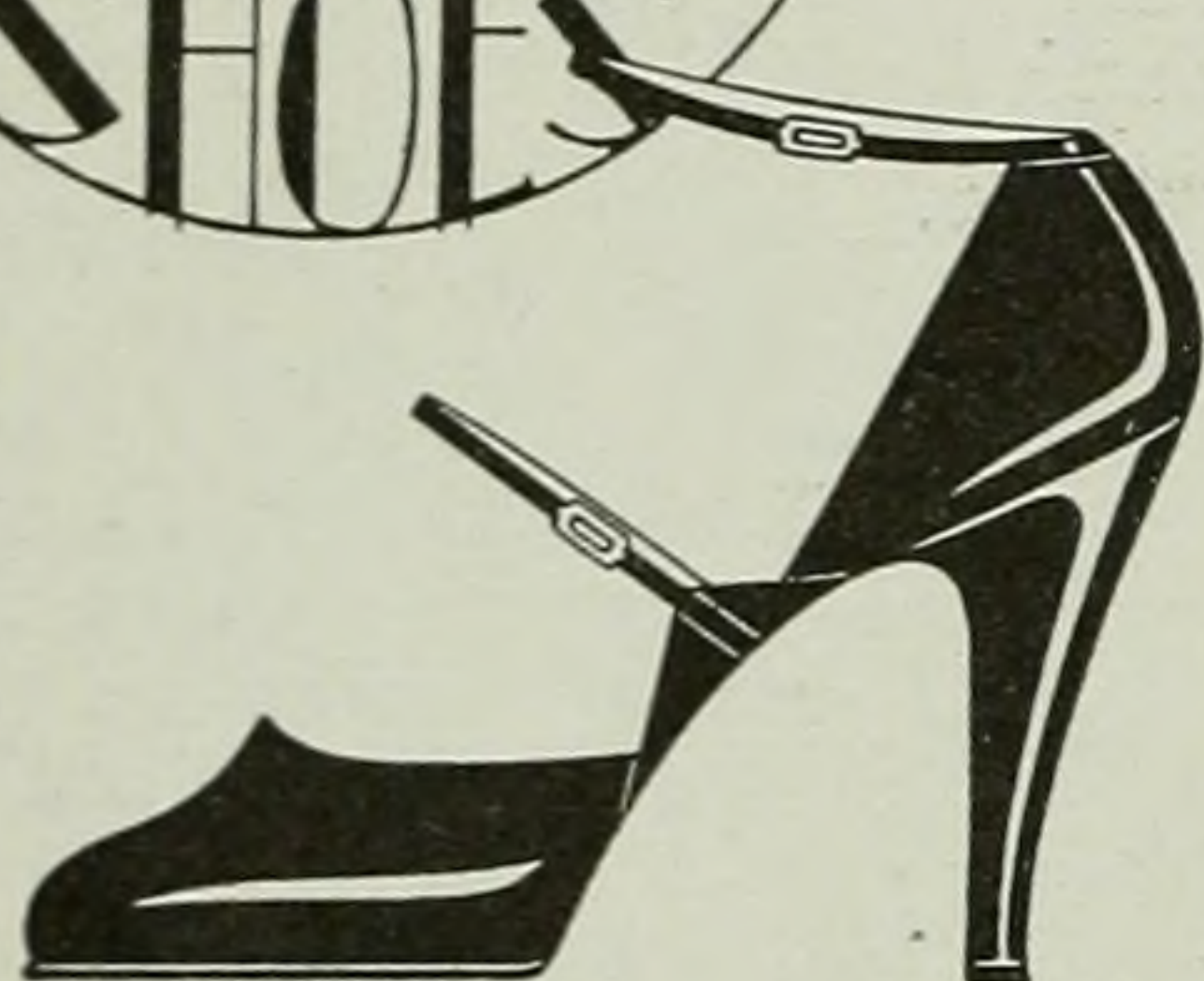
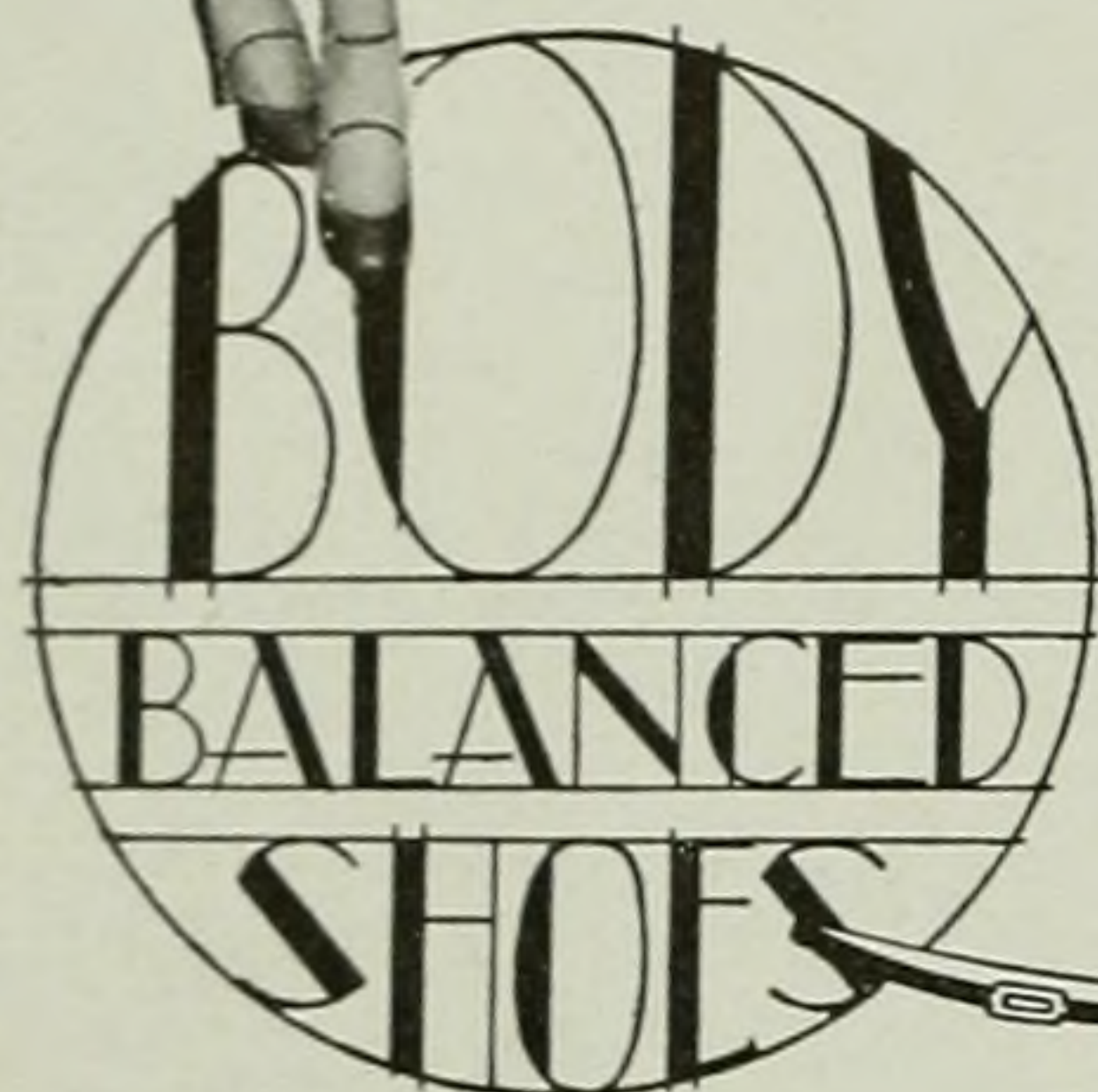
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]

Anita Rivers Becomes Anita Page

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]



A living illustration of body balance is JOAN CRAWFORD, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, now appearing in ROSE MARIE



A Close-up of

YOLA Anklet Sandal

reveals a Frenchy toe, a dancing heel and delicate straps — all exquisitely adjusted for perfect body balance . . . Black Diamond patent, satin, red, green, or parchment kid, Indian cloth.

EVERY pair of BODY BALANCED shoes conforms, in every particular, with Munroe-process specifications: lasts correctly fitted from ball to heel, individually adjusted for perfect body balance regardless of height of heel . . . heels expertly hand-moulded and hand-fitted to the human heel, soles invisibly strengthened to preserve the original graceful lines of arch and heel for the lifetime of the shoes. Not one last for every foot, but individual lasts to fit individual feet.

Sold where you see this sign displayed



The Munroe Shoe Company, Dept. P-5
139 Lincoln Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Where is the nearest Body Balanced Shoe agency? Please send your new Style Booklet (FREE) to

Name _____
Address _____

studios. Mal St. Clair saw the test that Paramount made of her and announced that she was just the type he wanted for a picture he was to direct for M.-G.-M. So he took her out there for a test. Sam Wood, who was to direct "He Learned About Women," saw that one and decided that he wanted her for his picture.

So, since he was to start shooting before St. Clair did, he got her.

So Anita Page has signed a contract with M.-G.-M.

She is beautiful, is Anita Page and she has

something of the sparkle that belongs to Clara Bow. An animated face with tiny dimples which flash disconcertingly to the surface when she smiles—which is often, now-a-days.

"I'm awfully glad I came—now," she says, "although I am still sorry I came as I did. I should have come later anyhow and coming in this way gave me a bad start. But the people who know me know how it was—and I am not well enough known to the general public for it to hurt me with them, I guess. They will have forgotten all about it before my first picture is released."



P&A

Peter Pan asks the way to Kensington Gardens. Betty Bronson, less than five feet tall, asks directions from a Commissionaire, over six feet tall. Betty went to visit the famous Gardens in London, where a statue of Peter himself delights thousands of children



The World was full of hands and shirts

It made a self-conscious fool out of a fellow, and struck him dumb—all in one wave of realization.

On such a night!—With such a girl! How could he have been so careless!

He *thought* he was well-groomed, but he didn't mea-

sure up to the standards of the new crowd. Clean, but not clean enough—they dropped him.

Young or old, rich or poor, man or woman, there's no charm like that which comes from being healthily, happily *clean*—clean in every particular.

There's self-assurance in — SOAP & WATER

Published by the Association of American Soap & Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of Cleanliness Institute.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

In close contact—



“Mum” is the word!

In close physical contact—whether dancing, or strolling under the spell of the moonlight—there is nothing which detracts from the alluring charm of feminine daintiness so quickly as perspiration odor. In fact it is unforgivable.

**“Mum” prevents all
body odor**

“Mum” is the dainty cream deodorant that not only prevents perspiration odor but *all* body odors. A touch of “Mum” to the underarm and here and there keeps the body fresh and dainty for all day and evening.

“Mum” is entirely safe to the most delicate skin—so safe that knowing women use it regularly with the sanitary napkin.

Make sure of the alluring charm of true daintiness. Get “Mum” today. 35c and 60c at your store.

Special Offer

We are making a special offer to introduce Ban—the new cream Hair Remover that quickly and safely *dissolves* all unwanted hair, leaving the skin soft and white. You will be delighted. Ban is 50c at your store. Or see Special Offer Coupon.

Send Coupon Today

Mum Mfg. Co., 1131 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
Enclosed is.....for offer checked. **Special Offer**—35c “Mum,” for personal daintiness, and 50c Ban—the efficient and delightful-to-use Cream Hair Remover—85c worth for 60c postpaid. 10c for introductory size “Mum” postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... May, 1928

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

it on lightly two or three times a week. Get lots of sleep. This automatically makes the eyes appear larger. And do remember, my dear, that the real beauty of the eyes comes not from coloring, not from size, but from the active brain that lights them. Cultivate beautiful thoughts and your eyes will reflect them.

JANE, MALTA, MONT.:

Medium brown hair, grey green eyes, and a very fair complexion—what a charming color combination. Here are the best colors for you. White, golden and bronze brown, pale green, pearl and dove gray, violet, wistaria, yellow, all delicate pinks, navy and delft blue. Exercise your thin arms. Sweeping is a great help. Swimming, too.

G. L. L.:

You are slightly underweight. Adding five pounds will be just that much health insurance. Long hair is the smart mode for the coming year. If you really want longer locks, there's no hope but to face going through that “awkward length” period.

UNHAPPY PUNCH:

Correct breathing and exercise that strengthens the back muscles will overcome your flat chest. Swimming, tennis and singing lessons will all help you. Try always to sit and stand with the shoulders well back and the arms hanging naturally loose at the sides. Each night and morning do this exercise before your mirror. Standing in correct position, chest high, legs close together and feet in parallel lines, but not with heels touching, inhale so that the ribs are pushed forcibly outward. Then exhale loudly, keeping the mouth wide open and the chest high. Your chest will want to fall when you exhale but do not let it. In order to prevent it, try, while exhaling, to hold the shoulder blades tightly together. This is rather difficult and requires practice, but, once acquired, it is one of the most beneficial of exercises for general health and strictly practiced will develop a fine, strong chest.

“DOT,” WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Your stationery is very correct and your penmanship meets the most important requirement of all handwriting—it can be easily read. I, who read so many letters daily, know what a blessing that is! Don't worry about your weight. You're only about a pound too heavy and you can lose that by dropping desserts off your menu. That will aid both your health and your purse. Since you're a rosy cheeked brunette you can wear these shades: Cream and ivory white, gold, beige, nut brown, pale blue, silver gray, cardinal and clear red, yellow in every tone, black when trimmed with color, and coral, old rose and pink.

“GREEN APPLE SAUCE”:

Welcome, friend from far-off Shanghai! First, increase your weight at least twenty-five pounds. This will practically remedy all your present troubles, for the dandruff, the thin hair, the white spots on the nails, the thin neck and legs are all due to your being so greatly underweight. You should get at least ten hours sleep nightly until your weight reaches 126 pounds. You should drink lots of water and take milk several times a day, either plain, hot, cold, malted or with chocolate. Eat all foods containing fats, starch and sugar, also butter and oils. Be sure you get three full meals a day with such foods as bean, rice, barley, celery and mutton soups; potatoes, tomatoes, beans, spinach, onions, beets, asparagus, bacon, ham, beef, mutton, sausage, squab and game, oatmeal, rice, whole wheat, and crackers of graham and oatmeal flours and as desserts all cooked fruits, cream and ice cream, plus rice puddings, tapioca and custards. For colors you can wear ivory and cream white, dark browns and blues, dark warm reds, apricot, terracotta, beige, pink in warm and pale shades. Unless you are fairer than you indicate I'd be careful of the lilac and pale green. If you're a pale-skinned brunette, you can wear them but if you are olive-skinned, as you say, avoid them. Two-inch heels are satisfactory. Higher ones are not so good.



Vienna, Austria.

America—land of boundless possibility—land of longing for all European.

For that very reason, this longing for America is the headpoint why all characteristic American motion picture in Europe find so enthusiasm reception.

That is the secret of the great attraction and popularity of all cowboy (western) picture; that is the secret why Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and so many other western actors are so popular.

Picture which are taken up at New York, Chicago, Frisco, Los Angeles or in other city of the U. S. A. and show characteristic American life, American buildings (skyscraper) and American proportion, and so are

hundred per-cent American, will always find a great success in Europe.

Every European might like over the great water; because he can't, he go to every motion picture who show American life in it, and delusion himself two hours that he is yonder and see all this in actuality. Once dreams the girl from a Prince or a Count; today every girl dreams from a American movie star.

PHOTOPLAY reader in Europe are very unfortunate thereon. If a picture is finish and PHOTOPLAY Magazine praise this picture so very well like “The Way of All Flesh,” that is a torture for PHOTOPLAY reader when they must wait two or three months till they see it on the screen in Europe.

Hans Vana.

Do women read advertisements?

DO YOU? Do you clip recipes from the fascinating messages that advertise a new salad oil, a new frying fat, a new cake flour? Do you think twice about your skin, those wrinkles at the corners of your eyes, your tell-tale past-thirty neck because of beauty ads that bring romance about happiness, love and youth?

IN planning advertisements, the question is often asked, "Do women read advertisements?" The experienced advertiser answers, "Yes—if they are interesting and instructive to read."

THIS is the spirit of the best modern advertising. More and more, the ideal is to show you definitely how a new product can work to your well-being, your pleasure in life, your greater happiness. By reading advertisements, you can be a better housewife, a more efficient home manager, a shrewd and thrifty buyer. The advertising pages of this magazine contain information that is valuable and important. If you do not read advertisements, join the large army of women who do, in order to know the best things to buy for yourself, your children and your home.



*Reading advertising regularly is keeping up
with the times in the most
economical way*



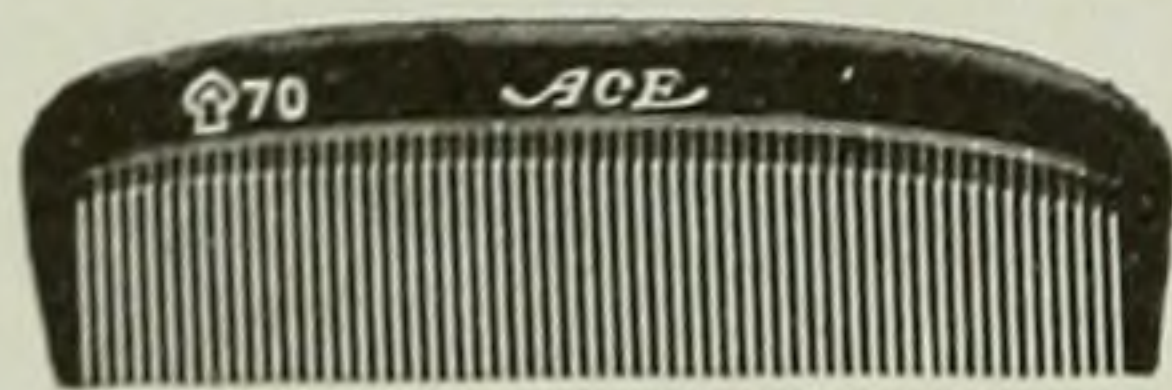
Her sleek, shining Hair depends on Combing

To ACHIEVE the well groomed look—and to keep it, suggests regular care with Ace Hard Rubber Combs. It is the even smoothness of finely moulded and polished teeth of these well made Combs that means successful, safe and sanitary hair-grooming. By far the best plan is to use a large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb in the morning. It untangles and dresses the hair without danger of pulling it out. Then the Bobbed Hair Comb carried in the purse, is always ready to keep the hair smoothly in place.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

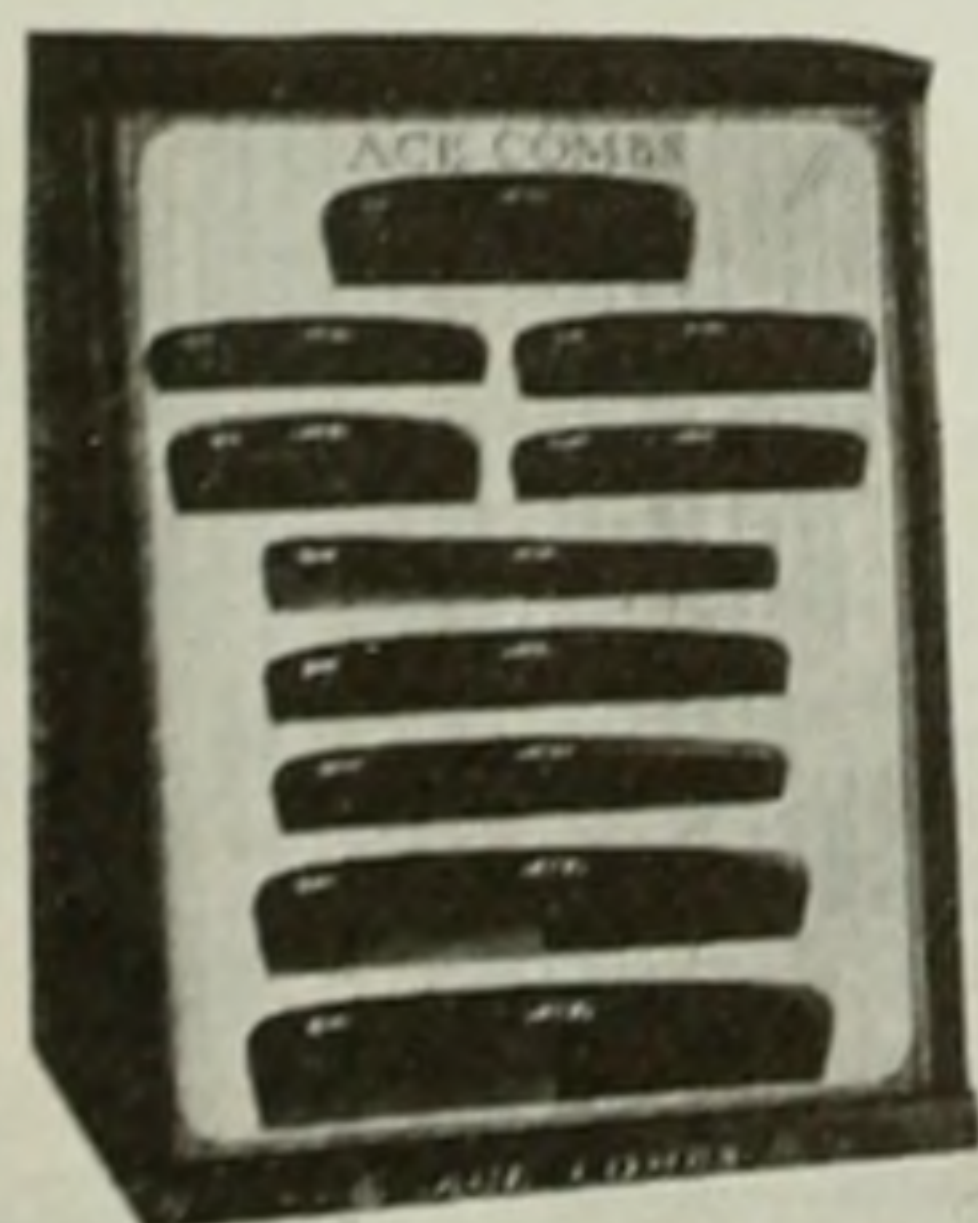
{Tear Off Here}



AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. P-5, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name.....

Address.....



The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

way grew weary and lay down on one of Mal's twin beds, announcing his intention of taking a nap.

The other three drifted out presently, leaving Conway to peaceful slumber and Mal left his two friends to make some calls of his own.

BARRYMORE and Mizner picked up in their subsequent wanderings a little shriveled, wizened man, who said he was a jockey, homeless, hungry and forlorn. Being kind hearted gentlemen, they fed him and then conferred about finding him a place to sleep.

"Mal has an extra bed. Let's put him in that!" one of them suggested and forthwith they returned to the bungalow and ensconced their protege in the bed which Conway had quitted.

MAL came in late, saw the figure under the covers and concluded that Jack had decided to remain all night.

Next morning he awoke, looked over at his still sleeping room mate, gave a cry of alarm and rushed to the telephone.

"Get a doctor quick!" he shouted to the operator. "Jack Conway is in my room and he's shrunk!"

AND during the two months that the Universal Studio was closed down, the only picture they made was called "Lonesome."

BEBE DANIELS is always doing the unusual. She was the first woman in California to spend two weeks in jail for speeding. Now she is living in the Hollywood Hospital at night and working days at the studio.

The accident which sent her to the hospital some weeks ago was a pretty serious affair, and

the doctors insist she must have constant treatment. So rather than delay production and cost the Paramount Company thousands of dollars, she is reporting every day for work, and spending her nights in the hospital—and this despite the fact that the accident, which might have proved fatal to Bebe, was apparently caused through negligence on the part of the studio. I know of no other actress who has Bebe's pluck and courage.

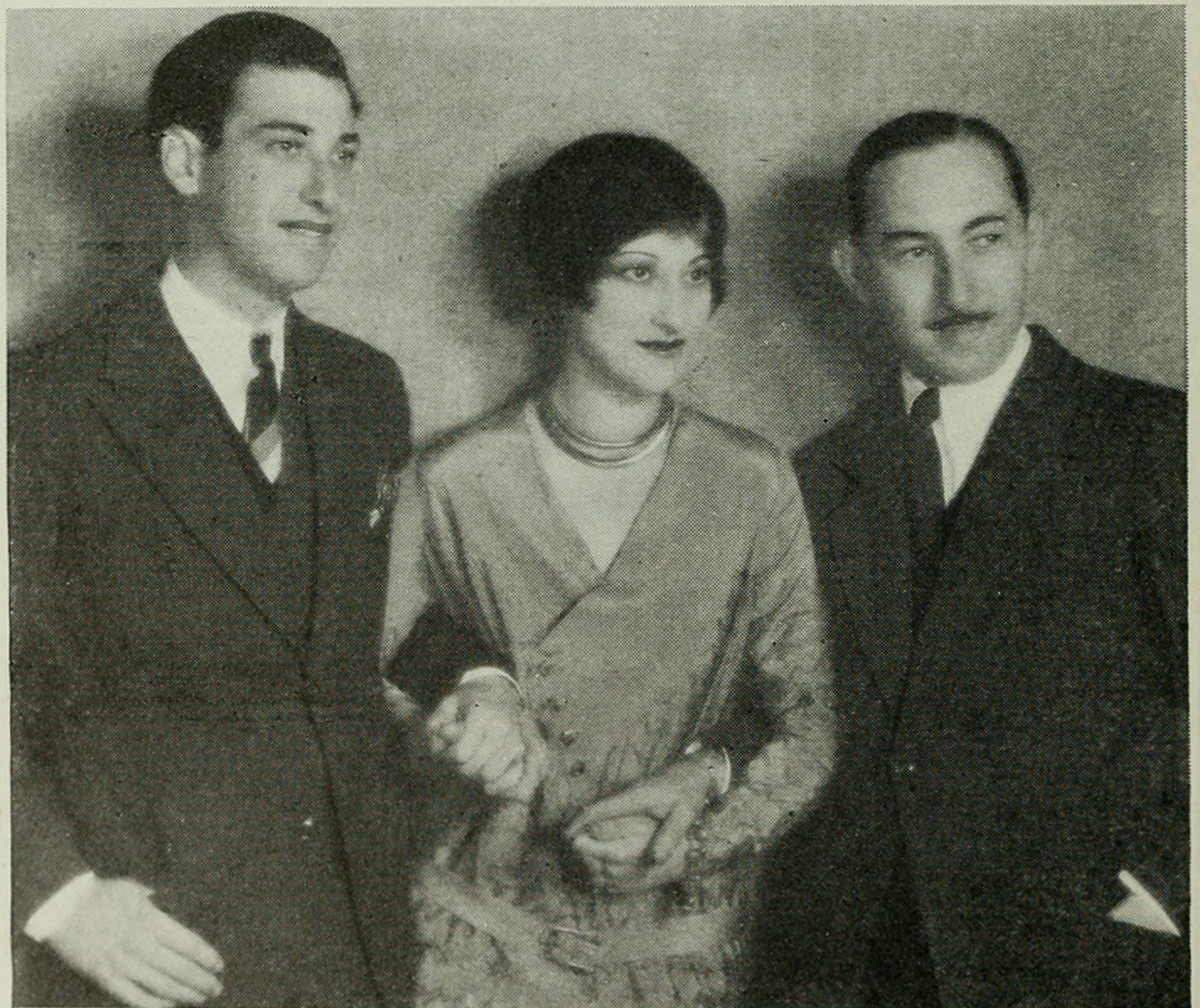
YEAR ago Hobart Henley and the late Mrs. Sidney Drew made a picture called "The Gay Old Dog." It was a great film, but so far ahead of its time that it never was properly appreciated. Paramount has purchased the film from Henley and will re-make it as a special release. And Henley will direct it.

But Mrs. Sidney Drew, whose great ability was, in a large measure, responsible for "The Gay Old Dog," died poor, forgotten and broken-hearted.

ACCOMPANIED by a secretary, a maid, sixteen trunks and a bag of golf sticks Lya de Putti started out from Grand Central Station headed for her second invasion of Hollywood late this month.

Poor Lya. She is a genuine personality and a fine actress, but the breaks have not come her way in America.

In Germany it is different. There she is the second most popular film star—the first being Jannings. Every German studio yearns for her signature on their contracts. Recently when she sold the furnishings of her expensive villa outside Berlin, a crowd stormed the place for days and even her oldest shoes were regarded as priceless souvenirs by the bargain hunters.



One of Hollywood's most useful families. In the center is Ruth Harriet Louise, photographer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You probably have admired many of her portraits of the stars published in PHOTOPLAY. To the left is Mark Sandrich, Ruth's brother. He is a director for Fox. The gentleman on the right is Leigh Jason, who directed "I Told You So." The two-reeler cost only \$1,000 but it was so good that Mr. Jason got a contract to make features for Universal

But Lya doesn't want to succeed in Germany. She has accomplished that and like most people an easy victory is no fun at all to her.

Wish her luck on this second journey. At least she proves her spunk and courage.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., recently presented Joan Crawford with an exquisite diamond studded ring.

Two months later some bright newspaper reporter discovered the ring and heralded the fact that the two had slipped away and were married.

But Joan insists that it is still just a love token and that there *just ain't going to be no marriage!*

TEN years ago Marcia Manon was a well-known screen-vampire. You will remember her with Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

Then she disappeared from the screen. For seven years no one knew what had happened.

The other day an extra, playing the part of a modiste in his picture, caught Lew Cody's eye.

"Who is that woman?" he asked Director Mal St. Clair and several others. No one could answer.

Finally, Lew approached the woman and remarked that her face seemed familiar. It was Marcia Manon. She had married and spent seven years raising horses on a ranch. The death of her husband and the old urge for drama has brought her back into pictures to begin once more at the bottom.

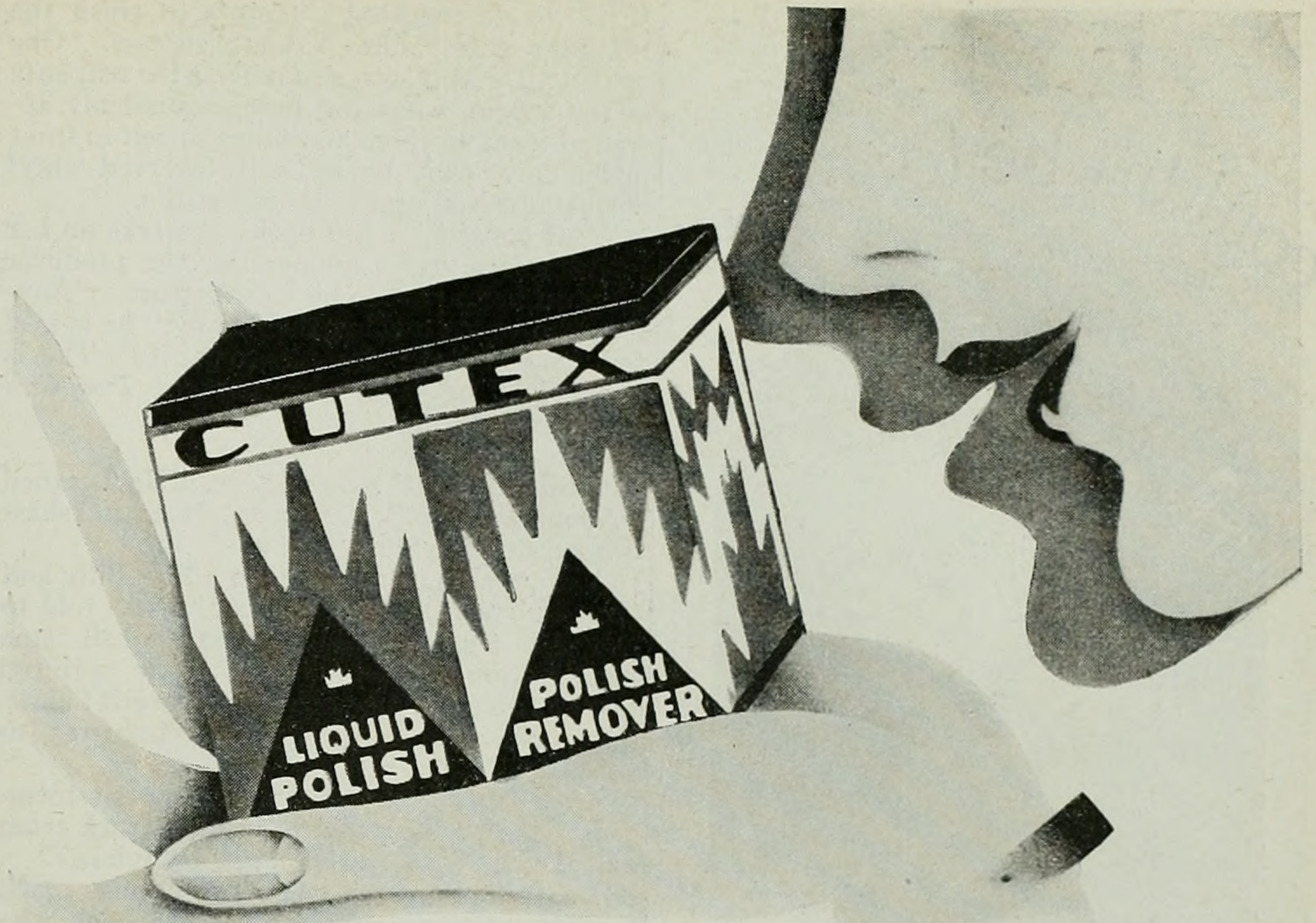
"**W**HY don't we see Jack Holt in the Jack Holt Pictures any more?" asked the public. The answer was simple. He had been cut off the Famous Players payroll and Gary Cooper, Lang Chandler, and Jack Luden, son of the cough drop king, had been cast in western rôles. One after the other, these youngsters were tried, but the barometer in the box office indicated low pressure on westerns. This situation has now been remedied by re-signing the favorite. Everyone is pleased and the light of secret satisfaction shines from Jack's face.

MADGE BELLAMY established a record when she wed and separated in four days. It isn't as bad as it sounds, and perhaps Madge was a wise girl when she brought the matter to a quick and decisive conclusion after she realized she wasn't in for a life of happiness. It was just one of those things that young girls do in Little Rock, Ark., as well as in Kokomo, Ind., and Manchester, England. She married in haste and wasn't going to take a long time to repent.

Some folks do say that Ma Bellamy and Madge were not hitting it off so well, and that the daughter just up and married without any special reason. Anyhow the courtship between Madge and Logan Metcalf, a Los Angeles broker, was almost as rapid as the separation. Logan, according to people who know him, is a regular sort of a person too. He didn't waste time in crying over the spilled milk either, for he went right about his business and sued for divorce on the grounds of desertion. So that's that.

THE only thing more difficult than a chance in pictures is a second chance. That is, if you've fumbled the first one. But one young lady who had her first break in a De Mille picture and failed, staged a comeback that was not only unique, but if adopted regularly, would fill the Hollywood Hospital and considerably lighten the casting director's job.

Not long ago, Mr. De Mille kept an expensive cast waiting while he labored with this girl over a certain scene. The poor kid was so frightened that she behaved like a perfect moron. As the company was on location, C. B. was forced to use her, but by the time he had some semblance of the scene he needed, he was so exasperated that he ordered her name struck from the casting roster.



Cutex has made an entirely New Liquid Polish!

CRYSTAL bright... Natural...
Light and thin on the nails as a ray of sunlight.

Have you longed for the lure of flashing nails? Their glancing sheen with every slightest movement of your hands?

Cutex has captured the very sheen itself of such nails!... Transformed it into a liquid thin as air... Transparent as sunlight...

It is an entirely new formula! One look at it—clear, crystal, fresh-tinted—thin as water—tells you.

For long Northam Warren experimented to produce a polish crystal clear... softly lustrous... quicker drying... enduring. Now this triumph has been achieved in his laboratories. It lasts more than a week. The Polish Remover, used first, cleans

and prepares the nail for the Polish.

The new formula is in smart little twin bottles, bright as jewels—one for the Polish, one for its Remover. The two together 50c. The new Polish and Remover in standard size packages, are 35c each.

If you are frightfully impatient to try it—just tear off the coupon and send it with 6 cents for the dearest, shining little sample bottles!

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London



Natural Tint—or the new Colorless with separate Tint

The New CUTEX LIQUID POLISH CRYSTAL BRIGHT · · NATURAL · · ENDURING

Mail coupon today
I enclose 6c for samples of new Cutex Liquid Polish and Remover. (If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q-5, 1101 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-5,
114 West 17th Street, New York

EYES

couldn't be lovelier!



IN A TWINKLING... wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.



The Originator of the Smartest Mode



Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX

ROSS COMPANY

243 West 17th Street, New York City

SHE made repeated attempts to crash the studio gates, but without success. One evening, De Mille was driving out the rear gate of the studio, when our heroine suddenly appeared from nowhere and flung herself in front of his car. Only an instantly-swerved wheel and jammed-on brakes saved her life.

After emitting a few choice remarks on her foolishness and his annoyance, the producer assigned her a part in his next picture. "Anyone who wants a thing that badly," he is said to have declared, "deserves to get it." This is how Viola Lewis got her part of *Two Gun Sadie* in "Chicago."

IN Billy Haines' new picture, "He Learned About Women," Billy rides in a rickshaw down a street in Shanghai.

A camera on a truck was to follow Billy and the Chinese "coolie" pulling him was told to run as fast as he could. When the call came for "Action! Camera!" the coolie sprinted away at an alarming pace and the truck following them was hopelessly outclassed as to speed.

After several unsuccessful attempts a member of the panting and perspiring truck team called out, "Say, who is that guy, anyhow?"

He turned out to be Victor Wong, crack sprinter of the Hollywood High School, who was taking a fling at the movies in a spare moment.

So the direction was changed to a polite request to Mr. Wong to accommodate his pace to that of the truck.

ALICE WHITE says she is now going in for aviators. Dick Grace is her latest. "He broke his neck in 'Wings,'" she remarked casually. "But it doesn't seem to have interfered with his necking." Now, Alice!

WE had seen Joan Crawford eating cold toast and mustard on the set but thought it a gag in the picture. However, when we lunched with her the other day, she ordered toast and mustard. Come to find out that toast is kept constantly on the ice for her at home, so that she may begin every meal, even breakfast, with her favorite combination.

MICHAEL BOHNEN, the Emil Jannings of the Metropolitan Opera Company, made a film for UFA in Germany which probably will be released in this country. It's called "Secret Power," and it is a story of Russian refugees in Germany. Bohnen is married to Mary Lewis, the prima donna who had a brief fling in pictures years ago as a Christie bathing girl.

WERNER KLINGLER, a German actor, left a good theater contract in Stuttgart to come to Hollywood and become an extra. He played for more than a year without recognition, when Emil Jannings noticed him on the set of "The Last Command," talked with him and believed he was good screen material.

He was assigned to the rôle of Jannings' son in "The Patriot" when—to the dismay of the boy and his patron—it was found that a prominent shadow showed on his nose under the penetrating eyes of the camera. It was the result of a blow received during a youthful boxing match.

A plastic surgeon remedied the defect in a few days. Again, all was ready—when a swelling set in which lasted so long that someone else was assigned to the picture.

Yet Klingler is happier than for many months. He has at least gained recognition among Hollywood's yearning ten thousand extras.

RAMON NOVARRO gave a brilliant dinner the other evening. He had the finest caterers, the best florists, etc. Yet not a motion picture star attended. It was for twenty-five of Ramon's oldest friends, many of them from Mexico City, just to prove he hadn't forgotten the boys who gave him a hand before he became famous.

JOBYNA RALSTON comes from a small town in Tennessee, where motion pictures are practically unknown. There is no "movie" house and the trip to the nearest city is out of reach of most of the inhabitants.

A short while ago, Jobyna paid a visit to her birthplace. An old timer expressed a desire to see the young lady in "just one picture." So Jobyna drove him up to the big city. When they came out of the theater, the old man remarked,

"That thar was a fine picter, Joby, and the gal was shore a good-looker; but I'd a heap rather seed you acting. Thought you said you was in it?"

And Jobyna was the only girl in the entire production!

THERE was a mad rush to buy the March issue of PHOTOPLAY in Hollywood by countless male swains, when it was learned Ruth Taylor's, or *Lorelei Lee's*, diary was printed. They were all afraid they would find themselves mentioned.

"And when they weren't, they were all disappointed," Ruth told me. Then they talk about the contradiction of women's natures.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Panchromatic film, via Dupont, is now available for the 16 mm. cameras. Try it sometime.

PHOTOPLAY continually receives this inquiry: what is the most useful lens?

Obviously, the F 3.5 lens furnished with your Filmo and your Cine-Kodak is the most useful, since camera manufacturers make it a part of the regular equipment. Plus a Ramstein filter, the Taylor-Hobson-Cooke F 3.5 lens, furnished with the Filmo, becomes a thing of wide possibilities. You can hardly fail to get striking outdoor stuff with it.

Other lenses are for special purposes. You need a F 1.9 or a F 1.5 for dark interiors, for lighted interior close-ups, for incidents requiring speed, for night outdoor shots. When you want a large image of a distant shot, you need a telephoto lens. Thus, if you want to film exciting incidents of baseball or foot-

ball games from a distant grand stand, you will require a telephoto. And you will find the telephoto to be the trickiest of all lenses to operate successfully.

HERE is the dream of the average movie amateur come true. W. P. Henritze, of Roanoke, Va., is now in Rochester receiving the help of the Eastman Kodak Company in editing and titling nearly three and a half miles of amateur film shot during a recent tour of the world.

Mr. Henritze's trip is believed to be the most extensive movie expedition yet undertaken by an amateur movie photographer. His pictures required twelve hours to project. Only five hundred feet of film out of 18,000 shot proved to be of inferior quality.

The trip on which Mr. Henritze made his motion pictures carried him around the world on a route 53,000 miles long. The expedition

required two years. In the course of this travelling, as extremes of elevation, Mr. Henritze took pictures of the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and of Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above sea level.

Mr. Henritze has movies of the South Sea Islands; of New Zealand, including "The Bluffs," the southernmost habitation of white men, whence Commander Byrd will leave on his South Polar expedition; of two albatrosses with a wing spread of fifteen feet at sea; of Australia and the Melbourne Cup race, on which 25 per cent of the national resources of that continent are bet annually; of pearl fishing in the Thursday Islands; and of an elephant hunt in Borneo.

Before becoming an amateur movie enthusiast, Mr. Henritze made over 40,000 still photographs in this country and abroad. He is building a new home at Roanoke, in which is being constructed a home movie theater for showing his own pictures and those of his friends. All of Mr. Henritze's world tour film were shot with a Cine-Kodak.

WITH the aid of Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, and A. H. Dockray, of the Eastman Kodak Company, Hartford, Conn., amateurs have organized. The initial meeting witnessed a showing of amateur films, the prize for the best shown being won by Robert Morris. The club is in the hands of Robert Morris, president; F. N. Tilton, vice-president; F. L. Way, treasurer; H. E. Cowles, secretary, and L. W. Hatry, editor.

A CINE-SECTION has been organized in the San Antonio, Tex., Y. M. C. A. Camera Club with J. B. Studer, director; Clyde Logue, business manager; C. Perry, cameraman; J. B. Horner, publicity manager; C. L. Maule, scenario writer; L. S. Morgan, treasurer; J. Z. Bessellieu, property manager, and W. L. Meyer, assistant cameraman. A film contest is planned as an early event for the Texans.

THE Australian Amateur Film Club, of Sydney, has turned out a very ambitious film production in "Caste," its first photoplay. This is a war picture and involves many battle scenes. Commonwealth authorities co-operated cheerfully by lending troops. A technical triumph was achieved in lap dissolves on 16 mm. film. Six cameras were used in the filming. This club has one hundred and fifty members. The director is Victor A. Bindley and T.W. Robinson wrote the scenario.

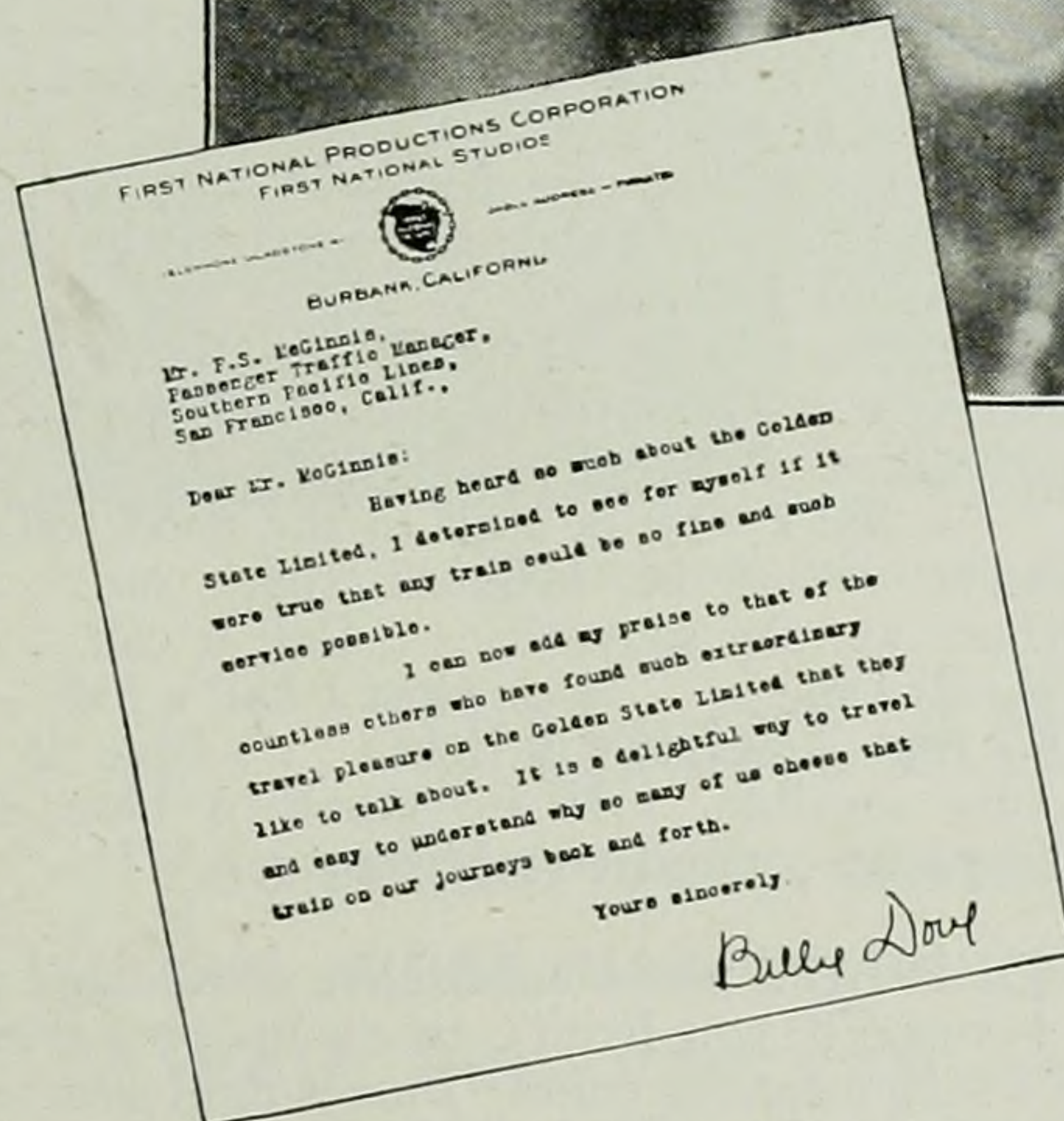


Angela Murray Gibson

She won a place as a professional news photographer with her amateur film



Petite Billie Dove, First National star



"So many of us choose the Golden State Limited"

On this famous transcontinental flyer, Billie Dove finds the same rich simplicity in appointments, the unobtrusive, deft service as grace her own home.

Film celebrities and leaders in every walk of life choose the "Golden State Limited." Now on a 61¼ hour schedule between Los Angeles and Chicago; none faster nor finer.

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Hollywood Ticker Office
6768 Hollywood Blvd.

Los Angeles Ticker Office
212 West Seventh



Are you, too, one of those who have tried treatment after treatment for the skin, yet without any visible results?

Just beneath your skin

is the complexion you envy today in others

HOWEVER marred or imperfect your skin may be, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Startling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true; and with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another. It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.



This method of daily care

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice it has taken on a finer, smoother texture—a ruddier glow. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

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-D, 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.....

HIGH school photoplays are on the increase. The latest reported is the project of the members of the English class of the East High School of Rochester, New York. The scenario, based on high school life, was selected by competition, scenes will be laid in the school buildings and in homes, and students will enact the rôles. Dr. Willis Bradstreet sponsors the production.

MOVIE clubs are developing rapidly. PHOTOPLAY readers will be glad to know that arrangements have been made by which anyone wishing to form an amateur club may secure the aid of the Club Consultant of the Amateur Cinema League, the international organization of movie amateurs. The amateur movie department of PHOTOPLAY will gladly put you in touch with this service or you may write directly to Arthur L. Gale, Club Consultant, Amateur Cinema League, 105 West 40th Street, New York City. Mr. Gale's serv-

ices are also available to clubs already organized.

HERE is the story of an amateur who has won her spurs as a professional. The amateur is—or rather was—Angela Murray Gibson of Casselton, North Dakota. Miss Gibson submitted to Kinograms, the news reel, a striking reel of film showing a rodeo held at Kildeer, near Casselton, and she was immediately signed by the news picture service. The pictures were sensational, showing maddened steers plunging almost into the camera lens. Miss Gibson had taken all sorts of chances in catching the shots.

Miss Gibson was born in Scotland and studied motion picture work under Carl Gregory at Columbia University. She has been photographing short subjects for two years as an independent. One of her films, "A Lesson in Cooking," is now used in the public schools of New York City.

Play Houses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

the star idea." Curiosity followed Jenny like a shadow, but she rarely questioned; she used other tactics.

"Well, I started to tell you a moment ago that Dale begged me to get hold of you and take you over there for dinner. Don't get excited now. It's just dinner, not a social affair. We'll eat in the kitchen if you like. Let's go over right away."

Jenny clutched the bed-post tighter, and drew the other foot up under her. "B-b-bu—"

"But Ed, I suppose."

"No, no, not Ed. I turned him down again last night. I do wish he'd quit asking me to marry him. B-bu—"

"So that's why he's all to the good today. You're afraid he believed that 'no'. . . . Where are my gloves? . . . Call a cab. . . . I'll call Dale. . . . I thought I had a hat. . . . Oh, that dress is all right. . . . Blue is so coldly sensible. If I'd stuck to blue, I'd never have committed matrimony."

"PERHAPS you'd never have committed divorce if you hadn't taken up with green. It's such a serious color. Blue is light-hearted. That's why it's sensible."

Jenny tightened her grip on the bed-post, then released her fingers as though they were coiled wire springs. She was going to Dale Cameron's mansion for dinner. . . . She was going to watch a magnified shadow of herself flicker across a luminous sheet. . . . She was going to hear the world's greatest cinema director talk of art and training. . . . She was going to touch his finger-tips. . . . She was going to sway to the rhythm of his speech. She curled her toes inside her satin pumps, and a ripply chill swept over her, as if she had wriggled her bare toes in mire. Thoughts of Dale Cameron gave her chills of that sort.

Later, when she recalled the incidents of that evening, she knew that she had eaten a few nibbles of salad and sipped a few drops of wine, had bantered with Jule and answered questions, and that she had spent a delightful hour in a vast blue and brown dining room. But she couldn't remember with what excuse Jule had slipped away, nor how she came to be alone with Dale Cameron in the living room where she found herself seated on a grotesquely carved chaise longue with her hand lying in his. The ripply chills were splashing over her, and she had the sensation of sinking in mire, but this time, to her knees.

"Jenny," Dale Cameron said, "there is a gleaming road ahead of you. There is work, and there are disappointments, of course, but these are mere pebbles in that shining road of fame. The fact is, and the fact will remain,

that you—that vivid, vital you—can be successfully projected on the screen. Millions of people will see your shadow and love you. Millions will love you and thousands will thank me for bringing you before them."

As he spoke his thumb caressed the girl's polished fingernails. Electric shocks raced in stair-steps up her arm. Words scampered away from her, but she closed her eyes and saw the reel of success unwind itself. She visualized the golden heights, and saw them in every detail. Then she completed the picture that Dale Cameron was sketching. She saw clammy greasepaint and glaring lights and grinding cameras and foolish headlines and insistent, jabbering crowds, and hurry, and hurry, and hurry. She saw herself as a tight-rope performer dancing precariously on the "gleaming road."

She withdrew her hand and shook her head, attempting to say, "No, no, no," but the effort resulted only in a purr.

Dale Cameron mistook the meaning of the purr. "Jenny!" he cried, his voice a blend of emotions, "Jenny," he whispered and seized both her hands.

The "no" leaped to the grey eyes, and Cameron read it there. But he couldn't read the reason for the "no." He arose abruptly and plowed through the thick carpet to a full length portrait of Eleanora Duse.

"My dear," he said, addressing the picture, "I want you to act—to be a great actress. But to act, you will have to shed that armor of reserve and dive into the stream of life. You'll have to swim, not wade; to plunge into the water, or even into the mud, instead of skim the surface."

Jenny murmured something about a dragon-fly and a hippopotamus, but he didn't hear it.

"Step out from behind your gay-colored screen of reserve, Jenny, and let emotion strike you. Let it hurt you, sear you, chill you, but let it strike you. Don't force it, follow it. *Feel* a blood-red sunset. *Feel* the roar of the angry surf. *Feel* the song of the nightingale."

JENNY turned wide, startled eyes to the soured face of Madame Duse. Her voice came back, full force. "All this feeling is terribly fatiguing," she told the portrait.

The director didn't hear her. "I want you to sing, Jenny," he went on, "not with your voice, necessarily, but sing. sing. Pour out all your yearning in golden notes of harmony. And I want you to weep. Weep. Wring tears from an anguished soul. And laugh, Jenny. Not polite little chuckles, but laugh, laugh, the full-toned cachinnations of the jungle."

Did the painted eyelid of Madame Duse

flicker? Jenny arose and moved stealthily toward the vestibule.

Dale Cameron heard nothing. He flung wide his arms and pleaded with the portrait. "And I want you to love, Jenny. Let passion melt you, mold you."

She removed a small hat and a small bag from the hatrack.

Still Cameron addressed the painted canvas. "Jenny, I want you to love—"

The door opened softly, and Jenny was gone like a wisp of smoke in a morning breeze. She shook her curls, and blinked at a cloud-mottled moonrise. "What a head o' steam! What highly seasoned applesauce!" she exclaimed, stamping first one foot then the other with a vague feeling that she had stepped out of oozy mud.

For a moment she balanced on her toes, then her heels came down with a thud of decision, pattered down a narrow walk, clicked onto the rougher surface of the sidewalk, and clacked down the hill to Vine Street, and down Vine Street and into the Boulevard, and on, and on. This time Jenny Ware didn't flutter; she clumped along, each heel ringing metallically on the cement. If you were on the Boulevard, she passed you like a little scurry of fog; and you hardly realized that the swirl of blue georgette and brown curls enveloped Jenny Ware. The heels dug into cracks of a broken sidewalk, buried themselves in the dust across the corner of a lot, turned and went through a sagging iron gate, scrunched up a sparsely gravelled path and thudded to a standstill on a creaky porch.

A hoarse bell rasped within, a chair scraped on an unpolished floor, a pipe clattered on a table, and a collie grunted a half bark. A door opened. Light shone for an instant on a dusty magnolia tree, the heels thumped over the threshold, and the door closed again. Brown curls were crumpled into the creases of a blue jersey, and the heels were lifted two, maybe three, inches from the floor.

The dog dozed again, for the subject of "Play houses by the sea" was not new to him.

\$5,000 Prize Winner Tells Her Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

NOT a genius) until I had woven a plot around some fictitious characters who were similar to people I knew there. Then I put it on paper and sent it to the Photoplay-Famous Players Idea Contest.

After the brain child started on its journey, I forgot about it. That is, I tried ever so hard to make myself forget about it so that I wouldn't be tempted to take any of those dangerous flights of fancy. I didn't have a regular position: I was doing some direct selling out of a wholesale hosiery house here. It was hot in the San Fernando Valley and in Orange County; my Ford was trembling on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and people didn't greet a hosiery saleslady with open arms. Every once in a while I would have to reprove myself for wondering: "What if 'Swag' should crash?"

Perhaps that will give you an idea of how much this has meant to me. I could tell you about the stack of rejection slips I have from almost every publication in the United States, and of the three or four checks that came rattling around all alone in an envelope without even a note from the editor saying why they were here; but that doesn't have anything to do with my winning this prize. In fact, I feel as though the credit doesn't belong to me at all. It belongs to those characters who lived for so long in my mind. They just walked right into that prize!



"Does your favorite smoke go sour sometimes?"

Great After Smoking

"You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don't you?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way."

"The answer is easy," the other man said. "Just eat a few Life Savers after smoking and see how much better each new smoke tastes!"

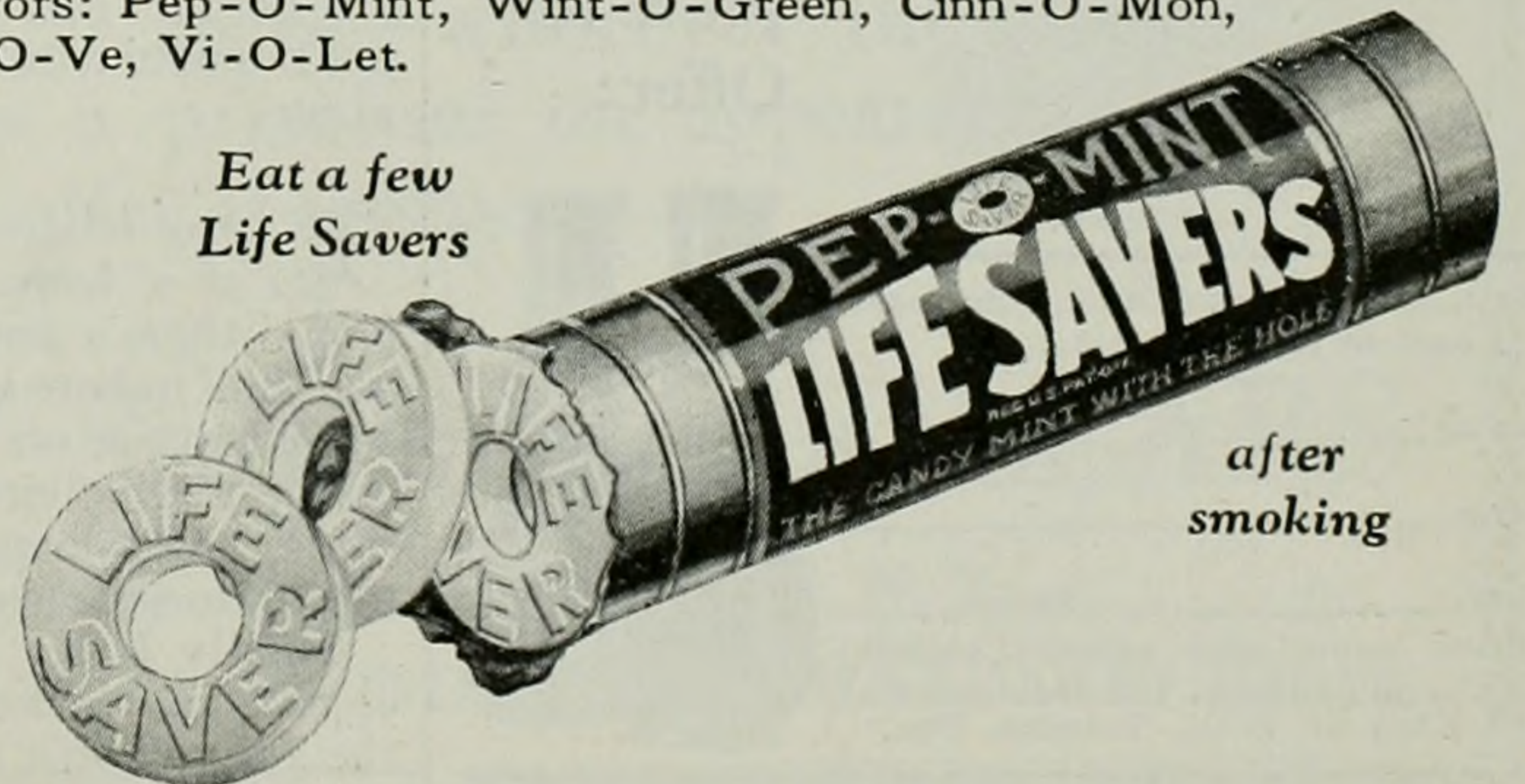
* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke so much better.

It's a fact; Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes you'll always have a package handy.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let.

Eat a few
Life Savers



after
smoking

P. S.
Have you tried
LIFE SAVER
FRUITDROPS?
Five refreshing
flavors—Orange,
Lemon, Lime,
Anise and Grape.
5c a package.



Pick
any 12 girls—
10 have to
be told

1 1

ONE of the most serious social handicaps is so difficult to detect oneself that almost all girls have to be told about it.

They think they are immaculate, but all the while underarm perspiration may be causing odor which is unpleasantly noticeable to others, and is ruinous to dresses.

So women of distinction rule out the possibility of offense by keeping the underarm dry *all the time*, by the regular use of Odorono. Other ways they say are troublesome, and mar the smart fit of frocks. But with Odorono odor is impossible—impossible too, costly stains, odor tainted dresses.

Odorono was made by a physician to stop perspiration where it causes odor and ruins clothes. The underarm particularly. Checking perspiration in small areas with Odorono has no effect on health. Physicians recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Odorono, (ruby colored) stops moisture and odor used once or twice a week, *the last thing at night*. Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for sensitive skins and hurried use, used daily or every other day, *night or morning*, gives the same protection. At toilet goods counters, 35c, 60c. Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. Or send 10c and coupon for four samples.

Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved "occlusive" every year.



New 10¢
Offer:

Ruth Miller, 245 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I enclose 10c for samples.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)

In Canada address The Odorono Co.,
468 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.



it sure would have been lost without Kathryn Williams. I was a-guardin' the actor folks in the day time an' helpin' to take care of the animals at night time an' it kept me pretty busy. But a-gettin' my money regular.

I reckon what was the biggest moment of the picture came one afternoon kinda unexpected like. Not only was it the biggest moment of the picture but it was the biggest moment that yours truly had ever experienced, an' while I've had a few excitin' spells since then in pictures, nothin' ever happened to me quite as nerve-rackin' as this scene I'm now a-goin' to tell you about.

MISS WILLIAMS is lost in this here jungle. There ain't nobody near or nothin' to hear her cry for help. In fact, she is miles an' miles from no place, afoot an' wanderin' 'round in this jungle, which, by the way, was built in the old fair grounds at Pablo Beach about fifteen miles from Jacksonville. Well, in this here scene, Miss Williams is a-kneelin' down between two logs a-tryin' to hide herself from a lot of leopards that is runnin' 'round loose in the jungle lookin' for food. She has heard their cry an' has listened to the dry jungle grass a-cracklin' as they pass, an' it ain't no pleasant moment for her.

We had put Miss Williams between those two logs an' then fixed to have a leopard jump through the air apparently at her, but Big Otto, the animal man, a-knowin' about beasts of that kind, had arranged so that the leopard really was to jump over an' beyond Miss Williams, bein' enticed by a chicken fastened to a stake just out of the camera line.

The animal man figured that not havin' been fed for a coupla days, this leopard would sure make a flyin' leap for the chicken. I reckon everythin' would have been all right except just at the moment we turned the leopard loose an' I'm a-standin' by with my Winchester ready, the wind blew in sharply an' fluffed up Miss Williams' hair, so seein' that, instead of springin' for the chicken, the hungry leopard sprung for Miss Williams an' drove the claws of his fore paws into her scalp. Even at that she didn't scream but just kept perfectly still.

I couldn't take no chance of a shot without danger of killin' Miss Williams so I saw but one thing to do, an' I grabs Mr. Leopard by the tail, gives him a yank an' swings him clear.

I don't know how many fellers have ever experienced the sensation of havin' a full grown an' hungry leopard by the tail, an' at the same time tryin' to figure out some way of lettin' him go. I'm here to inform any inquirin' gent that it ain't so funny.

Down in Oklahoma I'd seen college boys a-throwin' the hammer an' that struck me as a pretty good scheme so I commenced to throw Mr. Leopard 'round an' 'round turnin' with him just the same as a college athlete would do. In the meantime I was a-tryin' to think out what to do next. I kept this here leopard goin' so fast he had no chance to double under an' scratch me. Since then, I've often wondered what the leopard was a-thinkin' of an' if he was just as worried as me.

"Let him go! What the hell do you want to hold onto him for?" said "Dad" Turner a-yellin' at me.

"If you fellers know more about lettin' go of a leopard's tail than me," I told 'em, "there's nothin' to prevent any of you a-comin' in here an' takin' him off'n my hands. I ain't stuck on the job so bad that I ain't willin' to give him to any of you. Otherwise, me an' this leopard is a-goin' to adjust this matter in our own way."

Finally I saw what I thought was a clear chance an' turned Mr. Leopard loose. He hit the ground with a dead thump, gathered him-

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

self an' with a wild yowl, started back for me. The rest of the gents, havin' no urgent business in that immediate vicinity, had already went.

I got my old six-shooter loose an' sent two shots, aided an' abetted by a good Methodist prayer, in the direction of the leopard.

The prayer was answered an' it was just too bad. "Dad" Turner had to pay Big Otto for another leopard. Meantime they'd got a doctor to fix up Miss Williams' head an' to this day she carries the scars of that wild old leopard of the Jacksonville jungle. That night I skinned him an', somewhere in Miss Williams' Hollywood home today, you will find his hide. I might add in this connection that when her head was a little better, that same day, Miss Williams went back an' with another leopard, an' another chicken, made the scene. This time it worked great.

"LOST IN THE JUNGLES" was finished finally an' armed with a letter to a motion picture director in Hollywood, who by the way, I'm sorry to say, is now glad to play minor rôles, which explains why I ain't a-mentionin' his name, I decided, on the advice of "Dad" Turner, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, to try my luck in the picture capital of America.

After payin' all expenses I had quite a few dollars an' came back to Ponca City, Oklahoma. First I wanted to pay Mike Cunyan the \$135 I owed him an' see if anybody had found or heard of the spotted "Quo Vadis" bull I was ownin', which was strayed. An' most important, I wanted to get my horse "Old Blue" an' my yearlin' colt, which I was aimin' to take with me to California. I stopped in Kansas City an' bought myself a fine silver mounted saddle, which was up to that time the best I'd ever owned. Since then I've been foolish enough to pay as high as \$2500 for a saddle, but I always blame that onto Tony because he likes 'em that way.

After paying off all my debts 'round Oklahoma an' havin' a coupl'a seances with a coupl'a good stud players, my bank roll was down to 'round \$300. I went to the Santa Fe agent an' I found that it would cost \$316 to ship "Old Blue" an' the yearlin' an' me into Los Angeles. Finally we figured it out that I could ship the two horses into San Bernardino, sixty miles from Hollywood, an' through ridin' myself on a stockman's pass, hit the California line with a few dollars to spare.

SO it came about that one bright fall day back in 1910, me an' "Old Blue" an' the colt reached San Bernardino. We unloaded at the stock pens an' after restin' a coupl'a days an' with \$21 in cash in our pockets a-ridin' "Old Blue" an' leadin' the colt, I rode the sixty miles from San Bernardino an' from the top of Cahuenga Pass about four in the afternoon, had my first sight of Hollywood, California, my future home, an' where I confidentially expected my million dollars was a-waitin'.

Hollywood didn't appear to be much of a town when I first saw it. I expected all the movin' picture studios to be grouped together but they were scattered everywhere an' no more resembled the studios of today than Sid Grauman's Punch an' Judy show looks like Ringling Brothers an' Barnum an' Bailey's Circus. I found a stable for my horse in Edendale, an' started to look up this director.

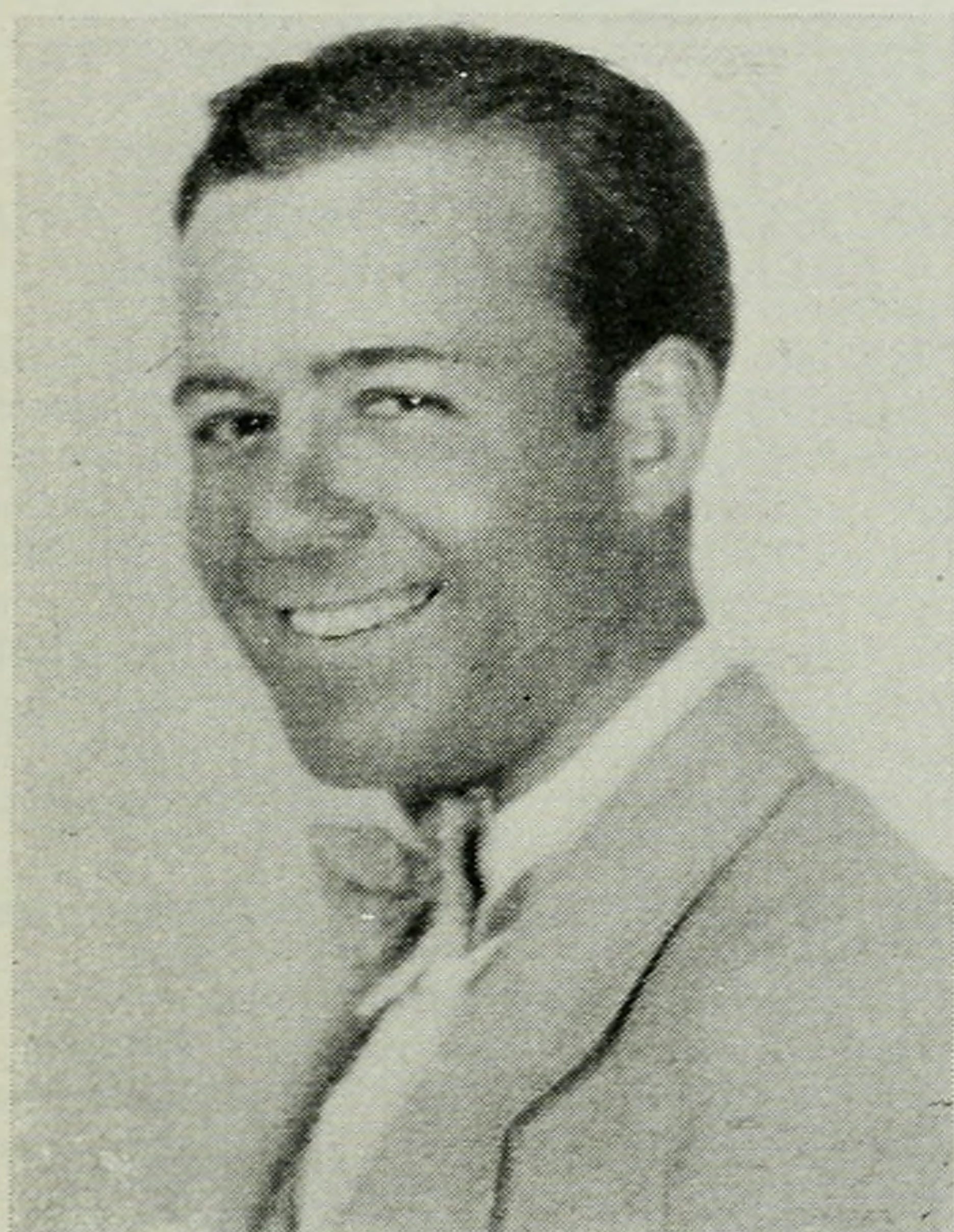
In a corner drug store I was about to ask the man to put me on the right trail when I heard the sound of jinglin' spurs. It sure was a welcome noise to me, for I said, here's a bunch of cowhands passin' through an' I reckon that no matter where they are from, there'll be somebody they know that I know an' I can make myself welcome. A minute later they all come a-borin' into this here drug store.

I had never before seen such cowhand

clothes an' I had rode the range from Alberta, Canada, clean down into the State of Sonora, Old Mexico. I never had seen such shirts, such boots, such six shooters, such handkerchiefs an' such things on their sleeves as cuffs, that these gents was a-wearin'. Anyone of 'em 'round Ponca City would have been as great a curiosity as a long haired man on Broadway. The only thing about 'em that even looked like a cowhand's outfit was their Stetson hats.

In the center of this bunch of strange lookin' gents wearin' spurs an' six shooters was a man I recognized from havin' seen him on the screen an' he was in those days a mighty well known star. I ain't a-mentionin' no names because later him an' me got to be good friends an' he confessed that he was just a actor, that he'd never lived in a cattle country, so I forgave him for the clothes he was a-wearin'!

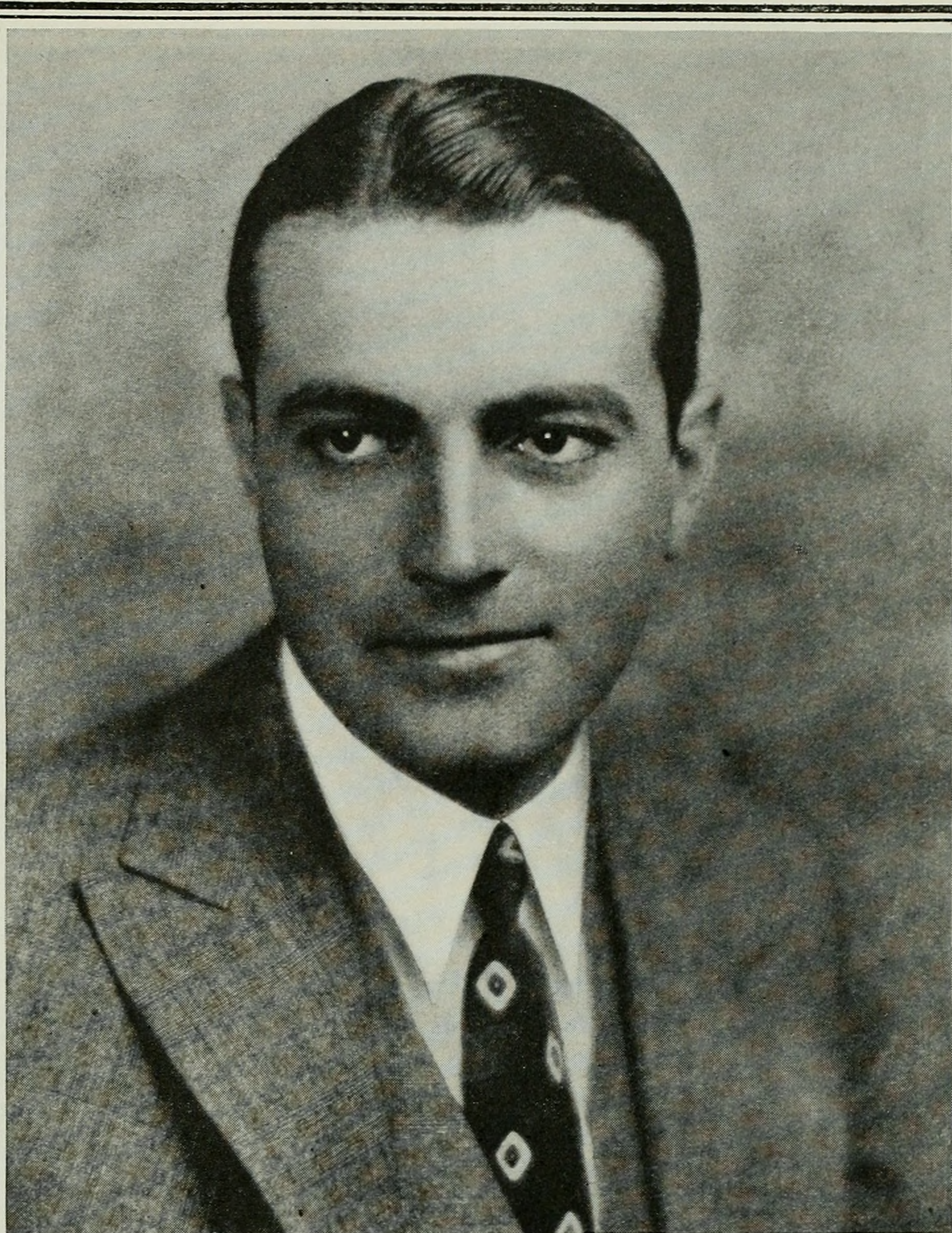
He had boots that fitted tight and came clear up to his hips. His belt was almost a foot wide an' resembled somewhat the type of belt worn by the Gaucho of the Argentine. His shirt was buckskin, much fringed. Incidental, the only man I've ever seen a-wearin' a fringed buckskin shirt in my life, an' I've been on the plains for a good many years, was in a wild west show. Not alone was the shirt buckskin, but it was beaded with workmanship an' design of a kind that no squaw ever knew.



Since the days when he was property boy at Paramount, and was called upon to quickly don a leopard skin and play one of the Nubian slaves in Geraldine Farrar's picture, Jack Donovan has been trying to forge ahead—in pictures and out.

He has been leading man to some of the prominent women stars; he has been starred by Pathe in thrilling Westerns; he has been awarded a Carnegie medal for life saving; he is holder of a Red Cross medal of honor, but nothing has given him the renown he has received from Mae Murray's recent suit against him.

She didn't mean to buy his house or his furniture, but he caught her in a weak moment, as it were, and she was unable to resist the soft music, the subdued lights, the oriental rugs, etc.; and she thinks the court should make him hand her back a few thousand dollars, even after she had the publicity of paying him \$85,000 for it, when she actually purchased it for \$50,000. And she never discovered that she had paid too much for it until eight months later, when one of the \$2,000 a month payments came due.



Richard Barthelmess, starring in First National Pictures

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'Round this gent's neck was a silk handkerchief knotted through what I now know to have been a piece of abalone shell carved by a wild Indian, a livin' in Santa Monica. His Stetson hat was high crowned an' rose to a peak an' of a type an' shape unknown in any man's cattle country. Hangin' on his waist at an angle no cowhand could wear without bein' cut into by the weight, was the first an' only pair of gold mounted six shooters I'd ever seen. His spurs was gold an' the rowells was gold. His hip boots were patent leather an' glistened an' crackled as he walked.

"I come out here," said I to myself, "to be a cowhand in the movin' pictures but if I've got to wear clothes such as this gent an' the rest of his friends are a wearin', me an' 'Old Blue' an' the colt is startin' overland to Ponca City, Oklahoma, in a coupl'a days."

Later I was to learn that this movin' picture ranch owner an' his "cowboy" gang at that time, was a-wearin' what the East believed to be the proper clothes of a hard workin' an' humble cow puncher. I believe I've since changed that.

Next day I hunted up my friends, Bill Mong an' Charles Clary, an' found the director. The latter took me over to his studio at Edendale where, after a little wranglin', I was hired

permanent at a salary of \$250 a week to make a string of two-reel western pictures.

That night I went to the boardin' place the boys had found for me much elated. Says I, "Tom, you are now in a fair way to make your million. You're bein' paid more money than the Mayor of Kansas City gets; you got a better job an' more money than Chief of Police Tom Speers an' Chief Hale of the Fire Department, Kansas City, have got together. You are sure a-goin' to get that million." I felt fine.

But later that night I had a sneakin' suspicion that I'd better do a little figurin'. I discovered that at \$250 a week it would only take me 3999 weeks to get the million that I was a-needin'. A little more figurin' showed that if I saved all my salary, at the end of 76 years, 10 months and 24 days, the million would be mine.

That didn't look so good.

But I was in Hollywood.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Next month Tom Mix will continue his tale of high finance with his early adventures in Hollywood. Tom's plunging on to his goal. He's got \$21, "Old Blue" and a yearling colt to his credit. Watch for his next article. It's full of laughs.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

SAILORS' WIVES—First National

THE sequel to "Flaming Youth," so carefully fumigated and deodorized that it's harmless and practically meaningless as well. What remains is the sombre story of a girl who renounces love and marriage because of approaching blindness. There are some high-society orgies in the suburbs, in an attempt to justify the title of the picture. Mary Astor has some trouble in acting like a wild, wild girl. This won't hurt you, but it won't thrill you either.

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO

POINTING out the awful consequences, when the young master starts getting familiar with the second girl. A painless little story of a battle between the snobs and the lower classes in London, with the decision going to the lower classes. It has one of those disconcerting endings in which the girl suddenly finds she loved somebody else all the time. This is made easier to bear by the presence of two pretty girls, Jacqueline Gadsden and Adrienne Dore.

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany-Stahl

THE marines actually come to the rescue at the end of this picture—two truckful of them. Need I say more? It's all about dirty work in China, with the inevitable Sojin slithering around plotting horrid deaths for all Americans in town. And there is a scarlet woman named Sadie who calls the marine "Handsome." Where have we heard that before? Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan do the best they can. Cheap melodrama.

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—FBO

THERE is nothing important or distinguished about this, yet it manages to be pleasant entertainment. The famous movie-Skinner always had a lot of bright ideas and when he is called upon to discharge the three oldest employees of his firm, Skinner has some tall thinking to do. But everything ends grand and glorious to the amusement of most audiences. Bryant Washburn, Martha Sleeper and Hugh Trevor are in the cast.

THE BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS—Artlee

THE idiocies of war are exemplified in this authentic record of the two biggest naval engagements between the British and Germans. They were grudge battles, which did nobody any good and lost hundreds of lives. But that fact is overlooked, and you are treated to a lot of foolish heroics, and an ostentatious display of sportsmanship in giving the Germans their due. This aims at the simple realism of "Potemkin," but misses by a mile. Only mildly interesting.

THE UPLAND RIDER—First National

AS thrilling a horse race as you ever witnessed makes up for many of the story deficiencies in this picture. The theme is the old one that the farm must be saved by one horse and one rider. The neighboring "country home" owner who desires the farm is the menace. Ken Maynard is a rider second to none, while his horse has a bundle of new tricks which will make Tony look to his laurels. Splendid for children.

PARTNERS IN CRIME—Paramount

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton dive into the underworld to dig up some new laughs and a few thrills. Beery is a detective who discovers more by accident than a Scotland Yard man could by design. Hatton plays the double rôle of reporter and gang-leader who are constantly mistaken for one another. Like all the comedies of this pair, the picture depends upon gags and the corking titles of George Marion for much of the interest.

THE BRIDE OF THE COLORADO—Pathe-De Mille

THE Grand Canyon of the Colorado River plays the lead in this picture. It makes a beautiful spectacle and a desperate menace, but does not lend itself to real story interest. In fact, the characters and the plot are absolutely incidental to the cathedral cliffs, the whirling rapids and other stupendous beauties of the canyon. John Boles and Donal Blossom, a newcomer to pictures, have some intimate love scenes, but even here it is the background which interests.

ALEX THE GREAT—FBO

ALEX was a country boy, who was "willing to give New York a break." How he swept everything before him is a succession of delightful situations, and another example of "He can who thinks he can." Even relatives agreed they would believe him "if he said he pressed his pants with the Flatiron building." The direction of Dudley Murphy and the interesting personality of "Skeets" Gallagher make this well worth seeing.

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?—Universal

KELLY, an agreeable Irish lad (Tom Moore), went to war and said to every French lassie: "You must come over to America and be my wife." Bessie Love came. Had he not been a "man of importance," having only to raise his hand to stop traffic, Bessie might never have found him. The villainous attempts of Tom O'Brien to thwart her purpose arouse your sympathy, and Bessie's very excellent work holds your interest throughout. Splendid, clean entertainment.

THE HEART OF BROADWAY—Rayart

WHEN a pretty chorus girl and a young hooper who loves his "likker" mix with a suave night club crook, there's bound to be trouble. These three, played respectively by Pauline Garon, Bobby Agnew, and Wheeler Oakman, stir up a lot of trouble in this cabaret melodrama. But they're all so good you'll forget the saggy story of the innocent boy jailed for the heavy's crime. Fair program entertainment.

A TRICK OF HEARTS—Universal

ANOTHER Western for no reason at all except to give Hoot Gibson a chance to ride his horse into a lather and wear skirts, extremely unbecoming to his particular style of beauty. Georgia Hale, Hoot's girl, goes anti-marriage for a political career in a village run by women. This burns Hoot up; he and Manville's other deposed males use strategy to recover their lost prestige and women. Hoot wins—Georgia sighs "My man!" and all's well.

THE TRAGEDY OF YOUTH—Tiffany-Stahl

ULTRA-modern comedy drama illustrating the folly of youthful marriages. Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collier do some clever work as the young couple who think marriage will be a waltz dream just because they are perfect dancing partners. Warner Baxter completes the inevitable triangle, reviving the question: Do married men make the best husbands? A good cast, sophisticated direction, and perfect titles by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, make this pictorial marriage expose well worth seeing.

THE PAINTED TRAIL—Rayart

WHAT dear old Hollywood needs is fewer—far fewer—hombres with 10-gallon hats and leather pants, hosses with Tiffany trappings, and titles with a Texas accent. But Western pictures, like the poor, are always with us. A smart horse renders this one bearable, however, by an amazing swimming and diving act, with Buddy Roosevelt up. Otherwise it's nothing to gasp over.

RIDERS OF THE DARK—M.-G.-M.

WHAT a beastly shame to plaster this canned horse opera with the gorgeous M.-G.-M. lion! Tim McCoy in plot number four, with no variations. He's the militiaman sent to a Western town to shoot up the bullying villain for his bloody misdeeds. The famous d'Arcy dentals quite chew up the foreground, but Rex Lease and Dorothy Dwan are really good. Maybe you'll like it.



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GOOD-BYE KISS—Mack Sennett

ROMANCE, kisses, comedy, pathos, all intermingled, keep you laughing and crying in this personally-directed special of Sennett's. All the principals go to war and such experiences as they do have! Sally Eilers justifies the claims about her beauty and ability, and Matty Kemp, her leading man, has much appeal. Johnny Burke is a comedian of first rank and walks away with honors. The picture has touches quite like Griffith's and is well worth your seeing even if it drags occasionally.

FALLEN ANGELS—Universal

NORMAN KERRY drags through a gloomy moral drama entirely unsuited to his talents and those of the good cast supporting him. His is the rôle of a coward, who, because he hides out during the war and is reported killed in action, finds that he must ever after run from life. Pauline Starke is convincing as one of the weak sisterhood who gives up diamond mining to make a man of him. All right if you're not blue.

THE BIG NOISE—First National

JUST about as interesting as the usual city election with which it is concerned. But not knowing what you have planned for the evening that this shows in your theater, would not advise you to change your mind.

HOT HEELS—Universal

WHEN a small town smart boy gives up butter-and-egging to buy a hick musical show just because he loves the star in it, he might as well kiss his bankroll goodbye. Despite the bewhiskered gags, this comedy will keep you gasping. Patsy Ruth Miller hasn't much to do because it's really Glenn Tryon's story, but as a laugh-generating team, they bubble with B. O. appeal. Take all the kids; they'll eat it up.

THE ROAD TO RUIN—Cliff Broughton

THOUGH the Juvenile courts openly sponsor this expose of youthful delinquency in high schools, it belongs in the "Women Only" class. It is a sensational portrayal of a deplorable social evil, with all T's crossed and all I's dotted. These kids are painted black as the ace of spades, and necking is indicated as the major elective in secondary schools. Not entertainment, but darn good medicine for parents who "trust their children implicitly."

THE WARNING—Columbia

HONGKONG is the scene of this mystery melodrama where the English Secret Service mix it with a Chinese opium gang. Jack Holt saves it from heaviness by his characterization of a British he-man, with ready fists and a sense of humor. He rescues the ritzy blonde, Dorothy Revier, from half of China and makes us believe it. Lillian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchin have given us a fast mystery story, full of both laughs and thrills.

THE APACHE RAIDER—Pathe

WHY do rugged gentlemen in high heels always get all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows? No one seems to know. So that's the reason, if any, for Western pictures. Leo Maloney (God save the Irish) swings a mean megaphone and a hot pair of spurs in this gentle little gun party.

VAMPING VENUS—First National

A SENNETT comedian turned loose in a comedy nightmare of ancient Greece, falling over telephones, radios, motorcycles and other twentieth century appurtenances. A synthetic idea for a farce based on the suggestion that the old studio sets of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" might be used in a nut comedy like "A Connecticut Yankee." It may turn out to be a box office wow. Thelma Todd furnishes the beauty and Charlie Murray and the titles the fun.



Shooting a scene at Truckee, California, perhaps the most popular location in the world. There is always snow at good old Truckee, which makes it just great for those who go in for Russian dramas. An important sequence of "The Red Dancer of Moscow" was filmed here. Above you see Raoul Walsh, the director, and Charles G. Clarke, head cameraman. The screens are reflectors, used to regulate the difficult glare from the sun on the snow

THOROUGHBREDS—Universal

NOTHING particularly new in this story of the wholesome country boy who goes to the city and falls into the hands of wild women. A nice girl finally saves him. Richard Walling does a nice piece of work as a jockey, and good direction makes this a picture that will be liked by most any audience.

THE BODY PUNCH—Universal

THIS is the first feature picture directed by Leigh Jason and he makes good. There is a ring performance, a bout between a wrestler and a boxer, that any man will take a night off to see. There is comedy, intrigue, romance. Virginia Browne Fair furnished the love interest and George Kotosnaros and Jack Daugherty do the fighting. Enough entertainment for all the family.

THE ESCAPE—Fox

AN old time melodrama from which there is no escape. It might have been better to leave it where Griffith finished with it years ago. It adds little to the honors of Virginia Valli and William Russell who are featured, but it does show off Nancy Drexel to advantage and gives Charles Meeker another opportunity to prove that blond leading men do have appeal.

**CHINATOWN CHARLIE—
First National**

JOHNNY HINES in one of his very best productions. Full of gags and laughs. Refreshingly free from the usual comedy formula. Good melodrama, a few thrills, colorful backgrounds and a splendid supporting cast give you your money's worth.

THE PLAY GIRL—Fox

A LIGHT farce, which plainly shows that gold diggers are born, not made. Madge Bellamy is "the good little girl" who won't give in, and Anita Garvin slinks about in low cut gowns, showing our innocent Madge a thing or two about diamond-fed babies who take all—give nothing—and make 'em like it. Johnny Mack Brown and Walter McGrail complete a diverting foursome. Norman McLeod's titles cram this picture with laughs.

THE PIONEER SCOUT—Paramount

AFTER "Jesse James" this picture does not do Fred Thomson and his white horse, Silver King, justice. Yet it is an average Western with the hero playing a dual rôle of half wit and range leader—determined to capture a band of robbers and save the mine of his sweetheart's father. Edna Murphy is attractive enough to spur any man to super-action. If you like Westerns, see it.

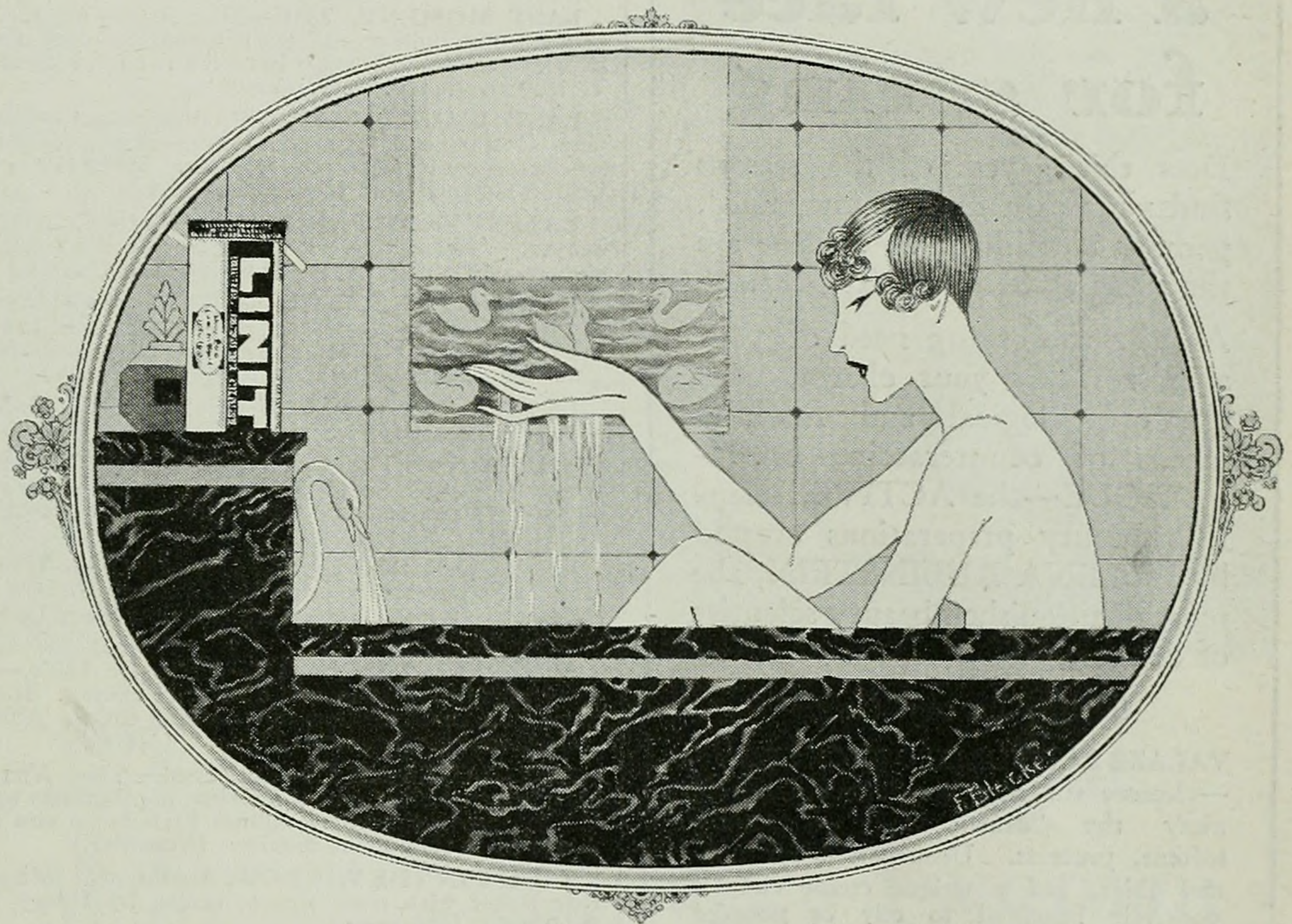
POWDER MY BACK—Warners

IRENE RICH in a delightfully improbable comedy directed and titled with extreme sophistication. Andre de Beranger gets the chuckles as a perfectly darling gentleman who adores flowers. The frothy plot has to do with Irene's determination to get some dirt on the town politician who stopped her show for moral reasons, thereby checking her career as its star. Anders Randolph is well-cast as the man who gave up work for politics, and politics for love.

FIVE AND TEN CENT ANNIE—Warners

THE romance of "Five and Ten Cent Annie," "a nice girl at any price," starts out with a bang, but wanders all over the studio lot before they get through. Louise Fazenda is a show all by herself. Clyde Cook is lured into fearful situations by the wiles of Gertrude Astor and is only saved when "his" baby turns out to be a forty year old midget in disguise. Joe Jackson's titles keep the laughs going.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

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.)

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.)

***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.)

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE—Universal.—Dowdy story of war-time Vienna, with a Daddy Browning romance between Mary Philbin and Henry B. Walthall. Betty Compson is the only living thing in the show. (April.)

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, 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.)

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.)

NIGHT FLYER, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Big doings among the railroaders, with William Boyd's charm triumphing over a dirty face. (April.)

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.)



Dayton, O.

Have you ever been in a foreign country, lonely, homesick and ready to cry from sheer misery? A little over a year ago, I was just that. Ireland's climate is not much at best, and in mid-winter, it is cold, damp, murky and dreary. Muddy too, and Dublin mud doesn't come out of a light silk stocking.

One day, when I felt the worst, I went into town to the Metropole. I don't remember what picture was there and I am sure it doesn't matter; but I

forgot my loneliness, in my interest in the story before me, and I came out cheered and happy. I was gay with the laughter of America. And when a beggar woman clung to my arm, it was not pennies I gave her, but shillings.

I, with the others, waited for Thomas Meighan in front of the Shelbourne; and I, too, hindered him when he wished to take pictures in St. Stephen's Green. But I am sure he will forgive me when he knows how glad I was to see, not only an actor, but a man from home.

H. M.

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.)

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.)

PHANTOM OF THE RANGE—FBO.—Not the kitchen range, Geraldine, but the wide open spaces. However, don't let the title fool you; it's a good film and it features Tom Tyler and little Frankie Darro. (April.)

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.)

PRINCE OF PEANUTS, THE—Universal.—Nutty farce with Glenn Tryon. (April.)

***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.)

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 RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. Okay. (February.)

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.)

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.)

RUSH HOUR, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Conventional stuff, ornamented by Marie Prevost and Seena Owen. Oh, dear, these eternal working girls! (April.)

***SADIE THOMPSON**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censors. A racy, ironic and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not for eighth-grade intelligences, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (April.)

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.)

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham.—Mae Busch, as a cabaret girl, rescues Percy Marmont from life in the underworld. Mae's a good trouper. (April.)

SATAN AND THE WOMAN—Excellent.—Showing how a narrow-minded small town can be mean to a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Fie on them! (April.)

SCARLET YOUTH—S. S. Millard.—Supposed to have a big social message; one of those medical films that plays to "men only" and "women only" audiences. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the easy money of anyone simple enough to be taken in by the sensational advertising. (April.)

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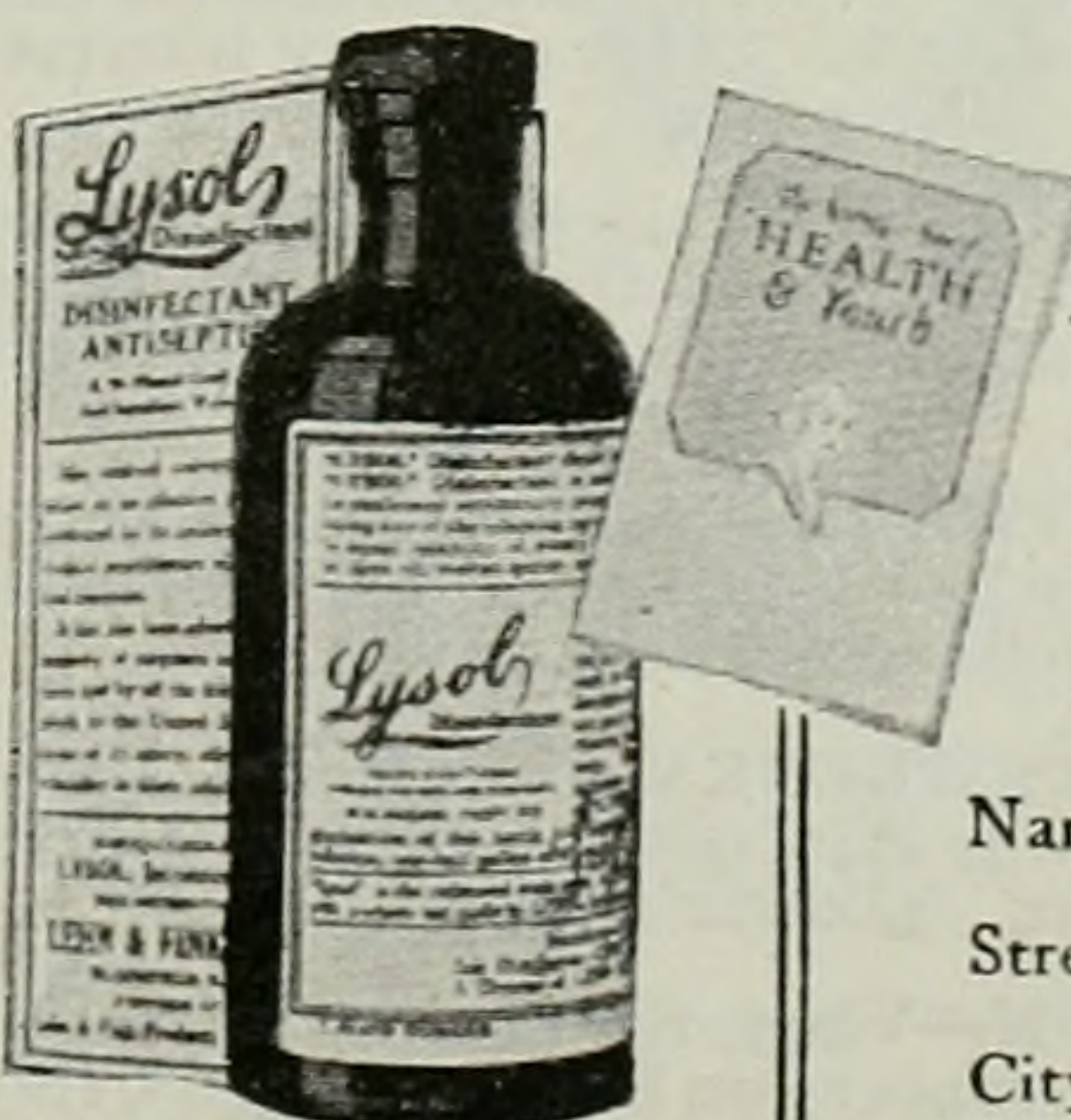
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SECRET HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A white-washing of that fine play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which proves that you can't make pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

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.)

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.)

SIMBA—Martin Johnson Corp.—Those charming travellers, the Martin Johnsons, have made another one of their entertaining jungle pictures. Great studies of wild animals in their native haunts. (April.)

SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

SKY-SCRAPER—Pathe-De Mille.—Love among the riveters. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Carol and William Boyd. (April.)

SMART SET, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines takes up polo. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go in for flippant youth. (April.)

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.)

SOFT LIVING—Fox.—Adventures of a stenographer who finds that it is easier to get alimony than work for a living. But love saves all. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

***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.)

SQUARE CROOKS—Fox.—Original variations of the usual crook business lift this comedy above the ordinary. Jackie Coombs, a three-year-old kid, runs away with the laughs. (April.)

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.)

***STREET ANGEL**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human, appealing story, adorably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

***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.)

SYMPHONY, THE—Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Master." Redeemed by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

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.)

***TRAIL OF '98, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A mighty panorama of the Klondike rush, told with power and breath-taking realism. Congratulations to Clarence Brown for making a really thrilling film. (April.)

TREE OF LIFE, THE—Zenith.—The story of the world's creation, no less! L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. (April.)

***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.)

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount.—More gold rush. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a fairly exciting Zane Grey story. (April.)

***VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE**—First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree Country, stirringly 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.)

WALLFLOWERS—FBO.—One of those stories that is motivated by a trick will. Light but adequate. (April.)

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.)

Hollywood's Garden of Truth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Another deprecatory grin from me.

"I'll tell you what" suddenly from D'Almonde. "It's stuffy in here. Let's go out into the Garden of Truth, and finish our little chat."

That's the way it happened—just like that. I cannot tell you exactly why, but a feeling of elation suddenly possessed me as I trudged contentedly along with Vincent D'Almonde on the way to the Garden of Truth.

IT was comfortable there—quiet, cool, arboreal. Birds were twittering. . . . Vincent lolled at ease upon a cushioned seat; while I sat erect with pencil poised, and gazing expectantly through my thick lenses.

Suddenly D'Almonde seemed to be lapsing into a sort of reverie; and as I gazed, a subtle change appeared to steal over him. It was difficult to describe—as if the color and tone of a light within a transparency had suddenly been changed. His exterior remained the same to the eye; but I seemed to sense an intangible change in his psychic emanations—if you get me.

And then I became aware of a change within myself. I suddenly became possessed of a desire to speak with absolute frankness—to tell this bombastic egg exactly what I thought of him. Heavens! Could it be that there was something about this Garden of Truth. . . . ?

I curbed my desire. "You were speaking of your books and your music—" I suggested.

Vincent snapped out of it with a bit of a start, and gazed at me with perplexity. "What books?—what music?" he interrogated.

"Why, the books in your library and—" "Horseradish!" he exploded. "I haven't any library. Those rows of books aren't really books—they're just the backs of books; and I keep my liquor back of them. 'Walter Scott' means Scotch. 'Shakespeare' spells gin. 'Dickens' and 'Thackeray' stand for Bourbon and Rye.

"And," Vincent suddenly leaned forward to punctuate this with finger-prods against my knee, "and, if you ever find yourself in my library, and you feel like a slug of Benedictine or a shot of Absinthe, just pull out Volumes 1 and 2 of Victor Hugo and see what greets the eye!"

I heard with surprise my voice replying, "I always knew you were a rum hound; but how about these stories about your 'cello playing? Do—"

"What's that about a rum hound?" bristled Vincent; but immediately he cooled. "Me playing the shello? Don't it beat hell, the way that kinda tripe gets spread around about a fella? Why should I play the shello? I got plenty of music—a radio, two phonographs and a player-piano. I tickle the 'uke' once in a while and sing a little 'blue' stuff. But—Shello! Boloney!"

"WELL, at least you read your parts over, don't you?" This from me.

"Why should I?" demanded D'Almonde, with a petulant expression. "I got a director, ain't I?—and he's got a script, ain't he? He'll tell me what to do when I get on the set. My directors are all kings, Old Son—y' know that, don't you? Read parts—hell!"

"As a matter of fact," I required to know, "you are not very bright anyway, are you?"

"Lissen, scribe," he said, with the palm of his hand parallel to the ground, "I'm gonna tell you something. I'm not only not bright—I'm just plain dumb!"

"Maybe you don't know it, but I was an 'extra' before I got the break and became a star. Not in Hollywood—in New York. A scenario writer fell for me. Of course, you remember 'Redemption'—made a star of me

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over night. Well, this old writer girl put me in it. She had to fight for me; and prob'ly wouldn't have cut the buck, if it hadn't been that the director was pulling like hell to land his sweetie (another extra, like myself) for the feminine lead. My sweet mama played me against the director's patootie—and we both cut it! The director O. K.'d me—my little scenario scribbler O. K.'d Angel-Face. Presto! Stars over night, both of us. That's history."

D'Almonde suddenly appeared to lapse into a retrospective mood. He sat limply slumped—eyes staring straight ahead. "Get him out of it, boy!" I to myself.

"Smoke up," I said, stepping over to him and sticking the cigarette between his lips.

"Thanks," mumbled Vincent, rolling his eyes up at me as I gave him a light. "What was I telling you? Oh, yes, about that break of mine. Well, what I was getting at is this—I told you that I was just plain dumb.

"This little writer friend of mine was worried about me being an extra for a couple of years. She made me change my name from Tony Luchetti to what it is. We did everything we could to cover up my 'past,' and thought we had it pretty well done, when some louse from the publicity department of one of the studios sends me prints of about two dozen 'stills' with this pan of mine looming up more conspicuous than even the principals!

"D' y' get the slant? That boy wanted money for 'em—plenty jack! I was just boob enough to think that it would do me some good to shove this mush of mine up in front of the camera every time I got a chance. This egg threatened to spill the beans if I didn't come across, and buy the negatives."

"Did you?" I asked.

"No, I didn't; but it cost my scenario mama one thousand round berries for 'em! There was a lot of publicity out about me being a new 'find' from Buenos Aires. What the hell else was there to do?"

"There you are, Big Boy," concluded Vincent. "Does that prove what I said about being dumb? I'll say, plenty!"

"You didn't need to prove it to me," I rejoined, "and as an actor, I think you are a perfect imitation of a large slice of cheese."

"Yeah?—is that so?" came back D'Almonde, with wrinkled nose and lowered lids. "Well, I'll tellya, Slim. I've read some of your stuff, and as a writer, I think you are an A-1 stewart of tripe! So I guess we're fifty-fifty on that admiration stuff."

Time was shoving on towards noon. "One thing more," I requested. "You dearly love your wife, and your home life is very, very happy, is it not?"

VINCENT sat bolt upright, and gazed at me with the reproachful eyes of a chastised dog.

"Now, wait a minute, fella," he said. "I've been on the up-and-up with you, ain't I? I've given you cold turkey on a lotta things, ain't I? Well then, be regular and lay off that stuff.

"You know the whole world understands that I am the shining example of an ideally married star. My contract states that any time I go haywire, or the wife goes haywire, I'm out of a job.

"So show some appreciation for what I been telling you, and lay off that stuff."

"But *someone* loves your wife!" I ventured.

"Well then, why not let—"

"And you love *someone*—?"

"Say! just one more question like that, and a sock in the nose for you, ink slinger! I'll . . ."

Of a sudden D'Almonde's ferocious aspect deserted him; and he slumped back into that odd brooding mood—eyes fixed, body limp.

Scribbling "Thanks for the Interview" upon a slip of paper, I inserted it between the fingers of his inert hand, in substitution for the cigarette that was burning there, and, pocketing my notes, stole quietly away from the Garden of Truth.

Suicide Never Pays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

father. Not a word was spoken. Just her mother's cry—then her mother's prostrate body on top of her father's.

Those long months of mother's illness. Of course, she was better now. She knew Evelyn and her grandmother. She knew what she was doing. The New York doctors had helped, but even they said there would come another time, when mother would be unable to remember.

"THERE'S no use. They won't tell me. But I know there's darned little money. And neither of them can work. It's up to me. Besides, I want to be an actress!"

So, instead of going to school, as mother and grandmother had intended, the fourteen-year-old youngster hurried to the offices of the various casting directors in New York City. And because she was plucky and shrewd and pretty and would work for five dollars a day at anything offered, she became one of the steady extras at the World Film company at Fort Lee, across the Hudson from the big city.

"But there's always a day of reckoning," the twenty-six year Evelyn told me as she recounted the studio wanderings of the fourteen-year-old youngster. "They decided to give me a contract at twenty-five dollars a week. But instead of telling me about it, they wrote me a letter. Mother opened it. She went down to the school and found I had never been present. When I came home, they asked me, and, not knowing, I lied like a trooper."

Evelyn hesitated to tell about the scene which followed. It wasn't a pretty picture. Mother and grandmother hurt and discouraged because their little girl should scorn an educa-

tion; Evelyn proud and disdainful, displaying the money she had been saving. Finally, they all went to the studio where she had been working. And that visit won her her first life battle. She became, permanently, a motion picture actress.

It was fortunate, indeed. For only a few weeks later, the little mother's mind forgot again; and the grandmother, heartbroken and ill, passed to a land where there are no troubles.

"I had exactly forty dollars left after grandmother was buried," she told me. "And mother—well, mother loved violets. I used to bring her some every time I could afford it. One day I came in to find she had gotten hold of a violet colored silk cord. She was tying it around her neck. I had to take her up to a farm house in Connecticut, where there was a doctor who could look after her every minute."

A FEW months later, the little mother went to join the grandmother and the husband, where Evelyn knew she would be more happy.

There came a slump in the motion picture profession. The girl with whom she shared a seven-dollar a week room became discouraged and married a man who had a steady position.

"I did play one lead at this time. With Lionel Barrymore in 'Millionaire's Double.' It was absolutely the happiest day of my life—and my last job for many months," she added.

"I took a test for Selznick for a dramatic part. But they said I hadn't enough experience and hired Martha Mansfield. That seemed my last chance. There seemed nothing whatever left for me."

Evelyn hesitated a moment at this point of her story.

"Pneumonia and pleurisy followed. I didn't have any money at all. A friend of grandmother's had taken me to her house. But I didn't like that. I was used to earning my own living. All that I asked of life was to be a dramatic actress—and that seemed forbidden.

"The doctors had given me morphine. I took the whole bottle. A stomach pump was all I got for my trouble!"

ALL she got—at the moment. But a month later, the woman with whom she was living sailed for France and took Evelyn with her.

"That was the most carefree time of my life! We lived in the French quarters and saw only French people.

"Oh, the French people, the real middle-class French people, know how to be always happy."

Came time to return to the home-country. Two weeks in England was scheduled. And there, fate began playing with the life of Evelyn.

She was dining in the Piccadilly hotel one afternoon when she met the famous Maurice, the dancer. Now, of course, men are always attracted by Evelyn. Maurice was no exception. When he found she was an actress, he exclaimed, "I know an American producer who's tied himself into knots hunting for an American girl for his play. I'm going to tell him about you."

Although Evelyn insisted to both Maurice and the producer that she knew nothing of stage-craft, she was given the part—and stole the show in the bargain.

The leading man was working in a motion picture, between performances. Evelyn went with him and in a few days was making three hundred fifty dollars a week between the two occupations.

"My, but I thought I was wealthy!" she laughed a little. "I made fourteen pictures in England, saved up quite a lot of money and thought my life was straight sailing—but, I fell in love!"

Another almost imperceptible pause in her recitation.

"He was a married man. It was hopeless from the very beginning. He had a wife and children. Although he had not been living with them for some time, what could I offer in comparison? I wouldn't give up my career for any man living. Oh, it was just no use.



* Among some of the young moderns, the anklet takes the place of the engagement ring. Sue Carol wears a platinum anklet, but she denies that it means she is going to marry Nick Stuart



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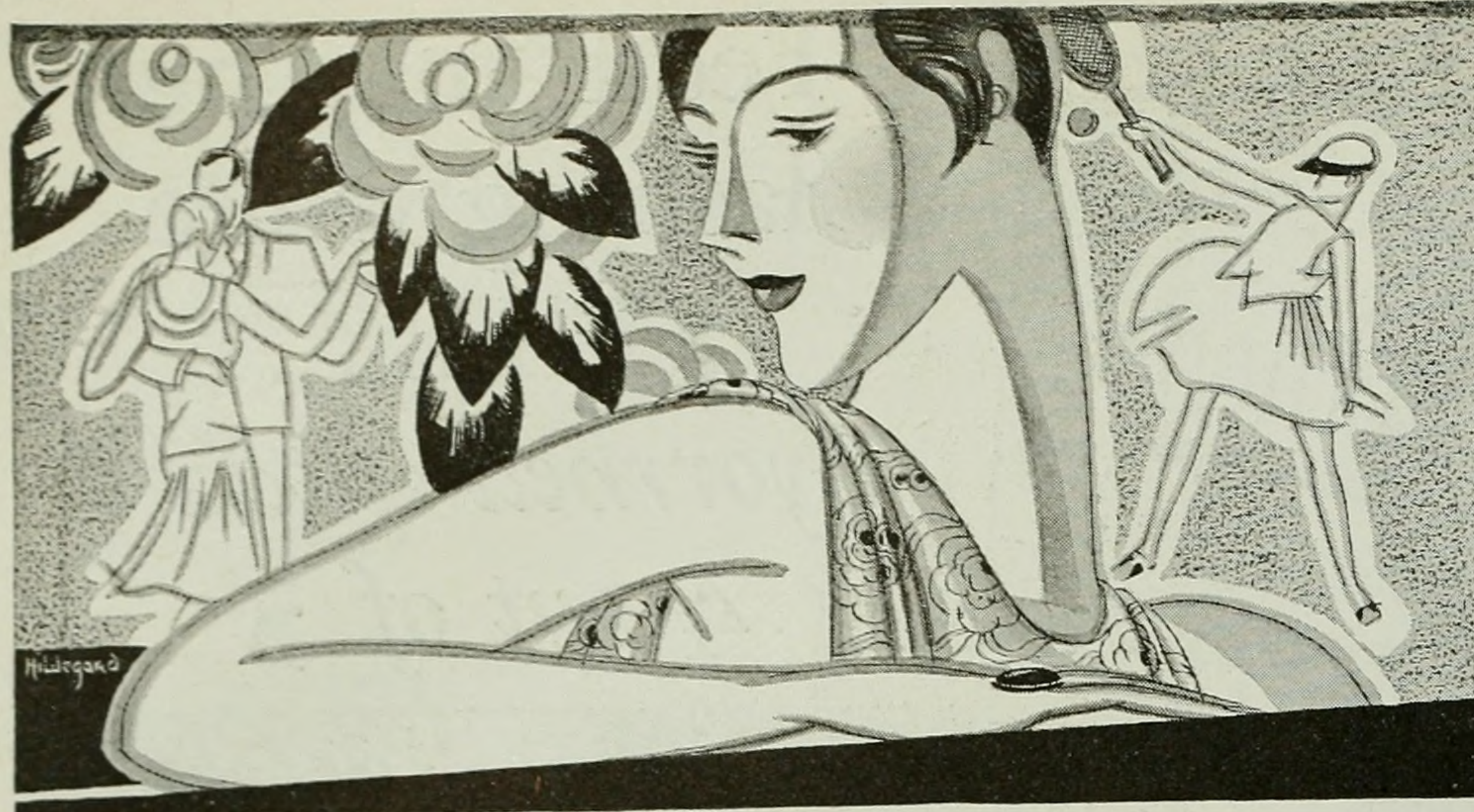
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But it was the first time I had been in love. I told him he must go. He went to America to get away from me.

"Funny, how one heartache leads to another, isn't it? He had no more than gone, when there came a slump in the English productions. They couldn't compete with the Americans. I couldn't find a thing to do. Finally, there came a chance on the stage. It was my last hope.

"On the fourth day—I caught cold. All I can remember is getting home. They found me on the floor of the bathroom, six hours later, unconscious."

Pneumonia, pleurisy and, this time, rheumatism with it. Easter Sunday was to be Evelyn's last day, according to the physicians. But again she defied the fates. Four weeks in the country with a trained nurse, and she returned to London without a penny left of her savings.

AND the day she returned, a cablegram informed her that the man she had loved had died in New York City.

She was thin, ill, haggard. The legitimate stage did not want her. The motion pictures were still closed.

What was there left for her?

"I took iodine this time. I didn't know that a person cannot swallow enough iodine to kill them. Another illness was all I had this time for my trouble!

"America! I wanted to get back to my own country. But boats cost money. I didn't know which way to turn.

"And the very next day after I decided I must get home, some way, an agent called up and asked if I'd like to play a part in a picture that the Cunard line was going to make on a ship going to America. *Would I like?* They gave me fifty pounds and my passage to New York City. And you know the rest of my story."

Yes, we know the rest. Douglas Fairbanks had seen one of her English pictures in his projection room in Hollywood and determined he would like her for his leading lady. When he found she was in New York City, doing extra work again, he signed her on a contract and brought her to California. Then, for a whole year, she didn't play in a picture! Perhaps this was the most heart-breaking point of Evelyn's entire life story. In the meantime she had met and married B. F. Fineman, an executive at Paramount-Famous-Lasky; but her heart yearned to continue her attempts to become a real dramatic actress. Finally, her husband secured her release from her contract and Evelyn began Hollywood freelancing.

"And to show how experiences dove-tail together," Evelyn concluded. "Von Sternberg had been an assistant something-or-other in England. I didn't remember him, but fortunately, he remembered me. He insisted on having me for the lead in 'Underworld' with George Bancroft, which, after twelve years, was my first real break in pictures."

NO, Evelyn is no longer Mrs. Fineman. But she and Mr. Fineman are seen lunching together at least once a week in the Cinema City. "He is still my best friend. We just get along better as friends than we do as husband and wife," was her candid explanation.

"If you want to get a moral out of my story," she added, as she uncurled herself from the cushioned chair, in which she had been half-hiding, while she was talking, "just say that suicide doesn't pay. It's foolish. Every time I tried it, the next day something splendid happened. You get just so low in life, and then something good is sure to happen. Suicide doesn't help any. If you succeed, you pass out and never know the break that is just around the corner; if you don't, you're downright sick and feel like a dumb-bell for causing so much trouble. It's taken me twenty-six years, but I've gotten there and I'm happy. Anyone else can do the same thing without being half as foolish."

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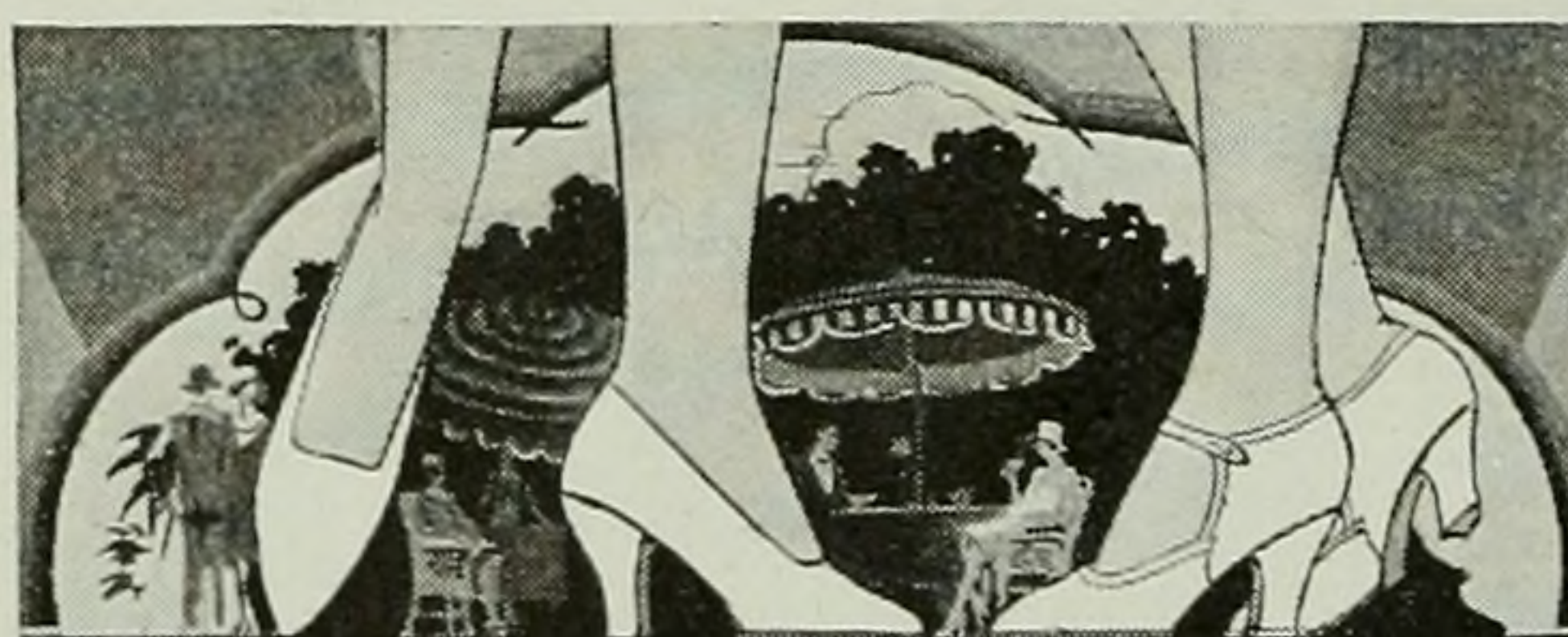
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Flaherty, Great Adventurer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

plain and David Thompson. Radisson is merely the name of a hotel in Minneapolis now, and Champlain is a lake in upper New York state. Flaherty is the sole survivor of his clan.

The masters of the movie world do not quite understand this strange Flaherty. And for all his knowledge of men and their ways, from Cree to Kanaka and from Eskimo to Maori, Flaherty does not quite understand the movie magnates.

A STRIFE results. Perhaps it is not very consciously conducted, but it is strife. There is a striving to make Flaherty and his pictures into what they call "box office," by force of movie conventions. Meanwhile Flaherty struggles to record a real world as seen through his eager, earnest eyes.

About seven years ago Flaherty, unheralded and unknown, came down out of the north with his pictures of Nanook. Within a year he had become a conspicuous name in the world of the motion picture, but with a fame which was largely outside of it. With a single picture, simply made and unostentatiously presented, he attained international note.

Now Flaherty has three pictures to his credit, presented to the world through as many conspicuous film corporations, but for all his name, it is just the same. The story of the man himself and the greater personal drama behind his screen attainments has never been told.

Meanwhile the screen works of Flaherty have added importantly to the status of the motion picture as an instrument of expression, as a teller of true tales, more vital than the studio fancies of Hollywood.

The motion picture has drawn its personnel and manpower from many and varied sources—furs, gloves and cloaks-and-suits, medicine shows, newspapers, politics, banks and bars, but Flaherty's background is uniquely iron—iron ore. He is the son of the late Robert H. Flaherty, one of the foremost figures in the history of ore exploration for his day in the Northwest and Canada.

So properly enough young Bob Flaherty was born at Iron Mountain in Michigan. It was in the snowy February of 1884. He grew up in the iron mining regions and the gold camps of the north. He followed the travels of his father, who was made nomadic by his pursuits as a mining engineer. Bob's friends and playmates were the miners. From them and with them he got a hard rock education in the code of give and take. He, as the lone boy of the camps, was given to many devilments.

Up at the Golden Star mine in Ontario the boss of the blasting crew kicked Bob's dog. Off at the edge of the camp was a cabin where dynamite was stored. A stove with a low fire burned all the while to keep the explosive from freezing. There were tons of it there. That night Bob stoked the fire with wet wood and stuffed the chimney. Then he alarmed the camp to view his first motion picture effect.

SMOKE poured from every crevice of the building. The camp was in terror. The surrounding hills were filled with wild-eyed miners in sock feet and shirt-tails, running through the snow of a Canada winter night to escape the destruction to come.

When the fugitives got back at dawn they found Bob, with his dog, comfortably asleep in bed. He had turned in as they left, knowing that presently his smudge fire would burn out without harm.

After a series of such episodes as these, Flaherty's father decided to give the young man the influences of civilization. Bob went



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away to school. With considerable velocity he passed through Upper Canada College in Toronto and the Michigan College of Mines at Houghton. His college life is said to have been more marked by its intensity than its duration. If he ever got a degree from either of these schools they must have thrown it at him as he went past.

Bob was in a hurry, being at least two hundred and fifty years behind that "Company of Adventurers" which sailed on the Nonsuch. Out of school he took to the woods and waters of the Canadian wilderness, working with his father in the exploration of the mineral resources of northern Ontario. He learned to paddle a canoe like a Cree and to carry a pack like an Ojibway.

THERE was romance and a feeling for life in the youth. He carried a violin, along with the transit and geologist's hammer. They were all instruments of his career.

By the light of a thousand campfires he heard the lore of the north country, the weird tales of "La Chasse Gallerie," and the adventures of voyageurs in all the wildernesses from Nanaimo to the Straits of Belle Isle. With them he drank and fiddled and sang: "En Roulant ma Boule" and "J'aimeai Toujours."

Soon he added a kodak to his pack, along with the violin. He wanted someway to record and interpret this fascinating world of the Big North. And even his first amateurish snapshots had something of poetry in them.

Far out on the west coast of Vancouver Island Flaherty found an out-crop of wonderful marble. He spent three years quarrying there and trying to develop a business. His marble was too far from the monument trade. The northwest coast is healthy. Flaherty did not mind much. He was not so anxious to be a businessman anyway.

Flaherty turned east to Toronto. He was looking about. His real career was still ahead of him. The Canadian government was projecting a railway that would carry the wheat of the prairie provinces to ships on Hudson Bay, a short cut to European markets. Sir William Mackenzie was building the Canadian Northern railway. With this talk of Hudson Bay development in the air he conceived the possibility that, if reports of mineral deposits were true, there would also be a traffic in iron ore from the great bay to the markets of the world. He sent for Flaherty.

ONE August day in 1910 Flaherty, with one companion, dropped a seventeen foot canoe into the water of Ground Hog river at the last northern frontier station of the Grand Trunk, and pushed off for the north, down to the Mattagami and on into the big Moose river. At last Flaherty was on his way to complete the work of the expedition of the Nonsuch, in the quest of "Minerals and other Considerable Commodities." He was bound for the Nastapoka Islands where according to rumor there was iron, eleven hundred miles above the rim of civilization.

Up and up into the northland Flaherty with canoe, laden with tea and pemmican and beans and flour, and a fiddle, travelled day upon day. The forest gave way to the open plains of the north with their miles of muskeg, broken only here and there by stunted windbeaten trees. On an island in the great river they came at last to Moose Factory, for two and a half centuries a northern center for the Hudson's Bay Company with its fringe of Indian cabins, little patches of garden, teepees, red church, and everywhere sprawling sledge dogs, lazy in the later summer sun.

But this was only a place of taking breath on the long trail. Seventy miles out in the bay at Charlton Island, Flaherty outfitted for the push north to the Nastapokas. Winter was even then bearing down from the north. At Fort George he waited for the sea ice to spread over Hudson Bay and at last drove out across the frozen wastes to the Nastapoka Islands. Five days of prospecting there revealed the

iron strata too poor in metals to offer commercial value. Flaherty was ready to turn back for the long cold journey back to civilization, six hundred miles to the southward, with a report of disappointment.

Nero, an Eskimo dog driver, came up to Flaherty, as he stood looking out across the endless leagues of sea ice. "Big land over there!" The Eskimo pointed out into the emptiness of Hudson Bay.

FLAHERTY was curious, incredulous, but hopeful. He had come to find iron, and there was not enough iron in the Nastapokas. His maps and charts, with all of the due authority of the British Admiralty and two and a half centuries of navigation of these waters, showed a tiny cluster of dots out there in the big bay, labelled Belcher Islands, mere pin points of geography. What the Eskimo said must of course be an exaggeration, a campfire tale. But, there was a chance. Flaherty remembered one Wellatok, an Eskimo at Charlton Island, who had told tales of his one time home and hunting grounds on a great land up in the bay. Wellatok's stories were always discounted at Charlton Island by the canny fur traders. They knew the maps were right.

But science and the scientific spirit, which is so closely akin to the spirit of adventure, too, will have its way. All that long journey back to civilized Canada, Flaherty was pondering the possibilities and remembering one tempting fact. Years before in the iron prospecting of Ontario, Flaherty and his father had come upon interesting bits of ore, just scraps and shards of it in the tangle of glacial gravel heaps. It had come, ages before, in the big ice sheet, from somewhere north. Never had they been able to find the mother lode, the source of these glacial borne fragments. But there was the tempting certainty that somewhere in the mystery of the Big North that rich ore was sleeping under the snow and ice.

In Toronto Flaherty made his report on the Nastapokas and told Sir William Mackenzie about the rumors of the big unknown land in Hudson Bay. Up at Ottawa the Government officials smiled and pointed to the charts. There were deep sea soundings on the maps where Wellatok had placed his tales of hunting in "the big land."

Mackenzie sent Flaherty back to prospect, and to see about that big land, be it myth or fact. So again Flaherty went into the north, taking a motor to put into a boat for the voyage in quest of the unknown islands. A quest of years, filled with adventure and disasters, had begun. The motor boat was wrecked upon the Great Whale coast. Flaherty waited for the sea ice of deep winter, and a storm came and broke up the ice the day he was ready to set forth on the big drive toward Wellatok's land.

AGAIN Flaherty returned south and again had audience with Mackenzie.

"Get a ship," Mackenzie decided. Then one brave day in summer "The Laddie," a stout Arctic schooner sailed from the harbor of St. Johns in Newfoundland, with Flaherty aboard. This time he carried, instead of the kodak, a motion picture camera. It was 1913 and Flaherty had seen the first of the feature dramas on his short sojourn in the cities of Canada.

The cruise of the Laddie brought many new adventures, by shore and sea. The schooner was wrecked, salvaged and repaired. At last Flaherty found the land of his quest, Wellatok's islands. Here was a great domain of some thousands of square miles—and on it nearly a hundred square miles dotted with outcroppings of rich iron ore.

Thus posthumously the mission of the ketch Nonsuch and that company of gentlemen adventurers from London, now after two hundred and fifty years, was fulfilled. And for all those two and a half centuries the annual cruise of the Hudson's Bay Company fur ships into the big bay had passed within a few hours' sail from these unknown islands.

Flaherty was vindicated and honored among geographers. Presently he was to be elected to the Royal Geographical Society, and authorized to write F. R. G. S. after his name.

Meanwhile Flaherty industriously recorded the life of the people of the north, the battle for life of the Eskimos, on film. He had come to know it and understand it on terms no white man had ever shared before. He wanted to bring back to the civilized world that dramatic saga of ice and sea.

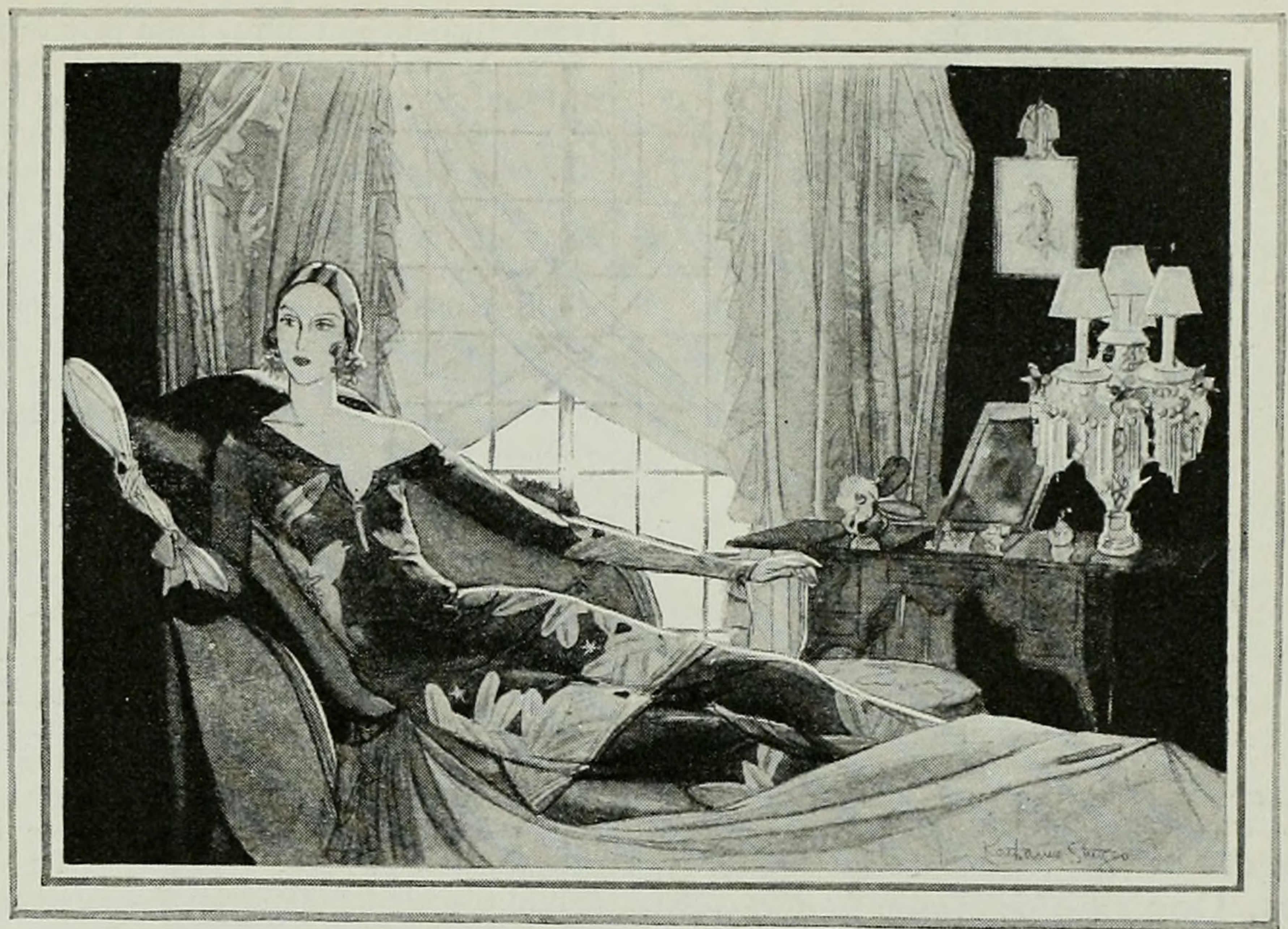
At last Flaherty reached Toronto and sat down in the comforts of civilization to put his picture together. Then as the job neared completion, and his picture was all in neat rows of rolls piled up before him on the cutting table, he dropped a cigarette. There was a burst of flame. Flaherty was thrown across the room, burned deep by the blast, scorched as though he had stepped into the roaring vortex of a giant blow-torch. He struggled out of the room and ran to the street in a frenzy of pain, clothes afire. Weeks later he recovered in a hospital. His treasured film record of the life of the northland had vanished completely in that one searing explosion.

BUT creative zeal was upon this determined, adventuring Flaherty. On his intermittent sojourns in the cities of civilization he had seen the rise of the feature drama. He had watched the screen begin as a recorder of novelty and develop into a medium of expression. Only the screen could tell this wild, sweeping story of the big north which Flaherty had made so completely his own.

At last Flaherty determined to go back north, no longer concerned with iron and other "Considerable Commodities," but with pictures alone. John Revillion and Captain Thierry Mallet of Revillion Freres, the world famous fur concern, agreed to finance the project. One may pause for a parenthesis of whimsy to regard this fact, for what with all the retail furriers who have become the builders of the screen empire it seems oddly coincidental that now at last the great super-trappers and traders of the snowy north should also enter the picture. For twenty-odd years there has been an amazing affinity be-



Since Chinese gentlemen prefer 'em too, Anna May Wong dons a blonde transformation. This young Oriental flapper is playing a rôle with Ramon Novarro in "China Bound"



Why is your face older than the rest of you?

HAVE you ever wondered why the skin of your face is so much older than the skin of your shoulders?

Weathering is the reason.

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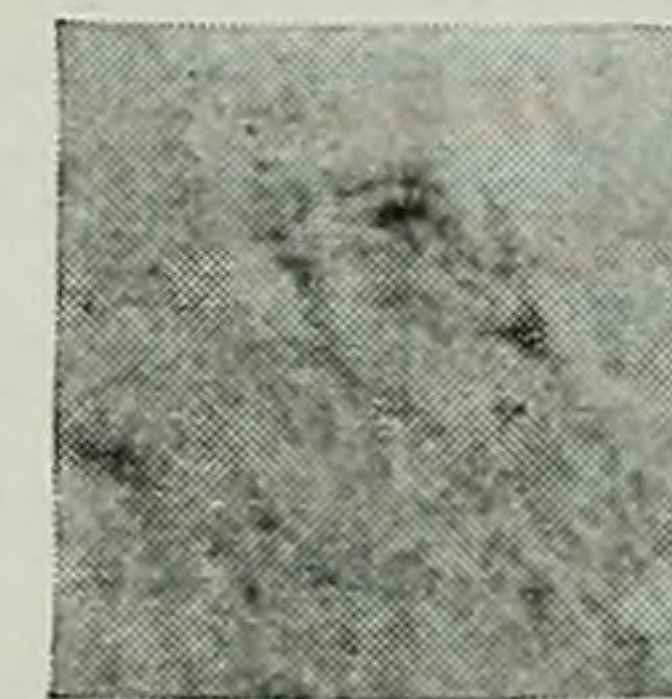
The sun weathers it. Cold and wind and dust weather it. Steam heat weathers it. Too frequent washing weathers it. No wonder the natural oils dry out—that the skin dries, ages.

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B—Magnified photograph of skin from her shoulders. Because her shoulders have been protected from exposure, the skin stayed young and smooth. Contrast the old skin of her face with the young skin of her shoulders. The moral is—protect the skin and it *stays* young.

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"Old Town Canoes"

tween furrers and films, from pelt to pellicle.

One August day Flaherty's ship let go anchor in Innusuk river, the harbor for the Revillion post at Cape Dufferin in Hudson Bay. There Flaherty picked a dozen Eskimos and their families for his picture making. Chief of them all was one Nanook—meaning The Bear.

The motion picture which gave Flaherty world fame is a faithful accounting of the battle for existence of the Eskimos. But like most good reporters he kept himself and his personal adventures mostly out of the telling of that story.

No masterpiece was ever achieved under more desperate difficulties.

THE Nanook expedition faced all of the perils of the Arctic winter, storm, starvation and disaster.

There was a desperate week when Flaherty had to burn precious rolls of film to melt snow for tea water, out on the barren wastes, blizzard bound and facing death.

Out on the ice a thousand miles from a dental surgeon, Flaherty was stricken with dental trouble involving an abscessed tooth, so painful it made him helpless. With a file and a nail he fashioned a drill, and with that crude instrument and no anaesthetic, he directed an operation performed by a clumsy Eskimo. Infections resulted and the Nanook story came near ending there.

There were technical difficulties without end. Flaherty found that at 37 degrees below zero the brittle film broke into flakes like glass when he tried to put it through the camera. He had to warm the film in the igloo at the camp and wrap it in clothes that could ill be spared to keep it warm until it could be exposed.

After the year long campaign in the north, Flaherty's ship, the little schooner Annie, sailed into the Innusuk river one August day and a week later he stood at the rail, waving farewell to Nanook, who had followed out to sea in his kayak.

Two years later the once-a-year ship brought back word to Flaherty that Nanook was dead. The annual migration of fish had failed and the Eskimo chief died of starvation. Meanwhile incident to Flaherty's film labors Nanook had become the most famous Eskimo in history. His picture had gone all over the world, even to the deserts of Africa and Asia where the magic of snow had to be explained to the amazed native audiences.

THE triumph of the pictures of Nanook took Flaherty away from his quest of iron and changed the whole course of his career.

Jesse Lasky, the only film magnate with a feeling of the great outdoors and the adventures of the far places, commissioned Flaherty to go into the South Seas and record the native life of that region as he had in the North. "Moana," an idyll of Samoa, resulted, after a series of adventures quite as remarkable as the filming of Nanook—but that is yet another story for another day.

Meanwhile the influence of Flaherty's technique in "Nanook of the North" began to exert itself. There was a quickening of interest in "natural drama." "Grass" made by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, the spectacular tale of a migration in the Persian highlands, found a release with Famous Players through Lasky's interest. And in sequel Cooper and Schoedsack made that current success, "Chang," in the jungles of Siam, with a parallelism to the Nanook idea.

Again Flaherty is off to the far away lands, in Tahiti now, to make a screen record based on Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." So indeed in this fateful way, Flaherty has fulfilled through the films the quest of his confreres of the ketch *Non-such*, which sailed that day in 1668 "for the Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea."

Flaherty ashore in Papeete has just landed at the end of the cruise that began two hundred and sixty years ago in London river.

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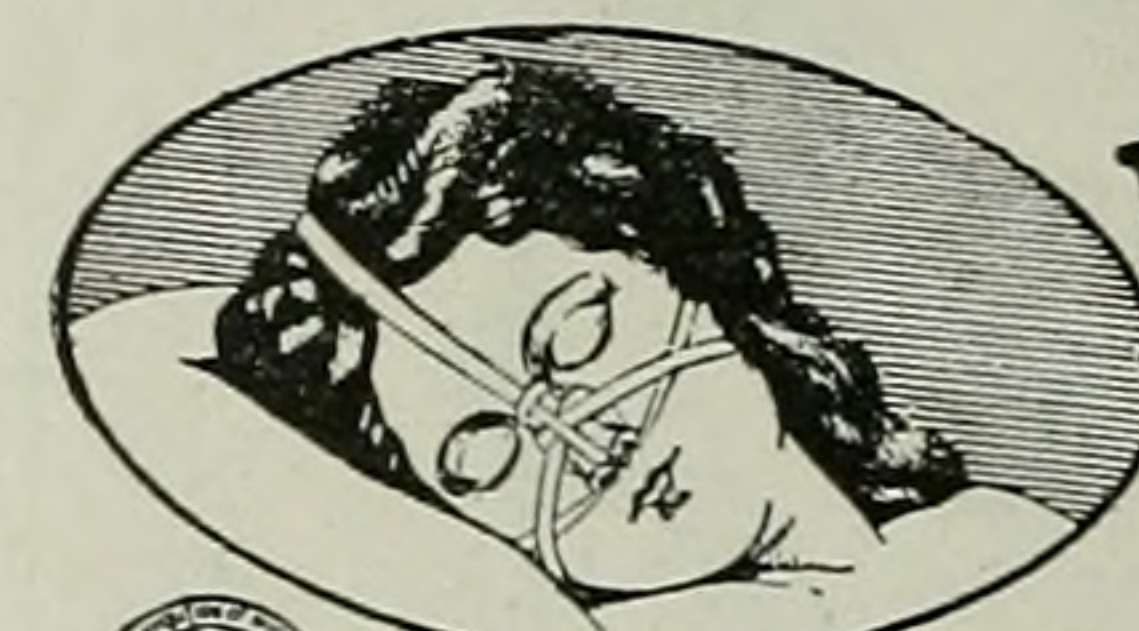
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The Story of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"No, I had never been out of Stockholm except to my own country before. I was not so excited"—Greta Garbo hesitated, crossed both hands on her breast and waited. One moment, two, three, perhaps seven. Then, very slowly, pausing between each word of explanation: "I do not know—as I should tell this. People may not believe what I say—but I have the most amazing feeling,—I feel I have lived—before. I am never terribly surprised at anything. I feel always, I have been there before—that it is not entirely a new experience. I cannot describe—but in here—" her hands worked on her breast—"I feel it.

"MISS LUNDEQUIST, a very big Swedish actress, who played in the picture, went with us. She is a most marvellous person. She has the most amazing eyes of any person. So much soul and so tired, always.

"Berlin was wonderful to us. Oh, yes, it was a very big opening. Everything that Mr. Stiller does in Europe is big. There, he is the master. Everybody goes to see *his* pictures.

"We went on the stage. They sent us many flowers. They had sent way to Stockholm for us and they made it a very big time for us. The German people are wonderful. They do not touch you, yet they have their arms around you—always.

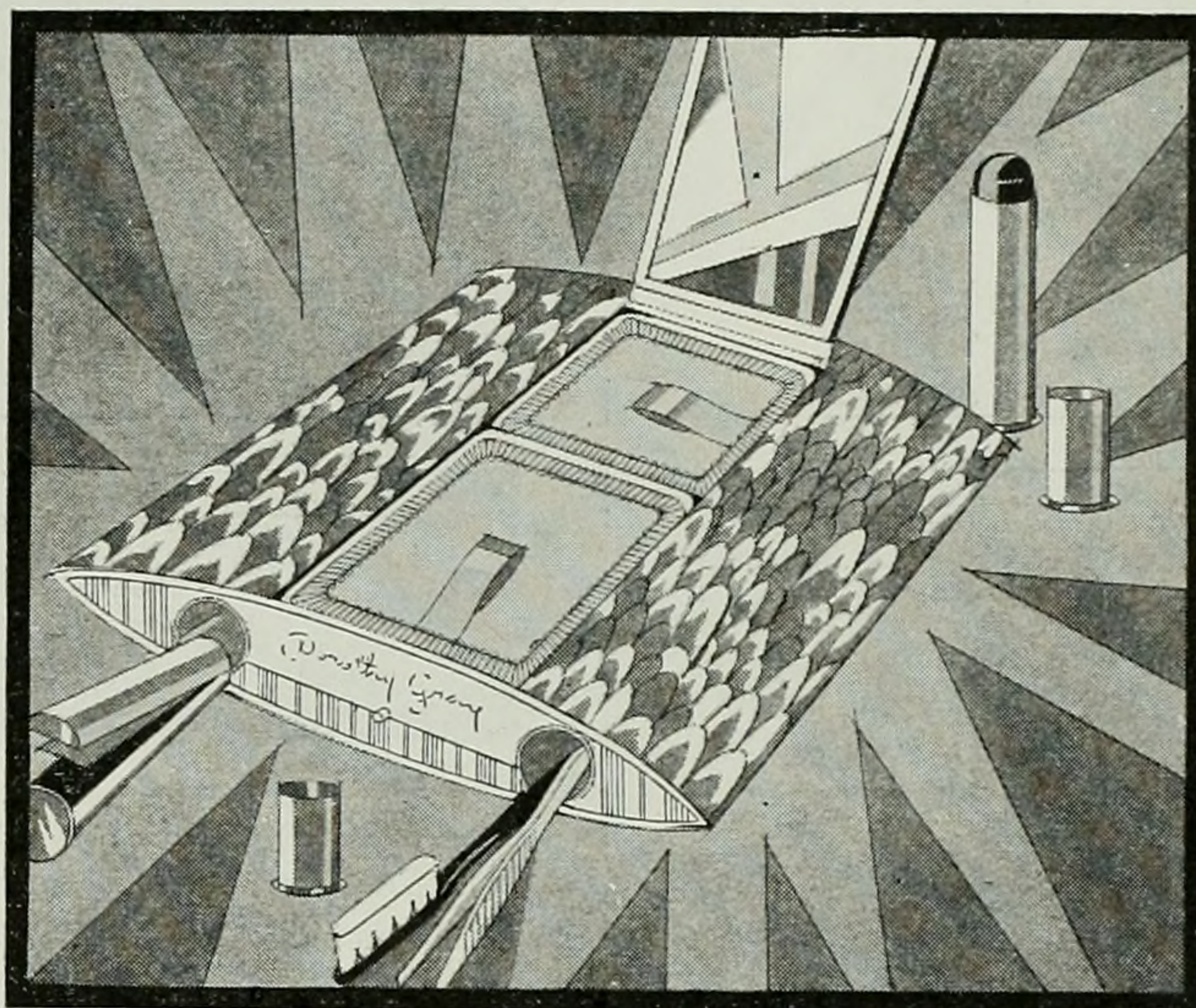
"And Ber-*lin!*" Would that we could reproduce Greta Garbo's enunciation of Ber-*lin*. The love there is in it. "I will never forget when I came to it. The smell of the city. An amazing smell that has everything in it. You can feel it in your breast, when it is coming. I had not been in a big city before—where there were so many, many people. But I could feel the smell long before we were really inside the city—it was as though I had smelled it before," her voice lowered, "been there before, as I told you.

"While we were there, that one week for the



Since odd and ornate jewelry is very much the fashion, Elinor Fair wears a combination ring and bracelet. The ornament is of beaten silver, set with brilliants and turquoises. The turquoise is Elinor's birth-stone. A trick like this should only be attempted by girls with well-shaped hands and arms

THERE'S A NEW MODE IN MAKE-UP



DOROTHY GRAY'S new Vanity Case ingeniously holds rouge, powder and an ample mirror, lipstick, tiny eyebrow brush and tweezers, Eyeshadou and Lashbique.

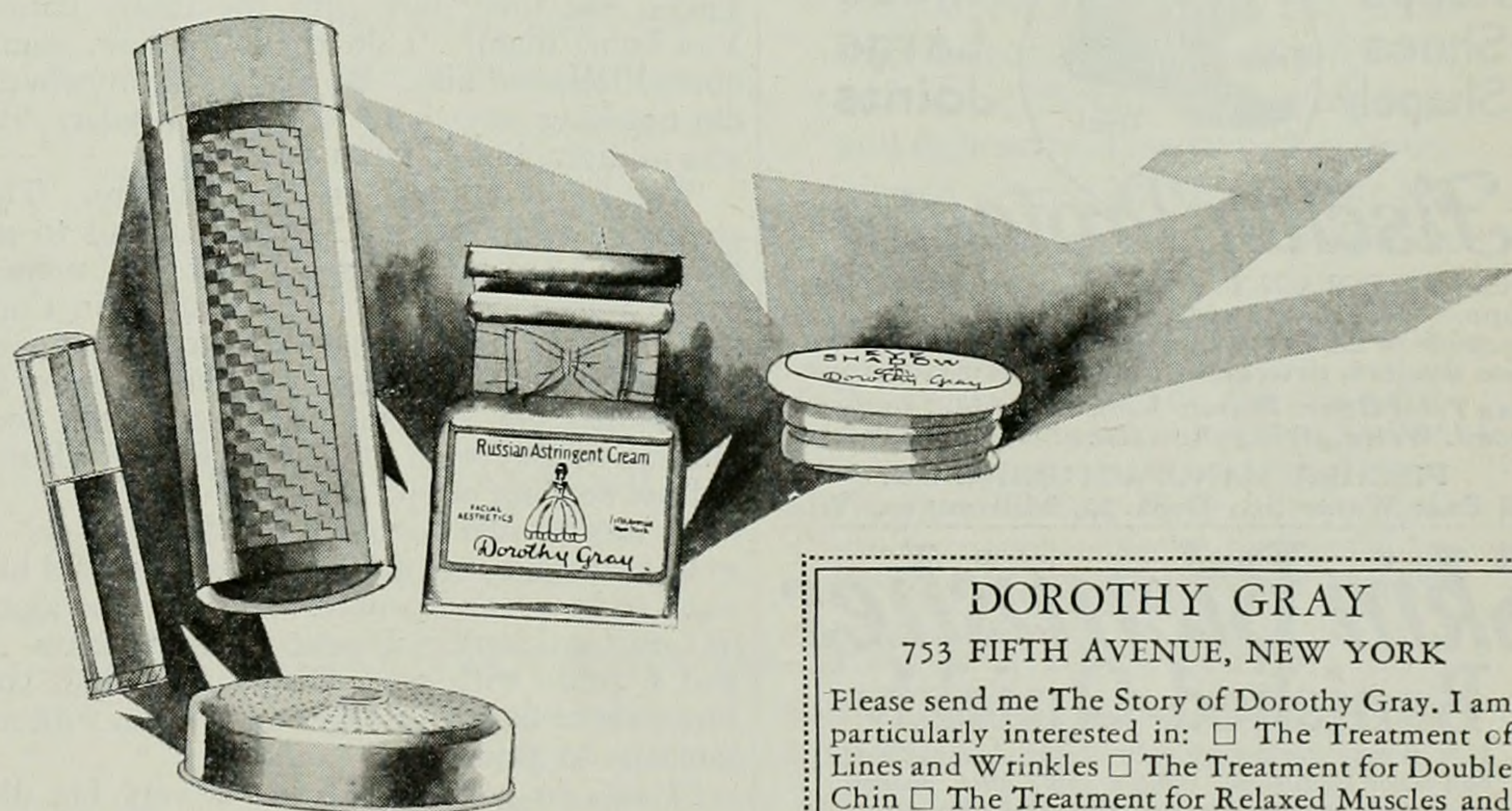
THERE was a time when ladies shrank from make-up, and wisely! For then women truly "painted their faces"; then crudely shaded cosmetics were spread with a lavish hand, and make-up of doubtful purity was even used to cover blemishes in the skin.

Fortunately all this has passed. The intelligent woman of today first gives her skin a natural loveliness through sane and scientific treatment, then emphasizes this natural beauty with a subtle touch of rouge, a light film of powder, a gay dash of lipstick.

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Here is a film scene that is causing international complications. An English company made the story of Nurse Edith Cavell, shot as a spy by the Germans during the war. Protests from Germany, claiming that the picture would only stir up unnecessary bitterness and revive old hates, caused the film to be banned, as a concession to international amity. This particular scene caused the strongest protest. The picture, its title is "Dawn," has been brought to the United States. Arch Selwyn, an American theatrical producer, is going to show it. What do you think?

opening, people spoke to Mr. Stiller about our coming to America. He talked, but he did nothing. We went back to Stockholm, to get ready to make a German picture.

"IN a month we went back to Berlin and then on to Constantinople, where we were to make the picture. There were to be many Turks in it.

"Constantinople! I do not know how to describe it. It isn't like what people say about it. They are not in costume. They dress like European people. Except the very old Turks, who are dirty.

"The streets—narrow with dirty little shops; dirty cafes filled with food which is oily. The lazy Turks—they are fascinating.

"One day I was walking alone on the street and I followed along behind one of the old Turks; the dirty one with the funny pants. You know them? I do not know how many hours I followed him. He did not go anywhere; did not have anywhere to go but wander. He was so dirty, but so fascinating.

"We never started on that picture. The company went broke. Mr. Stiller had to go back to Germany to see about the money which was not coming. I was alone in Constantinople. Oh, yes, Einar Hansen," she paused, "the Swedish boy who was killed here in Hollywood not so long ago—was there, too. He was to play with me in the picture. But I did not see him often.

"I was invited to the Swedish embassy. I went two times, but I did not like it. I did not want to be around people. I liked to be alone in Constantinople. I went to the bazaars. I had a guide with me. They are so big, you could never find your way out of them without someone to guide you.

"I was so restless. It was a very big disappointment not to have the money for our picture. But I was not lonely. I walked around the old city by myself mostly.

"I LOVE to travel. I would like just to have enough money to travel. I have no place I want to go—except back to Sweden. I want to go every place! Back in the hills of China. To Japan. The Chinese and the Japanese have such strange faces. I wonder what must be on the inside of them. I would like to touch in

China the little things that have been so many thousand years on earth. I would not care for company. It is not necessary to have company when you travel.

"If I go back to Sweden," she sighed. "I do not know. One month, two—three. Perhaps it will be too small for me—I want to go everywhere and see every people.

"Yes, I would like to go back to Constantinople. But I would not like to live there. The colors of that country. You cannot describe them. I would like to see them again, but not stay longer than the one month I was there then.

"IT was a shock, about not making that picture. But it was none of my fault. Although I was so restless, why should I have worried? There were other companies and I was young—and was alone in a big, wonderful city.

"Mr. Stiller came back and took me to Berlin and had me make another picture which he was not directing. It was 'The Street of Sorrow.' It was a very bad picture. When it ran in New York, the people did not like it.

"Louis B. Mayer was in Berlin. He wanted to sign a contract with us for his company. Whatever Mr. Stiller said, I knew was always the best thing to do. I would say, 'Is it good?' and if he say, 'It is good,' I would do it.

"When I met Mr. Mayer, he hardly looked at me. I guess he looked at me out of the corner of his eye, but I did not see him. All of the business was done with Mr. Stiller.

"I signed a three year contract. The money was to be four hundred dollars a week and six hundred and seven hundred-fifty for forty weeks each year.

"I do not really know what I got in Europe. That is the truth.

"MR. STILLER gave it to me. And it came and it went like all money. I am not a good business woman.

"I went back to Stockholm to get ready. "It was strange; a very strange feeling. I was looking forward to something I had never seen. I did not know how it would turn out.

"People here do not know what it means to my people when somebody goes to America. There is always much crying—a feeling that they will never come back to their own country

FROSTILLA

a spring dress for your skin!



and their own people. My people do not realize how short the world is. They do not know how the boats and the trains go. They feel they are going away forever.

"My mother didn't say much. She said, 'I think you know better. I want you to go where you should.'

"My mother and my sister and my brother went to the railroad station. My little mother stood there and looked at me. Her eyes were swollen—big.

"My brother's name? My sister's? What does that matter? They are *my* people. Why should I tell their names to other people? Names do not matter. If I should read them—it would hurt. Hurt here."

Her hand covered her heart as though to protect it from hurting.

"I WAS very brave. All I said was, 'I will be back in one year. It is only twelve months.' I have been away two and one-half years.

"My sister. I call her my little sister, but she was two years older. In only eight months after I had gone, she, one of my people, has passed.

"That is the hardest. To be so far away when something happens. Your own flesh and blood—

"I couldn't understand. She had always been so healthy. She was so beautiful. Then she got sick—just a little sick—then—"

A sob escaped the lips of Greta Garbo. She bit back another, hurried on with her story—

"I would have brought her here by now. She would have been in pictures—

"But the way things are here now. The way you have to work to get the results! Perhaps, it is better—my sister—

"We sailed from Gutenberg. Oh, that was marvellous, on the ocean. I would love to do that trip over and over. You feel *free* on the ocean. There you are—and you cannot walk away.

"Unless you want to walk on the water. It lifts a stone from you. You are almost"—her voice lowered to a half whisper—"You are almost happy.

"Happy," she repeated. "Happy is too big a word to use very often. It means so much to our country—the word happy, that we hardly speak of it. Here you use it so common.

"I had a heavy coat on me and walked around on the deck and watched the ocean. I played that game where you push things back and forth, a little. I did not talk to anyone but a tiny boy. Little Tommy. I wanted so madly to give him cakes. But he had never eaten cakes. His mother and father were very careful.

"CHILDREN don't get close to you. You can say intelligent things to children. When you talk silly things, they just look at you, and you feel they are thinking, 'Why are you saying such silly things for?' Children are very sensible persons.

"We came into New York harbor in the night. When we saw the lights, lots of people screamed. They were from New York City. You felt it with them.

"They felt like you will feel when you go back to Sweden.

"I thought that America will be all flowers. I thought there would be almost carpets of flowers on the streets of New York City. I wasn't terribly excited.

"I do not get excited. But I was ready to see the flowers on the streets of the American cities."

Did Miss Garbo find flowers on the streets of the American cities? Probably no woman in pictures has had a more hectic career than Miss Garbo. "Temperamental," "Hard to handle," "A woman who says, 'I will go home!'" is the way she has been heralded in this country. Why this has been, she will tell you in the last installment of her career in the next PHOTOPLAY issue.

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Funny Old Fool

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

"Why, I think you'd look grand in tights," Mattie interrupted. "You've got the legs for it and . . . I can just see you ranting up and down—"

"*Shylock's* tights were not visible," he deprecated, "and in my interpretation of the rôle I never rant. In passing on the Rialto I walk in this manner—" Before the admiring eyes of the rosy little old woman, Campbell Mandare sauntered slowly up and down. Her eyes were as the salvos of his long vanished audience.

"TO satisfy my public I frequently prolong the walk, often turning around in this attitude to the royal box. . . ."

He turned, averting his eyes in a deferential courtesy to the emblazoned box of his memory.

"The very skull cap I wore at my last command performance of the rôle was eagerly sought by a Liverpool patron of the arts and . . ."

Mattie's action snapped him out of his reverie. She had risen. "Must be on the set on time," she said, turning away.

Mandare stood before her, a gallant figure, hat in hand. He invited her to tea, almost automatically.

"Well, now, that's real nice." She brightened like a girl. "What time do folks that have tea have it?"

"Usually at four." He was himself again. "It's quite the custom among civilized peoples, you know."

"Pshaw!" Mattie exclaimed, "I can't go. I've got to work until five, and it takes me half an hour to get this make-up off," she paused. "I could go to supper if you'd ask me. I'd like to real well!"

Mandare indicated that he would be charmed, and she suggested that he be waiting for her at the car.

"Righto!" he called, with a new and youngish note in his voice, tapped on his hat and strode up the road briskly until he remembered that he wasn't going any place. His thoughts even then pleased him. By a chance meeting he had brought a little cheer into a

poor old woman's life, had given her an exalted moment from one of his greatest rôles. Besides, he had lunched. He thrust his hands into his pockets with almost a gesture of buoyancy. Then the smile left his face. His pockets were empty.

Mandare didn't mind being hungry himself. He was unembarrassed by any landlord who ever lived, and he knew that a paid tailor gets out of hand. But he could not, without money, invite a lady to dinner.

It was but one o'clock and the man who couldn't raise a pound by five was, he thought, not truly of the profession. He set off down Cahuenga Pass.

An hour later he was at the portal of the British Gentleman's Club of Hollywood.

Colonel T. Thaddington Smythe sat with his feet in the window over Hollywood Boulevard. He was on the last of Major Windham Ketchum's pipe tobacco, and between the two was the silence of men who know that nothing can be gained from the other. Asleep on the table, his feet on *The Illustrated News* and his head on *The Manchester Guardian*, was Leslie Sundun, waiting for something to turn up.

Mandare stepped toward the telephone. "No go, old fellow. They shut that off yesterday. Quite right, too. No one ever calls up except to want money and all that sort of nuisance." Mandare stamped from the room.

CAHUENGA PASS tires young legs. In fact young legs never try it. They are carried over in expensive motors, theirs or the others. People in cars almost always offer a lift on the grade except to short, bandy-legged old gentlemen with caps, high color and thick sticks, because these invariably are Britishers who walk for the love of it.

Mandare toiled up Cahuenga Pass and confronted the casting director.

"I say," he began, "I've about decided to play *Shylock*."

The casting director was versed in motion picture art.

"Aw, I got that all cast," he began, then



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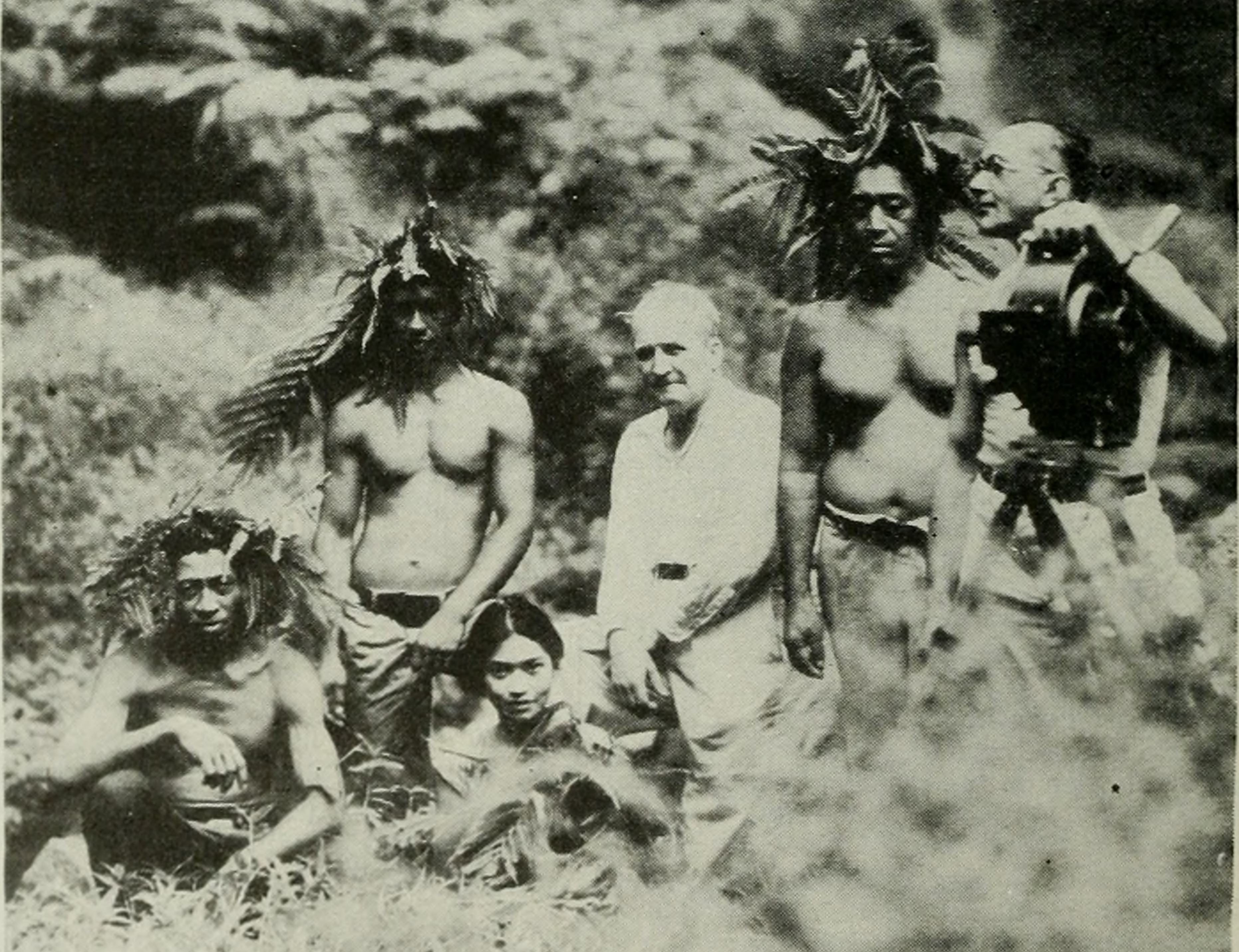
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Oh see the movie actors! These South Sea Island natives are taking part in "Southern Skies," a picture being filmed by Robert Flaherty in the South Seas. Mr. Flaherty is the gentleman seated in the center and the cameraman at the extreme right is Clyde De Vinna

seemed to reconsider. "But you can have it if you wanna play it for five bucks. Otherwise I gotta give it to a guy from the Jewish agency."

"But I am considered the greatest *Shylock* ever in the rôle. . . .!" His voice trembled.

The casting director was not impressed.

"Well, this Jewish guy is no bum and besides he's got his own spinach . . .;" he held his hand opposite his stomach to show the length and splendor of the opposition beard.

"I'll play it," Mandare almost whispered.

Then he spoke with averted eyes. "I'm—I'm in a bit of a hole, sir—could I have the trifling advance of five dollars . . .?"

The casting director's eyes narrowed to squint.

"Lissen," he said, "to get five bucks advance around this studio you gotta be born in Germany—and have the president remember it. If you wanna play *Shylock* be here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning with a gray muff; thas all I could do for you."

Mandare walked slowly toward Mattie's battered car. He would write a note, he decided, regretting that a professional engagement had deprived him a charming lady's company at dinner. Time was when his signature alone would have been worth a dinner at any cafe in London. He sat down on the dusty running board and wrote, then tucked the sheet of paper under the controls of the steering wheel and turned away. He was curious to see if he could walk down Cahuenga Pass with the stride of a man who had not walked up it.

The keen eyes of Mattie Carpenter saw him from the window of the casting office and she heard from young Mr. Ginsberg himself of Mandare's attempt to borrow five dollars.

She stopped his paroxysms of mirth. "Look here, son," she said quickly, "do something for me and I'll bake you a pie that will make the last one look like a pancake!"

Ginsberg analyzed Mattie Carpenter's pies as economical and tasty.

"Whaddya wan me to do?" he ventured.

MATTIE thrust a five dollar bill into his hand. "Skip out. Tell old Mr. Mandare you decided to give him an advance."

Julius Ginsberg saw that he could not possibly lose by the transaction and was off before Mattie had closed her purse.

He overtook Mandare before the latter had time to put a spring in his step.

Mandare thrust the bill into his vest, and waited until Julius turned in at the studio.

A little bit of money in his pocket; running like molten silver in his veins. He strode toward the car, snatched off the note, and continued up the road as though he never could get enough walking and was knocking off a few extra miles until his next appointment.

He was back at half after five in time to see Mattie elbowing her way eagerly through a home-going crowd of workers. As she approached the car, Mandare bowed with the grace of a man with five dollars in his pocket and the evening before him.

"I would offer to drive," he said, "but I am not familiar with this sort of a motor."

"Hop right in on the other side," Mattie answered. "Henry himself couldn't drive this thing. If a strange driver takes the wheel, it either rares or goes sideways."

The car coughed itself down Cahuenga Pass toward the lights of Hollywood glowing through the twilight fog.

"Men always took me to church suppers," Mattie observed. "Now, I crave some gilded cafe where they have a cow-bell orchestra—I know the very place."

They were on Hollywood Boulevard and an electric sign beckoned. They found the Rendezvous crowded with the great and the anti-great.

Mattie elbowed cheerfully to a table at the edge of the dance floor. She was smiling—a pink and white little old lady on a lark.

The orchestra leader saw her and motioned to his men. In answer came the melody of "Silver Threads Among the Gold!"

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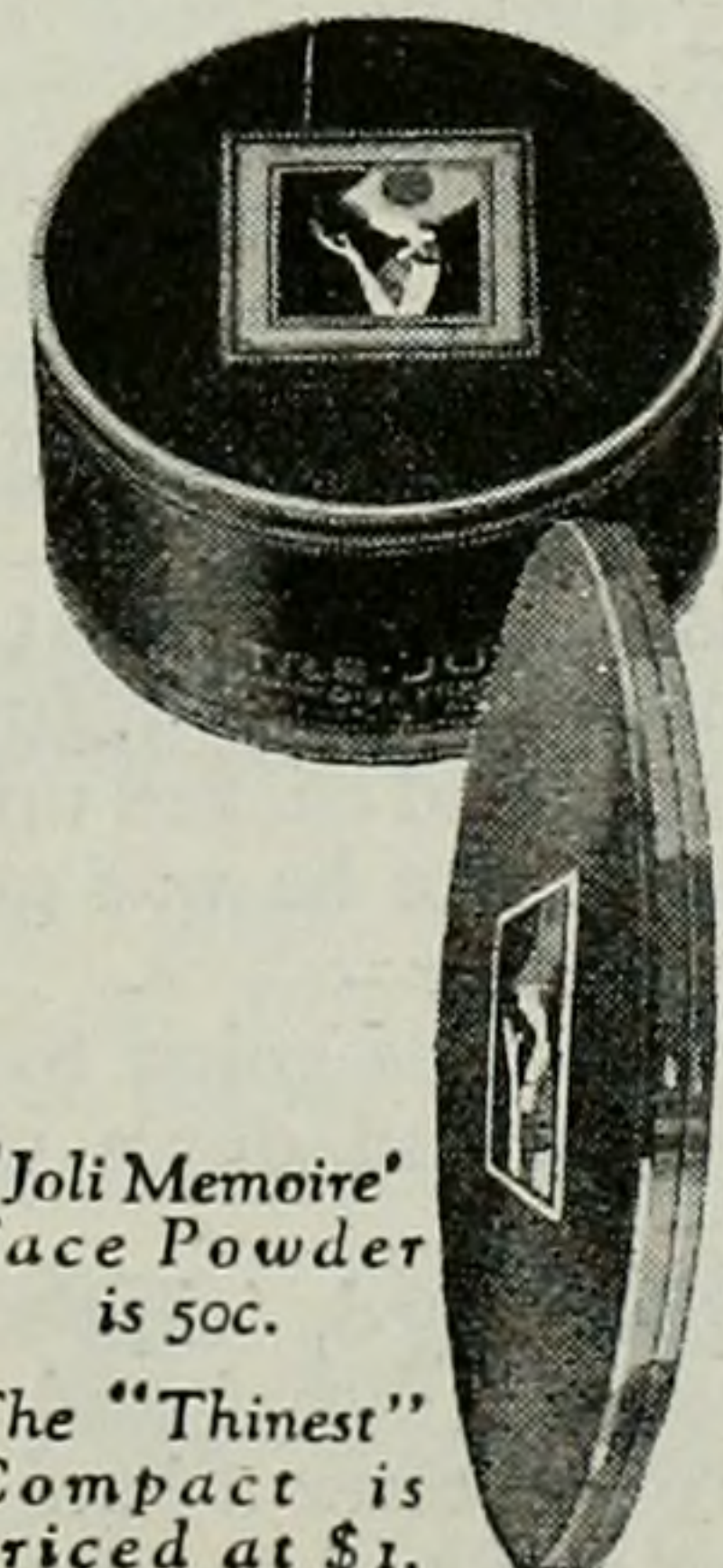


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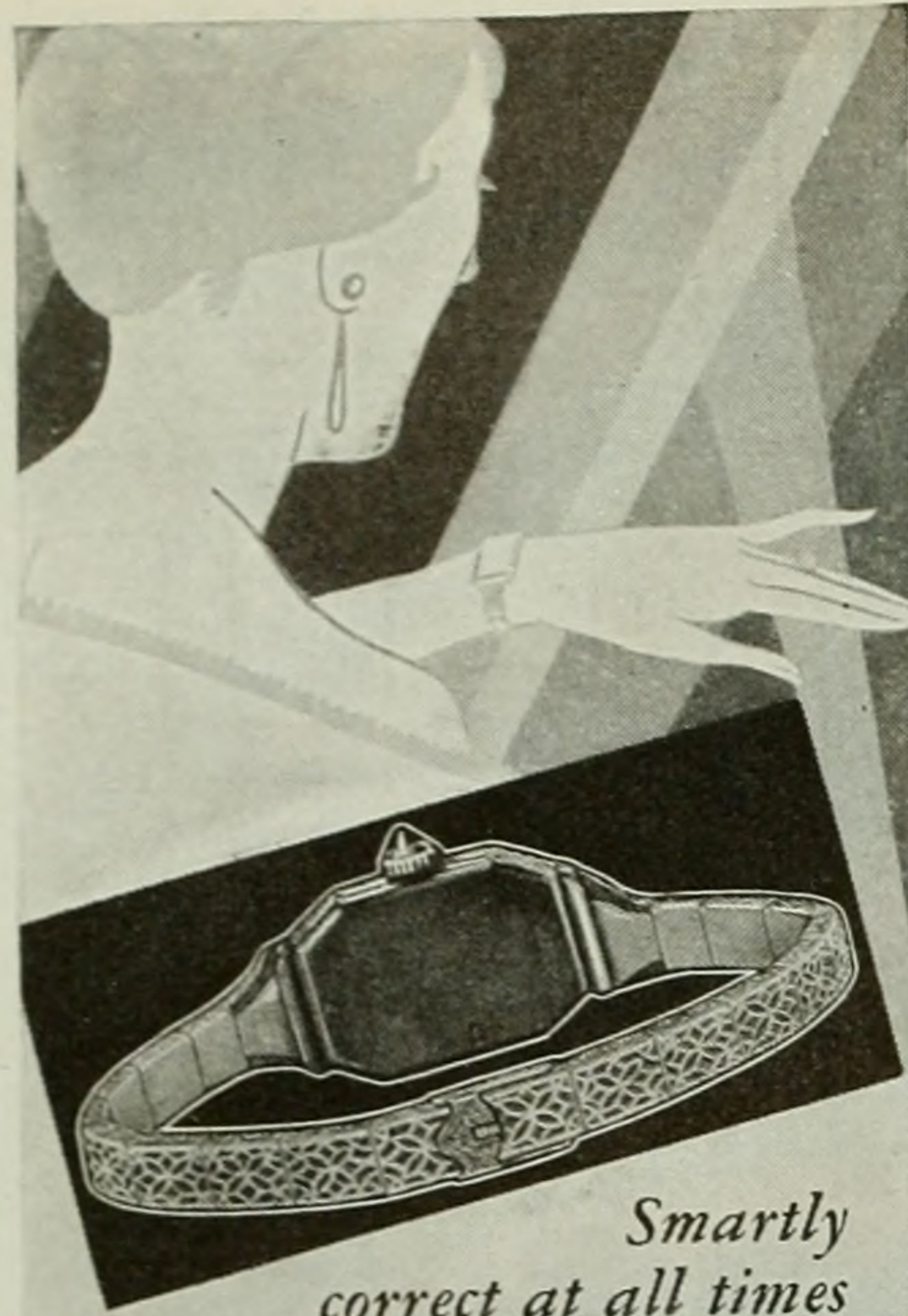
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Mattie appeared not to hear, but "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," began and ended plaintively, she turned, indignantly, beckoned the orchestra leader to her side, drew a silver dollar from her purse and handed it to the astonished musician before Mandare could stop her.

"Look here, son," she said, "if you think we want to have your orchestra call attention to our ages, you're cuckoo. Play something with a kick in it; go on now, that's a good boy!"

HER dollar purchased a deafening half hour in which the saxophones pleaded with the public to be carried back to Ole Virginia and the strings whined for Waikiki and bells jangled for a day in June to come soon.

Mattie drummed the rhythm of it all on the table with her knife. Mandare derived his first satisfaction from being unknown.

Then, abruptly, the orchestra stopped and the leader turned toward the door. He bowed, and, behind him blared his trumpets and traps in fanfare salute.

Standing in the doorway, to sop up every honeyed drop of adoration, was one whose face is a household laugh. He stood there, a majestic figure, full five feet four. He seemed justifiably aware that he was Smiling Sammy Snyder, the most gifted artist that ever stopped a custard pie, and nodded to his world before he sat down. The eyes of the cafe were still upon him as he turned the diamond on his finger.

"Who, may I ask, is the miserable little bouncer?" Mandare inquired. Mattie told him. "Worked in one of his pictures," she added. "He's a big star, draws better than \$1,000 a week and he gets a cut on his pictures. I don't relish him any too well myself—but give him his due. He never had a day's schooling, but now he's going to write his memories, or whatever they're called."

"How," Mandare asked, with almost a note of belligerence, "did this dreadful little creature win the plaudits of the world; how did he force himself to the attention of the managers; by what right was he allowed to appear suddenly as a star before millions of thinking people—"

"Aren't thinking people; just laughing people," Mattie interrupted. "People pay money to laugh. They get their thinking for nothing. If you mean how did he get started, he got him a Wampas."

"I do not understand you," Mandare said.

"WELL—a Wampas is a glorified press-agent," Mattie explained.

"Sammy Snyder came here from a Chicago cabaret. First pop out of the box he hired him a Wampas who planted his picture in every paper with a story that Smiling Sammy Snyder was even better than Sammy himself thought he was. Nothing happened for two or three days, but just as he was getting panicky a comedy studio sent for him. He grabbed his hat and began running. Almost at the door of the studio he met his Wampas. Sammy told him all about his good luck. The Wampas took him by the arm, marched him home. 'Don't be crazy,' he told him, 'sit here until they call again.'

"Sammy was pretty near frantic. He was as poor as Job's turkey and he would have taken five dollars a day. But his Wampas kept him quiet and in about an hour the phone rang. It was the studio. 'Mr. Snyder is leaving for Coronado,' the Wampas told the casting director. The producer himself then came to the phone and said could he speak to Mr. Snyder. 'Mr. Snyder is very busy, what did you wish to speak to him about?' the Wampas said. The producer got mad and clicked up the phone and Sammy took on like he was going into a fit.

"He told the Wampas he was going to kill him and he was raving up and down when there was a knock at the door.

"Listen," the Wampas hissed, "that's the producer as sure as you're a dwarf and any comedy producer that comes after a ham like you is dying to be insulted and pay good money

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for it. Let me do the talking. All you do is look bored. . . .

"BEFORE Sammy could answer, the door opened and, sure enough, it was the producer. 'Lookit, Mr. Snyder,' he said, 'I got to talk to you, not to some lousy secretary. I give you \$500 a week if I got to sell the studio to make payments. You will come for one picture, yes?' Sammy took the job and that was the start."

"Ye gods . . ." Campbell Mandare breathed.

"Eat your victuals," Mattie ordered. "I won't say another word if it kills me."

Mandare ate mechanically, his eyes drawn with morbid fascination to the lowest comedian on the heights of fame.

When they left—and he was glad to leave—he sat in mortal fear in Mattie's car as they turned from the traffic of Hollywood Boulevard into a tree-lined side street and stopped before a bungalow court. "Here's where I live," she said, "all by myself. I've got a sister-in-law who wants to live with me, but she enjoys her misery so much that I wouldn't have her if I had to burn the spare bed. Where do you live?" she asked.

The man of slow speech lacked time to answer, particularly since he couldn't just explain where he lived at the moment, before she continued.

"See here—we've both got to be on the set at eight tomorrow morning. Come in; you can lop in the spare bed and we can ride out tomorrow morning in the vibrator."

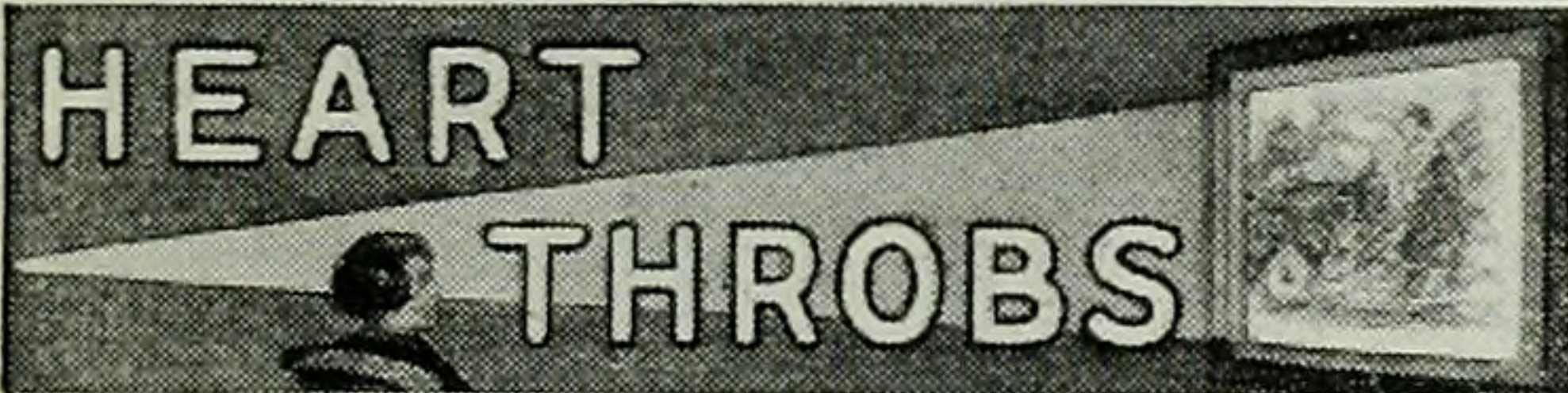
Before he could think of an excuse, they were indoors, Mattie had snapped on the light, trundled a bed from a hole in the wall, turned down the covers, set a screen, and disappeared through another door.

"Dig yourself a gully in that feather mattress," she called. "You can reach the light switch from there; snap it off when you're in."

"Merciful powers!" she called a moment later. "I forgot your nightie . . . here . . ." She opened the door and tossed a flannel nightgown over the screen.

"This is most extraordinary . . ." Mandare managed to say.

"Yes," Mattie answered, "I made it for length and warmth. The Chamber of Commerce says you don't need it in this climate, but it's mighty cozy."



About two years ago our little nephew was injured in an automobile accident and his left side was partially paralyzed. He was very despondent over his injury and we could find no cure. The best doctors told us that the only hope was to arouse his interest. We tried in every way we could think of, but he only seemed to sink farther into the depths.

We tried to get him to let us take him to the movies, but, at first, he steadfastly refused. However, we finally wore down his resistance and one night we carried him to the neighborhood picture house. The picture was "The Cat and the Canary."

We arranged him comfortably in a seat and the picture began. As the film unreeled, our little nephew became more tense every moment. Imagine our surprise when, during one of the exciting scenes, he jumped to his feet. He was partially cured and is now on the road to complete recovery, thanks to the movies. God bless them!

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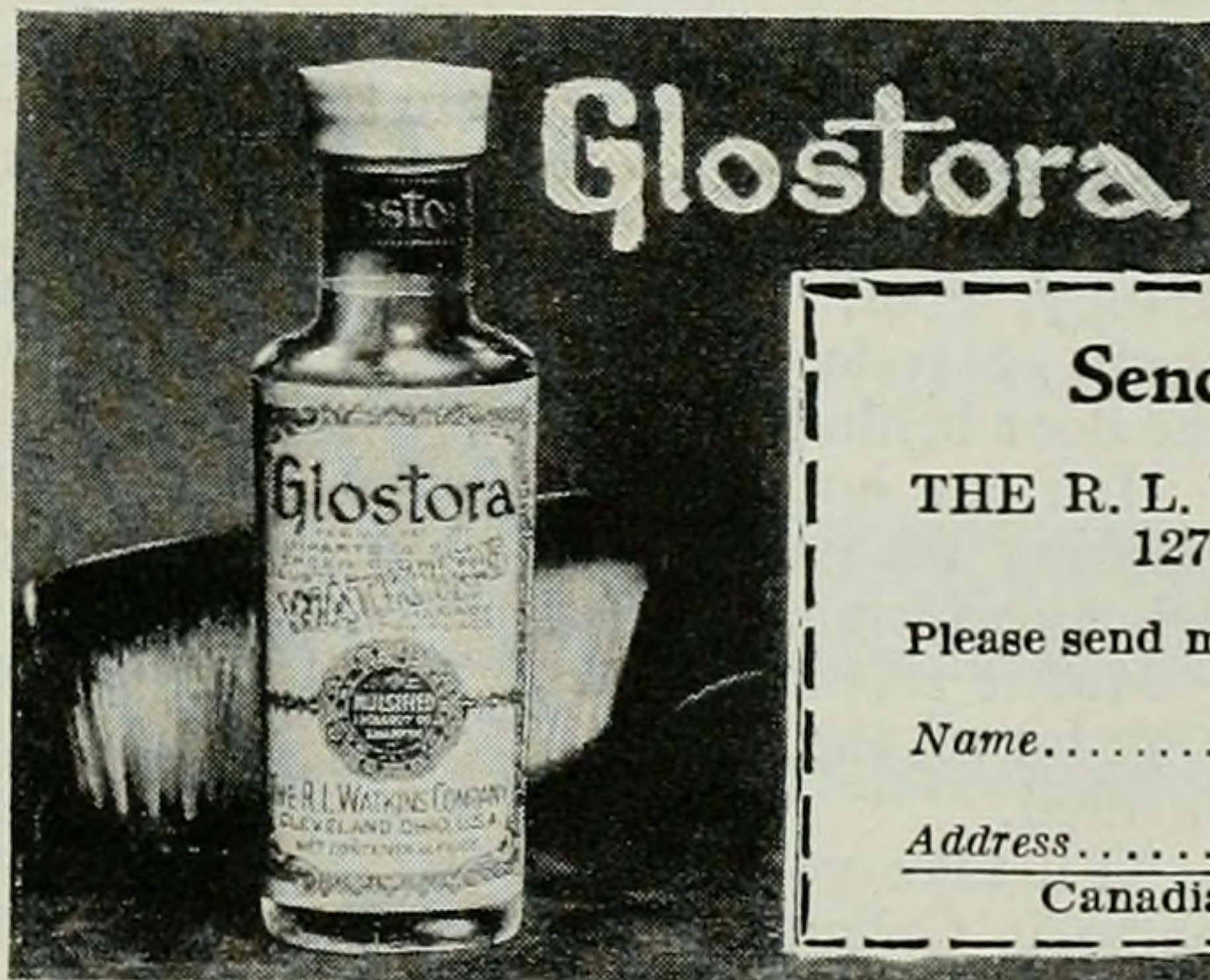
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And before the bewildered Knight Errant of Yesteryear could collect his wits to answer, Mattie was sound asleep.

On the edge of a feather-bed in the boudoir of a lady whom he had only met that morning, sat Campbell Mandare in the strangest situation in sixty years.

His first impulse was to tip-toe into the night and pace the sprawling city. But, he decided, that would be discourteous. And he was tired, tired. He allowed himself to slip back into the pillow, gradually. He could well rest that way until dawn, he thought, without loss of dignity.

Coffee and *The London Times* had been Campbell Mandare's breakfast for thirty years; yet there was an aroma in the air that set him wondering, mildly, who could be cooking in or near his apartments. He sat up abruptly. He retained his trousers and shirt, but his shoes, collar and coat had been removed.

THEY breakfasted on coffee, ham and eggs, marvelously cooked. Mandare, too bewildered for conversation; Mattie, chatty. The dishes washed, she pointed to a chair.

"Now sit right down and I'll make you up."
"But, my dear hostess, I am a master of makeup," Mandare sputtered.

"You may be all right for the speakies," she said, "but the camera is the greatest liar in the industry. Unless you're made up right you'll look like happy half-hours with apoplexy or a heathen albino. . . ."

Mandare's habit of opposition was being broken. He sat down. Mattie tucked a towel around his neck, tipped his chin, and covered his face with a light grease paint. Then she dusted him with pink powder, blacked the lids of his eyes, outlined his mouth and allowed him to arise.

"**W**HEN you find out what this *Shylock* is supposed to look like," she explained, "you can put in the crows-feet yourself. As it is, you are fine for priests, butlers and bankers."

Cahuenga Pass fell behind as Mattie swung them dizzily through the studio gates. There she left Mandare and skipped through a great barn of a stage-building to her own set.

Julius Ginsberg, checking in the talent of the day, pointed to the general dressing rooms assigned male extras and called, "Make it snappy, goof," as Mandare stalked toward them. Mandare entered a room and snapped the door behind him.

Half an hour later *Shylock* stepped out, blinking with rheumy eyes at the little old woman to whom he was indebted.

Mattie was impressed. "Well, if you don't look for all the world like some old Jew," she tittered.

"I'll take you to the set. Your director's name is Gallant Grandee. His real name is Ted Whiffen, but don't for land sakes call him by it. He was a property boy but he went to previews and stamped his feet and whistled so the director made him second assistant, and after a year at that he met the president's train at San Bernardino and yessed him all the way to Los Angeles, and when they got out to the studio from the station he was a director."

"Mr. Grandee, meet Mr. Mandare."

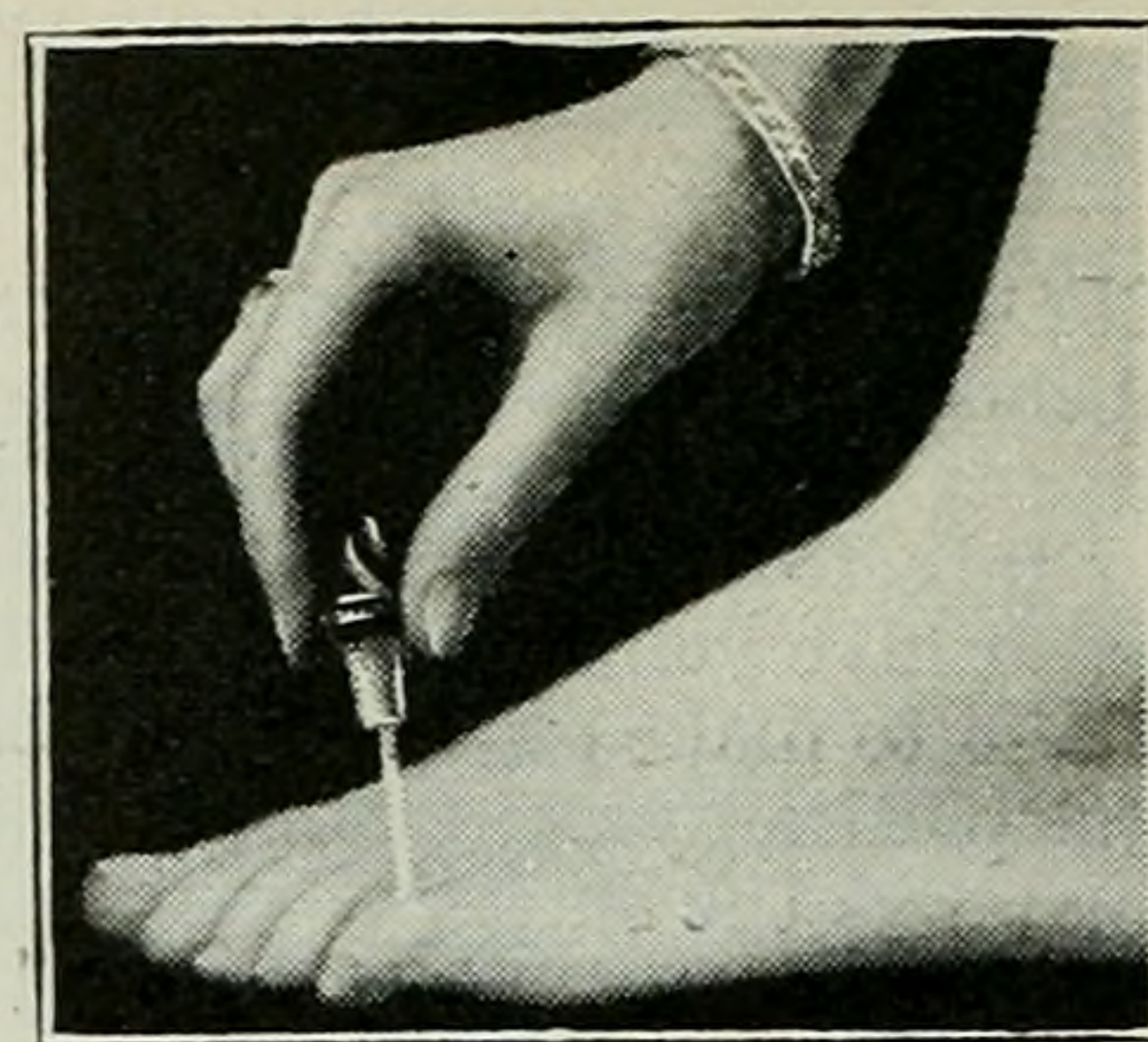
Grandee turned to nod to Mattie and gave Mandare a perfunctory bob while Mandare studied him rather more carefully. He was well dressed for steeple-chasing. Mandare could find nothing missing but the high hat and the horse. He was booted, spurred, caned and wore a bright red coat.

"Thas a pretty fair makeup," he said, turning to look at the old man. Mandare bowed. "Now," continued the director, "I wanna see you do your stuff just like you was acting a part on the stage."

"Now you gotta play this swell. This old pawnbroker was meaner than hell and you gotta put a lot of—a lot of—well, do you know what I mean by soul, into it?"

Mandare knew. When he played *Shylock* the acid compounded in the crucible at the Crucifix seared in his veins.

Hate flared high in his heart. Given from



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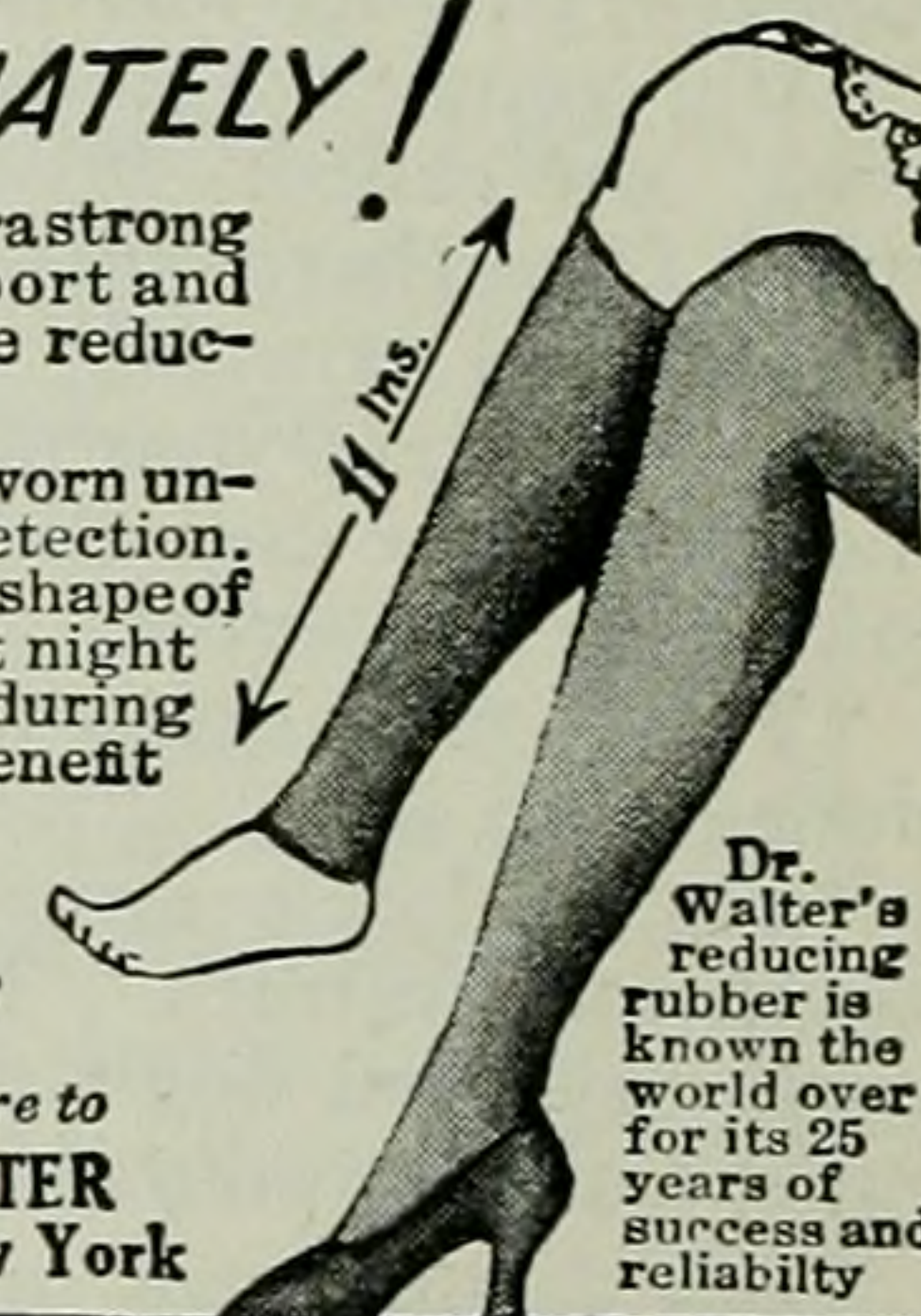
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USE COUPON ON PAGE 143

the Jehovah of the Jews was his hour of retribution. He was *Shylock*—a great *Shylock*.

PORTIA was looking at him, and he at her. His impulse was to indicate that he would receive the fortunate young actress who was to be a member of his company. When he would have spoken she drew the smoke from a cigarette into her lungs, deeply. "This is a lousy troupe," she observed.

Mandare did not hear. He was not even there. His gracious queen had commanded him to enquire her to the heights. He could see her. From the royal box she watched for his entrance and inclined her head, slightly but definitely, at his appearance. He had been a magnificent *Shylock* that night and later word had come from Buckingham house that Victoria was pleased.

Gallant Grandee slumped in his chair. He turned with a cigarette yet clinging to his lower lip and spoke to Mandare.

"Stand in there so's the cameraman can get a line on you," he said. "There—whoa—now then, turn your back to the camera and start arguing with the judge. Get it over, now."

Mandare faced the *Duke of Venice* and began his impassioned plea for the fulfillment of his bond.

"Thaas good—" the director said, "only you don't have to talk so loud. Keep your fanny to the camera because we gotta feature Miss Fairlove's reaction to what you are saying. Now we'll take it. Get in there—whoa—start doing your stuff—CAMERA!"

As he bellowed "Camera," Mandare turned. "Cut!" roared Grandee, "what in hell did you do that for? They count footage around this studio, and every retake gets a squawk outta the office like it was murder. Do that again and keep that wrinkled pan of yours outta the lens. . . . Ready. . . . CAMERA!"

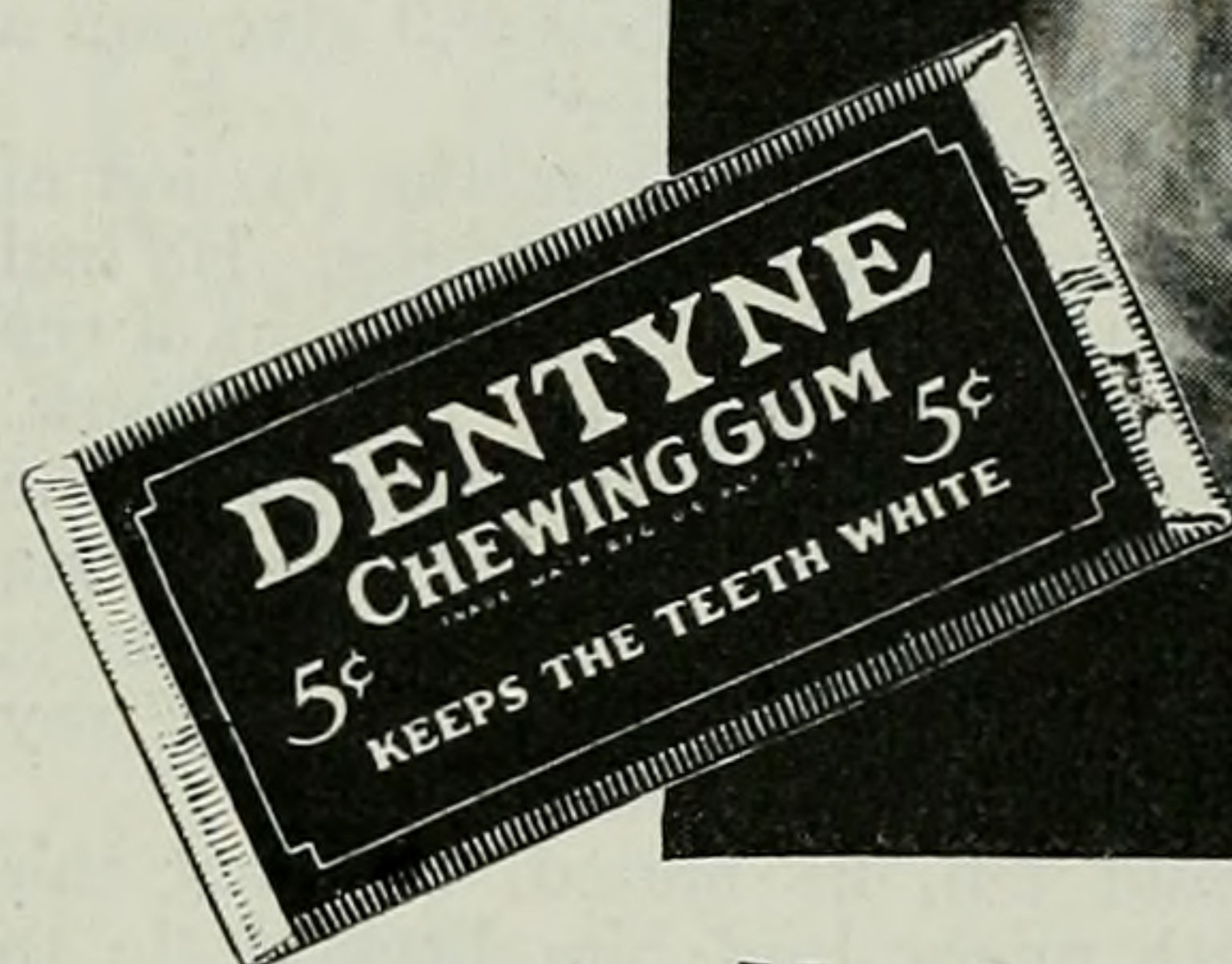
The words were knots in the lash that cut an old man's heart. Grandee flailed with the valor of ignorance.

"Go on—go on—start your racket," he shouted when the old actor delayed in confusion. "Hop up and down!"

Mandare looked into blinding lights through a scalding mist. Then his eyes cleared.

He was before the *Duke of Venice*; not a

Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!

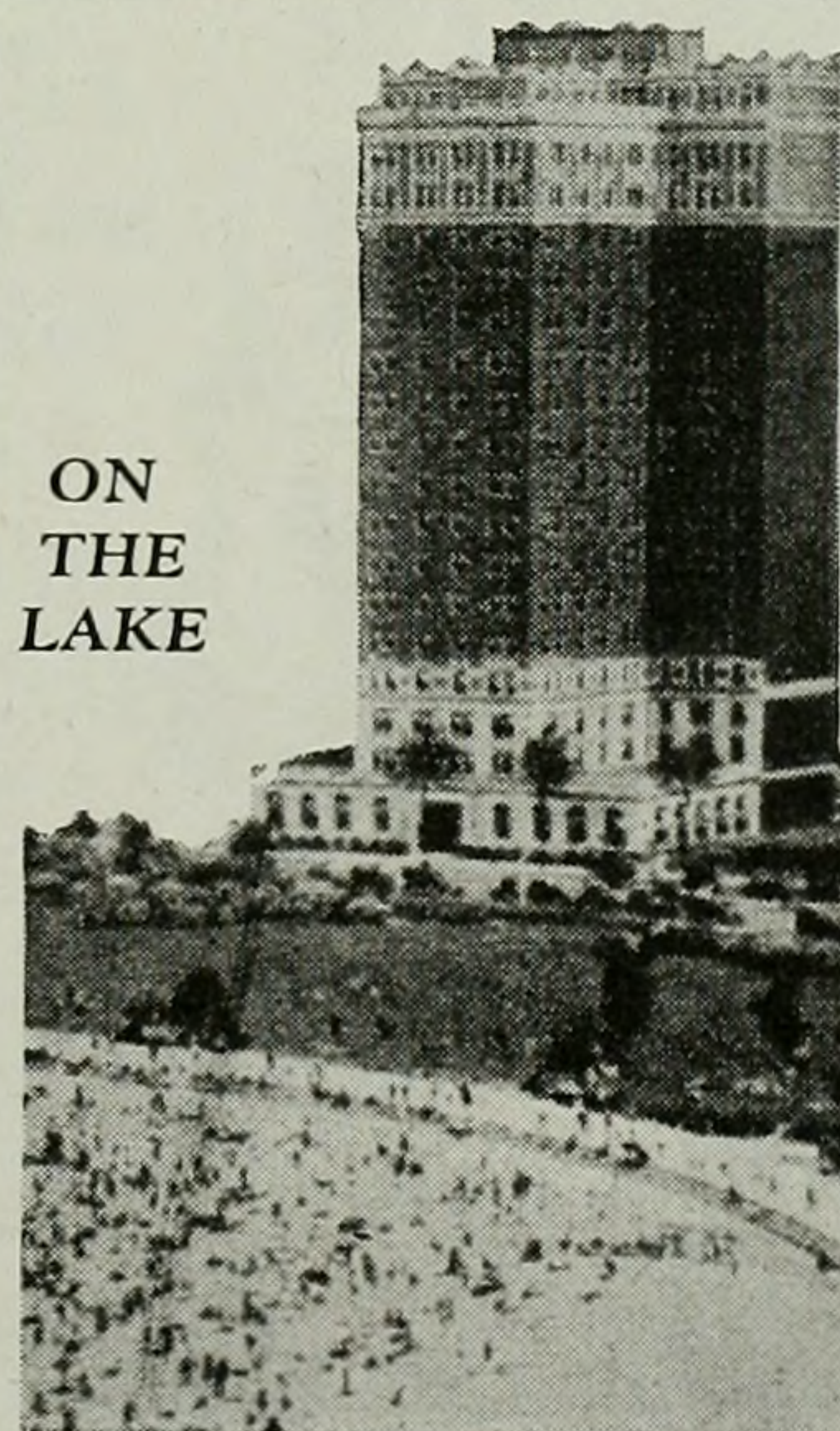


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swarthy extraman who hunched over the bench. Before him stood *Portia*, his *Portia*; not a dull eyed trollop in a Vassar gown. The world could stone him only to the sanctuary of his rôle. There he left the world. Not a penniless old man, capering for bread, not the echo of a splendid name, but *Shylock*; *Shylock*, cantor of the dirge written by Destiny for a mighty race. The greatest *Shylock* of the greatest stage.

"GO on—go on—say something." The director's booming voice was like the buzzing of a gad-fly. "If you don't know the lines, fake anything."

Mandare laughed to the sidelines. Then came the proper moment in the course of the drama when he might speak, and he turned on Christendom.

Malignant as Macklin, hysterically fiendish as Cooke, cringing as Henderson, profound as the elder Keen, he whined for Christian flesh. The lights went out.

"Tha's swell," Grandee grinned. "You sure know your onions. Lissen, we gotta shoot a night sequence down to Venice. We leave at five, so be here; the prop boy will give you a box-lunch to eat on the way."

The old man trembled from the passion of his rôle. He had done a great thing. He had given the best of his heart. A fragment of the characterization had been his finest drama. He knew that the characters were not as he would have had them and that the setting seemed crude, yet, he thought, the strange young mechanical art would in some way correct the errors and he was content.

Who could tell, he mused, but that this strange path might lead him back again to the heights? He would give the screen the heart's blood of his own beloved rôle.

He saw Mattie bustling across the lot and called "Heigh ho!" with a ringing, cheery note in his voice. When she had joined him he bent to kiss her hand and said:

"I've won new spurs today!"
 "Land sakes," she answered with an embarrassed little titter, "I've been looking all over the lot and now you've got me all fussed. I've got a tradelast for you. I heard all about it from Grandee. You tell me first and then I'll tell you what he said!"

Mandare looked down into a radiant face. Mattie Carpenter was bearing the kind of tale she relished. Her choice bit of gossip would

make the person concerned happier for hearing it. She could scarcely wait. She didn't.

"They say you were a perfect scream," she began happily, "wobbling on your legs and pulling your face down and making everybody laugh. Grandee himself said the scene would be a 'Super-belly wow' and that is the way a director explains something so funny the walls of the theater will go in and out like an accordion."

It came to Mandare slowly. The little old woman's words of praise beat on his brain like hammers. She was smiling, proudly; and the hammers beat new tissue. They beat incessantly.

Comedy! Great God! . . . not whimsy, not a droll twist to a sincere thought . . . but low comedy . . . slap-stick comedy . . . like the German knockabouts in the cheap halls of impersonal, distant, hearsay. The viol in his breast that had been a heart snapped its major string. He laughed and strode away.

A property boy found him pacing back and forth in the twilight, chuckling to himself. He shoved him into a many-seated bus and thrust a cardboard box into his hands. The bus started.

DOWN Cahuenga Pass; swerving curves—as though to plunge into the swimming sea of lights in Hollywood below.

Mandare saw, for the first time, that he clutched a box of food and hurled it to the road. Beside him sat swarthy men in garish costumes; ill-smelling vestments of a thousand plays. He laughed until the tears drilled furrows in the paint on his face. Mandare, the clown, he thought; and the thought set up new laughter that he could not quench with tears.

Hollywood left off and Beverly Hills began. Mandare stared, detached, at the dim outline of terraced villas set in silhouette to fringe the hills. It was merciful ignorance that allowed his eyes to sweep the gates without recognizing the synthetic heraldry emblazoned on the crests.

There was Pickfair, sheltering fellow artists of whom Mandare had not heard.

Then a towering mansion built by the whimsy of an Oklahoma cowpuncher.

And a third. Mandare had heard of him. His contact had been a faint echo of the music halls.

The bus stopped. The company was assembled on a bridge that spans a canal in the strange little beach town that calls itself Venice.

Gray Hair ended Safely



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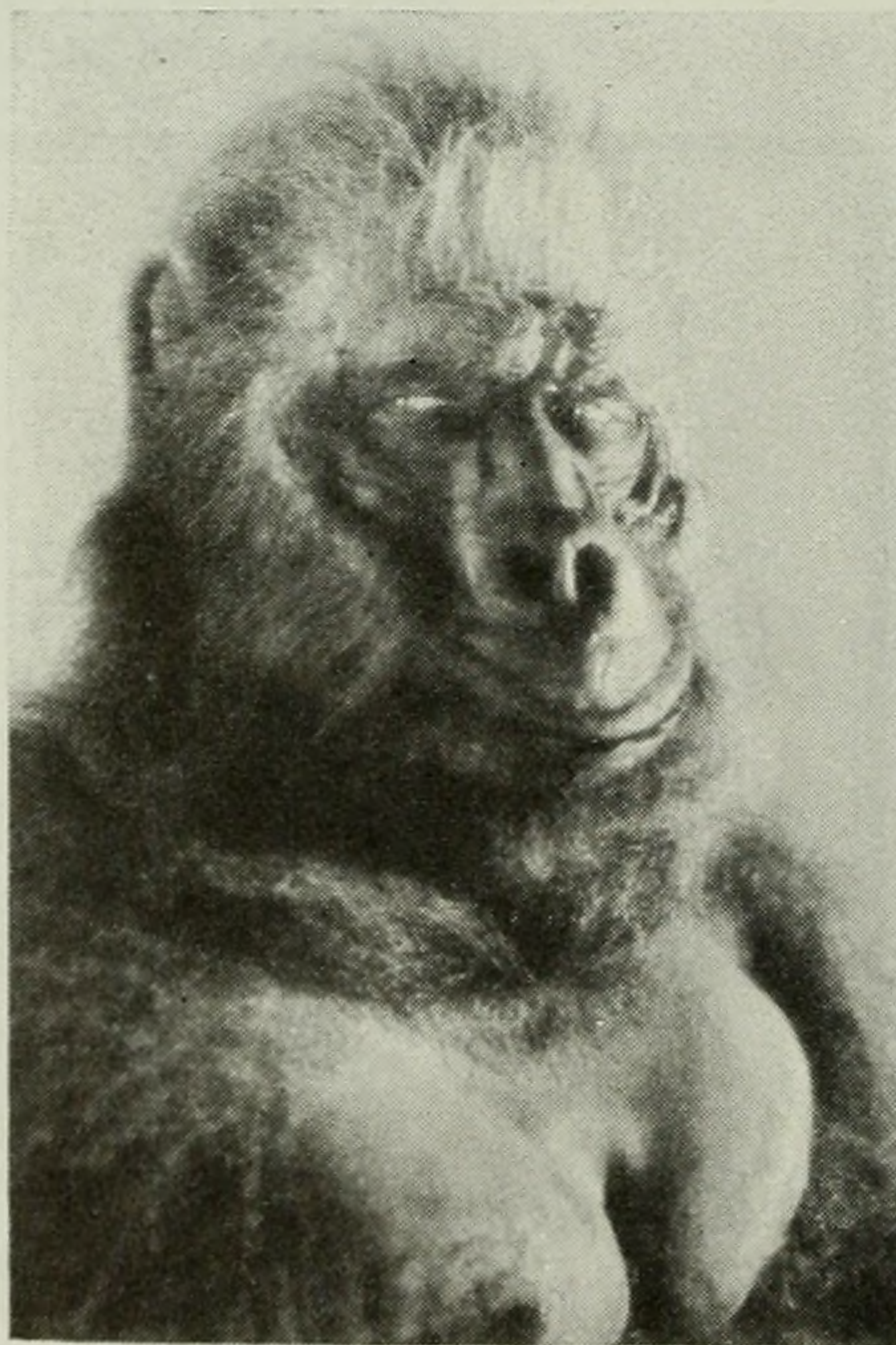
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The sea runs under its arches. Gondolas may be rented on summer afternoons and the buildings are fashioned as architects fancy the buildings of Venice appear.

A BEWILDERING activity pricked at the old actor's numbed sensibilities as he left the bus. Hissing, chattering lights fed by a roaring generator cut away the night and silvered the water. Men darted in and out of the path of the light like hobgoblins and onlookers from the town circled the scene like beasts come out of the forest, Mandare thought.

Grandee greeted Mandare boisterously; then looked at him closely.

"Stuff was funny enough to gag a goat, today," he said, smiling. "If you pin it on big tonight, I'll slip you another five buck ticket."

Mandare laughed and thanked him with a courtly bow.

"I dare say I'll be jolly amusing tonight . . . depend upon me to do my best, Oh Master of Jesters."

"Atta baby!" Grandee smiled, "we gotta kick 'em in the pants in this comedy business or the flatheads don't know when to laugh."

Mandare looked over the bridge.

A moment later Grandee returned to him, breathless. He poked him with his finger.

"Lissen. . .!" He was laughing as though trying to groom his listeners for laughter.

"Lissen . . . got a great gag. If this gag don't make 'em tear up the seats I'll take a bath in Hamberger's window. Lissen . . . this is the idea . . . we're going to have the wop that is supposed to be the hero sock *Portia* so hard that she spits out her teeth . . . false teeth, see . . . they fall overboard and you jump in after them. You see the gag is that you are a pawnbroker and we'll get it over in a title that there's gold in the teeth . . . y'know what I mean. . ."

Mandare bowed recognition but Grandee could only control his laughter, gradually. When he had drained the situation of its dregs of humor he called a property-boy. "Get into this guy's *Shylock* suit and make a jump from the bridge, will you?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" Mandare shook his head, smiling. "Couldn't think of being under-studied. I'll pop over the side quite all right."

"Naw, that water is pretty cold and there's a tide going out. . . . You're no flapper, you know," Grandee objected.

"Marvelous swimmer," Mandare put in, eagerly. "Swam the English Channel just a fortnight ago. I really must insist, sir."

Grandee agreed, but with a doubtful shake of his head.

Mandare climbed, buoyantly, to the railing. "Quite ready!" he called over his shoulder.

"Jump right after the teeth hit the water," Grandee ordered. . . . "JUMP! . . ."

Cambell Mandare jumped. From the bridge it sounded as though he laughed.

Sixty years flashed by in orderly array; year by year—years divided off into seasons with the earthly spring smell of Kent in its place and the biting cold of a London Christmas to remember as that year turned and another took its place. There was even time to spare; time to dwell on the success that had been his. The years passed—and he waited for the first shock of the water. The calling waters that would stop a chattering laugh and wash away tears. He waited. Then his heart jumped to meet Rest. The seaward stream turned his eyes into the lights on the bridge and he could hear shouts.

HE should not hear much longer; didn't the rambling old wreck of a heart know that it had finished?

Through the dulling drone of voices came the staccato beating of hand on hand.

Applause! Tribute from the gallery! His last performance had been a triumph.

Lights were sweeping the water. He turned his face into a glowing circle. The spotlight. He smiled. And closed his eyes.



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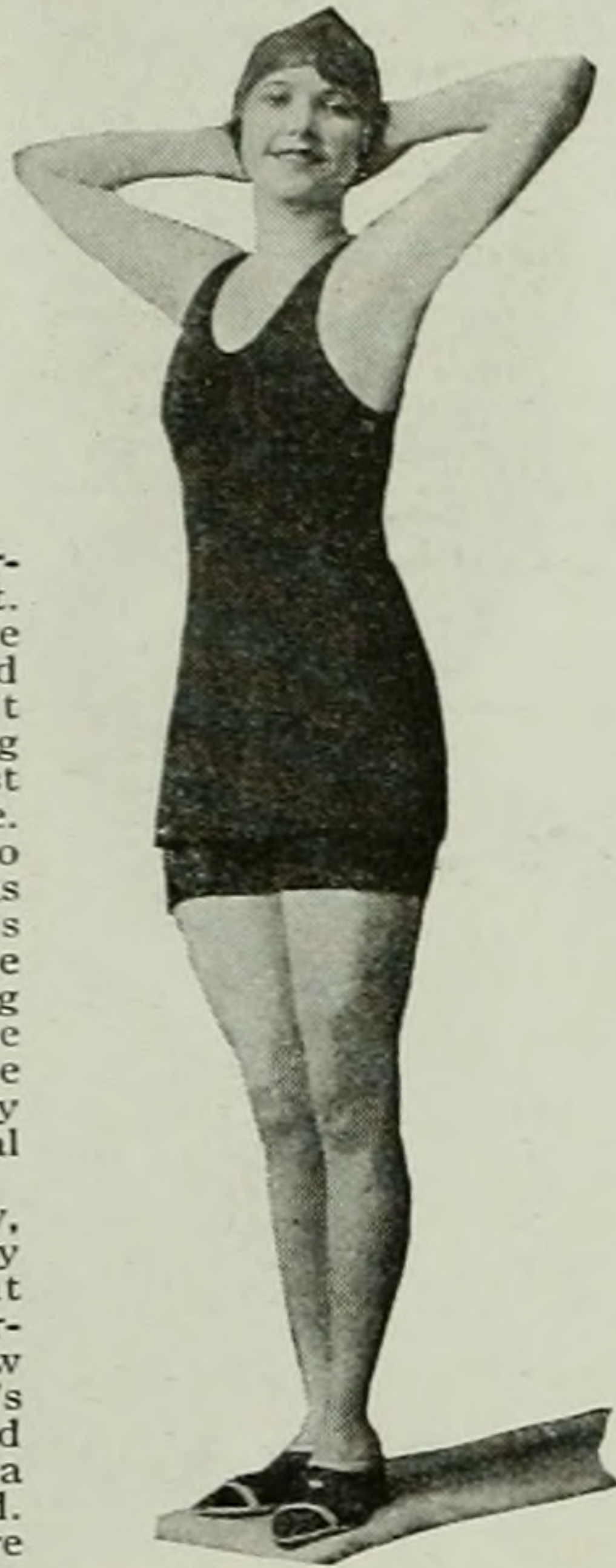
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"IT was a perpetual torment for me to be stout. I couldn't go anywhere without being reminded that I was fat. I couldn't walk a block without sitting down. Even the lightest housework quickly tired me. My heart would beat too fast if I hurried, I was afraid to accept invitations because I knew people would always be talking about me. You can imagine what misery fat caused me—aches and pains in my body as well as mental worry.

"But that's all over now, and all the credit for my wonderful improvement goes to Annette Kellermann. I had heard how she, called the world's most perfectly formed woman, had once been a puny, ailing sickly child. I found out that her figure had not changed by a fraction of an inch, or by the least part of an ounce, in over 16 years. I wrote to Miss Kellermann, told her all about myself, and asked what she could do for me.

"In reply she sent me a charming letter and a copy of her delightful book called, *The Body Beautiful*. That book, I can truly say, was the turning point in my life. It rescued me from the misery of fat, and showed me the way to make myself exquisitely slim in a short while. And it was so very easy. Actually, it was a delight for me to follow her instructions—light exercise for only 15 minutes a day, and plenty of the right kind of satisfying food that produced energy instead of fat. It was a revelation, even to me, how quickly my weight began to decrease. I felt better from the very first day.

"Please don't think that my case is unusual. Miss Kellermann has helped me wonderfully. But she has also helped 35,000 other women. So, if you are inclined to stoutness, write at once for Miss Kellermann's book and get her advice on reducing. It may be worth more than you realize in greater vitality, better health and a more beautiful figure."

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "The Body Beautiful." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York, Suite 465.

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Hollywood's Own Real Genius

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

technician with a gorgeous and sophisticated sense of humor.

Von is the only one from whom genius flows like water from a well. Perhaps charged water, fizzing and hissing out of a siphon bottle, would be a better description.

I helped Von write "The Wedding March." During those long weeks I learned to have for him a real and genuine affection. And, most of the time, I wanted to shoot him. Or boil him in oil if I were sure it would hurt worse.

IT was a wonderful and maddening experience. I was a wreck at the end of it.

We worked in a little cottage at La Jolla on the cliffs about ninety miles south of Los Angeles. Von got up every day about noon—cleaned and polished as though for an inspection of the Emperor's Life Guard Mounted.

For two or three hours we mapped out the scenes. Then Von went down to the beach with a secretary and dictated them. After dinner we talked over some more scenes; and he sat up until 3 a. m. dictating them.

Some of the problems we argued were amazing. In the story there was to be a motherless girl. Von said he couldn't write about a motherless girl—unless he knew what her mother was like.

So we had to sit down and spend days on end manufacturing the life story of a woman who was never intended to appear in the story. We told how she fell in love with her husband; their early struggles together; the coming of wealth; his temptations; and her sorrow. Finally her illness and death.

Actually, Von made me invent a placard to be placed outside her house when she was dying: "Please walk your horses quietly through this street: serious illness within." And he translated it into German. And—mind you—this woman was never to appear in the story.

"Now," said Von, when we properly killed off the lady, "I know what the girl is like."

Another time, he made me lay out a huge war map, with hospitals, ammunition dumps, and trenches because he said he had to "feel" a cavalry regiment that was to go passing by another scene. This sounds silly. Well, it isn't. Cavalry that has been in action has an entirely different "feel" from cavalry that hasn't. Just so, you can't understand any girl until you have seen her mother. If you knew the mothers of all the Hollywood stars . . .

Some of this reality he carries to absurdity. He had all the undies of the soldiers in "The Merry Widow" marked with the coat of arms of a mythical country. Paid \$11,000 to have special medals designed for an imaginary army. In "Foolish Wives" he had a complete electric bell system put in a prop hotel. It was on the other side of the scenery where it couldn't be seen; but he had to feel that it was there.

I THINK it is all due to his Teutonic sense of thoroughness. It is the same thing that made him use up 7000 feet of film and three weeks' time on a little episode in "The Wedding March" that should have taken fifty feet and half an hour. If that story had been filmed the way he wanted to write it, the thing would have run for seventy-five reels. It just has to be "right" whether or not it ever gets into the picture.

The truth is, Von knows better; but there is something in his soul—artistic conscience if you care to call it that—that will not let him do anything in a slipshod way. If somebody asks him to write his name on a photograph, he will work an hour on a good inscription.

Like all very imaginative people, he is as superstitious as a Georgia crap shooter. A spider in the morning, shoes on the bed, a cat crossing his path simply give him the heebie-

geebees. I was always careful to see that his first sight of a new moon should be over his right shoulder.

One night, we had a terrible time over it. He was taking a big scene with an overhead expense like the French national debt. I beckoned him to a studio doorway to see the moon crescent. But he was stopped by a sudden panic. It seems that it is no good unless you jingle silver in your right pocket. And Von had no silver. I offered him two dimes. No good. Had to be his own money. I suggested he do something for which I would pay him twenty cents. Great idea. I suggested that he walk across the set and back. No; no good. In the end we had to go over to his bungalow where he painstakingly worked out a suitable scene. I paid him the two dimes. The night was saved.

ONE of Von's lovable points is his perfect courtesy. One day we argued until we were both exhausted; and glaring at each other. I was thinking how I would like to run that big cavalry sabre through his gizzard (he always carries one when he writes). Suddenly he jumped up. Apologized almost abjectly. He had given me a cigarette; but had forgotten to light a match for me.

No matter how rushed he is, I have never seen him fail to bow and click his heels if the humblest extra man comes up to speak to him.

Like all genius, he pendulums between extreme humility and arrogance. Psychologists tell me all of them are like that. One of my jobs was to stand behind the camera while he acted his own scenes. He always came up, shaking his head mournfully and despairingly. "No good; huh?" he would say. Once I was so swept away by his genius as an actor that I told him it was good the very first time. He gave me a look of hurt reproach. Treachery is hard indeed to bear from a friend. "Harry," he said, "you know that you are the only one I have to depend on; and you know what this picture means to me; and yet you tell me it was good!"

THE next time, I made him repeat the scene seven times. At the end, he walked over to the leading lady; bowed with a click of his heels; shook her hand and said: "The two rottenest actors in Hollywood."

When he first came to America, a young aristocrat from the Austrian cavalry, he had to take any job he could find to keep from starving. He was a section hand on a railroad; a boatman at Lake Tajo, a roustabout, book agent and what have you. Many Hollywood celebrities like to conceal these experiences: not Von. I remember one day, when he was making the pageant in "The Wedding March," a large herd of saddle horses were brought up. Von took one look at them and turned on the livery stable help in a fury. "That isn't the way to groom a horse," he yelled. "I groomed horses in this very stable myself and I would have been ashamed to have sent out a horse like this."

One thing I never could get over was Von's prodigious memory. One day, in one of the wine garden scenes, he had ordered some extras uniformed as gendarmes from the Austrian Tyrol. I thought he was going to throw an apoplectic fit when he saw them. When he calmed down to the point of coherent language, it developed that the corporal of gendarmes wore a rain coat which clasped with a metal clasp; whereas, before 1914, their rain coats buttoned.

I would like to ask anybody who reads this to go out and look at a policeman; then come back and accurately describe his uniform. And remember that Von hadn't seen a Tyrolean gendarme for seventeen years; then only in the

most casual way—without special notice or purpose.

His mind seems to be like a photographic plate.

People often ask me this about Von Stroheim: they hear the most terrible stories of his brutal treatment of actors; why then are the actors always so crazy about him?

You will remember that they fired Von Stroheim in the middle of "The Merry Go Round." The new director told me what happened when he took charge and introduced himself to the actors. He first introduced himself to Norman Kerry, the leading man. Kerry could not speak for crying. His shoulders began to heave; tears ran down his cheeks.

"I LOVED Von so," he sobbed; and fled to his dressing room. Mary Philbin gave one wild boo-hoo and rushed off the stage.

And yet everything they say about him is true. In "The Wedding March," if every scene hadn't ended with Fay Wray in hysterics, we would have thought something wasn't running true to form. He used to shriek at her to go back to the cow operas whence she came.

I remember, at the end of one scene—the marvelous confession scene—that he threw his megaphone clear across the stage and stalked in a white fury from the scene. Another time, she got so panic-stricken that she couldn't cry in a scene.

In his rage, he made her eat half a bottle of Spanish chili peppers. If you have ever eaten one, you will know that you can take a live coal afterward to cool your throat.

ZaSu Pitts used to be driven almost to the point of suicide.

George Nichols had to be carried from the sets in a state of collapse.

Yet they all adore Von. There are several reasons. For one thing, being all actors, they get a certain kick out of the melodrama of it—as he does himself. I never was able to decide how much of this rage—and the hysterics—was "acting"; and how much genuine.

For another thing, they know he doesn't mean a thing by it. Two seconds after he has told them they are all idiots who ought to be locked up, he is doing something sweet and thoughtful. He is so generous he would give anybody his shoes. The greater reason, however, is that they know he is making them act. Rather, that he is keeping them from "acting"; and is making them do simple, natural and sincere things.

The difference between genius and the commonplace is only a narrow hairbreadth line. Take a horse race: one horse wins and is sold for a fortune before he leaves the track. Another horse is given away in disgust to a vegetable peddler.

Yet only a few feet between the winner and the loser at the finish.

The difference between a world-famous crack shot and a bad marksman is only a deviation so slight that the eye could not detect it at the end of the gun barrel.

IT is the little extra touch that is hard to get. Von can get it; so he is one of the great geniuses that this age has known. The actors feel this by instinct. They are willing to suffer with him for that little last extra crack that opens the secret door to let the great white light flood in.

At the end of every picture, it is whispered around Hollywood that Von is now ruined. No other producer will ever touch him with a forty foot pole.

He is finished.

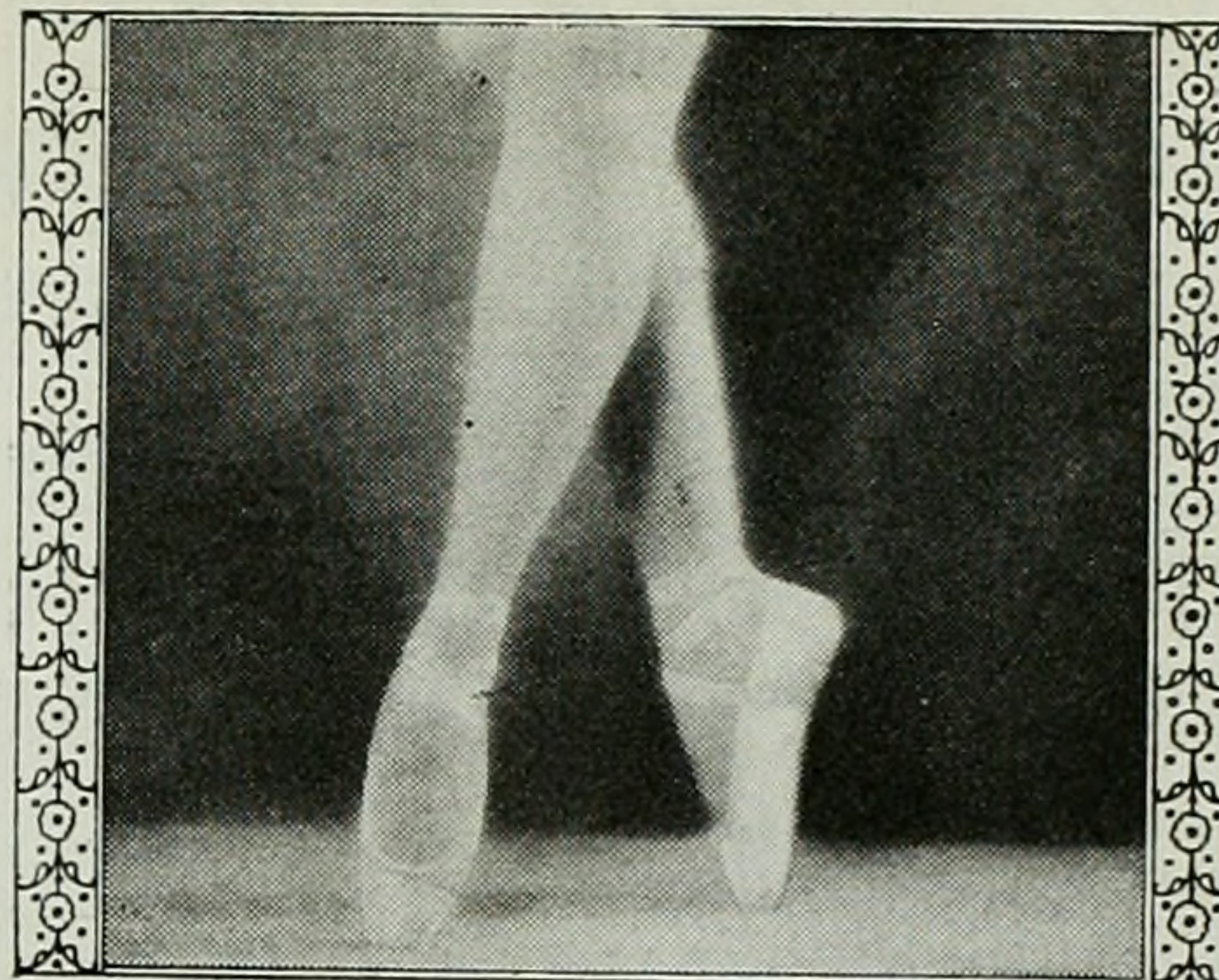
Von always agrees with them. Right now, I have no doubt that he is debating methods of suicide.

He is resigned to go back to his section gang with a pick and a red flannel shirt.

But Von will never be ruined. They never can find another. You might as well try to stage an imitation of Niagara Falls or the Yosemite.

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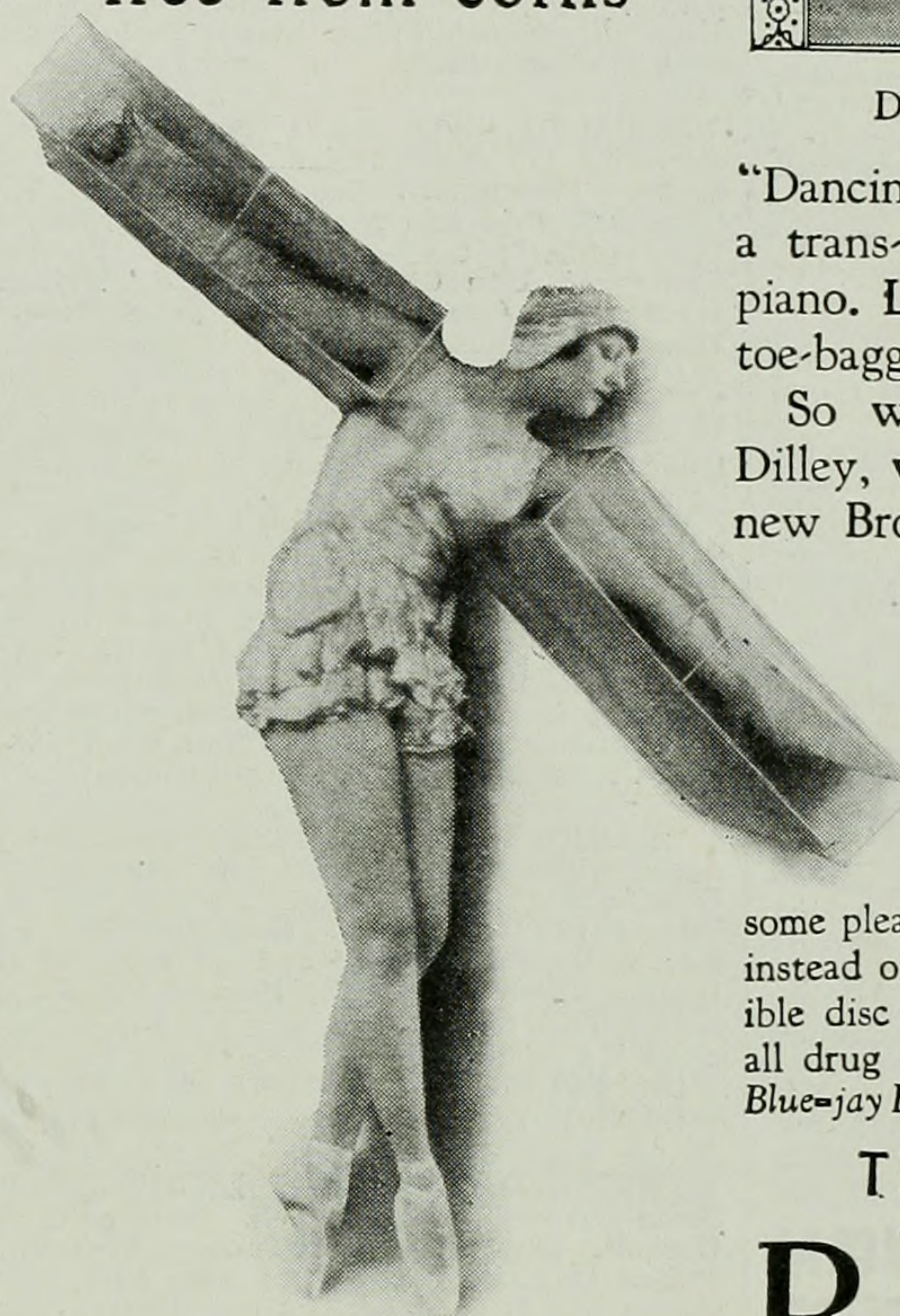
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALEX THE GREAT"—FBO.—From the story by H. C. Witwer. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: Alex, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; Ed, Albert Conti; Muriel, Patricia Avery; Alice, Ruth Dwyer; Brown, Charles Byer.

"A NIGHT OF MYSTERY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Victorien Sardou. Adapted by Ernest Vadja. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: Captain Ferreol, Aolphe Menjou; Therese D'Egremont, Nora Lane; Jerome D'Egremont, William Collier, Jr.; Marcasse, Raoul Paoli; Gilberte Boismartel, Evelyn Brent; Marquis Boismartel, Claude King; Rochemore, Frank Leigh; Rochemore's Secretary, Margaret Burt.

"APACHE RAIDER, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by W. D. Hoffman. Scenario by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo D. Maloney. The cast: "Apache" Bob, Leo Maloney; Dixie Stillwell, Eugenia Gilbert; Griffin Dawson, Tom London; Dal Cartwright, Don Coleman; "Breed" Artwell, Jack Danzhorn; Juanita Wharton, Joan Renee; Ray Wharton, William Merrill McCormack; "Bit" Ward, Frederick Dana; Ed Stillwell, Whitehorse; "Blaze" Le Mare, Robert L. Smith; "Fang" Jaccard, Walter Shumway; Don Felix Bernal, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"A TRICK OF HEARTS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Directed by Reaves Eason. The cast: Benjamin Franklin Tully, Hoot Gibson; Connie Meade, Georgia Hale; Black Jack, Joe Rickson; Sheriff Carrie Patience, Rosa Gore; Dad Tully, Howard Truesdale; Negro Comic, Heinie Conklin; White Comic, George Ovey; Mayor, Nora Cecil; Ex-Sheriff, Dan Crimmins; Constable, Grace Cunard.

"BARE KNEES"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Adele Buffington. Scenario by Harold Shumate. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: Billie Durey, Virginia Lee Corbin; Larry Cook, Donald Keith; Jane Longworth, Jane Winton; Paul Gladden, Johnnie Walker; John Longworth, Forrest Stanley; Bessie, Maude Fulton.

"BATTLES OF CORONEL AND FALKLAND ISLANDS, THE"—ARTLEE.—British Players.

"BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS"—FBO.—From the story by J. J. Bell. Continuity by Jean Dupont. Directed by Tom Terriss. Photography by Robert DeGrasse. The cast: John Risk, Lee Shumway; Colin Drummond, Gordon Elliott; Symington,

Herbert Evans; Lady Dorothy, Jacqueline Gadsden; Mrs. Drummond, Florence Wix; Stephen Carstairs, Templar Saxe; Mrs. Bundle, Blanche Craig; Kitty Carstairs, Adrienne Dorc; Landlady, Katherine Ward.

"BIG NOISE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: John Sloval, Chester Conklin; Sophie Sloval, Alice White; Ma Sloval, Bodil Rosing; Philip Hurd, Sam Hardy; Bill Hedges, Jack Egan; William Howard, Fred Spark; Managing Editor, David Torrence.

"BLACK FEATHERS, THE"—WILLIAM PIZER.—From the story by L. V. Jefferson. Continuity by L. V. Jefferson. Directed by John E. Ince. The cast: Allan Forrest, Wheeler Oakman, Sally Rand, Maurice Costello, Ruth Reavis, Dot Farley, Dave Morris, George Towne Hall, Johnny Sinclair, Cedith Saunders, John Clayton Poole.

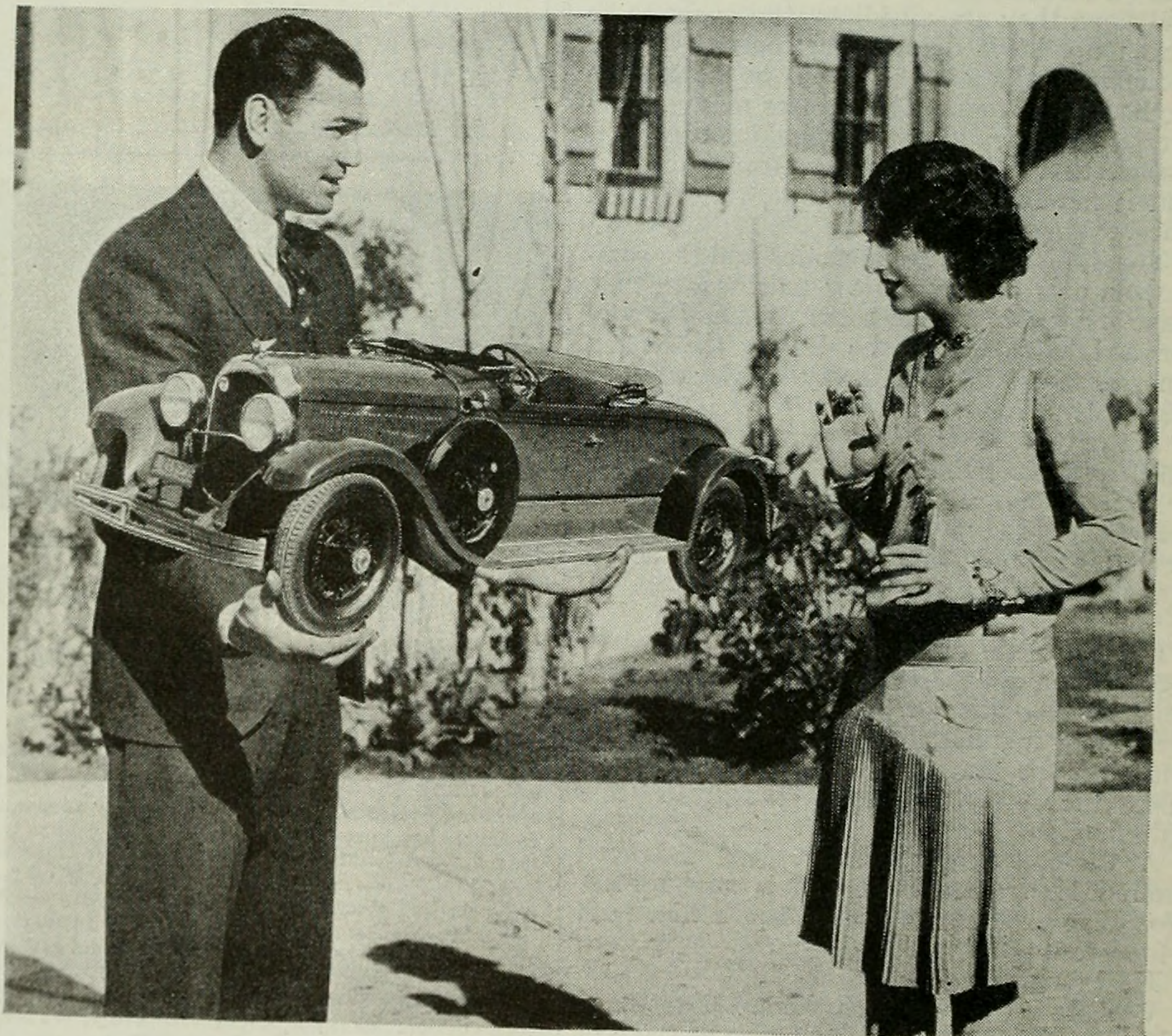
"BODY PUNCH, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: Paul Steinert, George Kotsonaros; The Detective, Arthur Millett; Natalie Sutherland, Virginia Browne Faire; Jack Townsend, Jack Daugherty; Manager, Monte Montague; Peyton Turner, Wilbur Mack.

"BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by John Farrow and J. R. Bray. Continuity by Denison Clift. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: John Barrows, John Boles; Mary Jenkins, Donal Blossom; Fritz Mueller, William Irving; Regan, Henry Sedley; Old Man Jenkins, Carl Stockdale; Dirk, Richard Alexander.

"BRONCO STOMPER, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Barr Cross. Scenario by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo Maloney. The cast: Richard Thurston, Don Coleman; Yea Bo Smith, Ben Corbett; Alan Riggs, Tom London; Slim Garvey, Bud Osborne; James Hollister, Frank Clark; R. M. Thompson, the Ranger, Frederic Dana; Town Marshall, Whitehorse; Deputy Marshall, Ray Walters; Rodeo Manager, Robert Burns; Mrs. Hollister, Florence Lee; Daisy Hollister, Eugenia Gilbert.

"CAME THE DAWN"—HAL ROACH-M.-G.-M.—Directed by Arch Heath. The cast: Max, Max Davidson; Viola, Viola Richards; Gene, Gene Morgan; Polly, Polly Moran.

"CHINATOWN CHARLIE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Owen Davis. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: "Chinatown Charlie," Johnny Hines; Annie Gordon, Louise Lorraine; Red



Jack Dempsey, the big strong boy, presents Estelle Taylor with a new sport roadster. Do you see how this camera trick is worked? A photograph of the automobile, much reduced in size, is superimposed on a picture of Jack with his arms outstretched. If you look carefully, you will see where the picture has been cut in

Mike, Harry Gribbon; Oswald, Scotter Lowry; The Mandarin, Sojin; His Sweetheart, Anna May Wong; Hip Sing Toy, George Kuwa; Monk, Fred Kohler; Gyp, John Burdette.

"COUNT OF TEN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Continuity by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by James Flood. The cast: Billy Williams, James Gleason; Johnny McKinney, Charles Ray; Betty, Jobyna Ralston; Mother, Edythe Chapman; Brother, Arthur Lake; Boland, Chas. Sellon.

"CREAM OF THE EARTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Percy Marks. Adapted by E. T. Donohoe. Directed by Will Brown. The cast: Cynthia Day, Marion Nixon; Hugh Carver, Charles Rogers; Carl Peters, Stanley Taylor; "Pop" Moulton, Hayden Stevenson; Prof. Fountain, Andy de Vine; Roach, Robert Seiter; Norris Parker, Hugh Trevor.

"DESERT PIRATE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by James Dugan. The cast: Tom Corrigan, Tom Tyler; Jimmy Rand, Frankie Darro; Ann Farnham, Duane Thompson; Norton, Edward Hearne; Shorty Gibbs, Tom Lingham.

"DEVIL'S SKIPPER, THE"—TIFFANY-STAH.—From the story by Jack London. Adapted by John Francis Natteford. Directed by John G. Adolphi. The cast: The Devil Skipper, Belle Bennett; Mate, Montagu Love; John, Cullen Landis; The Skipper's Daughter, Mary McAlister; Her Father, Gino Corrado; Seaman, G. Raymond Nye; First Mate, Pat Hartigan; Second Mate, Adolph Millar; Arabian Trader, Phillip Sleeman; Planter's Father, Frank Leigh; Slaves, Stephin Fetchit, Carolynne Snowden.

"DRESSED TO KILL"—FOX.—From the story by William Conselman. Scenario by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Mile Away Barry, Edmund Lowe; Jeanne, Mary Astor; Nick, Ben Bard; Professor, R. O. Pennell; Ritzzy Hogan, Robert Perry; Joe Brown, Joe Brown; Levine, Tom Dugan; Biff Simpson, John Kelly; Detective Gilroy, Robert E. O'Connor.

"ESCAPE, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Paul Armstrong. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: Jerry Magee, William Russell; May Joyce, Virginia Valli; Jennie Joyce, Nancy Drexel; Dr. Don Elliott, George Meeker; Trigger Caswell, William Demarest; Jim Joyce, James Gordon.

"FAITHLESS LOVER, THE"—KRELBAR.—From the story by Baroness d'Arville. Adapted by Jack Murray. Directed by L. C. Windom. The cast: Austin Kent, Eugene O'Brien; Mary Callender, Gladys Hulette; Harry Ayers, Raymond Hackett; Bert Rogers, James S. Barrett; Mrs. Seaton, Jane Jennings; Charles Dunbar, Charles de Colton.

"FALLEN ANGELS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Arthur Sommers Roach. Scenario by Charles Logue. Directed by Ed. Laemmle. The cast: Rance Rogers, Norman Kerry; Julia, Pauline Starke; Bella Rogers, Marion Nixon; Senator, Byron Douglas; Bill, Kenneth Harlan; Wade, Crauford Kent.

"FANGS OF JUSTICE"—BISCHOFF.—From the story by Adele Devore. Directed by Mason Noel Smith. The cast: Silverstreak, June Marlowe, Johnnie Walker, Cecille Cameron, Wheeler Oakman, Freddy Fredericks, Frank Hagney.

"FINDERS KEEPERS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Beatrice Van. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Barbara Archibald, Laura La Plante; Carter, John Harron; Colonel Archibald, Edmund Breese; Percy, Arthur Rankin; Bozo, Bill Gorman; Ken, Eddie Phillips; Chaplain, Joe Mack.

"FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT ANNIE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Leon Zurade. Scenario by Chas. R. Condon. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Five-and-Ten-Cent Annie, Louise Fazenda; Elmer Peck, Clyde Cook; Briggs, William Demarest; The Blonde, Gertrude Astor; Adam Peck, Tom Ricketts; The Judge, Douglas Gerrard; Orchestra Leader, Andre Beranger; Guest, Flora Finch; Guest, Sunshine Hart; Guest, Bill Franey; The Midget, Eddie Haffner.

"FRENZIED FLAMES"—ELLBEE.—Directed by Stuart Paton. The cast: Danny Grogan, Cullen Landis; Mrs. Grogan, Mary Carr; Alice Meagan, Virginia Brown Faire; Chief Grogan, Charles K. French; Captain Meagan, William Welsh; Joe Hanlan, Barry Blake.

"GOOD-BYE KISS, THE"—MACK SENNETT.—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: Sally Eilers, Matty Kemp, Johnny Burke, Alma Bennett, Carmelita Geraghty, Lionel Belmore, Wheeler Oakman.

"HAROLD TEEN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the comic by Carl Ed. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Harold Teen, Arthur Lake; Giggles, Alice White; Grandfather Teen, Jack Duffy; Dad Jenks, Lucien Littlefield; Lillums Lovewell, Mary Brian; Cousin Harold, Jack Egan; Aunt Maria, Jane Beckley; Beezie Binks, Lincoln Stedman; Percival, William Bakewell; Goofy, Ben Hall.

"HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Leigh Jason. Scenario by John Clyner. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Mizi, Bessie Love; Kelly, Tom Moore; Mrs. O'Grady, Kate Price; Mrs. Hickson, Addie McPhail; Mr. Hickson, Bruce Gordon; Sergt.



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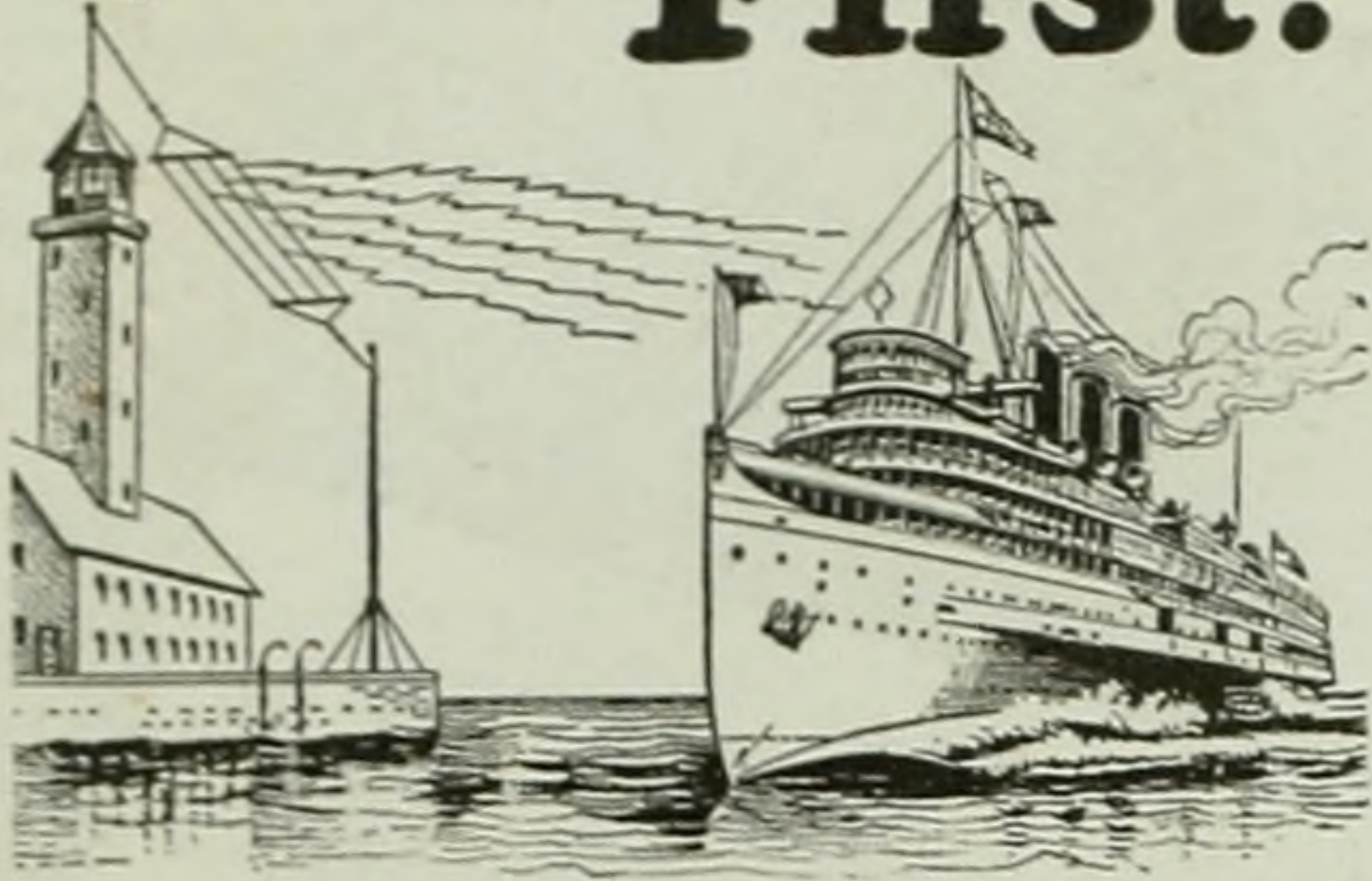
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"HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Teddy O'Day*, Billie Dove; *Derek Calhoun*, Larry Kent; *Roger Winthrop*, Lowell Sherman; *Caroline Winthrop*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Florine*, Mildred Harris.

"HEART OF BROADWAY, THE"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Walter Griffen. The cast: *Roberta Clemmons*, Pauline Garon; *Billy Winters*, Bobby Agnew; *"Dandy Jim" Doyle*, Wheeler Oakman; *Dave Richards*, Oscar Apfel; *Sherwood*, Duke Lee.

"HOLD 'EM YALE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Owen Davis. Adapted by George Dromgold. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Jaime Emmanuel Alvarado Montes*, Rod La Rocque; *Helen*, Jeanette Loff; *Oscar*, Hugh Allan; *Professor*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Detective*, Tom Kennedy; *Valet*, Jerry Mandy.

"HOT HEELS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by William Craft. The cast: *Glen*, Glen Tryon; *Patsy*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Fannie*, Gretel Veltz; *Mr. Fitch*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Jockey*, Tod Sloane; *Manager*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"LADY, BE GOOD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage production by Guy Bolton, Fred Thompson and George Gershwin. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Jack*, Jack Mulhall; *Mary*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Murray*, John Miljan; *Madison*, Nita Martan; *Texas West*, Dot Farley; *Trelawney West*, James Finlayson; *Landlady*, Aggie Herring; *Dancer*, Jay Eaton; *Dancer*, Eddie Clayton; *Assistant*, Yola d'Avril.

"LAW OF FEAR"—FBO.—From the story by William Francis Dugan. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Robert De Grasse. The cast: *Ranger*, Himself; *Marion*, Jane Reid; *Bud Hardy*, Sheriff, Sam Nelson; *Steven Benton*, *The Hunchback*, Al Smith.

"LITTLE MICKEY GROGAN"—FBO.—From the story by Arthur Guy Empey. Continuity by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Leo Meehan. The cast: *Mickey Grogan*, Frankie Darro; *Susan*, Lassie Lou Ahern; *Winifred Davidson*, Jobyna Ralston; *Jeffrey Shore*, Carroll Nye; *Al Nevers*, Billy Scott; *Crooked*, Vadim Granoff.

"MAD HOUR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: *Cuddles*, Sally O'Neil; *Aimee*, Alice White; *Jack Hemingway, Jr.*, Donald Reed; *Elmer Grubb*, Larry Kent; *Joe Mack*, Lowell Sherman; *Hemingway, Sr.*, Norman Trevor; *Red*, Eddie Clayton; *Inspector*, James Farley; *Modiste*, Rose Dione; *Lawyer*, Tully Marshall; *Maid*, Margaret Livingston; *Chauffeur*, Jack Eagan; *Jail Matron*, Kate Price; *Police Matron*, Mary Foy; *Bride*, Iona Holmes.

"MAN WHO LAUGHS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Victor Hugo. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Paul Leni. The cast: *Gwynplaine*, Conrad Veidt; *Dea*, Mary Philbin; *Dr. Hardquanon*, George Siegmann; *Comprachico the Spy*, Torben Myers; *Barkilphedro the Jester*, Brandon Hurst; *Queen Anne*, Josephine Crowell; *Duchess Josiana*, Olga Backlanova; *Ursus*, Caesar Gravina; *Lord David Dirry-Moir*, Stuart Holmes; *King James the Second*, Sam De Grasse; *Lord Chancellor*, Edgar Norton; *The Wapentake*, Nick De Ruiz; *"Homo" the Wolf*, Zimbo the Dog; *Gwynplaine as Child*, Julius Molner.

"MOTHER MACHREE"—FOX.—Story by Rida Johnson Young. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Ellen McHugh*, Belle Bennett; *Brian McHugh*, Phillippe De Lacy; *Robert De Puyster*, Pat Somerset; *Boze Giant Kilkenny*, Victor McLaglen; *Harpist of Wexford*, Ted McNamara; *Rachel Van Studdiford*, Eulalie Jensen; *Edith Cutting*, Constance Howard; *Brian McHugh, Sr.*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Brian McHugh in later years*, Neil Hamilton; *Pipps*, William Platt; *Mrs. Cutting*, Ethel Clayton; *Signor Bellini*, Jacques Rollens; *Edith Cutting at four years*, Joyce Wirard.

"NAMELESS MEN"—TIFFANY-STAHLE.—From the story by E. Morton Hough. Continuity by Jack Natteford. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Bob*, Antonio Moreno; *Mary*, Claire Windsor; *Hughie*, *Mary's Brother*, Ray Hallor; *Blackie*, Eddie Gribbon; *Maizie*, Cabaret Dancer, Sally Rand; *Bell-boy*, Steppin Fetchit; *Carolynne*, Carolynne Snowden; *Mysterious Stranger*, Charles Clary.

"PAINTED TRAIL, THE"—RAYART.—From the story by Tom Roan. Directed by J. P. McGowan. Photography by Bob Cline. The cast: *Blaze Marshall*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Betty Winters*, Betty Baker; *Bluff Gunter*, Leon de la Mothe; *Dan Winters*, Lafe McKee; *Badger James*, Tommy Bay.

"PARTNERS IN CRIME"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Mike Doolan*, Wallace Beery; *"Scoop" McGee*, Raymond Hatton; *"Knife" Reagan*, Raymond Hatton; *Marie Burke*, Mary Brian; *Smith*, William Powell; *Richard Deming*, Jack Luden; *Barton*, Arthur Housman; *Kanelli*, Albert Roccardi; *Chief of Police*, Joseph W. Girard; *B. R. Cornwall*, George Irving; *Dodo*, Bruce Gordon; *Jake*, Jack Richardson.

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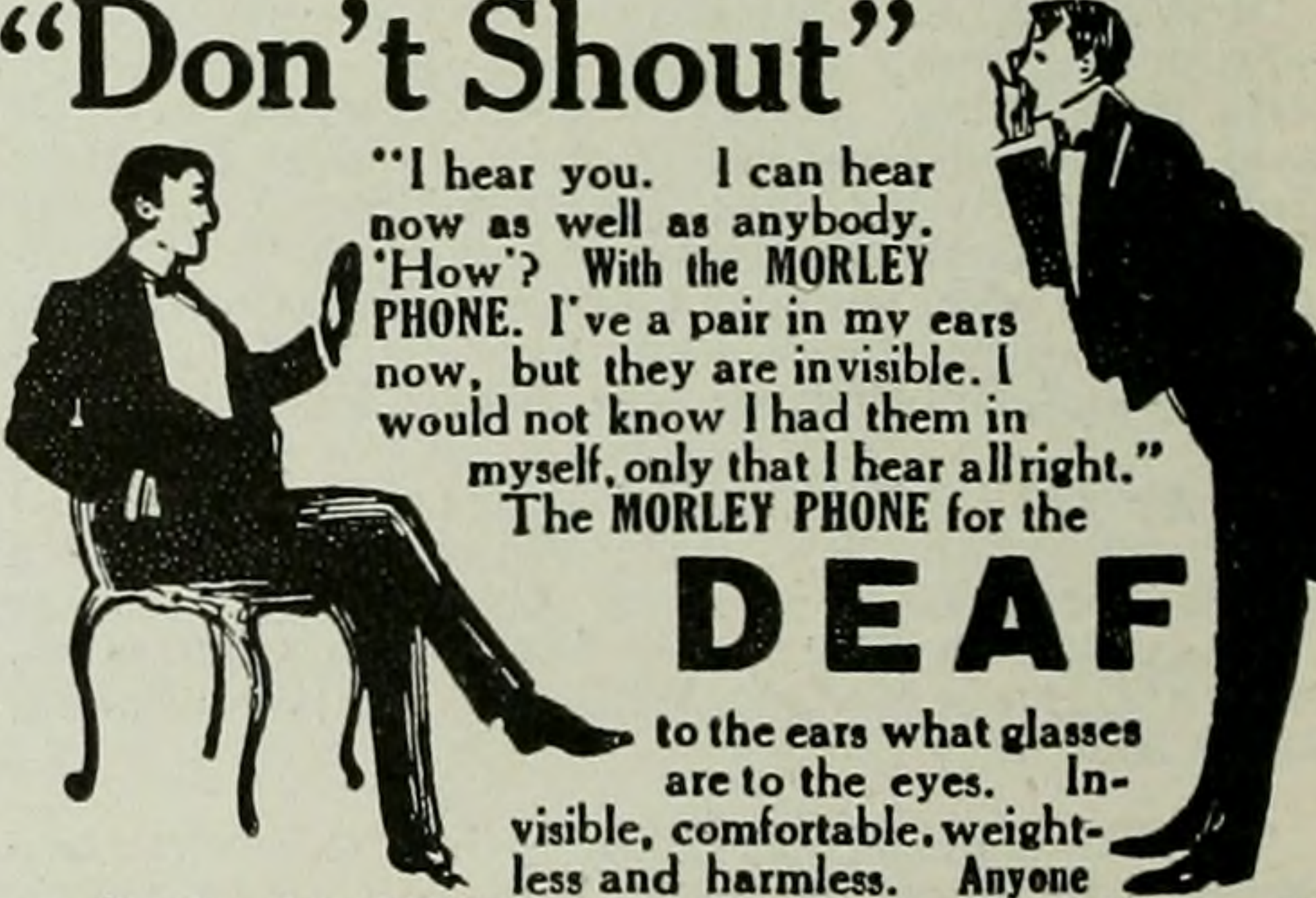
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"PATSY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Barry Connors. Continuity by Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: Patricia Harrington, Marion Davies; Tony Anderson, Orville Caldwell; Ma Harrington, Marie Dressler; Pa Harrington, Del Henderson; Bill, Lawrence Gray; Grace Harrington, Jane Winton.

"PIONEER SCOUT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank Clifton. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham & Alfred L. Worker. The cast: Fred, Fred Thomson; Mary Baxter, Nora Lane; Handy Anderson, Tom Wilson; Old Bill, William Courtright.

"PLAY GIRL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by John Stone. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: Madge Logan, Madge Bellamy; Bradley Lane, Johnny Mack Brown; David Courtney, Walter McGrail; Greek Florist, Lionel Belmore; Sales Girl, Thelma Hill; Mullie, Anita Garvin; Chauffeur, Harry Timbrooke.

"POWDER MY BACK"—WARNERS.—From the story by Jerome Kingston. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Fritzi Foy, Irene Rich; Ruth Stevens, Audrey Ferris; Claude, Andre Beranger; Rex Hale, Anders Randolf; Jack Hale, Carrol Nye.

"RED HAIR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: "Bubbles" McCoy, Clara Bow; Robert, Lane Chandler; Minnie Luther, Jacqueline Gadsen; Dr. Eustace Gill, William Austin; Judge Rufus Lennon, Lawrence Grant; Thomas Burke, Claude King; "Demmy," William Irving.

"RIDERS OF THE DARK"—M.-G.-M.—Story by W. S. Van Dyke. Continuity by W. S. Van Dyke. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: Lieutenant Crane, Tim McCoy; Molly Graham, Dorothy Dwan; Jim Graham, Rex Lease; Eagan, Roy D'Arcy; Old Man Redding, Frank Currier; Sheriff Snodgrass, Bert Roach; Rogers, Dick Sutherland.

"ROAD TO RUIN, THE"—CLIFF BROUGHTON.—Directed by Norton S. Parker. The cast: Florence Turner, Grant Withers, Helen Foster, Charles Miller, Virginia Roy.

"SADDLE MATES"—PATHE.—From the story by Harrington Strong. Continuity by Frank L. Inghram. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: John Benson, Wally Wales; Tim Mannick, Hank Bell; Morgan Shelby, J. Gordon Russell; Betty Shelby, Peggy Montgomery; Bob Grice, Chas. Whitaker; "Grouchy" Ferris, Lafe McKee; George Lemmer, Edward Cecil; Mrs. Saunders, Lillian Allen.

"SAILORS' WIVES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Warner Fabian. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Joseph E. Henabery. The cast: Carol Trent, Mary Astor; Dorr Manning, Lloyd Hughes; Max Slater, Earle Foxe; Dr. Bobs, Burr McIntosh; Pat Scott, Ruth Dwyer; Carey Scott, Jack Mower; Careth Lindsey, Olive Tell; Tom Lindsey, Robert Schable; Warren Graves, Gayne Whiteman; Deuces Wild, Bess True.

"SHOWDOWN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Houston Branch. Scenario by Hope Loring and Ethel Doherty. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Cardan, George Bancroft;

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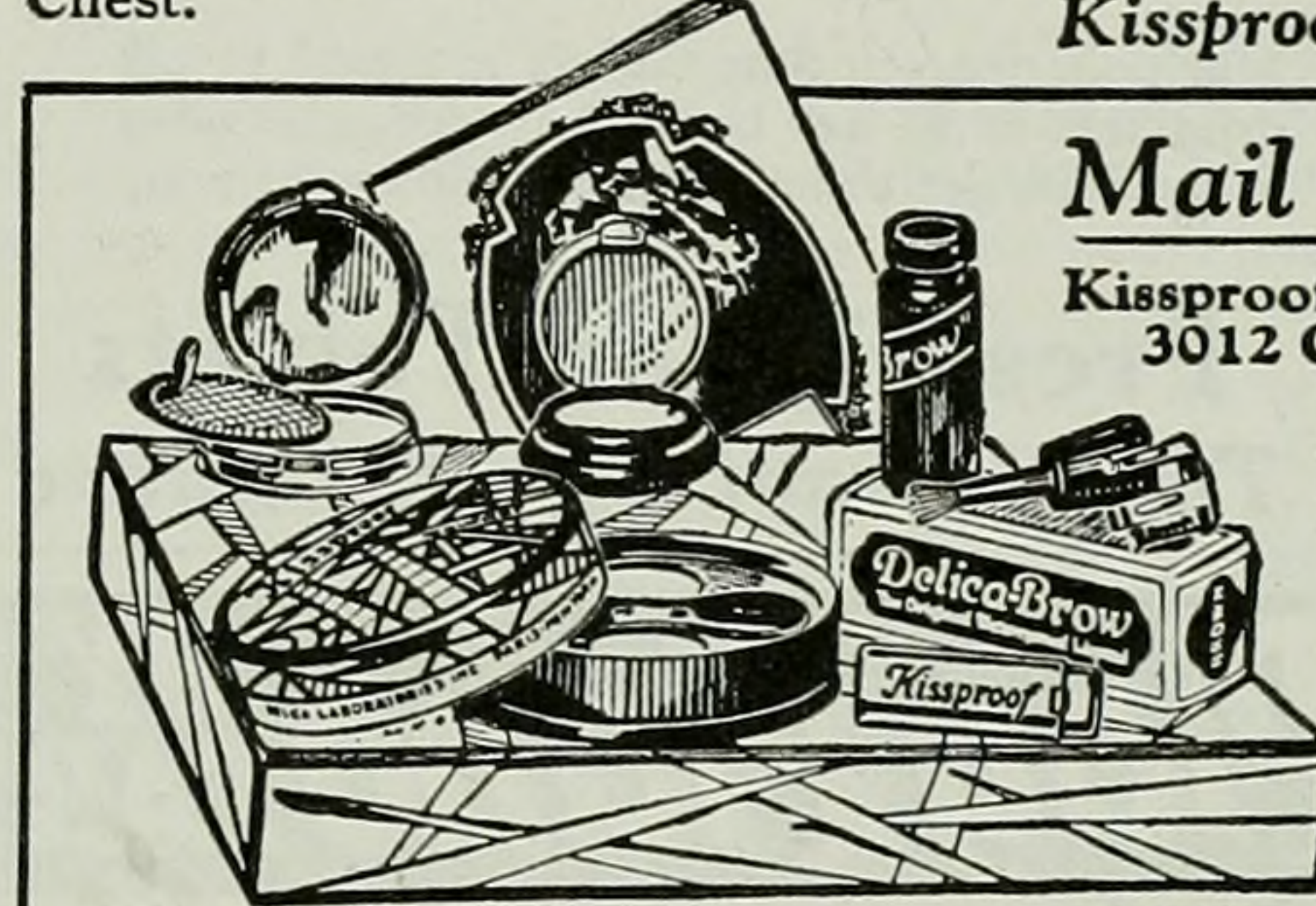
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"SKINNER'S BIG IDEA"—FBO.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Continuity by Matt Taylor. Directed by Lynn Shores. The cast: Skinner, Bryant Washburn; Hemingway, William Orland; Carlton, Jas. Bradbury, Sr.; Gibbs, Robt. Dudley; Perkins, Ole M. Ness; McLaughlin, Chas. Wellesley; Dorothy, Martha Sleeper; Jack McLaughlin, Hugh Trevor; Mrs. Skinner, Ethel Grey Terry.

"SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Frank Tuttle. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Diana, Esther Raiston; Roderick, Neil Hamilton; Chang-Tzo, Sojin; Perkins, Charles Sellon; George, Roscoe Karns; Earl of Rochester, Lawrence Grant; Clark, Mischa Auer; Mysterious Feet, by themselves.

"SPEEDY"—LLOYD-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Grey, Lex Neale, Howard Rogers and Jay A. Howe. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: Speedy, Harold Lloyd; His Sweetheart, Ann Christy; George Herman, Babe Ruth; Pop Dillon, Bert Woodruff; Steve Carter, Brooks Benedict.

"STREETS OF SHANGHAI"—TIFFANY.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Continuity by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier. Photography by Max Dupont and Earle Walker. The cast: Mary Sanger, Pauline Starke; Lee, Kenneth Harlan; Sadie, Margaret Livingston; Swede, Eddie Gribbon; Eugene Fong, Jason Robards; Mary's Companion, Mathilde Comont; Fong Kiang, Sojin; Su Quan, Anna May Wong; Chang Ho, Tetsu Komai; Girl Wife, Toshiye Ichoka; F'aien Shi, Media Ichoka.

"THOROUGHBREDS"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: Johnny Spencer, Richard Walling; Lucy Calhoun, Marion Nixon; Morrissey, Sam De Grasse; Walter Sindair, Montagu Love; Sybil Morrissey, Mary Nolan; McKee (Valet), Otis Harlan; Judge Clifford, David Torrence; Mrs. Calhoun, Claire McDowell; Ellis, John Fox; Trainer, Hayden Stevenson.

"TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE"—CHRISTIE-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Monte Brice. Scenario by Monte Brice. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: The Ring Master, W. C. Fields; Tillie, a runaway girl, Louise Fazenda; The Circus Owner, Chester Conklin; Tillie's Father, Mack Swain; The Heroine, Doris Hill; The Hero, Grant Withers; The Property Man, Tom Kennedy; The Strong Woman, Babe London; The Midget, Billy Platt.

"TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Albert Shelby Levino. Directed by George Archainbaud. Scenario by Olga Printzlau. The cast: Paula, Patsy Ruth Miller; Dick, William Collier, Jr.; Frank Gordon, Warner Baxter; Mother, Claire McDowell; Father, Harvey Clark; Diana, Margaret Quimby; Porter, Stepin Fetchit; Landlady, Billie Bennett.

"TURN BACK THE HOURS"—GOTHAM.—From the play by Edward E. Rose. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Tiza Torreon, Myrna Loy; Phillip Drake, Walter Pidgeon; Ace, Kearney, Sam Hardy; Limey, Stokes, George Stone; Breed, Sheldon Lewis; Col. Torreon, Josef Swickard; Maria, Ann Brody; A Dancer, Nanette Villon; A Cantina Girl, Joyzelle Joyner.

"TWO LOVERS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Baroness Orczy. Directed by Fred Nibo. The cast: Mark Van Rycke, Ronald Colman; Donna Lenora de Vargas, Vilma Banky; The Duke of Alva, Noah Beery; Prince of Orange, Nigel de Brulier; Grete, Virginia Bradford; Inez, Helen Jerome Eddy; Madame Van Rycke, Eugenie Besserer; Ramon de Linea, Paul Lukas; Meinherr Van Rycke, Bailiff of Ghent, Fred Esmelton; Jean, Harry Allen; Marda, Marcella Day.

"UPLAND RIDER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: Dan Dailey, Ken Maynard; Sally Graham, Marian Douglas; John Graham, Lufe McKee; Ross Cheswick, Sidney Jarvis; Bent, Robert Walker; Shorty, Bobby Dunn; Red, David Kirby; Slim, Robert Milash; Tarzan, Himself.

"VAMPING VENUS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: Michael Cassidy (King Cassidy of Ireland), Charlie Murray; Maggie Cassidy (Circe), Louise Fazenda; Mme. Venezelos, the dancer (Venus), Thelma Todd; Pete Papaglos (Bacchus), Russ Powell; Simonides, the strong man (Hercules), Joe Bonomo; Mars, Big Boy Williams; Western Union Boy (Mercury), Spec O'Donnell; Vulcan, Fred O'Beck; Jupiter, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Shopkeeper, Gus Partos; Juno, Janet McLeod; Stenographer, Yola d'Avril.

"WARNING, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lillian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchin. Adapted by George B. Seitz. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: Tom Fellows, Col. Robert Wellsley, Jack Holt; Mary Blake, Dorothy Revier; Tso Lin, Frank Lackteen; London Charlie, Pat Harmon; No. 24, Eugene Strong; Ah Sun, George Kuwa; Sir James Gordon, Norman Trevor.

"WE AMERICANS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Milton Herbert and Max Siegel. Adapted by

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"YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW"—RAYART.—From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Directed by Chas. J. Hunt. Photography by Ernest Depew. The cast: Patricia Berry, Lila Lee; Jerry Judd, Cornelius Keefe; Bowery Blackie, Warner Richmond; Bessie, Betty Francisco; Red, Charles King; Canada, Bert Starkey; Lieut. O'Connor, Frank Clark.

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

A. M. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.—You win the argument. Mary Pickford is thirty-five years old and Douglas Fairbanks is forty-four. Tell your friend that Mary was a child actress, so it is possible that she remembers seeing her a long time ago. Nevertheless, Mary was born in April, 1893, and is one of the stars who is quite honest about her age. Give her credit!

DEL P., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Thanks for the photograph. But I can't conscientiously advise any boy or girl to go to Hollywood. It's a tough game for a beginner. But one word from me and you'll do as you please. If you have a friend who has worked as an "extra," he will tell you how hard it is. Mae Murray is playing in vaudeville. It's no great secret that Mae and Von Stroheim didn't get on very well while making "The Merry Widow." But Von certainly did make Mae look like a million dollars.

A. V. W., BALTIMORE, MD.—Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

S. F. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have no record of any such picture starring Lillian Gish. It's probably an old film re-issued under a new title. Lillian Gish is thirty-one years old. Old films have a way of making the players seem older than they really are. If you will get some snapshots of yourself taken several years ago, you'll see how old photographs can make a person feel like an old man. Theater owners should tell their patrons when they run these ancient drammers. It isn't very square to show a film starring a popular player and try to pass it off as a new one.

W. E. C., LANCASTER, WIS.—Lon Chaney and William Haines played in "Tell It to the Marines." Haines is twenty-eight years old and not married.

JULIANA F., CHICAGO, ILL.—Lois Wilson isn't married. And Norma Talmadge is an American, with a strain of Irish. Mae Murray tells me that she is thirty-four years old. Not an eensy, weensy bit of trouble.

M. B. and B. R., RICHMOND, VA.—Yes, I think Joseph Striker is among the comers. He is twenty-seven years old, an American and unmarried.

W. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Joan Crawford has reddish brown hair. Dolores Costello is about nineteen years old. And Patsy Ruth Miller is twenty-four. Donald Keith played the son in "The Way of All Flesh."

HELENE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Nils Asther played Kit in "Sorrell and Son." Where has he been all these years? He's been in Sweden. He was born at Malmo, Jan. 17, 1902, and worked in German pictures before coming to this country. He has brown hair and hazel eyes.

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It required full five years of research in my scientific laboratory before I found the secret. I had discovered by accident that a certain ingredient would mildly stimulate eyelash and eyebrow growth. Mildly, I say; for results were not pronounced enough. But that was my clue. I followed it—through countless experiments. I made endless combinations of ingredients. And at last I succeeded—beyond my utmost hope. No one before has known the secret. I doubt if anyone else will have the patience to work as I did to learn. And of course I guard my discovery with every resource at my command. My grower is entirely harmless. By no chance can it injure the eyes. Don't forget that. It is everything you want—and nothing you'd not want.

Unconditional Guarantee

Take me at my word; which is that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no "strings" attached to my guarantee! No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes". New growth, or no pay. You are the sole judge. And money will be returned the very day it may be requested. So if you just reason, think things out, consider my reputation as the world's leading beauty specialist for fifteen years, you will not hesitate. You will let me prove what I can do.

Sent C. O. D. or for Cash

I am entirely willing to send you my Eyelash and Eyebrow Grower C.O.D. If I do that I charge you \$1.95 for the Grower, and you pay also the few cents postage. But if you will send me \$1.95 with your order, I will pay the postage. You choose whichever way you want. But I suggest—merely suggest—that it is to your advantage to send cash with order. You not only save the postage, but it is more convenient. You see if you order C.O.D. and are not home when package is delivered, the postman does not leave it. He leaves only a notice—and then you have to go to the post office for the package. You can avoid all trouble by sending \$1.95 with your order.

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