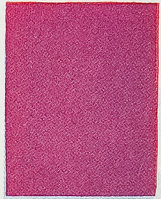


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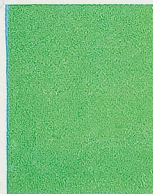
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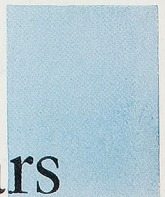
MARCH
25 CENTS



*Marion
Davies*



Charles Sheldon



This Cover
Drawing is a
Color Chart
For Blondes

See Page 50

Don't Envy the Stars

See Page 32

Real Mint



CURTISS
Baby Ruth Gum

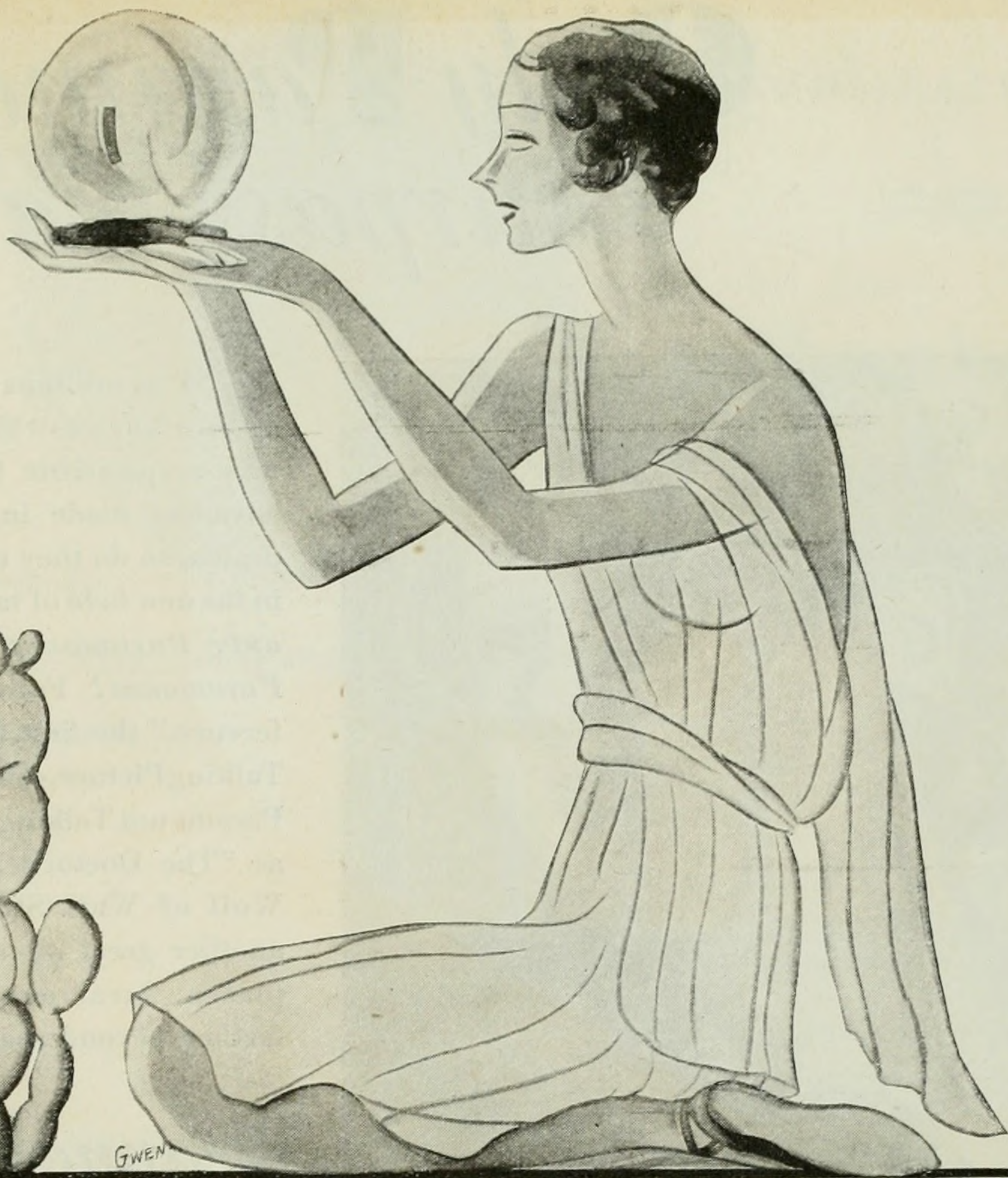
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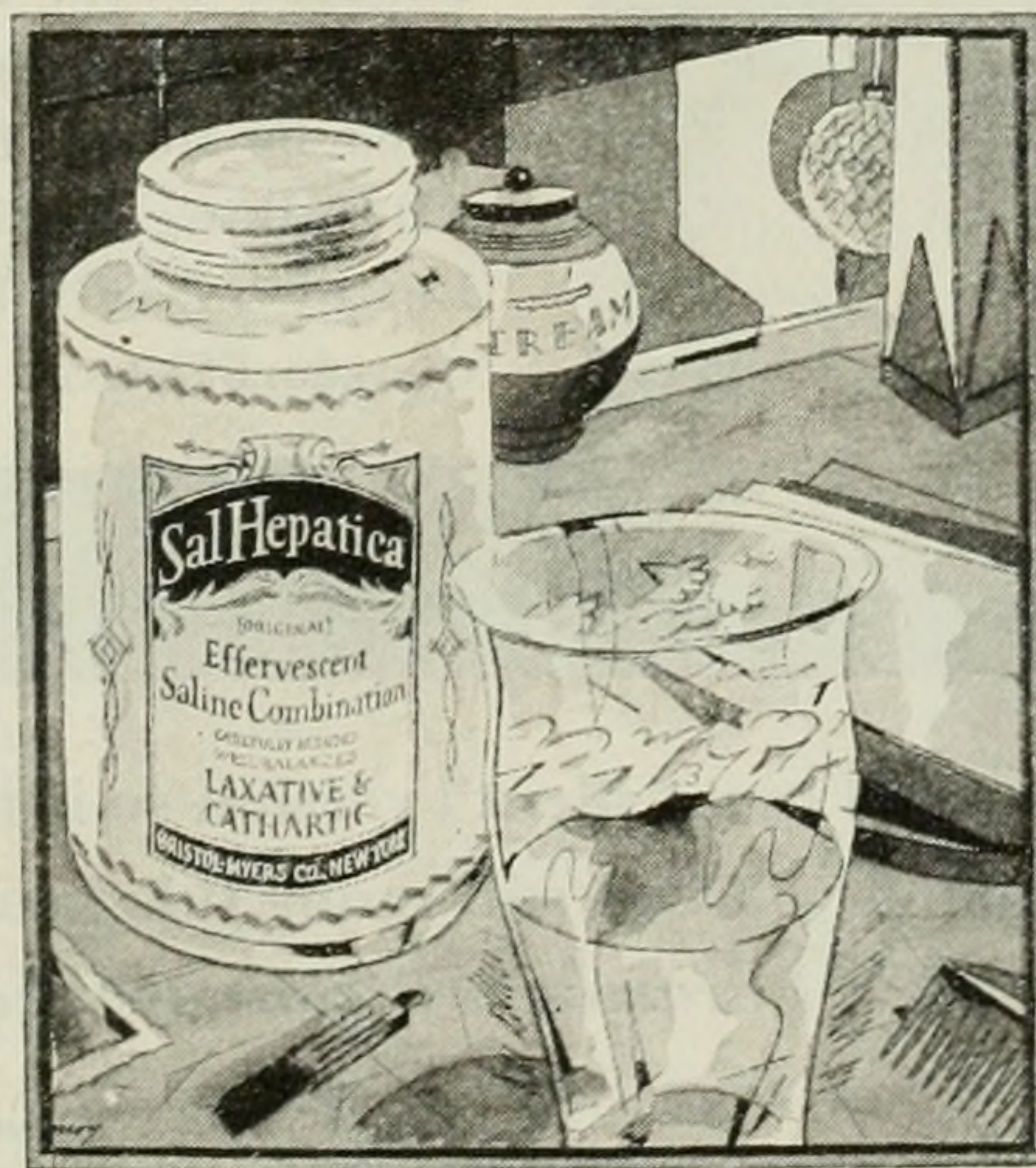
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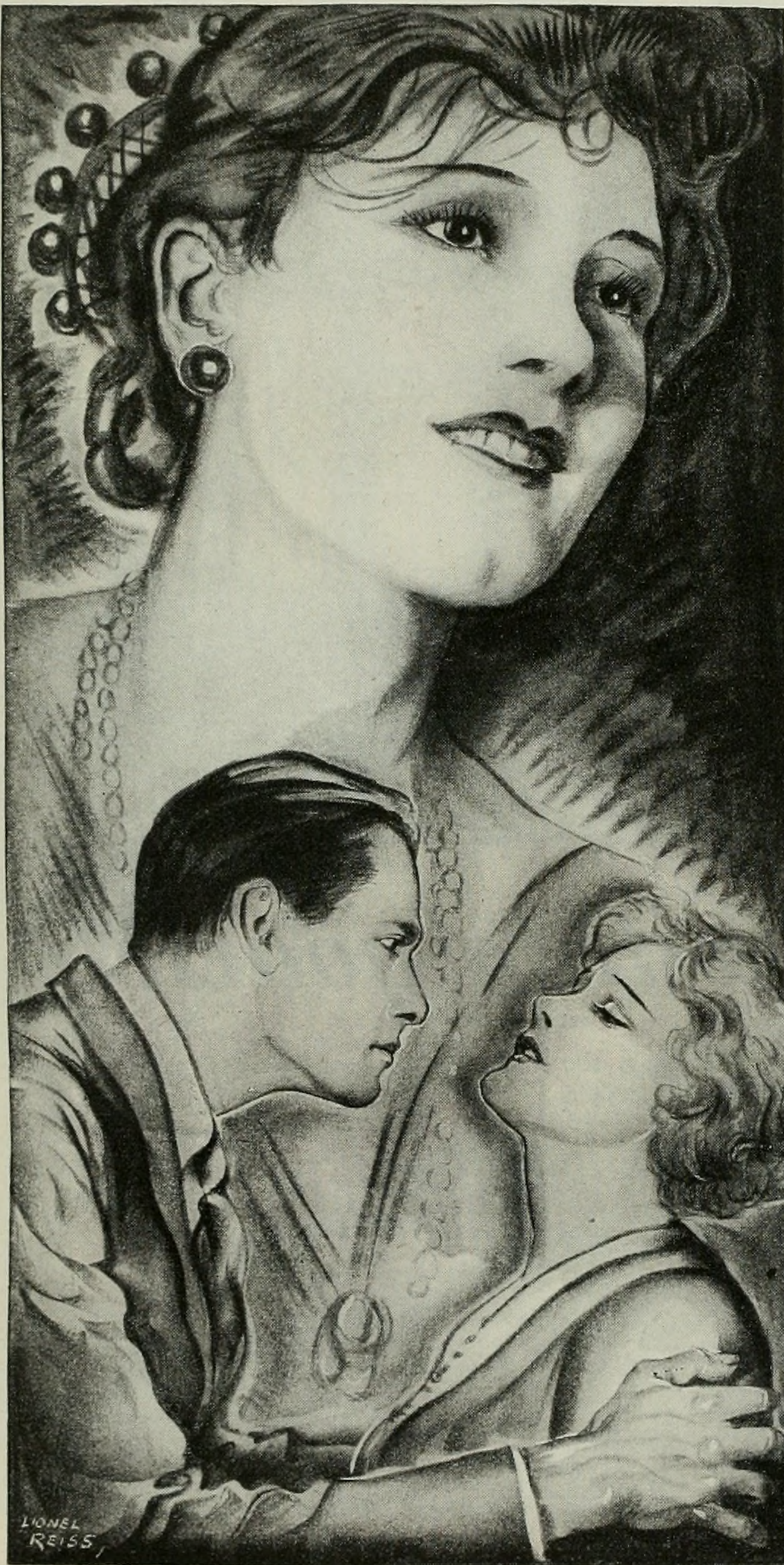
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN
WESTERN EDITOR

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For
March

1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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As We Go to PRESS

RICHARD BARTHELMESS returns to the First National coast studios on March 4th to start his new starring contract, following a 5,000 mile vacation trip with his wife. This trip included New York, Palm Beach, Havana, Vera Cruz and Mexico City. Dick's buddy, William Powell, joined Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess in New York and accompanied them on their trip. Dick's new contract, which calls for better than \$8,500 a week, also gives him twelve vacation weeks every year. Good contract, eh? . . . Upon his return, Bill Powell enters the star class with Paramount. His first will be "Darkened Rooms," a spiritualistic play. . . . Jack Mulhall also is becoming a full fledged star for First National. Jack will air his voice in his starring pictures. How many know that Mulhall was one of the first talkie players, in the old Edison talkies years and years ago? . . . All sorts of rumors about Max Reinhardt, the imported German stage producer, and Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists, have been going the rounds in Hollywood. Reinhardt rises to state that all is peace and that it will be Schenck's money and not his own used

in making the production of "The Miracle Girl" starring Lillian Gish. . . . Among the big shots now parking their lipsticks and gutturals at the Warner Brothers studios in Hollywood are Charlotte Greenwood, Ted Lewis, Joe Frisco, Phil Baker, George Arliss, Pauline Frederick and Sophie Tucker, all scheduled to do bigger and better Vitaphones. . . . As if that roster wasn't enough, the Warners have signed Fannie Ward, the perennial flapper, for a talkie. . . . Like all eminent authors, William J. Locke has been having his troubles in Hollywood. The original story he wrote for Norma Talmadge failed to click with the studio bosses. Locke probably will now make it into a novel, which the movies will purchase later at great cost. Instead of the Locke story, Miss Talmadge is going to do "The Sign on the Door," Channing Pollock's play of some seasons ago. George Fitzmaurice will direct it, his first for United Artists. Meanwhile, Locke is going back to Merrie England. . . . Despite reports that he was out of work, Gilbert Roland is back

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

on the United Artists lot with a new contract and a raise in salary. This flattens the reports that Eugene O'Brien was returning to be Norma Talmadge's leading man. . . . Octavus Roy Cohen, well known to PHOTOPLAY readers for his funny darkie stories, is in Hollywood doing Paramount's first vehicle for Moran and Mack. Now who brought that up? . . . Charlie Chaplin is all upset over the rumors about his infatuation for Georgia Hale. Still, they say he may marry Miss Hale. . . . Paul Whiteman, the heavyweight monarch of music, is due in at the Universal studios on March

1st to start spending a million of Uncle Carl's money on "The Jazz King." Katherine Crawford, of "Hit the Deck," is scheduled to be leading woman. . . . Mary Philbin answers the rumor that her romance with Paul Kohner is cold by showing his engagement ring. But her mother says there will be no marriage when Kohner returns. Figure that out. . . . Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are considering doing "The Taming of the Shrew" as a joint film effort. . . . Tom Mix, whose confessions will be found on another page of this issue, is retiring from FBO without making the last picture called for in his contract. He is scheduled to do several weeks in vaudeville, after which he will sail for Europe. Maybe he is going to strive for a reconciliation with Victoria, now in Paris. At least, that's what they say. . . . Tommy Meighan is going to do "The Argyle Case" for the Warners. . . .

Rin-Tin-Tin is going on a vaudeville tour. He will do four a day if his bark holds out. . . . Parrots and magpies are getting the breaks in the talkies these days. . . . Impersonators of animal sounds get \$15 a day in the Hollywood talkies now. . . . Bob

Benchley is back in Hollywood movietoning for Fox, after a visit to New York. Most of the stay was spent in bed with a temperature of one hundred and two. . . . John Gilbert will follow "Redemption" with "The Way of a Sailor," King Vidor directing. The Metro-Goldwyn studio is not the same with Greta Garbo gone, says Jack, who is reported to be interested a bit in Mona Maris, Joe Schenck's new Argentine discovery imported from Germany. Still, Greta phoned Jack from Stockholm on New Year's Day. . . . Sailor pictures are in vogue. William Haines is to do "The Gob." . . . By the way, Laurence Stallings is adapting Gilbert's "Way of a Sailor." . . . John Barrymore is to do "General Crack," George Preedy's novel of an eighteenth century soldier of fortune, as a Warner Vitaphone. . . . Norman Kerry is back in Hollywood after doing a film on the Continent. . . . Dick Arlen does a prize fighter in his next, "The Man I Love." . . . Little Davey Lee, the heart throb of "The Singing Fool," is to be starred in "Sonny Boy."



International Newsreel Photo

WAMPAS BABY STARS OF 1929. Top: Loretta Young, Josephine Dunn, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill, Anita Page. **Center:** Mona Rico, Betty Boyd, Sally Blane, Ethlyn Claire. **Sitting:** Helen Twelvetrees, Caryl Lincoln, Helen Foster, Doris Dawson

HEAR HER RUN the SCALE of HUMAN EMOTION
via **VITAPHONE**



Irresistible ...
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“My Man” is a 100% Vitaphone Talking Picture—every character in the play *alive* with voice and action!

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IF THERE IS NOT A THEATRE IN YOUR COMMUNITY EQUIPPED AS YET TO SHOW “MY MAN” AS A TALKING PICTURE—BE SURE TO SEE IT AS A SILENT PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

ADORATION—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

***AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

AIR LEGION, THE—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

AIR MAIL PILOT, THE—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

AMAZING VAGABOND, THE—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

ANNAPOLIS—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

APACHE, THE—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

AVALANCHE—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Baclanova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

AVENGING RIDER, THE—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

AWAKENING, THE—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

BABY CYCLONE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (September.)

BANTAM COWBOY, THE—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

***BARKER, THE**—First National.—Human and humorous story of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

BEGGARS OF LIFE—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

BEWARE OF BLONDES—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

BIG HOP, THE—Buck Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

BIT OF HEAVEN, A—Excellent.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

BITTER SWEETS—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

BLACK ACE, THE—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

BLACK BUTTERFLIES—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

BLOW FOR BLOW—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

BROADWAY DADDIES—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

BROKEN MASK, THE—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

BROTHERLY LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

BURNING BRIDGES—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

BURNING THE WIND—Universal.—One of Hoot Gibson's lapses. (Oct.)

CAMERAMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

***CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN CARELESS—FBO.—You'll like Bob Steele. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN LASH—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN SWAGGER—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

***CARDBOARD LOVER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Snappy French farce comedy with Marion Davies—also Jetta Goudal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

***CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"7th Heaven"
"The Singing Fool"
"The Divine Lady"
"Interference"
"Mother Knows Best"
"Street Angel"
"In Old Arizona"
"The Patriot"
"Four Devils"
"Wings"
"The Godless Girl"

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

CAVALIER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Talmadge in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

CELEBRITY—Pathe.—A prize-fighter gets culture. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)

CHEYENNE—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

CIRCUS KID, THE—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

CLEARING THE TRAIL—Universal.—Again saving the old ranch. (Oct.)

CLOUD DODGER, THE—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blonde! (Oct.)

CODE OF THE AIR—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct.)

CODE OF THE SCARLET—First National.—Ken Maynard gets his man. Good out-door story. (September.)

COME AND GET IT—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE—Gotham.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct.)

COURT-MARTIAL—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

COWBOY KID, THE—Fox.—A Western for the simple-minded. (September.)

***CRAIG'S WIFE**—Pathe.—Splendid drama with Irene Rich as the too perfect wife. (September.)

CRASH, THE—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

DANGER STREET—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

DEMON RIDER, THE—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE—FBO.—Aggravating bunk. (September.)

***DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

DIVINE SINNER, THE—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct.)

***DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

DOG LAW—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

DOMESTIC MEDDLERS—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

DO YOUR DUTY—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

DREAM OF LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

DRIFTWOOD—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

***DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law ex-patriots of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS—Anchor.—Gagging the Great War again. (September.)


DUTY'S REWARD—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

FAMILY PICNIC, THE—Fox-Movietone.—Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and write your own remedy. (September.)

FANGS OF FATE—Pathe.—Klondike, the dog growls through an old story. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



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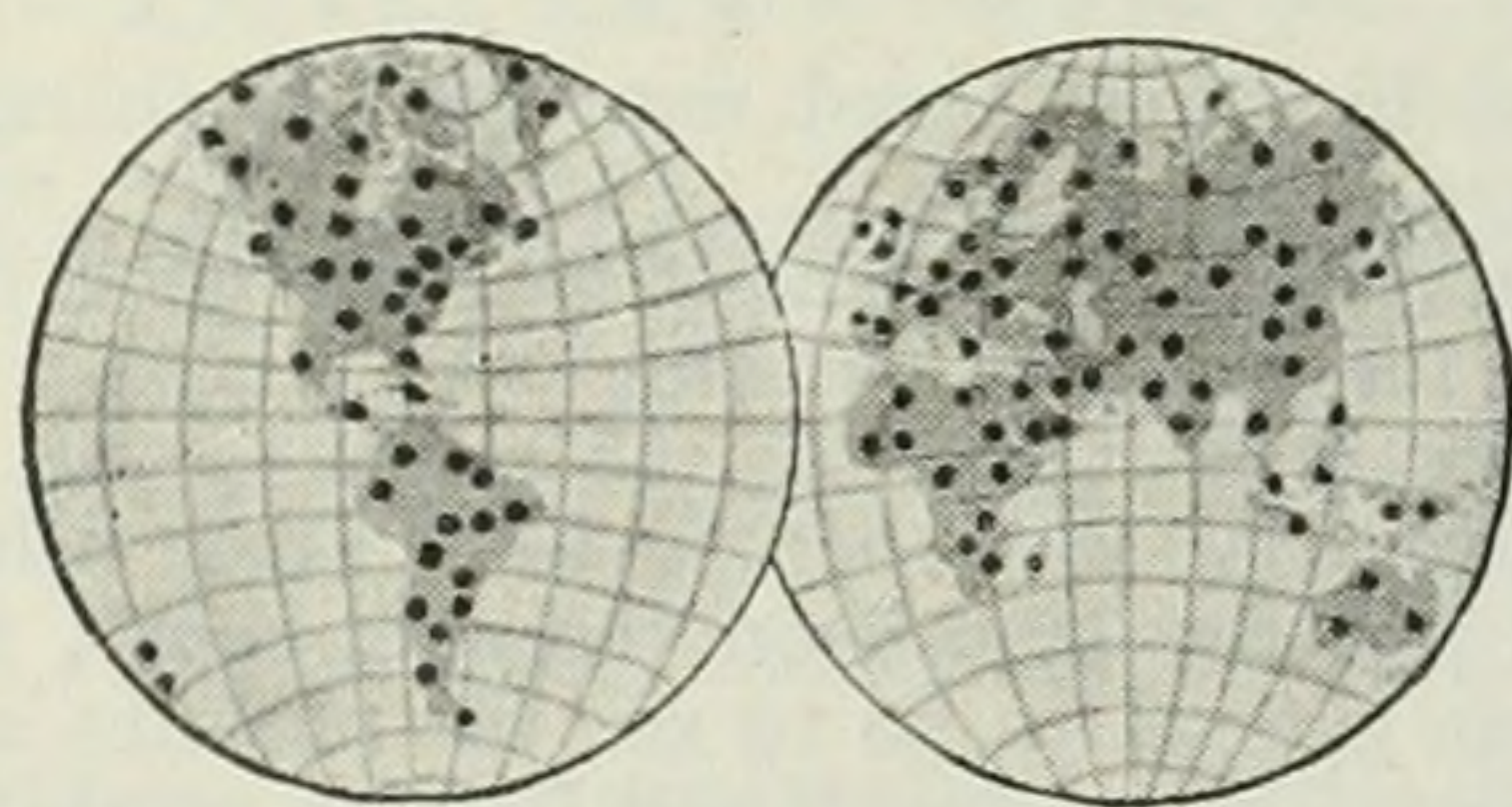
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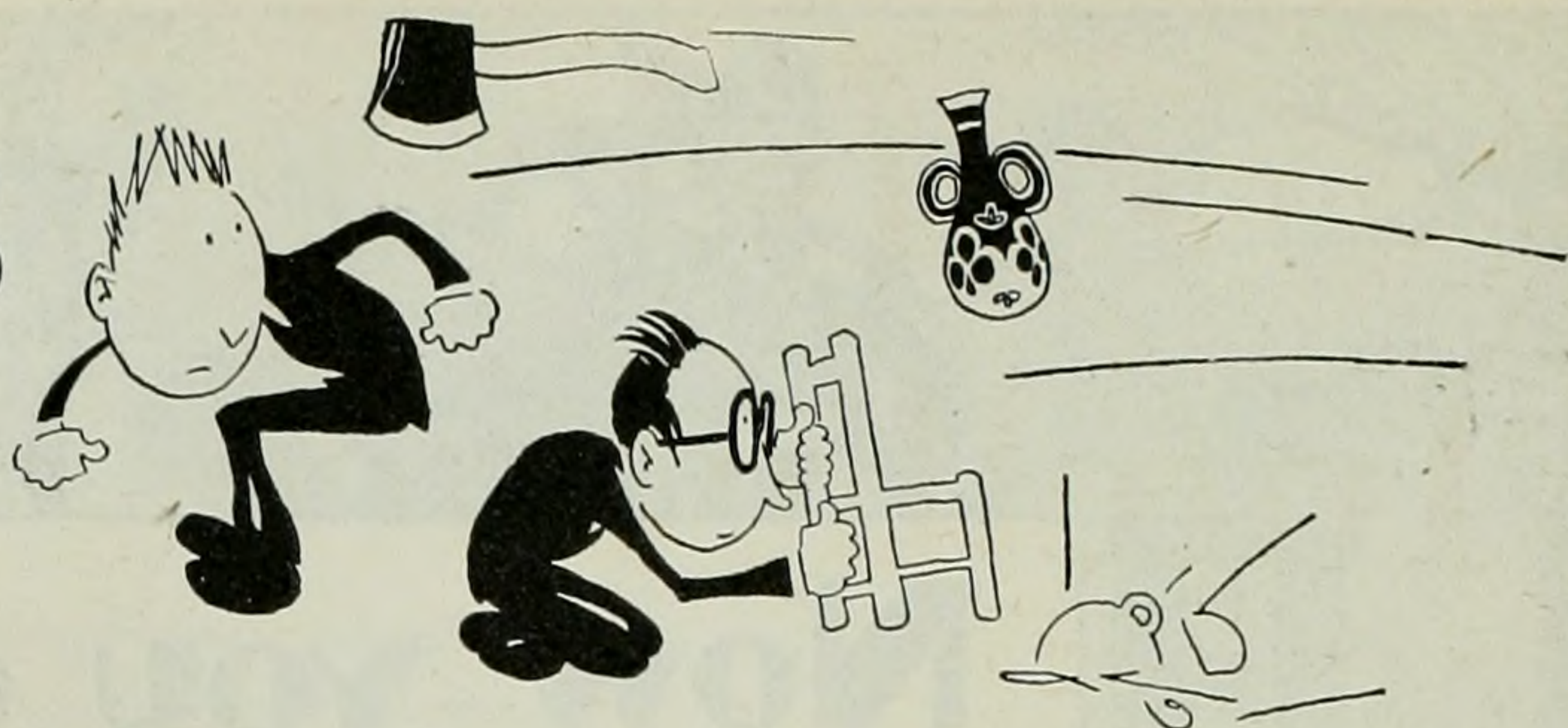


F IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!
MOVIE-TONE NEWS
X *4 Issues Every Week*

Brickbats

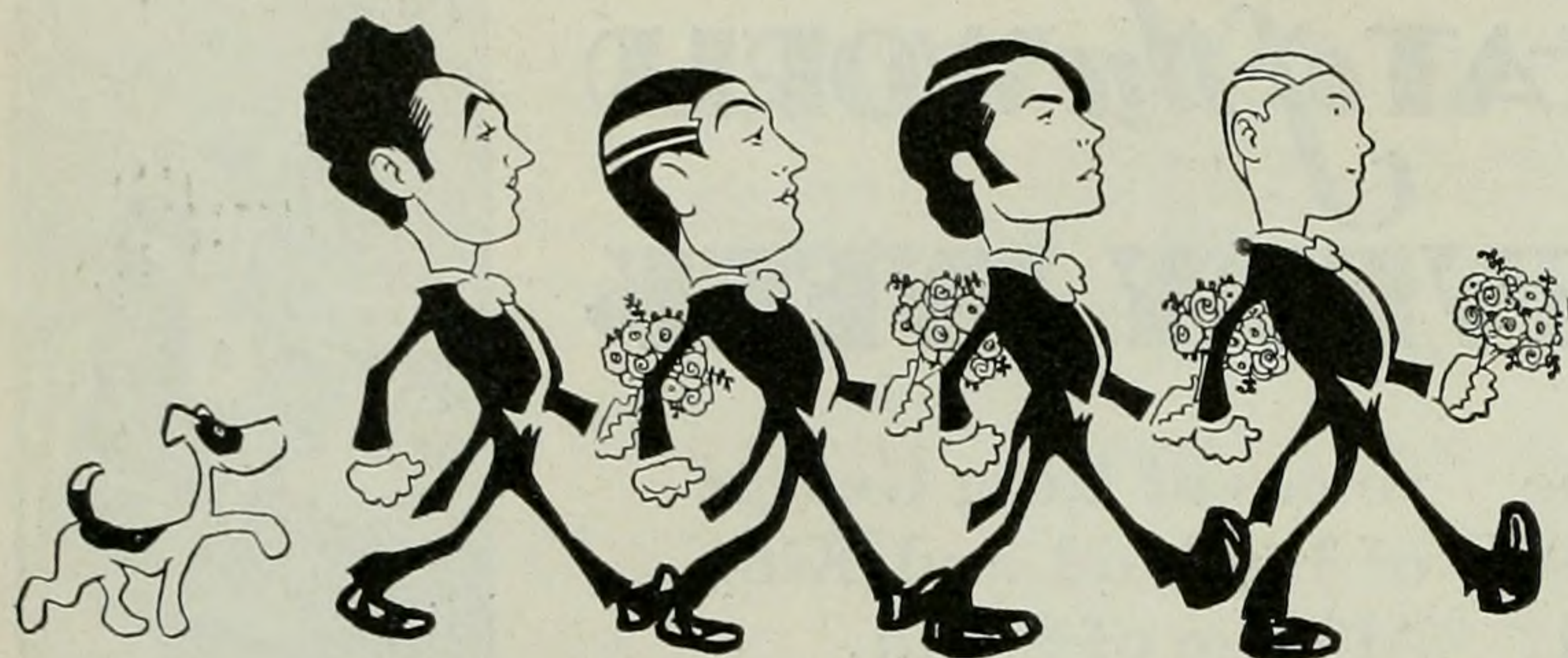
Three prizes
are given every month
for the best letters—
\$25, \$10 and \$5

and



Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,
the FANS,
GIVE THEIR VIEWS



The Monthly Barometer

THE furor about talking pictures is subsiding. The "fans" are accepting them for what they are worth—either good or bad entertainment. "The Singing Fool," for instance, is widely praised as a fine use of the new medium. "Our Dancing Daughters" continues to bring in a flood of enthusiastic letters.

PHOTOPLAY's article, "Diet—The Menace of Hollywood," was the most discussed feature of the month. There is a demand for Life Stories of Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper and Baclanova. What are your preferences? "The Wedding March" is receiving some severe pannings. John Gilbert, Nils Asther and Gary Cooper have the edge on all the other boys in letters. Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford are the queens among the girls.

Extra space is allotted to the prize-winning letter for this month. It comes from the County Supervisor of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and it is recommended to your attention. You'll find it worth reading and thinking about.

What have you to say? What brickbats or bouquets have you to throw at the movies?

\$25.00 Letter

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Some of our citizens interested in the Eighteenth Amendment were anxious to find out what benefits, if any, had accrued to the people by the passing of that act. I always call on a large number of voters during an election, and I was asked if I would make a report. Having myself been elected to office by the voters on eight separate occasions, I am well acquainted and, it is fair to say, I am well qualified to make such an investigation.

I found, undoubtedly, many families had benefited by the Eighteenth Amendment, but I discovered, and it was something I had not looked for, that moving pictures had contributed more to the making of happy homes than they are given credit for.

One of my former constituents was in years gone by what you may designate as a drunkard. On more than one occasion, when I was alderman in his ward, his wife requested me to intercede, feeling I had some influence with him, because every cent of his pay envelope went to a gin mill. On my recent call, I

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.

found him a changed man with a changed home and family.

"Abolishing the saloons hasn't been a bad thing for you, Jim," I said.

"Oh, it isn't exactly the saloons," he responded, "it was the movies. Long before they put the kibosh on the rum shops, the missus got me to go to see the pictures and I enjoyed 'em so much and I got so much fun from seeing my youngsters happy, that I swore off drinking. We always go to pictures on Saturday nights and, you bet, I get more for my money than I did before."

A retired business man said to me: "You remember my servant, Timothy? He has been in my employ for over twenty years and scores of times I've dismissed him for drinking, but he always came back with new resolutions and fresh promises. He seemed hopeless, until he began to go to moving picture shows. Now I don't think he has had a drop for years. Every night, unless I need him, he is out at the movies."

"Isn't that expensive?" I asked.

"Expensive nothing," was the rejoinder, "why he would spend more in one night in a saloon than he spends in a month at the shows. He hadn't a dollar to his name when he acquired the movie habit, but since then my wife puts a portion of his wages in the savings bank every week."

"Well," I said, "I guess closing the saloons helped a little."

"Maybe they did," said my friend, "but I

don't believe if there were a saloon on every corner that you could get Timothy inside one of them. He has got the saving idea and I give all the credit to the moving pictures."

A lady I called upon said: "The servant problem nearly drove me insane. I finally found a prize cook, but I soon discovered that most of her money went for gin. Poor soul! I was sorry for her. She hadn't a friend in the country. One night my little ten year old girl wanted to go to see Charlie Chaplin and I asked Katrina if she would take her. She had never seen a picture, but she grudgingly agreed. From that night she became an ardent movie fan and never misses a picture of merit. And, wonderful to relate, she hasn't touched a drop of gin since then."

I mention only these three cases but there were many others. My investigation proved to me conclusively that the motion picture has done as much towards the making of happy homes and happy lives as the passing of the Volstead Act.

COUNTY SUPERVISOR RANSON CAYGILL.

\$10.00 Letter

Baltimore, Md.

After having seen "White Shadows of the South Seas," I am inspired to write a few words of praise about this unusual tale. The moral, so it seems to me, is that the white man more often brings evil instead of good to these far-off islands.

For nearly twenty years my uncle sailed the seven seas and I recall very vividly his telling me as a child how it distressed him when he thought of the way the lives of these peace-loving natives were molested and altered according to American ideas.

Because we are Americans, why are we so egotistical as to think that our ways are best? Who are we to tell these people who live by nature alone that it is wrong. As for being heathens—yes! What if they in their ignorance, worship the moon, the stars or the sun? Here in our own country, where the word of God is spread unceasingly, I dare say there are more heathens than we could find by searching the far corners of the earth.

Charity begins at home. And in my humble opinion, this applies to reformation as well.

Such is the moral of this South Sea Island production, and may the screen continue to bring before the world such vital truths.

MRS. EUTHA ALLEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

Is Intelligence a Handicap to Women?



GERTRUDE ATHERTON—one of the most brilliant present-day woman writers—asks and discusses this vitally important question in the March Smart Set. Read it and then turn to Smart Set's new department—Beauty plus Brains—a series of portraits of beautiful young women who have made outstanding successes in business and professional careers—there's the answer.

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MARCH

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

ON SALE NOW

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



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FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE—FBO.—Buzz Barton eats up the Western scenery. (September.)

FIRST KISS, THE—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

FLEET'S IN, THE—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

FLEETWING—Fox.—A story of Araby, a girl, a sheik and a horse. (September.)

FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

***FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

FORBIDDEN LOVE—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

***FORGOTTEN FACES**—Paramount.—Underworld story of regeneration and sacrifice. Fine story, fine acting, and 100 per cent entertainment. (Sept.)

***FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

***FOUR WALLS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story of Jewish gangster, splendidly played by John Gilbert. Don't miss it. (September.)

FURY OF THE WILD—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

GANG WAR—FBO.—Yep, bootleggers and crooks again. (September.)

GATE CRASHER, THE—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a hit-and-miss comedy. (September.)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—Fox-Movietone.—Mr. Shaw entertains his public with an imitation of Mussolini. It's a wow. (September.)

GERALDINE—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

GHOST TALKS, THE—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

GRAIN OF DUST, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

GREASED LIGHTNING—Universal.—Dumb Western. (September.)

GREEN GRASS WIDOWS—Tiffany-Stahl.—Walter Hagen in a goofy golf story. He should know better. (September.)

GUARDIANS OF THE WILD—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

GUN RUNNER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

HARVEST OF HATE, THE—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

HAUNTED HOUSE, THE—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

HEARTS OF MEN—Anchor.—And producers ain't got no heart. (Oct.)

HEART TO HEART—First National.—Agreeable and original comedy of small town life. You'll like it. (September.)

HEART TROUBLE—First National.—Harry Langdon writes his own finish in pictures. (Sept.)

HEY, RUBE—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

HIS LAST HAUL—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

HIS PRIVATE LIFE—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

HIS RISE TO FAME—Excellent.—Prize ring stuff with night club trimmings. (September.)

HOLLYWOOD BOUND—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

HOMESICK—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

***HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

HOT NEWS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels hunts for thrills in the news reel game. And finds 'em. (September.)

HOUSE OF SHAME, THE—Chesterfield.—Domestic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

HUNTINGTOWER—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

I FORBID—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Kosher film of breaking hearts. (November.)

***IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

INSPIRATION—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

***INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

INTO NO MAN'S LAND—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

***IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to *D'Artagnan*—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

JAZZ AGE, THE—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

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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***JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

JUST MARRIED—Paramount.—Honeymoon farce on a transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (September.)

KID'S CLEVER, THE—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

KING COWBOY—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

KING OF THE RODEO—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

***KIT CARSON**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par Western. (Oct.)

LADIES OF THE MOB—Paramount.—Clara Bow becomes a gunman's "moll" and handles a dramatic story skillfully. (September.)

LADY OF CHANCE, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velez runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

LAST WARNING, THE—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

LIGHTNING SPEED—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK—Warner-Vitaphone.—First all-talkie feature and, naturally, pretty crude. Squawking night clubs and audible murders. (September.)

LINDA—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

LINGERIE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a warrance that you'll like. (Oct.)

LION AND THE MOUSE—Warner-Vitaphone.—Partly dialogue with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September.)

LION'S ROAR, THE—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

LITTLE WILDCAT, THE—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE—Hercules.—Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (September.)

LOOKOUT GIRL, THE—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

LOST IN THE ARCTIC—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

LOVE OVER NIGHT—Pathe.—Mystery stuff eased over with some good comedy. (September.)

MADLON—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

MAKING THE GRADE—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

MAKING THE VARSITY—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE—Rayart.—Thrilling and enthralling Secret Service yarn. Above average. (September.)

***MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

MAN IN HOBBLES, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

MAN OF PEACE, A—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth' first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

MAN'S MAN, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

MARCHING ON—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

MARKED MONEY—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

MARQUIS PREFERRED—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

MASKED ANGEL, A—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (Oct.)

MASKS OF THE DEVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confused fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

***MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount-Caddo.—Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (Oct.)

***ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

MIDNIGHT LIFE—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct.)

MODERN MOTHERS—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Babbitts. (Oct.)

MORGAN'S LAST RAID—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

***MOTHER KNOWS BEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

MUST WE MARRY?—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo as a spy in a war romance. And, oh what fun for the officers! (September.)

NAME THE WOMAN—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (Oct.)

NAPOLEON'S BARBER—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

NAUGHTY BABY—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

NIGHT BIRD, THE—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

***NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

***NOAH'S ARK**—Warners.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct.)

NOISY NEIGHBORS—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

NONE BUT THE BRAVE—Fox.—Once more the college hero makes good. (Oct.)

NO OTHER WOMAN—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for no good reason. (September.)

OBEY YOUR HUSBAND—Anchor.—Horrible moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

OFFICE SCANDAL, THE—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

OH KAY!—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

OLD CODE, THE—Anchor.—Heaven help the Indian on a night like this! (Oct.)

ONE MAN DOG, THE—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

***ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

ORPHANS OF THE SAGE—FBO.—Hoss pitcher. (Oct.)

***OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

OUT OF THE RUINS—First National.—Dick Barthelmess in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

OUT WITH THE TIDE—Fearless.—Great handfuls of melodrama. (November.)

PACE THAT KILLS, THE—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)

PAINTED POST—Fox.—Tom Mix's swan song for Fox. (September.)

PHIPPS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

PLASTERED IN PARIS—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

POLLY OF THE MOVIES—First Division.—Inexpensive but entertaining film about an ugly duckling who would be a movie queen. (September.)

PORT OF DREAMS—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

***POWER**—Pathe.—Romantic adventures of Bill Boyd and Alan Hale a couple of dam good workers—or good dam workers. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

POWER OF THE PRESS, THE—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



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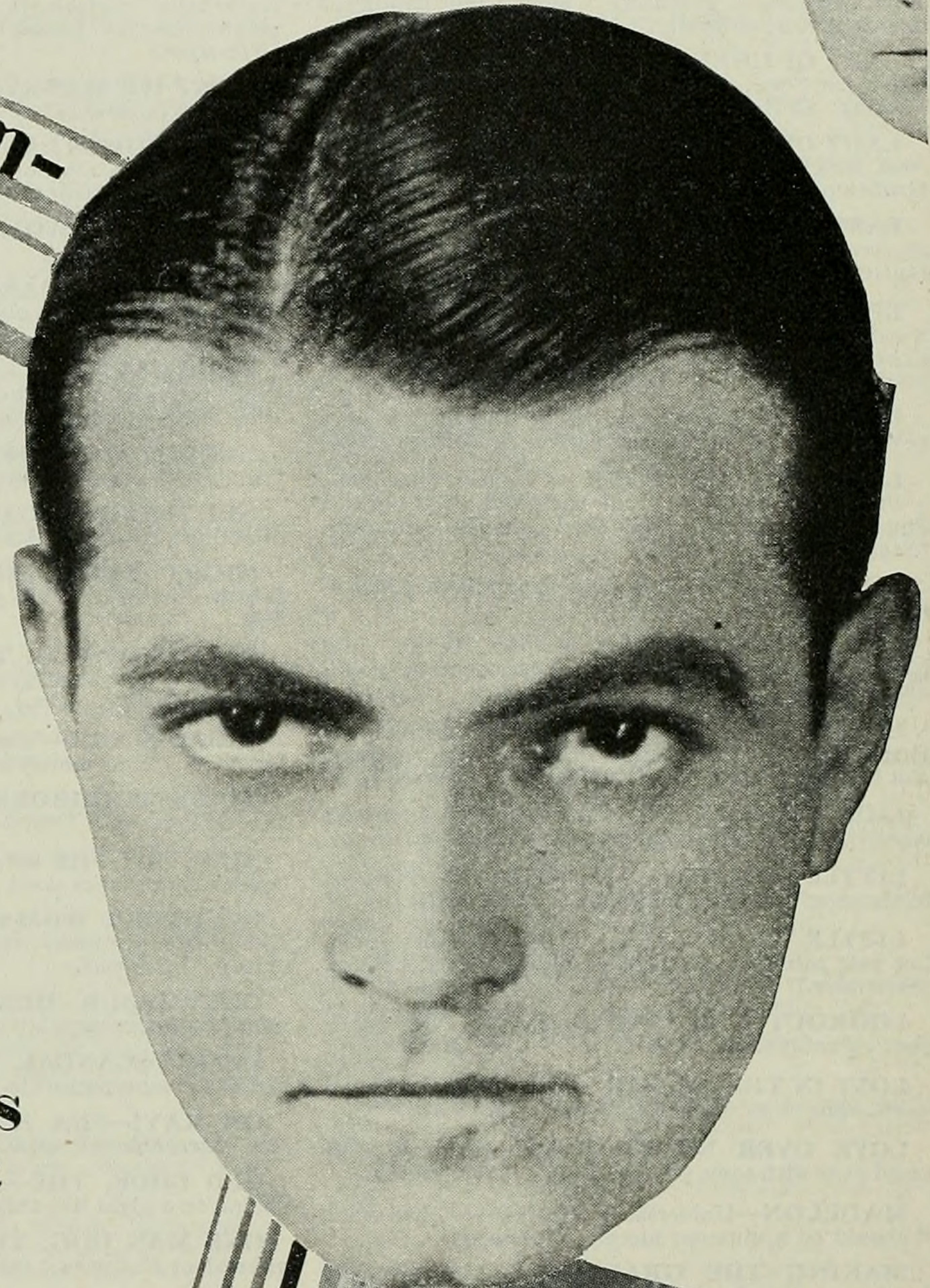
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How to Adapt the Recipes in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book to a weight reducing diet



Diet and exercise are the two important ways of keeping a slim figure, as Dorothy Sebastian knows. Both must be practised consistently and in moderation. Read how you may cut your calories without starving yourself

IN another part of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, Dr. H. B. K. Willis gives you a calorie chart to guide you in arranging your menus if you are trying to reduce by adopting a safe and sane diet. PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book doesn't attempt to count calories but, if you must watch your weight, it is quite simple to adapt the recipes to your caloric needs.

For instance, there is Norma Talmadge's recipe for vegetable salad. Here is the recipe, as it is given in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup finely cut red cabbage | 1 cup finely cut celery |
| 1 cup cold boiled beets | ½ cup pimientos |
| 1 cup cold boiled carrots | 1 head lettuce |
| 1 cup cold boiled potatoes | 1 cup French dressing |

Soak the cabbage in cold water for one hour. Drain the finely chopped vegetables and mix well together. Pour over French dressing, serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with pimientos.

Now to cut a few unnecessary calories from the salad without spoiling the taste, all you have to do is to eliminate the fattening potatoes. Instead you may substitute string beans, peas or any other green vegetable in season. And it would be well to cut down on the French dressing, which is mostly oil. You won't need so much dressing if you season the vegetables when you mix them, with salt and pepper and a little vinegar.

Let's consider Mary Philbin's recipe for Brown Betty. This is the original recipe:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cups bread crumbs | ¾ cup sugar |
| 4 apples | 2 teaspoons cinnamon |
| A little butter | |

Grease a baking dish and line with a layer of sliced apples, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Then a layer of

bread crumbs with more cinnamon and sugar. Alternate apples and bread crumbs until the pan is filled, covering finally with bread crumbs. Small flakes of butter will make the pudding richer and, if you like, you may flavor with a little lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes, keeping the dish covered until the last ten minutes of baking. Serve with hard sauce.

TO reduce the calories in this recipe, use whole wheat or non-fattening bread crumbs. And you may either cut down on the amount of sugar or substitute honey, which is slightly less fattening. The apples themselves contain their own sugar and the basic principle of the recipe is to combine the bread crumbs and the fruit. Of course, you don't need the butter but, if you think the pudding is going to be dry, you may add a little water to it.

Naturally, you will pass up the hard sauce, if you really are in earnest about getting thin, because the sauce is made of butter and sugar creamed together with a little flavoring. In fact, in adapting a great many of the recipes in the Cook Book, you can cut many calories simply by eliminating the rich sauces.

Thousands of PHOTOPLAY'S readers have received real pleasure and help from the Cook Book. If you haven't a copy, simply fill out the coupon, send twenty-five cents, and a Cook Book will be sent to you by return mail. In it you will find one hundred and fifty recipes, each one representing the favorite dish of a star.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

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Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



on Girls' Problems

The talkies demonstrate the importance of a good speaking voice. For instance, study Evelyn Brent's clear, unaffected enunciation in "Interference," and you will see how much a voice adds to the charm of personality

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I am almost ashamed to complain, because I have so much to be grateful for. But I really have a big problem and I hope you can help me. First I'll have to explain myself a little, even if it does sound conceited. Before I finish you'll know I'm not conceited.

I'm twenty and considered pretty (and I know I am, although not in the dashing way I'd like). I have light brown fluffy hair and brown eyes and I'm moderately tall, and slender without being too thin. I dance well and my folks have enough money to give me a comfortable home and provide a good social background. I wear as nice clothes as the other girls in my set. I graduated from high school two years ago, have kept up my reading since, and for the past two years have held a good position in a big insurance office.

But in spite of everything I'm not a bit popular and never was, even during my school days. I'm all right in a crowd, but when I'm alone with one boy I get perfectly panic-stricken. I don't know what to talk about and everything I say sounds awkward and wrong. And of course the boy gets bored and he doesn't ask me for any more dates. The next time I meet him at a party or dance he is with some girl who hasn't had half my advantages and isn't a bit prettier or better dressed. But she's probably calling him her "ittle bitsie boy" and a lot of other foolish prattle and he's drinking in every word.

I just *can't* use "baby talk" to a grown man without feeling like a fool myself. And I can't give him a lot of compliments and tell him how grand I think he is—because the grander he seems the more tongue-tied I get!

I've tried drawing boys out and making them talk about themselves, but Mrs. Van Wyck, I haven't found that to be the magic cure-all. I don't believe boys like to talk about themselves all the time. They do like to talk about their jobs, and sometimes about mine, but most of the time I think they prefer less workaday subjects. And I have no small talk at all and I'm not enough at ease to be sparkling and witty—except at night after I'm in bed and I think back over the evening and the clever things I might have said!

Please, Mrs. Van Wyck, tell me how I can learn to say the things that will be interesting to boys, that will make them laugh and look at me with that little admiring gleam in their eyes—oh, yes, I'd recognize it, I've seen them look that way so often at other girls! JEAN L.

JEAN, I am choosing your letter to answer at some length in the magazine because there are so many, many girls with exactly your problem. And I want to help you all. You don't have to be unpopular. Gayety and companionship and love belong to youth. And every girl can have these in some measure, if she will only seek them in the right way.

I wonder if you realize that the best conversationalists are the most attentive listeners. It doesn't matter whether you are talking with an older person, with another girl or with a boy, the rule is the same—listen carefully. Don't just pretend interest—*be* interested.

Do You Know How to Talk?

Is This Month's Problem

HAVE you gone beyond the "baby talk" stage? Conversationally, many women never grow up. And yet, all theories to the contrary, men like women who know how to talk and when to listen. A sincere interest in others, a lack of self-consciousness and a well-pitched unaffected voice—these are the chief requirements of a good conversationalist.

Are there any other problems of beauty, health or happiness you want me to write about? Remember that I will be glad to answer any questions about the care of the hair or the complexion, about your clothes problems or about your personal perplexities. If you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, you will receive your answer by return mail. Other letters will be answered in the magazine.

For information about the care of the skin, send a stamped envelope. And for the booklet on sane reducing, send ten cents. Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Before you know it, something the boy says will remind you of something to tell him, and instead of wondering miserably what to say next you will be eagerly waiting for a break in his conversation so that you will have a turn to speak. In that way the talk will drift from subject to subject and the conversation will become vital and interesting to you both. When the evening is over, instead of regretting the clever things you might have said you will be thinking of those that were left unsaid because there wasn't time enough, and you will be looking forward to your next meeting. And the chances are that the boy will be feeling the same way. Your interest and natural manner will have set him completely at his ease.

When the all-talking picture "Interference" comes to your town, if you have not already seen it, be sure to go. Besides finding it very good entertainment you will be charmed by Evelyn Brent's lovely voice. And you will realize then, if you never did before, how important a part of one's personality the voice can be. Evelyn Brent speaks in a firm, well-pitched voice, without a trace of affectation in her accent and with perfect enunciation. Her voice is the natural expression of her emotions—when she is angry it becomes brittle and hard, and when she is trying to win back the man she loves it is resonant with feeling.

But don't get the idea that you must have a cultivated voice or a stage voice in order to talk well. I merely want to impress upon you that just as pretty clothes enhance your appearance, an attractive voice adds charm to whatever you say. Listen to your own voice for a few days—whenever you find it is getting too high-pitched, too loud, or too colorless and flat, try to remedy it at once. You will find it very good practice to read aloud, to someone else or just to yourself, and to watch your enunciation and your tones carefully.

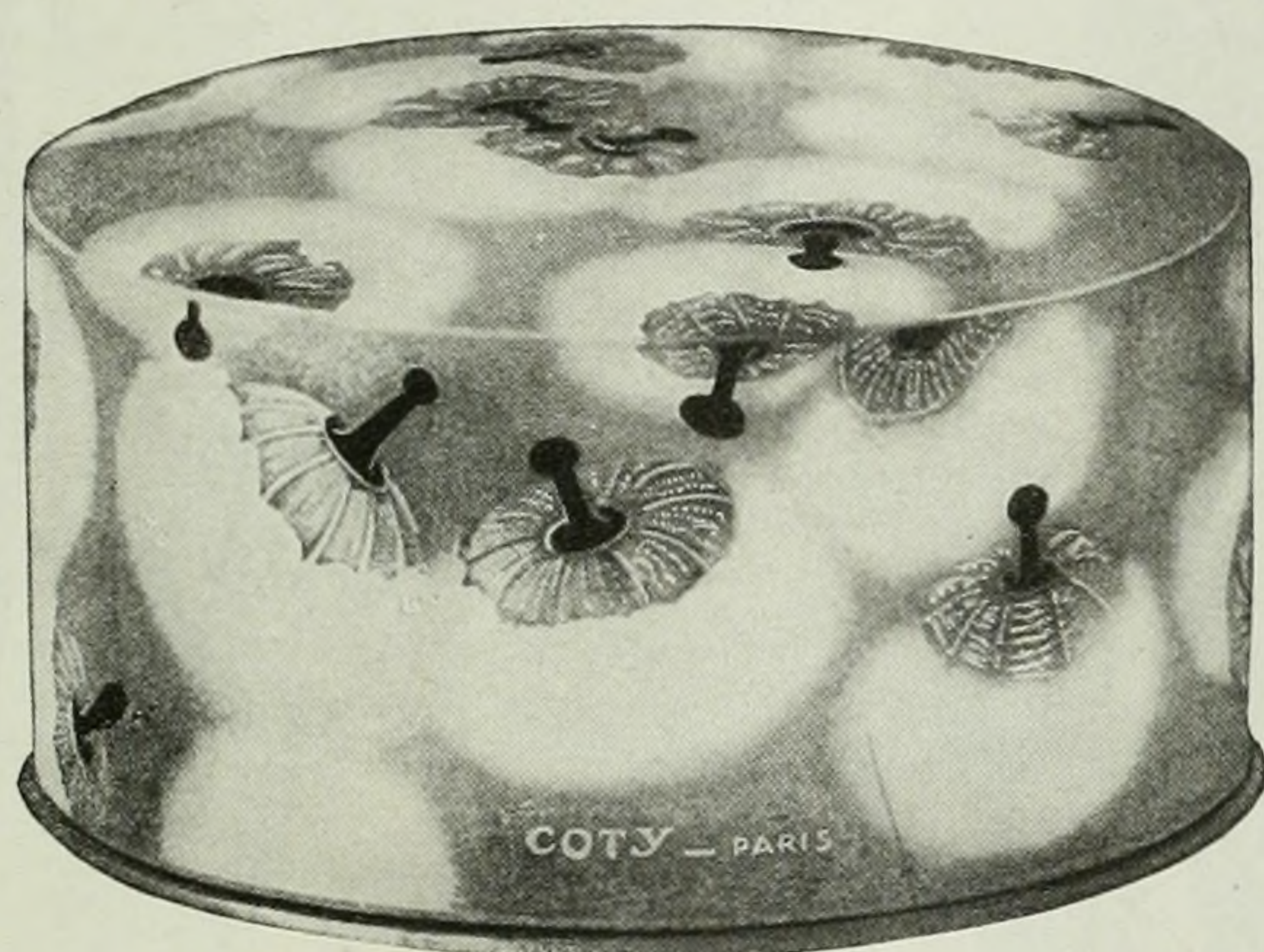
Evelyn Brent does not need to use "baby talk"—she does not have to deal in superlatives. Her manner and speech are simple and direct, but the tones of her voice convey all the charming things she wants to imply.

And so I say to you, Jean, and all those other girls who are troubled by what to say and how to say it—just be your own natural, sweet selves. Cultivate a true interest in others and you will forget all self-consciousness. Listen attentively when others are talking, keep your speech and manner free from affectation, and other people will then enjoy listening to you.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]



LES POUDRES COTY



THE CHOICE
OF THIRTY MILLION
DISCRIMINATING WOMEN

COTY Face Powders
*are chosen above
all others for the
greater loveliness
they give.*



ONE DOLLAR
ALL SUPREME COTY ODEURS
INCLUDING L'AIMANT
SENSATION of PARIS



Parfums

L'AIMANT
(THE MAGNET)

IN A CHARMING BOX OF SHARK-SKIN DESIGN
FIVE DOLLARS (*Illustrated*) AND TWELVE-FIFTY
PURSE SIZES — ¼ OUNCE \$1.00, ½ OUNCE \$2.00

COTY INC
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Voted the Prettiest of **D E B U T A N T E S**

BY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE

SHE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naiveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

She likes nearly everything—dogs, people, the theatre, dancing, riding, swimming . . . She thinks young people now are no worse than they ever were—"just franker. We haven't any illusions!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin.

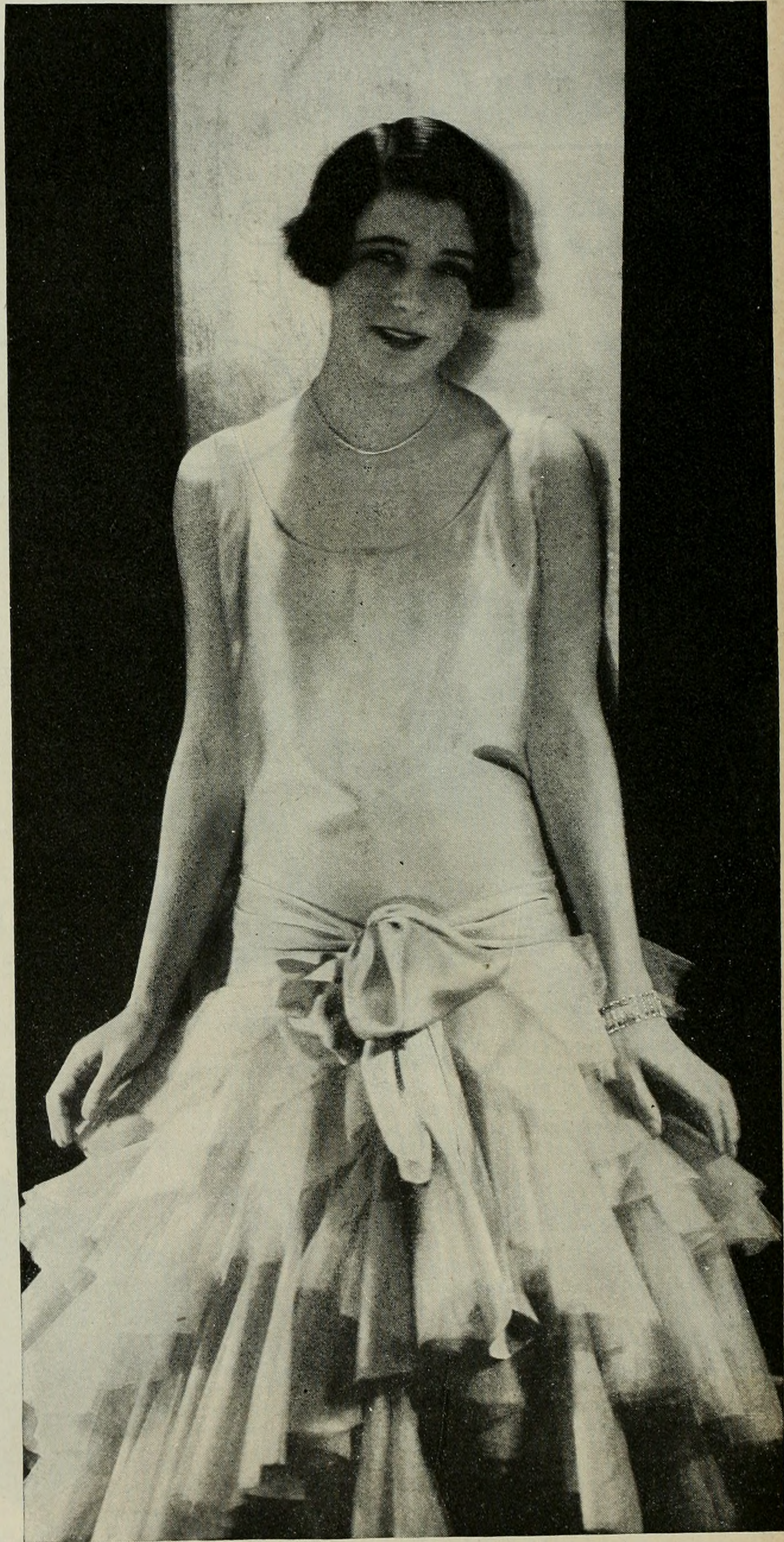
"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending us 10 cents and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 2205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2205 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."



Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

© 1929 A. J. Co.

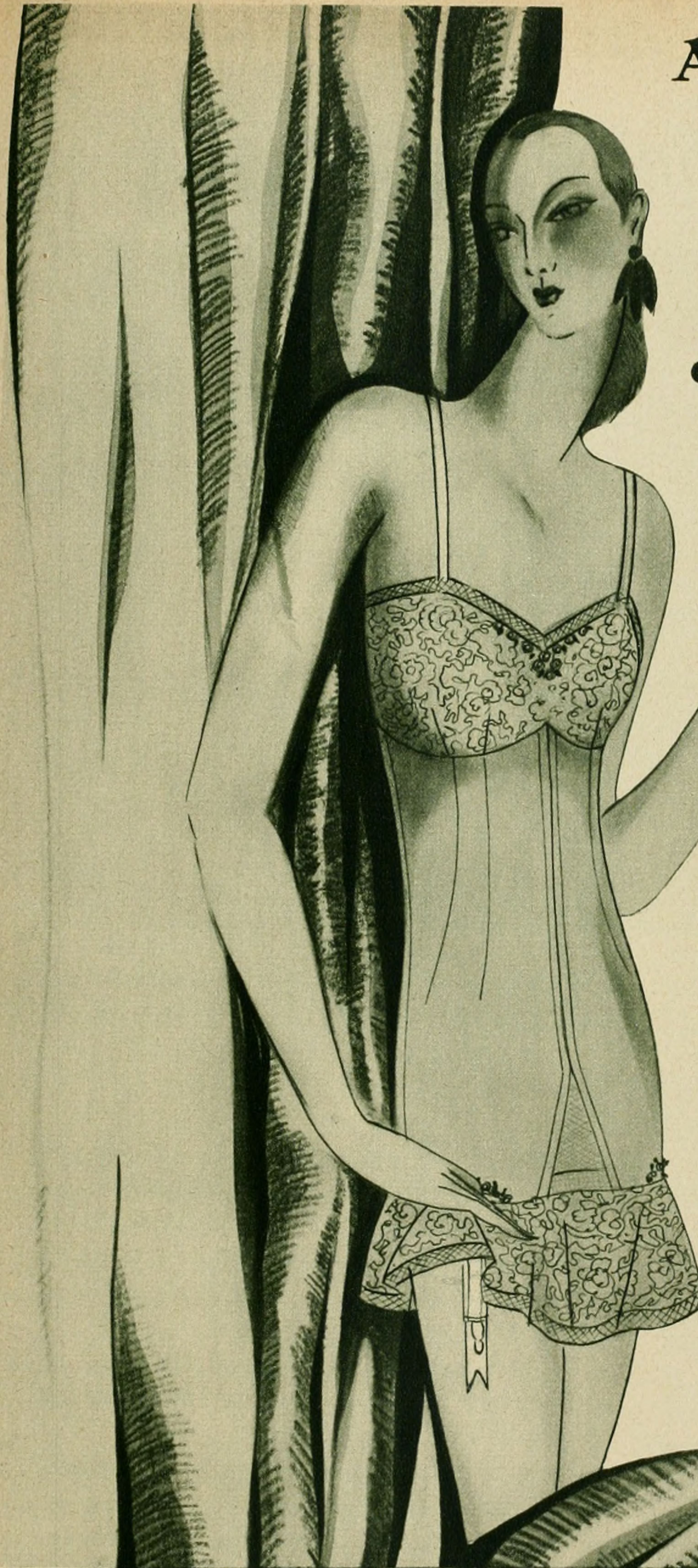


PROFESSOR SENNETT again acts as casting scout for Cecil De Mille. It was the clever Mack who first discovered Carol Lombard. Mr. De Mille has selected Carol to play in "Dynamite," his first feature for M.G.M. Incidentally, Carol is not one of your too-thin girls. She belongs to the new anti-starvation school of beauties, which would indicate that Mr. De Mille is going to make curves fashionable.



Dyar

EVELYN BRENT shows why boys stayed away from their homes in ancient Greece. This is Miss Brent's idea of how Circe, the Enchantress, looked when Ulysses' ship anchored too dangerously near her palace. Miss Brent posed for this photograph just by way of relaxation, after an arduous season in very modern mystery plays and gun dramas.

A stylized illustration of a woman with a slender, elongated figure. She is wearing a two-piece ensemble consisting of a lace-trimmed bra and a matching pantie-skirt. Her right hand is raised, holding a small, round object. The background features vertical, textured lines suggesting curtains or a wall.

**An Astoundingly
New Figure
Ensemble
by MODART**

**Created for Women Who Seek
The Ultimate in Smartness**

Parisian born . . . of the principle of ART MODERNE . . . the idea for this exquisite, utterly new figure ensemble . . . But perfected in the fashion studios of Modart, where the smart American woman's every figure need is answered with such skill and finesse.

New in its combination of fine net-lined lace and doubled crepe de chine . . . new in its boneless, supple restraint . . . new in its gift of the more slender silhouette, by means of its back fastening . . . new in its completion of the entire under-wardrobe by the skilful design of the pantie-skirt . . .

NEW . . . and LOVELY . . .
and EFFECTIVE . . . Now at
your favorite corsetiere's.

THE MODART COMPANY

FACTORY: SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

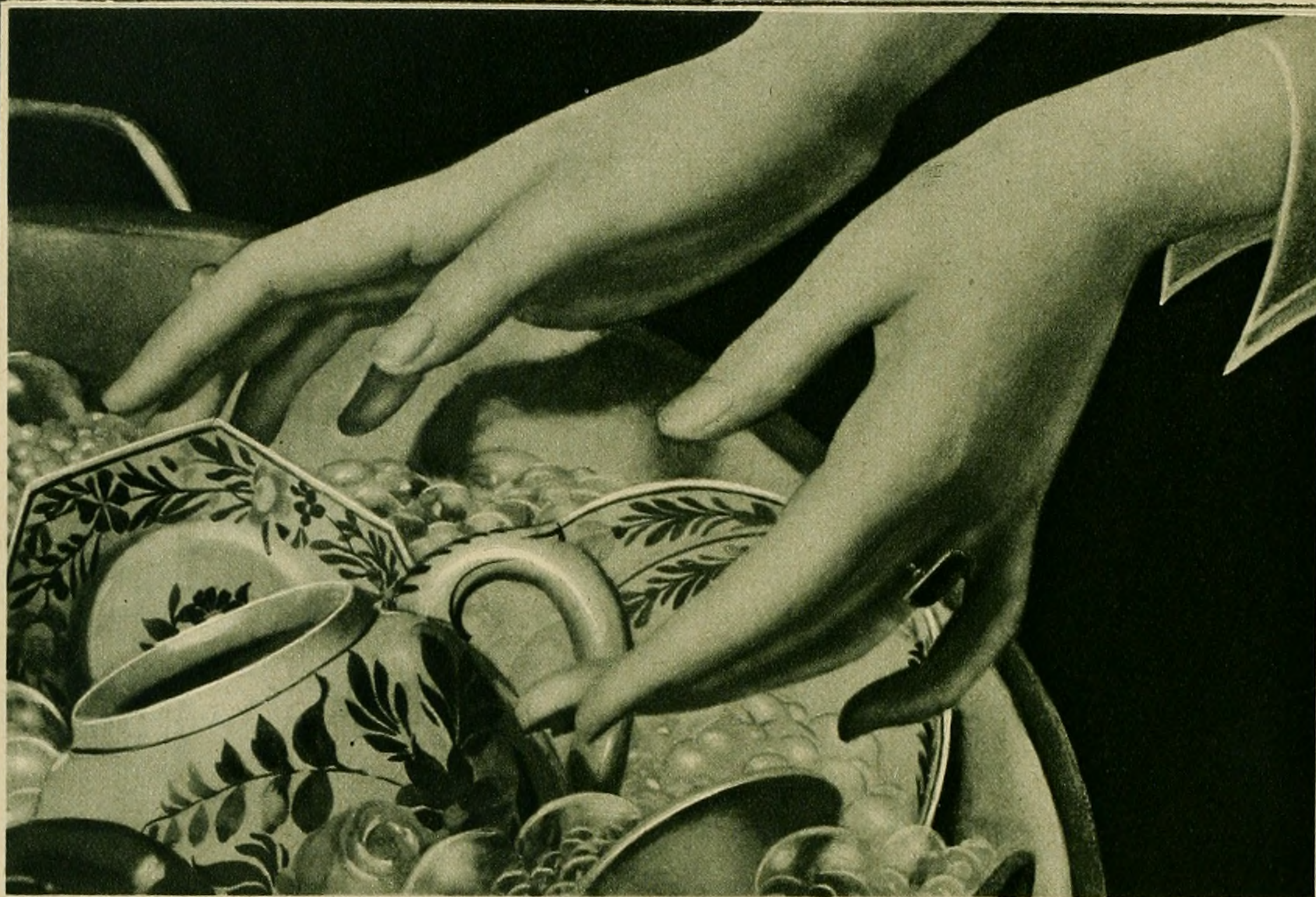
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SAN FRANCISCO

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

MODART
... where style begins

Beauty Care *right in your own dishpan*



305 famous Beauty Shops find ✓ ✓ ✓

“With all our experience we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that use Lux in the dishpan . . .”



BEAUTY EXPERTS find Lux for dishes means smooth, white hands. Yet this beauty care costs so little! The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes. Lovely hands for less than 1c a day!

NOBODY in the world has a better chance to compare women's hands than the experts in these famous beauty shops in cities all over the country!

And they find that—

“Lux for dishes means hands that are as truly lovely—as soft and white—as the hands of leisure.”

Here is beauty care *right in your dishpan!*

The secret is this: Lux is quite different from other soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils of the skin, while so many soaps dry these beauty oils—leave the skin roughened and red and drawn looking.

Best of all, this gentle beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1c a day!

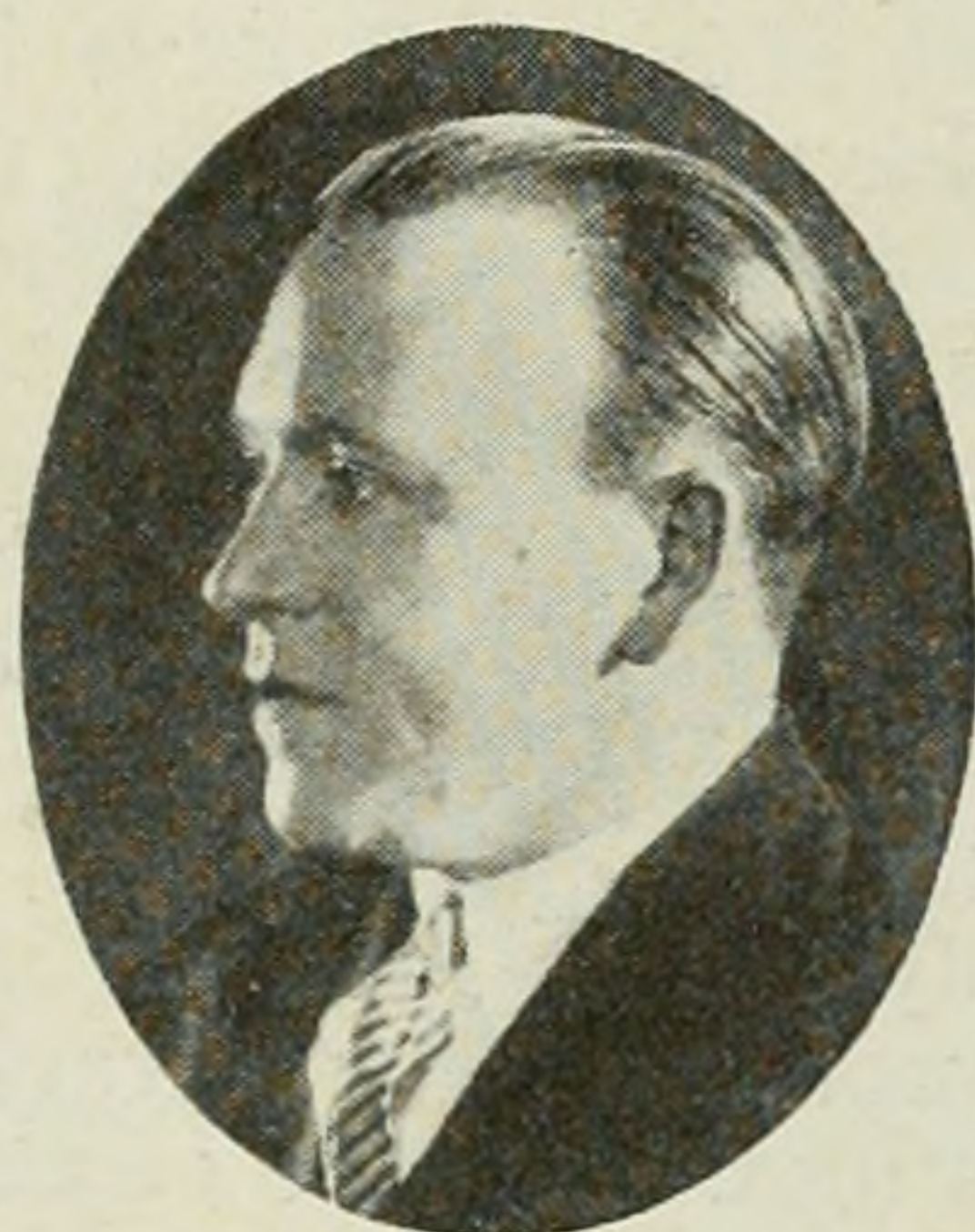
Here is the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known—right in your own dishpan!

PHOTOPLAY

March, 1929

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



AS I reach out to draw my typewriter closer the legend on the engraver's proof of the front cover of this issue of PHOTOPLAY catches my eye—"Don't Envy the Stars."

It's the truth. Poor Hollywood! If it isn't one thing it's another.

Right now the stars are recovering from an acute attack of talkiphobia, a definite form of mental illness induced by the threat of the talking picture to cast aside the established screen players in favor of the full voiced stage strutters.

BEFORE that it was the menace of a foreign invasion following closely on the threat of a general cut in salaries.

Indeed, in the last two years confusion has piled on perplexity and ever so often the night air on the Beverly hilltops has seemed filled with hoodoos and flying jinxs, with nightmares rampaging through the slumbers of the elect of filmland.

But now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed up Jack Gilbert without a voice test, at a figure that will make his bank account as handsome as that romantic young devil himself, and they all sleep easier.

For it means that the producers realize there is more to motion pictures than mere talk.

THE Broadway lads and lassies had hardly packed their bags and borrowed the coin for a railroad ticket to California before word came

that, with few exceptions, our favorite shadows are audibly satisfactory, and that even the Thespian needs special training for two-dimensional lipping.

The microphone, which the stage actor looked upon as a friend in need, turned out to be a tricky magician who would not tolerate the bellowings of the Shakespearean veteran or the studied affectation of the English actress from Arkansas.

COLLEEN came through her test with a voice that matched her sweet personality, and from Clara's voice the sound apparatus returned a pert echo that fitted her shadow self perfectly.

One hundred per cent was the report of the new gods of the studios, the sound technicians, on the inimitable Marion, and the same judges said that Corinne's voice sounded like Corinne looked. You cannot ask any more than that and expect to get it.

The beautiful Vilma is mastering English fast, which we regret, for her dialect was as fascinating as Mrs. Rod La Rocque herself, and the languorous Garbo now swings her Americanese as deftly as her tennis racquet.

WHEN the talkie scare started in Hollywood voice teachers put out shingles so fast that the cost of building material doubled.

Now the Hungarian and Swedish beauties will besiege the English teachers of Budapest and Stockholm, and soon you will see a new line

of advertisements (not in PHOTOPLAY) something like this:

You too can be a talking movie star. No education required. No experience necessary. The demand for trained voices in Hollywood exceeds the supply. You can learn this fascinating and lucrative profession right in your own home in your spare time. Write today to old Professor Louderan Funnyer.

DEATH, too, cast its shadow over the cinema colony recently. Theodore Roberts, Marc MacDermott, then Fred Thomson. The kindly, genial Roberts—"The Grand Duke of Hollywood" we once called him—MacDermott, beloved veteran of hundreds of pictures, we shall miss them, and bless their memory for the many pleasant hours they gave us.

Fred Thomson, the idol of a million boys, not so many years ago champion all around athlete of the world, then the adored chaplain of a fighting regiment overseas—his untimely death came as a real shock.

Hollywood loved to point to him with pride. He died as a result of an injury sustained in making one of his thrilling Westerns. He never used a double in his most hazardous stunts. No one of his group of cowboys was permitted to take the chance he took every day. None of the heroic figures he portrayed on the screen were ever cleaner, or finer, or more courageous than Fred Thomson in his own life and work.

Here is an incident that happened the day following his death. It is not intended as humor, but is told here merely as the reaction of one man to the tragedy and a reflection of the respect with which Fred Thomson was regarded. On reading the sad news a famous motion picture actor called his wife and told her about it. "Close the windows and bring me a quart of drug store gin. If the finest and cleanest go like that what's the use of fresh air and temperance?"

WE have heard from everybody else on the solution of the manifold problems presented by the invention of sound and talking pictures. Let's hear from the people who will make the decisions, the public.

Every month there pour into the editorial offices of this publication from three to five thousand letters from motion picture devotees. Most of these letters are sent in by young women to the various service departments, but at least a thousand letters a month are from readers sincerely and intelligently interested in the development of their favorite form of entertainment.

College professors and stenographers, nurses, housewives, mothers, fathers, bank officers, school teachers, all real fans, all expressing their helpful opinions, paying respects to actors, actresses, directors and producers whose pictures please, or voicing kindly criticism of those who disappoint.

These letters are carefully read by the editorial staff, and the editorial policies of the publication are often guided by them. They constitute an accurate barometer of the popularity of plays and players. Of late they have been concerned with talking pictures.

Through them all runs a keen appreciation of the potential possibilities of this wonderful new ally of the screen. Almost without exception they express a generous patience and a realization that it will take time and hard work to perfect the new combination of eye and ear appeal.

THESE letters indicate that the talking picture or the sound effect picture is still regarded as a novelty, and that the public is not so sure that they will continue to be satisfied with full length, all-dialogue

entertainment. Nine out of ten say they would rather have a first rate silent picture than a second rate talking picture. They complain of the mediocre photography and static quality of the acting in the talking versions, and are sensible of the greater sense exertion and brain effort demanded by them. They are unanimous in their praise of talk and sound in news reels, and there seems to be a definite acceptance of two reel talking pictures when combined with a silent feature.

There are many who say they will not attend any more full length talking pictures because of the added strain, but there are many more who name several short subjects they have enjoyed hugely.

THIS new fangled method of making pictures presents a problem for reviewers also. It is natural that, in the keen competition between the leading companies in this development, they are watching each other so closely that very often they put out silent versions of the pictures in the Los Angeles previews, and lo and behold, when they appear on Broadway they speak right out in public.

It is the purpose of this publication to present reviews ahead of the release date of the pictures, if possible, and we have had to learn not to accept one version or the other until we have seen both.

Paramount, for instance, put two corkers over in New York that at the Los Angeles previews did not seem quite so hot. One was "The Wolf of Wall Street," in which George Bancroft proves he can entertain your ears as well as your eyes and Baclanova shows us how a foreign accent can be turned into a positive asset.

By the time Richard Dix's "Redskin" reached the metropolis the greater part of it was in beautiful colored photography, with a lovely sound accompaniment in the form of a musical score by Zamecnik, which trebled its value as entertainment.

THE rumor persists that Emil Jannings is going back to Germany. They say that his German accent bars him from American talking pictures. They hint that after two more Hollywood films, sweetly silent, he will pack his blonde frau and his rotund cook and retreat to the fatherland.

It will be a major tragedy if this happens. Unser Emil is one great star who has remained untouched by the petty lunacies of Hollywood. Honored and aided, with the best of American studio facilities at his command, his American pictures have, for the most part, been brilliant pieces of work, with "The Patriot" shining in the sun as his masterpiece.

If talking pictures and their admitted limitations succeed in driving the greatest film actor in the world from American studios we shall—er—we shall—we'll—have to do something about it. But what can we do? Nothing, probably, but spank their microphones and send them to bed without their cough drops.

EVERY now and then our smug Western self-consciousness gets a kick where it will do the most good. Out of China comes word of the banning of an American film. "Ben-Hur" had been shown a few times in the great city of Canton when the civil authorities darkened the screen.

"'Ben-Hur' is Christian propaganda decoying the people to superstition, which must not be tolerated in the present age of revolutionary enlightenment," runs the edict. There is meat and drink for thought. How silly seems our censorial pea-shooting at pictures—long kisses, bear hugs, exposed thighs, cocktail shakers and such moral storms in a coffee pot!

When China bars them, it does so because it believes they are deluding its yellow sons and daughters and not their minor manners and morals, but their very souls!



AND now they are married—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They have a new home of their own and Joan will roam no more, except in pictures. The romance was the old attraction of opposite, which is a lucky omen for a happy marriage.

Here Is How the Talkies Have Changed



THIS is a close-up of the newspaper city room built in the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Astoria, Long Island, studios for the all-talkie version of the Broadway play, "Gentlemen of the Press."

This is the first complete detail picture of a talkie studio ever made and shows the entire set-up of sound-proof camera booth, the director's signal switch box and the microphones (here enclosed in white circles) in position.

In the immediate foreground you see Walter Huston, the

stage star, who has the leading rôle of *Wick Snell*, and Mary Williams, who portrays the society editor. Just back of Huston is Charley Seay, who has the part of *Wilkie*, the veteran news editor. Remember Seay as an Edison director of the old days?

In the camera booth you see George Folsey, chief cameraman, and Sam Leavitt, his assistant.

Seated in front of the booth is Millard Webb, the director of the picture.

Our Best 1929 Motion Picture Studios



Standing at the extreme right is S. C. Chapman, in charge of the sound recording for this picture. Webb's hand rests upon the green and red light switch used to start and stop the motors driving the cameras and the sound recording apparatus. This little machine has succeeded the old time megaphone.

An important gentleman is not visible in this picture. He is the monitor, the new power behind the pictures. The monitor is an electrical expert who sits in a sound-proof

booth overlooking the stage and controls the volume of sound that reaches the machines in the recording room. He prevents the players' voices from reaching the screen either too loudly or too softly.

Here, then, is the new studio lay-out.

Note how the cameraman, a former over-lord of motion picture making, is retreating in power, giving way to electric experts.

The electrician is the new god of the films.

Giving the Men a Break

With a few sharp words about women, from Madge Bellamy

STAND up, gentlemen, and give Madge Bellamy a rising vote of thanks.

She's a real pal. She gives the men a break.

And if there's anybody who might not feel particularly inclined to do that little thing, it's Madge. Despite her matrimonial misfortunes, however, she still thinks there's hope for the mere Male.

To the casual eye, Madge is a vivacious and cheery sort, apparently without guile, yet exhibiting baffling outcroppings of femininity. She is five-feet-two, weighs one hundred and five pounds, has auburn hair, brown eyes, and interesting ideas (to men) about men.

CARPING critics are apt to misjudge Madge Bellamy upon first acquaintance, thinking she is no deeper than a wafer and as easily seen through as a window pane.

The Bellamy voice and laughter are, I think, the principal cause of this. Laughter with Madge is nothing more than a giggle that titters emptily forth in great haste. And her voice is quite cutie-cutie. But it microphones well, as anyone knows who saw (and heard) "Mother Knows Best."

Conversation with Madge carries with it certain surprises. She leads the parade, megaphone in hand, so to speak, and you are glad, for it prevents any possible display of what might be commonly and vulgarly referred to as your own ignorance.

I asked her a short time ago if her love life had curdled the glorious idea of matrimony for her. You know she holds the Hollywood record for brevity in wedded bliss.

"Indeed not," she said. "I merely made a mistake. And I harbor no ill feeling whatever. I tumbled off the limb of a family tree that is entirely too sturdy to be bent by small breezes."

A year ago last January Miss Bellamy married Logan F. Metcalf. There was an elopement to Mexico that called forth newspaper headlines and startled the film capital. Four days



Madge Bellamy was married—for four days. Her marriage was no more than a briefly annoying experience, now definitely ended in the divorce court. "I merely made a mistake," she says, "and I harbor no ill feeling whatever"

By
Mark Larkin

"Men are not selfish. Men haven't time for such pettiness"

after the ceremony, Madge returned to the Bellamy home—alone. She said her husband expressed specific ideas regarding finances and other unromantic subjects which she did not like. A divorce was filed some months later by the husband.

WITH this hectic adventure to guide me, I asked Madge if men, like moth-eaten umbrellas, did not, in her estimation, fall into the category of undependable articles; if at best they were not selfish and self-centered animals.

"Men are not selfish," she replied. "Women are selfish. Women think of nothing but themselves and what they want. Their own individual needs are always first consideration. Women are the ones who scheme. Men cannot take time for such pettiness."

I must confess that I gulped a spoonful of horseradish at this. We were lunching at the "Munchers," a club on the Fox lot.

"Men," Madge hurried on, "do not deliberately set out to take advantage of women."

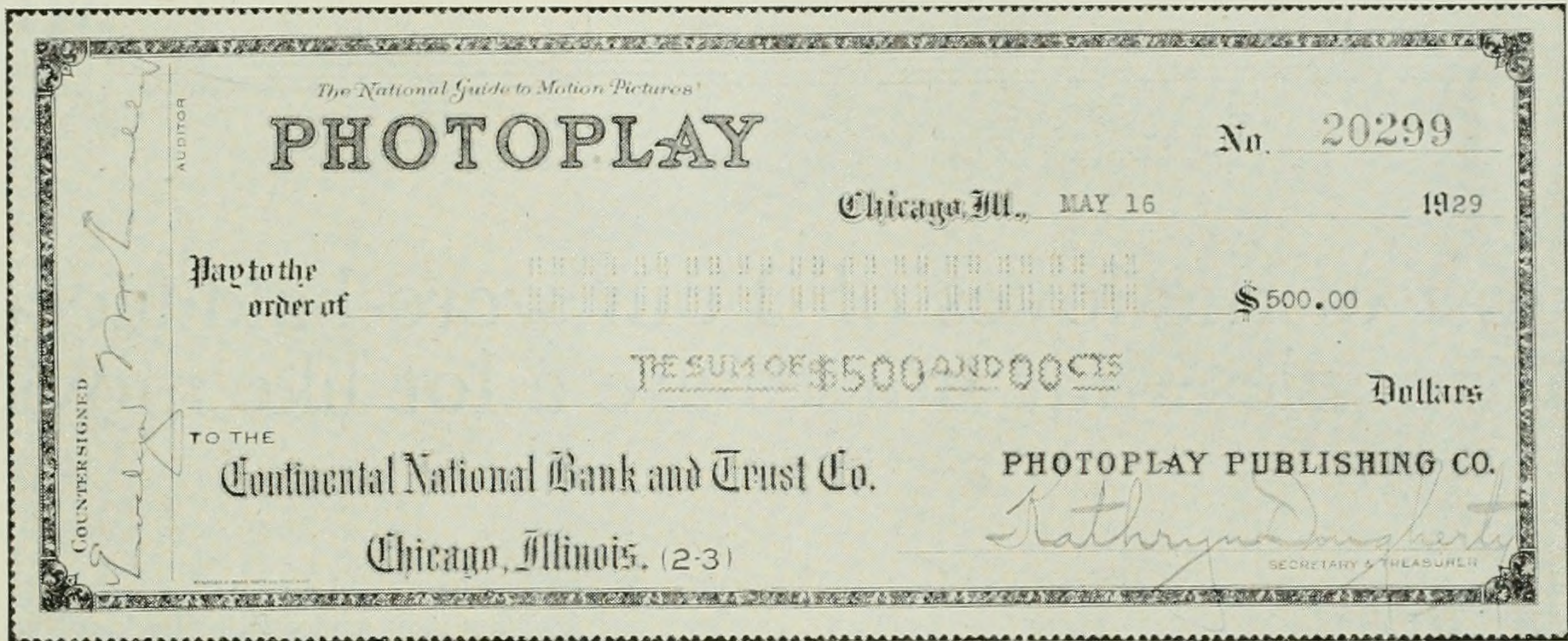
Again I raised my eyebrows and thought of the world's standing record for tying and untying marital knots, which at present is held by Miss Bellamy.

"Masculine minds run in deeper channels," she continued. "Men are more imaginative than women. Other problems occupy men's thoughts. Their work. Their ambitions. Their aims. The goals they have set for themselves.

BUT with women it is different. Their most serious occupation is man-catching. Of course there are all kinds of men and all kinds of women. There are, for instance, the men-wise women who have such a tremendous advantage over other women in the field. Then, too, there are the women-wise men. These, of course, are in the minority. As a rule, men know very little of women. Women, on the other hand, know about men almost from infancy. It is their business, their study. Haven't you seen a little girl of three coquet [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

WANTED - A New Name for the TALKIES

\$500 will be awarded
by PHOTOPLAY for
the best suggestion



Your prize—if you create the best new coined word to describe the talkies. The word Photoplay was devised by a Californian eighteen years ago. Here's your chance to win undying fame christening the talkie

BELIEVING that a better word for talking pictures can be found than the abbreviated term "talkie," PHOTOPLAY is offering \$500 for the best new coined word.

Back in 1911 a Chicago motion picture company, long ago departed from the realm of Kleigs and incandescents, offered a prize of one hundred dollars for "the best substitute for motion picture show."

One Edgar Strakosch, of Sacramento, Cal., came along with the lucky word and copped the hundred-dollar prize. You will never guess the lucky word he entered. It was "photoplay," which, up to that time, had not been devised!

Here is *your* chance to win immortal fame and a considerable reward. You must send in your suggested word, together with an explanation of one hundred words or less telling the reason for your selection.

Write your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Put the whole thing in typewriting on one side of a single sheet of white paper. That's all.

You will be interested to know that one of the leading trade film papers, The Exhibitors Herald World, has been trying for some time to locate a suitable word with which to christen the newly devised talking pictures. This paper has canvassed all the shining minds of the industry and prefers the word, *Audien*. Other suggestions have been cinelog, dramaphone, pictovox, phototone, stefnfilm, cineoral, phonies, cinophone, audifilm, vocafilm, photovoice, dramatone, audies, audiograph and movix.

Better forget these and start fresh. Call the family into a talkie conference. Hold a talkie party. Let everybody vote. Then select the best and have your relatives or friends mail them in to PHOTOPLAY. \$500 awaits the person who coins the best and most appropriate name for the talkies.

Rules for the New-Name-for-the-Talkies Contest

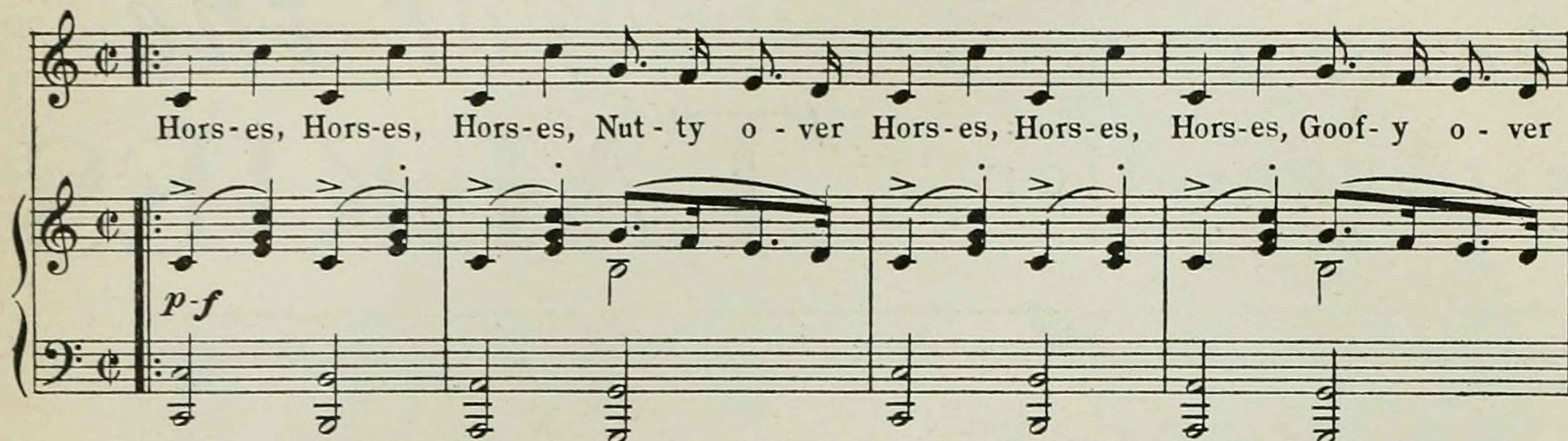
1. \$500 is offered for the best coined name with which to christen the talkies and for the best explanation in 100 words or less, giving your reason for your selection.

2. In the event that two or more names and explanations are found of equal merit, duplicate prizes of \$500 will go to the lucky contestants.

3. Suggested names, with the accompanying explanations, must be typewritten on one side of a single sheet of white paper with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Names and explanations must be mailed to The Talkie Name Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y. You can send in as many coined words as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an explanation in 100 words or less and each is typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper as specified.

4. Names and explanations must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY before midnight of May 15th to be considered. Announcement of the winner or winners will be made as soon after that date as possible. An editorial committee of PHOTOPLAY will judge the submitted words and suggestions and its decision will be final. No names or explanations will be returned and PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to publish any or all of the suggestions submitted.

The LOVES of



By
Tom
Mix

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Most of the loves of Tom were bald-faced cowponies—but horses are a lot like movie stars

JUST why Ye Editor, James Quirk, of PHOTOPLAY, should ask me to write a piece for his magazine about the romances in my life, was sure puzzlin' when I got the telegram. Incidental, why a editor should be called "ye" is somethin' else I don't know, but recently I saw it wrote that way, an' PHOTOPLAY, I reckon, is a good place for me to try it out.

"Write for PHOTOPLAY," telegraphed Ye Mr. Quirk, "story about the loves of Tom Mix. Others are doing it—why not you?"

When I got home that night I called in my second assistant deputy librarian, who, when not engaged in book research, fixes the flower beds, tends the lawn an' trims hedges around my Beverly Hills home. Likewise, if the cook quits—as cooks usually do—this bookish gent can step in an' get up a better home-cooked meal of bacon an' eggs than the departin' an' high salaried chef ever heard of.

"Tex," says I, when the book-wise young man came in from a waterin' of the trees, "do you know of any bird who ever wrote pieces about his early, late an' middle loves? Are the best people a doin' of it—an' why?"

"IT'S been done a heap of times by smart fellers," says Tex, "an' some of 'em are pretty well known. Most of 'em didn't write it themselves, other gents a doin' it after the feller had passed on or out, whichever was the case. Some of the ladies are a writin' of 'em now without waitin' for the Big Day. I reckon you might as well be the first gent to bust in, providin', of course, that you downright ever loved anybody or anybody downright loved you. It might add to the conversation at this time if I said that a few years ago when you an' me was a punchin' cows around Amarillo an' in the Pan Handle, you wasn't doin' so well along the lovin' line. 'Bout the only thing that seemed to love you was that old bald-faced cowpony you used to ride. For some unknown reason he seemed to have quite a hankerin' for you. Why not commence with him?"

"Of course," Tex went on, warmin' up to his subject, "we ain't got none of these lovin' books on hand, but I seen some of 'em in the book stores. I seen a book once about the Loves of Lincoln, wrote by a Mrs. Babcock, an' Edgar Chapin up and wrote one about

a feller named Franklin. Love stories seem to run to women anyway, an' a young lady named Lilly Beck got up one on 'The Glorious Apollo,' who, it seems, was a gent named Lord Byron—no relation to the Byrons that run the Lone Star hotel in El Paso. At first I thought it might be about Sam Byron's brother, Eddie, who used to play the piano over in the old White Elephant dance hall, but it wasn't him. This Byron was a poet feller. You don't go much on poetry, do you Tom?"

"No," says I, addressin'



TOM MIX

my bookish friend, "speakin' to you as my literary adviser, an' confidential, I don't. My favorite poet is O. O. McIntyre, who admits that he never wrote but one poem in his life an' it only had two verses in it."

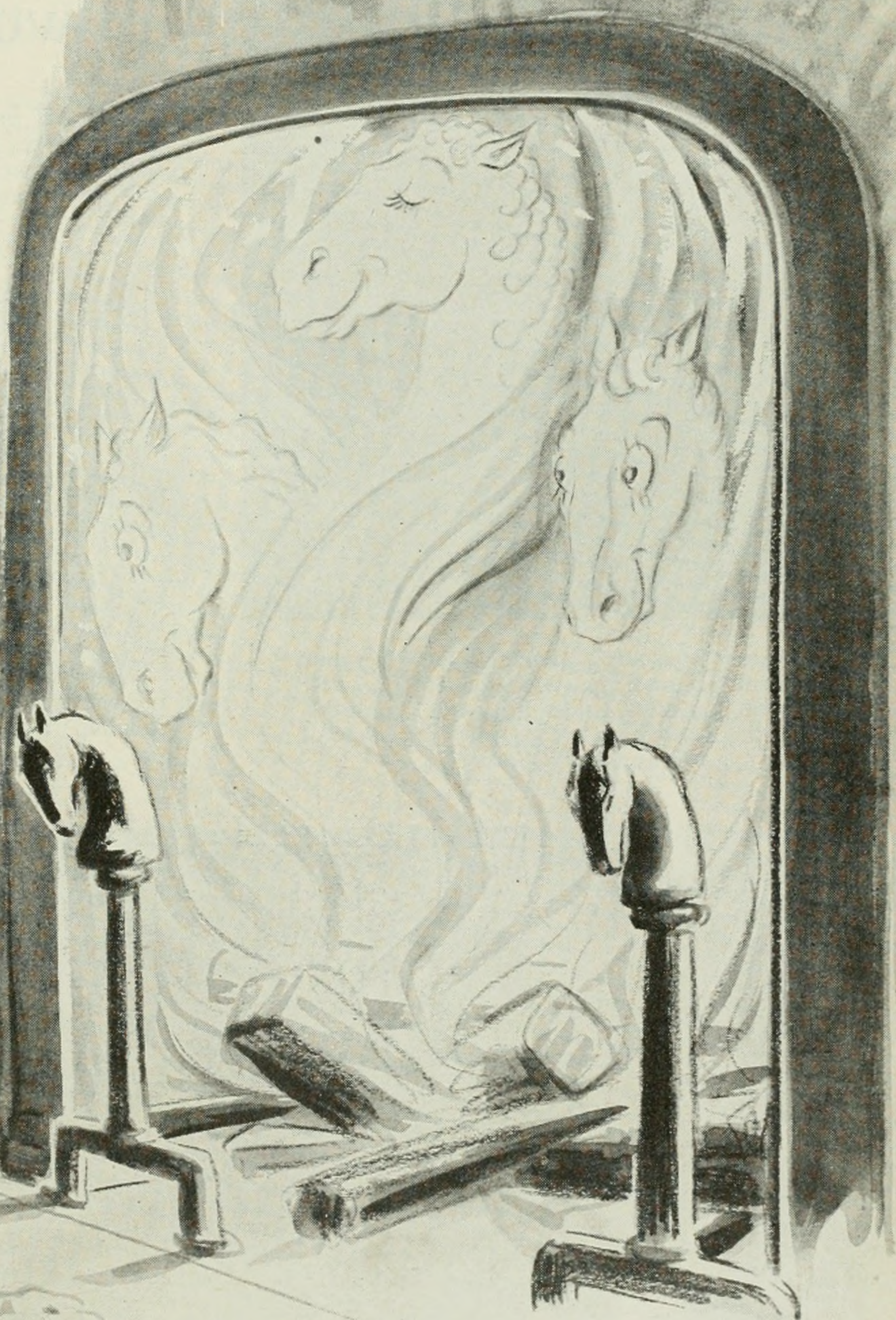
"You know, Tom," said Tex, as he reached for his hat an' edged toward the door, "there's a heap that could be wrote about you—the law permittin'."

So it is with all this writin' background, I decided to get up the piece wanted—I couldn't refuse no request from so good a feller as my friend, Ye James Quirk, an' this is it.

THE LOVES OF TOM MIX

AFTER a lot of thinkin' the first love that I can recall was a nice little yearlin' I used to have down on my father's ranch near El Paso, Texas. Right here, I reckon I'd better state that cowboys [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

A romantic reverie in the Tom Mix *maison*. The cowboy star pauses to think of his loves—Red Ears, Beauty and all the rest. "But there is one great love—Tony. Tony's got more fine principles than any man or beast that I've ever known"



Illustrated by
Ken Chamberlain



Lon Chaney won't be a good fellow. He won't give out interviews about his private life. He says—and believes—it is nobody's business. This is one of the few photographs ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Chaney

DON'T

The public pays the salaries and demands its money's worth in return

THAT private life complex! They all get it sooner or later! Comes a time in the life of every woman star when she wants to Give it All up and have a Home and Babies.

Arrives a day when every male star craves a Fireplace and Pipe.

And why shouldn't they?

Ramon Novarro attended a benefit dance. He was snatched from one ambitious damsel to another. The buttons were torn off his coat for souvenirs!

Charles Chaplin was once visited by an ardent woman fan who found his home and declared that she would kill herself immediately if she were not allowed to see him!

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo were saved from suffocation by the police when a mob surrounded them at a theater opening!

Is it any wonder that the stars long for a little surcease?

Yet where does the professional life end and the private life begin?

A star is on the public's payroll. It is his duty to be a good fellow at whatever cost. And the cost is tremendous!

Wally Beery calls the public his customers. He makes a rather special point of chatting with his garbage man (who calls him "Wally"). According to Beery, the garbage man must be treated as a real estate agent treats a prospective buyer.

Immediately that a star reaches the pinnacle, he is a lofty target for vituperatives from the public, from the press, and from his fellow-stars. Small wonder that the picture folk have a haunted look in their eyes. There is no happiness for them. Even the younger players are bitter Peter Pans.

Yet, surely, they all

Wherever they go, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are besieged by a curious, admiring, persistent mob. It's all very flattering, but it's hard on the disposition. One false move, one annoyed look, one impatient gesture, and you are stamped as being "high hat"



ENVY *the* Stars

By Katherine Albert

realize the debt they owe the public. They know when they enter the profession that there will come a time when they are no longer able to pull down the blinds of their souls. They labor under no delusions about that.

You can't blame the public for demanding the idols it has bought and paid for and you can't blame the star for wanting a private life.

JACK GILBERT'S case is typical. In small parts, he was hailed as a great discovery. "Here's a boy who bears watching," said the critics.

He became a great star. He had a vivid and colorful personality. Perhaps the critics were a trifle jealous, perhaps they wanted to discover newer faces, to say that other men bore watching.

At any rate, after his stardom, certain scribes took delight in calling him a puppet, in constantly referring to him as "the great lover," a term that he loathes, and in finding the most vituperative adjectives to describe him.

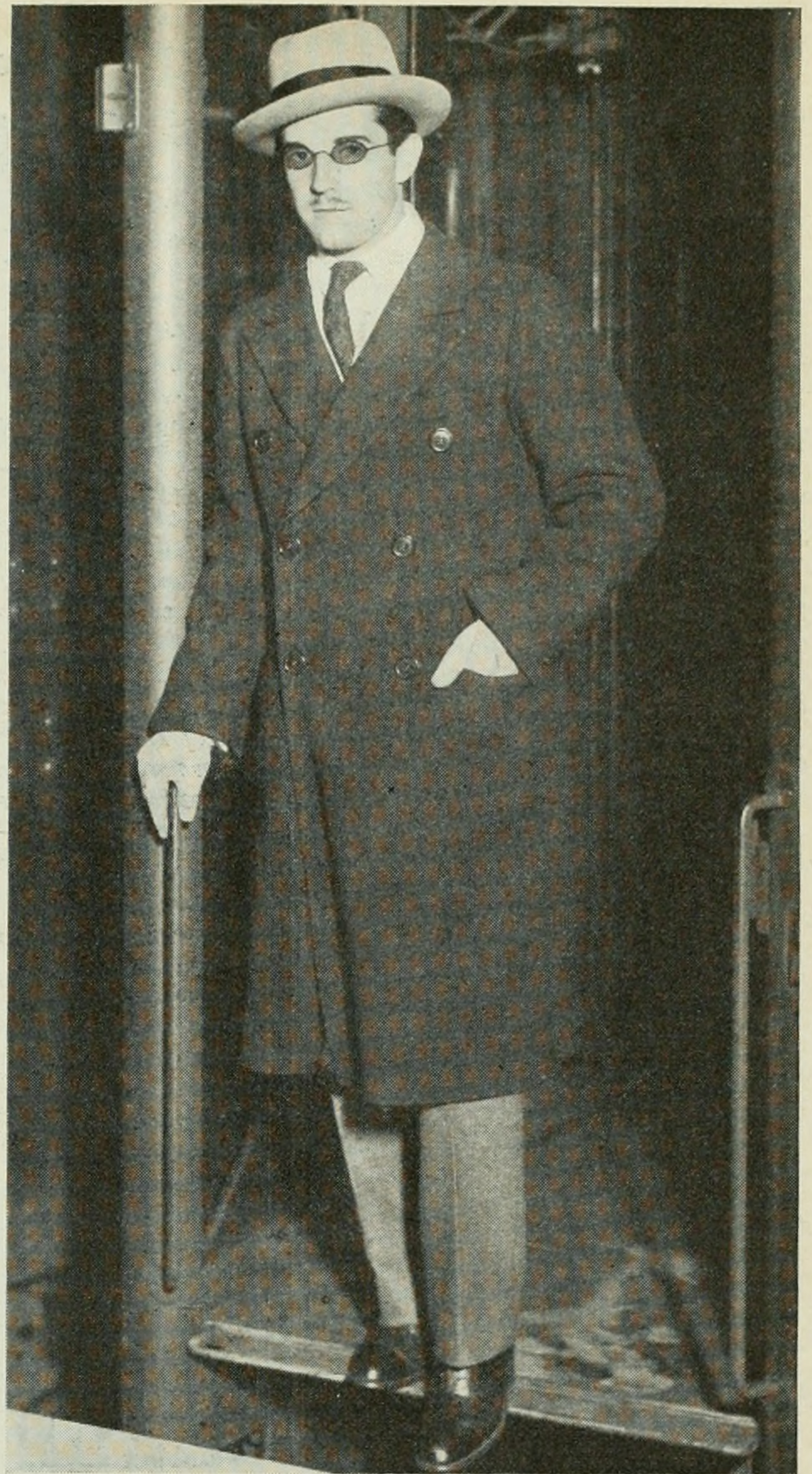
When a father whom he did not know, appeared in his dressing room, held out his arms and said, "My son," and when, after all those fatherless years, Jack could not muster up the proper filial affection, invectives were hurled against him by certain writers.

Yet still he remains a public idol. He is hedged in by his own popularity.

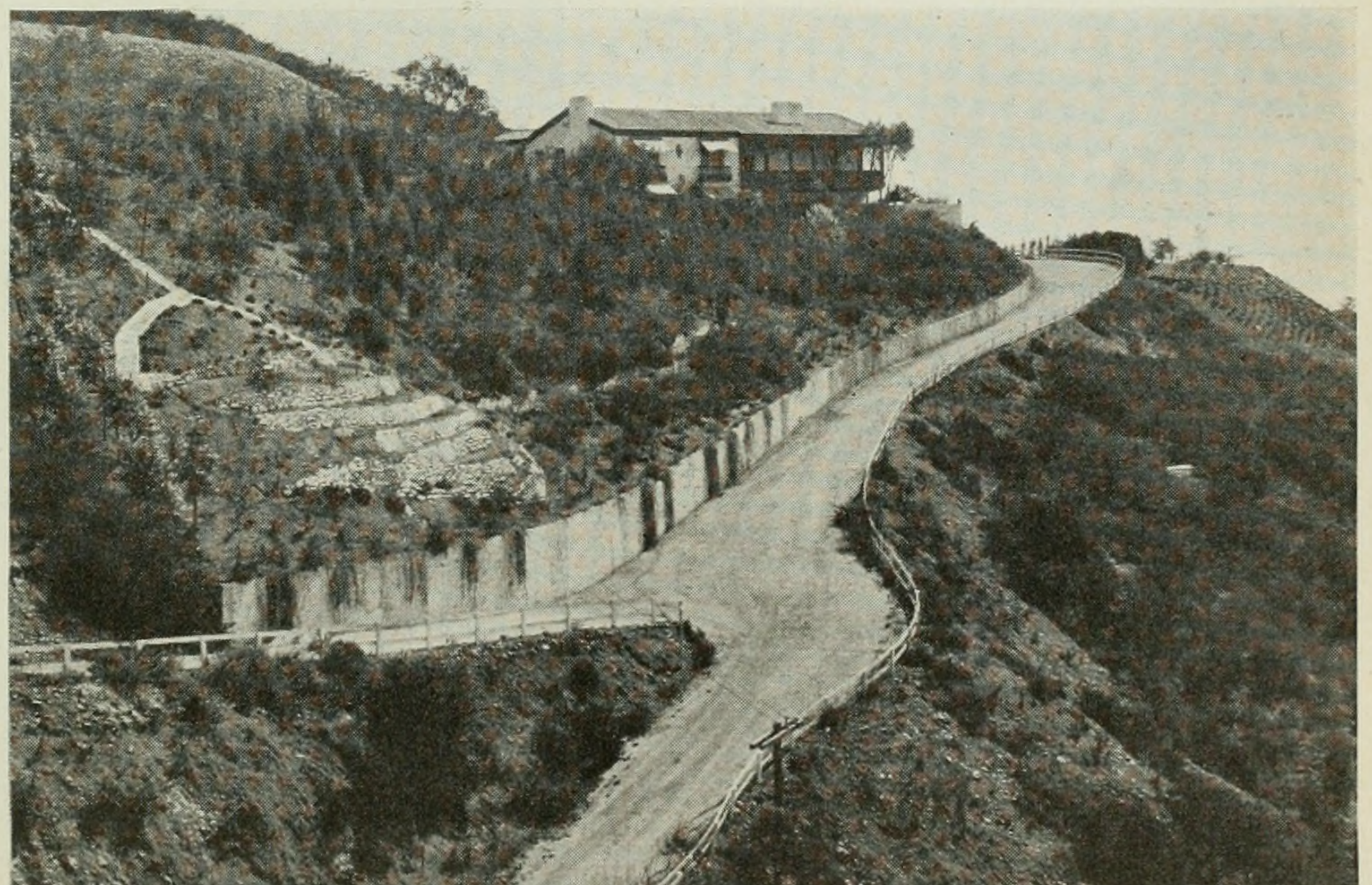
It may seem slight to you that he cannot go to a football game without being recognized and surrounded by curious eyes. It may seem a trifle flattering that he cannot attend a night club without having dozens of movie-struck girls beg him for dances.

You think that you would enjoy being the cynosure of all eyes. You wouldn't. It isn't as slight as you'd imagine, this constantly
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

John Gilbert's home, high up in Beverly Hills, is supposed to be his castle. The location is hard to find. The winding road up the hill is difficult to negotiate. But dauntless "fans" not only storm the house, but they demand to be invited to remain to dinner



Ramon Novarro likes to travel incognito, so he wears blue glasses. Does the public accept his simple and logical explanation? No; it's all a pose, all a gag to stress his own importance. Figure it out, if you can



The Studio Murder

The climax nears in the police hunt for the Hollywood murderer

The murder of Dwight Hardell still is unsolved.

Hardell, a leading player of the Superior Films Company, was found murdered on Stage Six, following a night's work on close-ups alone under the direction of Franz Seibert, the organization's ace foreign director. Alongside the body, still garbed in costume of Hardell's last film rôle, lay the murder weapon, a bloody rapier.

The Los Angeles police, headed by Chief of Detectives Smith, take over the investigation. Suspicion in turn rests upon a number of studio workers and a series of baffling confessions piles up. Any one of these confessions may point to the real culprit—but Detective Smith still believes he has not unearthed the guilty person.

The finger of suspicion is directed at Billy West, Seibert's assistant; at Yvonne Beaumont, a temperamental young French actress of Superior Films; at Beth MacDougal, a minor player who had fallen under the ill-fated Hardell's evil spell; at Beth's father, Sandy MacDougal, the studio gateman. Hardell's record was a bad one. Women were his victims—and either Miss Beaumont or Miss MacDougal might have killed him for revenge. Billy West, in love with Yvonne, might have been prompted by the same motive, and old MacDougal might well have murdered him to avenge his daughter's honor.

There you have the story thus far. Who killed Hardell? That's the problem—and PHOTOPLAY is paying \$3,000 in prizes for the best solutions, provided they are submitted according to the rules, and before midnight of March 10th.

THEY sat looking at each other, the chief of police and the captain of detectives. Finally Smith said, "Well, Chief, shall I go and get a confession out of her?"

The chief was not in a mood for joking. He sat silent, looking back into the other's eyes, but mulling thoughts of his own. Smith waited patiently. Finally the other slapped his hand down on his desk, as he rose to his feet.

"And make it four confessions for the press to chuckle over? Make it a two-reel . . . four-reel comedy? No, election's too soon. I'm not going to have people saying I took advantage of a sick girl, to force a confession out of her! . . ."

"There's this angle, too, Chief. If MacDougal is guilty, her confession isn't going to amount to much. He's already confessed. He'll probably tell the whole story straight when we want it. If the girl's guilty herself . . . you know what MacDougal will do if we get a confession? He'll have it thrown out on the grounds that his daughter was sick . . . fever . . . out of her head . . . and that nurse is the sort that will back him up! MacDougal confessed for just two reasons . . . he did it himself, and the man's got enough conscience left from his redcoat life to keep someone else from hanging for it . . . or, he did it to save his daughter! If it's the latter . . . he'll save her . . . confession or no confession from her . . . he's that sort!"

"CORRECT. We've got too many confessions on this thing as it is, anyway!" snapped the chief. "What we want now is . . . facts! Facts! You go out to that blamed studio, and you work on any tack you want to. I don't care how you do it! I don't care if you throw all precedence to the wind! Professional procedure is out of our line just now

. . . use your wits and your hunches! Put a guard on at that hospital. We can't do a thing with that girl until she's pronounced normal by her doctor. We'll sew her up tight . . . keep her there—where we can put our finger on her if we want her. In the meantime . . . I want results . . . something besides emotional outbursts! Less talk and more action!"

"Right . . ."

CHAPTER XIII

SMITH knew absolutely that there could not be more action and less talk until he established the matter of Hardell's return to the lot. Giving MacDougal the benefit of the doubt, he consequently went directly to that portion of the studio grounds known as the "back lot," upon his arrival at Superior Films next morning.

Just as motion picture stages are different from anything else under the sun, so is the so-called "back lot" of a motion picture studio! Gaunt buildings, deserted streets, bits of lands remi-



Mystery

By

The EDINGTONS

niscent of all corners of the earth . . . and, unless there is production going on, an eerie silence, broken perhaps by the faint, far distant sound of the city's life, but strangely removed from it!

AS the captain of detectives walked alone through these foreign streets, he seemed to be walking alone in a dream. They gave him that lost and unattached feeling. The thought that came into his mind was, "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'" He could not have told why. Certainly there never could be read into those immortal lines reference to motion picture studio "back lots!" But the haunting suggestion of desolation, the abandoned, decrepit and weird, that lies in them, seemed to fit this place!

Walking there alone his mind toyed with the question of whether it was "Croaked the raven 'Nevermore!'" or, "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'" Then he dismissed that as immaterial. It was the "Nevermore!" . . . the hopeless, mourning, melancholy of the words, oft repeated, that expressed

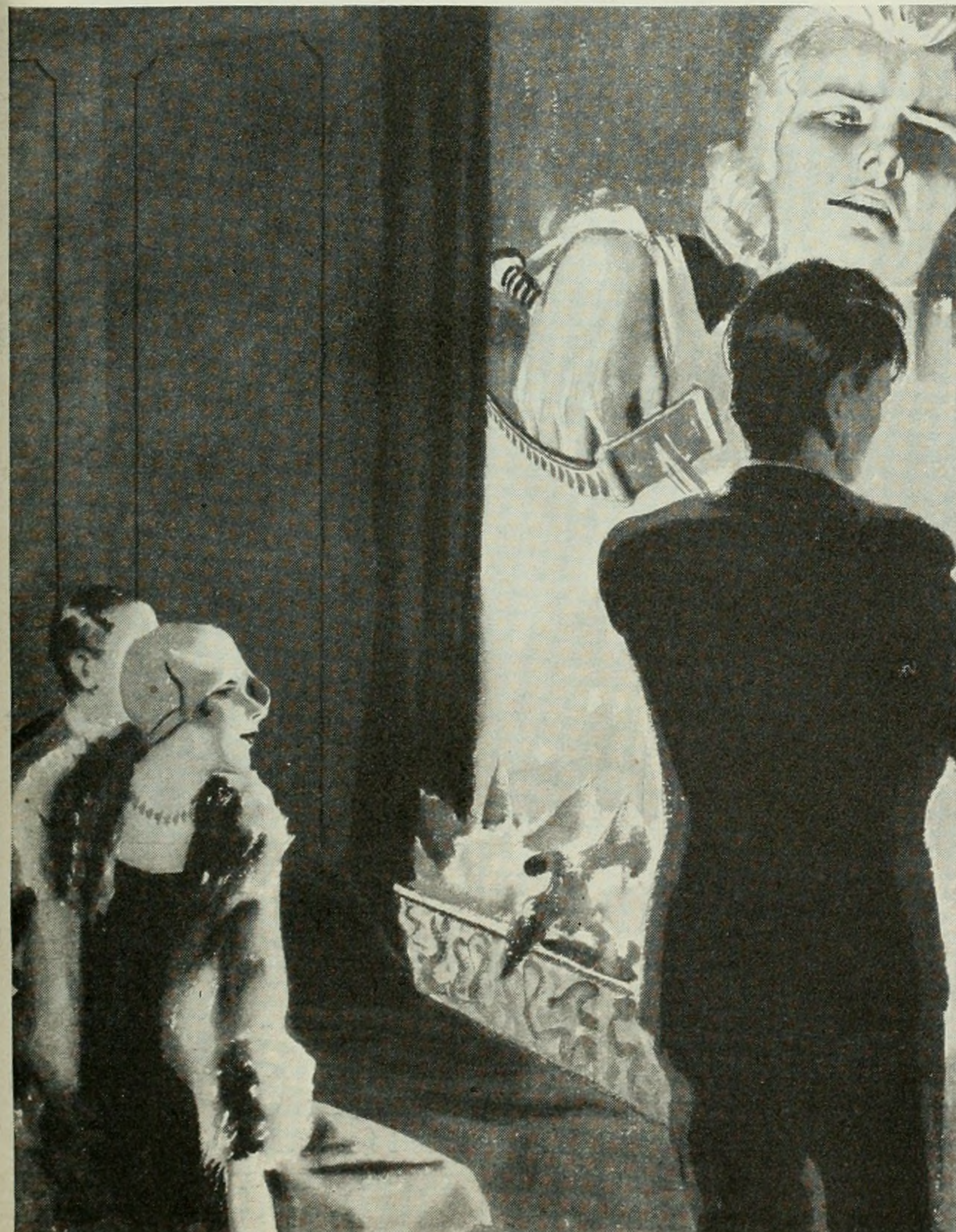
Send in Your Solutions Now

WHO murdered Dwight Hardell? Send in your solutions now.

All solutions—in 200 words or less—must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th. Solutions must be typed on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

The full contest rules appear on page 90 of this issue. Be sure to read all the rules carefully.

The two final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery" appear in the April and May issues of PHOTOPLAY. Read these and you will know the real murderer. You will also be able to gauge the accuracy of your solution. The full list of winners of the nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, will be published in PHOTOPLAY as soon after the close of the contest as possible—probably in the May number. Once again—be sure to read the rules with care.



the feeling in him . . . the feeling that the echoing desolateness of these empty structures threw back to him, intensified!

Buildings that once were so festive and gay . . . that had spilled their lightsome overflow into the starlit nights, if only for fleeting hours . . . and now . . . desolate! Smith felt by this time that, if it were not "Croaked," it should be! "Croaked" went with the tap-tapping of torn shutters against empty window frames; with the eerie flapping of once gay and flaunting banners . . . now grey streaks of rags against the empty hulls of halls!

HE felt these lone buildings grieved together in a strange and secret grieving, for habitation within their walls! They were buildings cheated of their birthrights! And many of them were but half-buildings, resembling the street presentations of the false fronts, of little towns. He fancied these whispering disconsolately to their neighbors.

"Ah, but we are even lonelier than you! We have not even our own insides to comfort us!"

Queer . . . this walking alone, through lonely streets . . . dead streets, that still held such eloquent small things of human occupancy, even though that occupancy might have been but for a day! A child's doll, the dress soiled and much-

They were gathered in the studio projection room to see the final shots of Dwight Hardell, made the day before his murder. The place was in semi-darkness. A silence fell upon the gathering as Hardell's mimic death scene came on. The hero, rushing in, finding his sweetheart at the mercy of Hardell, seizes the rapier from Yvonne's hand, and puts it through Hardell's heart

hugged . . . a scrap of torn letter . . . an orange rind . . . an empty perfume bottle and an old shoe, and before one little French shop a flower in pot, just now relinquishing its brave tenacity in the yellowing of one small green leaf.

Illustrated
by

C. A. BRYSON



THE prop boy, Kelsey, unlocked one of the doors of a wall cabinet at the end of Stage Six. Chief of Detectives Smith let out an involuntary exclamation as the door swung open. No wonder. A sprawling figure, the exact duplicate of the ill-fated, murdered Dwight Hardell, fell forward. One upturned hand clutched desperately at thin air, the mouth was a twisted grimace of horror, the face a deadly bluish white.

\$3,000 prizes offered for best solutions received by March 10th

For some psychic reason a lump came into Smith's throat. His common sense told him it was because this deserted street, echoing vacantly to his passing feet, reminded him of sacked French villages . . . the horribleness and unplumbed suffering of war. Some sensitive perception, not common, made him know it went deeper . . . back through the ages . . . back to century-buried birthplaces of fallen civilizations. Dead streets, emptied of their human voices . . . laughter . . . tears . . . the pattering of children's feet . . . the marching of men's . . . always hold a pathos, inexplicable. He thought it might be because they brought to mind, in a new and therefore more effective way, the inescapable dictum of the three sisters . . . weaving . . . measuring . . . ah, and most tragic . . . breaking . . . cutting . . . ending! For a moment it was as though he heard the chatter of voices long since stilled . . . the appearing, from blackened, sagging doorways, of figures long since desiccated!

AND, even as he turned back along the empty way, he heard voices. What he saw was a procession of men and women, laden with many and varied things. A girl in a smock, carrying two fresh-blooming potted plants. A man, with an apron on which a great pin cushion bobbed rhythmically, wearing over his arm a pair of gold velour draperies. Two more men, with a bedstead swung between them . . . and on and on, to an undergardener, wheeling a barrow laden with squares of green, grass covered turf. Even as Smith watched, he got down and began planting them, as tile is laid in patterns, about one of the doorways. The girl in the smock held up a gay little sign,

"Ye Arts and Crafts Shoppe"

and a man, one of those many on a studio lot, known as a "prop" boy, climbed a ladder, and set the sign to swinging gayly over the entrance. Another sign, "Ye House of the Iron Kettle," was hung above the next door. A table, the top made of bright, imported tiles, and set on wrought iron legs, was put in the little garden at the entrance. Chairs, with flat, trim cushions of glazed, hand-plaited straw, were put to the table. A purple umbrella, with gold dragons chasing themselves around its circular rim, was opened over the fat little pottery tea-pot, and the squat, bewitchingly decorated teacups. A sleek, contentedly purring black cat, was told to sit, with upturned rapturous eyes trained upon a singing canary in a swinging Pagoda cage. The cat sat, and so he might have sat, occasionally bending to lick his shining fur affectionately, all the days of his life!

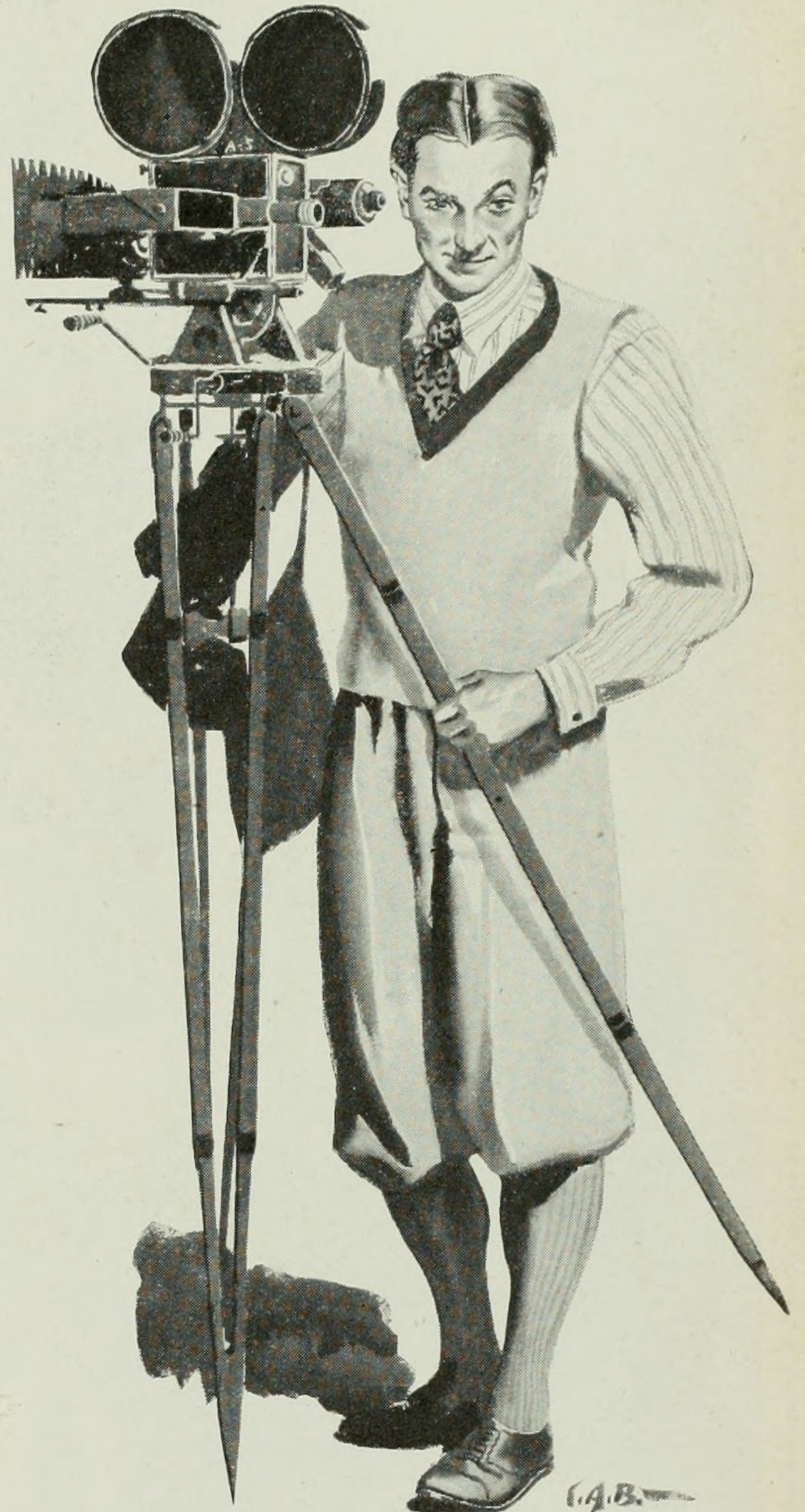
In the space of the short time Smith stood watching, the raven was ousted, and the brilliant plumage of the peacock strutted in its stead!

The whole reminded him of the rose-painting scene in Alice in Wonderland. He laughed to himself, and shrugged:

"Well . . . that's pictures! It's Okay . . . until you have a murder . . . a real one . . . and then, what have you? I'm blamed if I know!"

HE started back the way he had come, and now the dead streets seemed to have been touched by a magic wand, for another group of workers interested him.

It was the most "ramshackle and foul," as one poet has it, of the old buildings. And yet it was not ramshackle enough, nor foul enough, for the purpose to which it was to be put, for a man with a bucket of slops came and threw them at its sides. Another laid a dead and bloated dog carefully in a spot marked in the dirt road. The dog depositor then turned his attention to a bucket of glue and a couple of wooden blocks. These he carried with him up a step ladder. Smith, standing below him, laid his head on the back of his neck and allowed his mouth to fall frankly open. The man was making cobwebs! A blob of glue on one of the blocks, a circular, grinding motion, a slow pulling apart, a swift swinging toward the dusty window pane, and behold, a perfectly woven cobweb, festooning the space



Serge—the Russian cameraman and as temperamental as Director Seibert himself. He had a large head, a pale face and eyes of singular brilliance. About him was a singular air of abnormality

from sill to glass! The man then climbed down, and grabbed up a brand new suit of clothes. Throwing a bucket of pebbles and dirt over it, he began hammering and beating it with his blocks . . . rubbing it shiny across the seat of the breeches, and back of the shoulders.

"If it isn't an asinine question . . . why don't you take an old suit to work on?" asked Smith.

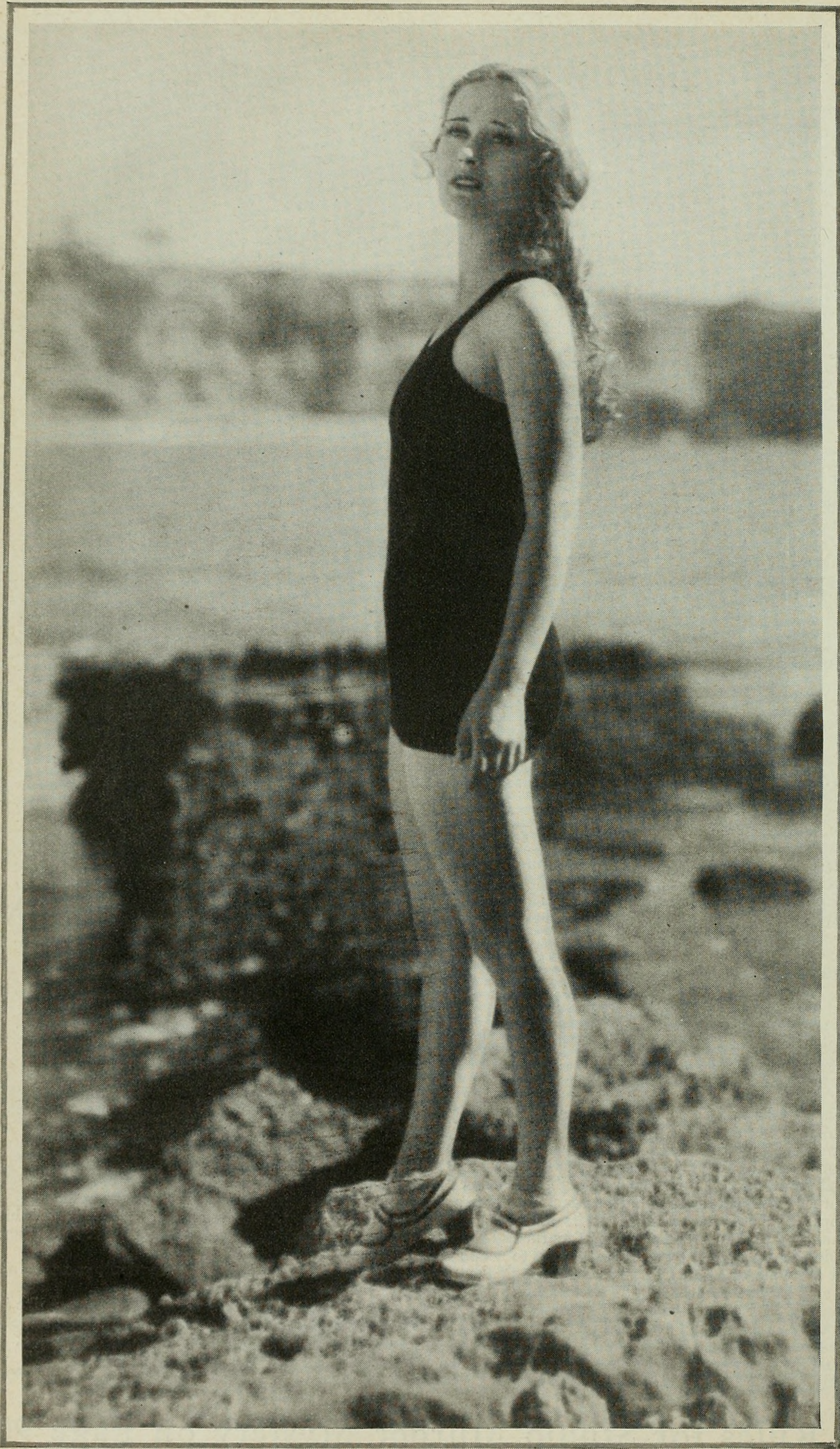
"This is a period suit. Matches up with a new one like it worn in the first sequence. Hey, Bill, there's supposed to be a dead duck out there, too," replied the man, all in one breath.

"Oh, hell! I forgot that blamed duck! What'll I do?"

"You'll go get one!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

Complete Rules for Studio Murder Mystery on Page 90



A Photograph of rare value, as it is said to be the only picture in existence of Dolores Costello in a bathing suit. As Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores will have to get used to a sea-going life. John is not only the most enthusiastic yachtsman in Hollywood, but he likes to select stories that necessitate a location trip at sea.

Looking on the Dark Side of Life

By

Katherine Albert



Farina's chilly
Boston intellect
was constantly
with his warm
African soul

FOR Farina, the difficulties with Art are those of the flesh rather than the spirit. He will tell you nothing about Getting into the Mood or Living his Part. Nor will he explain that one must have Lived and Suffered in order to portray Living and Suffering accurately on the screen. Farina's chief complaint with the fickle Thalia he courts is that he must wear shoes that are four sizes too big for him, have his hair done up in rags and be rolled in a washing machine.

I might as well confess that Farina is a pessimist, like most of his race, and is troubled with the divine unrest of the great artist. Unlike the average star who finds everything Just Dandy (for publication) except for an appreciable lack in Home and Babies, Farina gives you but few stereotyped copybook phrases.

He is no longer innocent of the Facts of Life and admits it. This frightful awakening came after the fatal episode of the washing machine. It appears that the property boy, elaborately pointed out to me so that I could judge his heinousness, told him that being whirled in a washing machine for a close-up was exactly like going for a ride on a roller coaster, which flesh pot has delighted Farina many times.

And Farina believed him. He was trusting then, in his innocence. He did not question. Like a dusky Daniel he let them place him in the washing machine. In fact, he crawled in bravely. The machine whirled. It was not, so I learned, like a roller coaster. You are not ill, and you don't get dosed with soda and hot water after a ride in a roller coaster. You need such aid after a jaunt in a washing machine.

"So now," Farina observed, "I'm cautious."

This discreditable episode has led him to distrust his fellow man. He was not quite sure of me and at first answered the questions as he had been prompted to do.

He is on familiar ground when he rules as the uncontested star of "Our Gang." He knows how to collect \$500 of chocolate coated money each week, the neat little sum Mr. Hal Roach pays him. He has stayed in the gang for the last four years because he hasn't grown an inch! The most emotional close-up holds no terror for him, but he is thrown into a panic by an interviewer.

I must admit that I showed little originality. Being in the presence of Farina, my favorite actor, I was a trifle daunted. So my first attempt was, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A lawyer," said Farina promptly. This is hardly the ambition of an eight year old colored boy, even if he was born in Boston. That one was carefully rehearsed.

I TRIED another. "If somebody gave you a wish and you could have anything you wanted, what would you choose?"

He waxed philosophical, "Well, I don't know. When you gets everything you wants it isn't any fun, so I don't think I wants anything."

We let that go and talked about seals, the kind of seals that are made into coats. It was Farina's choice of subject, for he hates the beasts most cordially. Two of them escaped, it appears, while the Gang was making a picture and Farina "just bawled and bawled when they came my way flappin' their tails."

And suddenly we mentioned hair and I learned Farina's true philosophy, the philosophy of pessimism. The long hair made everybody think he was a girl and now it is shorn, except for some kinks on top. He confided, "When my hair was long I wanted it short and now that it's short I wants it long."

Ah, that was not rehearsed. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

An Interview with a Pessimist Whose Fine Faith in Life Was Mangled by a Washing Machine

Gossip of All

By Cal



The Barrymores take leave of absence from the studio to go on their honeymoon. Dolores and Jack depart from Hollywood on a two months' vacation for a good-will tour of the Pacific ports—the good-will being reserved for the Barrymores

*Blessings on you, Davey Lee,
Cute and sweet and not quite three.
While your movie moment rages
Play about the sunlit stages,
Never knowing that some day
You may grow, and fade away
From the artless infant band
Into filmdom's Smarty-Land!*

FRANCES MARION collapsed shortly after the death of her husband, Fred Thomson.

This news item is more than twelve tragic words. It is a picture of a broken heart. Frances Marion, one of the very few scenario writers whose name meant anything at the box office, found the great love of her life when she met Fred Thomson while he was recovering from a football game injury.

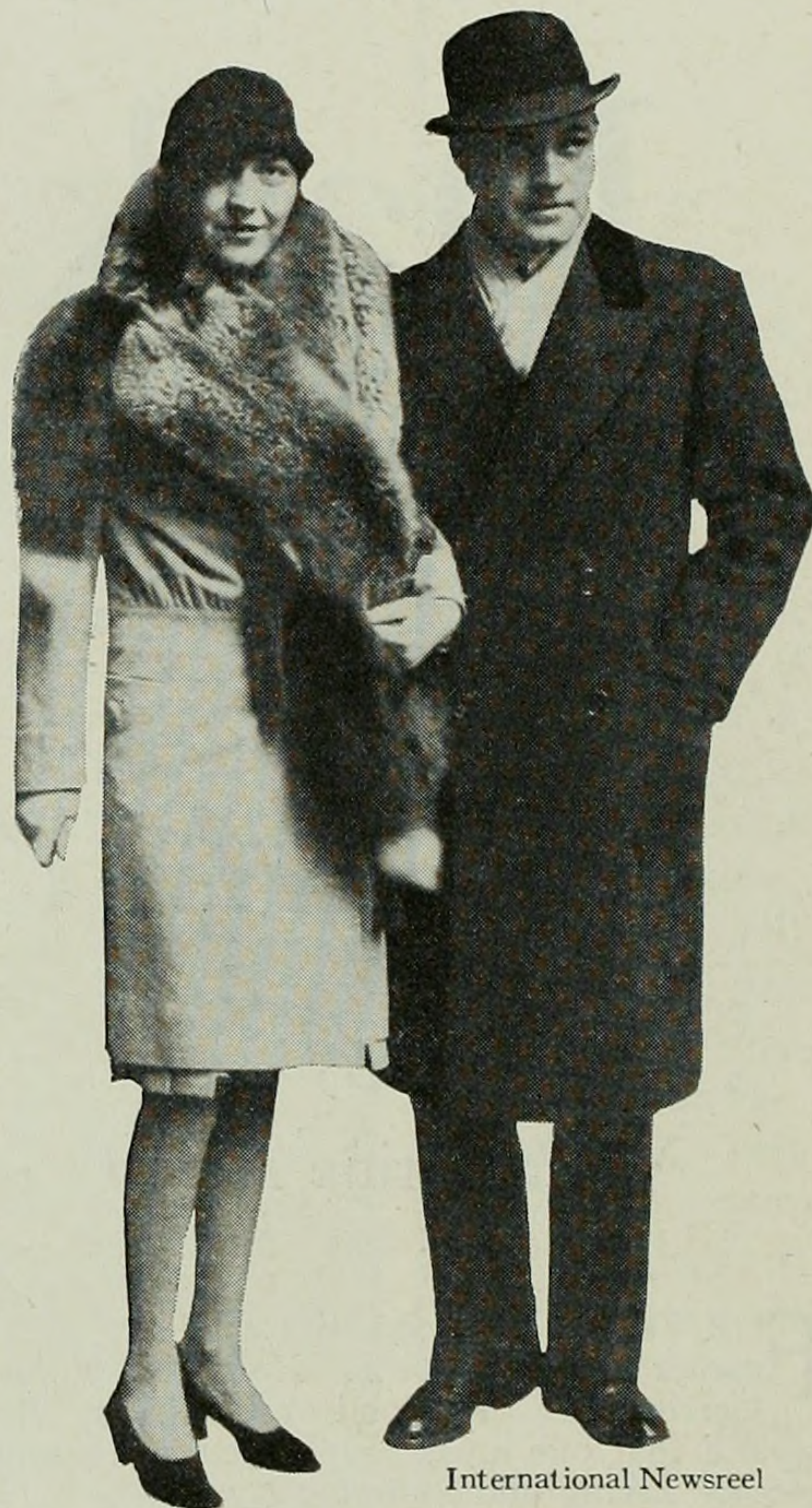
At the studio she was the highest paid, most efficient woman writer in the business. At home she was a dutiful, worshipping wife. With all their money, with all the luxury of their home, they used to leave the house to the servants and throw their blankets under the trees and sleep beneath the stars. The death of Fred Thomson leaves Frances Marion with merely existence.

CLARA BOW is God's gift to the salesmen. The other day she tripped down the boulevard to buy a new auto. On her way she stopped into a jewelers to leave her watch for repairs.

"Ah, Miss Bow," said the salesman, "you're the very person I wanted to see. This morning—this *very* morning—we received this lovely sapphire ring, set in diamonds and platinum. When I saw it I thought of you. It's exactly your type."

If you see Clara riding in the old car you'll know why.

IT is a somewhat interesting event when a beautiful lady wears on the significant finger of her left hand a large diamond ring. It is even more significant when the diamond is a large square-cut stone that is really oblong. The lady who wears this stone about Hollywood quite carelessly is none other than the alluring Miss Lupe Velez. It is causing much worry, for all too many



International Newsreel

Two more vacationists. According to the terms of his new contract, Richard Barthelmess gets three months every year away from the studio. Richard and Mrs. Barthelmess chose to spend their holiday in New York, Florida and Havana

persons declare that the weekly salary of Miss Velez would hardly buy one corner of the gem and her salary is large. That leaves only Gary Cooper, and goodness knows Gary would buy a horse and not a diamond, if he had that much money.

THIS is in the nature of a salaam to Evelyn Brent. In "Interference" LaBelle Brent gave one of the best movie-talkie performances of any season, and in the go-to-press frenzy we overlooked her. For this reason I pluck a sprig of the office's grade—a laurel, approach Evelyn and hand it to her with my best party bow.

RAQUEL TORRES hasn't mastered the English language yet. The other day her director, Charles Brabin, instructed her to enter a room "with humility."

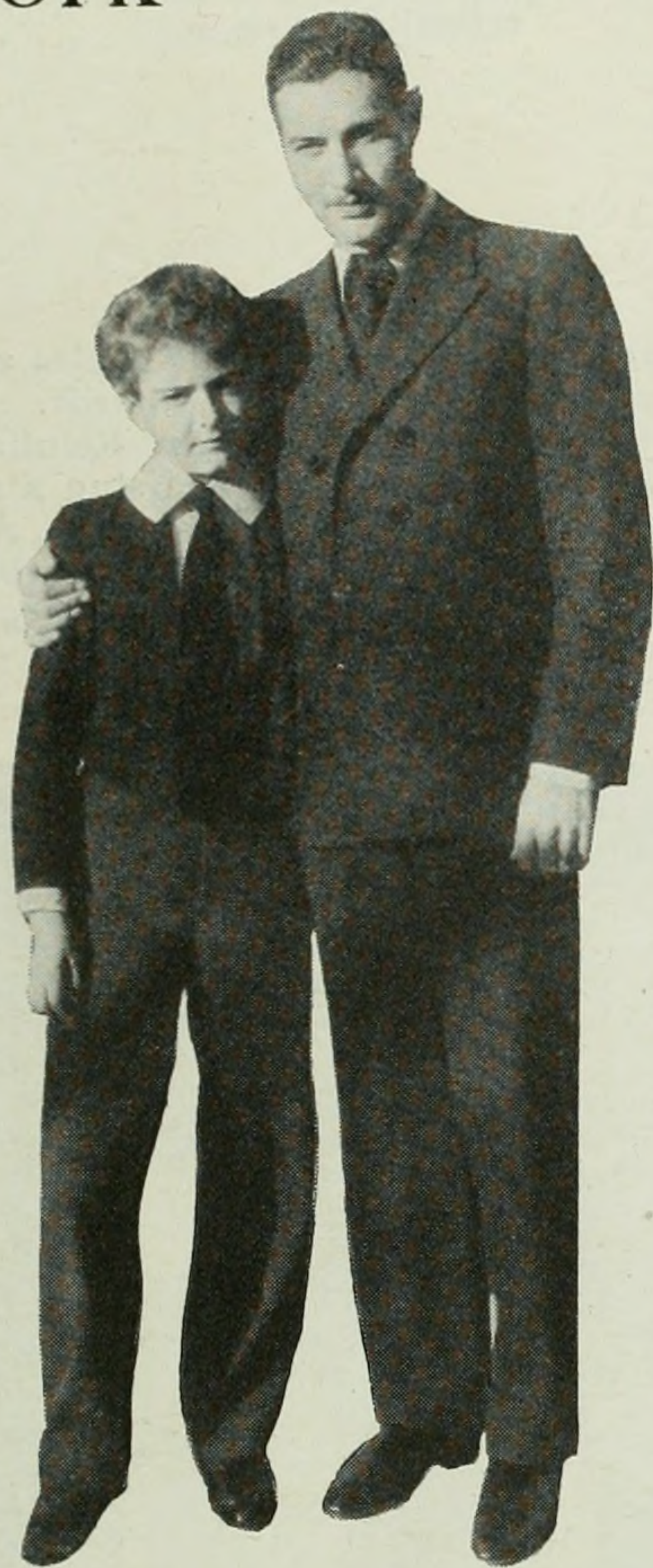
"Humil-i-tee— What is that?" asked Raquel.

"It's something nobody in the picture business has," said Brabin.

FOR the past several months Anita Page and her family—her mother, father and small brother—have lived in Culver City in a modest little house. This was so Anita would be close

The STUDIOS

York



The boy who doubles for the hero as a child, Philippe de Lacy. Philippe is shown with Richard Arlen, for whom he doubles in a boyhood sequence in "Four Feathers." Young Philippe has played child rôles for nearly all the well-known stars



To convince you that Davy Lee of "Sonny Boy" fame is very much alive. Davy is playing in a picture with Rin-Tin-Tin. It was a Los Angeles orchestra player, "Sunny" Boyce, who died. That's how the rumor of "Sonny Boy's" death started

to the studio and able to go to bed early. This Page kid is having her career handled right.

Now they've moved to Hollywood, but that won't spoil Anita. Her wise parents see to that. Even now there are only certain nights that she can go to parties. And, when she stays at home, she actually dries the dishes! If ever a girl had the chance of remaining young and fresh and unaffected through the strenuous task of becoming a star it's Anita.

Greta Garbo acting kiddish,
Charlie Murray singing Yiddish,
Beery amorously bleating,
Unser Emil Jannings eating—
These are things I want to hear
In the noisy films this year.

JOBYNA RALSTON was called by a producer for an important rôle opposite one of the biggest stars.

"Have you had talkie experience?" asked the producer.

"No, sir," said Joby meekly.

"Then I don't think you'll do. We're looking for a girl who has had experience before the microphone."

"That's great," said Joby, "you won't have a bit of trouble finding just the right girl. There are at least four actresses in Hollywood who have had talkie experience."

That gel is not as meek as she looks!

WHEN Robert Benchley arrived in Hollywood to correct the ills of talking pictures by making a few himself, he was tendered a "Welcome to our Studio" luncheon by Winnie Sheehan and his staff. Arthur Caesar, who wrote "Napoleon's Barber" and has been getting free shaves ever since, made the welcoming speech. In answering him, Mr. Benchley said:

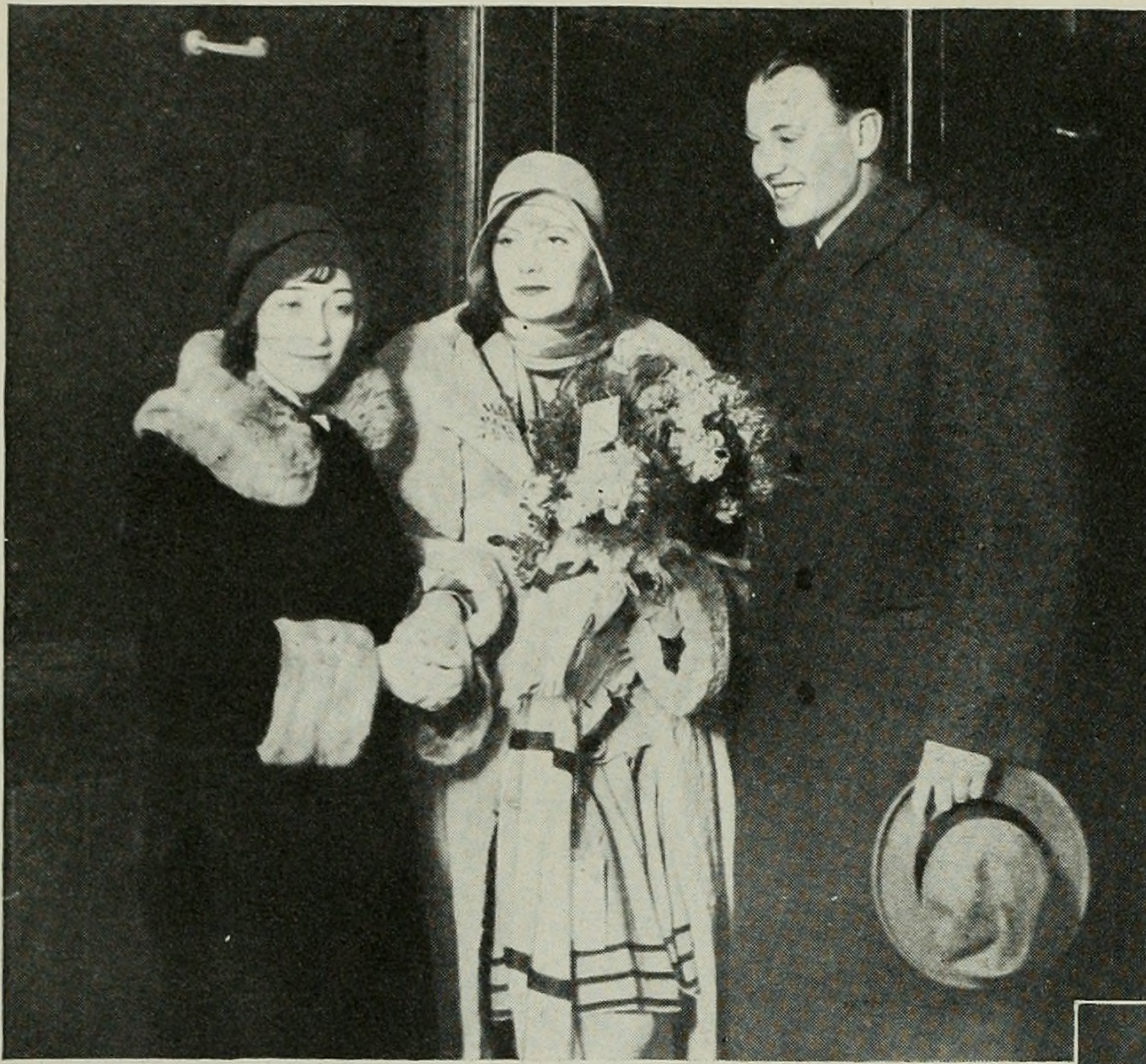
"The last—and first—time I came to Hollywood, I stayed six weeks. I broke my leg the first week. The reason I came this time was not to write and act in the talkies, as has been reported, but to see if Arthur Caesar is actually here. In New York it's reported he's the man who shot Rothstein, and that it's just a gag to say he is in Hollywood."

THERE'S another home in Santa Monica for the tourists to mistake for the Whatsis Country Club. Bebe Daniels has moved into her 27-room mansion on the beach.

JIMMY CRUZE can't lose on a prize fight bet. Jack Roper, a heavy-weight boxer, appeared in "The Duke Steps Out," Billy Haines' picture that Cruze is directing. The night before his fight at the Hollywood stadium, Cruze rang him up. "Look here," he said, "I've bet on you. If you don't win I'll cut out your closeup in my picture."

CONSIDER the mortification of the young assistant director when O. P. Heggie, the distinguished stage star, was introduced to him on the Paramount lot. Heggie, amid much fanfare, had just been signed to a handsome contract with that company.

"Heggie?" repeated the assistant megaphonist. "Oh, yes. Glad to know you. Drop into my office on your way out and leave your phone number. I may have a couple of days' work for you soon."



A picture of palpitating interest to the girls as well as the boys, because the Swedish Charlie Ray at the right is Greta Garbo's brother. Brother met Greta on her return to Sweden. The girl at the left is Mimi Polack, a Swedish screen actress, and one of Greta's friends during her dramatic school days

Lillian Gish returns to Los Angeles with her new director, Max Reinhardt. For months, Miss Gish and Mr. Reinhardt have been writing and rehearsing a new picture at Max's castle at Salzburg, Austria. But the actual camera work will be done in the Cinema Capital. And they say it will be a talkie

P&A

IT was on night location, in the hills back of Hollywood. Eddie Cline was directing the picture. Just as he gave orders for the camera to start grinding, the perfume of skunk was wafted through the air.

"Cut," yelled Eddie, stopping the scene. "Can that be this picture?"

AT one of the big studios, the new owners are getting efficient. And one way of getting efficient is to appoint your relatives to lucrative jobs. Anyway, the relative of an executive was given the position of efficiency expert and pleased all the bosses by firing twenty-five people during the first day of his régime.

All het up over his success, he strolled on the stage one day and asked an assistant director, "Say, what does that boy do who holds up that little board before the camera? Does he get a salary for that?" The assistant director patiently tried to explain the various duties of the camera boy.

Then he watched the script girl for a long time and suddenly a bright idea struck him. "Say," he asked, "can't that girl who sits there and writes take time off and hold up the slate?"

I want but little here below—
Some fifty grand a year, or so;
No work, a cottage by the shore,
And Esther Ralston at the door.

THERE'S a fascination about Hollywood that not even the most heartbroken extra can deny.

One of the drivers in the transportation department at M.-G.-M., known by every star and director on the lot as "Red," decided to leave the industry to struggle along without him while he went home to St. Paul. He was doing nicely, making money and meeting his old friends when he dropped into a picture theater and saw "White Shadows in the South Seas."

There were all his old friends. Raquel Torres, whom he had driven to the studio for her first test. Gwen Lee, who had used his car when she went on location. Johnny Mack Brown, who had called him for advice when he bought his first automobile. And all the rest.

Red couldn't stand it. He took the first train to Hollywood. He got his old job back.

IF you're the type who considers Clara Bow as merely an "IT" girl, then you won't appreciate this touching story of 20th century gallantry.

The other day Clara dropped into a downtown movie. You



International Newsreel

recognize Clara by her bright red hair, as you can spot Tom Mix by his initials. Some bystander of the male sex made a remark about the Bow gal that was not just exactly—er—well, it wasn't just exactly.

And then a real gentleman stepped forward and knocked the offending one flat. When questioned he said, "No, I'm not a personal friend of Miss Bow. But I won't hear her talked about. She typifies the ideal American girl."

CORINNE GRIFFITH is the little practical joker. When her genial husband competed in the tennis match he went down to defeat at every game. At last an enormous wreath of funeral flowers bearing the inscription, "Success to Walter Morosco," was presented to him on the courts. Even this did not change his luck.

INTENSIVE training on the part of Colleen Moore for her rôle in "Why Be Good." In a blond wig and horn-rimmed glasses with brother Cleve as flipper escort she has been doing

Mabel Normand once more steps in front of the camera. But this is no return to the screen. Mabel merely played in a one-reel comedy for a one-man audience. The film was sent to her husband, Lew Cody, who is far away from home on a vaudeville tour, as a wifely reminder of Mabel's devotion



A girl who will always be sure of pretty close-ups. Lina Basquette, widow of Sam Warner, recently married Peverell Marley, crack cameraman. The romance began during the filming of "The Godless Girl." Lina, a Wampus star of 1928, played the leading rôle and Marley fell in love with her as he watched her act



"I'm not sorry," said the man, "I've been in Hollywood three months and this is the first excitement I've had."

MOST of the actors who return from the South Seas after making pictures there have nothing good to say about the location or the natives. But Renee Adoree is back from Papeete, having played there in "The Pagan." She was so entranced with the South Seas that she hated to return.

"No telephones—no noise—just quiet," she said. "And the rain—oh, I loved it, while the rest of the company growled about it. Never have people been as kind to me as the natives."

We greet with cheer, huzza and howell
The gallantry of William Powell—
So long the movies' finest heller
And now a clean, heroic feller.
We wonder if the fans who hiss him
Can ever learn, in time, to kiss him.

MEBBE you think the talkies don't put realism into pitchers. "In Old Arizona" was being shown with sound in a Fox projection room. A lady in the audience had with her a small dog. A scene flashed on showing a pig caught in the crotch of a tree, squealing wildly. The dog sprang up and barked valiantly. Shortly after the pig was dislodged, a band of cattle crossed the screen, mooing merrily. The dog's excitement knew no bounds. He ran to the screen, barking loudly. Then he leaped up and snapped at the passing cattle. For such grand enthusiasm he was booted out of the projection room.

EVERY now and then the aristocracy of Hollywood foregathers quite grandly at an affair referred to as "The Mayfair." It is the sort of party at which one dines and dances. The Who's Who of Hollywood makes more or less restrained whoopee there. Among the cinema playboys who attended recently was David Butler who, when not touring Europe, indulges in the prosaic task of directing for Fox. Mr. Butler was standing in the doorway that led from the Biltmore ballroom to the butler's pantry (no pun meant!) playfully waving a napkin at some other playboy. Suddenly there ranged into his orbit that extremely facile plotmaker, Byron Morgan, who types out stories for M.-G.-M.

"What's that dam' waiter waving that napkin at me for?" demanded the irate Mr. Morgan as he escorted his partner to her seat.

"That's no waiter," said the lady, "that's Dave Butler." Whereupon, it being New Year, Mr. Morgan opened another bottle for the three of them. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]

International Newsreel

the Los Angeles dance halls and learning to jiggle in that agitated manner so popular in the present mode. She has even learned to walk nonchalantly down the center of the waxy floor, arm around her partner's waist, and then to suddenly grab him between larynx and stomach and gyrate away.

ONE may have any sort of experience in Hollywood, especially in that part of Hollywood inhabited by Lupe Velez. The other evening Lupe called upon a friend at one A. M. only to discover that she had changed her apartment. Instead of inquiring at the desk she knocked upon every door on the floor. Disheveled heads were thrust out and unprintable words were used by those awakened.

At last the friend heard Lupe and ran out into the hall just as she was arousing her last victim, a sleepy gentleman in a bathrobe.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the Velez friend apologetically, "Lupe should not have made so much noise and awakened you."

The BROAD A

What happened to Brenda Berkeley when the adenoidal drama demoralized Hollywood

MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP, president of Stupefaction Pictures, fidgeted with an imitation jade fountain pen and looked uneasily toward the brass nail studded door for incoming callers. Would the girl never show up? The Napoleonic frown with which he had creased his moon-shaped countenance was getting a bit hard to maintain, but it never paid to get too clubby with stars. Mr. Zoop sighed as befitted one who knows the secrets of the inner shrine, for his office had been the scene of much raw drama these sunkissed afternoons. The Early Christians, after having been massaged by Nero's lions, had had a soft thing compared to the shattered souls that had stumbled forth from this sanctuary of architectural debris.

Suddenly the door swung noiselessly inward, revealing the delicate person of Miss Brenda Berkeley (nee Burke) clad in foamy lavender chiffon, whereupon Mr. Zoop forgot to scowl, and, instead, regarded her with a gloating stare.

Miss Berkeley trailed sadly to a massive chair and sank into its leathern embrace, managing to look, as one rapturous interviewer had blurbed, "like a jonquil trembling in a June breeze." Trembling was correct. Miss Berkeley was entertaining dire visions of losing her public and likewise, her bank account, unless she could discover a voice. Her renowned cameo

features paled beneath their crown of wheat-colored hair, and the splash of crimson that had kissed a thousand men—plus a couple of highbrow novelists—quivered forlornly as she gazed at the bulbous Mr. Zoop.

"It's like this," said that gentleman, after the usual banal greetings, "you can't get by no more on two eyes, two knees and thirty-two teeth. It ain't enough that we drench the fans with beauty, as the advertising says, but now they got to hear it talk."

"Don't I know it," conceded the lady bitterly. "It's all you hear around the studio these days, and it's got me winging. Does it mean the axe, Abie?"

Mr. Zoop indulged in a series of helpless gestures. "Am I a fortune teller? Believe me, Brenda, if I could find the *schlamiel* who first monkeyed with the sound pictures idea, I wouldn't have no trouble at all moiderink him. And some other producers I know would chip in for a wreath. But, as it is, we got to fall in line."

"I never paid much attention to my voice," faltered Miss Berkeley in her customary croon. "What was the use, with the director shooting off his bazoo all the time?"

"Well, your pipes are kind of thin," advised the president, "but remember, you are still the ashiest blonde in the business."



"Marvelous," said the professor. "Now we come to the more important matter of accent. Allow me to impress upon you that it is the sur-estsignofculture." "Is that so?" inquired Brenda peevishly. "Well, I've been talking for over twenty years and nobody ever misunderstood me"

Illustrated
by
Russell
Patterson

BABY

By

Stewart Robertson



Nobody can tell me the fans are goink to give a face like yours the go-by, and start writing notes to a larynx. The trouble with you, baby, is that your voice sounds the way Lillian Gish looks. Sweet, but weak and fragile, if you get me. But all of us got our own hard luck." Mr. Zoop tossed an unlaundered glance at a photograph of Momma that adorned the rosewood desk. Momma leered right back. "Maybe," he continued, "if you could learn to talk like them theatrical actors I hear at the Vine Street stock company, it would help some."

THE fluttery Brenda gulped a couple of times, and then delivered a message from her bronchial tubes. "More tone like this, hey, Abie? Listen: Unhand me, you scum! Before another dawn comes—" She broke off and indulged in a violent fit of coughing. "It hurts my throat," she whispered.

"I ain't a bit surprised," said her employer, "but it sounds like you got the goods hidden away somewhere. It's better you should see a specialist."

"Who's going to pay for that?" inquired the star. "My contract says—"

Mr. Zoop spread his hands resignedly. "Who else but me? Ain't I imported six experts gettink ready for this uproar? You can see one of 'em tomorrow, baby, and remember, sex appeal is only the half of it now. You'll flop unless you can gargle the language to go with it."

"All right, Abie," said the star, mustering a pathetic smile.

"And listen," advised the president, "don't forget to drop in at the Ambassador tonight. Blotts Brothers are celebratink their first all-talkink picture, and it's up to us to slip them a rave just like we really meant it. Wear pale green, baby, and you'll make them Blotts washouts look like the back line in a boilesque troupe." He trotted over to the door and held it open.

"I'll panic them," Miss Berkeley assured him, as she sauntered out. In the empty ante-room she dabbed cautiously at her eyes with three square inches of lace, and then paraded serenely through the outer offices, exposing her pearl and coral loveliness to an appreciative staff. Once outside, she crossed a patch of grass leading to the long, two story frame building that housed the stars' dressing rooms. How much longer, she wondered, would she be entitled to enter?

THE same thought occupied her mind all day as the director herded her through the closing scenes of her last silent picture. Brenda was quite willing to accept the Hollywood legend that you stayed on top for five years, and then began to fade. Her heart was her own and her money had gone into good real estate, so she faced the future without the misgivings of certain of the film colony's elite. But what chafed her was the knowledge that she had still two years of glory to come, and that they might be blotted out by the new invention.

Deep within her the blood of many generations of battling Burkes whooped for action, and she hardened her small jaw. "No machine is going to sidetrack me," she informed her mirror, "leastways, not while my throat holds out."

Miss Berkeley emerged slowly from her haze of rapture and faced the cold grey dawn of fact. So this was the scoundrel who threatened her career—the inventor of the talkie! "I'd like to take you home," he was saying. The star's eyes glistened with hauteur. "So would a lot of others"

At nine in the evening, while her car glided through the maze of traffic on Wilshire Boulevard, the mettlesome Brenda tried out her vocal chords on "Frankie and Johnny," and by the time she reached the Ambassador, her famous features were adorned with a self-congratulatory smirk.

AFTER a little subtle jockeying for position with various other celebrities at the portals of the dining room, Miss Berkeley negotiated a most impressive entrance. Wearing the prescribed pale green in the form of gossamer tulle, she slithered across the floor to a center table while the overshadowed damsels who toiled for the brothers Blotts stared enviously. The brightness of their polish was oxidized by the passage of the nonchalant beauty, and, as a measure of revenge, a gale of shrewish whispering sprung up among them. Just wait, they told one another, until the talkies enthroned brains above torsos.

The shimmering figure paused long enough to waft her detractors a queenly smile in the languid manner approved by directors of society dramas, and then, unknowing, moved on to where fate lurked under a camouflage of gleaming silver and avocado salad. As she neared the main table a strange young man rose swiftly to greet her, drawing out a chair at his side. "Sh-h-h," he cautioned. "There's someone making a speech. How are you, Miss Berkeley?"

Brenda surveyed him with interest, and felt a queer little thrill of anticipation. He was tall, dark and grey-eyed. She liked grey eyes, and this particular [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

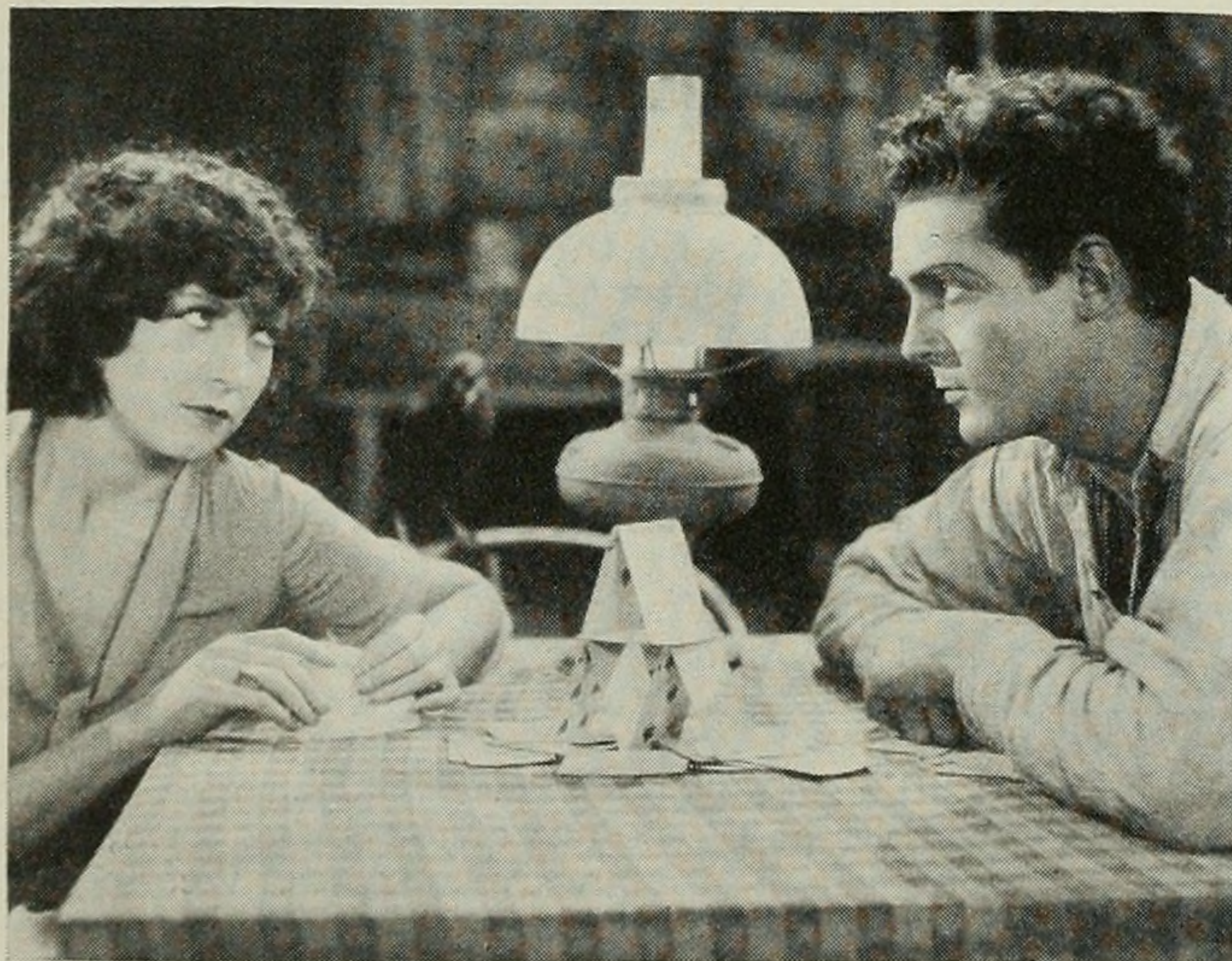


THE RESCUE—Goldwyn-United Artists

IT'S one of Ronald Colman's best performances. (A vital, restrained performance.) It's Lily Damita's introduction to the American screen. (An inauspicious introduction since Lily—a fiery Frenchwoman—is hopelessly miscast as an English lady.) It's rich in South Sea color.

So here is a "yes" and "no" picture, included in the best six of the month because of the spectacularly beautiful scenes—the outlaws' boats setting out to take the brig; the champion Hawaiian swimmer, Duke Kahanamoku, in an amazing water shot; the harrowing scene where *Lady Travers* stumbles her way alone through a jungle.

This fault is in too much Joseph Conrad plot. It isn't another "Beau Geste" but Director Herbert Brenon has brought out in Colman the same quality that characterized him in that earlier work.



THE RIVER—Fox

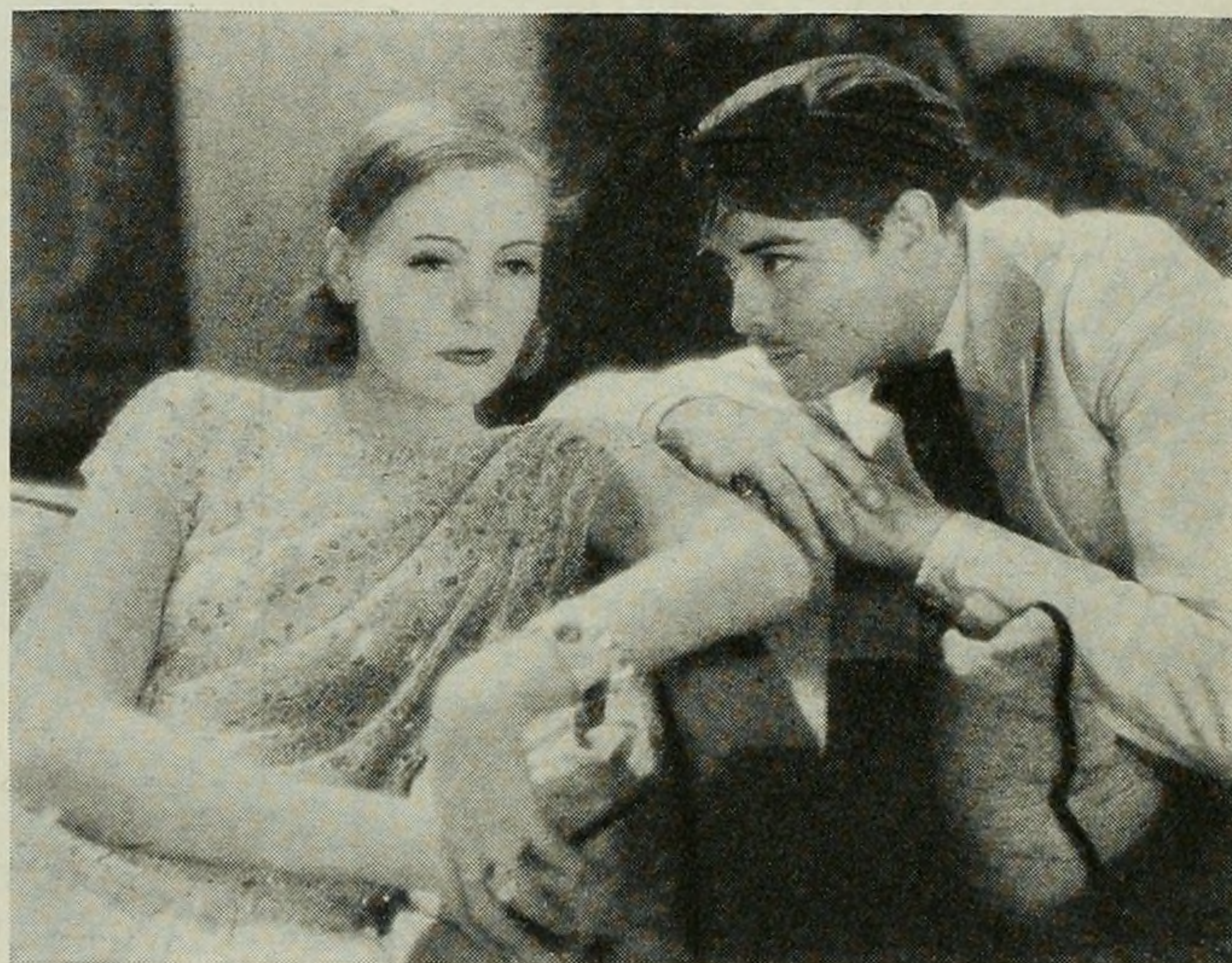
BASED on Tristram Tupper's novel and pointing the moral "A river is like love, it cleanses all things," "The River" turns out to be a strong, intimate study of two humans alone in a deserted construction camp. One is an unsophisticated mountain boy, the other a woman of the world. The two are frozen in through the long winter with a sinister crow, the left-over gift of the woman's former lover, as their only companion. These two are splendidly played by Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell.

Director Frank Borzage has handled a difficult story with skill and tact, pausing here and there to reveal the changing moods of the two with startling frankness. The atmosphere of loneliness is amazingly maintained. See it, but it's hardly the thing for little Willie.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



WILD ORCHIDS—M.-G.-M.

THIS is Greta Garbo's last picture before she departed for Sweden. It is built upon a story of Java, called "Heat," by John Colton. Once Lillian Gish was mentioned for the leading rôle.

John Sterling takes his young wife to the Orient when he goes over on business to inspect some plantations. On the Pacific liner is a strange young Javanese prince. Youth calls to youth, as the subtitle writers put it, and before the steamer reaches the East, *John Sterling* is in a fair way to lose his wife. *Lillie Sterling's* struggle against the fascination of *Prince de Gace* forms the dramatic story. Ideals are beaten down under the terrific heat of Java and— But see the film yourself.

"Wild Orchids" is excellently directed by Sidney Franklin. The details of life in the palace of the Javanese prince are picturesque and colorful. Native dances lend atmosphere. Indeed, "Wild Orchids" is directed with surprising care and a deal of lavishness.

Miss Garbo never has been more dazzling nor has she contributed a more compelling rôle to the films. Lewis Stone is admirable as the husband. "Wild Orchids" will do much for Nils Asther. Here is a rôle that will push the young Swedish actor up closer to stardom. To it he lends something of the charm and poise of Valentino.

"Wild Orchids" is another variation of the civilized white collapsing under the heat of the tropics. Willis Goldbeck's adaptation is shrewd and dramatic. The film is superbly acted, expensively produced and, moreover, it has the earmarks of care and taste.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

WILD ORCHIDS HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN
THE RESCUE THE RIVER
THE DOCTOR'S SECRET MY MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Wild Orchids"
Nils Asther in "Wild Orchids"
Ronald Colman in "The Rescue"
Dorothy Mackaill in "His Captive Woman"
Milton Sills in "His Captive Woman"
Mary Duncan in "The River"
Charles Farrell in "The River"
Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138



THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—Paramount

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S charming play "Half an Hour" comes to the screen under the thriller title, "The Doctor's Secret." That doesn't keep it from being a superior talkie, skillfully handled by that master of dramatic sophistication, William de Mille. Ruth Chatterton, as *Lady Lillian*, gives a beautifully repressed performance.

There is too little of John Loder, a newcomer, whose flawless English voice and evenly spaced work is delightful. Throughout the unfolding of the story, too delicately etched in brilliance to be coldly "scenopsized," there is a subtle emotional undercurrent.

H. B. Warner, as *Lady Lillian's* beastly husband, and Robert Edeson, as the doctor, are convincing. A little girl, Nanci Price, in the rôle of an English slavey, contributes some appealing and interesting moments. Don't miss it!



HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—First National

SEVEN years ago this picture was called "The Woman God Changed." Bob Vignola filmed it at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New York with E. K. Lincoln and Seena Owen in the principal rôles. Now it's with us again, dressed in new fixtures, plus talk and sound. If we hadn't already seen—and heard—"On Trial" and "The Bellamy Trial," we might cheer louder. However, strong men went all the way to Honolulu to make it, and not in vain. The photography is splendid.

The drama is very tropical and Sadie-Thompsonish in spots, with a touch of Robinson Crusoe thrown in. But anybody could tell it was George Fitzmaurice's last picture for First National, or mebbe he just didn't care. The story is told by means of the testimony of witnesses in a murder trial. As each witness testifies, the camera visualizes his conversation. A novel effect once, and good yet if you haven't seen it. There are two unpardonable weaknesses: it justifies murder and needlessly violates legal procedure.

Here's the plot: a cafe entertainer kills her "Sugar Daddy" and skips to the South Seas. A New York cop is sent after her. They are shipwrecked on a desert island for seven years. Eventually a steamer takes 'em off and returns 'em to New York. The cop tells a sob story on the witness stand, the girl is convicted, but the sentimental judge sentences her to life on the desert island with her cop. Soft for the girl and great propaganda for murder. The very good performances of Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill, however, give the picture unusual interest despite its unfortunate premise. See it.



MY MAN—Warners

IF you have liked Fannie Brice in musical revues and in vaudeville, you will like her in her first Vitaphone film, "My Man." It isn't strong on story, just the yarn of a kindly East Side girl who mothers a wayward sister and a little brother and gets treated terribly by circumstances and relatives. In the end, she gets her man and becomes a Broadway star, but the real interest centers in Fannie's songs. She does her entire repertoire of favorites.

Miss Brice is not another Al Jolson. Her acting and personality—when she isn't making a paste song into a diamond—isn't very compelling. The real acting honors go to Edna Murphy. Miss Murphy is excellent as the selfish little sister. Guinn Williams is the awkward window demonstrator who is *my man*. This is a three-quarters talkie.

Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**DESERT NIGHTS—
M.-G.-M.**



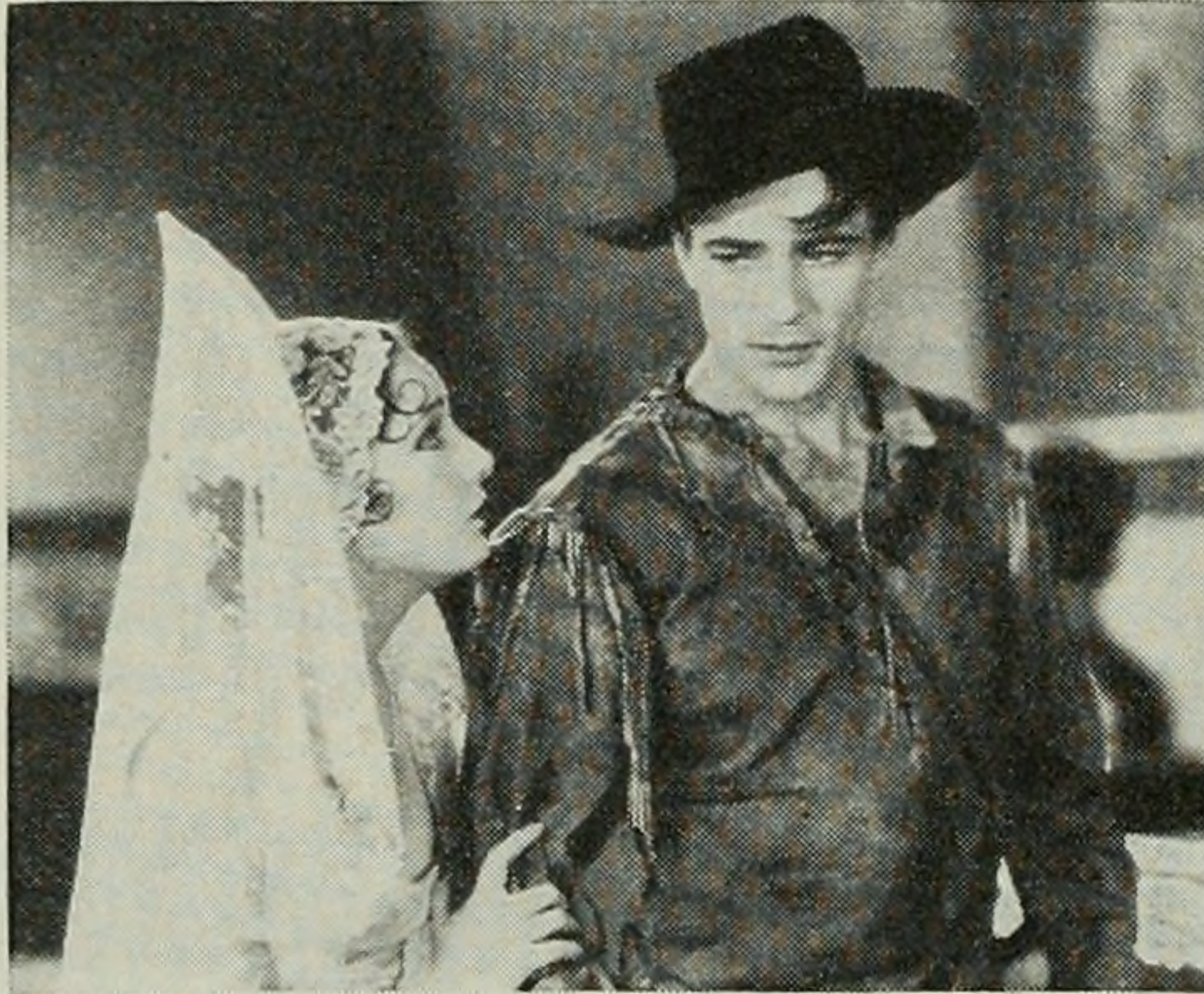
WHOOEVER is to blame for putting Jack Gilbert in this vehicle should be spanked. Although he hates the word himself, Jack is romantic. He is also a great actor. But he isn't romantic with a five-day beard; and the story, involving three people, two of them diamond thieves, in a trek through an African desert, gives him little chance for trouping. Mary Nolan and Ernest Torrence give good performances.

**SQUARE SHOULDERS—
Pathe**



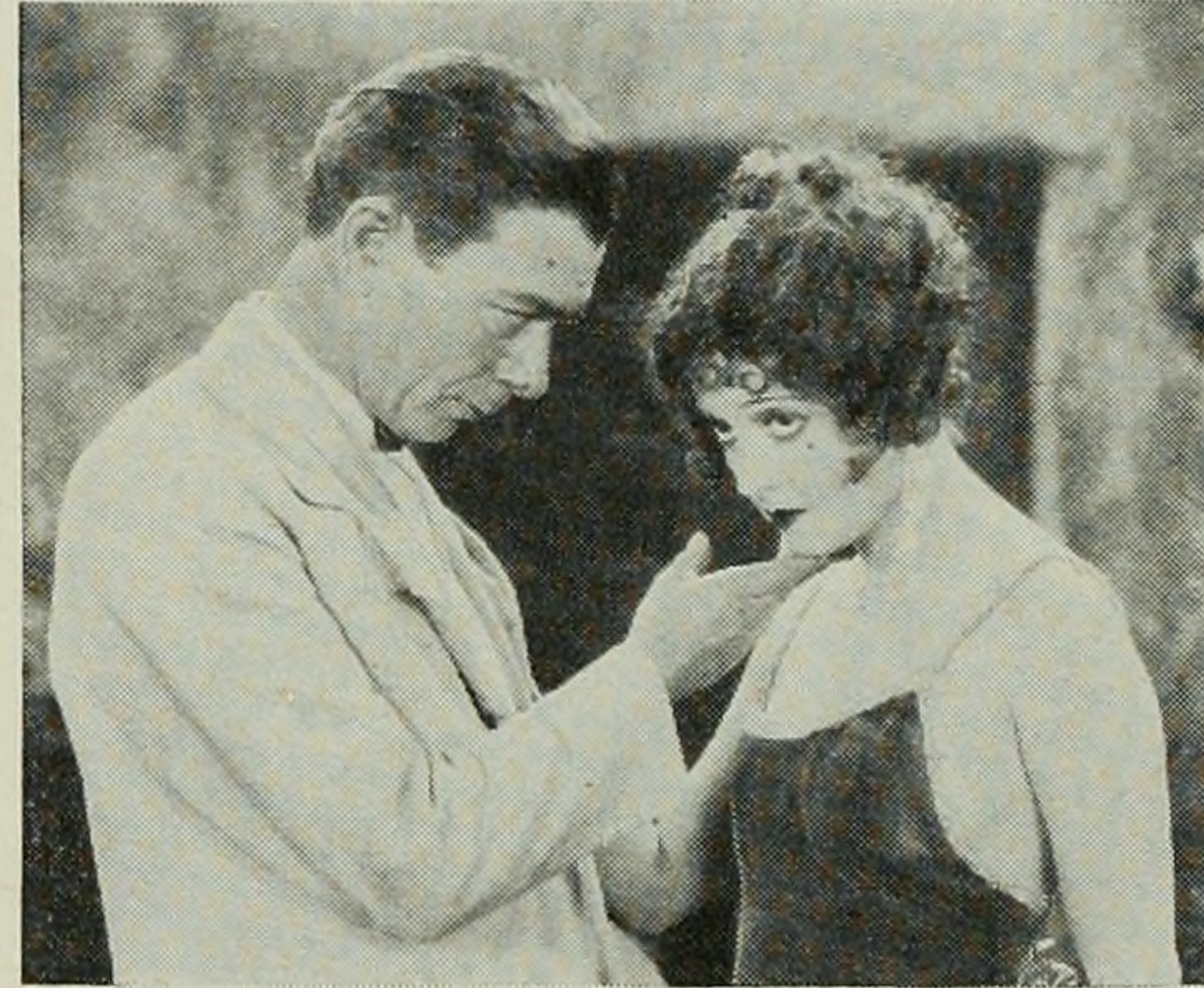
A SPLENDID picture without a leading woman. The story is simple, direct, and full of the natural drama of a boy's hero-worship of his father. A drunken bum, an ex-war hero believed dead, stumbles across his own kid selling papers. Ashamed of his condition, the hobo conceals his identity, but makes the dream of the newsie's life come true. Louis Wolheim gives a penetrating character study of the prodigal father.

**WOLF SONG—
Paramount**



MOUNTAINS and trees don't make a picture, even with sound effects, so "Wolf Song" won't keep the wolf away from Paramount's door. Gary Cooper, don't you ever, ever wear Davy Crockett clothes again! Trappers are good hunters but terrible tailors. And Lupe, you sing beautifully, but such placid and restrained acting! This time we'll blame the director, but don't do it again.

**FUGITIVES—
Fox**



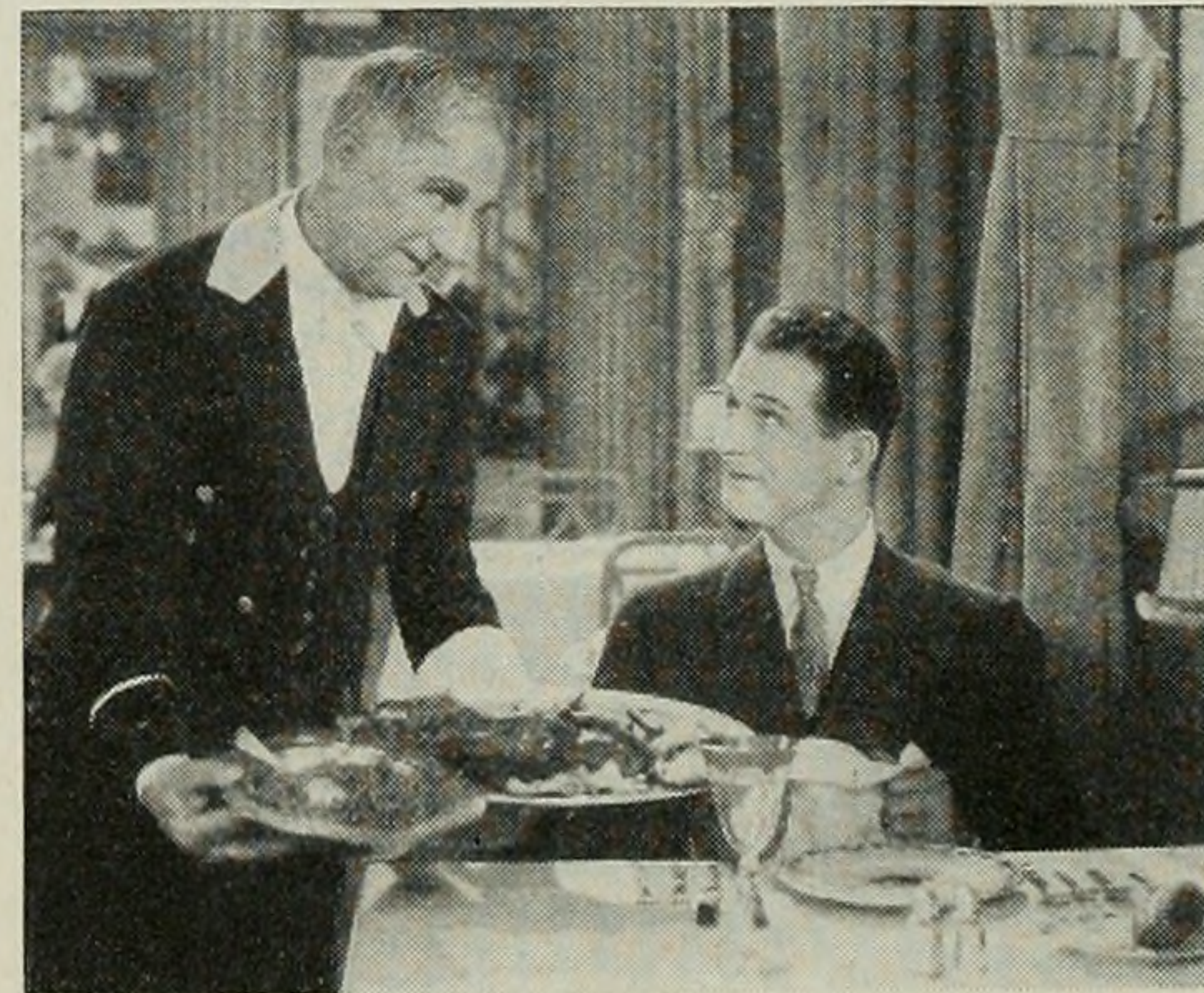
THIS Richard Harding Davis story, probably quite new and thrilling when first written, today becomes the conventional formula. Cabaret girl falsely accused of crime flees to fugitive port to be rescued by Horatio Algeresque district attorney who convicted her. Madge Bellamy, splendid in "Mother Knows Best," and Don Terry, superb in "Me, Gangster," seem to feel the mediocrity of the story.

**NOTHING TO WEAR—
Columbia**



LIGHT but sophisticated wardrobe farce about a sweet sugar mamma with all the clothes in the world, yet with nothing to wear. She becomes clandestinely involved with a bachelor with one fur coat (which doesn't belong to him). Bryant Washburn is the gentleman afflicted with the female dilemma; other players include Jacqueline Logan, Jane Winton and Theodore von Eltz. Titles save the picture.

**CLEAR THE DECKS—
Universal**



AN attempted steamer farce, incorporating Universal's pet gag for Reginald Denny—mistaken identity—which totters on, regardless of old age. This time he's an obliging fellow who takes a health cruise to save his pal from being disinherited. Complications set in with the nurse hired for the invalid, an irrelevant necklace, and love at first sight. But Denny gets over not because of, but in spite of, the script.

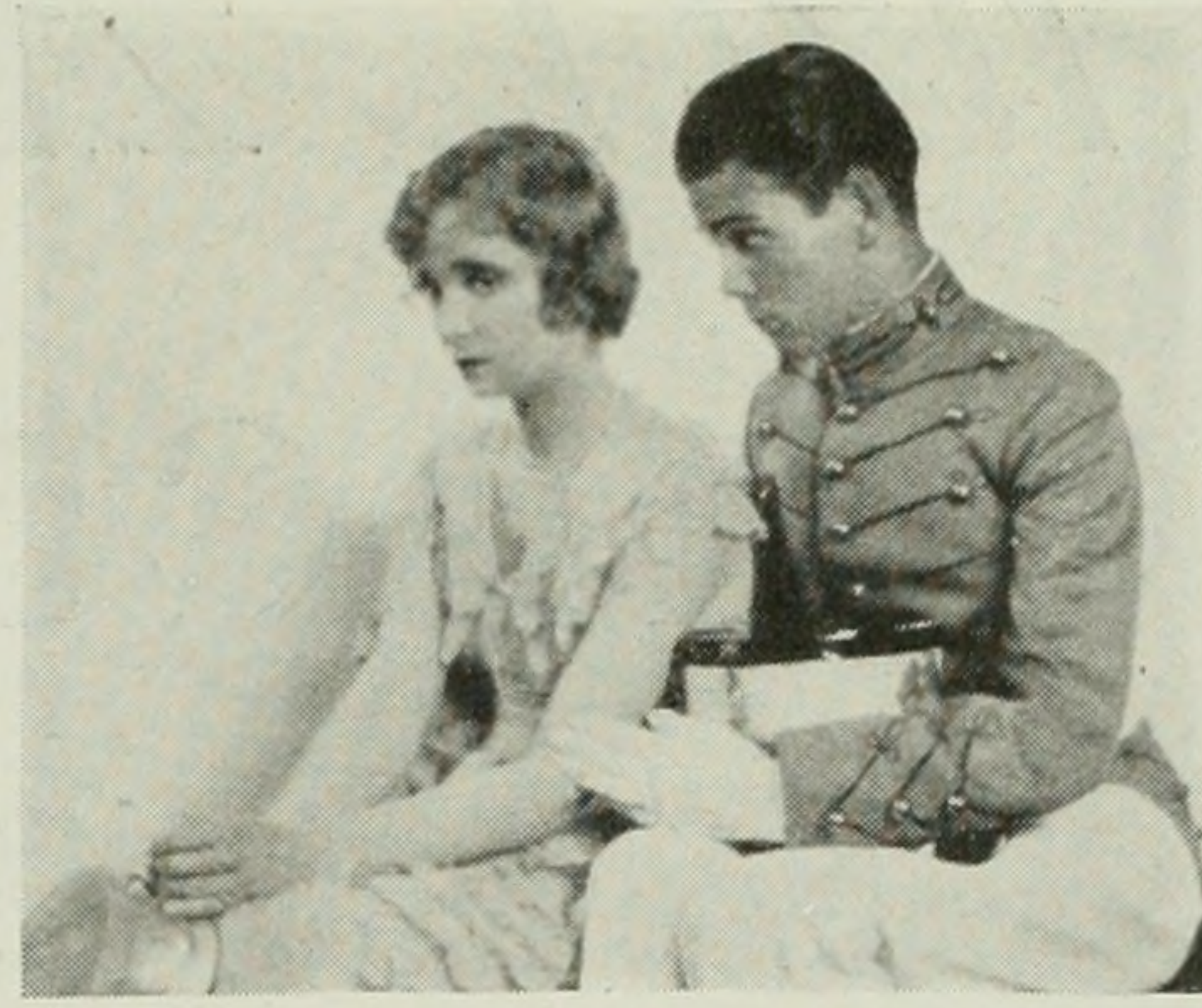
First and Best Screen Reviews Here

LUCKY BOY
—Tiffany-
Stahl



THIS is a direct but left-handed descendant of Jolson's "Jazz Singer." In it George Jessel plays the little singing boy who defies his sweet poppa and momma and becomes a mammy singer, winning fame, fortune and a pretty blonde in the last reel. It is a silent picture patched and vulcanized with sound and talk, and Jessel sings several songs, the theme number being a tear-oozer, "My Mother's Eyes."

**PREP AND
PEP**—Fox



ANOTHER story of youth in a military academy, featuring David Rollins and Nancy Drexel. It concerns a boy who started in at Culver with great things expected of him because his father was once its foremost athlete. He causes many disappointments but, with a little encouragement from the colonel and his charming daughter, he comes through and makes good. Plenty of boyish pranks and humor.

**THE
DRIFTER**—
FBO



TOM MIX is bowing out. The jingle of his spurs will soon be an echo, the sight of his ten gallon hat just a memory. Vaudeville is calling him. He'll probably break little glass balls with a rifle. "The Drifters" is his cinema swan song—his last picture on his last contract. Unfortunately, it won't emblazon the famous Mix initials in film history. Just another Western, but send the kids anyway, just to see the aeroplane.

**TROPIC
MADNESS**—
FBO



ARACY Anglo-South Sea picture which is well written, directed and acted. Of course, it erupts turbulent melodrama from the opening suicide to the finish, when a disgruntled volcano shoots the works. A London butterfly loses her child through neglect. Sobered by the jolt, she searches six years for the boy, who has been secretly sent to her husband's best friend in the tropics. Leatrice Joy is good.

**BROADWAY
FEVER**—
Tiffany-Stahl



THERE is little Broadway, and no fever, to Sally O'Neil's latest spasm of cinematicuteness. The O'Neil plays a stage-struck maid who spends most of her time keeping Roland Drew (leading man) out of the claws of the blonde menace. Incidentally, Sally skulldugs her way to the footlights. Sally is the usual skittish ingenue and Drew is harmless enough. If this is Broadway, we'll take Main Street, Baraboo, any time.

**THE
REDEEMING
SIN**—Warners



THIS is an audience picture. If you like Latin Quarter atmosphere and religious hysteria, you'll like this. Moments of rare beauty are furnished by the photography. There are inconsistencies: Conrad Nagel, with a knife in his back, is shoved into a Paris sewer. Dolores Costello falls on her spine from a two-story building. Both live. The Lord's prayer is recited for the first time on the screen. [CONT'D ON PAGE 72]

What Are YOUR Correct Colors?

THIS month's PHOTOPLAY cover is a color chart for blonds. And the following article, together with the keyed chart, will be an invaluable aid to you in choosing becoming clothes, if you are a blond. Miss Laurene Hempstead, an expert in color harmonies, is writing a series of four articles on color for the four different types of feminine beauty—brunette, blond, red-haired and brown-haired. This is the second of these fascinating articles. Next month Miss Hempstead will write about the color problems of the red-haired girl.

COLORS ALTER THE FIGURE AS WELL AS THE FACE OF THE WEARER

COLOR may affect both the apparent size and shape of the figure as well as add life, vitality and interest to the face. Although colors should be carefully chosen with specific reference to the exact coloring of the individual, their effect upon size and silhouette must likewise be considered. Every woman, young or old, should eliminate from her wardrobe all colors which make her figure appear to disadvantage, choosing only those which enhance her face, and her figure as well.

Light colors reflect light. Objects of light colors for this reason appear much larger than their actual dimensions. Light colors, however, against a light background, tend to conceal the silhouette, frequently making the figure appear smaller by making it less conspicuous.

Dark colors have an almost entirely opposite effect. They markedly decrease size, making the figure appear smaller, more slender, while against the average light background they reveal the silhouette. Therefore, while the figure appears more slender, bad proportions are relentlessly revealed. Disproportionately large hips or large bust will seem more evident even though the figure seems, as a whole, smaller.

VIVID brilliant colors, like light ones and shiny surfaces, reflect light. They seem to advance, to be nearer the observer, therefore they make persons costumed in them appear larger. The silhouette, likewise, becomes more conspicuous in vivid colors, thereby accenting the proportions of the figure, whether good or bad. Therefore, only the woman who knows the outlines of her figure to be pleasing, beyond question, should attempt to wear an entire dress or coat of an extremely vivid color. Dulled, grayed or more neutral colors are much more easily worn, as they not only seem remote,

making the wearer appear smaller, but they do not emphasize the outlines of the figure.

Reds, oranges, yellows, the colors of the sun, of fire, the so-called warm colors, are aggressive, advancing. They, like vivid colors of any hue, seem near, thus warm colored objects seem larger than those of cool, receding colors, such as blues or greens. A warm, vivid color will markedly increase the size of the wearer, while a cool, dull grayed color will decrease it.

HAVING considered color in relation to the possibilities and limitations of her figure, every girl should coordinate a list of colors flattering to both her face and figure, keeping constantly in mind the basic rule that colors must harmonize with the actual flesh tints, which may be either a red that is slightly red-orange rather than a pure red, or slightly red-violet, seldom a pure red. The brunette types, with warm color, have flesh tints which are red-orange in tone, as analyzed in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY.

The coloring of the blond is, in several respects, opposite to that of the brunette. Not only are her hair, her skin, her eyes, light, where those of the brunette are dark, but her coloring is cool in effect. The flush on her cheeks and lips is red-violet, a lightly bluish rather than a pure red or red-orange. The background color of the skin has less warmth, being nearer white but in reality a pale yellow, cooler than the darker, more orange skin of the brunette. The blond's eyes, of blue, blue-green, green or gray are likewise cool where those of the brunette are most frequently a warm orange or brown. The hair of the

blond is yellow, itself a warm color, but because it is light, near white in value, and because the yellow, in hair of natural coloring, is a subdued rather than intense yellow, the predominant color of the individual remains cool.

IT is not enough to say that a person is cool in coloring, or that she is blond. There are numerous variations of the blond coloring. The girl who complacently calls herself a blond without analyzing the actual coloring of her skin, her hair, her eyes, selecting colors from an arbitrary list supposed to be becoming to blonds, is as likely to find that she is accentuating her defects rather than her best features. She may wear blue believing that it will increase the apparent amount of blue in her eyes, or she may even be aware that blue, being complementary to yellow, will make her hair more golden, yet she may ignore the fact, so obvious to everyone who sees her, that intense blues increase the amount of yellow in her



MORE than any other type, the blond is dependent on correct color harmonies to set off her natural loveliness. Too vivid colors will overwhelm her individuality. Flat neutral tones will make her seem uninteresting. With an effective choice of colors, the blond

may outshine her darker, more vivid sisters—if she knows her color harmonies. In this article, girls with light hair and eyes will find a complete analysis of their coloring and a solution to their dress problems. Do you know how to increase the blue in your eyes and how to add life to your hair? This article explains how, by studying your coloring, you may add, not only to your attractiveness, but to your happiness.

If you are a blond, here is an article that will tell you how to make the most of your natural coloring

By

Laurene

Hempstead

skin. A softer, more grayed blue might be flattering to her hair and eyes, perhaps even more so than the brighter blue. An intense blue might make the eyes appear faded by contrast, at the same time making the skin appear clear and creamy, rather than a more pronounced yellow. A soft green might be more nearly the actual hue of her eyes, and be more flattering than any blues, however soft and beautiful.

Although there are many variations of blond coloring, almost as many as there are blonds, they may usually be classified either as drab, neutral, colorless blonds, or as colorful vivid blonds. The drab blond, by keeping her hair bright and shining, at its brightest natural color, or perhaps brightened by skillful artifice, her complexion as clear and healthy as possible, aided by the skillful use of rouge, may more nearly approximate the more vivid blond types, there being no definite boundary line between the two groups.

THE drab blond has more grayed subdued natural coloring, her hair is not vividly yellow, but rather a grayed greenish yellow. Her skin is of nearly the same color as her hair, also a light dull yellow. Her eyes, while of a different hue, are also light in value, possessing little contrast; the skin, the hair and the eyes being so lacking in decided contrast that the individual's coloring is monotonous and uninteresting. If she wears neutral unimaginative colors she loses all chance of attaining individuality, appearing uninteresting. If, on the other hand, she chooses extremely vivid intense colors, they, being so much more powerful than her own personality, will further subdue her own faint coloring, making her seem even more insignificant.

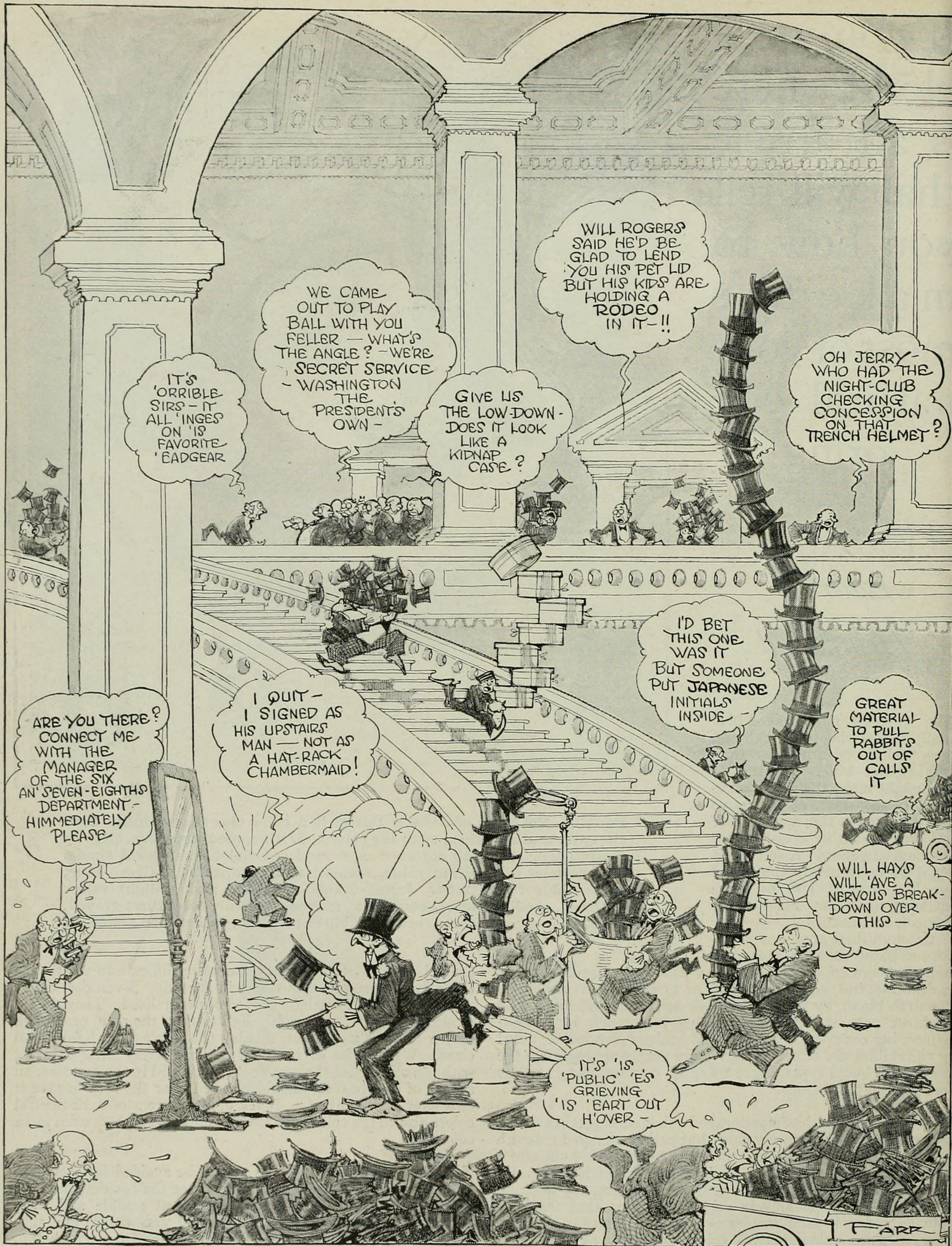
The pale drab blond usually finds soft grayed cool hues, blue-violet, blue, blue-green and green her most becoming colors. Violet and red-violet, having slightly more warmth, are some-



PHOTOPLAY'S cover of Marion Davies is a color chart for blonds. Save the cover and save this key to the colors. 1. Blue, medium value, slightly neutralized. 2. Much softened or grayed red-violet—an orchid shade. 3. Red-violet of medium value, somewhat neutralized. 4. Green-blue, nearer blue than green. 5. Red-orange, softened and of light value. 6. Green, medium value, somewhat grayed. 7. Blue, somewhat grayed. 8. Blue-green, more green than blue—a subtle, in-between shade

times becoming, though they are more difficult to wear, particularly if there are dark tinges in the skin. Even cool colors must be softened, partially grayed or neutralized. They should either be very pale, definitely lighter than the skin, or enough darker to form a contrast, making the skin appear lighter and clear. When light or medium values offering little contrast with the coloring of the wearer are employed in the costume, an accent of darker color should be used near the face to give it character and emphasis. Black or large areas of dark neutral colors absorb the color from the face, making it seem even more colorless.

VIVID warm colors should always be avoided for they submerge the wearer, causing one to see the costume, not the individual. Soft, very much neutralized middle and dark values of warm color, soft rose, may, if very subtle and subdued, reflect their warm color into the face of the pale blond, increasing her apparent color. In most instances, reds with a slightly cool or red-violet cast are more becoming than those which are red or red-orange, although the latter, if softened or grayed, may sometimes be wearable. Very dark wine reds, which of course have the red-violet cast, are frequently the flattering warm colors which the pale blond can wear. Orange and yellow are usually most unbecoming, for they will not only make the hair look dull and lifeless, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Intimate Snapshots of Film Favorites

No. 2

Adolphe Menjou Mislays His Favorite High Hat

Absent *without* Leave

John Loder, a homesick exile from England in Hollywood, went to school with a prince

By
Eloise Bradley

IT was a weary, beating hot afternoon in Suez. A military messenger, en route from one British camp to another, stopped in the road to let a solitary officer pass. The messenger recognized the officer and pulled up his own horse. The two men saluted.

"I DO remember your face," said the officer.

"Yes, Your Highness," said the messenger. "You used to drive over from Oxford to see your brother at Eton. I was in his house."

"Oh, yes. It's good to see you. We're very far from England, aren't we? This blazing sun! What would you give to see the streets of London in a good dripping fog? How serenely the lights reflect themselves on the wet streets!"

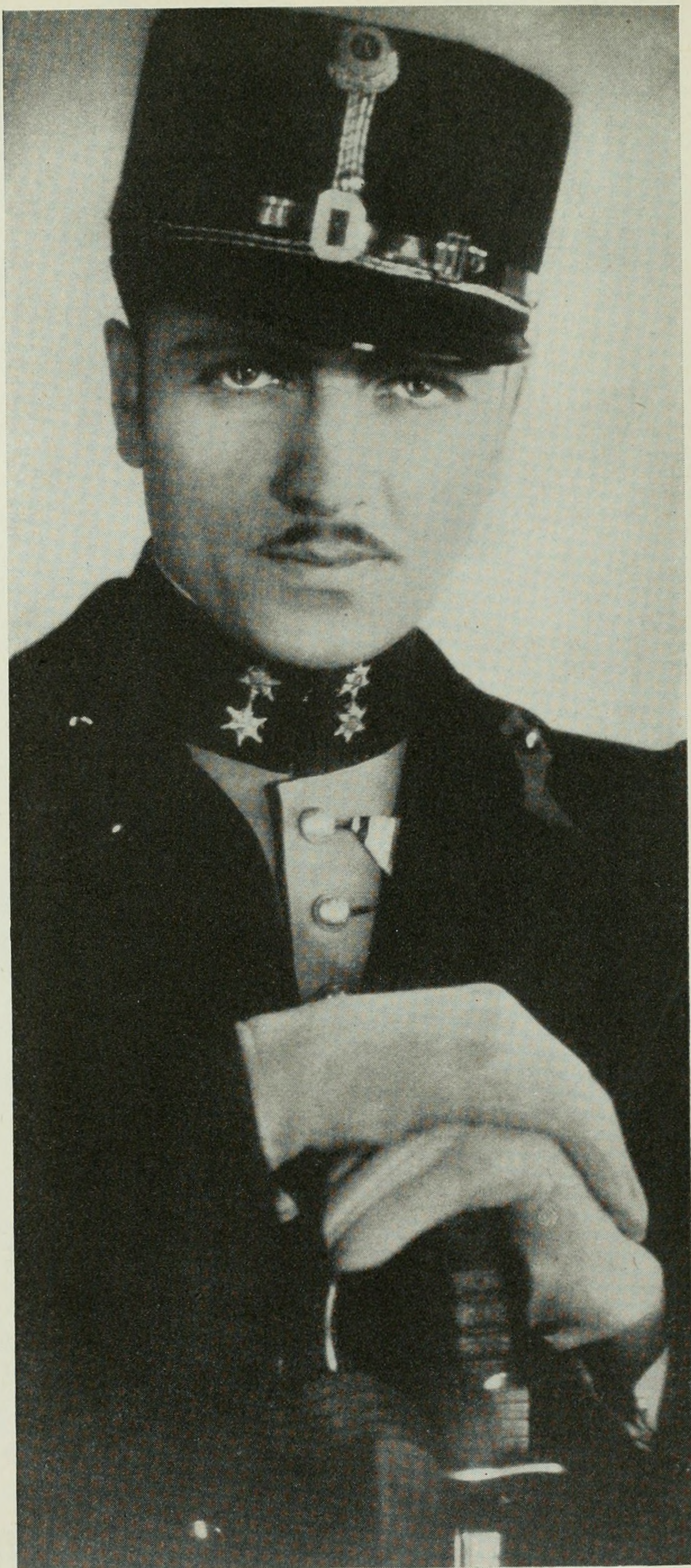
"And the theaters. You've just come down from London. What are the best plays in town?"

"A rather good season. Do dine with me tonight and we'll talk about everything."

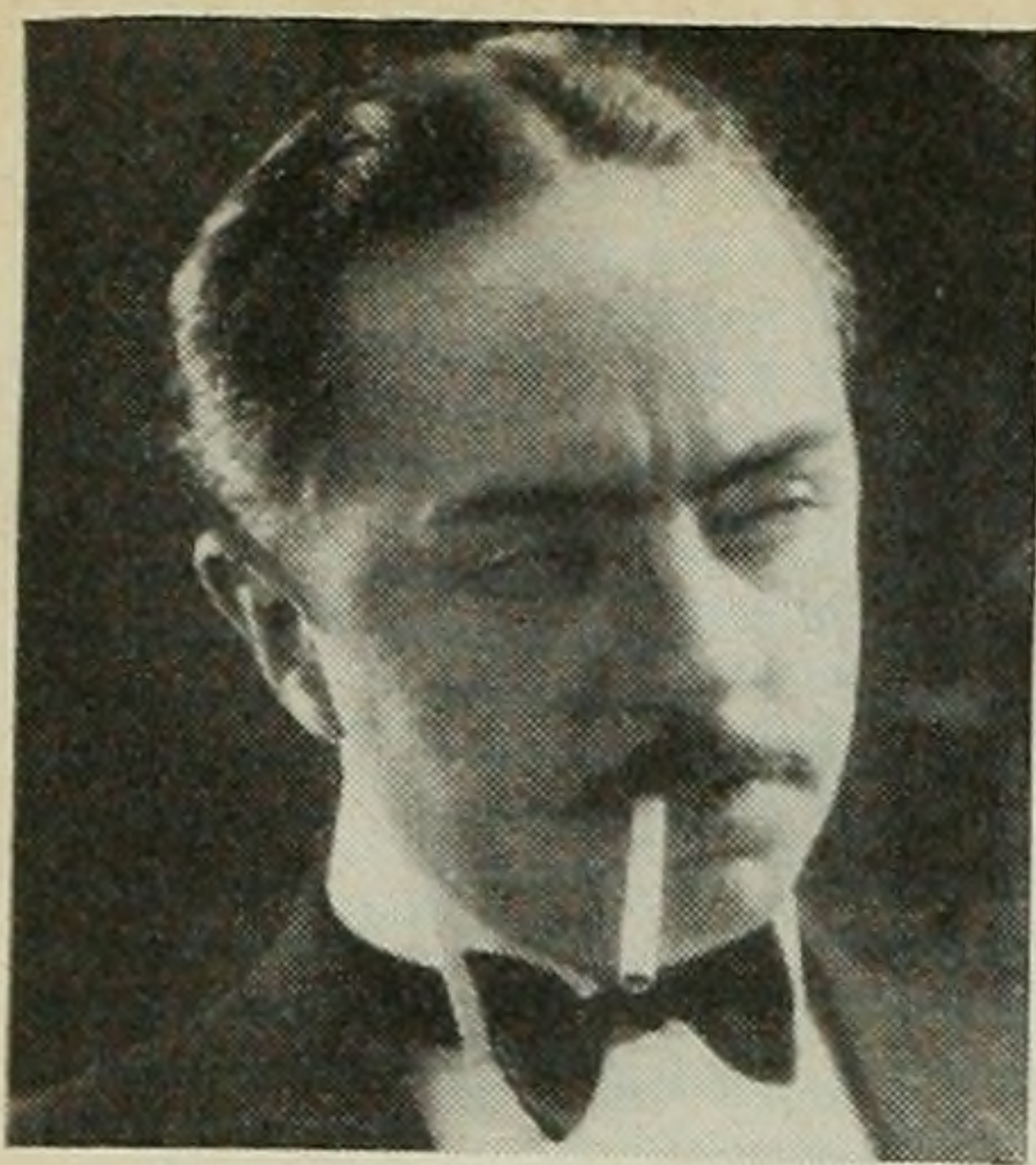
That evening John Loder and the Prince of Wales had dinner together and talked of London and fog and new plays and whatever else two young Englishmen talk about when they're in the army and away from home and lonesome.

John Loder is tall and rather blond and as English as a crumpet. He was brought on by Paramount, promised leads with Esther Ralston and Bebe Daniels, given a rôle in "The Doctor's Secret," another in a Western and then loaned to work for Marshal Neilan in a talkie, although the soft Oxford accent is considered a handicap. That's Hollywood. Legitimate actors affect British ways. The screen should be proud to have one English actor who doesn't drop his "h's."

He comes from a military family and, when he arrived at that age when there is nothing to do with a boy but to send [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



Mr. Loder studied at Eton and Oxford. He served in the British army. He wanted to be a business man, but Chance made him an actor. And Chance also led him to Hollywood, far from the friendly fogs of his native London



Not Guilty

Bill Powell declares he is not a picture stealer

By

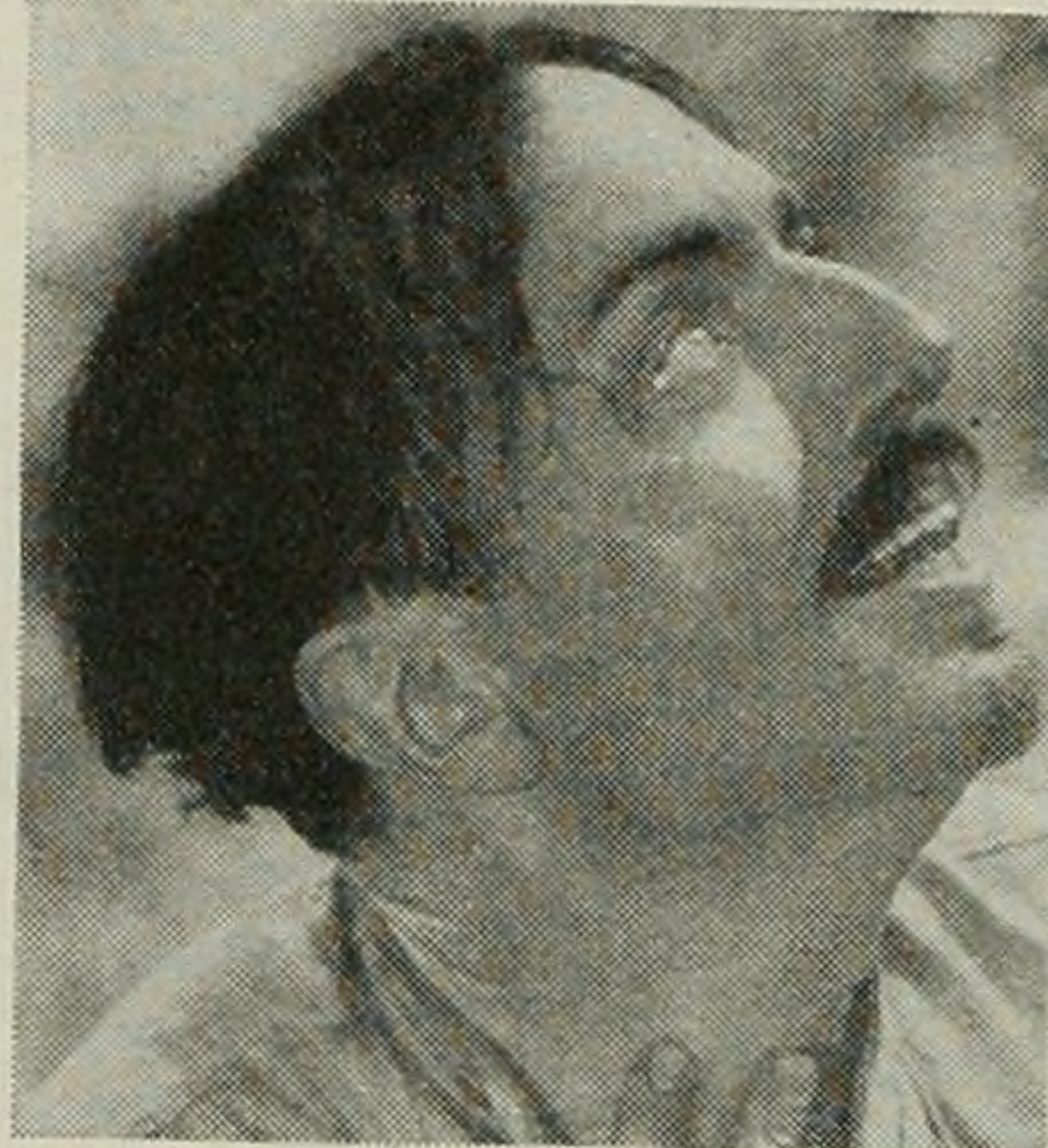
Dorothy Spensley

"The
Drag Net"
—1928



"The Last
Command"
—1927

A pictorial history of the charming villainies of Mr. Powell proving that the evil men do—in the movies—is often remembered after the heroics are forgotten



"Beau Geste"
—1926

"IS Bill Powell a picture stealer?" Emil Jannings eyed the rice and egg concoction on his plate, meditatively. "He is an unconscious picture stealer. *Ja*, I think so. He cannot help it. He has that from Heaven. It is a gift of the Lord," raising a hand to the skies.

That's the question that has been bothering Hollywood. Making it lose sleep, forget to eat. Every time Bill Powell appears in a new picture the tributes are the same. "Bill Powell again steals the picture," "The Powell subtlety is again apparent." Placed end to end these encomiums would reach from here to there, which is far enough when you realize that Bill, as a substantial citizen, must live among those against whom he is alleged to have committed lens larceny.

Over the ginger ale and ice he must face Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman with the dark secret between them that, at one time or another, he has been guilty of extracting applause from one of their pictures. A deucedly unpleasant circumstance for any man.

What has William Powell to say for himself? What has he to say after his superb performance of *Phillip Voaze* in "Interference;" as *Froggie* in "Forgotten Faces;" as *Baldini* in "Beau Geste"? After his memorable appearance in "Senorita," "The Last Command," "The Bright Shawl," "Romola," and in the twenty-six pictures he has made in the last three years since he has been contracted to Paramount? And in the entire six years that he has been on the screen?

"There is no such thing, actually, as picture stealing," said Bill, pausing to permit the bombshell to explode.

"Some rôles are more powerful than others. They are better high-lighted. Attention is focused on them. The audience thinks one person's acting is finer than the others'. Often the other characters are sacrificed to point up that person's rôle for the good of the production. Thus his work seems superior and he is credited with stealing the picture.

"Again it will be a small dog, a little child, the antics of a monkey that will steal a picture. You can't say that is premeditated.

"Frankly, I think the phrase 'picture stealing' was coined by the critics as a facile phrase to toss additional bouquets to a particular actor. It's a neat little phrase, and nifty. It is obviously well-intentioned but sometimes it becomes devilishly unpleasant. A person is apt to be greeted with the defensive attitude of 'Ah ha! Bring on the picture stealer!' This, however, has been exceedingly rare in my experience.

"Another thing that is seldom taken into consideration when a minor character is said to have run off with the honors of a picture, is that the star is working under a handicap. He carries the full weight of the picture, is on the screen almost all of the time and must sustain the interest of the audience. A so-called 'picture stealer' flashes in and out like a rapier thrust at a perfectly

timed moment, and gets a laugh or a jeer. Naturally, he seizes your interest. You admire his work and forget the star who has to work infinitely harder because he is with the audience all of the time.

"Of course, there is all the difference in the world between what is called picture stealing and scene stealing. The latter is almost too petty to discuss. It is condemned by all reputable actors. It may give you momentary notice but no great career was ever founded upon it. Such niggardly tricks as working upstage or making unnecessary movements to attract the eye (pulling out the handkerchief, for example) when the attention of the

audience should be on another character, are petty practices of which no self-respecting player would be guilty. I have known players who would do everything but wave the Stars and Stripes in order to attract attention to themselves in scenes, but for the most part they don't seem to meet with continued success in pictures."

Richard Barthelmess, one of Bill's best friends, grinned broadly.

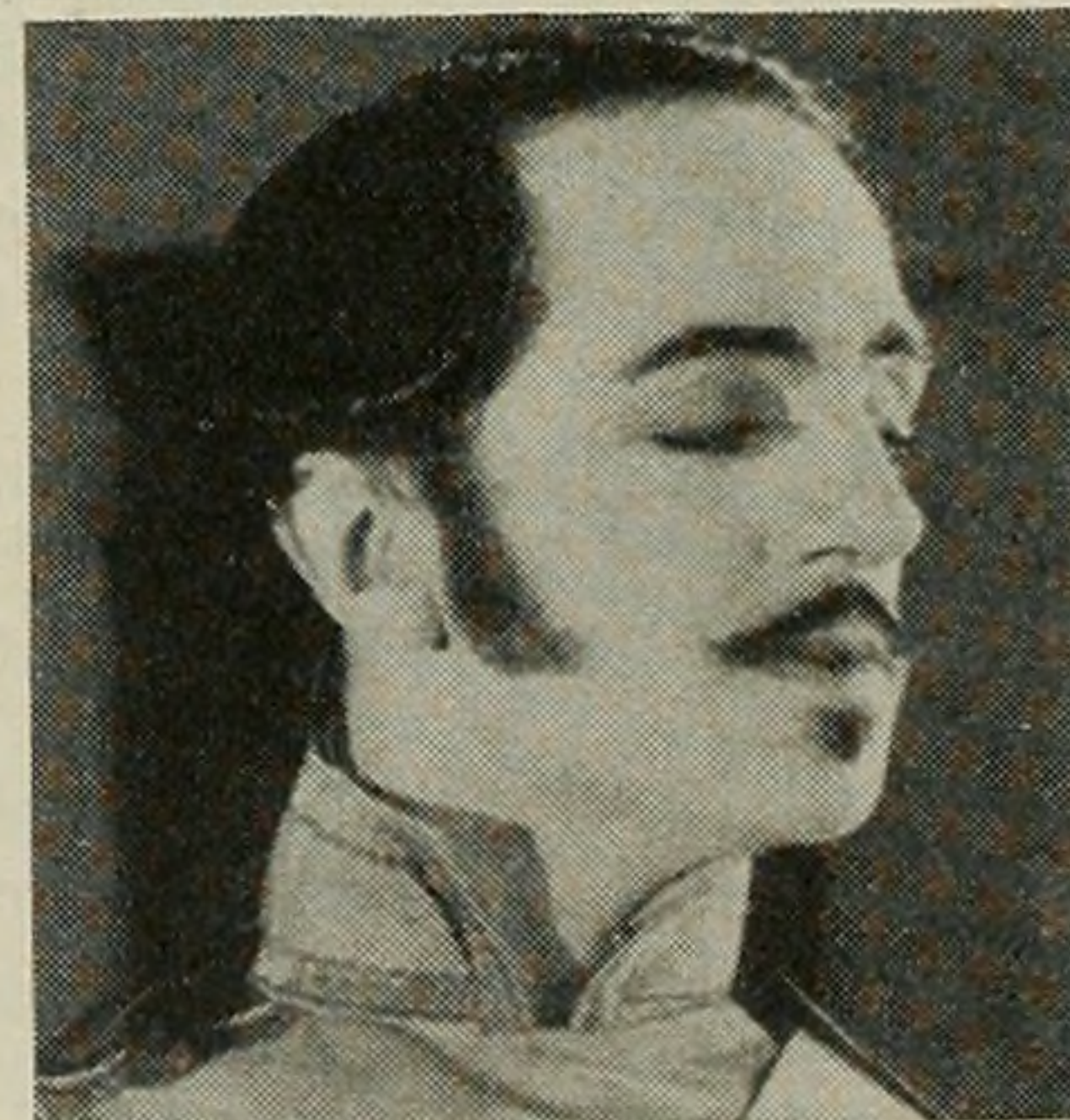
"Bill a picture stealer? Of course. He can't help it. He characterizes so perfectly, studies and prepares for

each part he plays. He can't help but attract the most favorable attention.

"Why, I know that if Bill were play-
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ON PAGE 103]

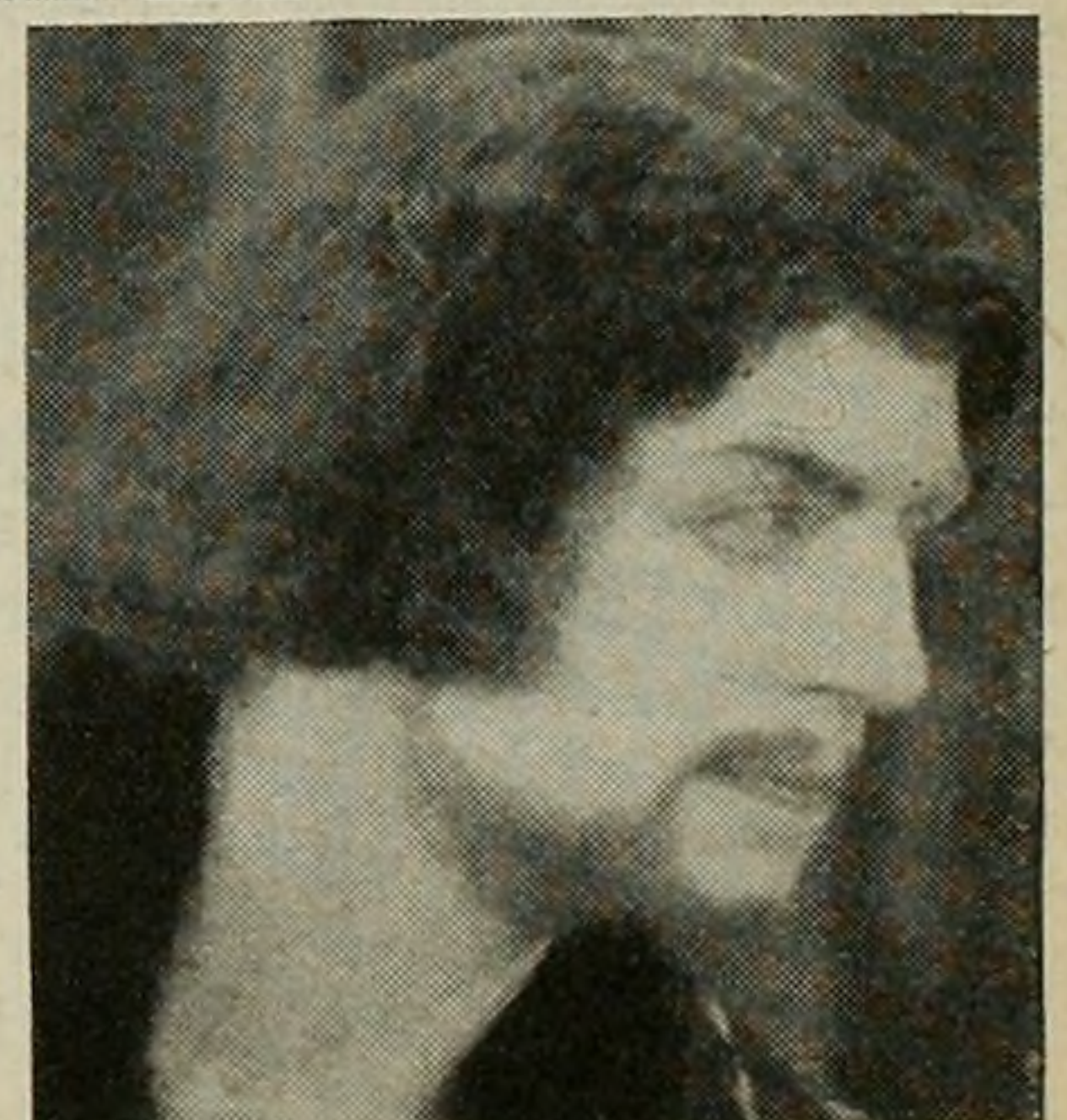


"Romola"
—1924



"The Bright
Shawl"—1923

"When
Knighthood
Was in
Flower"—1922





Hommel

"**B**ILL POWELL is a kindred spirit," says Emil Jannings. And that is one of the reasons why the really big stars like to have Bill in their pictures, even at the risk of sacrificing some of their own glory. Here is an actor who knows his trade and here is a trouper who is also a good sportsman.



Manatt

WHEN a leading man is an awfully good leading man and is in high favor, the producers allow him to play opposite Greta Garbo by way of reward. So, just before he sailed for Europe, Nils Asther appeared with Greta in a story of Javanese love. And, from this picture, you can hardly tell it from any other kind of love.

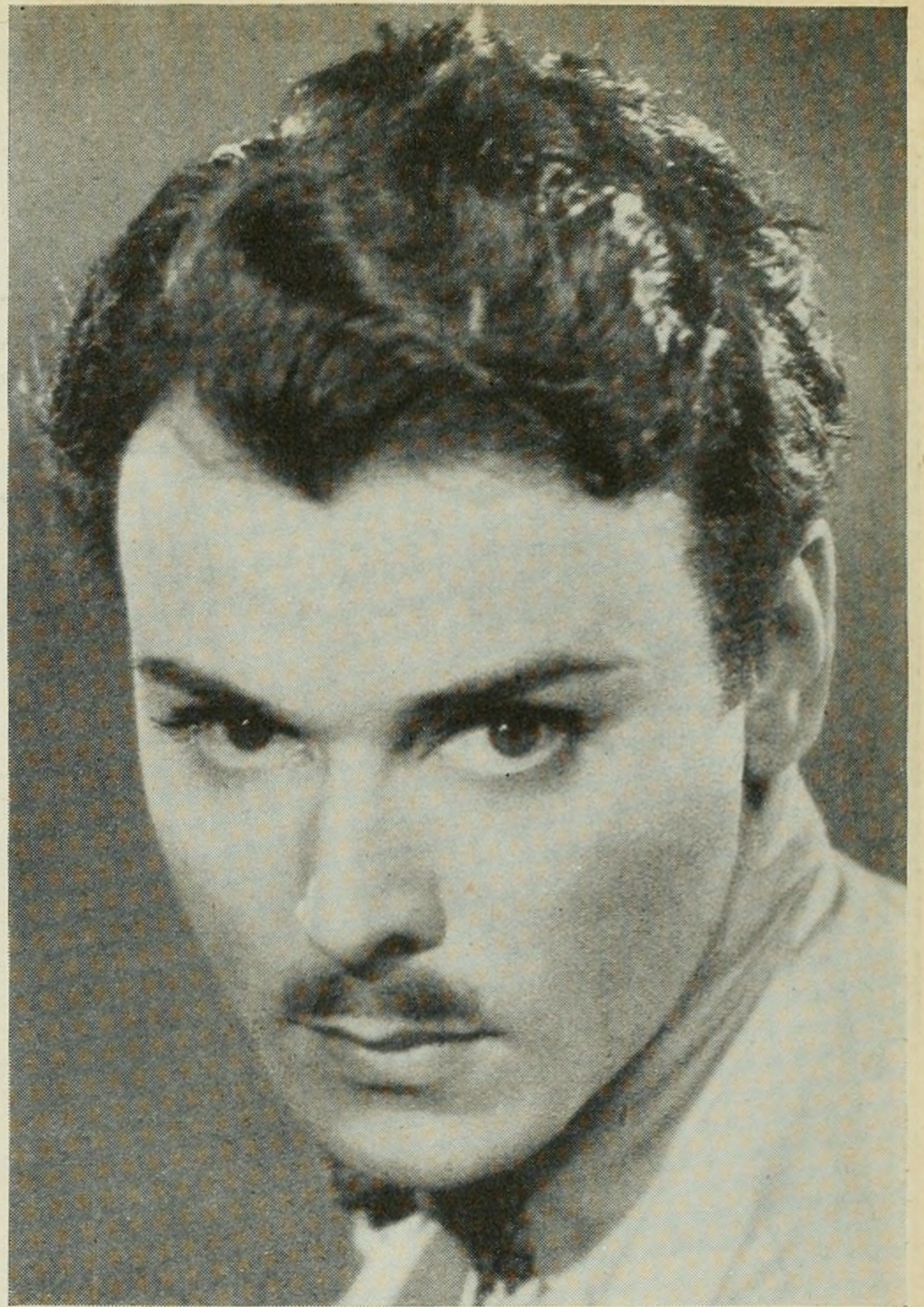
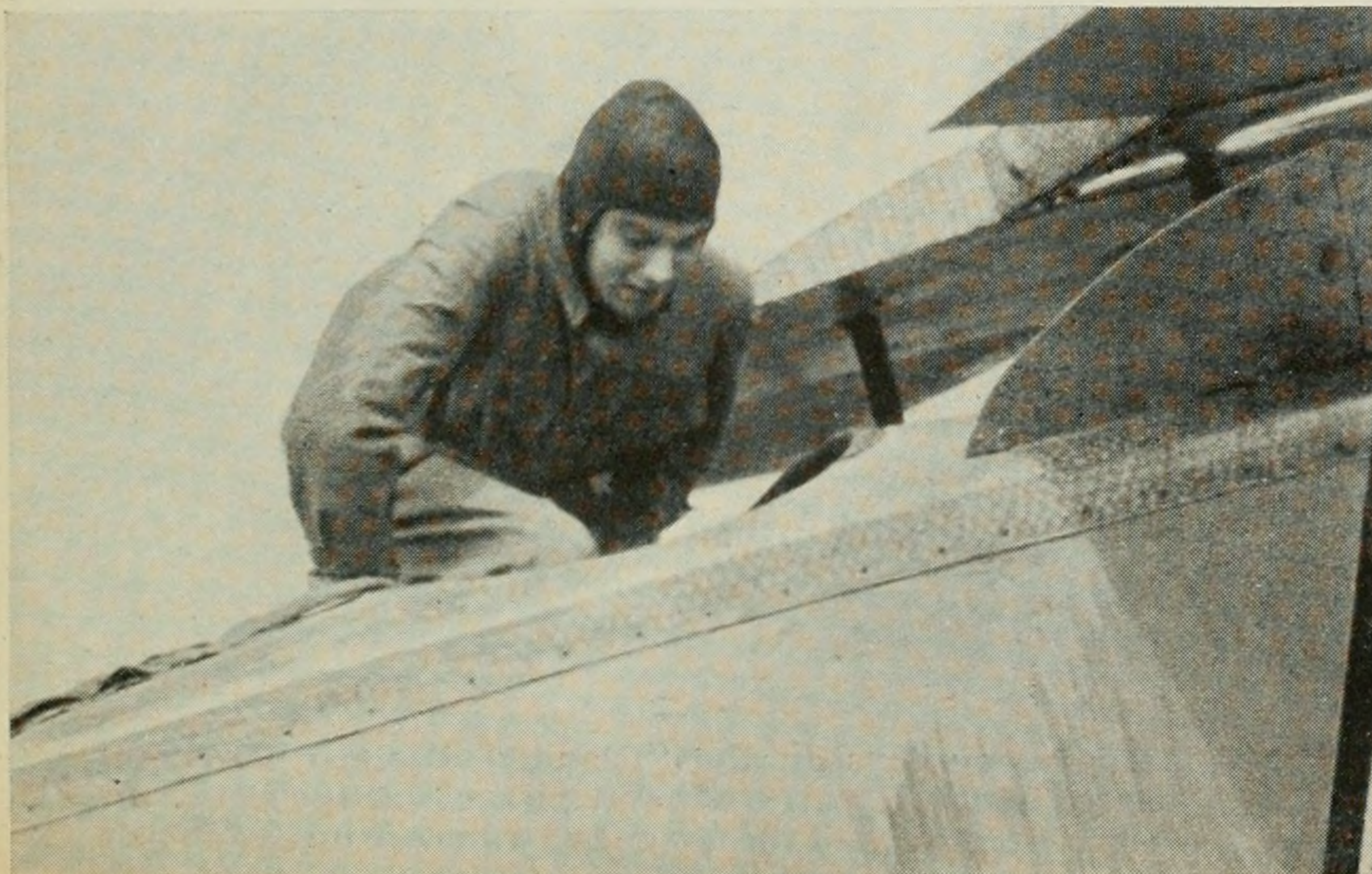
Something About Myself

*As told to
Katherine Albert*

by Nils Asther

Marriage — Friendship —
Romance. And also a few
reflections on Hollywood
and movie stardom

A lonely, unhappy childhood in Sweden. Then, at the age of fourteen, a sudden ambition to become associated with the theater. These events Nils Asther related in the first chapter of his Life Story. With his first European stage success, Asther plunged into a gay and bohemian life, as a reaction against his somber childhood. Under interesting circumstances, he meets Djalmer Bergman, the writer and philosopher, who was destined to have a fine influence on his career. Now continue with the final installment of Mr. Asther's Life Story.



"I do not want to be the hero in pictures. I do not want to be a great lover. I want to do character parts, to put on a beard, if necessary, and line my face"

CHAPTER II.

DJALMER BERGMAN'S wife told me that the night before our meeting (they had just come up from Italy, where they had been living, to Stockholm) he had dreamed of a certain street where there was a restaurant. He had also thought that he had gone into this particular cafe, and there had entered and had found a man who looked exactly like me. The name he did not know, nor did he know that he was a film actor, but the features he remembered perfectly.

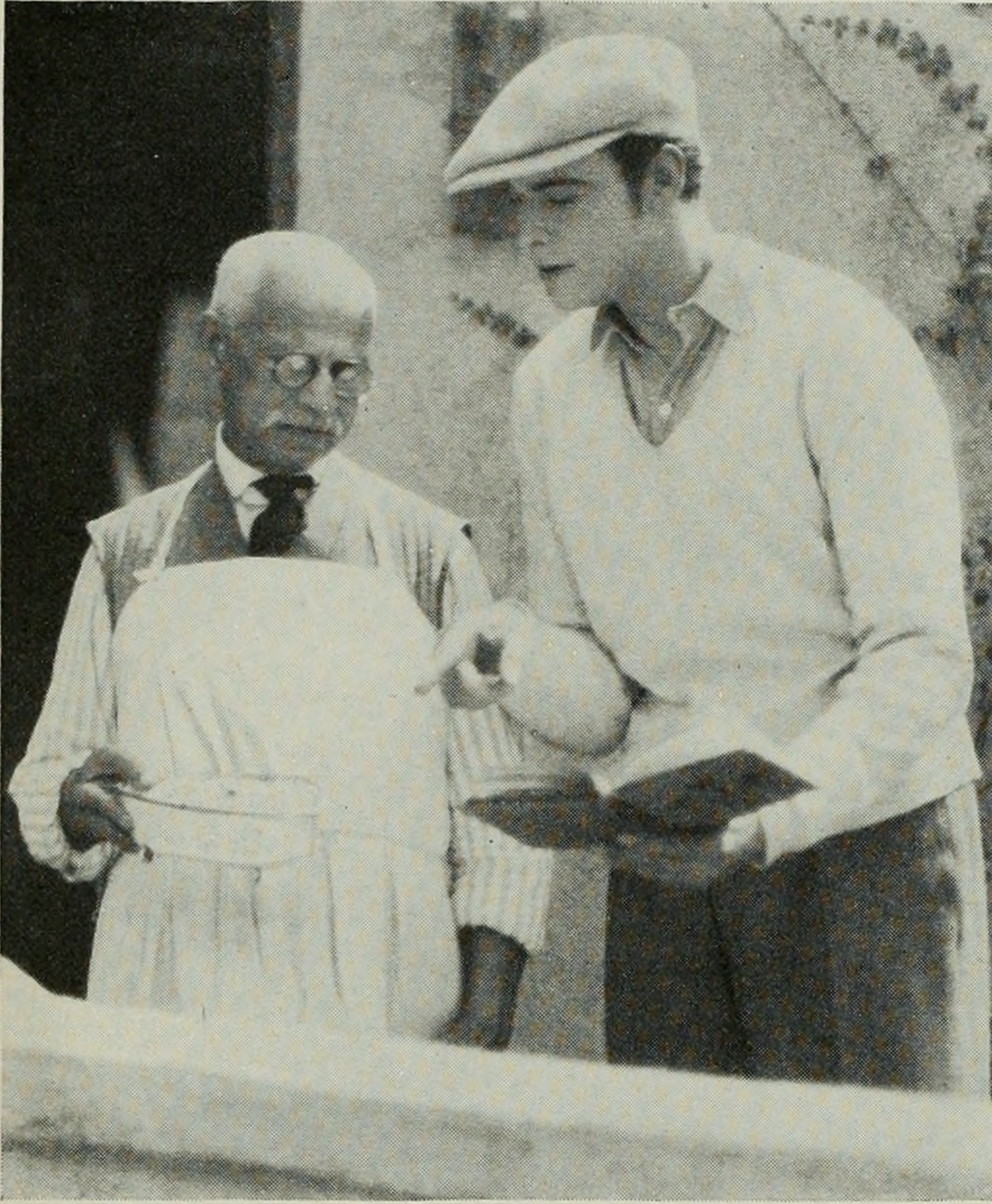
Being a cynic and a sophisticate he would not believe in the superstitions of dreams, but, nevertheless, he went to the street he had seen so clearly and there discovered the cafe he had visualized. Upon entering he found me sitting at a table.

He was shocked and surprised and could not resist speaking to me. Lucky I was, for a great bond of friendship between me and

Mr. Asther in an airplane scene in one of the pictures he made for UFA. It was in Berlin that Nils made his biggest hit and his German films resulted in his obtaining an American contract

Bergman and his wife was cemented. I was the first person to be admitted to their home, the first person, with the exception of the servants, with whom they had talked for years. I held their confidence and they held mine. More and more the life I was leading wearied me and I turned to them for

Some adventures of a romantic young man



Another publicity picture of the UFA days—Nils Asther with his German cook. Asther was so popular on the continent that he was able to ask—and get—a salary that staggered the producers

mental stimulus and for warm friendship. They both saw how petty it was to be a puppet for a camera as I was beginning to see, and it was then that I again cherished the idea of going on the stage.

Nor would I be content with doing something small. I cherished the idea that I should play Ibsen's "Ghosts."

It was a beautiful tribute to our friendship that Mrs. Bergman did not laugh at me. She was the daughter of August Lindberg, the great actor who had created the rôle. Her mother, Augusta Lindberg, owned the Swedish rights to the play, but her daughter at last persuaded her to allow me to translate it from the Norwegian and I hoped that I might persuade Augusta to take me as a pupil. How ambitious I was! Augusta Lindberg, then a middle-aged woman, is the Sarah Bernhardt of Sweden.

NOW I must tell the existing relationship between Mrs. Bergman and her mother. Because of the eccentricities of Bergman, the great actress had never been invited to the home of her daughter and son-in-law and naturally the older woman was jealous that I, a mere puppet, a cinema actor, had found the friendship of her daughter and her strange husband. Nor do I blame her for this, yet I was innocent. A stupid dream had led me to meet these people who suddenly became woven into the pattern of my existence.

Augusta was finally persuaded to hear me read "Ghosts."

I shall never forget the day. The elderly lady, jealous of me to the point of hatred, enthroned herself in an easy chair like a queen. She sat in the same room where her famous husband had once studied the lines of this same play. Her face was free of all expression.

The atmosphere was electric. She did not approve of me and she had only consented to this hearing because of her daughter's insistent requests. I did my own translation and when I had finished Augusta said in a hard voice, "Very well, I'll take care of you and train you for the stage." And she left the room. From then on our friendship grew.

EITHER I or the dream of Bergman brought the two families together. Augusta's son, Lorenz, had started an art theater in Gutenberg, patterned after the Stanislavsky theater in Moscow and I became a part of this.

It is with a feeling of awe that I speak of the months to follow. They were like the stanzas of an idyllic lyrical poem. I was happier for a longer period of time than I have ever been in my life.

In the first place the theater gave me complete joy. There were banded together some of the finest artists in Scandinavia, the greatest playwrights and actors. We did the sort of things that we wanted to do. Molière, Strindberg, Shakespeare—dear names the very mention of which has the power to fill me with a sense of beauty.

One actor was no more conspicuous than another. There were no little jealousies. One night I played the leading rôle, the next night I was a servant. One evening I was a young man, the next night I was a doddering grandfather. I was divinely happy in my work and my personal life as well.

And now I speak of The Island!

I cannot contemplate it without mixed emotions. I am both happy and sad at the thought of it, happy in living again in memory of those halcyon days, sad that they came to an end.

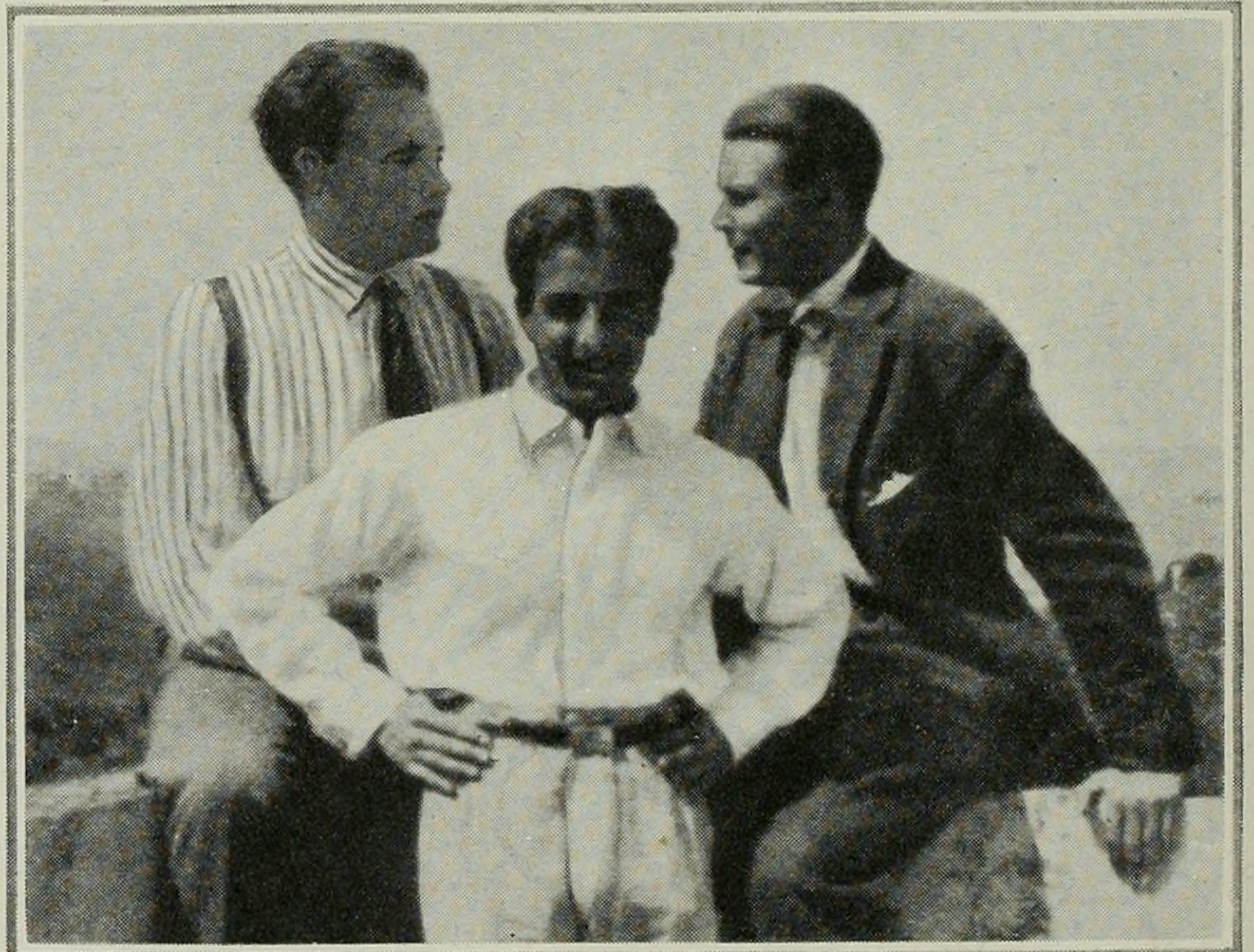
Augusta and Lorenz Lindberg, Mr. and Mrs. Bergman and I bought an island near Gutenberg. It was ours—all of it—and there no one could come unless especially invited by us. One arrived at the island in a little motor boat.

THERE were three houses, in which was everything for our comfort, but there were no telephones, no electric lights, no mirrors in the place. The men did not shave and the women used no powder nor make-up of any sort.

We served no liquor and none of us smoked. Our enjoyment lay simply in talk, good, honest innocent talk. Perhaps it was not of the most profound, but we settled all the questions of the universe to our own complete satisfaction.

"Oh, happy days and happy nights, sacred to art and friendship."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



The happy days on the "Island." Djalmer Bergman, noted writer, is at the left and Asther is at the right. In the center is one of the few guests who were invited to visit their select retreat

REELING AROUND

with Leonard Hall

Yes, You, Jolson!

*Lonely mommas having pains,
Poppas sweet, but out of brains—*

*Stony blondes and babies' arms,
Comics blatting tunes from Harms'—*

*Groaning moony mammy songs,
Gushing over petty wrongs—*

*Jolson, Fannie Brice and Jessel—
Each a weak, bombarded vessel!*

*Oh, the drivel, bunk and goo
That we have to paddle through!*

*"Pictures that you must not miss!"—
Bah! "Jazz Singer," you did this!*

Anything for a Laugh

Francis X. Bushman's secretary badly hurt by falling into his outdoor swimming pool. . . . No doubt the water had been attached for back alimony. . . . Somebody wants a Greta Garbo picture called "The Clinging Fool." . . . Rosie Pelswick wants a "Noah's Ark" theme song called "I Wouldn't Noah 'Bout That," but she won't get it. . . . Aimee McPherson said to be getting \$50,000 for a talking picture. . . . With those ankles she should pay a bonus. . . . Lupe Velez wore a hoopskirt while filming, it caught fire and she was slightly toasted. . . . This department has always held that in Lupe's case it couldn't be long. . . . Erich von Stroheim, Jr., is working in a picture called "Square Shoulders." . . . Just a sliver off the old square-head. . . . Dick Arlen is now mayor of Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. . . . The big Toluca! . . . The Japanese are said to prefer their own pictures to Hollywood's. . . . Well, who's giving them an argument? . . . Hope Hampton has made her grand opera appearances in "Manon" and "La Boheme." . . . Films, stage, opera. . . . While there's Life, evidently, there's Hope—Hampton.

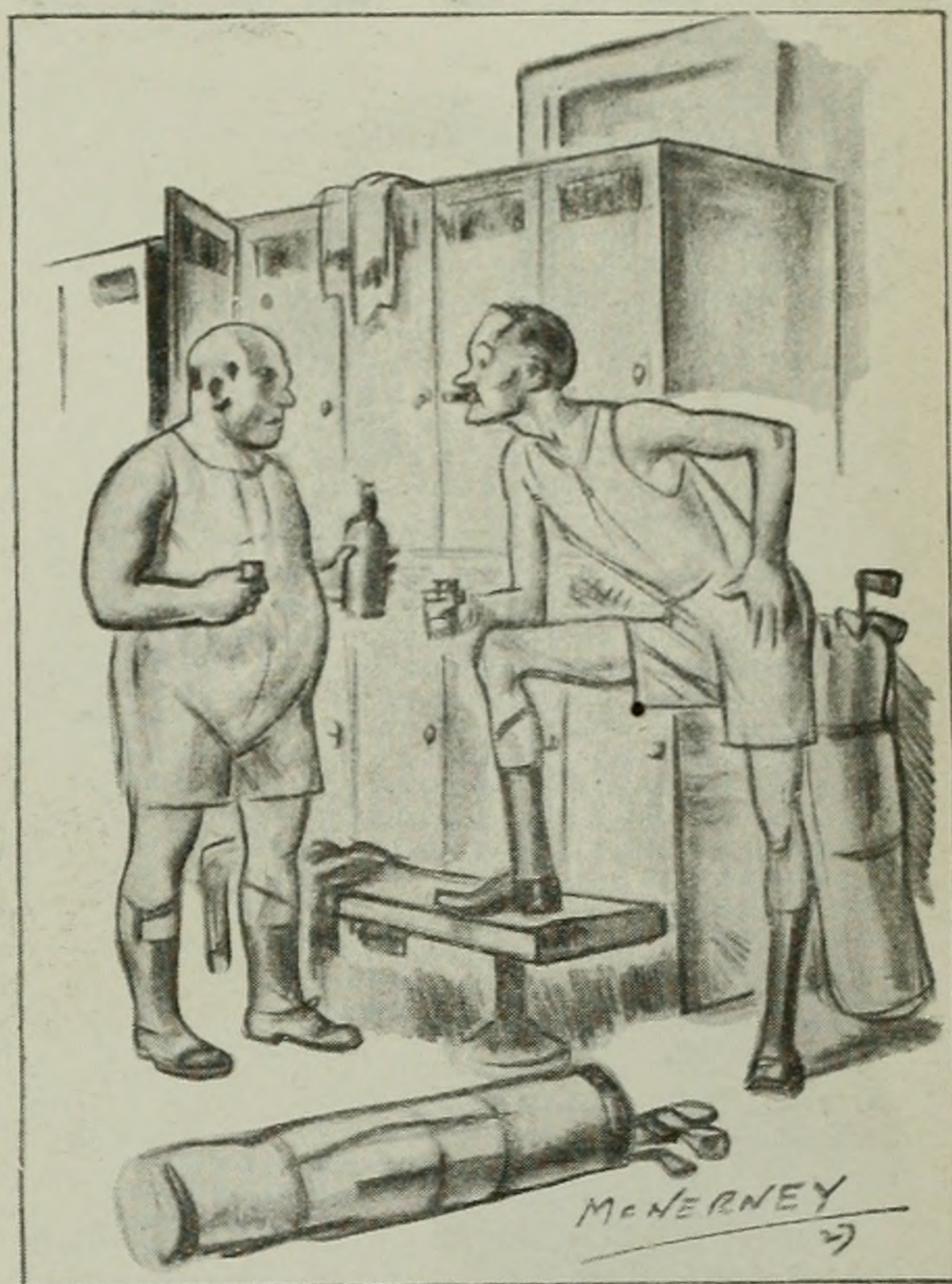
Riegels' Run

It took this nook to find out why Football Player Riegels of California ran 75 yards towards his own goal line in the game with Georgia Tech.

Alice White was the Georgia team's mascot, and Mr. Riegels was merely running home to mother.

Getting Personal

Kalla Pasha's real name may or may not be Kalla Pasha, but do you really and truly care, way down deep in your heart? . . . George Jessel's nickname is "Sad Eyes." . . . Clara Bow has gained six pounds. . . . She evidently missed a Lucky and grabbed a Sweet. . . . Tom Mix has bought himself a jade-green Rolls-Royce. . . . Tony, the Wonder Horse, is drinking himself to death. . . . Adolphe Menjou is fond of crapshooting. . . . I thought mauve spats were his weakness now. . . . Lon Chaney's hobby is cooking. . . . The Man of a Thousand



"No, sir, George, what these dames see in fellers like Ramon Gilbert and John Novarro is more than I can figger out!"

Omelettes. . . . Poor Raoul Walsh really did lose an eye. . . . Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," wears suspenders. . . . Evidently ladies prefer galluses. . . . Vilma Banky wears nine petticoats in her new movie, "Childs', Fifth Avenue." . . . After scouring Hollywood, three had to be brought from New York. . . . Lily Damita is a Wampas Baby Star candidate. . . . If she's a baby star, I'll be born a week from Tuesday. . . . William Haines' voice was sent to New York in seven minutes from the west coast. . . . What do you expect of such a bright boy? . . . The home of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett is called "Misty Mountain." . . . There are no film theaters at the headwaters of the Amazon. . . . The Roxy Theater in New York furnishes mascara to women who sob at its pictures. . . . Yvonne Mulcahey is Hollywood's newest bet among the youngsters. . . . Jackie Coogan ate too much over the holidays and was sick in London and the stomach. . . . Molly O'Day, having had her fat amputated, was rewarded with no contract anywhere. . . . Her sister, Sally O'Neil, is in presentations. . . . George O'Brien and Lois Moran are permanently teamed as billers and coopers by Fox. . . . It seems there were a couple of Swedes. . . . Wallace Beery has never won a beauty contest at an Elks' picnic. . . . Mary Pickford has never studied the piccolo.

Soprano or Nothing

*A movie lady baritone
Sat in a corner, quite alone.*

*"The worst of all my business ills,
Is that I sound like Milton Sills.*

*"No jobs for me, however gifted,
Until I have my larynx lifted!"*

MORE TEARS,



Miss Hulette is now appearing in the stage play, "The Little Accident." She knows her theater and her movies. As a child, she played in "The Blue Bird." Going on the screen, she was one of the stars of the old Edison Company

EVERYONE is familiar with the skyrocket actress of the movie novels. She wins fame and fortune over night and her life is a beautiful merry-go-round of glittering motor cars, diaphanous gowns and ardent lovers! Once in a while she takes a few minutes off to act in one of her super productions.

No one would believe the truth about the lives of picture stars. No fan, who saw the seductive Leatrice Joy on the screen, would suspect that she left her love scenes to rush home and nurse her baby. Such scandal would never reach the first page of the tabloids. Who would pay two cents to read that the glamorous Leatrice is just like Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones when it comes to saving the young heir of the family from the bottle?

An actress writes intimately about the less glamorous side of being a movie star

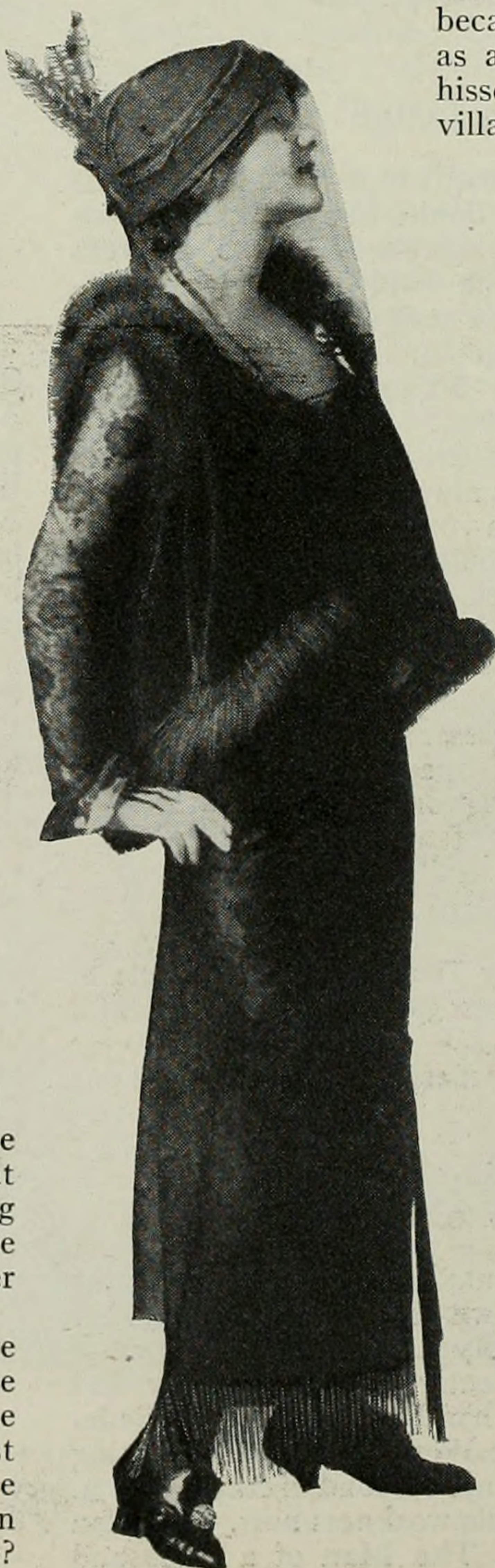
Sudden rise to fame and fortune of inexperienced players is the exception and not the rule in the film business. People hailed Adolphe Menjou as a "find" when he made his first big success in "A Woman of Paris" yet he had been a poorly paid "bit" actor in the movies for nearly ten years!

It was Menjou's great misfortune to begin his screen career as a "menace." The high rewards of the movie business go to the

players of sympathetic rôles. Menjou had the bitterness of seeing less gifted actors rise to the heights of popularity because they played heroes while he, as an oily peril, earned nothing but hisses and five dollars a day. Screen villains of a decade ago were black with iniquity. Menjou wore a silk hat and a moustache and always came to a bad end. These demises, so popular with audiences, are not at all popular with the actor. "Doubles" are not always provided for unimportant players. Menjou was thrown out of a window, during the filming of a violent "finish," and although he had plenty of time to recuperate at his own expense, the incident left him considerably discouraged.

Several times Menjou left the movies to seek less hectic employment. Once he became a restaurateur; another time, a business manager for a small film concern. Always he returned to his first love, acting. Back to silk-hatted infamy that didn't pay.

Just when his fortunes were at lowest ebb, a remarkable thing happened. Charlie Chaplin decided to film a tragedy. Realizing that his appear-



Miss Hulette in a fashion photograph taken over ten years ago, before girls were flappers. In 1917, she married Captain William Parke, son of her director, and retired. Eight years later, they were divorced and Miss Hulette returned to acting

Please!

By

Gladys Hulette

ance in a serious rôle would be greeted with roars of laughter, the famous comedian, rather wistfully decided to cast an actor for the part who would be taken seriously. His choice fell upon the obscure Mr. Menjou. As the hero of "A Woman of Paris" Menjou became the sensation of the hour!

Chance plays the biggest rôle in Hollywood. It keeps the undiscovered actor or actress waiting and hoping and starving between pictures, in hopes that some day the right part in the right picture will come along. Sometimes it does, and then the player needs all the prayers of family and creditors. In hard-boiled Hollywood, business methods are ruthless. No player, high or low, once engaged for a part is sure of it until the picture is finished, and not even then. After two or three days' work he or she is very apt to be called aside and told that Mr. Jazbo, the general manager, has decided that instead of a tall, thin blonde for the part, they need a short, stout brunette, and to wash up and go home.

EVEN if the actor gets by the projection room critics, he still has an arch enemy, the film cutter. Most pictures when finished are thousands of feet over length. The cutter must tell the story as concisely as possible in the prescribed number of reels. Scenes and characters disappear with a graceful snip of the shears, and gaps in the story are covered up with a subtitle: "Father, John has left us forever!" or "Poor boy, if he had only lived!" may be the grave of some poor player's hopes. It means that he has been "killed" off because the story was too long!

Too rapid rise to stardom often ends disastrously. ZaSu Pitts, who will be remembered by many fans for her marvelous



The theater was her kindergarten. Miss Hulette played with De Wolf Hopper in one of the many revivals of "Wang." She was *Nora's* child in "A Doll's House," when Nazimova put Ibsen among the box-office hits

performance in "Greed," had a most numiliating experience.

She came to Hollywood, a dreamy eyed, gawky girl, filled with a great ambition. It was to be a detective. Movie acting, she thought, would be excellent practice for an amateur sleuth.

She trailed down directors with a persistence that at last won her a small part. Once before the camera, she forgot that she had ever wanted to be anything but an actress.

An enterprising producer was attracted. He realized that she possessed the charm of a Lillian Gish with the comic abandon of a Louise Fazenda. Her hands were more expressive than the average actress's face.

"Star material!" he thought, and signed ZaSu at a thousand a week!

ZaSu had never seen so much money. A fortune dropped in her lap, and for a few minutes she couldn't think what to do with it!

She had noticed a charming house for sale. Struggling into her coat, she dashed out. Not long after-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



Her greatest screen performance—the girl in "Tol'able David," Richard Barthelmess' great picture that won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal in 1921. In this article, Miss Hulette speaks with authority about some of the heart-breaks to go with the quest for movie fame

Brains and Sex Appeal

By
Grace Mack

Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

IT was only six A. M. but with the first shrill jangle of the alarm clock Billie was out of bed and pulling on her stockings. Then she remembered that the orders had been "no stockings" and she quickly peeled them off and dusted her legs with a tannish powder. She felt just a little nude as she thrust bare feet into high-heeled pumps for she had not yet acquired the Hollywood habit of going stockingless.

It was a matter of minutes to step into the flesh crepe shorts, fasten the tiny brassiere, the slip, and, lastly, the crisp sea-green organdie with its tightly fitted bodice, and full, fluttering skirt. A floppy black hat, which she had borrowed from a girl across the hall, added the final note, and Billie was pleased to see that it accentuated the bloneness of the stray curls which were visible beneath the drooping brim. She tried several poses before the mirror, expressing delight, sadness, fear, horror in rapid succession. She hoped they wouldn't want her to cry. She was too excited, too happy to cry now, though there had been many days in the past few weeks when crying had been very easy.

She took a last look at the directions which she had scribbled so excitedly at the phone the night before. Nothing had been said about makeup but she carefully filled the little shiny leather makeup case which had been waiting so long for an opportunity to be used. Grease paint, powder, liner, mascara, eye pencil, rouge, lipstick, cold cream. Everything. She wondered if she should take her diploma from the acting school. The director *might* want to see it, so to be on the safe side she tucked it under the flap of the makeup case.

The diploma certified in large gold letters that Miss Billie Shannon had graduated from the Hollywood School of Screen Technique and was an accredited actress. It represented savings she had amassed as soda dispenser at the Elite Confectionery, Prairie City, Kansas, where local Ziegfelds had prophesied screen fame for the very blonde Miss Shannon and had encouraged her to strike out for Hollywood. It had not, however, proved the passport to stardom which the school literature had so glowingly promised its graduates. Following her graduation she had optimistically telephoned the school each day. Then she called in person, but their attitude had suddenly changed. No longer did they refer to her as a "potential" star. Now that she was not paying them tuition, she was just another blonde in a town already filled with blondes.

AS the weeks crawled by Billie's meals became more birdlike as her exchequer steadily dwindled. She tried to crash the studio gates on her own, even resorting to a subterfuge which had worked for others. But somehow she muffed it. She never even got past the guard. She made daily visits to the Casting Agency but all she got was promises. Hope had become a flickering speck on a far distant horizon.

"Then you don't think I'm an actress?" Billie asked in amazement.

"An actress?" Mr. Luks said with disgust. "No, little girl, you're just another blonde—and dumber than most of them"

She stood on the curbing outside the Casting office, feeling so utterly dejected and friendless that she did not realize that the young man who had just stepped out of a car was speaking to her.

"Whatsa matter, sister?" he repeated his question. "You look as though you had just been attending your own funeral."

SHE looked up to meet the smiling eyes of a clean-cut young man who had apparently stopped his car just to speak to her. He was friendly, rather than fresh, and there was a sincerity in his manner which brought quick tears to Billie's eyes. He was somebody to confide in.

"It's just this town," she answered, trying hard to swallow the lump which had worked its way into her throat. "It's so—heartless—"

"Heartless?" He laughed boyishly. "Why this is a marvelous town. Believe me, sister, you'll travel a long way before you find a town that's so lousy with opportunities as this one. You're just looking at it wrong."

Billie took out a little crumpled handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"In pictures?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I'm an—actress," she finally said. "But I can't get a job. They say I'm just another blonde—"

The flattering way he was looking at her was convincing proof that he did not share their opinion.

The romance of an actress who made a hit
story of one of Holly-



"Well, there are blondes *and blondes*. Believe me, I've looked plenty of 'em over and I know. But you've got something that's different. I don't know just what it is—but it made me pull up at the curb when I saw you standing there. Now if it would do that for me it ought to do the same thing for other guys." He studied her with professional interest. "What you need, sister, is a manager."

SHE looked up at him hopefully. Something of his own confidence was reflected in the smile which slowly curved her lips.

"Look at all these Hollywood girls that have made good," he continued. "They've all had managers, haven't they?"

Billie nodded.

"Now I won't make you any gilt-edged promises but I've got a hunch that I know just the right job for you. What's your name and telephone number?"

She watched him jot the number down in a little book. It didn't seem possible that this could actually be happening to her, after all these weeks of hopeless waiting. It was just one of those breaks which is every extra girl's dream. It was a newly confident Miss Shannon who walked up the Boulevard. A Miss Shannon who stepped into Henry's and recklessly ordered the most expensive sandwich on the card, tipping the waiter a dime as she paid the check.

Then for days she sat in her room, waiting for the telephone

call that did not come. She realized that she did not even know the young man's name or whether he was an assistant director or a cutter, or maybe just an electrician. She remembered what nice eyes he had. The way they crinkled at the corners when he smiled. Eyes to be trusted, she had thought. Somehow she didn't want to believe that he had just been kidding her.

And then one night the telephone call came. Just a crisp, businesslike order, but it came nearer to being real music than anything Billie had ever heard.

"Listen, sister." She had recognized the voice instantly. "Be at the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard at seven sharp tomorrow morning. Wear some kind of an organdie dress that fits tight above the waist, one of those big floppy hats, and *no sox*."

She had scribbled the directions, quite too dazed to ask questions. And now, as she hurried along the palm-bordered street, which was still misty with an early morning chill, she wondered which studio it would be—or perhaps it was *location* since a car was to pick her up. It was thrilling to think of having a manager to arrange everything for her.

WHEN she arrived at the Boulevard corner the young man with the nice eyes was waiting for her.

"Gee, sister, you look great!" He noted with approval the bare legs, the fluttering skirt which just missed the knees, the tight little bodice. "With a get-up [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

without ever appearing before a camera—A
wood's unknown stars

Are YOU Furnishing



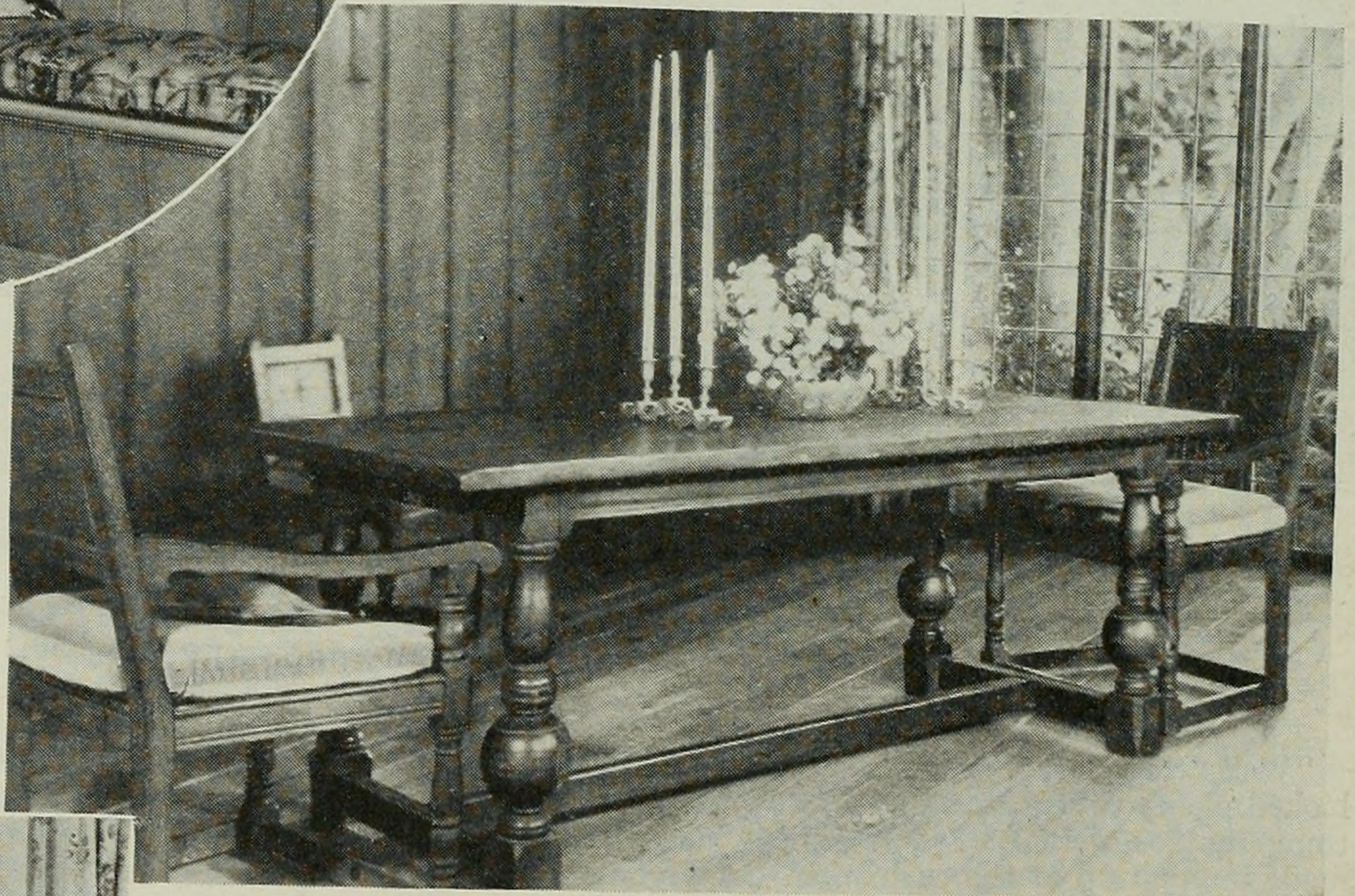
Here was a dull corner in a small den just off the living room that was brightened when Fay Wray redecorated the house. The window seat is painted a restful green and the cushion and drapes are of henna printed linen

ON the back shelf of your bookcase there may be a dusty volume by Louisa May Alcott called "Little Women." In it (YOU won't remember) there is a passage describing how *Meg*, one of the heroines, planned her new home for months before her wedding. The linen closet was complete. The jelly glasses were filled with jelly (not home brew) and every detail of the "tiny nest" was in readiness.

Times have changed. Now a June bride buys a can opener and a cocktail shaker and calls it a profitable day. But there are a few old fashioned girls left.

Although you won't believe it, there's one right in Hollywood. And from her you can learn a valuable lesson in home making.

Even if you're planning only a small apartment, you want a few cosy nooks and colorful corners.



Fay Wray's dining room table is made attractive at all times by two pewter candlesticks and a pewter bowl that is kept filled with yellow flowers. The long, graceful candles are also yellow

A short time after Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were married, they took Florence Vidor's house. Florence wanted to leave the memory-haunted home on Selma Avenue, and begin her new life in new surroundings, so she bought a place in Beverly Hills.

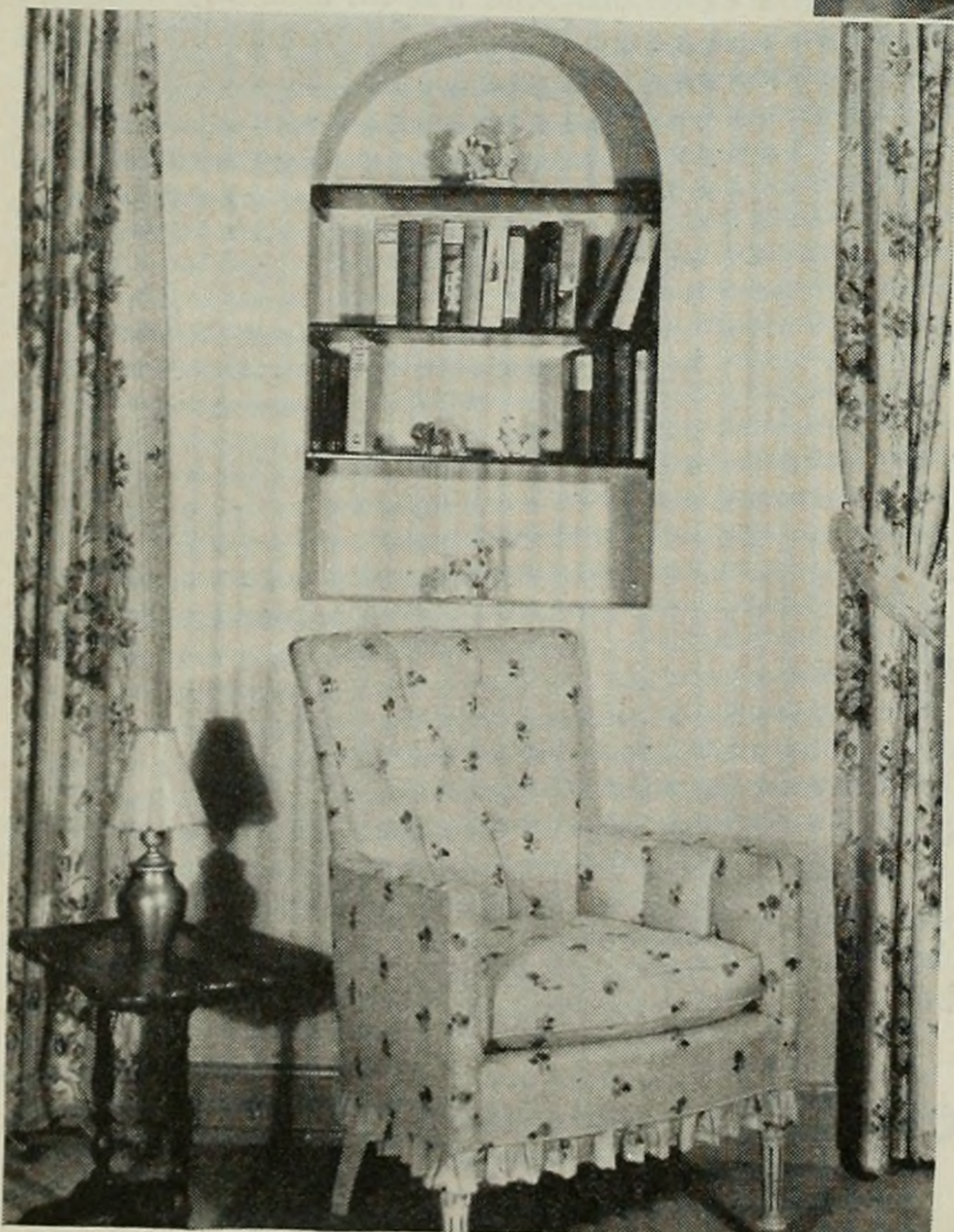
And now Fay has the fun of re-furnishing the Vidor home. She has met the same difficulties and faced the same problems that will confront you. Fay is so sensible and so practical that she is the perfect pattern for the young bride.

"I can't understand," she said, "how very wealthy people can bear to allow a paid interior decorator to have all the fun of furnishing their homes. I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

"Of course, there have been the usual trials. For instance, I bought what I thought was an ideal chair. It was a deep blue basket weave upholstered Kent model. John didn't like it. I argued. Then we compromised. The chair is going to stay for a couple of weeks. During that time John may be won over to it."

Simplicity is the keynote in the charming

A book niche is much more interesting if small *objets d'art* are interspersed with the books. This is a corner of Fay Wray's morning room. The chair is upholstered in yellow, with deeper yellow flowers, to match the walls



a Home?

By Lois Shirley

Fay Wray gives the young bride a few simple lessons

English home. (Thank goodness it is English. How bored one becomes with the ubiquitous Spanish style of architecture in Hollywood!) Instead of cluttering up the house with a number of non-essential and stupid articles of furniture and knick-knacks, Fay has used only a few well chosen ornaments in just the right places.

YET the house is full of original touches. Instead of a large bedroom there is a very tiny sleeping sun porch and the real livable spot upstairs is the morning room, like a little private sitting room. Here I found a smart and novel way of hanging bedroom curtains. The walls of this room are champagne yellow and the curtains a delicate shade of pink in triple voile. Instead of being looped at the sides they are fastened together at the front of the window and caught with a tiny bunch of pink roses.

Fay had difficulty in knowing what to do with a large dining room table when it was not in use. "After all," she said, "in this Emily Post era anybody who doesn't know how to set a table for everything from a breakfast for two to a

banquet can't read. But one isn't always sitting at a well laid table."

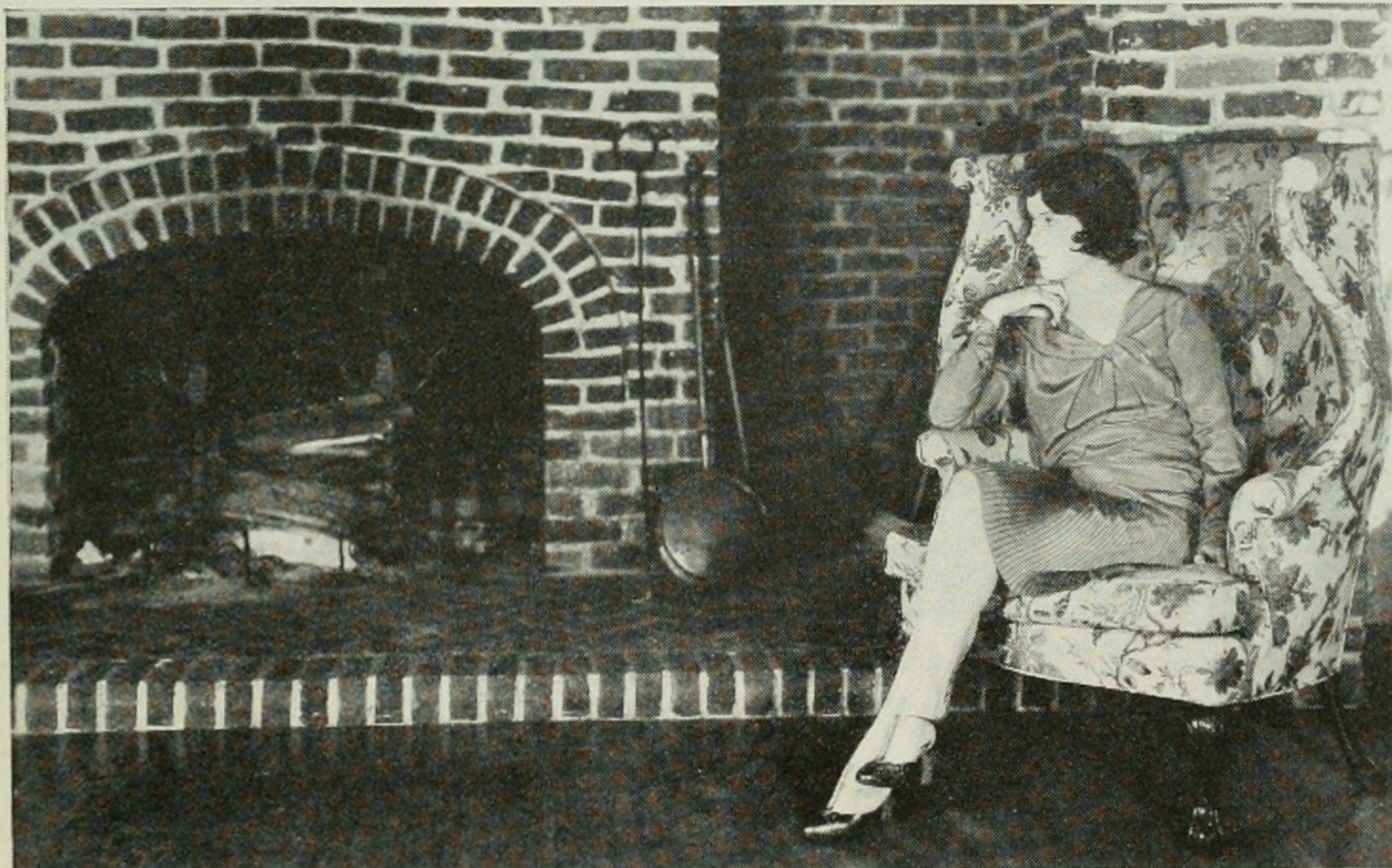
The problem was solved by two pewter candlesticks, long yellow candles and a stunning pewter bowl in the center always filled with tiny yellow blooms.

There was a dark corner in a little den off the living room. The conventional window seat was in brown and the pillow and drapes in the same subdued tones. But who wants to be in a brown study all the time? Certainly not so lively a girl as Fay Wray. So the woodwork was lightened to a restful shade of green and the drapes and cushions in a deep henna of printed linen. Charming and attractive!

I'VE been saving the joy of describing the fireplace. It's the nicest part of the stunning living room, where, by the way, stands the blue chair to which John objected. It's such a nice chair, too, and does blend in perfectly (there, Fay!). But to get back to the fireplace. There is one purely ornamental piece, an old English corn popper. The tongs, poker and hearth brush are utilitarian. And there is the stunning antique chair, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



These gates lead to Fay Wray's breakfast nook and give it an exclusive, secluded air. In the pantry, which is painted a cream ivory, is the serving table with a pewter breakfast service conveniently at hand



The heart of the living room—the hospitable fireplace with a raised hearth and wing chair nearby. There is a useful poker, with a long handle, fire-tongs, a hearth brush and an antique corn popper



THE most modern version of the old swimming hole, to say nothing of the old swimming suit. But there were no futuristic decorations nor any lights when Miss Clara Bow of Brooklyn used to go for a plunge in the surf at Coney Island, not so many years ago.

DIET

for Health and Beauty

By

Dr. H. B. K. Willis

*A complete guide to fuel
foods compiled both for
your weight and occupation*



As medical adviser to many of the stars, Dr. Willis knows the disastrous results of unwise dieting. In these articles, Dr. Willis tells you how to avoid the errors of dieting that so often lead to tuberculosis, anemia and nervous collapse

GIVE your body as much care as the small family car of well-known make. It must have fuel for its work and its overhead. Materials lost by wear and tear must be replaced. There is also a definite need for regulative substances, the vitamins. Each will be discussed in turn. In this issue, fuel foods will be considered.

Right now five young women of national prominence in motion pictures are grievously undernourished because they have ignored the demands of their bodies for fuel to burn. Two are said to be on the verge of tuberculosis. One is suffering from a severe anemia, another is a nervous wreck and the fifth one has so affronted her stomach that it now returns to her everything she eats.

This last girl, one of my patients, is in a bad way. Normally weighing 130 pounds, studio Simon Legrees have forced her to bant to 106 pounds, and they are raving because her abdomen does not resemble that of a greyhound or a starving Armenian. This girl's nervous system is shattered, she cannot sleep at night and she becomes hysterical over the most trivial upsets. Her stomach is so shrunk that it will not tolerate more than two ounces of infants' food at one feeding. She is anemic, neurasthenic and under-nourished instead of being a buoyant, beautiful belle.

The fuel foods are the starches, the sugars, the proteins and the fats. Chief among the starch foods are rice, wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye, and the flours, meals, breakfast foods and what have you, made from them. Our humble friend, the potato, is rich in starch, as are tapioca, arrowroot and corn-starch.

Fresh and dried fruits, syrup molas-

ses, confections and honey are foods containing a great deal of sugar.

Dairy products, egg yolk, fat meats and meat fats, vegetable oils, chocolates and most nuts are rich in fat.

Foods rich in proteins include milk and cheese, meats of all kinds, nuts, legumes and grains, such as wheat, oats, rye and barley.

Appetite must not merely cater to desire. One must use a caloric conscience in selecting the day's food intake. As you measure the gasoline for the car, so must you count the calories on the *carte du jour*.

And what is a calorie? The calorie is simply the unit used to measure the fuel value of a food, the amount of energy which can be derived from it by the body for use either for its active or passive work. While important as a summary of the bodily

energy, one must not lose sight of the fact that the calorie does not give any indication as to the body's need relative to regulative materials, of which more anon.

I was recently called to see a prominent star, who, after drastic dieting could not stop losing weight. I went over her dietary and found she was receiving less than one-third of her daily caloric requirements.

"You need more calories, Miss Blank," I said to her.

"Good grief!" she interrupted, "I cannot eat calories because they are fattening."

And people diet as dumbly as that!

In order to enable a person to estimate the amount of calories they are getting to supply the body's needs for energy, hundred calorie proportions will be listed here- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

HAVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Many interesting productions under way for \$2,000
Amateur Contest—News of the Movie Clubs

ONE of the interesting films being prepared for competition in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest is a 400 foot 16 millimeter production, bearing the working title of "Destiny," in course of filming by the Undergraduate Motion Pictures Club of Princeton University.

This production is a highly ambitious one. It opens with scenes of the hegira of Mohammed and, following this symbolical introduction, shows a psychological study of various characters in the stress of intense emotional conflict. Several sets were erected and a large number of extras were used in the opening scenes. At times six cameras were in use.

Eric Barnouw is playing the leading rôle and Beatrice Traendly, who distinguished herself in the leading feminine rôle of last year's PHOTOPLAY winner, "And How," is leading woman. Other prominent rôles are handled by William Huff and John Westwood. Edgar Holden III and Brentaigne Windust are directing, assisted by Thomas Emory and Elmer Kincaid. The camera staff numbers J. V. D. Bucher, C. D. Hughes, J. M. Doubleday, John Waterhouse and Henry Louderbough, with A. H. Singer, Irving Perine and C. B. Alexander as assistants.

The Princeton students expect to finish the production on March 1st.

THE Cumberland Amateur Motion Picture Club has completed the filming of "Judgment Fulfilled" for competition in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 contest. The film is now being edited. To facilitate this work, a 16 millimeter print has been made. This is being edited for use as a guide in cutting and titling the 35 millimeter production. The club is preparing to start a new production, a symbolic film study, and camera platforms and runways are now being constructed for use in filming this—the second—production of the club.

CONTEST films have started to pile into PHOTOPLAY'S office for consideration in the



Bobby Vernon has a big home movie gallery of the world's notables. Here is a highly prized shot of Bobby with Gene Tunney, taken before Gene retired from the ring

divide them into two or more parts, taking advantage of permission to submit "any number of films."

The answer to this query is NO. Every contest film must be complete within the specified length.

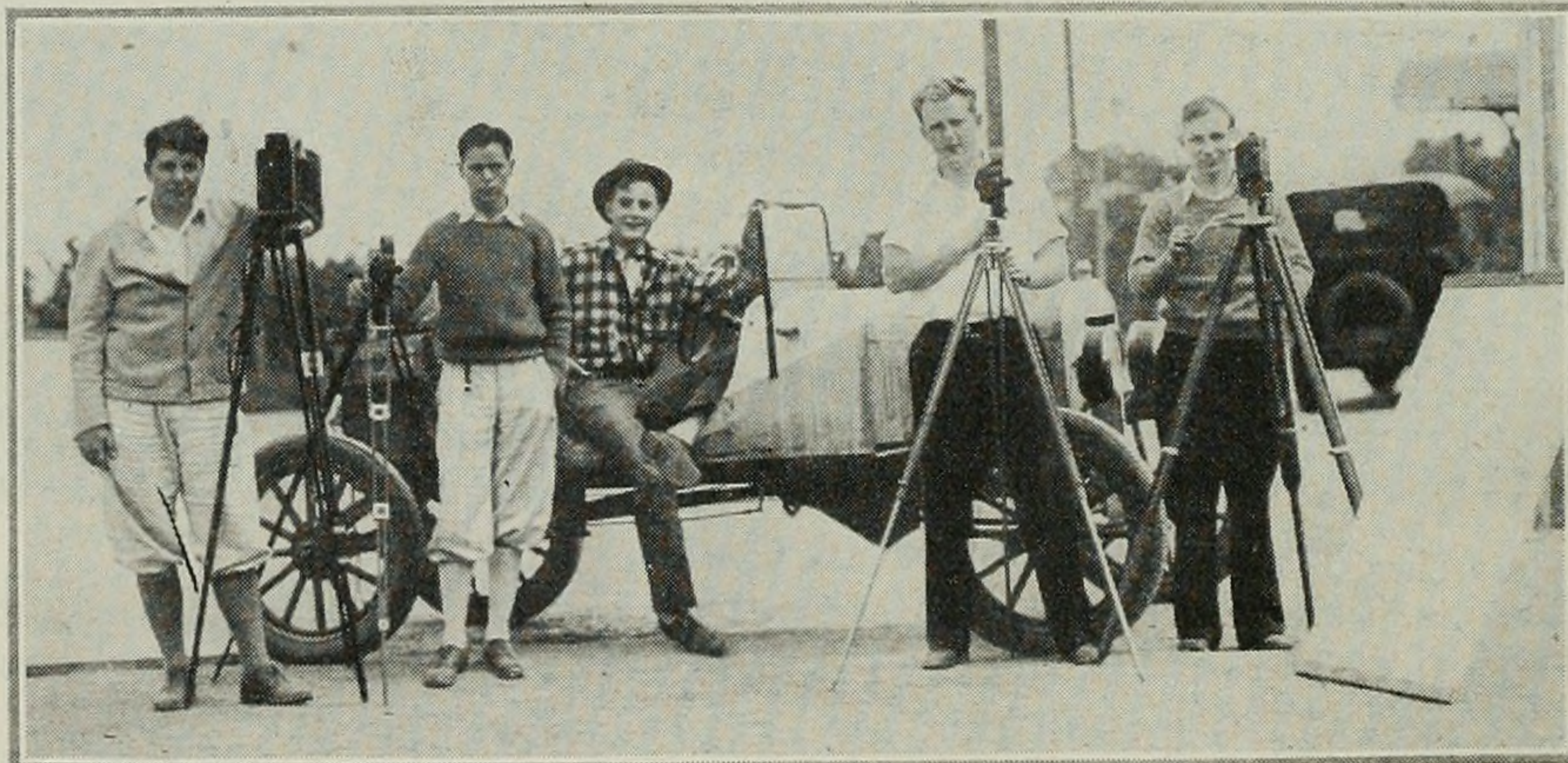
HOW is your kodacolor work coming? Better take the advice of Herbert C. McKay, Dean of the New York Institute of Photography, who says that if the light is such that good black-and-white film could be obtained at F.8 or at F.11, or any point between, good color shots may be made. If the subject is in extremely bright light, such as at a beach, where a stop of F.16 would ordinarily be required, add the neutral density filter to the color filter.

This filter should be used in all brightly lighted shots and for semi-closeups in good light where the subject's clothing is white or light toned.

PHOTOPLAY is looking forward to some interesting color films in its \$2,000 contest.

PERHAPS you will be interested in exact specifications regarding the 16 millimeter width film, in general use among amateurs. The following figures have been adopted by the Society of Motion Picture Engineers as standard.

The cutting and
[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 116]



The student production staff of Stanford University on location, making scenes for their film, "The Fast Male." Four cameras were in action. "The Fast Male" sets a high amateur standard

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

*is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...
as the world expects her to be*

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

Modern to her finger tips, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's."

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two mar-



(BELOW) Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.

velous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's."

WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment with Pond's four preparations will preserve the fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!

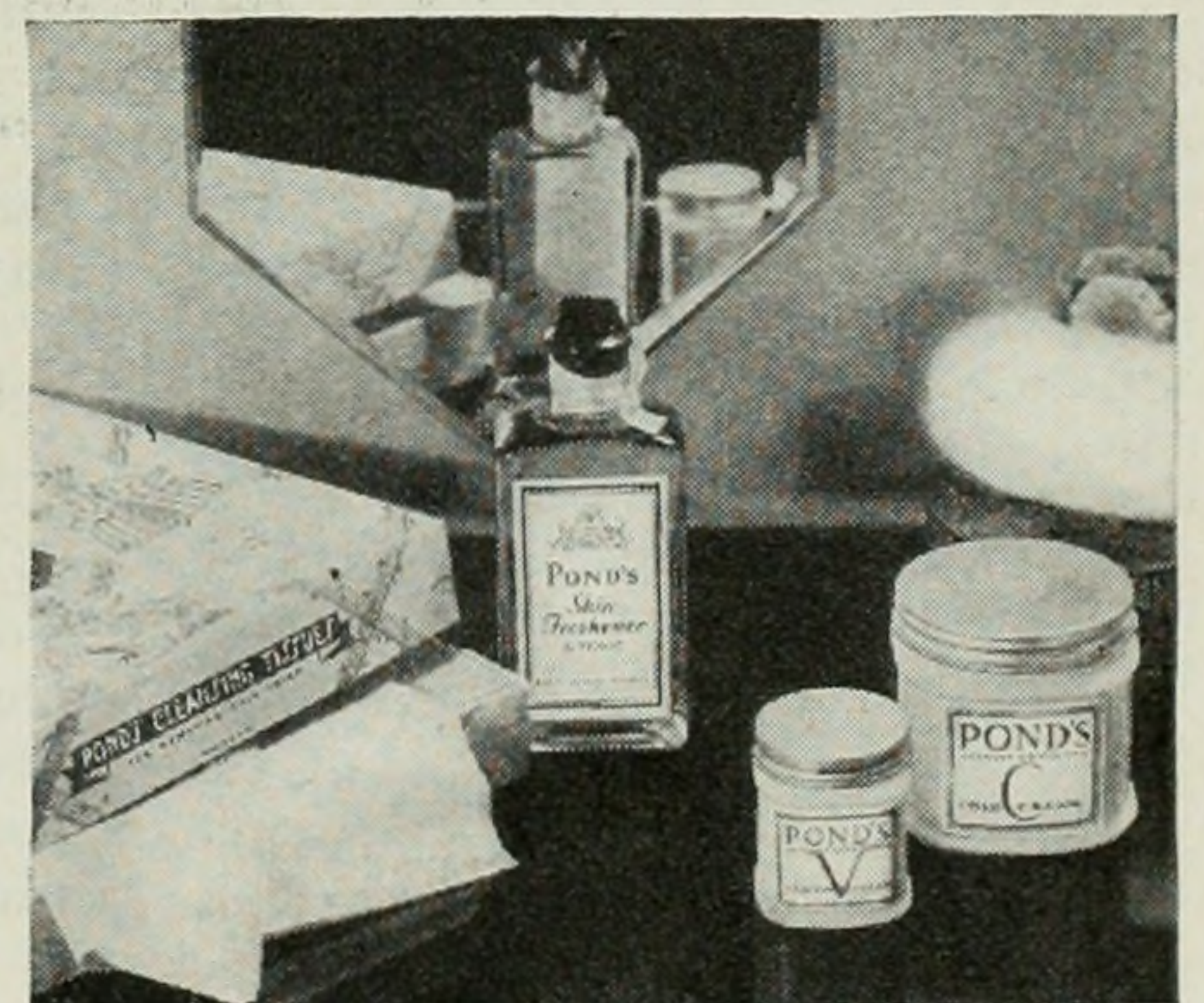


MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR., was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin like hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



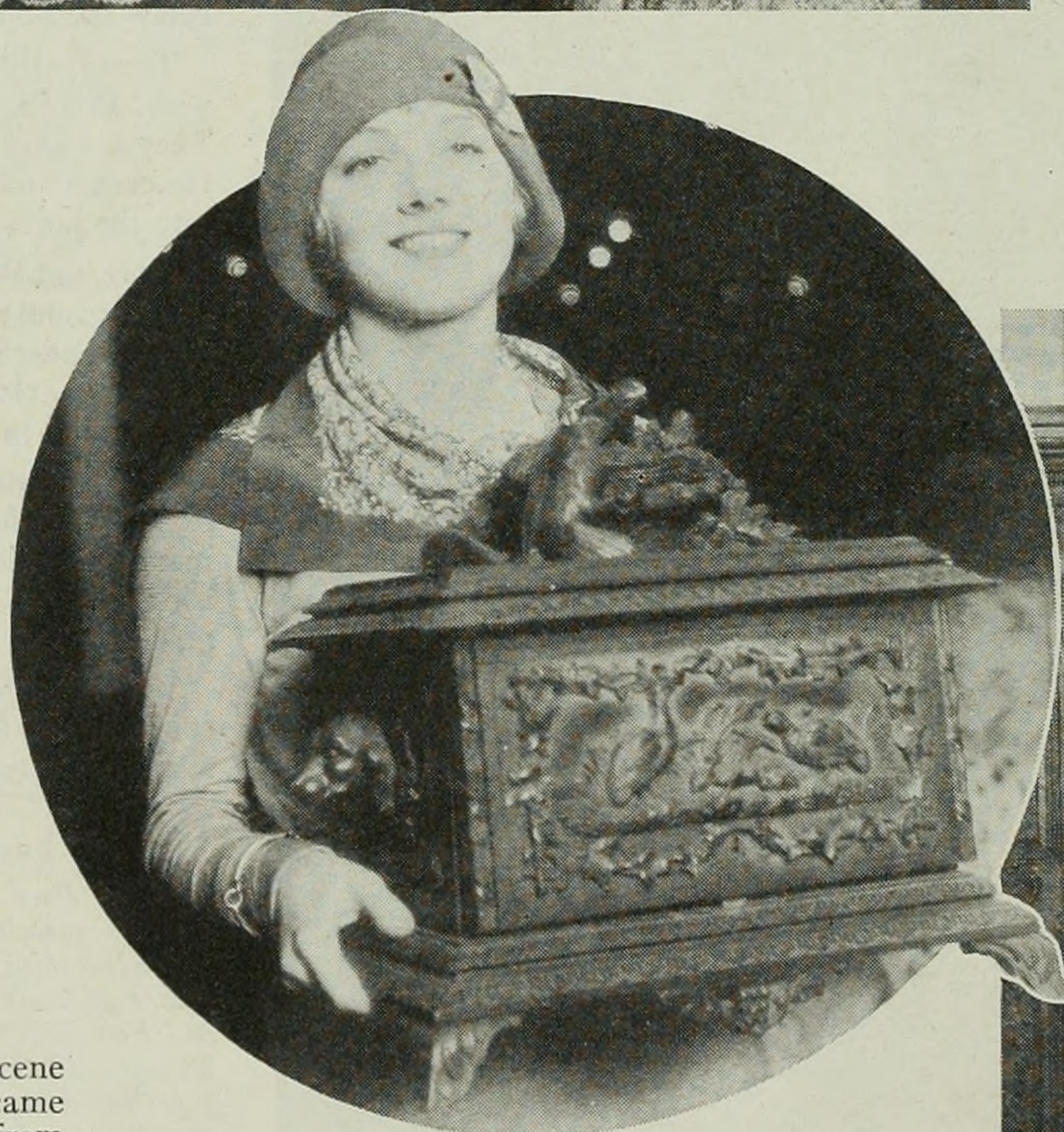
A tour of the M.-G.-M. "prop" rooms, conducted by Leila Hyams. This birthday cake was used in "Broadway Melody." It weighs 287 pounds and it took two weeks to concoct it. Wouldn't you like to cut yourself a piece of cake that is several months old?

SMART way discovered by Carmel Myers' representative to inform her that "Everything That's Nice to Me" had been brought forth into the musical world. That's the name of the song that Carmel composed.

She was doing a teary scene for "The Red Sword" and came weeping down the steps from her seduction to the dirge-like accompaniment of the set musicians. As soon as the director ordered "cut," the orchestra broke into a rollicking little jazz piece. Carmel shrieked, ran to them, and there was "Everything That's Nice to Me" all dressed in black notes and white bars with Carmel's picture on the cover.

It's Carmel's second contribution to the big bar and flat industry. Her first was a ditty entitled "Louella."

ARTHUR CAESAR may be moved from the Movietone department at Fox. He makes so much noise that the song writers can't concentrate.



Here is an Italian chest, shipped from Florence several years ago for a brief scene in "Ben-Hur." It is hand-carved and of rare design. The chest is one of the many antiques that are stored away as "props" until they are needed

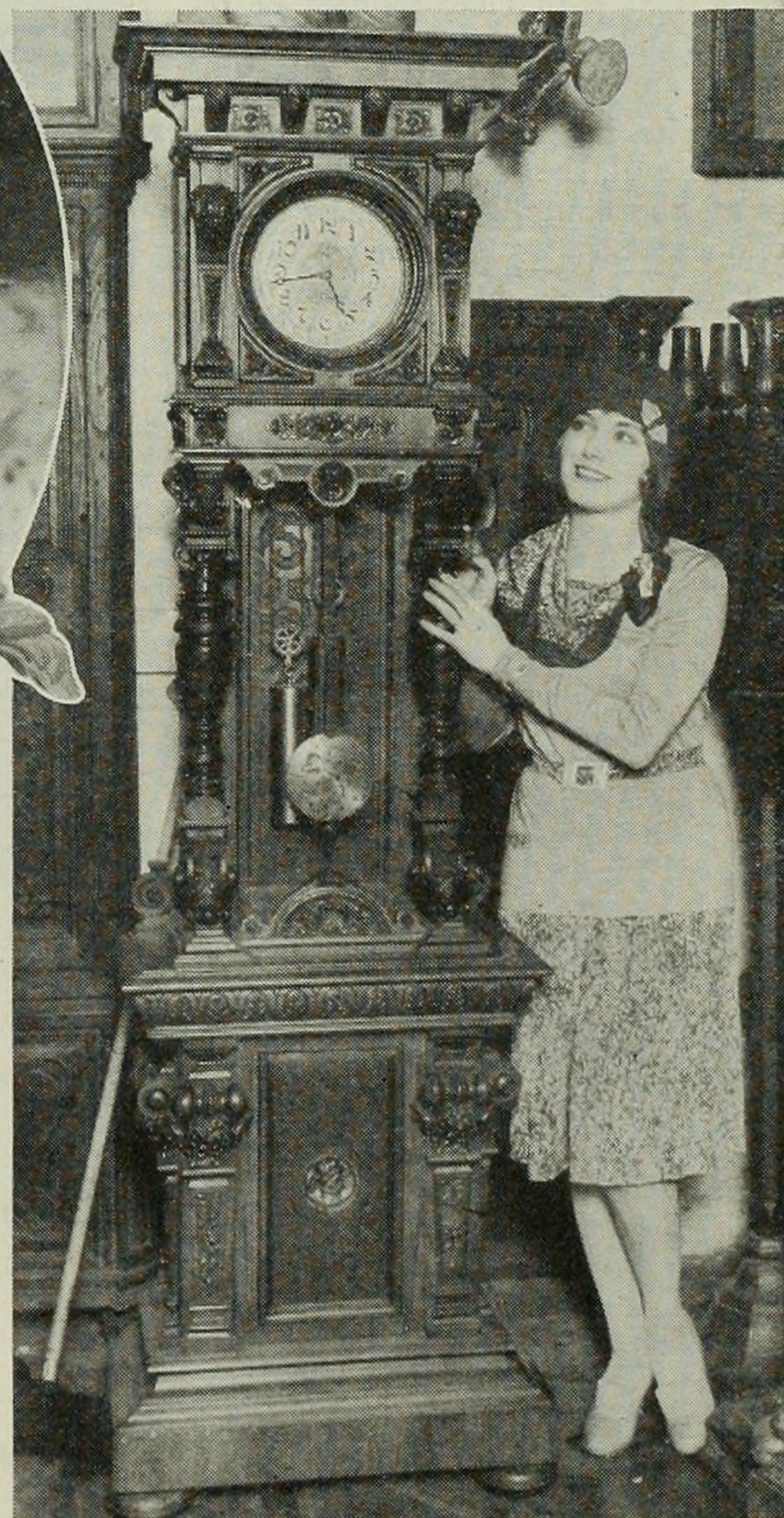
You probably caught a glimpse of this clock in "The Student Prince." It was brought from Germany especially for that production and it is a masterpiece of the clockmaker's art. But it will remain idle until the "prop" master can fit it in another picture

SHORTLY before Eugene Walters left Hollywood, he and Charlie Judell, who makes Movietone effects (whatever they are) for Fox, nearly burned up an apartment house. 'Gene was batching, and Charlie blew in to pass the time o' day. They gabbed and gabbed and gabbed. Hadn't seen each other in years. Finally they began to smell smoke. Didn't give it much thought, however, just fancied mebbe there was a fire, or something. At last they decided to go out. The corridor was full of smoke and the landlady was running frantically up and down, trying to find out whose apartment was on fire. Suddenly 'Gene Walters remembered he'd left a wooden chopping bowl on one of the gas burners to dry. He ran back and found only the rim of the bowl blazing merrily.

JETTA GOUDAL attempted her first hand-made luncheon recently. Paul Bern was going to New York, it was Jetta's maid's day off and luncheon the only chance to see Bern before he departed. Jetta made her first experiment with soup that turned out badly, the omelet was quite flat but the toast was perfect, the reason being that Jetta let the door bell ring for fifteen minutes so that the toast would not be left unwatched for a second.

The year's at the spring,
The morning's dew-pearled,
Chaplin is shooting—
All's right with the world!

RONALD COLMAN'S new picture, "The Rescue," in which Lily Damita has the leading rôle, was being shown to members of the press. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]





Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later, every week or ten days may be enough.



Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.



He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of
PACKER'S

- Olive Oil Shampoo
- Tar Soap
- Tar Shampoo

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-C, 101 West
Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me
offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

THE GLORIOUS TRAIL— First National

IF they just keep working on that first overland telegraph long enough, they'll really finish it some day—for good. For the last fifteen years, high geared Westerns have wrestled with the same telegraph line. Ken Maynard and Tarzan give it a try, handicapped by Indian massacres, wet ammunition, famine, prairie fleas and horsefeathers—and succeed, without a scratch, by Jove!

THE LITTLE SAVAGE—FBO

A WESTERN relieved of the usual monotony by good story and direction, and Buzz Barton's refreshing boyishness. Buzz and his whimsical pal, Milburn Morante, find that a family is a terrific problem, especially to bachelors. Their hobo careers are temporarily blighted when they discover an infant of uncertain parentage in a deserted prairie schooner. Thenceforth the camera emphasizes the little stranger and the ridiculous efforts of his cowboy nurses to become good mothers.

THE SKY SKIDDER—Universal

A L. WILSON, Universal's flying ace, on the up-and-up in a thrilling flying picture. As a small-town genius at aviation inventions, the townsfolk call him a nut and give him the air. He takes it, with his new flying gas and wins a cross-state "airathon"—and fame—and a girl, despite his rival's dirty work between clouds. Wilson's spectacular parachute drops and stunt flying will keep you up in the air.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS— Universal

AS in "White Shadows," two directors were sent to the tropics to make this picture and one came back. Lew Collins, who was able to stick it out, has done a good job with native actors of the almost extinct New Zealand folk, the Maoris. Although not as beautiful as "Moana," it has the same primitive charm. And a stunning leading man.

MANHATTAN KNIGHTS—Excellent

CROOKS, b'gosh!—lording it over a weakling forger and his noble sister; melodramatic as a Ruth Roland serial. Sure it has whiskers—long ones—but, believe it or not, the action is tense to the last gasp of the debonair villain in the tenement fire he started himself. The cast is headed by Barbara Bedford and Ray Hallor, as the oppressed sister and brother; Walter Miller, the innocent bystander, and Crauford Kent, the shady slicker.

JAZZLAND—Quality

A SMALL-TOWN cabaret melodrama which gives the audience only a vague clue of what it's all about. The story rambles on indefinitely and the action is consistently irrelevant. Possibly the scenarists overheard someone quoting the famous vaudeville maxim, "Keep your audience wanting," and decided to take it literally.

ALL AT SEA—M.-G.-M.

IT'S one of the best Dane-Arthur comedies in some time—if that means anything. You just know, from the title, that it's all about sailors. You might also guess that Dane is the hard boiled bozo who makes life a series of hard knocks (literally) for George K. Arthur. The story isn't much, but the gags are laugh-getters. Oh, well—it's a comedy.

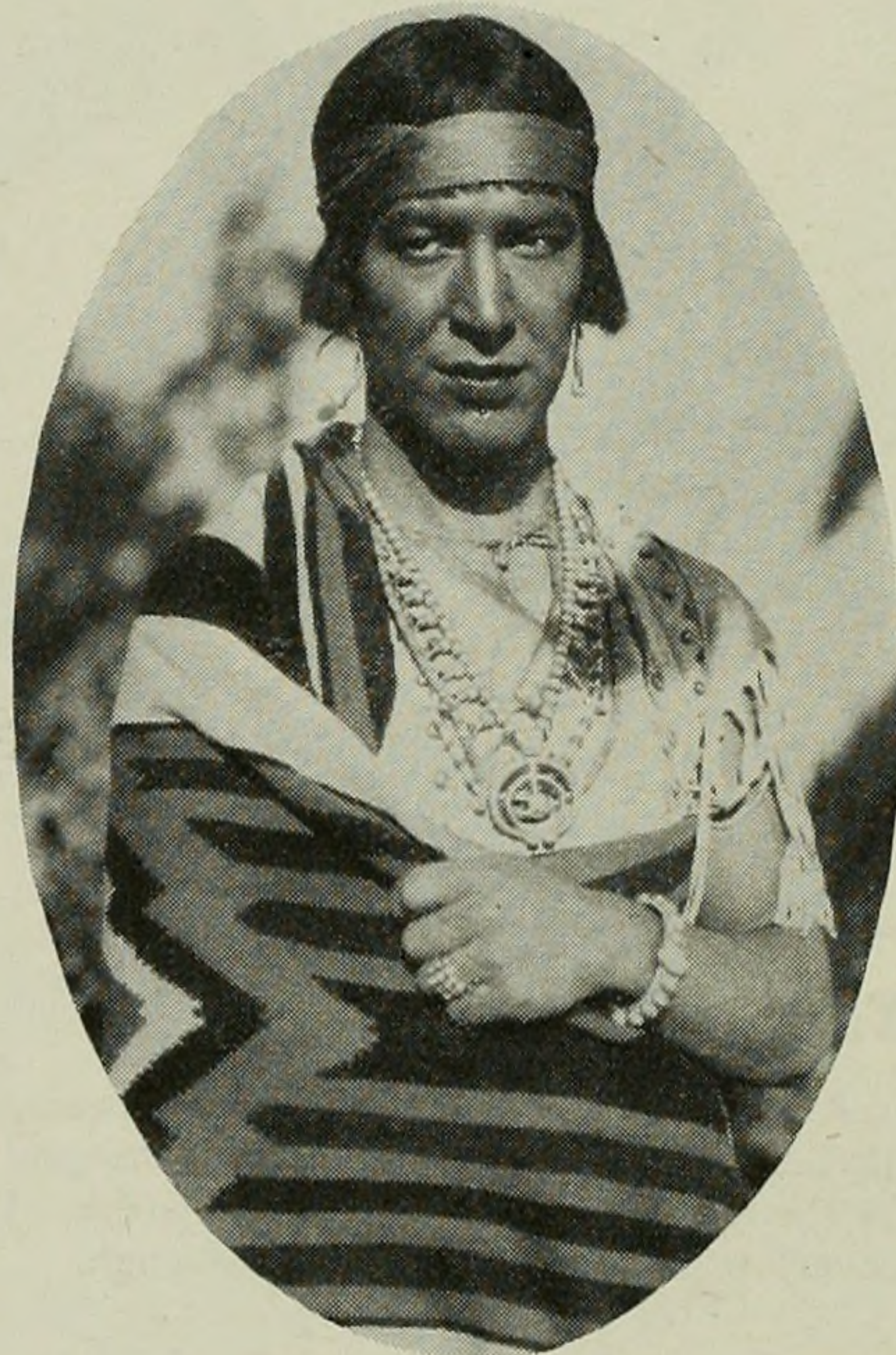
THE YELLOWBACK—FBO

A TRITE but stalwart story of an Irish mountie who gets his man, and his woman (would you believe it?) in the grizzly Canadian

North Woods. Served up in the typical Curwood style by a good director and a scenarist faithful to the book, "The Yellowback." It really offers a wholesome thrill to any who haven't already seen fifty thousand red-coat epics. Tom Moore wears the R. N. W. M. P. cord. Nice outdoor stuff.

OUTLAWED—FBO

NOT so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! The saddle girths are slipping under the "King of Cowboys." He'll do well to lay low 'til he gets some new gags under his high hat. Here's the same old thing, only worse, without enough sparkle, color and action to keep an eight-year old boy awake. Another flop like



This fancy gent is not Chief Hog-The-Lens of the Sac and Bill Fox tribe, but Mr. Juan Sedillo, once a lawyer of Santa Fe, N. M., and now a new leading man on the Fox film pasture

this and even his juvenile clientele, with the critical precocity of modern infants, will shout a lusty "Applesauce!"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE— Chesterfield

DJEVER hear the one about the stripling forger who sent his pretty sister to intercede for him with his not over-scrupulous boss? Yeh? Then you know enough to pass it. Oh, you haven't? Well, you wouldn't care about it in a big way. It's a flock of cheap hooley about a little girl who was too good for a wealthy scoundrel who was too bad.

THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY—Universal

THOSE long distance travelers, the Cohens and Kellys, discover new gags to pull at Atlantic City. They go to jail, quarrel with each other, have trouble with murderers and money. Is it a system? Some day they may go too far. George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Mack Swain and Kate Price are the *Cohens* and *Kellys*. You figure out which is which.

THE ALL-AMERICAN—Supreme

COLLEGIATES and track devotees will eat up this dramatized version of the International Olympics in Paris. The highlight of the picture is, of course, the big overseas athletic meet; the collegiate plot built into it is synthetic but adequate. The world-famous sprinter Charlie Paddock is the hero. As the track hope of a Western college, he is sent abroad to mop up the meet. Harvey Clarke, the coach, supplies some comedy.

THE FLOATING COLLEGE— Tiffany-Stahl

SUPPOSEDLY based on a Mediterranean university cruise, this picture should have had good farcical possibilities. Through careless story, titles, and direction, the collegiate angle is discarded, and it degenerates into a sordid battle between two sisters for a reluctant male. Buster Collier is charming despite an inane rôle. Sally O'Neill's futile attempts to be coyly collegiate are ridiculous, and Georgia Hale as her catty sister—well, she's beautifully gowned.

LOOPING THE LOOP— UFA-Paramount

BEING the belated romance of a popular, but middle-aged, French clown, whose life until now has taught him that no woman loves a clown. The background of the picture, Le Grand Cirque de Paris, gives authentic and colorful continental atmosphere, but the story could hardly be called a far cry from the ancient "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" theme. Werner Krauss, as *Bollo*, is excellent, but the conscious histrionic efforts of the heroine and the heavy give a decidedly stilted effect.

BLOCKADE—FBO

RUM-RUNNERS versus the Secret Service, but you'll appreciate the difference. Here is a consistent story bulging with suspense. Anna Q. Nilsson, the star, shows characteristic poise in swinging between two rôles which call for tremendous versatility. A woman outlaw, a rum hijacker, who knows no law but her own—and a frivolous, indolent yachtswoman. Best of the recent bootleg output.

SATANESQUE—Sparta

THE eternal conflict between European aristocracy and peasantry is the theme of this picture, which, though a domestic film with the American advantages of make-up, trimming, and photography, is Italian in its very essence. Excellent acting, classic story, and artistic production place it high among the finest independent pictures. The rolling lands of Sardinia, with their lazy flocks and shepherds, give a picturesque setting for the tragic romance of a young Italian count and a peasant girl.

THE BLACK HILLS—Dakota

AN heiress owns a lumber camp, which in turn is run by a crooked foreman who cheats at solitaire, beats his wife, and puts bolts in people's coffee. A gentleman hobo tells the tough guy not to be childish, and piles in and cleans up the joint. Then the dam breaks! That's all there is.

TROPICAL NIGHTS—Tiffany-Stahl

A RATHER original South Seas picture, with a realistic tropical setting and spectacular pearl-diving scenes. A white man's vicious lust for pearls drives him to the murder

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

Photoplay's Spring Style Forecast



*A*N interesting detail introduced in some of the smartest sports frocks for spring is the long, narrow throw encircling the throat. Evelyn Brent here wears a frock of gray mottled jersey, combined with plain gray flat crepe. The throw is of the jersey, lined with the crepe

by Katherine Albert

YOUR clothes come from Hollywood. Women the world over are unconsciously wearing photographic clothes. Hollywood originates its own designs. Women copy the styles set by the stars. Most of the clothes are made to suit the all-seeing eye of the camera. Therefore, you are wearing clothes the styles of which originate not in Paris nor New York but in the film capital itself.

In this fashion section you will discover frocks that

show the general spring trend in Hollywood and, therefore, the rest of the world. The stars have their own tastes. The studio designers go to Paris yearly but come back and adapt

line and color to the demands of the fair ladies of the gold coast.

The film queens won't take dictation from any so-called stylist or group of stylists. They are individual in their choice of clothes for the screen as well as in their personal wardrobes.

when your costume is a triumph

SMART in line and made of Skinner's Crepe or Satin Crepe! Skinner fabrics have been worn by the best dressed women of America since 1848—and now you can obtain them in ready-to-wear dresses.

For your afternoon and sports frocks, Skinner's Crepes. For your evening gowns, Skinner's Satin Crepes. Their luxurious texture, their splendid body and draping qualities make gowns of unusual loveliness.

Skinner fabrics are used by the leading motion picture studios for their stars. Buy crepes by name—*Skinner's*—and

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

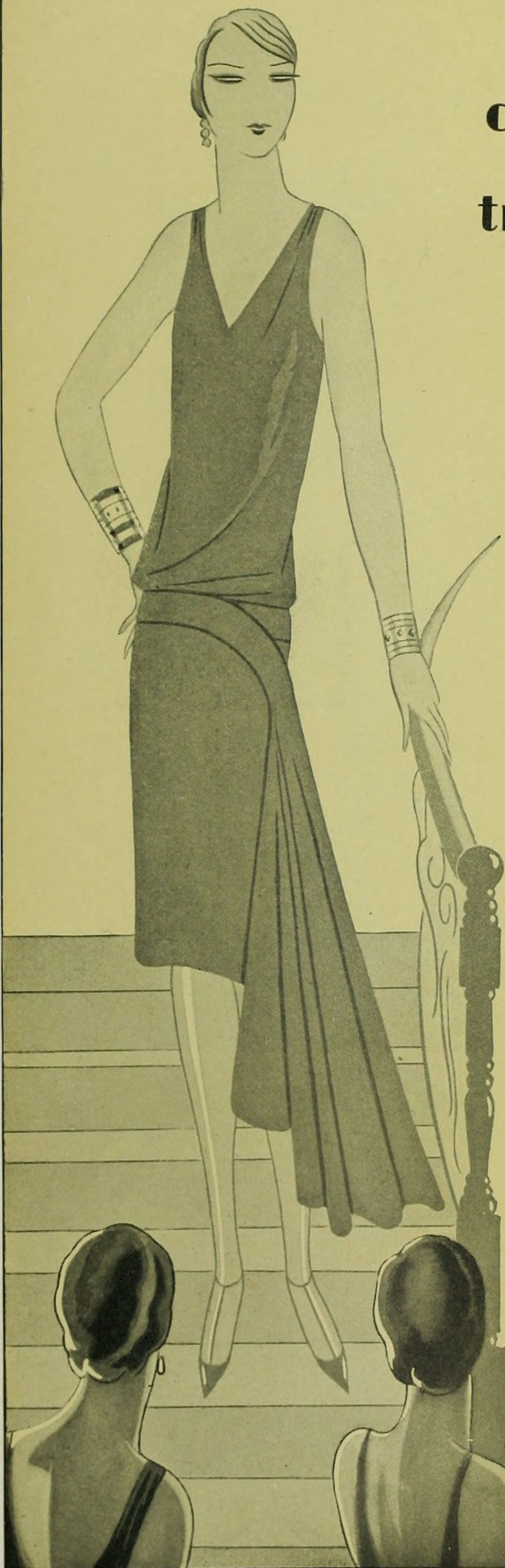
William Skinner & Sons Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments
ready to wear



look for this
Skinner ticket



RICH yellow and burnt orange brocaded satin is the material chosen for this stunning evening gown, which is the creation of Howard Greer, and is being worn here by Gwen Lee. The form fitting bodice is held in place by two gold shoulder straps, but the interest centers at the back of the gown where a large bow of self material is posed at the top of an inset of gold-colored pleated ruffles



TWO new trends are shown in this afternoon frock worn by Gwen Lee. Satin is being widely used in Hollywood for smart afternoon wear, and the black and white combination receives the endorsement of the stars. This gown has a double draped skirt with a wide hip girdle. The blouse is loose and is trimmed with jabots of white. The treatment is repeated in the cuffs



BESSIE LOVE wears a pajama set of honey-beige satin, worn with a coat of metal cloth. The coat piece features an attached sash, which ties about the hips, with a bow in front, allowing a graceful blouse effect. The trousers are wide and have almost the effect of a skirt



Slippers step out!

to be enchantingly costumed is not enough

you must be
slipper smart



Patent Hostess Slipper—
Snake Skin Sadale



Satin-lined kid D'Orsay

IT was a French diplomat who described the American woman as "gracious, charming, modern to her dainty finger-tip — or should I say slipper toe?"

"Slipper toe" is correct. For the charming, *modern* woman chooses slippers for every hour of her home day as carefully as she selects street suit or evening gown. And every slipper must be supremely smart as well as superlatively comfortable.

Daniel Green—slipper maker to the world—has never before offered such an array of beautiful slippers. Graceful D'Orsays in finest satin, in which to receive your afternoon or evening callers. Fine patent leathers, satin-lined; kid, velvet, brocade! And of course, famous Daniel Green Comfys for the children; perfectly styled leather slippers for father.



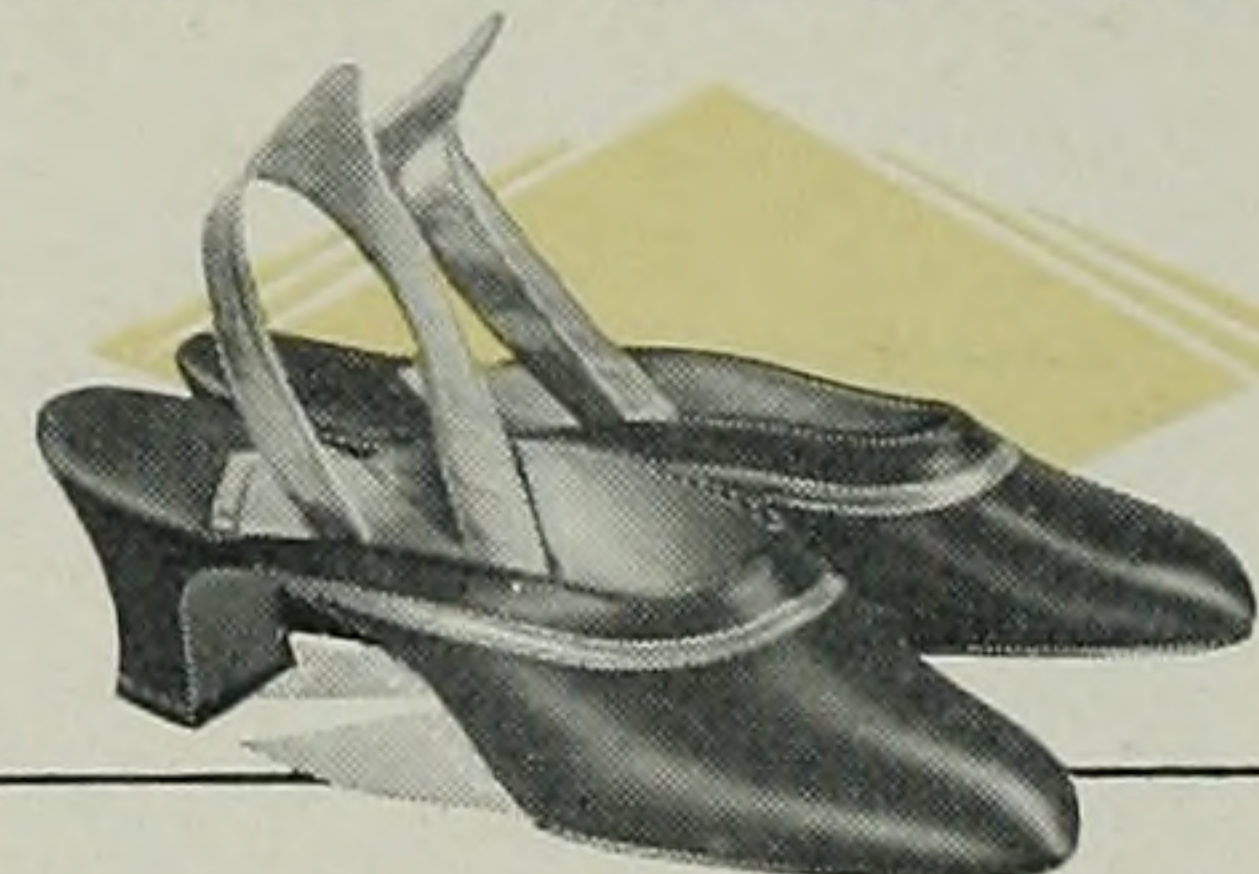
Feathered satin D'Orsay



Graceful satin mule

For 47 years Daniel Green has been building beauty and comfort into slippers for every member of the family. Each year brings new materials, new styles to join the long-time favorites. If you want slippers that are comfortable, beautiful, *smart*, ask for Daniel Green's.

DANIEL GREEN SLIPPERS
Dolgeville, N. Y.



Gold strap satin mule



Felt lined calf slippers

Our name is placed on Daniel Green slippers because we are proud of them. Look for it. It is your guarantee that material and workmanship are as fine as we know how to make them.

Daniel Green

Guaranteed
Slippers

SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

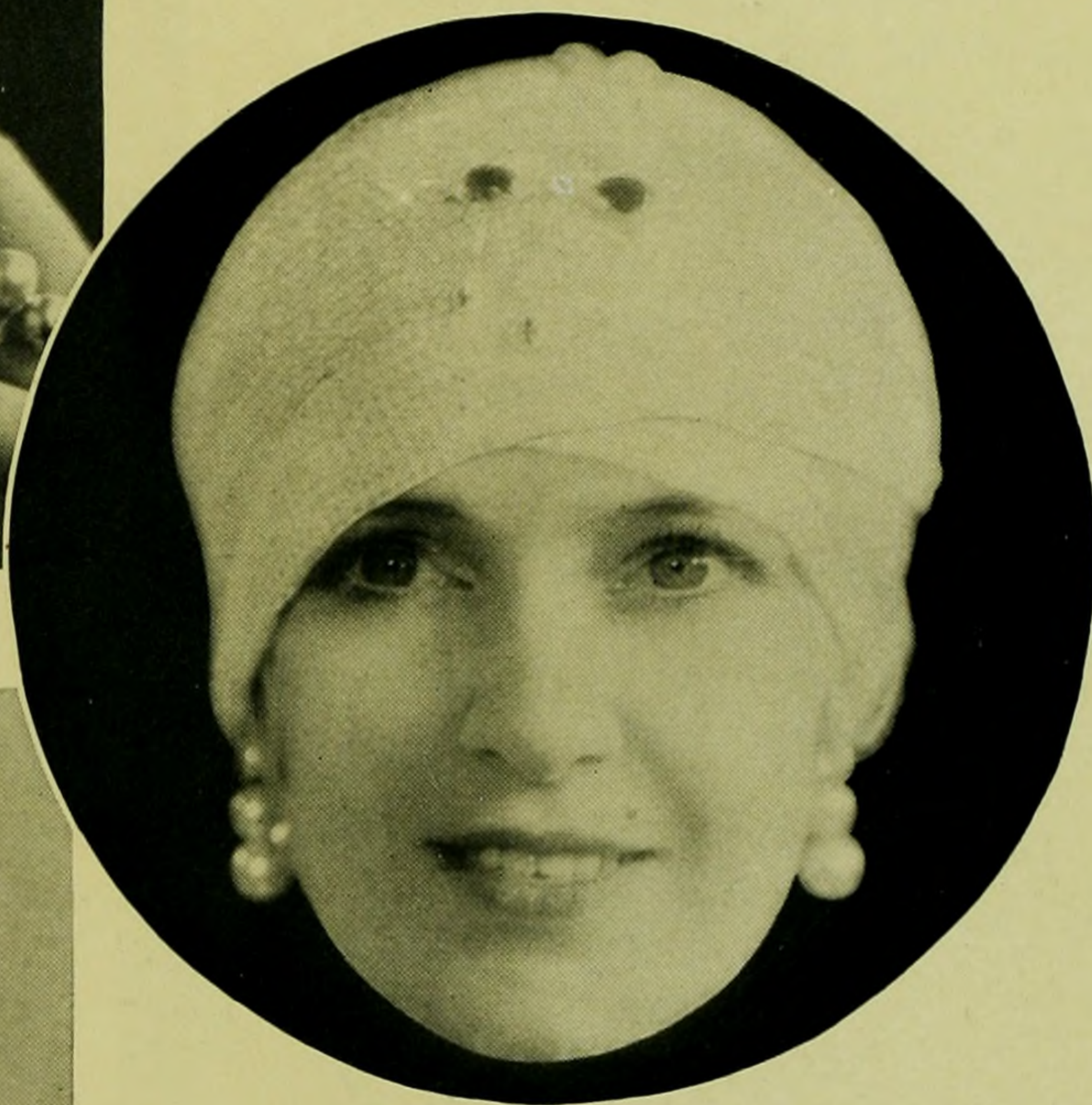
NOWHERE in the world are women as anxious to be beautiful as they are in Hollywood. The stars know every trick of keeping themselves fit. In their homes they discard tight, heavy shoes and wear only the most comfortable boudoir slippers. And this year they have gone in for simplicity. The elaborateness of the negligees demand plain slippers. This is the Spring indication



THE up-to-date woman needs a variety of slippers. Top, Corinne Griffith looks over her slipper cabinet. Slippers are a first aid to beauty. Just above, Dorothy Sebastian poses in her new plain satin boudoir mules. They have a gold kid strap and heel piece. This type of mule may be had in other materials. At the right is Anita Page in her crepe de chine mules with gold kid straps and heel pieces. These also come in modish satin, brocade, velvet and kid



HOW to wear the chic little nose veils so popular in Hollywood this Spring. Mary Duncan drapes hers close to the hat but allows plenty of fullness across the face. The ring she wears is worthy of comment, since it is one that she is never without, wearing it with sports as well as with evening and street clothes. It boasts one black and one white pearl



THE theater hat has come into prominence in Hollywood since it was introduced by Baclanova. This wrapped turban is of white satin shot with silver and is trimmed simply with an emerald and crystal ornament. Graduated pearl ear-rings are worn with this stunning accessory



THE fifty-fifty hat—that's Nancy Carroll's contribution to the Spring mode. It is made of light tan straw and dark brown felt. The combination is carried out even in the narrow brim

THERE is not a chance that you'll be wondering if you're the type that can wear a large hat this Spring. The reason is that there aren't any large hats. Hollywood decrees that the smart woman chooses a chapeau that fits the head snugly. Turbans are very chic. Hats with brims that roll away from the face are the last word. The soft felt finds favor. For evening, one notices the theater hat, wherever Hollywood celebs gather. The models shown on these pages are the favorite hats of the stars pictured here.

*A*N ensemble of accessories, Gwen Lee chooses bag, hat and necklace that match. The hat is of black felt with the upturned brim held in place by a silver and onyx ornament. The bag, also of felt, is decorated with an ornament similar to that worn on the hat. The choker necklace is of silver and onyx



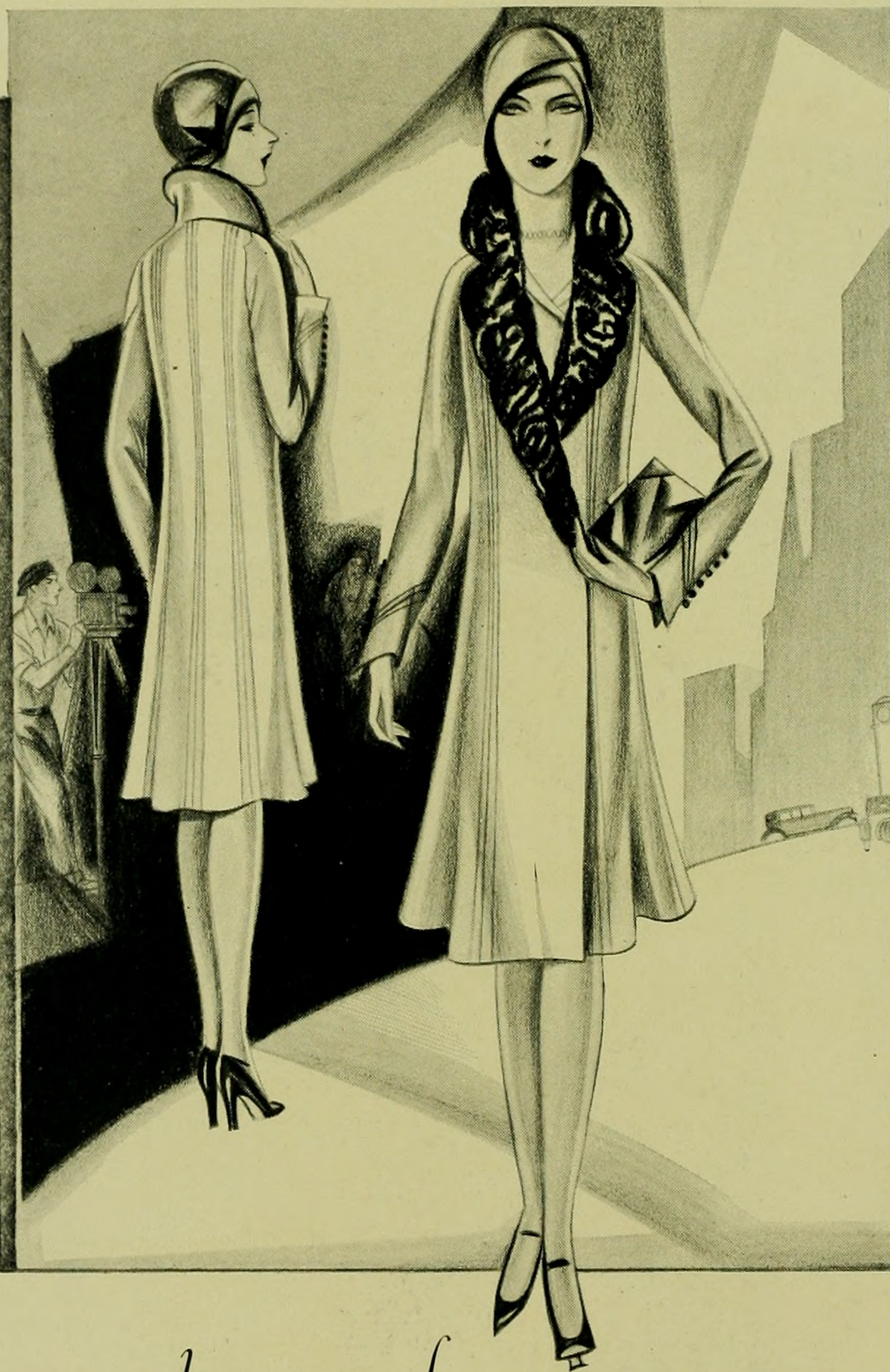
A YOUTHFUL and smart hat for Spring worn by Loretta Young. It is a modified bandeau style, the bandeau being of silver mesh and the hat of gray felt. The upturned brim is held by a tailored bow fashioned of moiré ribbon



“*C*HIC,” according to Corinne Griffith, is just another way of saying “simplicity.” That’s why this hand-made felt hat is her favorite of the season. It has a perfect line for her face. The brim is turned up at the front, with one side rolled down and looped in an opening cut. It is “simplicity,” for it has no trimming of any kind

Printzess

COATS AND SUITS



When style steps from "screen" to "street"

Almost every woman thinks to herself, "If only I could have clothes like that," when her favorite star strolls across the screen. For motion picture actresses are among the smart women of today.

In Printzess Coats, Suits and Ensembles—style steps from the screen to the streets of your town. You can wear a Printzess garment with the serene confidence, the assurance that comes from knowing that your chic costume has

been favored by celebrated stars of the screen.

Ask by name for Printzess Coats and Suits—also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter woman and "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sport wear.

Then be sure to look for the Printzess label. It means smart style, flattering lines and perfect tailoring. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland-New York. *Printzess garments cost less than you expect, \$25.00 to \$95.00.*



D I S T I N C T I O N I N D R E S S — S I N C E 1 8 9 3



AN interesting interpretation of the costume suit, worn by Joan Crawford, is shown above and to the right. This is a smart, three-piece model, cut along somewhat fitted lines. The skirt and coat are silvertone basket-weave. The skirt is pleated and the lining of the coat matches the gay silk blouse



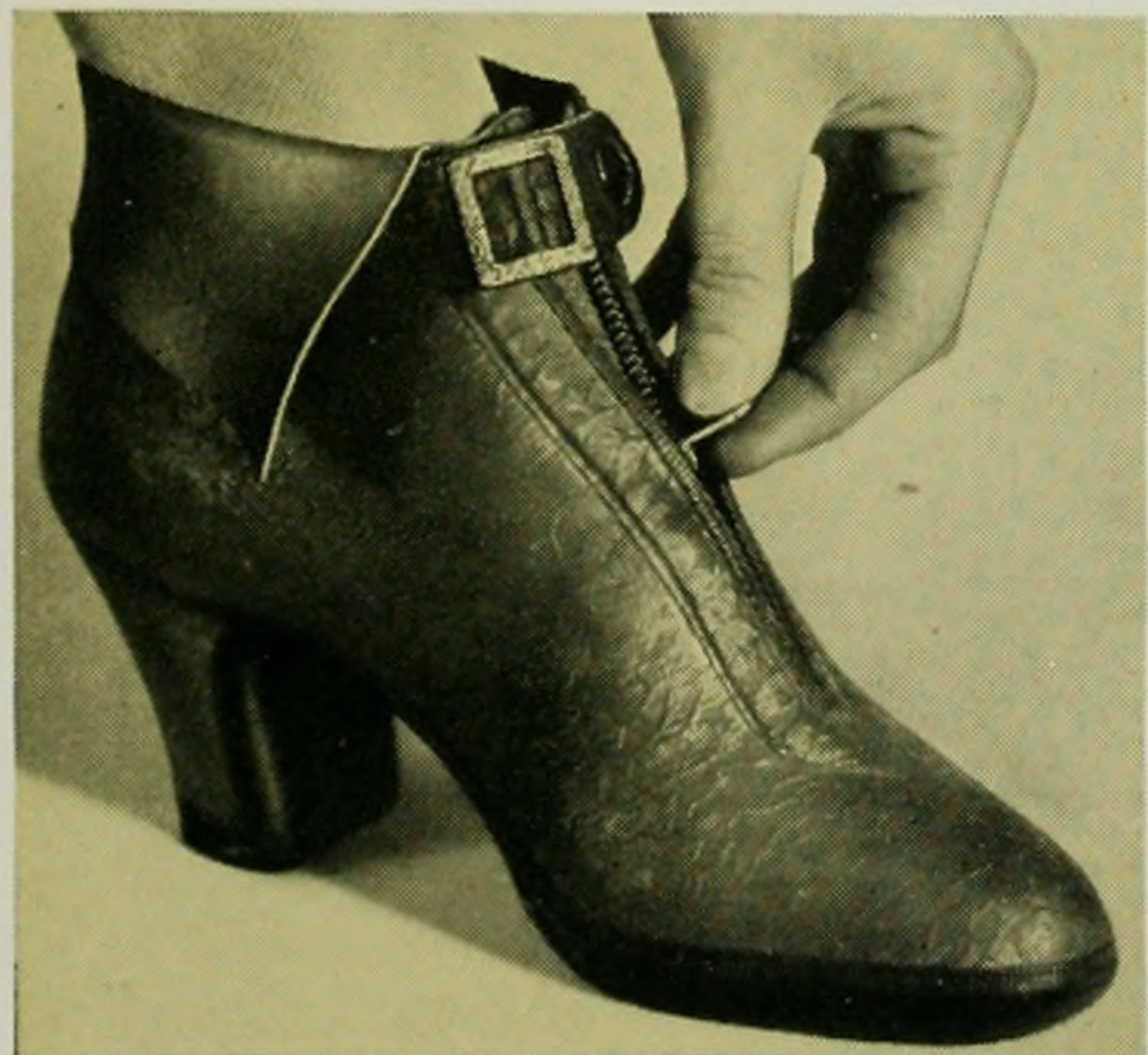
THE new princesse silhouette is especially suited to the youthful figure. This attractive fashion revival is worked out in Oxford covert cloth, with krimmer collar. Raquel Torres wears this chic Spring coat and its fitted bodice and flared skirt accentuate her slenderness. The coat has a lining of silk satin

You will of course want Shuglovs—originated by Miller—immediately. Look for the name. Your favorite shop has them in Nude, Gunmetal and Brown—two styles—the concealed slide fastener and the button-over. Two types of heels—Universal and Cuban. Made of lightest rubber. The top is worn up or down with equal smartness. Sizes 2 to 8. Talon Slide Fastener, manufactured by Hookless Fastener Co. Used on the new Shuglov.



Fashion Demands the Lovely Ankle line

Even in Bad Weather



ONE might have excused the unsightly bulk of yesterday's footgear protection when there was nothing else. But the mode has changed. Fashion decrees that the lovely contour of foot and ankle must no longer be sacrificed.

And so the stylists of smart shoes have designed a method of protection as smart as the shoes themselves.

In this charming new bad-weather accessory, one finds a complete discarding of all old ideas. Unsightly bulk is gone. Weight is found unnecessary. In their place are feather lightness—perfect fit. And you wear Shuglovs over loveliest shoes and stockings in utmost safety.

The complete wardrobe will have two or three pairs—different colors for different ensembles. Easy to wipe clean with a damp sponge. Lined for comfort and ease of removal. The Miller Rubber Company of N. Y., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

Miller Shuglov

PRONOUNCED SHOE-GLOVE

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

BULKY methods of footwear protection have departed, along with tandem bicycles. Right, Mary Brian in her new glovelike shoe protectors intended for the ever-changing Spring weather. These have concealed slide fasteners and are on and off in a jiffy



BELOW, left—Carmel Myers reveals another new model footwear protector. These come in gunmetal, brown and nude tones and are made with concealed slide fasteners

BELOW, right—Myrna Loy in her new Spring protectors. These have two types of heel: Cuban and high heel. They can be worn with the turn over cuff up or down and have elastic linings for comfort





*F*OR the polo game or the whip-pet race, Gwen Lee selects this two piece sports costume of French jersey. The frock, pleated at the front of the skirt and trimmed with a flat tie at the neck-line, is of beige and red in a small, geometric design. The two-button jacket is of red, lined in the same material as the frock. Beige hat, beige gloves and an envelope bag in snakeskin complete the outfit

A STUNNING sports frock in black and white, worn by Anita Page. The blouse and knife-pleated skirt are of white georgette and the blouse is trimmed with angora embroidery in white and black. Black and white slippers are worn to complete the costume

THE term "sports clothes" no longer suggests those severely utilitarian outfits for tennis or golf. The classification has been widened by stylists to include, literally, all outdoors. You are suitably dressed for luncheon in a sports costume. Sweaters and skirts are seen even in the afternoon in Hollywood, at tea and informal parties. And no wonder, when they are as ornamental as these two sports ensembles.





Do this Every Night To safeguard skin from dirt and make-up

Unless the pores are thoroughly cleansed every day in this way, blackheads, pimples, sallowness result

How olive oil, in this facial soap, produces a lather which brings out natural beauty

TODAY, more than ever before, there is vital meaning in the phrase, "washing for beauty." And yet you may be one of those who overlook its importance. The layers of rouge and powder which you are likely to apply during the course of a day; the dust and dirt, oil secretions, dead skin that find their way into the pores are simply an invitation to blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes!

Perhaps you, yourself, go on from day to day abusing a pricelessly lovely complexion. Changes come so gradually that you scarcely notice them. Then—suddenly, one day—you find coarsened texture, lifeless color replacing your naturally youthful skin. The best way to combat these evils is to wash the face, in this way, with a soap containing olive oil.

Olive oil and your skin

This is what a soap containing olive oil does, when you follow the famous Palmolive treatment given below: it soothes as it stimulates, it cleans as it beautifies. Gently, the rich lather from this olive oil soap softens those tiny, stubbornly hard masses that form in your pores. Gradually, they are freed and the skin is able to "breathe" once more. Lovely, fresh color comes rushing to the surface. Blotches, irregularities disappear. You touch your face and it amazes you with its cool softness. You look at it and are delighted with its fresh loveliness!

Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because it is so inexpensive. To discover your own possibilities of beauty, you should begin these treatments tonight!



At night—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

In the morning—Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price **10c**



KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!

M-G-M stars
are the greatest
of all!

And There Are "More
Stars Than There Are
in Heaven" in Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

"THE TRAIL OF '98" is the current film sensation of America. With beautiful **DOLORES DEL RIO**, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall. A Clarence Brown production. The Giant picture of the year. Direct from its long run on Broadway at \$2 admission. Tell your theatre Manager it is the one picture you don't want to miss!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

C. T. C., ATLANTA, GA.—More missing relatives. Norma Talmadge's real name is just that. Although Norma never has made any claims of being a first family, the Talmadges are old settlers in Connecticut. Did your mother come from that state? Other Talmadges may correct me if I am wrong, but I think that most Talmadges trace their descent from pioneer Nutmeggers.

B. J., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, your birthday is the same date as Clara Bow's—the twentieth of July. Mary Pickford is thirty-five years old and Mae Murray also claims thirty-five as her age. Doug Fairbanks is ten years older than Mary. Doug, Jr., is eighteen.

JEAN S., SYDNEY, N. S.—Can you hear me way down there? Marion Davies is not married. Her next picture is "The Five O'Clock Girl." Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 23, 1908. She is five feet, one and one-half inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds.

C. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Poor Anna Q. Nilsson broke her hip and she has been out of pictures for some months. It was a mean accident and Anna has been very brave about it. But she is now appearing in "Blockade." Anna is about thirty-one years old. Write to her at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. Francis X. Bushman plays in pictures and vaudeville. He's a free-lance. Lemme see. Unless my memory fails me, Francis is somewhere in the forties.

W. A. C., EVANSTON, ILL.—Tell your sister that she is wrong. Colleen Moore is twenty-six years old. She was married to John McCormick, producer of her pictures, in August, 1923. But what difference does a woman's age make, after all? If a girl looks and acts eighteen, that's her real age, although in point of years she may be eight years older. So you "fans" ought to judge by appearance and actions, not by dates. How many are with me?

PEGGY, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—Calm yourself and you'll hear all. Charles Farrell has brown eyes and is six feet, two inches tall. Not married. He's making a picture with Janet Gaynor.

VERA P., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert played together in "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs." Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, N. M., and his real name is Joe Paige. His father was an American, but his mother was Mexican. Ricardo Cortez is making a picture called "The Younger Generation." Write to him at the Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

H. R., ATLANTA, GA.—Collect that dollar from your husband. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, which is a borough of Greater New York. Roscoe Arbuckle is now running a night club in Los Angeles. No, I don't think you'll see him on the screen again. Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll aren't related and they certainly are not the daughters of Earl Carroll.

GEORGE HOLLERAN, HEBBRONVILLE, TEX.—How can you ask? It was Greta Garbo, not Vilma Banky, who played in "Love."

CECIL DE MILLE OF HARTFORD.—Yes, Mr. De Mille! You can stop worrying because here are the answers to your questions. Dolores Costello's latest picture is "Alimony Annie." In "Bride of the Storm," John Harron was her leading man. Dolores is twenty-three years old and five feet, four inches tall. Mary Astor has auburn hair, but Billie Dove's hair is dark brown. Billie's newest picture is "Adoration." Write to Dolores at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

M. F. L., ANAHEIM, CALIF.—Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a writer. Sue Carol is separated from Alan Keefer. James Hall is not related to Bebe Daniels. Bebe has no brothers or sisters. Clara Bow, Robert Frazer and Alyce Mills played in "The Keeper of the Bees."

HERE are seven star names

often mispronounced.

Lupe Velez is pronounced Loo-pay Vel-ayz.

It is Bee-bee, not Bay-bay, Daniels.

Joan Crawford's first name is all one syllable, not Jo-an.

Ramon Novarro is Ray-moan Noh-var-ro, with the accent on the "var."

Clive Brook is Cl-eye-ve, not Cleeve. And Brook, not Brooks.

Nils Asther is Neels As-ther.

And Clara pronounces it Bo, like beau and not bow like a bow-wow.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

NADINE H., JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—I'm just a little peace-maker. You're both right. Evelyn Brent was the girl in the picture in the Shadow Stage, but Doris Kenyon was also in the cast of "Interference." Hence the mix-up. Maria Corda was born in Budapest and, if I know my geography, that makes her a Hungarian. Percy Marmont was the leading man in "When a Girl Loves."

M. T., DE WITT, ARK.—Right you are! There are no big rocks on the Louisiana coast line. "The Love Mart" was filmed in California. Richard Barthelmess played a dual rôle in "Sonny" and Pauline Garon was his leading woman. Alice Brady and Eugene O'Brien are on the stage. Elaine Hammerstein is married. William Bakewell played Bill Haines' room-mate in "West Point."

A MARQUETTE CO-ED, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Why be silent when I just sit here waiting for questions to answer? John Barrymore's daughter is seven years old and her name is Diana Joan. Pretty name, isn't it? Norma Talmadge is thirty-one; she has no children. Mae Murray refuses to give the name of her little son, so take that! George Bancroft is forty-six and that's his real name. He's married. You'll see Lloyd Hughes in "The Mysterious Island."

HELEN FREAR, SCRANTON, PA.—Only five questions at a time, please, Helen. Charles Rogers is twenty-four years old and has black hair, black eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. That's his genuine monicker. Also he's single. Mary Brian is twenty years old and has brown hair and blue eyes. She's five feet, two inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. And her real name is Louise Dantzler. James Hall is twenty-eight years old and has brown hair and blue-green eyes. Betty Bronson is twenty-two and just five feet tall. She weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Betty uses her own name. Al Jolson's real name is Asa Yoelson and he is forty-two years old. Whoops!

E. J. P. T., HERKIMER, N. Y.—What a movie monicker you have! Norma Shearer has no children. She was married to Irving Thalberg Sept. 29, 1927.

JEANNE, ATLANTA, GA.—David Rollins is nineteen years old. The boy who appeared with him in "Win That Girl" was Tom Elliott. Barry Norton was the lad you liked in "The Legion of the Condemned."

A. C. F., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Margaret Morris and Raymond Keane played the leads in "The Magic Garden."

D. G. H., FLINT, MICH.—Laura La Plante is twenty-four years old and married to William Seiter, the director.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

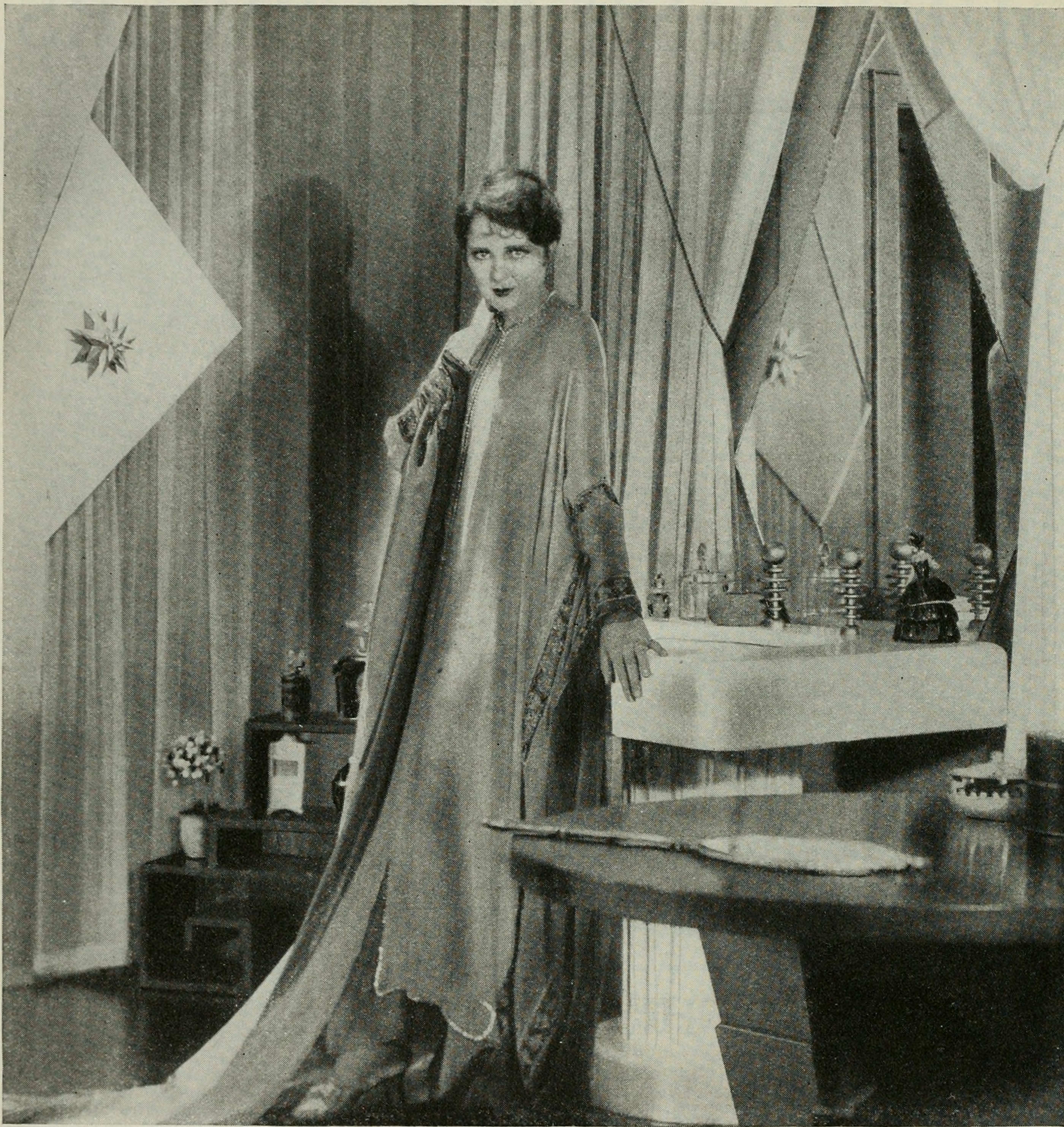


Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood



A screen star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth under the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for the close-up.

BILLIE DOVE, beloved First National star, in the very charming modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood.

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove.

LUX Toilet

*For loveliness
that thrills, a girl must have
exquisite skin—*

Say 39 Hollywood directors

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

Petal-smooth skin — how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There's no loveliness like it, 39 Hollywood directors find.

"Smooth, flawless skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the motion picture star—or indeed, to any woman, than any other physical quality."

A screen star *must* have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. In Hollywood, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this daintily fragrant white soap.

The next time you see Billie Dove notice how exquisitely fine and smooth

Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo.



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, popular Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping skin delightfully smooth."



Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

MARY PHILBIN, Universal star—"A star's skin must have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap."

Soap

*Luxury such as you have found only in French
soaps at 50c and \$1.00 the cake . . . now*

10¢

The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"There isn't a duck on the place . . . dead or alive," protested the other. "There's a couple of chickens in a crate in the 'prop' room. Won't one of those do?"

"Von Richten said 'duck' and 'duck' it's got to be!" was the firm reply.

"Aw, shucks! Well, I'll go get one of those stuffed . . ."

"No, you won't, brother!" snapped the man of the blocks, looking up for the first time. "No stuffed ducks on this set! It's the insides he wants!"

"Oh . . . all right. I guess I can get one down the boulevard a ways. . . ."

LAUGHING a little at the colloquy, Smith, his hands plunged in his pockets, and his head down, started on. Deep in his own thoughts, he did not stop until he was brought up smack against it . . . a waving bit of bright blue satin, to which a narrow edge of white lace, torn from a wider flounce, was sewn. For a moment the detective's eyes clung to the fabric. Then he looked about him, half expecting to see a third band of workers busily sticking other "clues" about the landscape. But no one was in sight. No voice came to his ears. A lazy, mid-afternoon wind, touched the material with indolent fingers, and rippled the high grass growing along the fence. A blackbird came and jeered raucously at him. A ground squirrel scurried out of sight. . . .

"Well, I guess this 'set' is the real thing," the detective muttered to himself after a moment. "In that case, I'll manifest a little interest in this all too obvious clue!" Outward indifference, but inward excitement as he went closer to inspect it. It fell from its place on one of the barbs of the fence as his hand reached out for it. Apparently it needed but the suggestion of a touch to dislodge it. Smith whistled softly.

"Thanks. Much obliged," he addressed the fallen 'clue.' "Probably saved me a nice little shock. Now, my fine fellow, we'll see who so obligingly turned off the juice for you on that fateful, foggy night of a week ago!" He placed the scrap of material carefully between the pages of his note book. His exultation over

this new evidence had been a bit slow in coming. He was too fresh from scenes of bewilderingly realistic make-believe. But the exultation did come. His step was almost jaunty as he turned back to the "front lot," and he hummed a little tune under his breath. And later, in Rosenthal's office . . .

"But I tell you, Abie, there ain't nobody can get into that switch box vidout bustin' it!" protested Izzie reproachfully.

Rosenthal swung swiftly around on Smith. "Vas it busted?" he demanded instantly.

"Nope," replied Smith gravely. The president of Superior Films threw out his hands in an eloquent gesture of scorn.

"Vell, now you see . . . busted or not busted . . . somebody got into it vonce!" he addressed his production manager, sarcastically. Izzie kept a sullen silence. Presently Rosenthal said:

"Vere vas the keys? Think, vonce, now!"

"Ve only got vone key . . ."

"Only vone! Vat if it gets lost? Such a dumb head you have got, sometimes, Izzie! Don't you know noddings? Only vone key!"

"Vell, ve had three. Hal Gleason, he takes vone vid him by mistake ven he goes to Europe last year. The other vone I don't know vat happens to it. Anyvays, it vas lost a long time ago . . . before the vone Hal Gleason takes to Europe. . . ."

"Who keeps the key that is left?" asked Smith.

"Our head electrician," answered Rosenthal.

"All right. Let's have him in here," said Smith briskly.

The man was the type that is unmistakably honest. The key had not left his key ring, nor the key ring his possession. Smith was convinced of this. When he had gone out again, the detective rose to his feet, and filled his pocket with Rosenthal's cigars. The president's eyes dwelt upon him with brooding sombreness.

"What's matter? Aren't I welcome?" asked Smith cheerfully.

"Sure, sure . . . take all you vant. Here, I giff you anodder box!" and the president dived

down to his bottom desk drawer and came up with a red face, and an unopened container of his precious smokes.

"Then what's worrying you?" insisted Smith.

"Efferyting is vorrying me! My business, my wife, my nerffs! Efferyting! I tell you, Smith, dis murder vill be the death off me! Already, Rachel, my wife, she tells me I look crazy around the house! She talks to me! I don't hear her! I don't talk back! Ven you came in vid this evidence today, I vas all hopped up! I vas telling myself, 'Ah, now ve vill find out all about it!' But do we? Do we find out? No. We find out noddings!"

The detective clapped him affectionately on the back.

"Cheer up, old timer," he laughed. "Why should you be downhearted when I'm not?"

Rosenthal looked up, hope dawning in his big brown eyes.

"And you don't feel bad because ve do not find out about that switch box?"

"Not a bit in the world! That little bit of blue silk told me what I want to know! Of course, I'd have liked to find out who opened the switch box and turned off the juice . . . and locked it up again . . . but . . . all in good time . . . all in good time, my friend!"

Rosenthal let out a relieved sigh.

"Vell, I am glad to hear that, certainly," he said.

* * *

SOME whiskers, eh, Clancy? How long d'you suppose it took him to grow them?"

Clancy's eyes traveled over the gnarled, bent figure . . . crouched on the stairs to Stage Six. Hand, in which the veins lay, corded and blue . . . eyes, in which the light had long since bleared . . . an old, old mouth, that trembled constantly.

"God!" said Clancy fervently, "I'd hate to be that old!"

"I saw him put on that beard, hair by hair. He takes each one up with a pair of tweezers, and works it into the grease paint on his face! It took him three hours, he told me! Instead

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in PHOTOPLAY in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of this, the March, 1929, number, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less.

They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize	\$1,000
Second Prize	500
Third prize	350
Fourth prize	150
Five prizes of \$100	500
Ten prizes of \$50	500

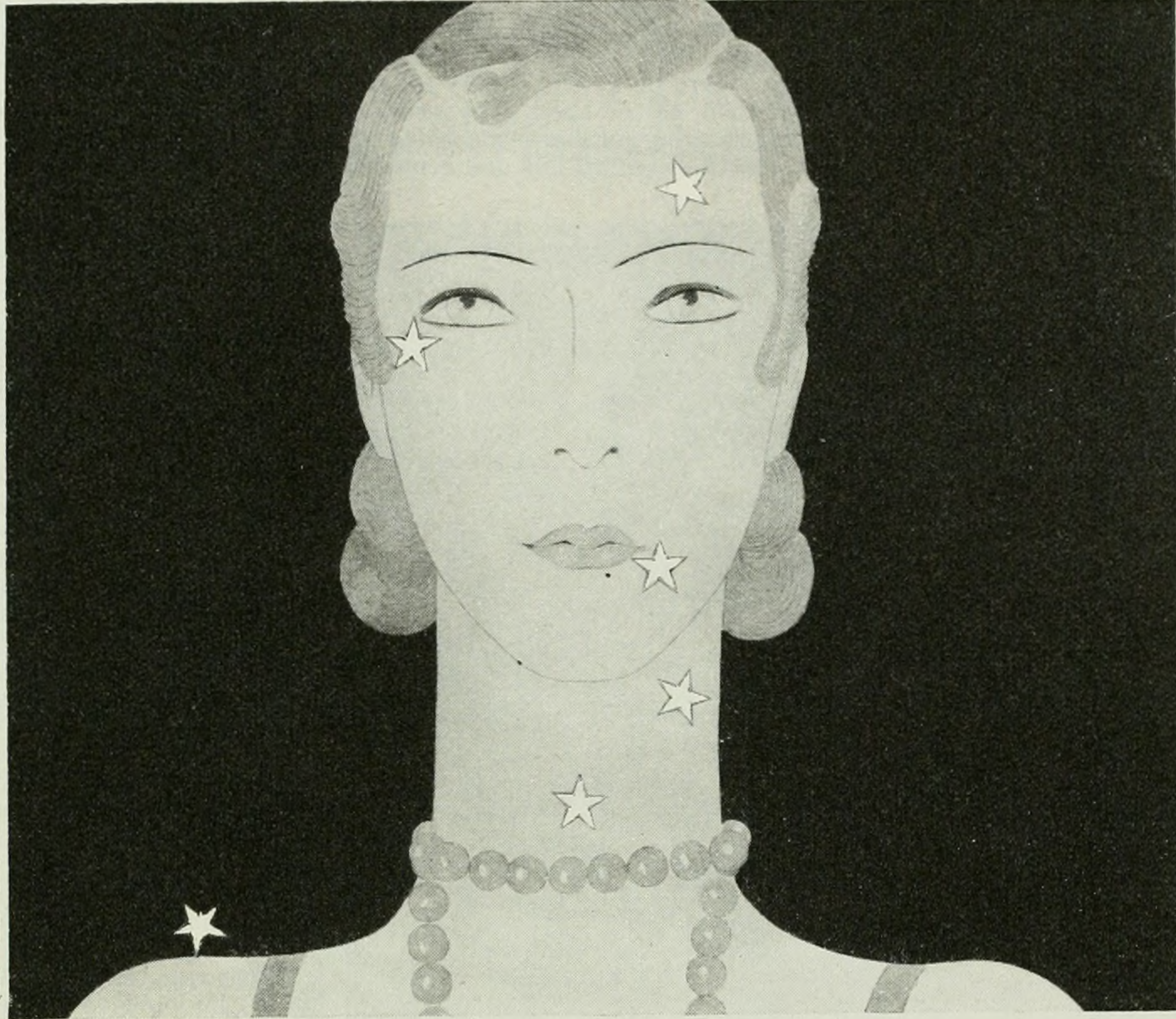
In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of PHOTOPLAY and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.

Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

"Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



THE importance of the *health* of your skin cannot be exaggerated! For it is perfectly apparent that your skin must be healthy if it is to be beautiful. A clear complexion and a soft skin, innocent of roughness and wrinkles, will be your reward if you faithfully follow the directions that come with every jar of Milkweed Cream.

The key to a soft and youthful skin lies in the careful study of the "six stars" shown on the face of the mannequin above. And the column at the right clearly explains how to protect with Ingram's Milkweed Cream each one of these six vital spots!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the skin and fosters its health. Slightly therapeutic in its effects and a meticulous cleanser it does things no other cream, however expensive, possibly can do. It tonics your skin. It is excellent against roughness, redness and blem-

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very ageing and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

ishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Mark the date you start using it and notice how marvelously your skin improves in a single month.

Send the coupon for the new booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty problems, feel free to write our Consultant on Care of the Skin.

Consultant on Care of the Skin, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. A 39, 108 Washington St., N.Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin can stay young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Street _____

Address _____

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➤ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ➤

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Don't Envy the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

being in the public eye. If you don't believe it, ask a goldfish.

Jack built a house high on a hill in Beverly. He had cherished a fond hope that here he might have a private life. Was he allowed? Not much. Two young women, unable to pass the secretarial barrier at the studio, at last found his home. The road is narrow, so they planted their car across it and when Jack returned from the studio, his own car was stopped while the ladies insisted that they be invited to his home for dinner.

It happened that Jack was entertaining guests of his own, which is, after all, a man's right. You and I are not in the habit of including two total strangers on our informal dinner parties, are we?

NOW these are little things that assume mammoth proportions by their constant repetition.

At the opening of "Flesh and the Devil," at a Los Angeles theater, Jack shook hands with an elderly gentleman. Immediately, he found himself the center of a circle of outstretched palms. That in itself was nothing; rather a touching and pitiful tribute to a great artist, but at last, he and Greta Garbo were so jostled from side to side that Greta, the fragile, was considerably bruised and it took three policemen to get them through the crowd.

The younger players are entranced and flattered by the plaudits. The first recognition, the first fan letter, the first request for an autograph, is an event to be treasured.

At the opening of "Interference" recently, members of the on-lookers recognized Gwen Lee. As she walked through the roped-off passageway, she heard, "Oh, look, there's Gwen Lee, there's Gwen Lee!" Tears of excitement and joy were streaming down her cheeks as she entered the theater, but in a few years if she becomes a great star . . .

The private-life complex, though a vital factor in the lives of most of them, is also one of Hollywood's pet poses. Who is to say where the pose leaves off and the real begins? Every interviewer has at some time been told, "But my dear lady, that is my private life."

The private life of big Karl Dane would hardly make interesting reading. I doubt if he could sell his confessions to a purple-backed periodical.

Yet he has the private life complex, too.

Who really cares whether Dane, a big Danish gentleman, whose popularity is certainly not based on sex appeal, has a private life or not? Rumor has it that he's been married several times, but that is merely rumor and nobody gets wildly excited over it.

But Dane has heard Gilbert and Novarro and the rest wish for a little peace. So he had to have rest, too.

A few months ago he married Thais Valdemar. It was first learned that they had been married when Miss Valdemar introduced Dane as her husband. When Karl was questioned he said, "Dot iss my private life." Dane doggedly refused to talk to the press.

The Scandinavian gentleman evidently reasoned that if the great lovers of the screen had private lives he should have one, too.

RAMON NOVARRO, the soul of courtesy, consented to attend a benefit dance in New York. He labored under the delusion that an appearance was all that was required. Instead he found himself on the floor in the midst of a group of women of all ages. He began to dance but he had hardly stepped on the floor when he was snatched from his partner into the arms of another girl. The buttons were jerked off his coat, the flower in his lapel was torn to bits.

Yet he had to smile. He had to be a good fellow at whatever cost!

At last three men presented themselves and offered their assistance. Ramon put himself into their hands and he was mysteriously led through a back entrance and into a taxicab. So grateful was he for this service that he invited his three rescuers to supper at a nearby restaurant. But these men were not his friends, they were his public. They followed him to his room at the hotel, they remained talking and smoking until early morning and for days afterwards, called him and demanded



Baclanova, the girl who thawed out Russia, in her newest party duds. The gown is cloth of gold, trimmed with copper-colored sequins. The coat is also cloth of gold, trimmed with sable. The face is a stunning act of Providence. P. S. She labors in Paramount pictures. Thar's cloth of gold in them thar films!

the privilege of showing him off to their friends.

Is it any wonder that when he went to Europe he travelled incognito, wearing dark glasses and using his own name, Samaneigos? Is it any wonder that he enjoyed talking to three Heidelberg students who took him for a rather eccentric and wealthy traveler instead of a cinema star?

But for this act he was severely criticized, "It's just a gag, going to Europe incognito. Who cares whether Ramon Novarro is in town or not?" they said.

Does the public care whether Ramon Novarro is in town or not? Well rather!

The stars are subjected to every sort of indelicacy simply for the sake of being known as good fellows.

Hollywood has a persistent old Spanish custom. Some of the members of the press, writers for the magazines and trade papers, have social ambitions. These people insist that certain stars attend their own functions. This is, naturally, a great bore to the star since the typical host of this sort has about as much personality as a parsnip. But the stars must attend the parties on pain of a dirty journalistic slap.

They arrive, receive the proper amount of homage, and leave as quickly as possible. It's just another method of being a good fellow.

THEATER exhibitors come to Hollywood. They believe that in their hands is the future fate of the star. The exhibitor is accorded every courtesy. He is shown the city and made welcome by the picture folk.

Personal appearances at the various theaters are also necessary. Upon these occasions, the star must conduct himself in a manner that pleases everybody. He must be the original gladhander, he must convince the audience that he is a nice chatty fellow, the sort of person you'd invite right into your own home (but he hopes you won't!).

Lon Chaney is one actor who has held out stoutly in the face of all this good fellowship. He has made but one personal appearance and that was at the opening of "Tell It To The Marines." This concession was for the sake of his good friend, General Butler, who had worked with him on the picture.

The other day, Buddy Rogers was late for an appointment. He arrived at last out of breath and apologetic. "Gee, I'm sorry," he said. "You see, I went to Montmartre today for luncheon and they held me up an hour or so writing in autograph books." Buddy did not complain. He merely stated a fact.

It is true that every Wednesday and Saturday, hundreds of girls and some men line themselves outside the Montmartre Cafe to see the stars and secure autographs. If a star refuses to write in one of the maroon colored, gilt edged books it means dirty looks and starts gossip about her being "high hat."

NOW the public has discovered the preview houses. Certain theaters make a specialty of trying out new pictures "on the dog." The stars come to these showings in person for audience reaction. One night, Lew Cody was kept for more than an hour in the lobby of a theater, scribbling his name across the pages of flappers' autograph books.

And those who attempt to lead private lives are invariably brought to task. Greta Garbo refused to give out interviews. She made no personal appearances. She allowed no visitors on her set. The newspaper criticisms began. She was a *poseuse*, she was snobbish, she was trying to be something that she was not. The local adverse publicity did not matter to her, but when she saw that the Swedish journals had taken up the cry, she did an about-face. She is now as docile as a lamb and recently entertained members of the foreign press.

The public has certain expectations of the stars. Clara Bow must always make startling gestures in a startling manner. If she were to find some very ordinary young man and marry him in the most approved and ordinary way, the public would find a sensational angle. It is no wonder that Clara, cupping her face in her hands, said, "I'm just tired of it all!" It's a badly managed phrase, a trifle too dramatic for the sophisticates, but most of these girls manage their phrases badly and wax dramatic. They express, however, a typical attitude.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

\$3 EVERSHARP PENCIL GIVEN AWAY!

Generous Offer Introduces New Chocolate Yeast Food

New discovery brings wonderful health properties of yeast in delicious chocolate bar called Tastyeast. Big inducement offered to new users

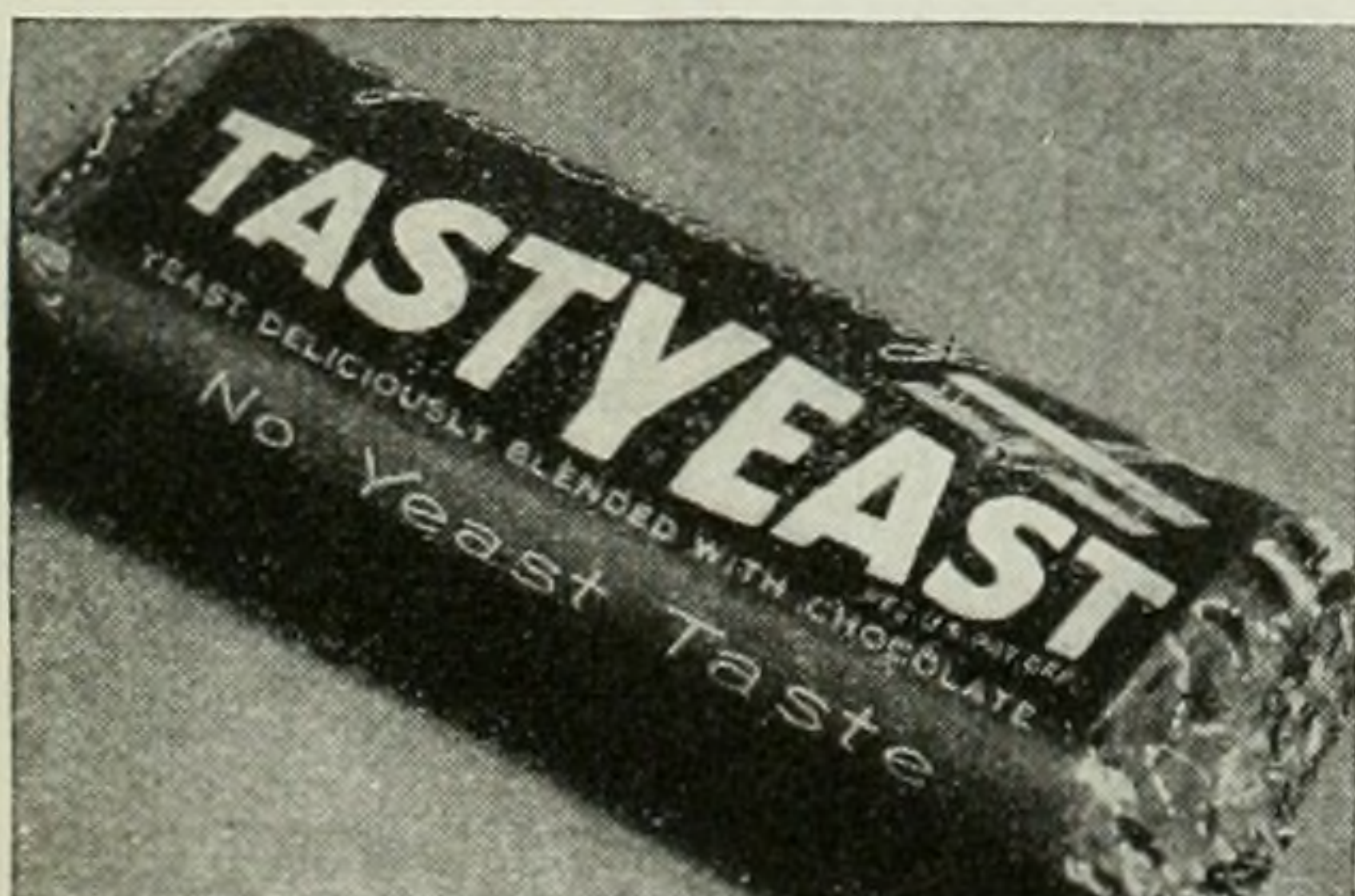
THE makers of Tastyeast offer you an opportunity to get a genuine Wahl Eversharp Pencil—free! All you have to do is clip the coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it in with the wrappers as indicated in the coupon, and the pencil—a regular minimum \$3.00 value, is yours.

This offer (limited to one pencil to a customer) will be held open for only a short while. We want you to try Tastyeast today. We want you to know how good it is. And we gladly give you this expensive pencil as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial.

Doctors prescribe it

You know, of course, that doctors everywhere prescribe yeast as a health food. And you know how thousands have used yeast to fight constipation, skin troubles, indigestion, and general run-down condition.

Many people do not like the taste of yeast, but now you can take it easily and pleasantly. After three years of research, science has found a way to combine



yeast in a chocolate bar. The result is a creamy, delicious chocolate bar called Tastyeast. *The only original chocolate yeast food!* All the wonderful properties of yeast are there. Vitamin B in abundance. Everything but that unpleasant yeasty taste.

Make the 8-day health test

Thousands have already made the 8-day health test and *proved* what Tastyeast can do. You can prove it, too. Get a 24-bar box of Tastyeast. Eat three of these creamy delicious bars every day. Then note the results! Your whole system

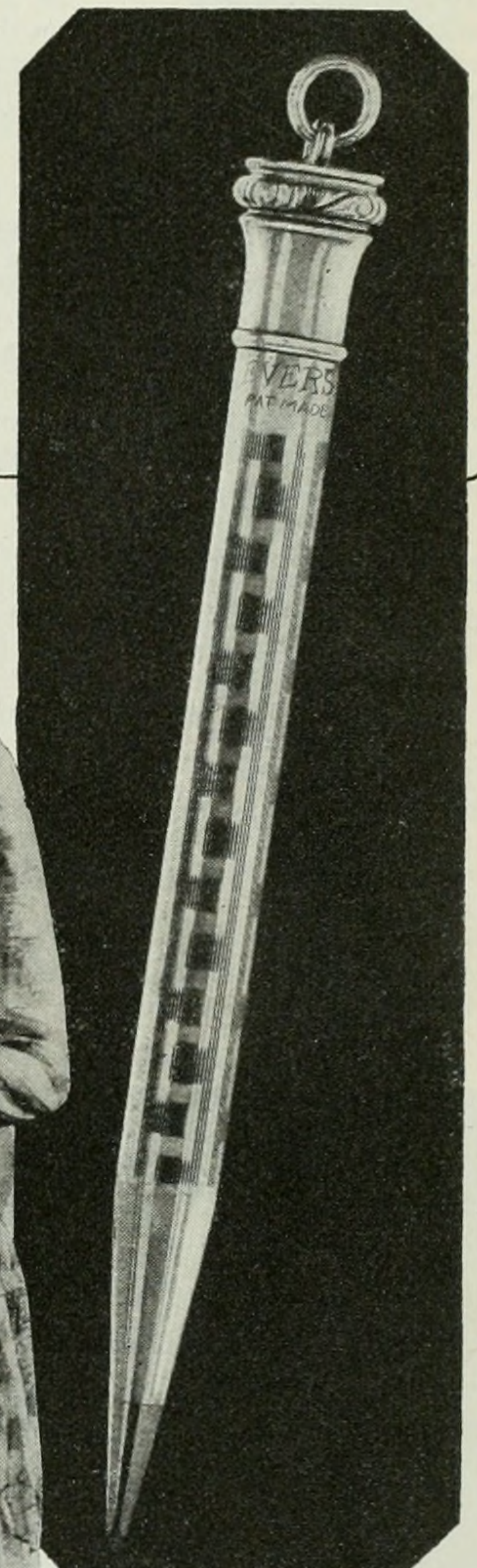


"YOUR PENCIL IS WONDERFUL," writes Mrs. T. F. B. "I never thought it would be so nice. I can hardly believe I got such a gift just for trying your delicious Tastyeast, which did me so much good."

will be toned up. New vigor, new zest will be your reward!

Right now, go to your local store and get a box of Tastyeast. If you cannot get it, send \$1.20 and your dealer's name to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass., for one 24-bar box of

Tastyeast, sent postpaid. Send back the wrappers with your name and address plainly written on the coupon below, and get your \$3.00 Eversharp Pencil, free.



Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.

I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers*. Please send me a genuine \$3.00 Eversharp Pencil free.

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*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Lily was not present, but when the film ended Agnes Ayres, one of the guests, turned to a little blonde on her left and said:

"My dear, I thought you were perfectly lovely!"

Imagine her consternation when the blonde turned out to be not Lily Damita, as she thought, but a reviewer on one of the Hollywood newspapers.

SSOMEONE asked Madge Bellamy the other day why she didn't build her summer home in the new film colony at Malibu Beach instead of Venice, a more commercial though less picturesque shore city.

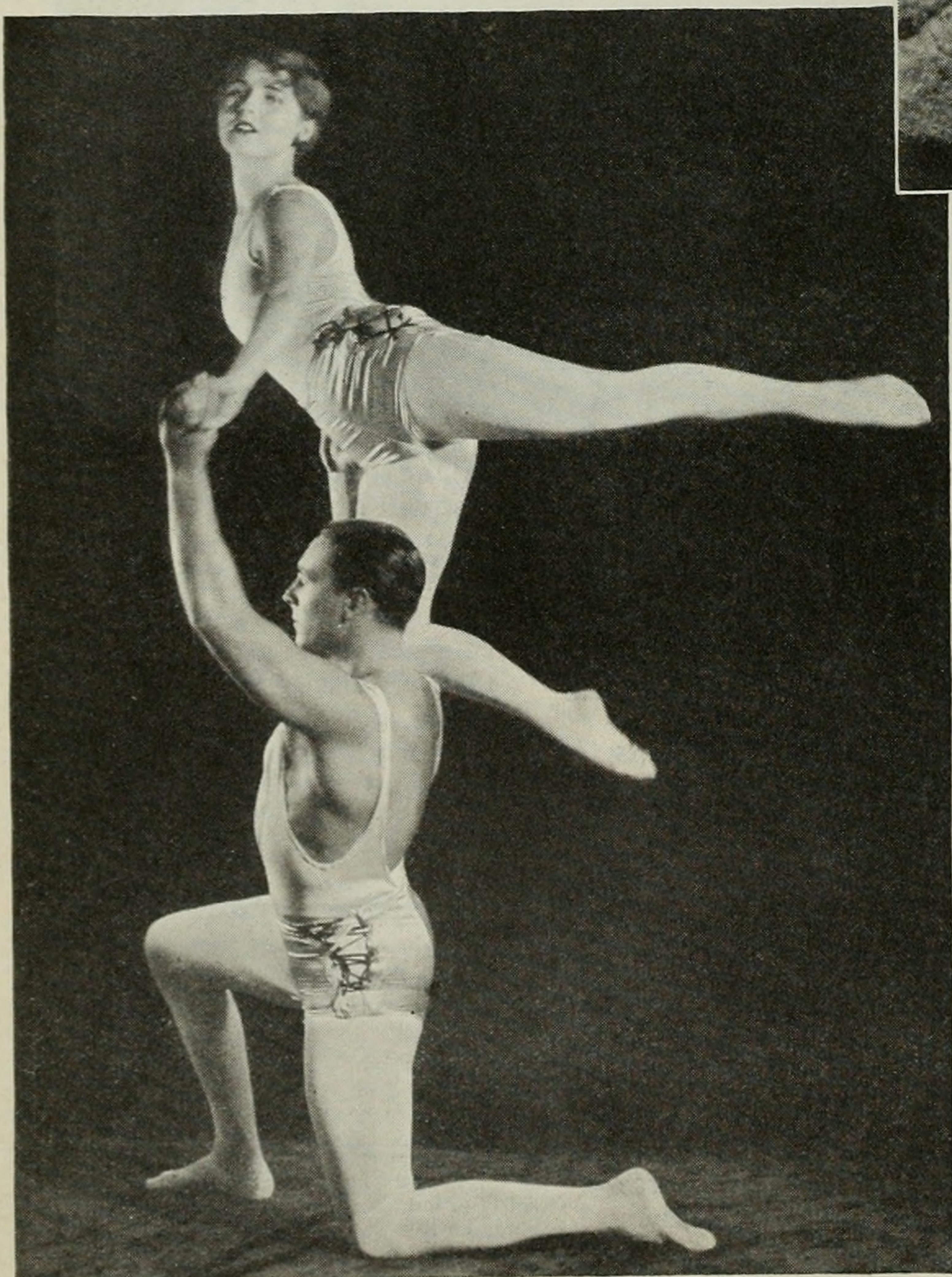
"How silly to build at Malibu," Madge replied. "You can't own land there, you have to lease it. When your lease is up, you have a house and no place to put it. Only an actor would do that!"

MMADGE has just purchased the palatial Maurice Tourneur home, which played so tragic a part in the financial debacle of a once famous director. If Tourneur could have held this property, which crowns a Hollywood hill-top, it might easily have solved his money problems. Its present value is in excess of \$200,000.

Miss Bellamy is now in the throes of furnishing the big house. The other night the andirons she had just purchased melted away in the fireplace.

They were supposed to be solid metal, but it seems they were brazed in the joints and the heat melted the joints apart.

The kind of bathing suit to avoid if you are fat, forty or less good-looking than Lily Damita. The barber pole effect can be worn only on a slim, boyish figure, because who ever saw a fat barber pole? Also the suit is worn with a belt, another fashion than can be adopted only by the slender



BOBBY AGNEW, just returned from a vaudeville tour, was surprised to learn how quickly pictures were being turned out. Even the bigger studios, he discovered, had twenty-one day shooting schedules.

He met a friend on the street who said, "Just had a nice part. Ran six weeks."

"That isn't a part," said Bobby, "it's a career."

AND then there is the appellation given the young actor who loves his ladies and his liquor with equal intensity.

"He's just a big heart and bottle smasher," lisped one film deb.

LOIS MORAN is very fussy about the sort of music that must be played on the set. For those big dramatic scenes she insists that something she has never heard before be played.

Recently, when but half way through a picture the musicians were given their leave and another orchestra hired.

The director called the second orchestra together and said, "Now, boys, try to get along with Lois. You've got to read her mind and have a sixth sense about what sort of music she wants. That's all the help I can give you."

As yet there has been no more trouble.

These movie stars are nothing but a bunch of effete weaklings, as witness this picture of Lois Moran and George O'Brien in a scene from "True Heaven." Lois is a trained ballet dancer and O'Brien is a crack athlete

SUCH are the reverses of screen fortune that George Hackathorne, once a popular juvenile, is now selling radios. The card announcing his new profession, plaintively stated that he was not giving up his career, simply selling radios "between pictures."

[CONT'D ON PAGE 96]

*Why 47 years ago***LISTERINE**

checked

Sore Throat*—and why it still does*

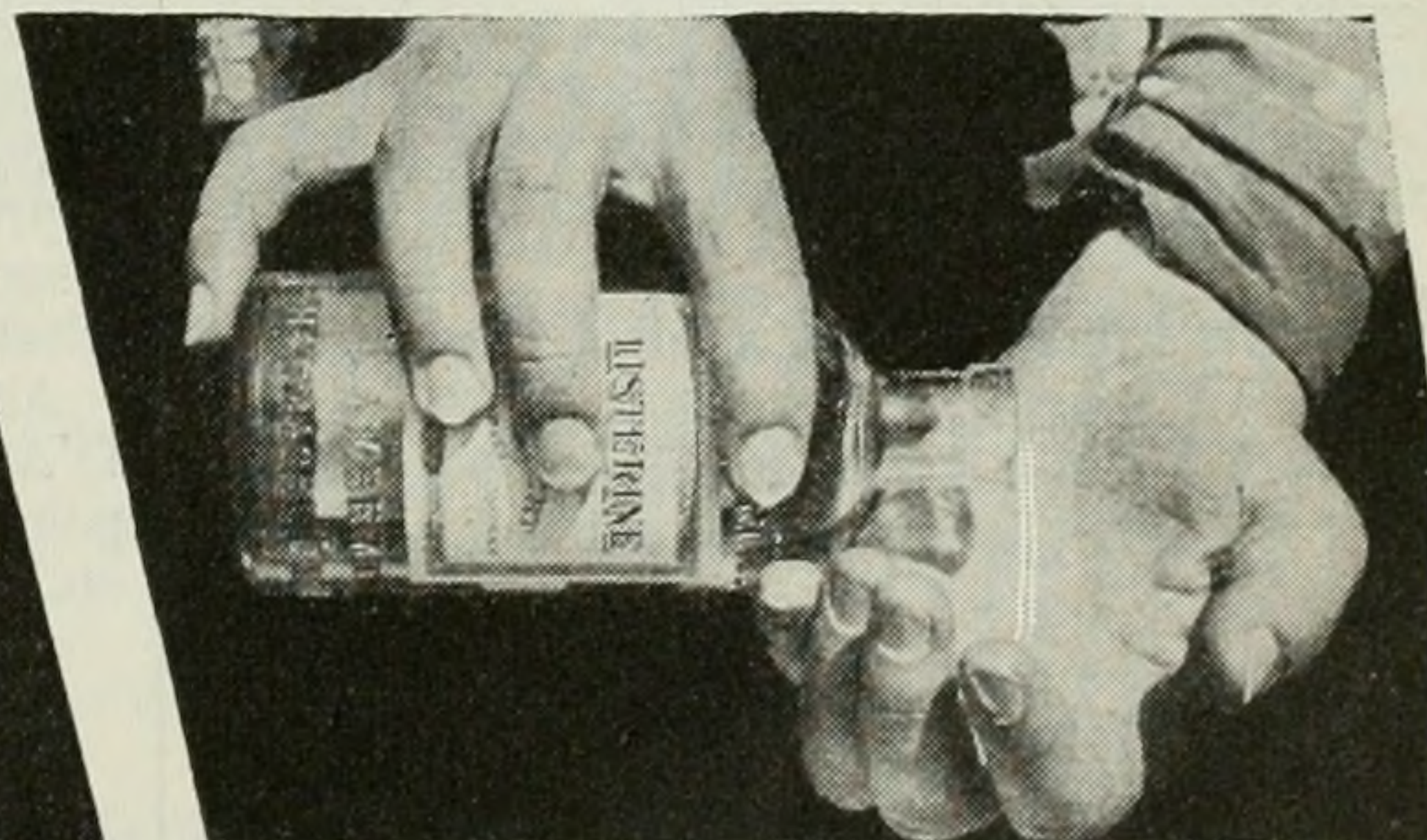
MEN and women of the early 80's no less than those of today, were justified in their faith in Listerine as a first aid in checking sore throat and other simple infections.

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For your own protection, gargle with Listerine full strength night and morning during bad weather—and between times after exposure to crowds, bad air or sudden changes of temperature. By so doing you may spare yourself a painful, costly and even dangerous siege of illness. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is safe in action—healing in effect. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. They are killed before they can enter the body. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember.

“GREAT!”

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



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AGNA CALIENTE is the Mecca of the picture folk over week ends. The women wear blue during the day time and red at night. Dolores Del Rio was stunning in a scarlet costume.

The most startling event that took place was when little Betty Bronson bet on a horse race.

IF there is tragedy in frustration, then a tragic event occurred at the opening of "The Barker" at Carthay Circle Theater.

A once-famous star, now a has-been, arrived early, too early to be spotted by the crowd. Drawing her worn fur coat around her, she waited in the lobby for some time, until a guard announced that everyone must take his seat. The has-been returned to the lobby when the guard's back was turned. Just at that moment the lights went off and nobody saw her.

**The western films that were a wow
Are only so much footage now,
And all those steeds we thought so
nice
Are hauling wagons labelled "Ice."**

RUTH CUMMINGS, wife of Director Irving, says she's a movietone widow, since her husband has been doing all his talking sequences in the quiet of the night.

TWO little Publix dancing girls, the day after their arrival in Los Angeles to make a Paramount Theater appearance, were walking down the street. They passed a fruit vendor's stand.

"Look! There!" one tugged at the other, pointing to an alligator pear, locally called avocado, "that's one of those figs I was telling you about."

AMONTH or so ago PHOTOPLAY recounted the story of the office boy who didn't want an autographed picture of Carmel Myers or any other "moon pitcher" star. Since this appeared, Carmel has been showered with letters reading, "If you've still got that picture that the office boy turned down, please send it on to me."

THE gentler arts still persist, despite the talkies. Tay Garnett, Pathe's smart young director, has turned poet for the nonce. For "Celebrity," the story of a prize-fighter gone learned, he needed a couple of poems. Poems of the tenderer passions that carried a rhyme in every line.

Tay sat down and wrote some cauliflower-eared doggerel that got more than a giggle when the picture was previewed.

When the picture was released he was approached by a literary agent and asked to do a small volume of lop-sided lyrics of the ring. Already thirty or forty have been written.

And then there is Victor Giusti, Roy D'Arcy's brother, who also does things with a pen. He's just finished a series of dry-point etchings and will exhibit them in Hollywood.

TEN poets, after many fannings,
Could hardly find a rhyme for
Jannings.

**A better bard you than I you are, bo,
If you can dig a rhyme for Garbo.**

**Why don't the stars improve our
score**

By taking monikers like Moore?

MARCELLA, the girl in the M.-G.-M. casting office, cupped her chin in her hands and sighed, "No sir, I don't get any fun out of coming to work any more. The place isn't what it used to be.

"Why, I used to know all the extra girls and we used to kid with each other, but the old bunch has gone, since talkies have come in.

They're not using pretty girls, but girls who can dance and sing and they don't need a casting office any more. They get their talent from the vaudeville exchanges."

SIGHS, sneezes and too-sibilant whispers are banned from the talkies. Juliet's romantic sigh from the balcony would sound like the exhaust of a boiler, if carelessly microphoned.

LOOKING over the crop of new "discoveries" at the various studios we are led to believe that producers pick their finds by the blindfold test.

GLADYS McCONNELL must have been born under a fiery sign. The Pathe serial queen spent an entire day being rescued from a burning building for the sake of her art. She came home that night to discover her kitchen in flames. The only difference was that no handsome hero was there to rescue her.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck, who wrote the screen story of "Noah's Ark," went to Mexico to hunt big game, one of Hollywood's wags commented, "He should have done it sooner. Then there would have been louder and funnier animals in the ark."

FOR yearth and yearth I thtarred
in pictureth

**And never notithed any thtrictureth,
But now, with talkieth, what a meth!
They thay I cannot thpeak an eth!**

THE story goes that Ludwig Berger, Paramount's German directorial importation, shot 180,000 feet of film making "The Sins of the Fathers." Also gossip reports that Emil Jannings practically directed the picture. And when the opus was finished, Berger had to borrow money to get back to Germany, the reason being that Uncle Sam nicked him for \$4,200 cash in the form of taxes. Inconvenient, to say the least, seeing as how Herr Berger had been sending his money home as fast as he could make it!

ANYTHING can be put to good use in the movies.

A studio called for Huntly Gordon for a talkie test.

"Sorry," said Huntly, "I've a bad cold and my voice is husky."

"That's great!" said the director. "You play the rôle of a dissipated broker in this picture and you must have a whiskey tenor."

GENERAL CHARLES P. SUMMERALL, known as "Per Schedule Summerall," during his recent stay in Hollywood was a guest at the Pathe studio. It seems that the "Gen." is very shy. It took much persuasion to induce him to pose for pictures with Jeanette Loff, Phyllis Haver and Lina Basquette. He finally was induced, however, but after the pictures were made and the girls had departed, he requested that the negatives be destroyed and no prints issued.

TOM GERAGHTY and Wid Gunning, scenarist and producer at First National Studios, respectively, are both golf sharks.

The other day Tom found a ball stamped with Wid's name in a pile of weeds—one of the hazards of the course. He mailed the ball to Wid with a note:

"Dear Wid: Found this ball in the sixth cup!"

Wid now claims a hole in one.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

of his partner, and a marooned American girl is almost the victim of circumstantial evidence. And the murdered man's brother falling in love with her stresses the drama of the situation. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the innocent girl, Malcolm MacGregor, as the brother, and Wallace MacDonald, the heavy, all play their respective parts with ease.

THE DIPLOMATS—Fox-Movietone

BOBBY CLARK and Paul McCullough, the stage comedians whom Fox is leading as aces from his Movietone comedy deck, are starred in this, playing a couple of phony diplomats in a mythical kingdom story. He seems to be having a struggle getting them good material. This two-reeler, while it packs widely-spaced laughs, is not worthy of the immense talents of Bobby Clark as a giggle-snatcher.

The voices are good, and Cissy Fitzgerald emerges as a promising comedienne for the squawkies.

Giving the Men a Break

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

and flirt? It is all part of her woman-nature, a something she has possessed from birth."

Since I had no grain of wisdom with which to brighten this comment, I lapsed into silence and the abysmal depths of a grapefruit salad.

"I insist that marriage is primarily a woman's game," Madge pursued. "It was invented by the practical Eve, no doubt, to ensnare the romantic Adam.

"Can you, in honesty, imagine a domestic Adam longing to establish a permanent residence under a certain tree in the Garden of Eden, and longing to raise babies? No; neither could John Erskine.

"Can you imagine Eve languishing because she feared Adam did not love her for her soul alone? No; neither can most women. But I can, and so, too, can other women—the romanticists.

"EVERY woman needs a man. It's all a part of her destiny. That's why she's so determined to get one. She wants a man to tell her what to do and what not to do; to guide her, to pamper and fuss over her and to tell her when she's nice, and also when she's not so nice.

"PHOTOPLAY, in a recent number, had an article called 'The Simple Art of Fascinating Men,' by Lucian Cary. It was an exceptionally fine article, and enlightening, but it will be of no use to the innate spinster. Neither can she learn these precepts by experience or intuition, for Mr. Cary expressed it all in his last sentence—'A woman is clever only when she wants, or loves a man, or can pretend to do so.'

"These clever, fascinating, feminine women, from sixteen to seventy, study how to control the little-boy-dreams of their men, how to make them happy by being mothers and pals, and sweethearts to them. While for us poor little girls—the romanticists—no articles are written on how our husbands should know when to be papa and spank us and when to be pals and tell us how good we are, or when to be lovers and tell us they adore the way we squeeze toothpaste on the bathroom floor. Educate husbands for romantic women; clever women will educate husbands for themselves."



"In my wanderings all over the world, I have traveled on various and sundry kinds of railroads, so I speak from experience when I say that the 'Golden State Limited' is a real train."

Victor MacLaglen

(Victor MacLaglen)

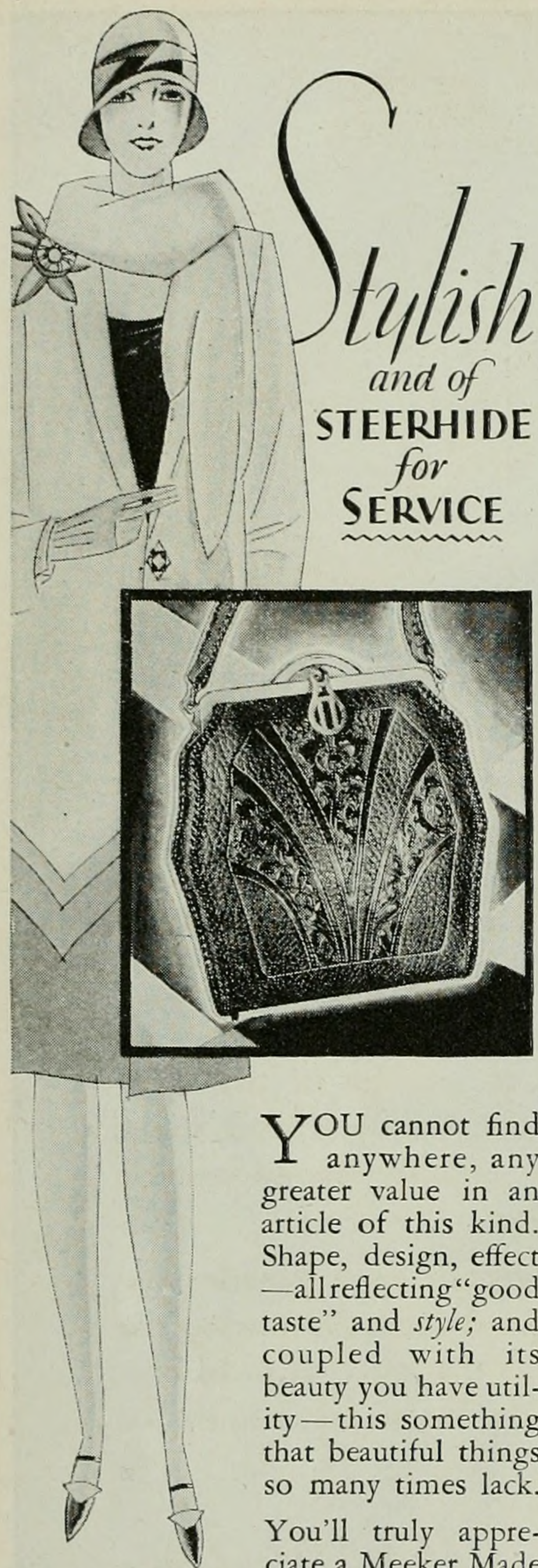
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Something About Myself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

There was nothing to mar the beauty of life on the island. We were happy among ourselves and we dwelt in the realms of the mind. To us came the greatest artists and philosophers and statesmen in Europe. Chaliapin visited us. Lars Hanson often came, with his beautiful wife, Karin Nolander. And there was one minister who was, in reality, the Mussolini of Sweden.

I WOKE up in the morning to find absolute quiet. No clanging of bells, no hurrying of feet, no pounding of motor cars. I walked or read or lay on the ground staring up at the green trees and blue sky in an idyllic haze of beauty.

And then the evenings—all of us together. Dear friends. Dear names. Lorenz, Bergman, Augusta.

Love, the love of man and woman, did not enter in to mar my happiness. We had achieved the highest form of love—friendship—and it was complete and satisfying.

This was the Life Simple. It was the reaction from the gay, wild times in Stockholm. The roistering cinema actor had gone his way along with the sickly boy who tremblingly presented himself before the great actor, Hertel. In their places stood a young idealist, finding his greatest joys in the simple pleasures of a virgin island and the lusty talk of good friends.

There came one day to the island a Russian minister, who spoke in glowing terms of the Soviet government and Augusta, then fifty-four years old, and I decided to go.

Sometimes I wish I had never left the island. The friendly talk still rings in my ears. The trees still play symphonies in my mind. The water still lashes against the shore in my memory. But I am temperamentally unfit to be content with one life for any length of time.

We were given a pass by a Swedish minister to go into Russia, but we did not know that there was a counter order that restrained us from returning. Oblivious of this, we entered the country.

Some day I shall write much of my experiences there. They are gruesome and dramatic at the same moment, and I cannot begin now to tell them all.

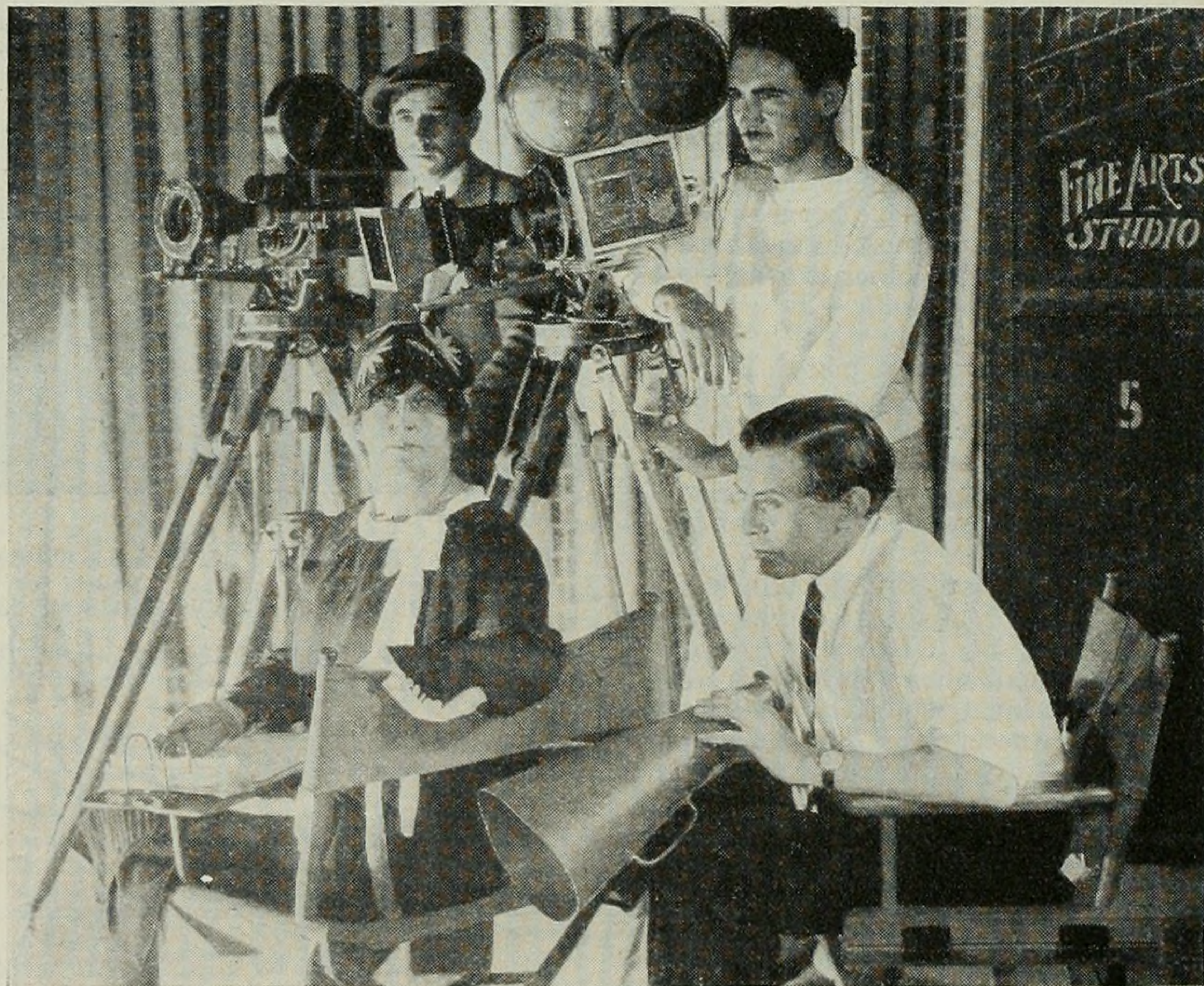
We were held at the border for three days in a tumble-down little hut the windows of which had been pasted over with newspapers so that we could not see out. We endured the hardships of cold and hunger, but I shall never forget how staunchly Augusta bore up under the stress of all this.

At last we proceeded to Petrograd, now Leningrad, where we were made welcome by the president of the city and were given leave to go and come as we would.

I made four pictures in Russia. I did not act; I simply directed and ground the camera on them. Two were dramas and two were lengthy travelogues, like our news reels. These were the first motion pictures to be taken out of Russia.

IN Moscow I met Lenin and Trotsky and found them to be charming men. With some of their political views I did not agree, but they were always gracious and charming and I explained to them that I could not and would not make propaganda pictures. For these four efforts of mine I got no money, only a chest full of medals.

And now I must relate an incident that almost made me a world famous figure. Many assassins had attempted to kill Trotsky. I, in all innocence, almost did the job. He was not well at the time, but he told me one day that he had always enjoyed lobster. I had brought with me several cans of it from



Watch the man behind the megaphone. He is Paul Fejos, latest hero of Hollywood's Poverty Row where celluloid experiments are tried and art sometimes results. He authored and directed "The Last Moment," an extraordinary quickie made in thirty days in a rent-free studio with the entire bankroll of Edward Spitz, a young wise man from the East. Now critics proclaim the picture one of the finest of the year, though not for popular entertainment

Sweden and I offered it to him. He was delighted and ate heartily and immediately afterwards was stricken and was ill in bed, nigh unto death, for several days.

Only Trotsky's friendship for me and his understanding of the circumstances, prevented my arrest.

AND then came the time for us to leave Russia and return to Sweden, but when we announced our intention we discovered that an order restrained us and we were not allowed to pass the border with the films we had made. I also had other choice possessions, some rare and beautiful paintings that I had bought from a soldier.

They once decorated the home of a prince and, of course, he should not have sold them to me, for barter and trade are strictly prohibited in Soviet Russia.

But our escape was necessary. Augusta and I discussed the matter and at last succeeded in getting an airplane. We made a get-away in the night, flying across Finland into Sweden!

Why I should speak of love at this moment, I do not know, except that it amuses me to turn from the coldness and strict regime of the Russian government to mention the affairs of the heart.

I was once married. I met this beautiful Mona Lisa-like creature in Gutenberg, where she was an actress. I saw her again in Stockholm and we were married quietly in Berlin. Before our wedding our engagement was made and broken seven times. We did not stay married long. The failure was entirely my fault. I am a bad character, I am afraid.

It was stupid, small things that separated us. One can meet the big things in one's life, the smaller things we could not face. I could not bear the little, nagging, petty details of marriage, nor could she. We were both young, both temperamental. Our marriage ended in the same fashion and for the same reason that so many of the marriages of the people who call themselves artists end.

I was impatient. I was violent. I went from one wild extreme to another.

THERE have been many women in my life but only in one did I find everything. And when I found her at last, the woman with whom I am still in love and of whom I will speak at length later on, Vivian Duncan of the Duncan sisters, outside influences kept us apart.

I still seek the perfect woman and the perfect circumstance for happiness but I'm afraid that it is a fruitless search. I expect too much. Intelligence, comradeship, understanding. Beauty does not matter.

I was engaged six times in Sweden, once in Berlin, once in London and I still know nothing of women. They are the eternal mystery to me as they are to every man. Yet I seek the key that will solve the riddle.

In Stockholm there was a brilliant and charming woman to whom I was engaged, Countess Clinowstrom, an artist who painted the story of our love. The pictures hang in the National Academy of Sweden. She was strange and eccentric and vital. Just for a whim she rode a horse from Stockholm to Paris.

There was the daughter of the Roumanian minister in London, there was an actress and a writer and others . . . others . . .

No man's life is complete without women, yet they bring unhappiness and disorder. They leave hurt as they bring joy. The wise man is the one who can live without them, but where is he to be found?

And I, being no different from other men have found women, many women, who have colored the pattern of my life. Some I have remembered, others I have forgotten. They are a part, yet not a part of a man's existence, for, strangely enough, when I think of my life's pattern women come under a general classification and do not seem to have sped through the years with me. They are rather outside



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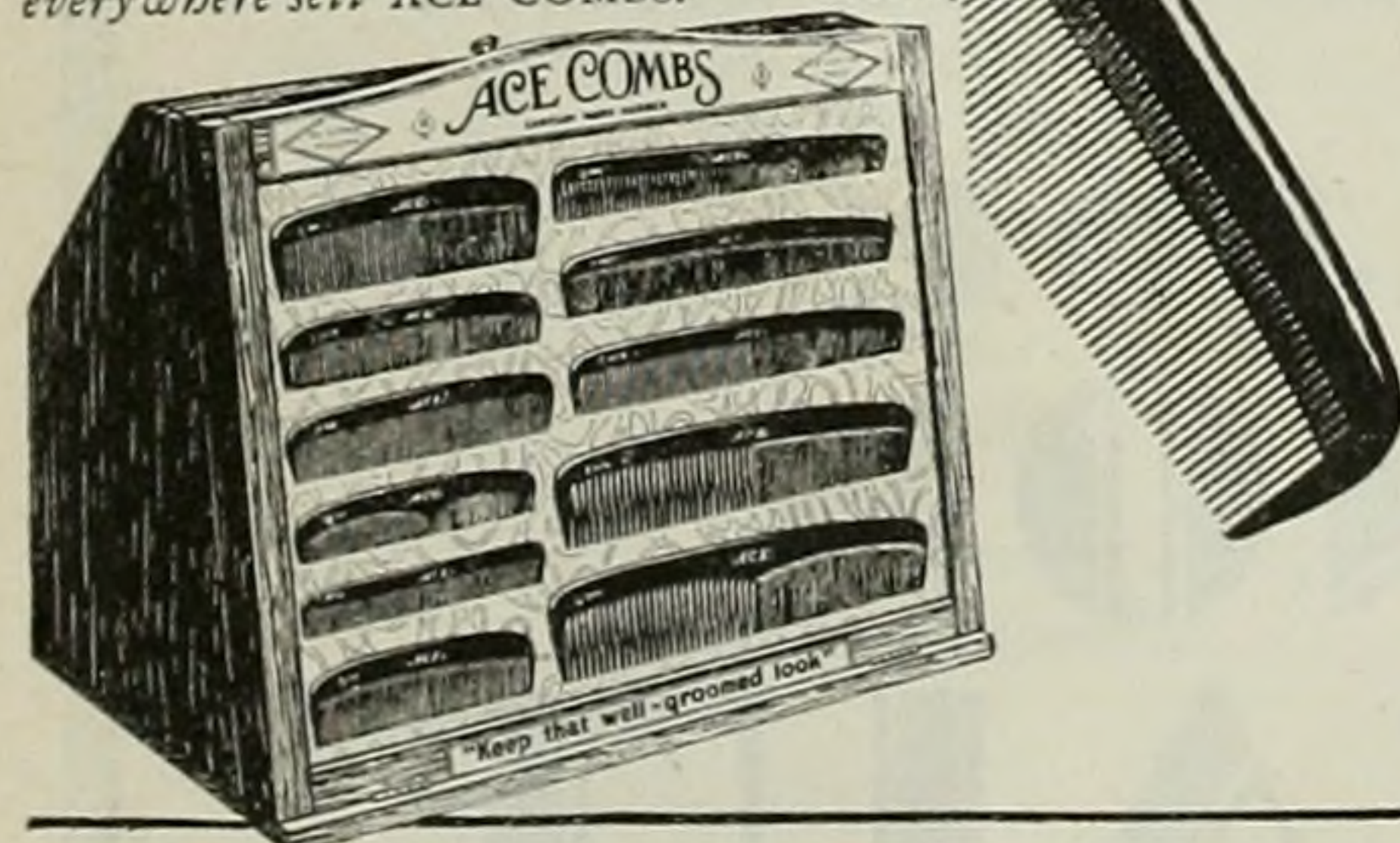
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the events that have taken place and assume a niche of their own, labeled "Women."

We came back from Russia and I was made a member of the Royal Theater at Stockholm. Much has been written of this theater, which is supported by the king and which carries with it great honor. It was at the academy attached to the theater that Greta Garbo was taught. I met her then. Lars Hanson was also a member of the Royal Theater. One worked for a small salary, but one had great honor; however, I found that I was being put off from month to month and my repertoire was not being given. I was the youngest member of the theater and other actors were ahead of me with plays to be done.

Of course, I was a guest at the palace. I knew the greatest people in Sweden and my card bore the seal of the Royal Theater, but honor meant nothing to me. I wanted to work. I wanted to do the plays that I had planned to do. Each time I talked to those in authority I was told, "Wait a little longer. Your turn will surely come. You are so young. You have plenty of time."

But because I was young I was impatient and I left the theater and went to Berlin to act in pictures again. I made several dramatic pictures that were more or less successful, and then I became tired and bored and I decided to leave the continent to rest.

ONE day as I was going into my hotel, a man stopped me and asked if I were free to do a picture. I told him that I was free of contract but that I was bored and unhappy and wanted to leave. He insisted that I read a story he had, a comedy.

I scoffed at comedy. I was a great dramatic actor and would have none of it, so I put my price for my services at such a ridiculously high figure that I knew he would not take me.

The salary that I demanded staggered him, but he begged me to read the story nevertheless. I glanced at the thing, did not care for it and decided to leave Berlin at once. But the producer called me again and said that he would give me this appalling sum if I would make the picture.

I was surprised but the picture did not interest me, so I set my price up. A few days later he told me that they would pay me the money, and I felt that I could not afford to turn it down.

I did the part, was bored with it and wanted to leave immediately afterwards, but again the producers insisted. This time it was that I stay to the opening night and sit in a large box.

I detest such gestures but was persuaded. I went into the theater after it had been darkened.

When the film flashed on the screen the audience howled with laughter and I thought that they were mirthful at my very bad work. I hoped that I might be able to leave the theater unrecognized.

While the picture was in progress the director kept patting me on the shoulder. I thought that it was a gesture such as one would make to a child; "there, there, don't mind, you did your best" attitude.

THE picture ended before I could escape and the entire house rose and looked at our box, applauding and cheering. I was dragged upon the stage and they gave me a veritable ovation. I realized then that they had liked my work in this silly comedy which I had done half heartedly, simply because I could not refuse so much money.

I was almost mobbed when I left the theater and following my car there were two others completely filled with flowers!

It was that picture that was seen by American producers who shortly afterwards deluged me with contracts!

I went to London to make a picture with Lily Damita and was there besieged with contracts. I was interested in coming to America and signed with Paramount. A few days later came an offer from United Artists. I explained that I was already signed and they

bought the first contract. Other studios offered me contracts, as well.

There was much talk in the papers when I arrived in America because Imogene Wilson (Mary Nolan) was on the same boat with me. They said that I was brought here by her. We had played in a picture together in Berlin but I did not know that we were on the same boat until after we had set sail.

My first months in America were beautiful because I then met Vivian Duncan. Charming, intelligent, sprightly Vivian. I loved her devotedly. I love her now but...

Our names were linked together for the sake of publicity and that cheapened our love in my eyes. What right had the papers to mention our names together?

She was a social little creature who knew many people and who loved to be amusing. I have very few friends; I want no more. People, just collections of people, bore me.

ONE day Vivian said to me, "We will go to So-and-So's house for supper."

"But I do not know him," I protested, "and he does not know me."

"It does not matter," she answered. "That's all right in Hollywood."

We went to the house. I saw hundreds of people whom I did not know. I could not even find our host. I discovered later that he had been in earlier in the evening and had left. I did not meet the man to whom I was indebted for hospitality!

I find that this is a common occurrence in Hollywood. If that be so, I will have none of it! People accept homes as they would a roadhouse. A home is simply a place to go. "We will drop in on So-and-So."

I have determined that I shall not have mere acquaintances who drop in on me in my home, just to have a place to go. With this in mind, I have found a house high on a hill, in an inaccessible spot. If the great horde of Hollywood pleasure seekers ever find it, then I shall move to a more inaccessible place.

Vivian could not understand this in me, no more than I could understand what quality in her made her find happiness in hundreds of people who meant nothing to her. We were completely happy when we were alone or with a very few friends, but when others entered our lives there was misery.

So the engagement was broken, yet I still cherish her in my heart.

After I had been here for several months, had played in "Topsy and Eva," "Sorrell and Son" and a few others, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought one year of my five-year contract with United Artists.

And now I come to a difficult part in this story. I fear that if I speak the truth I will be accused of posing. I do not want to be a star in America, although I am not unappreciative of what America has done for me. Perhaps I shall be persuaded just as I was to play the comedy in Berlin.

I want to do character parts, to put on a beard, if necessary, and line my face. As a star I would never be allowed to do that. No, I must be romantic. I must receive fan letters.

If a leading man had the right to pick his own stories and his own director then there would be self-satisfaction.

I AM unhappy, but I fear that I will always be. I have never been pleased with life. Only upon rare occasions are there moments of joy and these are times usually completely outside of me.

It is best not to seek happiness, but simply to avoid unhappiness. The eternal question "Why?" is still uppermost in my mind.

Why have I lived? Why am I of the cinema? Why have I loved? Why am I here?

I find no answer to these questions yet I continue to seek—like a fool—a woman who would satisfy me completely; work that would mean something brave and daring; friends like those I have had in Europe—and after I have sought in vain I will find myself an old man still asking the eternal question, "Why?"

Diet for Health and Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

with. Cut out the table at the end of this article and stick it on a piece of cardboard for handy reference in calculating your daily bodily needs for fuel.

I am often amused watching women, particularly, eating in Hollywood restaurants, as they select their daily pickings. The flappers and would-be flappers refuse milk and white bread "because they are so fattening," but they will eat candy, use sugar in their coffee, eat salted nuts and oil dressings in blissful ignorance and with utter abandon.

WE need fuel on the basis of our daily energy demands. Jack Dempsey in training for the ring would starve on the bill of fare necessary to satisfy one of Singer's midgets. But how many debutantes daily devour enough to keep several Dempseys alive?

The body needs fuel not only for its muscular activity, for the maintenance of the body warmth and the continuance of growth, but also fuel reserves to keep its machinery running while we are asleep, because it, like the well-known pill, works while we sleep.

Energy is needed for the unwilled functions of the individual, the body's internal activities which must be kept going night and day. A young person needs more energy than an old one. A spare individual needs more in energy for internal activities than the stylish stout of the same height and age.

The ductless glands of the body, about which we have all heard so much, affect one's energy capacities. A person whose thyroid is active uses more than one whose thyroid function is decreased.

In order to illustrate the difference between the work and overhead fuel needs of the body, let us consider the case of two men of the same age, height and weight, one a locomotive fireman and the other an editor. Their fuel overhead needs are practically the same, but the fireman is doing many times more muscular work than the editor. In order to supply the tremendous demand for energy the fuel needs of the fireman will be two or three times that of his white collar friend.

Each needs less than 1800 calories for fuel overhead. The locomotive fireman may need as much as 8000 calories a day because of his heavy labors, while the editor may not need but 1000 to 1500 to cover the small amount of his muscular work.

MUSCULAR work demands energy to burn, but mental work only slightly increases the body's energy expenditures. If the fireman did not stoke up his own furnace with enough energy to supply his muscles for his daily toil he would be forced to tear down his tissues and fat reserves. If he takes on more food than he can burn the unused part of the body will thriftily store it as fat. This is an important point. Young people should always have a reserve of fat for use in combating sudden expenditures of energy for the resistance of acute infection to which the young are particularly disposed. This is the important thing the banting young women overlook.

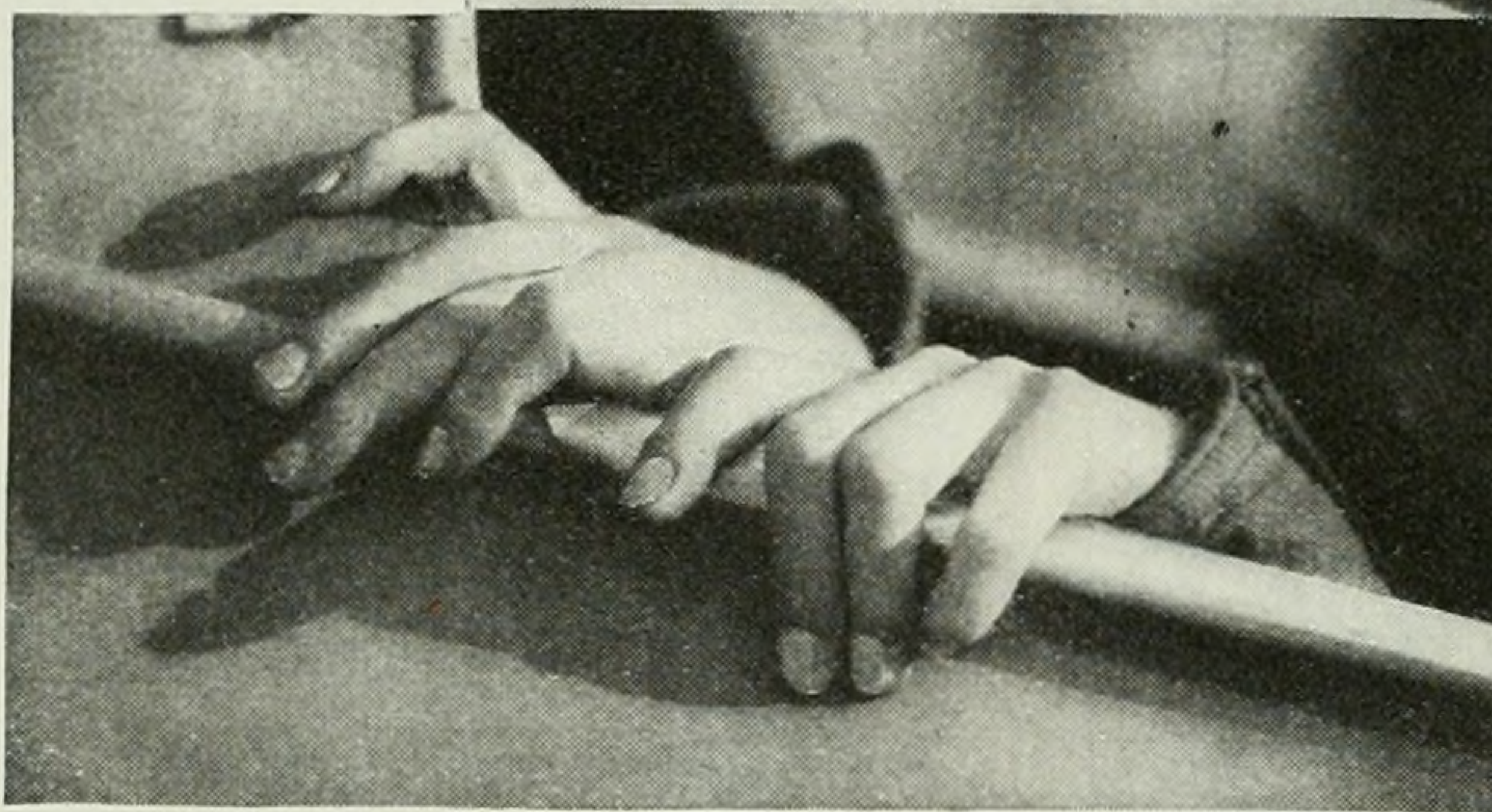
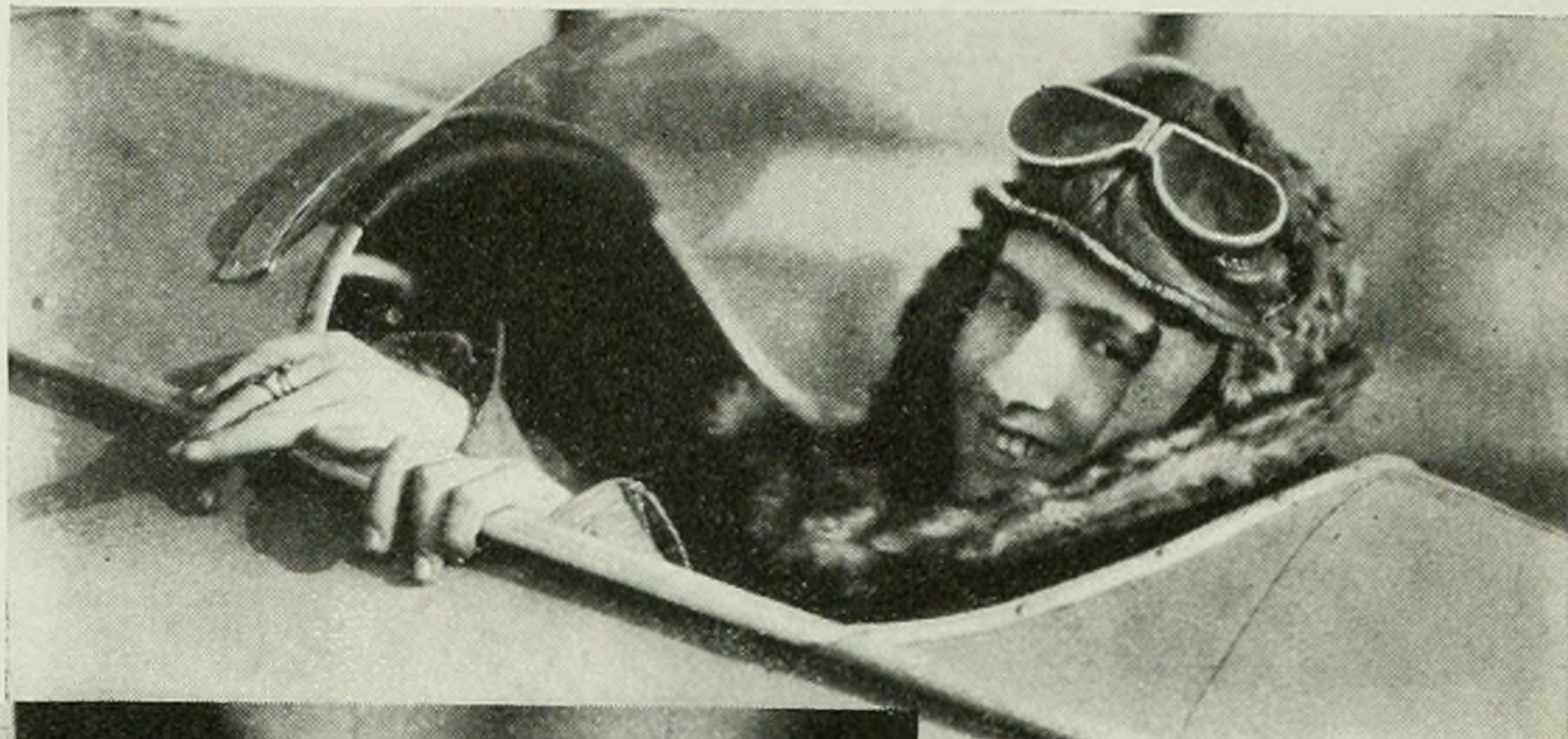
Under-weight is a real danger. It is like having too small a balance at the bank. Overdraw at the bank and the cashier informs you at once of your error. Overdraw on your energy reserves of fat and your body will do likewise.

In short, the answer to our fuel needs is simply this, if we eat too much we grow fat. If we eat too little we grow thin. If we eat the correct amount of the right things in the right balance our weight remains constant, and there is a normal weight for every age and height.

To assist in making a rough estimate of the

"Flatters with its dashing gleam . . ."

says **LADY HEATH**
England's Foremost Woman Aviator



Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring. She has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

Lady Heath, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Havilland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find it difficult to care for her hands.

And Lady Heath said to us, "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Really I'm quite devoted to that new Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing

gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

Do these three things

First—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, soften and shape the cuticle.

Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

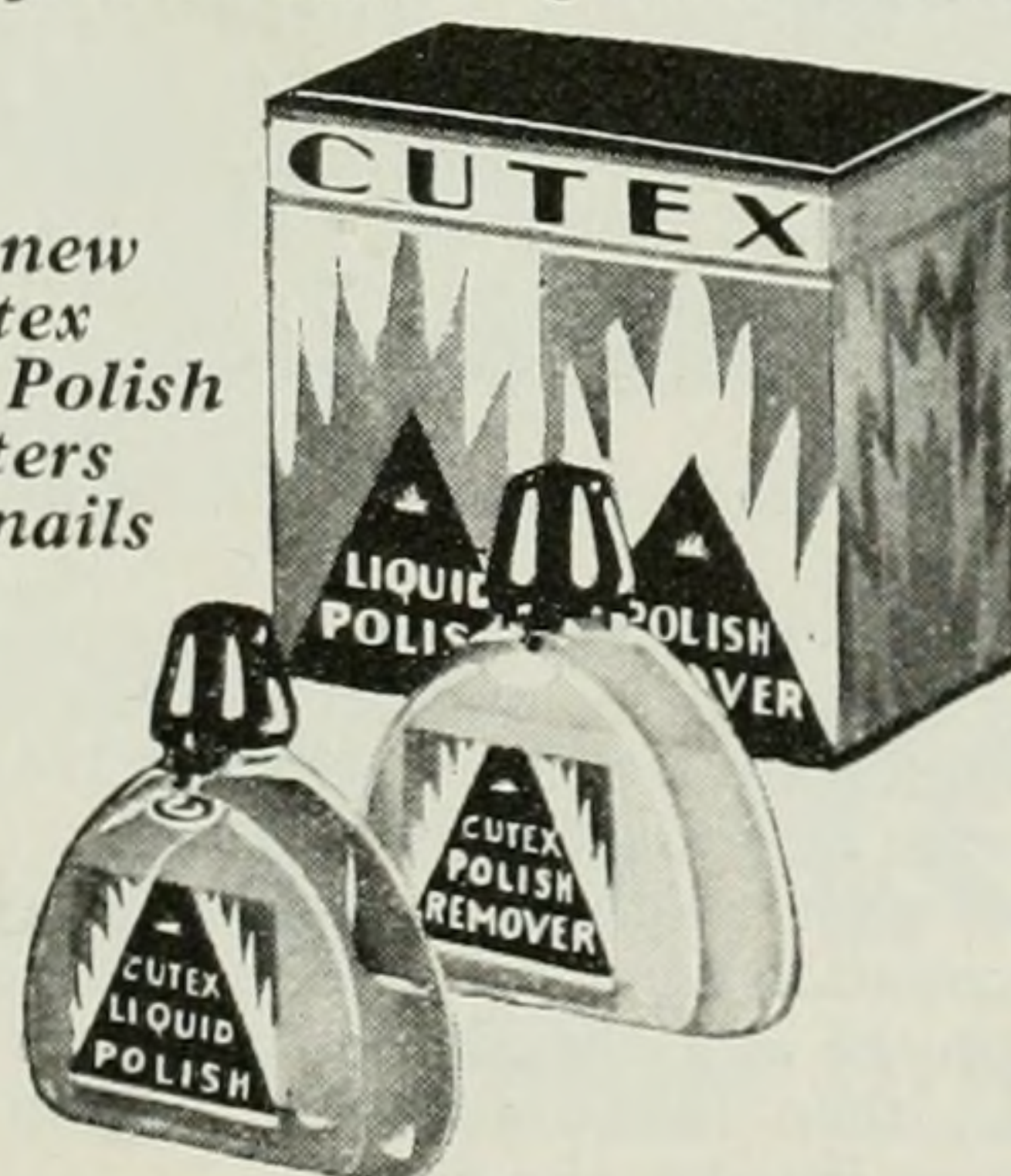
Special Introductory Offer—12¢



I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9 Q 3
114 West 17th Street, New York.

The new
Cutex
Liquid Polish
flatters
your nails



requisite calories for the daily needs the following table, which will prove valuable in checking

the estimated fuel needs for persons desiring to reduce or to gain weight, is given:

GUARD YOUR THROAT

KEEP IT FREE FROM IRRITATION

Rub in **Absorbine Jr.**

A GARGLE of one part Absorbine, Jr. to nine parts of water brings quick relief. A few drops rubbed on the outside tends to break up congestion. Dampness, dust, exposure and smoking are sources of trouble—guard your throat. A diluted solution of Absorbine, Jr. also sweetens the breath and refreshes the mouth. Use it as a mouth wash—preferably daily—particularly when you know you need it.

At All Druggists, \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle.
W. F. YOUNG, INC.
Springfield, Mass.

CALORIE TABLE

Foods Rich in Starch

100 Calorie Portions

Potatoes (raw)	1 medium size
Tapioca (raw)	2 1/2 tablespoons
Rice (cooked)	2/3 cup
Cornstarch (raw)	4 tablespoons

Foods Rich in Sugar

Sugar	2 tablespoons
Honey	1 1/2 tablespoons
Apples (raw)	1 large
Dates	4

Foods Rich in Protein

Meat (lean)	Slice 4"x3"x1 1/2"
Egg white	6 whites
Fish	Portion 3"x2 1/4"x1"
Cottage cheese	1/2 cup

Foods Rich in Fat

Bacon (cooked)	2 thin strips
Cream, thick	1 3/4 tablespoons
Cream, thin	3 tablespoons
Butter	1 tablespoon
Vegetable oil	1 tablespoon

Foods Rich in Protein and Starch

Oatmeal (cooked)	3/4 cup
Macaroni (cooked)	3/4 cup
Beans (baked)	1/2 cup
Bread	Slice 3"x3 1/2"x5/8"

Foods Rich in Protein and Sugar

Milk (whole)	5/8 cup
Milk (skim)	1 1/8 cup

Foods Rich in Protein and Fat

Beefsteak, medium fat	Slice 1 3/4"x1 1/2"x3/4"
Egg (whole)	1 1/3 eggs
Egg yolk	1 2/3 yolks
Cheese, American	1 1" cube
Milk, whole	5/8 cup
Almonds	12 to 15 meats.

Foods Low in Any Fuel Substance

Lettuce (edible portion)	1 1/2 solid heads
Cabbage (shredded)	5 cups
Spinach (cooked)	2 1/2 cups
Tomatoes (canned)	1 3/4 cups

In order to know how much you should eat to insure good health, prepare your diet in accordance with the accompanying tables. Select your occupation from the table which most nearly approximates your weight and compute the number of calories your calling requires. For instance, if you are a typist and weigh 125 lbs., you will require 105 calories per hour to perform your work most efficiently. And if you type eight hours a day, you will need 840 calories. Having established that fact, then choose your diet from the calorie table, making the selection for each meal that best pleases your taste and at the same time supplies a sensible variety. Bear in mind that your heaviest meal should come in the middle of the day.

The calorie table is arranged in 100-calorie portions.

The following tables are compiled to show the approximate number of calories per hour required by a person weighing 125 lbs. and a person weighing 155 lbs.

If your weight is near 125 lbs. choose your occupation from the figures listed at the left; if on the other hand your weight is nearer 155 lbs., then select your occupation from the figures listed at the right.

	125 lbs.	155 lbs.
Sleeping	50	65
Awake, lying still	60	75
Sitting at rest	80	100
Writing	85	105
Standing	85	105
Reading aloud	85	105
Sewing, handwork	90	110
Standing at attention	95	115
Knitting	95	115
Dressing and undressing	100	120
Singing	100	120
Typewriting	105	125
Tailoring	115	135
Light ironing	120	145
Dishwashing	120	145
Machine sewing	125	150
Bookbinding	130	160
Sweeping bare floor	135	170
Light exercise	135	170
Light housework	145	180
Shoemaking	150	190
Walking slowly	160	200
Moderate housework	180	225
Carpentry or painting	190	240
Mail carrier	200	250
Heavy housework	200	250
Heavy carpentry	220	270
Walking fast	240	300
Stone working	320	400
Farmer	320	400
Sawing	380	475
Running	455	570

There will be another article on diet in the April Photoplay.

Not Guilty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

ing a crook, a down-at-the-heel, dirty bum, and he had to appear in a close-up—just a head close-up, mind you—he would see to it that his nails were grimy and unpolished, that his heels were run over and his shoes soiled. And none of these things would appear in the picture. It is Bill's honesty with himself, his desire to portray perfectly whatever he sets out to play, that prompts him to be so meticulous in his characterizations.

"I REMEMBER the first picture we made together. It was 'The Bright Shawl.' We went to Cuba to make it and Bill and I formed a friendship that we enjoy to this day. I was the hero, a rather dub part, and Bill was the bold, bad villain who showed me up for fair. It was a great part and he played it splendidly. It was then, I believe, that critics first called him a picture stealer. Bill took no thought of it, I know, except in the lightest manner.

"The morning after the picture opened on Broadway, I called him from the 125th Street Ferry House—I was on my way to the studio. 'Hello, Bill?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'This is Dick. Bill, you blankity-blank! You stole my picture, do you know it?'

"The reply came instantly back: 'Certainly. I expected to. Good-bye.' And he hung up. But that was spoken in the greatest levity.

"Picture stealer or not I like to work with Bill. It's like playing a fast game of tennis with an expert, or playing bridge with a person who knows cards. It is stimulating. It keeps you on your toes. It makes you do your best. When Bill was a free-lance, I tried to get him for each of my pictures. We did play together again in 'The Beautiful City' and again I enjoyed that vigorous contact."

Jannings, the great German actor, speaks fondly, earnestly, of Bill.

"I was seated at a desk in one scene of 'The Last Command' when I first met Bill Powell." Jannings sat silent, reconstructing the scene. "This man came through the door. It was Bill. He was a radical in the picture. I was of the nobility. Instantly I felt 'here is a man with a soul.' It shone from his eyes. He walked toward me and I felt that he was a brother actor. He is a kindred spirit. The first kindred spirit with which I have worked since coming to America.

"It is something from the Lord, that which Bill has. A gift of God. But in addition to this divine gift, Bill is human. That is the combination which makes him a great actor. He is also of the earth. You do not see his face, his eyes, as much as you are aware of his soul when you watch him on the screen. They have made of him a villain. And he has the soul of a hero. It is too bad. But it is so.

"In a year, I think Bill Powell will be the foremost character actor on the screen. Picture stealer he may be, but it is all unconscious. He feels his parts because he wants to make them live. That is the way with all great actors. And Bill is one."

BILL has worked in two pictures with Bebe Daniels, "Senorita" and "Feel My Pulse." In both he has received glowing notices.

"And I'd have him in every one I made, if I could," says Bebe. "He lends so much to a production. Finesse and dignity and acting power. And if he does steal the picture, I'm glad. Honestly. I want it to be a good picture, no matter who steals it.

"But I know Bill doesn't go in laden to the hilt with superior tricks with which to filch the honors. Like any sane, thinking actor he enters each picture with the thought of doing his consistent best. It's the only wise way to build up a career."

And despite this overwhelming evidence, Bill, the culprit, insists that he is not guilty. The court rests.

"I am strong for Luckies."

John Gilbert

John Gilbert
Celebrated Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer Screen Star

"Motion picture actors are under a great strain—they need the comforting qualities of a good cigarette. That is why most of us smoke Lucky Strike. The marvelous toasted flavor of Luckies brings complete enjoyment and relaxation but does not hurt the throat or wind. I am strong for Luckies—they are the 'stars' of the cigarette picture. I would rather have a Lucky after a meal than rich pastries or desserts."

JOHN GILBERT

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: It's good to smoke Luckies."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."



Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

RUTH ST. DENIS

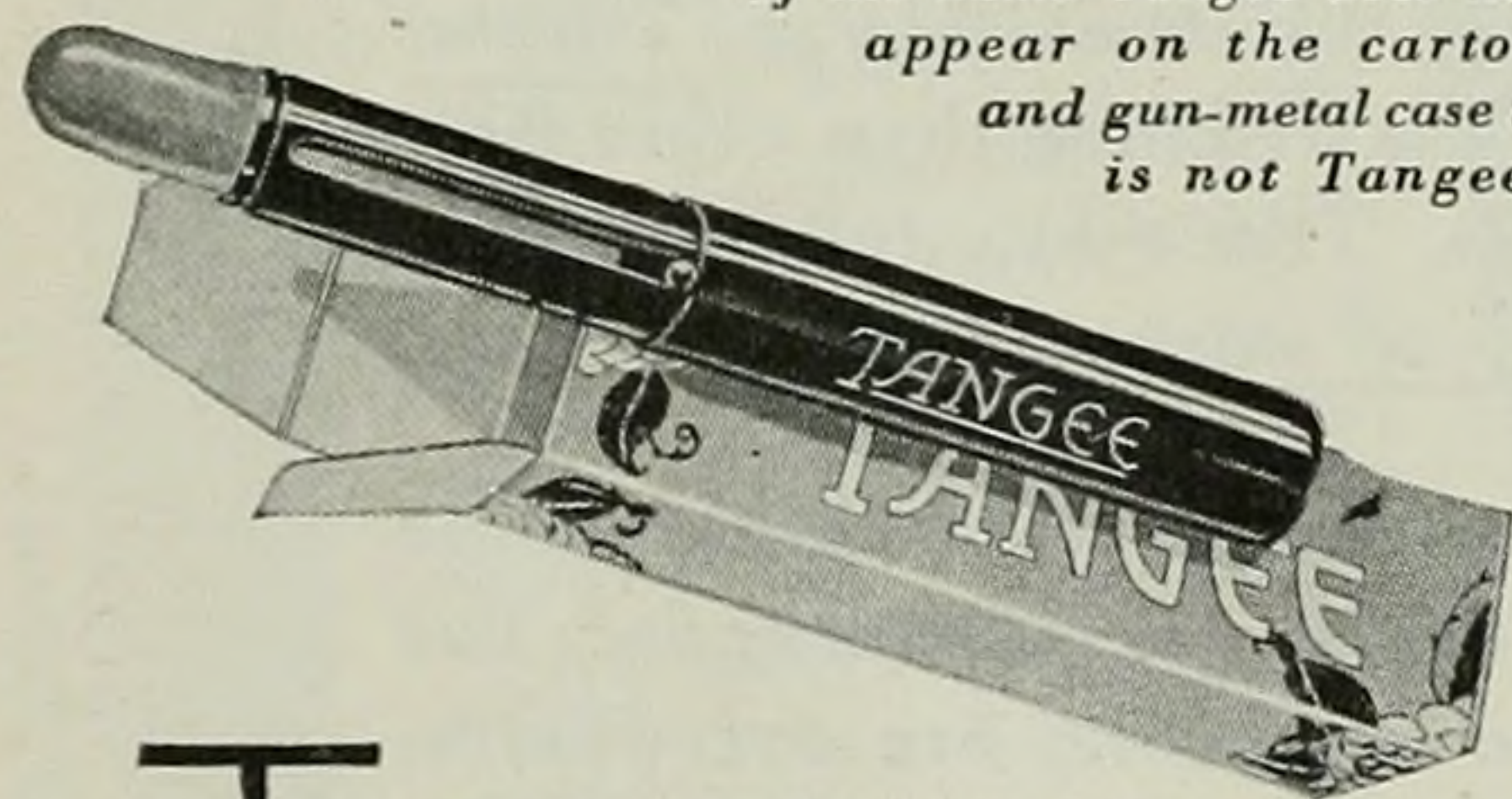
discusses
off-stage make-up



"YOUR make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crème Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25¢ higher in Canada.

If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gun-metal case it is not Tangee.



TANGEE



Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P. P. 3, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

What Are Your Correct Colors?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

but will usually reflect their color onto the skin, causing it to appear sallow and unhealthy. Yellow-green, similar to the actual color of the hair, makes it look more drab, at the same time making the skin appear a displeasing unhealthy color.

WHILE all colors chosen by the pale blond should be softened, partially neutralized, totally neutral colors, grays or tans and beiges of nearly neutral tones, are usually extremely difficult for the drab blond to wear. A gray, especially a definitely bluish gray, or one with decided rosy caste, may sometimes be worn if accented with a touch of more active cool color, blue, blue-green, green or sometimes with softened warm color, as violet or the rose shades of red. Tans, being neutralized yellows and oranges closely akin to the color of the hair and skin, are usually extremely unbecoming, probably the most unbecoming colors the drab blond can wear. But how frequently she chooses them!

Colorful vivid blonds, those with bright yellow hair, a more definite red (also faintly red-violet) in cheeks and lips, deeper more pronounced coloring in her blue or green eyes, may be permitted more freedom in her choice of costume colors. There is less danger of her submerging her personality with hues more forceful than those of her own coloring or of appearing drab and uninteresting when neutral colors are worn.

The vivid blond, however, does well to remember that her personal coloring derives its chief charm from its delicacy. While much stronger, more forceful than that of the drab blond, her coloring is not so definite that it will not suffer by contrast with extremely vivid colors, especially with warm vivid colors. On the other hand it appears to marked advantage in contrast with black or other dark colors which emphasize both the fairness of the skin, its clear flesh tints and the yellow gold of the hair. While the sallow blond looks dull and

lifeless when wearing black, which tends to absorb her personal coloring, the vivid color of the colorful blond appears more brilliant by comparison with dark and somber surfaces.

The colorful blond also appears to best advantage in cool colors, but she may wear somewhat more forceful colors than those permissible for the drab blond. Extremely vivid colors, cool as well as warm, should however be avoided, they may force displeasing colors in the skin and make the eyes appear faded by contrast with their own more powerful color. Blues, blue-greens, greens and violets are the colors most becoming to the colorful blond. She may, if her skin is good, wear yellow-green, which makes truly yellow hair appear more yellow by contrast. A few, rare blonds wear dull yellows successfully, but usually in attempting to match their hair they lessen its effectiveness. Orange is unbecoming. Soft rose and red shades are frequently becoming. Dark wine red is excellent, even brighter reds may be wearable, less likely to overpower the personality of the vivid than of the drab blond, but never as becoming as less vivid and cooler colors.

NEUTRAL and almost neutral colors are not as difficult for the vivid blond as for her paler sister. Gray, especially those tones which are not too light, which are darker than the skin and hair of the wearer, may be effective on the colorful blond, especially when used with contrasts of color. Tans and beiges, while more effective on the vivid blond than on the drab blond, are usually a mistake on either. When worn, they should be of the decided rosy caste rather than of the yellow beige range.

If you have red hair, watch for the color chart for red-haired girls on the April cover of PHOTOPLAY. Miss Hempstead's article will be devoted to an analysis of the coloring of the auburn-haired type.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

\$5.00 Letter

New Orleans, La.

I wonder how many women have acquired self-control, poise and charm from the movies? Ten years ago, I saw my first movie. I was a gawky, overgrown country girl with a wild desire to learn how to act. Today, when in doubt about anything from my personal appearance to rearing my babies, I pick my movie and acquire knowledge.

Several years ago it was not an uncommon thing to see a nice-looking country girl get married and then fade into the background, as though she had achieved life's one ambition—a husband. Today, marriage is where life begins, and I think the movies are responsible for the change in attitude.

After all, aren't the most fashionable bobs and clothes associated with some famous star's name? And why not go to the movies for your tips about clothes? To women, these things are getting more important every day.

Here's hoping the theater will always be a school room, with the picture the subject and the star the teacher.

MRS. W. F. DICKS.

Printed—With Blushes

Chicago, Ill.

Apropos of your courageous editorial in the

January issue on the movement to censor magazine articles, it brings home very forcibly the strides that magazines have taken in the past few years. They have developed not only into splendid entertainment, but they are potent moulders of thought, action and customs.

As a fairly intelligent "fan," I admire the stand you have taken and I am quite sure that there are many others who feel as I do. Motion picture magazines are more than mere chroniclers of gossip. They have developed with the development of pictures. Perhaps, in some cases, they have helped the development, and they ought to be free agents to point out, editorially, what they consider bad acting, bad policy and questionable actions. I am proud and glad to see that PHOTOPLAY is leading the way for truthful articles.

LILA MACK.

Is Joan Too Thin?

Chicago, Ill.

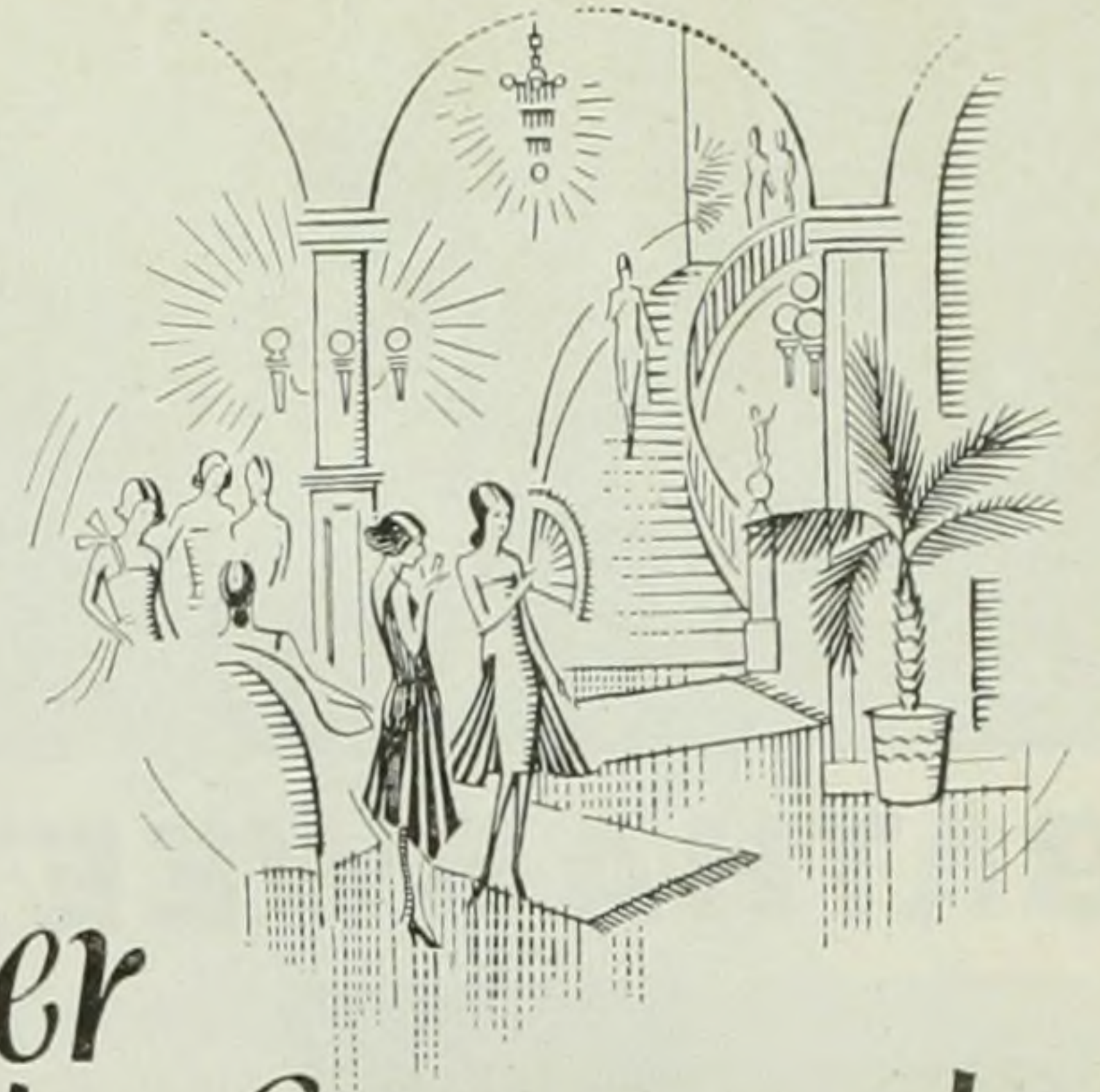
I feel absolutely powerless and futile when I try to describe my chagrin when I saw Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Dream of Love." I enjoyed it thoroughly, but Joan is so thin. Can't someone tell her to rest or stop dieting?

MARGUERITE FREEMAN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Miss Phyllis Haver—Lovely Pathé Star



Wherever
beauty Congregates
Maybelline tells its
own Story

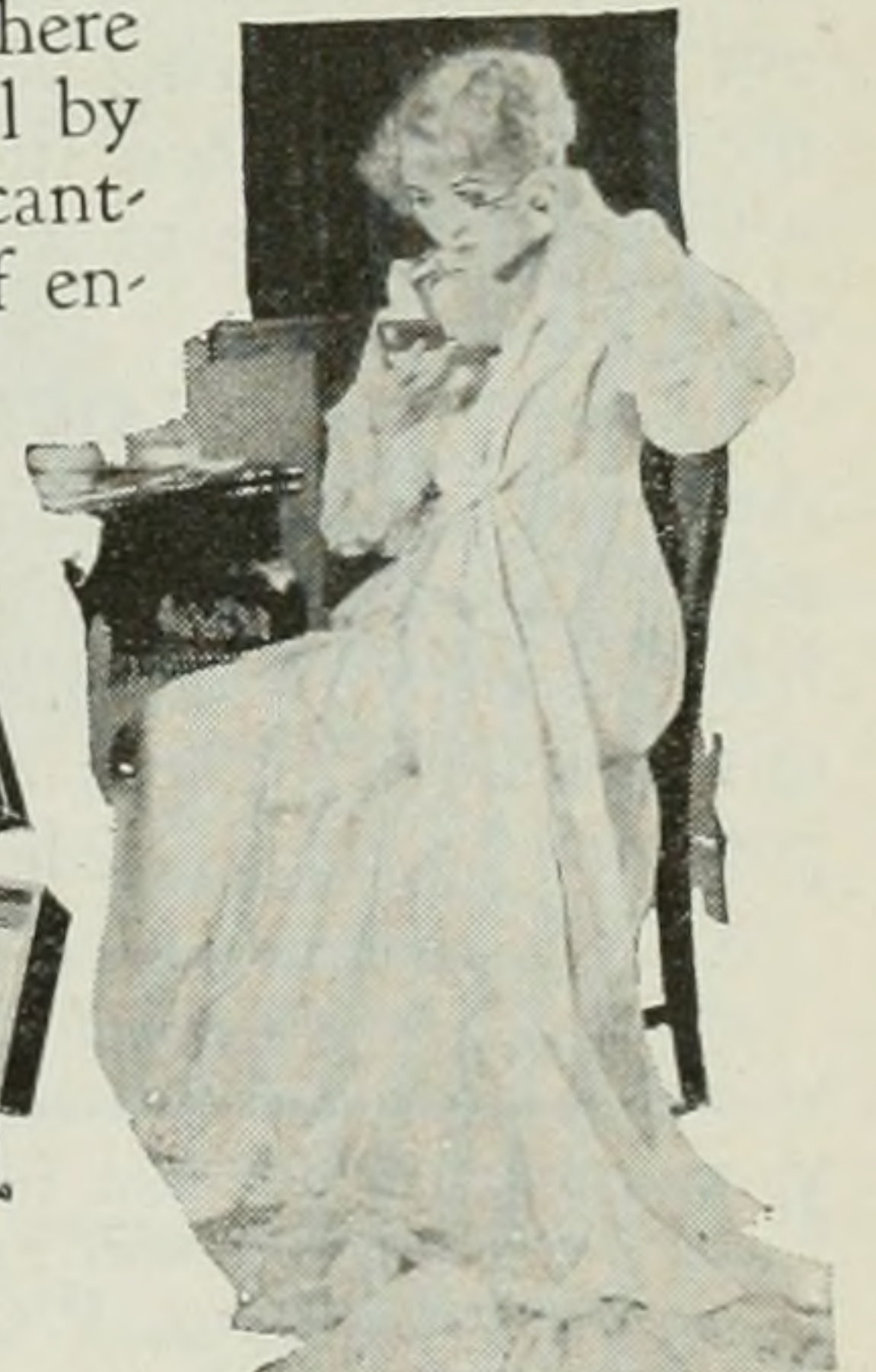
IN Hollywood there occur certain social events which bring celebrities of the screen together, to make the most striking panorama of feminine beauty the world is privileged to look upon.

Gorgeous jewels are in abundance and gowns are such as seem possible only in fairy tales. Yet the material glitter and grandeur of the spectacle is noticeably dominated by an exquisite note of charm—a charm which everyone feels—and which, quite obviously, emanates from the eyes of those present. For, every eye sparkles, and is vividly aflame with amazing expression as it casts melting glances thru dark, long, luxuriant lashes made so by Maybelline.



Such is the story of Maybelline and the fascinating eyes and lashes it makes—whether the setting be in Hollywood as typified by Miss Phyllis Haver whose picture appears herewith, or whether it be any assemblage of smart society anywhere. For Maybelline is always in evidence where beauty is made more beautiful by eyelashes transformed from scantiness to dark, dense fringes of enchanting loveliness.

Have you tried genuine Maybelline?



Solid Form



Liquid Form (Waterproof)



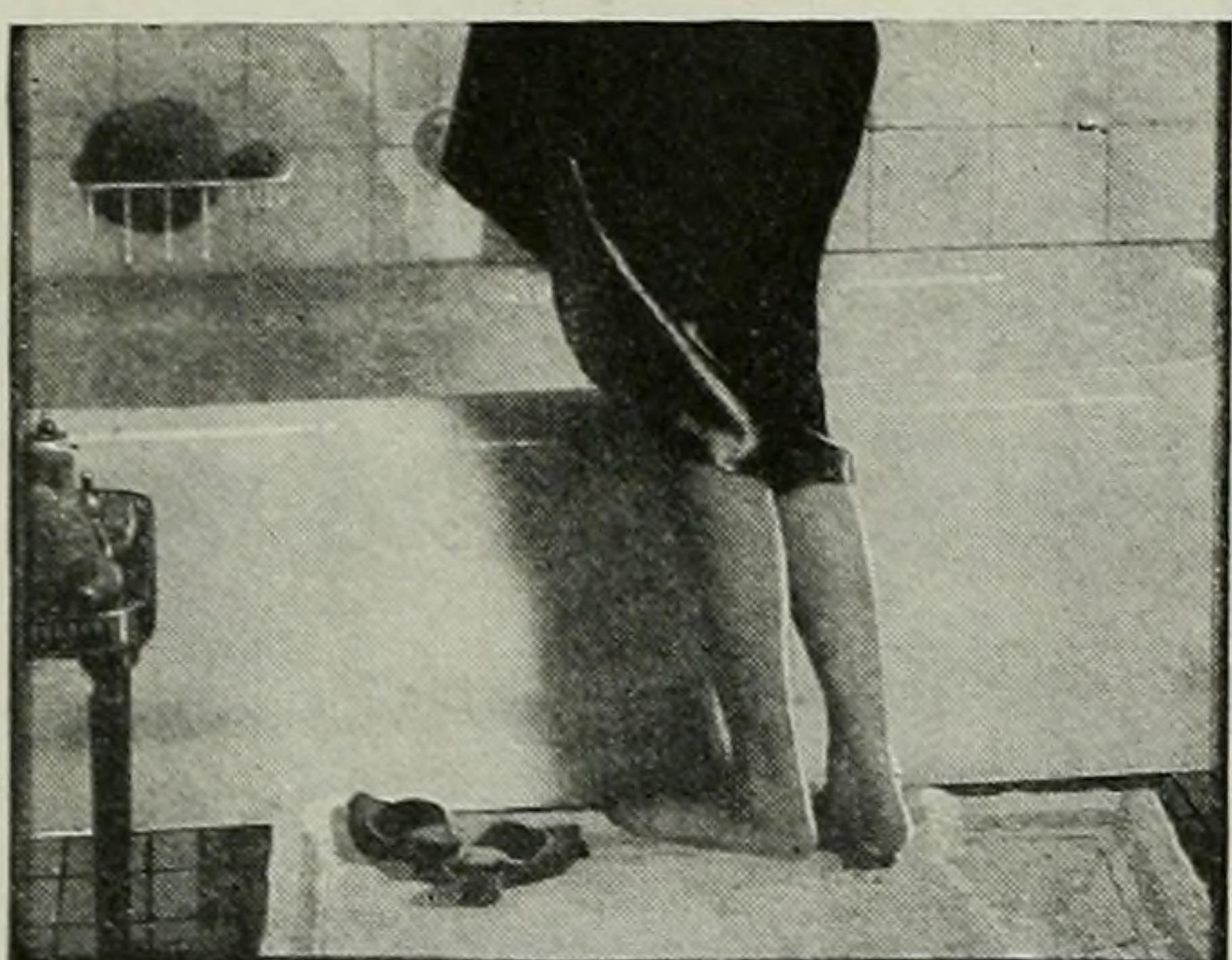
BOTH Solid and Waterproof Liquid Maybelline are made in Black and Brown from secret formulas and are widely imitated but never duplicated. Both forms are perfectly harmless. To be sure that you get the genuine, look for the Maybelline Girl on the package. Obtainable at all toilet goods counters—75c. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

"I find Maybelline ideal for darkening and beautifying eyelashes and eyebrows. It is so easy to use and gives such marvelous results. I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work."
Sincerely yours,
Phyllis Haver



BATHASWEET



for a
**LOVELY
SKIN**

If you could bathe every day in rain-water, you would see some astonishing changes in your skin. It would grow steadily smoother and softer and clearer. For rain-water is the softest water known—and the kindest to your skin. But it is difficult to get rain-water. So women are using Bathasweet. Bathasweet softens ordinary water and gives it the same wonderful qualities that rain-water has. It soothes and relaxes the skin. It gets into every tiny recess of the pores, and dissolves away the dirt. Your skin glows with new vitality. It becomes more beautiful.

LUXURY, TOO

Besides, there's such a comfortable, luxurious sensation in lying blissfully relaxed in the perfumed waters of the Bathasweet Bath with the fragrance of a flower garden all about you!

ALL-DAY LOVELINESS

And then, as you step from your Bathasweet tub, your skin will have the almost scentless fragrance of perfect cleanliness. And because this cleanliness extends deep down in the pores, its wholesomeness lingers all day long.

BATHASWEET costs only 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at drug and department stores.

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. C., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

Leave Lon Alone

Providence, R. I.

A play with a romantic ending for Lon Chaney would be a deplorable thing, from my point of view. Why change an unequaled character actor into an ordinary lover?

METTIE E. BAILEY.

Ag'in' the Furriners

Cleveland, O.

The thing that I do not like about American movies is that foreigners such as Pola Negri and Nils Asther are starred and receive huge salaries, and then make sarcastic remarks about the motion picture industry and the public here. Nils Asther says that he is leaving the screen, but I doubt that he will.

With his present popularity, he would be a fool to do anything like that. The talk about going to foreign countries is all the bunk. Sometimes they do go, but when they find that nobody cares much, they come back.

HAROLD GREEN.

Why They Like Nils

Merchantville, N. J.

I am glad to hear that we are to see Nils Asther in better parts. Not to take John Gilbert's place, but to fill a place of his own. Like Greta Garbo, he has a fine individuality and the charm of sophistication. His years of training show in his work and his colorful personality is undeniable.

F. L. DUTCHER.

Welcoming Pauline

Dayton, Ky.

I wish the innumerable Bows and Garbos would put aside their exhibitions of so-called sex appeal and, for once, really act! It was with profound joy that I read of the return to the screen of a real actress—Pauline Frederick.

HAROLD HENRY.

What's Your Ambition?

Chicago, Ill.

I guess we all have a foolish ambition in our lives, and mine is to meet Joan Crawford and tell her how beautiful she is and what a marvelous actress. I am not stage-struck, nor do I want to be an actress, as I have a wonderful husband and home and everything I want.

MRS. H. E. HANSON.

Shooting at Von Stroheim

Cincinnati, O.

Well! After eagerly anticipating a treat in "The Wedding March," I wish to say I have seen it at last. Words fail me! But my permanent wave is uncovered to Von Stroheim. It indeed takes a genius to hypnotize a company out of three years' time and huge sums of money, when the cry of economy is rampant. But genius or fool I hope I shall never have to endure such a mess again. I knew if that butcher pushed his hat back with one finger JUST ONCE again, I should disgrace myself by screaming.

Three years to make a Franz Josef news reel parade!

CHARLOTTE BECKELMAN.

Not All Stars, But Good Actors

Lincoln, Mass.

I would like to send a bouquet to some of the actors who are really good and of whom we hear so little: Claude Gillingwater, Mitchell

Lewis, Sam Hardy, Eddie Gribbon, an extra big bouquet for George Bancroft, George Fawcett, Hobart Bosworth and J. Francis McDonald.

And a brickbat for Molly O'Day. May she remain fat!

M. B.

Watch Your Grammar!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last night I took my little girl to see a splendid picture, showing the unselfishness of a young, courageous marine. It was applauded by old and young, and, I am sure, each youngster expected to take pattern. But my objection to the picture was that such expressions as "ain't cher," "yez gotta," "yeh" and "I don't wanna" were frequently used when correct English could easily have been employed. Naturally little children, especially from foreign homes, think *that* is English. My little French neighbor told me the result of a football game was "nuttin' to nuttin'."

MRS. W. L. JOHNSTON.

Teaching Not Preaching

Washington, D. C.

I've had chrysanthemums and been in a mob and yelled "touchdown;" and I've had roses and sat in a swing and whispered "you're wonderful." So I ought to know about those things. But I've never seen a picture that so nearly portrayed these milestones in a girl's life as does "Our Dancing Daughters."

All the ingredients of love, laughter and tears are in this cocktail of youth, and Joan Crawford is the "kick."

This picture *teaches* rather than *preaches*, and my feelings while viewing it alternated between wanting to wave pennants and striving to keep down the lump in my throat.

ELIZABETH E. HOOPER.

The Business Girl's Guide

I'm just a poor working girl in Hollywood, but do you know that motion pictures taught me my business poise? They taught me how to smile, how to apply for a position, how to dress, how to act around a business man. And yet some dumb people criticize motion pictures!

ADELE CURTIS.

Primitive Gags

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Humor in the movies has made scant progress. Nearly every comedy depends for its laughs on people throwing things or chasing each other. This type of humor makes its appeal to the element of cruelty in us, which gets satisfaction from seeing someone in trouble. It's the childish idea of something funny.

We thrill to a picture like "The Big Parade," and then we're supposed to laugh at something silly, like a cop chasing some goof all around Hollywood.

CLORINDA MODULA.

Page Mr. Freud

Waxahachie, Tex.

Why do boys in the movies have to kiss their mothers so often? There is the loving son going to the store to buy a loaf of bread. He kisses his mother several times, then departs. He returns, puts down the loaf of bread, and then kisses his mother again. In real life, sons love their mothers, but they don't kiss them all the time.

HORTENSE GREENE.

The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

of being a hundred and twenty-seven years, as he looks . . . he's . . . just twenty-seven!"

"You're kidding, chief!" exclaimed Clancy, goggle-eyed.

"No, I'm not, boy." They stepped aside as a group of people came toward them. When opposite the two members of the police, one of the men let out an oath.

" . . . there he goes! Hell bent for election!" he roared, and immediately took up chase. Clancy and Smith ducked as a huge black carpenter bee zoomed straight for their heads.

"WELL, keep your shirt on. Let him go. We'll use the 'prop' bee," said a calm deep voice.

"Say, d'you suppose they can *make* a bee to look like that one . . . and fly?" whispered Clancy, gazing pop-eyed after the party, which had passed on.

"They can make anything in this place! Better keep away from them. I'll bet that 'prop' bee can even sting!" returned Smith. Clancy snorted derisively.

"I'm telling you, boy!" said Smith with quiet conviction in his voice. Clancy walked awhile in silence, then he burst out.

"Say, chief . . . this is a hell of a place to be working in! How you goin' to believe what y' see? Y' think y' got a clue, and . . . gosh, maybe they made it when your back was turned!"

"You said it, boy! That's what makes this case the hardest . . . and the most fascinating, I ever handled. By the way, I've got a couple of hours on my hands. I'll take this time to talk to that property boy of Siebert's. You said he came back to work today?"

Clancy nodded.

"You sure that set's been guarded all the time? If anybody has been on there, it won't do any good to talk to him. . . ."

"Sure, chief! Night and day! Two guys with guns."

"All right. I'm going over. Have the man meet me there."

Smith went unchallenged through the little door in the canvas wall. The overhead lights illumined the place dimly. There was still the dark stain on the wood floor.

The detective sat down in the director's chair and relaxed.

Apparently he went to sleep. But while his body rested, his mind became acutely receptive. Deliberately he threw out of his conscious knowledge all the things he had previously developed concerning the crime. He sat, tuned in like a human radio. Once he opened his eyes. They had the appearance of one drugged. There was no eager seeking in them.

A languid, half-blind gaze. He was not looking for material evidence, but for those not seen, but felt.

Impressions, that with the truly talented detective are as acute guides as a blood-stained handkerchief!

SEVERAL times his eyes opened slowly, and dwelt, without his conscious volition, on different angles of the set. The result was always the same.

Always the camera was the magnet, that drew his gaze, and held it! Smith had often worked on this theory of his. He would have said, in justification:

"Acts of violence . . . of any extremely unusual emotional nature, register what I will call for lack of a proper word, 'impressions.' I believe it has been found that, with certain light and shadow combinations, impressions discern-



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Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other* face powder.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *self-same* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

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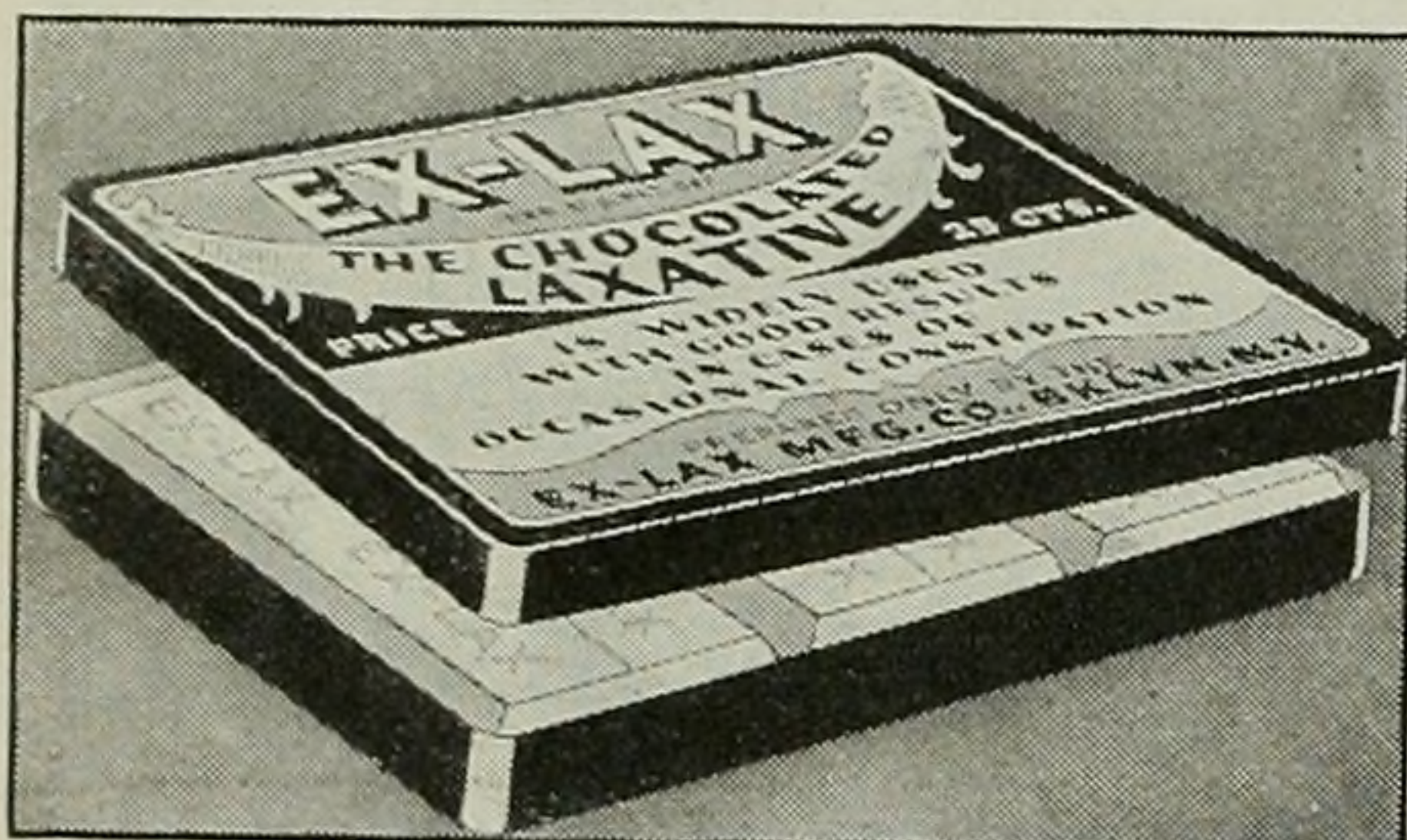
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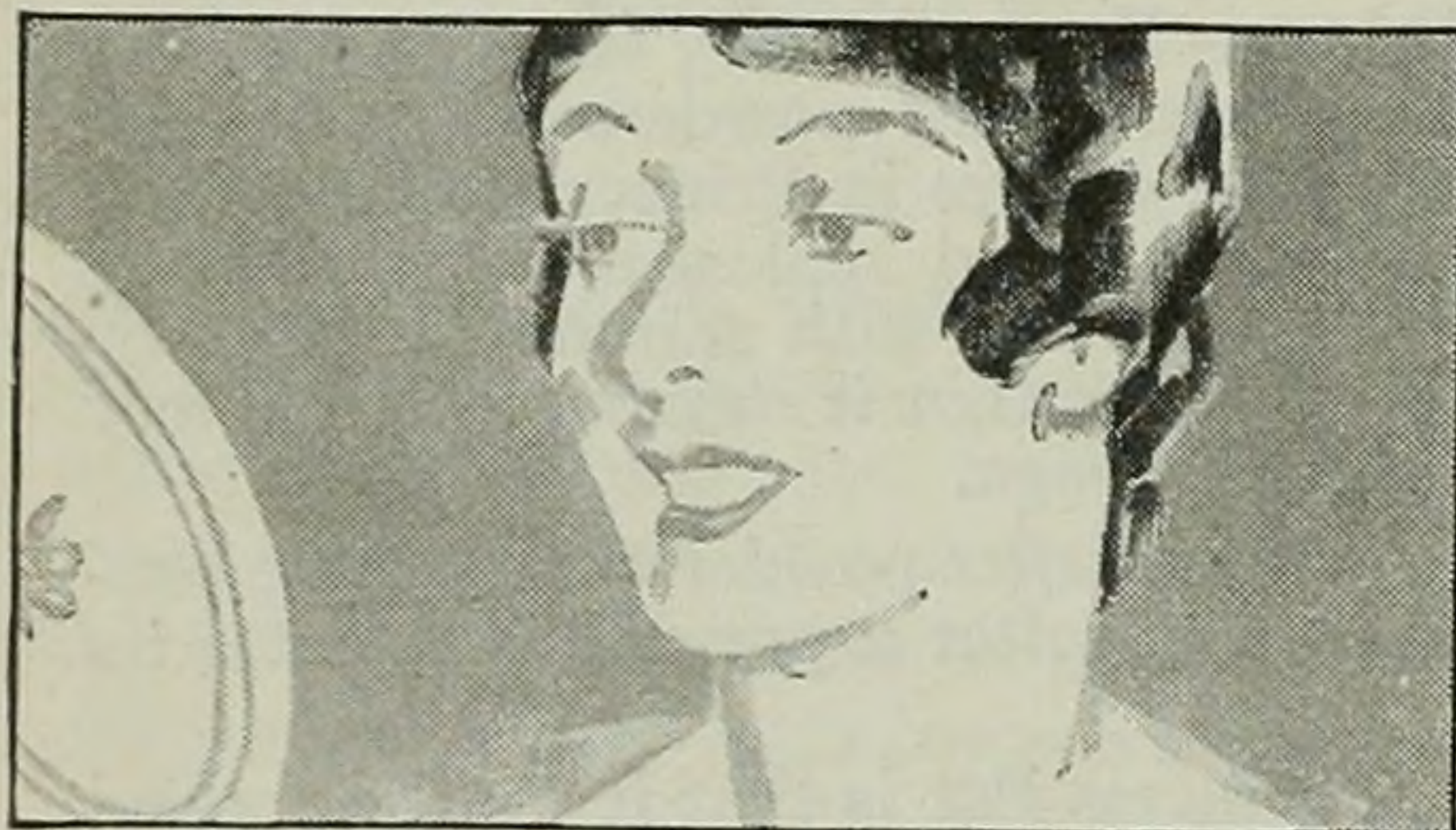
Out-of-sorts . . . she didn't know why



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give children



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TASTES LIKE CANDY

ible to the eye have been made. At least there are certain East Indian wise men who claim so. I am not in a position to deny it. I know that I have been able to get helpful impressions by putting myself into a receptive state on the scene of a crime!"

While he distinctly received an impression from the camera, it did not satisfy him.

It was too easily explained as a natural conclusion.

"The thing is in a pointing position . . . set to focus on the floor, from the platform where it stands. It is *pointing!* The very position draws my attention to it," he decided finally. He realized also, that it would be an extremely difficult thing to set aside one scene from the many that had been enacted in this place! His mind imagined swiftly the innumerable things . . . innumerable as to number, and as to type, that had been done here! How could he hope to receive a clear impression of this particular murder, when undoubtedly other murders, staged for the screen, but none the less seemingly violent in action, had been committed upon these very boards!

CLANCY entered with Kelsey, Seibert's "prop" boy.

"What's your name?" said Smith.

"Jack Kelsey."

"I understand that Seibert gave you a dirty deal the other day. Why don't you go after him! He didn't have any right to manhandle you, my boy!"

"Aw . . . what's the use? I want to stay in pictures. I like the game! Anyway, that gink's crazy! He don't know what he does when he goes off his nut!"

"Do you really mean 'crazy' . . .?"

"Sure, he's cuckoo! Ask anybody! I was mad enough to bust him good when he hit me . . . but . . . aw, well, he sent me a fat check, and asked me to forget it, and it wouldn't do me no good in the business to go kicking up a smoke about it!"

"How long have you been with Seibert?"

"Ever since I come on the lot. Two years or so."

"Did he ever touch you before . . . or anybody else?"

"Not me, no. The worst I seen him do was to shake a girl most to death because she was one of those Saharas that can't cry . . .

and he wanted real tears! Gosh, that girl had a heart of stone! He pictured how she'd feel if she found her mother dying, or her father with his head busted in . . . and everything he could think of, and she just looked back at him with her eyes so darn dry you'd wonder why her eyelids didn't stick to 'em!"

Smith smiled. "So he shook her?"

"I'll tell the world he did! If she'd false teeth they'd been all over the place! Was funny, too, 'cause the big boss . . . Rosenthal, you know, comes puffing along about that time, and gives Seibert the devil, and says he's going to fire him off the place . . . blacklist him in all the studios . . . and just then the girl busts out cryin', and Seibert jumps at the cameraman and yelps, and everybody gets busy and forgets all about the big boss! When it's all over the girl goes up and kisses Seibert's hand, and says he's made a real actress of her! Hell! Can you beat it!"

"I want you to take a look around, and tell me if everything is as you left it the day before the murder. I understand that you property boys can tell if a . . . er . . . cobweb has been removed or added, to a set."

"Sure we can. That's our business."

"ALL right. Hop to it, young fellow!"

Kelsey stepped back to the canvas gate. "I'd better start right here, and cover everything," he said. Smith nodded. Kelsey continued, "Of course there's things that happened since that . . ."

"I understand. What I want to know is how the set looked when you last saw it, before the murder occurred," Smith interrupted. The boy gave a swift glance about.

"That overstuffed chair was facing the other way!" he said instantly.

"Hm . . . so that if anyone crouched down and put their hand on it, they might, in getting up, swing it just that much out of position?"

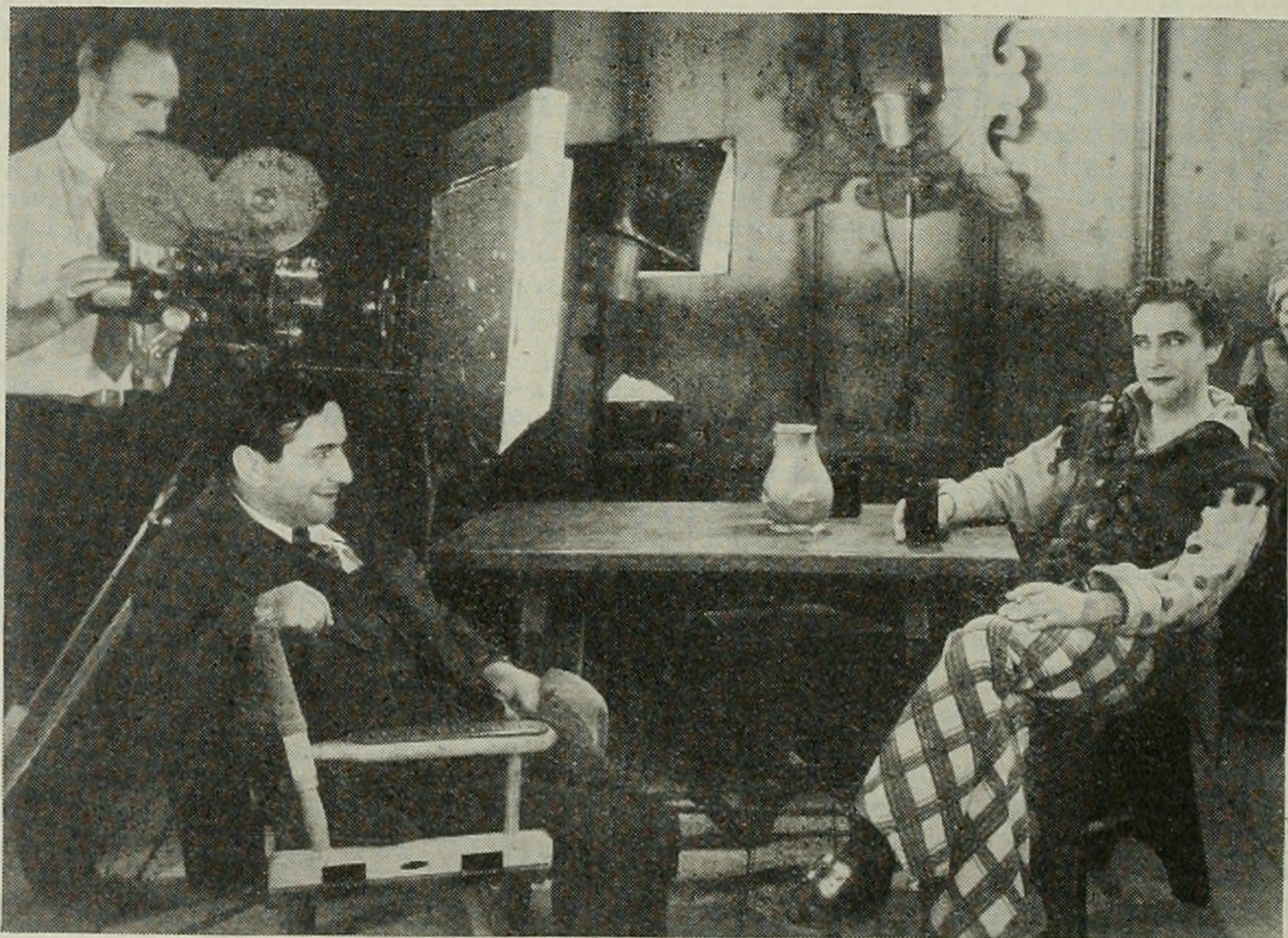
"Why . . . yes . . ." the boy hesitated. "Otherwise, aside from the blood marks, everything looks the same," he added.

"Did you put the 'props' away that evening?"

"Sure. That's my job."

"You didn't leave anything, except what we see now, on the set?"

"No, sir. Serge was all through with the 'ummy, which was lying right there where



A new photographic trick for taking close-ups. The camera looks through a special lens that is sunk in the middle of a large and powerful light. This trick is easy on the actor's face but hard on his eyes. The actor, too, must wear a special make-up and the effect is that of a close close-up. Here is Oliver Marsh trying the device on John Barrymore, while Director Ernst Lubitsch looks on

you see those chalk marks now, and so I gathered him up, along with the letter, a lace handkerchief, and a box of snuff, all of which was used in the scenes that day."

"How about the rapiers?"

"Seibert's orders to leave 'em out, as he was going to rehearse Hardell that night."

"Hm . . . then he would not go to the 'prop' box, and get out what he wanted himself?"

"**NOPE.** Anyways, it's always locked, and there's only two keys."

"Doesn't the director have one?"

"What for? He don't mess with the props. I got a key and there's another on the rack in Cohen's office."

"You just told me the cameraman—Serge . . . shot the dissolve from Hardell to the dummy, the last thing. Was Seibert here when he did that?"

"Nope. Serge does all that stuff himself. It's all mechanics, you know, after the actor does his business in the scene. Serge is as temperamental as Seibert, himself, and he likes to be alone when he's doing dissolves. Afraid somebody'll upset his counting."

"Counting?"

"Sure. When they make a dissolve they count the revolutions of the camera . . . like this . . ." he broke off to count in steady rhythm, "one—two—three—four. The length of the dissolve depends on the number of counts. Sometimes in a tricky scene Serge uses a motor to turn the crank. Then he knows he can't miss."

"Hm . . . did he use one for this scene?"

"I don't know. He kicked us all off the set. He had one here. He might have used it."

"Is it customary for cameramen to be so temperamental?"

"Some of 'em are, and some of 'em aren't. The guys that make a lot of fuss . . . always blowing up about something or other, and calling a lot of attention to themselves, always seem to get the big salaries, though, and their names in the screen credit list! This here Serge . . . he's a Russian . . . he's sure stuck on himself! You'd think he was the whole show!"

"In short, he thinks the camera end of a picture is the biggest end?"

"You said it! He's always telling somebody that it's the camera and not the director, that puts over the stuff! He ain't so far off, at that. There's some pictures wrecked because of bad photography, and some rotten stories put over on the screen with good lighting and all that. But this guy Serge . . . he's just a nut like a lot of 'em around here!"

SMITH went and stood under the camera, mounted on its platform. He stared up at the black box-like machine in silence, and Kelsey stared at the detective's back in the same speculative curiosity.

"I'd like to take a look in your 'prop' box," said Smith, turning suddenly. "We'll go right over to the 'prop' rooms now."

"If it's the stuff that came off this set you want to look at, it's all right here. There's a locker on this stage. So far from the main 'prop' rooms," said the boy, and at Smith's nod, he led the way in the semi-darkness, over and under the underpinning of sets in construction . . . through the spooky blackness of a pirate's cave, and across the polished floor of a small dance room. Smith by now had become accustomed to feeling his way, and with a little sense of enjoyment he realized his feet had developed that extra sense which made them lift instinctively over unseen barriers . . . the sense that all actors and other frequenters of motion picture stages develop.

"Before you open it, there's a couple of things . . . what are those chalk marks on the floor for?"

"Gosh, don't you know? That's what was so darn funny about Hardell's being killed. He was lying right on 'em!" said Kelsey in evident surprise. "They use 'em in a dissolve.



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The real actor lies there first, and then the dummy is put in the exact position, so that there isn't the fraction of an inch difference."

"Thanks. Now another, that set looks pretty dusty to me, for the short time it's been in disuse. . . ."

"Sure. It's supposed to be dusty. We blew it on. It's a room in a deserted house." He waited a moment for Smith to question him further, and then unlocked one of the doors of a wall cabinet at the end of the stage. Before Smith's memory acted, he let out an exclamation when the door swung open.

A sprawling figure, one up-turned hand clutching desperately at thin air, the mouth a twisted grimace of horror . . . the face a blue-ish white, was crammed into the floor space of the locker.

Kelsey grinned.

"Skeleton in the closet's got nothing on this bird," he said, and bent to haul the figure out to get at a black box against which it was leaning. Smith stopped him.

"Hold on!" he cried, and for a long moment he bent down, scrutinizing every detail of the figure, its costume and position. One thing was soon evident. There was no tear in the blue satin. He could find no place where the scrap of material he had found on the back fence, would fit. He grunted in satisfaction. He straightened and swung around on Kelsey.

"PART of your job is knowing if anything has been touched . . . moved . . . since you saw it last . . . so that you can be sure things match up in the scenes . . . isn't it?" he asked.

"Yep."

"Has that dummy been moved since you put it there?"

Kelsey laughed.

"'Old Bill' ain't so popular nobody wants to take him out nights," he grinned. "'Old Bill' is what we call him. We usually name 'em before we get through with 'em. . . . We got a regular old standby in the 'prop' room named Betsy Ross! I don't know who done it, but that's what she's been called ever since I've been here! We use her for fire scenes, and comedy stuff."

Smith smiled back at the idea, then his face sobered, and his keen grey eyes fixed sharply on the boy's face.

"I want you to look closely at that dummy and tell me if it's been moved!" he said. Kelsey bent over "Old Bill" obediently. After a minute, he said:

"Nobody's laid a finger on him. I could

swear to it! I had a time getting him in there and I remember his wig got shoved to one side, like that. It's just the same." He pointed to a couple of the white hairs that had fallen loose, and down over the eyes.

"There's your answer! I remember thinkin' that wig was gettin' fuzzy, and would need dressin', when I put him in there. Them hairs was sticking down like that. It's part of our job to keep the 'props' in condition."

"All right. Now the rest of these things. Are they all just where you put them?"

"Absolutely! Look here," and he bent and moved a small box on the floor of the locker, "there's the dust marks! I tell you, mister, you're barking up the wrong tree! There ain't nobody touched these things and what'd they do it for anyway? That's one thing and another is, nobody can get into here, 'cept Cohen . . . he's the only one's got a key besides me!"

Smith laughed at the boy's earnest face.

"All right, Kelsey," he said. "Maybe I am, but a detective has to make a show of asking a lot of questions about something, you know . . . just to show he's working on the job!"

"I guess that's right," agreed the other naively.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLANCY hastily put down a copy of *The Police Gazette*, and turned an innocent countenance to his superior. Smith looked from the paper to the red face of his co-worker.

"Is this the way you find out if I can talk to that girl at the hospital?" he asked sharply.

"Aw, chief . . . it didn't take me no time. I done it already. So I just come back here to wait for you."

Clancy then had an inspiration. "Want to see her? Here she is!" Eagerly he grabbed up the periodical, and thrust it out.

"See who?"

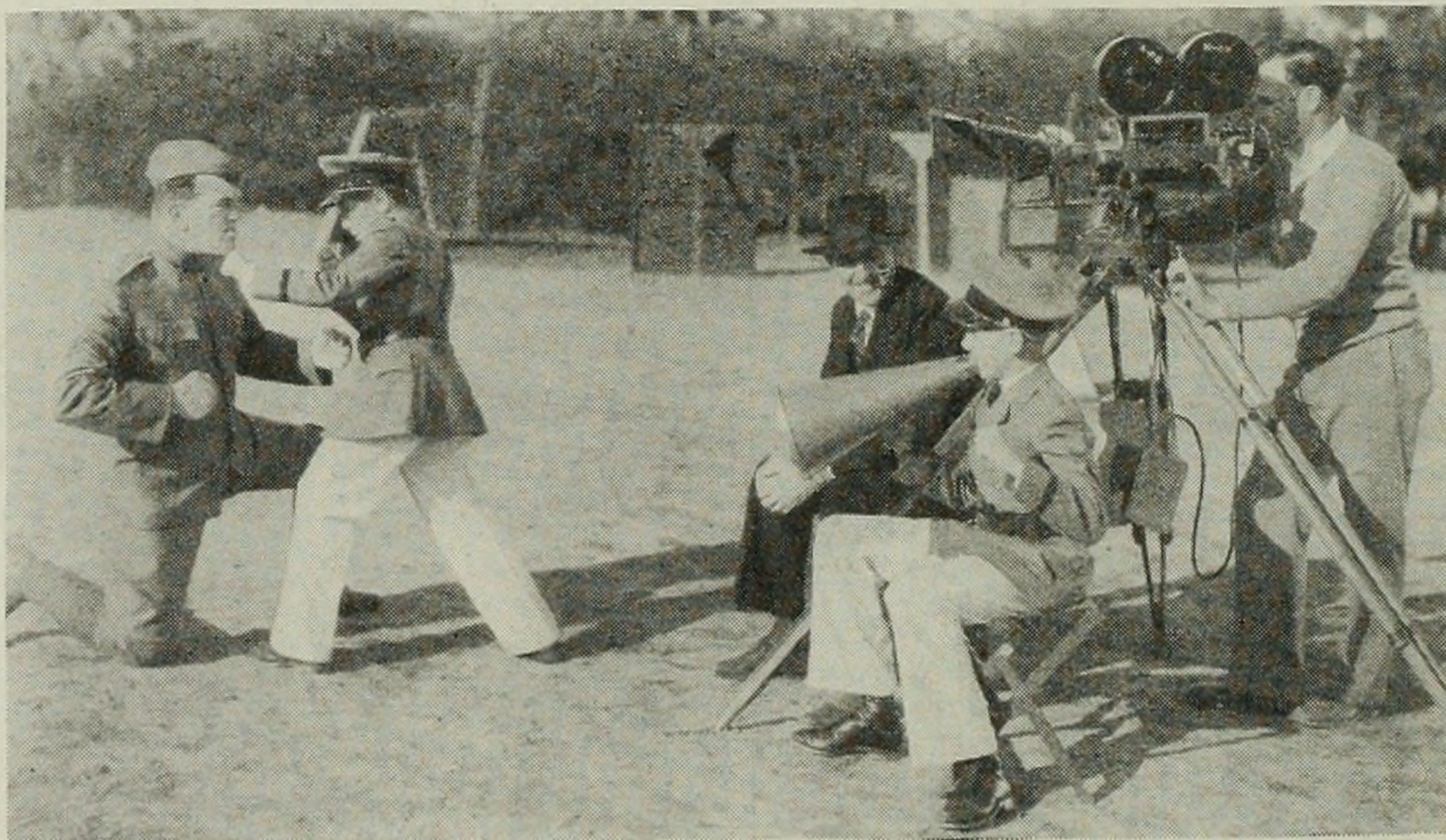
"Beth. She's sure one of them regular little pocket Venuses you read about! Ain't she sweet?"

Smith was surprised to find he thought, also, that she was sweet.

There was an appealing wistfulness about the little figure . . . an atmosphere of innocence, despite the deliberate scantiness of her covering.

"What did her nurse say?" he asked.

"That hard-boiled dame gives me a pain! Anyway, she says it's doctor's orders nobody



One for the memory book. Junior Coughlan, going out of his class, pops Sergt. Louis Wolheim one on the buzzer, and the young man rooting with the megaphone is no one but Erich von Stroheim, Jr., doing his first film bossing. Director E. Mason Hopper looks smilingly on. Young Von is working in "Square Shoulders," a Pathe film

can talk to Beth. She says it might get her excited and send her into brain fever!"

"Hm . . . well, could you get anything out of the nurse? If you think she'll talk, I'll go out!"

"Her talk? Say, you couldn't pry anything out of her with a can opener! That dame's wise. She ain't no spring chicken and she's sure a good friend to Beth!"

"Well, what did she have to say?" asked Smith impatiently.

"A W, chief, that little kid ain't the one . . ." started Clancy, and then shut up instantly at the look in Smith's eyes. "I told you she's a wise bird, that nurse. All I could get out of her was that Beth came on the lot the afternoon of the night of the murder. The kid was sick and she and the nurse have been friends ever since MacDougal come down here from Canada. They met on the trip, or something. Anyway, she said Beth came in and she put her to bed and when she went in to see her the next morning, the kid was out of her head . . . fever . . . delirious. Well, she calls the doctor, and the doctor says the kid has to go to a rest sanitarium, and . . ."

"Why didn't she?"

"'Cause the nurse tells the doctor she's known her for so long and understands her, and all, and the kid would get well quicker with her . . . see?"

"Hm . . . anything else?"

"Oh . . . a novel! That nurse, she gets real uppety with me. Tells me the police don't need to try to pin anything on poor little Beth MacDougal, just because she was foolish enough to be infatuated . . . that's what she said, infatuated, with that bum, Hardell! Then she says she knows that's what we're tryin' to do, 'cause Beaumont and West have got money and pull back of 'em! She says the big boss . . . Rosenthal, you know, don't want either of them to be guilty, 'cause it would be bad for business . . . but poor little Beth MacDougal, she's only a little fool comedy kid, with a pretty face and a swell figure and the woods are full of 'em in Hollywood! Anyway, she says these here Comedy Kids ain't got no morals nor no sense . . . leastwise that's what folks suppose, so it makes it easy for us to take advantage of MacDougal's daughter!"

"Hm . . . Well, the woman's lying. She knows what the girl did that night, but nothing short of third degree is going to get it out of her!"

"Aw, that kid'll come clean when she's well."

Smith looked at Clancy kindly.

"I've got the same hunch myself . . ." he started.

"Gosh, that sounds good to me!" burst out his sergeant of police impulsively.

"Why, Clancy! Have you fallen for that girl?"

"Aw, well . . ." and Smith knew he had.

The phone rang, and Smith answered it. When he had finished his conversation he turned to Clancy.

"Want to go out to the lot and see that stuff Seibert shot of Hardell the day before he was killed?"

"Betcherlife!"

Clancy grabbed up his hat and a florist's box that was parked carefully under the desk. Smith raised his eyebrows but made no comment.

Clancy said, going red in the face:

"Don't hurt nothing, does it, to take her flowers?"

"NO . . . of course not, old man!" They sat in the cool darkness of Rosenthal's private projection room, upstairs in the executive building.

"I am very glad you are going to look at these scenes. Perhaps you help me settle an argument vid Seibert," said the president of Superior Films.

"How's that?"

"I haff been telling him they are all right,



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reveal glistening
teeth

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 at smart beauty and
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and he has been telling me they are all wrong! Now you see them and I find out vat you think."

"But man alive, I don't know anything about pictures!" Smith protested, laughing.

"Sure you know. You go to see them, don't you? Vell, then you know enough! Sometimes I think we fellows in the business know too much!"

Smith leaned back in the padded leather chair.

"I get your point," he answered.

HE was aware of somebody joining them. Rosenthal turned on the dim light that stood on a table close to his elbow.

It revealed a clerk, with a note book and pencil sitting there.

But this was not the man that drew Smith's interest.

It was the short, broad figure of Serge . . . Seibert's cameraman, who had come in quietly, and now stood before them.

In the dim light he took on the aspect of monstrosity . . . abnormality.

He had a very large head, and a thick, black mane of hair.

His face was pale and his eyes seemed to Smith unusually black and brilliant. Yet this unpleasant impression was dispelled when he smiled, showing gleaming, perfect teeth, at Rosenthal's introduction.

"Ve think Serge is the best cameraman in the business, but ve do not tell him very often, for already he has the svell head!" said the latter.

"Quit your kidding, boss," said Serge. Smith was entertained immediately by the man's speech.

American slang in a precise and unmistakably foreign accent.

"All set to go?" he asked next, and Rosenthal grunted. "All right, shoot!" he called back to the man in the projection room, adding, "Stop her right where I hold up my hand."

"Okay. If I don't see you, sing out!"

SMITH was surprised to find himself in a slight tremor of anticipation. Rosenthal had turned off the light on the clerk's table, and the place was pitchy. Smith thought it might be that palpitant blackness, through which only the burning ends of cigarettes were visible . . . and out of which voices came as though bodiless, different from the soft, warm lighted interiors of motion picture theaters, that induced it.

Clancy moved uneasily beside him; let out an uncomfortable whisper.

"Gee, chief, I'm not stuck on this looking at a fellow after he's dead. It gives me the creeps!"

"Rot!" said Smith.

There was a sizzling sound from the projection room and a white beam of light shot toward the screen. A flicker or two, and the picture was on.

There was the set on Stage Six, so familiar now to Smith, and Yvonne Beaumont, entering the scene.

Smith's attention concentrated as Hardell entered.

He recognized the man's type. An animal of sex.

The sort of man, who, when not practicing it, is planning it.

Yvonne, struggling in his embrace, showed plainly her aversion to his physical nearness.

Later, using one of the duelling swords, there leaped into her eyes an unmistakable lust for vengeance. Smith found himself unable to decide whether it was acting, or realism, showing itself.

"I did not know Miss Beaumont wounds Hardell in the picture," he said sharply to Rosenthal.

The president's eyes did not leave the screen as he answered . . . it was a close-up, showing only the two faces, and getting over in this way (a method taught Americans by foreign films)

that Hardell received a severe thrust. The action had changed before Rosenthal spoke.

"Sure. Ve put it in because she can really do it. It's good stuff!" He stopped to light a cigar, and then added:

"I tell you ven I get the idea. It was because I vent offer to International Artists to a preview, vile ve were vorking on the continuity for this picture. In that picture I saw offer there, they haff a girl in a duelling scene vid a man. But she iss no good. It is bum! Right avay I see it. That girl she throws that rapier around like a fishing rod! I tell Yvonne, and she laughs herself sick. Then she says, 'Giff me a scene like that, Rosie, and ve'll show them how it ought to be done! Ve'll knock their eye out! My fathair, he haff no sons, and so he make me vat you call Tom boy!'"

Smith admitted it was pretty work.

A SILENCE fell on them as Hardell's death scene came on. The hero, rushing in, finding his sweetheart at the mercy of a man infuriated by pain and rage . . . seizes the rapier from Yvonne's hand, and puts it through Hardell's heart.

And the next thing, startling in its horrible familiarity, was the prone figure of the man, the face twisted in the same frightful grimace . . . the eyes starting out of the tortured features. . . .

Clancy clutched Smith's arm, and Smith put out his hand and silenced him. There was continued silence on the part of the little audience as the finish slate, held in the hands of the assistant cameraman, came into the scene . . . obliterated it . . .

*"Seibert Productions. Picture No. 186.
 Serge. Scene 220. Take No. 4."*

Again the beam of white through the darkness.

Smith roused himself from the mental paralysis into which the amazing reality of the thing had thrown him.

"Is that all?"

Serge answered.

"No. There is the dissolve. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes."

Serge stepped back to the projection room, and soon Smith was again looking at the sprawled figure of Hardell . . . a few feet of this unpleasant close-up, and then the enemy of the heavy, who enters, and, standing over him, plunges the rapier again and again into his body . . . as bayonets were used in the war.

"God Almighty!" gasped Clancy. "They couldn't do that without killin' the guy!"

Serge laughed.

"Ve can do anything in pictures!" exclaimed Rosenthal proudly. "Just the same, I say it myself, Serge, neffer have I looked at a better dissolve . . . neffer! But don't you go hogging the credit. Vidout Cedric Haland's make-up on the dummy you could not do it!"

Smith said:

"It's getting funnier and funnier how much like the dead man the dummy looks . . . in the picture . . . and how much like the dummy the dead man looks!"

"FUNNIER and funnier! Vell, if you vas in my place you wouldn't think so! It's getting fiercer and fiercer! I tell you I don't have much more patience for you to find out about it, and that's the truth, Mr. Smith! Funny don't express it at all!" returned Rosenthal sharply.

"Meet me on the set in ten minutes. I want to talk to you!" Smith told Serge. Then, gripping Clancy's arm, and forcing the sergeant, through sheer force of will power, to keep silence, he propelled him rapidly out of hearing.

Clancy broke out volubly the instant the grip relaxed.

"It's a dirty, low-down frame-up!" he panted. "They killed him when they made

the picture and the whole gang's sticking together to cover up! Gosh, can you feature it? I'll bet that French broad was tellin' the truth, all right only she changed the action to get sympathy! Gosh, and that oily Jew . . . askin' us out here, and givin' us the key to the studio . . . and chucklin' up his sleeve because we're such dumbbells! What kind of ash cans do they take us for, anyway? The low-down is that Rosenthal's first cousin to every other producer . . . or darn near all of 'em . . . and his wife's first cousin to the rest! So he tells 'em . . . that he'll black-list 'em in the studios if they don't stay by him. Nat'ully they don't want to give up their cushy jobs . . . fat salaries and the rest of the world envyin' 'em on account of bein' in pictures, and so they sit tight! Maybe they figure the guy's dead anyway and tellin' the truth ain't goin' to bring him back to life . . . so why let it ruin 'em!"

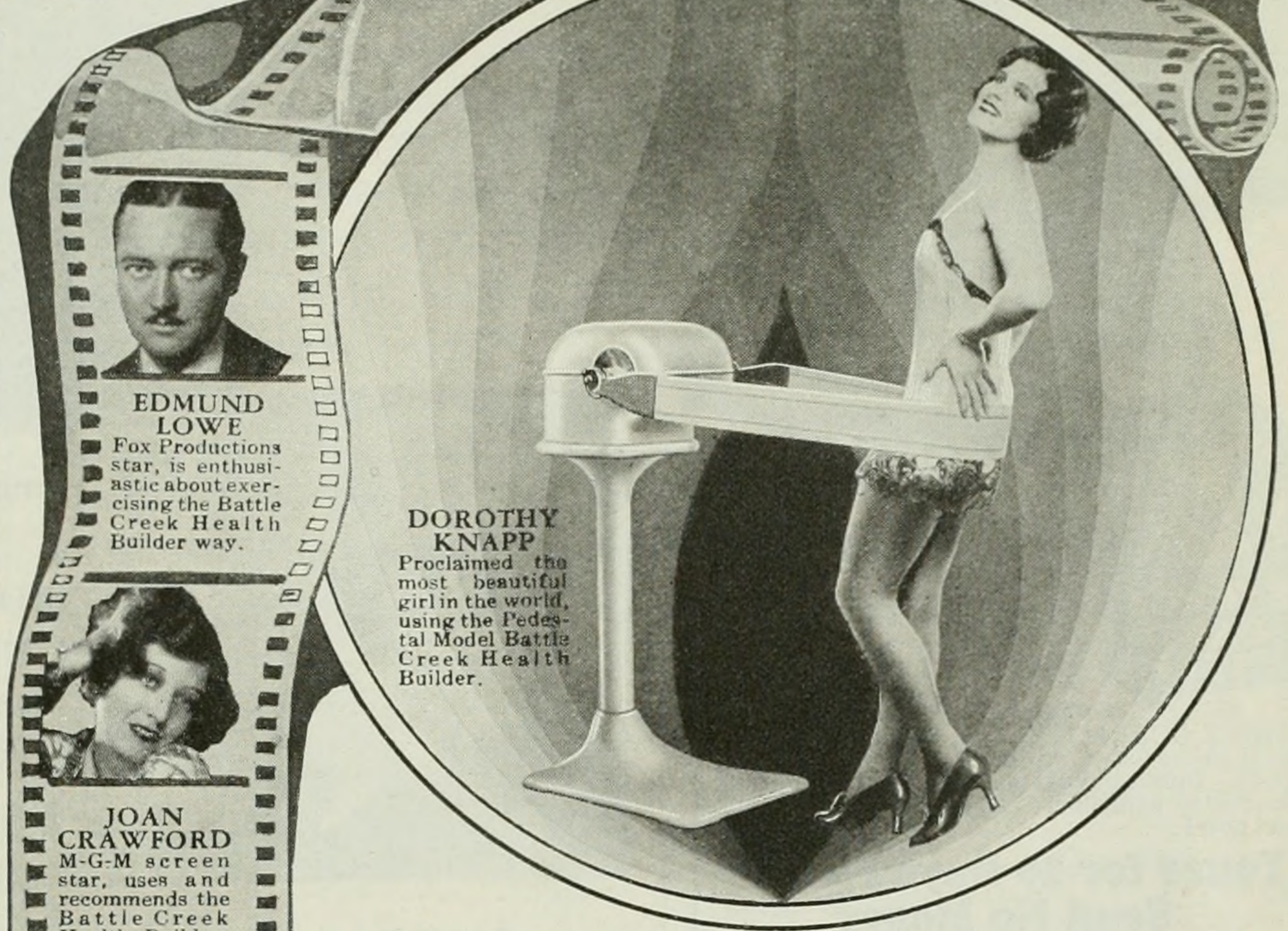
"THAT'S the way it hits you, Clancy?" said Smith quietly.
 "You're darn tootin' that's the way it hits me! I tell you, Cap, that French dame, or the hero . . . did it! And the big saps that we are, we sit right there lookin' at it and enjoyin' it . . . just because it's a motion picture! Gosh, I don't think much of us!"
 "No," said Smith slowly, "it wasn't done then . . . Clancy, old man . . ."
 And then he had only time to lower his tone to one of sharp command, before Serge came up to them.
 "That's a pretty radical idea, Clancy! Keep it to yourself! Understand?"
 "Sure. I'm wise."
 [TO BE CONTINUED]

A Mother's Sacrifice

THE mother clasped her week-old babe to her breast.
 "My boy," she cooed, "what a great man you are going to be."
 And then she paled and grew faint as she beheld the Grim Reaper standing at the foot of the bed.
 "What do you want?" she cried, terror gripping her heart.
 "Your child," replied the gaunt figure, advancing.
 "No, no," she moaned, holding the young one tight to her bosom.
 "'Tis better that I take him now than let him grow up to visit a thousand deaths upon you."
 And stepping forward he was about to lay cold clammy hands upon the mite. Desperately, she sheltered the young one beneath the covers as she wailed, "Take me instead—but, oh, let him live!"

THE Intruder paused, then demanded, "Would you have him live to bring shame upon you—a pariah—shunned even by thieves and murderers?"
 "Yes—no," she contradicted hysterically, "I will not give him up."
 "'Tis well," said the Stranger. "Your punishment be on your own head."
 And hiding his scythe beneath his robe he turned to go.
 "What greater punishment," she challenged, "than to part with one you love more than life itself?"
 "The torture," he answered sternly, "of seeing him grow up to be an actor's press agent!"
 With an unearthly shriek she offered the infant to him and cried:
 "Take him—take him—take him!"—*The Masque.*

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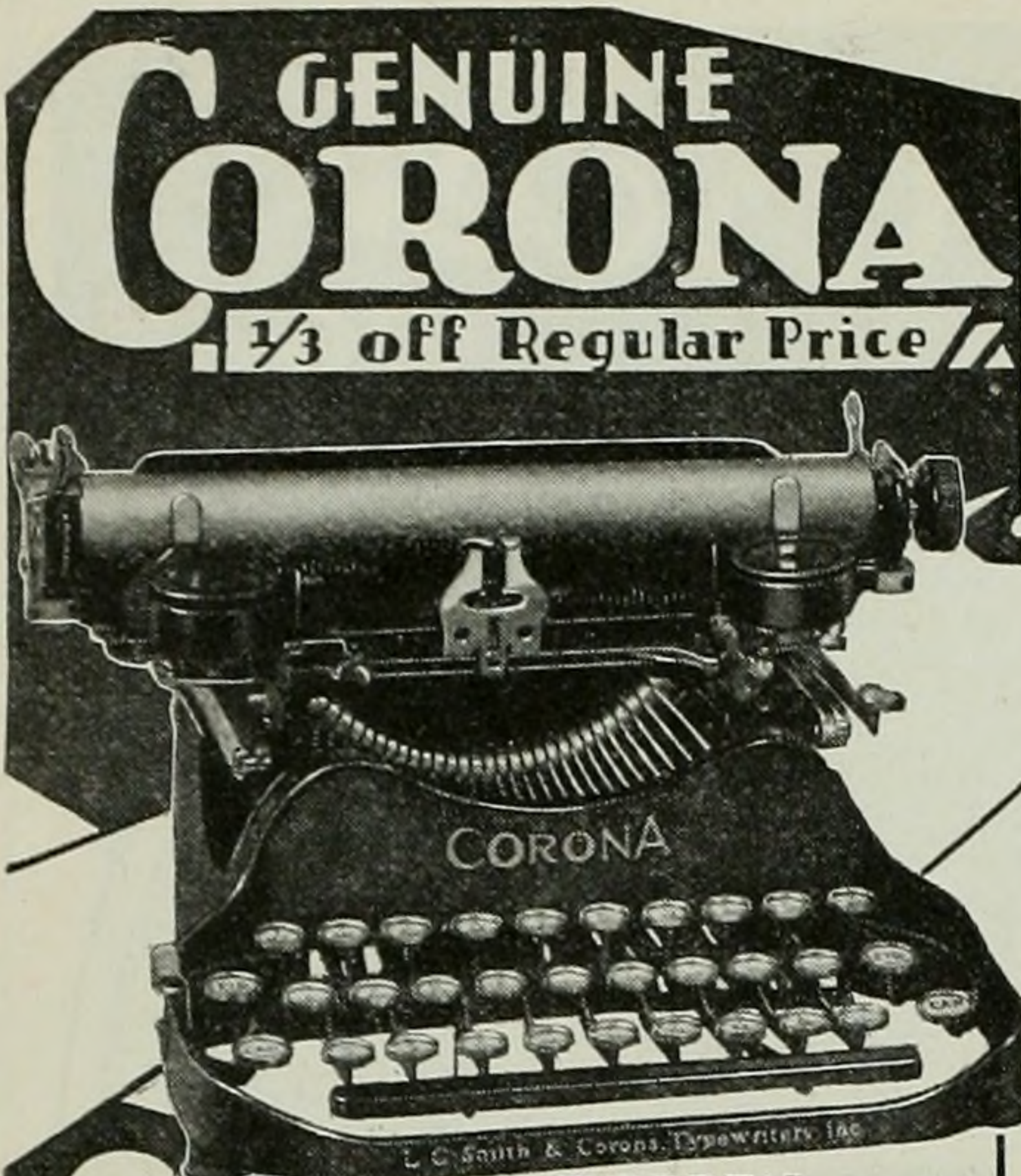
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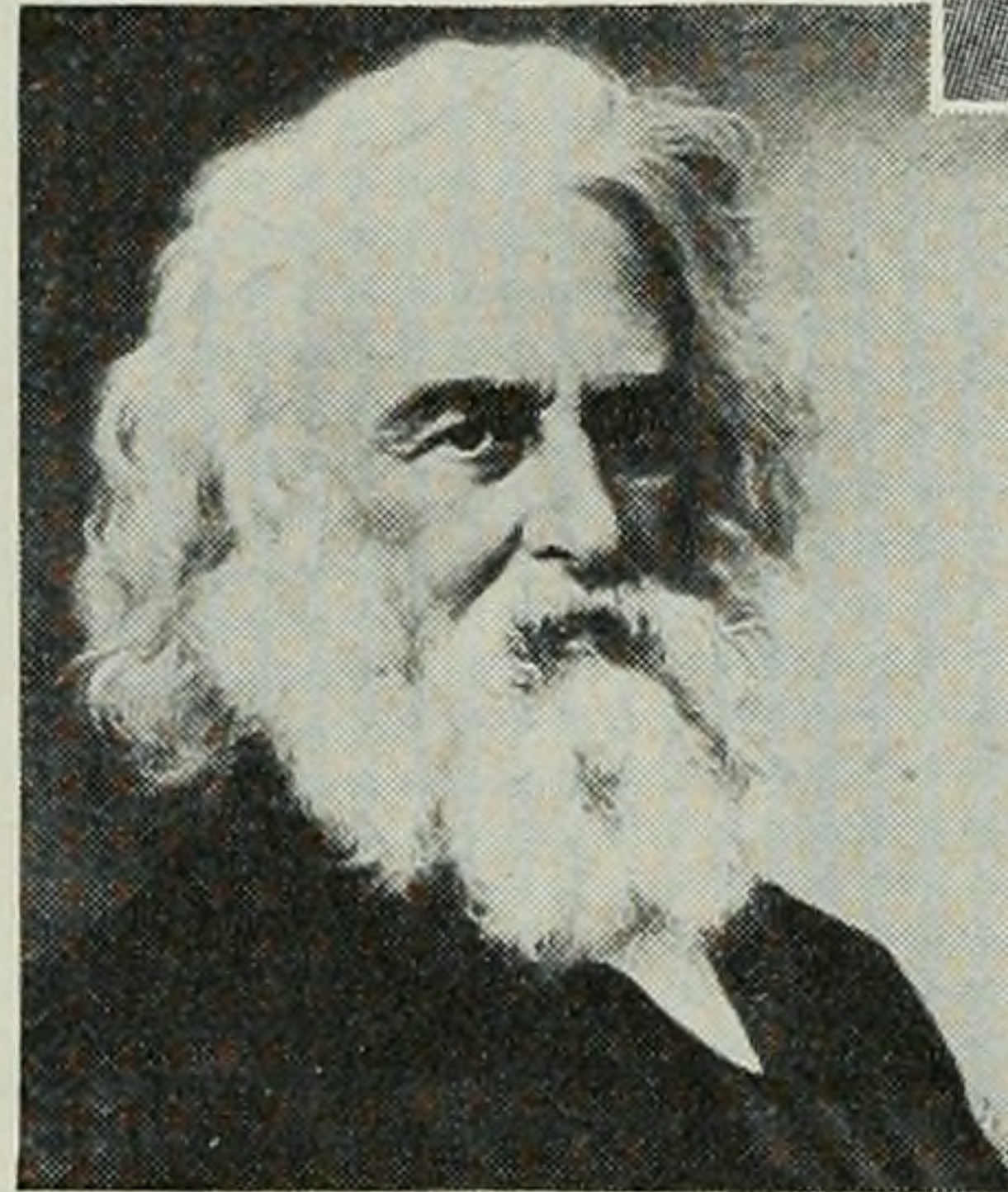
Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you \$3 a month until the \$37.90 balance of \$39.90 price is paid, the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my \$2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

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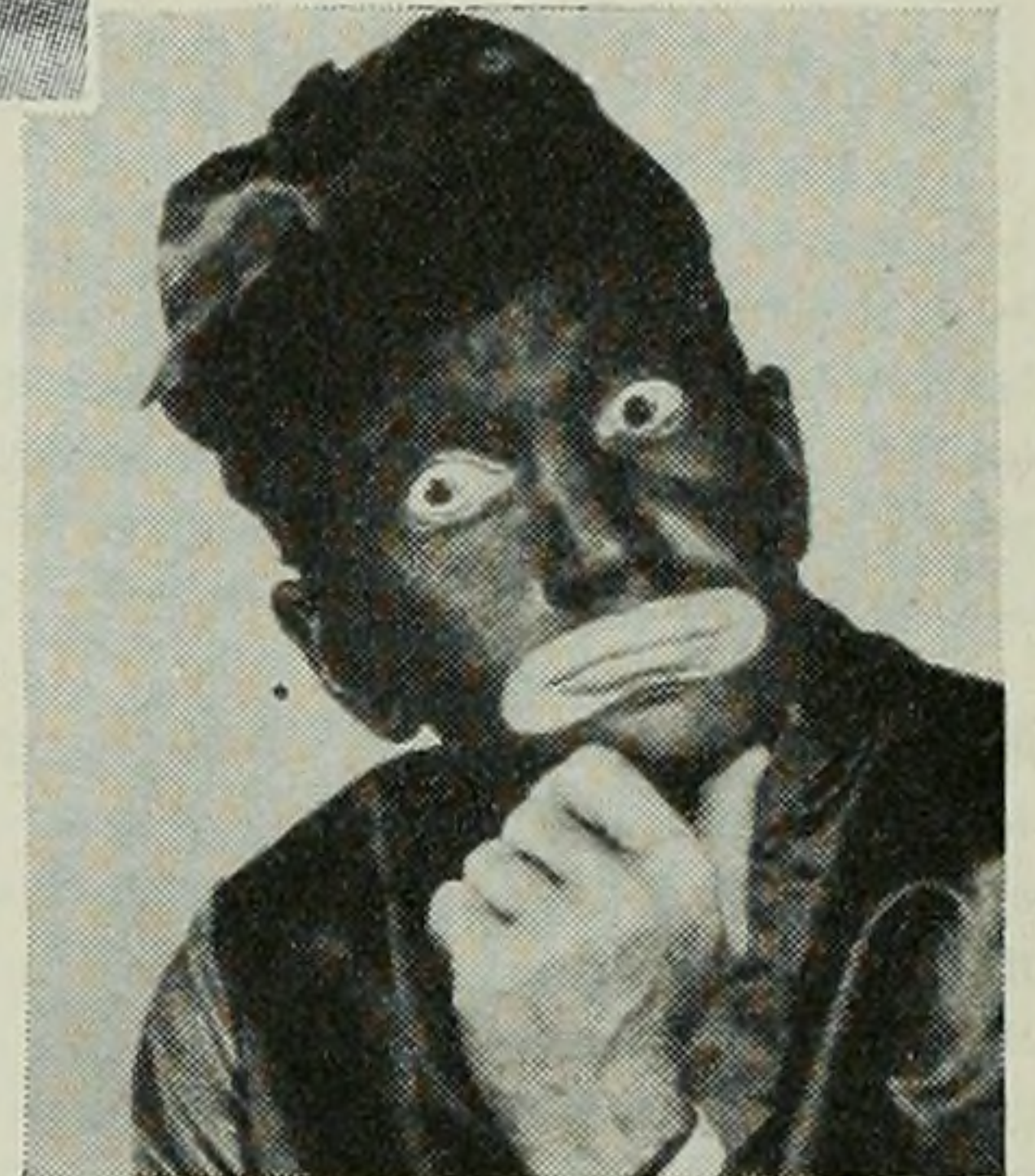
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Evangeline



Longfellow



Leonard Hall

WORDS AND
MUSIC
BY
LEONARD
HALL

EVANGELINE

News that the makers of the film version of Longfellow's classic poem, "Evangeline," were seeking a theme song burst like the well known bomb shell in the office of PHOTOPLAY. Then it was announced that Al Jolson would write it. However, the office bard, Leonard Hall, was hurried to his typewriter. Here is the result:

FROM that land of Acadie
(I said, Acadie!)
Over land and over sea
Goes Gabriel, that lovin' man!
Night time dreamin'—
Day time schemin'—
Lookin' for Evangeline—
His lovin' little queen, baby!
Huntin' round that old Louisiana shore,
Honey-suckle noddin' at the cabin door—
Hungry for those windin' arms—
Hungry for those lovin' charms—
Don't yuh hear him say—

REFRAIN

Don't yuh hear me callin', honey—
Evangeline?
Bring me back that little old sweet smile
so sunny—

Evangeline!
As the shades of night are fallin',
Mammy! Pappy! Baby! Honey! I'm
a-callin'—
Gabe, your lovin' daddy
Is callin' yuh home!
(Listen, baby!)
Hear my heart a'throbbin'!
Listen to that fiddle sobbin'!
All my nights are lonely—
Achin' for yuh only—
Come back home—
No more to roam—
I want yuh, need yuh, crave yuh, honey,
baby!—
Evan-guh-line!
(MAMMY!)

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Wanted—A New Name for the Talkies—Page 29
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The Studio Murder Mystery—Page 34
\$3,000 for solutions

Amateur Movies—Page 68—\$2,000 for films

Are You Furnishing a Home?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

really comfortable, of a deep beige hand embroidered in bright colors.

The drapes in the living room are embroidered just enough. They are of natural linen and the decorations are bright peasant shades.

There was a time, my dear, when a book niche was only intended for books, but now it is made more attractive when little *objets d'art* are placed on the shelves.

In the morning room there is such a niche with an easily accessible chair of champagne yellow to match the walls and a little table with a pewter lamp.

IT is impossible to describe the home and its furnishings in their entirety. I have only touched the high points of interest and will let the picture finish my story. But I must add a few "don'ts" Fay gave me.

Don't buy too much all at once.

Don't put the wrong object in a barren spot. Wait until you find just the right thing if it takes a year.

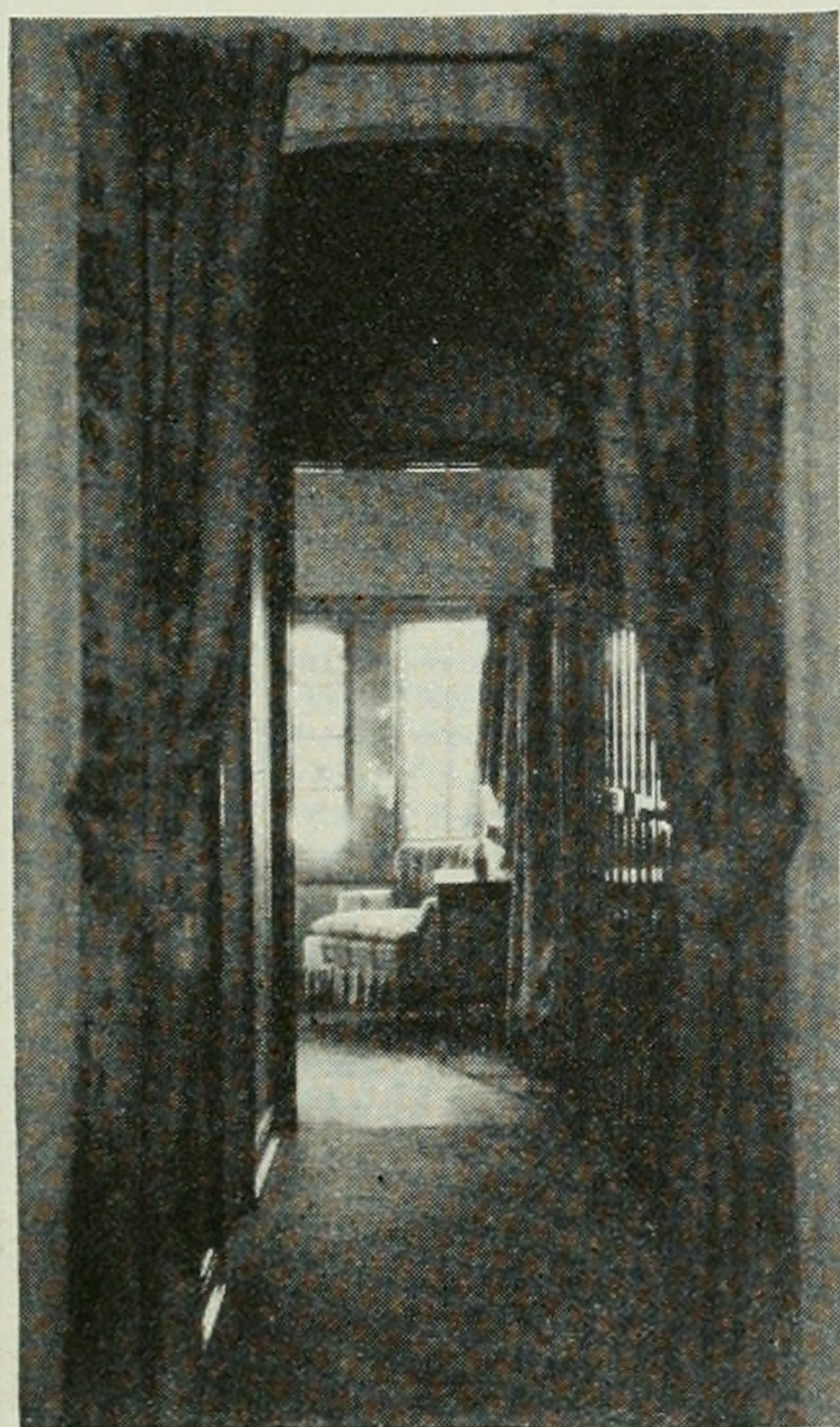
Don't be arbitrary with your husband in insisting on furniture he doesn't like. He'll be won over gradually.

Make the home livable. Don't have a chair or divan unless it is practical and comfortable as well as beautiful.

Express your own individuality in your home as you do in your clothes.

Have one room that is all yours.

I defy the most hard-hearted hotel-dwelling bachelor to inspect the new home of Fay and John and not decide to marry at once and have a house exactly like it.



Instead of a large bedroom, Fay Wray's home has a tiny sleeping porch. The porch is off the morning room and one reaches it through a long hall where there are closets for dresses, hats and shoes. The bathroom, finished in cherry colored tile, is at the left

Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein's new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you.

—Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table.—

Which Is Your Coloring?

Brunette

Valaze Powder in the enchanting Mauresque tint.

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic! Fascinating!

Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—an unusually warm, beautiful tone.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

Medium Type

Valaze Powder in the bewitching Rachel shade.

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.

Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

Blonde

Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush tone.

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—smartly daring.

Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—vivid, alluring.

Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)

Valaze Powder in Cream.

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Irresistible!

Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing light shade.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

For Evening

Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.

Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.

Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.

Valaze Eye Shadow to match your eyes.

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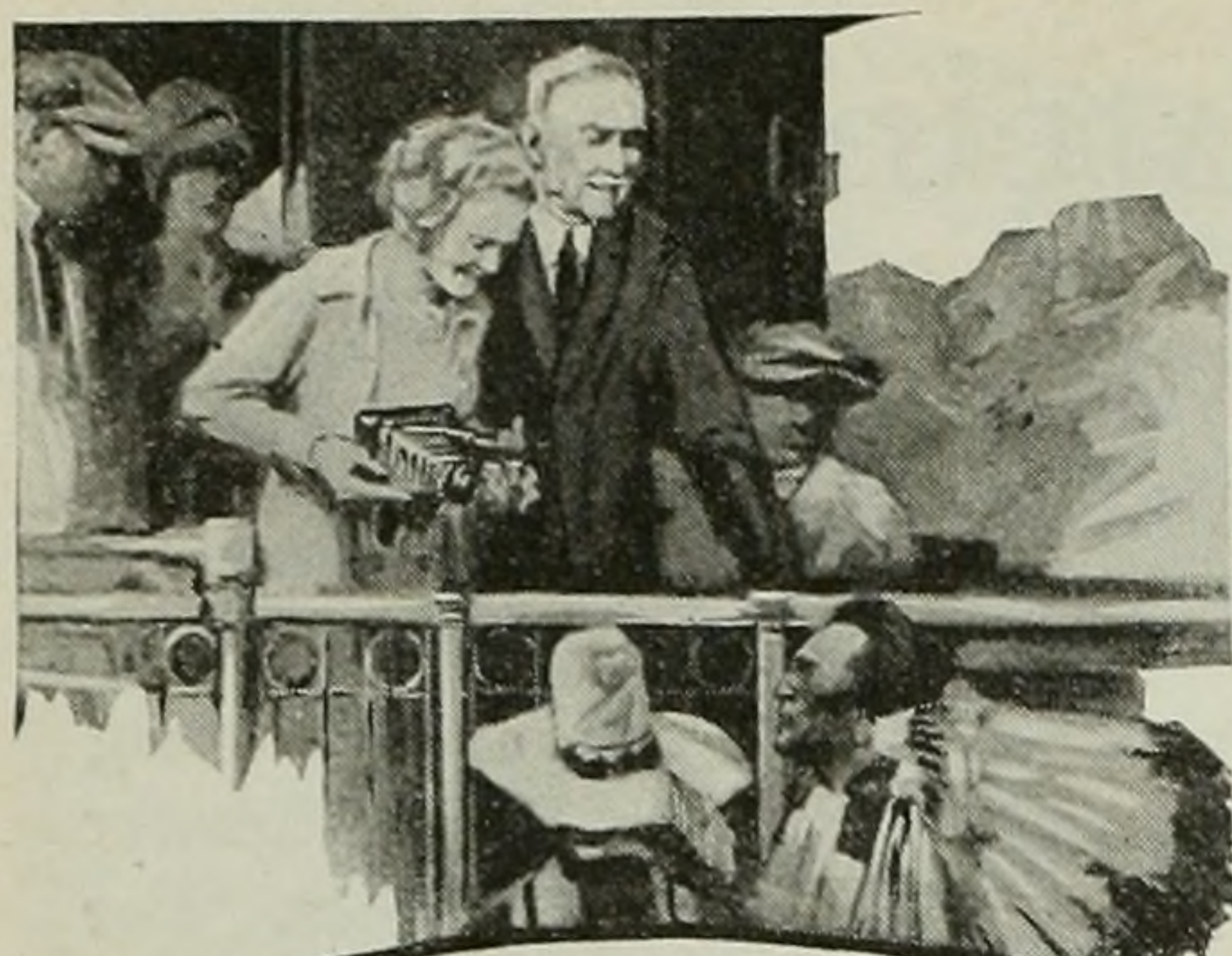
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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

perforating size of the 16 mm. film is 15.95 mm., the distance between the center of one perforation to the next perforation (center of hole) is 7.627 mm., or .300 inch.

The distance across the film, from one perforation to the other (inside edges) is 10.49 mm. or .413 inch. The perforation itself measures 1.829 mm. or .072 inch wide, and 1.27 mm. or .050 inch high.

YOU may or may not know it, but the camera aperture is slightly larger all around than the projector aperture in 16mm., as with 35 mm. machines.

The dimensions of the camera aperture, which creates the frame on the film, are 10.41 mm. or 0.41 inch wide and 7.47 mm. or 0.294 inch high.

The projector aperture dimensions, on the other hand, are 9.65 mm. or 0.380 inch wide, by 7.21 mm. or 0.284 inch high.

AS this page goes to press, most of the amateur clubs are getting back to work after the holiday vacations.

The Neighborhood Players of Providence, R. I., who have several successful legitimate stage productions to their credit, have entered the amateur photoplay field with a 600 foot 16 mm. production, "Be Yourself."

Marshall H. Cannell is president, Mrs. Thomas R. Clayton is vice-president, Arthur W. Slocombe is secretary and R. Lucian Apple-

by is treasurer. The players have been using three cameras.

A GROUP of enthusiastic Detroit, Mich., amateurs have organized under the name of the Amateur Cinema Club with the leadership of Mrs. Lucille K. Hughes.

Dr. Gilbert Israel, an amateur expert in the making of scientific films, was chosen president, Dr. C. Chandler was named vice-president and H. M. Nelson was voted secretary and treasurer. Glen Lyons is production director and Mrs. Hughes is publicity secretary.

"Fate," a 16 mm. drama recording the dissolution of a young man's character, has just been completed by the newly organized Kino Club of the Webb School of Claremont, Cal. Special outdoor sets were built. Robert Bard is president of the club and the leading rôles in "Fate" were played by Clara Kock, Anne Bard and George Hirshbrunner.

BOBBY VERNON, the popular Christie comedian, is an enthusiastic amateur fan. He has one of the biggest picture galleries of notables filmed with his own camera anywhere and is a runner-up for Lon Chaney, who boasts the biggest home movie gallery anywhere in the world.

Elsewhere you will find an enlargement of one of Bobby's shots, showing Gene Tunney, the book-worm and retired champion pugilist of the world.

\$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:

Class One.

- \$500 for the best amateur photoplay.
- \$250 for the second best amateur photoplay.
- \$150 for the third best amateur photoplay.
- \$100 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

Class Two.

- \$500 for the best non-dramatic picture.
- \$250 for the second best non-dramatic picture.
- \$150 for the third best non-dramatic picture.
- \$100 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in their consideration for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each tying film.

- 2. CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateurs in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature. CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.
- 3. In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, lighting, editing and cutting and titling. In Class One, added items of consideration will be direction, make-up and acting ability.

- 4. All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths:
If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.

If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.

If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-inflammable stock with the names and addresses of the senders securely attached to the reel or the box containing the film. Name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

- 5. Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.
- 6. Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinematographers are barred, as well as anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur movie contest may compete.
- 7. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.
- 8. The jury of judges consists of Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, Philip K. Wrigley, Stephen Voorhees, Colonel Roy W. Winton, Wilton A. Barrett, King Vidor, James R. Quirk and Frederick James Smith.
- 9. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.
- 10. As soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced and the films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.

Brains and Sex Appeal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

like that believe me you could interest an Eskimo in an electric fan."

She gave him her very best smile and got into the front seat of the car, carefully spreading out the organdie skirt so it would not be crushed.

The back of the car, she noticed, was filled with pasteboard boxes.

THEY drove out Cahuenga to the Pass, that wide thoroughfare which is traversed each day by hundreds of picture people on their way to studios, tourists northward bound, real estate parties *en route* to subdivisions, long lines of trucks and busses. Just beyond the entrance to the Pass the car stopped and Jerry, who had introduced himself during the short ride, got out and indicated to Billie that she was to do the same.

"Well, here's your spot, sister."

He began unloading the boxes from the back of the car.

Billie looked about for some sign of a camera or other equipment. There was nothing to indicate the shooting of a scene. For the first time she noticed that the boxes were marked in large letters "Cutie's Lunch" and on one corner of the lid was the head of a girl with blonde curls, topped by a big, floppy hat.

"But I thought this was *location*," she looked up at him, puzzled.

"Sure it's location," Jerry grinned. "And this is yours."

He arranged the Cutie Lunch boxes in stacks of six along the curb.

"But where's the director—and the camera?" she demanded.

"I'm the director! And we don't need a camera for this act. All the Cutie Lunches need is a cute little blonde trick like yourself to sell 'em."

Billie turned on him indignantly. "But I'm an actress."

"Sure you are. But, listen sister, lots of actresses in Hollywood don't always eat regular. If you make good with the Cutie Lunches believe me you'll be eating three squares every day and you can thumb your cute little nose at all these dumb directors who passed you up when you were looking for a job."

An idea was beginning to percolate in Billie's brain. She knew that one of the best known ways to get into pictures was to *be seen*. Girls who could afford it, and many who couldn't, went to Montmartre on Wednesdays and Saturdays for lunch—just to be seen. She remembered the story of the cute little cigarette girl at a popular cafe who got a picture contract because of the very sexy way she threaded about the tables and said "Ceegarette, please." And the story of the obscure check girl with the mop of carrot-colored hair who was "discovered" by a well known director when he stopped to check his hat. The Boulevard was paved with stories of girls who had skyrocketed to fame over-night.

Suppose some director, on his way to the studio, noticed the way she sold the Cutie Lunches, and recognized in her star stuff.

"NOW these lunches are absolutely the best on the market," Jerry opened one of the boxes. "Two man size sandwiches—one baked ham and one cheese—hardboiled egg and a slab of real apple pie—all for a quarter."

The box certainly looked inviting. Billie remembered that she hadn't had any breakfast, and that there had been numerous days when she had missed lunch and dinner.

"Just try one of these sandwiches." He held out the box and Billie took one of the sandwiches.

1929
MARLBORO
DISTINGUISHED
HANDWRITING
CONTEST

This Month's
FIRST PRIZE
\$100.
24 OTHER PRIZES

1929
MARLBORO
DISTINGUISHED
HANDWRITING
CONTEST

ONE sentence... just 12 words... to be copied in your own handwriting.

Four impartial judges—a Graphologist, an Art Director, an Author, and a Corporation President—to select the most distinguished handwriting.

Twenty-five Interesting Prizes

- 1st Prize—\$100 Cash.
- 2nd Prize—\$50 Cash.
- 3rd Prize—\$25 Cash.
- 4th to 10th Prizes—Your choice of \$5 Cash or Graphologist's scientific analysis of ability, traits, hidden characteristics, etc., which are revealed by your handwriting.
- 11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of one hundred Marlboro Cigarettes.

Here is the first prize winner of the 1928 contest. Is your handwriting more distinguished?

Marlboro - 7 Cigarette for those who can afford 20¢ for the Best

ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.

This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.

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511-C FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

FULL, FIRM
AND ROUND
ALWAYS

ALWAYS FRESH
—WRAPPED IN
HEAVY FOIL

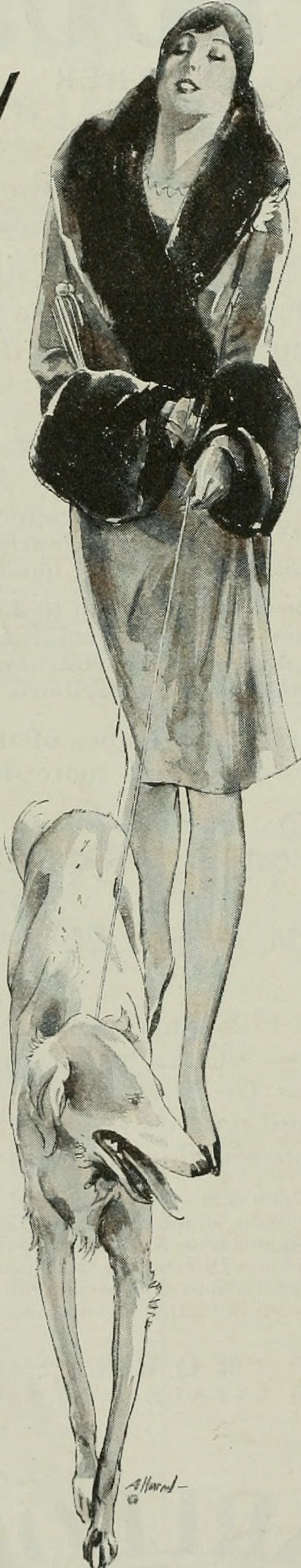
MARLBORO
Mild as May

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST

Lose unsightly FAT

this easy

*Pleasant
way*



PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

Next came Marmola

THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

MARMOLA was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told

others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

THAT is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

No Secrecy

MARMOLA is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

NO abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause, with lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

Do the Right Thing

THIS is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

TRY a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

"It's marvelous," she smiled at him between bites. "I'd think anybody would want to buy a sandwich like that. It's got plenty of butter, spread clear out on the edges of the bread, and a real piece of ham in it instead of just a sliver like most sandwiches."

"That's the idea, sister. If you're going to sell anything, you've got to be sold on it yourself first. Now your first customers will be the truck drivers. You'll catch a flock of them between seven and eight. Once they get on to the idea that you're going to be here every morning they'll make it a point to pick up their lunch here. And the psychology, as I see it, is this: A guy would rather buy a lunch from a good looking dame who gives him a smile along with it, than to have some greasy Greek hand him a sandwich across a counter."

In spite of her disappointment about the job, Billie was catching some of Jerry's enthusiasm.

"Do you think they'd be more—interested—I mean would the lunches sell better if I say that I made the sandwiches myself?"

"Sure. That's good psychology." (Jerry had taken a night course in salesmanship.) "A guy likes to help a girl that's trying to help herself."

He rehearsed her in the act, showed her just how to hold out the lunch box, balanced on the palm of her little girl hand, tried out several of her smiles, chose the one that was most appealing and instructed her to "hold it."

THE same something which had brought patrons to the Elite Confectionery back in Prairie City for a soda mixed by Billie Shannon brought customers for the Cutie Lunches.

She was such an incongruous note, standing by the roadside in an outfit that belonged to a garden party, that she invariably attracted attention.

Truck drivers kidded her but they gambled a quarter on the lunch. Lonely young men in lowlung roadsters impulsively pulled up at the curb, discovering too late that the girl had lunches to sell.

They generously paid for their error by buying a lunch which they tossed overboard as soon as they were out of sight.

By noon only four of the original boxes remained.

Before the week was over Billie had acquired "her public." The warm California sun was her spotlight and the mounting sales of the lunches testified to her box office appeal. She was as proud of her success as a newly arrived star. She added several bits of business which she felt bolstered up the act considerably—such as nonchalantly putting on a new make-up when traffic was heaviest. She thought it was a very effective way of attracting attention to herself.

And it was.

Perhaps the truck drivers got the greatest kick out of it.

"When you have the new scenery painted on suppose you hand me a lunch, cutie," wisecracked a brawny Irishman.

And Billie would look up with an expression of feigned embarrassment, as per Lesson Number Six of her Screen Acting Course, park the lipstick, turn on her Grade A smile, and hand out the lunch.

MANY men tried to date her up but Billie was out for big time stuff. She scanned every Rolls-Royce that went by. She was confident that *someday* a director would "discover" her and in her mind directors and Rolls-Royces were synonymous. In a little diary she made notes of all her "propositions." Somebody might want to make a story out of it, after she had become a star. The funniest story, she thought, would be the one of the man in the rather battered roadster. Billie had just finished putting on her second makeup for the morning when he pulled in at the curb. She started to hand him a lunch but he shook his head.

"No, little girl, I don't want to buy a

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS ~ THE PLEASANT WAY TO REDUCE

lunch." He smiled at her. "I was wondering how you would like to play in one of my pictures."

Billie sized up the car, and the man's none too immaculate getup, and assured him with a withering smile (Lesson Number Eight) that she was too wise to fall for a gag like that.

"But I'm Von Bergheim, the director!" He seemed insulted that she didn't know him.

"Yes, and I'm Greta Garbo—out on location!"

She had given a little upstage shrug and the man quickly drove away.

ALMOST every night Jerry picked her up, checked over her sales for the day, and then they would have dinner—usually at the beach. It was fun to be with Jerry, even though he did talk about business a lot and was always building aircastles about a string of Cutie Lunches which would reach from coast to coast.

"Listen, sister," he would say when they strolled out on the pier after dinner, watching the flicker of lights along the shore, "some day every tenth sign will be spelling out Cutie's Lunch in electric lights—with maybe an alternating flash of you in that big, floppy hat." The vivid way he described the sign made it seem a wonderful thing.

"And would my name be on the sign?" she asked eagerly.

"Don't be *sil*," he scoffed. "It's the lunches we're advertising. Not you."

"But, Jerry," she pouted. "You always seem to forget that I'm an *actress*. I can't always keep on selling lunches—even though I have been such a success at it."

Jerry generously overlooked her vanity.

"Sure, you're an actress," he humored her, "but so are hundreds of others. Why this town's full of blondes that say they're actresses just because they're playing in pictures. And who ever hears of 'em? Now you—you're different. You've got your stage and you've got your public. Have you ever stopped to figure out just how many people you play to in a day?"

Billie gave him one of those Oh-you're-so-wonderful smiles.

"And what's more," continued Jerry, "you've got *me* to manage you."

Billie cuddled close against him and his arm tightened about her. It was hard to keep from loving Jerry when he talked like that.

But she knew that a girl must not let her emotions interfere with her career. Jerry could only do just so much for her. He was a darling and all that but she must think of getting on in her art. So each morning she asked God to make her a good actress and make some director *see* her.

And one day the answer to her prayer, in canary yellow Rolls-Royce with black stripings, drew up at the curb.

It was late afternoon and the last lunch box had been sold.

Billie had taken out the make-up box and was drawing a little firecracker of rouge across her lips.

A VERY aloof and correctly uniformed chauffeur was at the wheel. But it was the man in the back seat who spoke to her. She took in the flower in the buttonhole, the cham-ouis gloves, the lavender handkerchief peeking from the breast pocket. Her heart tapped an exultant tattoo against her ribs.

Certainly this was a director if there ever was one.

"Are the lunches all gone, little girl?" he asked. Voice all oil and honey.

"Why, yes, sir. They are. I just sold the last one."

In her excitement she almost muffed the Grade A smile.

"Then perhaps I can drive you into town."

Intuition told Billie that this was Her Big Chance—but she didn't want to appear too eager.

"Women applicants so often must be told"

Says an employment agency manager about this phase of feminine hygiene



No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEN this delicate subject is brought up for discussion, many women become embarrassed and self-conscious. They, too, may be offending. Now, Kotex scientists have found and patented a method that ends all odor in sanitary pads, safely and thoroughly. No longer need this worry interfere with business or social life.

New, non-revealing cut

A certain bulkiness associated with old-fashioned methods has been overcome, too. Each pad is rounded and tapered in such a way as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

You can so easily remove layers of filler. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-Size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes.



Feed away the Wrinkles

WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

For three generations women have used Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. 50c the box, \$1 the jar, at any druggist.

Dr. Charles FLESH FOOD

This coupon will bring you a FREE sample jar of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food Co., Dept. P. C. 220-36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely



Hides Large Joints

Fischer-Protector

Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

Free Trial Offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
P. O. Box 383 Dept. 35 Milwaukee, Wis.

BURNS and SCALDS

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

Resinol

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition—Easy terms. Send for free booklet of interesting information.
Page-Davis School of Advertising
Dept. 2833, 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

The man opened the door. She hesitated. She had promised to meet Jerry.

He would be waiting for her. "Perhaps you don't know who I am," said the voice of oil and honey.

Billie flushed and admitted that she did not. "I'm Morris Luks—of the De Luxe Pictures. I guess you've heard of me."

Billie pretended that she had. "I've been watching you," continued Mr. Luks. "I'm getting ready to make 'Virgin Lips' and I think I could use a girl like you. You're wasting your time here."

Billie saw her long dreamed of heaven just around the corner.

"**H**OW about having dinner with me to-night?" suggested Mr. Luks. "I could go over some of the scenes with you—"

She found herself stepping into the car, sinking back luxuriously into the soft grey upholstery.

Two hours later, alone with Mr. Luks in his isolated hillside house, she listened intently while he talked picture business.

"I can make an actress out of any girl," he expanded. "But I've got a theory of my own about how to do it."

There was an insinuated meaning which Billie missed.

"Do you think I'd make a star?" she asked naively. It was wonderful being able to talk to a real director like this.

"Well, it depends on just how well you take direction."

Mr. Luks had finished a tall drink. His eyes were like little pin points of flame as he came closer to her.

Something about the way he looked at her made her feel all shivery inside. She thought it was stage fright.

"Suppose we rehearse one of the scenes from 'Virgin Lips.'" His moist hand slid along her bare arm and she involuntarily drew back. Funny she should think of Jerry at that moment—what nice clean, trustworthy hands he had.

"First of all, if you're going to be an actress, you've got to learn to relax," explained Mr. Luks.

Billie gave a nervous little laugh, for his arm had closed about her and he was drawing her close to him.

This was so different from the way they had rehearsed scenes at the School of Screen Technique.

"Don't be afraid. Just let yourself go." She felt herself being pressed back against the cushions of the low couch.

"Don't let your mind work at all," he whispered hoarsely. "Just let your body respond, naturally."

SHE tried to follow his directions, but she was tense, frightened. This was too real to be acting.

"You have just been awakened to love. It is burning you up like a flame. You have found out that your lover is going away. You want to hold him. Your arms go about him, pressing him close to you—"



Meet Corinne Griffith's latest discovery. Captivated by the *sang-froid* with which Master Bob Freeland laid the morning paper on her door-step, La Belle Griffith gave the lad film work in First National's "The Divine Lady," "Outcast" and now in "Prisoners." His favorite actress is, oddly enough, Corinne Griffith

Mechanically, and with all the fire of a mechanical doll, Billie's arms reluctantly went about Mr. Luks.

Love scenes, she had always thought, should be played with nice young heroes—like Jerry—not with men like Mr. Luks.

"No—no—not *that way*."

It was obvious that Mr. Luks was annoyed.

"This girl is a hot little number—not an iceberg."

"But I don't want to play *bad girls*, Mr. Luks." She managed to turn her face away from him. "I want to play sweet parts like Mary Pickford plays—so my public will love me."

"AND I suppose you think that Pola Negri and Greta Garbo are starving to death because they're not afraid to play a love scene like it ought to be played."

"But I have to play a scene like I *feel* it, don't I?"

Her voice was trembling.

"Well, if that's all the feeling you can put into it you'd better run along and sell your Cutie Lunches. I haven't any time to waste on you."

"Then you don't think I'm an *actress*?" she asked in amazement.

Mr. Luks had released her now. He picked up a cigarette and lighted it.

"An actress?" he said with disgust. "No, little girl, you're just another blonde—and dumber than most of them."

It was a very chastened Miss Shannon who went to the Pass the following morning with her daily quota of Cutie Lunches.

She watched Jerry as he stacked the boxes in rows of six.

"Jerry," she spoke hesitantly. "Did you ever hear of Morris Luks of the De Luxe Pictures?"

"Sure I've heard of him. He's the bird that got arrested a few months ago for signing some little extra girl up on a phoney picture contract. Made her think he was going to make a star of her. You want to steer clear of birds like that."

He finished stacking the lunch boxes and Billie was suddenly very busy with her makeup kit.

"There's the boy that knows how to make stars," Jerry pointed to a battered roadster which had just passed.

"Never think from that car that he was one of the best directors in Hollywood, would you? Now if you could just get him to 'discover' you, you'd be made."

BILLIE stared after the car. For the first time she was ready to admit that she was just a dumb blonde—*so dumb* that she had upstaged the great Von Berghem when he had asked her if she would like to play in his picture. She looked up at Jerry with a wistful, little girl smile.

She wondered if he really believed that she was an actress.

"I guess I've changed my mind about being an actress."

Their fingers met as she reached for a lunch box.

"I'd rather sell Cutie Lunches—and have you for my manager—"

"Atta girl!"

The box fell to the ground for Jerry had impulsively gathered her in his arms and their lips met in a first kiss.

Passers-by slowed down their cars, wondering if this was a picture scene. But Jerry and Billie were blissfully unaware that they had an audience.

"You don't think that I'm just another blonde, do you, Jerry?" It was of course a purely feminine question, but Billie just had to ask it.

"You're the only blonde in the world for me," he looked down at her adoringly. "And listen, sister, with my brains and your sex appeal, we'll simply clean up on these Cutie Lunches."

And they did.



Miss Jeanette Loff of Pathe Studio never worries about spots on clothing—she keeps a can of Energine handy for their quick removal.

The World's Finest Wardrobes Kept Spotless with ENERGINE

NO PRINCE OR PRINCESS of ancient or modern times could ever boast of a wardrobe to compare in size or cost with those owned by the great movie studios. And clean each garment must be—as spotless as a lily. For, the movie camera sees things that the human eye cannot.

that *Energine* removes spots—quickly, easily, completely. Leaves no ring, no clinging odor.

Nothing can take the place of *Energine* for quick removal of dirt and grease spots from suits, neckties, coats, hats, scarfs, dresses, gowns, gloves, kid shoes and fine leathers.

For twenty-five years *Energine* has been tested and used with success—by millions of people. Insist on *Energine*, the Perfect Cleaning Fluid.

Druggists everywhere sell *Energine*. 35c for 10 oz. can; 60c for 20 oz. size. Slightly higher in foreign countries.

In practically all the great studios *Energine*, the perfect cleaning fluid, is used exclusively. For, those whose business it is to care for these costly garments know

LARGEST-SELLING CLEANING FLUID IN THE WORLD



For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

GOOD NEWS for BLONDES



IS your hair darkening? Is it dull? Faded? Streaked? Bring back its true golden beauty with Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Gives new life and sparkle to dull, faded hair—keeps it light, bright and lovely. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

WHITENS
Your Skin
Quickly and
Positively . .



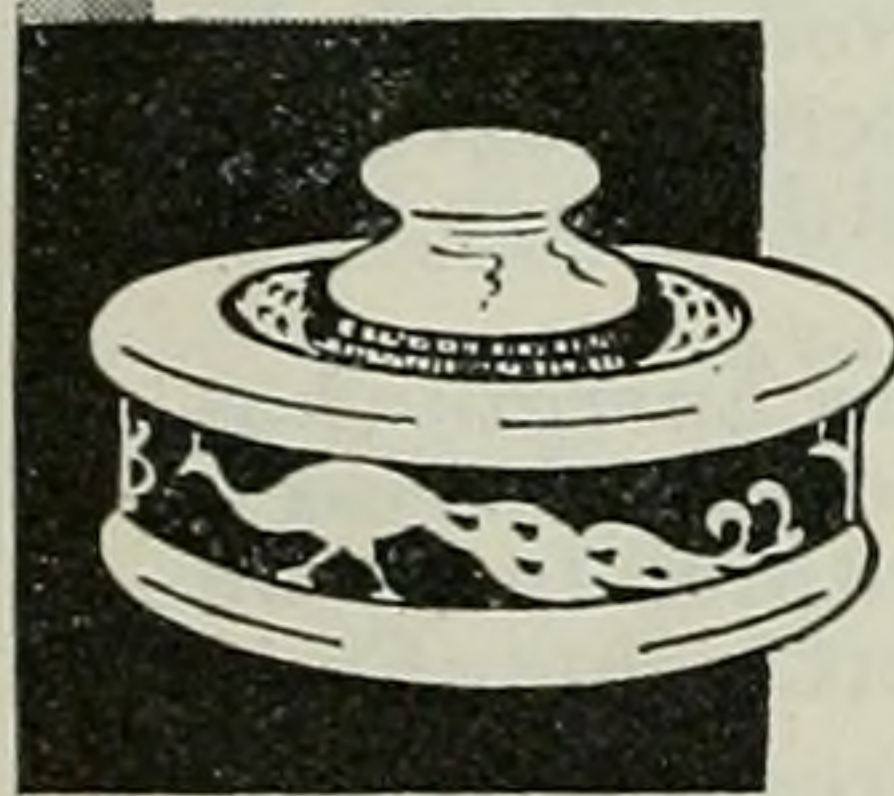
Don't let blotchy skin
mar your beauty . .

A MILLION women use Golden Peacock Bleach Creme regularly to make their skin pearly white and satin soft — and to keep it so.

This exquisite creme not only lightens the skin several shades, but it banishes freckles, unsightly blotches, muddiness, blackheads, and other skin defects almost overnight, leaving your skin lovely and white.

A 3-Minute Test. Use it tonight according to the simple directions. Tomorrow look in your mirror with amazement and delight. For even in that short time an almost unbelievable improvement is noted.

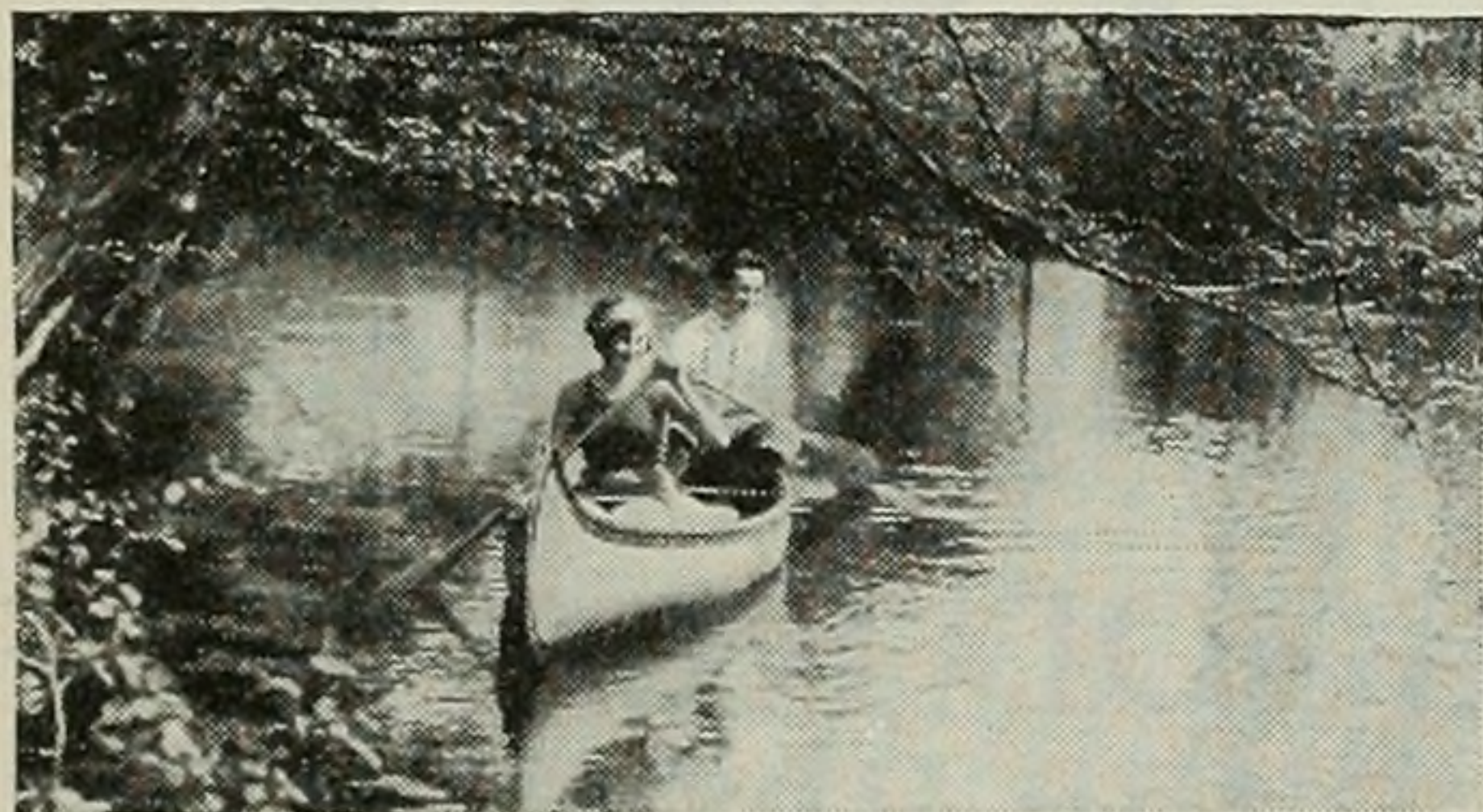
Begin Now. Don't go another day with unsightly skin. Why let skin blemishes destroy your beauty when so wonderful — so quick — are the results of this wonder creme that we absolutely guarantee it? Your drug or department store has it, or, if you wish . . .



. . . write your name and address on the corner of the page. Tear off corner and mail today. Send no money. We will send full-size \$1.00 jar C. O. D.

Golden Peacock, Inc.
21 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

Solve the mystery
of quiet waters



THERE is a mysterious lure in the soft ripple of shadowed waters. Let the gentle witchery of streamland lull you into understanding. Drift from sunlight into shade . . . float through moon-mellowed pools. Solve the mystery of quiet waters—in an Old Town.

You'll appreciate the graceful trimness of Old Town Canoes. They're patterned after real Indian models. Light and perfectly balanced. Durable too. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 923 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

More Tears, Please!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

ward, the triumphant ZaSu and family were moving into their beautiful new abode. Furniture, purchased on the installment plan, completed the homelike atmosphere. ZaSu, happy in her new found glory, flitted back and forth to the studio, carefree as a butterfly.

Her mother was ailing, and a trip to the dentist revealed the need of an expensive operation. ZaSu readily advanced the money.

Several weeks of unreal prosperity and then the dream came to an end.

THE enterprising producer found himself on the verge of bankruptcy and committed suicide.

ZaSu faced ruin more bravely.

Nothing remained of the thousand a week she had earned so joyously. Nothing remained but debts.

Dramatic as the catastrophe had been, there was no curtain to descend on the ensuing woes of the heroine.

Creditors in grease paint had pursued ZaSu before the camera, but now, she had to flee from real ones!

With histrionic presence of mind, she answered dunning phone calls in a negro maid's accents, "No, suh, she ain't heah, suh," said ZaSu, tremblingly.

In the meantime she tried to establish herself with another company. Her odd little personality didn't seem to fit in to the usual pictures.

She was considered a "type" and she had to go back to doing bits in an occasional picture.

From a thousand dollar a week star to a ten dollar a day extra girl over night!

ZaSu's gift for eccentric comedy, unfortunately, kept her in these small parts for over a year. Then fate and Eric von Stroheim took a hand in her affairs.

Von Stroheim was casting "Greed" and needed a heroine who could cry beautifully. All the leading women in Hollywood took "tests" for the part. Colleen Moore, and others, now stars of the first magnitude, coveted the rôle.

The Goldwyn lot teemed with excitement as the competition neared an end. A leading lady was about to be picked!

Passing the set where ZaSu worked, Von Stroheim noticed the care-worn face of the little comic actress. Something in the pathos of her attitude as she rested between scenes attracted him. Introducing himself, he asked her to come to a reading of the script. With beating heart, ZaSu climbed the steps to the famous director's office.

As Von Stroheim read the sad parts of the scenario, all that she had suffered made her feel the heroine's woes. Real tears rolled from ZaSu's beautiful eyes! The director glanced with wonder at the grief-stricken little face. Many actresses could weep, but Von Stroheim had found one who could feel!

Needless to say, ZaSu found herself cast for the biggest rôle of her career, and this time safely on the road to stardom.

It would be nice to say that she was happy ever afterward, but the truth is that troubles do not end with stardom.

A SCREEN beauty must retire early and diet carefully. There is frequent need for quieting influences to keep the nervous system from breaking down under the strain of intense emotional demands, long hard hours under the grilling lights, and worst of all the daily ordeal of the projection room.

Those who imagine that life in the movies is a merry round should see the tired, white-faced people who go into the studio projection room on soft, California evenings. It is a black, cheerless little place with a square of white at one end, about one-third the size of the screens

used in movie theaters. Dante's inferno held nothing like it for refined torture! Day after day the sins and mistakes of actors, directors and cameramen are thrown up to them. No one escapes the final reckoning. Hopes and ambitions are built up and smashed to pieces in its pitiless depths.

Many a beautiful star has left it with tears in her eyes and a premonition of the end of her triumphs.

Al Jolson once left a projection room and took the first steamer for Europe, to forget what he had seen. Only when time had softened the painful memory could he be lured back to try once more.

The scenes shown are never in sequence. Long shots, closeups and miscellaneous angles are all jumbled together. Subtitles are lacking and the general effect is that of a crazy quilt.

Frequently, an underdeveloped print shows the actor's faces as black as minstrels, while an overdeveloped print gives them the appearance of having fallen in a flour barrel. All defects easily remedied before a public showing, but very disheartening at the moment.

THE actress watches herself. It has been said that no woman, however beautiful, is camera proof. There is always one angle of her face, one part of her body, that is not perfect.

The public never sees the bad shots, but the actress must.

A closeup leaps on to the screen. It is her face magnified fifteen or twenty times. Her heart sinks as she sees a tiny line, almost unnoticeable in her looking glass, heavily shadowed!

It makes her look old and hard.

"Can't you do something about that?" she hears the director's voice asking her in the dark. He speaks to the cameraman:

"Watch that, George, that's a bad angle of her face."

Another shot leaps on the screen. It is a scene her heart is set on, a big scene. . . . Why does the light make her nose stand out like a golf ball on the end? . . . the dress isn't as smart as she thought it was going to be . . . a beautiful yellow, it has photographed murky grey . . . and they made it too tight, it makes her hips look enormous! Another closeup. A bit of rouge she has put under her chin to take down an almost imperceptible little sag, has photographed absolutely black like a dirty neck! Instead of one little chin she has three!

The director is furious. There is a sarcastic remark and an ominous silence.

Sometimes the actress has the supreme joy of seeing herself beautifully photographed. The cameraman, electrician and dressmaker have cooperated in making her a dream of beauty. Murmured compliments make the little dark hades Paradise!

IT is now the director's turn on the fire. His pride is centered on scenes about to unreel. To his dismay they have not filmed well. The action, when taken, was so full of feeling that even the stage hands wept! Now it comes upon the screen like a piece of music played out of tune!

The impulsive, staccato gestures of real life are a mere blur in the camera's eye. Even scenes of great passion must be acted slowly and deliberately if they are to register. "Timing" action is one of the great arts of movie making.

The luckless actress squirms as she watches her "big moments." The place where she gave that heartrending cry has photographed like a great chasm. She shouldn't have twisted her mouth in that ludicrous way. Real feeling is often unphotographic. One can't make the faces one would in real life under the stress of emotion.

Other scenes flash on the screen. She is not in them but her heart is broken and she still wonders why things looked so badly. In her bitter state of disappointment, perhaps she wonders if it wouldn't be better to give up starring and get a nice quiet job as a telephone operator or something.

The director is in a good humor again. He murmurs, "Fine shot, George! . . . that man looks like a million!"

A little extra girl, playing a maid's part, steps on the screen. She has the fresh appeal of one unused to the daily grind of movies.

"Who is she?" queries the producer with sudden interest.

The tired assistant searches in his notebook and supplies the information.

"Take a test of her in the morning" is the order.

NEXT day, an excited little extra girl will report, with her hopes high, eager to tread the thorny path of stardom.

The lights go up. The last shot has been run and the little crowd of happy or disappointed people file out.

The director to go home and tell the family what good stuff he's getting but that the star is a rotten actress . . . and the star to go home and cry all night, though she knows she must look her best in the morning!

Keeping a star job is no sinecure. The jealousy and hate of a thousand other less successful players follows the popularity of the lucky one.

They are croaking her ruin long before her star actually descends.

Prosperity in the moving picture business is a very perishable thing. A single indiscretion in the private life of a diamond-trimmed star has put her out of the business forever. A wrinkle, loss of hair, a few extra pounds and her diamond-trimmed goose is cooked!

There is no sadder spectacle in the world than the has-beens of Hollywood. They haunt the sunny boulevards like lost souls, always hoping to regain their vanished glory.

One of these former favorites of a fickle public sat waiting for a friend in the lobby of the famous Montmartre restaurant of Hollywood.

Her shoes were shabby and her hat had seen better days, but she wore a beautiful leopard skin coat, relic of the glorious days when she had earned fifteen hundred a week.

A friend, who was still on the top wave of prosperity, accosted her merrily, and remarking her beautiful wrap, said:

"You must be working?"
 "No," she replied, simply. "But if I don't get a job soon, I'll be the best dressed woman in the poorhouse!"

IN Hollywood, an actor works hardest when he's out of a job. A "front" must be kept up at all costs, and the illusion of grandeur maintained even with the bailiff waiting at the door.

False optimism is the keynote of the film capital. Tourists have difficulty believing that everyone is not happy and everyone rich, in Hollywood. Appearances are all that count in the City of Make Believe.

Even the shopkeepers make believe that their wares are worth more than they are, and when they sell them to impecunious actors, they have to pretend that they're going to get paid!

People who live by their emotions, as actors must, need the stimulation of beautiful things. Indeed, extravagance is forced upon them. "Looks" are a player's stock in trade, and his "job" clothes more important than meals.

"When we live in palaces all day," Eugene O'Brien once said, in the midst of a resplendent Graustark romance, "how can we go home to a two room flat?"

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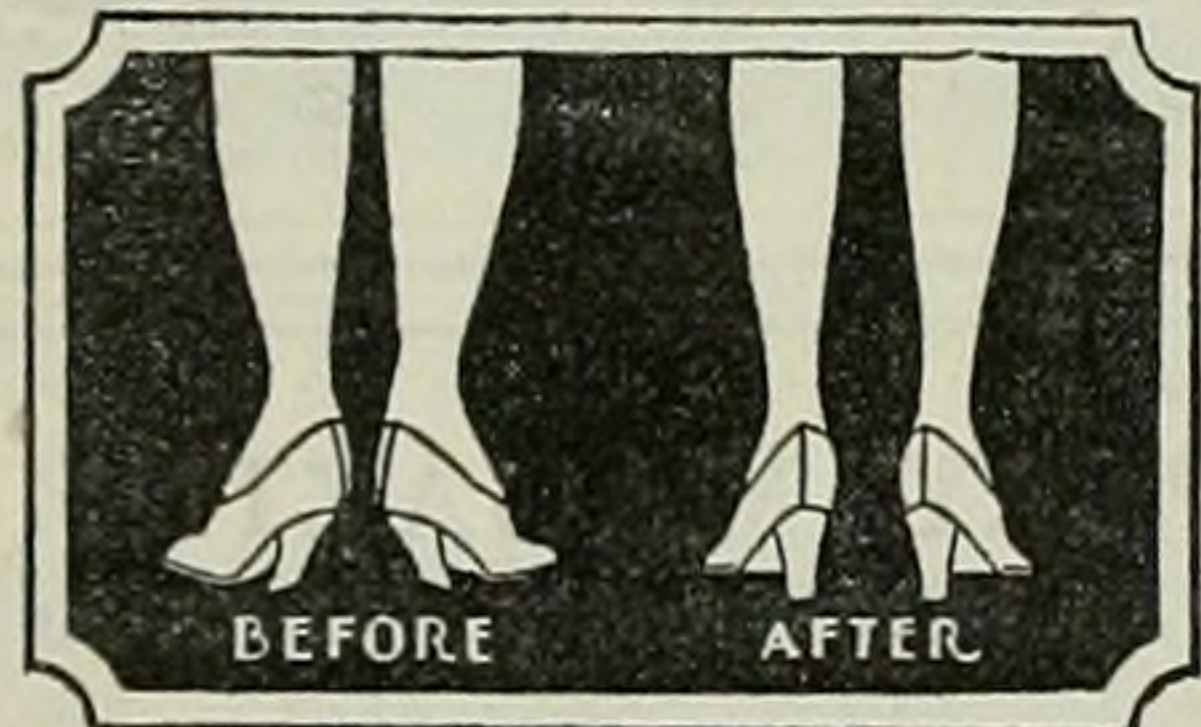


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The Loves of Tom Mix

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

name horses because of some peculiar characteristic they possess—some odd trait. Sex has nothin' to do with a cowpony's name. You're just as apt to hear a meek, quiet horse called Annie Laurie, because of supposed Scotch ancestry an' hard to get anything out of, as to hear him named Harry Lauder or Bobby Burns. It's mighty hard, at times, to find the right name for a horse, but every one of us down there just named this horse Sweetheart, the only one that seemed to fit him. I sure thought a lot of this colt. He was a light cream color with long curly mane. Boy like, I sort of regarded Sweetheart as my property. He would follow us around an' snuggle up sort o' sweet an' lovin' like. As a four year old, when I broke him he never showed any sign of bad tricks—never bucked—or did anything mean like that—just remained Sweetheart to the end of the day. Another thing, this colt never growed up—just remained always the same sweet, affectionate, lovin' little yearlin'.

If I owned him today, I'd change his name to Mary Pickford.

THE next love I remember was when quite a young man I was a workin' on the Circle Dot ranch, close to Hog Eye, Texas. One of the horses detailed to me was a young five year old named Red Ears. He sure was a beautiful horse, but no one had ever gentled him. Mebbe that was why they gave him to me. Red Ears was here, there an' everywhere, kickin' up his heels an' runnin' off every chance he got. I spent half my time ridin' around the draws an' over the prairies either a chasin' or a searchin' for this sorrel, runaway pony with the bright red ears. Red Ears could be mighty sweet an' gentle if he wanted to be, but I got to know him. Whenever I'd see one of those fond, far-away an' affectionate looks in his eyes—like a young doe deer lost from its mother an' he'd remind me of little Sweetheart—I knew the sign an' made a quick an' certain exit, always a goin' backwards until I got so far away that he couldn't swing his heels on me, an' then I'd turn an' make a fast getaway run for the fence. An' what a kickin' pony Red Ears was—it took

two husky cowhands to rope an' saddle him. While he wasn't a regular outlaw, he came as near to it as any colt ever could an' not be guilty.

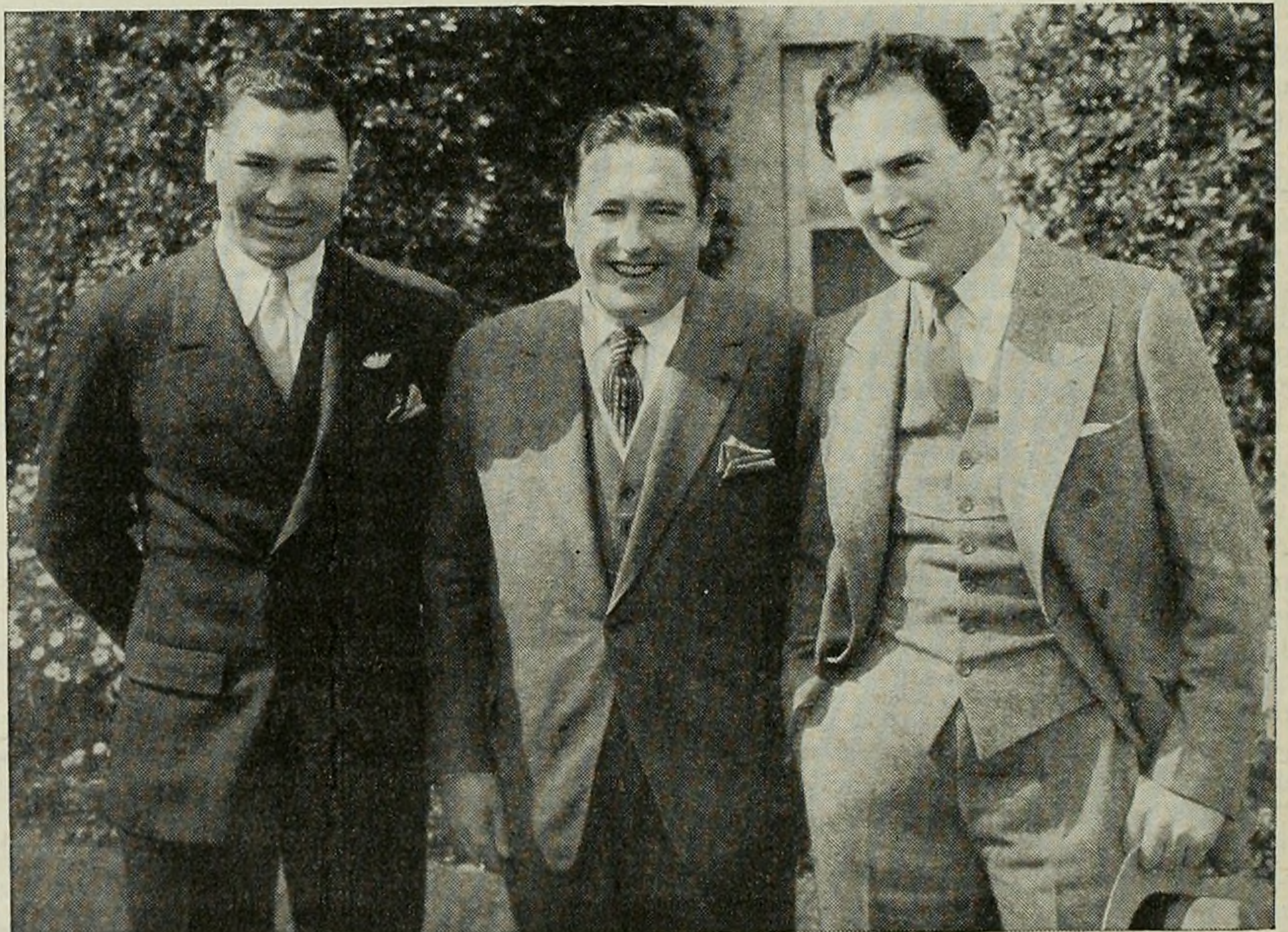
Today, if I was back on the old Circle Dot, by a vote of ten to one, the cowboys would a re-named Red Ears, a callin' him Clara Bow, instead of what they did, even if his ears was bright red.

AFTER Red Ears, my affections sort o' wandered around, not gettin' settled anywhere very much. Then I sort o' traded for a thoroughbred—a nice, stately horse with a lot of the original Steel Dust in him—he was always dignified—not much of a horse to ride out on the range, but a mighty fine animal if I wanted to go into town a wearin' of my best clothes. I thought a heap of this new horse.

I named him Beauty, although at this writin' if I still owned him an' had it all to do over again I'd call him Claire Windsor.

About this time I made a trip down on the Rio Grande where I did quite a lot of horse tradin' an' became the owner of about the wildest, highfalutin' cowpony I was ever interested in. He was sure hard to handle. If I broke that horse once, I broke him a hundred times. There was just no understandin' him. Even if he came in off'n the range, tired an' hungry, he'd up an' shy at a bale of hay, just to be doin' somethin' unexpected like. I called him Mexico, seein' as how I'd got him down on the Border. In disposition, Mexico reflected the sunbaked desert an' wide, cactus covered stretches of his native country. There just wasn't any trick of cuttin' up that he didn't savvy an' savvy pronto. He was just mischievous an' hard to gentle—I reckon he never was gentled—I know I couldn't do it. Mexico had a lot of grit an' you couldn't wear him out, but with all that he was about the best an' smartest circlin' pony I ever owned. In the present up-to-date way of doin' things, if Mexico was over on my ranch on the Hassayampa range in Arizona, the cowboys by unanimous consent would call him Lupe Velez.

My wanderin' affections at about this period



Three great box-office winners—and all Irishmen. These faces need no identification—each has played to a wider audience in his respective field, perhaps, than any other living person. Just for reference we will tell you that they are Jack Dempsey, John McCormack and Thomas Meighan

settled on a mighty good lookin' young horse. I took him in notwithstanding the fact he had been traded around an awful lot, which as everyone knows, don't sound none too good for no horse. Just as I was fond of Mexico, I was fond of this horse. His name when I got him was Buster. With him around, about the only thing safe on the ranch was what was locked up in the office safe. There wasn't a corral gate latch that he couldn't manage to get open. There wasn't a grain bin in the barn that he couldn't pry into. Buster always found some way to bust a bottom board off'n the corn crib an' help himself. He would eat up all his own feed an' then drive the rest of the horses away just to get their alfalfa, which he didn't want. He overlooked nothin' an' kept all the cowhands a guessin'. Buster was especially good to look at, bein' one of them slim kind, built for a long race with lots of endurance.

Today, if I had the re-namin' of him, I'd make it Peggy Joyce.

BUSTER, Red Ears an' Mexico sort of tired me of wild, tricky horses, so I decided to trade for a gentle one an' my affections this time centered on what was one of the most beautiful young ponies I had ever seen. He had big trustin' eyes, sweet manners an' was always gentle—he seemed to have quite a bit of the same strain that made little Sweetheart so wonderful. I sure was terrible fond of that little pony. No matter how hard we used him about round-up time or on the long, trail-herd drives, this pony remained, kind, gentle an' loveable like. I named him The Dove, as he was more like the grey-coated, soft-callin' turtle doves we used to hear in the Cottonwoods than anything else. Today, if the namin' of him come up again, I'd just put Billie in front of it an' call it a good job.

As I was leavin' Texas, I got me another horse an' for a time I thought a heap of him. He had one peculiar trait—he couldn't be loose-herded—you couldn't ever find him. He just kept movin' around. He was never satisfied with the range he was a feedin' on. He always found a way to either get over or under the line fence an' wander away to new feedin' grounds. He'd leave good, fine, range grass to get over on pasture that sheep had been grazin' over, an' where, as any cattelman knows, a horse ain't got the slightest chance to live. From there, you'd think reason or good sense would coax him back to the home corral, but it wouldn't. Lookin' for stray horses you always hunt around the long, grass ranges on the south side of the hills, but this was no help or guide in locatin' the missin' Wanderer—that a bein' the name I gave him—when he was strayin' around, which was most of the time.

But if I had to do it over again, I'm pretty sure that particular horse would be called Gloria Swanson.

BY this time, as you may have guessed, I always liked the unusual horse—the more unusual, the more I was fond of 'em. I had one for a little while in Oklahoma—a Pinto—he'd start out in the mornin' with his head up an' a cattelman a passin' along would 'a' said, "there goes a mighty good cowpony," judgin' from his mornin' style, but the best thing High-Tide, as I called him, could do was to run around in circles. Almost at any time, an hour or more after sun-up, you could expect High-Tide to tire an' quit. If he lasted through the day through easy ridin', he'd generally quit when you was along way from the ranch an' at an hour when you knew that dinner was waitin' in the cookhouse. High-Tide sure wasn't a long distance horse an' instead of bein' called High-Tide, we should 'a' named him Pola.

One of the nicest young horses I ever had an' one I was mighty sorry I couldn't keep, was a good lookin' brown chestnut I traded for in Missouri. He was one of the most dependable ponies I ever knew, always gentle an' willin'—one that would stay hitched—throw



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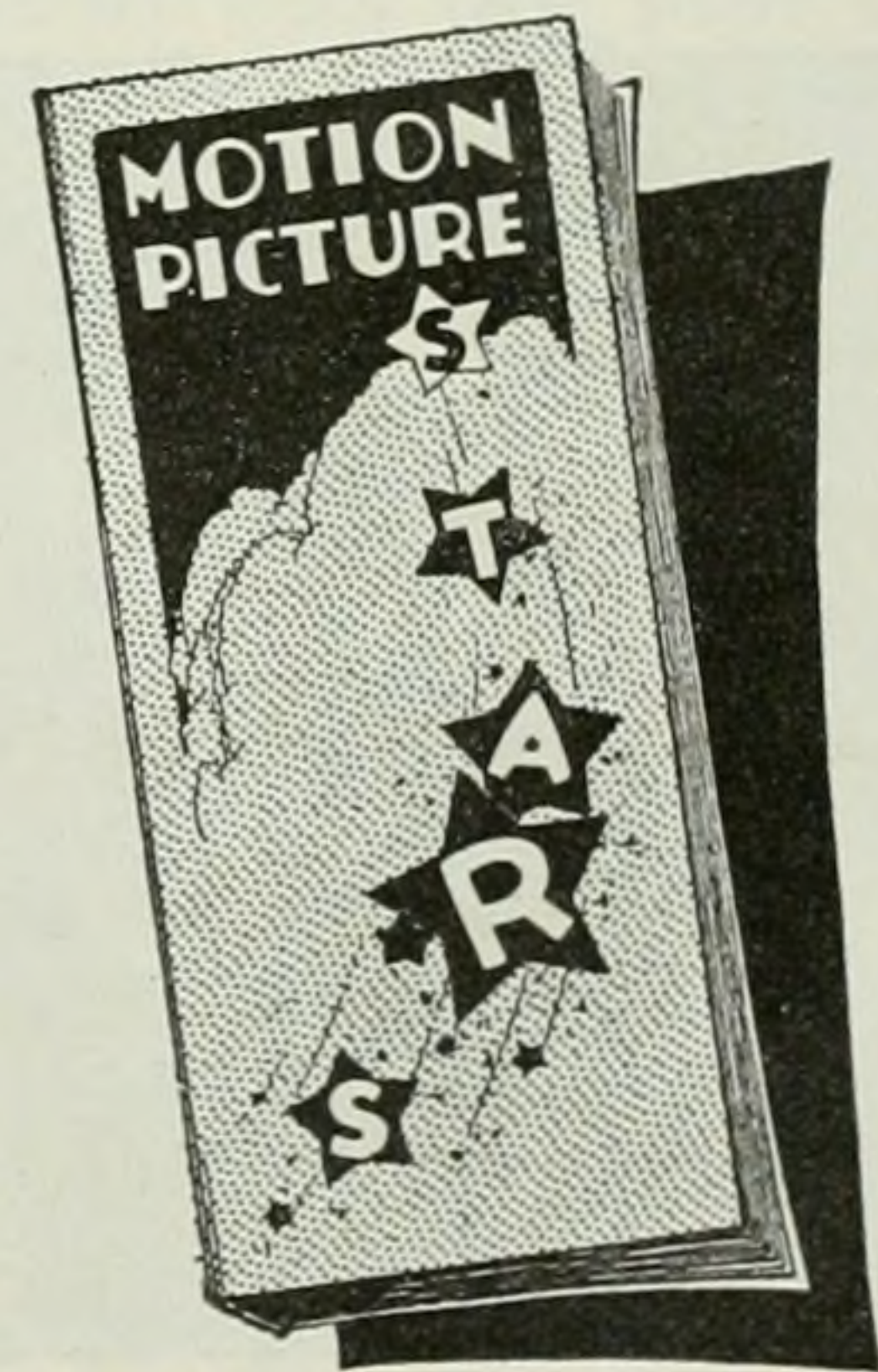
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the bridle reins over his head an' come back in six hours an' he'd be waitin'. He was one of those sweet dispositioned ponies that no man would ever have the heart to put a whip or spur to—always reliable an' dependable. Usually horses of this kind ain't smart, but this one was smart as a whip lash. I called him Sister—he seemed like that. Now as I'm writin' this, an' stop an' close my eyes an' remember Sister, I can't help but thinkin' of Dorothy Dwan—mebbe that would have been a better name.

ONE of the cutest horses I ever had an' one that took quite a place in my swervin' affections was a dark brown, peart lookin' colt that I called Alabam—the feller I got him from said he had been shipped up from that state with a lot of other horses. Alabam was sure an' engagin' young colt. He was sly—not mean or inclined to run away or be tricky, although like any high-spirited colt, he would buck now an' then, just to be entertainin'. Alabam would eat carrots out of your hand an' then, like a streak of greased lightnin', turn an' let both heels fly at you. He was careful never to hit you—just wanted to be funny—but Alabam always kept you guessin' for fear that unintentional, one day he'd misjudge the distance an' then it would be too bad for all concerned except the arnica bottle an' court plaster roll.

I always thought Alabam was a real cute name for the colt until in later years, Dorothy Sebastian worked for me in a picture an' then I knew I could 'a' picked a better one.

Once again, I got back in Oklahoma an' that meant a new horse. I reckon I put my affections on this one, because I couldn't understand him—no one could, so it seemed—no one ever had. You've seen folks who would just sit an' day-dream—all same this Oklahoma horse.

He was something of a thoroughbred, like Beauty, but he would put his head over the corral fence an' day-dream.

For a while I thought mebbe he was homesick—horses get thataway once in awhile, just like us folks. I thought it might be that whoever he was a pinin' for might live in that direction, but I soon found that direction had nothin' to do with it, for he'd stand an' look north, east, south or west, whichever was the handiest, an' there he'd think. I used to wonder what he was a thinkin' about. Anyway, this horse would gaze away over the foothills an' forget to eat—he'd stop an' day-dream.

I named him "The Dreamer" an' it seemed to fit pretty well until I met Mary Nolan, which, all things considered, might have been a better name.

LOOKIN' back now, I remember another incident of heavy affection on my part for one of the nicest horses I ever had. I got him from the Bar "Y" in Oklahoma. There wasn't anything particularly different in this horse except a sunny disposition an' the fact he was more dependable than most of 'em. No matter the weather—whether snow-swept prairies or velvet-green pasture land, he was always the same—a joy to have, so that's what I called him—Joy. I still think it was a good name, although today, I might considered a callin' him Leatrice.

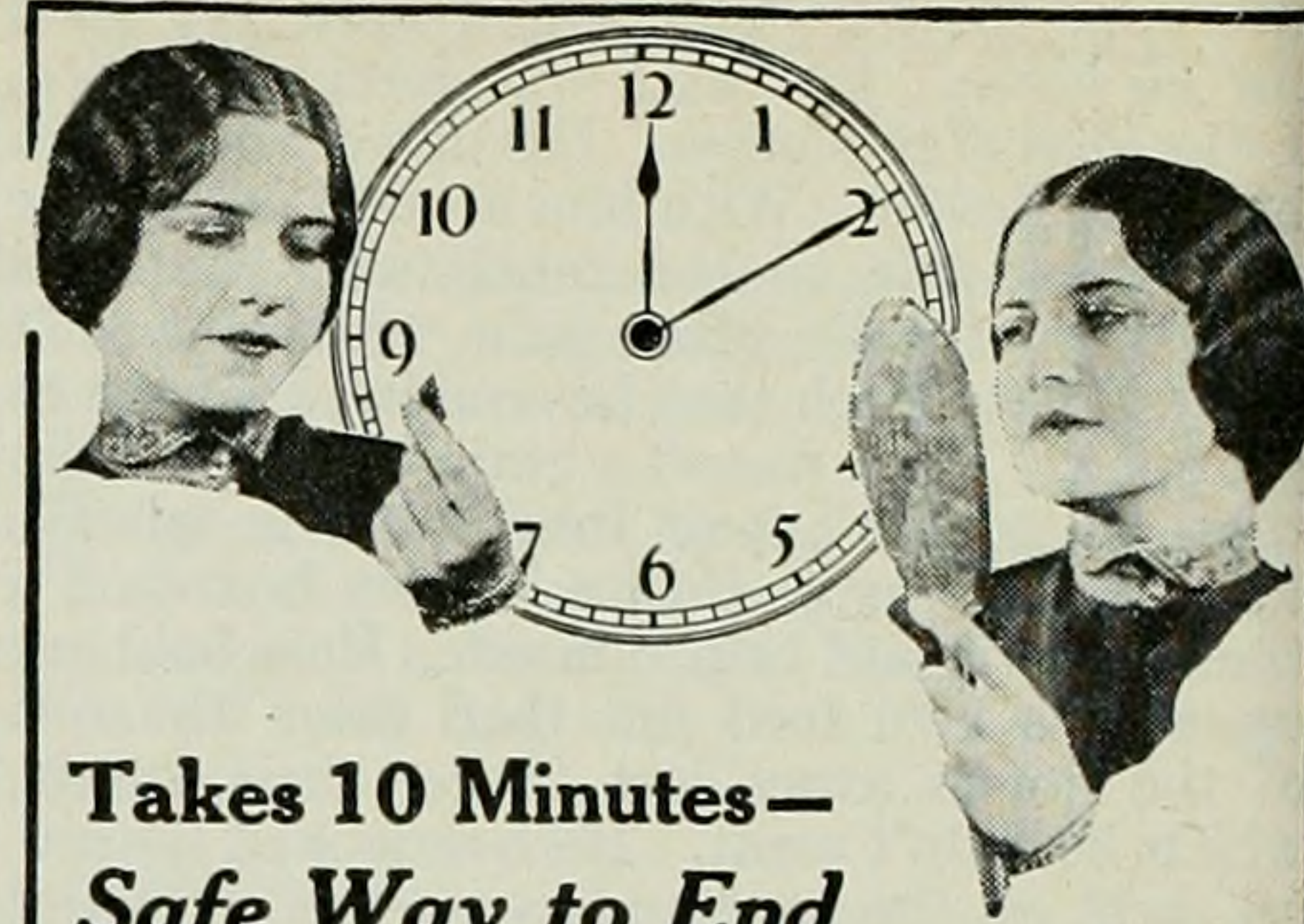
I once put a lot of affection in a young horse I traded for in Colorado. I never saw such a friendly animal—always interested in you and what you were a doin'.

I an' the rest of the boys around the ranch called him Quaker, because he was such a Friend.

Today, if I owned Quaker, I'd give him to Molly O'Day, believin' they would fully understand one another.

Once, down in New Mexico, I had a young colt that I thought a heap of. Not only was he good lookin', smart an' attractive, but he had a lot of natural thoroughbred in him. But try as I may, somehow, I could never get this colt broke. In the morning when I'd start out

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Full details of PHOTOPLAY's New Prize Contest appear in this issue. Turn to Page 34 now.

to ride range or look for stray stock, I'd have a tough time a gettin' a saddle on him. Then he'd start to buck. On the days that he throwed me, I'd take a nail an' make a mark on one of the boards of the corral fence. The next day if I managed to stick an' didn't get throwed, I'd put a mark for myself on the other side of the board. For quite a few years we stuck together and the throwin' an' markin' up credits went on. Finally, one day I counted up the marks an' they was even on both sides of the board. I'd been able to stick as many times as I'd been throwed—it was an even break—so me an' this good lookin' pony shook hands an' called it a day. Because of this constant changin', I had two or three names for this horse. Mebbe one of 'em was Victoria.

BUT headin' now for the end of this essay on lovin', at the present time, my affections is pretty well fixed an' standardized an' I don't waver around so much. Just now, while I can't call it love, I may say that I got a lot of interestin' admiration for an animal over on my ranch at Mixville named Virgil—he's a classic. Virgil is a mule. All mules is obstinate as everyone knows, but the rest of the family learned it from Virgil. If you want to go north, Virgil heads south, an' the cowboy don't live that can change his mind or direction.

I'd hate to say that at times Virgil reminds

me of Red Ears, Mexico, Buster, Alabam, the Wanderer or mebbe the horse with the four names.

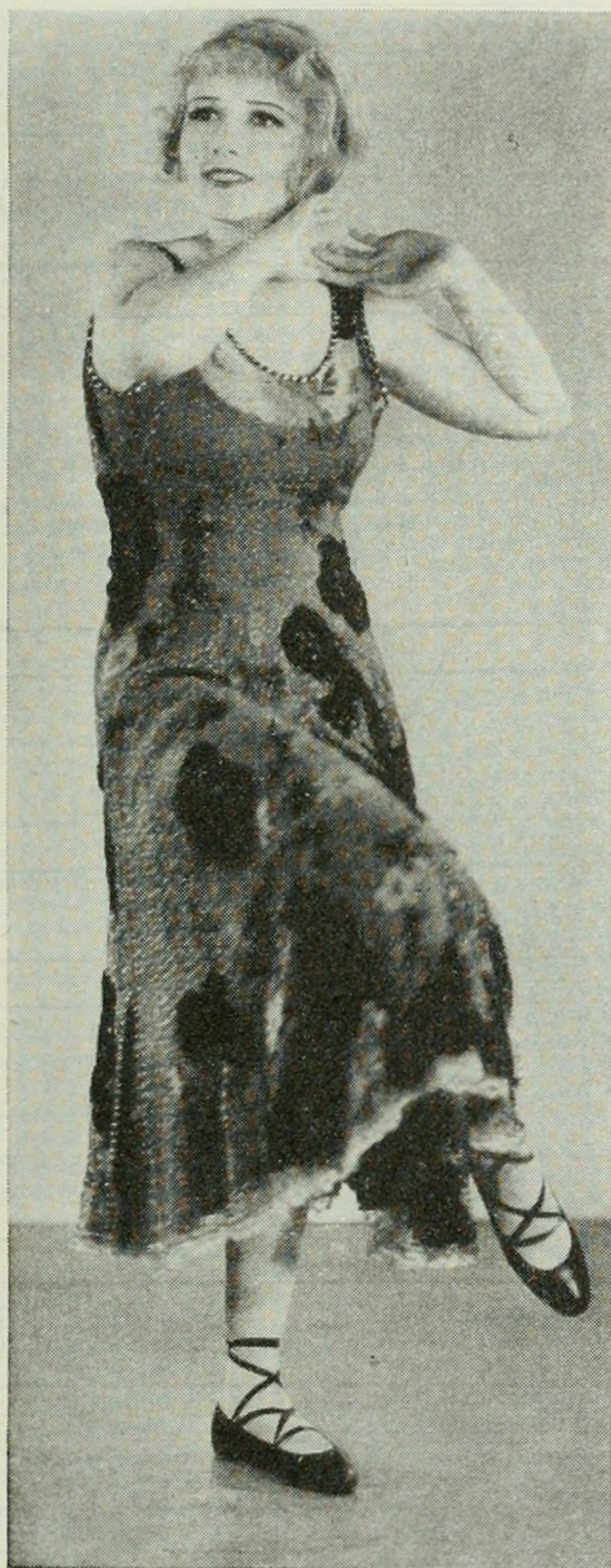
It wouldn't be nice to announce here an' now that I think there is mule strain in any of the animals mentioned, but when I remember some of the things I've seen 'em do, I sure get to thinkin'.

BUT footin' it all up, in my present day life, there is one great love—Tony. Tony has a lot of tricks that mebbe ain't so good, but he's got more keen savvy, more fine principles, more rough affection, more gentle consideration, more dependable companionship, first, last an' always than any other thing—man or beast—that I've ever known.

As life's shadows grow longer an' lengthen toward the east the closer me an' him seem to be.

Tony's is one of those affections that'll end only when either him or me crosses the pass into the purple valley beyond, where the pastures are always green, the streams always blue an' the shade always soft an' cool—that's the valley from which no one—man or beast—ever returns—then an' then only, will the love between Tony an' me cease to be a livin' joy.

I RECKON, Jimmy, if you feel so disposed, you can head this chapter "The Loves of Tom Mix," an' sign Tony's an' my name to it.
TOM.



What the march of civilization has done for the chorus girl. On the left is a 16-pound costume worn by the stage belles of the eighties—on the right the four-ounce beads and remnants worn by Anita Page in Metro-Goldwyn's new "Broadway Melody." You can see that forty years ago chorines suffered from humped backs and spavin. Today they have nothing but goose-flesh and pneumonia

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The Broad A Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

pair held something very much like adoration. She liked that, also. Furthermore, the young man had none of the Hollywood veneer of sophistication; instead of looking bored, he seemed brisk and eager. But who was he? She smiled with just the proper shade of encouragement, and started to reply, but the braying tones of Mr. Zoop discouraged any such effort.

The belligerent Abie, listing slightly to port as a result of having taken aboard some of Scotland's favorite perfume, was flourishing his arms with perspiring zeal.

"It ain't that I don't wish you boys good luck," he shouted, "nor that I think you're a lot of bums. But what I want to know is this: Since when has youth and beauty got to fold up and check out on account of a voice?"

MINGLED jeers and cheers answered him. "Listen," howled Mr. Zoop, becoming purple, "we ain't got no records as to whether Cleopatra dropped her Gs, but from her pictures we can tell that that baby had visible means of support. Madame Du Barry's boy friends tore off passionate poems to her eyes, but does history say whether she was alto or soprano? I'm askink you. And give a look at all them paintings about Lorelei luring the sailors. Not that it's so much of a trick, but believe me, boys, when she sobbed them siren songs she took good care that eighty per cent of her was out of the water."

Several guests registered agreement with these sentiments, but the six Blotts brothers grinned amiably at one another.

"You been creeping around the Public Library, ha?" inquired Joe, the eldest.

"Not me," gasped Mr. Zoop, flopping into his chair. "The dope I got from my Milton, a smart boy."

"Well, it runs for Sweeney," said Mr. Blotts rudely. "It's a great age we're living in, Abie, and you should get wised up on the facts of life. Now, I'll ask—"

The strange young man stirred uneasily, and leaned toward Brenda. "Suppose we slip away to a corner?" he suggested, and as she rose impetuously, he followed her to a table partly concealed by giant ferns. Once there, the steady grey eyes began to watch her hungrily; then he flushed with embarrassment.

"I forgot to introduce myself," he apologized. "My name is Garry Devlin."

"S a nice name," murmured Miss Berkeley, studying the firm sweep of his jaw. "How did you know me?"

Mr. Devlin's face grew radiant. "Whenever your pictures played Saint Paul, I'd see them several times a week. You—well, you helped me a lot with my work."

"Saint Paul," echoed the star. "Why, that's funny, Mr. Devlin, I come from Minneapolis."

"Then we're practically all one family."

"Well," admitted Miss Berkeley with becoming local pride, "it makes you a sort of poor relation, anyhow." By this time she had decided that he was too ruggedly good looking to be an actor. "Who are you signed with?" she fished.

"OH, I came out here for Blotts," said the young man, dismissing Joe with a wave of his hand, "but principally to see you. Do you know that your mouth is like an azalea bud?"

Brenda's lashes lowered to suddenly glowing cheeks. Any other man would have said something about rosebuds, but this one was different. "You sound as though you really meant it," she tinkled.

"I do," declared the ardent Mr. Devlin. "Everything about you is wonderful. Your voice, now—it throbs and caresses, and that

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little touch of huskiness gives it such an attractive quality."

"And don't you think it's weak and fragile?"

"Certainly not," said the cavalier, frowning at a waiter to sheer off. "It's soft and low, yes, but as much a part of you as those iris blue eyes. You—"

A boisterous hail from the main table made him turn a reluctant head, and then, in answer to the profuse beckoning of all the Blotts brothers, he escorted Brenda back to their former seats. The massive Joe draped an arm around his shoulders, and addressed the diners.

"AND this is the guy I mentioned," he gloated. "He can tell you anything you want to know—Mr. Garry Devlin—perfector of the first successful talking picture." He paused a moment, and then inserted the harpoon. "Owned and controlled by Blotts Brothers, Incorporated, and the rest of you fellows will have to make out with a punk imitation."

As Mr. Devlin commenced his speech, Miss Berkeley emerged slowly from her haze of rapture and faced the cold grey dawn of fact. So this was the scoundrel who threatened her career! This earnest stranger who had had her heart whirling within five minutes—was his invention going to ease her into the subtitles called "the shadowy corridor of oblivion"? Down the table she could see the scrambled features of Mr. Zoop, as he scowled like a venomous chipmunk. Abie was sore, and so, Brenda decided, was she.

She sat stonily until a splatter of lukewarm applause heralded the close of Mr. Devlin's remarks. The next moment he was leaning over the back of her chair.

"I'd like to take you home," he admitted.

Miss Berkeley's eyes glazed with hauteur. "So would a lot of others, Mr. Devlin."

He smiled disarmingly. "Of course; but I was wondering if you wouldn't give the favor to a newcomer. And the name is Garry."

Brenda, trying not to look directly at him, thawed in spite of herself. In the background hovered several rapacious beauties, each displaying the fullest intention of pouncing on the defenceless Mr. Devlin if he were set free. She drew the azalea bud into a provocative pout, and her voice was like the rustle of silk.

"All right, Garry, you win." Her triumphant gaze swept the platoon of thwarted damsels. "A stranger here needs someone to look after him unless he's old enough to be out of season."

Professor Oscar Pawle reposed with dignity in the Berkeley sun parlor, and meditated on the inconsistencies of fortune. He was a lank, dismal appearing man who would have made an excellent model for a statue of Bigotry, and although seemingly an undertaker's understudy, in reality belonged to the loose-lipped tribe that had begun to clutter up the film colony. When the panic started, he had been engaged in harassing a group of youthful Polacks at a school on the sooty fringes of Pittsburgh. Then, purchasing a Prince Albert and a gates-ajar collar that allowed his Adam's apple to gyrate freely, he trickled into Hollywood as a professor of tone expression.

The estimable professor, along with many of his species, including clergymen, social climbers, ham actors and congressmen who have made a free trip to Europe, labored under the delusion that all language should be neatly disguised by an illegitimate English accent. Herecoiled from the raucous timbre of the Ohio and Wyoming dialects, while the Louisiana drawl gave him goose pimples.

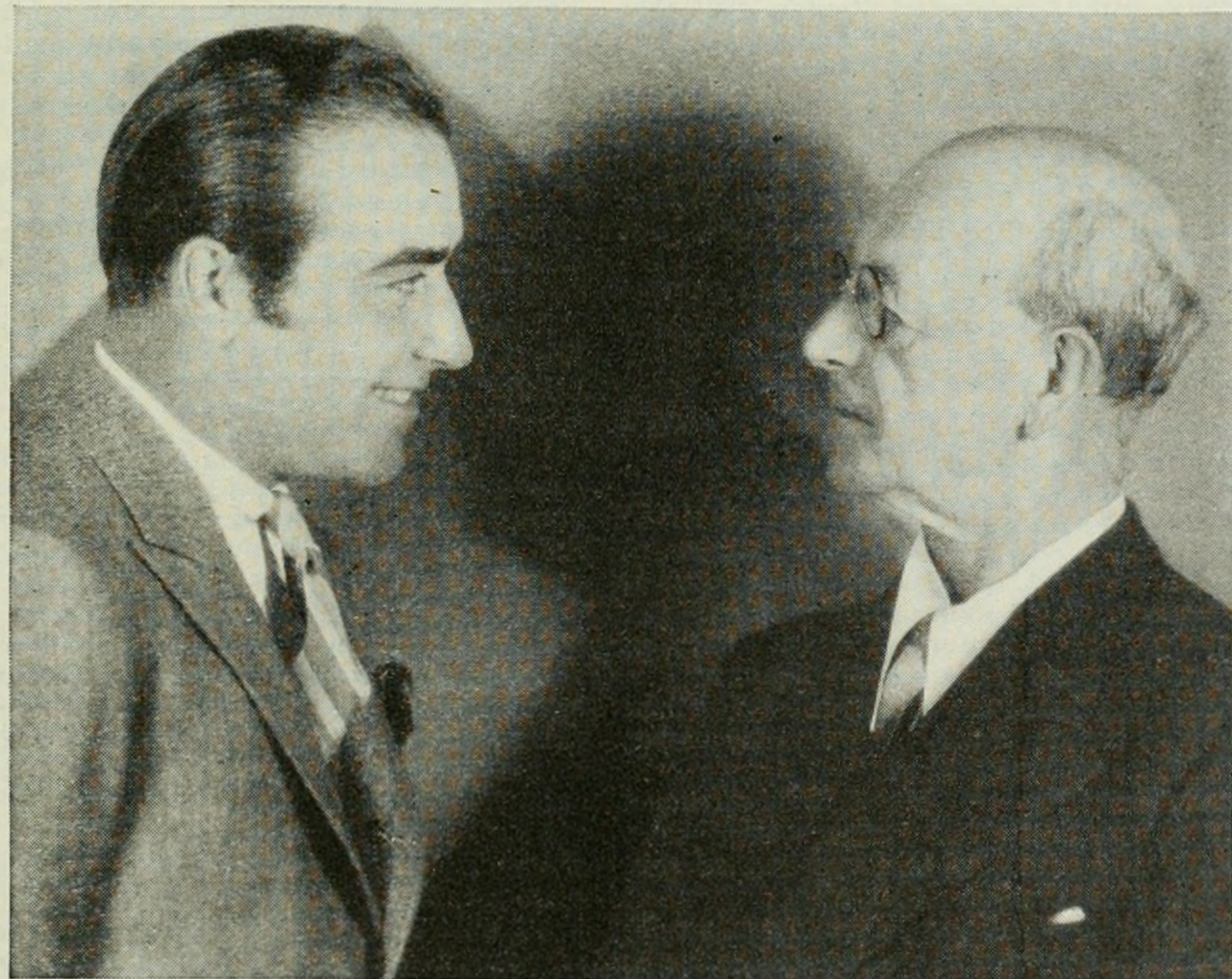
He assembled a few remarks on this subject when Brenda made a timorous entrance. The first three lessons had taught her how to intone from the diaphragm, and also had equipped her with a highly gilded inferiority complex.

"Ah," said Professor Pawle, in a sepulchral voice, "my little sunbeam! Now then, Miss Berkeley, I want to hear an example of your chest tones."

The sunbeam proceeded to give an excellent imitation of wrestling with a severe case of the croup, and ended by gasping like a gaffed tuna.

"MARVELOUS," said the professor, who lied easily. "You have the correct idea regarding volume, but now we come to the more important matter of accent. Allow me to impress upon you that it is the surest sign of culture."

"Is that so?" inquired Brenda peevishly. "Well, I've been talking for over twenty years, and nobody ever misunderstood me."



Jimmy Brown and his Pa. Otherwise, Mr. Clinton Hall, proud parent, visiting his son James Hall, popular Paramount leading man, in Hollywood. Jimmy ran away from home in boyhood and made good on the stage and screen. "I told you so!" remarks young James

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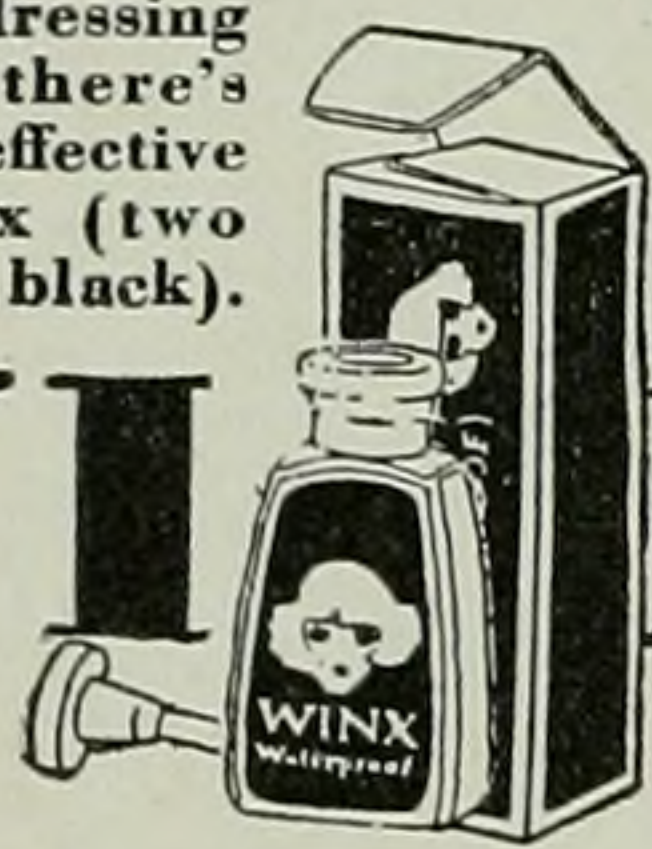
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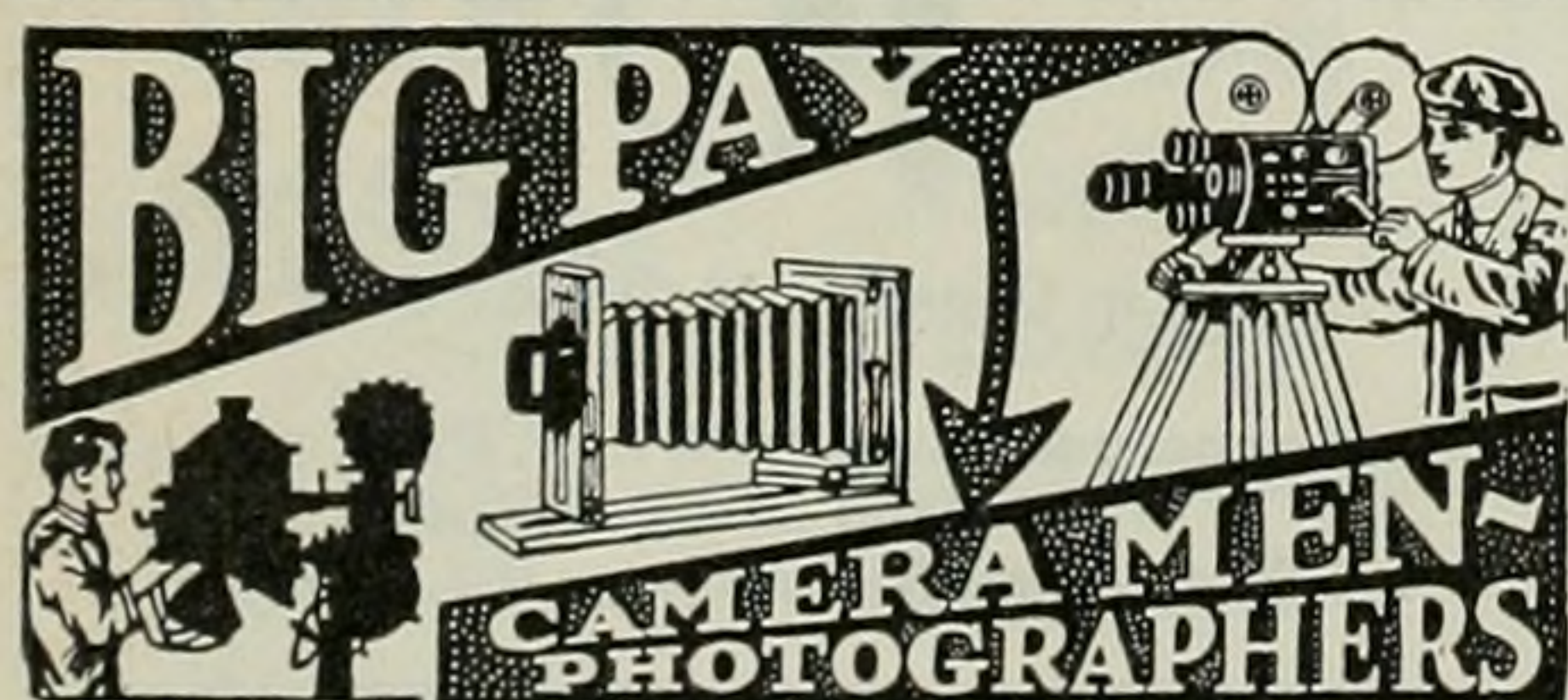


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Joan Crawford, that feminine masterpiece, is here shown hitching a ride on the ten-ton truck that is needed to haul her fan mail to the Metro-Goldwyn studio ever since PHOTOPLAY published her life story and she crashed through for a touchdown in "Dancing Daughters"

The professor closed his eyes to denote martyrdom and then spoke in his richest Piccadilly. "You will endeavor to repeat after me the following sentence: Aw tomawtoes hawmful?"

"Are tomawtoes harmful," prattled Brenda.

"Nothing like it," groaned the elocutionist. "You must lengthen your As and drop your Rs altogether."

"Do I have to say 'potawtoes,' too?" asked the star. "It sounds foolish."

"I haven't time to go into that now. Secondly, try this: Waitaw, send faw my caw."

"Say, listen," protested Brenda, "all that fancy stuff is no use to me. I play a sweetheart of the lumber camps in my next picture and what would I be doing with a car?"

"I didn't come here to discuss the social evil," said Professor Pawle, commencing to boil. "Mr. Zoop desires me to equip you for the future, so pay strict attention to me. Let me hear that sentence, please."

Miss Berkeley flapped her tonsils and tried again; then quailed before the expert's scornful eye.

"MY good woman," he said icily, "may I ask where you come from?"

"Minneapolis. What's it to you?"

"And do you imagine that a producer would allow a Minnesota accent to run wild through his dramas?" The Professor pronounced it "drahmas," with a slight neighing effect.

"Why not?" countered Brenda. "It's as good as that phoney English one of yours."

"Rubbish," said the Professor. "You'll be a lady, or choke. Next: Hawness my hawss, Tom Mix, and also my hawt."

"Hawness my— oh, hell!" screamed Brenda, sprinkling her makeup with salty tears. "If I catch the bird who started this, I'll have him taken up an alley."

Then she checked herself, realizing that she was threatening someone who had become as necessary to her happiness as a news reel photographer at a Hollywood premièrè. Her face crinkled into a forlorn smile as she glanced at Professor Pawle. "It's just my temperament," she told him, as he gaped at the sudden change, "and I'm ready to obey orders."

By the end of a month Miss Berkeley had

astounded the professor by her adenoidal acrobatics. Besides being able to imitate the artificial accents of the so-called best people, she could keep a flock of polysyllables in the air without appearing dubious as to their meaning.

Others were not finding it so easy, and some of the five pointed stars began to wish their educations had been rounded off a little better. The leaf-shadowed drives of Beverly Hills resounded to the mellow inflection of the stressed consonant.

During one of Garry Devlin's nightly visits, Brenda kissed him with the pride of ownership, and announced in her painfully acquired tones, "We start making 'Passion in the Pines' tomorrow, darling. My first talker—isn't it wonderful?"

Garry regarded her perplexedly. "Of course I'm glad to hear it, but you don't need to use that twa-taw voice with me. I'm afraid elocution's breaking out on you like the measles."

Brenda laughed airily. "I'm beginning to like it, and I guess I did sound rather common before. Why, Professor Pawle says my voice is as clear as a diamond."

"It is," admitted Garry, "but a diamond is hard and cold, too. I like your real one better, honey; it's like an opal—color and subdued fire. Why not use it now that you know how to get volume?"

"No," said Brenda obstinately, "it was quite coarse, really. The professor said so."

Garry laughed shakily, and held out his arms. "Well, I guess a fellow can't have everything. But speaking of diamonds, won't you let me get the ring tomorrow? I've waited long enough, dear."

Miss Berkeley's iris eyes blurred a trifle, then she nodded happily and tried to think of the correct cinema procedure in such cases. Not being able to remember, she simply snuggled in almost plebian manner and forgot to wonder if her profile would register like a cameo.

THREE months later Abie Zoop slouched in his chair and blinked unhappily at a young snowstorm of mail and telegrams that littered his desk. His pudgy features contorted themselves into the near-Napoleonic scowl

as he shifted his gaze to the glistening figure of Brenda Berkeley that was framed in the doorway.

"What's the trouble, Abie?" she inquired throatily.

"You should ask!" gulped Mr. Zoop, turning the color of pale ale. "Me and you is going to talk business, baby, and I want that you shouldn't have historic nor nothink when you hear the lowdown."

Brenda arched a well tweezed eyebrow. "Is that the way to talk to a lady?"

"Oi!" moaned Mr. Zoop, giving vent to his favorite diphthong. "Talk is what it's all about. Listen, Brenda, ten days ago we released 'Passion in the Pines' to our Eastern exhibitors."

"Good for you," said the star, brightening. "When is the West Coast showing? I'll wear—"

"Don't be so anxious," cautioned Abie. "When the picture was finished, I'll admit I thought it was the goods. Oi, has Brenda the classy voice, I tells myself. But it's the re-reaction of the public what counts, baby, and the public—your public—"

The blasé Miss Berkeley changed suddenly into the likeness of a frightened little girl.

"Why, Abie," she quavered, "what—?"

"On the desk," said Mr. Zoop, waving an aimless palm. "Just give a look at any of them squawks."

BRENDA scurried across the room, and picked out a few sheets at random. The first was a telegram.

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"College boys!" sniffed the star. "Who ever heard of them sticking to anyone for more than a week?" She turned to a letter written in pencil on cheap, lined paper.

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"Your friend, ELIZABETH BROWN"

Brenda's face grew solemn. This woman, she knew, spoke for hundreds of her kind. Then the unreasoning anger of those who know themselves to be wrong took possession of her, and her mouth twisted ominously.

"That one's bad enough," said Mr. Zoop, leaning over her shoulder, "but that clippink is what sinks you. It's by one of them smart aleck New York crickets, not that they can make or break a picture, if you get me; but when they start snearink, Brenda, it's time for the red light."

MISS BERKELEY gazed mistily at the half column of metropolitan criticism, wincing from the uppercuts contained in certain sentences.

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battled successfully with every lustful heavy in the films, is now equipped with the additional armor of the broad A. . . . In the manner of Eliza crossing the ice, she flitted blithely from one broad A to another, although at times a bit fearful of splashing into the murky waters of her natural accent, if any. . . . the audience roared when Miss Berkeley, playing the daughter of an Oregon woodsman, turned loose a line of talk that would have impressed a sentry at Buckingham Palace. . . . so don't fail to hear that comic tear jerker, that anachronistic heroine, the Broad A Baby!"

"That last crack," lamented Mr. Zoop, "is what you call a slogan, and he's hung it on you. Hey, where you goink? Sit down, Brenda, we got to talk—"

"Let go of me, Abie," said the star. "I'll be back, but first I'm going to breeze over to Blotts Brothers, and see the fellow who thinks he's my fiancé." She did a little deft retouching and walked purposefully to the door, while Mr. Zoop appraised the stitching on her sports skirt.

"If there should be a fight," he yelled after her, "maybe you could sock him one for me, hey?"

Brenda drove rapidly to the Blotts stronghold three miles away on Sunset Boulevard, slammed her way through various outer rooms and proceeded to swamp the astounded Mr. Devlin with a flood of blistering comment.

"And not only did the picture flop, but they made fun of me," she ended. "Ridicule does a girl more harm than all the knocks in the world. Imagine calling me the Broad A Baby! It'll be on everybody's tongue in no time."

Garry tried to hide a smile. "Isn't it rather deserved, honey? Why, you're using your own voice right now, and it sounds so much nicer. I—"

Brenda's Killarney eyes glinted blue fire and her fingers curled into a fist that was more Burke than Berkeley.

"If you say 'I told you so,'" she warned, "I'll slap your face."

"I wasn't going to say that," said Garry gently. "What I had in mind was that if you'd marry me right away, you wouldn't have to bother about the public any longer."

"You!" cried Brenda wildly. "You and your machine are the reason for all this grief. You're ruining my career and hundreds of others."

"Do you think I'd marry you now?" She tugged frantically at her engagement ring, then it clinked musically on the desk. "That's what I think of you!"

For a second Garry's face wore a look of anguish, then it hardened into a mask of pride. "I'm sorry," he said briefly, and suddenly became interested in the view from his window.

The seething Miss Berkeley returned to the Stupefaction lot to find two worried gentlemen engaged in a huddle with Mr. Zoop. Both of them nodded carelessly, the loutish, cynical director and the dapper press agent who looked as though he could do with a little more sleep. Abie suspended operations long enough to grin reassuringly.

"You're through with them poor-but-honest rôles," he advised.

"You mean that I'm all washed up?"

"A fat chance," Abie beamed elatedly at his helpers. "We're sending out publicity that says 'Passion in the Pines' was your kidding farewell to your old parts, and that now, because of your natural, swell, high class accent, you'll be seen in nothink but society dramas. So dry them tears, Brenda."

The Broad A Baby blinked her lashes very fast and managed a wry little smile. "What tears? Well, anyway, Abie, why would I be crying if it wasn't for joy?"

AS "Perils of the Plaza" unfolded, it became apparent that it was merely the same old Berkeley yarn, but in evening dress with its ears pinned back. Spurred by daily vocal exertions with the Professor, Brenda slipped

easily through the opus, cheered by the inner glow of one who knows she is playing a part to the hilt. The derisive nickname clung to her, but not in the way Mr. Zoop had feared. The Broad A Baby had triumphed in the very shadow of defeat, and everyone spoke of her enviously, admiringly.

Everyone, that is, except the invisible Mr. Devlin. Brenda, whose anger had speedily faded into aching loneliness, drove her roadster with casual deliberation around and around the Blotts encampment. She maneuvered stealthily in the vicinity of Garry's bungalow on Canyon Drive, but with no more success than the police in a detective story.

And during working hours she was supposed to be romantic!

The irony of it was uppermost in her mind as she listened to the director outline the closing scene of the picture.

"Well, Brenda," said that gentleman, "it's the usual sloop. After the millionaire exits, you walk to the window and part the curtains. Carlos comes up behind you, but you don't hear him. He touches your shoulder and says, 'Gwendolyn.' That's all—just Gwendolyn." He turned to the leading man. "Carlos, let me have that baritone tremble when you say it. Then, Brenda, you turn swiftly, give a cry of surprise and here's the gab to go with it." He read a sentence or two, which Miss Berkeley repeated carefully. "And when you clinch, I want that profile against his dark coat. All set?"

THE actors nodded, and moved to their appointed stations. The director distributed a few warning glances at the felt-shod electricians and technical men, then picked up a telephone connected with the recording expert.

The camera man, clad in a singlet and running pants, entered his suffocating, sound-proof booth and a little group of players seated themselves well out of camera range. The director spoke tensely into the mouthpiece. "Interlock!" he ordered, and an eerie stillness settled over the set.

The trim, clipped accents of the actors cut smartly through the blanket of quiet, as the scene proceeded. The downcast millionaire disappeared from the room, and Brenda walked slowly to the window. Carlos made his entrance and stole up behind her, until his hand rested on her shoulder. Miss Berkeley, counterfeiting emotion, wheeled suddenly, unloosing the cry of glad surprise as per instructions.

It ended in a little gasp of ecstasy. As she swung around, Brenda's eyes took in a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the complete stage, and they were riveted now on a tall figure that had risen silently from behind the cluster of idle character people. Garry Devlin, a bit thinner, but with grey eyes that yearned toward her in the way she knew so well.

TOO good a trouper to wreck a scene, Brenda, holding fast to her leading man, looked beyond him to Garry's outstretched arms and spoke her lines tremblingly.

Forgetting to act, her real voice throbbed through the warm air like a muted violin, caressing, alluring, woven through with a delicious huskiness; giving life and color to the stilted words.

"It's you at last!" she crooned. "Oh, my dearest, never leave me again; life is so empty without you. And I love you so!"

"Carlos, old kid," remarked the director, as he made ready to leave, "you've been in the business a good while, but it's never too late to get a pointer."

"You know me," said the leading man interestedly. "Always ready to learn. What's the tip this time?"

The director studied his watch. "It's an hour since we quit," he said reflectively, "but that isn't long to some people. Oh, the tip? Just sneak out on the set and take another look at the fellow who's kissing the Broad A Baby."

Don't Envy the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

A change comes over them all when they become stars. The criticism they undergo makes them lead strained, unnatural lives. Their every gesture is cause for comment. Everyone waits with bated breath for that moment when they can be accused of wearing a tall Kelly. The conscientious ones, poor dears, struggle to keep up a genial air. They may not thumb their noses at the public. They are in the same position as the sales woman who confides that "that hat looks so chick on you, dearie" when she knows you look a fright.

FLORENCE VIDOR will give out no interviews about her romance, nor her marriage with Jascha Heifetz. Eleanor Boardman will not be photographed with, nor speak about her baby for publication. Both of these stars claim that they have a right to a personal life.

Yet have they? One unalterable fact remains: they knew what they were getting into when they entered pictures.

So don't envy the stars. Most of them have their troubles. Even Billy Haines has suffered a change. He isn't the gay, wise-cracking kid he used to be. They all start out fresh and agog and glowing. They end up as public servants with the simple pleasures denied them.

They cannot sup, nor shop, nor stroll, without being surrounded by fans.

They strive so hard to be good fellows, to please everybody, yet even if they succeed in impressing the public with their genial manners, they are doubly harassed, called upon for everything. They may not be natural; they must simply be stars. And as stars, they are, for the most part, miserable and discontented.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

M. A. T., CHICAGO, ILL.—It's a fascinating and romantic story, but I'm afraid your friend is not the long-lost mother of Vilma Banky. Vilma has a father and mother in Budapest and she was born Jan. 9, 1903, not Oct. 24. Also she was born in Nagydorog, near Budapest, not in Presburg. And she was too young to have served as a nurse during the World War. I am sorry to disappoint your friend, who is evidently sincere, but I am afraid she has made a mistake. Why doesn't she take up the case with the Hungarian consul in your city?

H. B., DAYTON, O.—So here's an answer to that strange rumor about Davey Lee's death! With your permission, I'll print part of your letter just to enlighten other "fans" who asked about Sonny Boy. "Some one told me that it was announced over the radio that his (Davy Lee's) parents had requested that 'Sonny Boy' should not be sung any more because the little boy had died." Now will some correspondent tell the Answer Man what

announcer made such a statement and what radio station broadcast such a false report? And will some one also please tell the Answer Man how the rumor started that Clara Bow had died of the flu?

MOVIE BILL, ENGLEWOOD, N. J.—Yes, you're right. Glenn Tryon played in two-reelers for Hal Roach before he became a high-falutin' comic in feature length pictures. Don't know what lady of the cinema makes the most jack per week. I don't have mercenary thoughts when I am looking at the bee-yew-tiful girls.

W. B., TRENTON, N. J.—Sorry I can't guide you to a job in the movies. Nor can I tell you authors how to sell scenarios. Nor can I give girls advice on how to become actresses. Have a heart; I'm only human.

CONSTANCE A., BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.—It was a man, not an ape, in "The Leopard



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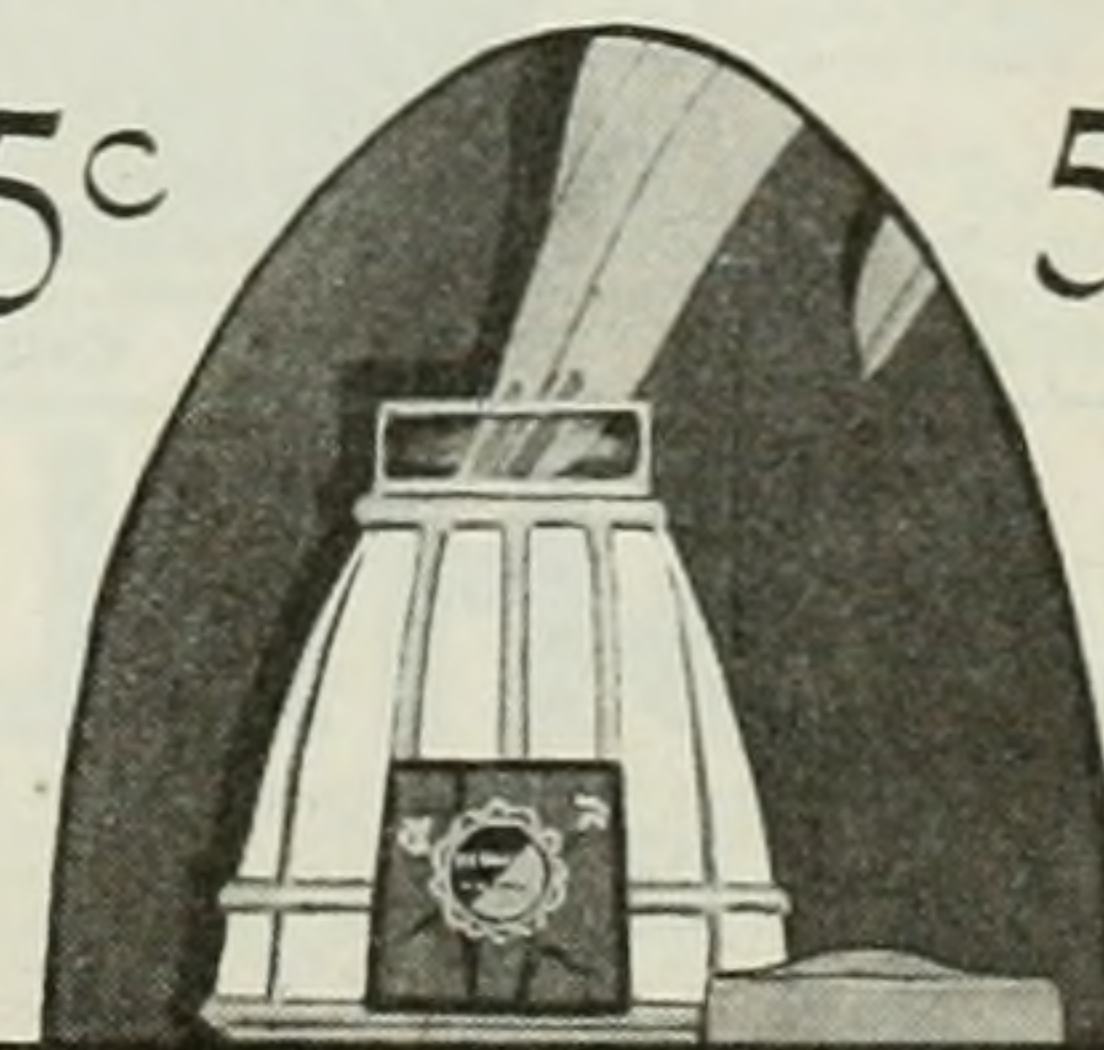
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Lady,” although no screen credit was given to the actor in the cast. Hope I haven't kept you in suspense.

P. P. B., DAYTONA, FLA.—Wallace Beery was *Professor Challenger* in “The Lost World.” Nancy Carroll was the girl you liked in “Manhattan Cocktail.”

A. M., TOMAHAWK, WIS.—So you're out after my scalp? Corinne Griffith is five feet, three inches tall and is thirty-two years old. That's her real name and she is married to Walter Morosco. Gwen Lee is a great big girl—five feet, seven inches tall.

B. D. Y., KNOXVILLE, ILL.—The old picture from PHOTOPLAY is one of Joan Crawford who first came to the screen under her real name of Lucille Le Sueur. It takes a red-haired girl to be smart. Nils Asther is twenty-six years old, six feet, one-half inch tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is divorced. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. B., TORONTO, CANADA.—Dorothy Mackaill was born Dorothy Mackaill in Hull, England. She's twenty-four years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Write to her at the First National Studio, Burbank, Calif.

L. B., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Monte Blue is very much an American; he has Indian blood. He's thirty-eight years old and married to Tova Jensen. Leila Hyams is married to Phil J. Berg.

TERESA, CLEVELAND, O.—If Lupe Velez is a typical Spanish girl, then I am going to sail for Spain on the next boat. Lupe was born in Mexico City, July 18, 1909. She has black hair and dark brown eyes and is five feet, two inches tall. Her weight is 112 pounds. Write to her at the United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa, Hollywood, Calif.

M. A., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—Fay Wray is a Canadian—born in Alberta, Sept. 15, 1907. Sure, I've met Gary Cooper. He's a great big fellow with broad shoulders.

BETTY LEE, WATERTOWN, N. Y.—Do you think that one old man will be able to handle all your mail? Just to show you how kind-hearted I am, here is a notice for your scrapbook. Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) was born in Syracuse, N. Y. Clara's birthday is in July, not August. James Murray is twenty-six years old, has light brown hair and brown eyes and is not married. His address is the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine years old with dark brown hair and brown eyes. And single. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Arlen is about twenty-nine years old and has dark brown hair and blue gray eyes. He is married to Jobyna Ralston. Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MARY A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lars Hanson played the *Rev. Dimmesdale* in “The Scarlet Letter.” And he was leading man for Greta Garbo in “The Divine Woman.” Mr. Hanson is now in Sweden. It was Einar Hansen who was killed in California.

Q. L. B. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels also played in “Monsieur Beaucaire.” Gladys Brockwell played the old meanie of a sister in “Seventh Heaven.” William Boyd's hair is very blond. Goodness, he's a young fellow and his hair won't turn white for years and years. As for the lady whose age you question, she is thirty years old. PHOTOPLAY has records of her career from its humble beginnings and her age, as given, is correct. Don't be cynical.

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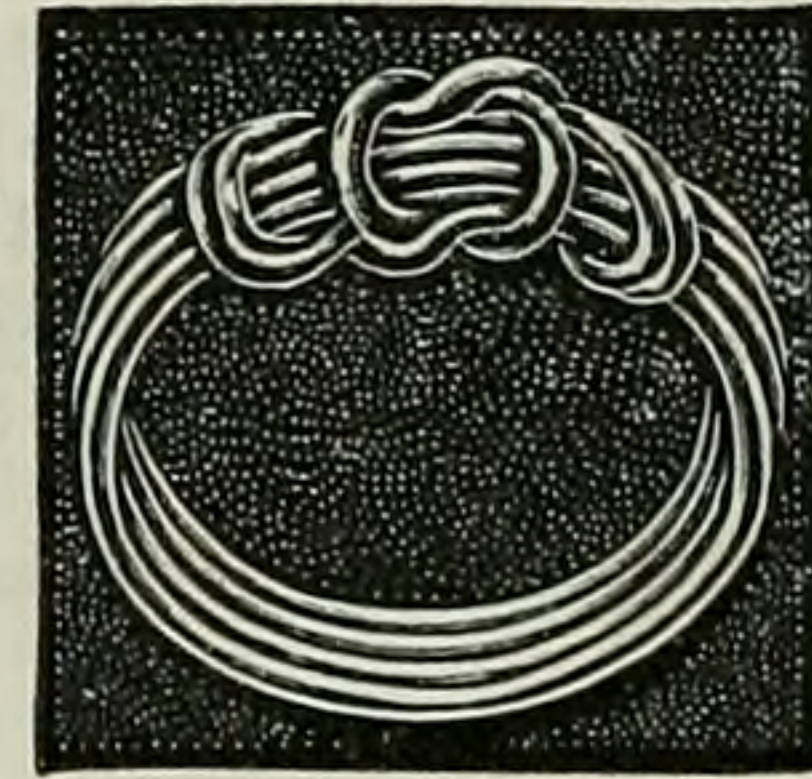
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THIS month PHOTOPLAY fires a 21 gun salute in honor of the greatest institution in motion pictures.

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It is the great Cecil DeMille Stock Company, now at the very flowering of its fame.

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Read these names and remember the golden age. All served on the De Mille duty-roster.

Tully Marshall, Julia Faye, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts, Douglas MacLean, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery, James Cruze, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Elliott Dexter, Lew Cody, Bryant Washburn, Lila Lee, Ethel Clayton, Thurston Hall, Kathlyn Williams, ZaSu Pitts, Mary Thurman, Wallace Reid, Shirley Mason, George Fawcett and Eugene O'Brien.

There were scores of others, too, great and small—all serving humbly as Cecil the Great dished out the rôles. There has been nothing like that troupe in the history of the cinema. It stood, and still stands, alone.

GEORGE LOANE TUCKER has just created his "Virtuous Wives," following "The Cinderella Man." Anita Stewart and Conway Tearle have the leads. What a movie!

LEW CODY, scented and silken, has just founded the short lived school of male vamps.

Here are pictures of him—sneering at Gladys Brockwell, kissing Mildred Harris (poor pale flower!) on the neck, looking devilish. He tells our Adela Rogers St. Johns all about it.

"A male vampire exists," says Mr. Cody, leering, "because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on."

HERE'S a full-page picture of Evelyn Greeley . . . we remember a Horace Greeley, but an Evelyn? . . . Tom Ince telling about the early days at Kay-Bee. . . . Constance and Faire Binney are "racing for stardom," says a story by Arabella Boone. . . . The Binneys are now devoted to matrimony in a big society way. . . . Wally Reid's new picture is "The Dub." . . . How young and clean and handsome he looks. . . . Nina Byron is his leading woman. . . . A middle Western exhibitor advertised a film of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" as "a treat for the kiddies." . . . King Baggott is still a hero . . . remember that darling strip of white hair on the front of his head? . . . Gaby Deslys has just sent over a picture from France. . . . It is called "Infatuation," and is pretty terrible, if you ask us. . . . The soldiers are back from the wars . . . Rex Ingram, Tom Forman, Eddie Sutherland, Capt. Norman Kerry, and Bert Lytell. . . . Alma Rubens is working in a Russian picture. . . . Griffith is about to film "The Chink and the Child," by Thomas Burke, with Barthelmess and Lil Gish. . . . We know it is as the immortal "Broken Blossoms." . . . The courts have officially allowed Samuel Goldfish to change it to Samuel Goldwyn. . . . Bushman and Bayne are in "The Poor Rich Man," a Metro picture . . . and Maurice Costello is doing "The Captain's Captain."

GERTRUDE, LONG BEACH—Believe us, Marguerite Clark is NOT dead. Let's hear from you again, Gertie!

LIBERTY BELL—It's time to ring again! Dorothy Gish is 20, Norma Talmadge, 22; Billie Burke, 33; Wally Reid, 27; Doug Fairbanks, 36.

Looking on the Dark Side of Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

That was straight from the soul of an artist. That was the divine unrest. No copy-book, namby-pamby phrase, this.

It is impossible, however, to carry on a relevant conversation with Farina, who has a southern accent for all his New England birth. He is too artistic to continue long on one subject and too cautious to plumb the depths of any given thesis. His mood changes momentarily and there seems nothing to be done.

Suddenly he questioned me, "Boy! Have you ever been to a banquet?"

I nodded.

"Boy! I bet you didn't eat for a week. The gang went to a banquet when we were in vaudeville. I didn't do nothin' but eat. I

didn't listen to no speeches. I just looked like I wuz listenin'."

Although he is as dutiful as a June bride, there is something of the Prometheus spirit about Farina. Perhaps life bores him a trifle, perhaps he longs to go his way unhampered by "do's" and "don't's" from various kinsfolk.

Pictures he dismisses with a word, "They're O. K." I'm afraid they bore him. The rest of the business of living is taken as a matter of course.

Farina, like the true pessimist, does not seek happiness, therefore he is not disappointed when tragedy comes. He does look on the dark side of life, which is the only attitude of a real artist.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

PRICE OF FEAR, THE—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

PROWLERS OF THE SEA—Tiffany-Stahl.—Devastating effects of a beautiful Cuban girl on the morale of a Navy officer. (September.)

QUEEN OF BURLESQUE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

RAINBOW, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

RANSOM—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

RED MARK, THE—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

REDSKIN—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

***RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

RESTLESS YOUTH—Columbia.—Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

RETRIBUTION—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

***REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

RILEY THE COP—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

RIVER WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

ROAD HOUSE—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

***ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

ROUGH RIDIN' RED—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

RUNAWAY GIRLS—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

SALLY'S SHOULDERS—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

SAL OF SINGAPORE—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little child. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

SAWDUST PARADISE, THE—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

SAY IT WITH SABLES—Columbia.—Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (September.)

SCARLET LADY, THE—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

***SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN—First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

SHADY LADY, THE—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

SHAKEDOWN, THE—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

SHIP COMES IN, A—Pathe-De Mille.—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

SHOW FOLKS—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

SHOW GIRL—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

SILENT SENTINEL, THE—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

SILENT SHELDON—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

***SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

SINGLE MAN, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

SINNERS IN LOVE—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

SINNERS' PARADE—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

***SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

SIN TOWN—Pathe.—Just a poor Western. (Oct.)

SIoux BLOOD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

SISTERS OF EVE—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

SKIRTS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Syd Chaplin in a soggy British comedy. (September.)

SMALL TOWN SINNERS—Hugo Brahn.—German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

SMILIN' GUNS—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

SMOKE BELLEW—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

SOMEONE TO LOVE—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

SOMME, THE—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

SOUTH OF PANAMA—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

SPEED CHAMPION, THE—Rayart.—If you can get steamed up over the adventures of a grocery boy. (September.)

SPEED CLASSIC, THE—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

SPIELER, THE—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

SPIES—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

STICK TO YOUR STORY—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

STOLEN LOVE—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

STOOL PIGEON—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

STOP THAT MAN—Universal.—Arthur Lake in a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch this lad! (September.)

STREET OF ILLUSION—Columbia.—Backstage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

STRIVING FOR FORTUNE—Excellent.—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

SUBMARINE—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

SWEET SIXTEEN—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

SYNTHETIC SIN—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

TAKE ME HOME—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

TAXI 13—FBO.—Chester Conklin in the funny adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

***TERROR, THE**—Warners.—Mystery stuff, well presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)

THAT PARTY IN PERSON—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

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PHOTOPLAY

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page 5 below Table of Contents.

THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National.—Heart interest and comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

THREE WEEK-ENDS—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

THROUGH THE BREAKERS—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

THUNDERCLOUD, THE—Anchor.—A good scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

TIDE OF EMPIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

TIMES SQUARE—Gotham.—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor.—Fair enough war burlesque but enough's enough. (Sept.)

TRACKED—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE—FBO.—Cactus epic and simply terrible. (September.)

TYRANT OF RED GULCH—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Universal.—Originally reviewed in January. Sound effects have increased its box-office value. (Oct.)

UNEASY MONEY—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

VARSAVIA—Paramount.—The more sentimental side of life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Brian will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

VEILED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

VIKING, THE—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

VIRGIN LIPS—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

WAGES OF CONSCIENCE—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

***WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

WATER HOLE, THE—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

WEDDING MARCH, THE—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellant scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

WHAT A NIGHT!—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney *au naturel*. Swell crook story. (September.)

WHIP, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in an English sporting melodrama that just misses being thrilling. (September.)

WIN THAT GIRL—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Baclanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

***WOMAN DISPUTED, THE**—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in a stirring drama of Central Europe during the war. (September.)

WOMAN FROM MOSCOW, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

***WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.—Charming Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

WRIGHT IDEA, THE—First National.—But gone wrong. (Oct.)

YELLOW CONTRABAND—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)

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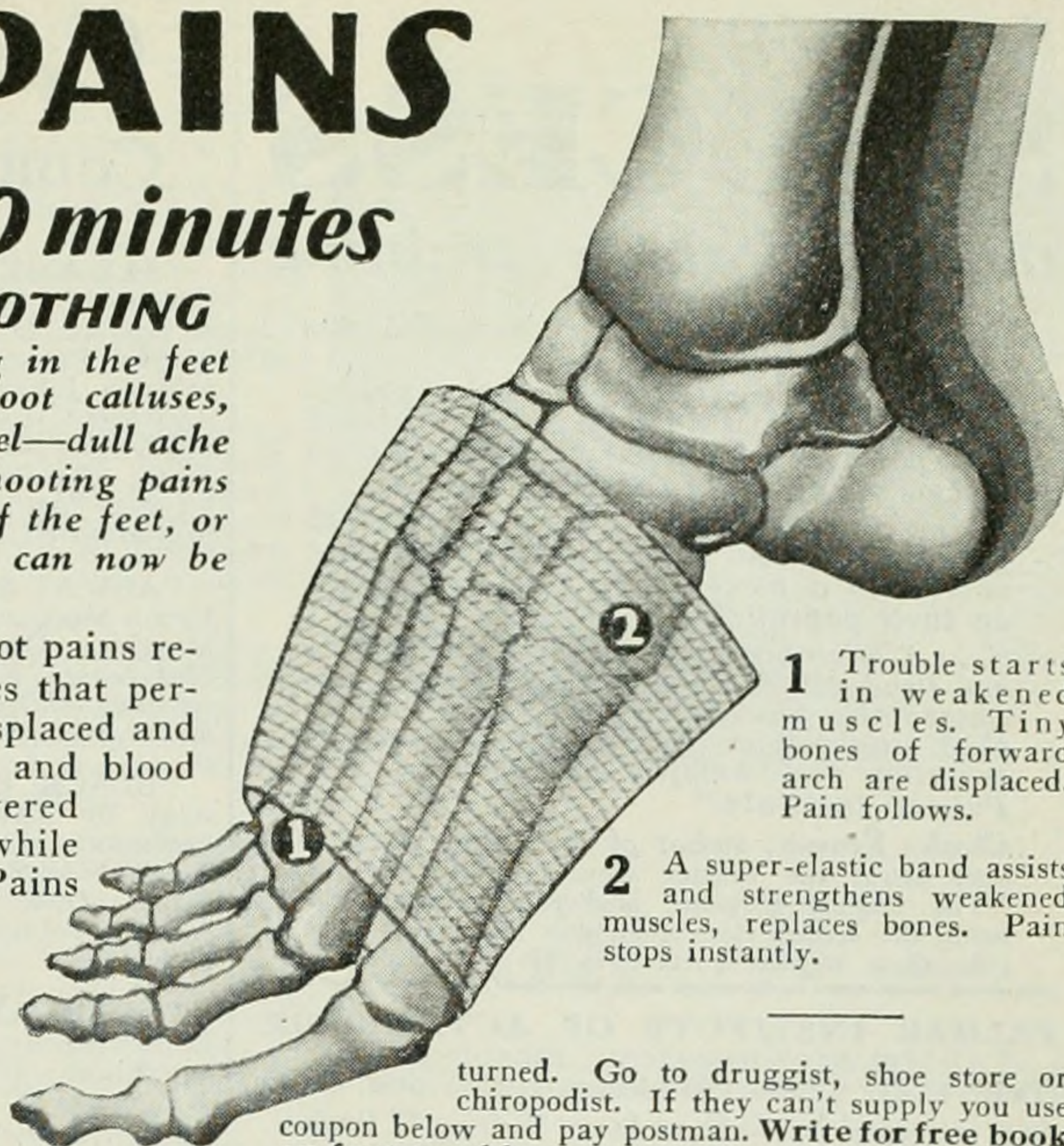
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"ALL-AMERICAN, THE"—SUPREME.—From the story by Ronald de Gastro. Adapted by Ronald de Gastro. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Charlie Patterson*, *Charlie Paddock*, *Mary Brown*, *Julanne Johnstone*, *Coach Regan*, *Harvey Clarke*, *Assistant Coach*, *Donald Stuart*, *Harold Fellows*, *Jack Selwyn*, *Grandpa Brown*, *Emil Chautard*, *Man-About-Town*, *Crauford Kent*, *Professor*, *Richard Pennell*, *Physical Instructress*, *Eileen Manning*, *Balfor Champ*, *Bob Maxwell*, *French Champ*, *Raoul Paoli*.

"ALL AT SEA"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Continuity by Ann Price and Byron Morgan. Directed by Alf. Goulding. The cast: *Olaf Jensen*, *Karl Dane*, *Rollo The Great*, *George K. Arthur*, *Shirley Page*, *Josephine Dunn*, *Shirley's Father*, *Herbert Prior*.

"BLACK HILLS, THE"—DAKOTA.—From the story by Ravenal Anderson. Continuity by Sol Lowman. Directed by Norman Dawn. The cast: *Edith Bidwell*, *Susan Denis*, *Jack Merrill*, *George Fisher*, *Dude McGee*, *Bob Webster*, *Lizzie McGee*, *Aldine Webb*, *Soapy*, *George Chandler*, *Dick*, *Roy Daw*.

"BLOCKADE"—FBO.—From the story by Louis Sarecky and John Twist. Continuity by Harvey Thew. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Bess*, *Anna Q. Nilsson*, *Vincent*, *Wallace MacDonald*, *Gwynn*, *James Bradbury, Sr.*, *Hayden*, *Walter McGrail*.

"BROADWAY FEVER"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore. Continuity by Lois Leeson. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Sally McAllister*, *Sally O'Neil*, *Eric Byron*, *Roland Drew*, *Lila Leroy*, *Corliss Palmer*, *Buller*, *Calvert Carter*.

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Wilfred Noy. Directed by Wilfred Noy. Photography by M. A. Andersen. The cast: *Jean Benton*, *Helen Foster*, *Henry Lord*, *Charles Gerrard*, *Arthur Rowland*, *Cornelius Keefe*, *Lucy Bishop*, *Alice Lake*, *Tony Benton*, *Ray Hallor*, *The Judge*, *Fred Walton*, *Prosecuting Atty.*, *Jack Tanner*.

"CLEAR THE DECKS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by E. J. Rath. Continuity by Earl Snell and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Joseph Henaberry. The cast: *Trask*, *Reginald Denny*, *Sydney*, *Olive Hasbrouck*, *Nurse*, *Lucien Littlefield*, *Pussyfoot*, *Otis Harlan*, *Blondie*, *Colette Merton*, *Trumbull*, *Brooks Benedict*, *Male*, *Robert Anderson*, *Aunt*, *Elinor Leslie*.

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Townley. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by William J. Craft. Photography by Al Jones. The cast: *Mr. Cohen*, *George Sidney*, *Mrs. Cohen*, *Vera Gordon*, *Mr. Kelly*, *Mack Swain*, *Mrs. Kelly*, *Kate Price*, *Pat Kelly, Jr.*, *Cornelius Keefe*, *Miss Rosie Cohen*, *Nora Lane*, *Miss Rosenberg*, *Virginia Sale*, *Murderer*, *Tom Kennedy*.

"DIPLOMATS, THE"—FOX MOVIE TONE.—From the story by Arthur Caesar and Clark and McCullough. Scenario by Arthur Caesar. Directed by Norman Taurog. Photography by Ben Kline. The cast: *Two Diplomats*, *Clark* and *McCullough*, *Princess*, *Marguerite Churchill*, *Prime Minister*, *Andreas de Seguro*, *Countess*, *Cissy Fitzgerald*, *King*, *John Sainpolis*, *1st Intelligence Officer*, *John Baston*, *2nd Intelligence Officer*, *Andre Cheron*, *Steward*, *Joe Marba*.

"DESERT NIGHTS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by John T. Neville. Adapted by Dale Van Every. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Hugh Rand*, *John Gilbert*, *Steve*, *Ernest Torrence*, *Diana*, *Mary Nolan*.

"DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Half an Hour" by Sir James M. Barrie. Adapted by William C. DeMille. Directed by William C. DeMille. The cast: *Lillian Garson*, *Ruth Chatterton*, *Richard Garson*, *H. B. Warner*, *Hugh Paton*, *John Loder*, *Dr. Brodie*, *Robert Edeson*, *Mr. Redding*, *Wilfred Noy*, *Mrs. Redding*, *Ethel Wales*, *Susie*, *Nancy Price*, *Wethers*, *Frank Finch-Smiths*.

"DRIFTER, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake and Robert De Lacy. Continuity by George W. Pyper. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: *Tom McCall*, *Tom Mix*, *Ruth Martin*, *Dorothy Dwan*, *Happy Hogan*, *Barney Furey*, *Pete Lawson*, *Al Smith*, *"Uncle" Abe*, *Ernest Wilson*, *Seth Martin*, *Frank Austin*, *Hank*, *Joe Rickson*, *Henchman*, *Wynn Mace*.

"FLOATING COLLEGE, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Continuity by Stuart Anthony. Directed by George Crone. Photography by Harry Jackson. The cast: *Pat Bixby*, *Sally O'Neil*, *George Dewey*, *William Collier, Jr.*, *Frances Bixby*, *Georgia Hale*, *The Dean*, *Harvey Clark*, *Snug*, *Georgie Harris*, *Nathan Bixby*, *E. J. Ratcliffe*, *Miss Cobbs*, *Virginia Sale*.

"FUGITIVES"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Alice*

Carroll, *Madge Bellamy*, *Dick Starr*, *Don Terry*, *Jimmy*, *Arthur Stone*, *Al Barryow*, *Earle Foxe*, *Earl Rand*, *Mathew Betz*, *Uncle Ned*, *Lumsden Hare*, *Mame*, *Jean Laverty*, *Mrs. Carroll*, *Edith Yorke*, *Scal*, *the Rat*, *Hap Ward*.

"GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Pat O'Leary*, *Ken Maynard*, *Alice Harper*, *Gladys McConnell*, *Gus Lynch*, *Frank Hagney*, *Horse-Collar Keller*, *Les Bates*, *Bill Keller*, *James Bradbury, Jr.*, *Jimmy Bacon*, *Billy Franey*, *High Wolf*, *Chief Yowlache*.

"HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Donn Byrne. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Officer Thomas McCarthy*, *Milton Sills*, *Anna Janssen*, *Dorothy Mackaill*, *Alastair de Vries*, *Gladden James*, *"Fatty" Fargo*, *Jed Prouty*, *Means*, *Sidney Bracey*, *Lavoris Smythe*, *Gertrude Howard*, *Baby Meyers*, *Marion Byron*, *Howard Donegan*, *George Fawcett*, *Judge of the Court*, *William Holden*, *District Attorney*, *Frank Reicher*, *Governor of the Island*, *August Tollaire*.

"JAZZLAND"—QUALITY.—From the story by Samuel Merwin. Continuity by Ada McQuillan. Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald. The cast: *Stella Baggott*, *Vera Reynolds*, *Homer Pew*, *Carroll Nye*, *Hamilton Pew*, *Forrest Stanley*, *Ernest Hallam*, *Bryant Washburn*, *Martha Baggott*, *Virginia Lee Corbin*, *Kitty Pew*, *Violet Bird*, *Joe Bilner*, *Carl Stockdale*, *Wilbraham*, *Edward Cecil*, *Nedick*, *George Raph*, *Jackson*, *Nicholas Caruso*, *Mrs. Baggott*, *Florence Turner*, *Mr. Baggott*, *Dick Belfield*.

"LITTLE SAVAGE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Red*, *Buzz Barton*, *Hank*, *Milburn Morante*, *Baby*, *Willard Boelner*, *Kitty*, *Patricia Palmer*, *Norton*, *Sam Nelson*, *Blake*, *Ethan Laidlaw*.

"LOOPING THE LOOP"—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—From the scenario by Arthur Robison and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Arthur Robison. Photography by Carl Hoffmann. The cast: *The Clown*, *Werner Krauss*, *The Girl*, *Jenny Jugo*, *The Artist*, *Warwick Ward*.

"LUCKY BOY"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by Norman Taurog and Charles C. Wilson. Photography by Harry Jackson and Frank Zukor. The cast: *Georgie Jessel*, *George Jessel*, *Momma Jessel*, *Rosa Rosanova*, *Poppa Jessel*, *William K. Strauss*, *Eleanor*, *Margaret Quimby*, *Mrs. Ellis*, *Gwen Lee*, *Mr. Ellis*, *Richard Tucker*, *Mr. Trent*, *Gayne Whitman*, *Becky*, *Mary Doran*.

"MANHATTAN KNIGHTS"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Adeline Leitzbach. Directed by Burton King. Photography by Eddie Kull and Walter Haas. The cast: *Margaret*, *Barbara Bedford*, *Robert Ferris*, *Walter Miller*, *James Barton*, *Ray Hallor*, *Henry Ryder*, *Crauford Kent*, *Chick Watson*, *Eddie Bolland*, *Julia*, *Betty Worth*, *Duke Mellis*, *Noble Johnson*, *Barry*, *Joe Burke*, *Guiseppi*, *Leo White*.

"NOTHING TO WEAR"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Peter Milne. Continuity by Peter Milne. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Jackie Standish*, *Jacqueline Logan*, *Phil Standish*, *Theodore Von Eltz*, *Tommy Butler*, *Bryant Washburn*, *Irene Hawley*, *Jane Winton*, *Detective*, *William Irving*, *Maid*, *Ethythe Flynn*.

"MY MAN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mary Canfield. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Fannie Brand*, *Fannie Brice*, *Joe Halsey*, *Guinn Williams*, *Edna Brand*, *Edna Murphy*, *Landau*, *Andreas De Seguro*, *Waldo*, *Richard Tucker*, *Thorne*, *Arthur Hoyt*, *Sammy*, *Billy Seay*, *Mrs. Schultz*, *Ann Brody*, *Forelady*, *Clarissa Selwynne*.

"OUTLAWED"—FBO.—From the story by George W. Piper. Continuity by George W. Piper. Directed by Eugene Forde. Photography by Norman Davol. The cast: *Tom Manning*, *Tom Mix*, *Ann*, *Sally Blane*, *Seth*, *Frank M. Clark*, *Dervish*, *Al Smith*, *McCasky*, *Ethan Laidlaw*, *Sagebrush*, *Barney Furey*, *Sheriff*, *Al Ferguson*.

"PREP AND PEP"—FOX.—From the story by John Stone. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Cyril Reade*, *David Rolins*, *Dorothy Marsh*, *Nancy Drexel*, *"Flash" Wells*, *John Darrow*, *Col. John Marsh*, *E. H. Calvert*, *Bunker Hill*, *Frank Albertson*, *Coach*, *Robert Peck*.

"REDEEMING SIN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by L. V. Jefferson. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Joan Villaire*, *Dolores Costello*, *Dr. Raoul Deboise*, *Conrad Nagel*, *A Sewer Rat*, *Georgie Stone*, *Petite*, *Phillipe De Lacy*, *Father Colomb*, *Lionel Belmore*, *Lupine*, *Warner Richmond*, *Mitzi*, *Nina Quartaro*.

"RESCUE, THE"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Conrad. Scenario by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by George Barnes. The cast: *Tom Lingard*, *Ronald Colman*, *Lady Edith Travers*, *Lily*



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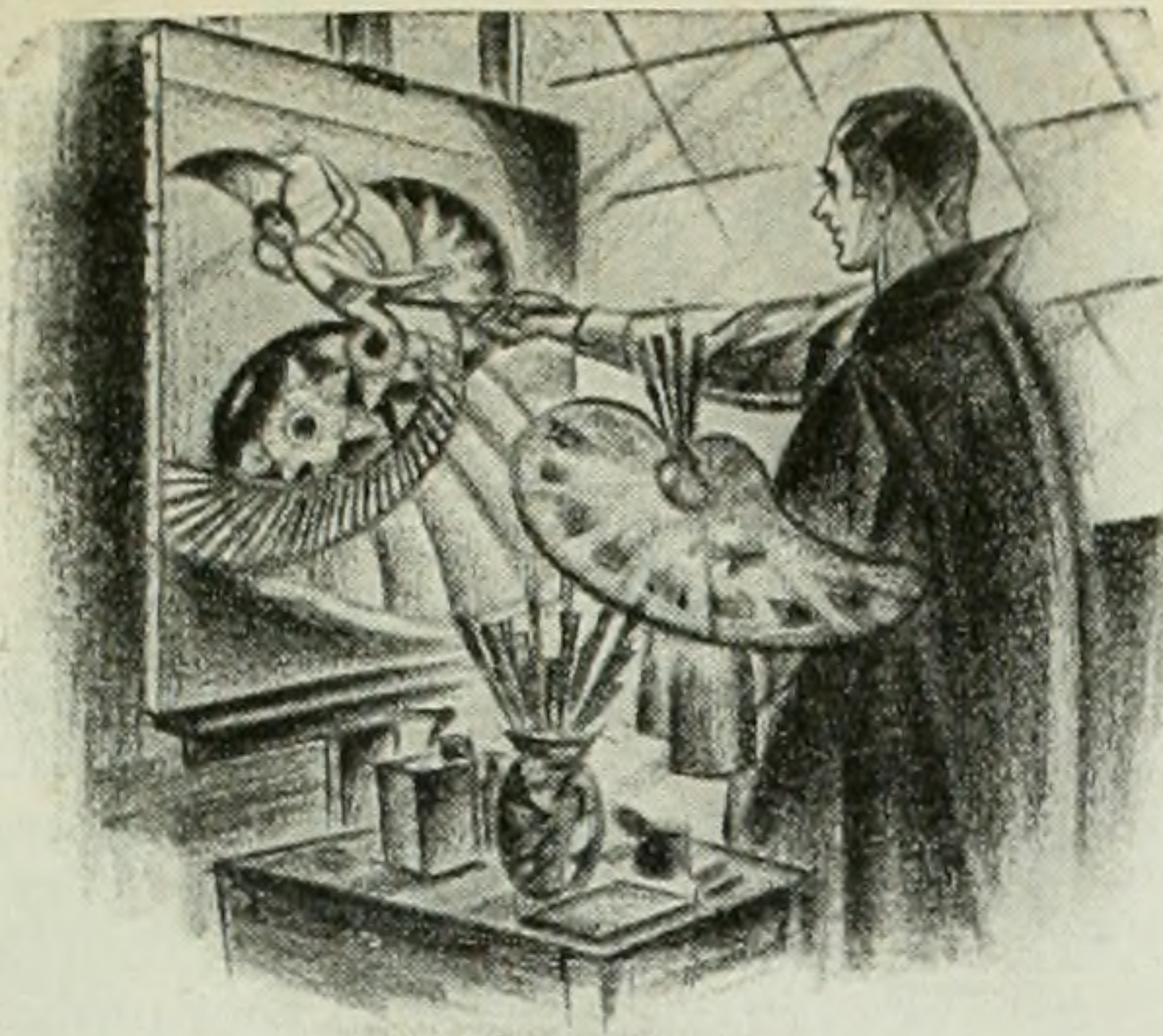
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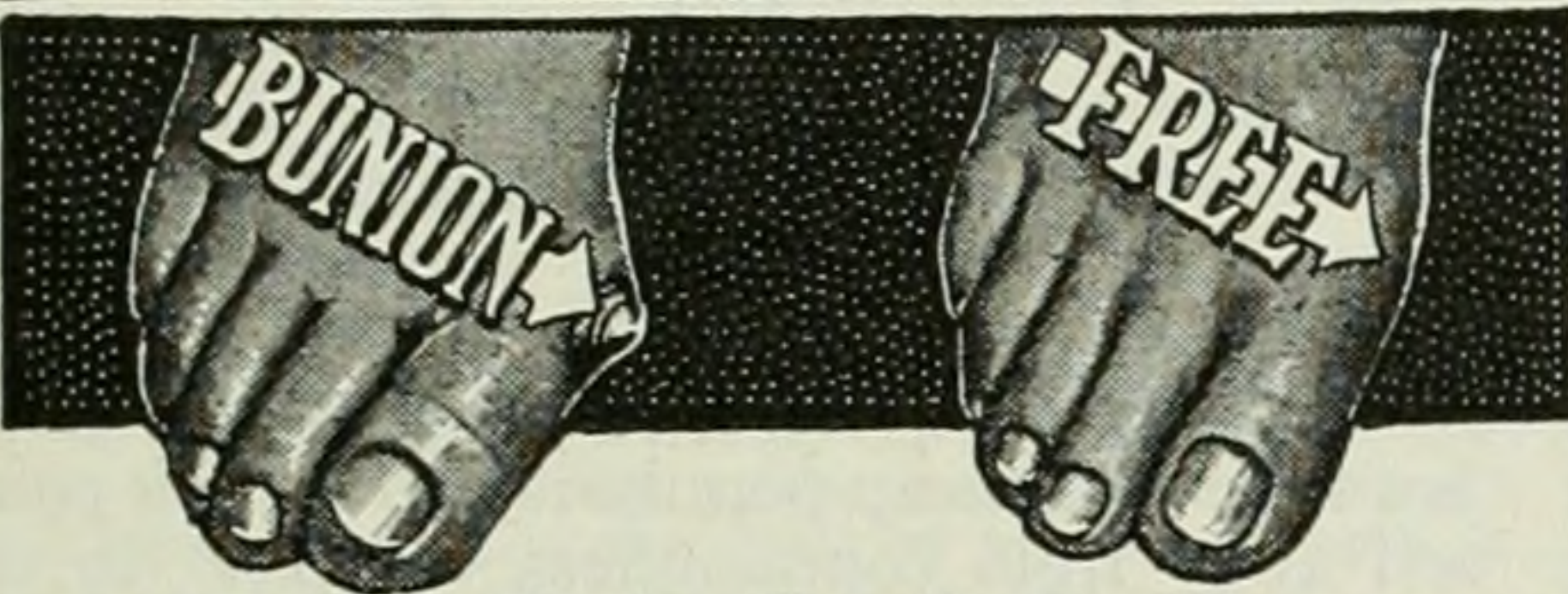
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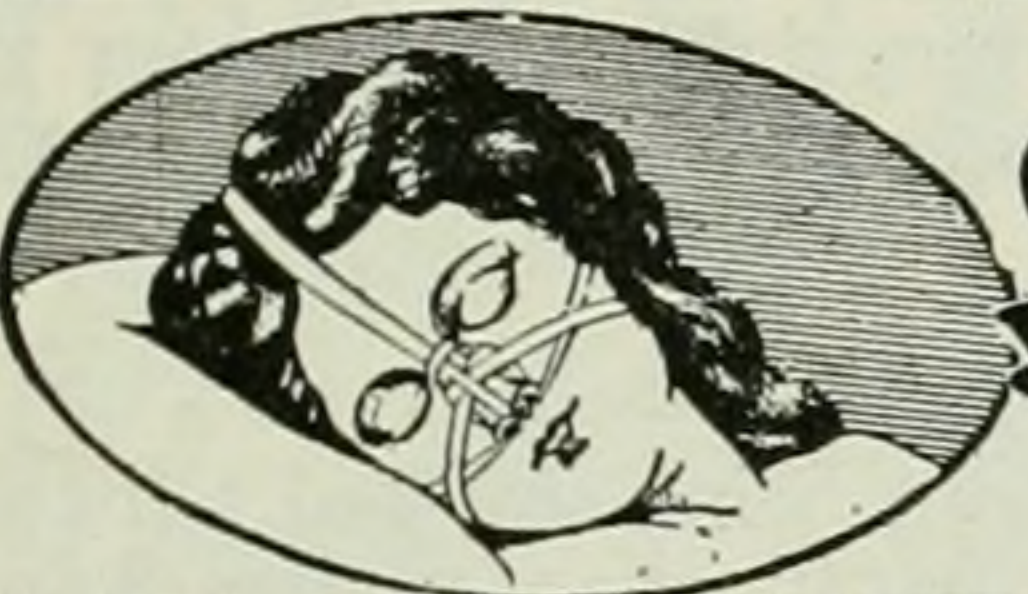
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"RIVER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Tristram Tupper. Scenario by Philip Klein and Dwight Cummins. Directed by Frank Borzage. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: Allen John Pender, Charles Farrell; Rosalee, Mary Duncan; Sam Thompson, Ivan Linow; Marsdon, Alfredo Sabato; Widow Thompson, Margaret Mann; The Miller, Bert Woodruff.

"SATANESQUE"—SPARTA.—From the story by John Reinhardt. Directed by John Reinhardt. Photography by John P. Whalen. The cast: Count Umberto Della Saradesca, Jack Hoyle; Count Guido Saradesca, Norman Trevor; Felipe, F. Schumann-Heink; Luigi, Alexis Demitrius; Crezia, Florence Allen.

"SKY SKIDDER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Val Cleveland. Adapted by Val Cleveland. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. Photography by William Adams. The cast: Al Simpkins, Al Wilson; Stella Hearn, Helen Foster; Silas Smythe, Wilbur McGaugh; Bert Beelle, Pee Wee Holmes.

"SQUARE SHOULDERS"—PATHE.—From the story by George Dromgold, Houston Branch and Peggy Prior. Adapted by George Dromgold, Houston Branch and Peggy Prior. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Dave Abel. The cast: Slag, Louis Wolheim; Tad, Junior Coghlan; Eddie, Philippe De Lacy; Mary Jane, Anita Louise; Cartwright, Montague Shaw; Hook, Johnny Morris; Delicate Don, Kewpie Morgan; Commandant, Clarence Geldert.

"TROPICAL NIGHTS"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story, "A Raid on the Oyster Pirates," by Jack London. Continuity by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Photography by John Boyle. The cast: Mary Hale, Patsy Ruth Miller; Jim, Malcolm McGregor; Harvey, Ray Hallor; Stannow, Wallace McDonald; Singapore Joe, Russell Simpson.

"TROPIC MADNESS"—FBO.—From the story by Ramon Romeo. Continuity by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: Juanita, Leatrice Joy; Koki, Lena Malena; Henderson, Geo. Barraud; Johnson, Henry Sedley; Lennox, Albert Valentino; Frankie, David Durand.

"UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: Patiti, Patiti Warbrick; Miro, Witarina Mitchell; Rang, Hoana Keepa; Anu, Ani Warbrick; Te Kahu, Apirihana Wiari; Paiaka, Te Paiaka; Tamanui, the fat carver, Paora Tamati; Eura, carver's wife, Ewa Tapiri.

"WILD ORCHIDS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by John Colton. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Photography by Wm. Daniels. The cast: Lillie Sterling, Greta Garbo; John Sterling, Lewis Stone; Prince de Gace, Nils Asther.

"WOLF SONG"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harvey Fergusson. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Sam Lash, Gary Cooper; Lola Salazar, Lupe Velez; Gullion, Louis Wolheim; Rube Thatcher, Constantine Romanoff; Don Solomon Salazar, Michael Vavitch; Duenna, Ann Brody; Ambrosia Guitierrez, Russell Columbo; Louisa, Augustina Lopez; Black Wolf, George Rigas.

"YELLOWBACK, THE"—FBO.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Continuity by John Twist. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Phil Tannura. The cast: O'Mara, Tom Moore; Elsie, Irma Harrison; Jules, Tom Santschi; Poleon, Wm. Martin; McDougal, Lionel Belmore.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

IRENE:

I think that you should frankly ask the boy in question about this other girl. Really, it is the only way to know, and it is the only way in which you can be fair both to yourself and to him.

FLUFFY:

By all means do not consider dyeing your hair. It sounds very lovely, as it is. And remember that a good permanent will not hurt the hair—but the permanent must be skillfully done.

CARMEN:

No, you are not overweight—in fact, I think your weight is just about right. But I do think that you wear your dresses too short. I don't blame people for taking you to be a child. Your method of hair arrangement sounds charming and original.



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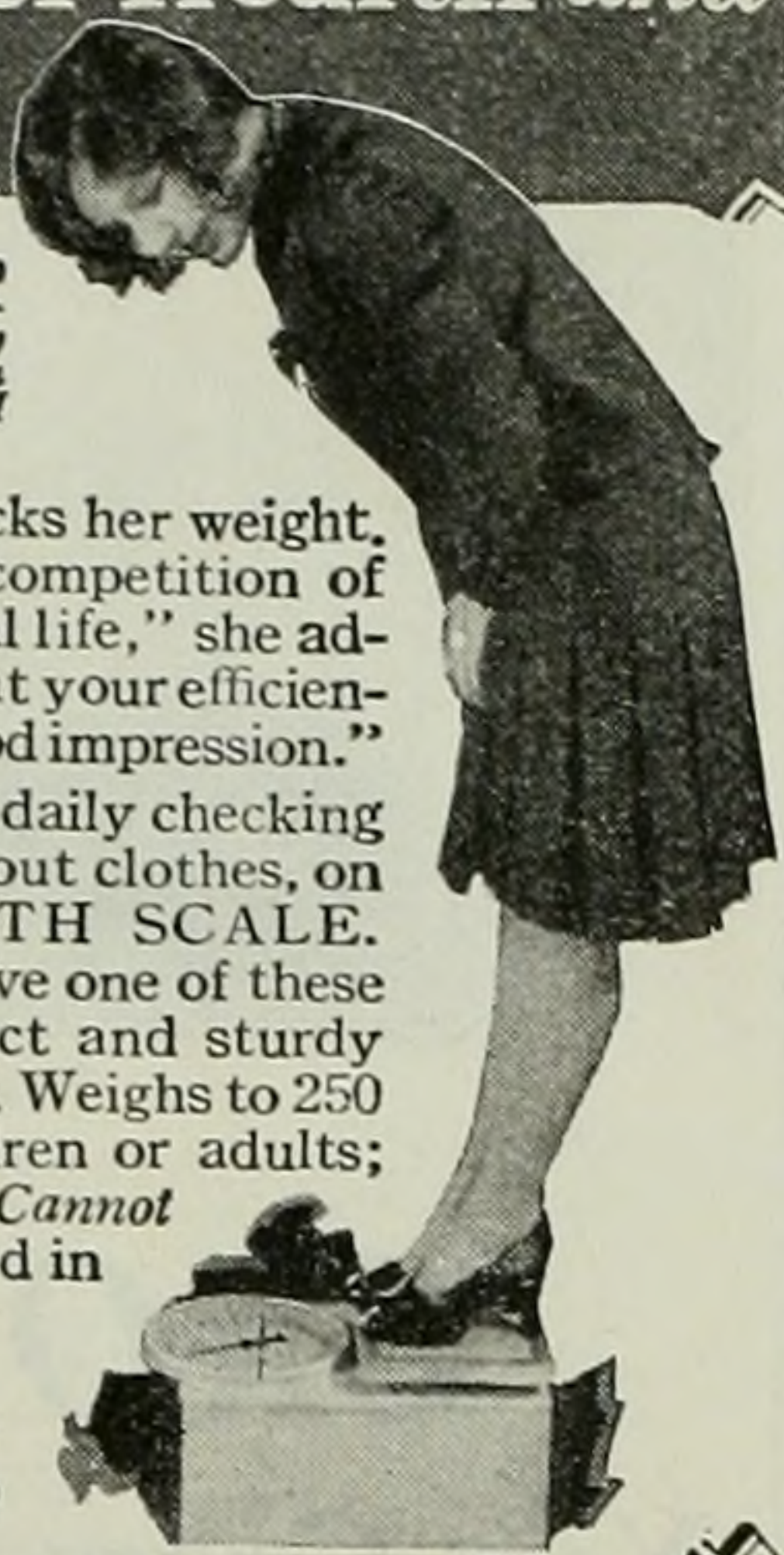
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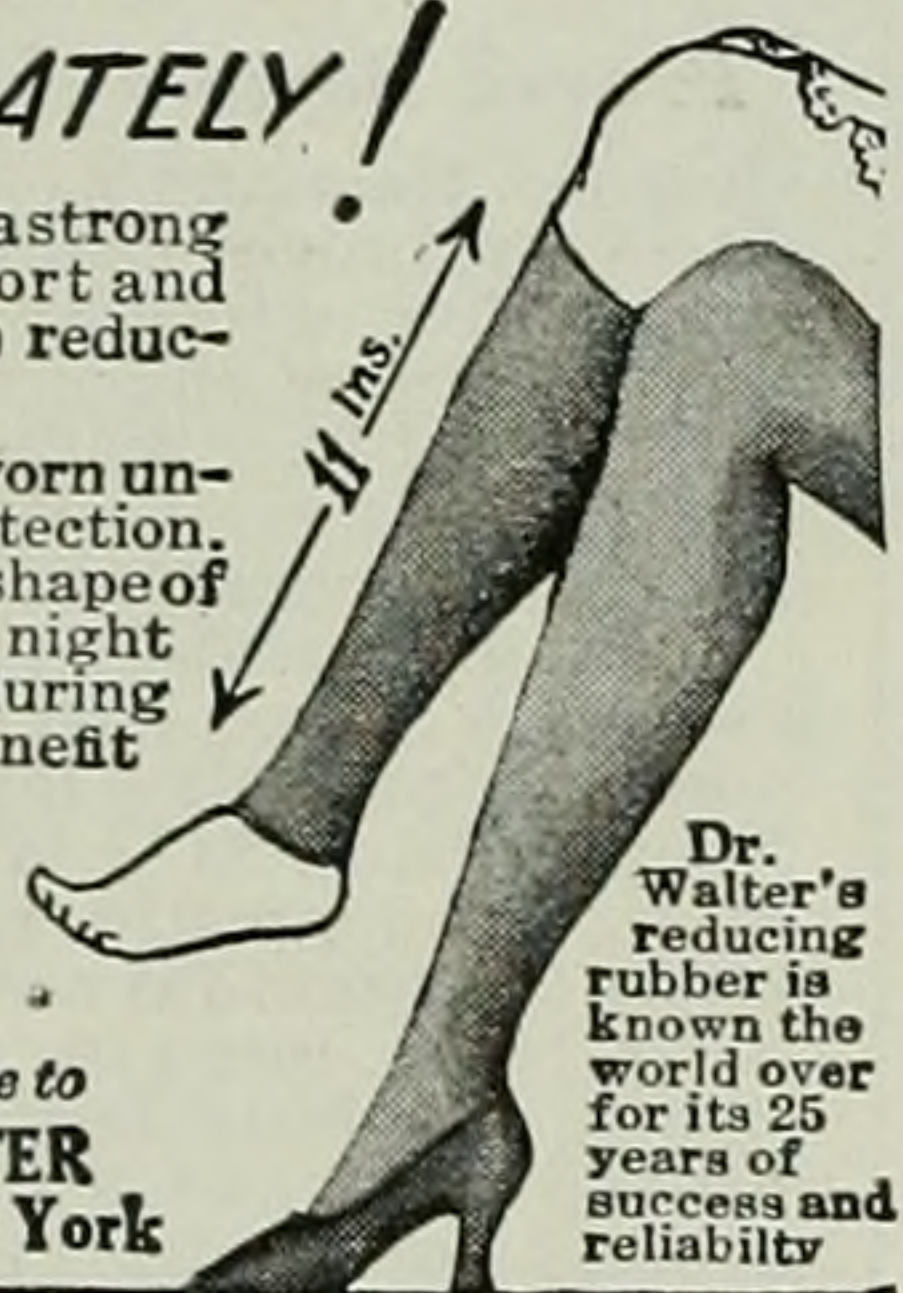
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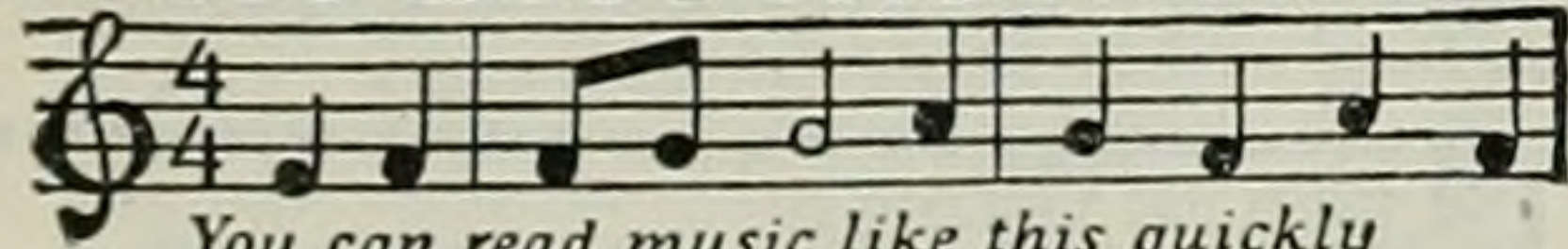
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MARIE:

Yes, you are overweight—almost twenty pounds overweight, in fact. I think that you should seriously consider dieting, and you should certainly read my booklet on weight reduction, which will help you to diet wisely. If you were slimmer, with your coloring you would be of a decidedly exotic type.

CAROLYN L.:

You also are overweight—I should say you are ten pounds too heavy. But your case is not so serious as Marie's! My suggestion to her will do nicely for you.

If your hair is becoming when worn long, and you have gone through the troublesome "growing-in" period, I think you would be silly to cut it again. By all means wear it done up.

DOLLY:

You are not very much overweight—in fact, good hearty exercise is all that a girl of your age needs to keep her weight right. Dancing is one of the best exercises you could have incidentally, and you like it.

FRITZIE:

Your trouble is a common one—you are self-conscious. Try to be natural with other people, to express clearly to them the thoughts that you carry in your mind.

G. T.:

Your hair is a chestnut tinged brown, and is very pretty. You are right in being proud of it and taking good care of it. Do not neglect brushing it, even though it seems oily. Constant brushing will tend to lessen the oil instead of promoting it.

M. K. H.:

You deserve a good spanking. And you don't deserve a good husband. I think you should look at the man to whom you are married with real gratitude. I know of hundreds of women who would gladly change places with you.

RUFUS:

Yellow eyes have always seemed to me the loveliest of all—because they are so rare, I suppose. In your case I would certainly dress in a manner to emphasize such an asset. I'd comb my hair back from my face, to give my eyes full play, and at night use just a dash of mascara on those curly black lashes. Being dark and sal-low your best colors are: amber, yellow, orchid, burgundy, all pinks, cream and ivory white.

"BROKEN HEARTED":

I think the reason for your lack of popularity with the boys is the fact that you are far too self-conscious. In fact your self-consciousness amounts almost to conceit. Certainly you are foolish in not dancing with boys that are shorter than you. You are only accenting your height by being so over careful.

CHERRY:

Don't tell yourself that you are going to lose the boy after a few dates. Convince yourself that you are going to keep him and you will.

The mental thing is quite important in your case. Try, by all means, to be more tolerant and less overbearing in your conversation. That is important. And don't think that you need relax in any of your high ideals. You are quite right in your attitude toward boys and their relations to you.

L. S.:

If you have a radio or a phonograph do exercise with their help. The bending exercises will be especially beneficial. Be as natural and unaffected with the boys as you are with the girls. And you will no longer be a social failure. As to colors—shades of green and brown will be the best answer to your problem. Especially Nile green and beige.

LILLIAN LEE I.:

Apply rouge far out on your cheeks, towards your ears. Make a smooth surface that follows the far line of the cheek. This will make your face seem plumper. Blue, violete, lacquer red—you will be lovely in them. But no color will be absolutely unbecoming to you. You are wearing your hair in the best possible fashion. No, you are not underweight.

TRIXIE:

If you must wear blue, you will be sweetest in the powder shade. You will be lovelier, though, in orange, yellow, lipstick red and kindred colors. Your fair skin, with your dark hair and eyes, should lend a lovely contrast.

M. J.:

The moles can only be safely removed by the treatment of a skin specialist. Have you tried covering them with a liquid powder?

MOLLY:

The popularity that grows out of "petting" is a false and cheap popularity. Holding yourself away from commonness will pay in the end. Men seldom marry the girls who are too ready to "pet."

"QUESTIONNAIRE":

Shades of blue will be your most becoming colors. Especially the glorious shades that are being worn this year. You are also one of the few women who can wear the shades of purple and lavender that Paris this year is sponsoring.

ELEANOR:

You are not overweight—in fact you are underweight. Don't let any one tell you you are too heavy, for it is not so.

"DEVOTED ADMIRER":

Don't worry about being shy and self-conscious—I am sure that it enhances your charm. The fact that you have attracted one young man proves that you are not lacking in appeal.

RUTH:

Read popular books and keep up with current events. This should help you carry on interesting conversation with the other sex. Remember, however, that the most popular girl is often the girl who is the best listener. Cultivate this habit.

Absent Without Leave

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

him to school, he attended Eton where he was put in the same house with young Prince Henry. At Eton His Highness was plain Henry Windsor who had no special privileges.

"They're rather shy, all the royal family," said Loder. "Shy and blond and charming. Henry used to invite us to his room in the afternoon for tea and talk. The tea was excellent. The talk rather bromidic, I'm afraid. There was the latest news about football to be gone over and much about rowing. Affairs of

state bored us and their discussion was considered in poor taste.

"We never thought of Henry as a prince. He was fairly good in his studies, better at sports, and always quiet.

"There was great excitement when the Prince of Wales came from Oxford to visit on Sunday afternoons. He used to drive down in an open sports car (always alone, for he is a lonely fellow) and we boys hung out the window to see him.

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"Oh, mind you, we weren't entranced because he was successor to the throne, but merely because he was from Oxford. All Eton boys respect Oxford men and look up to them. "Sometimes Prince Henry invited us to have tea with his brother and, when questioned enough, he would regale us with fine tales of life at Oxford."

Loder paused to ask the waitress at the restaurant where we were lunching what buckwheat cakes were. He decided to take a chance.

"WE really love our royalty in England," he continued. "They are a symbol of something fine and substantial. They are the nation. Strangely enough, even the poorest of us or even those with political differences, respect them."

"On the very day that I was going to Hollywood I passed by Buckingham Palace in a cab. The King was just coming out of the gate for his morning canter and the cab driver stopped, open-mouthed. That man was, no doubt, a socialist. He had probably shouted no end of times, 'To 'ell with kings,' yet he stopped and took off his hat and waited until the King of England had passed. And he was impressed. He found himself in the presence of the British Empire!"

He paused, turning a ring on his finger. The ring had been taken from a captured Bedouin sheik.

"King George is a simple, kindly man. He visited Eton while I was there and I was one of those chosen to be in his guard of honor. Taught as I was to conceal my feelings, I didn't let anyone know how excited I was. We drew up at attention and he passed down the line to speak to each of us."

"His words were far from brilliant, but I shall never forget them. He asked me in what house I was. 'Ah,' said he, 'Henry is in that house. Is he a good student?'"

When Loder left school, Henry bade him an English farewell. It is done by placing a right hand on a left shoulder. The prince was younger than Loder and remained while John went away to war as one of the King's hussars. It was during the war that he met Wales riding alone in Suez. He saw him again, alone, behind the lines in France. They talked of England and their homesickness.

Even then Loder was not finished with royalty. On a military mission to Germany, after the war, he was thrown in contact with the cousins of the Windsors, the German princes. He found that they had the same shy manner that characterized the English family.

AT this time a theatrical career had not entered young John's head. He knew that the army bored him, but when he got his release he turned business man.

It took no psychic powers to discover that Germans liked English pickles and Worcestershire sauce. But the German mark was sounding its death rattle at that moment and imported delicacies were out of the question. Loder and a friend found that they could manufacture these condiments in Germany at very little cost. They did. And suddenly the mark took a turn for the better. Importing began again and the business failed.

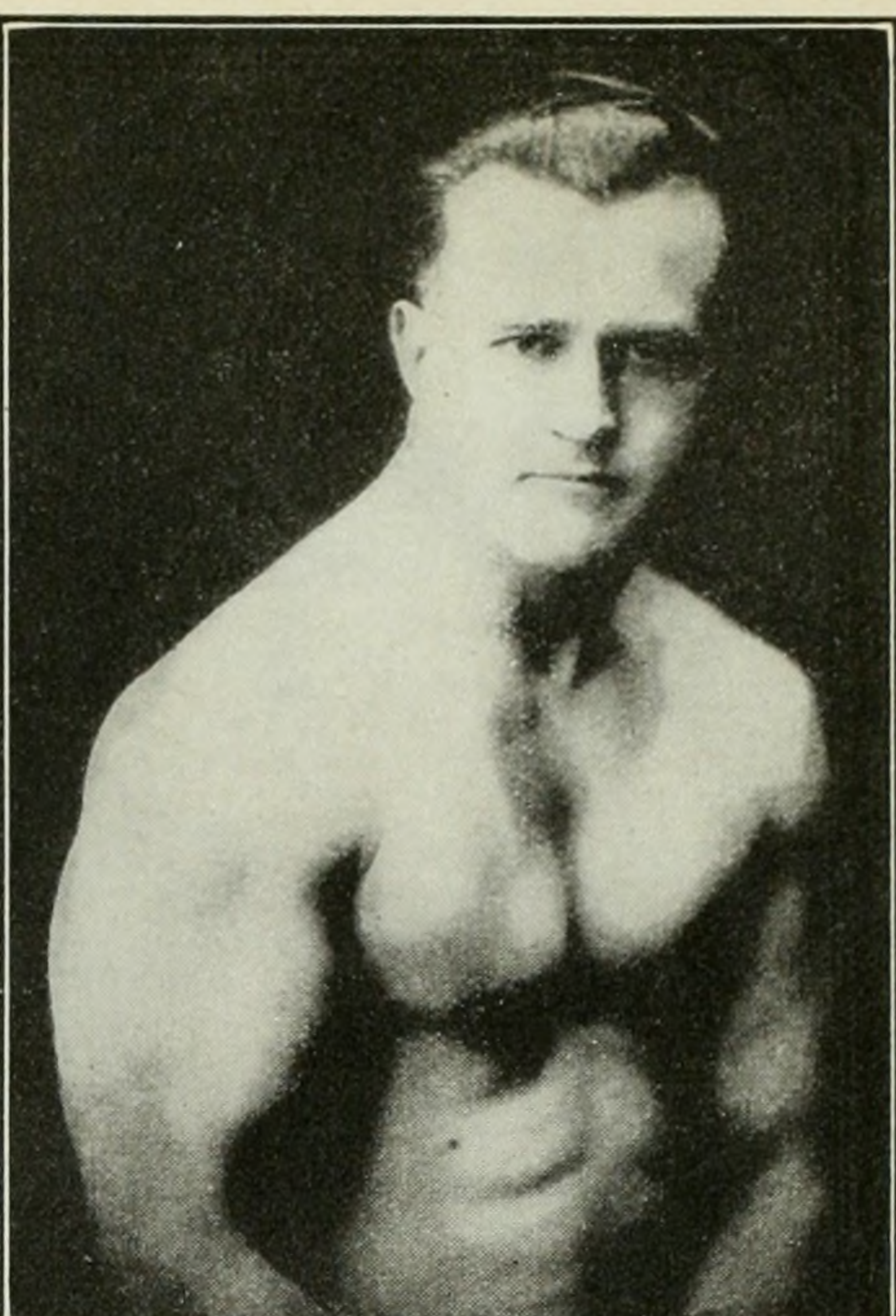
Loder gathered up his pickles and was on the verge of leaving when, through a friend, he found work as an actor with UFA. This led him to England as a leading man and eventually to America.

It was in Hollywood that he met the youngest princeling of the royal family.

At a dinner at Pickfair Prince George was the honored guest. He discovered that Loder was English and they chatted together.

"What are you doing here?" asked Loder. "I'm absent without leave," said Prince George.

"So am I," said Loder, thinking of foggy London nights and jagged reflections from the lights along the damp streets.



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In the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of real, live muscle on each of your arms, and two whole inches of the same revitalizing strength across your chest. I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you a wrist of steel, and a fighting, peppy personality that just yells youth, vigor and vitality all over.

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Your heart, your liver, your kidneys, your lungs—all your internal organs get the jolt of their young lives when I start to work on them. And they settle down to an orderly, well-mannered existence that means a new kind of happiness for you—the joy of living that only a healthy, virile body can give you. And the headaches, constipation troubles, aches and pains that are always caused by weakened, flabby bodies somehow miraculously disappear.

You See It in Her Eyes

And will your friends notice the difference! Just watch that girl you love so dearly fight to hold your attention! And the boys in your crowd—they'll look up to you as a real leader. Instinctively they worship strength and the leadership that must go with it. But let me tell you all about it.

Send For My New 64-Page Book

"Muscular Development"

IT IS FREE

I do not ask you to send me a single cent. All I do ask is that you write today for my free 64-page book "Muscular Development" so you will be able to read for yourself just what I do for you and what I have done for others. This book contains 48 full page photographs of myself and many prize winning pupils I have trained. Many of these were pitiful weaklings. Look at them now! I want you to have a copy for the sake of your future health and happiness, so send today—do it now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN, Dept. 103
305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, without obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

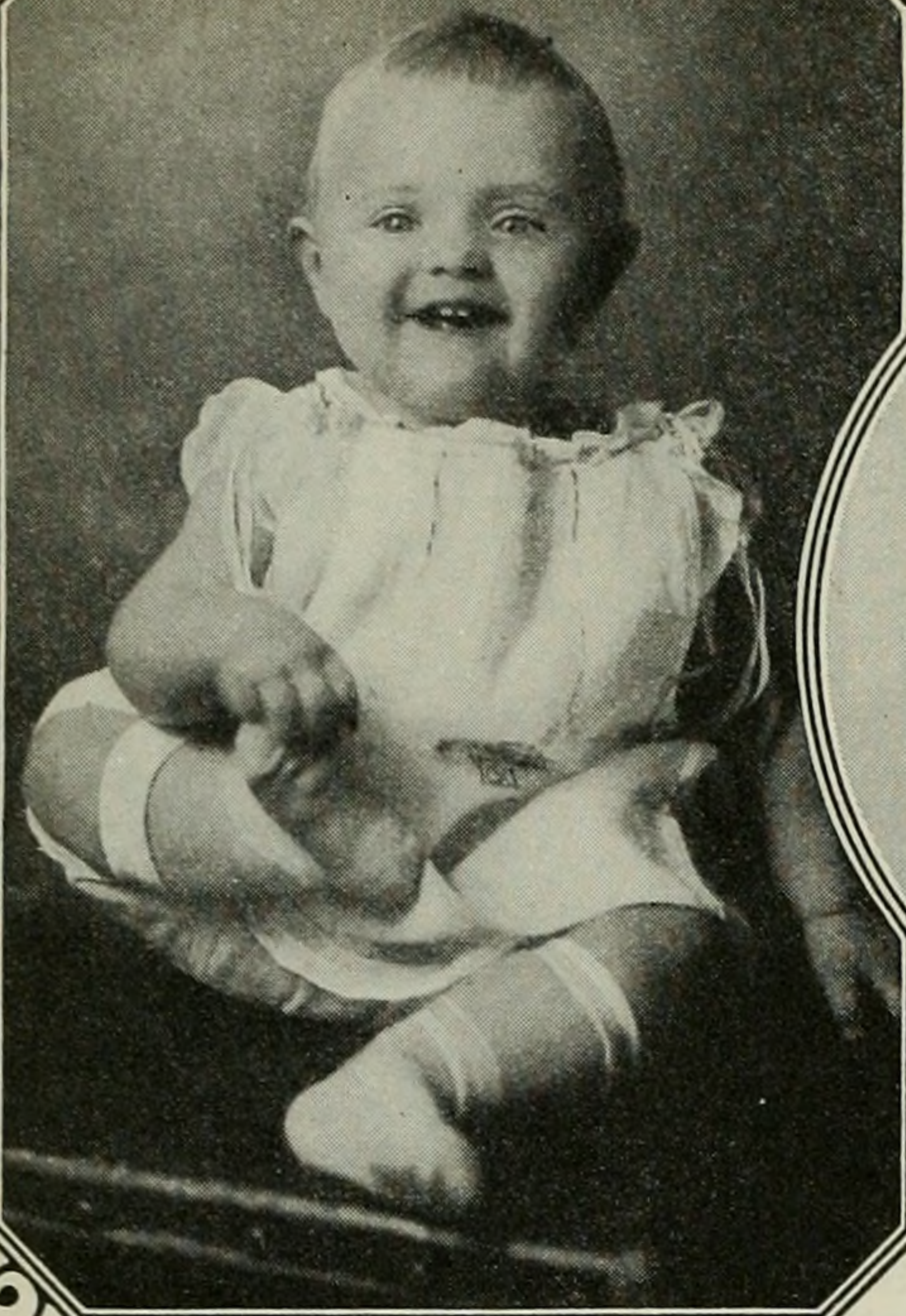
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Mellin's Food—A Milk Modifier

Balanced Nourishment

Careful study in regard to food requirements during the first year of life followed by close observation in relation to actual results places Mellin's Food in a position to demand recognition as a scientific and practical modifier of milk for infant feeding.

The selection of Mellin's Food and milk in the preparation of nourishment for a baby who must be bottle fed is a wise choice, for such a diet supplies essential food elements for tissue growth, muscular activity, bodily warmth and bone structure, thus making ample provision to meet every nutritive demand of early life.

Mellin's
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Biscuits

Especially suitable
when it becomes time to wean
the baby from the bottle

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A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.

While your lovely "best" china is getting a gay sparkle from Ivory's clean, odorless suds, your hands are protected by Ivory's purity and mildness.



Your party linens, both snowy-white and tinted, stay newer-looking longer when tubbed in Ivory. And your hands stay smooth and white when they use Ivory for laundering and other soap-and-water tasks.



The hands that set a table with fine linen and gleaming silver should themselves look ready for the party. They can — if they use Ivory *whenever* they use soap.



Fair white hands when you use a kind soap for every soap-and-water task

WONDERFUL HANDS! Like actresses they play a double part—one moment at household tasks—another moment charming in the eyes of the world.

Can it be done? It is being done in innumerable servantless homes. In their own living rooms we have talked to attractive women who are keeping their hands graceful and *young*.

This is about what they say: "The least expensive way to keep the hands smooth and soft is to use Ivory Soap for every soap-

and-water task. Ivory protects the hands while they are working. For Ivory is so gentle that it is a baby soap. It is efficient soap, too. We find it does sturdy cleansing tasks well."

Isn't this simple and sensible beauty-advice?

After all, hands that are treated like ugly ducklings all the working day can't be expected to turn into white swans even after an eleventh-hour manicure — for lotions can't undo the harm to sensitive skin and cuticle caused

by the use of harsh, parching soaps.

Isn't it wiser to use Ivory—which really is a form of beauty-insurance? After each Ivory cleansing task dry your hands well. Then, with your usual grooming, they are always ready for parties.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! A little book on charm. "What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair, for figures?" A little book, "On the Art of Being Charming", answers many questions like these and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VV-39, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Kind to everything it touches

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure "It floats"





IPANA is the Tooth Paste for you!

your teeth will shine - your gums will be firm

FOR the health of your gums—and the beauty of your teeth—will you make this simple experiment?

Stop at the next drug store you pass and get a full-size tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Tonight brush your teeth and gums with it. Then spread some Ipana on your fingertips and rub your gums a moment or two.

Tomorrow, start the day with another brushing and massage with Ipana. Note how clean, how fresh



and invigorated your whole mouth feels.

Now keep it up, twice a day, for at least 30 days. Result: cleaner, whiter, brighter teeth... firmer, harder, healthier gums

... and before a month is out!

The greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is our modern diet of soft and savory foods. For this fare gives gums no work, no stimulation. The blood does not circulate freely within their walls. The tissues become soft, tender, anemic. "Pink tooth brush" often warns of worse troubles on the way.

Naturally, you can't change your diet. But with Ipana and massage you can counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

For Ipana is specifically compounded to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. Its special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol—a stimulating hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for Ipana the hearty support of dentists the country over.

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-tube trial makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of Ipana will prove not only its cleaning power and delicious taste, but its benefit to your gums as well.

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

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